

The MESSENGER



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

Vol. XV.

APRIL, 1916

No. 7

It Serves You Right



*Gas fuel gives perfect service.
Uniform temperatures mean un-
iform results.*

*Special reductions this month.
Come.*

PUGET SOUND TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER CO.

ENGBERG'S

Cor. Elk and Holly

Graduate Prescription Chemist



Only Analytical Prescriptionist
in Bellingham

Phone 224

Free Delivery

Montague and McHugh

The New Spring Merchandise
Arriving Daily.

Ready-to-Wear Silks, Woolens, Dry Goods,
Shoes and Men's Furnishings



10% Discount to Normal Students.

It's Catching

The habit of getting your Ice Cream and
Confections at



THE
Cave

105 West Holly St.



Clothing, Hats, Furnishing Goods for Men, Young Men and Boys. . . .

Battersby Bros.

—ALWAYS RELIABLE—

Climb the Normal Hills
in a pair of our
ENGLISH WALKING SHOES

RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

Black \$3.50 Tan \$4 00

Usual Discount to Normal Students

"A person with an education like this is very scarce."—A Junior.

FOR YOUR PICNIC LUNCHES

WE HAVE

RIPE AND STUFFED OLIVES, PIMENTO CHEESE, FULL CREAM CHEESE, PICKLES, PINEAPPLE, CANNED MEATS OF ALL KINDS, ORANGES, BANANAS, APPLES, PEANUT BUTTER, PRESERVES, NUTS, COOKIES, CRAX, DATES, FIGS AND CANDIES.

FOR YOUR CLUB MIXERS
LET US SUPPLY YOU WITH ICE CREAM AND COOKIES.

NORMAL GROCERY

Phone 1041

700 Cedar St.

We are Jewelers to the
Normal Students

Waterman and Parker Fountain
Pens

Muller
AND
Asplund

Mfg. Jewelers.

Next to First National Bank.

10% Discount on Mdse to
students.

PHONE 228

SALLY'S BEST



QUALITY SERVICE

IF NOT-WHY NOT?

Refined and Freshly Ground.
Bellingham Tea and Coffee
BELLINGHAM Exchange. WASHINGTON

"You do not speak to him?"
"No," replied the scholarly girl. "When I passed him I gave him the geological survey."
"The geological survey!"
"Yes. What is commonly known as the stony stare."

S. B. Irish Co.

—Publisher of—

THE NORMAL MESSENGER

PRINTING AND
ENGRAVING

Artistic Book and
Job Printing



1311 R. R. Ave.

FERNS

PALMS

THE LEADING
FLORISTS

Quality Flowers

Horst's
Floral
Shops

Phone 386

Cor. Elk and Holly 1256 Elk

Four

Spring Garments

of the better kind at

—*—
Lobe's
READY-TO-WEAR

They cost no more

When Shopping
Mention
The
Messenger

Fond mother: "What are you studying now?"

Son: "We have taken up the subject of molecules."

Fond mother: "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly. I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."—Ex.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

Clothes for Men
and Young Men

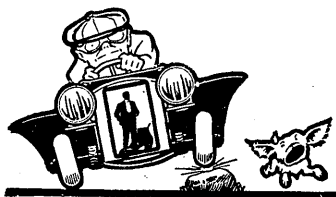
Qualities \$18 to \$35

Clothcraft all Wool
\$12 to \$18

—*—
Gage-Dodson Co.

SPEED UP

Get in line for your
"Easter Footwear" a pair
of Walk-Over Shoes.



Coming Right Along

Walk-Over Boot Shop
213 East Holly St.

WHERE QUALITY MEETS QUANTITY

BELLINGHAM FLORAL EXCHANGE

We grow our own flowers and employ expert designers. Corsages and table decoration a specialty.

Display and Sales Rooms
102 W. Holly

Phone
288

Greenhouse and Gardens
2000 Kentucky

"Why do you sign your name 'J. John B. B. B. Bronson'?" asked Hawkins.
"Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

Juniors

Our big rush of Senior work is almost over. We can now take care of your orders—Come right along. Our first class work will help to secure your position as teachers.

Brown Studio

Cor. Elk and Holly Sts.
Sunset Blk.

Buy Your Tennis

Rackets and Balls

of

E. T. Mathes Book
CO.



ANALGESIA

The new method by which we treat, fill, crown or extract your teeth **ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT** pain. This is a recent discovery and is guaranteed. We use it in all our work. We allow a 15 per cent discount to Normal Students.

NEW YORK DENTISTS, INC.

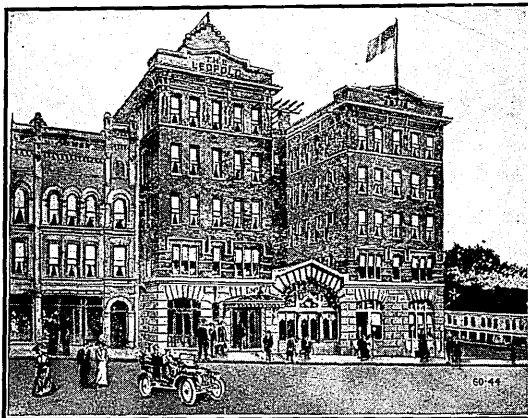
DR. W. G. LONGWOOD, Mgr.

Bellingham National Bank Bldg



308,213 Ford cars were sold last year. They serve everybody, please everybody, save money for everybody by reliable service, economical operation and maintenance.

Runabout \$443.25; Touring Car \$493.25 f. o. b. Bellingham.
DIEHL & SIMPSON CO. Dock and Champion Sts.



LEOPOLD GRILL

Food Prepared Amidst Sanitary Surroundings, Superior Service. Moderate Prices.

MERCHANTS' LUNCHEON
 Every Week Day from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., 40c.

We serve a Five Course Dinner every evening from 5 to 8 for 50c, Six Courses Sundays for 75c.

Telephone 3790 for Table Reservations

KEEP THE PEACE

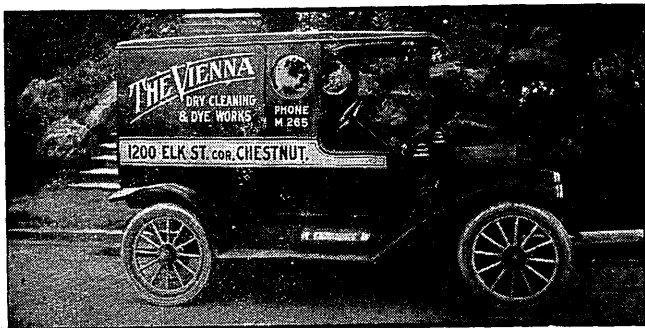
and keep good time. One is just as important as the other.

BEING ON TIME

always brings its own reward; but you can't keep good time if your watch is in poor repair.

WE MAKE EVERY THING RUN THAT HAS WHEELS.

GEO. E. LUDWIG, Watch Expert—Diamond Setter
 Alaska Bldg.



GARMENTS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

GOODS DELIVERED ON HANGERS NO WRINKLES

"NOTHING UNDER THE SUN" Better than



Phone 180

SUN DRUG CO.

Elk and Holly



The
Bellingham National Bank

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

CAPITAL	\$200,000.00
SURPLUS	\$275,000.00

VICTOR A. ROEDER, PRESIDENT
 WM. MCCUSH, VICE PRES. F. F. HANDSCHY, CASHIER
 H. P. JUKES E. P. SANFORD E. D. BATES
 ASSISTANT CASHIERS

DA new building, the best equipment, an able and experienced staff of officers and employees. These are some of the things that enable us to give excellent service to customers and correspondents. We are thoroughly familiar with investment opportunities in this prosperous region and cordially invite correspondence in regard to them.

"Did you ever hear of the blind carpenter who picked up a hammer and saw?"

For Your LIFE INSURANCE
Use PASTUERIZED MILK
PHONE 46-48
ROYAL DAIRY Co.

J—"Your face would cook coffee.
 R—"Well, yours would settle it."

—Ex.

PACIFIC STEAM LAUNDRY

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
 made by electricity

WE ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

J. B. WAHL

Your Easter Suit
and Bonnet

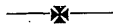
In this display you will find the most delightful portrayal of those rare inspirations that grace the shops of foreign leaders of fashion and adaptations quite within the price that make the smartest style possible to all.

Suits \$15.00 and upwards

Hats \$5.00 and upwards

We can furnish anything in Women's and Misses' Apparel
and Furnishings

PRINTING
BOOKBINDING
STATIONERY



UNION PRINTING, BINDING
and STATIONERY COMPANY

Largest in the Northwest

1211 ELK STREET

Table of Contents

<i>Staff</i>	-	-	-	-	-	10
<i>Literary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	11
<i>Editorial</i>	-	-	-	-	-	20
<i>Calendar</i>	-	-	-	-	-	21
<i>Auditorium</i>	-	-	-	-	-	23
<i>Library</i>	-	-	-	-	-	27
<i>Class Notes</i>	-	-	-	-	-	29
<i>High School</i>	-	-	-	-	-	32
<i>Organizations</i>	-	-	-	-	-	33
<i>Athletics</i>	-	-	-	-	-	43
<i>Alumni</i>	-	-	-	-	-	49
<i>Exchange</i>	-	-	-	-	-	51
<i>Jokes</i>	-	-	-	-	-	52



Messenger Staff

Editor-in-Chief	- - - -	Ruth E. Conner
Associate Editor	- - - -	Maude Carfield
Calendar	- - - -	Pauline Von Lossow
Literary	- - - -	Louise E. Buchanan
Jokes	- - - -	Alice Paulsen
Auditorium	- - - -	Maude Carfield
Society	- - - -	Virginia Mathes
Girls' Athletics	- - - -	Kathleen Skalley
Boys' Athletics	- - - -	Delbert P. Hennes
Alumni	- - - -	Helen Fell
Faculty Advisor	- - - -	Mary C. Bowen
Business Manager	- - - -	William T. Follis
Circulation Manager	- - - -	Delbert P. Hennes

TERMS—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
Entered December 21, 1902, at Bellingham, Washington, as second
class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Have you a Student Song Book?

LITERARY



HIS LOST YOUTH

JACK TRAFFORD danced a double shuffle on the stone threshold of an imposing looking institution, waved his diploma exultantly in the air and shouted, "Thank goodness, I'm educated."

Such is young America's veneration for the institutions of learning. As he stood there one was impressed first of all with boyish youth and laughing eyes that had seen so many good times and so few hardships—the mouth that seemed to break into a smile so easily. The appearance was altogether manly and he had received at least enough good looks to keep him far from humiliation on such an account. His person seemed to be pervaded with the very joy of existence and by merely looking at him, one almost felt younger and at better terms with the world.

As a Freshman he had entered High School in the knickerbockers and checkered cap stage and was immediately impressed with his utter unimportance by such heartless remarks as "Well, pipe little sonny with his spotted cage!" and "Look what they let in here!" or "Pipe the verdant!" and any number of such cutting ejaculations.

From that minute he hated school with all his might and as the years toiled on his hatred only increased. He hated the idea of having to go to school every day, rain or shine, whether he wanted to or not—he hated his lessons—he hated his teach-

ers and the more he was able to annoy them the less tedious was his existence. But "every cloud—" and his silver lining appeared in the person of a little girl who sat in front of him and who inconveniently wore a bright red ribbon on her hair. Not that the color was inconvenient, he rather liked that—but she had the habit of flipping her braid over her shoulder and the big red bow was sure to brush his indignant countenance. As this usually brought forth smothered whisperings and suppressed giggling, even this had its advantage. But how he hated the drudging toil of his lessons, or of not getting them and of finding that he had grown drowsy by watching the clock jump from one minute to the next, and how he hated to be disagreeably disturbed by "Jack, what was the date of the battle of Marathon?" He would scarcely have been able to tolerate it if he hadn't been looking forward to the walk home with her.

As a Sophomore he was utterly disgusted with life. She had gone to another school to study for a year and henceforth girls were, to him, a vast indefinite quantity. He went in for athletics and succeeded in making sub on the third team. How he loved it and how he longed for the day when he would be playing full on the first team and people would say: "See that fellow? Best player we have. Team couldn't get along

without him!" He loved it because he put his whole heart and soul into it. He virtually ate, talked and dreamed football. But then, same old trouble. Football demanded credits, and credits demanded study and that he absolutely detested and refused to do. He was becoming popular with the fellows and one day he unintentionally heard an older girl remark, "Good looking! Well! I should say he is! Too bad he dislikes girls so!" He had tried to forget that remark but it clung to him and that one little phrase repeated itself: "Too bad he dislikes girls so." He did dislike girls, he always had—or at least nearly always had—and he resolved that he always would. Little did he think then how this little resolution would return to mock him in after-life.

At the end of the next summer she came home again. Coming out of a class room one morning he met her unexpectedly, face to face. There was no way to avoid it. He simply fixed his eyes on his plentiful feet and calmly sailed past.

"Please, have you forgotten me? Have I changed that much?"

He turned to confront the most startlingly pretty girl he had ever seen in his life and at that instant all his ideas and resolutions were shattered and lost forever. She had changed! Instead of the chubby little girl of the braids, here was this tall, slender young lady, dignified and self possessed. He was conscious of mumbling some inane remark about his not being able to forget so easily and that, of course, he thought she would be the one to forget. Now he became immersed in an entirely different line of pleasure—canoeing and tennis. He imagined that he had a monopoly on paradise and he knew of no fellow in the world who was as lucky as he.

But after all, the Senior year is the sweetest. The realization that

all the good times must end in a few brief months—that all the best friends out of your life, makes the scampering hours dearer than ever and every minute drained to its utmost. He surely had to finish this year. He couldn't idle away another year where there was an entirely new and unexpected world lying open to him, waiting for him to come and earn a livelihood in it. And so now the old life was all over. He was glad. There he stood on the threshold of an institution dear to him because of his old associates and good times. Again he danced a jig for pure joy. This new life would not be filled with tedious hours of study, uninteresting hours of recitation and weary hours of ennui. In this new life every day would be different, interesting and exciting. Of course there would be hard work, but he was young and strong and at least it would be a much broader life. And some day after he had made his fortune he would come back—but never mind. You can guess why if you are young and romantic.

The hour was approaching midnight. The dining room of the most fashionable hotel in the city was seemingly deserted. The light was turned low but the snowy cover of a long banquet table, covered with flowers, napkins, and half-filled glasses, was dimly discernible. If a closer inspection was taken one would have seen that everything was worked out in a color scheme of gold and blue, even to the center piece of chrysanthemums which formed the outline of a "Class of Ninety-one" in yellow splendor. Only the banquet of some old class reunion, one remarks, but looking close, here at the head of the table is seen an old man with a yellow and blue flower in the button hole of his immaculate evening frock coat, lingering here after his classmates have gone. Even through the half gloom may be seen the lines

around his eyes and mouth, but his eyes are aglow with the fire of his old days and the dreams of his lost youth. He is comparing these last years of worry and cares with those when there were pleasant strolls with fair maidens when the day's grind was over. During these years there was no maiden; for life is not

always a funny tale and often the prince returns to find the princess gone and the people do not always live happily ever after.

Suddenly we see him rising to his feet and with his hand holding high his glass he drinks his last toast, "To my lost youth and to 'Her.'"

Grace Jane Salmon, '17.

QUERIES OF A CHILD.

Oh shining rain drop,—whence are
you coming?

Out of a cloud that hangs in the
sky.

Oh glancing rain-drop, whence are
you going?

To the seeds of flowers that thirst
as they lie.

Oh laughing sunbeam, whence are
you coming?

I am the love-light that shines from
God's eyes.

Oh gentle sunbeam, where are you
going?

To coax dreaming flowers to waken
and rise.

Oh warm, dewy breezes,—whence
whence are you blowing?

Out of a land where the green lin-
nets sing.

Oh whispering breezes, where are you
going?

To greet with a kiss the new
flowrets of Spring!

G. Markell.

HARRY'S WELL-EARNED BAT

SPRING was in the air. Sunshine had come to stay it seemed. Everything was whispering "Base Ball." To what normal boy does Spring mean anything else than base ball? And Harry was "boy" from the top of his fussy red hair to the sole of his tennis shoe.

All thru the long days at school, visions of base balls, bats and bright colored suits raced thru his wandering mind. For a suit he was not at all worried. Last birthday his brother had sent him one that was the pride of his heart and the envy of the other boys. He had a pretty good ball, but how he was to get a bat was what troubled him. His month's allowance was long gone and it was a long time before the next. His father had told him that as his allowance was larger than that of most of the boys, he must not spend it all at the beginning of the month and expect more. He must have a new bat and how it was to be purchased without any money was his problem. It seemed as if everyone had boys to run their errands, mow their lawns, and cut their wood.

That evening while returning from the post office he met old "Humpy Adams," slowly going towards the City Hall where it was his duty to wind the big clock. Humpy made a living for himself and his aged wife by doing little things around the town. He was the idol of the boys for the stories he told excelled those told by any one else in town. They took all their little troubles to him and he always had a remedy of some sort for them. So Harry told him his trouble and how badly he wanted to have a bat.

"I'll tell you what I'll do if you wish," said Humpy. "I am getting pretty stiff to climb those stairs to wind that clock once a week, if you

want to wind it for me, I'll make you a bat."

Harry looked at him in astonishment. To wind that clock was the secret ambition of every boy in town, and to be asked to do so for a month was almost more than he could grasp.

"Do you really mean it?" he cried.

"Yes, here is the key to the little door at the foot of the tower steps. You may take one of the boys with you, but no more."

Harry went home like the wind to tell the good news to his parents and his particular chum "Billy Burns," whom he promised to take along.

The next Saturday morning as Harry was attacking a huge wood-pile, Billy came running up and exclaimed breathlessly, "What do you think has happened? The office at the mill has been robbed of the money they had to pay off the men tomorrow and they say Humpy did it."

"Humpy? I don't believe it. Why, he wouldn't take as much as a-a-a stick of wood that didn't belong to him. No sir, Humpy did not take it. Who said so?"

"Why, they found a knife with his initials on it by the safe. Ed Harris, that new lawyer at the city hall, says he saw Humpy sweeping out the office at the mill last night and that he looked sort of uneasy when he stopped to talk to him."

"I don't care if a dozen lawyers say so, I know it isn't so. What does Humpy say?"

"He declared he was innocent and when they didn't believe him he shut up like a clam and won't say a word now."

"I don't blame him. The idea of him stealing is really funny."

"Let's go and see him. He is at home with a man watching him."

Harry gained permission and they went to see Humpy. He looked glad

to see them. "Tell us all about it," said Harry. "I know you didn't take it."

"What hurts me," said Humpy, "is that people won't believe me. I have always done what was square and now they think I would take the money."

The boys talked to him quite a while telling him everything would come out all right. As they were leaving Humpy said, "Oh Harry, here's your bat. I finished it last night."

"That sure is a beauty," said Harry. "But I don't feel like playing when you're in such trouble."

The boys went down town to hear what they could about the robbery. It was evening before Harry thought of the clock duty.

Getting Billy they hurried to the City Hall. "My, but it looks spooky here. I don't think I will wait until dark again."

They soon mounted to the tower and Harry wound the big clock.

"It looks darker and spookier down there now than it did when we came up," Billy whispered.

"It certainly does," Harry replied, grasping more tightly in his hand, the bat which he had brought with him.

They opened the tower door and were just going out into the little hall which ran to a room in the attic, where a lot of old rubbish was kept, when they heard the outer door open and footsteps coming up the stairs. Both trembled for a minute then Billy said, "Let's run."

"No," said Harry, "whoever it is has no business here. We will wait and see who it is and what they are up to."

In the dim light the figure of a man was faintly seen ascending the stairs. Both boys trembled as they crouched back against the door. The man came up to the hall and turned down it and entered the little room at the end of it.

"Now's our chance to get away without him seeing us," Billy whispered to Harry.

"No sir," said Harry, "I am going to see what's up." He was surprised at his own bravery but still kept a firm hold on the bat.

When the man had entered the room both boys tip-toed as quietly as possible to the door. Thru the crack they could see a faint gleam of light as if from a candle. Harry almost screamed when he peeked thru the crack. He held his hand over Billy's mouth to keep him still. There kneeling in a corner was the new lawyer, Ed Harris, with a bag in front of him, from which he poured a stream of money. He seemed to be sorting it.

"If he catches us he will kill us," whispered Billy, now more frightened than ever.

"But he won't catch us," answered Harry. "We will fasten this door so he can't get away, then run and get the police."

Quickly, and without caring how much noise they made they bolted the door, making it more solid with the bat and raced as fast as ever they could down the stairs regardless of broken bones. It happened that the sheriff was passing at that instant. The boys rushed up to him and both began to tell their exciting story. At first he could make nothing of it. Finally he began to comprehend that they were saying they had caught the man who had robbed the mill office and had him locked in the attic of the city hall.

"You boys aren't trying to play a joke on me, are you?" he said.

"No, no," they cried.

"Well if I find out you are it will go hard with you," he said. He quickly got three men as helpers and they entered the building. One of the men was left outside to prevent the prisoner escaping. The sheriff made the two boys go first so they

Sixteen

could not get away if found they were playing a joke.

They took the bat away from the door and looked cautiously in. They could see nothing in the dim light and were about to think they were the victims of the boys' joke, when a slight noise in the corner attracted their attention. Turning a flashlight on the spot they saw Ed Harris crouching there in terror. He had been unable to conceal the money so it was of no use for him to deny it. He confessed to having stolen all the little things which had been missed lately and was just ready to leave town when he was captured. He said he had chosen the city hall as a

hiding place for his booty because he thought it would be the last place anyone would think of looking. Then if it had been discovered people would suspect Humpy as he was the only one around that part of the building. He said he had put Humpy's knife by the safe to throw suspicion on him.

Harris was soon brought to trial and sent to the penitentiary to serve a long term. Humpy was not at all surprised when he was told he was found "not guilty." He said, "I always said I wasn't." But he never forgot who it was that had helped clear him and Harry and Billy never wanted for bats or anything else Humpy could make for them.

THE STREET

Have you ever walked the open street
And hated the ghastly thoroughfare?
Its stifling, fetid, oppressed air
Beats up into dust, and stench and
 sound,
The surging of feet that go the round
Of life to its fevered pulse and beat
Throbbing along the street, the
 street.

The long wound stretches straight up
 thru
The city's heart, unhealed and throbbing
 sobbing
'Til night when the city checks its
 sobbing
To dream dreams worse than its open
 pain
Of leaden hearts, and legs that strain
And whiten as they new terrors meet,
Chanting the song of the street, the
 street.

Have you ever pitied the open street?
Imprisoned wood-path, or wayward
 child
Of the wandering road, so gay and
 wild,
Or penitent, lingering here, incased
In paved' mail—a knight disgraced.
It sleeps and dreams of the summer
 fleet,
And longs for the open world—poor
 street. —Violet Marshall.

"THE LOST GENERAL"

"HURRY JOHN!"

'Twas the second time the order had been given; at first, the voice was low and soft,—more like a caress than a command;—now there was something hard in it,—it sounded purposeful. John lifted his head quickly in astonishment and swept his mother with a reproachful look then turned his glance once more to the top of the library table where was arranged in perfect order what was constituting the center of John's tragedy. As he gazed, the blue eyes filled with tears,—the childish mouth quivered. Before him were the results of a whole evening's labor and simply because the clock had struck nine, and nine was his accustomed bed time, he must undo all his work and tear———. John put forth his hands and lovingly touched the barricade of blocks at one end of the table. What a lovely rampart it was,—so tall—and big,—and—and strong! Then his eyes wandered over the regiment of tin-soldiers arranged in fighting order before the wall of blocks. What a splendid attack it would have been;—the general would have given the command—the men rushed forward, scaled the wall,—beat down upon the foe, and the battle would be—won!—clearly. John saw it all in his mind; then remembering the warning note in the voice that had now spoken the second time, he sighed and slowly, solemnly, began the devastation he hated.

The first block was very hard to get securely packed in its corner of the box, but once in place the rest followed more easily—and in a short time the beautiful wall was entirely demolished. How lonely the table looked without it! And must the soldier men share the same fate? John gazed long and hard at the faded blue coats, the yellow swords and gay red cockades on the three-

cornered hats. Suddenly, with a sob and little burst of anger, he swept his hand thru the ranks of small tin-men,—sending them clattering noisily to every section and corner of the room. Silence! John shot a timid glance at his mother expecting a reproach. But she sat steadily watching the fire; if she heard she heeded not the tragedy going on beside her.

Slowly John gathered up the scattered men and laid them to rest in the old shoe-box. He lifted the top to place over them then suddenly replaced it on the floor and began feverishly to count his faithful, little friends. One was gone!—there were only nineteen! Always before he had counted twenty! Tears again flooded the big blue eyes as they glanced pathetically about the floor for his missing man. Where was it—his general? His precious tin general? Gone, gone, gone! John sobbed aloud; "Mother," he cried, "I've lost a soldier-man;—I've lost my general! And I can't find him at—at———" and the little voice trailed off in a sob.

The woman by the fire turned to where the child sat, a dejected, grief-stricken little heap on the floor, bare toes just showing beneath the white pajamas. "Don't cry, dear,—come over and tell mother all about it."

John rose and pattered across the room, a little fist in each eye. She lifted him into her arms and, gently forcing the little hands down, kissed the tired, wet little lids as she pressed the small head against her breast.

"Never mind, dear, it can't be gone; it must be in the room somewhere and mother will find it in the morning when she straightens things around. He is safe, dear; God wouldn't let anything harm your lost general. Go to sleep, darling, like a man and mother will tell you a story."

Eighteen

With a sigh of relief, the little figure crept deep into the refuge of her arms like a birdling in its nest, and the weary lids dropped dreamily shut.

"Once upon a time," came the dear voice, "there was a man who lived in a little cottage high on a bluff overlooking the water. He was a very happy man, in his little home with vines creeping around it and winds sighing over it and waters lapping below it. Yes, he was too happy; for one night when the wind bent the trees double and made hills of foam out on the water and it was dark and cold,—oh very cold, a man came and took him away, far off to a strange land to fight for his people. He hated to leave his home and little family but he thought he should soon come back and so he sailed "beyond the wash of foreign seas"—to be a soldier, faithful to his country. And then a long time passed—oh such a long, weary time—but everyone in the pretty little house just kept on waiting, and waiting. At last, one day in spring when the sun made little pools of golden light on the grass beneath the cherry trees, there came a letter saying that the soldier-man was coming back to his little family and to his home where the water was so very blue, like the sky above, and the yard was scattered with white cherry blooms that lay like a shower of pale stars—on the grass. Yes, he was coming,—the soldier-man; coming home, coming home, coming home! The birds warbled it,—the water whispered it, the flowers looked it.—there was singing and laughter for the first time in many years in the little house high on the bluff—and then,—the man did not come—and they must take up again the old waiting and watching. It was hard—but because they loved him they were strong where otherwise they would have died of weariness. He had said he would come—and, some-

how, they believed that he would!

"Spring came and went and summer laughed and languished into winter and winter died and spring breathed again its rose-scent, and soft winds and smiling waters until five long years had come and passed away again. And every night the people in the little house on the bluff put a candle in the window—to guide and to beckon should he return. So, have they watched every day and every night, but the man, the lost general, has never come back—may never come back,—and they are so lonely—so lonely—so lonely——."

The little figure in her arms jerked, shivered and nestled closer. The fire was out, the room was dark and still save for the soft, regular breathing of the child. The hands that held him close were cold and numb, the lips that buried themselves quickly in the tousled curls were pale and trembling. With a quick movement she reached the trundle bed at the opposite end of the room—and deposited her precious load beneath the snowy coverlet. She bent for a moment over the crib, then, groping for a candle, found, lit it and moved toward the open window.

It was an exquisite night—pale and with a death-like brooding stillness—above, while stars crowded the darkness of the heavens. In this intense hush of all things earthly, she heard the throbbing of her own heart and into her mind stole the memory of other nights like this—only they had been happy nights, while these——. A sudden fitful wind blew out the light and, as she turned to secure a match, her foot struck something in the dark. Reaching down, her fingers closed on a smooth, cold little object,—the tin-soldier man,—the lost general! Found, found, The hot tears rushed to her eyes as she raised it to her lips and then hurried over to lay the toy where the anxious little eyes would behold it

first when they unclosed to the new day.

Candle relit, she drew back the curtains and placed it on the sill. As she did so, an eager, tremulous, little path of light fell out across silent waters,—found and touched to brighten the darkness of the hills so far beyond. Following with her eyes the thin pointing finger of light,—she beheld the new moon rising wearily to a place among the stars,—itself paler and colder than they. Would these miserable relentless nights never know an end? Would there never be cessation of her anguish? Was there no hope? How long must she wait, wait—ever thus? A white hand fluttered to her breast as if to press back the flood of rising questions. She hated herself for lack of faith; she must believe! Had she not told little John to believe? Should she be less courageous than he? She pressed the ring on her finger to her lips. Inside was written a single word, "Nomeali"—meaning "believe that it will be—and,—it will be"—she would do that; believe with all her heart, with all her soul, with all her strength—to the last!

A whiff of wind displaced a lock of hair and drove it against the

damp, white forehead. It seemed, that breeze, to have come from afar off the bosom of the water—and it bore a message—her own words to John,—redoubled in force,—masterful,—compelling,—came back to her!—

"He is safe, dear; God wouldn't let anything harm your lost soldier-man. Go to sleep, darling; we will find him in the morning."

With a sigh her head sank against the sill, her eyes wandered anxiously out over the water. A smile of timid hope faltered to the tired face as the pale lips formed the words—"in the morning!—we shall—find—him,——— in the morning!"

Suddenly the curtain fell to. There was the soft rustle of woman's garments and a figure knelt by the little low bed at the farther corner of the room. A single shaft of moonlight showed the tired face ghastly wan and pale. But there was a look about the eyes and mouth that lent it a divine radiance. It was a new look—one of ineffable tenderness and yearning; it was the look of an exquisite Faith that is born only of a great, all-suffering—Love!

—Gertrude L. Markell.



EDITORIAL

THE spring has really come, or at least so it seems, for the trees are getting green, trilliums are out and white dresses, shoes and tennis rackets are in evidence, but we have yet to catch a glimpse of one of our masculine number in a straw hat. Why?

We've been wondering if it ever would stop raining so that the baseball and track teams could turn out for practice. There has developed a more definite interest in all of the outdoor sports this year, and both boys and girls are enjoying it to the utmost.

The regular Messenger staff will end their services with this issue, and next month the Juniors under the editorship of Thomas Scarseth, take

charge. From all reports it is to be a large and very interesting number. The Juniors have the largest class ever registered in the Normal and many of their number have been regular contributors thruout the year. They have real school spirit and with the aid they can give, the May issue of the Messenger will surely be one worth reading. Adios!

Mr. Hulse, who has been gone from the school for the past nine months, is again with us, and we are glad to have him. He has been out in the interests of the students, visiting the different counties of the state, finding where there will be vacancies so that the students can be placed more satisfactorily.

THE END OF THE DAY

As the golden sun was setting
Behind the dark blue sea,
Somehow all thoughts of fretting
Fled from the shadows and me.

The day had been long and weary,
And somehow the smiles did not
dare
To come, for the world seemd dreary,
And all was sorrow and care.

I walked by the quiet seaside,
And listened to the lapping wave,
And the day that ebbed out with the
foaming tide
Took with it the joys that I crave.

Resolved that the distant tomorrow,
New pleasures would surely bring,
I dropped all my thots of sorrow
And softly began to sing.

—Beulah McCulloch.

CALENDAR

FEB. 28

Chautauqua is the subject chosen by Mr. Edson for the faculty talk.

Mrs. Thatcher tells something of Edward McDowell and his work.

FEB. 29

Seniors decide upon "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be given for the class play.

Miss Norton gives the Seniors advice as to making out applications.

MAR. 1

Dr. Blackstone, who has spent the last ten years in the Orient, tells of the commercial problems arising between the Occident and the Orient.

Junior boys defeat the Sophomores by a score of 24 to 8.

MAR. 2

Agriculture classes go on trip to Geneva.

Judge Pemberton lectures upon "The Invisible Government."

Altheians hold mock trial for breach of promise suit.

Junior girls score 12 points to the Sophomores 5 in a basketball game.

MAR. 3

Mrs. Samson makes a plea for real nature study.

Several Seniors expressed a desire to pay class dues.

Mrs. McDowell, wife of the composer, gives an illustrated concert presenting her husband's work.

Junior girls lose to Seniors by a score of 19 to 20.

Senior boys lose to Juniors, 8 to 23.

MAR. 4

Tacoma club entertains with St. Patrick's party.

Dr. Deerwester expresses willingness to build a new addition to the Normal.

MAR. 6

Dr. Nash returns from Eastern trip with his "traps."

Preliminaries to the Declamation contest held.

Ernest Gamble and his company give a most enjoyable concert.

MAR. 7

Seniors decide not to wear caps and gowns during commencement week.

Juniors have class meeting.

MAR. 8

Mr. Huen, local piano instructor, gives musical program.

MAR. 9

Normal High School five defeats the Normal second team by a score of 45 to 25.

Mr. Knapp lectures upon "A Visit to the Whaling Section."

MAR. 10

Prizes offered for stories and poems for Klipsun.

The old members of the Senior class entertain the new members with a masquerade party.

Dr. Deerwester addresses the students upon "Fundamental Honesty."

Sophomores lose to the Seniors, 10 to 27.

MAR. 13

Miss Davis tells the stories of "The Gingerbread Man" and "Three Billy Goats Gruff."

American Social Hygiene Exhibit

Buy one at the Book Store.

Twenty-Two

opens in the Chamber of Commerce rooms.

Normal five is victorious in a final game with the local Y. M. C. A.; score 46 to 26.

Professor Philippi begins taking organization pictures for the Klipsun.

MAR. 14

Seniors choose Solway Kannekberg as a representative on the Commencement program.

MAR. 15

Mrs. Thatcher arranges a musical program with Mrs. Whipple as soloist, accompanied by Mrs. Cross.

Faculty elect Ruth Conner to appear on Commencement program.

Seniors win game from Sophomores, 18 to 11.

MAR. 16

Forum club holds meeting to discuss dancing.

Cassie Cales elected president of Y. W.

Aletheians, Industrial club and Alkisiahs have St. Patrick's parties.

Mr. McHugh, editor of "The Labor World," speaks upon "Vocational Training."

Dr. Nash leaves to attend the inaugural ceremonies at the state university.

MAR. 21

Coach Carver calls for first track turnout.

Training school assignments are announced.

Normal five wins from High School team, 54 to 35.

Preliminary debate held.

MAR. 22

Mrs. Thatcher leads with new song books.

Dr. Herre goes to Pullman to be present at the inaugural ceremonies.

MAR. 23

Professor Bond addresses the students upon "Responsibility." Has found that there is no direct connection between the learning process and irritating the epidermis.

Spring vacation starts.

MAR 29

Mr. Hughes gives several selections upon the violin.

House committee inspects building during vacation.

Miss Baker, who has been away on a leave of absence, comes back to take up work.

Mr. Hulse returns from field work.

MAR. 30

Mr. Foght, of National Department of Education, lectures upon the Danish schools.

MARCH 31

Students attend Engberg concert in which Madame Jomelli appears as soloist.

Do You Recognize Her?

She is the jolliest and best English teacher that is learning to teach in the Normal school. She is medium height, wears a plaited skirt, wears a sailor middy, has brown hair and an earring. She teaches English S. P. and is well liked by the students. Thank you!

H. W.

Have you a Student Song Book?

AUDITORIUM



THE students of the Normal School were afforded the privilege of hearing a talk of unusual interest, March 1st. The speaker was Dr. Blackstone who just returned from a ten years' stay in China.

Dr. Blackstone has visited twenty-five nations and each one has felt the influence of American life, but the family of nations must become a unit. They will learn from the destiny in Europe the futility of carrying arms. "Never in the history of a country," said Dr. Blackstone, "has an armament been prepared which was not used."

But there is a greater lesson than any we can learn from Europe. The Orient is awakening with a force that will be felt everywhere. The people think in different terms, have different characteristics and a different vista of outlook. There is no one who will not feel the coming relation of the Orient and Occident. The people of the Orient are rising up; they have a spirit of pride, are getting energetic and active and are determined to rise to the standard of the western world. They have seen a new vision of life and they have cherished it and now yearn to experience it. They want a reorganization of the social standard.

The white men go to the Orient and sow seeds of discontent, tramp the people under foot, make unfair treaties and infringe on the rights of the people. These misdemeanors leave a sting in the hearts of the people and the white man will reap.

The Yellow Peril, or Color Peril, as Dr. Blackstone called it, is possible but not probable. The Orient is as a single unit from Japan to Turkey. It will rise against the whites.

Having seen the Boxer rebellion and knowing the dreadful warfare of the Orientals, Dr. Blackstone prays that it may never come. Now they are sending their young people to American colleges, are reducing the economic values that surround us and the great Oriental corporations which have grown up have natives for their office force, rather than Europeans.

With two hundred thousand spindles in the cities of China our exports are cut off. Where we used to export flour, China now has her own mills. The Orient can manufacture steel rails and compete with the United States Steel Corporation. They have a high grade pig iron which they export to San Francisco where it is bought much cheaper than American pig iron, but still brings the Chinese double the price of production. It can be bought for one-third or one-fourth the price of United States commodities.

The cheap labor of China is unbelievable. There are thousands of hands that have never touched machinery. They can be hired for ten or twelve cents a day. Skilled workmen get twenty cents a day; mechanics twenty-five cents.

The masses have received the material impression, the business organizations are taking over western methods and the governments are being reorganized according to the plan of those of the Occidental nations. But the people must have the spiritual impression. The dragon, used as an ensign for centuries has gone from

Buy one at the Book Store.

China, the pagan temples are cold and dusty. A death blow has been dealt the whole system. The priests of heathenism are so devastated as to ask to teach Christianity.

In five years China has put aside the great crime and she is the dominant nation in the Orient. She will meet the problem of foreign invasion and looks to America for help because she regards us as a great kind-hearted friend. We must do our share to prove worthy of the honor.

On March 3rd Dr. Hinson spoke to us on a subject we all know something about, but not enough. This is Life.

The Frenchman tells us of the Simple life, the man from Oyster Bay about the Strenuous life and now we will hear of the Serviceable life. The exponent of this life is Duty, or as Dr. Hinson spelled it Due-ty.

Thomas Carlisle said, "Ponder this, whence did I come, whither am I going." Add this, "Why am I here?" For duty to myself, my country, and my God.

The statement—the world owes me a living—is often made. However it should be changed to I owe the world a life.

We should help now so those who follow us will have easier walking than de did. Those who lead a serviceable life give pleasure and profit and never die as long as God lives.

Wisdom and genius are with those who see tomorrow more than with those who see yesterday for today influences the unending tomorrow.

If we lead a serviceable life we lead a Christian life.

Monday morning, March 7th, at the chapel hour the students enjoyed a review of the trip taken by Dr. Nash to the meeting of the Normal School presidents at Chicago and the N. E. A. at Detroit.

While away Dr. Nash visited the normal school at Aberdeen, South

Dakota where he and his wife were the guests of the latter's sister. He then left for Winona where he met the students and inspected the buildings. From here he went to Sparta, Wisconsin and then to Chicago where he attended the meeting of the Normal presidents and was fortunate enough to hear David Warfield and Josef Hoffman. Next he went to Detroit and there attended the N. E. A. While in this city he visited the Thomas School and the Ford works. Dr. Nash gave several talks while in the east at the various churches and branches of the Y. M. C. A. And as all easterners who have become acquainted with the west and returned for a "visit," Dr. Nash said, "I had a most enjoyable trip, but I am glad to be in Bellingham again. Never again will I feel that South Dakota is 'home,' but right here is where I feel really at home."

On March 10th Mrs. Samson of our faculty gave her talk to the students. Her subject was "A Plea for Real Nature Study."

The main thought she brought out was to get the pupils away from the idea of depending solely on text books for knowledge. Teach them to do by doing, see by seeing, and hear by hearing..

Nature study has lagged behind in the United States. In Europe it is encouraged and each child of the German Emperor has a garden—planted and taken care of by him. In this way many a lesson is well learned that could not be nearly so well taught from the mere study of texts. In France a plan for a school without a garden will not be accepted. In our country the home garden is neglected and thus a double wrong is committed for the ground is wasted and the child is robbed of a lesson due him.

Time need not be taken in school to teach nature study. The lesson

can be assigned and the child can prepare it on his way home.

Children pass through the common schools with little knowledge of birds or insects. The marshes, the vacant lots and woods are the haunts of these and every child can visit these and become acquainted with their feathered friends and through this friendship they will make better citizens.

Fundamental Honesty was the subject upon which Dr. Deerwester spoke. "Not all good things belong to the past," said Dr. Deerwester, "but we forget some things our ancestors emphasized. No one passes the stage where life's ideals are being shaped and reorganized."

Webster's definition for honesty is "Giving everyone what belongs to him"—and as the speaker said "It is a poor rule that does not work both ways."

The students should co-operate to abolish this defect. Everyone's influence is effective. It is terrible to think of one starting out in life who forgets himself so far as to take that which does not belong to him. Long after the article is worn out the person's conscience still stings.

It shatter's one's faith in humanity to have the belief forced upon you to think there are those who are dishonest.

Dr. Deerwester closed with this quotation, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

It was a splendid talk on a subject which has caused much talk in the school and everyone, we hope, left the chapel with a clean conscience and a light heart.

The Normal students were given the opportunity of hearing Mr. Hewen in a fine musical program. Mr. Hewen has recently come to this city and is a teacher as well as a pianist. His

program included works by the masters Chopin and Liebling, and was as follows:

Prelude in C Minor.....Chopin
Waltz in G Flat Minor.....Chopin
Scherzo in B Minor.....Chopin
Black Key Etude.....Chopin
Waltz de Concert.....Liebling

For encores he played "To a Water Lily," "Russian Romance" and "Flag of Victory."

A special assembly was called for March 23rd in order that Prof. Bond might give his message to the students before they left for their spring holiday. His subject was one we all should know, but that few of us practice—Responsibility.

Responsibility of the student and of the teacher was discussed in such a way that each felt as if he or she would improve and overcome this fault of shirking their part hereafter.

"If you are to serve on a committee, DO it," said Mr. Bond, "don't wait to let the other fellow do it."

There are no words strong enough to emphasize the force of Responsibility. It can be felt and shown, but not expressed.

Prof. Bond named a few of the qualities of an ideal teacher, one that he would recommend and be satisfied to have teach his children. She must be efficient in her work, love REAL children, one that can be depended upon to be on time, and neat. Here Mr. Bond gave a few words on dress. He said, "She must be well dressed. By that I do not mean that she need be a leader of fashion nor need she be fifty years behind time—just well dressed."

This was a talk full of interest and truth given to us by one who is interested in our welfare and an energetic conscientious teacher. I am sure we will all heed the advice given us and print the word Responsibility in our hearts and minds.

On March 29th a program of unusual interest was afforded the students. Mr. Hughes gave two violin selections accompanied by Miss Page. This musical program was indeed appreciated by the audience for it showed unusual ability and talent.

Next we were privileged to hear Dr. H. W. Foght of the National Bureau of Education who was inspecting the Normal for the legislative educational commission. Dr. Foght is a graduate of the famous University of Copenhagen and next summer will be a member of the faculty at America's greatest university, Columbia, in New York. Greetings from the United States bureau were extended to us and we were informed of the interest our the nation," said Dr. Foght, "but the many difficult problems confronting the nation," said r. Faght, "but the most serious one is the right preparation for teachers."

A few pages of the agricultural and educational history of Denmark were unfolded to us. There is less than 15,000 square miles of land in Denmark and it is one-fifth the size of your own state. One hundred and twenty-five years ago they had a poor system of agriculture and an indifferent system of rural schools. These two things go hand in hand. But today Denmark has the most scientific farmers and systematic rural schools in the world. The Danes have remade their land. Forests which were ruined were replanted, sand dunes tied down and the worn out land has been built up by nitrates and phosphates from Florida and the islands

of the South Pacific.

In Denmark the children need not go to the city to get the desired courses in the schools there and thus grow away from the soil. Agriculture and Home Economics are thoroughly taught in the Rural Schools and the boys and girls go out into the world, hand in hand to honor the soil which they work for a living.

Competition is unknown in Denmark. Crops that are needed and bring good prices are raised but not overdone. In Denmark today sixty-two percent of the people live in the country while twenty-five years ago one-half lived in the city.

Next to the rural schools comes the Folk High School system. Through this the old and young are helped in their education as long as they want it. It is a lecture school, not a book school, not so practical as cultural. The Danish people are as well acquainted with the works of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Dickens, Emerson and Longfellow as we are. These schools make right thinkers.

We were told of one day of school in Valakilda where two hundred and fourteen young "huskies" attend the university. They are keen and alert and can understand and enjoy the stiffest, deepest kind of a lecture. They are all well informed on the living subjects of the day in all the countries of Europe and in the United States.

The schools of Denmark blend the practical and classical and make good thinkers, good workers and good progressive citizens of the men and women.



LIBRARY

“MY ADVICE is to consult the lives of others, as he would a looking glass and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.”—Terence.

Says a modern book reviewer: “Since literature is, broadly, the written record of human life, biography, the life story of real men, lies at the core and center of literature. On one side, biography is allied to history, which is a collective biography of all men. On the other side it is related to fiction.”

Biography comes in two classes, the individual biography—that of one person, and the collective biography—the lives of numerous persons in one volume or set of volumes. These sets usually take up men and women of one class as writers, statesmen and such. Among the collective biographies are English Men of Letters, American Men of Letters, American Statesmen and Sarah Bolton collective Biographies. These probably rank among the first of the collective sets.

Among the individual biographies, the extent is so rich and varied it is difficult to select the best. We have attempted to list some of the most choice, if such a distinction is possible. True biography does more than quote statistics—it makes the character live. Better than the biography of another person are the journals and private letters of the men.

Here are the selections we have made, probably representing men from all walks of life:

Author	Title
Elizabeth Agassiz	Louis Agassiz
H. Grimm	Michael Angelo
R. Garnett	William Blake

Napoleon III	Julius Caesar
John Nichol	Thomas Carlyle
W. R. Thayer	Cavour
Washington Irving	
	Christopher Columbus
G. K. Chesterton	Charles Dickens
Emerson	Emerson's Journals
Edward Fitzgerald	
	Letters of Edward Fitzgerald
P. Fitzgerald	Memoirs of an Author
St. Frances	St. Frances of Assisi
Franklin	Autobiography
Thomas Carlyle	Frederick the Great
Edmund Gosse	Father and Son
Joseph Jefferson	Autobiography
Boswell	Life of Samuel Johnson
J. T. Morse	Abraham Lincoln
James Huncher	Franz Liszt
S. Longfellow	H. W. Longfellow
E. F. Page	
	E. MacDowell, His Life and Works
Lewis Melville	
	Life of W. M. Thackeray
W. P. Trent	John Milton
S. A. Tooley	Florence Nightingale
G. H. Palmer	Alice Freeman Palmer
F. Harrison	John Ruskin
C. L. Hind	Augustus Saint-Gandens
P. Villari	Life
	and Times of Girolamo Savonarola
John Lockhart	Sir Walter Scott
Sidney Colvin	
	Letters of R. L. Stevenson
A. Trollope	W. M. Thackeray
E. Key	Rabel Varnhagen
A. Neuman	
	Personal Recollection of Wagner
G. R. S. Taylor	Mary Wollstonecraft
Wm. Knight	
	Dorothy Wordsworth; Journals

Buy one at the Book Store.

Twenty-Eight

Notice to Teachers of 1916-17 ! !

Do you know what the Washington State Traveling Library is?

Do you know that what information you are badly in need of can be found in Washington State Bulletin No. 25?

Do you know what free material you can get for your school from the U. S. government?

Do you know how to get it?

Are you looking over the teachers' magazines while you are here and have the chance to know what to subscribe for next year?

Do you know how to establish or build up a school library?

Do you know the library laws of Washington?

Do you know how to get a box of books from Olympia for your school, by paying the freight charges, only?

Do you know how to care for books after you get them?

A boy, on returning a certain book to the library, said, "I don't want any more of them books. The girls is all too holy."

An illustration of the need of supernatural power among librarians is shown in the following:

"Dear Sir:—Please renew the book that I took out about two weeks ago, or it may be three. I forget the author and title, but it was bound in blue with a picture of a dolphin on the back."

Man wants but little in the library,

But wants that little soon;

If you look it up in the card catalogue

You'll get it before noon.

Warde Whitefield.

TO THE WIND

By a Child

Oh mad old wind, oh fierce old wind,
I'm not afraid of you!

But tell me Sir, what's that you say?
And tell me what you do.

My mother says you're scolding me
For bad things I have done;
If that is true, why keep right on—
Your scolds, I think, are fun!

And father says you'll grab me quick,
And pack me off some day,
And never bring me back again,—
Because I disobey.

But tell me, did you ever find
In lands beyond the sea,
A little brother, wandering 'round,—
With yellow curls,—like me?

For if you have, please take me there
A little while to play,—
Cause it's been, oh!—an awful time—
Since Tommy went away!

Oh good old wind,—oh kind old wind,
Can't I go 'way with you?
Why do you groan?—why do you
sigh?

Oh! wind, I'm crying, too!

—G. Markell.

Have you a Student Song Book?

CLASS NOTES

SENIOR CLASS



"SAY, were y' at the party?"
 "Well, ra-ather! Everybody that was anybody at all was there."

And a rare fest we had. As all good Seniors know, it was in the nature of a costume party—and the "cos-tooming" was fearful and wonderful. Why, it was worth coming several miles just to see Ira Miller's creation—the black and white checks were guaranteed to be at least 4"x4" and Ruth Conner in Scotch "kilties" was—well, really—beyond description, while there were several gorgeous Yama-Yama girls and numberless sunbonnet and apron maidens and overhauled (oh no, I mean "over-all"ed) boys. Everybody was compelled to wear masks and, you know, you don't mind acting natural when you have your face covered. (You don't hardly care a bit when somebody says, "Well, of all the craz-ee nuts!")

About eight o'clock festivities started in the new gym, when everybody took part in a Virginia reel. There Hansen Berg as Kink of the Revels was at the head of the line in a magnificent robe of purple velvet (?) and ermine (this priceless kind that you get at the 15c store at ten yards for a dime), followed by Dr. Nash and Mr. and Mrs. Deerwester. You were given an appropriate (Oh heavings!) name, introduced to the next person, passed down the line till you finally became part of the line at the foot. This was followed by a grand march which became so complicated we

hardly found our way out and ended in the unmasking. Then came the exclamations and the "Oh! so that was you, was it's." You never would have recognized some of these staid and reverend Seniors that stalk the halls, in the giddy gowns that were displayed that night.

After the grand march everybody took part in a Virginia reel. There were four big sets going and they kept on going for about a half an hour.

When this was over, everybody was so completely exhausted that they lined up around the wall on the floor while volunteers were called for an informal program. Of course, with our unlimited Senior talent, this program was a serious of big features. First, Miss Colbert played for us on the accordian and as this instrument is not heard often, we certainly enjoyed it. Second, some insignificant young person in a violet gown that looked like a parody on one of our Bellingham sunsets, succeeded in doing a solo dance without being put off the floor (much to my surprise.) Next Ira Miller recited "Mary had a Little Lamb" in dialect, and anyone who saw him can testify to his extreme "expressionfulness." As a fourth selection we had the delightful pleasure of hearing Ada Jones (Mrs. Deerwester incog.) sing "The Bird on Nellie's Hat" on an Edison re-coahd. This song was heightened in its effect by the fact that "Miss Jones" did not deviate from her usual custom of singing thru her nose. Next, Marion Lovejoy gave an extremely clevah representation of a small lad with a stomach ache. This was given with

Thirty

such wonderfully convincing fervor that we are almost inclined to believe that "Pollyanna" has had some personal experience in that line. As a last number Esther Bergstrom sang an extremely touching little ditty about her favorite pig. I'm sure you will believe me when I say that we wept in spite of ourselves.

By this time we were sufficiently rested to enable us to participate in something more strenuous. The entire company was divided into five groups, each of which was to put on a stunt. The first of these was a mock wedding, carried out with due solemnity. Newton McCoy, as the groom, and Ella Anderson, as the bride, made an extremely charming couple.

The second group was headed by Martin Baker who read the poem "Robert Reece" while his "confederates" supplied the appropriate gestures.

Next, Mrs. Deerwester's group gave John Brown's Baby—that same unfortunate child that had a sneeze upon its chest. It is on official record that not one person made a wrong motion at the right time.

The fourth group represented a gym class, conducted by Muriel Wood. I have never in my rich and varied experience seen a class which performed with more accurate precision everything the instructor asked them not to do.

As a final climax, Ed Rairdon's group transformed themselves into a band and rendered "Tipperary" with soul-stirring feeling. The only objection we had to this was that we heard later that persons trying to sleep down town were disturbed by the noise. (Oh, pardon me—the harmony.)

The prize, a box of chocolates, was a tie between the weddin' and John Brown's Baby and finally went to Mrs. Deerwester's group, after a draw.

The company now adjourned in sections to the cafeteria where refreshments of punch, cakes and candy were served. They certainly tasted good. Gertrude McMahan then took a couple of flashlights and we finally went home. This was declared by all to be **absolutely** the best party that was given this year.

Other things besides parties have been happening too, these days. Graduation is coming and the Senior class is the busiest in the school. The pictures are all taken and the Klipsun is humming merrily along. The cast for the Senior play has been chosen and work has already started on it. This promises to be the best thing in the line this year.

As class representatives to appear on the Commencement program, Solway Kanekkeburg was chosen by the students and Ruth Conner by the faculty.

G. M. S. '16.

JUNIORS

A LARGE majority of the sterner sex of the Junior class, comprising the strong-arm squad, was called into action by General Class-Spirit to defend the class colors at a recent diplomatic clash in the nature of a Junior-Senior Kline cup game. With a direct line attack at close range inflicting terrible punishment to the Senior army and allied forces, and by the ceaseless hammering of the outer

fortifications by the "S. S. Campbell," the pride of the Junior navy, the Seniors experienced a mimic Waterloo, while after the smoke of battle had risen the victorious Juniors saw dear old Black and Gold still unfurled to the breeze, giving proof to the world that our class was still there. The victory was confirmed by the basketball teams of both the boys' and girls.' The final game was a

Have you a Student Song Book?

different story, however, but it will go down in history as one of the scrappiest, best fought games where two classes defended their colors thru girls' basketball teams. Both teams fought splendidly and executed many thrilling plays to a "packed" house. The superior skill of the Seniors was evidenced during the game. However, the splendid work of the Junior girls must not be overlooked, for our girls played like professionals, and even when victory seemed impossible, they worked with

renewed vigor and put up a good stiff fight. But "whether we win, or whether we lose, we're happy just the same," so here's the glad hand to our rivals, royal players, every one of them—good fellows to perfection—and may our good wishes extend to every member of the class of '16.

Great interest is shown in our class play, "Milestones," which is to be given April 15. Don't forget to advertise this play so we can have a record-breaking house.

T. E. S.

SOPHOMORES

THE Sophomores of the Normal held a St. Patrick's party in the Y. W. C. A. room on March 11. The room was beautifully decorated in Irish emblems and greens. Irish games were played and a program con-

sisting of songs and readings was enjoyed. The Sophomores are a lively crowd and this party proved that there is quality even tho the quantity is lacking.

"Owed" to An Inspiring Frog

O little frog, O gentle frog,
 You boneless creature of the bog,
 Or were till I or you did step,
 Ah me! ah me! I wish I'd kept
 From off you; sweet small squashy
 thing,
 And not detained you from your spring.
 This last a double meaning has
 Alas, I must not stop to gas,
 For fear your boneless soul flit on,
 Or rather jump, and land upon
 The grass green stretch of heaven's
 sward;
 Frog-heaven, where your long lost
 pard—
 Hers who've passed on beyond this
 earth
 To room make for the later birth
 Of frogs, of which there is no dearth.
 My tears fall now, as falls the rain,
 My heart, it seems, is torn in twain,
 But better feel I, since I've said
 This, little frog, by gum, you're dead.
 This little ode to you I owed,
 'Cause why, squashed frog, I owed an
 ode.

HIGH SCHOOL

SENIORS

IT'S no use trying to think,—
For the thoughts won't come at
all!

Oh how shall we fill this extra
space,

And answer Chief Editor's call?

Now we realize that that's a
wretched bit of doggerel but, oh, it's
so expressive! As we "take our pen
in hand" to tell you of our class af-
fairs, the drowsiest feeling creeps
over us and we fall to admiring the
sunset! But that's a terrible spirit
to have, so beg to assure you that it
is not chronic. The attacks are tem-
porary and more frequent on spring
days.

Our desire for publicity has proven
rather hard on our treasury. Evi-
dently we will have to have a candy
sale to help things out! With our
last sous we arranged to have our

pictures in the Klipsun; we also have
purchased copies of our play.

That brings us to the event of the
year—in our opinion, anyway.

That elusive thing called the "Se-
nior play" has at last taken definite
form. Oh, it's just got to be a suc-
cess, for we are putting lots of time
and energy into it. We have chosen
"The Cricket on the Hearth"—a dra-
matization of Dickens' story. There
is nothing wonderful about it; it is
just sweet, home-like, attractive. It
gives ample opportunity for good act-
ing, and since Mr. Hoppe is training
us, it should please everyone.

Talk about "Hi" students not being
sure of themselves! Here's a good
one on a Junior girl:

S. B. (In English VI, to the teacher)
—Well, now, you see, Miss——, you
could all copy my outline, and then
we'd have them alike.

TWILIGHT

Come and talk to me twilight,
Tell me how the sun of splendor
Sets behind the hill;
How the broad-leaved maple
Flings her branches wide;
How the willow bends her head in
in April,
By the river side;
How the branches kiss the water,
Bending half asleep;
And how the little violet bends
Her head as if to weep.

—Florence Hampel.

ORGANIZATIONS

THESPIAN CLUB

THE Thespians again proved their ability to entertain when on Saturday, March eighteenth, they presented the two sketches, "The Mishaps of Minerva," and the "Bishop's Candlesticks." We wish to congratulate the casts and Miss Sumner who so enthusiastically directed the plays and helped to make them a success. She made it possible for the members of the cast to put into their parts life and a remarkable spontaneity of action.

Henry Ashman, playing the part of the convict in "The Bishop's Candlesticks," gave us visions all too true of prison life. His part, a difficult one to begin with, was worked out with ease by him. Ruth Conner in the role of Persome, from the first gained the sympathy and applause of her audience. Her love for her "salt cellars" was most human and natural. The part of the Bishop was taken by Newton McCoy. It called for dignity of manner and conviction of acting which Mr. McCoy supplied with splendid ability.

"The Mishaps of Minerva" was a delight from start to finish.

Louise Buchanan as "Minerva" had our sympathy from the first. Dr. Victor Brown wasn't the only one who loved the little society lady of many trials. Her difficulties were thoroughly understood and appreciated by an interested audience. We always suspected Marian Lovejoy of being brim full of mischief but now we know it for a fact. We're quite sure Anne Larson has missed her calling. Such a fascinating reporter should never teach school. Hanson Berg again showed us what

he could do, in working out the difficult character part of Mrs. Jenny Von Deusen Spuyker. We're very glad indeed that for the love of one small woman he shaved off that moustache. Sure and we're proud of our "cop." "Dab" is no Irishman, but one would never know it after hearing him "jug" the thieves. Wonder if he won a medal for his night's work?

Did we celebrate the seventeenth of auld Ireland? Shure and we did. Thursday, March ninth, after the regular business meeting we enjoyed a spread in the cafeteria lunch room. The tables were decorated with ferns and pussy willows and dainty place cards, bearing Irish symbols, pipes and green bows were used. In spite of the fact that "orangemen" were much in evidence no trouble ensued. Ukulele music furnished by Ruth Conner, Winnifred Irving and Marion Lovejoy, helped make the evening a success. Mr. J. Harvey Leach and Mr. Wallace Sutherland, former Thespians, were guests of the club. Our new members, Merle Garrett, Virginia Mathes and Thomas Scarseth, were duly initiated and we are proud to have them among our number.

On Thursday evening, March thirteenth, the history of the pantomime was discussed. The life of the great English actor, Cyril Maude, was taken up and a synopsis of the play "Grumpy," in which he starred, was given. The program for the evening follows:
 Vocal soloMabel Cleary
 History of the Pantomime.....
Kathleen Skalley
 Value of the Pantomime.....John Bay
 PantomimeMarion Lovejoy
 Amy Cleary, Josephine Archambeau

and Earl Bixby
 Paper on Play "Grumpy".....
 Belle Cuthbertson
 Paper on Cyril Maude.....Nat Mount
 Critic—Miss Wilson.

Ruth Mullin, who has been spending the past few weeks in Eastern Washington, is in school again and is as ever, an enthusiastic Thespian.
 —Belle Cuthbertson.

ALKISIAH CLUB

AFTER seeing Peer Gynt, a desire to become better acquainted with Ibsen was awakened in the Alkisiahs. Therefore on March 2nd the program was devoted entirely to this great Norseman.

His life and works were discussed in detail. We learned of his parentage, his boyhood and education and reviews of his plays as well as readings from them were given by the club members. In this way we were given a good idea of the plots and his style of writing.

The program was as follows:

Life of Ibsen.....Ruth Galber
 Story of "The Doll's House"
 Maude Carfield
 Reading from "The Doll's House"....
 Miss McKinnon, H. L. S.
 Story of BrandtEffie Mann
 Reading from "Peer Gynt"
 Mary Chapin
 Piano SoloJessie Snyder

A glance into the Alkisiah's room on the evening of March 16th, would give one the impression that he was visiting old Ireland itself. Green paper pipes, snakes, shamrocks and Irish hats were strung on the walls and fastened on the curtains while big plants of real shamrock decorated the piano and table. Even the Blarney Stone was there in all of its glory, resting peacefully on a stand—and waiting to be kissed.

The program was in the hands of the new members and soon a bevy of Irish maids invaded the room. The Emerald Isle would indeed have been proud could she have seen these colleens in their white caps, white blouses

and short green skirts with black bodices.

The program, which was Irish in every detail, was as follows:

Song, "Kilarny"New Members
 Solo, "When I Dream of Old Erin"
 Eleanore Smith
 Song, "When Irish Eyes are Smiling"
 Francis Ireland and New Members
 Duet, "Mother Machree".....Josephine Archambeau, Grace Allman
 Reading (from Stoddard's Lectures)Alice Paulson
 Songs—
 "Come Back to Erin....New Members
 "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"
 New Members
 "Peg o' My Heart"....New Members
 "I'm on My Way to Dublin Bay"
 New Members

Witty Irish jokes were sprinkled in among the songs and added much to the entertainment.

After the program the Alkisiahs lined up to await their turn to kiss the Blarney stone and then the jollifications began. One of the most interesting contests was the moulding a pig from white wax gum. The prize, a box in the shape of an Irish hat, filled with green candies, was given to Ruth Galber.

Green and white brick ice cream and green cakes tied with green ribbons was served by the hostesses.

On March 30th the Alkisiah club attended the American theatre en masse. Here they saw Mary Pickford in the title role of "Cho Cho San" in Puccinni's famous opera "Madame Butterfly."

Maude Carfield.

Have you a Student Song Book?

Y. M. C. A.

DURING the month of March we have held several business meetings and also one devotional meeting. Our business gatherings have been especially significant. Not merely business in name only but rather have we transacted and executed business that means much to the welfare of many students and hence to our beloved institution.

That which we have in mind is the work of the employment bureau, of which Mr. Hanson Berg is chairman. Mr. Berg carried out an advertising

campaign that is now bearing fruit. When he suggested this businesslike proposition at one of our meetings the members of our association who were in attendance gave Mr. Berg their hearty support and co-operation. The result is very gratifying for the work of the employment bureau has been a practical success thereby securing employment for many worthy students.

The "Association Men" magazine is now in the library.

Secretary F. H. C.

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS CLUB

A SPECIAL business meeting was called on March 2nd to discuss plans for our St. Patrick's party.

The St. Patrick's party was held on the 16th of March. The club room was decorated in green, and each member wore a bit of green in honor of St. "Pat." Appropriate games were

played and several Irish songs were sung by the club.

The success of the party was largely due to the efforts of our able social committee.

The next regular meeting will be held on the 6th of April. A good program is planned. L. Pearson, '16.

Y. W. C. A.

WE welcome our new members to our association and we hope that membership with us will truly be a blessing to us all.

We have had only three meetings this month on account of our spring vacation but we feel that these three have been meetings of help and inspiration. Miss Olive Pope had charge of the first meeting and Miss Fox, from our local Y. W. C. A., spoke. Mrs. Schramm was also with us at this meeting and told us about the interesting life of Grace M. Dodge, former president of our national Y. W. C. A.

At our next meeting the annual election of officers took place. Dr. Nash came to our meeting and brought to us a very helpful message. The new officers elected were:

President—Cassie Cales.
Vice-President—Margaret Bressler.
Secretary—Laura Conine.
Treasurer—Clara Gibson.

Our last meeting for the month was held Thursday, March 30th in the association room. It was a "Song and Praise Service." Miss Ruby Eellington was the leader.

Eight of our girls attended the Student Volunteer convention held in Seattle last week. They are bringing the reports of the convention to us and will have charge of the meeting Sunday afternoon in the Y. W. C. A. room.

Mrs. Grace Elizabeth Soltau, from England, recently living in Tacoma, a Bible scholar, is expected on the 6th of April to give Bible study for a week.

Our next meeting will be Tuesday, April 4th when the new officers will be installed and a new year begun in which we are going to do more for our association and more for Him, our great Captain, than in the past year.

PHILOMATHEAN CLUB

DUE to vacation which very considerably arrived on Philo night, our literary activities of the month have been somewhat limited. The Philos, however, accepted the situation with characteristic grace and welcomed the guest most cordially.

The program of the month was given March 9th and was strictly an Irish affair. Indeed St. Patrick himself, could he have been present, would have been convinced that he was in his native land. The program began with an Irish song by the society followed by roll call to which each member responded with an Irish story. Here the popularity of Pat and Mike was very evident and their various experiences brot forth much merriment. Mr. Calton led the society in parlimentary drill, a feature of every Philo program. Miss Ewart and Mr. Hughes debated, Mr. Hughes taking the affirmative and Miss Ewart the negative of the following question: "Resolved that Home Rule Should be Advantageous to Ireland." Each side of the argument was well developed, the judges, however, decided in favor of the affirmative. Miss Everam gave a talk on St. Patrick which convinced us all that the Irish had ample reason for celebrating his birthday. Mr. Estes presented the "Attitude of Ireland toward the pres-

ent war;" Miss Baker gave a humorous Irish reading, and Miss Davis sang an "Irish Lullaby," which made us all wish that we were real Irish babies, that we might hear it over and over again. A play, "The Emerald Isle," given by the group, concluded the program, after which the members indulged in a good old Irish game.

Saturday evening, March 11, Miss Jensen entertained a second group of Philos at the Rizwan. The pretty green decorations and the "frogs and snakes" concealed in every available place, gave to the rooms a very "Irishy" aspect. One of the interesting and amusing features of the party was the kissing of the Blarney stone, after which each one out did himself making flattering speeches to his neighbor in the real Irish brogue. So efficient did the group become that they unconsciously talked Irish for several days afterwards.

Altho the school year is drawing to a close the Philos are looking forward to several more happy occasions. The boys' program is on the way; each Philo girl is searching her mind for ideas that will contribute to the girls' program features which will enable them to outshine the boys; and all the Philos are looking forward to our annual week-end house party.

COLLEGE CLUB

INTEREST in College Club activities is becoming more intense as the end of the school year approaches. Important business meetings have been held the past month, at which considerable enthusiasm has been shown.

Several new members have but recently joined our ranks. A very fair representation turned out for the club picture which is to be inserted in the

Klipsun.

The event that is occupying the chief attention of the members is the "College Capers" to be given Saturday evening, April first, when the members will entertain their friends. Many interesting and novel things are planned and the evening promises to be one of the leading social affairs of the whole year.

Have you a Student Song Book?

CHORAL CLUB

THE Choral Club is very busy practicing for the "Mikado," which will be given a week or two later than was first scheduled. The club practices every Wednesday afternoon at 3:25 and every Monday night in connection with the Boys' Glee Club. The music is coming along fine. The "Mikado" will probably be the best musical event of the

year. Rich and beautiful costumes for the principals and chorus have been ordered from Seattle. Dr. Parish made a special trip to Seattle last week to have measurements taken for his costume. If hard work makes a success the Mikado will certainly be one, for Mrs. Thatcher has certainly worked us.

NORMAL ART CLUB

THE members of the Art club spent the most delightful evening of the year at the home of Miss Helen Rhodes.

The principal feature of the evening was a program consisting of "Andrea Del Sarto," reading by.....

..... Miss Frances Hays
 Vocal solos.....Miss Ashley
 Illustrated talk on Life and Works
 of Andrea el Sarto by.....
Miss Harriet Standke

This was followed by a social evening of laughter and music which will long linger in our memories as only those evenings can that we spend around a cheerful fireplace in sweet fellowship.

Delicious refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake and wafers, were served.

While speaking of our social af-

fairs, we must not forget to mention our members who work joyously with pencil and brush—The Sketching Section, which contains many "live" members who make possible such enjoyable social times.

We also wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our late models, Miss Stella Lowry, the "Peasant Girl" and Miss Ruby Colbert who posed in a Persian costume and appeared as "Our latest model" in the March "Messenger."

Spring will find our artists out with palette and brush sketching the many places of beauty and interest in nature.

The members of both sections are looking forward with pleasure to the evening of April 6th when Miss Gladys Stevens will entertain at her home.

TACOMA CLUB

THE Tacoma Club held the most interesting and enjoyable meeting of the year, March 4. It was to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. The hall was decorated with green shamrock and pigs and pipes, etc., with ferns and other green decorations. The games were suitable to the occasion. One interesting game that caused much mirth was the carving of an artistic

pig out of a potato, and there were many more as funny. Irish prizes were awarded the winners. Later in the evening, Miss Sargent gave some interesting selections on the piano. The eats were incomparable, consisting of ice cream with little Irish flags floating above, little cakes with green frosting, and fudge.

THE SOURDOUGH CLUB

THE following officers were elected:

Sara Lopp—Chief.

June Matheny—Collector of Nuggets.

Helmi Aalto—Carver of Traditions.

The club is indebted to Robert M. Crawford, of Fairbanks, for the beautiful song entitled, "My Northland."

Word has been received from Miss Danford, of Metlakathla, to the effect that work has been interesting and demands upon her time have prevented her writing before.

The natives are now going to their summer work camps, leaving the school quite depopulated.

School industrial work is progressing quite nicely.

Good returns are seen in the music department conducted by Gertrude Wybrant.

The over amount of rain here has caused many of us to oft repeat, "Wish I were in Alaska, for I'm sure the sun is shining there." Indeed it is shining in March and April, and woe to the eyes unguarded by dark glasses and the unprotected countenance.

The rivers seem to be animated and many are wagers upon the hour, day and minute of "break-up."

The land is alive with geese and ducks, swans following, later will be seen the robin, bluebird, heron, swallows, and other migratory fowl.

The wild flowers, roses, iris, larkspur, poppies will delight the wayfarer's eyes as well as promising gardens of potato, cabbage, radish, lettuce, celery and root vegetables, nestling near most every settler's cabin.

My, how we long for the clanging river steamers and the answering huskies—that is music to the river region dwellers.

Have you noticed the newspaper articles upon mail service in Alaska?

You would have been skeptical about aerial mail service there had not the efficiency of such service been proven in the European war?

Did you notice that the government appropriated two million dollars more for the Alaska railway, and also at the same time a similar amount to finish erecting a Lincoln monument in the east? A railway for a monument would have been a happy thot, but where will the two millions of dollars do the most good?

GOING BACK

"They say I'm a fool for going back to that desolate land up there.

To leave this beautiful home for a shack on the tundra bleak and bare,
To waste my life 'mong the Eskimos
in that terrible lonely land,
And why I should want to rough it
again they can not quite understand.

Last night, as we sat at a game of cards, o'er music and joke and laugh

And the noisy clang of the passing cars, the screech of a phonograph,
The whistle and toot of ferry and tug,
Came the voice of a Northland boat,
And I lost the game, for my eyes grew blurred and a lump rose in my throat.

Alaska is calling me back again, she's pulling my heart-strings all day.
These comforts and pleasures you're welcome to, but I must up and away—

Away to the land of a thousand charms
which the tourists seldom see,
Where the wind is calmed and the soul expands and the heart grows strong and free.

There are few, indeed, who can understand the things they have never known,

Have you a Student Song Book?

Or measure the yearning of loyal hearts when the Northland calls its own.

O, a beautiful place is Easy Street, but it's lost its grip on me, And I'll take my chance in a shack, with God, on the shores of Bering sea."

(By Isabel Ambler Gilman.)

A ROADHOUSE IN ALASKA

AS my reader sees this he forms in his mind just what a roadhouse should look like and passes on. But then he begins to think of it and turns back to find if he is correct. No, he is not, for an Alaskan roadhouse is very different from any he has ever known. So he becomes interested and reads my story. There are more roadhouses along the Valdez-Fairbanks trail than anywhere else in Alaska. They are at about an average of every ten miles. The one I am going to tell you about is the second roadhouse on the trail, twenty miles from Valdez.

The road to Workmans is very beautiful for it passes many different scenes before it reaches the foot of the mountain where this roadhouse is situated.

In the olden days when men "mushed" over the trail it would take them two whole days to reach Workmans and often they did not arrive till the middle of the third day. The last time I went over the trail we left Valdez at ten in the morning (in a Ford) and reached Workmans at five after twelve, just in time for lunch.

The first five miles of the trail is over flat land. With the exception of a few bridges over glacier streams the road is of gravel. Just before the five-mile post is reached, however, the trail begins its ascent of twists and turns around mountains. For three miles the road curves and goes up and down, with the high mountain on one side and on the other—a straight fall down to Lowe river.

There is one very noted spot which is passed on this mountain and that is the "Violet patch." There are no violets near Valdez so we often have "violet picnics" and come out seven miles for these beautiful flowers.

The next two miles are thru beautiful forests of birch and alders. It is always beautiful, but, to me, it was more beautiful then for the leaves had on their autumn clothes and lay all over the road.

We have gone ten miles now and have just reached Camp Comfort. This is a pretty little place with all the conveniences of a modern farm.

The next place of interest along the trail is the famous Keystone canyon. It is three miles long and in some places one instinctively holds his breath as it is so wonderful. Many pictures have been taken here but none that I have seen yet have done it justice.

The last four miles before we reach our destination are not very eventful. The trail goes over the flats of Lowe river and half a mile round a mountain and here we are at Workmans.

This roadhouse has a very picturesque location. It is just at the foot of a very high mountain (which, by the way, is crossed by the trail. The road goes straight up and the top of the mountain is called the Summit.)

A cablegraph station is here so there are quite a few houses, but the main one is the roadhouse. This is a big building of logs. Inside there is a big front room with a piano and phonograph. There is also a big dining room and kitchen. The bed rooms are up stairs. At one side of the house, outside, there is a vegetable garden. At that time of the year most of the vegetables had been taken out but the potatoes were still in the ground in some places. The place is somewhat like a farm, as there are cows, chickens, pigs, geese and turkeys.

Buy one at the Book Store.

I was very hungry and the dinner was fine. We had bear meat, home raised carrots and potatoes. There was whipped cream for our coffee, jelly of wild currents and salmon berries and whipped cream cake for dessert.

That afternoon we rode up to the Summit and back. Many times going up I thot that the car certainly could not make it, but never once did the

auto falter. There was the most wonderful view from the top. Away down in the distance, we could see the road-house gleaming in the sunlight with a speck.

We left Workmans about four in the afternoon and arrived home near six. Just eight hours for the trip when only a few years ago it would have taken us four or five days!

C. Kelsey.

THE HESPERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: Ambition and Spirit
Mean Success.

Colors: Green and White.

OFFICERS:

PresidentPaul Thompson
Vice-PresidentTruman Parish
Sec.-Treas.Iris Rueger
Sergeant-at-ArmsHarold Wold
EditorGertrude Kaufman

March 2, 1916.

We Hesperians met in Mrs. Thatcher's room, our regular meeting place. Meeting called to order by the president. Since we had no business there, we proceeded with our program.

Society paper, Hesperian Hammer
..... Bernice Strand

(A very zippy periodical, if we may use the expression.)

Recitation.....Harold Gaasland
Reading (Of next program).....

.....Paul Thompson
(This last was particularly fine, and deserves honorable mention.)

And we adjourned in approved style.

March 9, 1916.

Again! We were called to order by our president. Being an unruly bunch, he has to do it every meeting. Then we were roll-called by the secretary and were afterward rewarded with a program.

Debate: "Resolved: American Rag-time is Degrading." Affirmative—
Ragna Husby, Edward Hermann,

Negative—Judith Osberg, Truman Parish.

Piano solo.....Louise Herrmann
History of Music.....Paul Thompson

Then Prof. Hunt told us we might have our pictures took and put in the Klipsun. And we're going to, too. Just think! (If possible.) Then we adjourned.

March 16, 1916.

Again reprimanded, 'scuse me,—called to order.

In this society we each mind our own business, and don't have to bring it before the public. We just have programs.

This 'un was:

Piano solo.....Eleanor Gage
Recitation.....Harold Pingrey
TalkGeorge Miller
Violin solo.....Sheridan Jenkins

Then we had about 'steen motions made, but the only one that carried was the motion to adjourn. We are a society of great discrimination. "Ain't it?"

March 30, 1916.

We met, according to approved rulings, and we had a good program. (If I do say it myself, as shouldn't.) Please don't misunderstand me in that last.

The program was:

Violin solo.....Elmer Webster
Life of Shakespeare.....Iris Rueger
Review of Macbeth.....Emily Neslund
ReadingErnest Rairdon

Have you a Student Song Book?

This last was a convincing selection, in that it convinced us that we didn't know quite as much, after it was read, as we did before.

A siege of Parliamentary drill ensued, but we bore up bravely, rallying spirit enough to adjourn.

That's all. Thank you!

Gertrude Kaufman, Editor.

KLOHOYA LITERARY SOCIETY

HAVE you ever heard anything about us? If you haven't, it isn't our fault for we're the liveliest bunch in the institution. There is nobody quite like us,—we're in a set by ourselves. First of all, we have an unusual president; i. e., a president with unusual ability, Kenneth Selby. His grave demeanor and quiet bearing duly impress us with the importance of the occasion, (every occasion on which we meet is important.) Our vice-president, Herbert Yorkston, has had a chance to show what he's worth and conducted the meeting very well. Don't you think that we showed excellent selection when we made the high school yell leader vice-president? Our secretary, Nellie Maxwell, is distinguishing herself and fulfilling our expectations as well as could be desired. We have been having hard luck getting an editor. First, we selected one, and she resigned. Then we chose another and he left school. (Wonder if his election had anything to do with his leaving?) However, at our next meeting we intend to elect a permanent one (Watch the headlines!)

Our program committee has arranged some very attractive programs. There is usually a musical number which is always thoroughly enjoyed. By the way, every member of the High School Orchestra is a member of the Klohooya Society, with the exception of one, so you see we have plenty to choose from. We have had a number of humorous recitations. One of them (Herbert Yorkston's "Cohen at the Telephone") has been given twice and is very popular. Our

specialty is debating. We have had many interesting ones prepared and given. One part of our program, which I believe is original with us, is that of calling for impromptu speeches. We call them extemporaneous speeches. (If you don't know what that means, use the dictionary; some of us had to.) One member of our society was called upon to speak on preparedness. He said he wasn't prepared but believed in preparedness. Another time one of the people proposed a speech on the "Art of building, (with which he, by the way, is intimately acquainted.) He had the misfortune to select a person who was utterly unacquainted with the subject, so that speech wasn't given. Several splendid speeches have been given on such subjects as Mechanical Drawing and Printing which show our ability to rise to the occasion. Another feature is the Student Critic. He is selected by the president on the day of our meeting and is to make comments, good or bad, on the program. At first we thought it would be grand to say what we wanted to about people, but that the general run of remarks has been complimentary speaks well for our programs.

We are fortunate in having Miss Bowen for faculty advisor. We have known her so long and love her so much that it seems perfectly natural and delightful to have her there to help and advise us.

Always early birds, we have had our "faces taken" for the Klipsun. No doubt that fact will add a great deal to the popularity of the Klipsun.

Buy one at the Book Store.

Just as you prefer Smythe to Smith, we prefer Klohoya to Kohoya. Before you leave off the "I" look around the corner to see of some husky Klohoya man is in sight, otherwise (to

put it mildly) you'll regret having taken liberties.

Marguerite Brotnov,
Temporary Editor.

ALETHEIA

HEAR YE! Hear ye! and the noble judge, Mr. Parish, followed by the lawyer for the defense, Miss Egan, and the plaintiff's lawyer Mr. Rairdon, filed in,—figures of stately dignity in black gowns and glasses (ah, those glasses.) Thus began the sensational trial of Miss Mattson vs. Mr. Holbrook, for breach of promise. Miss Kernaghan completed the triangle.

The evidence had actually been carried out by the parites concerned and as a result seemed intensely real—at least to Mr. Holbrook. Miss Mattson's lawyer based his argument on

certain poems written by the defendant. Mr. Holbrook, however, proved that he often wrote poems to ladies without such disastrous results. It was merely variety.

It became evident that women not only surpass men in the teaching profession but will soon outdistance them in the profession of———. Yet we must admit that women can never be good jurymen for the jury (all women) became jealous of Miss Kernaghan, (not mentioning the fact that the defendant's lawyer was a man) and turned in a verdict of—— guilty!

EDENS HALL NOTES

SATURDAY, March 11, the girls of Edens Hall entertained several of their girl friends who reside outside the Dorm. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, with several piano solos and vocal solos. Miss Olive Goodwin favored us with a humorous reading, after which refreshments were served.

Miss Jessie Hunter entertained with a dainty three-course spread in honor of Miss Lillian Lederle, who has recently completed her senior year here and has returned to her home in Sedro-Woolley. The guests were: Misses Lillian Lederle, Lulah Radley, Dorothy Leonard, Crete Gray, Katherine Lederle, Edith Hancock and Jessie Hunter.

Tuesday, March 21, Mrs. Powell was hostess at her rooms in Eden Hall, for the Domestic Science club. A very interesting program was carried out during the afternoon, papers being

read by Mrs. D. E. Hill, on "Woman's Place in Civic Affairs," and Mrs. Wyatt read a paper on "The Family's Ethical Relation to Society." Later a very dainty luncheon was served.

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The Dorm's at Dr. Nash's,
Some in rags, some in tags,
Some in silken sashes."

Edens Hall was delighted to receive an invitation from Mrs. Nash for Saturday afternoon, at her home on Cedar St. We were beautifully entertained. Mrs. Hoppe and Mrs. Nash sang several beautiful solos, and Marion Lovejoy entertained us with a reading from "Pollyanna," after which refreshments were served in the dining room, with Miss Hays and Mrs. Powell presiding at the tea urns. We certainly appreciated and enjoyed the afternoon, and voted many thanks to Mrs. Nash.

Have you a Student Song Book?

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

Y. M. C. A. 26—NORMAL 46

HERE always are two sides to a story. And so it is with athletics; there are always two games to tell the story, and then it sometimes remains in mid air as to which one is the lucky winner.

But what ever way you look at it, our boys handed the city Y. M. C. A. the neatest defeat on March 14 that the Y. M. C. A. has ever received from the hands of our "Pedagogy-team". But as true teachers to be, we might as well start in training, whether it be in the requirements of the general course of study or on the field of athletics.

This game was one of the fastest, if not the fastest, that has ever been seen in the Normal gym. Why, our boys actually played circles around the "Vets" at this particular game. And as for making baskets! Well, it was certainly far from being an hallucination (apologies to Miss Baxter.) After the game, one of the on-lookers expressed doubt as to whether he had been the victim of Hops, Snow or Narcotics, because Normal seemed to shoot baskets according to the way they felt; and they apparently felt that way all evening.

The Normal team put up one of the finest games ever seen insofar as team work was concerned. They would make as many as twelve passes before the ball was in a position to shoot. The men seemed to know where to place the ball to its best advantage. Anstett, at guard, who heretofore played utility man, played one of the finest games at running guard that has been seen in many a season. Breneman, playing forward, was at

his best in this game. He got away with six baskets and allowed his man only three. Not only did Breneman play fancy offensive work, but he was always there at defense. Needless to say, Davenport was up and doing. As Coach Carver said, "He was the real steady man of the whole season." Capt. Rocky came back with fifteen points checked at the right of his name, while Bay proved to be the star point getter of the evening. He annexed nineteen points for the blue and white, while his man Phillips of the Y. M. C. A. was only able to crawl away with six points. McBeath, at forward for the Y. M., was high man for them, spearing the basket for ten points. Lynch, Y. M.'s fast guard, was only able to draw down three baskets against the twelve baskets checked for him in the first game, early in the season. But the Y. M. C. A. certainly found their "pickins" hard and so they fought hard from start to finish.

Without exception, the game was well played, neither team getting to the point of extreme roughness.

The followers of the Y. M. C. A. were: F. Carver and McBeath, forwards; Phillips, center; Rasmussen and Lynch, guards.

For the Normal: Rock and Breneman, forwards; Bay, center; Davenport and Anstett, guards.

W. M. Evans, referee.

This ends our season of basketball; and a most successful season it was. Out of the fifteen games played only five spelled defeat for us. When one considers the difficulty Coach Sam Carver has to contend with, in that he has to build up a new machine each year—a machine that is made up

Buy one at the Book Store.

Forty-Four

of almost new men, due to fact that most of the boys go out to teach after a year's schooling, one can't help but praise the team and especially the coach for all the glory and honor brought to the school and the loyalty shown by the boys. The entire school certainly extends to Coach Carver and the boys who struggled for us, the heartiest congratulations that can be offered.

NORMAL 54—HI SCHOOL 35

After having such a successful season we thought that we ought to match up pretty well against the husky Normal team. After the game, however, we changed our minds considerably.

There was nothing unusual about the game except the playing of Bay, who was credited with fifteen baskets. Some of them were so fishy that he could hardly believe them himself.

Sam Carver, playing guard for the Hi school in the absence of Wold, held Rockey, the Normal star forward, down to six baskets in the first half. The second half he played forward and there also distinguished himself by getting away with four baskets.

Crum was the individual point-winner for the High School, throwing seven baskets. He had hard luck in the first half. Many times the ball would roll around the edge of the hoop and then roll out.

Mataya played forward in the first half and guard in the second half and

made seven out of eight fouls, which is a goodly number.

Parish, as usual, played the same fast and steady game. When the Normal players went up against him they soon decided they had no easy task before them. He and Mataya are two of the best guards the High School has ever had.

Tarbox also played a good and steady game.

The line-up is as follows:

High School	Normal
Matayag.....	Breneman
Crumf.....	Rockey
Tarboxc.....	Bay
Carverg.....	Davenport
Parishg.....	Anstett

Now that the basketball season is over, our attention is turned to track and baseball. There is some fine material in our high school this year. If we do produce a baseball team it will be the first team ever produced in the high school.

Bud Rairdon, from California, who has done considerable work along the line of baseball would hold down the backstop position on the high school team very well and at present is turning out for second base on the Normal first team. Mataya could hold down the mound very well. With such men as these for a battery and others such as Sherman at first, Crum at second, Lee at third and Yorkston at shortstop, a strong team ought to be developed so as to go up against any high school team in the county. If a baseball team isn't developed, the material will go for Normal use.

And this I know, if faithful found,
Where duty's path shall cease,
My feet shall walk in God's own ways
Of Wisdom, Truth and Peace.

—Stella L. Kennedy.

BASEBALL

ALREADY the flowers have started to show their beautiful colors, the campus has assumed an emerald green appearance and the students bloom forth in spring attire. As one approaches the larger schools about the city, a rhythmic thump, with an occasional whack! greets the ears. If one should in his walks be hastily greeted, "Hey! there, throw up the ball," or something on that order, he would at last come to his senses. But with every true American, it would only take one such event before he would find himself standing on the edge of some vacant lot, lost in a little "kid's" version of America's national game. He would certainly forget he was using up his office time in watching this game, and if he should be a student at school, he also would involuntarily attend this little game, instead of pouring over his books at school. And so in any of these games, be it "work-up," "one-o-cat," or perhaps "Sides," whatever it is, no red-corpused American can pass such pastimes without having that "fan bug" working in his dome.

And far be it from being behind the times at the Normal school, when baseball season comes a rolling in, the boys step around "peppy" like, the girls inquiring about the games and the faculty start worrying about the candidates' scholarship.

The bug surely has infected the Normal training quarters. Each night boys in blue and white uniforms with B. S. N. S. sewed on them, can be seen wending their way down to the Sehome school grounds. Here they limber up a bit, take out a few kinks, discover dormant muscles and besides this get many bruises in the form of sprained ankles, wrists and fingers. Each man works in competition with another man. He knows

his efforts will be rewarded if he enters the practice diligently.

Of last year's letter men we have only two, Ed Rairdon of the outfield, and Griffin, shortstop. But with these two good men, Coach Carver has a squad of many others of the same type. For men trying out for positions in the box we have A. R. Smith from Vancouver, Wash., who has been on the mound for W. S. C. one summer, and for Vancouver in the Columbia River League. Nat Mount is also trying for this position. He has done considerable work at Anacortes. For catcher, Sam has four men trying out: Fox of Ferndale, Griffin, one of last year's letter men, Parking of Blaine, and "Red" Miller of Bellingham. Al. Muller seems to have the first bag to himself. Al. played in some of the remaining games last season. "Bud" Rairdon, brother of Ed, is doing excellent work at second, while Bay of Lynden is running him hard. Russell of Whatcom High, has little competition at third. In the outfield, there are several likely candidates. Ed Rairdon, another last year letter man, seems sure of a berth. Then there's Anstett from Whatcom High, Beardlee of Bothell, Harris of Seattle, Roop from Pasco and Uddenberg from Tacoma. Now with this list and a possibility of several more being added before the real season starts, Sam Carver expects to turn out a machine of real baseball sluggers.

We clashed with the U. of W. varsity team April 6, with a final score of 13 to 0 for the visitors. But April 8 when we will attack Blaine, we hope to have a team working together better. While Mr Carver hasn't a complete schedule. he feels confident of the games

April 22 and May 13 we have games with the Whatcom High school, and

Buy one at the Book Store.

April 20 with O. A. C. varsity. He is expecting letters each day for games with Anacortes, Everett and possibly Bremerton. He at least assures us that enough games will be played to give the students their full share promised by the student athletic tickets, and furthermore, urges that the students use their tickets and back up their team this season. He feels more than confident that we will see some team turned out on the diamond this year.

TRACK

Very little work is being done in this branch of athletics as yet. The weather being so stormy and wet, but now that the ground shows indi-

cations of losing some of its moisture, real training will soon start. As yet only cross country work has been put into effect.

But with the following men, a track team will be seen, better than ever before exhibited: "Red" Montgomery, Bill Shidler, Al. Muller, Earl Bixby, "Red" Beardslee, Blakey, Hurd, Boggan, A. R. Smith, Davenport, Estes, Bay, Shold, the two Rairdons, Hougan, Mohrman, Seeling and "Red" Miller.

Sam expects to have meets with Lynden, Blaine, Mt. Vernon and Whatcom High. He again claims that the number of meets guaranteed by the student tickets will be more than fulfilled.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE.

THE Juniors came back in this game just as strong, if not stronger, than the first Junior-Sophomore game. We will say that we admire the spirit of the Sophomores and hope they keep it up. The game started with lots of pep. for it was evident that the Sophomores had planned to surprise the Juniors, but the Juniors could not be held down so the game went to the Juniors with a score of 24 to 8. Bernadine Hilliard for the Juniors, showed her skill at playing forward, playing only one half, she was able to add 13 points to the score. The center's position for the Juniors was filled by Miss Chalfaut who has two field baskets to her credit. We were glad to see some of the girls play who had not played in the previous games—so bring on some more Juniors!

The Sophomores showed us a new player in Lottie Turkington, who played a good game for the Sophomores, adding five points to their score.

The line-up was as follows:

Juniors: Watrous, Reedy, Hilliard, forwards; Chalfaut, center; Hefty, Jones, Hovander, guards.

Sophomores: Westman, Turkington, forwards; Pearson, center; Lee, Bennett, McKinnon, guards.

SENIOR-JUNIOR

This was the game that everyone had looked forward to, for since the last game both teams had practiced diligently. The Seniors had said that the tables would be turned in this game, while the Juniors said they were going to win and thus cinch their hold on the "cup," getting two games out of three. The game was one of excitement from start to finish. In the first minute of play one free throw and one field basket was thrown by the Seniors, making the score 3 to 0. Then the Juniors threw one field basket, making the score 3 to 2. Ann Larsen for the Seniors threw two more field baskets. At one moment during the first half the score was a tie, 9 to 9. It was hard

Have you a Student Song Book?

for the players to hear the referee's whistle at this point of the game for the rooters for each side were about evenly divided. In the next two minutes of play the Seniors made five points and the Juniors made two, then the half ended 14 to 11 in the Seniors' favor.

The game was even better in the second half for the Juniors came on the floor determined to make up the three points and to make a few more also, while the Seniors came back with a feeling that they were going to add more points to their score and still hold the Juniors down.

For the most part, there was clean and skillful playing all thru this half. but at no time during the second half were the Juniors ahead, for the Seniors managed to keep ahead by one or two points. When the final whistle blew the score was 20 to 19 in favor of the Seniors. They did it even tho it was only by one point and now on March 17, it will be decided finally, for then we meet again, that is the Juniors and Seniors.

Both teams played an exceptionally good game and we hope that everyone noticed the way both teams played in this game and the way they played in the first Junior-Senior game. It was practice and the coaching that each team received that did it.

The line-up was:

Juniors: Forwards, Hilliard, Watrous; center, Jackson; guards, Hovander, Jones.

Seniors: Forwards, Larsen, Skalley; center, Conroy; guards, Gragg, Johnson.

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE

The third game between the Juniors and the Sophomores was played on Wednesday, March 8. The Juniors again proved that they were a little faster than the Sophomores, but the Sophomores were able to hold the Juniors down to 12. Marion Lee for

the Sophomores and Ada Hovander for the Juniors played good games. The game ended with a score of 12 to 5 in favor of Juniors.

Line-up:

Sophomores: Forwards, Cates, Westman; center, Pearson; guards, Lee, Bennett, McKinnon.

Juniors: Forwards, Hilliard, Kelley; center, Jackson; guards, Hefty, Hovander.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE

The Sophomores, after having been beaten by the Juniors, saw that their chance for the cup lay in winning from the Seniors. Their chances came on Friday, March 10 and on Wednesday, March 15, but they lost their chance for the cup in the first game for the Seniors won it by a score of 27 to 10.

The Seniors used a different team in this game, but this team showed that it was just as good as the one that defeated the Juniors. There was good playing on both sides, but exceptionally good playing was done by Anne Larsen and Helena Stenvig for the Seniors and Lottie Turkington for the Sophomores.

In the second game the Sophomores succeeded in holding the Seniors down to 18 and they managed to make 11 points for themselves. In the first half the Seniors did not seem to be able to find the basket and the half ended with a score of 3 to 2 in favor of Seniors. Both teams came back in the second half, due to the fact that Elizabeth Arnold was playing for the Sophomores and Anne Larsen for the Seniors. In the second half Elizabeth Arnold put the ball in the basket three times while for the Seniors Anne Larsen put it thru five times and Helena Stenvig three times.

The line-up was:

Seniors: Forwards, Stenvig, Larsen; center, Gooch; guards, Backman, McMahan.

Sophomores: Forwards, Arnold, Westman; center, Pearson; guards, Lee, Bennett.

JUNIOR-SENIOR

This was the game that was to decide the championship. After much training and practicing, the two teams were ready to play on Friday, March 17. The Juniors had won the first game and the Seniors the second, so each team had an equal chance for the championship. Amidst loud cheering, from the side-lines and the balconies, the game began. Again, in the first few minutes of play the Seniors made four points, these being made by Anne Larsen. In the next few minutes the Juniors came back with five points while the Seniors added three more to their score, making the score 7-5. The Juniors then saw their chance and threw one field basket and two free throws while the Seniors only made one point. This gave the Juniors the lead by one point. At this point it was hard to decide who was playing the game, the people on the side-lines, or the players, for the enthusiasm was uncontrollable. It was the Seniors turn and they came back and added six points to their score while the Juniors made one and the first half ended 14 to 10 in favor of the Seniors.

At the beginning of the second half both teams came back determined to win. In the second half the Seniors seemed to get hold of themselves more than the Juniors. The Juniors were only able to shoot one field basket and one free throw, but not so with the Seniors. They added thir-

teen points to their score and amidst much cheering from the Senior side the championship for the year 1916 was won by the Seniors. Both teams deserve credit for the skillful game that was played and all who played in that game will say that most of that credit is due to the coach, Miss Nickerson, who developed that skill for the team. The Seniors told you in the beginning that they would develop more skill. Did this game show it?

Anne Larsen, Helen Gragg, Emma Johnson, Barbar Conroy all played an exceptionally good game for the Seniors. Bernadine Hilliard, Jennie Kelley and Cosby Jackson played a good game for the Juniors.

The line-up was:

Seniors: Forwards, Larsen, Skalley; center, Conroy; guards, Johnson, Gragg.

Juniors: Forwards, Kelley, Hilliard; center, Jackson; guards, Jones, Hovander.

Thus ends the basketball season for the year 1915-1916 and all who played hated to see it pass. Now that it has passed, let us turn our athletic spirit toward some other game. Miss Nickerson says that we will be able to have interclass, indoor baseball teams, tennis and hockey teams. We will play indoor baseball outside and hockey will be played on the football field. There is a chance for every girl in this school to turn out for some one of these teams, and girls let us do it and bring girls' athletics up to the standard that they should be in a school where there are over 800 girls.

K. S., '16.



ALUMNI

A VIS BOWMAN is at her home in Snohomish.

Hetty Miles, ex-16, has six pupils at Snoqualmie.

Mildred Markwell and Mina Berto, ex-16, are at their home in Des Moines, Wash.

Hallie Heaton, ex-16, is teaching in a rural school near Dayton.

Gertrude Mosier, ex-16, is teaching near Ellensburg.

Berthal McDaniels and Cecilia La Veille, ex-16, are at their homes in Bellingham.

Freda Deerling, '14, is teaching at Chehalis.

Margaret Mussop, '14, is now Mrs. E. E. La Valley and lives at Cashmere.

Caroline Haulsey, '13, is teaching in Burlington.

Wilhelmina Frantz, '15, is teaching at Point Elizabeth.

Beatrice Bell, '14, is substituting in Tacoma.

Evelyn Britt, '14, is teaching in Everett.

Blanche Dellinger, '15, is now Mrs. Morris Miller, of Burlington.

Ethel Pieplow, '14, has changed her name to Mrs. Harry Proudfoot and she lives at Walla Walla.

May Reichert, '14, is teaching at Geneva.

Elsie Ziese, '15, is studying art at Columbia University, New York City.

Luella Whitacre, '06, is taking a course for primary supervisors at Columbia University.

Josephine Augustine, '14, is now Mrs. H. M. Sallin. She lives at Valdez, Alaska.

Ruth Derifield, '14, is now Mrs. Rudolf Knaack.

Born on Sept. 3, 1915, to Mrs. Ethel Harris, '14, of Seattle, a daughter, who has been named Florence Elma.

Born, on Sept. 5, to Mrs. Carrie Clarke Seare, '14, a daughter, who has been named Katherine Rose Thelma Seare.

Mrs. Mabel Barker, '15, has been substituting at Blanchard.

Margarite McDowell, ex-16, who has been teaching in Okanogan county, died about a month ago. Her death was due to tuberculosis.

Good-bye—Will be an alumnae by next issue.

Anahola, Kanai, Feb. 15, 1916.

Dear Miss Fell:

Since you expected some kind of a note, I think I might as well comply with your wishes. As Ab Hennes wrote such a fine article, I thot that would be sufficient for both in this "family," but since you made that remark about the loyalty, etc. of the alumni, why I guess it is up to me to get busy and, using newspaper slang, "pound off" something.

I might choose as my subject "School Children in Hawaii," but I'm afraid I know very little about them as yet, as my experience has been limited to three nationalities and one school.

Tho on American territory, the public schools of Hawaii contain very few American children compared with children of other races. One reason for this, I believe, is the fact that what few Americans are on the Islands send their children to private schools rather than public, not for the reason that private schools are superior, but on account of the mixed races that are in attendance at the government schools.

By far the largest percent of children of school age are Japanese and

Buy one at the Book Store.

that is easily accounted for, as the Sons of the Mikado early settled here in large numbers.

It is estimated that there are fifteen or more nationalities represented. Following the Japanese, are the Portuguese, Part Hawaiians, Hawaiians, Chinese, Americans and Spanish, besides a few of numerous other nations, all ingredients for the "melting pot."

I have found the Japanese to be the best students; I do not mean naturally brighter, but more willing to work. That is a natural characteristic of the race, however, and is to be expected.

As all know the Hawaiians are famous for their remarkable musical ability and they receive their start early in life. Albert Hennes and myself have a number of boys in school who are skilled on the ukelele, mandolin and guitar, and we have had a number of fine concerts. The eldest of the boys is fourteen, while the youngest is barely eleven. Music comes natural to them and is comparatively easy and I can frankly say that no music to me is quite like that rendered by a number of Hawaiians on stringed instruments.

The primary teacher in this terri-

tory travels under difficulties during the first few months of a school year, as, aside from the Hawaiians, most of the children entering school for the first time cannot speak a word of English. Mostly on this account, it takes a beginner two years to complete the first grade.

It frequently happens that boys of the age of fourteen or fifteen, who have completed the elementary schools of Japan, enter English schools direct from that country. Of course they are entered into the primary grade, but in a remarkably short time they pick up the simpler English words, learn to read and write, and get promotion rapidly. We have one boy of that type, who registered several months ago. He will probably complete two or three grades this year and as many more next.

I find the children very interesting, likeable and easy to handle.

Finishing my futile "copy," I want to heartily congratulate the members of the staff for turning out such a worthy paper, a real live college publication.

Sincerely,

Lytton M. Swartz, '15.

Each day I tread an endless round
Of duties small or great,
Each day a lengthening radius
Leads where new duties wait.

Sometimes it leads through valley dim,
Where griefs and sorrows bide;
Sometimes where pain and suffering—
Always, where dangers hide.

And yet, always the circling line
Invites my weary feet,
Where hope holds out her promise
fair,
Where love makes service sweet.

EXCHANGE

MANY good exchanges have come to the Messenger in the last month. Among them were the following: Whitman College Pioneer, Walla Walla Washington; Industrial Exponent, Aberdeen, South Dakota; Monmal, Montana State Normal, Dillon, Montana; Goldenrod, Wayne, Nebraska; Outlook, Oklahoma Normal, Pawhuska, Oklahoma; Kinnickinick, Cheney Normal, Washington; The Quill, Marquette, Michigan; Southwest Standard, Springfield, Missouri; The Head-

light, Junior High School, Richmond, Indiana; Nor' Easter, Kansas City, Missouri; Reed College Quest, Portland, Oregon; Peace Pipe, Fairview, Oklahoma; Normal Student, Warrensburg, Missouri; Valley Echo, Elma, Washington; Kodak, Everett, Washington; Crescent, Newberg, Oregon; Bulletin, Normal School, Valley City, North Dakota, Whims, Broadway, Seattle, Washington; The Comet, Milwaukee.

LIFE?

A game of chance!
That's all it is,
So what care we for strife,
"A game of chance!"
A place to dance!
We live and love,
And die, perchance,
That's all there is to lifed

But is this life?
Not all—by far;
There's more beyond this pale;
A God enthroned—
This life is loaned—
We make or break;
Our fate unknown;
Till God lifts up the veil.

Cassie C. Cales.

JOKES



Motto of This Column:

Times without number
These jokes have been told,
Laugh again, will you?
And never grow old.—Ex.

Again:

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So, if you find some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call it "one sad joke"
Just laugh—and you'll be wise.

Don't laugh if you don't want to.
This is the last Messenger (apologies
to Juniors) and we are never (that is,
I am) never, never going to be funny
again!! So, I'll laugh whether you
do or not. Good-bye.—J. Ed

I'm going to tie a piece of crepe
around my neck in a lover's knot and
hang myself.—Q. B. G. E.

No Aeroplane

Janitor Grady was rounding up the
boys who had ditched special assembly.

R. T.—"Hay, Ted, what are you running for?"

T. C.—"Because, you nut, I. can't fly."

This is the kind of jokes they have in Eng. XI:

Mr. P.—"B. Dishman has the affirmative of this question. I think some lady has the negative; who is the lady?"

Paul Mischke raised his hand, "Me."

More Palmer Method

Mr. T.—"This is no music class. Do not sharp those—make them round."

Thus we Observe (8:45 Section):

"I was supervisor for ten years and I was delighted when the teacher left the children alone. Then they had a chance to learn something."

They Teach 'em Even Jokes!

Primary Teacher—"Now children, what do you call the meal you eat in the morning?"

Several—"Oatmeal."

Miss V. R. (while observing on Sehome hill)—"Isn't that a nice looking garden away over there?"

He—"Why, that is the cemetery"—great laughter.

Miss V. R.—"Well, I knew something was planted over there, anyway."

We've heard this before, too (several times):

They had been talking about the Sandwich Islands "Are you in favor of annexation?" said the young man.

The maiden coy, "Oh George. it's so sudden."

Have you a Student Song Book?

We hope there is someone who has
not heard this—?

We entered Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land,
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl,
How fast the evening flies,
We spoke in tones so tender,
As I gazed into her lunch basket.

I gazed into the basket
And wished I had a taste,
There sat my lovely charmer.
My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella—
This charming little Miss;
Her eyes were full of mischief,
As I slyly stole a—sandwich.

—C. Cain.

Some Danger, Too.

Teacher (to those in back row by
pipes)—“Move your chairs forward so
you will not bake your brains.”

Fft! Fft!

Miss DeMuir—“Papa always gives
me a book for my birthday gift.”

Miss DeMeanor—“What a fine li-
brary you must have.”

Children, from the training school:

The cast of the Junior play was at
the studio, to have their pictures
taken. A professor from North Side
High came from the photographing
room—

Prof.—“Oh, are you South Side High
people?”

Cast (unanimously)—“No, Normal.”

Prof. (going out)—“Oh, Normal
High.”

First passenger—“Y-yes, I know I
st-stutter terribly now, but I'm-m-m
going to-to N-N-New York to D-Dr.
Fixem for it.”

Second passenger—“H-h-h-h-he's the
m-m-m-man wh-o-o-o c-c-cured mum-
mum-me!”

From an Eng. l. Paper (honestly:)

(Writing up football banquet)—“Our
postmaster, Mr. Pingreen, introduced
each toast and where he played.”

Hm!

One of our dear “leader to stimuli
and experiences” was discoursing as
follows:

“In one corner of the picture the
mother hen was hovering over her
little ducks, as is natural.”

“Popular Mechanics

Miss Sumner (after the usual auto
ride pantomime)—“Why, why is the
Ford the only machine driven in pan-
tomime?”

Belle C. (at breakfast)—“I don't
feel like an egg this morning.”

Interred in the Knoll.

Botany III buried the memories of
unsuccessful exeperiments Tuesday—
at least we saw them holding a fun-
eral around the flag pole.

A Mercenary Parody:

Wives and daughters all remind us,
We must make our little pile;
And departing leave behind us,
Enough for them to live in style.

Senior Pres. (in class meeting)—
“During Miss Baker's relief of ab-
sence—”

Buy one at the Book Store.

In Other Words—

Miss B.—“What else must the teacher be able to do?”

N. Mc. (anxious to please)—“Get the subject across.”

Miss B.—“Yes, the method of presentation.”

As the Jap Sees Us!

Teachee, Teach-ee, all day teach-ee

All night long-ee papers mark-ee,

Never, never sleep-ee;

No one kiss-ee; no one hug-ee,

Poor old maid-ee, no one lov-ee.

Sense Training.

Dr. D. (taking roll)—“Be quiet, so I can see you.”

The sister of little Bobby, whom you meet in Obs. classes, visited school with her mother. She was very attentive and absorbed everything. Finally she turned to her mother and said, “Show me a teacher.”

M. R.—“Ever see a five-legged calf?”

A. D.—“No, what would you call that, a prodigy or a progidy?”

M. R.—“Progeny’s as far as I can get.”

Too True.

In Geog. methods—

Mrs. T.—“Give me another point under making the material vital, Mr. Hurley.”

A.—“Z-z-z-d, etc.”

Mrs. T.—“Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn’t mean to waken you from your pleasant sleep.”

Not Only Absent-minded—

D. P.—“I’m so absent-minded, some day I’m going to start out to school wearing seven pairs of hats.”

Coy!

When a girl demurred at being placed between two boys in a class one of them said, “Faint heart—never got any place—and this is leap year.”

After Col. Club Capers.

Bill—“G! these girls are slow. I’ve asked to see a dozen home and not one will go.”

Dainty Confections.

Fusser (getting ready for a masquerade)—“What shall I doll up as?”

Frank—“Oh, sugar your head and go as a pill.”

Walter Johnson (reading ad from Tacoma paper)—“Marry the girl, we’ll furnish the home.”

Breneman (absently)—“Marry the home; I’ll furnish the girl.”

JOKE EXCHANGE (Annex)

Desirable Job.

Bluffer—“I wish I were a Turtle.”

Sluffer—“Why?”

Bluffer—“Because he has a snap.”

A Slip—

Mr. J.—“Miss James, may I accompany you to have some refreshments?”

Miss J.—“Oh, Mr. Janes, I’m so sorry, but I promised Mr. Jones. Now, I know the most clever and handsome girl; I’ll introduce you to.”

Mr. J.—“I don’t want a clever and handsome girl; I want you.”

Stede—“I hear your depositors are falling off.”

Cashier—“Yes, they can’t maintain a balance.”

Have you a Student Song Book?

Bellingham?

Anxious salesman (making a train)
—“Say conductor, can't you go faster than this?”

Conductor—“Yes, but I have to stay with my car.”

Frugalite.

A Scotch Parson—“Well, good folk, we do need money, the kirk does. We canna get it honestly. We mun see what a bazaar can do.”

Waiter (in German)—“Wasser?”

American girl (flustered)—“No, Wellesley.”

Found in a down-town second-hand book store, on a shelf labeled “fiction,” the book, “How to Become Beautiful.”

Prospective Buyer—“Is this land rich?”

Prospective Seller—“It ought to be; I put all my money into it.”

Born in a Normal:

“Why do you dislike your teacher, Willie?”

“I don't exactly dislike her, but it is perfectly plain to me why she never married.”

Generosity.

Mutt—“My, God's kind.”

Jeff—“How so?”

Mutt—“He gives us our faces, but we can pick our own teeth.”

Grandmother—“Girls are so useless these days. I'll wager you don't know what a needle is for.”

Fluff—“Yes, I do; it's to run a Victrola.”

A Cockney angler feared that the Scotch boatman did not appreciate his station.

“My good man, my ancestors have been entitled to bear arms for 200 years.”

“Hoot! that's naething! My ancestors have been entitled to bare legs for 2,000 years.”

Clerk—“Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?”

Summer boarder—“I'd better keep my views to myself.”

“You don't mean you believe in capital punishment!”

“It was good enough for my fathers and it is good enough for me.”

Old Scotchman—“Ye'll likely be gaein to Elie.”

Traveler—“No.”

O. S.—“Aw, then ye'll be gaein to Pittenween.”

Traveler—“No.”

O. S.—“I judge it's Craill ye're gaein to.”

Traveler—“No.”

O. S.—“Dae think I care a' dom whaur ye're gaein?”

Shifting the Blame.

Sam had been caught in the cooky box again and was fighting for time.

“Mother did you hear me ask God to make me a good boy? Well, he ain't done it.”

Fresh.—“When was Adam born?”

Senior—“Search me.”

Fresh.—“A little before Eve.”

“How do you keep your feet from going to sleep?”

“Don't let 'em turn in.”

Fifty-Six

Prof.—“Now be reasonable, what do you think your head is for?”

W.—“Well, to keep my collar from slipping off my neck.”

Other Training Schools Have Their Troubles:

One day—“James, you are a disturbing element.”

Next day; James' mother—“Why did you call my son a dirty elephant?”

Dignity—“Don't yell 'Hey' at me; I'm no horse.”

Flippeney—“I know it; your ears are too long.”

“Did you ever have anything cut out that you had handed into the Messenger?”

“All that litters is not literature.”

Also at W. S. N. S.

Here is an account of a fellow who took two years to carve a box of toothpicks. Somewhat overdrawn, eh?”

“Oh, I don't know. In Cheney it takes five years to make a match.”

In Tr. School.

Pupil—“Hy, Teacher, which is right, Bob or Robert?”

Teacher—“Why, Robert, of course.”

“Always?”

“Certainly.”

“All right. I saw a Robertailed horse going down the street.”

Mary baked a little cake

To tickle papa's palate;
He stuck a handle into it,
And used it for a mallet.

Pa (reading from newspaper)—
“Well-diggers strike layers of peat in graveyard.”

Ma (soulfully)—“Poor Pete.”

Minister—“Tommy, don't you know what would happen to you if you told a lie?”

Tommy—“The devil would get me.”

Minister—“Yes, and what if you told the truth?”

Tommy—“I'd get the devil.”

“Waiter, this coffe is nothing but mud.”

“Correct, sir, it was ground this morning.”

AFTERMATH OF FIRST QUARTER'S TEACHING

Her sorrows were just being ended,
When out in the hall one day,
I heard her declaiming divinely,
The plot ran somewhat this way:

“Do you know, I just adore teaching!
My subject was simply sublime!
Yet I prefer stooping to “marriage”
Rather than teach the rest of my
time!”

ABSOLUTE SAFETY

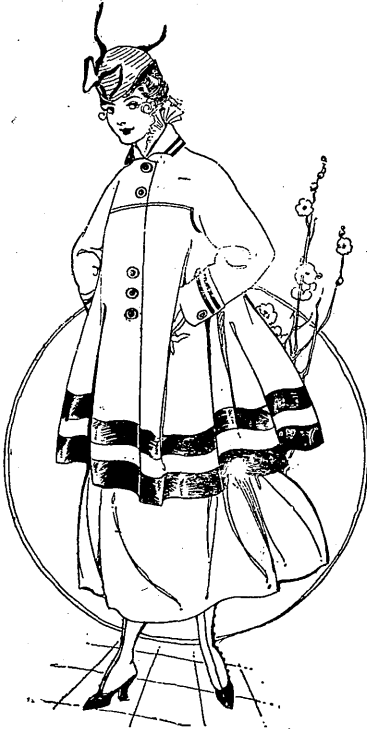
Open your checking account with us and pay
your bills by check

We cash all checks of the Normal Students
without charge.

NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK

Mason Building

Bellingham, Wash.



Kemphaus & Co.

SPRINGS CHARMING MODES

IN

SUITS, COATS AND DRESSES

We're ready with authentic
styles at popular prices.

New Suits.....\$18.00 to \$24.50
New Dresses.....\$9.50 to \$24.50
New Coats.....\$7.50 to \$24.50

10% discount to Normal stu-
dents.

**PHONE 723
556**

For Your Drug Store Needs. Free Delivery

OWL PHARMACY
Corner Dock and Holly Streets

If you were going to build a house, would you have a druggist build it?
Why not have your Kodak Finishing done by a PHOTOGRAPHER.

SPECIAL—Little Student-photos for your Applications

SANDISON STUDIO

Phone 989

Over 5-10-15c Store

Snappy Spring Footwear, all the Modish styles

10% Discount to Normal Students.

RAYMOND'S
110 East Holly

COLLINS & CO.

Original Cut Rate Druggists

213 E. Holly

Special box Royal Crepe Correspondence paper, 48 sheets—48 envelopes 25c.
Regular 50c package

MR. AND MRS. L. JOHNSON

Have an ideal home for girls attending the Normal.
Room and Board, \$5 a Week. Table Board, \$4. REF-
ERENCES REQUIRED. Apply at 630 High St. P. 3448.

TARTE HALL
DORMITORY FOR GIRLS

A place where the best room and board, including the use of
laundry, can be had at the following rates:

Double rooms, per week, \$4.25 Single rooms, per week, \$5.00

EVERYTHING FURNISHED

MRS. TARTE, Matron

Three minutes' walk from Normal.

626 HIGH ST.

IT'S CATCHING?

We have been wondering why we did not get an opportunity to bid on the photos for the annual this year? We can do the work just as good as the others can. Anyway let us give you some prices on application photos

\$3.00 panel photos for \$1.50
 1.50 panel photos for 1.00
 1.25 panel photos for 75

All the above prices are net cost figures and for normal students only.

THE GROSART STUDIO

1211 Dock St. We do developing, printing and enlarging Bellingham, Wash.

Theo
Electric Engraving Co.
 SERVES THIS PUBLICATION
 MAY THEY SERVE YOU?
 PHOTO-ENGRAVING
 ARTISTS
 226 29 P.I. Bldg Seattle

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

When your shoes need new soles, bring them in and let us fit them with a pair of "Neolin" soles. More comfortable than leather—last longer—cost no more. Neolin soles keep pace with Neolin rubber heels

MORLAN'S SHOE REPAIR SHOP

1224 Elk St.

Bellingham, Wash.

WE CATER TO

Normal Students' trade and carry everything in Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables.

We have our own Home Baking Department.

SWEET GROCERY CO.

Phones—417, 418.

1021 Elk Street.

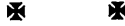
THE LIBERTY

Offers the best of motion pictures. The best of actresses and actors prevail. Come and see them.

THE LIBERTY

MORSE HARDWARE CO.

1025-1039 ELK STREET



Immense Stock - Prompt Service
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Little Edna: "Why wouldn't it do to pray for our bread once a week or once a month? Why must we ask every day for our daily bread?"

Lillie Frumkin: "So as to have it fresh, goosie." —Ex.

THE HOME STORE

A. LAWSON

1312-1314 Bay Street

When you think of Dry Goods, Nobby Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, right prices, think of the HOME STORE

10 per cent. Discount to Normal Students

"Can you imagine a new full dress suit for nine dollars?"

"Where?"

"No place, but can you imagine it?"

EMPIRE MEAT AND GROCERY CO.

EVERYTHING TO EAT.

FOUR DELIVERIES A DAY.

PHONES—986, 987, 888.

1313 DOCK STREET.

Office Phone 975.

Res. Phone 907.

DR. T. M. BARLOW

Dentist

Wishes to announce the removal of his offices April 1st. from First National Bank Building to Bellingham National Bank Building, Suite 510.

A. H. Montgomery

Fuel & Transfer Co.

is the Headquarters for all kinds of Fuel and Transfer Work.

Phone 1555

MACKLIN

1325-1331 Commercial Street.

The store that sets the pace in prices. We always aim to give a better value for the money.

DRY GOODS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, EMBROIDERY, LACE, RIBBONS, NOTIONS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

May Manton Patterns

Test question: "Who wrote the most, Bulwer, Dickens or Warren?"

Answer: "Warren wrote 'Now and Then,' Bulwer wrote 'Night and morning,' but Dickens wrote 'All the Year 'Round.'"

THE FAMILY SHOE STORE announces the greatest Cut Price Sale.
Hundreds of Sample Shoes to be sold at wholesale prices.

FAMILY SHOE STORE

Cor. Commercial and Holly St.

THE PICKERING HARDWARE CO.

1317 Commercial Street.

CAN fill your requirements for Hardware, Plumbing, Sporting Goods, Stoves and Ranges, Paints and Cutlery.

The Elk Street Pharmacy

IS YOUR NEAREST DRUG STORE.

Our Phone number is 884. We are pleased to deliver merchandise or goods

STANDARD AUTO CO.

AGENTS FOR OVERLAND CARS. We do repairing and overhauling.

CARS FOR HIRE DAY OR NIGHT

Full stock of U. S. Tires.

Phone 343—1215 Dock St.

Phones: 70 and 120.

1328-30 Elk Street.

Model Transfer & Storage Co.

F. J. MOUSO, Prop.

Successor to Larson's Livery & Transfer and F. & A. Transfer.

GENERAL DRAYING.

Moving Vans and Auto Trucks.

Bellingham, Wash.

Phone 354

211 West Holly

BELLINGHAM HARNESS CO.

For High Grade Trunks and Bags, Suit Cases and Ladies Purses.

10% Discount to all Normal Students.

"The newspaper is growing and their power was never so irresistible as it is now."—A Junior.

Every TEACHER should provide for the future by investing a portion of their salary where it will bring the largest return with absolute safety.

Let us show you the plan of the LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY, principal and interest guaranteed.

C. M. OLSON,

District Manager.

1321½ Dock St.

"How did you get your hands so soft?"

"I wear gloves when I sleep."

"Do you wear a hat in bed too?"

DAVID HINTZ

CLYDE LANSING

Normal Taxi Co.

PHONE 2338

Cars for Hire

Prices Reasonable

Time of the year for Joyriders, Automobile Parties. Talk with us about it.

"Here everyone may enjoy their selves."—A Junior.

Luncheon Goods, Olives, Pickles, Candies,
Nuts and Fruits

Wilson-Nobles-Barr Co.

"Name the Tudors."

"Front door and side door."

—Ex.

MCKAY

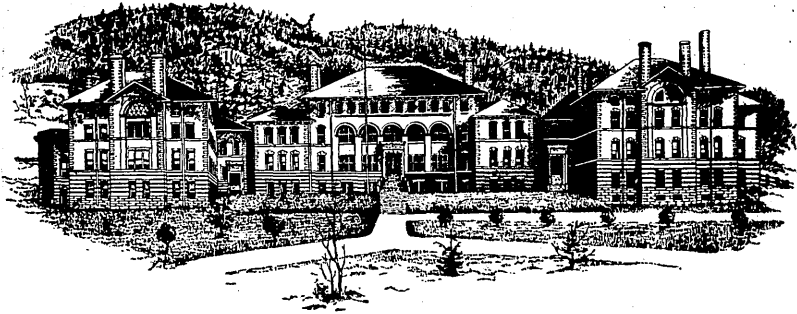
HAS THE MACHINES FOR

PICNIC PARTIES

COME AND SEE ME.

Phone 528.

1203 Dock Street.



WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

BELLINGHAM

SEVENTEENTH YEAR



ENLARGED FACULTY AND INCREASED FACILITIES. BUILDINGS MODERN AND EQUIPMENT COMPLETE.

CLIMATIC AND SCENIC CONDITIONS UNSURPASSED.

COURSES OF STUDY PREPARING FOR PRIMARY WORK, RURAL SCHOOL WORK AND GENERAL WORK IN TEACHING.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, WRITE TO THE PRESIDENT FOR A BULLETIN.



State Normal School

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

The most important thing in getting glasses is to have them fit correctly—to have back of them the knowledge and conscientious workmanship of Woll. Exclusive Optometrist and Optician, 205 West Holly.

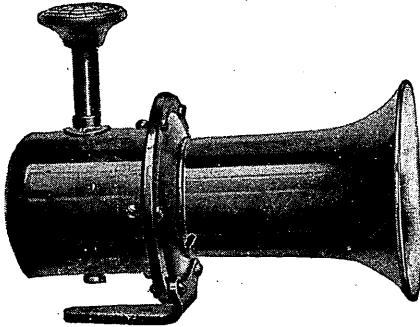
Phone 3452

G. G. BARKER & SON
FLORISTS

PLANTS SEEDS BULBS

313 W. Holly Street

Bellingham



Long Horns

FIRST COST ONLY COST

Come In and Get Prices

**Bellingham Auto Supply
Company**

1234 ELK STREET

Reliable Transfer Co.

Special prices to Students

Phone 340

Night phone 1187

READ THIS AD AND PATRONIZE YOUR ADVERTISERS

Students Listen

Its Business for you to patronize
your own institution which furthers your
interests.

Have your Kodak finishing done
at the Normal Book Store.

Sample of the work on display there.
Good work. Prompt service.



Teachers Attention

Application Photos \$1.00 per dozen.
Samples at Normal Book Store.



Steen's Studio

321 W. Holly.

Phone 630

Important

When
You are Tired
Did
You ever
Feel a loss of Energy?
Well—
Next time
Try some of Smaby's
Delicious Chocolates
And you will
Soon regain
Your normal condition.
Chocolate is a food
Therefore it
Replenishes
Your System
With more food
Which
In time
Creates more energy
Try our 10c Sundaes

Smaby's
CONFECTIONS

119 East Holly