

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER

Devoted to the Interests of the Student Body, Washington State Normal School

Vol. XVI.

BELLINGHAM, WASH., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1917

No. 41

Glimpses of the Glacier Trip



Calendar

- Sunday, July 22.
- 11:00, Baccalaureate sermon for graduates. Congregational church Rev Geiger, of Tacoma.
 - 2:30, Chautauqua. Sacred Prelude, Smith-Spring-Holmes Co. Lecture, "We, the People." Hon. W. J. Nolan.
 - 7:30, Sacred concert, Smith-Spring-Holmes company.
- Monday, July 23.
- 9:30—Assembly, Mrs. Axtell will speak.
 - 2:30, Chautauqua. Lecture, "Watch Your Step," Dr. A. E. Turner.
 - 7:30, "Chimes of Normandie," Boston Light Opera Co.
- Tuesday, July 24.
- 3:30, Choral Club.
 - 2:30, Chautauqua. Entertainment, "The Mirror, The Ongawas. Lecture, "The Land Question," Lee Francis Lybarger.
 - 7:30, I "Along the Road to Tokyo," Ongawas. II. Character Sketches, Elias Day.
- Wednesday, July 25.
- 9:30, assembly, musical program, Kenneth Heun, pianist.
 - 4:10. Y. W. C. A. Leader, Miss Marie oJhns. Speaker, Miss Sperry. Music, Miss Elsie Cunningham.
 - 2:30, Chautauqua. Concert, Musical Arts Quartette. Lectuur, "The Mind of Germany," Dr. Frank Bohn.
 - 7:30, Concert, Muscal Arts Quartette. Lecture, "Rebuilding the Temple," Montaville Flowers.
- Thursday, July 26.
- 2:30 "Polly of the Circus," Annie Therese Davault.
 - 7:30, Grand closing concert, James Goddard, bass baritone; assisting artist, Ruth Ray, violinist; Robert Yale Smith, pianist.
- Friday, July 27.
- 9:30, Commencement.
- The Baccalaureate sermon for the summer class of 1917 was preached by the Rev. Thomas C. Dent of Aberdeen, S. D., an old time friend of Dr. Nash, at the First Congregational church, Sunday, July 22. The faculty and seniors attended these services in a body. The sermon was ably delivered and was full of inspiration and help for the future teachers.

521 Students Went to Glacier on Annual Excursion, July 14

SENIORS BANQUET AT LEOPOLD HOTEL

The most brilliant social affair of the Summer season was a banquet held by the Senior class at the Leopold hotel, Thursday evening, July 19th. The alumni and faculty were guests at the occasion. This is the first time in the history of the school that the July Seniors have held any such social function. We hope that they they established a precedent. The color scheme of the evening was pink. The tables were artistically decorated with Shepherdess baskets of pink roses and sweet peas. Ferns

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)

ENGBERG-CROSS-NASH RECITAL IS SUCCESS

The recital given by Mrs. Davenport-Engberg, Mrs Irving J. Cross and Mrs. G. W. Nash on the evening of July 18 was pronounced "excellent," "wonderful," "a thing not soon to be forgotten" by the large crowd that attended. Each charmed the audience with her artistic interpretations. Many students who are here for the last time pronounced this recital a fitting climax to the excellent musical performances heard during their residence in Bellingham.

KLEMMER GIVES SPLENDID LECTURE

Mr. Klemme, who is with us for the summer, gave one of the best lectures of the year in assembly Monday. The Man Under the Shadow was the subject. Mr. Klemme's talk was clear cut and every word was to the point. "The world loves success," said Mr. Klemme, "and the men of affairs, playing with wealth, honor and position are the ones whose success is seen the soonest. Their motto is of times 'get riches honestly if you can—but get riches.' Far too often success is measured by the dollar sign.

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)

FACULTY

PERSONALS

Dr. Nash's mother and sister will visit here during the coming month. They will motor to various places in Washington.

Mr. Bever will stay at home.

Mr. Hughes is not certain what he will do.

Miss Brown spent the week-end in Seattle.

Misses Druse and Beardsley entertained at Sunday dinner. Plates were laid for six.

Mrs. R. W. Smith, formerly a member of the Expression department, visited the Normal last Friday.

Misses Wilson Mead Mottman and Brower visited with Miss Sumner last Sunday at her summer home at Index.

Miss Pierce spent the week-end with Miss Sands.

Picnic breakfasts are almost as popular as picnic dinners. Anyhow, such proved the case last Sunday morning. The place was Whatcom Falls and the early birds were Misses McCown, Willoughby, Brown, Davis, Cummins, Ormsby, Harms, Mrs. Nash.

Dr. Kirkpatrick received word from his son that he had arrived safely in France.

Mr. E. J. Klemme has received an invitation to give the Alumni address for the Normal School in Indiana from which he graduated—seven years ago. Because of previous arrangements, he cannot accept.

A young man and a young woman leaned on the front gate. They were lovers. It was moonlight. He was loath to leave, as the parting was the last. He was about to go away.

"I'll never forget you," he said, "and if death should claim me, my last thought would be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobbed. "I'll never love anybody else as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returned. His sweetheart of former years was married. They met at a party. She had changed greatly. Between dances recognition took place.

"Let me see," she mused, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Neither," he replied. "Probably it was my father."

Mr. Carver (in lunch room): "Stub, my cocoa's cold!"

Stub: "Well, why don't you put on your cap."

Sunday evening nine young ladies of the "Dorm" celebrated with a delicious supper the birthday of Miss Pearl Timmen. In the center of the table incense was burning in a little long wished for bronze burner which was a most useful birthday gift to "Timmy." A large, three-layer pink and white birthday cake had been contributed by Miss Anderson, the cook, and was certainly enjoyed by the girls. This was decorated with little yellow candles.

The party finally and reluctantly broke up but with a hearty toast to "Timmy." "May she never grow old."

Dr. Kirkpatrick said in his talk Tuesday, that one is being educated all the while he is awake. No wonder Ed Rairdon knows so much.

Mildred Tuttle and Elizabeth Arnold former students at B. S. N. S., are attending Normal at Ellensburg this summer. Miss Tuttle is faithfully learning the duties set forth in "First Aid." Miss Arnold kills time by beating her opponents playing tennis.

Miss Clara Gibson '16, former treasurer of the Y. W. C. A., spent the past week visiting friends in this city.

Out of the eleven school teachers who took the physical examination for the Naval Reserves at Bellingham, only one failed to pass the examination.

Andrew Shold, a Normal student of '14-15 and '15-16, visited last week.

Ira Miller, also a student in '14-15 and '16, came in from his ranch Monday and successfully passed the examination for the Naval Reserves. When asked if he had any bad habits he answered "None now, but I used to ditch classes at Normal."

John Davenport, student here last year and a member of the basketball and track team, has also joined the Naval Reserves.

Paul Thompson has been elected to teach in the consolidated district of Ferndale for the coming year.

Ben Tidball, former student at Normal and now a senior at U. of W., visited us Wednesday.

Philip Montag, Ab and Dab Hennes, in Johnny Miller's Ford, spent Wednesday afternoon at Elizabeth Jones' cherry tree at Marietta. Miss Jones is a graduate of '17.

Mrs. Ethel Brown, office secretary, is enjoying her summer vacation.

Starr Southerland has moved from

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his apartments above the Normal grocery, to the Strandell apartments.

Louise Buchanan '17 arrived in time for the Thespian house party, and visited with Virginia Mathes.

Herbert Heath '16, whose marriage caused considerable discussion, has been blessed by a Herbert Dalton Heath, junior. May his salary continue to increase.

Vesta Nickels ex '15 has married Clive H. Higginson, of Clearbrook, where she has been teaching for several years.

Miss Lucindia Dunagan has been married to Mr. Mathew Killingworth, of Pomeroy. Miss Dunagan has been teaching at Pomeroy.

Norma Abrams, a former Normal student is soon to be known as Mrs. Harry Grant of this city. Mr. Grant is a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery of this city.

Charlotte Hill ex-16, who has been teaching at McMurray for the last two years, will attend business college in Tacoma this year.

Walter Fegley '15, who taught in Withrow for a while last year but is now a banker of the same city, is soon to take on a partner for a part-time, according to the reports of a Seattle paper. Miss Amy Forbes, a student of the University of Washington in Domestic Science and Music and a resident of Seattle, is to be the charming bride.

James Bolman, a student in this summer session, has enlisted in the ambulance corps at Seattle.

Lois Te Roller '13, living at Seattle, was married to Mr. Homer T. Bovee of the same city.

Althea Holmes '15, who has been teaching in Honolulu for the past two years, was a visitor at Normal last week. She is planning on staying on this side of the Pacific this year.

Jesse Leiser '15 has agreed to change her name to Mrs. Dale McMullen and will reside at Vancouver, Wash.

Lucinda Lockwood '15 has given up the profession of teaching for one she claims is better and that is matrimony. She became Mrs. Frank Haskell of this city. Mr. Haskell is a hardware dealer in this city.

Alice Shields '16 and Helen Fell '16 teachers in the Ferndale city schools, visited Normal last week. They claim teaching is the finest profession a girl could ever wish to enter.

Early History of the Ford.

Miss McCarthy (in History Methods): "Daniel Boone and his party crossed the river no less than fifty times, most cases in very bad fords (Fords.)"

FOUND—July 20, at the Dorm, One piece of bread toasted on BOTH sides!

SHOES THAT HUG

up to you like a sweetheart—snug yet so pleasant.

You will like them.

GEO. F. RAYMOND

110 East Holly St.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

Clippings from a letter received by A. T. Dellplain, from his brother, who is a Sergeant of Engineers in the first line trenches somewhere in France.

"You fellows who have seen service in the United States army think you have done some soldiering, but wait, if the U. S. army should happen to come over here they will find that facing a bitter, well trained, scientific enemy like the Huns is vastly different from watching the border line against a roving band of Mexican snipers. That they would show credit to the flag is without doubt, but the Canadians and Tommies are dubious excepting if Roosevelt came with some of his old timers. Some American troops are over here but if the U. S. don't hurry up and do a bit before the war ends, there will be many comments about it looking like commercialism. Just the same the U. S. army would surely be a great help in terminating this awful war. We (the boys) don't look for peace much before the winter campaign begins, if at all, and if not then not till German soil is reached. The Germans are losing, but they don't think so. The prisoners I have seen and heard here all assert that Germany is winning. If loosing ground is winning, they certainly are, and at a rapid rate. The Germans will not face bayonets willingly, but will only admit that it is our artillery that plays hob with them. Their artillery is deadly accurate, they know every spot on the maps, and undoubtedly this country is lousy with spies, but we are returning 3 shells to their one. It's like a Hun prisoner I spoke to last Thursday said, when I asked him if they had plenty of ammunition, "Sure we have heaps of ammunition, but we haven't whole munition factories full to throw over like you Britishers do." This Bosche came from the U. S. when the war began.

We get blue at times, but when we walk over miles of regained territory almost before the ground is cooled off from the barrage, we feel that we have done our best, and hope to live through it and come home and forget it all.

Our casualty list grows daily; I have

DEAR STUDENTS:

These are the men and firms who by their kind and generous co-operation have helped to make the Weekly Messenger a success. If, at any future time, you are able to further patronize them, they will esteem and deserve your preference.

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- Weiser Drug Co.
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Most sincerely thanking the printers, The Irish Printing Co., and the editor, Mr. Freeman, for their efficient work and co-operation and wishing the Bellingham State Normal School and the Messenger the greatest future success, I am

Sincerely Yours,
CECIL A. FOLSOM,
Bus. Mgr.

been through some narrow squeaks. Only last week nine men were wounded by high explosives, that were with me, two Imperials killed, and I only was knocked down. The next day I got cut on the thumb with a piece of flying shell. I've gotten a dent in my steel sharpnel helmet from a shrapnel shell. I hope I come through just the same.

The sights are terrible—it saddens one—but it also makes you get a tighter hold on yourself and do your share. Our last advance was a complete success, and at a small price, the Bosche surrendered almost without a fight; and I don't wonder. The ground looks as if it had been churned—our artillery fire was wonderful. Prisoners and wounded streamed in. We think we captured about 6,500, but "Quien Sabe." The dead are being buried as fast as possible. In some places the stench is worse than awful. Many bodies buried two years ago were un-eathred by the shell fire. That no-man's land is a sure enough desolate waste, but to think of it awhile back makes a man sad, as it was a most beautiful country of old styles—old chateaus with moats around them, winding cobblestone highways with tall trees closely set, innumerable flowers, and fine old castles. The country as yet untouched by shell fire is all like this, with quaint customs that are sometimes amusing. Old fashioned three wheeled carts are driven by an-

cient looking drivers, who hold but a single rein.

But where the Boches have been in worse than ruin, they ruin people, towns, homes, fields and churches, and they even girdle the trees and tear up gardens when they retreat.

Werter (our youngest brother) has been doing real well so far, he got through the Ypres charge, and went over Vimy ridge in the recent work there, and has only been wounded twice, and that merely a good shaking up.

Send all the comic sections you can get hold of, and any interesting magazines you have—we just devour them—anything along this order is mighty welcome especially the comic supplements, they break the monotony so. But write letters as often as you can—they mean much out here, and all the boys eagerly look for letters from home and friends.

Quotations from the recent eighth grade examinations:

Four digestive fluids are laxative tonic, castor oil, olive oil and—Dyspepsia is caused by wet feet.

The skin is to hold the bones together.

The skin covers the eternal organs. The heart is located in the upper extremities. It has a lung on each side of it. It makes every organ move and do its work.

The heart is located in the stomach.

The following boys will answer Uncle Sam's call when the two companies of Coast Artillery will be mobilized at the local armory July 25, and leave for the forts about the first week in August:

Second company: First Lieut. Clarence Dahlquist, Roy Powell, Oscar Ford, Ed Haracich, Carlyle Crum, Ernest Lusk, Vernon Bixby, Elliott Gaasland, Thomas Oakes.

Ninth Company: Clyde Campbell, Albert Dunnagan, Boyd Lamoreaux, Herbert Potter, Milford Roop, Nat Mount, William Beardslee, Louis Tromp, Ed Herman, Walter Powell, Herman Uddenburg.

TO REMOVE EXCESS WEIGHT.

"Have you a vacant period?"
"Why do you ask me that?"
"To tell me how (if there is a way) To keep from getting fat."

I've worried more than words can tell About my excess weight;
I walk about as in a spell,
Bemoaning my sad fate.

So please give some suggestion;
Oh, I'll follow it all right,
For I know without a question
I'm getting to be a sight."

"You rise at four and run a mile;
Then come to the courts and play
Till breakfast time; then with a smile
Turn and walk the OTHER way."

At lunch you do not care for soup—
Salad or fruit so nice;
You're not hungry—not a bit!
Bread and—water—will suffice

Continue in this manner
WALK—never take a "jit,"
And you'll find that in a month or so
Your clothes will once more fit."

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Miss Estella Burnside Literary

The session of the Bellingham Normal which comes to an end this week has been an enjoyable one indeed. Apparently no stone has been left unturned by administration and faculty to make the eight weeks of summer school a pleasant and profitable season. In the field of music no more talented artists could be obtained than those who have delighted Normalites. Men and women of national prominence have delivered addresses from our platform upon subjects of vital import to all. Scenes and tales from other lands have been brought to us by citizens of the world. Nor have we forgotten the adage "All work and no

play makes Jack a dull boy." Picnics, excursions, hikes, jaunts, strolls and so on indefinitely, have delighted our leisure hours. Perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the term was the excursion to the wonderful district around Glacier. The summer has indeed been pleasant.

On behalf of the entire student body of the Bellingham State Normal we wish to express to Dr. Nash, our beloved and admired president, and to his loyal corps of teachers, our appreciation for their help, counsel and consideration during the past weeks. We wish to assure the administration that almost to a man we are loyal and can be depended upon in any emergency.

The editor desires to express his gratitude to the members of his staff who have been absolutely dependable and to others who have contributed articles from week to week. What would otherwise have proved an extremely difficult and sometimes unpleasant task has been greatly lightened by these helpers. He has done his best and you have the result. Much credit is due Miss Olive Edens, faculty member of the staff, who has been tireless in her efforts for the paper.

All friends must part sooner or later. Here's hoping we all meet again.

The Messenger wishes to extend Dr. Nash and the faculty its best wishes for a happy vacation, and express the appreciation of the student body for the successful summer term, so full of work, inspiration and good times. In faith we believe we all need our vacation!

Miss Mae Armstrong and Miss Elsie Hartman attended the dramatization by Mr. Hoppe's class last Tuesday.

Miss Cassie Cales and Lucile McGhee spent Sunday at the home of Ella Peterson, at Ferndale.

Miss Alice Shields '16 and Miss Helen Fell '16 visited school on Friday.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT

March (duet) Orlepp

Miss Sheehan, Miss Aaberg.

"At Twilight" Trime

Choral Club.

Invocation, Rev. E. S. Hudson.

Violin solo—

a Indian LamentDvorak?Engberg

b Theme and Variation..Vieuxtemps

Miss Mildred Robinson.

Address, Supt. Wm. F. Geiger, Tacoma.

Vocal solo, "My Heart Is Singing....

..... Sans Sonci

Miss Frances Reedy.

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Review of the Year and Announcements.

Quartet "The Sea Hath its Pearls.. Pinsu.

Miss Reedy, Miss Davies, Mr. Holbrook Mr. Van Horn.

Presentation of class, Pres. G. W. Nash Presentation of diplomas, Chairman C. M. Olsen.

Piano solo, Mazurka E flat Major....

..... Leschetizky

..... Mr. John Miller.

Baccalaureate services.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas C. Dent of Aberdeen, S. D. at the First Congregational church.

Those who contributed to the Messenger this week are:

Donald Croy.

Esther Korthauer.

Bernice Dakin.

Avis Bowman.

Cecil Folsom.

Josephine Converse.

Miss Woodard.

Frances Walter.

Forrest Breakey.

The front page cut in the last issue of the State Normal School Journal of Cheney is clever. It is headed "Things You've Never Seen." The following familiar (?) notices and landmarks are given: "Please Discontinue Classes While We Talk in the Halls," "There Is No Library Notice on the Bulletin Board," and "Help Us Preserve the Walks by Walking on the Lawn and Shrubbery."

The last Northwest Journal of Education has an article of local interest. At the Dillenbaugh school in Lewis county an exhibit of manual training and domestic science work was made on the day of the closing exercises, by Mr. Presnell and Mrs. G. R. Bright. Mr. Presnell is a member of our summer school this year as was he also last

year. Great credit is due both Mr. Presnell and Mrs. Bright for the really practical work done by their pupils. The school furnishes no shop or domestic science room, few tools or fixtures for a home economics course. Besides this handicap the pupils took no regular school periods but did all of their work out of school hours. Most of these same pupils have home gardening to do, also, as they are members of the agricultural club.

In History Methods:

Miss McCarthy: "Miss H, did you find this chapter interesting?.."

Miss H.: "Yes, very as much as read."

Miss Mc.: "How much did you read?"

Miss H.: "Two pages."

Before leaving school be
sure to get one of those
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SUCCESSFUL SUMMER SESSION CLOSES

Our very interesting summer session is almost to a close and while many of us feel the time has been rather short, yet the term has been exceedingly profitable.

We have had a large training school attendance of nearly 350 and almost 900 were enrolled in the Normal proper. Many alumni came for the summer, showing they still have a warm spot in their hearts for B. S. N. S.

Besides, the students, while number over 1,200, we have had a large faculty composed of experienced teachers along the many branches.

This year as usual, we have had a representative of the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. Burnett, a very capable man who has taught Spanish, South American History and International Relations.

We are all greatly gratified to have had Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, head of the Child Study Department and a regular instructor in the Fitchburg State Normal School at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, remain for the summer session as head of the psychology department. He is a very prominent authority on child study throughout the United States and we are to be congratulated upon having him with us during the past year. He gave a series of ten profitable and interesting lectures here at the Normal while the National Association was in session at Portland this summer. Each lecture was very well attended. Those of us who have been in his classes while he has been teaching here have been extremely fortunate and it is with regret that we see him depart for the East. Our best wishes go with Dr. Kirkpatrick and his family.

Mr. Klemme, of the Ellensburg schools, has had charge of the rural department. He has been with us before and we will be glad to welcome him again in our midst.

Mr. Epley, one of our former faculty members who has spent the past two years in the Dental school at the University of California, has been with us and we have been pleased to see him again.

Mr. Vincent, supervisor of manual training in the Bellingham city schools, assisted in the manual training here during the absence of Mr. Hute, who is at the Oregon Agricultural College.

Principal McKowan of the Whatcom High, Principal Weir of the Fairhaven High, and Principal Ewing of the Coed grade school assisted in the various departments.

Miss Marguerite Munro, who teaches in Everett next year, assisted in the art department.

Mr. Robert Knohn, director of physical instruction in the sixty Portland schools, and one of the foremost phys-

ical educators in the Northwest, favored us for two weeks with his presence. His four classes each day were filled to the limit by 500 or 600 students learning military marching, interpretative dancing, setting up exercises, school gymnastics and plays and games.

Another interesting feature has been the dramatic readings given each Thursday afternoon by Professor W. P. Gorsuch, head of the expression department of the State University.

Dr. A. E. Winship, a prominent lecturer and editor, gave two addresses, and Dr. Hall, of Willamette university, gave one.

We have had many interesting assemblies and addresses by our own teachers.

Mrs. Jones and Miss Walker, assistants in boys and girls club work, and sent to us by the extension department at Pullman, each gave helpful lectures and demonstrations for a week on food conservation. Also the scope and benefits of club work in the state

Musical programs have not been missing. The first was a recital given by the pupils of Mrs. I. J. Cross, our instructor in piano. The second was in the form of a student loan fund concert which netted almost \$100. Those who contributed were: Mrs. Engberg, first violin; Mr. Hughes, second violin; Mr. Clark, viola; and Mr. Cornish, cello. The other musical evening was under the auspices of the lecture course committee. Those participating in the program were Mrs. Davenport-Engberg, violinist; Mrs. Irving J. Cross, pianist; and Mrs. George W. Nash, soprano.

As a climax, each student has been given a free ticket of admission to all the numbers of the Chautauqua in this city. We are promised some delightful programs.

Athletics and picnics have been in full sway. The largest picnic was given by the Students' Association when nearly all the school went to Glacier for the day.

Graduation will soon be passed. There are 144 graduates to receive diplomas. The baccalaureate services were held at the First Congregational church, July 22, at 11 o'clock. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas J. Dent, of Aberdeen, S. D. The commencement exercises will be held in the Normal auditorium Friday, July 27.

The summer session has been a profitable as well as an enjoyable one. President George W. Nash appreciates the fine spirit of co-operation and help shown by both the teachers and students, and wishes everyone a very pleasant year.

Quotations and authors:
 "Be good, Sweed Maid, and let who will be clever—Kingsley.
 Roses are red,
 Violets are blue,
 Sugar is sweet,
 And so are you."
 —Tennyson.

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WHERE THE FACULTY WILL SPEND VACATION

R. H. Ewing will spend one week at Birch Bay, one week at Hoods Canal, and the rest of the time working.

Miss Sands and Miss Pierce are going touring and hope to be back by the first of September.

San Francisco has more attraction for Mr. Epley than any other place in the world.

Mrs. Samson will spend her vacation with her family at various places of interest at Birch Bay, Maple Falls and Glacier.

Miss Ormsby will take a long auto trip. Lake Crescent, Lake Cushman, the Ocean, Mt. Rainier and Chelan will be the different parts of the country she will visit.

Miss Drake will spend her vacation in and out of Seattle.

Miss Morse expects to camp for awhile at Mt. Rainier.

Miss Davis will be at her home in Tacoma for part of the time. The rest of the time she will see how many telephone poles she can miss with her Maxwell.

Miss Druse leaves for Tacoma Saturday morning. The rest of the time she will spend at the Ocean Beach.

Portland, Rainier and Vashon Island are places which attract Miss Druse the most.

Miss Stevens and Miss Mottman are going to take a trip to Alaska.

Mr. Bond is going to stay at home and build a house.

Mr. Hulse and family are going to visit in the East, making Ohio their objective point. Mr. Hulse expects to visit various institutions.

Miss Lee expects to spend August at an Oregon beach.

Miss Sperry will attend a Bible conference at Seabeck, following the close of summer school, then rest in the Olympics.

Mr. Parish plans to motor to his farm in British Columbia.

Dr. Kirkpatrick expects to visit Oregon, California and Alaska before returning to Massachusetts.

Miss Reichert will do institute work in Montana university following the close of summer school.

Miss Baker will "loaf and invite her soul" between Lummi Island and Hardscrabble.

Miss Wilson will take to the open in her machine.

Miss McCarthy will spend August with her parents in the Middle West.

Miss Jensen is planning a trip through Glacier Park.

Miss Edens will spend August at her home in Bellingham.

Last week

In assembly

Mr. Epley

Said something about a Switch-back and

He said it went this way and That way and this way and that Way and this way and that way

And we all laughed awhile, but Anyway that word switch-back Sounded rather jaunty to me, so I thought I'd try the switchback to Skyline and say before I Reached "Seven Mile,"

I knew I'd have to be switched back. And when I got down and the Next day also my legs and Back felt as though they had Been switched back; but I am Glad I went—Unanimous! I think I know just about what A switch-back is.

P. E. A. '17.

COMPLETE LIST OF JULY SENIORS

The following is a list of the July seniors as far as is known by the committee:

Abbey, Prudence.
Abbott, Ione M.
Aiken, Alice
Altman, Clare
Ashby, Jessie
Asmervig, Mathilda
Bartlett, Florence
Beck, Forrest
Bloss, Albert
Bowman, Avis
Bowman, Olive
Bradbury, Laura
Brandriff, H. A.
Brown, Martha
Button, H. O.
Clague, Margaret
Clay, Jessie
Colwin, Mabel
Corns, Faye
Crawford, Emily
Cummings, Kathryn
Cunningham, Elsie
Dakin, Bernice
Dawson, Nell
Dean, May H.
Devery, Frances
Dingle, Esther L.
Dodge, Florence F.
Dufrairie, Mildred
Durr, Elsie Belle
Egbert, Whinnery Mary
Everham, Edith
Ferguson, Edith
Fobes, Lucile
Foley, Josephine
Fry, Irene Winifred
Garner, Georgiana
Giese, Selma
Glatz, Florence
Gordon, Margueite
Gordon, Teresa
Grant, Catherine
Gray, Lulah
Hanson, Tillie
Hall, Mrs. Eva Rhodes
Hall, Mrs. Pauline
Hayden, Mrs. Myrtle
Hayward, Mary
Hempel, Lenora
Hone, Marie
Moyer, Tillie
Hyatt, Lethel
Imus, Alma
Illman, Adeline
Jackson, Martha
Jaeger, Waldemar
Jameson, Mabel
Jenkins, Delphine
Jewell, Louise
Juneau, Martin
Keto, Ida
King, Mrs. Malie
Knight, Nellie
Kreutzberg, Mabel
Larson, Ellen A.
Laughlin, Florence
Lee, Vernet
Levine, Mrs. Frances
Lidell, Grace

Lopp, Sara
Lowery, Lorna
McBeth, Hazel
McGugan, Grace
McWilliams, Flora
Mabbott, Irene
Malone, Ethel
Maloney, Gladys
Mattison, Frances
Meek, Roy
Merrick, Mina
Metz, Myrtle
Mougin, Gladys
Moon, Nellie
Moran, Juliette
Murray, Clara
Myers, Margaret
Nagel, Frances
Nagley, Carrie
Nordstrom, Ellen
Norman, Hulda
Nutter, Ione
Olin, Merle
Olson, Florence
Parker, Mrs. Fred
Paulson, Pauline
Pearce, Della May
Peterson, Anna
Poland, Byrde
Qualls, Blanche
Rairdon, Zada
Reedy, Frances
Reser, Blanche
Richard, Mrs. Maria
Riley, Inga
Rinsk, Nellie
Robertson, Helen
Rydeen, Lois
Scott, Verna
Seaburn, Catherine
Sheehan, Frances
Sheets, Lora
Shepherd, Esther
Shobert, Oscar
Smith, Gertrude
Somers, Sara
Soule, Nadine
Stalberg, Dorothy
Thompson, Ethel
Thompson, Harriet
Thompson, Marie
Thompson, Myra
Timmen, Pearl
Towne, Pearl
Turkington, Lottie
Tucker, Mrs. Pansy
Vannoy, Mrs. Louise
Van Horn, Gerald
Wadsworth, Winifred
Walter, Frances
Walsh, Frances
Ware, Madge
Warren, Mary
Weaver, Lola
Wallhouse, Gene
Westrom, Signa
White, Gladys
White, Lillian
White, Violet
Witham, Vivien
Williams, Eda
Taylor, Mrs. Retta

The latest thing in men's handkerchiefs is colored crocheted edges. If in doubt ask a large part of the faculty.

Mr Parish, in Eng. V.: What terrible calamity happened to Julien Hawthorne some years ago?"

Mr. Brown: "Got married."

OPUS NUMBER B.

I am consumed with an unspeakable longing

To waste a ream of paper.

I have never had this longing before—

Not in the days when paper was cheap—

But now that it has gone up, and up, and up;

The longing has grown upon me

Until it is wellnigh irresistible.

I want to write Palmer Method ovals—

And straight lines and crooked lines and capital A's.

And dot over, dot over, dot over, dot over,

And Exercise 151.

I want to make stars and a "curly-cue" border

On the front page of my loose leaf note book,

While the speaker is getting ready

to give his speech in assembly.

I want to draw pictures—

Pictures—

Such as have never been drawn before—

Of the girl sitting next to me on my right

And of the railing in front of the balcony

And of the table on the platform.

And the worst of it all

Is that this is not all—

I even want to flip my fountain pen

And make a big blue black blot

And then fold the paper over it

And crumple it all up

And throw it in the waste basket.

But I know I mustn't do these things—

Paper costs twice as much as it did last year—

So I resolutely put my fountain pen in its holder

And grit my teeth.

Lo! The terrible fire of the longing within me still rages unabated.

—E. S.

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Watch Expert

Diamond Setter

Alaska Building, Bellingham

THE ICE STOVE



Mr. Krohn's Classes in Folk Dancing

In a secluded spot in a far-away mountain chain, well guarded by two lofty white tipped peaks lies the Valley of the Magic Diamonds. And so enchanted and so mystic is it that not one of the many travelers who have gone that way has ever been known to have returned, nor has it been heard that they ever reached it.

The landscape is not dotted with villages; shepherds lead their flocks another way; here wild animals search in vain for food and shelter, for the Frost King is ever on guard, always watching lest an intruder enter and mar or track his wonderful garden, even at night his beat leads around up and down the long straight rows of snow diamonds.

Far into the night ceaselessly, tirelessly the Frost King cuts the priceless gems after the fashion of the stars and sets them in the smooth white coverlet of the stars and sets them in the smooth white coverlet of Mother Earth's bed.

This morning as the sun weaves a golden web so intricate in its design, over the peaceful valley, a shadow falls across the surface of the snow, we look up and see a man—a young man we judge from his appearance, standing in the parted bushes at the forest's edge.

At last he has found the place.

What lies before him we cannot tell, only as we see a look of grim determination written in his face, but we believe as we have always believed what such a pilgrimage might bring.

We watch him as he stands in mute contemplation of the task before him—for it is a task, perhaps it may take him a day, maybe a year, but it does not matter when compared to his triumphant return.

The harvest begins.

As the last rays of the setting sun are leaving long streaked finger stains in the western sky, a sigh escapes the lips of the man as he glances at the bag beside him. From its dark folds a faint glimmer of a single diamond—a day's labor.

All too soon a day goes, the sun sets, the shadows come, the birds sleep, and God shuts the gates of today, and lets down the bars that lead into the golden path of opportunity away to the fields of another tomorrow.

To our hero time is nothing, and day by day we see him hurrying up and down over the snow field gathering the fruits of the nightly work of the Frost King. It is not for us to ask about his food, or his clothing or shelter, for only in his work are we interested, we, too, anxious for the day of his departure to come.

A year passes.

The season is ever the same in the Valley of the Magic Diamonds, the aged king ever working that the har-

vest might never cease. The man wavers not. The future rises up before him and lures him on. In the field we see no change, even the noon-day sun does not blunt the sharp points of the diamonds.

Ten years have gone.

Time has not passed even this man by for his once black hair appears to have been touched by the soft white brush of the Frost King, and he does not step so briskly as he once did.

Twenty years.

The leather pouch is full, the string is tied, and a heavy burden it seems to the little old man as he stoops painfully to shoulder it. The stinging cold of the early morning is no less icy in the warm sun as he rises with the same bright rays as those of twenty years ago.

The glittering field, always replenished is just as beautiful since the loss of even one bag of the tiny sparklers, stands ready to comfort the next traveler.

A thin streaked beard covers the once handsome face, now so sunken and wrinkled, and the top of the hill seems ever so far away to the weak tottering figure struggling so bravely under the heavy load. At the top of the hill he stops for some rest but not for long, for far away beyond another range of hills lies his homeland and with thoughts of the tomorrow he hurries on.

The next hill marks the entrance to a summerland—a land of trees and flowers and birds—a wonderful land for the man but not for the diamonds, for as soon as the warm breath of the summer fairy touches them, they fade away as summer fades into winter, leaving only the limp bag on the bent shoulders of the weary man.

It is night. The bowed heads of the dark pines as they chant misereres echo against the purple hills and back again into the heart of the silent traveler as he sits alone.

Here the story ends—only because

a life ends.

The outstretched arms of the far-away city will never be filled, for deep in the heart of the forest the trees keep silent watch, murmuring to themselves the story of a life spent in the harvest of snow diamonds.

THE POWERS OF EDUCATION

The Old Way.

Say, loidy, I am hungry, and me pants is full o' slits;
Me shoit is black and doity, and me benny's on de fritz.
I chopped a side-door Pullman in dat boig called San Jose,
And hit de trail for Seattle, 'cause I'm allus on me way.
I got de roamin' fever, an' I got it good and strong.
So I'll grab de East bound rattler, and I'll ramble right along.
But before I hit de grit mum, on dat string of empty "flats,"
Could yer spare some extry eats, mum for de linin' uv me slats.

The New Way.

Dear madam, this intrusion is uncalled for, I'll admit;
It's a social obligation, as from place to place I flit,
I stop to hold these tete-a-tetes. (I hope you'll excuse
The fringe upon my trousers and my old, discrepit shoes.)
My exterior is frowsy, but it hides an honest heart—
A heart that yearns to praise you for your culinary art.
So, if you've any edibles to give me er I go,
Remember Epictetus Brown, the Educated Bo!

Some of the degrees from the Hobo College will probably be: D.D., "Dusty and Dilapidated"; L.L.D., "Denizens of the Long Lane"; B.A., "Ambuling Bo"; M.D., "Devourer of Mulligans."

TO LEAVE FOR TRAINING

On or about the first of August 1st Division No. 3 of the Naval Militia located at Bellingham will embark on the training station on the University campus at Seattle for a period of three to six months training, after this training the men will be assigned to various ships of the United States navy. At this station will be 800 young men from the larger cities of Washington and Oregon. Among these eight hundred men will be many Normal men and ex-Normal men. Undoubtedly others will enlist before this goes to press but the following were those that were able to pass the rigid examination given by the naval examiner, and will wear one of Uncle Sam's sailor uniforms next month: Leonard Anstett '17, Paul Mescke '16, Ed Natrass '15, Albert Hennes '17, Delbert Hennes '16, Lytton Swartz '15, John Davenport '17, Forrest Beck '17, Edward Kongsle '15, Bertram Foster '17, Cecil Folsom '17, Ira Miller ex-16, Kenneth Lewis ex-18, John Bay ex-17, Forrest Breakey '16, Clare Altman '17, Fred Gemmel '18, George Smith ex-17.

SOMEWHERE SOMEWHERE

It is raining on the river and the sky is low and grey;
It is raining in the timber, it's a dismal sort of day.
But a fellow shouldn't holler, though the day is dark and drear;
For it's always raining somewhere—and it happens to be here.

Somewhere else the sun is shining, somewhere else the world is glad;
Somewhere else they're having weather of the sort we wish we had.
Sometimes, maybe right tomorrow, sun will shine and skies will clear;
For it's always shining somewhere—it may happen to be here!

—Douglas Malloch.

DEMOCRACY IN EDUCATION

Education has not been democratic. Originally education was for the few of the aristocratic class. The courses of study were planned by the aristocratic class. Children were not prepared for life but for the next grade and finally for a degree. However, of late years actual control of education in the United States has been approaching that of democracy, for the people have been demanding education for the masses, rather than for the few. The courses have been broadened and increased. We have so far broken away from the old school that now in order to complete all the courses offered at Harvard one would have to attend for 400 years.

Administration is fast becoming democratic. An ideal superintendent no longer is the autocrat. The schools where the teachers have almost no liberty of choice but must follow only the superintendent's plans are fast decreasing. More and more superintendents are realizing that far better results are obtained if the teachers are asked to make suggestions as to general plans and in the end be allowed to use their own initiative in carrying out the chosen plans. In many schoolrooms the same plan is carried out between teacher and pupils.

Incidental and Formal Education.

If you do something to any living thing, whether human being, plant, or animal, there is a reaction. Therefore school education is only a small part of a child's education for each child is being educated every hour he is awake. Something is continually happening and there is always some reaction. How untrue then is that statement that a child in the first grade doesn't know anything.

Formal education is special instruction given for future use. Incidental education is going on at the same time as formal education and it trains one to meet the situations of life as they appear. Most of a child's education before entering school is incidental. Children instinctively walk when the need for it arises. An artificial course in walking is a poor substitute for nature's course. Children experiment with both walking and talking and incidentally learn much.

Teaching methods are ever changing. At present much that is learned in manual training is incidental. A child makes something he wants to and while so doing incidentally learns how to use many tools. So in all education there is much incidental learning. Might it not be possible to learn even many more things incidentally?

A certain class of young men was given the following test: One-half the class was given the numbers from seventeen to fifty-three to multiply by seven. They practiced multiplying ten

minutes a day for ten days. They referred to the key at any time. The other group was given the key for the same numbers. They studied the key ten minutes a day for five days and then practiced multiplying without the key for the next five days. After an interval of ten days it was found the first group which had incidentally learned the products could write forty-six correct products in two minutes while the second group could only write forty products. The same experiment when tried in the fifth grade with the lower tables showed an even greater difference in favor of the incidental education.

Economic Education.

Thrift is one division of efficiency. Children can incidentally learn the use and value of money very early. They can easily learn how money is procured and that it is a means by which we get what we want. Three-fourths or nine-tenths of our criminals are due to the failure to realize that we must pay for what we get. Money represents that a proper amount of effort has been put forth and also represents the satisfaction to be obtained.

While the pioneer had to plan in the spring for his Thanksgiving turkey and pumpkin pie the modern man buys both at the market the night before Thanksgiving. Money therefore makes forethought less necessary.

If a child is given all the money he wants he does not learn its value. If he has to ask every time he spends a cent he does not learn how to spend money. The child who owns a pig, cares for it and feeds it and then has to turn the money over to his father gets a false idea of honesty. The boy who owns a pig and gets all the profits after his father has cared for the pig gets a false idea of life. A child should have a limited amount of money and learn by experience how to best use it. With respect to the boy and pig problem the boy should have complete charge of the pig and get the complete profits. Then he should learn by experience how to best use the money.

For some years the demand has been made for a more practical method of teaching arithmetic. Consequently problems in fencing, house furnishing, roofing, etc., have been introduced and modernized. Yet a better system is possible. Instead of finding the cost of roofing a house with a certain material, permit the child to discover the best kind of roofing, the most economical and then the work is practical.

Moral Education.

A child has many moral situations before he goes to school. The most essential portion of moral training should be incidental—the reaction from some moral situation. Many parents and teachers make the situation so difficult that the result is bad. One should handle the situations so that the child will choose the right mode of action.

Most of the mistakes of life are an attempt to escape paying the necessary price whether dealing with money

or morals. The best moral training is to learn to pay the price in every situation. The parent who ever shields the child from punishment or pain which is the inevitable result of the child's own wrong doing is depriving that child of the moral training rightfully his.

Let the child learn what kind of actions bring good results and what kind brings the opposite results. Natural punishments and rewards are far more advantageous than artificial ones. However, President Hyde says that artificial punishment is the kindest thing you can do if by giving it you emphasize a present experience and ward off a natural punishment which would have been too severe. Yet if this method is used at all times the truth will be obscured and the child has had no opportunity to face the truth, the good and the evil and the results of both. Only by knowing the truth and the results of the right or wrong course can a child be strengthened morally.

MORE TEACHERS AND THEIR LOCATION

Frank Alexander, Ferndale
Bertha Anderson, Silverdale.
Doris Anderson, Orcas Island.
Agnes Bailey, Grace, Wash.
Bertha Banks, North Bellingham.
Mary Beckstrom, Edmonds.
Esther Bolander, Lynden.
Margaret Bressler, Centralia.
Grace Brower, Assistant nurse at Normal.

Louise Buchanan, Coupeville.
Irene Brown, Lummi.
Olive Coates, Glenoma.
Alice Daily, McKenna.
John Davenport.
Floy DeVine, Glendale.
Lula Diekhoff, Blaine.
Margret Dillion, University of Washington.

Florence Dodge, Tacoma.
Mrs. R. Davis, Elma, R. F. D.
Selma Dyven, Wilber.
Helen Egan, Anderson Island.
Margaret Ingle, Enumclaw.
John Estes, Bow.
Martha Flow, Le Bain.
Cecil Folsom, Sedro-Woolley.
Roy Meek, Blanchard.
Anna J unagan, Pomeroy.
Grace Foster, near Ephrata.
Grace Dowling, Krupp.
Ella Peterson, Pine City.
Olga Hagen, East Sound.
Floyd Beardslee, Olympia.
Marvel Miller, near Entiat.
Mr. Brandriff, Raymond.
Abbey Prudence, Anacortes.
Ione Abbot, Bellingham.
Elsie Cunningham, East Sound.
Nell Dawson, Astoria, Ore.
May Dean, Olympia.
Marie Auckland, Sultan.
Laura Bradbury, Port Angeles.

Mildred Dufrane, Lowell, Bellingham.

Edith Ferguson, Everson.
Josephine Foley, Marysville.
Ellen Larson, South Bend.
Florence Laughlin, Snohomish.
Sara Lopp, Enumclaw.
Lorna Lowery, Chehalis.
Grace McGugan, Blaine.
Flora McWilliams, Madras, Ore.
Carrie Nagley, Eastonville.
Florence Olson, Greenbank.
Della Pearce, Maytown.
Anna Peterson, Samish Island.
Byrdee Poland, Carrolls.
Frances Reedy, Edison.
Mrs. Richard, Bellingham.
Nellie Risk, Neppel.
Frances Sheehan, Norman.
Gertrude Smith, Seattle.
Sara Somers, Orcas.
Lottie Turkington, Wenatchee.
Winifred Wadsworth, Tacoma.
Frances Walter, Pe Ell.
Gene Wellhouse, Prairie.
Gladys White, Elger.
Lillian White, Eagle Gorge.
Violet White, Elgin.
Bernice Wright, Olympia.
Frances Walsh, Leavenworth.
Madge Ware, Bellingham.
Frank Bowen, Quinault.
Cecelia Miller, Chelan.
Ruth E. Ewing, Snohomish.
Viola Kirschstein, Petersburg, Alaska.

Mabel M. Plank, Lynden.
Margaret G. Anderson, Wilson Creek.
Mueella A. Gendron, Toppenish.
Marion Daubenspeck, Hollywood.
Mrs. Leila E. Caron, Castle Rock.
Claude Henderlite, Kent.
Beryle Ringer, Sunnyside.
Clara Behnke, Grandview.
Dora Bell, Buckley.
Mae Robinson, Forrest School.
Donald Croy, Grate City.

"I was out motoring the other day.
"So?"

"Yes; and I came to a river, but could find no means of getting my machine across."

"Well, what did you do?"
"O, I just sat down and thought over."—Ex.

Phillip M.: "I hear Johnny Miller has broken several records."

Beck: "No; has he; on the track, suppose?"

Philip M.: "No; on the Victrola."

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CONFERENCE NOTES OF DEANS OF WOMEN

Notes from the conference of Deans of Women, held in Portland, Ore., July 15.

After listening to lengthy and learned discussions upon Preparedness and Conservation, the Deans of Women agreed to stress the importance of the following topics among the women of their several schools: .

1. Physical fitness.
2. Mental poise and adaptability.
3. Personal and public economy.
4. Intelligent consideration of public interests, labor laws, child welfare, etc.
5. Actual war service.
6. Preservation of American ideals.

1. Every woman should build up a better body. Women have no endurance, not because they are women, but because they are not physically fit. Dr. Ravenhill, formerly lecturer in the University of London, deplors the condition of over-work in American universities, and the minor ailments among students. She declares that in addition to all her college work, the American girl insists upon more social life than her sister who "just stays at home." The women of the University of Washington have pledged themselves to retire at 10:30 next year and to take breakfast regularly. Some one hundred and fifty-nine of these same students took the war-emergency course but many were rejected because of bad feet, therefore, French heels will be tabooed on the campus next year.

2. Women should learn to ward off hysteria. Blues and all cases of "nerves" are abnormal. In this great crisis, we are under moral obligations to be cheerful. If our brothers must go to the front, they will have enough to endure without our adding to their heart ache by undue demonstration.

3. We heartily indorse the gospel of the clean plate and recommend the meatless and wheatless days, however, we protest against the economy of essential foods. Rather would we eliminate silk stockings for everyday wear. The difference in cost between the price of silk hose and good lisle is seventy-five cents and that would buy a pair of good woolen sox for a soldier. We recommend that shoes be repaired and clothes be mended and that all discarded clothing, if at all usable, be put at the disposal of some committee on relief.

5. Let us learn to temper enthusiasm with judgment. Imagine a slender slip of a girl stopping a burly farmer at his plow and saying: "Please, sir. I have come to relieve you, in order that you may go to the front." Let us learn to do the tasks at hand to the very best of our ability. And let us learn to give. Our neighbors just across the border are mak-

ing noble sacrifices; the school children of Los Angeles are adopting whole families of French children. If the boys and girls of the West knew that the children of Serbia and Armenia were starving, what would they not do? The children of Lynn, Mass., have raised \$2,600 since they organized as The Children of America's Army of Relief. In addition to the more common means of earning money, these children collect and sell old newspapers and rubbers, tin-foil, rags, bottles and metals.

6. The women of our schools and colleges have a grave responsibility in preserving the American ideals for which our forefathers lived and died. Chief of these is the single standard. If there is a little camp beside a bridge or tunnel, the immediate need of a steady hand is great. Loneliness, home sickness, nerve tension weaker,

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If you have CHRONIC STOMACH TROUBLE, so much the better, for it acts so quickly that you can hardly realize that relief could possibly come so soon.

We want every one to know the real value of this wonderful stomach preparation, and, in order to introduce it more extensively to the general public, we are going to give away, absolutely free, 10,000 packages. We are confident that there is not a family in the United States that would be without it if they Knew its true value.

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Address.....

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Refunded
If Not
Satisfac-
tory

the moral fiber of camp life; excitement, curiosity, natural and patriotic admiration of the national uniform attract alike the unsophisticated girls of 'teen age and the women who have ceased to love virtue. Our women may provide reading material, fruits, and soldiers' kits, but greater than these is an opportunity for wholesome recreation and entertainment for the encampment.

MY NORMAL GIRL.

A Song We Sing on Picnics.

My girl's a hula-ba-loo,
She goes to Normal too,
She wears the white and blue,
I'm telling you.

Chorus: And in my future life,

She's going to be my wife.
Soto voce: How in the world did you find that out?
She told me so.

She goes to all the games,
With all the other dames,
I furnish all the change
I'm telling you.

Chorus:
When I grow older, then,
I will grow bolder, then
Close to my shoulder, then
I will hold her.

Chorus:

Chinese Puzzle.

How did Dr. Nash cross the log at the falls on Mt. Baker trail, last Saturday?

BOY'S AND GIRL'S CLUB MOVEMENT

The value of the club movement may be considered from two points of view. First, economically—whether it will pay in dollars and cents and second, educationally and as an educative process.

One of the incentives held out to the boy in the organization of a "club" is that it is a money making enterprise. The results achieved so far have fully met the promises held out.

In any kind of club, pig, corn, poultry or canning, the economic aims are to conserve waste, make the good better, increase production and realize profits where little or none existed before. In such enterprises as canning fruit or raising a pig the child's profit compared to his investment is large.

His plant costs little, his capital is small, his labor is his own, and his selling price is nearly his profit. On this basis of capital and labor no \$10,000 or \$1,000,000 corporation can compete with him. The value of teaching the child the value of money by earning it has its economic phase. Habits of saving and thrift are being inculcated that will in after life be deciding factors in his financial success or failure.

Educationally, the nature of the movement and the methods of carrying it out conform to sound psychological principles. It is directly connected with the experiences of the child and with his home activities. It is a means of self-activity, an opportunity for self-expression and a development by doing.

The movement signifies "care,"—a word that lies at the foundation of our civilization. The effect upon the feelings and emotions of having something to care for in early life is a problem of deep significance. When we are reminded that less than one per cent of over eight hundred prisoners at Walla Walla (report of warden) had never during their childhood owned and cared for a pet or animal of any kind, its significance becomes apparent.

The idea of ownership is a large factor in developing a boy's potential possibilities. He may be thought not to have much responsibility until possession of something worthk brings it out, and that responsibility finds expression in bringing out a different kind of bearing in the boy in his look, his step, his appearance. The boy's attitude towards work and farm life may be changed. His view-point towards chores, such as feeding the pigs, may be different if he owned them than if he fed them because he was told to do so. A direct interest in the farm problems will tend to keep him on the farm. He will not be so anxious to go to the city to earn mon-

ey if he can be shown how to make money at home.

It will teach co-operation and in a way that is very real to him. The word "club" has in it the idea of co-operation. He must co-operate with some one if he succeeds, and this he learns early.

It will also be a means of closer cooperation between the school and the home. They will be brought into closer touch with each other. The activities of the school room will be transferred to the activities of the field or kitchen where the home will share with the school in its function as a directive agency of childhood. If the movement will bring these two forces together it will be worth all the effort put into it.

Dr. Claxton, in an address at the Normal in 1915, stated that the solution of the rural school problem lay, not in consolidation, not in centralization, but in the longer tenure of position of the rural teacher, in the teacher-cottage plan, in the twelve months pay basis, in making the rural teacher's life directors and real factors in community development.

The movement also opens up a field of operation to supplement book-knowledge. The boy will use his knowledge gained in agriculture by going out and making practical use of it, instead of merely reading his lesson and passing his examination. He will perhaps remodel the chicken coop or build a new one according to club ideals, instead of stopping at making match scratchers and beautiful chairs. The girls in their cooking, canning or sewing clubs will carry home the teaching learned in the school room for practical application.

In conclusion, it keeps busy hands and brains at a time when they most need to be kept busy, and in an environment that in its socializing influence can hardly be estimated. We have too long been educating children in an environment of inactivity

and then expecting them to go out and function in a life of activity. Who can say that a half dozen girls canning fruit or the boys in their club enterprises are not learning to function in life or are not acquiring values of themselves and of others? If "social efficiency is to be an aim of education the schools must be connected up with the everyday experiences of the child which will in turn lead to his life activities.

—F. C. B.

SKIRTS

"Oh Smith! We-ah-do you think our skirts will be alright? We left them in the train." Several pairs of eyes belonging to bloomer-garbed fair sex looked pleadingly up into the face of the president of the Students' Association.

"Why, I guess—that is the train stays here all day," he replied doubtfully.

Meanwhile many skirt-clad damsels besiege the Glacier ticket office and shortly blossom forth in bloomers ready for flight.

Suddenly, a cry: "Oh, I left my skirt in the ticket office. What if it should be closed when we come back?"

Supplementary cries of "So did I, So did I," "and I" were heard and a second siege on the ticket office took place.

"Oh! I'll be here tonight, don't fret," came from the ticket agent.

In various directions they disappeared. Their voices gradually died away in the distance.

Nor were they seen or heard in Glacier until approximately 7:00 p. m., when from every direction girls swarm like rats, hurrying and scurrying in spite of weariness for fear of being left.

Such a disheveled sight! Some had

barn doors torn in their stockings; pinned together with safety pins; soles tied to uppers with string; once snowy middies—Well! really for the laundry, and so one might enumerate indefinitely. No wonder they wanted their skirts at once.

But hark! What is the matter? "The ticket office is closed," comes one agonized cry after another, "What shall we do?"

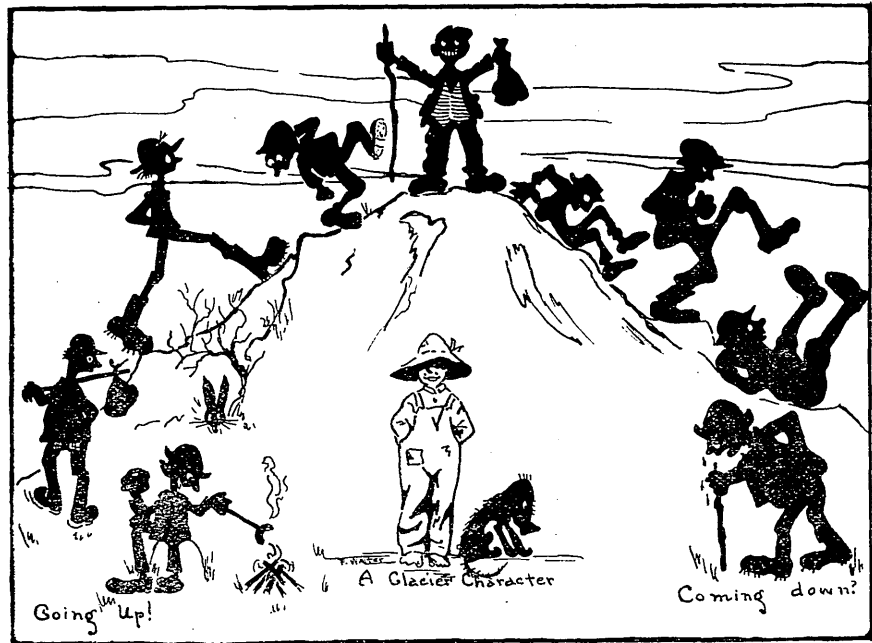
The ticket agent meanwhile calmly took in the situation. The ladies in question settled down in resigned despair. Then he unlocked the office and hurriedly found for himself a safe corner, aware that in a few seconds skirts would begin to fly about.

Bill Nobles played the cavalier on the home stretch by rescuing a skirt from the wayside brambles, thus endearing himself in the heart of the owner indefinitely.

Yet bear with me! On Monday following our venerable Carlton, slowly and painfully gained his feet, with this startling announcement, "The tide came in Saturday and in its wash I discovered some lost article. The owner may get these on request in room 218."

Skirts! Ah, me!

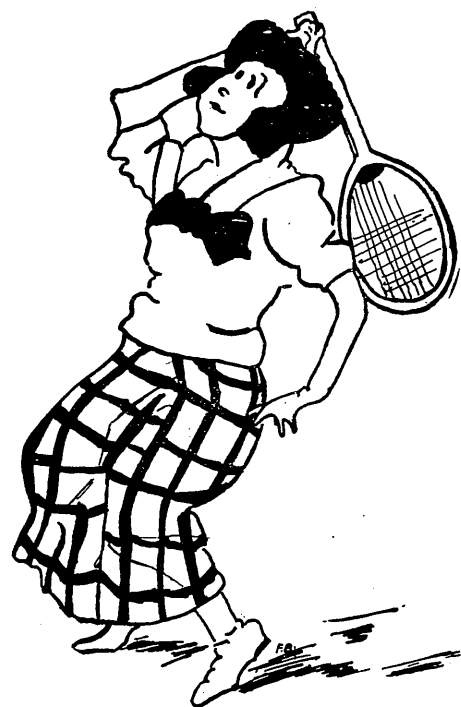
—C.



Our Annual Picnic

ECHOES OF THE N. E. A.

To the N. E. A. convention,
 Ten of our faculty went
 They started with every intention
 That their time would be properly
 spent.
 When the great convention had end-
 ed
 And back to the Normal they came
 In assembly as they had intended
 They gave an account of the same.
 By some pre-arrangement they
 found
 That a three minute talk would be
 fair
 If the speaker by then had his
 efforts not crowned
 They'd stop him right there in mid
 air.
 Ten measures of talk were sent,
 they say,
 From Heaven and the women took
 nine,
 But we smiled in assembly there
 that day
 As each man had to be called to
 time.
 Mr. Klemme was first to tell what
 he'd seen
 Of the places which he thought were
 best



Tennis Sharks.

Of highways and byways o'er which
 he had been
 From the river to the top of the
 crest.
 He also said on the crest was a
 tower
 And he told how the city streets
 wind
 By this time he had us well under
 his power
 But Mr. Bever called time.
 Miss Keeler said they were well
 entertained
 That Portland of graces disposes
 How the city deserves the glory
 she'd gained
 As a wonderful garden of roses
 Mr. Bever attempted to tell what he
 could
 Of the standing of Normal schools
 While someone outside was "knock-
 ing on wood"
 With the noisiest kind of tools.
 We have a suspicion, he stepped
 'round the town
 He has many friends who were
 there
 Dr Nash interferred and soon sat
 him down
 In a secretary's chair.
 Miss Baker informed us that she
 missed her lunch
 When she strayed from the city to
 far
 She must have been out with a ju-
 dicial bunch
 When she rode in the mayor's car.
 They had a break down to her dis-
 may
 As they watched the sun sink in the
 skies
 They heard tinkling cow-bells some
 distance away
 As they waited to see the sun rise.
 Tales of Alaska and a day that was
 hot

And tires that always went flat
 Did not disturb her or else she for-
 got
 All which was unpleasant of that.
 Politics was the topic by Professor
 McKowan
 Don't you think it was almost a
 crime
 To give a man that subject then
 make him sit down
 When he'd spoke but three minutes
 of time?
 Citizenship was the subject that
 Miss Morse chose
 In a capable way she told
 How the oath of allegiance was giv-
 en to those
 Who'd renounced their country of
 old.
 With flags in their hands amid
 shouts and cheers
 Grey-haired men and some young
 Miss Morse said she struggled to
 keep back her tears
 When the Star Spangled Banner was
 sung.
 Next came Miss Woodard, our lov-
 able dean,
 With a message which sounded be-
 ware
 Of waste, and the warnings please
 hold in esteem
 Which bid us of food stuffs take
 care.
 She earnestly urged us at least once
 a week
 If we'd help bear the world's great
 load
 To abstain from grain and also from
 meat,
 Till we reach the turn in the road.
 Mr. Ewing told of a beautiful trip
 Of the Falls and American Lake
 We would all be happy to take his

And the very same journey make.
 Last but not least was our own Dr.
 Nash
 He told how men of position
 Introduced the speakers from under
 the lash
 Known to us as the Belgian Com-
 mission.
 He said in his memory he always
 would keep
 This day of days as a token
 He told with much feeling of him
 he heard speak
 In our own English language, though
 broken.
 How the speaker was cheered as
 Old Glory he waved
 'Neath the allies' flags, all unfurled,
 He said that the blood of Belgium
 had saved
 Freedom to all of the world.
 We stood while we sang "My Coun-
 try 'Tis of Thee"
 In a patriotic way informal
 All glad that we live in the land of
 the free
 And are students of Bellingham Nor-
 mal.

and dragged outside the hive of legit-
 imate industry. Twelve really live
 men are worth more to a town gener-
 ally than a round full thousand of
 such useless material that lays around
 like rubbish in a rushing stream that
 is aching and foaming to turn mills
 and factories. Yes, live men bless and
 dead men curse a town.

ASSEMBLY NOTES

The echoes from the N. E. A.
 reached B. S. N. S. during assembly
 hour Tuesday, July 17, when each fac-
 ulty member who had attended the
 Portland meeting briefly discussed
 some phase of the work there. While
 the main topic of the N. E. A. was
 "War," yet there was time for visits,
 joy rides, banquets and interesting lec-
 tures and discussions on different
 phases of school work.

Members of Mr. Hoppe's class in
 School Entertainments presented in a
 very pleasing manner "The House of
 the Heart" at Wednesday's assembly.
 It was a morality play personifying
 Love, Industry, Cheerfulness, Envy,
 Vanity, Lady Gossip, Grumble, Lazy-
 ness and Quarrelsomeness.
 Mr. Epley gave an illustrated lecture
 on Mt. Baker and points of interest
 there. Many familiar landmarks were
 recognized by those who made the tri-
 to Baker July 14.

One could almost imagine himse-
 lf in Argentina so realistic were the pic-
 tures of the cock and bull fights which
 were shown Friday at students' hour
 by Dr. Burnet.

LIFE OF A TOWN

It takes live men to make a live
 town. Dead men are only fit to inhabit
 cemeteries. If they are really decent-
 ly dead, dead all over, we tenderly
 lay them away in the sleep of the
 tomb, but if they are only dead in all
 enterprise and spirit, outside of the
 narrow limits of their own selfishness,
 and yet persist in walking around,
 moving their calloused hearts and
 consciences where real business is
 wont to pulse and throb with vigor
 they are really like the drone bees, in
 the way until they are stung to death

"DAYS, WEEKS AND SOMERS"

It was a beautiful Day in early autumn. The sun was shining bright from the clouds.

As he drove up to Her house his heart beat high with hope and expectancy. He was a Hale, hearty Young Mann, full of vigor and Ginger. His Dodge was new. He had on a new Brown suit and a new Gray hat. In Short, He was a well dressed, well Groom-ed Young Mann.

She was in the Garden and was expecting Him, for She knew He was at her Beck and call, yet she did not let her faithful Knight know this—and as her maid announced him, She pretended to Reid her volume of Pope—even reading a Passage over and over—She spoke for a moment with the Gardener,—thus keeping Him waiting to make the Bond between them stronger.

However, in due time She went in to greet him. She was a Short, Petite woman, barely out of her 'teens, with the Bloom of health upon Her cheeks. Her eyes were Ballou, her hair "Red." She had the De Vine beauty of her English mother, and was as Witte as her father who was a Squire from Ireland. Being an only child She filled a Longfelt want in that household.

After greetings were exchanged He asked her if She cared to try his new Dodge. She gave her consent, hastily packed a lunch, donned her hat and fastened her Vail with a Sterling Pinn. They took their Coates Witham, and started.

The Carr was in perfect order, but Owen to the fact that He was a new Driver, their course was not always straight.

They left the Tawne far behind and soon were traveling over delightful country Rhodes, lined with Platts of grass, trees and meadows. They passed a Stubblefield where a Robin, a Finch and a Martin were picking up the fallen wheat which the Workmen had failed to Garner, and a stray Lamb was trying to Jump over the Gates into the field beyond, while a Shephard was trying to Marshall it up the Banks opposite.

As they neared the Lake a Partridge flew out from behind a Bush on the Shore and was closely followed by a Fowler who was out on a Hunt, with a Gunn.

They passed a farm where the men were all ready to Plough the fields for their winter's wheat crop, and Drew up on the Rocky, Pebly edge of the Lake, where they were to have lunch. He got Wood and built a fire, and She soon had the chicken on to Fry over a hot Cole.

This tasted very good in the Graham sandwiches. They had Rice—Custard

and Green Gage plums for dessert, and Welch graps juice to drink. They ate and ate, even to the last Almond, till there was not a Crum left. They could not have been Fuller.

About an hour after they had Eaton He proposed a walk through the Glen, around at the end of the Lake. It was a beautiful winding path—overshadowed by Burch and Elder, and bordered with wild flowers of many Hughes.

Suddenly, as they were oposite an old Cave, She stopped Short, screamed and threw herself into his arms. He comforted her and smiling said, "It was neither a Fox nor a Wolfe; it was only a White Herre dog, with Spotts on it. There must be a farmhouse near."

Then as She started to draw away, He held her close and said, "My Little Dove, I love you with all my Soule—I am a Potter of some renown, and my Ames are high, but I will devote my life in trying to make you happy."

She was silent. It all happened so quickly and unexpectedly that she was at a loss what to say.

Her silence only impassioned him to try once Moore to Pierce her heart of Stone.

"There is no price I am not willing to pay." Then He proceeded to Painter a picture of the Holmes she could have, the Jewells she could buy, the favors He could Grant her, and through it all He used such en-Deering terms that she finally capitulated. It was Dunn in such a convincing way that She consented and their Troth being plighted, He kissed her on the Lipp as She murmured "I Everham yours."

He wanted her to name to-Morrow as the Deigh but she demurred, though She was Moore than willing to talk it over. They spent some time in discussing various Parsons, and She exclaimed, "Oh, Millican act as Bestman. He's such a Merriman!"

On the way back to the Carr a Storme came up and it began to rain and Hale—so she took off her hat and tried to Draper handkerchier over it to keep it from becoming soaked. But She said, "I Cantwell cover it as my hat is large and my handkerchief small." So He Tooker hat and put "it under his coat."

They hastily climbed in and started towards home. As they drove West along the Strand, the wind Ballou and piled the Sandhei. After a few Miles, at the foot of a Little Hill, the Carr stopped, and He got out to see what was the matter. There was a Leek in the carburettor and He couldn't get the gas to Floe.

He was a willing Workman, but the rain became a regular Flood down the back of his neck. He began to Nash his teeth and Hunt for a place of shelter. He pushed the Dodge over by the side of the road and under some Oakes and looked around for help.

Just then a Ford was seen to Pick its way through the puddles. The Driver was an old friend of hers, a Baker from a nearby Towne. She Hail-ed him with "What a Boone! Here is Mr. Cook, the Baker from the

next Berg—maybe he can help us."

Mr. Cook was willing but when he saw that so little a thing was wrong he thought he would teach the new Driver a Kean lesson, so he pretended not to know what was the matter and after Hammering around a bit said: "I can't seem to locate your trouble, but I am willing to take you into Towne."

He, our hero, was torn between love of his new Carr and love of Her—but She Jump-ed into Mr. Cook's Ford and blithely rode home with him.

He sat in a dosconsolate heap, starting at his Dodge. Finally He said to it, "Well, Godlove you! You stick any-day!"

Just then He heard a donkey Bray and upon looking around discovered a barn nearby. He Plough-ed across the Lee and up to the barn door—wherein He saw a Mann trying to Currie a couple of Gant Burrows.

The Mann looked up and said, "Wall, I Swan! What on Airth be ye doin' here!"

He explained and asked the Mann how much he would charge to Wade out into the Storme with his Burrows and haul his Dodge to Towne.

The Mann replied, "I Settle many a problem like that. What do ye Offer-man?"

He said, "Are you a Mason, if so I ought to get it Dunn cheaper, because I am too."

But the Mann replied, "I Arnott!"

Then, said He, "Well, Come, get me out of here. I am not a good Walker, besides by Corns are Eakin, and I will give you the last Bean I have."

So with many Agee and haw they arrived safely.

But as He Mount-ed the stairs to his Chambers, his faith in womanhood was shattered. She had proven untrue—had basely deserted him in his hour of need. With Marks of sorrow upon his brow, He soliloquized to himself, "I am in despair! Shall I take strychnine Piltz? No. Oh, If I had only had a Winchester, I'd have Shoter. But if I had I'd be filled with re-Morse and Parish too. No! No! Maybe I can think of a Righter way. Let the dead past Berry its dead, I will not Howell! I Wilcut her from my memory! There Willoughby other girls and other Somers. I am Young! Let Her marry the Baker. He probably will teach her the value of Calouri and loaf and She will Herrett till She will be tired of it and wish She had not deserted me. This shall be my revenge."

Thus He decided to Stryker from his heart and life, and it was not many Weeks before He was driving out to Wynne the Little Welsh girl who lived next door.

One bright sunny Deigh He Tooker to the Church and the Sexton rung the wedding Bell and "they lived happily ever afterwards." —C.C.C.

SOCIAL.

The Misses Marguerite and Teresa Gordon entertained with a week-end house party last week at their summer home, Glen Cove, Lake Whatcom. Mrs. W. H. Gordon acted as chaperon.

ALUMNI MEET AT N. E. A. CONVENTION

On the closing day of the N. E. A. session at Portland a number of former students of this institution met for a social good time in the Washington headquarters of the Multnomah Hotel. Among those present were:

Emma T. Clanton, 314 West John St., Portland, Ore.

Violet Johnson, 810 Belmont, Portland.

H. L. McMahon, Bellingham.

Mabel McFadden, Chehalis.

B. M. Davenport, Bellingham.

Ada Belle Holmes, 260 Blandena St. Portland.

Rose Winkleman, Wickersham Apt., Portland.

Frank W. Peterson, White Salmon, Wash.

Bertha E. Crawford, Tacoma.

Anna T. Smith, Bellingham.

Era A. Franklin, Bellingham.

Merrie P. McGill, 4549 Brooklyn Ave., Seattle.

Edith R. Smith, 607 E 96th St., Tacoma, Wash.

L. Lucile Pearson, 3902 No. 35, Tacoma, Wash.

Louise Atchison, 310 California Bdg., Tacoma, Wash.

H. R. York, Lake Stevens, Wash.

"What is the capital of the Phillipine Islands," asked the teacher of her geography class.

"Manila," answered the class in a chorus.

"And of the Sandwich Islands?" continued the teacher.

The class seemed non-plussed until little Harry shouted, "I know. It's Ham!"—Ex.

"Are you interested in contemporary history?"

"Not much. I am more interested in what is going on now."—Ex.

WE MAKE THE CLASS PINS
1917 and 1918
AND ALL CLUB PINS

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JEWELERS

To the Normal School
104 E. HOLLY STREET
Next to 1st. Nat. Bank

HORST FLORAL SHOP
The Leading Florist
Opposite American Theatre
1309 Dock St. Phone 386

Organizations

CABINET GIRLS' HOUSE PARTY.

The night of July 19th the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet girls attended a house party as guests of Myrl Davis, Vice-President of the Y. W. C. A. If you want to get the sentiment of the meeting ask Mina Merrick. She went out in the boat after it. If you want to travel light and still have plenty, see Myrl Davis. She fixed it up with the conductor. If you wish first lessons in frying chops ask Miss Sperry, she has a "Greasian Degree." As to things that walk and talk at night Miss Morse is an authority. If you never have played Peter and Paul and wish to know the rules ask Helen Herbert and Lucile McGhee. Lessons in rowing can be secured from Ella Peterson and Gladys Miller. They each had an oar in. If you would like an official guide for any of your jaunts or trips Eda William's services can be secured at reasonable rates. A salad and a cup of coffee are reasonable terms. Sally Lopp, being the last one in at night, having missed the car, was the first out of bed next morning, this proving the "last shall be first and the first shall be last." Making coffee or starting electric engines Cassie Cales has a master's degree. Further information can be had upon application to any who were present.

PHILOMAETHEAN NOTES.

The last Philomaethean gathering of the summer was held on Tuesday ev-

ening of this week, at Squaticum Beach. Was the water fine? As those who went in! The others don't know what they missed.

It was just a little warm when the first to arrive came to the selected spot, but they were cooled off by cherries, an appetizer for supper supposedly but judging by the quantity of sup-

per they ate, they didn't need an appetizer. And this time, the right quantity of everything was on hand, plenty of weinies, sandwiches, beans, cake, fruit, salad, and marshmallows.

Everyone hated to think that was the last picnic, but we shall all get together and have another one--next summer, perhaps.

The suspense is over! For day the Yakima County Students had watched the bulletin board for some clue to a mysterious picnic on Tuesday night. By the clever planning of the Misses Thompson and Behnke, it continued to be a mystery from the time the Club left the Normal steps until they reached home. They were led unknowingly to their destination which proved to be Cornwall Park, where they found the table laden with much to eat. Instead of toasts, unique fortunes found under each plate were read.

After exploring the Park and playing games, the Club was taken by auto stage home.

Since most of the members expect to teach in Yakima County, it was decided to hold a reunion at institute this fall.

The Glacier trip was an enjoyable one for the Skagit County club, at least those of its members that went together. The destination was Skyline Ridge, and at any time during the afternoon you could find a Skagitite toiling upward. Some speed was exhibited along the trail the average being one mile per hour! About six members reached the summit, said to be 6,400 feet elevation.

The last club function will be a picnic supper on the top of Chuckanut and watching the sunset from there.

Group Breakfast on Chuckanut.

Nine "Early Risers" climbed two-thirds of the way to the top of Chuckanut to find a place to thoroughly enjoy their Sunday morning breakfast. Such hot cakes were never before tasted. Who were the cooks? You'd have to be one of the party to know that. Several became quite efficient "flopping flapjacks." After breakfast they finished their climb. When midday arrived all preferred to remain at the top of Chuckanut rather than descend in time for dinner at the hall.

So a couple of additional hours were spent before the descent was made.

The Lewis County Social Club enjoyed their last function of the summer at Squaticum Beach, Thursday evening, in the form of a Marshmallow Toast and "Other Toasts," seasoned with vocal and instrumental music by the club members.

The Club was organized during this summer with a membership of thirty-five. The present officers are:

President—Ellen Morris, of Klaber.
Secretary—Blanch Brown, of Centralia.

Mrs. Thatcher (choral practice): "I should be pleased if more of you would sing the same note."

Seen on Organization Board.

Notice to Lewis County Club Picnic: "Bring your own cup, and spoon please."

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.



OLIVE EDENS.

Of the English Department. Miss Edens is official censor of the Messenger. She did not give her consent to running this cut, but we are using it for all that, even at the risk of being "censored"

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.

Your flag and my flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half the world away!
Rose red and blood red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow white and soul white,
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night!

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Our kisses and wind tossed,
Red and blue and white.

The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you,
Glorified all else beside, the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag:
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory bears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!



Prices Moderate. Five course dinner every evening from 5 to 8 at 60c. Six course Sunday evening at 75c

Banquets and Dinners gotten up on short notice. Tables may always be reserved by telephone.

Hotel Leopold

Pacific Laundry

Established 1889,

Ellis Street

First Laundry in Whatcom County. We stand for quality, work and service. We have 27 years of experience.

Far over the top of yon purple hill,
Far over the Emerald sea,
Far, far away in a far-away land
To a land that was made for me.

There the white sand gleams and the
moonlight streams
In a mist of glory on land and sea,
And the pale-haired sea-things rise and
sing
In a frenzied burst of glee.

In the shinning sand of my magic land
The pink shells glimmer and gleam,
And from deep to high there's naught
to sigh
Or breathe that it's all a dream
—O. G. H.

A few definitions from the Normal dictionary:

The most democratic place at the Normal—The front hall about 12:45.

Common bond of sympathy—Teaching assignment in the training school.

The end of two perfect weeks—Mr. Krohn's departure.

A cosmopolitan display—The bulletin board.

Just the stuff to try the breath on—The innumerable Normal stairs.

An "A's" an "A" for a' that—Not unless you learn the Highland Fling. (Latest dictum from Plays and Games.)

A much frequented place—Mail box in Registrar's office.

Solace—Three weeks more.
—E. B.

You may talk of signs of weather,
Of coming days you may sing,
But when small boys sit on little tacks,
It..s a sign of an early spring.

BAILEY'S

HEMSTITCHING, PICOTING BUTTON HOLES AND BUTTON MAKING SIDE AND BOX PLAITING PINKING 207 MASON BLDG. BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Civilization

Civilization has brought forth nothing more marvelous than the calculation that makes possible the wonderful Life insurance contracts issued today by the great Life - Insurance Companies. Second to none is the New - York Life Insurance Company. Allow our local representative to make explanation.

H. C. BANNER

1250 Elk St.

Phone 221

END OF BILLEE GRAY

Dear Editor:

I am glad Billee Gray awoke. No doubt it was a glad awakening. And while she was in the process of coming to her senses, Ted was going home with the proud consciousness of having done a good deed.

While he slept, the Fate that watches over all good anti-suffragists came to him and said, "Rejoice, oh favored among men, for I bring to you a great gift. From this moment, you are a Superior Being. You shall be honored and protected by all. At your beck shall come (if he feels like it) a benighted creature who shall pay your street car fares and buy your luncheon. He shall attend with grace to your slightest wish for the mere pleasure of being amused by you.

"He shall listen patiently to your questions and explain, out of his knowledge, those things which puzzle you, for as a Superior Being, you have henceforth no use for your own mind.

"This is not all, for from this moment you are freed from all the obligations of citizenship! You shall pay your taxes, happy in the assurance that you had no voice in their levying. You shall listen to talk of unjust laws about to be passed, of dishonest men about to be elected, and rejoice in your privilege of saying and doing nothing "Be glad, Beloved of Fortune—" Ted was waking up!

L. ROSE.

Rev. A. Beers, pastor of the First Free Methodist church, Portland, gave the commencement address at Pacific College, Newbery, Oregon. His subject was "Fighting the Game of Life Right." In this trying time it might be well for all of us to think deeply upon the following thoughts from his address:

To play the game of life well one must face life fairly and squarely. We'll soon all become pessimists unless we face the world and its evils in a broad minded manner. Optimism, fairness and courage are the essential qualities one must have to go forth against the great forces of evil. Far too many people look on the dark side of things, in other words look at the shadows instead of marching the opposite way. He said, "One good way to know what is right is to find out the way the wrong forces are going and then go the other way.

"To play the game of life right is not to play it for the sake of yourself, but for the sake of other persons. One might well bear in mind the motto: 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' To play the game of life well means to play it for the sake of someone else and for the sake of Him who came into this world to save it."

SELECTION FROM MOTHER GOOSE.
(Harriett Ann Wenner.)

Here is the brilliant class,
That learns expression so fast,

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The brilliant class which I'll indicate
That learn expression as they sit up
late.

Here is the one who brings the tear
'Tis her speaking I greatly fear.
The tear and the speaking my dear.
Bring others for you to hear.
Others both bashful and bold
They all our attention hold.
Bold and bashful out they poke
With accents sweet and vivid stroke.
And change of pitch and all that dope,
And all that dope for here are the 3
masculine,

With notes deep, bass, sublime
And here am I with nothing alas
I hope and pray Mr. Hoppe'l let this
pass.

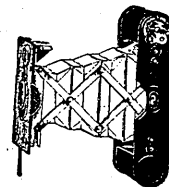
The class in expression I, voted upon
the best story presented according to
the oMther Goose cumulation. Miss
Wenner won with the above lament.

HEUN RECITAL

Mr. Kenneth Heun, a pianist and teacher of Bellingham, will play for the Assembly Wednesday morning, July 25th. The following program will be given:

- Prelude in C flat Minor
- Rachmaninoff
- Concert Waltz
- Schuett
- Notturmo
- Grieg
- Wedding Day
- Grieg
- Serenade in G flat
- Blanchet
- Waltz in G flat
- Chopin
- The Butterfly
- Lavallee
- Valse in E Minor
- Chopin

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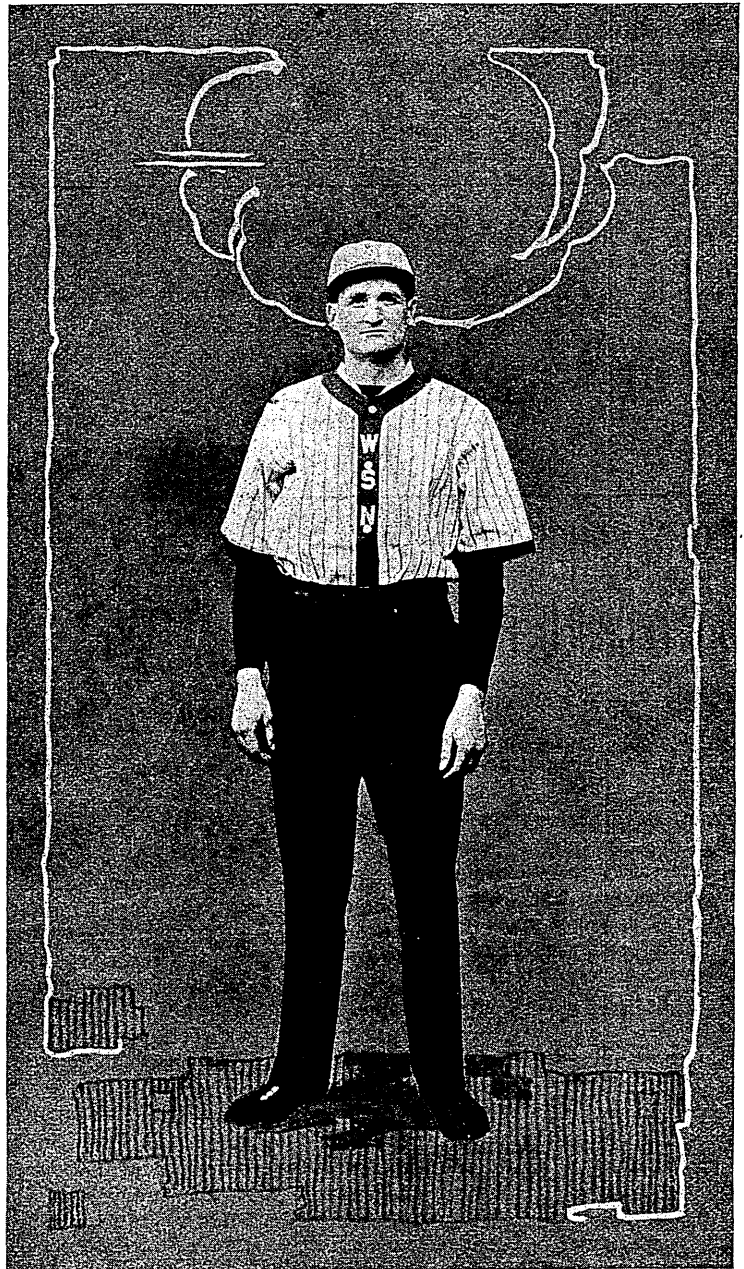
The following paragraph was taken from a letter sent to the president of the seniors: "The beautiful lavalier came as I am a very proud and happy woman. I shall always keep it with my most treasured possessions. I do not know how to convey my thanks to the class, so will you pass the word along as best you can. I am having a delightful summer here studying economic history, modern drama, and school administration. All three professors are fine, keen, forward looking men."

of its class advisors, the lavalier, in appreciation of her good work for the class. When it came to class parties, picnics and other activities of the class, she was known as a "real scout."

The lavalier was purchased and designed in Seattle by Miss La Vonda Mathiew, through the suggestion and efforts of Miss Bisazza. It was an original design, the chain and pendant being artistically and uniquely made of silver with a large, green, moss agate, set in the pendant. It was sent to Mr. Hennes, president of the class, who in turn sent it to Miss Norton with the Senior class' note of appreciation, written by the secretary.

Mr. Bond (in Trig.): "What happens when two faces coincide, Mr. Mueller?"

Al Mueller (blushing and stammering): "Why-er- (grin) I don't know."



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YELLS!

Hippety hip! Kazip! Kazip!
Hippety hip! Kazip! Kazip!
Hurray! Hurray! Balay! Balay!
Bellingham Normal!
Bellingham Bay!

Skookum Tum Tum Kush Wa-Wa!
Bellingham Normal! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Skookum Tum Tum Kush Wa-Wa!
Bellingham Normal! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Skookum Tum Tum Kush Wa-Wa!
Bellingham Normal! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Siz-z-z-z-z-z
Boom-m-m-m-m-m-m
Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h
(Whistle)
Normal! (Snap.)

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Elida Nordeen, former president of the Y. W. C. A., visited Mable

Jameson and other friends during the past week.

Miss Martha Brown addressed the association Wednesday. Her topic was "The Christian Teacher and Her Relation to her Pupils."

A picnic for the cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. was held at Lake Whatcom Park, Thursday evening.

Athletics

The Messenger is disappointed not to give in detail the results of the recent tennis tournament which caused so much excitement. Mr. Glenn Hughes came out as champion of men's singles, after a long and strenuous battle with Paul Thompson; Miss Halleck won from Miss Morrow in ladies' singles in a closely contested match; Thompson and Holbrook won the men's doubles from Van Horn and Carver.

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SENIORS BANQUET AT LEOPOLD HOTEL

(Continued From Page One.)

formed an effective background. Covers were laid for fifty-five.

A most interesting and unique program was arranged. The extreme formality of the occasion was broken up by the placing of the toasts and music between courses. At the very beginning the guests were put at ease by melodious strains of Hawaiian music.

Mr. Epley, our well known and much admired instructor, acted as toastmaster. We wish here to express our gratitude and appreciation of his work here for this is probably the last time he will be with us. The program was as follows:

- Ukulele music.
- "My Teacher of Blessed Memories,"
Mr. Albert Hennes.
- "When One is Forty,"
Principal J. E. McKown.
- Piano solo, Greek Selections
Miss Gladys Mouglin.
- "Pleasures by the Wayside"
Miss Signa Westrum.
- Ukulele music.

- "Holding the Job,"
Mr. Bever.
- Vocal solo Group of songs
Mrs. G. W. Nash.
- "The Bad Boy,"
Mr. E. J. Klemme.
- "The Devil's Club,"
Dr. G. W. Nash.
- "Good Wishes,"
Miss Agnes Baker.
- Ukulele music.
- Informal reception.

An Englishman who was touring America, was taking a ride in one of our famous American street cars, where people sit along the side of the car, and face the people on the opposite side of the car.

At one of the frequent stops a lady boarded the car, carrying a especially homely baby.

The poor cockney simply could not keep his eyes from that baby much to the annoyance of the mother. He tried reading the signs, and looking out of the window, but it was of no use. He could not resist looking at the baby.

Accidentally he dropped his handkerchief to the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up the child's mother bent over, and viciously whispered in his ear the word "Rubber."

The cockney immediately looked up with a relieved look on his face, and said to the mother: "Well, thank Heavens, lady. I thought it was real."

—A. D.

KLEMMME GIVES SPLENDID LECTURE

(Continued From Page One.)

However, faithful service is fast becoming the thing that is looked for. Service is life's greatest ideal and duty is its motto. The man worth while is the man at the bottom whose work is not the showy work but the foundation work."

In this trying age we want men, great men, men destined to perform faithfully their duty. We have no time for the man who falls and never rises but for the one who by faithful service rises there is a reward, "I do not care how many times a man may fall. But I do care how many times he rises and demands success. The farther he falls the higher he will bounce if he is determined to succeed. The man worth while is the man who comes up with a smile and faithfully performs his duty. He who never fails only half succeeds," said Mr. Klemme.

The man under the shadow is the man who succeeds, who faithfully performs his duty and makes the world better by so doing. He, too, would have been a hero had he had the chance. The world is full of just such men, men of metal truth, honor, men who are the backbone of civilization, yet have never come out into the lime-light.

The young should be taught that service is the greatest ideal in life rather than that each may some day be president. There is but one chance in a 100,000,000 of ever being president while there is a duty for everyone to perform, and his success depends on the faithful discharge of his duty.

LAUGH.

When yer felin' sort o' blue,
 An' all thr vim's jist out o' you,
 Things gone wrong, yer in a plight,
 Things goin' every way but right,
 LAUGH!

Laughter comin' from yer throat
 Gets on yer heart first thing yer note,
 An' all them troubles will go by
 If yer laugh instead o' sigh,
 LAUGH!

Nuff o' tears are in de world;
 Trouble's banner too much unfurled;
 Count them good things what yer got,
 Den count 'em twice, it helps 'er lot.
 LAUGH!

If yer laugh instead o' sigh,
 Why other folks a passin' by,
 Will sort o' get der spirit too,
 An' ferget their woes ter smile with
 you,
 LAUGH!

If ter laugh we never should,
 God wouldn't ha' made us so we could;

The most important part of getting glasses is the examination. Woll's examinations are thorough and up-to-date. 205 W. Holly.

He loves ter see them smiles begin,
 Ter mope er round, that there's the sin,
 LAUGH!

They say der folks up in der sky
 Are always happy, never sigh;
 Let's put more Heaven on der earth;
 Let's laugh right out an' scatter mirth.
 LAUGH!
 —PANSY B. TUCKER.

A purchaser of a riverside property asked the real estate agent if the river didn't sometimes overflow its banks. "Well," replied he, "it isn't one of those sickly streams that are always confined to their beds."—Ex.

Pa (reading from newspaper):
 "Well diggers strike layers of peat in graveyard."

Ma (soulfully): "Poor Pete."

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Mind is master power that rules and makes
 Man is mind, and evermore he takes
 The tool of thot, and with it, moulding what he wills,
 Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills.
 He thinks in secret,

His thots come to pass,
 Environment is but his looking glass.

From "As a Man Thinketh."

Read and read again the above verse. Study it carefully and grasp the key thot. It will reveal to you new possibilities as to what goal you may reach in the work so many of you take up soon

J. B. WAHL