

The Weekly Messenger

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

VOL. XXI

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1922

NO. 17.

Basketball Team Goes On Tour

DEBATE ORATORS ARE PREPARING TO BRING CUP FROM CHENEY

ALLISON DEBATE CUP OBJECT OF DEBATERS

With Professors Rashkopf and Hoppe, coaches, and Miss Cummins, a member of the forensic committee, doing the supervision work the Normal debating teams are thoroughly preparing themselves to bring back the Allison Debate Cup from Cheney.

That "we must bring the cup back," is the sentiment expressed by practically everyone in the school. The whole school stands behind the debaters in their determination to bring home the cup.

Miss Rokes, Miss Inga Benson, and Mr. Mason Hall will defend the affirmative; and Miss Stoughton, Miss Spaight and Mr. Oliver Ingersoll will defend the Negative. The question to be debated is: Resolved, That the Phillipine Islands be given their Independence by 1930. This question is much in the limelight at the present time and it is believed that a strong case can be made by both teams.

—B. S. N. S.—

SMALL CLASS TO GRADUATE IN MARCH

The class graduating this quarter consisting of twenty-seven members, has organized and elected Miss Beatrice Dahlquist, as president, preparatory to its commencement in March. The other members of the class are as follows: Bjorklund, Olga A.; Burdick, Alma M.; Burns, Alice R.; Carlson, Mabel Ann; Christie, Mabel W.; Church, Ruth M.; Dahlquist, Beatrice; Dock, Nellie; Fosket, Eunice; Graff, Lola; Guider, Margaret; Huntington, Fanny; Kliner, Phroso; Lorenzen, Ruth; Lungdahl, Anna; Maule, Mildred; Merchant, Vera; McGinnis, Mrs. Verna; Nelson, Alma; Parker, Bernice; Plass, Beatrice; Peterson, Mrs. Esther; Stewart, Margaret; Watson, Pearl; Walker, Leo; Wolfe, Prudence; Whitney, Carmen.

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Hunt: "How long does a senator hold office, Miss Brown?"

Miss B.: "For the length of term he's elected, I suppose."

—B. S. N. S.—

Junior: "Mr. Bond, how do you find a hippopotamus of a right triangle?"

—B. S. N. S.—

Miss Keeler: "How large should a school room be?"

Hughes: "Oh, 15 by 16 feet square is pretty good."



MISS OLIVE EDENS

Normal Loses First Game; Then Wins Second Easily

A large crowd was present in the Normal gym Friday night, when the strong Ellensburg basketball team defeated the local Normal "five" 23 to 14. The close guarding and excellent team work of the local men held the visitors from running up a large score during the game.

Hughes, our star forward, was off color Friday, as he could not seem to locate the basket; he made shot after shot from every place on the floor, but missed every time by a narrow margin.

Both teams played a very clean game, few personal fouls being called during the game. The visitors made the first basket and kept the lead throughout the entire game. The score at the end of the first half was 11 to 10 in their favor.

The visiting center, F. Robinson, played a star game, making 15 out of 23 points for them.

Line-up:
Bellingham.
Hughes F
Vanderford F
McComas C
Fisher G
Keplinger G
Ellensburg.
Masters
J. Robinson
F. Robinson
Whipple
Charleston
Subs: Cone for McComas; Allen for Vanderford; McComas for Cone; Vanderford for Allen; Cone for McComas; Allen for Vanderford; McComas for Keplinger.
Referee: Dick Pierron.

After losing Friday night, the local players came back and beat the Ellensburg 18 to 10 Saturday night, at the Whatcom gymnasium. The game was very exciting from start to finish. The long shots of Vanderford, forward for the winners, and

(Continued on Page Two)

HOOP ARTISTS WILL LEAVE ON SATURDAY; RETURNING IN WEEK

TEAM TO PLAY SIX GAMES IN FIVE DAYS

Saturday night the basketball team plays a return game with the Vancouver Ex-Normal team, in Vancouver, B. C. Then after Sunday's rest they leave Monday morning at 7 o'clock for Eastern Washington, on a basketball tour. Monday night they will play the Leavenworth Athletic Club, at Leavenworth; Tuesday night the Cashmere Athletic Club at Cashmere; and Wednesday the Cheney Normal team. Thursday the team will rest and on Friday and Saturday they play two return games with the Ellensburg Normal school team, after which they return home.

All the games on this trip will be hard ones, as the home "five" will be playing against strong teams. The Vancouver, Cheney and Ellensburg quintets having been seen in action in this town earlier in the season.

—B. S. N. S.—

BATTLE FOR KLINE CUP STARTS TUESDAY

Tuesday, February 7, 1922, in the little gymnasium the Junior and Senior girls stage their first battle for the Kline cup. Years before they have always played two games out of three, but this year they have decided to play for high score and play three games thus making the competition much keener. Everyone turnout and be loyal to your class team.

The Line-up:
Seniors.
Norling F
Ayres F
Collier F
Burns G
Collins G
Hartley J. C.
Sixeas S. C.
Buchholz J. C.
Juniors.
Mitchem
Turner
Pearson
Hightower
Scutwick
Brown
Fowler
Timmons
Durham
Fadness

Calendar

MONDAY—Feb. 6.
Mr. Couglin.
WEDNESDAY—Feb. 8.
Special Music, Miss Meade, Motion Pictures.
FRIDAY—Feb. 10.
Miss Wilson.

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The cutest little dame came by—
She winked her pretty eyelid.
You want to know what followed?
Well, I'll tell you, I did.

Exchange

The Wilbur, Wash., high school is going to present a play soon called "Just for Fun." We wish you luck, "Wilburites," and we'd send flowers to the leading lady if we had the cash. Your paper shows a good combination of pep and deep thought.

Cheney Normal's journal has excellent editorials and one column is turned over to "Jimmie's Letter," which is, by the way, very clever. Poor Jimmy! How many, many boys feel that way soon after they come to a Normal school! Perhaps its their youth, however. "The Yellow Jacket" will be presented at Cheney soon by the Drama League of Spokane. Wish we could be there, too.

The Centralia high school paper shows some of the true spirit of a high school, that is, fun on top and deep thought well expressed, and a real school spirit below the surface. Their paper is strictly devoted to school affairs and expressed in a clear cut manner. Several new courses are to be introduced in Centralia, for example. Solid Geometry, Argumentation, Social Science and Applied Art and Designing.

We are informed by the College Exchange from W. S. C., that Rudie Oltman, of Bellingham, has just been initiated by the "Seaboard and Blade" military honor society; that Lulu Sells, also of Bellingham, has been pledged by the Phi Mu Beta, honorary education society; that Manson Fisher has been appointed a member of a committee "to pass on movies, plays and lectures to prevent conflict and to assure diversity of entertainment." We also have received from the W. S. C. a set of interesting articles which we will be glad to loan to any of the students.

Last, but not least, the Glee Club is scheduled to appear in Bellingham sometime in February.

Williamette (Salem, Oregon.) University, presented with great success Ibsen's drama, "A Doll's House." This shows great progress, we believe, in the class of plays presented by colleges. We look forward with the greatest anticipation for every copy of this paper.

Just received a brand new exchange, "The Crimson Tulip," from Whatcom High School, Bellingham. This paper stands out as specimen of a real worthwhile school paper. Keep it up. Forty seniors received their diplomas from that school last week.

How we envy you your sleigh-riding, you North Centralites, Spokane, Wash. An interesting interview with a policeman on the subject of dancing is one of the features of this issue. A committee has been formed to keep in touch with pupils through four years of high school and correspond with them after graduating. This school shows through its columns a great spirit—one that is going to keep its ideals and its perfect citizenship on the pinnacle on which it now stands.

"The Taboma," from the Stadium High School, Tacoma, Wash., has a new department, "Ravings of a Milk Fed Prophet," which is clever and good. It upholds the high standard it set for itself at the beginning.

Other exchanges are: "Exponent," Aberdeen, So. Dak.; "Green and White Courier," Maryville, Mo.; "Kapunahou," Honolulu, T. H.; "Apple Leaf," Wenatchee; "Pow Wow," Winona, Minn.; "Manuelite," Kansas City, Mo.; "Thalishman," Ballard High School, Seattle, Wash.

—B. S. N. S.—

It is reported that several members of the faculty have written to Miss Edens, addressing their letters to the steamer Aquatania with orders to toss the letters overboard in order that they may say they have had letters accepted by the Atlantic.

NORMAL LOSES FIRST: WINS SECOND EASILY

(Continued From Page One)

the hard fighting of the whole team supplied the fans with plenty of thrills. Not a point was made during the first ten and a half minutes of some of the hardest and fastest playing ever viewed by local fans.

Bellingham scored the first point when Vanderford shot a basket from a difficult position, causing the crowds to go completely wild. The team kept the lead all through the first half, ending it with two baskets and two free throws, a total of 6 points, while Ellensburg had captured two baskets.

Vanderford started the second half by making a basket in the first minute of play, after which Ellensburg immediately got a burst of speed and shot in six points, making them 10, also giving them the lead, which they lost when Bellingham made a basket and tied the score. The score remained tied until the last few minutes of the third quarter, when the local "five" forged ahead and made shot after shot from every position on the floor. The last few seconds of the play was very interesting, the losing team trying hard to catch up, but with no avail.

The Bellingham Normal outplayed their opponents from the start, being faster and lighter, and having the advantage of the larger gym floor. They played all around the heavier players of the Ellensburg Normal.

Captain Victor Hughes kept the Ellensburg team on the defense most of the game by his continued shooting. Time after time he would throw for the basket from one side of the floor and beat the opponents to the ball shooting again from the other side. Vic Hughes is of the hardest workers on the team and is having hard luck at present getting baskets.

The entire game was considered by basketball fans as being a very clean one, there being only one personal foul made in the first half and less than eight in the whole game.

Line-up:

Bellingham.		Ellensburg.
Hughes	F	Masters
Vanderford	F	J. Robinson
McComas	C	F. Robinson
Fisher	G	Whipple
Keplinger	G	Fowler

Subs: Bellingham; Cone for McComas; McComas for Cone.

Ellensburg; Hawthorne for Masters.

Personel of Basketball Team.

Victor Hughes, Captain—Two years on the Whatcom high school team. Comes from Bellingham. A hard worker and a popular leader.

Walter Vanderford, forward—Two years on the Whatcom team; also comes in very handy as he is the highest scorer on the team and a hard worker. Lives in Bellingham.

Stanley McComas, center—Four years on the Anacortes high school team. His first year at the Normal; is a hard worker and a dangerous man to the opposing team owing to his height.

Quin n Fisher, guard—One year on the W. S. C. Freshmen team. One of the best guards that ever played in this town.

Lawrence Keplinger, guard—One year on the Whatcom team. First year at Normal. Knocks 'em cold.

Dwight Cone, center—Member of last year's team. Home Bellingham. Earned a place on the team despite hard composition.

Arthur Allen, forward—Comes from Blaine, where he played four years on the high school team.

Ralph Miller, guard—Three years on the Sedro-Woolley high school team.

Erwin Black, guard—Edison, Center on the 1919 Normal team.

Oscar Linstedt, center—One year on

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Marion Reddick, guard—Two years on the Fairhaven team.

Porter Hatley, guard—One year on the Lynden high school team.

George Abbey, forward—One year on the Anacortes high school team.

Roy Tweit, forward—Last year's second team.

—B. S. N. S.—

SAD EFFECTS OF HOME BREW ON THE EDITOR

Somebody sent the editor of the Pumpkin Center Star a few bottles of home brew, and the same day he received a marriage notice and a copy for an auction sale. Here is the result:

Wm. Jones and Miss Lucy Anderson were offered at public auction at my farm, one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses and two white calves before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about 70 guests, including two milk cows, six mules and one bob sled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of hay rope, and the bridal pair left on one good John Deer gangplow for an extended trip with interest at 7 per cent. They will be at home to their friends with one good talking machine and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties. All goods to be settled for before removing.—Exchange.

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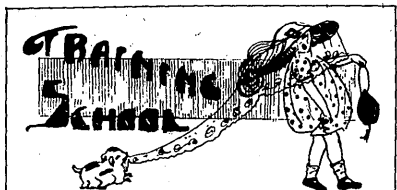
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The following students in the 7th and 8th grades have been neither absent nor tardy since school started in September, and are therefore entitled to have their names on the honor roll:

Seventh Grade

- James Bartell
- Edna Brotnov
- Raymond Halliday
- Willie Lewis
- Margaret Schupp
- Marie Taylor

Eighth Grade

- Edward Lock
- Helen Hunt
- Alexander Kuzmoski

The honors for the game with Roeder Friday night were evenly divided when the boys were beaten to the tune of 26 to 5, and the girls won by a 6 to 11 score. Although beaten they are not down-hearted and the boys are hoping that next time they too will walk away with the large end of the score.

The 7B Science class is very busily engaged in making charts of the different comets.

A very unusual treat was given the 7thA Science class on Thursday afternoon, when they were allowed to use the machine for throwing pictures on the screen in Mr. Philippi's room in connection with their study of days. Each pupil made a report on his or her favorite dog and as the picture was thrown on the screen the report was given. When all had given their reports, dogs

of all breeds were shown and the class allowed to guess the names. The class as a whole is nearly 100 per cent perfect in its knowledge of dogs. This is probably because all have been very much interested during the study. Thanks, Mr. Philippi for the use of your machine.

Last week was promotion week and all students were more or less excited over the idea of passing one grade higher to new teachers and different rooms.

—B. S. N. S.—

STYLE IN ENGLISH.

(A Synopsis)

—Mary B. Egbert—

The things I think, the things I feel
Are known to me as very real;
They form an inner life apart
From all material forms of art.
My brother's thoughts I may not know,
Not even those of friend or foe,
Until express'd by tongue or pen,
In comprehensive terms to men.
Emotions too may burn within,
Unknown to strangers, kith or kin,
Till we by word or deed impart
The secret treasures of our heart.
Herein doth lie our use of style
For by its use, we reconcile
The outer form with inner truth.

Style's outward body visible
Must be to man infallible
Expressive of emotions mine
As well as thoughts and felings thine
In written words it must appear
And not by sounds that men can hear.
If mortal mind is then impress'd
By what he finds in words express'd
The term of clearness is applied
On which for meaning he relied.
If his emotions are impress'd
It comes thru Force by Style possess'd.
The man aesthetic too may feel
Response within to Style's appeal,
And this impressing quality
Is Elegance, undoubtedly.

This outward body's built of marks
Of dots and circles, lines and ares,
They indicate to man some sound
Articulative organs found.
These sounds make words that by consent

And common usage now present
The unrealities obscure
With clearness in our literature.

Our language then, to man conveys
Emotions, thoughts and thus portrays
By Clearness, Force and Elegance
Our intellectual advance.
The source of words, we would suggest
Is men who know and speak the best.
Our words must be of good repute
Have meanings men dare not dispute.
No local terms nor technical
Should mar our language vehicle,
And present usage too must share
A part in our selective care.

Now marks make words, and words we find,

Form sentences of every kind.
When groups of sentences unite
To form a paragraph in type,
And paragraphs make larger Wholes
Embracing all within their folds,
We have our body visible.
Before the whole is well allied
Three principles must be applied.
The first of these is Unity
The oneness of reality;
Made visible by human art
In which our words are but a part.
All thoughts must cluster round about
One central point and not without.
A second principle is Mass
Arresting sight ere it can pass,
Applied externally by norm
To give our outer body form.
Our third, Coherence is the last
Relating parts and binding fast.
By striking out all useless druff,
Each sentence, words and paragraph.

In meanings, well denoted, stand
Our source of all from every land.
Our choice of tools, connoted well
Emotions keen must fully tell.
Then Elegance makes its rightful plea,
For that which is eternally
Elusive, airy, vague, unreal;

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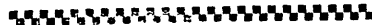


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Or feeling not we see and dare
Exquisite adaptations rare.

—From a study on English composition by Barnett Wendell.

—B. S. N. S.—

Force of Habit.

"Why was Dr. Kutter so severely reprimanded by the club librarian?"
"They caught him absent mindedly removing the appendix from a book he was reading."

—B. S. N. S.—

Of all sad words
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—
"I've flunked again."

ERROR CORRECTED

Due to a typographical error, a mis-statement occurred in the article by Miss Keeler on the 30-10 plan in the last issue of the Messenger.

The statement as printed reads: "Under the 30-10 plan less money would be raised on a statewide unit while the county tax would remain the same."

The correct reading is as follows:

"Under the 30-10 plan less money would be raised on a district basis, more would be raised on a statewide unit while the county tax would remain the same."



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

WILL SOON BE HERE

Get Them at the

STUDENT'S CO-OP

The WEEKLY MESSENGER

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

Entered in the Postoffice at Bellingham, Washington, as second-class matter.

THE IRISH PRINTING COMPANY, PRINTERS

Subscription rates by mail, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies, 5 cents. Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications, other than news items, to The Manager of the Weekly Messenger, Bellingham, Washington.

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Athletics	Lawrence M. Keppinger	Exchange	Olga Brotnoy
Faculty, Board of Control Notes	Margaret B. Schilling	Jokes	Helen Hightower
Training School	M. McLennan	Assembly	Oliver Ingersoll
Club Notes	Gertrude Sennes	Calendar	Chas. King

BORES; A TYPE STUDY.

THERE are bores and bores. Some are even more so than others. There are all sorts of bores, dry bores, chatty bores, scrappy bores, glum bores, etc., etc. Up here we have all the fifty-seven varieties: The field is too wide. Let's narrow it.

Consider the class-room bore; he studies not, neither does he think. He knows more than the instructor himself and asks that dignitary to "stop and think." He interrupts an explanation to prose on about "putting it another way," or "in other words," or "that is to say." While another person is reciting he shakes his head and waves his hand aloft. When not arguing he reads the Saturday Evening Post. Verily, he is the biggest bore.

Then there is the "cute" girl bore; the little "cut-up" who laughs and whispers and pinches and jumps. She is convulsed with laughter at her own witticisms. Her contributions to the discussion are not very illuminating and her grades are D and C.

She is very sensible compared with the third type, the borrowing bore. It would not be so bad if this bore stopped at dimes and fountain pens and note paper. It's when he or she begins to borrow lesson plans and reading reports that we get tired. Moral courage is a nice thing to have around but we hate to trot it out every day in refusing the borrowing bore.

We could hold this talk for an hour or two. We just remember that we are being the worst of all bores, ourselves—a complaining bore.

—B. S. N. S.—

MOVIES.

TILLIE. That was Mary Anne's best chum's name. Tillie was crazy over the movies. She had seen "The Lost Soul" for 24 consecutive Sunday evenings without missing a single installment. She had a framed picture of Douglass Reed over her bureau and a picture of Wallace Chaplin in her locket. She was secretly convinced that she was a great tragic actress.

"It makes me mad, she said to Mary Anne. "They scold us for going to the movies. They've got a machine an' an operator and everything up here. If they'd put on a few good films we'd all flock to see 'em."

They took Tillie's advice and showed "Our Mutual Friend." Tillie and Mary Anne heard about it and sniffed, "High brow! Not for us. They went to see "The Infernal Triangle," and afterwards, "Why Willie Left Home."

"Our Mutual Friend" was shown to a good many empty seats. It was a good play, too. Plenty of thrills, action, suspense, romance. And you wouldn't come to see it.

Are we the four and one-half percent after all? Not when we turn from the screen version of a masterpiece to the witnessing of silly, unending trash.

—B. S. N. S.—

HAIL AND FAREWELL

DO WE ONLY imagine it or is the sky really grayer and gloomier than it was last week. The campus certainly looks bleak and lonely. The halls are darker and chillier. Even this poor old paper

looks bare and woe-begone. A good many of us tiptoe by Room 216 with averted faces and a queer, catchy feeling in our throats: We look as if we had lost our best friend. Well, we have lost her—for six long months.

Who was it that said, "Parting is such sweet sorrow?" Whoever it was, he was all wrong. **All wrong.** Since the announcement of Dr. Nash's coming resignation, no blow has fallen so heavily on the school as Miss Edens going away. Everyone who loves her, and that means everyone who knows her, feels as if a vital part of the school were missing. The poor Messenger class, in particular, feels the solid earth cave in and the walls begin to tumble down.

An infallible test for judging a teacher; ask the taught. And, in Miss Edens' case, we all answer in chorus, "She's our ideal; jolly and light-hearted, hard working and sincere, frank and sympathetic. She is the best ever."

Cheer up! She's coming back. That's some consolation. We'll be good while you're away, Miss Edens. We'll forget all the slang we know, eliminate "ain't" and "he don't," and develop astounding vocabularies. Never more shall the split infinitive or that old sneak, the dangling participle, ruin our force and clearness. Not once shall "grim reaper" or "in our midst" profane these pages.

Bon voyage! (which is all the French we know, and we hope it's all right.) Have a wonderful time and enjoy your well earned rest to the fullest. You deserve it. But be sure to come back to Normal next September, just brimming over with energy and subjects for feature stories.

A hearty welcome to our new Critic. We wish her the best thing possible—that she be like Miss Olive Edens.

On our own this week. Like it?

BIG SENIOR MIXER TO BE HELD TONIGHT

Tonight at 7:15 the Seniors will congregate in the auditorium to enjoy a program of class talent, and a new year mixer. Among the numbers will be: stunts, songs, play of the entertainment and Hall's quartet, readings by Nell Henry, and "Bee" Dahlquist; dance numbers by Walton Biggerstaff. For musically inclined students, Williams Normal Orchestra has promised to play several modern classic pieces.

Then for the gymnasium, lots of new games, and "splendiferous" excitement, followed by abundant refreshments. The committees are as follows:

Games—Miss Mary Long, Marion Collier.

Refreshments—Mary Collins, Esther Windley, Ralph Miller.

Social—Mary Wood, Margaret Spaight and Estill Cain.

—B. S. N. S.—

Porter (to Miss Edens): "It's getting late, ma'am. Don't you think it's time for you to retaliate?"

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Hunt: "What do you mean by dairy products?"

Student: "Oh, milk, eggs, cottage cheese and other vegetables."

KLEMMER DELIVERS STIRRING ADDRESS

A stirring address was delivered at last Wednesday's assembly by Professor E. J. Klemme, of our own faculty. Mr. Klemme is widely known throughout the state and everywhere that he is known he is regarded as a platform lecturer of the highest ability. Professor Klemme is a member of our Extension department and it is largely due to his work in this field that the Bellingham State Normal has such a wide and prominent reputation as an institution of higher learning.

Professor Klemme's message was on the theme "How Old Art Thou?" He dealt with his subject not as age is regarded as physical years, but from age in worth and experience.

The students were one-hundred percent attentive to Mr. Klemme's remarks. At times the audience would be doubled up in laughter at his humor, which is of an exceedingly individual type, at other times they would be held tense when some vital points were given to them. There were intervals during the address when if a pin should have been dropped on the assembly floor it would have been plainly audible.

—B. S. N. S.—

Gossips are the spies of life.

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SEEING SOUNDS AND HEARING COLORS

Did you know that some people see sounds and hear colors? Mr. Kolstad has been doing much research work on this line for the last few years and he has yet found only enough material for a small pamphlet.

As an example, Mr. Kolstad said his psychology instructor when she woke up in the morning and heard the whistles blow, would see a dark, purpleish streak flash across the draperies. She saw sounds, in other words.

A famous French philosopher says the French vowels are to him colored. While speaking French the colors of each vowel pass before him.

Mr. Kolstad says they have on record the case of a young design teacher, whenever she ran out of designs she would attend either a syphonic concert or an opera. As she listened, the music would take different forms and designs. She would take these down as they came to her. Different types of music, of course, would furnish different types of designs.

This is called Synaesthesia, and it means simply this, the arousal of secondary sensation through primary sensation. The nerves from various sense organs are so close to each other that the vibrations of one are transformed over to stimulate others.

—B. S. N. S.—

Two mirobes sat on a pantry shelf,
And watched with expressions pained
The milkmaid's stunts;
And both said at once,
Our relations are going to be strained.

—B. S. N. S.—

Robert C.: "Our goat ate a rabbit;
now there's hare in the 'butter.'"

SAM FORD TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES

There are some very interesting students among us and of these Sam Ford's name stand out very prominently.

There are very few Normalites who do not know Sam, but the fact that he is going to play on the fat man's basketball team may help to identify him to those who are not numbered among his acquaintances.

When interviewed by a Messenger reporter, Mr. Ford was very modest, and only after much persuasion divulged information concerning his past experiences.

Mr. Ford graduated from Ellensburg high school in 1912, with high honors, not only in scholarship but in athletics, having been captain of both the football and basketball teams.

He entered the pre-medical school of the State University in the fall of 1912, but was forced to withdraw on account of sickness. He earned his way while at the University by machine-shop and paper work. After leaving the University served an apprenticeship in the Seattle-Astoria Machine Works, graduating in 1914.

At this point in the interview Sam seemed to have forgotten ye scribe, was apparently oblivious of his immediate surroundings, and appeared lost in contemplation of his land of memories. He continued his story as follows:

"After leaving the Seattle-Astoria Machine Works. I spent several months on a trip through the Southern states earning my way as a boomer-machinist. Those were the good old days.

In June of 1917 I entered the army aviation service at Seattle. In August of the same year I became an instructor of aviation mechanics at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. I was finally put in charge of a hangar and took advantage of this by taking flights in the air."

A chuckle escaped Sam as he continued, "I didn't like to eat the Kelly Field dust and on my own hook took leave of absence for none and one-half days in an attempt to get across the pond, where I could get a little mud. I was escorted back to Kelly Field from Pittsburg by two officers and introduced to a pick and shovel. Outside of this incident I was always a good fellow.

I was discharged from the army in January, 1919. Shortly afterwards I made a trip to Alaska as engineer on one of the A. P. Fisheries boats."

Mr. Ford has just recently accepted a position with the Herald and Reveille, which will take up his spare time hours.

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BILL JONES' MULE.

Old Bill Jones had a kicking mule
He couldn't cure. The gol-dern fule
Would kick all night and kick all day;
Hoist up his heels while eatin' hay.
He'd "hee haw" like a demon's screech;
He'd hit at ev'rythin' in reach;
And when his eyes saw nothin' there,
He'd kick away at the empty air.

But Bill is sure the wisest cuss:
He didn't raise a nasty fuss,
Ner trade the mule ter an innercent.
He knew what conservation meant.
He fixed a harness, strong and tight,
Till that mule's heels was a wondrous sight,
And then, with pulleys, belts and wheels,
He utilized them wasteful heels.

At every kick the wheels would turn;
He pumped the water, ran the churn,
Did the washin', sawed the wood,
Ground the feed and ground it good;
Chawed the pigs to sausage meat;
Baled the hay and threshed the wheat;
Dug the ditches, laid the tile;
Stretched the wire fence more'n a mile;
Chopped the silage, shred the corn;
Milked the cows both night and morn;
Turned the cattle out to graze;
Dried the wash on stormy days;
He ran a little dynamo,
And, as his feet zipped to and fro,
They stored the wily 'lectric juice
In batteries for future use;
So house and barn were lighted well,
With current left enough to sell,
Till no one need to go without,
Who lived within ten miles about.

In fact, Bill Jones grew rich and fat,
Which isn't to be wondered at.
He'd caught the secret of the hour,
The harnessin' of wasted power.

Some genius of inventive mind
Should study hard and method find
To muzzle, rope or tie the men
Who wasted their force in kicking when

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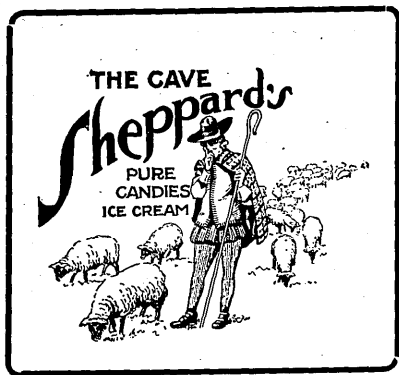
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NORMAL STUDENTS
Give Us a Try

They might be turnin' wheels instead,
And movin' thiso ld world ahead.
Such mind would have endurin' fame,
And all the earth would praise his name.
—Charles Elbert Whelan.



Popular Magazines.
 "Everybody's," Carrol Haeske.
 "Fireside," Esther Cook.
 "Saturday Evening Post," Stanley McComas.
 "Life," Helen Hightower.
 "Judge," Mason Hall.
 "Ladies' Home Journal," Mary Collins.
 "Snappy Stories," Robert Caulkins.
 "Country Gentleman," Ed Opstead.
 "Fun," Minnie Collins.
 "Woman's Home Companion," Edna Anstett.
 "Review of Reviews," Olga Brotnov.
 ————B. S. N. S. ————
Books and Authors.
 "The Great Impersonation," Helen Goke.
 "My Life in Denmark," "Swede", Forsloff.
 "How to Feel at Ease in Society," Walton Biggerstaff.
 "My Personal Experience with the Weaker Sex," Ed Powell.
 "Hoy to Develop a Shapely Form," Vida Lewis.
 "The Lightweight," Ellen Reep.
 "California Peanuts," Wade Bristol.
 "Tarzan of the Apes," Sam Ford.
 "Cleopatra's Tactics Modernized," Margaret Severson.
 "Laugh and Grow Fat," Roy Tweit.

Faculty and Student Notes

Mr. Klemme went over the mountains last week. He visited Wenatchee and Okanogan county schools and gave a forceful and entertaining address at the Omak high school to a very large audience. The high school is a splendid, modern building and the people take a great deal of interest in their schools.

Mr. Hoppe will give an evening entertainment on Saturday, February 11, at Mukilteo, Wash.

Two extension classes have recently been organized. A class in Sedro-Woolley, which has an enrollment of thirteen and Miss Long, from the Physical Education Department, as a teacher, was started January 31. On February 3, a class in penmanship was started at Burlington. Miss Gragg will teach the class. At present there are twelve members.

Mr. Coughlin spoke on the 30-10 plan and gave a community lecture to a large audience at Rome last Tuesday evening.

Lin Henderson, a University of Washington student and a Phi Delta Theta fraternity man registered at Normal last week.

We are informed by two Home Economics girls that Mr. Kibbe displayed great courage last week. He attended a luncheon given by them.

A group of girls from the Music department and a reader from the Expression department will furnish the program for the Sunday evening Forum at Blaine, February 19.

Saturday, February 4, Mr. Hoppe and Mr. Klemme will speak at the Principal's meeting of Whatcom county.

The February Exchange is being proof read in the Extension office.

Mr. Klemme addressed the P. T. A. meeting held at Custer, on Tuesday, January 31.

Another class in music has been organized at Olympia. John Henry Lyons, who was so popular at Normal last summer, will be the teacher.

The Nichols Hall girls are planning a party in honor of Mrs. Nichols, next Saturday evening.

Ruby Sunde spent the week-end in Seattle.

Edith Linde and Gertrude Sennes spent the week-end at the home of the latter's uncle, L. J. Sennis, at Laurel. Hiking in a northeasterly for two and a half hours is rather chilly, say they.

Carol Rahskopf was the dinner guest of Alice William, Friday evening.

Ruth Church liked to throw snow balls. Last week when the ground was covered with flakey white snow, the temptation to throw just a tiny snowball at her chum was too great to be overcome. Ruth threw the snowball. That snowball did the meanest thing! Instead of hitting the chum it flew straight to Ruth's supervisor. That is why we put "like" in the past tense.

Helen Allman and Fay McKiddy packed up and boarded the train for Auburn and home last Friday. They had a "dandy" time.

We are informed by two Home Economics girls that Mr. Kibbe did a heroic deed last Friday. The girls say that he attended the luncheon they gave.

Miss Fay Bruneau, who is bound for Chile, South America, where she will do missionary work, is leaving New York on February 4. Steamer letters sent to Miss Bruneau will reach her addressed to S. S. Santa Elisa, Grace Line.

Among the students who went home over the week-end were Mabel Melman, Gertrude Ditamore, and Ruby Sunde.

Mr. Weir will lecture on the Lyceum Course program at the Medirian school next month.

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311 W. Holly Bellingham

Normal students should prepare for their prospective work by becoming familiar with the kind of results to be expected from future pupils: Caution—don't expect too much.

Here are some actual answers received from grade pupils:

The Panama Canal holds North and South America together.

I'd like to be a rancher. I'd need lots of ground for the sheep and cattle to play in.

C. O. D. means call of doctor.

————B. S. N. S. ————

Qone: "Are they related?"

Black: "No."

Qone: "She looks enough like him to be his brother."

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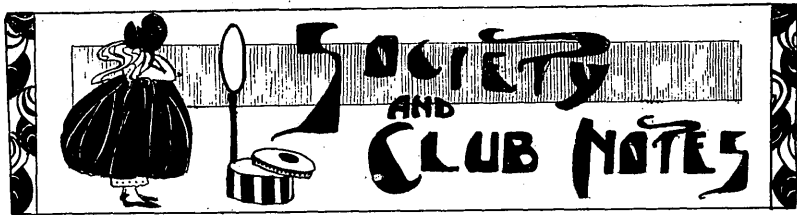
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COME BACK

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WE SOLICIT THE
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If your second thought is best
And far excels the first,
Why not have the second first,
And save your brain the test?

If your mind must backward flow
To perfect peace in work,
Why not change your plan of work
And strike the source a blow?
—Mary B. Egbert.



A Surprise Party.
Last Saturday—sometime between 12 and 1 o'clock, Mr. Ralskopf found himself in a sad predicament. All said morning he had been listening to the eloquent orations of the champion debaters. Of course he was intensely interested, but when the clock indicates lunch time, one's mind is apt to turn to thoughts of sandwiches and pickles. Mr. Ralskopf's did.
He thrust his hand into his pockets, while pictures of delectable luncheons danced before his eyes. But the pictures vanished when his repeated searches were rewarded with only five coppers. The sad truth must be faced. He had forgotten his purse.
Meanwhile the remaining debaters were playing the parts of good fairies. They flew downstairs and when they came back they were carrying a queer looking bundle.
When Mr. Ralskopf returned to his office, wearing a look of resignation, he found the debaters busily studying their respective speeches and then looking at his desk he saw a bottle of milk, decorated with a bow of green ribbon, standing beside a box containing—well, we will leave the rest to your hungry imaginations. Suffice it to say that good fairies know that even Normal professors enjoy feeds of peanuts and doughnuts and apples and sandwiches.
ALKISIAH CLUB.
February 2, 1922, the members of the Alkisiah club enjoyed a very delightful

program, after which a dainty and well planned luncheon was served by Reta Gard, Marjorie Dueber and Johanna Miller. The program was as follows:
Music By the Club
Debate, Resolved, that the policy pursued by the United States in the Philippines is the best policy that could have been pursued.
Negative Affirmative
Marie Tinker Marjorie Dueber
Dorothy Zinzer Edith McCall
Music Club
Story, Philippine Setting Reta Gard
Recent Current Events Julia Murray
Club Songs Club

ALITHEA CLUB.
An interesting meeting of the Alithia club was held Thursday, January 26. The first part of the evening was taken up with the election of officers, as follows:
President—Frances Still.
Vice President—Mildred Dawkins.
Secretary—Gladys Olson.
Treasurer—Edna Carnine.
Sergeant at Arms—Ruth Gitchell.
Club Critic—Brigitta Karkkonen.
Club Reporter—Martha Anderson.
Later in the evening a very fine program was enjoyed:
Book Review Ruth Gitchell
Legend of William Tell
..... Brigitta Kankkonen
Travels in Switzerland Mildred Dawkins

**CHARLES W. CADMEN
GIVES MUSICAL TREAT**
A musical treat was given to the Normal students at last Monday's assembly. Charles Wakefield Cadmen, one of the leading composers and pianists in the world, gave a short lecture coupled with three numbers on the piano. Harrison Raymond, our local well-known voice instructor, added to the worth of the program, by singing three songs to Mr. Cadmen's accompaniment.
On the Friday evening previous Mr. Cadmen gave a concert at the Metropolitan opera house in Seattle. He is an artist of absolutely the first rank. His appearance at the Normal was somewhat of an accident. He was visiting at the home of Henry P. Jukes for a short time. Mrs. Spratley of our music department, invited him to give a program at the Normal and he accepted. Mr. Cadmen has contributed much to the musical world as a composer. In his study of music he has especially emphasized the field of Indian Music. He is perhaps the greatest authority in that line today.
In opening his program, Mr. Cadmen gave the following:
1. Pompadour's Fan.
2. Love Song (by himself).
3. Wolf Dance (based on a Blackfoot Indian melody).
The Musician followed these splendid numbers with an illuminating talk on the subject of Indian music. He declared that the study of Indian music began but thirty-five years ago. Contrary to a general opinion, Indian music has a distinct value to composers. Forty per cent of all the material gathered by musical investigators from the Indians possesses interest and value for composers.

Mr. Cadman had with him several curious Indian instruments, among them the flageolet. On this peculiar instrument he played four short numbers. The tones which he produced were particularly mellow and fascinating. It is interesting to know that Indian children have proven more precocious musical students than white children.
Concluding the program, Mr. Harrison Raymond sang the following delightful numbers:
1. I Hear a Thrush at Eve.
2. From the Land of Sky-Blue Water.
3. At Dawn.
—B. S. N. S.—

**HOW TO DETERMINE
HYPNOTIC SUBJECTS**
In hypnotism one should always make a test to find out if the person is susceptible to hypnotism. There are, of course, certain types of persons that under no circumstances can be hypnotized. We make this test as soon as the person comes on the stage, look him straight in the eyes and say slowly and distinctly, "You are falling backwards." If the person so much as waves he is susceptible.
Now suggest a thought to him. If he does not respond, repeat with emphasis. If he can be hypnotized he will take up the suggestion and will be in your power. You now can suggest anything and he will respond. The key to hypnotism is the power of suggestion.
To remove the thought or suggestion, a snap of the fingers will remove your power. He loses your suggestion and he will immediately return to normal.
—B. S. N. S.—
First Student: "Mr. Kolstad can put people in trances."
Second Student: "Don't I know it? He puts me in one for an hour every day."

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Library Notes

An exceedingly large and interesting set of books was received at the library this week. It is called Early American Imprints. These books were all printed between the years 1770 and 1830, and it is due to a sale held by a large eastern firm that it was possible to acquire these very valuable books. The printing and working of these books are peculiar to the extreme, for instance a girl is always alluded to as a "damsel" or a "pious female." This set includes works in the following: novels, poetry, journals, catechisms, essays, dictionaries of various vocations and several different editions of the New Testament.
From an educational standpoint, these books are especially useful, both from a literary and historical view. They trace very thoroughly the growth and formation of America's great part in literature. Many critics maintain that America had no distinct literary achievements of her own, but if these same critics would thoroughly investigate this one set of books they would be convinced otherwise. Every student in school who is interested in what America has done in a literary way, should not fail to investigate this set of books.
—B. S. N. S.—
SENIOR MIXER.
What ho! Ye Seniors, great and small!
Came out for the mixer in the gymnasium hall,
On Friday evening, February 3,
In the year of our Lord 1922.
Eats and good cheer await you there
With fun enough for the whole school year!
So—
Come with a whoop! Come with a call
Come with a good will or not at all!
As has been the custom of all the years.
Junior Boys are cordially invited!

BAGGAGE MOVING
Phone 70 or 15
Quick Service—Rates Reasonable
**MODEL TRUCK &
STORAGE CO.**

ABOARD THE HELL-SHIP

Johnny Belm was rolling from one side of the bunk to the other, with the motion of the ship; he was half-awake. A torn sail snapped and cracked like a "young cannon." He opened his eyes wide and sat up in bed, reaching for his watch, which was in his coat pocket at the foot of his bunk. It was 11:45 o'clock. He was to go on watch at 12, midnight, and watch the Chinese quarters until 4 a. m. The fore door slid back and a tall, bulky figure entered. The man walked up to Johnny's bunk, looking down smilingly.

"Come, kid," he said. "It's time for you to go on watch and its a merry time I am thinking you are going to have, too. You better take my oil skin for its raining and blowing to beat blue blazes. Can you shoot?"

Johnny told him that he could.

"Just peel your eyes along this."

He pulled a forty-four automatic from his hip pocket.

"If any of them Chinks or Mexicans get canary—well, don't hesitate to make them acquainted with a little hot lead. A flock of hungry gungs are following the ship, and they are crying to beat Hades, and a little fresh Chink of Mexican meat wouldn't hurt their craws any."

He removed his dripping oil skins, and laid the automatic on the bunk.

"I am going to the galley and wet my whistle with a hot wash of coffee, then maybe I'll get in a little poker game, a poach of a fine game is on down in the fishermen's quarters. Six hundred in silver was on the table till the ship began rolling, and it had to be removed. By holy Mount Pavlo! If one of them fishermen hasn't four twenty-dollar gold pieces, and where he got them, I'll be cow-kicked if I can tell. But I said to myself, "Gold, why tempt old Swede Carlson? I'll jingle those four twenties in my pocket before we hit Unimak Pass. Eh, kid?"

Johnny had gotten out of the bunk, but was having a hard time dressing, because the ship rolled so hard. He hung onto the bunk with one hand and pulled on his shirt and trousers with the other. It amused Swede Carlson hugely to see Johnny stagger about.

"Were you ever at sea before, kid?"

Johnny told him that he had been to sea once before.

"Once, you say. Well you will get your sea-legs in a day or two. I am going now and if anything should happen—well, shoot, see? But if you are afraid to play with that little toy automatic, you just yell down in the fishermen's quarters, and old Swede Carlson will come and show you how to mix things in the hell-hole."

Johnny noticed Swede Carlson's mammoth chest and muscles, which reminded him of Jack London's "Sea Wolf."

Johnny asked Swede Carlson if this was his first trip North. Swede Carlson lit a cigarette, looked at Johnny and laughed.

"Hell, kid! I am so well known on Bering Sea that the fish call me by my first name. You have just three minutes before you go on watch, so I am going to tell you a little story.

"This makes—" they both fell against the bunk when the ship plunged suddenly—"as I was going to say, this makes my fourteenth trip North. I have been through Unimak Pass twenty-six times. The least I made in one season was \$12. Last season I made \$2,000. I had that much when I hit Seattle last September. Well, I have only twenty dollars left. That is the way it goes, kid. The more a fellow makes the more he spends. These darn cannery men don't care for a fisherman. The first season, I and my pardner were capsized in a

storm. My partner was drowned, and I went for three days without anything to eat, before I was picked up. In a blow last year, me and my pardner got too close to a sand-bar near the mouth of the Nushagak river, and the boat capsized. I escaped again, but my partner washed away with a giant breaker. When I reached the cannery, the first thing the superintendent asked me was, "Where is the boat?"

The door slid back and a sailor nodded to Swede Carlson. A tremendous roar of wind, flapping sails, and a wild sea spewing and simmering like boiling water, came from outside.

Johnny hurriedly stuck the automatic in his pocket, slipped on the oil skins and boots, and followed Swede Carlson out on deck. Swede Carlson and Kay the sailor went into the galley, and slid the door. A streak of yellow gleamed through a crack of the galley door. Johnny was left alone on deck. It was black dark, and the giant waves boiled up and washed over the decks. Ghostly figures crept around the masts and by the railing. Aloft in the rigging, the two and three steel cables hummed and sang like a trunk phone line.

With the aid of a small flashlight, he found his way along the slippery decks to the Chinese quarters. He crawled through a narrow door, and started to descend the steep steps. On each side of the steps ropes had been stretched. Johnny hung onto the ropes and entered the Hell-hole.

The poker game was still on, the players hung onto the stationary table and dealt the cards between the plunges of the ship. On deck the air was pure, with a tinge of salt, but here in the Hell-hole a sour, stale smell, which made him sick at his stomach, hit his nostrils. He walked down the narrow aisles between the bunks as quickly as possible. In every bunk, a Chinaman or a Mexican rolled with the ship's motion. Most of them were smoking long pipes, probably opium. In one corner, to themselves, eight or ten Hawaiians had taken bunks. They were still setting up, half naked. Three of them were playing string instruments and sweet sounds of Aloha filled the Hell-hole.

Johnny passed the gambling table again on the way out, and was invited to "get in." He didn't tell them but he knew that he did not know the first rules of the game. Amid much tobacco smoke and jabbering he left them, and went on deck. The wind was gaining force, and the waves leaped above the ship, pouring their frosty tops across the decks. Twice he fell when the ship tipped so the deck came up to meet him. His face was dripping salt water when he entered the fore. He sat down on the edge of his bunk. His brain throbed and a feeling of being terribly far away haunted him.

Victor, his chum, slept in a double bunk in the corner across from him. Victor had hung a red curtain in front of his bunk and Johnny could see the light still burned above his pillow. Terrible thoughts flashed through his mind, what if the ship should sink? He asked himself over and over. His teeth chattered, and he wanted to do something, but what could he do? He walked over to Victor's bunk, and lifted the curtain. Victor lay very quietly, sleeping. The roll of the ship did not disturb him and the expression of adventure which had been on his face ever since they sailed from Seattle, had turned into a half-smile. Victor's white sweater with the yellow letter, his college colors, hung on a nail over his bunk. "What a contrast!" Johnny thought. Down in the Hell-hole were the rakings of the underworld of San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle, but here was a young American, a college boy, the type that the American nation depends upon for the future.

He turned the light out and went on deck again. Some of the sails had been lowered, and broken cables swished across the deck. He was caught by one and thrown for ten feet, up against the railing. His arm and side ached, but he crawled through the narrow door again,

"ALL NORMAL STUDENTS SATURDAY NIGHT"

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S

Big Production Don't Start until the 5th

If an heiress eloped with her chauffeur, and a millionaire married his pretty laundress—what would their wedded lives be like?

The answer is here—in a gorgeous tale of the top and bottom of New York. Showing each half how the other half lives and running Fifth Avenue into Coney Island.

A story of fashion, revel and love—and the two greatest fire and railroad rescue scenes ever filmed!

The Cast includes:

Iris Van Suydam	Leatrice Joy
Dick Prentiss	Conrad Nagel
Shamrock O'Day	Edith Roberts
Elsie, Dick's sister	Julia Faye
Mrs. Prentiss	Edythe Chapman
Uncle	Theodore Roberts
Mrs. O'Day	Sylvia Ashton
The Count	John Davidson
Tompkins	James Neill
The Professor	Winter Hall

American

into the Chinese quarters.

The poker game was over, and everyone was in bed. The lights still burned, and a half-dozen pop bottles rolled around under the bunks. Tobacco cans and rubbish slid around with the motion of the ship. The timbers of the ship cracked and moaned until Johnny expected the next breaker to tear the ship to pieces.

On his way back to the fore he peeped down into the fishermen's quarters. The game was still on and Swede Carlson and Kay, the sailor, were still on "the trail of the four twenties."

It was his last round, when he came out of the Hell-hole deathly sick. His head ached, and his stomach hurt. He went as near the railing as possible and "fed the fish." At least sea-sickness had overcome him.

Back aft, he heard the Captain swearing, he heard him say that the ship was six hundred miles from shore and one hundred miles out of her course. Away off to the east a streak of light showed. It was a pale, pale light, which gradually grew brighter, seeming to come in little jets, with slight and sudden shocks. It made the heavens look as if they were being illuminated like a transparency, and as if lamps with flames were being raised. Little by little, behind the shapeless gray clouds, carefully raised with mysterious caution for fear of disturbing the mournful turmoil of the sea.

Johnny awoke the relief watch and entered the fore. Victor was awake, and looked at him and smiled.

"Isn't this great, this roll I mean. I can sleep just dandy."

He asked Johnny what made him look so white around the "gills," but Johnny did not tell him. He rolled into his bunk with his face to the wall. His heart seemed big and swollen. He went to sleep mumbling Vic-Vic-Vic.

—George Kermit Stephens.

On Unintentional Descent.

Oh, many's the ups succeeding the downs,
For the slick sidewalks shimmer with sleet.

And many's the face disfigured with frowns
As the passerby flips from his feet.

As to man, there never was clown any worse,
As he waltzes and reels on the glaze,
And rises indignant alas to rehearse
'Neath the vain fellow "wabblers" gaze.

Yes, many's the ups because of the downs.

Brought on by the "freeze" of the year.
An equivocal feeling, a scarceness of nouns,

Limits rhyme of our bruised hemisphere.

—B. S. N. S.—

In winter I turn in at night
Awake, and dress by 'lectric light.

In sumer quite the other way
I have no 'lectric bills to pay.

The Complete Line
of

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Toilet Preparations

THE WEISER DRUG CO., INC.

Bellingham, Wash.