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The Quest of the Golden Fleece.

(A Page From the Myths.)

By Mary Fred Hite.

AND it came to pass, in the days of Modern Education, that there came to the Colchis of the West, the San Jose Normal, the sturdy youth Jason, spirit of November, Naughty-One, to search for the Golden Fleece, Diploma.

The youth came at the head of a royal band of comrades, renowned for their valor and spirit among the best of the land.

> "From every region of Pacific's shore
> The brave assembled; that illustrious pair,
> Bolin and Gillis; and Miss Ripley, tuneful bard,
> Misses Mignon, Cunha, and many more renowned,
> Eager, in fair San Jose they thronged,
> Gleaming in armor, ardent of exploits."

And it came to pass, that when they had paid their Registration Dues, and Library Fees, and Student Body Dues, and several other things mentioned in the Book of False Alarms of San Jose, they were extended the glad hand by the Colchian King, Dailey, and his Councils.

And so straightway Jason made known unto the King his errand, whereupon this same King raised up his voice and cried aloud,—even so loud that it was heard above the mighty sound of the many female voices in the corridors at Recess—"Hearken Ye, Oh! my Subjects! Hear ye, One and All! Be it known unto you this day, by all the Red Tape of this, my office, that this arrogant youth, November Naughty-One, proclaims unto me that he has come to search for the Golden Fleece, Diploma, which I and my Council, the Colchian Faculty, do keep in the office of the Registrar, guarded and watched over by the fierce Blazdellian dragon!"

And then there arose from the throats of the Student Body, a mighty howl! They said, "Go back, thou fool! Know ye not of the dragon, and the many labors thou shalt have to perform? There are many conditions to be fulfilled, and many days of labor lie before thee! And oh! beware the Cinch! On every hand the wily Prof. doth lie in wait, and the Faculty never sleeps! Great is thy task, oh Jason!"

But Jason and his comrades heeded not the hootings of the Normal Bum, nor yet the wise sayings of the Normal "Dig," but he armed himself with the shield of Reputation and the sword of Learning, and girding about him the Lion-skin of Perseverance, set forth to his task. And the Student Body and the Faculty and the Normal Bum and the Normal Dig, behold! they watched him with interest and surprise, for indeed he was a noble youth.

And it came to pass, that as the days wore on into years, the youth performed his labors faithfully and well. With Tact at the Rudder, and Talent at the Oar, he safely steered the craft of Knowledge past the Scylla of the Pedagogy and the Charybdis of Nature Study, and journeyed on his way exultant. And then did he sing for joy, for he escaped the mighty labors of getting up early in the morning to see the sun-rise and of watching children at play—labors at which even Jason, spirit of November, Naughty-One, might have failed! These and many other hard labors did he cheerfully perform, never giving up in despair, even when the gloating eye of the Librarian was upon him, ready to make him pay his fine for a half-hour's Delinquency.

And then it came about that he almost forgot. He sowed the teeth of the dragon, Recitation, by *cuts*. Well he knew that from these teeth would spring a crop of "Unexcused Absence" notices, destined to turn against their Producer. But while the seeds were yet in the ground, and he rested from his labor, behold! he cast his eye upon Medea, the Goddess of Success, and daughter of the King—a fair co-educationist, whom he had before neither noticed nor appreciated. Then began a wooing that would have been the envy of the Gods! For many hours were spent on the back stairs of the Assembly Hall, and much good resulted from it. For they fell desperately in love, and plighted their troth together before the altar of the Little God which is called Hymen. The goddess then gave him a little charm called Bluff.

Accordingly, when the momentous day arrived, Jason, with great calmness, encountered the fire-breathing monsters, the Class Teacher and Preceptress, and easily overcame both. For his voice straightway became smooth and soft, like unto the Librarian's when she looks one straight in the eye and says, "Leave the room if you cannot keep quiet," or, "Did you put your name on the desk sheet?" And this smooth voice had a very soothing effect, for straightway the monsters became as little lambs, and Jason knew how easily he had Worked them.

But when at last Jason came again before the Colchian King, Dailey, to say that he had performed his labors, the Faculty looked on in amazement; the November class raised their voices in a shout of joy. Then the



BUSHNELL PHOTO.

CLASS OFFICERS.

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King's wrath arose and he declared in a loud voice,—"The Fleece is not yet yours. The Dragon has not yet been subdued. And there is yet The Bridge of Sighs!" And then it was that Jason groaned in spirit, "The Bridge of Sighs!" And the Student Body echoed back the groan and said, "The Bridge of Sighs!" For here, across the Bridge of Sighs, was the gaunt Minotaur "Teaching," who demanded from the Student Body yearly, yea, quarterly tribute to be paid in their brightest maids and maidens. Even his comrades of November, Naughty One, could not escape. So he prepared to battle even with the Minotaur, and in the labyrinthe of its own home, beyond the Bridge of Sighs.

This was the hardest labor of this noble youth. For twenty weeks he wandered almost helplessly amidst the diverse wanderings of the walls beyond the Bridge of Sighs, wrestling with the petty tyrants of Arithmetic, Science, Language, Critic Meetings, Monitor Duties, and many other labors and devices for failures, till at last he stood face to face with the stern browed Minotaur, ruler of the land beyond the Bridge.

Then began the mightiest struggle of Jason. The charm called Bluff was of no avail; Tact and Talent were of some avail, but the case seemed hopeless. But Medea, goddess of Success,

"Offering artless bribes, tearful invoked the Immortals,
Kindled voiceless lips with unvoiced tribute of incense,—
Suppliant not in vain:—for, with his skin, Perseverance,
Girded about his strong shoulders, Jason stood like an oak,—
And as a pine tree falls prone with extravagant ruin,
Perishes, dealing doom with the rush of its branches—
E'en so was the Minotaur quelled by fair Jason,
E'en so, tossing in vain his horns to vacuous breezes."

Then lo! Jason, bright spirit of November Naughty One, returned again, finding his way through the vale of Flunks and Cinches and Faculty Regulations, by the little cord Medea, goddess of Success furnished unto him. And as he came back, he rolled this Red Tape into a little ball and put it in his inside pocket.

And then with Medea at his side, and surrounded by his brave band of faithful followers who had helped him at every turn, he came again unto the King and stood before the fierce dragon, keeper of the Fleece. And he cried aloud, and sang exultant songs,—he and all his followers. And the Normal Bum cried, "Not so fast, the Dragon watches yet!" Whereupon, Jason, calmly enrolling from his inside pocket the yards of Red Tape, he threw it with great dexterity and wound it with many coils about the Dragon until at last it was literally buried in it,—even unto its head and feet.

And then Jason, spirit of November, Naughty One, grasped the Golden Fleece, Diploma, and incidentally, his Registration Fee, and with Medea, goddess of Success at his side, and his brave comrades following, blew a great blast upon his tin-horn, Announcements, and departed from Colchis well pleased, to seek adventure in other fields.

Class Prophecy.

By May E. Cunha.

'TIS a warm bright day in early October, 1912, and the steamer Bertha May lies at anchor in the harbor at Hongkong. A marvel of twentieth century workmanship, her majesty rocks proudly to and fro, on the ripples of the waves.

The hour of noon approaches, the steamer shows signs of departure. Along the wharf walks her captain, Charles Brown, manifestly conscious that he alone can solve the mystery of her coming and going. His reverie is quickly broken! Walking rapidly towards him comes a man, whom to his great dismay he finds to be a newspaper reporter. With the usual audacity of his kind, the newcomer opens his conversation with, "Good morning, Captain. I"——and then stops in blank amazement. For a second the two stare each other in the face and then simultaneously is heard, "Is this you, Brown?" "Is this you, Gillis?" It would be hard to say which one of the two friends is most surprised. "Well, Edgar," says the Captain, "I never expected to find you here. How long have you been here anyway? What have you been doing since I last saw you eleven years ago?" "After four years success at teaching school," answers Edgar, "I tried being correspondent in Hongkong for the San Francisco Chronicle, so here I am. How goes it with you Captain? Is this vessel yours?" With the school teacher's instinct, Charlie immediately answered, "Look at her name. Does it not give you some clue?" "The 'Bertha May,'" mused Edgar. "Ah——I think I have it! She belongs to Bertha Robinson and May Cunha, I believe!" "Just so," replied Charles. "They are both very wealthy and had this beautiful vessel built to be used for their own and their friends exclusive pleasure. Come on board and let me introduce you to the passengers." Edgar gladly accepts the invitation and together they go aboard the ship.

Seeing a stranger with Charlie, those on board make haste to meet him and find that they too, are well acquainted with the newcomer. As for Edgar, he finds himself shaking hands first with Mr. Dailey, then with Bertha and May in turn, and as quickly again with Louise Curley, Kathryn Schantz, Jessie Dodge, Helen Mignon, and John Bolin. Amidst all this excitement two new arrivals, Ethel Johnson and Flora Woodard are announced, and though expected they are received with equal cordiality. Hearing the vessel is about to depart, Edgar prepares to leave, but the hostess will not hear of his going. He is persuaded to stay if they will allow him to go back to the city and pack his grip.

Hour after hour goes by and still Edgar does not return. Finally just as Mr. Daily is saying, "Well now, you know this will never do.—We had better send some one after him," the belated reporter is seen rushing across the gang plank, hat in hand, hair disheveled, and the perspiration simply

falling in great drops from his face. As quickly as possible he is helped on board and but few minutes elapse before the "Bertha May" steams away from her moorings out into the China Sea, her course headed for Manila bay.

On account of Mr. Dailey's propensity for sleep, the company dines early and then retires to the cabin for a pleasant chat. Everyone seems at a loss this evening as to how to begin, when May comes to the rescue by making this proposition, "So many years have elapsed since we last met, I move that each one give a brief account of his experiences." "Agreed, we appoint you chairman of the evening," is heard in a chorus. "Thank you. Will you begin, Mr. Bolin?" Always ready to give a good sensible talk, John is not behind time now and so commences in his familiar style and tone of voice. "For five years I taught school in Santa Clara county, and by practicing economy accumulated enough money to enter the department of theology in Harvard University." At this point the eyes of the listeners open somewhat wider and a profound "Ah"—— is heard throughout the cabin. "I hardly expected this," interrupts Mr. Dailey, suppressing a smile. "How singular!" remark the girls in an undertone. Innocent of any surprise, John continues, "In four years I was graduated as a full fledged minister of the gospel. Since that time I have been assistant pastor at Alviso where I scarcely make my living. (Much laughter.) While in San Jose some time ago, I met Bertha who, taking pity on my forlorn condition asked me to come aboard her vessel and take this cruise with her and her company. It is needless to say I gladly accepted her invitation." John's report certainly brings forth much merriment for it is sometime before every one is once more composed.

"Its your turn next, Ethel." "I'll briefly state my case," replies Ethel. "For the last five years I have been engaged in missionary work among the Chinese in San Francisco and Hongkong. My experiences with them have been many and varied. Indeed I couldn't begin to tell you all of them." "We shall have to give you an evening of your own then," says the chairman with a smile. "Now let us hear from Helen." For answer Helen rises, crosses the room, and sitting down to the piano, brings forth such exquisite music that the audience is held as it were, spellbound. "Your playing speaks for you, Helen," says Edgar. "Yes," puts in John, "Ethel tells me they have heard of your wonderful talent and success, clear over in China." "Californians are well pleased with my work," modestly asserts Helen, "but I did not think my musical renown had reached the Far East."

May is about to call upon someone else, when Kathryn Schantz, Bertha's traveling companion, calls attention to Mr. Dailey who has fallen asleep in his chair. "Such is the result of your music, Helen," says Kathryn. "I move we all retire for tonight." The suggestion is a good one for soon the vessel is wrapped in almost total darkness.

The day following is pleasantly spent and evening finds them all gathered in the cabin again. Bertha occupies the chair for tonight and states that the program for the entertainment is as follows,

1. Guitar and Mandolin Duet, . . Dr. Flora Woodard of Hongkong and Louise Curley, May's traveling companion.
2. Declamation . . . . . Bertha Robinson W——.
3. Original Poem . . . . . Mr. Dailey.
4. Vocal Solo . . . . . Jessie Dodge ——.

During the progress of the program, Louise confides in May that she always did think that the two conspicuous rings Jessie wore while attending the Normal meant something and sure enough she was right. Edgar professes much surprise at the change in Bertha's name, and is informed that her husband is a well-to-do D. D. S. in San Jose. "I never knew Mr. Dailey could write poetry," says Charles. "You didn't," retorts John. "Why he began his career in that line just a short time before we were graduated." "But more than that," added Bertha, "he had begun to illustrate his poems. A most *artistic* picture can be found in the November Pennant, 1901."

The next morning the steamer drops anchor in Manila harbor. Having cabled from Hongkong of their intended arrival, there are many old friends at the wharf to meet the travelers. These are taken on board ship and during the course of a merry breakfast which follows, old time acquaintances are renewed.

The travelers are not much surprised to learn that Elsie Felt and Ada Coffee are eminent instructors in the University of Manila, for everyone thought they would become excellent teachers. They inform their friends that they are just in time to see the last performance of the Nelson Opera Company. "Nelson?" says Mr. Dailey with glad surprise. "Can this b *our* Leonard Nelson?" "Just so," answered Elsie, "and in his company as leading soprano is Rose Sunderer, and as leading alto, Alice Sikes. Indeed we are quite proud of them." "I'm sure we all share in your pride and admiration," feelingly observes Mr. Dailey.

"Pray tell us what is that great, tall brick building which can be so plainly seen from the deck?" asks John Bolin. "That," gladly answers Ada," is the Children's Hospital instituted by Marion Hyde and Exilda Hocken, who are the matrons of it. They are completely rapt up in their great work."

Overjoyed at this pleasant news, the party immediately go ashore and make their way to the Hospital where they are most cordially welcomed by their old classmates. Bertha and May exert all their efforts to persuade Marion and Exilda to go aboard the steamer for a cruise, but nothing can induce them to leave their post. They meet with better success however when the Opera Company is visited at the fashionable hotel St. ——. Leonard, Rose, and Alice are delighted with the idea of going to San Francisco where they open the winter season. This being their winter vacation, Elsie and Ada agree to return home this way also, so in a week's time with a larger crowd on board, the vessel starts for Tokyo, her immediate destination.

The four days spent on this voyage are passed so pleasantly that cries of "Tokyo in sight," etc., are heard to the great surprise and delight of the

party. Five days are spent sightseeing in this Japanese port. On the third day, to the great astonishment of every one, Mr. Dailey returns to the vessel with Professor Bennett and Dr. Bullock, whom he had found while visiting the university. Professor Bennett is interested in a psychological problem, while Dr. Bullock is thoroughly up to date in his germ theory. Everyone is pleased to learn that they will take passage on the steamer when she starts.

Sophia McDonald and Dora Lages are met on T—— street, by Louise Curley on one of her excursions. They are spending their vacation in the Japanese city, having laid down their pens for a time, both being famous writers. Sophia is noted as a prose writer for children, while Dora has won a name as a poet for little folks. They, too, will take passage on the "Bertha May."

On the fourth day, the gentlemen visit court, where a prominent case is in session. Here to their great surprise, they find Louise Caldwell as lawyer for the American Consul in a prominent law suit. After dismissal for the day, Louise meets her friends and then visits the remainder of the party aboard the vessel. To the disappointment of all, she is unable to accompany them as the case in hand cannot suffer any delay. With many farewells to Louise and best wishes for her future, the company once more embark, this time for Honolulu.

Except for the seasickness of Professor Bennett, all goes well till the seventh night out when without any warning, the steamer crashes into some unseen obstacle. Cries of distress! Everyone realizes that human lives are in danger. Captain Brown calls "Lower the boats!" His commands are at once obeyed and the crew investigate. Nothing can be seen but a number of human beings struggling in the water. The unfortunates are quickly helped on board. They prove to be the owners and crew of a large submarine boat which had deviated from its course and thus ran into the "Bertha May," which being so much heavier completely demolished it. Great is the wonder of the frightened pleasure seekers to find that the owners of this queer boat are their old classmates Kate Felton and Anita Bain. Of daring and inventive dispositions no one is surprised at their new exploit, and regrets are many over the untimely destruction of their treasure. 'Nita and Kate are so thankful for their rescue that this loss concerns them but little.

One event leads to another many times, so it is in this case. Five days afterward, just at sundown, signals of distress are seen ahead. Through his sky glass, Capt. Brown discerns a raft with four people upon it. Mr. Dailey is filled with curiosity and sympathy to such a degree that he is temped to try walking the waves that he may answer the signals before the steamer is able to reach the wreck. The vessel increases its speed and soon is near enough for Captain Brown to distinguish the distressed. His astohishment is beyond expression when he sees that they are none other than Wm. Meese, Estelle Thompson, Deborah Robson, and a third person, a gentleman, whom he does not know. Mr. Dailey rushes to the rescue

and almost lifts Billy in, himself, he is so glad to see him. The others are helped on board. Billy explains the situation to the excited passengers. "Why, you know," he commences, "we were on board the "Del Norte" which started from Havana for Honolulu by way of the Caribbean sea and Nicaragua canal. When within five miles of our port the vessel was wrecked, and thus you see us as we are. Words cannot express our thanks to you for so nobly coming to our rescue." I is not very long before the company awaken to the very natural fact that Billy and Stella are married, and that the other gentleman is none other than Deborah's husband, a prominent physician of Marysville.

The next evening Honolulu is reached. While talking with the United States custom house officer, Capt. Brown finds that he is Lulu Spangler's husband. He tells him that Lulu is at present entertaining Mary Hite and Clara Reed, State senators from California, and Laura Kelley, professor of languages in the university at Berkeley. The captain tells Bertha and May of this meeting and they plan to surprise Lulu the same evening. Accordingly at eight o'clock they assemble in front of her stately mansion and sing the class song of November, 1901, as a serenade. The doors are thrown open and the gracious hostess bids them welcome in her same old sunny way. During the evening, Myrtle Cooper, who is chief operator for the Wireless Telegraphy Company drops in and is completely taken by surprise. It is indeed the wee small hours of morning before the company disperses.

Although it is time to return home, Lulu insists that they must stay a week. So royally does she entertain them that the time passes unawares. Everyone is loath to go, but festivities must cease, and the best of friends must part, so admidst waving of handkerchiefs and fond farewells, the "Bertha May" starts for San Francisco.

With what gladness do the weary voyagers gaze on the lovely Golden Gate as it gradually comes into view! How their hearts throb as the orchestra plays "Home, Sweet, Home," when entering San Francisco harbor! Much as they had enjoyed their trip, these lines of the familiar song now ring out on the breeze,

"'Mid pleasures and palaces
As though we may roam
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

The picture referred to in the above will be printed in the next issue of the PENNANT.

Songs in the Night.

By Daisy M. Bush.

When a hush rules over the twilight,
And the weary, old day is at rest,
And the heart may dream o'er its burden,
Comes the hour that seemeth the best;
For out of the gathering darkness,
And over the stilly calm,
Sounds the voice of the steepled singer,
Repeating the evening psalm.

Faint are its notes through the distance,
Though humanly mellow and clear.
And the thoughts on a summer's evening,
Awakened by tones so dear,
Live on in the soul that's weary,
Though buried too deep to tell,
As memories arouse in the ages
The tone of that evening bell.

And the heart responds to its ringing,
Though it sings of days that are past,
And friends that are gone forever,
With hopes that never could last;
For the music, in minor pathos,
Drops gladness and life in its flight,
To the soul that is waiting and longing
For the songs that come in the night.

The Negro Problem.

By Everett Crane.

THE negro problem is not a question of recent growth; it was a much debated subject during the entire nineteenth century, and judging from appearances will continue to be such during the twentieth. The question of today, though not so important as the question of the sixties, is one of vital interest to our government and should not be considered lightly. It concerns not only the ten million negro inhabitants of the United States, but the entire population of the South as well, for whatever tends to develop the negro, whatever increases his intelligence and broadens his mind, whatever raises his moral standard and makes him a better and more useful citizen, will in a like manner affect the civilization of the South. The problem has been expected to solve itself or to admit of solution in one of the many ways proposed. The five which have been given the most attention are: a fusion of races, a gradual decline in the numerical strength of the negro race, deportation to Africa, disfranchisement of illiterate colored voters, and education of the black race.

After the excitement due to the Civil War and the Reconstructionary Period had somewhat abated, thoughtful minds began asking, "What shall

be done with the negro?" Many expected that the question would solve itself by a fusion of races. Subsequent events have proven this theory to be a fallacy. In twenty-seven states, laws against the marriage of a white person with a negro have been enacted. But without such laws, the racial prejudice of the people, which is strong in all parts of the Union, would prevent this serious disaster from occurring.

There are many who believe that the negro through contact with a higher civilization, will, like the American Indian, cease to be a race of any numerical importance. But the census statistics show the absurdity of such a statement. The total negro popnlation of the United States was in 1880 6,080,693 and in 1890, 7,470,040, an increase of over twenty per cent. This comparison shows conclusively that the negro is in no danger of race annihilation.

To the proposal of deporting the negroes to Africa there are, without considering the justice of such a proceeding, three objections which make the attempt of such project unadvisable. First, the negro is an indispensable factor in the industrial developement of the South, as he forms such a large portion of the laboring class. Secondly, the expense of such an undertaking would militate against its practicability. Thirdly, the consent of the people could never be obtained for the execution of such an act of injustice and folly.

The disfranchisement of illiterate negro voters cannot be urged as a remedy for the conditions in the South. It is only temporary in its character, and unjust in its purpose. The violence, the fraud, the intimidation used in forcing the passage of the bill, and the injustice it does to the colored race, have only served to intensify the bitterness between the two races of the South. The law itself is a direct evasion of the Constitution of the United States, which says that the right of suffrage shall not be denied on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Disfranchisement of voters, without a porportional decrease in representation, is unjust to the voters of the states where there is no restriction in suffrage. In the last presidential election the votes cast in the states where the illiterate negroes were deprived of suffrage, averaged nine thousand for each elector; while in the states where there is no restriction in suffrage, the votes averaged nearly forty thousand for each elector. This speaks for itself: one vote counting as much as four, a condition entirely in opposition to the principles of democratic government.

Then, if fusion of the races is impossible, if the negroes are constantly increasing in numbers, if deportation is impracticable, if disfranchisement is not a remedy—only a temporary check, which, instead of bettering conditions, serves only to complicate them—the only way that remains is to educate the negro, and by education enable him to perform the duties of citizenship which have been imposed upon him.

Education should not be understood as a mere knowledge of the rudiments of learning, but as a broad, liberal, and comprehensive training along industrial or academic lines. Industrial education would give the

idle mass of negroes an aim in life; it would turn their thoughts from a continual quarrel with the white man to an attempt to better their condition. When the negroes realize that their future is in their own hands, and that they, themselves, are individually responsible for their advancement or retrogression, then the question will, in a large measure, be solved. "Higher education," says Kelley Miller, "tends to develope superior individuals who may be expected to exercise a controlling influence over the multitude." The controlling power a great man exercises over his race is well illustrated in Booker Washington, whose influence for the betterment of the negroes cannot be overestimated.

There are, however, some objections to the plan of education which it would be well to consider. First, the tendency of education is to lower the moral standard of the negroes; second, an education would make the negro discontented with his condition. The first objection is not a legitimate one. The negroes, as a race, have not been educated; and the negro's moral standard is judged from the worst elements of the race, not from the better class. If education tends to make the negro discontented with his condition, it would be well to educate him; he would be on the road to progress, not to decline.

There are other considerations which should be urged for the education of the negro: those of duty and necessity. When the right of suffrage was given the negro, was it not expected that he would exercise that right? Is it not the duty of our government to educate the negro, and through education enable him to perform the duties of citizenship with honor and intelligence? If we wish to advance as a nation, is it not absolutely necessary to our progress that the negro be raised from his present standard? How is this to be done, but by education? There is no other way, the negro must be educated.

Joshes.

Heard in the Library.

"Children will please remember that the blotters are not to be decorated, destroyed, or used."

Ask Miss N. how the whole half of the large juicy apple, Prof. D. so generously gave her, tasted.

Two children viewing Prof. D. and W. as they amused themselves in the Training S——.—First: Why, that is President McKinley. Second: And the other is George Washington. Moral:—Visit oftener.

Ask L. S. how she was so capable of imitating Prof. D's singing at the Browning Graduation Friday night.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

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"OUT of the Harbor into the Sea" the motto of the November class expresses the thought now before me. We have just begun the voyage of life. Soon we will be beyond sight of land, and left entirely to our own guidance. We must meet the responsibilities and difficulties of life to the best of our ability, and the words "success or failure" will tell the result.

For four years we have tried to fit ourselves for better usefulness. Now we must test our growth in a practical way. These tests are not always on subjects in the curriculum, but are tests that involve the principle of "common sense."

The aim of modern education is to help make sane men and women. The student who fully appreciates this fact gets more from his books, because he realizes the necessity of putting his knowledge into practical use. If the student fails in this, the chief aim and purpose of education is lost. The teacher in the grammar schools of our country needs this practical application of knowledge more than any other person. The power in a teacher to make a child love the beautiful, admire honesty, truthfulness, obedience, and patriotism is a greater accomplishment than a vast knowledge of books.

This power I hope we have gained from our training in the school. The test of this—and the best tribute we can offer to our Alma Mater is the number of strong men we can bring into the ranks of citizenship.



BUSHNELL PHOTO.

C. EDGAR GILLIS, Business Manager.

J. S. BOLIN, Editor.

Societies.

ONE of the duties of every Society is to find out the various talents of it, members, and to encourage all efforts to improve these talents.

Excellent literary programs have shown the ability of the Sappho girls in this direction.

The social life has not been neglected, however, and on the evening of the eighteenth a merry wheel ride was greatly enjoyed by all. At Berryessa, dancing and refreshments made the time pass quickly. One of the delights of the evening was the greeting of our ever genial club members

Elsie Ruhl. The effort to entertain in a novel way proved a success in all particulars.

THE meetings of the Browning Club during the present term have been unusually interesting and well-attended. The club has just completed the discussion of Saul and is to continue the study of Browning's shorter poems. Miss Nicholson and Prof. Bland have given a great deal of help to the other members of the society in the interpretation of Browning. The members of the club are taking a great interest in the work and the programs rendered at the recent meetings have been very good.

IN a club where attendance is not compulsory, there is no better way to find where genuine enthusiasm lies than in the attendance roll. For this term, in a club limited to twenty members, the average attendance at the weekly meetings has been nineteen, and the excuse each time has been no less an important one than "critic meeting."

On the first Friday in November, "What You Will" will be staged for the benefit of the club. The members, however, have decided not to go to the expense of costumes this term.

The club has shaped a lecture course for this winter. The lecturers are to be elected from the strongest members of the club. Later, a course by outside experienced lecturers will be planned.

THE Sigma Theta Chi is in a flourishing condition. The present membership is not very large, but the girls are all earnest workers. We expect soon to establish Beta and Gamma Chapters in Pennsylvania and Chico. The present members are: Bonnie Gaine, Myrtle Hodge, Agnes Mason, Ethelwyn Caldwell, Bertha Russell, Janet Bell, Lulu Spangler and Maud Hunt.

ALLENIAN expects to be heard from ere long, through an open meeting which she is planning. We may count on hearing something good as this society always does well whatever it undertakes.

Last Friday a very enjoyable program was given. The Debate was "Resolved, that a child trained in the kindergarten is better fitted for public school work than a pupil who has not had such training."

The affirmative was upheld by M. Miles and Lillian Cahalan, and the negative by Alice Baker and Floy Joiner. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

THE Emanon is enjoying a season of unusual prosperity and, with the aid of our new members, we may expect, in the future, to do even better work than we have done in the past.

Emanon was one of the first societies to introduce debating, and we expect several of our young lady members to make eloquent candidates for the girls debating team.

THE interest taken in the Current Events Club has been manifested by the large number attending the meetings.

The regular program consists of reports on foreign and domestic affairs,

and speeches or papers on topics of the day. All subjects presented are open to free discussion by the members, and it is the duty of each one present to present any valuable information not mentioned by the reporters.

Some of the ably discussed topics of the past meetings have been, "The Life of President Roosevelt," by Mr. Bolin; "The Strikes," by Mr. Brennan; and "Anarchy," by Mr. Cuthbertson. The subject of University Settlements in New York was presented in a very interesting manner by Mr. Talbert At the last meeting Miss Howe continued the subject by giving an account of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago.

UNDER the supervision of Miss Vivian and our President, Lovett Fraser, very interesting and instructive programs have been rendered. The line of thought and work that is being followed at present is French Art, Millet being used as the central figure about whom is grouped the great Fontainblean artists. Carot and the other prominent idealist are to follow.

BY the large influx of new members into the school, the Erosophion Society has profited to the extent that ten new members have been initiated during the last month. Like similar occasions, our initiations have been times of unalloyed fun and amusement; though whether the participants enjoyed them as much as the spectators may be questioned.

We have been enjoying Jerome K. Jerome for the last six weeks, and now we are about to enter the realms of Byron-land. We have decided to make debating a feature of our literary work for the term, and we hope to gain strength and fluency in that art.

THE Y. M. C. A. meets every Sabbath morning in the Society room from 9:30 to 10:30. Although the attendance has been small the meetings have been full of interest. The object of these meetings is for the discussion of any subject that is of special interest to those who attend. The subject of Evolution was discussed at our last meeting and considerable interest was manifested.

It is hoped that others interested in the study of moral questions will join with us and make our Y. M. C. A. a still greater success than it now is.

THE Tuesday afternoon meetings of the Y. W. C. A. have been regularly held in room L. The members are encouraged by the full attendance and take special pleasure in welcoming so many new girls. In the last few meetings of the society an earnest, helpful spirit has prevailed which we trust will continue through the year, and become a lifting factor in the school life.

THE regular meetings of the Y. M. N. D. are held in room L every Saturday evening. The boys are now making arrangements for preliminaries to decide who are going to represent the Society in the coming contest with the girls.

Joshes.

'Twas during a tiresome lecture,
When some one was chewing the——
My vision presented a picture,—
The Faculty off on a ——.

I dreamed that Prof. Dailey was married,
And Willie Baker made "math" a snap;
H. M. Bland found a brand new idea.
Whose "salient points" were not on the map.

Miss Royce went off on a vacation,—
The Library then was some fun.
The Co-op was sold out to Addicott,
Who wanted to see "how it run."

In the light of that glorious vision
Miss Zellerback got a new name,
And Miss Kinney's class all understood her,
With Miss Cory the case was the same.

Prof. Holway cut morning exercises,
Miss Nicholson gave *A* on a theme;
And Miss Howe passed her whole class in History!
(I assure you this was a dream!)

Lo! Prof. Bullock had a uniform natty.
He guarded the door of a show,
Where Prof Wilson was the principal feature,
Since he'd let his mustache and beard grow.

Ah! would I had dreamed on forever,
For only in dreams I may state
Could the faculty ever have told me,
Spite all, I might yet graduate.

—A Senior.



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A new form of the verb *give* has been introduced by Miss N., our grammar teacher. give{*gaved* / gave — giving{*gaven* / given

Read Prof. D's latest masterpiece "How to Ventilate the Hardest State in the Union, California."

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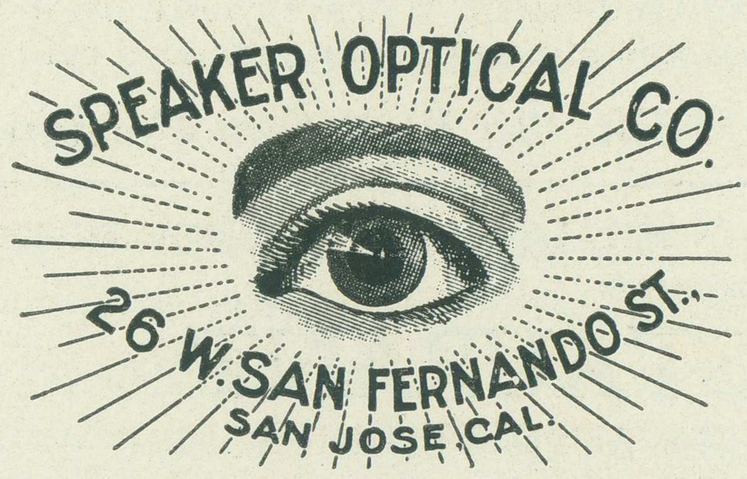
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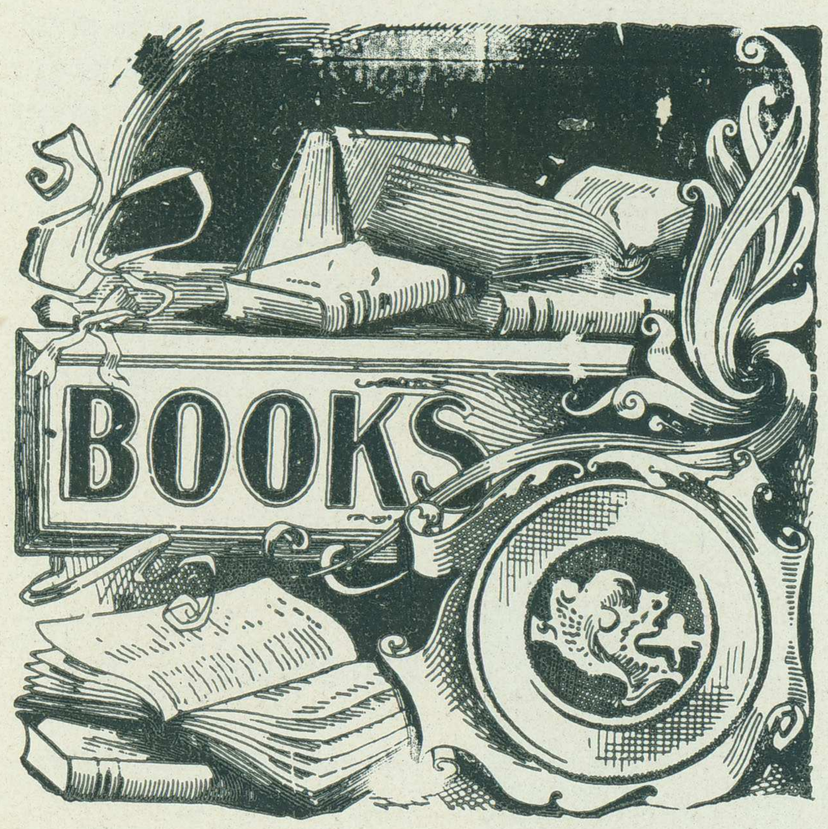
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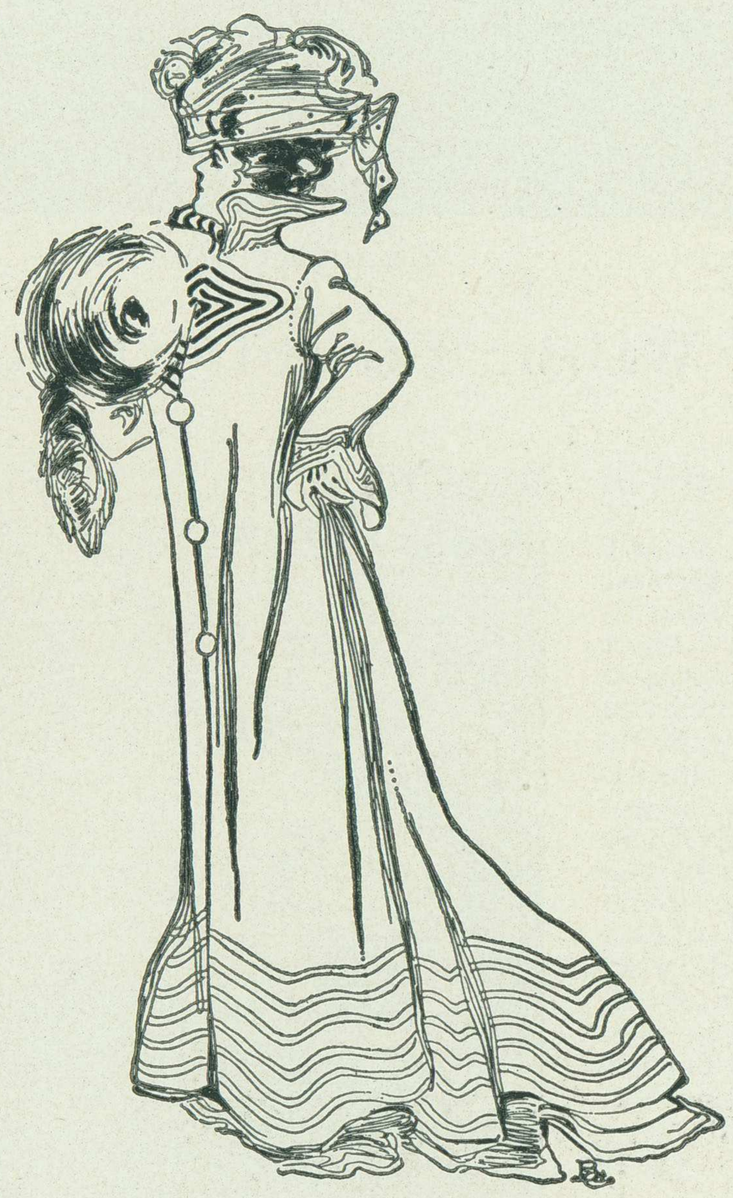
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