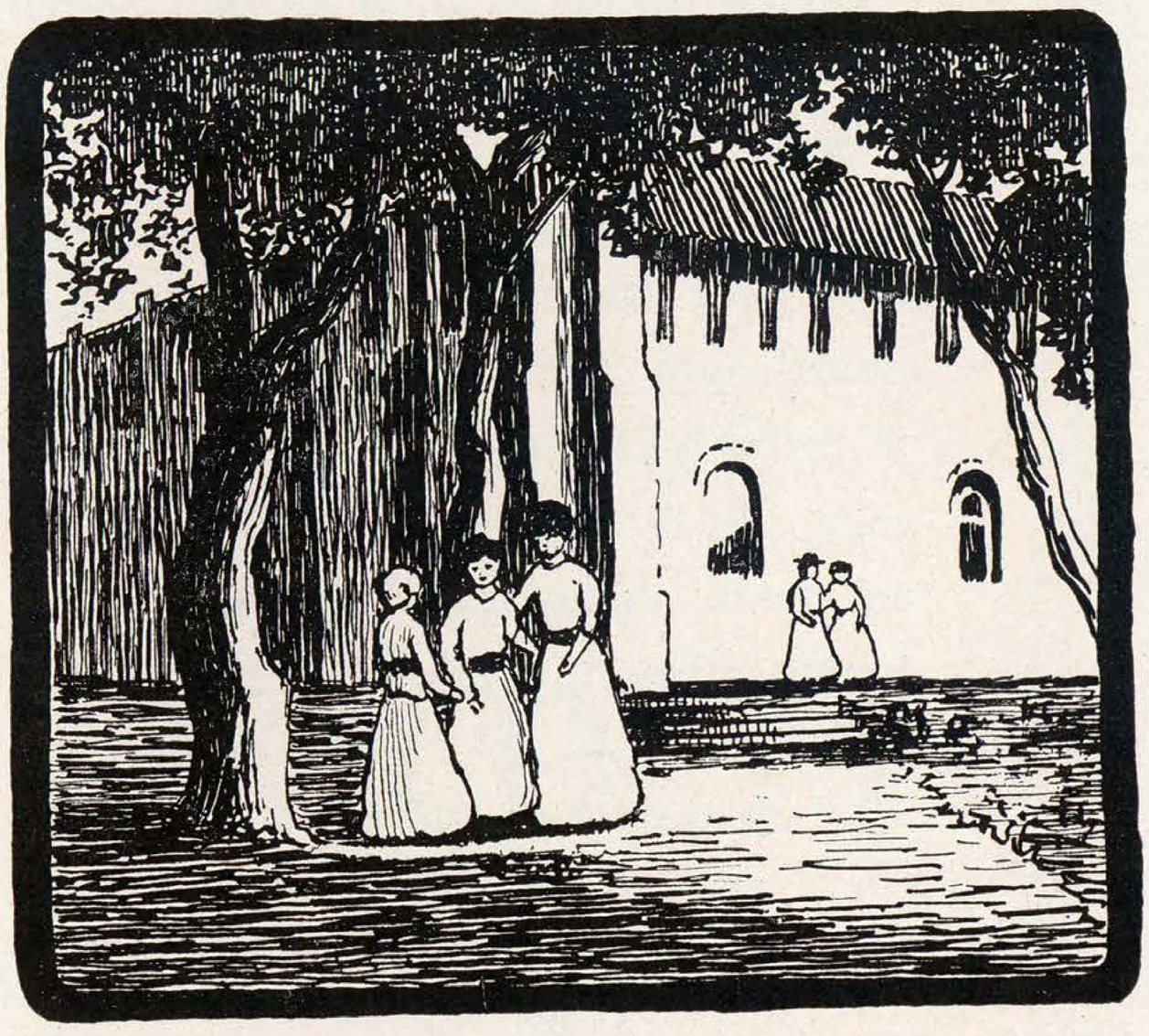
Year Book
1915
D. M. S. M.

SENIOR YEAR BOOK



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
SAN JOSE

1915

Foreword

The Editorial Staff of the Year Book gratefully acknowledges the help of many in the preparation of this volume. It is a pleasure for them to thank those that have so kindly aided in lightening the labor.

DEDICATED

to OUR

FACULTY

by the

1915 CLASS

L. McCLAY. '15

Faculty

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

L. B. WILSON.....Vice President
Physics, Physical Geography.

MRS. MARY W. GEORGE.....Preceptress
MISS RUTH ROYCE.....Librarian
MRS. GREATHEAD .....Registrar
MISS HELEN M. SPRAGUE .....Primary Methods
Acting Secretary to Board of Trustees and Secretary to President.
N. H. BULLOCK, M. D.....Medical Inspector

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Mary Helen Post, B. L., Smith.
Flora E. Beal, A. M., B. S., U. of Calif., A. M., Stanford.

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Lucy M. Washburn, A. B., Cornell University.

Geography

Mrs. Mary W. George, A. B., Stanford and Chicago.
Clara Hinze, B. L., U. of Calif.

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Gertrude Rowell, A. M., Columbia.

Zoology and Physiology.

Elizabeth McFadden, A. B., Stanford.
Ettie Kinney, A. B., Stanford.
Margaret Twombley, A. B., Stanford.
D. R. Wood, B. S., Cornell.

Drawing.

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Enid Kinney, A. B., Stanford.
Elizabeth Lee McDermott.

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Raymond Mosher.

Public Speaking.

Gertrude Payne, Powers' School of Expression, Boston.

Domestic Arts.

Maude I. Murchie, B. S., Columbia.
Helen Mignon, B. S., Columbia.
Lila M. O'Neale, A. B., Stanford.

Manual Arts.

B. W. Spaulding, Stout Institute.
H. L. Boyle, Columbia University.
W. S. Marten, B. S., Columbia, A. M.,, Stanford.

Physical Training.

Alice Bassler.
Hazel Whitmire.

Training School.

Agnes E. Howe, A. B., Stanford, A. M., Wisconsin.
Henrietta E. Riebsam
Martha Trimble, U. of Calif., Teachers' College, Columbia.
Nell O'Brien, B. S., Columbia.
Alma Prouty, Assistant.
Lulu Wunderlich
Bessie McCabe.
Nell Quill, Assistant.
Isabel O. MacKenzie, Student University von Bonn.
Mrs. Elizabeth Schroder
Emily Nixon,
Edith Ruebsam.

The Perfect Conception

By Henry Meade Bland

"

One gazed upon a star, and pictured clear
How beings perfect moved in that far sphere;
Another looked upon flower and deemed
That in its filmy lines all life was schemed;
A third mused on his friend and clear divined
How God's own image is the human mind.

Written for the June Class, Nineteen Fifteen,
San Jose Normal School.

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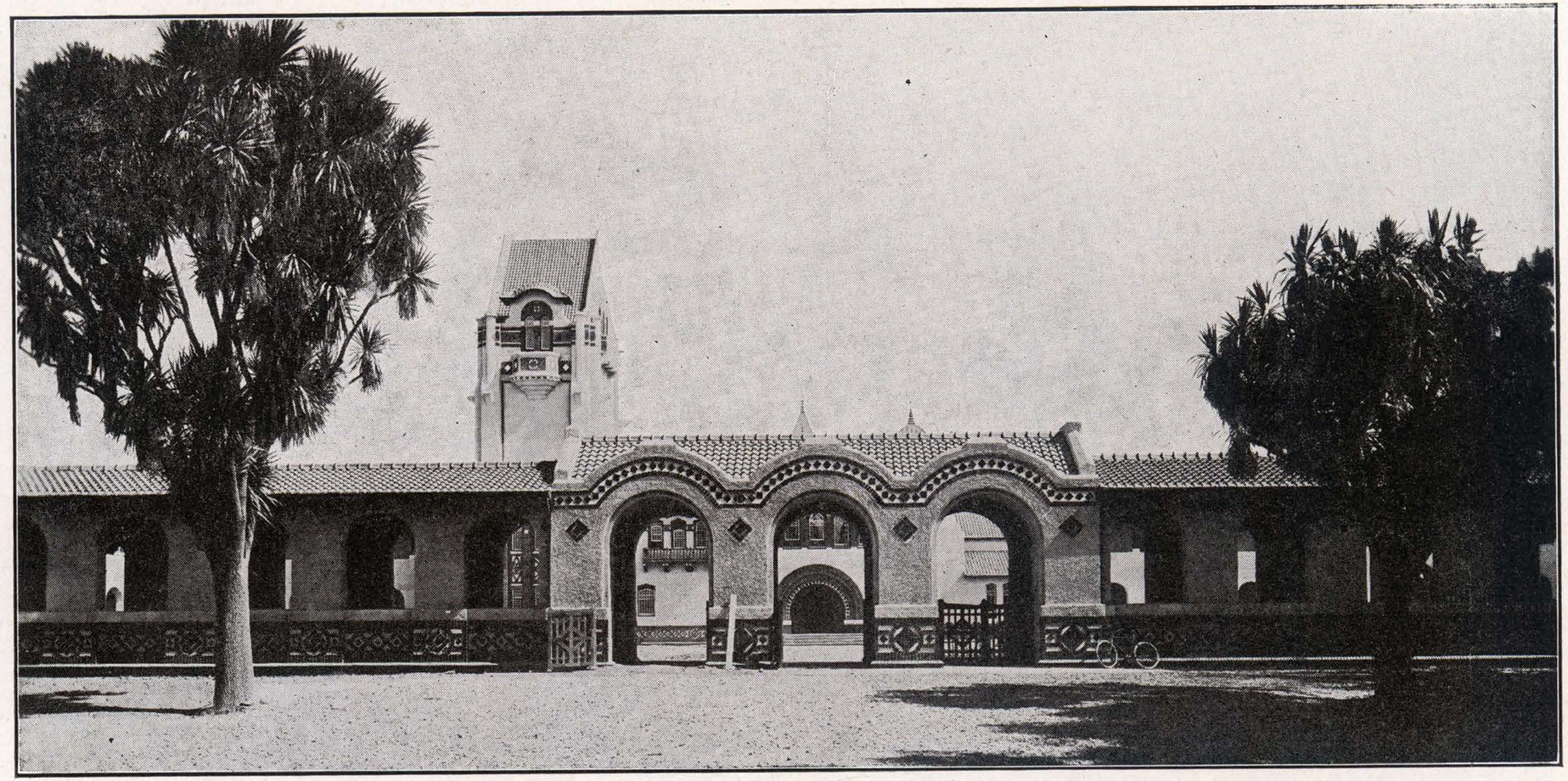

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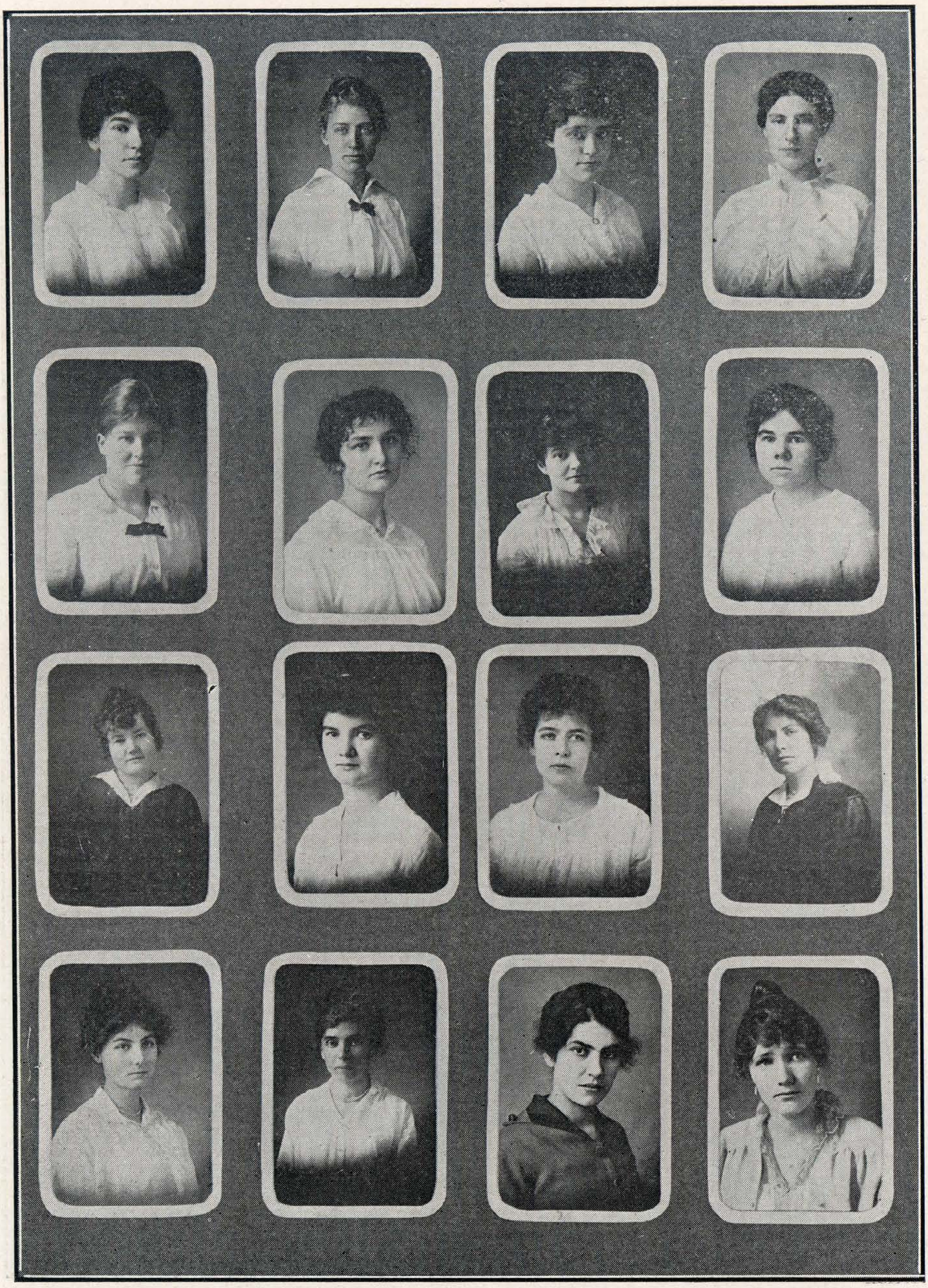

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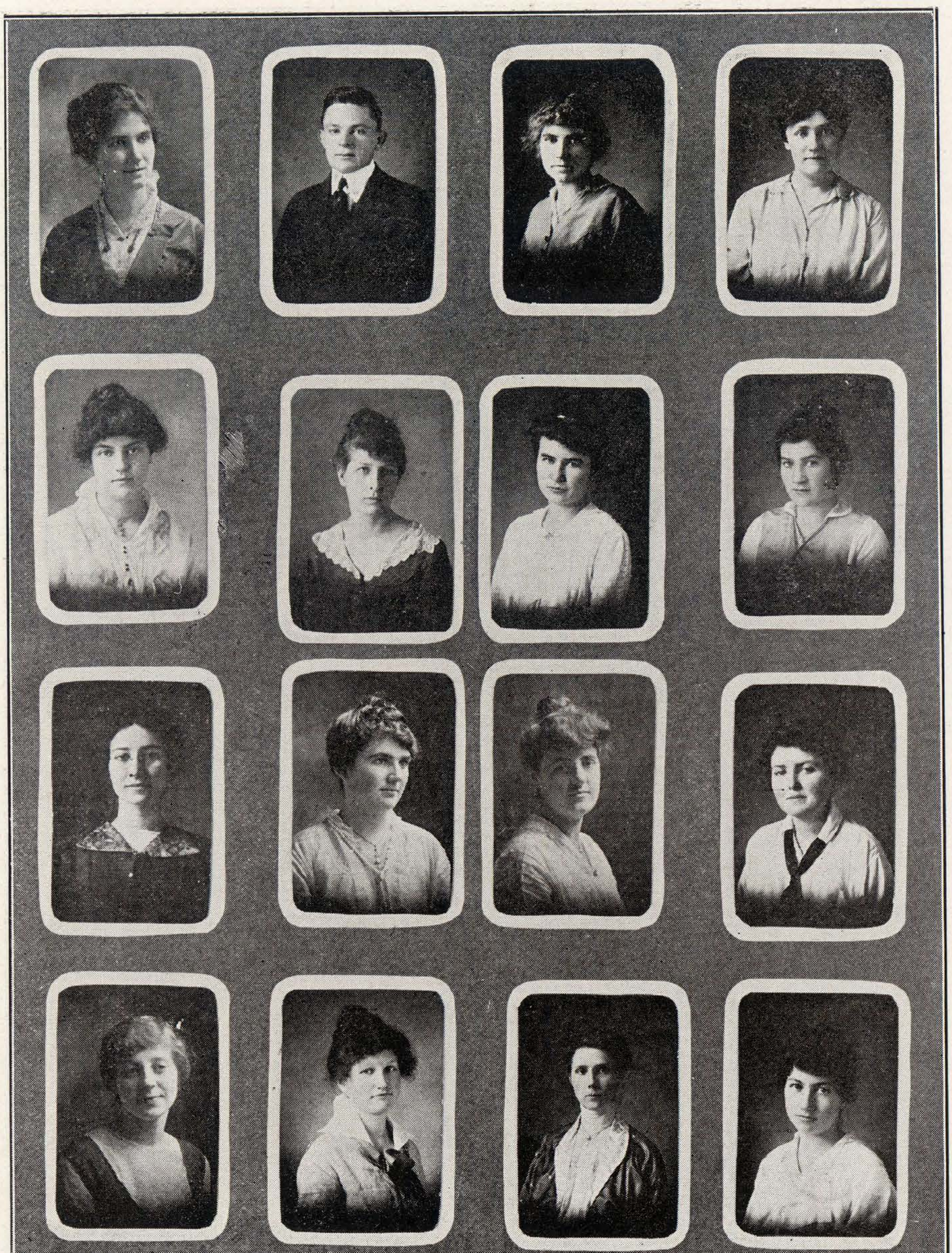

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Amy Halloran	Lucille McClay	Linda Alloggi	Gladys Latham
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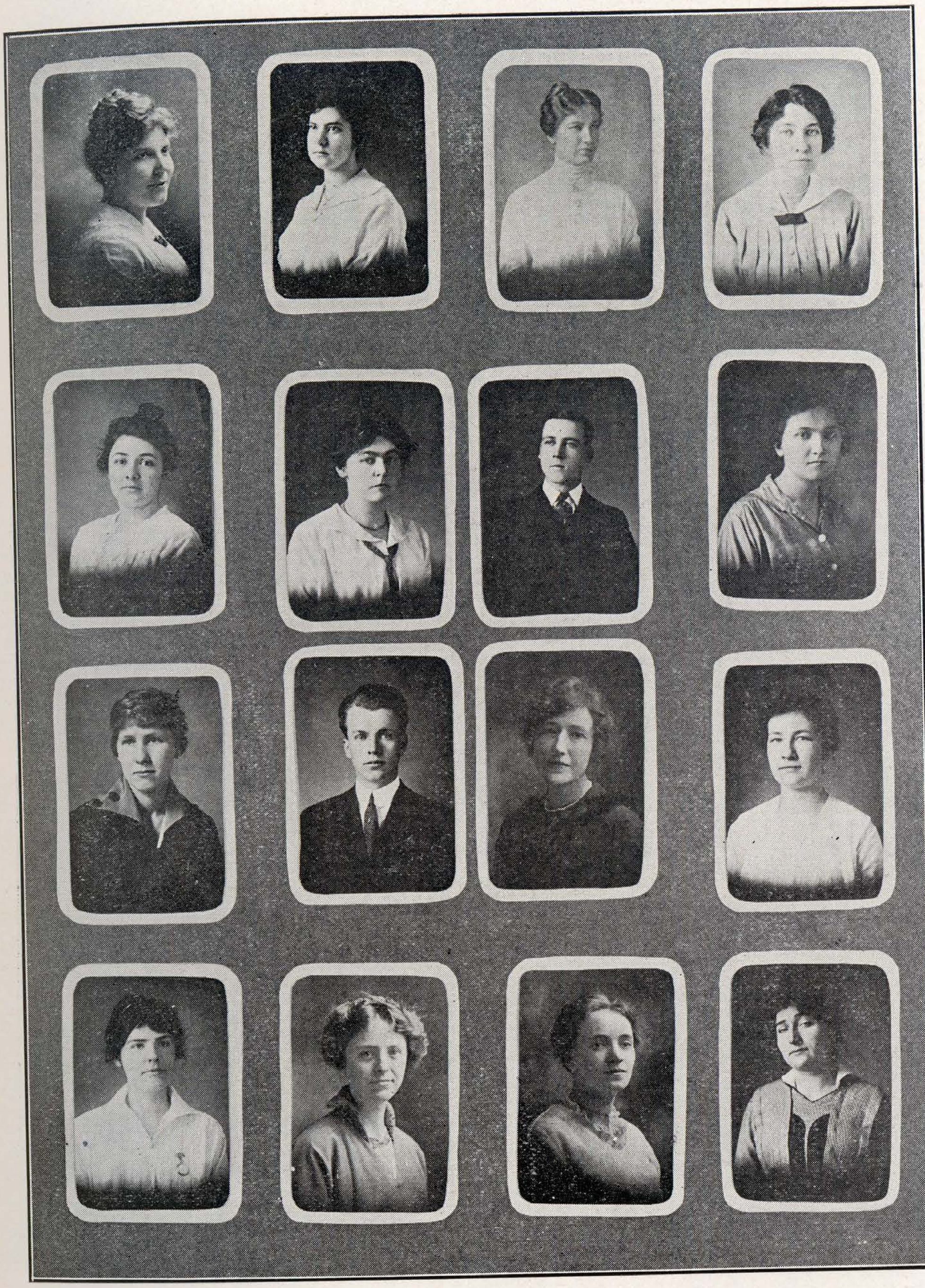

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Aldah Cusack

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Francis Sanders
Clara Albee

Cora Caswell
Laverne Culbertson
Clara Seiter
Veda Wood

Reginald Nelson
Anita Kelley
Eunice Snow
Dorothy Hunn

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Emma Jennings — Laura Bisson — Charles Dorr
Bertha Riechers — Lillie Larson — Virginia McKnight
Albertina Grove — Velvalee Duke — Merle Butler — Gladys Arthur

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Kathryn Steiger	Esther Rosenquist	Pearl Gandrup	Otta Moyer
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Hazel Mixer
Aimee Combatalade
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Irba Smith

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Josephine Campbell

Amy Cook

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President
Vera Gilmore

Vice President
Dora Barnwell

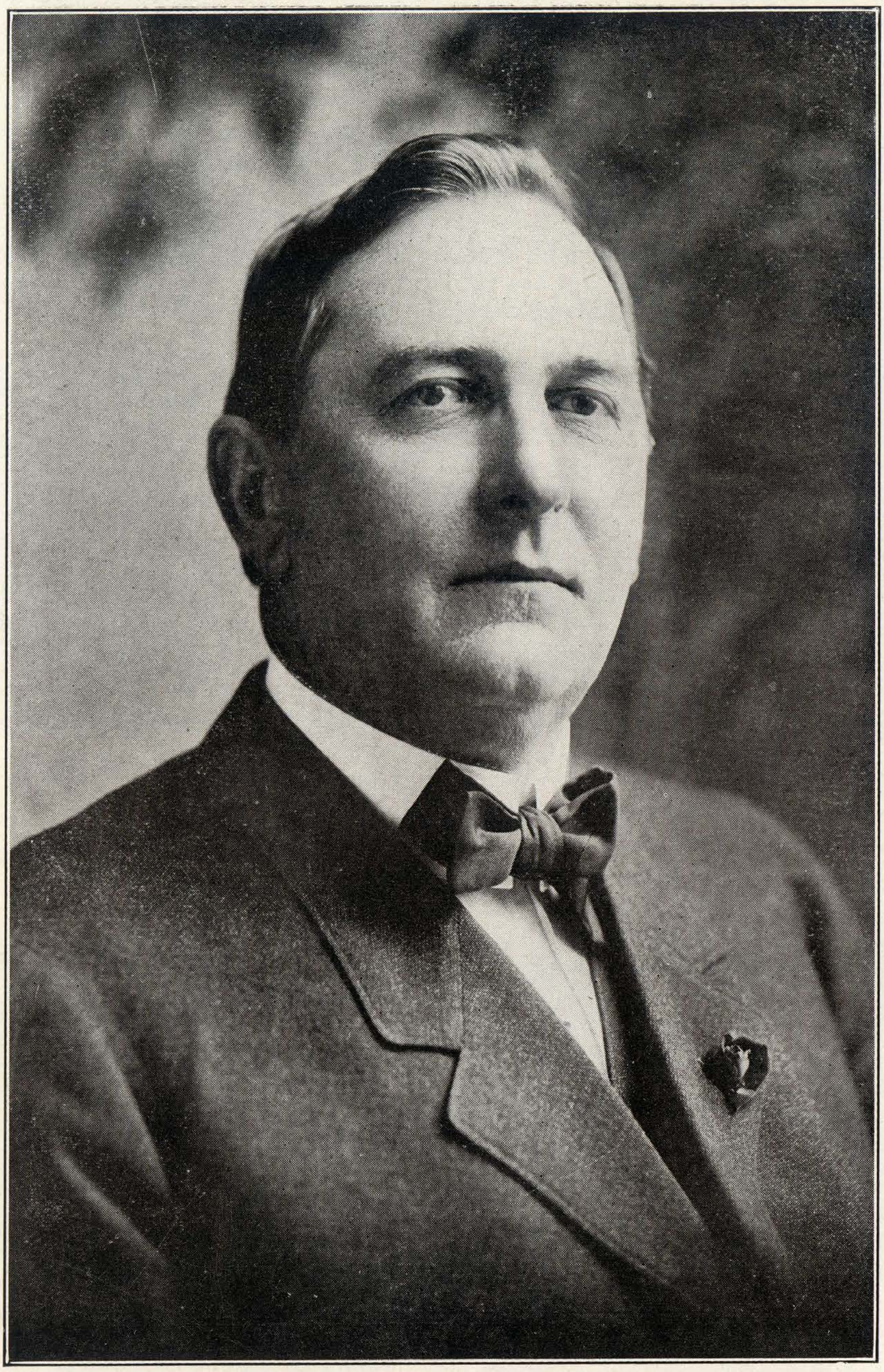
Secretary
Edith Leh

Treasurer
Frank Argall

Re-creation

A footprint where the sedges lean
  Above the mirrored pool;
A virgin trail through aches green
  When morn is calm and cool;
A song that thrills the sylvan deeps
  Where hides the hermit thrush;
A plunge where crystal current leaps
  With joyous, fervid rush.
A breath on breeze-blown battlement;
  A leap from crag to crag;
A crimson harvest, nectar-blent,
  Where paused the startled stag.
A drop down caverned canyon-steepes
  Where shouts the foamy fall,
And silver swallow swings and sweeps
  With eerie note and call.
A sense of peace, a reverence meet,
  When Evening's censor throws
Its diamonds at the daisy's feet,
  Its pearls upon the rose,
And angelus the zephyr swings
  With chalice silken, pale,
And lily, pure as angel-wings,
  Lifts up its holy grail.
A couch the weary sinews trust
  When opes the flower of night
And starry stamens sift their dust
  About the Queen of Light;
A sense of all-protecting Right
  That spans from sod to star
A dreamless sleep! Dawn! Life! Delight!
  Fresh fields that call afar!

—B. F. D.



Facts About the San Jose State Normal School

Collected by Dr. Dailey

STATE SUPERINTENDENT A. J. MOULDER recommended to the California Legislature of 1862 an appropriation of $5,000 for the establishment of a State Normal School.

The Legislature, by act of May 2, 1862, established a State Normal School and appropriated $3,000 for the support of such a school for five months.

The act shows that the school was to be held in the "daytime," and that "females of 15 years or over" should be entitled to admission.

Following are some extracts from the act:

"The Board of Education of the State of California, together with the superintendent of common schools in the city of San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville are hereby constituted (ex officio) a board of trustees of the Normal School of the State of California as hereinafter provided."

"Sessions of such Normal experiment school shall be held in the daytime at least once each day for five days of each week, during five months of each year."

"Females of fifteen or over or any male of the age of eighteen or over shall be entitled to admission upon declaring in writing to the superintendent of public schools his or her intention to engage permanently in teaching in the common schools of this state."

"The State Superintendent shall visit the school at least once each month."

"At the close of the session the Board of Trustees shall examine pupils as to their fitness and grant certificates to teach two years."

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees under this act was held in Sacramento on May 23, 1862. There were present at that meeting:

Governor Stanford
Surveyor General J. F. Houghton
State Superintendent of Schools A. J. Moulder
City Superintendent George Tait of San Francisco
City Superintendent G. Taylor of Sacramento.

Governor Stanford was chosen chairman and Superintendent Tait secretary.

Thus it will be seen that a man whose name is so widely known in the state, with whose development he was so long and so closely identified, was the first chairman of the Normal School Board.

The Board accepted the offer of the San Francisco Board of Education tendering to it the use of a vacant room in the high school building of that city. It was decided to open the Normal School on the third Monday in July.

The number of pupils was limited to sixty. At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Trustees Ahira Holmes of San Francisco was elected principal.

Up to the date set for examination, July 18, only one application for admission was rejected.

On the day appointed, July 21, 1862, the school was organized with six students, one man and five women. At the close of the term the total number had increased to thirty-one, three of whom were men.

The school was conducted in San Francsico for some years and with increasing success.

In March, 1870, the Legislature selected San Jose as the permanent location for the State Normal School.

With the act of the Legislature of 1870 selecting San Jose as the permanent home of the school an appropriation was made to erect buildings to accommodate the rapidly growing number of students.

San Jose gave the state the square of land, "Washington Square," consisting of some twenty-eight acres, which the school occupies and her citizens also made generous donations as inducements to secure the institution.

The first session of the school in San Jose opened June 21, 1871.

No records have been found to show the total number of students registered, but twenty-one were graduated in that class.

It is noticeable that in its fifty-three years there have been but ten principals—or presidents—as in July, 1896, the title of the executive head was changed to president.

The names of these heads of the institution and their length of service follow:

Ahira Holmes, July, 1862, to June, 1865.
George W. Minns, June, 1865, to June, 1866.
Henry P. Carlton, June, 1866, to July, 1867.
George Tait, July, 1867, to February, 1868.
William T. Lucky, from 1868 to August, 1873.
Charles H. Allen, August, 1873 to July, 1889.
C. W. Childs, July, 1889, to July, 1896.
A. H. Randall, July, 1896, to July, 1899.
James McNaughton, July, 1899, to July, 1900.
M. E. Dailey, from July, 1900

Faculty Women's Club

In 1907, through the efforts of Miss Agnes E. Howe, the Faculty Women's Club was organized. This small body of enthusiastic women soon became the nucleus of a chain of educational clubs formed throughout the state. Later these clubs cooperated and formed a federation.

The object of the Faculty Women's Club was twofold. First, it was to further the interests of the school and the welfare of the students in every possible way. Second, it was to reach into a wider field and endeaver to promote higher standards of education within our state. This was to be achieved by representation in the State Teachers' Association, and through legislation.

Here in our Normal the Faculty Women's Club has watched the social life of the school, has upon several occasions brought talent to add to the intellectual progress of our Student Body, and has entertained every class graduating since the formation of the club.

An open-air Shakespearean performance by the Ben Greet Company, a lecture by Helen Keller and several concerts and other lectures are among the many things accomplished for the students. Last year, from the lecture by Helen Keller, five hundred dollars was realized, and this amount was donated to the Students' Loan Fund.

This year the Faculty Women entertained the Christmas and the March graduating classes at charming affairs. Their receptions are always original and delightful.

The faculty members have always felt the need of regulating the society dances given at Normal, and at present the regulation of these dances is under serious consideration. The students of Normal are just beginning to realize the benefit of such a club, and they are trying, in every way, to co-operate with its views.

Hail and Farewell! 'Tis the way of the wise,
'Tis the New World way of sharing our best;
Wisdom dwells not alone in the elder East,
Nor does strength come only out of the West.
The North to the South gives, but takes return;
The members are many, the body one.
And mankind awakes, not alone to know
There is good in all things under the sun,
But to feel with a thrill the old-time truth—
Nothing truly is ours that useless lies;
The treasure buried breeds moth and rust;
'Tis the treasure broadcast that multiplies.

—Ruth Royce.

Faculty Men's Club

THIS year our Faculty Men's Club has resolved itself into a congenial group of men entertaining our student boys.

Last October the first of a series of dinners was held. This dinner was given in honor of the new boy students. Dr. Dailey spoke of the growth of the boys' attendance at Normal, and of the opportunities afforded them by such an education. The speakers of the evening were Mr. Boyd, Mr. Nathanson and Mr. Argall.

This delightful affair was returned by the boys in a dinner given the faculty men in November. The faculty had charge of the program and those present were surely entertained. If one can imagine Mr. Wood as a dainty feminine creature just entering school, and Mr. Wilson as a college yell leader, some idea of the fun may be imagined.

In January the Senior boys were given a pleasant dinner. One feature of the evening was a state roll call. All present were surprised to find that nearly twenty states were represented.

The pleasant occasions of the year closed with a banquet given at Hotel Montgomery to the March graduates. All the men of the faculty were present. Among the March graduates present were, Charles Fisher, Mr. Wells, J. Gilbert Smith and Waldo Worden.

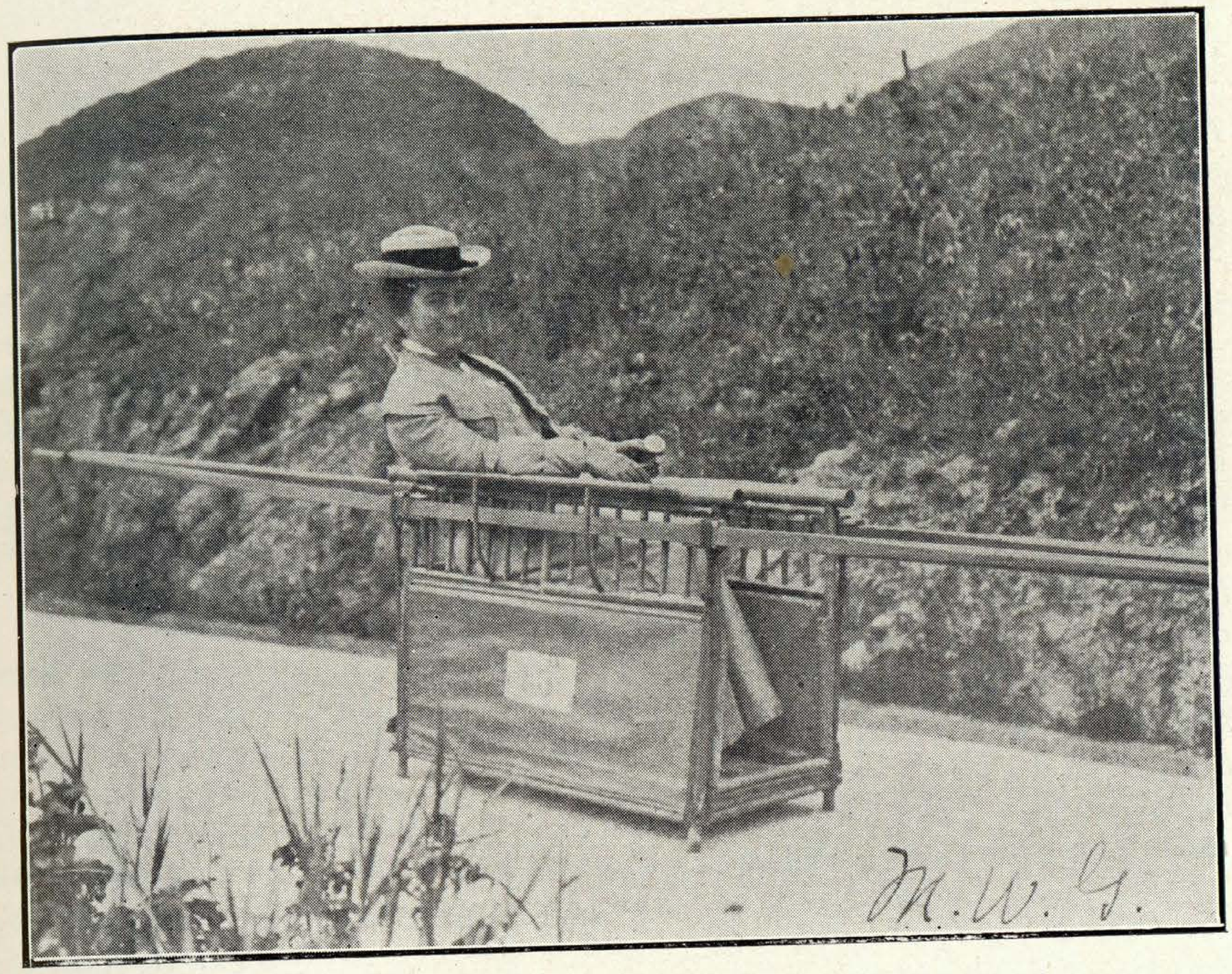
The Voices of the Far Alone

I hear the voices calling me,
The whispers of the Far Alone,
I listen and I fain would see
The great high peaks, my own,
That call to me.

I feel them surging thru my dreams,
The memories of that wide land,
I cannot e'er forget, it seems,
But stretch my eager hand
To them in dreams.

And do they know I hear their call?
My longing eyes with tears grow wet
For fear they will not know that all
My heart is with them yet
And hears their call.

Our New Preceptress



MRS. GEORGE IN JAPAN

UPON the resignation of Mrs. Rousseau, Mrs. Mary W. George took the chair as preceptress of San Jose Normal. Mrs. George has for many years been connected with the geographical course in this institution. With her increasing duties Mrs. George is unable to devote as much time to the course, but the students feel her larger fellowship and help in her new relation to them.

Mrs. George very graciously consented to give a few impressions of her visit to the Alhambra, and readers of the Year Book will certainly appreciate her kindness. Everyone knows Mrs. George is a sympathetic traveler, and the joy of the journey is expressed by Kipling in one of her favorite bits of verse:

For to admire an' for to see,
  For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me
  But I can't drop it if I tried!

Spain and the Alhambra

BEAUTIFUL Spain, the land of chivalry and art, of romantic castles and fairy-like palaces, of stately cathedrals and graceful mosques,—how can words express her alluring beauty!

Shut off from the rest of Europe by the lofty Pyrennees and far from the beaten paths of travel, Spain is visited by few tourists; but she is the Mecca of the artist, the poet and the dreamer, and only to such as these does she ever fully disclose her elusive charms. Consequently, the traveler should be an idealist whose inner eye perceives the romance of the past as well as the beauty of the present. Moreover, he should journey leisurely and in the springtime, when myriads of wildflowers make great splashes of yellow, purple and old-rose on the hillsides and the cultivated fields below are delicately green. Then the nightingale sings all night long. Going thus, he will bring away, as I brought, memories of a loveliness which may not be all reality, but which I fondly cherish; for am I not "part of all that I have seen"?

To the Californian, Andalusia, or southern Spain, is "the land of all delights," for it is truly our Mother Country. On every side are found countless subtle suggestions of home—in the language and names, the people, the scenery, and the climate. As in California, the blue sea stretches along the coast, while the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas tower above fertile valleys with carefully cultivated gardens and fragrant orange groves, and the very air is charged with gaiety and romance. Well might the Andalusian adopt our state song:

"Where the snow-crowned golden Sierras
Keep their watch o'er the valleys blue."

Motoring through this country and coming in close contact with the life, one is struck by the exquisite neatness of even the humblest home, with its freshly whitewashed walls and the omnipresent scarlet geranium in the window.

To the onlooker life seems only a merry pastime to these smiling people, even their work being turned into a gay series of picturesque fiestas. Their jolly beggars so charmingly painted by Murillo have long been the delight of the world. This refinement and joyousness must be a heritage from their Moorish ancestors. Surely it is not in this part of Spain that one finds the haughty Spaniard of fiction or the cruel persecutors of the Inquisition.

But I must not linger by the way, for in Spain the goal to which all roads lead is the Alhambra, endeared to every American heart by our poet-historian, Washington Irving. The Alhambra in western Europe, like the Taj Mahal in the far East, is a lasting memorial of the artistic genius and amazing civilization of the Arab peoples. Granada, where it is located, was once the capital

of the Moorish empire, and later the residence of the Spanish kings, so that it is full of interest. A hill rises above the town, like the Acropolis in Athens, and crowning this is the citadel with great walls inset by many towers, which surround a group of buildings, the gem of which is the Alhambra palace.

The slopes of the hills are covered by a dense forest and beautifully adorned by gardens. As one ascends the shady paths rippling brooks and gurgling fountains are heard on every side, the cool waters for which are brought from the distant Sierras. The air is so vocal with the song of birds, and it was here that I first heard and saw the nightingales. All night long they kept up their insistent song, and I waked to listen. It is a plain brown bird, a little smaller than the robin, with a stocky form and bright black eyes. The one I photographed sang unconcernedly ten feet from my camera.

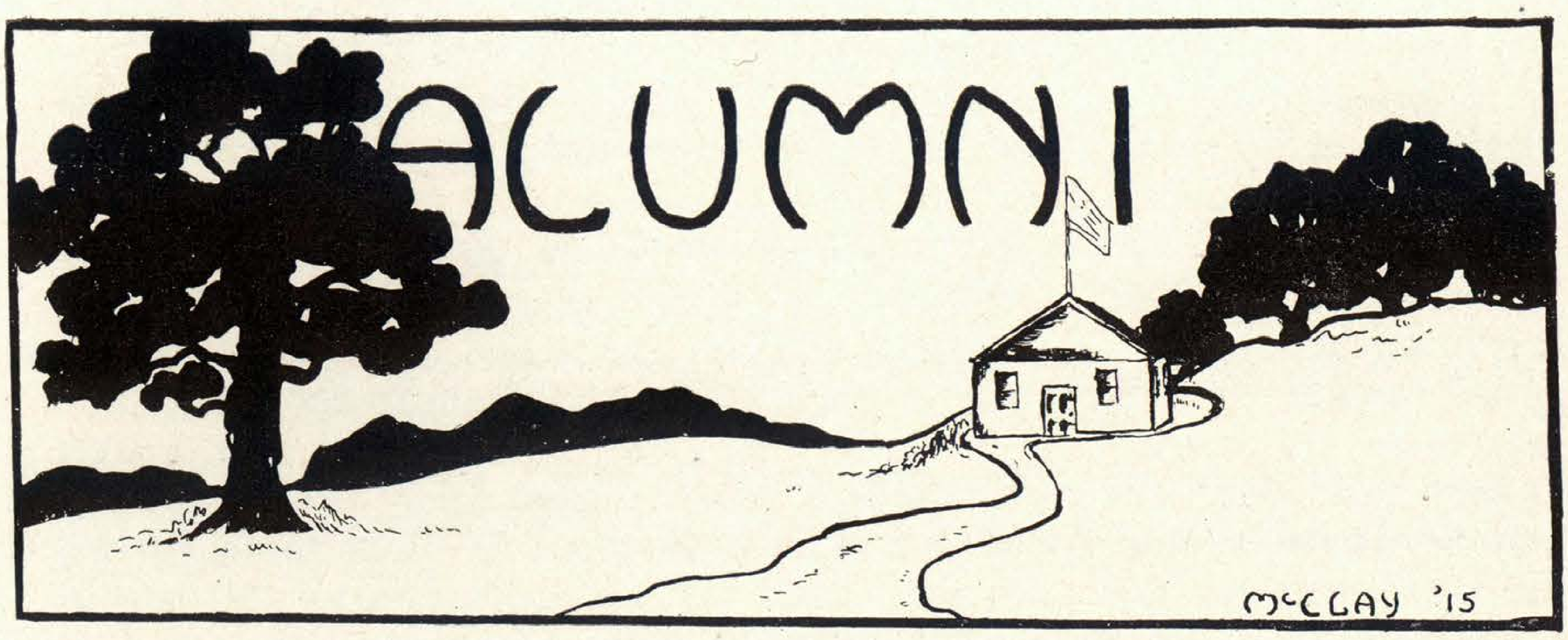
Entering the castle gate and approaching the palace itself, I was seized by a keen sense of disappointment. I do not know what I had expected, perhaps some beautiful vision such as bursts upon one upon entering the gateway of the Taj Mahal. Here was only an ugly mass of reddish buildings, with no dignity, no grace. One might easily overlook it when in the immediate neighborhood. I should have known that it was the Moorish custom to disarm envy by ugly exteriors to their buildings, and at the same time more completely to astound the favored guests by the unexpected beauty within.

We entered the palace by a small door, crossed a corridor—when suddenly there burst upon us the fairy-like beauty of this royal abode. The delicate brightness of the coloring and the exquisite lines of the groups of slender columns, with their horseshoe arches, expressed something so different that I was spellbound. Surely it did not, like the Taj, express love and death; perhaps it was love and life, for it certainly was not religion nor war. One could not imagine the men who conceived this delicate beauty, fighting, pillaging, destroying, or even worshiping.

Room by room, court by court, we went through the vast structure which has been the inspiration of a large part of the decorative art of our own times.

The distinguishing features are the exquisite Moorish arches, gracefully cuneated and supported by hundreds of slender columns, through which are marvelous vistas into cool recesses and out upon the beautiful landscape framed by double-arched windows. No less beautiful are the walls, every inch being covered either by irridiscent tiles, the making of which is a lost art, or by arabesques in intricate designs, which are richly gilded and colored into an indescribable harmony. Everywhere are fountains and pools and cool grottoes, where for seven centuries the most luxurious monarchs of the world held court. What wonder that Boabdil, the last Moorish ruler, driven back into the desert from this paradise, is one of the most pathetic figures in all history!

No, I was not disappointed, after all. The Alhambra is more beautiful that my dreams—but, oh, so very different! I cannot imagine one change that would not mar its perfection,



OUR Alumni members are scattered over the state, but they are bound in fellowship and spirit, as shown in their ever-present enthusiasm. This year the Alumni held its business meeting and selected a most worthy and capable president to guide it through the year. Mr. Joseph Cagney is well known, not only by the Alumni members, but by the Student Body as well. Mr. Cagney is the superintendent of schools in San Benito County. Miss Arta Bradt was re-elected secretary.

JUVENILE OPERETTA

"Beauty and the Beast" was the operetta selected by the committee last year. The cast was chosen from the children of the Grant School. The play was a delightful success owing to the constant effort of the various committees in charge. The proceeds of this play defrayed the expenses of the reunion and twenty-five dollars went to the Allen Memorial Fund.

REUNIONS.

Two years ago the plan was proposed of having reunions of San Jose Normal School graduates at various county institutes held throughout the state, and also at the meetings of the California Teachers' Association. Last year two such reunions were reported, and it is hoped that the spirit of closer fellowship will grow.

ALUMNI WEEK.

The Alumni members entertained their guests last June with a promenade and dance in the Normal Court. Roy Bridgman was chairman of the committee and Brohaska's orchestra furnished the music. Refreshments were served by the several societies, and the Alumni. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. Alumni members and guests will long remember this delightful reunion.

Your Whistle Down the Trail

Comrade, you have not forgotten
In the land where you have gone,
  How the far white peaks are calling,
  How the forest shades are falling
Where the trail winds on and on?

To the dear old haunts I wander
Pushing far through snow and shale,—
  Mem'ries sweet come crowding, thronging,
  And my ears are listening, longing
For your whistle down the trail.

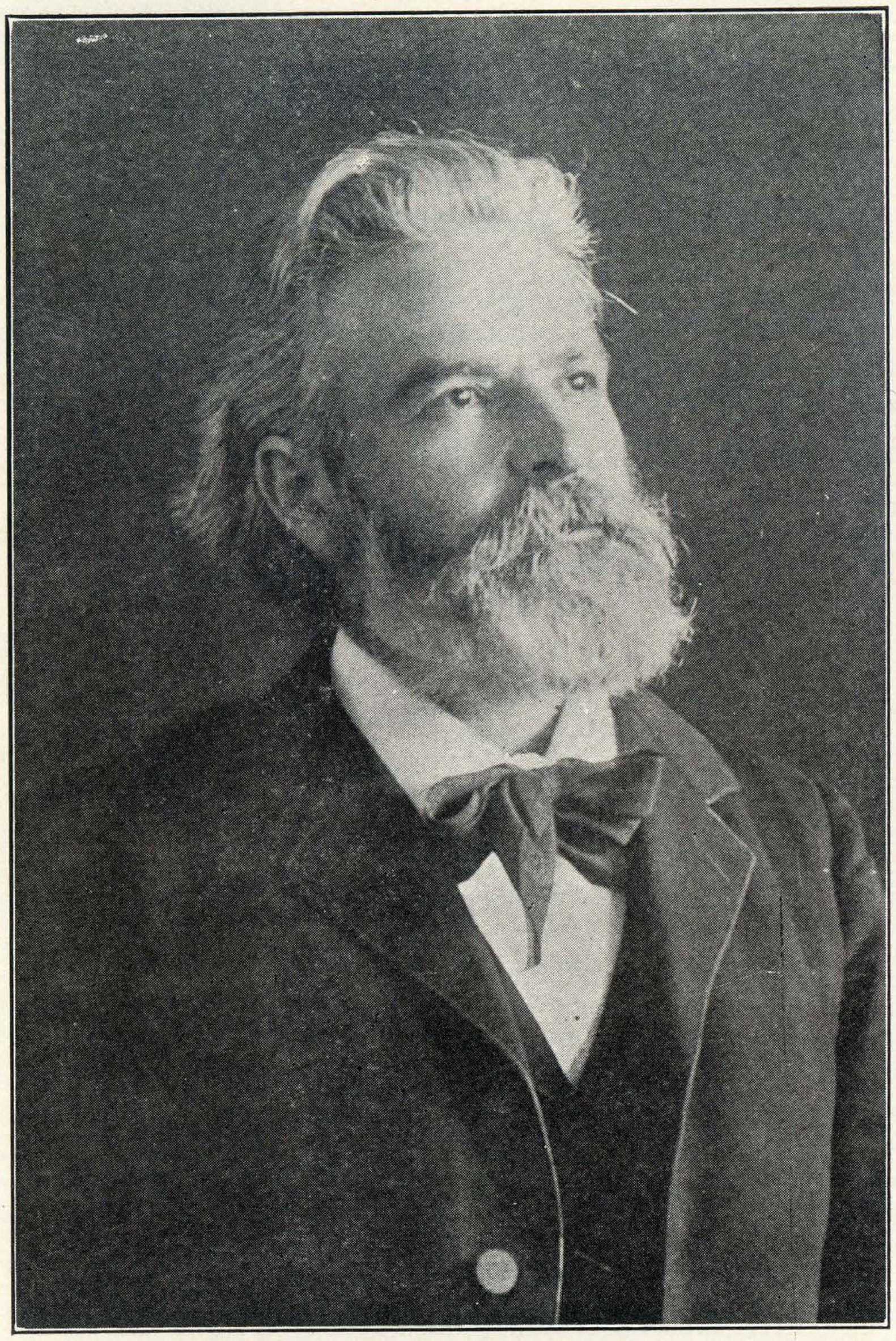
Where the lakelet's throbbing spangles
In the sunlight's gold rejoice,
  Or upon its surface glimmering,
  Floats the moon in silver shimmering,
There I listen for your voice.

Oft I linger in the meadow
Waiting long but no avail,
  For no echo's singing,
  Gone forever is the ringing
Of your whistle down the trail.

And sometimes I pause to wonder
How the brook can still croon on,
  How the light can dance and quiver,
  On the waters of the river
Just the same since you are gone!

Though I wander on and onward,
Only nature's voice is heard,—
  Sound of water, foaming, rushing,
  Or the silver streamlet's gushing,
Or the pipe of lonely bird.

But at night beneath the fir trees,
While above, the cloudlets sail,
  Or the frosty stars are gleaming—
  Then in dreams that I am dreaming,
Floats your whistle down the trail.



Edwin Markham

Our most honored alumnus and beloved poet, Edwin Markham, came to us this term with his wonderful message on literary art. Mr. Markham was graduated from San Jose Normal in 1872 and then became a teacher. His first school was held within a big tree in San Luis Obispo County, then he became county superintendent of schools, and later, principal of the Thompkins School in Oakland.

Although born in Oregon, he soon came to California, and the ranch home of "Lagoon Valley" in the heart of the Suisun hills, influenced the poet in his later writing. The boy herded his mother's cattle, and snatched the few available moments to read from well worn books. His mother soon sent over the hills for a dictionary, and this became Edwin Markham's constant companion.

When we look upon the history of the Markham family we know from where that deep sympathy for the West arises. His own parents crossed the plains in 1847, and his life was every day out of doors. In his book "California the Wonderful," Markham reaches the height of his love for our state. He speaks of the book as a "love child." He says: "I want you to like it—if you can. It is a love-child, and it is dear to my heart, because it came from my heart." Certainly nothing but love could have conceived such a picture of memory and of truth.

As a lover of it all, he pictures the mystic desert, the shaded mountain, the peaceful valleys, and the magic forests. Then, not content, he gives us a glimpse of the human element, and of the rise of men striving to express ideals.

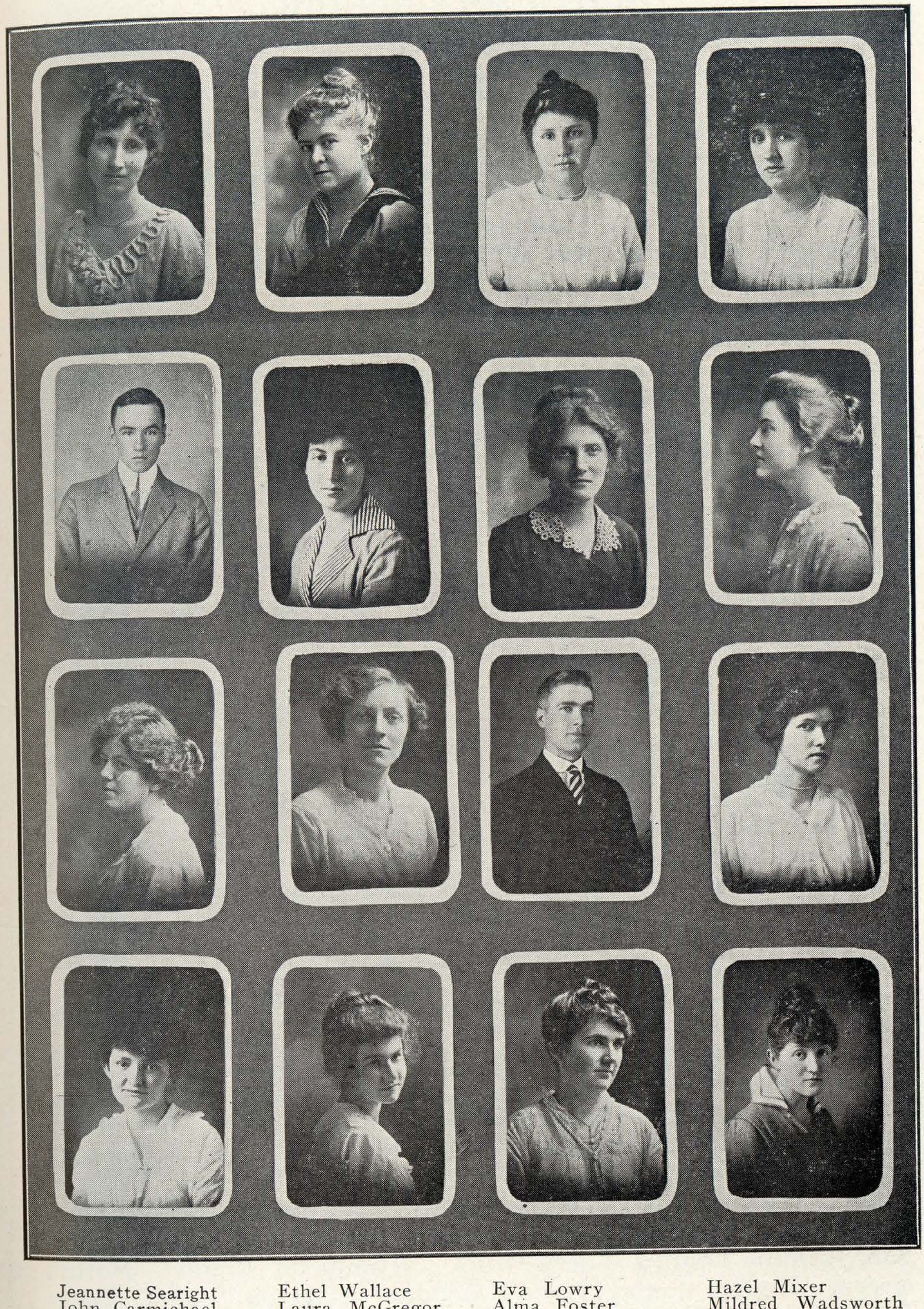
Edwin Markham watched the rise of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller and other now famous men of California, and he knew all the later members of the literary circle, including Stoddard and Ina Coolbirth. He also counts among his friends younger poets and men of stories, so, when we find his book closing with personal impressions of these people, we feel interest and authority written here.

Notwithstanding this man's wide popularity, we students of the Normal felt that he spoke with personal interest for us. Feeling this atmosphere of sympathy, we received inspiration which we hope may go through generations, carrying the beauty of thought in letters.

Year Book Staff

Editor ..... Laura McGregor
Assistant Editor ..... Alma Foster
Business Manager ..... Edwin Comer
Literary ..... Eva Lowry
Faculty and Alumnae ..... Mildred Wadsworth
Commencement ..... Jeannette Searight
Training School ..... Leola Rockwell
Organizations ..... Adelaide Kleemeyer
Societies ..... Vivian Washburn
School Activities ..... Josephine Campbell
Athletics ..... John Carmichael
Joshes ..... Hazel Mixer
Artists .....

Ethel Carlyon, Doris McMillan, Ruth Hodges, Mildred Jones, Ethel Wallace, Ralph Millar, Lucille McClay.



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Leola Rockwell
Josephine Campbell

Ethel Wallace
Laura McGregor
Ethel Carlyon
Ruth Hodges

Eva Lowry
Alma Foster
Edwin Comer
Lucille McClay

Hazel Mixer
Mildred Wadsworth
Adelaide Kleemeyer
Vivian Washburn

March Graduation

It was said of the March class that it came in "like a lamb and went out like a lion." Every one who witnessed the "post-impressionistic" survey of the Training School given by the class a week before their graduation will agree that they possessed none of the qualities attributed to a timid little lamb.

The class play represented the different unheard-of sights which presumably may be seen at any time in the various departments of the Training School. The music teacher who couldn't sing a note but was blissfully unaware of the fact, the gushing reading teacher who wasted all her time, the slangy grammar teacher, the self-satisfied and prim history teacher and the poor gymnasium teacher who worked hard enough to inspire anything but an eighth grade boy to work. Of course, all the characters were utterly impossible, but actors should always be allowed "poetic license" the same as anybody else.

Perhaps the funniest thing of all was during the first act, when little six-year-old Jimmie Waldo Worden flew after the goat and Irene Hannigan buzzed like a real bee. At the end the good work of the March class was shown in a carefully drilled minuet, which was danced by six supposedly seventh grade girls. All of the members of the class took part in the skit and deserve much credit for the splendid entertainment they gave their friends.

The graduation exercises of the class were marked by a beautiful simplicity which will long be remembered by all those who witnessed the graduates receive their diplomas. The class gift was a most practical one—a neat sum for the Rest Cottage fund.

The officers of the class were: President, Marion Werner; Vice President, Ferne Nelson; Secretary-treasurer, Dora Rankin; Reporter, Genevieve Sicotte.

The members of the class and counties from which they registered follows:

Santa Clara County: Guida Allen, Nellie Bateman, Elizabeth Bean, Lillian Jayet, Leone Jopson, Ethel McLeod, Fern Nelson, Olga Nelson, Chrissie Owen, Iris Penny, Dora Rankin, Mary Reed, Jennie Robbins, Stella Rogers, Margaret Shannon, Edith Shepard, Genevieve Sicotte, Gilbert Smith, Ruby Taylor, Aileen Volkers, Clinton Wells, Marion Werner, Evelyn Whitman, Waldo Worden, Mary Finey. Santa Cruz County: Lois Tuttle and Charles Fisher. San Joaquin County, Carrie Ellis. Humboldt County, Norma Green. Madera County, Irene Hannigan. Siskiyou County, Agnes Romey. Sonoma County, Helen Thor. Merced County, Helen Thomas. Illinois, Eleanor Root. Oregon, Beatrice Webb.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Ethel Wallace

Training School

THE Training School is the heart of Normal and I wonder how many realize what a truly wonderful heart it is.

When school opened in September we Seniors, with a feeling of fear, responsibility and pleasure turned our steps for the first time toward the Training School. What a gathering there was in the Low Primary Department. There were the second graders and high first pupils sitting up so straight and trying to show how grown up and helpful they were. There were the seventy dear little beginners, coming to school for the first time, and there were their doting mothers, fathers, grandmothers, a few grandfathers and here and there a stray aunt and uncle. "Almost like Commencement day," some one said. And it was a real commencement for the six-year-olds. There was a feeling of happiness pervading the place, happiness of parents, of pupils and teachers and that has been the characteristic of the year.

How those children have grown! How many have lost their front teeth, their Dutch cuts and their baby talk. The boys have been promoted from Buster Brown suits to nickers and blouses and many little girls have braids in place of curls. We know they have grown mentally for we have had so much real pleasure teaching them and making the work seem like play.

Did you see them with their caps and jack o' lanterns and masks at Hallowe'en; or as demure little Puritan men and women at Thanksgiving time; as real American children with Santa Claus around the Christmas tree; or as flowers in the garden when they surprised Miss McCabe? If not you have never seen real child happiness. We can sum it all up in the words of a little boy: "I wish there were no such thing as Saturdays and Sundays and I never want vacation. School's the place for me."

Upstairs in the "Little Building" the children of the third and low fourth grades are quite agriculturists. Each of the 120 children has a plot of land 3x10 feet, and upon it has raised an unbelievable amount of radishes, lettuce, carrots, turnips, beets, onions and string beans. Each child has done all the work on his land and the results of his labors are his. Besides the joy and knowledge from the things planted in the garden has come a vital interest in birds and insects that have molested the crops.

The pupils of the high fourth and low fifth grades take a great interest in their primary handwork. Here they make memorandum pad holders, booklets and the little people of this department made the large toy blocks that are displayed in our model room at the Exposition.

In the high fifth grade the course in Industrial Arts has proved most interesting. The boys have constructed a cottage and made

the furniture for it while the girls have made all the other house furnishings, the most interesting of which is a crocheted bedspread. These things are now on exhibition at the Exposition. In the sixth grade the boys have manual training and the girls sewing. During the last term, however, one class of girls has been taking wood work.

The seventh grade is the plain hard work grade but in spite of this the girls are looking forward to a real fashion show when they shall be the models, and dressed in frocks of their own making, hear admiring remarks as to workmanship, design and fit. These girls do real sewing and besides the actual technical skill, they gain an appreciation of what a well made, well finished garment is; they learn to judge the beauty of line and material, and of that most wonderful thing, appropriateness.

During the eighth year an optional course of vocational bent is offered to the children. For the girls there is sewing and metal work and most of them take the latter. Drawing and design are co-related with the work in the shop where bill files, letter racks, match boxes, card trays and other things are made. The course for the boys includes three months of mechanical drawing, three months in the print shop, where English, spelling and punctuation are made much of, and three months at furniture making. Because of the large number who desired this work an additional optional in house construction was offered during the last term. The ten boys who have taken this drew plans for bungalows and now five bungalows are in process of construction. These are one-eighth the size of real houses and are made in exactly the same way. In the spring term the 8B took gardening. Each of the 24 boys has a plot, 7x10 feet, where he has raised, with the sub-irrigation method of watering, lettuce, radishes, carrots, onions, beets, turnips, beans, peas and anything he desired on the last ten feet of his land.

SHIBLEY BOYES.

Little twelve-year Shibley Boyes of Miss O'Brien's department is the child pianist selected from all California's children to play at the Exposition.

MOTHERS' CLUB.

Once every month letters of invitation go to the mothers of the Training School pupils urging them to be present at the meeting of the Mothers' Club. These meetings are held in the Society Hall and their programs include musical numbers and speeches. Some of the most interesting of the latter have been "The Montessori Method" by Miss McCabe; "Travel," by Mrs. George; "Physical Training, Its Place in the Schools and Why," Miss O'Brien, and "Hygiene," by Miss McFadden. Out of the Mothers' Club has grown

THE CAFETERIA

and the luncheon association holds its meeting just before or after the regular meeting of the Mothers' Club. Each person upon joining the association paid one dollar and it was with money obtained in this way and $100 allowed by the Board of Control that our Cafeteria was started. Here is a fine opportunity to get the best food, cooked in the most wholesome way at small cost (everything is five cents with bread and butter). Its growth proves its need and success. It opened on Dec. 2, 1913, with the meagerest possible equipment, the tables were planks laid from one to another of several old tables found around Normal. The receipts of the day were $7.70. One year from that date, on Dec. 2, 1914, there was much improved equipment, including a steam table, large oil cloth covered tables and the receipts were $24. As many as 340 paid meals have been served at one noon, while about twenty additional were served for help during the rush hour. The average gain per day is something less than a dollar and this is used for equipment. The Cafeteria without a doubt is a wonderful success.

ORCHESTRA.

Orchestra is now a regular subject and takes the place of music for its seventeen members. It is made up of boys and girls from the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades and the instrumentation is: Four first violins, five second violins, two clarinets, one cornet, one cello, one piano and one organ. There are forty violinists, three clarinet and two cornet players working hard to gain the required proficiency for membership.

The purpose of the orchestra is to gain an appreciation of music and proficiency in execution, to play for graduation and entertainments. Only a good grade of music is studied.

Mr. Sedgwick has done much in bringing the orchestra to its present excellency and has perfected a plan whereby it seems impossible for the orchestra to do anything but grow and grow. On April 23 the orchestra gave an entertainment from which it realized $53.35 and with this money two clarinets at $28 each were purchased. The February graduation class left a sum of money as its gift and with this a bass drum was bought. These instruments belong to the Training School and are rented to the pupils for $1.50 a month and instruction is free. There are wonderful possibilities in such a plan, possibilities that bring good and pleasure to all.

CADET TEACHING.

Since January over a dozen girls have been doing cadet teaching in the city schools. This comes after good work during three terms in the Training School and is decidedly worth while because of the added experience even though it necessitates crossing the "bridge of sighs" when a Junior. It was tried as an experiment but has proved so successful that it will undoubtedly be continued.

Joe

Of course you know Joe, our Joe Asturias, the little fellow from Central America who sings "The Gingerbread Boy."

Joe had been quite a model pupil until a recent visit to the Exposition. After viewing the Tower of Jewels he became quite worldly and often forgot to mind. He grew quite annoying to us poor student teachers and we were at our wit's end to find some way to reform him. After a stormy interview in the OFFICE Joe dictated the following resolutions which he solemnly signed and has lived up to ever since:

1. I'll study hard.
2. I'll sit up straight.
3. I'll look straight to the poard.
4. I'll know my lessons.
5. Ill pay attention all the time.
6. I'll mind everybody and my own business.
7. I'll be as good as Mees McCabe.

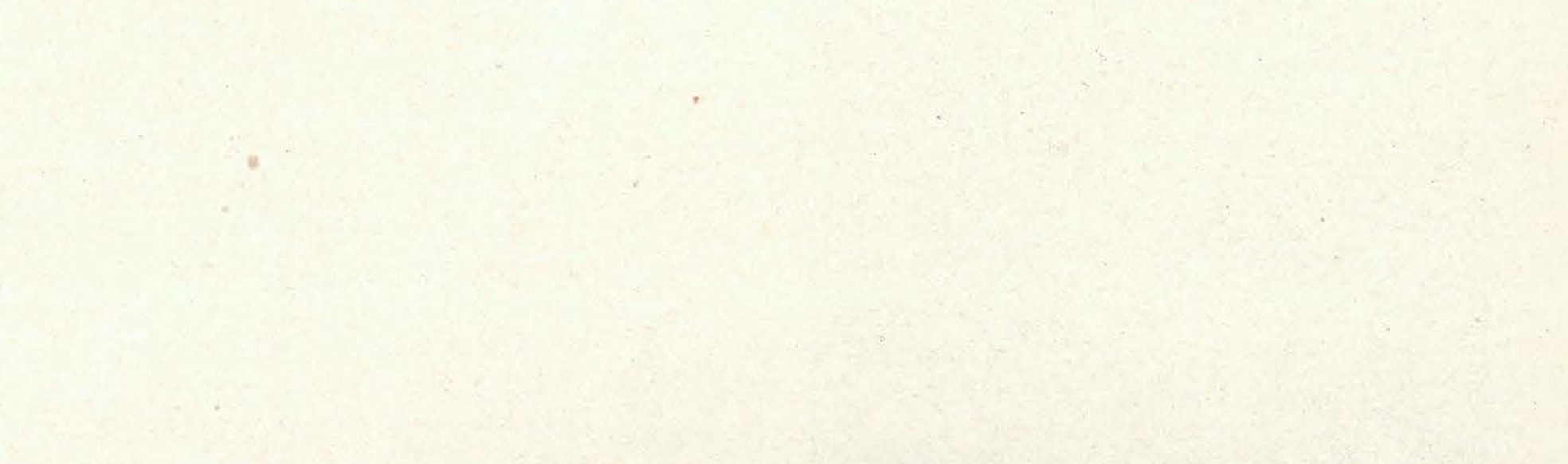
Joe Asturias

THE "ENTERPRISE."

The "Enterprise" is another Training School activity. The editing and entire management are in charge of the eighth grade boys, who also do the type setting and printing. The material for the newsy columns of the neat little monthly paper is gathered from the whole Training School.

CHANGES.

Mrs. Schroder came to us from the San Jose Schools and during Miss Hall's vacation has been at the head of that department. It is hoped that next year each grade will be a department and that none of the Training School children will be housed in the Normal proper, as is now the case. A plan for the construction of a temporary wooden building, since the State could not see fit to make a larger apppropriation, is now under way and it is believed that this will make possible one grade, one department and a more fitting housing for the high fourth and low fifth grades, thus going far in making our Training School more nearly the model we all wish it to be.



HOUSE CONSTRUCTION

Kindergarten

ALTHOUGH the Kindergarten has long been established in the San Jose Normal School it is just within this last year, beginning with the September, 1914, term, that there has been the kindergarten Training School which makes it possible for students to specialize in the kindergarten work and receive a special diploma the same as in any other line of work.

The entrance requirements for the kindergarten are the same as those for the general Normal course; that is, the applicant must be a graduate of an accredited high school, with university recommendations for the two-year course or if a University graduate, a Normal graduate or a successful teacher holding a county certificate, she is entitled to a one year's course.

One finds only a true lover of children taking up this line of work as a love of childhood and sympathetic insight into child nature are the fundamentals of a good kindergartner, therefore the training necessarily comprises two definite lines, the first being designed to give this needed insight into child life, and that of the second to acquaint the student with the technics necessary to reach these results. The first is defined as Kindergarten Theory. The second as Kindergarten Technic.

Kindergarten Theory includes a study of the interest, activities and capacities of children, and the significance of these in education. Lectures and discussion on Froebel's educational principles and the relation of these to modern theory and practice.

Kindergarten Technic deals with Froebel's gifts and occupations and the constructive occupation material, kindergarten programs, supervisors' conferences and a study of the Montessori methods and materials.

Then there is a course in Story Telling which emphasizes the great importance of the story as an educational factor and aims to acquaint the student with the best literature for young people with principles of selection, adaptation and presentation and opportunity for practice in story telling.

Special courses are arranged to meet the requirements of the kindergarten by the heads of the different departments in literature, physiology, drawing, penmanship, nature study, psychology, biology, history of education, physical education, music, primary methods, primary handwork and primary methods.

There are twenty-six students enrolled in the kindergarten department, six Normal and four University graduates, and Miss Pratt, a graduate of Dr. Montessori's methods in Rome.

The remaining number are Juniors who are taking the two years' course and act as assistants to the seniors, relieving them of one of their classes two days a week and observing the other three days.

Practice teaching is done by the students in the first and second grades of Miss McCabe's department, the Balbac Kindergarten of which Miss Turner, a graduate of the Los Angeles State Normal, is in charge, and the main kindergarten, which is in the south east wing of the Normal School.

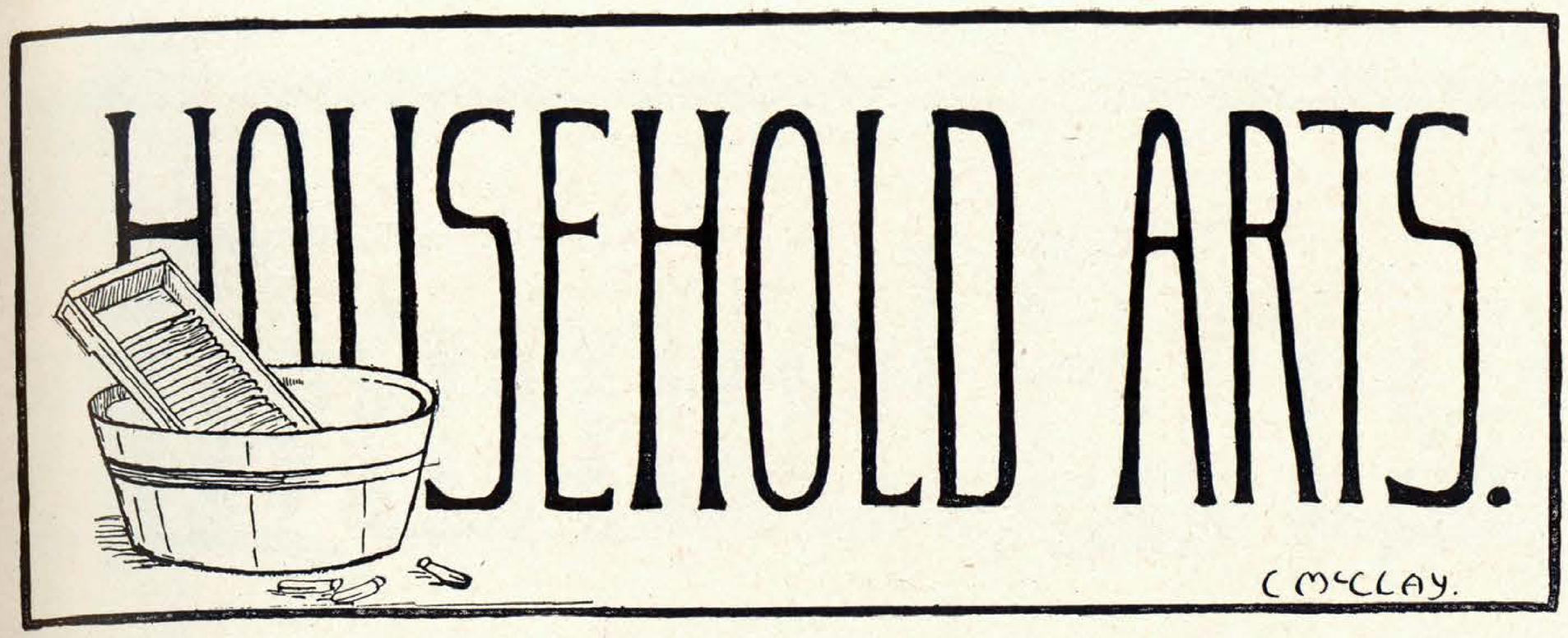
The San Jose Normal Kindergarten or "The Home Beautiful" is a wonderful spot which cannot help but inspire the teachers to work for the good and beautiful in their own little kindergartens wherever they may be, and memories of it must surely linger with the children as they pass from its doors.

There are curtains with appliqued Mother Goose designs, the new blackboard borders and changing of pictures which herald in the seasons, trailing baskets of ferns, the always fresh bouquets of flowers for the center of the circle, the cage of parrakeets, the huge bowl of gold fish, and last of all, little Peter Rabbit, who has made many a friend as he nibbled toast and clover from a child's hands.

There is only one drawback to this lovely kindergarten, which is that it is fast being outgrown and even now cannot begin to accommodate all the children that apply, as there is a continued waiting list of twenty or more.

It is hoped that the day may soon come when the kindergarten department will have its own little home out under the trees apart from the Normal building, then the sweet childish voices will not have to be curbed on account of the fear that classes in the nearby rooms may be disturbed.

CLASS IN KINDERGARTEN METHODS



Director

Miss Maude I. Murchie, B. S.

Associates

Miss Helen L. Mignon, B. S.
Miss Lila M. O'Neale, A. B.
Miss Ruth A. Wintemute.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS instruction in San Jose Normal is five years old. The course of a thoroughly practical one; practical for teachers, practical and absolutely usable for women that are not teachers. Every day's work gives the student something, yes, several things that she may take right into her own home and do with the materials at hand; something that she may take into her own life and thereby be a more efficient member of her home and consequently of society. The keynote of every days' work is practical efficiency.

Not only do we learn to use patterns, for example, but we learn how to adapt them to fit the needs of the individual. Moreover, we do not learn mere recipes, we get fundamental principles so that entirely divorced from a certain recipe we could still prepare wholesome, tasteful dishes. And so on through all the course; the general fundamental standards, not isolated, disjointed ideas, are employed.

A diploma has been granted upon the completion of the following subjects: Cookery, A and B; food production, household chemistry, dietetics, home nursing, household science, laundering, sewing A and B, millinery, textiles and education.

A two-year course is contemplated with these additional subjects: Experimental cookery, institutional cookery, nutrition B, home nursing, house decoration, millinery, sewing C, textiles, social economics and education B. Adjustments will be made in the programs to suit previous training of the student.

A special diploma entitling the holder to teach household

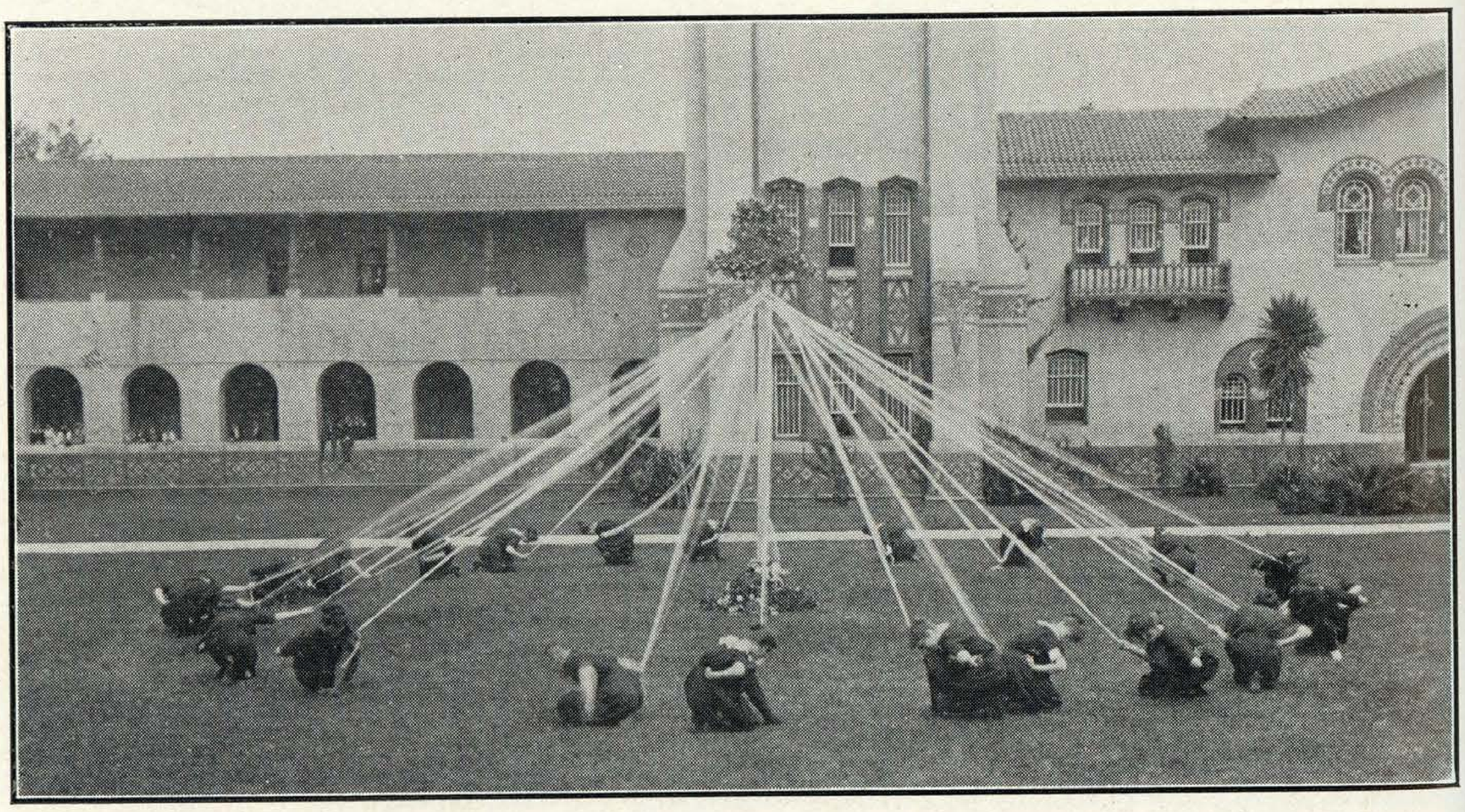
arts subjects in elementary schools of the state will be granted upon the satisfactory completion of the one-year special course. A special diploma entitling the holder to teach the household arts subjects in secondary schools of the state will be granted upon the satisfactory completion of the two-year special course.

The prerequisites necessary for entering the department are: a Normal diploma from an accredited school, two years' university work equivalent to junior standing at the University of California, a grammar grade teacher's certificate with high school graduation, or the equivalent of the above.

During the past year we have been especially fortunate in having additions to our equipment both in laboratories and the library. We are the proud possessors of a new range, a fireless cooker, a laundry stove and several new serving machines, not to mention a dainty tea and coffee service for our dining room.

And our library, which has always been comprehensive, has enjoyed the addition of many of the best latest books on the subject of home economics.

The department is a happy, congenial unit, working or playing pleasantly and enjoying that work and play.



ADVANCED PHYSICAL CULTURE

Manual Arts

IF anybody should ask you for information regarding the industrial arts department of the San Jose Normal School, would you be able to impart a few important facts concerning the work taken up there? In order to obviate any embarrassing situations here is the whole matter in a nutshell.

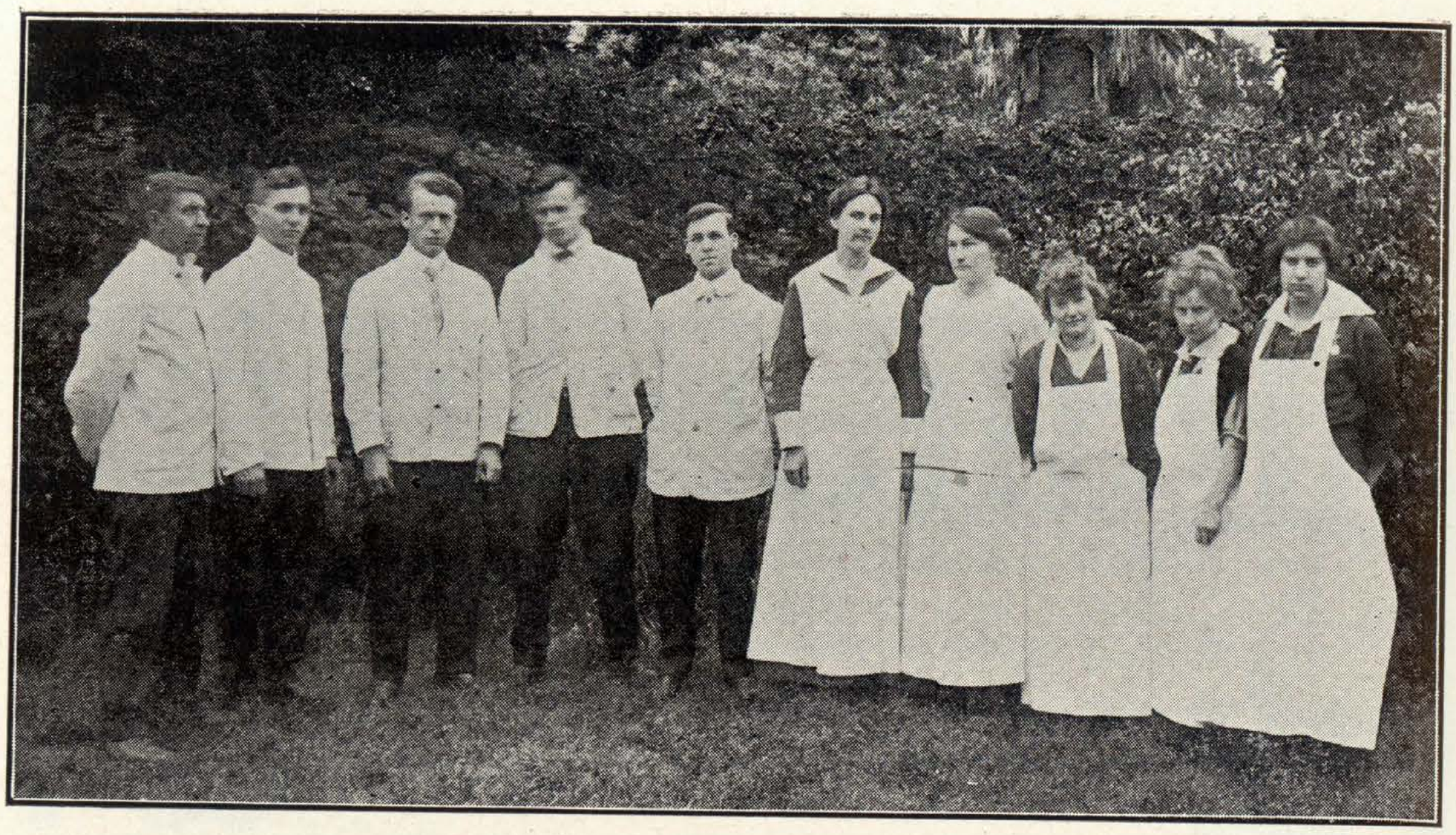
The work in the industrial arts department comes under four heads, namely, primary handwork, woodwork, metal work and printing. The latter is the newest of the arts put into the course and was essential in order to meet the demand for teachers capable of doing such work.

There are more than thirty variations in the work given, the course being so arranged as to meet the requirements of either the secondary or elementary grades. Some of the work taken up includes elementary problems in home carpentry, teaching wood work in the rural schools, shop equipment and courses, silversmithing and design.

The popularity and success of the work is evidenced by the great demand for teachers and the salaries paid them. At present there are over thirty students taking the course in industrial arts and from all appearances these people upon graduation will obtain positions sooner than those qualified only in the fundamental subjects.

The equipment in the industrial arts department of the San Jose Normal School is on a par with the instruction given there, and is the finest in this state and perhaps the finest anywhere.

The qualifications for a diploma from the industrial art department are the same as those necessary for a special diploma from any other department.



Woodwork Department

THE aim of the woodwork courses is to furnish the students a training in correct technique and skill in woodwork for teaching in the elementary and secondary schools. During the past year many excellent pieces of furniture have been constructed in this department. The furniture for the Normal "Times" office was made by a number of the students. All the furniture and general woodwork for the Normal exhibit at the fair was designed and constructed in the woodwork shop.

The machines which are installed within the main woodworking shop are a sander, surfacer, circular saw with double arbor drive, band saw and a motor grinder for sharpening tools. Seven lathes, speed shift, complete the machine equipment in the woodwork department. Guards are placed on all of these machines.

The elementary courses cover the woodwork commonly taught in the public schools from the fifth to the eighth grades inclusive. The work begins with the simplest models and gradually works up to more complicated ones. In the eighth grade woodwork course small pieces of furniture are designed and made. Technical skill is received in all this work, as well as practical methods in teaching. Accurate working drawings are prepared before beginning the piece to be made. Due emphasis is placed on good design in the models.

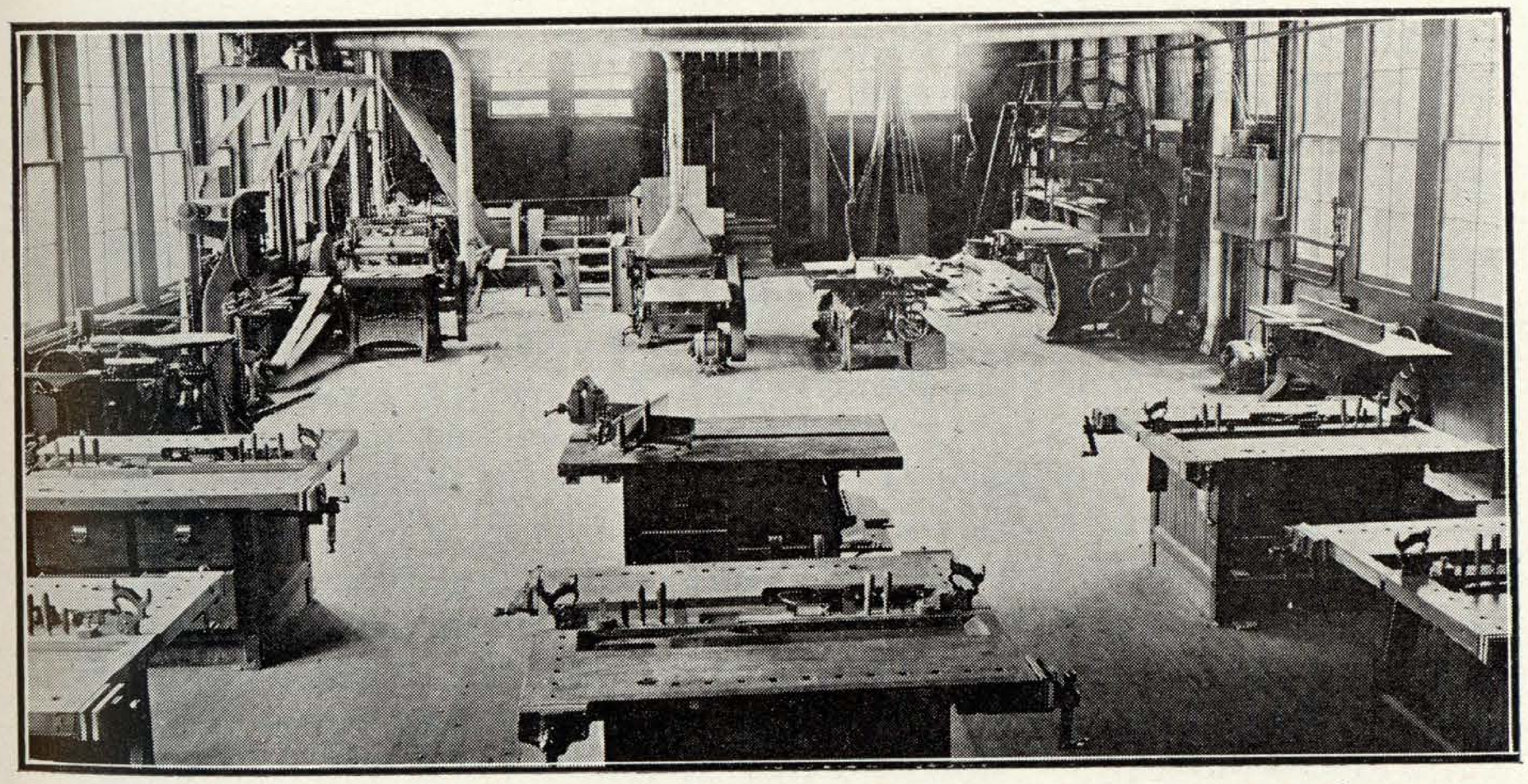
The advanced woodwork courses take up furniture construction, such as is taught in high schools. Morris chairs, davenports,

bookcases, cedar chests, piano benches, library tables, cabinets, dressers and record cases are some of the principal pieces of furniture made. The machines are used in the construction of this class of furniture. Thus the students become familiar with the various machines. The course in economics takes up very thoroughly and in a practical manner the organization and equipment of woodwork shops in elementary and secondary schools.

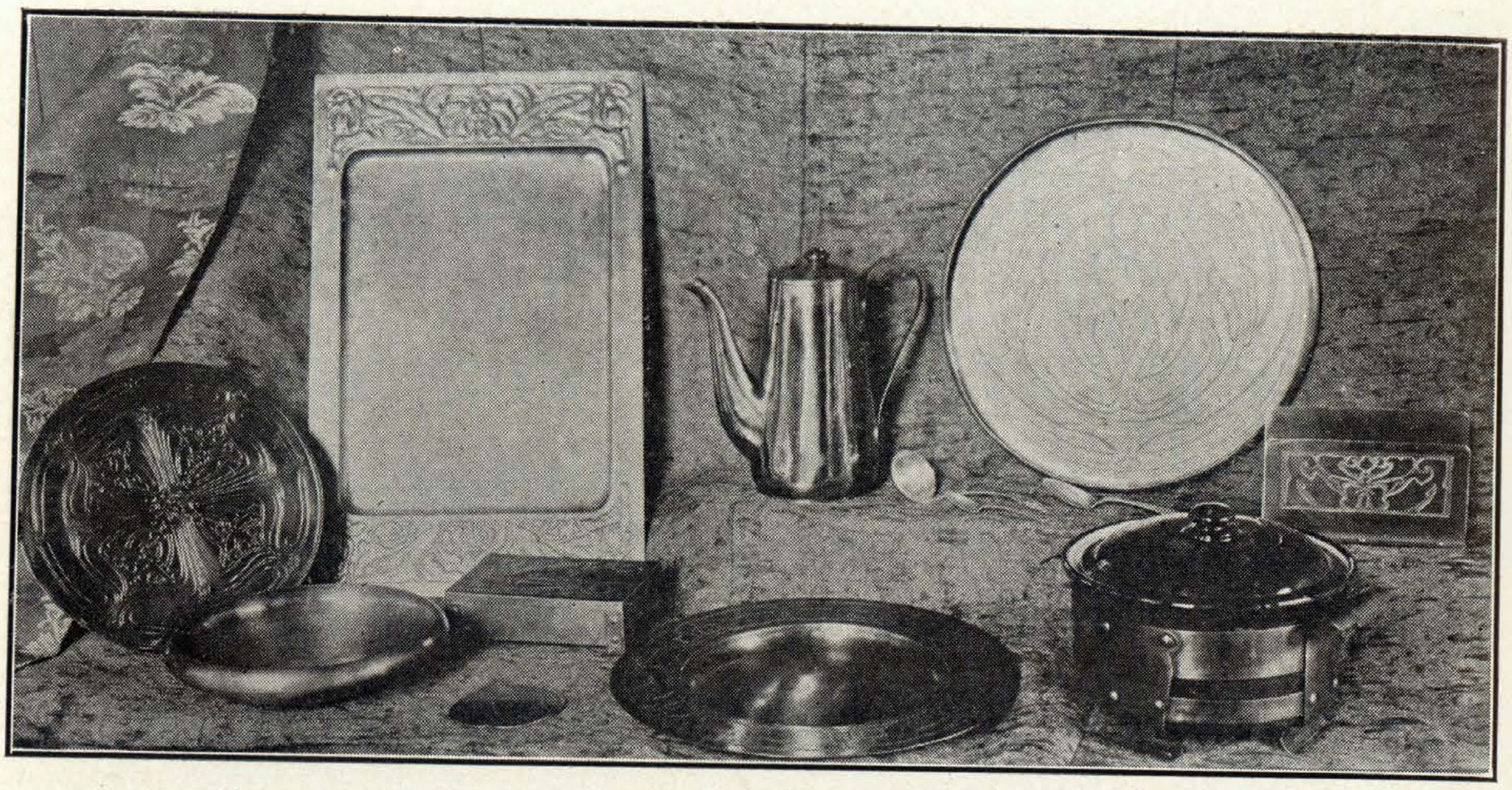
Eighth grade Training School students are given furniture construction, house construction and printing as optionals. The students in the printing course issue a monthly paper of their own, doing all the printer's work thereon. They are taught perspective views, architectural drawing and various building materials. Printing is optional with Normal students.

The elementary wood-working classes are equipped to accommodate fifty pupils at one time. The rooms contain single benches, both front and end vise. All the benches are practically new. The general tool equipment has lately been enlarged, thus the whole apartment is very complete, and is fully prepared to give thorough training in all the branches taught.

The last school term saw ten students graduate as special teachers. Many students who have already graduated are holding fine positions and recommend specialization highly, under such able instruction as is found in the industrial arts department.



SECTION OF WOODWORK DEPARTMENT



The Metal Department

This has been a great year for the metal workers and one in which many beautiful pieces of craftsmanship have been fashioned from copper, silver and gold. The new students in the department have been busy building for themselves a foundation in the work and executing only simple problems in the fundamental processes of construction and decoration. Many simple but fine pieces have been done by these students both in design and workmanship.

The advanced students have been branching in different directions, one choosing one kind of specialty and another a different kind. The boys seem to tend toward large and complex problems in construction, shaping and soldering, while the girls delight more in the enrichment of smaller pieces of construction and working with precious metals, enamels and jewels.

In all the work each student has a problem in the creation of some piece of metal work which gives opportunity for artistic expression of one kind or another. Many processes are being carried on at one time in the shops and the wide-awake student is given opportunity to note many workmanlike methods besides just his own problem. This gives a broader scope to the work than any other method could.

The classes in jewelry have given us some fine examples of craftsmanship, a few pieces made using precious stones and fourteen-karat gold. Some of these best pieces are to be on exhibition in the Varied Industries Building at the exposition.

The efficiency of the department and its worth as an educational factor can be seen by observing classes ranging from twenty-

five to thirty-five eighth grade pupils. These pupils take metal work from the student teachers as an industrial arts subject and study not only the processes but the informational side as well. Note books are carefully kept and in them are written the methods of metal working and also the methods of decorative design. The designs are also pasted in and kept. The pupils write about eighteen or twenty compositions on the different metals, the great craftsmen of history, etc. They make problems in saw-piercing, etching, hammering, riveting and soldering. In many cases the workmanship equals that of our Normal students.

In January all individual problems were put away and the whole force of metal workers turned their attention to the problem of illuminating the child's bedroom at the Fair. Sketches were made and re-made and changed about for days, until every one had about decided that no design could be worthy of occupying the central position in the room. But suddenly out of the ashes came the roughest kind of a looking sketch which everyone agreed was just the most perfect central idea—and work had commenced.

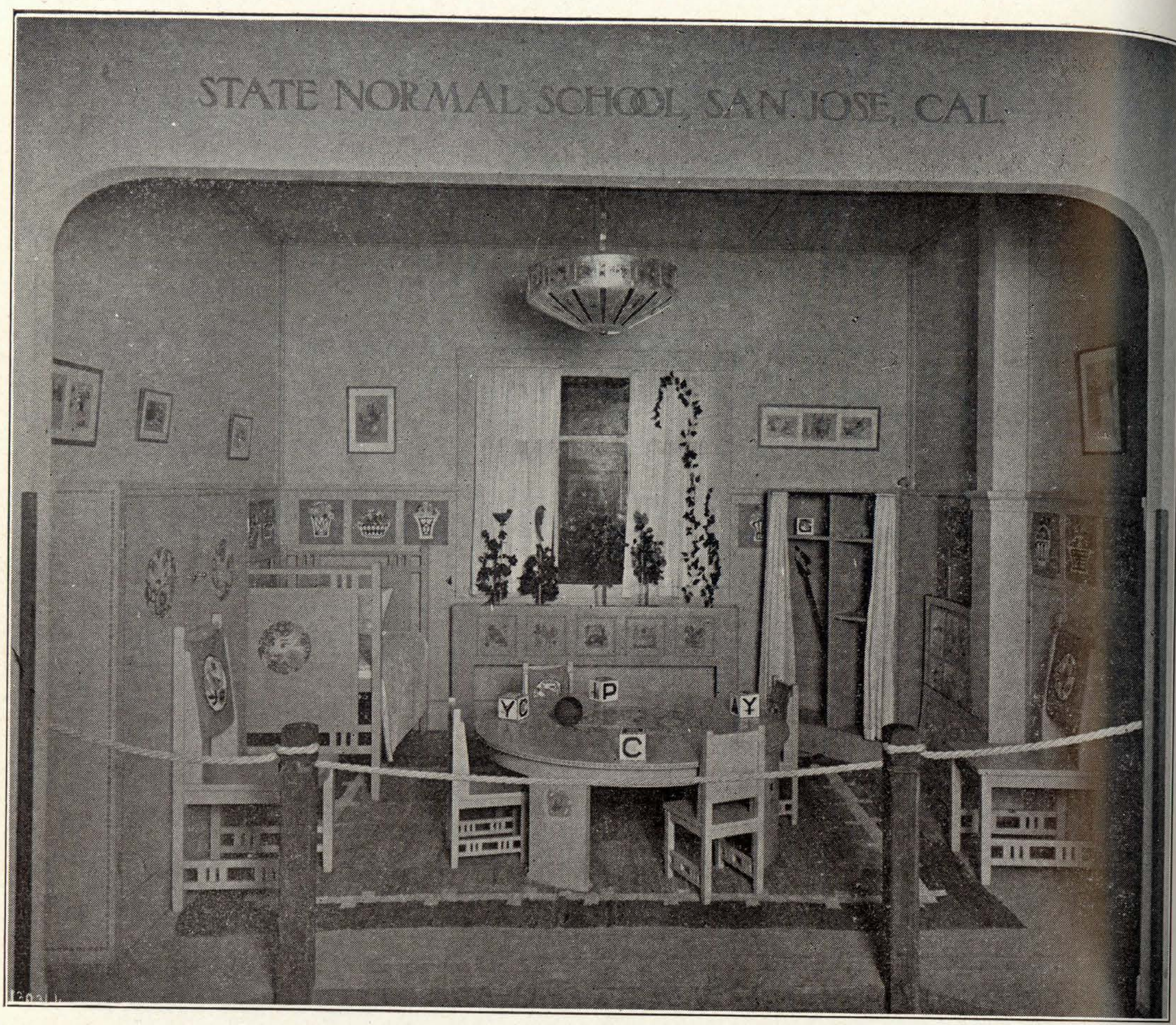
The problem was to make a lamp. And it was to be one worthy of illuminating the "Child's Room". The first hazy ideas about the construction and decoration of the lamp were that the elementary education in California is dependent on the well known and loved nursery stories of "Bo Peep," "Boy Blue" and others, and that in a California child's room there must be birds, fruits and flowers.

The lamp grew in four weeks from the paper model to a glorious realization. The ceiling plate is a large disc having a saw-pierced border of four mighty eagles with outspread wings and open mouths, as are all those defiant birds that surmount the pinnacle of each building at the fair. These are, however, purely fanciful with their purple bodies and green jewel eyes, and back of them can be seen our own blue sky of California. The eagles surround the revolving world—the rotary motion being given by the sweeping curves of hammer marks from and about the center.

Suspended by four chains from the claws of the eagle is the lamp itself. The chains are made of tiny repousse panels of California fruits—cherries, apples, grapes and pears—with links connecting each panel.

The lamp at the largest part—the top—has a diameter of twenty-nine inches. This upper portion is a strip of copper about six inches wide with alternating saw-pierced baskets of fruit and baskets of flowers—baskets full and running over with the myriads of flowers that are to be found everywhere in our state. Behind the cut-out spaces of the designs are different bright colored silks of appropriate colors which allow the light to shine through in a subdued glow, and gives the touch of lightness and daintiness that characterizes the other furniture in the room.

The lower part of the lamp rounds down into an inverted dome, the base plate of which is a chased design—four humming birds flying toward a central group of flowers, at the very heart of



which is a large jewel fruit. This is symbolical of song birds centering their flight toward the land of sunshine and riches. The panels of the dome part of the lamp are the prncipal characters of the four nursery classics, "Bo Peep", "Boy Blue", "Jack and the Bean Stalk" and "Little Red Ridinghood". Sixteen panels with these four designs are saw-pierced and the introduction of colored silk here as in the basket designs makes it more realistic.

Strength is given to the construction through the use of rivets —all decorated with flower designs.

Every motif in the lamp is symbolical of something—either of the play spirit of the room or of California.

The fruit and the flowers tell of the riches of California; the moving world, of the never ending activity here; and the eagles of the American spirit and the new tendency of freedom guarding and upholding our modern education.

—Marguerite Wright.

Commencement

Junior-Senior Farewell.

" 'Tis Thee, dear Alma Mater,
  Spurs us to work with zest.
In all the years that come and go
  We'll ever love Thee best."
This was the song of the Juniors,
  And in the hearts of the Seniors
Echoed the answering promise,
  That never will be forgotten.
Meanwhile with dancing and singing,
  White-robed maidens, the Juniors—
Science, Art, Music—together
  Paid homage to Alma Mater.
Then forth the Seniors came, slowly
  Walking past familiar faces
Smiling at each one, their feelings
  Mingled with pride, joy and sadness.
When the big cross had been formed
  By Juniors and Seniors together,
Slowly the farewells were taken
  Of the main buildings that stood for
All that the Seniors were leaving;
  While the strains of Haydn's "Largo",
Guided the beautiful movements
  Of the fine, time-honored custom.
After the Juniors with garlands
  Had crowned the Seniors with flowers—
White roses twined on gold streamers—
  "Aloha" broke the tense stillness,
While hope in every girl's heart sang
    "Until we meet again".

Senior Night

"The Maiden's Choice."

Scene:—

Flowers waving too and fro
Sang to joy in woodland O.
Fairies came to dance and sing,
Heralds of light, joy and spring.
Then the Goblins—Fear and Doubt—

Tried to put the Flowers to rout.
Normal Spirit—Queen so true
Sang away the gloomy crew.
Then the Maidens sweet and fair
Came to Normal, seeking there
Knowledge and a high desire
Some day to some life inspire.
Fairies promised with bright flowers
They would strew the weary hours.
Goblins brought forth Doubt and Care
But the Wind blew them from there.
Maidens were content to stay
Where the streams and breezes play,
For they loved the woodland free,
And the Flowers dearly.
Fairy Queen in wisdom answered,
"There is deep in every heart
The love of little children sown.
O, come with us where you may learn
To teach the children.
The children are life's fairies dear,
They come to us as God's own gift,
And we must lead them without fear
In ways of usefulness and thrift.
They are the flowers of real life,
The sunshine of our dreary ways.
We guard and keep them from all strife,
And fill their lives with happy days."
The Goblins then related how
The tests are hard, the lectures dense,
Miss Howe's advice, Miss Royce's lists,
No chance to teach by common sense.
Miss Fisher's "la" and civics' sting
Darken the gloom the Goblins bring.
The Maidens turned to the Fairies sweet
To lead their now faltering feet.
Then to the woodlands said good-bye
Then turned to leave with many a sigh.
Winds in consolation murmured,
"We are coming, cease your pining,
All clouds have a silver lining.
We shall follow where you're going,
Always round about you blowing."
And the Flowers whispered gaily,
"Maidens, soon we'll lose you
We must say good-bye,
But we speed you onward
Ere we fade and die.
You will meet new blossoms
All along the way.

Woodlands lift your voices,
Flowers all rejoice,
  Praises we send singing
For the Maidens' Choice."

Graduation

"

Eventide in the Quadrangle,
  Sun a'tilting in the West,
Cloud puffs floating, amber glowing
 O'er our Alma Mater's crest.
There assembled many people—
  All our good friends, every dear one—
Proud to see our graduation,
  Glad to say to us: "Well done."
But the center of all vision
  Was the bleachers looming high
Lifted there were all the Seniors,
  Glad hearts beating happily.
For to us this was our goal,
  Long in sight, now reached at last.
Not aimlessly had we labored
  Onward striving in our past.
Dr. Dailey, our good leader,
  Gave diplomas to us all,
While the clappings as we passed him
  Should have made the heavens fall.
Mingled with congratulations
  Was the parting, friend with friend.
So we made the golden pledges
  That shall last until the end.

December Class, 1914

THE Christmas class of 1914 was not only one of the biggest Christmas classes ever graduated, but also one of the best and liveliest classes in the history of the Normal School.

They were particularly fortunate in having Miss Bradley for a class teacher,, as she took such a deep interest in all their class affairs and even wrote the class play which was given on December eleventh. The play was one of the best affairs of its kind ever given in the Normal Assembly. Don Richards, who has since produced a play of his own, was one of the principal actors.

One of the events in the series of good times connected with the Christmas class graduation was the reception given by the women of the faculty. The decorations for this event carried out the idea of Christmas very cleverly, as little Christmas trees and Christmas candles held a prominent place on each table. Miss Howe, Miss Sprague and Miss Post gave very interesting speeches welcoming the class into the profession and wishing them success in their future work.

The class of fifty-three was graduated on the morning of December eighteenth, their diplomas being presented by Mr. Wilson on account of Dr. Dailey's absence. Hazel Budlong presented the class gift, which was to go to the student loan fund, and it was received by Lois Salsman. The exercises closed with everybody singing "Our Hearts Are Filled With Pride."

After graduation the class held a reception for their friends in the Assembly of Miss McCabe's department.

The officers of the Christmas class were: Hazel Budlong, president; Vera Colman, vice-president; Wanda Cooper, secretary and treasurer; Gretchen Hall, reporter.

After graduation the members of the class scattered to the far corners of the earth. Edna Jones returned to her work in China, Katherine Woods went to Nevada to teach, Edward Dyer is now working on a cattle ranch in Mexico and Wanda Cooper and Helen Frost left the profession to be married. It is rumored that Hazel Beeks will leave for the Orient in the autumn.

Hazel Budlong, Emma Jennings and Wilma McFarland entered the household arts department for post graduate work. Vera Colman, Mildred Nidever and Lorene Madock are taking special work in the industrial arts department.

Irene Dickey Charles Fisher Mildred Wadsworth Lois Salsman
Geneva Marcellus Annette Mitchell Einar Sorensen Lucile Gordon Caroline Bedwell

Student Body

THE Student Body is represented officially by the following officers: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Business Manager, Buying Manager, Debating Manager, Girls' Basket Ball Manager, Boys' Basket Ball Manager, Boys' Baseball Manager, Tennis Manager, Dramatic Manager, an Executive Committee, and the Editor of the "Times". These officers are elected by a direct vote of the Student Body twice a year. The officers who successfully carried us through the first half of the year were

President ..... Lois Salsman
Vice President ..... Dorothy Stacy
Secretary ..... Mildred Wadsworth
Treasurer ..... Eliza Andrews
Business Manager ..... Edwin Comer
Buying Manager ..... Charles Fisher
Debating Manager ..... Herbert Hunn
Girls' Basket Ball Manager ..... Chrissie Owen
Boys' Basket Ball Manager ..... Mr. Christensen
Boys' Baseball Manager ..... John Carmichael
Tennis Manager ..... Inez Cooper
Executive Committee .....
Hazel Beeks, Geneva Marcellus, Frances Shaw, RobertBowman
"Times" Editor ..... Kathryn Wood

At the graduation of the Christmas class several offices were made vacant. The following people were appointed to office:

"Times" Editor ..... Leone Jopson
Treasurer ..... Caroline Bedwell
Executive Committee Members.....
.....(1) Annette Mitchell, (2) Robert Wilson

At the end of the first term the Student Body presented Miss Lois Salsman a gold bar-pin with the seal of the San Jose Normal in the center to show their appreciation for the interest she took in conducting Student affairs.

On January 28th of this year the present Student Body Officers were elected:

President ..... Irene Dickey
Vice President ..... Lucile Gordon
Secretary ..... Bess Kreiss
Treasurer ..... Caroline Bedwell
"Times" Editor ..... Leone Jopson
Executive Committee.....
.....Annette Mitchell, Helen Kirtland, Einar Sorensen

The students have shown more of a co-operative spirit this year than ever before and it is our sincere wish that this spirit will continue to grow. We want every student to feel that she is an active member of this great family of the Student Body of San Jose State Normal School, and work faithfully for its betterment.

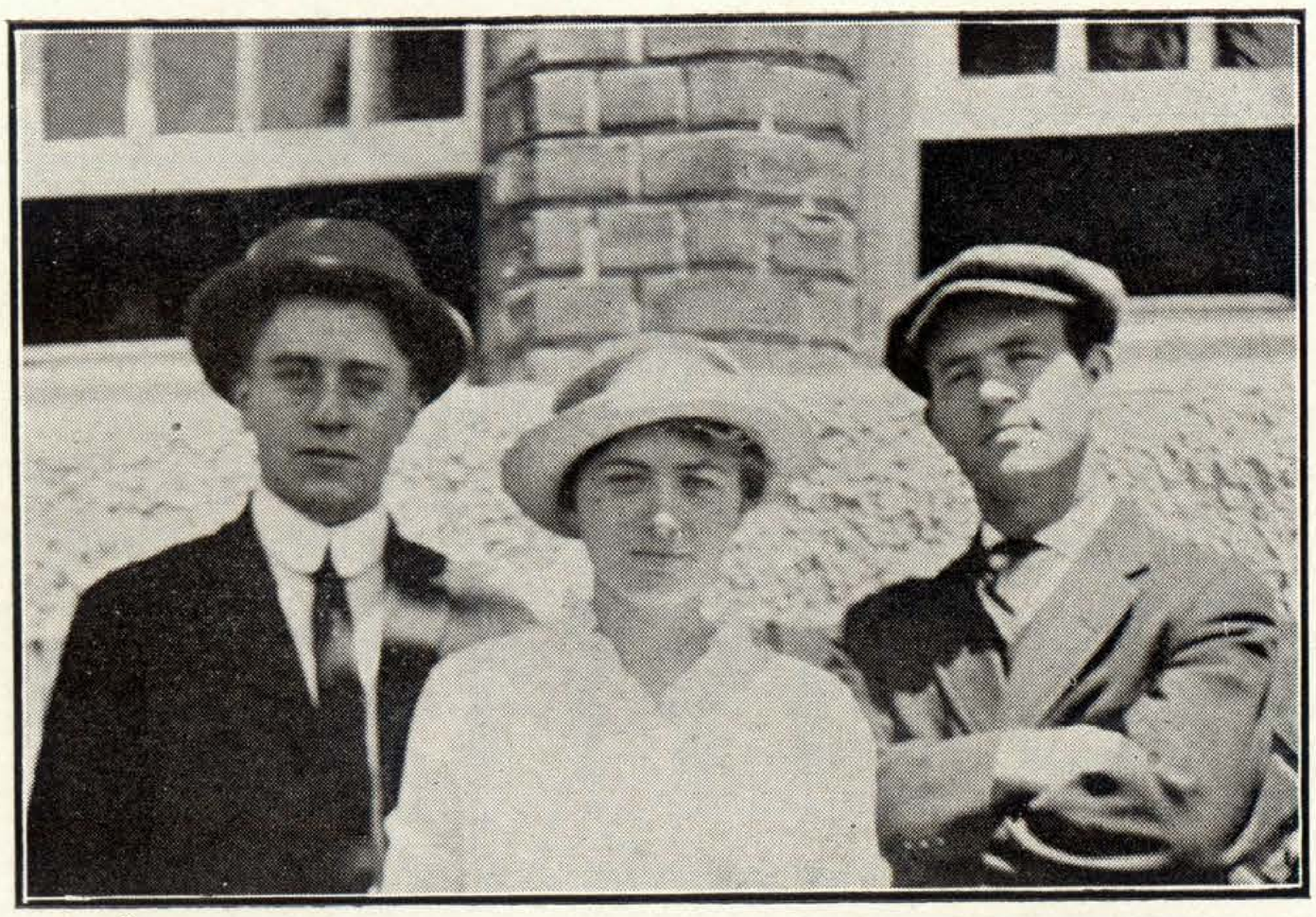
Outwitted

He drew a circle that shut me out —
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

Edwin Markham

May 24, 1915.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



Raymond Miller Marjorie Hamlin Chas. Fisher

Debating

"RESOLVED, That the Monroe Doctrine should be abolished," was the question for our big debate with Chico this year. This theme was chosen by our debating enthusiasts early in October and submitted to Chico, who chose to defend the negative side.

Just before the Thanksgiving vacation sixteen aspirants for the team tried out before the student body. The judges were Miss Payne, Miss Post, Miss Washburn, Mr. Baker and Mr. Spaulding. A second contest was held between the first eight, which resulted in the following team being chosen: Marjorie Hamlin, Charles Fisher and Raymond Miller, leader, with Roma McGriff as alternate.

On January 22 the two basketball teams and the debaters left for Chico. Several other students and six faculty members showed their school spirit by accompanying the teams. En route all were royally entertained at the State Capitol, through the efforts of our local legislators, Dr. Dailey and Miss Schallenberger. The only sad feature of the whole trip occurred when Fisher was not allowed to carry away all the money that he could lift in the treasury department. He had been told that he could do so and had trained with weight lifting for months.

The Chico student body was an excellent host. Everything possible was done to give our teams a good time. Only during the progress of the games and debate did the friendly spirit of the two schools cease. However, Chico can hardly be blamed for feeling a little bit perturbed when her rooting section was drowned

out in her home town, by our husky rooters. Boyd and Miss Kreiss showed them a new art in which we excell, that of expressive school spirit.

Since 1901 the northern debaters have always been victors when the debate was held in Chico, and they thought that their winning streaks would extend through this year. They knew that they had a remarkably good team, and were to debate at home, but they did not know that San Jose had decided "to get Chico's goat." Chico's debaters ably denfended the Monroe Doctrine but were unable to ward off the many-sided attacks of our team. The judges, W. C. Wood, State High School Commissioner, Mr. Cheney, Glenn County Superintendent of Schools, and Prof. Bolton of Berkeley, were convinced by the arguments of our trio, and Chico's winning streak was broken.

The Peace Society

IN 1912, under the leadership of Miss Smith, head of the History and Civics Department at Normal, the Peace Society was organized. It is a branch of the American Peace Society, organized for the purpose of promoting the spirit of justice and fraternity, and in general to co-operate with the American School Peace League.

At the time of organization there were only eleven charter members, and it has grown so much that now it is the largest society in school. Over three hundred of the students now at Normal belong to the Peace Society.

The work of the society is a very quiet one. It meets but once a term and then plans for co-operating with the American Peace League are discussed.

This year has been the most active of the organization. Miss Smith, Miss Howe and Miss Rowell are the faculty members, and upon their suggestion we have sent two petitions to Congress on behalf of National peace. The first one was in the form of a set of resolutions drawn up by a committee and the other a petition adopted by the entire Student Body.

The idea of membership is not only for active part in peace affairs while at Normal, but to keep up the enthusiasm after graduation and spreading the peace idea into all communities in the State. We therefore urge every one of the students who is in sympathy with the peace movement to join the society while at Normal. The officers are:

President ..... Wilma McFarland
Vice President ..... Emma Orvis
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Herbert Hunn
Reporter ..... Annabel Rush

The Young Women's Christian Association

Y. W. C. A. REST ROOM

THE Young Women's Christian Association of the San Jose Normal has for its purpose the same one that nine hundred other associations of this country have—to lead girls to a realization that their lives can never be completely happy nor useful until their development includes the spiritual as well as the physical and the intellectual. To show girls that beauty and practicability of Christian principles applied to student life gives the motive for all the activities of the year. The Association works out its purpose in many ways—through weekly meetings, through friendly social gatherings, and through practical helpfulness to all people at all times.

The outstanding feature of the Association activities during this year has been the finance campaign which was conducted in January, under the name of "The Charge of the 101," and which, with a goal of $600, raised $635 in the three days. More than in raising the money the success of the campaign lay in the very beautiful spirt of co-operation and friendliness which was shown

by the committee of one hundred girls, the student body, and the faculty. As a result of the campaign the Y. W. C. A. room has been fixed over and made so attractive and comfortable that it is a more popular place than ever before. Secondly, the association has had the joy of starting a rest cottage fund by a gift of $100.00. Thirdly, a large subscription was made toward Y. W. C. A. work in Japan. And, lastly, the remainder of the money has gone into increased activity and service on the part of the local work.

During this year the Normal has come into touch with other institutions more than ever before through representation at several Y. W. C. A. conferences. Fifteen delegates attended the Asilomar conference last August for ten days with three hundred other students from California, Arizona and Nevada; seventeen went to Mills College in February to join with other students of Northern California in a week-end conference; twenty-five went to Stanford in March to attend a Student Volunteer conference with nearly one hundred men and women of nearby schools; and two were sent to Los Angeles in May as our representatives at the fifth National Y. W. C. A. convention. All of which means that other people know more about the San Jose Normal than heretofore, and our own outlook is being broadened and made less provincial.

The list of speakers who have been at the weekly meetings will recall rare hours of inspiration and interest. Especially have we caught the world-vision through Mrs. Bolt of China, Miss Bentley of India and Mrs. Cowles of Africa. The work of the Y. W. C. A. at the Exposition has been fascinatingly told by Miss Clark. Of particular joy have been the three joint meetings with the Newman Club, when Prof. C. E. Rugh spoke on the "Problems of a Country Teacher." There have been other things too numerous to mention.

Socially there have been the same good times that the Y. W. C. A. is becoming noted for, where the spirit of friendliness creeps into the heart of every girl and makes her love Normal more than ever. And the daily service that comes through the rest room and the Association desk is more and more winning for the Association the hearty support of all the girls of Normal.

The year 1914-15 has been the best year yet, and even more is expected of the future.

OFFICERS 1915.

President	Helen E. Kirtland
Vice President	Marion Miller
Secretary	Xavie Reager
Treasurer	Florence Holloway
General Secretary	Grace C. Steinbeck

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

Membership	Marion Miller
Finance	Vivian Saunders

Social	Emily Rued
Meetings	Sunshine Chrisman
Bible Study	Martha Lauriston
Church Co-operation	Ruth Chesnutt
Association News	Estella Hoisholt
Social Service	Ada Gerkey
Tokyo	Wilma Cheatham
Student Volunteers	Ruth Cowles
Conference	Mildred Brown
Annual Member	Elsie Ball

MEMBERS OF ADVISORY BOARD.

Miss Mary Post
Miss Gertrude Payne
Miss Lulu Sours
Miss Elizabeth McFadden
Mrs. Mary George
Mrs. Estelle Greathead
Mrs. E. R. Wagner
Mrs. M. E. Dailey
Mrs. D. R. Wood
Mrs. A. G. Bennett
Miss Laura Bailey

Y. W. C. A. CABINET MEMBERS—1915

Assemblies

THE Assembly Hall is the meeting place of every Normal student and teacher to join in song or enjoy a program. The assembly hour, which is from 10:05 to 10:30 is a most delightful period to everyone. Occurring early in the morning it starts one out right for the day and to join in with the singing of that large assembly fills one with the joy of living.

So often we have with us a speaker of note.

Edwin Markham, San Jose Normal's most famous graduate as well as America's greatest poet, addressed the Student Body in regard to his boyhood spent in the mountains near Suisun. He referred to his life while here at Normal and told about his first school, which was in San Luis Obispo County, where he originated the open-air school. Mr. Markham was accompanied by George Wharton James, the well-known writer of Missions of California, who spoke to us last year.

We had the splendid opportunity of listening to Mr. Walter D'Arcy Ryan, the chief director of illumination of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Mr. Ryan reviewed in a general way the history of the art of illumination—from the earliest form of light to the present day system. The talk was illustrated with a great number of excellent slides.

Dr. J. Berg Essenwein, author, critic, literary lecturer and for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, gave a delightful talk to the students on "The Short Story." Mr. Essenwein said that a sketch gives an exquisite picture and that we must love things for their fineness and not for their excitement. We must get down deeper than the exciting things and feel that which is finer in life. "All good fiction is emotional and we must realize the emotional value of all fiction work." Dr. Essenwein described the characters in George Eliot's "Romola," which is the greatest English novel ever written. He said a plot is a path of a soul.

Assemblyman Fred C. Scott of Tulare County addressed the Student Body on Dr. Margaret Schallenberger's rural supervision bill which passed the legislature. This proved of interest to all as Dr. Schallenberger was principal of the Training School for several years.

Miss Sanford, for many years an instructor in the Minnesota State University, and with fifty years' experience in her chosen profession, spoke to us on "The Habit of Growth."

An interesting talk was given in Assembly by Kujo Sue Inui, general secretary of the Japanese-American Association. Mr. Inui spoke in particular about the misunderstandings which exist between the Japanese people and the Americans and showed how these misunderstandings were without foundation. He made a plea that the Japanese be assimilated with the Americans and that they

be given a chance to become good American citizens. Throughout his lecture Mr. Inui carefully avoided any mention of the race problem, which is perhaps the most vital point upon which we differ. Although greatly impressed with Mr. Inui as a finished student and speaker, we could not help but feel that all sides of the question had not been presented.

"Honor Day" was observed in Assembly by a special program. Not long ago it was decided by a committee that we observe "Honor Day" once every term for the purpose of advancing our standard to higher and higher ideals. Among the speakers who gave suggestions for better citizenship were Dr. Dailey, Mrs. George and Merle Butler. In concluding her talk, which touched the heart of every student, Mrs. George gave a motto which has been handed down through all the ages:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good repute, think on these things."

An enjoyable hour of music was given in Assembly by Mrs. Arthur E. Hackett and Mr. H. P. Pasmore of San Francisco, the well-known musician on this coast.

Among others who have visited the San Jose Normal are: Senator Strowbridge, Assemblyman H. W. Wright, Senator Frank B. Benson, Senator Herbert C. Jones, and Assemblyman T. M. Wright.

Dramatic Society

Very little has been heard of the Dramatic Society this year, although its members have been very much alive. At the beginning of the Fall Term an informal dance was held in Society Hall and everyone present had a delightful time.

Miss Howe, Miss Bradly and Miss Sours are the faculty members and much credit is due them for their interest and helpful suggestions.

Dramatics should be taken up by any student who has any talent along that line, for it will be very helpful to many who go out to teach. The officers are

President ..... Robert Wilson
Manager ..... Belle Oest
Secretary ..... Lydia Norton

Junior Organization

The Junior Organization was formed last term for the purpose of relieving the faculty and seniors of some of the responsibility of Commencement Week. The work of the various committees is greatly appreciated by the faculty and seniors, for it divided the burdens and responsibilities and gave everyone a chance to help. The officers are

President ..... Roma McGriff
Vice President ..... Lorraine Wessing
Secretary ..... Florence Hunter

Edwin Comer Belle Oest Leone Jopson Laura McGregor George Boyd
Eunice Edwards Raymond Miller Florence Hunter Walter Christensen Alma Foster

The Normal Times

Published weekly during the school year by the students of the San Jose Normal School.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... Leone Jopson
Assistant Editor ..... Laura McGregor
News Editor ..... Alma Foster
Training School ..... Belle Oest
Societies ..... Florence Hunter
Athletics ..... George Boyd
Joshes ..... Eunice Edwards
Staff Cartoonist ..... Anthony Texiera

MANAGEMENT

Business Manager ..... Edwin D. Comer
Assistant Business Manager ..... W. C. Christensen
Circulation ..... Raymond Miller

Newman Club

THE second year in our hall is almost at an end and we are just beginning to appreciate our comfortable home. During the year we were presented with a couch for our rest room and now we have pillows and a slumber rug, so we may be cosy when we are tired or sick.

To become acquainted with one another in the Fall term we decided to give an operetta. We had loads of fun preparing for it, learned a lot about staging things, discovered how to make effective costumes very cheaply, and finally presented "The Windmills of Holland," by Otis Carrington of Redwood City.

Shorty after Christmas the founder of our club and of all the Newman Clubs in California, Rt. Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, died. The Newman Council and our club attended the requiem mass in a body to show our appreciation of him and his gift to us.

During Lent we had several most interesting and instructive addresses. Those who spoke to us were Rev. Wm. Culligan on "The Meaning of Lent;" Rev. Charles Fox on "Liquification of St. Januarius' Blood;" Rev. Wm. Boland on "Christian Science;" Rev. J. F. Lally on "The Influence of the Teacher;" Rev. Gleason of Palo Alto on "The Teacher's Opportunity," and Rev. D. McKinnon on "Mary Tudor."

The second Sunday in May we attended mass and received Holy Communion in a body, after which we went to our hall for breakfast. The seventy members present felt that it was so successful that they decided to do it at least once every year.

Our annual dance was given in the Club House on May fifteenth. We decided to have it simple and as inexpensive as possible, and found that the informality of dress, each one wearing a simple summer dress, added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The Hall is such a delightful place to dance, especially when its large French windows are opened out on the spacious porch where punch may be served during the evening.

In fact, we have had so many good times this year that we are hoping the present Juniors will try to get the new Juniors interested early in the Fall term so that our Hall may be constantly used more and more.

The Newman Council, made up of alumni members of our club and several interested and representative Catholic ladies, has assumed all the responsibility of the running expenses of our Hall and are always glad to help us in any way they can. The first week in September they gave a luncheon to all our Catholic girls. They are now planning something for the graduates, too, but haven't told us yet what it is to be.

The present officers of Newman Club are

President ..... Annette Mitchell
Vice President ..... Dorothy Wallace
Secretary ..... Philothea Sheehy
Treasurer ..... Anita Kelly
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Nell O'Brien
Reporter ..... Dolorita Falvey

When Hatred Dies

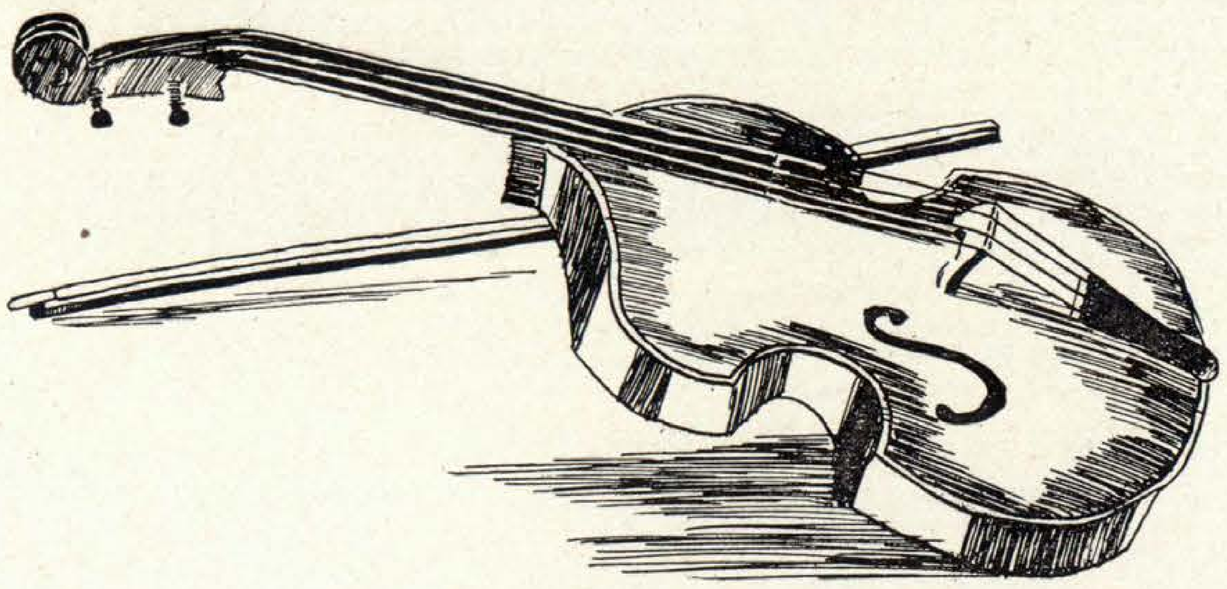
When Hatred dies, then War shall die,
And Greed no more shall crucify
    The multitudes with toil and pain,
    Upon the cross of gold and gain,
The Lords of Conflict raise on high.

The coming of the Day is nigh,
And though the clouds enshroud the sky,
    Their threatening shades are all in vain,
    For Hatred dies!

The watchmen on the heights now cry.
"The hosts of Mars break ranks and fly;
    They reel in terror on the plain;—
    Let Peace and Love forever reign!"
The nations echo back reply,
    "All Hatred dies!"

—R. F. Eberhart

ORCHESTRA



The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted.

—Shakespeare.

THE Orchestra is an organization of the students of the school who play an orchestral instrument. The members meet twice a week for the purpose of practicing together.

During the school term the orchestra has favored the Assembly with several well chosen selections and accompanied the singing in the recent operetta, "Childhood of Hiawatha," presented by the Choral Club. The orchestra also played during Commencement Week.

The orchestra is under the capable direction of Miss Ida Fisher and is composed of the following members: Clarinets, Frank Sanders, Darrel Sedgewick; flute, Alice Soderburg; first violins, Corel Harkness, Mildred Garlinger, Ada Lattig and Pearl Avery; second violins, Eleanor Blodgett, Dora Bliss, Leo Taylor and Ruth Hodges; piano, Beatrice Barker.

The Short Story Club

THE Short Story Club has held many delightful meetings this term. At the noon hour on every Thursday the members have assembled in Prof. Bland's room to read the stories or poems which they had written. Prof. Bland's helpful advice and criticism has been much appreciated by all, and a marked improvement in the work of the Club has been felt.

On February 23rd the Short Story Club joined with the faculty in entertaining Edwin Markham, not only the "first Alumnus" of our school, but also the first in American letters. A splendid luncheon was given at the noon hour in South Society Hall, and over seventy people were seated around the tables. Beautiful place cards illustrating some of Mr. Markham's most charming poems were the cause of much favorable comment among the guests. George Wharton James, lecturer and historian; Prof. William Herbert Carruth, author of "Each in His Own Tongue," and many prominent people of San Jose were present. Letters were read from Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Herbert Bashford, and other invited guests who could not attend in person.

On March 11th a reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bashford. Every one present enjoyed the poet's reading of "The Song of the Forest Ranger" and "The Wolves of the Sea," which are always general favorites wherever read.

Berg Essenwein, formerly editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and an authority on the short story, gave a most excellent lecture to members of the Normal and San Jose Short Story Clubs. Society Hall was well filled with an interested audience which listened with fascination to the brilliant speaker as he lectured on "The Short Story." For writer or student of literature, this lecture was well worth while.

A literary contest carried out by the club proved of great interest, judging from the amount of material handed in. Mr. Fred Lewis Foster of San Jose, Mrs. Mary B. Williams of Sonoma and Mr. George Wharton James of Pasadena acted as judges. The results are not known at the time of this writing.

The members of the club feel that it has been a pleasure and a privilege to work together in the great field of literature, and though none of us will probably become as famous as those interesting men we have entertained, yet we feel that we have gained much by our association together, and we have been impressed with the possibilities in the literary world.

The officers of the Short Story Club are:

President ..... Clare M. Hodges
Vice President ..... Belle Oest
Secretary ..... Esther Wilcoxon
Reporter ..... Lorraine Wessing
Treasurer ..... Bertha Davall

THE Choral Society, which consists of the Young Men's Glee, Young Ladies' Choral and Orchestra, reorganized soon after the opening of the Fall term. In order that the members might become better acquainted a meeting was held in Society Hall in the form of a supper and informal dance. At this time the work for the coming year was discussed and Florence Belcher was elected President of the Girls' Choral, John Squires President of the Boys' Glee.

Each section has had regular weekly meetings and at times all have met together. As a result not only each member but the whole school has profited musically. On many occasions the Assembly has enjoyed musical numbers by the Young Men, Young Ladies and Orchestra or soloists belonging to the society. These people have also aided greatly in assembly by being seated in a body and leading in the singing. They also were ready to assist in the music for Commencement Week.

The largest task attempted by the Choral this year was the staging of an Indian operetta, "Hiawatha's Childhood," which was produced under the able direction of the departments of music, expression and physical training.

The operetta was successfully rendered in the Assembly Hall which was crowded to the doors, on Wednesday afternoon, April 28, and on account of repeated requests it was staged again.

The setting, the music, the dancing and the costuming were all very effective and beautiful and the principal parts were well chosen. Those who took part in this cantata were given a luncheon by the faculty who directed the cantata, at which time good cheer and harmony prevailed.

CHORAL SOCIETY

Copa De Ora

"

COPA DE ORA, a comparatively new organization in Normal, was organized about two years ago. Though very little has been heard of the organization, it has, however, been doing things.

The aims of this society are to look after the general welfare of Masonic girls coming to Normal here, and to afford them social entertainment.

The girls have had a great many good times this year. Hallowe'en and Valentine's the club had their most elaborate parties, when they invited their friends to enjoy the events with them. Every other meeting, however, has been a social affair. The spacious parlors of Masonic Temple are ever open to the girls, and here they enjoy many an hour of recreation in the form of dancing and light refreshments.

The last big event of this year was in the form of an "open

house" and dance. This annual event was held in honor of the graduates and alumni members. The evening was a great success and every one present had a fine time.

It is the hope and desire of the Copa De Ora girls that this society will be a source of pleasure and help to all the forthcoming Masonic girls. Officers:

President ..... Aimie Andrews
Vice President ..... Mildred Easty
Secretary ..... Vida Wood
Treasurer ..... Eva Hinkson

SHORT STORY CLUB

LITERARY

Tuolumne Meadows

How often in my dreams I see
Thy mountains beckon luringly,
Thy granite spires, Tuolumne,
  Cathedral Peaks and Lambert Dome,
  The wide-winged eagle's rugged home.
Thy great grey crags where cloudlets rest,
And, rising calm above thy breast,
The summits of thy hoary crest;
  Each spot so dear my memory
  Will oft recall, Tuolumne.

I see thee in the morning sheen,
Thy river calm its banks between,
Thy shimmering robe of meadow green,
  The sparkling dew on blade and tree,
  Thy jeweled veil, Tuolumne.
Each dimple holds a glittering lake
Where mirrored forest shadows break,
And gentle breezes ripples wake,
  Thy spangled streams in gaiety
  Are girdling gems, Tuolumne.

Again I see thee when the storm
Has veiled with mist thy grey crests' form,
Or lightnings flush thy peaks forlorn,
  And thunder rolling angrily
  Transforms thy smile, Tuolumne.
I've wandered here, I've wandered there,
Through forest's shade, o'er summits bare,
O'er twining trail and meadow fair,
  But dearest of all, **thy** flowered lea,
  And thy lone peaks, Tuolumne.

And oft when far from mountains blue
I've lain night-long and dreamed of you,
Thy clinging charm has pulsed me through,
  And then I rove, my fancy free,
  Thy meadows o'er, Tuolumne.
And now has welled a longing tear,
Thy voice is ringing in my ear,
A far-off call:—I hear, I hear;
  Thy winding trail I faintly see;—
  I come, I come, Tuolumne!

—Clare M. Hodges.

The Voice in the Night

Estcourt half rose on his elbow with a feeling of shock. A fine tremor ran through him. Half asleep, he was suddenly wide awake. What was it? He listened. The old hotel clock croaked out its call—one, two. A train would soon be due.

"Have you everything in the suit case?" The low pitched voice was in the next room—a woman's voice of a peculiarly musical quality.

"Yes." A man's thoughtful tones made answer, also low but less cultured.

"Well—we're all ready then. Oh, I am so glad we don't have to hurry."

Estcourt sat up. The voice of the woman! Sweet, infinitely sweet, crystal clear with a thrill of eagerness. A cold perspiration rose along the roots of his hair, along his dressing gown collar.

"The lights are all on." It was the last thing he heard her say. Then there was the rush of the incoming train, and the reverberation of its departure.

Mildred, Mildred. How strangely like—how inexpressibly so! He wished he could have seen her. Then he was glad he hadn't. He lay down. He must try to sleep.

The early morning wind shivered through the dark, heavy meadows. Beneath the barbed wire fence the wild oats bent with a silvery gleam. On the corner of the house a solitary Cherokee rose scraped slowly and methodically against the window pane.

Mrs. Malory slipped quietly into the kitchen and touched a match to the waiting fuel in the stove. Then she put her finger in the big boiler. It was still hot. Stepping out on the back porch she paused and looked over the dull, gray, gloomy landscape. Then she opened a small door in one end of the inclosed porch—and stepped quickly back. A moment more and she had thrown a huge pile of men's shirts out to air—far on the ground. She bent over the heavy washer. It had been filled the night before with underwear, put in to soak.

Somewhere a train whistled, two or three stations away. How loudly it sounded in the early morning. A faint pink was showing in the east above the ragged edge of the mountains, and in the cold drab of the western sky a half moon was sailing.

Mrs. Malory bent firmly to her task. Back and forth she rocked the unwieldy cradle, and it responded to her effort with a monotonous creak of rusty hinges. She drained the machine, rinsed and blued, and from the line soon hung a long row of underwear, bleached, unbleached, blues, reds and browns.

Then the washer was replenished and the odor of stale per-

spiration soon arose above the aroma of soap and water. Relentlessly she worked, first with one hand, then with the other. Once in a while she straightened to get her breath, and to push aside her damply clinging brown hair. For a moment she sat down on the back steps to rest. Across the wavy field she saw a string of smoke circling above the section house. Some one else was up too. She rubbed her hands thoughtfully and felt the soft blisters that someway always came. Then she went back to the machine.

A number of other strings of smoke appeared above the village. In the distance was a black moving column with a white trail of cloud after it. Mrs. Malory looked at the column as it advanced and receded and sighed,—"Trains coming—trains going."

The last washer was filled. She rubbed the collars and cuffs on the board. Then she rinsed, blued and starched. Another long melancholy line of clothes soon belled out to breeze.

"I'm done," she said to herself with a feeling of satisfaction. "I'm nearly all done." Then she leaned against the porch pillar. "I didn't know I was so tired," she reflected. "I'm glad I always get tired afterward. It's a great comfort."

She went into the kitchen. The fire had burned itself out. She shook the grate and rekindled it.

"Well, I declare if you haven't breakfast all ready." Her husband looked around, rubbed his eyes, and took some water from the teakettle. "I sure had some sleep too," he said, "but I thought—" He looked out. A row of wrinkles went across his forehead. "That's too much," Letitia. "The day is long——"

"And warm," put in his wife. "I'd so much rather have it done now. It takes less energy, don't you think, John?"

Mr. Malory sat heavily down to the table.

"Perhaps so, well, perhaps so. I don't know. I could wish—Hah! Those are sure some cakes." He ate heartily the heavy breakfast of a man who works.

"What do you do today?" she inquired suddenly.

"I finish discing the north field," he said.

She watched him "hook up," then drive away. The heavy cumbersome horses hitched to the machine, the man plodding patiently after—held her eyes through the half-open window for some time. Then she went back to her work.

"I'm glad I have my washing done," she soliloquized, "awfully glad it's done."

She washed dishes, swept, heated the irons and was soon bending over the ironing board. Whenever she raised her head she could see a team and man plodding a monotonous course through the steadily blackening field.

She had finished the bulk of the ironing by noon and paused long enough to watch two fleecy successions of clouds sailing across the sky—one far up, the other lower, in opposite directions. "Just like life—there is always a pull—in contrary directions—good and bad—ill fortune and fair. I wonder—" She paused. The lonely flight of a hawk dipping and circling in the high, hard blue

held her attention. Then she went and prepared a hasty luncheon.

"I don't feel like it's time to eat," she said to herself, "though it seems like days since this morning. I suppose John will be hungry, though."

She gave a last pat to the table cloth, removed a heap of ironed clothes from the sewing machine and looked out. Across the meadow a man was coming whose collar gleamed white against the dark gray of the business suit he wore, whose shoes as he approached looked fine and new. Mrs. Malory's eyes grew slowly wider. A flutter of excitement went through her. It was so seldom any one came—any one except the men who carried their clothing away clean only to bring it back soiled. Her cheeks flushed as she opened the door.

"This is Mrs. Malory?" The displaced hat revealed a dark crown of thick, shining hair.

"Yes," she replied in her musical voice, "I am Mrs. Malory."

A strange expression flitted over his fine features—a look of surprise and wonder.

"I was told," he hesitated, "that I might get some washing done here." He seemed oddly embarrassed. He glanced intently at the thin, rather fair features that were somewhat faded—like a rose that is beginning to lose its petals, and looked away.

"Certainly," she smiled. "Yes, I can do it for you."

He cleared his voice.

"There are four of us," he explained, "if you think you could undertake—" She nodded briskly. "Oh, that'll be all right."

Again he paused awkwardly. Such common words, yet the ring in them, the musical quality. He raised his hat. He knew she said something about having the clothes there on Monday, then he went away.

As she looked after him she murmured, "His shoes are so light and fine."

"It seems to me you've got yourself into more work," commented her husband ruefully, over the story of the aggrandized washing.

"It'll be easier washing, John," she contended, "much easier."

Mr. Malory frowned as he ate. "I wish he'd taken his vacation in taller timber—and I don't want you to do so much washing, Letitia."

They ate almost in silence. He rested an hour—then went back to the field.

She washed dishes, put away the ironed clothes, and then sat down wearily in the old rocker by the window, several of her husband's shirts beside her. It was strange that though they lived in their own house rents still came due. She bent diligently over the patching. Though they had one hundred and sixty acres of land there had been little ready money yet. It cost so much to get a start—it seemed as though—yes—it just took one's life almost to get started—hence the washing.

She folded the shirts at last and put them away. Then she

got up and went to an old bureau. In the bottom of a side drawer she found a little tin box and drew it out. She sat down again, opened the box and took out several photographs. One, a cabinet, was of herself in her wedding finery and her husband—in his uncomfortably starched collar and ill-fitting "store suit". There was strength in the broad shoulders and hope in the true eyes, and she—well, she was a slender, delicate thing floating in a cloud of white, happiness beaming from her bright eyes. Well—she—her thin hands put the photos back in the box.

"I think I'll go and lie on the bed till it's time for supper." She moved slowly across the room, her hand to her head.

"Your supper is as good as your dinner and your dinner is as good as your breakfast," Mr. Malory came heavily through the screen door, but his voice sounded cheery and wholesome. "It's a dandy good meal, Letty."

"Anything tastes good with a raving appetite," said his wife, "I'm afraid you're just starving."

Her feet dragged as she cleared the table. As she was washing the dishes she dropped a cup and broke it. She tried to fit the jagged edges together—then threw them into the ash tray. "I'll pound it up for the chickens. Oh, dear me, there goes another."

The next morning she did not rise so early.

"I'll get my own breakfast," said John.

He was already on the field when she came out to begin her work. A boy from the section had brought over the new washing. It was cleaner, of course, than that of the men who worked. It would be better in that way. But her washing seemed to drag more than usual today. Several times she sat down to rest. She put her hand to her head. "I wonder what makes my head ache so much lately. It seems to come on about the same time every day." There was a pain in her side, too, that bothered, baffled her a little and she applied some arnica. Then she began again. Somehow the handles would hardly move and she oiled them.

She got to the bluing and starching. At last the clothes were out. She breathed a long sigh of relief. Then she went in, emptied the machine and was just reaching for the mop when she slipped on the soapy floor, something snapped in her back and she fell forward—unconscious.

Her husband found her there, picked her up and laid her on the bed. With awkward, trembling hands he bathed her face and neck and rubbed her numb limbs. Perspiration stood on his forehead.

She woke up after a while.

"I've sprained my back," she said weakly. "Oh, what in the world shall I do?"

"Nothing," said John. "It's awful. I should never have let you. You can never do that again."

Day after day she lay there watching the secret alarm in her

husband's face grow. Once she asked him if he thought they could get credit at the store and he hardly answered.

"I must get well," she told herself, and in a short time she did begin to improve. Her strength was slowly coming back.

And then one afternoon when John was in town she walked over to the section house.

"I want to get my washing back," she told the foreman's wife.

"I guess you can," the woman answered with some hesitation as she looked at Mrs. Malory's white face. "I can speak to the men if you want me to."

Mrs. Malory was walking homeward slowly when she met the stranger who had called at the house. He glanced at her white face rather intently as they exchanged commonplaces. Then she went on. She was tired but happy. Well—she could manage.

But the clothes were there for days before she was able to do anything, and she did not dare to mention it to her husband. Then it was that she saw there was something on his mind that he had not told her, something that made him grow thin—besides the rather poor fare they had been having lately. Also he had been away to the village several times without explanation, and had returned looking greatly worried. Something surely was terribly wrong.

Weakly she put the clothes to soak one night and crawled into bed. John was gone again. She tossed about. The clock struck ten and she was in a high fever. She got up to get a drink. There was a noise outside. Her husband was coming in.

Tremblingly she lit the lamp. He entered.

"Letty!" he said in surprise. There was a strange high-light in his eyes. "Letty!"

"What is—it?" she gasped.

"Why, Letty," he almost shouted. "I've sold out. We're going back to the city. I'll buy a nice little house—and return to my trade. Thank God!"

Then she fainted.

As Estcourt passed by on the train the next morning, he looked over to the gray little farm with its stiff, frame house and its one straggling rose vine.

"Anybody would think I was a fool to invest in a piece of property like that. But it's a monument to the memory of Mildred, and that poor woman will escape slavery." Then his eyes narrowed. "How like—that voice."

Light Unrevealed

Oft times there is a silver spot in leaden skies;
Oft times there is a smiling soul 'neath saddened sighs;
All through some nights soft raindrops gently fall,
When morning breaks; clear skies; the blue bird's call.
And lo, 'tis then the weary soul leaps with delight,
And, bounding through the crystal air, resumes its flight
Through incense of the flowers; and, high o'er trees,
It gains God's heaven mid anthems of the breeze.

—Dorothy Wallace.

A Song of the Trail

Where the trail grows narrow and the world grows wide,
Over the mountains I ride, I ride;
Where the river croons to the reeds it swings,
Or gaily laughs, or sings and sings,
Where the tall pines sigh on some windy crest,
And the eagle soars, I rest, I rest;
By the pebbly side of a plunging stream
I sit by the waters and dream and dream;
Through sheltered drifts of glistening snow
O'er granite cliffs, I go, I go;
Past rocky summits, peak and pine ,
The mountain wall I climb, I climb;
Oh, out where the world has much to give,
I ride the trail; **I live, I live!**

—Clare M. Hodges.

A Legend

Don Gaspar was weary. All day he had roamed the marshes in search of game for the commissary of the pueblo barracks. It being late in the season he had hunted diligently since early dawn for the scant dozen mallards and wild geese hung across his shoulders. The transient California twilight was closing in as he flung his lean brown length upon a dry hillock to rest both mind and body.

All about the small inhabitants of the marsh stirred sleepily as they settled to rest. Tiny lizards peeped curiously out at him from great deep cracks in the sun-baked mud, and wild ducks honked faintly in the distance. The soft evening breeze laden with the pungent perfume of dried grass murmured through the reeds and over all hovered an ineffable peace.

The great golden moon of autumn rose over Mt. Hamilton in the distance as the ragged soldier drowsed on his grassy couch, his thoughts far from reflecting the calm of the surroundings.

Long did he dwell upon the unjust treatment he was receiving in this new and golden land of plenty, Alta California. An exile from Spain, his heart rebelled and his eyes refused to see any beauty in the wonderful land of his banishment. Proud though of humble birth, the menial tasks which fell to his lot as a common soldier in the little Spanish garrison at San Jose galled his very soul. The daily round of petty duties was an ever increasing horror to him, not lessened by the displeasure in which he was held by his commander. This man hated him as only a servile physical wreck of a man can hate a proud and perfect speciman of manhood. No work was too hard, no command too unjust to be hurled with curses at the defenseless soldier's head. His days were spent in the hopeless task of trying to avoid punishment for imaginary neglect of duty.

"I shall endure it no longer," he burst out. "I shall return to Spain. Ah! Spain! Mi patria, yo viene," and fell to dreaming of a happy past.

The glittering towers of the Alhambra, the shimmer of the waters of the bay at Cadiz, and the pomp and display of the court where he had been a royal guard passed before his mental vision. The glory of one particular court scene returned to him very forcibly, the ceremony of choosing from the fairest daughters of Spain a lady-in-waiting for the queen.

Of all the faces in the long line to pass before the throne, that of the last of the line was most indelibly fixed in the Spaniard's heart, she who with such simple grace and dignity knelt to receive the ring from the queen's own hand, the badge of office.

Such eyes, like diamonds!

Such hair, such a smile!

Madre Dios! Perfection! He raved aloud to the consternation of an inquisitive marsh lizard who peeped out at him with serious beady eyes.

Then swiftly passing rose scenes of a tenderer nature; a chance meeting in the rose wreathed, starlit garden he guarded by night with the idol who haunted his dreams; later, trysts when interest had ripened into love. He could hear her musical voice sighing once again. "Caro mio, I love you!"

Then swiftly changing, his handsome face clouded over as he remembered the last of these meetings, when locked in each other's arms, silent under the spell of the moon, they were discovered by the girl's stern old father. He could hear the icy tones of the old noble's voice yet as he cried, "Carmencita, to your room," and the wrath in his voice as he thundered: "You dog, you lowly cur, to dare to love my daughter! No more of your protestations! You shall pay dearly for this. To the guard house, I, your superior officer, command it!"

Deaf to all pleadings, the outraged noble kept his daughter prisoner until the ship bound for California set sail with Don Gaspar on board.

"Madre Mia!" he mourned as he thought of the cruelty of that parting.

"Oh, the weary voyage, the terrible suspense until I heard from thee, the weariness of life without thee," he sorrowed. "Without this I should have perished long ago."

Pulling forth a leather case from over his heart Don Gaspar extracted a worn bit of parchment and read for the thousandth time:

"Guard this ring, my chiefest treasure next to your love, and let it comfort thee in thy exile."

Taking from its soft wrappings the glorious ruby, given to the girl by the queen, Don Gaspar kissed it again and again. So fervent were his caresses that the jewel siplped from his fingers and dropped down, down into a great gaping crack in the earth. Stunned by his loss for a moment the soldier did not move, but full consciousness returning soon drove him to a wild search among the grasses. Goaded to madness by his loss, he fell to digging and combing the earth with his bare hands. Many hours he searched but the jewel was hopelessly lost.

Despair settled in the heart of Don Gaspar. His last bit of comfort was gone. Life was unendurable.

"I will mark this spot," he muttered, "and then San Jose shall see me no more. I shall wander over the face of the earth, which is so cruel to me—hopeless—forlorn."

Swiftly and silently the soldier crept back to the pueblo, and avoiding the sleeping sentinels, stealthily took from the stables a heavy cart and yoke of oxen. Driving them to the hills, he rolled a heavy granite boulder onto the wagon and carted this back to the place where the jewel lay hidden. Daybreak found him stealing

away on foot to the eastern hills with a light load of dried meat and ammunition on his back.

For many days he wandered southward far from the traveled highway, El Camino Real, living upon game he shot and snared and fish he caught from the abundant streams. Friendly Indians helped him on his way, often guiding him for miles. Not daring to show his face at the missions, where he might be recognized as a deserter, Don Gaspar traveled far inland and gave no white man a sight of his face. During his wanderings he grew to love the beauties of the region and could he but have had Carmencita by his side he would so joyously have made a home in the wilderness to live in peace and contentment. But without Carmencita, what hope?

California winter with its heavy rains was setting in when the ragged, foot weary soldier staggered into the San Diego mission back in the hills from the bay.

"Mercy, padre! I die of weariness," he cried, and lost consciousness, not to regain it for many long weeks. Faithfully the fathers tended him and quieted his fevered ravings of Carmencita and the lost jewel, ever the jewel and Carmencita and ever in the troubled times of war and revolution in Spain, found time to murmur a daily prayer for the tortured soul of Don Gaspar.

Spring had come in all its brilliant glory when a long-sought sail was sighted beyond Point Loma. Don Gaspar was still too weak to join the eager, anxious crowd that thronged the shore to greet the refugees who brought fresh news of the strife in Spain. The new party had won, a new king was on the throne and friends of the old regime were forced to flee or lose their lives. Many were coming to California to start anew and this boat was loaded with such poor souls. The fathers were kept very busy arranging accommodations for these people and it was not until after evening services and the quiet of dusk had settled upon the little mission world that the father superior was timidly approached by a fair young girl who sought news of her lover. Carmencita, for it was she indeed, told her pitiful story and told of the death of her father in Spain.

"There is no one in all the world who cares for me now but my own Gaspar and I know not if he lives or not."

"Have cheer, my child," the father answered, "something tells me you will soon be re-united. The night is mild, will you not walk a bit in the garden and find happiness in the scent of the flowers and the evening breeze? Go, my child, and I will join you later."

Carmencita strolled sadly out among the flowers and wrapped up in her own sorrowful thoughts, did not notice she was not alone in the garden. Suddenly she looked up and there before her stood a shadow of her own Don Gaspar, a pale, wan ghost, who stared strangely at her and seemd not to know her.

"Caro Mia!" she cried, "Is it you? Don't you know me? Carmencita? Caro Mia, I love you! Speak to me."

Slowly, as one in a dream, Don Gaspar advanced and extended his hand toward her. With the first touch of her eager fingers he realized she was no phantom of a fevered brain but a live, breathing reality. Drawing her close and showering her pale face with caresses he breathed exultantly, "Cara Mia, Cara Mia, Madre Dios, Usted es buena. You are good!"

And so the good father found them a little later, in the blissful paradise of lovers.

The jewel was never found, though many have searched. The stone still exists, almost wholly buried at the foot of a tall redwood in our Normal grounds. The story has been handed down from generation to generation until it is now merely a legend. Many have believed it, many will believe in it—and after all truth is sometimes queerer than fiction, so why not?

The Priceless Pearl

Once upon a time, in the Land of Make-Believe, there was a wondrous Castle. Its walls were made of Dreams, its rooms were clothed in beautiful Thoughts as well as useful ones, and forth from its windows poured streams of golden sunbeams; for the whole Castle was filled with Light of a radiance rarely seen on earth. Though the fragile walls seemed strong enough for that land where no winds or storms come near, the spires and turrets were lost from sight in the air; for there were always great white fleecy clouds or a white mist floating above the Castle.

Of course a beautiful Princess lived in the Castle. But down in the world she was only an ordinary Girl—not too ordinary, however. For she built the Castle. With all her heart and soul she had worked upon it ever since she was a little girl. Her Dreams had built the walls, her Thoughts had furnished each room, her Happiness had made the radiance all about. Because in her life she had received more than her share of sorrow, she had felt the need of such a place to go where only Happiness dwelt.

The Princess did not live in the Castle all the time, indeed not. She worked in her place in the World. It was only when her work was done, and finished well, that she permitted herself to visit her Castle, where she rested or played at will, and where, each time she went, she left something new behind her in the Castle. Perhaps it was not always perfect. But it was always her best.

Now you must not imagine that the Princess did all of this

by herself. Her Father and Mother each gave their best gifts to her, when she started to build the Castle. If she had not had these gifts to create from, her Castle might have turned out a black dungeon, where she would have been unhappy all her life. Her Father, the King, gave her the gifts of song and of humor, to make the long weary hours fly, and the hard things laughable. He gave her Honor, and the power to stick to what she started to do and do it well. The Queen gave her daughter a keen sense of right and wrong, and a happy faculty of seeing the good in everything. She also imparted to her child her own love of music, her appreciation of the beautiful, her skill in interpreting rhythm, and her deftness in everything that she did with her fingers.

So the Princess played her part in the World below, and dwelt in her Castle, apart from everyone. She never quite seemed to mix with even her best friends in the World. They knew she was different, and she did not care to take them to visit the Castle, for she knew they would not understand—that in their ignorance they would destroy her beautiful treasures, tear her carefully bound books, break her peculiar musical instruments, and trample on her flowers.

But even Princesses get lonely. So when there came a Lad among her friends, who always understood, yet never asked where she went away for so long, or why she was different, the Princess was glad. After she had worked with this new friend for a very long while, she decided to ask him to visit the Castle with her. She wished to give him pleasure, but she also wanted very much to have him look into her magic mirror that her Mother had given her, which showed all people as they really were.

The Lad went with the Princess gladly, and together they entered the Gates of Make-Believe, that lead to the Castle of the Princess. It was as the Princess had guessed. The Lad was perfectly at home in the Castle. He could even play a few of her songs and knew a great many of her flowers and thought them very beautiful.

The Lad visited the Castle very often, until one day the Princess took him into the room of Truth where her Mother's mirror stood. The Lad stood before the mirror and there he saw himself clad in princely garments, wearing his royal insignia. He did not understand why this should be so, for the mirror was an ordinary one to him. But the Princess knew that he was a Prince, and she was glad. He would not believe her when she told him so, but he loved her because she believed that he was a Prince, and he vowed that he would never give her occasion to think anything less of him than a real Prince.

Then the Princess decided to show him the room where she kept her most precious jewel. It was a beautiful, softly-shining pearl. She told him its name was Perfect Trust, and gave it to him, providing he would never take it away from the Castle. For the Princess knew that if her pearl were taken into the World below it would lose its luster.

After that, the Prince came and went at will.

The world kept going round, however, and the Princess kept getting busier and busier, until she could steal very little time to spend at the Castle. But the Prince still went very, very often. He enjoyed sitting in the room of Truth, and gazing at his pearl better than anything else. Everything seemed to right itself if he looked at it and thought long enough.

The Princess should not have stayed away. Her ambition and selfish thirst for fame kept her ever busier.

While the Prince dwelt in her Castle alone, one day a stranger knocked at the Gates of Make-Believe. The Prince, being lonely, went and let him in. The stranger came a long way from the World, and his name was Public Opinion. He talked a long while with the Prince, and he, having nothing else to do, listened. Public Opinion scoffed at the Prince for believing that he was anything but an ordnary man. He said that Man should keep his feet to earth, and that he had no business dwelling in the Land of Make-Believe. He finished by saying that the Princess wished him to be her slave in the Castle, merely to amuse herself, and that if he meant to do a man's work in the World, he had better start in or it would be too late.

The Prince believed Public Opinion, and taking the pearl he left the Castle in the Land of Make-Believe, and returned to the World.

When the Princess finished her work for awhile and she needed rest, she came back to the Castle. But the Prince never came again to visit her, and the Castle grew darksome and filled with weird shapes called Memories and Regrets, who wandered here and there and everywhere, taunting the Princess until she left the Castle in search of Peace.

Peace she could not find. Wearied with her long wanderings, she came back to the Castle, only to find, at the Gates of the Land of Make-Believe, a pile of charred ruins.

The only thing left for the Princess was work in the World below. And in her labor she found occupation for her mind, and Peace for her soul.

The Prince succeeded in all he attempted. But the pearl lost its luster and looked like a hard white pebble. He looked for it one day, but could not find it. He did not seem to care that it was lost.

Long, long afterward in a far city, the Prince and Princess met. They were glad enough to see each other, but they seemed different—just ordinary persons. They had forgotten the Land of Make-Believe, and the Prince had lost the pearl.

Still he realized what he had lost, and set out to find another pearl to give the Princess, that they might be happy once more. Through many lands he traveled, without success. Finally he came to the Land of Make-Believe, and there he saw the ruins of the Castle. Tired with his wanderings, the Prince rested at the

Gate. While he slept, an Angel came to him, and touching his forehead, said:

"Arise and build another Castle, for the Princess must have a place of rest from the World or she will die."

So it came about that the Prince built his Castle. It was not so fragile, nor so beautiful as that of the Princess, for nothing could ever equal hers in beauty. Slowly but surely it neared completion. The Prince fashioned its stately walls from Experience and furnished its rooms with Reason and Wisdom. One room he made of simple design, and put nothing into it. Its walls were of beautiful ivory, carved into curious scenes of all that had happened between Then and Now. The ivory gave a wondrous glow to the room. That was all.

Although the Castle was completed, there was no Light. All was dusky. No artificial light that the Prince might try had any effect. But he was not discouraged, for he said to himself, "I shall find the Princess, and together we shall find the Light and bring it to our Castle."

Finally he found the Princess. Her ambition was dead, her hopes trampled under foot, her very being crushed by the routine of her life. She was glad to go with the Prince to search for the Light—for without it she knew she would die.

At last, after a hard and troublesome journey, they came to the Gates of Make-Believe, but they were really the Gates of Make-Believe Come True. The Castle seemed a speck in the distance. Out of its windows poured streams of golden Light, that made the whole country roundabout glow in the sunshine.

Together they walked through the fields till they came to the garden. Rows of hollyhocks guarded the gate on either side. Heartsease and snapdragons peeped through. Rows of foxgloves stood against the front of the house. Yes, because upon looking up, the Girl and the Man saw—not the Castle which the Prince had built,—but a dear little home. Its walls were made of Love. Its rooms were empty save the needed comforts ready to be clothed with loving thoughts and deeds and willing service. One room alone remained the same as it was in the Castle. The door to the ivory room stood open. It was from there that the Light came. And truly when they entered the room, they saw the Pearl, hanging from the center of the ceiling, pure and livid with Light.

"Why did it come back to us?" whispered the radiant Princess.

"Because we trust each other at last," answered the Prince. "We will never go away from the Land of Make-Believe Come True."

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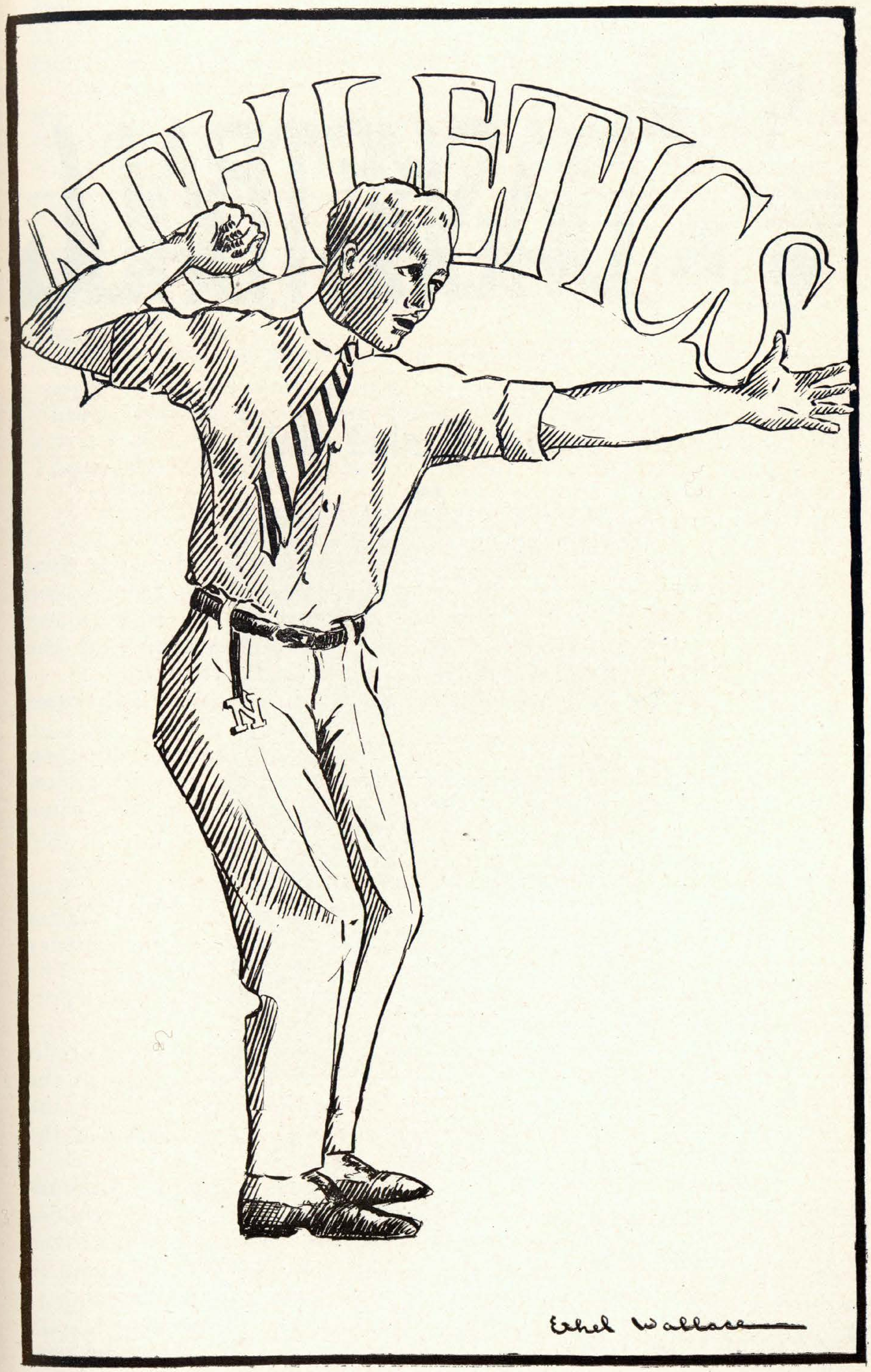


Ethel Wallace

Girls' Basket Ball

Although San Jose Normal failed to make good in the final score with Chico in the annual game last January, the team which represented the Gold and White last season was declared by many who are in authority to have been the best aggregation that the Normal girls have gotten together for the past five years.

That eventful afternoon at Chico when the two rival teams fought out their annual store of grievances on a glassy ballroom floor, is one which the San Jose girl basketers will ever remember. Because San Jose Normal had been accustomed to play its games on a "real" basketball court while Chico practiced in the "town hall" ballroom was not sufficient evidence, in the opinion of San Joseans, to prove Chico superior in the girls' sport.

Never before in the season's list of games had the San Jose girls fought harder to win a game. The real truth of the matter was that the San Jose girls were unable to stand on the slippery floor, much less able to scamper about after a basketball. The final score of 15 to 11 fails to tell the dramatic scene which was portrayed in the forty minutes of play.

Manager Chrissie Owen may well be accorded highest credit for the masterful team which she led to the highest mark in the perfecting of a well-organized girls' basketball team. With the aid of Captain Annette Mitchell, she directed the coaching of the entire squad.

Despite the handicap of no coach, the girls journeyed to Stanford University, where they bested the 'Varsity women by a close two points. In a return game at San Jose, Normal again proved victorious with a score of 27 to 9. The Stanford 'Varsity team in itself is no easy aggregation to send under the yoke of defeat.

The series with the Pacific Grove High School ended with one game to the credit of each team. Pacific Grove won the first

game with San Jose by a close score. In the return game played at the Grove, San Jose proved a winner, showing much improvement over the game played earlier in the season.

One of the greatest assets that favored San Jose Normal was the practice afforded by the San Jose High School. Twice a week the "prep" school girls played games with Normal. Raymond B. Leland, athletic director of the High School, refereed the games to the satisfaction of both teams.

The showing which San Jose made this year against the Stanford women, San Jose High School, Pacific Grove High School, and other minor teams proved that the upholders of San Jose Normal's reputation might well be classed among the fastest basketball teams in the state.

Annie Baxter, Inez Cooper, forwards; Chrissie Owen, touch center; Vivian Saunders, side center, and Annette Mitchell, Phil Sheehy, guards, formed the nucleus of the team. Those who deserve honorable mention for their work as substitutes are Annie Logan, Esther Murphy, Marie Pate and Eva Hinkson.

Boys' Basket Ball

An uphill fight from start to finish may well be given as a fitting summary for the disadvantages which the Normal boys were forced to encounter in their attempt to build up the athletic

reputation of San Jose Normal in basketball. Several games fell to the credit of the basketers, although the lack of organized training counted heavily in each contest.

The fact that there was no coach available did not seem to daunt Manager Walter Christensen even in the face of the great odds against which the boys fought. From a lack of veteran basketball players the boys developed a representative team. The lack of suits, dressing rooms, showers, and finally a basketball court, all had their influence in preventing the turning out of a championship team.

Nevertheless, the boys met one day and decided to allow Clifton Boyle to lead them to victory. So they elected him captain.

Boyle came to Normal with a reputation of a crack forward. And so he proved to be before the season was half completed. Fast on his feet and quick to see and break opposing teams' plays, Boyle proved to be the nucleus about which the team worked.

Manager Christensen began his work by interesting all basketball boys in the series of games played by the church teams. The Normal boys joined many of the teams, where they gained valuable training. Several games were scheduled the first of the season with these church teams, many of which finished with San Jose Normal in the lead.

The first regular game of the season was played with Campbell High School. Both the first game and the return match ended to the dismay of the San Jose players. It later developed that the Campbell team was one of the fastest in the High School League. Normal's defeat, therefore, may be taken as a matter of course and not as an evidence of weakness.

A series of clashes with the San Jose High School team ended with no advantages gained on either side. The games with the championship Pacific Grove High School basketball aggregation, while proving of the greatest value to Normal as practice, dampened the ardor of the San Jose men considerably.

When the boys went to Chico they were confident of winning. Two things led them to believe they would come out of the battle victorious: they believed themselves to be a more formidable team than the one which defeated Chico last year, and they considered themselves to be in the best of physical condition.

The suction-soled shoes worn by the Chico team, by which they were able to stand with ease on the waxed floor of the Armory Hall dance floor, where the game was played, and a team which was superior in size and in the game of basketball itself, led to the undoing of San Jose's confident squad.

Nevertheless, the San Jose players fought without cessation throughout both halves of the game. It was a masterful struggle. This smaller team from San Jose, unused to a glassy floor, and unacquainted with suction-shoes, fought bravely to the end although after the first five minutes of play they knew that the final count would tell against them. Their spirit somewhat revived the same night, though, when they went to cheer for their

debating team, which paid back some of the score against San Jose.

The team which represented San Jose at Chico follows: Clifton Boyle, Frank Sanders, forwards; Horton Blair, center; Walter Christensen, Robert Wilson, Melvin Dillingham, guards. Those who played with the team regularly but who were not picked for the final clash with Chico, were: Waldo Worden, David Smith and Frank McCabe.

Tennis

RAIN prevented San Jose's racqueters from displaying much latent talent during the past season. A system of team selection similar to that used by the Naglee Park tennis players was adopted by Manager Inez Cooper and try-outs for a team to play in the Normal-High School annual tournament began. When about half completed, rain interfered with the try-outs. More than three weeks' time was lost during the wet season.

When at last the rainy season was over the tennis aspirants had lost much of their early energy. Commencement preparations prevented much material from entering the tournament with the High School. San Jose Normal, despite the prolonged intermission of rainy weather, made a good showing against the "prep" school racquet wielders.

Efforts were made at the beginning of the season to secure a tournament with the College of Pacific. These efforts proved unavailing, and the High School team was the only opponent that faced Normal on the tennis courts this year.

Following are those who represented San Jose Normal:

Boys' singles: Edwin Comer, Raymond Mooney.
Boys' doubles: Edwin Comer, Raymond Mooney.
Mixed doubles: Myrtle Jackson, Herbert Hunn.
Girls' singles: Myrtle Jackson, Genevieve Marcellus. Winifred Humphrey.
Girls' double: Genevieve Marcellus, Zella Hannah.

Baseball

By George Boyd.

DEEMING it practicable to utilize the time-worn adage, "practice makes perfect," Baseball Manager John Carmichael of the 1915 squad has arranged more games and laid the foundation for a better team to come than any previous manager that has ever graced a diamond for San Jose Normal.

The 1915 squad, while not having attached scalps to its belt from every team that it opposed, may well be considered a complete success from the standpoint of an aggressive and well-organized aggregation. Carefully laid plays were successfully learned and exercised in the more important games.

Last season's hard practices and formation of the principles of team-work have not been so apparent during the past year as they will be when the 1916 nine makes its appearance. It is prophesied that the coming team to represent the Gold and White during next season will be a winner in every sense of the word. Not a little credit will be accorded to the efforts of the 1915 management.

A lack of veteran players proved to be the greatest handicap for the team. With the exception of the return of Manager John Carmichael, Laverne Culbertson and Captain Charles Fisher, the entire team had to be selected from entering Juniors. These new men have been drilled thoroughly and, as most of them are to return next season, will form a fighting force of which San Jose Normal should be proud.

With the entering Juniors came one experienced player upon whom the team has leaned most heavily. This was Frank McCabe. As a crack pitcher McCabe first became known through his connection with the San Jose City League. It was here that he received the practical experience which has been a source of benefit to the Normal nine.

Adequate diamonds were at the command of the team. Through the courtesy of Principal Hancock the Grant baseball field was thrown open to the use of the Normal team on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays of each week were set aside at the high school athletic field diamond for the use of the Normal boys. Several other places of play could be used in an emergency, according to the arrangements made by Manager Carmichael.

An early start was made by the baseballers last fall. Many of the baseball aspirants donned flannel shirts and other national game toggery to get into the early fall practice. High spirits among the players and more intense enthusiasm resulted from the first game of the fall season. Normal started off with a bang by defeating the fast Sodality Athletic Club 8 to 5 on the Sodality diamond.

When the second important game was played with a picked team from the San Jose City League, San Jose failed to win. The bushers were pushed hard by the Normalites for eleven innings, only winning 9 to 8. Then Normal dropped baseball until spring.

Just what the Normal team's array of uniforms was would test the descriptive powers of George Ade. Their kaleidoscopic color scheme formed when the boys went down San Jose's main thoroughfare one afternoon was ludicrous, and caused much questioning and comment from passersby. Shortly after that memorable event the boys received new outfits.

A series of games with the St. Joseph's Academy resulted in Normal winning two out of the three games played. This triumph began the spring season. McCabe's appearance as slabster made the Normal team look like a reality. And the future pedagogues took on more formidable adversaries as opponents.

The Santa Clara University day scholars had a baseball team. Confident sphere-chasers at Normal thought they would surely make easy prey of the 'varsity lads. But the score was peculiarly handled, sad to say, and Normal was defeated in the first contest. The future instructors retaliated in the second game and administered a severe drubbing to the collegians.

One of the most picturesque and interesting trips enjoyed by the team was to the beautiful little hamlet of Los Gatos. Nestled among the ever-green hills, this quiet town offered much of the esthetic beauty to the "city" chaps from San Jose. The appearance of a real baseball team in Los Gatos proved to be one of the memorable events for the townspeople.

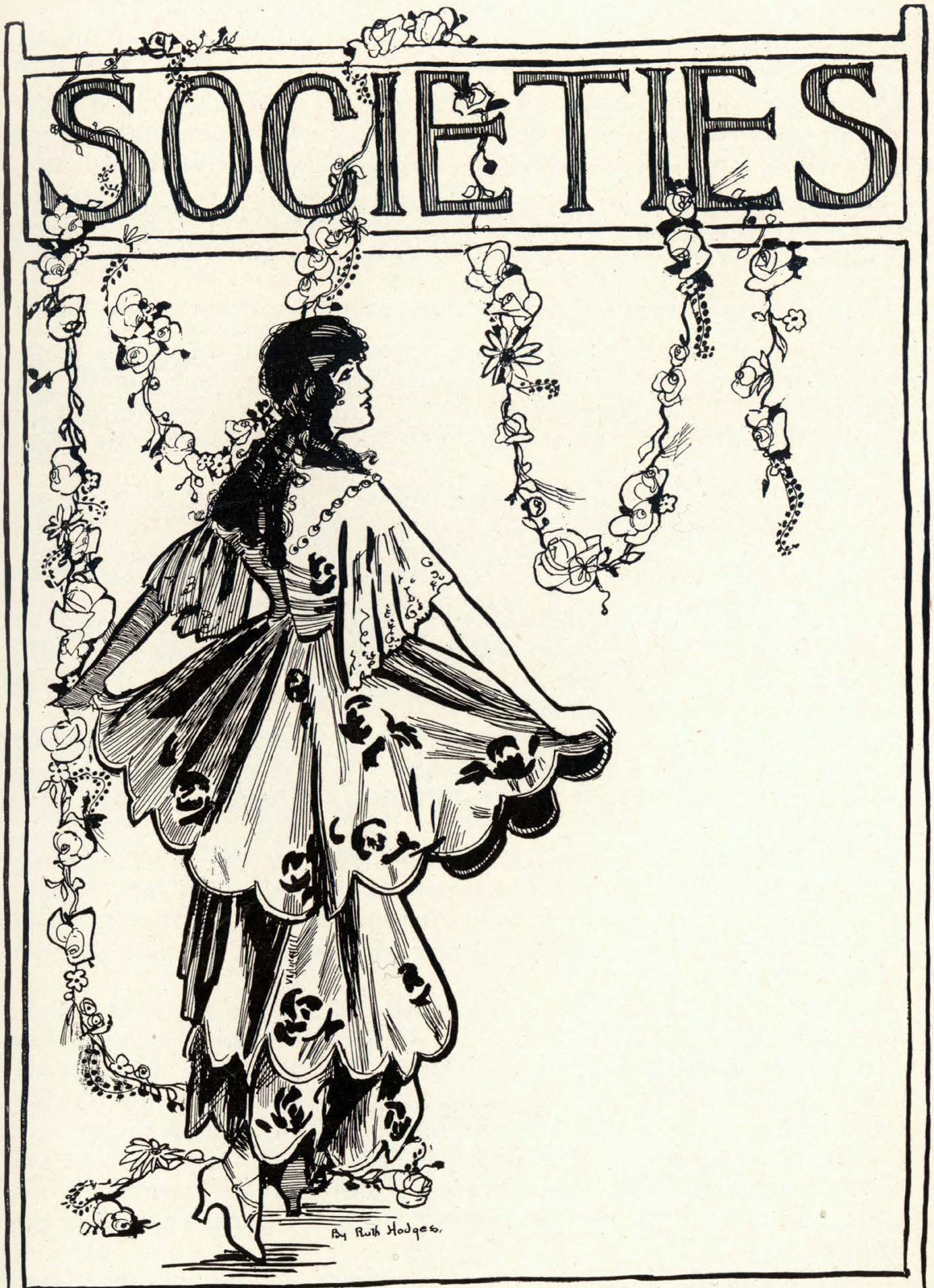
Farmers from far and near came to see the game. The feature of the day's entertainment centered about the novel method employed in advertising the game. A burro was saddled and bridled and ridden about town with a huge sign attached. A record crowd turned out to watch the "home town" lads trim the visitors by a 5 to 4 score.

San Jose Normal's 1915 baseball team follows: Ralph Ninas, Laverne Culbertson, catchers; Frank McCabe, David Smith, Clifton Boyle, pitchers; Shafer, first base; Harold Mosher, second

base; John Carmichael, third base; Charles Fisher, shortstop; Melvin Dillingham, left field; George Boehmer, center field; James Kirby, right field.

The games follow:

Normal 8, Sodality Athletic Club 5.
Normal 8, San Jose City League 9.
Normal 3, St. Joseph's Academy 1.
Normal 3, St. Joseph's Academy 5.
Normal 7, St. Joseph's Academy 5.
Normal 10, Mercury-Herald 5.
Normal 16, Mercury-Herald 6.
Normal 4, Santa Clara day scholars 10.
Normal 8, Santa Clara day scholars 7.
Normal 4, Los Gatos 5.
Normal 14, Campbell 7.
Normal 9, College of Pacific 8.
Normal 3, San Jose High School 10.


SOCIETIES
By Ruth Hodges.

Sappho

SURELY the memories of the past year will not soon be forgotten by members of Sappho. What with the mad rush for knowledge, intermingled with a certain amount of fun, the three short terms might easily be called most eventful. Though all look forward to the Commencement season and the following summer months, we are far from anxious to part with the friends we have found so congenial and so sincere.

Early in the fall the social spirit became apparent. After several minor parties we held a progressive initiation, going to the homes of Genevieve Sicotte, Virginia McKnight, and Leone Jopson. Those who became Sapphos's new members were Marguerite Pratt, Marion Miller, Olive Kent, Florence George and Irma Copeland.

One of the last social events before Christmas was Inter Society Cotillion, which was a decided success.

Those who were graduated were Gretchen Hall and Juanita Speckens.

During the Christmas vacation season one of our strongest members, Rita Gosney, who was graduated with the class of 1910, was married to a member of the faculty, Mr. Spaulding. He is an honorary member of Sappho.

In the middle of January a novel party was given in the South Society Hall in the form of a dansant. A number of Sappho girls entertained those present with exhibitions of the fox trot and other new dances.

On February sixth initiation was held at the lovely country home of Florence George: Those who were welcomed into Sappho were Marie Perry, Mabel Crooks, Jeannie Blackie, Kathryn Cassin, Marian Farney, Florence Hunter, Vera Thomas, Marian Quinlan and Carolyn Connik.

On the evening of March fifteenth the Sappho members of the faculty were made welcome to a dinner in South Society Hall. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. George, Miss McCabe, Miss Nixon, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Wunderlich, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Schroder, Miss Trimble, Mr. Boyle, Miss Bassler, and Miss Whitmire. The tables were decorated in the dainty colonial style, and after dinner six girls entertained the guests with a pretty minuet.

At the last of March those members of Sappho who were graduated were Lillian Jayett, Genevieve Sicotte, Ferne Nelson, Marian Werner and Leone Jopson. A farewell party was given them in the form of an enjoyable moonlight picnic at Alum Rock.

Miss Lotta Bland, on the evening of May sixth, again opened

her home to the Sappho girls for the purpose of initiating Irene Cuneo and Dorris McMillan.

The special event of the year was the regular Sappho cotillion, which was held at Hotel Vendome on May first. The idea of May was carried out in the banks of lavender and white flowers on a background of ferns for decorations. A little boy and girl, suitably dressed, distributed the programs, which were truly dainty little hand-painted May baskets. The favors, too, were pretty May flowers, made by the Sappho girls.

During the evening May twenty-second, in the Assembly Hall, a fair, or carnival, given under the name of "Zig-Zag-Zone,," held full sway. The girls were assisted by the young men of the Normal in making the hall most attractive. From various prettily decorated booths the girls sold good things to eat. At one end of the Assembly amusing side shows drew large crowds. The money brought in from the concessions went towards the construction of a rest cottage which the students of Normal hope to have in the near future.

And so, at the end of the school year, we find the old saying true that "all friends must part." Those graduating are
Grace Carson, Jeanette Dobbins, Fern Elder, Lucille Gordon, Grace McMurtry, Dorothy Musgrave, Elva Pointer, Jeanette Searight, Ethel Wallace, Ruth Winn, Marguerite Wright.
Those who remain are Rueby Barnhart, Jeannie Blackie, Kathryn Cassin, Carolyn Connick, Mabel Crooks, Marian Farney, Florence Hunter, Marian Miller, Marguerite Pratt, Marie Perry, Marian Quinlan, Nell Quill, Vera Thomas, Irene Cuneo, Doris McMillin.

The faculty members of Sappho are: Dr. Dailey, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. George, Miss McCabe, Mr. Wood, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Fisher, Mr. Spaulding, Miss Trimble, Mrs. Schroder, Mr. Boyle, Miss Bassler, Miss Whitmore, Miss O'Neale, Miss Wunderlich.

Jeanette Dobbins
Carolyn Connick
Grace Carson

Grace McMurtry
Dorothy Musgrave
Marie Perry

Lucille Gordon
Jeannie Blackie
Marian Quinlan

Mabel Crooks
Kathryn Cassin
Jeannette Searight

Ruth Winn — Elva Pointer — Reuby Barnhart — Vera Thomas

Marian Farney — Fern Elder — Marguerite Wright

Marian Miller — Ferne Nelson — Florence Hunter — Ethel Wallace

Allenian

"With much love for the old friends—much love for the new,
We give you a handclasp, and this watchword—too—
Be true to yourselves, to the Normal be true."

—Professor Charles H. Allen.

AND so has passed another very happy and successful year. Allenian has taken into her number a group of girls in whom the tie of friendship, strong and loyal, can never be broken, and the spirit of Allenian will always live in the hearts of these girls. Our ideals are high, and true to the noble example of the beloved man from whom we take our name, Professor Allen, for many years president of this school.

Festivities began September the nineteenth with a rush party at Ruth Turner's home in Los Gatos, which was the first real gathering of the old girls and a welcome to our new friends.

Next in order was a party at Inez Dodd's home. It was a "baby party" and the costumes and form of entertainment combined contributed real "spice."

Katharine Wood entertained the girls, and initiation was the order of the evening. Allenian was glad to welcome eleven new sisters: Dorotha Ball, Ruth Bulger, Florence Burns, Ruth Firehammer, Irene Hewitt, Marian McIntyre, Verna Merkey, Elaine Norton, Marion Osburn, Lorene Snowden and Elizabeth Stephens.

Intersociety cotillion was given at the Vendome on Saturday evening, December the twelfth.

Four of our most prominent members were graduated at Christmas time. It was with deep regret that we lost Eliza Andrews, Hazel Beeks, Dorothy Slotemaker and Katharine Wood.

In January Allenian gave a tea at O'Brien's in honor of Miss Payne, Mrs. George and Miss Hall, three of our faculty members whom we are glad to have with us again.

To show just how much they would miss Miss Schureman the girls gave a violet luncheon in her honor in South Society Hall. All of the Allenian faculty members were guests.

Initiation held at Marion McIntyre's home in February gave us four new members: Harriet Ives, Annette Mitchell, Philothea Sheely and Genevieve Williamson.

The annual dance was held at the Vendome, April the twenty-fourth. Masses of white blossom banked about the rooms, music and the novel programs, together with the informal friendliness of the affair, made it one of the best dances that has been given. The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. George, Miss Payne and Miss O'Brien.

Olive Thorn Vivian Washburn Helen Myers Annette Mitchell
Lorene Snowden Dorotha Ball Florence Burns
Irene Hewitt Phil Sheehy Marian McIntyre Anabell Rush

A candy sale was held in May for the rest cottage fund.

Commencement week finds us, for the last time, hostesses to our friends in "open house."

The faculty members of Allenian are: Miss Howe, Mrs. George, Miss Royce, Miss Payne, Miss McFadden, Miss Sprague, Mr. Marten, Miss Rowell and Mr. Wilson.

June graduates:

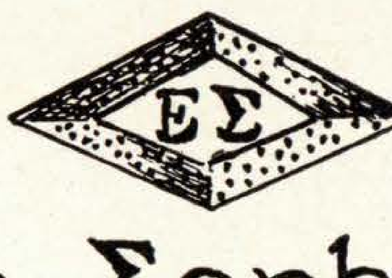
Merle Butler, Itha Janes, Bess Kreiss, Alma Linton, Gladys

Bess Kreiss Lois Salsman Esther Scott Gladys McKenney
Harriet Ives Marian Osborn Elaine Norton
Caroline Bedwell Alma Linton Ruth Bulger Genevieve Williamson

McKenney, Elyse Myers, Helen Myers, Anabell Rush, Lois Salsman, Lorene Snowden, Esther Scott, Olive Thorn, Vivian Washburn, Delia Webb.

Those who will return next year are: Dorotha Ball, Ruth Bulger, Florence Burns, Ruth Firehammer, Irene Hewitt, Harriet Ives, Marian McIntyre, Verna Merkey, Annette Mitchell, Elaine Norton, Marion Osborn, Emily Rued, Philothea Sheehy, Elizabeth Stephens, Genevieve Williamson.

Itha Janes | Elyse Myers | Delia Webb | Ruth Firehammer | Merle Butler



Ero Sophian

YES indeed, the year has passed before Ero Sophian realized—so many good times mingled with our school work have occupied the time.

Ero Sophian began activities very early in the season with a most successful rush party at Alum Rock. Here the girls gathered to renew old friendships and form new ones. An elaborate picnic was spread by the Seniors, and the supper, including "weenies" and coffee, was enjoyed by everyone. The girls found a lighted hall waiting their arrival and they danced until their special car arrived.

The initiation of Ero Sophian was held at Hotel Vendome in the form of a formal banquet—the memories of which will long linger in the hearts of the girls. The tables were laid for thirty-four, and at each place a dainty carnation bouquet and a gold place

card greeted the eye. The chaperones of the evening were Mrs. Rousseau and Miss Bradley.

The Christmas cotillion was the next event to occupy Ero Sophians' share of interest. The Vendome proved as charming a surrounding as usual—and of course everyone had a splendid time.

A little later in the season a delightful luncheon was given at the Montgomery Hotel in honor of Miss Whitmire and Miss Bassler, who Ero Sophian gladly welcomed as new faculty members.

The Society Hall was the scene of the next good time, which proved to be a tamale feed. During the evening candy pulling was enjoyed. Betty Crossley and Mildred Wadsworth, representing two Italians, proved admirable entertainers. Miss Clara Smith graciously chaperoned the girls.

Following this the girls were entertained at an afternoon tea by Miss Betty Crossley, in honor of Mrs. Macmillan nee Miss Helen Fraser. Dainty refreshments were served and during the afternoon Mrs. Macmillian was presented with a beautiful hand-tinted chocolate set.

In the early spring Eudora Scott entertained Ero Sophian and friends with an informal dance at the Woman's Club House in Union. Surely the girls enjoyed this delightful affair. Mrs. Scott and her daughter proved able hostesses. All went home wishing for another such pleasant dance.

In contrast to our time-honored custom of a formal dance, we broke traditions and indulged in a sumptuous dinner at the new Alum Rock cafe. The tables were prettily decorated with the season's first rose buds. A delightful program had been arranged and dancing concluded the evening. The girls returned merrily in the special car, deeming the idea a success. Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Bassler, Miss Bradley, Miss Whitmire, Miss McFadden and Miss Rowell were our invited guests.

The second initiation party took place in the spring, but this time Mildred Eastey entertained the girls at her home. One hardly needs say it was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Miss McFadden, Miss Whitmire, Miss O'Brien and Miss Bassler were the invited guests.

It is felt by the "Lovers of Wisdom" that the year has been credibly disposed of and that our ideals, namely, to create a social fellowship among our members and to promote a higher interest in the life of the school, have been upheld.

Our graduating members are: Ethel Case, Bae Chalmers, Mildred Eastey, Ida Fulton, Hyldred Knapp, Edna Koester, Helen Macmillan, Frances Mecredy, Almira Mitchell, Harriet Norman, Ione Tuttle, Mildred Wadsworth, Elsie Keller.

Those remaining are: Edna Buck, Irene Campbell, Helen Castle, Ester Dool, Hazel Eddy, Eunice Edwards, Arlie Jones, Rowene Lacque, Roma McGriff, Eudora Scott, Vera Mulcahy, Edith Crowell, Dorothy Smith, Helen Faulkner and Cecil Haywood.

The faculty members are: Miss Bradley, Miss Rowell, Miss Whitmire, Miss McFadden and Miss Bassler.

Ethel Case
Elsie Keller
Hyldred Knapp

Eudora Scott
Helen Castle
Edna Koester
Bae Chalmers

Almira Mitchell
Edna Buck
Hazel Eddy
Helen Macmillan

Mildred Eastey
Mildred Wadsworth
Ida Fulton

Irene Campbell — Ione Tuttle — Harriet Norman

Frances Mecredy — Arlie Jones

Roma McGriff — Vera Mulcahy

Edith Crowell — Eunice Edwards

Esther Dool — Rowene Lacque

Browning

THIS year has surely been one long to be remembered by every Browning girl. It has been crowded with good times which have strengthened the bond of friendship existing among these girls, whose similar interests have drawn them together.

A few days after the opening of school the Browning girls enjoyed a treat at O'Brien's.

About the middle of September Virginia Boardman opened her home in Palo Alto to the Browning girls. Amateur theatricals furnished entertainment.

Alice Pearson and Marjorie Wentworth, two popular Browning girls, decided to desert the ranks of Normal for married life.

Early in October choice varieties of butterfly candy were sold for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund.

On the evening of October 31st, a jolly group of girls met at the home of Lucille McClay to initiate the following girls: Martha Lauriston, Helen Kirtland, Irene Dickey, Ruth Kuhn, Faith Hemphill, Eleanor Chapman, Vera Hill, Lola Weaver, Edna Carlson and Lorraine Wessing. After due ceremonies the girls enjoyed refreshments about a blazing bonfire.

We were sorry to lose Evadne Halliday, who went south, from our midst.

Needles flew busily at the home of Ruth Kuhn December 3rd. Many dolls were dressed to make the Indian children happy at Christmas time.

As Christmas drew nearer it meant the parting from Mary Elliot. To do her honor the girls gathered at Mildred Brown's home. Gifts were exchanged, and merry was the evening.

A pleasant afternoon in January was spent at the home of Edith Leh. Music, laughter and fun made the time pass too soon. We were glad to welcome Gladys Gould and Maybelle Mitchell as Browning sisters.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated with a dinner party given in honor of the entire faculty, most of whom were present. The soft light of many candles made a pleasant glow on the happy party. A clever playlet terminated this most enjoyable evening.

The annual dance took place at the Hotel Vendome, April 10th. As usual, it was a gay and festive affair. The patronesses were Dr. and Mrs. Dailey, Mrs. George and Miss Payne.

April 19th Browning met for a pleasant afternoon at the home of Eleanor Chapman.

In May, the following girls were made members of Browning at the home of Faith Hemphill: Adarhyle Cambers, Waleska Keel, Estelle Hoisholt, Georgia Wilbur, Ethel Blabon, Vivian Gardiser and Elgie Say.

Dean Cornwell — Eleanor Chapman — Lola Weaver — Georgia Wilbur
Hazel Davis — Ruth Kuhn — Maybelle Mitchell
Lucille McClay — Margaret Thomayer — Edith Hartung — Mildred Brown

The crowning event of the year was a play, "The Trouble at Satterlee's," given for the benefit of the rest cottage fund.

June 1st marked a good time spent at the home of Lucille McClay, when the girls gathered around a bonfire for a "weenie roast."

The Juniors of the society entertained the Seniors with a delightful dinner dance at Alum Rock June 5th.

Commencement week found Browning hostess in Miss Fisher's room.

Edith Leh — Vivian Gardisier — Faith Hemphill — Waleska Kerl
Linda Alloggi — Irene Dickey — Estelle Hoisolt
Adarhyle Cambers — Vera Hill — Helen Kirtland — Ruth Boyd

June graduates:

Linda Alloggi, Ruth Boyd, Mildred Brown, Dean Cornwell, Hazel Davis, Irene Dickey, Gladys Gould, Albertina Grove, Ruth Kuhn, Edith Leh, Lucille McClay.

Those left are Ethel Blabon, Adarhyle Cambers, Edna Carlson, Eleanor Chapman, Vivian Gardiser, Esther Hartung, Faith Hemphill, Vera Hill, Estelle Hoisholt, Waleska Kiel, Martha Lauriston, Helen Kirtland, Maybelle Mitchell, Elgie Say, Margaret Thomayer, Lola Weaver, Lorraine Wessing and Georgia Wilbur,

Dailean

Place—Dailean Open House Room in Normal.
Time—After graduation.

"Oh, Marjorie, I'm so glad it is all over," said Elna sighing with relief, "but we can look back on this year as one that has been full of many social occasions that have made stronger our ties of friendship."

"Yes, I distinctly remember," responded Marjorie, "the theatre party at which we entertained several new girls. Afterwards came our specials at the Sugar Plum."

"I shall not forget the initiation party on Oct. 17, 1914. Oh, how frightened Ruth Wormer, Pearl Gandrup, Lillian van Riper and Josephine van Riper were when we introduced them to our secrets."

"Then, on December 11, there was the informal dance in the Society Hall, which ended our fall term."

"My! but we came back with vim and vigor in January," replied Elna. "We started things right off with the banquet and dance in honor of our debaters. The Society Hall never looked so artistic as it did with those wonderful butterflies and violets. Dr. Dailey, Mrs. Dailey, Miss O'Neale and Miss Howe were our faculty guests that evening."

"I remember," said Edith, "the midnight tamale party at which Helen Shambough, Elizabeth Evers, Gertrude Tailleur, Gladys Colquhoun and Ruby Fitch were pledged."

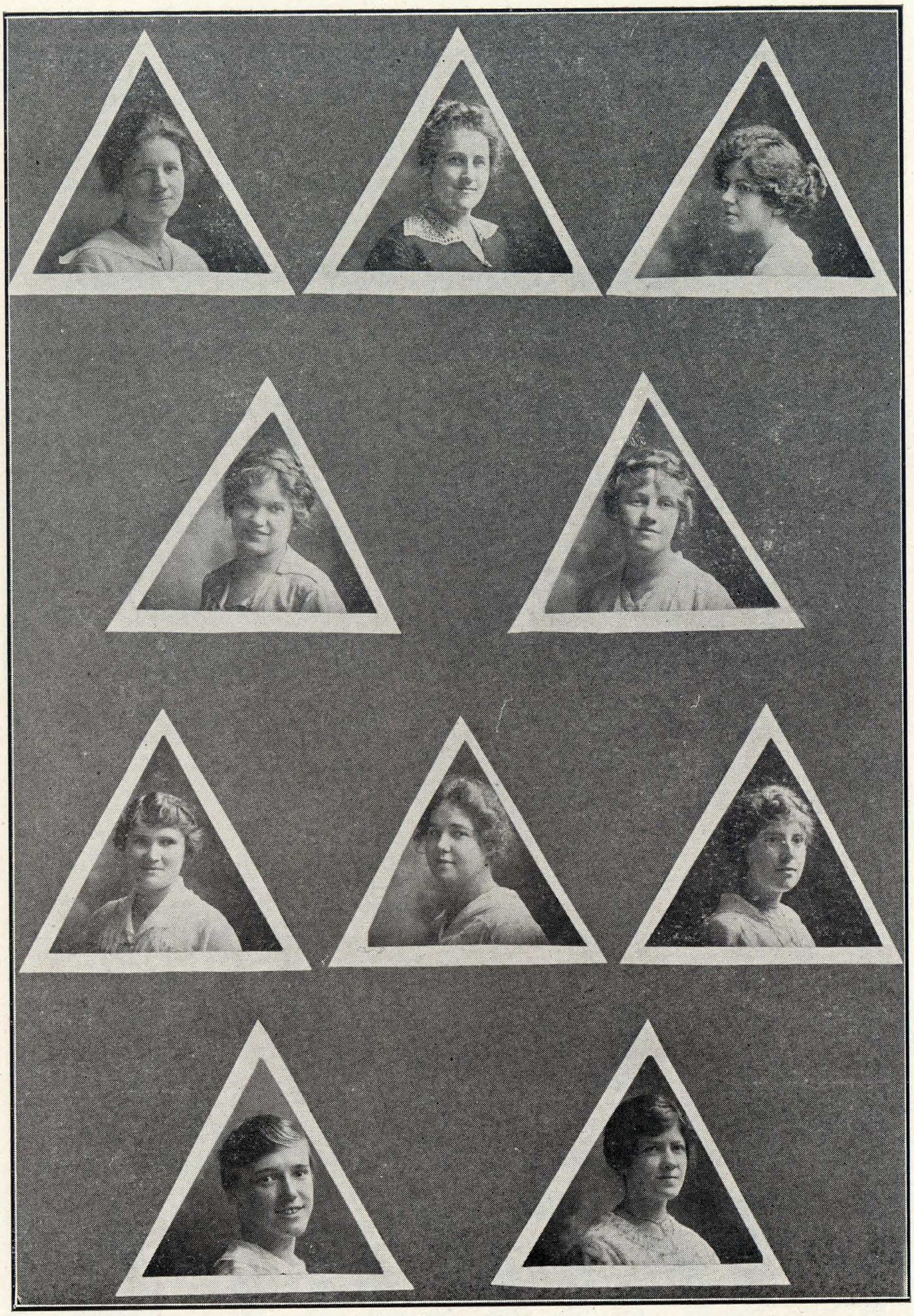
"Then our next enjoyable evening, March 19, 1915, came as a Chinatown party at your home," replied Pearl. "Those noodles were such funny things. I would hate to think of eating them all the time. I'm glad I don't have to live in China.'

"After spring vacation," joined Gladys, "came our reunion picnic at Alum Rock. The tramp to the Falls was one long to be remembered."

"I think all of us had such a splendid time at the informal dance at the Woman's Club on May 15," said Beatrice. "The Club House looked like a fairyland place with its golden decorations. Our patron and patronesses, Mr. and Mrs. Marten, Miss O'Neale and Mrs. Rockwell seemed to enjoy the dance as well."

"For my part I shall not forget the initiation party on May 28," responded Camilla. "I was certainly glad when you said you were through with me, as I thought that I never would come forth alive. Some of the others thought the same."

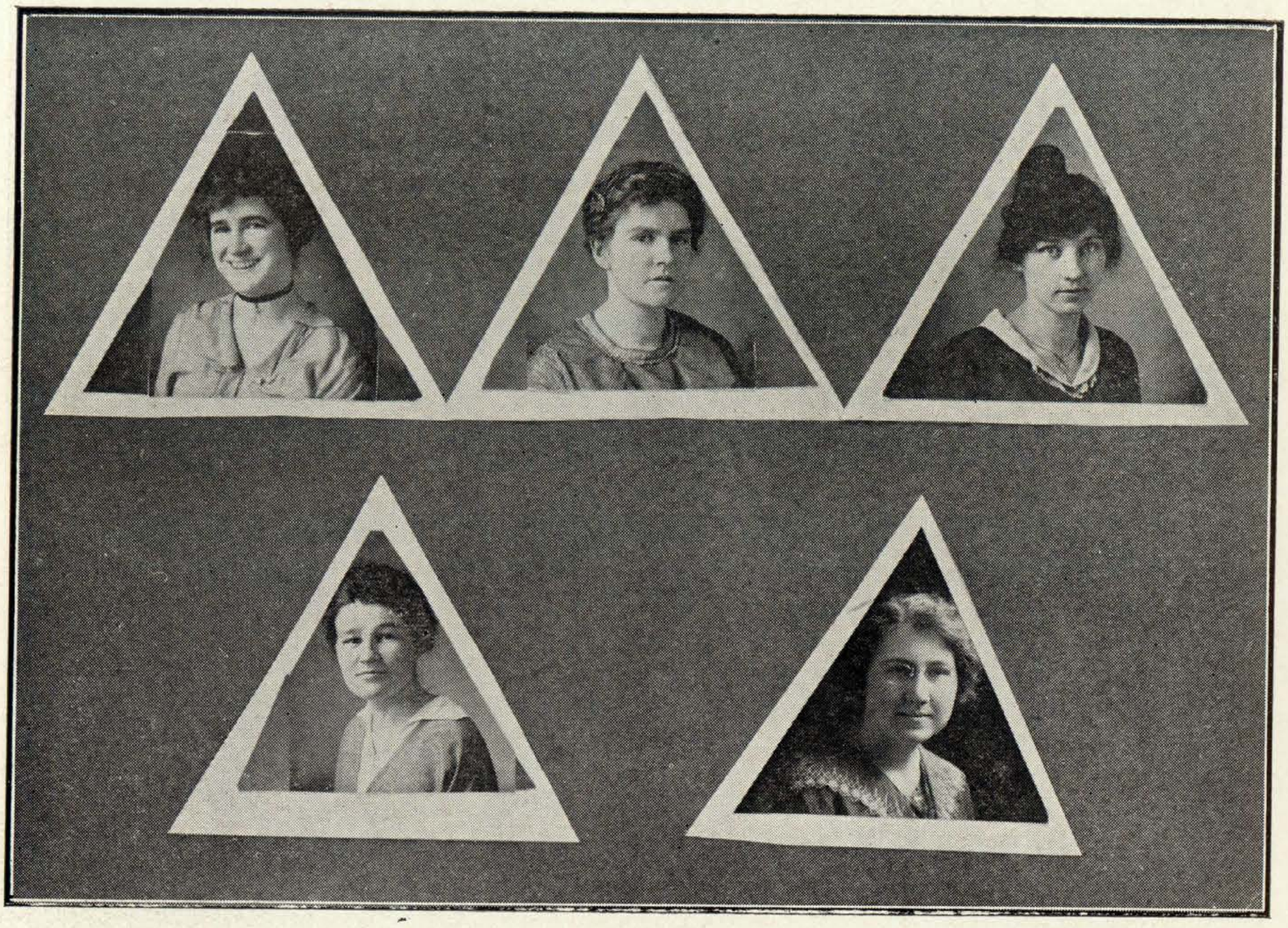
"The climax of this year has been this successful open house week," replied Leola. "There has never been a more glorious or more grand place. 'Aloha' as we have played it this last week will bring back fond memories to me in all the years to come and go."



Ruby Russell
Elizabeth Evers
Gladys Colquhoun
Camilla Lewis

Beatrice Barker
Gertrude Tailleur

Leola Rockwell
Grace Crow
Elna Lackey
Ruth Wormer



Marjorie Pillon Delma Phelps Josephine Van Riper
Edith Hullett Carrie Ellis

Departing members:

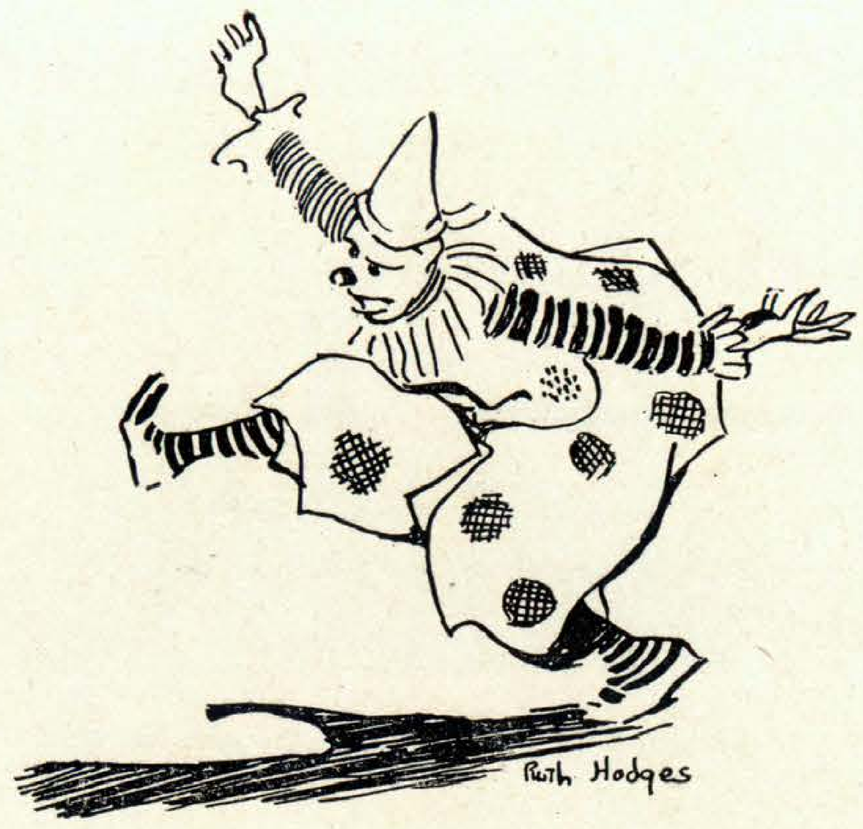
Josephine van Riper, Lillian van Riper, Leola Rockwell, Marjorie Pillon, Delma Phelps, Abbie Cota, Edith Hullett, Edith McMurry, Pearl Gandrup, Beatrice Barker, Elna Lackey.

Remaining members

Ruth Wormer, Myrtie Jackson, Ethel Burris, Evelyn Ghiovzo, Ruby Fitch, Gladys Colquhoun, Gertrude Tailleur, Helen Shambough, Elizabeth Evers, Ruby Russell, Grace Crow, Camilla Lewis, Carrie Ellis, Ruth Merrill, Mildred Adams.

SILLY AS

A GOOSE



HEARD IN MISS HOWE'S OFFICE.

Fond Mamma: We are going to give up having Joe get an education.

Miss Howe: For what reason?

Same Mamma: Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school.

Principal parts of the Latin verb "to laugh": Laugho, snickere, collopsi, bustem.—Ex.

Teacher: Harold, where is Mexico?

Harold: On page ten of the geography, Miss ——.

Pat was showing Mike the sights in America. Finally they came upon a tunnel and a train was approaching at a great rate of speed. It whizzed past and was swallowed up in the darkness.

"And what do ye think of that, Moike?" asked Pat.

"Well," replied Mike, "I just be thinking what would happen if the train missed the hole!"

AT THE S. J. N. T. S.

Teacher: Spurs are little fancy things you put on your shoes when—

Francisco de Garabaldi: Teacher, they're just like a raviola cutter!

Scandal: Do you know what I heard?

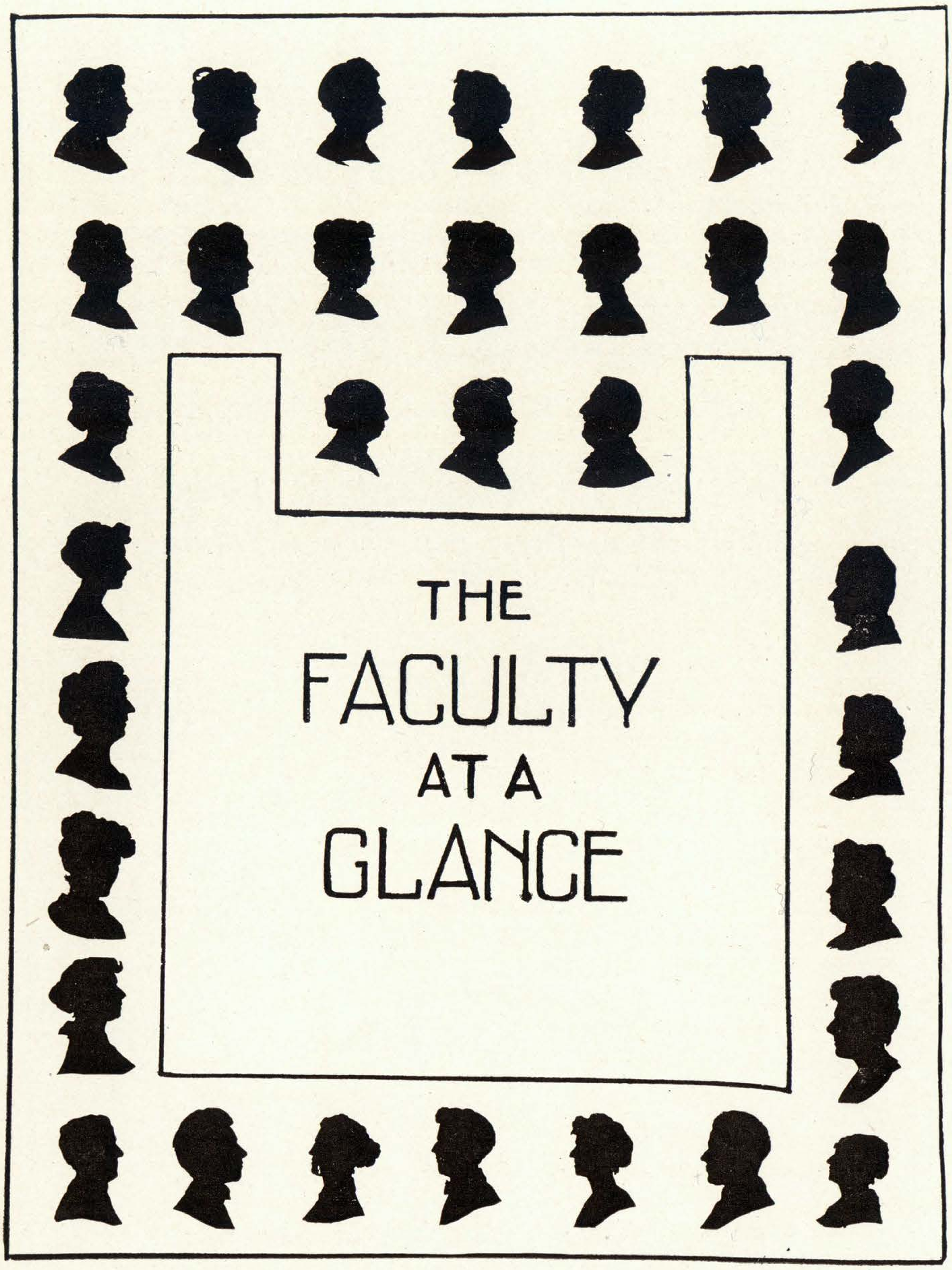
Curio: No, what?

Scandal: I herd sheep.

PURE ENGLISH.

Miss Post: Compare cold.

Grammar Grind: Cold, cough, coffin.



INFINITESIMALLY FRACTIONAL

Mr. Wilson (physics): The specific gravity of H^2O is nearly equal to the specific gravity of the human body. Now if the body is in H^2O to the waist, you would weigh as much as the part above the water weighs. Now, if you were immersed in H^2O to your chin—er—e—e—er— Have a heart, Mr. Wilson!

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When Hobble Skirts were in

Pals

To Alum Rock

Hiawatha's Childhood

"Nora"

Pulling Hair

She didn't know
this was going in.

RANDOM SENTENCES.

Jesse: The beginning of a river is called a thoroughbred.
Ruby: A czar is a wagon with two wheels.
Carol: There is a little creek and it doesn't run except when there is water in it.
Johnny: They could hear his footprints.
Joe: When mules do hard work they wag their tails.
Elmer: They kept their pies in the parlor.
Edith: The boy was in the sheep patch.
Sarah: The mules stood up to their waists in water.
Pupil: Frank Jacques, he writes too tight.

Fourth grade pupil, reciting:

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet beast."

Joe: The pony was a winter resort for fleas.

In eighth grade composition the following simile was given: "The buds on the elm tree looked like ticks."

Teacher: Which of your dolls do you like best, the old or new?
Howell (he was Irish): I like the old best because it's new.

Teacher: What is the name of a young cat?
Alice: Why, pussy.
Teacher: We might call an old cat pussy; isn't there another name?
Alice (after some hesitation): Oh, I know, pussy willow.

The Gallios originate some peculiar phrases. Domenica asked Fern for a "slice of paper." Today she asked Fern to "plant a nail." Lucy remarked "I had several chickens but they died—well, they never hatched."

Mike (first grade): My frog climbs up the rose bush and catches all the microbes.

Irritated Landlady: Miss Popularity, did you have company after I left the parlor last night?
Miss P: Y-why-a-yes-a-a-girl called.
Same Lady: Kindly tell her to take her pipe home when she comes again.—Ex.

J. Squires: I wonder how they'll paint that flag pole?
A. Linton: Why paint up as high as they can reach and then throw paint buckets at the top of it. Pity?

WARNING
TO
JUNIORS.

Signed.

E. W. K.

N. L.

N. O'B.

M. M. T.

A. E. H.

L. C. M.

B. C. M.

E. L.

H. E. R.

H. MIXER.

Hold Still!

Four plus two.

"Browsing"

Trouble at Satterly's

Waiting for her house to come along!

On the Lawn

THE LATEST BREAKFAST FOODS

Fierce
Foodle.
Gripe-Nits
Shreed Doormats
Grapo-gripo-grits.
Eata-Heapa-Hay
Uneeda-Paira-Blinkers.

MR. MOSHER'S PRAYER.

The Ford is my car. I shall not want another.
It makest me to lie down beneath it. It soureth my soul.
It leadeth me in the paths of ridicule for its name sake.
Yea, though I ride thru' the valleys, I am towed up the hills.
I fear much evil for thy rods and thy enemies discomfort me.
I annoint thy tires with plasters, thy radiators runneth over.
I prepare for blow-outs in the presence of mine enemies.
Surely if this follows me all the days of my life, I will dwell in the bug house forever. Amen!

Pinkie Boyd: How do you do that new dance?
B. Barker: You hop four times on your partner's feet, take eight steps on the dress of the woman behind you, turn on your ankle and then slide on your neck. Perfectly simple!

Graduates:

Remember that the

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED

?

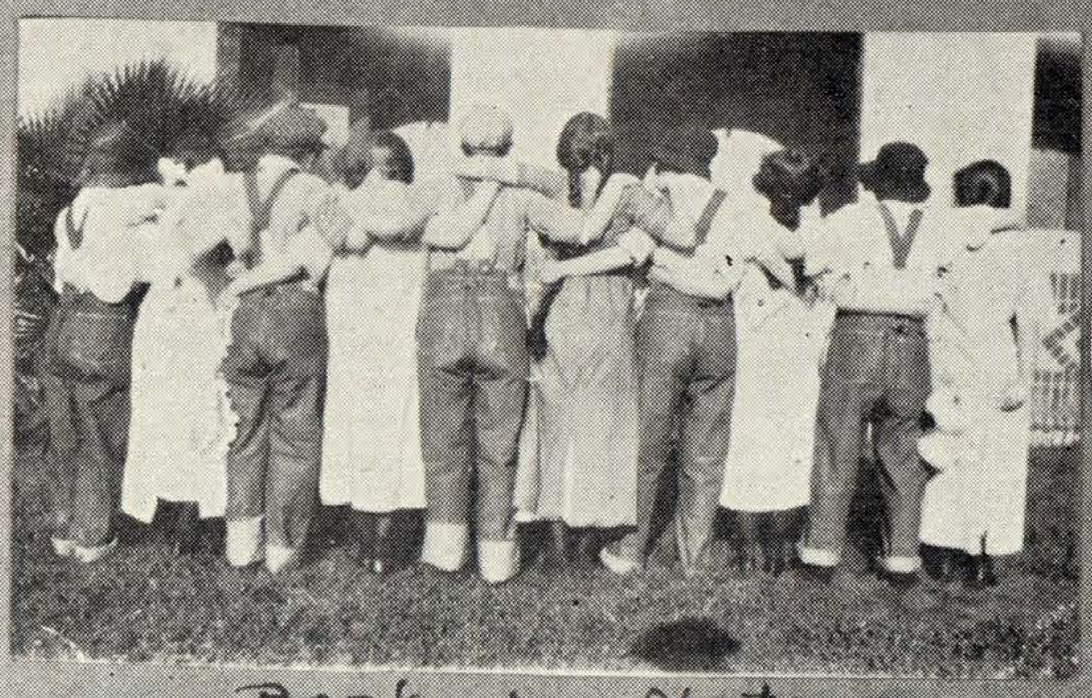
It's all our own.

Well—!

Who has the hand—?

San Jose School Troy Fete
1-A IRT PHOTO

Roosting



Back to Nature

Br-r-r — It's cold

Dr. Dailey (in school law): In Germany they allow a teacher to teach in one place as long as he lives, and then they pension him.

A NEW TENNIS COURT!

Inez Cooper: Dr. Dailey, I want to call a meeting of all of the girls that play tennis in the rear of the Assembly Hall at recess.

TRUE ECONOMY.

Smart Senior (in Home Economics): Spending the other fellow's money and saving your own.

HEARD IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Penmanship Teacher: Class, we will have only "1" today in writing."

TRUTH UNVARNISHED.

The Year Book Staff are like mummies—pressed for time.

MAYBE?

Intensive Teacher: What is soft pedagogy?
Cute Junior: When the teacher has a snap.

Miss Royce (in library, to girls talking behind the Reader's Guide Rack): Don't you think it's too much for me to recognize your feet as well as your faces?

The following is exactly as written for a school composition:

Lucie Gallio 6th Grade

Language

Once upon a time we all went to a picnic. And have a great time.

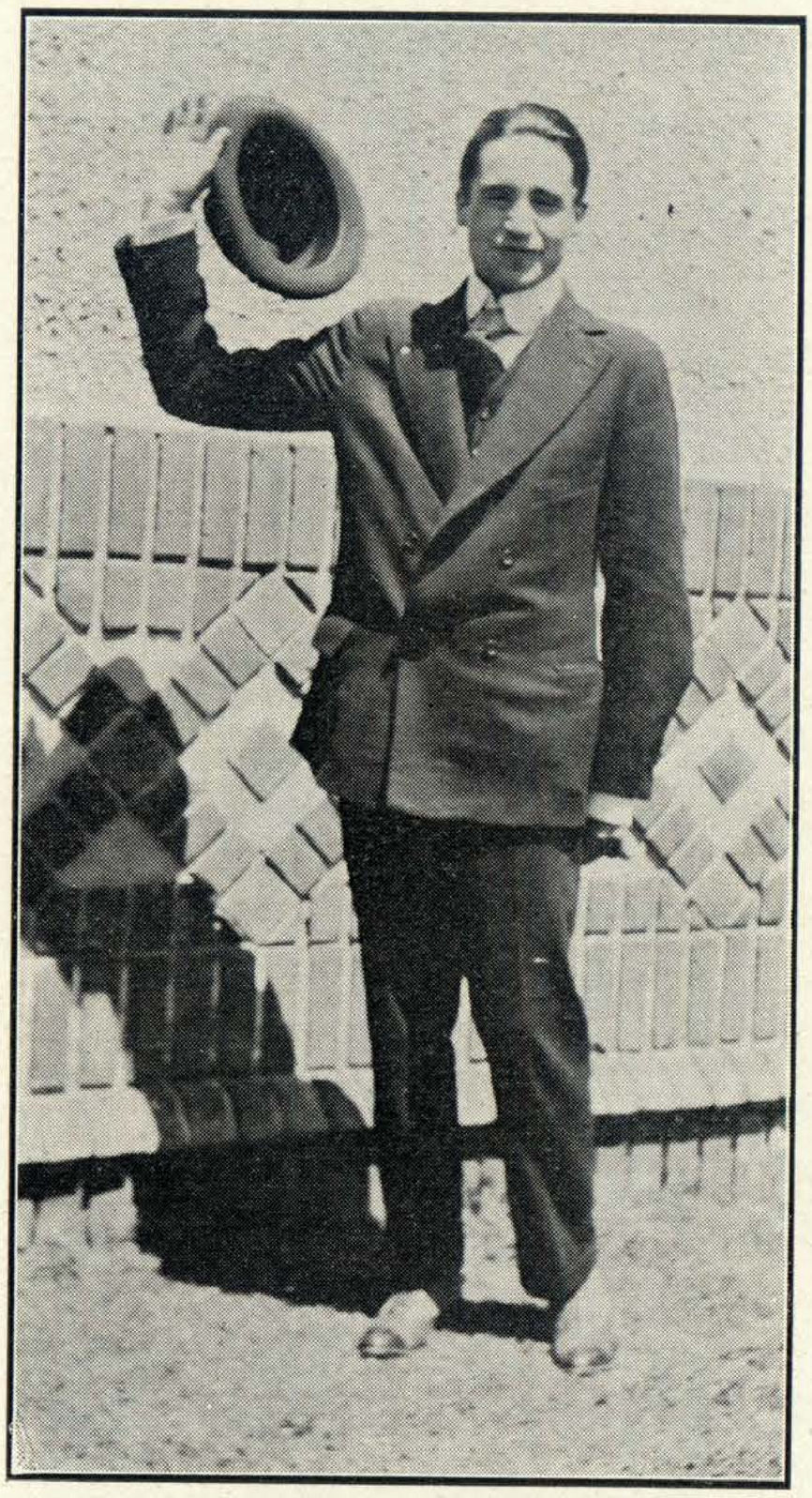
We dance and drink and all the time. The people drank so much that they were all so hungry. And the people told Mrs. and Mr. Tea that they were so hungry. And Mr. and Mrs. Tea they went to get something to eat. They had some bread meat pies and cake and had somethings to eat anything you wanted they had sure. So we seat by the table and eat. Then went we were all through eating they started to dance again. They started about 6 o'clock in the evening and they stop at 4 o'clock in the morning dance dance all the time. Then Mary and I we went home becasue we were so tired and we went to bed. But Mamma and Papa they didn't went to sleep nothing at all. They dance. That evening I dance so much that I was so tired. That I had to go home to bed. They didn't want me to go home but had to go home because I was so tired dancing all the time. But the music was so nice that never heard the music so nice like at night. There was no fighting at all. It was just nice as it couldn't be. They were more 200 people there at night sure.

Mr. Wood (in Nature Study): Can you name a liquid which won't freeze?
Ferne (knowingly): Hot water, Mr. Wood.

John Carmichael: Have you heard my last speech?
C. Fisher: I sincerely hope so.

You're Crazy: Do you know, the other day I saw an eagle carry off a little baby?
So Am I: That's nothing; I've seen little tiny chickens carry off old men.

Natural Science Teacher: What is steam?
Cute Pupil: Water gone crazy with the heat.



THIS IS VELVET JOE IN characteristic pose. His real name is "Confetti,' and he is prominent in dramatics. In his more rational moments he argues vocational guidance and wholesale salesmanship. Joe is unalterably opposed to shower baths.

"NORMAL" WISDOM.

Wise One's answer to a question in a geography methods exam. regarding the shape of the earth: "All heavenly bodies are spherical; so are we."

Mr. Marten (explaining fitting picture frame corners): If I cut these corners properly I'll have a perfect fit.

Speedy bunch — first to top.

EATS!

Wine glass souvenir

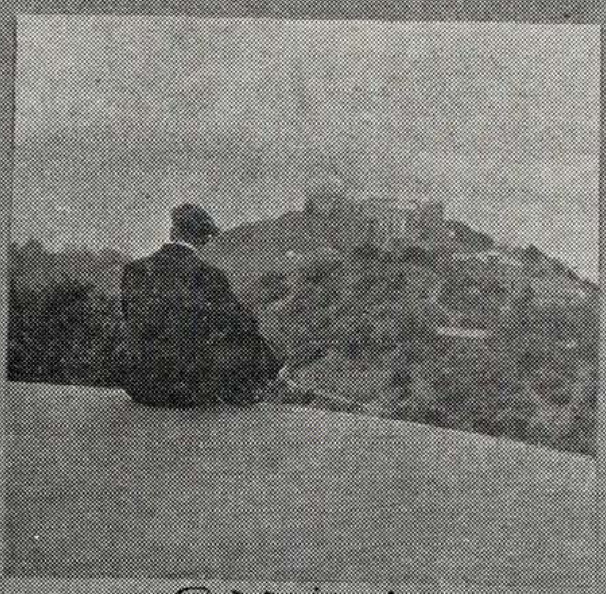
"Look pleasant"

"Put me in the Joshes"

Surprised !

"Ben" and chaperon

Just one load



Gazing

Some of the stars we saw!

The start

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

At 8 p. m. when Pa and Ma
Helped entertain with Sis,
In corner far sat Jane and Earle,
As far apart as this
At 9 p. m., when Pa retired
And sought his room upstairs,
The lovers found some photographs
And nearer drew their chairs.
At 10 p. m. when Ma decamped,
Oh, then, Oh, my! what bliss
The lovers sat till nearly one
Aboutascloseasthis.—Ex.

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And the editor—the blame.

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DURING XMAS RECESS

An uneducated man had a Normal educated daughter. One day he said: "That air—"

"Now, father, that is not good English," reproved the daughter.

"Well, this ear," he began again.

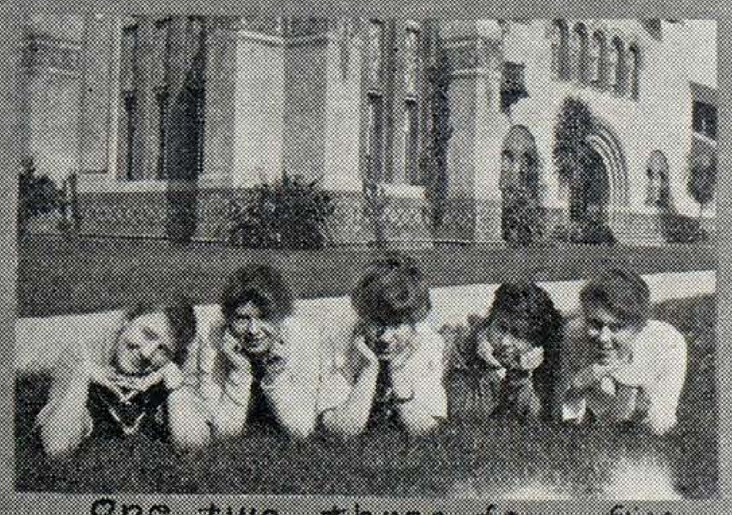
"Oh, father, father!"

"Well, that air hurts this ear," he finally managed to say.

The fair one vanished.

"Oh, Dear!"

Pride of the Garden



One, two, three, four, five.

Trail of the Lonesome Pine

A Ladder Full

Caught

Our Bessie

Treating

"The Campbell Kid"

Late Again!

Three Deep

Just a Snap

A Plot to Snap Miss Nixon

Kiddies

The Better Half

Squint

Speeding

Helen at Play

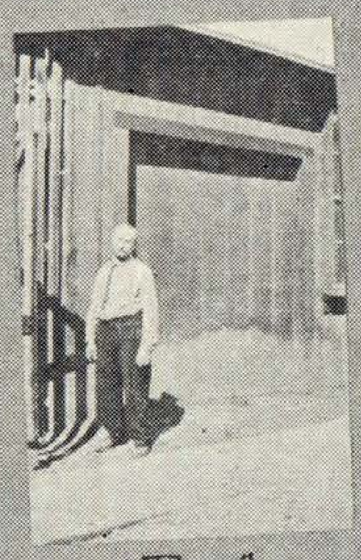
Caught

Zoology

From Missouri

Olive

Farmer Girl



"Pop"

Roller Coaster

Kuhnie

The Three Graces

Another Dug!

Riding on the sidewalk

THE FABLE OF THE IRRESPONSIBLE NORMAL DAME.

(With Apologies to George Ade.)

Once there was an Irresponsible Normal Dame; Not that there hadn't been others, and wouldn't be more, but this One was just plain Irresponsible, as well as blond-banged and freckled. Now blond-bangs and freckles are bad enough and common enough but when a turned up nose is added, worse becomes worst ever.

This Dame hadn't come to Normal with the idea of learning to be a straight-laced pedagogue, with choker collars & all that, but had rather been Inspired by a Flashy Traveling Man, who carried a line of colored silk stockings, to bid farewell to her native heath and occupy a chair car to the Seat of Learning located in San Jose! He said Normal girls were Right There, & so fired by the Ambition to be Right There, too, she fleeced her Poor O'd Dad to the tune of a few Hundreds, and packed her chafing dish, tennis racket and Tango Pumps and set out.

Owing to an Error on Somebody's part, she found refuge in a particularly lively boarding house. Right here is where the blond-hair-freckles-snub-nose combination comes in.

All the Johnnies took her to be a Real Live One and proceeded to show her a good Time. She didn't stay home long enough to get acquainted with the Pattern in the Carpet.

She religiously cut Assembly to powder her nose or to meet a Friend at Williams' Bakery. She cut every afternoon to go to the Movies and was late every Morning. She dropped Gymnasium because she kept losing Weight. Really it was because it hurt her Feelings to appear in Cotton stockings, and Dad couldn't come through with the necessary for Silk.

Fudge parties and Joy Rides paved the way to Small C's, which to most girls look as small as Mt. Hamilton. She of the Flaxen Fringe heeded little. At the end of the Term, the Grammar Instructor remonstrated gently when compelled to hand out a Punk Mark. The Mathmetician chided less gently when she flunked her in Arithmetic, and the Historian absolutely forgot Portia's Immortal Lines when she doled out her mark in History Methods.

Of course, the Usual happened. The Irresponsible Normal Dame was brought up on the Carpet and packed home in Disgrace. She didn't own a Websters' Unabridged, so what difference did it make?

Moral: If you would fool the Faculty don't consume too much Fudge and Gasoline. Try Grapenuts and Coal Oil.

—L. F. Pryor.

Phil: What's the matter?

Annette: I have water on my knee.

Phil: Did you ever try wearing hose and pumps?

Normal Indians

Poppies

"Attention!"

FAIRIES

Governor And Aides

Merry Olds-mobile

SOME GROUNDS!

Exacting Pedagogue: Percy, on what grounds was the Revolutionary War declared?

Clever Percy: Er—er—tea grounds.

FEMININE FLATTERY.

After the Sappho parade:

1st Wag: Oh, wasn't Frank too cute for words?

2nd Wag: Was that a coincidence or was it premeditated? Who named that cunning little donkey?

ABSOLUTE HONESTY.

"Does your husband ever lie to you?"

"Never!"

"How do you know?"

"He tells me that I do not look a day older than I did when he married me, and if he doesn't lie about that, I don't think he would about less important matters."—L. Digest.

Leola R: What did you think of our scheme for Christmas decoration—holly leaves over laurel?

Gilbert S: Well, I should have preferred mistletoe over yew.

SAN JOSE GALLANTRY.

"Madam," said the man in the street car, "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I have recently joined the Sit Still Club."

"That's all right, sir," replied the woman, "and you must excuse me for staring at you so hard. I am a member of the Stand and Stare Club."

She proved herself so active and conscientious a club member that the man grew uncomfortable under her gaze. Finally he rose and said, "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign my club and join yours."—Boston Transcript.

Dentist: Open wider, please—wider.

Patient: A—a—a—ah!

Dentist (inserting rubber gag, towel and sponge): How's your family?

If you favor war, dig a trench in your back yard, fill it half full of water, crawl into it and stay there for a day or two without anything to eat, get a lunatic to shoot at you with a brace of revolvers and a machine gun, and you will have something just as good, and you will save the country a great deal of expense.—Appeal to Reason.

Miss Kinney (going to her cupboard in search of a new pottery subject for Mr. Millard, said with a sigh): I feel just like Old Mother Hubbard.

R. Millard (in aside): Oh, I see your implication.

Bunch

Posing

Flatt and Jeff

Smiles

Eleventh-hour study

Before the Weenie Feed

Up a stump

Peace

"Country Teacher and Her Problem"

Dreams of Frank

Fair Annabel

The Morning After

Methods

Twins

Us

We

McCabe: I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?
Boyd: Why, they're in a weak place.

Miss Washburn (in history): Name the Tudors, Miss Maze.
Miss Maze (promptly): Front door and back door.

Visitor (gazing at the art castes in assembly): I declare, it beats all how these students do break up things.

HEARD IN O'BRIEN'S.

Wagner: I want a spoon.
Waitress: All right—I'm game!

Josh Editor (tearing her hair): Don't you know any jokes?
Editor: Yes, I know you.

Earle S (getting ready to bid): Jeanette, how much are diamonds?
Jeanette S: You can find out at Bothwell's.

First Senior: Did you ever attend a funeral?
Second Senior: No, but I dropped in on a Junior Organization meeting where they were talking of "school spirit."

Prof. Baker (to class): Well, she got married and I met her husband last year—but now this is getting too far away from fractions.
Miss G: Oh, but Mr. Baker, two halves make a whole, don't they?

REVENGE.

He was a large, pompous man, who announced himself as being from Chicago, and during his stay in the small town had made himself very obnoxious around the hotel. He had been especially frank in telling the porter what he thought of him. On the last morning of his stay he called the porter and said:

"Get me two parlor car seats for Chicago, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one seat to sit in and one to put my feet on."

The tickets were deliverd at the station just before the train pulled out. One of the seats was in car No. 3 and the other in car No. 4.

BY THE SHORT STORY CLUB.

One dark night as I was walking down a brilliantly lighted street, I heard a shot near me in the distance. I looked through a knot-hole in the barbed-wire fence and saw footsteps coming toward me on horseback.

I ran up to the second story of a vacant lot, where I found a bald-headed man sitting in a corner. I pulled his hair and he yelled in a soft whisper, "Dont' look at me in that tone of voice!" Hearing an awful commotion in the next room I looked through the closed door and saw a sewing machine running around without a stitch on.

Ft Stanford

Ideal Domesticity

Grins!

Forty years hence

We Ero Sophians

Lest We Forget!

The Big Four

—Photo copyright—
by Esther Murphy

"Gone, but not forgotten."

"Dot"

Giant Stride

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Bucknall, Grace ..... Campbell, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Burke, Helen ..... 415 12th St., Sacramento, Cal.
Burch, Myrtle ..... 252 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Burger, Dora ..... Placerville, Cal.
Butts, Naomi ..... Hollister, Cal.
Campbell, Josephine ..... 117 Church St., Salinas, Cal.
Cann, Lizzie ..... Sultana, Tulare Co., Cal.
Carroll, June ..... West Butte, Cal.
Carlson, Ellen ..... Turlock, R 4, Box 132, Cal.
Carmichael, John ..... 973 S. 2nd St., San Jose
Carpenter, Laveta ..... Williams, Colusa Co., Cal.
Carlyon, Ethel ..... 42 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Carver, Darris ..... Glenville, Kern Co., Col.
Carson, Grace ..... Redding, Cal.
Case, Ethel ..... 685 S 5th St., San Jose
Chalmers, Bae ..... 540 College St., Woodland, Cal.
Christensen, Walter ..... Selma, Cal.
Clapp, Madge ..... Santa Rosa, Cal
Clark, Lottie ..... R. R. No. 2, Pratt, Kansas
Classen, Marguerite ..... Gilroy, Cal.
Cleave, Helen ..... 1557 Garfield St., Denver, Colo.

Clevenger, Evalyn.. .. ..276 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Coombs, Gladys.....Rionido, Sonoma Co., Col.
Comer, Edwin.....160 S. 7th St., San Jose
Combatalade, Aimee.....93 S. Market St, San Jose
Cooley, Hazel.....46 Piedmont Ave, San Jose
Cooke, Amy.....634 N. 17th St., San Jose
Cooper, Inez.....Alton, Humboldt Co., Cal.
Corlett, Clara.....Reedley, Tulare Co., Cal.
Cornwell, Dean.....643 Webster St., Palo Alto, Cal.
Crary, Elsie.....New Castle, Placer Co., Cal.
Cronin, Alice .....407 N. 4th St., San Jose
Cropper, Hattie.....1244 3rd St., Baker, Ore.
Crosby, Fae.....Hollister, Cal.
Currier, Geneva.....Cupertino, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Davis, Hazel.....350 N. 9th St., San Jose
Dickhaut, Edna.....Jenny Lind, Calaveras Co., Cal.
Dickey, Irene.....342 Fuller St., Redwood City, Cal.
Dobbins, Jeanette.....201 E. William St, San Jose
Dodd, Mildred.....Glen Blair, Cal.
Doherty, Edna.....Fresno, Cal.
Douglass, Ruth.....East Auburn, Placer Co., Cal.
Doyle, Margaret.....43 Hester Ave., San Jose
Durston, Hazel.....124 S. Grand, Lodi, Cal.
Eaton, Inez.....336 S. 5th St., San Jose
Eastwood, Alice.....Mountain View, Cal.
Edwards, Dorothy.....805 H St., Sacramento, Cal.
Edwards, Grace.....Hollister, Cal.
Elder, Fern.....558 N. 3rd St., San Jose
Ellis, Frances.....Lodi, San Joaquin Co., Cal.
Escola, Margaret .....Mendocino, Cal.
Evers, Clara.....740 Goshen Ave., Visalia, Cal.
Falvey, Dolorita.....215 Griffith Ave., San Mateo, Cal.
Farley, Beryl.....Alvarado, Alameda Co., Cal.
Farnsworth, Gladys.....160 S. 24th St., San Jose
Foster, Alma.....247 Central Ave., Salinas, Cal.
Frame, Rita.....Benicia, Solano Co., Cal.
Franklin, Estelle..... Cupertino, Santa Clara, Co., Cal.
Franklin, Nileta.....Lodi, R. F. D. No. 3, Cal.
Freeman, Edna.....Mountain View, Cal.
Friend, Jennie.....Nordhoff, Ventura Co., Cal.
Fulton, Ida.....Grangeville, Kings Co., Cal.
Gandrup, Pearl.....132 N. 10th St., San Jose
Garcia, Evelyn .....Niles, Alameda Co., Cal.
Garlinger, Mildred.....370 N 7th St., San Jose
Gault, Gladys.....Meridian, Sutter Co., Cal.
George, Carolyn.....Williams, Colusa Co., Cal.
Gilmore, Vera.....2318 O St., Sacramento, Cal.
Goldsworthy, Edna.....142 Pacific Ave., Pacific Grove, Cal.
Gordon, Lucille.....Watsonville, Cal.
Green, Miriam.....Hollister, Cal.
Grenitta, Annie.....Douglas Flat, Calaveras Co., Cal.
Guidinger, Anna.....Hollister, Cal.
Hagerty, Edith.....244 Hope St., Mountain View, Cal.
Halloran, Amy.....372 N 4th St., San Jose
Hamlin, Marjorie.....357 S. 4th St., San Jose
Hannah, Zella.....132 18th St., Merced, Cal.
Hansen, Emma.....Livermore, Alameda Co., Cal.
Hart, Ruby..... Modesto, Cal.
Harkness, Corel.....90 George St., San Jose
Hastain, Rena.....Lakeport, Lake Co., Cal.
Hawley, Erma.....1756 Church St., Baker, Ore.
Heisinger, Louisa.....Campbell, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Hendricks, Eva.....Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Hibbs, Gertrude.....1 Calhoun St., San Jose

Hinchcliffe, Margaret.....Campbell, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Hindman, Jessie.....2341 Wash. St., Baker, Ore.
Hinkson, Eva.....163 S 8th St., San Jose
Hoag, Anna.....147 Walk Circle, Santa Cruz, Cal.
Hodges, Ruth.....Paicines, San Benito Co., Cal.
Hoey, Martha.....Martinez, Contra Costa Co., Cal.
Honeycutt Retta.....Madera, Cal.
Hooper, Edna.....15 W. Vine St., Stockton, Cal.
Hough, Hazel.....Petrolia, Humboldt Co., Cal.
Houghton, Margaret.....106 Upper Stockton Road, Sacramento, Cal.
Howland, Bessie.....Galt, Sacramento Co., Cal.
Hulett, Edith.....Arroyo Grande, San Luis Obispo Co., Cal.
Hunn, Herbert.....399 Hobson St., San Jose
Jaeger, May.....Placerville, Cal.
Janes, Itha.....254 4th St., Richmond, Cal.
Johnson, Ida Marie.....Comptche, Mendocino Co., Cal.
Kammerer, Kathryn.....Sunset Ave., San Jose
Keithley, Blanche.....Kelseyville, Lake Co., Cal.
Kelley, Anita.....Antioch, Contra Costa Co., Cal.
Keller Elsie.....New Pine Creek, Oregon
Kemble, Lucille.....Bush & 1st St., Woodland, Cal.
Ketchum, Ollie.....Gilroy, Cal.
Kleemeyer, Adelaide.....161 Minnesota Ave., San Jose
Knapp, Hyldred.....353 S 6th St., San Jose
Knight, Wilna.....Yuba City, Sutter Co., Cal.
Kreiss, Elizabeth.....544 S. 7th St., San Jose
Krumlinde, Isabel.....San Miguel, Cal.
Kuhn, Ruth.....Monterey, Cal.
La Croix, Lucile.....Mayfield, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Lake, Edith.....Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Lampela, Nina.....2220 Union St., Eureka, Cal.
Landels, Edith.....R. F. D. 21, Box 41, San Jose
Larson, Lillie.....Turlock, R. 1, Box 92, Cal.
Larsen, Julia.....765 S. 10th St., San Jose
Latham, Gladys.....3021 E St., Sacramento, Cal.
Lauppe, Verna.....Antelope, Sacramento Co., Cal.
Leh, Edith.....169 S. 15th St. San Jose
Lewis, Margaret.....Hollister, Cal.
Linton, Alma.....271 N. 5th St., San Jose
Logue, Mary.....Sunnyvale, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Lowry, Eva.....1511 G St., Sacramento, Cal.
Luck, Hertha,.....432 Naglee St., San Jose
Lund, Gertrude.....Oroville, Cal.
Lundell, Ruth.....300 Locust St., Turlock, Cal.
Mace, Marie.....247 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Marcellus, Geneva.....Pacific Grove, Cal.
Mangold, Lydia.....432 Cleveland St., Woodland, Cal.
Matthews, Lida.....Hollister, Cal.
Maze, Marguerite.....237 Pajaro St., Salinas
McClay, Lucille.....563 S. 10th St., San Jose
McCormick, Lenore.....San Martin, Cal.
McGrath, Myrtle.....Virginia City, Nev.
McGregor, Laura.....118 Lincoln Ave., Salinas, Cal.
McKenney, Gladys.....Sutter Creek, Amador Co., Cal.
McMurray, Edith.....687 N. 21st St., San Jose
McMurtry, Grace.....Korbel, Humbolt Co., Cal.
McCredy, Ethel.....306 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Miller, Marguerite.....Reedley, Fresno Co., Cal.
Mills, Gladys.....Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.
Mitchell, Almira.....Willow St., San Jose
Mixer, Hazel.....3109 Orange Ave., Sacramento, Cal.
Morris, Lanore.....Galt, Cal.
Moyer, Edna.....Angels, Calaveras Co., Cal.
Moyer, Otta.....Angels, Calaveras Co., Cal.
Musser, Adaleen.....1044 S. San Joaquin St., Stockton, Cal.

Musgrave, Dorothy.....1317 N. Donty St., Hanford, Cal.
Myers, Elise.....Nevada City, Cal.
Myers, Helen.....411 Robinson St., Oroville, Cal.
Naas, Hazel.....51 Busch St., San Jose
Nelson, Ragneld.....3912 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Norman, Harriett.....Hanford, Cal.
Norton, Lydia.....San Juan Bautista, Cal.
Ochsner, Laura.....63 S. Willard St., San Jose
Oest, Belle.....Auburn, Placer Co., Cal.
Orvis, Emma.....285 S. 17th St., San Jose
Pate, Marie.....Paso Robles, Cal.
Paulson, Reginia.....Finley, Lake Co., Cal.
Payne, Lowene.....Roseburg, Ore.
Peak, Mary.....Merced, Cal.
Pease, Lillian.....906 E St., Sacramento, Cal.
Peck, Mary.....Merced, Cal.
Perry, Raymond.....75 N. 3rd St., San Jose
Petersen, Olive.....Solano, Suisun Co., Cal.
Peterson, Ethel.....Turlock, Merced Co., Cal.
Pickett, Hannah.....1220 Que St., Sacramento, Cal.
Pillon, Marjorie.....180 S. 7th St., San Jose
Pinion, Dorothea.....478 6th St., Hollister, Cal.
Pointer, Elva.....343 N. 15th St., San Jose
Prestidge, Anna.....Dinuba, Tulare Co., Cal.
Pryor, Lola.....117 N. 5th St., San Jose
Regnart, Marjorie.....Cupertino, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Rives, Jessie.....Gilroy, Cal.
Richardson, Ruth.....Lindsay, Tulare Co., Cal.
Richmond, Pauline.....303 S. 9th St., San Jose
Riehr, Anna.....Mission San Jose, Alameda Co., Cal.
Rigby, Mabel.....Gilroy, Cal.
Robie, Georgia.....Milton, Calaveras Co., Cal.
Rockwell, Leola.....30 E. San Fernando St., San Jose
Rosche, Gertrude.....Salem, Ore.
Rosenquist, Esther.....Santa Cruz, Cal.
Rosenberg, Phyllis.....2321 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.
Rouse, Ruth.....Watsonville, Cal.
Rush, Annabel.....Suisun, Solano Co., Cal.
Salsman, Lois.....70 S. 7th St., San Jose
Saunders, Olive.....Merced, Cal.
Saveker, Merny.....1156 Park Ave., San Jose
Saylor, Bertha.....299 E. San Salvador St., San Jose
Searight, Jeannette.....124 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.
Schoner, Irene.....Porterville, Tulare Co., Cal.
Scott, Esther.....1587 Harrison St., Santa Clara, Cal.
Setzer, Ethel.....Sunnyvale, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Shears, Ruth.....Felton, Cal.
Skillicorn, Katherine.....Watsonville Junction, Cal.
Smith, Estella.....323 E. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, Cal.
Smith, Irba.....156 N. 8th St., San Jose
Snow, Eunice.....Angels, Calaveras Co., Cal.
Snowden, Lorene.....Willows, Glenn Co., Cal.
Spain, Cecilia.....2549 E St., Eureka, Cal.
Spain, Kathleen.....2549 E St., Eureka, Cal.
Stafford, Kathleen.....395 S. 9th St., San Jose
Standley, Wildia.....Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal.
Steiger, Kathryn.....347 S. 10th St., San Jose
Steiger, Mary.....347 S. 10th St., San Jose
Stewart, Alice.....447 S. 9th St., San Jose
Strand, Freda.....607 Columbia St., San Jose
Swall, Romie.....Arroya Grande, Cal.
Sweet, Lena.....Dos Palos, Cal.
Tade, Laura.....1011 Eye St., Sacramento, Cal.
Taylor, Margaret.....Creston, San Luis Obispo Co., Cal.

Thorn, Olive.....150 N. Maine St., Ashland, Ore.
Tuttle, Ione.....Box 473, Watsonville, Cal.
Van Dervoort, Ruth.....Irvington, Alameda Co., Cal.
Van Riper, Josephine.. .....Klamath Falls, Ore.
Wadsworth, Mildred.....Sebastopol, Box 405, Cal.
Wallace, Ethel.....357 S. 5th St., San Jose
Washburn, Vivian.....718 Second St., Napa, Cal.
Wass, Alice..... 2314 California St., Eureka, Cal.
Webb, Delia.....2166 High St., Oakland, Cal
Webster, Alvard.....Santa Cruz, Box 42, Cal.
Weeks, Florence.....Fort Bragg, Cal.
Welch, Frances..... .....253 S. 8th St., San Jose
Whitfield, Theresa.....Mission San Jose, Alameda Co., Cal.
Wikstrom, Ethel ....Fort Bragg, Cal.
Wilkson, Effa..... .....Victor, Colo.
Wilson, Myrtle..... ....5219 Dover St., Oakland, Cal.
Wilson, Verna.....336 S. 5th St., San Jose
Winn, Ruth..... .....570 4th St., Hollister, Cal.
Wright, Marguerite.....1716 P St., Sacramento, Cal.
Zoller, Velma.....2319 P St., Sacramento, Cal.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Albee, Clara.....Palo Alto, Cal.
Arthur, Gladys.....32 Coe Ave., San Jose
Budlong, Hazel..... .. ..206 S. 8th St., San Jose
Butler, Merle..... .....304 S. Church St., Grass Valley, Cal.
Campbell, Edith..... ....111 S. 15th St., San Jose
Caswell, Cora..... .....R. R. 9, Box 21, Campbell, Cal.
Dool, Hazel..... ....351 S. 6th St., San Jose
Eastey, Julia..... .. ..200 S. 7th St., San Jose
Gould, Gladys..... ....1247 Filbert St., San Francisco, Cal.
Gratz, Eleanor..... .....92 Curtiss Ave., San Jose
Grove, Albertina..... .. ..363 Melville Ave., Palo Alto, Cal.
Guernsey, Millie..... ....756 Univ. Ave., San Jose
Hunn, Dorothy..... .....399 Hobson St., San Jose
Jennings, Emma..... .. ..359 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose
Lackey, Elna..... ....Gold Hill, Cal.
McFarland, Wilma Jean..... .....Grants Pass, Ore.
Patterson, Edith..... ....P. O. Box 294, San Jose
Polak, Anna..... .. ..Santa Clara, Cal.
Riechers, Bertha..... ....696 Emory St., San Jose
Smith, Leslie..... .. ..179 Park Ave., San Jose
Soderberg, Alice.....Sonoma, Cal.

MANUAL ARTS

Corbet, Arlie.....Cupertino, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Culbertson, Francis.. .. ..Santa Clara, Cal.
Dorr, Charles.....706 Emory St., San Jose
Hauck, John ....423 S. 9th St., San Jose
Houser, Marie.. .. ..Santa Clara, Cal.
Ketchum, Zora... ....561 S. 11th St., San Jose
Maddock, Lauren..... ....Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.
Sanders, Francis.....Jackson, Ore.
Smith, Gilbert..... .. ..515 S. 8th St., San Jose
Welch, Lillian.. ....253 S. 8th St., San Jose

KINDERGARTEN

Arnold, Esther..... .....369 S 3rd St., San Jose
Bisson, Laura... .....709 S. 7th St., San Jose
Cusack, Aldah.. ....86 S. 8th St., San Jose
Duke, Velvalee..... .. ..Palo Alto, Cal.
McKnight, Virginia... ....375 S. 7th St., San Jose
Seiter, Clara.....36 Sanborn Ave., San Jose
Wood, Veda.....Ione, Amador Co., Cal.

MUSIC

Gibson, Jennie.....Palo Alto, Cal.

DRAWING

Carlyon, Ethel .....42 S. 3rd St., San Jose

Junior Directory

Students Who Registered Fall Term 1914.

Adams, Mildred.....Elk Grove, Cal.
Adamson, Libburn.....440½ Reed St., San Jose
Allen, Eva.....Upper Lake, Cal.
Andersen, Ruth.....811 27th St., Sacramento, Cal.
Andrews, Mary E.....R. F. D. No. 3, Healdsburg, Cal.
Argall, Gladys.....202 S. 9th St., San Jose
Arthur, Maurine.....306 S. 9th St., San Jose
Asselin, Homer.....65 N. River St., San Jose
Atkinson, Joetta.....Mayfield, Cal.
Avery, Pearl Lucille.....357 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose
Bachman, Mada.....Lick Observatory, Cal.
Bailey, Wilda .....San Juan, Cal.
Bale, John Edward.....R. F. D. 20-46, Santa Clara, Cal.
Ball, Dorotha.....641 San Pedro St., San Jose
Ball, Elsie.....Sonora, Cal.
Barnhart, Rueby L.....Coyote, Cal.
Barton, Maude.....Orosi, Tulare Co., Cal.
Bartlett, Virginia Pearl.....349 St. John St., San Jose
Baugh, Helen M.....Orland, Glenn Co., Cal.
Bayard, Mildred.....954 Vine St., San Jose
Bay, Dorothy.....Watsonville, Cal.
Beach, Roma.....Los Gatos, Cal.
Beardsley, Edna F.....Campbell, Cal.
Bedwell, Caroline F.....Richmond, Cal.
Belcher, Florence.....165 E. St. John, San Jose
Benham, Mrs. Grace H.....
Biggs, Gertrude.....160 E. San Carlos St., San Jose
Bissell, Margaret S.....1040 S. 2nd St., San Jose
Blabon, Ethel.....
Black, Elsie.....414 15th St., Sacramento, Cal.
Black, Mabel (Mrs.).....341 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Blackie, Jeannie.....Salinas, Cal.
Blackwell, Lucy.....870 Empire St., San Jose
Blair, Horton.....Lakeport, Lake Co., Cal.
Bland, Lotta.....125 S 14th St., San Jose
Boehmer, George A.....1537 Franklin St., San Francisco
Bollman, Winifred.....Concord, Cal.
Bowden, Curtis K.....26 Villa Ave., San Jose
Boyd, George.....100 N. 18th St., San Jose
Boyle, Clifton.....Albion, Cal.
Brew, Claire.....524 Franklin St., Napa, Cal.
Brookshire, Geneva.....Hollister, Cal.
Brother, Mayme.....Box 75, Chowchilla, Cal.
Brown, Anna M.....Bishop, Inyo Co., Cal.
Brown, Marie.....Madera, Cal.
Brown, Minnie F.....Henleyville, Tehama Co., Cal.
Buchser, Mary Katherine.....
Buck, Edna H.....Strathmore, Cal.
Bulger, Ruth.....Martinez, Cal.
Burchell, Leola.....674 Willow St., San Jose

Burk, Florence.....R. F. D. 21, Box 31, San Jose
Burns, Florence.....Sebastopol, Cal.
Burris, Ethel.....260 S. 17th St., San Jose
Byrne, Marie.....Crescent City, Cal.
Cakebread, Edith.....Brentwood, Cal.
Cambers, Adarhyle Verne.....
Campbell, Irene.....Santa Rosa, Cal.
Campbell, Louise.....41 S. 11th St., San Jose
Carden, Olive M.....Cecil Ave., San Jose
Cardwell, Victoria.....Chowchilla, Cal.
Carlson, Edna.....64 S 8th St., San Jose
Carpenter, Carol.....351 S. 11th St., San Jose
Casanova, Mary.....Ferndale, Cal.
Casley, Alice.....410 N. 17th St., San Jose
Cassell, Helena E.....Irvington, Cal.
Cassin, Kathryn.....149 S. 11th St., San Jose
Castle, Helen L.....Port Costa, Cal.
Chalmers, Helen.....Woodland, Cal.
Chapman, Eleanor.....170 E. San Carlos St., San Jose
Cheatham, Wilma.....Box 426, Los Banos, Cal.
Cheda, Maude.....San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Chesnutt, Ruth.....468 N. 3rd St., San Jose
Chilson, Lois.....Merced, Cal.
Chillson, Marybelle.....430 Hedding St., San Jose
Christman, Sunshine.....140 Pennsylvania Ave, Santa Cruz, Cal.
Christe, Amelia.....246 S. 7th St., San Jose
Claes, Naomi E.....Turlock, Cal.
Clark, Frances.....1022 Bird Ave., San Jose
Colquhoun, Gladys.....Silver City, Nev.
Condo, Dorothy.....2560 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.
Connick, Carolyn.....2031 F St., Eureka, Cal.
Cook, Lurene.....873 S. 10th St., San Jose
Cooley, Velma.....46 Piedmont Ave., San Jose
Copeland, Irma E.....Stevens Creek Rd., San Jose
Costa, Norma.....1217 Vine St., San Jose
Cowee, Maude.....Gridley, Cal.
Cowles, Ruth C.....Campbell, Cal.
Craig, Candace A.....49 N. 12th St., San Jose
Craig, Clara.....49 N. 12th St., San Jose
Crooks, Mabel.....Benicia, Cal.
Crow, Grace M.....Madera, Cal.
Crowell, Edith.....215 E. St. James St., San Jose
Crutchfield, Mary.....Martinez, Cal.
Cuneo, Irene R.....San Mateo, Cal.
Currie, Veva A.....306 7th St., Pacific Grove, Cal.
Daley, Nelle K.....679 S. 2nd St., San Jose
Dalesando, Mary.....799 S. 1st St., San Jose
Daley, Thomas.....Gilroy, Cal.
Dana, Lillian.....Nipomo, Cal.
Daniels, Letitia.....Millett, Nye Co., Cal.
Dassell, Clarisse.....Morgan Hill, Cal.
Davall, Bertha.....Bellingham, Washington
Davis, Maybelle.....Salinas, Cal.
Davison, Rose.....King City, Cal.
Day, Florence.....Sunol Glenn, Cal.
Decker, Mervilyn.....177 Capp St., San Francisco, Cal.
Decker, Jolene.....Williams, Colusa Co., Cal.
Dennan, Myrtle.....Bakersfield, Cal.
Derby, Marguerite.....P. O. Box 87, Esparto, Cal.
Dew, Helen.....240 S 8th St., San Jose
Dick, June.....673 Willis Ave., San Jose
Dixon, Vida A.....160 N. 5th St., San Jose
Dillingham, Melvin E.....Albion, Cal.
Dilse, Madena I.....Los Banos, Cal.

Donaldson, Eva May.....430 N. 5th St., San Jose
Donnelly, Mildred.....Napa, Cal.
Dool, Esther.....351 S. 6th St., San Jose
Doty, Ruth.....Turlock, Cal.
Drath, Helen.....Reedley, Cal.
Driscoll, Della.....324 N. 19th St., San Jose
Duffield, Sue.....
Duncan, Alice.....Campbell, Cal.
Durston, Edmund W.....229 S. Lee Ave., Lodi, Cal.
Dyer, Dean.....Paskenta, Tehama Co., Cal.
Dyer, Henrietta.....Mountain View, Cal.
Eddy, Hazel.....Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal.
Edmonds, Dorothy.....396 S 6th St., San Jose, Cal.
Edwards, Eunice.....Patterson, Stanislaus Co., Cal.
Edwards, M. A.....648 E. 14th St., Oakland, Cal.
Elliott, Kathryn L.....Pacific Grove, Cal.
Elliott, Ruth T.....473 W. Julian St., San Jose
Ellis, Edna.....Ceres, Cal.
Empey, Maud E. (Mrs.).....
Espinosa, Gertrude.....543 Middlefield Rd., Palo Alto, Cal.
Evers, Elizabeth A.....Visalia, Cal.
Eybel, Alma.....Colusa, Cal.
Fahey, May.....Watsonville, Cal.
Fair, Florence.....Centerville, Cal.
Farney, Marion.....368 E. San Fernando St., San Jose
Faulds, John.....Sunnyvale, Cal.
Faulkner, Helen.....Ferndale, Cal.
Ferguson, Irma.....Oakdale, Stanislaus Co., Cal.
Fiese, Lena.....25 Harvest St., Salinas, Cal.
Firehammer, Ruth.....Suisun, Cal.
Fisher, Helen.....89 N. 9th St., San Jose
Fitch, Ruby.....Biggs, Butte Co., Cal.
Fleener, Anna.....Ceres, Cal.
Folsom, Violet.....681 S. 6th St., San Jose
Forbes, Miriam.....San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Forrester, Hazel Cargill.....540 S. 8th St., San Jose
Forth, Nina.....Los Gatos, Cal.
Fowlds, Jennie.....Morgan Hill, Cal.
Fraser, Mildred.....414 S. 10th St., San Jose
Freeman, Eleanor.....813 Summer St., Eureka, Cal.
Freeman, Eldora.....Mountain View, Cal.
Freer, Aileen Glenden.....237 E. San Salvador, San Jose
Fulton, Alta.....
Funkler, Augusta.....Gilroy, Cal.
Gardiser, Gertrude.....240 Bellone Ave., San Jose
Gardiser, Vivian.....240 Bellone Ave., San Jose
Gardner, Lillian.....Campbell, Cal.
Gagluardo, Gladys.....156 Spencer Ave., San Jose
Garratt, Ruth.....3850 Clark St., Oakland, Cal.
George, Florence.....Los Altos, Cal.
Gerkey, Ada M.....Eureka, Cal.
Ghiorzo, Evelyn.....Newman, Cal.
Goodfellow, Merl.....Santa Rosa, Cal.
Gossi, Marguerite.....Falk, Humboldt Co., Cal.
Grauss, Margaret.....Calistoga, Cal.
Graves, Evelyn.....347 E. San Salvador St., San Jose
Gray, Eunice G.....435 Hamilton Ave., Palo Alto, Cal.
Gray, Grace.....Modesto, Cal.
Greene, Emma.....Turlock, Cal.
Green, Inez M.....Lakeport, Cal.
Guldborg, Maude.....485 Gardner Ave., San Jose
Hall, Edna.....Hanford, Cal.
Halliday, Evadne.....Eureka, Cal.
Hanner, Beulah.....997 E. Julian St., San Jose

Hanson, Albert.....Box 28, McLaughlin Ave., San Jose
Hanson J. Wesley.....180 Orchard St., San Jose
Hansen, Roy.....Mendocino City, Cal.
Harcourt, Belva.....San Lorenzo, Cal.
Hart, Lois.....718 E St., Sacramento, Cal.
Hartung, Esther.....Nevada City, Cal.
Haven, Belle.....432 S. 15th St., San Jose
Hayes, Ruth.....Campbell, Cal.
Haywood, Cecil.....340 San Fernando St., San Jose
Hemphill, Faith.....530 S. 5th St., San Jose
Henson, Ruth.....257 N. 15th St., San Jose
Heron, Edith.....406 S. 11th St., San Jose
Kestwood, Ruth.....746 University Ave., San Jose
Hewitt, Irene.....550 S. 5th St., San Jose
Hill, Elroy.....Salinas, Cal.
Hill, Vera H.....340 S. 2nd St., San Jose
Hilliard, Lorita.....Williams, Colusa, Co., Cal.
Hjelm, Ethel.....908 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose
Hoag, Ruth Edith.....Campbell, Cal.
Hodges, Clare M.....314 S. 6th St., San Jose
Hoernig, Florence.....Mountain View, Cal.
Hoisholt, Estella.....Oakdale, Cal.
Holloway, Florence A.....535 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Holmes, Fanie Esther.....
Holmes, Ava E.....310 S. 15th St., San Jose
Holt, Verna.....360 S. 9th St., San Jose
Holt, Vida.....Gilroy, Cal.
Hope A. Lent.....Campbell, Cal.
Hopping, Orpha M.....Los Gatos, Cal.
Houck, Hazel.....919 E. Miner Ave., Stockton, Cal.
How, Edith.....1563 St. John St., San Jose
Howe, Araminta.....Toyon Farm, Los Altos, Cal.
Humphry, Cora V.....R. D. 12, Box 42, Cupertino, Cal.
Humphry Winifred.....Cupertino, Cal.
Hunter, Florence.....128 N. 13th St., San Jose
Ingram, Julia A.....Reedley, Cal.
Isaacs, Ruth Enid.....Ione, Amador Co., Cal.
Ives, Harriet.....149 St. James St., San Jose
Ives, Sibyl.....St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal.
Jackson, Mrs. Bertha H.....924 University Ave., San Jose
Jackson, Myrtie.....Nordhoff, Cal.
Jaderberg, Gail.....Turlock, Cal.
Johnson, Ellen.....Templeton, Cal.
Johnson, Mrs. Genoveva.....615 Elm St., San Jose
Johnson, Lillian Ellen.....Reedley, Cal.
Johnson, Mrs. M. K.....35 E. William St., San Jose
Johnson, Nellie M.....Dos Palos, Cal.
Jones, Arlie.....Cardinal, Minden, Nev.
Jones, Bernice M.....Santa Maria, Cal.
Kaerth, Velma.....Colusa, Cal.
Keagy (Mrs.) Harriet Be Vier.....
Keen, Elsie L.....1221 Webster St., Palo Alto, Cal.
Kellogg, Will S.....773 Asbury St., San Jose
Kent, Olive.....30 S. Lincoln St., San Jose
Kerl, Waleska.....Thalheim, Cal.
Kilpatrick, Elora B.....797 Willow St., San Jose
King, Gladys Irene.....Petaluma, Cal.
Kinnear, Alicia.....Newman, Cal.
Kirby, James J.....Watsonville, Cal.
Kirtland, Helen E.....324 S. 11th St., San Jose
Knight, Minnie A.....3800 Market St., Oakland, Cal.
Kniveton, Elizabeth R.....Pleasanton, Kansas
Knobel, Elsie E.....42 Noble Ave., San Jose
Lacque, Rowene.....586 South St., Hollister, Cal.

Langford, Sadie Marguerite.....
Larkey, Ruth.....1216 Washington St., Santa Clara, Cal.
Larkin, Margaret.....1510 N St., Sacramento, Cal.
Lawrence, Rosamond Morehouse.....Los Gatos, Cal.
Learned, Roy E.....Pacific Grove, Cal.
Leigh, Heranna.....Campbell, Cal.
Lentz, Elsie.....Roseville, Cal.
Leslie, Edna.....Nordhoff, Cal.
Le Tourneau, Marie.....121 E. 28th St., Portland, Ore.
Letson, Elsie.....
Lewis, Alta L.....Paso Robles, Cal.
Lewis, Camilla.....1044 Bryant St., Palo Alto, Cal.
Lewis, Verna B.....Paso Robles, Cal.
Lilly, Alida.....2119 J St., Sacramento, Cal.
Linck, Edith C.....Mountain View, Cal.
Litsch, Hilda.....Shasta, Cal.
Liverato, Eva.....Campo Seco, Cal.
Lloyd, M. Edith.....Twin Lakes, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.
Logan, Annie H.....Alvarado, Alameda Co., Cal.
Lugnet, Euphemia.....100 Washington St., Astoria, Ore.
Lundy, Romona.....592 N. 17th St., San Jose
Lynch, Eloise H.....P. O. Box 63, San Mateo, Cal.
Lynch, Viola.....San Ramon, Contra Costa Co., Cal.
McCabe, Arlington Francis.....113 Lupton Ave., San Jose
McConnell, Grace.....Scott's Lane, Santa Clara, Cal.
McCracken, Bess.....141 Stone Ave., San Jose
McCurdy, Emily.....1122 J St., Eureka, Cal.
McDonnell, Anne.....Redwood City, Cal.
McGriff, Roma.....317 E. San Fernando St., San Jose
McIntyre, Marian.....76 E. Julian St., San Jose
McMaster, Raleigh.....615 Bissell Ave., Richmond, Cal.
McMillan, Doris.....411 S. 11th St., San Jose
McNary, J. Balph.....
McReynolds, Selma.....Klamath Falls, Ore.
McVicar, Zelma.....Livermore, Cal.
Macomber, Wm. F.....1600 Milvia St., Berkeley, Cal.
Maciel, Mary.....Lundy Road, San Jose
Macmillan, P. L.....506 S. 8th St., San Jose
Maggini, Ida E.....240 N. 15th St., San Jose
Maglardy, Mabel.....Modesto, Cal.
Makin, Lillyan.....Dos Palos, Cal.
Maloy, John W.....260 S. 1st St., San Jose
Marshall, Eunice.....239 N. Market St., San Jose
Martens, Lydia.....1701 Market St., Santa Clara, Cal.
Martinie, Catherine I.....741 S. 6th St., San Jose
Martinie, J. C.....741 S. 6th St., San Jose
Mathews, Etta Mae.....
Mathews, Gladys I.....116 S. 2nd St., San Jose
May, Majorie.....Decoto, Alameda Co., Cal.
Mayhew, Clotilde.....
Melhus, Mabel.....Hollister, Cal.
Mercadier, Hazel Victoria.....
Merkey, Verna.....Samoa, Humboldt Co., Cal.
Merrill, Ruth.....Soquel, Cal.
Meynier, A. Emma.....Route 1, Box 10, Hamline St., San Jose
Michael, Mabel.....Hughson, Cal.
Miller, Marion.....Los Gatos, Cal.
Millar, Ralph S.....651 Waverly St., Palo Alto, Cal.
Miller, Raymond W.....Linden, San Joaquin Co., Cal.
Minaker, Mildred.....Yreka, Cal.
Mitchell, Annette.....445 S. 3rd St., San Jose
Mitchell, Leona.....Selma, Cal.
Mitchell, Maybelle.....Atwater, Cal.
Molise, Emalyn.....Manzanita, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Moody, Dorothy.....R. D. 3, Box 87, Modesto, Cal.
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Morgan, M Lloyd.....Dixon, Cal.
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Mosher, Harold.....Mountain View, Cal.
Mortborn, Hernia.....R. F. D. 1, Healdsburg, Cal.
Muir, Hattie.....Willets, Cal.
Mullen, Florence.....Gilroy, Cal.
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Murray, Gladys A.....391 N. 11th St., San Jose
Myers, Jennie Barnes.....
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Nash, Barbara.....Antioch, Cal.
Nathanson, Joseph N.....46 Pleasant St., San Jose
Nelson, Adah.....Campbell, Cal.
Nelson, Josie.....Morgan Hill, Cal.
Nelson, Lillian.....St. Helena, Cal.
Newkirk, Ethel.....Dos Palos, Cal.
Nicholls, Earle R.....15 N. 1st St., San Jose
Ninas, Henry H.....305 S. 7th St., San Jose
Ninnis, Thelma.....Treadwell, Alaska
Norgard, Emma K.....Ukiah, Cal.
Norton, Elaine.....Valley Ford, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Nye, Clara C.....1471 California St., San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, Mary Catherine.....Menlo Park, Cal.
O'Brien, May.....861 Washington St., Santa Clara, Cal.
O'Brien, Lucille.....Marysville, Cal.
O'Dea, Catherine.....Menlo Park, Cal.
O'Dell, Anna.....Healdsburg, Cal.
O'Donnell, Anne.....R. D. No. 1, Box 8-A, Fresno, Cal.
Ogden, Ethel E.....370 S. 5th St., San Jose
Olds, Mary.....710 Putnam Ave., Porterville, Cal.
Ontiveros, Sophia.....Santa Ynez, Cal.
Opie, Emma.....Jamestown, Cal.
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Osborn, Ada E.....1036 59th St., Oakland, Cal.
Osborn, Hazel H.....1037 59th St., Oakland, Cal.
Osborn, Mae Marian.....348 S. 5th St., San Jose
Ostorm, Goldye.....Marysville, Cal.
Packwood, Bernice.....Windsor, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Packwood, Esther.....Windsor, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Palmer, Alice.....826 S. Central Ave., Medford, Ore.
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Revallier, Marie.....363 Broadway Ave., San Jose
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Rued, Emily.....Fulton, Sonoma Co., Cal.
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Russell, Ruby.....Madera, Cal.
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Watkin, Hilda ..... 1228 M St., Sacramento, Cal.
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Williams, Lora C ..... 1034 Sherman St., San Jose
Williams, Ruth ..... 583 S. 6th St., San Jose
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Wilson, Lucy Beth ..... Los Banos, Cal.
Wilson, Robert M ..... 307 E. St. John St., San Jose
Wilson, Zola E ..... Loyalton, Cal.
Woerner, Genevieve ..... 33 S. 6th St., San Jose
Wolfe, Georgie ..... 618 Monroe St., Santa Rosa, Cal.
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Woodruff, Mary J ..... Bush St., San Jose
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Young, Emma ..... Nevada City, Cal.

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