

SPRING FEVER EDITION

The Weekly Messenger

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

VOL. XXII

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON, MONDAY, MAY 28, 1923

NO. 33

MISS HAZEL JOHNSON SEVERELY WOUNDED

With a piercing shriek, followed by agonized moans, Miss Hazel Johnson sank to the ground. It happened in this way:

Miss Johnson was descending Chuckanut Mountain last Sunday afternoon, in such precipitous haste that she did not have time to properly control her feet. Suddenly her foot struck against a sharp rock and the injury aforesaid resulted.

The abused member, we are glad to state, is gradually recovering from the shock received.

—B. S. N. S.—



SURPRISING CLASS IN THE B. S. N. S.

A visitor to the school opened a classroom door and started back in astonishment. The students were standing around the room with mouths open and expressions of imbecility on their faces. The teacher put his finger on a key on the piano then on another key. The visitor stood transfixed in blank amazement as she heard the instructor say "Come again." Ignoring this broad hint completely the class remained standing with mouths open. Then the class discovered the visitor and as they looked at her they said "Hark!" She turned, and fled in terror to the presidents' office and told him of her experience. "Why, that's just Mr. Rahskopf's expression class," the president explained.

—B. S. N. S.—



EDWIN OPSTAD'S PERTINENT QUESTION

Just as the sun was sinking in the West, and the twitter of birds was heard coming from the trees, and the guttural music of the frogs, from the pond; just when the world seemed full to overflowing, and life, worth living, Edwin Opstad, red-haired and determined, in company with "the only girl" for him, suddenly ventured to say, "Gertie, dear, there is something weighing on my heart; it's a question I've wanted to ask you for some time. Please don't send me away when I ask you this question! Really and truly dear Gertie, do you think that—Jeff will ever be as tall as Mutt?"

NORMAL STUDENT WRONGLY ACCUSED

While driving along the highway to Seattle, Angus Bowmer, prominent Bellingham Normal school student, rumor states, was stopped by a traffic patrolman who said, "You're under arrest for racing."

Angus, in excitement, protested, saying: "Oh, but you're mistaken. I wasn't racing. But say, I passed a couple of fellows who were."

DIVORCE SCANDAL AGITATES THE IRISH

It is reported that Carl Irish of the city school system is contemplating suing his wife for alleged alienation of affections in the Juvenile Court.

According to Helen Hightower, reliable witness, Mrs. Irish and Eggert Burns have been in the habit of meeting in the Student Association room daily. When asked what they did she replied, "They seemed to be discussing writing as they were always looking at written papers. They must have been discussing personal letters judging from the tone of Eggert's face."

Carl Irish bases his accusations upon the fact that his wife is so melancholy of late. He says that she thinks of this affair so much that she has lost thirty five pounds. Instead of the usual \$2.00 daily for chocolates she now asks for only 50c. Mr. Irish believes Eggert has also alienated his wife's expenses.

When interviewed as to their respective feelings they were contemplating a trip to Utah, but would return as soon as their respective cases of Spring Fever were cured.

—B. S. N. S.—



YOUTH BREAKS LIMB IN HIGH CLIMB

Climbing a slender tree to escape from a dog, Bill Benson had the misfortune to step out onto a very small branch. Things began to look blue for Bill and rosy for Towser, because at this juncture the branch snapped off, letting the poor boy down almost in reach of the savage dog. In desperation Bill swung his feet up over the limb above, on which his hands were gripped and 'twas thus that the owner of the dog found poor Bill some few hours later, hanging crosswise from the tree in the orchard. Instead of punishing Bill as he very properly should have, the man called his dog and walked away with his hand held suspiciously over his mouth.

—B. S. N. S.—

DEWEY BOWMAN PROVE HEROISM

Help! Murder! Oh! He-l-p!!

Dewey stopped aghast on the walk outside a certain house on High street. What on earth could be happening in that house? Those poor girls! Another piercing scream and he had the door open and was up the stairs three at a time. Taking no notice of the gaping and astounded landlady, Dewey strode to a door and jerked it open. Oh! the sight which met his eyes! Dewey nearly collapsed. Standing on beds, chairs, tables, and trunks was nine girls, frantically beating the air with umbrellas, rulers, hair brushes, and books, while running hither and thither as if not knowing which to attack first was a wee, little mouse.

However, at the appearance of the hero the beast scampered out the open door and Dewey in true hero fashion scampered nearly as fast, not waiting for the words of praise and thanks flung after him.

—B. S. N. S.—

Violet Mitcham: "Oh-oh-oh! I don't want to be hugged"

SAM FORD INJURED ETC.

Sam Ford, prominent head and shoulders of the business department stubbed his toe on a slight pebble on High street Friday morning and fell, breaking both limbs.

There are no other casualties listed with the exception that one said Miss Cole splattered her cherry hat by the broken bottle of milk she carried.

Sam is resting easy and it is hoped he will be an upright man by the big June affair of which he is the leading man.

MRS. BROMLEY ON NUTRITION

In a well-organized and very interesting talk, given May 10, in the Home Economics department, Mrs. Mercy Bromley brought out the work that is being done and the principles that have been followed in the nutrition campaign for our American school children. This work is of national importance, for it is found that the mental and physical efficiency of the individual is in direct proportion to the standard of nutrition to which he measures up. A car will not run, except down hill, without fuel, and neither will a person work well without the necessary nourishment to keep his body in repair and supply the tissues with heat for their fires.

The Red Cross has demonstrated in Europe what can be done with malnourished children. There are at present less under-nourished children in England, France and Belgium than before the war, while in the United States the proportion of under-nourished children has increased since the war. Europe has responded wonderfully to the campaign of child welfare. They have studied well their problem, and as their need is future citizens, they are rearing their young folk to the best of their ability.

It is up to the schools to effectively meet this problem in the United States, and work out its solution. The school is the young child's greatest interest in life. "Complete living," not mere "book learning" is the aim of the modern school. But there can be little of complete living when one child in every three is handicapped both physically and mentally by preventable difficulties. Malnutrition is the greatest predisposing cause of disease. Also mental defects have been entirely corrected by the removal of physical defects.

Owen Swett Marden says malnutrition is directly responsible for many cases of criminality. First, resistance to disease is lowest; second, mental development is retarded; and third, the nervous system becomes unstable.

Dr. R. P. Emerson, an eminent authority, says malnutrition is not the result of poverty and insufficient food, but rather attributes it to physical defects, obstructed breathing and bad teeth; lack of home control; over-fatigue; faulty food habits; improper food and insufficient food of the right kind; and to faulty health habits, irregular hours, over excitement, rapid eating, over-eating, too much candy, and, strangely enough, drinking too much milk, supposing this to be sufficient food in itself.

The teacher who would make a real success of her work should study the child welfare problem and co-operate with those organizations that are working to secure for our future citizens the priceless heritage of sound minds in sound bodies.

Mrs. Bromley's discussion was full of vital material and the students of Bellingham Normal should have an opportunity to hear this very helpful talk given in assembly before Mrs. Bromley leaves to carry on her work in the East.

Initiation Thrilling Affair.

"Ooh, ooh, ouch, no, I won't drink the nasty stuff," says Phyllis Boland.

"Mice, oh, I can't eat mice. Oh, why must I do it," says Mable Hickson.

"Oh, the rest did it. Be a sport. Go ahead!! They're really very good. Mr. Kolstad caught them two years ago in his cupboard, and they are really as nice and dry as kippered salmon. Drink this nice egg-nogg. Don't like it? Oh, see the wiggly worm, swallow it. It will slip down so easy. Quick now." All this from Carroll.

"Oh, I can't jump in the water. Please don't make me. I can't stand water."

"Don't stand. Just fall. If you get scared, grab me around the neck." All this from George Abbey.

"Ouch, oh, oh, oh, such a shock. It feels like a vibrator. Let's go, whee!" sobs Alice Kaufman.

"Would you like to be a brunette?" kindly suggests Guy Bond.

"Sure," says Thelma Dock, then, "Oh, goodness, if that's the way I'd rather stay blonde."

What are they raving about? Oh, nothing, just getting their initiation comin's. Don't pity them. The way to Philo club is long and wearisome, but why not. Consider a Philo!!!!!!

—B. S. N. S.—

Speeches We Don't Make

Good morning, Sir!

I certainly enjoyed assembly this morning.

You gave me a better grade than I deserved in the last test, Mr. Kolstad.

I got exactly what I wanted on this assignment.

Every note book I have is written up and ready to hand in.

Yes, my school work is very interesting.

—B. S. N. S.—

Overheard in the Training School.

"Well, Mollie, how do you like your new teacher?"

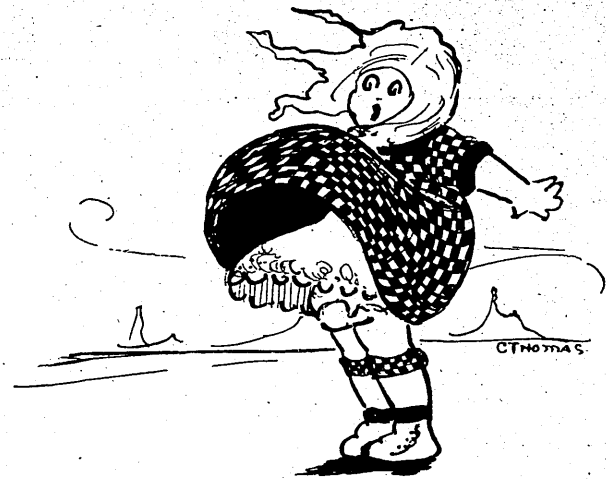
"I half like her and I half don't like her. But I think I half don't like her most."

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. B. (sternly): Where were you last night?"

Guy: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

Mr. B.: "Well, tell 'em not to leave their hairpins in the car next time."



He stepped so spry and light,
He held his head so high,

He thot his right was might,
He always pushed right by,
He walked in front of ladies,
He never tipped his hat.

Some might think him crazy
What of that?

He is a Normal guy.

—B. S. N. S.—

My Idea of a Sap is One Who:

1. Writes a clever verse after his name in a hotel register.
2. Goes out in the rain in order to grow tall like flowers do.
3. Thinks Bonar Law is a fluke English law.
4. Thinks the girls are all wild about him during the first quarter.

—B. S. N. S.—

B. Tunstall (brushing the powder from his coat lapel): "Why not keep that school-girl complexion?"

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Bond: "I gave you three examples in arithmetic, and you didn't do any of them."

"No, my father told me to avoid bad examples."

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Hunt: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

B. Jacobus: "No, only the untied."

—B. S. N. S.—

Training School Teacher: "Give me the definition of a rhinoceros."

Pupil: "A great big clumsy cow."

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Bond: "Did you get the six problems assigned for today?"

Student: "I couldn't get the first two or the last four."

Teacher: "Louis, it is not polite to come into the house, where there are ladies, with your hat on"

Louis: "I don't see any ladies."

Teacher: "What am I?"

Louis: "Oh, you're a teacher."

Teacher: "Tell me the difference."

Louis: "Ladies get married and teachers don't."

—B. S. N. S.—

First Soph: "I wonder why he had his picture for the Klipsun taken en profile."

Second Soph: "Because it only shows half his face."

—B. S. N. S.—

Carrol Haeske: "Do you detect any musical ability in me?"

Miss Belton: "Sir, I am no detective."

—B. S. N. S.—

Horace makes a very good nurse for juveniles. He spent part of his time at Kolstad's cabin playing with Art's little teddy bear.

—B. S. N. S.—

Bill B.: "She's the dearest girl I know."

Gordon B: "I'll say she is. Last time I took her out I had to strike the head waiter for five bucks to get home."

—B. S. N. S.—

Freshman—"I should like to change my program."

Mr. Bond—"D you have conflicts?"

Freshman—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bond—"Where do you have conflicts?"

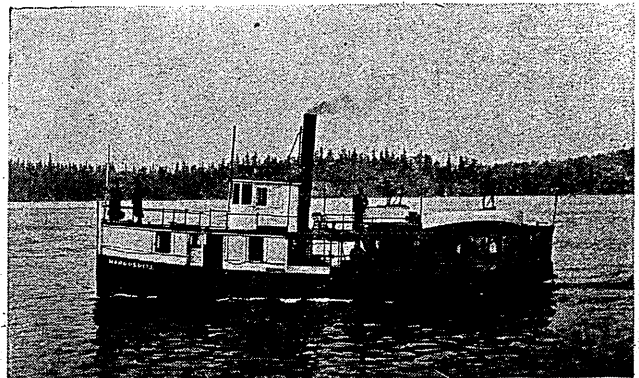
Freshman—"With my teachers."

—B. S. N. S.—

Mrs. Vaughan: "Where's the Swanee River?"

Mrs. Irish: "I don't know where, but I spose it's near the old folk's home."

ON THE WAY TO NORMAL EIGHTY



GREEK AND LATIN LITERATURE

Do you ever stop to realize just how old-fashioned and unoriginal we are? Take for instance the matter of literature. The same types of story, poem and song that we have were written in the time of the early Greeks and Romans.

A series of books called "Our debt to Greece and Rome" have been ordered recently for our library. This series consists of fifty volumes, each volume giving the life and work of one writer. We have now in our library translations from the work of the noted old Greek and Latin writers. Among the Roman poets we have:

Catullus, Tibullus, Lucretetius, and Horace. Of the Roman or Latin dramatists we have Plautus, Terence, Seneca and Virgil. Virgil is called the father of novels and pure fiction stories.

Roman orators are: Cicero and Quintilian. Cicero wrote "Old Age" and "Friendship."

Roman historians and some of their works are Caesar's "Conquest of Gaul"

Livy, "History of Rome."

Tacitus, Justin, Nepos and Eutropius.

In biographies we have:

Suetonius, "Lives of the Caesars."

In the Greek writings we have just as interesting a list. Do you know that the first woman writer known was a Greek named Sappho? She wrote love poems, including "Love's Banquet," and "The Garden of Nymphs."

Other Greek poets were Homer, whose "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are so well known. Herodotus, and Anacreon.

The three greatest Greek historians were: Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon.

Among the Greek orators were Lyrius, Hyperides, and Demosthenes.

Philosophers were Aristotle, who wrote on a variety of philosophical subjects, and Marcus Aurelius.

Some of the Greek dramatists who wrote tragedy and comedy, the latter guaranteed to make you really laugh, were Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Philippi had his star-gazing class out on the campus.

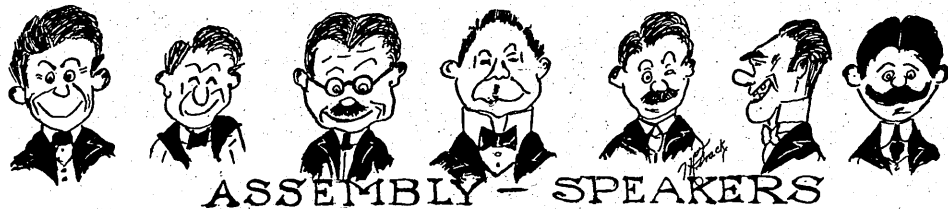
"Now, that," he said, "is Venus. It was named after a beautiful woman."

Horace Walker: "Gee, is that the one the wise men followed?"

—B. S. N. S.—

Miss Moffatt—"How many bones have you in your body?"

Dick Carver, "Undreds" Teacher—"I ate erring for breakfast."



IRISH CUSTOMS AND MODES OF LIFE

In early times Ireland was almost everywhere covered with forests; and there were great dangerous bogs and marshes, overgrown with reeds, moss and coarse grass. Many of these bogs remain, but they are not nearly so large or dangerous as then.

The people hunted and fished a great deal, partly for food, partly to rid the country of noxious creatures, and partly for sport; for the forests were alive with wild animals of all kinds, and the rivers and lakes teemed with fish. In the cleared parts of the country there was much pasture and tillage of various kinds of corn and vegetables were grown, and the land was very fertile and well watered with springs and rivulets.

Pasture lands were not fenced in and cows horses, and oxen roamed at will. Oxen were generally used for ploughing.

On account of the great forests and bogs, there were many large districts where it was hard to go long distances across country from place to place; and often very different from what it is at present, except that they had no potatoes, which were brought to Ireland for the first time 300 years ago, and there was no tea or coffee. They used oats, wheat, rye, and barley ground and made into bread. In those early days there was no sugar, and honey was greatly valued, so that beehives were kept everywhere.

For drink, they had, besides plain water and milk, ale, and a sweet sort of liquor called mead, both of which were made at home, and often wine, which was brought from the continent. There was no whiskey.

In those days there were no hotels or inns, but several citizens kept "Houses of public hospitality" for wayfarers and strangers. In these houses was always kept a light burning in the lane at night to guide travelers to the house.

The people dressed well according to their means. Both men and women were fond of bright colored garments, which were not hard to procure, as the art of dyeing in all the various hues was well understood. It was usual for the same persons to wear several brilliant colors. Those who could afford it wore rings, bracelets, brooches and other ornaments

of gold, silver and a sort of white bronze.

There were many professional men in Ireland, also a great deal of trade with Britain and France, with whom they would exchange products.

The ancient Irish were orderly and regular in their way of life, but their greatest evil was war. In those early times war was common in all countries; and in this respect there was no more trouble in Ireland, Scotland, and the countries of the Continent.

Rivers were crossed by bridges made of rough planks, for there were no stone bridges, or by wading at shallow fords, or by little ferry boats.

The people lived in houses almost always made of timber, generally round-shaped or oval, but sometimes four-cornered and oblong, like our present houses. In order to keep off wild beasts and robbers, there was a high embankment of earth, with a deep trench, round every house.

—B. S. N. S.—

The Board of Control decided at its last meeting that it would be best to keep the door to the Student's Association room locked in view of the fact that during the past people have tampered with various articles within the room and made nuisances of themselves in general. A Yale lock has been provided for this purpose, which cannot be opened with master keys. Eight keys only having been issued to members of the board, business manager and editor of the Messenger.

—B. S. N. S.—

The first and second grades of the training school will have their annual spring picnic, Monday. At this time they will harvest and prepare radishes, onions, and lettuce, which the children planted and took care of in the garden back of the Normal building.

Miss Abbot is taking her student teachers on a picnic Monday afternoon, after teachers' conference.

The grade cards will be given out to the pupils of the training school Monday afternoon. The children will then be free for the summer. Some are planning to re-enter June 7, when the training school opens, to make up back work. The school will continue for twelve weeks and the pupils may enroll for either one or two quarters.

—B. S. N. S.—

Miss Countryman—"What is pasteurized milk?"

Student—"Pasteurized milk is that milk which comes from cows fed in nice, clean pasture."

—B. S. N. S.—

It's one o' life's small ironies,
And should the saints provoke,
That the saddest souls on earth today
Are editors of jokes.

T.: "James, have you whispered today without permission?"

Pupil: "Only wunst."

T.: "Leroy, should James have said wunst?"

Leroy: "No'm; he should have said twict."

—B. S. N. S.—

The bridegroom who was in a horribly nervous condition appealed to the clergyman in a loud whisper, at the close of the ceremony:

"Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?"

The clergyman might have replied: "Not yet, but soon."

—B. S. N. S.—

Carroll: "Is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

Lowman: "Certainly, I will be silent as the grave."

Carroll: "Well, then, I have a pressing need for 2 bucks."

Lowman: "Do not worry. It is as if I had heard nothing."

—B. S. N. S.—

Sam Ford calmly defines the exact difference between life and love as: "Life is just one fool thing after another: love is just two fool things after each other."

—B. S. N. S.—

Helen Hightower, on a crowded street car: "Breathe in, I want to go past."

—B. S. N. S.—

Ingeborg H. (to shoe clerk)—"Yes, my size is four, but I wear seven because a four hurts my feet so."

—B. S. N. S.—

Angus B.—"Is that the moon or the sun?"

Bill McNeil—"I'm sure I don't know; I'm a stranger in this town."

—B. S. N. S.—

Dewey B.—"Do you want to see something swell?"

Archie T.—"Yes."

Dewey B.—"Well, put a sponge in the water and watch it."

—B. S. N. S.—

Gordon B.—"I hear Tom's father has money to burn."

Archie T.—"Well, Tom is a good match for him."

—B. S. N. S.—

Teacher—"Class, I've taught you all I know and still you're nothing but idiots."

And she wondered why they laughed.

—B. S. N. S.—

Marian E.: "Do you know why Noah's kids never played cards?"

Arthur: "Well, you might tell, if you know."

Marian: "They couldn't, because Noah always sat on the deck."



STUDENT ANSWERS SONG CHALLENGE

Our Bellingham Normal School.

(Air, "Marching Through Georgia")
Sing a song for our Normal School,
Where spirit and pep prevails.
Sing a song for the lue and White,
Where loyalty never fails.
Sing a song that's full and strong,
Sing with vigor and vim,
Sing and let's boost for our Normal.
(Cho.)

We'll win, We'll win,
Of that, we have no doubt.
We'll win, we'll win,
The world will find us out,
We'll back our teams, and we'll win the
fray,
In Basketball, Track and Debate. Come
Let's boost for our Normal.

II

Sing a song for the by-gone days,
For victories already won.
Sing a song for the hard fought wars,
Sing for the songs that we've sung,
Sing a song for our Normal's future,
For the white and Blue,
Boost for the old Alma Mater.

(Cho.)
Hurrah, hurrah,
Of our Normal we're proud.
Hurrah, hurrah,
We'll sing the praises loud,
From North and South,
From East and West
Ye students in our band,
Sing and let's boost for our Normal.

—Estelle Thorsen.

—B. S. N. S.—



OH! GIRLS!

Here is an exact copy of a love letter penned by—well you can read his signature at the end. This emotional young man is as ignorant of the object of his love as a hen is of the tooth-ache, but he's sure she's in school, so he has adopted this indirect method of telling of his affection. It's a case of unrequited love, yearning-yearning-yearning. Don't keep him pining longer but by all means tell him your name.

Bellingham, Wash.
May 16, 1923.

Dear Girlie:

Since you have declared yourself in my favor, I take this opportunity in stating that our affection is mutual.

My heart yearns for your association, as no doubt yours does for mine. It would indeed be a tragedy if this love of ours were not given an opportunity to burst into full flame.

I know not your name, but your spirit seems to accompany me continually.

In haste, I remain,
Yours,

"TINY"



Maudee.

First we see a big array
Of art-bags, books and things,
And to this mass of paraphernalia
Behind this burden and overload.
A little girl eagerly clings.
(It's complexities, naught can surpass)
We know by the light quick step of the
foot,
That it's Maudee coming to class.

Maudee dear, we'll all confess
Is quite congenial too,
She likes to go and visit the girls
And spend the evening through.
But before the evening is half begun,
Or just in the midst of things,
A profound sleep to Maudee dear,
The sandman usually brings.

With Maudee dear they must rudely deal,
To bring her back to her senses,
And everyone joins in laugh and fun,
At Maudee dear's expenses.
Maudee back to her own room goes
Determined to study in bed,
But sure as fate she falls asleep
Before even her prayers are said.

When in English Three one day
Mrs. Vaughan to her did say,
"Miss Withers, what is the lesson today,
And where is your book, I pray?"
With puzzled expression and with dis-
tracted look

Miss Maudee in answer said,
"Now, let me see—I don't know for
sure—
But I think it's behind the bed."

—B. S. N. S.—

Inseparables

Helen Hightower and her good nature.
Sam Ford and that winsome smile.
George Abbey and that far-away look.
Berle Wilson and her melodious laugh.
Angus Bowmer and his Charlie Chaplin
ways.

Oliver Ingorsol and his grin.
"Fink" Frank and the girls.
Maude Withers and Yucatan.
Maurice Thomas and his cuteness.
Miss Mead and adhesive tape.
Mrs. Vaughan and her pet phrase, O,
shaw.
Miss Belton and enthusiasm.

—B. S. N. S.—

Oregon Trip Incident.

It is rumored that Mrs. Johnson, nat-
urally a daring mountain climber, almost
sprained both her ankles in her hurry
to turn around when Mrs. Vaughan said,
"See that little butte over there."

LOVE

Dear Nellie:

What you asked me about did I love Oliver, well, dear, it's this way. I'm afraid if I don't take him I'll be sorry, and if I do I'll regret it, because I can't live without him any more than I expect. I'll be able to live with him. It's just so exciting being miserable until I'm happy, that if I ain't in love with him I might as well find it out one way as another, and so we're going to get married if I don't change my mind, and if I do, the Lord have mercy on my soul, Mame, because he's an awful lemon, if he has got a job! So that's how it is dearie, and they tell me it's just perfectly natural, like the measles.

I'll send you an invitation and when you see me walking down the aisle with him, for the love of Mike, Mame, don't giggle. This is too darned serious for you to act like you feel like."

Esther.

—B. S. N. S.—

On Sunday afternoon a number of girls went on a hike to Chuckanut mountain. They received a "lift" on the way out and arrived at Chuckanut in time to prepare a substantial repast of noodles and beef. The improvised stove, upon which they cooked was inclined at a dangerous angle and threatened to deposit the cherished noodles upon the ground. As it was, the repast was highly flavored with smoke, which only added zest to the meal. After dinner, the girls climbed Mount Chuckanut, arriving at the summit about 6 o'clock.

The tired but happy girls who trudged the road homeward were Misses Madeline and Anna Koester, Hazel and Helen Johnson, Fern Williams and Naomi Grant.

—B. S. N. S.—

It was Commencement Day at Normal and the father of one of the young women came to attend the graduation exercises. He was presented to the president, who said: "I congratulate you, sir, upon your extremely large and affectionate family."

"Large and affectionate?" he stammered and looking very much surprised.

"Yes, indeed," said the president. "No less than twelve of your daughter's brothers have called frequently during the winter to take her driving and sleighing, while your eldest son escorted her to the theater at least twice a week. Unusually nice brothers, they are."

—B. S. N. S.—

Maurice Thomas is Practically Declined.

Maurice is trying to become a poet. The following was found lying on the Editor's desk, signed, "The sniek":
"The dog stood on the burning deck,
The flames were all about him.
Hot dog."

—B. S. N. S.—

Mr. Bond: "What is trigonometry?"
Mr. West—It's a man that's been married three times"

—B. S. N. S.—

Carl S.: "Have you any class now?"
Peggy: "Look me over."

—B. S. N. S.—

Teacher—"Who can make a sentence with 'gruesome' in it?"
Johnny—"I can. The man stopped shaving and grew some whiskers."

—B. S. N. S.—

Old Friend—"How is it, we don't see so much of you as we used to?"
Flanagan—"Well, I lost a couple of pounds."

OREGON TRAIL.

John J. Thennes, ironically, looking on while Mrs. Johnson made a longhand draft of Mr. Kolstad's latest saga, "I might get you to write out some wedding cards for me." Mr. Kolstad, reading the same scribble inverted: "Spell that Sally with a small s please."

Frances Vaughan made coasters of her hiking breeches. Mrs. Vaughan took a stick to her daughter. Frances went and sat in the river to save the laundry. Margaret wrung her out and hung her up to dry.

There was no court at Skookum Creek, but the girls played tennis just the same. Or was it Thennes? We only overheard them talking about the good time, tennis, and the ball that fell into the river.

E. Bond, returning from Skookum: "That road going up the hill leads to Saxon."

F. Vaughan: "Yes, I believe that is where Mr. Rahskopf gave that wonderful 'Ditto'. When will he do it again?"

Mrs. Vaughan: "Margaret Bowen took her plunge in the river Saturday morning, as usual. Owing to the nearness of the camp, she went in just as she was."

Miss oWodard: "How was she?"
Mrs. Vaughan: "She was in her hiking suit."

Mr. Brockman got married recently. Now it is reported that Mr. Rahskopf is engaged. Someone said her name is Frances, but would not tell which of the many girls by that name she is. We can't find out her surname, but that will be settled when it is Rahskopf.

Mr. Kolstad ordered his Sally written with a small s, but there is a question mark over that. We haven't found out her surname yet, either.

—B. S. N. S.—

The Editor, she sits around and wonders what to write; she's got to think up something good, and yet not start a fight. The Editor, she wants the dope, the jokes, the news and stuff, most any bit of fun will do, but it mustn't be too rough. Come on with all your dye stuff now, in any sort of color, for seeing red or seeing green, won't hurt the other feller.—Adapted.

—B. S. N. S.—

M. Thomas—"Say, Vandy, what's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"
W. Vanderford—"Easy: A centipede with chilblains."

—B. S. N. S.—

Eggert—"May I kiss you?"
Girl—"Piggly Wiggly."
Eggert—"Why, what do you mean?"
Girl—"Help yourself."

—B. S. N. S.—

Angus B.—"I just heard Bill is a book-keeper."
Maurie T.—"Yes, he's had one of mine for three years."

