

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER

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

Vol. XVI.

BELLINGHAM, WASH., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

No. 17

Assembly

Mr. Wright, superintendent of Lynden, visited the Normal last Friday and favored the students with an interesting address.

His theme was "The Teacher," and the remarks made were of especial value to prospective teachers.

"The three little letters, etc., may embody all the vital phases of a teacher's life, which make for or against her success," said Mr. Wright in discussing some of the essentials of the profession. He went on to explain that "e" might stand for enthusiasm, without which no teacher can be successful; "t" for tongue, which should be carefully guarded, and "c" for cooperation in the fullest sense of the word, i. e. in taking constructive criticism, in regard to teacher's meetings or life in the community.

The speaker closed with the plea that "the profession brings out the best that is in us—let us then give the best to our patrons, and to our fellowmen."

A very enjoyable musical program was rendered at the assembly on Wednesday morning by Mr. Sperry, accompanied by Mrs. Irving J. Cross. Mr. Sperry's numbers consisted of: "Deep River," Burleigh. "The Dove," Ronald. "Tis June," Ronald.

"I Know of Two Bright Eyes," Clut-sam.

The audience greatly appreciated the vocal talent of Mr. Sperry, and he gave as an encore, "Trottin' to the Fair," Sanford.

Dr. Hall, western secretary of foreign missions, spoke to the students concerning the great need prevalent in foreign countries for efficient, trained teachers and missionaries, to awaken intellectual life—but also to teach endarkened people how to use the improved methods and implements of civilization. He cited the case of India, where great need is felt for the knowledge of scientific agriculture.

Mr. Parish went out to Sumas Monday evening to attend a party at Mr. Ernest Rexford's. Mr. Rexford is a brother of Eben E. Rexford, who wrote "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Mr. Parish entertained the company with several readings during the evening.

Enrollment Now 1,599

The enrollment for the school year is as follows:
Regular Normal, 1,060.
High School, 164.

Training School, 230.
Correspondence students, 145.
Total, 1,599.

MISS JENSEN GIVES TALK ON SING-SING

The students' hour on Monday was given over largely to a survey of past and present conditions in Sing-Sing prison, and the reforms begun by Thomas Mott Osborne while warden of that institution.

Miss Jensen, the speaker, who visited Sing-Sing last summer, brought to the students many vital and interesting facts concerning life at Ossining-on-the-Hudson.

She stated that absolute silence was demanded of the prisoners until two years ago, when Osborne took up his duties as warden, bringing with him some ideas in regard to prison life which were entirely foreign to those of his predecessors. He found that no visitors had been allowed the watched men in the cells—no light or ventilation—in short, all forms of torture had been the policy of those in authority.

"The prison is to reform, not to punish," said Miss Jensen. "Mr. Osborne called it his college—started the Men's Mutual Welfare League, self-government and self-discipline."

She went on to say: "Humanity's debt to Osborne is very great. He has done more than any other one man to change prison conditions, and has brought to the attention of the whole country, the value of a reformatory idea in caring for prisoners, rather than the punitive idea of the past."

Raymond Elder has accepted the principalship of a school in Lewis county.

Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of Seattle has been invited to speak before the Leace League.

There were not enough chairs to go around in P. E. Methods class and Miss Nickerson sent Mr. A. Fisher into the laboratory across the hall to get some. He soon came back with the following: "There is one chair in there, but there is a girl sitting on it."

HOW I BECAME A TEACHER

Like many happy marriages, my teaching profession was a second choice.

I remember that in one of the many class prophecies of under graduate days I was portrayed as teaching algebra and music on the Pacific Coast. I curled my lips and my neighbor asked in amusement, "What do you want, if you don't like that?"

However, I did not answer. I was far too shy to drag my precious dreams before the public gaze, but I expected to be a writer, and just then, in my heart of hearts I expected some time to sit on the seat of fame beside George Eliot and Mrs. Browning, my especial enthusiasms.

The town where I spent my youth and college days was founded about one hundred years ago by a Holland sect. This body of people came with their "domine" as leader to make their home on the prairies of Iowa because they felt themselves persecuted by the laws of Holland. They named the town from the Bible, Pella, a place of refuge. It was a good location and was chosen for home by many Americans as well as ather Hollanders, and in time it grew into a village of considerable importance. Before the War of the Rebellion the American Baptists established a college there also. These two facts gave the town a unique character.

In my youth there were yet many evidences of Holland inheritances in the social life, which while they seldom touched my life were very interesting to me.

I think this living in touch with an other nationality in addition to attending a school not of my own denomination has helped to give me breadth of sympathy.

I know that when, after my graduation, we moved to a new railroad town in northern Iowa. I missed very much the quiet cultural atmosphere of the old Dutch town.

Calendar

Monday, February 5, 1917.

Assembly—Talk by Mr. Bever.
Talk by Miss Baxter, "Deborah Kallikak."

3:20—High School B. B. practice.
4:10—Junior B. B. practice.

Tuesday, February 6, 1917.

9:30—Senior class meeting, auditorium.

Elementary class meeting, Room 103.

3:20—Elementary and Senior B. B. practice.

3:30—Rehearsal of Thespian play, Room 310.

4:10—High School and Junior B. B. practice.

Wednesday, February 7, 1917.

Assembly—Musical program.

4:10—Choral Club meets in auditorium.

Senior and Elementary B. B. game.

Thursday, February 8, 1917.

9:30—Philo business meeting, room 312.

H. L. S. business meeting, room 119.
Ukulele Club meets, room 104.

Aletheia business meeting, room 313.

3:20—Senior and Junior B. B. practice.

3:20—Rehearsal of Thespian play, room 310.

4:10—Y. W. C. A. Leader, Lucile Herrett. Speaker, Rev. R. Marshall Harrison.

7:30—Thespian Club meets, room 310.

Alkisiah Club meets, room 312.

Social-Democratic Club meets.

Friday, February 9, 1917.

Assembly—Principal J. E. McKown of Whatcom High School will speak.

4:10—Senior and Elementary Kline Cup game.

7:30—Normal High School debates with Laurel High, Normal auditorium.

High School mixer afterward.

Saturday, February 10, 1917.

10 a. m.—Studio Club meets.

7:30 p. m.—Basketball game with Everett in Bellingham.

(Continued on page 8)

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difference in them if sent to the

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they fit more satisfactory. Send
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Collars

Collars

NORMAL HIGH PLAYS THE SENIORS

Friday, January 26, witnessed a game of basketball,—Normal High girls vs. Normal Seniors. It was a splendid game, and, tho H. S. picked up only 5 of 32 points distributed, they won lasting honor by fair play and a clean game. It must be so, the Seniors said they did!

Heard in Cooking Class.

Miss D.: "Tell of one way to prepare salmon."

Bright pupil (eagerly): "Roll it in sawdust and fry it."

(Note—Was that answer due to association of ideas or high cost of living?)

Why doesn't Miss Woodard like pickles and why does Miss Willoughby like them so well?

Miss Willoughby: "Have some pickles."

Miss Woodard: "No, thank you. You may have my share." (A customary reply.)

Miss Willoughby: "I have." And she had.

NORMAL WINS FROM VANCOUVER

The Normal five was again victorious last Saturday night when they defeated an ex-Normal team from Vancouver in the local Gym. The final score was 68 to 25. Altho this is a one-sided game the score would have been much larger had the local boys played true to form. At times the Normal players were inaccurate in their basket shooting, but outside of this one fault the game was fast, the guards doing some especially good work. For Vancouver, their center position seemed to be the strongest and best filled.

The teams were slow in getting started, nearly five minutes having elapsed before either side scored. Normal shot the first basket and a moment later the score was evened up. However the Bellingham quintet played the steadier and the first half ended with a score of 26 to 15.

The second half was a repetition of the first with Normal getting a larger score and holding their opponents to a smaller one. This period ended with the local team on the long side of a 42 to 10 score.

"Ali" Henne's again showed his ability by uncovering an unheard of band. They played a few selections between halves. The crowd joined in the merriment and altogether it was a rare treat. The members of the band were: Craushaw playing clarinet, Mathews, piccolo; Barnet, cornet; George Miller, snare drum; McKinnon, bass drum, and Frances Devery played the piano.

The Normal team has now won four games and lost none. They will try to keep their record unbroken when they play Everett here tonight.

Hello---is this "200"

Send up a ton of your genuine gas coke at six-a-quarter, for my furnace. I must have coke because it is so clean to handle and chuck full of heat,"

Puget Sound Traction, Light and Power Company.

The line-up:

Bellingham: Benneth, F; Rockey, F; White, C; Anstett, G; Davenport, G.
Vancouver: Sangster, F; Bruce, F; Bryson, C; Woodcock, G; Kemp, G.

Substitutes: Ford for Davenport, for Bellingham.

Summary: Field goals, Kennet, 17, Rocky 6, White 6, Bryson 4, Sangster 2, Bruce 2, Kemp 2, Woodcock 1, Anstett 1, Davenport 1.

THE KLINE CUP GAMES THIS YEAR

The "Kline Cup" games have started, With rivalry and vim. Who'll win this cup? is heard from all. To win is each one's whim.

The Elementary class is small, Tho the girls will hold their own. But they hardly expect to win the cup, Tho to them, 'tis not unknown.

The Juniors and the Seniors, Expect this cup, but—well— The class that is strongest in spirit Will win,—as time will tell!

The Juniors have the numbers; And the Seniors have the age; But on these things alone, my friends, The winning cannot gauge.

The referee for every game, Is fair and square to all; She feels and prays for everyone, In these games of basketball.

There's never a girl in any team, Who doesn't live up to each rule— For Miss Nickerson—our invaluable— We know is, for "the school."

Now everyone, come help your team, Show spirit; bring the rest; Your team, thru all its hardships, Will prove, "it is the best."

W. I. G., '17.

The haughtey Senior was unprepared, The Junior his lesson knew; The Senior whispered, when called upon—

"O—G—I—N—V—U!"

ALKISIAH LITERARY SOCIETY MEETS

At a meeting of the Alkisiahs Thursday night a very interesting program was given:

Talk on Peru, Miss Gough.

Vocal solo, Miss Hamley.

Talk on Paraguay, Miss Appleby.

Talk on Chile, Miss Dingle.

Piano solo, Miss Shore.

Talk on Uruguay, Miss Berquist.

Our new officers were installed and plans were started for the new work of the last semester.

Joke Editor: "Why do you sit on every joke I hand in?"

Censor: "If they had any point to them I wouldn't."

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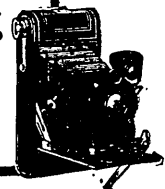
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and

Beverly Bayne

IN

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Juliet”

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Matinee 15c
Evening

Manual Training Troubles.

Instructor: “What is your trouble, little man.”

L. M. (almost crying): “I can't find my leg and my head is gone.”

(Note—Never mind going out now; he was talking about his giraffe.”

The Brown Studio

Calls the attention of the Senior Class to the fact that we alone, of all of the Studios have been constant advertisers in your Klipsuns and Messengers since coming to this city three years ago. We have paid your managers upwards of \$40.00 per year. This should be taken into consideration when determining where your annual Klipsun work should go.

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Brown Studio

Elk and Holly

WHERE SOME OF OUR STUDENTS ARE AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING

Miss Florence A. Chapin, '16, is now secretary to her brother, who is manager of the Chapin ranch at Montague, Montana.

Flora Strait, '15, is teaching in the city schools of Portland, Oregon.

Inez Herre, '15, has the principalship of a school near Bellingham, where Edna Hemmi, '16, is primary teacher.

Addie Eames is teaching in Coulee City, Wash.

Mrs. Robert L. Sorensen, nee Zera Nielson, '12, is leading the pure and simple life of a farm woman at Laurel.

Miss Myrtle Parker, '14, is teaching at Issaquah.

In a Chicago hospital, Violet Parker, '14, is training to be a nurse. Maybe we'll hear of her at the front soon.

Beatrice Hatt, '14, is “still” teaching near Kent.

Helen Harrington, ex '16, is now attending O. A. C.

Edna Shelton, '16, has charge of the seventh grade at Omak, Wash.

Another “Normal” man has deserted the ranks. Claude Manley, '15, married himself a wife and is living “happily ever after” at Collins, in Thurston county, where he teaches.

“Sis” Irving, '16, is teaching at Oso, near Arlington.

Back in Cleveland, Ohio, May Reasoner, '12, is attending a kindergarten school.

Mrs. Reasoner (nee Dona Pratt, '15) is living at Alger.

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“It pays to advertise.” Winnifred Davis, '16, of Enumclaw, wrote her name on a shingle, put it in a bunch of shingles and let it go at that. Back in Iowa a young farmer was shingling his house with “Made in Washington” shingles. He saw the feminine writing and name on a shingle. He wrote to “Winnie” and told her of the situation. She answered. Oh, yes, why shouldn't they get married? Moral—

A teacher can use a shingle in more ways than one.

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SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB

Roll call at the last meeting of the Social Dem. club was answered with current events and the 10-minute regular parliamentary drill was devoted to “obtaining the floor and what precedes debate.”

M. Agnes Kirkman entertained with the reading of “He Worried About It” and Miss Gardner gave a short talk in answer to the question, “Would You Raise Your Boy to Be a Soldier?”

Messrs. Hawley, Hilda Rosen and Walter Lidell successfully upheld the affirmative in a debate, “Resolved, That Preparedness Does Not Tend to Peace,” their opponents being Messrs. Hawley and King. Some rather astounding arguments were produced pro and con, an obliging audience being prepared “to swallow most anything.”

Harriet Thompson was elected as chairman of the program committee, after the resignation of Mrs. Esther Shepherd was accepted.

A letter from Representative Tom Brown relating to the society's anti-military training resolution, was read and other routine business disposed of.

A lively discussion of the soldiers' attitude toward war delayed adjournment beyond the regular hour, affording food for thought to participants and listeners as well.

MISSION STUDY CLASS.

1. Teacher, Mrs. Simpson; place, 710 Maple St.; time, Monday evening, 6:45 to 7:45.

2. Miss Bearsley, Edwens Hall, Tuesday, 6:45 to 7.

3. Miss Willoughby, Tarte Hall, Wednesday, 6:30 to 7.

4. Miss Pearce, Rizwan, Wednesday, 6:45 to 7:45.

5. Mrs. Woods, The Cedars, every other Thursday, beginning February.

6. Mrs. Jamson, Jamson Hall, Monday, 6 to 6:30.

7. Miss Smith, Nichols Hall, Wednesday, 7 to 8.

8. Miss Sharpless, high school, Tuesday, 3:20.

9. Miss Montgomery, 916 Garden St., Monday, 7 to 8.

10. Mr. Bond, Y. W. C. A. room, Wednesday, 4:10.

11. Miss Dice, 21st St., Tuesday, 7:45 to 8:30.

Miss Beardsley's, Miss Willoughby's, Miss Dice's and Miss Montgomery's classes will not meet until the third week in February. All other classes will meet this coming week. These classes will continue from six to ten weeks. All girls are invited to attend any of these classes, especially those classes which are situated near their homes.

The following subjects correspond to the above numbers:
Subject:

WE MAKE THE

1917 CLASS PIN.
ALKISIAH PIN.
ALETHIAN PIN.
THESPIAN PIN.
RURAL LIFE PIN.
H. L. S. PIN.
ART CLUB PIN.
SOUR DOUGH PIN.
CHORAL CLUB PIN.



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1. Western Women in Eastern Lands.
2. South American Problems.
3. Same.
4. Paul, the First Great Missionary.
5. Practical Missionary Lessons.
6. Life of Paul.
7. Servants of the King.
8. Goodly Fellowship.
9. Lives of the Great Missionaries.
10. Missionary Journeys of Paul.
11. Korea.

Our Bible Institute was held last week beginning Thursday afternoon, January 25th, and lasting until Sunday afternoon, January 28th. Many are ready to verify our statement that it is really the best that the Association has to offer during the year.

At our first meeting, Mrs. Colby sang for us, “Jesus Is Calling.” The two women, who came from Seattle, were then introduced and after a short greeting from Mrs. Soltan, Mrs. Campbell took charge of the rest of the meeting. Her main thought presented was “Oh! that our eyes might be opened.” This proved to be the keynote for the entire institute.

The second and third meetings were held Friday afternoon at 3:20 and 4:10. Mrs. Campbell spoke at 3:20 bringing us her message, first emphasizing “Ye must be born again.” Her lesson was taken from the story of the “Woman of Samaria” and Jesus' words “I am the living water” were so forcefully brought to us. At 4:10 Mrs. Soltan had the meeting and her message was the story of “Cain and Abel.” Gladys Hamley sang.

Friday evening at 7:30 both Mrs. Soltan and Mrs. Campbell spoke. There was special music, a solo by Ruth Elander.

Saturday afternoon was given over to Missions. Mrs. Soltan told such interesting stories about her own children in mission fields and Mrs. Campbell also spoke, showing how plainly God says “Go” but we do not obey. Miss Sands sang for us “He Will Hold Me Fast.”

We feel that Bible Institute has been a real help and inspiration. For those who could not attend we are inviting you now to come to our regular association meetings Thursday at 4:10.

The Weekly Messenger

Published by Students' Association
of State Normal School, Bellingham.

Entered in the postoffice at Bellingham, Wn., as second class matter.

The Irish Ptg. Co. Printers

Subscription rates, by mail, \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications, other than news items, to The Manager, The Weekly Messenger, Bellingham, Wash.

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Literary.....Ella Peterson
Humor.....Howard Buswell
Humor and Society.....Mrs. Rose Davis
High School.....Gertrude Kaufman

Last Tuesday afternoon the Bellingham alumni held a meeting at the Roeder school. Among other things that came up for consideration before this meeting was the bill now before the state legislature to introduce military training into the public schools of Washington: The association went on record as opposed to this bill.

This question of military training in the schools is one that should receive thoughtful consideration on the part of every citizen, and it is a question of special importance to us as teachers. Would military training as

part of our school course be consistent with the aim of education as we see it? It is argued that the physical training obtained along with the training in military tactics would be worth while. Would the dual organization that would be necessary if the military department was to be directed by the government, be a help or a hindrance in the development of an efficient educational system? Let us think on these questions and be prepared to take an intelligent interest in this movement, which is of such vital importance to our schools.

A GOOD LOSER TAKES DEFEAT CHEERFULLY

A good loser is one who takes his defeat as cheerfully as tho he were the winner. Such a one will buckle the armor on more securely, repair the defective parts, apply the oiled feather to the squeaking places and, with shoulders thrown back and head erect, resolve to "make good."

In all the walks of life there are more losers than winners; with the former the scar may be indelible, yet the defeated one will conceal it or, at least, will not expose it.

A certain teacher in this commonwealth says: "I never was a loser in the act of obtaining or retaining a position but what I took advantage of the opportunities offered and thus turned the apparent loss into a substantial gain. One illustration is quoted: At one place I was loser in that I failed to retain a position. Another position with a salary twenty per cent higher was secured and in the vicinity of the new position some land was purchased (just common dirt as is found on highways) which was disposed of at from 100 to 500 per cent profit. Those school district dads have received my sincere thanks for the benefits conferred upon me."

Presidential Candidate Hughes, to all outward appearances proved himself to be a good loser in his loss in the race for the presidency. When he retired at 12:15 election night, he felt certain that he had won the prize which he sought; forty-eight hours later he found himself to be a loser instead of the winner. He congratulated his chief opponent for his success. That Mr. Hughes was disappointed, no one will deny; it was probably the greatest disappointment that he ever endured, yet his actions showed him to be a good loser. He thus set an example for people in all walks of life, from an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency to the unfortunate one in a game of marbles.

WILLIAM BEARDSLEE.

Some men are born great,
Some achieve greatness
And some grate upon us.

—Exchange.

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If with pleasure you are viewing any work that I am doing,
If you like me or you love me tell me now;
Don't withhold your approbation till the Father makes oration,
And I lie with snowy lilies o'er my brow;
For no matter how you shout it, I won't care a bit about it,
I won't know how many teardrops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due me, now's the time to slip it to me,
For I cannot read my tombstone when I'm dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend,
For it gives to life a savor and it makes me stronger, braver,
And it gives me heart and spirit to the end;
If I earn your praise, bestow it; if you like me, let me know it,
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over, and I'm underneath the clover,
For I cannot read my tombstone when I'm dead.

—St. Olen in "Magnificat."

Teacher: "The good die young."
"Gig" D.: "I'm not feeling very well."

HAYS LITERARY SOCIETY.

Thursday morning, January 18, the Hays Literary Society held a business meeting. The following new committees were appointed:

Program:

Helen Sherman, chairman.
Lillian Reed.
Ruth Partridge.
Hattie Eakin.

Poster:

Mable Randall, chairman.
Vergie Fox.
Helen McCracken.
Una Robinson.

The same evening a program was given which proved both instructive and pleasing.

Modern Drama, Helen McCracken.
Life of Bernard Shaw, Gladys White.
Works of Bernard Shaw, Helen Sherman.

The Wars' Dramas, or the Dramas Exposing the Horrors of War, Miss Hays.

Parliamentary Drill, Ruth Morrison.
Vocal Solo, Cassie Cales.

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SANDISON STUDIO

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A TALE WITH A GOOD MORAL

A widow lived in a house, bare of everything save the necessities of life. In it, there were no carpets, nor easy chairs, nor luxuries; herbs lined the sides of the spare front parlor, and a poor dresser stood in the kitchen. From this kitchen dresser the widow ate her scant breakfasts, dinners and suppers, with an occasional egg, or, at most, two, to celebrate a holiday.

These eggs were laid by Dame Bartlett, spouse of King Chanticleer, who with him and her six daughters, roamed the widow's yard.

Chanticleer went to sleep one night, and close to him slept his dame and

their six children. He had slept some time, when he groaned a groan and moaned a moan.

"Get up! Wake up!" said Dame Bartlett. "What ails you? What's the matter?" She shook him, for he was slow to waken.

Chanticleer, with a deep sigh, drew himself up and Dame Bartlett saw deep, dark hollows under his eyes, and saw a dejected forlornness in the face of her worse half.

"I have had a dream," said he. "An uncouth shape, large and yet slender, came skulking toward me. I saw the creature had sharp eyes, perked ears, a long bushy tail, a slinky form and a sharp, pointed snout, withal."

"You need a worm," said his practical wife. They went out of the house, side by side, hopping down the steps, and into the spring air. King Chanticleer said: "I feel better. I enjoy seeing the fresh green leaves of spring. The morning sunshine clears away the cold from my bones, but I still have a feeling that my dream is a warning."

"Nonsense," said his wife. He answered: "I have known of many such things happening to people, after a dream like mine had warned them."

His wife wanted to argue—she did. Then the chickens quoted a little Plato and they went in search of worms.

As they scratched the mellow earth in search of its wriggley inhabitants, they were watched by a pair of sharp eyes which peered at them thru the rails of the fence. Far better that Chanticleer had stayed on his beam. The fox skulked in the corner till night. The chickens went to bed at sundown, as all nice chickens should. Then Chanticleer saw a slinking form come in the narrow doorway. He was very startled and nearly lost his equilibrium. He had never seen a fox. From instinct he shunned the pointed-nosed creature as a sailor shuns a rock.

"Cluck, cluck," said he in a deep

squawk.

"Be not alarmed, beautiful bird," said the fox. "As I stood outside I heard a song, as of the angels. I did not intend to come but the song lured me on in spite of myself. It is no wonder you are a good singer. Your father was also. I knew him intimately."

The cock was pleased and accepted this flattery.

"And now sing for me," said the fox.

Chanticleer threw back his head, shut his eyes and flapped his wings. "Listen," he said; but the fox had him by the throat. His would-be song was changed to a throaty squawk, and the fox was gone, Chanticleer with him.

Chanticleer's cries roused his spouse. Her cries roused the widow, and her cries the vicar and so on, till the whole village was in pursuit of the fox; people shouting, hounds baying, chickens crowing. A general bedlam ensued.

The cock was frightened, but he thought himself of a scheme.

"Speak to them, Reynard," said he. "You are safe and the woods and your den are at hand. Tell them you are king and they are foolish to try to catch you."

The fox obeyed, but no sooner had he opened his mouth than the cock was loose and had flown into a maple by the side of the road.

The fox was very foxy and that by soft words to again win over the cock. So, "Come down," said he. "Let us treat this matter peaceably. I only meant to take you over to my house for dinner. I should have been much pleased to have had you there. I only meant to frighten you a bit that you might enjoy the dinner the more. For 'Sweet is pleasure after pain,'" said he, quoting a little Dryden.

"Nay," said the cock, "only idiots are fooled twice. We shall consider the peace movement, but I'll stay right here the while we consider it. We shall follow the policy of watchful waiting."



Beware of "Grab-Bag" Glasses.

sold by "eye-specialists" who are here to-day and gone tomorrow. Their wares are likely to prove quite as unreliable as their business methods.

Reliable optical business cannot be conducted on a nomadic basis. The Optometrist who holds your welfare and his own permanent success in the community above a temporary profit will not only fit you with glasses, but he will make it his business to see that they continue to give satisfaction.

We have been located here in Bellingham for thirteen years, and we'll be here next month or next year to make good if necessary.

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Optometrist & Optician
New Bank Building

The moral of this tale is: Of flatterers beware. They only mean to fool us when they speak too fair. This story is a lie, but the moral is the truth, so the corn take, but leave the chaff behind.

GERTRUDE KAUFMAN, N. H. S.

Mr. C.: "How does it happen that you have such low grades in January compared with those in December?"

Clyde C.: "Well, dad, you see everything is marked down after the holidays."



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

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

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English History Class.

Teacher: "What is the difference between the thirty-nine articles and the six articles?"

Pupil: Thirty-three.

From the Cafeteria.

Miss C. (to little girl who had forgotten knife and fork): "With what are you going to eat?"

L. G. (innocently): "Oh! I'm going to eat with a friend."

Udd: "I am just in the morning of life."

She: "You must have gotten up early."

Eng. VII while arranging seating: "Now I want each of you to remember and sit right next to the one that belongs to you."

If you are leaving Normal this semester be sure to fill in this

RENEWAL BLANK

if you expect to receive the Weekly Messenger regularly. The subscription price for next semester and summer school together is 75c. Show your school spirit by enclosing 75c in an envelope with this blank and dropping it in the Messenger Box in the main hall. Boost for Normal.

Date.....

Name.....

Address.....
Where you expect to be next semester.

State.....

I am enclosing 75 cents for my subscription to The Weekly Messenger to July 27, 1917.

AN INCIDENT IN A TRENCH

"We shall soon drive the Huns from their holes, my captain."

"Or, better still, Lieutenant, exterminate the lot."

"I can hardly hold the men in check, sir."

Aye, the brave lads! They are as anxious as you and I to get at the beasts."

A hurry of British shells pour death into the German lines. A lull, then the khaki-clad troops clamber out of their positions in a mad charge. At the brink of the assaulted trenches the captain impales a German machine gunner on his sword. The impetus of the thrust throws him headlong into the trench, where, striking his head on the hard-trodden floor, he lies stunned.

When the captain regains his senses he hears the groans and shrieks of the wounded. To this he pays little attention; many times before has he heard the aftermath of battle. As he looks eagerly about him he sees soldiers administering to the wounded and reconstructing the shattered trench, and as he recognized the men thus busily engaged as his own, across his face flashes a smile, grim and exultant.

However, a gasp directly at his feet attracts his attention. It is the dying struggle of the German soldier whom he has pierced with his sword. In the man's hand is a piece of paper.

"Military secrets, perhaps," exclaims the captain, as he snatches it up. The paper written in German, is splashed with blood and dirt. He laboriously makes out the following: "—your furlough.

"Every evening I watch little Dora run to the corner to meet you, as she used to do when you would return from the factory. 'Why doesn't papa come home?' she asks as she looks up wide-eyed into my face. Then I say to her: 'Run along and play, dear; papa will soon be home.' Then I turn away to hide my tears.

"But you WILL be home soon now. And tho you can stay with us but ten short days, how happy * * * * I will mail this tomorrow * * * I rejoice in tomorrow, for it brings you one day nearer to

Your loving,
GRETCHEN AND DORIS."

"Hurrah, Captain!" said the lieutenant, striding up, "a magnificent victory!" But the man addressed made no answer. The lieutenant observed him kneel down and tenderly place a discolored bit of paper on the body of a fallen enemy.

Dr. Nash is in Olympia again this week to be present at the meetings of the committee on higher education of the state legislature.

"Take care of your eyes, they are your bread winners." Consult Woll. Exclusive Optometrist and Optician. 205 West Holly St.

SENIOR CLASS ELECT OFFICERS

Two meetings were required in which to elect the second semester officers, as the first election resulted in "No election" for secretary, sargent at arms and treasurer. The new officers are:

- President, Albert Hennes.
- Vice-President, Etna Shore.
- Secretary, Beatrice Louttit.
- Treasurer, Dennis Froth.
- Sarg.-at-Arms, M. W. Roop.
- Reporter, Christine Hermans.

A committee reported Mr. Hall and Mr. Brown as desirable photographers for our Klipsun work. After much discussion, a vote was taken and Mr. Brown was chosen. He will give us the glossy print for seventy-five cents and, judging by his past service, we can be sure of good work from him.

Because of her new position as Editor of the Messenger, Mrs. Shepherd resigned her position as Associate Editor of the Klipsun. Applications were called for and Bernice Welch, the editor-in-chief, will choose her new assistant.

FACULTY NOTES

Dr. Herre has had many calls for lectures from outlying districts, but the result of over-exertion followed by illness prevented the fulfillment of his plans.

No one can say that our assistant librarian is not up to date. Miss Sands has just purchased a splendid new automobile.

Miss MacKinnon, of the registrar's department, is now back at her work after a week's detention at her Lynden home owing to illness.

Miss Baxter's new observation schedule is hot from the press.

Mr. Bond will lecture before the citizens of Santa Fuga and Pilchuck, Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Parish entertained Dr. Herre Monday night. The impassable condition of the roads prevented the Doctor from his customary auto trip home.

Dr. Kirkpatrick gave an interesting talk to the parents and teachers of the Roeder school Monday afternoon.

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EDENS HALL HOLD REGULAR MEETING

Edens Hall is purely democratic, for now we have a President Wilson. At the last regular meeting held January 23, the officers for this semester were elected, as follows:

President, Sue Wilson.

Vice president, Maude Yates.

Councilmen: Vergie Fox, Lucile Hazen, Ruth Elander, Adena Lewis, Ina Brashier.

Fire captain, Ruth Craig.

Messenger reporter, Helen McCracken.

Ruth Elander was the hostess at a delightful spread given Sunday evening in honor of her friend, Miss Martha Wickstrom, of Seattle. Miss Wickstrom spent the week-end at Edens Hall with Miss Elander.

Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Solton, who were leaders in the Bible Institute, were guests at Edens Hall during their stay in Bellingham.

Miss Winifred Hazen, of Seattle, is visiting her sister, Miss Lucile Hazen, this week.

Edens Hall girls are thoroughly enjoying the snow, even snowballs. A large number have been coasting and report the best time ever. We don't have to be in before nine-thirty!

THESPIANS GIVE ENJOYABLE PROGRAM

After a regular business meeting of the Thespian Club on the evening of January 25th, an especially enjoyable impromptu program was given. It had been the intention of the program committee to dramatize "The Land of Heart's Desire," parts had been assigned and all things bore promise of something good in that line. However, inability to procure manuscript of the play, necessitated the giving of an impromptu program and the committee in charge is to be congratulated on the pleasing results.

Vocal solo, Mrs. Merriman.

Pantomime—Trials of Popular Normal Girl, Miss Craig, Miss Christianson, Mr. Beardslee, Mr. Wagner, Mr. Altman, Mr. Davis.

Piano solo, Mr. Miller.

Members were then enjoined to enter into the pleasures of childhood days and partake generously of popcorn balls. The remainder of the evening was spent in a rehearsal of the first Act of "The House Next Door." Work on this play is going along steadily under the direction of Mr. Hoppe

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and the public may be assured of a good entertainment.

Mr. Hennes was elected Business Manager.

Heard in 10:30 Civics Class.

Miss V.: "What is a diplomat?"

Wold: "A diplomat is a man that steals your hat and coat and explains it so well that you give him your watch and chain."

Miss Baxter: "When I was at the Davenport hotel I had room 5430 on the first floor."

Student: "That's nothing. In Chicago once I had room 80,000."

Miss B.: "Where was that room?"

Stude: "In the Wabash freight yards."

Talk with H. C. Banner about a New York Life Contract.

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JUNIOR CLASS IS GETTING BUSY

DOGGRELL VERSE.

My name is Herbert Johnson, and I want them all to see That when they call me "Stub" for short, They hurt my dignity.

They kid me 'cause I part my hair More careful than of yore; Now, as we lose our dear ones, We love them all the more.

They say my legs are shorter, far, Than shanks of a young flea-hound, But still they're long enough to reach From my body to the ground.

H.: "I am never happy unless breaking into song."

B.: "Why don't you get the key and then you don't have to break in."

The Junior class held the first meeting of the new semester Jan. 30. Walter Pingree was elected Yell Leader and Albert Bowman, Sargeant-at-arms. Faith Peringer will represent the Juniors in the Klipsun. The program committee is working on the Junior play which is to come off in March. Juniors who expect to win honors for the class in the Junior-Senior contest are requested to see Mr. Hoppe.

Every Junior in school will miss something if he fails to attend the next meeting, February 13, 1917.

A good way for a man to get ahead and stay ahead is to own his head.

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GRIGGS

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HOW I BECAME A TEACHER

(Continued from page 1)

I was one of those children that all teachers know, precocious in book learning and childish socially. I was accustomed to being in a class of what seemed to me to be men and women.

Late one afternoon, in the shadows of the empty halls, one of the boys, to my utter amazement, asked me to go to the next social with him. I loathed sociables. I gasped and said "yes," because, like Aunt Jemima, I didn't know what else to say. I spent the intervening days trying to forget the coming horror.

In my mind I settled one thing. If I lived through this experience, I'd have my wits about me and never, never, never say "yes" again. The evening passed and, in my judgment, was an evening of superlative stupidity.

When the boy, in the innocence of his heart, proposed enthusiastically that we go to the next sociable together, I was ready and replied sweetly that I didn't care to.

Notwithstanding my inauspicious beginning in this uncatalogued department of college curriculum, I added to my college course and to my course in music a very comprehensive course in this department, with considerable very satisfactory post graduate work.

I look back upon all three lines as being of great value to my professional career.

I was very patriotic. One day I saw a squad of college boys going down to vote. The leader was one of my chums. He was just twenty-one and going to cast his first vote for president. They shouted and swung their hats with enthusiasm. It thrilled me as I watched them. I was a better student than he, could beat him in an argument and loved my country, but when I would be twenty-one I would not be allowed to vote. The thought gave me actual physical pain and it rankled until we won the vote here in Washington.

The year after graduation I taught my first school—a little country school three miles from town.

Things moved placidly and I could have had the school the next term if I had wanted it, but when I think of that term of work I am always tender hearted towards the poor teacher. I boarded at home during that term and mother took me to and from school in the carriage. On these drives we began definitely my study of bird songs.

I had a chance for extraordinary work in nature study, due to my wonderful progressive mother. She had a genius for enjoying outdoor life. She made our home of five acres one of the first bird sanctuaries in the United States. Families of every bird of the prairie nested at Pinewood and we fed and protected them. In addition to the choice stock from the nursery we collected for these five acres every plant, shrub and tree possessing landscape value that we discovered in our drives. There was always a spade under the buggy seat for emergencies. Then we also had a pond stocked with fish. We could pick up the young ones in our hands if we fed them. If you think there is nothing to see in such a place, watch a parent cat-fish taking care of its young in an overstocked pond!

One of our family pleasures in the hot summer days was to drive to the river and have a sunrise breakfast, after which mother and father would fish, my sister would sketch and I would moon about under the trees, botanizing and writing.

I had not once given up the plan to be a writer. When we moved to the new town I began teaching in the schools, but I always expected to quit teaching when I had made my success.

I read, read, read and wrote. I should have turned it about. The summer I studied Darwin and Emerson was a landmark in my life. When I closed Darwin's "Origin of Species" I felt as though I had just been granted a glimpse into the workshop of God, while Emerson was a spiritual revelation to me.

I taught with enthusiasm; poured all that I could of my outside studies,

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music, drawing, literature, into my school work, but that was not my life work. I grew restless. I wanted to see the world. I wanted to go West, where they paid better salaries and life was worth while.

The family could not understand how I could want to live in a dreary boarding house among strangers and teach in preference to living at home and teaching. And I couldn't tell why, either. I only knew that I did. It was the urge of individuality. It is like outgrowing one's clothes.

We went to California for a winter, but that did not satisfy me. I wanted to work in the West.

On our way home we spent a month in Washington, and stopped at Chehalis. Prof. Forrest was city superintendent of the Chehalis schools and he and his wife had been my schoolmates in college days.

I accepted a position in this school and the family went home without me. The West suited me. I felt myself expanding mentally. Besides teaching, I accomplished my first little success in writing.

But at the end of two years I yielded to the pleadings of my people and went back to a position in the old school in my home town. This little bit of success in writing taught me how long it was likely to be before I could make a living in that work. You see, my expectation had somewhat subsided since the days of the George Eliot dream. Then the teaching in the West had appealed to my ambition more than teaching in the East. I did not deliberately give up my dreams, but I temporized. I resolved that I would push for professional promotion until I had reached a definite salary, on which I thought one person could live, then I would be satisfied, and take time to write again. It is very amusing how many people have made that same bargain with themselves.

Advancement in work is easy enough in the East, but not in salary. From the first I fretted and grieved for the life on this Coast. I'm afraid I was not very gracious to the lonely home folk about again living in the prosaic East.

Panicky financial condition at last pushed me into the freedom I fretted for. I came here seventeen years ago and most of the time have been

"teaching algebra on the Pacific Coast," according to the despised prophecy.

When I reached the salary at which I had promised myself to go back to my first love, and take up my dream again, I found myself captain of the family ship and the limit was not enough. So at last I became in my own dreams what I had long been to the world, just a "school ma-am."

And really, it isn't so bad, after all.
IDA AGNES BAKER.

Generally speaking, Merle Austine is—

Is what?
Generally speaking.

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*"Costly thy habits as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, or gaudy;
For the apparel oft' proclaims the man."*

Shakespeare's advice is thoroughly followed in these new

Trimmed Spring Hats

The simplicity of outline which dominates in the spring models, was seized upon as an opportunity to give individuality and distinction to them by means of rich materials. Trimmings are few, but suggestive of the Far East in color effects; bringing into prominence the hat fabrics as the back ground, and most prominent part of the hat.

Silk floss embroidery, flowers, richly toned ribbons and a few metal effects constitute the trimmings; hats being covered with silk, satin, silk crepe, Milan and Milan hemp, priced \$4.50 to \$12.

J. B. WAHL