YEAR BOOK



1913

SAN JOSÉ
NORMAL SCHOOL

SENIOR YEAR BOOK

SAN JOSE NORMAL SCHOOL

1913

KMJ

Foreword

WE, who have put forth all our effort and spirit into this result, thank, in behalf of the June Class, nineteen thirteen, all of those who have given us their aid and helpful suggestions. Among these are the members of the Faculty and many of the Normal students.

We wish especially to thank Mr. Ingerson and those who have contributed toward making the book more attractive.

With the assistance of these and, unconsciously, of many others, we are able to present this Year Book and hope that it will fulfill all expectations.

DEDICATED

BY THE

CLASS OF 1913

TO THE

FACULTY

Dauntless

Oh, may we live like men today,
And enter into work and play
With spirit, brave, and true, and fair,
And play the game out on the square.

Oh, may we frown on all deceit,
And tread all sham beneath our feet,
And be the men that we should be,
Set free from base hypocrisy.

With sturdy hearts and cheerful song
We'll pass our working hours along,
For Conquest will all toil repay,
If dauntlessly we go our way.

—R. F. Eberhart.

Contents

DEDICATION.
FACULTY.
SENIORS.
NORMAL NOTES.
TRAINING SCHOOL.
DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD AND MANUAL ARTS.
COMMENCEMENT.
ALUMNI.
JUNIOR-SENIOR CONTEST.
YEAR BOOK.
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.
ATHLETICS.
LITERARY.
SOCIETIES.
JOKES.
DIRECTORY.
ADVERTISEMENTS.



Faculty

Normal School Department.

MORRIS ELMER DAILEY, A. M., LL.D., ----------President
School Law and School Management.

L. B. WILSON ----------Vice-President
Physical Geography and Physics.

MRS. E. ROUSSEAU ----------Preceptress
RUTH ROYCE ----------Librarian
MRS.MARY W. GEORGE, A. B., ----------Geography
CLARA H. SMITH ----------History
ANNE M. NICHOLSON, Ph. D., ----------History of Education and English
GERTRUDE ROWELL, A. M. ----------Physiology
H. M. BLAND, Ph. D. ----------English
FLORA E. BEAL, A. M. ----------English
CAROLYN H. BRADLEY, A. B. ----------History and English
EARLE W. BARKER ----------Manual Training
W. H. BAKER, A. M. ----------Mathematics
FRANK INGERSON ----------Drawing and Art
ANNE FOSTER ----------Drawing and Art
REBECCA ENGLISH ----------Drawing and Art
D. R. WOOD, B. S. ----------Nature Study and Agriculture
ETTIE KINNEY, A. B. ----------Zoology
ELIZABETH McFADDEN, A. B. ----------Physiology
MAUDE I. MURCHIE ----------Household Arts
HELEN M. SPRAGUE, A. B., ----------Primary Methods
Acting Secretary to Board of Trustees and Secretary to President.
WARREN ENGLISH ----------Manual Training
IDA M. FISHER ----------Music
GRACE DAVIS ----------Physical Training
N. H. BULLOCK, M. D. ----------Medical Inspector
MRS. ESTELLE GREATHEAD ----------Registrar and Secretary to Faculty
HELEN L. MIGNON ----------Domestic Science
AZUBA McCARTHY ----------Domestic Science

TRAINING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

MARGARET E. SCHALLENBERGER, Ph. D. ----------Principal

HENRIETTA RIEBSAM, LULU SOURS, NELL O'BRIEN — SUPERVISORS. — ANNE M. SHILLINGSBURG, KATHERINE K. HALL, BESSIE McCABE

Kindergarten Department.

ISABEL MACKENZIE ----------Supervisor
ETHEL M. SHUREMAN, A. B. ----------Assistant

Members of Faculty Absent on Leave.

JOEY DENTON ----------Training School
MARTHA TRIMBLE ----------Supervisors
ENID KINNEY, CALTHEA VIVIAN ----------Drawing and Art
ALICE BASSLER ----------Physical Training

Faculty Women's Club

FOR all advancement and progress, there must be some real working factor behind every organization or body of people, a sort of "live wire", which keeps interset alive and at the same time is working for a betterment of surrounding conditions. The "live wire" behind our great organization, the San Jose State Normal School, is found in the Faculty Women's Club, the membership of which includes all of the women of the Faculty.

With the work carefully mapped out and planned for the year, this Club has made the past year one of the most successful since its founding in the working out of the ideas for which it stands, that is the improvement of immediate surroundings.

At the beginning of the year 1912—13, Committees were selected under the following heads:—

December—Reception to Seniors.

McCarthy, Bradley, Enid, Kinney, Shillingsburg.

January— Welfare of School.

Rowell, McFadden, Ettie Kinney, Rousseau, Royce, Riebsam.

February— Drama.

Nisholson, Payne, Beal, Schallenberger.

March—Reception to Seniors.

Mackenzie, Murchie, O'Brien, Du Bois.

April— Musicale.

Fisher, Hall, Mignon, Sprague

May— Reception to Seniors.

McCabe, English, Schureman, Smith.

The Reception given by the Faculty Women's Club to the outgoing Senior Classes at the end of each term are ever the occasion for the last farewells to be said and it is rumored that sometimes there are tears shed. It is here that the Club shows its real spirit of hospitality and good fellowship towards the students.

The Committee under the head of Welfare of School came, by good chance under Miss Rowell's competent supervision. This Committee laid out careful plans as follows:—

Assembly—

Fisher, Sprague, Payne.

Bulletin Boards, General Appearance, Janitors etc., Class Meetings:—

Schallenberger, English, Mignon,.

Class Meetings—

Smith, George, Murchie.

Health, Playgrounds, Games—

McFadden. Kinney, Davis, Riebsam.

Rooms—117—116.

McCarthy, Rousseau, Schillingsburg, Schureman, Foster Hall.

Social—Faculty, McCabe.

Senior, O'Brien. Junior, Bradley.

Times and Magazines—

Nicholson, Beal, Royce, Sours, Greathead, Mackenzie.

Almost without exception the entire Student Body has responded to the plea made by the Playground Committee for organized play, and judging from the great number of games being carried on every night on the campus after school hours, their plans are being heartily endorsed by everyone. An Athletic Organization has been formed which includes all sports for both boys and girls and which has for its membership the greater part of our Student Body.

Perhaps some of us have been enjoying the "four good times" without really knowing the great benefits which we are reaping from the juidicious handling of the money which came in at that time.

Miss McCarthy, assisted by the other members of her Committee, Mrs Rousseau and Miss Schillingsburg, and aided by Miss Rowell's ever helpful huggestion, has made the various, badly needed improvements in Room 117, where so many of our delightful social gatherings are held.

These improvements which our "four good times" money has made possible are the new cupboards, the new towel racks, sink, *sanitary* drain boards of wood fiber, the necessary vents, the neatly made mottoes and other things too numerous to mention. It behooves next year's Seniors to take notice and have four more good times and thus make it possible for a great list of added improvements to be made which Miss McCarthy has planned upon.

Our weekly paper, the "Times" has also been improved upon and changed as to size and material. We now find helpful hints pertaining to our teaching and school work, due largely to suggestions made by the Committee in charge of the Times and Magazines.

The Musicale Committee also deserves great credit for giving the school a splendid musical treat. The Countess Knuth, one of San Jose's leading musicians was asked to perform and responded with a delightful programme of vocal and instrumental selections. We recognized the Countess' rare ability and greatly appreciated the opportunity afforded for enjoying it.

Another enjoyable performance made possible by the Faculty Women's endeavors was the play, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" given by the famous Ben Greet Company on our Normal Quad. The play was pleasing on account of its unusual nature and also because of the excellent acting on the part of the players.

Perhaps it is because of the efficient handling of all affairs by the President, Mrs. George and the Secretary, Mrs. Greathead, that the Faculty Women's Club has had so successful a year.

At least it is for us, the students of the Normal School to lend a hand and to back up the work already accomplished by this Club, the importance of which we recognize in the keeping alive all activities, interest and unity of the Student Body of our school.

Judging from the seriousness with which the work of the Club is carried on. one might imagine that all was work and no play. This is a false impression, however, for the many delightful evenings which the Club spends in good times, proves the contrary and one would vote them the jolliest Faculty that ever existed.

To the Senior Class of Nineteen-thirteen State Normal School, San Jose

By Henry Meade Bland

One far-off day, when gently shall you fare
On some oasis of your chosen way—
Some vale, perchance, where rest may bid you stay—
I deem that many faces loved and debonair
Your soul shall trace with tenderness and care;
For every wind shall sing them; every ray
Of starry light shall wing them; every spray
Of sighing elm or palm shall waft them there;
Then shall you hear again the busy tramp,
Of hurrying feet in room and corridor,
Catch the sweet chapel hymn, or lift the eyes
To storied room and learning's shining lamp,
Conning in fancy old talks o'er and o'er;
Then you shall know that mem'ry never dies.

SEASONS GREETINGS



1915

BON VOYAGE



Claudine Rubell, Gladys Grover, Helen McMillan, Alice Penny,
Laura Day, Verna Kausen, Cynthia Bersinger,
Elizabeth Briggs, Florence Bundy, Dorothy Zumwalt, Roberta Laughlin,
Nell Quill, Jessie Goldberg, Anna Buck.



Muriel Palmer, Hilda McKean, Patti Bassler, Alta Kelly,
Marjorie Somner, Ethel Anderson, Marguerite Cureton,
Willie Burgun, Eva Druge, Viola Sims, Madge De Forest,
Katherine Frymire, Margaret Ish, Mildred Rinehart.



Fern Treasure, Nell Wallace, Clara Budde, Erla Mock,
Alice Ochsner, Vera Harford, Lilias Buck,
Elizabeth Galloway, Irene Javette, Louisa Paull, Blanche Slatore.
Helma Ochsner, Ada Loupe, Mary Keller.



Clara Ammer, Lois Wilson, Stella Gordon, Inez Forni,
Gladys Redden, Lucy Ryan, Frances Roberts,
Willow Hutton, Rinaldo Miano, Bessie Burkholder, Edith Prescott,
Lillian Kaiser, Zella Graham, Ethel Purrington.



Ruth McGowan, Edith Perry, Senie Seman, Mabel Creffield,
Marion Moyes, Alta Smith, Lula Fairchilds,
Evelyn Sweetnam, Eva Stevens, Esther Smith, Carrie Dexter,
Mary Clark, Walter Bachrodt, Marguerite Alexander.



Alda Lukens, Alice Sherfey, Josephine Dieterli, Florence Rouse,
Cora Johnson, Lucile Hardy, Carrie Morehouse,
Eula Strifler, Pearl Mills, Cleo Vennum, Margaret Meredith.
Nova Hill, Meta Blomdahl, Margaret MacLachlan.



Marina Yermini, Olive Willoughby, Edith Wallace, Edith Morgan (H. A).
Marie Rowe, Leila Thompson, Laota Show,
Sue Gil, Camelia Musso, Marie Wold, Helen Williamson,
Olivia Pacheco, Bernice Woodson, Miriam Tonkin,



Mary Kurtz, Ella Willson, Emma Sedgley,
Roxie Orr, Olive Calkins, Helen Marshman, Mollie Railsback,
Oleta Loeber, Alva Richards, Charlotte Easton,
Bessie Guartney, Ruth Saxon, Margaret O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Tognazzini.



Ann Shannon, William Stillwell, Buelah Sangster, Helen McKinnon.
Stella Bunch, Edna Clover, Anna Polak,
Ada Collins, Vesta Hansell, Edna White, Mary McKenzie.
Augusta Lindblom, Kittie Johnson (Drawing), Marguerite Ritchey.



Irma Rayburn, La Vergne Hoadley, Florence Austin, Clara Jones.
Edna Wilcox, Mabel Luelling, Edith Monahan,
Ethel Case, Ruth Kinney, Mazie Gosling, Maud Horting,
Ona Honeycutt, Pearl Antrim, Bessie Monahan.



Ruby Ray, Bertha Turner (H. A), Rose Hansen, Amy Stockton,
Pearl Frederick, Lola Scanlon, Leona Show,
Laura Cooper, Ada Horton, Madeline Coffee, Margaret Dolan,
Clara Swanson, Mary Campbell, Marie McDonald,



Esther Smith, Mary Campbell, Marie McDonald,
Lillian Ball, Rosa Luck, Lilias Buchanan, Lenna Skaggs,
Ruby Ahl, Alpha Sawyer, Olive Ochsner,
Gladys Kirby, Della De Rose, Flossie Smith, Mabel Peck.



Clara Burk, Rose Kohner, Sylva Morrin, Mrs. Deena Willis.
Mary Heptner, Pearl Mills, Marion Stockton,
Alice Lewis, Ruth Rogers, Inez Smith, Edith McGowan,
William Baker, Edith Hale, Fred Exstrand.



Myrtle Thornton, Mary Worley, Gladys Fishback, Ethel Boyd,
Loretto Kenny, Viola Remington, Edith De Carli,
Bessie Weaver, Mai Guishard, Mary Tognazzini, Alice Cahill,
Eugenie Maingueneau, Esther Jones, Laura Clemo.



Eva Quigley, Hazel Clayton, Helen Chrysostomo, Gertrude Pyle.
Hazel Colt, Ruth Boyd, Leila Colt,
Fern King, Mabel Stallings, Byrona Bennett, Augusta Young,
Sadie Ralston, Iva Perry, Florence MacKinnon.



Roma Wingo, Natha Coleman, Lucile Reardon, Martha Dietz,
Alda Garwood, Della Lindesmith, Anna Jordan,
Vera Ackley, Evelyn Grove, Leaf Mills, Mildred Jones,
Gladys Phillips, Anna Jensen, Genevieve Gladden.



Irene Pacheco, Ethel Anderson, R. Ernest Davenport, Ruth McGowan,
Norma Britton, Alice Sabin, Ivy Steele.
Miss Wilson, Elsie Wilson, Amy Thompson (Drawing), Luvena Kerr.
Lotta Bland, Lois Wilson, Marion Stockton.



Edith O'Bryan, Elizabeth Roberts, Bertha Stackhouse, Harriet Sargent.
Bessie Exton, Ruth Luttrell, Mae Borges,
Anita Cclombet, Maud Phillips, Anita Dabadie, Madge Maggard,
Irene McDermott, Frances Chargin, Edith Whitman.



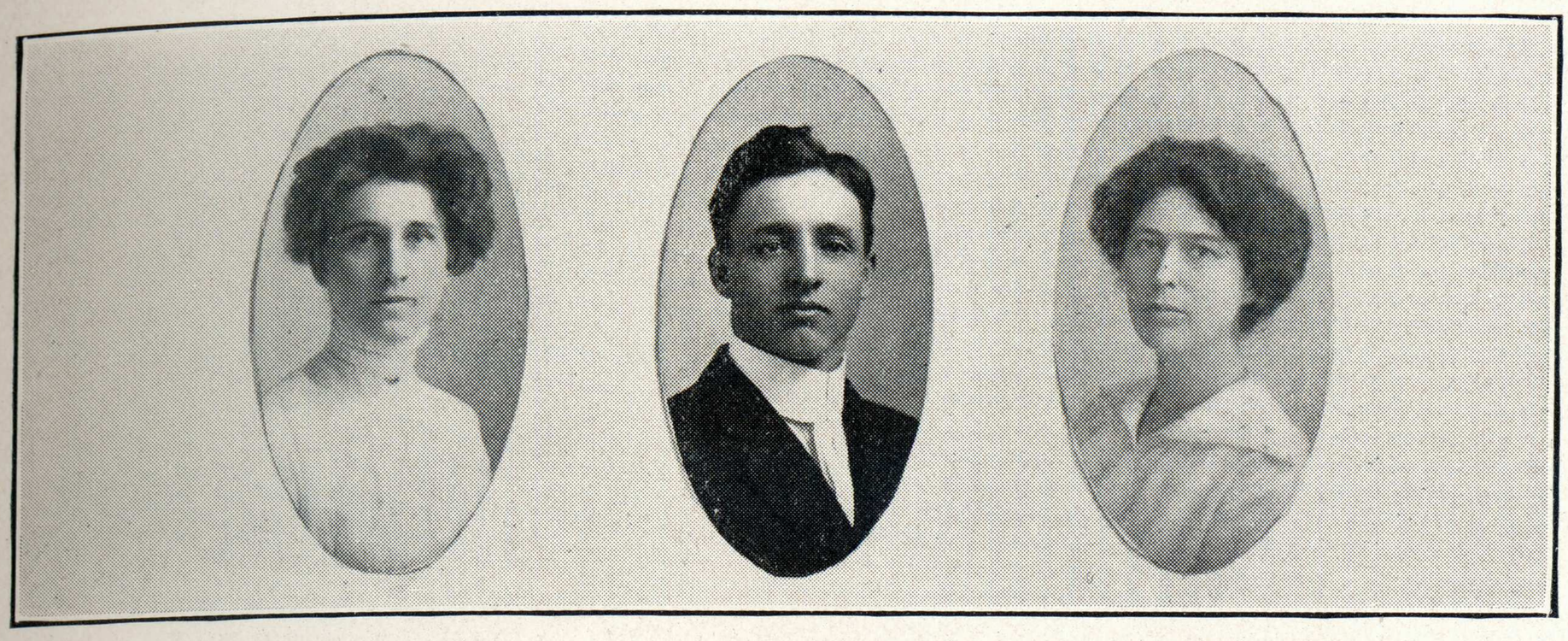
Reena Dudley, Ernest Crook, Anna Ninas, Clara Mezger.
Elizabeth Harcourt, Elenor Gittings, Bessie Washburn,
Mollie Indra, Jessie Storie, Clarence Pearce, Anna Schortgun,
Helen Boardman, Bertha Simpson, Elizabeth Trewhitt.



Velma Allingtonn, Hazel Glass, Rigmor Johansen, Hazel Blosser.
Ann Nelligan, Helen Lyons, Lylyan Chesnutt,
Gertrude Cross, Albertine Fammatre, Elsie Wilson, Dolores Bogalsky.
Russell Dill, Josephine Gardner, Olva Curry.



Eliza Wright, Jane Warthorst, Catherine Holsten, Maud Sweet,
Cleola Falk, Helen McLaughlin, Lucy Vandergon,
Isabelle Mergenthaler, Mary Harney, Helen Dodge, Minta Hagerman,
Elizabeth Heiskell, Caroline Canelo, Miss Hunn,

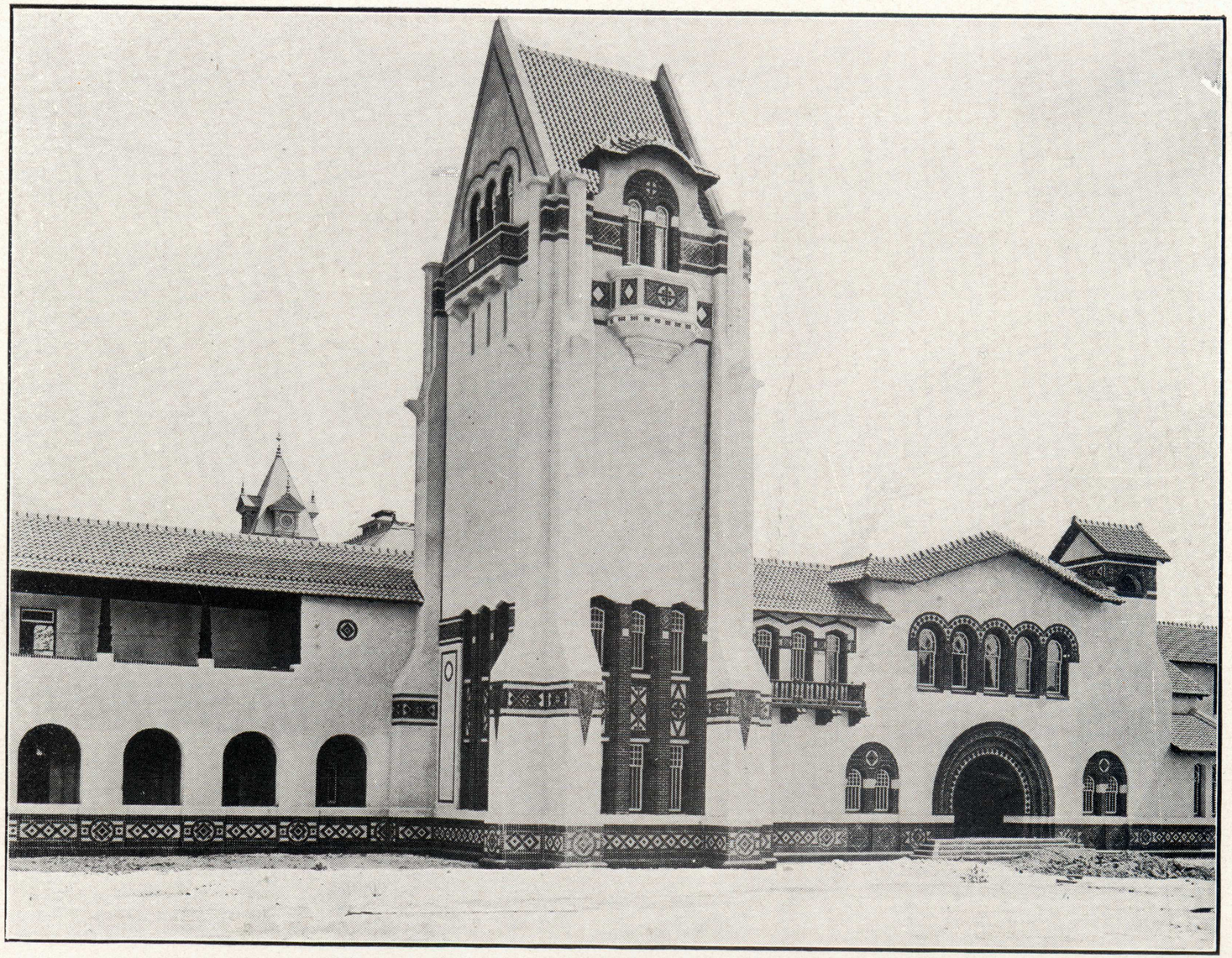


Mrs. Cummin, J. Carl Beacock, Ada Sears.

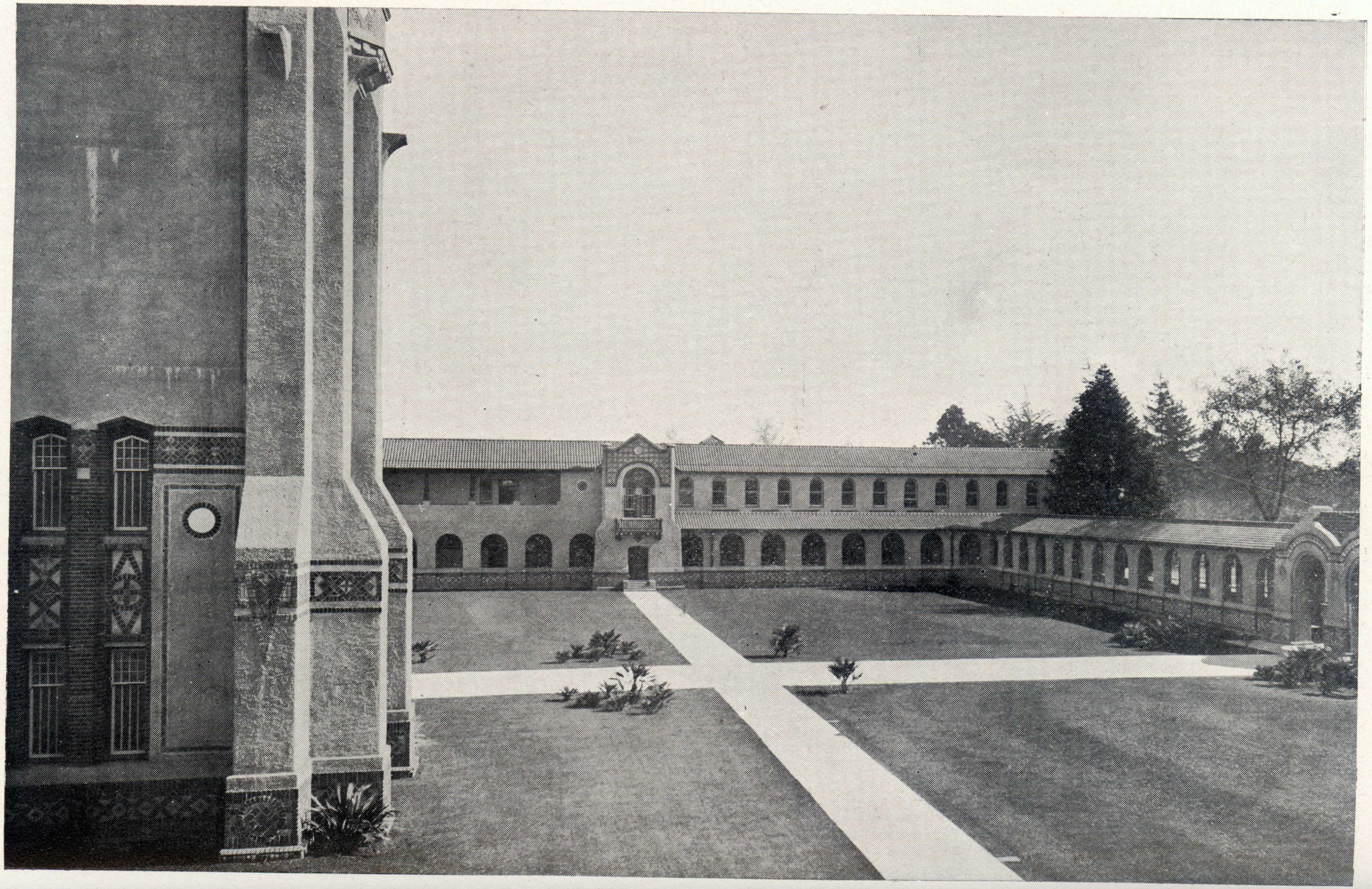
Class Officers



Ella Willson, Treas. Marguerite Bozarth, Pres. Alma Prouty, Sec. Margaret Marshall, Vice Pres.









Normal Notes

THE opening of this school year marked the beginning of the second half ctntury of San Jose State Normal School's existence. The first half century came to a brilliant close in the Commencement Week of last June. The Juniors who bade farewell to the Seniors in the beautiful processional, returned this year to take their places. The Normal proved even more attractive with the rapid completion of the beautiful lawns and flower beds. Within the building improvements added to the general comfort of the students. The rest room furnished by the graduating class, proved most inviting and restful.

New teachers have come to both the Training School and Normal. The new members of our faculty have proven to be effective workers both for the interests of the school and the students.

The Juniors were given a hearty welcome and were at once urged to take up some school activity. Each student is made to feel his or her individual responsibility for the success of the school and any talent is given opportunity to grow. Our Normal is a place of opportunity to do our best with the sincerest encouragement and help that a faculty could give.

We have had many excellent opportunities in the Assembly Hour. In the opening month of the school year, Ella Lyman Cabot, a noted teacher of Ethics and a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, spoke to us on "The Qualities That Attract Success."

We had the privilege of listening to an American educator and author, Philip Van Ness Myers, on the "Ethics of War." An impressive and appropriate talk for teachers was given by Dr. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, on the "Results of Education."

Among others who visited us were Professor Rugh of the University of California. He spoke on "Personality," holding his audience not so much by his eloquence, but by his personal intimate attitude toward the students.

Dr. Sanford of the University of Minnesota talked to us concerning literature and its effect on character. Her lecture deeply touched each one present and was perhaps one of the most delightful we have enjoyed. Miss Helen Todd of San Francisco addressed the assembly on the various women's bills before the state legislature.

The faculty and students were interested in lectures given by Professor Johonnot of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Johonnot had a valuable and interesting exhibition of antique and modern handiwork.

The Ben Greet Players produced Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" from a stage erected in the quad. The setting for the play was picturesque. The stone colonades and arches seemed to blend with the real setting of the play. From the window balcony above a mass of roses falling in graceful sprays, added to the beauty. This, with the green grass and soft, warm sunlight, made the afternoon one not to be soon forgotten.

The most interesting lecture listened to in a long time was enjoyed when Mr. Calvin Derrick, Superintendent of the Preston School of Industry, at Ione, gave a splendid account of the work and aims of the school. His stories of the methods used and their results appealed to the teachers, who are soon to go forth to train young lives.

The "Four Good Times," which the faculty and students of the Normal School have enjoyed this year, are worthy of the name.

The first was the exhibit of paintings by Calthea Vivian in Room 116. This was enjoyed by everyone and the room was never empty while the exhibition lasted.

The second was the Senior "stunt" given on Saint Valentine's Day. The human valentines and the shower of hearts and toy balloons will long be remembered.

The Junior Show, in which everyone journeyed around the world with the faculty, was deserving the great applause and commendation which it received.

But the fourth and last was the best of all, as everyone could truthfully say. The "Faculty Show" was one to make a graven image shake with laughter. This last of the "Four Good Times," especially, strengthened the bond of friendliness and good feeling between the students and the faculty. This spirit of comradeship has been one of the greatest sources of pride to the San Jose Normal School, and it has only been heightened by these mutual jollifications. It is to be hoped that the same plan will continue in future years, still keeping the faculty and students joined together in fun as well as in hard work.

One of the best lectures ever enjoyed by the faculty and the Student Body was the one on "Personality," delivered by Dr. Winship, the prominent educator. The talk on "Efficiency," which he gave to the student teachers, completed the impression given before and Dr. Winship was voted one of the most popular and best liked of the Normal's visitors.

The closing weeks of the year find mingled emotions in the hearts and minds of the graduates, and the spirit of the school hymn seems to swell in the heart of each one.

"Oh, Normal, how we love you—
Hear us sing to you our praise,
'Tis from you we're gaining knowledge
Us to guide through future days.
This knowledge from our books
And from true friendship's Golden Rule
Will make us long remember
San Jose State Normal School."

"With Tree and Flower"

The scalloped ridge of redwood trees,
Stands dark against the summer sky,
While gently stirred by lazy breeze
Great fleecy clouds go floating by.

And nearer still the alders lean
Far o'er the river calm and cool,
Where darts of sparkling, silver sheen,
Mark speckled trout in shady pool.

There is a path I know so well
Where colors linger all year round,—
Bright Indian pinks, and frail bluebell,
Their petals scatter on the ground.

Beside the rhodondendrons grow
Tall dogwood trees, and myrtle blue,
Which shelter from the winds that blow
Wild, fairy, flowers of every hue.

Oh! who could choose the city's strife
When God's great stretch of country free,
Awaits with everlasting life,
And always calls to you and me?

—Ruth Everding, '14.


RAINING
SCHOOL
M.A.H.



The Training School

THE Training School opened its doors last September for another year. The vim and enthusiasm with which the first term teachers entered upon their first duties as teachers, and the practical application which those who had already taught made of the wisdom they had gained before, were combined to make an earnest beginning.

Many things have gone to make up the name which the San Jose Normal Training School has won for itself. That it has won a name is evident from the popularity of the school, also from its standing.

About the latter, it can be said with pride, that the statistics showing the grade of work done in the first year of San Jose High School, the Training School graduates ranked first. This has been hailed with joy by the entire Normal, including even those that are not yet connected with the teaching force.

Joining in the interest shown by all toward the school are the mothers. The "Mothers' Meetings," which are held quite frequently, are always well attended. These meetings have brought both mother and teacher together in a most informal and pleasant way.

Common school room problems have been discussed and solved in such a way as to have their result in the installation of great improvements in the Training School.

Among some of these improvements are the hot lunches which are served at noon to the Training School children. This produces warm food for a minimum price for those coming from a distance. The lunches have proved to be very popular and the appetizing odors which are wafted up into the grammar building from the lunch room below, explain part of the popularity.

The boys and girls eat, but they can also cook. The fact that the girls are proficient in this is not surprising, but it is not to be expected of the boys; but it may be truly said that the boys are just as interested in the work as the girls, and they have proved their proficiency in this domestic art.

Manual Training has gained in favor and efficiency each year until now the work put out by the Training School can vie in beauty and durability with the work of the Normal students.

Confined to the girls only are the sewing and millinery work, the latter being a new venture in the Training School's field of Domestic Art. The dainty garments and exquisite hats made completely by the girls, make elaborate displays at the end of each term.

Taking up another special opportunity afforded by the Training School to its children are the Foreign Languages. German, French and Spanish are taught by proficient student teachers. Little plays in the different languages have been staged with the greatest cleverness and thoroughness, the young players using the foreign languages as readily as their own.

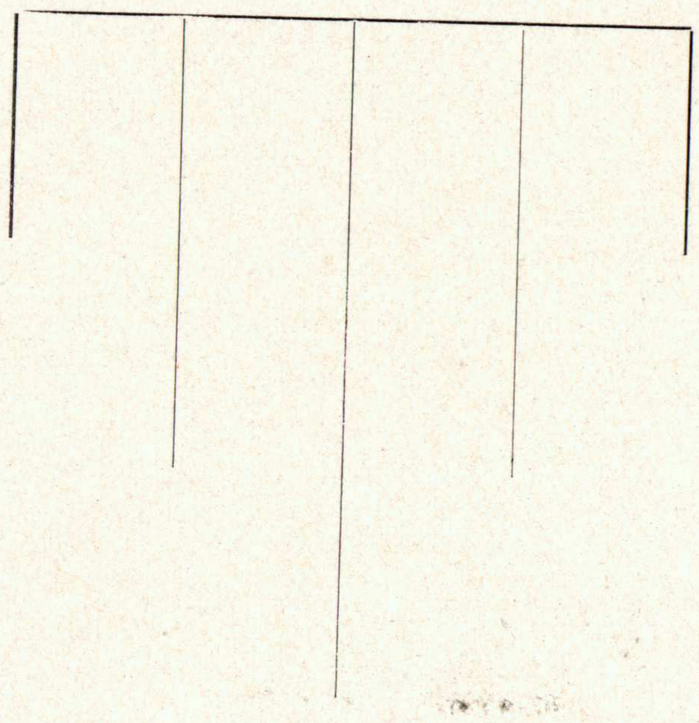
One of the prides of the Training School is its Orchestra, which practices thoroughly and often so as to accomplish the better results. The young musicians have often delighted the Normal Assembly with their programs.

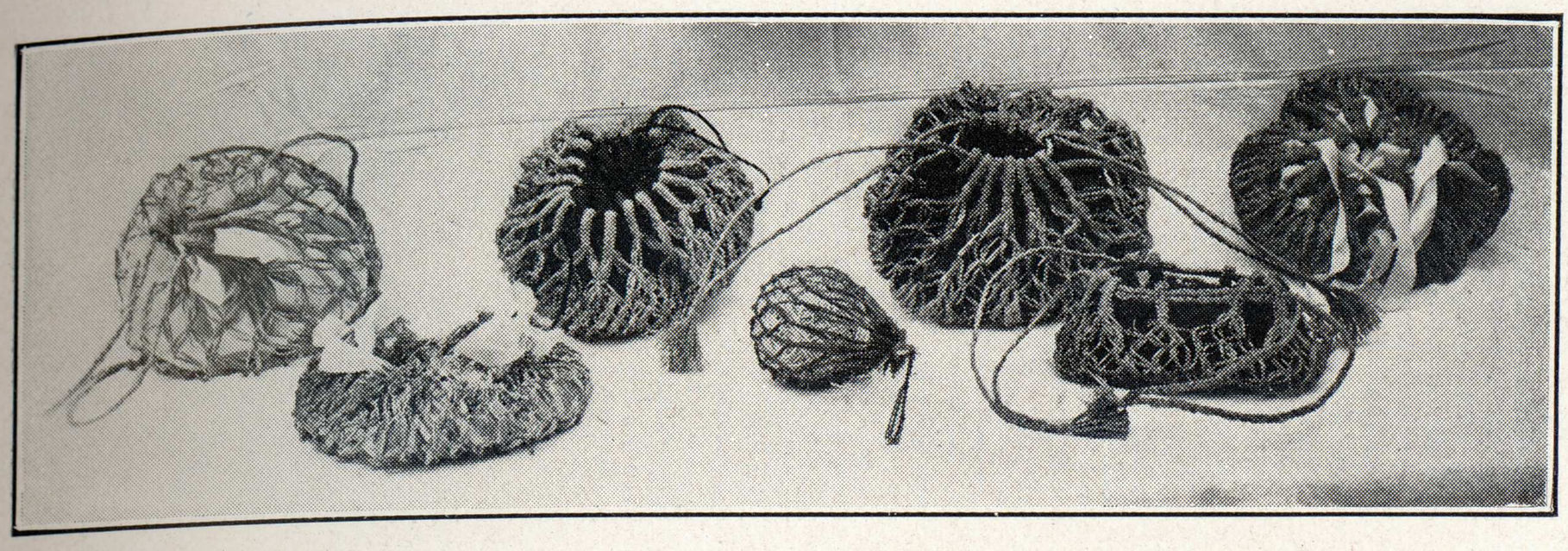
Gymnastic work has always been an important phase in the work of all grades, but in the recent year great emphasis has been placed on Folk-Dancing, and Organized Play, the two most delightful forms of exercise.

The Folk-Dancing has been taken up especially with the primary children, who have given several exhibitions of their dancing. The Organized Play has been one of the best factors of the Training School. The spirit and the enthusiasm of the pupils have mingled with those of the teachers, and the result has been play with moral benefits of justice and fair competition especially emphasized.

The great element behind all of these is the spirit of friendliness between teacher and pupil. There is not the high stoneway between them —but both are friends. Both are interested in the other, the teachers ready to give all they know and the pupils ready to absorb.

This is the main working force behind the success of our Training School.





Departments of Household and Manual Arts

OWING to the growing demand for special teachers, the Departments of Household and Manual Arts were enlarged in September, 1910, to include a year of graduate work, preparing teachers for the elementary and secondary schools of the State.

The requirements for entrance to the graduate work are, a diploma from an accredited Normal School or recognized College; a Junior Certificate from the University of California, or its equivalent; or a teacher's certificate.

Diplomas will be granted to those who complete at least one year's work in the department.

The department supports a library and reading room containing the latest and best material available in the fields of Household and Manual Arts subjects.

The Normal Training School of over six hundred children is used by the department for its practice teaching. The Household Arts Department offers teaching in cooking and sewing in the upper grades and coarse textile work in the lower grades.

A second cooking laboratory and dining room is provided for the grade teaching. Students specializing in Manual Arts may have practice teaching in Primary Art Construction, Industrial Work, Metal Work and Wood Work. One term of practice teaching is required for graduation.

The required course for graduation in the Household Arts Department cover the subjects of Cookery, allied work in food production, manufacture dietetics, household chemistry; also home nursing, laundry work, the home and its organization, household architecture and sanitation, the practice of teaching, hand and machine sewing, dress making, millinery, and coarse textile work with basketry and applied design.



COOKING ROOM USED IN HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT.

The required courses for graduation in the Manual Arts Department cover the subjects of Primary Art Construction, dealing with basketry, coarse textile work, applied design, household architecture and sanitation, wood work, structural design, industrial studies and economics of Manual Training.

Cooking is given every day for two terms. The course deals with the composition of foods and the underlying food principles in cookery, placing food preparations on a scientific basis through the knowledge of chemical and physical principles. Practice is given in all fundamental cooking processes for skill and efficiency in handling materials and apparatus. Special stress is given to an appreciation of essentials in recipes for the development of independence in handling materials.

Food production and manufacture, deals with a study of foods, from the raw to the manufactured product, the development of manufacturing processes; nutritive value, cost and adulteration of foods.

Dietetics gives a study of the composition and nutritive value of foods, the chemistry and physiology of digestion, special and standard diets.

Household Chemistry treats of fuels, combustion, water, cleansing materials, a study of foods from the standpoint of composition, cooking, digestive processes, food preservatives and auxiliaries.

Two courses in sewing cover the principles of hand and machine sewing in the construction of such articles as aprons, underwear, simple dresses, kimonos, a study of materials and patterns, drafting and modeling of garments, and hygienic and textile considerations of materials; also the value of dress.

Primary Art Construction is a two term course and deals with the manipulations and decoration of coarse materials for primary grades with the principles of design and the handling of color emphasized throughout the course. A large variety of materials are used, allowing the maximum of individual expression both in finish and in choice of project. Correlated readings and studies of appropriate industries are carried along with class work. Psychology and methods are developed with the course.

The first Woodwork Course deals with small, useful problems to develop technique, construction, design and simple wood finishes. The knowledge and care of tools is taught.

In the advanced course the construction and design of furniture is taught; also upholstering and wood finishing. Further knowledge of tools is given.

The Machine Work, with circular and band saws, surfacer, drum and dish sanders are used in advanced furniture making .

For Wood Turning there is a one term course in the principles of spindle and face plate work; with exercises involving the use of the gouge, skew, round nose, cut-off chisels, calipers, sizing tools and templates.

The First Metal consists of correlated woodwork problems, such as escutcheon plates, drawer pulls, hinges, corners, straps with design strongly developed.



HOUSEHOLD ARTS DINING ROOM.



SELECTIONS FROM SEWING CLASSES.

The Second Metal takes up hard and soft soldering, hammered and raised work, dropping and response, enameling, stone setting and jewelry work.

Two courses are given in Structural Design, one in industrial studies and another on the economies of Manual Training.

Faculty for the year 1912-1913 was as follows:

Supervisor of Household Arts, Maude I. Murchie, B. S., Columbia University.

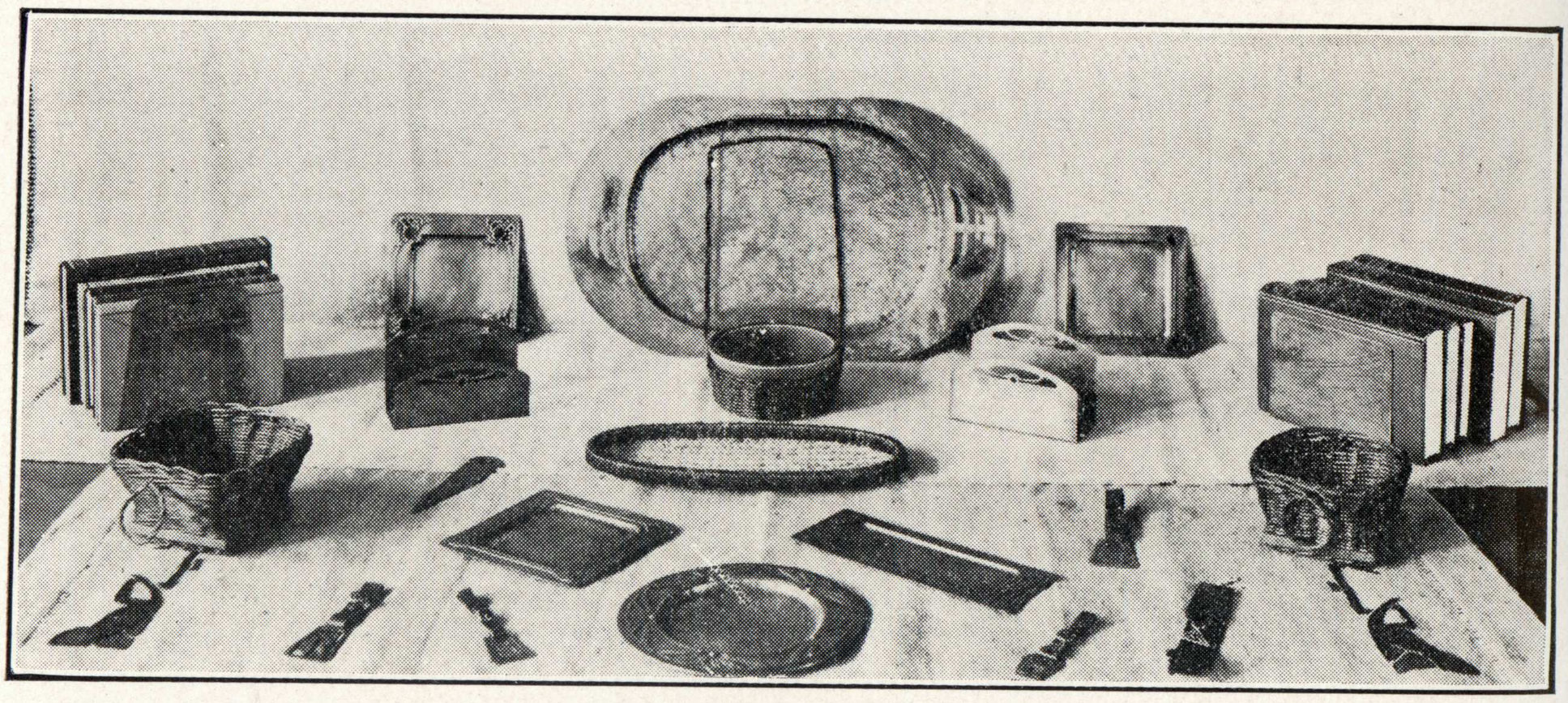
Associates, Azuba B. McCarthy, Milwaukee, Downer College.

Supervisor of Manual Arts, Andrew P. Hill, Jr,

Associates, Warren English, B. S., Columbia University; Earle W. Barker.



SELECTIONS FROM MANUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT.





SPECIALS.

Minnie Simonds, Mrs. Steiner, Mrs. Kersell, Alta Smith,
Elizabeth Buckley Emma Karev, Mrs. Shearin,
Aileen Lundy, Jane Cushing, Ada Thornburg, Gladys Ritchie,
Mattie Elliot, Mrs. Bernard, Miss Sherman.



Ruth Taylor, Mrs. Bevier, Martha Thomas, Amy Boettler.

Scenes from Senior Show




ROSES ARE
VIOLETS
AND SO

Commencement

"GOOD night, Mary," called Nan Van Eric, waving her hand to one of her pupils one afternoon in April.

"I am glad it is Friday," said Nan, locking the door of the red school house, and starting on her way down the long, dusty road, which seemed to stretch miles before her on this particular afternoon.

"Oh! I do wish I could see some one from home. One just can't keep from getting lonesome for old friends. But there! Enough complaining, only two months and then I shall leave for 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Hands up!" Nan screamed, for there had been several daylight "hold ups" along this mountain road. She turned to gaze not upon a masked robber, but upon the mischievous face of her Normal School chum, Bess Blasdell.

"Bess, where did you come from? Really this fills my heart with pride,' to think you would come all this distance to visit me!"

"Well, I am here and am going to spend my two weeks' vacation with you, so there!"

Later the girls were seated under a tree, near Nan's boarding place talking over graduation a year ago.

"Bess! remember that Monday night out in the dear old 'Quad', where the Alumni gave us that 'grand' reception "

"Wasn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Nan. "The Alumni certainly are true to their 'Alma Mater.' And when the orchestra commenced playing that dreamy waltz, how we all tripped off! I didn't know the words, but I surely felt like singing 'la' I was so happy."

"But, Bess, talking about dances and affairs during that eventful week, recall Junior-Senior day, and also that clever 'Extravaganza' given by the Alumni on Tuesday evening?"

"Yes, Nan. Will said he never had seen anything so beautiful as those 'stunts' that the Juniors went thru for us Seniors, and as to the 'Extravaganza' it was simply the 'finest ever.'"

"But Wednesday night was when we Seniors showed the 'proper spirit.'

"Remember those electric lighted corridors and 'Quad,' and that electric 'S. J. N. S. 1913,' which towered above us all? And when we Seniors, all in white, came dancing out in the 'Quad' with our symbolic lanterns!"

"But that weird science group," said Nan, "with the skull and cross bones on their lanterns. Oh! when we placed our 'wills' in that huge red caldron, how the flames seemed to swallow them! Then suddenly the lights blazed forth and the orchestra played melodious strains."

"Nan, remember when we had our good cry?"

"Well, Bess, who could help it, when on that Thursday the faculty tendered us the lovely reception, and all the grand things they said to us. It was enough to melt the heart of Mace and Bourne."

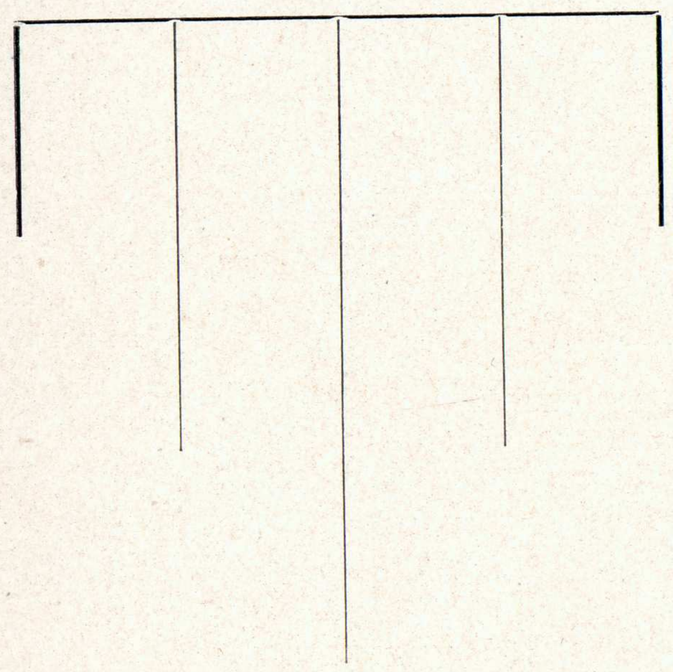
"It certainly was a week to be remembered, Nan, but it came to an end on Thursday evening, when we Seniors received our diplomas from Dr. Dailey."

"Yes! And afterwards, when Dr. Dailey had called the last 'Z', such scrambling and shaking of hands!"

"Nan, dear, I wonder where the '321' are now?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Bess, "I suppose they are teaching, perhaps married, or going to—be—mar——."

A cloud of dust whirled past them along the dusty road, and thus hid from view, the rosy, confused countenance of the "Normal" chums, Bess and Nan.





WITH so invigorating an element to deal with as San Jose's Normal loyalty much can be expected from an Alumni Association. Where can one find five thousand graduates with such a surplus loyalty as the graduates from our school? That loyalty is variously expressed. Some, indeed many hundreds, return to the school every year. Some exemplify in their daily lives that certain and vigorous code of high ideals which has ever been the offering of San Jose Normal to her graduates. Some gather at reunions and send forth in unison a volume of that loyalty. Variously conceived, variously expressed, the splendid growth in activity of the Alumni Association offers its Alma Mater.

With the conception of the Allen Memorial Fund three years ago in gratification of a desire for a concrete ideal to strive for, the Alumni Association has grown continuously in numbers and influence. The Allen Memorial Fund, itself a tribute to the memory of Professor Charles T. Allen, former President of the State Normal School at San Jose, now approximates something over four hundred dollars—and this without any solicitations.

Last July the Alumni Association handed over the fund to the Board of Normal School Trustees—who will hold it as a trust fund for the Association. The First National Bank of San Jose has been made the depository, where contributions may be made directly. The present intention is that the Memorial will take the form of the pipe organ, costing in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. The organ is to be placed in the New Assembly Hall and will be known as the "Allen Memorial Organ." A special space has been provided for it in the plans.

Aside from the unifying influence that the Allen Memorial Fund has exerted, the Association has been fortunate in having at the helm for the past three years three unusual excutives—Mr. Roy Thompson, '06, Mr. Willis Cline, '07, and Mr. Roy Bridgman, '10.

June, 1912—the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school marked the close of an epoch. The Alumni Association assumed charge of the Jubilee Celebration—with the brilliant Alumni Reception—with the ridiculous Extravaganza, with class reunions and multitudinous other forms of entertainment. Commencement—Jubilee Week 1912 was a testimony of what the Alumni Association means to the school.

The year 1912-1913 has been eventful. On the afternoon of January the first, the Alumni of the central part of the State gathered in the Red Room of the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, and held there an Alumni Reception. Informal, joyous, worth-while—a similar occasion is being planned for next New Year's Day—all graduates and friends of the school are invited.

During the meeting of the Central California Teachers' Association last March, the graduates of the school gathered in Fresno and, under the able directorship of Mr. Clyde Reynolds, Second Vice President of the Alumni Association, a jolly reunion was held. Among the honored guests of the occasion were Miss Ann Nicholson, of the faculty. Miss Andee Parsons of San Mateo, Associate Secretary of the Association, and Dr. M. E. Dailey.

Various reunions have been held in the counties during the sessions of the County Institutes.

1913 Commencement—Alumni Week! Programs will have been printed and the activities running their course e'er this is read by the 1913 Class.

The officers of the Association for this year are: President, Mr. Roy Bridgman, of San Jose; First Vice President, Miss Bess Williams, of Alameda; Second Vice President, Mr. Clyde Reynolds, of Fresno; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mary Carmichael, of Berkeley; Associate Secretaries, Miss Ardee Parsons, of San Mateo; Miss Arta Bradt, of Modesto; Miss Marie Walker, of Mariposa, and Miss Natha Thomas, of San Jose.

Under the chairmanship of Miss Ardee Parsons, of San Mateo, an Alumni Directory is being made. The plan is that the directory will embrace the names and addresses of all the graduates of the school.

In the library, under the care of Miss Ruth Royce, is the Alumni Register where all graduates are expected to register when visiting the school.

This June—the Fiftieth Annual Commencement—as the gong rings forth its fifty peals, another multitude of graduates will have left old Normal. Welcomed will they be, indeed, into the Alumni Association.

Make your presence felt, Class of 1913. Carry the San Jose Normal ideals as the thousands have before you. Join with us occasionally at reunions and receptions to sing the praise and offer homage to our Alma Mater.

Junior=Senior Cup Contest

ONE of the most exciting manifestations of school spirit is the annual Junior-Senior cup contest. It is especially interesting now as this year marks the close of the contest. The first year the Juniors were victorious, while last year the Seniors. This year the Seniors triumph and thereby the cup comes into the ownership of the Senior Class.

November the twentieth brought forth the basket ball games. The boys' contest was called first and after fast and exciting playing, the Seniors triumphed with a score of 34-8.

After the girls had played one of the most enthusiastic games ever played, the Seniors again carried off the laurels with a score of 28-18.

Then came the debate on January the twenty-first. The question, which was also debated at Chico, was, "Resolved, that the state, rather than the national government should control the trusts."

The Senior team, composed of Edna Wilcox, Ernest Crook and Carl Beacock, argued for the affirmative. Caroline Wilson and Bessie Davison upheld the negative. The Seniors won, but the Juniors deserve a great deal of credit for their work and loyalty to their class.

The Interclass Tennis Tournament was held on the Naglee Park Tennis Courts May the ninth and tenth.

The Juniors who played were Margaret Graham, Ruth Everding, Herbert Hunn and Earl Shaw.

The Seniors who were victorious were Alice Lewis, Helen Marshman, Paul Corbell and Ernest Crook.

The Juniors won five contest points through the girls' singles, while the Seniors won twenty contest points through the boys' doubles, girls' doubles, boys' singles, and mixed doubles.

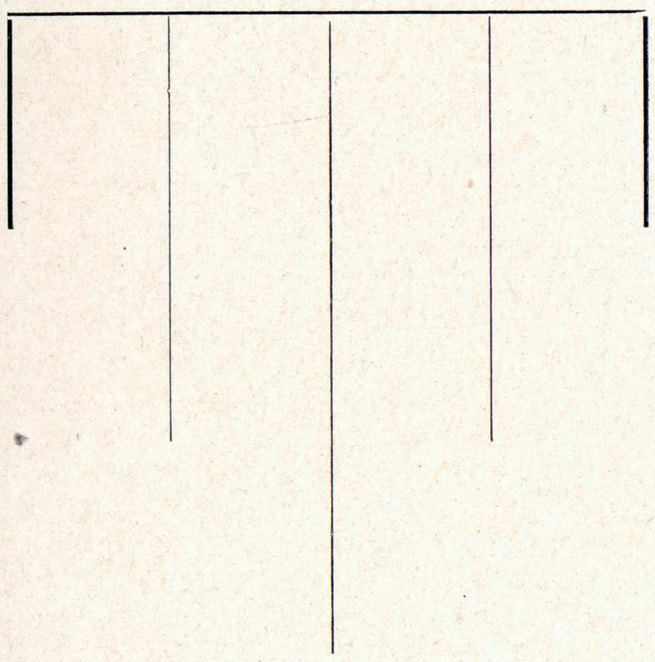
There has been a great deal of excitement shown in the outcome of the school song and the short story contest, several contestants striving for the honors.

After much discussion the prize song was selected, being written by Seniors, Ruth Kinney having written the music and Elizabeth Roberts the words.

The Seniors were again victorious in the story contest, the one written by Elizabeth Roberts being selected by the judges.

The points of the year's contest ranked as follows:

	Seniors.	Juniors.
Boys' Basket Ball	7	0
Girls' Basket Ball	7	0
Debate	8	0
Song	5	0
Story	5	0
Tennis—		
Boys' Doubles	5	0
Girls' Doubles	5	0
Boys' Singles	5	0
Girls' Singles	0	5
Mixed Singles	5	0
	47	5



Year Book Staff

Editor ..... Elizabeth Roberts
Assistant Editor ..... Alma Prouty
Business Manager ..... Walter Bachrodt
Faculty and Alumnae Notes ..... Willow Hutton
Normal School ..... Ruby Anderson
Societies ..... Gertrude Cross
Training School ..... Hilda McKean
Debating ..... Byrona Bennett
Literary ..... Ruth Rogers
Seniors' Commencement ..... Meta Blaumdahl
Organizations ..... Edith O'Brien
Junior-Senior Cup Contest ..... Ruth Kinney
Athletics ..... Bessie Exton
Joshes ..... Billy Baker

ART:

Marjory Buzzo, Winona Smith, Amy Thompson, Elizabeth McDermott, Kitty Johnson, Ethel Carlyon, Cora Caswell.



Alma Prouty, Elizabeth Roberts, Walter Bachrodt.
Ruby Anderson, Ruth Rogers, Willow Hutton, Winona Smith.
Edith O'Bryan, William Baker, Hilda McKeen.
Meta Blomdahl, Gertrude Cross, Ruth Kinney, Marjory Buzzo.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

At Vespertide

Cool Night, the many-jeweled one, has sway;
The mellow, golden glow of West is past;
The time for contemplation has at last
Dispersed annoyances of restless day;
Now lusterous Venus sends her mystic ray;
The spell of Evening over Earth is cast;
I muse upon the universe so vast;
Its quietness serene my fears allay.

Muse on, my soul, faint not beneath the load
Of duties God has given thee, but dream
Great dreams of radiant Hope, and Love, and Cheer!
Begone! ye cares that lie along Life's road,
For Night has come with myriad stars that gleam;
And sweet Forgetfulness is hovering near.

R. F. Eberhart.



William Baker, Ethel Fletcher, Walter Bachrodt,
Lylyan Chesnutt, Gertrude Cross, Edna Wilcox, Gladys Fishback.

Student Body Officers

FALL TERM:

President ..... Marguerite Bozarth
Vice-President ..... Ella Wilson
Secretary ..... Dorothy Zumwalt
Treasurer ..... Marie Wold
Editor of Times ..... Edith Hale
Manager of Times ..... W. E. Baker
Executive Committee— .....
..... Russell Dill, Margaret Marshall, Ruth Kinney

MANAGERS:

Boys' Basket Ball ..... Rinaldo Miano
Girls' Basket Ball ..... Edna Clover
Debating ..... Walter Bachrodt
Tennis ..... Mrs. S. C. Maynard

SPRING TERM:

President ..... W. E. Baker
Vice-President ..... Lylyan Chesnutt
Secretary ..... Ethyle Fletcher
Treasurer ..... Gladys Fishback
Editor of Times ..... Edith Hale
Manager of Times ..... John Faulds
Executive Committee— .....
..... Walter Bachrodt, Edna Wilcox, Gertrude Cross

MANAGERS:

Boys' Basket Ball ..... Paul Corbell
Girls' Basket Ball ..... Edna Clover
Baseball ..... Robert Walker
Tennis ..... Earle Shaw



John Faulds, Roland Eberhart Kenneth Slater.
Edith Hale, Marian Stockton, Jessica McManus, Delma Phelps.

"Times" Staff

STAFF:

Editor-in-Chief ..... Edith Hale
Associate Editor ..... Jessica McManus
Business Manager ..... John Faulds

DEPARTMENTS:

Exchanges ..... Carolyn Wilson
Joshes ..... Delma Phelps
Alumni ..... Martha Thomas
Societies ..... Marian Stockton
Athletics ..... Kenneth Slater
Special Writer ..... Thelma Trevellick
Special Writer ..... Roland Eberhart



Earl Shaw, Helen Jones, Kathleen White, Thad Stevens.

Junior Organization

WHILE the wheels of progress have been turning ever onward and the events that mark the close of the Seniors' reign have been crowding that dignified body nearer and nearer the goal, the Juniors have been doing their part to keep the wheels in motion.

The year has been marked by no marvelous achievements, but here and there along the highway the Junior organization has planted monuments which speak well for the class and the spirit that has carried it onward. Of these the Junior show is beyond doubt the most marked. "The Faculty's Second Trip to Europe," as given by the entire Junior class, was an overwhelming success.

The Junior-Senior debate was a complete victory for the Seniors, but was of little consequence, as neither side had prepared a very strong debate.

The great task that has busied the Juniors is the Junior-Senior farewell. The class has worked faithfully through its committees and, under the guidance of its officers, has handled the undertaking in splendid style.

The officers, who have devoted their time and energy to guiding the class through the year just closed, are the following:

President ..... Thad Stevens
Vice President ..... Earle Shaw
Secretary ..... Helen Jones
Treasurer ..... Kathleen White



Marie Wold, Miss Davis, Helen Marshman, Ella Willson.

Athletic Association

THE Athletic Association, a new organization this year, was organized in January. The object of the Association is: To control all the athletics in the school; to improve, enlarge, beautify and to maintain the athletic grounds; to stimulate interest in all forms of athletics; to coach teams; and to get athletics on an intercollegiate basis.

The organization is controlled by an executive board, consisting of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a representative from each class. This board controls the activities of the Association by means of committees.

Although this new association has not accomplished much in the past six months in work that may actually be seen, yet a true spirit has been aroused and a nucleus started, around which real work will develop next year. The reasons for the lack of great results are natural ones. First, the organization is new; second, time for athletics after school has been lacking; third, the grounds have been in poor condition; fourth, the funds have been low.

However, we can boast that next year the organization will know itself better; that the school schedule will be changed to give more time after school; that the grounds will be in working order; and that the Student Body will give a definite amount for the carrying on of athletics. Then the boys will have baseball suits and the girls will make competition interesting in all athletics with Stanford and the University of California.

Let's give three rousing cheers for the Athletic Association and give a pledge to back it up and make it a real live Student Body interest!



Margaret Marshall, Marguerite Bozarth, Walter Bachrodt.

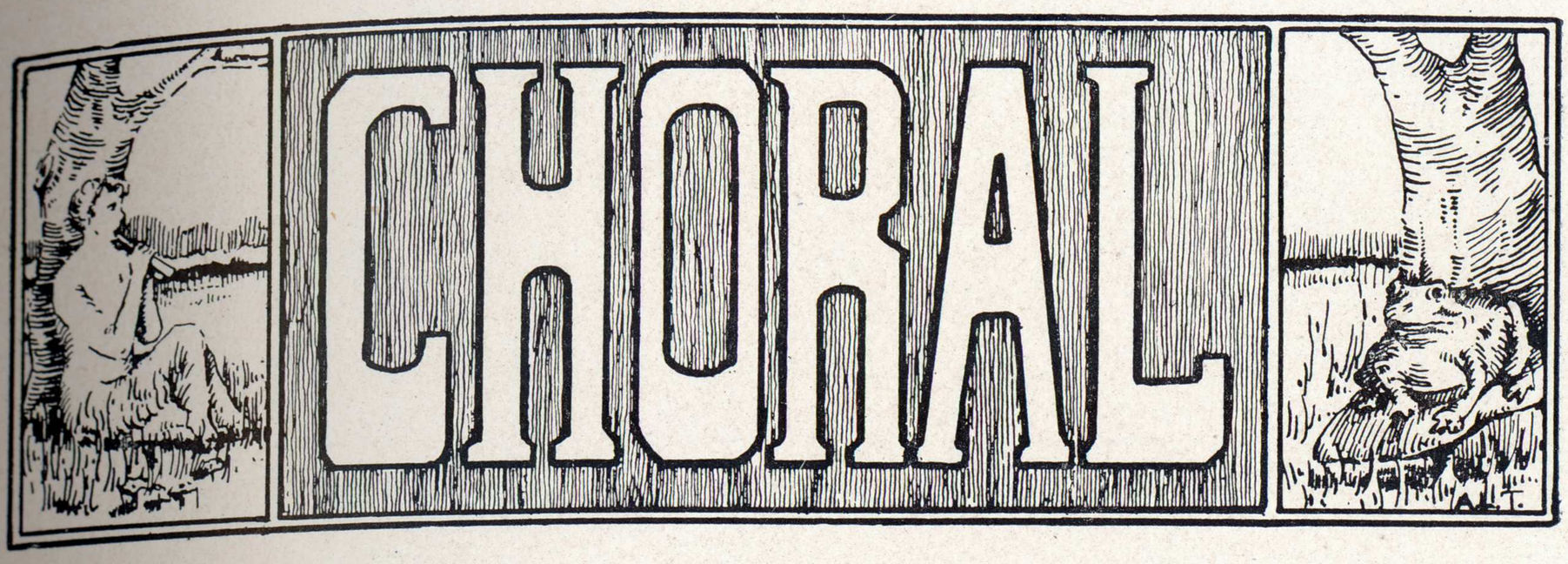
Debating

ON a Thursday afternoon in late February the San Jose Normal debating team, composed of Walter Bachrodt, Margaret Bozarth, and Margaret Marshall, with Ernest Crook, alternate, started on their way to Chico for the annual Chico-San Jose debate. With them went the basket ball teams and many enthusiastic Normal students,Dr. Dailey, Miss Sours, Mrs. Greathead, Miss O'Brien and Miss Bradley.

Saturday night in Chico, the two Normal teams met in a verbal battle royal. The question was: "Resolved, that the State, rather than the National Government, should control the trusts."

San Jose upheld the affirmative in a most convincing way, but some one must lose, and it was San Jose's turn this time.

Nevertheless, San Jose Normal cheered when the news came home, for "good losers" to them means as much as "happy victors."



"SAN JOSE NORMAL surely meets with my expectations," said the visitor from the East," but what on earth is that awful 'noise' one hears so often from Room 24?"

"Noise?" said the Normalite. "Well, it may sound that way now, but, as a result of that kind of 'noise', we've had some pretty good things given us this year, for that is our choral society having one of its lively rehearsals."

"You see, there are three divisions of the society, which make a strong whole, the Girls Glee, the Boys' Glee, and the Orchestra. Each has done its full share this year, for every week they have attended faithfully the regular rehearsals. They have been able to work together from the first, for, in the beginning of the fall term, they became acquainted with each other by means of several little "jolly ups" and dances given in Society Hall."

"The first public demonstration the society made was in Assembly one morning. The Boys' Glee sang "Nothing Else to Do," which related to such a popular subject and was so well given that the boys were called back again and again. Several encores of catchy songs were rendered."

"The girls were not to be outdone, so there soon followed several good numbers by the Girls' Glee. Among these were the "Spinning Chorus," from "The Flying Dutchman," and the clever little chorus, "Mistress Mary."

"Throughout the year, rehearsals have been held in Room 24, but the hard work has been repaid by the splendid results."

"One morning in Assembly, the Student Body found the stage decorated with an attractive setting and "What are we going to have?" was asked on all sides. The curiosity of all was well satisfied by the clever musical skit, "The Family Doctor," presented by four members of the society. There was a gray-haired mother, an irate, gouty father, a foolish young daughter, and a good-looking young doctor. They told their "Weils and Woes" in song, concluding with a quartette, "And Cupid's to Blame for It All."

"Almost the best work this year was given in the middle of the spring term. It was the result of much practice and hard work. Simply costumed and plainly staged, they presented some of the best selections from "Pinafore," including solos, duets, quartettes, and choruses. Most of the leading parts were taken by Seniors."

"And I called their earnest work noise!" said the visitor. "Shall I have a chance to hear them?"

"Surely," answered the Normalite. "They are doing their share for Class Day and Commencement. You will hear most of them then."

"How fine it would be if we could have such an organization in every school," remarked the visitor. "I should think you would be very proud of it and its success."

"Indeed we are, and not only of them, for although 'practice makes perfect,' a great part of their success is due to their energetic Director, Miss Ida M. Fisher, and to good work of their officers, among whom are: Ione Welch, President; Maude Horting, Secretary and Treasurer, and Lylyan Chesnutt, Reporter."





Lucella Bovee, Helen Chrysostomo, Irma Rayburn.

Dramatic Society

THE Dramatic Society has proven itself a most active and promising organization this term. The play which the society chose for production was a burlesque of the original Shakespearean version of Shylock, the Jew—the "Merchant of Venice Up-to-date"—and was staged on the evening of March twenty-fifth in the Assembly Hall. With the careful rehearsing of the cast and under the inspiration and leadership of Miss Davis, a finished and highly creditable performance was offered. Unstinted praise is due all the members for their good work, and whose efforts have made this organization a stronger and better one.

Special mention should be made of Miss Irma Rayburn, whose natural vivacity and stage presence rendered the part of Portia wholly delightful. Miss Bogalsky was equally clever in her role as Threedice, the teacher; and much credit should also be given to Paul Corbell as Bassanio and Roland Eberhart as Shylock. However, it was a production in which all were good, and all worked as a unit for the success of the play.

An attempt at summarizing the plot can give but a scant impression of its possibilities.

Portia, a bright, handsome girl of twenty-one, is besieged by many suitors. Her father, the Duke, puts three rigid examinations in Latin in as many caskets—one on Caesar, one on Virgil, one on Cicero—stating that whoever passes one of these examinations successfully, providing he choose the right one, can wed Portia. As her suitors are mainly college men, the strain is lessened perceptibly. However, the aid of a pony must needs be called in, and these only Shylock has for sale. Antonio, captain of the college football team, succeeds in getting one for Bassanio, a lover, on the condition that the pony be returned in two weeks or the forfeit of a pound of Antonio's hair cut nearest to the brain will be demanded. Bassanio, with the help of the pony, is successful in the test

and preparations are being made for the wedding—when, alas! he finds he has forgotten to return the book to the Jew, who revengefully demands the forfeit of Antonio. Portia comes to the bench at a crucial moment and saves the day by proving that Antonio has no brain, and therefore the contract is null and void! Happiness is once more restored.

On the strength of the success of the performance, the cast repeated the play in Palo Alto on the evening of May second.

The Dramatic Society surely deserves the support of all the students. Performances like this help break up the unvarying routine of our Normal social functions.



The Newman Club

THE Newman Club of the State Normal School is a manifestation of a general movement among the Catholic students in all institutions of higher learning. Recognizing the religious as a fundamental bond and as an essential element in education, the Catholic students of the San Jose Normal in 1909 organized the Newman Club. A gradual and steady growth has marked the progress of the club in numbers and influence. In June, 1911, a graduate organization was formed, known as the Alumni Council of the Newman Club. The purpose of the Council is to assist the undergraduate club in furthering the ideals of the movement.

The effectiveness of the work of the Newman Club has been hampered by the lack of a permanent meeting place. Within sight of the Normal grounds, Newman Hall is now under construction. A handsome club house of Roman type of architecture, costing in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand dollars, is the gift of His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco to the Newman Club. Here the club will have the opportunity to welcome the numbers of Catholic students coming from various parts of the west.

During the year 1912-1913, the progress of the club has been rapid. To Miss Frances Chargin, Miss Helen Lyons, and Miss Louise Daly, the presidents of the club during the past three terms—to their able corps of officers—and to Reverend Father Culligan, the Chaplain, should go much of the credit for this year's work. The social affairs of the club have taken the form of receptions, dances, and teas. It has been the club's privilege to entertain Rev. Bishop Edward J. Hanna, the newly appointed auxiliary bishop of San Francisco. It has been the club's good fortune to be entertained by Miss A. M. Nicholson, Mrs. W. S. Morey, the Alumni Council of the club, and the Young Ladies' Institute of San Jose. Plans have been completed for the annual luncheon to be held at the Hotel Vendome on June the seventh.

It has been the pleasure of the Newman Club to hear a number of interesting lectures this year. Some are listed here: "Personal Reminiscences of John Cardinal Newman," by Rev. Clarence Woodman, Lecturing Professor of Newman Club of the State University; "The Church and Science," by Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P. of San Francisco; "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from a Liturgical Standpoint," by Rev. Wm. Culligan of San Jose; "Truth," by Rev. Dr. Morrison of Berkeley; "The Value of Mortification in Life," by Reverend Thomas O'Neil of Newman Hall, Berkeley; "The Relations of the Teacher to the Community," by Miss Smith of the Normal Faculty; "The Philosophy Underlying Catholic Doctrine," by Rev. J. McKev of San Jose.

And, thus, it has become the privilege through the Newman Club, of the Catholic girls to enjoy these many treats and pleasant comradeship with others of the same faith.



Ruth Bennett, Edith Hale, Marguerite Bozarth.

Dailean Society

"HOW time flies! It seems as if it were yesterday that we first met our junior members at our annual junior reception. Now we stand on the threshold of Commencement, at the end of a happy, busy year," the thoughts of the Senior Dailean were scattered forth in soliloquy.

"How like old times the reception was! It is from such occasions that the South Society Hall might relate frivolous tales of studious, dignified maidens."

"But the year has had its share of work also. The first herald of the Chico debate was the tryout, into which our people entered with the spirit that accomplishes. How proud we were when some of our debaters left to meet Chico. When they returned we were still more proud of them —they knew how to meet defeat."

'I wonder if there will ever be again such a candy pull as the one we had at the home of Delma Phelps? Was there ever such hilarity before? But our affair up in the Society Hall, where we and our invited guests made merry, was a close second in the ranks of fun."

"Let me see,—why was it that we worked so hard the very last term? Oh! Because, yes, "Because," the play we enjoyed more than all others and which was written by one of the Dailean members, Ethel Hale. After that came the presentation of pins to the debaters before the Student Body.'

"To crown all, came the banquet to the faculty and the debating team."

"Yes—it has truly been a happy and very busy year."



Viola Sims, Marie Wold, Miss Steinbeck, Carrie Morehouse.

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS 1912-1913.

President ..... Viola Sims
Vice-president ..... Marie Wold
Secretary ..... Helen Kersey
Treasurer ..... Carrie Morehouse
General Secretary ..... Grace Steinbeck

MEMBERS OF ADVISORY BOARD

Miss Ethel Shureman
Mrs. Mary George
Miss Gertrude Payne
Mrs. Estelle Greathead
Dr. Schallenberger
Mrs. E. R. Wagner
Mrs. D. R. Wood
Mrs. M. E. Dailey
Mrs. E. Newell
Miss Laura Bailey

"Things Overheard"

"DID you go to the Y. W. C. A. picnic at Congress Springs last Saturday? If you didn't, you missed a lot of fun and the chance to know a lot of dandy girls. There are rumors of this becoming an annual affair and I certainly hope it will; we need more of these general get-together times for everybody."

"How many times were you asked to join the Y. W. C. A. in that membership campaign they had this spring? The girls on the committee were working for degrees to see who could get the most new members and they certainly went at it enthusiastically. I'm glad I joined—Y. W. is a mighty good thing to belong to."

"That Basket Supper the Y. W. girls had out on the Normal lawn was just perfect. Somebody made the best coffee. After we had eaten, the guests from California and Stanford told us about a wonderful Y. W. C. A. conference at Hacienda del Mar, and made us everyone, want to go and see if it is as good as they said it would be."

"Did you know that the Y. W. C. A. in our cities did so many kinds of things for the girls there? I never had any idea it was so much until I went to that Y. W. meeting when Miss Lee of Oakland talked—the things she said were a perfect revelation to me. Those Tuesday meetings are decidedly worth going to; one hears a lot of interesting things."

"Where can I fill my fountain pen?" "In the Y. W. room."

"If only I had a knife!" "Go to the Y. W. room and get one from Miss Steinbeck."

"Is there any way of buying or selling second-hand books in this place?" "Why, yes; don't you know about the Book Exchange that the Y .W. girls have started? Go to room 27."

"What's this room in here?" "That is the Y. W. room where you can do most anything you want—rest, study, eat your lunch, or talk. And always you can borrow almost anything from the Secretary there."

"I hear that the Y. W. has started an Employment Bureau. They are doing a lot of practical things lately."

"Where do you eat your lunch these cold, wet days?" "Why I am a Chocolate Soldier; aren't you? Come on up to the Society Hall, and for twenty-five cents you can have chocolate and tea for a month. We serve ourselves and wash our own dishes, and have a general sociable time. Twice we had grand feeds."

"Y. W. is certainly doing things this year."

"Peace" in the San Jose Normal

WHILE a few neurons were being modified along the idea of the terrible crime of war, an inspiration fell upon our many other neurons when we heard the valuable lecture on war by Mr. Root, Secretary of the California branch of the American Peace League.

We listened with our ever increasing admiration and, at last, realized that we were the ones, as teachers, that had the wonderful opportunity to help bring about the ideal condition which he advocated.

From this as an inspiration many neurous began to expand and seriously modify along the various phases of international conciliation. With a destined goal in view came the long wanted call for a peace society in our Normal. We were all glad and realized it was now time to put our golden opportunities in the margin so they would be ever ready to work in time to exalt the heroism of peace.

The meetings of this society have proved to be of great value to its members and some very interesting studies have been made of the different phases of concord among nations.

The progress already made is a distinct step in the direction of future advancement. It gives us all hope to think that we as students of this Normal can be the ones that have answered when in the distant future we see the end of militarism.

The success of the peace society was well shown in the peace program given May 18th, by some of the society's members and their friends. How stupid to think that might can settle who is in the right after hearing such a convincing program.

With peace as the correct interpretation of some historical events, the peace program given in the Training School showed excellent school training in history. In this, we see the school children coming into power, wherein we find the development of our children as the promoters of a world's Peace Conference.

We will be governed by universal peace when the teachers of today educate the children in the schools of the world to bring about such a condition for tomorrow as would relieve the world of the great evil of disastrous war and the great unnecessary burden of militarism.

The Short Story Club

THE Short Story Club of the Normal School, which is a branch of the Pacific Short Story Club, has done more real work this year than ever before. More stories have been written; and at least one young verse-maker, who is winning recognition as indicated by acceptance of his work, has developed unusual power.

The literary interests of the club centers in the "Short Story Club Magazine," the club's periodical, in which a number of meritorious stories have appeared. The current number of this magazine publishes an unusual amount of both story and verse by club members.

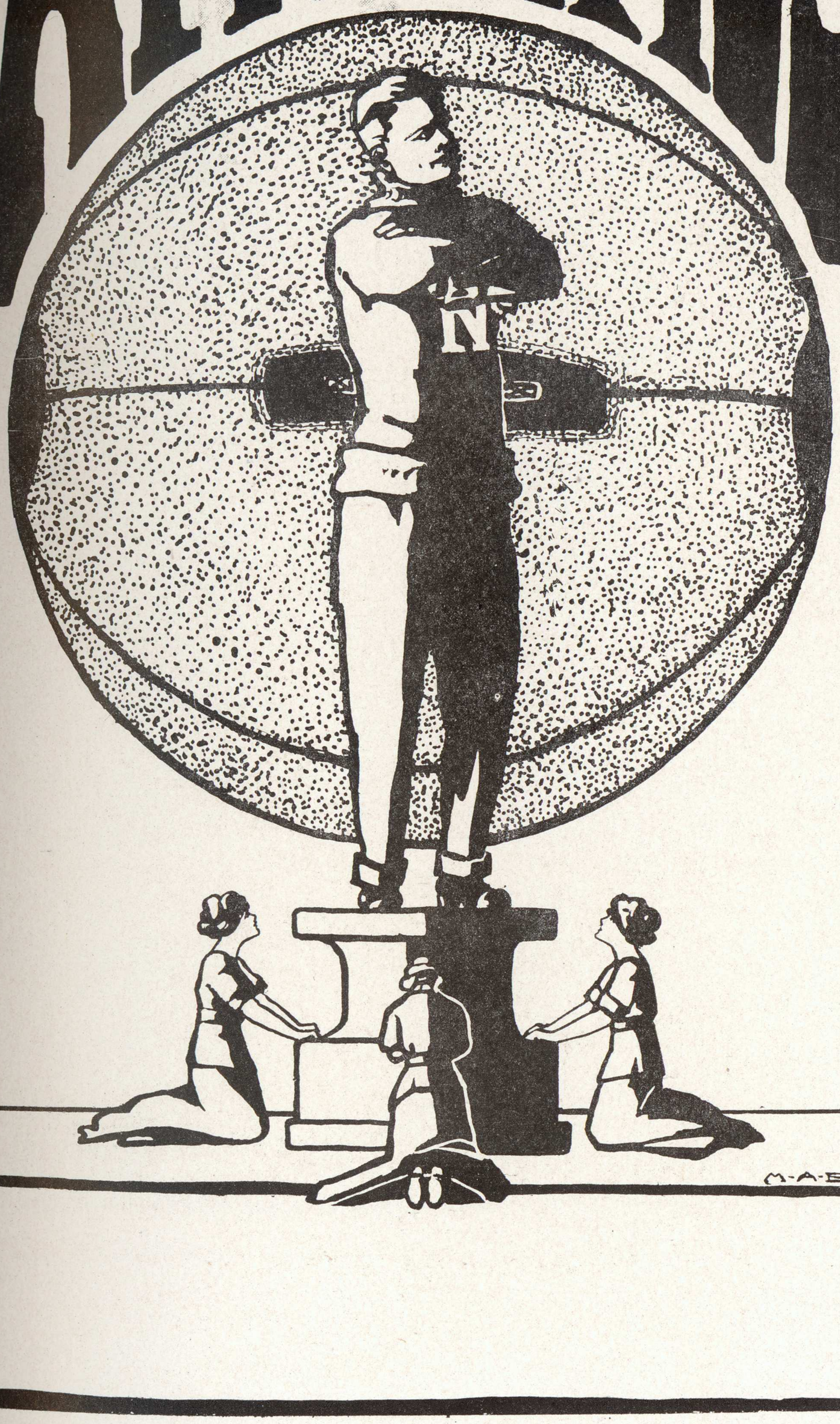
While this is going to print, the club is planning to go to "The Heights," home of Joaquin Miller, who died this year and who has been an interested patron of the club, to decorate the poet's "Funeral Pyre". The journey is to be May Thirtieth, Decoration Day.

The faculty members of the club are Henry Meade Bland, Annie M. Nicholson, L. Estelle Greathead, and Carolyn Bradley.

The officers of the club are: Elizabeth Crossley, President; Margaret Ish, Secretary; Bessie MacCausland, Treasurer.

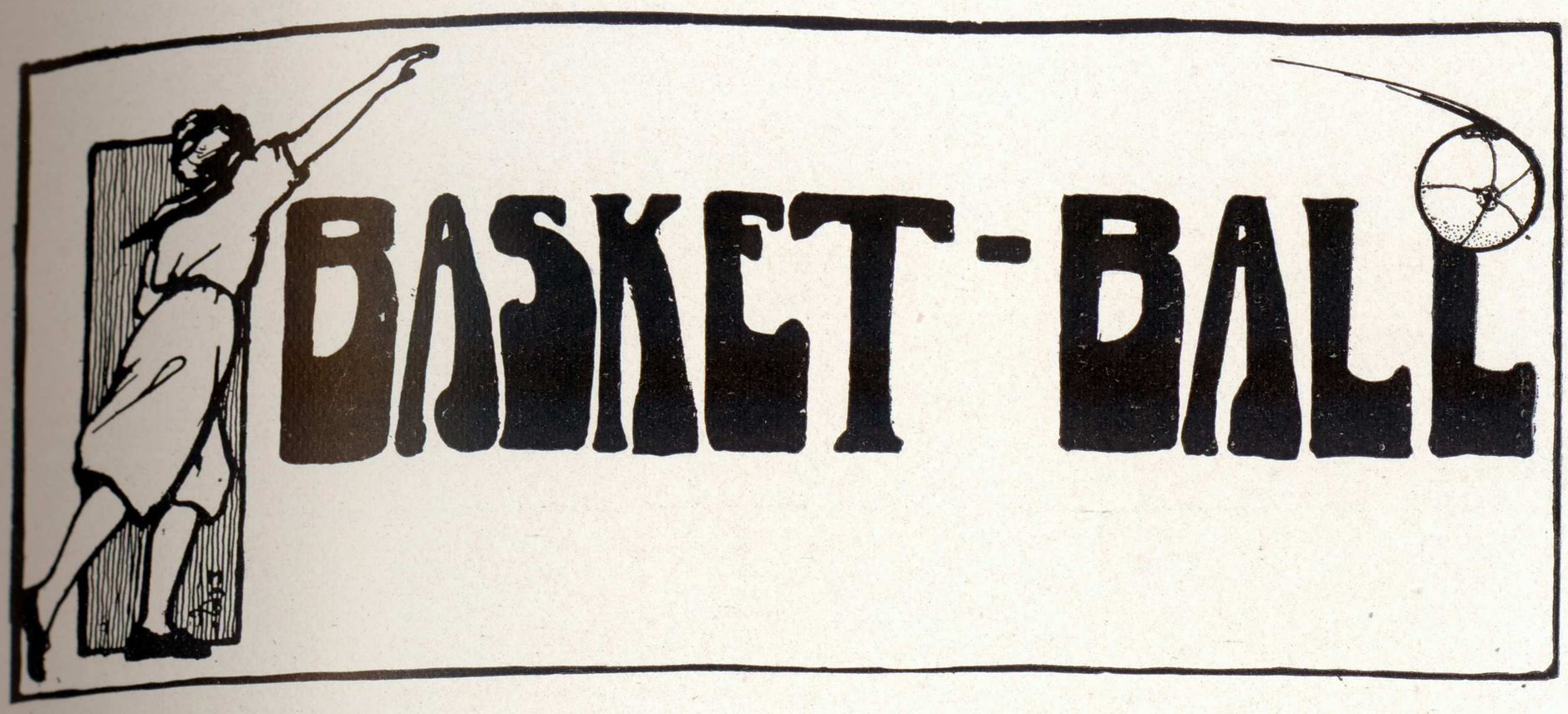


ATHLETICS





Alma Swain, Ada Thornburg (Coach), Susie Clemens.
Helen Marshman, Ida Mills, Bessie Exton, Ann Sheehy.
Edna Clover, Ella Willson (Capt.), Hildegarde Owen.



"ARE we happy?"

"Sure we are, just as happy as can be!"

The basket ball girls have kept up the reputation of the team for another year, and have made "gloriously" good wherever they have gone.

Practice was begun the first of the school year and every one went to work with vigorous enthusiasm.

In spite of the fact that the only available court was an out-of-doors one and in very bad condition at that, a few practice games were played with the San Jose and other High School teams, the Normal coming out victorious as usual.

The only match game before Christmas was the Junior-Senior game. It was a hard fought contest, the Seniors winning the honors. This was not surprising, as they had several members from last year's team, but it showed promising material among the Juniors.

After Christmas, practices were held in the Assembly Hall, whenever it could be obtained. The "big team" to meet Chico was soon to be picked, so scores of girls were bidding for a position. Ada Thornburg, the faithful coach, and Miss O'Brien, who, in spite of her many other duties, came out nearly every night to encourage and urge the girls on, picked the team, one of the strongest the Normal has ever supported.

A few more practices and the loyal, determined-to-win team left for Chico to pick laurels for their school. They did! The score-board at the end of the game showed the result 19—13 in favor of the Gold and White. But the game was not won easily, for all fought hard and, above all, squarely, for every point made. Every girl on the team played a splendid game.

The next big event of the season was the game with the University of Nevada. This was well fought on both sides. From the first toss-up, however, the ball was kept in San Jose's side of the court, the touch-centers, the side centers, the guards and goalers, all playing in excellent condition. The final figures were 36-21 in favor of the San Jose State Normal.

The girls' basket ball team has been and has shown good proof of always being a leading and successful activity among the athletics of the school and the future teams are wished the best of success in the contests to come.

The line-up of the Gold and White was:

Goals, Edna Clover, Helen Marshman; S. goal, Hildegarde Owen; guards, Ella Willson (Capt.), Alma Swain; S. guard, Bessie Exton; centers, Sue Clemens, Ann Sheehy, Ida Mills.



Corbell, Slater, Beacock, Williams, Malloy, Carmichael, Miano.

Boy's Basket-Ball

THE boys' basket ball team lived up to its reputation this year by defeating some of the best teams of the state. Although the Normal lost the annual game with Chico, it can well be proud of every man on the team.

This year the school defeated such teams as that of the Company B of the Fifth Infantry, San Jose, Campbell High School and San Jose High.

The Chico game was probably the most exciting, at least the most important. San Jose Normal lost the game by the score of thirty-nine-fifteen, but the score does not indicate the fight put up by the Normal boys. Every man was on the "qui vive" from the beginning of the game to the end.

Miano seemed to be all over the court, sometimes guarding, other times throwing goals. His encouraging words and enthusiastic playing added much to the San Jose score.

Corbell played a game of strength and quickness, while Carmichael filled the position of forward very well, by breaking through the defense of the opposing guard and by his tossing.

Williams and Beacock were in the game to the end, both displaying a fine knowledge of rules.

Too much praise, however, cannot be given to Malloy for his alertness and ability to block passages.

In every game that was played the results were shown. Although the number of boys in the Normal is few, yet it is evident that there is very fine basket ball material, when such a team can be picked from so small a number. The team in the future should be a splendid one, with the added advantage of the new gymnasium, which is to be erected.

However, the team this year will lose some of its best men among the June graduates. They are Captain Miano, Carmichael and Bachrodt, whose places next year's team will have to work hard to fill. The Normal team consisted of Guard, Miano (Capt.), Malloy; center, Corbell; goalers, Carmichael, Williams.



Walker, Stillwell (Capt.), Corbell, Flower.
Slater, Bachrodt, Miano, Crook,
Fisher, Carmichael, Culbertson.

Boy's Baseball

FOR the first time in several years the Normal School has a baseball team which has shown itself to be something more than a mere name. The boys started to "show the proper spirit" early in the year, when they gave a show, which, although it was not a masterpiece, accomplished its purpose by arousing good and hearty laughs, and last, but not least, by giving the boys enough money for baseball suits.

With the inspiration of new suits the boys started out on the quest of victories. The first was the defeat of Campbell High School, two games out of three. The second was the victory over the Heald's Business College boys. After this, two or three local amateur teams were challenged and were defeated by the Normal team. Three games were played with the Santa Clara University Juniors, and all were lost by close scores, but Santa Clara has won fame for its baseball team, it must be remembered.

At this time of the year, the most important series of games is taking place. Two games have been played with the San Jose High School, out of the three to be played. The third game will settle the ownership of the cup presented by Cassidy and Payne. The High School won the first game with the close score of five to three. The Normal team retaliated and won the second by the score of eight to seven. The third game is being anxiously awaited, but whether the Normal baseball boys win or not, a great deal of praise will be given, as has already been given, because of the fighting spirit in which the boys went to work to revive interest in baseball in the school. A team picked from thirty-two boys has defeated one picked from five hundred boys, and that is deserving of worthy mention. Yet, it is to be hoped that the Normal team wins the cup, of course!

The team is as follows: Slater, catcher, has caught splendid ball and has been one of the best hitters on the team.

Carmichael, pitcher, has improved fifty per cent. He has become an excellent pitcher and, what is more, a fine batter.

Bachrodt, at first, has been a splendid fielder and hitter. His size helps him at the first bag.

Miano, on second, has been an alert, sure fielder, has hit well and has run bases splendidly.

Corbell, at short, has been a tower of strength and plays the rest of the game equally well.

Fisher, who entered in March, has taken excellent care of third base. Fisher ranks high as a ball player.

Crook has played well in the outfield. Walker has managed the team and played fine ball at center, while Stillwell, the captain, has played left, and has been always ready. Culbertson and Flower have acted as subs.



Sue Maynard, Alice Lewis,
Helen Marshman, Margaret Graham.
Earl Shaw, Robert Walker.

Tennis

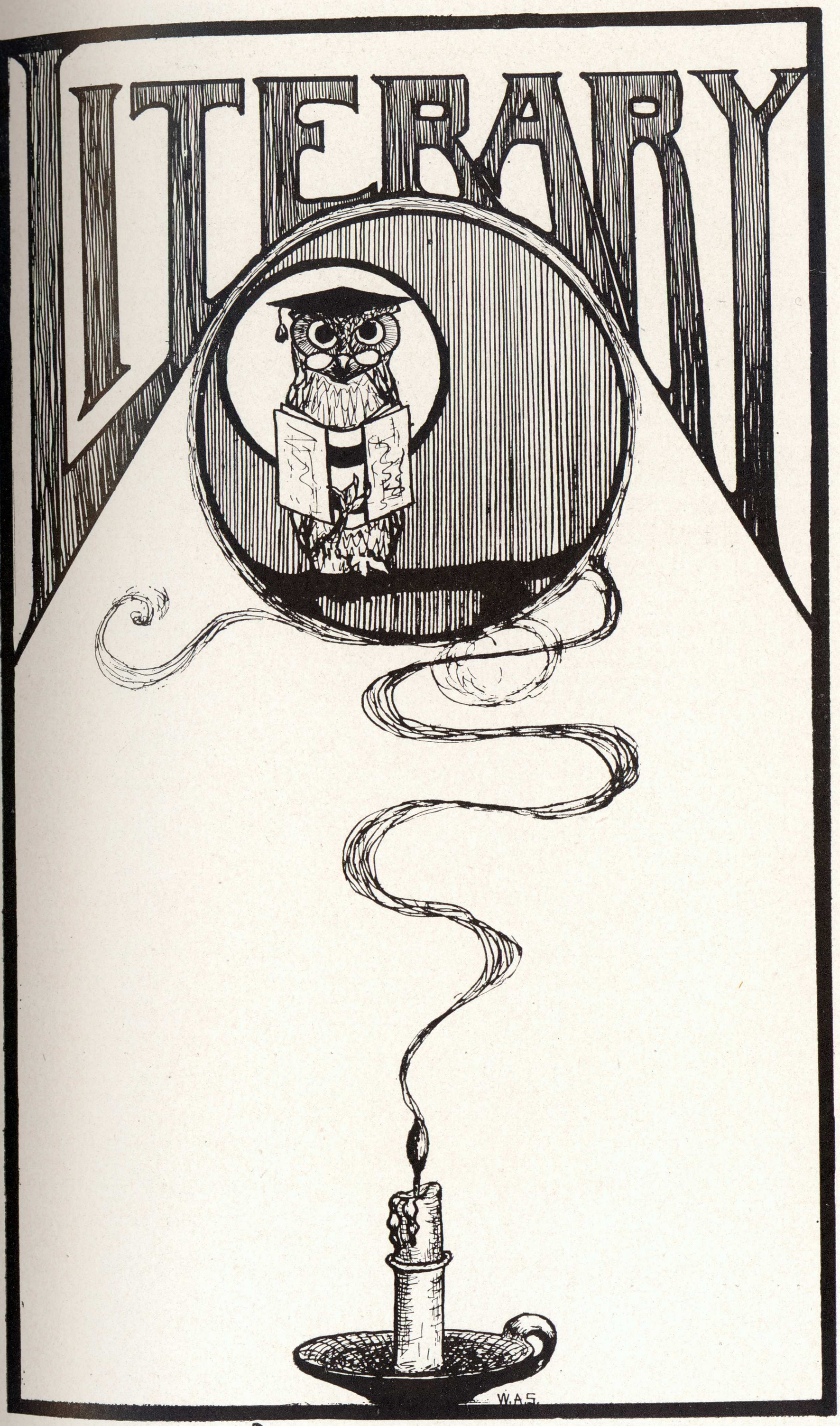
THE Tennis Association met for the election of officers after the opening of school in September. Much enthusiasm was displayed and quite a number of Juniors entered as players.

Although the condition of the court was far from the best, many of the students have been seen each day enjoying the delightful sport.

Many have displayed considerable skill, as well as enthusiasm, Robert Walker and Earl Shaw having been champions of the sport among the boys. The girls who have been among the best players on the court are Sue Maynard and Alice Lewis, with Helen Marshman and Margaret Graham as close seconds.

Much of the interest of the racquet wielders this past year was centered on the San Jose High School Tournaments, which were held on the Naglee Park Tennis Courts in November and April. These tournaments were held to determine whether the Normal or High School would win the Boschken Trophy offered last spring, and which had to be won three times by the same school in order to decide its permanent ownership.

The High School proved victorious. Though the Normal School lost the cup, there is one thing to be justly proud of, and that is, the school spirit of the players.


LITERARY
W.A.S.

"The Breath of Spring"

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

SHE was visible only in the blueness of the sky, tangible in the softness of the soil and odorous in the freshness of buds and blossoms. She was Spring!

No wonder the father smiled gently as he spoke.

"Daughter, it is now time for you to leave me. Your sisters have gone before and each has done her work. The fields have ripened into golden harvests, which have been gathered; the trees have been mantled with white. The world is needing you and I bid you go."

Stooping, the father kissed her on both cheeks.

"Listen, daughter Spring. The world is strange. If no one greets you, do not feel hurt. Many eyes will be closed to you, but do your best,—your very best."

Spring laughed in her own silvery way, head tossed back, eyes alight with the joy of being and her whole self glowing and emanating new life.

"Father, look at me," she pirouetted gaily about. "I touch this, I touch that, and everyone knows that I am on earth. I shall breathe out life, vigor and fresh inspiration. Spring shall conquer the world."

Her voice sank into a confidential whisper.

"Father, I shall come in the night, when everyone will be asleep and, in the morning, they will awake and find—*me*."

"Farewell, father, farewell—Oh, I am so happy. Farewell." Spring kissed her father and was gone.

The lips upon which the kiss fell, smiled lovingly, but sadly.

* * * * * * *

Night lay over the city. The rumble of trains and vehicles, the clatter of hoofs and other night sounds seemed muffled by darkness.

Down on the banks of the river that skirted the most humble part of the city, little furry heads peeped from the boughs of the pussy willow.

Far up town, in a little triangular park in the most fashionable quarters, the tiniest of crocuses slowly uncurled and stood up, fresh and new.

A star, two, three, and more faded away. The blackness changed to a thin curtain of gray, here and there slit to let in the gorgeous daylight behind. The fresh air of morning swept down the streets, the cry of the early peddler, the call of the newsboy, broke the stillness and morning had come.

Down on the river bank, the pussy willow nodded with all the vigor of the new life upon its boughs; up in the heart of the city, the crocus perked itself proudly, expectantly erect.

"See me! Oh, just see me! *I* am here!"

The yellow head was raised and the green leaves were thrown out in welcome. The breeze caught the call and blew it around the bare trunks of trees and corners of stone buildings. The air was filled with the breath of Spring.

The eyes of the passersby did not turn once toward the new thing on the ground. The gravel of the path was crunched by many feet, but in the faces of all that went by, there was not a single beam of recognition for Spring. Boots came perilously near the stem,—skirts almost brushed the petals.

The jauntiness of the upturned cup disappeared and the crocus drooped.

"——the world is very strange. If no one greets you, do not feel hurt. Many eyes will be closed to you, but do your best, your very best."

"Your very best——". The yellow head was thrown back. Hope, endeavor, and faith seemed to glow from the deep center, and the green leaves threw themselves out with bravado.

"I *will* make them see Spring."

Down the path came the Business Man, shoulders back, cane swinging.

"Look, look here," the crocus sent out its call. "It is I, Spring. Don't you remember me? With the crocus come back memories, verdant hills, and gay flowers, fleecy clouds, and soft breezes, such as tempt one from the smoke of the city, the rush of the mass. There is something in the world besides the hoarding of wealth and the struggle for existence. A green leaf has sprouted! A blossom has burst forth and the call of Spring is in the stir of the flowers! Can't you hear it? Don't hurry so fast, but stop just a minute and listen———."

"Well, pon my soul, a crocus," the end of the cane poked about the roots of the flower. "That means that Spring is here,—and I haven't closed those negotiations yet. Let me see—the transaction is a difficult one to deal with, but if I should give the bid——" and musing to himself, the Business Man passed on. He had seen Spring, but———.

The green petals drooped, and the yellow head was bowed low on its stem.

Suddenly the swish-swish of luxurious garments brushed over the ground and the crocus straightened.

"A woman will understand," and she gazed up at the Silken Lady.

"Yes, it is I, Spring. You love beauty,—but you can see more than beauty in me, can you not? Can you see that I am more than just a flower?—to remind you that time is flying and one must hurry. Oh, tell me that you see something else in me!"

The frou-frou of petticoats paused and the Silken Lady bent as if in answer to such a fervent plea.

"The very shade,—the ideal shade,—a veiling of chiffon, a touch of gold, a knot of velvet here and there. What an inspiration a mere flower can give one," and the frou-frou hurried on its way, lest the "inspiration" be lost.

The green leaves slowly, thoughtfully, brushed the yellow cup.

"The ideal shade,—a touch of gold,—a knot of velvet here and there. Can it be, crocus, that you are just an inspiration for the outside always and never for within?"

Footsteps passed and repassed, but Spring had not yet the courage to lift her head.

A shadow fell on the earth beside the flower. The yellow face, upturned, looked into the benign eyes of a Doctor of Divinity, who had stopped, had noticed the crocus.

"This is surely a sign of Spring," fell in kindly, complacent accents.

"Oh, yes, I *am* Spring." All doubt and disappointment had gone and the flower glowed with fellowship and kindred spirit.

"I am love, goodness, brotherliness, and help. I want to love and give all that I have to give. Can you see all of that in me? Look! In my face is a sermon and in my very leaves, a text."

"Spring"—and the Minister mused. "That means that I must hurry me about my Easter sermon. What would my parishioners like this year. I wonder,—and music,—and flowers. Why, I must hurry or Easter day will be upon me before I know it." With quickened step, that one hurried on.

The green stock was motionless.

A Minister of Love had failed to recognize Love!

The warm rays of the sun dwelt lovingly upon the flower; the soft breeze caressed it tenderly, but the head was bowed low.

* * * * * *

The ripples of water chased each other in mischief among the overhanging boughs of the pussy willow. One, two, three, ever so many little fuzzy, furry heads nodded and courtesied.

"Spring is here! Spring is here!

The wild grass bowed in acknowledgment; from a nest high up on a bare brown limb, came a gurgle of joy; an early-rising spider swung back and forth in ecstacy on a dew-wet thread.

Suddenly there was a silence. The pussy willow stopped short in its swaying and the wild grass was bent as if in great pity.

Down the path by the river, on the way to the daily grind, came the Toiler. The toes of her shoes showed rough and gray, the elbows of her coat frayed and shiny. Weariness, heartsickness, and discouragement spoke out in each plodding step; responsibilities and cares were pictured in the patient, tired face. Unconsciously she sighed.

The pussy willow boughs seemed to reach out and beckon.

"Can't I help? It is I, Spring. I came to help, to give out new life, and fresh inspiration, to love——"

"Pussy willow buds are here!" Threadbare gloves clutched at the bush. "It is Spring!"

A lilt of joy had crept into the weary voice.

"And the birds will be coming back to the same old nests, the leaves will shoot out on the maples, and the green pods on the elms."

Spring stirred the grass, swept the water, and brushed through the girl's hair with the same, fresh breath.

"It is Spring! and I thought the world so gray and drab. It is Spring, and I have been sighing for luxuries and wealth. There are chests of silver in these furry gray buds," and the Toiler passed them lovingly across her cheek.

"How soft they are! See how the branches nod, just as if they were talking to me and telling me not to be sad, for Spring is here. They have not the life I have and yet how much they have taught me. And I, who can talk, walk, hear and do all the things I was meant to do, have done nothing but grumble and sigh. Why, if the buds and the blossoms have their work to do, surely, somewhere I have mine!"

The girl broke off a few of the pussy willow buds and fastened them onto her dress. Her shoulders were thrown back, her head was erect, and her face shone with new hope and promise.

As she walked on, the silver spray nodded to and fro on her coat. The brothers and sisters on the bush by the water were flooded in sunshine, as if overwhelmed by a deluge of heavenly thanks. The bird gurgled more joyously from its nest on the bare, brown bough and the spider worked as if he, too, had been overcome by the blessing of Spring.

Up in the most fashionable and wealthiest part of the city, skirts and boots still brushed the crocus. Spring was needed, but ears could not hear and eyes could not see. The flower still sent out its message, but the air about returned it. All day long a spray of silver pussy willow buds fastened onto a threadbare dress, sent forth hope, inspiration, and love. Into the heart of the Toiler, Spring had breathed her own soul and had done her best, her very best.

†

A Hare's Breadth

RUTH ROGERS

†

SUN streamed in thru the open French windows, spreading a warm yellow glow over the living room, but most of it seemed to center right in Bettina Ann's hair, making it look like a mass of rough copper and gold which sent out darts and gleams and burnished glints of light—sounds over-artistic, you think—but Bettina's hair was wonderful. It was the most wonderful thing about her. She made most of her friends because of her hair. They were all wont to say after they had just met her, "Isn't she charming and sweet; but what hair! It shines out all over her. I never have seen such hair, don't you love her?"

But that's enough about that, as it hasn't anything to do with what happened, except indirectly perhaps.

It was a real lazy morning—bees droned around the droopy wisteria, birds gurgled in the trees, everyone was off in the remote ends of the house—all was peace; so that Bettina surely would have dropped asleep, curled up as she was in the softness of the lounge with a moderately serious love tale perched on the hill of her knee, had not—

The crunch of approaching feet sounded on the gravel path, then a leap up the steps and a step to the window—

Bettina Ann looked up with dreamy expression which suddenly lighted.

"Chub! You don't mean it this early in the morning! Talk about being regardless of the conventions of society—you're as sacrilegous as a wooden image. But come in, anyway." And Bettina Ann hopped out of her nest to greet a burly six footer, complacently smiling, cap in hand, standing in the doorway——

"Nice way to"—growled the Lengthy One.

"Poor little Towser, always a 'pickin' on you,'" playfully echoed Bettina, as she pulled him in and gently pushed his huge form into a deep chair. "And why am I favored?"

As a matter of fact, Chub had pressed his suit summer and winter, receiving always an evasive answer. But still he would see that faint spark of hope flickering in the dim distance, when Bettina would cheerfully give him eight dances, or evince a particular interest in one of his schemes. It was the dance the night before which now redoubled his energies.

Chub leaned back in his chair and assumed a speculative attitude (it was to speculate where Bettina was concerned).

"My new car's outside and I want to get your opinion on how it runs; be slippy now and get your bonnet on. We'll take a trot down the road—Hotel Potter and back. You know I think an awful lot of your opinion and then I want to ask you a question"—— sending Bettina a meaning glance, which the capricious one refused to see.

"Hark! I hear footsteps! Can it be that the villain approacheth to upset my scheme?" and Chub looked out and returned as quickly with a sickened look on his customary cheery countenance. "I guessd only too right—it's that boob of a Carter Atkins. What's he sneaking around here for?" And Chub prepared to be bored intensely.

Bettina twinkled her eyes maliciously. "If you knew how I liked him you wouldn't utter that blasphemy," and she bobbed her copper ringlets so that Chub shut his eyes.

In bounced a well-knit fellow, some inches shorter than Chub. From Bettina came a most effusive welcome.

"Hello, old man, sure, glad to see you, how's your health?" was exchanged aloud amid handclasps; while on the side took place, "You mean little pup, what are you doing around here where you're not wanted?"

Bettina fluttered around to get her work basket and the two men prepared to make an effort to be civil. She remembered now that this was the morning she had planned to go rowing with Carter. But it could be put off as the prospect of entertaining two men was infinitely more fun, particularly when competition was at the *n'th* power.

She could hear murmurs in the living room—then a quiet, an intensity of silence. Bettina could not suppress a giggle. She was tying on her square inch of an apron when the door opened and Chub came in—his face set. He closed the door carefully behind him.

"Say. Bett, you have got to choose between that fellow and me—he talks as if he owns you. I never could stand him. Seems to me I have been hanging long enough, anyway. What do you think?"

"I am just trying to think where I left my little scissors." Betty looked wildly around for an outlet and talked very fast. "I had them yesterday, when I sewed that rip. Was I in the library or was I out in the

summer house? That's where I was, Chub. Run out and get them like a brick, because I need them this minute. Oh, you'll be a whole load of bricks if you only get them," and Betty's face was one of dire distress—so Chub went, although it was with the feeling that he was being evaded again.

Bettina tripped into the living room, composure regained.

Carter rose as she came in, and before she could speak, he had her two hands in his.

"Before it's too late, I want to tell you something, Ann, it's been on my mind for days, and months, and it's this. I think you're the most wonderful girl in the whole world, the sweetest and——"

A step was heard on the porch, and Betty broke away and ran to the open window. "Did you find them, Chub? That's funny," as he shook his head.

Bettina sank down into a chair and thought hard for a minute. Here were two men clamoring for her hand, and both were expecting some kind of an answer at once. If she had only time to think, to decide, to weigh, to ask advice—but it must be at once. A plan suddenly evolved in her mind, as whimsical as herself.

Bettina Ann cleared her throat and plunged bravely on.

The two men felt something was coming and sat expectant.

"Boys, I am in a quandary—one of the worst a woman can be placed in. I—I can't choose between you. I—I like you both very much. You've both been the best of pals * * * Oh, it's all so serious * * * a decision which means so much. How will I decide? Don't fight a duel, please, but go out in the barn, and get the guns, and the one who brings home the heaviest rabbit from the meadows I will give to him—my hand."

Bettina finished, feeling as if she had reached the climax in a melodrama and must needs sink back and gasp. Her face was grave and wistful and the two men, uncertain how to take her words, now felt the force of them.

"Done," they cried as one man, and beamed when they thought of the simplicity of the test, but their looks darkened when they looked at each other, and both harbored the same fervent prayer, "have mercy on me, ye gods, but forget the other fellow."

Bettina waved the two men out of sight as they started out on their Conquest of Love, singing happy relief that she could lock herself up in her closet and take counsel * * * Both were manly, straight, masterful, keenwitted, and all that, Bettina thought. Each had equally bright futures and an untarnished family escutcheon, but what was that something that had always brought them so close to her? Chub, she had played with since first grade days; Carter, nearly as long.

It was Chub who was prompt, buttoned her glove, answered distress signals; but, still, Carter had such an adorable masterful way—he had his way and it often thrilled her the ends he would take to get it. Yet that red-hot temper—could she handle that? And Chub was so good natured and jolly and turned her gray days into sunny ones. Yet Carter was brilliant—she could sit by the hour and listen to his tales of Annapolis, but with that brilliance there was harshness and hardness. She had felt instances of where he must have crushed. And so many times

Chub had come in when she was tired out from the constant whirl and with the gentleness of a woman bundle her up and put her to sleep with a weird darky melody. She was beginning to hope Chub would bring home the heavy rabbit and then, as the hours went on, she found herself praying for it—it couldn't be anyone else but Chub.

Bettina was getting the tea things together when there sounded a bound and a leap on the porch and Carter stood framed in the window, his hand grasping a plump rabbit by the ears. Bettina's heart jumped.

"Where's Chub"? asked Carter in a voice carrying a triumphant tone.

"Haven't seen him—I hope you didn't lay a snare for him along the way. He should be here any minute. Poor little hare, to think you must become a sacrifice for me", and Bettina was filled with suppressed excitement at the thought of that mere rabbit controlling her future. "It is a fat one, surely, Carter. What have you stuffed inside?"

"Nothing, honest as the day is bright, it's just as I caught it roaming the fields. He just had a meal in some vegetable garden. Here comes the other nimrod," as Chub entered with a plump rabbit, one of whose ears was split. Both sought out the other's game with scrutinizing eyes. To Bettina it seemed they were of the same identical size.

"Hold them up, boys," commanded Bettina excitedly. No difference in weight or size was discovered.

"Go get the scales—they're out in the barn," ordered Betty in a shaky voice.

When the two were out of the way, Bettina seized the box of shot lieing on the fire place, carefully picked up the rabbit with the split ear, opened its mouth and poured a small stream of shot down its throat, gave it a vigorous shake and laid it down again by its prostrate fellow.

Eyes, innocent and guileless, looked on as Carter placed the scales on the table and picked up his rabbit to lay it on the shelf. A breathless silence ensued.

The scales tipped high and low, fluttered and came to a standstill at exactly the four pound mark.

"You've got to travel to beat that, old man," murmured Carter.

Chub picked up his rabbit and placed it carefully on the shelf of the balance. Two—three—three and a half—four—four and a fourth —four and a half. The scale bobbed, jerked to a standstill. Chub raised a beautific face to Bettina, whose eyes danced, and then looked at Carter, who rose to the occasion.

"Congratulations, Chub, I *can* be a good loser if I can't be a sportsman." He grasped Bettina's hand firmly, but would not meet her look as she said gently, "Come over for a 'Welsh rabbit' tonight on the chafing dish," and then was gone.

Chub met Bettina as she turned around.

"Say, little girl," and shining lights were in his eyes, "did you fix it for me? Did you give me a hare's breadth so that I would win my heart's desire, the best, the most womanly of all I have ever had in mind, the—" and Chub caught Bettina's head between his palms and bent his head so that his lips brushed her burnished mass of hair.

"I just l—loaded the bunny, that's all— you big, foolish boy," whereupon he caught her close to him.



Societies

Allenian

THE year 1912-1913 has been a happy one for all the girls in Normal, but especially fortunate in having much fun mingled with much work, do the members of Allenian consider themselves. The members of this organization try to live up to the ideals set for them by Professor Allen, for whom the club was named. One of their biggest and best principles is helpfulness, and whenever you need some one to lift you over a difficulty, go to an Allenian.

The first real event of the year is the Inter Society Cotillion. This year one hundred and fifty invitations were issued for the evening of December 7. The ball room was beautifully decorated, and excellent music was furnished by Brohaska's Orchestra. Each society was well represented and every one there had a good time. The patronesses were "in for fun" just as much as the girls and boys, and with such people as Miss Murchie, Mrs. M. C. Zumwalt, and Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Wood helping you have a good time—why pleasure is just the easiest thing in the world.

One of the "best times ever" was the dinner given in honor of Mrs. M. E. Dailey, a former Allenian, whom the girls took great pleasure in welcoming to San Jose. Society Hall was the scene of the affair, and most attractive was its appearance on this occasion. The girls cooked the dinner all by their "lonesomes," and just ask any one who was there whether it was good!

The visit of the Reno team was another time when the Allenian girls showed what gracious hostesses they could be. No pains were spared in preparing a most delectable luncheon for the basket ball girls and their Nevada visitors. Especially exciting was this affair because it was given before "the game," and school spirit was much in evidence.

The Allenian Formal was held on April 26th at the Hotel Vendome. Most attractive were the decorations or smilax and roses and never had the ball room looked so festive. Punch and wafers were dispensed from a most artistically decorated table. The patronesses were Mrs. E. Rousseau, Mrs. L. B. Wilson, and the Misses O'Brien, Payne, English, and McFadden.

Faculty Members.

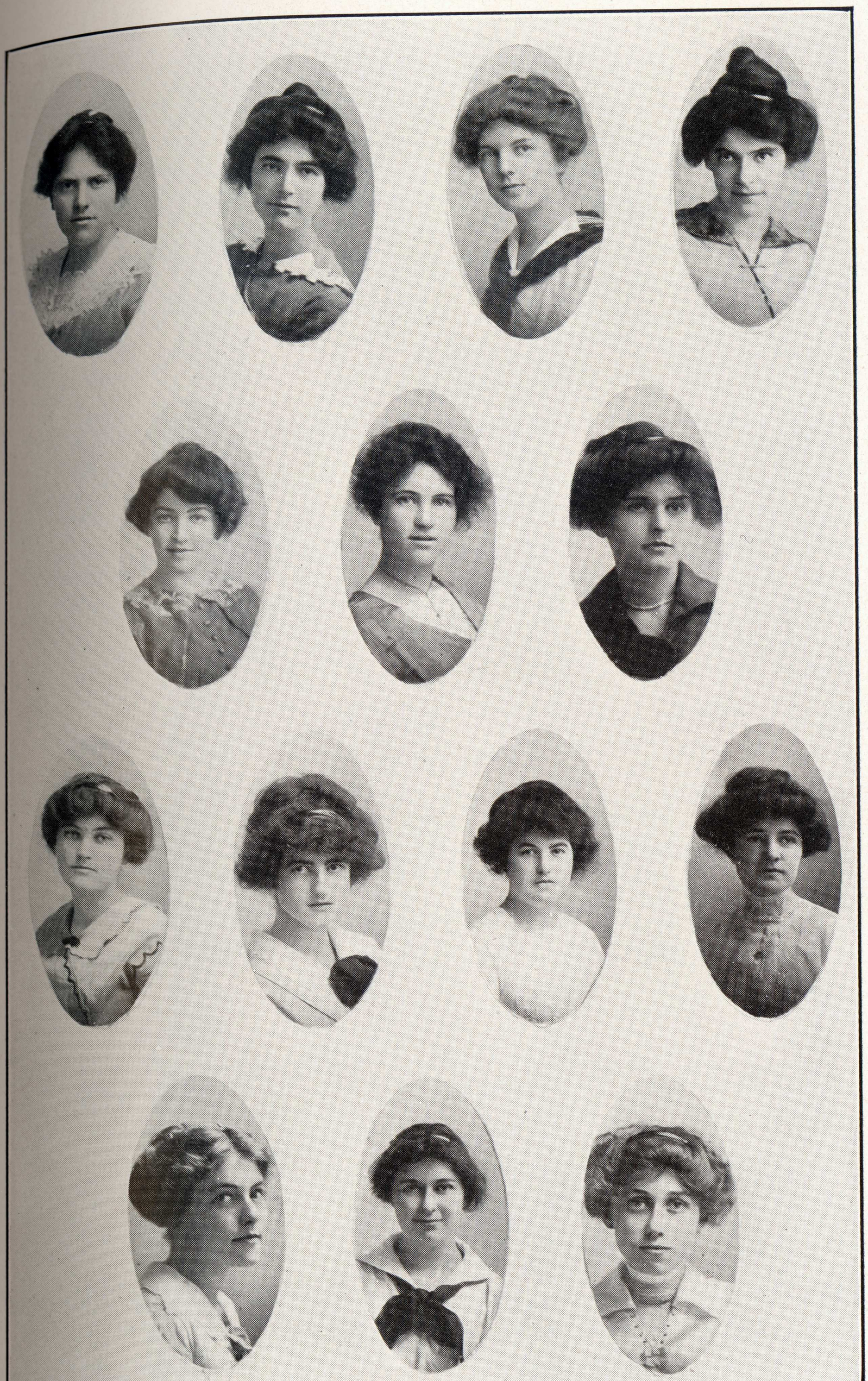
Miss Royce, Miss Howe, Miss Schureman, Miss McFadden, Miss Payne, Miss Sprague, Mrs. George, Mr. Wilson, Miss Rowell, Miss Nicholson, Miss Hall, Mr. English, Miss McCarthy.

Junior Members.

Enid Nixon, Adah Smith, Dorothy Slotomaker, Gladys McKenney, Madeline Ritchie, Marguerite Ritchie, Alice Campbell, Gertrude Weir, Ruth Stratton, Inez Dodd, Grace Fowler, Eliza Andrews.

Graduates—June, 1913.

Willow Hutton, Lucile Reardon, Hilda McKean, Edith Perry, Norma Britton, Ruth Luttrell, Mollie Railsback, Flossie Smith, Madeline Coffey, Bertha Stackhouse, Beulah Sangster, Marjorie Buzzo, Gladys Ritchie, Olive Calkins, Marjorie Sommer, Marie MacDonald, Elizabeth Roberts, Mabel Stallings, Ruby Anderson, and Aileen Lundy



Mary Railsback, Ruth Luttrell, Edith Perry, Elizabeth Roberts,
Marjory Somner, Marie McDonald, Willow Hutton,
Madaline Coffey, Enid Nixon, Lucile Reardon, Ruby Anderson,
Marjory Buzzo, Hilda McKean, Ruth Stratton.



Gladys McKenny, Aileen Lundy, Adah Smith,
Grace Fowler, Esther Smith, Beulah Sangster, Mabel Stallings,
Eliza Andrews, Norma Britton, Flossie Smith,
Bertha Stackhouse, Dorothy Slotomaker, Olive Calkins, Gladys Ritchie.

Browning

Statistical Report of the Browning Artillery, Company A, No. 1 (Apologies to Peace Movement). Headquarters—Institute of Pedagogy at San Jose. Enemy—The Glooms that live in the Blue Grottoes of the Imagination.

PRESENT OFFICERS.

Commander-in-Chief ..... A. Joy
Colonel ..... Rosa Luck
First Lieutenant ..... Ruth Bennett
Secretary of War ..... Winnifred Estabrook
Eagle Chaser ..... Maude Phillips
Sergeant (at Arms) ..... Virginia Boardman
War Correspondent ..... Lucile Dodds

List of engagements for army for year, beginning Sept. 17, 1912, ending June 27, 1913.

Sept. 27—Woman's Club
Oct. 19—Mills Home, Los Gatos
Dec. 7—Vendome
Dec. 14—Woman's Club
Jan. 28—Society Hall
Feb. 11—Bennett Home
Mar. 8—Palo Alto
May 3—Vendome

Faculty Allies.

Adj. General, Bradley of the Sq. Root Scouts; Maj. Bland of the Muse Militia; Lieut. Nicholson of Literature League; Maj. McFadden of 10th Cohort of Germs; Maj. Murchie of the Cookery Corps; Col. Rowell of the Theory Brigade.

List of soldiers about to retire from active service:

Byrona Bennett, Helen Boardman, Marguerite Bozarth, Natha Coleman, Inez Forni, Ferne King, Ruth Kinney, Mabel Lewelling, Rosa Luck, Leof Mills, Mabel Peck, Mirian Tonkin, Maude Phillips, Evelyn Sweetnam .

Infantry—Ruth Bennett, Virginia Boardman, Olive Crosby, Celia Cain, Lucile Dodds, Josephine Morse, Anita Fulton, Frances Rice, June Van Dorsten, Azenith Rutland, Winifred Estabrook, Mary Elliot, Jennie Leh, Agnes Lernhart, Bessie McCauslin.



Virginia Boardman, Ruth Kinney, Ruth Bennett, Miriam Tonkin,
Mabel Peck, Francis Rice, Marguerite Bozarth,
Evelyn Sweetnam, Inez Forni, Celia Cain, Olive Crosby,
Leaf Mills, Rosa Luck, Mary Elliot.



Natha Coleman, Mabel Lewelling, Maude Phillips, Helen Boardman,
Anita Fulton, Fern King, June Van Dorsten, Josephine Morse.

Ero Sophian

Yes, the Ero Sophians were all glad to be together again after the summer vacation, and enjoyed immensely shaking hands with all their old friends and welcoming new ones into the society. Tho "lovers of learning," as their name implies, are prone to a good time, and when any one mentions fun they are certain to be mixed up in the frolic.

The first "good time" of the new school year took the form of a delightful little dinner.

The next event was the awe-inspiring (?) initiation, which took place at the home of Miss Blanche Martin, a graduate member. The celebration was in the nature of a "College Party," which gave rise to much merriment. Dainty refreshments were served after the guests had laughed at the pranks of the new members until they were weary.

A dance at the Woman's Club was the next form of entertainment. This attractive club is just the place for an informal dance, and the girls emphasized its attractiveness by artistic decorations. Splendid music made dancing just the most fun ever.

In common with the other societies Ero Sophian dressed dolls for the little Indian children at Christmas time.

The New Year was fittingly ushered in by a pretty dance in honor of friends of the society.

A Mardi Gras ball was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Byron. These people were most hospitable in opening their home to the girls and did everything in their power to make the evening a happy one.

The climax of Ero Sophian social life was reached in its annual "formal," which was held at the Vendome May 3, 1913. Everything was just right for a good time, the floor, the music, the flowers, the programmes, and last, but not least, the eager boys and girls who were so ready to "trip the light fantastic."

Most gracious hostesses were the girls on May the sixth, when they entertained the members of the Faculty and the Stanford Band. The South Society Room was the scene of the reception, and here tempting tea tables were set. Red roses were used for decoration and the room was a veritable bower. A musical program was given during the time that refreshments were served.

Faculty.

Miss Rowell, Miss Bradley, Miss Nicholson, Miss McFadden.

Members in School.

Fanny Nesbitt, Frances Ostrom, Marion Eley, Hazel McIntosh, Jessie Graves, Hilda Anderson, Freyda Krause, Edwina Haydon, Ethyll Fletcher, Lois Tuttle, Mollie Indra, Gussie Wedehase, Wanda Cooper, Lillian Eastey, Muriel Plummer.

Graduates.

Margueritte Ritchey, Ella Willson, Ada Thornburg, Ruth Rogers, Pearl Antrim, Helen Marshman, Bessie Burkholder, Edith O'Bryan, Lylyan Chesnutt.



Wanda Cooper, Jessie Graves, Edith O'Bryan, Lois Tuttle,
Hilda Anderson, Ethyl Fletcher, Freyda Kraus,
Frances Ostrom, Fanny Nesbitt, Ella Willson, Ada Thornburg,
Ruth Rogers, Pearl Antrim, Edwina Hayden.



Lillian Eastey, Hazel McIntosh, Helen Marshman, Marguerite Ritchey,
Lylyan Chesnutt, Mollie Indra, Gussie Wedehase, Bessie Burkholder.

Sappho

Here beginneth and endeth one chronicle—at the same moment sad, awful, and amusing—containing in detailed form the account of one mad scramble for knowledge well seasoned with fun. Out of the wild flurry which prevails at Normal, the Sapphos come before you—take one last look at them for some fourteen of them will never more return,—successful at last they have escaped with their diplomas .

About the first festivity of the season was a garden party at Miss Roberta Laughlin's. Here the girls gossiped to their heart's content and exchanged newsy bits of summer "scandal." Of course there were games on the lantern-lighted lawn for those who were so disposed—and it was in this attractive place that refreshments were served.

Particularly fortunate is Sappho in having members whose homes are in San Jose and who are so hospitable to the girls. Mrs. L. B. Wilson bid the girls to her cozy bungalow one evening in late October and entertained them most royally. Every minute was planned with some sort of fun—and, to cap the climax, a tempting supper was served. The girls feel that they cannot thank Mrs. Wilson enough for the happy time she gave them.

Miss Vivian's leaving was the signal for another reception. The girls were loath to give her up, but as it was only a temporary thing, decided to do what little they could toward making her wish to come back soon. Mrs. M. C. Zumwalt was kind enough to turn over her home for this affair. Music was one of the diversions, and Miss Vivian's amusing stories made the afternoon pass all too quickly.

On the evening of April 11th the Sappho formal was given at the Hotel Vendome. Some hundred and fifty invitations were issued, and many out-of-town guests were present. The patronesses were Mrs. Rousseau, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Zumwalt, and Dr. Schallenberger.

On the afternoon of May 9th Sappho entertained the Normal at a reception given in Miss McKenzie's rooms. Red and white roses were used in decoration and everything possible was done to make the affair a jolly one. During the afternoon some five hundred people wandered in for a social chat over the tea cups.

Many other events have been enjoyed by the girls, such as the luncheon given to the faculty and many informal "hops" and candy pulls. It is with regret that the Seniors go and the only compensation is that when they return for visits the Sappho will always be glad to see them.

Honorary Members.

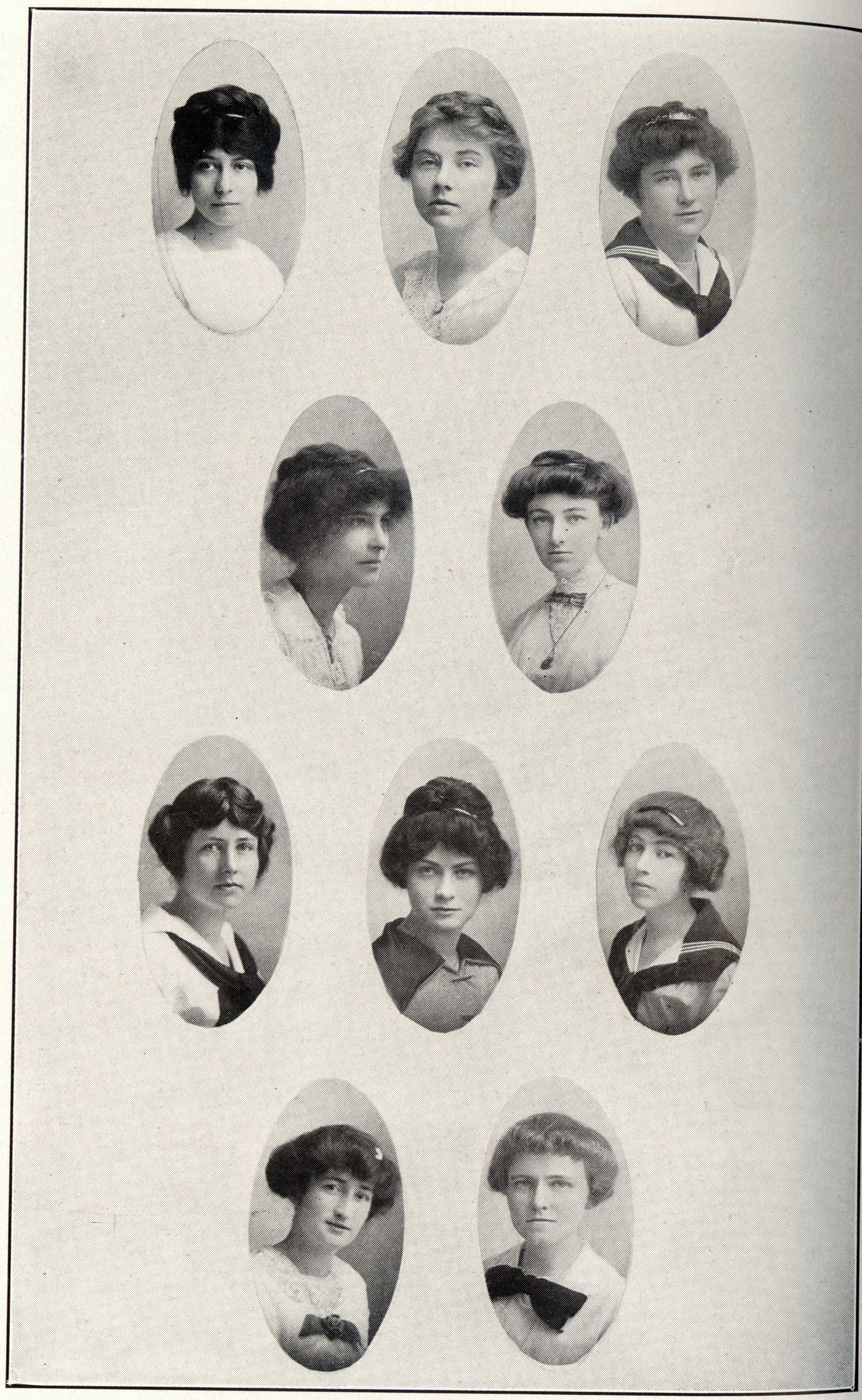
Dr. Dailey, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Schallenberger, Miss Schillingsburg, Miss McCabe, Mrs. George, Mr. Wood, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Fisher, Mr. Ingerson, and Mrs. Zumwalt.

Graduates—June, 1913.

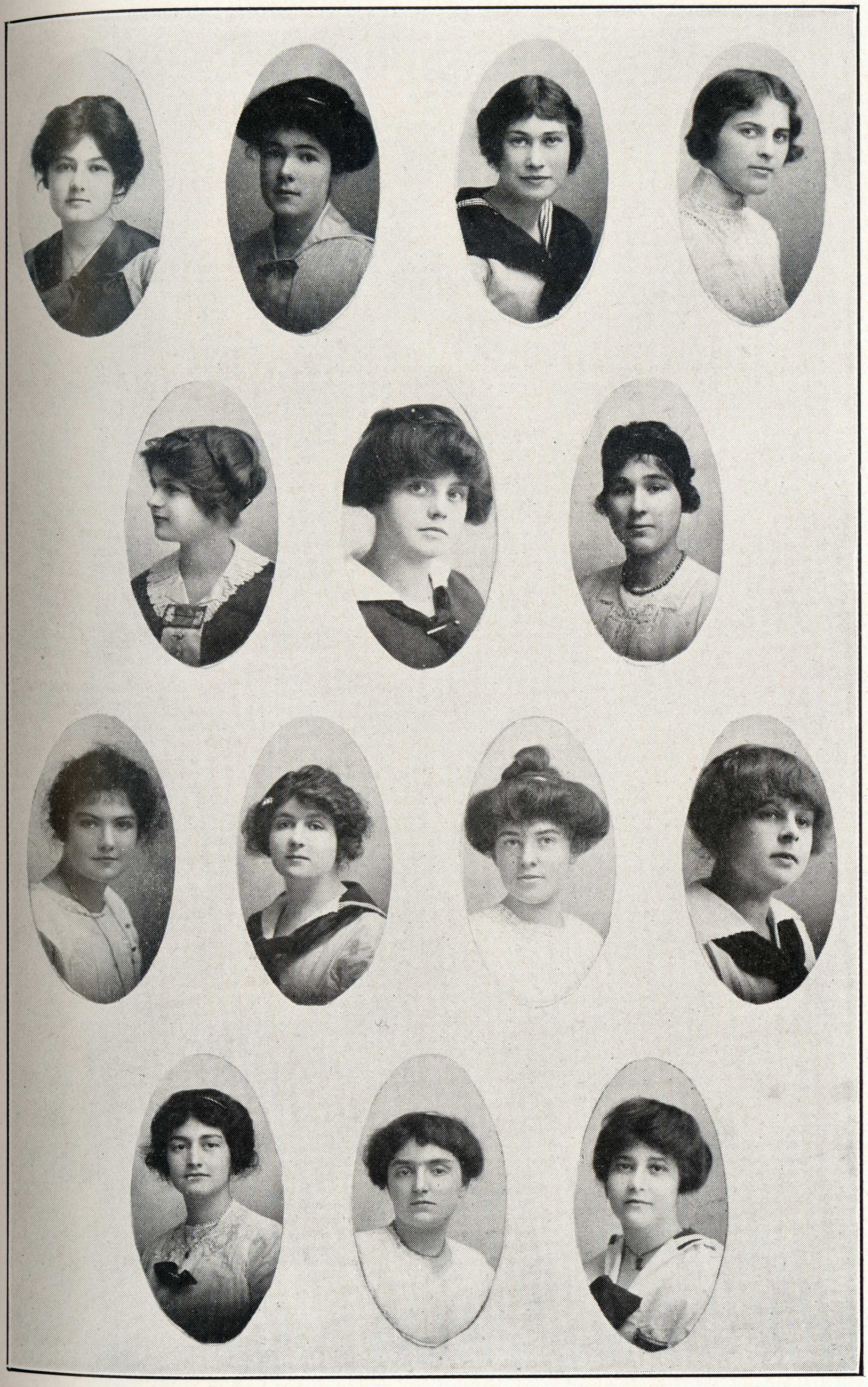
Patti Bassler, Lotta Bland, Florence Charlebois, Gertrude Cross, Anita Colombet, Bernice Corkery, Bella Mergenthaler, Vera Harford, Roberta Laughlin, Elizabeth McDermott, Irene McDermott, Helen McMillan, Nelle Quill, Ann Shannon, and Dorothy Zumwalt.

Juniors.

Ann Beckwith, Helen Burland, Ruth Everding, Miriam Featherby, Rita Gosney, Helen Jones, Margaret Mackey, Virginia McKnight, Virginia Perkins, Leona Wayte, Juanita Speckens, and Katherine Swisher.



Gertrude Cross, Ruth Everding, Nell Quill,
Bella Mergenthaler, Anita Colombet,
Lotta Bland, Virginia Perkins, Roberta Laughlin,
Katherine Swisher, Irene McDermott.



Vera Harford, Anne Shannon, Virginia McKnight, Juanita Spreckens,
Leona Wayte, Rita Gosney, Helen Jones,
Margaret Mackey, Helen McMillan, Dorothy Zumwalt, Ann Beckwith,
Helen Burland, Patti Bassler, Mirian Featherly.


JOKES
WAIS

My Life's Aim

VERILY, I say unto you, I have but one aim in life; one ambition; one great goal toward which I direct my feeble, but ever pressing-onward steps; one vast oasis in the desert which I hope some time to reach.

Yet, as the mirage of the sands with its waving palms and shining waters, retreats before the weary pilgrim, so does my aim lose itself in the distance. Some day will it realize itself? Some day?

The days are long and yet time flies. Each morning I arise with that great aim uppermost in my thoughts; each even-tide I sink to my Couch, weary, heart sick and *forlorn*. Am I any nearer my great goal? It seems, instead, as if I were only stepping backwards. Surely, some day, I shall gain my great desire.

The world laughs at me and my head is bowed. For years others have sought that for which I am seeking. They faltered by the roadside, they hesitated, overcome by the magnitude of the task which was weighting down their shoulders.

One by one, each has given up hope of ever attaining his desire, now my desire, and at last, each has pushed out of his heart the last shreds of this ambition and has gone on, pursuing the even tenor of his way, but I—? No! I shall, I will push onward! My mind shall be fixed on that one purpose; my eyes shall be awake for the seizing of that golden opportunity—and—some day, Ah, yes, some day—. I may see ———Mr. Bland without his skull cap.

* * * *

NORMAL STUDENTS, NOTICE ! !

To be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins could give you a few points.

* * * *

Bachrodt: I'm looking for a little succor.
Williams: Well, do I look like one?

* * * *

Captain: I understand this ship has several water-tight compartments."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want one of those compartments——, I don't care what it costs."



"Caroline."





Y. W.

Our Automobile Chaser



"Doc." and her boys



Miss Meal objected



Siamese Twins.

Too bad he's married



Apologies

(To, for and about the jokesmith).

"We want lots of jokes, so get busy!"
The jokesmith just chewed on his pen—
What a moment before seemed funny,
Lost all of its foolishness then.

So away went the joker to searching,
Hunting jokes whether cruel or kind;
He hunted and joked and grew weary,
But not a good joke did he find.

Away to the Training School portals,
The jokesmith then wended his way—
To see if anything crazy,
He'd happen to find there that day.

But, alas, for the poor, humble joker,
Each person too busy would be
To bother with him and his joking,—
No funny thing there could he see.

Then away to the shacks he next wandered,
To seek, but not find, the queer joke—
The sewers just hummed when he entered,
And made not a move when he spoke.

So around to the cook-room went he,
More anxious than ever before,
The class was cooking some dainties
To be served at a luncheon next door.

Near and among them he wandered,
Tense nerves seemed to hear every word;—
But at work they were busy as ever,
And not a strange thing could be heard.

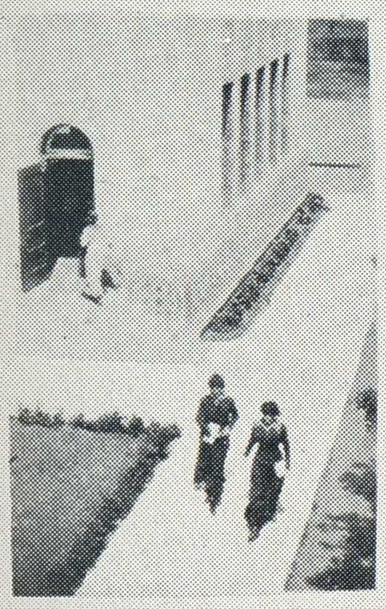
Then away to the machine shop yonder,
(He thought sure something would drop)
But never a word could he grasp there,
For the planer seemed never to stop.

In despair the tired joker returned then,
Back to the old Normal Quad—
To see if some strange recitation
Could reach him as he there now trod.





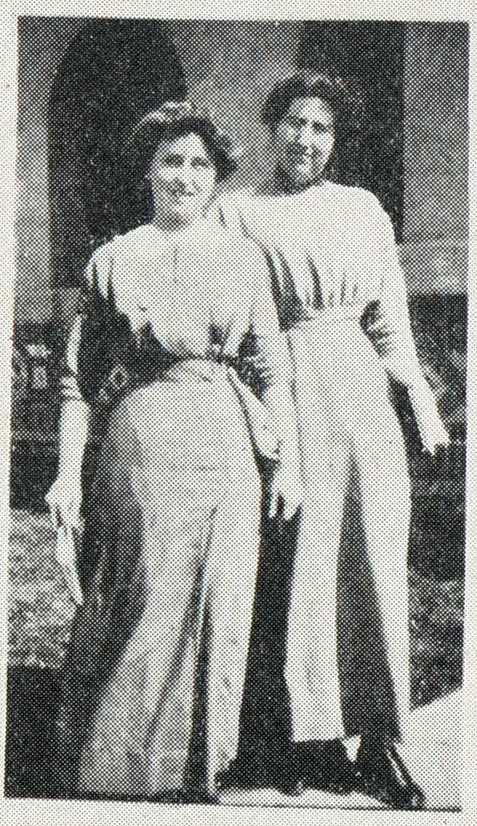








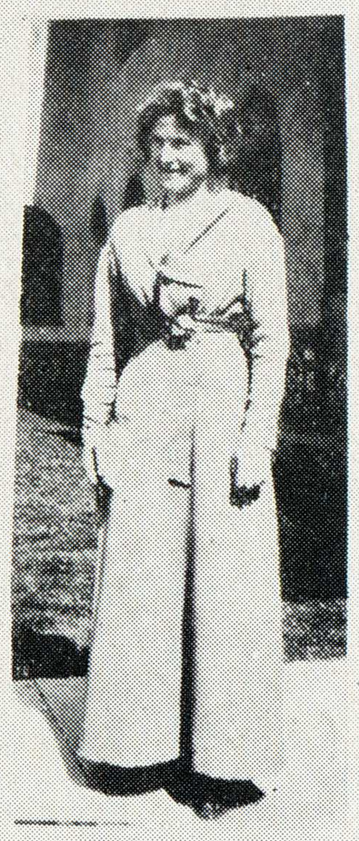












He happened to room thirty-seven,
"Ah, here will be jokes," now quoth he—
And hardly there had he been seated,
When out sprang a joke he could see.

And so, if you see in these columns,
Many joshes from that comfortable room,
Just remember the jokesmith has hunted—
All but swept up the jokes with a broom!

* * * *

Mr. Wilson: Open your mouth wide and blow on your hand. The breath is hot.

Clayton: Haw! haw! That's where you get the hot air.

* * * *

Miss McCabe (telling of her first experience as a teacher): There was a big boy in my school like Mr. Bachrodt, a great, big overgrown thing (? ?)

* * * *

One would know Mr. Ingerson's profession from the way he "drew" the audience in the Faculty stunt.

* * * *

The latest in biology is crossing the bee with the glow worm so that the bee can work at night.

* * * *

The Seniors advise the Juniors to have their photographs printed on buttons and present them to Miss Smith so that she may have an opportunity to become acquainted before the term is over.

* * * *

The Seniors will miss Mr. Bland with his "taking" ways.

* * * *

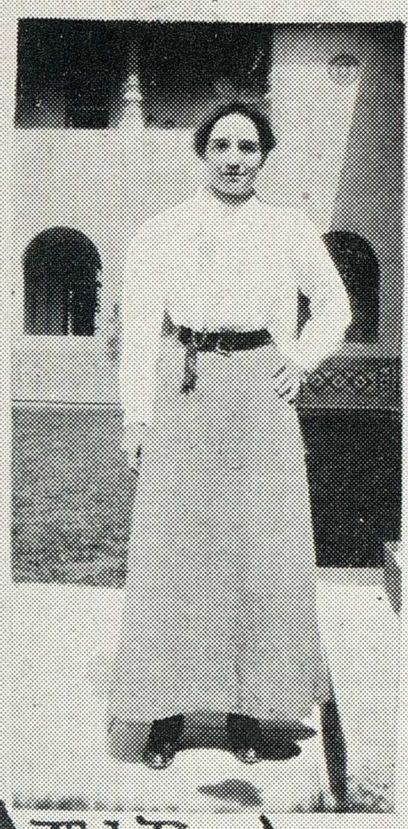
Burbank has produced a bee without a sting. Miss Kinney is working on a "butcher" without a "bill."



Sappho



Evodophian



Athletic Association

Presidents.



Allenian



Browning



June Class

Yes, sir; there's many a hitch in the teamster's business.

* * * *

Mr. Wilson (in physics): Take, for instance, demijohn—(class looks blank)——. Well, then, take something more familiar.

* * * *

A FROST.

"What caused that coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged."

"His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note calling for 10,000 kisses."

"Well, what then?"

"I thought it was a prescription and took it to a druggist to be filled."

* * * *

Miss Fisher, making an announcement in Assembly: I want every member of the choral to meet me in this room tonight at one o'clock—I wonder if Miss Fisher has read the following: "List of Regulations for Normalites?"

* * * *

PROVERB!

To those who talk and talk,
This proverb should appeal;
The steam that blows the whistle
Will never turn the wheel.

* * * *

Customer: Will you send that rug on approval?

Salesman: Surely.

Customer's Friend: Hadn't you better tell him to send it on time? You know the party is to-morrow night.

* * * *

Lola Scanlan in thoughtful attitude: Leave me alone, I'm thinking of a joke.

Lorene Siesenop: Well, that's not hard! Just think of yourself.



Baseball



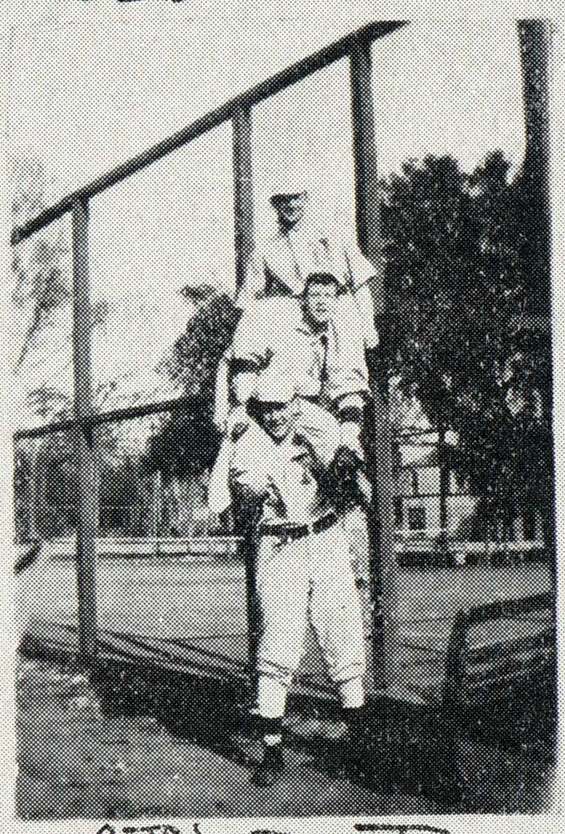
"Bud"



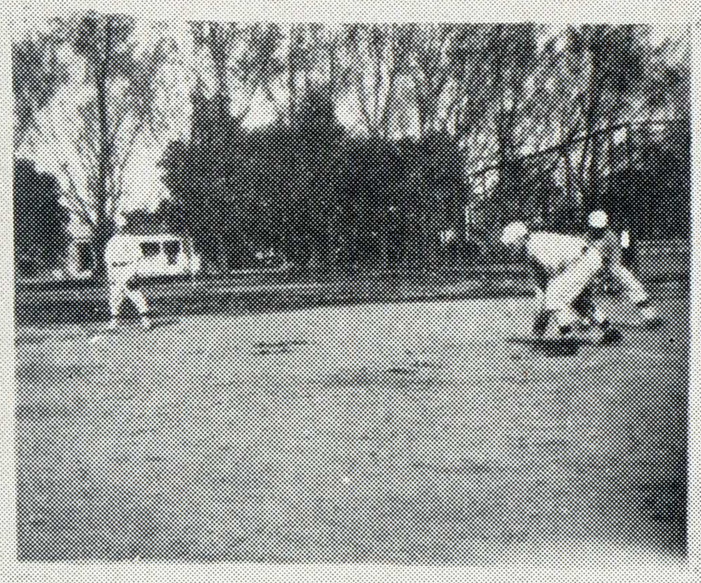
At Bat

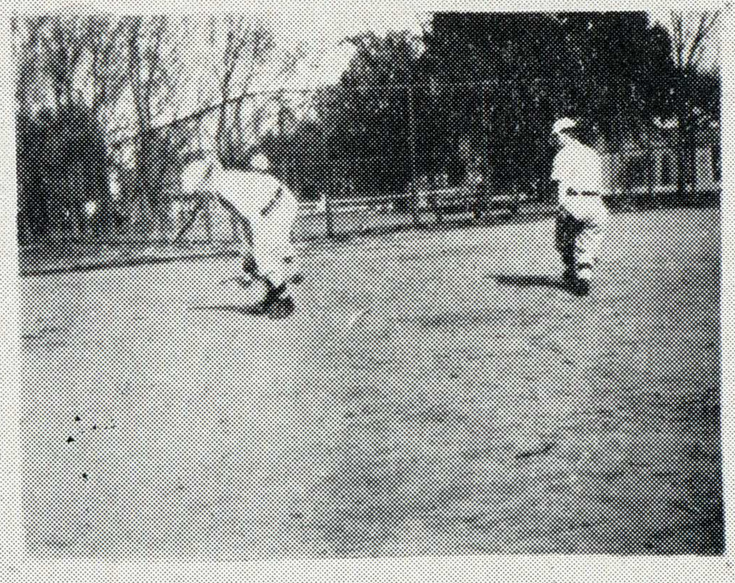


Hit



Athletic Trio





Practice-Day.

Photographer: I advise you, Miss, not to have one of those pictures in the "Year Book," which were taken last year, as the dress will look old-fashioned.

Girl: Thank you, sir, for your consideration, but I am still wearing that dress.

* * * *

R. Rogers—Do you know how to make ice water without ice?
R. Kinney: No, how do you do it?
R. R.: Well, just skin an onion, which makes the eyes water.

* * * *

Flowers: She gave us a lot of balanced sentences to pick out. I can't pick them out because I'm not well balanced. (Sorry to hear you confess it, Charley, old boy!)

* * * *

Junior: Could you suggest some suitable badge for our "Don't Worry Club?"

Senior: How would a "pine knot" do?

* * * *

"WORRIES."

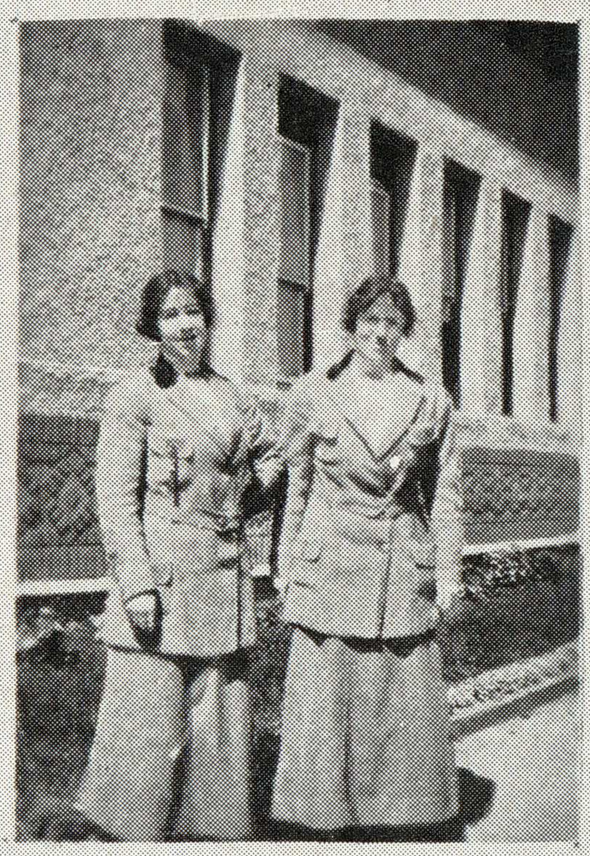
I should worry like a pin cushion and be stuck up.
I should worry like a pool table and get balled up.
I should worry like a comb and lose my teeth.
I should worry like a hammer and knock.
I should worry like a chair and get sat on.
I should worry like a table and have a wooden leg.
I should worry like a stove and get hot.
I should worry like a tree and leave.
I should worry like an oyster and be canned.
I should worry like a window and have a pain.
I should worry like a corn patch and get husky.
I should worry like a bakery and be a crummey.
I should worry like an artist and draw a check.
I should worry like a tap and get unstrung.
I should worry like a watch and run down.
I should worry like a knife and be sharp.
I should worry like a church and be the bell.
I should worry like a pair of scissors and cut up.
I should worry like a doctor and lost my patients (patience).
I should worry a lot and build a house.





Our Twins





My First Day at Normal

"Paul Corbell"

The sun had reached the point which told the hour was 9 A. M. With fear and trembling, I entered the portals of the San Jose Normal and was immediately relieved of $2.50 for registration and Student Body dues.

Before proceeding farther with this narrative, I wish to remind you of my attractions. As you all know, my beautiful blonde hair, combed pompadour, offset by two wonderful dimples set on cheeks of a blushing crimson hue, plus my noble physique, makes me an object fit for worship anywhere. However, I was not prepared for the reception I received here. A committee of beautiful girls called on me and extended to me the liberty of the school. Another committee presented me with a list of rules for the guidance of boys in the Normal. Here they are: It is understood that a boy coming here is slightly demented, but nevertheless, try to follow these instructions:

Act as if you are partly human.

Do not think all the girls are stuck on you.

Smoke, for it reminds us of father.

Do not work; for boys are favored creatures.

Copy Mr. Dill for manners and actions.

After perusing these rules, I soon made the girls forget I was a Normal boy, and then and since then, I have kept this up ,and now I am beloved by all.

* * * *

Mother: Charles, were you out after ten last night?
Chas. F.: No, mother, I was only after one.
Which one, Charlie?

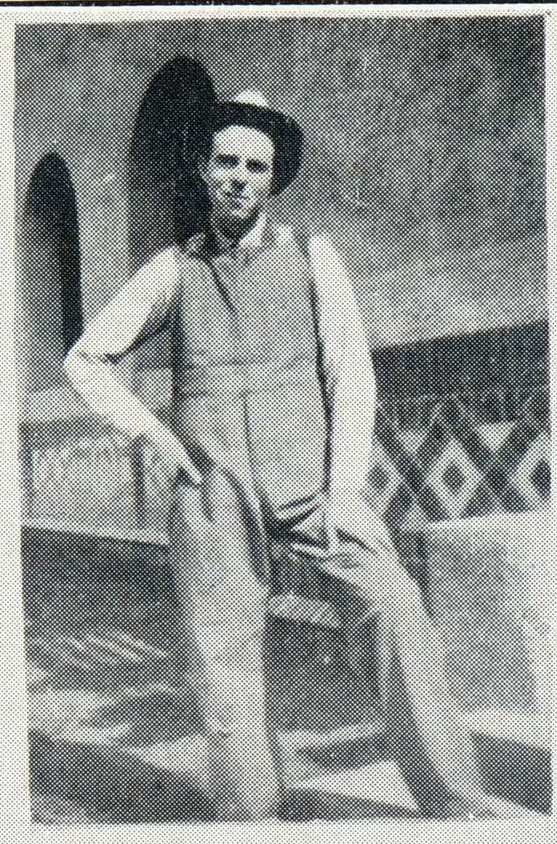
* * * *

Found: The Missing Link!
The proof of the Darwinian Theory!
Who?
Williams, the tree climber!

* * * *

Normal Girl: Where is George St.?
Mosher: George St?—Oh, you must mean Tom Street!



















Jinglets of a Country Pedagogue

By Deacon Eberhart

When you leave the dear old Normal with an exercise quite formal and
an intellect abnormal, and start home for Siskiyou,
When you've left the Normal Training, where a great "rep." you've been
gaining, and a mighty name attaining,—and have learned a thing
or two,
You will have misapprehension, and some extra tight nerve tension ev'ry
time one dares to mention teaching in a backwoods place,
But don't let that ever frighten—I will give advice to lighten, and your
future prospects brighten, 'bout the things you're apt to face.

These are the kinds of kids you'll find,
As ev'ry day "you" face the grind:

Kids who mind and kids who won't,
Kids who cram and kids who don't,
Kids who'll keep you on the hump,
Kids who'll make you "run and jump."
Kids who keep you on the run,
Kids who can't learn one plus one.
Kids of ev'ry clan and creed,
Kids who can't sing, write or read.
Kids who like geography,
Kids who hate their history.
Kids who never have sat still,
Kids who can but never will.
Kids who fill you full of cheer,
Kids who make you feel quite drear.
Kids who are quite goody good,
Kids whose heads are made of wood.
Kids who'd like to run the school,
Kids who keep most ev'ry rule.
Kids you think will be quite great,
Kids who seem "left out" by Fate.
Kids as good as any gold,
Kids who make you cross and old.

Kids big, kids small, kids short, kids tall,
Kids mean and cross and sweet,—
But space forbids to tell of all
The different kids you'll meet.

* * * *

Miss Fisher: If you don't know the words, sing la .



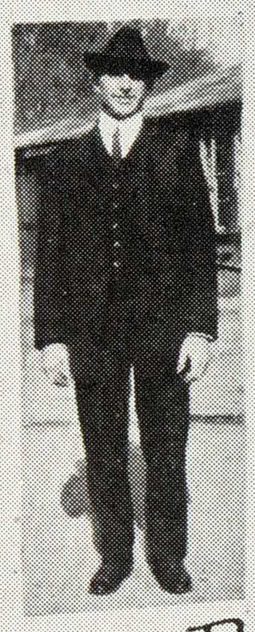
50-yard dash



No. 13.



"Good-morning"



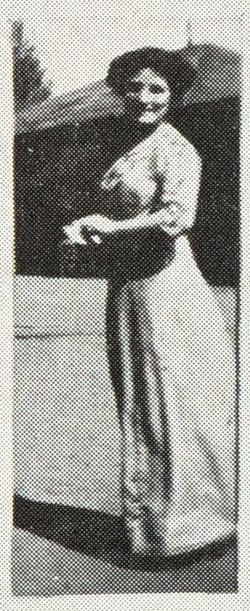
Mama's Boy



Gold-Dust Twins.



"Stop!"



O you grin



Lou-
Weather-prophet

A True Story

There was a young lady named Bean,
Who came here exceedingly green,
  The first day she trod
  The rough Normal sod,
By her, these crude things were seen:—

Surrounding the buildings so fair ,
Lay several acres most bare,
  Except for some trees,
  And some walks beneath these,
And trash scattered here and there.

And up to this maiden forlorn
Walked another Junior that morn.
  Said he, "Stay close by—
  And to assembly we'll hie,"
And now with the crowd they were borne.

Then out through the back door they went,
For a barny, big structure bent,
  The girls in dismay
  Said: "This isn't the way—
This ne'er for a hall was meant."

And up spake the maiden named Bean,
"Why in all of the schools *I've* seen,
  The big assembly hall
  Is the pride of them all,
But this one's a big pipe dream."

Now 'tis the sweet month of June,
And homeward they'll go pretty soon.
  'Tis nine months since they started,
  So nigh broken-hearted,
But they'll leave to a different tune.

In assembly arises the chief,
On his face is a look of relief.
  "Let me say this to all,
  You'll next year have a hall,
From legislature is wired us in brief."



Inspiratign



Em. and her organ



"Now girls"



Let us have peace



Consultation





The actor-artist



"Nice old ragged man"



Same Troupe



Take warning—Beware!

Before scarce a second's brief pause
There arises a mighty applause!
  After long years of waiting
  For statemen's debating,
We have won us a worthy cause.

So in future years there'll be seen
Many more maidens like Bean,
  But they'll sit in a hall,
  A barn? Not at all!
Stroll on grass, not on hillocks, to queen.

* * * *

Lives of Editors remind us
  We can make our lives a crime,
Just by printing jokes and stories
  Covered by the moss of time!—Ex.

* * * *

DREADFUL ACCIDENT ! ! ? ?

Mr. Wood, while out picking flowers for a class in nature study was bitten by a wild pansy.

* * * *

From the Domestic Science room:

Mary baked an angel cake
For her darling Johnny's sake;
Johnny ate it, every crumb—
Then he heard the angel's drum
Calling softly,—"Johnny—come."

* * * *

Student: I don't see why we do these problems the same as others.

Miss Bradley: You have to handle problems with men in this same way. Men are different from everything else.

* * * *

"I believe I'll give that stray cat a piece of meat."

"What, and pauperize the cat? Always help a mendicant to help himself. Scatter some crumbs on the sidewalk. They may attract a bird for the cat to grab."—Ex.



Ben Greet

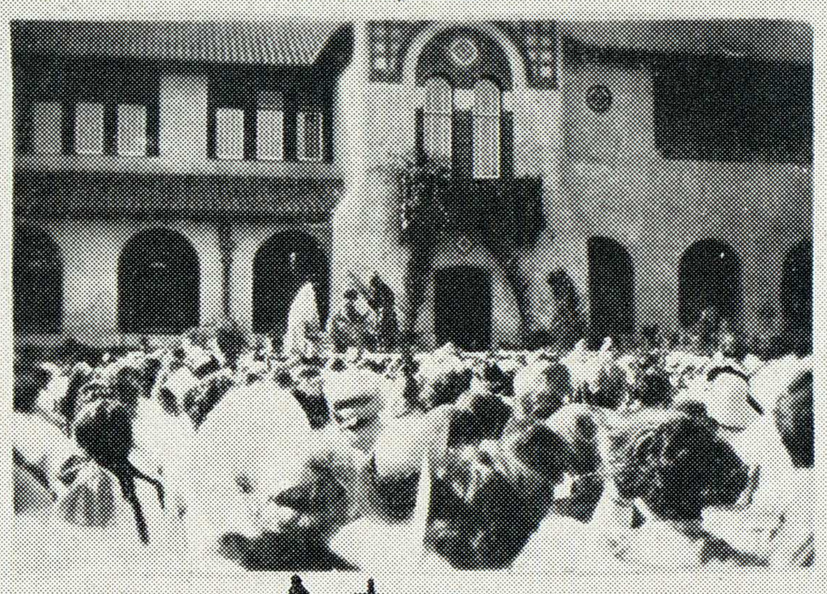
Waiting



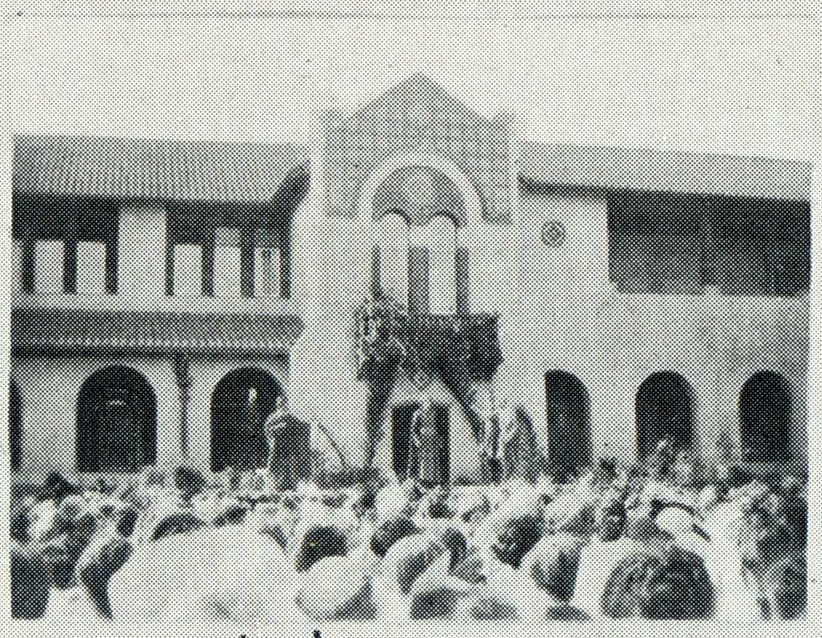
The Performance
Act I



Talking it over



Act II



Act III

FAVORITE SONGS.

Ethel F.: "Billie, Billie, Bounce Your Baby Doll."
R. Dill: "I've Got a Ragtime Bee in My Bonnet."
Corbell: "Big Blond Baby."
Mr. English: "Oh, You Mama's Boy."
Miss O'B.: "A Little Bit of Irish."
Seniors: "Somehow, I Can't Forget You."
Training School: "In the Days of Boys and Girls."
Those Who Board: "My Landlady."
Mrs. Rousseau: "I'll Keep My Eye On You."
L. Hoadley: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll."
Street: "I Want to Be a Janitor's Child."
Buddie: "My Hero."
Bogalsky: "Love me and the World Is Mine."
Crook: "I Love Thee and the World Is Thine."
Carmichael: "Lonesome."

* * * *

TAKE NOTICE, NORMAL GIRLS!

Daughter: A certain young man sent me these flowers this morning.

Father: Don't say "a certain young man, my dear. There are none of them *certain* till you've got 'em."

* * * *

Bob W. (teaching 3b arithmetic): What is two times five?
Pupil: Eighteen.
Bob: Aw, what are yuh givin' us?

* * * *

Various teachers (in assembly): I'd like to see my class at recess.
Mr. Wilson: I'd like to see my class take a walk at recess.

* * * *

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this joke before—
But have you heard she passed her plate—
And had a little more?

* * * *

"In School Law): "What is the Board of Education?"
"Sometimes it is a pine shingle."



At the bat.



Critical moment.



Baseball star.



The Team



Some player



Let hey come



Play ball!

Teacher: Freddie, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?

Freddie: Yes, sir.

Teacher: Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point.

Fred: I heard my father say the other day that they smelt it.

* * * *

Miss Bland: There is such a thing as being too considerate and tender-hearted.

What's the trouble now?

Miss B.: My friend refuses to boil the drinking water for fear of hurting the germs.

* * * *

IN OUR NORMAL.

(Adopted from "In My Harem.")

In our Normal, our Normal,
There's Buddie, Billie, Thaddie,
And there never was a minute
That those guys were not in it;
Boys for recess, boys for noontime,
Boys for after school,
Lots of fancy queening,
Which is quite against the rule.
In our Normal, our Normal,
There's Earle and Bob and Cupid,
And they queen, they do.
'Twould make you wish
That you were in the Normal
At San Jose.

* * * *

Heard in Year Book Office—Industrious One (posting pictures): "What is this girl's name?"

B. Roberts: "Look on her back."

* * * *

Miss Smith (in history): Mr. Dill, what can you tell us of yesterday's lesson?

Dill: I haven't got that far yet.



Awaiting at The door



The Comic Supplement

Yes we have some boys!



The Sweetest ever



Child Wonder



Refined Vaudeville



Heavenly Twins

A PROPER FRACTION.

A fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on the shoulder. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

* * * *

The little boy was saying his prayers very softly.
"I can't hear you, dear," said his mother.
"I wasn't talking to you," he replied firmly.

* * * *

She stopped me. "I'm sorry," she murmured, discreetly,
"But you see, I'm engaged," and pretended to sigh;
While a swift recollection upset me completely—
"Ye Gods!" I gasped, "I forgot! So am I."—Ex.

* * * *

After school in drawing room, Wilda B.: Get away—you make me fussed.

Normal Boy: Does it fuss you to have a fellow look at you while you work?

Wilda: Well, it depends upon who it is.

* * * *

"I presume you want a carriage with rubber tires?"

"No, sir! We ain't that kind. When we're driving, we want to know it."

* * * *

Wilcox: I'm a great speller; you can't find a word that I can't spell.
Hale: Spell pin; that ought to stick you.

* * * *

Found: On Miss Kinney's desk, a deceased bird, with the following lines appended:

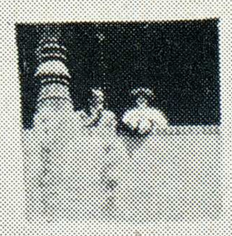
"Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep.
Put tombstones at my head and feet—
And on my breast carve a turtle-dove—
To signify I died of *love*."



Woof!



Smiles



Seen from the quad.



Marj!!



Strictly accidental.



Chums.



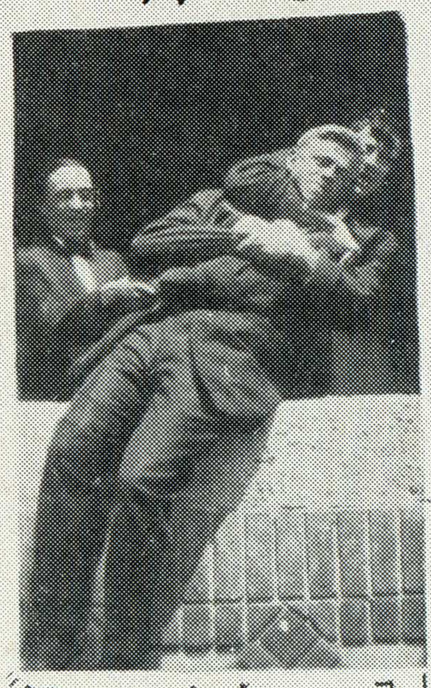
Suffragette



Cutters!!!



?



Darwin and his keeper.



"Isn't this provoking!"

Eberhardt (teaching penmanship): "Now, every one make n's."
Class obeyed.
Eberhart: "*Now,* everyone watch me and make 'i's'." (? ? ?)

* * * *

Mr. Wilson: By the way, what is the mode of travel?
H. Clayton: Camels.
Mr. W.: No! No! Sand dunes seldom travel that way.

* * * *

Oh! Mace ! ! ? Oh! Bourne ! ? !

"All history repeats itself
A proverb says, we've heard,
But when in class, I'm called upon
It never says a word.

* * * *

Mr. Wilson: Miss Eckstrand—(silence, then snickering)—Oh, it's *Mr.* Eckstrand, isn't it?

* * * *

Mr. Wilson: Notice the difference between the two and see their similarity.

* * * *

Agnes: I told Charlie I didn't want to see him any more.
Chrys: What did he do?
Agnes: He turned out the light.

* * * *

H. Clayton (in physical geography): Is it true that the moon makes some people crazy?

Mr. Wilson: Well, no. I'll read you an article——.

E. Hale: It might not make them crazy, but it makes some people act mighty silly.

H. C.: How does Miss Hale know?

Mr. W.: We wouldn't question Miss Hale as an authority on the matter.

Chrys: He must have a soft spot in his heart for me.
Clayton: Why so?
Chrys: He says he's always thinking of me.
Clayton: But you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head.

* * * *

Miss Murchie: Where were the first doughnuts made?
Ada (blushing): In grease."

* * * *

Teacher: What are the children of the Czar called?
Pupil: Czardines.

* * * *

Student Teacher: "Robert, when you tell lies it makes me so ashamed of you."
First Grader: "Well, you know, you must remember that you probably couldn't lie any better than I do when you were as old as I."

* * * *

M. Rowe: I do hope the new student will be an interesting character. These other boys are so commonplace I'm tired of looking at them.

* * * *

Mrs. George: Our weather man has promised us good weather —.
Dr. Dailey (aside to Mr. Wilson): Bow, man, bow!

* * * *

TAKE NOTICE ! ! ? ? !

It is now the custom for *great* men to wear sideburns.
Have you seen Mr. Eberhardt?

"'Tis Tragedy" (?) ! ! !

(In One Act).

Presented for the benefit of future "cutters".

Scene I.

Time—During last chorus practice.
Place—Normal tennis court.
Enter five fugitives, with racquets and balls.
(Hist! S-ssh! Elsie crosses the ice! The blood-hounds follow!)
Chorus of five:—

"To choral we will not go!
It always has bored us so!
Toss the ball high above—
Make it forty to love—
'Tis far better than singing to "do."

(Sudden silence! Dark clouds! Cold shivers!)
Enter the villain, D. Wood!

"Fee, fie, fo, fum—
To choral I say you must come!
For you surely do know
I'll call Mrs. Rousseau!
So throw down those racquets and run!"

Fugitive five in anger:—

"It certainly is not fair—
That Daddy Wood should dare
To threaten us so!
And put us in woe!
These balls we will give him—so there!

(Shower of balls)
Hat in dust! Skating rink now in open air and sunlight.)
Exit villain!
"Triumphal March"! On with the dance!

Scene II.

Time—Five minutes later.
Place—Assembly Hall.
Miss Fisher leading little lambs.
(Seek shelter! The tempest is on!)
Assembly, in chorus, time and tune (?)
"La, la—la, la, la-a-a-a!"
Back Door—"Squeak!"
(Attention! All eyes to the back!)
Chopin—"Funeral March."
Enter—

"One, two, three ,four,
How I wish there were more."
Ah, here is a fifth—
And it's surely no myth—
There's another behind that door!

Enter Mrs. Rousseau ?! ? ! ? ! ? !
Curtain!
"Home, Sweet Home" on the organ.
Mike, throw on the low lights!

Senior Ode

Oh, Seniors! when the curtain falls
And you're shut out from light,
May you think of those inspiring halls
Which once were your delight.

And don't forget, when in your mind
You pass one hundred ten,
The many flourishes you made
With brush and ink and pen.

The next in line, I know will shine
In minds both great and small,
For "Bourne" and "Mace" we'll ever trace
To the room way down the hall.

Now for a journey, so to speak,
To number one nineteen (119)
My pen it falters, fails to write,
Why! Grammar's now a dream.

The next in mind is number seven,
The room that was loved by all;
In rainy, or cloudy or shiny weather
It didn't matter at all.

The other rooms will be recalled
By the ones who come and go,
And in the coming years they'll say,
They all were a joy to know.

Mr. Wilson (showing pictures): Here we have some basalt columns.
Billy (waking): What kind of salt is it?

* * * *

Miss Sprague (in faculty meeting): Two of our members made a bet, letting me hold the stakes. What shall I do with it?

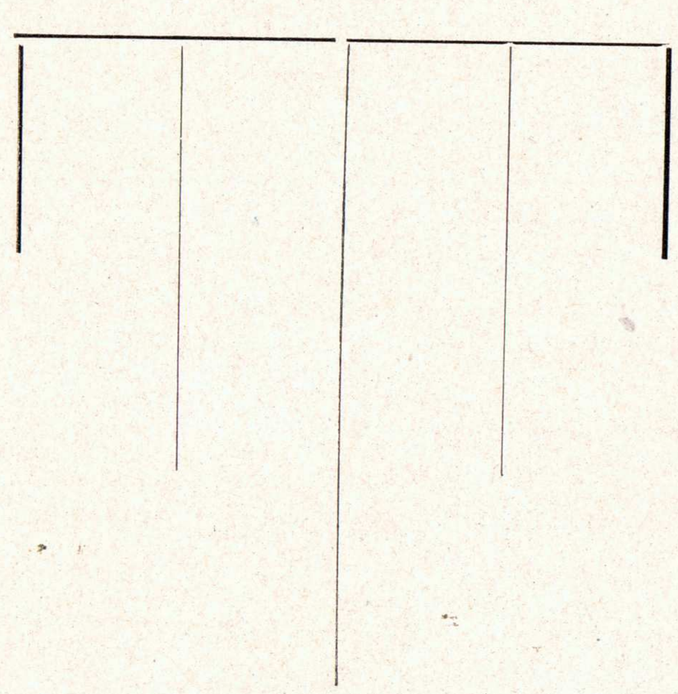
It later leaked out that Miss Davis had bet Mr. Wilson that he wouldn't say "Dr. Schiveigenhaugenblumenheimer, Ph. D., LL. D., Ass. P. D. Q." in the play. He won, but never called for the stakes.

* * * *

Dr. Schallenberger: May I make another announcement?

* * * *

Miss O'Brien: Nothing is so full but it can be a little fuller (! ?)



Directory

Ackley, Vera J. . . . . 481 University Ave., Palo Alto
Ahl, Ruby A. . . . . 654 King St., Santa Rosa
Alexander, Margaret A. . . . . San Ardo, Monterey Co.
Allington, Velma R. . . . . 429 W. Willow St., Stockton
Ammer, Clara M. . . . . Ferndale, Humboldt Co.
Anderson, Ethel I. . . . . 24 E. Jefferson St., Stockton
Anderson, Ruby E. . . . . 70 Alum Rock Ave., San Jose
Antrim, Pearl M. . . . . 413 S. 8th St., San Jose
Austin, Florence L. . . . . 66 33rd St., San Jose
Bachrodt, Walter L. . . . . 956 S. 6th St., San Jose
Baker, William E. . . . . 371 S. 13th St., San Jose
Ball, Lillian E. . . . . 641 N. San Pedro St., San Jose
Basler, Patti . . . . . Sacramento
Beacock, J. Carl . . . . . Campbell
Bennett, Byrona E. . . . . 770 S .10th St., San Jose
Bernard, Ethel S. . . . . Los Gatos
Bersinger, Cyntha G. . . . . Campbell
Bevier, Bertha G. . . . . 789 S. 10th St., San Jose
Bland, Lotta L. . . . . 125 S. 14th St., San Jose
Blois, Camelia V. . . . . 13th and Charles Sts., San Jose
Blomdahl, Meta M. . . . . 229 N. 9th St., San Jose
Blosser, Hazel M. . . . . 31 Coast St., Willetts
Blum, Marguerite L. . . . . 708 Cleveland St., Woodland
Boardman, Helen H. . . . . 251 Embarcadero Road, Palo Alto
Boettler, Amy B. . . . . R. F. D. No. 2, Bakersfield
Bogalsky, Dolores . . . . . 1055 Bird Ave., San Jose
Borges, Mae G. . . . . Niles
Boyd, Ethel E. M. . . . . 100 N. 18th St., San Jose
Boyd, Ruth E. . . . . 1133 Monterey St., Hollister
Bozarth, Marguerite J. . . . . Ceres, Stanislaus Co.
Briggs, Elsie E. . . . . Antioch
Britton, Norma L. . . . . Santa Rosa
Buchanan, Lilias S. . . . . 526 S. 5th St., San Jose
Buck, Anna O. . . . . Ripon, San Joaquin Co.
Buck, Lilias M. . . . . Ripon, San Joaquin Co.
Buckley, Elizabeth . . . . . San Leandro
Budde, Clara E. . . . . Cor. Morse and Moore Sts., San Jose
Bunch, Stella O. . . . . Paso Robles
Bundy, Florence S. . . . . Redwood City
Burk, Clara M. . . . . R. F. D. No. 21, Box 31, San Jose
Burkholder, Bessie L. . . . . 306 S. 9th St., San Jose
Burgum, Willie A. . . . . New Pine Creek, Oregon
Cahill, Alice M. . . . . .
Calkins, Olive A. . . . . 2306 L St., Sacramento

Campbell, Mary C.....Santa Ynez, Santa Barbara Co.
Canelo, Carolina C.....272 E. St. John St., San Jose
Carmichael, Eugene F.....Livingston
Carr, Jane.....Pleasanton
Case, Ethel J.....Los Gatos
Catt, Leila M.....
Chargin, Frances D.....167 Vine St., San Jose
Chesnutt, Lylyan K.....468 N. 3rd St., San Jose
Chrysostomo, Helen L.....San Leandro
Clark, Mary E.....106 N. 5th St., San Jose
Clayton, V. Hazel.....199 E. 22nd St., San Jose
Clemo, S. Laura.....Nevada City
Clover Edna E.....Woodland
Coffey, Madeline.....742 Orchard St., Santa Rosa
Coleman, Natha C.....Colusa, Colusa Co.
Collins, Ada B.....Hamilton Ave., Campbell
Colombet, Anita B.....45 N. 8th St., San Jose
Colt, Hazel M.....1223 S. San Joaquin St., Stockton
Creffield ,Mabel.....Los Gatos
Crook, Ernest E.....511 E. St. John St., San Jose
Cross, Gertrude .....
Cross, Grace.....1752 Vine St., Berkeley
Cooper, Laura B.....928 4th St., Eureka
Cummin, Vida B.....156 N. 18th St., San Jose
Cureton, Marguerite M.....San Jose
Curry, Olva C.....Campbell
Cushing, Jennie.....Sunnyvale
Dabadie, Anita R.....Angels Camp, Calaveras Co.
Daly, Louise G.....
Davenport, R. Ernest.....835 S. 9th St., San Jose
Day, Laura E.....Healdsburg
De Carli, Edith E.....788 Delmas Ave., San Jose
De Forest, Margaret L.....Susanville, Lassen Co.
De Rose, Della .....Gilroy
Dexter, Carrie B.....R. F. D. Gilroy
Dieterle, Josephene .....102 S. 14th St., San Jose
Dietz, Martha .....227½ D St., Marysville
Dill, Russell E. .....419 S. 3rd St San Jose
Dodge, Helen W. .....Lockwood
Dolan, Margaret E. .....360 N. 19th St., San Jose
Douglas, Ruth L. .....413 S. 10th. St., San Jose
Druge, Eva L. .....3725 Magnolia Ave. Sacramento
Dudley, Reene M. .....Castroville, Monterey Co.
Easton, Charlotte I. .....R. F. D. No. 28, Gilroy
Ekstrand, Fred W. .....Cor. Bird and Coe Sts., San Jose
Elliott, Mattie B. .....
Exton, Bessie .....Fortuna, Humboldt Co.
Fairchilds, Lula M.....R. F. D. No. 3 Box 18, Lodi
Falk, Cleola L.....64 S. 10th St., San Jose
Fammatre, Albertine .....124 N. 24th St., San Jose
Fishback, Eunice .....Woodland

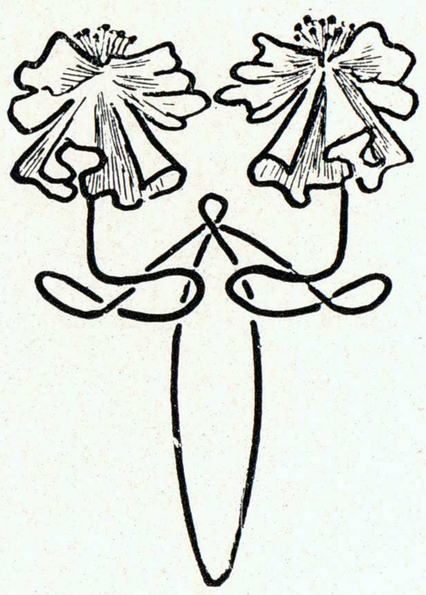
Fishback, Gladys ..... Woodland
Flagg, L. Enid ..... 1310 The Alameda, San Jose
Forni, Inez ..... St. Helena Napa Co.
Frederick, Pearl E. ..... Gilroy
Frymire, Katherine H. ..... 266 10th St. Richmond
Gallaway, Elizabeth M. ..... Healdsburg
Gardner, Josephine L. ..... R. R. No. 2 Box 30 Fresno
Garwood, Alda A. ..... Mayfield
Gil, Susie ..... Hot Springs, Tulare Co.
Gittings, Eleanor H. ..... 419 N. C St., San Mateo
Gladden, Genevieve ..... Healdsburg
Glass, Hazel L. ..... 401 Flint St., Reno, Nevada
Goldberg, Jessie M. ..... 200 Bush St., Hanford
Gordon, Stella L. ..... Irvington
Gosling, Mazie E. ..... Napa
Graham, Zella E. ..... Humboldt Co.
Grove, Evelyn L. ..... Lawrence
Grover, Gladys E. ..... Mt. Hermon, Santa Cruz Co.
Guichard, M. Mai ..... P. O. Box 24, Ben Lomond
Gwartney, Bessie L. ..... Hopland, Mendocino Co.
Hagerman, Minta M. ..... San Luis Obispo
Hale, Edith D. ..... 21 Jerome St., San Jose
Hansen, Rose A. ..... Auburn
Hansell, Vesta E. ..... Fortuna, Humboldt Co.
Harcourt, M. Elizabeth ..... Mountain View
Hardy, A. Lucille ..... 399 N. 16th St., San Jose
Harney, Mary C. ..... Gonzales
Harford, Vera ..... 701 6th St., Hoquiam, Wash.
Heiskell, Elizabeth M. ..... Tulare
Heptner, Mary A. ..... Visalia
Hill, Nova I. ..... Alton, Humboldt Co.
Hinze, Clara ..... Los Gatos
Hoadley, La Vergne G. ..... 204 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose
Holsten, Catherine M. ..... 627 York St., Vallejo
Honeycutt, Ona M. ..... Madera
Horting, Maude E. ..... Corning
Horton, Ada C. ..... Watsonville
Hunn, Florence I. ..... 399 Hobson St., San Jose
Hutton, S. Willow ..... Dixon
Ish, M. Margaret ..... Winters
Javete, Irene M. ..... 227 N. Sierra Nevada St., Stockton
Jensen, Anna M. ..... No. 465 Los Banos
Johansen, R. Betty ..... Arroyo Grande
Johnson, Cora A. ..... Box 86, Cupertino
Johnson. Kittie M. ..... 70 E. San Carlos St., San Jose
Jones, Clara A. ..... 876 S. 9th St., San Jose
Jones, Esther B. ..... 333 N. 21st St., San Jose
Jones, Mildred E. ..... 333 N. 21st St., San Jose
Jordan, Anna ..... Castroville
Kaiser, Lillian ..... 172 Alida St., Ashland, Oregon
Karev, Emma M. .....

Kansen, Verna C.....Ferndale, Humboldt Co.
Keller, Mary E.....Niles
Kelly, Alta M.....La Gloria, Gonzales
Kenny, Lorretto S.....Grass Valley
Kerr, Luvenia.....Dixon, Solano Co.
Kersell, Ida E.....858 Madison St., Santa Clara
King, Ferne V.....Colusa, Colusa Co.
Kinney, Ruth M.....763 S. 2nd St., San Jose
Kirby, Gladys C.....Oakley, Contra Costa Co.
Kohner, Rose.....790 Madison St., Santa Clara
Kwetz, Mary M.....Woodbridge
Laughlin, Roberta E.....335 E. San Antonio St., San Jose
Lewis, E. Alice.....Lompoc
Lewelling, Mabel D.....St. Helena, Napa Co.
Loeber, Oleta R.....733 Foam St., Monterey
Loupe, Ada A.....Gilroy
Lindbloom, Augusta .....Turlock
Lindesmith, Della.....R. F. D. No. 1, Box 7, Santa Barbara
Luck, Rosa L.....319 S. F St,. Tulare
Lukens, Alda I.....East Auburn
Lundy, Aileen R.....Flora St., Stockton
Luttrell, Ruth M.....College Ave., Santa Rosa
Lyons, Helen C.....6444 Hillegrass Ave., Oakland
McDermott, Elizabeth L.....Los Altos
McDermott, L. Irene .....Los Altos
McDonald, Marie C.....Hammonton, Yuba Co.
McGowan, Edith A.....715 Foam St., Monterey
McGowan, Ruth B.....Watsonville
McKenzie, Mary E.....Concord, Contra Costa Co.
McKean, Hilda B.....16 Butte St., Redding
McKinnon, Lillian M.....R. F. D. No .10, Box 20, Campbell
MacKinnon, C. Florence.....3363 California St., Eureka
MacLachlan, Margaret C.....630 Lincoln Ave., Palo Alto
McLaughlin, Helen L.....Yuba City
McMillan, Helen.....Samoa, Humboldt Co.
Maggard, Madge M.....Corning
Maingueneau, Eugenie E.....525 W. San Carlos St., San Jose
Marshall, Margaret.....45 W. Julian St., San Jose
Marshman, Helen S.....232 W. St. James St., San Jose
Martin, M. Aileen.....616 Cowper St., Palo Alto
Meredith, Margaret .....Lakeport
Mergenthaler, Isabel.....377 W. San Fernando St., San Jose
Mezger, Clara H.....Woodlawn
Miano, M. Rinaldo.....22 S. 10th, San Jose
Mills, Leaf E.....122 San Jose Ave., Los Gatos
Mills, Pearl M.....Corning
Mock, Earla R.....Los Gatos
Monohan, Edith L.....Livermore
Monohan, Bessie K.....Livermore
Morehouse, Carrie B.....56 3rd St., Ashland Oregon
Morgan, Edith H.....Nevada City

Morrin, Sylva E.....Rumsey, Yolo Co.
Moyes, Marion G.....226 3rd St., Pacific Grove
Musso, Carmellia.....Bowman, Placer Co.
Nelligan, Anna.....Bishop, Inyo Co.
Ninas, Anna L.....Auburn
Ochsner, Alice R.....276 S. 15th St., San Jose
Ochsner, Helma.....276 S. 15th St., San Jose
Ochsner, Olive R.....276 S. 15th St., San Jose
O'Bryan, Edith I.....6437 Telegraph Ave., Oakland
Orr, Roxie G.....Yuba City
O'Sullivan, Marguerite C.....1145 Locust St., San Jose
Pacheco, E. Irene.....1309 4th St., San Rafael
Palmer, Muriel M.....Campbell
Parsons, Callie E.....
Paull, Louisa.....22 Hull Ave., San Jose
Pearce, Clarence S.....146 E. San Carlos St., San Jose
Peck, Mabel C.....Martinez, Contra Costa Co.
Penney, Alice M.....405 S. 8th St., San Jose
Perry, Edith E.....P. O. Box 45, Taft
Perry, Ivy B.....Sonoma
Phillips, Gladys E.....438 N. 4th St., San Jose
Phillips, Maude E.....Tulare
Polak, Anna L.....Willow St., San Jose
Prescott, Edith M.....Soquel
Prouty, M. Alma.....Felton Santa Cruz Co.
Purrington, Ethel.....R. F. D. No 1, Sebastopol
Pyle, Gertrude M.....901 S. 7th St., San Jose
Quigley, Eva L.....San Jose
Quill, Nellie E.....1114 B St., Eureka
Railsback, Mary C.....Hanford
Ralston, Sadie.....Atwater
Ray, Ruby R.....East Auburn
Rayburn, Irma L.....441 S. 6th St., San Jose
Reardon, Lucile.....College City
Redden, Gladys.....Ferndale, Humboldt Co.
Remington, E. Viola.....Los Gatos
Richards, Alva M.....365 Vine St., San Jose
Rinehart, Mildred A.....Modesto
Ritchie, Gladys T.....84 S. 6th St., San Jose
Ritchey, M. Margueritte....The Gables, Cor. Clay & Larkin Sts., S .F.
Roberts, Elizabeth M.....518 H St., Marysville
Roberts Frances M.....2035 California St., Eureka
Rogers, Ruth T.....3245 Prentiss St., Fruitvale
Rouse, Florence E.....Sunnyvale
Rowe, Marie O.....Watsonville
Rubell, Claudine.....Campbell
Ryan, Lucy E.....4 2nd St., Woodland
Sabin, Alice.....Benson, Arizona
Sangster, Beulah V,.....Spokane, Wash
Sargent, Harriet.....86 S. 13th St. ,San Jose
Sawyer, Alpha I.....329 S. 6th St., San Jose

Saxon, Ruth.....68 Wood St., Willetts
Scanlan, Lola C.....1021 Castro St., Oakland
Schortgen, Anna L.....Eureka
Sears, Clara G.....Waverly St., Palo Alto
Sedgley, Emma L.....Cloverdale
Seman, Senie.....Mendocino City
Shannon, Ann E.....343 S. 8th St., San Jose
Shearin, Emma D.....San Jose
Sherfey, Alice M.....2431 Oregon St., Berkeley
Sherman, Etta L.....Niles
Show, Laota.....Hanford
Show, Leona.....Hanford
Simonds, Minnie B.....
Simpson, Bertha A.....Santa Clara
Sims, Viola M.....Milton
Skaggs, Lenna M.....Madera
Slatore, E. Blanche.....Alviso
Smiths, Alta G.....Parkfield, Monterey Co.
Smith, A. Violet .....San Jose
Smith, V. Flossie.....271 N. 5th St., San Jose
Smith, Inez K.....39 Hester Ave., San Jose
Smith, M. Esther.....Campbell
Somner, Marjorie E.....Willits, Mendocino Co.
Stackhouse, Bertha O.....731 Prevost St., San Jose
Stallings, Mabel L.....Monterey.
Steiner, Lillian S.....San Jose
Steele, Ivy E.....Route 1, Box 13, Lodi
Stephens, Eva A.....386 N. 19th St., San Jose
Stillwell, William L.....452 S. 9th St., San Jose
Stockton, A. Marion.....Los Banos
Storie, Jessie D.....421 S 10th St., San Jose
Stors, Marguerite C.....Mokelumne Hill
Swanson, Clara I.....R. F. D. No. 2, Box 43, Visalia
Strifler, Eula R.....Houston Ave., Visalia
Sweet, Maude M.....
Sweetnam, Evelyn M.....Sebastopol
Taylor, Ruth S.....Almaden Road, San Jose
Thomas, Martha E. .....Dos Palos
Thompson, Amy .....Edenvale
Thomson, Lyla M.....Plano, Tulare Co.
Thornburg Ada O.....Turlock
Thornton, Myrtle.....R. F. D. No. 1, Tulare
Tognazzini, Elizabeth D.....Beckwith, Plumas Co.
Tognazzini, Mary K.....Beckwith, Plumas Co.
Tonkin, Miriam C.....505 S. 11th St., San Jose
Treasure, F. Ferne.....387 S. 5th St., San Jose
Trewhitt, M. Elizabeth.....1404 N. Douty St., Hanford
Turner, Ada B. .....Morgan Hill
Vandergon. Lucie D.....78 S. 1st St., Campbell
Vennum, Cleo L.....304 Lundy Road, San Jose
Wallace, Edith A.....Dunnigan, Yolo Co.

Wallace, Nellie E.....246 Soledad St., Salinas
Warthorst, Jane M.....Terrace Way, Bakersfield
Washburn, Bessie A.....Pacific Grove
Weaver, Bessie M.....San Jose
White, Virgie E.....College City, Colusa Co.
Whitman, Edith E.....631 Whitton Ave., San Jose
Wilcox, Edna.....R. F. D. 21, Box 13, San Jose
Williamson, Helen M.....614 S. Whitney St., San Jose
Willis, Mrs. Denna .....Mendocino City
Willoughby, Olive M.....360 S. 9th St., San Jose
Willson, Ella D.....304 S. 7th St., San Jose
Wilson, Lois B.....5315 Cole St., E. Oakland
Willson, M. Elsie.....1136 Locust St., San Jose
Wingo, Roma B.....1908 O St., Sacramento
Wold, Marie E.....Turlock
Woodson, Bernice E.....
Worley, Mary M.....San Jose
Wright, Eliza.....134 S. 8th St., San Jose
Yermini, M. Laura.....Box 433, Eureka
Young, C. Augusta.....Carpintera
Zumwalt, Dorothy.....151 N. H St., Tulare



REMEMBER

BILLY HOBSON when you want your next suit of clothes That's all

BILLY HOBSON

Billy's Corner *24 South First Street*

COMMENCEMENT

POPULAR NOVELTY AND ATTRACTIVE GIFT BOOKS including a magnificent line of Congratulation cards and letters, etc.

MAYNARD'S

114-116 South First Street

MILLARD BROS.

THE BOOKMEN

7 *North First Street*
West Santa Clara Street

We take this opportunity to thank all Normal students for their liberal patronage and wish each one an enjoyable Summer's Vacation

S. G. WINCH

80 South First Street

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE SPORTING GOODS HOUSE IN SAN JOSE

CASSIDY & PAYNE

Outfitters for the SPORTSMAN, CAMPER AND ATHLETE
Equipment and Apparatus for every meet We rent
New 22 Rifles at 25 cents a day

32 South Second Street *Phone 4858*

"THE ARCADE"

CANELO BROS. AND STACKHOUSE CO.

"DRY GOODS OF QUALITY"

Good Selection of Novelties for Graduation Gifts

Phone S. J. 11 *San Jose*

ROBERTS & GROSS

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS AND
WOMEN'S FURNISHINGS

52-54 South First Street *San Jose, California*

BUSHNELL

PHOTOGRAFER
SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

BRANCH STUDIOS
SAN FRANCISCO OAKLAND

41 North First Street *San Jose*

THE SAN JOSE ENGRAVING CO.

DESIGNERS

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS

COLOR PLATES

FINE LINE, ROSS BOARD
AND MAPS

HALF-TONE ENGRAVING ON
ZINC AND COPPER

EMBOSSING DIES
ON ZINC

Phone San Jose 1203

32 Lightston Street
San Jose, California

PRINTED BY
MELVIN & MURGOTTEN, INC.
SAN JOSE, CAL.

