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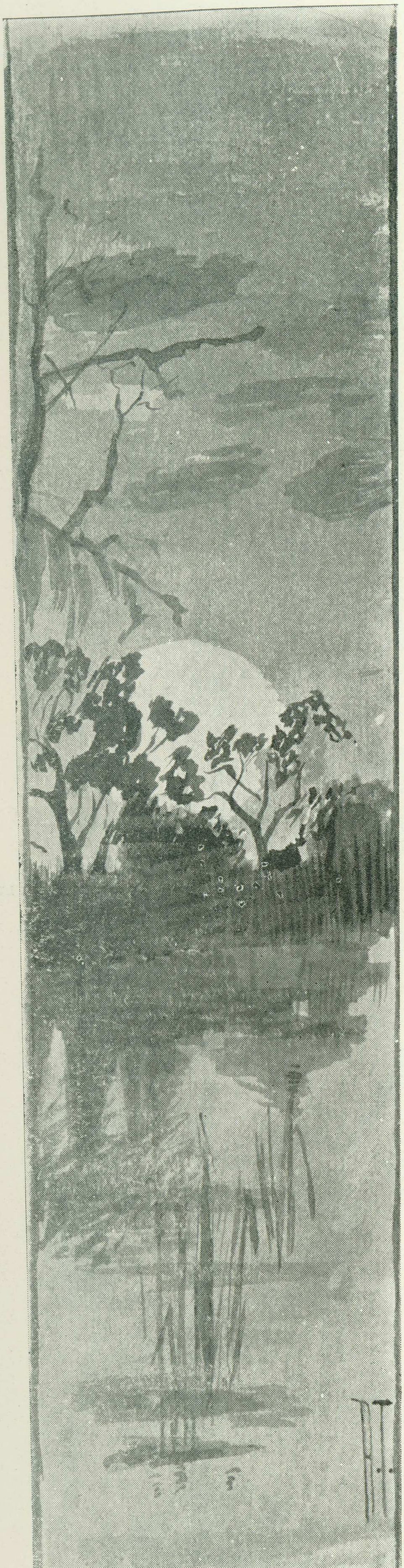
VOLUME VI

# The Normal Pennant

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Better Faithful than Famous.

ROOSEVELT.




## Announcement.

This is the June edition of the Normal Pennant, O, friends of the Class of '03—. Our thought in getting up this number was principally to please ourselves—but if we have succeeded in pleasing you, also, we are glad.

And should you, within these pages find anything unusual—please pardon, and consider that it is because we are the most unusual class ever graduated from the

**S. N. S.**



PHOTO BY HILL

DR. M. E. DAILEY, PRESIDENT

# El Canon Grande del Colorado.



GREAT TRAVELLER says of the Grand Canyon—"I never knew the most self-satisfied veteran traveller to be disappointed in the Grand Canyon, or to patronize it. On the contrary this is the very class of men who can best comprehend it, and I have seen them fairly break down in its awful presence. I never have seen anyone who was prepared for it. I have seen people rave over it; better people struck dumb with it; even strong men who cried over it; but I have never yet seen the man or woman that expected it."

After traveling over five hundred miles of bleak and barren desert on the Santa Fe Railroad the passenger alights at Williams, a little wild West town near the center of Arizona. In about an hour a little narrow gauge engine with one passenger coach attached, starts northward, making the run of sixty-three miles in three hours. Why they go so slow no one seems to know. For miles and miles there is not a mountain, not even a hill. From Williams, a station on the main line of the Santa Fe to the Grand Canyon, a distance of sixty-three miles, there is a rise of but one hundred and twenty-five feet.

After leaving the cars it is only about fifty yards to the very rim of the chasm. To gaze across this great trough twelve to fifteen miles wide and over six thousand feet deep gives one a peculiar sensation, not entirely unlike the first glimpse of the Yosemite, but so overwhelming, so awful.

To me the Grand Canyon was totally unexpected; I had pictured a canyon, but to me a canyon seemed impossible without mountain ranges. It is a great rift through a vast arid plateau, "An awful gulf within whose cavernous immensity the forests of the Adirondacks would appear like Jackstraws, the Hudson Palisades be an insignificant stratum, Niagara would be indiscernible, and cities could be tossed like pebbles."

The Canyon cannot be seen nor appreciated without descending to the bottom, so about eight o'clock in the morning Mr. and Mrs. Frank Short and myself started to walk down the Bright Angel trail. It was the most beautiful sight as we went down the zigzag path, to see the variegated colors of the rocks laid in the most perfect strata.

As we went down, hour after hour, the one thing that attracted our attention was the awful silence of the place, not a bird, not a squirrel, not a single living thing was seen, except a few little lizards. This silence becomes oppressive at times.

At noon we reached the Colorado River, about three hundred feet wide, which whirls through the gorge. At this place it boils and foams like the rapids below the Niagara Falls. Looking up at the walls above

us it seemed incredible that we had ever stood on the rim which now seemed piercing the clouds. It was like looking up from the bottom of some gigantic well.

Soon after we reached the river the guides came down bringing a party of seventeen and a mule for each of us, which was much appreciated. It took us about four hours to return. A part of this trail is perhaps the worst in the country, absolutely no protection from a sheer drop of thousands of feet into eternity except the wonderful ability of the mule to keep his footing.

After supper and a rest, we walked along the rim of the canyon and watched the rising moon, which was just full, light up the walls and finally the bottom of the canyon. We stood and gazed entranced, unable to talk or move, and at last turned away with regret from this most magnificent scene.

"Vastness! and Age! and memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
Oh spells more sure than e'er Judaean King
Taught in the Gardens of Gethsemane!
Oh charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars."

Starting early the next morning we took the stage for Rowe's Point. At this place the canyon is shaped like an ampitheatre with a diameter of fifteen miles and a depth of at least six thousand feet. As the sun rises higher and floods with light the upper walls and the mountain peaks below, the color effect is beyond description. And here we took a farewell look at the most beautiful panorama that it has been my good fortune to see.

M. E. D.

Ever upward.

By Margaret L. Stanglin.

Ever upward pressing
Little do we care
Though the day be overcast
Oft it is heart to bear.
Ever upward toiling,
In the shade or sun,
Till we hear the Master
Say, Your work is done!

# The Tragedy of the Wondergat.

Moselikatze, a Zulu chief, had been driven out of the heart of the Transvaal, where he and his people had settled on the very spot where Pretoria now stands. He had been driven westwards to the Marico district, and had formed a "Kraal" (a Kaffir town) near to the site of the present historic town, plucky little "Mafeking." There he defied the power of the Boer commandos, over-awing and bullying the surrounding Bechuanas into subjection.

This "Kraal" of his was built at the foot of the high range of rugged granite hills in which the Malopo river has its source. Near the summit of the high hill, just overlooking his "Kraal," a strange and mysterious natural phenomenon is to-day still to be seen. Let me try to describe it.

The hill is well wooded almost up to the summit, and very rugged. On ascending from the West the traveller will find himself, when near the top, emerging on to a small plateau. It is surrounded by forest and presents at first view only some gigantic boulders of granite. Climbing up one of these, a weird, mysterious sight will be revealed to him—a deep, dark, cold pool of water, right down under his feet, held in the embrace of the mighty boulders' arms. This pool of water is aptly termed the "Wondergat," i. e., The Wonderful Pool. It is an oval shaped basin, completely encircled by rocks rising perpendicular on all sides, except at the western extremity, where it is possible to climb down carefully to the water's edge. The longest diameter is about seventy-five yards and the least fully fifty yards. The depth of the waters no one has yet been able to find out. Attempts have been made, but the lead, after going down some one hundred and eighty feet, is carried away by an under-current. Whither? Aye, that is the mystery—no one knows whither. Though the pool is not fed from any visible source, and though that under-current is continually carrying the waters away, yet year in and year out the volume of water at your feet remains the same—no rain, no drought has any perceptible effect. For a few hours every day the noonday sun illuminates the cold, cruel surface below you, chasing the shadows and warming the cold corners, but only for a few moments. Soon the deep shadows of the surrounding sentinels fall on the waters again, and as the day wanes the falling shadows, the moaning trees, and gathering twilight, lend an impression of indescribable awe and mystery to the spot. . . And this feeling is enhanced when the traveller hears that the cruel Kaffir Chief, Moselikatze, used to drown in this pool his numerous victims, his criminals and prisoners of war, white and black. His mode of procedure was as follows: He collects all his people around this "Wondergat," and then orders the poor victims to be brought up. They are tied to the surrounding trees and half scorched to death by fires kindled as near to them as possible without burning them quite to death. More dead than alive the poor wretches are thereupon placed on their backs on the ground whilst a heavy stone is laid on their stomachs. Around this stone their arms and legs are tightly tied, and the victim carried up to the highest granite boulder and laid down on the very edge, overlooking

the cold waters below, some one hundred feet sheer down. On this high, flat granite rock Moselikatze used to take up his position and address his warriors, standing around the "Wondergat" in a dense throng. At his feet lies the poor writhing victim, while the King recalls the glorious past of his people and country He was an eloquent man, this Moselikatze. An old Boer described him to me as possessed of remarkably beautiful eyes, and a voice as sweet as music. His heart, however, was that of a monster.

Everybody, then, is listening to the King's eloquent harangue. He is carried away himself by the flood of his perfervid oratory, and carries away his hearers with him. Their loyalty, their patriotism, their wild enthusiasm, reach a pitch of indescribably intense excitement. The culminating point is attained when the King, after a stirring peroration, touches with his foot the victim lying there before him, and topples him over into the depths below. There is a blood-curdling shriek, a splash, a few eddying bubbles, and all is over. The "Wondergat" has gathered to its heart one more poor victim with heart forever stilled now, and body resting down there on its cold bed, or carried away further and further through caverns and caves? Who knows? Who will ever know? The "Wondergat" guards its secrets closely and jealously.

So much for the history of the "Wondergat." Let me tell of my own experiences there when I first visited that mysterious spot.

It was in the year 1891. Mafeking was still the "Ultima Thule" of civilization and our starting point for journeys of exploration northward. I had heard of this "Wondergat," some fifteen miles east of Mafeking, and determined to visit it. I therefore set out on horse-back one day, accompanied only by an old Kaffir, called Maluo, an old friend belonging to Montsioa's people. He was to be my guide, and at the same time would give me a great deal of historical information, since he had known Moselikatze some fifty years before.

We arrived at this mysterious "Wondergat" at about three o'clock in the afternoon. We hobbled our horses and at once began exploring every nook and corner. The scene grew upon me, it was so weird, so mysterious. The spirits of moaning, dying victims seemed to be present; the dusky forms of thousands of Zulu warriors seemed to flit about and line the rocky edge of the "Wondergat" as they did years ago. I stood for a long time on the very rock where Moselikatze used to stand when he harangued the multitudes.

Silently I contemplated it all. Imperceptibly the shadows had begun to lengthen, and already the cold, green waters at my feet were enveloped in the shady, shivering arms of the everhanging boulders. As I peered down into the waters below, my old friend Maluo joins me, and speaks to me thus:

"Morena, (i. e. chief) long years ago I once witnessed an awful scene here." "Tell me about it, Maluo." "I will tell you, Morena, but it was very awful. Whenever I am here I can still see it all take place. Oh, it was like a bad dream. It was thus, Morena. Moselikatze had gathered all his people to witness the execution of three white prisoners, three Boers, he had captured in a fight some eighty miles to the south of this place. The first and second prisoners had already been hurled down from the rock here, and the third, a fine, strong young fellow, was lying ready for the supreme moment. I stood just there, Morena, (pointing to a rock near by.) I was a youngster then, and the Zulus allowed us to go in and out amongst them. Eagerly, anxiously, I stood looking on. My heart was full of fear and pity for the victims—it was such a terrible sight. The King was speaking with great eloquence. He referred to past deeds of glory, and prophesied that the Zulu would still drive

the white man away, and rule over all that vast country, the sole possessor thereof. He waxed grandly eloquent, and had worked himself up into a pitch of tremendous excitement. His beautiful voice rang through the forest, and everyone listened spell-bound. And all the time the poor victim at his feet lay writhing in agony.

Moselikatze was making his last remarks. Quoting the words of the great prophetess, Amakeya, who had prophesied that the white man would soon spread the white wings of their birds, (their ships) and fly away over the great waters. He ended with a stirring exhortation to his braves to have hope and courage—the future was theirs. He had finished speaking. There was an awful hush. Every eye was glued on him—everyone knew what was coming. Already the Moselikatze's foot lifted to kick his victim into the watery grave below, when just there, Morena, just there, a little further off from the spot where you are standing, the crowd parted to open the way for a new arrival. In the hushed silence they had heard the crackling of dead leaves and twigs; they had seen the form of a woman, dishevelled, tattered, torn, bleeding, emerge from the parted branches. They opened a way for her as she rushed to the edge of the pool. Oh, Morena, I can still see it all! On she came, her wild eyes staring at the victim lying there. And just then Moselikatze raised his foot and toppled the poor man over into the water below. As he rolled over their eyes met for a moment. Oh, the horror of it—the horror of it! A mighty cry escaped from the man's lips as he fell—"Minnie, my darling!" The wife heard and saw and recognized it all in the flash of a second. Stretching out longing, yearning arms, with a look of unutterable love on her face and in her eyes, she cried out in a loud voice, "My husband, I come!" And then like a flash of lightning she leapt from the rock there, Morena, struck the water at the same time as her husband did, caught him in her arms, and thus united, went down with him. A splash, a bubble, a few eddies, and nothing more. Morena, do you think they are united to-day, and happy with the great Spirit?"

"You may be sure they are, Maluo," said I.

And then there was a long silence. I dreamt. I stood as in a trance. I, too, could see and hear it all over again. I lived through it all and had just heard the man cry out to his wife, and had heard her triumphant answer. I had just seen them re-united in death, never more to be parted, when old Maluo, with the innate courtesy of the Kaffir, touched my arm and gently and quietly said: "Morena, the fever walks when the sun sleeps." Maluo did not want me to stand dreaming over those waters so late at night, and besides we had still before us a ride of fifteen miles to Mafeking.

And thus a memorable afternoon ended.

On the way back Maluo told me that the woman who had perished there with her husband, had followed the band of Zulus that had taken him and his companions prisoners. For eighty miles she had trudged on night and day, hungry, footsore, bleeding, heart-broken, and had arrived just in time to enter with him the secret caverns below in the weird, mysterious "Wondergat," the scene of many a tragedy, the concealer of many a secret!

ADRIAN HOFMEYR.



STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

# Stephen Phillips: What he has Done.

OF THE recent English writers none has so commanded notice as has Stephen Phillips, poet and playwright. He has been welcomed as heartily as was Kipling a short time before him; he has been hailed as a new Shakspere; he has received high praise from the most conservative London literary reviews, even when he had hardly yet come to his own. And they say, by the way, that his head has not been turned by all the furor.

Stephen Phillips is the son of the Rev. Stephen Phillips, and was born near Oxford on July 28, 1868. He claims descent from Wordsworth. While he was yet a boy, at fifteen, he seems, probably by his mother's reading him Coleridge's poem Christabel, to have been brought to the determination to become a poet, and for some years gave himself constant practice in his art. After one term at Cambridge University, which he entered in 1886, he joined a troup of Shaksperian actors, and was a member of their company for six years. Thus, even as our greatest of dramatists, was Phillips trained in stage-craft. Like Shakspere, too, it is said that he excelled in the part of the ghost in Hamlet, in fact he made a great hit in the role and received curtain calls. Activity on the boards pushed aside for a time the writing of poetry.

After he left the theatrical company in 1892, Mr. Phillips gave himself up to the study of the great masters of song, especially to the Greeks and to Milton. "He conceived that the branch of poetic work which has of late been most neglected is blank verse, and he determined to restore this delicate and most difficult measure to its old dignity and variety."

It is as a restorer of blank verse that he has gained part of his title to celebrity. He is not a mere imitator of the great masters of blank verse, of Milton or of Shakspere, he is original, he has caught the spirit of it and put it to an artistic use, converted it into an instrument of exquisite melody. Whatever Mr. Phillips had published before 1896 he considered only experimental verse, and has suppressed most of it. In that year he seems to have made a leap into maturity and to have revealed his talent by the poem "Christ in Hades." In 1897 came the collection called "Poems," which received the prize of one hundred guineas given by the London Academy for the best literary output of 1897; in 1899 the blank verse tragedy of "Paola and Francesca"; in 1900 the tragedy of "Herod"; in 1902 his third drama, "Ulysses." In the spring of 1902 his plays had become all the rage in the London playhouses. Phillips married Miss May Lidyard.

Of Mr. Phillips' non-dramatic verse, his "Poems," Mr. Edmund Gosse says there seems to be three directions in which it advances by turns. "There is his poetry of trance, where the appeal is to something magical or phantasmal, seen and heard under conditions of the tensest imagination ('Christ in Hades,' 'Marpessa,' 'Lazarus,' 'The Lily'). Then

there is the poetry founded on naturalistic effect, which attempts to give a splendor of technique to themes from which vision is positively absent, in which the homely, the humdrum, even the squalid, is essential ('The Wife,' 'Faces at a Fire,' 'The Woman with the Dead Soul,' 'By the Sea'). Finally I trace a vein of philosophy—something at once Ibsenish and Stevensonian—in certain lyrics ('The New De Profundis,' 'The Question,' 'Faith'). It would be rash to conclude that these three will continue to seem main streams in the poet's work. I am inclined to hope that the second may dry up altogether, and the third be so sent back as to reenter and to feed the majesty of the first."

Many of these poems show a dramatic insight, they touch the heart. Could the great Puritan poet have read "To Milton—blind," would he not have been comforted for his "original night"? "Marpessa" made an immediate impression, it is called one of his most sumptuous and magical studies in lyrical blank verse, and what higher praise than "the lovliest love poem of our time"? When Marpessa is given by Zeus her choice between Apollo with all his glory, and a mortal lover, she chooses the latter,

"But if I live with Idas, then we two
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
In odours of the open field, and live
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
And he shall give me passionate children, not
Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.
And I shall sleep beside him in the night,
And fearful from some dream shall touch his hand
Secure; or at some festival we two
Will wander through the lighted city streets;
And in the crowd I'll take his arm and feel
Him closer for the press. So shall we live.
And though the first sweet sting of love be past,
The sweet that almost venom is; though youth,
With tender and extravagant delight,
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,
Pass off; there shall succeed a faithful peace;
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life."

Another ideal has Mr. Phillips conceived and already realized, too. He and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the London actor-manager, have sought to bring back poetry to the stage, where there have been of late plenty of plays but a lack of the spirit of poetry. While his three dramas have been successful as acted, they are vastly enjoyable as literary productions; you can fully appreciate the music and the beauty when you read for

yourself. In his first drama, Mr. Phillips had been commissioned by Mr. George Alexander, a leading actor of the contemporary stage, to write him a tragedy for stage production and its rights were purchased by Mr. Alexander. Thus came before the world "Paola and Francesca," the old story of Francesca da Rimini, used by Dante, now told anew and in his own way by this twentieth century English singer. And lo, the Critics! they vied in praise of it; in fact "the complacency of the critic was so universal as to be almost alarming." They praised the sustained movement of the whole play, the dramatic conciseness and the quiet reconciling close; they called it "a live poem and a live drama, yet tingling from first to last with intense dramatic life."

What of the play? Let Phillips tell you himself, for when you begin him, he insists on being read, all of him. It is beautiful, the story of those two lovers ruled by Fate; while the character interest of the play lies in Giovanni, the husband, and in Lucrizia, the embittered woman. There is something Shaksperian in that bit of comedy, the farewell of the soldiers and the girls, yet there is tragedy in it, too, just a hint, in a single line of weeping Mirra. You begin "Paola and Francesca" bravely, you will read it aloud to try the sound of your own voice in this new poets lines—then there is suddenly nothing else in the world, and your tears have warped the pages of a borrowed book. Read only this of the childless passionate old Lucrezia and know why. She is reproached with bitternes, and replies:

Bitterness—am I bitter? Strange, O strange!
How else? My husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Have I not in my thoughts trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practiced. O those children, mine!
Mine, doubly mine: and yet I cannot touch them,
I cannot see them, hear them—Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
That muffled call of birds how like to babes;
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift!
Omitted by his casual dew!

* * *

I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.

I know that children wound us, and surprise
Even to utter death, till we at last
Turn from a face to flowers: but this my heart
Was ready for these pangs, and had forseen.
O! but I grudge the mother her last look
Upon the coffined form—that pang is rich—
Envy the shivering cry when gravel falls.
And all these maime'd wants and thwarted thoughts,
Eternal yearnings, answered by the wind,
Have dried in me belief and love and fear.
I am become a danger and a menace,
A wandering fire, a disappointed force,
A peril—do you hear, Giovanni?—O!
It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

In his second drama Mr. Phillips was again commissioned by an actor, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, to write a tragedy, on Herod the Great. The play was well received by audiences and by critics; they now recognized that Phillips had arrived. "Herod" is probably more dramatic, if less beautiful, than "Paola and Francesca." It is the Herod from the historian Josephus that is used in this "tremendous love story." The theme of the play is Herod's passionate love for his wife Mariamne, when her love for him is dead and he is incited against her and has her killed, his old love is strong and the insane delusion seizes him that she is yet alive. He sends messengers to call her, is patient at the delay, until commanding them to bring her before him, he stands fixed in motionless agony over her bier. These master-passions of Herod take one back to Marlowe, especially in that grand third act where he gives commands for the building of the Temple. It was in this first production of "Herod," that there appeared as Salome, sister of Herod, our own San Jose actress, Eleanor Calhoun.

Ulysses was produced in London in 1902 with Mr. Tree in the title role, and with a most magnificent staging. In fact it was written to please the peculiar taste of Mr. Tree, who loves stage spectacular effect. Every detail of costume and scenery was historically true, the result of particular study. Of course, as with the other dramas, this also received highest praise. He had maintained his previous high-water mark, and this play alone, they said, would have given him his present place. In the story of Ulysses, Phillips has used his Homer with freedom, he does not adhere strictly to the old story; as in "Paola and Francesca" he adapts his source to best suit his own ideas. Phillips himself fully explains the matter in a note added to the publication of the play. Ulysses and Penelope really live for us; there is the same dramatic power, the same lyric beauty; there is the artistic restraint that says just enough,

and says it in most bewitching words. All his plays are so. Here we are taken to Hades and to Olympus. If we are amused by the chatter and jealousies of the gods on the sacred Mount, no doubt the author meant us to be. The descent into Hades is more a series of pictures than a part of the action, yet each step has its effect on the mind of the home-hungry wanderer.

Of the work of Stephen Phillips, Mr. Sidney Colvin says "For the sacred fire, and the illuminating vision, for originality and virility of imaginative power, for gleams of the diviner charm and tenderness which belong to and are inseparable from impassioned strength, Mr. Phillips work has stood, to my thinking at least, alone in its generation." And you? You devour you re-read, and read again, and cry, Oh, oh, this is what Shakespeare might have said, what Tennyson might have sung." You see it, the sound of it goes ringing in your ears and the touch of it takes hold on your heart. You grow wise in faith and resignation and the purpose of pain. How many of those things might not you have said yourself, if only you could? You grow impatient with the critic who asks if there is any flaw in the art and you praise in superlatives.

Phillip's grace of expression is so aptly shown in those haunting single lines which assert themselves throughout all his work. Hear are a few:

"Make a music upon midnight with my name."

"His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."

"The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods."

"So still it is that we might almost hear
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world."

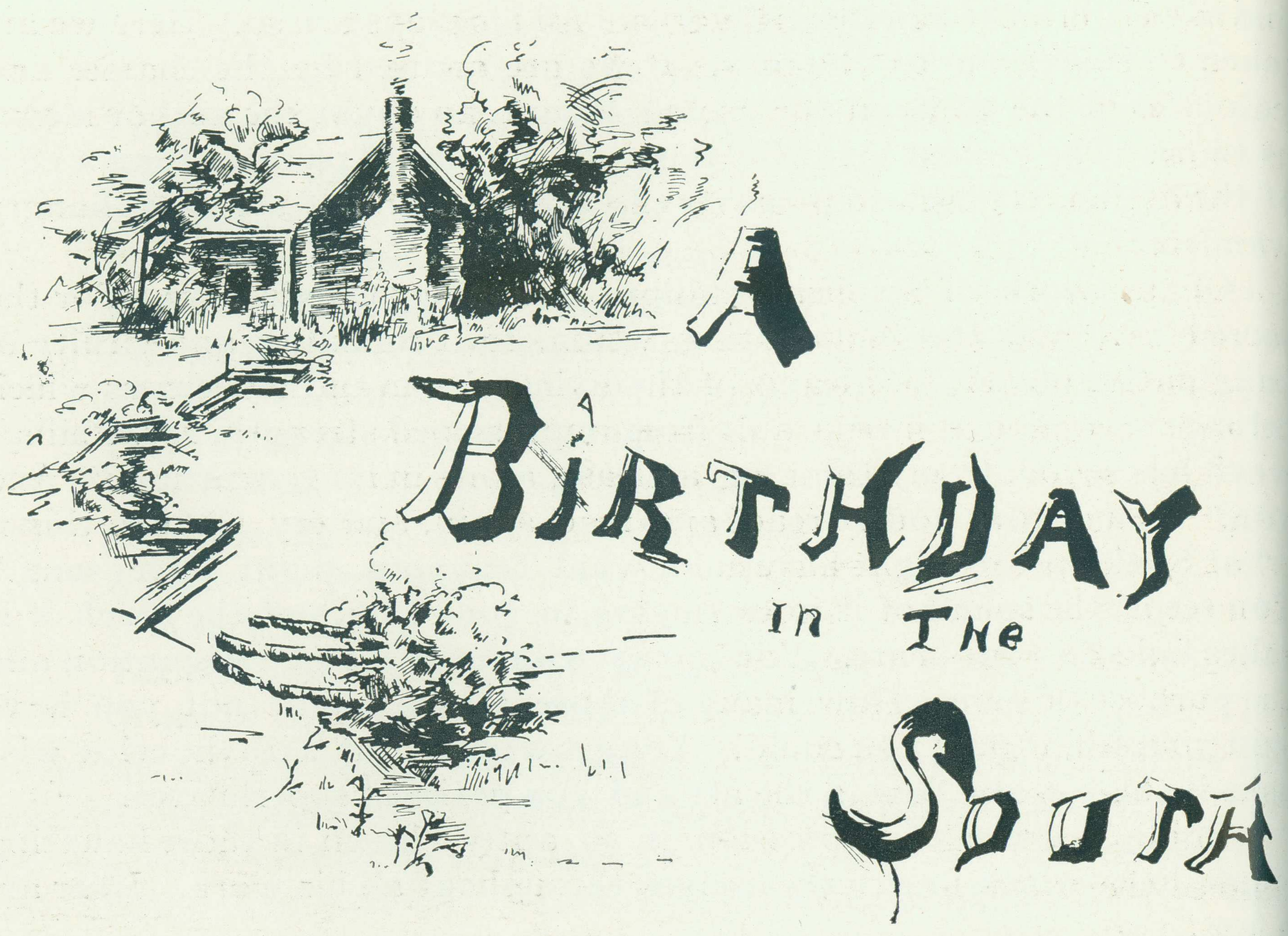
"As rich and purposeless as is the rose."

"Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where."

Paola paces, forbidden, outside Francesca's door
"A sad step, and it goeth to and fro."
The rhythm tells the agony of it.

Finally, will he live? "Does he have the intellectual strength and range sufficient to make his poetry a true criticism of life?" Many who questioned thus of his first poems, found his "Paola and Francesca" to answer in the affirmative, and no doubt have found the same of the two later dramas. The chief interest of his work is with humanity, we read him as we read Shakspere, for the human side; his poetry is "communal," hat is it appeals to general readers; then as a poet he stands "beyond question." Born and trained a poet, "he has determined to let nothing interfere with his chosen art." I think he must live.

MARY E. WALTER.



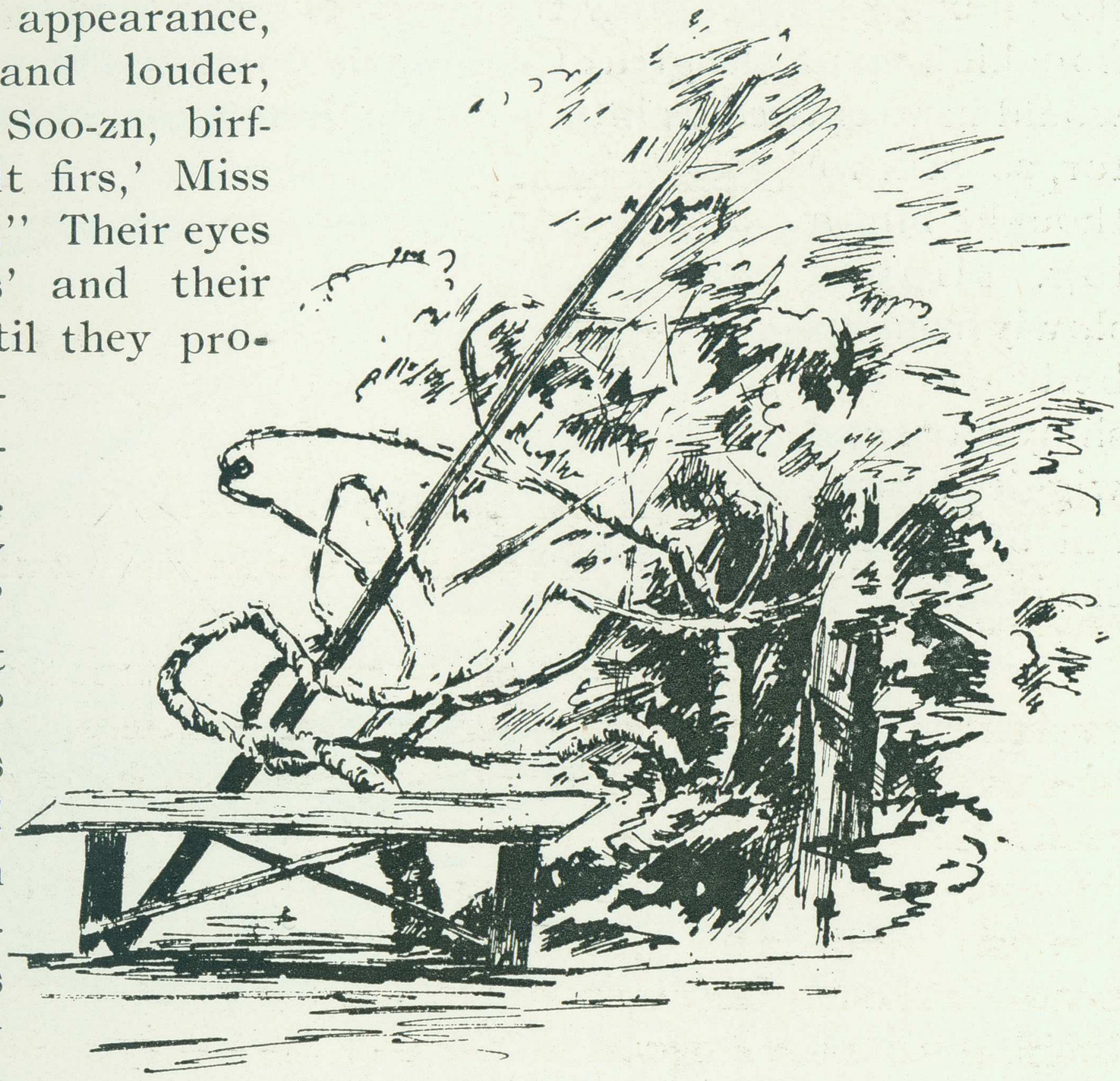

THE good old fairy-tales seemed to be turning to realities: I was to spend a birthday in the South, in the land of romance of which I had dreamed.

In the "wee sma' hours" of the morning while the darkness and the daylight were still contending for the mastery, I was aroused by the unusual hurrying to and fro in the great wide hallway; then, to a keener realization of it all by the sharp voice of Aunt Dinah calling to her slothful son, "Heah, you young rapscallion, ain't you done wringed dem chickens' necks yet? First thing you know Miss Soo-zn won't have no briled chicken fo' her brekfas', an' 'taint no birfday, 'thout briled chicken." Judging from the surprise in his voice, his big eyes must have been round as saucers. "Dis Miss Soo-zn's birfday? Suah 'nuf, I mos' forgot 'bout dis day." There seems to have been instant impetus given to business, for without more ado, there was the sound of sudden restlessness in the chicken yard, a frightened flutter and a despairing squawk several times repeated, then silence reigned again.

I had almost fallen asleep when the maid's heavy step awakened me as she entered the room with fresh rain-water and laid out clothing for the day. Not being accustomed to the luxury of these disturbances, I was instantly alert; though to appear so would be bad policy indeed. Martha was just leaving when privileged, motherly, old Aunt Dinah poked her bandanad head in at the door to lament sadly over our lack of energy, "Dem pore chillun's all wared out. Massa Horace, an' Massa Townlee doan let 'em res' no mo.' Dey jes keeps 'em dancin,' an' pic-

nickin,' an' hosseback ridin' all day an' mos' de night. Dey's too perlite to say dey's tired an' doan wan' to go, an' here dey is a sleepin' on. Well, I won't brile dat chicken jes yet awhile, kays 'twould be mos' dry as chips."

The unusual noises began to awaken all my latent curiosity. There were hurryings and scurryings that rose above the sound of subdued voices; there was the scraping of a chair over the polished floor and a sudden crashing of a ladder against the wall. What did it all mean? I crept out to find the hallway aglow with wild coral honeysuckle and Virginia creeper; and here and there in the cozy nooks were palmettos I had seen growing in the sluggish, black streams. It was a bower of beauty that hid several crouching little pickaninnies ready to jump out at me on my first appearance, shouting louder and louder, "Birfday gif', Miss Soo-zn, birfday gif'. I said it firs,' Miss Soo-zn, birfday gif'." Their eyes shown like beetles' and their voices rang out until they proclaimed their whereabouts to the watchful Aunt Dinah. "Heah, you lazy good-fer-nothin' black chilluns; what you doin' heah? Scatter out o' dis place, quick now! Didn' I nevah teach you no manners nohow? Askin' Miss Soo-zn fo' birfday gif jest kays ye know she's com from Californy where the gole is. Get out o' heah, an' doan let me see yo' black faces 'round heah again fo' dinnah time. Doan you pay no 'tentions, Miss Soo-zn, kays I teached 'em better; 'deed I did." It was the work of a minute for me to send them off beaming and happy, where they spent their next fifteen minutes like bloated bondholders among their inferiors; then, moved by the impulse of a common want, they rushed to a grocery, from which each emerged with a yard of sugar-cane that was quickly frayed into shreds.



We had scarcely finished "dat briled chicken" when horses were brought for the picnic to the bayou. The chaperons in the carriages, with some of the children and baskets of luncheon had gone on long before us. Our host was to follow with his daughter, Horace, Mr. Tonlee,

and me. That day was ideal! Every one was ready for pleasure, and the dear old gentleman was the gayest of the gay, as he rode from one to the other with his thoughtfulness for each and his merriment for all. Even the horses seemed filled with a spirit of festivity, as we dashed up one hill and down another through the tall pines and out into the sunshine again; waded the shallow creeks and stopped to rest on the hillside for the slow-going vehicles and—incidentally—a sandwich. There was cornmeal to be bought from the picturesque old mill, for any southern picnic would be a failure without the corn pone. There was fishing to be done before the luncheon was ready; but as fish are always shy on picnic days, only two, it seems, must fish together.

We penetrated farther into the woods for a beaver's den must be shown me. Thicker grew the tangle of grape vine swings as they hung from high up on the great trees nearly down to the water's edge. They would have enticed us into being children again, but a great, lazy alligator, so still we thought him a log, slipped slowly from his bed on the slimy roots and wiggled himself out of sight in the jungle.



Two little pickanninies—typical pickanninnies—were playing seesaw on a rail across an old worn fence, while a third, a boy of more stature and experience gladly sold us a string of fish he had caught; and we, now triumphant, marched back to camp with the prize.

Such a luncheon! Did anything ever taste so good? Sambo's shining face beamed as he heaped up our plates again and again. The hilarity subsided during the early part of the meal and again as the party resolved itself into twos to saunter near the bayou for—nominally—one last look at its black, sluggish waters; then we mounted our restless horses and galloped off through the woods on a merry race for home.

Festivities never come singly on festive days and evening demands it shall not be neglected. We hurried from picnic dress to evening dress and out to the wide veranda where the privileged few were already

assembling. No one felt tired; or she would have disdained to own it if she had. The moon, shining through the tangled vines, was the shimmering golden moon that only the South really knows. The air, soft, balmy and delightful, fanned us until midnight without permitting a wrap. One could fancy any sort of fairy tale coming true on such a night as that. The happy laughter rippled on gaily; the guitars had been tuned, and now and then a low echoing strain came from the servants who had collected in the grounds near the shrubbery. All went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell till little Hugh, amid a clatter of tumbling tables and chairs, brought us instantly to the doorway. "What have you been doing with this mistletoe?" exclaimed everybody in a breath. "I—cause—Miss Susan." He choked back a sob. "Horace did it Christmas when"—He was interrupted by ringing laughter and retaliating, he turned indignantly to Horace. "You needn't laugh; you love her yourself. You told her so—'cause I heard you." Discretion seemed the better part of valor, and the darkness covered the retreating form of the younger brother as he disappeared with the elder in close pursuit. A voice from the kitchen stairway rang out, "Fo' de land's sake, Massa Horace, doan you hurt dat chile. You mus' compute it to his ignorancy, Massa Horace. He did'nt mean to tell, 'deed he didn't."

From the avenue came the low musical sound of the guitar and four full, rich voices singing with touching ardor, "When de silber moon am shinin' an' de fields am bright an' blue." What was it? I listened—a real southern serenade—with one familiar melody melting into another. A window was raised from within. "Sambo is that you?" "Yessum, Miss Helen, 'at's me. Dese cakes ye're givin' me 'ull tase right good, but we's jes gwine to sing one mo' song for Miss Soozn's birfday;" and to the intense amusement of everybody there came floating up, "There's jes one Girl in the World fo' Me."

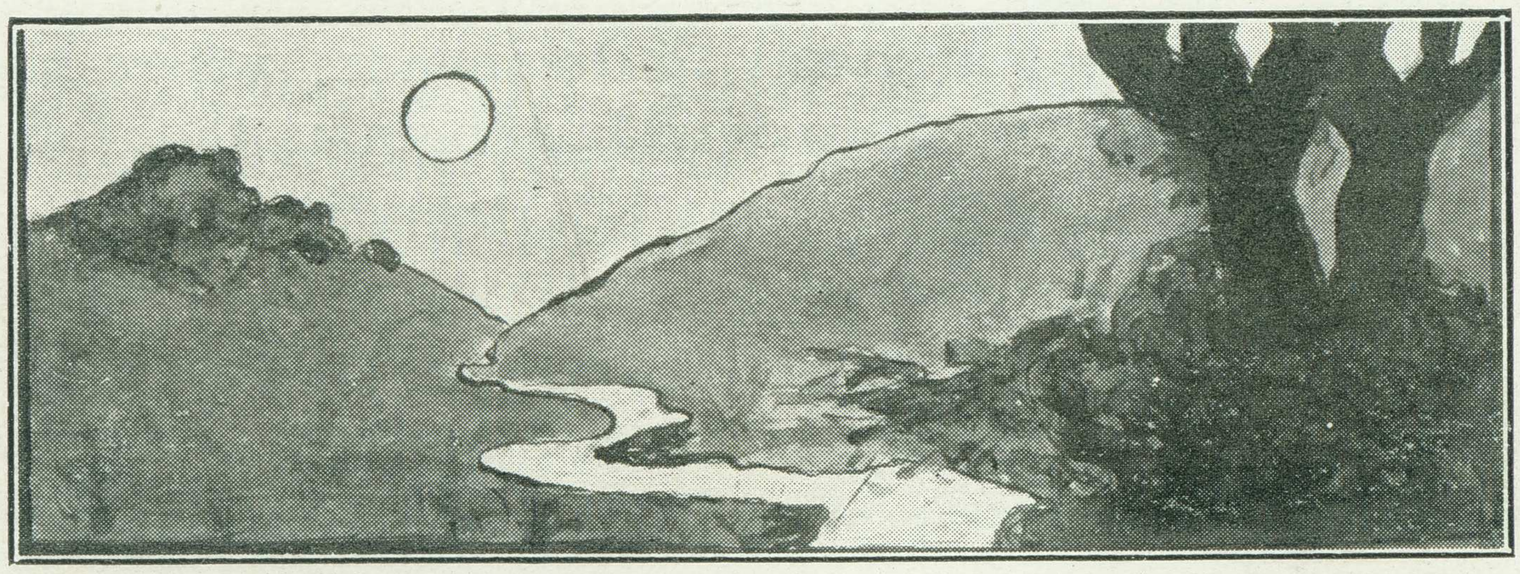
The guests finally dispersed after the longest period of festivity I had ever known, but it was the happiest day of all my happy girlhood. The moon shone out alluringly. The hours had been too full for instant sleep and now, too tired to know whether we were in the flesh or dreaming, Martha's voice came like an echo, "I spec ye's hungry now de singin's done, an' dere's some of dat cole briled chicken ye had for brekfas' if ye'll jes step out." But the full, deep, musical voices that had sung "My Old Kentucky Home," as only the negroes can sing it, had aroused new thoughts that were bearing me away to dreamland, where the melody filled the night, as well as the years of waking dreams that followed.



# The Tragedy of the Oak.

Tragedy is written o'er thee, sturdy oak,
In lines that stir the heart, lament invoke.
Those withered under-branches, once so fair,
Were then thy tenderest shoots and proudest care;
They played awhile their part, reached their full prime,
Were your ideal branches for a time;
But soon o'er topping limbs threw them in shade,
Shut off the radiant light; their part was played.
They helped to rear thee, set thy branches high;
Were they content to be unknown—to die?
Was there no pain as withered leaves dropped off?
No vain regret; no bitterness to dwarf
Ere they their freshness and their vigor lost
To that which using, counted not the cost?
Thy cresting greens dance in the sunlight, free,
With nought of care and all of brightest glee!
Hast told ought of the gigantic shoots
That helped to rear thy trunk and build thy roots?
Or hast forgot the dead and sadder things
That helped thee grow, but left no bitter stings?

CAROLINE FIELDER.



# Some California Artists.



HOUGH California is yet young, there have been so many creditable workers with pen and brush and chisel within her borders that one could scarcely hope in a brief article such as this to review them. A cursory glimpse of the few is all that will be attempted.

Among the veterans of art stand Mr. William Keith and Mr. Thomas Hill and veterans are they, strong enough to stand abreast of each and all later workers in the field.

It has been said that no distinctively California landscape artist has yet appeared. This may be so. Yet both Mr. Keith and Mr. Hill have given us many canvases stamped with the greatness, and the peculiar stern sublimity that seem in so many moods to characterize this state.

Mr. Keith is probably best known through his superb handling of the California live oak, his great, suggestive woodland interiors and his California hillside and glades. He revels in the glories of the the skies. And some of his great canvases with ominous, lowering clouds, beneath or through which burst sunbeams rejuvenating a sad, awaiting earth beneath, recall Norse legends and the conflicts of Loki and the powers of darkness with the radiant one, Balder, the Good.

Mr. Keith is the poet-painter of the West, subjective rather than objective in his work. He has done some fine portraiture but it is as landscapist that we think of him.

Mr. Hill who has spent much of his life in the high Sierras, and in Yosemite itself has quite another theme and manner of expression. He is a man of recognized ability and power who has devoted himself to the problem of depicting the grandeur and sublimity of his chosen environment. And probably no man painted them so well. He has given us some great Yosemities. One large canvas of the valley from "Inspiration Point" painted for Judge E. B. Crocker is now owned by the City of Sacramento—a fine inheritance for any city to claim.

There are many California artists who have achieved success and who have taken up a permanent abode abroad—such as Fred Yates who is meeting with much success in portaiture in London. William Harris who has made himself famous by his marines is also in England; Julian Rix, a fine landscapist is in New York; Orin Peck so favorably received at the World's Fair at Chicago, is in the east; Matilda Lotz of San Jose who has made such a reputation by her animals and Egyptian scenes is in Paris; and Clara McChesney of Oakland, so creditably mentioned in European Art Notes is also in Paris.

Among those who remain at home and work, Mr. Arthur Mathews, Dean of Hopkins Institute may well be mentioned first. He is a man of broad art-culture and marked individuality—a scholar in his work. For the last six or seven years Mr. Mathews has been devoting himself to mural paintings—a field for which he is well fitted both by training and predilection. Composition has always been a subject of deep interest with Mr. Mathews, and this new field calls for its fullest exercise and affords a scope for the broadest knowledge and understanding. Some years ago he decorated the music room and other apartments of Mr. Frank Smith of Oakland. He lately decorated the beautiful home of the Hills in San Francisco and he is now completing the mural paintings for the library of the Tousig mansion, for each of which he has received the highest praise.

Another Californian artist interesting and strong is Mr. Rollo Peters now of Monterey. Mr. Peters after studying some years abroad where he attracted considerable attention to himself by the exhibition of some moonlight effects and a striking and original conception of Napoleon I. in St. Helena, returned to California and began a serious and faithful study of moonlight effects—especially of adobes in old Monterey.

The first exhibition of his moonlight studies met with a most enthusiastic reception from the press and people of San Francisco. Later exhibitions at the Bohemian Club have justified the claims of Mr. Peters' friends that here was an original worker and a strong man.

Mr. Dickman after some years abroad is doing some fine and interesting work in the figure and in landscape. He is a fine draughtsman and his coloring has often the charm of fine old tapistries. Mr. John Stanton has also done some decidedly strong, fine work both abroad and at home.

Mr. Amede Joulin, a talented artist, so long associated with the Art Institute as instructor in painting is a strong "still life" man and has recently come into more special notice by his Mexican Indian studies.

Mr. Latimer is doing and has done some excellent water colors as has also Mr. Yard formerly of San Jose whose touch is sure and style good.

Among the younger men of promise and talent are McComas, Martinez, Raphael and others.

The sculptors who have achieved results are Marion Wells, Douglas Tilden, and Rupert Schmidt. Mr. Tilden made a reputation for himself in Paris which was strengthened by his work at the Columbian Exposition and carried further by work since his return. The Donahue fountain on Market street, and the monument to the native sons on Market and Mason streets, San Francisco attest his power. There is also work by him in Golden Gate Park and elsewhere. Mr. Schmidt has done a great deal of portrait work both in marble and bronze, as well as monumental work. He it was who sculptured

the memorial arch at Stanford and the McKinley munument in San Jose. Among the younger men and women devoting themselves to sculpture are many who do good things with promise of greater. Mr. Putman has been highly praised for his animals and has been called the Barye of America. Mr. Robt. Aitken has received much praise for work, and was elected to the position of Instructior in modeling in the Hopkins Art Institute. Mr. Earl Cummings now in Paris is also highly praised. Miss Gertrude Boyle has done two fine heads, one of Prof. Le Conte and one of John Muir.

As for the illustrators for the Overland, and for the eastern magazines but especially for the daily papers here, there are too many to mention in an article of this length. But the familiar names of Peixotto, Davenport, Maynard Dixon, Newberry, Gorden Ross, Solly Walters, Brubaker, the Partingtons and many others are well known to all.

Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan has made a most enviable reputation in her magazine illustrations east and west, of legends, fables and children's stories.

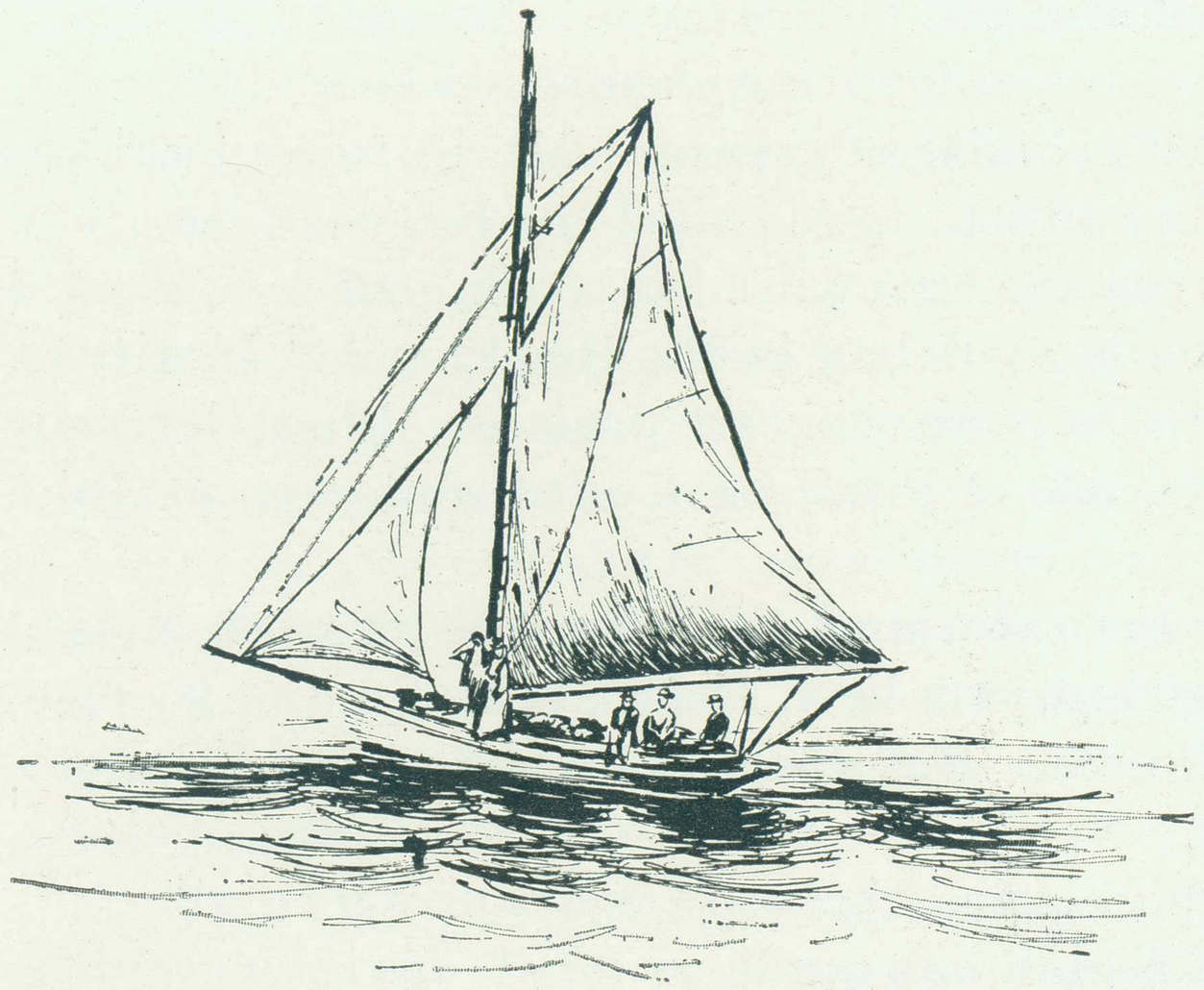
Miss Helen Hyde did some charming work before going to the Orient. Since her return she has added to her store some delightful etchings of Japanese women and children, and in colaboration with her sister has published a clever little volume of Japanese jingles illustrated in red and black.

Mr. Chittenden who has made a reputation in painting California flowers is now abroad. Miss Evelyne McComick with her studio in the old Customs House in Monterey has done some fine work. Mrs. Grace Hudson has made a reputation painting the Humboldt Digger Indians.

Nearly all artists of any strength try portraiture pure, sooner or later, and a strong man is likely to do good work here, too. But creditable work is not enough and the great portrait painter is rare indeed. It is said by those who are capable of judging that the best portrait painter on the Pacific Coast is a woman—Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson. Mrs. Richardson is a woman who puts her heart, her conscience into her work. She has gone her own way, lived her own life unaffected by men's blame or praise. It is a delight to spend a few hours in her charming studio on Russian Hill in San Francisco, to meet the artist and know the woman who lives the poetry she paints.

In the southern part of the State there are artists, men and women, doing strong, fine work whom the length of this article will not permit to more than name—though some have a national reputation. Among these are Paul de Longpre (Californian by adoption), Bond Francisco, Wachtel, Stetson, Benda, Miss Regina OKane, Helen Caon, and Edith White, the last, is one of the finest flower painters in the State.

CALTHEA C. VIVIAN.



# A Glimpse of Life on the Farallones.

WE were camping at Pacific Grove when I was asked to go as teacher to the Farallones, a little group of islands thirty miles southwest of San Francisco which are used by the government for a lighthouse and fog signal station. Vivid pictures were painted showing the dreariness, the bleakness and the entire isolation of a year of life out there; but the pictures were rather restful than otherwise, in contrast to the busy preceding years.

We learned from the lighthouse inspector that the "Ida A," the two-masted schooner which the United States chartered to run out to the islands, made the trip on Friday, every two weeks. My friend, Mrs. Carter, and I were at the wharf at the appointed hour, but oh, the disappointment! The schooner was small, not more than forty feet long, with only one deck, which was littered with numerous and divers things. As we stood on the wharf we could see down the hatchway, into the engine room (there was a gasolene engine to help when the wind failed) and into the storage room with the bunks on the sides. It was not especially inviting. When the Captain was ready to start, he put up a ladder and we climbed down, crab-fashion to the deck. We were given cosy seats among piles of canvas, and the sailors brought us cushions from the bunks. Every courtesy was shown us so we forgot our disappointment in the boat, and gave ourselves over to the delight of the trip. There was a strong wind which filled every sail and gave the "Ida A" an opportunity to prove herself a good traveler as she took one long, low swell after the other. Mrs. Carter yielded to the rythmic motion and sounds and went to sleep. I sat there enjoying it immensely, when the Captain offered me his glasses and wanted to know if I should like to see our destination. I looked for some time before I saw on the horizon the small specks which he said were the islands. We should be there in two hours. After that, I stood at the wheel with the Captain and watched the specks grow larger. Great flocks of sea-gulls were all about us as we neared the islands—a beautiful, graceful, noisy convoy.

I wish I could make you see the islands as I saw them—a great mass of brown rocks rising, at the highest point where the lighthouse gleamed so white in the sun, four or five hundred feet above the water. Not a

dwelling was visible, not a sign of human life, until we were quite near, then the Captain gave the wheel a turn which brought us in sight of the "landing." Such a welcome sight as it was! The life-boat was just pushing off with three of the keepers, and far up above the water, seemingly perched on the side of a cliff, was a little brown house with a great platform on one side, where stood an array of children waving handkerchiefs and aprons, and dancing in great glee, for the coming of the "Ida A" was the event to which they had looked forward very eagerly, especially when a guest and a new teacher were on board.

As the life-boat came nearer, one of the sailors tossed the keeper a rope and in a second the men were over the side giving us our first welcome. It took some courage to allow ourselves to be *picked up and handed over the railing* to the men in the life-boat below. But we submitted; we couldn't very well do otherwise as the sea was too rough for us to make a safe descent on a ladder. We gasped when we saw the



great waves rushing up the gorge into which we had to go to reach the landing. But the keepers were alert, strong and capable; while being tossed over the side of the "Ida A" had made us very meek, indeed about doing whatever we were told to do.

I watched the preparations for landing with a sort of fascination and yet a certain dread. The second assistant, a magnificent specimen of Sweden's men, was standing in the center of the boat, swinging a coil of rope above his head, preparing to throw it to the fourth man who was standing on the rocks below. He caught it on his arm and began drawing us nearer shore. The Swede, whom every one called Sonny, jumped from the boat to the rocks and stood ready to catch us as we were tossed to him. I felt that was past the submitting point, so picked up my skirts and jumped. Sonny was to quick, however, and caught me before I touched terra firma. Mrs. Carter preserved our dignity and came over in the regulation way. We climbed over the rocks to a flight

of stairs leading to the house where we had seen the children. When we reached the top with Mr. Beeman, the head keeper and Sonny, only one boy was standing there. He came toward me, his cap in one hand, the other out-stretched, and said he was glad we had come. He called the girls, who came rather shyly, the oldest one carrying her little baby brother in her arms. My heart went out to them at once as I thought of all a teacher might be to those lonely children. It did seem lonely as I stood there—the deep booming of the waves on the shore, the monotonous call of the sea birds, and the wall of rock around us. But over it all one had the sense of a blessed privilege as the children came nearer shyly, yet longingly, and asked us if we did not want to go to the houses, for their mothers had told them to bring us. One of the boys said Adelina Patti was standing beside the power house and he would take us up on the car if we would ride. That sounded inviting. There stood Adalina Patti, so called because of her musical (?) propensities, a large, lazy-looking government mule, hitched to a car, which looked like a railroad hand-car, minus the propeller.

We decided to walk and the children guided us to a path where we saw the main island before us, sloping gradually to the water.

No one could welcome a stranger more genuinely and cordially than those island people welcomcd us. Constant unobtrusive thoughtfulness in the every day home life made the days very happy.

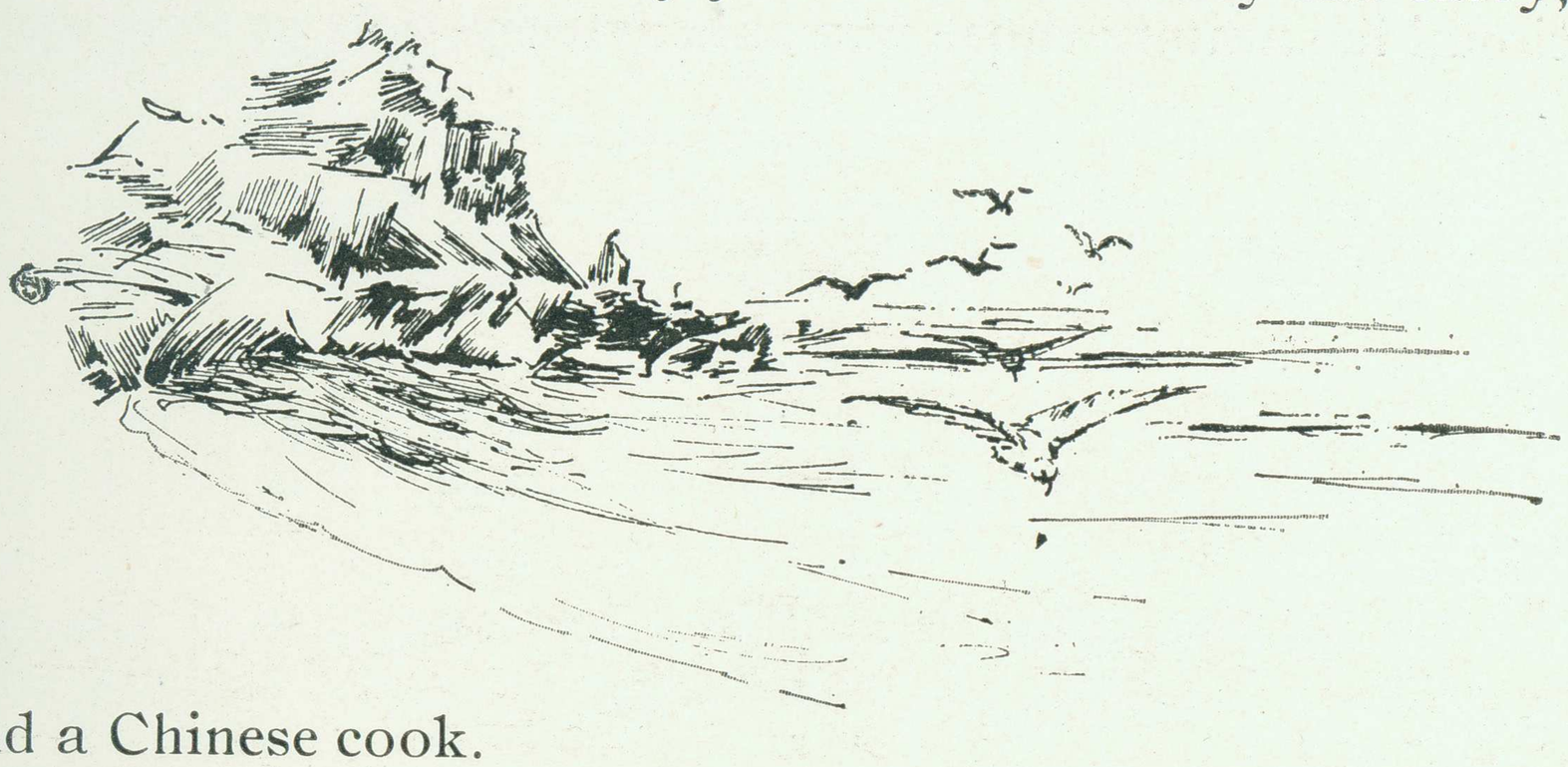
We saw before us two well-built houses, two apartments in each; a two-story stone house, and beyond was Patti's stable and the chicken yard. One of the two larger rooms in the stone house was used as a general store room; the other, the government had furnished for a school room. It was complete in every detail: good blackboards, charts, maps, desks; and a good desk and chair for the teacher. The school hours from nine to twelve, and from one to two-thirty were always happy ones.

The room above the school room was turned into a regular den for me. In that room were spent some of the pleasantest of hours, for in the evening, the children always came up and read aloud, such stories as Hans Brinkers; or from Greek and Roman mythology; and—when the children asked for them—stories from the Bible. The mental picture is very clear, of the children stretched out on the cushions on the floor before the grate—the two youngest in the sleepy-hollow chair with me—and no light save the glow of the drift wood fire. It was just the time for imaginative work, and I often wondered if the lessons we learned there were not as much a preparation for life as those learned in the room below.

One is tempted in this little reminiscence to tell fishing stories of how we used to stand on the rocks on the south side of the main islands and pull in eels as fast as we could; or of how we would put on boots and gather abalones between waves; or, best of all, of how Mr. Beeman and I—we were the fishermen—would go out in the life-boat, and bring back

red rock-cod, or sea-bass. When we had enough fish for the entire population—there were only fourteen of us—we would put up the sails and have a cruise around the islands. To the north was Sugar Loaf, an almost precipitous cone, rising a hundred feet from the water; to the west was West End, a continuation of the main island but separated from it by a deep gorge through which the water rushed with a roar; and to the south, Seal Rocks, where the seals basked in the sun, hundreds at a time. I can not think of the islands without hearing the call of the sea birds, the barking of the seals and the dull booming of the waves on the shores.

Sometimes we had visitors. The Italian fishermen out for red rock-cod became quite friendly and often asked us to go in their boats with them. At other times the pilots from the pilot boats out after an expected steamer would land. Have you ever been on the pilot boats? They are among the most beautiful boats on the bay. They are built for speed—long, narrow boats with as many yards of sail as they can carry, graceful and attractive to a fault. They are luxuriously furnished, and are kept in perfect condition from top to keel. Each boat has its four pilots, its deck hands, sailors and a Chinese cook.



The signal station was most interesting. At the least sign of fog in the sky, the man whose watch it was would run to the station and fire up, as it takes thirty minutes to get up steam. The siren is heard for miles in all directions. The deep rumbling blasts come every twenty seconds and last twenty seconds. The fogs were so dense they turned daylight into twilight, and as you walked along you wanted to put out your arms to push them away. If it was night you could not see the rays of the revolving light and even the blasts seem muffled in the blackness.

The lighthouse has a first order revolving light. The rays are sent out through four great bull's-eyes, and light ships to the mouth of the harbor, thirty miles away. The night watch is divided into four periods: from sunset to nine; from nine to twelve; from twelve to three; and from three to sunrise. The man who had the last watch put the light in order for the next "light-up." It is a busy community, especially during a fog, for each keeper has two watches at the fog-signal and one in the tower, during the twenty-four hours of the day.

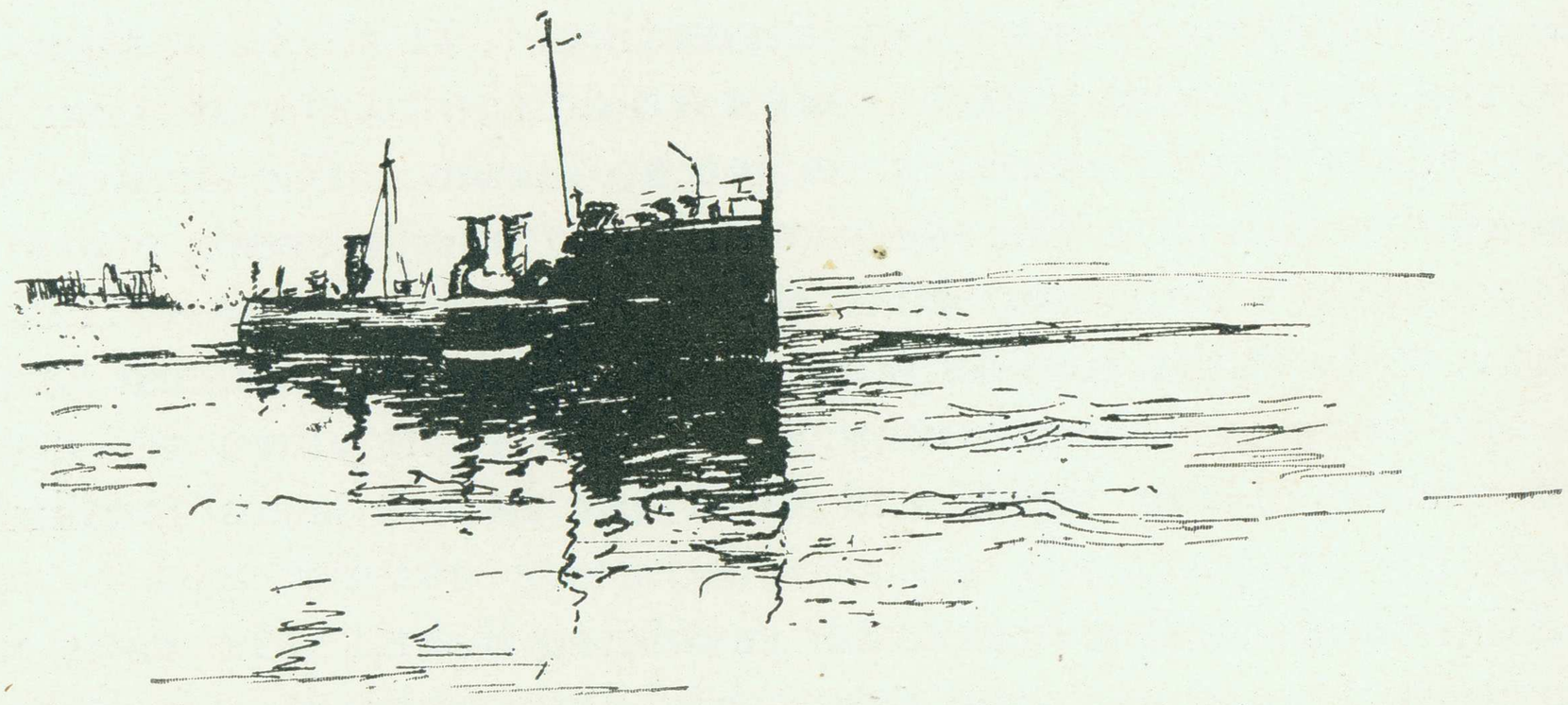
The animals of the islands are rabbits, and goats, and—Patti.

The birds—well, they were everywhere, seagulls, seapigeons, muirs,

seaparrots, and little rock-wrens. In June thousands of birds come from the coast for the nesting season. That is when seagulls' eggs are sold in San Francisco. The seabird builds no nest, but lays its eggs and hatches its little ones on the bare rocks.

Patti's duty was to draw the car loaded with coal oil up the hill to the town. Whenever she heard the whistle of the Madrona, the steamer used by the lighthouse inspector, she knew that meant work for her, so away she ran to the most inaccessible point of the islands. It was only by strategy, she was ever caught for she was as skillful in climbing as the goats.

I have not told you of the swimming pools or of the ideal beaches where we took sun-baths and picked up strange, beautiful shells. But perhaps this has given you an idea of life in that important but little known place. If it has, you can understand when I say that sometimes one is apt to look back rather yearningly toward the happy, unconventional life among those warm-hearted people in that isolated spot.

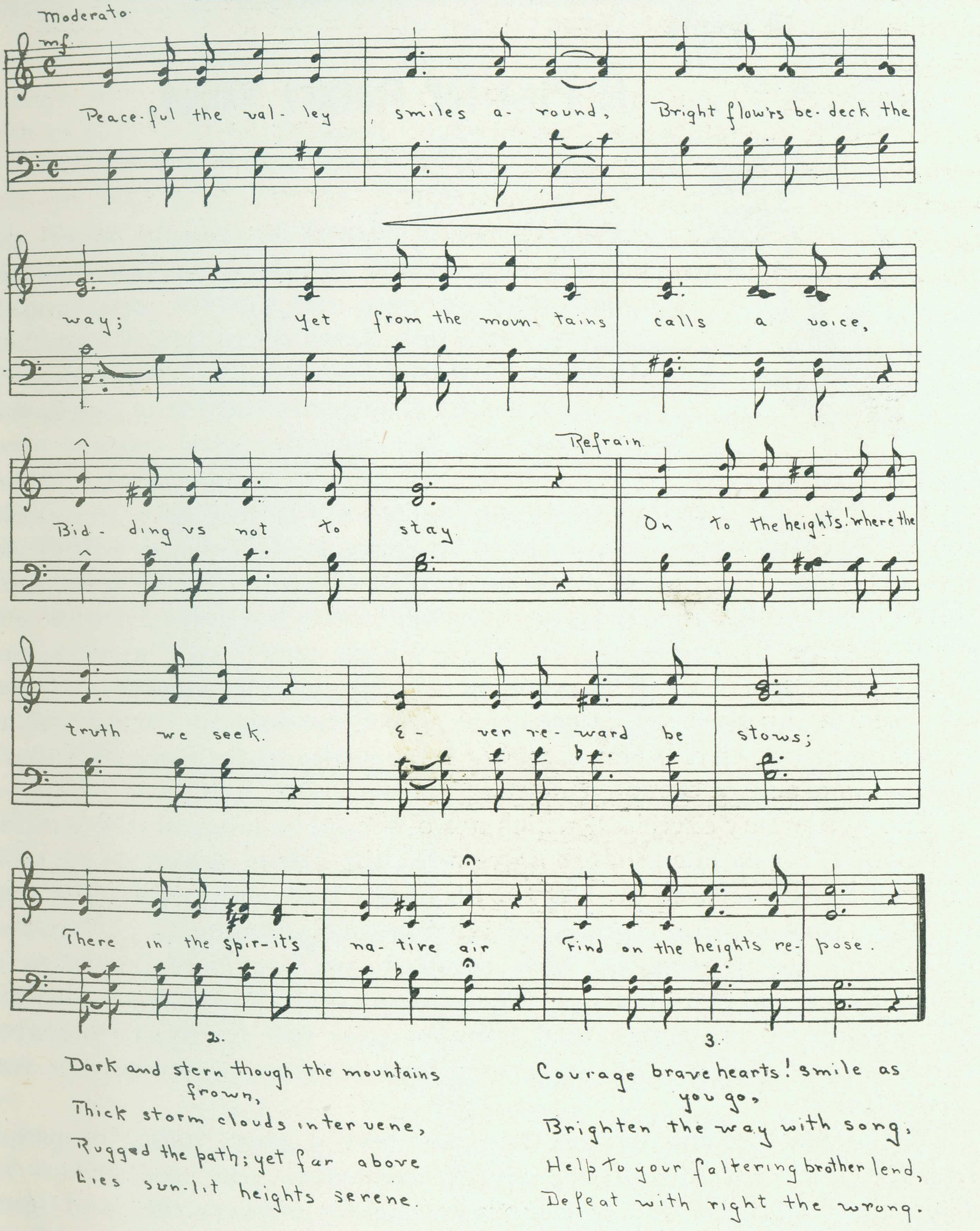


# "On Every Height There Lies Repose"



Words by Ruth Royce

Music by Henry L. Schemmel

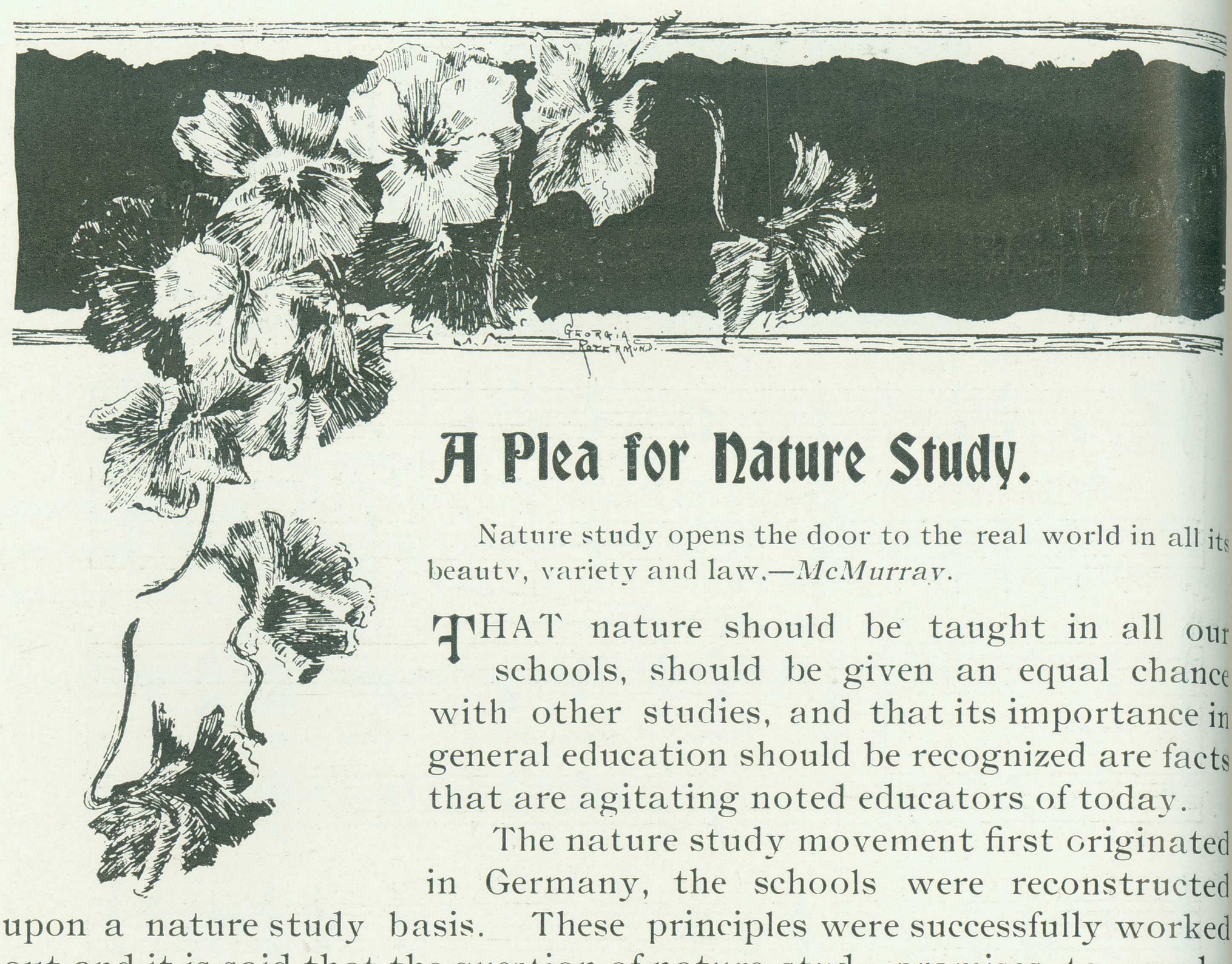



2.

Dark and stern though the mountains frown,
Thick storm clouds intervene,
Rugged the path; yet far above
Lies sun-lit heights serene.

3.

Courage brave hearts! smile as you go,
Brighten the way with song,
Help to your faltering brother lend,
Defeat with right the wrong.




# A Plea for Nature Study.

Nature study opens the door to the real world in all its beauty, variety and law.—*McMurray*.

THAT nature should be taught in all our schools, should be given an equal chance with other studies, and that its importance in general education should be recognized are facts that are agitating noted educators of today.

The nature study movement first originated in Germany, the schools were reconstructed upon a nature study basis. These principles were successfully worked out and it is said that the question of nature study promises to revolutionize the entire curriculum of the public schools of England within the next few years. The nature study movement is comparatively new in the United States, but through this movement there has come about a very great change in the methods of teaching nearly all subjects and there promises to be a greater change in the future. There has been a number of causes that have helped to bring about this change; one that is considered of importance to the United States is the economic side of the movement.

The Arbor Day exercises, which are observed in most of the schools of the state, is one phase of the movement, the aim of which is to train the child to care for and protect the life of the tree and ultimately lead to the prcservation and cultivation of our forests. Another phase of the movement has resulted in organized societies of both children and grown people for the study and protection of bird life, and passing of protective bird laws in over two-thirds of the states, which means billions of dollars gained to the agriculturists and horticulturists.

Within the last few decades there has been a great influx of people from the country to the already ovcrcrowded city. One great reason for this state of affairs is that distaste is created for country life, and ignorance of what life is and ought to be. It is one aim of nature study to lead people to see the falseness and artificial manner of living, and to see

the beauty of simple living—to teach them to adapt themselves to their environments so that they may be able to use and interpret it for their own happiness and the happiness of others. The beauty of country life and surroundings has been intensified by the rise of a school of writers of nature study and of science. They have seen, loved, and interpreted nature to us as no others have done. Who would not love the mountains and things of nature better after reading "The Mountains of California," by John Muir, or who could ill treat or lack sympathy for animal life after reading the "Autobiography of a Grizzly," "Johnny Bear," and "Lives of the Hunted," by Ernest Thompson Seton? You must love nature and nature's Creator better when you see through the eyes of John Burroughs, John VanDyke and Joaquin Miller.

Nature study has come to stay and there are still important reasons why it should be given a place in our school curriculum. The early education of the child of long ago was confined within the narrow lids of text books and consisted chiefly of mathematics, languages and history. It was altogether bookish. Later as science developed it became an important part of the corricula of most of the universities, colleges and high schools. Within the last few years it was thought by prominent educators that if science is of sufficient importance to be taught in the higher schools, that elementary science or nature study should be taught in the elementary schools, as ninety *per cent* of the children attending school never go beyond the grammar grades. A well rounded education can neither be gained by the study of science alone, nor from the study of humanities alone, but only from a blending of the two that will best fit the child for life's duties and pleasures.

The experience of the first six years of a child's life are such as have been gained through his senses and activities. He is a child of nature, of the physical world and not of the intellectual world. When he is put into school he is rudely and widely separated from his natural physical life, and placed in an unnatural environment. It is at this stage that nature study and manual training should be used to bridge this gulf so as to make the transition easier and more natural, and to bring into closer relation his home and school life.

The aims of nature study have been many and varied. The methods of teaching have been determined by the aim of the teacher and have proved a failure or success accordingly. Most teaching of nature study has been guided by the result the teacher wished to obtain. Among those aims we find the following: To teach the child to observe; to give him knowledge; to promote personal investigation; to form right habits; to teach the child to think, to reason, to see relations; to develope the higher nature—the aesthetic, ethical, and spiritual; to cultivate kindness and sympathy. All of these aims should be combined to form the real or highest aim, and that is to give a general education and build character. If the interest

and sympathy of the child are awakened and cultivated; if the life, use and adaptation of plants, animals and the common phenomena about him are emphasized, he will come to see co-operation in the works of nature as a whole; that each part has a work to perform, that it does its work, and how it adapts itself for it. This willl lead him to be in sympathy with his fellow beings and see the necessity of performing his part toward nature, man, and God.

Some day, when we have learned to love, and interpret nature, when we will seek less knowledge from books and more from the "Real world in all its beauty, variety and law," we shall feel like singing with William Wordsworth:

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books:
Or surely you will grow double:
Up! up! my Friend and clear your books:
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blythe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean creature:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher.

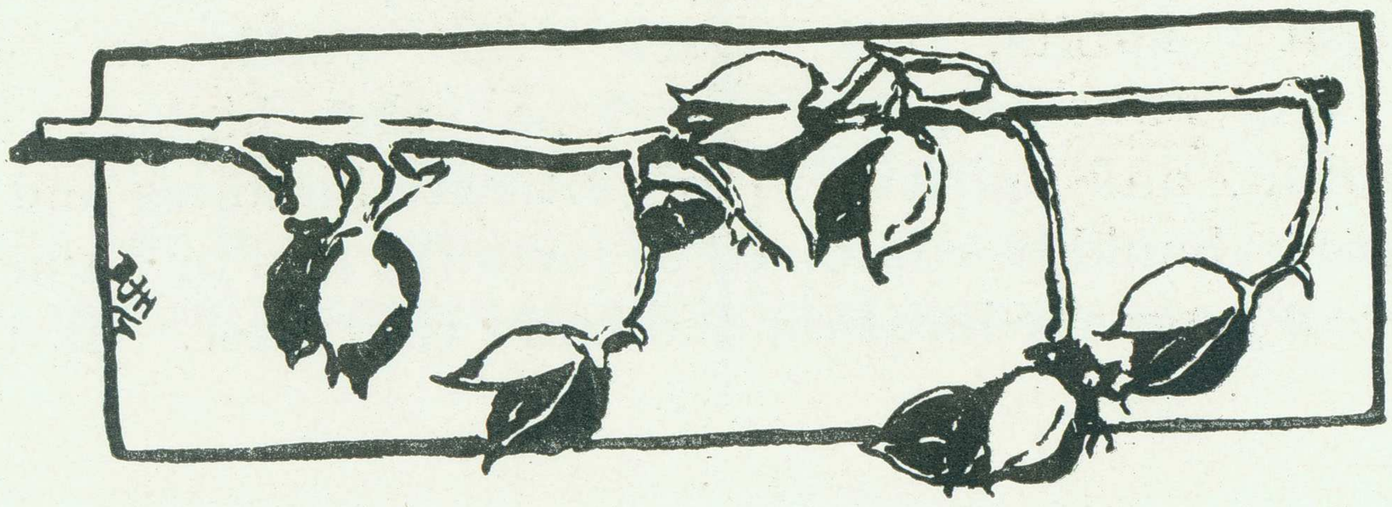
She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

JESSIE ROSE.



# The Night of the Senior.



CERTAINLY if there ever was a picture of dejection, she was that picture. She sat in the middle of a heap of gowns on the floor, and gazed disconsolately out of the window at the stars. Her red-brown hair was touseled, her brown eyes looked as big as—well, as big as eyes can look, and there was a suspicion of mistiness about them. In short, she was on the very verge of tears, and that was really something remarkable for a person like Topsy (for that was her college pet name) who was always gay—always in a good humor—supposedly—and altogether the jolliest, most popular girl at college.

The little chapel clock chimed the hour. "Eleven," sighed Topsy. "And of course the Senior ball is just at the height of its glory. Everything is revelry, beauty, glitter soft music and palms—and here I sit—the last night I shall spend here in this dear old den where I have crammed and shirked, made merry and been sad—in fact this has been home to me for the four joyous years I have spent here; and now it is all over. If I had not felt so utterly blue to-night I would have been at the Senior now with the handsomest, most conceited man at college. Yes, I would have been there with him, all because Tom was too utterly slow to ask me in time. Goodness! If boys arn't the *biggest* idiots in creation then I am still a Freshman." With this she slams down the lid of the trunk she has been attempting to pack—jumps up and starts for the door. She stops a moment and takes a picture from her study table—a picture of Tom which he had given her when they were in high school together. "Tom, you insane one, you *are* the dens-



est person I ever saw. You are absolutely stupid!" And she dashe out—down the long, dark corridors and out into the starlight.

Across the campus under the sycamores, like some little dark wil animal she flits. At the old chemistry building she pauses. She remember the window of the basement laboratory which won't lock, and in moment she is seated on her own high stool with her head resting o her arms on the table before her, and her thoughts away back at th beginning of her college life. She lives it all over again—her joys, he sorrows, her triumphs, failures, and conquests, and wonders whether o not it all pays. Four years! And now she is to start for Europe in a fe days. It had seemed to her in looking forward to it that she would b perfectly happy in going. But as the time draws near she finds it har to think of leaving college and home and friends; old memories an sweet associations are very dear to her and *won't* be forgotten—an then—Topsy is in tears at last, her small body trembling with sobs.

* * *

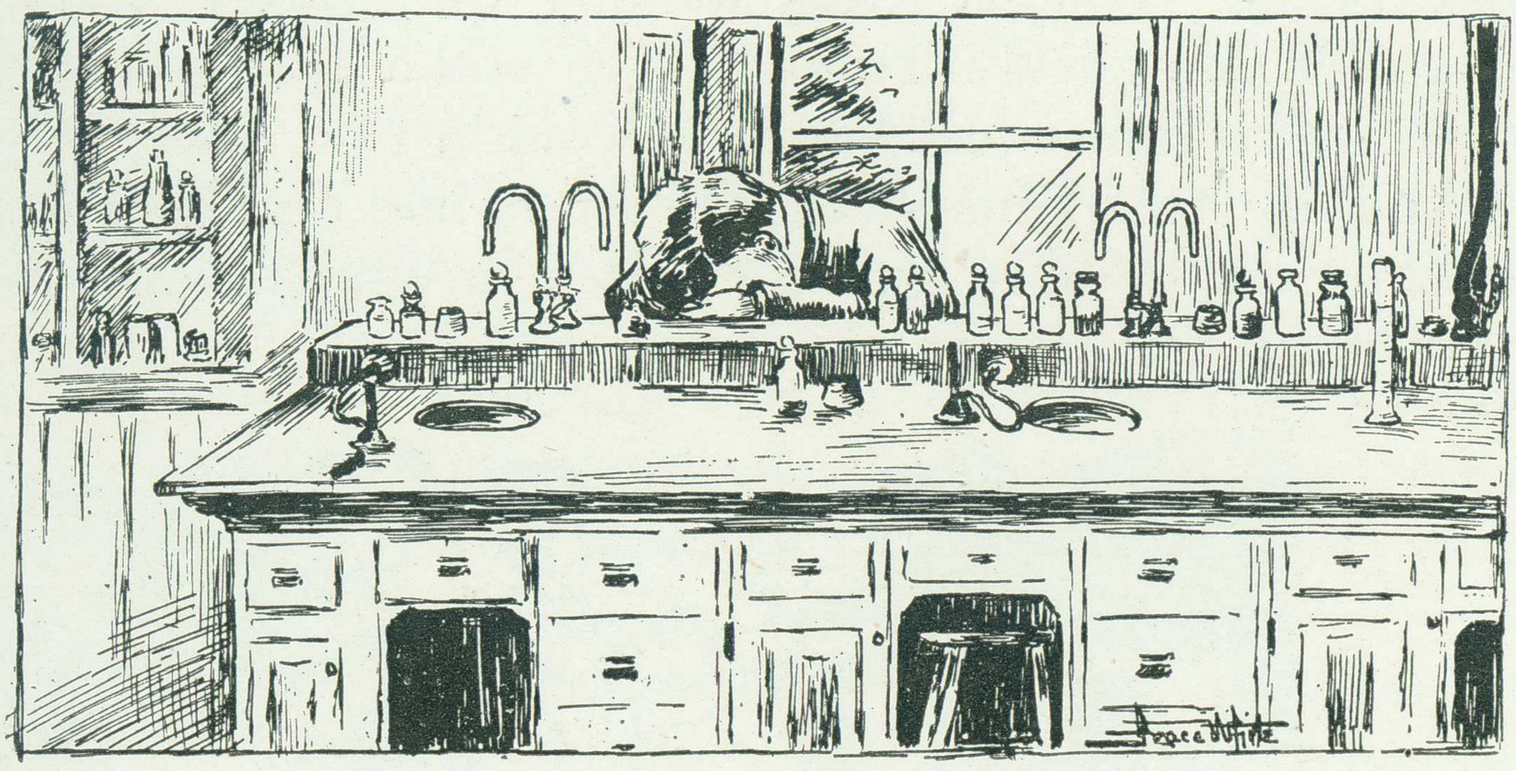
The waning moon is rising over the low wooded hills. Its misty weird light struggles through the dark branches of a pine tree and fall upon a figure lying at full length upon the ground. Suddenly there is kick and an exclamation from the figure: "Tom Rodney, you are a *idiot!* "O, you are worse! I can't think of anything bad enough to cal you!" And Tom Rodney sits up and hugs his knees. He resumes hi conversation with himself. "Now why on earth you are sitting her feeling sorry for yourself and acting as simple and feeling as sentimenta as a Freshman who has never been away from mama before, I can' imagine. Great goodness! You haven't had such a smooth sail here tha you ought to feel so deuced blue at leaving college—Aw, I say! Just because the girl you asked to Senior to-night was already taken, there i no use in your getting such a fierce sour ball. Now if it were a girl yo really cared especially for, there might be some sense in a performanc like this. But Topsy's only a keen old friend. Oh, well! guess I'll stro over to the chemistry "lab" and see if I can find that book she lent me."

Tom also knows the window which won't lock. Many a time afte recitation hours he and Topsy had crawled in there to finish up some work o get forgotten belongings which Topsy was forever leaving behind. The had always worked together, and it had seemed a matter of course tha they should, for surely they were old enough friends. Why, he knew Topsy just about as well as he knew himself—better, in fact, had he only realized it.

Tom tumbled in through the window with a bang. He did not see the little figure which jumped at the sound and sank down out of sight behind a huge chest of apparatus. He stumbled on, over to their own accustomed place, where the two high stools usually sat side by side. But to-night he noticed, as his eyes became accustomed to the hal darkness, that Topsy's stool was not pushed under the table as his was

and as hers should have been. "Thoughtless little one," he murmured. "She must have been in here after I was, because I know I put that stool away for her."

The moon rises higher and peers curiously in at the "lab" window. It sees a man of about twenty-three years—big and muscular—an athlete who has won great honors for his college and his class. His hair is thick and black and his eyes are a deep, dark blue. There is no doubt about his being good looking, altho' at present his face is not visible—it is resting on his arm. But the moon knows just what he looks like, for he is an old admirer of hers. Many an hour has he gazed at her and sung to her in his rich baritone as he dreamed—dreamed over the things that were, and are, and might still be. She knew most of his moods. To tell the truth, there was only one person who knew him better, and that was—Topsy.



Time flies. Tom is trying to solve a problem. "*Why* in the name of sense do I hate to leave this old joint where I have had to grind like a Chinaman and where I am always in a scrape? Nobody has ever cared for me except for what I could do for them—Cæsar! I wish I had been born poor as a church mouse, and then if anybody had ever been good to me I would have known it was because they liked me and not the amount of my money. Now if it were not for dear old Tops—and by Jove! Tops is a brick! And she leaves in a day or two for Europe! I am rather afraid I'll miss her pretty much."

Here Rodney begins to think harder than he has thought for some time. The thought has come to him, "What would college have been without Topsy? How will it feel to have her away off in Europe where some insane foreign prince or count may gobble her up at any minute?" Suddenly he raises his head and gives the table a mighty blow with his fist. Then he says aloud, "Tom Rodney, you *are* a fool! I always was inclined to think so, and now I know it. There's no use of your trying to deny it—own up, now, like a Senior! All on earth that makes you blue at the idea of leaving college is the fact that you will be leaving Topsy!" There is a decided commotion behind the chest of apparatus where little Topsy has been sitting, afraid to move lest she be discovered, but Tom

is so excited he does not notice it. But then"—now the voice is low and rather trembly—"Topsy doesn't care for you—if she cares for anybody it is for that deuced Senior she went with to-night." And down goes the head onto the arms again.

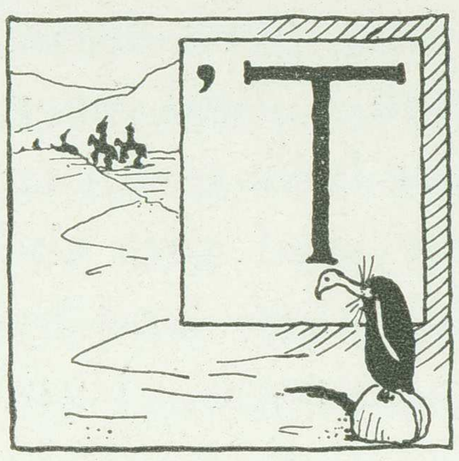
Noiselessly a dark object starts from behind the big chest and darts toward the "insane one." "Tommy," says a soft low voice, "Tommy, you are *not* an "idiot"! You can actually talk sense! And the first few words of that last speech of yours were the most sensible I ever heard you express. You are really waking up! But Tommy, *don't* you know --*couldn't* you guess if I should give you a broad hint, that I didn't go to the Senior dance just because I couldn't go with—with you?"

And by this time—well, the moon had discovered that her nose was decidedly out of joint, and had sailed slowly, dreamily out of sight.

E. H. C.



# The Lesser Task.



'THOU mayest not tread the halls of fame
Nor mount the steps of honor's stair,
The world may never know thy name
Nor pause thy humbler task to share.

But in some meek and lowly spot,
Shut in from Life's broad battle field,
Dame Fortune may mete out thy lot,
Some lesser power for thee to wield.

Yet even there thou mayest do
With earnestness what life may ask;
And unto thine own self be true
In every word, and thought, and task.

And when shall come thy close of day,
And softly sinks yon setting sun,
Mid shadows hid its falt'ring ray,
Then may the Master say, "Well done."

H. A. Boding.

# Among the Sierras in Summer.



HE pleasure-seeker who visits among the Sierras in summer, finds there a complete and everchanging world of freshness and beauty. The scenery has the satisfying and restful effect of a great, harmonious whole.

The tourist can get the best results by camping out in the woods by the side of some roaring stream. Here is harmony; grand, consistent all-pervading—no jarring discordant strains in nature. Here he understands that "nature is the circumstance that dwarfs every other circumstance." The trees, grasses, flowers, birds, and bees of the valleys, with the rocks and snow fields of the higher summits, offer a remarkable contrast that everywhere delights the traveler in the Sierras. Meadows, waving grainfields and orchards, surrounding the quiet homes of the hospitable farmers, seem a perfect paradise to the wayworn traveler.

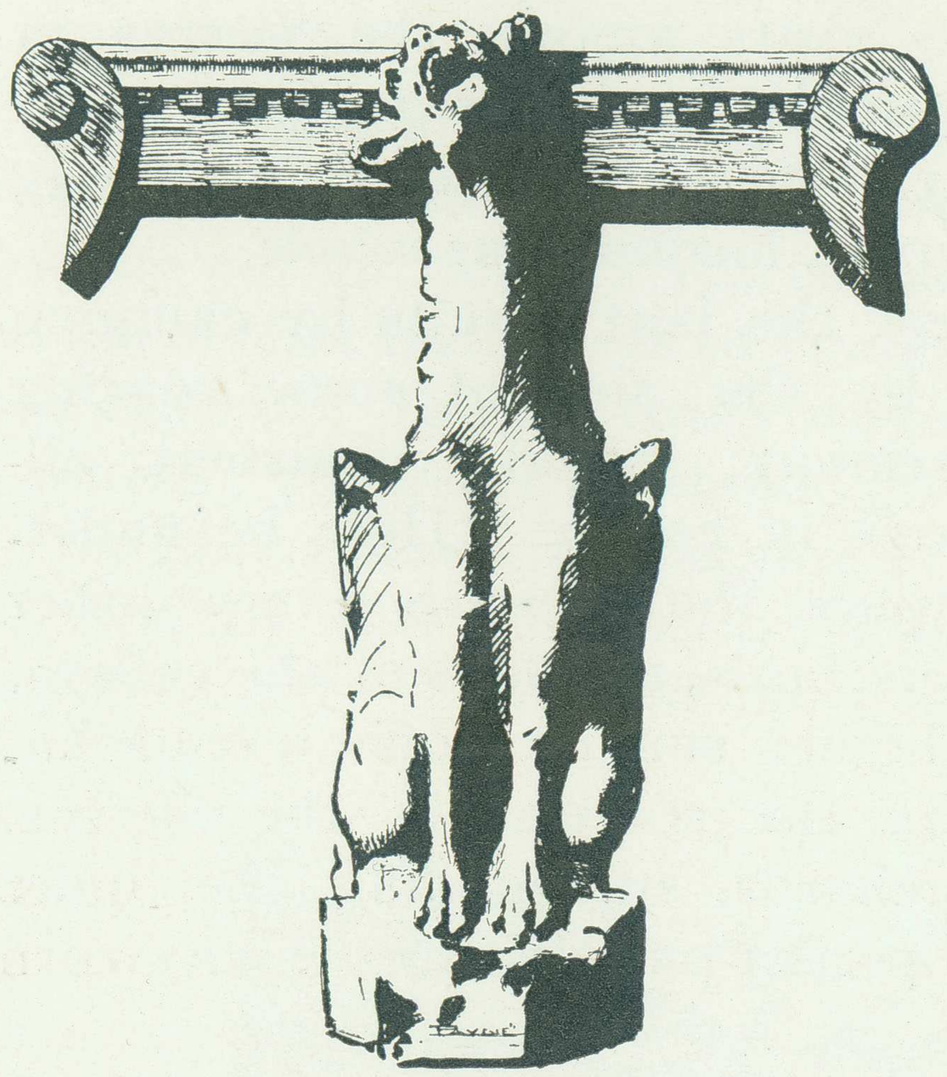
Gradually rising hill and ridges lead away to the higher mountain so that the softening haze of distance idealizes their ruggedness. Especially in Indian Summer are their hard sky lines touched with dreamy softness. Those distant mountains seem to promise better things and lead one on and on. The tourist may be disappointed in the wild rough region in which he finds himself, but gradually the sublimity of the solitude which hardly any living thing shares with him, finds its way to his soul. He may see lichens and a few stunted pines, centuries old. Those pines give expression to their strenuous life in their great twisted limbs and massive trunks. But savage and desolate as the mountains may seem, they always redeem their promise in some way. Beautiful crystal lakes and striking rock formations are often found and the traveler may have excitement and danger enough if he desires it by being lowered into the dark depths of some extinct crater.

But the chief center of interest is where nature is seen more actively at work—down in the valleys and woods. There is life, life everywhere—in the air, in the woods, and in the sparkling streams. There is life for everyone—ideas for the scientist, ideals for the artist, poetry for all. All scenes have an individuality, a suggestiveness which is enhanced a thousand fold by the mystic light of the moon.

It is the ideal dreamer's-land, and the dreamer always longs to return.

H. J. White.

# When the Clock Stopped.



HE old watchmaker lived alone. No one ever sought his society, and he by choice kept himself aloof from everyone. Many of his neighbors believed that he was insane, and the wild glare in his dark eyes gave credence to the report. He was a little man—weazened worn, tired; his voice was harsh, rasping, discordant. Who he was no one knew. One day he came to the little town, bought himself a house, and the next day there appeared a sign, "Pierre Lebrun,' Jeweler." That was all the villagers knew of him though he had lived in the town for nearly three years.

One Friday morning as he sat in his front room which served for a workshop, an old-fashioned clock was brought to be repaired. He looked it over and in reply to the question of the lady who brought it, said that it would be ready on Monday. Monday came, and late in the afternoon the clock was called for by a little boy with bright golden curls and large wondering blue eyes, who, frightened by the sour vissage before him, asked in a trembling voice if the clock would run long. "I wish I could live as long as that clock will run," was the growling reply. The door closed; the clock and the boy were gone.

The frightened wondering look on the boy's face amused the old man and he laughed; it was not a joyous laugh, but the laugh of a despairing, lonely man. He turned to his work. In a few moments the watch was finished. In a musing way he thought of what he had just said. He wondered if he would live as long as the clock ran. The thought came to him, suppose the clock should stop, would he die? He resumed his work with a smile at his foolishness, but could not rid himself of the oppressing thoughts. Now and again he saw peering from the crystal of the watch he had taken up, those great wondering blue eyes. He put aside his work and tried to read, but the printed page had no interest for him. His long settled habits rendered him immune from human association and he did naught but pace his narrow rooms. Again he picked up his book but dropped it unread. He settled into a chair and fell into a restless sleep. Not long after dark he was awakened by the peal of a bell. It came solemn, clear, distinct, to his ear. He wondered what had caused it, he had never heard it before. Musing over this strange occurrence he almost unconsciously prepared himself

for bed. In a few moments he was asleep.

Then he dreamed. He dreamed of clocks—clocks that were being stopped by bright yellow curls. He saw in his dream clocks whose pendulums swung so rapidly that the eye could not follow and the noise was deafening; then they moved more and more slowly and the noise grew less and less distinct. Ever and anon that wondering, questioning face would appear. Then it seemed as if there was a demon with bright golden curls who tried to stop the clocks. They ranged themselves in a row in front of him, and above the row appeared the clock that the fair-haired child had taken away. Then it began to strike and as it struck the demon with a mocking laugh stopped one of the clocks, and then another as it struck until all the clocks were stopped except the striking one. He reached out his hand to stop that, and Pierre felt as if he were about to die. There was a pain in his breast that was as fire; his breath was stifled; his temples throbbed. With a hoarse cry of agony and horror he awoke from his dream. How he passed the remainder of the night, he did not know. He could not sleep; he still saw before him the mocking face of that child demon and heard the muffled strike of the clock.

At last the morning came, but he could not work. The horror of the dream was on him. At times he wished to grasp the tormenting thing and break it into pieces. He would grit his teeth and stamp his feet much as if the clock itself were under them. Now and then his hands would be clenched; he would bite his lips and wish that he might have the boy and tear him limb from limb. Again reason would resume her sway, and he would wonder at his madness; but then he would hear a sound as inexorable as fate, marking off his alloted time —tick, tick, tick, tick.

No longer could he stand it; he must have that clock; he must know if it had stopped. Out into the street he went and walked directly to the house of the lady who had brought it to him. A boy with bright golden curls and large wondering blue eyes ushered him in.

He wanted the clock. It was an old clock—would not run much longer. It was a curiosity; he wanted to buy it. The wild insane glare in his eye, the fierce huskiness of his voice, the nervous movements of his hands, tended to frighten the good lady of the house, and though the clock was a cherished relic, the old man had his way and went home with it under his arm.

He set it up on a high mantle-shelf in his bedroom—so high that he had to climb on a chair to put it in place. At times he half made up his mind to destroy it, but he could not. That one thought that his life would end with the destruction of the clock was imprinted upon his brain in deep and ineffaceable characters. Sometimes it seemed to him that the movement was joyous, and he rejoiced in his life. At other times it was sad, for it said, "death, death, death, death," and as it struck, a great bell seemed to be tolling for the passing of his soul. That

child face appeared to him always, incessantly. At times it looked at him pityingly then mockingly. It was everywhere he looked; peering from the faces of the time-pieces on the shelf, gleaming from the fire in the morning, at night looking at him from the plate on which he was eating.

The old man would turn from his work, leave the fire half kindled, walk away from the table with the food untasted, watch the pendulum swing to and fro and hear the musical tick tock it made. He would climb upon a chair, place his ear near the clock and drink in those beautiful sounds "you live," "you live," "you live," that the clock seemed to say. At night he would wake panting in affright from one of the horrible dreams that plagued him, and listen intently for the blessed sound the clock made, and when he heard it, he would laugh in that meaningless insane way that is so horrible to hear.

As the days went on the old man ceased to work; he ate but little. The time was spent in watching the clock. He would talk to it—sometimes caressingly, sometimes with a curse. His face grew pinched and wan, his cheeks hollow, his eyes deep sunk, his hair white. His breath came in gasps and there was a terrible pain in his breast. He had become violent in his mania—that child demon, it was everywhere. He would grasp at its face, it would elude him, he would curse it.

It was in the evening—the clock struck six. Old Pierre turned toward it intending to wind it. But peering from its dial was that mocking demon. With a cry of rage he sprang upon a chair and grasped at the clock. The chair gave away and old Pierre fell and he rolled to the floor insensible.

There was a silence now. The full moon was shining through the window. The old man seemed as dead, but the pendulum of the clock was still moving, regular, rhythmical. The hands had changed. It was a quarter of twelve. Suddenly Pierre roused himself. The room was as light as day. His eyes fell on the clock. Yes, it was going. The time? Ten minutes of twelve—in a few moments more it would strike—twelve great strong peals.

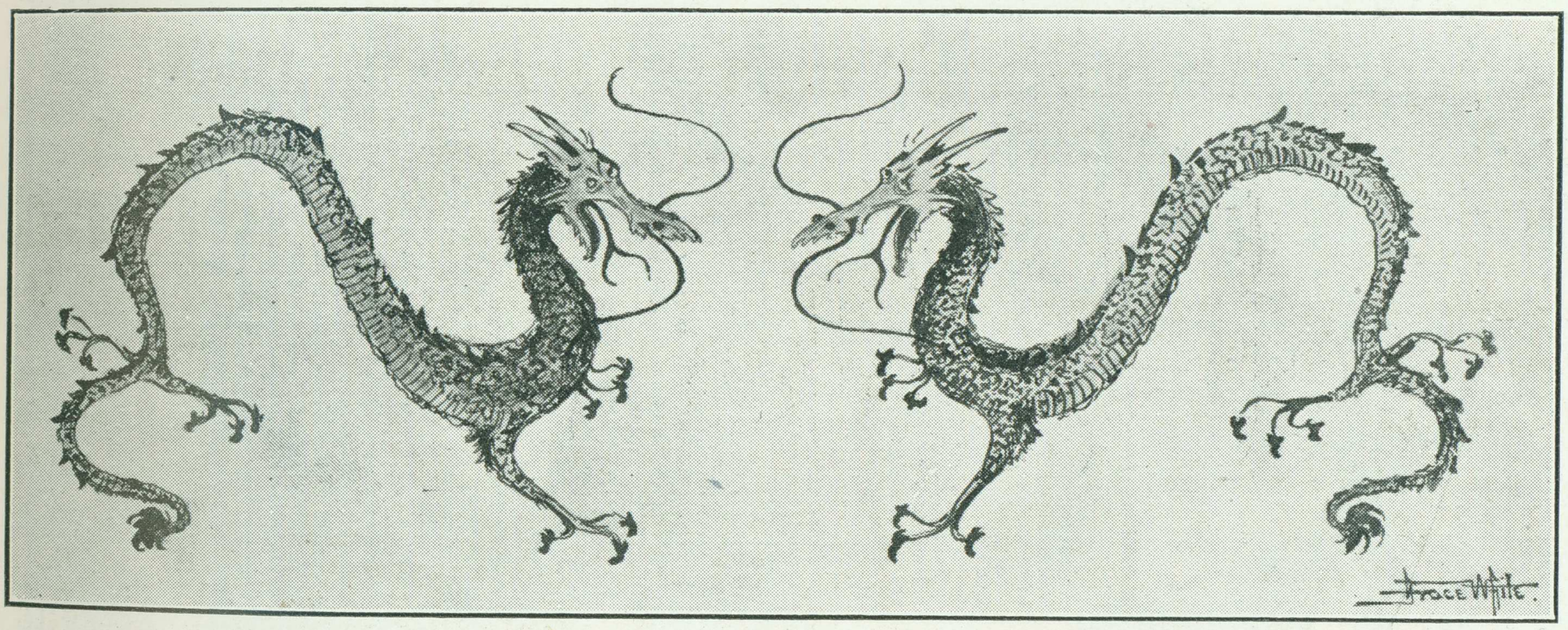
The clock gave its warning sound and struck one, such a feeble sound; then again, but still more feebly. It struck no more.

Old Pierre thought a minute. Then it came upon him like a flash, that the clock was nearly run down. He had not wound it, he was about to die. To his excited imagination the pendulum seemed to move more slowly. The tick was a tick of exultation. It was the laugh of a child demon. The face was peering from the clock—now it was gone. How mockingly it looked at him! The old man's eyes were glued on the clock. Yes, it was going to stop. The pendulum did not swing out of sight; it was always visible. Now it was barely moving at all. With the desperate strength of a dying man old Pierre raised himself and leaped for the mantle. His leg had been broken in his fall and the pain shot through him like a knife; he could not breathe and his temples

throbbed so that his head seemed about to burst. From the face of the clock the child demon laughed at him. One claw-like hand reached for the clock, grasped the glass and broke it; the other hand clutched the mantle-shelf, but slipped and Pierre fell. The clock rocked, unsteadily, for an instant, then fell and struck the floor with a crash. The moon went behind a cloud and all was dark.

The next morning there was a knock at the door, and a little boy with bright golden curls and great wondering blue eyes entered. He had come for the clock. His father wanted it again. The old jeweler was not in his accustomed place. The boy though frightened by the silence looked about him and then entered the bedroom, and stood before the old man. He lay just where he had fallen; and the clock, now a confused mass of broken wheels and springs lay beside him. It would run no longer.

EVERETT CRANE.

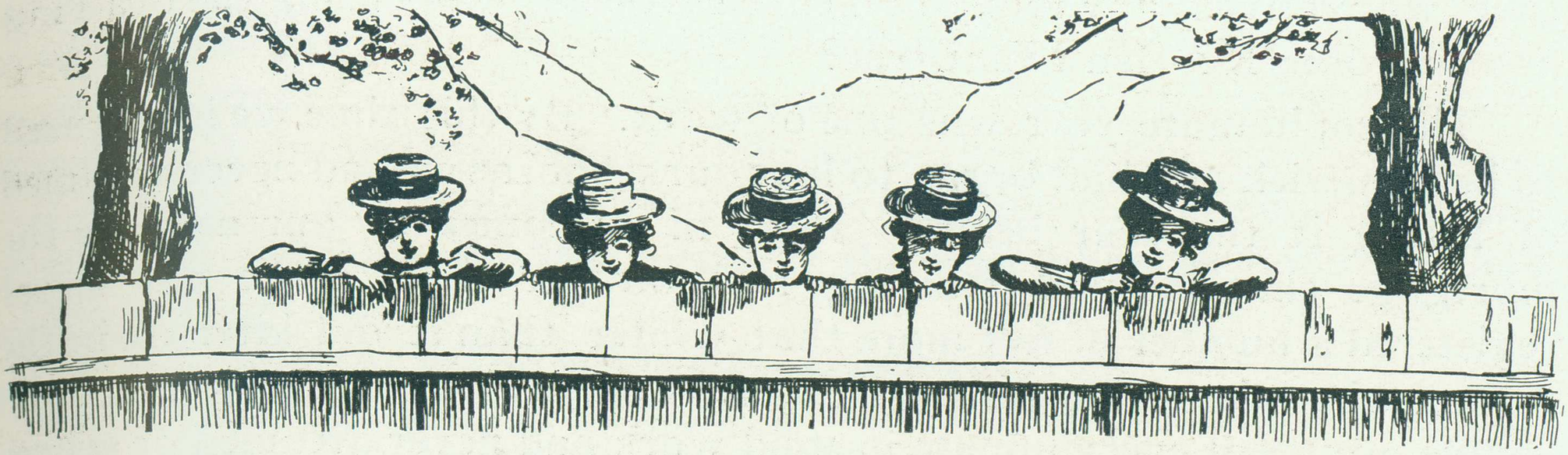




Pearl Sherburn
Nettie Scribner

Lillian Cahallan
Nell Thompson
Louise Fleming

PROPHETS AND HISTORIANS.



# 1899-'03.

"And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see."

FOUR years ago on the first day of September, there entered the State Normal School of San Jose, one of the best classes ever known in the history of this school. The Faculty did not realize this fact then as they saw us green little freshmen coming shyly in to be registered, and at the same time taking in the immensity of the building in which we were to spend four years. That "four" was then the largest number we had ever seen; but every 4A knows how the size of the monster diminished when Miss Blasdel came into the room. Never before had we realized the force of a smile.

During our first year, we were the ones to be impressed—not the Faculty. Our main interests then were sizing up the teachers and getting the rooms located. Some pessimist may be unkind enough to suggest that it is a good thing those impressions did not last; but we made very few (?) mistakes and we have no time to discuss them.

After we were seated ready for our recitations, we were somewhat comfortable, but going to class-rooms was the question. For the first few days, we might as well have tried to search our way out of the "Labyrinth of Crete" as to have tried to find room "D" or "S". Some of the seniors were kind enough to offer us assistance by assuring us that we would find room "B" in the south end of the basement. Even after we had trudged wearily down the long stairs and reached the basement, we were not positive as to the points of the compass, so the next thing to do was to locate the sun (it can always be found here in September) and then resume our search for room "B".

We were in a quandary to know why we gave Miss Blasdel five dollars, as she said it would be given back to us when we left the school. However, after having a few experiences with the seniors we knew that it must be to pay for any windows through which we might be thrust should we at any time happen to be in the way of one of these mighty people. Very little attention generally was paid to us. In fact the only

time we received any really homelike caressing was during the drawing hour in room K? Isn't that true?

The sophomore year was one of work. By this time we had ceased to be homesick and had begun to love our school as we had never dreamed of loving it the year before. First of all comes to our memory the mortgage that manual training had on our time. The gas meter registered a number of feet more that winter than it did later on in the season when the sun furnished light at seven o'clock in the evening. Of course, we spent every minute in solid work and never dreamed of spending a little time in sociable chats! This term passed so rapidly that it seemed impossible that a year had rolled around when our June vacation came.

The third year was a hard one, too, but although we have enjoyed ourselves all through the course, no year is to be compared with our fourth year. Now it became our turn to direct freshmen to the gymnasium when they wished to go to the physics laboratory. It was our turn—but we did not do it because, you see, it isn't just the right thing. And besides, the freshmen who entered from the time we were juniors were from great, big, immense High Schools. To understand how large those schools were, one has to hear these people tell it. Of course, under the circumstances, they could not be green—oh no!

The fourth year was the time to cross the Bridge of Sighs. Ah! those days. We sometimes thought this a very hard world and realized more than ever that we would never leave it alive. During our first few weeks on the "other side," we used sometimes to dream that we saw a dear little —yes, microscopic "c". Oh! how good it looked to us. This usually occurred after some little pupil had told us how very much superior to all his other teachers we were. The rapture came to a very abrupt ending when we found out that other student teachers of that same grade had been living on those same delicious dreams due to the same cause.

When we reached the physical geography class, another calamity befell us. Here we learned a great many startling facts, but there was one which we considered the climax to all physical geography. This was that the earth is cooling at such an enormous rate—think of it—that it will be positively uninhabitable in the short space of a few millons of years. For a few days after we learned this terrible fact, a gloom seemed to have overcast our lives. Happily, this lasted only a few days; for it was now time for our class to organize. Was there ever a more exciting time? Never!

The election being over, the next thing to consider was what the girls should wear. The subjects for discussion were--white duck, cream alpaca, oxford suits, party dresses, or shirtwaists and skirts. Our decision was a wise one, even if we did get a roasting in the following Sunday's Mercury for "compelling the graduates to wear fine dresses."

Taking our Normal course as a whole, it has been, without a doubt,

the happiest time of our lives. Every member of the Faculty will always be remembered by us. And the critic teachers, too, were just as kind to us as they could be under the circumstances. It is the style to scold about the Training Department while one is there, but now to be honest, it was not even half bad, and should be considered the culminating point of all our Normal work. It is certainly the place where we find out what we know (not).

"The world holds sad experiences,
As most of us discover,"

and one of these sad things is our leaving so many dear friends. Graduation, in one sense, is not what we thought it would be. We have had lovely times at our class night, receptions and at other times, but still there is that sadness of parting that can be better felt than expressed. The time to say "farewell" has come only too soon, but we go wishing you all as much happiness in the future as we have had in the past.

NETTIE SCRIBNER.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL COLONY.

We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereigns, our parents and guardians, by their grace and permission, having undertaken for the glory of the state, and the advancement of education and civilization in our country, the establishment of ourselves as the first High School Colony in the Normal nation at San Jose, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of ourselves and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into an educational body, politic, for our better learning and instruction, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, and constitute such just ordinances and offices from time to time, as shall be thought meet and convenient for the colony.

Unto which we promise all due submission and disobedience. In witness thereof we have underscribed our names at our admission the first day of September in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and one.

"THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS."

Such was the Charter that admitted the little band of fifty into the community with the citizenship of their chosen profession. How ancient the old Charter is, yet it seems but yesterday that it bound us together in our new home! In due time it was signed and filed with the secretary, while we entered into the life of the settlement. Upon our arrival we were announced by appropriate ceremonies under our charge, which were held in the general assembly.

### DISCOVERY PERIOD.

We were now fairly launched upon an epoch of discovery. It was noticed that freedom of speech was not allowed in certain places, consequently the new colonists were kept busy watching the vigilance committee of one, who patrolled the library. This body of citizens was so much larger than the general assembly, and its mien so imposing, that we were awed to such an extent that even singing was an impossibility to us. Not being very well acquainted with the language of the alphabet

of this new country, the assistance of a guide was quite necessary in navigating from one room to another. At first we all stood in fear and trembling when the president of this great Nation appeared, but we discovered that he was not half so severe as he looked, in fact, we soon decided that he was "*real nice.*"

### EXPLORATION PERIOD.

It did not take us long to learn that Saturdays must be reserved for the study of our new land. After constructing many elaborate houses and wagons, some of cardboard and others of wood, we immediately organized exploring expeditions. These extended far into the interior beyond the outskirts of the town along the Coyote and Guadalupe creeks. Every tree and weed was thoroughly examined and many pressed, (that is, the weeds were) while not even a pollywog escaped the expert trappers of our party. We observed that maple seeds flew very much as butterflies do, and was often confusing to know which to catch.

It was our plan to secure a young native to guide us in these trips, so that we might observe him to see if his mind had an æsthetic or scientific turn. But our chief delight was to study the savages who resided across the "Bridge of Sighs."

Under the leadership of Colonel Baker, surveying parties were sent out, whose duty it was to devide the surrounding territory into townships and sections. In putting up the landmarks we were always very careful to note whether the rocks were metaphoric, igneous or aqueous, stratified or unstratified. Sometimes we would almost lose our way in the stage brush corollaries of the desert, but at such times the staid old North star would come to our assistance.

### CRITICAL PERIOD.

The era in our history which we dreaded most of all might be said to have begun at this time, that is the critical period. Now we were free! Free to practice those principles which we had carefully worked out with so much confidence. Should we prove ourselves strong and capable of governing or were we to be separated from our fellow citizens and join the newly initiated throng?

Conventions, commonly called critic meetings, were held regular Monday evenings. Besides these general assemblies, committees waited upon their special chairman every night, only to come away with the decision that their particular case was a hopeless one and no amount of study could right the failures. As we learned what was to be done there was a new generation to be helped along; questions we had not known were to be answered generously, if we were to live up to our standard of helpfulness.

The whole colony felt the weight of responsibility resting upon them. Even the most light hearted ones of our little band wore an anxious expression, caused no doubt, by their own lack of confidence. This was

indeed a strenuous life, and every Friday came as a welcome Friday to us all.

We realized that this condition could not last forever, and the thought of happy days in store helped to dispell the clouds of anxiety. Time would come when we should hail our illustrious men and women, for in this respect we are indeed fortunate. Many of our members have held offices of honor in the nation to which we are going. Among our numbers may be counted noted debaters, financiers, editors, musicians, poets, artists and actors.

Today we are an enthusiastic nation as we leave our adopted land, to enter upon the work we have chosen. For two long years we have looked forward to this day with delightful anticipations. Now it is here. But mingled with all our delight is a feeling of sadness at parting. May the years to come bring the fulfillment of each ones dearest wish, and may each take for his ideal the motto of the class, "Better faithful than famous."




# On the Borderland of Tears.

On the borderland of tears,
  Raised by hopes or crushed by fears,
Joy and grief alternate swell,
  In the soul no place can dwell.

On the border-land of tears
  Stand the ghosts of vanished years,
All we might be—and are not—
  Greet us on that haunted spot.

Clouds, like ships, from shore to shore
  To and fro pass evermore,
Sable bordered, scarce appears
  Tint of pearl through mist of tears.

All life's quivering mile-posts loom
  Sad as grave stones through the gloom;
Trembling hopes are crushed by fears
  On the border-land of tears.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.



PHOTO BY HILL

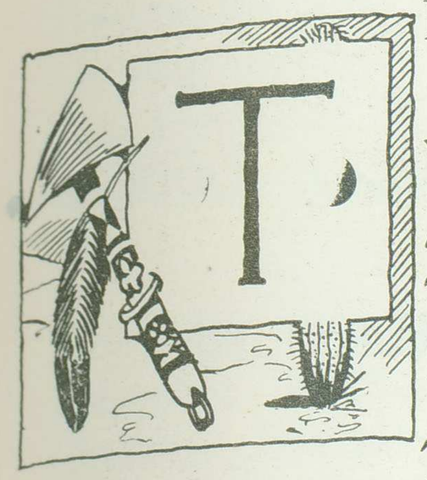
EMILY MORRISON, Secretary

MILTON FARMER, President
ALICE JORDAN, Poet
MAUDE BAKER, Vice-President

GEORGE A. SERFLING, Treasurer

CLASS OFFICERS

# June, '03.



HIS worthy class has passed the test
Even as others have done;
What they don't know can ne'er be guessed
A want of lore they've ne'er confessed,
They'll wait for time to tell the rest,
Even as others have done.

They all assert in words most bold
Even as others have done;
"Life's object is the youth to mold,
To guide his thoughts as they unfold,
To teach for love and not for gold,"
Even as others have done.

"Faithful not famous," they all say,
Even as others have done;
"Some would be famous? Well! they may,
But we'll be faithful 'till we're gray."
'Tis thus they think Commencement Day,
Even as others have done.

Oh, yes, 'tis true that doubters cry,
Even as others have done;
With lofty smile and pitying eye,
With shake of head and long-drawn sigh,
"Poor dears, just wait until they try,
Even as others have done."

But if they work, trust, and believe
Even as others have done
And question not, or doubt, or grieve,
There is no height they can't achieve
For who gives good, will good receive,
Even as others have done.

Go forth with hope untouched by fear,
Even as others have done;
Let not distrust dim gladsome cheer,
But greet with joy the beckoning year,
And win success you hold most dear,
Even as others have done.

ALICE C. JORDAN.

Bett's Best Boston Bakery = = = = 172-6 Spring St., Los Angeles.
Bread, Pastry, AFFECTIONS, and Cake.

RUBBER INTO THE FUTURE!! R. BLISS, Medium, 16 Pluto St.

# Class Prophecy.

## International Directory for 1920.

### A

Abraham, Belle May, Y. W. C. A. organizer, r. San Francisco.

### B

Baker, Helen Elizabeth, inventor of a Patent Thinker, r. Hartford.
Baker, Maude Evelyn, Comedy Star, r. on the road.
Betts, Grace Adeline, baker, r. Los Angeles.
Blair, Florence Mae, music teacher, S. N. S., San Jose.
Bliss, Rose L, medium, r. Rome.
Boding, Hulda Annette, Evangelistic Soloist, r. indefinite.
Bond, Grace Wilcox, pin designer, r. Eureka.
Brichman, Lily Elaine, Concert Pianiste, r. San Francisco.
Brower, Hazel Edith, note-book tourist, Jerusalem.
Brummett, Lena Myrtle, National historian, r. Washington.
Buck, Mary Ingeburg, professor of German, Harvard College.
Bull, Edith Mary, agent "Dailey Thrashing System," r. Evergreen.

### C

Cahalan, Anna Lillian, tea tester, r. New York.
Cain, Alice May, kindergarten teacher, r. Boston.
Calder, Jessie Frances, English teacher, South Africa.
Caldwell, Ethelwyn Althea, undertaker, r. Yreka.
Capell, Lou Anna, kodak fiend, r. Australia.
Christiansen, Annie J., painless dentist, r. Yokohama.
Clemence, Esther Hazel, foreign missionary, Kalamazoo.
Cline, Alice May, President's wife, r. Washington.
Conway, Emma Graves, literature teacher, S. N. S., San Jose.
Covert, Inez Jeannette, (Mrs. —— ), r. Los Gatos.
Crane, Everett, Dairyman, r. Chicago.
Croop, Arthur M., American minister, China.

### D

Dagger, Sadie, Court lady, r. St. Petersburg.
Daly, Lorena Belle, experimental agriculturist, Santa Clara Valley.
Delahunty, M. Florence, French Modiste, r. Paris.
Down, Robert Hodge, American statesman, r. Baltimore.
Driver, Abbie, doctor, r. New York.

### E

Evert, Pearl, (Mrs. —— ), r. Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

### F

Farmer, Milton T., Great American diplomat, Washington.
Finley, Edna A., missionary, Irkootsk.
Fitzgerald, May A., authority on volcanoes, Hawaii.
Fleming, M. Louise, novelist, r. Boston.
Fox, Charles Irwin, haberdasher, r. Hanford.
Freeman, Ida May, Ping Pong Champion, r. Seattle.
Freeman, Lillian May, English teacher, Vassar.
Fulkerth, Lettie M., artistic milliner, r. Paris.

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Latest approved diluted milk and cream
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Sanitary and Pedagogical. E. M. BULL, Agent.



**G**

Gaine, Blanche, Greek art student, Athens.
Gratz, Bessie Lillian, short story writer, New Orleans.
Gratz, Nellie Victoria, Supt. of Pub. Instruction, Sacramento.
Gray, Ethel V., Globe Trotter, r. Anywhere.
Griffrith, Kathryne, elocutionist, r. Philadelphia.

**H**

Hall, Myrtle Jones, editor of the Examiner, San Francisco.
Hamlin, May, professional coach, Mill's Seminary.
Hanley, Helen Katherine, antique collector, Cairo.
Hardacre, Jessie A., grammar authority, r. Boston.
Haugn, Eva, National Sect'y. of Y. W. C. A., r. New York.
Hayford' Charlotte M., school teacher, San Jose.
Hepburn, Helen May, impressionist artist, r. London.
Horn, Grace Alwida, book-keeper, r. Chicago.
Huffman, Leona, society belle, r. New York·
Hughes, Harold Frank, minister, Farallon Islands.
Hunt, Edith Maude, editor of the Women's Page, r. San Francisco.

**J**

Joiner, Floy I., private sect'y. to Carnegie, r. Edinburgh.
Jordan, Alice C., American Poet Laureate, r. Washington.

**K**

Karev, Emma Myrtle, Zoologist, r. Chicago.
Kennedy, Edna A., searcher of records, r. Omaha.
Kipper, Edna May, governess, r. Liverpool.

**L**

Lambert, Lottie Laurie, dressmaker, r. Santa Cruz.
Lenz, Birdie Ruby, district attorney, Sacramento.
Lewis, Winifred K., caricaturist, San Francisco.
Lima, Mamie Adelaide, district school teacher, Kern Co.
Lindsey, Nina Gertrude, slum reformer, East Side.
Lueberke, Clara Frances, primary teacher, St. Louis

**M**

Mackinnon, Eva, eye doctor, r. Paris.
MacNeal, Vera Elizabeth, court stenographer, Philadelphia.
McAdams, Mary Emma, National librarian, Washington.
McKenna, Teresa V. J., director of physical culture, r. Gilroy.
McMillan, Alice F., (Mrs. —— ), r. St. Paul.
Main. Hazel Marie, society leader, St. Paul.
Martin, Icy Ann, candy store proprietor, r. Los Angeles.
Metzger, Edna E., first assistant to Mrs. Rorer, Boston.
Miller, Henry E., President of S. N. S., San Jose.
Miotke, Martha, china painter, r. New York.
Moellering, May C., Preceptress, S. N. S. San Jose.
Morrison, Emily Florence, benefactor of Humane Societies, Sacramento.

**N**

Nicholson, Sarah Belle, (Mrs. —— ), Berryessa.

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Petrification in graceful poses. - E. A. CALDWELL, Undertaker.
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—22 Cage Street.—

**O**

O'Connor, Mary E., Miss Royce's successor, S. N. S., San Jose.
Ogier, Elizabeth H., art connoiseur, Florence.

**P**

Perry, Leolla Mabel, advertisement illustrator, San Francisco.
Phillips, Iva Eleanor, inventor of a blue rose, Santa Clara.
Posey, Clara Belle, ballet dancer, Pasadena.
Powell, Emma Marion, Shakespeare tragedienne, Baltimore.
Price, Bertha E., joke writer, San Francisco.
Pullen, Dora May, elocutionist, r. Salt Lake City.

**R**

Rafter, Mae, district school teacher, Lake County.
Raney, Lillian Adele, do-nothing, r. everywhere.
Richardson, Alta Cecelia, (Mrs. —— ), r. Milpitas.
Rivard, Olivena M., automobile tourist, r. in the gutter.
Robertson, Jessie Emiline, Concert Pianiste, Boston.
Rose, Jessie Perkins, Mexican enthusiast, r. Mexico City.

**S**

Scribner, Nettie E., journalistic reporter, San Francisco
Serfling, George A., Wall Street speculator, New York.
Sherburne, Anna Pearle, geologist, Chicago University.
Shirley, Ada, grammar teacher, San Jose High School.
Showalter, Katherine, dancing teacher, Newport.
Silverhorn, Alice E., golf champion, Long Beach.
Sinnamon, Lottie Ray, American ambassador, St. Petersburg.
Spaulding, Pearl Evelyn, writer of chrildren's stories, r. Baltimore.
Steele, Nellie Leona, accomplished musician, Berlin.
Stuart, Mabel Annie, Sunday School teacher, South Africa.
Summers. Margaret, magazine illustrator, N. Y.

**T**

Thompson, Nell A., any old thing, r. any old place.
Thompson, Mabel, vegetarian enthusiast, r. Gilroy.

**V**

Vandervoort, Florence E., hairdresser, r. Palo Alto.

**W**

Wallace, Cora F., saleslady, r. Ottaway.
Ward, Anna, professor of mathematics, Stanford University.
Watrous, Hazel, Red Cross nurse, San Francisco.
Wayne, Georgie Ethel, critic teacher, S. N. S., San Jose.
Wells, Mary Elizabeth, mathematician, r. Eureka.
White, Ethel, Prima Donna, Berlin.
White, Louise Wheeler, (Mrs. —— ), San Jose.
Williams, Gertrude H., missionary, Madagascar.
Wood, Margaret, manicurist, r. Paris.

**Z**

Zumwalt, Goldie V., spinster school marm, Milpitas.

Prophets { NELL THOMPSON. / LILLIAN CAHALAN. / PEARL SHERBURNE.

PAINFUL DENTISTRY Dr. A. J. Christiansen
Teeth Extracted Without Slightest Injury to the Patella.

# THE ROSE AND THE CAMELLIA

A child wandered in the fields—the fields, a stretch of swaying grasses and faintly rustling trees,—the child a white indistinct outline,—bearing in one hand a pure white rose, in the other, a swaying, thick-petalled camellia. From time to time she pressed the rose to her cheek, caressingly, lovingly, and swayed, as if intoxicated by its sweetness, but, as often, held out the camellia in its exquisite beauty, gazing at it while a tear stole from beneath her lashes. Then, as I strained eyes and ear in the growing dusk, a faint sweet voice reached me and I heard the camellia speaking to the child.

I know not what had gone before,—what had caused the flower to pour forth its tale. Perhaps it was the pure sweetness of her nature, perhaps because of her very youth which would prevent her understanding, and then it may be that the entire scene existed only in the brain of the one who sat wondering. But be that as it may, I give the story as I heard it told

* * *

"Long ago in an old, old country, no matter where, but so long ago that no one remembers the story, there lived two beautiful maidens who loved each other with a rare and beautiful love. I say both were beautiful, but the beauty of one as far exceeded that of the other as I, the rose. But neither thought of this until the coming of a noble youth to woo the plainer maiden. Then, for the first time, there came a barrier between them for both learned to love the stranger youth. No won account of this jealousy Optata's love for Fiducia, her friend, gave way to hatred and plans to steal from her the heart of her lover, Veritas. But the love and trust of Fiducia did not waver. The new love but strengthened and made more precious the old, until little by little she came to see that Veritas was being attracted by the beauty of Optata and that his love was slipping from her.

Then into the pure heart of Fiducia there came a great pain and a

longing for the beauty of Optata, until the longing gre to envy. But even then, in her sweet gentleness, there came no thought of blame for her friend, and only the increasing pain at her heart made her pale and sad. Time went on and Optata lived her life to the full, happy in her victory. But Veritas—did not he at times long for the peace and quiet of Fiducia? I know he did, but such was the spell of Optata's beauty that he staggered on as one who having become blinded through smoke staggers to ard the very fire he seeks to escape.

This continued until one day these two, friends so long, chanced to meet. Then remorse filled Optata's mind for she saw and guessed the cause of Fiducia's paleness, and deep in her heart she loved her friend while the other love was not for Veritas himself, but for conquest over him. So, with a great effort, she released the youth from her spells, led him back to Fiducia until he, seeing plainly at last, ent humbly in search of the maiden he could not find. Year after year he searched, and never knew that tired and weary with the pain of waiting, she had slowly lost the power to move and now stood rooted to the gronnd to be known by all only as the sweet white rose.

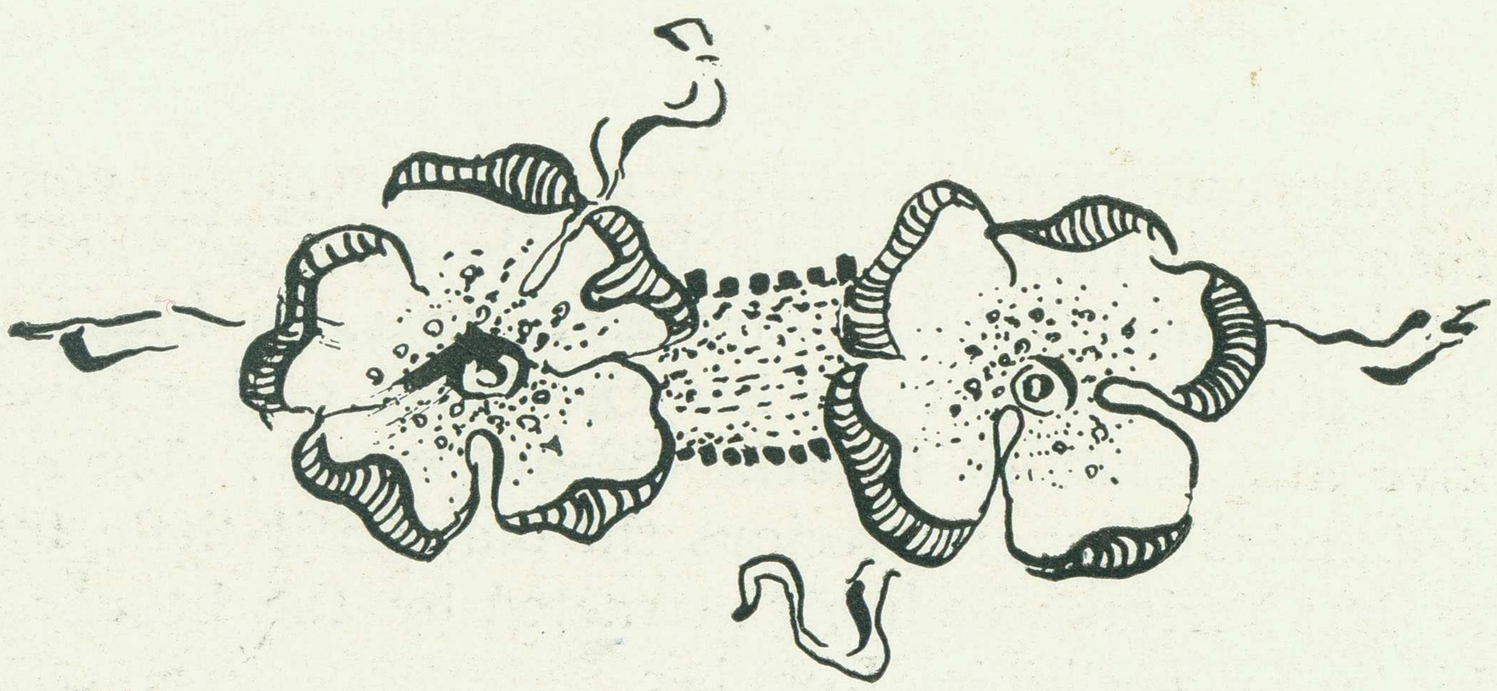
She is today as she was then long ago, and all who saw her may know her sweetness and purity. The thorns? Oh, those are the outward sign of her one imperfection—her envy of Optata's beauty. And I? Surely you need not ask—I am Optata herself beautiful as always, but destined never to please but through the eve. The rose may be crushed, but it sheds its fragrance the more freely; but one bruise and my beauty, my one charm, is gone forever."

With a sigh she closed and spoke no more and the child looking down, saw a broad black streak across the flower. Her delicate fingers had touched the petals and its beauty had left.

* * *

So this was why the child pressed the rose so tenderly to her cheek, and wept as she gazed on the cold pure lovliness of the Camellia.

E. C.



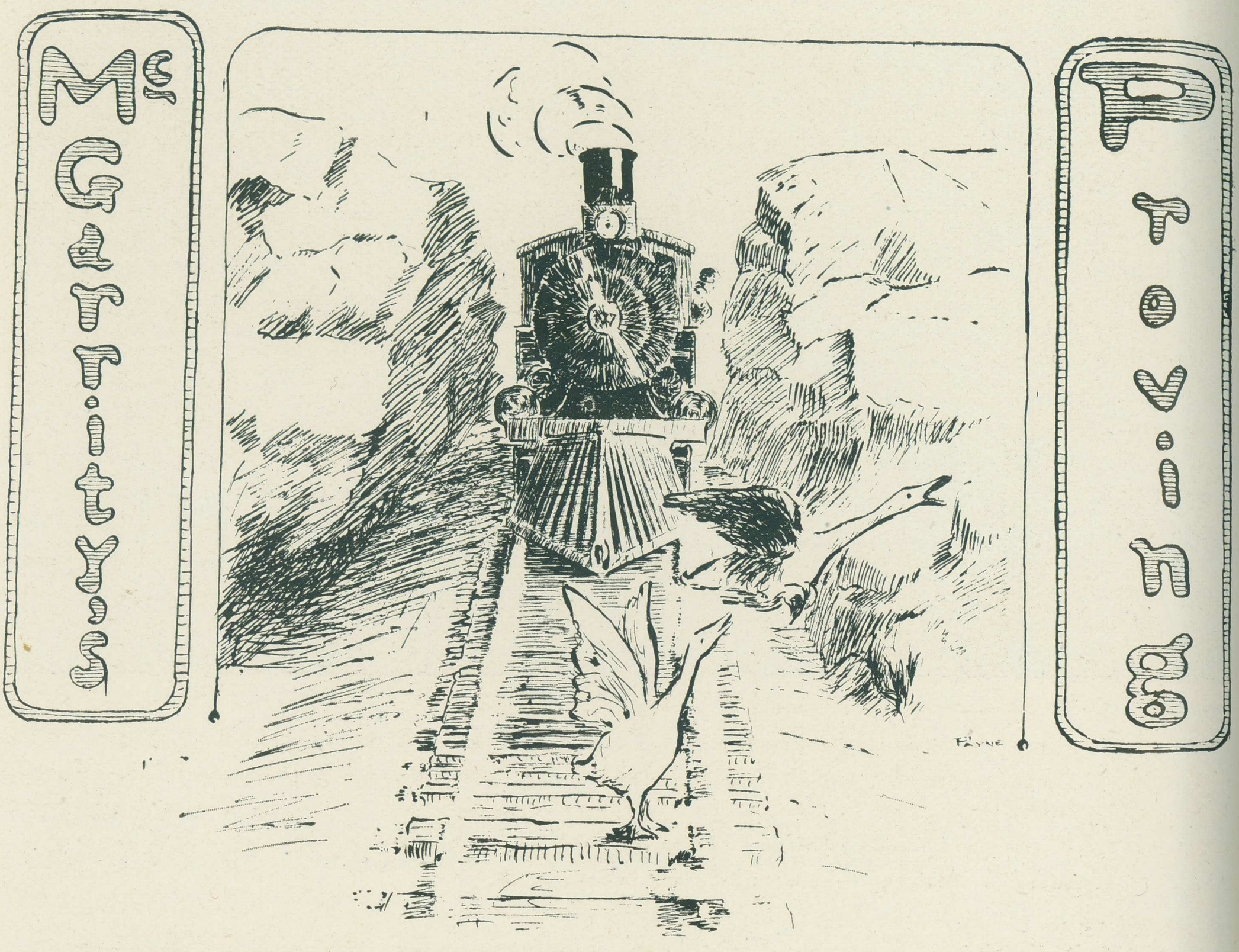


## *Off the Mendocino Coast.*

The grey-blue range a curbing saber lies,
As though when gods and continents were young,
Some power-dumb Titan-King had flung
His drawn, dread scimeter against the skies,
Shouting his laughter to the coming seas:
"Thus far, no further on, it pleases me."

CATHERINE MARKHAM.






IT'S a warm day those childer will be havin' at the school-house, to day, I'm thinkin'. Well, one consolation, it won't be so warm there as it would be in the kitchen, an' this washin' day, too."

In the doorway of a humble little cottage which over-looked the Bernal Cut stood a woman. She was bare headed, her sleeves were rolled up, and her hand sstill damp from doing the dishes.

She had just sent her little brood of children off to school. Through the thick shimmer of heat which had already begun to loft from the parched ground, she had seen them start bravely off. Terrence, "the very picture of his father, dead these two years, now," was at the head of the little flock.

His brown, stubby toes dug into the deep dust without restraint of stocking or shoe. The cloud of dust he flung into the air at every step, hung for an instant in the heated stillness, and then, what did not settle upon the two girls, who toddled contentedly behind, slowly filtered back to the sweltering roadway.

The two little girls, Emaline and Margie, carried the basket which contained the lunch for the three. Emaline was the youngest of the trio. This was her firs

month at school, and this morning, as on those preceding, she turned and waved her tiny hand at her watching mother. Terrence strode on without looking back. The first day he had gone to school he had turned more than once to wave to his mother, who had watched him as he went, with considerable trepidition, to join the little band of workers at the Cinnabar District School.

Today he was a veteran with a company, no matter how small a one, at his back. Every morning he led them to the conquest; every evening he brought them safely home.

The shoes and stockings which the girls proudly wore were rapidly assuming a canvas-gray hue. This was due to the cloud of "smoke" kicked into the air by the busy feet of Terrence, as he imitated "a freight goin' through the cut, Emaleen an' Marg." He was the son of an engineer who had daily driven an engine at the head of a long passenger train over the South Pacific railroad, which passed through the Bernal Cut to the division ending at Gorget, a mile beyond.

"Go on your way," came pealing down the road from the figure in the doorway, and the freight speedily got through the cut, much to the relief of the two lunch-carriers in the rear.

"That boy'll ruin the girls' new stockin's, sure as faith. That means more patchin' for the widow of Timothy Doyle."

The woman was talking aloud. After the children went away each day, and their noisy chatter ceased sounding in the house, her thoughts seemed more cheerful if she spoke them. In the hours which intervened between the going and coming of the children, she would have extensive conversations. She would take one side of a question and her thoughts the other side.

Now her thoughts resented her statement.

"Well," they asserted, "if your mon was alive there'd be frazzled out stockin's an' shoes to be patched, just the same. There's no use to be moanin' when you've got that fine lot of childer to be with you."

The children had reached the little stream which crossed the public road half a mile below the house. Terrence paddled about in its cooling ripples, while the girls gazed wistfully on from the narrow plank which spanned the brook. A wave from the mother's arm soon sent them on their way.

The widow still gazed into the heat.

"I know there's no use moanin', but," she sighed, "but—no childer can fill the place Tim Doyle left empty." The apron she wore went to her eyes for a moment, then it was dashed aside.

"What's come over you, Kate Doyle? What are you wipin' your eyes that way for, an' with your dish-apron, too?" demanded her thoughts.

As if in explanation of her actions, the woman said, weakly, "I do believe this warrum weather is makin' me prespire at the eyes."

The mellow note of the school-bell came to her ears from the distance; the nine o'clock express whistled for a road-crossing below the cut. She turned and entered the house, breaking into a low, quavering little tune as she set about her day's work.

The pride and interest of the Doyle family was bound up in a flock of fine geese. These geese were all magnificent birds, and their growth was carefully watched, for upon them depended the joys of Thanksgiving and Christmas. With the money which came from the sale of a portion of the flock at these seasons, the wants of the family were satisfied throughout the months when washing was hard to get. What was left over after these expenses had been carefully calculated to the last cent, was used to purchase sundry gifts for the children. Consequently the widow and her little flock gave close attention to the welfare of the other, and larger, flock.

Every morning at an early hour the geese would waddle down the road to the brook, there to dabble, and splash in high revel the whole day long. Such rich feeding was to be found about the brook, and so good use did the birds make of it, that Mrs. Doyle only found it necessary to feed them once a day. Just after No. 6 pounded through the cut each evening, with the wheels of a long line of heavily laden coaches protesting at the grade, the geese would come home. They did not return by way of the public road, but would come solemnly pacing up the track through the cut.

Leading down into the cut from the Doyle home, was a narrow path. It had been made by pedestrians leaving the public road to take the track as a short cut to Gorget.

Up this trail the geese would come from the track, march to the house, quacking loudly in announcement of their return, receive their evening dole, and then settle down for the night. Invariably they came at the same time and in single file, with old Dad, a venerable gander who had been saved from sale from year to year, at the head of the procession.

Mrs. Doyle and the children were in the habit of standing on the edge of the cut, which was not far from their little nest, to watch the geese come home. Generally they saw No. 6 go through.

At the throttle which nightly headed the passenger, was McGarrity. He had been Doyle's fireman, but upon the death of that worthy, he had been promoted to the right side of the engine. He was well acquainted with the little family, and felt more than a passing regret at the taking off of the head of the household.

He could not remember exactly when it was that he began waving his hand from the cab window to the silent figure on the cut's edge, each evening. Now it had become a regular custom.

Of late, too, he found several evenings each week when he exercised more care in the removal of the grime from his hands, and gave his jumper a more thorough shaking. These evenings he walked out from Gorget, which was the end of his run, to the widow's home. There he spent an hour or so romping with the children, and talking with the mother.

The little flock was beginning to accept him as a new leader. McGarrity said nothing for a long time about his visits, but he thought a great deal. One day he remarked to his fireman, as he turned off the blower, "It don't seem fair for that lone widdy to have no wan to help her in the bringin' up of those childer."

The fireman had little to say, and McGarrity proceeded to express himself still further. "Tim laid by enough for that little plaice forninst the cut, but divil a cent is there to kape her an' the youngsters comfortable like, as they should be. They need a mon about the plaice."

With this McGarrity lapsed into silence. From then on he became more and more convinced that the Doyle's needed "a mon about the plaice." It also began to stick in his crop that it was his duty to see that there *was* a man about the place, but who—here McGarrity's thoughts became confused, for, although he had an inkling in his heart of the answer to the question, he could not bring himself to voice it.

So it went on until this particular day and evening. The children had returned from school and were playing about, awaiting the time when they would go with their mother to watch old Dad bring his followers home.

Widow Doyle glanced up at the little clock which ticked noisily on the kitchen table. The time was at hand. In a few moments No. 6 would,—here the widow caught her thoughts and substituted,—in a few moments the geese will be coming home.

The first thought was the more attractive, but the woman refused to think any more, and calling the children, went to the cut. Emaline held to her mother's

skirts on one side. On the other walked Margie with her arm about her mother's waist. Terrence walked a little apart from the others, seeming to realize his responsibility as the family protector. All three children were chattering of the day's school events.

At the edge of the cut they all perched upon the fence to await the coming of the train and the geese. The minutes passed quickly by, and No. 6 became due, then late.

"Wonder what's keepin' it, maw? said Margie.

"Most likely got a hot-box," replied Terrence with a positiveness which gave no room for doubt.

"What's a hot-box?" inquired Emaline, who was not well up in railroad expressions.

"Well, you see—" and Terrence began to explain the mysteries of a hot-box to his open-eyed, open-mouthed little sister. He was interrupted by a shout from Margie.

"Oh! look! Here comes the geese."

Old Dad was bringing home the flock. Straight up the track they came strutting, "for all the worruld like lords and ladies."

The widow and the children gazed upon the little band below with pride. For a moment the belated train was forgotten.

The geese had reached about the center of the cut when McGarrity's train came into view. For the first time in six months the engineer was not leaning out of the cab window. With head inside the cab, and eyes off the track, he was giving the fireman some orders.

A second later and the heavy train was upon the cherished flock of geese. The widow and her children had seen the danger menacing old Dad and his charges, and had shrieked at the tops of their voices.

Their frantic calls had no effect upon the hapless geese, who held to the track.

McGarrity's head came into view in time to see the widow and the destruction of the birds.

"Oh, Loard!" he gasped. As a full realization of the affair came to him, he pulled the throttle open another notch, as if to leave the scene as rapidly as possible.

Mrs. Doyle was working at the sink in her kitchen. Piled nearby were the relics of the wrecked flock of geese. Topping the pile was the stiffened form of old Dad, his charge resigned, his days of leadership over.

In one corner the children were silently picking the feathers from some of the dead birds. Little Emaline's face was tear-stained, and all three looked more solemn than they had the day their father had been taken away to his resting place. That day they had not realized what death means. Tonight they understood.

A light knock on the door sounds loud in the silence of the dimly lighted kitchen. Terrence opens the door. There stands McGarrity, nervously twisting his cap in his hands. He enters the room. Terrence closes the door and goes back to his work.

"Good avenin'," ventures McGarrity.

The silence in the room is unbroken. It grows oppressive.

"I—I came to tell yez that—that I was not to blame for the train bein' late. This do be the season for summer thravel, and tonight I had fourteen coaches, an' ivery wan full at that, mind you."

McGarrity pauses. Mrs. Doyle's back looks as uncompromising as ever. The children go on with their picking. Little Emaline looks up at him tearfully.

"When we came into the cut I was tellin' Jimmy to watch the foire closther. The first thing I knew we were right onto the geese, and the worruk was done."

Widow Doyle turns. She looks at McGarrity a moment before she speaks. On her face is written not anger, but resignation.

"Yes, indade the worruk is done, Mr. McGarrity. Three months support taken at wan blow from the widow of Timothy Doyle."

There is a note in her voice which pierces McGarrity's heart. In that note rings the answer to the question his thoughts have been asking for some time.

McGarrity chokes something down which seems trying to strangle him, and speaks again.

"I also came up to tell yez, or—raythe to ask yez, Kate, if I may be so bold as to—to ask yez to let me take the place of the geese, and provide for yez for not only three months, but for the rist of your days!"

This was McGarrity's proving.

L. EVERETT CHENOWETH.

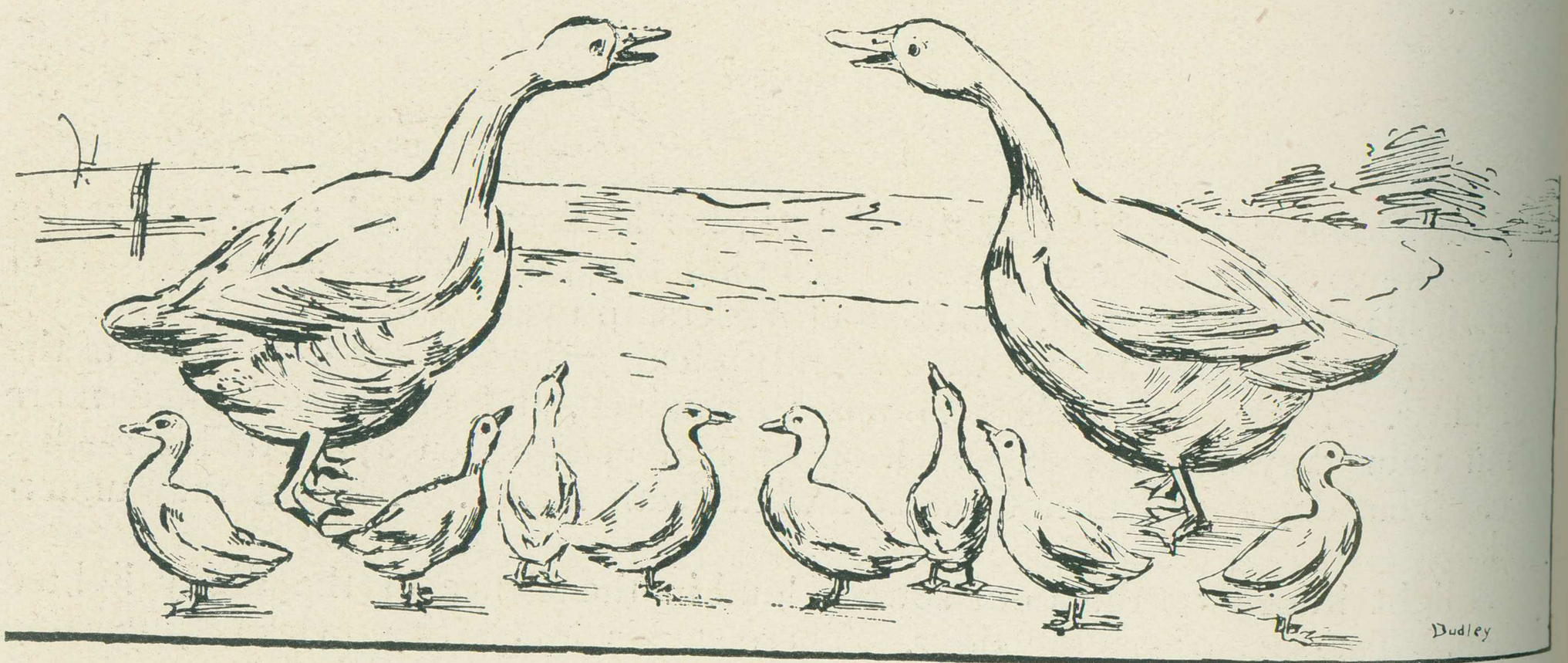




Photo by A. P. Hill.

A. M. CROOP—Business Manager,
MYRTLE JONES HALL—Editor-in-Chief.
LORENA DALY—Assistant Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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# Editorials.

## "Our Normal."

BY and by, as the perspective increases, we shall begin to realize what the years spent within these walls meant to us, but even now, as the days lessen that we shall spend in our Alma Mater, we begin to recognize what "Our Normal really" is--the oldest, the greatest, the best institution of its kind, in the Golden State of the far away West. We do not speak this in a spirit of boasting, for we know that much is still to be done, but if we who are about to graduate have the true school spirit, we can help greatly to justify these claims.

In visiting one of the prominent educational institutions of this state, recently, I could not but notice the strong, personal interest taken in "Our University," by every one in any way connected with it, from workmen to president, and came away feeling that the success of that school was assured. I always feel doubtful of the success of the individual who permits his Alma Mater to be spoken of in anything but approving terms—that student is unworthy of a school that nurtured him and I doubt his capbility of any great work in the world.

The location of "Our Normal" is in every way delightful. Situated as it is, in San Jose, one of the beautiful little cities of California; in close proximity to the Metropolis of the West—San Francisco, and also near the great centers of learning—Stanford and the University of Califonia, we have advantages which are denied many other schools. Our campus, always beautiful, is being constantly improved. We have good buildings, with well equipped laboratories, and one of the best Normal School libraries in the United States.

Two years ago, the San Jose Normal School was placed on a High

School basis, and now we are proud of the fact that no Normal Schoo in this country has higher admission requirements than has our own, and the high grade of scholarship required of graduates of "Our Normal," is being recognized by many of the Universities. Recently, Dr Dailey received a letter from the "Uuiversity of Wisconsin," stating that recomended graduates, of the San Jose Normal, would be given a degree after two years' work, which means that one of the accredited universities will grant us the first two years of the regular college course, because of the work done in this school.

But the great agent that has helped "Our Normal" to reach and maintain its present standing, has been the spirit of earnest, sympathetic co-operation between the faculty and students in all school enterprises; and I feel sure that as students, we will appreciate in the years to come, more perhaps than we do now, the real benefit we have derived from this co-operation. Our teachers have done more than impart to us knowledge; they have helped us to become more complete men, more complete women, and whatever success we may achieve in our work in the world, much will be due to the days spent in "Our Normal."

IF this issue of the NORMAL PENNANT is in a measure successful, we desire that the credit be given those who have so greatly assisted us: to several well known writers, Margaret Sangster, Carrie Stevens Walter, Mrs. Markham and others, whose contributions will be a delight to all our readers; to the Faculty who have assisted us in every way possible (except in giving us their photos); to Miss Vivian and her drawing classes, by whose work the magazine has been illustrated; to Mr. Hill, who took most of the pictures in this paper gratis; to Mr. Cleveland, our printer, whose effort in our behalf has been of much value. To these and to all who have aided us in any way, many thanks.

## Vale.

"EVERY day hath its ending, no matter how fair"—and so the days of our work at the Normal are almost over and our graduation at hand. No one ever regards "his graduation" with indifference; and as we think of it, there is a "gathering up" of the mental images that we have gained during the years since we entered here; all we have done or neglected to do, all the pleasures, all the "scrapes," all the miserable moments spent in trying to comprehend the meaning of "a condition," all the happy ones after finding a record of capital "Cs".

But as the joy of knowing that we will surely get "through," is fairly upon us, the sorrow of leave-taking is stealing into our hearts. For more than a fortnight we have been wishing for this time, but now that it is here, we part grudgingly with the few days remaining before we shall leave this dear old place. Then too, as we look out upon this busy, bustling world, we almost despair of finding our place in it, and would fain turn the hands of Time backward, but we cannot,—so farewell; farewell to school, to books, to faculty, to students, to one and all a fond farewell.







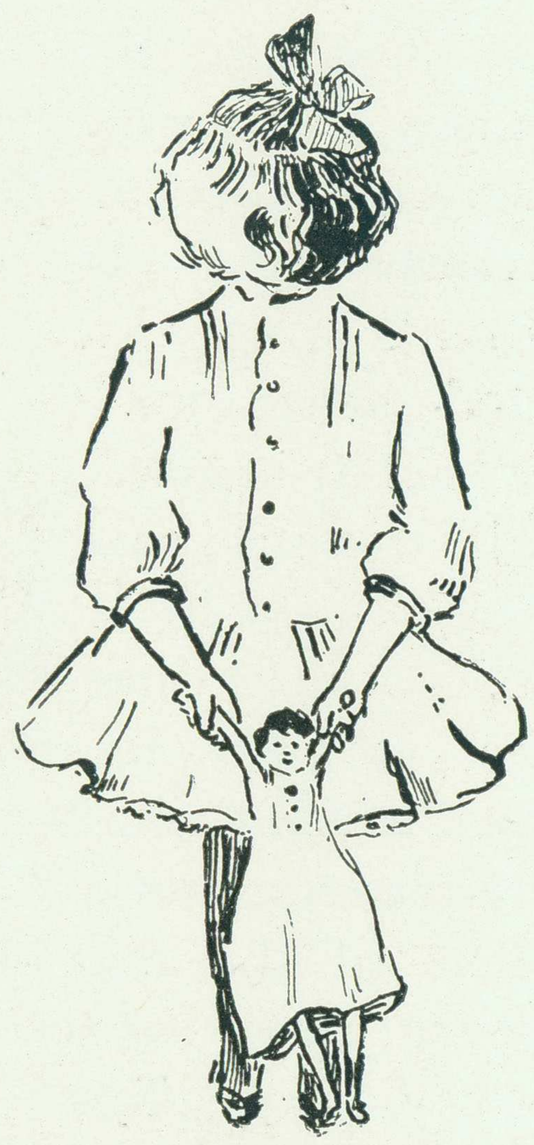


# Our Training School.

WE have come to recognize the Training School as a vital part of the Normal. It is here that we have the first opportunity to put our theories into practice, and though the experience is not without its difficulties, it is a pleasant culmination of our school work.

The "Bridge of Sighs" which was once a barren desolate place, all too worthy of its name, has been converted into an beautiful attractive spot with clinging vines and flowering plants. The halls and rooms have been transformed from bare neglected places into a harmonious whole. Mrs. George's office adds materially to the charm.

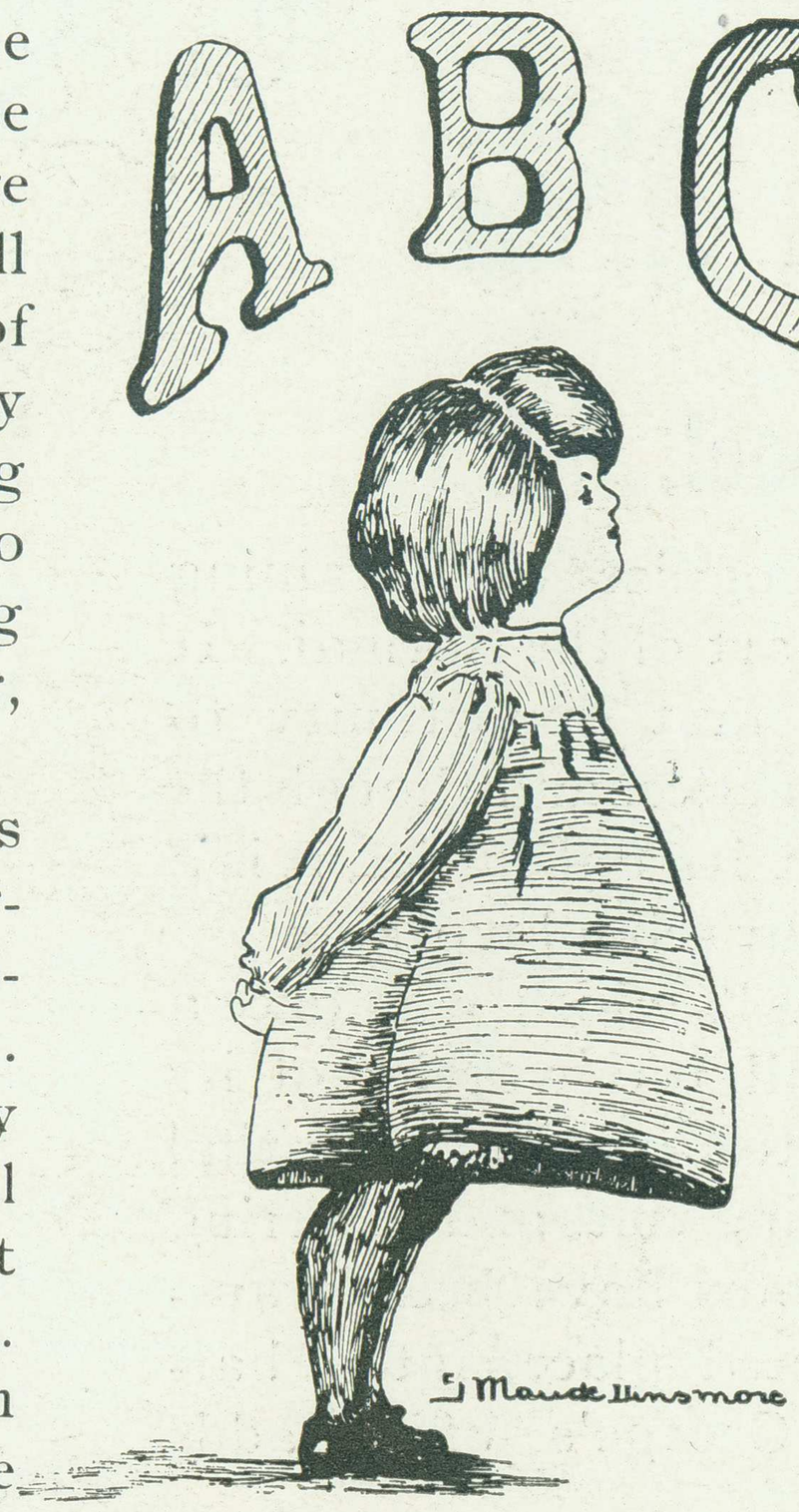
Across the hall is the kindergarten department which is remarkable for its artistic arrangement. This school recognizes the importance of community training for children before the traditional age of six years. Out of one-hundred and seventy-two State Normal Schools in the United States, seventy-four have already adopted kindergarten training departments. Of five State Normal Schools in California this is the only one where the kindergarten gives the opportunity of practice teaching to the students. As a portion of the time in Primary Methods is given to kindergarten pedagogics the student is, in a way, prepared for the work. After all, the aim of the primary teacher and the kindergartener is the same.





That which most impresses one upon entering primary hall is the busy, working spirit which seems to permeate the air. There are no discordant sounds The voices of some of the children singing, others reciting their lessons

the birds in the aviary pouring out their glad songs, are all in harmony. As we give this department closer inspection we find some of the little tots busily weaving Indian mats and baskets for their Haiwatha studies; others making bird houses. Some of the classes are out in the yard working in their gardens. These gardens are not just play gardens but are really an adornment to the ground as will be seen by the cut. In another part of the campus we come upon a class deeply interested in the study of bees making honey in their hives. Many classes are to be seen taking physical training under the supervision of Miss Bassler, the instructor in the Normal.




The routine of the daily work is varied by numerous nature study excursions and many unique entertainments. The Doll Show and the St. Valentine's day exercises were very clever; but the most charming of them all was the May-day entertainment. It was a veritable children's pageant. The lawn has long invited some such festivity. Its beauty, enhanced by massive cords of roses strung in all directions needed only the presence of the little ones in festal attire to grace a scene "fit for the gods." As the queen drew near in a chariot drawn by many admiring pages, one could imagine one's self in fairyland; and as the little folks tripped around the Maypole with the parti-colored strands, they seemed the re-incarnation of Titania.

One of the reasons for the success of this department is the hearty co-operation of the parents with the teachers. This has not been brought about without effort. When the parents were first invited to visit the school, they did not feel as if they could leave their busy homes; but now regular mothers' meetings are held once every two months at which time discipline in both the home and the school is discussed.

Another reason for the growth of the training school is the supervision of departments by specialists from the Normal faculty. These conditions overcome the difficulties brought about by changing teachers every hour.

Much original work is done in the Training School and if a child is talented in any one line the teacher soon finds it out. The music given below was composed by the little ones in the primary department.

MUSIC LESSON.

Original song and music by Low Second Grade—Training Dept.—S. N. S.



TRAINING SCHOOL GARDENS.





Occasion—Memorial Day. Introduced by talk about Memorial Day. Why observed by people in all parts of U. S. How we feel toward our soldiers. Why we are proud of them, and why we love and honor them. How we remember them. What good does it do to remember them. To these questions answers were first given orally; then at suggestion from the teacher that they were good enough to preserve they were written upon the board. They are found below in exact words of children:
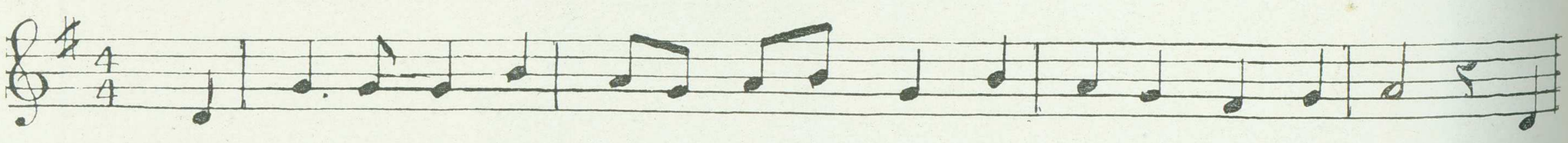
We are *proud* of our *soldiers*.
They were *kind* and *brave*.
They fought for our country.
We *love* and *honor* them.
We *decorate* their *graves* with *flowers* and *flags*.
*Remembering them* will *make us brave* and *true*, *loving* and *good*.

One child said that last statement sounded "sing songey." This suggested to another child that the class might make a song. At their suggestion the teacher underlined words they would like to have in their song. (See words that were underlined in answer to teacher's questions.)
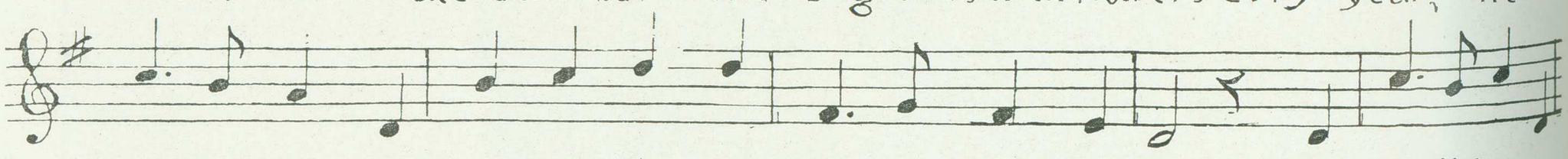
Line by line, the song was built up; the ehildren telling how to begin lines and where to write "left-over words;" where the line was too long; how to match (or rhyme) words.

Then came the musical setting. This also was given by individuals, and teacher copied it on the board from their dictation. The music is below.
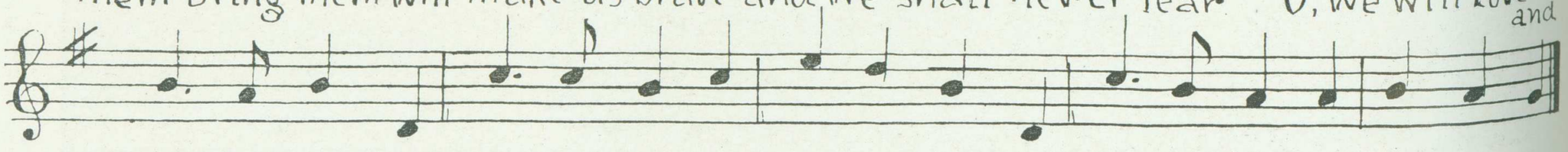




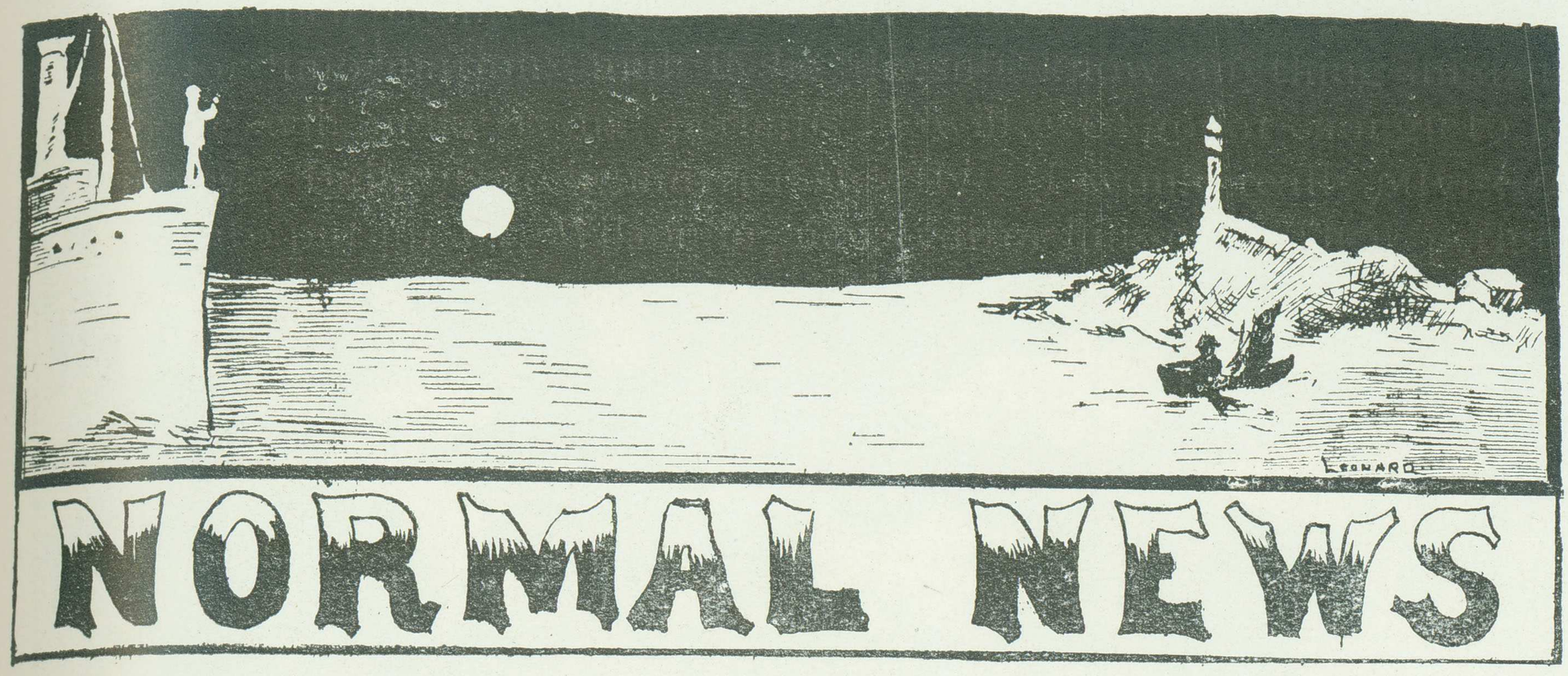
We'll dec o rate our sol - diers graves with flowers evry year; Re-



mem-bring them will make us brave and we shall nev-er fear O, we will love and



honor thee, Who fought and set our country free. O, we will love and hon-or thee




In a place like the Normal the trials of a "news editor" are entirely beyond discription or comprehension. If one person knows anything startling everybody else within our red brick walls knows it also, and that within a shorter space of time than it takes to think about it. And then what is the use of writing it all up and calling it "news?" But let me say this for the benefit of future news editors: "When in doubt play trumps"—which means—when you are really worried, go to Prof. Wilson for information, and if he doesn't know anything amazing enough he will make it up; perhaps he will even go far enough to tell you that Mr. Dailey is to be married shortly. I would really advise the next class to put up Mr. Wilson for news editor himself. Then perhaps this department would be more interesting.

Miss Lillian Cahalan, has a position as teacher of the third grade in one of the city school at her home in Boise, Idaho.

The summer school session of the Normal is going to be made very delightful for those who attend. Beside the extremely interesting work in all lines which is to be taken up, many enjoyable times are planned in the way of trips to Mt. Hamilton and other places of interest.

Mrs. George has been granted a year's leave of absence to travel abroad. She will sail on July twenty-fifth for the Hawaiian Islands, where she will spend two weeks. Next she will visit the Fiji Islands, andthen New Zealand, Tasmania, and Australia. From there she will go to Bombay, up through India, China, the Philippines and Japan. We all wish Mrs. George "Bon Voyage," and assure her that we will think of her often and hope that she is having just the most enjoyable time in the world.

The "Whistler Morning" given by Miss Vivian's class on the fourth of June was unique and interesting, and was carried out very successfully. The anecdotes told by the young ladies were good, and the papers read were spicy and clever—very different from the stiff, set essays which are

Y. M. N. D.

so often heard. Miss Vivian's and Mrs. Hall's rendering of part of the trial scene in the case between Mr. Whistler and Mr. Ruskin was admirable. Mrs. Hall was charming, and as for Miss Vivian—she has missed her vocation. She ought to go on the stage. We all enjoyed the Whistler songs, and we hope Miss Vivian is satisfied that we applauded sufficiently (! ! !).

We are very happy with Miss Vivian—in thinking of her proposed trip to Europe. She will leave California for the East in August, and in September will sail from New York. After cruising through the Mediterranian she will travel through Spain, and Italy. In the spring she will leave for Paris, where she enters upon regular art work.

We join in wishing Miss Vivian just the very best that can be gotten out of such a trip.

Miss Leona Huffman expects to teach in Fresno county next year—so she says—but it seems to be the opinion of her many friends that she will not be found away off in Fresno county employed in a country school for any great length of time.

It has been remarked that a great many of the girls are putting away stray curls and fixing neck-ribbons with their left hands lately, owing to the solitaires which sparkle on their third fingers. But there is really no need for excitement—we all know they are merely graduating presents.

Miss Martha Miotke is anticipating a very pleasant trip through the southern part of the State this summer.

Miss Helen Hepburn will spend her vacation in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Bonnie Gaine is planing to spend a month or two in Yosemite this summer.

Class night will be something out of the ordinary. The principal feature of the evening will be a base-ball game between the men of the faculty and nine Senior girls.

The line-up will be as follows:

| SENIOR | | FACULTY |
|---|---|---|
| Winifred Lewis . . . | First Base. . . . . | Prof. Wilson |
| Maud Hunt . . . | Second Base . . . | Prof. Dailey |
| Margaret Summers . | Third Base . . . . | Prof. Bennett |
| Martha Miotke . . | Pitcher . . . . . | Prof. Snyder |
| Edna Finley . . . . | Catcher . . . . . | Prof. Bullock |
| Lorena Daly . . . | L. Field . . . . | Prof. Schemmel |
| Nell Thompson . . | R. Field . . . . . | Prof. Wood |
| Ethel Wayne . . . . | S. Stop . . . . . | Prof Bland |
| Mary Buck . . . . | C. Field . . . . . | Prof. Baker |

Substitutes—Lottie Sinnamon, Goldy Zumwalt, Ethelwyn Caldwell.

After the game the Fifth Regiment Band will entertain the company while refreshments are being served.

# We Graduates.

Abraham, Belle May
Baker, Helen Elizabeth
Baker, Maude Evelyn
Betts, Grace Adeline
Blair, Florenee Mae
Bliss, Rose L.
Boding, Hulda Annette
Bond, Grace Wilcox
Brichman, Lily Elaine
Brower, Hazel Edith
Brummett, Lena Myrtle
Buck, Mary Ingeberg
Bull, Edith Mary
Calahan, Anna Lillian
Cain, Alice Mae
Calder, Jessie Frances
Caldwell, Ethelwn Althea
Capell, Lou Anna
Christiansen, Annie J.
Clemence, Esther Hazel
Cline, Alice May
Conway, Emma Graves
Covert, Inez Jeanette
Crane, Everett
Croop, Arthur M.
Dagger, Sadie
Daly, Lorena Belle
Delahunty, M. Florence
Down, Robert Hodge
Driver, Abbie
Evert, Pearl
Farmer, Milton T.
Finley, Edna H.
Fitzgerald, May A.
Fleming, M. Louise
Fox, Charles Irwin
Freeman, Ida Mae
Freeman, Lillian May
Fulkerth, Lettie M.
Gaine, Blanche,
Gratz, Bessie Lillian
Gratz, Nellie Victoria
Gray, Ethel V.
Griffiith, Kathryne
Hall, Myrtle Jones
Hamlin, May,
Hanley, Helen Katherine
Hardacre, Jessie A.
Haugh, Eva,
Hayford, Charlotte M.
Hepburn, Helen May
Horn, Grace Alwilda
Huffman, Leona,
Hughes, Harold Frank
Hunt, Edith Maude
Joiner, Floy I.
Jordan, Alice C.
Karev, Emma Myrtle
Kennedy, Edna A.
Kipper, Edna May
Lambert, Lottie Lawrie
Lenz, Birdie Ruby
Lewis, Winifred K.
Lima, Mamie Adelaide
Lindsey, Nina Gertrude
Luebberke, Clara Frances
Mackinnon, Eva
MacNeal, Vera Elizabeth
McAdams, Mary Emma
McKenna, Teresa V. J.
McMillan, Alice F.
Main, Hazel Marie
Martin, Icy Ann
Metzger, Edna E.
Miller, Henry E.
Miotke, Martha
Moellering, Mary C.
Morrison, Emily Florence
Nicholson, Sarah Belle
O'Connor, Mary E.
Ogier, Elizabeth H.
Perry, Leolla Mabel
Phillips, Iva Eleanor
Posey, Clara Belle
Powell, Emma Marion
Price, Bertha E.
Pullen, Dora May
Rafter, Mae
Raney, Lillian Adele
Richardson, Alta Cecelia
Rivard, Olivena M.
Robertson, Jessie Emiline
Rose, Jessie Perkins
Scribner, Nettie E.
Serfling, George A.
Sherburne, Anna Pearl
Shirley, Ada
Showalter, Katherine
Silverhorn, Alice E.
Sinnamon, Lottie Ray
Spaulding, Pearl Evelyn
Steele, Nellie Leona
Stuart, Mabel Annie
Summers, Margaret
Thompson, Nell Adel
Thompson, Mabel E.
Vandervoort, Florence E.
Wallace, Cora F.
Ward, Anna
Watrous, Hazel
Wayne, Georgie Ethel
Wells, Mary Elizabeth
White, Ethel
White, Louise Wheeler
Williams, Gertrude H.
Wood, Margaret
Zumwalt, Goldie V.




It is with fear and trembling that "ye scribe" attempts to tell of some of the doings of our honored Alumni. True we could fill volumes with the records of their mighty deeds of fame,—but to be just we dare not be too explicit. Then, too, so many of our Alumni have goue from us forgetting all else but their work; even forgetting that we would like to hear of their successes or discouragements. Of their successes—because many of us left here working need some greater incentive for higher work. Of their discouragements, —to prepare us for seas that are not smooth sailing and lead us to realize how thoroughly trained a captain must be in order to cross the tempestuous seas of our life's work.

So we beg of our Alumni to remember that however far away or however long they have been away, the PENNANT will be most happy to hear of them as often as their time permits and their visits to the Normal are always a source of pleasure to both faculty and students. Among the recent visitors was Anthony Suzzalo, class of '94. After taking a course in the Columbia University he was elected to the Stanford Faculty, from which he was granted a leave of absence to accept the Principalship of the San Francisca Normal, which office he has successfully held up to the present time. Recently Mr. Suzzalo has been granted a schollarship in the Columbia University and also was appointed Deputy Superintendent of San Francisco schools.

Mr. J. E. Addicot, formerly our manual training teacher, has been studying at Columbia the past year, and instead of returning to us as expected, he has been elected to the faculty there for two years.

Mr. A. E. Shumate City Superintendent of Public Schools, formerly principal of the San Jose High School, is also one of our alumni.

Martin Heston has entered Ann Arbor; from which school he was assigned to the "all American Football team," the greatest honor attainable in this line. In addition to his phenominal success in football he is to get a degree in law next year.

We are deeply grieved that illness has compelled Carmel Martin, to leave his work at Santa Clara College. He is now recuperating at his home in Monterey.

Among our successful teachers we hear of: Frank Carr, "Brisk Wielder of the Birchen Rule," at Haywards; Will Hanlon, Principal of Black Diamond school. Our jovial friend Herbert Montgomery holds principalship at San Lucas school; Fred Hogan, "Our Absalom," is principal of Tehachapi school; our ladies' man, Harry McKannay, following his knightly tendencies has accepted the principalship of night schools in San Francisco; Ned B. Gould is still "Monarch of all he surveys," at Paicines school; and during the past winter vacation attended the Santa Cruz business college.

Charles Miller, "The inevitable Charley," has held full sway over country urchins in Mariposa County.

Clarence Wilson has decided that school teaching is "too much" for for him and has chosen quite a different line of work. At present he is cashier of the First National Bank of Dinuba. Reports speak "goldenly" of his work.

Maud Huie has not been carried away by the lovliness and sweetness of teaching school, but has graduated from the U. P. Conservatory, and will go out to gladden the world with sweet melodies. We most cordially invite Miss Huie to "gladden" her old school mates.

The class of '78, one of the very remarkable classes that graduated from the Normal will have a reunion Thursday evening, June 18th. Before graduating from S. N. S. their Vice-principal, Prof. Braly, gave them a breakfast at Almaden. They had a most enjoyable time and this year they are to repeat the outing at Alum Rock. Those expected to be present are Dr. N. B. Coffman, a physician in Healdsburg; Mrs. Addie Hobart Holloran of San Francisco; Miss Emily Aniser, teacher in the Napa High School; Mrs. Cantha Kelso Cooke from Selma will be accompanied by her two sons; Mrs Francis O'Brien Freeman of San Francisco; Miss Annie Loucks has taught since her graduation in the same school; Mrs. Susie Hamilton Aggler of Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Maggie Kent Dunlap of Gilroy will be accompanied by her daughter; Mrs. Fannie Daniel Stuart; Mrs. Emma Cearly Angelotti of San Rafael, wife of Judge Angelotti of San Jose. The following will be present: Mr. Wilson of the Normal; his wife, Mrs. Alice Blythe Wilson; Mrs. Sarah Easterday Whitehurst; Miss Hattie Warren; Mrs. Mary Rucker Boulware; Mrs. Annie Boyer Cozzens; Mrs. Murphy Hudson Wagner, who with her husband, Dr. Wagner, spent ten years in the mission fields of China; Mr. E. T. Pettit, the class president and Miss Jennie M. Hammond.




## Y. W. C. A.

The Young Woman's Christian Assaciation entered school last fall with well laid plans for a year's work.

Its first undertaking was that of furnishing a rest room for the girls of the school. The plan was to provide a room where girls who were tired or who had a few moments' leisure could rest. The Board of Trustees gave the use of a room, and with the splendid help of the Young Men's Christian Association, a window seat was made and upholstered, curtains placed at windows, the floor oiled, and black boards covered with Japanese matting and strips of bamboo. Through the kindness of the Board of Trustees the walls were tinted, and a large rug, a couch and a table were presented. Members of the Faculty also presented a beautiful table and some chairs.

At this point, it being the opinion of many that such a room ought to be under the supervision of the Faculty rather than of a body of students, the Young Women's Christian Association decided to transfer its interest in the room, so far as the management was concerned, to the Faculty. This took place in October. Since then furniture has been added, and with Miss Vivian's pictures, which she has so kindly loaned, the room has a homelike appearance.

The Association sent eight delegates to the Annual Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association of the Pacific Coast. This Conference is held annually at Capitola. Delegates are sent from all the Universities and Normal Schools of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, and California. It continues ten days; the mornings and evenings being



BROWNING CLUB.

devoted to conferences, Bible study classes and addresses, and the afternoons to recreation. Among the guests and speakers at this year's conference were J. Wilbur Chapman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John Mott of New York, Miss Harriet Taylor, Miss Bertha Conde' and Miss Barnes of Chicago.

### Erosophian.

Misses Florence Vandervoort, Nellie Steele, Alice Cain, Maud Baker, Pearl Sherbourne, Anna Ward, Ethel Wayne, Ethel Gray and Nell Thompson are those who are graduated from among the members of Erosophian. This bevy of bright young ladies will be greatly missed by the society and their associates will ever remember them as faithful workers in the organization.

The work for the year has been the study of famous authors and their programs have been interspersed with wit and song.

### Art Club.

For culture, the Art Club has perhaps taken first place among the societies. With rare diligence and delight, its members have studied the lives and works of American painters, sculptors and illustrators. On one occasion, Prof. Wood told us of the start and achievement of his protege, Solon Borghlam, a young man who bids fair to become world famous in sculpture.

The Club gave a delightful reception to their graduates which was made doubly pleasant by the presence of many of the old members who have been teaching in various parts of the State.

We feel that we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to Miss Vivian for her helpful guidance and we fancy that many of us will picture in the next two years, our beloved teacher standing in the Louvre before a Titian, a Michelangelo or a Raphael, with her whole countenance aglow. It is with genuine regret we say farewell, and most heartily wish her a bon-voyage.

### Browning.

Under the able supervision of Prof. H. M. Bland, Browning Club has closed one of the most successful years of its existence. The works of Browning have been studied with zeal and enthusiasm, enabling many students to come into greater appreciation of his profound interpretation of nature. Through the instrumentality of the society, two noted speakers have appeared before the students, namely, Dr. Loyd Jenkins Jones and Mrs. Fairweather. The charm of their rendering of his poems lay in the splendid personality and interpretation of the author's thought.

The Club's annual outing upon the bay will be taken the last week of school.



PHOTO BY HILL

ALLENIAN CLUB

PHOTO BY HILL

## Y. M. N. D.

The Young Men's Normal Debating Society is an organization of enthusiastic young workers of whom the school is justly proud.

During the year, the society has increased in membership and usefulness. Their efforts have been well directed along the way of self-improvement by the study of oratory and parliamentary law.

## Sappho Society.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Sappho!

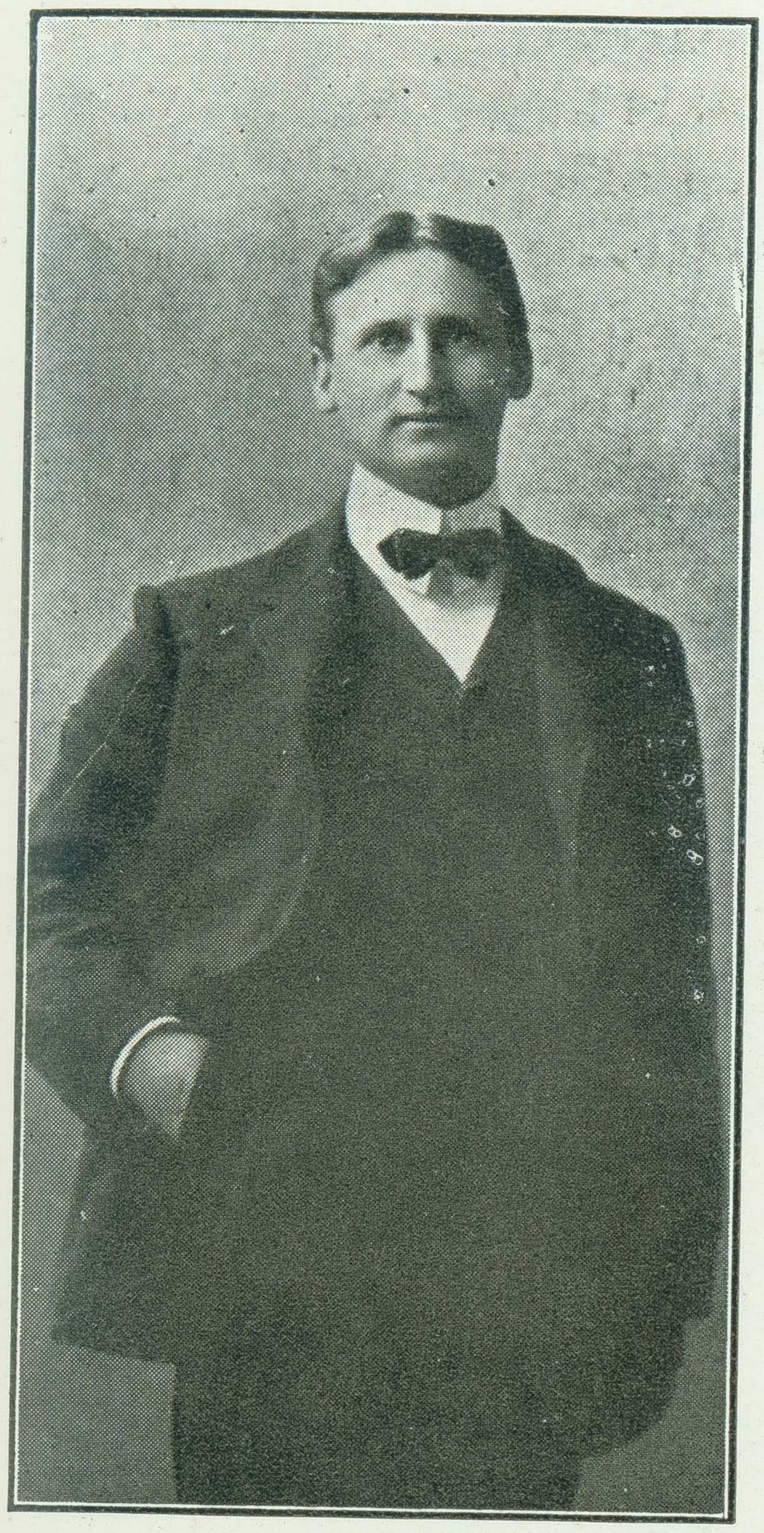
Sappho Society antedates the year "600 something B. C." and its Alumnae is now so great that it is impossible to name all the members. We are sorry to state that owing to the forces over which we have no control, but few of the many will be present this reunion.

We feel compensated in a marked degree, however, for a number of the Sappho members of the Normal Faculty will be present—President M. E. Dailey, Vice-President L. B. Wilson, Mrs. George, Miss Blasdell and Miss Walter.

But one thing dims the glory of our social horizon—certain young ladies are about to leave us to hold forth in school rooms of their very own. It seems but fitting that a word should be said here as to the Society itself. No longer do its members give voice to lyric verse; that was given over centuries ago. Now, owing to the rapid progress of the age, much attention is given to feasting; and debates on "Woman's Suffrage." "The Advantages of Single Blessedness," etc.

## Allenian.

The Allenian Society takes precedent in point of age, among the organizations of the Normal. It was founded in 1897 and named in honor of our dearly loved Prof. Allen. From the beginning, the undertaking was a successful one and today we are proud of Allenian as a living, active society. It was at first of a debating and oratorical nature, but has since developed a social side which makes her semi-annual functions affairs toward which many look forward with keen anticipation. During her present prosperity, she boasts of thirty-eight members, everyone of whom is active in working for the best interests of the Club. They have the honor of claiming Miss Royce, Miss Howe, Miss Nicholson and Miss Payne of the Faculty, as honorary members. Sixteen of the girls graduate in the class of this June and their loss will be deeply felt by the remaining ones." A social evening will be given in honor of the graduates, consisting of a farce followed by an informal dance.



PROF. N. H. BULLOCK
President Normal Club



GEO. A SERFLING
Secretary Normal Club

PHOTOS BY HILL

THE NORMAL CLUB has grown to be one of the effective institutions of the school, and is performing a real service for education in bringing both students and teachers into touch with the best current educational thought.

Professor N. H. Bullock of the Department of Physiology has served as president for the past year, and in his quiet effective way has done good work for the club. The other officers are: Vice-president, Robert A Lee, Principal of the Lowell Grammar School, San Jose; and secretary, George A. Serfling of the class of '03.

The following is a list of the important lectures delivered before the club at various times during this year.

The English School System, E. P. Cubberley, Stanford Uuiversity. Some Conceptions of Political Economy, R. D. Hunt, Principal San Jose High School. Manual Training, E. R. Snyder, San Jose Normal School. American education, Elmer E. Brown, University of California. Nature Study, Dr. Jenkins, Stanford University.

Professor Cubberly of Stanford presented in his lecture a mass of facts on English school conditions, which showed him to be a careful observer.

Professor Hunt's talk on Economics showed a strong grasp of the subject from a historical standpoint.

Our own Professor Snyder's Manual Training ideas have made rapid headway since he has been with us, and his talk before the club showed the attention Manual Training is receiving in the newer education. Professor Snyder's Manual Training correlates closely with Professor Baker's system of arithmetic, which is now undergoing practical tests in the San Jose city schools.

Dr. Brown's lecture gave us an insight into the original work he has been doing on the history of American secondary schools. We felt as if listening to a master, when Dr. Brown talked with fervor of the researches he has actually made. His lecture was new evidence of the value of education to the teacher. His book entitled, "Secondary Education in America," is attracting the attention of men prominent in American education.

Dr. Jenkins of Stanford is always a welcome visitor at the Normal Club. While not an iconoclast, Dr. Jenkins' influence goes a great way to eradicate error from our present conception of nature work.

In addition to the discussion of the broader educational questions, we have also done valuable committee work regarding the "Course of Study," "Value of Kindergarten," and other questions relating closely to the teachers' needs. These have resulted in making the Normal Club, not only the largest but one of the most beneficial societies of the school.

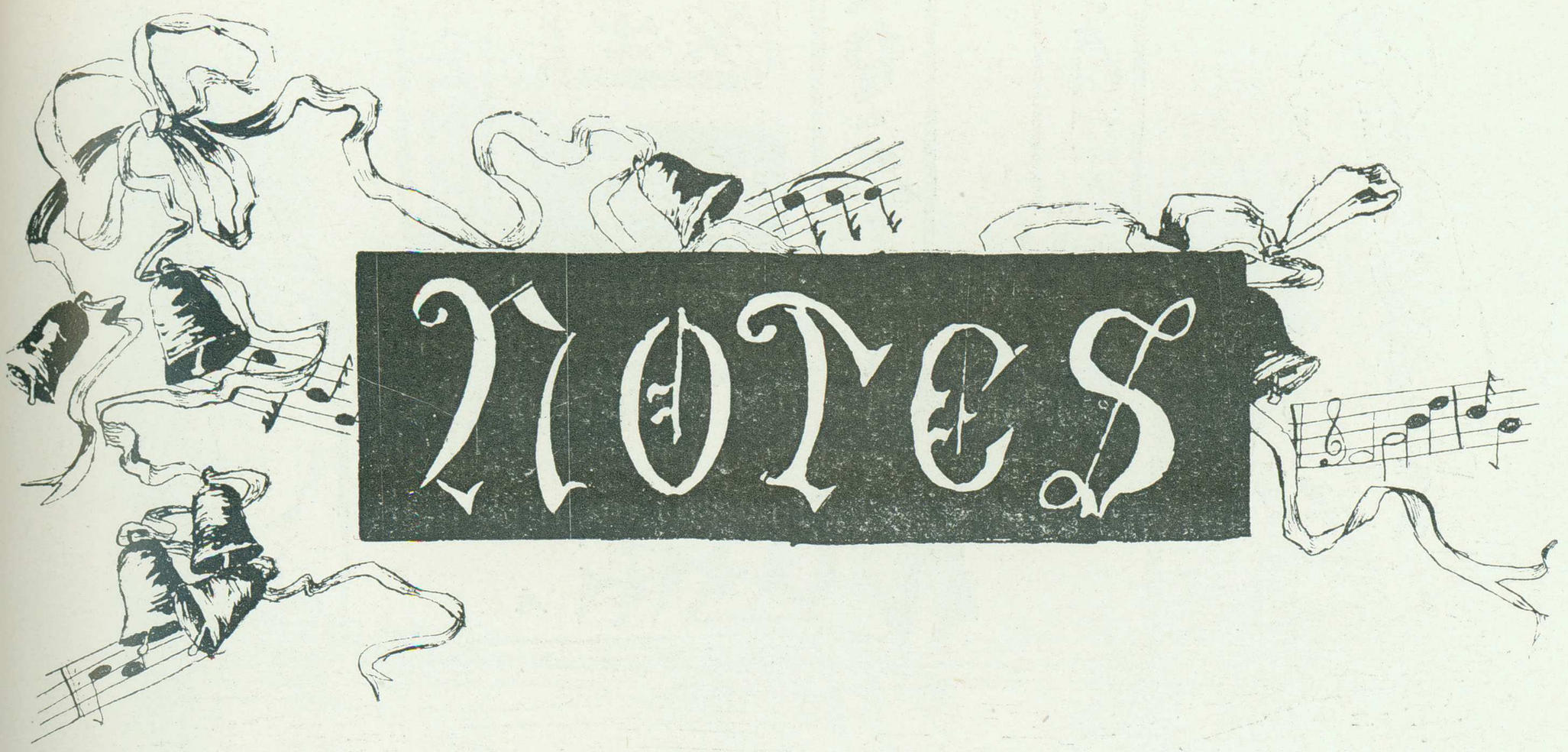
PHOTO BY HILL

ART CLUB



SAPPHO CLUB

PHOTO BY HILL




SUNOL, MAY 14, 1903,—Miss Leona Bayley, June, '02, was married to Mr. Charles Courtwright, a rising young business man of Modesto.

Among the alumni visiting the Normal were Miss Hope Pyburn, Gavin Telfer of Berryessa and Mr. Metzger of Contra Costa County. The Faculty smile so cordially on the Alumni that we students long for the time when we may be received as honored guests.

Miss Fannie Edwards who attended the Normal for awhile last year, visited her friends in school lately. She has been in San Francisco studying to become a trained nurse.

May 25, 1903, was the centennial of Emerson's birth. It was fittingly commemorated at the Normal by an address on Emerson by Rev. Dr. Haskell of the Unitarian Church. Emerson taught that ideals make life what it is. The parting words of Emerson that Dr. Haskell left with us were: We must never imitate another, for that which man can do best only his Maker can teach him.

Miss Lillian Nichols from the University of the Pacific entertained us by a song with piano and violin accompaniment, and by some excellent recitations.

Dr. and Mrs. Leaver of New Haven, Conn., visited the Normal, May 28. Dr. Leaver, who for twenty years has been medical examiner at Yale, said no university man who lacked physical ability had ever become famous in his work. He advised us to live like young people, young in heart and in body for the play of the young is the work of the old.

Special exercises were held to commemorate Memorial Day. The picture of Lincoln draped in the American flag held the place of honor, while other flags and roses decorated the room. Twenty-two of our Civil War veterans honored us with their presence. Professor Allen read the scripture lesson. Colonel Hawley, Past Department Commander G. A. R., addressed us on the different phases of the life of a soldier in the Civil War.




Why is the June Class like a Missouri legislature? Because it is presided over by a Farmer.

We want to know why Mr. Miller sent Edna Finley a book of original poems.

Watch as a word means much,
Watch as a watch means more,
Watch Mr. Wilson's clutch
Watch what his pockets store.

Students contemplating a trip to San Francisco during vacation may obtain maps of the city by applying to Miss Hepburn.

Miss Ogier—Mr. Wilson, how many rain drops in a rain bow?

Mr. Wilson (hopelessly)—Now Miss Ogier, I don't believe I could tell you that.

Graduates, go to Hale's for good goods.

The following discussion took place at a Faculty meeting recently:

Mr. Dailey—The Pennant has asked for the faculty's pictures and I want you to discuss the question. For my part, I think it would be "awfully nice." Miss Payne, let us hear from you.

Miss Payne—"Beg pardon," you must let me "think, thi-nk, t-h-i-n-k."

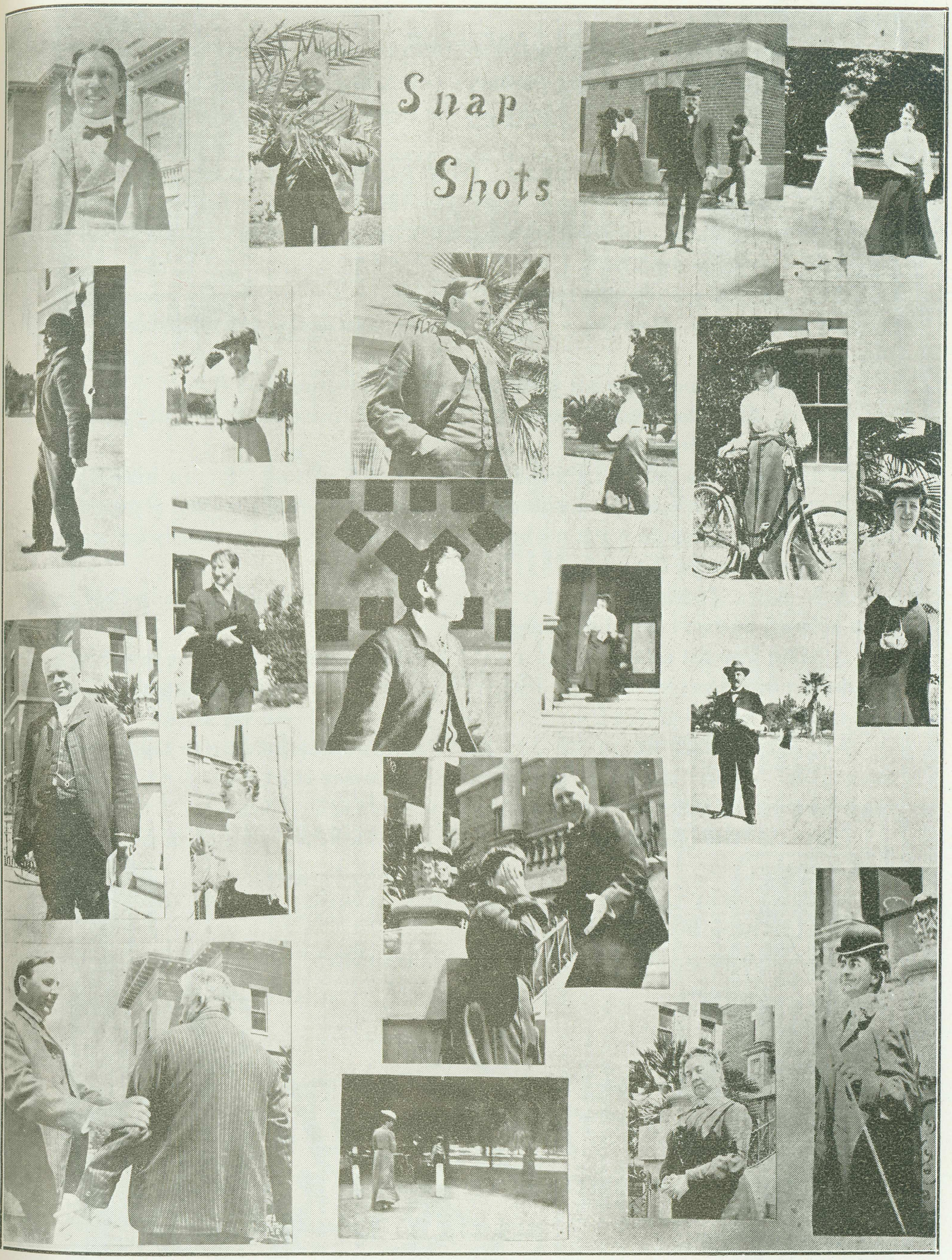
Mr. Wilson—If the Pennant wants my picture, "why" I don't see why they can't have it, "Now I hope I have made myself clear."

Miss Vivian—If the pictures would have "life and action or a touch of blue," I wouldn't object so much.

Mr. Bland—I've already had mine taken. Anyone can see them at "Hills."

Miss Nicholson—If there was a "larger thought" back of all this, I might consider it.

Mr. Bullock—"Sure," that would be "all right." Let's have a profile. "Do you get it–how many see?"




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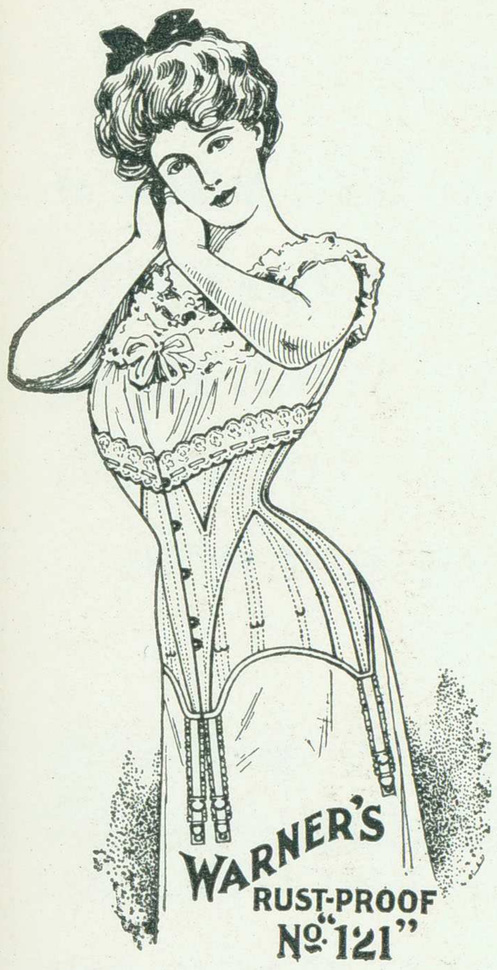



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## Chas. J. Cornell

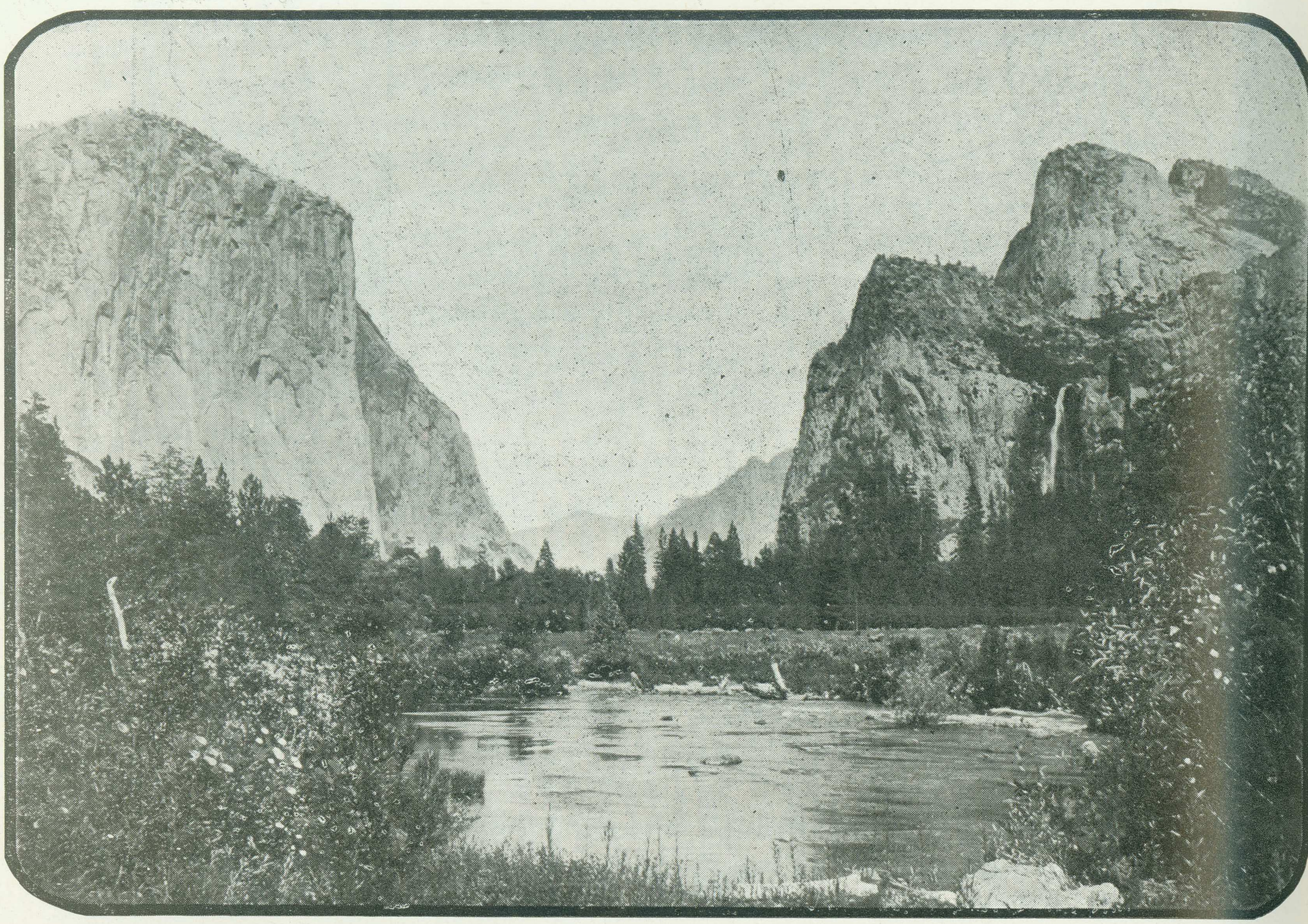
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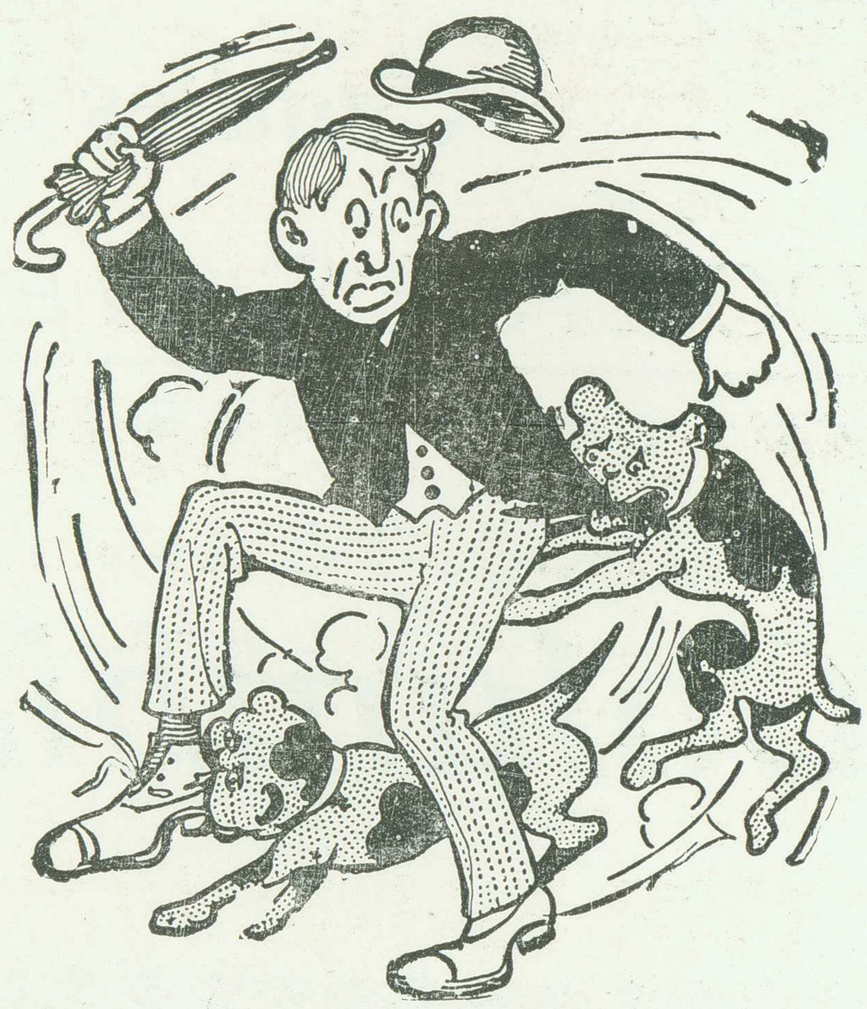
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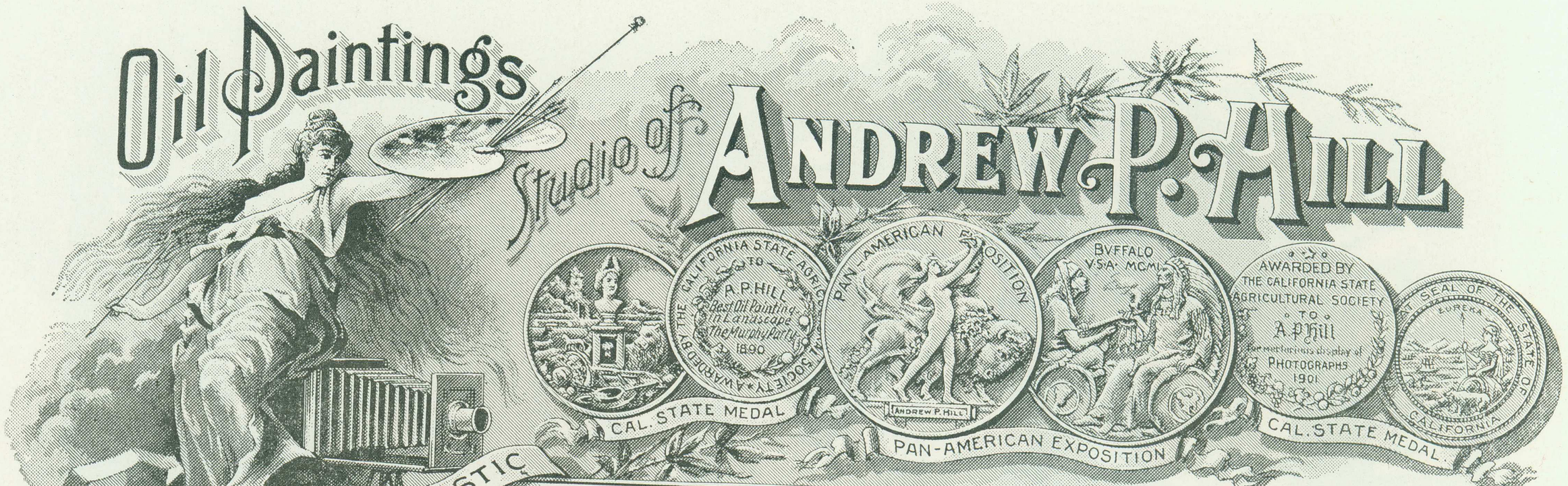
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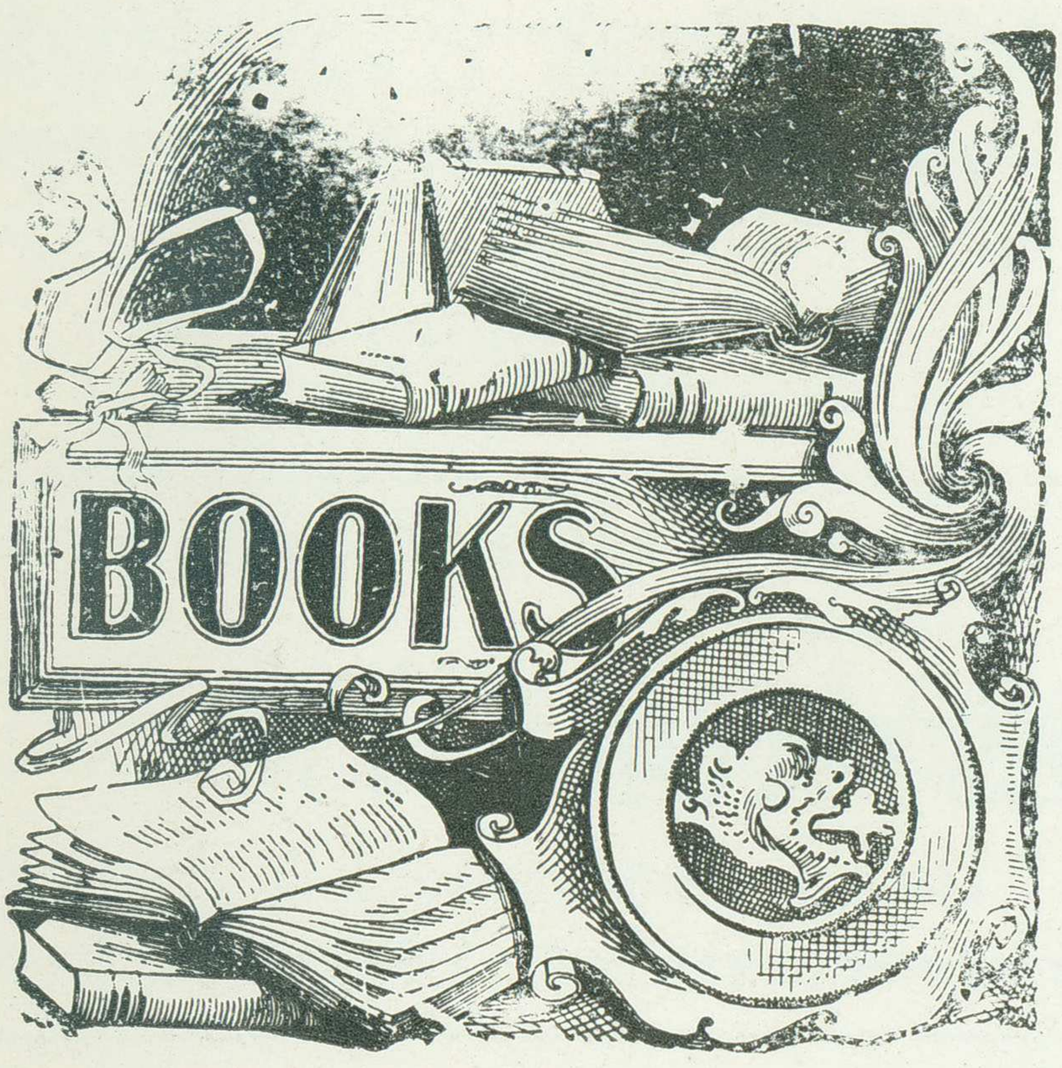
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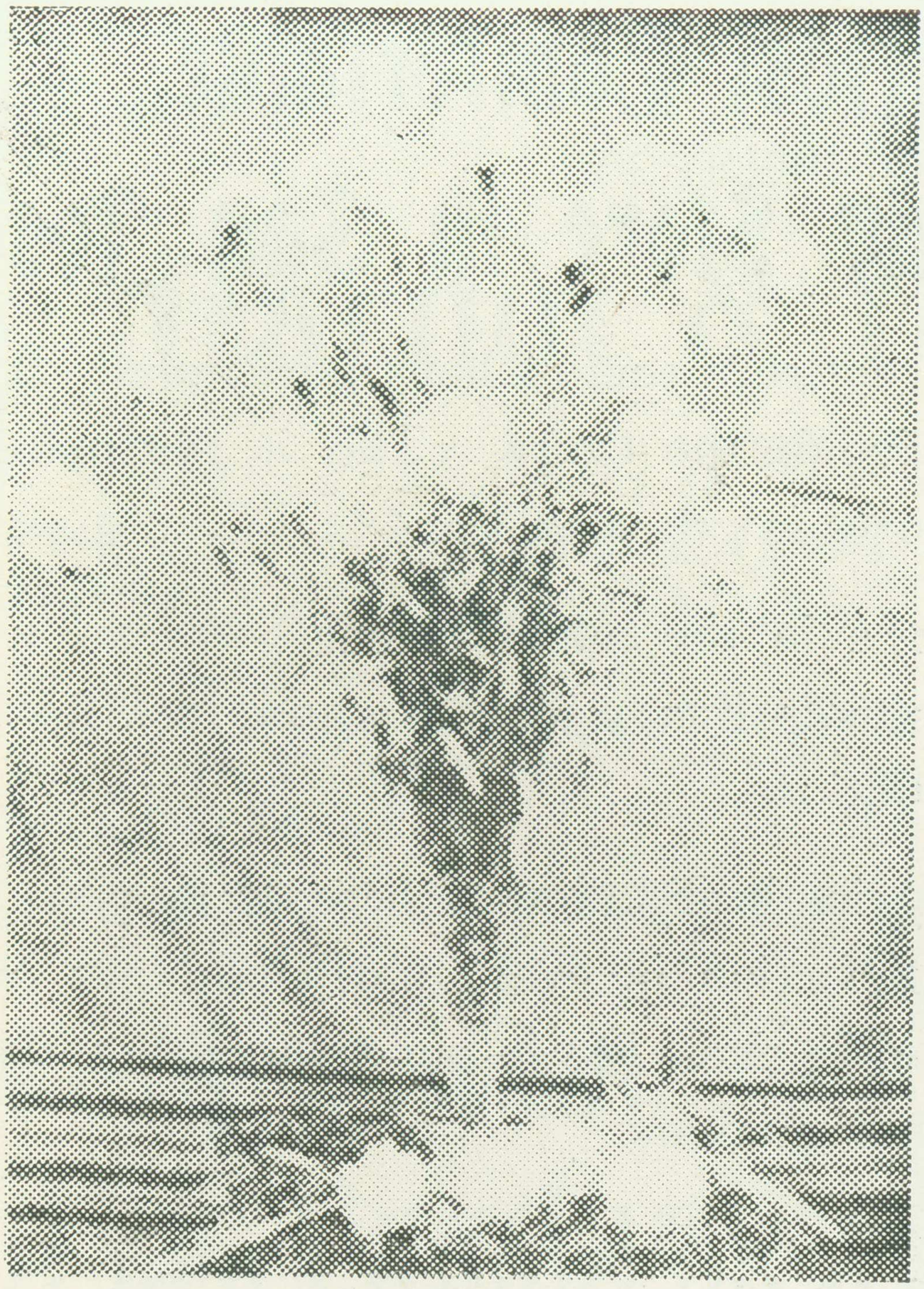
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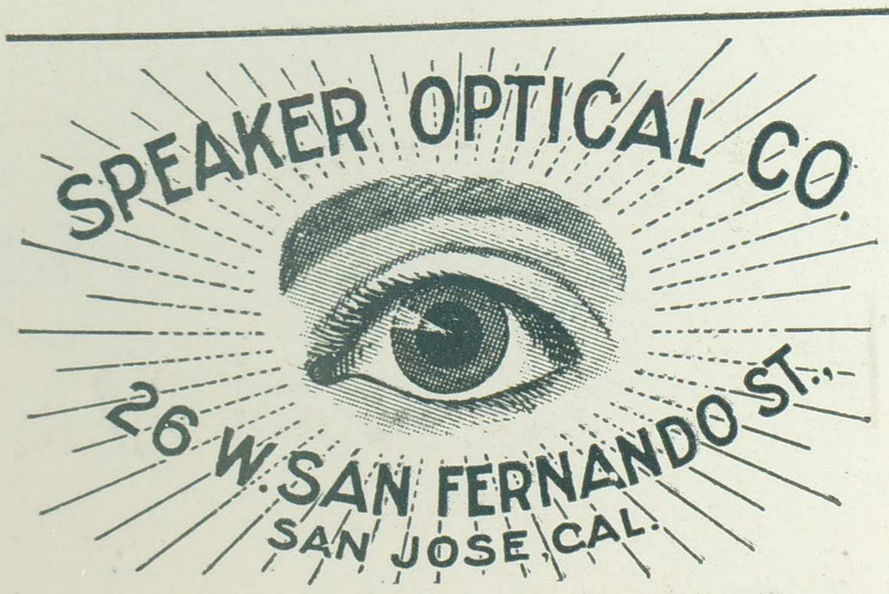
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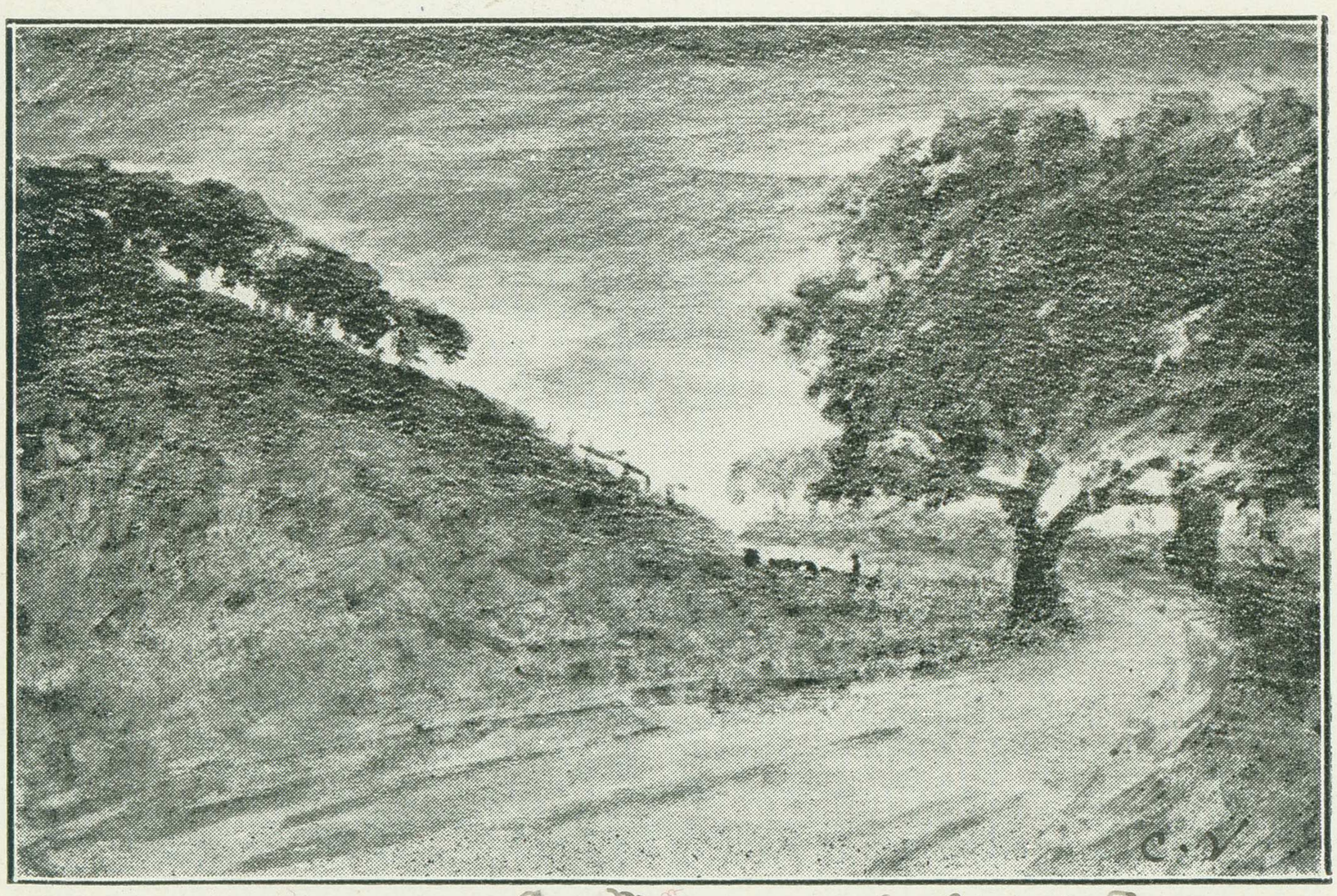
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