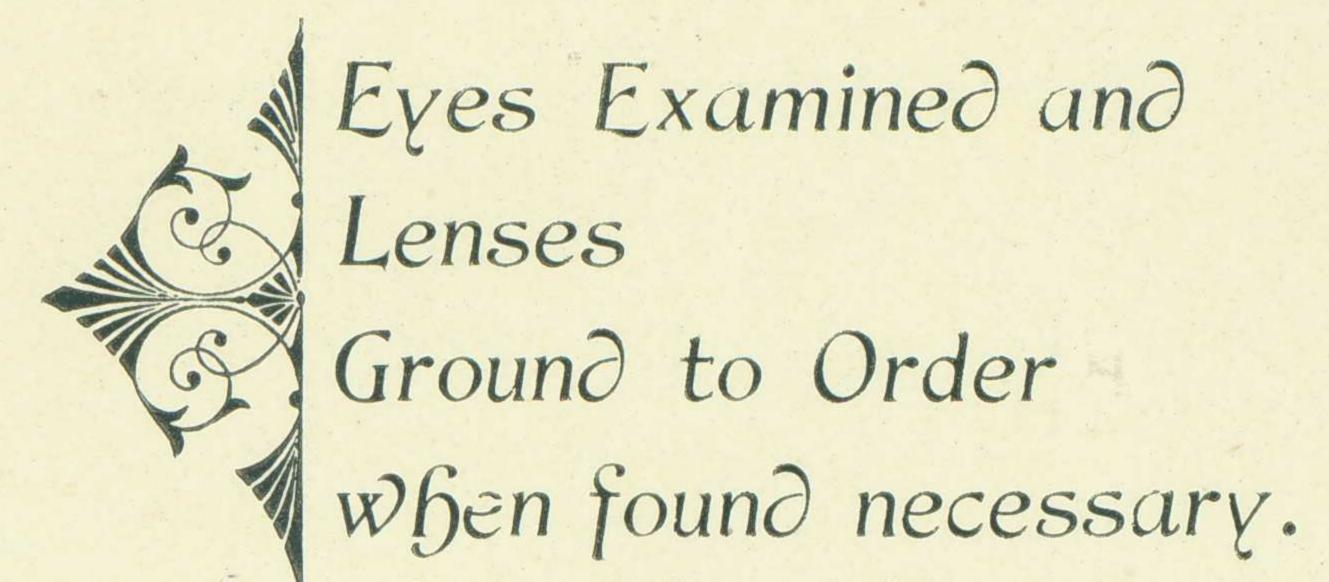
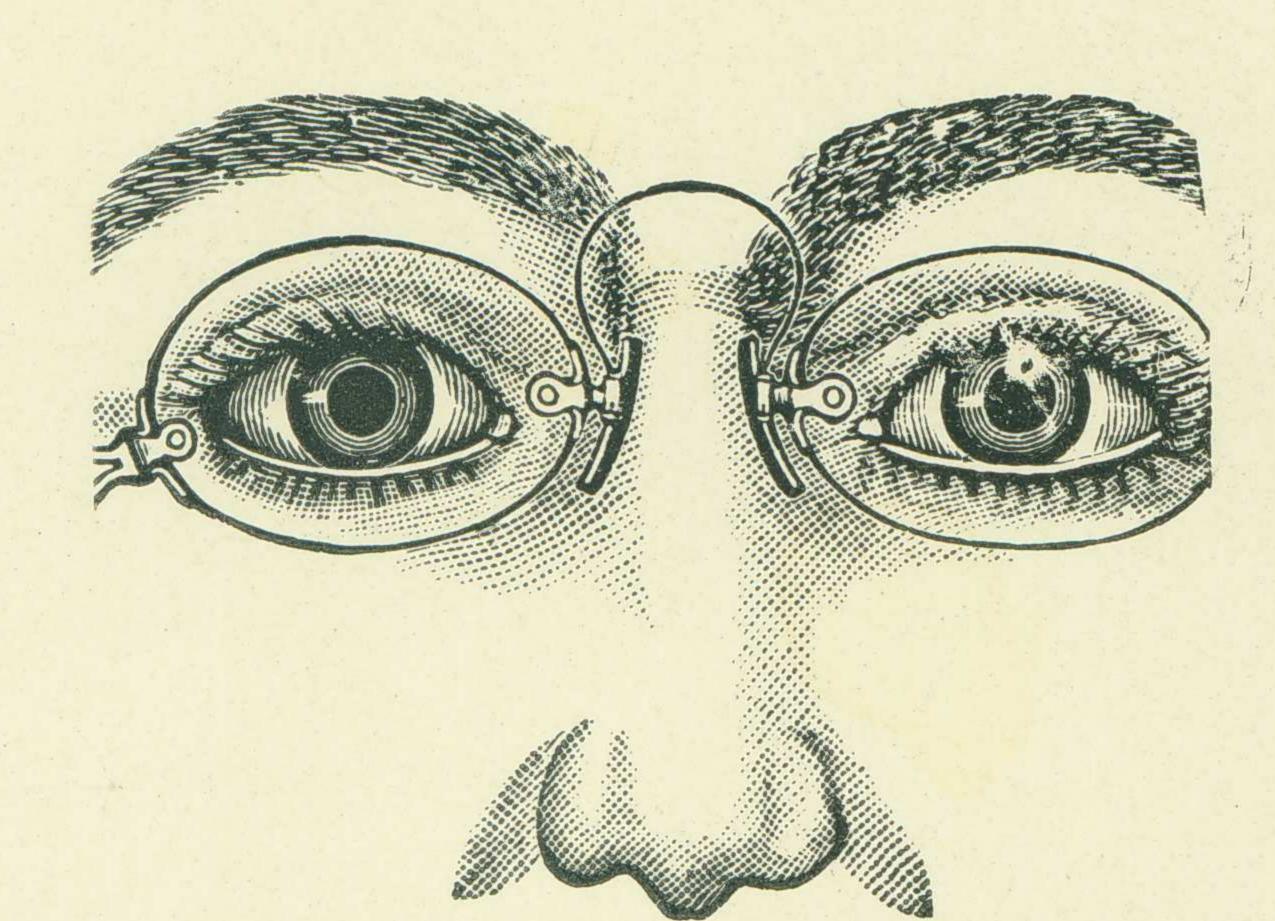
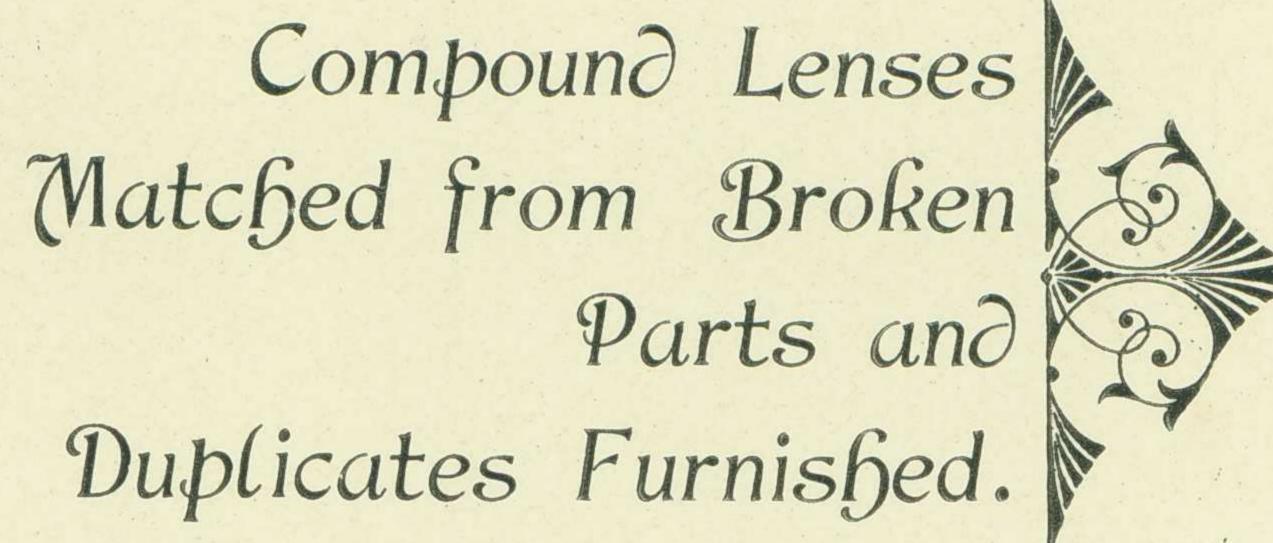


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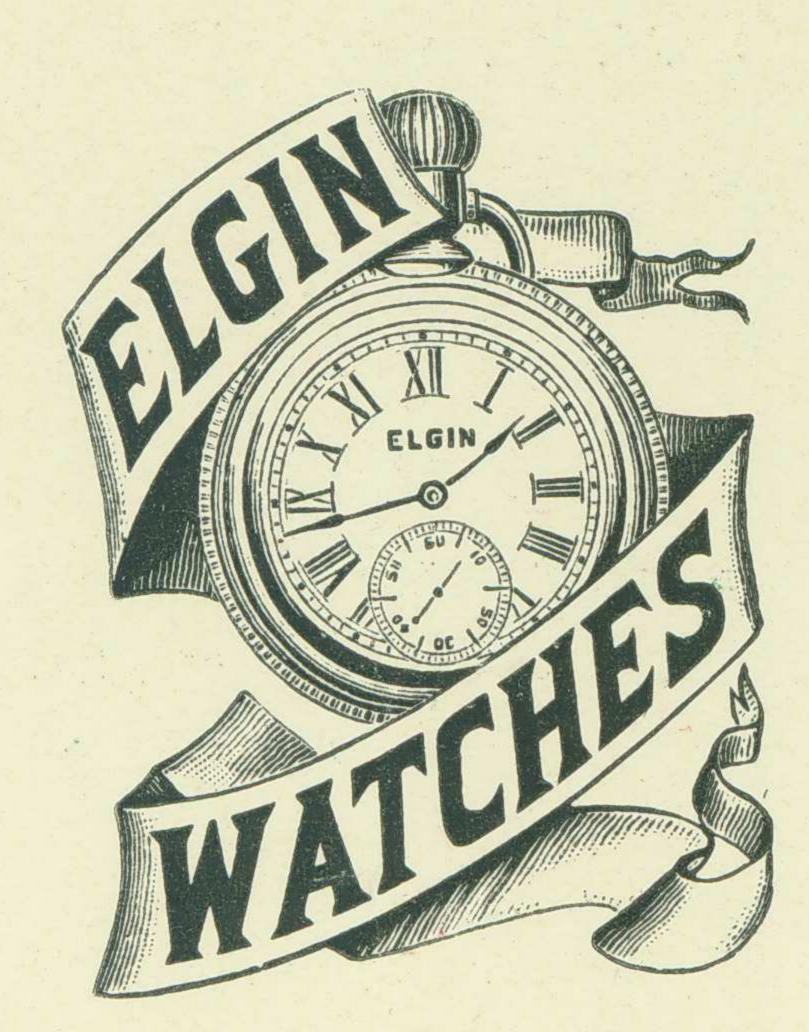
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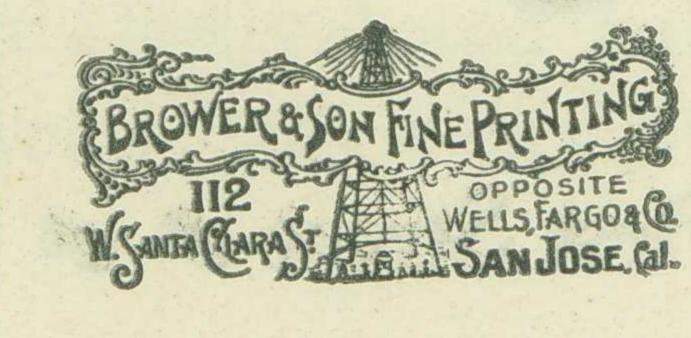
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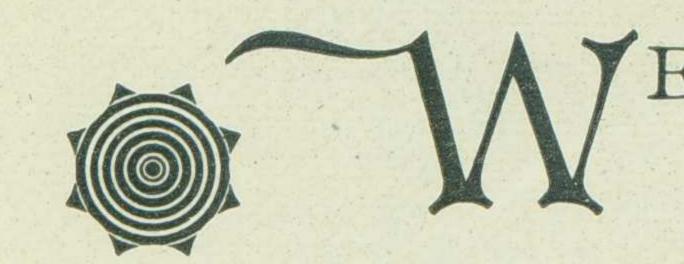
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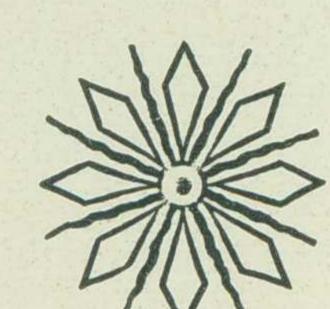
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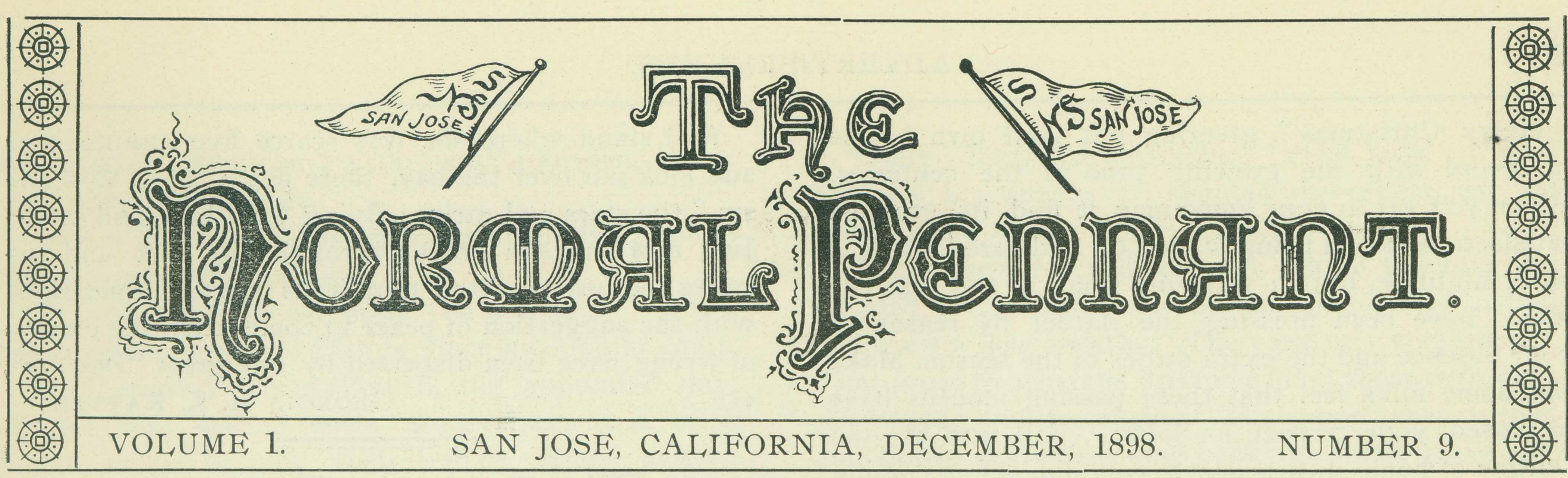
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CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May, With drowsv sun, and dreamy air, And new grass pointing out the way For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has Time grown sleepy at his post, And let the exiled Summer back, Or is it her regretful ghost, Or witchcraft of the almanac?

While wandering breaths of mignonette In at the open window come, I send my thoughts afar, and let Them paint your Christmas Dav at home.

A langour of deliciousness Fills all the sea-enchanted clime; And in the blue heavens meet, and kiss, the loitering clouds of summer time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm From spicy Lebanon might be; Beneath such sunshine's amber calm Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given, Each hour anew our eyes to greet, An earth so fair—so close to Heaven, 'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return? Only these broken lives, and lift Them up to meet His pitying scorn, As some poor child its foolish gift.

I am His creature, and His air I breathe, where'er my feet my stand, The angels' song rings everywhere, And all the earth is Holy Land.

-From E. R. Sill's "Christmas in California."

Just kor Us Students.

Christmas, meaning the gift of the Crowned One, is coming to many of our homes in these next few days. Young men and women, through your own activity in these past months you have been forming the new crown for your brows that marks the passage from the obedient period of innocent youth to the independent, self-conscious, virtuous period of young manhood and young womanhood. The marks of this new acquisition will be easily noticed by the members of the dear household to which you return. One of these marks will be a larger consideration, affection, not of the simple impulsive form that children have, but of the deeper kind springing from an intelligent recognition and a warm appreciation of the good in people and things about you. The love that leads you to do something, that manifests itself in action—that is the large significance of the Christ-Gift. "He went about doing good," not so much by what He said as by what He did. And is it not an element, old yet ever new, which merits the wides and happiest celebration? All nations in all times have had festive periods in honor of harvest, or independence the birth of some great ruler, the great worthiness of some mental power as wisdom, reason. The Fourth of July justly stirs us as Americans. But it is love for brother, sister, father, mother, friend, neighbor, schoolmate that makes life not only tolerable, but happy—happiness which is satisfied not by just feeling good, but in the expression of that emotion in action. For after all, what we do rather than what we think is true measure or evidence of pure feeling. Now, the thoughtless selfishness of childhood is gone; the love of the new life stirs within us. Let us rejoice in this high mass to Christ, this festival and gala time to love, not the sensual kind, but thoughtful, helpful, other-self kind. So as you go home, may every lifted cross, every piercing step, every

"Merry Christmas" greeting put your own hearts in accord with the growing tune of the centuries. When you get to your home may it find its greatest satisfaction, not in being waited on and cared for as a child might be, but in relieving some of the burdens which have been pressing the harder by reason of your absence and the extra duties of the season. Make the home folks feel that these passing months have increased your respect for labor. Fall into the old routine of home duties which you did before coming to school, only do them in the spirit of a Christian, that is, with gladness and genial spirit. And may this spirit of charity go farther, to a consideration of the opinions of the elders. Love is humble, and if you find their beliefs limited or not up to the times from your point of view, don't assume the place of the teacher or iconoclast. In short be happy and helpful, and don't be happy except you are helpful, and if, sometime you can, pause to remember the cause of this new spirit and breath a quiet prayer of thankfulness, it is well. C. J. C. B.

The Launching of the Wisconsin.

A short walk through streets filled with the commonplace life of every day brings the great throng of people to the Union Iron Works to see the launching of the "Wisconsin." Around a corner there, through a doorway here, one more door, and there she is! Of course "three hundred sixty-eight feet long, seventy-two feet wide, etc.," sounded very large; but when I see her entirely out of water in the frame in which she was built—then I realize her immense size.

All is bustle and confusion. People hurry to and fro hunting for good positions; workmen are getting everything in readiness for the touch that shall launch her. With what vigor the great timbers that hold her fast are knocked to pieces! Here eight men are at work on four great blocks, their enthusiasm gives force to the strokes which are splintering the wood. Now there is only one whole block left. One, two, three great blows, and it is gone. See the men spring out of the way as the timbers, held by this block, fall! And there, before they are fairly down, is the man painting over the places where the ship came in contact with the supports.

We have hardly decided whether this will be a good place from which to watch the final launching, when, see! she is moving! How easily and how slowly she slides down the ways! The whistles and the shouts are almost deafening. I add my little to the great cheer, and whisper a prayer, that she may be always in the right, and always victorious.

As I stand where she was scarce five minutes ago and look out over the bay, there floats the "Wisconsin," the stars and stripes flying from bow and stern. Just now the sun breaks through the mist and inspires the hearts of the thousands of loyal Americans with the suggestion of peace to come after the clouds of wrong have been dispersed by our great "Destroyers."

Georgia H. K. Rattan.

The Soldier's Christmas.

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In front of Kapiolaui Park, where the —th regiment of volunteers camped, several soldiers lounged, discussing their present position and the probability of their having to remain in Honolulu all winter.

"There is one good thing about this place, we shan't have any freezing nights like some of our fellows, and this is certainly a beautiful spot."

"Yes, but I guess Christmas we'll have to feast on fine beach, rolling breakers, avenues of palms, miniature lakes, and grand old Diamond Head in the moonlight, instead of big fat turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie and plum pudding. How ethereal we shall be!"

"Well, we would have a tough job trying to masticate Diamond Head," said the other, laughing. He was a merry fellow who always looked upon everything as a joke, while the other was inclined to see the dark side of life.

"Say," said Jack, the merry one, "suppose we get a day off and horseback up to the Pali. It will be jolly, and we have got to see something of the island while we are here. We can take our rations with us, and spend the day. What do you say?

"Good," answered several in chorus. "I'm on guard in the morning from eight till ten, worse luck," said one.

"Well, we will wait until the day after, then; how's that, boys?"

"First rate," they all sang out.

Standing somewhat apart from the rest was a young boy of seventeen. He was leaning against one of the great trees whose branches overhang a pool, into which he was gazing. He knew that these boys would have boxes sent to them from home, where mothers and sisters had filled them to overflowing with good things before sending them on their journey. He had looked so longingly at their letters, and on the arrival of each mail had had faint hopes that he too might receive one. But an orphan with only an old uncle and aunt who think him a burden is not likely to be remembered.

"What's the matter, Percy? Come join the circle,"

and shaking himself as if to throw off a burden, Percy went over to the others.

"We've just been planning a day at the Pali, and of course you are coming along?"

"O, yes, I'm in for anything you are, Jack." They had become very good friends since meeting at camp.

On December twenty-fourth, the appointed day, the five boys started down King street at a brisk canter, headed by Jack, their leader. They, had arranged to have a little Kanaka guide meet them at the other end of the town, where they would begin the ascent. After about an hour's riding they came to the cemetery, where the little Kanaka was awaiting them. Before starting he showed them the Royal Mausoleum, and the massive iron gates, bearing the royal coat-of-arms.

The road was rather steep for some distance, so the party walked their horses. On both sides there extended for about a mile a low and tangled jungle, where the branches were so intricately interwoven that only the smallest creatures could have gotten through.

"It looks creepy enough in there, doesn't it?" said Jack, turning to his companion.

"Hurrah! I see some cocoanuts, and there are some bananas, too. See? Way over there on the right," and Percy pointed to a grove of tall palms, which loomed up above the grass and vines around them, and to the elephant—eared leaves, which were all that could be seen of the bananas.

"They grow wild," said the guide.

"We must have some," said Harold, and off they cantered to possess themselves of the fruit. It was fully an hour's ride out of their way, but they felt well repaid. They are all they could and put a supply in their saddle bags.

In twenty minutes they came in full view of Nunanu Valley, which extended several miles in front of them. Across its end is the range of mountains which extends through the center of the island. Directly in front of them seemed to be a piece broken out. On the right the ragged mountains form steps, while on the west there rises the great Pali, or precipice.

The guide narrated the history of the battle which had been fought here, how King Kamehameha came to Ohu to conquer it, and during the battle the chief of the island was killed, and his warriors becoming panic-stricken, retreated, closely followed by King Kamehameha's men; how all the women and children who were gathered on the Pali, with the panic-stricken warriors, all leapt headlong over the precipice, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"Here's King Kamehameha!" cried Jack. "And here are his warriors!" shouted the others, and off they dashed up the valley.

When they reached the top, where the road descended to the other side of the island, they halted and drew a long breath. The view was magnificent. That great treacherous precipice filled them with awe. After some minutes of silent admiration, they turned and slowly made their way back to a small grass hut. Here they dismounted. Later they spread their luncheon, of which the cocoanuts made a great show.

"Well, if this isn't fine," exclaimed Ned, "Here we've come off without a drop of water."

"I will ride over to the falls and get some," so saying, the guide took a jug he found in the hut, and started.

"We will have to get some more of this fruit to grace our slim Christmas dinner."

"Never you mind, Phil, the transports are sure to arrive to-day, and we will have a feast fit for a king," and Jack chuckled to himself. He sent a quick glance at Percy, chuckled again, but kept his own counsel.

"Well, no box for me," said Percy.

"Nor me, either," said Ned. "Can't get one from New Bedford here very well. I hope I'll have a little though."

"Uncle Sam ought to be generous enough to give us something extra tomorrow."

"Well if we were home and had all of these bananas and cocoanuts we would think we had something extra sure enough," interposed Harold. "But here comes the little chap with the water, and I have the fire ready for the coffee."

They had a merry meal, after which they lounged on the grass and talked of home, and of the gay times they must all be having there during the holidays. Percy alone was silent during this discussion.

About four o'clock they started on the descent chattering gaily all the way. As they neared the city its picturesque beauty, its vivid coloring, attracted their eye. There were large trees gorgeous with brilliant scarlet blossoms, long hedges of a shrub whose leaves were a pale gray-green, blended into the softest pink, groves of slender palms, long stretches of velvety lawn, shaded by a feathery leafed tree, spread out broad and flat like an asparagus fern, and dense groves of all kinds of trees, joined together by climbing vines, whose colors were of the richest greens.

"Let's over to the dock to see it the transports have arrived."

"What's the good?" said Phil.

"No telling, let's go anyway," replied Jack.

"Will you take us to the right dock?" he asked turning to the guide.

"O, yes;" and he led them in a slightly different direction.

"Nice little chap." said Jack, turning to his companions. "What do you say to treating him to an American Christmas? It would do me a world of good to see a youngster with a Christmas tree again."

"How are you going to manage it?" asked one of the boys.

"O we can just have one of those little trees in front of camp all lighted up, and then tie on candy or something. It will be easy enough if the boxes only come, and there is no moon tomorrow.

"I think it would be sport," said the other three.
"Let's do it."

They had gone but a short distance when Harold, tossing his cap in air, exclaimed, "There she is! What will you bet I have a box on her?"

"Hope you won't be disappointed," said Phil.

"Do you have any Christmas Kalakana?" asked Jack, turning to the guide.

"No, we are too poor, and there are so many of us children."

"Would you like to have one?"

"Wouldn't I though!" and his black eyes shone.

"You just go home and get your brothers and sisters and come out to Waikiki to the camp at seven o'clock tomorrow evening, and we will show you what kind of a Christmas the people in the States have," and Jack looked at the others who gave their approval of the brothers and sisters. Kalakana looked radient.

After taking the party to the dock, and receiving the pay for his services, he rushed home to tell the glad news. What a commotion there was! On the next day what a scrubbing of hands and faces, brushing of hair, and changing of clothes!

The transports began directly to unload, but the boys had to curb their impatience and return to camp, as their time was nearly up. They had enjoyed the day immensely, but work must now begin.

On the following morning the freight was all delivered, and there was great excitement. Jack and Percy were standing conversing in low tones when the wagons arrived. A crowd of soldiers gathered around each in hopes that he would receive something.

Percy was as eager to see Jack's box as was Jack himself, and when the name was called they eagerly rushed forward. They stooped to raise the box to their shoulders when Percy was startled by hearing his name. He looked questioningly at Jack, and then turned, wondering why he should be called. There

was a great box with his name in full printed on it. For a moment he did not know what to think, and just stood there staring, until Jack said, "Come old man, wake up," and slapped him on the back.

"Why, Jack, where can it be from?"

But Jack only laughed, and said to bring it to their tent and they would soon find out. So leaving the others, they went, and quickly tore off the lids. Under each lay a letter. Percy stopped to read his, but Jack dived down to the middle to see the contents. When he glanced up he saw Percy looking very much touched, with the open letter lying in his lap. Such a warm, motherly letter as it was from Jack's mother, expressing her pleasure in her son's having so true a friend, and her sympathy for Percy in his lonliness, saying that she should be so glad to have him visit them when he and Jack were released from the army. She spoke of sending him a few things to make merry with, and she hoped that he and Jack would together have a very, very merry Christmas.

Percy grasped Jack's hand and pressed it warmly. "I have you to thank for this, old fellow."

"Of course I told them all about you at home, and mother wrote in her last letter that she was going to send you a box, but that it was to be a surprise. I have nearly told you a dozen times. But let us see what we have got," and so they busied themselves with the contents.

Ned, Harold and Phil were similiarly occupied.

It was 7 o'clock and the boys were waiting for the little Kanaka children to come. They had put pieces of tallow candles on one of the trees and had just lit up. There were candy and apples, oranges, nuts, cakes, the three knives which had been sent in the boxes, and various little trinkets which the soldiers had contributed.

"Here they come," and a troop of children came trudging in. Their eyes grew big at sight of the brilliant little tree, with its many twinkling lights reflected in the pond beneath. They forgot to be shy in their excitement, and chattered, and laughed, and danced and sang in a frenzy of delight. A great crowd of soldiers gathered around to watch them and laugh with them.

After an hour's merry making the children started for home, each with some little gift, all declaring that Mr. Jack and Mr. Percy, and the rest, were just the nicest men, and that they all had had such a fine time.

The soldiers lounged around on the benches and alked over the day.

"Well, this has been a pretty good Christmas after all," said Phil, "and weren't the kids happy!"

"Weren't they! But my box is the crowning part of it all," and Percy looked as happy as the children. Just then the bugle sounded and the group sepaated, some going to relieve the guards and others to their tents.

LAURA HATAHAWAY.

The Biter Bit.

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Early one frosty morning near the end of December, my little brother and I started for a ride of twelve miles to bring back some cattle that had strayed over the mountain range into the valley beyond. We were in the best of spirits and our horses seemed to share our feelings. My brother was riding a frisky colt he was "breaking in," and I, a pony. For several miles our road lay along level flats, and we raced across them, so that by the time we reached the cañon where we left the road, our horses were very hot. As it was uphill ground, we slowed our pace to a walk.

For some minutes we had been riding in silence, when suddenly a large wild-cat ran across the cañon in front of us. We pursued it on horseback for about a mile, and then as the hills were too steep, we fastened our horses and followed it on foot. It did not seem much inclined to run fast and turned round every now and then to see if we were still coming. Through the chapparal it trotted, its short tail bobbing up and down, and through the chapparal we followed, struggling and stumbling along with that bob-tail always just a little in front. "It's warm work chasing wild-cats, panted my brother," and I fully agreed with him.

Finally it climbed a tree and sat on a branch, quietly looking down at us with its light green eyes. We pelted it with stones, but it only snapped and snarled, jumping from one branch to another. As this method of proceedure did not seem to make much impression on the cat, (for none of the stones hit it,) we held a consultation to devise some other means of reaching it. The tree was too straight to climb, as my brother pointed out when I suggested to him to climb it and bring the cat down. We tried barking like dogs to scare it, but it only grinned. Finally it grew tired of waiting to be caught and bounded away out of sight over the hills. Only then did we notice how the time had gone. The sun was getting low in the sky and we had yet many miles to go.

We had thought to be home early in the afternoon, and so had brought no lunch with us. However, I had crammed into my pocket a burnt biscuit as I passed through the kitchen, and my brother, after searching through his pockets, produced a piece of stale bread, a remnant of a former occasion. With thankfulness we ate the dry bread and my burnt biscuit, (which more resembled cinder than anything else,) as with hasty steps we made our way back to our horses.

We mounted and rode like "streaked lightning." as my brother expressed it. When we reached our destination, we found the cattle scattered in the valley, we gathered them as fast as possible and drove them over the mountain. But though we hurried, it was pitch dark before we left them and started for home. Our horses were rested from going slowly and were impatient to get home. It was almost impossible to hold them, particularly as our hands were numb with the cold, but we could not let them run as there was no path and the trees we thick in the cañon.

Our horses seemed getting more restive and sniffed the air suspiciously. My brother remarked that they seemed to be afraid of something. I myself was beginning to feel rather nervous, for it seemed to me that I heard something behind us in the brush.

Suddenly my brother's horse shied violently and set off at a gallop. I had just time to see my brother fall to the ground before my horse also set off after the other. It was some time before I succeeded in reining him in, and then I hurried back to my brother. As I approached I heard sounds of a scuffle. Hastening forward I found my brother with his back against a tree fighting with some animal that was tearing at his clothes and snarling loudly. It was the wild-cat. For a moment I felt utterly helpless, then I remembered my long raw hide cattle whip. The stock was loaded with lead and was very heavy. As I rode to my brother's aid, the beast turned round. Its eyes seemed to burn and glow like live coals. I raised my whip and brought the weighted end down right between its eyes. With a screech of pain it sprang away into the darkness.

My brother had sunk down on the ground and seemed hurt, how badly I did not know. He soon recovered consciousness and stood up, though his face and arms were bleeding profusely where he had been scratched. I was afraid that he would bleed to death, but we tied up the wounds with our handkerchiefs and succeeded in stopping the bleeding.

For some time we were puzzled how to get home I walked for a little distance and my brother rode, but I felt frightened and my brother could not hold or guide the pony as his hands were hurt, so I mounted also, and we rode slowly on through the darkness. As we were nearing home, so that I no longer felt afraid, I heard a twig snap behind us, and looking back quickly, I again caught a glimpse of two glistening eyes. The tables were indeed turned; we had followed the wild-cat in the morning—it was his turn now to follow us.

[N. B. The reader will notice that I survive to tell the tale.]

A Visit to Santa Claus Land.

of

A STORY FOR LITTLE ONES.

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One cold night near Christmas time, Kitty and I were lying on a rug beside a big warm fire. We looked and looked into the bright coals, and all of a sudden I seemed to be looking out of the attic skyligh at the moon and stars. While I stood there a lovely little fairy, all dressed in bright colors and carrying the glistening boughs of a Christmas tree, came and said, "My dear little Bessie, I've come to take you to the beautiful home of Santa Claus on the moon. He has so many nice things there I'm sure you will like it."

She didn't wait to hear what I would say, but put me on her back and away she flew, up, up, up into the sky. At first I liked it, but went so fast that I grew dizzy. The earth grew smaller and smaller until I couldn't see it any more. I was very much frightened and must have shaken the fairy's back, for she said, "Don't be afraid, Bessie, I'll take you home again. You are going to such a nice place."

After a long, long while, we flew among the stars, which glared at us as we passed. I was afraid they would burn me up; but there really is no fire in them. It seemed like days and days before we reached the moon, but at last we arrived, and who do you suppose was there to meet us? The first thing I saw was a bundle of brown fur which I thought was a bear, but if I had thought a minute longer, I should have known it was Santa Claus, for there were the six reindeer with their bells on their harness, standing beside him. But there were no toys in the sleigh, so I knew he came to get me.

I was very happy, but I felt shivery. After he wrapped me up in furs, I was perfectly comfortable. He gave me a big hug and kiss, and I said to him, "Dear old Santa Claus, I have been waiting so long for you, when are you coming to my house?

"Christmas time isn't here, my dear, and if I do come, you will have to watch sharply to see me then."

"O Santa, wake me, please do; and won't you go across the street to Dollie Lee's? Its only a little way and her mamma said she hoped you wouldn't forget poor folks. I said you are so good, I know you will, won't you please?

"O yes, child, but come to my house and see all my nice things."

The bells on the sleigh sounded in the clear moonlight air as we rushed along. We went a little distance till we came to a big grove of tall Christmas trees covered with glittering things. Around these trees were little dancing fairies, all as beautiful as the one who had carried me there. We went right through this grove while the fairies sang the sweetest songs I ever heard. Santa Claus smiled in return and they all clapped their hands, they loved him so.

Soon we came to a large house made of the logs of old Christmas trees. Santa took out a big bunch of keys, and after choosing one, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he slid back the heavy door.

"Now, my little girl, go in; look at all my things and tell me what you want for Christmis." I ran into the room and saw oh! so many things. There were dolls and wagons, and skates, and books, all kinds of toys, sugar plums and candies, and all sorts of nice things that boys and girls like. I chose a great big doll that opened and shut her eyes and could say "mamma." She had teeth, too, and she had the loveliest dresses a dollie ever had. She even had shoes, a parasol, a fan, and gloves. She was so large I could hardly lift her and she was just going to kiss me when—crash! something fell and broke. I cried, "O my dollie, my beautiful dollie," and then awoke to find it was all a dream and the crash was nothing but a dish kitty had knocked off the table.

L. ALICE HALSEY, 4-B-2.

"The Dance of the Dead Leaves."

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On sidewalks and in gutters the dead leaves are lying in heaps. It is windy to-day, and the leaves are all in motion, dancing a last sad dance. The wind plays like a great harp, with tones now sweeping and grand, now sad and pathetic. Hark! there comes a quick, lively strain and all the leaves, great and small, start off on a mad galop. Then the music becomes soft and tender, and the leaves lazily float about in mystic circles and whisper sadly to one another. Dancing and singing they seem alive, and it hurts one to tread on them, as if they were human.

NELLIE BECKETT.

A.E

It is a bright day in December, and the leaves seem to be holding high carnival, all dressed in their brightest colors. As a light breeze catches them, they flutter and dance to its soft music. Then some seem to work themselves into a freezy of excitement, writhing and whirling up and down, round and round. The sun glances on their gay colors, and something within me seems to join and dance with the leaves. Then a rougher gust catches them up, and, tearing more from the trees, tosses them about for a few moments, and then sweeps madly away with them. Only the dull

and lifeless ones are left at my feet—all the color and brightness have gone.

C. Douglas.

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The sun is shining brightly on the dead leaves which cover Mother Earth with a many-hued carpet. Not a breeze is stirring and all Nature is peaceful and quiet. Suddenly a gust of wind sweeps by, and clouds of leaves fly past or rustle along on the ground. As the wind increases they gracefully whirl round and round in a merry dance. Faster and faster they whirl as the dance goes on, the bright and sober colors mingling into one. Soon, however, there is a chill in the wind and the sun is hidden from sight for a moment. A change comes over the dance; the leaves look dead and seem to dance to a slower strain. All their beauty and life are gone. Mournfully they rustle to the wind's melancholy strain, and at last even the wind ceases and, as if weary, the leaves silently drop to the ground. They are merely dry, dead things of the past again.

MAY FRANCES BIRD.

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Contrast the dance of the leaves here with the dances they hold up in the Sierras, where the first pale coloring of oaks and dogwoods in the early fall changes in a night to vivid scarlet and gold; and the quivering leaves cling long to the boughs before they are willing to loose their hold and join in the dance of the leaves. For days the North wind vainly tries to force them to accompany him in his boisterous revels. But did you ever go out in the woods when the South wind was trying with all his might to bring the rain? It is the kind of wind whose steady, resistless sweeps makes you feel as if you were alive and strong enough to hold your own against it. I think the leaves love this wind; it wheedles them off the branches with a breath, when all the North wind's noisy threats have failed. How the brilliant leaves dance with the South wind! Now they whirl about capriciously, as if about to fly away from him, then changing their minds, sweep on, rioting, until exhausted they fall to the ground, never again to rise in the circling dance that has been the dance of death for them.

NELLIE MCMAHON.

X

Are these the melancholy days with the skies grey, the earth dusty and brown, and the trees losing their leaves for the coming of the winter? Listen, and hear the leaves sing of the joy of the coming Christmas-tide, and see them frolic about! Now, in beautiful shades of brown and yellow and gorgeous red, they are ready for their Christmas dance. They twirl along over unknown lands; they stop awhile and mingle gaily with their newly found friends; they

rustle again on their way; they whisper of gay skies. But whether they wander over land known or unknown, whether they tell of things pleasant or unpleasant the undertone is always full of joy and gladness of the coming holidays when sadness is forgotten and mirth reigns supreme.

THANA B. HAMILTON.

Mother Goose Melodies.

of

A pupil being asked to write an essay on his favorite book handed in the following:

Mother Goose is a favorite book of mine. But before I tell you why I like it let me give you a brief description of the life of Mother Goose.

There is not much known about her ancestors. Mother Goose is supposed by many to be a mythical personage, but this is not true. She lived in Boston, Mass., for many years. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by the celebrated Cotton Mather to a printer by the name of Thomas Fleet, and it was with his family that Mother Goose made her home. She spent her whole time in the nursery, singing all sorts of lullaby songs to the idolized children.

The first edition of *Mother Goose* was printed in 1719. by her son-in-law, and sold for two coppers a volume.

Now as to why I like it. First, because when I was inclined to be cross or colicky in my infancy, then

"Rocka-a-bye baby in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

soothed all my pains and sent me off to dreamland.

When I began to walk out into the world, and would oftimes lose my equilibrium, a rush into maternal arms, and "Little Tom Tucker," made everything right. It furnished quite a bank in my early school days, from which to draw recitations, when I was compelled to take the rostrum. How grand I felt when I delivered in impressive tones,

"Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a corner,
Eating Christmas pie, etc;"

I felt like a Demosthenes or a Cicero.

Mother Goose is read by children more than any other book in the world, and every Christmas there are thousands of these stories brought into the different homes to the joy and delight of the little ones.

The story is told of a thief, who was planning to rob a wealthy home, as he knew that the mother was alone with her children. Just as he was about to enter the door he heard the mother singing, "A diller a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar." This seemed to bring to the robber's mind tender recollections of his boyhood days, when his mother sang the same melodies.

He turned from the door and went his way, leaving the mother and children unharmed. Such is the impression left upon the young.

Some of our brightest men have been sung to sleep with "Mother Goose" jingles. Even after they have advanced to maturer years they enjoy the pantomines of "When I was a Bachelor I lived by myself," or "Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffit," for

"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the wisest men."

Mother Goose, according to her own statement, was once upon a time a great traveler. She was never known to ride a bicycle, as most of her journeys were made in the ethereal regions. Her favorite conveyance was on the back of a large goose, as the rhyme goes:

"Old Mother Goose when she wanted to wander, Would ride through the air on a very fine gander."

Shakespeare was tragic, Scott was famous for metaphors, but what other author has ever soared "seventy times as high as the moon to sweep the cobwebs from the sky?

VERDE E. DOUGLAS.

George Washington Lincoln and His Chips.

The turkey sat on the front fence and gobbled until he was red in the face. It was a very strange place for a turkey to be on the day before Christmas, and the last one of his life, but the company in the barnyard was simply unbearable. A negro, a woolly-headed, grinning negro, was out there chopping wood, and to think that a highly respectable turkey gentleman

would associate with such a person was outrageous.

The turkey reflected, but as it happened, he wasn't the only one that was reflecting. The negro in the barnyard, supposed to be chopping wood, was sitting on the chopping block and reflecting also. Whether he knew it or not, his reflections were audible.

"Pears to me dat tuhkey would make a fine Christmas dinner. We nebber had tuhkey las' year; people get mighty feared 'bout tuhkey-time and lock all de coops. We is gwine to hab a gorgeous tree tho'. I dug up de littl' cypress tree dat growed in de corner ob de yard, and 'Lizer and I trimmed it up, and tonight we'll 'sprise dem chilluns. Wouldn't dat high-bred tuhkey look stylish on our table to-morrer! Wouldn't 'Lizer be tickled! H'm, wonder ef de bird will need any 'special persuasion."

As night came on the turkey seemed to feel the approaching calamity, and sought safety in the tree above the wood pile.

George Washington finally laid down his axe, went

to the kitchen door and knocked. Miss Thankful Allen opened it.

"Please, Miss Thankful, could I tek a sack ob chips home to-night."

"Certainly, Washington, help yourself."

As Washington turned away from the door a broad grin settled itself on his ebony face.

The chips, or rather "chip," that he put into the sack was a very strange one, and it persisted in gobbling in a way entirely unknown to most chips.

Once out of the yard the negro fairly flew. He reached the gate of his little cabin; on the fence was perched a whole row of little George Washington Lincolns.

"What yo' brunged, pa?"

"What's in dat sack?"

"Chips, chilluns, chips; go call yo' mammy and and stop axin' me questuns; 'Lizer! 'Lizer! come here."

'Lizer came.

"Now you chilluns run into de kitchen, and bime' by we'll hab dat tree."

"Lizer, I's got a pow'ful turkey in dis 'ere sack, an' if we don't hab a Christmas dinner it's mighty funny. I'll go an' kill dis 'yere, an' yo' go and light de candles on dat tree."

The turkey was robbed of his head, and in due time the candles were lighted, and five little imps of of darkness stumbled into the front room and were struck dumb by the glare.

There was a beautiful Christmas tree in one corner. It was of rather humble size, but beautiful all the same. On it were five candles, a whole string of popcorn, and two or three somethings that were too gorgeous for description.

On the wash tub that held the tree in place was a doll, a real doll; but it had been unfortunate enough to have lost its lower extremities. That made no difference, however. A bright tin pail, without a handle, and marked "For a Good Boy," shone with remarkable luster. There was a Jack-in-the-Box—minus the box—a perfectly whole whistle, and a knife with only two blades gone, and a bag of candy.

The children danced and howled with delight. Their cup of joy was full, and ran over when George Washington Lincoln said:

"Chilluns, to-morrow we will hab a stranger at our table. Chilluns, it will be one ob de tuhkey fam'ly."

* * * *

The turkey was cooked to a delicious brown, and after much scraping and scuffling, the Lincoln family seated themselves at the table.

The attack began; Washington waved the butcher-knife in the air and plunged it into the noble fowl.

There was a knock at the door! Washington rose hastily and said in a strange whisper:

"''Lizer, shove dat 'chip' under de table."

The "chip" was shoved under the table, and 'Lizer pulled the cloth nearly off the table in her effort to conceal it.

There stood Miss Thankful's servant sniffing suspiciously.

"I s'pect yo' know mo' 'bout Miss Thankful's tuhkey 'an any one else."

Washington was wonder itself.

"I clar 'fore gracious I nebber seed dat turkey; but when I was gettin' my chips I heard some'f'n gobblin' mighty loud. When tuhkeys dis'pear dey don't generally eber come back 'gin,'

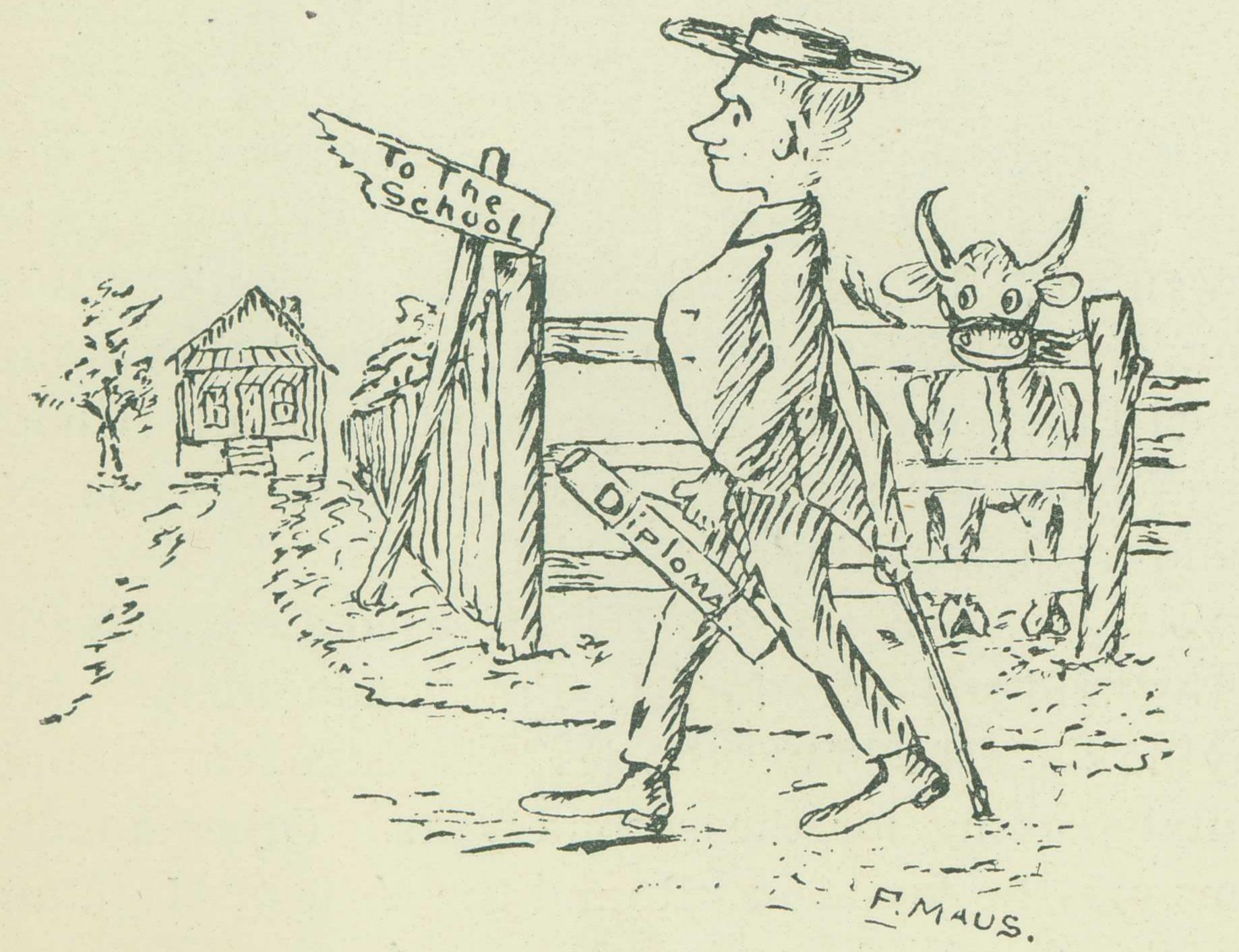
The servant went his way, and 'Lizer put the turkey on the table again.

"Chilluns," said the head of the house, "don't yo' nebber steal a pore tuhkey, but ef you git any "chips" to bring home, yo' jest bring 'um."

A. M.

A Normal Alumnus.

A teacher by profession, though a chicken-raiser by occupation, Mr. Biggs naturally thought himself smarter than other poultry fanciers and people in general. It was no fault of his that after graduating from the Normal he was relegated to the ranks of the immortal twelve hundred teachers of the state who can find no positions. He hunted so persistently for a school that by trustees far and wide he was regarded as a reappearing and perennial nuisance. Teachers, thinking he might have a political pull, regarded him with distrust. But he was simply unlucky. He had no pull, no experience, and no school. Finally after the sweethearts or husbands of lady teachers, or men teachers themselves, had threatened him with sanguinary vengeance if he did not give up trying to



AFTER A SCHOOL.

steal their positions, he stopped his efforts in that direction and began to raise chickens.

Mr. Biggs had learned while a student that the world is advancing. People are not contented now with what their ancestors had fifty years ago. No, indeed! And he concluded that as long as he was



People are not contented now with what their ancesters had fifty years ago.

to have chickens, he would have thoroughbreds. And not ordinary thouroughbreds, such as anybody could have. He would start a farm of unique chickens. Everything would be out of the ordinary, and his ranch should become headquarters for rare fowls.

His father had supplied him with money to start in business, so he at once set about fencing in a number of small yards. Then he sent for chicken catalogues, and while they were coming, had an immense sign painted and placed over the gate. The sign read,

BOLIVAR BIGGS, RARE POULTRY AND EGGS.

The comfort of Mr. Biggs was often disturbed by the small boys of the neighborhood, who would place a paper upon which was the word "Ham", over the word "Poultry," thus making the sign read, "Rare Ham and Eggs." But he soon stopped this tampering by tying a bob-tailed bulldog to the fence.

In three weeks after getting the catalogues, Mr. Biggs had his chickens ready for exhibition. There were Blue Andelusions and Silver Spangled Humbugs, and a sort of Russian fowl whose legs had feathers on that resembled pantaloons. There were chickens that were puffy and looked as if they were full of wind. Then there were some genuine Rumpless Fowls of Java that were bowlegged. He had Frizzly Fowls and Fuzzy Fowls, and some that had their feathers all growing the wrong way.

Among his chickens was one breed that had head and tail reversed, and wings, legs, feathers, and body so turned that you could not tell the chickens from common ones if Biggs did not inform you that they were antipodals.

Biggs was proud of his collection, for it took the cake—that was offered at the poultry show for the most curious collection. But there was one fault with the chickens. They laid so little that their eggs were indeed rare. The reversed ones did not seem right either. The sixteen hens did all of the crowing, and the one rooster was left to take care of the little chickens and lay. Of course not all of them could crow and fight, so the rooster set about his task as cheerfully as possible. May be it was woman suffrage, or rather hen suffrage, that caused the trouble. At any rate, the sixteen made so much noise crowing in the morning that Biggs could not sleep, so he traded them for an incubator. He said that if the incubator could not lay eggs it would set, at any rate and would not crow all of the time.

Mr. Biggs started the incubator, and while waiting for the eggs to hatch, he had time to fall in love with a beautiful young lady in the neighborhood. The chicken ranch, however could not support two, so Biggs looked about for a better means of earning a living. Hearing of a school whose teacher had died of old age, Biggs hurried and secured the position, much to the disgust of the one thousand one hundred and ninety-nine other teachers of the state who were out of employment. They too had rushed for the position, but arrived too late.

Mr. Biggs sold his ranch to a rich young Englishman, married, and is now happily living by the side of his school.

Frank G. Maus.

Literature for the Little Folks.

Concluded from Last Month.

When the little folks first come to us give them some of the old classic nursery stories such as "The House That Jack Built," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella," "The Three Bears," "Puss in Boots," and "Red Riding Hood." The latter need not be the fear-producing story some versions make it. In one, the grandmother has gone to town and escapes being eaten, while Little Red Riding Hood is saved by her magic hood which burns the wolf's mouth.

If the child has already heard them, he will enjoy the repetition. Mary E. Burt, in Literary Landmarks says, "to cut off such stories as these, from a child's life, is to prepare him to become stupid in after life. The brightest pupil I ever had, the one who could pass an examination where two hundred and

fifty failed, the brightest in arithmetic and grammar, and in after years in abstruse philosophy was brought up on "inane fairy tales."

Use Andersen's Stories and Tales. John Burroughs says of this, "Among your books for children don't fail to recommend Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, and I was about to say, don't recommend any other of this class. This is quite enough. It is so wholesome, sweet and good."

Scudder's Book of Fables and his Folk Stories contain many adapted fairy tales. These can be used as readers in the second grade.

Give them the story of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "The Prodigal Son," "Noah's Ark," "The Christmas Story," and others. I have seen a little book the name of which I cannot recall, in which many o these stories are retold using names descriptive of the characters. In the story of Sampson, Delilah is called The Beautiful One, and Sampson, The Strong Man. The story of the Ark is beautifully told, and the pictures are a great addition.

Amongst stories relating to human life tell those of "Seven Little Sisters," and from the one of the Indian girl it is easy to pass to Hiawatha's childhood, which will finally form a delightful reading lesson, even containing some quotations from the poem.

Robinson Crusoe is a never failing source of interest.

For stories relating to nature, Emile Poulson's "In the Child World," is a treasure.

A study of the elephant led to Kipling's Dance of the Elephants, in Jungle Stories which was listened to with the keenest interest while I *read* it to my second grade, showing the pictures as I read of them.

I have said nothing of the stories of American History which our recurring holidays suggest to us but I believe in them. Let the child element be strong in all. In telling of the Pilgrims and Puritans, Ruth Endicott's "Beade" portrays many customs of the times. It is an adaptation of a poem from Margaret Sangster's "Little Lords and Ladies."

The children must have some poems too; tho' mentioned last, these are not least. Eugene Field's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," Stevenson's "Wind Song," Ingelow's "Seven Times One," Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamlin,"—we want them all. Choose others from the standard authors, from Sesame No. 1, and from Whittier's "Child Life."

With my own classes, I have used Cook's Nature Myths, and some of Mara L. Pratt's adaptions. Miss Smythe's "Old-Time Stories" is excellent supplemental reading for the second year. Other adapted forms may be found in "Round the Year in Myth and Song." Also in the series, Spring, Autumn, Summer.

If you are at a loss as to the choice, refer to the course of study in the Training Department of the State Normal at San Jose, and get Mary E. Burt's Literary Landmarks and you will have a mine of suggestions with an outline for each grade and for yourself. Do not feel you must use all of this, choose from your material available that which suits the topic in mind. In the ungraded school I would suggest combining the two or three lowest grades and if you are fortunate enough to remain so long in one school, in the three years you can cover the ground for all. You can find what will interest the three ages, of course, asking more return from the higher class.

At first these stories must be told by the teacher for many a fascinated listener amongst our miniature audience becomes weary when required to follow something read. Later in the year, by partly reading and partly telling they will be able to enjoy the reading alone and in the higher grades to read for themselves.

NOTES.

4-B-2 CLASS.

Physics Teacher: Miss B., what causes it to snow? Miss B.: Ask Miss C. She lives where Snow falls oftener than it does where I live.

We've heard that "where there's a Will there's an Alley." Is it true?

Why will not Miss W. travel east? Because she's afraid the weather will Frāze her.

Miss F. always stops to consider whether he is Right before she accepts.

There is one sensible girl in the Normal! Miss W. realizes the fact that she will have to go quite a distance before she finds the friend who is accommodating.

Why is it difficult for the Normal boys to be unselfish? Because they are all so fond of Olives and Pearls, and they are scarce articles.

A Friend: Mr. Byrd, you must bring a young lady friend with you to-night.

Mr. Byrd: Well, so be (it).

Miss D. enjoys her wheel ride very much when John is present.

Why is Miss G. so Moody of late? Yes, and why is Miss W. so Surley?

The look-In glas' is quite an attraction to some Normalites—perhaps to others.

Girls, why need you fret? 'Boys' is always with you.

Why did not Miss F. invite Sam to go to Mud Flat with us?

Outside. It is strange that Miss V. needs the constant attendance of the Sheriff.

High School 3-B-3.

We were the "swellest" class in the Normal, So we were often told, And the brightest, said some teachers, Nor impudent nor bold.

There were compliments from many,
There were grumblings from few;
We were good in composition,
We were good in music too.

We were pretty fair in drawing,
But arithmetic, ah me!
While zoology was quite beyond
This High School 3-B-3.

We were respectful to our teachers
In the recitation room,
But our conduct during study hours
It was that which sealed our doom.

In assembly hall or library
We couldn't but talk and laugh,
Till the executive committee
Thought we were too wild by half.

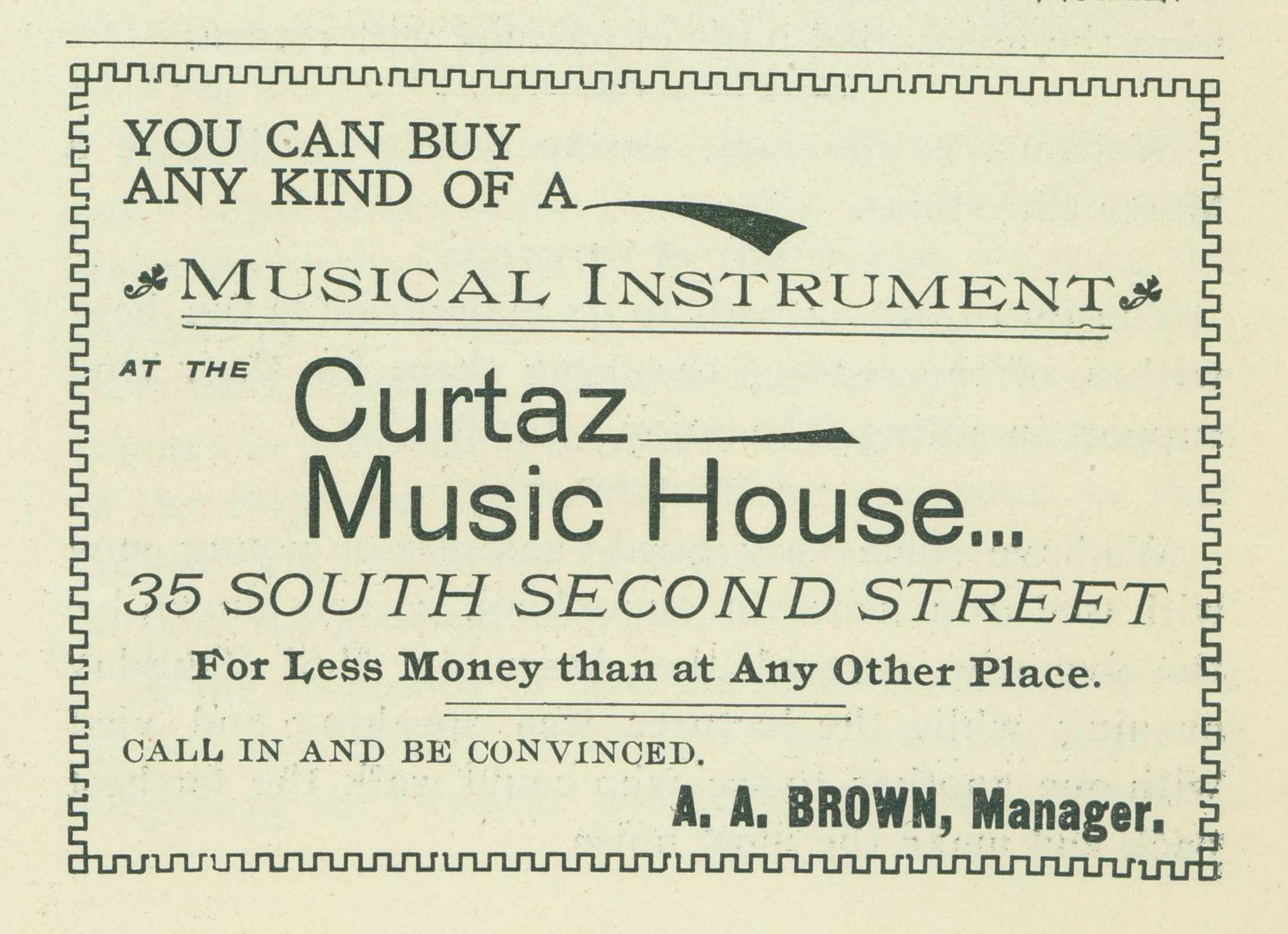
So one pleasant Friday morning Came the word for 3-B-3, "All assemble for a meeting At recess time in Room G."

Then with warning words but gentle
Us our monitor reproached,
Telling us wherein our fault lay,
Why the subject was thus broached.

Deeply on our hearts are written
Those few words so sad but true,
And we've vowed to gain the credit
Which to 3-B-3 is due.

And we hope that now and ever This condition all will see, That no class has better c nduct Than this High School 3-B-3.

BESSIE APPLEGATE.



X The Normal Pennant X

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The complaint was uttered through these columns some time ago that students were guilty of defacing the pages of some of our best library books; now, the more serious statement is made that books are actually disappearing from their wonted habitation and do not seem inclined to return. It may be that the recent cold weather had caused them, like birds of passage, to migrate to more favorable climes. However, the stimulant who was the agent of their migration is certainly a most degraded, cowardly, unscrupulous and selfish being, and, if discovered, never should be welcomed into the ranks of teachers.

How a creature claiming the name of *student* can do such a thing, then look exemplary teachers and students in the eye and keep a plastic countenance, is a mystery. Let us hope that with the closing of this term the misguided birds of passage will return.

Welcome is the rain, surely now we will have a Merry Christmas.

The Pennant extends to its many friends the best wishes of the season, thanking them for their kind support in aiding it to enjoy a thrifty life.

We have some very good examples of young men with cast-iron nerve in our school, as was shown by the five who entered the Assembly Hall Tuesday evening while the lecturer was speaking and vied with one another to see who could walk the farthest back and make the most noise.

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REVIEWS.

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The Century begins its "war series" with Captain Sigsbee's "Personal narrative of the Maine," Lieutenant Fiske's "Why we won at Manila," and Lieutenant Hobson's "Sinking of the Merrimac."

Other articles on the Navy in the war are by Captain Chadwick of the flagship New York, in Scribner's, Ira Nelson Hollis, in the Atlantic, Fred T. Jane, in the Forum, and Lieutenant E. E. Mead, in Harper's. Captain Bentley, aide to General Merritt, writes of "The fall of Manilla," in Scribner's. Lieutenant Parker in the Review of Reviews, gives a very clear statement of the work of the Army supply departments, with suggestions for needed reforms. Torpedo boats are discussed by John R. Shears, in Scribner's and Lieutenant Fremont, in Harper's.

Now that the first flush of enthusiasm over our national victories is past, comes the time for sober reflection—the questoning why we won, and wherein we failed, even though the glory of victory is ours. "Young America" has taken it as a matter of course that "we beat." He will do well to sit down with his elders and listen to the testimony, taking to heart some of the lessons that have a far wider application than to matters of warfare alone. The most striking feature of this testimony is the repeated emphasis of the value of Preparation. Very forcibly and frequently occur such expressions as these: "well drilled," "excellent discipline," "calm preparedness of mind," "confidence born of preparation which went in itself far toward victory." On the other hand are given some of the reasons for the defeat of the Spanish: "Their bad shooting was simple bad marksmanship." "To the ordinary causes for excitement were added the evident unpreparedness of the authorities and their vacilliating measures in preparing for the battle; and what could be more unnerving?" Another feature impresses the thoughtful reader. This is sometimes called the age of young men. It has become quite the fashion to follow the example of Rehoboam of old and relegate the "old" men, with their advice as well as their services, to some convenient upper shelf. A careful study of the records of the late war, is likely to lead to a juster estimate of the value of age and experience as compared with youth and enthusiasm, and it is to be hoped, will make the latter more modest in its claims.

Quite in harmony with the spirit of these articles on the recent war, as Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," which closes in the December Scribner's. Those

who have not had time to follow this fine series through the year, should at least read the summary on "The meaning of the American Revolution," which the author tells us in his closing pages, is only now being fully realized, through the lessons of the Spanish-American war.

Among the benefits of the late war, is a revived interest in the proposed Nicaragua canal. The Review of Reviews has two articles on the subject, reviewing it from the political side and the commercial. The Chautauquan has a well condensed statement of the problems, scientific and financial, connected with building the canal. Ex-Senator Miller discusses the question in the Forum under three heads: Is the canal feasible? Is it desirable? Will it pay? and Brigadier-General H. L. Abbott compares the problems and advantages of the proposed Panama canal with those of the Nicaragua route. In the North American Review, C. M. Stadden presents the "Latest aspects of the Nicaragua canal project."

Colonel Geo. E. Waring was one of the martyrs of the war, and may truthfully be said to have died in "active service," though not by bullet nor in battle. There are tributes to his life and work in the Cosmopolitan, the Outlook and the Review of Reviews. The last says: Colonel Waring's death has made it even more certain than an added ten years to his life could have made it, that the United States will radically renovate the port of Havana, and that yellow fever will be exterminated from North America." The scientific prevention of yellow fever is discussed in the North American Review by Dr. A. H. Doty, health officer of the port of New York.

Frank Stockton, as usual, sees the humorous side, even of war. One leaves his "Governor-General" and "The Skipper and el Capitan," with a bewildered uncertainty whether they are truthful tales, pure humor, or ingenious sarcasm. As a humorous presentation of the so-called "laws of civilized warfare," they are well worth reading.

After the stirring war articles of other periodicals, the New England Magazine comes like a refreshing breeze, with its illustrated descriptions of quiet New England scenes and places and its records of "ye olden time." The review in the "Editor's table" of Henry D. Lloyd's new book, Labor Copartnership, tells of a movement that is helping to hasten the time when the nations shall study war no more.

Congress is again in session and the prominent questions to be considered are being discussed in advance in the periodicals. The North American Review has an article on the "Work of the Peace Commission," by Hon. Hannis Taylor, and a discussion of the proposed bill for the "Reorganization of the

naval personnel," by Hon. Francis Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, and others

Recent events in China, as recorded in the newspapers, have led most of us to feel that the only salvation for China would be the death of its present autocrat the Empress Dowager. A different view of the case is presented by Wm. E. Curtis in the Review of Reviews in which he shows that China was not ready for the crusade of reform instituted by the impetuous young Emperor. In closing he says: "Perhaps it is well to arrest the progress of the country temporarily in order that the modern ideas he introduced may be healthfully absorbed by the people and their advantages fully realized. Certainly the country has taken enormous strides in civilization during the last three years, and the people are so conservative, so suspicious, so tenacious in their adherence to the traditions and customs of antiquity that they can not be pushed forward so fast as the more enterprising and less thoughtful Japanese."

In the *Century* "prize manuscript" contest, the winners for 1898 are all young women, notwithstanding the fact that the majority of the manuscripts were submitted by young men. See the editorial comments on this result. Lest the young women should be too self-confident of their superiority with tongue as well as with pen, they are advised to read the succeeding article entitled "Club-women."

The "Dreyfus affair," continues to be the absorbing topic in France. To Americans, with their intense sense of individual rights and their opposition to secrecy in the management of national affairs, it is beyond comprehension that the French public submit to such seemingly bitter injustice and arbitrary action in high places. Some explanation of the conditions that make this state of things possible is given in an article on "French Absolutism," in *Harperls Weekly*. There is also a history of the Dreyfus case in the *Forum*, by M. Guyot, editor of the Paris *Siecle*, a champion of the cause of Dreyfus, and in the *Outlook*, by Prof. Cohn of Columbia University.

Answering the question "Does college education pay?" Prof. Jones of the University of Missouri gives some interesting statistics in the Forum showing the percentage of college graduates among those who have held important offices in the United States government—presidents, members of the cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, etc. His conclusion is that college graduates are in demand as officers in positions of the greatest responsibility.

In the discussion of race problems that confront us in our new island possessions, we are in danger of forgetting the two still unsolved problems at home—

the civilization of the Indian and the education of the negro. Both are considered in the Forum and the North American Review for December.

The art event of the season is the issuing of an American edition of Tissot's paintings of the life of Christ. The Review of Reviews and the Bookman have articles on Tissott's life and art, with reproductions of some of his most notable paintings. There is also an article in the Century, describing a "Christmas in Bethlehem," written by Tissot. It is accompanied by references to articles on his art work in earlier numbers of the Century.

In the dramatic world, the "sensation of the year" is the production of Edmond Rostand's Cyrano de Beryerac, in New York, by Richard Mansfield. Reviews of the play with notices of the author are in the Atlantic and the Forum. One reviewer says: "M. Rostrand may or may not be a great genius; time alone can decide that. Certainly he has produced such a drama as has not seen the light in the last fifty years."

In these days of tidal waves in educational theories and methods, which carry the average person with the crowd, it is refreshing to read an occasional bold protest by one who thinks for himself, and is not frightened by the cry of "fossil" or "old fogy." Two such articles are "The training of the teacher," December Educational Review, and "The education of boys in Italy," Chautauguan. Many of the charges made in the latter apply equally well to conditions in the United States.

The "book number" of the Outlook contains the final number of Edward Everett Hale's interesting papers on Jas. Russell Lowell and his friends. In the same number is a list of the ten most important books of the year ending September 30, 1898, as decided by a vote of the Outlook's readers. A brief account of the books and their authors follows.

The Rev. Leyman Abbott has resigned the pastorate of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which he has held since 1881, and will devote his time to the editorship of the Outlook and other literary work.

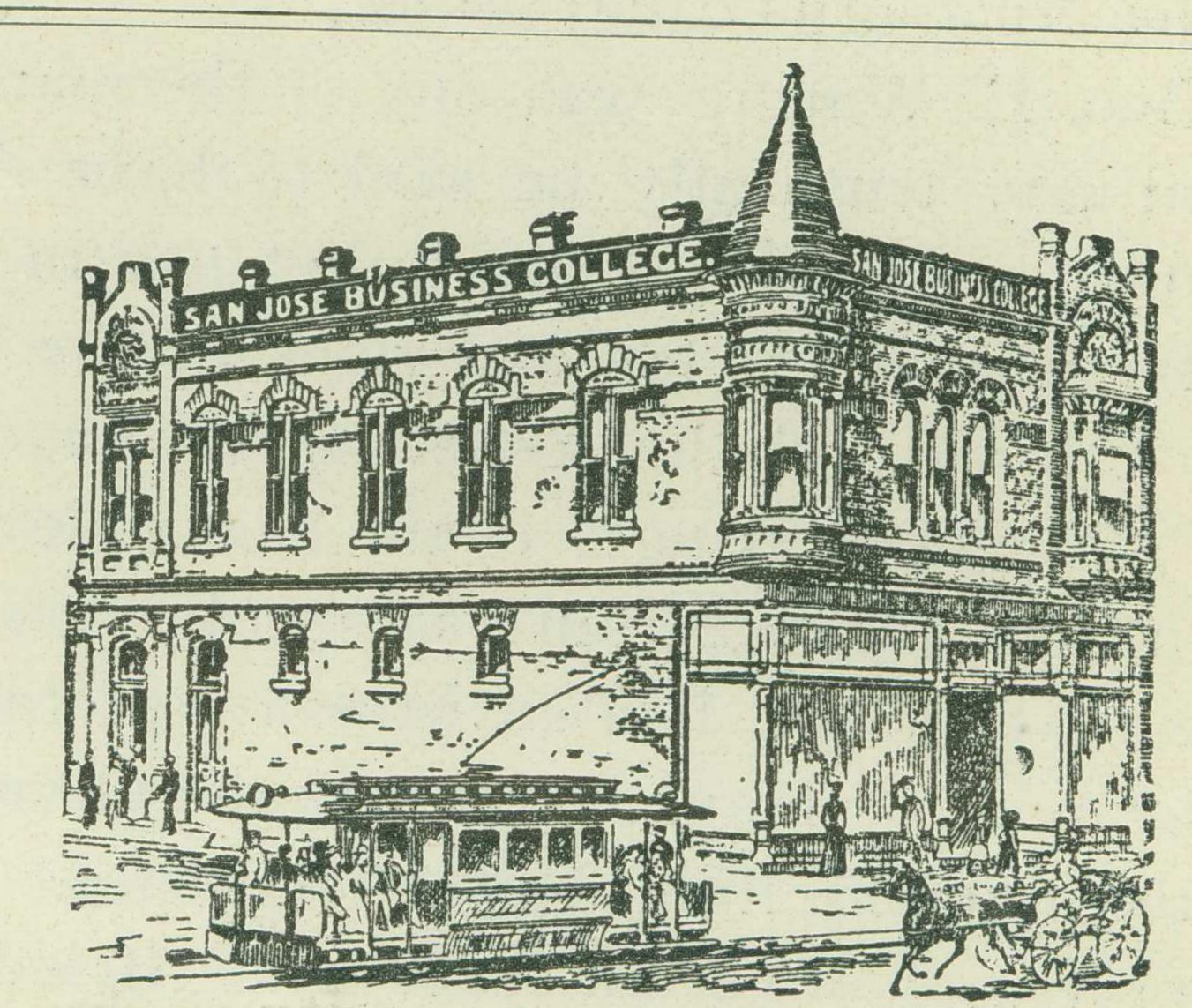
Papers on the all-absorbing question of "territorial expansion" are too numerous for special mention. Some of the best are the following:

- "Colonial lessons of Alaska," David Starr Jordan, Atlantic.
- "European experience with tropical colonies," W. A. Ireland, Atlantic.
- "The United States and the control of the tropics," Benj. Kidd, Atlantic.

- "Our government of newly acquired territory," C. E. Boyd, Atlantic.
- "Eastward expansion of the United States," A. R. Colquhoun, Harper's.
- "The coming fusion of East and West," E. F. Fenollosa, Harper's.
- "Shall we keep the Philippines," Chas. Denby, Forum.
- "The doctrine of invention," Chas. Denby, Forum. "The moral of the Cuban War," Goldwin Smith, Forum.
- "Annexation and universal suffrage," J. B. Mc-Master, Forum.
- "Pending problems," Hon. Hannis Taylor, North American Review.

R. R.

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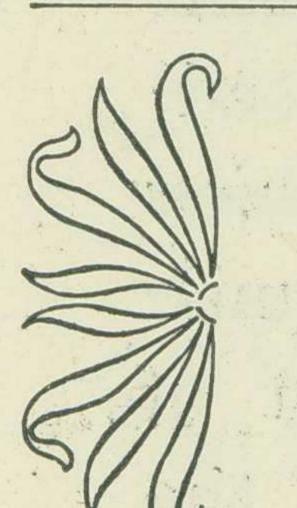
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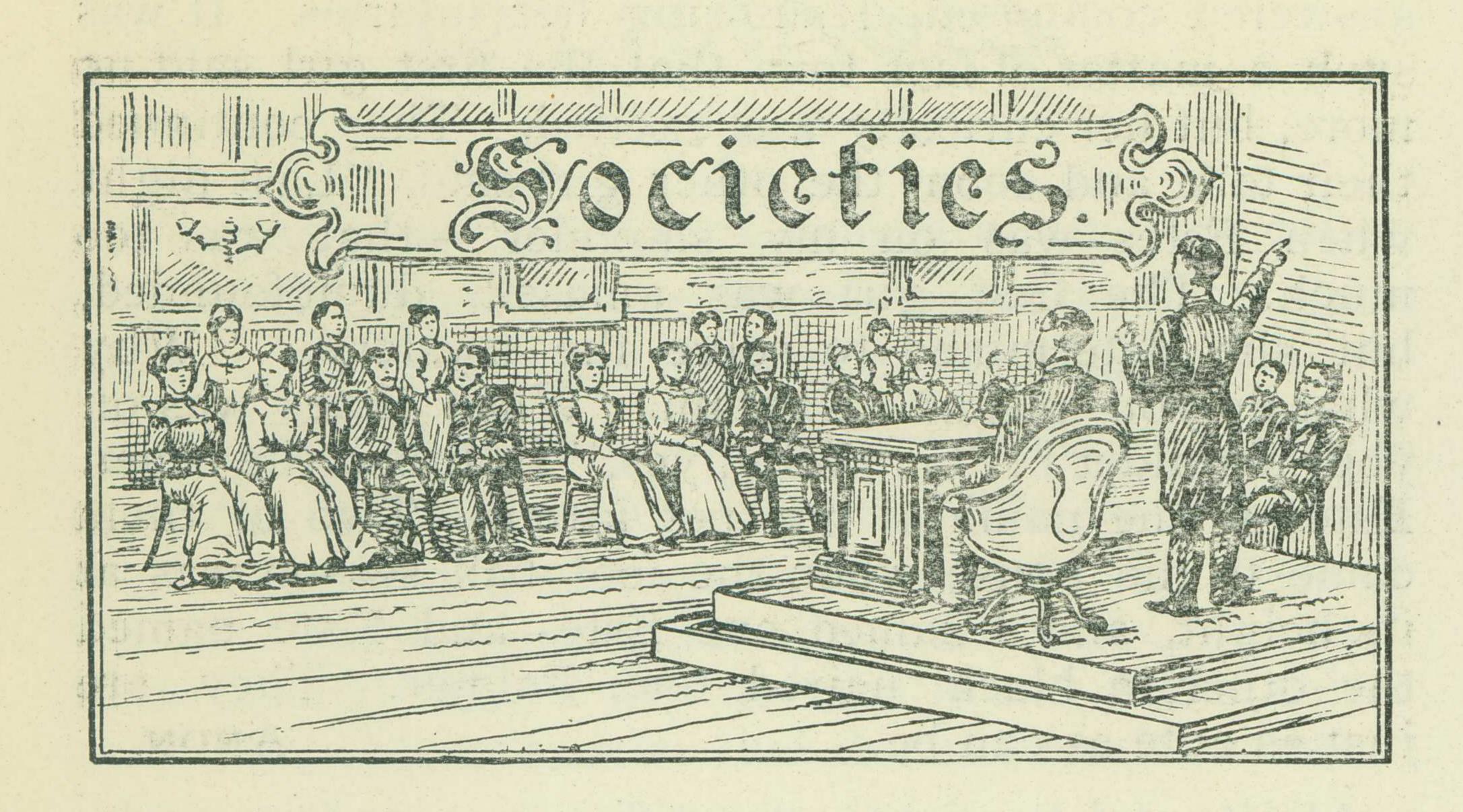


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The prospect of having a special room for society work is hailed with delight. The school desires to express hearty thanks to those who are making special efforts to obtain this luxury for them.

Class spirit is clearly shown in the O. K. Club where each member feels that "her" duty is to stand by "her" classmates. "In union there is strength" and not only strength but good feeling withal. On Friday evening, December second, the O. K. Club and a tew of its friends met at the home of Miss Alice Connelly, who is herself one of the O. K.'s ardent members. Even yet we hear whispers of the good time there. This club took a novel way of holding a meeting. All brought their lunch and after putting four tables together to form a big one, the girls sat around and chattered like magpies, holding one of the jolliest meetings this club has ever held.

Last Sunday afternoon the University of the Pacific and the Normal Y. W. C. A. held a joint meeting at College Park. Both societies enjoyed this opportunity of meeting together, and the members felt benefitted and more interested in the association work.

The Y. M. N. D. Society is enjoying a good attendance. Many of the new students have joined the society during the term and are making a name for themselves in the literary line. The society expects to give an open meeting after the holidays.

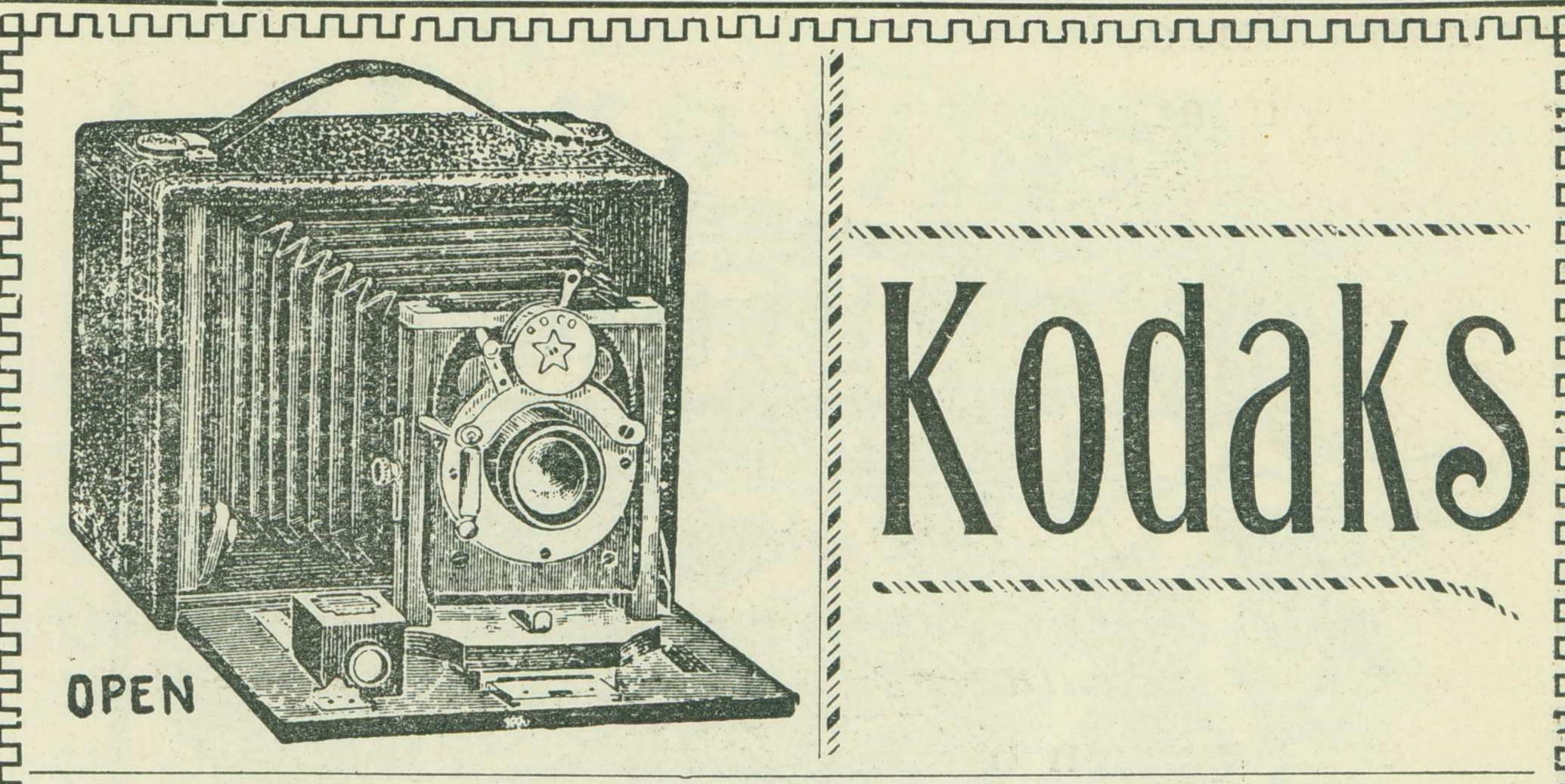
"As You Like It" is the center of interest in the Sappho Club. Besides a study of the play itself, the program is made up of facts relating to the play. The society is a live one and the membership is rapidly increasing.

The A. R. S. is very busy preparing for the graduating exercises of nine of its members. The zincoplate for the diploma is ready, and the diplomas are almost ready for distribution.

The F. A. C. is still doing good work, as it always does L. ALICE HALSEY.

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We wish to call attention to Miss Leffler's card on the sixteenth page.



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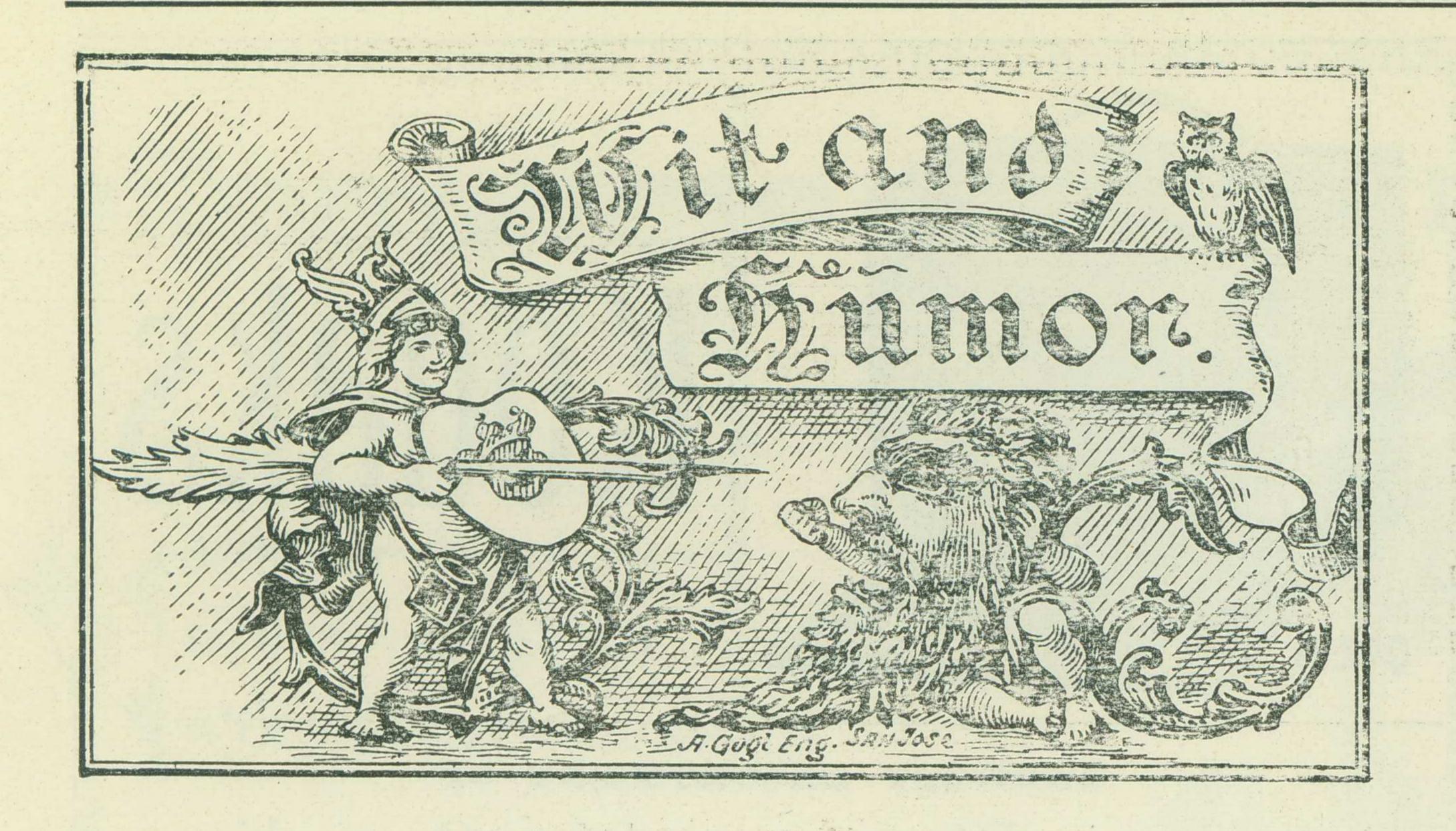
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They said she must not worry, Nor sit up late to cram, Nor have a sense of hurry, In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry,
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of flurry,
And she flunked in her exam.

A student while discussing the early English scholars, stated that Cædmon was a born coward, but nevertheless he wrote inspiring tales of war. On referring to the text book, it was found that he was born a cowherd.

A debater in one of our societies recently made the following convincing argument in behalf of the Australian ballot system: "The criminals of England have been shipped to Australia, and by this great ballot system have been made the very best citizens of the United States."

Our enthusiastic foot ball professor sometimes forgets that he is not talking to the foot ball boys. The other day he asked a student in his class if she could tackle a problem in geometry.

Professor—Anything that has life in it will not move regularly.

Boy Student (looking at watch and speaking in low tone—If that's the case, there must be something alive in my watch.

Girl Student—There's no doubt about that. It has a tick in it.

One of our former boys came to the school a few days ago proudly clad in a soldier's uniform. Evidently there was some doubt in the minds of the students as to the significance of the clothes, as the following conversation shows:

First student—Do you think B—really enlisted, or that he bought the clothes at that auction of condemned government suits held last week?

Second student—I don't know. I should judge by the fit that he stole them.

Two Normal girls were talking when the first said, "How did you hurt your hand?" "Oh, Estes scratched it and Palmer bit my finger, see?" the other

answered composedly, showing her injuries. It was such a matter-of-fact tone that the first girl said no more, but her curiosity was excited. They continued their talk and soon the other girl said, "Last night when Estes was on my shoulder"—that was too much. The first girl was amased, dumbfounded, but she determined to solve the mystery. "Why what do you mean? Explain. When Estes was on your shoulder!!!" "Why, yes," returned the other. Estes is the name of my pet kitten. Two of them came to the house when the foot ball season was at its height, and I named one Estes and Kate named the other, a black haired one, Palmer. They are just as cute as can be.

Alice's and Bessie's tastes differ as regarding pork. One is fond of Bacon while the other prefers Ham. Why?

How about that buggy ride, Miss Bunn. Did you have permission?

Our Football Team. Nov. 18.

Tune, Upidee.

From Alameda High School Eleven came, Rah rah rah, Rah rah rah,

We don't think they'll ever come again, Rah rah rah rah.

Their record was low and ours was high,
And then rang out the Normal cry:—

"A boomalack, a boomalack, a bing, bing, A chingalack, a chingalack, a ching, ching, ching, A boomalack, a chingalack, a 'Who are we?'
San Jose Normal. See!"

The second game the Normal played,
Rah rah rah, Rah rah rah,
Kept up the record they had made

Kept up the record they had made, Rah rah rah rah.

Our boys were ahead. 'Tho the score was a tie, They really defeated the San Jose High.

"Rah rah, rah rah, rah rah rah, San Jose Normal, California, Rah rah, rah rah, rah rah rah, San Jose Normal, Ah!"

The Oakland High School next did play, Rah rah rah, kah rah rah,

Again the Normals won the day, Rah rah rah rah rah.

The demolished team and its allies went

As far and wide this cry was sent:—
"A boomalack, a boomalack, a bing bing bing,
A chingalack, a chingalack, a ching ching,
A boomalack, a chingalack, a 'Who are we?'

San Jose Normal. See!"

To-morrow our boys will play again,

Rah rah rah, rah rah rah, A victory of course they'll win, Rah rah rah rah rah.

We'll wave our colors, 'Gold and White,'
And show Stockton we are all right.

"Rah rah, rah rah, 'Gold and White,'

San Jose Normal,—its all right. Rah rah, rah rah, rah rah, San Jose Normal. Ah!"

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EXCHANGES.

36

We take great pleasure in congratulating the editor of the *Olla Podria* on the improvement made in their paper. The new cover is particularly pleasing.

We are glad to welcome papers from so many of the Normal Schools this month. The Normal Exponent from the Los Angeles Normal is the best of the list. "Imitations and Suggestibility of Children," is the leading article for the month and there are a number of shorter articles that deserve much praise.

From Stevens Point, Wisconsin, comes the Normal Pointer. It contains plenty of good reading matter and interesting stories.

Her smile was most bewitching,
As down beside him she sat;
She made a great impression,
But she made it on his hat.

Normal Record.

We receive more exchanges from Wisconsin than from any other Eastern state. "The Lake Breeze," from the Sheboygan High School is very good. "A Trip to California," is especially interesting, as it gives us the impressions of a visitor to our State.

Professor of Chemistry: If anything should go wrong in this experiment, we and the laboratory with us might be blown sky-high. Step up closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow.

Exchange.

The High School Tocsin is always a welcome visitor. In the last issue is a most praise-worthy poem, entitled" Autumnal Reveries." The other articles in the paper are also very good.

The Adjutant for this month contains some excellent half-tone illustrations. The paper is improving and we hope will soon be among the best of our exchanges.

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The Last Foot Ball Game.

26

The morning was bleak, 'twas threatening rain, When our gallant athletes rode off in the train, To San Francisco where they hoped to defy, The football team of the Lowell High. The car was decked in white and gold, Quite in contrast with the outside cold. Mr. Benson was nearly late, alack! He arrived just in time in a flying hack. The first adventure during the ride Was the event concerning the Misses McBride. Without ticket or purse, they mounted the train, But were dropped at a station till our special car came. At all the stations we yelled loud and long, (At Belmont especially the echo was strong.) At gay San Francisco, arriving at ten, We stepped from the train with cheers for our men. Then hailing a car we rode to the park With hearts very happy: We were out for a lark. Our boys sure, looked fine and just all right, Fully equipped in gold and white. Soon all were ready for the game; But Carr had a headache and Palmer was lame So the first six points were won by the High, But at the end of the first half the score was a tie. The recess which followed was not very long, But 'twas spent in yelling and singing a song. Then time was called to begin second half, All the boys were in earnest and time flew like chaff. Heston and Palmer did wonderfully well, And their praises were sung in the Normal yell. Reynolds' good plays were unspeakably fine, (If they'd all play like that we would win next time.) The boys worked nobly, but our chances grew slim, When Frazer fell senseless and Estes hurt his shin. Professors Randall and Rattan and Holway came From Sacramento to see the game. Proud of our professors from fair San Jose They were greeted with cheers of Hip! Hip! Hurrah! At last the game ended with our defeat, But "our boys" did finely altho' they were beat. The young ladies cheered and the boys loud did shout, But the Lowell High School beat us out. A gay afternoon in the city was spent, And, to end up the day, to see Suzette they went. The hour was late when homeward they fled And many were sleepy and longed for a bed. Professor Addicatt to enliven the crowd, Danced a jig, and the encore was loud. Great was his dismay, when informed of the day, For violating the Sabbath is, indeed, foul play.

The sun rose next morning with bright golden light,
But it woke not the revelers of Saturday night.
Safe and sound in sleep they dream in sweet peace,
The echo still lingering, "What's the matter with
Meese?"

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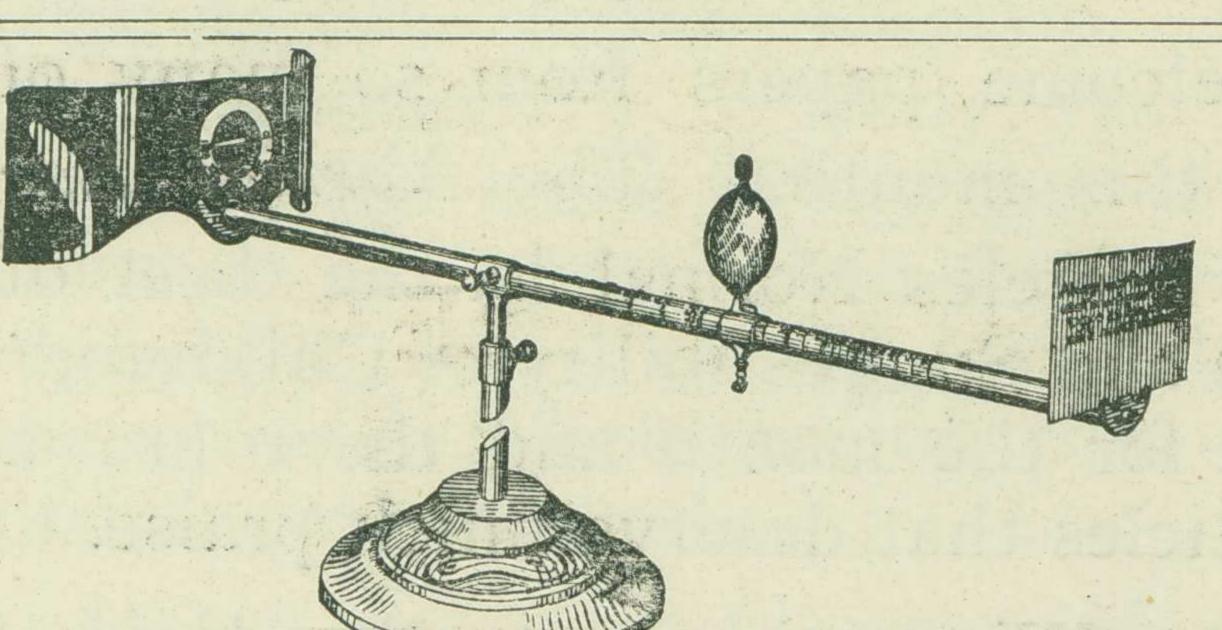
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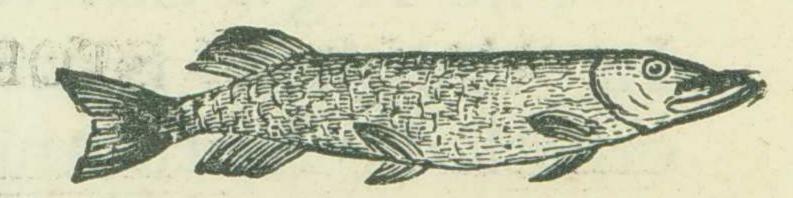
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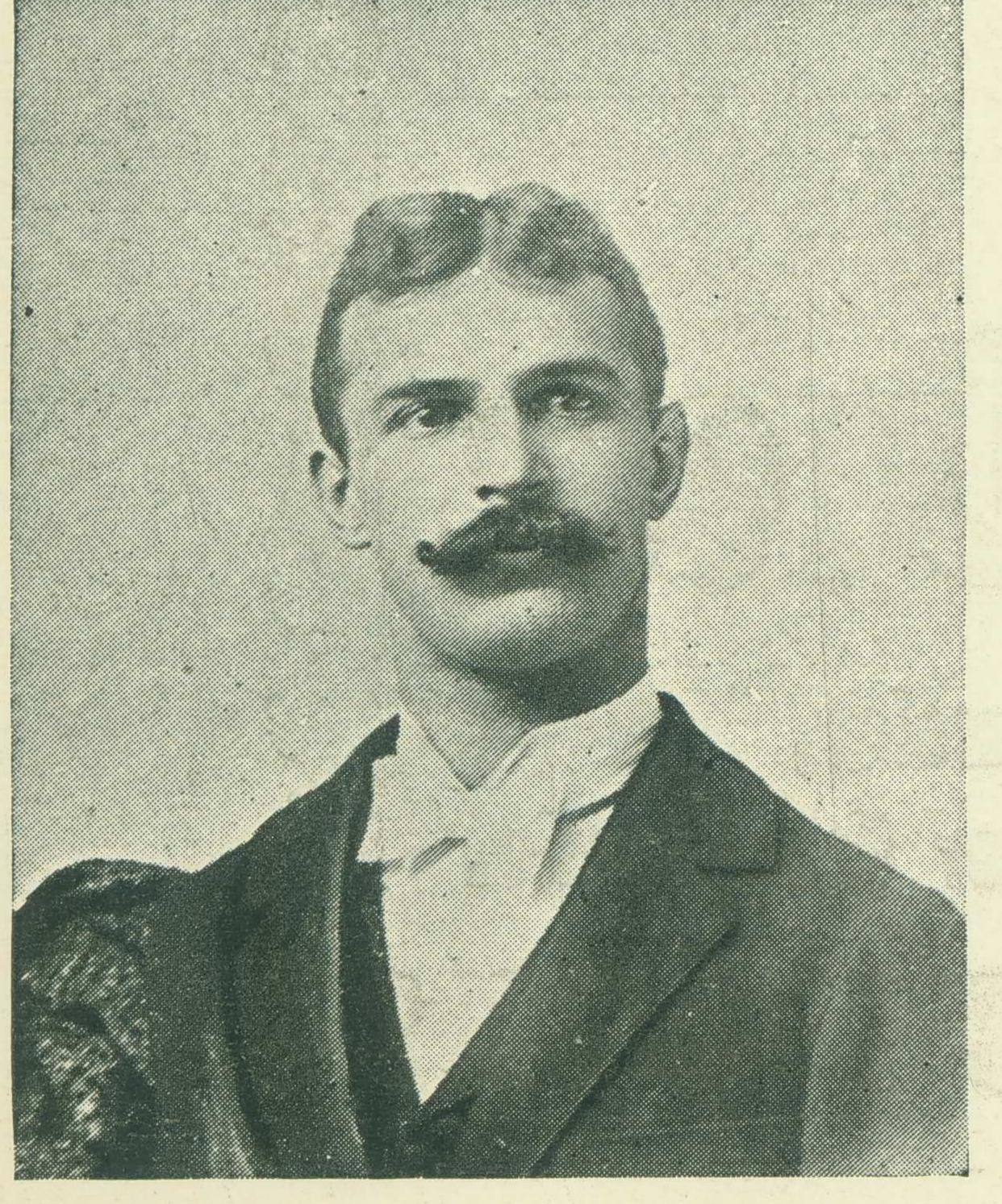
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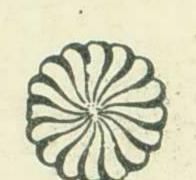
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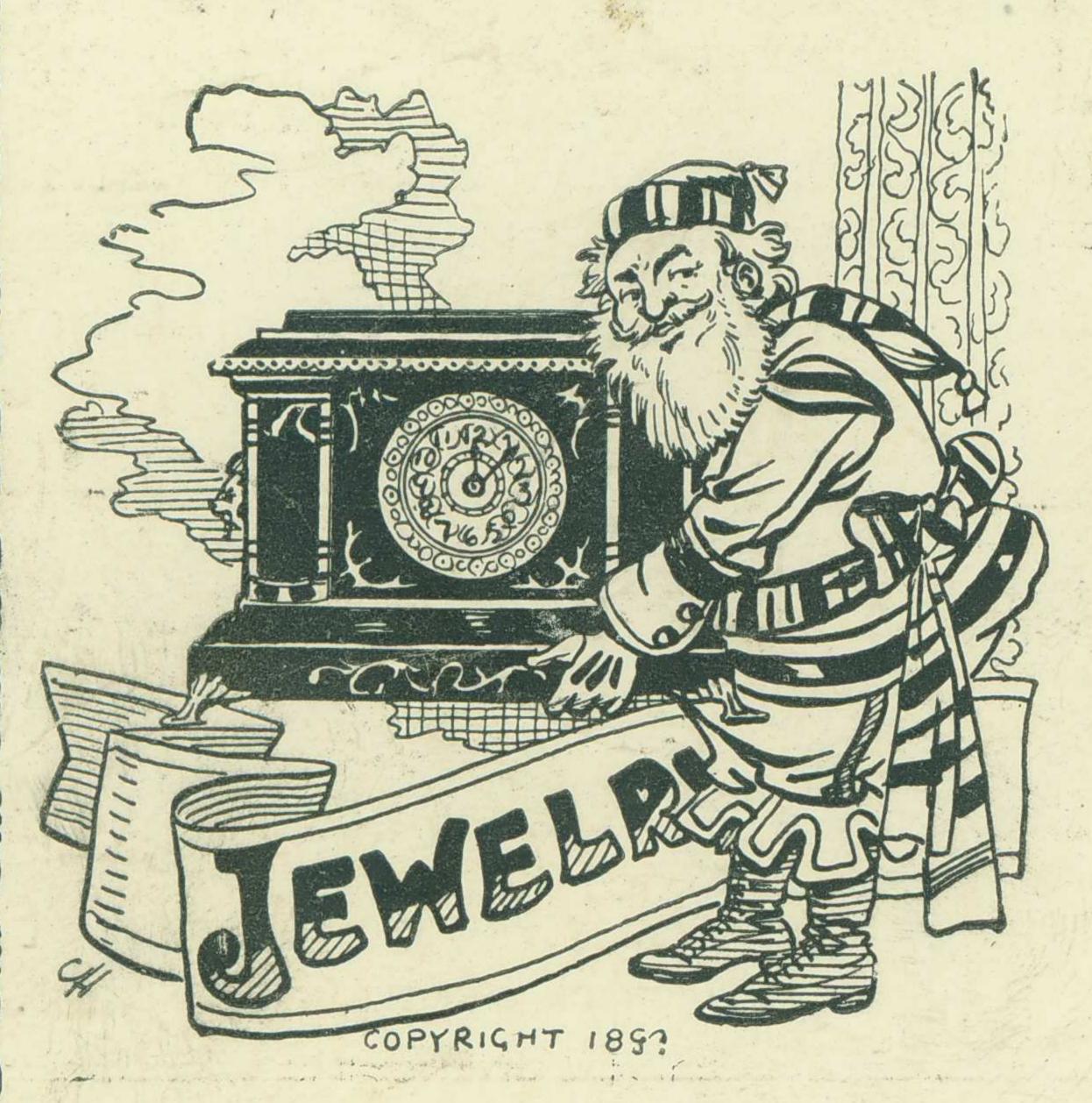
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All Orders Promptly Attended To.

SAN JOSF, CAL.



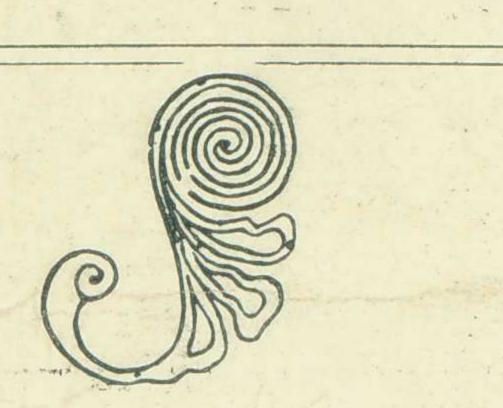
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Now is the Time to Buy Your Presents

Don't Wait until the Last Moment.

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Up-stairs Prices.



Watches, Sterling Silver,

Diamonds, Cut Glass,

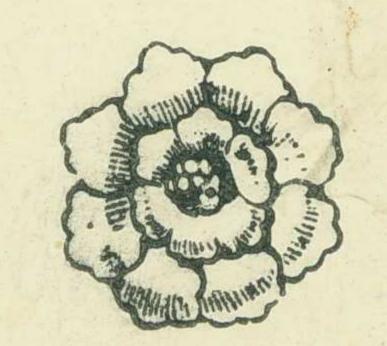
Jewelry, Canes,

Toilet Wares, Umbrellas

NEW THINGS

PRETTY THINGS

GOOD THINGS



AND AND DOCKE

The Up-stairs Jeweler,

Over the Arcade.