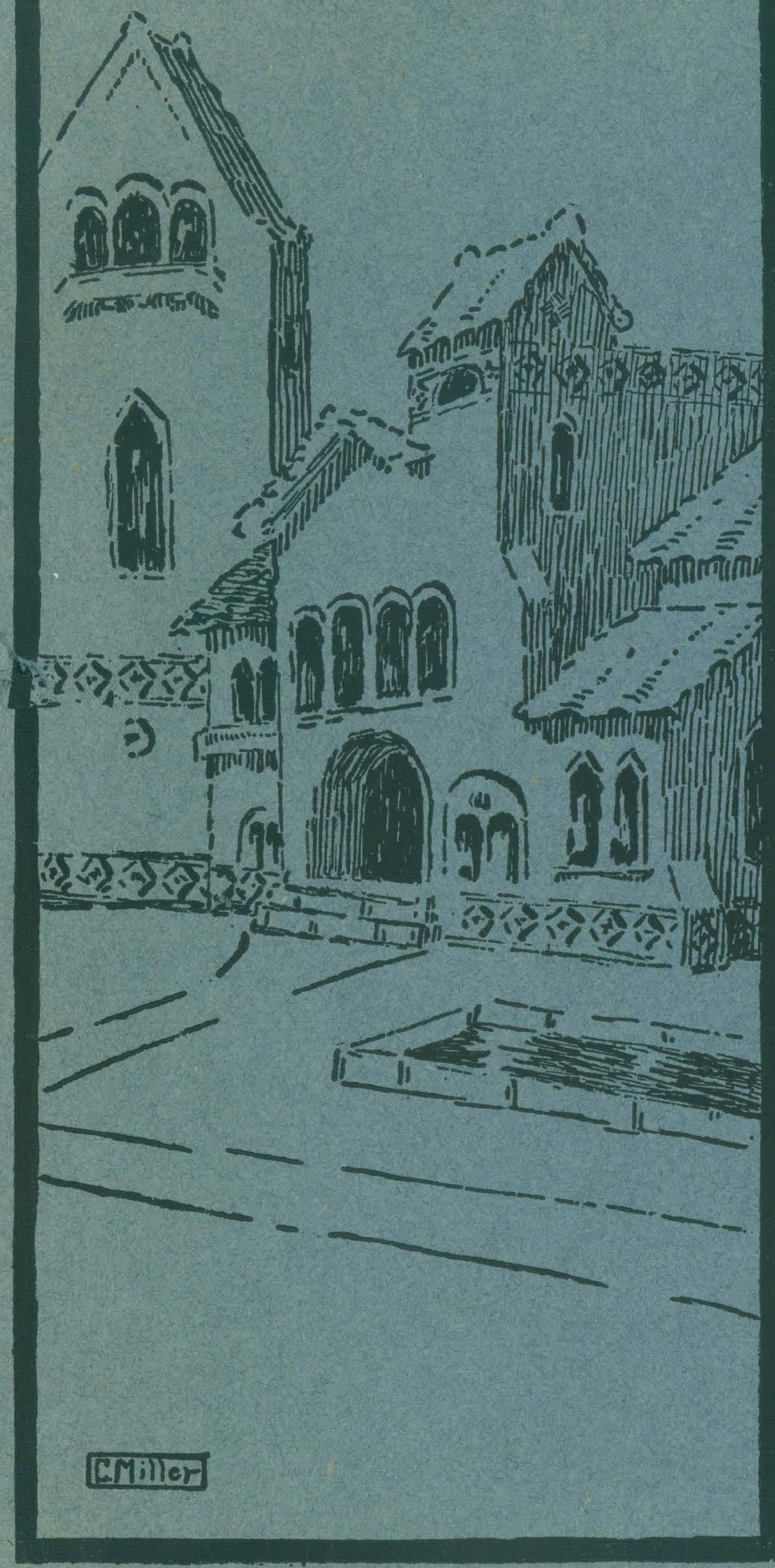
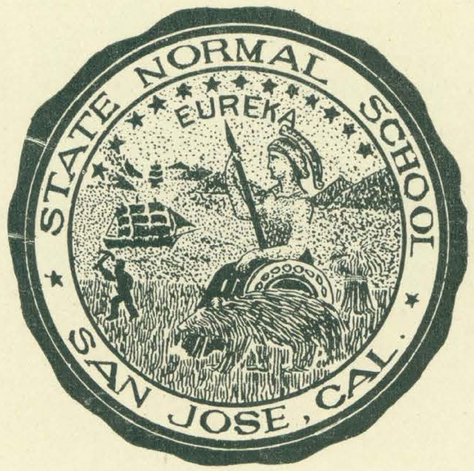


Year Book




STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
EUREKA
SAN JOSE, CAL.

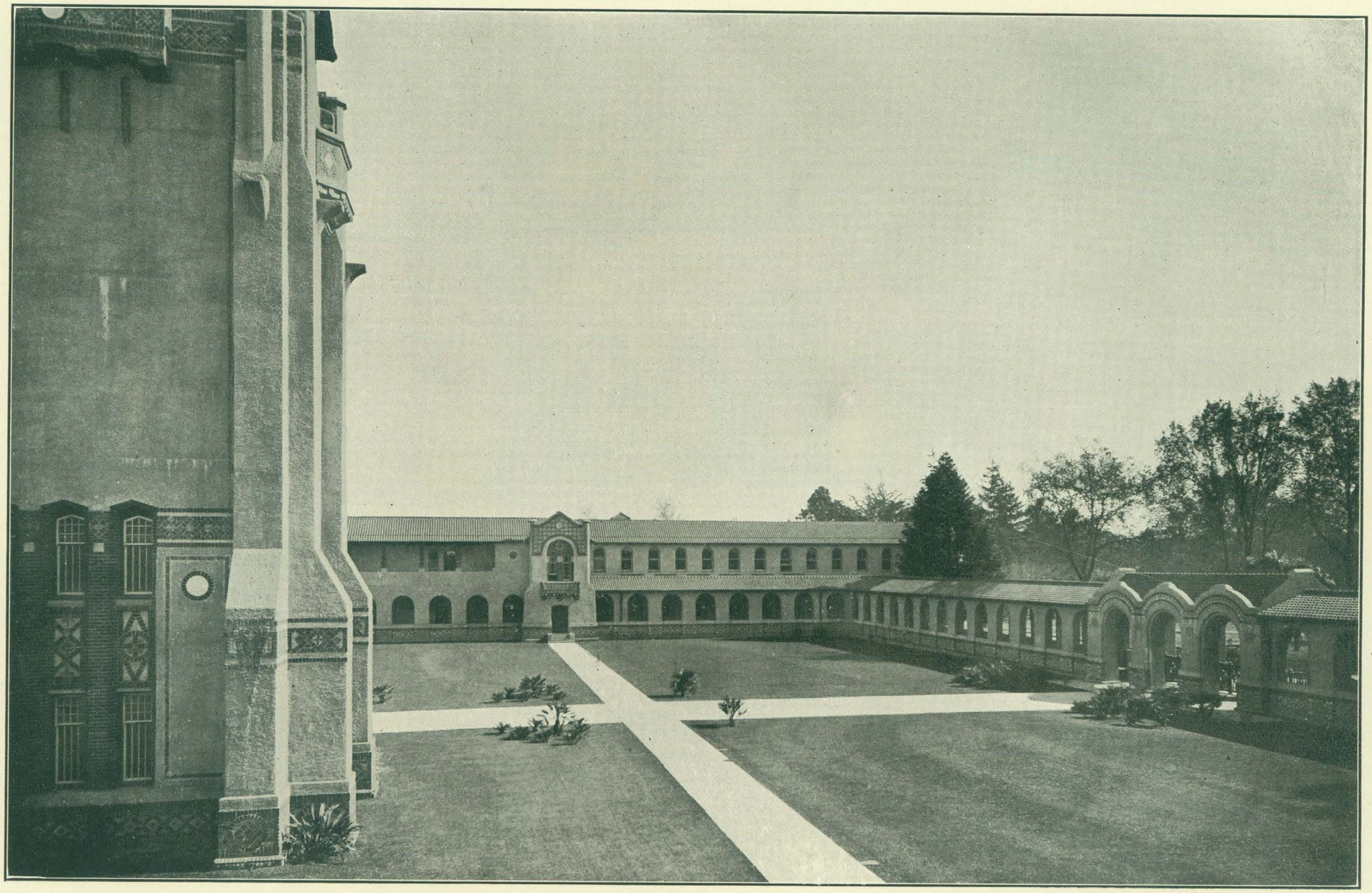
SHS YEARBOOK

JUNE 1912

EDITED BY

SENIORS

MILLER



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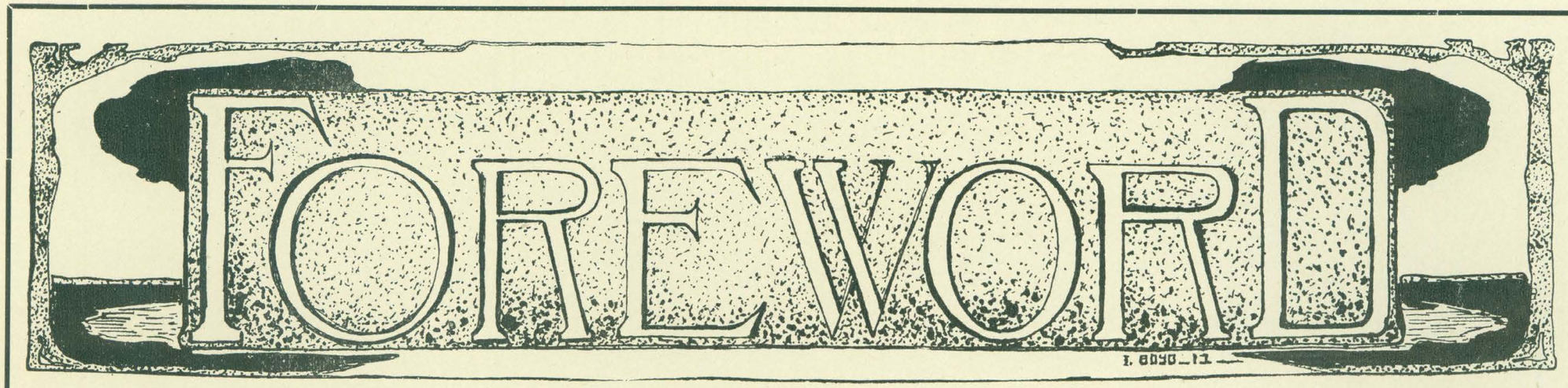
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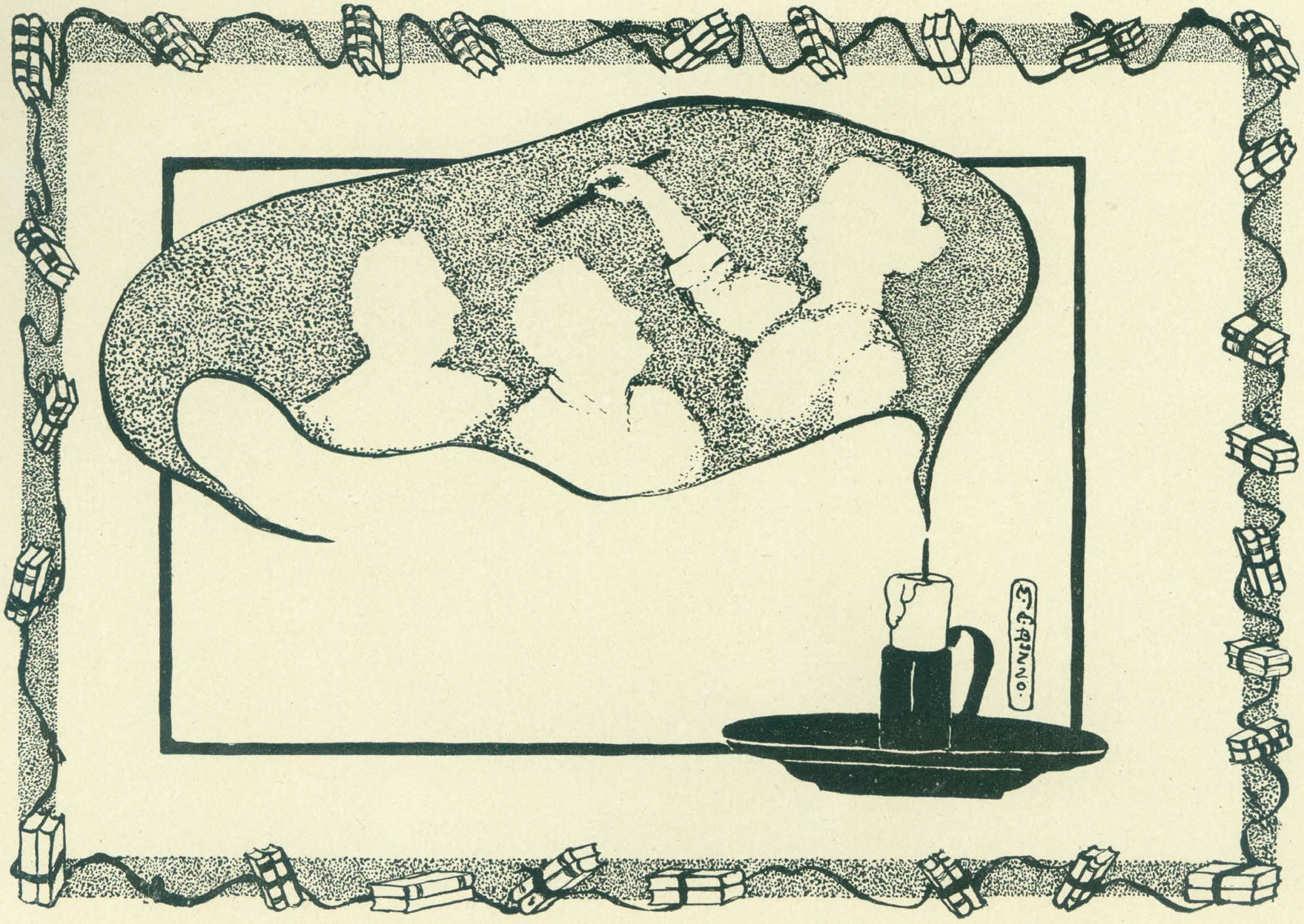


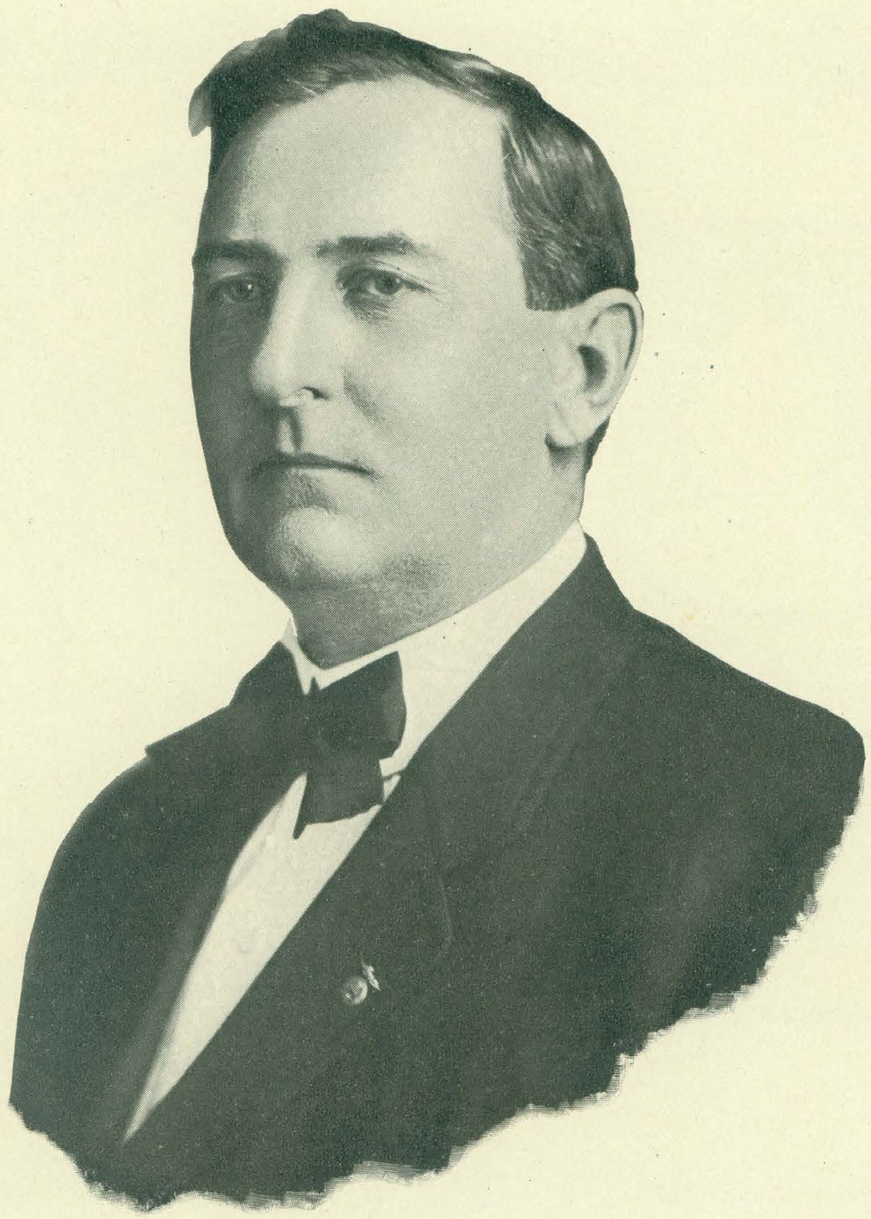
The Year Book Staff wishes to express its sincerest thanks to all those who have helped in solving the problems attendant on the printing of this book. We are especially indebted to Dr. Dailey who gave the beautiful pictures of the school; to Mr. Bland who was always willing to correct proof; to Miss Vivian who saw that the art work was high-class; to Miss Rowell and her psychology class for their clever and efficient help in advertising the book; to Nona Faris, Agnes Hughes and Phoebe Mitchell who contributed their time to make the book attractive; and to all others who indirectly helped us to issue a book that is "something different from the rest."

Dedication

The Class of June 1912 dedicates this Year Book to the members of the Normal Faculty in deep appreciation of their efforts to make each one of us a virile and effective personality.

Faculty





MORRIS ELMER DAILEY, President



Azuba McCarthy Eileen Reidy Carolyn Bradley Ethel Schureman Earle Barker Gertrude Rowell Anne Nicholson

L. B. Wilson Rebecca English Daniel Wood Maude Murchie

H. M. Bland Mrs. Estelle Greathead Mildred Smith Mrs. Mary George Mrs. E. Rousseau W. H. Baker Elizabeth McFadden

The Faculty

Normal School Department.

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

L. B. WILSON, Physical Geography and Physics.

MRS. E. ROUSSEAU, Preceptress.

RUTH ROYCE, Librarian.

MRS. MARY W. GEORGE, A. B., Geography.

GERTRUDE PAYNE, Reading and Expression.

AGNES E. HOWE, A. B., History.

ANNE M. NICHOLSON, Ph. D., History of Education and English.

GERTRUDE ROWELL, A. M., Psychology.

H. M. BLAND, Ph. D., English.

FLORA E. BEAL, A. M., English.

CAROLYN H. BRADLEY, A. B., History and English.

EARLE W. BARKER, Manual Training.

W. H. BAKER, A. M., Mathematics.

CALTHEA C. VIVIAN, Drawing.

ENID KINNEY, A. B., Drawing.

REBECCA F. ENGLISH, Drawing.

ANNA LYLE FOSTER, Drawing.

D. R. WOOD, B. S., Nature Study and Agriculture.

ETTIE KINNEY, A. B., Zoology.

ELIZABETH McFADDEN, A. B., Physiology.

MAUDE I. MURCHIE, B. S., Household Arts.

HELEN M. SPRAGUE, A. B., Primary Methods, Acting Secretary of Board of Trustees, Secretary to President.

ANDREW P. HILL, Manual Training.

IDA M. FISHER, Music.

ALICE BASSLER, Physical Training.

N. H. BULLOCK, M. D., Medical Inspector.

MRS. S. ESTELLE GREATHEAD, Registrar and Secretary of Faculty.

MILDRED SMITH, Domestic Science.

AZUBA McCARTHY, Domestic Science.

Training School Department.

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

Supervisors.

HENRIETTA E. RIEBSAM.

MARTHA TRIMBLE.

NELL O'BRIEN.

JOEY DENTON.

BESSIE McCABE.

KATHERINE HALL.

Kindergarten Department.

ISBEL McKENZIE, Supervisor.

ETHEL M. SCHUREMAN, A. B., Assistant.



TRAINING SCHOOL FACULTY

Henrietta Riebsam
Katherine Hall
Nell O'Brien
Margaret Schallenberger, Principal
Joey Denton
Martha Trimble
Bessie McCabe

Changes in The Faculty

"Well, you Junior, what are you looking so pleased about."

"Oh, I've just come from Miss Smith's sewing class. She certainly is the most patient creature, never gets angry when stupid people like myself can't understand the lesson. President Dailey did well when he persuaded her to come to S. N. S."

"Speaking about new teachers makes me think of Miss McCarthy. Of all the clever, witty people she surely is the cleverest—and a fine teacher, too, let me tell you."

"Hello, Mary, how are you? Oh, I'm fine. What are you teaching this term? You don't say so—and for Miss Hall, too. I hope some day I can teach under her, I know that I'd enjoy it—she's so pleasant in her manner."

"There goes Mr. Barker. Have you had any of his work? I'd advise you to take his course, he gives many valuable things."

"You know we've got another new teacher, Miss Foster, who's teaching drawing. Marie told me she's fine."

"Do you know that there's going to be a show in Assembly this morning?"

"Is there? What I'm interested in is how much is the admission?"

"Oh, just bring your five 'centses.'"

"'Five centses,' that reminds me of Miss Payne. No doubt, she is covering herself with honors at the 'Powers School of Expression.' She makes a fine teacher of 'Public Speaking.'"

"Indeed you are right. But Miss Beal is doing excellent work along that line during Miss Payne's absence."

"Well, we certainly have a great faculty. Now that Mr. Bland is back teaching 'Literature Methods' everything seems complete. Gracious, there's the bell for Assembly! We better hurry if we want good seats."

Faculty Women's Club

Foreword.

The Faculty Women's Club was organized in May of 1907, with the following aims:

First:—To broaden the influence of women in educational work throughout the state.

Second:—To improve immediate surroundings.

Those who have kept abreast of the times know how great an influence the combined School Women's Clubs of the state have had in educational matters and how largely the Faculty Women's Club has figured in the work done by the organization.

Ever since its founding the club has had as president Mrs. Mary W. George, and as Secretary, Mrs. Estelle Greathead,

and it has been largely through the tactful and efficient management of these two women that the club has been able to accomplish so much.

One could scarcely believe that such noble and dignified results could flow from such delightfully informal meetings. Each gathering is held around tea-tables and a pleasant social time is enjoyed before the discussion of serious problems.

Following is the program for the past year:

IDEALS.

1. Music - - - - - - - - - Fisher
2. Library - - - - - Royce, Nicholson
3. Out-of-door-life - McKenzie, Bassler, Schureman
4. Household Arts - - - - Murchie, McCarthy
5. Manual Training - - - - - - - - Hill
6. Art Appreciation - - Vivian, Kinney, English
8. Ethics (applied)
   Citizenship
   Personal life
   Howe, Rowell, Rousseau, Sprague
8. Science (applied) - - - McFadden, Kinney
9. Training Department
   Schallenberger, Riebsam, Trimble, O'Brien, Denton, McCabe, Smith.
10. Social Organization Greathead, Beal, Payne, Bradley

But let us take a peep into a Meeting-Which-Might-Have Occurred.

Setting—Faculty Women's Club Room. Dainty decorations, prettily set tea-tables. The members scattered about the room sipping tea and chatting gaily.

Mrs. George (Pres.)—"Ladies! The lecture on Rome will be given under our auspices on next Friday night, and of course, we would all like to see a large attendance of the students present. The best way, perhaps, to accomplish this is to impress them in some unusual way."

Miss Rowell (excitedly)—"Give them an apperceptive basis!"

Mrs. George—"Exactly! Has anyone any suggestions?"

Miss Nicholson—"How would a series of announcements in Assembly do? Something real snappy, you know. The women could start the ball rolling and we can depend upon Mr. Wilson to start it up among the men."

Mrs. George—"Good idea! Well, let's try it out here." (Pauses a moment) "All those who have ever taken Geography Methods, who are taking it now, or who ever intend taking it, please be present at the lecture on Rome."

Miss Bradley (catching the cue)—"All those who have taken Ancient History, who are taking it now or who don't want to take it but have to, kindly attend the lecture on Rome."

Miss English—"All designing young ladies kindly attend and get an inspiration for your design."

Miss Vivian—"All those students who are studying the Italian School of painters please be sure to hear the lecture on Rome."

Miss Beal—"All roads lead to Rome!"

Miss McFadden—"Rome was the city of bath tubs. All physiology students kindly attend the lecture on Rome."

Mrs. Rousseau—"All those young ladies who ever had a suitor, who now have a suitor, or who ever will have a suitor, kindly bring him along and attend the lecture on Rome."

Seniors



The Graduate

HENRY MEADE BLAND

It isn't the knowledge of text-book,
The grade in the "ex" or the "quiz";
It's the self-control and the well-poised soul
That makes her whatever she is.

It isn't the deftness at wood-work,
Her instinct for poem or art;
It's her guileless smile that all the while
Makes prisoner of the heart.

And whether she's dimpled or ruddy,
Her eyes blue, hazel, or brown;
It's the simple grace of an innocent face
That makes her the talk of the town.

Attired rose-white, she seemeth
As sweet as the flowered wind
Or the lilies fair in her summery hair
Or the fadeless rose of her mind.

Written for the June Class of 1912,
State Normal School, San Jose



CLASS OFFICERS

EDNA HILL, Vice-President

IRENE WEISBAUM, Secretary

MARY McDERMOTT, President

LORA BECKWITH, Treasurer



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Flora Merrill, Zella Watts, Mary Freeman, Lulu Dependener, Eva Mattison, Julia Hunter, Leona Rogers



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Clara Miller Alta Cheatam Vivian Moore Wardell Kammerer Margaret Worrall Mary Sloss Nettie Dykmans
Elva Hoerler Florence King Elsie Dabelich Grace Updike Ada Sears Zoe Burgess Sarah Shillingsburg Josephine Danielson
Flora Shafer Prudence Cadwell Mabel Reynolds Vena Holmes Lela Maggetti Ethel Phelps Marguerite McDermott



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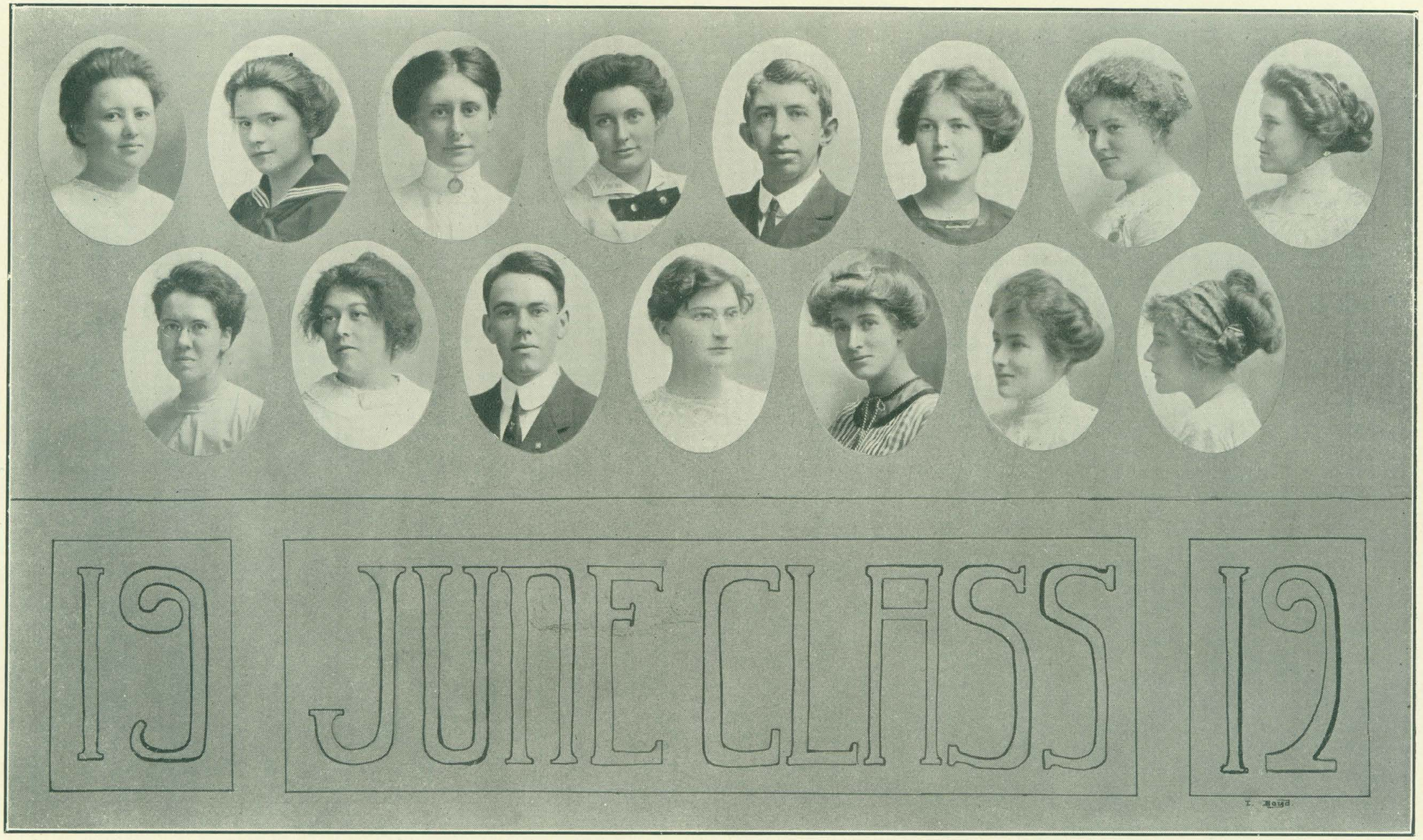
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Della McCann Adelaide Morrison Winifred Fablinger Florence Brown Charles Dorr Ruby Taulbee Lena Coyle Barbara Smith
Bessie Symonds Hazel Symms Bright Street Genevieve Bunds Ella Rath Elsie Rickard Geraldine Oswald

Commencement Week Program

Monday evening June 17;

Reception given by Alumni Association.

Tuesday afternoon, June 18:

Junior Class Day Exercises in quadrangle. (A symbolic farewell to Seniors.)

Tuesday night:

Entertainment given by Alumni and various societies of Normal in Assembly Hall.

Wednesday afternoon, June 19:

Annual meeting of Alumni Association.

Wednesday evening:

June Class Night.

Thursday, June 20:

Class reunions and receptions.

Thursday evening, June 20, at 7 o'clock:

Graduation Exercises.

Year Book Staff

Jennie Eichwald	Editor
Anna Blauer	Assistant Editor
Mary Sloss	Business Manager
Ellen Cox	Commencement Faculty
Mary Freeman	Athletics Alumni Training School Normal School
Mrs. Dickey	Athletics Training School
Ethel Phelps	Debating
Aleta Corcoran	Societies Organizations
Beth Baldwin	Junior-Senior Cup Contest
Frances Chargin	Joshes

ART STAFF

Addie Coyle	Ione Boyd	Ruth Bodenschatz
Clara Miller	Agnes Miller	Marjory Buzzo



Beth Baldwin, Ethel Phelps, Frances Chargin, Mary Freeman, Marjorie Buzzo
Jennie Eichwald, Ione Boyd, Aleta Corcoran, Agnes Miller, Mary Sloss, Ellen Cox
Clara Miller, Ruth Bodenschatz, Anna Blauer, Addie Coyle, Mrs. Dickey

Commencement Week

HOME, SWEET HOME, July 1, 1912.

DEAREST BETSY,

Well—it's all over and it'll never happen again as long as I live! That's just the trouble—*it will never happen again!* Oh, don't look so nonplussed. Of course, you don't know what I'm talking about—you are not supposed to—yet! But just wait until you've read this letter, and reached my funny little scribbly signature and then you'll know. So patience, dear!

There, I've taken a long breath and I'm much calmer. I really think I can talk rationally now. All that Chinese Puzzle of a first paragraph means that I've been graduated from the S. J. N. S.—and I'm a full-fledged teacher—see? But it isn't the fact that I'm a teacher that has so elated me. It's that last gay, whirling, maddening week! And now, whether you want to listen or not, I'm going to tell you *all* about it—every whit. So sit up and listen like the dear you are!

If you turn way, way back in your album to card No. 16 of the San Jose series I sent you, you'll find a picture of the Vendome Hotel. Well, that's the setting for Monday night! And you can imagine what a stunning setting it would be with the great reception room all ablaze with light and abloom with San Jose roses! It's a great Alumni we have to give us a reception there, isn't it? And, Betsy dear, when the music struck up and the sweet strains floated out across that bower of roses I thought for a moment I was in Paradise. I guess I was, too, as near there as one could get on earth.

Then Tuesday was Junior-Senior Day and we had dancing in the "quad." You should have seen the crowds upon crowds of people banked about in the corridors. And the way they applauded would have done your heart good! But then, how could they have helped applauding when so many graceful girls, all in white, were dancing out there in that dear old "quad"?

The Alumni gave a *ripping* good vaudeville in the evening. It's really surprising the amount of talent that S. J. N. S. people, past and present, possess! They can't be beaten! I don't care if you are going to a different school, Betsy, I simply can't help telling the truth.

But Wednesday night was a dream—one of those wide-awake dreams in which you keep pinching yourself to see if you really are awake. The corridors and "quad" were all strung with lights and right out in the center of the "quad" was a big centerpiece—"S. J. N. S. 1912"—a perfect blaze! At first all was dark, or nearly so, for there was only a small moon—and the graduates, all in white, came dancing out into the "quad" with lanterns. Of course I was in it, and couldn't tell much about the effect, and Dick might have been just flattering, but he said it was "weirdly beautiful." Those are his very words. Then we all sang "Beautiful Moonlight"—and then, suddenly, the lights all blazed forth and the orchestra struck up "Dance, Ye Merry Wavelets." Well, I'll never forget that involuntary gasp of admiration that went up from the onlookers! And I don't blame them either, do you? Well, after a few more songs and pretty dances our Class Night program was over and we met all

our friends in the rooms of the lower floor and served that faithful old steady, punch.

Thursday, the Faculty gave us a reception and lots of us girls could hardly keep from crying, because we hated to think they wouldn't be our faculty any more and—and—oh you know all I mean!

And now I'm nearing the end, dear Betsy. *It* happened on Thursday evening. "It" means *graduation.* It seems like a dream now—some vague, far-off dream. All I have now is a memory of soft white—just yards upon yards of it, and later, roll upon roll of diplomas and Dr. Dailey's big booming voice—and, oh yes, the sweetest songs I ever heard. And then the dream broke up, and there was a wild scramble and everyone was shaking my hand at once and congratulating me. But Dick didn't congratulate me. He just squeezed my hand and said, "I'll declare Mamie, I thought these two years would *never* end!"

Your loving,

MAMIE.

Love-Haven

MARY B. WILLIAMS.

An old house with unpainted walls
Where rambling roses kindly grow;
A child with fluffy yellow hair
Is chasing drifting petals there,
Which vie with the flaming afterglow,
Or linnet's crown, that chirps and calls.

A field of freshly furrowed loam,
Then shady lane where cattle rest—
A sound of feet on a rough-hewn floor,

A love-croon floating through the door—
He catches the child unto his breast
And enters the haven of love, his home.

Alumni



The Song of the Alumni

Should you ask whence this commotion,
Whence these meetings of committees,
Whence the plans and preparations,
Whence the numerous invitations,
Sent to eastward, sent to westward,
To the north and to the southland,
Sent to summon all the teachers,
All the lawyers, all the doctors,
All who've studied here in Normal,
Worked and prospered since they left here;
Should you ask whence this commotion,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the hands of the Alumni,
From the great and good Alumni,
Aided by our Normal students
And our kind and willing helpers,
Those who teach us here in Normal,
From the hard-working Alumni
Sprang these snappy schemes and programs,
Sprang these plans and preparations."
Should you ask me why these summons,
Why these many invitations
Sent to eastward, sent to westward,
Sent to call forth the Alumni,
I should answer you in this wise.
"In the vale of Santa Clara,
In that pleasant, sunny valley,
Gay with blossoms in the springtime,
Rich with all the fruits in autumn,
In this green and flowery valley
Stands our Normal School, the Mighty;
Round about it spreads the city,
And the whispering trees stand near it
Singing to it of its beauty,
Singing of its past and future,
Of its wondrous birth and being,
Of its deeds and great achievements
Told of elsewhere in this Year Book.
"Fifty years has it existed,
Lived and prospered, won its laurels,
Sent its students o'er the country;
And this June in this gay valley,
In this green and pleasant valley,
Gather hosts of the Alumni,
Gather here with great rejoicing,
Come back to make glad commencement,
Celebrate with gay receptions,
Class reunions, glad surprises,
Celebrate with fetes and frolics,
Commemorate the fiftieth birthday,
This bright year in Normal's lifetime.
In this week will the Alumni,
Meet again old friends and classmates,
Praise their well-remembered teachers,
Meet again in class reunions,
Chat about old friends and frolics,
Talk about the past and present,
Plan to meet again in future.
Ye who like gay times and frolics,
Tempered with advice and wisdom,
Ye who like to meet your old friends,
Like to gather in reunions,



COME AND SEE THE NON-SOCIETY STUNT



— DON'T BOTHER HER — SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE BROWNING STUNT —

Tell of trials and tribulations,
Dreams come true, or bright hopes perished,
Ye who love the dear old Normal,
Listen to these schemes and programs,
To the plans of the committees.''
    Should you ask of the committees,
And the heads of the Alumni,
I should tell you, ''They have worked hard,
Strove to make the whole week lively,
Strove to make the week a gay one.
That those present may enjoy it,
That the visitors be made happy.''
    I should tell you of Joe Hancock
Who will greet all those who come here,
Greet them all and make them happy
In this pleasant sunny valley,
Welcome them with his committee.
I should speak then of the officers,
These are Cline and Ardee Parsons,
The two Mary's, too, I'd name
Carmichael and Armstrong, both,
And Miss Nicholson, a sister
To a teacher here in Normal,
These with Roy Thompson are given
Much to do in preparation.
They have helped to make the programs,
Laid the framework of the programs,
Planned reunions and receptions,
Planned the lively stunts and frolics.
    Should you wish to know these programs,
Know about this entertainment,
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of one who knows them.
    ''On the seventeenth, on Monday,
All those present of Alumni
Entertain the mighty Seniors,
Meet them in a gay reception
With sweet music and gay chatting,
Entertain the mighty Seniors.
    Next day Juniors have a fete day
Dress themselves in gayest costume,
Dress and form in a procession,
Form with all the pomp and splendor
In a large and grand procession,
Bid farewell to all those leaving.
    Then in evening stunts and programs
Will be placed before the public;
Each society has something,
Something gay, or sad, or snappy,
So have those who have not joined one;
And a group of the Alumni
Will compete with all the others
To make pleasant Tuesday evening,
Make the evening bright and gleeful;
    All the next day will Alumni
Spring upon us fresh surprises,
Charm us all with entertainment,
Seasoned with some words of wisdom
From the lips of some great speaker,
From the lips of one who knows much,
Season all the gay occasion.
    Thursday evening, the Seniors
Take within their hands diplomas,
Take with them their precious sheepskins.
Thus depart they from the Normal
To the east and to the westward,
To the north and to the southland,
Taking much and leaving something,



WHAT IS IT? THE ALLENIAN STUNT.

Go they into the vast future,
Join the corps of the Alumni."

If you still wish information
Days or minutes, hours or names,
There will be official programs
Published by the Great Alumni
Published here within the Year Book.

Due apologies to Longfellow.

OFFICERS OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

President - - - - - - Willis Cline
First Vice-President - - - Ardee Parsons
Second Vice-President - Florence Armstrong
Secretary-Treasurer - - Mary Carmichael

JUBILEE WEEK COMMITTEES

EXECUTIVE

Genevieve Nicholson Roy Thompson

RECEPTION

J. E. Hancock Genevieve Nicholson Fred Moore
Nell O'Brien Anne Shillingsburg Robert A. Lee
Alex. Sherriffs J. D. Malloy Rachael Crawford
Bess Williams Roy Bridgman Daphne Pitman
Miss C. Bradley Olive Reed

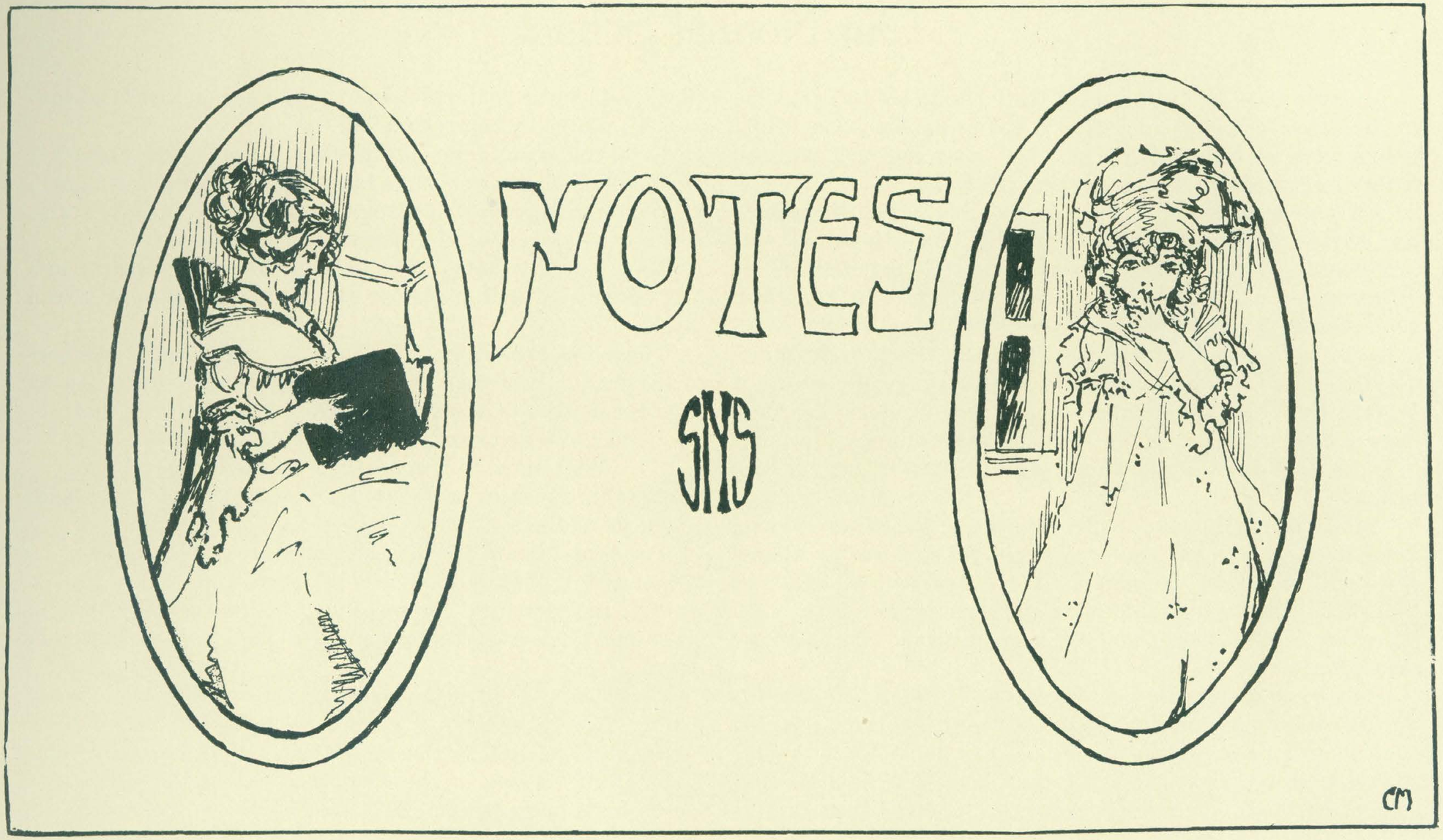
SHOW

Roy Thompson Jean Glendenning
Bessie McCabe Genevieve Nicholson
Anna Nicholson Nell O'Brien Anne Shillingsburg

PUBLICITY

F. L. Talbert Ward Campbell F. K. Barthel

Normal School


NOTES
SNS
CM

Our Normal School

In more than one way this is truly the golden springtime in the life of our Normal School. It has passed successfully through its wintry hardship and has come out stronger and firmer in equipment and in general efficiency.

Fifty years ago the school was founded in San Francisco, but it could find no permanent dwelling place there and was buffeted about from place to place until the legislature fixed as its home an excellent wooden building here in San Jose. Everything ran very smoothly until the year of 1880, when a fire broke out and utterly destroyed this dwelling. Immediately a new building was put up—this time a structure of brick. Fair weather seemed almost certain, but clouds will darken even the clearest sky. In one short minute this building, too, was shaken about and tumbled to the ground in a heap.

After the earthquake for five years the school was housed much as were the Ishmaelites of old. Temporary cottages were scattered over the campus and made as beautiful and comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The work, however, of the institution went steadily on in spite of all inconveniences.

But at last a splendid new home was completed in time for the 1912 class to enter, and, this last year everything possible has been done to make it more convenient. New desks, chairs, tables, pianos, victrolas, have been provided, as well as equipment for the various departments and new books for the library.

Besides this, the grounds are being beautified as fast as can be expected. Lawns have been laid out dotted here and there with ferns and palms and traversed in the most convenient places by cement walks.

Even the remaining cottages have been made charming with potted plants and have been utilized by the installation of a one year course in Domestic Science and Manual Training, for which a special diploma is granted.

New teachers have come in to aid in these departments and in drawing and music, as well as in the Training School work.

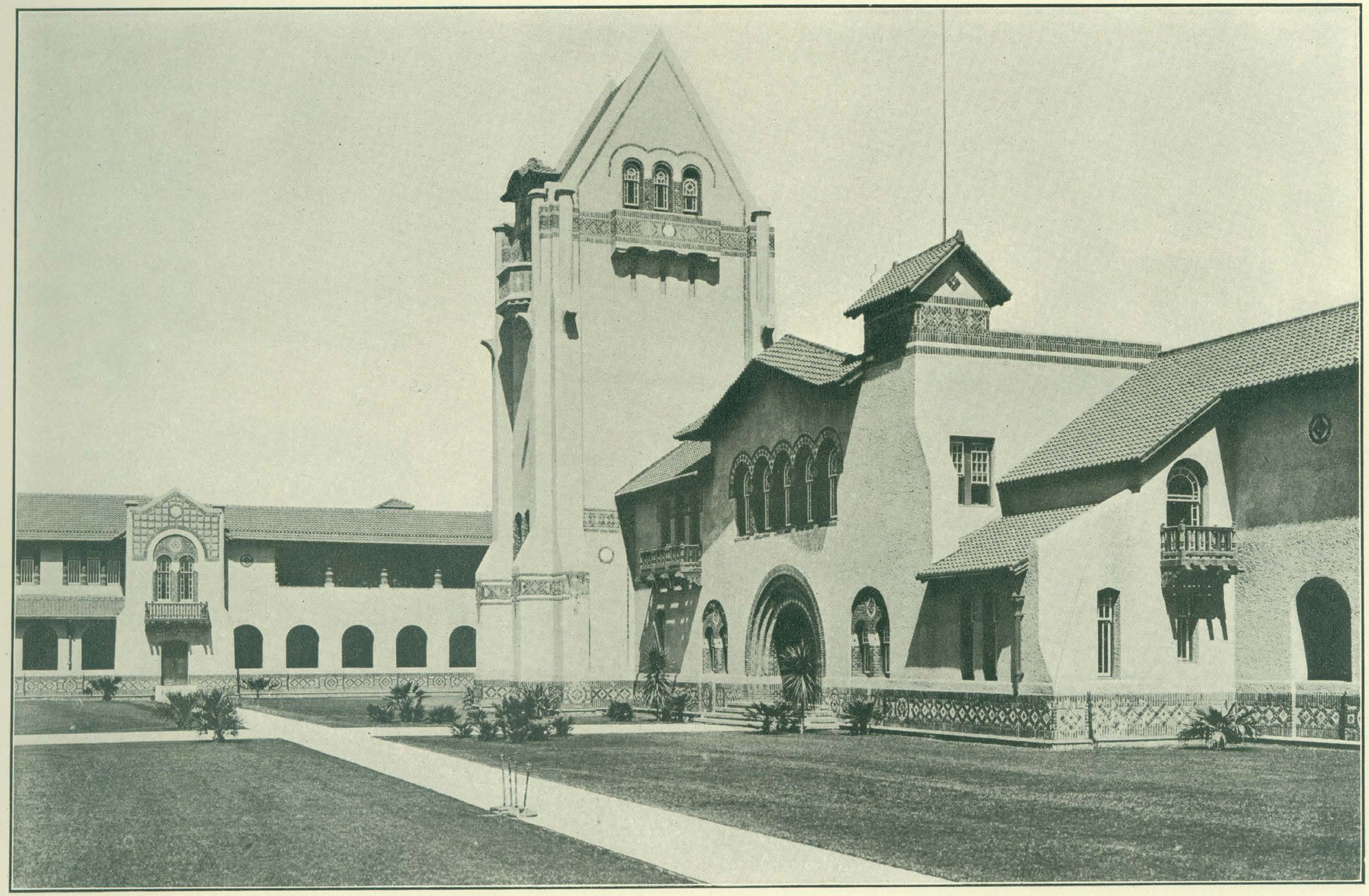
These teachers work effectively with the other members of the faculty and with the associated students to develop all the best powers of the school. They believe firmly that

"Life is an arrow, therefore, you must know
What mark to aim at—how to use the bow,"

and in this sunshiny weather the target of the school stands out more distinctly than ever before.

The students are led to place their arrows in the bow and to aim directly at the standards set up before them—Responsibility, Individuality, Personality, Capability, and Efficiency must one after another be aimed at and struck to the very heart.

Everything is done to steady each one's aim. Immediately when he enters a student is welcomed and made to feel that he belongs to the institution and it belongs to him. In the Class Room, in the Assembly, in the Library, everywhere he is made to feel his share in the institution and consequently his responsibility for its success. If he shows talent in any line—music, art, science, physical training, oratory—right away he is singled out as an individual and





his second arrow falls true.

Neatness in personal appearance, good bearing, and gentle manners are emphatically emphasized to strengthen the student's aim in his trial at the third mark—Personality or charm as it is commonly called.

That the fourth may fall in the right spot in the target—Capability—he has his class work of two kinds, mind and hand work. In addition to this he may become associated with any of the various school activities. The Assembly hour offers splendid opportunities to listen to men like Mr. George, who told us about his Republic, and Mr. Allen, who spoke on the Peace Movement, or Judge Flinner, who read so beautifully a number of Riley's incomparable verses, and to voices like those possessed by the famous Jubilee singers, and to amateur dramatic entertainments.

All this makes up the life of the Normal School student and when he "draws his arrow to the head for the last time" and "lets it go" it usually falls square in the center of the final mark of all—Efficiency—and he is ready to further his life-work wherever it may be laid out for him.

With so many years of hard-fought success behind it and such a pleasant prospect before it at present is it a wonder that the school is celebrating with joyful and earnest jubilee—the golden year of its existence?

To the Fighter

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Here's to the man who's fierce in the fight,
  With courage to battle with things as they are,
Who backs his faith in the utmost right
  With many and many a scar.

Here's the wine of joy to comport his soul,
  With a cup to his purpose never to yield;
Here's a crown of laurel to wear at his goal;
  Here's peace if he falls on the field.



The Teacher's Creed

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatever the boy soweth the man shall reap. *I believe* in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. *I believe* in wisdom as revealed in the lives of people as well as in the pages of printed books; in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands, as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. *I believe* in beauty in the school room, in the home, in daily life, and in out-of-doors. *I believe* in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. *I believe* that every hour of every day we recieve a great reward for all we are and all we do. *I believe* in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living. Amen.

Our Training School

"So you like it, do you? I thought you would. Our student teachers take much pains decorating the halls. We feel very strongly the importance of pleasant rooms for our children to live in. These rooms lend themselves easily to decorations, too."

It was Dr. Schallenberger speaking. She and the distinguished visitor were standing at the entrance to the Upper Assembly Hall of our Training School. The visitor's eyes showed her approval.

"Why, the whole atmosphere suggests spring. One can see and feel it is spring. The children's voices in their glad little spring song tells us so, and the fragrant acacia and mountain ferns repeat the glad refrain. Who would dream of such a charming interior? It is more like the living-room of a cultured home. What excellent pictures you have, too."

"Yes, that fine photograph of the 'Forum' was sent to us from Rome, the 'Vestal Virgins' was given by the last graduating class, and not long ago the sixth grade presented the 'Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh'. We try to get the children acquainted with good pictures. We believe that the best is none too good for children. Many friends among the Normal Student Body, as well as the parents of the children, feel as we do, and are most helpful in assisting us to reach our ideals. That handsome jardinier, that artistic pedestal, those dainty vases are all gifts from our appreciative and appreciated student teachers."

"First hour is over and the children are changing classes. Oh, here comes our Training School Orchestra!"

So well did they play that the visitor remarked she had never heard a grammar school orchestra play any better. Two records were then put on the victrola. Some one had requested the 'Sextet from Lucia' and it was played first.

"You make a great deal of music here, don't you?"

"We try to. That last record was presented by three Training School children as a parting gift in leaving San Jose. The other, 'The Child's Prayer', we bought just after Schumann-Heink had sung to the school children of San Jose; an apperceptive basis, you see."

"Applied psychology, I see. How effectively the laws of mind function, and how helpful they are when we know enough to use them. Do you ever give operettas?"

"Indeed we do. We gave one in February—charmingly sung and artistically staged."

The two moved on across the hall and greeted the department teachers, Miss Riebsam and Miss Trimble.

"If you want to visit a class," said Miss Riebsam, "the one I just came from is typical of our work here. No, visitors do not trouble the teacher; in fact, I believe they serve as a stimulus." Then, as she left, "When you come back will you speak to the classes here? We are very glad to introduce people who are worth while to our students. Dr. Cole spoke to us about Australia. Mr. Wm. George of the 'Geo. Jr. Republic,' was here a few days ago, and Dr. Sarah Louise Arnold of Simmons College, Boston, recently addressed our boys and girls."

As the visitor and Dr. Schallenberger went down stairs they met a class coming up.

"Are those Training School pupils? That boy had an Algebra."



The New Training School

"We give the first year course in high school, this year, for the first time. It has proved very successful."

"What polite boys and girls you have. Everyone said some form of 'I beg pardon' as he or she went past."

"Courtesy and manners are as educational as obedience and arithmetic."

"I noticed when I first came in and asked where you were how promptly the boys ran to find you."

"I am glad of that. Gentle manners are none too common."

They were down stairs now, and Dr. Schallenberger took the visitor into the Lower Assembly Hall where Miss O'Brien and Miss Hall preside.

"This is the domain of the fifth and sixth grades. Here is the little stage upon which we give our boys and girls opportunity for dramatic expression, such as is presented by the history and language classes. Our industrial arts and domestic science classes are temporarily housed in those little cottages south of the Normal buildings. We introduced cooking last year and find that it appeals to the boys even more than to the girls."

"How interesting! But where are the primary grades?"

"They are under the care of Miss McCabe and Miss Denton and at present in the Normal building. You saw the new building just erected, did you not?"

"You mean the one finished like the Normal?"

"Yes, it is to be the home of the primary grades, from the first to the fourth inclusive. The interior of this building is a modification of the present Training School, that is, it consists of two large assembly halls, one on each floor, from which open a large number of classrooms, thus saving a great deal of hall space, which is nearly always wasted in ordinary school buildings."

"This present building is almost a fac-simile of one in London which Mrs. Mary W. George, once principal of this Training School, visited many years ago. She copied it and the plan was used because it is unique and especially well adapted for a training school. In fact, it has served as a kind of model. Just the other day, Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education of Massachusetts, requested a sample plan of the building in order that the Training Schools in connection with the various Normal Schools of Mass. might use it for their own improvement. It is for this reason that the new building was made on the same plan as the old. Esthetically, this new building is one of the most beautiful structures in the state, its lines are all simple and it lends itself to any artistic decoration as regards pictures, hanging baskets, etc. The cove ceilings and walls are natural sand finished plaster; the floors, clear maple; the stairs, white oak with marble threshholds throughout. The bookcases and closets, of which there are a great number, are built into the walls. This also saves space."

"We pride ourselves on the stages in the Assembly Halls. There is one in each hall with dressing rooms on either side."

"The building has the best modern fan-ventilating system and vacuum system of heating. It is also piped for vacuum cleaning. We have paid especial attention to the lighting and protection from fire and, of course, the building is as earthquake proof as possible."

"The state is to be congratulated in its superintendent, Mr. H. V. Grant, who supervised the erection of the building from the beginning. He is capable, energetic, and faithful, and too much praise cannot be given him for his efficient service."

"I would like to be here when the building is in use."

"I'd take you through, now, but I want you to see something else."

"Why, what comfortable, home-like rooms," the visitor

said, "are they the Training School offices?"

"Yes, we are rather proud of them."

"And well you may be. The pictures show the effect of that famous faculty trip through Europe."

"I am going to ask you now a favorite question of mine. What impresses you most about the student teachers and children of the Training School?"

"First, their good manners; second, let me see, a sense of personal responsibility and self-direction; third, a charming feeling of goodwill and friendliness; fourth, a strong atmosphere of cheerfulness."

"The self-confidence and eagerness of our student teachers steadied by our experienced supervisors and department teachers keep our machine running as it does."

"It reminds me here of 'Daddy George's Republic.' Do you remember our visits to the Republic from Cornell? I learned some of my most valuable lessons there."

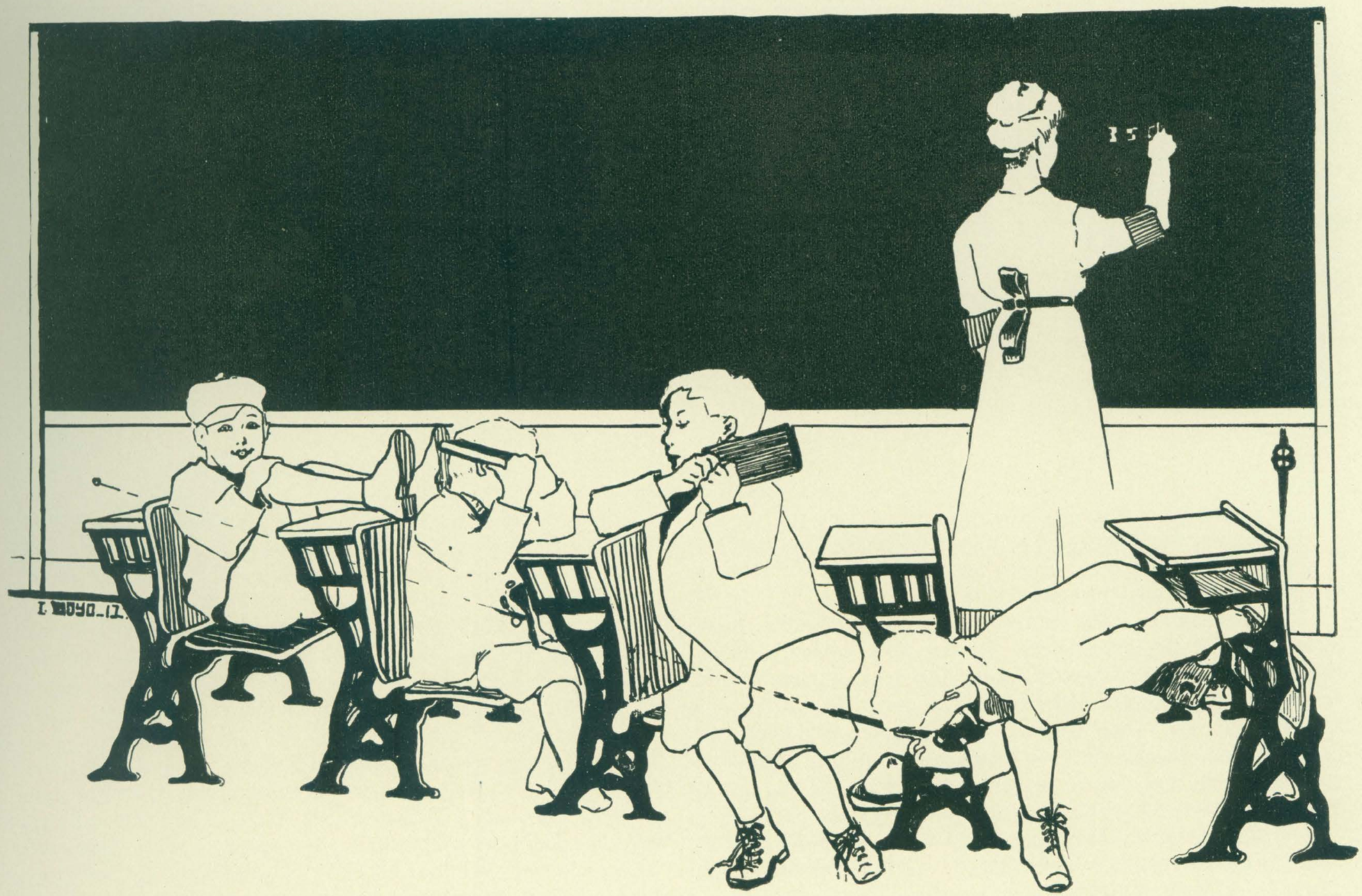
"And I, too. As does 'Daddy George' in the Republic, we try to live with our children, to treat them with kindness and respect, to throw responsibility upon them, to make their lives as children in real life and not merely a preparation for what may happen years hence."

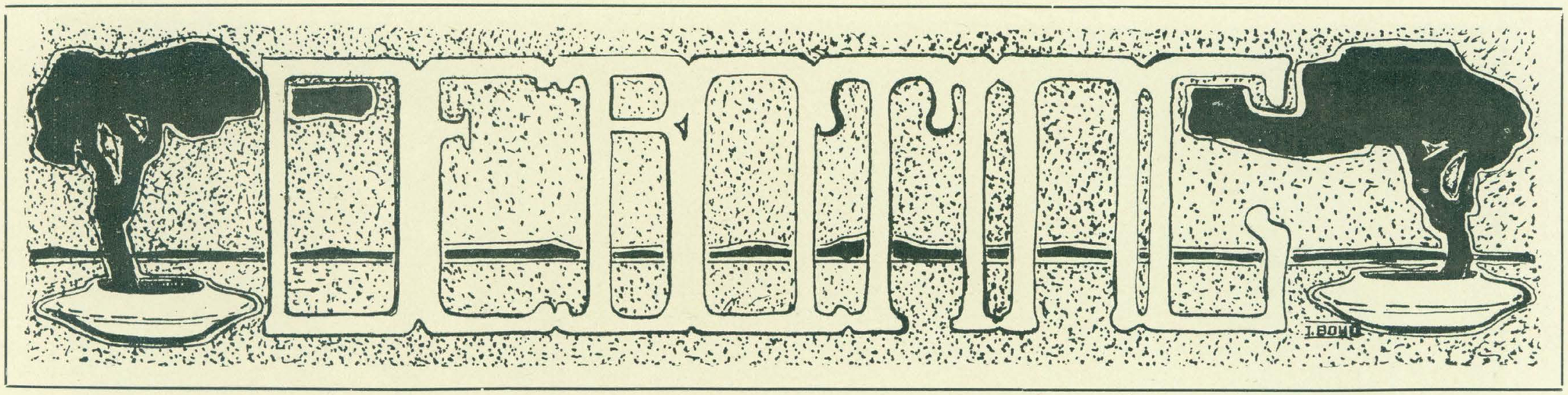
Spring's Brushes

ELIZABETH HALL CROSSLEY.

The elm tree tips with their colorings fair
Are the brushes of Spring, Mother Nature left there,
There's red for the columbine's delicate flower,
With green for the ferns in some shady bower,
Yellow for daffodils and buttercups, too,
With orange to paint all the poppies anew.

School Activities





The Mother leaned against the pillar and gazed fixedly at the scene before her. She stood so motionless that the fair-haired Girl beside her scarce dared break the silence.

All the world, at least all that part of the world about them, was steeped in California's softest sunshine. Across the lawn clusters of stately palms rustled gently. Skies were never bluer nor clouds whiter. Peace and joyous content reigned here in the quadrangle, and they found an echo in the heart of the wistful-eyed woman.

"I am thinking," she said softly, "how this same 'quad' looked twenty-five years ago. It was very beautiful to us then, even though the palms were the merest shrubs and these luxuriant vines existed largely in our imagination."

"But mother," the Girl broke in impatiently upon her mother's reminiscences, "you have been thinking about the past so much that you have forgotten all about my news. You must guess what it is."

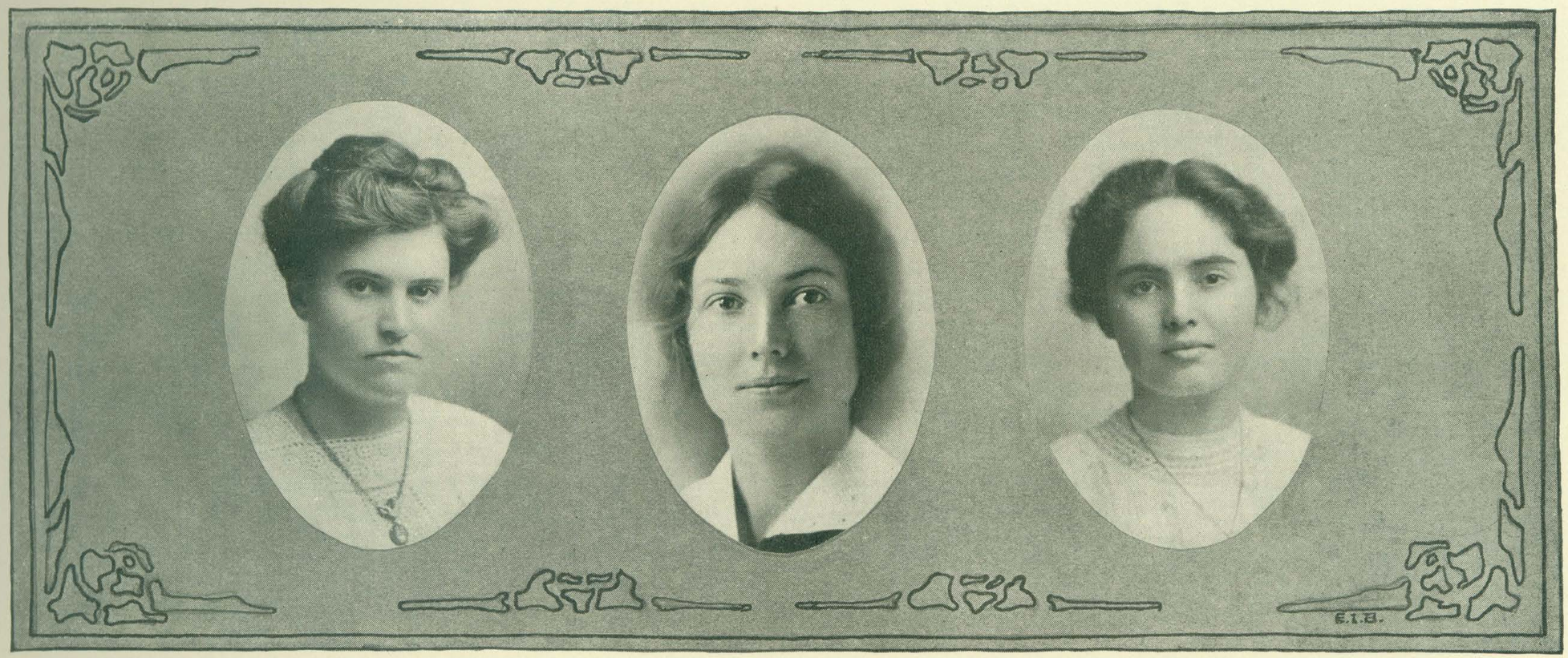
"Well,"—the mother smiled and studied her daughter's face for a moment, "I guess—that you've been elected president of the Student Body."

"Not quite, mother mine, debating manager, instead. Do you suppose it's an inherited tendency?" she inquired merrily. "You'll have to give me some pointers, mother. You always say that they did such wonderful things when you were at Normal."

"Indeed, we did," the mother replied energetically. "My, but we had an enthusiastic debating society that fall of 1911. We called it the 'Dailean Society' then, the same as you do now. It was named only a year or two before I went to Normal in honor of Mr. Dailey, who was then President of the school. There were some fine members in the society that year and they were workers, I can assure you."

Here the Girl interrupted mischievously. "And were they all Juniors?"

"Not by any means. But the Juniors certainly did their part nobly. The president made things hum from the day she was elected. It was Edith Hale. The other officers were not lacking in ability, by any means. The choice of the society very readily fell upon Elizabeth Wright for vice-president and Marguerite Bozarth for secretary-treasurer."



DEBATING TEAM

Leslie Smith | Byrona Bennett | Cora Hart

Another malicious twinkle shone in the eyes of the Girl. "And did they ever meet again after they were organized?" she questioned sweetly.

"Indeed they did, and in spite of small numbers, they had many interesting meetings and supported the debating work of the school nobly."

"What worries me most," said the Girl with a puzzled frown, "is what to do about the try-out. How many people took part when you tried out?"

"There were twelve; eleven girls and one boy. The one boy made his mark, you may be sure. He proved to be the best speaker among us and so was chosen first speaker for the team. The other members of the team were Leslie Smith and Byrona Bennett, with Cora Hart as alternate."

"And the boy, mother, did he have a name?"

"He did have one, to be sure. It was Walter Bachrodt, and the school was right proud of him when the great day, January 20, 1912, came on which we faced Chico in debate.

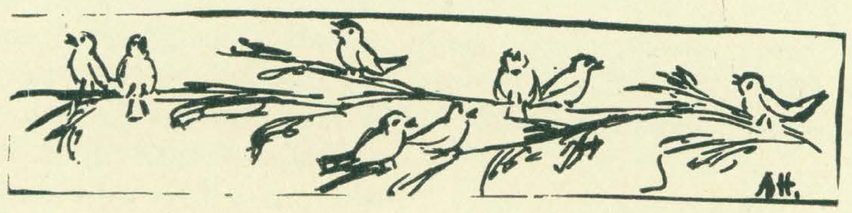
Let me see, I really think I can remember the names of our worthy opponents. Fritz—Fritz Beck—no one could forget his snappy speech; then there was Thomas Partridge, and the other speaker was a girl—Georgia Wilson—it seems to me that was her name. A fine strong team Chico sent us, but we were bound to win or die in the attempt to be victorious in this debate. You know, we had been defeated several years in succession before this and we were desperate. The team had a difficult task before them. It was more difficult in those days than now to interest all of the students in the debating of the school. We were just beginning the Junior-Senior Cup Contest then. That was the first year when the debate between the Seniors and the Juniors was held at the regular appointed time. The Juniors carried off the laurels that time, and won them fairly too. The members of the regular team found many a good point on both sides of the question in that preliminary debate. Then they started in bravely for the last hard pull before the big debate with Chico."

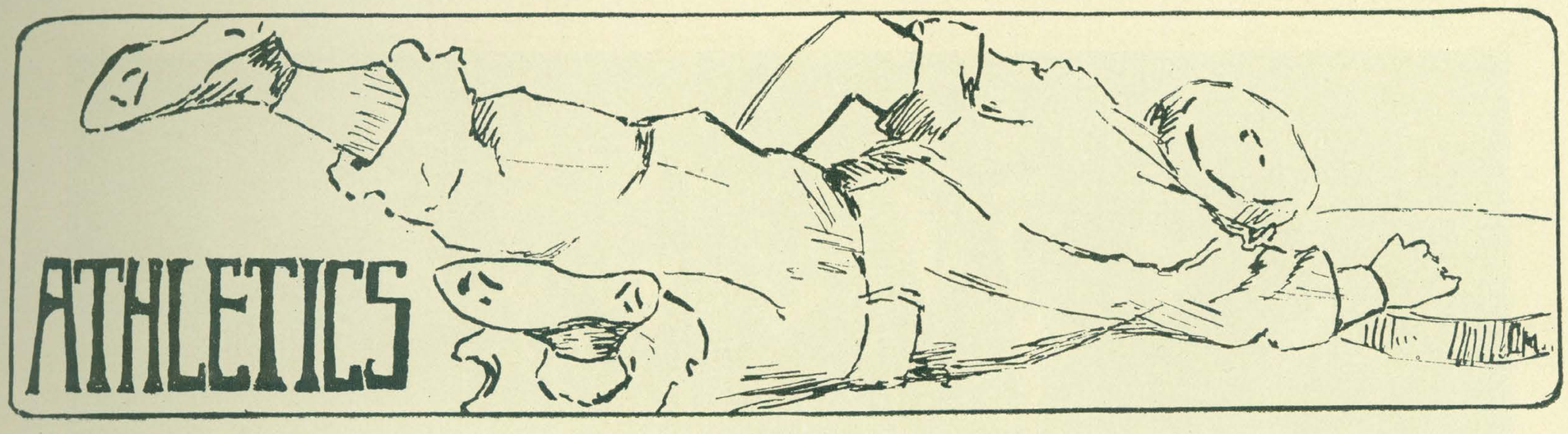
"And I suppose that Chico won again as usual?" was the Girl's innocent interrogation—as if she had not heard the Mother proudly tell the story a hundred times before.

"*I suppose* that we gave Chico a rousing defeat that they remembered for many a long day. The question was a good one:—'Resolved, That the California legislature should pass a law compelling all employers to compensate employees in case of accident in the course of their employment, irrespective of the fault of either party.' Nobly, indeed, did our team fight and win on that day. We were wild with joy over our victory. Why, it makes my heart beat fast, even now, to think about that afternoon. But we soon showed them that we could do something besides debate, for we were presently seated, as the best of friends, around a daintily spread banquet table in the South Society Room, a picture of delight, with Chico's right red everywhere in evidence.

"And we did not forget to begin plans immediately to win again the next year—with what result you know. Ah, but those were great old days!"—and the Mother's smile was none the less bright because she was gazing down the vista of twenty-five years, for sometimes, even twenty-five years are as nothing.

And the Girl cried merrily, "Three cheers for the class of 1912!"





Here Beginneth the Tale of Athletics in San Jose Normal

(With Apologies to Chaucer)

When that September with her breezes coolé
Old August's heat has tempered to the soulé,
Then longen boys and girls to kommen to our schoolé
(And of them all, there is not one a foolé!)
From allé counties, north to southeast endé,
They troop, and to S. J. they wendé.
It happens from these "studes" we pick our teamés,
And who can say they are not allé dreamés?
For S. J. Normal with her teams and mirthé
Full many a school has wipéd off the earthé.
And drownéd every cry with song so brighté
That other schools thought allé day was nighté.

Baseball

Our Baseball Teamé first we speak abouté
Because this year enough of boys tried outé.
There's Bachrodt, catcher; Onyett, pitcher, captain;
And Walker, Lawson, first and second basemen,
And Youngé, too, the manager full wellé,
And Miller, Crook, and Baldwin all so swellé.
Miano, second baseman, and Carmichaelé jolly.
The centerfielder's Brien. Heald's found it was folly
To tackle such a team with record finé,
And Campbell played, and lost full seven points to niné.



Young Brien Carmichael Bachrodt Miano Stillwell Sedgwick Onyett Crook

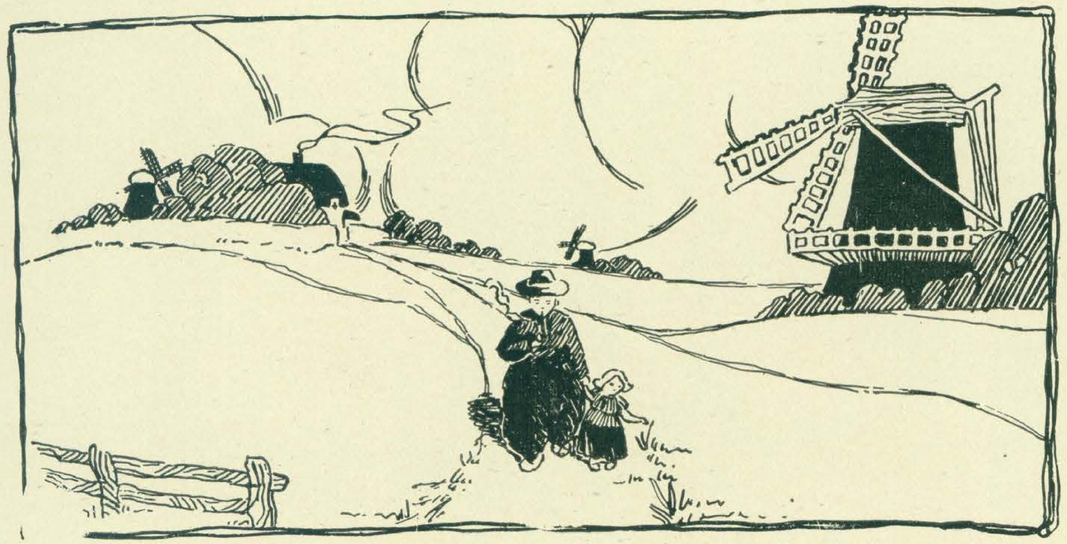
BASEBALL

Games

Feb. 23—Normal.....3	Heald's Business College.....1
Mar. 9—Normal.....9	Campbell 7

Normal Tryouts

Bachrodt C
Onyett..... .....Pitcher—Captain
Walker ..... F. B.
Lawson .....S. B.
Sedgwick .... 3 B.
Young ....S. S.—Manager
Miller..... .....r. f.
Crook .....l. f.
Baldwin..... ....l. f.
Miano..... 2nd B.
Carmichael .....2nd B.
Brien ..... center field





Granville Thomas

Mrs. Sue Maynard

Roena Hinkle

Robert Walker

Tennis

The Tennis, too, claimèd great attention,
At Tournaments we had a big convention.
From S. J. High they wonne in a twinkle
Did Mrs. Maynard and Roena Hinkle,
And Thomas, backed by Walker at his besté,
Pacific Grove, too, foundé little resté.
The Seniors usèd all their Normal "sass"
And won out wellé in the "Interclass."
The High School Faculty beat us just an inché;
But with our boys they did not have a cinché.

Games

S. J. High—Boys' Singles	S. J. won	6-4	6-1
Boys' Doubles	S. J. won	6-3	6-4
Girls' Singles	Normal won	6-0	6-1
Girls' Doubles	Normal won	6-0	6-0
Mixed Doubles	Normal won	7-5	7-5

Teams

Singles
Boys—R. Walker
Girls—Miss Hinkle

Doubles
R. Walker, G. Thomas
Miss Hinkle, Mrs. Maynard

Junior–Senior Contest

Girls' singles	Seniors won	6-4	6-1
Girls' doubles	Seniors won	6-0	6-2
Mixed doubles	Seniors won	6-4	7-5
Boys' doubles	Juniors won	6-3	7-5
Boys' singles	Juniors won	6-0	1-6 2-6

Teams

Singles
Girls—Miss Hinkle vs. Miss Lewis
Boys—Thomas vs. Walker

Doubles
Mrs. Maynard, Miss Hinkle vs. Miss Lewis, Miss Wood
Thomas, Brien vs. Walker, Crook

Mixed Doubles
Mrs. Maynard, Thomas vs. Crook, Miss Wood

High School Faculty

Men's doubles won by Faculty 7-5 5-7 6-3
Men's singles won by Faculty 7-5 6-3 7-5

Pacific Grove High

Doubles	6-2	6-3	Pacific Grove
Singles	6-2	6-3	Pacific Grove



Marie Walker Lucille Guerin

Edna Clover Vena Holmes Ada Thornburg Gladys Fishback Pearl True

Ella Willson Agnes Urban Eunice Fishback



Two other teams have won us greaté namé,
In Basket Ball we have no little famé;
Of half their games the boys were easy master,
The team was Brien, Thomas, Bachrodt, Onyett and Lancaster.
The girls began to win in late September
Nor lost a game that any of us remember;
Though Chico gave us quite a fairé fighté
And Reno played with all her strength and mighté.
Our goals were Marshman, Holmes, and Clover—
And hard they workèd till the games were over,
As well as did our guards and sides, and center,
And sweet Marie, their coach and earnest Mentor;
For she gave much of all her time and strengthé
To make our team so good a one at lengthé.
For manager they had a greaté prizé
Not only was she worthy, she was wisé.
And if about these teams you would know moré,
Just look below at the official scoré.

Boys' Team

Lancaster ..... F
Onyett ..... F
Brien C
Thomas ..... G
Bachrodt ..... G

Girls' Team

Vena Holmes ..... F
Helen Marshman ..... F
Edna Clover ..... F
Agnes Urban ..... S. C.
Gladys Fishback ..... S. C.
Pearl True ..... G.
Ella Willson ..... G.
Ada Thornburg ..... C.
Marie Walker ..... Coach
Lucille Guerin ..... Manager

Games won by Normal

Pacific Grove 33-10
Chico 34-16
Reno 39-9
College of Pacific 30-4



Carmichael Onyett Bachrodt Brien Miano

Junior-Senior Cup Contest

"Where," said one inhabitant of Mars to another, "was this valuable document found?"

"It was found," said the other queer looking three-legged giant, "on the planet known as the 'earth.' It is believed that this planet was in the past ages inhabited by strange creatures called 'men' and 'women,' who spoke a language very different from ours, but by means of the key which has been discovered, we have been able to translate these priceless documents, and thus learn something of the manner and customs of the strange people who once inhabited this planet earth.

"When the rays of the sun warmed this planet, and plant and animal life lived there, there existed a beautiful and glorious institution known as the San Jose Normal School. Here young men and women were educated as teachers, who went out and gave unto the children the knowledge which they had gained.

"When the sun cooled, and its rays no longer warmed the earth, these plants and animals, and these creatures called men, disappeared from off the earth. The ruins of their civilization still remain there, however, and this document was found by Odd on his recent visit to the earth in his 80,000,000 horse-power aeroplane which is propelled by wireless. The document was found in the ruins of the Normal School, and with it a silver cup bearing the queer inscription, 'Junior-Senior Cup, 1911.' The cup and the document are both over a thousand years old. The document is dated 1912, and tells of a queer custom the people had of holding contests between the classes of this Normal School, and this is what it says:

"Junior-Senior Contest—1912.

"The contest between the Juniors and Seniors for the possession of the cup, has waxed fast and furious this year. The cup was presented last year by two alumni for the purpose of arousing school-spirit, and promoting the various activities of the school. Last year the Juniors won the cup, and this year the same class, who are now Seniors, have again come to the front and won the honors for the Senior class.

"November 22nd brought forth the twobasket ball games, the first events in the contest. The boys' game was called first, and was a hard, fast one from beginning to end. The Senior team was captained by Thomas, and the Juniors were led by Carmichael. When time was called the Senior boys had walked off with all the honors, winning seven contest points. The final score was 27-13; the Seniors had made sixteen fouls, and the Juniors twenty.

"The girls' team captained by Ada Thornburg (Senior) and Helen Marshman (Junior), next met to struggle for the laurels. This was one of the fastest, best, and most exciting games ever played on the Normal court. There was some question as to the final score, and it was declared a tie, with a score 22-22. The Juniors, however, made only eleven fouls against the Seniors thirteen, thus giving the Juniors five contest points, and the Seniors two.

"The next event was the debate, which was held January 18th. The question was the same as the Chico question, 'Resolved: That the California legislature should

pass a law compelling employers to compensate employees for all accidents, in the course of their employment, irrespective of the fault of either party.'

"The Senior team comprised of Irene Weber, Frances Chargin and Glenn Woods, upheld the affirmative, while the Junior team composed of Marguerite Bozarth, Amy Stockton and Edna Wilcox argued for the negative.

"The affirmative delivered a splendid debate outlining their line of argument clearly and concisely, but they were outclassed by their opponents, both in presentation and argument.

"According to the rules governing the debate three points were allowed for presentation, two for decision, and three for argument. The Seniors were given one point for argument, and the Juniors were awarded the other seven points.

"The Interclass Tennis Tournament was held at the home of Mrs. Maynard on S. Fourteenth street. The boys' singles were played by George Lawson, who represented the Juniors, and Robert Walker, who upheld the Seniors. The first two sets were won by Mr. Walker, thus giving the Seniors five contest points.

"The next event was the girls' doubles, the Seniors being represented by Marjorie Wood and Josephine Danielson, while the Junior players were Helen Marshman and Alice Lewis. The Juniors were victorious, winning five contest points.

"Ernest Crook and George Lawson represented the Juniors in the boys' doubles, while Albert Brien and Robert Walker represented the Seniors. The Seniors walked away with the laurels in this event, also, and added two more contest points to the Senior score.

"The mixed doubles, the last event, was one of the most exciting events of the day. Ernest Crook and Alice Lewis played for the Juniors, while Robert Walker and Mrs. Maynard were the Senior representatives. The Juniors won after a hard struggle, thus giving the Juniors five more contest points.

"Much interest was manifested in the outcome of the song and story contest. The decision for the best school song was unanimously given to Miss Mary McDermott, President of the Senior Class, thus giving the Seniors five contest points. Mr. Russell Dill's song was given honorable mention. Last but not least, came the decision of the short story contest. After much pondering over the numerous excellent stories handed in, the judges decided in favor of Miss M. Ellen Cox, a Senior, who, by the way, took first prize last year when she was a Junior. Miss Violet Smith, a Senior, was given honorable mention for her story. Through this contest the Seniors added five more contest points to their score.

"Summing up the results of the year's contest the points for both classes are as follows:

	Seniors	Juniors
Boys' Basket Ball	7	0
Girls' Basket Ball	2	5
Debate	1	7
Song	5	0
Story	5	0
TENNIS.		
Boys' Doubles	5	0
Girls' Doubles	0	5
Boys' Singles	5	0
Girls' Singles	5	0
Mixed Doubles	0	5
	—	—
Total	35	22

"Thus the second year of the contest closes with the Seniors victorious, and next year wiil be the final test."

"Queer, isn't it," commented the reader.

"What strange pastimes the people on earth had in those past ages? But tell me, Odd, I have an idea! Let's introduce these things, basket ball, tennis, debating, etc., here on Mars. The Martians are greatly interested in your explorations of the earth, and they will be delighted with these new pastimes, and I predict a brilliant future for them. Let's call them the 'Old San Jose Normal Contests."

Basket Ball Association

FOR SALE OR RENT!

> Fifteen memberships in the Basket Ball Association. Hazel McCurdy, sole agent. The best bargains of the season! Do not miss it!

The Senior members, owing to the fact that they are about to be graduated, wish to turn over to the Juniors some of the pleasures and benefits derived from the organization.

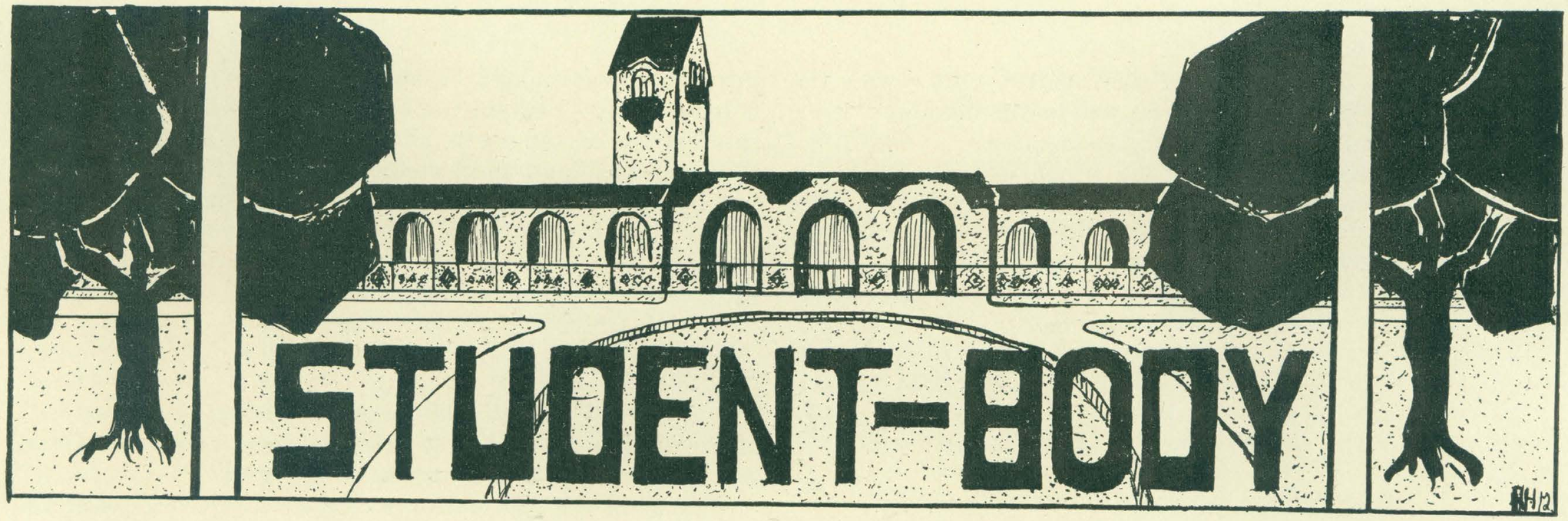
If you are in doubt as to the advisibility of considering such a sacrifice, I beg you to read the following extract from "The Annual Report of the Year's Work."

"The association has shown its good-will and school spirit all this year by standing back of the basket ball teams and rooting at all of the games. Its efficient president, Hazel McCurdy, has been present at every game and has led the songs and yells in a most enthusiastic manner.

"Early in the Fall term the new members were tendered a banquet, and feeds were given to the teams on different occasions.

"The association has worked very hard to meet the expenses of the teams. A pleasing entertainment was given in the Assembly Hall to help defray the expenses incurred by the team on their trip to Reno."

And so I might go on citing the merits of the organization, but I do not feel that it is necessary. I am certain that many of you will seize the opportunity. There are but fifteen memberships to be disposed of—so come early, and avoid the rush.



One more chapter of your history, dear old Student Body, is at an end!

One more year has sunken into the sands of time!

Perhaps, we do not always seem to appreciate you, do we? But, never mind, in our heart of hearts we are mighty proud of you and shall miss you a great deal.

No, we do not know how we shall ever get along without you and your meetings, which have been so enthusiastic and spirited during the last year. To say that they are dull and uninteresting is citing a bit of ancient history.

It seems good to see that the students have at last come to the realization that your meetings afford opportunities for every student to express his own individual opinions. During the last term, the students have taken advantage of this opportunity to a greater extent than ever before.

Many serious problems have presented themselves during the year and it has only been through the able management of the chief executives, that these matters have been met and dealt with successfully. In the persons of Helen Sharpe and Phoebe Mitchel you have had two very splendid leaders.

Helen, assisted by her staff, carried the student affairs over not a few high and dangerous places, and brought the first eighteen weeks of school activities to a brilliant close.

Then the election! I suppose you were as excited about it as any of us, and could scarcely wait for the results. And, no doubt, you cheered as loudly as any of us when you read: President, Phoebe Mitchell; Vice-President, Hazel McCurdy; Second Vice-President, Margaret Marshall; Secretary, Vena Holmes; Treasurer, Clair Sedgwick; Executive Committee, Louise Mignon, Byrona Bennett. What a splendid group of people they are! And, better still, what splendid work they have done! It is they who have helped to make you what you are—an organization of students bubbling over with enthusiasm. And now, here's to your future! May it be as bright and splendid and noble as has been your past—dear old Student Body of ye San Jose Nomal.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Albert Brien
Dwight Young
Hazel McCurdy
Louise Mignon
Lucille Guerin
Ethel Phelps
George Lawson
Viola Gandrup
Vena Holmes
Phoebe Mitchell
Byrona Bennett
Clair Sedgwick
Margaret Marshall



OFFICERS

Edna Wilcox — Ernest Crook — Margaret Marshall

Junior Organization

"Coming to Junior Organization?" from a fellow student across the quad.

"Not a Junior? Oh, come along, anyway." And so I did.

Well, I soon found myself in a thoroughly exciting meeting, simply bubbling with enthusiasm, snap and vim.

"What a fine set of leaders there must be," I thought to myself. Then I turned to my neighbor on the right

"Who are the officers?" I asked.

She named them over: President, Amy Stockton; Vice-President, Margaret Bozarth; Secretary, Margaret Marshall; Treasurer, Ernest Crook. Then, not knowing that I was a Senior, she ventured the suggestion:

"Leave it to the Juniors to make things go!"

We disagreed sadly on this point.

But soon the meeting adjourned and all left with a feeling of right good-will for the Junior Organization.

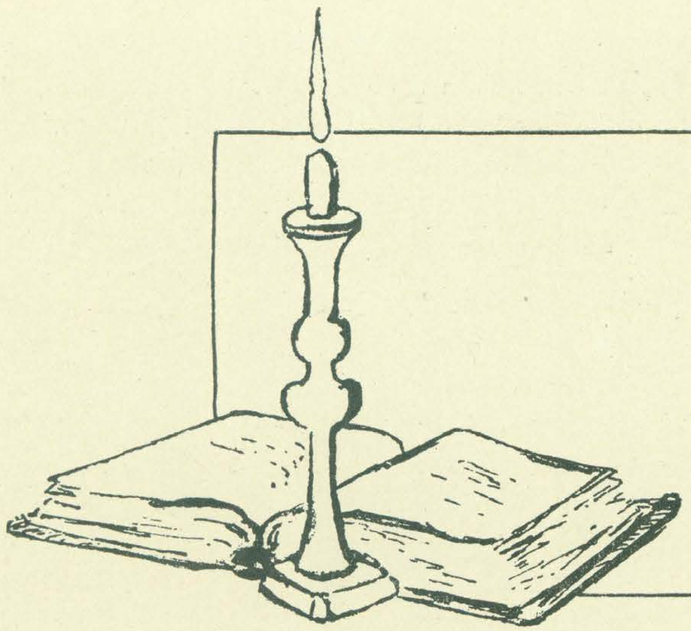
A few months later my Junior friends entertained the Assembly. The first time was when the Junior B1 Class presented a clever skit, entitled, "Two Silk Dresses," written by Elizabeth Crossley and interpreted by Eliza Wright,

Maud Phillips, Elizabeth Crossley, Ruth Douglas and Floyd Onyett.

Only a short time elapsed before the Junior B3 Class made its bow to the Assembly and presented a program which consisted of an instrumental solo by Margaret McDermott, a vocal solo by Miss Gladden, and last, a very pretty Italian dance given by Edith Hale, Alpha Sawyer, Marguerite Cureton, Eula Strifler, Ethel Carleran, Lola Scanlan, Hilda McKean and Anita Debade.

I am very happy to have had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Junior Organization, aren't you? And here's wishing that all Juniors of the future may maintain organizations of an equally high character.





TIMES

One night, while sitting by the fire, I felt the touch of a cold hand upon my face and looking up I saw a strange weird figure dressed in white.

"What would you have with me?" I asked, much frightened.

"Come," said the phantom, and taking me by the hand we flew through the air at frightful rapidity, now over mountains, now over sea, and soon we descended to earth, and I found myself in corridors of the San Jose Normal School.

"What is that room opposite us?" I asked the phantom.

"That is the office of the TIMES which is a weekly publication."

"Why are there so many students who look so serious?"

"Because," replied the phantom, "the treasury of the Student Body has only a limited supply of money, which means that it will be impossible to print the paper."

"Are the students sorry?"

"Yes, because the TIMES has meant much to them and they will miss it."

"Will the paper ever be published again?"

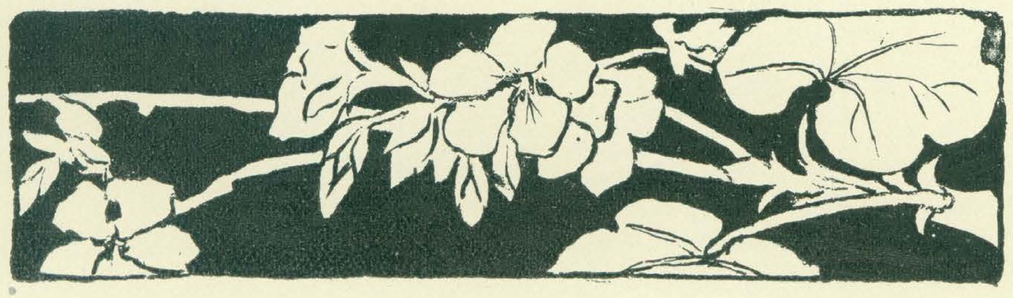
"It will appear again next September when the Student Body will have enough funds to publish it ."

As we passed along the corridors the phantom told me of the excellent staff who had edited the paper for the past term, of their efficient and earnest work; their high ideals—and then I noticed I was alone, I became frightened, hurried here and there, and in my endeavor to find the phantom, I stumbled, fell, and then—I woke up.



TIMES STAFF

Ruth Douglas Mrs. Maynard George Lawson, Bus. Mgr. Viola Gandrup, Editor Myrtle Thornton Edna Wilcox Frances Chargin Mrs. Slusser



The Dramatic Society

Well, dear old last yearer, wake up! Of course we all know that you are a year behind time—you can not help that—but you can at least stop yawning and nodding, while I am thus engaged in the charitable act of acquainting you with the breezes from "ye San Jose Normal."

As I was saying, there has been an awakening, and as a result a Dramatic Society was organized last September under the leadership of Letitia Bernhardt,—you remember her, do you not?

Much interest was taken by both students and faculty in the organization. Miss Payne, Miss Bradley, and Miss McKenzie kindly consented to supervise the various undertakings.

Though a great deal has been accomplished, so they tell me, within the society, no production has been placed before the school. Excellent things, however, are being planned for us next term, and

> For things that are genuine through and through,
> We can easily wait a year or two!

But here I am trying to recite poetry, while you, dear old last yearer, are trying hard to keep awake and listen. Just one more thing: Perhaps you know some of the officers, President, Vera Silvey; Vice-President, Gertrude Pyle; Secretary, Grace Sanbourn; Treasurer, Eliza Wright; Reporter, Hazel Clayton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Myrtle Loughridge.

Well, I shall see you again, next year, and, until then—Pleasant Dreams.

The Short Story Club

(A Sketch in One Act.)

CAST.

Two boys in the Society Room Kitchen.

SETTING.

Closed doors, various dishes and cooking utensils, chicken pie, baked potatoes, etc.

TIME.

The night of the Burbank Banquet.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

First Boy (in stage whisper)—"Say, but isn't the Short Story Club O. K.!"

Second Boy—"It certainly is—but not half so good as this chicken pie."

F. B.—"Whoever baked these spuds is on her job. If I were a trustee I'd give her a position if I had to fire every teacher in the school."

S. B.—"Don't get so oratorical or they'll hear you. I hope there'll be enough pudding left for us."

F. B.—"Say, supposing someone besides the committee should come out into the kitchen. Horrors!"

S. B.—"Oh, don't worry! They'll all be busy giving speeches in a little while."

F. B.—"If they do, let's listen. I'd like to know more about this club. It certainly has some fine cooks enrolled."

(Pause, during which time the chicken pie rapidly disappears.)

F. B.—"Hark! Someone's spouting!" (Goes to door and puts ear to key hole. Holds finger up warningly and says)



SHORT STORY CLUB

"It's Myrtle Loughridge. She is presiding. I guess she's President of the club."

S. B.—"Three cheers for the President!"

(Boys give cheers in pantomime.)

F. B.—"What I'd like to know is—who is Club Cook?"

S. B.—"What I'd like to know is—can we eat the extra pudding?"

F. B.—"Sh! Mr. Bland is going to talk now."

(They listen. Comments of "Fine," "Great," "Ditto," every now and then.)

F. B.—"Say, he says the club is aiming to give a function

like this every month. Let's keep posted on the committees."

S. B.—"I heard they had ice-cream at the 'Dickens's Banquet?"

F. B.—"Well, that's appropriate. Why not correlate the cream of literature with the cream of the dinner table?"

S. B.—"Ha! ha! Old sport, your jokes would break through a modest maiden's first pie!"

F. B.—"Hickey! Mr. Bland's eye is positively riveted on this keyhole."

S. B.—"Well, brush it off, old man!"

F. B.—"Sh! He's telling the aims of the club." (Repeating Mr. B's words). " 'To improve the standing of the school, to promote literary activities, to——' "

S. B.—"Aw, why doesn't he mention the cooking?"

F. B.—"Sh-h-h! They're discussing a trip to Joaquin Miller's now. And they're going to take lunches along!"

S. B.—"Let's hold them up on their way to the train."

F. B.—"Gee! I wish Dorothy Hunn would come out in the kitchen. I'd like to ease my mind about this pudding."

S. B.—"Let's eat it. They all look like they've had enough."

(They help themselves to the extra pudding.)

F. B. (stealthily taking a mouthful)—"Well, the Short Story Club surely is a jolly affair. I'd rather like to join, myself."

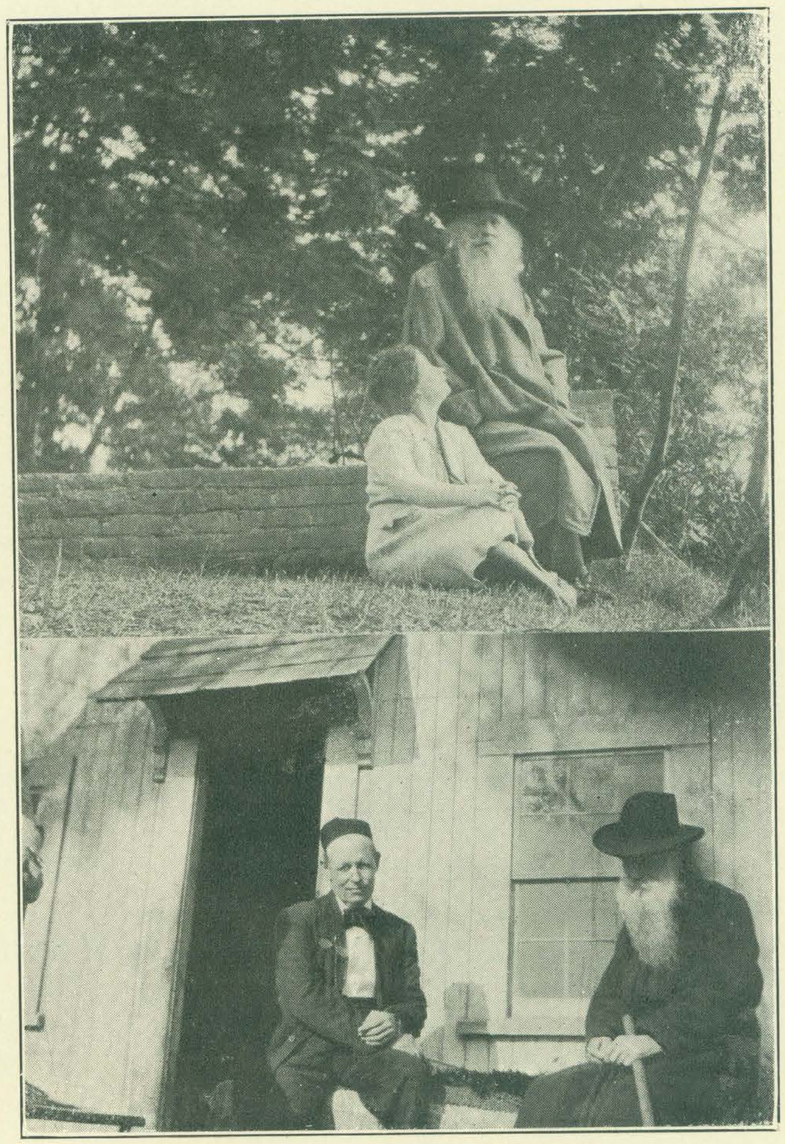
S. B.—"Oh, they'd probably be tickled to death to have you as an honorary member along with Joaquin Miller and Herbert Bashford and the rest of them."

F. B. (bows grandly, with an eloquent wave of the hand)—"Ah-h-h! I thank you!"

S. B.—"Oh, you're entirely welcome. But say, I think I'll go over and hear what's going on." (Puts ear to keyhole and listens. Then says excitedly) "Hey, some of them want more pudding and Dorothy Hunn is coming after it. Run for your life!"

(Both disappear into the corridors as Dorothy enters by the other door.)

Curtain.



Joaquin Miller and his daughter

Mr. Bland and the poet

Dailean Society

It was the fourth of June when His Royal Highness, Tim-Buc-Too, Mighty Ruler of Lost Atlantus, decreed that I, his servant, should visit the Earth for a day and an hour to observe the advancement of Woman.

Traveling, as I did, in a direct line from Atlantus to the Earth, I arrived in the upper story of a building called "San Jose State Normal School."

Before I could investigate of what nature was this institution, I heard sounds of female voices issuing from a room opposite me. Rendering myself invisible I entered this room, and found it to be occupied by a number of young girls who were perfecting themselves in work called the "art of debate."

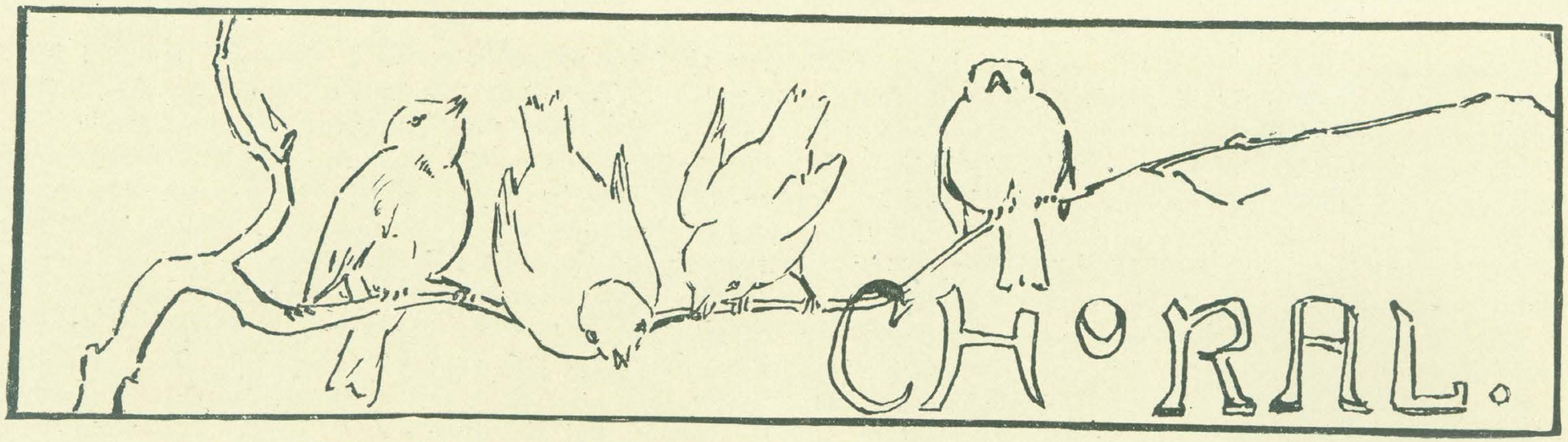
Through the words of this gathering I learned much about the conduct of Earth Woman at such a meeting. First, each one responded to what was called a "quotation." Then the meeting was given over to a practice of "parliamentary law" which I learned, through observation, was the science of conducting a meeting. Then followed a lecture, an essay and a vocal solo, all of which were excellent, and of which I made note.

Then the president, by name, Edith Hale, gave a report of the year's work which showed that much of the work of the society was not done behind closed doors. I made note that they had an affair called a "jolly-up" banquet for new members. Then the president continued to say, that they gave in the "Assembly" the Riley "Rig-a-marolle," which fortunately for me, she explained was an arrangement of child rhymes by a poet Riley. And again, she reported another banquet given to celebrate a victory won by San Jose Normal in debate against Chico Normal. Once more did this energetic group appear before the public by giving an entertainment which consisted of a Dutch scene arranged by Edna Wilcox, a skit entitled "The Other One," written by Edith Hale; and illustrated songs and Mother Goose rhymes. I gathered that the proceeds of the entertainment were to help establish a fund from which medals were to be bought for the members of the winning teams against Chico in debate.

Before I left I made note of the officers who were: President, Edith Hale; Secretary, Marguerite Bozarth; Treasurer, Myrtle Thornton; Reporter, Delma Phelps.

With this knowledge of Woman's progress on Earth, I slipped out of the room and flew in a direct line back to Atlantus and presented this report to His Mighty Highness, Tim-Buc-Too, Ruler of Atlantus.

[Signed] HAN-SAN-KER.
Most lowly servant to His Majesty.



"Oh!" murmured the visitor at the Normal Assembly Hall as the last note of Bomberge "Lay of the Bell" died away, "that was beautiful beyond words. Who are the performers? And who is their splendid leader? It is small wonder that they should sing so well with such an embodiment of vigor, enthusiasm and interest to lead them on!"

"They," replied the Normal student, "represent our Choral Society. It is a musical organization which embraces three subdivisions, namely, The Orchestra, the Young Men's Glee Club, and the Young Ladies Choral Club. The able leader that you so much admire is Miss Fisher, the supervisor of the music department at the Normal. Notwithstanding the many duties of her position, she still finds time during her noon hours to practice three days of the week with the different groups of the society."

"How large a membership is there?" queried the interested visitor.

"There are fifty members. The society is open to all who wish to advance themselves musically. And," the student added enthusiastically, "you may be sure the Choral Society is fully appreciated by the entire Student Body, which is occasionally given a treat of this kind."

"Do I understand that you are permitted to listen to selections of this character often?"

"Oh, yes," smiled the student. "They have taken part in several entertainments, besides having rendered pleasing selections in morning Assembly many times during the year."

"Well, I wish you would let me know the next time they are to sing,"—from the visitor. "I do not know when I have enjoyed anything half so much."

"I certainly shall. Visitors are always welcome."



CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA

Young Women's Christian Association

"Positively the best yet," was the decision given out by the president in discussing the growth of the Y. W. C. A. during the past year.

The association holds regular weekly meetings, and occasionally open meetings are held to which all interested are invited. During the past year various speakers have addressed the girls at these gatherings giving them splendid and helpful messages.

Shortly after the opening of the fall term, a reception was given to the incoming Juniors and later an informal afternoon was spent with Mrs. Moore, a former faculty member who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of the girls. In the spring, a banquet was given at which several Stanford girls gave delightful talks, arousing much additional interest and enthusiasm.

At present the Y. W. C. A. is pushing forward and may indeed be proud of the good work that is being accomplished.

The association began the year under the leadership of Alta Cheatham.

The officers for the present term are:

President, Grace Shearer: Vice-President, Emma Haun; Secretary, Ruth Boyd; Treasurer, Carrie Morehouse.



Newman Club

Perhaps, as you have wandered about the corridors, on a Tuesday afternoon, thinking about nothing in particular, you have noticed a jolly crowd of enthusiastic girls assembling in one of the rooms off the upper corridors. You do not ask who they are! But I am sure you want to know so I shall tell you all about them.

They are Newman Club girls, and represent an organization that has always had an honored position in the school, and in the hearts of its members to whom it has ever been an uplift, and has meant a great deal ethically, spiritually and educationally. Who can tell how far these influences may reach? The strengthened character of one person may strengthen the characters of many.

The aim of the society is to bring the girls together that they may be benefited in as many ways as the club can offer. Lectures have been given from time to time, by Rev. W. J. Culligan and Rev. Thomas Burke. An interesting talk on Raphael and Michael Angelo by Miss Vivian of our own Normal, and one on Oberammergau and the Passion Play by Miss Kullak of the Horace Mann School.

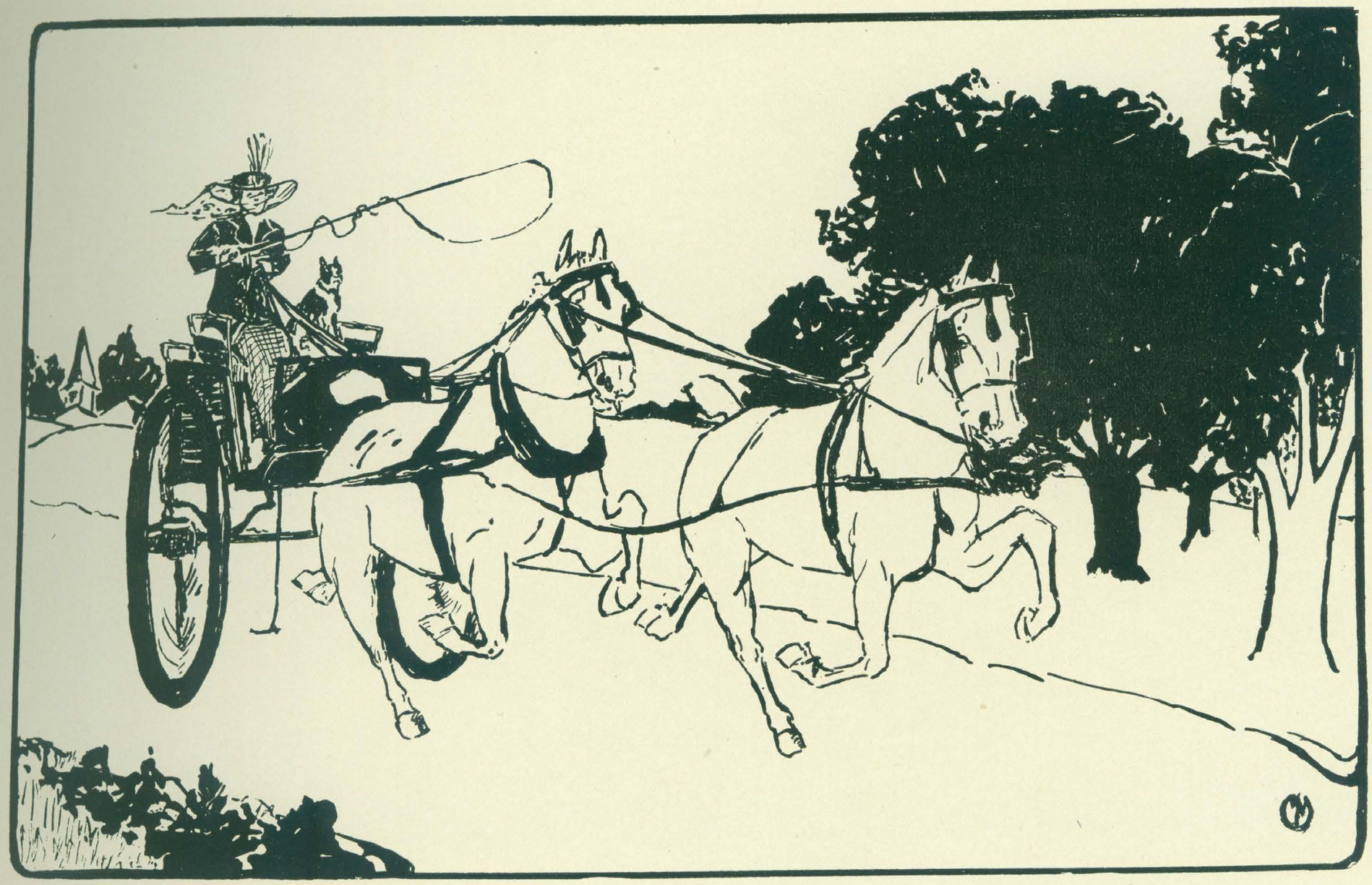
The club has been the guest of the Ladies of the Tabernacle Society at the College of the Notre Dame. Many delightful evening affairs have been held, among the most enjoyable of which have been those at the home of Miss Nicholson.

All are looking forward to the annual picnic at the villa of the Sisters of the Notre Dame near Saratoga, and also to the annual luncheon at the Hotel Vendome.

The officers of the club for the present term are:

President, Frances Chargin; Vice-President, Annie Taylor; Secretary, Helen Lyons; Treasurer, Genevieve Gagliardo; Reporter, Emma Baumgartner; Sergeant-at-Arms, Elizabeth McKeon.

Society



Browning Society

Q.—What is Browning?

A.—Browning is a compound of equal parts of brains, laughter, sincerity and good fellowship, typified by its several elements or individuals, which are all bound together by an intricate web of friendship.

Q.—Is it approved by the Sanitary Commission?

A.—Yes, it has been approved under the Pure Food Law because it does not contain any imitations, but it is nevertheless, full of germs of friendship and loyalty and is very contagious,— it takes everywhere.

Q.—What happens if a person gets the germs in her system?

A.—Then she is a Browning, in other words, she blossoms from a caterpillar to a butterfly, and flutters about in the Elysian meadows of jolly companionship.

Q.—Who are the guardian angels of Browning?

A.—The Joys watch over it and keep out the glooms.

Q —Is it a part of anything else?

A.—Yes, it is a chief factor in the constitution of the school genii or spirit.

Q.—Are any of the "Powers that Be" infected with the Browning germs?

A.—Yes, of the faculty, Mr. Bland of short story fame, Miss Bradley, guardian of the English language, Dr. Bullock, saver of lives, Mr. Hill, mechanical Raphael, Miss McFadden, skeleton specialist, Miss Murchie, connoisseur of cakes and cookery, Miss Nicholson, wielder of ethical truths, and Miss Rowell, mother of psychology are infected with Browning germs.

Q.—Who else are in Browning?

A.—Besides the faculty members there are many others who carry on the good work of the society whose names you will find recorded below.

MEMBERS.

Evalyn Arbogast, Byrona Bennett, Margaret Bozarth, Helen Boardman, Celia Cain, Jessie Case, Natha Coleman, Lucille Dodds, Inez Forni, Ruth Kinney, Fern King, Mabel Lewelling, Rosa Luck, Leof Mills, Ximena McGlashan, Mabel Peck, Mabel Pollard, Aminto Plummer, Florence Pease, Esther Pease, Hertha Shulze, Agnes Wilson, Snow White.

GRADUATES—JUNE 1912.

Julia Anderson, Laura Beckwith, Beth Baldwin, Shirley Bock, Emma Dopkins, Gladys Doolittle, Nona Faris, Marjorie Fiddyment, Edith Hoag, Hazel McCurdy, Marian Newman, Alma Rodda, Vera Silvey, Margaret Sabin, Ada Sears, Eunice Watson.



Shirley Bock Inez Forni Hazel McCurdy Agnes Wilson Emma Dopkins Natha Coleman Ruth Kinney Mabel Pollard
Celia Cain Snow White Edith McCune Edith Hoag Helen Boardman Julia Anderson Alma Rodda Lora Beckwith Fern King
Alma Locke Myrtle McGlashan Eunice Watson Byrona Bennett Esther Pease Mabel Peck Amynto Plummer Hazel Lester
Vera Silvey Leof Mills Beth Baldwin Ada Sears Rosa Luck Margaret Sabin Marion Newman

Allenian Society

Allow me to introduce to you the Allenians,—as fine a set of girls as you would ever wish to meet. But surely you might guess this from merely looking at them, would you not?

During the preceding months, the Allenians have enjoyed many pleasant affairs, including the annual dance, and are ever ready for the good times that come their way. But they are hard and earnest workers for their school, and as a society, they are ever desirous of abiding by the ideals that Allenian's founder, Professor Allen, instituted. In all of his actions Mr. Allen was the embodiment of the highest type of enthusiasm. He stood for love toward his fellowmen. It is with these ideals ever in mind that the Allenians, through their zeal, their loyalty, and comradeship have been able to promote their own welfare and the welfare of the school.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

Miss R. Royce, Miss A. Howe, Miss A. Schureman, Miss E. McFadden, Miss G. Payne, Miss H. Sprague, Mrs. George, Mr. L. B. Wilson, Miss G. Rowell, Miss A. Nicholson, Miss Hall.

MEMBERS.

Ruth Watson, Willow Hutton, Lucile Reardon, Hilda McKean, Edith Perry, Norma Briton, Ruth Luttrell, Mollie Railsback, Flossie Smith, Mattie Wolf, Madeline Coffey, Elenor Smith, Bertha Stackhouse.

GRADUATES—JUNE 1912

Ethel Hutton, Edna Day, Claudia Thorne, Ruth McCord, Irene McCalvy, Marjorie Wood, Helen Hills, Mildred Peterson, Louise Mignon, Edna Strobel, Irene Weisbaum, Millie McKean.



Bertha Stackhouse, Helen Hills, Hilda McKean, Irene McCalvy, Ruth Luttrell, Edna Day, Gertrude Weir
Ethel Hutton, Ruby Anderson, Irene Weisbaum, Ruth McCord, Edna Strobel, Millie McKean, Louise Mignon, Madeline Coffey
Willow Hutton, Edith Perry, Mary Railsback, Mattie Wolfe, Mabel Stallings, Flossie Smith, Marjorie Buzzo
Mildred Peterson, Ruth Watson, Marjorie Wood, Lucile Feardon, Norma Britton, Elizabeth Roberts

Sappho Society

DEAR HELEN:

"Wonders will never cease," so the old proverb goes. To think that you, Helen, of all people, should become so enthusiastic about *anything* as to write me for particulars. I grant that the "Sappho Show" was a clever affair, for even we who know what a jolly and talented set the girls are, were just a little surprised. But you want to know more about them, don't you? Well, they are the happiest, and most enthusiastic crowd of girls that one would ever wish to meet. Nevertheless, they are loyal workers. And, oh, such good times as they do have! Among their most successful affairs were the "Sappho Luncheon" given in honor of Mrs. D. R. Wood, and the brilliant annual dance. Of course, they do not always keep their good times to themselves as you have seen by the "Sappho Show." By the way, Helen, you were not the only invited guest. The show was enjoyed by all of the friends, the faculty, and the students of the Normal.

Sappho as a society stands for good comradeship and a healthy social life. It has done a great deal to further these interests among its own member , and also the members of the Student Body. Well, here I am all but writing an essay —something that will never do with you. I will tell you more next time. I wonder if you happen to know any of the girls. You will find a list of all of the members below. Now good-bye until next time.

Most affectionately,

HARRIET.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

Dr. M. E. Dailey, Mr. L. B. Wilson, Mr. D. Wood, Miss I. Fisher, Miss B. McCabe, Miss C. Vivian, Miss I. McKenzie, Miss A. Bassler, Miss M. Trimble, Miss E. Smith, Dr. Schallenberger, Mrs. George.

MEMBERS.

Ruth Mamock, Gertrude Cross, Ann Shannon, Florence Charlebois, Anita Colombet, Ethel Feuel, Vera Harford, Nell Quill, Helen McMillan, Bella Mercancehatter, Roberta Laughlin, Elizabeth Maynard, Creta Phelps, Edith Cook, Olive Alderman, Bernice Corkery, Patti Bassler, Florence Wells, Ruth Dwyer, Lotta Bland, Dorothy Zumwalt, Dolores Gibson.

GRADUATES—JUNE 1912.

Shirley Beckwith, Mary McDermott, Ella Rath, Katherine Markley, Irene Showers, Marjory Musgrave, Florence Reames, Gladys Senter, Brownie Shillingsburg, Mary Sloss, Lillian Westmeyer, Eula McCurdy, Gladys Chapman, Eoline Worral, Alice Taylor, Elizabeth Veuve, Belle Murray.



Gertrude Cross, Dorothy Zumwalt, Helen McMillan, Mary McDermott, Anita Colombet, Ella Rath
Nell Quill, Shirley Beckwith, Eula McCurdy, Patti Bassler, Alice Taylor
Lillian Westmeyer, Edith Cook, Katherine Markley, Florence Reames, Sarah Shillingsburg, Ruth Manock
Gladys Senter, Delores Gibson, Irene Showers, Vera Harford, Mary Sloss

Ero Sophian Society

Have you seen that crowd of girls just full of enthusiasm who term themselves Ero Sophians? Yes? Well, you must let me tell you about them, for they are certainly worth knowing.

What a jolly group they are, and yet more enthusiastic and loyal supporters of the school standards could never be found. Their social desires and congeniality have brought them together at many jolly evening affairs during the past year, while their loyalty and enthusiasm have won for them places of distinction in the rank of the school activities.

The Ero Sophian society has ever stood for hearty social enthusiasm and good fellowship. It has endeavored to promote such feelings between its members in both work and recreation, and in so doing, reacts in turn, upon the social life of the San Jose Normal.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

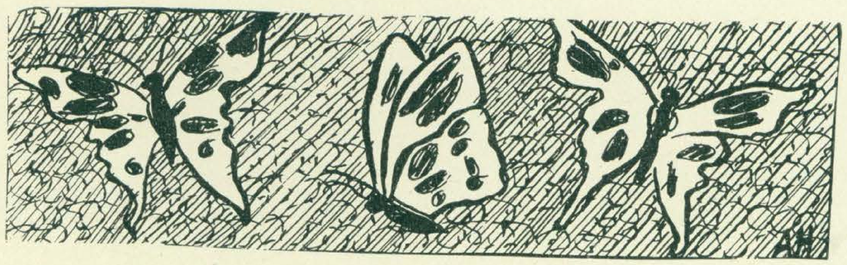
Miss Bradley, Miss McFadden, Miss Rowell, Miss Nicholson.

MEMBERS.

Edythe Monteagle, Muriel Plummer, Fanny Nesbitt, Ella Willson, Ruth Rogers, Helen Marshman, Marguerite Ritchey, Marie Walker.

GRADUATES—JUNE 1912.

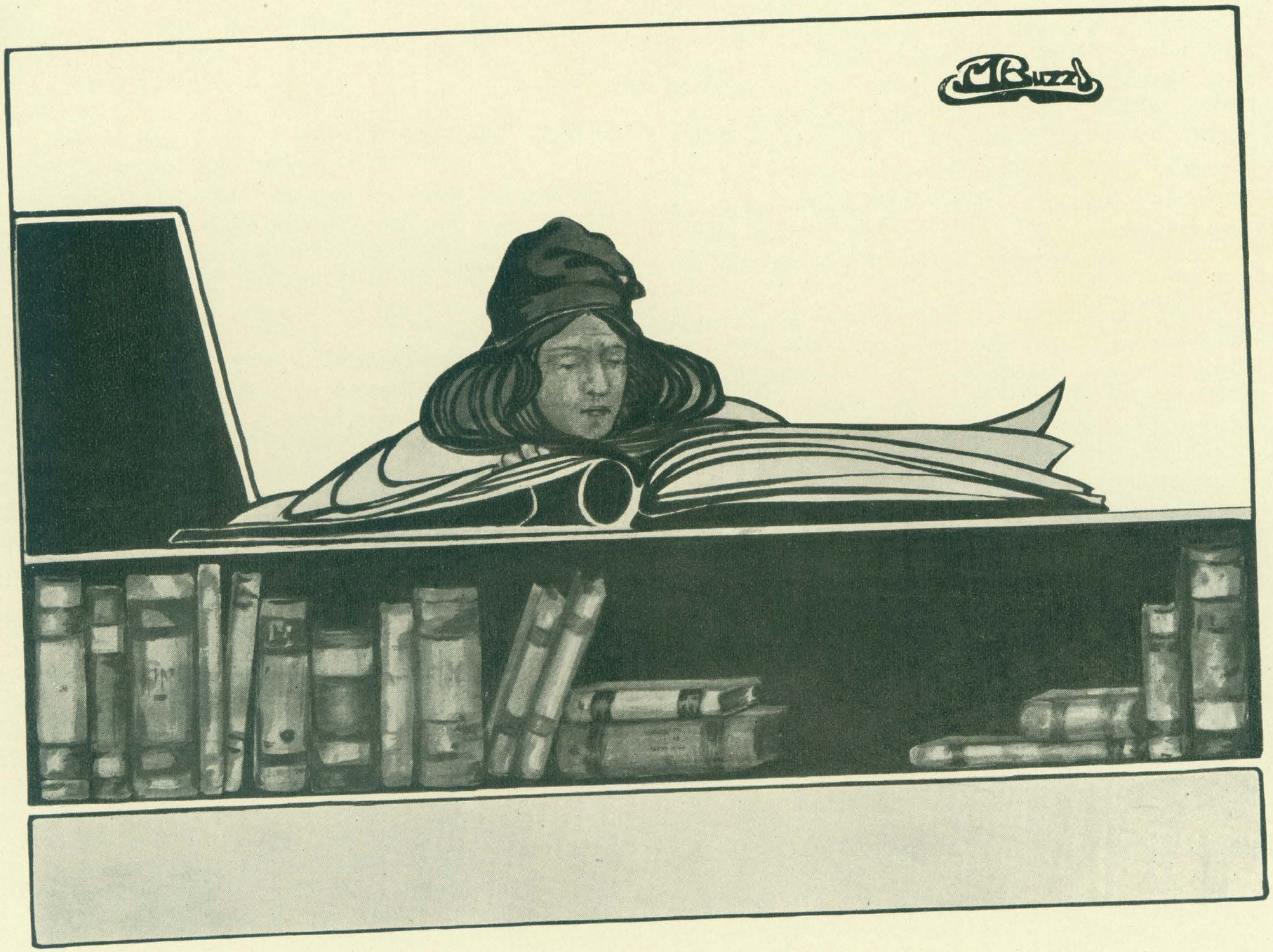
Prudence Cadwell, Nell Field, Lucille Guerin, Loretta Ryan, Mabel Lyman, Lela Maggetti, Weldy Sutter, Violet Smith, Helen Sharpe, Helen Sinclair, Margaret West, Lucile Waldo, Elizabeth McKeon, Edna Hill, Letitia Nesbitt, Edna Johnson, Grace Updike, Ada Thornburg, Aleta Corcoran, Cora Brown, Josephine Danielson, Vena Holmes, Nora Self.





Ada Thornburg, Mabel Lyman, Violet Smith, Grace Updike, Leila Maggetti, Weldy Sutter, Edna Johnson, Margaret Ritchey,
Edythe Monteagle, Helen Sharpe, Loretta Ryan, Prudence Cadwell, Ruth Rogers, Cora Brown, Edna Hill, Anna Tarke, Vena Holmes,
Elizabeth McKeon, Nydia Moore, Letitia Nesbitt, Nell Field, Muriel Plummer, Helen Sinclair, Lucille Guerin, Josephine Danielson,
Grace Stevenson, Margaret West, Lucile Waldo, Mollie Indra, Aleta Corcoran, Helen Marshman, Nora Self

Literary



New Year's Calls

M. Ellen Cox.

(First Prize Story in Junior-Senior Cup Contest.)

"Lily May! Lily May!"

Little Hester Wayland opened the bedroom door a wee crack and peeped in:

"Lily May!" she shrilled softly. But Lily May slept tranquilly on.

"Oh, deah! Such wuthless niggahs," she sighed vexedly, and pulling the door gently open, she padded across the room in her little bare feet. She paused a moment beside the bed and stretched luxuriously in the warm Kentucky sunshine, then she bent over and twigged a little bob of a kink, (you couldn't call it a curl) just above Lily May's ear and doubled up in silent laughter as Lily May bounced up in bed.

"Why Missy Hester!" exclaimed that startled personage, "Ah done thought dat was dat buglah Ah was a dreamin' about. Lawsy chile, but you-all done sca'd yo' Lily May!"

Hester's red lips puckered.

"You-all's always dreamin' about buglahs," she said. "Seem's you cain't never keep youah mind on impo'tant things."

"Seem's 'sif Ah'm allas dreamin' bout buglahs, too," sighed Lily May. "Ah wishta goodness Ah didn't. It's turrible, Missy Hester—it sho am! Seems 'sif Ah'm hanted!" She shook her head and rolled her eyes mournfully.

"D' yuh 'spose you are, Lily May?" Hester's eyes took on a mournfulness, too, and a tiny wrinkle appeared between them.

"It sho' looks like it, Missy Hester," said Lily May, wagging her head, "it sho' do. Why, when Ah was bohn Mammy says dah was a sign on mah fo'head—it's come off now," she explained, as Hester's eyes searched her forehead.

"A sign!" breathed Hester.

"Yas'm. Jest foh all de world like a revolveh—de bery kind buglahs use!"

Hester screamed softly.

"But don' you-all worry yo' haid 'bout me, Missy Hester," Lily May said soothingly, "caise Ah kin take care ob mahself. Dis yere niggah is safe. Only," she added wistfully, "Ah wishta *goodness* Ah wouldn't dream 'bout the critters. Ugh!"

"Well, maybe its—maybe its a good thing"—Hester hesitated—"to be bohn with a sign. Maybe things wouldn't 'fect you-all like they would ordinary folks."

"You-all's jes' right," said Lily May, "things don' 'fect me like dey do common trash. Mammy says you couldn't phase dis niggah nohow."

"But, Lily May," persisted Hester, "why didn't you-all tell 'bout this befoh?"

"Ah—well, Ah didn't jes' happen to think ob it befoh, Ah reckon," evaded Lily May. "Least ways," she added, "people bohn wid signs don' usually ad'ertise de fac'."

Hester gazed long and hard out of the window, her head thrown back and her plump little hands clasped about her knees. Presently she sighed as if to dismiss the mysterious subject from her mind, and then she said slowly:

"You-all cain't guess what I came in heah foh, Lily May."

"T' scah' me," guessed Lily May.

Hester shook her head.

"T' hunt buglahs."

"No-o."

"T' play wif mah Dinah," glancing fondly at the dilapidated rag doll on the opposite side of the bed.

Hester's lip curled scornfully.

"No indeedy," she exclaimed.

"Y' got me," reluctantly admitted Lily May. "Ah reckon Ah couldn't guess from now to de time Gabriel blows his horn."

"Well, I'll tell you," condescended Hester. "We-all are going to make some New Yeah's calls on ouah new neighbors."

"You-all and me!"

Hester's golden head nodded gravely.

"Saint's alive, chile," exclaimed Lily May, "what'll yo' mammy say?"

"Ah'm not going to ask her," announced Hester with decision.

"Not agwine to ax Missy Wayland," groaned Lily May. "Lawd a' Massy! what's dis chile a' comin' to?"

"Now you-all just look ahere," commanded Hester, 'Ah'm plenty old enough to know what Ah'm about. *White* young ladies of eight don' have to ask their mother's permission every time they want to turn around."

"Well, *cullahd* young ladies of eight don' nuther, but Missy Hester, Ah won't be eight foh a whole week."

"But youah sign ought to make up foh de missin' week," said Hester. "Any way, you-all's neah enough to eight to pass foh it."

"Yas'm," said Lily May, meekly.

"Cose you-all know mothah is going to call on Mrs. Wentworth latah on, but Ah think it would be pufectly propah foh us to call real early—say about nine o'clock, becaise its such a be-au-tiful day, an' we'll 'spain we-all were just passing that way. You know, Lily May," Hester went on, "Ah've grown so tired of watching mothah and Vahginiah going calling yeah aftah yeah on New Yeah's mohnings that Ah just made up my mind that being as Ah was eight it would be pufectly propah—pufectly propah foh me to go—of cose, 'comp'nied by my servant."

"Oh, of cose," assented Lily May.

"Well, its just half-past seven now," said Hester, as the big hall clock down stairs boomed out the half hour, "an' Ah think we'd bettah get ready for breakfast right away, and then come up an' get ready foh ouah calls. It'll take quite awhile to powdah an' everything."

Lily May's eyes rolled apprehensively. "Praps," she said faintly, "praps Ah orter've put mah hahr up on curl papahs last night. Ah would 'of if Ah'd only known," she sighed.

"Oh, youah hair is all right," said Hester, amusedly. "Besides, if you had of put youah hair up it would most likely have rained an' taken all the curl out."

"Dat's right, Missy Hester," agreed Lily May.

"Well, Ah'm going to my room an' get dressed," said Hester, as she trailed softly out of the room, "an' be suah you get down to breakfast soon so's we-all will have time to dress propahly foh ouah calls,"

Ten minutes later the two children met in the kitchen—Hester with excitement written in every line of her face and Lily May looking as mysterious as a Sherlock Holmes' adventure. Old Dinah, scenting mischief, held her bedoughed hands up in expostulation.

"Lawdy, chillen," she exclaimed, "what to goodness is you-all up to!"

"Now you-all listen to me," wheedled Hester. "Cain't

Lily May an' Ah have something to eat now, so's we can go out an' play. It's so nice an' sunny, Dinah, an' the snow's all melted good and we've had to stay in the house foh so long now."

"Why, bress youah pretty heart, honey," said old Dinah, "of cose ole Dinah'll fix up sumthin' foh you-all."

She befloured her ebony hands and rubbed the dough off quickly and then she disappeared into the pantry. A moment later she appeared with two huge ham sandwiches and some crumbly brown cookies.

"Heah youh is, honey," she exclaimed. "Jest set right up to de kitchen table an' eat to yo' heart's content."

The children ate in silence and then ran up the back stairway just as the rest of the family came down the other stairs. At the top Hester seized Lily May by the hand and pulled her down the hall to Virginia's room.

"Heah's where we'll get ready," she explained. "Now we must hurry, becaise we'll have to be ready befoh they finish breakfast."

She danced excitedly over to her sister's wardrobe, selected a fluffy pink creation and holding it up against her flushed face, glanced at Lily May inquiringly. Lily May clapped her hands and danced up and down.

"Missy Hester," she exclaimed, "you-all look jes' like de angels on mah Sunday School cahds."

Hester nodded brightly and then selected a large plumed black hat and held it against the bright sheen of her golden hair.

"Jes' de thing," shrilled Lily May. "Oh Lawdy, Missy Hester, but you-all will look stunnin'!"

Then she held her hands up to her little black head woefully and said:

"An' what'll Ah wear, Missy Hester, what'll Ah wear! Ah wont look prespecible side ob you-all!"

Hester hesitated a moment and the blue orbs of her eyes deepened with thought. Then she said, softly:

"Of cose, you-all know, Lily May, that it would be moah propah foh you to be dressed very quietly, but seein' as you was bohn with a sign an' everything, Ah think Ah'll let you-all weah Vahginiah's light blue dress—light blue would look be-autiful on you."

The next moment the girls had struggled into the dainty dresses and with many a twist and tug had succeeded in fastening the hooks and eyes, and then stood preening before the mirror.

Hester regarded Lily May a moment with narrowed eyes and then she said:

"Ah think some powdah would improve you-all, Lily May—some pink powdah! Praps youah eyebrows are plenty black—yes, Ah think they are, but some pink powdah an' some rouge on youah lips would make you look so much bettah."

Lily May produced the powder and the rouge can and submitted to a generous application of both. Hester stood back and regarded her handiwork with a connoisseur's eye, and then she admitted slowly, "You-all look quite presentable now, Lily May. Now put on that hat with the big red roses."

Lily May silently obeyed, setting the hat rakishly over one ear and watching Hester with admiring eyes as she placed the huge black hat on her fluff of golden hair.

"You-all's sho a bohn lady, Missy Hester," she exclaimed sadly, as Hester drew on her long white gloves and viewed the combined effect over one shoulder.

"Well, one's ansisters certainly do count," Hester repeated parrot-like,—then swinging about on her heel she examined herself from another angle.

"Ah think we'ah ready now, Lily May," she said absently

and then turning and taking in with a glance the rakish effect of Lily May's hat she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Now what's de mattah?" haughtily exclaimed Lily May, in her pride reaching her nearest approach to a lily.

"'Scuse me, Lily May, but Ah just couldn't help it," explained Hester tipping the hat at an ultra-fashionable angle over Lily May's right ear. "Now you-all look bettah. Come on," she added, carefully leading the way down the hall. Stealthily down the stairs they crept and out the big front door, and then lifting their skirts daintly they set out across the fields toward the "rich new neighbor's" mansion. As they approached the house from the long tree-lined avenue and as the distance shortened between them and the gleaming pillars, their courage oozed perceptibly—particularly so Lily May's, and it was only her repeated admonitions and encouragements that kept Hester in as brave a frame of mind as she was. When at last they stood before the massive door Lily May's courage failed utterly, and Hester had to lift the great iron knocker. As it thudded heavily against the door Hester's heart thudded almost as heavily against her ribs, but she stood with posed calm and awaited the servant. Presently the door swung slowly in and a liveried butler stood stiffly in the door, a card tray extended in his hand.

Hester took a frightened glance at the tray and exclaimed:

"Oh, Ah'm so sorry, but Ah think Ah must have lost my cahds on the way. Praps Ah'd bettah send Lily May to hunt foh them,—but Ah don't hahdly think she'd find them."

If the butler had been the perfect English servant he would have remained absolutely passive, but being a mere darky the inevitable smile had to find its way to the surface, and the smile grew to a broad grin as the two "ladies" swept grandly down the hall and entered the reception room.

Mrs. Wentworth appeared a few moments later, in a soft clinging morning gown, and she smiled widely as she came forward to greet her visitors. Hester translated the smile as one of extreme cordiality, but Lily May, who had seen more of life from its seamy side and who was, therefore, a more keen observer of human nature, considered that it contained more of amusement than anything else.

"Through some error of my butler," Mrs. Wentworth said, smoothly, "your cards did not reach me. Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"Ah'm Miss Hester Wayland, of Wayland Co't," said Hester, "an' this is my—my body guahd."

"Your body guard? Do you find one necessary?"

"Well, one cain't nevah tell," said Hester, seriously, "and anyway, its considahed very propah to have one."

There was a long pause during which Mrs. Wentworth rocked backward and forward and watched the two children with amusement. Presently Hester broke the silence:

"Ah meant to tell you that we-all were just passing this way becaise it was such a be-autiful day," she explained, "but I quite forgot in the excitement of ouah cahds getting lost."

"Well, I'm certainly glad you came," said Mrs. Wentworth, and then she added:

"Will you excuse me a few moments, I wonder? Sambo is going to drive to town this morning and I've a very important letter I must send off. There are some pictures on the table and I'll have Mirandy bring in some eggnog." She smiled and then disappeared through the portieres.

Lily May rolled her eyes.

"Lawdy, Missy Hester, you hain't agwine to drink any ob dat aignog stuff, am you?"

"Why certainly, Lily May," said Hester. "It's pufectly propah."

"Yas'm," said Lily May, but her little black jaw sagged.

A moment later Mirandy appeared with the eggnog and Hester accepted her's daintily while Lily May held on to her glass grimly and gulped the mixture down with determination. Again left alone the children amused themselves with the pictures until suddenly Hester exclaimed.

"Lily May, do you-all feel pufectly well?"

"No'm, Ah don't," said Lily May, miserably.

"Well, wheah do you-all feel bad?"

"Right heah, Missy Hester," and Lily May pointed to her stomach.

"No wheah else?"

Lily May hesitated a moment.

"Well, Ah cain't persactly say mah haid is all right," she whimpered.

"Lily May!" Hester's voice was solemn, "Ah feel persactly the same way. Ah'm fraid to goodness we're drunk."

Lily May shrieked.

"Sh! Do you-all want to disgrace ouah family?" demanded Hester.

"Ah don't kere what happens to de fambly, Missy Hester," whimpered Lily May.

"Oh, Lily May," groaned Hester, "Ah feel just like Ah have to dance!"

"Missy Hester, Missy Hester, what am we agwine to do?"

"Listen, Lily May, I know what we-all have got to do. We've got to go up in de attic and stay until we'ah sobah."

"Oh Lawdy! Up dare wid de cobwebs and spooks. Oh Missy Hester, Ah cain't go."

"Now you-all look aheah, Lily May Sarsaparilly Johnson," exclaimed Hester, "if you-all think Ah'm goin' to ruin the fam'ly name youah mistaken. Now you just come right along," and seizing her by the hand she fairly dragged her into the hall and up the broad stairs. Up, up, they went until breathless and frightened they sank into disconsolate heaps upon the bare attic floor. Then Hester arose and stood commandingly over the heap that was Lily May.

"Lily May!" she commanded.

Lily May jumped to her feet.

"Yas'm."

"Walk that crack!" Hester pointed to a long wide crack running the entire length of the attic.

"Why Missy—"

"Do as I tell you, Lily May!" demanded Hester.

And Lily May walked the crack, a trifle totteringly at first, but gaining confidence until her carriage was just as straight as the line of her march.

Hester clapped her hands jubilantly, her eyes sparkling.

"Ah thought maybe that would save you," she cried. "Why you-all ain't drunk, Lily May. Youah sign saved you."

"Hallelujah!" ejaculated Lily May. "Now cain't you-all walk de crack, Missy Hester?"

But Hester shook her head sadly. "No," she said, "Ah wasn't born with a sign. Why, Lily May, I feel so wobbly—Oh deah, deah! I wondah how long it takes to sleep off a drunk."

"Bout two weeks, Missy Hester," said Lily May, gravely.

"Oh, are you suah—pufectly suah?" gasped Hester.

"Yas'm," said Lily May, positively. "Why de time Henrietta's young gem'man frien' got drunk dey had to keep him in jail two weeks 'foah he was sobah."

"Oh my goodness," groaned Hester. "You-all don't 'spose they'll find me and put me in jail, do you?"

"Ah dunno, Missy Hester. Dey's pretty likely to hunt foh you."

Hester sank on the floor in a dejected heap.

"Oh Lily May, Lily May, what ever will we do? Cain't you-all use youah sign, Lily May?"

Lily May rolled her eyes mysteriously.

"Ah'll tell you-all what Ah'll do," she said, "Ah'll exercise mah sign on you!"

Hester's face brightened.

"Walk dat crack!" commanded Lily May, pointing an ebony finger floorward.

Hester rose uncertainly, lifted her skirts above her shoe tops and tried it. She wobbled a few feet along miserably and then sank to the floor again.

"Ah simply cain't, Lily May," she moaned. "Ah'm as drunk as—as—as a hard boiled egg, and theah's nothing to do but stay up heah in all these cobwebs."

"Missy Hester!"

The jubilant note in Lily May's voice brought Hester to her feet.

"Missy Hester, Ah've got it!" she exclaimed. "Ah'll go home an' tell yo' mammy you-all have gone to stay wid yo' aunt foh two weeks."

Hester clapped her hands.

"Lily May," she exciaimed, "you-all have saved the fam'ly name, an' when Ah die Ah'll leave you my best doll. But praps," she added, "praps it would be bettah foh me to write my mothah a note. Lily May, you-all will have to sneak down stahs an' get me some papah an' a pencil."

"O Lawdy," exclaimed Lily May, "Ah cain't be no buglah!"

"It won't be stealing this time, Lily May," explained Hester. "Leastways I don't see how it will, seein' as its the fam'ly name we'ah savin'. Go on Lily May, an' don't you-all dah to make a soun'!"

Poor Lily May crept down the stairs with fear and trembling and what seemed hours to herself and Hester, returned with a piece of paper, an envelope and a pencil.

Her eyes were nearly popping out of her head as she handed them to Hester.

"Oh Ah hope to goodness my han' doesn't shake when I write," said Hester. Then she wet the lead on the point of her little red tongue and started to write, but Lily May seized her arm.

"Missy Hester, Missy Hester," she exclaimed, "doan' put dat pencil in youah mouf agin. Why doan you-all know de drunk will smell on de papah."

"Goodness, that's so," said Hester, and carefully rubbing off the pencil began again. It was evidently a tax on her ingenuity for she paused often, but the result was all the more satisfactory for her patience. Presently she lifted her head, "How does this soun', Lily May?" she asked:

"Deer Muthah:

"This mohnin I met Aunty on the street an she brot me home with her foh *two weeks.* She sed she wood rite an let you no but I'm afrad she won't have time so I am riting.

your loving doter,

Hester."

"Dat's jes' gran'," applauded Lily May.

"Well, that's the best I can do in my condition," explained Hester, and then handing the note to Lily May she said slowly and impressively:

"Now you-all take that note to my mothah an' don't you let anybody see you come out of this house, an' don't you ansah too many questions—an, oh, Lily May, you'll bring me something to eat when it gets dahk, won't you?"

Lily May shook her head.

"Drunk people cain't eat," she said. "Dey jes' sleeps it off—and de soonah you-all gits to sleep de soonah you'll be sobah."

Hester rolled over on the floor quickly.

"Seems I jus' cain't sleep now," she moaned. "Now hurry up, Lily May, *an' don't ansah many questions!*"

When Lily May's stealthy tread had passed into silence, Hester stared disconsolately at the ceiling. She counted every crack in its surface—she even tried to count the grains of wood. Sounds of the outside world came but dimly to her ears as the far off traffic of a city would penetrate the walls of a dungeon. Thoughts grew vaguer and vaguer and the world seemed to recede into the far distance until finally she slept and dreamed that in some unaccountable way the "family name" was saved.

Suddenly a sound as of falling roofs and shattering windows awoke her and she raised up on her elbow and rubbed her eyes wonderingly—and was sleepily surprised to see Lily May burst breathlessly into the attic.

"Oh Missy Hester, Missy Hester," she cried, between gasps for her breath, "Ah dun couldn't help it, Ah couldn't?"

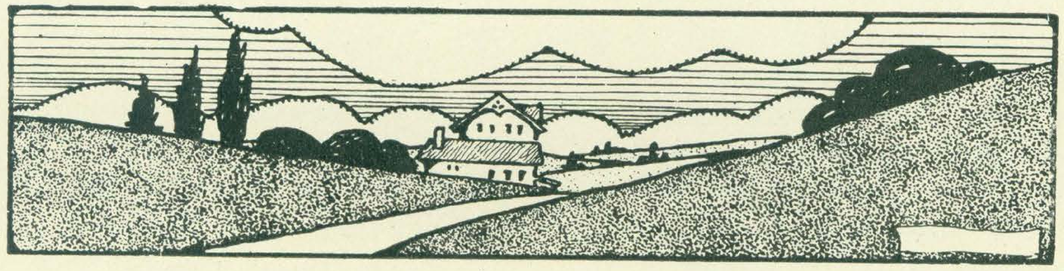
"Couldn't help what, Lily May?" the bewildered Hester asked.

"Help tellin' yo' mammy, honey. She dun wormed it out ob me somehow. She's comin' up de stahs now."

"Lily May! And now the family's disgraced!"

Lily May doubled up like a jack knife.

"Oh Lawdy, Missy Hester," she giggled, "dat's de bery funniest pa't about it. Dat wuthless niggah of a Mirandy down stahs dun tole me dare wan't no whiskey in de aignog at all. Honey,—all dare was in dat stuff was aig—an' milk an' nut-meg—an' a little vanillah—an'—an' de rest was all Christmus Science!"



The Power of Song

SNOW WHITE.

It was one of those delightful spring days, when all the world seems beautiful and happy and you feel as if you want to love everyone and wanted everyone to love you. The cool breeze was gently blowing the wavy brown hair away from the broad handsome forehead of Stanley Glassford, the football "star" and the high school favorite, as he strolled carelessly over the campus of the Glendora High School, with class cap stuck on the back of his head, hands in his pockets and his coat buttoned loose and comfortable in that new, negligee fashion so stylish among the boys. Some fellow just home from college ("flunked") had his buttoned that way, and all the boys followed suit.

"I wish father would let me stop school and go to the city," he was softly mumbling to himself. "I know I could succeed; the only reason why I'd hate to leave is that it would be so hard on mother and Floy; 'Babe' would soon forget me, and father is too busy to care. No one really cares for me outside of them. The folks at school like me because I'm a good ball player and then——"

"Oh Stanley Glassford, so slow to recognize 'me'?" and a fresh, rosy-cheeked young girl, laughed in kindly derision at the thoughtful and serious boy before her.

"Hello there, Floy, is that you? I most humbly beg your pardon, I—I—, well, I was thinking."

"Yes Stanley, I understand." Her voice was low and sweet. "Can't you tell me? Perhaps I can help you," she said sympathetically. "At least I'll try."

"No, Floy, there isn't anything you could do. I was only thinking about leaving school and going to——"

"Leaving school and going away?" She stopped short and looked into his handsome face, to see if he was joking. Finding he was not, she was silent, and if he could have seen her eyes, he might have changed his plans, for they were full of tears, but unfortunately he could not see them, for the long black lashes and white lids hid them from his view.

"Going away," she repeated slowly. "Where are you going, Stanley?"

Stanley was embarrassed, for he had not expected her to take it just this way, in fact he had not planned telling her so soon. Nevertheless he answered manfully:

"It is just like this, Floy, I——"

Here his voice faltered, but he did not lose heart, and went on.

"I want to be up and doing and earning more money. I haven't fully decided yet. I knew you and mother would feel badly about it, but I,—well, you see, I—I haven't fully decided yet. Of course, I'll write to you often if I go." Stanley looked down at her, questioningly, to see if she cared.

"Yes, of course, you can write to me and I'll answer, too. But Stanley, what will become of the 'team,' and the 'J. F. F.' and the literary? And, and,—why Stanley, you just can't go! In two weeks Riverside comes over, and what can the team do, without their little 'quarter,' and their 'Cap.' Think more about it, Stanley, and I know you'll stay. Why, if you have no self-respect, no love for your mother, no school spirit, why, do it for *my* sake. You know how willing and ready every one is to talk."

"Yes, Floy, I know, but—well truly now, Floy, none of the school folks really care for me. A few liked me, and the rest caught the fever. Harry and Charles and Ned, and all the rest are just as popular as me, only they don't play football and you girls like an athlete!"

"Oh, bah! Stanley. You've got the blues, let's not talk about it any more, but it will be *awful* lonesome here without you. Well, good-bye Stanley, I must stop in town and get some ribbon for my for hair tonight, so good-bye until eight."

"Good-bye, Floy."

Stanley walked slowly homeward, never fearing for an instant that any one, but Floy, would know of his secret, unless he told. He must tell his mother. But how could he? She would take it worse than Floy. She would put her arms around him and call him her 'baby boy.' Why, he wasn't a baby, he would be eighteen in eight short months. How did he fix it? Well, we shall see.

That night the train bore a sad, yet happy boy out of the city of Glendora. A sad pitiful good-bye with baby sister and mother, and an affectionate, frank, boyish farewell, after the party, with Floy, and it was over. Mother expected him back the next day, but when day after day passed and he did not come, she began to worry and long for a letter. It came at last, written in an open boyish hand, telling her of his trouble in finding work, then of all his pleasures, and of his friends, for his handsome manly face won him many friends. But in the city, were they the right friends? There was an uncertain ring to the letter that mother did not like, but father said, "Let him stay. Teach him a lesson."

One night the boy sat in his room, thinking of home, when in burst two of his city friends.

"Hello there, Stanley," they said as they came in.

"Hello, yourself," Stanley replied, rather displeased that they should come just now when he was going to write to Floy and mother.

"I say, Glassford, going to the opera tonight? Just thought we'd drop in and take you along with us," said the more talkative of the two.

Stanley was a good boy at heart, but evil companions had drawn him, by their wily ways, to their haunts so often that now, after only two years in the city, he was certainly a "tough."

Days and months flew by as if on wings, and Stanley had begun to think that he had made a great mistake, and longed for home. When he had first arrived in the city he wrote regularly to his mother and Floy; but soon he grew indifferent and ceased to write at all. Stanley had grown into the evil ways of his companions, stifled the voice of conscience, forgotten Floy; and although he had often thought of his mother he had sent her, of late, no word of greeting. The next year he was seen living about the streets and breaking the laws.

One night he sat thinking of his past life, his wild companions,—and home. "Oh, why did I leave home, why did I disobey my father aud break my mother's heart?"

"Go back," said conscience, "they will forgive you."

"Oh! I can't, I can't, I won't!"

"Come on, Glassie, don't sit musing there. It's eight o'clock, and we've a dazy plan on foot," said a gruff voice from the doorway of Stanley's miserable quarters.

* * *

Next morning in the court room there was the usual line of drunks and disorderlies, waiting for the Judge's speech and usual sentence, "To the workhouse." Some of the faces, hardened by sin, gave no suspicion of a former, better life.

"Well, men," the Judge spoke slowly and sorrowfully, "I,"—but he did not finish his sentence, for instinctively every head, including the Judge's turned toward the "cells," whence came the sweet, clear voice of a young girl singing that beautiful song,

"Last night I lay asleeping there came a dream so fair,"

Oh! what a night it had been for them, such horrible dreams and,—but meanwhile the song went on.

"I stood in old Jerusalem, beside a temple there,
I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang,
Me thought the voice of Angels—"

Oh, such a contrast. No words can express the feelings, and emotions betrayed in each sin-hardened face, before the Judge.

Still the song went on, and the Judge gave no order for it to stop, but inquired as to its cause. The Judge's daughter and a friend visiting her from a neighboring town, were singing for an old man, convicted of murder.

"Again, me thought the dream was changed,
New earth there seemed to be.
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea,
The light of God was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter and no one was denied."

The song still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. It was out of the regular order of things, but the Judge sat with his gray head leaning on his hand and gave no order for it to stop.

One poor boy, with wavy brown hair and a handsome face, buried his head in his hands and sobbed,

"Oh, mother, mother!"

A big burly Irishman, near the boy, said, "Have we got to submit to this, Judge? We are here to receive punishment, but this." He, too, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

The song moved grandly on, in its mission, to the close.

"Hosanna in the Highest,
Hark, how the angels sing,
Hosanna, forever more!"

A deathly silence reigned in the court room. All eyes were wet with tears, even to the stern Judge, whose face shone with a new light as with a kind word of advice, and, "May God bless you," he dismissed them all. The heart-broken boy remained. The Judge noticing him walked slowly down to him, and put his arms around his heaving shoulders and kindly said, "My son, go, try once again, trusting in God, and you'll surely succeed."

"Oh, I cannot, I left home three years ago, to seek my fortune, but I failed again and again, and now see what I am."

As they were speaking two young girls came in. Stanley (for it was he) raised his head, as they entered the room. Oh! how cruel of fate. There before him stood Floy, in all her sweet, fresh beauty.

For an instant, pride and friendship fought a terrible battle in her heart, but right won, and for all her eighteen years she ran toward him with hands outstretched saying, "Stanley! Stanley!"

"Floy!"

Those Suffragettes

"Be sure to vote early, dear," reminded her husband as he hastened out the door to catch his car that morning. "Remember, the polls close at six o'clock," he added as a testy warning.

Like the dutiful housewife she was, she set about her morning's work with deftness, for that must be done before she would *think* of going to the polls. This delicious, new right of hers must in no way interfere with her home. "Hubby" first, politics afterward!

At nine o'clock the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Harriman-Champ Clark-Smith.

"Voted yet?" she called. "I was the first woman there and you should have seen the mob of newspaper photographers on the scene," she chattered. "You want to be sure to vote for a *dry* town—of course you *will*—but be careful not to make a mistake by pressing the wrong button—you know this temperance question is the big issue of the day. A dry town, a dry town, I say! Down with the sopping taps that undermine our young men to the very mire and infamy of the city!"

"Exactly right," affirmed Mrs. Blair, trying to edge in a remark without collision.

"Right! I should say so! And yet this city teems with pie-faced bleats whose rum-blossom noses will pry into the very earthworks of our campaign for a moral community. Smash the villains! Oh me! Oh my!"

Here she paused for breath and Mrs. Blair pounced upon the opening like a martyr. For the first time she felt the true spark of suffrage. Ah! She had suddenly become a living part of the polls! She must rally to this noble cause without delay; which she did by quickly and tactfully hanging up the receiver before another outburst might detain her.

The spectacular part of it all filled her mind—the novelty, the child's play of simply pressing a button, or levers, or whatever one called the things; and the delight of returning home a VOTER! These thoughts, together with her home duties, were so engrossing that she gave no serious heed to the volley of "suffragette politics" that had really set her in motion. It would be all so easy and thrilling! Only one slight precaution stood in her way—she must remember not to make a slip and rashly vote "wet" instead of "dry."

Almost before she knew it the grocer came. As he set down a bottle of vinegar upon the kitchen table, his face became serious. He scratched his head for a moment.

"If this town goes dry, it—it'll be hard times," he said ominously.

Mrs. Blair half swayed toward him with unfeigned attention, her pretty hands clasped eagerly.

"Hard times?" she breathed, in her usual coaxing manner.

"You bet! It'll be oncommon hard on everybody; taxes 'll go up with saloon-license revenue cut off; folks 'll be thrown out of work—scores of 'em; and men 'll simply choke in the summer. Now, I ain't no drinker, you understand, but mark me if it won't be a sorry lot here! Take, for instance, them O'Tooles over there. He can't do anything but tend bar; and with the bar closed—Lord! what 'll become of the family? Six little O'Tooles all a-cryin' for victuals and none comin' in. It's a bi-ig proposition, I tell you!"

A shadow of uncertainty settled between Mrs. Blair's brows, for she was face to face with the startling fact that the question might have two sides.

"Why, er—it *is* a big problem," she replied, controlling

herself admirably. Compassion for the O'Tooles filled her heart. She bit her lip doubtfully. She was one of those little "wifey" women who have implicit faith in the judgment of their worthy spouse, whether or not those beings are blest with imperial brains and common sense. Oh, Jack! If only he were here! What did *he* think?

Feverishly she prepared luncheon for "precious." At the stroke of twelve she walked to the gate to wait for him. Fifteen minutes passed; still no Jackie. Horrors! Now she remembered. He was not coming home for lunch today—"Business too urgent." Should SHE go to HIM? He might think her foolish. In this state of excitement he certainly should. No, she would not make a goose of herself. She would thrash it out alone!

All afternoon she thrashed. But her brains were not accustomed to working independently and she made no headway. Five o'clock came. The polls would close at six. Only one hour left! She put on her hat and gloves and sat down, in affected calmness, to wait for Jack. A quarter of six! Mercy! She started down the street. One continuous watch to see if Jack were coming yet—and—the car slipped by! Oh, well, he might come while she was waiting for the next.

But Jack did not come. She reached the polls without meeting him. At last her mind was made up! She would vote "wet." She walked up to the booth proudly.

"Too late," snapped the clerk. "Six-two," looking at his watch. "Sorry."

She turned away with shame. For a moment her wounded body tottered and then—no! she would *not* faint. The papers would make a glaring headline of it, and then Jack would know. As she wandered homeward her thoughts ran glibly. What if the town should stay "wet"?—she thought of Mrs. Harriman-Champ Clark-Smith. But if it should go dry? Well, she could not help it. She had nothing to do with that.

Supper was hardly started when Jack came home.

"Hungry as a bear," he said, in his big, breezy way that she generally admired.

"Supper isn't ready," she volunteered with her back turned toward him. "I had to go to the polls."

Jack took her in his arms with a mighty hug.

"My little wifey a voter!" he exclaimed with genuine admiration.

She nestled quietly against his shoulder for some seconds to hide the blush.

"Jack," she asked faintly, "which way did you vote, 'wet' or—'dry'?"

"Dry, of course!" he blurted out frankly.

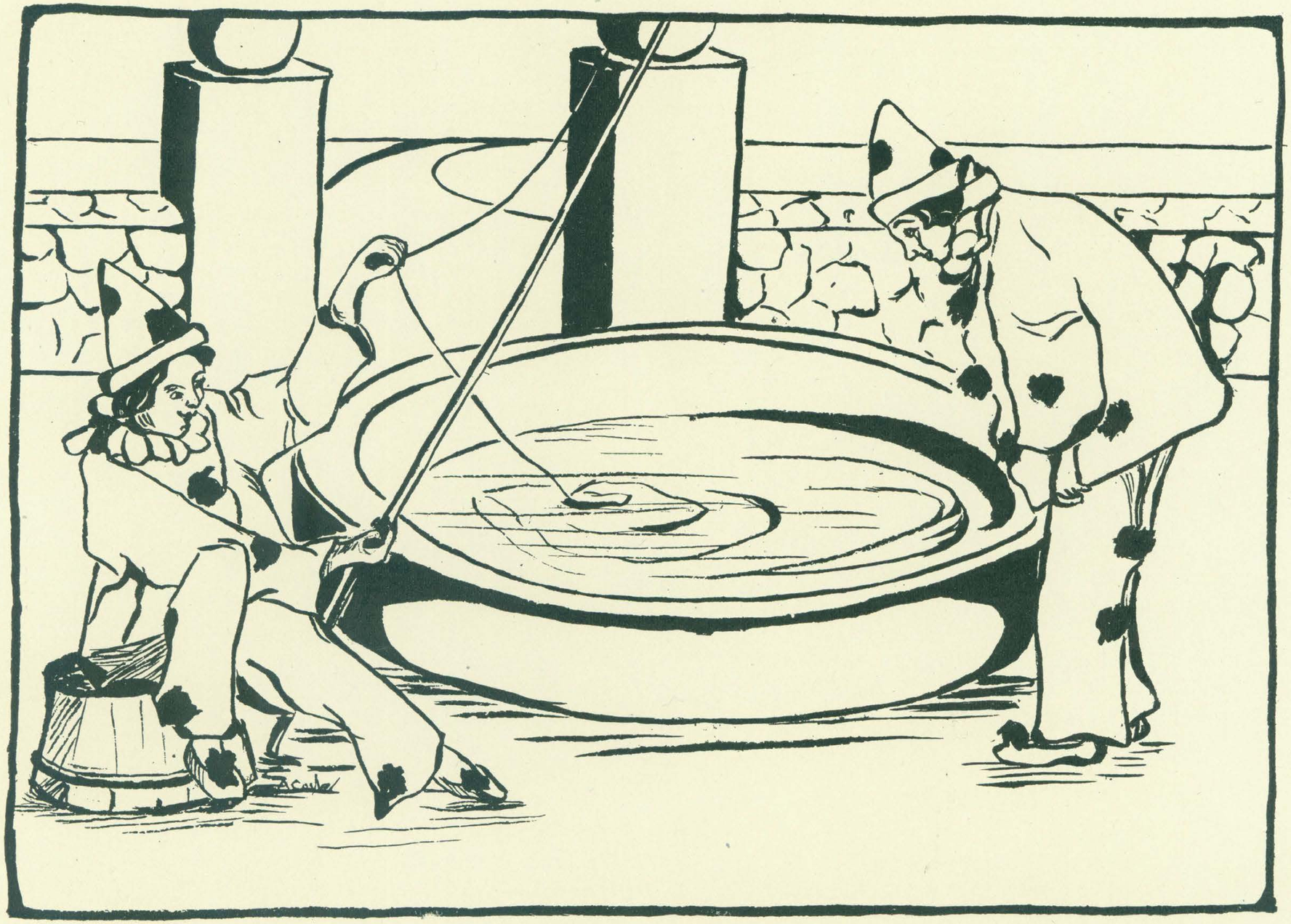
There was a flutter of delight that she could not conceal.

"Good!" Her vote—or failure to vote—had not offset his worthy voice in the way in which the town should go, but she did not tell him *that*.

VIOLA GANDRUP.



Joshes



The ones who think our jokes are poor
  Would straightway change their views,
Could they compare the jokes we print
  With those that we refuse.



OUR MALE CHORUS.

(First Eruption.)

We're the beauty chorus of the Normal School,
And wherever we go we rule,
Teachers like us so, though we little know;
We surely are what you call the rage.
When we children teach, they cannot reach
All the brilliant (?) lessons that we give;
Keep them after school, give the Golden Rule;
Then they think us, oh, very smart.

CHORUS.

Isn't it lovely to be all the rage,
Isn't it splendid to be such a sage,
How would you like to be the faculty's pet?
Think of the compliments you don't get, get, get,
Picture one boy for ev'ry forty-five girls,
Crowding around with their pretty faces and curls;
Don't think it's easy to be a Normal Boy,
But it's perfectly magnificent to be all the rage!

MAIL CHORUS.

To Be Sung by The Library.

Any mail, any mail, any mail for me,
Oh say, is it my name there you see?
Oh please tell me in a hurry,
My poor heart's in such a flurry.

Any mail, any mail, any mail for me,
Oh say, is it my name you see?
For I'm feeling pretty blue,
My rent bill is due,
Any mail, any mail, any mail for me?

PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT.

Picture Doc. Dailey in another school,
Picture Miss McKenzie riding a mule,
Picture Miss Payne eating blackberry pie,
Picture Mrs. Rousseau winking her eye,
Picture Miss Royce saying, "Talk as loud as you like!"
Picture Miss Beal riding a bike,
Picture Prof. Bland without his skull cap,
Picture Miss Howe in a green spring hat,
Picture Miss Nicholson wearing red,
Picture Miss Bradley looking dead;
Picture Miss McFadden eating green candy,
Picture Prof. Baker a dandified dandy,
Picture Prof. Wilson without his smile,
Picture Miss Kinney running a mile,
Never fear, Reader, and do not faint,
For these are pictures no artist can paint.

Fay Kear to Snow White (her room-mate)—"I do wish you wouldn't sing that song about 'falling dew.'"

S. W.—"Why, dearest?"

F. K.—"It reminds me too much of the house rent."

W. Schlein—"Um—ah—er—er—ah—er—"

Jeweler (to assistant)—"Bring that try of engagement rings here, John."

Walter, Walter, who is it this time? Naughty boy!



Perfectly satisfied.



Becoming Americanized.



Cleaning day in our family.



A sure cure
for the blues.



This is a
good plan.



The long and the
short of it.



Our
Normal Poet.



Our
Dissecting Friend.



And so it
"Comes In."

W. Kammerer—"I think Clover is a pretty good-looking dill. Eh, what?"

——— ——— —"Huh! good-looking! She must have been in the cellar when the good looks were handed out."

——— ——— we're surprised at you!

DON'TS FOR SENIORS.

1. DON'T fail to tell your prospective Board of Supervisors what a hit you made with the teachers at S. N. S.

2. DON'T think you can bum out of a teacher's meeting even if you do have a drag with the faculty. Remember Postum. "There's a Reason."

3. DON'T fail to visit the Library when you come back. Also, talk and laugh as loud as you please. Miss Royce loves to hear your sweet voices. (? ! ! ? x !)

4. DON'T forget to sit on the platform when you visit us. It's good form, and we like to look at your perfectly good willow plumes.

5. DON'T forget, when you teach the first day in your first school wear your "bestest party dress," velvet pumps, silk stockings, and a sweet grin. (Do you get us, Stena?)

6. Don't fail to heed this advice. We know. "Nuf sed."

Blessing on thee, Dailey man,
Handsome boy with cheeks of tan.
Nice red flower in buttonhole;
Great and good and big of soul,
From our hearts we give thee cheer
Dailey man, we thee revere.

(Apologies to Longfellow with hopes he will not turn in his grave.)

MORE PICTURES N. A. C. P.

Picture Alta Cheatkam trying to bum,
Picture Irene Weisbaum without a "dear chum."
Picture Jennie Eichwald doing a high jump,
Picture B. Shillingsburg "looking a frump."
Picture Bill Kircher without a sweet girl,
Picture Mary MacDermott with her hair in a curl,
Picture Mary Eckles queening on the "quad,"
Picture Bright Street using the rod.
"Don't Wurry," Readers, and save your complaint,
Also, these are pictures no artist can paint.

Mr. Wood (illustrating why we should love nature)—"I don't want anyone to love me because *I* want them to. I want to *be so attractive* they can't help but love me." (We got yuh, Steve!)

DON'TS FOR JUNIORS.

DON'T do today what you have to do tomorrow.

DON'T try to bluff the teachers—they have a State Board behind them.

DON'T tell what a hit you made in your home town. Get busy and make a hit here.

DON'T study later than 12 o'clock. It means bad dreams.

DON'T for the love of Pete, forget the motto "Beware of ex's."

DON'T forget to look wise, although you know nothing.

DON'T be afraid of the Seniors. They were green last year.

DON'T, oh we beg of you, ask why the palms were planted "that way in the quad." *Possibly*, the gardener knew his business.

PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR BABY SHOW



Flora Beal,
"Ain't 'oo coot?"



Lil' Mawruss
Dailey,
Age, Thin.



Carolyn Bradley,
"Mellin's Food
Baby."



Ida Fisher,
Musical Progidy.

If you have some gum to chew,
Chew it now!
If you have a friend to do,
Do him now.
While the others stand and wait
You can reach the Golden Gate,
Do it now, do it now, do it now!

We have little to will you, Juniors, but we leave you our best (one of our 57 varieties.)

To you, oh dear Juniors
We leave you our will,
As grave reverend Seniors
You'll cherish it still.
You realize, Juniors, we mean you no ill
When we leave to your mercies the good Russell Dill.

Of all the girls that in Normal do toil,
"Our Addie," said the boys, "is really the goil,"
With a gleam in her eye,
She shyly asked why,
Could it be because she was so "Coy-le"?

TO MISS HOWE.

If you're thinking of making that ex. in Mace harder
So's to stick a poor Senior and dampen her ardor,
And keep her from being a "Grad" (Heaven guard her!)
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Mrs. George (speaking of Mrs. Cabot, author of "Everyday Ethics")—"She is a remarkably brilliant woman. Just look at her appendix and see how brilliant she is."

Sedgwick (to Onyett, who is pouring a bottle of ink into his cap)—"For the love of Mike, Onyett, what are you doing?"
Onyett—"Straining the ink, you boob."

Every time my card goes roun'
The teachers jot a pretty P down.
Makes no difference how I houn'
That string of P's will hang aroun'.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Any Old Grammar.
General appearance—Very attractive.
Binding—Color of the "ship of battered hopes."
Printing—Taken after model by Slim McGlin.
Grade—A suitable book for D. D. S. Vets, University grads, also for the blind.
Remarks—This book is remarkable in that it takes 132 pages to define nothing. It is the cause of many "studes" downfall.

Mace—This book came to us so badly battered and torn, that it is impossible for us to review it. We hope for another edition of these Classical Myths soon.

Syllabus of History of Ed.—General appearance—Deceiving, it looks perfectly harmless!

Print—We are unable to describe it.
Grade—Excellent for third and fourth year—before Death.
Remarks—This book is most assuredly too expensive. It uses more gas and midnight oil than any other volume at S. N. S. It ought to be eliminated.

DEFINITIONS.

CORRIDORS—A bad place to hide when cutting classes. Take our advice, the cellar is safer.

STUDENT BODY FEES—Kerplunks which Normal "Studes" fall all over themselves trying to pay. They love to do it. (! x ? !)

DR. DAILEY—Man who originated the saying, "We will now sing a classical song written by one of our talented

faculty. Miss Sprague, arise, and bow." (Applause.)

CHORAL PRACTICE—The editor cannot discover just *what* Choral Practice means. It has something to do with whispering in the rear of Assembly Hall.

THIRD HOUR—Hour after Assembly. All classes crowded. We wonder why.

APPERCEPTIVE BASIS—Ask Miss Rowell.

Heard on the Pilgrimage to Joaquin Miller's Home.

D. H.—"Oh! look at those gophers holes."

A. C.—"Gopher holes nothing! Those are Mr. Barker's footsteps."

HERE cometh, yet again, ye WISE and WITTY SENIOR, from HER accustomed HAUNTS in the TRAINING SCHOOL, BENT and BROKEN with the CARES of TWO YEARS LABOR, soon to CEASE;—

HERE SHE cometh to you, SISTER JUNIOR, with GOOD INTENT, DECLARING and PROCLAIMING:—

THAT—The new Normal building, having a thousand eyes, t'were unwise to cut Choral Practice.

THAT—Dr. Dailey hath the fate of ye Juniors in his SMALL RIGHT HAND. Methinks, a word to the wise is ENOUGH.

THAT—Since the enrollment of Milords is increasing with alarming rapidity it Behooves Miladies to anchor their hearts to something more stable than their sleeves.

THAT—It is Woe unto the "Stude" who sits around around for something to turn up. Something does turn up, the Landlady with a Bill for Board and Lodging.

STUDY THIS CAREFULLY.

Did you know that Mrs. Rous-seaus Dailey for a Nicholson? She does, and as she works her little niece Vivian sits by her studying her English with a Bland smile on her face. "A girl lost her doll down the well today and had to Fisher her out," she said. Just then she heard a dog and was frightened. "Don't be afraid, he's probably only a Barker. You take this money and go up to the Baker on the Hill and get him something to eat. Howe(ver) don't be long." "Uncle Wilson is out there, Kinney go too?" "Yes, but hurry."

THE GRADUATE.

SHE.

Now comes the gentle graduate
To make her graceful bow,
To point our highest duties out
And tell us why and how.
She clears all knotty points away
Concerning state affairs—
Her pa is wondering how he'll pay
For the costly gown she wears.

HE.

The graduate in glory stands,
His college course complete,
His brilliant thesis in his hands,
The whole world at his feet.
He little guesses as he lets
These words of wisdom fall,
He'll never see the time again
When he will know it all.—Ex.

JUST THE GRAMMAR.

There was a young lady from Kent,
Whose grammar was terribly bent;
She said to her flame,
"I'm glad you have came,
"But I'll miss you so much when you went "

We know her quite well, and a blunder
Of hers often rends us asunder;
    She said—this is true—
    "I seen what to do,
And I done it"—now ain't she a wonder?

She spends lots of time with a book,
Historical, trashy, or cook,
    And she says: "I enjoy
    Readin' books, my dear boy,
'Cause they learn me so much." Get the hook!

"Between you and I," she would say,
"I have saw the world in my day,
    I hain't got no use
    For the ignorant goose
Who don't know how to speak the right way."

This lady is short and quite fat,
In her hair she wears a big "rat."
    'Twas stolen one day
    And I heard her say,
"It just wonders me who done that."

Ex.

THE WINNING SONG.

The Latest Tragic Ballad "Am I Dreaming."

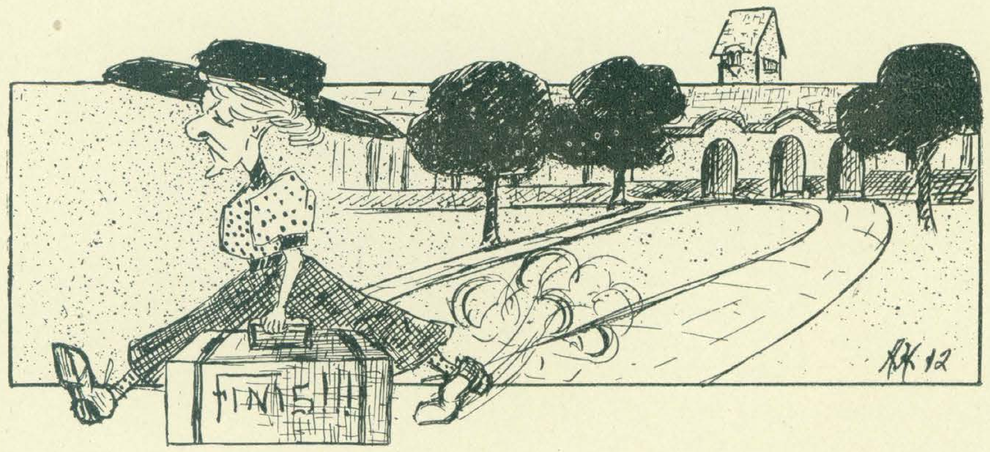
(Dedicated to poor Normal Students.)

(First Explosion.)

Am I dreaming when I hear that Miss Howe
Doesn't give Mace to her classes now?
Am I dreaming when I hear the greeting
That there are no longer any teachers' meetings?
That books don't have to be back first hour?
That Doctor Dailey wears a cauliflower?
Am I dreaming but to waken, oh, too soon?

(Second Explosion.)

Yes, you're dreaming, for Mace is still given,
And history pupils have their brains riven,
You must still to teachers' meetings go;
In fact, Doctor Schallenberger told me so.
So get next and don't deceive yourself,
Turn over and relieve yourself,
A pipe dream you've been having, nothing more.



Directory

A

Aiken, Ruby V.----------Morgan Hill
Anderson, Julia E.----------St. Helena
Allard, Florence----------900 E St., Eureka
Ames, Georgia----------Centerville
Alley, Clara V.----------Upper Lake, Calif.
Adams, Mary----------740 Sixth St., Oakland

B

Bunds, L. Genevieve----------Milton, Calif.
Buchanan, Rhea----------Exeter, Calif.
Baldwin, Helen Stanley----------Niles, Calif.
Bryant, Hazel Gladys----------Clements, Calif.
Bailey, Bertha C.----------Mountain View, Calif.
Bell, Charlotte----------Garden City Sanitarium, San Jose
Bodenschatz, Ruth----------Jackson Ave., San Jose
Brown, Florence----------Concord, Calif.
Burgess, Zoe----------Gilroy, Calif.
Brown, Cora----------Camas, Wash.
Beckwith, Lora----------Tulare County, Calif.
Burum, Gertrude----------Dinuba, Tulare County, Calif.
Baker, Myrtle----------Tulare County, Calif.
Burchett, Pearl D----------218 Lincoln Ave., Salinas.
Broderick, Hazel----------443 Fifth St., Eureka
Burleigh, Mary E.----------76 Fuller Ave., San Jose
Baldwin, Elizabeth----------Washington Ave., San Jose
Ball, Roberta----------Sonora, Calif.
Bond, Lulu----------267 Broadway, Santa Cruz
Baker, Lillie----------1385 Lewis St., Santa Clara
Brown, Alice----------430 Fourth St., Marysville
Bock, Shirley----------Tomales, Marin County

C

Cadwell, Prudence----------Evergreen, Calif.
Corcoran, Aleta----------99 S. Lincoln Ave., San Jose
Conrad, Mattie----------Morgan Hill, Calif.
Cheatam, Alta I.----------Los Banos, Calif.
Cooper, Jennie----------1121 Johnson St., Red Bluff
Clayton, Grace----------N. Fifth St., San Jose
Coyle, Adelene----------528 S. Second St., San Jose
Cox, M. Ellen----------Box 96, Ben Lomond

D

Dependener, Lulu----------Bowman, Placer County, Calif.
Day, Edna Irene----------3926 Orange Ave., Sacramento
Dyke, Manna S.----------404 Everett Ave., Palo Alto
Dopkins, Emma----------Dinuba, Calif.
Dick, Ethel E.----------Jacksonville, Oregon
Dickinson, Sadie----------4190 Lexington St., Santa Clara
Dykmans, Nettie----------227 S. Fourth St., San Jose
Danielson, Josephine C.----------464 S. Seventh St., San Jose
Dabelich, Elsie----------149 Locust St., Santa Cruz
De Martini, Lisa----------Pacheco, Contra Costa County
Doolittle, Gladys E.----------426 Flora St., Stockton
Dickey, Mrs. Grace----------Dunsmuir, Siskiyou County
Davies, Bertha A.----------Dunsmuir, Calif.

E

Ehmann, Madelaine----------Box 94, Pacific Grove
East, Grace A----------Newark, Calif.
Eustice, Olive----------Gilroy, Calif.
Eckles, Mary----------Cupertino, Calif.
Eichwald, Jennie----------151 S. Whitney St., San Jose

F

Faris, Nona----------Buhl, Idaho
Flory, Marie S.----------R. R. No. 1, Porterville, Calif.
Fablinger, Winifred----------Campbell, Calif.
Fischer, Anna M.----------1413 Broad Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Foss, Wilma----------458 Lake House Ave., San Jose
Field, Nell M.----------360 Ashbury St., San Jose
Farley, Phoebe----------Campbell, Calif.
Foss, Wilma E.----------458 Lake House Ave., San Jose
Fritch, Laura----------Boulder Creek, Calif.

G

Gagliardo, Genevieve----------156 Spencer Ave., San Jose
Gamble, Marian S.----------Cupertino, Calif.
Guerin, Lucille Marie----------16 Redwood St., Santa Cruz
Grundy, Emma G.----------Modesto, Calif.
Gallaway, Crystal----------Healdsburg, Cal.

H

Hutton, Ethel B.----------Dixon, Solano County, Calif.
Hill, Edna M.----------2626 Jay St., Sacramento
Halliday, Florence----------Pt. Arena, Mendocino County
Harding, Lois E.----------17 Van Ness Ave., Santa Cruz
Holmes, Vena----------Madison, Yolo County

Hughes, Lenore----------66 S. First St., San Jose
Hayes, Maude----------Cupertino, Calif.
Hart, Cora E.----------Modesto, Calif.
Hoag, Edith----------Fowler, Fresno County
Hinkle, Roena V.----------122 Mission St., Santa Cruz
Holden, Emma G.----------Redwood City, San Mateo County
Hart, Mabel I.----------Modesto, Calif.
Hoerl, Hazel----------1128 S. Stanislaus St., Stockton
Hills, Helen C.----------1416 Montgomery St., Oroville
Hunn, Dorothy----------399 Hobson St., San Jose
Hunter, Julia----------Hames, Calif.

I

Inge, Frances----------Walnut Grove, Sacramento

J

Johnson, Esther M.--------531 Lighthouse Ave., Pacific Grove
Johnson, Edna----------2607 Jay St., Sacramento
Johnson, Ruth L.----------658 Stockton Ave., San Jose
Jones, Edith F.----------Colusa, Calif.
Jones, Nellie----------Rumsey, Yolo County
Jackson, Goldia----------Fortuna, Calif.

K

King, Ruth----------R. F. D. 2, Petaluma
Kear, Fay M.----------Unity, Baker County, Oregon
Kruft, Ida----------2810 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley
King, Florence----------Hollister, Calif.
Kircher, Wm J.----------San Jose, Calif.
Keon, Edna----------1438 N. Center St., Stockton
Karsten, Pearl L.----------760 S. Eighth St., San Jose
Krumlinde, Rose G.----San Miguel, San Luis Obispo County
Kane, Styleta----------151 Maple Ave., Watsonville

L

Lake, Lottie J.----------395 S. Ninth St., San Jose
Loughridge, Myrtle----------802 Summer St., Eureka
Libbey, Rachael----------1130 N. Sutter St., Stockton
Lyman, Mabel----------246 S. Third St., San Jose
Lind, Ellen A.----------Albion, Mendocino County, Calif.
Locke, Alma C.----------Lockford, San Joaquin Co., Calif.
Lindblom, Hilda E.----------543 S. Ninth St., San Jose
Lester, Hazel----------Lincoln Ave., San Jose
Lacey, Beulah----------Independence, Calif.
Lawlor, Mary Eva----------Lakeport, Calif.
Ludwig, Etta----------Escalon, Calif.

M

McDermott, Mary F.----------Los Altos, Calif.
McCurdy, Hazel,----------Box 489, Eureka
Miller, Harry V.----------Morgan Hill
Mattison, Eva M.----------410 Seventeenth St., Pacific Grove
Maggetti, Leila A.----------R. F. D. 1, Fresno
Meyer, Lillian----------Jenny Lind, Calaveras County
Maynard, Sue Davis----------135 S. Fourteenth St., San Jose
McLellan, Bernice----------R. F. D. No. 3, Watsonville
Mulcahy, Vera----------556 E. St. John, San Jose
McDermott, Marguerite----------324 N. Eighth St., San Jose
Merrill, Flora----------420 E. Rose St., Stockton
McCrone, Georgia----------189 S. Third St., San Jose
Mignon, Louise----------104 Race St., San Jose
McCune, Edith----------Ashland, Oregon
Morrison, Adelaide----------400 E. San Salvador, San Jose
Moore, Nydia----------Yuba City, Calif.
McKeon, Elizabeth----------1516 Seventeenth St., Eureka
Miller, Clara R.----------600 S. Ninth St., San Jose
Miller, Agnes----------600 S. Ninth St., San Jose
McCann, Della----------1329 Bay St., Eureka
Miano, M. Arizona----------22 S. Tenth St., San Jose
McCurdy, Eula----------411 Waverly St., Palo Alto
Mulley, Ella M.----------Fortuna, Humboldt County, Calif.
Maxwell, Grace----------Dixon, Calif.
Musgrave, Majorie----------1317 Douty St., Hanford
Murray, Isabel----------1625 G St., Eureka
McIntosh, Josephine----------Mayfield, Calif.
Moore, Vivian----------Gilroy, Calif.

N

Newman, Marion----------Dinuba, Tulare County, Calif.
Nobs, Sophia H.----------Redwood City, Calif.
Nesbitt, Letitia----------351 S. Eleventh St., San Jose
Norton, Olive----------122 S. Whitney St., San Jose

O

Oswald, Geraldine----------1217 Market St., Santa Clara
O'Keefe, Maxine----------1121 Solano Ave., Vallejo, Calif.
Oakes, Erma Belle----------Ben Lomond, Calif.

P

Peterson, Mildred----------R. D. No. 4, Santa Rosa, Calif.
Pease, Ester W.----------216 Mills St., Madison, Wis.
Patison, Zetta----------Gilroy, Calif.
Phelps, Ethel----------Stanford University, Calif.
Perry, Olive A.----------406 Lincoln Ave., Watsonville

Q

Quick, Hazel M.----------Watsonville, Calif.

R

Reynolds, Mabel L.----------604 N. Redington St., Hanford
Rickard, Elsie----------Sebastopol, Sonoma County
Reager, Hazel----------Orland, Calif.
Ryan, Loretta----------2235 Tydd St., Eureka
Reames, Florence----------2503 Regent St., Berkeley
Russell, Grace G.----------2638 Nineteenth Ave., Oakland
Rogers, Jessie Leona----------Winters, Yolo County Calif.
Rodda, Alma----------Bank St., Grass Valley

S

Shillingsburg, Sarah----------274 S. Fourteenth St., San Jose
Smith, Barbara J.----------323 E. Arrelaga St., Santa Barbara
Sloss, Mary----------585 Willow St., San Jose
Siemon, Margaret----------Bay Point, Contra Costa County
Smith, Violet----------483 Magnolia Ave., San Jose
Strange, Frances----------Lodi, Calif.
Shillington, Madge E.----------Fortuna, Calif.
Shafer, Flora M.----------Ashland, Oregon
Silvey, Vera----------Willows, Glenn County
Sedgwick, C. G.----------391 S. Fifth St., San Jose
Street, C. Bright----------Sebastopol, Calif.
Smith, Ruth B.----------Marysville, Calif.
Smith, Alta G.----------650 N. Fifteenth St., San Jose
Sharpe, Helen G----------Box 8, Niles, Calif.
Smith, Olive M.----------Lakeport, Lake County, Calif.
Sabin, Margaret A.----------St. Helena, Napa County, Calif.
Sutter, Weldy----------East Auburn, Calif.
Sinclair, Helen----------1207 E St., Eureka
Showers, Irene----------135 W. Simpson St., Eureka
Shillington, Kate----------Fortuna, Humboldt County, Calif.
Seaton, Eleanor----------College City, Colusa County, Calif.
Stark, Myrtle----------Winters, Yolo County, Calif.
Smith, Adelle----------Angels, Calaveras County, Calif.
Sims, Lila----------Winters, Yolo County, Calif.
Smith, Blanche D.----------Dos Palos, Merced County, Calif.
Stebbins, Mildred Belle----------476 S. Fifth St., San Jose
Sutcliffe, Winifred----------Morgan Hill, Calif.
Sawyer, Matie----------Campbell, Calif.
Sears, Ada----------R. F. D. No. 3, San Jose
Sinnott, Aloyse H.----------1413 Broad Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Stevenson, May----------W End Liberty St., Santa Clara

T

Taylor, Frances----------Aptos, Santa Cruz County, Calif.
Tarke, Anna M.----------West Butte, Sutter County, Calif.
Taulbee, Ruby----------628 First St., Napa, Calif.
Thornburg, Ada----------Turlock, Calif.
Tatterson, Laura M.----------147 W. Park St., Stockton
Turner, Ada----------Morgan Hill, Calif.
Thorne, Claudia----------Hanford, Kings County, Calif.

U

Updike, Grace----------Modesto, Calif.

V

Van Artsdalen, Maryland----------230 S. Fourth St., San Jose
Voss, Anna K.----------Mark West, Sonoma County, Calif.
Veuve, Elizabeth----------314 N. First St., San Jose

W

Willson, Anna Belle K.----------1136 Locust St., San Jose
Westmeyer, Lillian----------Los Angeles
Watson, Eunice----------P. O. Box 489 Eureka
Worrall, M. Eoline----------1085 Santa Clara St., Santa Clara
Wilson, Icile Alice----------Saratoga, Calif.
Wilson, Mary A.----------R. F. D. 1, Box 168, Lodi, Calif.
Walker, Julia A.----------317 S. Second St., San Jose
Williamson, Margaret J.----------Box 288, Davis
Winter, Emma----------1414 T St., Sacramento
Wilson, Margaret M.------Los Banos, Merced County, Calif.
Watts, Zella F.----------Angiola, Tulare County, Calif.
Weber, Irene S.----------2896 Folsom St., San Francisco
Wood, Marjory----------829 E. Nineteenth St., Oakland
West, Hazel----------545 E. St. John St., San Jose
White, Grace B.----------Oleander, Fresno County, Calif.
Waldo, Lucile I.----------280 Commercial St., Auburn, Calif.

Advertisements

IN CALIFORNIA

Dorothy—How are you going to vote in the coming Presidential election, dear?

Hortense—In my new brown tailor suit with the fur trimmings. How are you?

George—You know I asked Miss De Gould to let me see her home.

Milroy—What did she say?

George—She said certainly; come around in the daytime and have a good look at it.

A GOOD RESOLUTION

"I'm going to make light of my troubles this year."

"That so?"

"Yes, burn my bills as fast as they come."

"Eavesdropping," exclaimed Adam, as his wife tumbled out of the fig tree.

CONVENIENT

To me, the way the mountaineer
Prepares his food, is strange;
He told me that he always cooks
Upon the mountain range.

At **THE BAND BOX**
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You will find the **Royal Hats**
FOR LADIES

Rudolph's
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JEWELRY

Repairing a Specialty

112 South First Street

Roberts & Gross

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods

and Women's Furnishings

52 and 54 South First St., San Jose

QUERY

Hope—Paw, does the state keep animals?
Paw—No, sonny.
Hope—Then what are all these state seals I hear about?

Bank President—But why do you wish to work in a bank?
Serious Youth—I believe there's money in it.

CASHED IN

The oldest inhabitant had died of apoplexy while sitting on the counter of the country store.

"Did he die a natural death?" inquired a dropper-in.

"No; counter-fit," drawled the storekeeper.

Newlywed—My wife took a domestic science course.
Friend—And you?
Newlywed—I took ill.

MODERN EDUCATION

Teacher (reading)—"Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Why was that so, Willie?

Willie—Because there were no individual drinking cups.

Judge—I'll give you your choice,—ten days or twenty-five dollars.

Prisoner—If there's no objection, Your Honor, I'll take the twenty-five.

COULDN'T BLUFF HIM

Stern Mamma—Young man, the milkman is beginning to make his rounds, the day is breaking, and the roosters are beginning to crow.

Harry Stalate—How punctual is nature in her workings.

LITTLE SURPRISES

"Mister, your gas bill is so little this month that we'll tack it on to next month's statement. Good day."

"Match? Certainly; here's a box of 'em. Stick it in your pocket."

"Dear Sukie: I am sorry to say I shall be unable to visit you this summer, as contemplated. AUNT HESTER."

"Mr. Swineford, this is the last month's salary you will ever receive from us. We are going to take you into the firm."

"All I want, young man, is a pair of shoes that fit me; I don't care how big they are."

"That was the worse cigar I ever tried to smoke, Duban, but I voted for you just the same."

A prof who was busted for $
Was forced to quit wearing clean c;
Till one of his section
Took up a collection
And gathered the price from his $c.

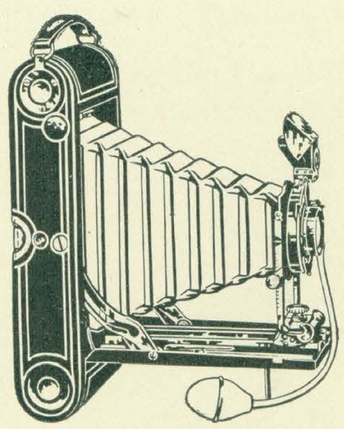
GRADUATION GIFTS

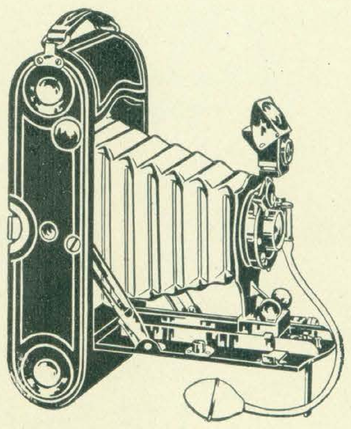
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SILVER WARE CUT GLASS
and many other numerous articles

143 South First Street

Phone, San Jose 3846 **SAN JOSE CAL.**

CASTING THE DIE

Reporter—There were a couple of peroxide blondes at the Field Day who seemed to be slightly intoxicated.

City Editor—Put this head on your story: "Bleachers Full at Track Meet."

"Did you notice that fellow at the Orpheum right opposite us?"

"That good looking fellow with the tan suit and red necktie? No, why?"

SURE

Hugh—Funny thing!
More—What!
Hugh—Latin's all Greek to me.

AT THE CHURCH SOCIAL

"He was one man in a hundred."
"How brave!"
"Yes—all the rest were women."

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MAYNARD'S 114-116 SOUTH FIRST STREET

MADE ENOUGH NOISE

Mr. Graduate—Wish that kid would shut up.

Mrs. Graduate—Why, I do believe our little man is destined for a yell leader.

PROBABLY

Idee—I hear the Chinese are doing away with their queues.

Otic—Must be trying to simplify their spelling.

Janitor—Say, missis, doan' dat feller up in No. 16 evah do wuk ?

Landlady—Nope; guess he must be one of them idle rumors I hear folks talkin' about.

THEN SHE WENT HOME TO MOTHER

Mrs. Just Married—You know the proof of the pudding is the eating, dear.

Mr. Just Married—Yes, but I'm no test tube.

Morthan—Are you working ?
Wright—Sure, I'm doing settlement work.
Mort—As a member of the Associated Charities ?
Rite—No, as a bill collector.

"Wasn't the fellow who jumped from the window hurt?"
"Oh, no, he struck on his head."
"On his head ! But——"
"Well, he had on a soft hat."

Graduation Gifts

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will do well to make this store their headquarters for Stationery, Books, Normal Supplies, and a convenient place to meet your friends and associates

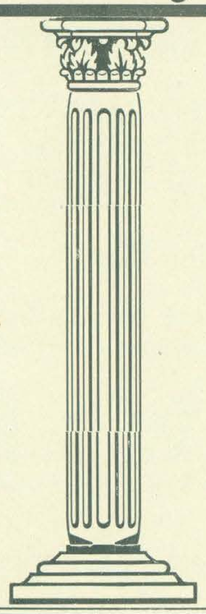
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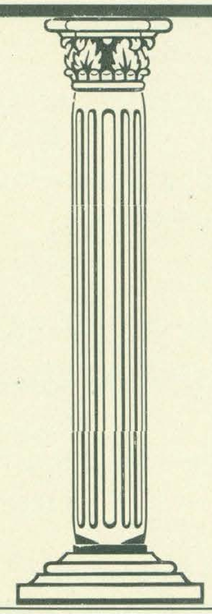
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