

The Weekly Messenger

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

VOL. XXI

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1922.

NO. 31

U. W. FROSH GAME TOMORROW



BELLINGHAM STATE NORMAL'S UNDEFEATED BASEBALL TEAM

Top row: Left to right; Thomas, Stowell, Coach Carver, McComas and Knowlton. Middle row: Lindstedt, Vanderford, Keplinger, Rankin and Bristol. Lower row: Rue, Gaasland and Allen.

CALENDAR FOR COMMENCEMENT

Choral Club Recital..... May 19
Faculty Reception to Seniors..... May 23
Alumni Reception to Seniors..... May 27
Normal Picnic (tentative)..... May 25
Baccalaureate Sermon..... May 28
Class Day Program, 1:30..... May 29
Followed by Bird Sanctuary Exercise.
Memorial Day (holiday)..... May 30
Senior Play..... May 31
Commencement, 9:30..... June 1
— B. S. N. S. —

Nooksack "Hi" Seniors to Stage Play.
Perhaps there are students in the school who will be glad to know that on Friday and Saturday night May 13th and 14th, the senior class of the Nooksack Valley High School will present "Pickle for Fair" in the high school auditorium. The entire cast is composed of veterans of former plays.

THE OHIYESA CLUB TO GIVE PROGRAM TONIGHT

Have you ever seen an Indian Chief, with his war paint on? Have you seen or heard an Indian tribe around the campfire? Have you heard their blood-curdling battle-cry? Their songs of love? Have you seen them in their worship of the Great Spirit? If not, why not? Here's your chance. The tribe of Oniyesa holds pow-wow in the auditorium May 12 at 8 p. m.. You may see it for fifteen cents.

Tickets may be secured from club-members of from Students Co-op.
Remember!!—May 12, at 8:00 o'clock
Oniyesa Program—

— B. S. N. S. —

Be friendly with the people you know. If it were not for them you would be a total stranger.

STATE NORMAL OVERWHELMS THE CITY HI SCHOOLS

**W. S. C. SCORES 90
OUT OF POSSIBLE 108**

The annual city track meet, which was held May, resulted in an absolute walkaway for the Blue and White tracksters. The Normal boys took first and second places in all but the mile and the pole vault, a Whatcom man taking second in the mile and a Fairhaven man winning the pole vault. The records made during the meet were poor, due to

(Continued on Page Two)

STATE UNIVERSITY FROSH TO MEET NORMAL SATURDAY

**BIG GAME OF BASEBALL
AT BATTERSBY FIELD**

Tomorrow at the usual place and at the usual time the undefeated Normalites meet the strong team of the U. of W. freshman. The Frosh have won all their games with the exception of their tangles with the Varsity first team and even then the score was close.

The regular Blue and White line-up will play with Rankin, McComas, or

(Continued on Page Two)

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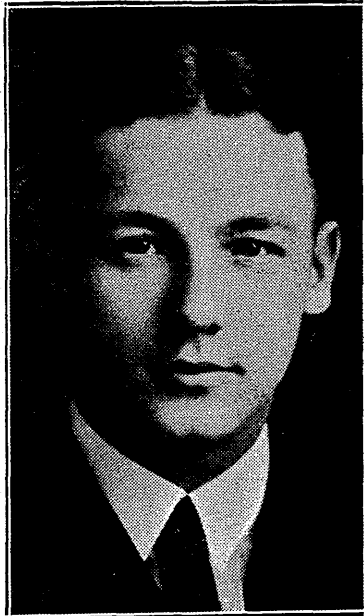
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ARTHUR ALLEN
Individual Track Star

**STATE NORMAL
OVERWHELMS THE
CITY HI SCHOOLS**

(Continued From Page One.)

the lack of competition. The Normal boys were not forced to exert themselves to their fullest extent at any time.

Allen Individual Star

Allen, of the Normal, was the individual star, with 21 points to his credit. Abbey was second, with 18 points; McComas third, with 14; Vanderford third, with 13. All of these cinder path artists wore the blue and white.

The results were as follows:

440—Cain and Thomas, Normal, first and second; Albee, Whatcom, third; time, 60 3-5 seconds.

100 yard—Vanderford and Allen, Normal, first and second; Neeley, Fairhaven, third; time, 11 seconds.

Discus—Allen, McComas and Soffoniason, Normal, first, second and third; distance, 100 feet 4 inches.

Mile—Abbey, Normal, first; Campbell, Whatcom, second, and Axelson, Fairhaven, third; time, 5 minutes, 15 seconds.

220—Allen and Vanderford, Normal, first and second; Lynn, Whatcom, third; time, 26 4-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Nelson, Fairhaven, first; Templin, Whatcom, second, and Johnson and Jenne, Normal, tied for third; height, 9 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—Allen, Abbey and Johnson, Normal, first, second and third; distance, 19 feet 7 1/4 inches.

Shot Put—McComas, Soffoniason and Beack, Normal, first, second and third; distance, 39 feet 8 inches.

50 Yard Dash—Vanderford, Allen and Neeley, Normal, first, second and third; time, 5 3/4 seconds.

880—Abbey and Smith, Normal, first and second; Harris, Whatcom, third; time, 2 minutes 14 seconds.

Javelin—Abbey, McComas and Soffoniason, Normal, first, second and third; distance, 145 feet 5 inches.

High Jump—Johnson and McComas, Normal, first and second; Leach, Fairhaven, third; height, 5 feet 4 inches.

STATE UNIVERSITY

**FROSH TO MEET
NORMAL SATURDAY**

(Continued From Page One.)

Stowell at the pitching end.

Rankin Pitches Air Tight Ball.

Monday, May 7, the Blue and White followers of the national pastime demonstrated to the Whatcom High School that the time is past when a high school can successfully compete with the Bellingham Normal. Leland Rankin after he had pitched nine strenuous innings the day before, tried the "iron-man" stunt and got away with it, holding the high school men to two hits, while the Normal school boys gathered eight hits from the offerings of Thompson the Whatcom right hander.

The game was rather dull with the exception of a few brilliant plays, a three bagger by Allen of the Normal, and the marvelous base running of the high school first baseman.

The score was, Whatcom 1, Normal 5.

—B. S. N. S.—

**NORMAL STUDENTS
TEACH NEXT YEAR**

The following are some of the Normal students who have accepted teaching positions for next year:

Anita Berentson, Edison, Wash.

Millie Bethke, Carbonado, Wash.

Elsine Johnson, Carbonado, Wash.

Annie Friese, Carbonado, Wash.

Violet Bergh, Roche Harbor, Wash.

Adeline Dietrick, Hood River, Ore.

Eunice Foskett, Sunnyside, Wash.

Ellen Jakobson, Minnie Troost, Timon school, Everson, Wash.

Carl Jenne, Coupeville, Wash.

Axelia Johnson, Redmond, Wash.

Brigitta Kankkonen, Astoria, Ore.

Donna Klinker, Pearl Stoughten, Esther Thomas, Snohomish, Wash.

Leona Kopp, Bow, Wash.

Ruth Neilson, Nahcotta, Wash.

Mabel Nordgren, Stanwood, Wash.

Jessie Rinehart, Hobart, Wash.

Josephine Silvers, Underwood, Wash.

Enid Smith, Lynden, Wash.

Lenora Roach, Margaret Passage, Olympia, Wash.

Miss Younquist, Pierson school, Bow, Wash.

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The Knight's Toast.

The feast is o'er and brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine,
 Before each eager guest.
 And silence fills the crowded hall
 As deep as when the herald's call,
 Thrills in the royal breast.

Then up rose the noble host
 And smiling cried "A toast—a toast"
 To all our ladies fair.
 Here before all I pledge the name
 Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame
 The lady Gundamere.

Then to his feet each gallant sprung
 And joyous was the shout that rang
 When Stanley gave the word.
 Then every cup was raised on high
 And loud and joyful was the cry
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough" he smiling said,
 Then lowly bent his haughty head
 That each should have his due.
 Let every noble play his part,
 And pledge the lady of his heart
 Like gallant knight and true."

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise.
 On him are fixed those countless eyes
 A gallant knight is he.
 Envied by some, admired by all,
 Far-famed in ladies' bower and hall
 The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
 And lifts the sparkling cup on high
 "I drink to one" he said,
 Whose image never may depart,
 Deep graven on this grateful heart
 Till memory be dead.

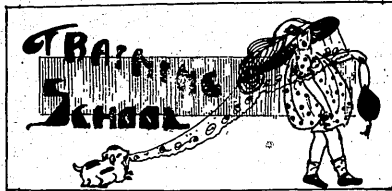
To one whos love for me shall last
 When lighter passions long have past,
 So holy 'tis and true.
 To one whos love hath longer dwelt
 More deeply fixed—more keenly felt,
 Than any pledged by you.

Each guest up-started at the word,
 And laid his hand upon his sword
 With fury flashing eye.
 And Stanley said "we crave the name,
 Proud knight, of this most peerless dame
 Whose love you count so high.

St. Leon paused-as if he would
 Not breathe that name in cariss mood
 Thus lightly to another.
 Then bent his noble head as tho
 To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said "My Mother."

THE PALLAS

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The 2B class challenged the 2A class to contests in reading and spelling. The 2B class was victorious in the reading contest, while the 2A class won, 3-2, in the spelling match. The 2B's are now going to challenge the 3rd grade.

In spite of the weather the school garden is coming up. It has been customary for the children to have a room picnic to eat the results of their labors, but we fear that they will have to pass their garden on to the next group.

Last Wednesday, at the Junior High school assembly Miss Roberts gave a very interesting talk on Theodore Roosevelt. This week Mr. Hoppe gave a very delightful reading.

The Campfire Girls of the Junior High school are taking a hike out in the woods this afternoon.

—B. S. N. S.—

Library Notes

Students in Library Instruction crowded about book case on which is printed "H to O".

W. Henry to C. Triggvi "why are you working here?"

Triggvi "well it says H2O (water) and my name begins with T."

Student teacher in 7th grade English.

"Lizzy give the plural of appendix."

Lizzy, "Appendicitis."

Raskopf, in English:

"I'm returning your themes"

Sam Ford:

You gave mine the smallpox."

Pop Rairdon.

"Mine has been RED over."

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Tennis Tournament in Full Swing

Now that the "prodigal sun" has returned to Bellingham the annual spring tennis tournament is being played off. The drawings were held last Tuesday and the first round matches were started immediately. The first round is still being played.

Oscar Lindstedt spilled the dope when he took two out of three sets from Twiet. The three sets lasted over two hours. The score was 9-7-5-7-6-4. Both men played a conservative game.

Pop Rairdon took two easy sets from Collins, 6-7-6-1. In the ladies singles Collins eliminated Barr. No games in the doubles had been played up to Wednesday. Benson and Haeske advanced to the semi-finals by default.

—B. S. N. S.—

Miss Mary Baker of New York will speak in assembly Monday, May 15th on the Student Volunteer Movement.

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	Margaret Morrison	Senior	Dorothy Christensen

NORMAL PARADERS

Prolonged cheering greeted the army of Normal students as they marched down Holly street in the Tulip parade. People realized as never before something of the magnitude and strength of our school. Praise and commendation of the Normal section of the parade were heard on all sides.

According to the Herald a prominent business man of another town, in a letter home, characterized the Normal section as the best thing in the parade. We do not need much argument to convince us of the correctness of his statement. As one person expressed it, "the Normal was in a class by itself."

Credit must be given the Normal students and teachers for the fine spirit they showed in turning out. Too much credit can not be given Miss Long for the Normal school in the parade. Her untiring efforts certainly bore good fruit.

—B. S. N. S.—

LETTER FROM DR. HERRE.

Mr. Thomas F. Hunt, of the Normal faculty, is in receipt of an interesting letter from Dr. Albert Herre who was formally head of the Normal Science department and who now is Fish Commissioner of the Phillipine Islands. Because of the general interest of the letter Mr. Hunt has handed it to the Messenger for publication. It will appear in the next issue and will be well worth anyone's while to read it.

—B. S. N. S.—

Above the Ears.

If teachers are any good at all they are the mental seed corn of the community. Their quality sets and fixes the brain harvest of the coming generation. Our farmers used to plant any old sort of corn until they woke up to the facts. Now they know, by their own test, their own results, that it pays to pay double prices or more for good seed, the best seed.

We talk easily about teachers having other rewards than mere money, but that sort of talk is bunk. It means sweating the idealism of unselfish people, cheating them of their just dues. The day of scrub seed in our brain farms should be over. Our world needs quality above the ears.

—Colliers' Weekly.



A "WEAKLY" EXPOSURE



EXPOSURE NUMBER 11.

I. R. EUCALYPTUS CAULKINS

Mister Robert Caulkins, aged 19, born and educated in the northern hemisphere. He has several nicknames (used on occasions when someone is highly peeved at him). He attended the Whatcom High school for a year and graduated from the Santa Monica High school. (Say Bob, does S. M. mean "Sainted Monkey?")

Bob specialized in drammer at said school, taking parts in some popular drama and acted the part of King Eddie in one of Sir W. Shakespoke's plays. He also specialized in brunettes in California. He says that he really isn't partial to brunettes at the present time. But, gentle readers, If you think I convey the impression that Bob is a ladies' man you are wrong, 'cause he is not.

Sir Bob is a Thespian and has held the position of treasurer and most exalted "Bootlegger" of that organization. He also carried the leading role in the Junior play (I don't know where he carried it).

He is now indulging in scenario and play writing—several of his artistic crimes appeared in the Messenger. His latest work is entitled, "The Eye in the Keyhole," a thrilling mystery melodrama.

Note: You need not look for the author, as he left yesterday on the Carlisle II. for South America.

Next week's victim: R. Twei, E. Cain.

I. R. BOSCO ALTMAN

Roscoe Altman, age 20 (or thereabouts), generally known as "Bosco, the Wild Man," was born somewhere about twenty years ago. Spent his childhood, boyhood and youth in U. S. (He spent them very conservatively).

He graduated from the Whatcom High school in 1920, where he represented the school as a debater, debate manager, manager of the school annual, commencement speaker, and a "cum laude" student. Despite all this, he is "all right."

In 1921 he decided to traverse the terrestrial globe. After starting a few times he finally boarded an oil tanker which was capable of locomotion. As Mr. Altman was quartermaster and had to steer the boat, it took a great length of time for the boat to arrive at the Phillipine islands, but he arrived there anyhow. Not liking the belles of Manilla, he decided to come back home and go to the Bellingham Normal, and here he is.

Bosco is now president of the Philos and is steering this organization much straighter than he did the oil tanker. He is now writing books on the following subjects: "The Aesthetic Value of Sea Sickness," "Inez, the Creole Belle of Manilla and How She Fooled Me," and "Twenty Years as a Woman Hater, or, Hard Times at the Bellingham Normal."

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Our Mothers.

My mother is first, last and always in my thoughts.—Lois Timmons.

Mother—My inspiration and ideal.—Ella Wallace.

My Mother! You are an evening star and morning sun to me.—Elnoa Atrim.

Mother—My dearest friend and companion.—Florence Chabert.

My truest friend and safest guide is my mother.—Evelyn Taylor.

My highest ambition is to have my mother proud of me.—Winifred Nelson.

Mother—My guide and inspiration.—Violet Huff.

To the best of mothers: Life is worth while when our mother praises us.—Marie Allwardt.

Mother dear.—Always ready to share my happiness; always there to cheer in time of trouble. Throughout my life my dearest friend and best companion has been, "Mother".—Vera White.

To the dearest mother: It is my Mother only who puts the "A" in "Ambition".—Martha L. Rosen.

The longer she's gone the more I miss her. Grace Spiger.

My Mother, an inspiration of the better things of life.—Jessie A. Macomber.

I don't thing any of us appreciate our mothers enough.—Gertrude Roberts.

I can never repay my mother for what she has done for me.—Mary Carter.

My Mother is God's greatest gift to me.—Anna Baker.

A letter from Mother chases away all troubles.—Nellie Gilbert.

My Mother is my truest friend.—Erma Dunlap.

Here's to my Mother, the best in the world.—Alyce Haveman.

She is everything to me.—Wilma Randol.

My "old standby", My right bower, My dearest pal, Mother.—Katherine C. Smith.

Mother—A real bit of heaven on earth.—Peggy Ahlberg.

My Mother—The dearest, sweetest, and best.—Edna Carnine.

With gratitude and love, I think of Mother.—Josie May Sovig.

Mother—A word that means the world to me.—Ella Norling.

Always my best companion, Mother.—Dorothy Zinser.

Mother—The best chum I ever had.—Margaret Bennett.

Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing is Mother.—Ione Ransweiler.

If in need or in trouble there is always one friend, Mother.—Bernice Baes.

Mother is the best pal of all.Lila Schafer.

Words can never tell what Mother means to me.—Hazel Birchard.

My Mother—Her equal isn't on earth.—Helen Goke.

My highest ambition is to be like my Mother.—Eleanor Barrows.

With Mother as my inspiration and ideal I cannot fail.—Marie Tinker.

My mother is the best pal I ever had.—Ruth McConnell.

My mother is all the world to me.—Cecelia Huntington.

Here's to mother, the happiest and cheeriest of all.—Gertrude Sennes.

LIBERTY THEATRE

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DO YOU REMEMBER THE KID PECKS BAD BOY

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Mother—The best friend I ever had.—Edith Linde.

Here's to mother and dad, the ones who never fail me.—Alice Jennings.

My mother—The dearest and best mother on earth.—Ruth Chabert.

—B. S. N. S.—

Many of the first floor girls were fortunate enough to have guests who helped make the tulip festival more pleasant. The Powell twins had their mother who drove up from Chehalis Bernice Baes' sister Florence came up from Seattle. Edna White came down from the Peace Arch city to visit Vera. Marian Hastings spent an enjoyable time with her family, even if it did rain: Dorothy Petley's mother and sister were here from Seattle. Florence Moss, from Yakima, visited her cousins, Florence and Ruth Chabert. Mary Warner, of Seattle, visited with Betty Lyman.

The mothers of several third floor girls visited with them during the Tulip Festival. Those who were fortunate are Norma Robes, Ella Wallace, Gertrude Roberts Erma Dunlap and Dorothy Cave.

Blanche Brooks and Selma Henrich have been ill this week.

Third floor girls enjoyed the fireworks from their windows Friday evening.

Alyce Haveman spent the week end in Lynden.

Your Mother.
 By Grace E. Hall.

Ah, girl, look on this woman in your home
 As you have never looked at her before
 Scan well this mother, creature of your own,
 And pause while a while to ponder o'er and o'er
 The things that made her, make, what you know.
 Those things that work unseen within the heart,
 She was a girl a few brief years ago,
 Though now of youth she seems to have no part.
 She, too, loved well the beauty of attire.
 Her pulse was quick with all the joy you feel,
 Her crave was for the baubles you admire.
 Though she, too, had to conquer their appeal;
 There lived in her the selfsame hunger;
 Shining within her were the visions you behold,
 But life came by, its sterner truths defining,
 And now you see a woman, saged and old.
 Through all your helpless babyhood she hovered
 And you, giving of her strength alone,
 Through all the years you've lived she's bravely smothered
 A thousand longings you have never known;
 Think you a woman's eyes forget their seeing,
 When springtime is on display?
 Think you she has no crave within her being,
 For gowns and bonnets, though she's old and gray?

Oh, little girl, she needs your tones of pleading,

She senses many things you've never guessed,

And, underneath, her heart is oftimes bleeding,

Although she answers eurtly your request;

Go home tonight, what ever be your sorrow,

And kiss your mother. Note her brimming eyes,

And then observe, tomorrow and tomorrow,

The heart that she's been keeping in disguise.

You've taken blindly all her love and serving,

You've angry grown because it was not more;

What have you done to make you so deserving?

What have you given, save heart-aches?

Denial is harder far than generous giving
And hearts that love you shrink from such a task;

Trust in your mother's love; and in life's living,

Play fair! and seek to serve as well as ask.

—B. S. N. S.—

Then They Call Them Friends

When one's got lots of money,
Friends he has so many,
When fate deprives him of it,
Friends, he hasn't any.
When success is at the bottom,
And failure at the top
You need a penny or a dollar
Friends you haven't got.
Again when fortune favors you
Your friends are there to soothe,
Your money goes, your friends go, too;
Now Isn't it the truth?

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Personals

Mr. Klemme visited the Anacortes, La Conner and Mt. Vernon high schools last Monday, May 7. On Thursday, May 11 he visited the Sedro-Woolley, Burlington, Edison and Avon high schools.

Mrs. Lovegren has returned from Tacoma, where she attended the convention of P. T. A. At this convention she made a presentation of a basket of tulips to the president.

Mr. Bond will deliver the commencement address to the seniors of Centerville High School on May 26.

Mr. Klemme is in receipt of a letter from Joy Elmer Morgan, managing editor of the Journal of the National Association of Washington, D. C., congratulating him on the article "The Teachers Tenure" which appeared in the Washington Educational Journal for March.

Mr. Rahskoph will speak at the community meeting at Harmony Friday evening May 12.

The May exchange is now being sent out from the extension department.

—B. S. N. S.—

THE NEW DAY

Heavy was my heart with care,
My soul oppressed with grief,
E'er evening cast it's shadows.
Over me hung the disappointments, failures,
dreams long cherished,
Broken and gone from out my vision now forever.
Thus e'er evening casts its shadows
wear-ly; in sleep I laid me down.

I wake! Behold! The sun is in the heavens!
The breath of morning stirs my soul to rise,
The robin sings his song from out the tree tops;
I answer with a song from out my heart.

A new day! Thank the Almighty Giver!
A new day! Each with his task to do.
A new heart! Undaunted, unafraid.
A new day! May God be praised forever!
—E. D. T.

—B. S. N. S.—

What a Funny Old World.
Heres Mason deserting his strawberry-blond for a darker type,
Estill Cane, saying to the Day Hall boys, that he'll never take any chances in this 'steppin' game, cause he expects to graduate in June.
There's Patty Goke, wandering up Sunset Trail, with be-gaged man;
Chauncy trying to decide between his harem list,

Bob Calkins wandering serenely thru the halls, with a look of "none-of-the-women-bother-me;" and even "our stepper on the faculty", back-sliding again.

Only Flo and Harold seem to last thru these countless ages, as our one and only "stidy," couple, that this little old normal can boast of.

—B. S. N. S.—

There were eight people under an umbrella and nobody got wet, how do you suppose they managed?

Answer: It wasn't raining.
Art Exhibit Soon.

The annual exhibit of art and handicraft will be held May 24 and 25, Wednesday and Thursday.

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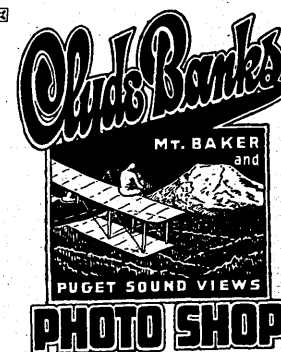
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VIEWS



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Distributors of
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SPORTING GOODS**
Fine Mechanics' Tools
Samson Auto Tires
1025-1039 Elk St.

For Firstclass Workmanship
and Material
SEE MORLAN
Shoemaker
1224 Elk St.

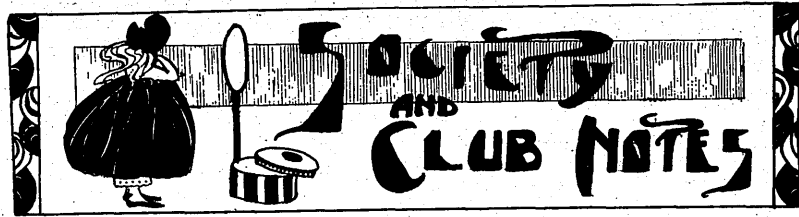
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We Specialize in Home
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Heater, has a big open front,
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**The Northwestern
National Bank**
Bellingham, Wash.
WE SOLICIT THE
NORMAL ACCOUNTS



DAY HALL OWL
Visitors at Day Hall this week were Charles Fitzpatrick of Anacortes, Ralph Miller of Sedro-Woolley, Clyde Burmaster of Mount Vernon, Reuben Alms of Harmony, and Carl Haeske and Roy Tweit of the city.

Mr. Chauncey Davis entertained his fraternity friends from Seattle at Edens Hall Sunday with a dinner.

Lost—Saturday night, one date. Please return at another date. Roy Tweit.

Notice—Cain relieved Mr. Calkins of his official position as banner carrier that he might be nearer the Queen's float.

Abbey: "Chauncey, I couldn't dance with your woman last night. I had my arms full?"

I wonder why Cone doesn't have a doorbell to the boys' locker for Bernice.

Talk of pedagogues. Why the Day Hall boys are so busy with studies that the ways of the world seem to get ahead of them, even their rooms slip away without them knowing it. (Ask Mr. Black.)

Chauncey: "Do you know my woman?" Newell: "I almost know her, but I have never seen her."

—B. S. N. S.—

STORY TELLING CLUB
The Story Telling Club met at the home of Miss Seeger Wednesday evening. An unusual but interesting program was presented, after which refreshments were served.

—B. S. N. S.—

PHILOMATHEANS CLUB
The Philomathean Literary Society gave a very interesting program at the Monday assembly. Many of the talented members of the club took part. The program consisted of the following: "History of Club"—Margaret Spaight. "The Absence"—Margaret Morrison.

Donna Klinker and Mary Orvatz.
Solo—Bid Lowman.
Whistling—Mabel Miller, Roscoe Altman and Bid Lowman.
Problems That Face an Untrained Teacher—By Oliver Ingersoll.
Orchestra—Mable Miller, Carroll Haeske, Phillip Arnola and Helen Anderson.

—B. S. N. S.—

ALKISIAHS CLUB
Miss Jenny Rice was elected to membership in the Alkisiahs Club at its regular Tuesday morning business meeting.

At this time, also, plans were completed for the picnic, which will be held Saturday, May 14, at Lake Whatcom. A special feature of the afternoon will be the initiation of several new members. Each girl is requested to bring a cup, spoon, and fork.

Where to meet.—At the Interurban Station.

When to meet.—9:15, Saturday morning.

HIGHLAND CREAMERY
Confectionery, Etc.
H. A. LYLE, Prop.
615 High Street.

Added gaiety at Dodd Hall during the Tulip Festival was furnished by Mrs. J. H. Curtis and son Jack of Granite Falls, Pearl Allmain, Mrs. Pauline McKiddy of Auburn, Mrs. J. R. Boland and daughter, Phillis, of Bothel, and Mr. Bill Hanson and Mr. Pierre Bump of Everett.

—B. S. N. S.—

OHIYESA CLUB
The Ohiyesa club held its evening meeting on Wednesday evening, May, 3 instead of Thursday. The program was a Writers Symposium. The stories and poem were written by the following:

Story—The Rescue of Tommy, by Blanche Pennick.

Story—The Camping Trip, Mary Hodgkinson.

Poem—If I were a Poet, Ruth Miles

The program was very good and was enjoyed by all.

—B. S. N. S.—

Philomathean Club Notes
The following program was presented at the last regular Thursday night meeting of the Philomathean literary society.

Philo Sopher.—Marian Collier, Catherine Shepard.

Paper.—Lucien Loring
Violin Solo.—Phil Arnold.

Reading.—Ssther Reddick.

Solo.—Polly Mock.

Reading.—Helen Cummings.

Parliamentary Drill.—Ruel Knolton.

Critics Report.—Donna Klinker.

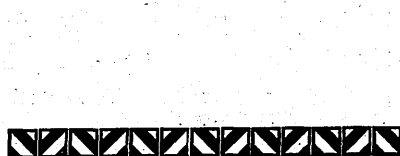
Club Songs.

—B. S. N. S.—

Y. W. C. A.
The Student Volunteer Band, a part of the Normal's Y. W. C. A., presented



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Ads
Bring
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10% DISCOUNT
To Normal Students on all
Ready to Wear Garments,
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**MONTAGUE &
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PACIFIC LAUNDRY
Blankets Cleaned, Carded and Made
Like New. Our Curtain Department
Equipped With American Curtain
Dryer.
PHONE 126 ESTABLISHED 1889

**GOOD PHOTOS
of difficult subjects**
JUKES
Sunset Block

a very pleasing program at the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Thursday afternoon. Considerable time was spent by several interesting young speakers in explanation of the work of their particular organization. Among those who spoke on the topic of giving one's life to the work in the foreign mission fields were Misses Gertrude Smith, Norma Rokes, Margaret Bowen and Carol Rahskopf.

Announcement was made that Miss Baker, student volunteer secretary of Chicago, a graduate of the University of Nebraska, would be here May 14 and 15. Miss Baker is going to advise and aid the local members in their work.

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THE WHITE SLOOP

The Captain of the small "Island" beat eyed his companion quizzically.

"I don't get you," he said. "Would you mind repeating your question?"

"Certainly not," answered his companion, a well-dressed young man who sat gazing idly out of the cabin window at the passing glory of the Islands with a bored air.

"It must be awfully 'dead' up here on Puget Sound, there is nothing here, no romance, no background, no mystery?"

"Perhaps", interrupted the captain kindly, "when you've been here a short time you will come to realize the glamor, the glory, the background, the mystery of Puget Sound. Take for instance Norman Graves, if you want to hear a mystery story."

"Yes?" said the young man, showing interest for the first time, "what about Norman Graves?"

"If you are sure you want to hear?" The imperious gesture of the young man indicated that he did want to hear and would listen with joy. The Captain, who had been instructed to take good care of this certain young man, thought that this would be a good way to do so, so he went on.

"Thirty-six years ago," he said "when I was a young upstart of seven a white sloop came sailing into one of the little harbors on Whidby Island. All the houses of the small village at that time were near the bay and many people saw the one man who came ashore. As my home was nearest the water this man came to it and asked for lodging for the night. He offered to pay, as I remember, and pulled out the largest wad anyone in that community had ever seen. Of course Ma and Pa wouldn't take a cent. In the morning the white sloop was gone, folks never knew what became of it, and some said that it had been sunk, others said that it had sailed away.

Well it wasn't long before Norman Graves, as he said his name was, had bought a place and built a bungalow for himself about a half mile from the village and into the woods. For twenty-eight years Norman Graves was the inspiration, the power, the center of interest in the community. He was the boys' chum, the men's friend as well; the womenfolks used to send up cakes, bread

and other things to help out in his batching. No one ever went out hunting without stopping at his house for a bite and a chat.

The man had so much charm, or personality, or something, no one ever thought of questioning him about his private affairs. All we knew was that he never received any mail or sent any. Some folks thought that this was kind of peculiar but if they ever ventured to mention it or even to try to cast reflections on the man, over two-thirds of the community would sure make it hot for them. The romantic girls of the place always used to make up yarns about his past life. His clothes were almost always of the best quality anyone had ever thought of seeing in that part of the country, but there wasn't any put on airs about him. He was sincere in all his dealings with the people of the community and seemed to like us all. He was the force that sent many young people out into the bigger things in life, and succeeded in making somebody out of most everybody. He was a good neighbor too, as well as a good citizen, and the men of the village used to ask him for advice about politics as well as tell him their troubles. Once or twice he let slip a word or two that gave us a hint of his past life. Once he was talking about certain men who were of great prominence and he let slip that he knew them quite intimately, but shut up like a clam when someone asked if he really did know them personally.

Well sir, when twenty-eight years had rolled by a white sloop was seen sailing into the harbor one summer's evening. It anchored in the bay and a boat came to the shore with three or four people in it.

The next morning the sloop sailed away.

Later in the day a party of hunters of which I was one stopped at Graves' cabin. We knocked two or three times and then we opened the door and stepped in. We found the room in perfect order but Norman Graves had been brutally murdered and lay in the center of the room—Well, that's all, stranger, no one will ever know anymore, I guess" he smiled.

The young man's eyes were staring, fascinated, at the mystery island that was framed in the glory of the setting sun.—Olga K. Brotnov.

—B. S. N. S.—

3-M CLUB PRESENTS "IN WALKED JIMMY"

The 3M Club presents its second annual play.

On Wednesday evening, May 1, the 3M club of this city presents its second annual play in the Whatcom high school auditorium. Among those in the cast are a number of Thespians, namely Leonard Adams, Gertrude Morgenthauer, and Irma Bond. The play to be given is "In Walked Jimmy" and furnishes a good deal of amusing and inspiring incidents as taken from the life of one business. The admission is 50 cents and 25 cents.

A SPLENDID SHOWING

If anything were required to prove the efficiency of the organization of the Bellingham State Normal, and the high personnel of the student body, that proof was supplied in full measure in the Tulip pageant last Friday.

Nine hundred students appeared in line, beautifully costumed and drilled like veterans soldiers. They were given a place near the head of the pageant and attracted general attention and approbation for their members and their grace.

It is only upon public occasions like the festival that many persons of the Northwest can get a glimpse of the importance of this fine school. The classroom work is known to a few. But when the Normal can turn out in such a fashion as it did last Friday, the public gets an impression that is not only pleasing but permanent.

How Fast Can You Say This?

If the Hottentot taught a Hottentot
To talk ere the tot could totter,
Ought the Hottentot tot
Be taught to say "aught" or "naught"
Or what ought to be taught her?
If To-Toot, and To-Toot, the Hottentot
tots.

Were taught by a Hottentot tutor,
Aught the tutor get hot
If the Hottentot tots,
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

Something Nice "TULIP ICE"

TULIP CREAMERY CO.

1329 Dock

Phone 137

THE 3M CLUB

Presents Its 2nd Annual Play

"IN WALKED JIMMY"

Direction of

H. Goodell Boucher

WHATCOM HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Wednesday Evening, May 17, 8 p. m.

Admission 50c—35c

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