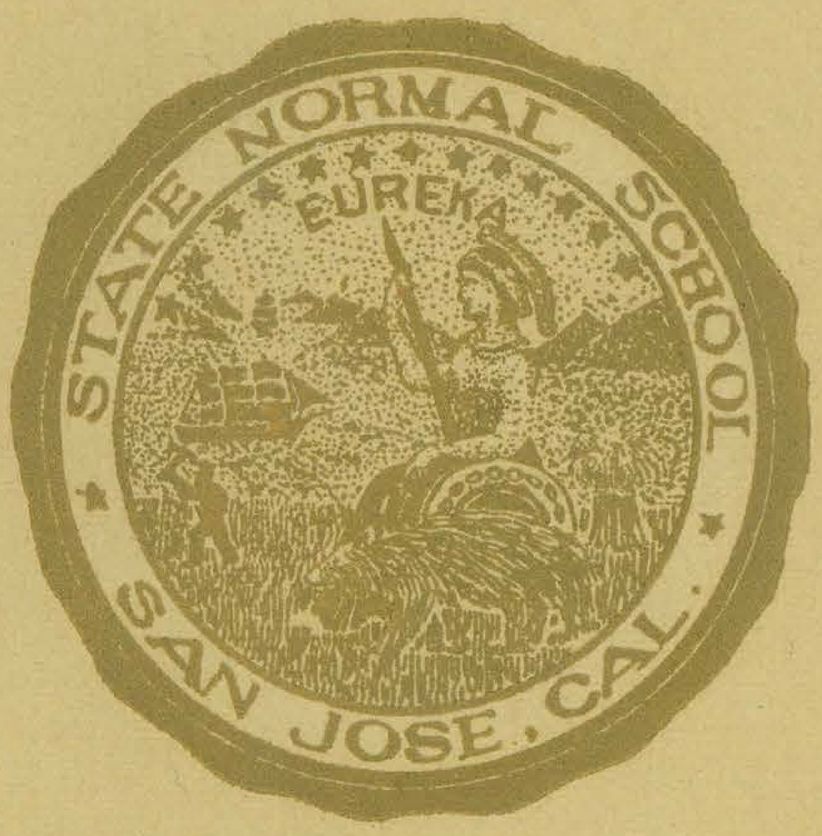
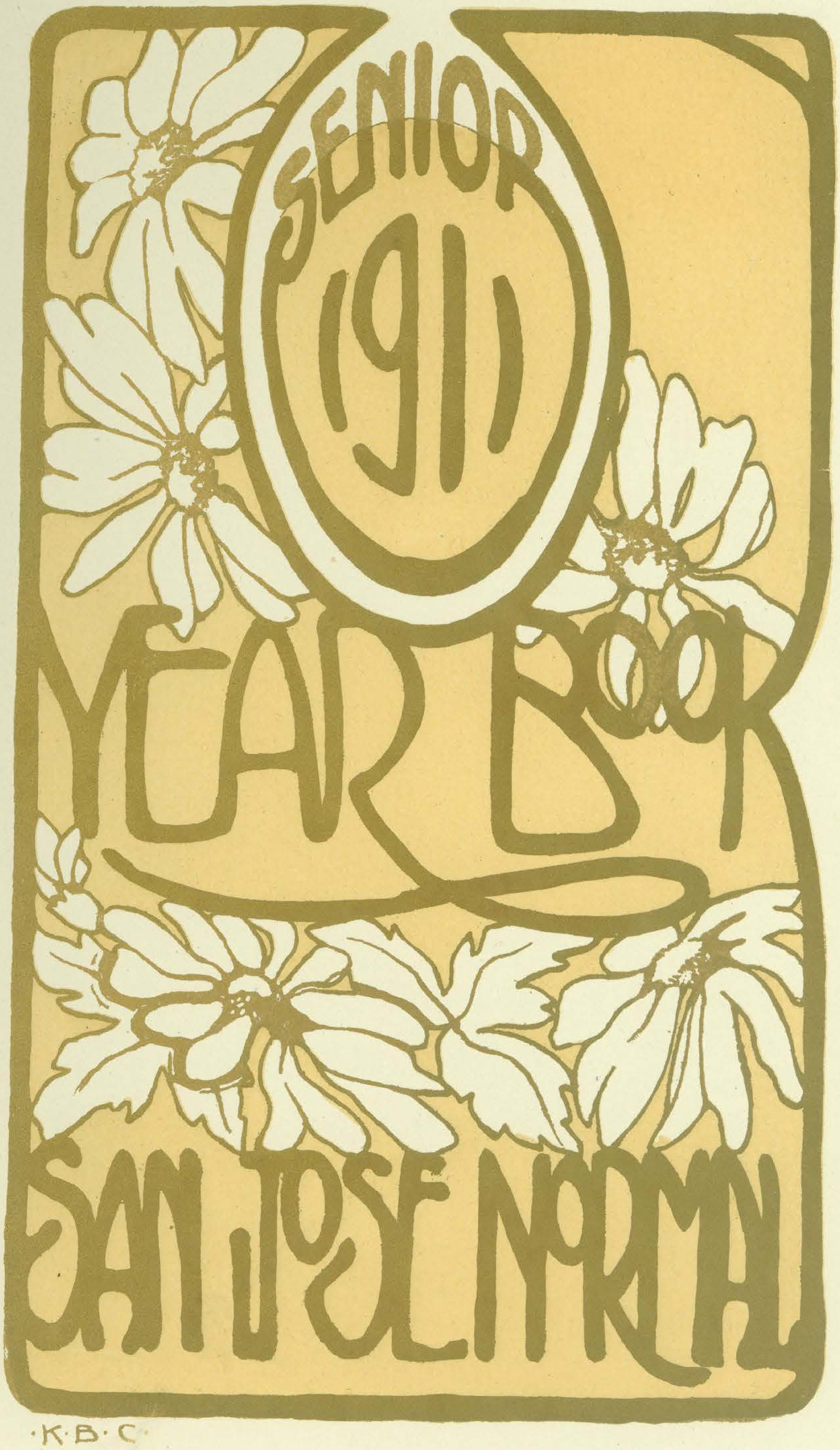


YEAR BOOK

(1911)

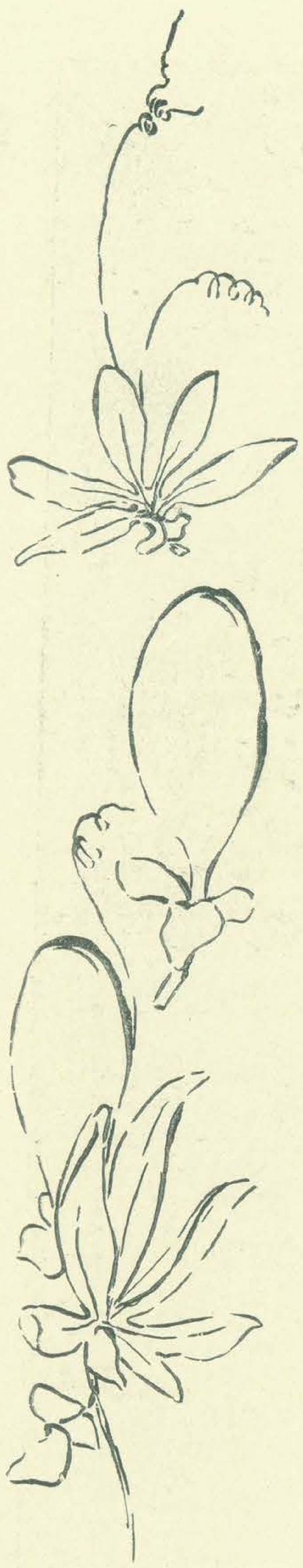


·K·B·C·

The California Poppy

Sweet Iris dropped down to earth one day,
And brushed her rainbow whig against the clay,
The field nymph, Ceres, caught the radiant hue,
And nurtured it until a poppy grew.

TO YOU, OUR FRIENDS AND HELPERS
PATIENT, JUST, AND EVER TRUE,
WE WITH LOVE AND ADMIRATION
DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO YOU.



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HAZEL ARTHUR,
Editor in Chief

Helen Hart

Marion Smith

Evelyn Mason

Agnes Johnson

Sif Roll

Katherine Clarke

Isabel Gilbert

Nona Faris

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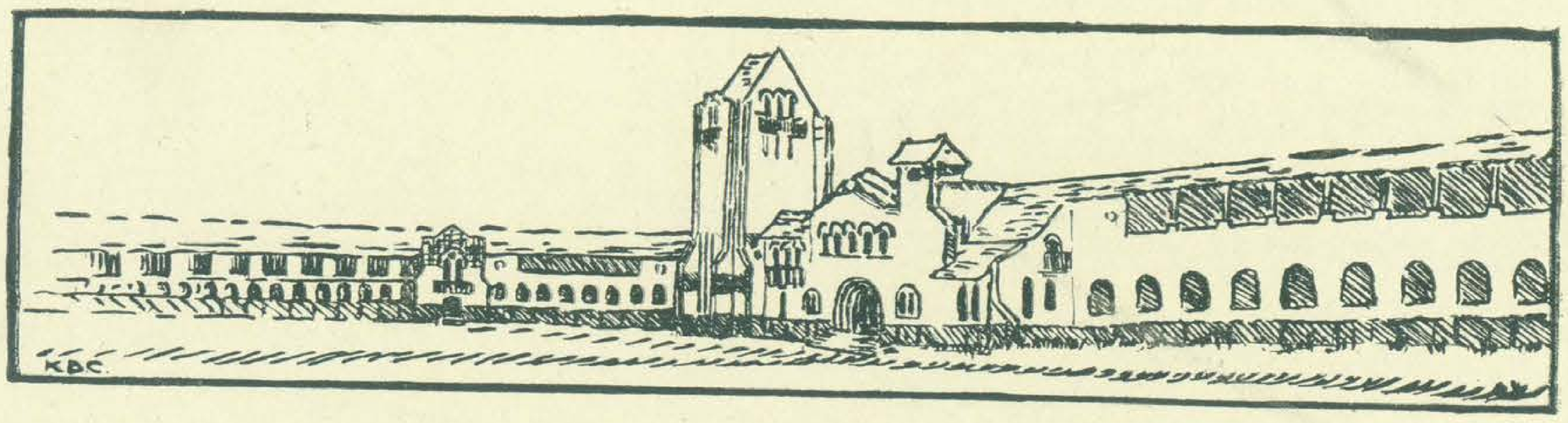


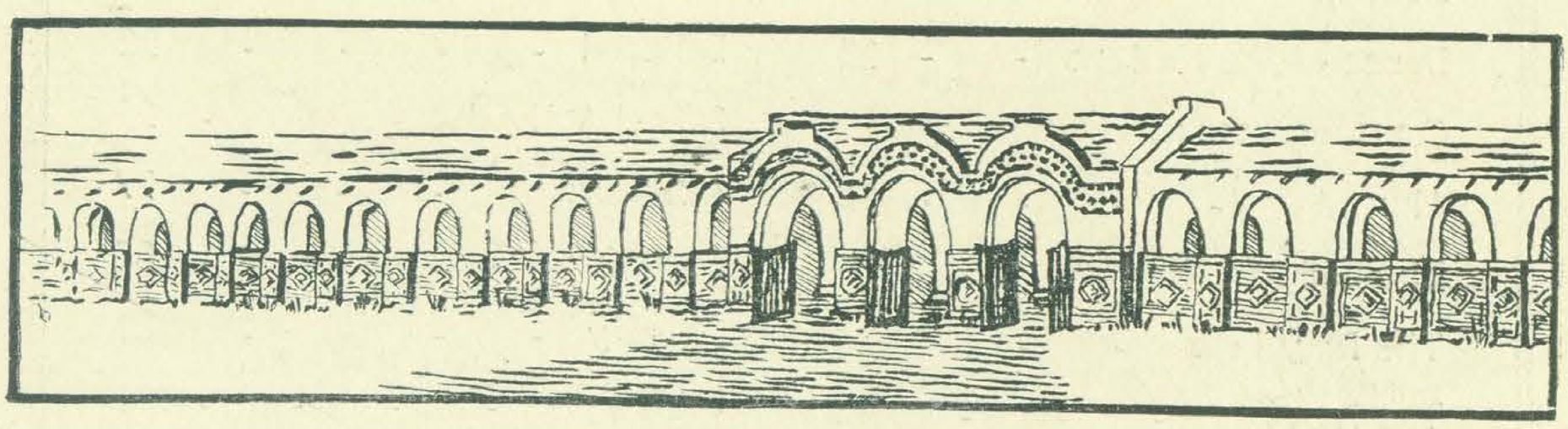
TOMORROW

(To the June Class 1911.)

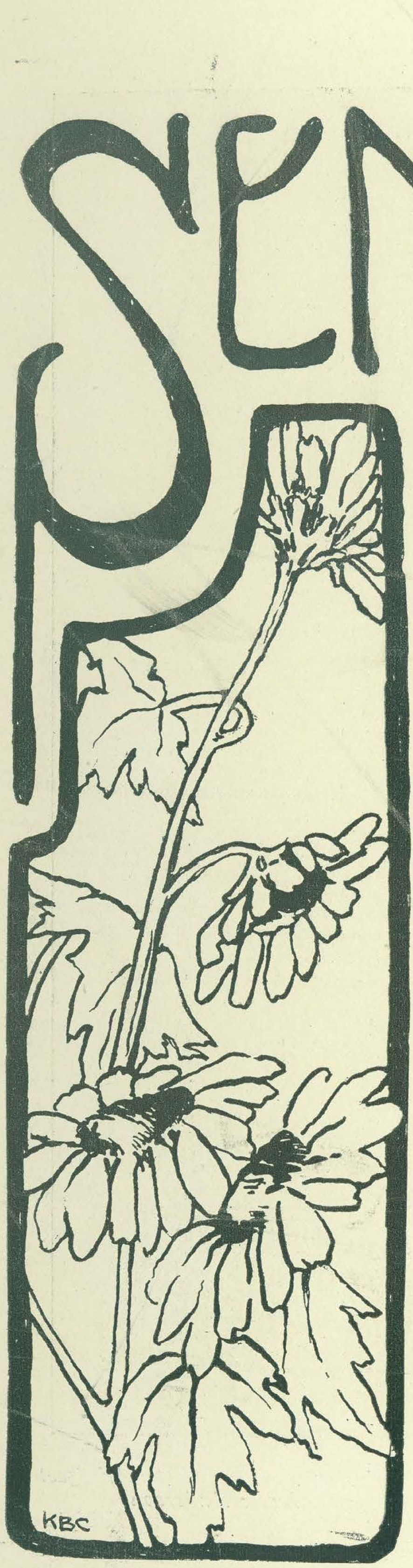
By HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Tomorrow I shall fashion me anew;
The old breaks in the vessel shall be healed;
My clay shall be reshapen through and through
To serve the purpose that the tomb may yield.

Tomorrow's dawn shall be my hour again
To lift my soul up to the high emprise,
To view once more the heights I may attain,
To give my struggle all that in me lies.



SENIORS



Hazel Arthur *Edith Ames* *Hazel Avery* *Retta Arbogast*
Mabel Breeden *Blanche Burum* *Jessie Anderson*
Nellie Aylesworth *Etna Boyd* *Eleanor Burbank* *Sadie Bickford*
Mabel Birkhead *Florence Bice* *Sadie Burleigh*

Ada Bilton *Hazel Burns* *Mabel Birch* *Jeannette Bailey*
Donna Biegle *Mollie Brown* *Lena Barnum*
Minnie Barnum *Ethel Boyers* *Wm. Booth* *Gladys Bennett*
Rosa Baker *Jennie Cushing* *Mary Eastwood*

Constance Clemens *Grace Canfield* *Genevieve Cummings* *Irene Carmichael*
Olive Chalmers *Elsie Chitwood* *Bessie Collis*
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Helen Czerny *Maude Cassell* *Edna Clarke*
Alma Dingley *Clara Davies* *Gussie Davis* *Lilian Christensen*
Dora Danforth *Katherine Clarke* *Eveline Curran*

Rosa DeSmet *May Danforth* *Marion Daly* *Helen Duff*

Jett Davis *Laura Dow* *Myrtle Dewhirst*

Mae Davis *Lamira Doan* *Gladys Christie* *Edith Edmiston*

Constance Edwards *Geo. FitzGerald* *Ruby Ellingsen*

Maud Fitch *Mabel Finch* *Rollin Fairchild* *May Farrell*
Florence Gondring *Margaret Gordon* *Mary Gardner*
Ruth Grimes *Jennie Gilmer* *Lulu Gill* *Neil Glass*
Sophia Hazelton *Marguerite Gil* *Lydia Hey*

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Edith Hall *Anne Henningsen* *Josephine Hines*
Sarah Hinds *Edna Heck* *Miriam Hughs* *Ethel Hedrick*
Edna Heidorn *Claire Hollingsworth* *Alice Hollingsworth*

Alma Johnson *Elizabeth Irwin* *Lois Inglis* *Hazel Johnston*
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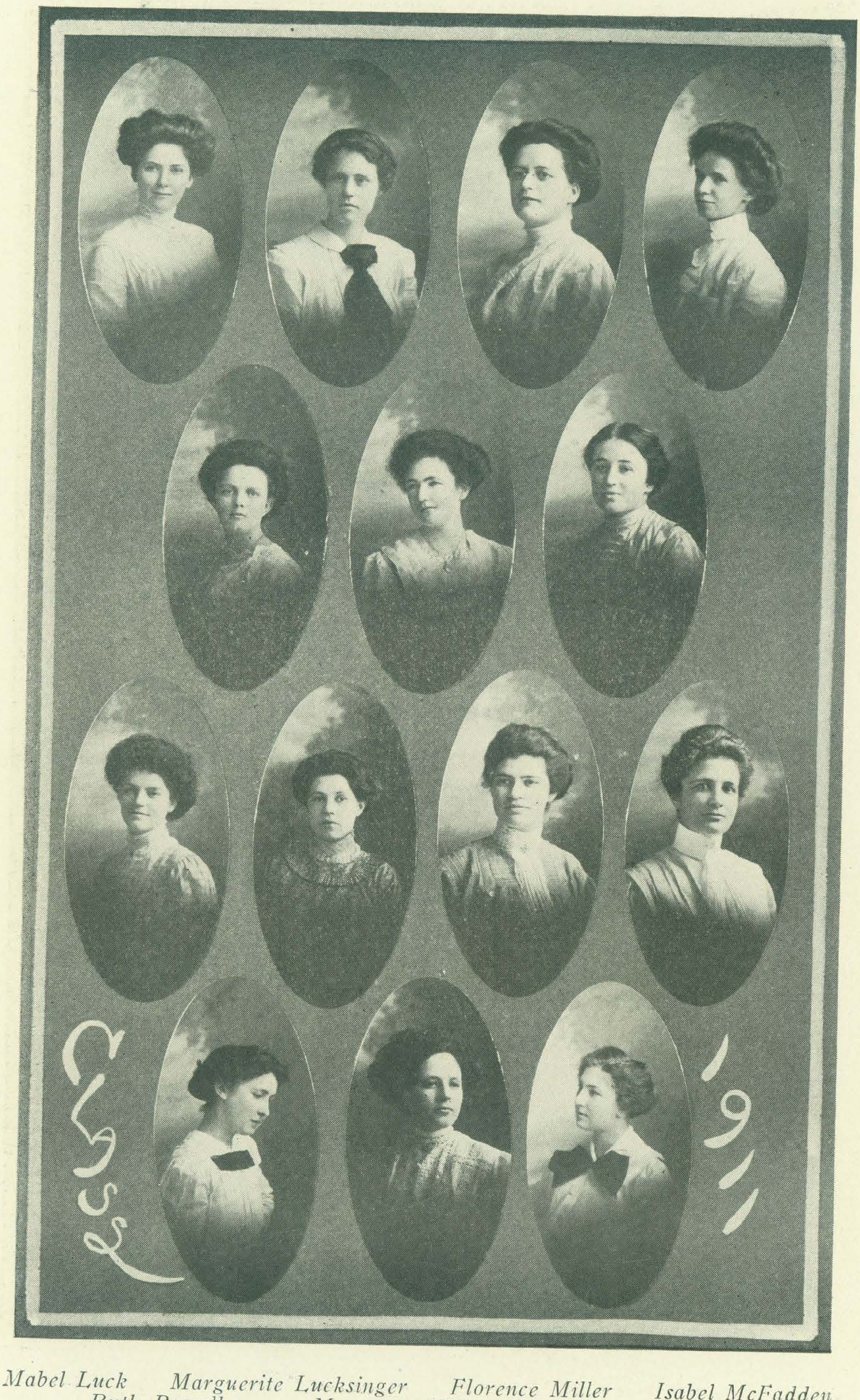

Mabel Luck *Marguerite Lucksinger* *Florence Miller* *Isabel McFadden*
Ruth Powell *Margaret O'Donnel* *Alma Person*
Bethenia Prunty *Georgia Pursell* *Carrie Prunty* *Wilhelmina Purcell*
Laura Parkerson *Louise Rocca* *Lily Rusch*

Eva Moody *Don Marshman* *Evelyn Mason* *Margaret Marchant*
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Pearl Spicer *Wilma Seevers* *Hazel Smith* *Fannie Stewart*
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Gertrude Von Glahn *Ruth Smith* *Elvira Turner* *Wilna Vann*
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Madeline Williams *Irene Willson* *Helen Watkins*
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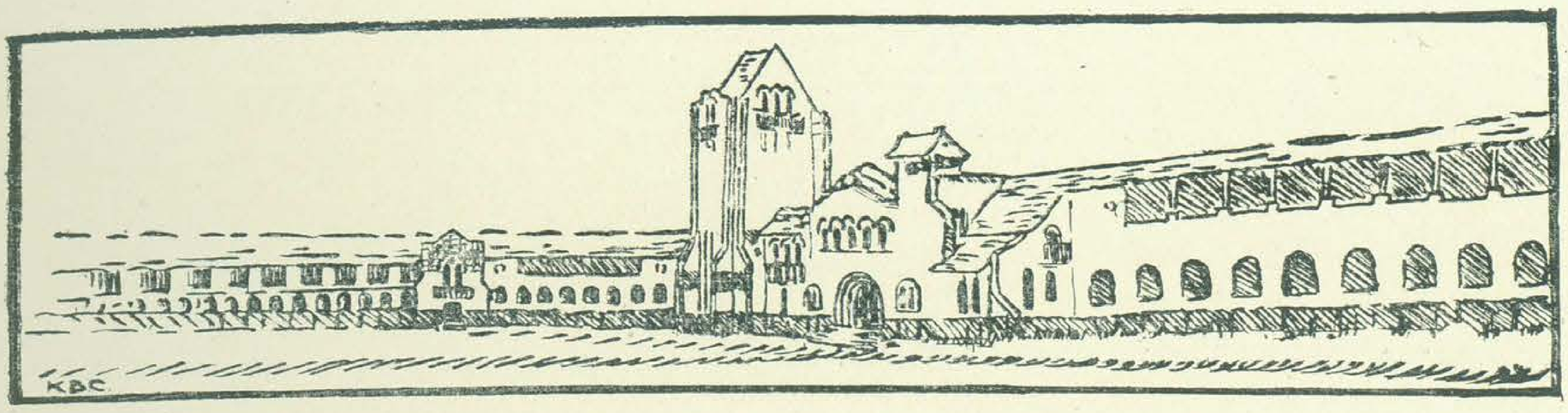
Sif Roll *Marian Smith* *Eunice Word* *Grace Withers*
Elizabeth Fox *Bertha Eliason* *Kathleen Mulligan*

Eva Durgin, Pres.
Lucille Mosher, Treas.

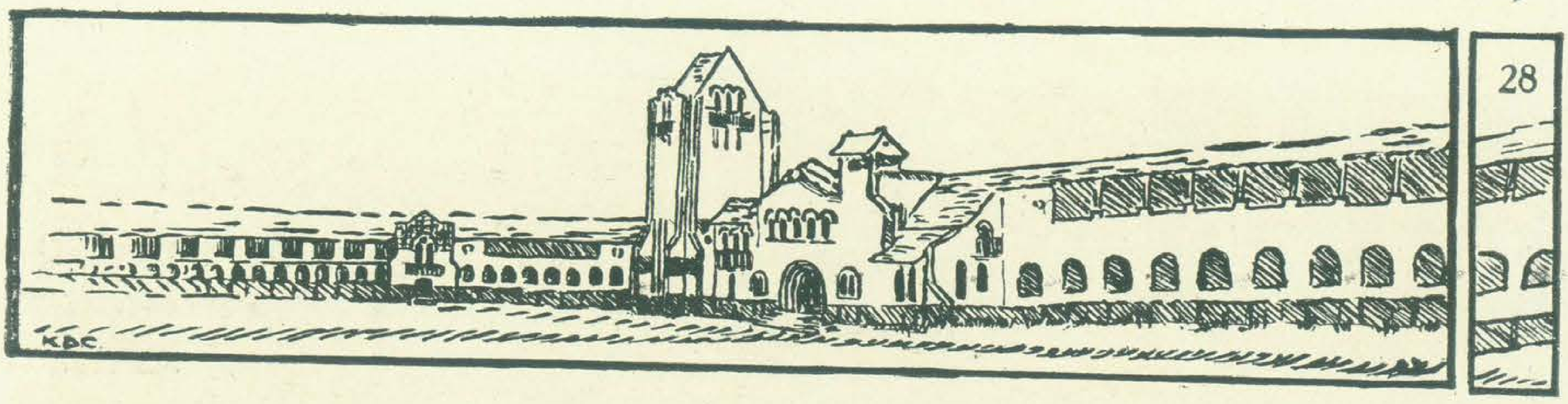
Marguerite Shand, Sec.
Agnes Johnson, Vice Pres.



THREE GRACES

By HENRY MEADE BLAND.

White-footed April all in radiant flight
Dashed the bloss' my dew in rosy light;
And O! sweet May runs swiftly up and down
And garners poppies from the gold hills crown;
But June, ah, June! Down where the waters hum
She waits and listens for her love to come.



The Dance of the Nations

* * * *

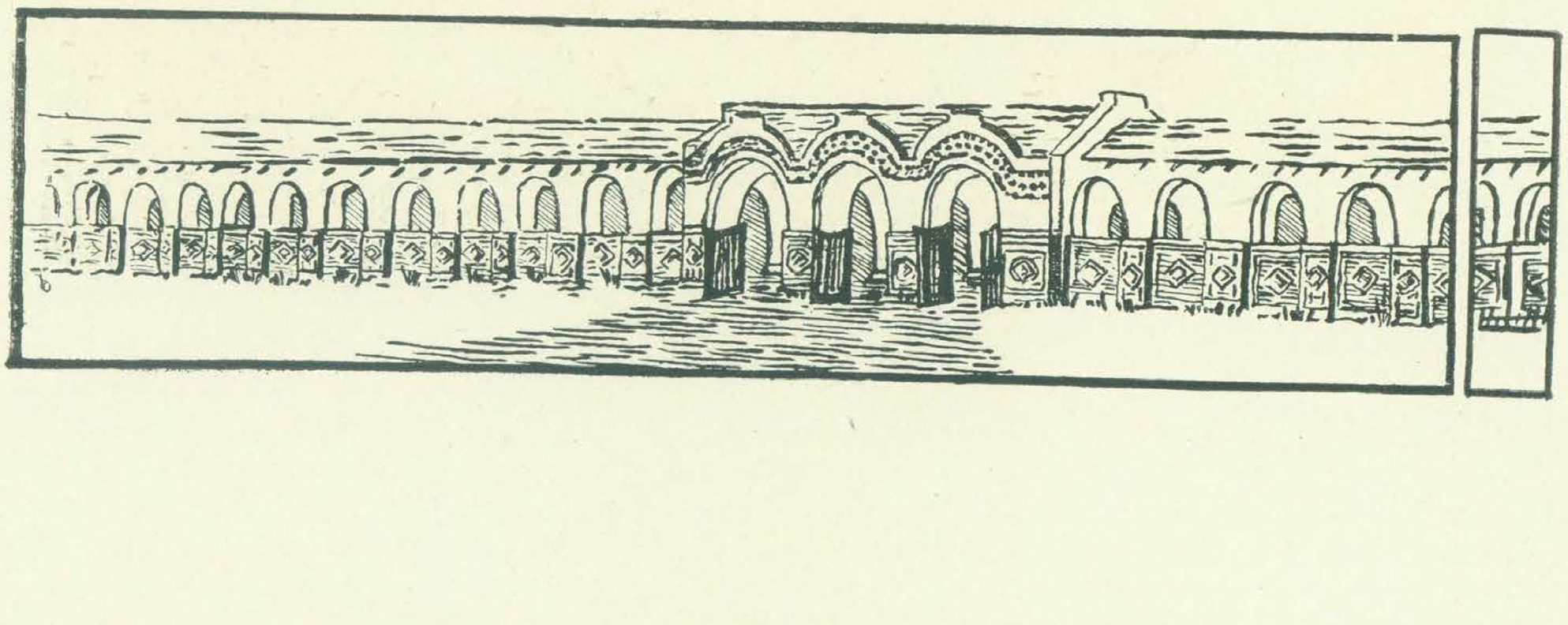
TO dance the special dance of all the different nations is now becoming quite a playground activity in all of our leading schools. It was the idea of the Senior Class to present these dances as they could be presented by any country school for a special day exercise

The programme was given on the evening of April twenty-first. The girls wore simple white dresses with colored scarfs, bows, and sashes representing the country in which the dance originated. The dances were not only danced but the real folk songs were sung for Germany, Holland and America. The stage was very lovely in its garlands of feathery pepper boughs and streamers of white Lady Banksia roses, thus making a very beautiful setting for the merry, graceful dancers. Miss Marie Walker sang "Loch Lomond" in her sweet, earnest way, and Miss Margaret Marchant sang the dear old Irish melody, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," in her usual charming manner.

Ice-cream and candy were sold throughout the evening by two clever "Darkies," aided by some demure little maids. The audience was very appreciative and all the numbers on the program were enthusiastically applauded. The Seniors feel very grateful to Miss N. O'Brien, Miss Ida Fisher and Miss Hazel McCurdy for their kindly assistance.

The program for the evening was:

Orchestra Selection.
Danish Dance of Greeting.
Norwegian Song.
Norwegian Mountain March.
Dutch Song.
Highland Schottische.
Ace of Diamonds.
German Lullaby.
Lott is Dott—German Dance.
Czardas—Hungarian Dance.
Dixie—Song by Seniors.
Dainty Steps.
California—Song by Seniors.
March—Seniors.
I See You.



ACE OF DIAMONDS DANCE.

ANOTHER class is about to be graduated from our Normal School and is ready to begin the work for which they have so carefully prepared themselves during the past two years.

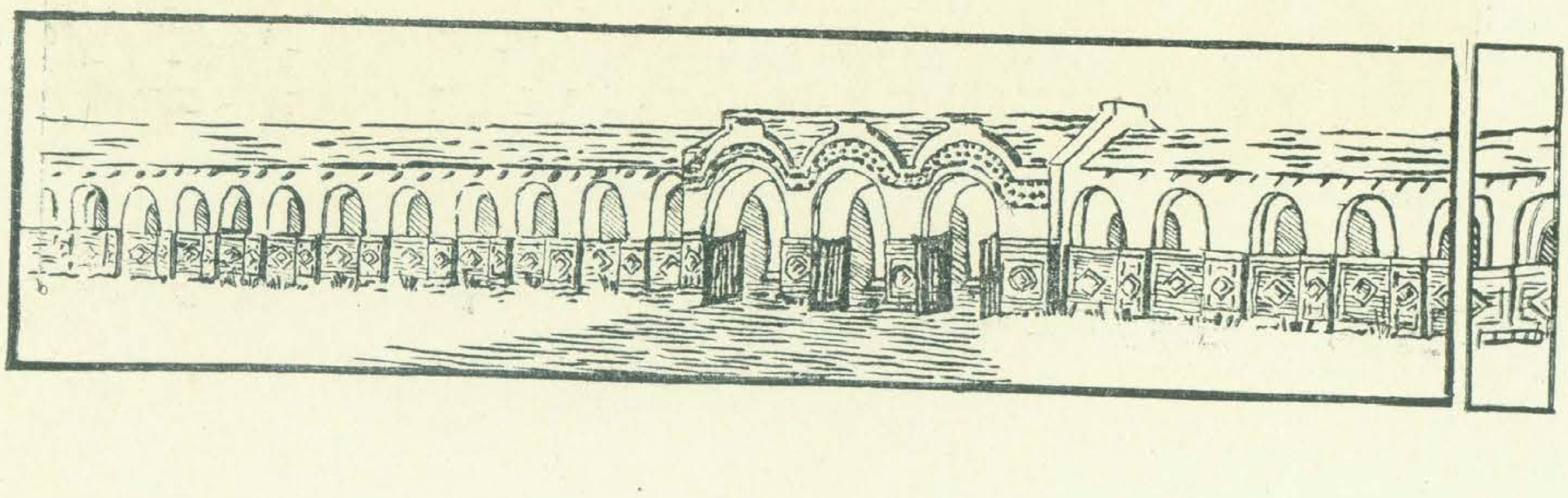
We shall miss the familiar faces, the Assembly "jolly-ups" and our favorite haunts in the new building, but wherever it is our lot to be, may we always be looked upon as a credit to our Alma Mater and in every way worthy of the efforts of those who have guided us along the paths of learning.

To Commencement Week we shall always look back with pleasant recollections. It is not likely we shall ever forget Monday night, when the Seniors and Faculty barred the doors to outsiders, dropped their dignity, and entertained each other in a manner unique unto itself.

And Tuesday, the day of the Alumni Opera. How we spent the day making final preparations, how tired we were, how excited and how we wished it was over with. But we enjoyed it after all. Those unlooked-for situations which never fail to appear at inopportune moments, had to be met and afterwards how very trifling they did seem!

Wednesday, we were oh! so tired, but Mary said that we must come to the Alumni meeting, so of course we did. And last, but by no means least, came graduation on Thursday. The two hundred and nine graduates filed in two by two, a long line in snowy white, and an hour later the same long line marched away with the coveted diplomas.

Good-byes were said, a few tears fell, and the campus was left in peace and quiet to await the dawn of a new day.



DR. M. E. DAILEY, OUR PRESIDENT.

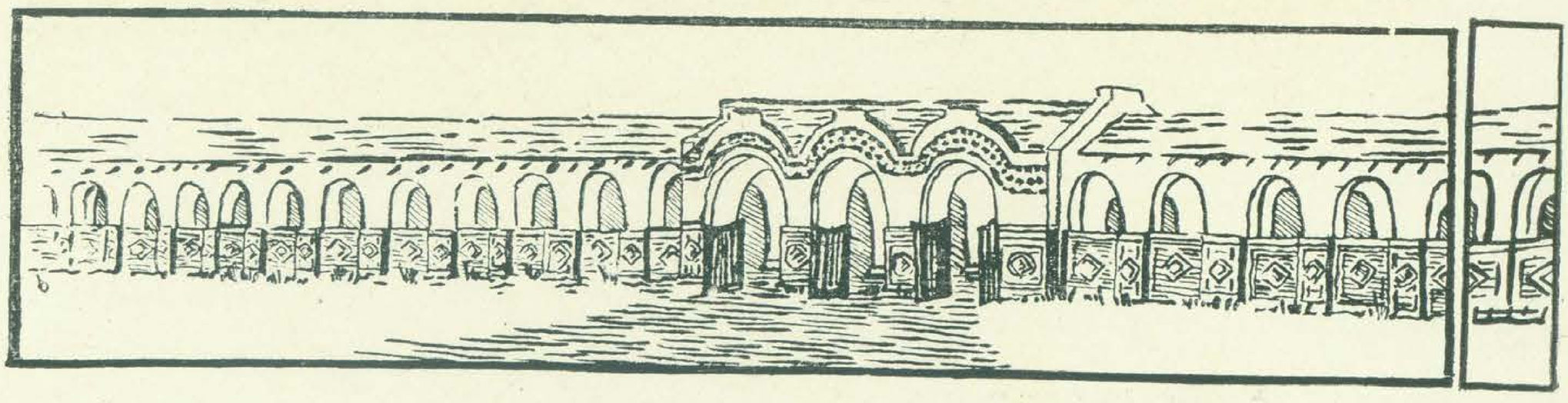
ALUMNI

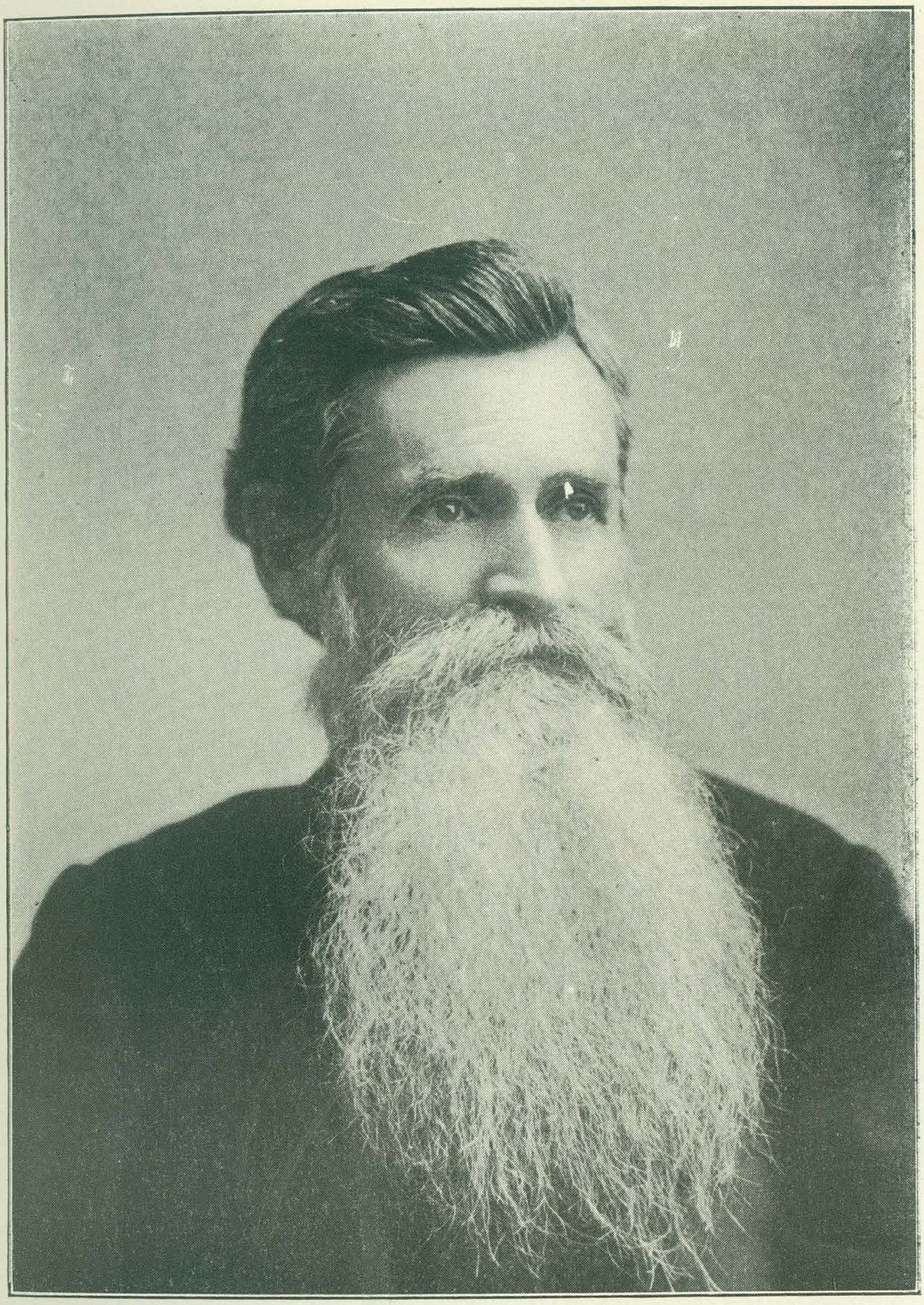
EEKING for the source of what may be called the spiritual essence of San Jose Normal, one finds himself attracted by the radiance of the personality of Professor Chas. T. Allen, who, for many years, was president of this school. It is not too much to concede that the invigorating loyalty of the Alumni for the school is directly and indirectly caused by the penetrating force of this personality among its members and the faculty.

With its object the establishment of an Allen Memorial Fund, the Alumni Association has surged into activity again, with renewed vigor. The executive committee of the association met in Berkeley and San Jose last December and plans for the betterment of the association were discussed. It was decided that for a worthy object about which might center part of the activity for each year nothing could be better than establishing some tribute of esteem to the memory of Chas. H. Allen.

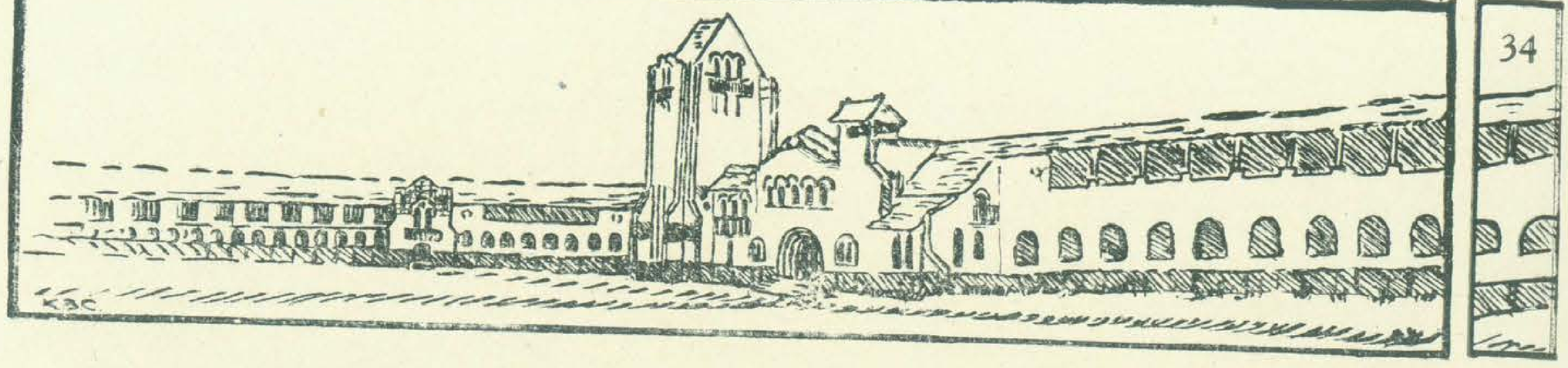
Contributing to the furtherance of this central aim it was decided that the association put on a musical drama this coming June, in order to secure a sinking fund of two hundred dollars, which fund shall be used for a similar affair each succeeding year and thus aid in making the Allen Fund a reality.

In order to make the secretary work more efficient, it was decided that a minor organization be effected, i. e., through a county-secretary, who should notify all resident alumni of the plans for each year. It was decided that for a socializing force among the scattered Alumni that this county organization meet at a social gathering with each county institute. This county organization has been effected in most of the counties, and delightful gatherings have been held with a few of the county-institutes this spring. Noteworthy was the luncheon at Hotel Hughes





PROF. CHAS. T. ALLEN



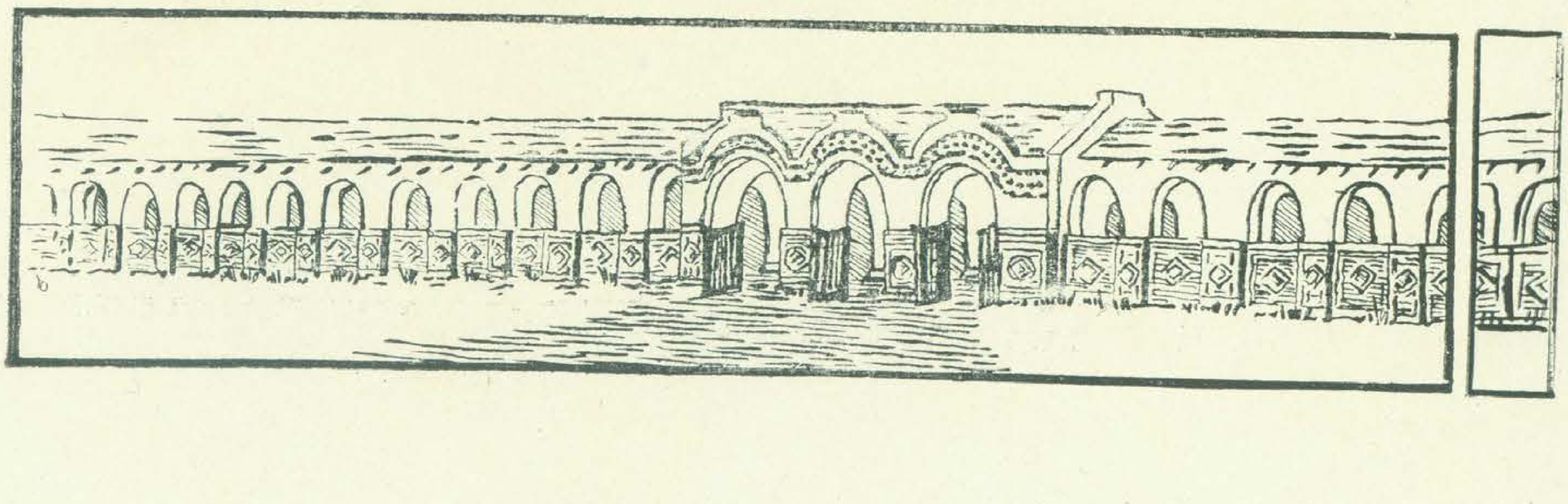
in Fresno, when eighty of our graduates, under the efficient leadership of Miss Bess Bozarth of Hanford had a reunion with the Central California Teachers' Association sessions. It is expected that meetings will be held every year now with sessions of every county-institute. State organizations of our graduates in Nevada and Oregon have been considered.

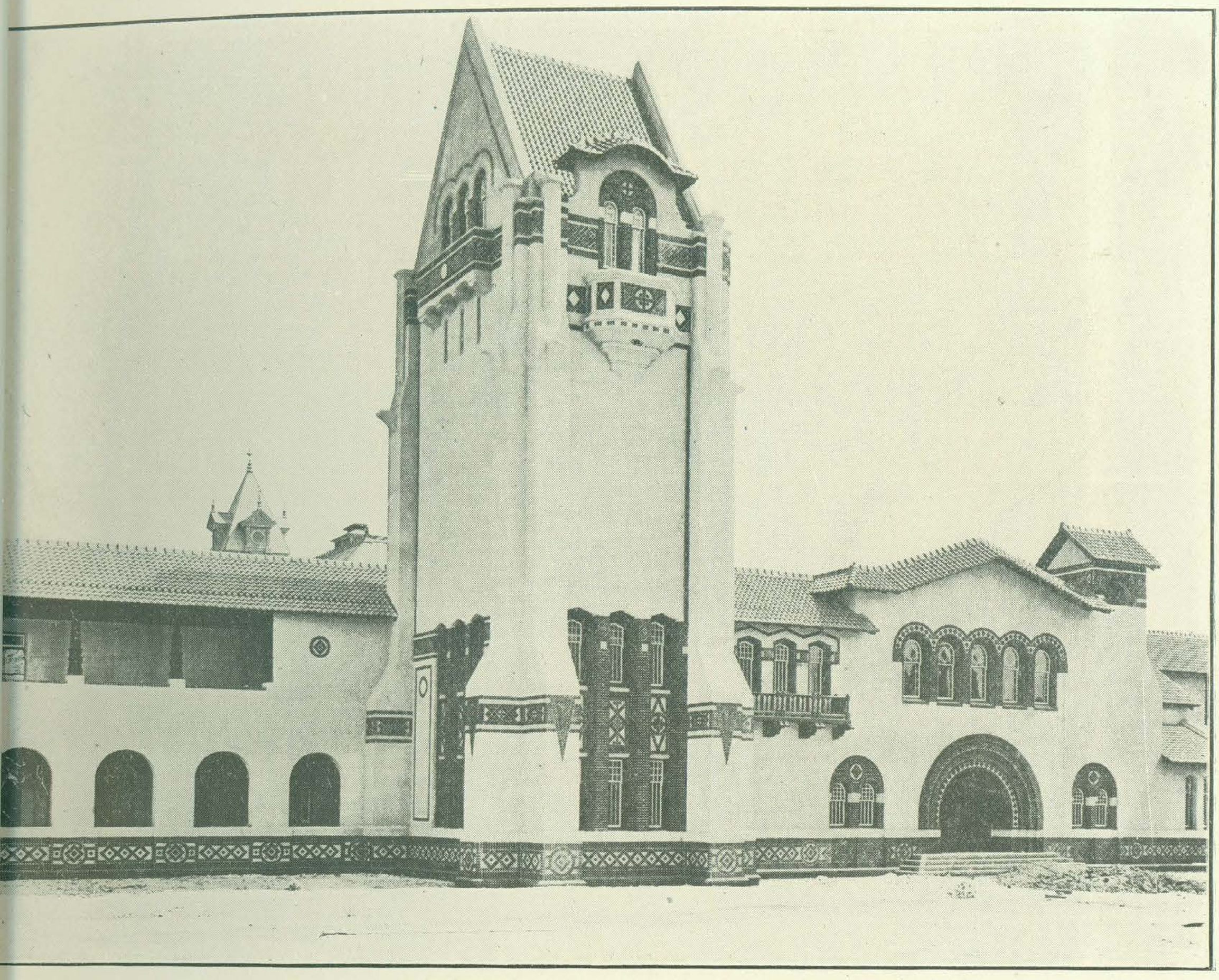
An Alumni directory is to be published in the near future. The work of securing desired data has been under the efficient supervision of Miss Ardee Parsons of San Mateo.

Much of the success of this year's progress is due to Miss Mary Carmichael, the secretary of the association for the past year. The other officers of the association are: President, Mr. Roy Thompson; 1st Vice President, Miss Hazel Ingalls; 2nd Vice President, Miss J. Fisher; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, Miss B. Bozarth.

A record re-union is to be held during Commencement Week this year. Among the prominent Alumni who are co-operating are: Mrs. Martin Abernethy, Mrs. A. Hail, Miss Cordelia Hayes, Mrs. Geo. Pratt, Mrs. J. H. Braly, Dr. A. H. Suzzalo, Senator J. B. Sanford, L. E. Chenoweth, Attorney Geo. Cosgrave, Wm. H. Hanlon, Hobart Heiken, Fred Moore, Congressman E. E. Roberts, and many others.

By the time that this book is read the questions of the proportions of the Allen Memorial Fund and the use it will be put to will have been decided. We trust that every graduate of the school will keep in close touch with the progress of the assocation and the school and thus make our organization one that will be worthy of the name of San Jose State Normal.



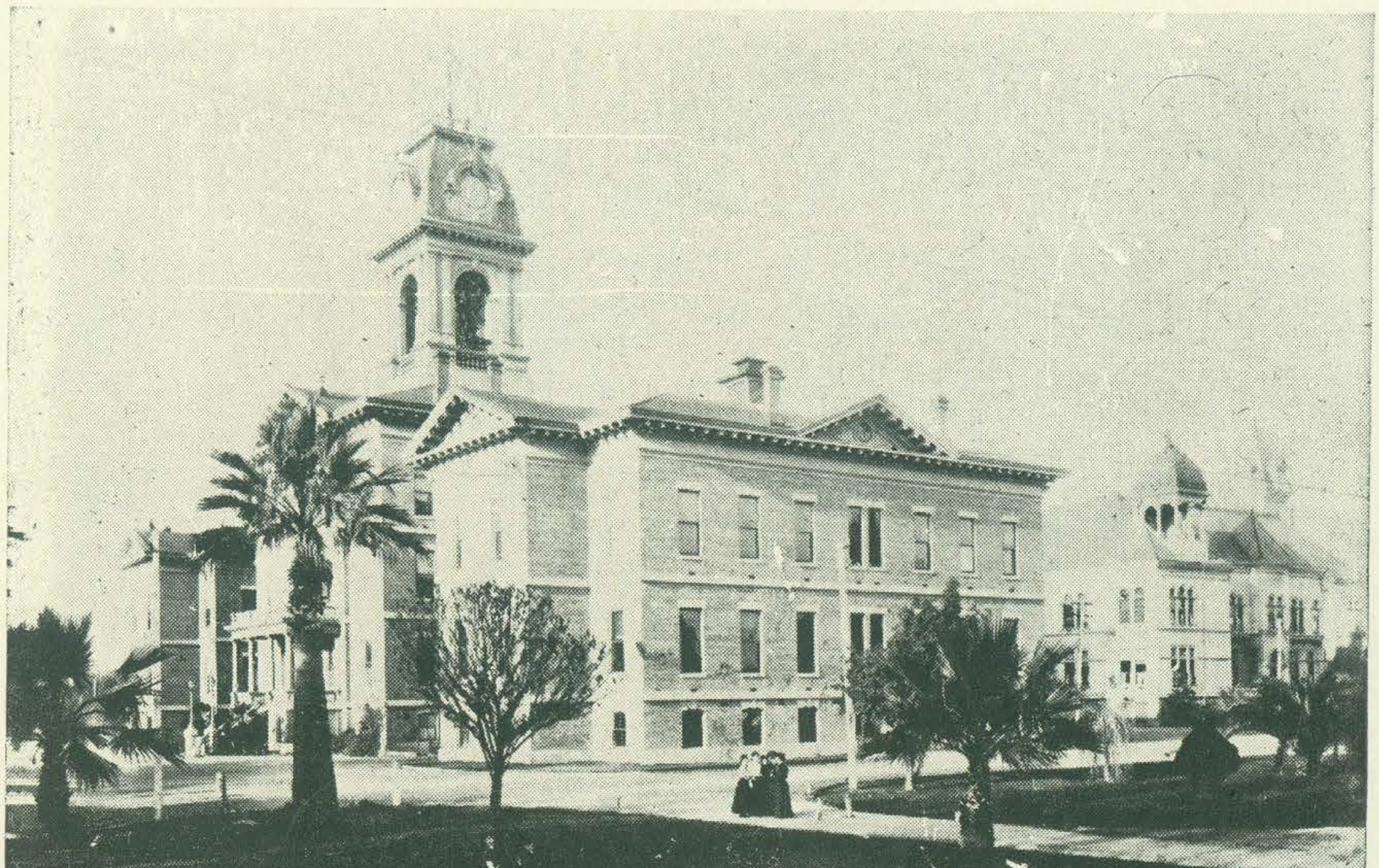


School Hymn

* * * *

Come, let us sing a song for the Gold and White;
Our voices ring the praises of her might.
Oh Normal! 'Tis to you
Our hearts are staunch and true.
While thru' the years, we'll give our cheers,
The Gold and White, forevermore!

Here's to your strength, your spirit brave and free!
Long may you thrive, Oh school of destiny!
Our Alma Mater, we bow
In reverence to thee now,
While the spirit light, of the Gold and White
Shall lead us on forevermore.



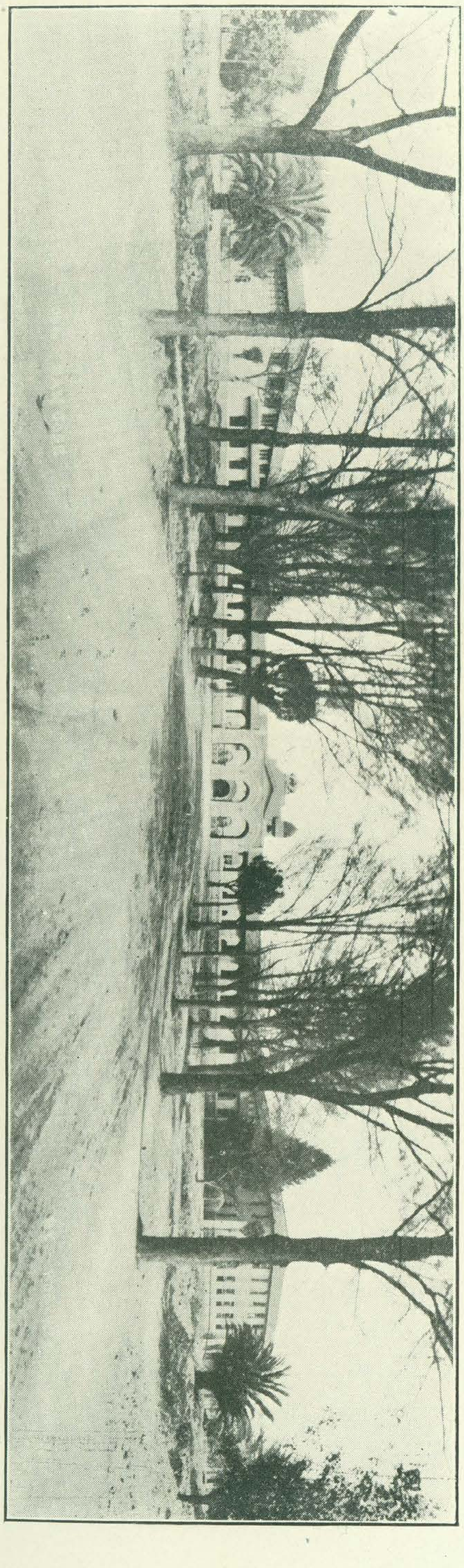
The Old

The Pioneer

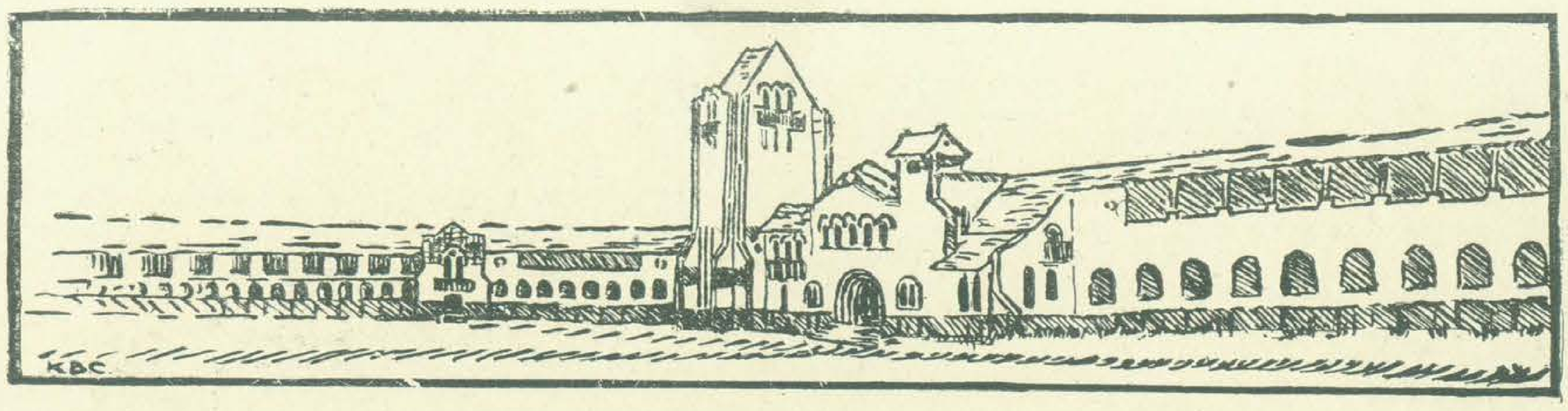
By HENRY MEADE BLAND.

* * * *

This is no pampered son of leisure-loving Ind,
No drunken scion of luxurious Mede of old.
But, in the heart and sinews of this knotted frame,
The struggles of a thousand years are panoplied



e New . . .



The May Fete of the Past and the Future

* * * *

ABOUT ten years ago there originated in our Kindergarten, under the capable leadership of Miss MacKenzie, what has since become a large and spectacular affair, the annual May Fete.

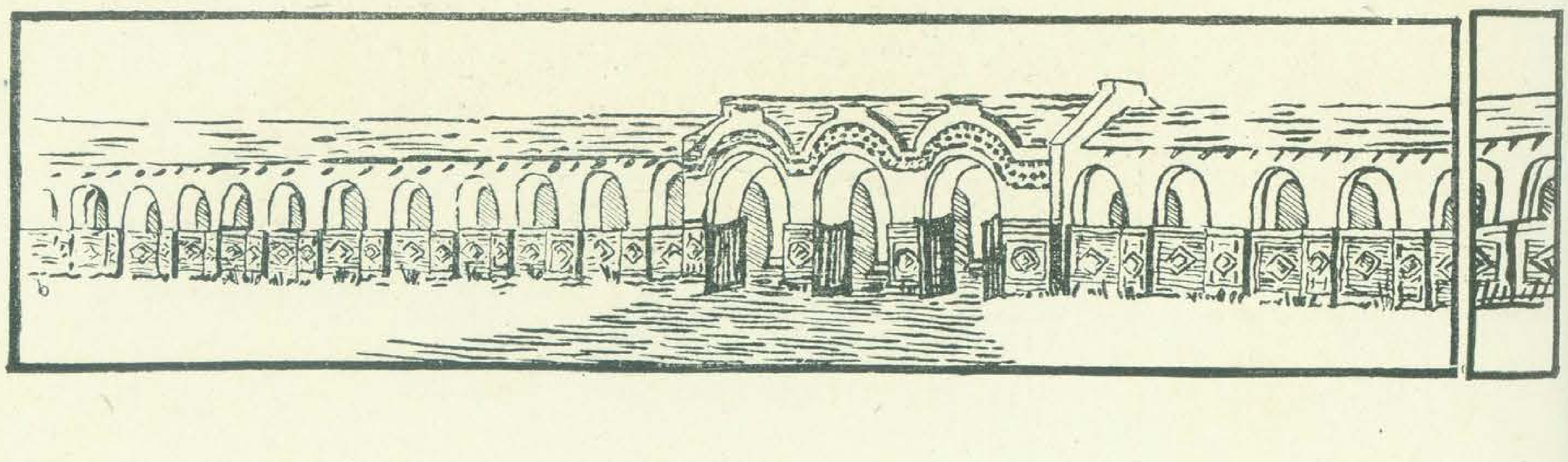
The deplorable condition of our grounds for the last two years necessarily suspended the Festival, but in that time plans for a greater Fete have been worked out and when the Alumni return to participate in the celebration of the Jubilee next year, they will truly appreciate how excellent is their Alma Mater.

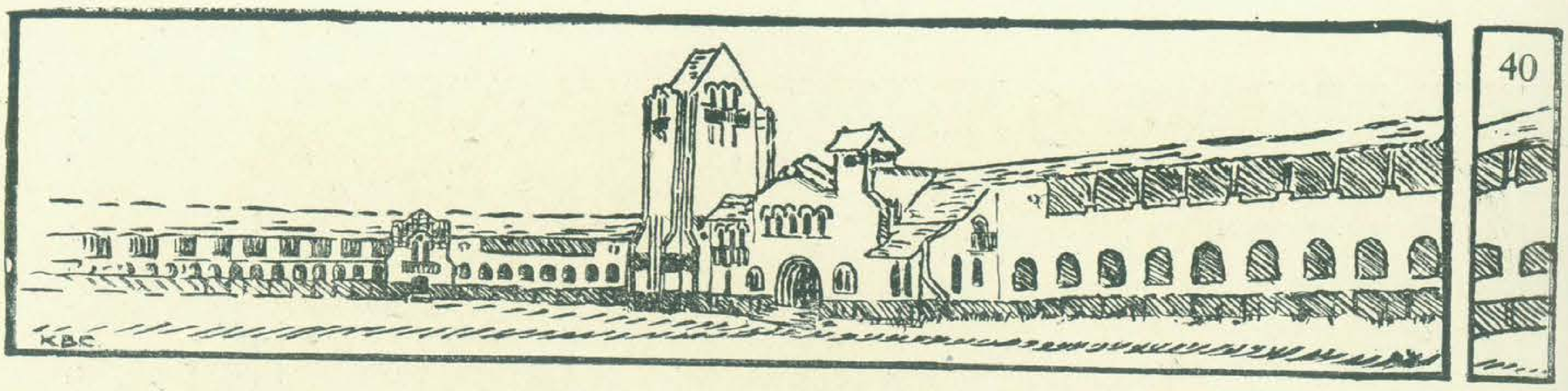
That the Fete should have originated in the Kindergarten, which stands for all that is beautiful, happy and bright, seems particularly appropriate. One has only to step into the corner rooms of the south wing to see that "our babies" are indeed surrounded by all that is beautiful, happy and bright.

But when one stops to consider the marvelous growth and the enormous size of the undertaking one is forced to realize how very rapidly our school is advancing and how influential it is coming to be.

It is of interest to know that Miss MacKenzie received her inspiration from reading some reminiscences of Froebel. If the noted educator of the distant century successfully used the games and dances in his theory of education, it is not surprising that the revival of the custom is one of the greatest educational questions before the people of to-day. And to know that our own school has worked it out so successfully should make us very, very proud.

As I have said, the Fete originated with the tinty tots, but it has





now become a large affair including not only all the children of our Training School but also their student teachers. The Queen is chosen from among the pupils of the upper grammar grades, elected by her classmates, and an attempt is made to impress it upon their minds that their choice should not be governed by beauty alone, but by such qualities as kindness, gentleness and dignity, which becomes any gracious ruler.

The April number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1910 has said of the Festival:

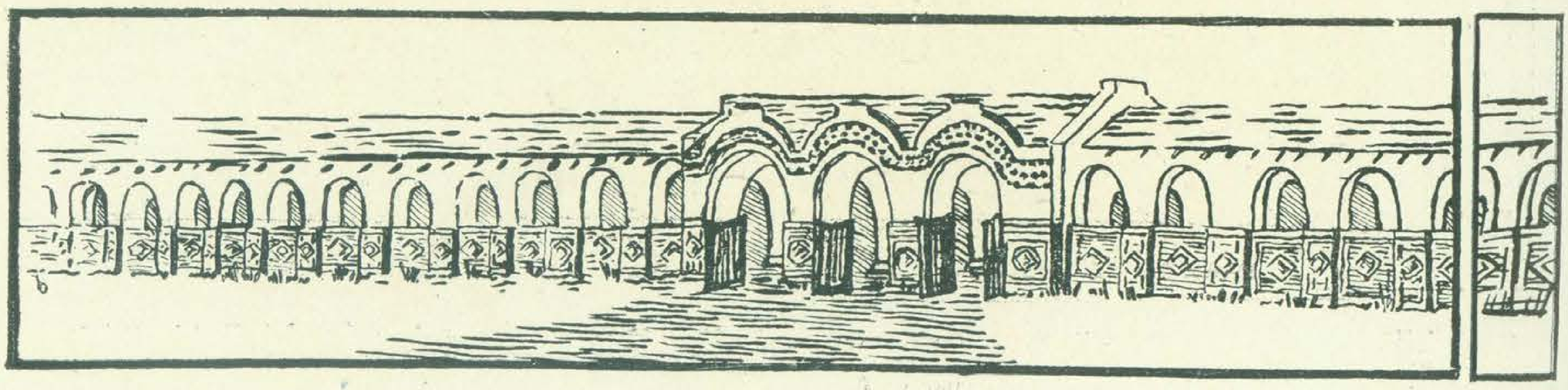
"To describe faithfully this greeting of the May, with its perfect setting, its radiance of color, its grace and poetry of motion, is well-nigh impossible, but picture a natural amphitheatre carpeted with grass and environed by trees, beneath whose shade tiers of seats have been erected; overhead the bluest of blue skies and in the air the fragrance of early spring; and when the chorus of six hundred young women students files into the enclosure, arrayed in dazzling white and garlanded with green, and bursts into a paean of welcome, every heart thrills to the spirit of the occasion.

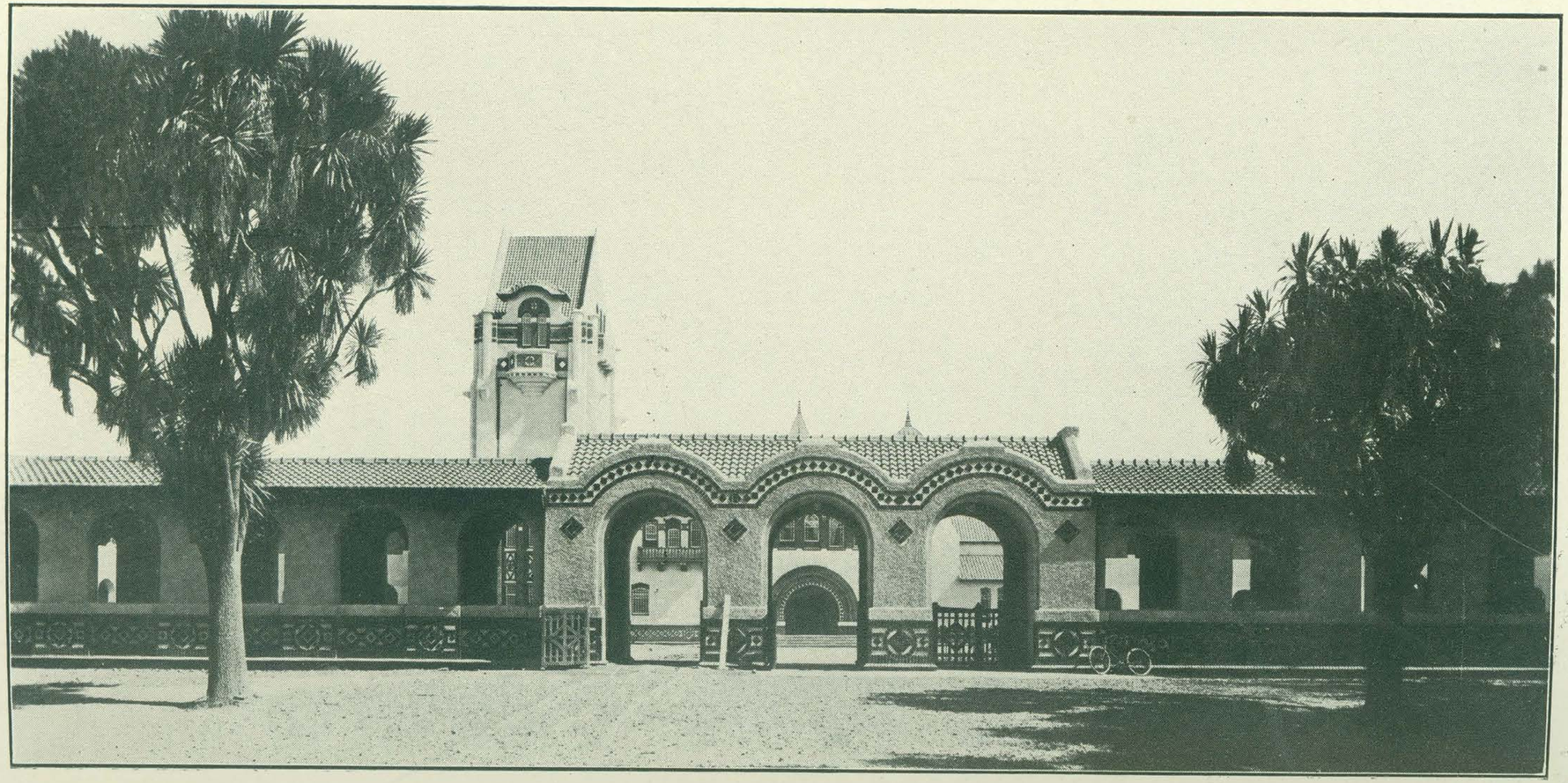
"There are quaint little folk games and dances, butterfly dances, Grecian floral games, and chariot races. Last of all comes the charming May-pole dance, and there are poles a-plenty, so that each child may help weave the ribbons in and out. The Queen descends from the throne and in person leads the dance around the May-pole.

"The sunlight filters through the leaves upon an enchanting scene—a living bit of Arcady—the sweet sound of violins comes on the flower-laden air like the pipes of Pan, and the children are nymphs and dryads dancing in some woodland dell."

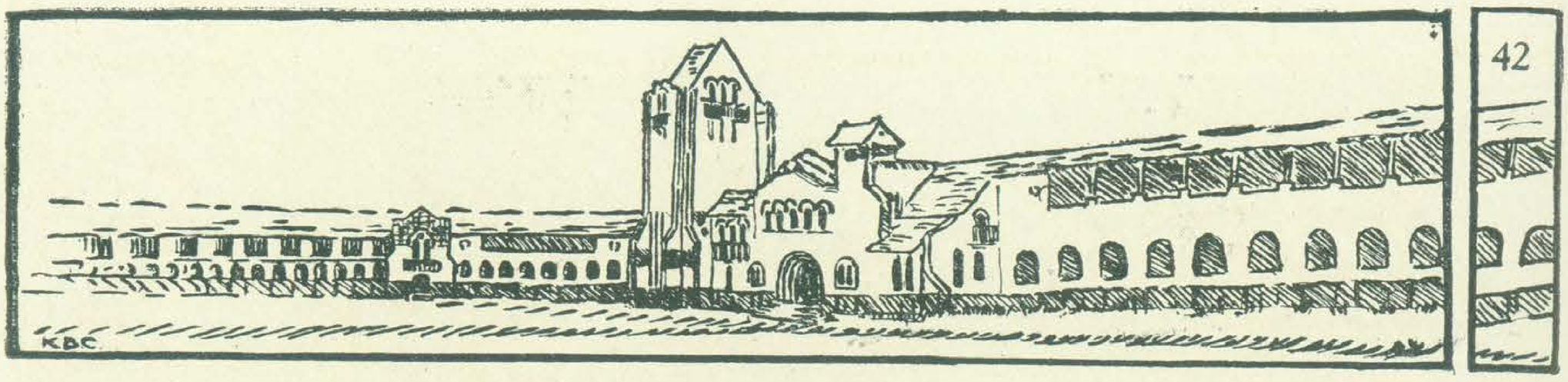
And it is indeed a charming scene. All practice and preparation are woven into the year's program so that the usual unwholesome excitement of such affairs is greatly lessened and freedom, naturalness, and simplicity are the prominent features of the festival.

It is one of the greatest regrets of the present Senior class that it was not theirs to participate in the celebration which has become a distinguishing feature of our institution and we hope to be able to return next year when the grounds have been restored to their former beauty making the Fete again possible.





THE GATES LEADING TO THE AVENUE.



The Faculty

IT seems fitting that before leaving this happy place which has kept and sheltered us for the past two years, we should say just a word about our Faculty. What should we do without them? They stand before us an excellent example of what a body of persons can accomplish by hearty co-operation, congeniality of spirit and thoughtfulness for others. Not an effort do they spare to make this school stand for all that is highest and noblest and our interests are always kept at heart. How many happy hours they give us! Every girl, we can safely say, will leave this school feeling that her life has been enriched by two years contact with these greatly varied personalities. Many a girl has found a close personal friend in one or more of the Faculty.

In future years when we think of the dear San Jose Normal, a picture of our faculty will immediately spring before our eyes and we shall always have the highest and happiest hopes for them.

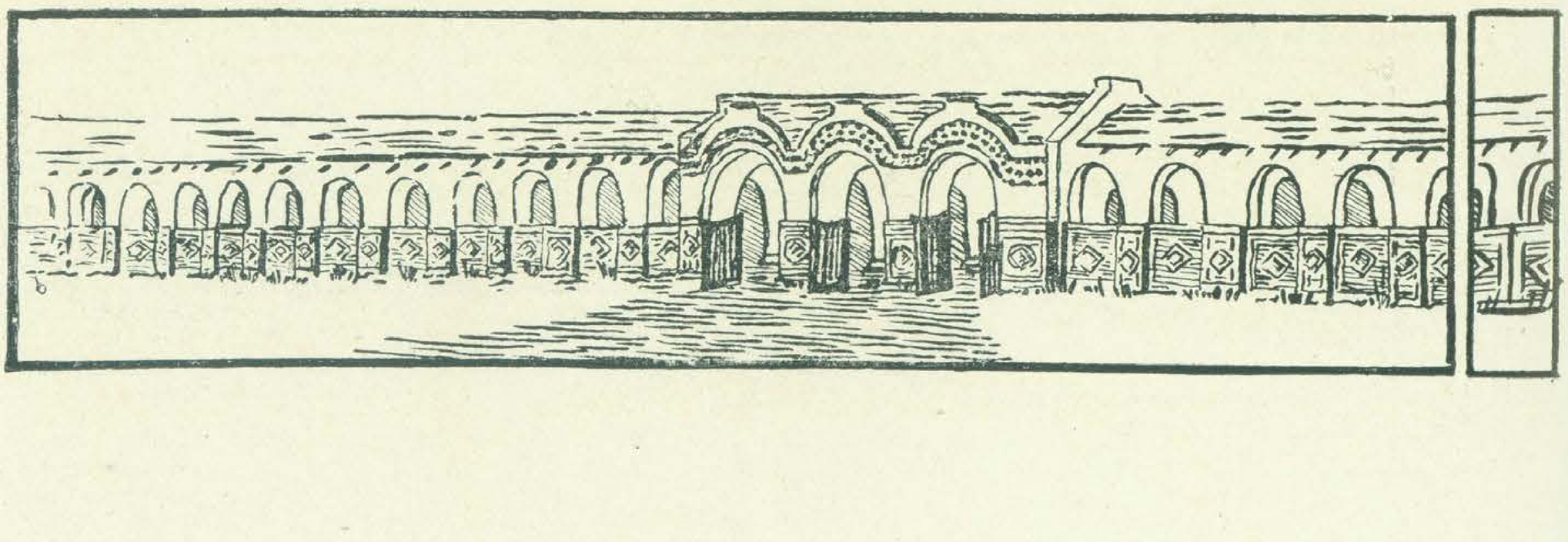
* * * *

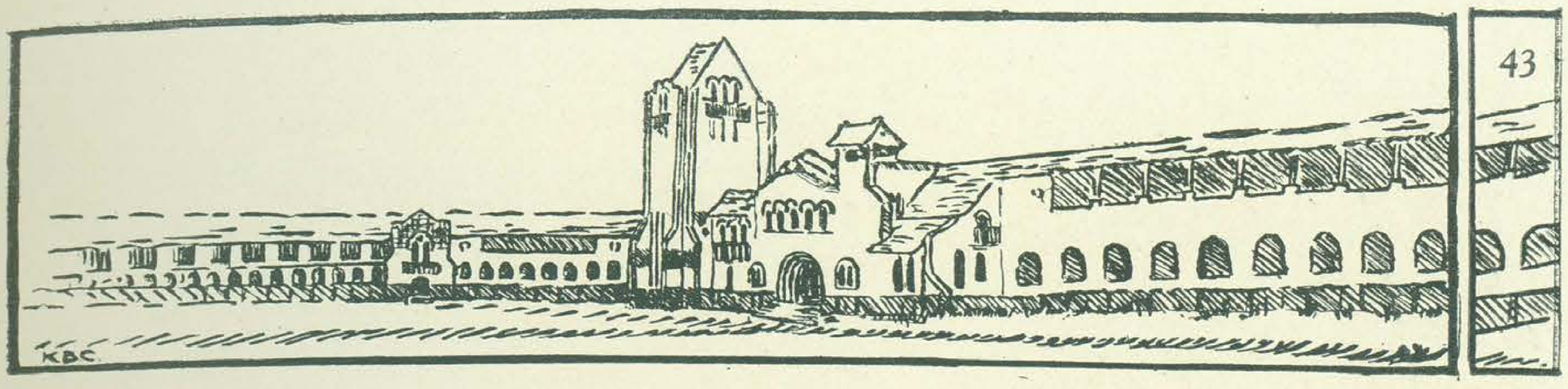
The Faculty Women's Club

DURING the four years of its existence the Faculty Women's Club has established itself as an indispensable part of our Normal life. Its aim has been to promote in every way possible a wholesome, happy, social and moral environment for both faculty and students, giving earnest attention to the varied needs of our six hundred or more young women. It has also taken a most active interest in all that relates to the beauty and healthfulness of our buildings and grounds, losing no opportunity to add to the general grace and attractiveness of our common life.

In addition to this work, it has sought to promote the more general educational interests, by a careful study of school problems and the formation of school women's clubs throughout the State. As the result of our labors in this direction we point with pride to the Federation of School Women's Clubs of California.

MARY W. GEORGE, President.
ESTELLE GREATHEAD, Secy.-Treas.

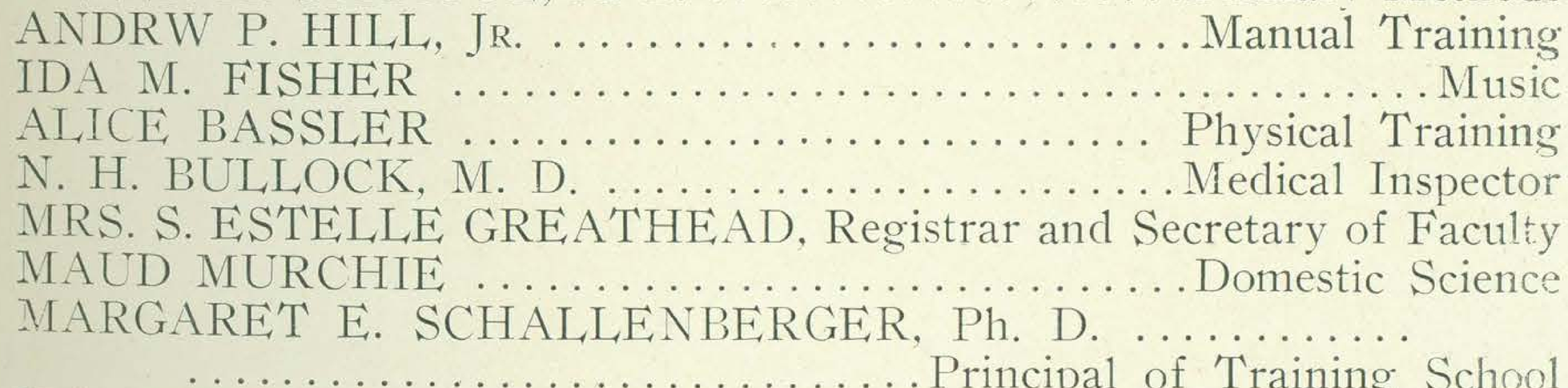


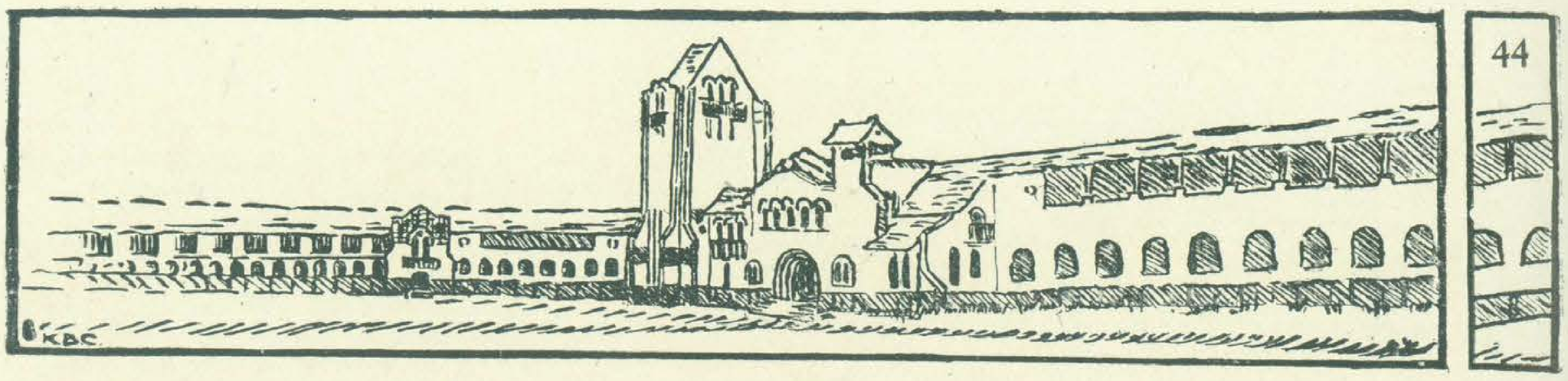


MORRIS ELMER DAILEY, A. M., Ll. D. .....*President*
School Law and School Management.
L. B .WILSON .....*Vice President*
Physical Geography and Physics.
MRS. E. ROUSSEAU .....*Preceptress*
RUTH ROYCE .....*Librarian*
MRS. MARY W. GEORGE, A. B. .....Geography
GERTRUDE PAYNE .....Reading and Expression
AGNES E. HOWE, A. B. .....History
E. R. SNYDER, Ph. D. ....History of Education and Manual Training
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
W. H. BAKER, A. M. .....Mathematics
CALTHEA C. VIVIAN .....Drawing
ENID KINNEY, A. B. .....Drawing
REBECCA F. ENGLISH .....Drawing
D. R. WOOD*, B. S. .....Nature Study and Agriculture
ETTIE KINNEY, A. B. .....Zoology
ELIZABETH McFADDEN, A. B. .....Physiology
HELEN M. SPRAGUE, A. B. .....Primary Methods
ANDRW P. HILL, Jr. .....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
MAUD MURCHIE .....Domestic Science
MARGARET E. SCHALLENBERGER, Ph. D. .....
.....Principal of Training School

HENRIETTA E. RIEBSAM	Training School Supervisors	JOEY DENTON
MARTHA TRIMBLE		BESSIE McCABE
NELL O'BRIEN		ISABEL MacKENZIE

ETHEL M. SCHUREMAN, A. B. .....
.....Assistant in Primary and Kindergarten





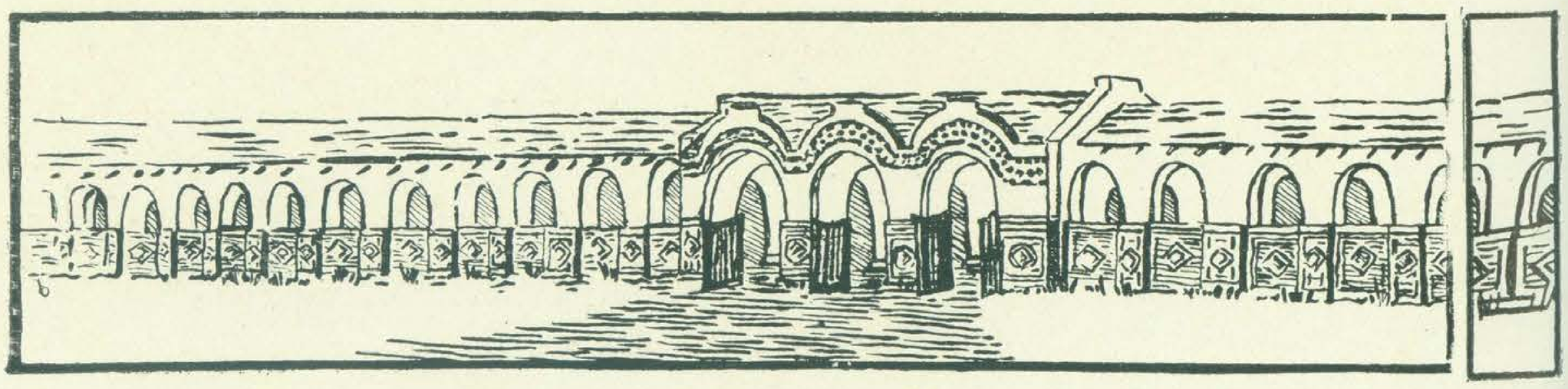
The Training School

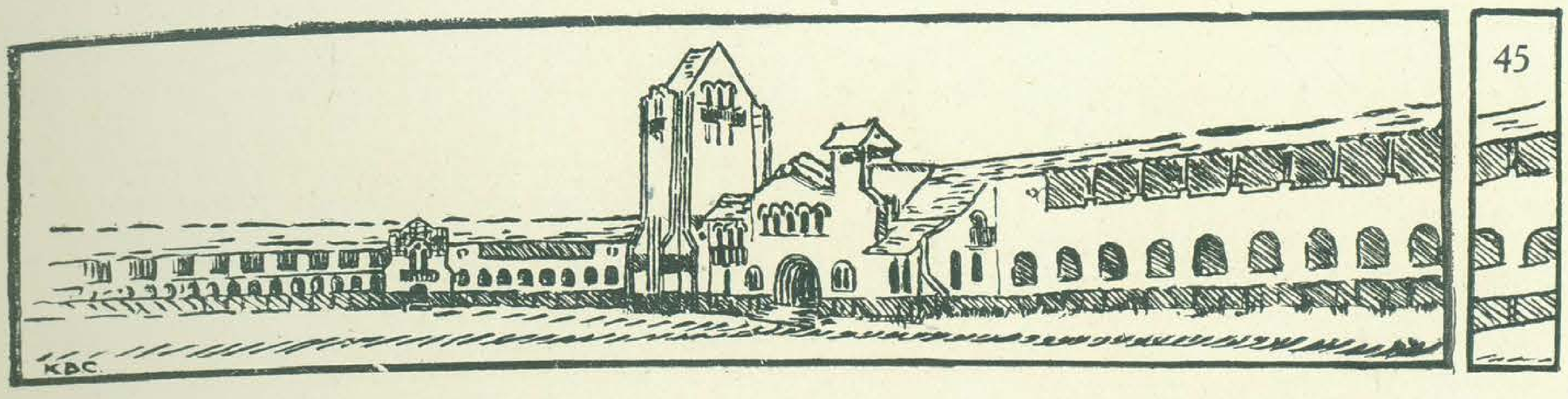
* * * *

OWING to the rapid growth of the Normal Training School, which numbers nearly six hundred boys and girls ranging in grades from the kindergarten to the high school, the present building has become inadequate to meet the needs and requirements of the school. To the delight of Faculty, students and children a bill was passed by our last legislature appropriating sixty thousand dollars to be used in the erection of a new building. The general scheme will be in accordance with the new Normal building. Special improvements have been made meeting the modern conditions of child life at school and the building will contain every modern equipment. There will be departments for the first, second, third and fourth grades found here. Two very large assembly halls will be provided, each with a wide stage for use in dramatization and other exercises. It is specially gratifying to note that there will be ample room in the new building to provide for an increase of attendance.

A recent innovation in the school curriculum is the addition of one year more of instruction in the Training School. The work to be done this year is that of the first year of High School. The Normal Students will be trained to teach this Ninth-Year Grade, and the work is to be specially well supervised by the Normal School Faculty. It is expected that Dr. Dailey will supervise the Algebra department himself. All of this is in line with the general tendency for enlargement of the Grammar School course.

As yet we have not mentioned the Music of our Training School which means more and more to students and teachers each year. There





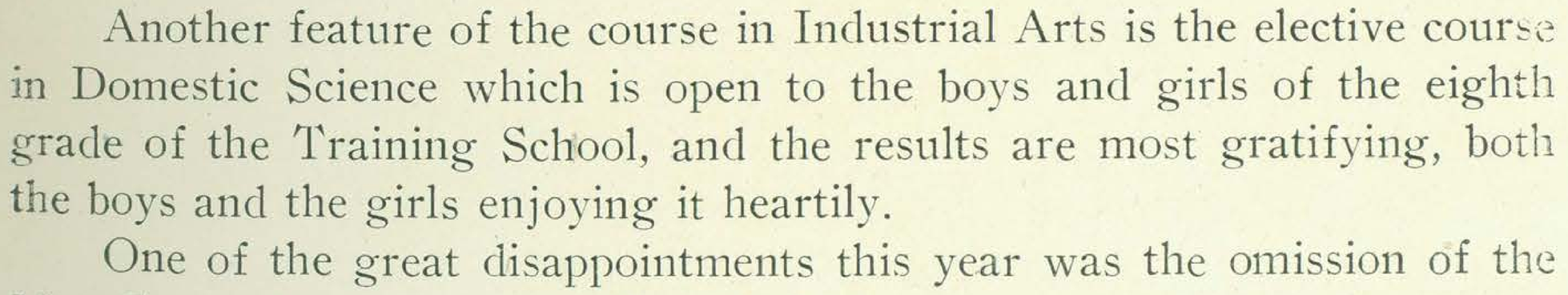
is an orchestra composed of boys and girls from the Training School and usually conducted by a student teacher. On various occasions they have delighted us with their carefully prepared programs. A Victor and Victrola have recently been purchased and the children are rapidly acquiring an appreciation of the best music. Such records as "Silent Night" by Schumann-Heink, Sextet from Lucia, Spring Song (Mendelssohn), etc., are found here and these can not help but tend toward a greater appreciation of the best in music.

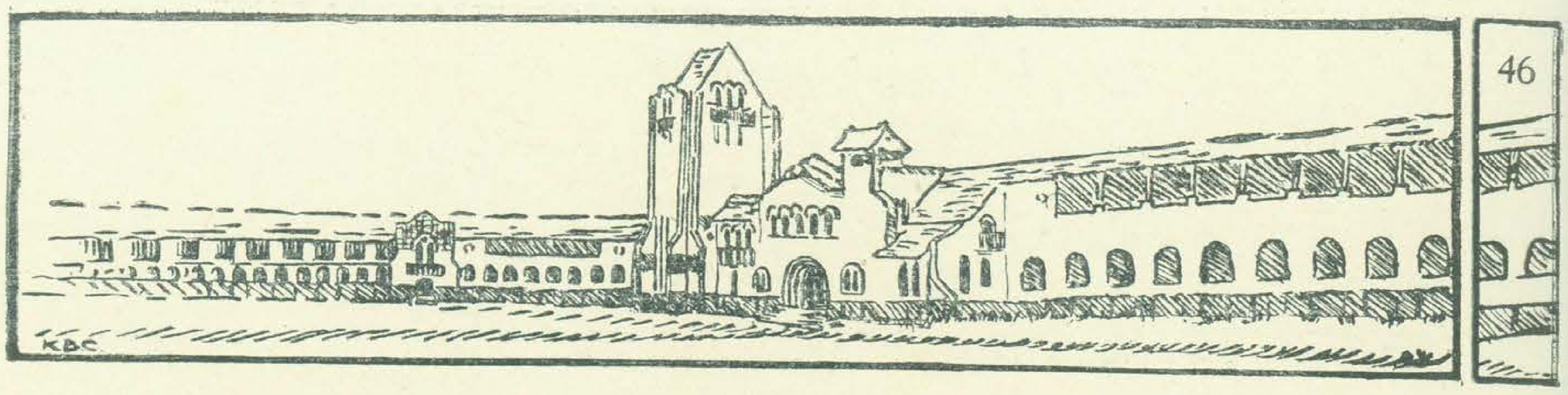
As for the Art Department one can scarcely enter the art room on a spring morning without feeling that none but deft and artistic touches have been used in making the room a radiant bower of loveliness. In fact the floral decorations have become quite a factor in the life of the Training School and the charm which they add cannot lightly be estimated. Their influence is subtle but powerful.

Not only flowers but pictures tend toward making the room most attractive. Such pictures as Watt's "Sir Galehad," and "The Ruins of the Forum" are found on the walls of the various rooms, many of which have been made possible by the efforts of the children. During the past year the correlation of the Art Work with that of Manual Training has been of mutual benefit to both.

Another feature of the course in Industrial Arts is the elective course in Domestic Science which is open to the boys and girls of the eighth grade of the Training School, and the results are most gratifying, both the boys and the girls enjoying it heartily.

One of the great disappointments this year was the omission of the May Fete. It was not possible to hold it on account of the torn-up condition of the grounds, necessitated by the erection of the new Normal building. Indoor Folk dancing has been substituted, however, in lieu of the old style calisthenics. Next year this Folk dancing will be extended





throughout the whole school and the field of playground work will be greatly enlarged.

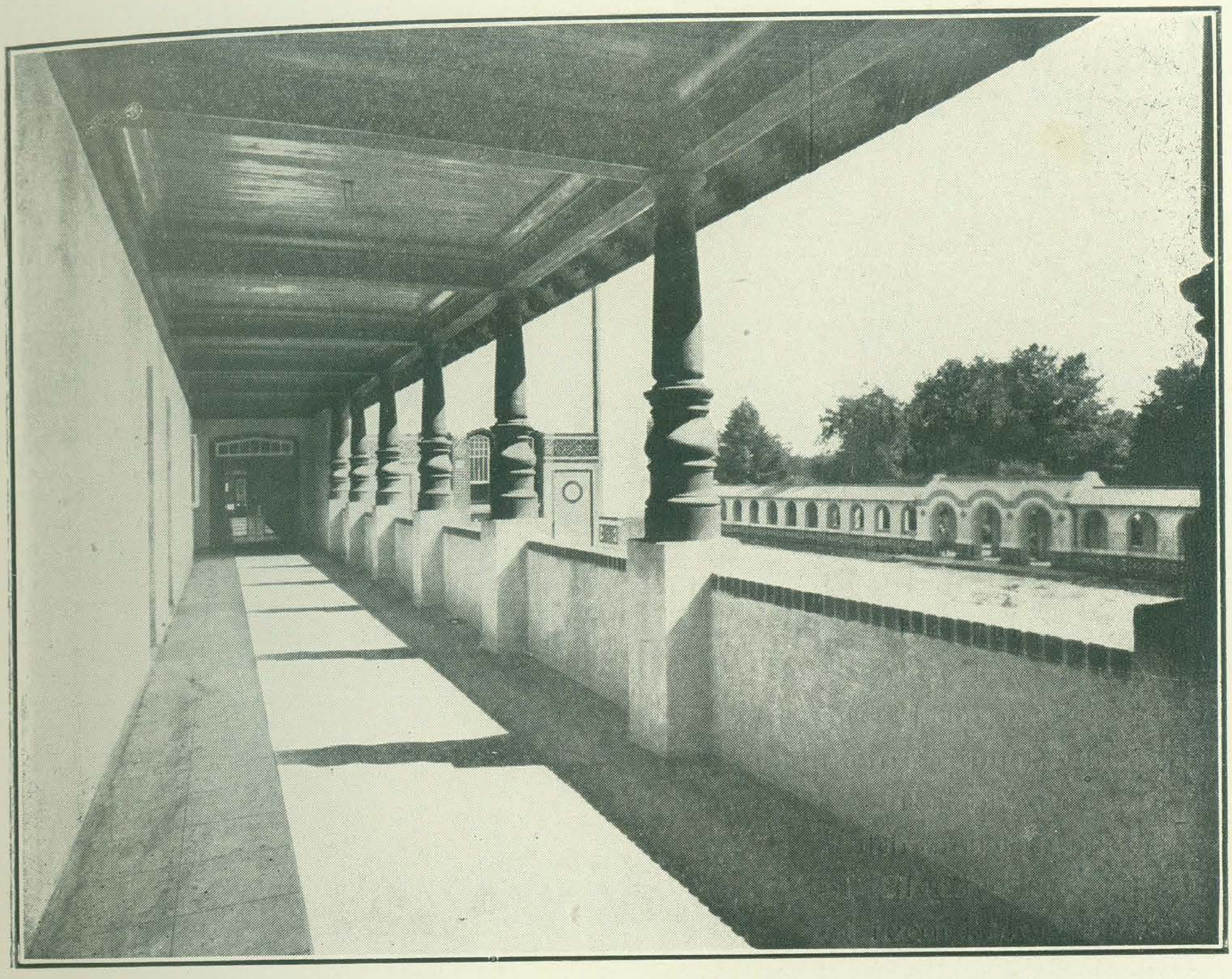
The reports of the good scholarship of the Training School graduates are constantly coming to us from the High School. This is indeed a source of gratification because it proves that the Training School student teachers are good teachers.

Nor do the Training School graduates forget their Alma Mater, for they have organized a Training School Alumni. Several addresses have been made to the present eighth grade, which have helped to put them in touch and sympathy with their next school work.

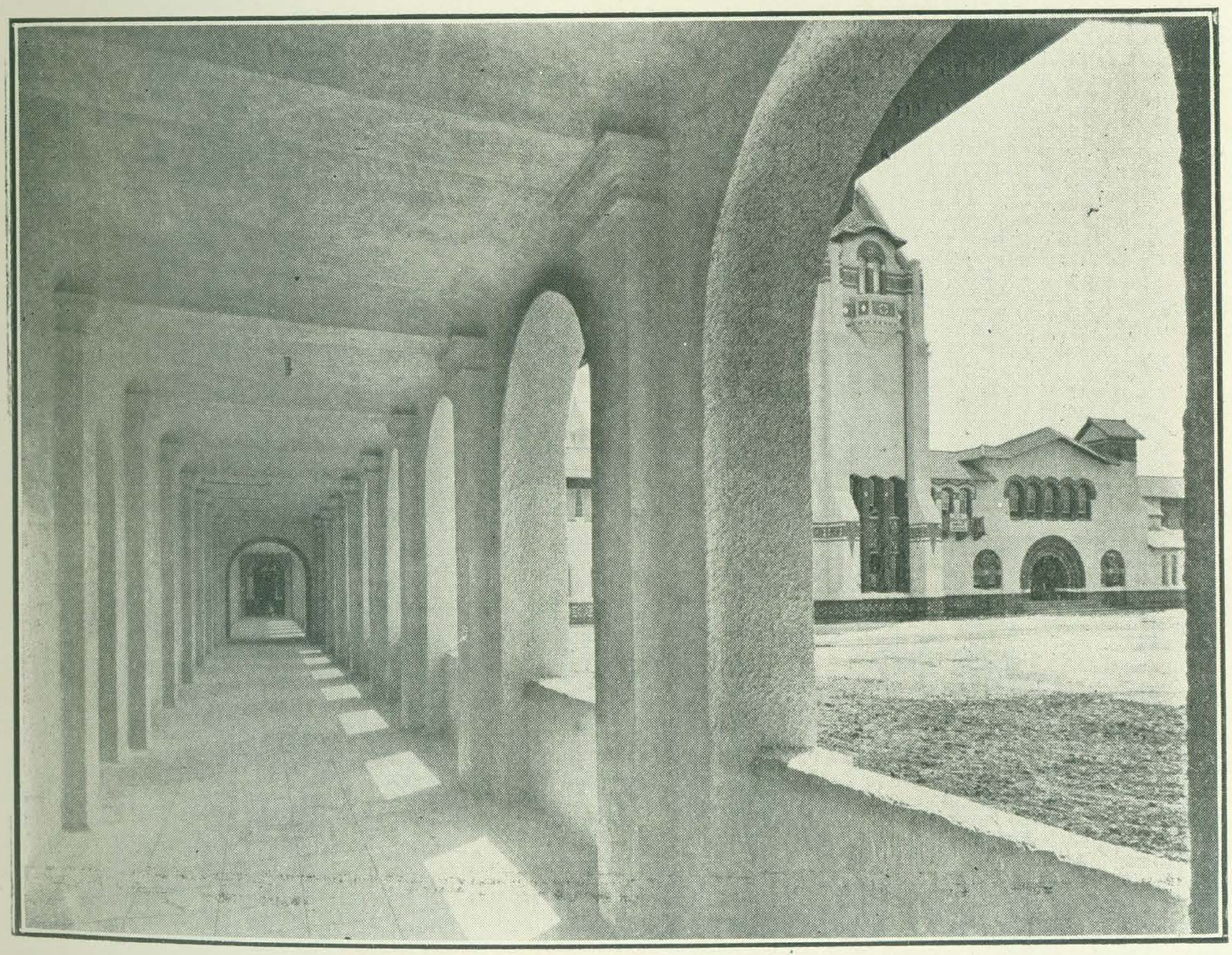
Not only are the Alumni interested and active but the mothers of the children have formed themselves into a club which is making a record of effectiveness. The club has made several contributions in the way of records for the Victrola which have been greatly appreciated.

Possibly the most striking characteristic of our Training School is a certain independence or feeling of responsibility that is noticeable in both student teachers and children. There is no Training School in the United States that throws so much responsibility upon its young teachers. It is in every sense *our* Training School. We feel it the moment we cross the threshold. It is a real school, not a play school, and we make it what it is.

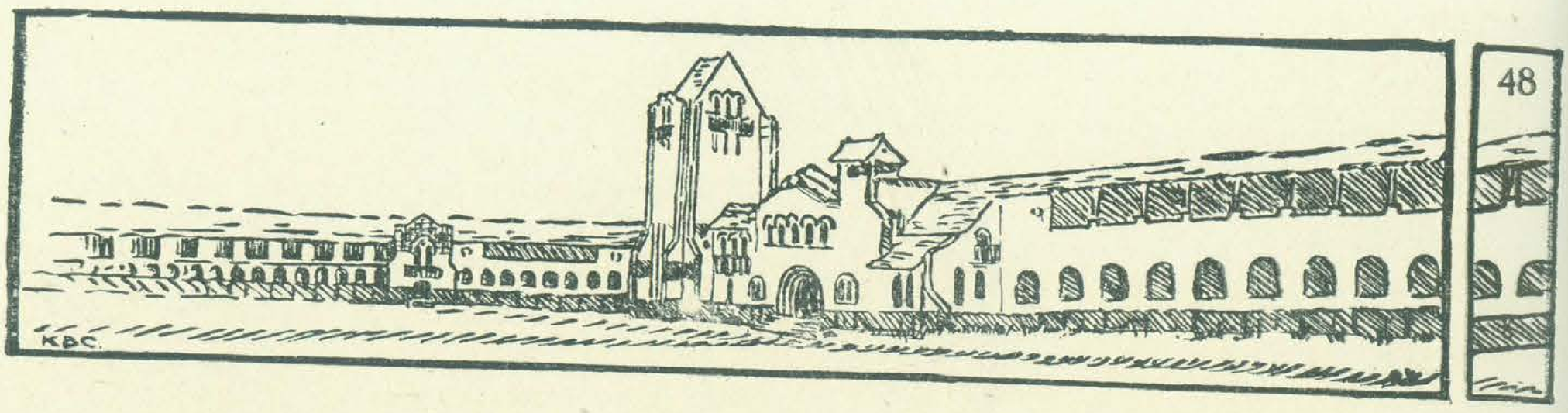
HAUNTS OF THE SENIORS



GOING TO CIVICS. HORRORS!



DID YOU SEE MY NAME ON THE MAIL LIST?



Junior-Senior Contest

* * * *

ALUMNI knows that school spirit is essential in our Stuent Body, so two of its members did a little thinking, and the result was a beautiful silver, gold-lined contest cup. This was sent to us a few weeks before the spring vacation together with the following letter:

Dr. Dailey:—We, two Alumni of the Normal, are sending you a trophy cup engraved "Junior-Senior Cup 1911," with a desire that it be accepted by the students and faculty as an aid for the promotion of school spirit and friendly rivalry.

We ask you to take full charge of the cup contest, with six members of the faculty to assist, as chairman of each event. We leave to your judgment the members of this committee.

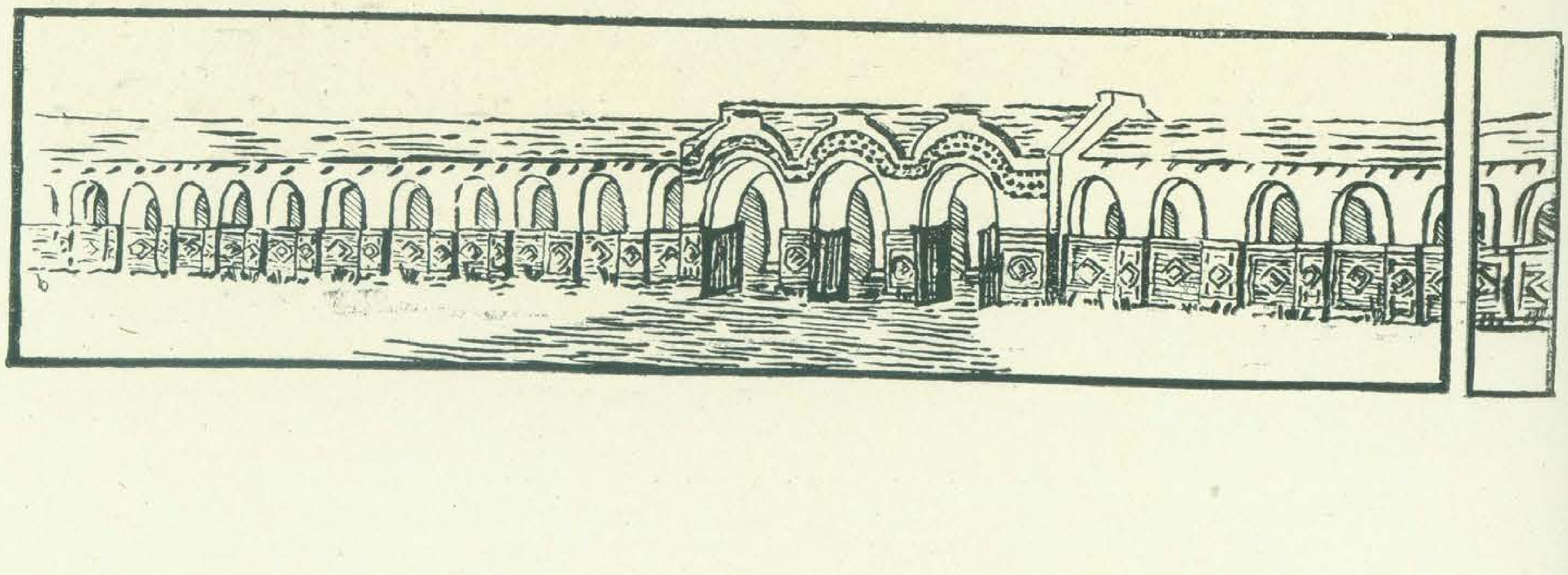
We are taking for granted that the school will accept our offering in the spirit of good fellowship it is given in, and in order to be brief and clear we state the following points:

1. The cup is to be known by its engraved name of Junior-Senior Cup and is to be the property of the Student Association of the San Jose Normal.

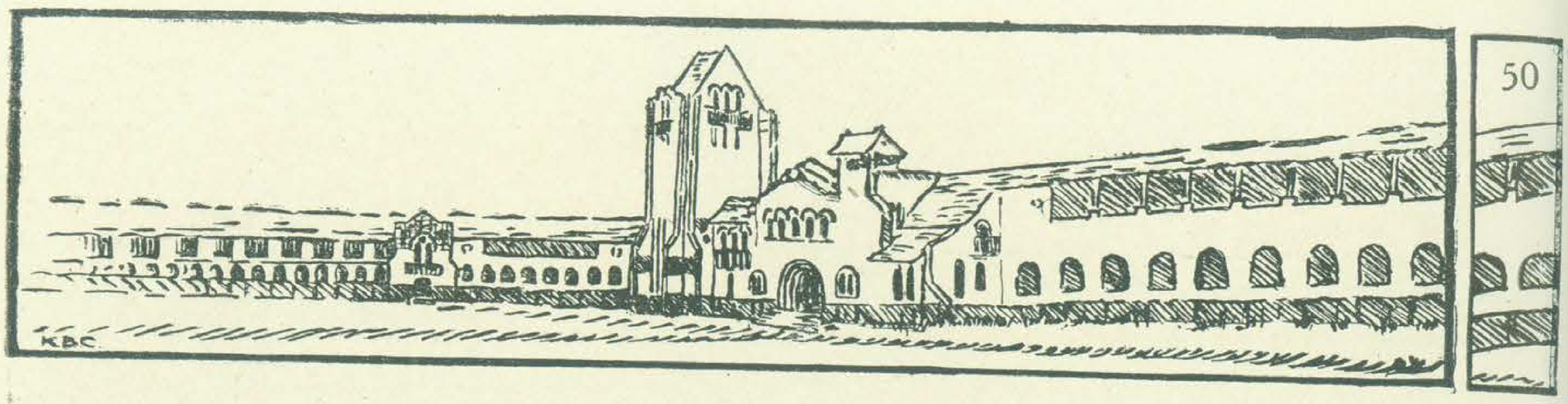
2. It is to be competed for by the Junior and Senior Classes, for three years, 1911, 1912 and 1913, and decided won each year by the number of points made by each class in each event as shown in schedule.

3. Every judging board necessary for the events must consist of one faculty member, one Alumni member, and one person interested in the Normal, but not an Alumnus.

The list winners of the events, judges of contest, and winner of



THE CUP.



cup must be published in the most frequent publication at least twice each school year.

5. The students are asked to defray the yearly expense of engraving the final record on the cup, stating the year and number of points made by each class.

6. There shall be seven events scattered through the year from November to May, but in 1911 we advise a Junior-Senior week to include all of the events listed, if possible, but at least four (4) of them.

7. The decision of arranging the contests this year we leave with the faculty, whom we know will make their decision in keeping with the spirit of the contests to be held in 1912 and 1913.

8. The contests of 1912 and 1913 we ask to be as follows and the points to be decided and awarded as here arranged:

Basket Ball (both men and women)—to the winner, 4 contest points; to the side making the least fouls, 3 contest points.

Tennis—Singles (regardless of sex), 5 contest points; men's doubles, winner, 5 contest points; women's doubles, winner, 5 contest points; mixed doubles, winner, 5 contest points.

Oratory (team or single person)—5 contest points.

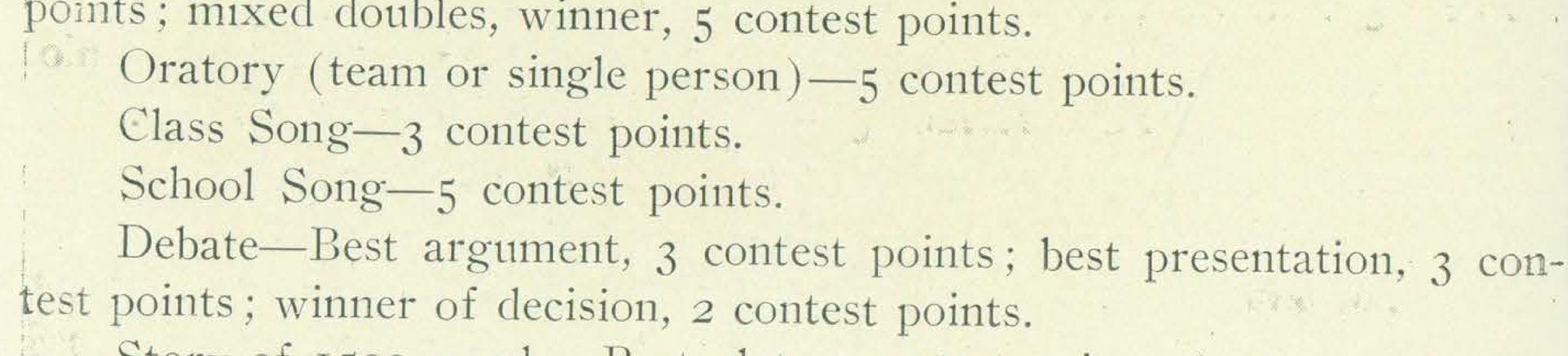
Class Song—3 contest points.

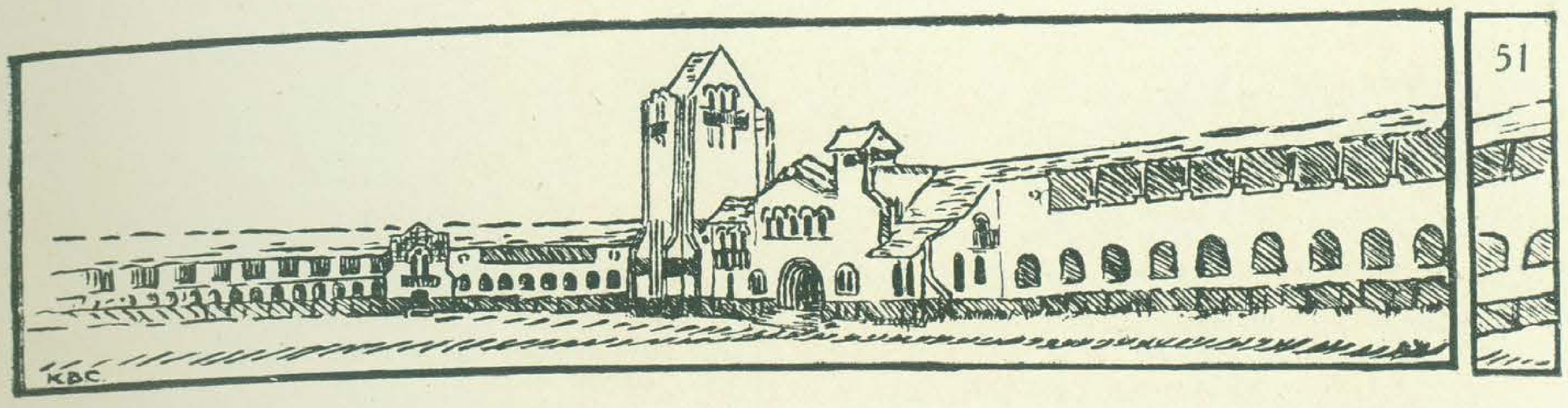
School Song—5 contest points.

Debate—Best argument, 3 contest points; best presentation, 3 contest points; winner of decision, 2 contest points.

Story of 1500 words—Best plot, 3 contest points; best story, 2 contest points.

9. The subject of debate shall be relative to the subject of the Chico-San Jose debate.





10. The time of the contest we ask to be as follows:

Basket Ball contest—2nd week of November.

School Song—Finished and judged by first Tuesday of December.

Debate—2nd week of December.

Oratory—4th week of February.

Class Song—Finished and presented at Oratory Contest and judged there.

Tennis—2nd and 3rd week of April.

Story—Finished and judged by the first week in May.

11. The entire contest each year to be closed and final official cup winner announced by May 15th.

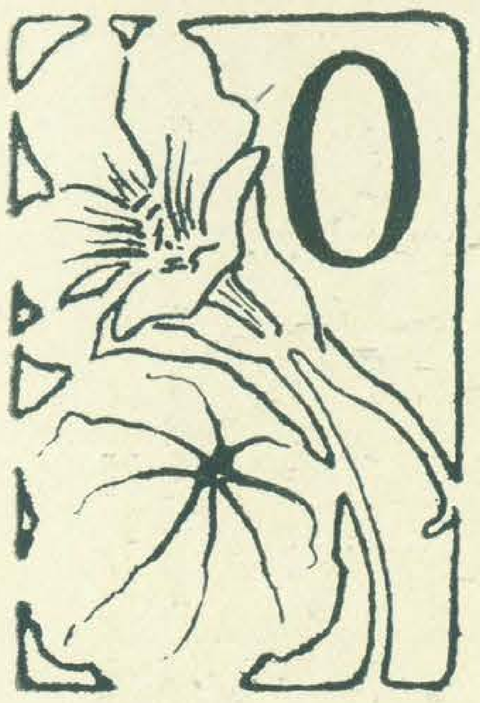
12. In all questions which arise other than here provided for we ask Dr. Dailey to make the decision.

We hope this will meet with student and faculty approval, and an ever increase in San Jose Normal enthusiasm.

Sincerely yours, TWO ALUMNI.

The results of the contest are as follows:

	Seniors	Juniors
Boys' Basket Ball	7	0
Girls' Basket Ball	4	3
Tennis		
Boys' Doubles	5	0
Girls' Doubles	0	5
Boys' Singles	0	5
Girls' Singles	5	0
Mixed Doubles	5	0
Debate	0	8
Song	0	8
Story	2	3
Totals	28	32



PPORTUNITY! I wonder how many of us really appreciate the meaning of this rather ordinary word. And how many of us realize the great number of opportunities within our reach only waiting to be grasped? And do we make enough of an effort to grasp those that may be just beyond an easy reach?

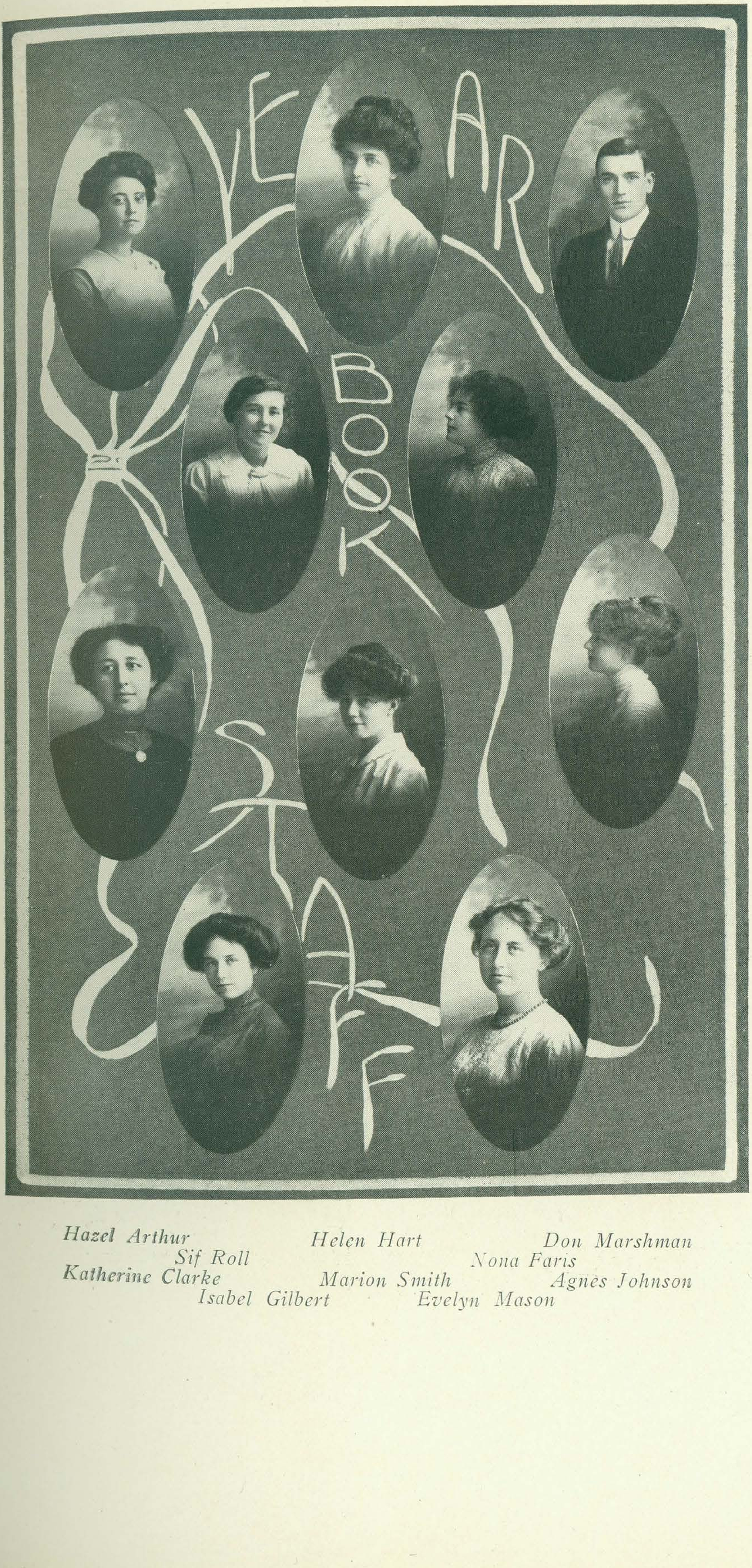
In this Normal school of ours the number of opportunities is exceptionally great. It is our privilege to hear some of the world's greatest scholars and musicians, to see some of the greatest actors of the day, and social pleasures are ever brightening the paths of the work-a-day world. But do we take advantage of these things which would surely help to make life more worth while?

Frankly, I am afraid not. And this very fact that we do not is evidence against our broad-mindedness. Have we filled our capacity for knowledge and experience to such an extent that we do not need the rest of the world and its ideas along whatever lines they may lie?

Some one has said, "I shall pass this way but once, any good thing therefore that I can do, any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now; let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." And so may Opportunity pass your way but once and if not grasped then may be lost to you forever.

Edward Rowland Sill, in his poem, "Opportunity," seems to illustrate my point so clearly that I cannot do better than to close by quoting it.

"This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath a cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—" He snapt and flung it from his hand.
And lowering crept away, and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sorebestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause on that day."

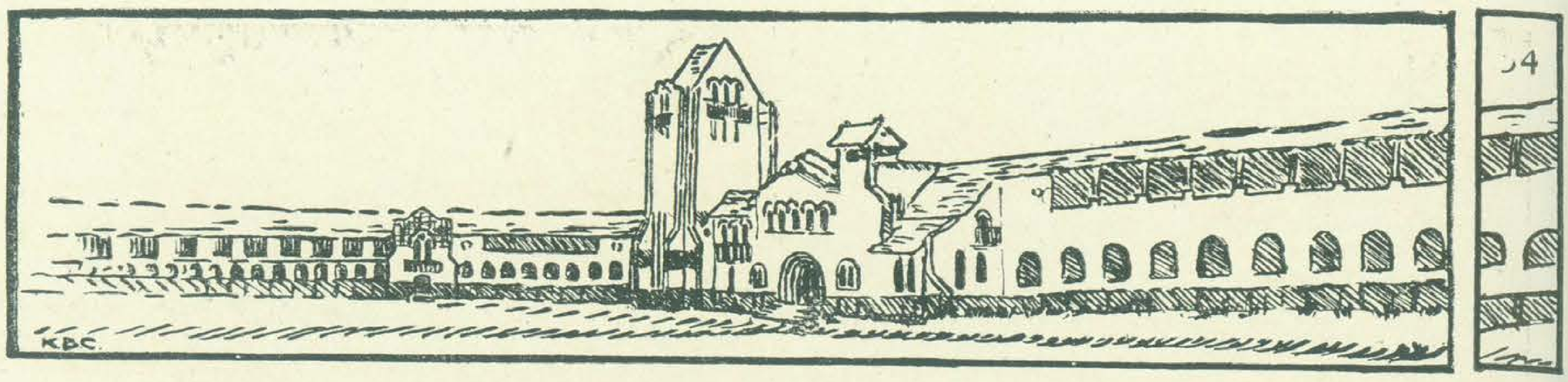


Hazel Arthur *Helen Hart* *Don Marshman*

Sif Roll *Nona Faris*

Katherine Clarke *Marion Smith* *Agnes Johnson*

Isabel Gilbert *Evelyn Mason*



We're Members of the Normal School

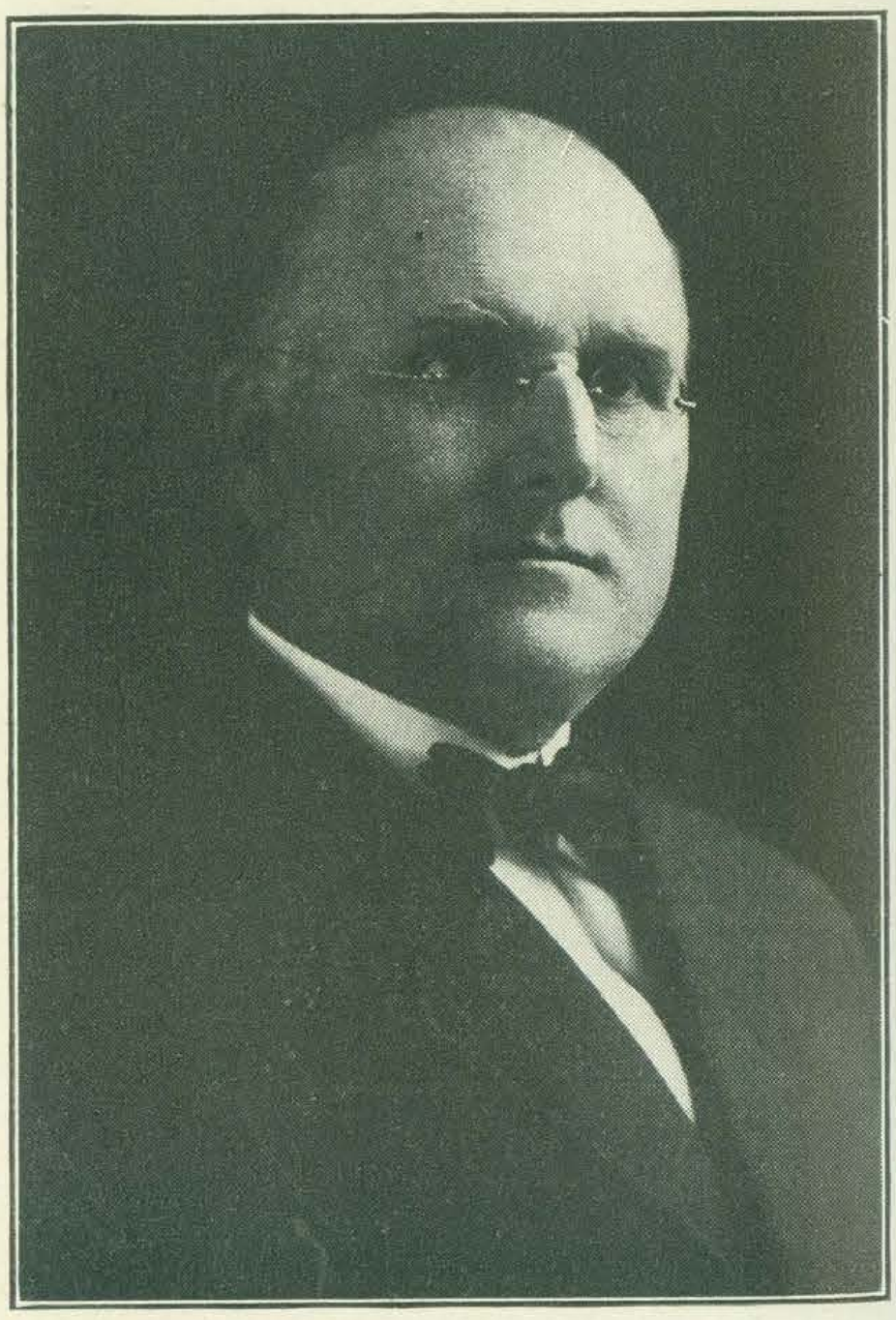
* * * *

(Tune: Solomon Levi.)

We're members of the Normal School
Adown in San Jose,
And there we learn from pedagogues
To teach the proper way;
We cram ourselves with methods
And we master every rule,
And then we cross the "Bridge of Sighs"
To run the Training School.
We lead all other Normal Schools
In games and in debate,
We're biggest and we're smartest
And we're everything up-to-date;
We do our poor opponents up
So bad it makes them ache,
I tell you what, the Normal School
Of San Jose takes the cake.

CHORUS:

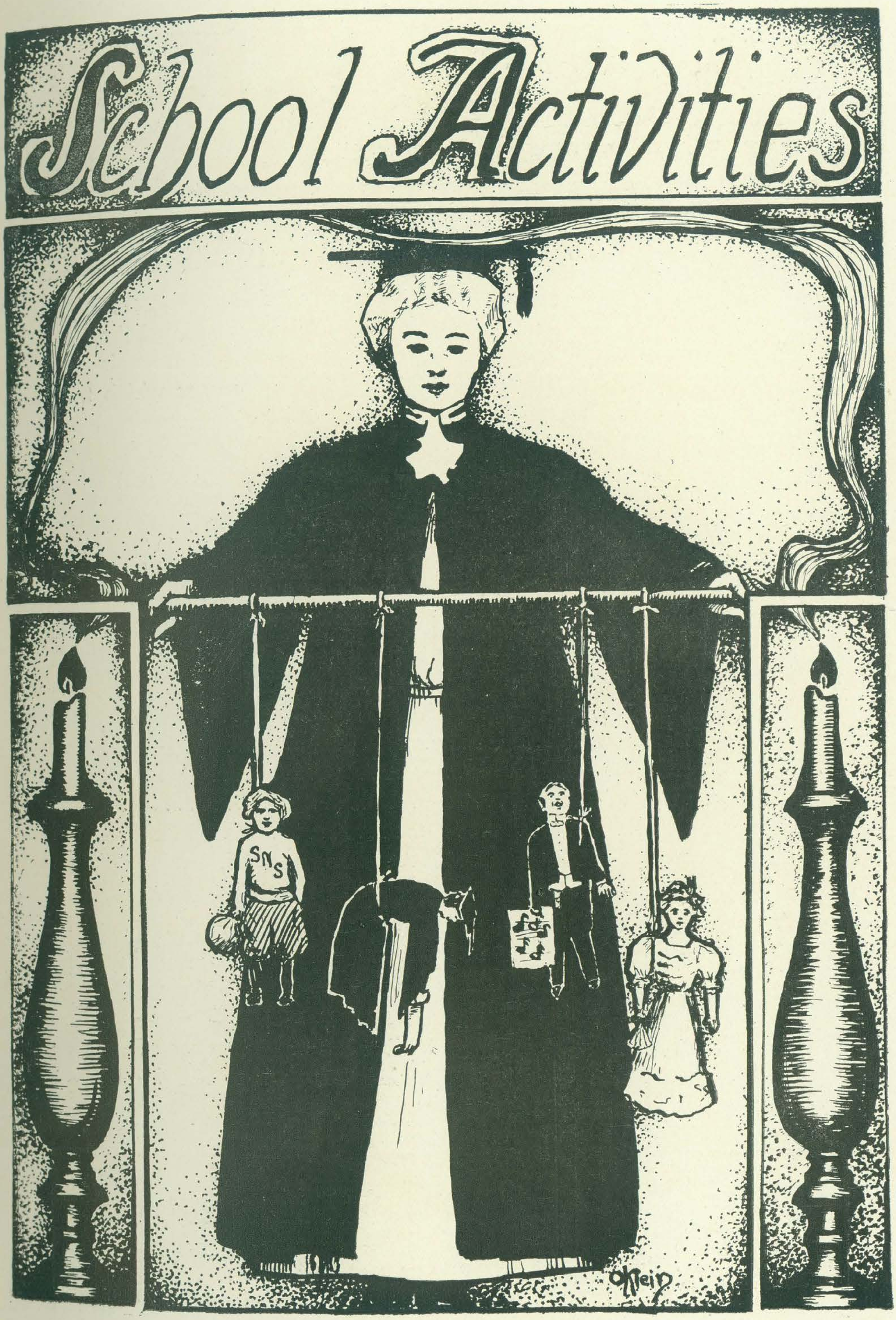
Oh, San Jose Normal,
Tra la la la la la la,
Dear San Jose Normal
Normal tra la la la,
We're members of the
Normal School
Adown in San Jose.



Dan Wood

Our New Song Leader

School Activities



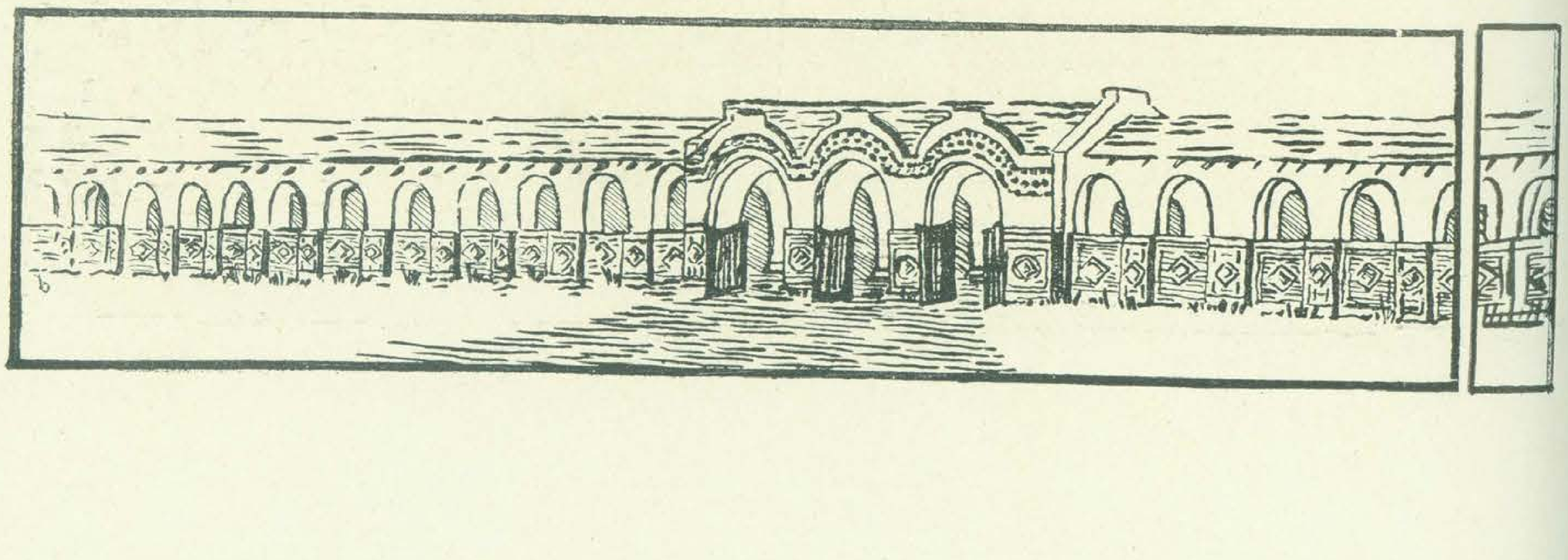
BROWN as berries, but feeling mighty cheerful, we gathered again at the beginning of this year. With a noble leader, Donald Marshman, the wheels of the Student Body machinery ran in their accustomed way. Many and long were the heated arguments which took place when the Executive Committee gathered and discussed the welfare of this Student Body. All hail! we say to the staff of officers who carried us safely through the first eighteen weeks of school.

Then, hold your breath! the election! Verily the sky did rain "Harts," basket-balls and election tickets for many days. And then that fateful night when, until twelve o'clock, the election board sat behind closed doors and counted the long line of "x's." As the clock struck, the door opened and Don, worn and pale, mounted a chair and gave to the waiting crowd the result:

President ..... Marie Walker
1st Vice President ..... Dwight Young
2nd Vice President ..... Fay Kleeberger
Secretary ..... Sif Roll
Treasurer ..... Don Marshman
Executive Committee at Large ..... Harry Miller, Irma Williams
Sergeants-at-Arms ..... Genevieve Farrell, Irene Wisebaum

A few days later the new Executive Committee entertained the old one at a luncheon. The second half of the year the Student Body continued its monthly meetings. The spirit manifested by the officers has been the kind that should exist in every person of the S. N. S.

Then here's to S. N. S.! May she live long and be ever permeated with that subtle something which makes her what she is—School Spirit!



Marie Walker — *Dwight Young* — *Fay Kleeberger* — *Gran Thomas*
Sif Roll — *Genevieve Farrell* — *Irma Williams* — *Harry Miller*
Floyd Onyett — *Margaret O'Donnell* — *Leslie Smith* — *Margaret Gordon*

Junior Organization

* * * *

AT the opening of school last September the Juniors met to reorganize. This was accomplished largely through the efforts of our spirited instructor, Miss Rowell. But the members of the class proved to be willing workers and began at once to make the "Junior Organization" stand for something. It now has a membership of over three hundred.

The Juniors have certainly done their part in keeping up the spirit and enthusiasm of the student body. Their first effort toward helping the school materially was their decision to furnish the Society Room with suitable tables and chairs. What comfort we have all taken in that furniture!

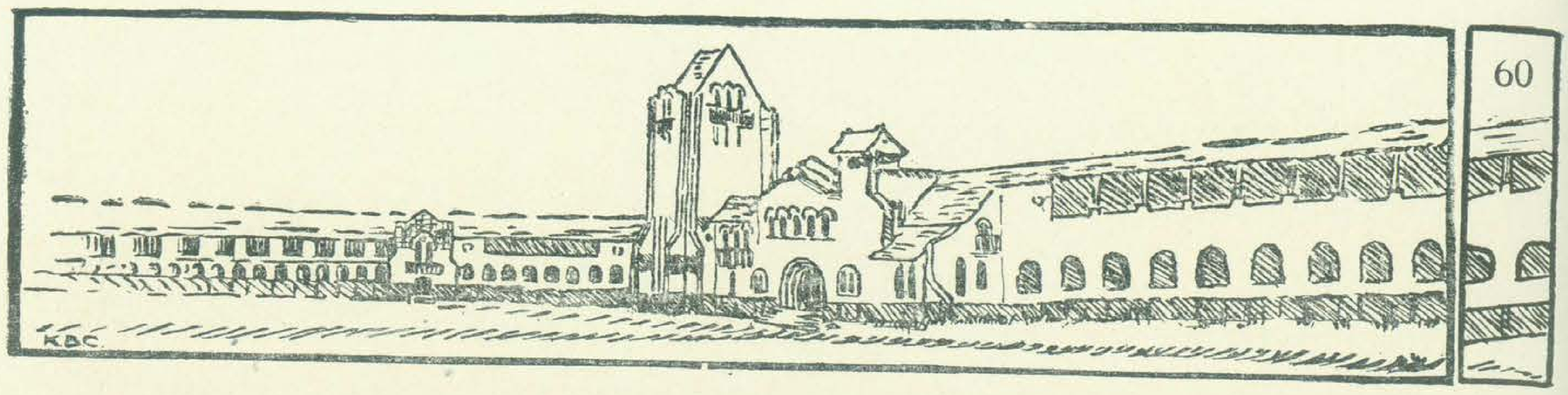
Basket-ball teams, Tennis teams and Debating teams have been organized to meet the regular teams of the school, giving them valuable experience and practice and keeping up a spirit of friendly rivalry.

In the rallies before the Chico contest, the Juniors took the lead and here again, did themselves proud. The teams give a great deal of the credit of their success to those who cheered them so heartily just before they left. Keep up the good work, Juniors!

February fourteenth was christened "Junior Day" and shall we ever forget some of the valentines so cleverly portrayed? The neat sum raised from the day's entertainment went to pay off the remaining debt on the furniture.

When the Junior-Senior cup appeared the Juniors entered into the spirit of the contest with zest. Their spirit keeps the ball rolling when the Seniors are busy with other things. We couldn't get along without you, Juniors!

Wm. Kircher, Vice Pres. *Helen Sharpe, Pres.* *Bright Street, Treas.*
Almer Laederich, Ex.-Pres. *Edna Strobel, Sec.*



The Normal Times

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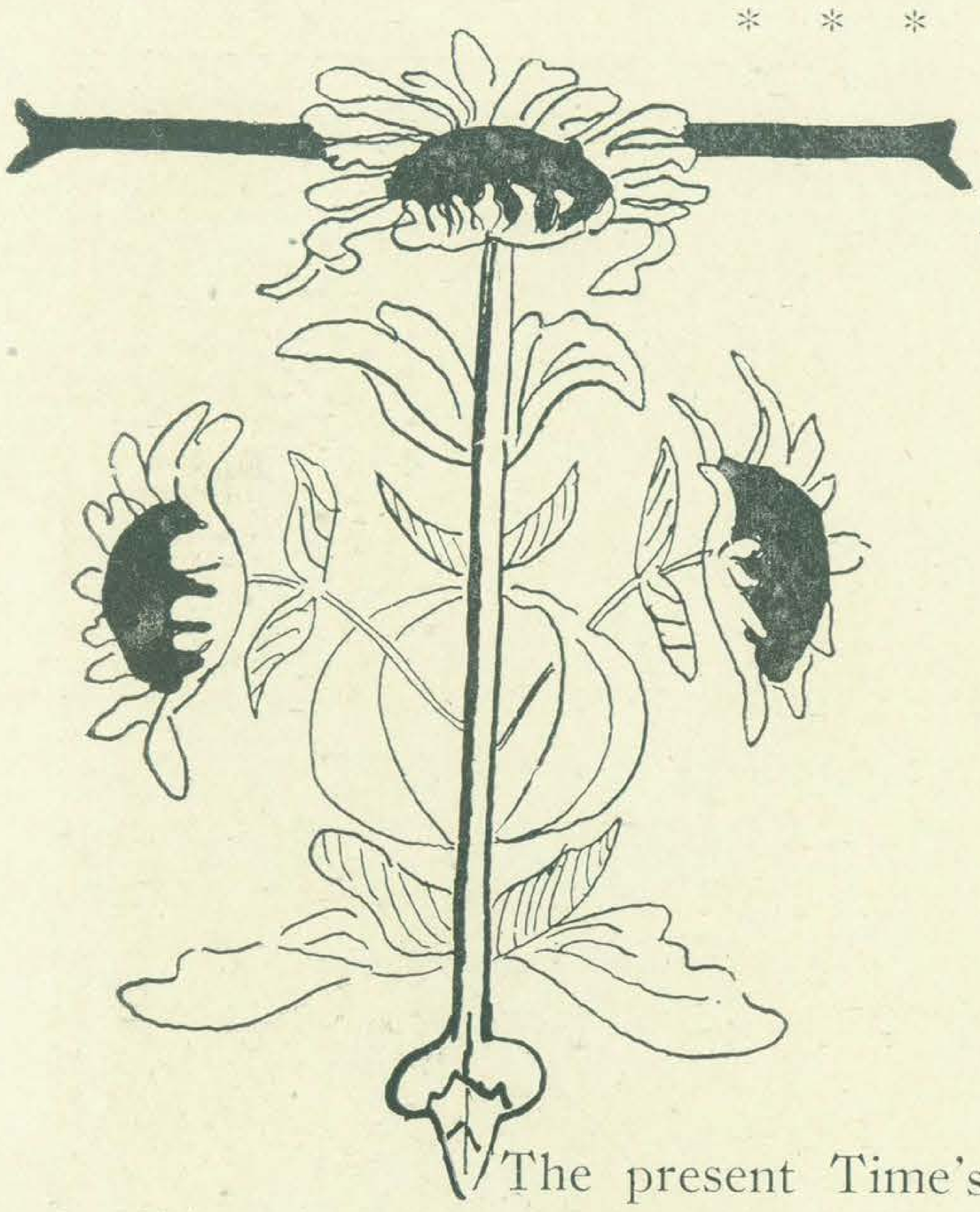
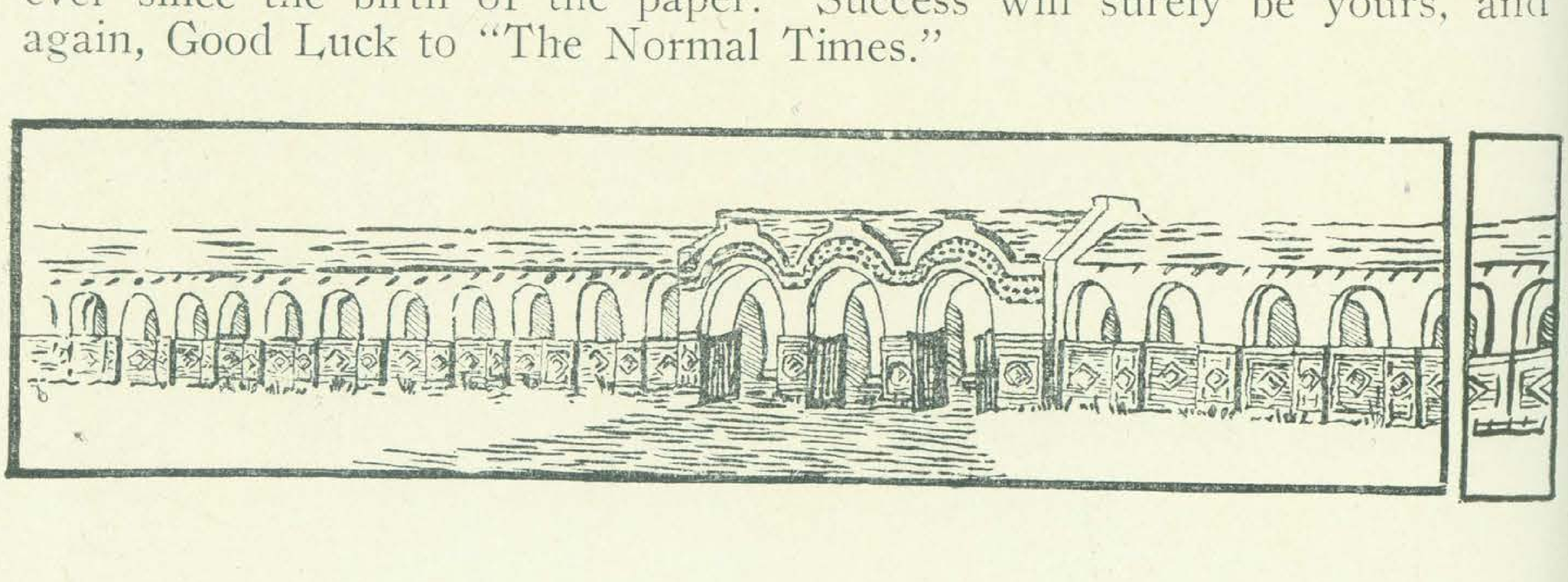


THE TIMES, "Ye Good Old Times," is the official organ of the San Jose State Normal School. The paper comes out regularly every week and is eagerly seized and read by students and faculty alike. It makes the Juniors feel at home when they see "Every Student a Subscriber," and it gives the Seniors a feeling of pride for dear San Jose Normal.

The present Time's staff is composed of efficient and willing workers, who have given us a good paper each week, made up of splendid editorials, live news columns, and juicy jokes.

The Staff is: General and Business Manager, John J. Taylor; Editor-in-Chief, Jennie Eichwald; Assistant Editor, Irma Williams; News Editor, Viola Gandrup, with her staff; Exchange Editor, Mary Freeman, with her staff; Athletic Editor, Leslie Smith; Josh Editor, Nell Field; Staff Artist, Addie Coyle.

Juniors, we wish you great success in editing "The Times" next year and may you keep to the same ideals that the staff has worked for ever since the birth of the paper. Success will surely be yours, and again, Good Luck to "The Normal Times."



John Taylor

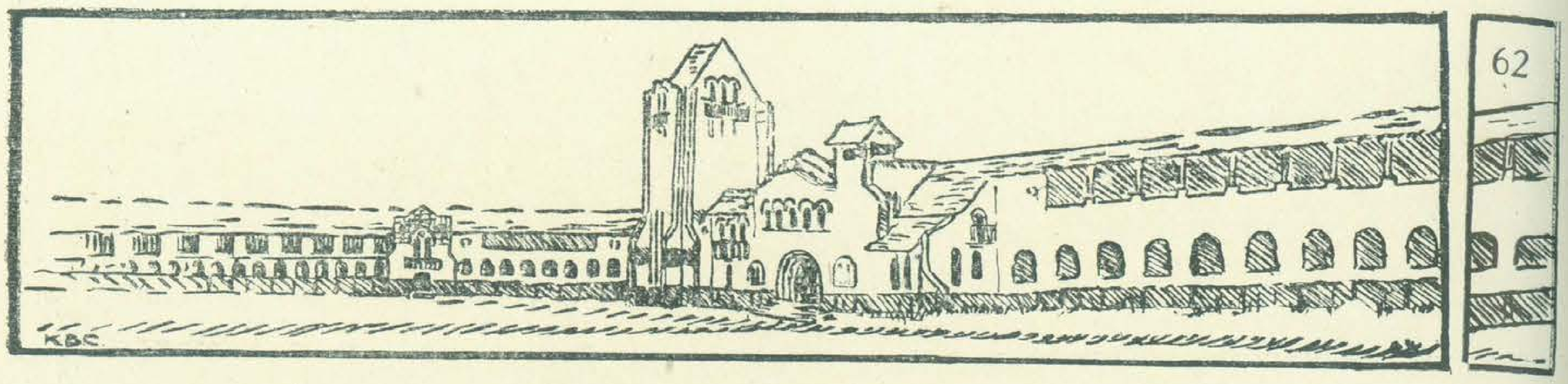
Addie Coyle

Jennie Eichwald

Viola Gandrup

Irma Williams

Grace Freeman



Basket Ball Association

* * * *

THE Girls' Basket Ball Association has a membership of about seventy. Under the efficient leadership of Irma Williams this organization has continued to be one of the most wide awake bodies in school. The chief purpose of the Association is to promote school-spirit and enthusiasm and to give hearty support to all activities, especially basket-ball.

The important social events of the year have been a banquet for the Junior and the Senior basket-ball teams at the beginning of the year, a delicious luncheon given in honor of our last year's President, Mary Carmichael, and one of our strongest members, Ardee Parsons; a tea given to our debating team on their return from Chico, and a dinner in honor of the Nevada team. All of the events were marked successes and no one present could say that the Association was neglecting the social side of life.

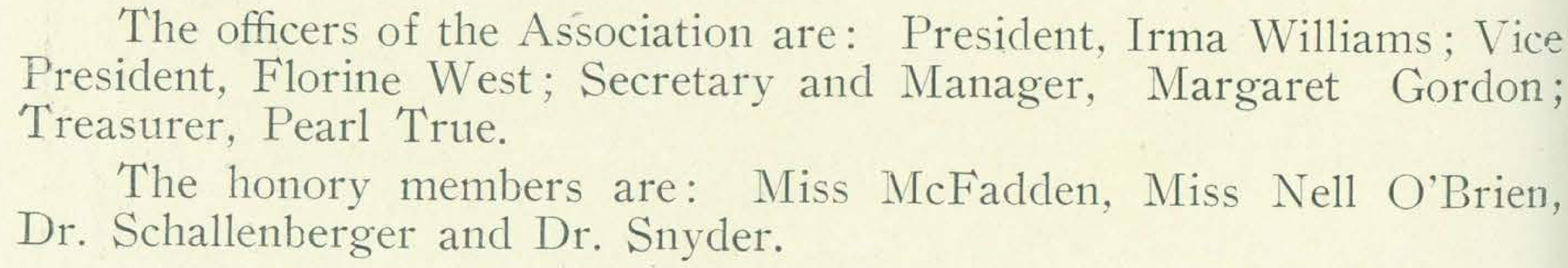
The Association feels especially grateful to Dr. Dailey, who has so heartily co-operated with us in all our work, and also to Miss McFadden, who has always been on hand to watch out for the physical condition of the girls.

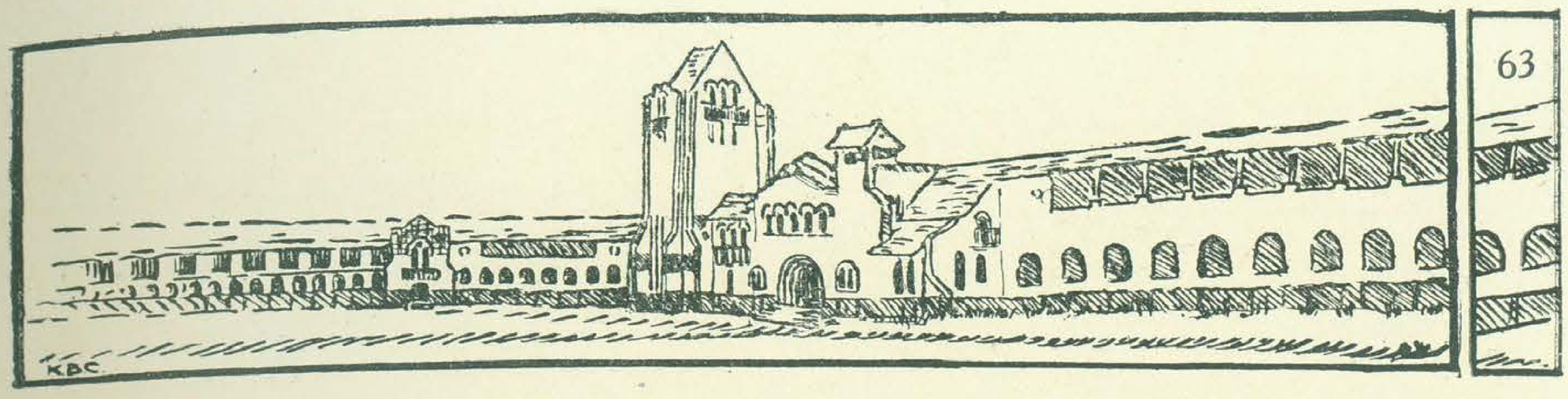
The officers of the Association are: President, Irma Williams; Vice President, Florine West; Secretary and Manager, Margaret Gordon; Treasurer, Pearl True.

The honory members are: Miss McFadden, Miss Nell O'Brien, Dr. Schallenberger and Dr. Snyder.

With such an organization to support and cheer the team it is no wonder that we have such a line of victories to be proud of.

Many of the team will be graduated but no doubt the Juniors will keep up the good record already established.





Newman Club

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NEWMAN CLUB, an organization among the Catholic students of the school, also includes Alumni of this school and Alumni of the College of Notre Dame in its membership.

The constitution is modeled on that of the Newman Club of The University of California. It is fitting that clubs of this character take their name and inspiration from the eminent scholar and divine Cardinal, John Henry Newman, whose name was linked with England's great university at Oxford.

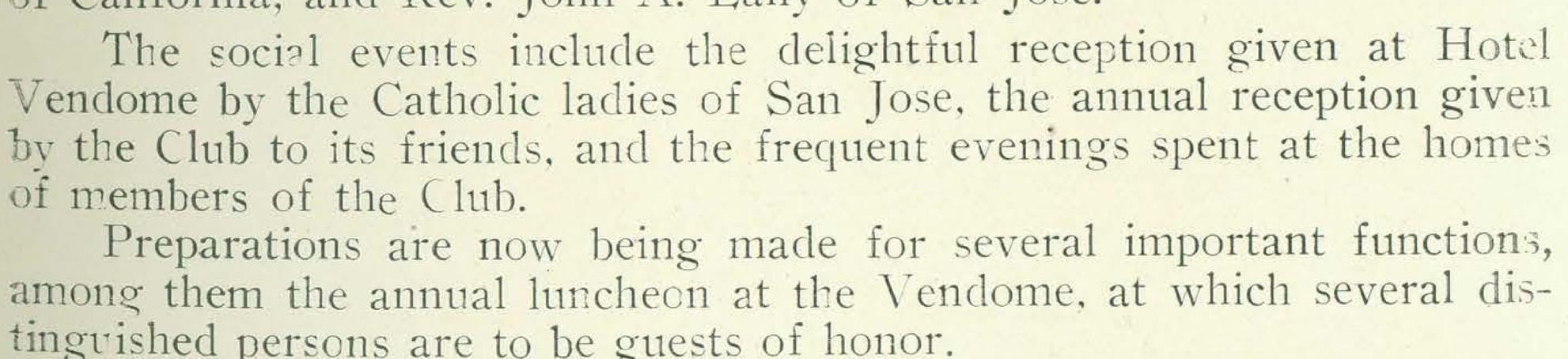
Graduates of the various convent high schools find in this association sympathetic comradeship, and a means of continuing some of the influences and of upholding the ideal that distinguish the schools from which they come.

Addresses have been given during the year 1910-1911 by Rev. D. Kavanagh of Santa Clara College, and Rev. Thomas Sherman, who is visiting on the Coast, Archbishop Conaty of Los Angeles, Rev. Thos. Lantry O'Neil of Newman Hall, Berkeley, Dr. Lynch of the University of California, and Rev. John A. Lally of San Jose.

The social events include the delightful reception given at Hotel Vendome by the Catholic ladies of San Jose, the annual reception given by the Club to its friends, and the frequent evenings spent at the homes of members of the Club.

Preparations are now being made for several important functions, among them the annual luncheon at the Vendome, at which several distinguished persons are to be guests of honor.

The officers of the Club for the present term are: President, Regina Kent; First Vice President, Aleta Corcoran; Second Vice President, Marion Daly; Secretary, Elizabeth Veuve; Treasurer, Frances Chargin; Sargeant-at-Arms, Styleta Kane; Staff Correspondent, Geraldine Oswald.

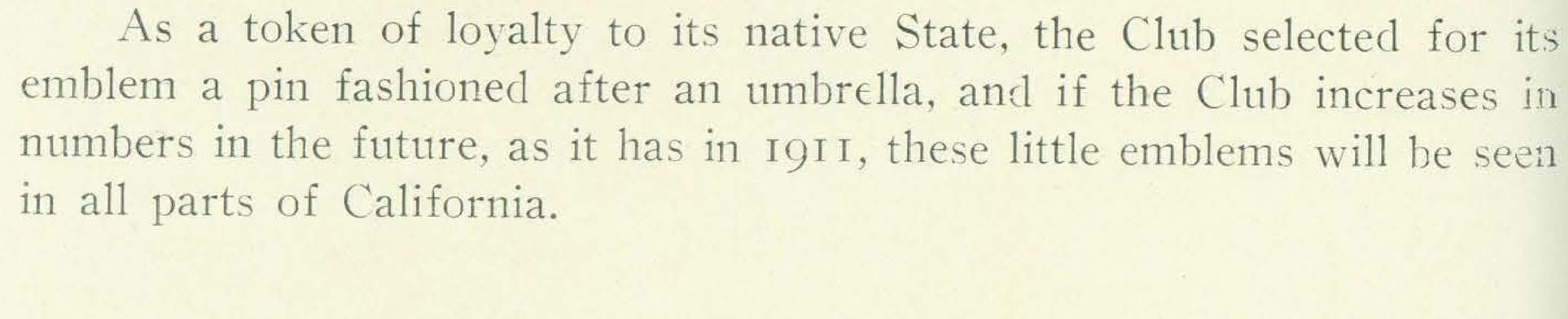


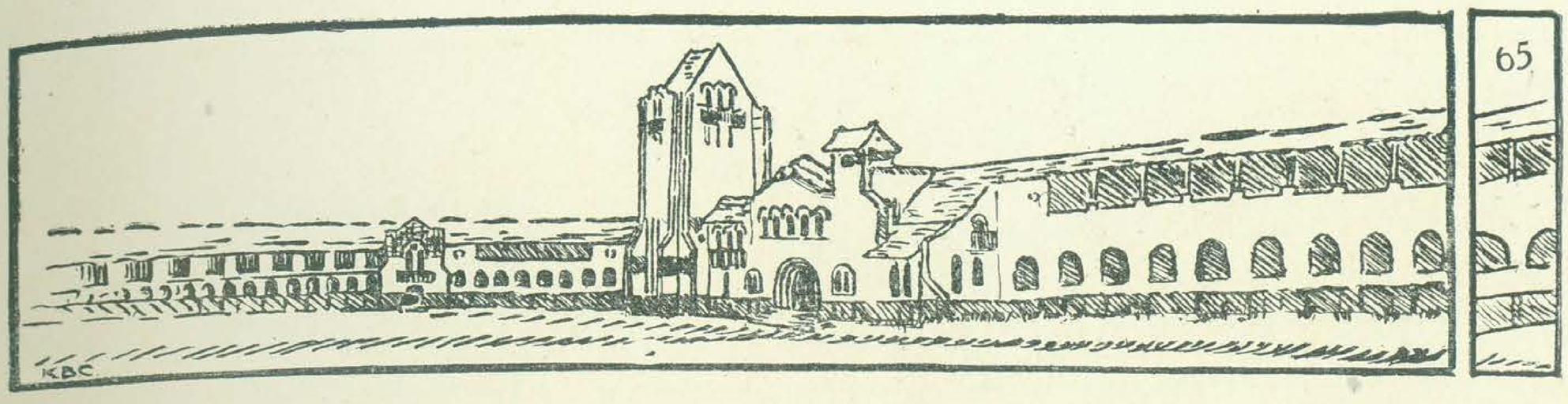
OREGON CLUB

THE Oregon Club was organized in 1909, that being the first year in which any large number of Oregonians became students at the San Jose Normal. A few of the most enterprising among that number then conceived the plan of uniting all these girls into an organization which should have as its aim loyalty to the school, and the promotion of the feeling of fellowship between the students who were from Oregon. The Club has faithfully held to these aims and 1911 has been a happy epoch in the lives of all its members.

The officers of the Club are: Ruby Ellingson, President; Bertha Davies, Vice President, and Mabel Breedon, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Bland is the Faculty member and has always championed the Club in all its undertakings.

As a token of loyalty to its native State, the Club selected for its emblem a pin fashioned after an umbrella, and if the Club increases in numbers in the future, as it has in 1911, these little emblems will be seen in all parts of California.





Young Women's Christian Association

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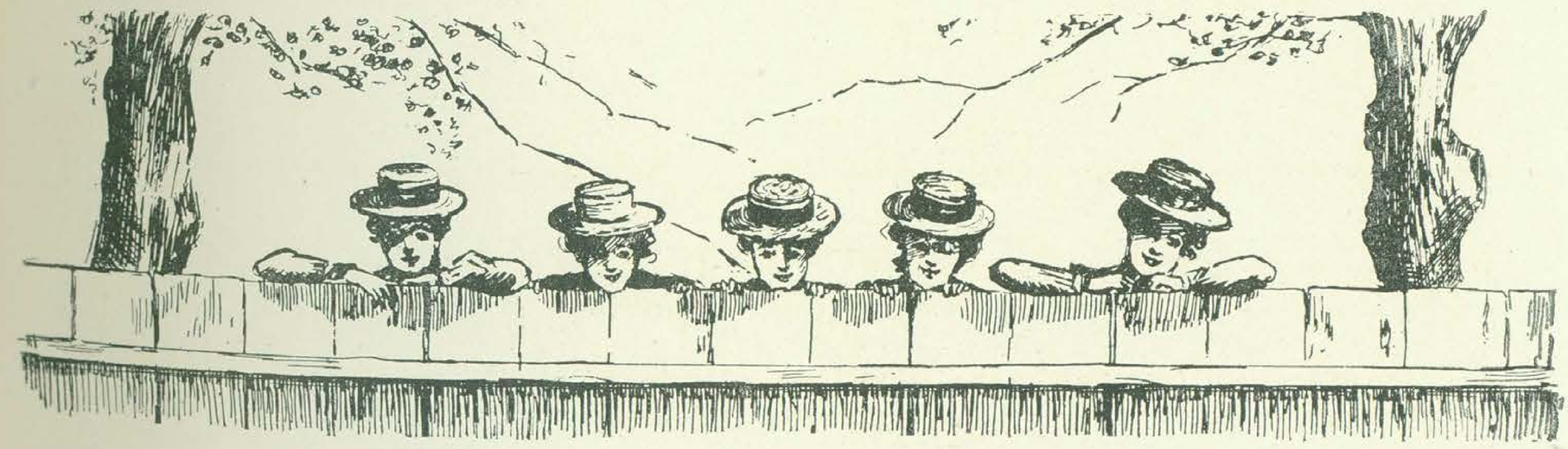
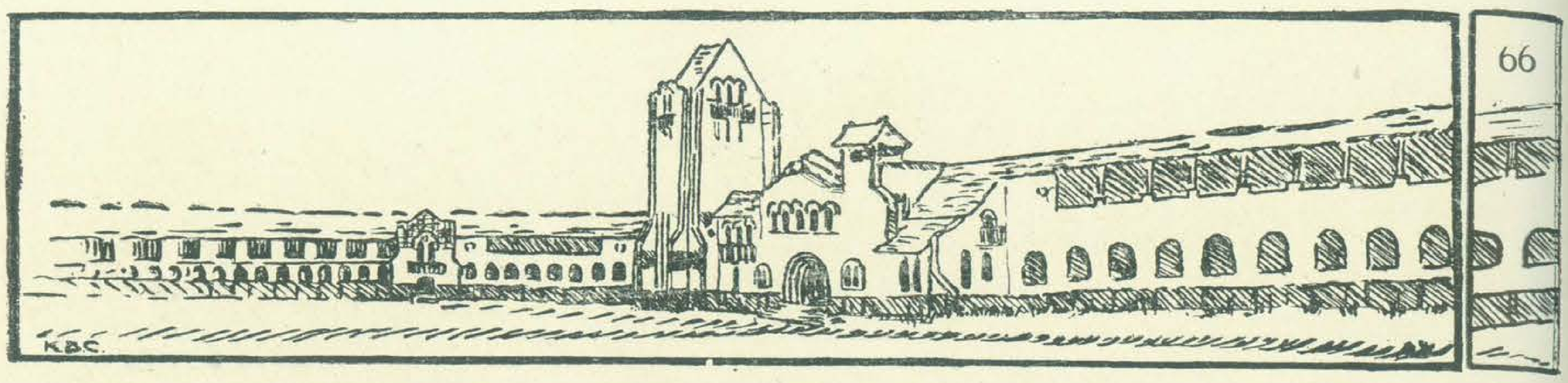
THE Young Women's Christian Association began this year with Gladys Kinney as President; Margaret Marchant, Vice President; Anne Manhire, Secretary; and Helen Denhart, Treasurer. The Association lost a good president and a loving worker, when in February Miss Kinney passed away after suffering a long illness. Miss Marchant kindly accepted the vacant office.

Meetings have been held weekly, often with outside speakers present, who gave splendid, helpful talks to the girls. During the second term a Bible course, "The Parables of Jesus," was studied. In the Fall term a reception was given to the new members, and in March a Capitola banquet was held. Considerable enthusiasm was aroused for the Capitola Conference and eight representatives were present from the Normal branch this year. There are at present about seventy members and a keen interest is manifested.

The officers for the new year are Alta Cheathan, President; Julia Walker, Vice President; Florence King, Secretary; Elva Hanson, Treasurer.





The Short Story Club

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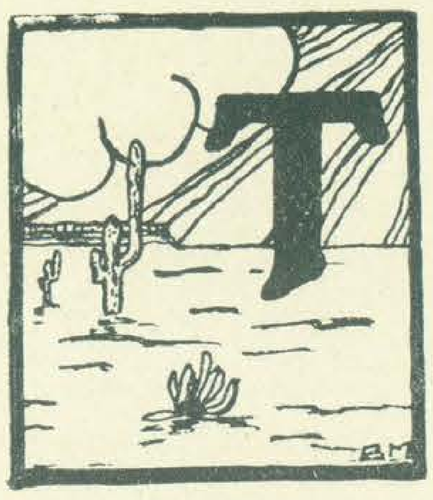


THE Short Story Club has had an unusually successful year past, and its opportunity for good continually widens. The regular Club meetings have been held on Fridays at noons, when many stories and much interesting verse was read.

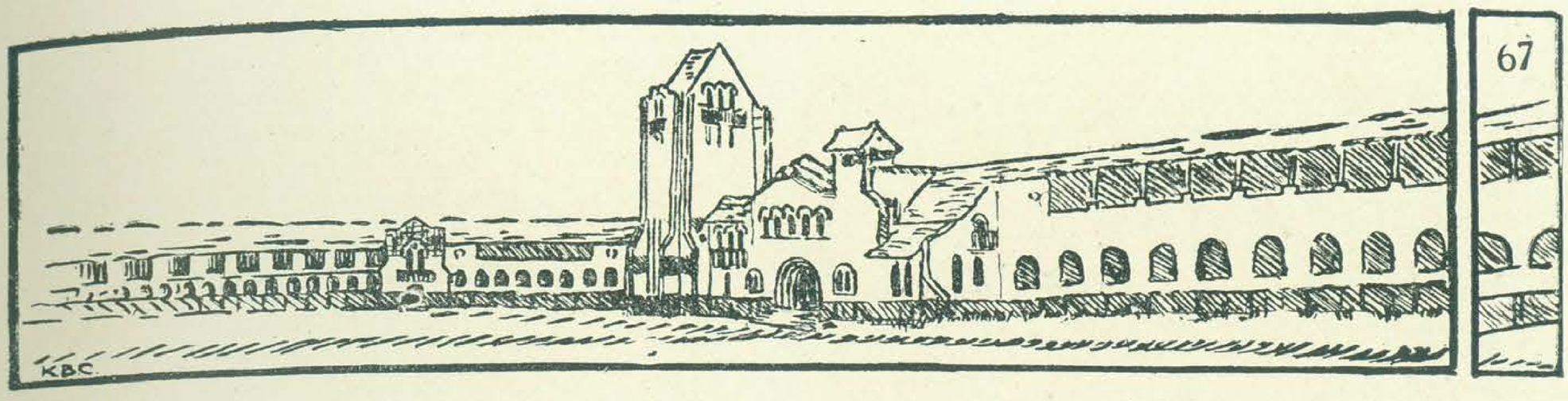
Three literary events are to be recorded as indicative of the opportunities the Club offers for students to get into the spirit of literature: the reception to Herbert Bashford, poet and dramatist; Jacob A. Riis, visit to the Normal and his lecture; and the pilgrimage to the home of Joaquin Miller.

The meeting held in Mr. Bashford's honor was given up entirely to listening to the story of how he wrote "The Woman He Married," his most successful drama, together with the unfolding of the plot of this now celebrated play.

After Mr. Riis' lecture on the evening of March twentieth the Club held an informal reception in his honor in the Society Hall, where various members greeted him, and enjoyed hearing his interesting conversation pertaining to social work in New York.

The following extract from the San Jose *Mercury* is an account of the Club's visit to Joaquin Miller's home:

"One of the most delightful pilgrimages to the home of Joaquin Miller, known as "The Hights," taken by Professor Meade Blande and his English students in the San Jose State Normal, was the one last Saturday, when a party of about 150 dropped in to pay an informal visit to the Poet of the Sierras. Professor and Mrs. Bland, together with many

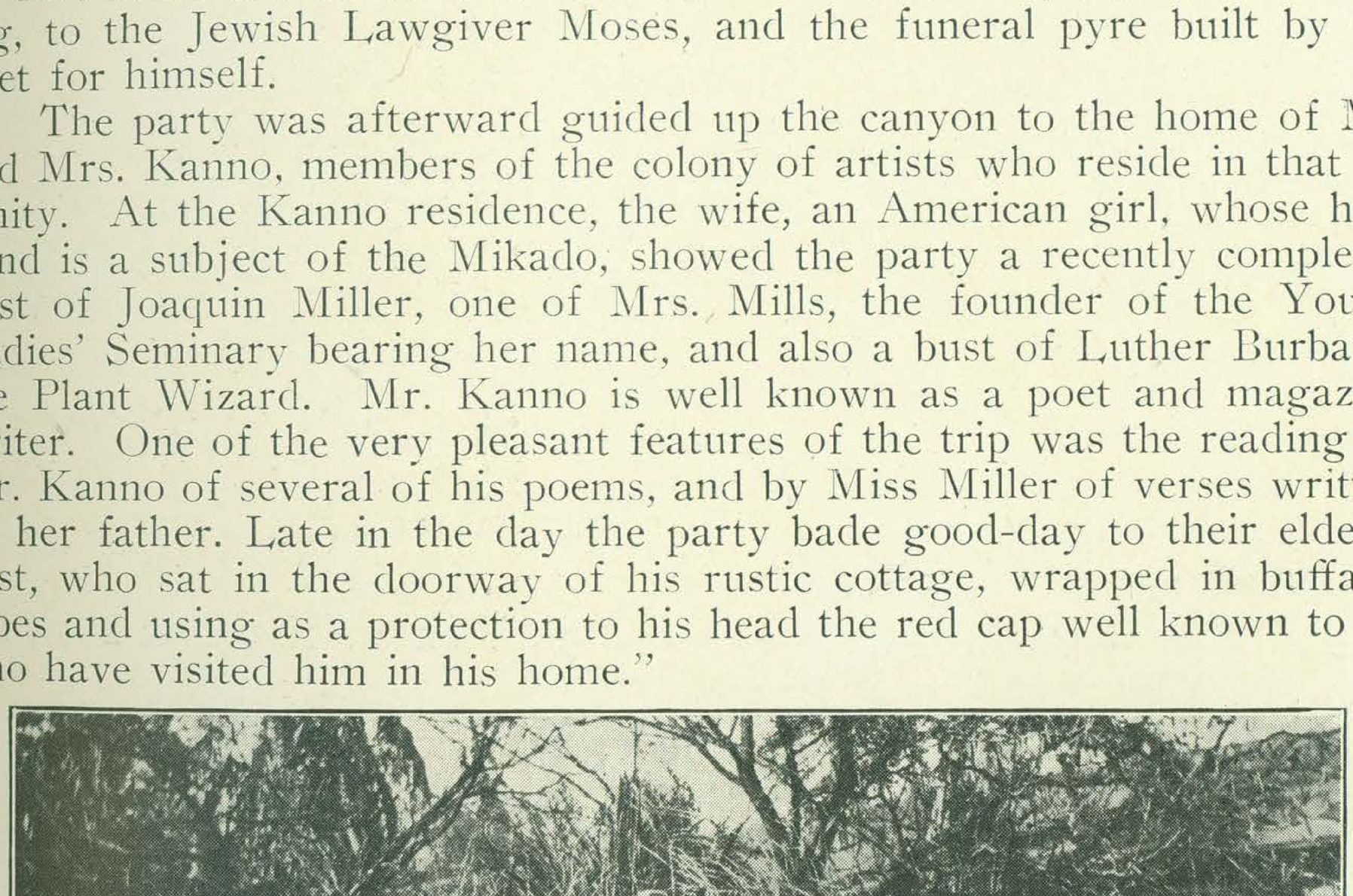


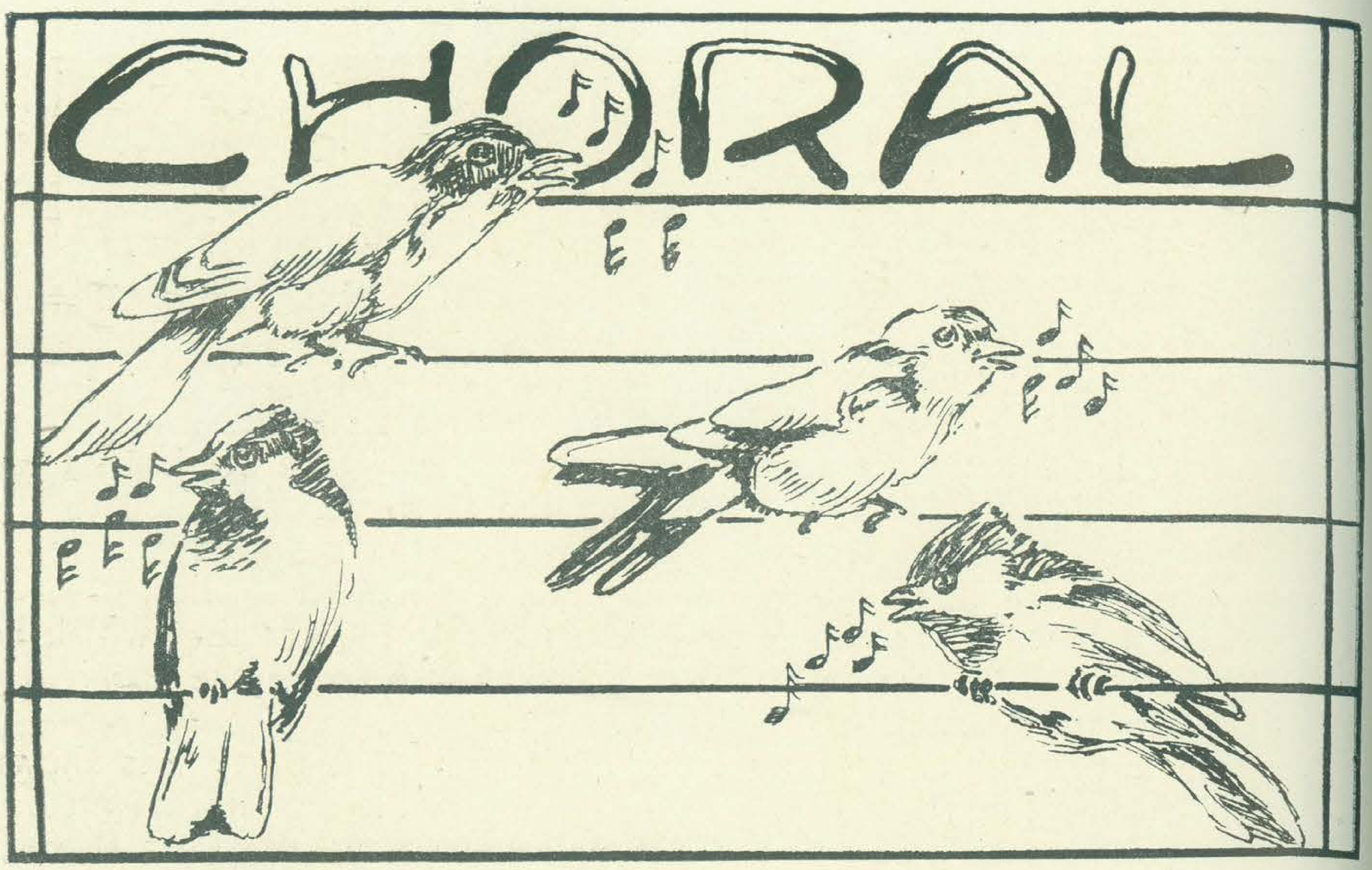
others in the party, took occasion while in the vicinity to visit other points of interest about the Bay, and did not return to the city until last night.

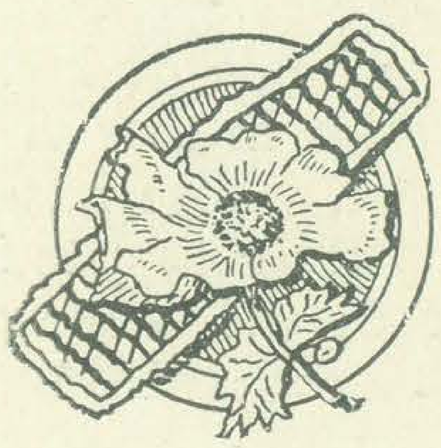
"After leaving the Fruitvale-Dimond electric line at the last-named station, the pilgrims followed a path up the steep mountainside to the artistic home of the poet, from which one of the most advantageous views of the entire Bay section is obtainable. While Mr. Miller, because of his recent illness, was unable to give his guests the greeting which he desired to extend, he was nevertheless gracious in offering the hospitality of his home and its surroundings to the visitors.

"Under the guidance of his daughter Juanita, the party was shown over the grounds, and was especially interested in the monuments erected by Mr. Miller's own hands to the Pathfinder Fremont, the Poet Browning, to the Jewish Lawgiver Moses, and the funeral pyre built by the poet for himself.

The party was afterward guided up the canyon to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kanno, members of the colony of artists who reside in that vicinity. At the Kanno residence, the wife, an American girl, whose husband is a subject of the Mikado, showed the party a recently completed bust of Joaquin Miller, one of Mrs. Mills, the founder of the Young Ladies' Seminary bearing her name, and also a bust of Luther Burbank, the Plant Wizard. Mr. Kanno is well known as a poet and magazine writer. One of the very pleasant features of the trip was the reading by Mr. Kanno of several of his poems, and by Miss Miller of verses written by her father. Late in the day the party bade good-day to their elderly host, who sat in the doorway of his rustic cottage, wrapped in buffalo-robes and using as a protection to his head the red cap well known to all who have visited him in his home."







NE of the most active factors in the work of the school is the Choral Society, the purpose of which is to raise the musical standards of the school as a whole and to bring out individual effort along musical lines. In turn, this has, by degrees, reached the public schools as shown by the fact that each year the entering class comes with better musical preparation than previous classes.

For the past year the society has been under the able management of Miss Nell Stone, president, and Mr. Kammerer, secretary and treasurer. Under the leadership of Miss I. M. Fisher, who, as Musical Director of the Normal School, is an ex officio member, this society has become a musical power.

The Choral Society embraces four subdivisions; namely, The Young Men's Glee Club, The Young Ladies' Choral Club, The Mandolin Club, and the Orchestra, each of which works individually or in conjunction with the others. The orchestra lends its assistance during the daily general assembly singing, and each Friday the society renders to the school some musical selection.

The society has many plans before it at present. A presentation of "Pinafore" is being prepared and during commencement week a cantata will be given.

Aside from this, the members have their social gatherings, two especially delightful evenings having been given in the school society room this year.

Choral is a live organization and continues to gain in power. Through its influence the school has built up a name for musical efficiency of which it is justly proud.

THE GLEE CLUB.

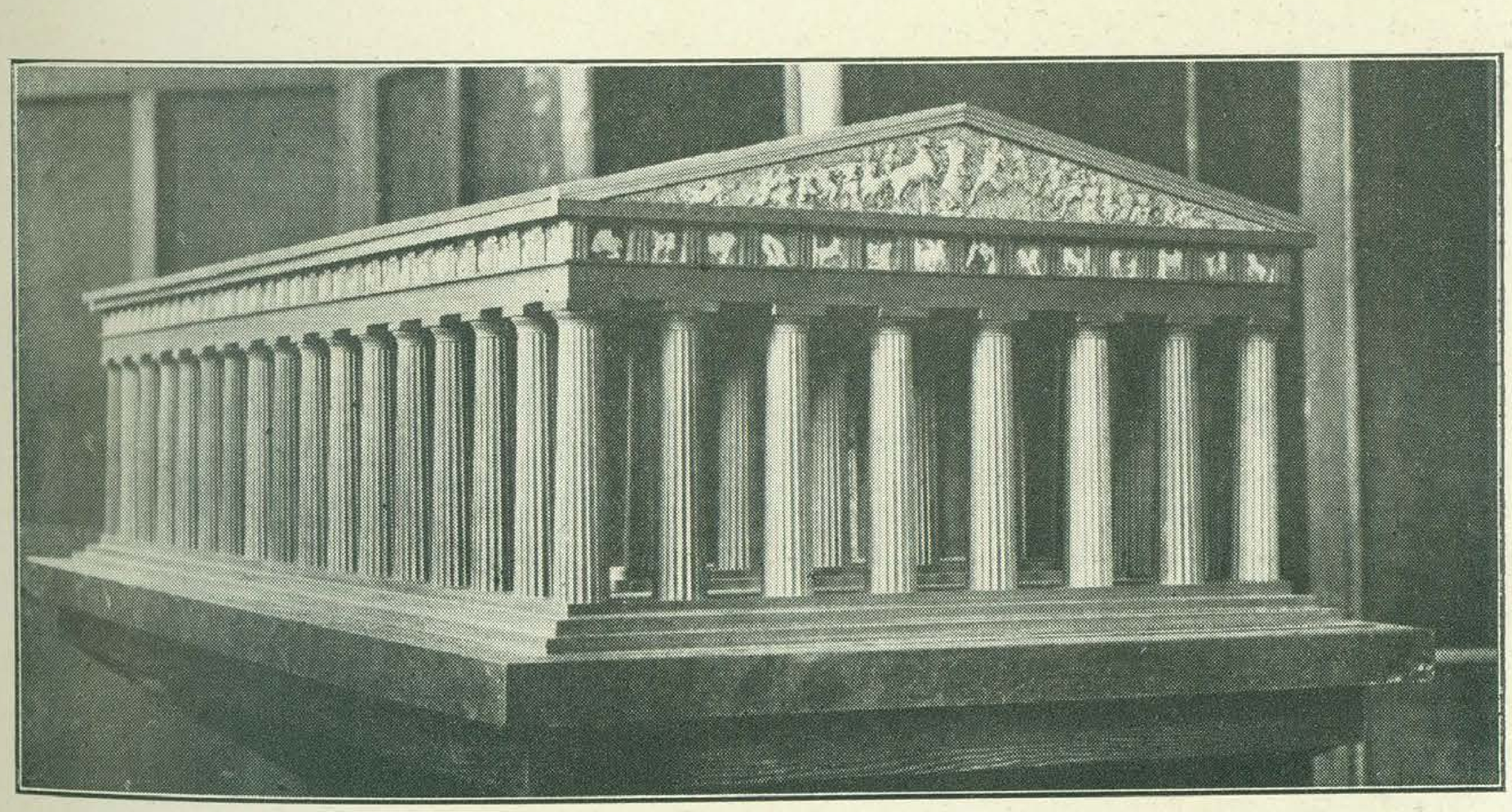
MADAM FISHER'S "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"

THE members of the Art Club entered into the new year with spirit and enthusiasm and neither of these have been lacking throughout the entire year. This organization has been instituted in the school for the purpose of giving opportunity to cultivate a deeper appreciation of art in its various phases.

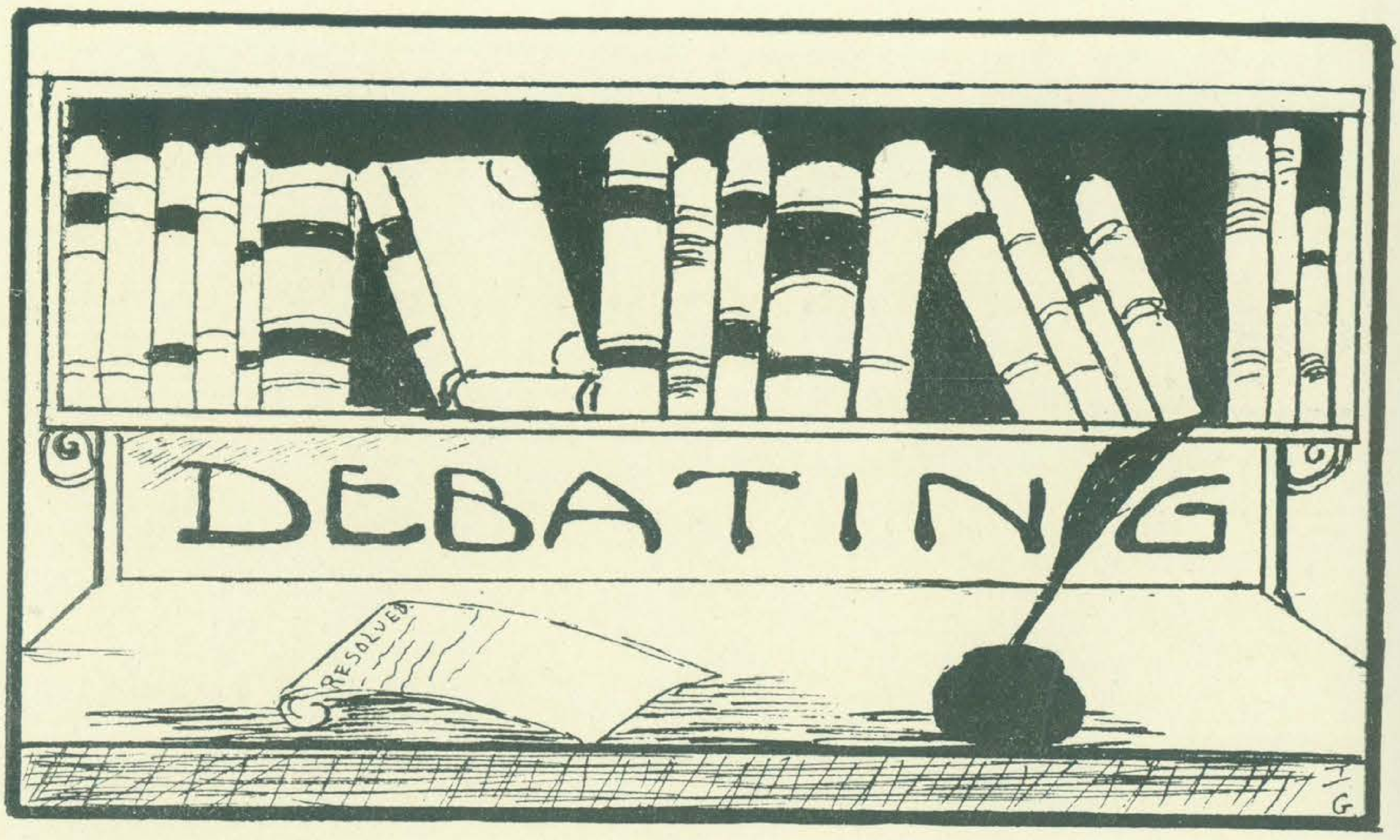
One of its worthy efforts is that of raising a fund to purchase one of Keith's paintings for the school. Many desiring the pleasure of assisting in this effort have already made liberal donations and have responded when candy sales and luncheons were given. The Art Club extends to the faculty and students its appreciation and thanks for this generous support.

The social side has by no means been slighted and the members look back with great pleasure to the delightful affairs in which they have participated.

So far, interesting programs have been arranged for each meeting in which the lives of great modern painters have been discussed and some of their masterpieces studied. Next year it is expected that a slight change will take place in the general work outlined, and applied art, consisting of decorative designing and metal work, will be introduced.



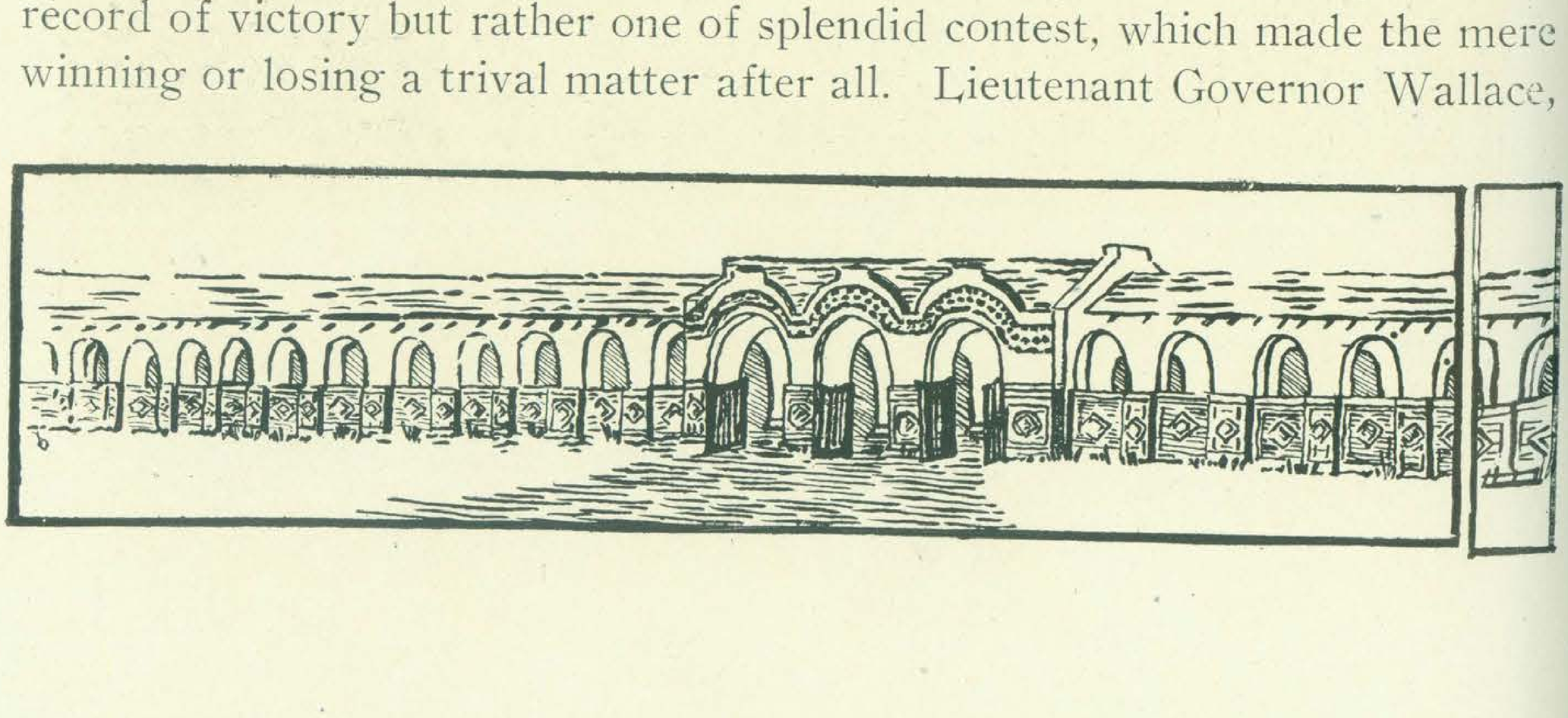
A model of the Parthenon designed by Miss Vivian and made by students of the Manual Arts Classes.

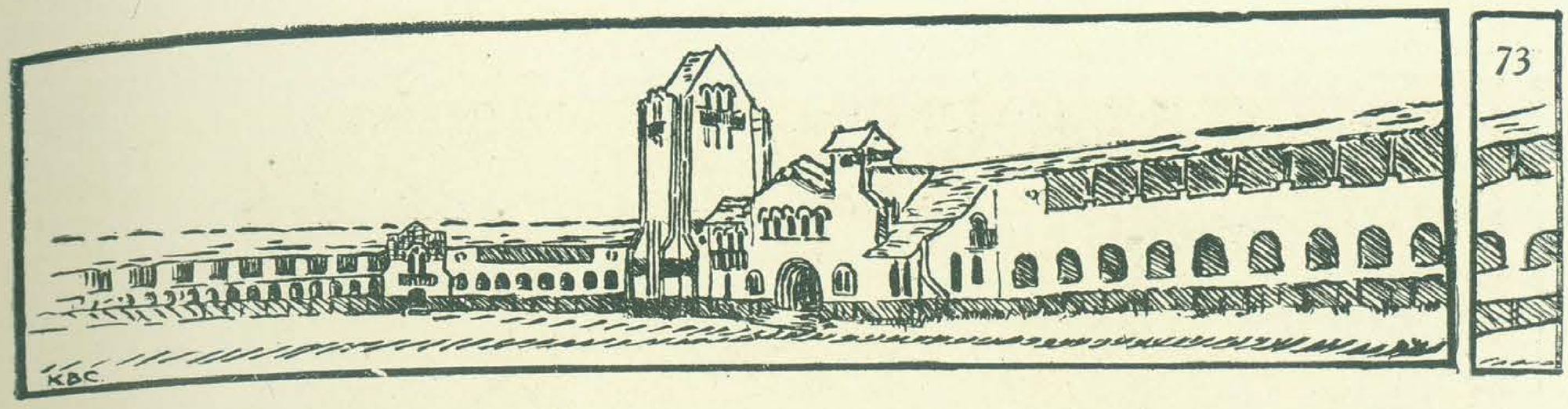


CONSIDERABLE spirit and enthusiasm have been manifested in debating during the past year, and those who have spent their time and thought with a view of fostering this activity, may justly feel that there have been results. In short, debating is becoming what it should be—one of the most important school activities. Organized work in this line has been done by the Junior and Senior Dailean Societies. Most of the contests which we have had during the Assembly hour have been participated in by one or the other of these societies. The try-outs for the school team took place in December and about eight entered the contest, a larger number than the year before.

A most helpful debate was one which took place between Junior Dailean and the school team on the subject of the Chico debate. This was a splendid chance for the team to become acquainted with the question and was also valuable as a means of practice. We should advise a similar contest next year.

Ah! that Chico debate. Shall we ever forget the fun and good spirit which were evidenced on that trip? True, we did not bring home a record of victory but rather one of splendid contest, which made the mere winning or losing a trival matter after all. Lieutenant Governor Wallace,



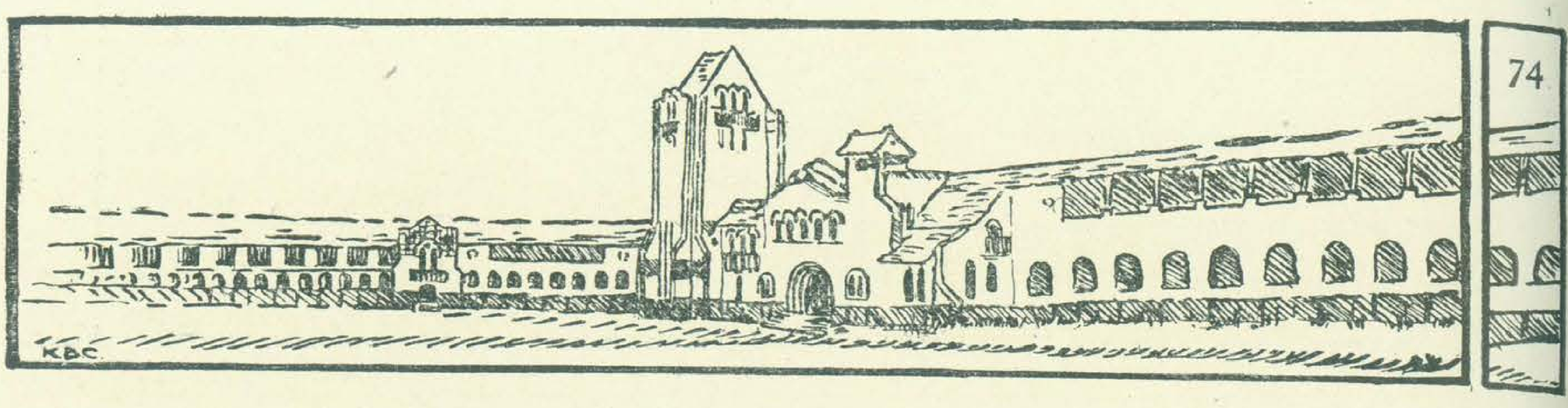


who acted as one of the judges, was impressed by the poise, team work, and perfect English which characterized our team, and the logical arrangement of all the material.

The Junior-Senior contest, which took place the last of April, was won by the Juniors, showing that there is plenty of good material for next year.

In conclusion we would make an earnest plea to every member of the school to assist this activity in every possible way, if not by actual participation in the debates, at least by adding his name to the list of those interested in debating. The infinite amount of benefit derived can scarcely be estimated. The self-command, ease of expression and poise which follows as direct results are some of the tangible effects. Then here's to Debating! May it ever flourish as an all-important school activity.

Beth Baldwin *Ann Manhire* *Helen Hart*



The California Education

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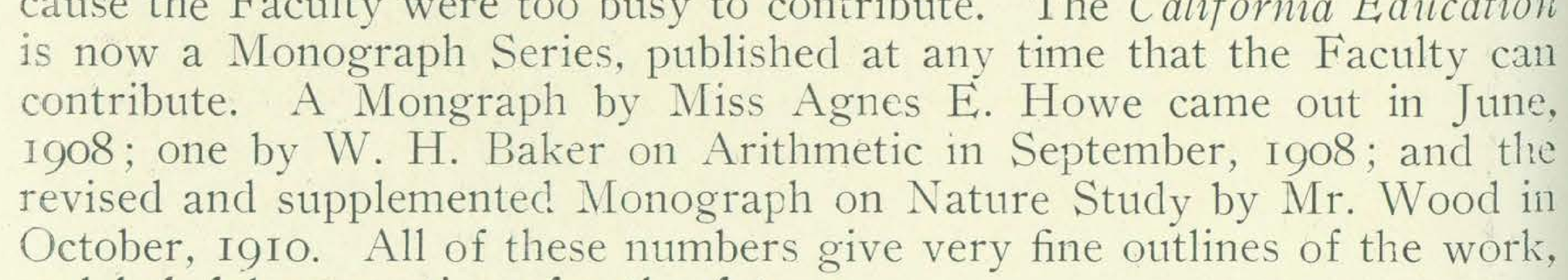
THE *California Education* is published by the San Jose State Normal School. It was started as a regular magazine in 1905, and there were to be four copies a year, the issues coming out quarterly. Its purpose, stated briefly, was: To gather together much valuable material used in Normal Schools and Universities and put it in a form where it can be used by teachers in their profession.

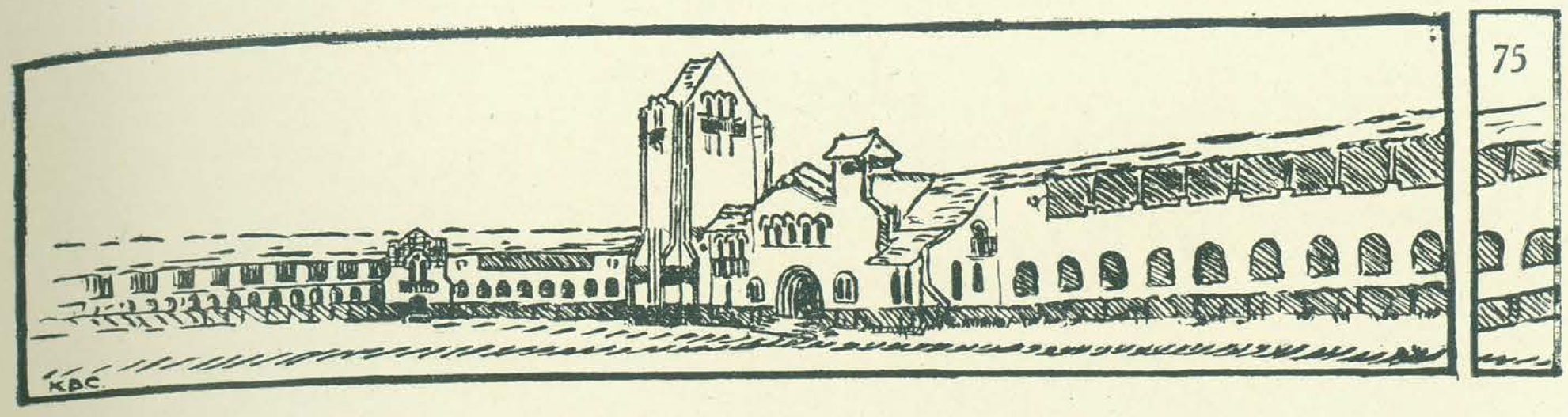
Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger, Principal of the San Jose Normal Training School, is the Editor and Manager at the present time, but when the paper started Alexander Sheriffs, now City Superintendent of Schools of San Jose, was the manager.

The first number was composed of "Language in the Grades," by Anne M. Nicholson, an article on "Reading for Beginners," by Rebecca F. English, both instructors in our own Normal, and articles by James A. Barr and Professor David S. Snedden. The first four issues were regular, the contributors being Agnes E. Howe, D. R. Wood and Edwin R. Snyder, all of whom are instructors in our Normal School.

It then became impossible to keep up the regularity of the issues because the Faculty were too busy to contribute. The *California Education* is now a Monograph Series, published at any time that the Faculty can contribute. A Mongraph by Miss Agnes E. Howe came out in June, 1908; one by W. H. Baker on Arithmetic in September, 1908; and the revised and supplemented Monograph on Nature Study by Mr. Wood in October, 1910. All of these numbers give very fine outlines of the work, and helpful suggestions for the future.

The *California Education* Monographs are eagerly sought by the students and graduates of the San Jose Normal. The Student Body hopes that in the future, time may, in some way, be given the Faculty, so that other members may find time to write monographs as well.





Psychology Round Table

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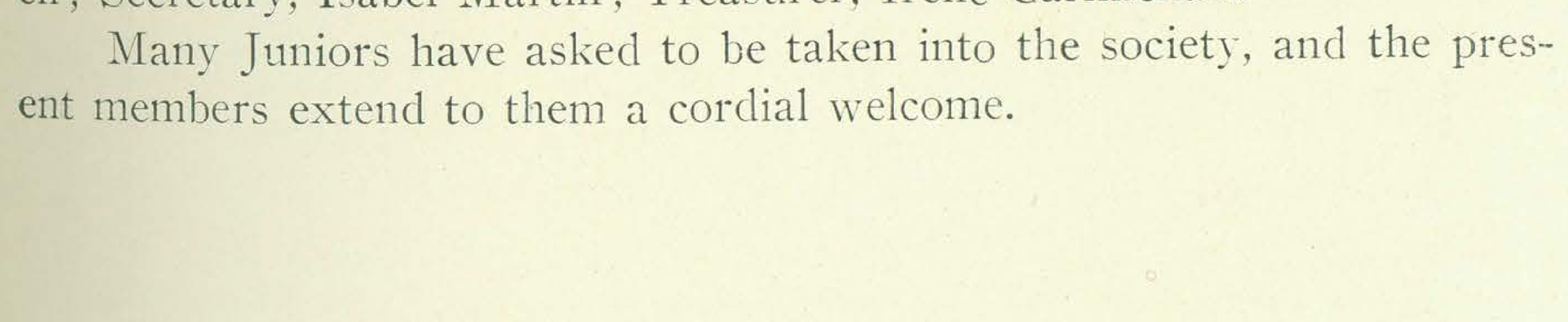
THE Psychology Round Table was organized in December, 1909, at the suggestion and invitation of Miss Rowell. At the time of organization, two branches were established—one to meet during the noon hour, and one after school on Thursdays. During the past six months it has seemed feasible to maintain but the noon hour section. Most of the time has been devoted to current topics and a discussion of the psychology involved in various magazine articles. The meetings for the most part have been informal and the members have been made to feel free to bring up questions or subjects which interested or troubled them. In this way, the girls have been brought very near to each other and to their friends and leader.

The social side has not been neglected, the society enjoying several jolly evenings at Miss Rowell's home. The Club was sorry to lose from their ranks three girls at the March graduation.

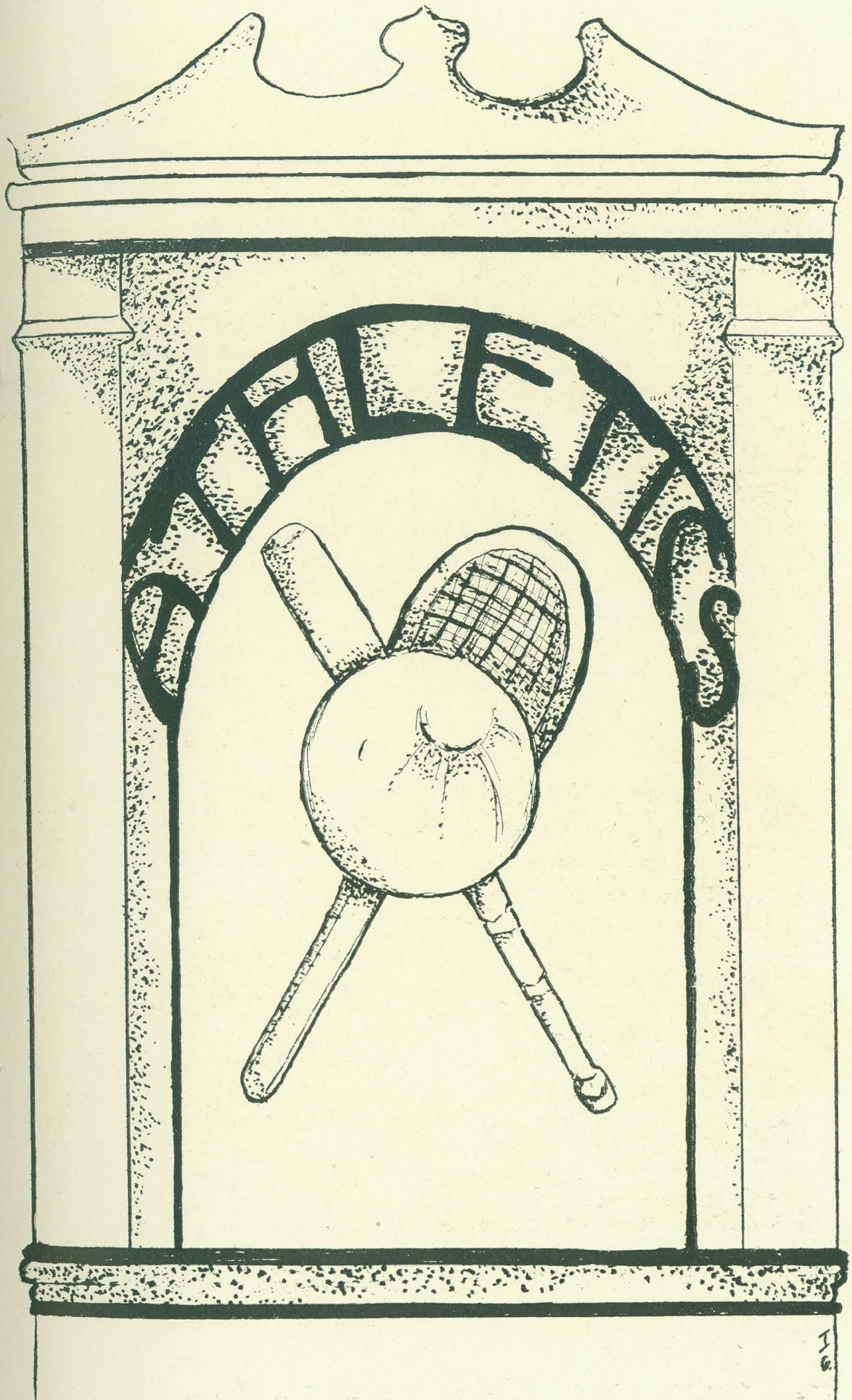
The members were so pleased with their officers that they have retained them thru two terms. They are: President, Miss Gertrude Rowell; Secretary, Isabel Martin; Treasurer, Irene Carmichael.

Many Juniors have asked to be taken into the society, and the present members extend to them a cordial welcome.



Cross Country Club

Tennis Courting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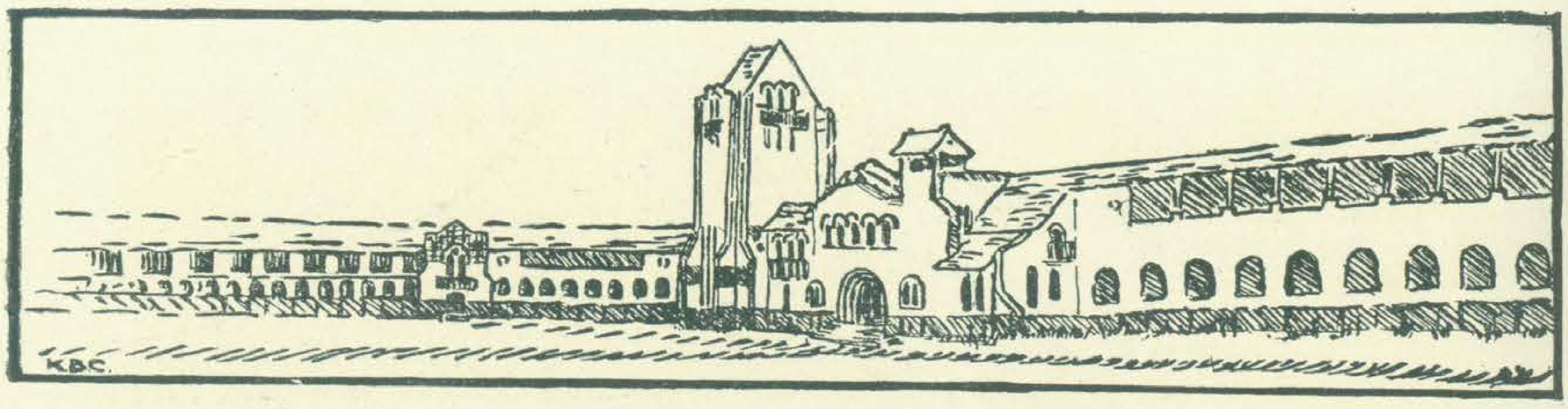

Girls' Basket Ball

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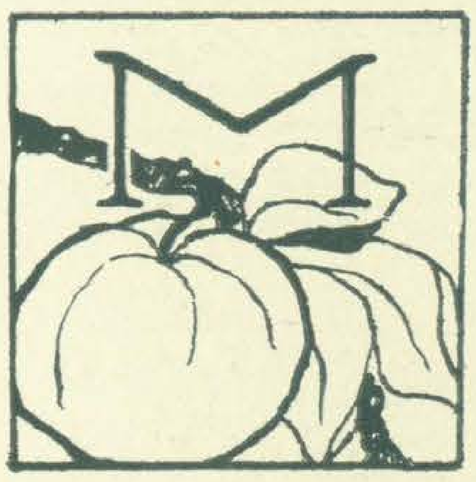


ARCH 24th closed a lively and victorious season of girls' basket ball.

The girls basket ball team has outclassed every team that they have played, in individual and team work. They have met with but one defeat in two years. Every one on the S. N. S. team deserves much credit for her hard and faithful practice to defend the gold and white, especially Margaret Gordon, manager, and Marie Walker, captain, who have done much to make each practice mean something.

The Normal girls keep basket ball up to the standard which develops the girls mentally, physically and morally. Therefore, as we look back on the year's work we can see much good that has been done for the school, for the club, and for the individual.

A pleasant recollection of the season was our trip to Chico to compete in the annual contest with the Normal of that city. We spent three very happy days under the guidance of Dr. McFadden and Dr. Dailey, and returned with the first great victory of the year.

Other important games were played and won, and on Feb. 22nd the team met their only defeat in two years at Berkeley. The team made a good showing but the game was a hard fight. No one who heard our team sing "Yip-i-addy" after the game could help admiring the spirit with which they accepted defeat. Berkeley entertained us royally.

The last important game was played with the University of Nevada. The Nevada people came with the determination to carry home the basket ball honors. But with rousing school songs and yells, led by Nell Stone, the San Jose team piled up a score of 36, while Nevada had to be content with 23.

The members of the team who have so ably defended the gold and white are: Forwards, Addie Crook, Vena Holmes, Minnie Barnum; centers, Ada Thornburg, Marie Walker (captain), Agnes Urban; guards, Grace Wilson, Pearl True and Helen Duff; substitutes, Helen Baldwin, Lena Barnum, Margaret Gordon.

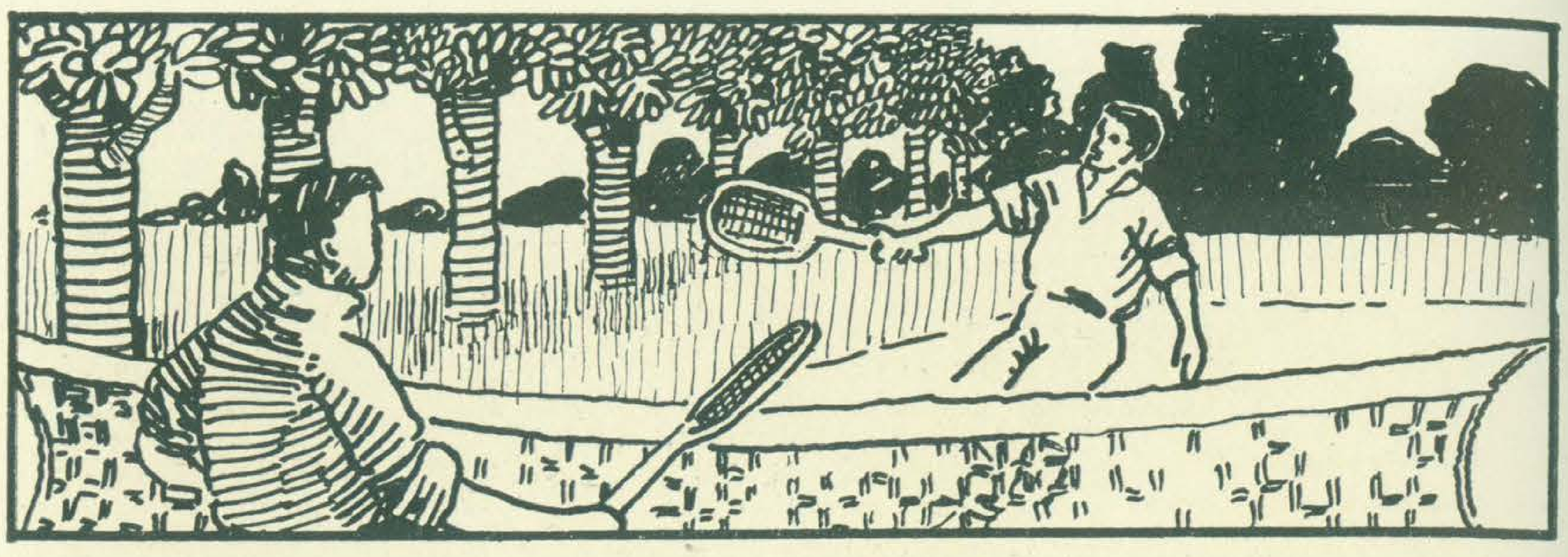
The season's score:

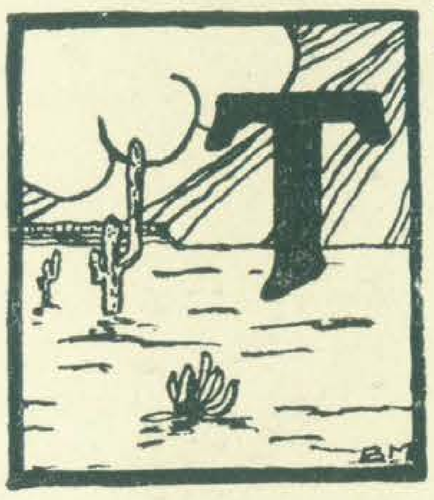
San Jose—40; S. J. H. S.—8.
San Jose—23; Univ. of Pac.—11.
San Jose—39; Mt. View—11.
San Jose—21; Chico, 12.
San Jose—11; Berkeley—25.
San Jose—36; U. of N.—23.

Miss McFadden was the official chaperone for the year.

The basket ball season is over, but the girls are still enthusiastically planning for the coming season. Did you ever see a basket ball girl who failed to be interested in doing her best for her school? If so, she surely was not in S. N. S.

Helen Duff *Helen Baldwin* *Grace Wilson* *Pearl True* *Minnie Barnum*
Agnes Urban *Addie Crook* *Vena Holmes* *Ada Thornburg* *Marie Walker, Capt.*





TENNIS started out the September term with a membership of about eighty, but during the second term it dwindled and dwindled. This term we see it reviving and a new and increased interest coming up, and we are certain that it will remain so.

At the first of the year it was decided to hold a progressive tournament from which to choose the team. The successful ones were: Boys—Don Marshman and Gus Lancaster; girls—Roena Hinkle, Geraldine Oswald and Barbara Smith, substitute. In February we were scheduled to play the University of the Pacific, but on account of the inclemency of the weather it was postponed. In March, we played San Jose High School.

The score was:

Girls' singles, won by S. N. S.—6-1, 6-0.
Girls' doubles, won by S. N. S.—6-1, 6-1.
Boys' singles, won by S. J. H. S.—6-2, 6-3.
Boys' doubles, won by S. J. H. S.—6-3, 6-2.
Mixed doubles, won by S. J. H. S.—7-5, 6-3.

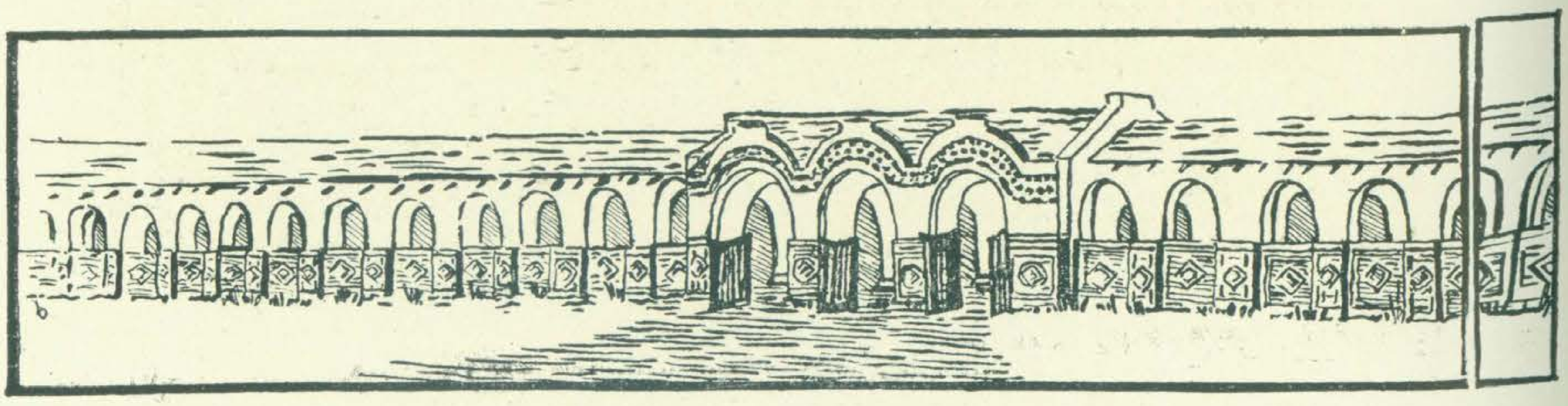
During this last term of school, on account of the loss of Mr. Lancaster, Miss O'Donnel was elected manager in his place and Mr. Walker has taken his place on the team.

On April 8th the Junior vs. Senior Tennis Tournament was held for the silver cup, the Seniors being the winners.

The score:

Girls' singles, won by Seniors—7-5, 3-6, 6-4.
Girls' doubles, won by Juniors—6-0, 6-1.
Boys' singles, won by Juniors—10-8, 6-4.
Boys' doubles, won by Seniors—6-3, 6-4.
Mixed doubles, won by Seniors—6-1, 6-4.

The students representing the Seniors were: Men—Don Marshman, Granville Thomas; ladies, Nell Chambers, Marguerite Simpson and Margaret Lucinger. Those representing the Juniors were: Men—Walker, Onyett, Brien; ladies, Roena Hinkle, Geraldine Oswald.



GERRY OSWALD
DON MARSHMAN
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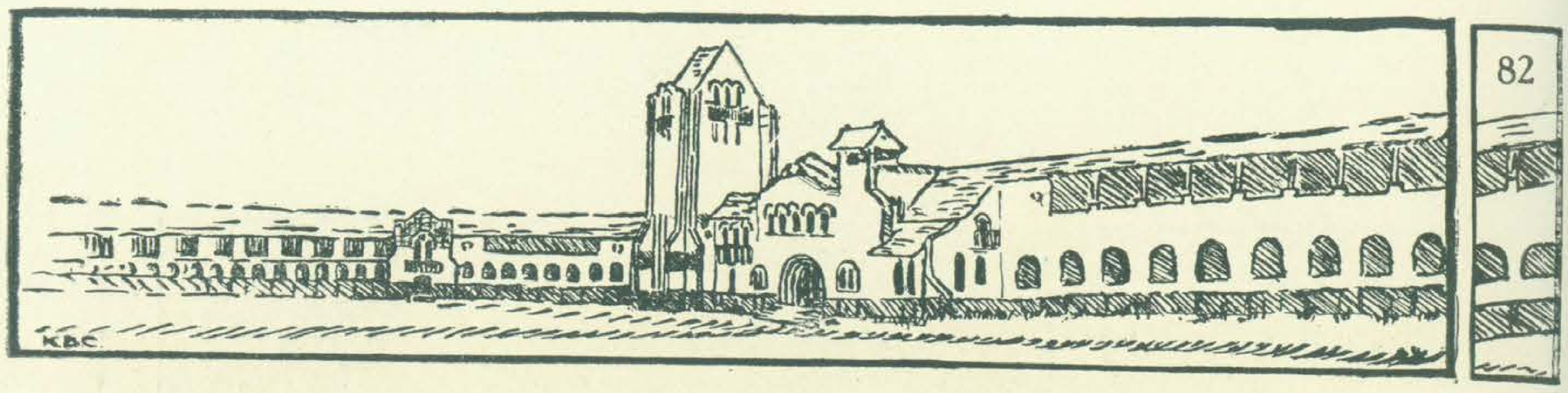
GRAN THOMAS
ROENA HINKLE



Boys' Basket Ball

* * * *

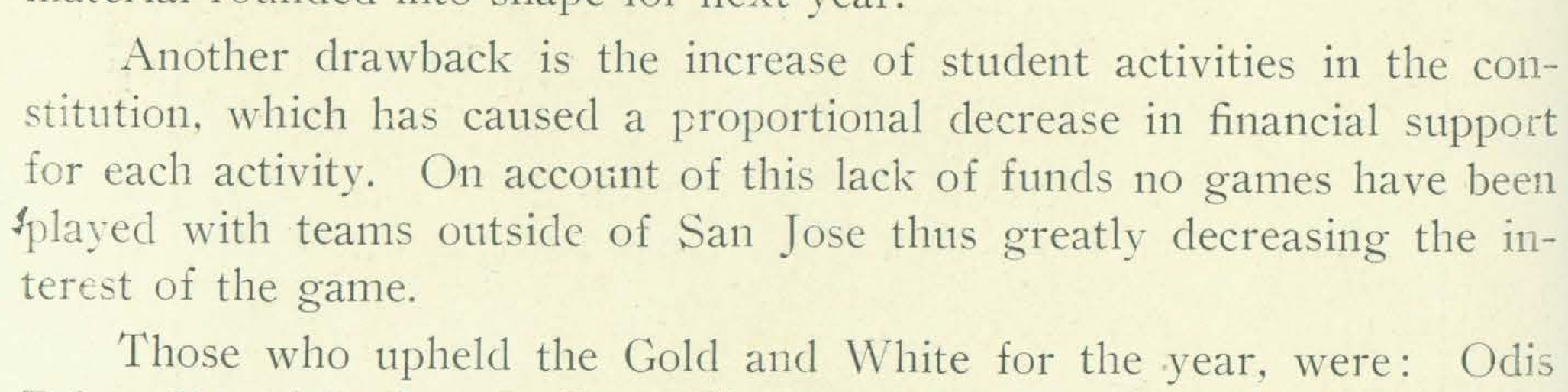
UNTIL last year Boys' Basket Ball was an unheard of sport in the San Jose Normal. Owing to the fact that there were very few boys inclined toward athletics in the Normal, anything in this line was not attempted.

Basket-ball is practically a new sport on this Coast, and owes its popularity to the fact that it requires but five men to play the game. Another drawback to athletics of any kind in the Normal is that the Athletic Leagues of the Coast do not recognize the Normal as a Secondary or Preparatory School and it is not classed as a University. Regardless of these facts a few enterprising young men got together in 1909 and 1910 and organized for the first time a Normal Boys' Basket Ball Team.

At the beginning of this year there were three men, Don Marshman, Granville Thomas and Odis Price, who were on the team last year. This was a very good starter of a promising team, but as it happened no experienced players entered Normal this year, and as Odis Price was graduated in December, this left the team in a weak condition in the middle of the basket-ball season. However, there has been some good material rounded into shape for next year.

Another drawback is the increase of student activities in the constitution, which has caused a proportional decrease in financial support for each activity. On account of this lack of funds no games have been played with teams outside of San Jose thus greatly decreasing the interest of the game.

Those who upheld the Gold and White for the year, were: Odis Price, Don Marshman, Gran Thomas, Gus Lancaster, Carl Beacock, George Gordon, Albert Brien and Bright Street.



Bright Street *George Gordon* *Albert Brien*

"Gran." Thomas *"Don" Marshman*

Baseball

* * * *

FOR the first time in a number of years our Normal has boasted of a baseball team. This year was an exception so far as scarcity of men was concerned, and fortunately, good material from which to pick a team was found.

At the first of the year keen interest was shown and the team did some hard practising, but, later on, teachers' meeting and other interests seemed to occupy most of our time and the former enthusiasm has just been revived with the coming of Spring.

The first game of the season was played with Campbell High School at Campbell. The lack of team work on our part was the probable cause of our defeat, but we profited by the experience and the next time we crossed bats with that team we led them to an inglorious defeat to the tune of 8-2.

The game with San Jose High was won by the "prep" team with a score of 6-4, but when the size of the schools is considered we have no cause to feel disgraced.

Later in the season our boys put up a hard struggle against Heald's Business College, which finally ended with a score of 11-10 in favor of the College.

Considering the difficulties our team has had to meet, we feel that it has made an excellent showing and now that Wm. Stillwell, the twirler who made a record for himself while attending San Jose High, has joined our ranks, we feel confident of several victories before another term has passed.

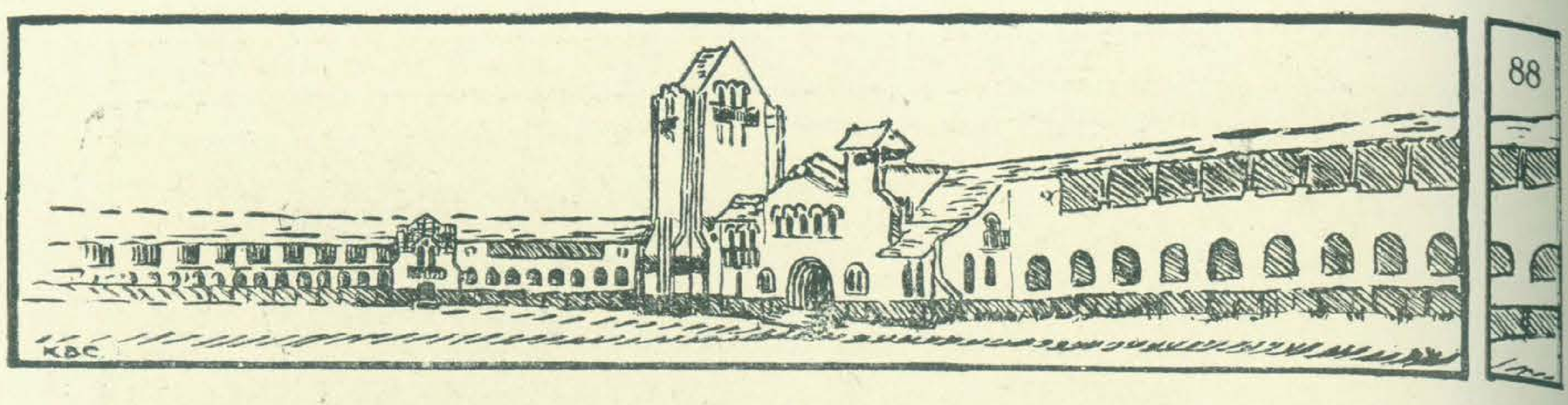
The present line-up is: Oynett (captain), pitcher; H. Miller, catcher; Young, shortstop; Marshman, first base; Carmichael, second base; T. Miller, shortstop; Sedgwick, third base; Stillwell, pitcher; Brien, left field; Taylor, right field; Walker, center field; Thomas, right field.

Thomas *Taylor* *Miller* *Carmichael* *Brien* *Marshman*
Young *Sedgwick* *Stillwell* *Walker*
Onyett

The Siamese Twins

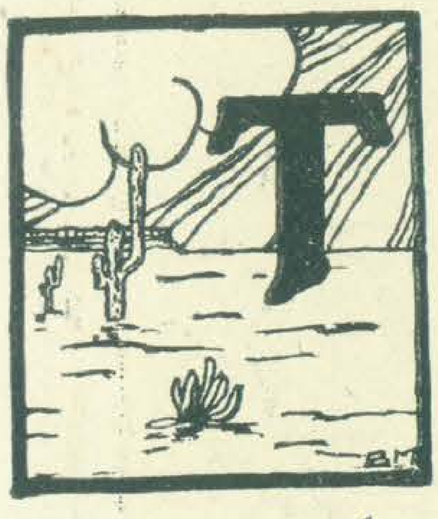
Caught !

SOCIETY



Allenian Society

* * * *



HE Allenian Society was organized in November, 1896. It absorbed two societies then existing in the school. These two societies were the "K. S.," or "Knowledge Seekers," and the "Philomathean Society," or, as the name indicates, "Lovers of Learning." The reasons which the K. S. and Philomathean Society had for abandoning their separate organizations were evidently the high purpose and promise of the new society. These were so worthy that a member of the faculty of the Normal School, Professor Condit, suggested that it add to these the purpose to perpetuate and honor the name of Prof. Charles H. Allen, President of the Normal School at San Jose for sixteen years (1873-1889), to whom the Normal Schools of California owe more of their spirit, growth and strength than to any other one person.

On November 10, 1896, the new society formally adopted a name expressive of their purpose and spirit, Allenian Rhetorical Society. Since the society has of late become more of a social organization the "Rhetorical" has been dropped from the name.

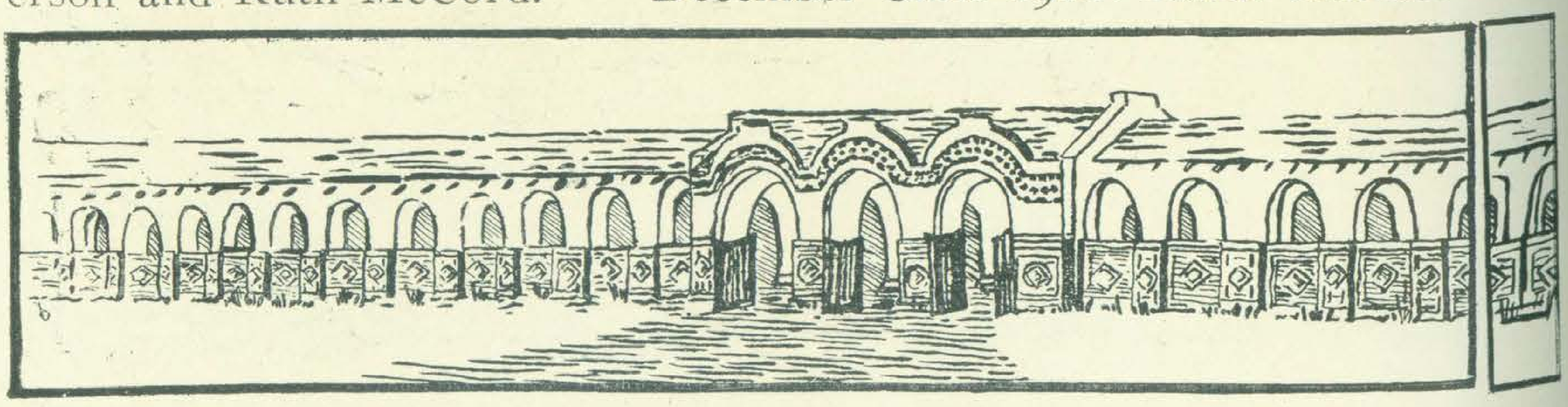
The Allenians have always felt the honor of being able to perpetuate the name of one so worthy as Dr. Allen. Throughout the years they have ever striven to live up to his high standards and ideals. This very fact has made the society a success.

The faculty members of Allenian are: Miss R. Royce, Miss A. Howe, Miss A. Schureman, Miss E. McFadden, Miss G. Payne, Miss H. Sprague, Mrs. M. George, Mr. L. Wilson, Miss G. Rowell and Miss A. Nicholson.

June Class 1911: Margaret Marchant, Georgia Purcell, Agnes R. Johnson, Retta Arbogast, Alma L. Johnson, Clara Luhrman, Grace Hobler, Linda O. Tomasi, Rosa De Smet, Ruth Grimes, Beatrice Lernhart and Katherine B. Clarke. December Class 1911: Edwina Anderson.

March Class 1912: Margaret Kenyon.

June 1912: Irene Weisbaum, Madge Vaughn, Edna Day, Claudia Thorne, Ethel B. Hutton, Irene McCalvy, Millie McKean, Mildred Peterson and Ruth McCord. December Class 1912: Edith Gambel.



Alma Johnson
Claudia Thorne
Ruth Grimes
Rosa De Smet
Irene Weisbaum
Ruth McCord
Reta Arbogast
Margaret Marchant
Agnes Johnson

Beatrice Lernhart *Millie McKean* *Edna Strobel*
Mildred Peterson *Grace Hobler*
Edna Day
Madge Vaughn *Katherine Clarke*
Ethel Hutton *Clara Luhrman*

Sappho Society

* * * *

THE Sappho Society was organized in 1897 and started with an enrollment of eleven. A little later its meetings became open, and it called attention to the fact that it was an active, working organization. The society grew rapidly, and two years later it had an enrollment of about fifty members. This it has maintained ever since. The aim was to further the literary activity of the school, and incidentally the social life. The work done was chiefly of an artistic nature.

During the year 1904 a slight change occurred in the work of the society. At this time two meetings were held each month for social purposes entirely. They added much interest to the society and did not seem to affect the literary zeal. A good deal of work was done along lines of debate, musicals and dramatization, with splendid results.

Strange to say, in the next few years something indefinable happened which caused the society to change quite radically in character. Just what that something was it is difficult to say, yet a difference was plainly seen by 1906. Sappho no longer stood as preeminently a literary society. It had become entirely a social organization with not even a vestige of its former life. As its social life was of a healthy and broad character it grew in strength and influence.

As Sappho Society was in 1906, so it is today. A society which stands for good comradeship, and a healthy social life in the San Jose State Normal.

Faculty Members.

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

June 1911.

Mildred Moore, Emily Nixon, Gladys Patrick, Hazel Arthur, Marion Daly, Nell Glass, Eleanor Burbank, Nanette Rosenthal, Gladys Bennett, Ilma Koch, Madeline Williams, Merle Selvage, Regina Kent, Alma Dingley, Hazel Johnston, Helen Hart, Eva Durgin, Helen Watkins.

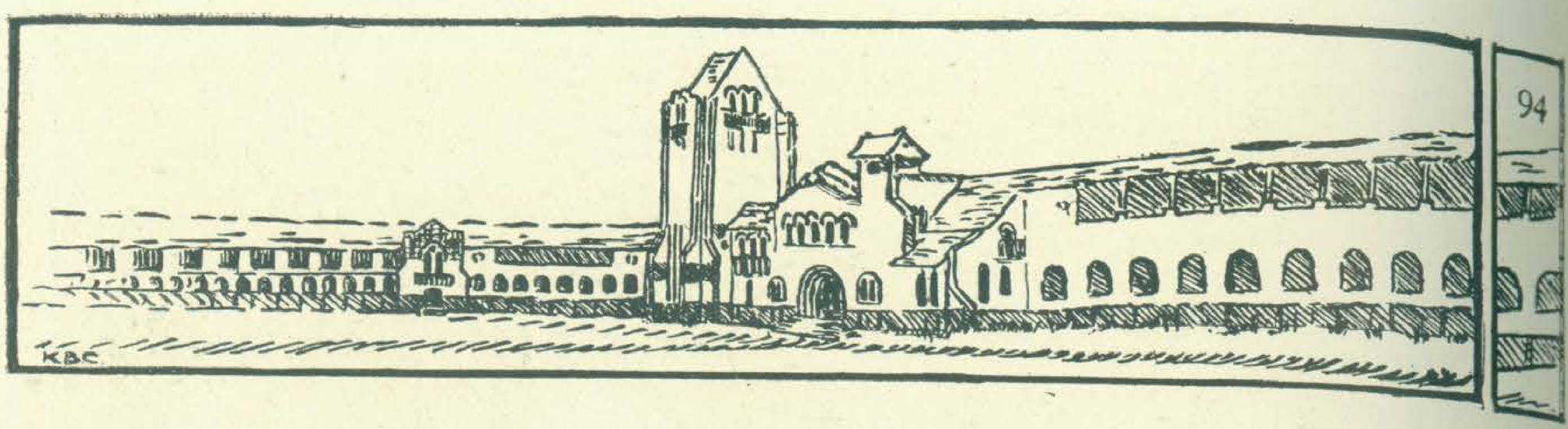
December 1911.

Eula McClure, Norma Singleton, Agnes Strom.

June 1912.

Kate Smith, Shirley Beckwith, Marjorie Musgrave, Brownie Shillingsburg, Mary Sloss, Katharine Markley, Ruth Dwyer, Gladys Senter, Lillian Westmeyer, Gladys Chapman, Alice Taylor, Elizabeth Veuve, Irene Showers, Eoline Worral, Dolores Gibson, Eleanor Henry, Arline Baugh, Ella Rath, Evelyn Stone, Florence Reames, Eula McCurdy.

Madeline Williams *Ilma Koch* *Helen Watkins*
Hazel Arthur *Helen Hart*
Katherine Markley *Regina Kent* *Eva Durgin*
Eleanor Henry *Mary Sloss* *Eula McCurdy* *Mildred Moore*



Browning Society

* * * *

BROWNING SOCIETY was founded in December, 1899, by Mr. Bland of the Normal. It grew from the literary class studies of Browning. At first the membership was unlimited, but soon the society became so large that it was necessary to put a limit to the number of those belonging. One of the first good works of the society was to publish a booklet of Browning's quotations. Later, the poem "Pippa Passes" was dramatized, and met with decided success.

At present, Browning is pushing steadily forward, and, while it has turned slightly from its former path, it never forgets that it did in the past and does now stand for the appreciation of good literature.

Browning has at all times the interest of the Normal at heart, and endeavors to hold to their standard of proficient school work, as well as to the social side, which is necessary in any school to give a feeling of fellowship.

MEMBERS.

June 1911.

Etna Boyd, Minnie Buchanan, Grace Canfield, Lulu Gill, Daisy Hill, Mabel Luck, Marguerite Shand, Jennie Thomson, Delia Wilson, Mabel Birkhead, Anna May Canevascini, Isabel Gilbert, Nell Stone, Harriet Tracy.

December 1911.

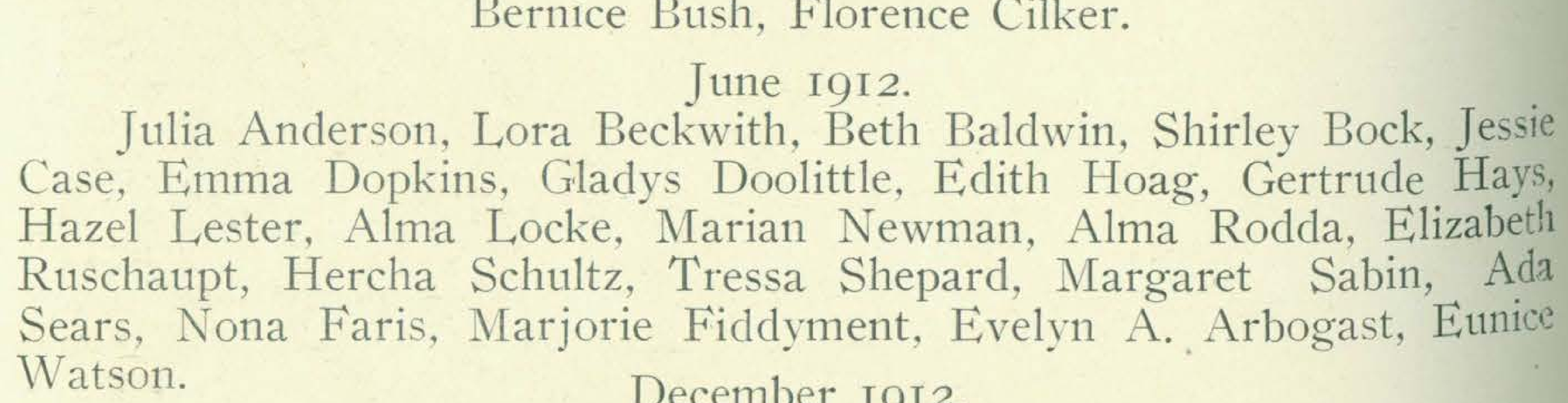
Bernice Bush, Florence Cilker.

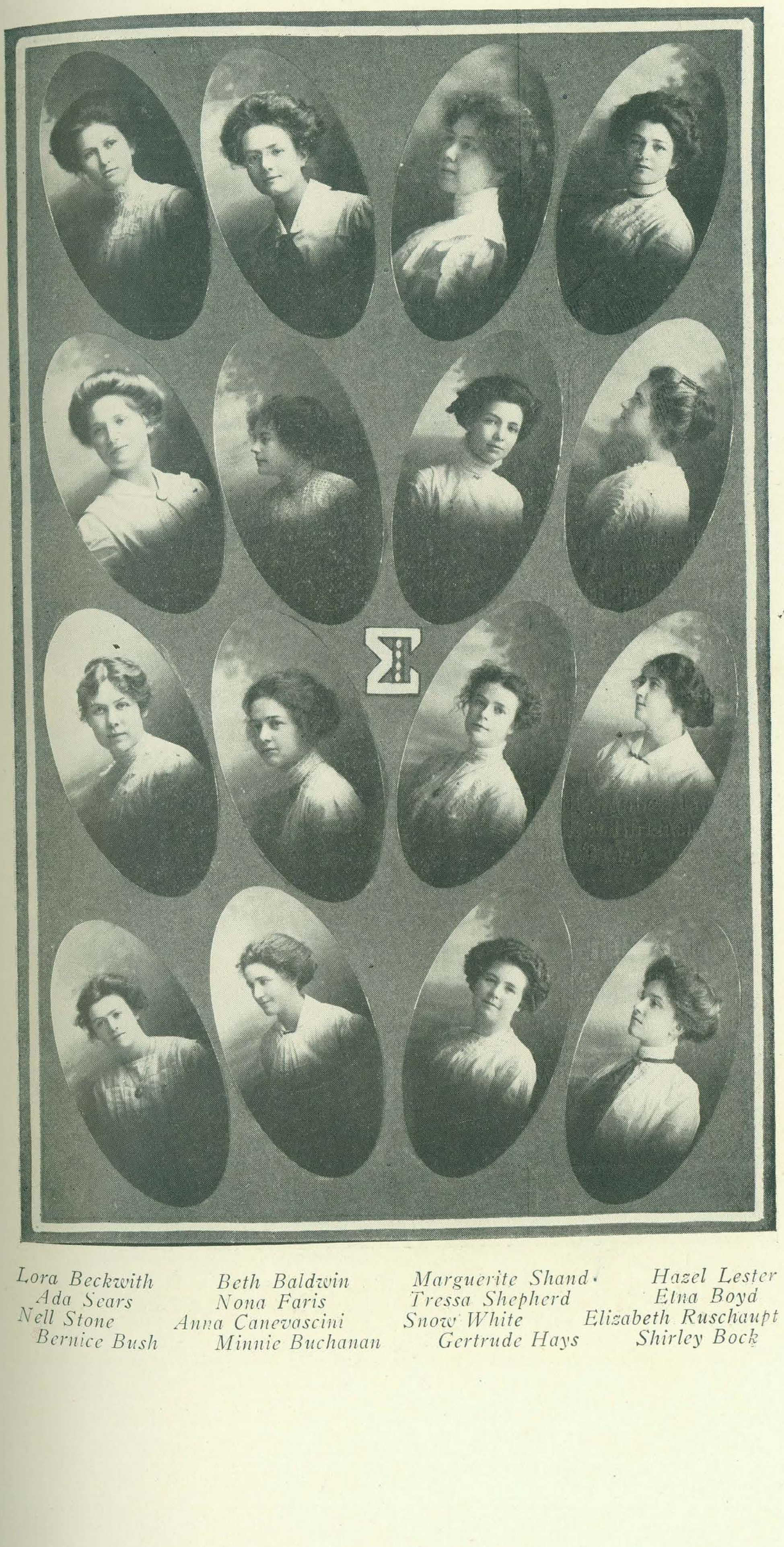
June 1912.

Julia Anderson, Lora Beckwith, Beth Baldwin, Shirley Bock, Jessie Case, Emma Dopkins, Gladys Doolittle, Edith Hoag, Gertrude Hays, Hazel Lester, Alma Locke, Marian Newman, Alma Rodda, Elizabeth Ruschaupt, Hercha Schultz, Tressa Shepard, Margaret Sabin, Ada Sears, Nona Faris, Marjorie Fiddyment, Evelyn A. Arbogast, Eunice Watson.

December 1912.

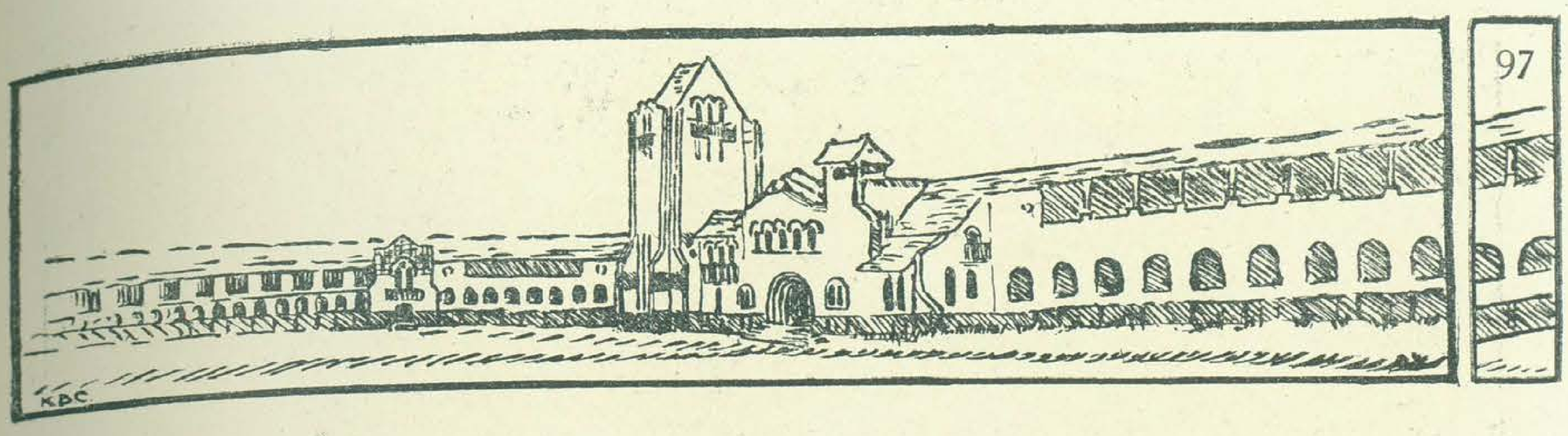
E. Amynta Plummer, Snow White.





Lora Beckwith — *Beth Baldwin* — *Marguerite Shand* — *Hazel Lester*
Ada Sears — *Nona Faris* — *Tressa Shepherd* — *Elna Boyd*
Nell Stone — *Anna Canevascini* — *Snow White* — *Elizabeth Ruschaupt*
Bernice Bush — *Minnie Buchanan* — *Gertrude Hays* — *Shirley Bock*

Lulu Gill *Florence Cilker* *Eunice Watson* *Harriet Tracy*
Grace Canfield *Alma Socke* *Edith Hoag* *Marian Newman*
Delia Wilson *Emma Dopkins* *Marjorie Fiddyment* *Jessie Case*
Evelyn Arbogast *Jennie Thomson* *Mabel Luck* *Isabel Gilbert*



Erosophian Society

* * * *

ERO SOPHIAN, the youngest of the four societies, was organized in 1900 by Miss Harriet Cory (now Mrs. H. B. Hummel of Africa). Mrs. Hummel was for many years a teacher of literature in the Normal. In the spring of 1900, she gathered together a dozen girls to study modern and living writers and to become more closely and intimately acquainted with each other. These girls called themselves "Ero Sophians," or "Lovers of Learning." Interest in the society grew and before long new members were admitted and the society became one of the strongest and most popular organizations in Normal.

As time went by the social side of the organization was emphasized more and more until now it is purely a society for the promotion of social intercourse among its members, which in turn reacts upon the social life of the school.

Ero Sophian has not lost sight entirely of her literary beginnings. Programs of merit are given often at her meetings and parties. Ero Sophian ever stands for good scholarship and for love and loyalty to S. N. S.

Faculty Members.

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

June 1911.

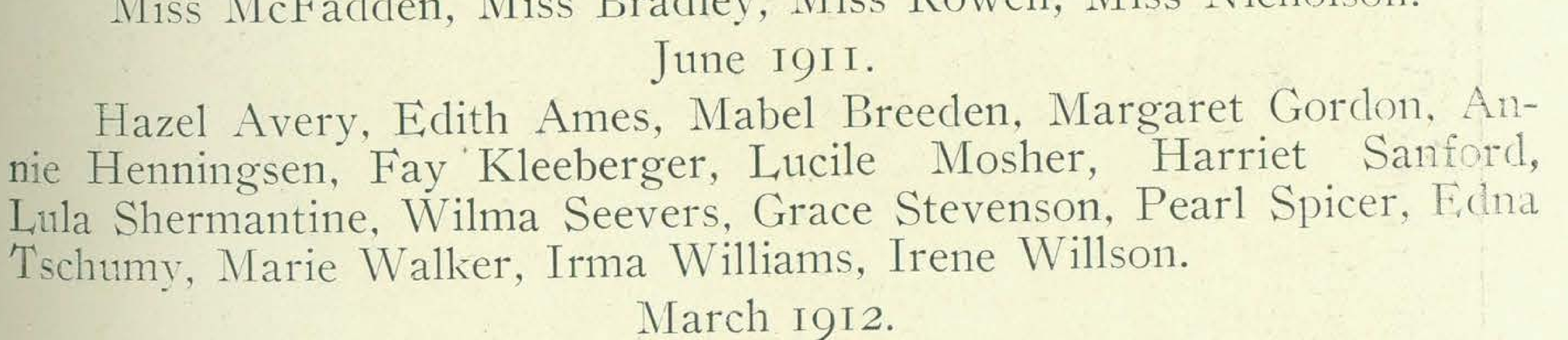
Hazel Avery, Edith Ames, Mabel Breeden, Margaret Gordon, Annie Henningsen, Fay Kleeberger, Lucile Mosher, Harriet Sanford, Lula Shermantine, Wilma Seevers, Grace Stevenson, Pearl Spicer, Edna Tschumy, Marie Walker, Irma Williams, Irene Willson.

March 1912.

Mattie Bonsel.

June 1912.

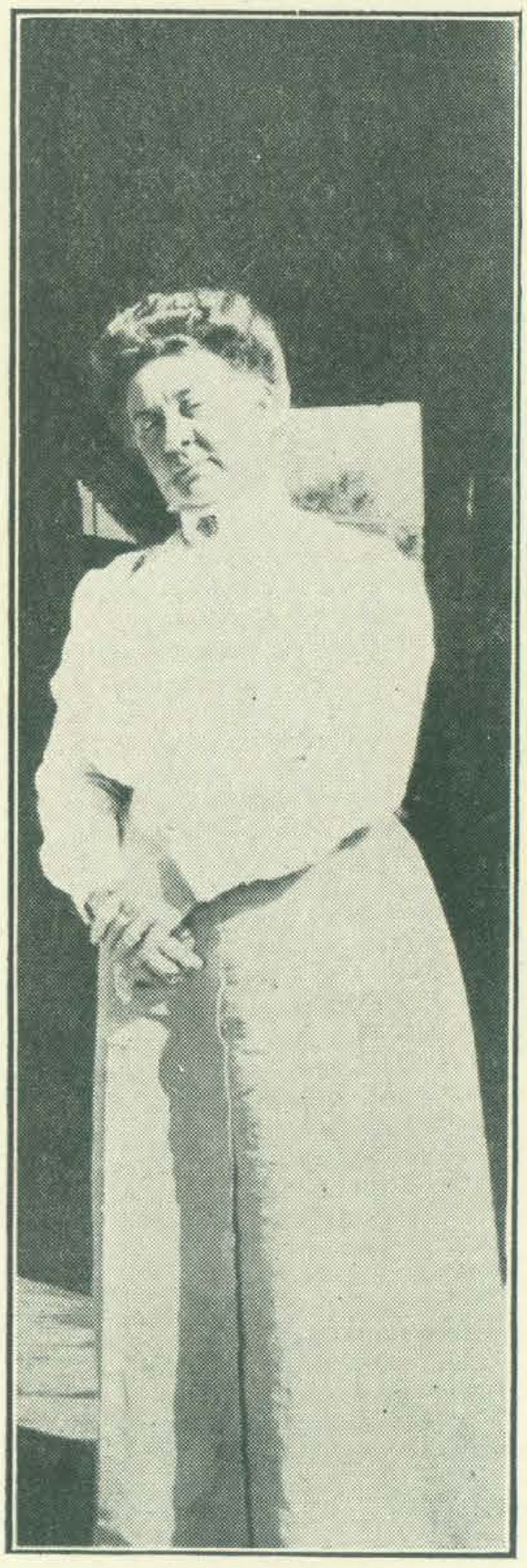
Naomi Barnhouse, Mabel Lyman, Lela Maggetti, Harriett McNeil, Elizabeth McKeon, Loretta Ryan, Helen Sharpe, Faye Thompson, Margaret West, Helen Sinclair.



Lela Maggetti *Irma Williams* *Wilma Seevers* *Helen Sharpe*
Mollie Brown *Anne Henningsen*
Loretta Ryan *Harriet Sanford* *Irene Willson* *Fay Kleeberger*
Lucille Mosher *Naomi Barnhouse* *Margaret West* *Lulu Shermantine*

Marie Walker — *Elizabeth McKeon* — *Helen Sinclair* — *Margaret Gordon*
Edna Tschumy — *Faye Thompson* — *Mattie Bonsel* — *Pearl Spicer*
Mabel Lyman — *Mabel Breeden* — *Edith Ames* — *Harriet McNeil*
Grace Stevenson — *Hazel Avery* — *Violet Smith* — *Sadie Burleigh*

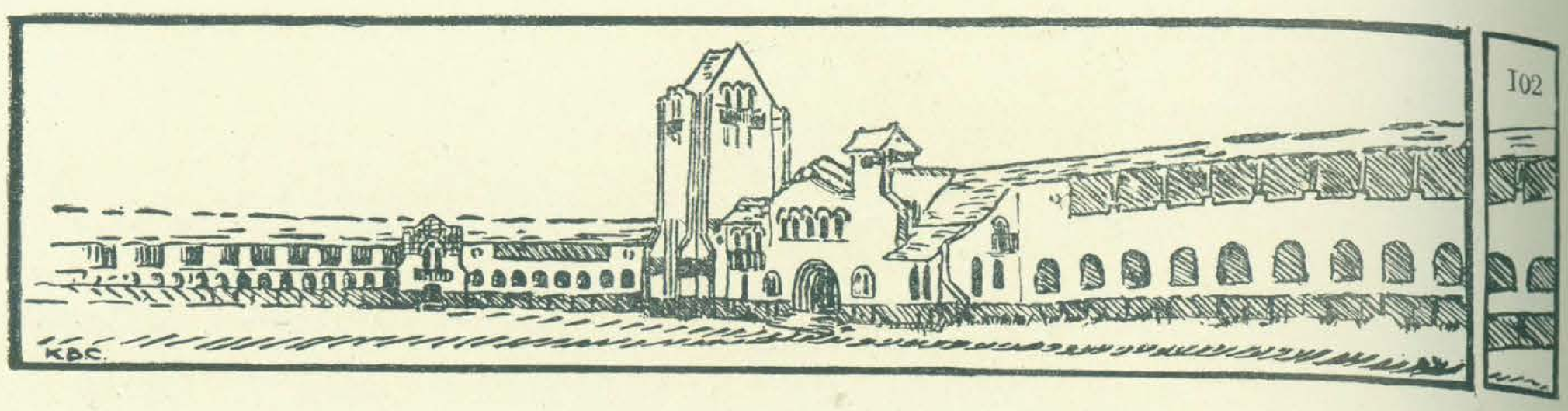
Oh! My!



Mrs. Rousseau

"Reg"

Literary



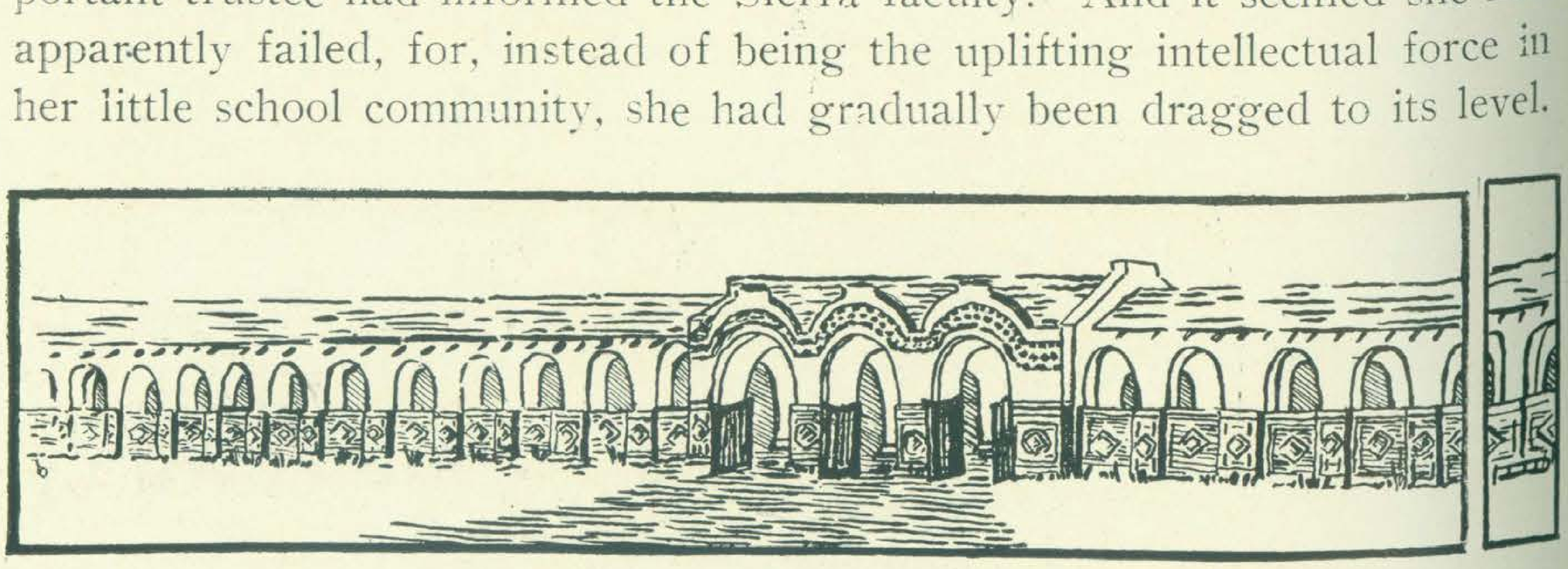
A Gift of Love

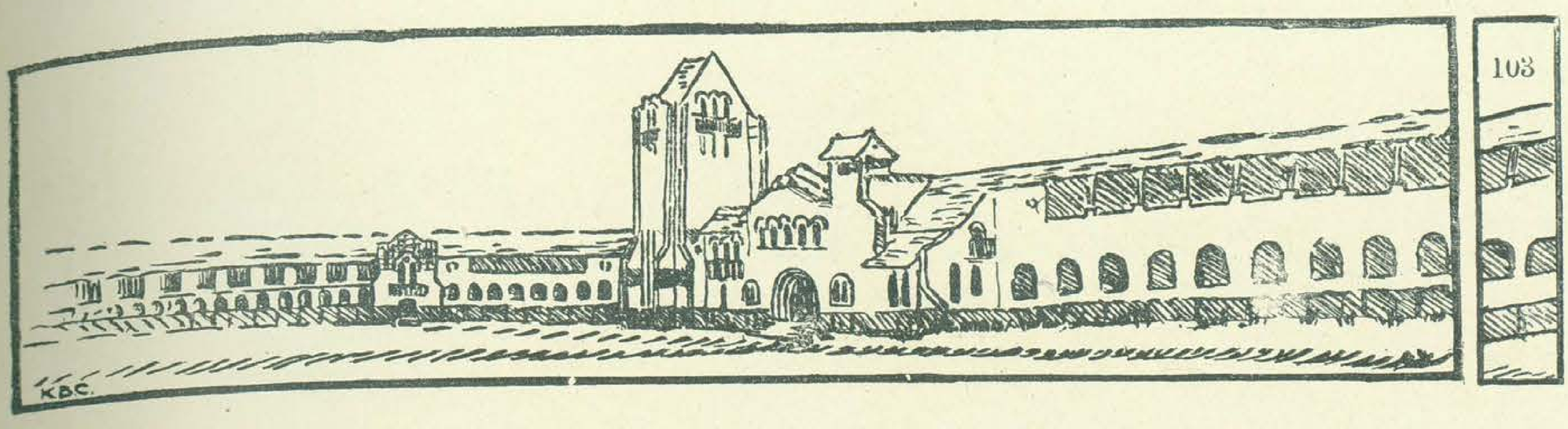
* * * *

By HENRY MEADE BLAND

IT was chapel exercise at the Sierra Normal School. Six hundred girls, with a dozen mild-mannered boys were arranged in orderly fashion before the high faculty platform, on which were seated with varying primness the teachers of the school. Not the least among the latter was Dr. Harry Steele, psychologist and dreamer, who absent-mindedly eyed the long lines of young women. He was absorbed in deep thought; for there were two persons before him this morning that seriously and vitally disturbed his mentality. It was his usual habit to study the mental make-up of the students. Indeed, this was his peculiar fascination, perhaps it was because—well, there are bound to be many attractive personalities in a school of six hunderd young women. So, in spite of the fact that this was an unusual assembly this morning, a Christmas affair, in which the students remembered the faculty with various gifts and joshes, Jean Ravenston, one of the two aforementioned, occupied his most thoughtful attention.

Jean had interested him since she first came to school. She constituted, he said, one of the most striking cases of development arrested by the operation of unfavorable environment. He had seen her when she first registered. The vision to-day was clear as a photograph. She had come from the far upland country; had taught as a country teacher in one school for six years; had at last failed; so an interfering, self-important trustee had informed the Sierra faculty. And it seemed she had apparently failed, for, instead of being the uplifting intellectual force in her little school community, she had gradually been dragged to its level.





The gaudy dress of the foreign young people she had subconsciously imitated, being herself a mere child when she had begun to teach. The odoriferous onion men, and ugh! garlic, too, she had come to like, for had not Mrs. Tarentelli, her trustee's wife, entertained her at supper again and again? Now she had lost her place because she had most unjudiciously whipped Mrs. Tarentelli's boy.

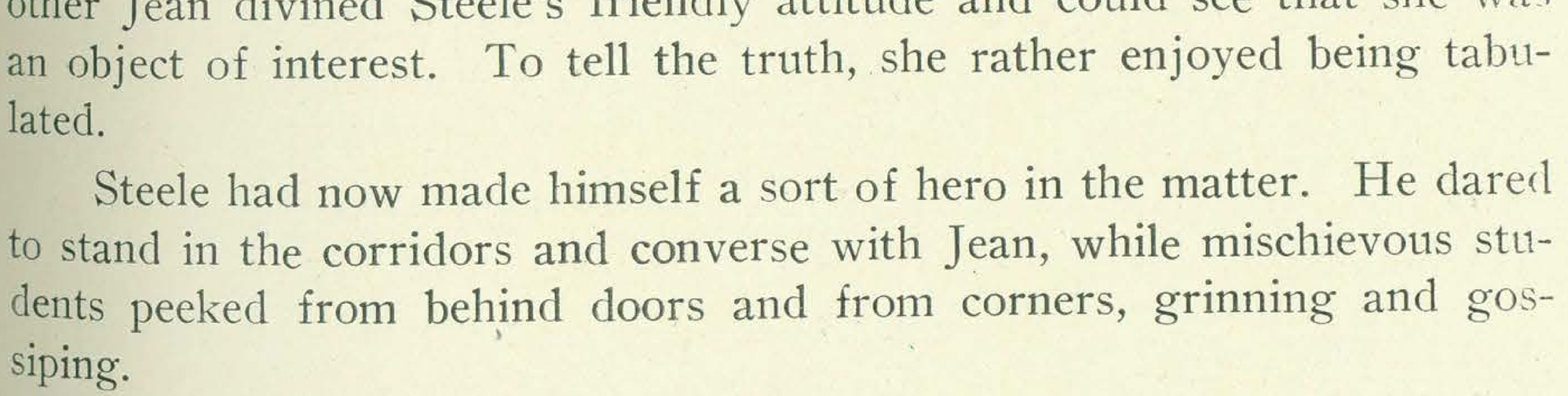
And here she was on registration day at Sierra, an ill-kept, premature-aged woman.

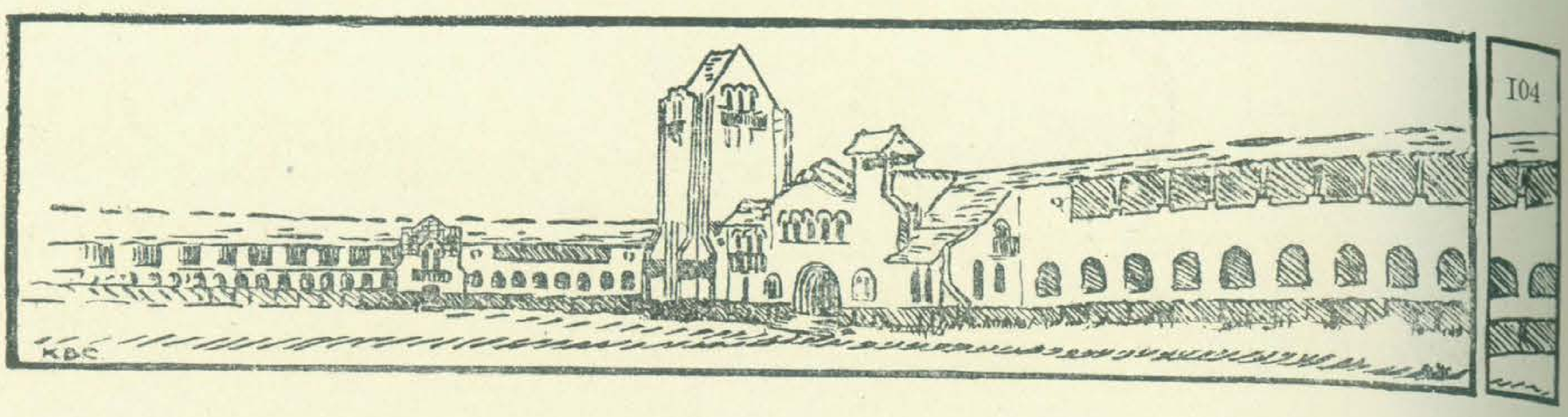
Steele saw her shunned by the students. He alone divined her intellectual power; saw it when other members of the faculty considered her case hopeless. "Awfully poor material," Miss Decker had declared when Jean's case was up in faculty.

The psychologist, however, had made observations, and when the proposed dropping came up, had vigorously protested taking action before giving the girl further trial. As a reward for this defense, Steele found himself mercilessly joshed by fellow members of the faculty. The matter went over. His observations, however, continued and a rather pretentious note-book was filled with the tabulations which to the psychologist threw much light on Jean's strange character. Some way or other Jean divined Steele's friendly attitude and could see that she was an object of interest. To tell the truth, she rather enjoyed being tabulated.

Steele had now made himself a sort of hero in the matter. He dared to stand in the corridors and converse with Jean, while mischievous students peeked from behind doors and from corners, grinning and gossiping.

All this ran through the doctor's mind as he mused on the assemblage before him.



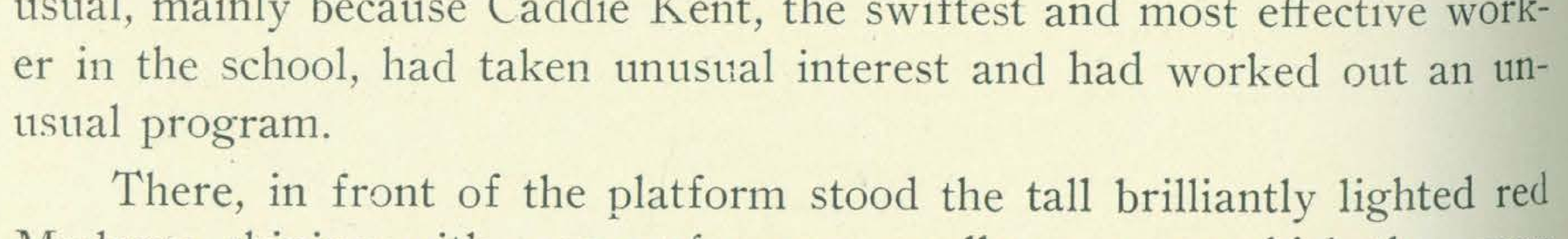


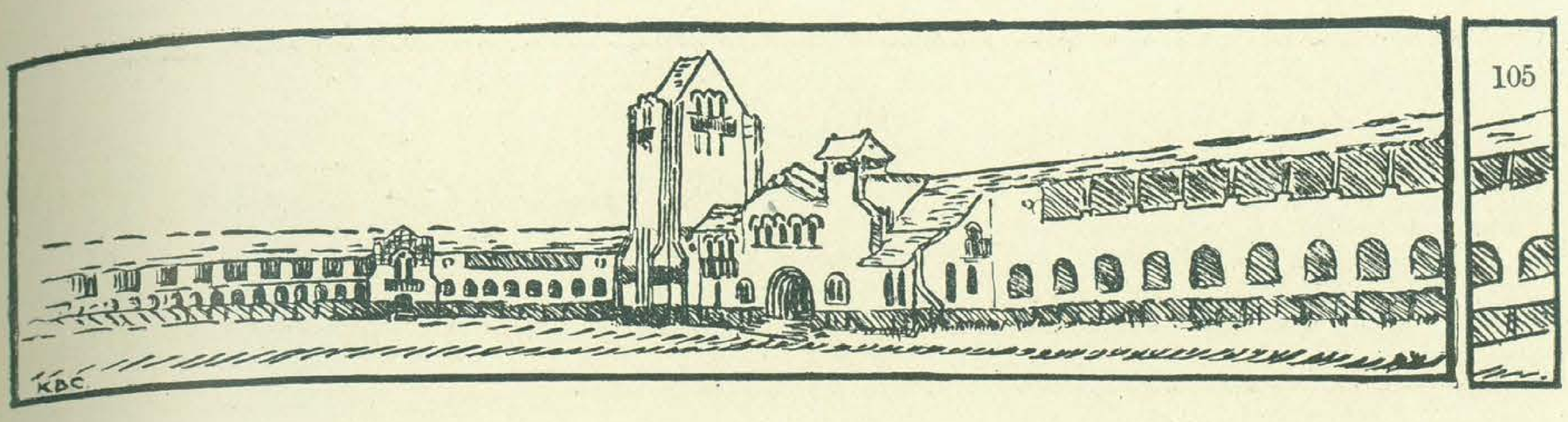
Jean really had power (the Doctor's musing went on) and adaptability, too. She became rapidly conscious of her disheartening peculiarities, and the rough exterior faded and the fine lines of her real nature began to show. Steele was proud of the transformation he now boasted of bringing about. Jean had begun to have friends, not a few. She made brilliant intellectual conquests in her classes. And, moreover, she was the most appreciative of students in Dr. Steele's psychology. Could it be possible she was making inroads into the Doctor's heart. Suddenly, too, she had shown her rare vocal talent. This made her much sought after as an entertainer and won for her a membership in the George Eliot Club, the Normal School's most exclusive circle.

All these thoughts passed not in actual words but like troops of swallows in rapid flight through Steele's brain. He now was broken from his fantasy by vociferous cheering for a belated faculty member. He looked at Jean and suddenly caught himself wearing a smile which she could but feel was for her . She really couldn't miss one variant expression of the Doctor, for always at chapel her interested glance was in his direction.

The Christmas festivities of the school had now begun. This was the time when the students squared old scores with the faculty by presenting each with some little memento which made the receiver vividly conscious of certain idiosyncracies. This year it was more elaborate than usual, mainly because Caddie Kent, the swiftest and most effective worker in the school, had taken unusual interest and had worked out an unusual program.

There, in front of the platform stood the tall brilliantly lighted red Madrona shining with scores of waxen candles, among which the queer assortments of "presents" loomed picturesquely. There was a big bottle of Chili sauce for the art teacher, Miss Davis, who had talked and re-



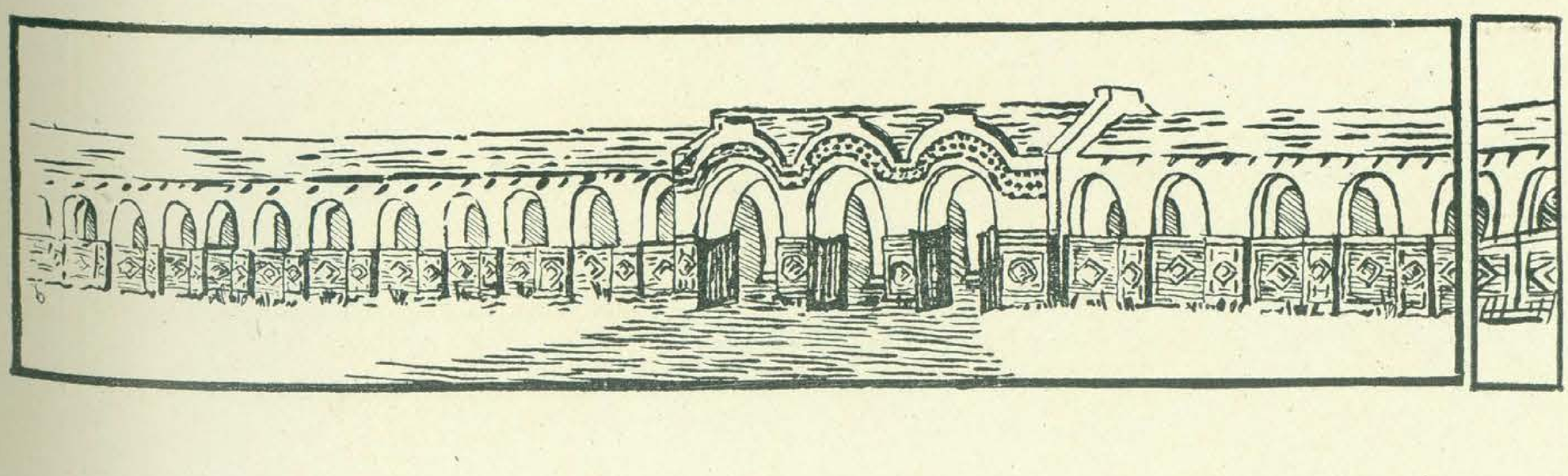


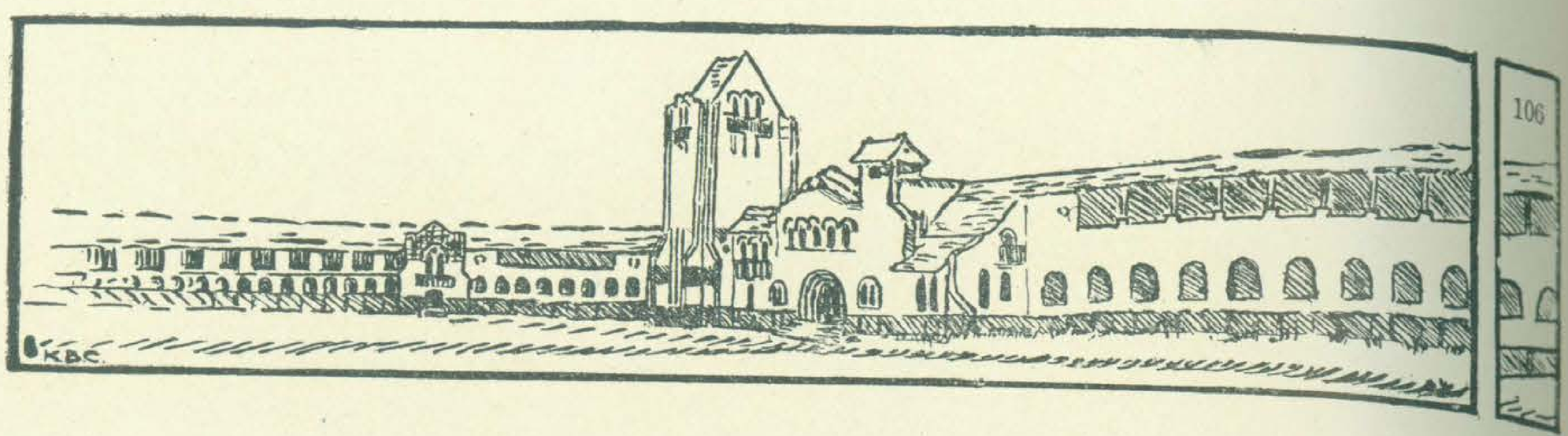
talked her favorite artist, Botticelli, during the last term. "Bot o'Chili" was her reward. There hung "The Mellow Horn" for the grave music teacher, Mr. Peffers, who evidently had made that charming piece of music do more during the last term than its share of service. The grey-haired old president, revered by more than four thousand of graduates as well as by the hundreds of students, saw with pleasure in his dark shining eyes the elaborate bouquet of red carnations which somebody of the faculty had already told him were for him. Then there was a bundle of X's cut out of paper. This was intended as a thrust at fierce Professor Zwanker, who worried his students with long examinations.

Here too was another present. It consisted of two faces tied together. "Double-faced!" It was labeled Dr. Steele. The Doctor's present provided by the committee, a mock volume of "Latest Psychological Research," had been stolen and in its place was this bunglesome attempt at cruel wit. Yet it was on the tree and big John Haliburton as Santa Claus was already handing out the gifts, while exquisite Miss Kent assisted him by calling out the names, for big John, the school engineer, had a voice which just at this provoking moment refused to squeak louder than the proverbial mouse.

While this was going on Dr. Steele still mused over the term's experiences. Early in the year he had strolled absentmindedly before a class of seventy-five in psychology, and without announcement, without even calling the roll, recited a stanza from a favorite poet, William Butler Yeats, a small volume of whose verses he had by accident recently discovered.

"Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths," he began, his voice atremble with emotion—and a deathlike stillness fell on the class as he proceeded:





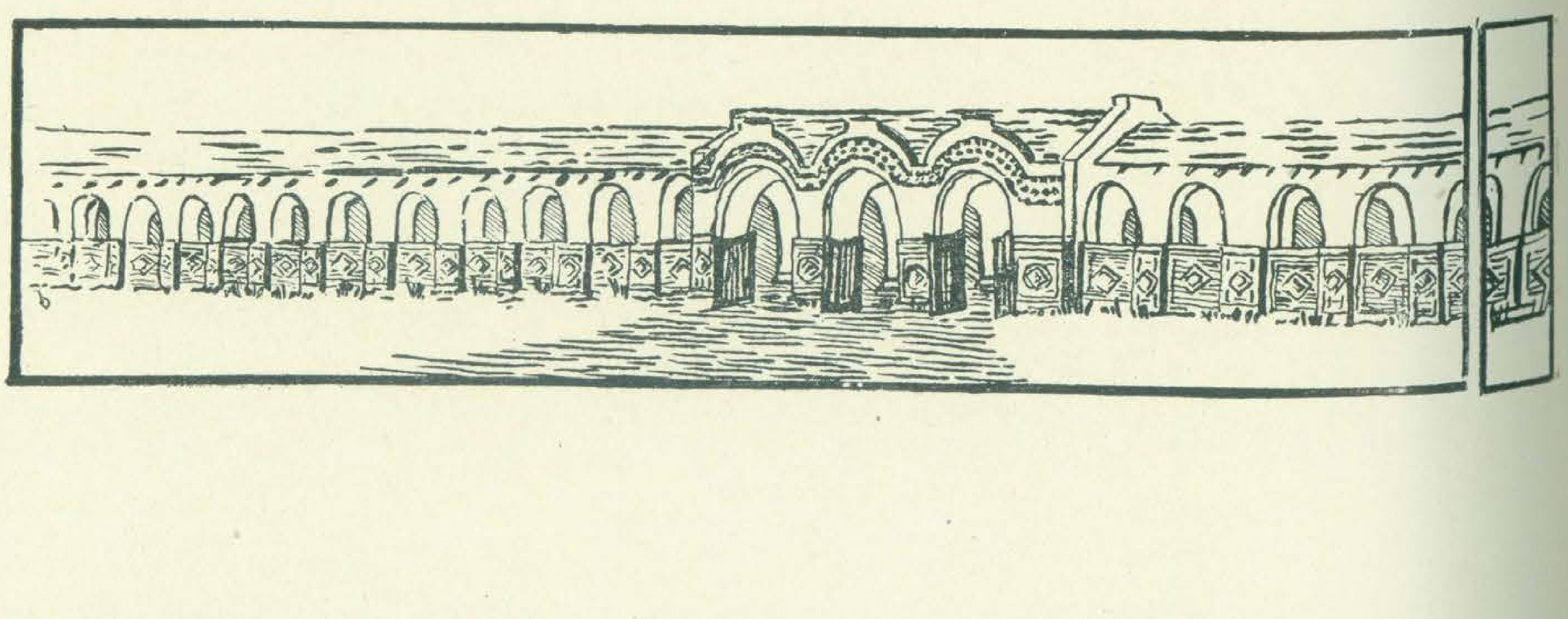
"Enrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and half light
I would spread the cloths under your feet,
But I, being poor, have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

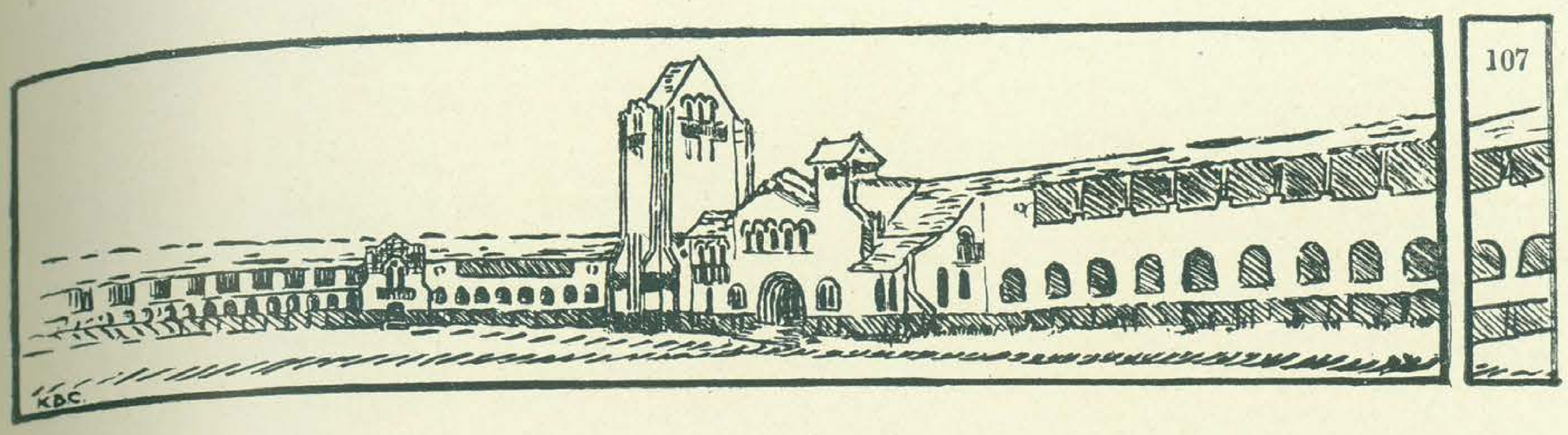
All this Steele remembered with a vague delight.

It was a lesson in symbolism he thus introduced, with a view to illustrating the effect of the symbolic upon the mind. "The Heaven's Embroidered Cloths" had instantly become popular, and was stored in many a perfumed note-book.

It happened that the most willing ears upon which the dramatically recited lines, closing "Tread softly because you tread upon my dreams," were those of Miss Kent. Into her inner consciousness the music flitted and it *would* stray into her mind at the most unusual times; till finally she found herself automatically humming them. Then one evening she picked up her guitar and the words fitted naturally the improvised music. Into the song Miss Kent flung her whole being and her effort became popular with the school singers. Even the sweet voiced Jean had quietly learned the music and sung it to her friends.

Miss Kent's enthusiasm for these lines had carried her to an interest in their author. Straightway she went in search of Miss Wilkinson, the literary enthusiast of the school, whose collection of photographs of literary lights was the wonder of her classes. The Yeats photo was borrowed and, behold, when an artist came to Miss Kent's aid, with the result that Miss Kent became the possessor of a picture of the poet; the artist had seen a resemblance to the Doctor; and thinking she divined what was deep down in the recesses of her friend's heart she made,





though she did not call Miss Kent's attention to it, the new picture a most striking resemblance to Dr. Steele.

With Caddie Kent, however, it was a platonic love for a great poet whom she knew only by his art and in his picture. Thus she lived in dreamy rapture with her poet's likeness and his wonderful lyrics.

Screams of laughter now came from all over the chapel. "The Mellow Horn" had been presented.

"What's the matter with Peffers? He's all right! Who's all right? Peffers! Who? Peffers!" was shouted in a chorus of yells.

While this was going on Caddie was living whole aeons of excitement. She had discovered the "double-face," the Doctor's present. She knew it meant trouble for the school as well as pain for him. The honor of the school she knew to be at stake and in her hands. Now was her time to act. That present she resolved should never go to Steele. While the cheering was going on she dexterously grasped the offending article and dropped it into the depths of the grand piano upon which she leaned and whose cover fortunately was open.

Steele was now rapidly thinking of more recent experiences. Last night in the moonlight while on a walk, he had heard coming from a room in a student's boarding house most exquisite music. The words were those of his old favorite. It was this unknown singer who was the second disturbing element in the psychologist's mind. He wanted to know who this singer was:

"Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,"

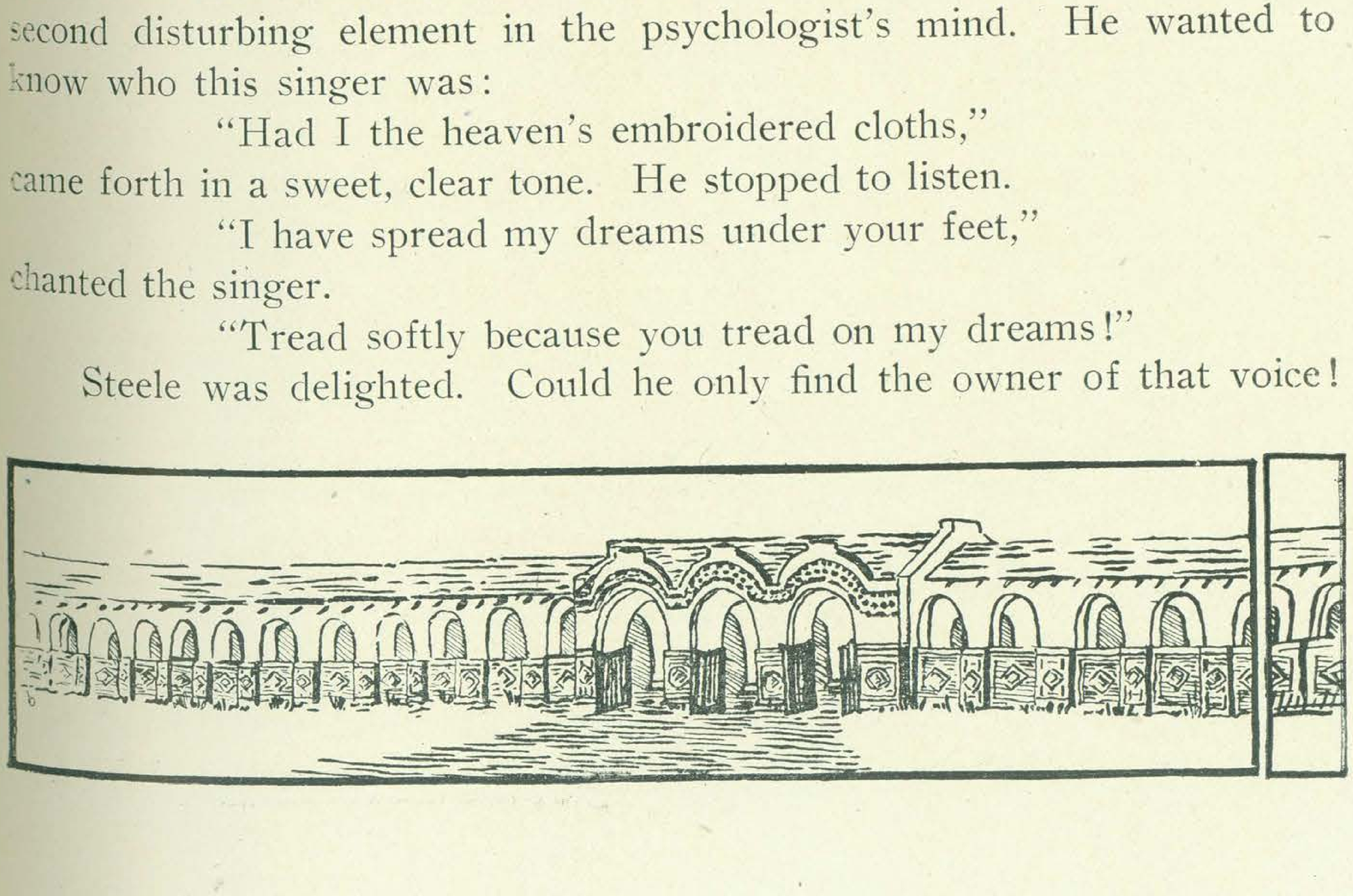
came forth in a sweet, clear tone. He stopped to listen.

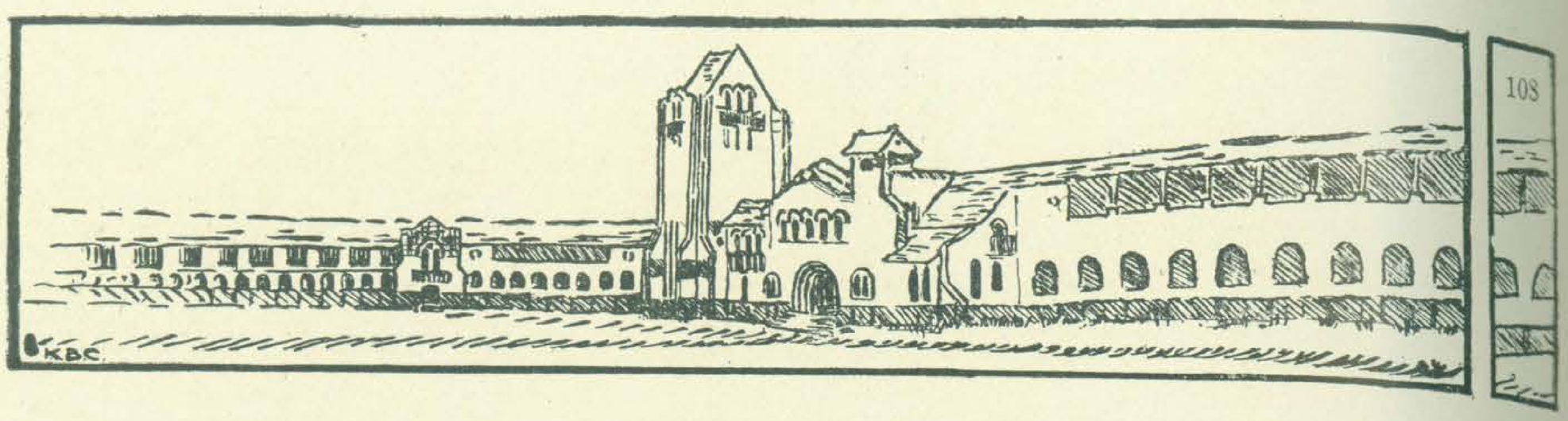
"I have spread my dreams under your feet,"

chanted the singer.

"Tread softly because you tread on my dreams!"

Steele was delighted. Could he only find the owner of that voice!





Even now, in the midst of the fun, he throbbed at the thought of that bewitching strain.

Now he became aware that there was intense excitement among the committee in charge of the Christmas tree. There was hasty searching for something or other. He wondered what. The presents were now nearly all gone. What would be his josh?

Miss Kent alone seemed calm. The burden of the moment before had evidently been lifted. She stood smiling as she handed from the tree the last of the presents, the resplendent bunch of violets on her shoulder reflecting her simple beauty.

The committee's most desperate attempts to discover Steele's present had failed and they were in despair. Worst of all, it appeared that the most popular teacher of the school was to be snubbed, for had he not been overlooked, not even given the honor of a harmless josh?

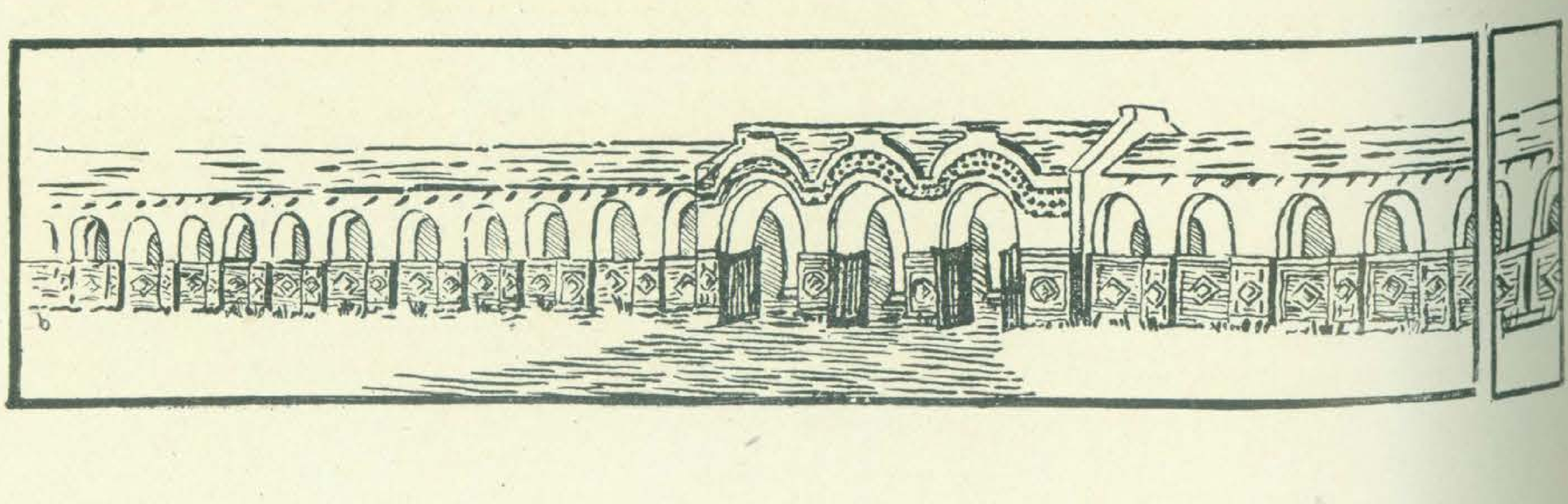
"Give him your violets," at last in desperation whispered a voice into Miss Kent's ear. This was already in her mind as a solution of the matter; but what should she say by way of presentation? No time was to be lost, for the chapel was breathless waiting to know the Doctor's present, believing it left to the last because the most striking. Before she knew it she found herself in front of the psychologist.

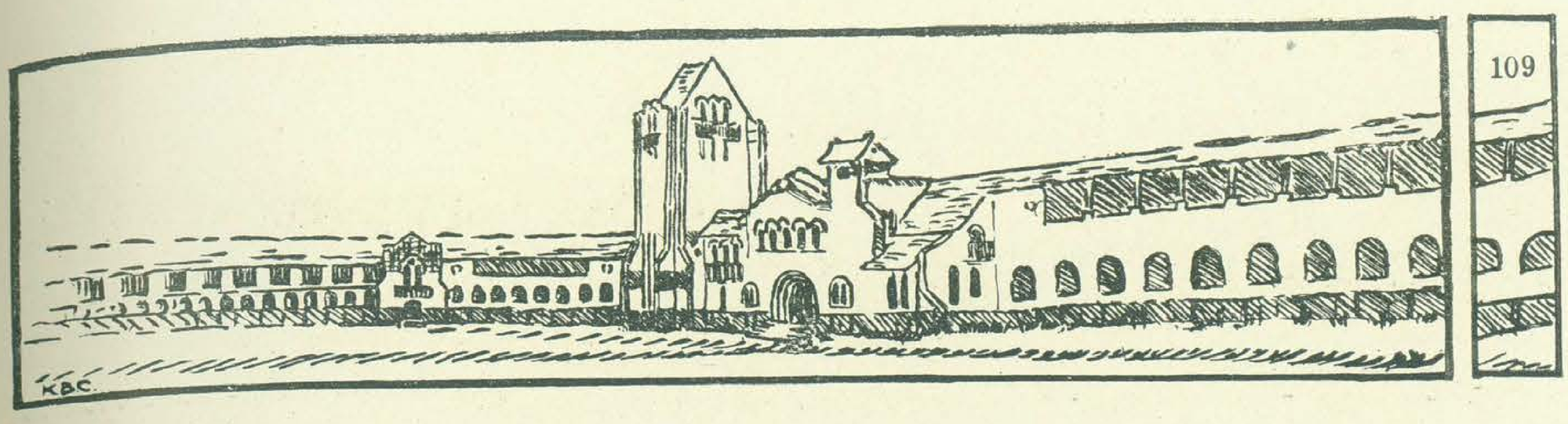
"But I being poor have only my dreams,"

she quoted hesitatingly and the students shouted in ecstacy over the sentiment which fitted their attitude to Steele's perfectly. Her voice rose to a chant as she repeated the last line:

"Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

Ah, Steele knew that song—the moonlight music of the night before! He had found his singer. And as Caddie handed him the violets for the first time she saw her living poet. Jean Ravenston saw, too, and hid her face in her hands.





For a White Man's Blood

* * * *

AGNES ROMA JOHNSON.

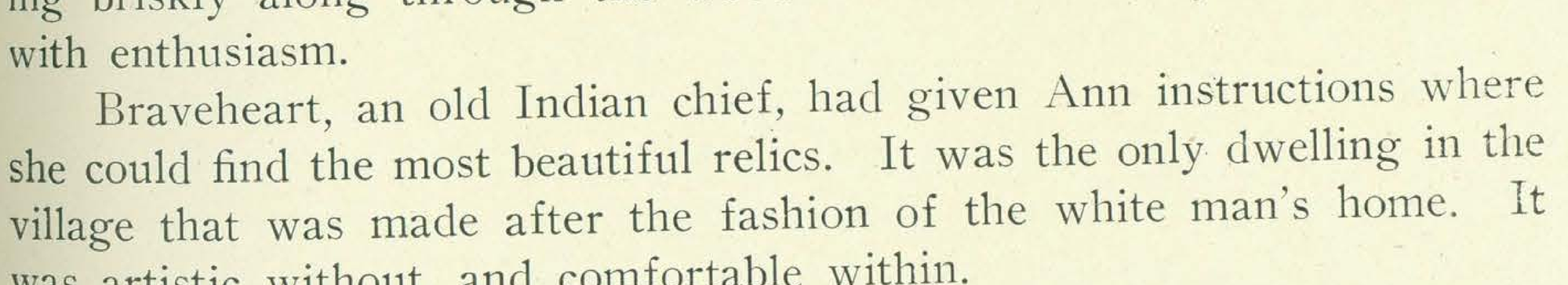
WHEN Ann made up her mind to do anything, everyone knew it was useless to try to stop her. So when she danced merrily into the tent where I was trying to snatch a nap and announced, "I'm going to walk to the Indian reservation this afternoon," I immediately gave up hopes of my longed-for sleep and prepared to accompany her.

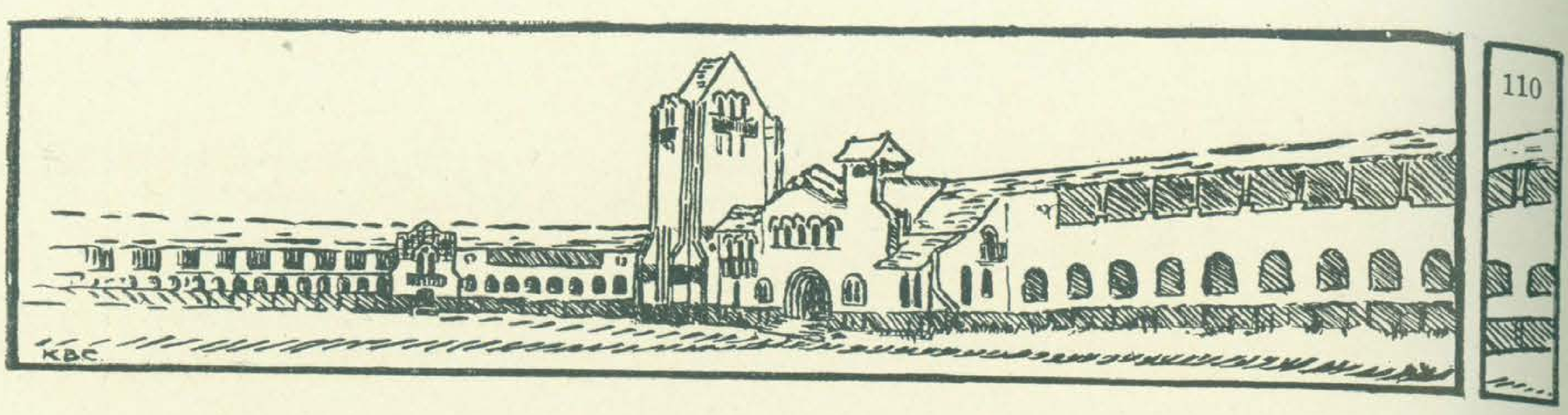
Ann was the only daughter of a wealthy father who petted and spoiled her, and understood better than anyone what she meant when she said, "I am going to do this, or that." So when she informed him one day that she was going to visit every Indian rancheria in California in order to get a collection of relics and because she simply loved Indians, he immediately began to plan her camping trip, for Ann decided to camp, and I was her chaperon.

I buckled on my walking shoes and in a few minutes we were swinging briskly along through the woods. Ann was fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm.

Braveheart, an old Indian chief, had given Ann instructions where she could find the most beautiful relics. It was the only dwelling in the village that was made after the fashion of the white man's home. It was artistic without, and comfortable within.

An old woman met us at the door and ushered us into a large hall that was fairly crowded with baskets, bottles, and every other kind of object that was possible to weave. The old lady was an interesting study. It was difficult to tell whether she was a white woman or an Indian, for





she was as much one as the other. That she was cultured and refined could be seen at a glance.

"I have come to buy," Ann told her. The old lady smiled with a pleased manner.

"You have a beautiful basket in your possession, I am told, which I wish to buy. It is woven of golden reeds and stained with the blood of a white man." The old woman looked surprised, she clutched her hands nervously.

"No," she said in perfect English, "I will not sell it."

A look of disappointment crept over Ann's face.

"I want to see it at least," she pleaded.

The woman hesitated for a moment then moved slowly away to a remote part of the apartment and brought forth a basket that caused Ann to shriek with delight. She ran forward to take it in her hands, but its owner drew it back anxiously. It was a basket perfectly rounded with a small opening at the top. It was the color of burnished gold, adorned with tiny figures of brownish hue which was once ruby red—the blood of a white man. Around the opening was a fringe of human hair.

"Oh, let me see it, let me see it!" cried Ann.

The old woman became reassured and held it up.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it," said the admiring girl.

But the gray head shook firmly.

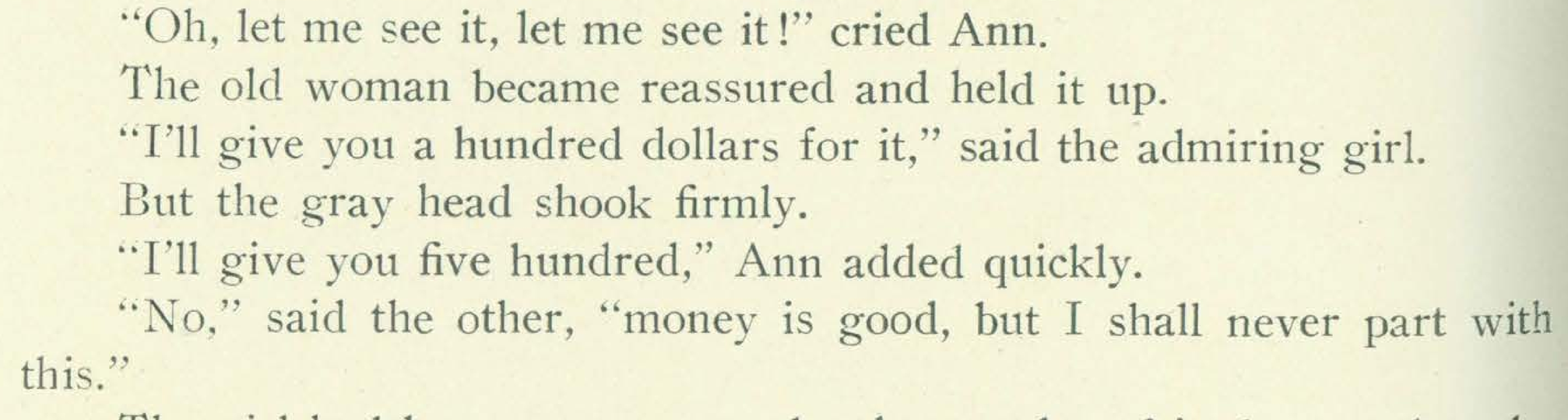
"I'll give you five hundred," Ann added quickly.

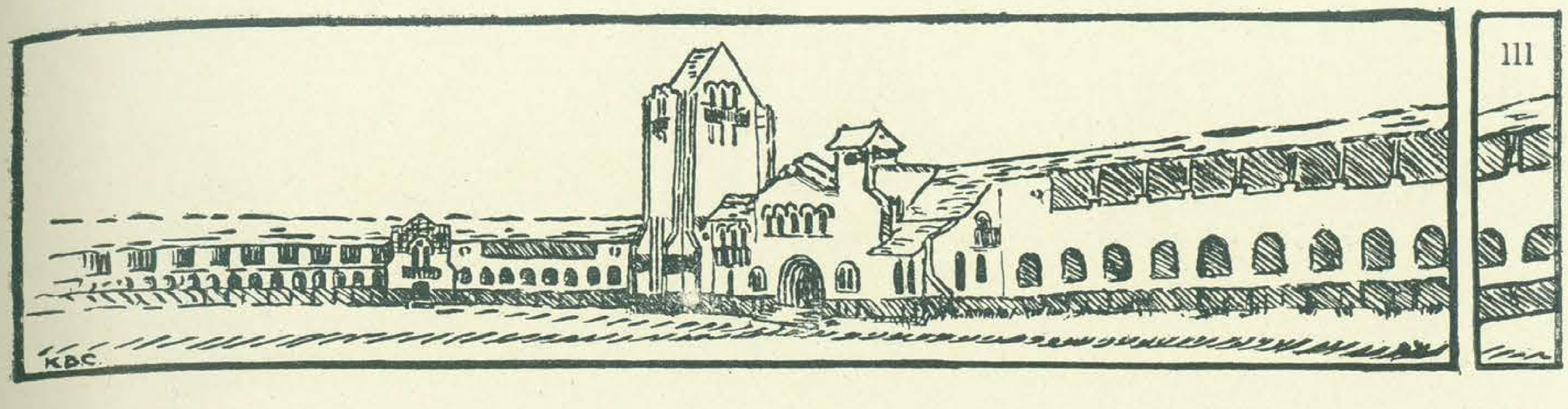
"No," said the other, "money is good, but I shall never part with this."

The girl had been so overcome by the wonder of its beauty that she had for a time forgotten about the story connected with it.

"Why don't you part with it?" she asked suddenly.

The old woman burst out sobbing. Big tears rolled down her wrink-





led cheeks. We stood in awe. Then the tears ceased to flow, and a far-away look came into the age-dimmed eyes.

"At first she wandered alone," she said, pointing towards the forest and putting her thoughts into words unconsciously.

"I can see her now"—again she sobbed—"standing out there in the moonlight with her hands clasped and gazing toward the moon. Then she'd come stealing back with a queer little look in her eyes, and when I'd say, 'Panca, aren't you happy, dear?' she answered brightly, 'Certainly, little mother, don't be foolish!'

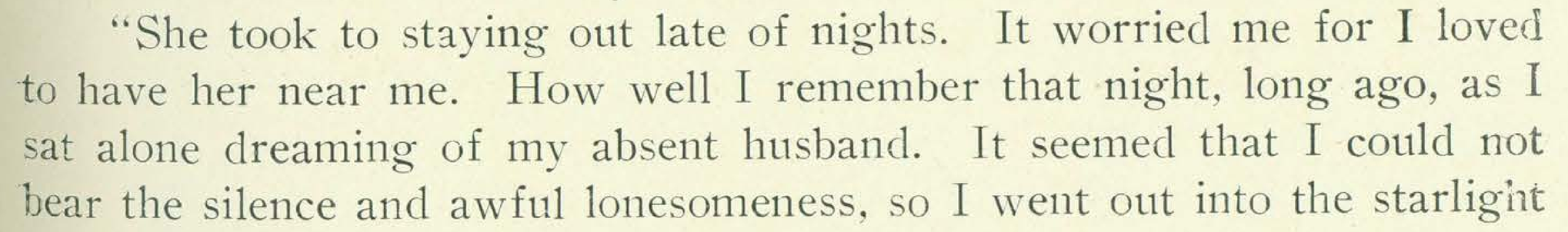
"It was her way. She loved the moon, and the flowers, and the trees, and she wanted to be alone. I could not understand her. Hour by hour she would sit and read. She was like her father in that respect—fond of books." Here the old woman drew herself up proudly.

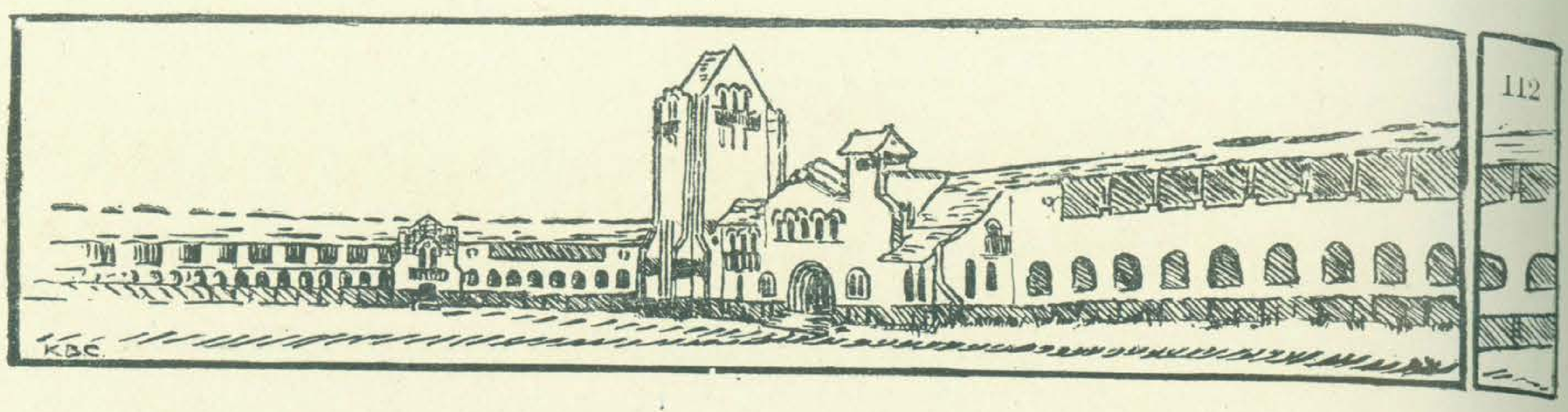
"Her father was an American officer and he married me. To be sure, his parents disowned him. I learned his language perfectly and taught it to our little Panca. I studied with him and helped him in his work. For many years he labored faithfully among the Indians, loved by some and despised by others, and for pay they murdered him."

"This is his blood," she said, touching the brown figures with her fingers. She was silent for a moment, then began on the girl again as if she had never left the subject.

"She took to staying out late of nights. It worried me for I loved to have her near me. How well I remember that night, long ago, as I sat alone dreaming of my absent husband. It seemed that I could not bear the silence and awful lonesomeness, so I went out into the starlight and followed Panca's little path into the forest.

"Suddenly I stopped, for I heard her voice. 'She is talking to the falling leaves,' I thought. Then her words rang out clear. 'Good night, Juan,' she was saying.





"A deep, rich voice followed. 'To-morrow at twilight,' she assured him. Then again, 'Good night, Juan.' She lingered a moment as if reluctant to depart.

"I stood at first amazed; then a feeling of wrath seized me. Why hadn't she told me of this? She departed and when I came forth from the woods, I saw her half way across the open space. I reached the house a few moments after she did. When I entered she turned, a surprised look on my angry countenance.

" 'Where have you been, little mother?' she asked.

"I have been," said I, "to see where my daughter spends her evenings. I have been to hear her say over and over again, 'Good-night, Juan,' I have heard her promise to meet him to-morrow night. Ah, Panca, why have you kept this from your mother? Who is this man? I demanded fiercely.

" 'Mother, he is a Spanish soldier and a gentleman,' she replied.

"A Spanish soldier! I gasped. The blood in my body boiled! A Spanish soldier! And you, Panca, the daughter of a white man. You, for whom we have the brightest hopes, in love with a Spanish soldier! For shame, Panca. Why did you keep it from me?

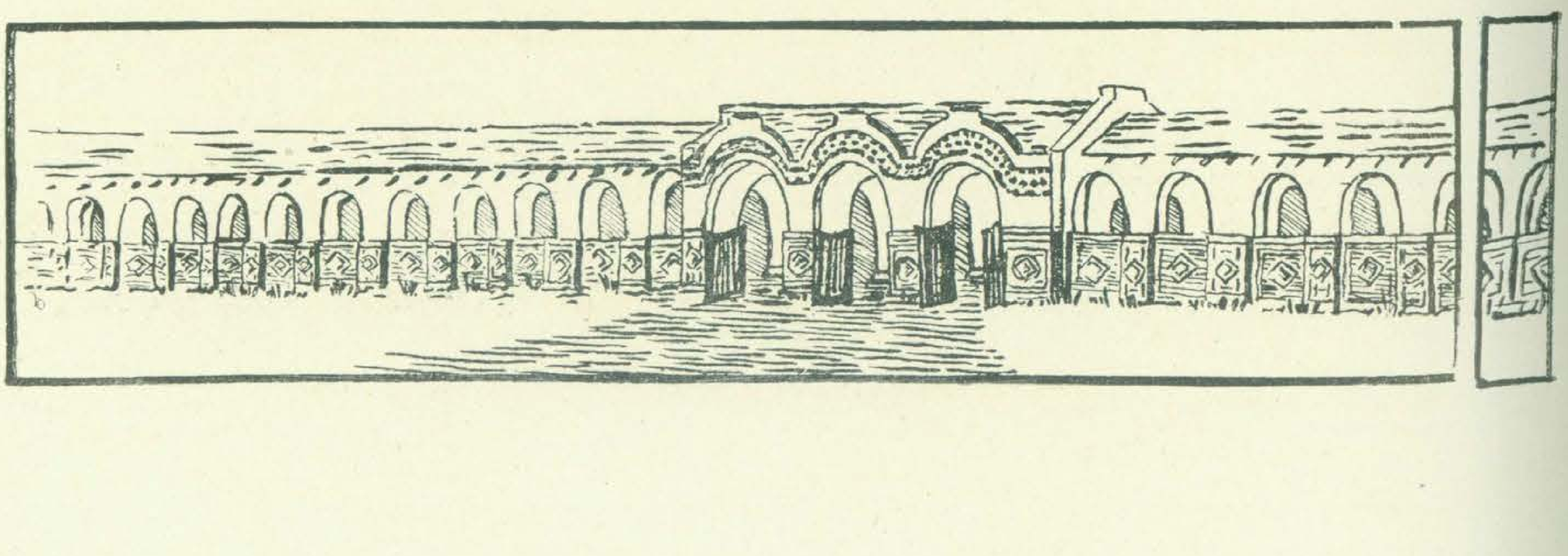
" 'Because I knew you hated the Spanish race. Because I knew you wanted me to marry as you did, and because I love him!' She fell to weeping. I could not bear to have her grieve. I slipped forward and put my arms about her. Dear Panca, do not feel so badly. Give him up! But she only shook her head and sobbed harder."

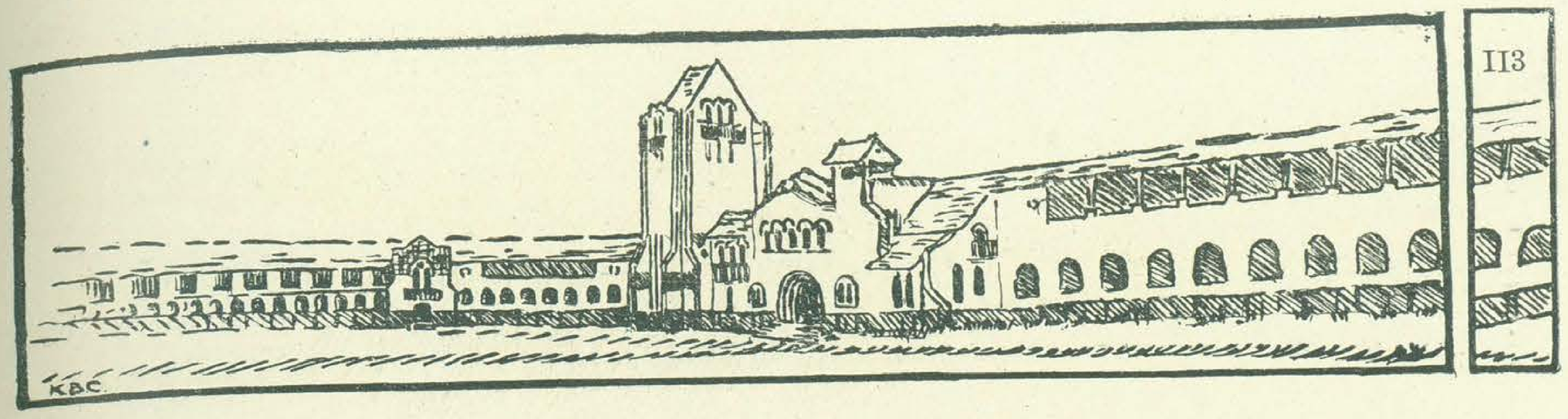
The old woman paused and drew a long breath and then continued:

"As we sat thus, a messenger darted suddenly into the room.

" 'Your husband, the white man, is scalped and murdered,' he panted and fell fainting to the floor.

"When I grasped the meaning of those words I, too, fainted. Oh,





those weeks that passed. It is only a faint memory now but it is terrible to recall.

"I could not move from my bed for weeks. Always by day I was conscious of the gentle presence of soft hands tenderly attending to my wants, and a sweet voice asking, 'How are you, little mother?' But in the twilight and the evening she was gone. I did not have the strength to plead with her. Oh, the awfulness of fate! Daughter and husband snatched from me at once.

"One night she came softly to my couch and laid her cool cheek on mine. 'Little mother, are you stronger?' I nodded.

" 'Then I'll tell you something, dear. Mother,' she whispered, 'the Crowfeet, the ones that despised and killed him, had a beautiful basket woven of golden-colored reeds. They stained this basket with his blood.' (She shuddered and closed her eyes.) 'Mother, I want that basket. I love it and I must have it!'

"Perhaps you cannot understand that feeling but I longed for it too.

" 'Mother, she continued eagerly, 'I have hopes of getting it. The Crowfeet sold it to a tribe for a great sum of money. This tribe is only twenty miles away and Juan says he will get it for me if it takes a hundred years.' She whispered his name.

" 'Juan can do anything, mother, he is so brave and good.'

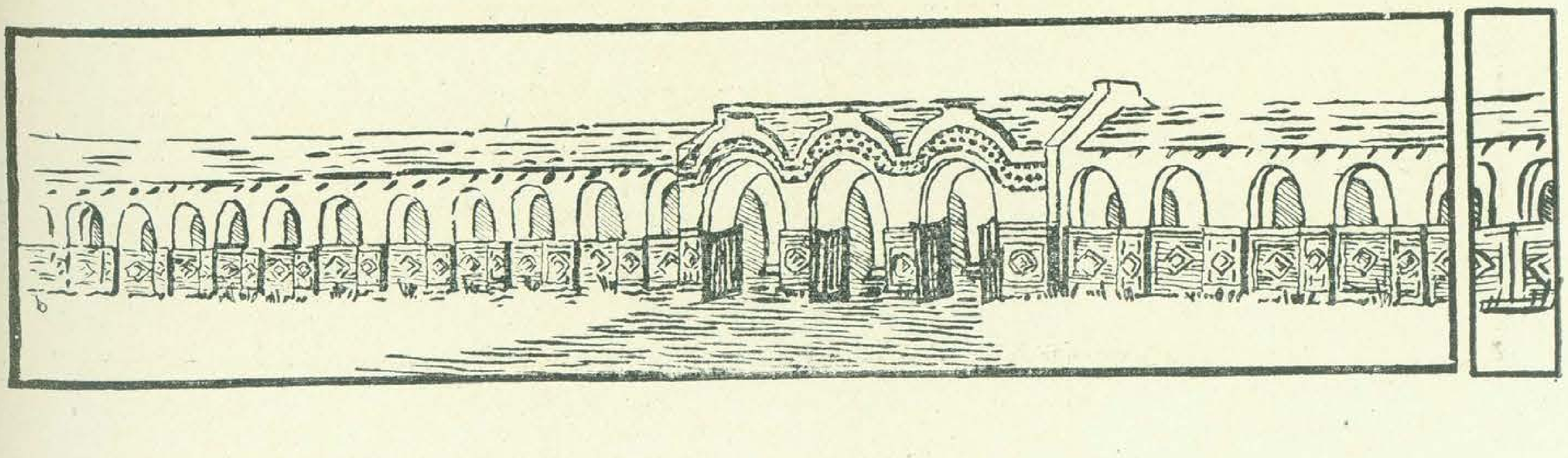
"I turned my head away. Presently she slipped away."

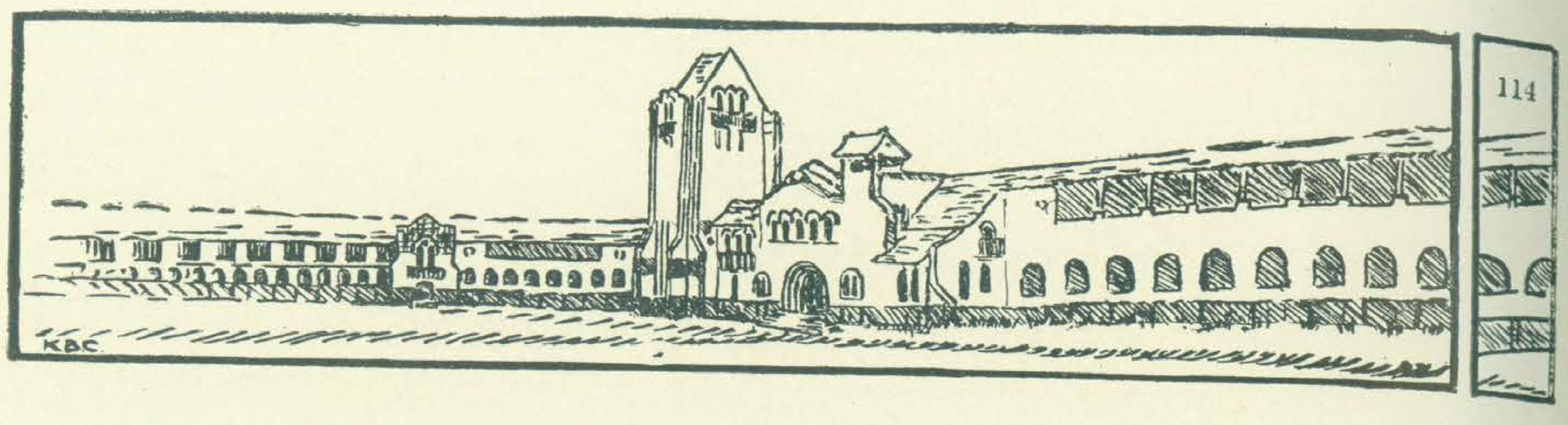
Again the old woman broke off in her story and turned her eyes to the south.

"Over there," she went on, pointing across the grain fields, "lies the Mission San Antonio."

We followed the direction indicated and could see distinctly the crumbling walls of the ancient mission.

"In those days, it had not fallen to ruin," she continued. "The tribes





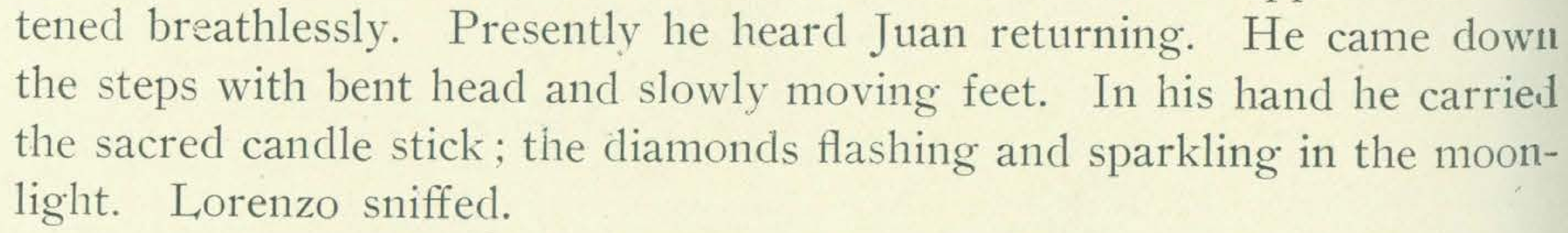
around here had contributed great amounts of gold and silver to the mission so it was very rich and beautiful. The chapel was adorned with rich hangings, and the altar was bedecked with gold ornaments. There was one candle-stick which was exceptionally valuable and was very sacred to them. It was by far the most prized of all the ornaments of the mission.

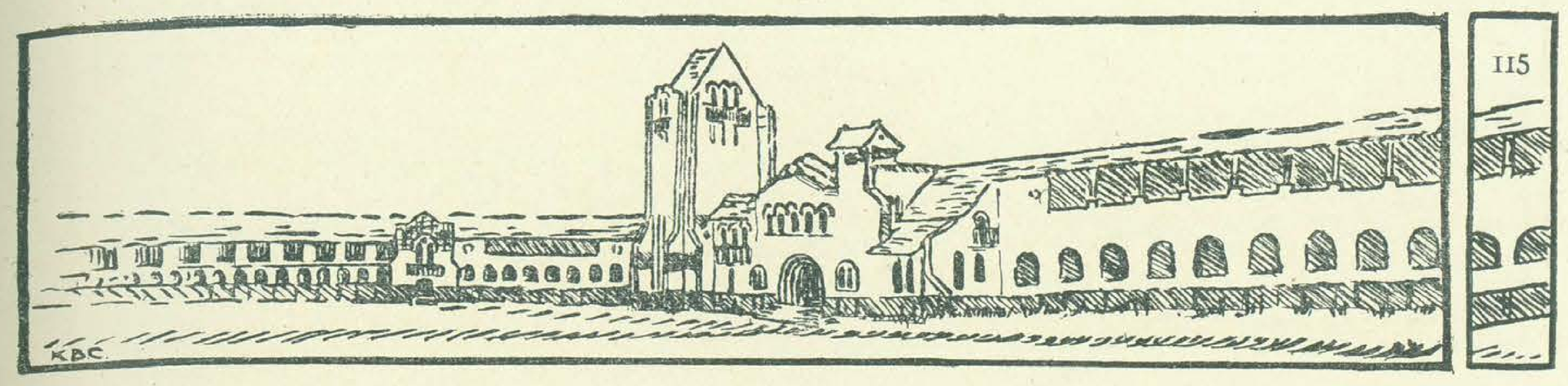
"On account of the many treasures within the chapel, a guard was stationed in the court. This court was spacious and borded on all sides with pines, and figs, and a profusion of trailing vines. It was here that Andre Lorenzo stood on guard. The rays of a full moon poured into the open space, lighting it up perfectly and casting shadows about the sides. Suddenly Juan Alvarado strode hurriedly into the opening. Lorenzo stepped back into the shadow. Juan advanced to the centre of the court, and then hesitated. He turned around as if to depart, and the moon rays fell full upon his livid face.

" 'What if she knew?' He caught his breath. 'But she shall never, never.' Slowly he stepped toward the chapel door. Then he paused. 'No, I cannot do it.' He shook his head and pressed his hands to his temples. 'For Panca's sake,' he faltered. 'I will do it for her.' Then he went inside.

"Lorenzo was surprised at this sudden intrusion. He stood speechless with amazenment. Should he stop him? No, he and Juan Alverado were not friends. He would wait, and see what would happen. He listened breathlessly. Presently he heard Juan returning. He came down the steps with bent head and slowly moving feet. In his hand he carried the sacred candle stick; the diamonds flashing and sparkling in the moonlight. Lorenzo sniffed.

" 'Ha! robbing the temple of God! He walks off with the booty as if it were his own. I'll see the end of this,' he confided to himself,





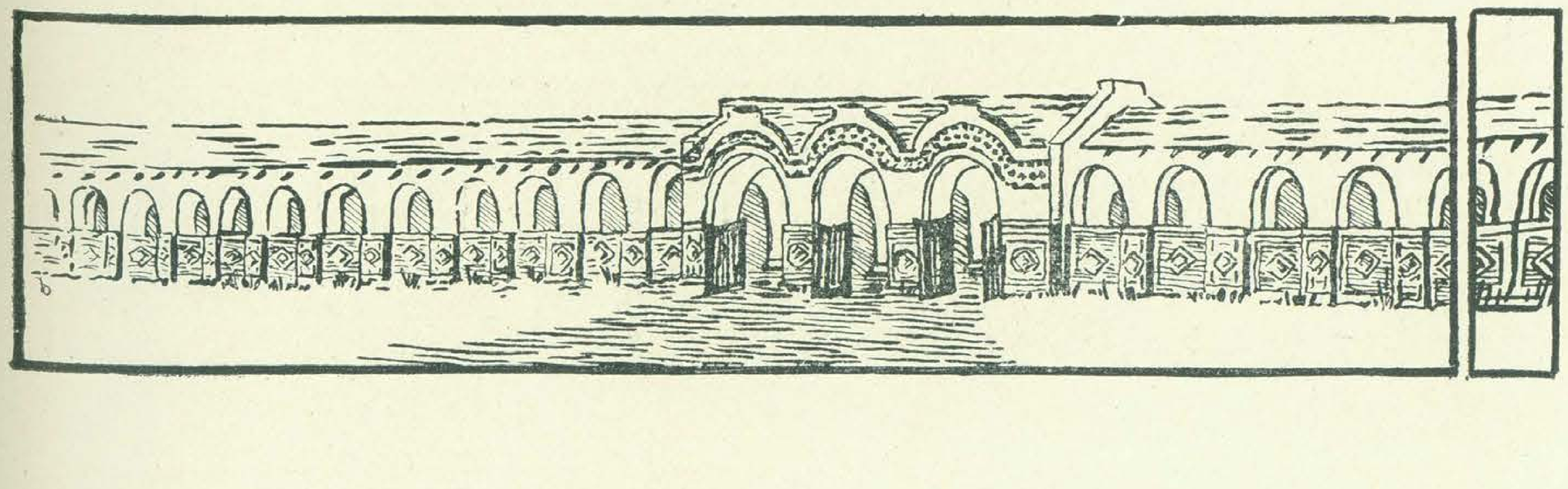
then he drew well into the shadow. Juan thrust the candle-stick beneath his cloak and went out.

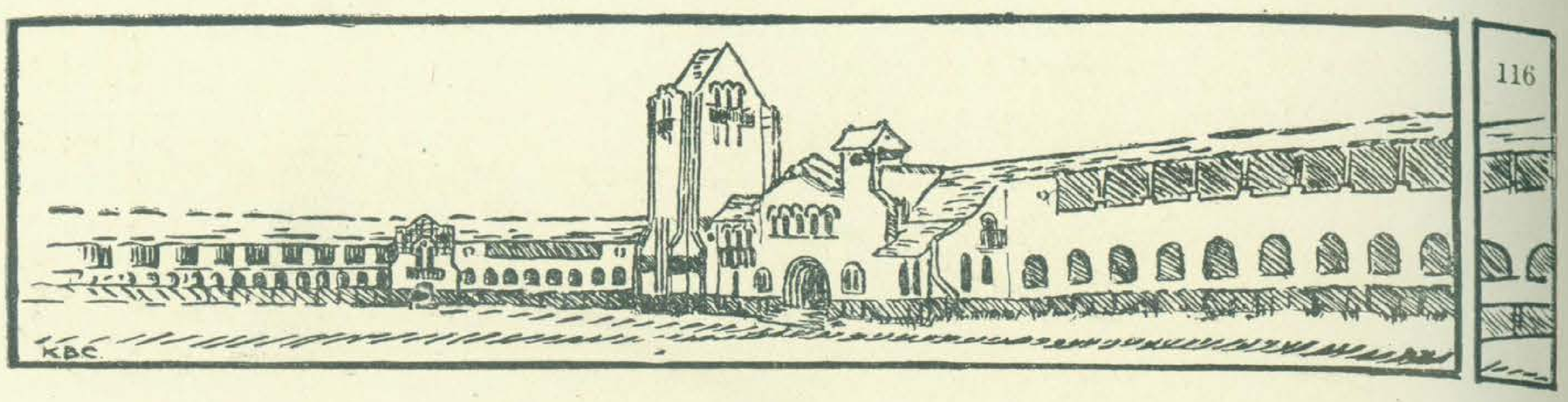
"The next day Juan was not on duty. Lorenzo looked around anxiously, but not until late in the afternoon did he find the object of his search. He saw him first trudging along wearily through the mustard fields. When he came close, his appearance was of a man almost exhausted. His shoes were worn, and his clothes dusty and clunging to him with perspiration. We walked with a tired dragging movement. Lorenzo followed him at a distance. He entered the court; at the same time Lorenzo parted the foliage and peered into the open space. Juan looked around. Seeing no one, he took something from beneath his coat and hid it among the foliage.

He turned and walked toward the door, but again went back and looked. Then he fell on his knees and turned his eyes towards the heavens, crossing himself as he did so.

"When he was gone, the enemy stole from his hiding place and sought the bush. Behind its leaves was—this!" The old woman held up the basket. "He had gotten it for her. Lorenzo stayed faithfully by his hiding place, for he knew Juan must return. When the moon had again risen, Juan came for the third time into the court. This time he was well dressed and clean, and a light of happiness was in his eyes. He rushed eagerly towards his treasure, grasped it in his hands, and again departed.

"Lorenzo followed through the fields of grain, out into the forest. Juan stopped and peered anxiously about, as if looking for some one. Soon a sweet voice rang out from the depth of the forest: 'I'm coming, Juan. Am I late?' A girlish figure darted into the space. 'Dear Juan, I have kept you waiting,' she cooed. Juan slipped an arm around her waist and drew from beneath his cloak, this basket.





" 'Panca, I have brought it for you,' he said simply. The girl gazed at it for a moment, then threw herself in tears up on his shoulder.

" 'Juan, you are so good,' she sobbed. 'Ah, it is beautiful. And this is my father's blood,' she mused, raising her head and caressing the spots with her fingers.

" 'Oh, Juan, how I love it! How did you get it?'

" 'I went for it,' he replied.

She gazed at him in astonishment.

" 'But Juan, you haven't any horse.'

" 'I walked,' he said quietly.

" 'Walked! Oh, Juan, dear Juan. It is forty miles. You did this for me!' She was sobbing again.

" 'I would have done it, had it been three times so far,' he answered gently stroking her hair.

" 'But it must have cost a great deal, Juan?' Juan bit his lip and blushed, then drew her closer to him, gazing fondly into her brown eyes 'Ah, Panca, may you never know its price.'

" 'Juan, you are good!' she repeated, reaching upon her tiptoes and kissing him on the forehead, 'and I love you for it!'

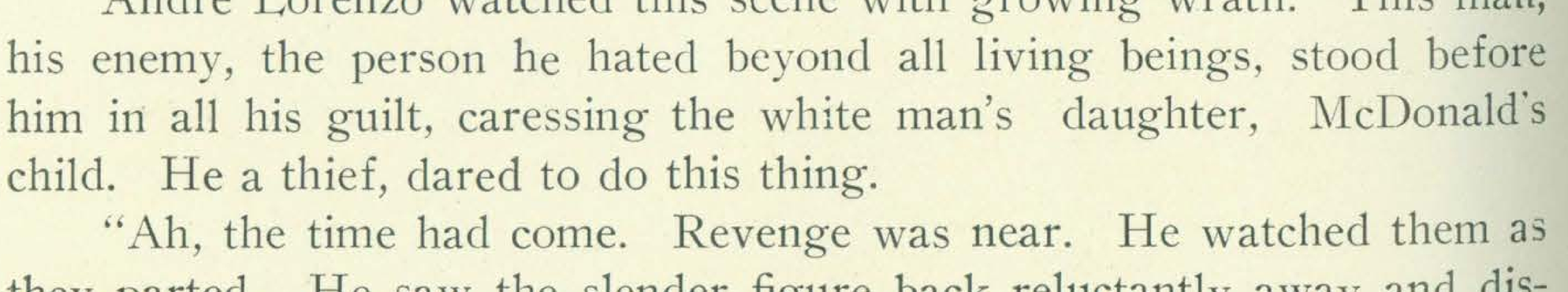
He smiled a sad smile.

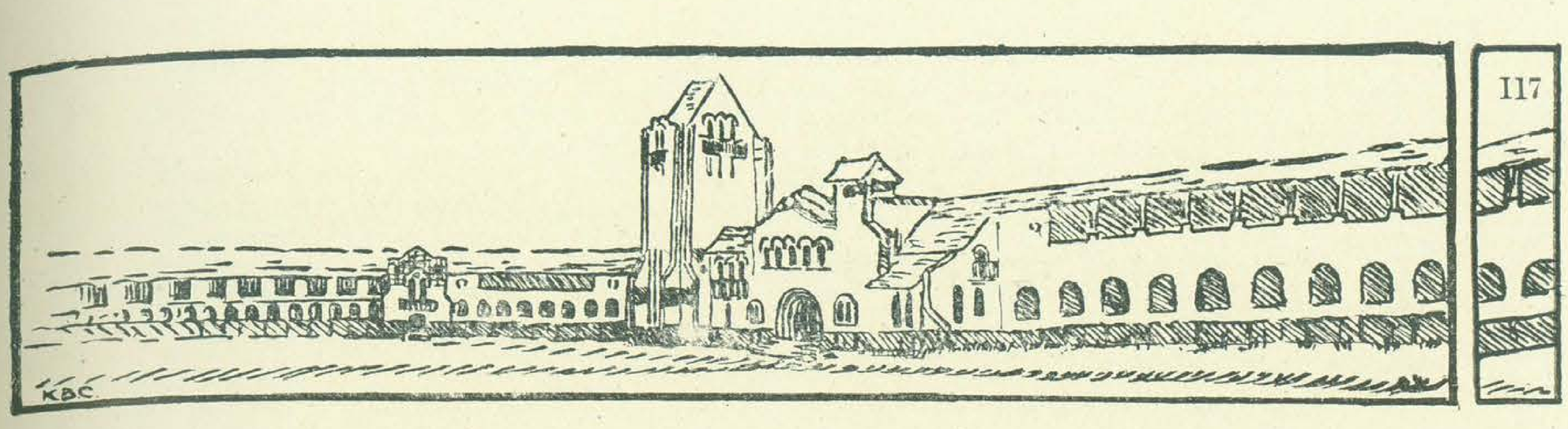
Andre Lorenzo watched this scene with growing wrath. This man, his enemy, the person he hated beyond all living beings, stood before him in all his guilt, caressing the white man's daughter, McDonald's child. He a thief, dared to do this thing.

"Ah, the time had come. Revenge was near. He watched them as they parted. He saw the slender figure back reluctantly away and disappear; and his eyes narrowed as Juan stepped into the path. He leapt frim his hiding place.

" 'Halt, Senor!'

"Juan stopped in surprise.





" 'Ah, you do not know me,' he said. His voice was tense with emotion, 'but I know you for a robber of the temple of God.'

"Juan went suddenly white and every muscle quivered.

" 'Tremble, you fool,' he continued, 'for you have reason to. I shall repeat this to the guards and before tomorrow morning—you know, he sneered, and darted away to do as he threatened.

"Juan hesitated a moment. As the awfulness of his crime came flooding in, crushing him, he realized the fearful consequences. His time was short, but he must see Panca and confess all. He retracted his steps and almost tottering, followed in the footsteps of the happy girl.

"I seem to see again the silent moonlight as it stole thru the window and lay in perfect squares on the floor. I was alone in the darkness with my grief and longing. I had not risen from my bed since that fatal day. Panca came quietly in, yet I knew she was excited. She lit the candles and then said, 'Mother, I have it!' and held toward me this wonderful basket. I clasped it to my heart and rained kisses upon it.

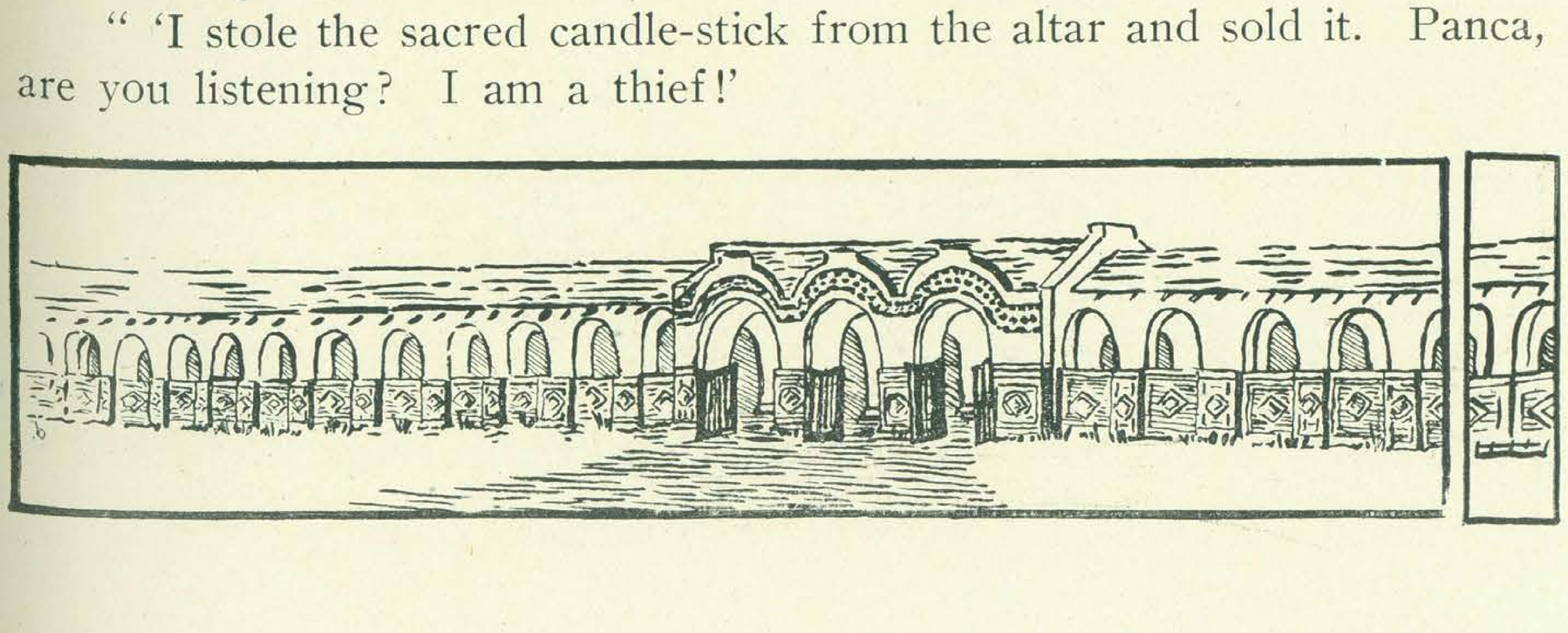
"We were turning it round and round, each buried deep in sad emotion when the door opened suddenly and Juan stepped in. His handsome face was worn and haggard, there was a tired droop to his broad shoulders, his whole body looked weary and spoke of despair. He was pitiful to see.

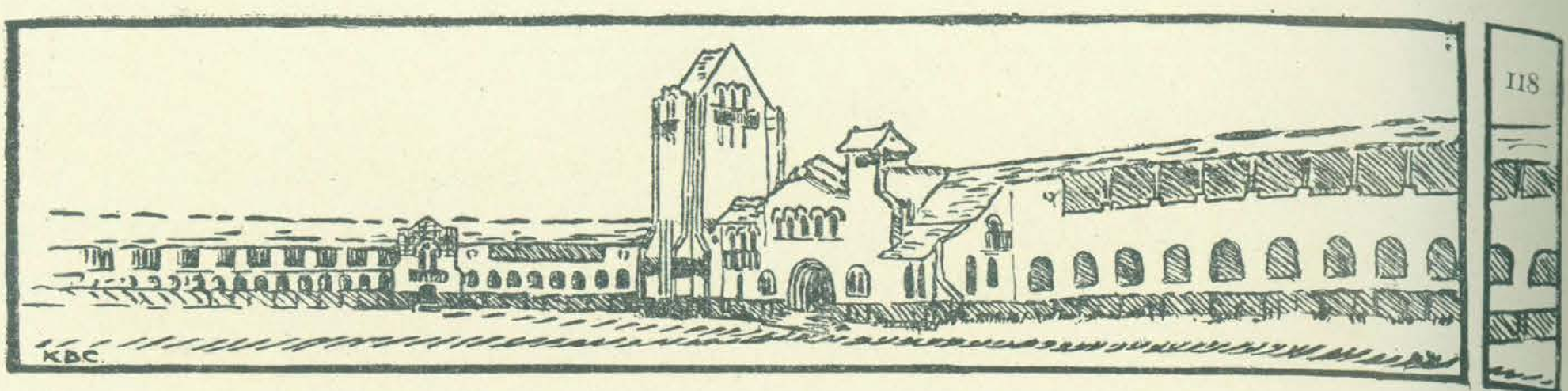
" 'Oh, Juan! what has happened?' Panca rushed forward to embrace him regardless of my presence, but he put his hands out and caught hers, pushing her gently away. 'Don't, little Panca,' he said. She looked surprised and hurt.

"With a voice full of anguish, he went on. 'Panca, I have robbed the temple of God.'

"The girl made no answer but looked confused.

" 'I stole the sacred candle-stick from the altar and sold it. Panca, are you listening? I am a thief!'





"For a minute more she seemed puzzled, then the crushing truth slowly dawned upon her.

" 'Juan, you a thief!' she faltered. 'You stole the sacred candlestick and sold it? How dare you? And I loved you so. You made me think that you were good and true. Oh, this is so cruel.' She paused.

"In the distance the bells of the mission rang out clear and silvery, their tones vibrating in the evening air.

" 'Don't, Panca, don't say more,' he pleaded. 'I shall get my just deserts.' His voice was strained and low.

" 'The guards are coming to-night. Hark! I hear them now. They are coming to lead me to my doom. Good-bye, Panca, good-bye.'

"His voice trailed off into a moan. He held out his arms. The hard lines softened in her face.

" 'Oh, Juan,' she cried, 'they cannot take you from me for I love you.'

"She grasped his arm and opening a closet door thust him in. When she turned a bunch of howling Indians and brutal soldiers stood at the door, panting with excitement.

"Pancha looked up with a question in her calm eye.

" 'Where is Juan Alverado?' a Spaniard demanded fiercely. 'Have you seen him?'

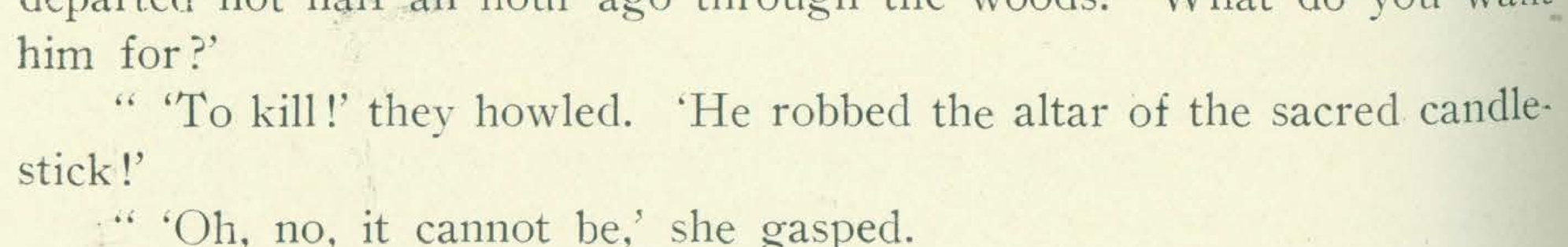
" 'Juan Alverado, why, yes,' she answered, without a quiver, 'he departed not half an hour ago through the woods. What do you want him for?'

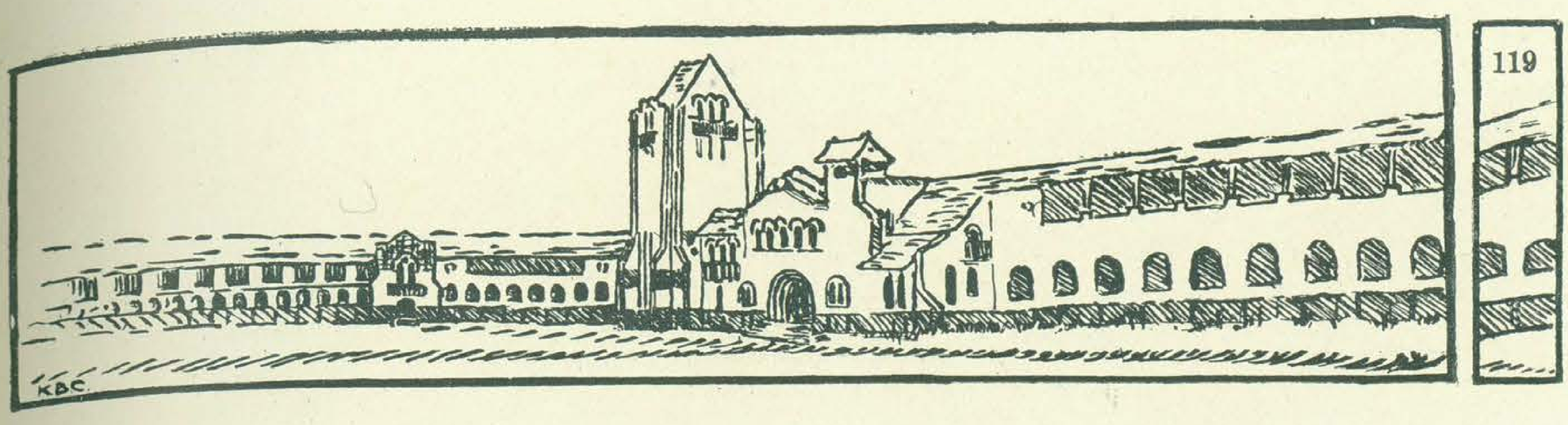
" 'To kill!' they howled. 'He robbed the altar of the sacred candlestick!'

" 'Oh, no, it cannot be,' she gasped.

" 'He did! He did!' they howled. 'He is a thief!'

"Panca trembled and clasped her hands. 'Juan, a thief? My Juan?' She was talking to herself. 'Oh, it cannot be.'





"She passed her hands over her eyes in a confused manner. 'I trusted him so, and he dared to deceive me!'

"She shook her head wearily. Then as if awakening from a sleep she sprang forward.

" 'Men, follow me!' She clutched her throat and darted forward.

'This way, men. I will show you his path. Follow me!'

"Eagerly they followed her flying footsteps. Every step she cried, 'This way, men, this way!'

"Frantically she pressed forward, flying as the wind, the whole band following after.'

"Thru the grain fields and out into the forest she led them.

" 'He often wanders through the woods,' she panted. 'Hunt for him, he is farther on,' she suggested, and again pressed forward. 'Ah, here is a favorite haunt. No, he is not here. He must be by the brook.' Again she was off, leading the howling men. Away, far away, she led them. From their midst came a harsh, angry voice, and with a snarl a brutal Spaniard cried, 'Halt, fools! Can't you see that she is leading us astray while he flies in the opposite direction?'

"For in minute there was an awful silence. Somewhere out of the cowardly shadow, a musket was pointed and a shot rang shrill and drear through the forest. A moment later, a little heap lay alone in the forest."

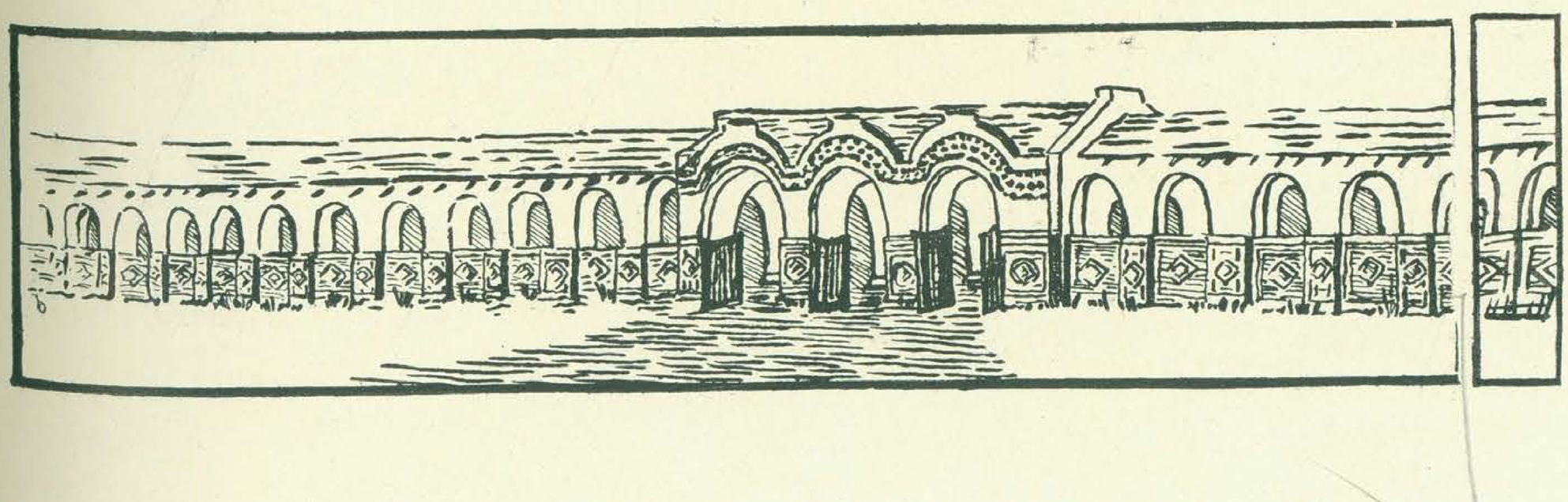
The old woman pasued.

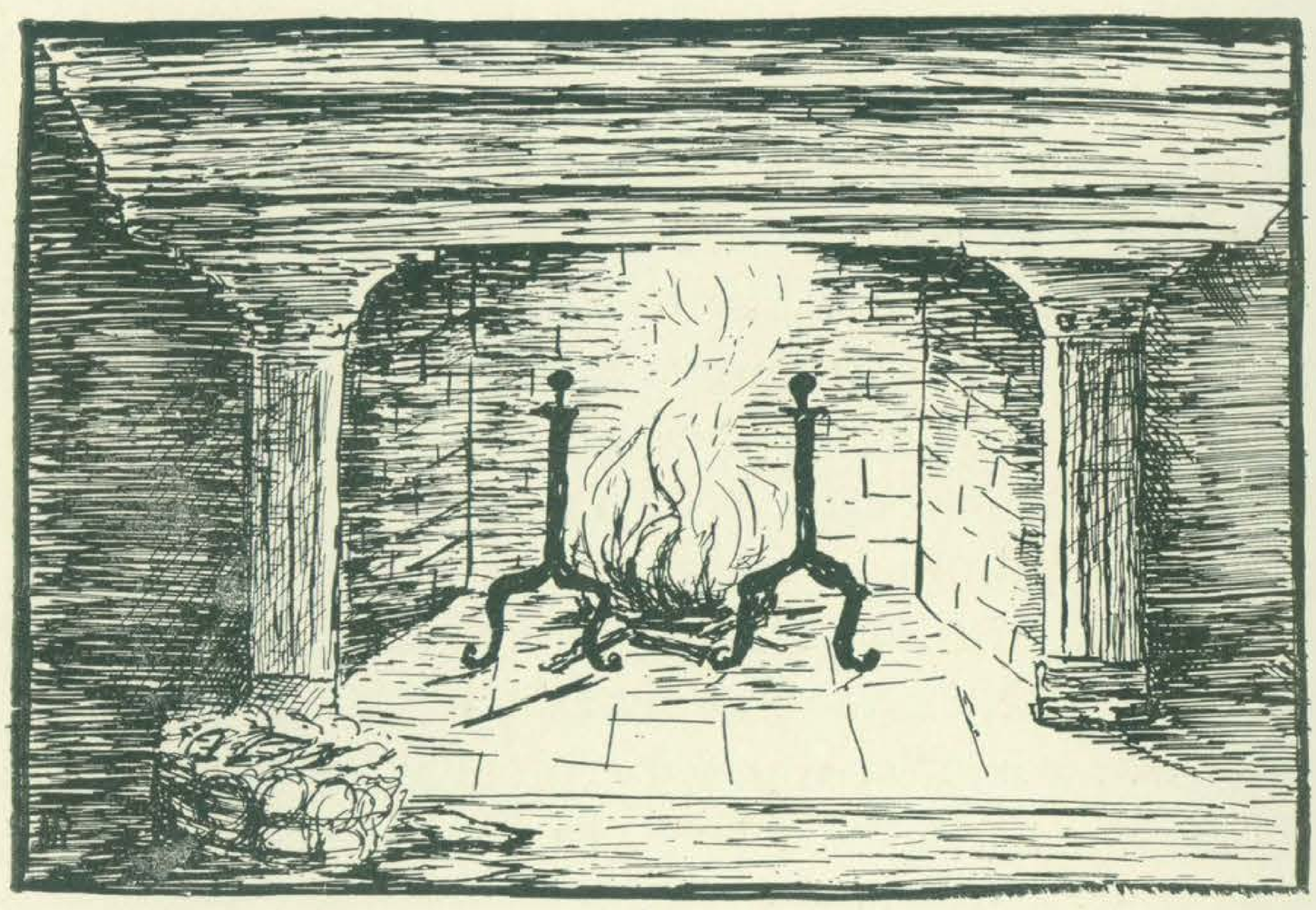
"And Juan, what of him?" Ann ventured.

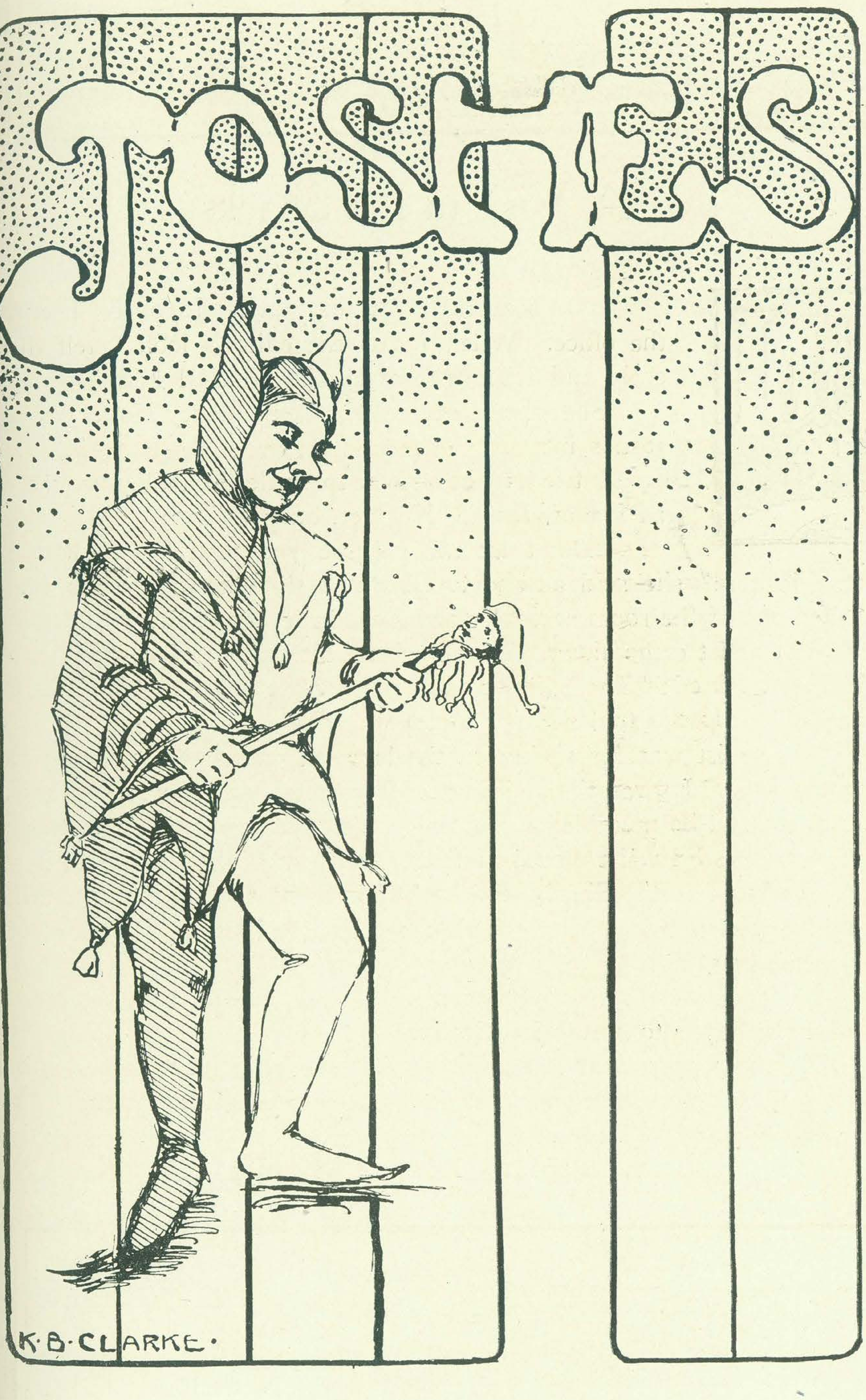
She shook her head. "The villagers say that they wander together in the forest when the twilight falls," she whispered, "but I don't know. When he left the room that night, I never saw him more."

The old woman clutched the basket tightly, her figure drooped and she looked wearily off into the distance.

Ann gazed once more at golden basket, and together we stepped out into the gloom.



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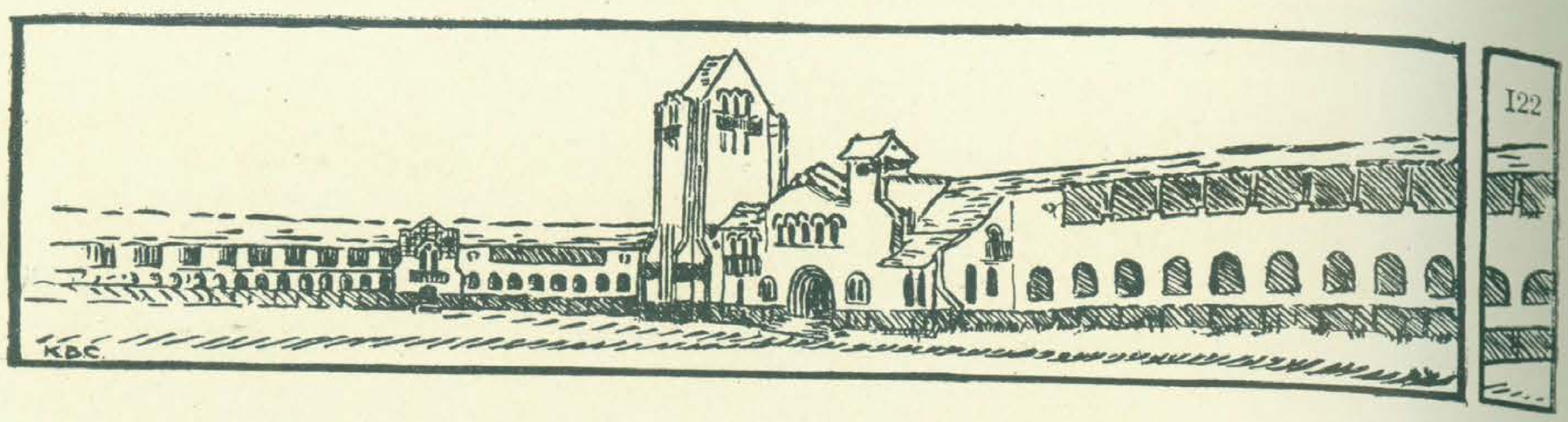


A Visit to the Shacks

* * * *

T was a beautiful sunshiny day. Joyously I entered the office. When I saw the editor's look I felt differently and I thought of all the things I hadn't done.

She glared at me and demanded, "Have you your joshes in?"

I tried to be brave, to smile, to look unconcerned, as I stammered, "Not yet, but——"

"Don't let me me see you again until you have some joshes!" she said as she toyed carelessly with the ink bottle. I backed out of the room carefully and closed the door softly.

The artist came along. I grabbed her arm and as I rushed her outside I explained: "The editor's mad, we must get busy! We'll visit the shacks!"

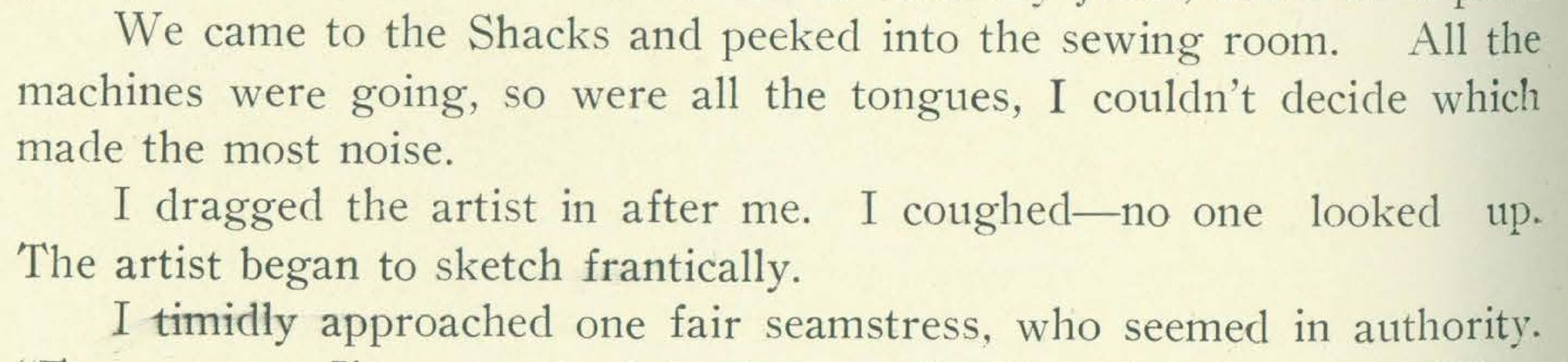
The artist was for sitting on the lawn to discuss trees, grass, flowers and bees. I sarcastically informed her that I was to write joshes and not poetry. She mumbled something which seemed to indicate that any poetry which I'd write would be funnier than my jokes, but I let it pass.

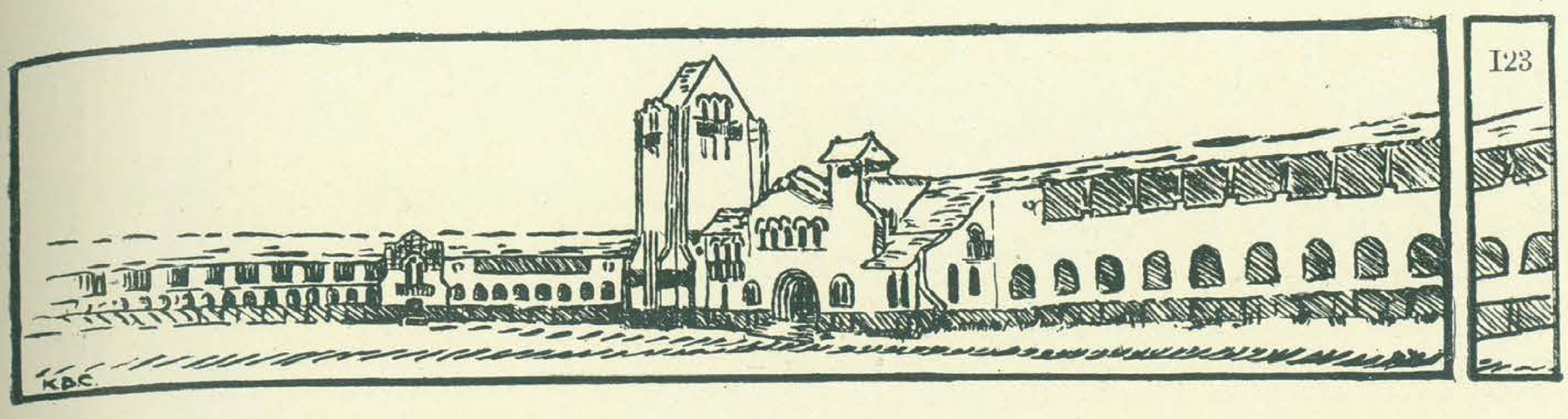
We came to the Shacks and peeked into the sewing room. All the machines were going, so were all the tongues, I couldn't decide which made the most noise.

I dragged the artist in after me. I coughed—no one looked up. The artist began to sketch frantically.

I timidly approached one fair seamstress, who seemed in authority. "Excuse me. I've come to interview you." She glared at me. "How are things going?" I stammered.

"Sew, sew," she snapped. "How did you suppose?"





I was speechless. Only the fear of having to face the editor empty-handed kept me there. I stared at and listened to the seamstress as she went from girl to girl. Such things as I heard!

"Stop your cutting up!"

"Here, cut that out!"

"Your wheels need oiling!"

"Let it rip!"

"Darn it!"

I realized that this was no place for the artist, so I hurried her away. As we left, I heard the instructor say, "Well, now those buttons are gone!"

"Did she say button or buttin'?" I asked angrily of the artist.

She shuddered. "Go back and find out, I'll wait here."

"No, we haven't time," I assured her.

We smelled something burning. "There, that's the Cooking Class," I said.

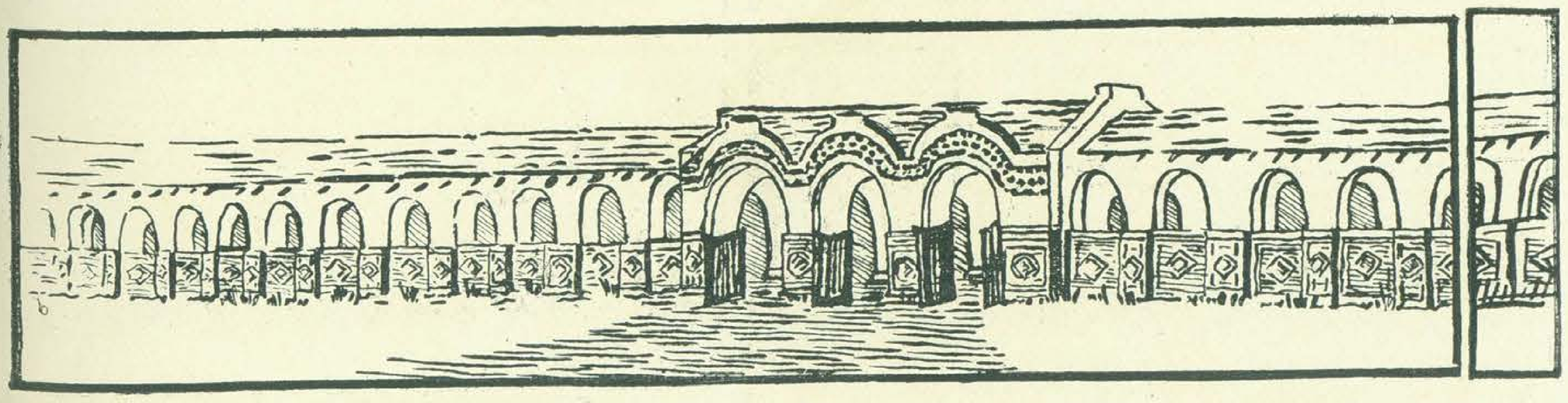
"Aren't you clever to deduct that?" the artist remarked admiringly. I let that pass too.

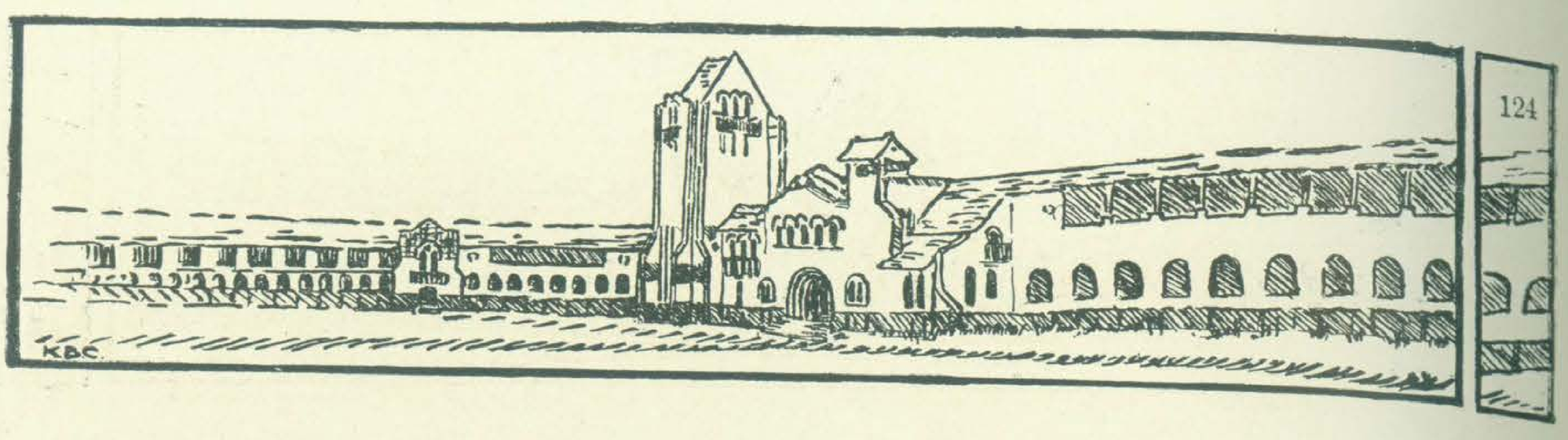
We went in. The girls in their white aprons and caps looked more refreshing than the lemonade which they were making.

A Sweet Young Thing, who had evidently tumbled into the sugar barrel, came forward. "You've come to interview us?" she gurgled. "How lovely! We're getting on fine, we boil water now and never scorch it. And our soup—you must taste it for yourself!" She dragged me to the range, where six girls were standing, stirring something in a large kettle. She dipped out some for me. I glanced enviously at the artist who was too busy sketching to eat. She looked at me and smiled!

"Evidently you don't believe in the saying, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth.'"

"No, indeed. I am sure nothing could *spoil* our soup."





I agreed, for I had tasted! The artist was still smiling.

"How are your biscuits and doughnuts?"

"They are grand! Our friends like our biscuits, they're such keen paper weights, and since the fishing season has opened our doughnuts are in great demand."

"How are pies?" I asked.

"Fine. Mr. Hill says we don't break nearly as many of his tools as we used to, but, here, try it and see for yourself."

"The doctor won't let me eat pie, but—" I added with brilliance after thot, "The artist is passionately fond of pie!"

The S. Y. T. ran to the artist and forced a piece into her hand. The artist laid it down beside her and went on sketching. When she looked at me she *wasn't* smiling!

I asked my guide what they did with the things they cooked.

"We feed it to the stray dogs and cats. There used to be so many.

The artist strolled up. "What became of 'em?" she asked.

"Oh," said the S. Y. T., "they all died!"

The artist pulled me to the door and, when outside, ran for dear life. As she flew around the corner the S. Y. T. called, "You forgot your pie!"

The artist didn't hear. Around the corner I met the artist. "I wonder if the dogs and cats died a natural death?" she mused.

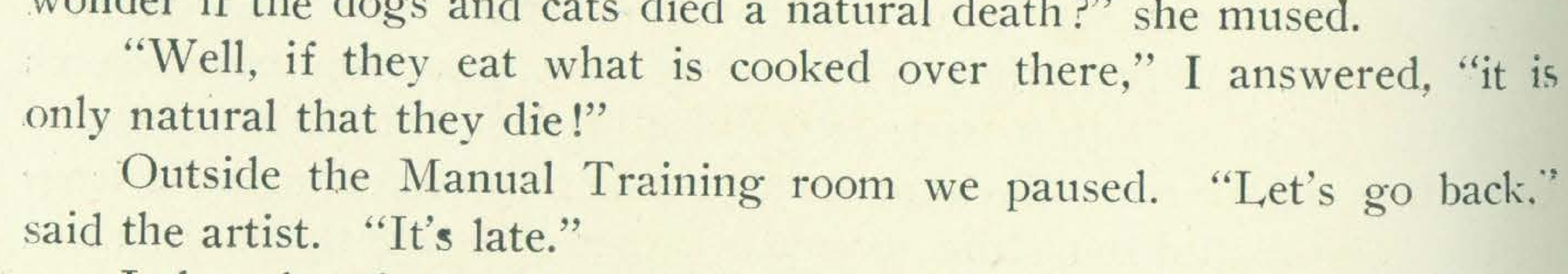
"Well, if they eat what is cooked over there," I answered, "it is only natural that they die!"

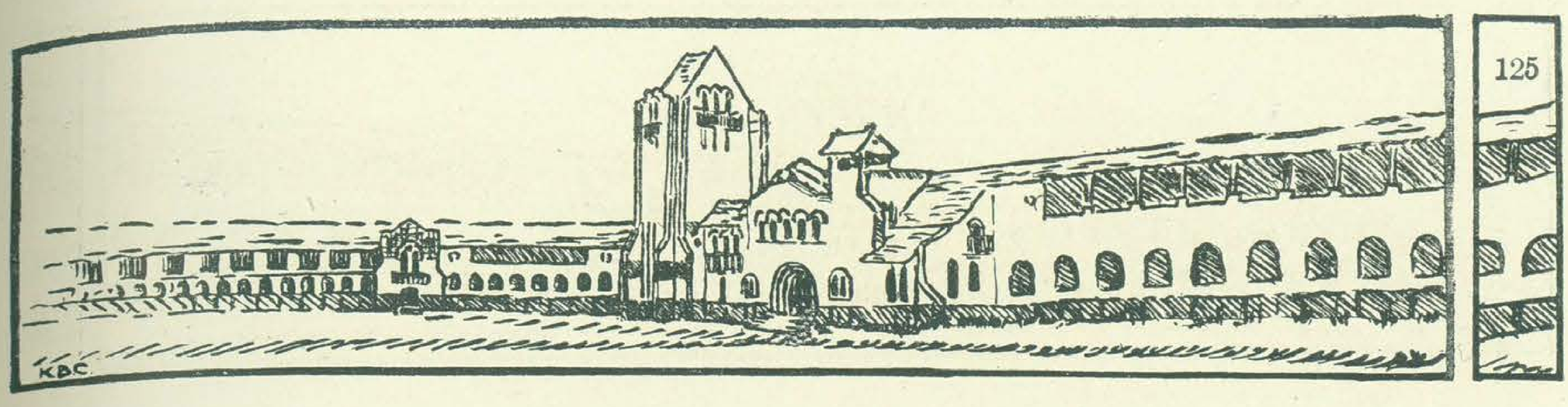
Outside the Manual Training room we paused. "Let's go back." said the artist. "It's late."

I thought of the editor and shuddered. "No, for though the room is full of vices everything is on the square."

Mr. Laederich met us. "You came to interview us?"

"Yes, how are things going?"





"To be plane, between the things we see and saw—" Conversation ceased, for the buzz saw was being used.

When I could make myself heard I asked, "What do people make mostly?"

"Noise and mistakes," he answered promptly.

"Is that all?"

"Well, Kircher, he manicures the nails and shaves the boards."

I gazed around apprehensively and whispered, "Those people who are squinting at the sun through that wood, are they—"

"They're all right; just a screw loose here and there."

I looked around. "You have lots of glue!"

"That's to help people stick around, see?"

"Doesn't a lot of stuff go to waste here?"

"Everything goes to waste here except—" He hastened to add, as he saw the artist's blush, "Except arms, of course."

This was no place for the artist!

"Before thanking you, I'd like to ask you about the room next to this!"

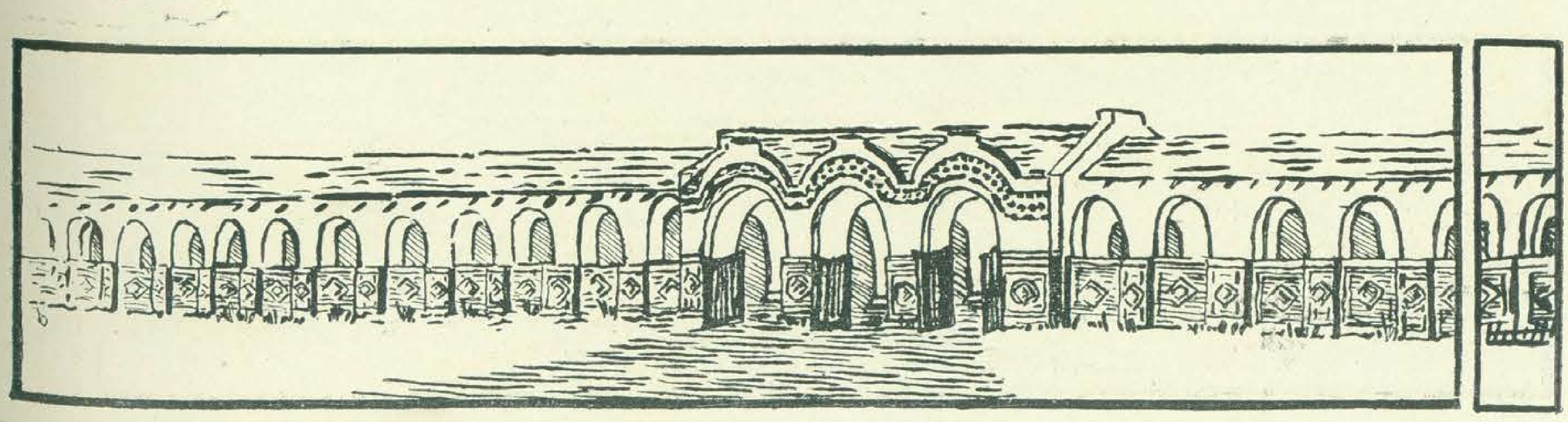
"Don't go in there," he warned us. "That's the room in which they do Primarily Destruction Work."

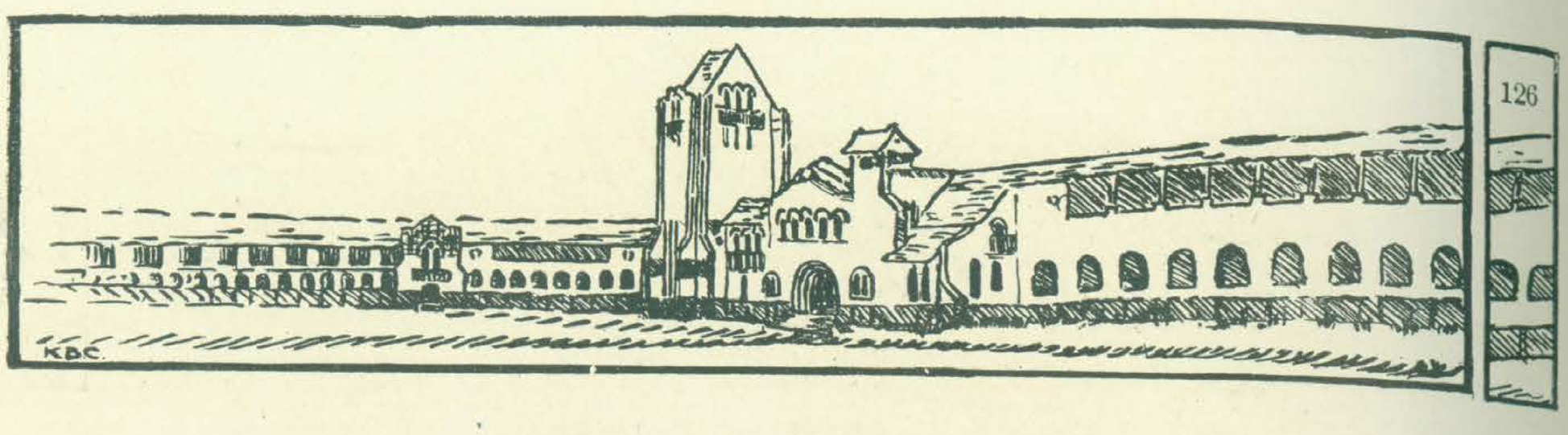
Too much! The artist beat me to the door. Outside we joined hands and fled, leaving the fatal Shacks behind us forever!

* * * *

ADVICE TO SOCIETY GIRLS.

In making dates for the dance, don't appear too anxious. Take a revolver, get hold of some man, lead him into a quiet and secluded spot, then begin a cheerful conversation about what a straight shot you are and the men you have killed. Now produce the revolver and carelessly ask him if he would like to take you to the Vendome. If you have led up to your question skillfully, he will not refuse.





A MUSICAL MELLEDRAMMER.

An dante was a fair maiden. She was loved by many but was true to one. His name was *F. Sharp*. Now *an dante* was just a *minor* and her father, who was a *major* and had lots of *do*, objected to *Sharp*, because he had only a *flat* and a *tenor* a week to offer *an*. One night when *Sharp* called, the *major* entered the room. All was *discord*. One night the *major* said in a fierce *tone*, "Now, *C* here, *Sharp*, you *refrain* from calling, or on my *sol* I'll shoot you."

Sharp left, but the next day his brother *re* took a *note* to *an*. How fast her heart beat when she recognized the *signature*. That night, though it was *pitch* dark, *an* left the house, for *Sharp* was to *meter* at the gate. The *major* had locked the gate and hidden the *key*, but *an* said, "The wall is *solo* I can *scale* it," and her lover said, "Yes, *duet*." With the aid of a *chord* she climbed over. Just then they heard the *major* coming after them with his *staff*. They beat it, nor stopped to *rest* until they were far out on *high C*.

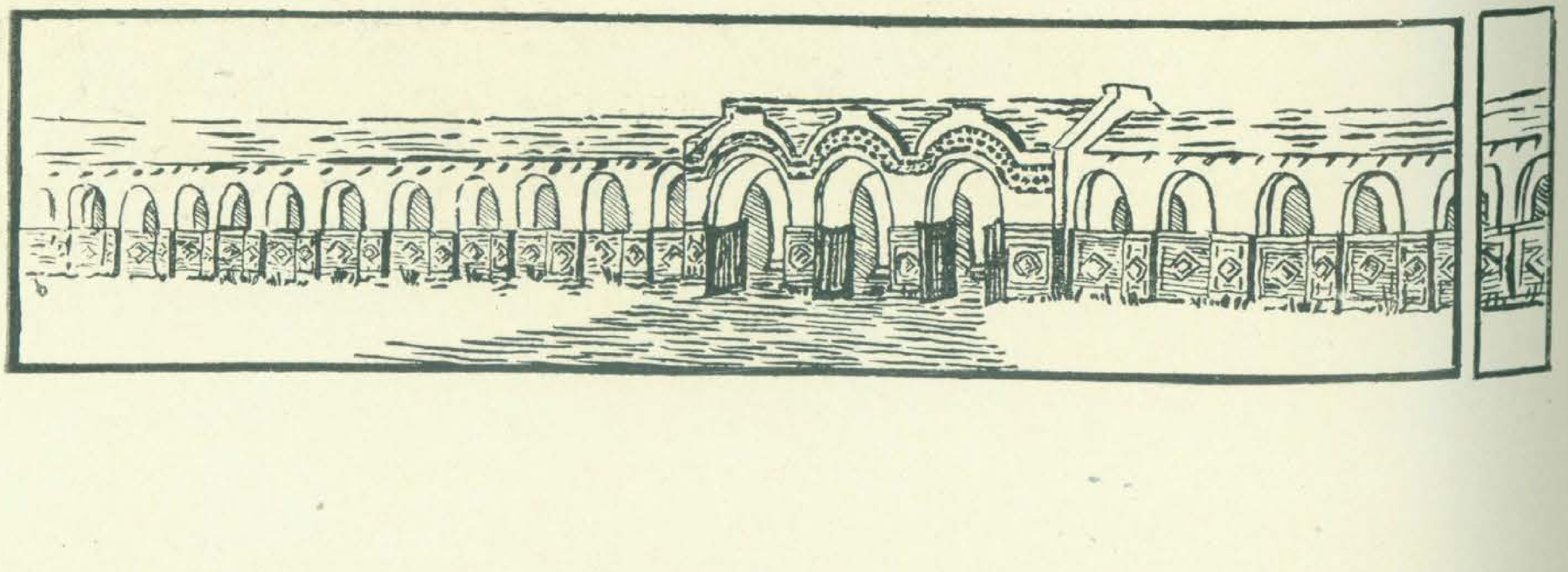
They lived in the *flat* in perfect *harmony* on love and *ti*. While the poor old *major* was unhappy with all his *do*.

The other day I went to assembly. Dr. Dailey didn't have a red

* * * *

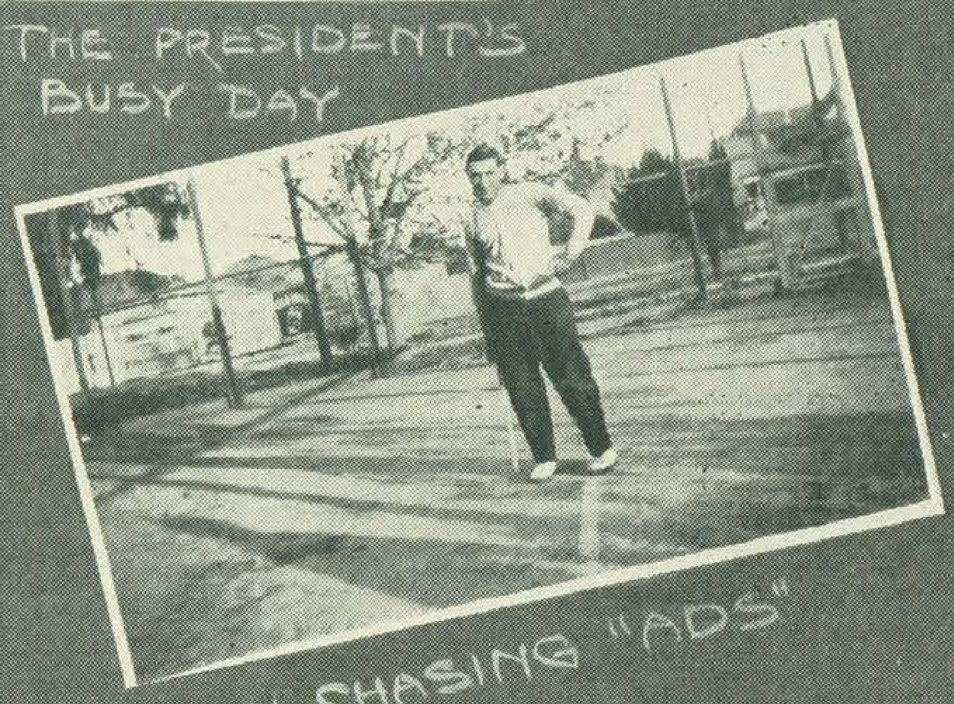
A DREAM.

button hole bouquet. We didn't sing California. Miss Durgin didn't ask for a very important meeting of the June class. Marie Walker didn't call an executive meeting. Miss Arthur didn't mention the year book, John Taylor didn't say a word about pictures. I passed Miss Payne, and she asked me if I had heard the "noos." I saw Mr. Baker and he didn't smile. I went into civics class and I bluffed Miss Howe. I went to Manual Training shop and Mr. Snyder and Mr. Gordon weren't talking religion.



THE PRESIDENT'S BUSY DAY

ON TOP O'THE WORLD

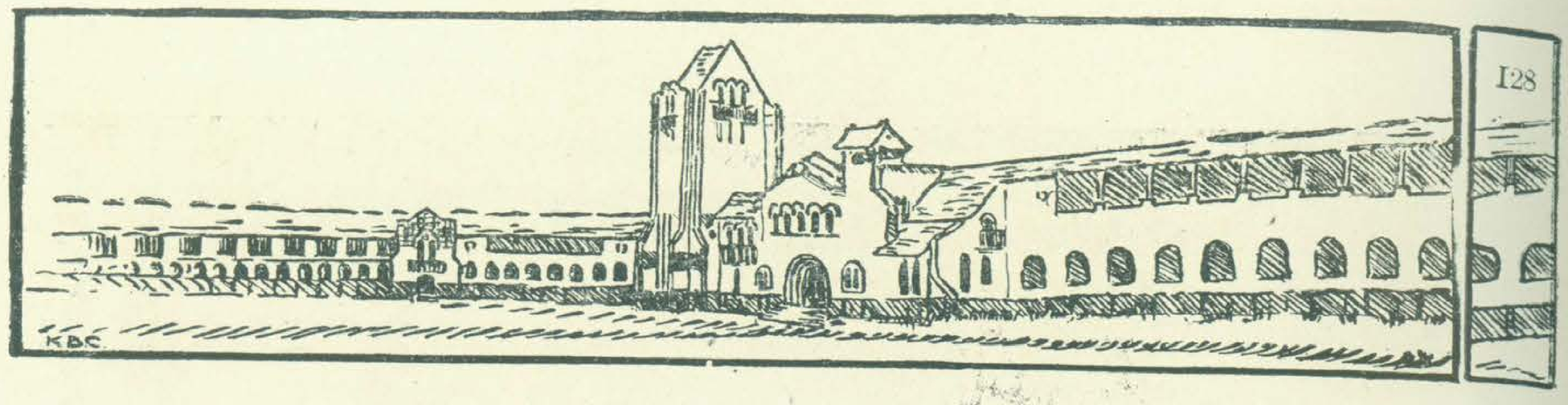


DON, CHASING "ADS"

NO GREAT GAIN, WITHOUT SOME SMALL LOSS!

MOVING DAY WITH THE EX. COM.

LOOKING FOR THE JOKE!



What's in a Name?

* * * *

Will someone kindly whisper:—

Where does the Dr. Dailey go
Since William is Stillwell?
But if Pearl is True
She surely will not tell.

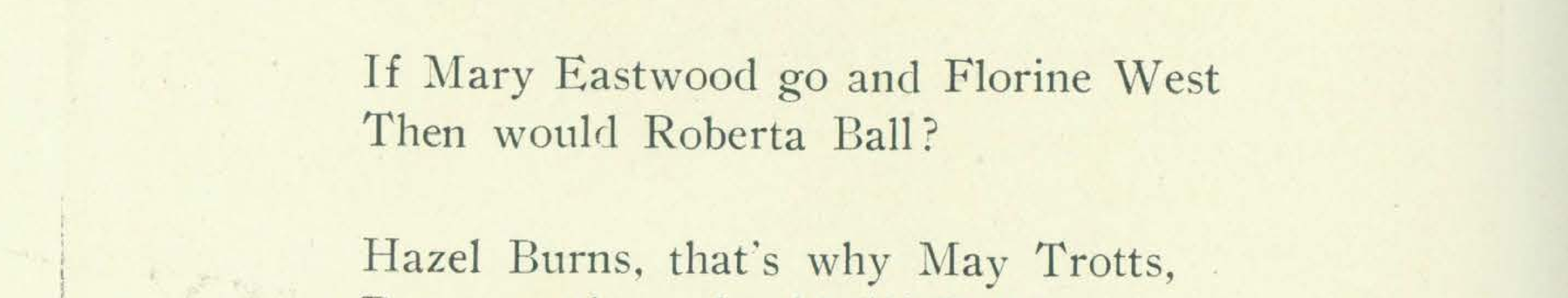
Street, he's so very Bright
He knows about it, I bet.
But how is it that Birdies Wise
When Floyd is not Onyett?

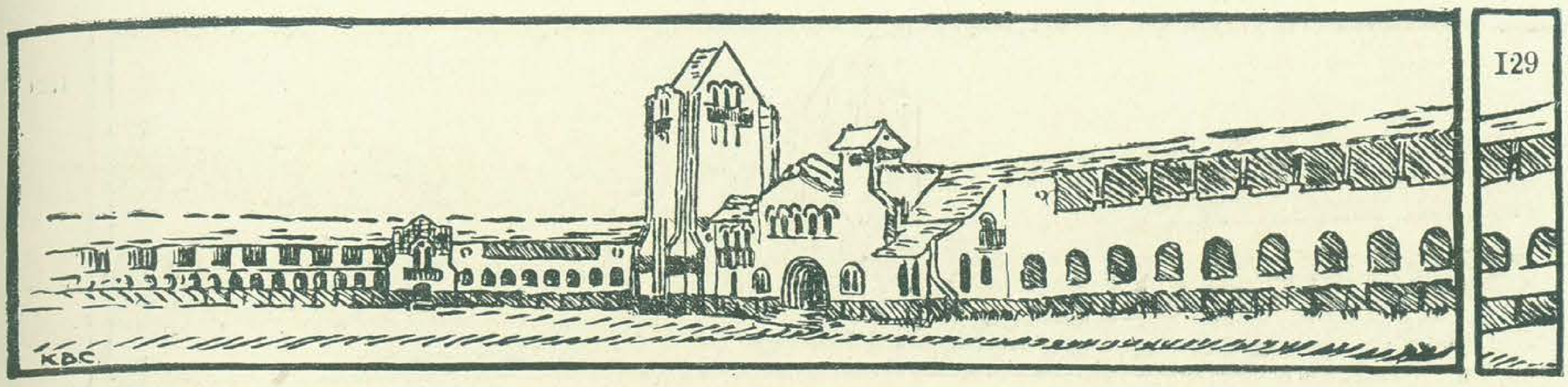
Georgia Aimes to find it out
And she could if Daniel Wood
Just tell our Agnes, Howe
The matter really stood.

If Mary Eastwood go and Florine West
Then would Roberta Ball?

Hazel Burns, that's why May Trotts,
But even then, should Sif Roll?

Does Regent Cook the dope that Anna Sells?





Did Nell Stone a junior
And Maud Hayes a few?
Was Emily Nixon this ruff Stuff
And did it Payne Gertrude, too?

Rollin is a decided brunette,
Yet they call him a Fairchild;
And when they say old Dwight is Young
It really makes me wild!

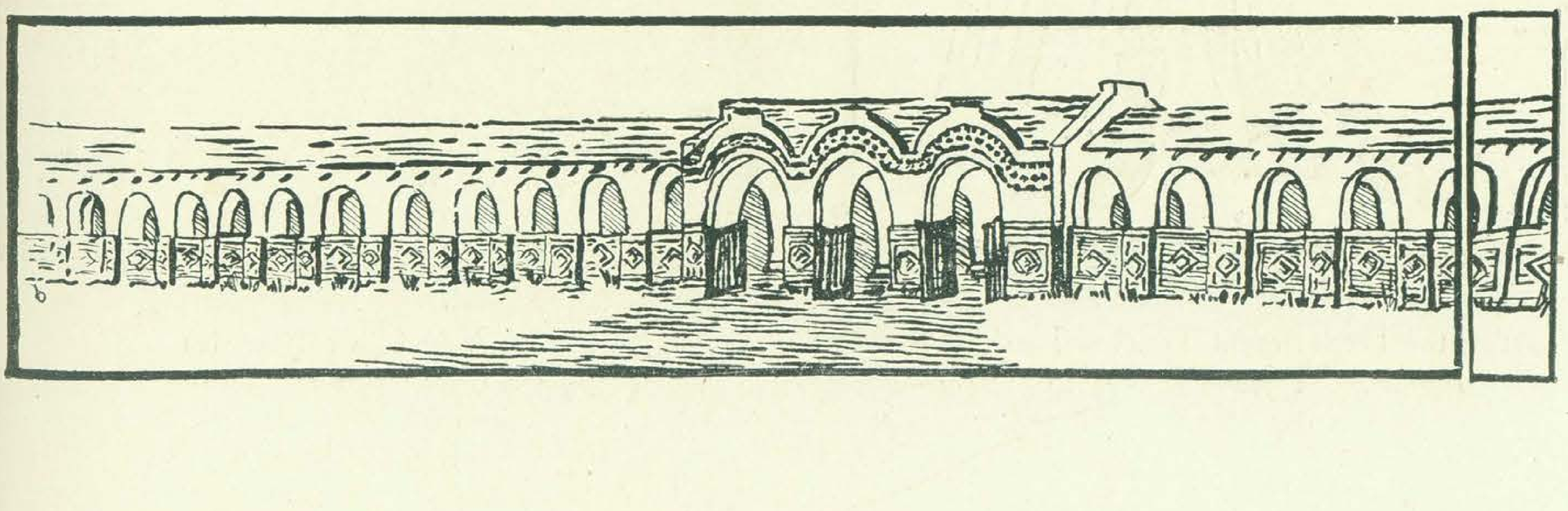
They say Robert plays tennis
But Marie's a better Walker;
We know that Frances is very Strange
But she sure is a talker.

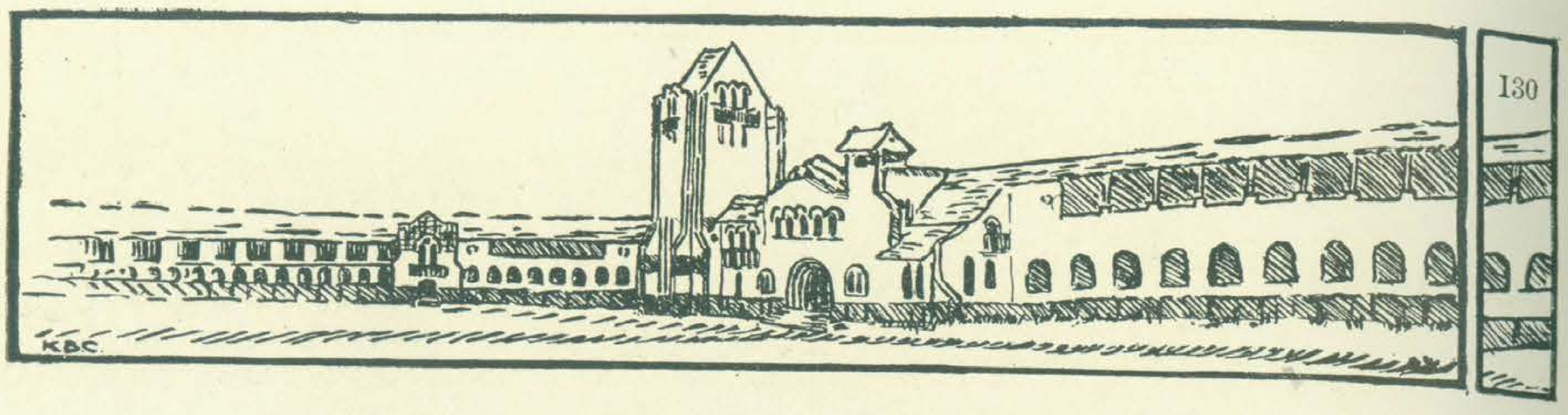
Lydia is only four feet twelve
Yet they always call her Hey,
And Sweet Sadie they call Burleigh—
Oh, tell us, some one, why?

* * * *

When Miss Howe lit on Crystal Klein,
  Poor Crystal she looked scared;
And meekly answered, "I regret, but
  I am not prepared."

Miss Howe glared and cleared her throat,
  And then we heard her say:
"Remember, the cards aren't always the same,
  I shuffle 'em every day."





MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.

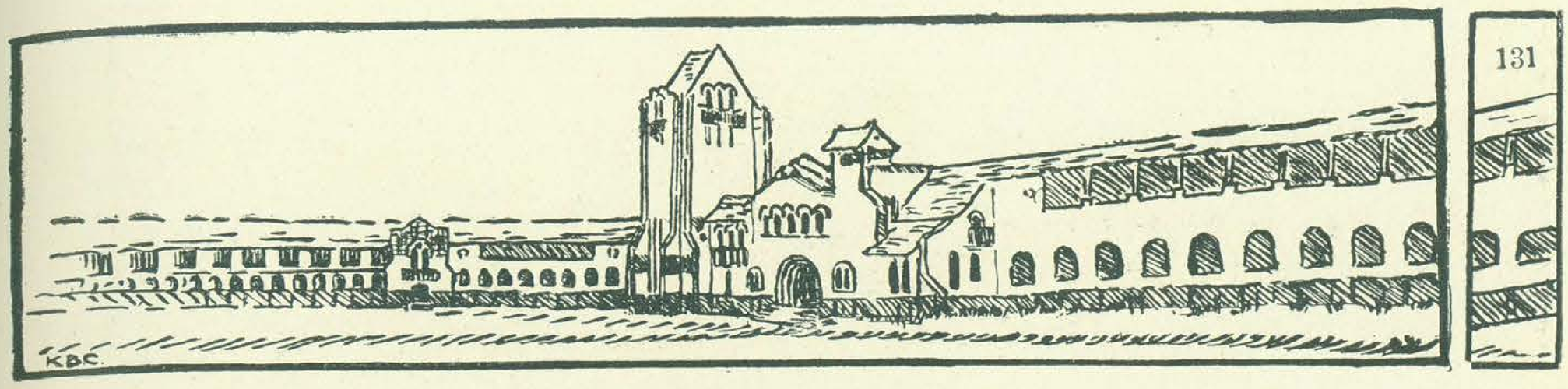
Don, Don, the minister's son,
Didn't learn to queen when he was young;
But they say since going to Normal
That he is doing very well.

High diddle, Clark plays the fiddle
While Taylor plays the horn,
Little Miller sits up there, too,
And they all play, "Days at the Morn."

Oh, Nell Stone is a dandy girl,
And a dandy girl is she:
She leads when we sing,
She works like everything,
She's the pride of the Senior C Three.

After the Department Teacher Had Visited the Room.—"I Just Flew All to Pieces"

Have You Got a Man for the Cotillion?



FAVORITE SONGS.

Advised that Student Body give following Concert:

Chorus.

Room 120—"I Wonder Who's Bluffing Miss Howe?"
Physical Training—"Every Little Movement."
Student Body—"Got Another Girl Like Marie?"
Base-ball Team—"Slide, Slide."
Executive Committee—"Moving Day."
Seniors—"How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?"
Juniors—"Smarty, Smarty, Smarty."

Solos.

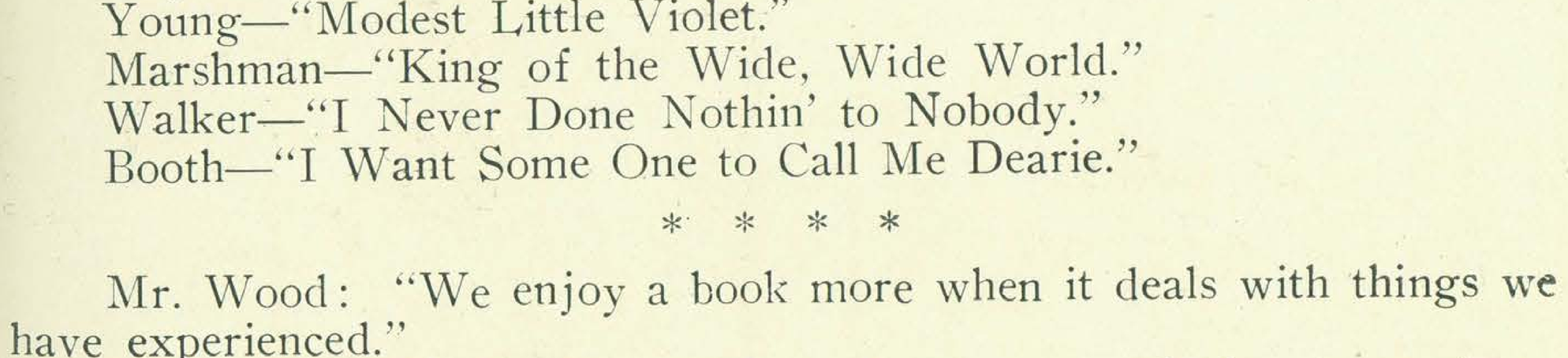
Mrs. Rousseau—(a) "I See You, I See You." (b) "Stop, Stop, Stop."
John Taylor—"Beautiful Eyes."
Miller—"Baby Doll."
Sedgewick—"Our Hero."
Kircher—"Honey Boy."
Stillwell—"Dearie."
Street—"Dreaming."
Dill—"Just One Girl."
Gordon—"I Wish I Had a Girl."
Hale—"Grizzly Bear."
Brien—"I'd Sooner Sleep Than Eat."
Onyett—"I Want Some One to Flirt With Me."
Young—"Modest Little Violet."
Marshman—"King of the Wide, Wide World."
Walker—"I Never Done Nothin' to Nobody."
Booth—"I Want Some One to Call Me Dearie."

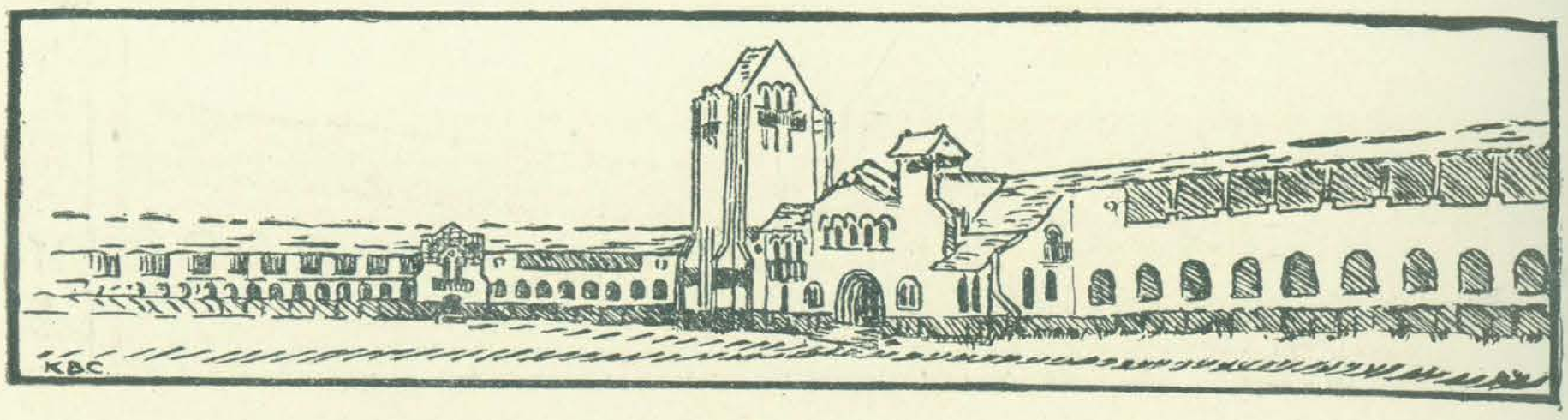
* * * *

Mr. Wood: "We enjoy a book more when it deals with things we have experienced."

Mr. Hale: "We like love stories and we've never had any experience there."

Mr. Wood: "Speak for yourself."





Nell Stone and the girls were watching the Year Book manager play an exciting game of tennis. The score was deuce.

Nell: "Chasing ads. for the Year Book?"

Don: "No, that's not my job!"

Nell: "Oh, you Englishman!"

* * * *

Mr. Wilson (picking up pitch-pipe, takes off top, and looks at it): "What is this? Oh, I see, it's a pitch-fork."

* * * *

Mr. Fitzgerald: "Yes, wives influence their husband's votes."

Miss Howe: "Oh, yes, men say, 'There, darling, don't worry your head.' That's what you will say to your wife some day."

Mr. Marshman: "Ha, ha!"

Miss Howe: "You won't be any better off, Mr. Marshman."

* * * *

DR. DAILEY'S FAVORITE SONG

Yip-i-ady i-ay-i-ay
Yip-i-ady i-ay
Chico, we are feeling fine,
Chico, we'll beat you surely this time.
Yip-i-ady i-ay-i-ay
Yip-i-ady i-ay
Our team is supreme,
It's the Creme de la Creme,
Yip-i-ady i-ay.

Guess Who?

On His Way to take a School.

EXPOSED

WEDDING PARTY AT ROGUE'S HALL

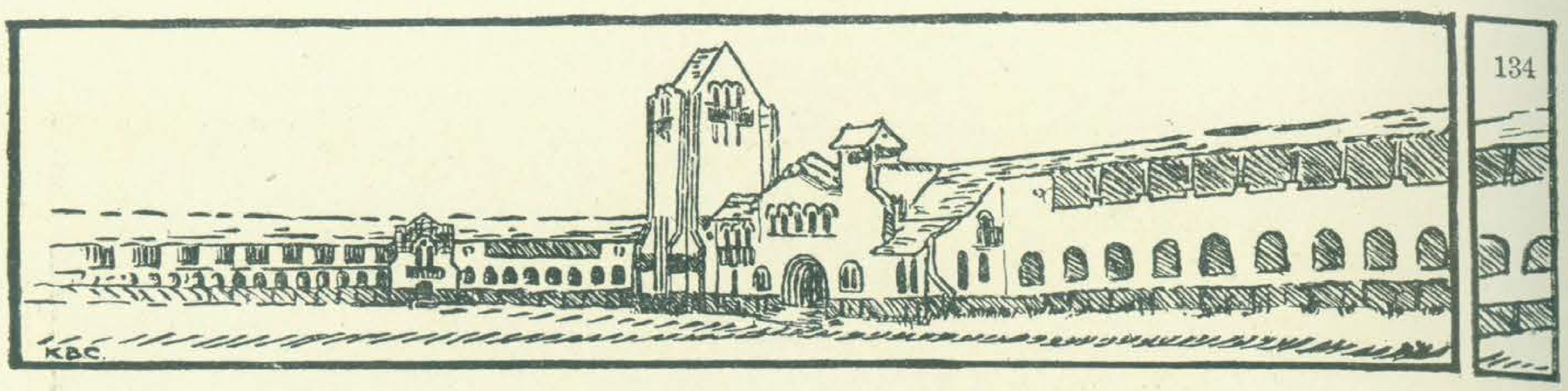
TWO TOWN MUSICIANS

EXPLAININ' THINGS

LUCKY GIRL!

OFF FOR MT. HAMILTON(?)

SHE DIDN'T WANT HER PICTURE IN — BUT



Directory

* * * *

Ames, Edith M. .....322 E. San Salvador St., San Jose
Anderson, Jessie M. .....P. O. Box 27, Salinas
Arbogast, Retta E. .....Blue Tent, Nevada City
Arthur, Hazel G. .....196 Hicks Ave., San Jose
Avery, Hazel E. ..... Visalia
Aylesworth, Nellie M. .....251 Munroe St., East San Jose
Bailey, Jeannette .....227 Calaveras Ave., Fresno
Baker, Rosa M. .....Mountain View
Barnum, Minnie R. .....Klamath Falls, Ore.
Barnum, Lena S. .....Klamath Falls, Ore.
Bennett, Gladys ..... Placerville
Bice, Florence .....Dinuba, Tulare County
Bickford, Sadie M. .....Penryn, Placer County
Biegle, Donna M. .....811 F Street, Sacramento
Bilton, Ada R. ..... Paso Robles
Birch, Mabel I. .....1016 14th Street, Sacramento
Birkhead, Mabel E. .....Tulare City
Booth, Wm. S. .....R. D. No. 7, Box 252C, San Jose
Boyd, Etna .....428 Kaweah Street, Hanford
Boyers, Ethel E. .....2023 I Street, Fresno
Breeden, Mabel M. .....741 S. Second St., San Jose
Brown, Mollie A. .....371 S. Third St., San Jose
Burbank, Eleanor M. .....65 Ocean View Ave., Santa Cruz
Buchanan, Minnie M. .....Traver
Burleigh, Sadie E. .....Box 542, Fresno
Burns, Hazel .....376 Delmas Ave., San Jose
Burriss, Gladys E. ..... Lakeport
Burum, Blanche L. .....Dinuba
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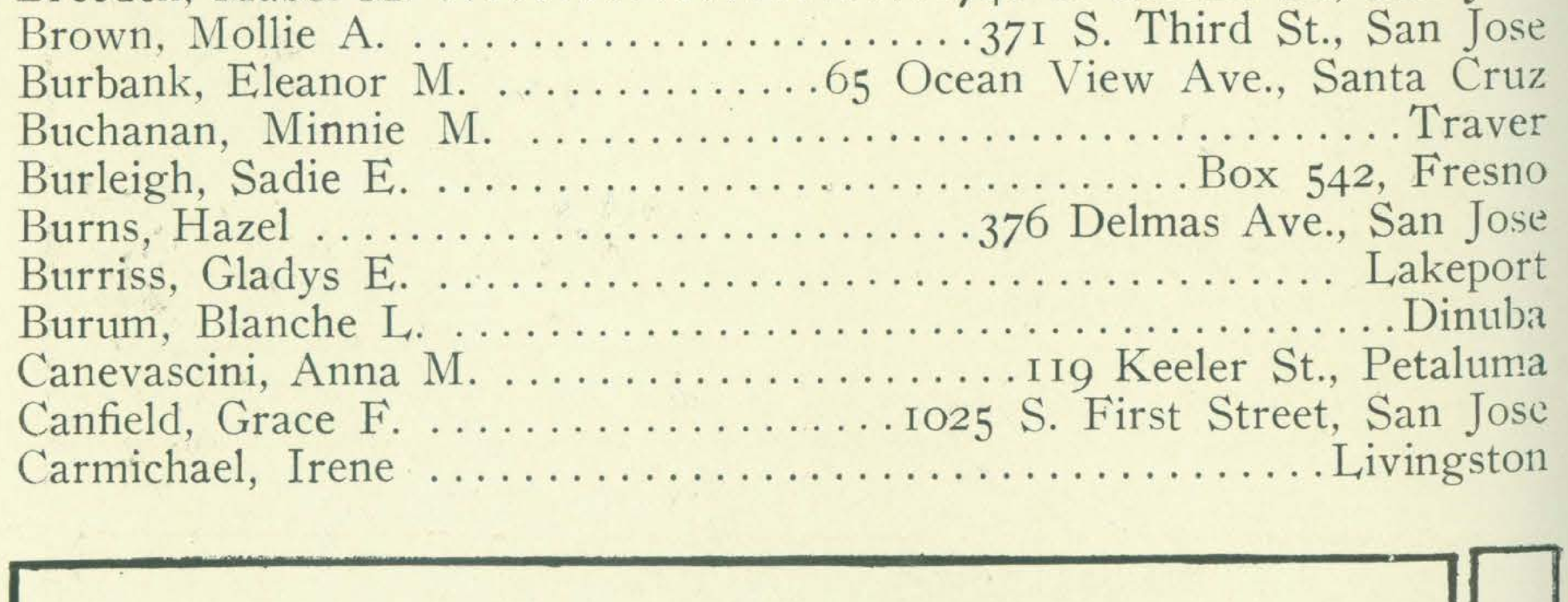
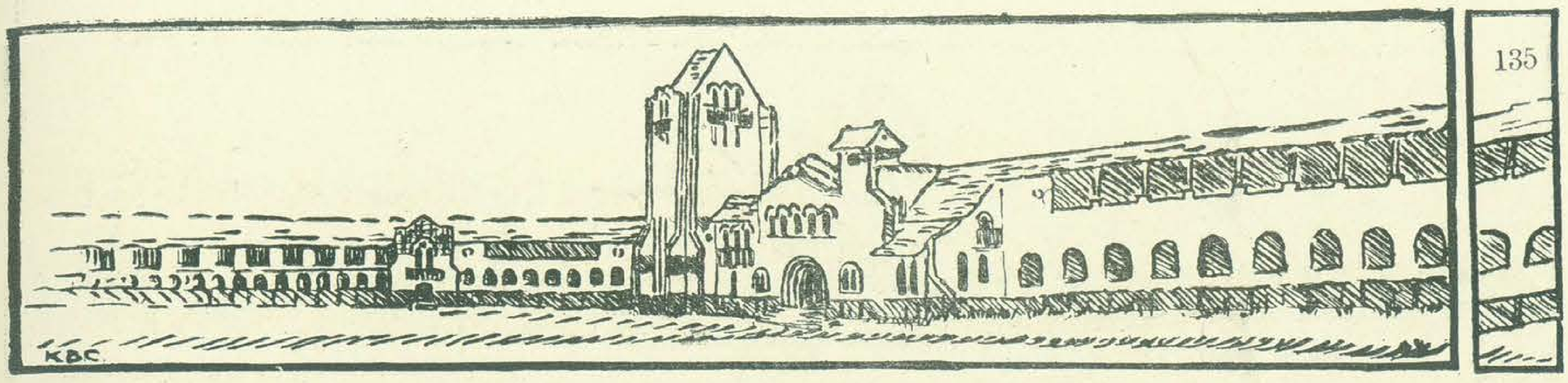
Canfield, Grace F. .....1025 S. First Street, San Jose
Carmichael, Irene .....Livingston





Casey, Marie D. ..... San Lucas
Cassell, Maude L. ..... Fowler
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Childs, Mrs. L. G. ..... 436 Lytton Ave., Palo Alto
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Duff, Helen M. ..... Vacaville
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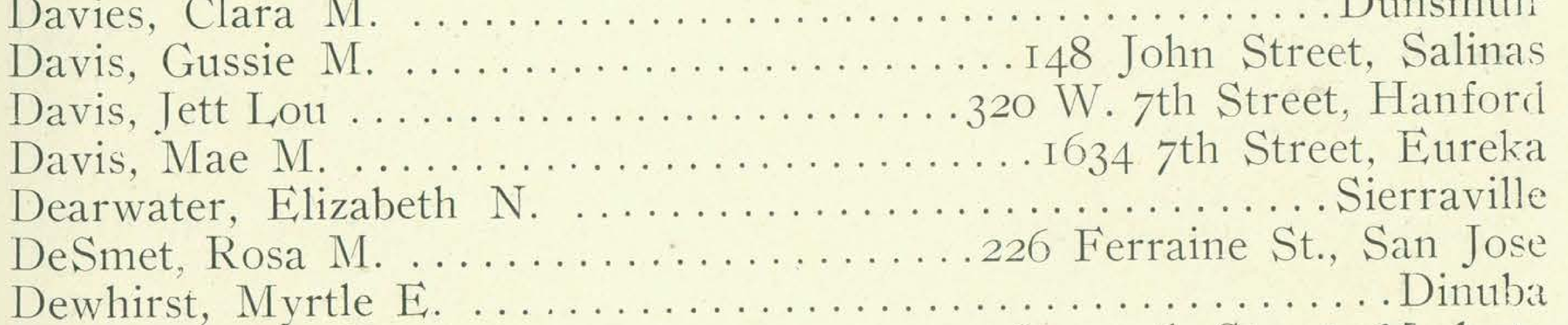

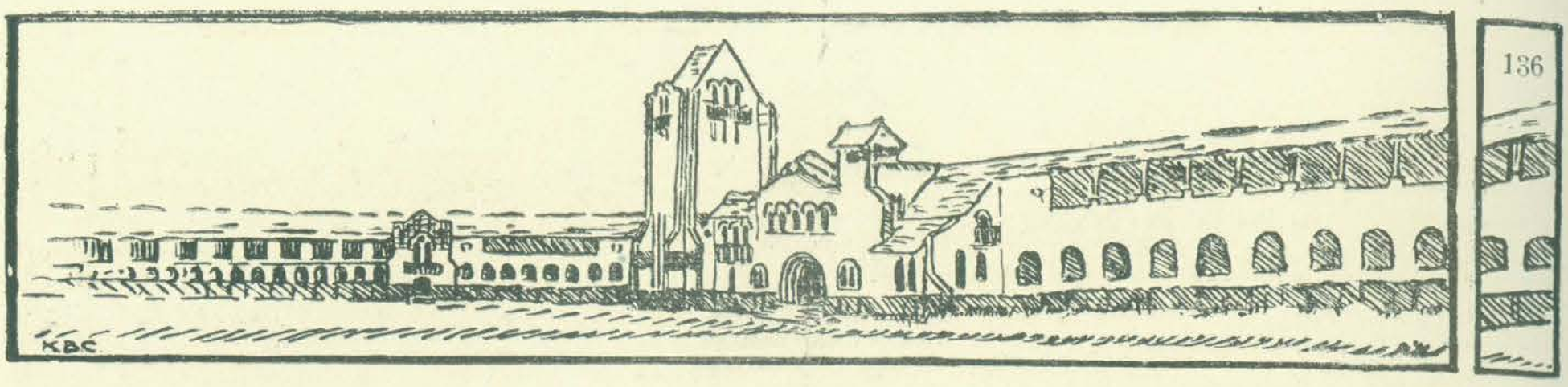

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Hartley, Sara ..... R. D. 2, Fresno
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Hines, Josephine ..... Gilroy
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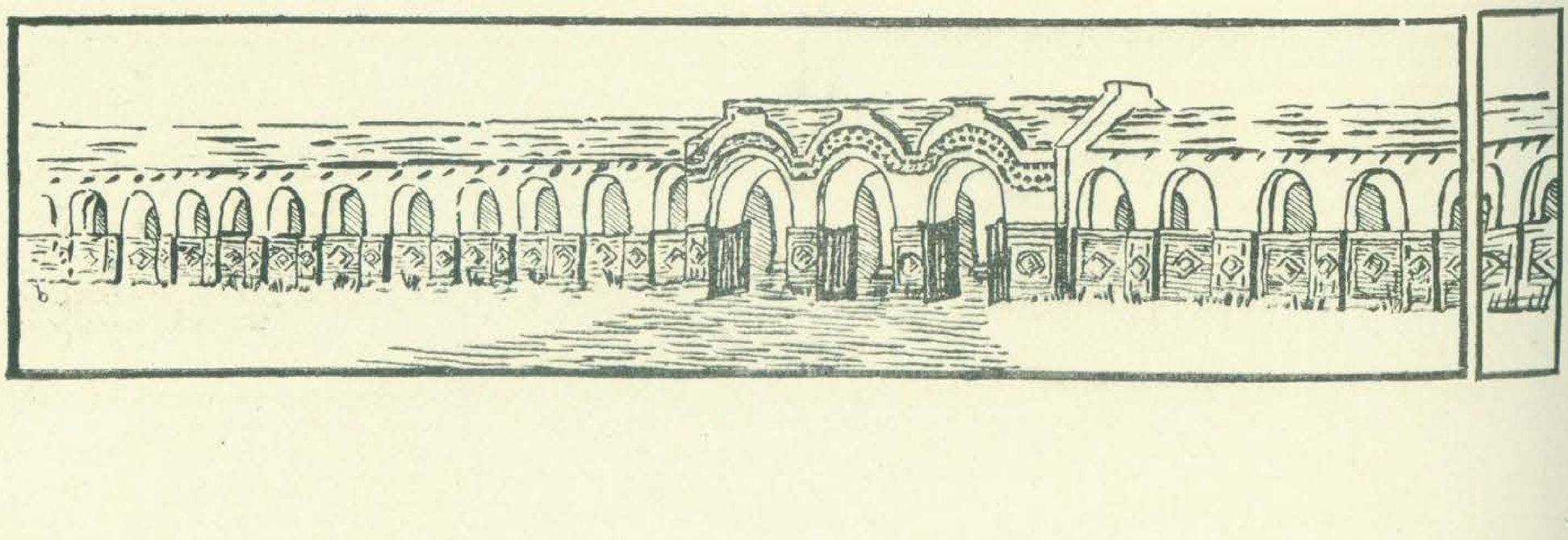
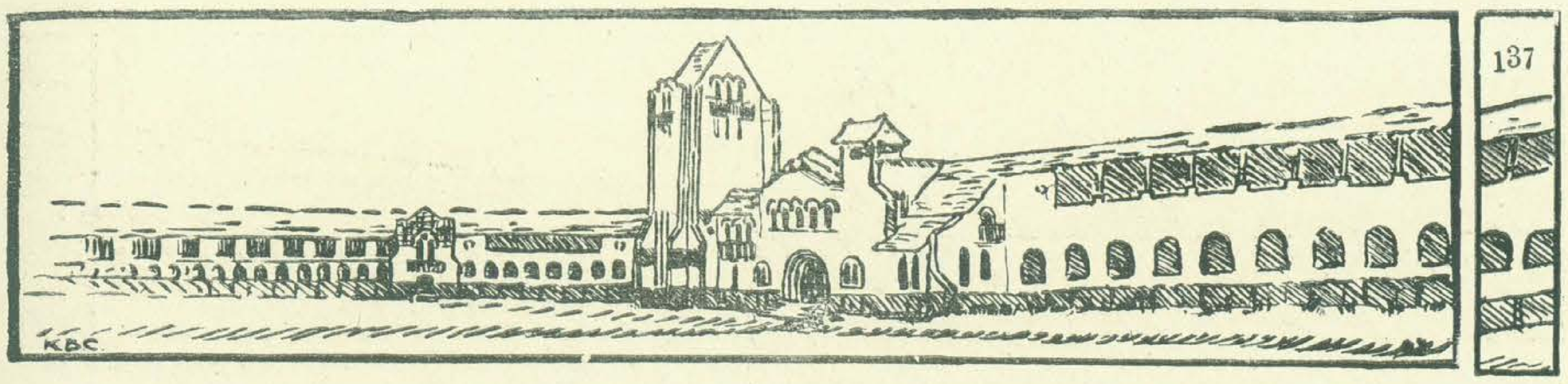
Hoerler, Velma I. ..... Los Gatos
Hollingsworth, Alice ..... Denair





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Johnson, Agnes R. ..... College City
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Kleeberger, Margaret F. ..... 630 N. Street, Fresno
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Koch, Ilma M. ..... 741 S. Third St., San Jose
Leibrandt, Hazel C. ..... Watsonville
Leigh, Alice D. ..... Leigh Ave., Campbell
Lernhart, Beatrice I. ..... Centerville
Lester, Hattie B. ..... Corning
Loinaz, Corrine ..... Fresno
Luck, Mabel K. ..... Tulare
Lucksinger, Marguerite ..... R. F. D. 4, Box 29, Fresno
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Mason, Evelyn E. ..... 219 Soledad St., Salinas
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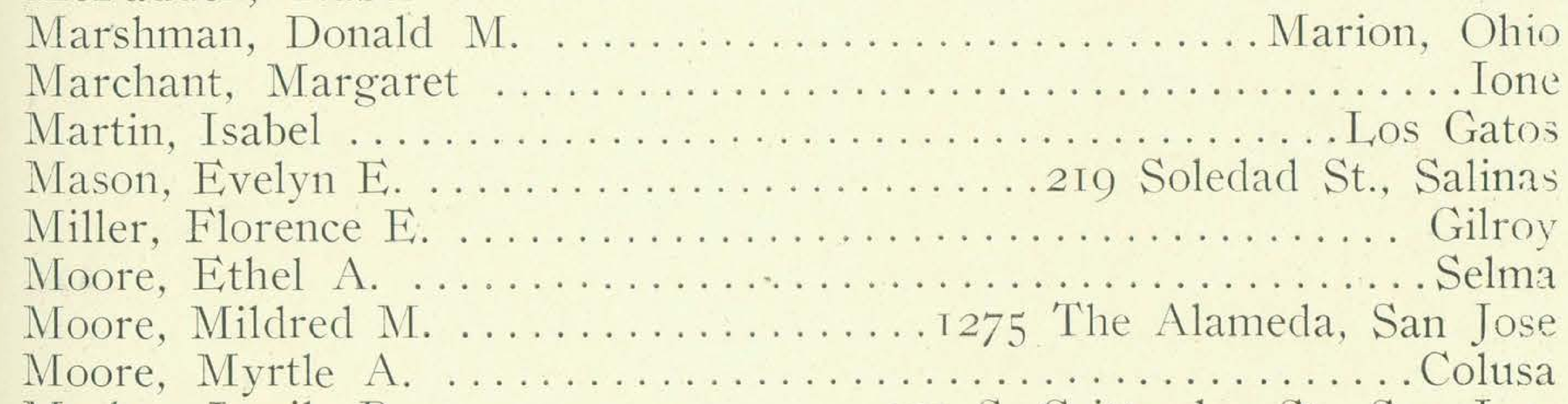
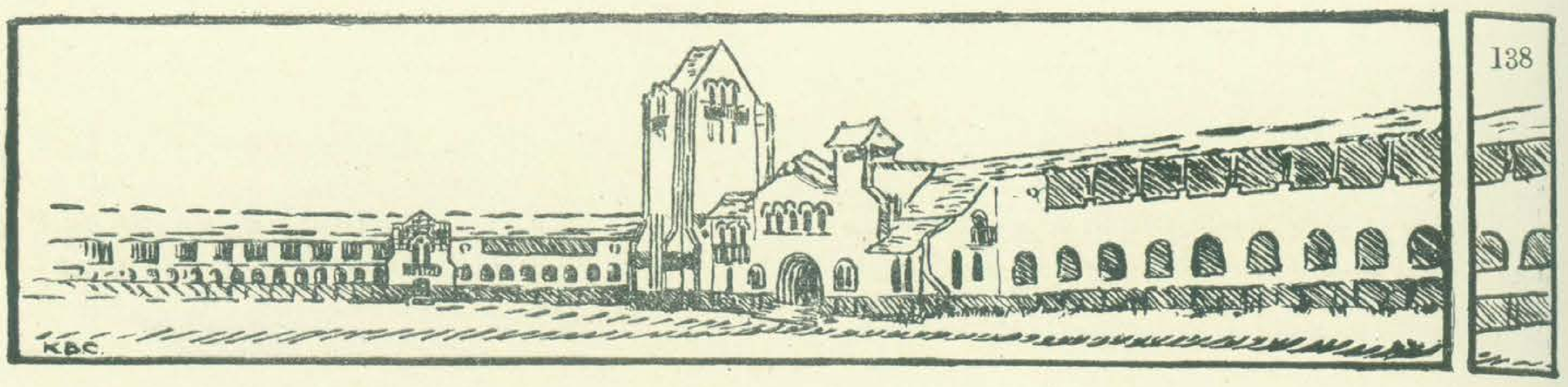
Moore, Ethel A. ..... Selma
Moore, Mildred M. ..... 1275 The Alameda, San Jose
Moore, Myrtle A. ..... Colusa
Mosher, Lucile R. ..... 201 S. Crittenden St., San Jose
Moulton, Lina ..... Campbell





Mulligan, Kathleen ..... Grass Valley
Mulligan, Agnes ..... Grass Valley
Nixon, Emily W. ..... Arcata
O'Donnell, Margaret A. ..... Fresno
Ogier, Frances G. ..... 114 N. 5th St., San Jose
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Person, Alma H. ..... Arcata
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Prunty, Carrie ..... Charlestown, Nevada
Pursell, Georgia ..... 218 F. Street, Santa Rosa
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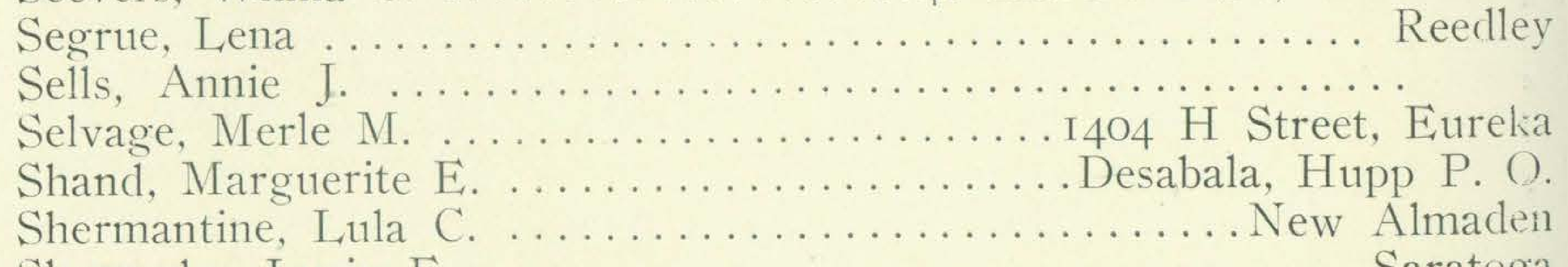
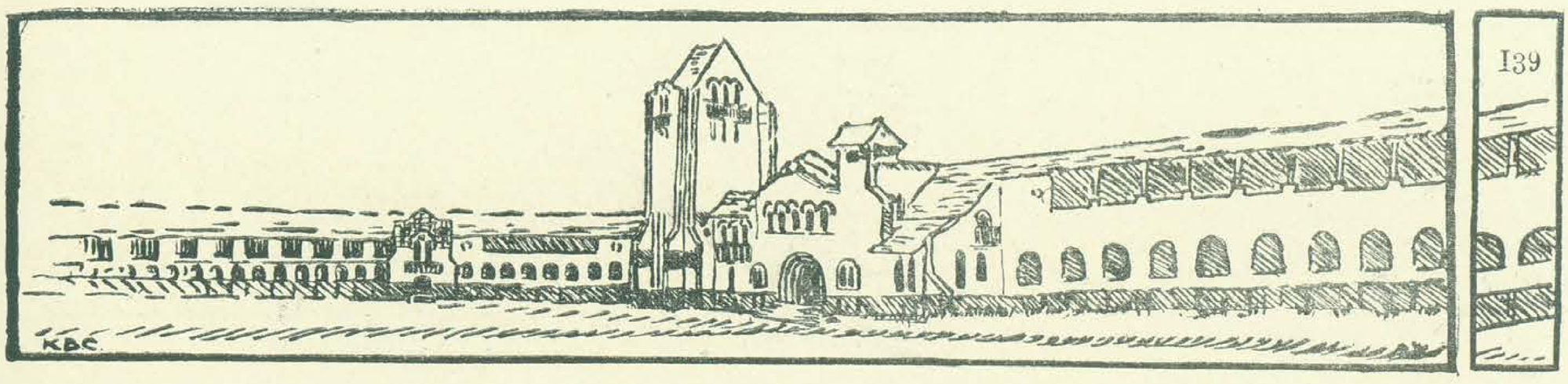
Smith, May E. ..... Saratoga
Smith, Myrtle R. ..... Los Banos
Smith, Marcia E. ..... Fairfield
Smith, Marian K. ..... 39 Hester Ave., San Jose





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Stewart, Fannie C. .....Hanford
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Trotts, May B. .....Felton
Tschumy, Edna .....128 N. 1st Ave., Visalia
Turner, Elvira L. .....Oleander
Vann, Wilna W. .....St. Helena
Von Glahn, Gertrude E. .....Ripon
Vogeler, Sophia J. .....297 E. San Salvador St., San Jose
Walker, Marie E. .....Merritt Hospital, Hawthorne Ave., Oakland
Watkins, Helen .....Los Gatos
White, Adelina .....1451 Lexington St., Santa Clara
Whitehead, Helen D. .....Madera
Williams, Irma .....2129 Rose St., Berkeley
Williams, Madeline J. .....271 Prevost St., San Jose
Williamson, Jeannette .....San Jose
Wilson, Delia M. .....Tulare
Willson, Irene A. .....304 S. 7th St., San Jose
Wilson, Grace M. .....Los Banos
Willson, Wrex.e G. .....388 S. 5th St., San Jose
Wise, Birdie .....1464 Lexington St., Santa Clara
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Word, Eunice L. .....Cholame
Wright, Irma Z. .....Reedley
Yater, Vivian .....Davis
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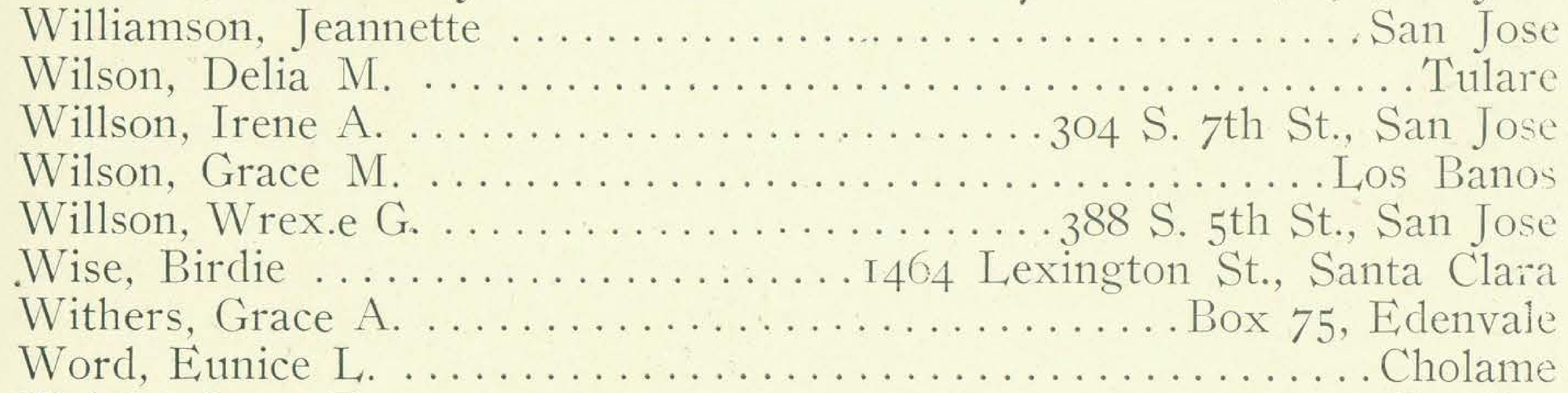


AFTERWORD

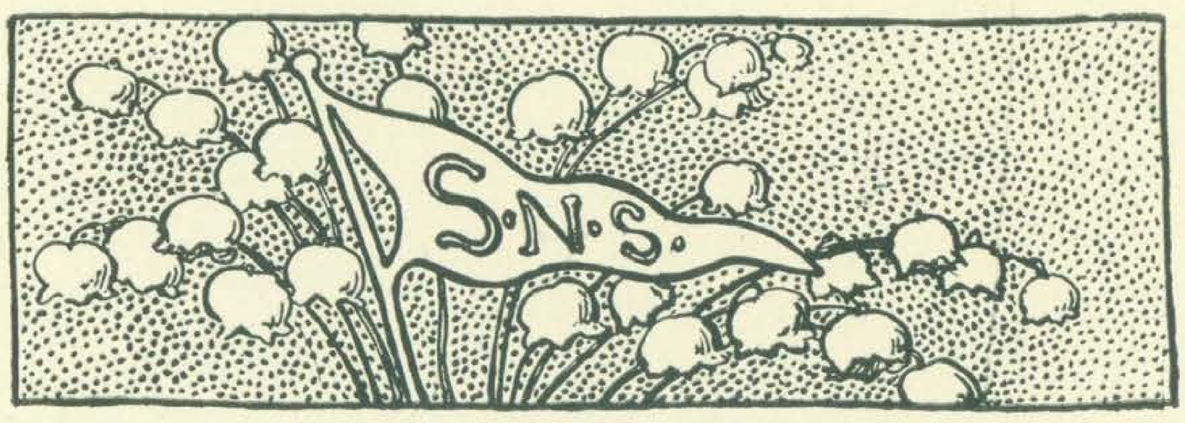
* * * *

FRIENDS and readers, you have here the product of many days' and nights' toil on the part of the staff which was chosen by the Senior Class to edit the Year Book.

To Eva Durgin, President of the Senior Class, and to Marie Walker, President of the Student Body, we extend our heartiest appreciation of their ever willing and ready assistance; also to Mr. Bland for his kindly advice, to John Taylor and Grace Stevenson for typing the material, and to members of the Art Club who cheerfully gave of their time toward making the book more attractive. Mr. Telfer, of Eaton & Co., Printers, has shown us every courtesy and we feel that we are deeply indebted to him for his many helpful suggestions.

In spite of our many troubles we have spent many enjoyable moments in getting this book ready for you, and we hope that it will, in a measure, meet your expectations.

THE EDITOR.



. . . . Our Advertisers . . . . .

THE following pages are devoted to a limited amount of advertising. Our aim in thus admitting advertisements to our book has been with a view, of not only defraying a portion of the expenses of the publication, but also to acquaint our friends with some of the leading firms and business houses of our city and thus create an abiding interest between the two which will eventually work itself out in action. We have selected our advertisers from the "reliable kind" viewpoint and do not hesitate to recommend any or all of them to our patrons. ... ...

Winners of all
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365 days ahead
of all
Competitors.

A. C.
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& CO.

174 SOUTH SECOND STREET SAN JOSE, CAL.

"And so Bill was run down by a dray? I would have thought that that would be the last thing on earth to happen to a spry fellow like Bill."

"It was." —Ex.

C. A. BOTHWELL

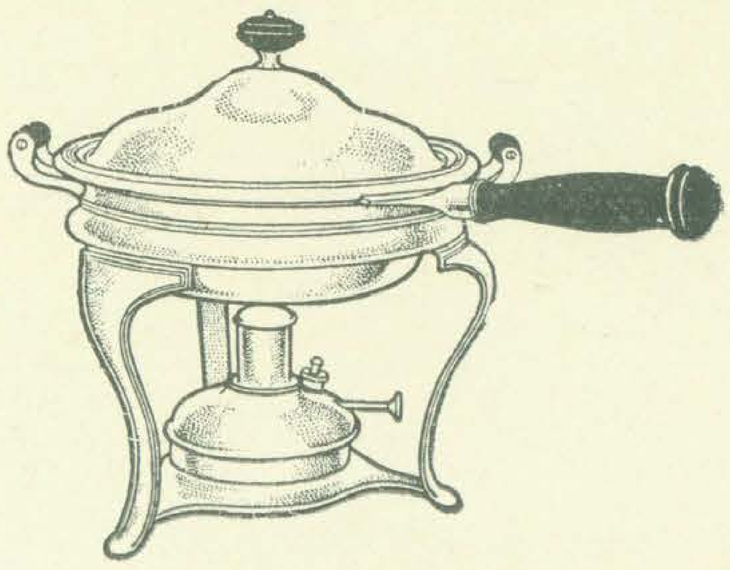
WATCHES AND DIAMONDS

FINE LINE OF JEWELRY
BRING IN YOUR REPAIRING

112 SOUTH FIRST STREET :: :: SAN JOSE

Miss Howe—Say, John, do you believe in woman suffrage?

Jack T.—Yes, I believe in equal rights; my better half should suffer just as much as I do.



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8 SOUTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE

Teacher: Who was the first man?"
Pupil: Washington, he was first in war, first in———
Teacher: No, no. Adam was the first man.
Pupil: Oh, yes. If you are talking about foreigners, I suppose so.—Ex.

T. F. Sourisseau

NO PLATED GOODS, ONLY 10, 14 and 18-KARAT GOLD
LOADS OF CLASSY PRESENTS SUITABLE FOR
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ALLENIAN, SAPPHO, EROSOPHIAN and BROWNING PINS
DIAMONDS, WATCHES and STERLING SILVER

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...Class '11 Pins on hand...

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Remember Mr. College Man

..Billy Hobson..

Is in a class all alone when it comes to COLLEGE CUT CLOTHING. If you doubt it drop in and try one on and you will see styles different than other stores show. . . . . .

BILLY HOBSON

24 South First Street - - San Jose, California

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LEADING STATIONERS

25-27 W. Santa Clara St. San Jose

"NOTHING DOING."

We went to Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
How fast the evening flies—
We spake in tones of lyove,
I gazed into her—lunch-basket.

I gazed into the basket,
I wished I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella,
This charming litle miss,
Her eyes were full of mischief—
I slyly stole a—sandwich. —Ex.

The half-tone plates of the school corridors, on page forty-seven, were secured by courtesy of the "Architect and Engineer."

SAN JOSE 164 ORIENTAL RUGS

"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

Madsen Furniture Co.
THE ONE PRICE STORE
61-67 North First St. SAN JOSE, CAL.

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Our success has been gained through reliability, worth, sincerity and straight dealings with the public.