

## LITERARY.

### THE WHITE DEER OF CHEAM.

(A Fraser River Indian Legend.)

In the moons of long ago a deadly enmity existed between the frost and the spirit of the waters. The spirit dwelt in the Fraser River, but the frost lived everywhere, although there was one place he loved best—the summit of Cheam, the giant of the mountains. There his brother, the snow, dwelt. Summer and Winter the snow slept on the lofty peak, fearing nothing not even the power of the Sun, the father of all spirits. Away in the north, where the Frazer reaches its thousand arms around the feet of the mountain ranges, the frost had a stronghold from which he would come forth in the silent night and binds the arms of the Fraser with chains of ice,—fettters that would not loosen. When this would occur the spirit of the water would call upon the great spirit, the Sun, who would send the spirits of Wind and Cloud to release the fettered river from the chains of the frost.

The Water Spirit had many children, but the one he loved best was a streamlet that came rushing down the side of Cheam.

The Frost was always thinking of some evil to do the Water Spirit, and one night said to his brother, the Snow: "Let us seize the stream and wall it up with ice, and keep it prisoner forever, for is it not the favored child of my enemy, the Water Spirit? We will do this to vex him."

Then the Snow covered the Stream with its mantle and the Frost built a prison of ice around it, and told it that never again would it behold the lofty forest, the beautiful valley, or the blooming flowers.

For many ages the Stream remained in its crystal prison, longing to be released.

One day it heard a wren tell a sparrow that Spring had visited the valley below, and that Spring had brought the green leaves and bright flowers.

A desire to see the earth once more seized the Stream, and seeing an eagle near, asked him: "Will you go to the great River, and tell my father, the Spirit of Water, that I am a prisoner in the bonds of his enemy, the Frost?" The eagle would not answer the poor captive, but went screaming away. Next day a mountain goat passed by, and the Stream asked it the same question, but the goat laughed and went bounding away, caring little for the woes of the captive Stream.

For many years after this, the Stream lay silent and dejected, thinking it had no friend on earth, until one day it asked the deer

if it would tell the Water Spirit of its captivity. The deer said, "I will ask the swan that lives on the lake to fly to the north and tell the Water Spirit where you are held prisoner."

The deer went speeding down the mountain until the lake was reached, and there he met the swan and told her of the suffering Stream, and its desire to be released from the bonds of the cruel Frost. The swan answered him, "The Spirit of the Waters is kind to us winged creatures. Willingly will I go and tell him the story of the stream's wrong."

Spreading her wings she flew far away to the dreary north, and rested not until the Spirit of the Waters was found. When the Water Spirit heard the story he was angry. "I will call my friends, the Spirits of Winds and Clouds," he said, "and they will force the Frost to open the gates of his prison and let the Stream go free. Will you not fly up into the air and ask the Wind Spirit to help me?"

The swan circled upward and soon reached the Cloud and told the desire of the Water Spirit to have the Stream released from the prison of frost and snow. The Cloud answered: "Yes, I will help release it and will ask my brother, the Wind Spirit, to help me."

Calling the Wind Spirit, the Chinook, from the south, he told it the story of the captive Stream, and asked help to free it. The Wind Spirit replied, "Yes, I will help you. Let us ask our father, the Sun, to help us."

In the evening, when the Sun was going to rest, the Wind asked it, "Will you not help us free the Stream, the prisoner of the Frost?" The Sun answered, "Yes, tomorrow we will set it free."

When the Sun told the Wind Spirit this it rejoiced and flew swiftly back to tell the Cloud. Then the Cloud sent the Rain to tell the Swan, who told the Deer when he came to drink of the sparkling waters of the lake, that the next day the Sun, the Spirits of the Cloud and Wind would set the Stream free. The deer was glad, and when the moonbeams fell upon the mountain, he went to the Stream and told it to rejoice, for on the morrow it would be free and would see the bright world beneath and the spirit of the waters.

When the morning dawned the Sun rose in splendor and sent down fierce rays on the prison of the Stream and the Wind and Cloud came from the south, and the Cloud sent the Rain to help the Sun, and the Wind blew its warm breath upon the Frost, until conquered by these mighty elements, it opened the gates of its prison and let the Stream go free.

Then the Stream went rushing down the mountain side, singing as it went, and soon reached the valley, green with Spring, and bright with sunshine and all nature welcomed it. The Wind softly showered the blossoms of the trees upon it, and to welcome it, the birds sang their sweetest songs.

Gently gliding beneath the shade of the trees it soon reached the Fraser, where the Water Spirit was waiting to greet it. After listening to the story of the Stream's captivity the Water Spirit asked what reward it wanted given to the deer and the swan who helped release it from the Frost. The Stream said: "I am very grateful to the Great Spirit, the Sun and the Spirits of the Wind and the Cloud. What can I do to show my gratitude for the great kindness they have done me?"

The Water Spirit answered: "You can mirror the Cloud, and on sultry days you can cool the Wind when it blows over you."

"And now, how can I show my appreciation of the labors of the faithful deer and swan?" asked the Stream.

"The swan," replied the Water Spirit, "shall find a home on the waters for all time and the deer I will make beautiful. He shall be white as the lilies that float on the bosom of the lake. No arrow from the hand of an Indian shall ever do him harm, and for numberless years he shall live, the most favored of all earthly creatures, on the slopes of Cheam."

The Spirit of the Waters kept its promise. Thousands and thousands of moons passed and the white deer roamed on the slopes of Cheam, having for food the moss and the tender grass.

Time passed quickly until one day a strange race of men came to the village at the foot of the mountain. Their faces were white, and they carried weapons that contained thunder and lightning. When they heard of the white deer, one of them gave his weapon to a young Indian and told him to go up on the mountain and kill the white deer.

With a heavy heart, the Indian climbed the mountain, met the white deer, leveled his weapon and fired, and fell face downward on the snow, never to rise again.

There was mourning in his father's house for the hunter that never returned. His friends searched the canyons for him and at last found him lying dead, with a look of terror on his face. They bore him to the valley and buried him beside the stream. The Water Spirit sent the loon to cry over his grave and frighten the mourners away.

After this no Indian ever attempted to harm the white deer until a Sitcum Siwash came to live at the village Cheam.

One day this Siwash went hunting on the mountain and saw

the white deer. The Spirit of the Waters was asleep and could not protect it. The hunter fired and it fell dead. He then carried it to the village and called everyone to see the white deer that had until a Sitcum Siwash came to live at the village Cheam.

When the old men of the tribe saw the white deer a great fear came upon them, and they reproved the wicked hunter who had done the cruel deed of killing the creature their fathers adored.

When the Spirit of the Waters learned of the death of the white deer, he caused a great sickness to come over the hunter. The hunter wrapped his blankets around him, covered his face, and lay down beneath the trees whose very leaves trembled at the thought of the crime he had committed.

In the midnight darkness he died. Forever shall his guilty soul wander through the darkest canyons, and the Frost shall walk at his side. Never again shall he behold the light of the sun, moon or stars. At midnight the owl and wolf will visit him and will revile him with strange unearthly cries. The sweetest note he shall ever hear will be the croak of the raven. He will always be tired and never rest, and will always be cold and hungry. No ray of hope will ever gladden his heart. Friendless, wretched and alone, his soul shall wonder. This doom shall rest upon him forever, as it was pronounced by the Spirit of the Waters for killing the White Deer of Cheam.

MARY A. PERRY.

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Fort Yukon, Alaska, Jan. 18, 1910.

Dear Dr. Mathes: I flatter myself enough to think that there are some few at least in Bellingham Normal School who are interested in me to the extent that they would listen to news of my whereabouts and state of happiness. Since coming to this place I have heard scant news from people on the outside, and the only news of that institution which has reached my ears is that the football team has more than fulfilled the prophecy of a certain enthusiast of last year, in that it has played the B. H. S. twice and only lost one game. The fact that this news only has come to the far north goes to prove that a school's real field of usefulness and glory lies in athletics.

While busy preparing for the "Foresters" last year a certain young man, who is still in school, presented a slip of paper for signatures and distinctly stated that any who signed this paper would be followed each month of the succeeding year by "The Messenger." Now, either that young man's word is good for nothing or the paper is deceased, for no copy of that sheet has followed

me (although I have anxiously looked for it.) News concerning The Messenger would be very welcome. I wish you would tell Miss Cribbs that I have at least a dozen romances of the frozen North ready to send in as soon as news of the paper's condition reaches me.

One exceedingly great difference in things which I have observed since leaving the Normal has been a change in values placed on various things. I find it now a circumstance of no small concern that I failed to get over 88% in the Training Department last year. More than that, I even have to explain myself when I say "Bellingham," for that city is apparently unknown in these parts. Those two things are only samples of some of the things which loomed large on my horizon last year and now, like the mid-winter sun, they barely peep above it.

A former distinguished alumnus once wrote that he had been benefited most while in school by the social life centered there and that the pointers on life etiquette given by the various lecturers from the faculty, had been of the utmost value to him. Before stating my point of difference I must explain that I did not have nearly all the social advantages he had, lacking the personal charm and poetic license, but on the whole I believe my experience will count for something in refuting that statement. All I need do is to cite a few customs in vogue in the homes and social halls of this country.

It is impossible to remove your hat when you call—your host has his on.

Do not knock before you enter—merely push the door and enter.

Do not remove your hats at the dance—there is no place to hang them.

If you are smoking when the waltz begins, do not remove your pipe—the lady doesn't mind.

The former rules apply to ladies as well.

Ladies or gents may smoke at the dance and they may chew tobacco and expectorate on the floor—but they must make the discharge in the direction of the wall or door.

Now, in the fact of such evidence, of what avail is etiquette or social practices learned in the States? I have had to rearrange my whole code and have been forced to condemn all I heard at the Normal as a mere local phase of a great question.

Seriously the thing which I want to thank the Bellingham Normal for, aside from the course of study is the number of noble men and women, boys and girls, I met there. We are on the frontier here—the last frontier—and the major portion of the popula-

tion are anything else but noble. One meets an occasional splendid man, but he is the exception. The majority place themselves on the level of the Indian. It is a far cry from savagery to civilization but I can witness the fact that the backward step is accomplished swiftly. So in a place like this one needs to remember the good people that he has known in order that he may preserve the healthy attitude toward people that he should preserve. I am proud to have known some of the people I met at school and I count the time spent there well spent.

A few notes on this place might not be amiss. Fort Yukon is just within the Arctic Circle and is the northernmost point on the river. The permanent whites probably number twenty-five and there are three ladies, two of them at the Mission. The native population varies from nothing to over three hundred. The school is new, modern in every respect, and is a better building than most district schools in Washington. My attendance averages about thirty. This is the central mission point for the interior and they have besides the lady in charge, a trained nurse and a doctor. There are four stores here and they carry a good general stock. Our winter mail comes every two weeks from Valdez by way of Fairbanks. Summer mail comes by way of Skagway and Dawson and is carried by every steamer, generally twice a week. The river at this point is over three miles wide, and is frozen now tight as a drum, and has been since the first day of November. I am about 2000 miles from Bellingham—and I feel like it. I do not await each mail anxiously for letters from my friends, for I know there will be none.

The trip down the Yukon, 800 miles, is worth staying a year of itself. I enjoy the remarkable displays of the Aurora, the freaks of the frost and the cold, dry and still atmosphere. It has not rained since my coming and we have not had six days of even moderate wind. I have seen  $-65^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit and I can testify that our few days of winter in Bellingham last year were far worse. There is nothing unpleasant in this cold unless one is traveling by sledge. Men think nothing of taking the trail at  $-50^{\circ}$  and  $-60^{\circ}$ .

I am kept busy by my work and have little time to be lonesome. I suppose the newness of things is a help. I enjoy the change to, wild meat for diet. Moose is our staple diet with caribou as a good second. They each sell for 15c per pound. Ducks, geese, ptarmigan, grouse and bear add a pleasing variety.

I do not know of anything else of interest. It is such an undertaking to tell anything of the country that I hesitate to try. Of one thing I am convinced and that is that Alaska has seen its best

days and the young man who is seeking a fortune will find it a great deal quicker in his own country.

For this once, good-bye,

Yours,

NOAH DAVENPORT.

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### IN OUR HOMELAND.

(A True Story.)

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Once in the woods at the foot of a mountain, seven miles from the nearest postoffice, was a school district which needed a teacher. It was hard to find one who wanted the school or even one who would try it, as it was a district in which no teacher had ever stayed for more than a few weeks at a time. The same people had lived there for the past twenty-five years and had quarreled and contested each other's timber claims until they were all enemies, especially to themselves. Moreover they didn't want a school and all the school houses which had ever been built had been mysteriously burned.

The building then used for school purposes was an old dwelling house which had been built of split cedar about twenty years before. It was located on the top of a steep hill in a cleared spot with heavy timber in every direction. There were evergreen blackberry vines growing wild all through the yard. At one corner of the building was a graveyard in which were buried two of the former inmates of the house. At another corner was a frog-pond on the other side of which was a dilapidated old barn.

However there were four grades of dear boys and girls whom some one must teach. These children, living in such an atmosphere, knew little of anything else but crimes, plots and scandals.

I didn't intend to teach school that year but at last County Superintendent, Miss Perkins, over-persuaded me to go up in that isolated country and try it. Miss Perkins told me some of the things I should have to face; but I felt that somehow, "in our homeland," conditions couldn't be quite so bad.

I went to my school the latter part of September. Of course the common conversation was about the awful things which had happened and might happen—one man even threatened to kill the next teacher who came—but all seemed so unreasonable that I let them "go in at one ear, out at the other, and down over the hill." However, I assured them that I didn't expect such things to happen again.

Everything went along so much better than I expected. The children were ideal and I was beginning to think it was "all talk." I didn't know that storm clouds were passing over my calm sky,

until Joseph Harria, an Italian boy of thirteen, one of my brightest eighth grade pupils, was taken out of school to help put in the spring garden. There were older members of the family staying at home and Joseph's help was unnecessary. After trying to persuade Mr. Harria to let Joseph come back to school, I reported the case to Miss Perkins. She wrote to Mr. Harria, and Joseph returned to school the following Monday.

Wednesday noon, while calling the roll with quotation responses and singing a few songs, I sat at my desk which was about an arm's length from a window in front of the building. Something seemed to detract the children from their songs. I couldn't discover what it was. Then I called the fifth grade Geography class. Just in the middle of the recitation Avaha Marshall, one of the older pupils, to my surprise, stepped up and laid a folded paper on my desk. I looked and found it to be a note which read thus: "Miss S. All during our opening exercises, August Harria stood at the window behind you. Now he is sitting out behind the woodpile. He's dressed awful funny.—Avaha."

I looked around and then after dismissing the class called Avaha to me and asked her what she meant. We stepped just outside the door and while she was trying to tell me she pointed over my shoulder and said: "There he goes now!"

I turned instantaneously and said, "Step inside." There running across the slashing and looking toward us was a large man, dressed in a dark red coat and tan overalls. He was carrying a gun and his face was partially hidden by what seemed to be a dark colored handkerchief.

I was frightened and all those things which I had heard came back "from over the hill" and entered my head again. I thought of threats, burning school houses, troubles of former teachers and imaginary troubles. Then it flashed into my mind that this person was the one who had made the mysterious footprints in the snow the past three mornings.

What was I to do? I continued my school work, at the same time keeping close watch of the school grounds. Several times I saw the man running from the slashing to the barn and back again, all the while trying to hide behind the black logs and stumps.

At three o'clock I decided that we would all pack up our books and go home early. I dismissed each family separately and told them to go straight home, as I had good reasons for wanting them to do so. I had dismissed all but Avaha and Queenie Marshall, who were to go home with me, and Joseph, whom I was questioning to find out if he knew what his brother wanted. I had



locked one door and had the keys in my hand when a "rap! rap!" came at the door. My heart was in my mouth. I stepped quickly and turned the latch. Joseph's expression told terror. We all thought it was Mr. Harria. Just as I turned the key, I said, with all the force of expression I could muster, "Mr. Harria, stay right out there and keep your place!" Joseph's sharp black eyes sized us up with an awful expression on his face which I never can forget, and I repeated, "Mr. Harria, stay right out there and keep your place!"

Joseph said, "He'll get in." Again I said, "Mr. Harria, stay right out there and keep your place!"

I heard the stepping back of feet. Then, glancing through a crack in the old cedar door, I saw a black coat. "Oh! who had I been keeping out?" County Superintendent? No. County Superintendent is Miss Perkins! Who? What!!! I flung wide the door and sank back into my chair, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come! Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I'm so glad you've come! So glad you've come!!"

I dismissed Joseph, and then, recovering from my glad surprise, I explained the situation to the visitor, Mr. Lowe, who, meanwhile, had sunk back in utter bewilderment. (I should like to know what his thoughts were; if he were able to catch them. I suppose he wondered what kind of an "old maid school marm" he had run across, who would'nt even let a man enter the room.) The absurd part of it was that he thought I was saying, "Mr. Harry." (His name was Harry Lowe)—all the time, and I had just met him at Sunday School the Sunday before and didn't even remember him.

We had decided to go home a long round-about route instead of the usual path, for fear Mr. Harria might be lying in ambush somewhere on our way. But Mr. Lowe kindly offered his protection and we gladly accepted and went home the usual way.

The next day I found how fortunate we had been, for Mr. Harria had waited for us the four-mile way that night.

I had noticed that one of the little boys, Gordon, had been lingering around my desk, trying to get a chance to speak to me alone. In the evening when I went to the door to bid him and his little sister, Pearl, good night, Gordon said, with tears in his eyes: "Teacher, you know it is a good thing you didn't stay here alone last night, for I believe August Harria would have killed you."

"Why, Gordon?" I asked.

He answered: "You know the boys haven't let me be with them for over a week, and the other day they were all sitting out behind that stump; and I went out there and just as I got there,

I heard Joseph telling how his brother was going to kill you. When they saw me they told me to get for the house, and if I opened my mouth they would pound me into the ground."

I had noticed that Gordon had spent his recesses playing with the girls and the boys had spent theirs out behind those large stumps. I hadn't overheard much conversation, although it was very common to overhear the children discussing terrible topics. I assured Gordon that there was no danger and that the boys were probably trying to scare him. He went home with his heart lightened.

Mr. Lowe protected us on our way to and from school for the rest of that week and some one stayed at the school house all day, so there wasn't much danger and I thought I could stand it until Miss Perkins could come and settle matters.

Next Monday morning, just as we were about to start to school, a man came to the door with two notes. Avaha Marshall went to the door, took the notes and turning, threw both hands up and said, "We're stopped!"

She thought that she and her sister were forbidden to pass Mr. McFlynn's place on their way to school, for I had to continually beg Mr. and Mrs. McFlynn to allow the children to go thro' that path to school, as the parents were enemies.

One note was for Mrs. Marshall and one for me. The notes read as follows:

"Mrs. Marshall: This is to notify you that your girls can go through our land to school from now on.—Bob McFlynn."

"Miss S.—You are hereby notified to keep off our land. If I catch you trespassing I will shoot you.—Bob McFlynn."

This meant I should have to go the long route to school, which was but a brushy trail two-thirds of the way, and the girls would have to go by McFlynn's way to preserve their privilege. This was also the man who had threatened to kill the next teacher. My courage wavered and almost failed me, but I went through snow and sleet. My life was hardly my own until Miss Perkins wrote and told me to close the school until she came. I did so gladly. Meanwhile, Mr. Harria had been seen several times sneaking around my boarding place.

Miss Perkins came Saturday. She had Mr. Harria forbidden trespassing on school premises. She also tried to persuade Mr. McFlynn to let me pass that way to school, for I could not endure to go four miles every morning and evening in the snow; but Mr. McFlynn wouldn't give in.

Sunday I came home from Sunday School about three o'clock. I was wet, cold, worn, and weary and ready to give up and go

home. After getting warm and dry I went to my room for a quiet hour of communion with by Blessed Friend, the One who had given me the courage and strength to endure from day to day. While praying, I felt impressed to arise and look out of my window. I did so, and there I saw Mr. and Mrs. McFlynn walking along the county road. I ran out and asked them if I could go my old path to school. Mr. McFlynn said bluntly and hesitatingly: "Well, yes. You know we're not saints, anyhow; people say, and I concluded—if you had to have guards to pass our place (the only house you have to pass)—you'd better go the other way so you wouldn't have any house to pass."

I told them it wasn't because I feared to pass their place that I had guards, not at all.

"Yes," he said, "we'll let you go by."

I was very glad and thankful and decided to stay and reopen school again Monday.

After school Monday evening I, full of courage, went up to the Harria home to talk with Joseph's father and get Joseph to return to school again. His father consented.

On my way home I met August Harria, gun in hand. He dropped his gun; rested both hands over the muzzle and said in broken Italian language and in a halting manner: "Miss S.—; I—a-spose everybodys 'fraid of me—thinks I'm dangerous—and—intends to kill you—but—"

I said, "Yes, to tell the truth, I have been frightened; but don't think that I need be now." He assured me that I did not need to fear any more.

The next day Joseph returned to school. The latter part of the term was delightful. The whole neighborhood became friendly and were convinced that a teacher was a friend to the community instead of an enemy. Now I look back with pleasant memories and am glad to think I had the privilege of scattering a few rays of sunshine in that dark corner of "Our Homeland."

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### DR. MATTHEWS.

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Not often are we asked to lay aside our regular work and be-take ourselves to the Auditorium for a whole period. When this does happen we know that some treat is in store for us.

Wednesday, March 9th, was just such an occasion. We saw the announcement on the bulletin board. We were informed in our several classrooms that Dr. Matthews of the first Presbyterian Church of Seattle, was to speak. Those of us who had heard him on the evening before at the Methodist Tabernacle as

well as those who had never either heard or seen him were eagerly expectant.

Dr. Matthews' address could hardly be called a lecture; it was rather a rambling talk in which he merely touched on points of vital interest and importance to everyone, sandwiching in humorous incidents from his own experience and from the experience of others.

Dr. Matthews believes that there is a certain work for each one of us to do; that each one is fitted for this particular field and should, therefore, not attempt to do something else for which we are not fitted. It goes without saying that we should apply the test to ourselves, each one individually, whether we are preparing ourselves for the special duty we are set to perform.

The thing that comes home to us most forcibly as teachers, especially, is perhaps the thought of "teaching people to be happy." If we can teach boys and girls to be happy we have given a "good gift" to mankind; for to be really happy we must love people in the world about us and, what is more, we must endeavor to make others happy. If we are each one of us bent on making others happy, we shall not have girls acquiring indigestion from eating candy selfishly. (We thought the example of the selfish girl and her candy rather inapt, since candy is somewhat a rarity here at Normal.)

Certainly all agree with Dr. Matthews in strewing roses in people's way while they are living, instead of placing them on their casket; in giving words of appreciation and encouragement while our friends are with us, rather than offering a "posthumous retribution." The next thing is to put our theories into practice.

Dr. Matthews is a very interesting speaker. He has a message to give and knows how to give it. He has a forceful way of saying things; his examples are very original. With all this he is intensely humorous, which quality is always appreciated in a speaker. However, like the rest, he is something of a flatterer, at least that was how we felt when he finished. We know we have an excellent Dean of Women; we know we are a well-fed, good-looking (?) bunch of girls (did he mention the boys?); but somehow, we feel Dr. Matthews had said to others the same little speech he said to us. Perhaps we are mistaken. We hope Dr. Matthews will visit Bellingham again in the near future, and we shall give him a hearty welcome should he again address the students of the Normal School.

## ON MY WAY TO TEACH MY FIRST SCHOOL.

(Extracts From Letters Received by Friends of E. Richert.)

I left Clallam at seven o'clock this morning and reached the Forks at four o'clock this afternoon, having traveled a distance of thirty-seven miles. It was rainy, and no "soft" rain, at that. At Clallam the storekeeper insisted that I should get a man's slicker and wear it. I couldn't see that a man's coat would do me much good as I didn't mind a little rain. Just as I started to go, the storekeeper brought out his own long coat and insisted that I wear it, as least as far as the Forks. Seeing no other way out of it, I put the coat over my sweater and long coat, and then put my cape over it all. It was raining "pitchforks" just as I stepped into the stage, and it kept this up all day long.

By the time we had driven about twenty miles, we reached a place called Beaver. Here we stopped for a good hot dinner. Oh, how I did appreciate it; I was so cold and just simply "soaked." We didn't have much time to stay, so we started off again immediately after dinner. We had driven only a couple of miles, when I discerned at some distance down the road, another vehicle with about ten men standing around it. Our stage-driver informed us there we were to change stages. As we drove up, all eyes were turned upon us. The men quickly took the pack off from one coach to the other. This done, they passed around a bottle of whisky and every man indulged. When all was ready, I climbed into the back seat of the uncovered stage and on we went.

The rain did not abate. Despite that unpleasant fact, the country through which we passed was perfectly beautiful. A heavy forest, carpeted with thick moss, and adorned with bunches of ferns lay on either side of the road,—it must be a perfectly enchanting drive in dry weather. The road over which we passed was fairly good, though every once in a while we would "bump the bumps." Finally the road wound around a hill, and we burst upon a most beautiful cascade—twenty-two feet high, in one perpendicular fall. Such an immense volume of water as was carried over that precipice. Going on, every now and then we would pass a house, a prairie and some old shacks.

After what seemed an endless time we came in sight of a cleared spot where stood a store and a sort of a tumbled-down building with the word "Hotel" in letters big enough to accommodate the Byron, stuck up over the front door. Here the stage stopped. I was informed that this was "The Forks."

While the men were busy unpacking, I made my way to the hotel. Upon entering the doorway, a peculiar sight greeted me.

Directly in front of me was a good-sized room with a muddy floor, spit over with tobacco "juice." In the center of the room stood a heater, on one side of which was a stand with a phonograph, and on the other was a tablefull of young men playing cards. As I came in, every eye was turned curiously towards me. No doubt I was a curious looking object. Just then the landlady appeared. She assisted me in taking off my wraps, and then showed me to a room, which, thank goodness, had a stove in it. On opening my suit case I found that some articles in it were also wet, but that nice little box of cookies that Miss McLean gave me was all right and really, as I ate them, I thought I had never tasted anything better in my life. Later that evening, I was told that I had a twenty-five mile horseback ride ahead of me and that I would have to ford two rivers in the bargain.

The next day brought a steady down-pour of rain. The mail-carrier from Hoh did not arrive, evidently the streams were so swollen that he could not cross them. I was to go with him on his return to Hoh. As he did not come I contented myself with the thought that I could go on tomorrow. During the meanwhile, I had a chance to observe my surroundings.

My! the stacks of men! Men everywhere! The landlady is the only woman I've seen since my arrival. The Forks, the tell me, is a prairie, but there are some sandstone hills. I looked at some of these and remembered what I had learned about rock strata.

The following day the mail carrier came. To make you acquainted with the situation I will tell you what I have just learned—the carrier's name is Mr. Fletcher, and his brother was fortunate enough in winning the school-marm who was teaching there the early part of this year, and who said that I was to finish.

Mr. Fletcher told me that I could not go to Hoh with him, as the river was too high. I told him if it wasn't too high for him to cross I didn't see why it should be for me.

"Well, you see," he said, "you could cross all right if there were a canoe; but, as it is, you have to swim the horse a good part of the way."

"Give me a good horse and I'll swim him," was the answer I gave.

"Yes, there you are; I didn't bring but the one horse with me, and you can't get one around here," argued the mail-carrier.

But I was determined to get a horse if I had to borrow, buy, beg or steal him, as I did not want to stay at the Forks three days longer. So the landlord telephoned to different places for me, but was unable to secure a horse.

I decided that I would have to get one myself. Just then a man came in and informed me where I could get one. I telephoned for it; held my breath while I waiting for the answer; and—it came!

“The lady may have it and I will bring it up right away.”

I was simply tickled to death, and hurried to tell Mr. Fletcher about my success.

“Well; I didn’t think you’d get one,” he said, with a grin; but I suppose you’ll have to go. You had better get a pair of overalls, for you’d never get there in that rig you’ve got on now.”

“Yes,” the landlady said, “that’s what all the girls have to do when they come out here.”

So I went to the grocery store and asked for a pair of overalls. But alas! the sizes were all too small. When the landlord heard of my misfortune, he said that he had a pair of paraffine trousers and a coat that he knew would just fit me. How relieved I felt to think I had both the horse and the trousers.

That evening I went to bed in good spirits. Next morning I was awakened by a rap at my door. Fearing that I was late I put on those paraffine trousers over my gym suit as quickly as I could (how thankful I was for my gym suit); then donned my sweater, pulled a man’s hat over my eyes and rushed down-stairs. I told the landlady that I didn’t believe I had the nerve to sit at the table with all those men, but she assured me that it was the only thing to do and that the men thought nothing of seeing a woman in overalls.

The breakfast bell had not yet been rung and when it was I made a mad rush for the table and was seated before any of the men entered. In the semi-darkness no one noticed me. I kept my hat pulled well down and spoke to nobody until Mr. Fletcher took his place beside me. I felt that I had to speak, so I said: “Good morning.”

It was no sooner said than one of the men looked up and said: “Oh, is that you? I suddenly had a wild desire to laugh—but I didn’t dare—so I choked it down and ate my mush.

After breakfast I kept out of sight till the horses were ready. I thought the men would all be gone; but lo! when the horses were brought in front of the hotel every man had assembled on the porch. I found that another traveler, Mr. Mays, was also to go to Hoh.

Mr. Fletcher informed me that I had to ride his horse as he feared I might not be able to manage the other gay one. I swung into the saddle. Spurs were fastened on my heels; but I am sure I didn’t need them, for no sooner had I told my horse to go than

he tore across the prairie at a mad gallop. It was so unexpected that for the first few seconds I thought of nothing but hanging on, and that I did for dear life.

When we had gone about a quarter of a mile I tried to pull my broncho in. But it was of no use. The more I pulled the faster he went. I concluded he had a gay spell and, knowing how I sometimes feel myself, I gave him free rein. What could be better than a stretch of prairie and a wild gallop.

Directly ahead of us I saw a gate about four and a half feet high. I was afraid he would leap the gate, so I leaned forward, stood up in the stirrups and held the reins. But the horse leaped over the gate and galloped on.

Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Mays were coming close behind. My horse soon tired of his gallop, so this gave the gentlemen a chance to catch up with me.

We had passed the prairie and struck the trail—better called a mud-hole, and rode on through dense forest of cedar, spruce and hemlock. The sky above was gloomy, but how grand it felt to be in the wilderness once more. We rode steadily over the rough trail until we arrived at the Bogacheia post-office—a distance of ten miles from the Forks. Here we stopped for lunch. A quarter of a mile away was the Bogacheia River, our danger point.

Mr. Mays suggested the advisability of taking off our shoes when we crossed the river. I declared that in case we lost them shoes full of water would certainly be better than no shoes at all.

I reached the river first. While standing on the bank, waiting for the horsemen to come up, I noticed that the river was very swollen and swift. Its yellow waters roared like thunder.

When Mr. Fletcher came up he gave me these directions: "Now, you see; you'll have to go down the river for a couple of hundred feet until you get to that big rock. Go below the rock to the other side of the river, but don't get near the rock, for it's awfully deep and the river is so high. Be sure and stay away from this bank, for the current is very strong."

I saw that Mr. Mays looked worried and heard him say something to Mr. Fletcher about my taking off my paraffine coat in case I had to swim. "Oh," she'd be sure to drown if she ever gets off that horse; the current is so swift that the only safe thing is to hang on to the horse," was the comforting rejoinder.

Without further parley we plunged into the river. I really didn't feel afraid, as I had crossed swollen rivers before. I simply kept a level head and followed Mr. Fletcher's horse as well as I could.

The water rose higher and higher; in the middle of the rush-



ing stream it seemed as if I was on a merry-go-round horse. The water reached my ankles—we were near that rock—my horse began to swim. Just a few moments and my horse found foothold—the danger was over!

Again on terra firma my horse took the lead. All went well for the first twenty miles; but the last seven miles were just seven miles too long. When we came at last to Hoh I could hardly swing myself from the horse.

Mr. Fletcher told me I might walk up and down the road, "just to limber up a bit." I staggered down the road as well as I could; my paraffine trousers rustling like silk petticoats. After stabling the horses we walked down to the school house, where the whole Fletcher family were helping to celebrate the last day of school for the then present teacher.

Upon my arrival they took me to their home. We had to cross two more rivers, but we had a canoe this time.

So, after all, I have arrived safely, to teach my first rural school.

EMMA RICHERT.

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It is again our sad duty to report the death of one of our classmates and friends—Miss Alice Swanson. Miss Swanson came to us this year from the Port Angeles High School. She was 18 years old.

She was in the St. Luke's Hospital for six weeks with typhoid fever. Everything possible was done for her. Her mother and sister spent the last week with her, and her father came up just before she lost consciousness, about two days before her death. She died in the Hospital about nine o'clock p. m., March 17th. She was taken to her home on the afternoon boat, for burial.

Representatives of the Junior Class, together with the Dormitory girls, laden with flowers, went to the boat to say a sad farewell to all that was left to them of their dear friend and classmate.

The funeral was held at the Episcopal Church in Port Angeles, Sunday, March 20.

# THE MESSENGER

SCHOOL PAPER OF THE  
BELLINGHAM STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

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

"To do what you ought to do at the right time, whether you like it or not, is the first step toward success."

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ANDREA NORD	- - - Associate	BEATRICE BAIR	- - - Calendar
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## TERMS—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

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Vol. IX.

April, 1910

No. 7

# Editorial.



And the Tri-Normal Contest? What of it? We look at each other and begin to explain as best we can what we think has become of it. One sure thing, it is dead! Dead as Marley! Dead as a door-nail! And we're sorry; at least we're sorry it died before all three of the Normal Schools of the state had entertained it—more satisfaction, you know, in knowing that every fellow had to do the same. Yet, as matters stand, honors were evenly divided at the last meet in Bellingham. Cheney got first place in declamation; Bellingham, in oratory; and Ellensburg, the cup for the strongest team work. But there still remains the question of the unfinished contest, and as long as it can't be a tri-Normal contest, owing to the fact that Cheney wished to withdraw, we are going to have an oratorical contest of our own. Messrs. Hansen and Niles are ready with their orations and will fight it out on the Assembly platform some Tuesday morning. A prize of books, or something of that nature, will be given by the Faculty to the winning orator. The subjects of the orations are "Woman Suffrage" and "Industrial Arbitration,"

Of course we all enjoy *The Messenger*. Who wouldn't, when some of the brightest minds in the student body contribute to its interesting and inspiring pages. A still greater pleasure there is in helping the students to meet the financial requirements that are naturally incurred in the publication of a school paper. In the eyes of a few of our readers, this is such a pleasure that they are reserving it for the close of the year. They think with joyous anticipation of the time when they will share in the burden bearing. But, dear reader, have you ever thought that you might be a wee bit selfish in dealing after this fashion? To be quite frank, we need the money, and need it now, not at the end of the year. Forty cents is a very small amount. We know you would make a good many sacrifices rather than have your "*Messenger*" discontinued. Some one has said it will stop coming when the subscription is not paid. This doubtless, is not true but we beg you both for your own sakes and ours to pay your subscription. Do it today!

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"Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed members of the Faculty; friends, enemies and fellow citizens: It is with much pleasure that I am here this morning. It fills me with joy to look down into your bright and happy faces. I rejoice to see so many young men and women preparing for the noblest of all professions—that of teaching. Seldom have I seen so many good looking girls, etc., etc." O dear! can't some one instruct the next speaker to get off the old path. We'd like to hear something NEW. The girls all know they are handsome. And as for matrimony—oh, do tell the dear gentlemen that girls are not all candidates for that position. The B. N. School is not a matrimonial agency.

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The election of officers for the Students' Association will be held the first week of the fourth quarter. This will be one of the most important meetings of the year and one in which the students have a vital interest. The Association will soon have reached its second birthday and we are all anxious that the coming year be one of marked progress and prosperity. So much depends upon the persons in office. Those to be elected for next year are president, vice-president, secretary, sergeant-at-arms, two student representatives and a faculty member. These persons, together with two other faculty members, form the board of control and they select the editor and the business manager of the *Messenger*, the storekeeper, the bookkeeper, treasurer and the athletic manager.

The students of the Science Annex always get a daily treat. It doesn't come in the form of formaldehyde but as a delicate (?) odor that is suffused throughout the room. You wonder where it is all from. Step to a window facing the alley. Notice the smoke that curls so lazily upward. Looking down, you see a heap of rubbish, a conglomeration of everything from potato-parings and soup from the cafeteria to the waste paper on the third floor. The whole mass is slowly burning. Wouldn't it be much better to burn such unsightly rubbish somewhere else than just back of the Science Annex?

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We regret very much that the exchanges from Room 17 have all disappeared. We hesitate to call anyone by the unpleasant name of thief. Yet he who steals another's property is surely no less than a thief. The exchanges do not belong to anyone who cares to carry them off. They are property of The Messenger and of the Students' Association. No one has any more right to appropriate them than he has to take the money out of the till or the supplies out of the store. When the exchanges were put within reach of the student body it was done so that everyone might enjoy them. They were merely loaned to the students. They have been carried off before even the editors could see them. Surely this will not happen again. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

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It is with great pleasure that we read selections from our magazine in the city paper. We overlook the fact that the last selection copied was not mentioned as being from The Messenger. We like to get credit for our work, but we are willing to forgive the oversight, lost as we are in contemplation of the honor conferred.

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Surely those, who at the first of the year complained of the lack of class spirit, can have no further cause for complaint in the light of Junior Tag Day and Senior Hair Day.

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Don't get cross if your Messenger doesn't come. The staff is not to blame. Perhaps the business manager is not always in the wrong, either. A student's life is busy, too. We heard of a complaint and in trying to run down the facts in the case we found out that a change in address had been made and the manager not notified, also that no money had been sent for the paper by the complainer.



# Organizations

## Y. W. C. A.

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The weekly devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was led by Miss Viola Ryan, the subject "Fruit Bearing In Daily Life." At this meeting the nominating committee presented its report with the following candidates for office for the ensuing year to be voted upon at the next meeting:

President—Misses Bailey and Caldwell.

Vice-President—Miss Rexroth, Miss Vivian Johnson.

Secretary—Misses Devereaux, Stewart.

Treasurer—Misses C. Johnson, Britt.

For the last two years the association has held its Easter morning service at 6:00 o'clock on Sehome Hill. Last year seventy students were present and the inspiration of the meeting will long be remembered. If the weather permits, another meeting will be held this year at the same time and place.

Miss Ruth Paxson, National Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, will visit the School and the Association April 27th and 28th, speaking in Assembly and at the Association meeting. Miss Paxson is a woman of National reputation with student audiences and the school is honored in a visit from her. Miss Carrie Cowgill, President of the University Association, will lead the meeting of our Association, April 7th.

## STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

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The school pin, which was selected by the Association not long ago, will soon be a fact. The board will soon have one made from the pattern and this will be turned over to the faculty for consideration. It is to be hoped that they will pass favorable judgment upon it, and that in the near future we shall take our place among other colleges with a school pin.

An item which will be of interest to those interested in athletics is the fact that the Association is planning for a monogram, to be given to those who take part in some way in athletic sports.

In many schools the winning of the school initial or monogram is a great honor and only given to those who have especially distinguished themselves in some form of athletics. Perhaps, and we hope it will. This will have the effect of interesting more students in sports and games.

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Probably many of the new students do not know that the election of new officers for the Association comes the first of the last quarter. All of the student officers are to be elected, and one member of the faculty to take Prof. Deerwester's place. The students should have this in mind, so that when it is time for the election they will know whom they wish to fill these places and will not be unprepared. Personal feelings should not be the impelling motive in these elections, but the idea of choosing those who are best fitted to fill the positions and carry on the work of the Association.

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Cheer up! Cheer up! Spring is coming and the Association is planning to have a picnic. The faculty has left the matter entirely in the hands of the Students' Association and a committee has already been appointed to look up places, transportation, etc.; so the affair is well under way. Those who do not believe the Association is doing something would do well to visit some of the board meetings, where matters of this sort and many others touching the life and interest of the School are taken up. So when the matter is "up to you," don't say, "Aw, that isn't any fun," like the small boy; but get in and boost! Get out your lunch basket, shoe box or paper sack, cram it with undigestible pie, cream puffs, etc., and take to the woods and rest your weary brain from all your worries, so you can come back and "go at it again."

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### **THE PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.**

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The Philomathean Literary Society, the "new society" organized at the close of the first quarter of the present school year, has in less than a half year grown to be one of the strongest organizations of our school. Those who heard the program on "Current Events," given in Assembly a few weeks ago, can judge for themselves of the ability of its members and of the class of work done. As was said at that time, the Philomatheans take up ALL lines of work. The programs include music, debates, dramatic work, papers and talks on current events and other things of general interest. A program on juvenile courts and

prison reforms, Kipling, Mark Twain, and a college program, negro program and an Irish or St. Patrick's Day program, are among those that have been given. As the society meets every week each member has the benefit of being upon the program twice each quarter. Those who attend regularly and whose work is approved by the Society's faithful friends and advisers, Miss Jensen and Mr. Phillippi, will receive one credit.

A social evening was enjoyed by the society, and friends invited by the members, a few weeks ago in Society Hall. Games were played and refreshments, unsurpassed, were served for among the other best things of the school which the Philomatheans have they proudly claim the famous chefs, Trimble and Johnson.

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**DEBATING-CLUB.**

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The young men met Thursday evening, March 10th, to debate on the question, "Resolved, That an Agricultural College Is of More Benefit to the State Than a University." Many points were advanced by both parties. The decision was given in favor of the negative.

A challenge by the Alkasiah Club to meet the boys in a joint debate was accepted. The question for debate was decided upon: "Resolved, That the Trusts Should Be Abolished." Arrangements were made to meet the challenging team on Thursday evening March 24th.

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**ALKASIAH NOTES.**

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The Alkasiah Society has now completed the series of programs on the legends of the Holy Grail and ancient Grailers. We now turn with equal zest to the study of modern Grailers—men and women who are accomplishing things worth while.

The leading feature of the program, March 11th, was a paper by Miss Hillis, on "The Student Volunteer Movement." She very ably and entertainingly traced this great movement from its beginning at Northfield, in 1888, with only twenty-one Volunteers, to the far-reaching and comprehensive movements of the present day. This is a non-denominational movement among the higher institutions of learning, which has for some of its objects an increased knowledge of and interest in the great missionary needs and activities of the day; the supplying of up-to-date literature and text-books on mission study; the bringing of college men and

women to accept missionary activity as worthy of their highest scholarship, and greatest talents, and finally of placing these volunteers in touch with their various church boards. The Student Volunteer Movement never has sent out missionaries and never will; it simply acts as a recruiting agency for the churches. The control is vested in a National Board with central offices in New York. Last year 25,000 college men and women engaged in voluntary mission study and 100,000 mission books were sold in colleges. Since the organization of this movement 4,338 Volunteers have gone to foreign lands. Last year 600 missionaries sailed, of whom 487 were Volunteers. This movement has resulted in increased intelligence, larger giving and better equipped candidates.

The Society was pleased and benefited by Miss Hillis' paper and extended to her a vote of thanks for her services.

Miss Andrea Nord next spoke on the life and works of Miss Selma Lagerlof, who so recently won the \$40,000 Nobel prize with her story, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," representing idealism in literature.

Friday, March 18, was given over to a Kipling program, which was ably rendered by Miss Felt, Miss Nord and Miss Watson.

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### HIGH SCHOOL.

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These are busy days in the High School. The closing tests for the third quarter are almost upon us. Teachers and pupils are working hard to make our work a success. While Normal students have more or less freedom during their vacant periods and may walk about the halls or leave the building, we are busily engaged in our study hall during our vacant periods. The spirit of honest effort and persistent application which characterizes most of our number will surely bring good results. We hope to see a large addition to the N. H. S. next year.

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Pride in our School and real class spirit seem to be increasing of late. We expect to be able to make more noise than any other class in the Normal before long.

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The age of heroes is not gone. Chivalry is not dead and forgotten. Courage is not a thing of the past, but rather is blossoming fresh in a more noble type. This has all been proven to us by the daring act of Rastus and his faithful three. Some of the spirit that animated the Spartans at Thermopylae, or the Texans in the Alamo, must have coursed through Rastus's veins when he,



with daring, unparalleled in history, scaled Dr. Mathes' arm-chair, and with superhuman strength tore the hated banner from the picture moulding, amid the acclamations of his fellow students. Quiet determination was written on his steadfast features. He went, though he knew that he would probably never see the light of day again. His soul was not infused with selfishness or avarice, but by a high purpose—a purpose truly noble. The true greatness of America lies not in her industries, her possessions, or her commerce, but in her own heroic sons like Rastus. "All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action, Rastus!"

March 7.—Charlie appeared in class on Monday.

March 8.—Arthur Singleton kicked the football and didn't break.

March 9. Teacher in Physiology—"Please name the three plexuses." Bright Freshman—"The solar plexus, the cardiac plexus and the apple plexus."

March 10.—Ben Anderson (singing)—"Be it ever so humble; there's no place like study hall."

March 11.—Miss F.—(in Latin)—"Translate the next sentence, Charlie." Charlie—"Gee! what's that big word?"

The High School now boasts a number of poets of unusual ability. Their genius has found expression in a number of magnificent productions, among which we are proud to find the following beautiful poem:

#### FATHER.

Who is the man that rules us all,  
Who is the man that plays basket ball,  
Who is the man on whom we call?

Father.

Who is the man that cracks a joke,  
Who is the man won't let us smoke,  
Who is the man that never does poke?

Father.

Who is the man with the pleasant smile,  
Who is the man whom the ladies beguile,  
Who is the man we never can rile?

Father.

Who is the man with the Jeffries arm,  
Who is the man we never can harm,  
Who is the man with beauty and charm?

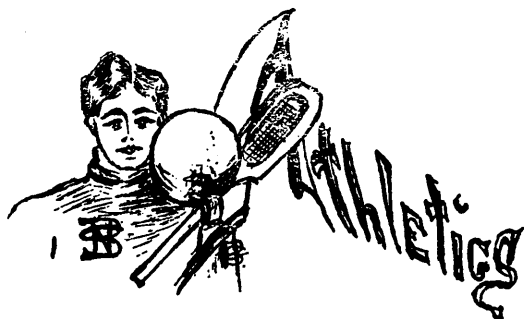
Father.

Who is the man who knows how to fight,  
Who is the man that always does right,  
Who is the man that's not at all "tight"?

Father.

Who is the man that buys "coffee and's,"  
Who is the man holds ladies' hands,  
Who is the man beats all the bands?

Father.



The basket-ball season is practically over for the Normal team, no more games will be played unless Van Wyck demands a return game. The boys are now turning their attention to base-ball and tennis. They are much handicapped in their base-ball activities for want of a place to twirl the sphere, since our athletic field is not leveled up enough at present to permit of a diamond. We will have a team in spite of these little difficulties however. Work has begun on the tennis court and they will be ready for use as soon as the ground dries off enough so the courts can be packed solid.

The boys have played two basket ball games since our last issue. On February twenty-fifth we defeated the South Side by a score of 25-13; and on March 12th, we defeated Van Wyck 40-7.

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### Hockey.

The game is played by twenty-two players; eleven on each side; five forwards, three halfbacks, two fullbacks and goal-keeper. The five forwards stand close to the center line, their feet and sticks inside the line. The center forward (c. f.) stands in the middle of the ground; on her right, the inside left (i. l.), and right wing (r. w.). On her left the inside (i. w.) and left wing (l. w.), 15 yards behind forward stand center half (c. h.), right half (r. h.) and left half (l. h.). Behind them on 25-yard line stand full backs, (l. b.) (r. b.); the goal keeper stands between goal ports about 10 feet in front of the goal line.

The game starts with ball being "bullied" off in center of ground by two center forwards. The ball is placed on the line, and the forwards stand with one foot on either side of the line facing each other. The ball is hard rubber, painted white.

The center halves and left and right inside forwards, on the blowing of the whistle for the bully, close up to watch it, each one ready to take the ball should it come her way.

Whichever one of the center forwards gets the ball will

try to pass it out to either of her own inside men, who, on getting possession of it, will "dribble" it up the field until met by an enemy, when she will, by a quick stroke, pass it on the wing man. In this way, keeping a straight line and followed by their halfbacks, by skilful and clever passes and dribbling, the forwards get the ball into the "striking circle." When once the ball is inside this circle a goal can be scored. All five forwards then concentrate their energies on "shooting a goal." The goal keeper and fullbacks endeavoring to send the ball well out of the circle to their own fullbacks who are waiting to pass it down to their own forwards.

---

The money which the exhibition brought in, bought additional gymnastic material, such as twenty-four hockey sticks, two indoor base-ball bats, two recreation balls, two hockey-balls, and music. The money that was left over has been turned into school funds and will be used toward tennis courts.

The piece of ground back of Edens Hall has been given over for gymnastic purposes, and has been ploughed and leveled, the stones being removed by a couple of the girls' classes. As soon as the weather permits it will be worked into better condition, and then gym. classes will play, field-hockey, base-ball, captain-ball, jump-rope, and other outdoor games. When the tennis courts are completed, classes in tennis will be started, the bad weather has held back all outdoor work and necessitated playing in the gym. There is one class in indoor gymnastics; that is, drills, fancy steps, fencing, folk dances, etc., which continues its work.

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The less hardy girls have a class for cross-country walking, the more hardy have outdoor games.

The Basket-ball girls will continue their practice until after the Kline cup games are over, and then will be formed into a hockey team.

The Training School children are practicing a jump-rope drill, folk-dances, exercises in swimming on land, and the usual games.

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Owing to the fact that the Third Years can no longer put out a class basket-ball team they have had to forfeit their games with the Juniors and the Second Years.

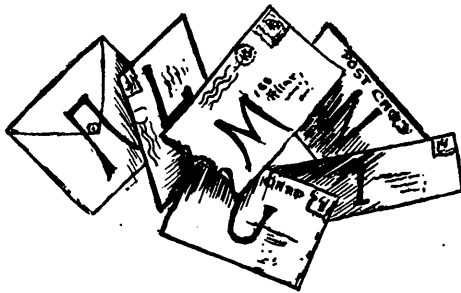
The Second Years defeated the Fourth Years in a game of basket-ball on March 4. The game was a close one. The Second Years have strengthened their team by the addition of a new for-

ward and guard. The final score was 10-13 in favor of the Second Years.

The line-up was as follows:

Fourth Years—		—Second Years
Miss Everson.....	Center .....	Miss Kendall
Miss Pebley .....	Forward.....	Miss Arnold
Miss Bair .....	Forward.....	Miss O'Keefe
Miss Staples .....	Guard.....	Miss Stewart
Miss Westerland .....	Guard.....	Miss Smith

The final schedule has been made out and the Fourth Years play the Second Years on March 18. The Seniors and Junior game has been postponed, but may be played on the 25th of March, and the final will be played by the winners of the 18th and 25th.



Miss Gladys Patric of the class of '07, is attending the Medical College of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Miss Esther Moy has been compelled to give up her school on account of illness and is now at her home in this city.

Miss Mildred Marston, who is teaching at Burlington, visited the Normal two weeks ago.

Miss Frankie Sullivan, who is in New York studying music, is spending a very delightful winter here.

Miss Christine Abild, '09, is teaching at Altona, near Tacoma. The people there are making good use of Miss Abild's entertaining ability. She reports that she has recited everything she knows but "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Miss Ada Randall, of Junior Class of '09, is teaching at Pacific City this year.

Miss Lalia Davenport is teaching at Wilson Creek, this year.

Miss Mabel Coffman, '09, is teaching the seventh grade at Belfast.

Letters have been received from Miss Clara Junk, '09½, who is teaching near Olympia, stating that she is enjoying herself very

much. From Miss Junk's letter it would indicate that she is quite an important person in that community, as she is superintendent of the Sunday School, holds Mothers' Meetings, is her own janitor, and makes herself useful in various other ways.

Mrs. Burnworth nee Annette Chase, has spent the winter at Des Moines, Iowa, and expects to go soon to Montana.

Miss Grace Frye, who attended school last year, was married after Thanksgiving to Joseph Mehan. Their home is in Seattle.

Miss Welton, a student of last year, is teaching seventh grade at Ilwaco, Wash.

Miss Alma Van Kleeke was married recently to Mr. Oswald T. Austen. Mr. and Mrs. Austen will live at Alki Point, Seattle.

Miss Mary Allen is teaching in Jefferson, Whatcom County.  
Miss Grace Drake, '05, visited Normal School, March 19.

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NEW BOOKS.

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Bolton, S. K.—“Our Devoted Friend, the Dog.”

Hall, F. H.—“Primary Arithmetic.”

Hughes, Rupert—“Famous American Composers.”

Korschelt, Drs. E. and Heider, Dr. K.—“Text Book of Embryology of Invertebrates.”

Lorenzini, Carlo—“Pinochio.”

Phelps, W. E.—“Essays on Modern Novelists.”

Ploetz, Carl—“Epitome of Ancient, Medieval and Modern History.”

Reeder, R. R.—“How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn.”

Stoddard, J. L.—“Lectures,” four supplementary volumes.

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Dr. Mathes has received the blanks of the census from the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C. These blanks are to be put in the hands of the critic teachers, who will instruct the children in the purpose and importance of the census and teach them how to answer the questions contained in the blanks. The government is sending these blanks all over the United States to the public schools.

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Rev. Mr. Wark, representing the Dunning Travel Bureau, visited the Normal March 19. His purpose was to interest the various teachers in a trip to Europe.

## CALENDAR.

February 21.—Snow, rain, ice, freezing, temperature low, per cent of attendance low.

Mr. Becker complains of being cold in English.

Mr. Bever in class, "Only two classes of people get cold, fools and beggars." All who were cold may classify themselves under these two heads.

February 22.—Washington's Birthday celebrated by coasting.

High and Garden Streets a beehive of panting, shouting, red-nosed, shivering students.

February 23.—On account of cold weather the Juniors are unusually quiet.

Mr. Holcomb and Miss Williams protest that report of an estrangement is entirely unfounded.

February 24.—Musical given by the Misses Schwinn and Bryant.

February 25.—Mr. Epley narrates awful results from students "listening with their elbows."

The Philomatheans give a social which everyone present thoroughly enjoys.

February 28.—It forgets to rain.

March 1.—Miss Stenburg eats her bouquet after wearing it only a few hours. This must be "civilized cannibalism."

Philomatheans give an Assembly Program which audience votes the best of the season.

Miss Mabel Clark (Senior) distinguishes herself in Bellingham Herald's California Contest. She is but one of the numerous artists that make up this class.

The piercing sun makes members of faculty scramble for last summer's umbrellas. Mr. Epley seems to have found his first. His complexion will probably last the longest.

March 3.—Girls practicing for Gypsy Social, to Miss Westcott, "What shall we do with our hair?" Miss Westcott: "Let's leave our hair at home, girls."

Mr. Deerwester (calling roll)—"Miss Laube!" Miss Laube (waking up) "Good morning!"

Miss Buell (who is to be absent from teaching for a few days, leaving instructions to Miss Drake) "I think you will get along alright with the children."

March 4.—Mr. Holcomb and Miss Williams are seen together in hall.

Ask Homer Mathes if Mr. Deerwester and Mr. Moodie have "much pull." (Both have played horse with him.)

March 4.—Mr. Phillipi's little class of four play game of "hide and go seek," while waiting for teacher. When at last he came he had to be "IT."

John Brown's ghost appears before at least thirty members of the School. Its croaking voice and echoing feet almost throw the spectators into hysterics.

Due to heavy rains the scheduled Gypsies are detained in the woods. Would that we might change places with them these fine Spring days.

March 5.—The Editor and Miss Stenberg attend famous sale at Wahl's. They make the following purchases:

1. Stove that will "bake bread."
2. Extension walls to enlarge rooms for entertaining company.
4. Dish-washing machine.
1. Self-regulating piano.

Mr. R. laments that there are not more evenings in the week that he might visit Miss S——. oftener.

March 7.—Mr. Epley wears a new pair of patent leathers.

Miss Bowie's friends avoid her; she has tickets for sale.

Rastus in Hall.—"Oh, I saw Mr. R. and Miss C. in the coziest little nook last evening." "The dear, lovely friend is still holding out."

March 8.—Miss Elzey returns to school. Any girl wishing new styes of beauty marks, apply to Miss Elzey.

Miss Tuttle receives package of "Flicks."

Four students absent from Agriculture. Reports say that these students are roaming over the country looking for a hardy wheat head amid a field of rusty wheat. A fortune of \$50,000 is promised them when it is found.

E. M. S.—"Arithmetic makes me sick at my stomach."

The embarrassed "spooners" vow to "spoon" no more.

March 9.—Heard at Dr. Mathes' lecture: Girls requested to chew their soup and use less face powder for their beauty. Also to please pass the candy to the youth. High thoughts, strong moral stamina, etc., as a result of plain living. Have you ever heard of diploma fools? I have, I knew one once. He had a rubber trunk full of diplomas.

March 10.—Mr. Bowers forgets his lunch.

N. H. S. 13 show definite class spirit. Wary warriors mount to platform and seize the High School pennant. Confusion and intense excitement but no fatalities.

Mr. Richardson found studying in the library.

March 11.—Mr. Bond returns from an adventure second only to Robinson Crusoe in thrilling experiences.

Students petition for Students' Hour.

The institution at present is suffering seriously on account of neglected business of various classes.

Noah is heard from. At present Noah is in the most northern part of Alaska.

March 12.—Gypsy Social. All forms of amusement at popular prices.

March 13.—At least one fourth of faculty attend Assembly and occupy platform. If penalty for absence to assembly included faculty as well as students, the former would be less careless about the matter.

Mr. Bond gave a fiery speech, narrating his trip to an outlying province. He said in part: "If I were only free! All the stores, theaters, churches, etc., were closed and everyone came to hear my lecture, even to little gray dogs. I was anchored for the first time in my life, and gave the speech from my other coat pocket. I convinced the people of the necessity of higher education to the point of finishing Fourth grade." (Does it pay to send our Normal teachers out to these outskirts?)

March 15.—Will someone kindly post a list of the "unattached" boys on the bulletin board?

Mr. Richardson takes a long-anticipated Seattle trip.

Mr. D.—"I have had the privilege of shaking hands with several University men." Who'd have thought Mr. D. was ever a wild youth in his day?

March 16.—Who's going to the game? Juniors, Fourth Years, Second Years!

Juniors appear with red colored price tags.

A few inquisitive Juniors steal Senior girl's hair.

March 17.—St. Patrick's Day! Bishop O'Dea gives address to students at Assembly Hour.

March 18.—Seniors adopt new style of wearing their hair.

Basket ball game between Fourth Years and Second Years. Fourth Years win.  
the Third Years.

Student Volunteer Convention in Tacoma.

Thespian Club party. An Irish program.

March 19.—Masquerade party given the Second Years by

March 22.—Reading, "Servant in the House," under auspices of City Y. M. A. A.

Junior girls wearing brown and yellow hair ribbons.



March 27.—Early morning service on Sehome Hill.

March 30.—Whitman Glee Club.

March 31.—Spring vacation begins.

April 5.—Spring vacation ends.

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**EXCHANGES.**

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**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN**—Between the last of the last time and the first of this time, a choice variety of Exchanges, the fruits of hours of toil and labor in the wee sma, hours, exasperation, contortions, wild agonizing calls to the muses for an inspiration, gone from the stately home so recently erected for them. Any information as to the whereabouts of these valuable volumes will be greatly appreciated by the editor. Reward will be tendered and **NO QUESTIONS ASKED.**

Aye, verily, the song of the Exchange Rack is a sad one. It permeates every corner of the room with its mournful cry, "Oh where, oh where are my exchanges gone; oh where, oh where can they be? Surely they have all been possessed with the perspective principle of vanishing and they vanished. Evidently some one is making an exhaustive study of the School Periodical or has the collecting mania in the form of Exchangeitis, for gradually one by one from the rack in the rest room corner, vanished our little volumes which came from afar to greet us. Brave Chief Tahoma, in all his commencement splendor; our dainty and proper little Spinster, Orange and Black which may bravely boast of quality as well as quantity, the dignified Cardinal, the stately Emerson College Magazine, grave Kilikilik, the Review with its bright, sparkling humor, based on the good old maxim, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," and we have indeed many a time and oft. Besides these, our entire visiting list of good and better, great and small, have departed to where we know not, but with just a word of kind assurance to all our Exchange friends that only the good you may have lives after you, we most sincerely hope that the next time you call you may each have the pleasure of a private interview and a word of cheer and helpfulness.

## LOCALS.

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Friends of Mrs. Maylor, who was in the Normal last year will be surprised to hear of her marriage to a Mr. Hemminger. Mrs. Maylor and Mr. Paul Pederson have been teaching in the same school in Seward, Wash.

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The Senior Class play has not yet been chosen.

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Junior Class has had an election of officers. Emma Woodhouse, the local editor, is president.

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The Seniors have chosen Mr. Sprague, a local photographer, as the official photographer of the class. Every Senior wants to get busy and get his or her picture taken immediately. The end of the semester is approaching fast and a "million" unforeseen things are going to make demands on every moment of time.

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Miss May Marston, '09, visited the Normal School and her many friends here on Friday, March 4. Miss Marston is teaching near Burlington.

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These spring days it seems odd to report a sleighing party, but no longer than three weeks ago a group of the Faculty went sleighing through the town. The small boy was on every corner and added what he could in the way of snowballs to the enjoyment of the party.

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On Friday night, March 12, the band of gypsies, after having been delayed on the road, arrived in Bellingham and made a short visit. They camped in the Gym, where they had several fortune-telling booths and tents where various members of the band performed wonderful and amusing stunts. There were also recitations by fair gypsy maidens, solos, and a drill by the people from Mars, who, you know, do everything backward. The gypsies disposed of popcorn and ice cream cones, refreshments easily handled and carried about. The Y. W. C. A., at whose invitation they came, are to be congratulated on the success which they achieved.

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From the Nebraska Normal School Review we learn that Mrs. Nettleton had charge of a very enjoyable students' recital,

which was given January 24. In March, Mrs. Nettleton's dramatic class presented "Twelfth Night."

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Mrs. E. T. Mathes gave a very enjoyable organ recital at the High Street Presbyterian Church in March. She was assisted by Mrs. Deerwester, soprano and Mr. Stark, violinist. Mrs. Larra-  
bee was pianist.

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The English class reading Carlyle's Essay on Burns enjoyed two delightful afternoons during this past month. Miss Montgomery described her visit to the home of Burns, and Mrs. Edward Milne, of the South Side, read Burn's poems. Mrs. Milne is a Scotch woman, a former teacher in the city of Glasgow, and has a thorough knowledge of the Ayrshire dialect. Her reading was simply "delicious."

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Misses Hattie and Laura Mellish entertained the Misses Pease, Wiseman, Flowers and Jeans at a house party at the Morrison cottage, Geneva, over Saturday and Sunday, March 12 and 13. Misses Hoffman and Sharkey, Messrs. Trimble and Moodie were guests at Sunday dinner.

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Mr. Nabbi Ram visited the Normal School this past month. Nabbi is in business now—connected with the India Medicine Company, selling Hindu Rheumatism Oil. The prescription of this oil came down through the male members of his family for centuries, and is a secret with them alone. The present capitalization of the company is \$40,000.

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The first convention of the Students' Volunteer Movement of Western Washington was held at Whitworth College, Tacoma, March 18, 19. 20. Six girls from our association attended, Misses Abbie and Carrol Johnson, Bailey, Fish and Devereaux, together with our association secretary, Miss Hilles. Those who are interested in this volunteer movement will be glad to know of its rapid growth westward, as shown by this convention.

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A number of well-known speakers gave addresses, including some of the student leaders from the University of Washington. The following appeared on the program: Mr. A. S. Allen, Seattle, Miss Lucy Hopkins, Seattle; Mr. Gale Seaman, Los Angeles; Mr. T. Dwight Sloan, New York; Mr. Bovia McLain, Seattle; Mr. Carl C. Nichol, University of Washington.

On the afternoon of March 31, the Normal students gave the program at the Aftermath clubhouse. Songs by Mr. Laraway and Mr. Hokum, a sketch from "When Patty Went to College," by Grace Barnes, and a farce, "A Court Comedy," by John Laraway, Vale Nixon and Ina Lauden. The refreshments of punch and wafers were made at the Normal School and served by Normal girls, Misses Campbell, M. Clouston, H. Clouston. and Spinning.

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April 13 the Lecture Course Committee present the sixth and last number of an excellent course. The students are promised a treat in the form of an entertainment by Laurant, the "Man of Mysteries." Mr. Laurant has appeared throughout the country before the most cultured audiences, and we are assured that he is unsurpassed as an entertainer. His reputation is the result of long years of work and study in the realm of which he is master. He has searched the world over for his tricks. India, Japan, Egypt, Turkey, have each and all contributed the best of their mysteries. These mystic tricks he is to present to us under the title of "The Magic of the Orient."

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There was a joint debate held Thursday evening, March 24, in Society Hall, between Alkisiah and Debating Club.

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It is interesting to know that our Faculty are doing a good work in the Normal Extension Department. Miss Gray spoke at Burlington March 19. Her subject was, "My Trip to McKinley's Inauguration." Mr. Eply was at Acme March 18, delivering a lecture on poultry raising. Dr. E. T. Mathes gave a talk in Burlington March 25 on "Ten Days in Mexico." Dr. Mathes gave the same talk in the local Presbyterian church on the evening of March 23. Miss Gray lectured in Machias March 2. Mr. Bond spoke at Point Roberts March 19.

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Ip skiddle ikey do rah dall!  
We're the girls of Edens Hall!

On the evening of February 21 Miss Cora Kennedy and Miss Lulu Bailey conducted a party of their friends to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, where a most delightful evening was spent. Those present were: Misses Hillis, Musgrove, Hoffman, Wiseman, Pease, Sharkey, Conant, Barnes.

The girls of Edens Hall extend a hearty greeting to Miss Gertrude Conant, who recently joined our ranks.

Misses Grace Barnes and Rose Winkleman entertained the

Tacoma girls at an afternoon party in honor of Miss Schwinn and Miss Bryant.

Misses Janet Everett and Violet Johnson gave a delightful spread February 1 in honor of Grace Barnes, the only Junior contestant who won out in the preliminaries. All present reported a good time and will vow that the lights were out at 10:20.

Mr. B. Boyd was given a royal welcome by girls of Edens Hall Sunday evening.

When we are schoolma'ns, old and gray,  
 And from this Normal far away,  
 How often will our thoughts come here  
 To friends we love and teachers dear,  
 And mid the memories we recall  
 Dearest be those of Edens Hall.  
 Here our happiest hours were spent,  
 Oft our thoughts were on pleasure bent;  
 Here we studied and had our spreads—  
 At ten twenty were in our beds.  
 Here our jolliest songs were sung,  
 And often has that old hall rung  
 With the mirth and laughter gay  
 Of dear girls scattered far away.  
 When we think o'er these happy days,  
 Sincere, indeed, will be our praise  
 Of Bellingham Normal, dear to all,  
 And our own fair Edens Hall.

#### ONE OF THEM.

The meeting at Spokane February 22 of the State Board of Education, of which Dr. Mathes is a member, resulted in a number of changes being made in the state educational work. The three State Normals fall heir to the greatest number of changes. From the regulations passed we quote the following:

First—Elementary certificates issued by the State Normals shall not be renewable.

Second—One year of High School work shall be the requirement for entrance into the elementary course during the school year of 1910-1911.

Third—Two years of High School work shall be required for entrance into the elementary course after September 1, 1911.

Fourth—After September 1, 1911, students will not be admitted to the elementary course of Normal from any district maintaining a High School, unless:

(a)—The pupil in question has a teacher's certificate.

(b)—The pupil is over nineteen years old.

(c)—The pupil has been promoted from the training department of a State Normal School.

(d)—The pupil brings a written request from the High School principal of his home district with sufficient reason for entering applicant to the Normal.

Fifth—The summer term of the Normal shall be nine weeks long.

The board also added a few more schools to the accredited list of the state and made several changes in the course of study for the common schools. Among these changes was the addition of agriculture and manual training as eighth grade requirements.

In the High School a four-year course in manual arts was added.

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The principals of the State Normal Schools of Washington in conference formally agreed to the following general regulations for the management of these institutions:

First—It was agreed to abolish free textbooks after September 1, 1910, and sell any textbooks on hand.

Second—It was agreed to establish and collect the following fees in laboratory courses: Botany, \$1 per semester; zoology, \$1; biology, \$1; chemistry, \$1; cooking, \$1; sewing, \$1; woodwork, \$1; metal work, \$1. It was agreed that the following library fees shall be charged after September 1, 1910: For one full year (12

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Miss G. (in Political Economy)—I think, I think—months), \$10; for one semester and one summer session, \$10; for one semester, \$10; for one summer session, \$10.

Fourth—It was agreed that applications for life diplomas shall be filed by May 1 each year, and all diplomas awarded upon such applications shall be presented to the candidates at the following commencement.

Fifth—It was agreed to ask the State Superintendent for an interpretation of the law regulating the acceptance of experience for securing a life diploma.

Sixth—It was agreed to omit the tri-normal contest for the present school year.

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The school and the different departments have bought about twelve new pictures—carbon prints. The prints are to be framed by the school and hung in the halls.

Spring vacation began March 31 and ended Tuesday evening, April 3.



HUMORESQUES.

We know a fellow called Moodie,  
Whom the girls think awfully doodie;  
Oh! isn't he neat,  
And those dimples so sweet;  
He's there "with the looks" is Moodie.

J Joyfully the Juniors entered  
U Upon that eventful day,  
N Near their hearts the tags hung pendant  
I In a most unguarded way.  
O Oh, yes, they were there with the colors  
R Renowned for the class they display  
T To all the envious Seniors.  
A At every turn of the way;  
G Grieving because the Juniors  
D Displayed the news that they,  
A All in a grand, great body, would  
Y Yelp at the basket ball play.

M. S. '11.

But when the fray occurred, where, oh where, were the Juniors?

Miss Nichols (in Analytic Geometry class)—A comic section whose eccentricity is less than unity is an eclipse.

Miss G. (in Economics)—I thought (pause)— I forgot what I did think.

Miss Moore (to students in assembly)—Sing, angels, sing.

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Miss Hogle (speaking of Messrs. Richardson and Rogers in Drawing Class)—We are fortunate to have two young men in this class whom we may use as models.

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When you say a young man is "cute" you have said about all that can be said of a dog.

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Don't ask Trimble about that bathing suit.

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It is not proper to say: "May I have a knife to peel my apple?" Instead we should say: "May I have a dissecting instrument to remove the epidermis of this dicotyledon?"

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During the cold weather Mr. Deerwester held his Psychology I Class in the Faculty room. In regard to some written exercises he said: "You may keep them 'till we meet again in a warmer place." Judging from the angelic character of some in the class it is doubtful if they will ever all meet in the designated place.

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Mr. Baker (speaking of an error made by Mr. DeGross)—That was a gross mistake.

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Miss G. (in room 17, to Miss W.)—That's not fair; you have three and I have only one.

Mr. B.—You haven't got this one yet.

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Miss Hogle (after explaining to a class of Juniors how to make a Roman and a Greek cross)—How do you make a Maltest cross?

Ominous silence.

Miss Hogle—Pull its tail.

---

Not long since Messrs. Meyer, Copenhagen, Hogan and Hawkins made their first appearance on the platform in Assembly. What a warm (?) reception they received! So warm indeed that the High School boys were tempted to duck them in the pond to counteract its effect.

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Who guards Rogers' broom when he leaves it in the main hall?



Ask Jessie J. about those curls.

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Ask Laura M. about those beautiful, dreaming brown eyes.

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There is a young lady named Knight,  
Who is wearing a diamond so bright,  
That is dazzles your eye  
As you pass her by.  
Now what is the reason, Miss Knight?

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Miss N. R. (in P. C. Methods Commanding)—Heads on shoulders—place!

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Miss G. (in Political Economy)—I think, I think—  
Mr. Bever—Well, what do you think, Miss G?  
Miss G.—I think—O—er. I've forgotten what I do think.

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Mr. Epley (to class of forty-six in Agriculture)—Not every numskull can make a success of dairying. If you don't believe it go out and try it."

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Miss Phillippi (holding conversation in room 17)—I told you so twice.

Miss Gray (entering the room)—I told you so more than twice not to whisper in here.

---

A Normal student was anxious to purchase a new piece of music entitled "Melodies of Love." She called up a music store over the phone.

"Have you 'Melodies of Love'?" she asked.

"I have not," he replied hastily hanging up the receiver.

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Get up with the moon,  
Go to bed with the sun;  
Early to bed and you  
Miss all the fun—

Was the motto of the house party at the Morrison's.

---

Who's "Ducky"?  
Who's "Bruzzer"?  
Who're the chaperons?

---

If you're "afraid to go home in the dark," steal a candle and swipe a tomato can.

Puzzle—To whom shall the members of the Faculty apply for excuses when absent or tardy?

The office is open to the lowest bidder.

---

Mr. Bever (in Economics)—What's the reason for conservation of the forests?

Brilliant Senior—To keep sentiment from washing down from the mountains.

---

Not long ago Mr. Bowers forgot to bring his lunch. The poor boy nearly starved during the forenoon for want of his hourly sandwiches.

---

Normal Student—Are you a High School boy?

Eight Grader—Not on your life.

Normal Student—What are you?

Eighth Grader—One of Aunt Rosie's captives.

---

Lost—Miss Fowler's voice. Finder please leave in the Registrar's office.

---

The song of our Business Manager:

How dear to my heart

Is the cash of subscription

When the generous subscriber

Presents it to view;

But the one who won't pay—

I refrain from description—

For perhaps, gentle reader,

The one may be you.

—Ex.

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Mr. Meyer (to Pearl H.)—R. S. V. P.

Pearl—What do you mean?

Mr. Meyer (translating)—Rat shows very plainly.

Pearl—Thank you.

---

There is a young lady Cribbs, Catherine,

On whom the staff are very glad to lean.

Of the Messenger she is the critic;

Does her work well and is quite analytic;

In the schoolroom she's an engine run by steam.

## STUDENT'S PSALM.

By a Member of the Psychology I. Class.

Mr. Deerwester is my teacher, I shall not pass. He causeth me to answer in deep embarrassment. He leadeth me into traps of my own setting. He calleth my bluff. He asketh me "for examples" which I cannot give. Yea, though I struggle with Percepts" and "Judgments" both day and night it availeth me nothing for my memory faileth me. He displayeth my ignorance in the presence of my classmates; he raineth abstracts upon my head; he showeth no mercy. Surely flunks and conditions shall follow me all the days of my life till I shall dwell in the Bellingham Normal School no more forever.—Adapted from an Exchange.

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Mr. E.—Miss A., where is your excuse for absence?

Miss A.—Why—I haven't been late, or absent, or tardy, or anything.

---

(Heard in English class)—What is the feminine gender of suffragist?

Teacher—Oh, suffragette.

## MUSICAL HITS.

Sweetheart days—Studie.

If all the Girls Were Roses—Niles.

She's all the World to Me—Hogan.

School Days—Coleman.

The Giggler—Trudle.

Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back—Elzey and Hemmingson.

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Miss George, you know, is a queen  
In teachers' meeting she reigns supreme.

With her sweet, gentle way  
She insists that we say  
Normal life is one long, sweet dream.

---

We have a teacher exceedingly thin  
Who thinks perfume a shame and a sin;  
He will fuss and will fume  
And rage round the room,  
If a whiff of perfumery just reaches him.

Ask Mr. Copenhauer why he couldn't get his rubbers on without assistance Saturday night after the masquerade.

---

Hurrah for the man named Philippi,  
 Who never in Geom. you can trippi;  
 You can work night and day,  
 In your problems, they say—  
 But never a one will he skippi.

---

There is a fellow named Patchin,  
 Whom the fair sex are all after  
 "catchin';"  
 But he looks so demure  
 That they all are dead sure  
 He's already "cotched" is  
 Patchin!

---

Why is the B. N. S. library like the state of matrimony?  
 Because them as is in wants to get out and "them as is out  
 wants to get in."

