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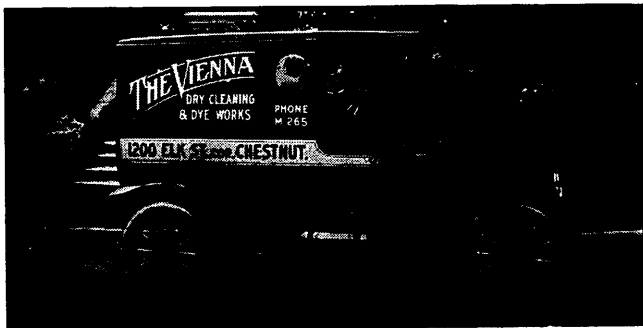
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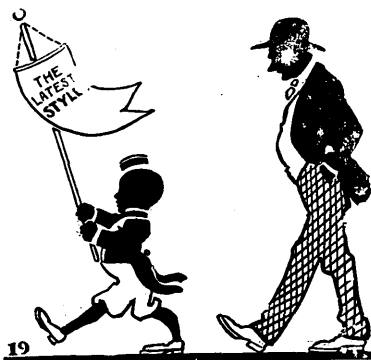
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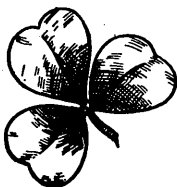
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FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915

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Runaway June

THE INTERESTING, PERILOUS ROAD OF

Love - Mystery - Adventure

ATTACK WITH HER THE WORLD-OLD

Question Of Money

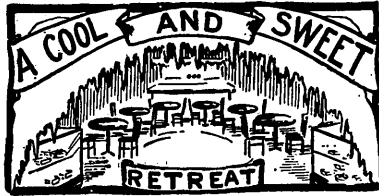
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CONFECTIONS



THE MESSENGER

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BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

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TERMS—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

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Vol. XIV.

April, 1915

No. 7



Great indeed was Ab, or whoever it was that invented fire. But an infinitely greater quality of genius was shown by the Editor of The Messenger, or whoever it was that first commanded the Understudy to do her work, whilst she roamed the woods on a perfect day and enjoyed life!



All of which leads one to mention that Spring is here, with all those peculiar emotions of the young and old that "Spring Fever" is unjustly used to designate. As a sure cure for these ailments, the tennis court, track and baseball diamond head the list. Don't overlook this treatment. It's not only good for your health, but the School needs your help. Turn out! Don't be a mere "supporter"—a fir post can do that. Get into the game and *work!*

That athletic field's unwholesome condition is again staring us in the face. An adequate place for playing football and baseball and for holding track meets is one of the first needs of our school. It will be the cause of interesting more young men in the teaching profession than Latin or English. If we can't get the State of Washington to do it for us, why not do it ourselves—at least start the ball rolling. Suppose ten per cent. of the net proceeds of every school entertainment should be turned over to the Students' Association for such a purpose.



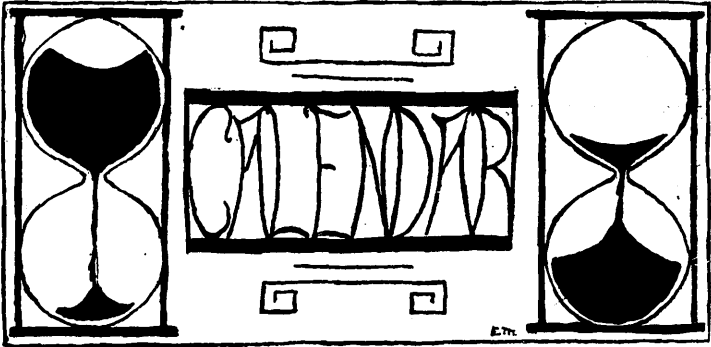
We read with no little pleasure of the dramatic productions that the Thespian Club and Senior Class are working on. They all belong to modern, dramatic literature, and treat live questions of the day. Only such plays are worthy of a modern school's attention. We're getting over the idea that literature must be musty with age and inapplicable to modern thought. Life as it is to-day is coming to be the most interesting subject that we can find to study. Another noteworthy feature of this work is the action of the Dramatic Club in question, in reducing the admission price to their entertainment. The students of our school are kept under a continual financial strain on account of the many activities. A smaller admission price to every Normal entertainment is in demand. Why not eliminate the element of profit in our public institution's activities by establishing a low price, say of fifteen cents, as a maximum admission charge at all times?



Our paper concludes with this issue so far as the present Staff is concerned. The next and last issue is to be under the supervision of the Junior Class. They are already hard at work, and judging from their efforts we feel safe in looking forward to a publication of interest. The enthusiasm shown leads one to speculate as to the advisability of following a similar plan for each copy of *The Messenger*. Let each of the eight issues of our paper be turned over to different school organizations; these organizations to be divided into eight groups, according to their interest. Four issues could be cared for by the respective classes; The Students' Association, representing athletics, might undertake the fifth; then the Dramatic, the Literary and the Religious organizations could complete the round. Each issue would necessarily deal with that phase of school life which most interests the organization in charge. In this way competition would be in order, enthusiasm should be kept at its highest pitch, and every activity could have equal opportunity at expressing itself.



FIRST SEMESTER MESSENGER STAFF



COMING EVENTS.

March 31. Mrs. Smith presents a Student Program.

April 1. Thomas Green.

April 6. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

April 9. Dr. Nash will give "The Passion Play," for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

April 30. May Day Program given by the children of the Training School.



February 24. Miss Lawrence talks on "Etiquette." We needed the training in manners, but how did you guess it? Mr. Binorn adds to our appreciation of music. Especially pleasing was, "The Dreams of Long Ago." Some of our Faculty had evidently never seen an organ like that before.

February 25. Mrs. Bilhorn leads the Y. W. C. A.

February 26. Special Assembly, beginning at four and lasting until ten-thirty. First on the program, Mrs. R. A. Small, Superintendent-elect of Snohomish County, speaks in behalf of the Dahlia Society. Then Mr. Sompson, former Principal of Cheney Normal, gives a wonderful talk on "Efficiency." We all quite agree with Dr. Nash in saying of Mr. Sampson, "It is better to be a has-been than a never-was." Lew Greene shows he can pass an examination in efficiency. Miss Worden gives her talk on her hobby, "The Stars." The Junior play, the best ever held in the Normal, and a fitting close to an important day. Some talent in the Junior Class, I guess!

February 27. B. N. S. beats C. P. S. in a good game. We have quite a fine "scrub team," too.

March 1. Mr. McClelland, traveling in the interest of the the National Volunteers, speaks to us. There is surely a good opening in the missionary field.

March 2. Our "First Class" team defeats North Side High in a fine game. Good turn-out of rooters too. That's right, show spirit.

March 3. Miss Lindgren, accompanied by Mrs. Cross, gives a charming musical program. Our appreciation was shown, and we hope you will come again soon.

March 8. Mr. Bever introduces the subject of "Marcus Whitman and the Whitman Massacre," as a preliminary to a talk by Mrs. Jacobs, a survivor of the massacre. Very few of our Assembly talks have been as highly appreciated and instructive as this one; and we are very grateful to Mrs. Jacobs for it. Senior-Freshman play Kline Cup game. The Seniors had a better team, so now it is up to the Juniors to beat them.

March 10. Mr. Epley shows us some views of this region, and tells us the story of them. Madame Davenport-Engberg and Mr. Karl Boyd-Wells give an especially artistic recital. Nothing could be more beautiful than Madame Engberg's rendition of her own composition, "The Cradle Song." Mr. Wells' solos were greatly appreciated, and all who couldn't hear the recital are the losers.

March 12. Special Assembly from ten-thirty to twelve-five. Mr. Odle, President of the Senior Class, tells us what he thinks of the Senior basketball team. Mr. Tidball says a few words about the Junior team. Lew Greene tries to rouse enthusiasm for the Y. M. C. A. game. Dr. Bawdin, of Washington, D. C., a specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, gives a most interesting talk. Mr. Cave, superintendent of Bellingham City Schools, gives a very "popular speech." We regret not hearing that well-known story though.

March 13. The Junior girls win the Kline Cup. Lots of "pep." and steam, all right. Where was the Senior Spirit? After all that practicing for yells too!

March 15. Lew Greene announces that it is time to begin thinking of new members for the Board of Control of next year.

March 17. It is surprising how many Orangemen go to Normal. Professor Klemme, of our "Sister Normal," gives us a most enjoyable half-hour. But that was a cruel blow about us having the most unmarried alumni. We may change it before long, as you never can tell. Even if you didn't have the name of your talk to submit, I'm sure you got "the four drops." Would you place the story of the Boy and Bee under the head of "Humane Ed."?

March 18. Election of Y. W. C. A. officers.

March 19. Rev. Otho Williams, of the Bellingham Christian church, speaks on "Vision."

March 22. Ah, did you notice the man on the flagpole, and what a change he made in it? Dr. Nash's boost for the "Dictionary and Use of It," was certainly fine. You are quite an advance agent. But you ruined Mr. Bond's favorite pronunciation of "Equation."

March 23. Mr. L. R. Travers gives an interesting talk. Cer-

emonies presenting the Kline Cup to the Juniors, by the present holders.

March 25. All home for Spring recess. If it only doesn't rain!



TOPICS OF INTEREST.

Dr. Nash has been very busy during the past month giving lectures on "Community Interest," in Blaine, Ferndale, Laurel, Lynden, Nooksack and Harmony.

Mr. H. L. Diets, of the Manual Training Department in Seattle, has been at the school for a few days. He will assist in the Manual Training work here during the Summer School.

The Summer School Bulletin is out, and is surely one to be proud of. A complete schedule of all classes, and work to be taken up is published, also hours and faculty members.



THE WILLOW CREEK MINING CLAIM.

Healey made his way down the western slope of the Willow Creek mountains, hurrying forward with that stride characteristic of the mountaineer. There was need for haste, for well Healey knew that on the other slope Gilkins was hurrying forward on the same errand—to the Claims Registry office, at Brewster.

This was not the first time Healey had staked a mining claim, nor was it the first time he had been forced to race for it. True, Gilkins had been there a short time before him, but to Healey might was right, and to the winner belonged the spoils.

"He called me a 'robber' and 'a dead beat,'" muttered the burly mountaineer, to himself. "I'll show him who's who in these hills," and he felt significantly of his right hip pocket.

With every mile his fury grew. This tenderfoot had beaten him to the claim, and was now ahead, with five hours' start, for Brewster. It was no longer the mining claim that occupied his thoughts. He had staked claims before; they had fizzled out..

His only ambition was to beat Gilkins, and beat him badly. Therefore he had chosen this more difficult but shorter path.

In the meantime, Gilkins trudged along on the other slope. Slight of figure, young, and not possessing the remarkable physique of his rival, he grew tired and stumbled miserably. In spite of his early start, he began to doubt his ability to reach Brewster in time. There were still many miles of forest trail and ravines to overcome. But he must get there—if only he could hold out!

Gilkins did not notice the dull sound of the pines, nor the haze gathering in the sky, until the storm was upon him in all its fury. Rain fell in torrents. He was footsore and exhausted, and his clothes were heavy and sodden.

A short distance ahead was Dead Man's Gulch. The path down it was steep and treacherous. Could he make it in this storm? He would try. Almost at the bottom the pathway wound around an abutment of rock.

Painfully now, Gilkins made his way to this point, his hands raw and bleeding from contact with the rough side of the cliff. Too late he saw the sudden swerve in the path. He stumbled. He fell with a groan to the hard surface beneath.

Healey also saw the darkening in the sky and knew too well its meaning. He forgot his intent for a moment, and wondered how Gilkins was weathering the storm. "Poor devil," he thought, "if he should be caught in this weather at Dead Man's Gulch! It had already in past years proved the burying ground of many a tenderfoot.

It occurred to Healey that his anger was leaving him, and that he was beginning to pity the young tenderfoot he had sworn to beat. Unconsciously he quickened his pace as he neared Dead Man's Gulch. Something drew him forward in spite of himself,—a premonition that all was not well. He made his way down the same path that Gilkins had gone a short time before. It was now more slippery, and the roar of the waters made the descent more dizzy.

The big mountaineer crowded his burly form against the mighty wall of rock as he made his way around the abutment. There came a lull in the wind and something that sounded like a groan was heard.

Healey paused, but the wind and rain again drowned all other sounds, and he safely finished the descent. He was about to begin the ascent on the opposite side, when he heard that low moan again. He turned back. Surely he could have made no mistake. That was the groan of a human being in distress.

With difficulty he made his way along the bottom of the gulch to the point where he first heard the sound. He could see nothing and was about to turn back, when another groan brought him to Gilkin's side. Gently he picked up the prostrate form of his enemy and carried him into the open.

When Gilkins awoke he was lying in bed, his head banded, and his shoulder sore and swollen. Where was he? Oh, yes! There had been a storm. He had fallen; then everything was blank. Now he was in bed.

Healey noted his movement and held a flask of brandy to his lips. The youth took a deep draught, and sank again upon his pillow in deep sleep.

Healey was having a battle with himself. As he carried the unconscious form of his rival to this cabin in the woods, the object of his mad race was fast disappearing. Now, while he watched by the bedside, it was gone completely. What honor was there in taking advantage of this helpless man?

Gilkins moved uneasily, rose painfully upon an elbow, and looked about. His eyes rested upon Healey, and an expression of surprise and wonder overspread his face.

"You, Healey!" he said weakly.

"Yes, Gilkins. Feelin' better? Take some o' this," Healey replied, giving him another drink from the flask.

"You carried me out of the gulch?"

Healey nodded.

"And I called you a 'robber' and a 'dead beat'!"

"It was true," said Healey, simply.

"You are going to register the claim. I'm going back home, where I belong."

"You're goin' to do nuthin' o' the kind. You're goin' to register the claim, an' I'm goin' back to help you work it."

The battle was won. When Healey returned from Brewster, he carried in his pocket a document certifying that Robert Gilkins had paid the necessary fee, and was entitled to Claim No. 1275, Willow Creek Mountains.

K. HOUGEN, '16.



THE SPRING.

*I love to wander daily, while my fancy roams at will,
To a spot beneath the willows by the spring beneath the hill.
On every side 'tis guarded by creek and woodland grass,
And willows bending o'er it, reflect their heavy mass.*

*There I see the river wending in and out among the trees,
Its shallow surface rippled by the gently blowing breeze.
The little creek deep-shaded, by that quiet sunlit bower—
Ah, 'tis there I loved to wander in childhood's happy hour.*

*I quaff its crystal waters, and gaze with bended head
O'er flowers meekly nodding in their deep and shady bed.
'Tis here life in its beauty is engraved within the soul;
No creeping sin can mar it, for gold has made it whole.*

*Here I dream of worlds to conquer thru kindness' healing part;
To bind in eternal wholeness the broken, bleeding heart.
But first, I quaffed the waters, so pure and clear and deep,
Remembering God's goodness that every heart may keep.*

ADELINE TILLMAN, '16.



THE OTHER SIDE.

Van stepped from the elevator. The door slammed shut, and Van stood staring at the hall floor, with his chin several degrees lower than usual. To be discharged from a position that you have held four years, and with only fifty cents between yourself and starvation would necessarily have a tendency to make the care-lines show more distinctly.

It did with Van. Generally when a person is downcast, he whistles or hums a tune, to make himself believe that he is happy. To-night Van could neither whistle nor hum. He jammed his hands through the holes in his pockets, and strolled out into the glare of the busy street.

What a world of bustle! What throngs hurried here and there, jostling, pushing,—gay ladies, aggressive business-men, dirty urchins, ragged women. The blare of cheap music blended with the roar of traffic and the loud voices of drunken ruffians.

Drunken ruffians! The very words that Van muttered and then he caught himself. What right had he to speak of those men? Why had he lost his position? He bit his lip bitterly—a smothered curse filtered through.

He was passing the Javelin Bar. He stood for a moment contemplating. Here he was, penniless, without work, with the appetite for drink, and a hard winter before him. By force of habit he felt for his watch. It was gone. He had lost it the night before, and in its place was fifty cents. A moment longer he lingered: Why not enter, throw his last coin over the bar, and then,—oh, then? What did it matter? No, he knew a better course. He tore himself from the place and started down the street, bent on his new resolution.

There was no more hesitation; he had decided what to do.

Somehow he had been thinking of this very thing many times of late. He could see that there was no other course to follow. Luck was against him, God was against him, and he had not a friend on earth. Luck, fate, friends, God,—his dazed and muddled brain seemed to whirl with the thousands who were passing.

As he went he walked faster and faster. Soon he came to the bridge. He turned aside from the main thoroughfare and ran recklessly out onto the car tracks. Coming to the center span, he stopped, stepped to the edge of the steel gang-rods, and

looked down into the dark, swirling waters beneath. For a moment he was chilled at the thought; then he laughed,—a mocking, cruel laugh.

He cast off his light coat and threw it down,—down into the black current. Again he laughed harshly. He took a step back, put his hands out before him and made ready to spring—!

A loud scream,—the scream of a child, checked him. Again the scream and, for a moment, Van forgot himself in his curiosity to know the reason of the child's terror. Suddenly, from behind a beam, a small boy emerged and came running toward him.

"Don't, Mister; *don't* do it!" he pleaded.

Van was helpless.

"You don't want to jump in there. I know you don't."

He stood before Van, ragged and dirty. The dim light on the bridge showed him to be thin and pale, and his teeth chattered with the cold.

"Let me tell you," he said, and Van stooped. The boy whispered in his ear.

"*You were!*" said Van. He gazed at the figure before him, greatly amazed.

"You have no home?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"No father nor mother?"

"No, sir."

"You have no money?"

"No, sir."

"Then why *didn't* you?"

"Because, I'd rather live, I-I think."

Van was silent. He was silent so long that the boy became nervous, and as he began to mutter a question, Van sprang at him, and caught the little fellow in his arms.

"Boy," he said, holding him at arm's length, "We'll both live! Come, cheer up!"

"Then you won't do it?"

"No."

"Oh, I'm glad, Mister. We can be good friends."

"Yes," said Van huskily, "but I wish I had my coat!"

IRA MILLER, '16.



THE CHURCH ON THE CORNER.

It is an unimposing, little, old, brown structure, situated among some alder trees, at the base of a hill. One would not know that it was a church, were it not for an air of quiet and peacefulness that hangs over the spot.

The low, bungalow roof, the high, well-carved porch, the plain doors, and the log-cabin windows, together with the dull,

dark-brown color of the buildings, and the leafless, gray alders, give the spot an atmosphere of rest and holiness.

There is a reaching out, a personality itself, extending from the building, which not only invites, but draws one. There is somewhat that same feeling of fellowship which one feels when in the presence of a great man. Truth, nobleness, sympathy, and understanding seem to flow from the very boards.

At the door you are met by a dear, sweet-faced, old lady, who kisses you, and leads you to a comfortable, well-cushioned bench, beside a fireplace, in which a few red coals are lending their warmth to the room.

Within, the atmosphere is even more homely than without. The rich, dark walnut finish, the unornamented walls, the plain, comfortable seats, and the glowing fireplace, have a tendency to unite the bonds of restraint and conventionality, and give play to those deeper and nobler emotions, which are the treasures of the soul. The large, square beams, which span the room, typify the strength and simplicity of true religion.

WALTER KELLY, '16.



MEMORIES.

*A heap of logs, moss-grown, decaying,
 Only a blackened mass of wood,
 Yet those logs awaken memories,
 For it was here the old home stood.
 Now, years have passed, the place is altered,
 With weeds and fern 'tis overgrown,
 The stranger passes by unseeing,
 But to me the place is home;
 And I live those old days over,
 In calm and peaceful mood,
 When I see this heap of timbers
 Where the old home stood.*

*Again I hear the Arctic voices
 Borne upon the screaming gale;
 Hear the moaning of the woodlands
 And the coyotes plaintive wail,
 See the campfires brightly burning,
 Gleaming on some far-off hill,
 Hear the beating of the tom-toms,
 And the Blackfeet Indians' yell.*

*Again I see the old log school-house,
 Its cradle and rough-sawed desks of wood,
 I see the old schoolmaster standing
 Where in days gone by he stood;*

THE MESSENGER

Wielding still the cane of sapling
 Firmly grasped in his right hand,
 Espousing simple truths and knowledge
 That oft we failed to understand;
 And in the long, hot days of summer
 When the sun's warm rays beat down,
 See the old schoolmaster, smiling,
 Pass the water-bucket 'round.

Again I seek the woodland pastures
 Where in childhood's day I played,
 Glide among the trees and bushes
 Where, a truant lad, I strayed.
 Hear the drumming of the partridge,
 Hunt the field-mouse and the mole,
 Again I wander to the creek bank,
 To the quiet, "swimmin'-hole,"
 Plunge into its tranquil waters,
 Burrow deep in cooling sand,
 Quite forgetting school or parent,
 Quite ignoring stern command.

The dream is gone, the picture vanished,
 These logs are but rude, blackened things,
 Yet to me this spot is sacred,
 For the memories that it brings;
 Here, when lonely, lone I wander,
 When in calm or thoughtful mood,
 Back to old and moss-grown timbers
 Where the old home stood.

K. HOUGAN, '16.



THE SNOW-COVERED GRAVEYARD.

I know of nothing more sadly beautiful than the graveyard after a fall of snow. It is then one wants to call it "The City of the Dead."

There are no footprints, no paths; even the stones and fences have tried to hide in the snow. Could snow be whiter? And it is cold as it is clean. The whiteness, the coldness, the stillness suggest the loneliness of death.

LORETTA KELLEY.



Awake! Arise! and April wise
 Seek out a forest side,
 Where under wreaths of withered leaves
 The shy, sweet flowers hide.
 —Arbutus Days, Burroughs.



In spite of "Spring fever" and tennis, the Ship of Education moves on, with the Seniors at the helm. Mr. Maclaughlin's camera has caused the grass to be worn from one corner of the campus. The first installment of individual and group pictures will be sent to the engravers soon, preparatory to being put in "*The Klipsun*." With the Faculty and campus pictures, the book will be a worthy souvenir for any student. The school's most gifted writers are entering the story and poem contest. The Seniors feel "*The Klipsun*" for nineteen-fifteen will be the best ever.

The Class has decided to give a pageant showing the history of our own State, from the time of discovery to the present time. The committee is busy collecting material, and more evident work will be begun after vacation.

Our popular President, Mr. Odle, was unanimously chosen by the Class as a speaker at Commencement. The Faculty has not announced their selection as yet.

"In the Vanguard" has been selected as the Senior Class play. It is a story dealing with World Peace. Philip leaves his village to enlist in the Nation's war, that he may serve his country. He wins power, honor, and glory. But his hope is to come back as the embodiment of *her hero* and claim Elsa. In an early encounter, Philip wins the admiration of his companions, and is lauded. Before reporting to his general, however, he catches a vision of the true meaning of war, by the death of a soldier of the enemy. When the General urges the once-coveted commission upon him, Philip refuses, and is dismissed from the army. He returns home, to be coldly received by all, even his mother. He has heard nothing from Elsa. To his surprise, Elsa appears and declares him her hero for doing the great and right thing. She, too, has had a vision, which has taught her the heroism of uplifting rather than of destroying. Every one acquainted with the play loves the vision, logic and magnanimity of Mr. Greart. Humor is given by the very lack of humor in the Rector. A strong cast of twenty or more characters has

been chosen, as well as a chorus. The dancing will add an artistic touch.

We feel that the school will both profit by and enjoy the presentation on April sixteenth.

■ ■ ■

JUNIORS



Juniors! Take Notice!

Surely among a Class of about three hundred there are poets, essayists, humorists, story writers, and others of literary talent. All respond to the call! You may find yourself a hidden genius, and become thenceforth noted, if you will write a poem, a story, make some new jokes, or send in a worthy essay.

If you do not consider it, the May Messenger, the Junior number, cannot be the success of the year, which, in his heart, every Junior wishes it to be. Make these wishes active. Set your mind to thinking and your pen to writing. Make Ira Miller, the Editor-in-Chief, so puzzled he will have to call for aid, in order to pick out the best from dozens of talented manuscripts.

Make the May Messenger a volume never to be forgotten in the calendar of our Normal School!

The Juniors are very proud of the girls who have won the Kline Cup for them.

CHUCKANUT! Does the word recall pleasant memories? To some of you it does, and you think, "Oh! how I would love to go again!" But to the vast majority of you, this word, which embodies so much, suggests nothing. Besides, all the beautiful scenery, the fun of climbing, and all the usual pleasures of such a trip, the Juniors have added a special inducement to all their members who will organize some day, and go to the top of Chuckanut for the glory of the Class. The Juniors want to win the cup that has been offered. When Class percentage is the thing that counts, it is very necessary that each consider it his duty to go. It is not a duty that will be hard to perform. It will be glorious fun, and when you have reached the top, you will be handed a mark of distinction, which will allow you to go to a grand entertainment, free of charge. The program committee is hard at work, planning for a good time. I am sure you will want to be there.

The Junior play was a financial as well as a social and dramatic success. The money taken in amounted to one hundred sixty-two dollars, about a hundred fifteen of which will be clear. A meeting of the Class will soon be called, to discuss and decide what is best to do with this sum.

Juniors! You had better attend Class meetings. Important things are going on, some of which may concern you, and you cannot afford to miss them.

About thirty from the Agricultural Classes met at the Owl Drug Store, Saturday, the twentieth, at nine o'clock, and were taken by a large auto truck to the Haight Farm, at Van Wyck.

The day was warm, and all enjoyed the balmy air, as they strolled about the farm, gathering information which can only be had by observation.

After enjoying the picturesque fields and trees, seeing trees planted with dynamite, and a dozen other agricultural feats, luncheon was served. No words can describe the rich, brown coffee prepared by the leader, Mr. Epley, and that milk and cream (thanks to Mrs. Haight), was not the kind that looks like the Summer sky on a cloudless day, but the kind which pours in lumps.

One-half hour later all felt better and more like traveling, so taking leave of the kind hosts, they proceeded to the large green-houses, not far distant. Here were seen real lemons, growing on real trees, or bushes, or whatever they were. Mr. Epley had gone, so no one knew.



PERSONALS.

The Juniors are sorry to miss Victor Aitken, one of their very important members. Unfortunately, he was hurt in the Tacoma basketball game, where he was loyally supporting our school. All are glad to know that he is improving, and hope to see him back in the near future.

The Juniors are busy with petitions for the coming Students' Association election. They are circulating petitions for three Junior members, Ruth Conner, Ira Miller, and Herbert Heath, whom it is thought will make very efficient and energetic officers.

Mrs. L. Erickson, of Seattle, and some Des Moines friends, visited her sister, Miss Miles, and spent a very enjoyable week, of this month.

The Misses Lydia and Mary Beardimphl were overjoyed this month by a visit from their mother, Mrs. Charles Beardimphl, and a few other of their friends from Des Moines.

From the present turn-out it seems that the Junior boys are going to have everything "cinched" in the way of track meets.



The Freshmen spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. Edwards, February twenty-seventh. Miss Rhoda Vulliet, one of the newest of our Class, was the hostess. Games were played and all sang; but the climax was reached when a delightful lunch was served. In this we were mistaken, for later, an announcement was made that the taffy was ready to pull. This taffy, contrary to most of its kind, was perfect, not only to pull, but to eat. At a very late hour, all departed, thanking Miss Vulliet and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards for an evening not soon to be forgotten.

Our next social evening was spent in company with the Sophomores at the Normal School. The Domestic Science room was decorated in green and white, and about thirty gathered here on the evening of March 13. A roll was called of all present, and each one answered with an Irish joke. Games were played, and later ice-cream and wafers were served.



*April calling, April calling, April calling me!
I hear the voice of April there in each old apple-tree;
Bee-bloom and wild perfume, and wood-brook melody,—
O hark, my heart, and hear, my heart, the April ecstasy!*
—Voice of April, Madison Carvein.



*Once more the changed year's turning wheel returns:
And as a girl sails balanced in the wind,
And now before and now again behind,
Stoops as it swoops, with cheek that laughs and burns,—
So Spring comes merry towards me here, but earns
No answering smile from me, whose life is twin'd
With the dead boughs that Winter still must bind,
And whom to-day the Spring no more concerns.*

—Barren Spring, Rosetti.



The basketball season closed February twenty-sixth, with one of the fastest games of the year, when we played Anacortes on our own floor, and won by a large score. The High School turned out in force to see this game, and their enthusiastic yells helped our boys win the game.

The girls, too, have played several games which showed that our hopes for a strong team next year are founded on something more than mere enthusiasm. We have won from every team except the Juniors, which surely is a good record for amateurs. We ought to go in for the Kline Cup another season. Why not?

The Physiography Class is still noted for its wit,—perhaps because of the instructor. The various methods of transmitting heat were under discussion a few days ago, and the students were asked for an example of conduction. Everett's enthusiastic answer was: "When some one puts his cold feet on you at night." To which the teacher replied: "Good! I see you thoroughly understand the subject."

In the same class the effect of cold was being discussed, and the instructor remarked: "Now, what would Edwin do if he were shut up in a room a temperature of —459 degrees?" The following Babel of replies shows that the class really understands the subject; "He'd freeze!" "He'd freeze up!" "He'd freeze stiff!" "He'd die!" "He'd contract!" "Imagine Edwin contracting, if you can!" "He'd radiate heat until he and the room were the same temperature!" "No, he wouldn't contract; he'd expand. He's principally water!"

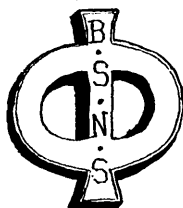
The examination papers had been returned in the History III. Class, and comments were being made upon the various answers. In one question a sentence was required stating a historical fact about Cardinal Richelieu. The general answer was that he was a prime minister of Louis XIII. Eliot seemed troubled; and broke out with: "O, say! I put that he was a preacher. Was that right?"

A curior answer was given in the English IV. Class, one day. Miss Neitz asked: "In 'L'Allegro', what is the first thing

the man does in the morning?" Lucile McKinney replied: "Wakes up and hears the birds sing." "And what bird does he hear?" In the most casual manner imaginable, came the answer: "The rooster!" Some substitute for a lark!

Now that the warm spring days have come we are beginning to think of our annual hayrack or launch party. We've done Squaticum Lake, Samish Lake, Whatcom Lake, and other points of interest. Just what to do and where to go is a problem we must soon solve. It would never do to let the year pass without the observance of this custom established by the first class that entered N. H. S. Get to thinking, students, and see if we cannot plan the best party we have ever had.

This is the time of the year when we all have to be "shot" for *The Klipsun*. Mr. Patchin took the boys out recently for their attack upon the camera. Evidently it was successful, for no other pictures have been taken since. But the boys have to be taken again. We hope that you'll behave better next time, boys, and not make our Principal as indignant as you did before. The rest of us had to bear with his indignation all the remainder of the day, and it isn't fair for you to impose upon us in this fashion.



PHILOMATHEANS.

A Longfellow program was presented by the Philomathean Society, March twenty-fifth. Following the parliamentary drill, conducted by Mr. Nevins, the talks on the great American poet, his early life, his ability as a writer, and his success as a teacher, were given by Misses Helen Brown and Mildred Watts, and Mr. Shimmin.

A selection was read by Miss A. Brown. Talks on the sources of Hiawatha and Evangeline, by Misses Lieser and Burnside, prepared for the two pantomime plays.

Amidst scenes that were almost real, Nokomis rocked the youthful warrior, and Hiawatha wooed and won the lovely Minnehaha.

*"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."*

The betrothal scene from *Evangeline* was laid in the home of Benedict Belfontaine. Miss Lieser and Mr. Shimmin acted the roles of *Evangeline* and *Gabriel*, in this beautiful "Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy."

Thursday, March eleventh, we were all Thespians and all Philos,—and all Irish. Shadows of misunderstanding disappeared in the light of better acquaintance. Everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion. We were "all for one and one for all." The program was provided by Misses McAbee, Laufman and Morrison, and Messrs. Cortz, Baxter and Jones. The roll call was answered with Irish jokes. Irish songs were sung. Talks were given on Ireland's attitude toward the war, great men of Irish birth, Irish customs and superstitions, and the origin of St. Patrick's Day. The rest of the evening was spent getting acquainted. The members of the two societies were skillfully paired,—Thespian girls and Philo boys, Thespian boys and Philo girls. When all were seated on the floor, our President, Mr. Shimmin, delivered a short address. Miss Conner, President of the Thespians, briefly responded, in her own charming manner. The evening's frolic was brought to a close with the serving of the peace pipes; everyone drawing powerful whiffs of lemon through stems of candy. Is everybody happy? Well, rather!

Initiation and athletics in theory and practice. We had both in abundance, March eighteenth. The program consisted of several college songs, by Miss Armstrong; parliamentary drill, Mr. Heath; a debate, Messrs. Olson and Greene, on the question, "Resolved, That American schools should adopt Rugby in place of American football," won by Mr. Greene, negative; Our National Game, Its Management, Miss Gibson; humorous reading, Miss Welsh; The Place of Athletics in Greek, Roman, and Modern Education, Misses Swanson, Perry, and Turner.

The initiation! Never before have such contests been held in the gymnasium! The new football game made the present game seem like an afternoon tea. The victims glared into each others' eyes with the ferocity of tigers at bay. Each new stunt brought forth its thrills. The climax was reached in that combination of the ancient and the modern,—the chariot-aeroplane race. All records were shattered. The spectators held their breaths, while Cordz and Baxter negotiated the zigzag course down four flights of stairs, touch only at important points. Then the remnants were collected in the Faculty room and served the athletic training course—bowls of milk, and rich, brown bread. Such was the Philo initiation.



*Thus came the lovely Spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies ver-
nal.*

—Elizabeth, Longfellow.



Is the modern, spoken drama being superseded by the motion picture? The motion picture is certainly being shoved to the front at all expense, and unless the spoken drama can be brought to sell itself at a figure comparative to the price charged for the motion picture, the artificial will continue to reduce the possibilities of the legitimate. The question of cost to the public being eliminated, however, the possibilities of the stage over the picture screen are at once apparent.

The motion picture lacks in "humanness." We want to come in contact with real people, to see them, to hear them, and to feel the power of their personality. And this personality, which only the living actor carries with him, and which no photograph can reproduce, is an element that belongs to the legitimate stage. One looks at the moving picture of a great actor and wonders where his power lies, but when privileged to see him in person, to feel his influence and to hear him speak, one appreciates why the public idolizes him. Motion picture actors neither hear nor talk. They are deaf and dumb, and unmagnetic persons, who often fail to give us a clue to their thoughts, and seldom fail to grow tiresome. To see an actor writhing under the influence of emotion is not enough. We want to know the thought that the condition is producing, and the only way is by talking. The greatest actor reciting Hamlet's Soliloquy on a motion picture screen, would look ridiculous, but the same actor, speaking from the stage, grips you until the cold sweat breaks out. The only real, perfect, natural appearing way that thought can be carried to those who are seeking it is through the medium of speech, and only actors of the spoken drama talk to us. If we wish to hear, see, and feel the real, we must turn from the picture screen to the legitimate stage.

If Art is interpreting Life, then the real drama, with its power to convey thought, together with the personality that only the living actor possesses, has possibilities undefinable over the motion picture. In fact, the motion picture is but the highway to the legitimate stage, for it is penetrating into every nook and corner, and leaving there the desire and determination to see the real. It has not lowered the standing of the legitimate stage, nor has it altered its purpose. The motion picture is rejuvenating the spoken drama, intensifying its power, and tearing off the veil of mystery that has surrounded it.

It is for the higher appreciation of the possibilities of the spoken drama, and particularly the modern, that the Thespian

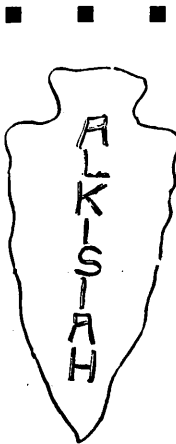
Club stands for. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory need no introduction to students of dramatic literature, and their plays, "Land of the Heart's Desire," and "Spreading the News," are among the best that these authors have produced. The two plays are almost opposite in character. The former represents the never-ending conflict between the old and the new, being didactic in purpose; the latter's object is chiefly to amuse.

The members of the Thespian Club, under the direction of Mrs. Smith, are planning to have these two interesting productions ready for presentation by the middle of April, and they are undertaking the work with an effort that predicts something worth the time and cost of all who are interested in the spoken drama. Wishing only to cover the actual expenses of their production, the Club has decided to reduce the admission price to a minimum. We feel that such a move is needed in our school if the student body is expected to meet the requirements of the many entertainments they are called upon to attend.

About two weeks ago the Philomatheans invited us to attend one of their programs, where we spent a most delightful Irish evening. There were some good jokes told on Pat and Mike, and after that much valuable and interesting information on Home Rule in the Emerald Isle, and also about some great men who are Irish.

We were then invited to smoke the Pipe of Peace, and make each other's acquaintance. This done, we went home feeling sure that our friendship was cemented for all time.

At the last meeting of the Thespian Society, three new members were taken into the Club. We feel sure from the talent that they showed when they appeared before the Club that they will make worthy members of our dramatic society.



Thursday night, March fourth, the Alkisiah Club was delightfully entertained by a reading of the story, "The Other Wise Man." Before the reading Miss Minnie Wilson favored

us with a piano solo. The reading program was as follows:

First Chapter	- - - -	Gertrude Foley
Second Chapter	- - - -	Margie Lee
Third Chapter	- - - -	Arleen Cussick
Fourth Chapter	- - - -	Clara Fagstad
Fifth Chapter	- - - -	Ethel Alsop

The program was concluded by a delightful vocal solo, by Miss Harriet Mendenhall.

On March eighteenth, a very instructive and interesting program was given on the question of Child Labor. It was as follows:

Piano Solo	- - - -	Lucile Hazen
Child Labor in England	- - - -	Mary Sturm
Child Labor in America	- - - -	Mrs. Vaughn
Child Labor in Washington	- -	Victoria Thibert

The program was concluded by a reading given by Lola Moy.

ALKISIAH BANQUET.

Saturday, March twentieth, at six-thirty in the evening, in the Normal dining hall, was given a banquet for the Senior members, by the Juniors.

The color scheme, in green and yellow, was beautifully carried out in Oregon grape and daffodils. The following program was given:

Piano Solo	- - - -	Arleen Cussick
Reading	- - - -	Ethel Alsop
Duet-Piano	Lucile Hazen and Ethel Phillips	
Violin Solo	- - - -	Eunice Mansfield
Accompanist, Lucile Hazen		

The Eighth Grade girls in the Domestic Science department, under Miss Adah Webster, served the dinner.

The dinner was followed by the following toasts:

Toast Mistress	- - - -	Elsie Ridlin
Our New Principal	- - - -	Minnie Wilson
Response	- - - -	Dr. Nash
Alumni	- - - -	Lola Moy
Response	- - - -	Miss Deichman
Our Seniors	- - - -	Clara Fagstad
Response	- - - -	Mrs. Vaughn
Our Club	- - - -	Phoebe Reed
Our Future	- - - -	Jennie Hicks

A social hour was enjoyed in the Gymnasium before going home.



On February fourth, we had a very interesting meeting in the Expression Hall. The topic of the evening was, "Conditions in Europe Before the Present War." The program was as follows:

France and Belgium	- - - - -	M. Elsner
Marsailles	- - - - -	Club
England and Her Colonies	- - - - -	Elva Boucher
Tipperary	- - - - -	Club
Germany and Austria	- - - - -	Dorothy Hawkins
Die Wacht am Rhein	- - - - -	Club
Russia	- - - - -	Frances Riggs

A discussion of the papers followed, Miss Nickerson acting as Critic for the meeting.

On March eighteenth we were delightfully entertained by Miss Mead, at her home. We might have called it an Irish-American evening,—Irish, because the refreshments plainly hinted of St. Patrick's Day, and Roll Call was answered by Irish jokes. A happy evening was enjoyed by all, and nearly every Club member was present,—including Faculty members.



*Before them fleets the shower,
 And bursts the buds,
 And shine the level lands,
 And flash the floods;
 The stars are from their hands
 Flung through the woods,
 The woods with living airs
 How softly fanned,
 Light airs from where the deep,
 All down the sand,
 Is breathing in his sleep,
 Heard by the land.*

—Early Spring, Tennyson.



The Young Women's Christian Association has been greatly favored this past month by Nation-known leaders. On February nineteenth, Mrs. P. P. Bilhorn, wife of Rev. P. P. Bilhorn, the singing evangelist, was with us. She brought to each one, the girls' individual worth, to herself, and to those about her. "The Essence of a Woman," was topic of her talk. May every Christian girl make Christ the Guest of Honor, and remember that He is the silent listener to every congregation.

The Secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, Mr. F. D. McClellan, was here during February twenty-eighth, March first, meeting with the Student Volunteers in private conferences, and speaking at Assembly and at a mass meeting of students on Monday afternoon. On March fourth the cabinet of the Young Women's Christian Association, gave a banquet to the Young Men's Christian Association Cabinet, having Mr. McClellan as an honored guest. The banquet was served by the Cafeteria under the direction of Miss Christine Victor. We enjoyed the many excellent and enthusiastic toasts. Mr. McClellan shows what a vision of God, and the need of His Kingdom can do to give power and purpose to a young man's life. He is serving as a National Secretary only until his appointment to service in India.

An unusually large number gathered on March fourth, to hear Miss LaVerne Knowles on, "The Two Branches of the Vine." The students know that Miss Knowles always has a message, and one they are unwilling to miss; and this one was no exception.

The girls of the Meetings Committee lead the meeting of March eleventh, each girl giving a short talk on one of the Apostles. Among the speakers were the Misses Millner, Abbott, Agnew, Barzezat, Bauvenhausen, Steele.

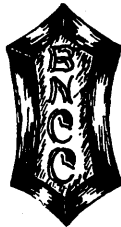
On March eighteenth was one of our most important meetings of the year,—our election of new officers. This matter has been carefully studied by the Nominating Committee for over a month; but we feel more than satisfied with the results, which are as follows:

- President - - - - - Ailene Pierce
- Vice-President - - - - - Alma Armstrong
- Secretary - - - - - Francis McCorkle
- Treasurer - - - - - Sadie Welch

We had a treat on Sunday afternoon, March fourteenth, when Mr. Allen of Chile, South American, gave his informal talk on the *Education and Needs*, of the South Americans.

This year we are going to have a special meeting on Good Friday at 4:10, led by Miss Sperry.

For five or six years it has been customary for the Young Women's Christian Association to hold an Easter Service at sunrise, on the top of Sehome Hill. It is a meeting which those who attend will never forget. The attendance is usually from seventy-five to one hundred students. This year the Easter Message will be given by Miss Effie Sands.



Among the enjoyable entertainments given by members of the Club during the past month, was a Grieg program. A very interesting sketch of Grieg's life was read by Miss Fagstad. This was followed by Grieg's "Love Song," played by Miss Green. Two of Grieg's compositions, "Anitra's Dance," and "The Dance of the Trolls," were then played on the Victrola.

The Choral Club is now working on some new songs which, with "The Garden of Flowers," will be given in a concert in the near future.



CHELAN COUNTY CLUB.

The Chelan County Club spent a very delightful afternoon, March thirteenth, as the guests of the Misses Ethel Milner, Florence Redford and Frances McCorkle at 507 High Street. Miss Nora Williams was a guest of the Club. Although Miss Montgomery could not be with us the entire afternoon, she called for a short time, with her guest, Mrs. Marvin McNeil, of Tacoma.



SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

The Social Democratic Club held two very interesting meetings during March. The programs were as follows:

March Fourth.

Piano Solo	- - - - -	Miss Munson
Parasites	- - - - -	Miss Norton
Ford Wages	- - - - -	Miss Vida Reid
Open Forum ten minutes.		

March Eighteenth.

Piano Solo	- - - - -	Miss Olive Bowman
Community Center Work	-	Miss Montgomery
A New School for the Workers	- -	Mr. Manley
"Her Letter," by Bret Harte	- - -	Miss Inez Herre
Open Forum, ten minutes.		

Those who missed Miss Norton's and Miss Montgomery's talks, have missed two of the best talks of the year. The open forums after the program, at each meeting, are coming to be made up of very lively discussions of topics of the day.

About fifteen new members have been taken into the Club recently, which shows that we are growing in numbers.

Everyone is cordially invited to attend these programs, given on alternate Thursday evenings, in Mrs. Thatcher's room.

Some of the coming attractions are, Dr. E. C. Ruge, who will speak on "The Sorrows of Knowledge," and Miss Worden, who will talk on the recent results along the line of "Psychic Research."



EDEN'S HALL.

When Harriet Tyler informed the girls that her father was coming to make taffy for us, we immediately gave three cheers, for wasn't that just what our mouths had been watering for for ages? Daddy Tyler's reputation as an unexcelled taffy-maker had preceded him, and his fatherly smiles, and jolly good nature, completely captured our hearts, even before we smelled that delicious odor from the golden, bubbling mass in Miss McLaine's largest kettle. We held our breath in wonder, as he pulled the great yellow strands on the huge hook. As soon as it was cut, we pounced upon the largest piece we could find. After having eaten our fill, we found there was still a clothes-basket full; so we decided we would give everyone a taste. Those of you who were fortunate enough to get to the taffy sale, the first fifteen minutes, know it was the best ever. For the rest of you, I am truly sorry, for you will never again get such a treat at "Daddy" Tyler's taffy.

In honor of Lottie Crawford, who is soon to leave us, the girls gave a picnic in the form of a "hike" to Lake Padden. Everyone had a great time, even though the guest of honor did make herself sick eating six boiled eggs.

We Edens' Hall girls are fortunate in being so near the Campus, as the Boys' Glee Club have been holding a series of exclusive recitals there, at the appropriate hour of one-thirty in the morning.

We are sorry indeed to lose Lottie Crawford, but she has our best wishes for success. In her place we welcome Rhoda Vulliet to our Hall.

Mr. Shimmin, voicing some of his philosophy at Sunday breakfast: "I admire a girl who can get up early enough to comb her hair before breakfast, and not wear a scarf tied around her head." We are sorry they didn't know what breakfast caps are in Kansas.

Though we greatly miss Miss Hays, we trust she is thoroughly enjoying her much-needed rest, and may soon be with her girls again. In her wise planning, as always, she left in her place one who has endeared herself to us all, and we sincerely welcome Miss Cauby to our Hall.



TARTE HALL.

TARTE HALL, March 22, 1915.

Our Dear Dot:—It seems such a short time since we have written to you, but during the last few weeks we have had quite a bit of excitement.

We are proud to think that two of our girls played on the Junior basketball team. Edith Brisky played guard, and Mae Imboden, center. After the girls' game, on Saturday, March thirteenth, the boys of the two classes played, the Juniors being victorious.

After the games the four teams were our guests at a banquet, and reception held at the Hall. Everyone had a splendid time, but Mrs. Tarte remembered the clock at twelve.

On Tuesday, the sixteenth, the Senior girls entertained the rest of us at dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Nash were the guests of honor. After a very enjoyable dinner we sang, played and read, and Dr. Nash told many interesting stories of his school life.

Yours as ever,

THE TARTE HALL GIRLS.



The fresh, bright bloom of the daffodils

Makes gold in the garden bed,

Gold that is like the sunbeams,

Loitering overhead.

Bloom, bloom,

In the sun and the wind,—

April hath a fickle mind.

—April Fantaisie, Ellen Cortessoz.

PE
 SHOULD HAVE ACQUAINTANCE
 BE FORGOT. '93

ALUMNI.

Vida Van Cleave, '14, Grace Mackecknie, '13, and Gertrude Wilson, '14, are all in Port Angeles.

Helen Boucher, '14, has the Seventh and Eighth Grades at Kiona, near Benton, Washington.

Edythe Layton, '14, has the Grammar Grades at Porter, Washington.

Estelle Garness, '14, is teaching the Primary Grades at Doty.

Inga Olson, '14, has the Fifth and Sixth Grades at Doty.

Rudolph Knaack, '14, has the Seventh and Eighth Grades at Odessa, Washington.

PERSONALS.

Christina Suess, a Junior in 1914, is teaching the Second Grade, at Doty.

Florence Johnson, also of last year's Junior Class, has the Second, Third, and Fourth Grades, at Preston, Washington.

Zada Roirdon is teaching the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Grades, at Preston.



Library

AIDS IN THE SELECTION OF BOOKS FOR A SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Teachers are often confronted with the problem of selecting books for a school library. Some of the questions which arise are, What shall I select? Where shall I buy them? What will they cost? How can I be sure that a certain book is suitable for my third grade?

How to select children's books is too big a topic to discuss in a single article. Besides, no one can choose books wisely who is unfamiliar with children's literature, and the only way to know children's books is to read them and to use them with the children. Experience teaches more than any formal book list.

However, the way to begin the solution of the above problem for those who have had no library instruction, is to make

a study of printed lists of books which have been tested and approved by experienced librarians and teachers.

The list given below will illustrate the kind of information that is easily available to the alert teacher, and it will also show how many educational institutions, such as public libraries, library commissions, educational associations and state boards, are contributing to the work.

If you can make good use of bibliographies, you can answer many of your own difficulties. Students can get the most valuable suggestions by studying the class-room libraries, which are now placed in the various grades of the Training School. Here, you can see the books on literature, geography, history, stories, etc., adapted to the children in the respective grades.

You come here to get suggestions from experts in the various subjects. A note-book of great value could be compiled during the school-year, arranged under this outline. Grades I-VIII. Under each grade, have for sub-divisions, the various subjects in the grades. Here could be recorded all the books, references, etc., recommended by your various instructors.

This list is merely suggestive; it is not intended to be complete. Notice the descriptions:

Brooklyn, N. Y., Library—Books for boys and girls. (Arranged by subject, but not by grade.)

Buffalo, N. Y., Library—Class room libraries for public schools, listed by grades; to which is added a list of books suggested for school reference libraries.

National Educational Association. Annual addresses and proceedings.

Oregon Library Commission—Annotated catalog of books used in home libraries and reading clubs, conducted by the children's department.

Pittsburg, Pa., Library—Catalog of books arranged and provided for by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, for the use of the first eight grades in the Pittsburg schools.

Washington (State) Department of Education—Bul. 25, 1914. List of books for the elementary and rural school libraries. Washington teachers should become acquainted with this pamphlet. It is to be regarded as the authoritative list for the schools of Washington. It also gives you direct and sensible instruction on how and where to buy books, and how to manage a small library.

The following list is an illustration of the kind of information that can be obtained on special phases of book selection or topics. Take, for example, story-telling:

Indiana Public Library Commission—Graded list of stories for reading aloud.

Pittsburg, Pa., Library—List of good stories to tell to children under twelve years of age.

Pittsburg Pa., Library—King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Pittsburg, Pa., Library—Story hour courses for children from Greek myths, the Iliad, and the Odyssey.

Pittsburg, Pa., Library—Story telling to children from Norse mythology and the *Nibelungenlied*.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES IN WASHINGTON.

Teachers located in communities without any library facilities, should take advantage of this privilege granted by the state library. Make your application to the "State Traveling Library," Olympia, Washington, stating what you need for your community and school. The only cost involved is that of transportation.

See the notices on the bulletin board in the Normal library for further information.



ONE YEAR IN THE NORMAL LIBRARY.

Hundreds of students pour in any out of the library day after day, and the question occurs again and again to the librarian: What do they get out of it? Have they gained anything by the hours they spend in it?

Surely she could not form a fair estimate by the number of books borrowed, nor by the time they have occupied the chairs! But the negative or affirmative answer to these queries, given by the student, would tell whether he has been alert, aggressively keen in his attack of books, whether he has gained independence in his use of the library—or whether he is still passive, dependent, indifferent.

Can you name and locate the departments of the Library, giving the reasons for such organization?

Could you explain to a new student, the administrative rules and policies governing the lending of books? Could you explain to him the reasons for such rules?

Can you use the Card catalog efficiently?

Do you know that it has many uses and time saving information *other* than the answer to the question, "Where is the book?"

Have you acquired the big conception of the library, the "working idea," so important in all research work—that the modern library is *organized subject matter*?

Or, do you think of it merely as a collection of books, stacked in a room?

Do you know the name of the system of Classification?

Could you explain its principles to an eighth grade pupil?

Have you discovered any devices on the books and shelves which serve as short cuts in finding books?

Do you know the difference in the use of the *contents* and *index* of a book?

Can you tell how the magazines are arranged in the Periodical Room? Can you use the Magazines index?

When you do your research work, do you have clear ideas of your *method* of procedure, or do you trust to luck?

Have you realized that successful research work is a science which is acquired only by practice?

People read for *information*, for *inspiration*, for *amusement*. Can you turn from one group of books to another and sense the joy of your own power in each? Are you lop-sided in your reading?

Can you write a summary of an article you have read, or do you copy a paragraph here and there?

Can you make permanent references in your note-books, which you can use five years from now, and which another person would find intelligible?

Have you read one book this year, which has enlarged your vision or strengthened your character?

Have you averaged an hour a month investigating the treasures of our library?



HAIL! NORMAL, HAIL!

*Of all the schools in East or West,
We love our own State Normal best;
Out on the campus it doth stand,
The joy and pride of all the land.
Hail! Normal, Hail! Hail! Normal, Hail!*

*Of Bellingham it is the star
The students come from near and far,
They come the youthful mind to store,
With ancient and with modern lore.
Hail! Normal, Hail! Hail! Normal, Hail!*

*The teachers too, a goodly band,
As brave as any in the land,
Led by their chief thru toil and strife,
To nobler and to higher life.
Hail! Normal, Hail! Hail! Normal, Hail!*

*Long may it live! Long may it stand!
The pride and joy of all the land.
May it bring honor and renown
To Bellingham, most famous town!
Hail! Normal, Hail! Hail! Normal, Hail!*

—J. Mackness.



Normal, 31; College of Puget Sound, 24.

On November twenty-fourth, Normal rung up another game on the credit side of her register of victories. The College of Puget Sound was favored to ring up a defeat. It was an excellent game and a great victory. The Tacoma aggregation had won an enviable reputation by bagging victories from some of the best amateurs in the State, so came up with reasonable confidence of success. Normal remembered such Herculean feats as the victory over Van Wyck, and Vancouver Ex. Normal, so had to expend all their energies to live up to their reputation. It was also an important event in the Non-Conference Championship series, consequently was hotly contested.

The game was unusually fast and somewhat rough. The Tacoma boys were expert basket-tossers, seldom missing a possible shot, but the beauty of it was possible shots were rare visitors. Kelley was as tenacious as ever, and clung to his man as though he was the last hope. Aitken did some superb guarding and also shot two baskets early in the first half. Rockey was the stellar attraction, when it came to annexing points. He added seven stars to his crown, and fourteen points to the scoreboard in the first half. Swartz shot three baskets. Odle did very creditable work at center, inasmuch as his opponent was allowed to do so little. Geisey, the opposing center, was the hub of the Tacoma wheel. He went through space like a piece of lubricated lightning, but, due to admirable offensive work, his efforts were of little avail. Kelley was a little too ambitious, in his efforts to keep Geisey's head under water, and was fouled so often that Coach Carver took him off the floor. Anstett was substituted, and did great credit to himself and the team. Cochran refereed. There were no serious complaints, but the unusual number of fouls called injured the game from a spectator's point of view. There was a record crowd out to see the game, and everyone was satisfied.

The line-up was as follows:

Normal—Swartz, Rockey, forwards; Odle, center; Kelley, Aitken, guards; Anstett, Gwin, substitutes.

C. P. S.—Grandland, Curtiss, forwards; Geisey, center; Hodges, Harawalt, guards; Todd, sub.

The preliminary game between the Normal High and the Normal "Second" team, was very interesting. The rivalry was very intense for teams belonging to the same school, so the game was strenuous. It was not without its rough spots; nor was it without its comedy. Some of those fellows can murder more time tying a shoe-string, than anyone I ever saw. It takes some people a long time to regain their "wind" after they once lose it, though.

Wold and Reid did good work for the High School, both offensive and defensive; Bill Evans was the second team's star performer. The final score was 35 to 15 in favor of the High School.

Normal, 27; High School, 21.

One of the most important games of the season was played March second, in the Bellingham Y. M. C. A. gym. Bellingham Normal and the B. H. School were the contenders in one of the fastest games of the year. The duel was witnessed by the largest crowd of citizens ever turned loose at a city game. The ranks were swelled by both Normal and High School enthusiasts, and also the neutrals, or those who didn't care who won. The Normal team was on a strange floor, so did not do as well as they should. Cochran refereed, and, if calling fouls is good refereeing, he certainly did good work. Individual ability and teamwork both received their quietus. Every time anything fast was started the infernal whistle blew, and progress was stopped. The best we could do under adverse circumstances, as 27 points. The H. S. scored only 21. The Normal line-up was as usual.

The line-up of the High School was: Miller and Sandberg, forwards; Ford and Ford, guards; M. Rockey, center.

March sixth marks the date of the return game with C. P. S., at Tacoma. On that date, our team, composed of Swartz, Rockey, Odle, Aitken, Kelley and Gwin, ventured down to give their opponents an opportunity for revenge. They accepted it in fine style too. Normal was vanquished to the tune of 14 to 31. Our men played a good consistent game most of the time, but Odle lacked his usual vim. Geisey, the opposing center, accumulated twelve points in the first half and four in the second. Kelley, for our team, made three field goals, and Swartz and Aitken made one each. There was not near so many fouls in evidence during this game as at the contest in our home gym. Mills, as referee, did good work. The final score stood 14 to 31 in favor of C. P. S.

Normal, 29; Y. M. C. A., 40.

The last game of the season was played on the Normal floor

with the Bellingham Y. M. C. A. team, Friday, March twelfth. The Y. M. C. A. team had demonstrated its superiority over the best teams in the state by victory after victory. They were decidedly in the professional class, but we played them anyway, and held them down to the remarkably low score of 29 to 40. The score was in their favor, but it was no walk-away.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The Kline Cup games are over and the Juniors are now in possession of that much-coveted trophy.

On March eighth, the Seniors played the Freshman and defeated them with a score of fifty-one to eight.

This game left the contest entirely to the Juniors and Seniors, and on the eve of March thirteenth, these hitherto undefeated teams met in the decisive conflict.

The Junior line-up was as follows:

Scalley, Hallock, forwards; Imboden, center; Riley, Turple, guards.

The Seniors: Green, Bucklin, Wallace, forwards; Berggren, center; Nordeen, Dellinger, guards.

The game was exciting from start to finish, and at the end of the first half the Juniors had a score of 13 to 8.

In the second half, both teams played their very hardest, but the Juniors were superior, and the final score was 20 to 8.

The basketball season has been a good one this year, and

it is to be hoped that more girls will "turn out" next year and that Girls' basketball will be even more popular.

Much of the success of the teams is due to the efforts of Miss Nickerson, and to Mr. Sonner and Mr. Arthur Smith, the Junior and Senior coaches.



Goldenrod, Wayne Normal, Neb. (Feb.)—Your Freshman number is interesting, and we feel sure the other classes must work hard in order to come up to the high standard you have set them.

Kodak, Everett High (Feb.)—We are glad to welcome again the Kodak, and hope it will come regularly hereafter. You have some good work in your literary department. The class and department notes are interesting, and "Ye Schoole Gossype" is cleverly written.

Scout, Park Region College, Minn. (Feb.)—This is an excellent number. The editorials are, as always, very good, and the literary department is above the average this month.

Whims, Broadway High, Seattle (Feb.)—This is the "Washington Beautiful" Issue, and contains beautiful photographs of our State. The stories and poems are very good, and the spasms department full of smiles. We are disappointed in your exchange column.

The Daleville Leader, Daleville College, Va. (Feb.)—Your paper contains some good work this month. Each department is well and thoughtfully written. Again we suggest some jokes to bring the smiles to your otherwise good paper.

Monmal, Montana S. N. (Feb.)—We are glad to see an exchange column this month, but the joke department is still lacking. We also suggest department headings. Your articles are short and interestingly written.

Wa-Wa, Port Townsend High (Feb.)—The literary department is excellent, and the news items entertainingly written.

A few more joshes would improve your paper. Where is your exchange column?

Normal Student, Warrensburg, Mo. (March)—This is a very excellent newspaper. "Pee Dee Qus" is clever. Why not have a regular joke column?

Northern Illinois, De Kalb S. N. (Feb.)—Again you begin your book with a delightful poem, "The Elm in Winter." We enjoy reading your entertainingly written articles. We suggest a good story or two for your literary department.

Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane (Feb.)—Your monthly contains splendid stories and poems. We congratulate you on a first-class High School paper.

The Comet, W. D. H. S. Milwaukee (March)—"And the last is the best of all"—that means you, *Comet*. A very attractive cover heads your Dramatic number. "Courage" is well worth reading. You can well be proud of your alumni. The whole issue is, as usual, just splendid.

The Bulletin, Central S. N. S., Michigan (March)—Your paper is indeed an excellent bulletin of the news and interesting happenings of your school. You print some very good jokes too, tucked in small spaces and so brightening up your articles.

Tahoma, Tacoma High School (March)—An excellent magazine is the Spring issue, *Tahoma*. You have some good short stories and some good original jingles. Surely, though, a paper of your class should have a much better exchange column.

The Royal Purple (2 numbers, March) Whitewater, Wis. Normal—These papers possess reporters who know how to write news in a form attractive and interesting to the public. Their "Original Spice" is excellent.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US.

Goldenrod, Wayne State Normal, Neb.—The Messenger is certainly an interesting paper. Your literary notes are especially good and show a live spirit in the societies. The joke section shows much originality.

Monnal, Montana State Normal—We like the size and quality of The Messenger. We suggest a table of contents.



SPRING.

*A whisper on the heath I hear,
And blossoms deck the waking wood;
Ah, surely now the virgin year
Is in her blushing maidenhood.*

—Watson.



Bunny Welch (Philo meeting)—“I move that the members of this Club be requested to remove about ten packages of gum from their mouths.

H. Heath (a guilty member)—“Perhaps Miss Welch would like me to divide with her.”

Bunny—“No, thank you; I’m not a socialist.”



Miss Baxter—“Last Summer, while out cruising on the Bay, I had *some* experience. Even now, I like to sit down and bring them all up again.”



Mr. Bonser (coming from Sociology Class)—“Gee! I’d like Sociology if we studied about polygamy and monogamy all the time. I know something about that.”



New Junior Girl—“Doesn’t Mr. Bond screw his face up funny? But all great people have something the matter with them.”



Miss Worden (after arising an hour too early)—“I didn’t go to sleep again for fear of waking the family.”



M. Steele—“Have you saw my grammar?”

E. Lichty—“No, but I hear it.”

Shopper (to the clerk)—“I would like some powder.”

Clerk—“Mennen’s?”

Shopper—“No, Vimmen’s.”



Notice, To Class and Club Organizations.

I hereby wish to announce to the general public that I am not in the moving picture business. The school organizations will, in the future, confer with the Selig Picture Co., in regard to *Klipsun* material. (Signed) LOUIS MAGLAUGHLIN.



Miss Baxter (taking the roll)—“I see a few absent people.”



Student (studying *Paradist Lost*)—“What is the place, ‘Limbo?’”

Miss Neitz—“Why, that is the ‘Fool’s Paradise.’”

Miss Britton—“Just where is that, Miss Neitz?”



Miss Worden (calling roll)—“Strange names we come across, such as ‘Merry Christmas Day.’”

Elva Nuttall (suddenly enthused)—“Yes, and I had a ‘Pearl Button’ in school once.”



One of the girls at the Philo-Thespian party was looking for a corresponding number among the boys. After asking A. Hennes twice, she went to Miss Jensen and said, “Do you know where the corresponding number to this is? I have asked everyone, including the two Mr. Hennes’s?”

To the amusement of Miss Jensen, only one Hennes was there!



Mr. Baxter (R. S. Methods)—“You cannot add dogs and cats.”

Mr. Griffin—“Can’t you reduce unlikely things to like things and add them?”

Mr. B.—“Yes.”

Mr. G.—Then reduce cats and dogs to animals and add them.”



Miss Sperry’s outline system in Story-Telling has been successful! The Joke Editor appreciates the forethought which led a contributor to outline the following joke:

Time: March 8th, 9th and 10th, 1915.

Place: History Class.

Persons: Mr. Uddenberg, Marjorie Franks, Miss Worden, Class.

Happenings: March 8, Mr. Uddenberg sat behind Miss Franks.

March 9, Mr. Uddenburg sat in the same row as Miss Franks.

March 10, Mr. Uddenberg sat behind Miss Franks.

Conversation: Miss Worden—"I see Mr. Uddenberg has returned to his old seat. Marjorie, you couldn't have been very cordial to him."

Marjorie (sweetly)—"Why, I tried to be."

Miss W.—"No doubt about that."

Climax: Mr. Uddenberg didn't move again.

Conclusion: To be printed next month.



Mr. Bever (Rural Soc.)—"What were we going to discuss to-day?"

E. N. (waving her hand)—"Has Mr. Van Pelt got the mumps?"



Mr. Epley (Agriculture)—"I see that there are some people chewing their cuds. Let's defer that until we take up the study of cows."



Pauline Paulson (P. C. Methods)—

"One—stand on toes."

"Two—upward raise."

"Three—Turn up 180°"



Miss Edens (Eng. VI.)—"How many found the Seven Deadly Sins?"

Miss Calori waves hand.

Miss Edens—"Where did you find them?"

Miss Calori—"Oh, I just knew them."



Mr. Sanden (Psy. II.)—"I prefer to speak on an empty stomach."



The Lark.

Miss Neitz—"What is the first thing the happy man does in the morning?"

L. M.—"Gets up and hears the bird sing."

Miss N.—“What bird does he hear?”

L. M.—“The rooster.”



What the Public Did Not Hear in “Elijah.”

Nimmy Platt—“Say, Mrs. Thatcher, Lemon and I want to sit in the front row.”

Miss Daley—“Look at Miss Worden and the rest of those kids.” (This includes Miss Baxter.)

Mrs. Thatcher—“Mr. Harter, will you please sing ‘For Evermore’ ”?

Mrs. Thatcher—“Everybody stand on Page 84.”

Don’t jump at conclusions! The paints Mary Schuchart lost were used in painting the stage scenery for Elijah.



Miss B. (R. S. Methods)—“I think practical problems in Arithmetic would be studying the Parcel Post rates.”

Mr. Hulse—“Yes, and that would afford an excellent opportunity to play Post Office.”



Miss Hogel—“I want this child’s play stopped. It does not become a person who expects to go out as a teacher.”

Forrest Beck—“It does not become future teachers to paint, either.”



A Senior committee has been appointed to solicit funds for the purchase of a W-E-L-C-O-M-E sign, to place at the entrance of their private burying ground. Juniors are contributing very liberally. This graveyard is a very unique affair, and in the name of Charity, deserves all the support that the Juniors can give it. Following is one of the epitaphs, carved on a board at the head of a grave:

*“Beneath this sod, unmarked by stone,
A Senior lies, with head of bone;
In mysteries of ‘Psych.’ he used to delve
From eight at night to half past twelve.
But alas. alack! oh, horrid fate!
Nothing was able to penetrate
The ivory walls composing his skull
And the Faculty thought him very dull.
To escape the Juniors and worldly care
To the cafeteria he did repair
Ate some ‘junk’ he couldn’t digest,
So here he lies in peaceful rest.”*

GLEANINGS FROM DRAWING EXAMS.

- I. Perspective is drawing objects to a vanishing point.
- II. Best representation is what you use when you look down the street.
- III. The level of the eye goes up as she passes away.
- IV. Parallel retiring horizontal lines appear to meet at the vanishing point.
- V. If an object is not retreating it appears as a straight line.
- VI. All vertical horizontal lines appear to meet at the level of the eye.
- VII. Classification of colors: Shallow, deep, weak, strong.
- VIII. An *upright* sphere is represented by a circle.

*Have You Heard About Our Sportsmen?*

W. Bonser went fishing last week and sat all day with bated breath but never caught a thing.

Mr. Utike went over to Lummi reservation hunting. He shot at a pheasant, but hit a pig forty rods to the left. Albert didn't tell this; the pig squealed on him.

But the best of all luck was when J. H. Leach went fishing with a tennis net and caught a fowl (fowl).



Heard in the Domestic Science Room—"Shut the door so the gas won't go out."



Some points to be sure of before Teachers' Exams. in May:

1. How do you find the square of a crazy quilt?
2. Is Carlyle's "Essay on Burns" of any medical value.
3. Do the fruits of labor grow on trees?
4. Do South American dogs have a peruvian bark?
5. What kind of music can be played by a wrist-band?



*The western breeze is springing up, the ships are in the bay,
And Spring has brought a happy change as Winter melts away,
No more in stall or fire the herd of plowman finds delight;
No longer with the biting frosts the open fields are white.*

—In the Springtime, Field.

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by Appointment.

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WASHINGTON

FOR YOUR APPLICATION PHOTOS
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We carry a full line of "Educational Monographs,"
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Please look them over.

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Time to begin figuring
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that you delayed get-
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REMEMBER—

You pay only for the
range. We run the
service pipes, deliver
and install the range
and connect meter.



PUGET SOUND TRACTION, LIGHT & POWER CO.

Vergens Violet Glycerine Toilet Soap
HIGHLY PERFUMED

Per box of 3 Cakes 25c

Wilson-Nobles-Barr Co.
HOLLY STREET

Hotel Leopold

200 Rooms, European, 100 Baths, \$1.00 and Up

**DININGROOM SERVICE THE BEST AND MOST REAS-
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Our 40c Luncheons and 50c Five-Course Dinners are all
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Give Yourself a Treat Now and Then

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ESTABLISHED 1889

1728-1738 Ellis Street Phones: Main 126

WE DO ROUGH DRY WASHING

We have a strictly hand work department.
Our bleaching which is harmless to your linen is
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WE ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

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BELLINGHAM NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Seattle Office,..... 614 First Avenue
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THE REMAINING NUMBER OF THE

Normal School Lecture Course

FOR 1914-15

April 6.—Lecture by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "A
Wider Industrial Field for Women."



Admission 50c, Auditorium

We have the largest and most
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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Double Daily Steamer Service to

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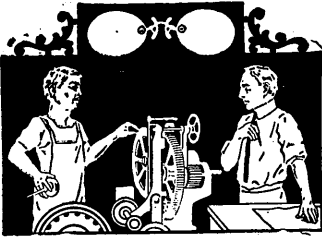
10:00 A. M. ————— 9:00 P. M.

DAILY STEAMER TO PORT TOWNSEND

C. V. LA FARGE, Agent

CITIZENS' DOCK

Phone 992



BROKE YOUR GLASSES?

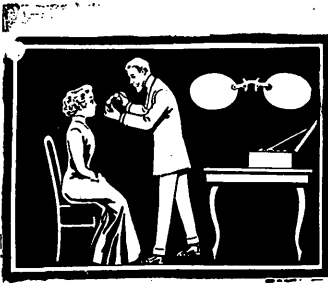
We can make you new ones while you wait. No lens too complicated for us to make.



Headaches caused by eye-strain cannot be cured by medicine.

If you suffer from headaches, consult us at once.

Our iron-bound guarantee is as good as a government bond that we can give you relief.



PARTICULAR WORK

is possible only when every implement used is perfect. Perfection in eyeglasses can be had in but one way. The eyes must be examined by an Optometrist and the glasses adjusted by a skilled Optician. We give you this double service at the cost of the glasses—as low as \$2.00.



YEE HEADACHES

Many people suffer from headaches caused by Eye Defects. You may see all right, your eyes may not pain you, yet, because of a something lacking which properly adjusted glasses alone can supply, you continue to suffer. We will tell you whether your eyes are defective or not, and if they do need glasses.

We Can Fit the Proper Ones.

Our prices are very reasonable, and we guarantee satisfaction.

WILBER GIBBS

Bellingham National Bank Building

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If you knew what the people know
who are wearing glasses fitted
by Woll, you would have him fit
your glasses too. Exclusive
Optometrist & Optician. 205 W.
Holly.

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THE DRY SHAMPOO, MAKES THE HAIR SOFT AND
FLUFFY

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX

For Sale by

ENGBERG PHARMACY

DO YOURSELF JUSTICE

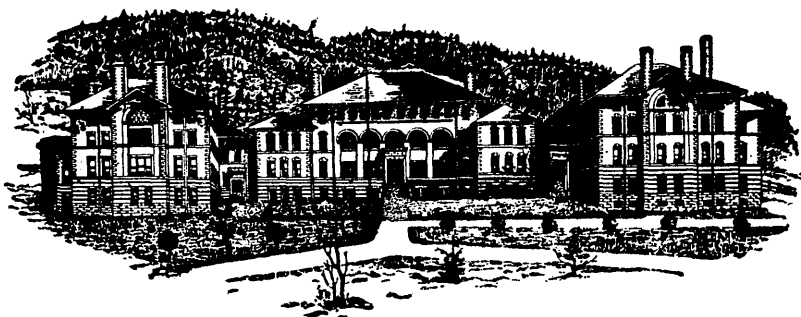
with the Schoolboards, by sending nothing but a
First-Class, Well-Finished Photograph with your
application. Cheap, poor work gives wrong im-
pressions of the sender.



Follow the crowd, where nothing but the BEST
is to be had, to the

BROWN STUDIO

CORNER ELK AND HOLLY



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Bellingham, Washington

SUMMER SESSION OF 1915

**Eight Weeks' Term Opens on Monday,
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**Enlarged Faculty will direct the
work.**

**Entire Laboratory and Shop Equip-
ment Available to Students.**

**All Grades of the Training School
Open for Practical Teaching.**

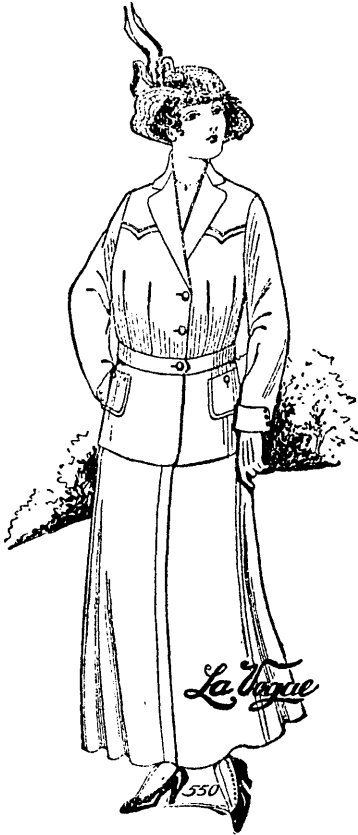
**Full Particulars in the March Bul-
letin; send for a Copy.**

G. W. NASH, Principal

Read the Special Offer to Students and Teachers

J. B. WAHL

OPENING UP THE NEW SPRING THINGS FOR MISSES AND GIRLS



\$3.00 SILK PETTICOATS, \$1.98

Good quality fresh Messaline, with tucked and plaited flounce, double sewn welt seams, cut with ample fullness, in order to meet the demand for wider skirts; can be had in all the good spring colors, Rose, Belgium, Royal and Navy Blue, Emerald, Gray, Sand Black and White.

If you have an eye for correctness in your individual appearance, you will certainly want to see these very smart new Spring Coats, Suits and Dresses, fresh from the best makers in the land.

Supplementing the display of apparel are fresh, new goods, in all departments—it would be a task to point out tone as more deserving, for each vies in interest with the other.

Ample stocks from the best standard lines are found here. This is a partial list:

“Kayser’s” Silk and other fabric Gloves.

“Fowne’s,” “Dent’s” and “Es-kay” Kid Gloves.

“Phoenix,” “Onyx” and “Kayser’s” Silk and Lisle Hosiery.

“Carter’s,” “Springfield” and Merode Underwear.

“Henderson,” “La Princesse,” and Bien Jolie Corsets.

“De Bevois” and “Bien Jolie” Brassiers.

“Ferris” Waists for Women, Misses and Children.

“Modern Make” House Dresses and Middies.

“Dorothy Dodd” Shoes for women and growing girls.

“Mark Cross” Landon Leather Goods.

“Crane’s” Box Stationery.

“Wirthmor” and “Welworth” Blouses.

TO TEST THE MESSENGER'S VALUE AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR US—

A special discount of 10 per cent will be allowed to students and teachers during all of the month of April, if you will mention The Messenger.

This is a test case and good only until May 1, 1915.

J. B. WAHL.