SAN JOSE STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL

SENIOR

YEAR BOOK

JUNE 1914

SAN JOSE

NORMAL

E. ERWIN

Foreword

WE, the members of the Year Book Staff, wish to express our sincere thanks to those who have so kindly aided us in our effort to make this book a success.

DEDICATED

by the

1914 CLASS

to our

FACULTY

Silvery Thistle

Silv'ry thistle, hiding there
Mid the waving wheat
Free from every kind of care,
Life should be complete.

Basking in the summer glow
Kingly in your ease;
Nodding gently to and fro
In the airy breeze.

Silv'ry thistle, does your soul
Rejoice at this, your lot?
Or, knowing God has planned your goal,
Still pine for what is not?

Belle Oest

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ALICE SNOW

Faculty

MORRIS ELMER DAILEY, A. M., LL.D.....President
School Law.
L. B. WILSON.....Vice President
Physics, Physical Geography.
MRS. E. ROUSSEAU.....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

Literature.

Henry Meade Bland, Pioneer Class of Stanford, A. M., College of the Pacific, Ph.D.
Mary Helen Post, B. L., Smith.
Flora E. Beal, A. M., B. S., U. of Calif., A. M., Stanford.

History.

Clara E. Smith, Ph. B., U. of Calif., Graduate Student, U. of Calif.
Carolyn H. Bradley, A. B., Wisconsin.

Geography.

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

History of Education.

Lulu M. Sours, A. B., A. M., Stanford.

Arithmetic.

W. H. Baker, A. M., Normal, Missouri.
Mrs. A. Hornbrook, A. B., A. M., Indiana.

Psychology.

Gertrude Rowell, A. M., Columbia.

Zoology and Physiology.

Elizabeth McFadden, A. B., Stanford.
Ettie Kinney, A. B., Stanford.
Charles J. Pierson, A. B., Stanford.
Margaret Trombley, A. B., Stanford.
D. R. Wood, B. S., Cornell.

Drawing.

Rebecca English.
Enid Kinney, A. B., Stanford.
Elizabeth Lee McDermott.
C. F. Ingerson.

Music.

Ida M. Fisher, Syracuse University, H. E. Holt School of Vocal Harmony, Wm. Tomlin's School.

Public Speaking.

Gertrude Payne, Power's School of Expression, Boston.
Elizabeth Lee Buckingham, A. B., Stanford.
Helen Wilkins, A. M., Stanford.

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.

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.
Lulu Wunderlich.
Catherine Hall, A. B., Stanford, A. M., Columbia.
Bessie McCabe.
Isbel O. MacKenzie, Student, Universitaat von Bonn.
Ethel M. Shurman, B. S., Columbia.

Faculty Women's Club

THE members of the Faculty Women's Club have not found time for very many affairs as a body this year, with the exception of the notable achievement of bringing Helen Keller to the Normal; although some delightful social functions have been held.

Lively and varied are the accounts which have come to our ears concerning the farewell tea given by the Club to the President, Mrs. George, on the eve of her departure for Switzerland. Clever decorations adorned the Faculty room, arranged under the direction of Miss Post, and songs and speeches enlivened the meeting. A delectable menu, planned by Miss MacKenzie, was served. Steamer letters, which contained fables in verse, etc., giving advice concerning traveling, were contributed by various members of the Faculty, inserted in the covers of geography pamphlets from various countries. The unexpected appearance of Dr. Shallenberger during the course of the tea added the last note of enjoyment to the affair.

For some time it has been the delightful custom for the Faculty Women's Club to give a reception to the young women of each graduating class. Informal as these affairs are, they partake of the nature of a ritual or ceremony, by which the women of Faculty, now no longer teachers and supervisors "over" the girls, but friends and good comrades all, welcome into the ranks of the teaching profession the girls who have studied and worked at Normal.

The Christmas reception carried out the holiday idea in a charming fashion; a lighted Christmas tree and many decorated little tables adorned the South Society Hall. Tea was served, and old Santa appeared in person to give each graduate a bag of candy. The affair was a great success and forms a link in the chain of pleasant memories which keep the Normal dear to the hearts of the Alumni.

The March class was cleverly entertained at a reception and tea on St. Patrick's Day. The tea tables were decorated with the shamrock of Ireland, and the whole room was artistically wreathed in green. Miss Beal gave a notable speech in which she so cleverly "took off" and characterized the members of the Faculty, that everyone present recognized each word-portrait, even though no names were mentioned. Several other interesting speeches were made, and the girls left feeling that the bond had been drawn a little closer between them and inspiring women with whom they had worked and studied.

The June reception is, needless to say, the biggest reception of the year, and will be larger than ever this year, as over three hundred young women will be graduated. Clever and extensive decorations are planned, and with as many witty speakers as we have on our Faculty, an enjoyable affair is anticipated by the Seniors. But, however much fun there may be, back of all the merry-making there is a little tug at the heart-strings at the thought of parting, and going out far and wide

over the state. At the close of the reception, when, according to the custom, Faculty and students join hands in a great circle and sing "Auld Lang Syne", memories come crowding through the mind of plans and conference, "trials and tribulations", and many pleasant hours spent under the red-tiled roofs of old Normal.

The reception is in the hands of the following able committees:

General Plan: Miss McCabe.

Program: Miss Beal, Miss Bradley, Miss Buckingham.

Refreshments: Miss Trimble, Miss Post, Miss Mignon.

Faculty Notes

IN the first assembly at the beginning of the school year last September, several new faces were noticed on the platform, and some well-known faculty members were missed.

Miss Agnes E. Howe, head of the History Department, returned from a year's leave of absence, during which she traveled in several European countries, spent the spring at the University of Wisconsin, and taught in the summer at the University of Reno. Miss Basseler and Miss Whitmire also returned from a year in Europe, which they spent in visiting and studying along their special line. Miss Trimble returned to the Training School after a year at Teachers' College, Columbia.

We missed Miss Etta Kinney, who left for a year to take up various lines of study and to travel in the Eastern States and abroad. Her place was filled by Mr. Charles J. Pierson, who came to the Normal as head of the Zoology Department from the El Cajon Union High School. Miss Foster left the Drawing Department, and was succeeded by Miss Elizabeth Lee McDermott, who also took charge of the Reviews Course.

The Arithmetic Department received a notable addition in the person of Mrs. Adelaide Hornbrook, who became a supervisor of arithmetic. Mrs. Hornbrook came to the Normal last year on leave of absence from her school in Chicago, to do experimental work in the Training School. She is the author of several standard works on mathematics, one of which, Hornbrook's "Concrete Geometry", has lately been translated into Russian.

Several changes were made in the Manual and Household Arts Departments. Mr. W. S. Marten of the San Jose High School, took the place of Mr. A. P. Hill. Mr. B. W. Spaulding, formerly located at Redlands, a graduate of Stout Institute, undertook the Woodworking courses. Mr. Harold Boyle, from Columbia, took charge of the Metal Work and Design. Miss Lila O'Neale, of Columbia University, was added to the Faculty of the Household Arts Department.

Mrs. George also acquired an efficient assistant in the person of Miss Clara Hinze, a graduate of the University of California, and of the San Jose Normal.

Just before Christmas the Normal School and Faculty were greatly interested in the honors which came to two members of the Faculty; namely, the election of Dr. Margaret Shallenberger, Principal of the Training School, to the position of State Commissioner of Elementary Education, and of Dr. Anne M. Nichloson, as Secretary of the State Board of Commissioners of Education. Both Dr. Shallenberger and Dr. Nicholson carried with them the sincerest good wishes of the Faculty and the Student Body to the honors and responsibilities of their new positions.

Miss Howe succeeded Dr. Shallenberger as Principal of the Training School, and Dr. Nicholson's place was ably filled by Miss Post, formerly head of the English Department of the San Jose High School.

New faces again greeted the Student Body at the beginning of the mid-year term. Miss Payne had left for the Orient, and her place was filled by Miss Wilkins and Miss Buckingham, both instructors at Stanford. Miss Enid Kinney returned at this time from her year's leave of absence, and Miss Twombley came from Stanford as assistant in Zoology and Physiology.

Over in the Training School no change was made, save that Miss B. Shillingsburg, who had been ably filling her sister's place, during the latter's illness, resigned, and Miss Wunderlich, of the San Jose School Department, took her place.

In March the school lost two of the most well-known instructors in the Normal, when Professor Wood left for six months' study and travel in the East, and Mrs. George, a few weeks later, set out on a long-planned and much-needed vacation trip to Switzerland. In the absence of Mrs. George, Miss Hinze has taken entire charge of the Geography Department.

Faculty Men's Banquet

The men of the faculty under the leadership of President Dailey have from time to time entertained the young men students of the school in evening functions. One of the most successful of these was given recently at which a banquet was served in the South Society Hall. It is rumored that this was by no means a "pink tea", but that such substantials as roast beef and potatoes topped off with pumpkin pie and ice-cream, interladed with flowing bowls of black coffee and rich cream made the three-hour meal a satisfaction.

The young men, after the repast contributed a program to the evening's entertainment. This consisted of recitations by John Faulds and Charles Flower, several guitar solos by Waldo Worden, and a quartette by R. Williams, F. Argall, L. Hawkinson, L. Albertson. Last of all Raymond Perry laid aside his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and waded into the piano. An encore was insistently called for, and when Mr. Perry finished there was many a whisper about the room suggesting that much was to be expected of this young man's musical career.

The banquet was prepared by faculty committees in regulation domestic science style. The whole affair was another illustration of the Normal spirit which goes so far to build happy associations and good fellowship among those who go out from here into the State's schools.

Mrs. Rousseau Retires

FOR fourteen years Mrs. E. Rousseau has been preceptress of students in our Normal School. During that time we have grown from an attendance of a little more than three hundred to our present enrollment of nearly one thousand.

It is safe to say the students from all over the west would not continue to join our ranks if we had not had a preceptress whose wisdom and kindness has ever added to the social life of students both in the school and out.

Always firm and just in her administration, Mrs. Rousseau has, at the same time commanded our respect.

The good wishes of our students, and especially of this Senior Class, will always go with her.

The following was unanimously passed by the Board of Trustees, at its annual meeting, held May 1st, 1914:

"Resolved, That this Board of Trustees hereby expresses its high regard and appreciation for the work of Mrs. E. Rousseau as preceptress of the San Jose State Normal School for the past fourteen years.

Mrs. Rousseau has been untiring in her efforts to give aid and comfort to all our students.

The good name and efficiency of this Normal School is in a large measure due to her effective work.

While this board accepts with regret her resignation, it desires to say that the good wishes of students, faculty, and this Board of Trustees go with her."

To the Senior Class of Nineteen-fourteen
State Normal School, San Jose

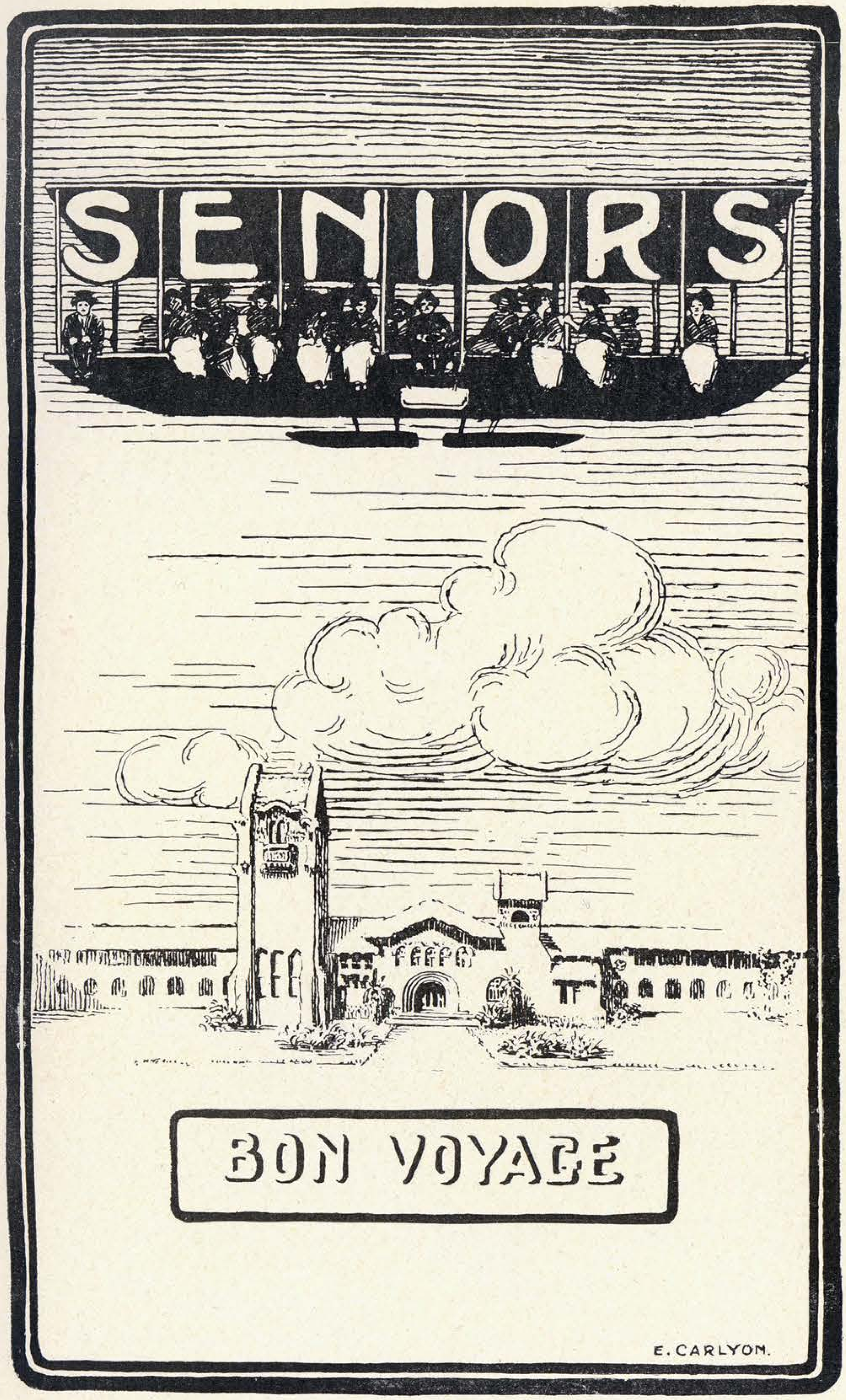
Inscrutable

By Henry Meade Bland

Once God forgot a mighty king
When He wanted a great work done
And He put His lightning in the hand
Of a simple Sheperd's Son.

It is not always the swift that lead
In the race to the ultimate goal;
But oft in triumph the splendid height
Is won by the falt'ring soul.

No one can tell who will captain the right
When wrong at last goes down;
Perhaps the humble born shall wear
The Scepter and the Crown.


SENIORS
BON VOYAGE
E. CARLYON.

Catherine Ostrander, Elma Money, Ethyl Burgun. Muriel Needham,
Rachael Moore, Vivian Palstine, Josephine Morse,
Ethel Baker, Marguerite Duer, Marie Williams, Caroline Richardson,
Clara Nutting, Marion Bristow, Madeline Murry.

Marguerite Martin, Anne Beckwith, Ruth Meeker,
Vada Miller, Priscilla Dyer, Raymond Mosher, Ruth Cunningham,
Juanita Deiker, Thelma Trevellick, Mary Carroll,
Annette Stuart. Mildred Hollingsworth, Elizabeth Rathbun, Edith Bacon.

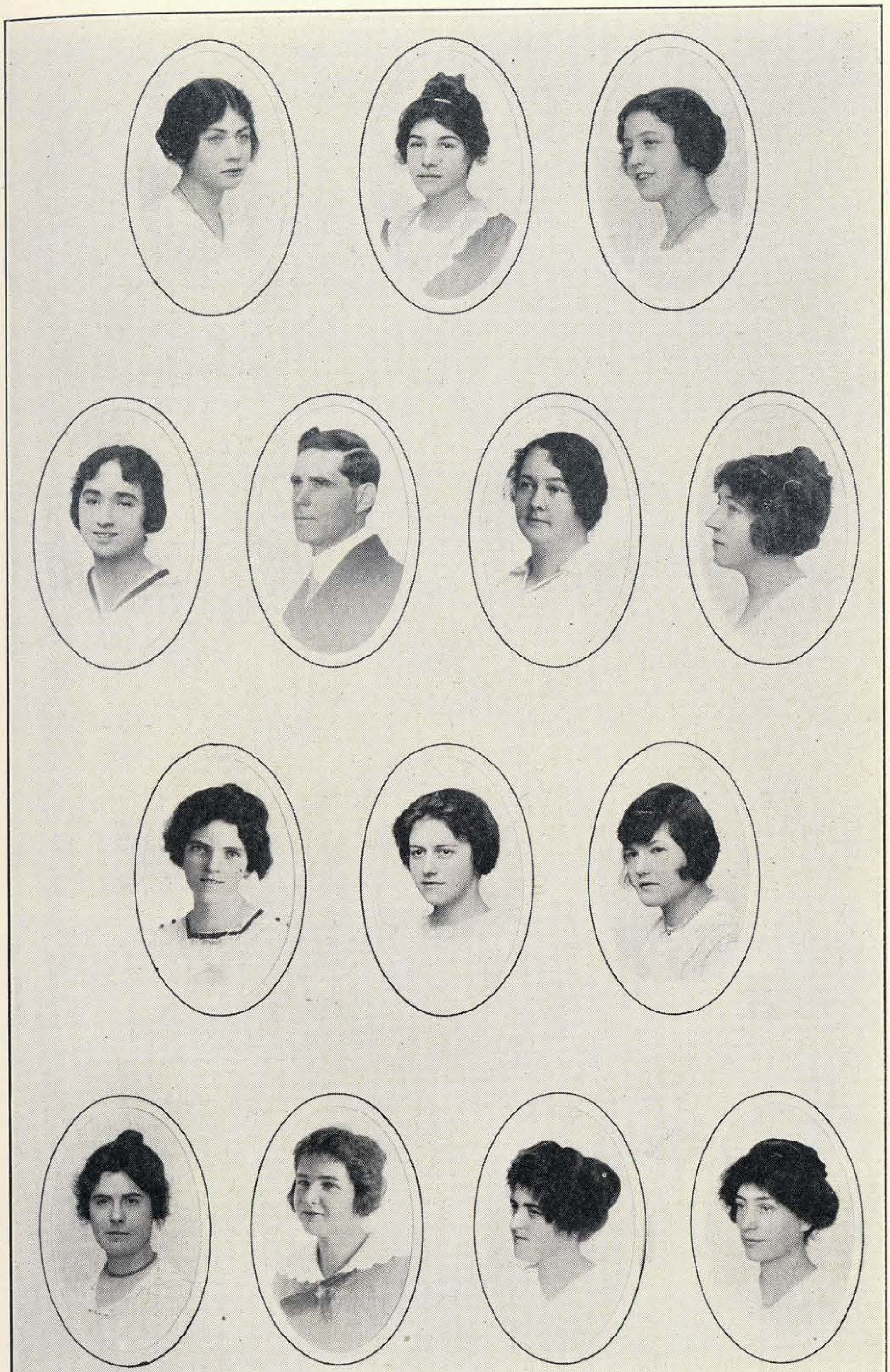
Docia Patchett, Margaret Macke, Lucy Meredith, Emma Post,
Anita Fulton, Albert Kleemeyer, Alice Brown,
Alma Swain, Carolyn Wilson, Ethel Curry, Sadie Reiser,
Harriet Clark, Rowena Parsons, Bonnie Moquist.

Evelyn Jurgens, Charlotte Boyd, Claire Duffy,
Lucella Bovee, Juanita Swift, Emma Ludeman, Clyde Parton,
Edythe Rosasco, Alice Hong, Anna Misner,
Bess Halstead, Alice Brittan, Myrtle Clay, Elma Broderick.

Florence Buchanan, Dorothy Williams, Edith Murley, Rene Bromley,
Emma Nicholson, John Hauch, Ione Welch,
Agnes Lernhart, Ida Mills, Ann Sheehy, Edith French,
Mary Hart, Helene Hall, Pearle Sinclair.

Ella Leavy, Lucille Snyder, Eugenia Daniels,
Ruth Bennett, Helen Dice, Lola Shields, Hilda Footman,
Arlie Corbet, Florence Benson, Ola Taylor,
Jesephine Decarli, Mildred Beattie, Ida Stewart, Barbara Cassidy.

Muriel Waters, Sue Boulware, Helen Boulware, Elizabeth Van Arsdale,
Clara Anderson, Manning Alvas, Ella Livingston,
Ebba Miller, Katherine Robinson, Iva Knuppe, Catherine Hofleng,
Sabine Abbott, Frences Hambleton, Rose Caro.

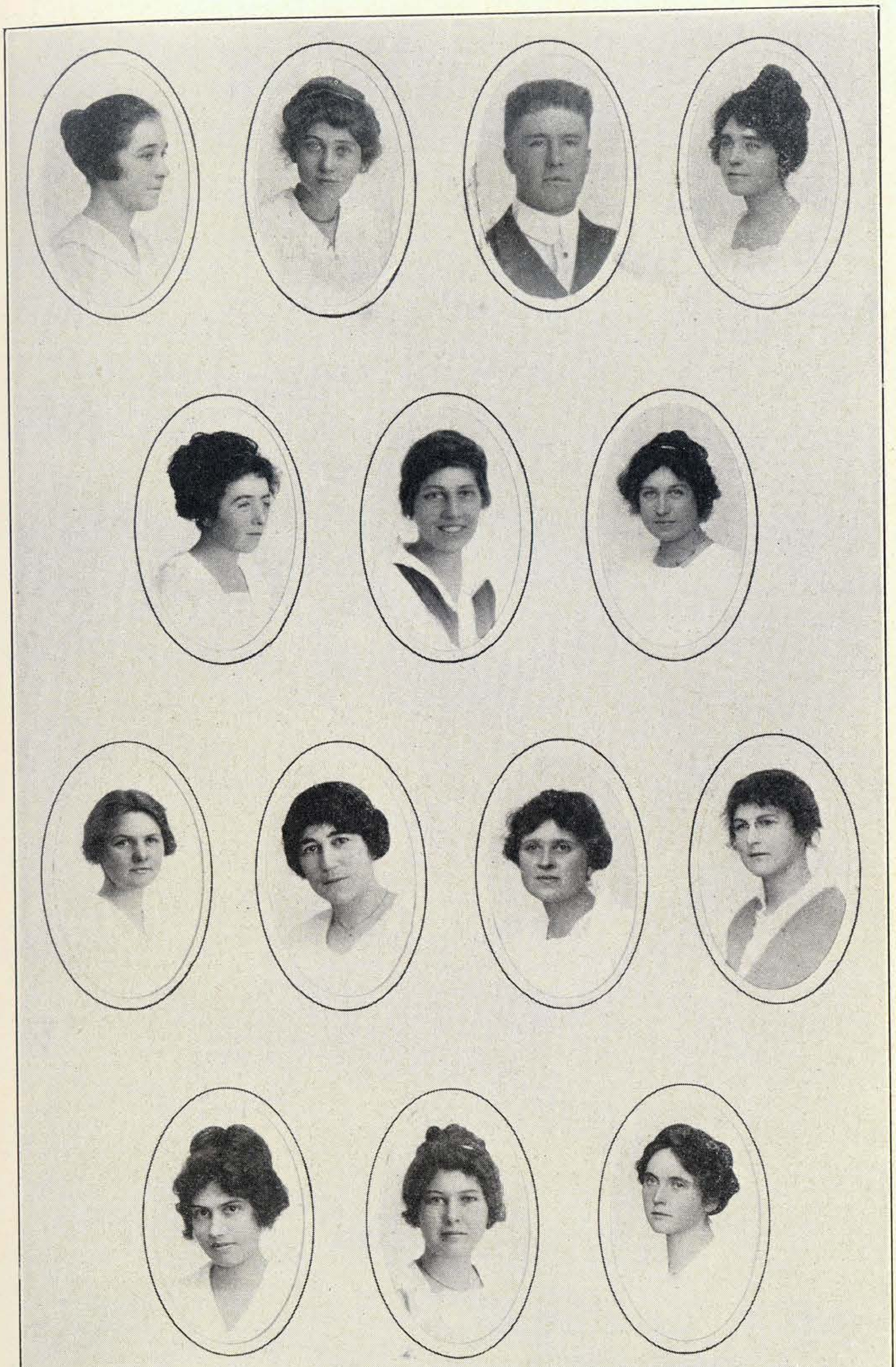


Virginia Perkins, Emma Odell, Leora Noel,
Rosalia Garcia, Louis Dwight, Margaret Graham, Nell Smythe,
Myrtle Kennedy, Bertha Staheli, Zora Ketchum,
Ellen Combs, Mary Connolly, Rose Lowary, Doris Bacon.

Merle Butler, Leah McPhaill, Asenath Rutland, Jennie Leh,
Anne Fikenscher, Earle J. Shaw, Adah Smith,
Marion Brown, Blanche Quinn, Thad Stevens, Ruth Everding,
Grace Palmer, Alice Campbell, Merle Welch.

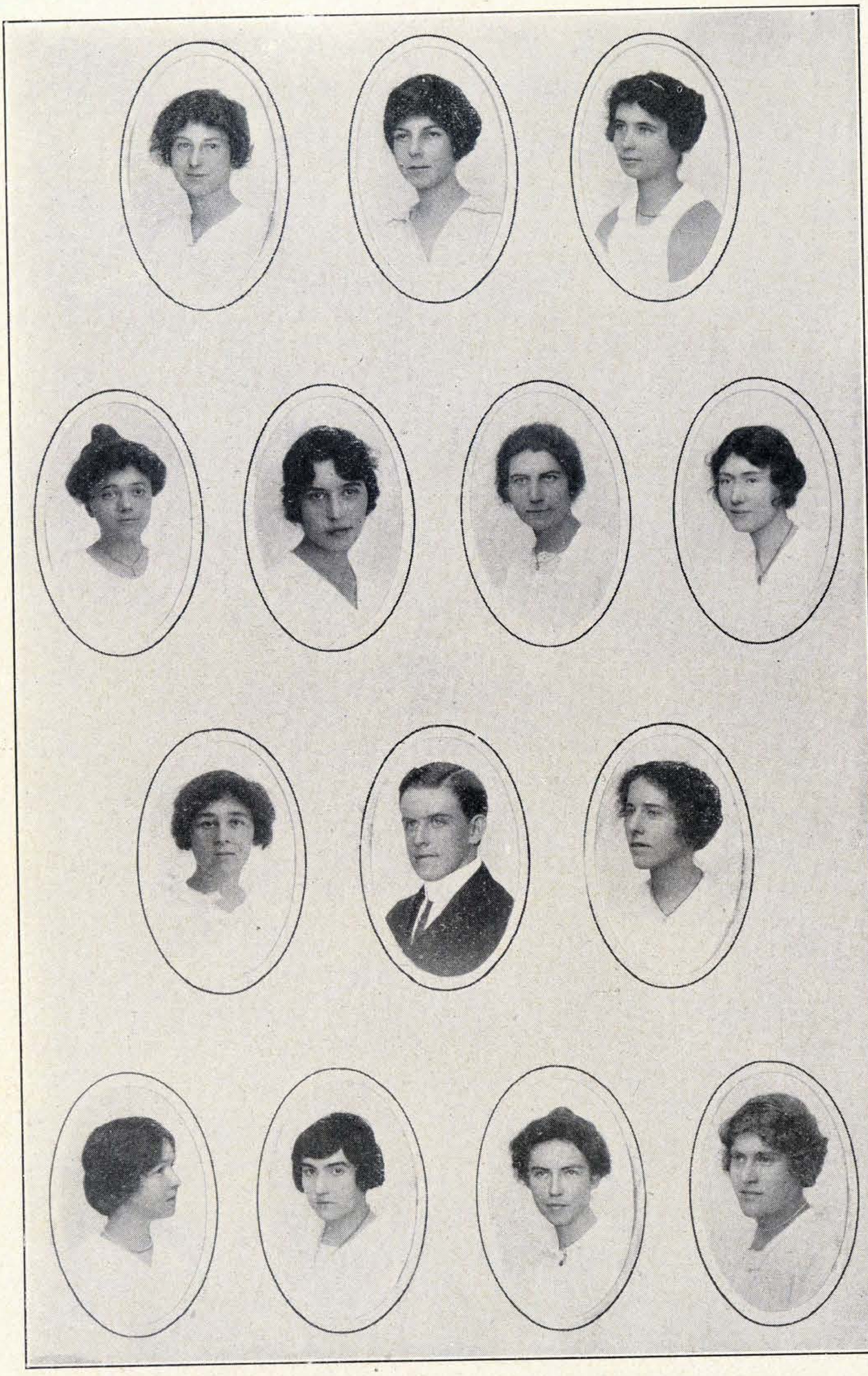
Ruth Hill, Olive K. Hamilton, A. Meyers,
Ruth Gansberger, Irene McKenzie, Helena Stephenson, Louise Wibel,
Eva Mae Terwilliger, Jeanette Houser, Eunice Going,
Theresa Messer, Ida Saunders, Sadie Kickinveld, Goldie Kensler.

Marguerita Gosney, Jennie Matthews, Clara Johns,
Olive Siple, Vina Goodwin, Mary Baker, Vera Morrell,
Josephine Kelsey, Lucy Harmon, Lenora Huff,
Beatrice McLaren, Grace Wheeler, Hilma Youngberg, Barbara Roos.



Helen Jones. Ruth Stratton, Kenneth Slater, Madella Bloyd,
Kathleen White, Marion Eley. Gladys Osterling,
Lynwood Hall, Jessie Graves, Blanch Wells, Sarah Graham,
Gussie Wedehase, Vera Balm, Grace Mason.

Alta Webb, Gladys Arthur, Hildegarde Carlson, Amy Ranker,
Vivian Sandilands, Darlene Neighbor, Alice Wagner,
Bessie Davison, Anna K. Chestnutt, Ruth Fortna, Mabel Durston,
Cora Strickland, Edwina Haydon, Ruth Strickland.



Winona Smith, Elsie Baechtel, Bessie McCaustland,
Bernice Bryant, Ina Jenny, Francis Taverner Badger, Elinor Watson,
Helen Brennan, Lawrence Hawkinson, Lorene Siesenop,
Josephine Sykes, Ethan Armstrong, Clara Hagerty, Anna Von Christerson.

Viola Burroughs, Tom Street, Agnes Dick. Bertha Etzel,
Ruth Hill, Anna Chestnutt, Mabel Keester,
Cora Caswell, Virginia McKnight. Lillian Bauman, Myrtle Kennedy.
Ola Taylor Enid Nixon Amy Fiske Ranker

Marie Palmtag, Flora Shaw, Lois Akin, Bethel Bowden,
Tessie Rogers, Murie Ogden, Stella Phillips,
Flora Church, Clara Peterson, Deta Jones, Lena A. Purvine,
Ruth Colean Kyle, Gertrude F. Gale, Esther Adele Ballard.

Julia Bohn, Leona Wayte, Hazel McIntosh,
Pearl McCurdy, Louise McKenzie, Tillie Munce, Anna Bowden,
Virginia Boardman, Vida Reese, Maude Teal,
Rose Nason, Matilda Nicora, Emma Linderoth, Florence Flower.

Katie Murphy, Ethel Heinson, Jessie Campton,
Mabel Casarotti, Wilda Brown, Florence Harris, Alice Heinson,
Ethelyn Stevens, Frances Rice, Artimecia Frame,
Margaret Loyd, Anna Sibley-White, Wren Strange, Harriet Lovett.

Eunice Lackey, Rilda Skinner, Viola Forsythe, Lottie Katz,
Winifred Estabrook, Harriet Welch, Louise Hesse,
Nan Miller, Hildegarde Owen, Illah Bryan, Claudia Dowell,
Phoebe Cook, Helen Brassel, Florence Penny.

Maud Bishop, Annie Steele, Mary Howe, Hazel Nesman,
Ruth Rutledge, Walter White, Helen Cope,
Olive Peterson, Lena Harris, Marguerite Mason, Hallie Adler,
Frances Sams, Anna Egan, Ruth Kyle.

Gertrude Deane, Jessie Naylor, Mary Bean,
Florence Maddocks, Hazel Downing, Merle Brearcliffe, Mamie Miller,
Jessica McManus, Willard Hubert, Lucie Joses,
Bernardine Lyng, Eva Baugh, Birdie Gilgert, Emma Street.

Lena Harris, Treasurer. | Virginia Perkins, Vice-President. | Merle Butler, President. | Tillie Munce, Secretary.

Senior Chronicles

SENIOR C1.

Mr. Spaulding, Class Teacher. Tillie Munce, President.

First term—"Get acquainted" afternoon in honor of Junior A1 Class.

Second term—Luncheon and dance in compliment to Mr. Spaulding, the new class teacher.

Third term—Picnic; luncheon on the campus.

SENIOR C2.

Miss Rowell, Class Teacher. Merna Sawyer, President.

First term—Informal afternoon at Miss Rowell's home. Hallowe'en party to Junior A2 Class. Afternoon, sewing bee at Miss Rowell's.

Second term—Luncheon in honor of Miss Rowell. Valentine dance.

Third term—Informal afternoon gathering and a farewell dance.

SENIOR C3.

Mr. Baker, Class Teacher. Merle Brearcliffe, President.

First term—Luncheon to welcome Mr. Baker as class teacher. Dance in Society Hall.

Second term—Dinner and dance in compliment to Mr. Baker.

SENIOR C4.

Miss Mignon, Class Teacher. Lorena Siesenop, President.

First term—Junior A4 Class entertained at candy pull. Dance in Society Hall.

Second term—Afternoon party at the home of Miss Mignon. Valentine party. Class entertained by Junior B4's at St. Patrick party.

Third term—Luncheon given for Miss Mignon.

SENIOR C5 (Specials).

Mr. Wilson, Class Teacher. Mrs. Britton, President.

Second term—Dinner and dance in compliment to Mr. Wilson. St. Patrick program given in assembly.

SENIOR C6.

Miss Kinney, Class Teacher. Helena Stephenson, President.

First term—Candy pull at home of Lila Wheeler. Dance in Society Hall.

Second term—Dinner with Junior B6 Class.

Third term—Luncheon on Campus.

SENIOR C7.

Miss Sprague, Class Teacher. Harriet Lovett, President.

First term—Hallowe'en dinner and jolly-up.

Second term—Irish party in Society Hall.

Third term—Farewell luncheon on campus.

SENIOR C8.

Mrs. Greathead, Class Teacher. Anne Fikenscher, President.

First term—Reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Wood (Mr. Wood then being Class Teacher). Surprise party for Mr. Wood.

Second term—Dinner dance in Society Hall. Farewell picnic luncheon for Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

Third term—Class entertained at breakfast by Mrs. Greahead.

SENIOR C9.

Miss Smith, Class Teacher. Helen Dice, President.

First term—Class entertained by Miss Smith, who was later honor guest at a luncheon.

Second term—Program given at Pratt Home. Dance with Junior B9 Class.

Third term—Picnic at Alum Rock Park.

SENIOR C10.

Miss English, Class Teacher. Mary Carroll, President.

First term—Hallowe'en party by Miss English.

Second term—Jungle party given to Junior C10.

Normal Notes

THIS year opened with the largest enrollment ever known in the history of the school. More than four hundred students representing nearly every county in the State were welcomed into our midst by a reception given on Friday evening of the first week of school.

During our two years stay at the Normal much has been done to beautify the grounds by putting in new walks on the quad and lawns, and the installation of electric lights, the gift of the last June classes. The old Training School has been remodeled, a new woodwork building and an outdoor gymnasium built, and a concrete tennis court put in. Under Mr. Spaulding's supervision bleachers were erected in the back of the assembly room, for which the students obtained funds by giving an entertainment. Miss Smith's interest in museums has been the cause of having the old museum restored and placed in Room 116. Among the latest efforts of the different organizations of the school is the securing of a new piano for the South Society Hall.

We have enjoyed many good things during assembly hour. George Wharton James, the well-known writer of Missions of California, spoke to us on Junipero Serra. Herbert Bashford gave a literary treat by reading from his book of verse, "At the Shrine of Song." Dr. Winship, the editor of the New England Journal of Education, spoke on Educational Aims. We have been fortunate in having Dr. Winship with us both years we have been here. Mrs. Sanborn, of the Woman's Auxiliary Committee, gave an interesting talk on the exposition of 1915.

About the middle of February we followed Miss Etta Kinney on her trip abroad. A number of students gave accounts of her travel and study in the United States, while others traced her journey through Egypt and the Holy Land. A very interesting letter from Miss Kinney was read by one of the students.

On March 19th Miss Hall's little folks gave a delightful flower program. In addition to their decorations the platform had upon it a sugar plum tree. The sugar plums were made of colored tissue paper and contained tickets to the Helen Keller assembly, which were sold from the tree.

Helen Keller

OF the vast number of prominent people who have visited this institution during the past year none occupy a more conspicuous position than Helen Keller and her teacher, Mrs. Anne Macy. For three weeks previous to their coming a subtle air of expectancy pervaded the class rooms and the corridors that marked the event as something different than the coming of other distinguished visitors. One hesitates to brand this feeling with the name of curiosity, for after seeing and hearing Helen Keller any curiosity that may have been present in one's mind gives place to a feeling of admiration and sympathy for this wonderful girl whose undaunted will and divine courage have surmounted obstacles that few people are ever called upon to face.

Limitations of space make it impossible to do more than chronicle the incidents as they took place, giving a brief summary of what happened, not of what the audience felt—that would make another and much longer story.

Mrs. Macy, who for twenty-five years has been the constant companion and teacher of Helen Keller, spoke briefly of the early training of the deaf, dumb and blind girl, reciting instances at once humorous and pathetic in the life of Miss Keller.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Macy's address, Miss MacKenzie went to the office and returned with Helen Keller. Dr. Dailey had requested that the audience remain perfectly quiet while Miss Keller was speaking.

When the hall doors swung open and for the first time the eyes of the nine hundred students rested upon this famous girl not a sound could be heard. It was as if the vast assembly were gazing into the spirit land of impossible things upon a divine miracle. Then came Helen Keller's smile and with it a burst of applause that the blind girl "felt" though she could not see.

Miss Keller spoke to her audience in a voice mechanical and strained; sometimes losing itself in an almost inarticulate jumble, and yet after listening to her for a few minutes, one became accustomed to her voice and understood her better.

Hers was a message of hope and joy reached through the proper use of all our senses. Yet the beautiful source of inspiration was Helen Keller herself. We have listened to the eloquent words of great men; we have been privileged to have with us women who rank high among the world's great people, and we have profited by their wisdom and the advice they have given us, yet it remained for the deaf, blind and one dumb girl to find a way into the hearts of those who heard her, and plant there the seeds of sympathetic understanding and love.

At the conclusion of her address Miss Keller was escorted to the office where she remained until her taxi arrived. A pathetic incident marked the close of her address when gathering into her arms a clus-

ter of cherry blosoms she have an exclamation of delight and cried out the name of the snow white blossoms she could smell, but never see.

To the credit of the mass of students who formed a double line from the main entrance to the gate to the waiting taxi, let it be said that it was not through curiosity, but through a desire to keep Helen Keller with them as long as possible.

She has gone from us, perhaps forever, yet in the heart of each and everyone of those who saw and heard her will remain forever a spot sacred to the memory of our visit with Helen Keller. She came into our midst, led by friendly hands, she went away herself a leader, carrying with her our love and sympathy and leaving behind her an example of what may be accomplished through patience and trust and a divine faith in the justice of all things.

—Thad Stevens.

TRAINING SCHOOL

The Training School

AMONG the distinctive features that have been added to our Training School course this year are the school gardening and the "Elements of Industry" work, in which the fifth grade pupils study pioneer life in all its phases, different sections taking up different lines of work. A number of the boys have built a log cabin on the campus, notching and fitting the logs together without the use of nails. They have fashioned the household furniture in rustic style and have made the bricks which they have used in the fireplace. The girls have been knitting, crocheting, patching and tieing quilts and preparing the household linens. They have also outfitted the "pioneer" dolls with complete wardrobes. Each phase of the work is thoroughly studied before work in that line is begun. The plan, introduced as an experiment this year, has proven so successful that it is now to be incorporated as a part of the regular fifth grade work.

Very near where the log cabin stands, the sixth grade children have been caring for the school gardens. Until the time of the earthquake the school gardens flourished under the management of the training school pupils, but since then work has been abandoned. Miss Howe has now had personal supervision of the gardening, and although nothing very pretentious has been attempted, plans are for more elaborate work next year in connection with the nature study and the pupils hope to carry off honors in the bay cities' sweet pea contest next spring.

Although manual and domestic arts are commonly taught in the city schools once or twice a week, none of the grammar schools offer these courses five days in the week, as does our training school. The pupils have the use of the Normal School equipment and for five months in the year both boys and girls study cooking and metal work; the boys have woodwork and the girls sewing and millinery. During the other five months they have drawing courses.

An excellent course of lectures has been given in the training school this year by a number of business men of the city. They have been given for the seventh and eighth grades and have dealt with vocational training. In each lecture the speaker has emphasized the same point—the list of qualities essential in a successful business man. The list includes honesty, loyalty, punctuality, courtesy.

Five May fetes were given this year—the first by the first and second grades on May Day and the second a few days later by the third and fourth grades. On the first day the little king and queen, under an arch of flowers carried by two little torch bearers, led the procession through the Normal quad and corridors and back to the training school, leaving a dainty paper May basket filled with flowers in every department. All of the children were dressed in white and wore little caps, bonnets, and aprons which they themselves had fashioned of blue and pink crepe paper during their manual training hour.

They also carried "flaming torches" of the same material. The third and fourth grade pupils gave a pretty may pole dance on the lawn on the day of their fete.

Several times during the year the Normal assembly has beer honored by the presence of the training school orchestra. The pupils hold faithful orchestra practice four mornings of the week and their effort is well rewarded for we have one of the finest of school orchestras.

The hot lunches, served in cafeteria style at noon, have proven very popular, not only among the training school pupils but among the Normal students as well. This enterprise is backed by the Mothers' Club and is very successful. It is an outcome of the improvements made in the basement of the training school during the summer, a good cement floor and better lighting arrangements, which made the plan possible. New maple floors were laid throughout the old training school, cement walks have been put in and lawns and flowers planted which add to the appearance of the school grounds. Two open air classrooms have been arranged also, so that our training school is taking excellent care of the physical as well as the mental condition of the children.

The Dreamer's Defence

They say that I am a dreamer of dreams,
And a builder of castles of air;
That I am a maker of fantastic schemes,
And elaborate theories fair.

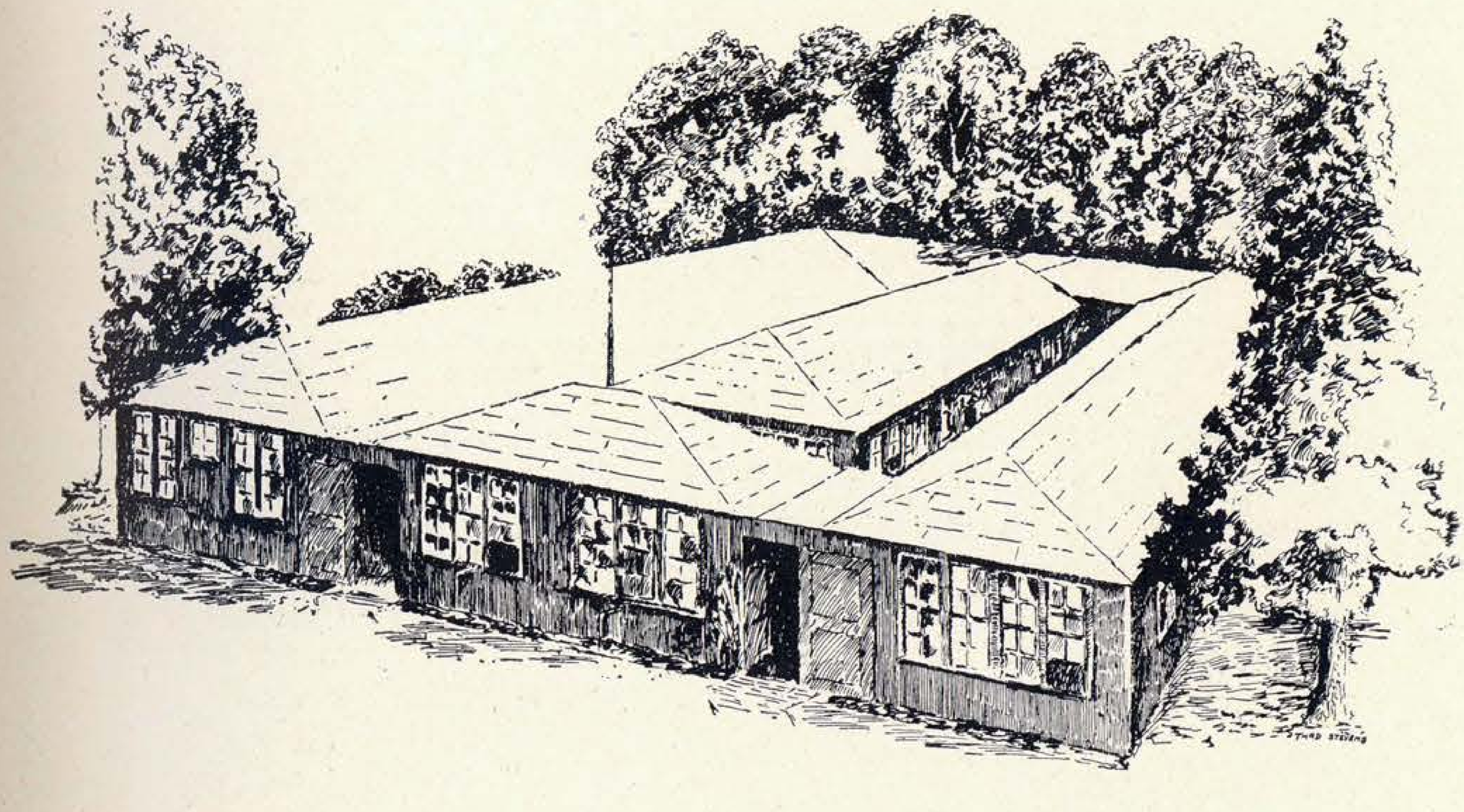
But what care I for the blame they invent!
They may censure, condemn,—and despise.
While they with the world as it is are content,
For the future's bright land I devise.

If I can find in the world yet to be
A fair place of perfection and beauty,
Why try in today's imperfection to see
A more practical, tangible duty?

For the world today, is the dream of the past,
And the dream of today, is tomorrow;
And all the world does from the first to the last
It must go to some dreamer to borrow.

So I work on in my way so abstract,
Of the world uncreated I sing;
For I know that the beautiful future of fact
Is a land where the dreamer is king.

Alpheus Ray.



Industrial Arts Department

THE year began with three new men in the departments: William S. Marten, Benjamin W. Spaulding, and Harold L. Boyle. During the year five new rooms have been added, one room each for woodturning, mechanical drawing, metalwork, and two rooms for woodwork. A very complete equipment of tools have been obtained for the various lines of work. In the wood turning and wood working rooms a number of new machines have been installed, each machine being equipped with a separate motor for individual drive. The department is now in such a condition as to warrant a high degree of efficiency.

Length of Course.—Courses leading to the diploma of the Industrial Arts require one year's work, at least two terms of which must be in residence. The diploma granted is made by statute the basis for the issuance of a teacher's certificate to teach these special subjects in the elementary and secondary schools of California.

Qualifications for Admission.—Admission for a diploma is granted upon (1) graduation from an accredited Normal School, or (2) a junior certificate or its equivalent, (3) a teacher's certificate with High School diploma.

Demand for Teachers

The demand for teachers of Industrial Arts far exceed the supply, because the number of schools in which shop work is taught is steadily increasing. .

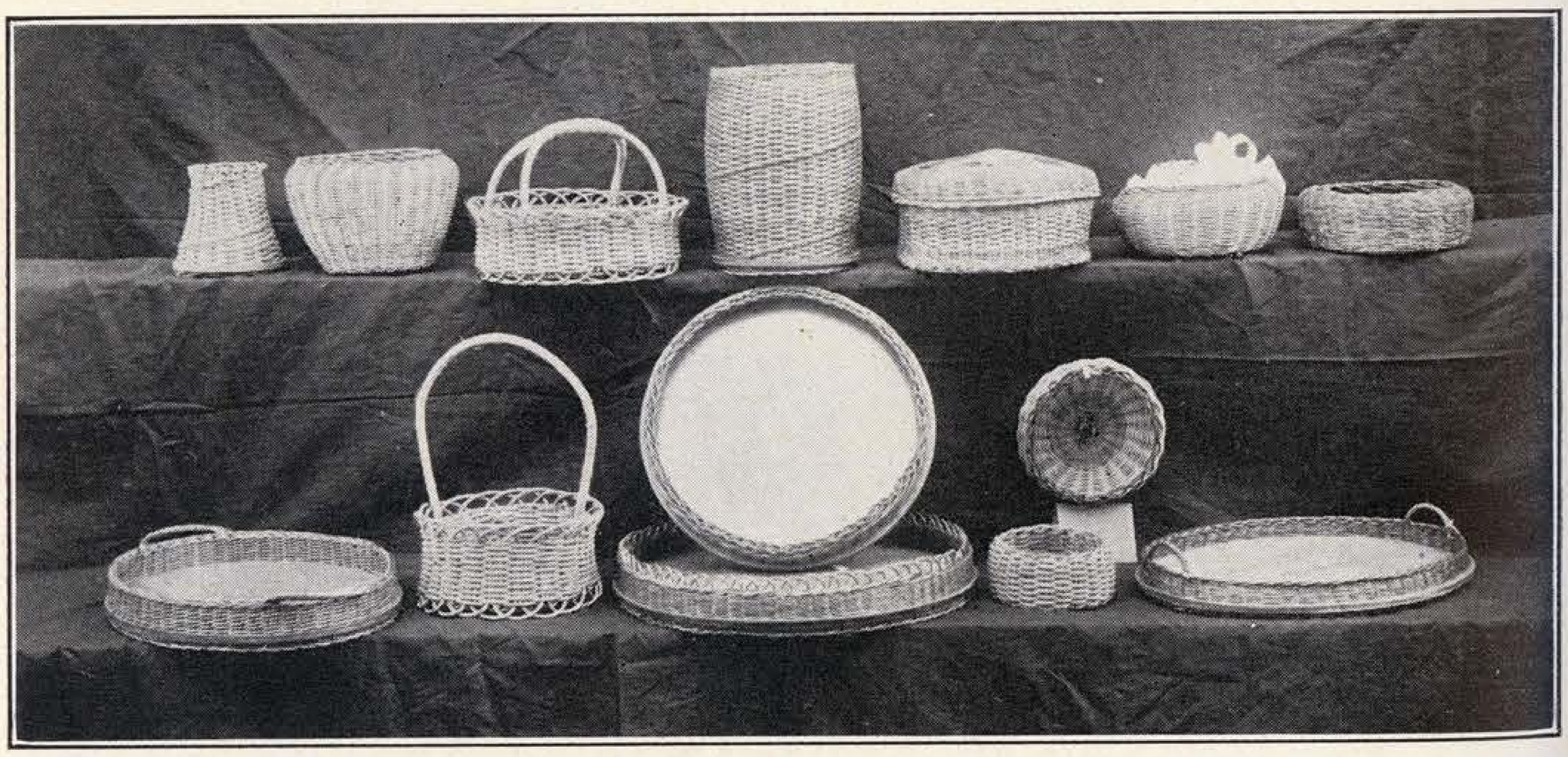
Upon graduation from the department an effort is made to place graduates in positions for which they are fitted.

Practice Teaching

The Training School of over 600 children is used by the department for the practice teaching. Teaching in the Industrial Arts subjects is offered in all of the grades. One term of practice teaching each day of the week is required for graduation.

The Course of Instruction

The department aims to give thoro instruction in every course given by the several instructors are Theory of Industrial Arts, Primary offered with special thought to the methods of teaching. The courses and Advanced Handwork, Patternmaking and Wood Turning by Mr. Marten; Elementary and Secondary Woodwork, Economics of Woodwork, and Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. Spaulding; and Elementary and Advanced Metal Work and Industrial Design, by Mr. Boyle. A description of the handwork, wood work and metal work will be found on the following pages.



Primary Handwork

THE aim of the Primary Handwork course is to obtain a working knowledge of elementary processes of a great variety of materials adapted to the primary grades. The types of work taken up are: Paper and cardboard work, which includes formal paper folding without the use of the ruler, paper cutting, working to scale and development in various type problems as needed in "centers of interest", bookbinding in such work as portfolios, envelopes, boxes, booklets, simple books and rebinding of old books and pamphlets; tie work in raffia and cards making various bags and holders; weaving on cardboard and wooden looms of various shapes with yarns, rags and raffia, using stripe and spot designs in making mats, rugs, caps, slippers, etc.; reed basketry with various weaves; coiled basketry, both hard and soft with stitches, such as the strap, knot, whip and figure eight; clay work in mass and coil for simple modeling; stenciling in crayons, panels, dyes, etc. in making table runners, sofa pillows, pin cushions, bags, center pieces, etc.; and passefactout work in the framing of small pictures and post cards.

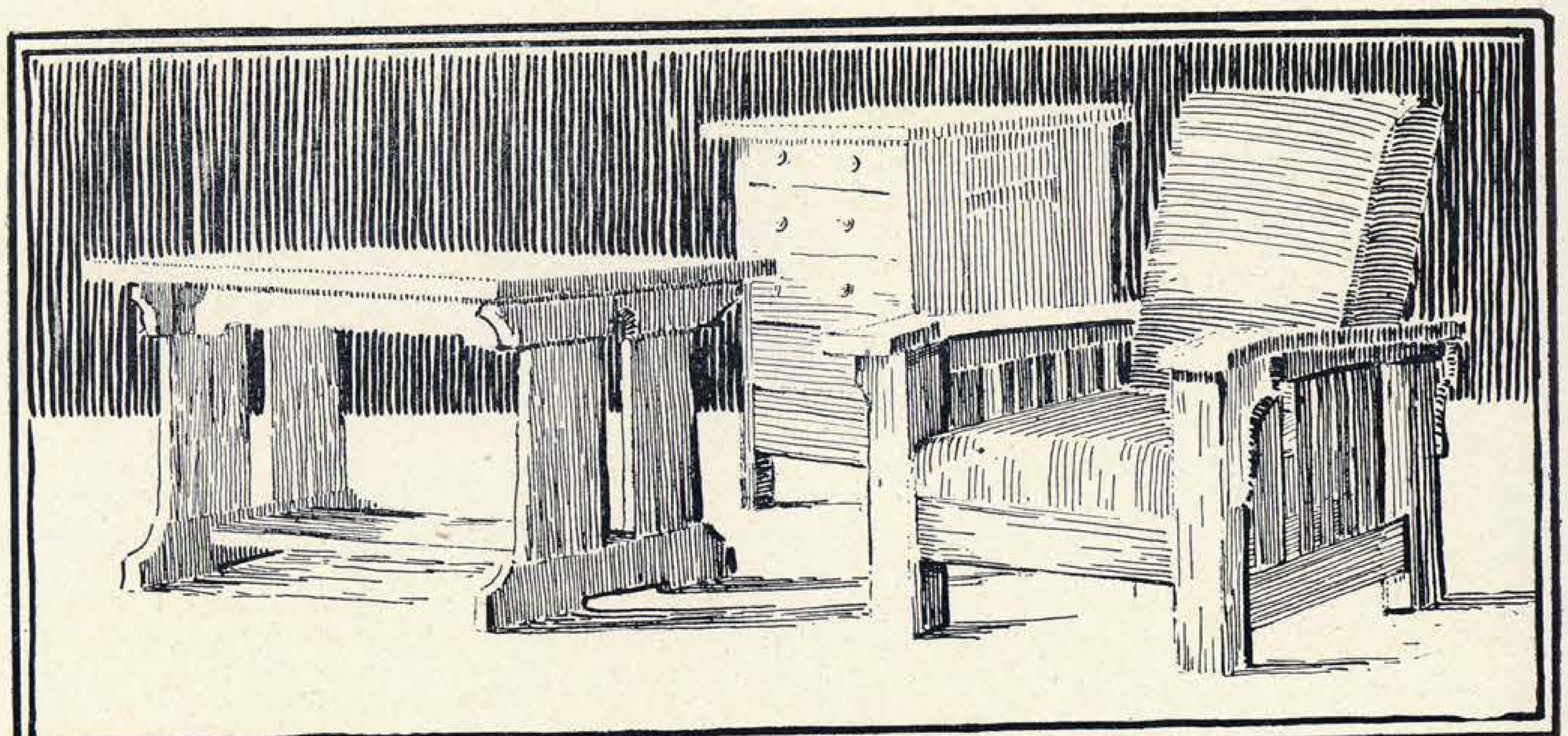
Emphasis is put upon the use of native materials as far as possible so that handwork may be successfully carried on in schools such as in the rural districts where the finances will not permit of purchasing any great amount of materials for the handwork. The problems taken up are typical and although small are planned so that they are of practical value in the life of the children of the primary grades.

The essentials of the principles of design are given serious consideration in the construction and decoration of the things made.

The work is for the early grades so that thru these constructive activities, the material and social activities of the community are made real in the life of the children.

Suggestions are given concerning possible problems and their place in the grades. Information as to materials, costs, and where they can most economically be obtained is also furnished.

The advanced handwork is a continuation of the primary handwork adapted to the grammar grades and the High School. It also includes: leather work in flat and relief modeling, pierced work, dyeing, etc., in the making of bag tags, fobs, card cases, purses and bags of various kinds; pottery work, and picture framing.



Wood Work

THE woodworking shops have undergone considerable change during the past year. A number of new machines, benches and tools have been added to the equipment.

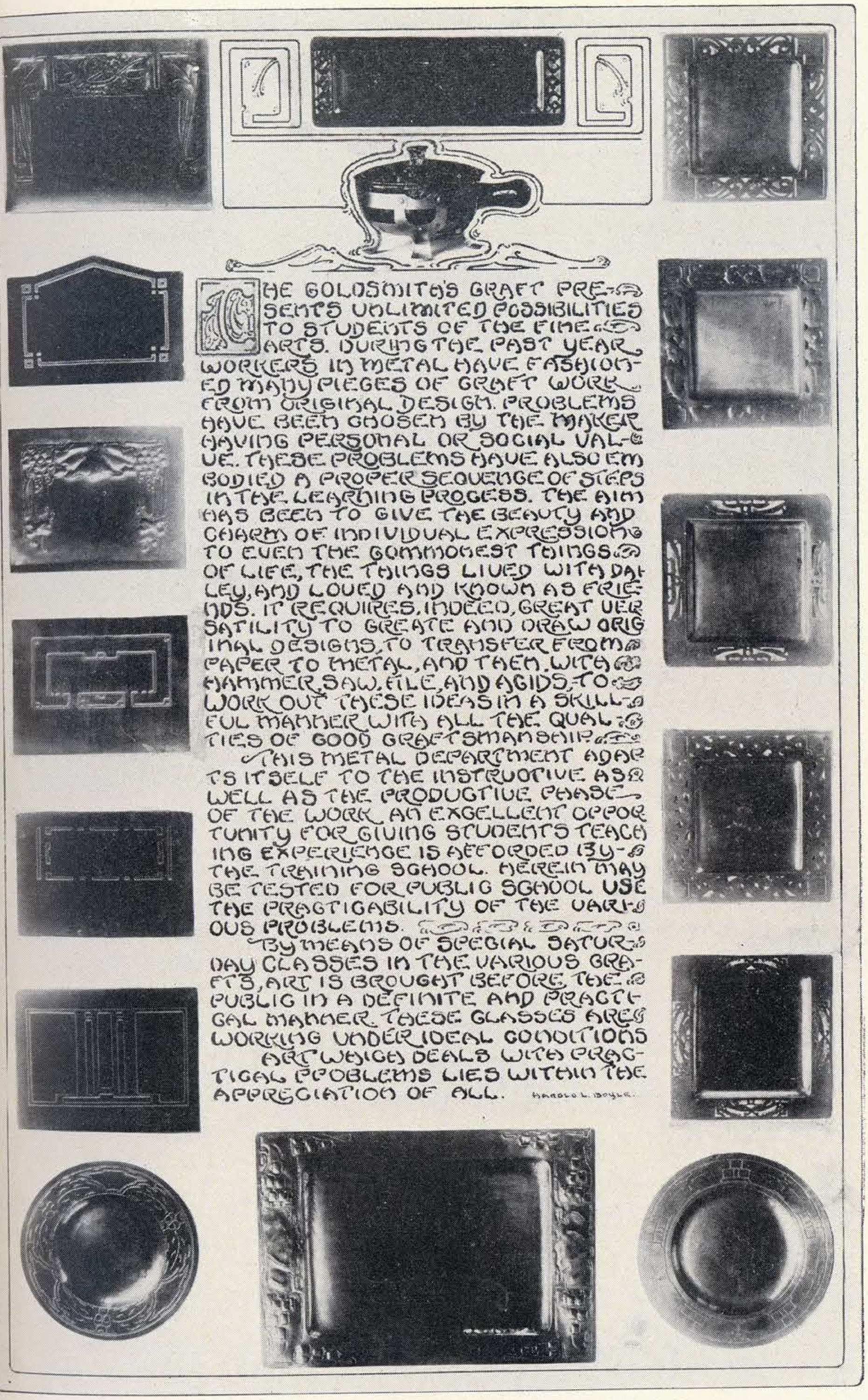
The cumbersome overhead line shafting has been supplanted by individual motors on both new and old machines. To give the students a knowledge of the machines with which they may come into contract in their work, a pointer, and a mortising machine have been added to the sander, planer, bandsaw and circular saw already installed. To facilitate the sharpening of tools a power grinder has also been put in. To avoid accidents guards have been placed on all machines. A new blower system has also been installed.

Forty new benches equipped with a vise at each end, have been provided for the elementary school work. The purchase of several hundred dollars worth of benches and general tools has made the equipment most complete.

The aim in the organization of these courses is to give the students a training in correct technique of woodwork, together with effecient methods of teaching it. Design in the construction and the decoration of the problems has due emphasis. Working drawings of the problems are made preliminary to their construction.

The elementary courses consider woodwork in the relation to the grades of the elementary school. The advanced woodwork has more of the emphasis on technique and as such is considered in its relation to the secondary school. Pieces of furniture are constructed in the making of which the use of the various machines is taught. The course in economics of woodwork deals very thoroughly with the installation of woodwork equipment under various conditions.

The increase in the enrollment in the wood work classes is very gratifying. This may be because of the reorganization of the work. It is in a large part due to the demand for teachers of shop work and the salaries offered such teachers have induced many of the students to look forward to specialization in the Industrial Arts Department.



THE GOLDSMITH'S CRAFT PRESENTS UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES TO STUDENTS OF THE FINE ARTS. DURING THE PAST YEAR WORKERS IN METAL HAVE FASHIONED MANY PIECES OF CRAFT WORK FROM ORIGINAL DESIGN. PROBLEMS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY THE MAKER HAVING PERSONAL OR SOCIAL VALUE. THESE PROBLEMS HAVE ALSO EMBODIED A PROPER SEQUENCE OF STEPS IN THE LEARNING PROCESS. THE AIM HAS BEEN TO GIVE THE BEAUTY AND CHARM OF INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION TO EVEN THE COMMONEST THINGS OF LIFE, THE THINGS LIVED WITH DAILY, AND LOVED AND KNOWN AS FRIENDS. IT REQUIRES, INDEED, GREAT VERSATILITY TO CREATE AND DRAW ORIGINAL DESIGNS, TO TRANSFER FROM PAPER TO METAL, AND THEN, WITH HAMMER, SAW, FILE, AND ACIDS, TO WORK OUT THESE IDEAS IN A SKILFUL MANNER WITH ALL THE QUALITIES OF GOOD CRAFTSMANSHIP.

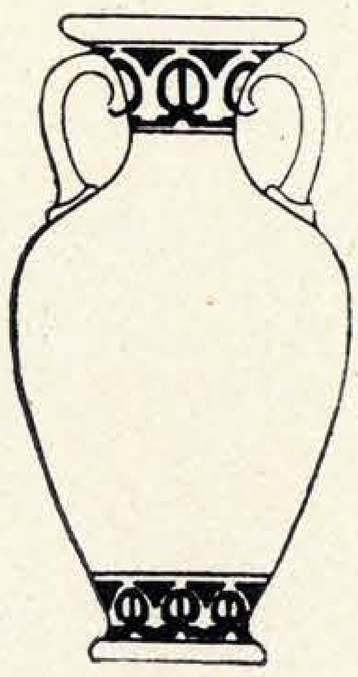
THIS METAL DEPARTMENT ADAPTS ITSELF TO THE INSTRUCTIVE AS WELL AS THE PRODUCTIVE PHASE OF THE WORK. AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR GIVING STUDENTS TEACHING EXPERIENCE IS AFFORDED BY THE TRAINING SCHOOL. HEREIN MAY BE TESTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL USE THE PRACTICABILITY OF THE VARIOUS PROBLEMS.

BY MEANS OF SPECIAL SATURDAY CLASSES IN THE VARIOUS CRAFTS, ART IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE PUBLIC IN A DEFINITE AND PRACTICAL MANNER. THESE CLASSES ARE WORKING UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

ART WHICH DEALS WITH PRACTICAL PROBLEMS LIES WITHIN THE APPRECIATION OF ALL.

HAROLD L. BOYLE.

Household Arts



HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Maude I. Murchie, Director B. S.
Helen L. Mignon, Associate B. S.
Lila M. O'Neale, Associate A. B.

Addition of a Two-Year Course.

Four years ago the Household Arts Department was first organized. With the completion of one year of required work special diplomas are granted entitling the holder to positions in both elementary and secondary schools. The credentials for entrance are a Normal diploma, two years' university work entitling the holder to a junior certificate at the State University or its equivalent; or a teacher's diploma with High School graduation.

The special reading room of the department contains the best books to be had in the various branches of special work.

The Normal Training School offers opportunity for practice teaching. There is a specially equipped laboratory and dining room for this purpose, under the supervision of a trained instructor.

The department this year will add an additional instructor. A two-year course has been organized to meet the growing demand for better equipped teachers in household arts work.

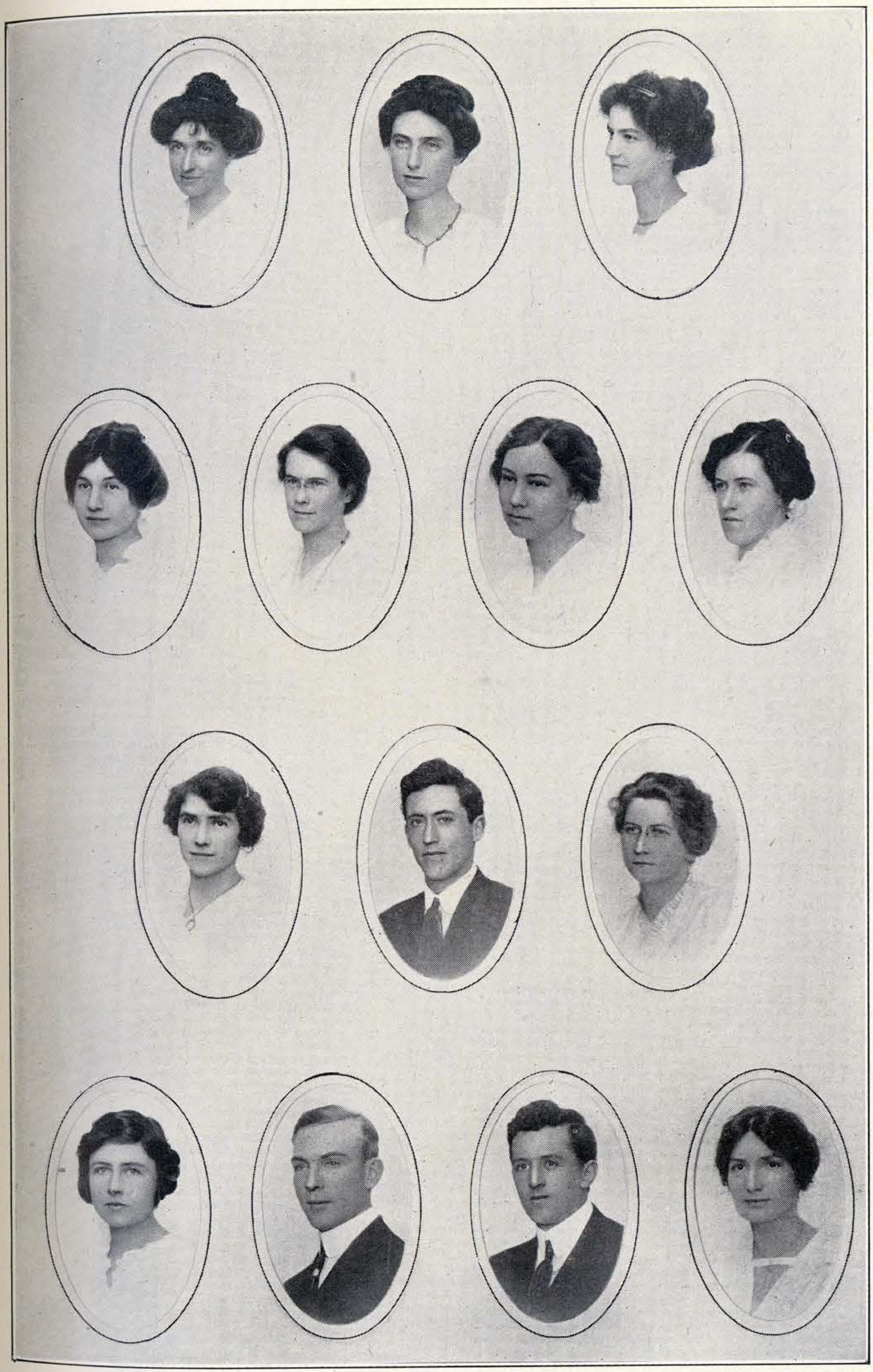
The present one-year course will remain, but slightly modified to adjust to the two-year course. Students may now enter at any time for either course.

The two-year course contains the additional subjects: Experimental and institutional cookery, advanced dressmaking, tailoring, costume design, physiological chemistry, household science, and household management and decoration.

A number of one-hour periods will be increased to two-hour subjects, thus materially strengthening the courses.

It is the policy of the department to give no general letters of recommendation to graduates, but to aim to place students in suitable positions when references are sought by school officials.

Auda Stewart, Bessie Weaver, Mary Martin, Mrs. Roy Walter,
Margaret Smith, Bernice Budlong, Elsie Kleemeyer,
Laura Cooper, Winnona Lathrop, Laurette Allen, Gertrude Woelffel,
Ada Horton, Julia Johnson, Laura Bailey.



Ione Quilty, Gladys Cotter, Mable Jones,
Meta Blomdahl, Edith Mills, Myrtle Stark, Emma Grundy,
Natalia Blesser, Almer Laederich, Ada Sampson,
Lotta Bland, William Stillwell, John Gill, Edna Erwin.

Commencement

A Page from Peggy's Memory Book.

Friday, June 26.

You dear old book! I hope you won't feel neglected for you must know that I've been too busy to breathe the last two weeks. But now I'm going to make up for lost time by writing up a whole week at once.

Oh, but it's hard to begin because so much has happened. It seems years since the Faculty-Senior stunts, but I know that after actual years have elapsed, I'll remember that Friday night just as plainly. Of all the originality that popped out! And the informal, intimate way it was done. We got acquainted with the faculty all over again. They certainly can show the right spirit at the right time and we appreciate it, too.

Then everybody hurried to get ready for the Alumni reception. This was everybody's night. Everybody met everybody else and people came back who had been gone for years. I didn't know before, that so many nice people had been graduated from old S. N. S., but I'm prouder than ever to be an alumnus. We flitted about from room to room and had a hard time to decide where to stop.

The Junior farewell to the Seniors is the thing that calls forth more school loyalty and includes more people than any of the commencement affairs. Everyone had a part in this beautiful ceremony. I'm not going to weep even though I felt mighty like it right in the middle of the processional. The picture the quad made, with the double rows of white clad Juniors and the stately Alma Mater, would make any artist look twice before leaving. The dancing was lovely and the whole affair was symbolic of the best things that we want to take with us from the Normal.

Can't you hear everybody hurrying and shouting and everything being done at once? It's class night again; and wouldn't I like to do it over? Oh, I was proud of the class of 1914! If you have forgotten, silly book, the show was "something in the nature of a prophecy"—as Sue Boulware, the chairman of the committee, said. Poor Sue! I'm sure she lost half of the possible one hundred twenty pounds planning this big time for us; and if the Senior Class lives up to this prophecy it will do much to advance civilization.

The platform was erected at one end of the quad and the audience sat on the lawn (of course, they had chairs). The old maids came in first; some with cats, parrots, some with tea cups, some poor, depraved creatures murmuring, "While there's life there's hope,,' and bowing to a man on a pedestal; and some, who made us school teachers sit up and take notice, drawing their pensions, "The Last Resource."

When the curtain rose the second time every heart began to beat faster except, perhaps, one or two hearts that failed to react, for who does not get excited at a real live wedding? The time-honored strains

of "Oh, Promise Me" were heard from within the cunningiest chapel; and then all eyes were turned to see the bridal procession coming in through the garden under a long arch of blossoms. After a short pause the ceremony inside the church, the procession returned to Mendelssohn's march, the men accompanying the maids. Madella Boyd made a wonderful bride and the whole idea of a pink wedding was beautifully carried out.

The trades were represented by a Kinder Orchestra and the boys surely showed a lot of originality in producing this phase of the prophesy.

With as much talent as there was in our Normal, of course, the musical department was well taken care of. We first saw a living statue of music, and as we watched, the girls came in to lay offerings at her feet. This was followed by songs to represent the different kinds of music; choir opera, and ballads. The ballads were sung by a characteristic Jennie Lind, a Patti, and Tetrazzini.

The missionary spirit was carried out in allegory. China falls asleep and the dragon Superstition came in to haunt him. Darkness fell and there was heard the clash of swords while chaos reigned supreme. But all was made right by the entrance of Christianity, who woke China and opened the way for Peace and Love, who entered dressed in white, and calmed the situation.

Last but not least came art. This was made most effective by contrasting ancient and modern art. The setting was a Greek garden in green and white with "set" trees and marble benches. A fountain was playing in the center and the effect was altogether beautiful. Grecian maidens appeared before a black velvet curtain, posed for a minute, and descended the stairs one at a time. After they had all come in, they posed in groups, while Betty Van Arsdale did a lovely solo dance. As the Grecian people posed on the benches, all the lights flashed on and girls in brilliant costumes dashed in and gave a modern Gilbert dance. The gowns were dazzling and the whole thing contrasted and emphasized the simplicity of the ancient dance. Musicians, artists, old maids, tradesmen, missionaries, and **brides.** I suspect this last group will be well patronized—but some of us will be pensioners to keep up the average. And then, to leave pleasant taste in everybody's mouth, we had the lantern drill. As I looked across the quad at the line on the other side, the lights twinkled in the arches and I felt as though I were in fairyland.

Of course, I lost the clipping I had about graduation, but here goes! It doesn't take long to get a piece of parchment certifying that you have completed the required course; but it means a lot when Dr. Dailey hands you your diploma. The fact that the exercises were out-of-doors added much to their impressiveness. And as the class sat facing the Alma Mater, I thought of all the possibilities in the lives of the three hundred and forty of us.

But this is too solemn a mood and you mustn't think my memory book, that I am going to desert you after two years of faithful service. I'm only going to turn over a "new leaf" and begin the "memories of a typical school ma'rm."

DESPITE the fact that the graduates of the San Jose Normal are scattered far and wide over this and other states, the evidences are many of the affection and loyalty which the graduates, who now number over five thousand, hold for their Alma Mater.

The Alumni Association, which meets during Alumni week for a business meeting, is an active and enthusiastic organization which has done much to strengthen the bond between the Alumni. A project which it is hoped will do a great deal toward arousing the interest of graduates of other days, and of commemorating the life of one who did so much for the higher life of the school and of the state, is the Allen Memorial Fund, a fund for the purpose of buying a pipe organ, to be known as the Allen Memorial, for the new assembly hall. Over four hundred dollars are now in the First National Bank of San Jose, and the fund is to be increased from time to time by entertainments at the Normal, of which the Sappho-Allenian Garden Fete is a notable example. The fund has been talked up among the Alumni, and it is believed that a substantial sum will be raised when the time is ripe.

The officers of the Association for this year are:
President—Mr. J. E. Hancock of San Jose.
Secretary—Miss Arta Bradt of Modesto.

ALUMNI EXTRAVAGANZA, 1913.

The "Year Book" went to press too early last year to contain an account of the brilliant extravaganza of 1913, "Frills and Thrills". As the Executive Committee of the Association said in their acknowledgment, the unceasing efforts of the members of the Alumni are "an evidence of that higher fidelity and loyalty which is tempered by sacrifice and makes possible the life of the Association."

The plan, in brief, of the Extravaganza, was as follows:

"In an executive session of the Alumni Association of the State Normal, San Jose, Professor Lewis B. Wilson, Albert and Victor Dornberger were appointed a commission of three to investigate the vocations, amusements, and other aspects of the social life in foreign countries. The nine parts of the extravaganza represent the departure of

the commissioners, their experiences in China, Turkey, Egypt, Spain, France, Holland, Ireland, and their return to America via the Panama Canal.''

The performance was given in the Garden City Theatre on Tuesday evening, June 24, 1913. Over one hundred people took part, and the costuming of several of the scenes was extremely elaborate and beautiful.

The Extravaganza Committee consisted of Mr. Andrew P. Hill, chairman; Roy Bridgman, Mrs. Joseph Hancock, Dr. Anna M. Nicholson, Miss Annie Shillingsburg and Roy Thompson.

REUNIONS.

The plan was proposed last year of having reunions of San Jose Normal School graduates at the various county institutes held throughout the state, and also at the meetings of the California Teachers' Association. We have notice of two of these reunions. At the county institute held in Yreka in September, the following met and talked over old times: Sue Gil, Joseph Dieterle, Lucie Vandregon, Edna Wilcox, all of the class of '13.

At the Inyo county institute, held at Big Pine, five graduates had a very enjoyable meeting, singing ''Our Hearts Are Filled With Pride'' and talking over Normal affairs. These were Mrs. M. E. Clarke, '87, Superintendent; Anne Nelligan, '13; Evelyn Grove, '13; Nina Allgaer, '12; Beulah Lacey, '12.

ALUMNI WEEK, 1914.

The events of this week are the big Alumni affairs of the year, and from what can be learned at this early date of the plans, some enjoyable meetings are in store for the graduates. Monday evening, June 22, a grand ball and reception will be held on the Normal quad. Tuesday evening, an original Junior Operetta, written by two members of the Alumni, will be staged in the Normal assembly hall, by the pupils of the Grant School, of which Mr. J. E. Hancock, President of the Alumni Association, is the principal. The music was written by Mrs. J. E. Hancock, and the words by Mrs. Elda Cureton. It promises to be a charming affair, and quite different from the usual Alumni play. Tuesday afternoon, in the Normal hall, the annual business meeting of the Association will be held, at which a short program will be given.

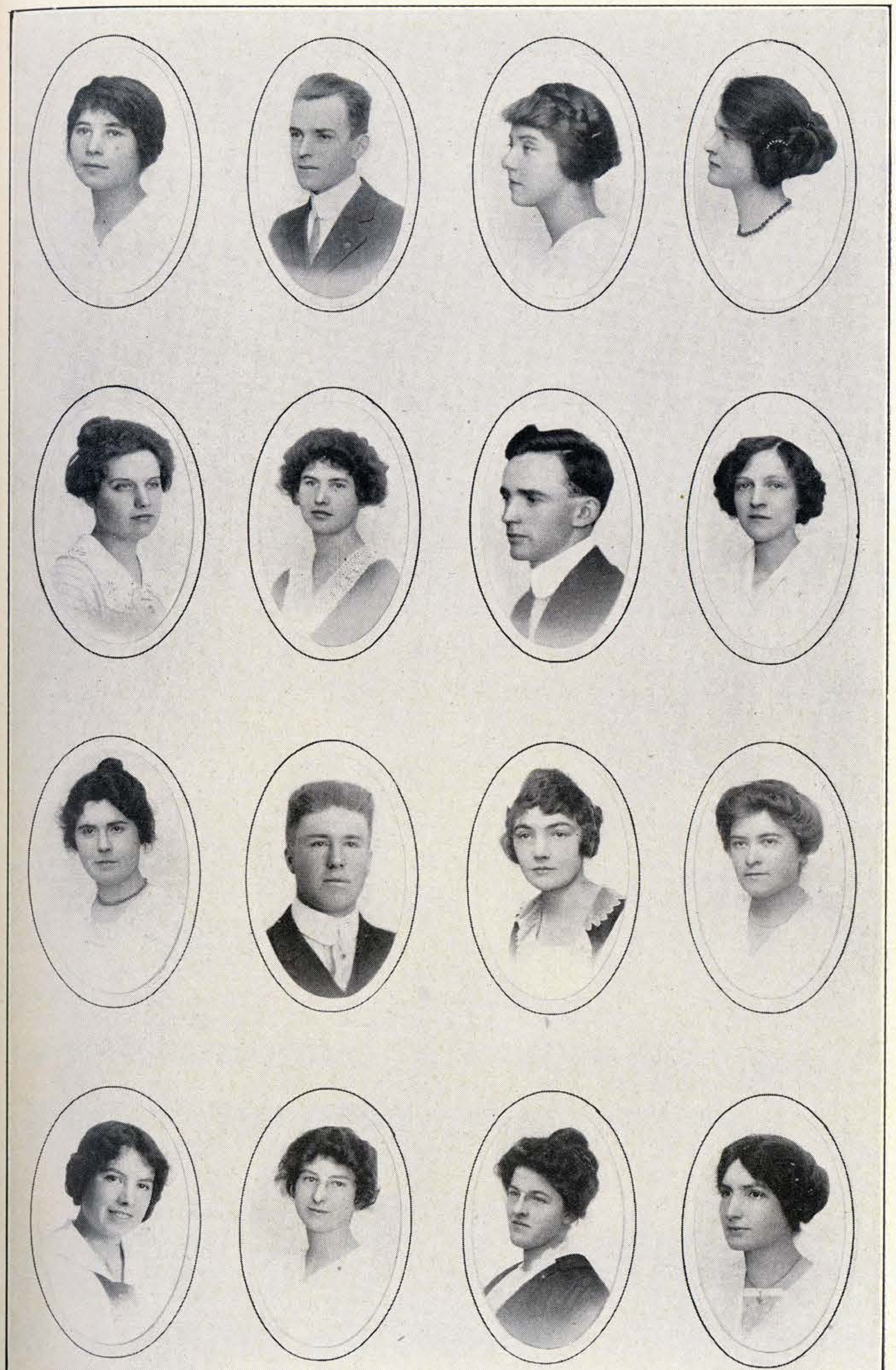
The size and enthusiasm of the Alumni Association seem to afford ample basis for large undertakings. One of the things most needed to add to the efficiency of the organization seems to be a Directory of all graduates, though this is an undertaking which would require a great expenditure of time and energy to successfully accomplish. However this may be, it is certain that wherever San Jose Normal graduates are, the praises of old Normal are sung, and the present Senior class, so soon to become graduates, may say with all their hearts, ''''Twill be sung by men and women who will take our places here.''

Year Book Staff

Editor ..... Ruth Everding
Assistant Editor ..... Jessie Campton
Business Manager ..... Earle Shaw
Advertising Manager ..... Edwin Dyer
Faculty and Alumnae Notes ..... Thelma Trevellick
Normal Notes ..... Ellen Combs
Societies ..... Alice Campbell
Training School ..... Kathleen White
Debating ..... John Faulds
Literary ..... Katherine Wood
Commencement ..... Winifred Estabrook
Organizations ..... Jessica McManus
Athletics ..... Kenneth Slater
Joshes ..... Thad Stevens

ART.

Ethel Carlyon, Ethel Wallace, Edna Erwin, Alice Snow, Leone Jopson, Winona Smith, Thad Stevens.



Katherine Wood, Earle Shaw, Ruth Everding, Jessie Campton,
Winifred Estabrook, Alice Campbell, Thad Stevens, Ethel Carlyon,
Ellen Combs, Kenneth Slater, Leone Jopson, Ethel Wallace,
Jessica McManus Winona Smith, Thelma Trevellick, Edna Erwin.

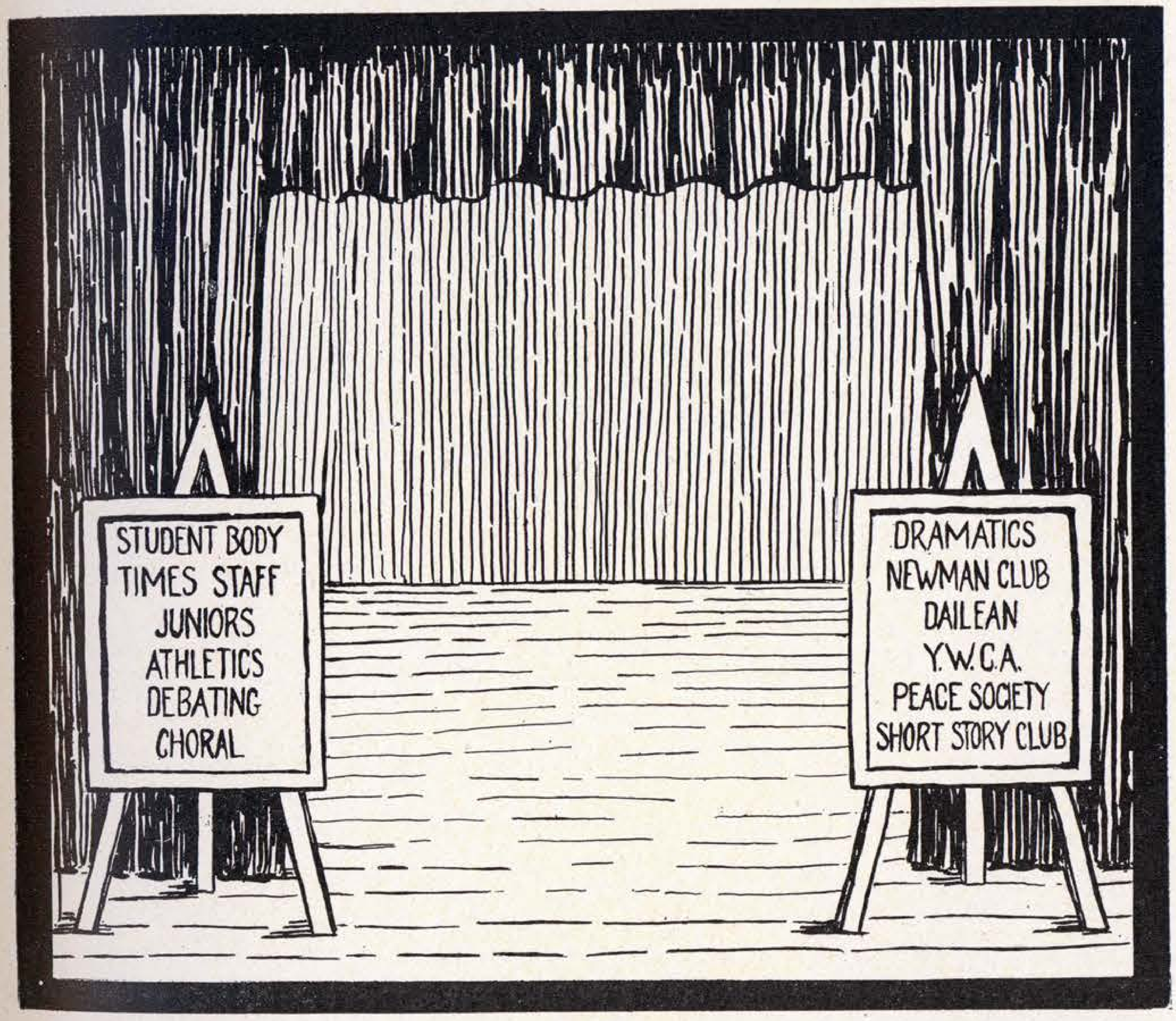
A Bashful Lover to His Ladye

Oh my most disdainful Ladye
Of the lanquid air,
With the mid-day's lazy grace
On your form and in your face,
Sun-pierced shadow's tangled lace
On your hair.
In your willow bower shady,
Ladye Faire.

Oh, provoking quiet Ladye
With your mocking air,
When into your sleepy eyes
Truant sparkles seem'd to rise,
Why! I **almost** kissed you—twice—
On the hair—
In that willow bower shady,
Ladye Faire!

Katharine Wood.

SCHOOL NOTES



Kenneth Slater, Helen Jones, | Viola Forsythe, Adah Smith, | Lucille Snyder, Earle Shaw, | Mildred Brown, Lois Salsman.

Student Body Officers

President.....Ruth Everding
Vice-President.....Viola Burroughs
Secretary.....Caroline Wilson
Treasurer.....Tom Street
Editor of Times.....Jessica McManus
Manager of Times.....John Faulds
Buying Manager.....Earle J. Shaw
Executive Committee— .....
.....Raymond Williams, Lucille Snyder, Gertrude Dean

MANAGERS:

Boys' Basket Ball.....Kenneth Flater
Girls' Basket Ball.....Susie Clemons
Debating.....Viola Forsythe
Tennis.....Margaret Graham

SPRING TERM:

President.....Lucille Snyder
Vice-President.....Viola Forsythe
Secretary.....Mildred Brown
Treasurer.....Charles Flower
Editor of Times.....Jessie Campton
Manager of Times.....John Faulds
Buying Manager.....Earle J. Shaw
Executive Committee—....Adah Smith, Helen Jones, Lois Salsman

"Times" Staff

Editor.....Jessie Campton
Business Manager.....John Faulds

DEPARTMENTS:

News Editor.....Robert Bowman
Literay Editor.....Alpheus Ray
Athletics.....Arlie Corbet
Social Editor.....Frances Sams
Assemblies.....Elna Lackey
Exchanges.....
Distributing Manager.....Gilbert Smith
Joshes.....Willard Hubert
Contributor.....Manning Alvas

Junior Organization

THE Juniors have been organized this year, and, if they have done nothing more, they have elected two sets of officers. The first of the year Mildred Brown was president; Catherine Wood, vice-president; Lois Salsman, secretary and treasurer; and Alvard Webster, reporter. At the last election Frances Shaw was made president; May Prestige, vice-president; Zella Hannah, secretary and treasurer; and Vera Gilmore, reporter.

They have held monthly meetings, and at many of these meetings there have been interesting programs given by the different classes in the organization.

You may have noticed the decorations in the assembly hall during the last term and wondered where they came from. It is due to the Junior Organization that you have seen the Faculty fittingly surrounded by Spring flowers. We hope that after these Junior classes have become Senior classes that the same spirit will prevail.

In the steady current of events since last September the Juniors have been faithful workers and in leaving the responsibilities of the school to them, the outgoing Seniors feel that next year's work will be faithfully carried on.

The Dramatic Society

THE Student Body as a whole has heard little of the doings of the Dramatic Society during the past school year, although its members have been very much alive. Shortly after organizing at the beginning of the school year, a banquet, followed by a general jolly-up was given, so that the members might become better acquainted with one another and more interested in the society.

Several little noon-hour luncheons proved a source of pleasure to those who attended.

Much discussion has been given to plays, and many of these have been thoroughly reviewed at the different dramatic meetings and luncheons. The members of the faculty advised in the choosing of the play "In the Vanguard," a peace play, which was given May twenty-second. The theme of the play was a strong plea for peace, enshrouded throughout by an appealing romance. Philip Gordon impersonated by Mr. Hubert, made an admirable hero, straightforward in manner, and a firm adherent to whatever he believed was right. Miss Chrissie Owen represented Elsa, a charming high-spirited girl, whose loyal heart received many stings from the thoughtless gossip of her associates. Mr. Flower, it was discovered, made an excellent parson, while Mr. Alvas, on the other hand proved himself a terrifying military character. But the most deeply emotional part was undoubtedly that of Mr. Ray as the wounded enemy, who won the hero to the ranks of peace. A number of minor characters completed the cast.

The officers of the society elected for the year were: Caroline Wilson, President; Viola Burroughs, Vice-President; Belle Oest, Secretary; and Herbert Hunn, Treasurer. The members have enjoyed this organization and are hoping that the work will be carried on next year.

Bessie Davison Alphens Ray Carolyn Wilson

Debating

AMONG the many events of the past year that we can look back upon as pleasures of the first magnitude, was that of the annual San Jose-Chico debate. The contestants met in the assembly hall in San Jose at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, January twenty-fourth, where our school showed her superiority in argument. The question was a live and general topic of the day, of which San Jose supported the affirmative, "Resolved, That the United States vessels engaged in coastwise trade should be exempted from Panama canal tolls".

The school was well represented in the speakers, Caroline Wilson, Bessie Davidson and Alpheus Ray. The credit of the victory is due to faithful work and well arranged material, on the part of the speakers, and to the splendid system of try-outs, planned by the debating manager, Viola Forsythe. There were nineteen students who tried out for the team, the number being divided into three groups, which debated against each other on successive days, forty-five minutes of the regular school time being given each day. From the original nineteen, eight were selected after the first series of try-outs, who spoke again. Four of these were selected to represent the school, three for the team, and one as alternate. The plan worked reciprocally, giving the speakers practice before an audience and at the same time, the students an intelligent understanding of the situation.

Once more, let us thank the debating team for their efforts in giving San Jose State Normal School a complete victory.

Choral

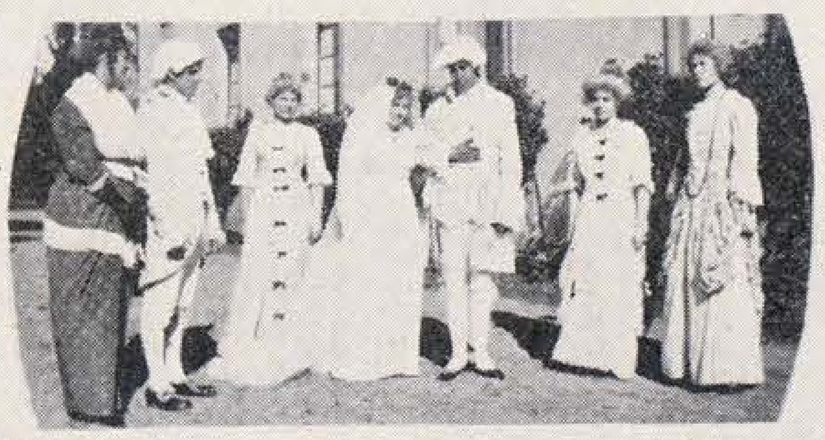
OB all de cutin's up dat ah evah witnissed in mah life, it am dat dere, what you call it? "Chool S'ciety", dim am de words. Why dey sing, and dey laugh, and dey dance, d'en dey turn aroun' an' sing, and laugh and dance som' moah 'till ah clare to goo'ness it kind o' make me wish ah wus white and young and could jine in too.

Ah allus visits Noahmal doins, foah de young 'uns an' dere capahs puts new life into dese ole bones o' mine, and de singin' takes mah eye, deed it do. Why if folks only knew, it am de singin' an' de like, dats makes us all—well ah forgets ah am a tellin' bout dat fine Choal Sciety now.

Take dat bleachah show. Ah nearly bust mah ole black hide a laughin at dem young uns. De way de yapped 'round dressed in diculous clothes, pleased me powahful. Ah say, have yah eveh heard 'em sing at Sembly Meetins? Sometimes dey all sing togeddah, on Special Cassions a entertainmen de rest o' de folks. Sometimes dey have de fiddles and de horns till it makes dis niggah most bust with feelins.

Dey certin did have a most scrumptious show. Say, would yuh believe it? dem young uns had all de old day's represented in singin an dressin and de like. Dem sheets o' papah what dey handed about, wuz called "A Century of Song" so the lil girl said, what sat next to me. Mah ole heart most broke w'en de sang "De Swanee Ribbah"

Century of Song



Choral Society

1850

1850

1800

Valse Hesitation

"Too Much Mustard"

Tango Octette

and "Ole Black Joe." Den I'll be darned if dey didn't wind up wid dem high flutin steps d'ese a doin dese days, 'till I most wanted to get up theah an learn myself. Dey say "Missy Fishah" am certin a mos wonderful directah, an dem doins shuah look dat way. I heah dese goin ter be big doins in June, an shuah if de're as good as de last,—Uncle Rastus will be theah.

Missy Argall she am Presdent of dat Sciety, an she shuah do work. Missy Beatrice Barker am vice President, Missy Wentworth Secretary, an Miss Alice Brown am de Treasurer.

Well ah mus be goin, for Aunt Dinah an de chiluns am a wastin for dis yeah fowl ah jis bought, an ah hates to disappoint dem. Some day ah shuah will tell yuh all some moah bout dat fine "Choal Sciety."

Kindergarden

THIS is a bit of news which will interest not only a great many of you, but also many of your friends. Because of the great demand in the state for kindergarten teachers, a demand which is increasing steadily, Miss MacKenzie has arranged to give a kindergarten course, the completion of which, will give to you a kindergarten diploma.

This is the important point—to those who already have a Normal School diploma, only one year more is necessary, and those who come directly from the high school can complete the course in two years.

It is with enthusiasm that this announcement is made, for who can deny that work in the charming kindergarten rooms, amid the happy little tots, and under the kindly and excellent supervision of Miss MacKenzie and Miss Schurewan would be pleasant as well as profitable? Try it! Tell your friends so they can try it!

Peace Society

THE Peace Society is affiliated with the American School Peace League; and works with the aim of infusing the future teachers with a sympathy towards the peace movement, of creating within them an appreciation of the spirit of "world empire," and of fitting them to intelligently work for the abolition of war.

Such an organization is particularly important in a school of such a nature as ours,—a normal school fitting hundreds of teachers to go into the world and form the boys and girls into intelligent, useful citizens.

The chief feature of this year's work was an essay contest for a first prize of ten dollars, and a second prize of five dollars These were offered respectively by Wm. C. Allen, and Robt. C. Root, both connected with the American Peace Society. Seven essays were submitted. The first prize was awarded to Roland F. Eberhart, and the second prize to Alpheus W. Ray.

At the suggestion of the Peace Society the members of Dramatic staged as their yearly production, "In the Vanguard." This was handled remarkably well, and very forcfully presented the thought of arbitration as the great substitute for war.

During the year the society has presented before the assembly two programs, both very interesting and impressive.

Mr. Eberhart's poem, "The Dawn of Peace," read at the first of these programs, has since been published in Wm. J. Bryan's "Commoner", and then republished by the U. S. Bureau of Education in its bulletin on peace.

At the last program Miss Blanche Wells discussed the awarding of the Noble Peace Prize to Elihu Root, and Messrs. Carmichael and Fisher reviewed the Mexican situation.

A petition was recently circulated to be sent to Washington protesting against the making of war upon the Mexican Republic, and asking that the trouble be settled by peaceful means. This was part of a national plan, and was started by the American Peace League.

The work of the society is greatly aided by Miss Smith and Miss Howe.

About eighty members are on the list of membership. Besides these active members there are a great many past members scattered through the state, all of whom are in touch with the society.

The present officers are:

John Faulds, President.

Adah Smith, Vice President.

Alpheus W. Ray, Secretary.

It is hoped that during the coming year the society may be able to extend its work into the literary line, and include debating and lecture work.

A. W. Ray.

The Short Story Club

EARLY in September the Short Story Club organized with the advice of Mr. Bland, and the following officers were elected: President, Jessica McManus; Secretary, Roland Eberhart; Treasurer, Vera Taylor; Executive Committee, Ruth Everding, Kenneth Stator and Elizabeth Crossley.

An enrollment of fifty active members among the students forttold the spirit of enthusiasm which prevailed all through the year.

Thursday meetings have been held where the members have read and discussed their work. More real work has been done this year than ever before.

Several programs have been given in the Assembly Hall. At one of these Mr. Bland, at the request of the club, read some of his own poems, which were thoroughly appreciated by the student body and faculty. At another time the club gave an original program during the assembly period, when Elizabeth Crossley read poems written by Mrs. Greathead and Ruth Everding.

Roland Eberhart gave his own poem, "Peace." We were since pleased to learn that this poem has been received by the International Peace Society as a poem for school children. Jessica McManus told her story, "Mack and Mackie."

The Society Hall has been the scene of many noteworthy affairs of the club, where during the year they have entertained by such celebreties as Prof. Caruth of Stanford and Herbert Bashford; also James Wharton James who, at the request of Mr. Bland, gave the students one of the finest lectures ever heard. Besides our good times at home we have enjoyed our usual trips to the bay cities and the foothills. One of the most enjoyable of these was the recent picnic held at Dr. Schallenberger's home.

To sum up, let us say how much good has been derived from the club, how much real work has been accomplished and how we hope that the present spirit will reign through all the coming years.

"Some of Us"

"That Picnic."

"Inspiration Row"

"The Story"

Short Story Club

Newman Club

THE work of the Newman Club is primarily spiritual and every effort is being made to uplift the standard of life, especially along the lines of personal responsibility.

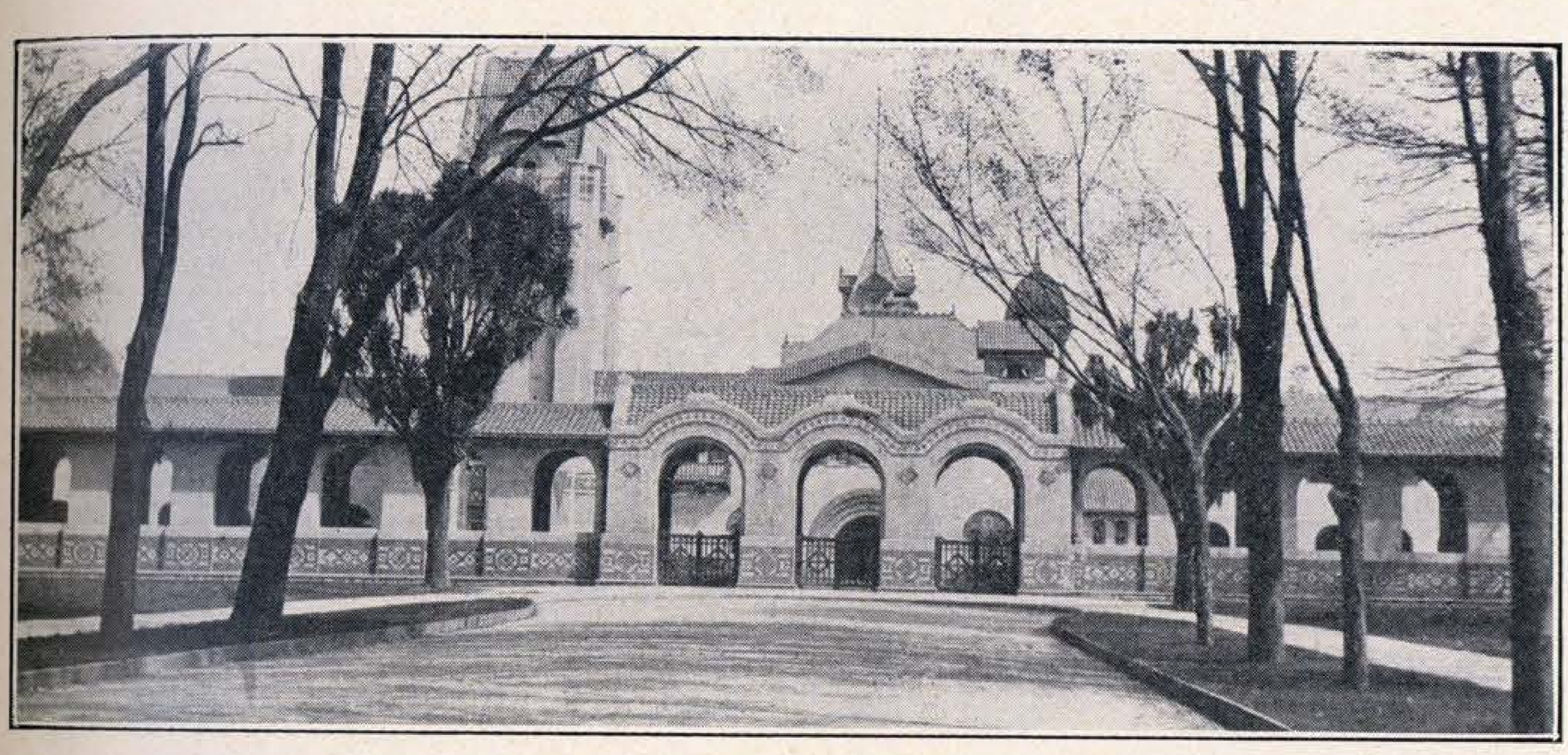
The club is fortunate in having a new meeting place within a half block of the school—Newman Hall, which was formally opened in January, by His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco.

The building is an attractive structure, with a lecture hall, two reading rooms and offices on the main floor. On the lower floor is a cozy tea room and fully equipped kitchenette, where students who commute may have a hot lunch. Adjoining the tea room is a bowling alley where many ambitious athletes try their skill, while the less energetic members amuse themselves at the pool table or with card games.

The Hall is open at all hours during the day to club members and friends. On Tuesday afternoon regular club meetings is held. Several informal social affairs have been given on Friday and Saturday evenings.

During the Lenten season a series of instructive talks on Church Doctrines and Ceremonies took the place of the regular social meetings. Through the effort of the Newman Alumni the members have had the privilege of hearing many prominent educators during this year.

Among those who addressed the Club are: Mrs. Mary W. George, Miss Agnes Regan, Professor Charles E. Rugh, Miss K. Hittell, Dr. Edward J. Hanna, Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco, Mr. Charles Phillips, Professor Henry Morse Stephens, Mr. Alexander Sherriffs, Dr. Morris Elmer Dailey, Professor Charles Osenbaugh, and Dr. Jessica Peixotto.



Hazel Beek Zella Hannah, Ruby Hart, Miss Steinbeck.

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS 1914

Hazel Beeks ..... President
Frances Shaw ..... Vice President
Zella Hannah ..... Secretary
Ruby Hart ..... Treasurer
Grace C. Steinbeck ..... General Secretary

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN 1914

Frances Shaw ..... Membership
May Prestidge ..... Finance
Lois Salsman ..... Social
Mildred Brown ..... Meetings
Adelaide Klumeyer ..... Bible Study
Myrtle Burch ..... Church Cooperation
Ruth Rouse ..... Association News
Geneva Marcellus ..... Social Service
Vera Gilmore ..... Tokyo
Gertrude Deane ..... Conference
Grace Mason ..... Student Volunteers

MEMBERS OF ADVISORY BOARD

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Miss Laura Bailey
Mrs. D. R. Wood
Mrs. A. G. Bennett
Mrs. E. R. Wagner
Miss Gertrude Payne
Mrs. M. E. Dailey
Miss Mary Post
Miss Martha Trimble
Miss Lulu Sours
Mrs. E. Rousseau
Mrs. E. Greathead
Miss Elizabeth McFadden
Miss Ethel Schureman

Y. W. C. A.

THE Young Women's Christian Association exists in the San Jose Normal for the same reason that it exists in 800 other schools of the United States—to prove that no student's life can be completely happy unless the spiritual is given an opportunity to develop along with the intellectual and the physical. To prove the joy of the abundant life—therein lies the program of a year's work. There are many ways of proving this: through the weekly meetings and Bible classes which are both informational and inspirational in character; through the social affairs of many kinds where the joy of friendship and fellowship is emphasized; and through practical service where theories have a chance to prove themselves and service is rendered to all the girls of our school, regardless of membership.

This year has been especially rich in the character of the weekly meeting and classes. There has been the greatest variety of speakers with topics correspondingly varied, all affording a new and broader vision of life outside our campus. Bishop Hughes of San Francisco, Miss Matthew of Tokyo, Miss Condi of New York, Mrs. Geo. Cowles of Africa, and our own faculty and local pastors have been among those whom we have enjoyed. Every meeting has been worth while. The student volunteers have grown from a band of five to one of fifteen. Two delegates were sent from this band to the Kansas City convention in December.

Socially, there have been many good times, beginning with a big reception to all students in the early fall term. Later in the term there was a membership jolly-up that was all the name implies. A reception to the faculty, a Japanese tea, a commuters' luncheon, a wonderful Association picnic, cabinet house-parties—these have been some of the outstanding events in the fun side of Y. W. this year.

As for practical service, there has been much to prove that the Association stands for service to the whole school. The handbook which was presented to every new student in the fall was full of helpful information and proved very popular. The rest room is always full of girls, using it for meetings, study, lunch, etc. The secretary and her desk are in constant demand, for that desk contains almost everything that is ever asked for in the way of a loan. The Book Exchange keeps the Y. W. desk besieged for a week or so at the first of each term. An Employment Bureau has helped many girls to earn pin money. The making of chocolate for those who bring lunches has been a helpful feature of the winter work. And these are the kinds of things the Y. W. C. A. does and is seeking to do increasingly. And, increasingly, it is winning the hearty co-operation of students and faculty and alumnae as they see in it the opportunities for service and fellowship and inspiration.

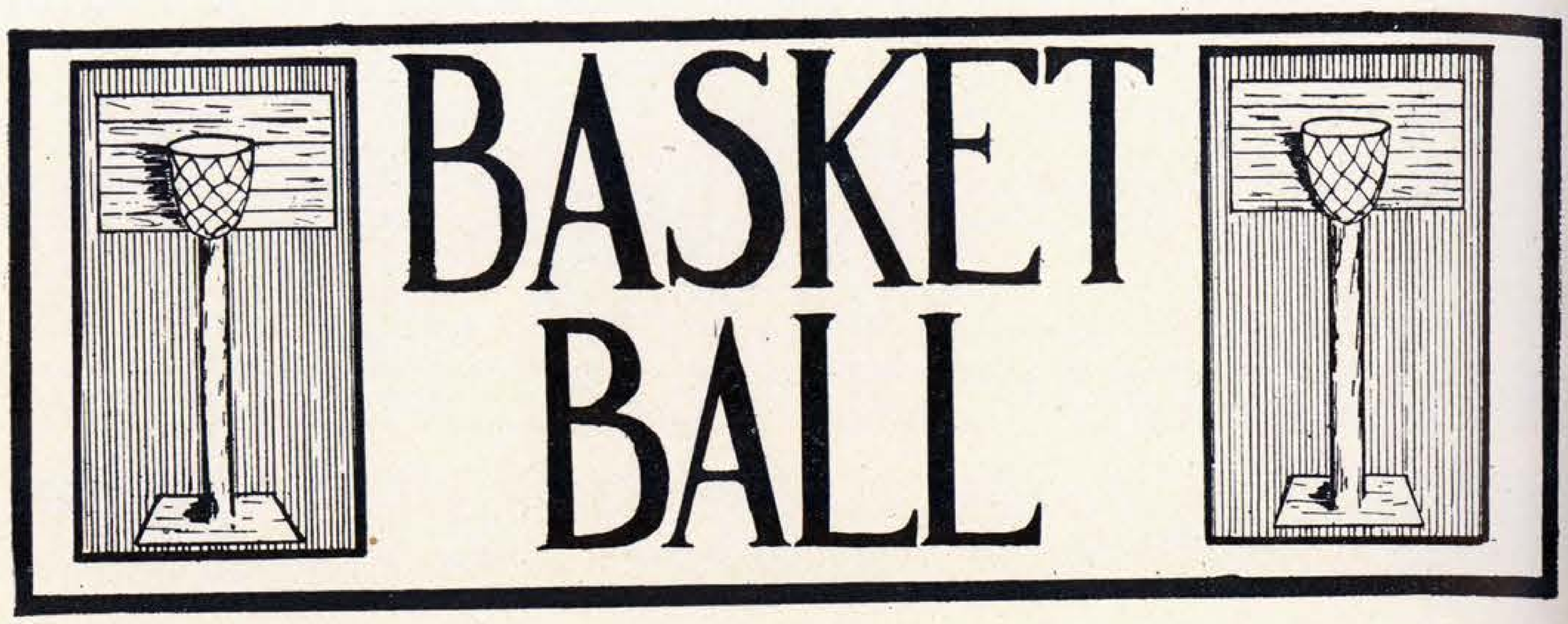
Copa de Oro

THIS year a new society has been formed in the Normal which we feel confident will prove a benefit to the school at large as well as to those girls who hold membership. The club (Copa de Oro) was formed by members of the Eastern Star who were in attendance at the Normal. We are fortunate to have such honorary Faculty members as Mrs. Rousseau, Miss Howe and Miss Riebsam. There are about twenty-five charter members and some very good results are expected next year.

Our large aim is the betterment of all young womanhood and our immediate aim is the help and protection of all Masonic girls, both here in the Normal and elsewhere.

President, Leila Wheeler.
Vice-President, Ruby Taylor.
Secretary, Emma Linderoth.
Treasurer, Abbie French.

ATHLETICS
E. CARLYON



Girls' Basket Ball

IT has usually been our good fortune to record in the Year Book the feats of a winning team, but this year that pleasant duty falls to the lot of our Chico friends. However let us pay tribute to a plucky group of girls, who, although failing to triumph in the great annual event, nevetheless proved themselves to be a capable aggregation and above all, good losers.

The basket-ball season was snappily ushered in just before Christmas by the Junior-Senior game. Before a lively student audience, the scrappy Juniors handily defeated the over-confident Seniors.

Soon after the Christmas vacation the seed of enthusiasm was sown in our student body. By careful nursing in the form of practice games and impromptu rallies, the plant steadily grew until it blossomed forth on Friday night, January 24. The nature of the affair was a reception to our friends from Chico, who arrived that afternoon. Practically every member of our school was present and enjoyed one of the most jovial jolly-ups ever conducted in the Assembly Hall.

Saturday night, January 25, with referee Glasson holding the whistle, the two teams faced each other for the annual tussle. From the start our team was too fast. Close guarding, clever heady passing and accurate shooting produced the following score at the end of the first half: San Jose 15; Chico 7.

The second half was all Chico. Hats off to our friends from the north. The Gold and White, tired by the hard pace of the first half, slowed down, while Chico, with victory in sight, improved as the minutes flew by and when the final whistle blew the score read, Chico 24; San Jose 23. But a drowning man will grasp at a straw. A second before the whistle was blown, a foul was called on Chico. Before a silent hopeful crowd Miss Kensler toed the chalk line and endeavored

to dispense our gloom by tieing the score. It was a trying situation to face, especially after one has engaged in forty minutes of hard basket-ball. The toss was close, but the ball bounded back into the court and our good team went down to defeat before a better one from Chico.

Later in the season the girls improved wonderfully and easily defeated Pacific Grove High twice, but were in turn twice defeated by the formidable Stanford team. In one of the latter games extra time was necessary before the winner was determined.

Miss Sue Clemons filled the position of manager in a creditable manner, while Chrissie Owen, the clever side center, was elected captain.

The line-up follows: Annie Baxter, Goldie Kensler, forwards; Sue Clemons, touch center; Chrissie Owen, Anne Sheehy, side centers; Marie Pate and Annette Mitchell, guards; Subs, Inez Cooper and Mollie Atkinson.

Walter Worden coached the team and his efforts were greatly appreciated.

Slater, White, Street, Worden, Malloy, Williams

Boy's Basket-Ball

"Wonder if we got any new fellows who can play basketball?"

This was the query often heard and discussed around the boys' athletic room and other masculine hang-outs, when school opened last September.

"White says he used to play in Texas."

"Who's White, that slim individual with the homesick air about him?"

Yes, that tall boy who proved that he knew his way about a basket-ball court before the semester was far advanced.

Under the captaincy of Blondie Corbell the squad started practicing early in the fall. From the start we were handicapped for facilities and considering the fact that about seven players turned out for the team the record of the boys is one which they need not feel ashamed of.

Among the victims of the Gold and White are listed Campbell High and San Jose Y. M. C. A. But one scheduled game was played with San Jose High. That game took place January 1, on the Y. M. C. A. court and our boys won easily by a score of 33-19.

At the end of the fall term Corbell, our sturdy forward, was graduated. Arthur Maloy, a veteran of last year's team, was unanimously chosen captain. "Spig" Worden entered at this time and donned the suit left vacant by Corbell.

From January 6, until the big game with Chico, on January 25, the boys worked hard with the result that the Chico lads were presented with the short end of a 33-21 score. Every one of our youngsters played a rattling good game. We took the lead from the start and were never headed. White was probably the pick of the floor in this game. His shooting was excellent and his opponent didn't have an opportunity to score. Maloy played his usual speedy game and gave that burly Chico guard a merry run. Worden shot fouls cleverly, while Williams and Slater held their forwards safe all the way.

After the Chico game we played Pacific Grove High twice and were defeated each time. However it is no disgrace to be beaten by such a clever quintet as hails from the beach town.

The Gold and White lineup was as follows: Maloy and Worden, forwards; White, center; Williams and Slater, guards; Street, substitute.

The members of the team wish to take this opportunity to thank those persons who have been instrumental in turning out what was probably the best boys' basketball team that this school ever produced. We are indebted to Miss Rowell, Miss Everding and other members of the executive committee, together with the sewing class, for the splendid new suits provided us just prior to the Chico contest. Those suits did more to inspire victory in our team than most people realize.

The members of both the girls' and boys' teams wish to express their appreciation for the spirit manifested by our student body and the clever peppery yell leading of Miss Lucille Snyder and Miss Prouty. Without the support of our fellow students basketball would amount to but little.

Boys' Baseball

THE 1914 baseball season, although fairly satisfactory, was not as successful as that of the previous year. Games with Campbell High, College of the Pacific, and Heald's Business College were played, but the final series at the close of the season with San Jose High went to the Normal team by default on account of an early disbanding of the High School aggregation. This gives the Normal tossers a two-year hold on the cup which was put up last year as a three-year challenge trophy.

The need of accessible grounds on which to practice was never more keenly felt than during the past season. With but a few of last season's men left as a nucleus around which to build, the Normal team labored under a big handicap. Lack of funds, a difficulty which was relieved later by an appropriation from the student body treasury, also made the organizing of a winning team almost impossible.

But toward the latter end of the season the team was going good and was ripe to take on the High School. While the result of a ball game is generally a matter of conjecture until after the last man is put out, it is conceded that we would have stood at least an even chance of taking home the long end of the series. The baseball squad of 1914 was made of the following: Slater, White, Fisher, Culbertson, Flower, Maloy, Carmichael, Stillwell, Street, Stevens and Bowman. Of these Carmichael is the only player who will be in school next spring.

Tennis

TAKING all things into consideration the showing of the Normal racquet wielders this year has been a very creditable one. Our new fine court was not ready for use until late in the season, and this accounts for the lack of condition shown by our representatives.

The first contest engaged in was with the College of the Pacific. Hunn and Frazer, our players, were defeated 6-1, 6-4. We again lost in a return match.

Next came the annual Normal vs. San Jose High contest. We were defeated in everything but the girls' singles. Miss Graham, for the gold and white, played brilliantly and triumphed over Miss Finch.

Two men's tournaments were lost to Santa Clara High by close scores.

The interclass games were not completed until late in May. The result follows:

Girls' doubles—Graham, Everding, Seniors, defeated Myers, Cooper, Juniors.

Boys' singles,—Hunn, Senior, defeated Frazer.

Girls' singles—Graham, Senior, defeated Cooper.

Mixed doubles—Hunn, Graham defeated Frazer, Cooper.

With our splendid new equipment we should develop many tennis stars who will in future years carry our school to victory.

LITERARY

The Golden Lure

IT lay across the bed a fluff of living yellow. It was a beautiful dress; transparent, billowy, with the exquisite paling saffron tints of the evening sky rising from the border of gold-petaled marguerites whose 'broidered black hearts accented the elusive drapery above.

Lightly it rested, as if ready to flutter away on a breath. The flickering gas gave it phantom movement, reminiscent shadow flickers of the many good times it had enjoyed.

Edith smiled fondly as she recalled how many, many good times, and as she gazed deep into the shimmering cloud, the long line of its triumphs glistening passed her. All clear and fresh save one, the very first, herself as she had looked the first and last time she had worn it.

Yet it had been an unprecedently popular dress in this last semester of accommodating styles. Partly because of its simple owner's ungrudging generosity, but mostly because it was so delightfully adaptable.

By draping it up in front (where one always steps on too lengthy dresses) it became a "bouffant" setting for petite Polly. By merely dropping the skirt to the required length and surrounding the space with a brilliant sash it became sufficiently bizarre for brunette Lois. But by far the simplest transformation was accomplished by eliminating all superfluous lingerie. Whereupon the gown acquired a fascinating slinkiness that so admirably set off Elsie, Marion and others that the gown was threatened with untimely dilapidation, when an unforseen and highly embarrassing happening gained it a reprieve.

Depending heavily upon the reputed fact that masculines are oblivious to what a girl wears—provided it be becoming—four of the girls had accepted "bids" from the same assiduous suitor, (whose attentions were most coveted) and had thoughtlessly worn the yellow frock.

But he being a "Professional suitor" had gained an uncanny knowledge from several generations of Normal girls and was deeply chagrined at appearing with the same gown at various functions.

So he had called up and with correctly cynical humor had asked to speak to the "girl who really owns that yellow dress." Confused hilarity greeted the request and amid hazy explanations he was promised a glimpse of the owner upon his next visit.

For many evenings Edith jumped in terror at every clink of the bell, and she felt grateful relief when she heard that he had scornfully transferred his devotions to another house.

Boys were an unknown race and she dreaded their ingradiating grins and subtly witty remarks, nor dreamed how studiously and painfully they had been acquired.

Her opportunities to become further acquainted had been peculiarly scarce. A brotherless home, a girl's high school and now Normal handicapped her. She had been retiring at home, but away she had become almost a hermit.

There had been parties to be sure, but "men" (policy dictated the name) were so pitifully scarce that she had been regretfully omitted by the girls. The more as she so cheerfully acquiesced—and her dress was so "perfectly sweet."

And now she was packing it to leave on the morrow. Tonight was Junior-Senior night and she had been going to the festivities, but alas, the "elusive suitor" had not materialized and the girls had gone without her.

Not that she really cared—Oh No—but the house was queerly still as she raised the dress, the soft swish seemed immoderately loud and as she shook it the mingled fragrance of many perfumes whispered gaily.

Delighting in the delicate silkiness she squeezed it beneath her chin and faced the mirror. Truly it was a delicious color. Edith smiled at the luminous gold and the clock ticked such violent appreciation that she glanced at it abashed. Only half-past eight, three long hours before the girls would come. The dress tempted; she must see how she really did look in it.

A few minutes later a new Edith appeared in the glass—her face rising whitely from the points of yellow gave the effect of a pale China lily. Only her severely worn hair destroyed the illusion.

Edith decided to be thorough and recklessly pulled the flaxen strands into loosely fantastic coils. Then she sought Marion's beauty box and systematically made up. However the sticky rouge proved too annoying and she solaced herself with a liberal cloud of rice-powder.

Through this penetrated a sudden bell. Edith jumped quietly, then remembering that Mrs. Bean was out and had probably returned early, answered the second questioning ring by fluttering down the stairs giggling softly at her strange buoyancy.

But the giggle died was a gasp when the door opened, for it was a masculine voice which said hello and a dreaded boy who promptly entered.

"Well! I am in luck, was rather afraid I wouldn't catch anyone home tonight—I should say you were waiting for someone—Miss-er-er-Jones isn't it?"

Edith had no answer beyond the stammered truth, "No, I'm not—not waiting, I mean, and Miss Jones is at Normal and so are the rest."

The boy eyed the furbelows with furtive incredulity, then his eyes lit with amused recognition and with his most famously beguiling smile he changed the subject.

Well now I wonder if you'd mind if I came into your parlor—Miss-er-Butterfly and waited myself. I'd rather like to say good-bye to—well, we'll say Mrs. Bean."

Would she mind—Horrors! But as he stood blocking the stairway Edith found advance simpler than retreat and so tripped agitatedly ahead into the battered parlor.

And somehow the evening passed, her embarrassment routed by his extreme garrulity. Surely never was there a more thrilling raconteur of his own romantic adventures. There was no need to talk; one had only to listen and think with delicious terror of the girls surprise should they enter.

But there were no untimely interruptions and when promptly at ten o'clock she primly bade him "Good night," she found herself "dated" for the next evening. For the boy piqued perhaps by her frigid personal reticence or perhaps by her evident lack of homage, had suggested that they have their party the next night. And taking a choked unbelieving silence for consent, had cautioned her to be ready at nine.

In the mad hurry to reduce herself to her usual shy insignificance, Edith felt only a wild thankful delight at being really asked to go to a party by one of the coveted "men".

But as hurrying feet commenced to pass the thought came that she would have to tell the others and her outraged timidity reasserted itself, while her whole soul shrunk from their astonished amusement. Then suddenly an undreamt-of, dull anger possessed her at the thought of the staring inquisitive eyes that as a matter of course would peer mockingly through the bannisters when she went to the door.

Below came its opening crash and hilarity claimed the hall. Something in her heart closed and she knew she could not tell them.

Amid the hub-bub attendant on the next day's packing, Edith moved full of dazed helpfulness. She ran errands, hunted up lost articles, answered the incessant phone and in the late afternoon guided the last surly expressman through the denuded house, and hurried to the dining-room.

Dinner that evening was a lively meal, with the Juniors jubilant over a successful year and the Seniors consciously triumphant over their morrow graduation.

Edith gladly heard that they were all planning to leave early and was only slightly disturbed by Polly's dismal wail that she must miss everything for lack of a "man".

She was still in an incredulous dream when the door closed on the last gay crowd, and she stood alone by her trunk. A dim phone tinkle had called Polly downstairs and Edith felt gladly sure that Polly too would get to go.

Almost reverently she spread out the magic gown and paused to marvel at the wonder it had wrought. Her heart sang a little song of thanks there in the silence.

And into this came Polly's frantic feet and eager voice, "Oh, you Angel—girl—you haven't packed have you—Mack just called up and he's coming to take me over. It seems a mercy that your dress just fits me. Oh, I am so happy—I did so want to go.

Edith looked at her blankly and saw the tear reddened eyes above the beaming smile. So she had wanted to go that badly and now she must be disappointed.

Rebellion surged in Edith's heart as she walked slowly over to the bed thinking how best to explain, for surely her invitation was as precious as Polly's.

As she picked up the dress her eyes caught the flushed expectant face, and saw the little reaching hands, Polly never doubted that she could have the needed dress.

Edith's quivering hands shut tighter on the dress and then quivered loose all the exultant thrill of her evening was gone, she could not bear to dash Polly's sanguine faith and without a word she crushed the dress into the waiting arms.

But only after the door closed did full realization come. She could not go now, the dream was done. For she never doubted that it had been the glamour of the golden gauze that had secured the "bid."

When the boy came she would tell him—oh, anything. The sputtering gas flashed mad deningly on the mirror and involuntarily the girl glanced at the dusty surface. Her face glimmered back white and miserable, the gray dress rendering it uttedly unattractive and she knew she could never go down and face the boy's critical gaze. He had called her Miss Butterfly, she could not face him as a grub.

She rushed to the head of the stairs and called to Mrs. Bean that she was out should anyone call.

Back in her own room she put out the flaring light and for a long half hour sat tensely listening.

She heard Polly go and then the stinging electric bell sent her stealing out on the upper porch, thus assuaging Mrs. Bean's moral scruples.

Shivering apprehensively she crouched by the railing in time to hear herself graciously inquired for and to hear Mrs. Bean's laconic "out." She caught the surprised and insistent note of his voice as he asked where and the dull indifferent reply of the landlady.

Breathlessly she waited while the boy rushed down the steps beneath her, a heavy shadow, and away down the pavement.

And then she returned to the stuffy room and with clenched hands before her burning eyes fell across the couch.

While from down the street came the plaintive plink plunk of Ukeleleles playing Aloha-Oe.

Campfire Philosophy

IT was a varied crowd that sat about the campfire that June night, made up as vacation met crowds are, of individuals from all walks of life. The prominent figure of the circle was the Professor, who was a trifle too fond of striking attitudes after the style of Henry Ward Beecher, whom he fancied he resembled. On the opposite side of the circle from him was a lean, weather-beaten old prospector, Andrew McDougall by name, from the higher mountains. As the campfire flamed higher and brighter, the conversation became more general,

although graver in tone. Several stories, life experiences, one might say, had been told, and after the last we sat silent. A log fell suddenly in the quiet, and the society woman stirred irritably.

"That's all very well," she remarked. "But if a person hates, he hates, and no emotion is stronger than that."

"Eh? Stop a bit. We miss the things we hate when they are gone, sometimes."

This from McDougall, who had fallen into a reverie.

The Professor settled back against a tree trunk.

"A mental reaction, doubtless," he offered, a bit pompously.

"Well, see if your philosophy of life explains this," retorted McDougall. He paused, and knocked the ashes from his pipe. He turned his lean face, with the keen, deep-set blue eyes toward the circle. Then he commenced, slowly, deliberately, now pausing for a word or phase, the tall, pine-covered hills hovering about us as he talked.

"You mind the old, overgrown road to the west, just this side of the long tunnel?" he asked Ransome, the hunter of our party.

Ransome nodded.

" 'Twas in '92 I first came through this country," McDougall continued. "Al Leitrieb, an old partner of mine, told me that the gold panned out pretty well over on the north fork of the Yuba, so I tramped up from Sacramento, and turned off the railroad there, down the old road, thick with yellow dust. It led on down into the narrow winding valley of the Yuba. There was little of wild life, though the country was only partly cleared; only an occasional jack rabbit or a lizard; dark, chapparal-covered hills all about, never a sound to break the brooding quiet. Quite suddenly as I tramped along, I came on it,—almost tumbled into it, the El Dorado ditch, I mean. The early settlers built it, some sixty years ago, I reckon, and turned the yellow waters of the El Dorado into the dry hills. Eight, ten feet wide, I judged it was; how deep I could not tell, for the thick yellow sediment made it as opaque as a wall. It had a sinister look, even on that bright, clear day, as it wound along the side of the ravine, holding, I make no doubt, many a dark secret at its heart. Hardly a current appeared on the surface, and I thrust my stick idly down into the water; a current almost like that of a mill-race wrenched the stick from my hand. The fancy came to me that the dead hands of those early prospectors were reaching up to tear from later comers the treasures wrested from the earth.

But I shook off the mood, and tramped on. A few bends in the road brought me to a low, whitewashed house, with a barn and chicken house beyond, set in the midst of an ill-kept clearing. The whole place, gnarled old orchard straggling up the hill, had the desolate look of cultivated land which is slowly returning to the wilderness to which it belonged. I knocked at the door. A dirty, wizened face of an old woman appeared in a window.

'I'm taking down the stove, stranger,' she remarked. 'Set thar on the porch, if you want to rest a spell.'

I offered to help her, and over the stove-pipe we managed to come to an agreement. It seemed as good a place as any to board, while I

prospected up and down the river. I had supposed that there was no man on the place, but in foraging about before dinner I discovered an old man, in a rocking chair with queer carved arms, up in one corner of the porch. His bloodless inert hands lay limply on the carved arms, and nothing about him seemed alive, until, on coming nearer, I could observe the intent, penetrating stare of his eyes, so pale a blue as to look faded, but singularly alive for all that. I explained that I was to board there, and we fell into a desultory chat about men and affairs. At dinner, I noticed a peculiar thing. The old woman pressed me, civilly enough, to partake of this or that, but never by word or sign did she acknowledge the existence of her husband. He helped himself in silence, but at times I caught his pale blue eyes fixed on her with an inscrutable, emotionless look I could not interpret.

So began my stay at Belknap ranch. Neither of the old couple was very communicative; it was only rarely, here and there, that I gathered the story of their life together. I think she had been a servant in his father's house; at any rate, he treated her, when he noticed her, with a condesention unbearable. Long since their three children had married and gone out into the world beyond the hills. As the years passed, each had become more warped and twisted in point of view and habit, though the old man, through his reading retained a flexibility of mind that astonished me. Perhaps the narrowness of view in the valley had something to do with it—or the solitude, who knows?''

McDougall paused, and stared into the leaping flames.

''As years passed, I wandered about, but always returned to Belknap's,'' he continued, slowly. ''Each year I found the little old woman, with her bright, restless eyes, like those of a bird, eternally scouring some pot or pan, or nailing up a rickety shelf. Always I found the old man sitting in the rocking chair, sometimes reading, sometimes pondering, sometimes, as the old woman vindictively said to me 'jest settin'. Otherwise she never noticed his existence, and he never lifted up a fiinger to aid her in the heavy work of the place.

Sometimes in the evening he and I sat by the stove, while she hovered about, always scouring, never out of ear shot. I supposed I showed my surprise at the old man's knowledge of things, for once the old woman drew me aside, and with a volubility that contrasted oddly with the pent-up silence of months, told me that ''Dan'' had once been a schoolmaster. Indeed, she confided that it was he who had learned her to read and write, and I think his utter contempt for her ideas or her talk was what cut her more deeply than anything else. But in truth, she could not have been much of a companion for him, and her hatred, I suspect, arose from that cause. For she did hate him; hated with a petty, mean hatred which stooped to anything low and small. She venomously said once that she wished he were in his grave. She had it all planned out what she would do with the ranch when he was gone.

''Why did they live together? Well, where could she have gone? It was his ranch, his money that supported her.

"Sometimes I wondered how it would end. He never said anything about her, or to her; only sat by, seeing everything, commenting on nothing, those pale blue eyes fixed on the distance.

"One day late in winter I had brought the wagon in town for some provisions. I met the old woman as I was starting home, and she climbed into the wagon with her bundles. I inquired where the old man was, having seen him earlier in the day. She said he would drive down to the ranch with a neighbor, and bade me rather shortly unhitch the horse and drive home. It was a bleak, bitterly cold day, with a raw wind; the sky was filled with scurrying black clouds, and as we turned down the ranch road, and rattled across the rough wooden bridge over the ditch, I could see that the sullen, dark stream was up almost flush with the banks. I judged that a few hours more would cover the bridge, and was glad I had returned before night.

"At the ranch I put up the horse, and the old woman prepared supper. After we had eaten, she rose and got a plate of scraps for the dog, Shep. As she opened the door a high, faint halloo, borne on the wind, greeted us. Shep bounded off the porch, barking, but the old woman called him back, saying that he was always running after the Italians. The dog came back to eat, but went sniffing about the house, and howled dismally until far into the night. We went to bed finally, wondering a little where the old man was, but concluding, or at least I did, that he had stopped overnight in town.

"The next morning,—it seems unreal even now. Such a clear, bright morning, the smell of fresh, wet earth, and the cat sunning herself on the step. I stepped out on the porch, and as I did so, I heard the creaking of wagon wheels on the road; the great, clumsy cart of our Italian neighbors came in sight, stopped at the door, and from it the two Italians, their expressive faces somber with tragedy, lifted the body of the old man and bore him up the steps and into the house. I gathered the story as best I could from their broken English; drowned in the El Dorado ditch the evening before. He had lost his footing, we judged, on the slippery bridge, and had gone down to the rushing waters below. Some strange piling up of debris had caught the body at a bend in the ditch farther down, and there the Italians had found him. There were marks on his body of a fearful struggle for life, for a hold on the slippery walls of the ditch. How little things will change the course of a life! If he had ridden home with us, if Shep had been allowed to follow his instinct the evening before, how different the whole story of their lives!

"But he was dead, and we buried him the next day, with no mourner save the old woman and myself. She? Well, I never could fathom her actions. The shock of his death numbed her at first, and the restraint of years held her back from any demonstration. But the next night when I returned from town, the old woman was straightening up his room, patting the pillows fussing about. I questioned her, and she answered that Dan always liked his room in order. At meals, then, and always after, she laid a place at the head of the table for him. No, she wasn't crazy,—not in the ordinary sense. But some strange feeling of repentance, love, I know not what, led her to make up to

him in this way all the little meanness she had practiced in his life. She worked various little dainties with the simple remark, 'Dan liked them'. She brushed up and mended his clothes, she who hated sewing and cared only for outdoor work. As time passed,—for she lived ten years after his death,—she almost worshiped his memory, recalling his learning, his good judgment, his little peculiarities. Early one spring she died, and before she went she called me to her, and whispered to me not to let Dan's rocker be sold,—that rocker, you remember, in which he had sat and gazed at her so long.''

McDougall paused, and kicked a log.

''Well?'' he queried.

''She couldn't really have hated him; I think she loved him, all the time,'' said the matron.

''How could she when she treated him so, and when he was so mean to her?'' said the Schoolteacher.

''Wait till you are married, my dear,'' answered the Matron.

''What a queer, horrible tale! I don't see that you proved anything.'' This from the Society Woman.

''Well, Professor?''

The Professor struck a Beecheresque attitude.

''A mixture of feelings, I take it,'' he said, blandly, ''but the situation my dear sir, is far removed from life, real, everyday life.''

''Yes?'' said McDougall. ''And what is everyday life,—who lives an everyday life?''

The Slacked Rope

AFTER being tossed by the waves of a ten-thousand mile trip the Manchuria lay at anchor in Manila Bay. The broad, smooth decks, which only the night before were alive with dancing feet and strains of music, were deserted except for a solitary white-uniformed figure standing in the shadow of the bridge steps. His attitude was in keeping with the scene about him. Only the glimmer of a lighted cigar betrayed his presence. But though no sound came from his secluded corner the alert poise of his head revealed an air of expectancy and the continuous puffs of smoke indicated unrest within him just as the murmur of the water that lapped in waves against the vessel's side told of the uneasiness of the sea.

Many of those ''easy, uncounted Eastern minutes'' slid by before another figure appeared, strolling around the corner of the cabin. The man stopped directly in front of the steps, and seemed to be gazing only at the low lying lights of the city. Presently he swept the half-darkened deck below with a keen glance.

''All right, Boss,'' he mumbled. ''The coast is clear.''

"Thought so," answered the white figure, stepping out from the shadow with a coil of rope over his arm. "Never many loafers the first night in port. Now to business, Andrews."

"Business all right, but mighty darn risky," Andrews replied, taking the coil from the others arm and beginning to unroll it. "If we land this dope tonight, it's quits for me."

"Yes, it's quits for me too," answered the other, dragging from behind him a life buoy, to which was tightly bound several bundles that looked like cans of tea. "We'll make enough tonight to put us on Easy street."

"It'll be enough to put us behind the bars if we're caught," Andrews grumbled, as he pulled off his coat.

"Don't lose your nerve at this stage of the game, when the worst is nearly over," the other said surlily. "I've been taking chances ever since I got the dope in Hong Kong. If you're going to stick to the bargain, cut out this gab and get started, unless you want the tide to force old Woo up the Pasig with all the fish in his banka but—this."

"Well, shove it over my head, Steward," said Andrews in a crestfallen voice as he handed over the end of the rope made into a noose, at the same time thrusting his arms through. The steward secured the rope tightly under his armpits."

"'Sus, Man, knot it tight," said Andrews. "Remember if I jerk on it to pull with all your might. That launch out there looks mighty official to me. I'll steer clear of it, though," he added.

"Never fear. I'll feel the least tug. Now make sure of the signal," the steward replied. "When you reach Woo's banka send up a small red rocket. It will attract no one's attention but mine. As soon as I see it—you ought to get there in twenty minutes—I'll tie the life buoy to the end of the rope, you pull her in and our fortune is made. By this time tomorrow half the Chinos in San Fernando street will be in the blissful land of dreams."

"All right. Here goes," and Andrew ran lightly to the deck below.

The steward followed and watched him as he slid silently over the side of the ship into the calm water. For a time his head showed dark above the moonlit surface, but soon the steward could see nothing except the rope as it uncoiled on the deck.

The stillness was oppressive and for the first time a feeling of fear came over him. It did not trouble him, however, long. The thought of the huge sum that the Chinaman would give for the three small cans of opium took possession of his mind, and unconsciously staring at the rope still unwinding he half muttered, "Yokohama, yes Yokohama. Nothing slow about her. Those pink-cheeked Englishmen are sports in more ways than rowing and cricket. Oh you Bund! If a man can't find the right sort of entertainment with the right amount of cash, along that little old 'cow-path' he'd better ship for the South seas or Frisco. This job of shoving an icy finger bowl off the tray before a white-coated, brown-skinned, thick-headed waiter can serve it up for consumme, has lost all charms for me. Just let me get my phalanges on that wad when Andrews"—"Andrews."

The name brought the steward to consciousness with a jerk. He pulled his watch out and peered at its face in the dim light.

"Fifteen minutes. He's just about found Woo and will signal any minute," he said to himself. Then he reached for the life buoy, to fasten it to the rope, which had ceased to slip through his hands. He worked hurriedly, knotting the rope many times around the white ring preserver, but keeping an eye out for the shore line. He stood by the rail, ready at the first flash of light to drop it over. The moments seemed to drag now and once a slight sound behind him on the deck made him start and look quickly around. A sense of fear came over him. A shiver ran down his spine as he nervously felt for his watch and found that ten more minutes had elapsed. He knew that ten minutes was in reality ample time for so good a swimmer as Andrews to reach the shore. "What's the matter?" he whispered. "Nothing, of course. He'd have jerked the rope, if there was. Woo may have lost the rocket. No, he wanted that opium too bad to lose anything."

He decided to pull on the rope and see if a responsive jerk would come to him. He pulled in a few slack feet and suddenly discovered that it was heavy. There seemed to be a weight attached. The awful truth came slowly to him, leaving him trembling. He pulled with all his might, yard after yard, until finally on the silver path of the moonbeams a black object appeared floating at length—a man's length.

The steward's breath came in sobs as he pulled the object over the rail and let it slide to the deck in a heap.

"Andrews! Oh my God!" He started to run down the deck, then stopped short, and turning slowly around looked back at the dark heap. A mist of clouds slowly darkened the white light of the moon.

The steward took a step forward. His foot hit against an iron bar. The contact with it seemed to send life back into his body. Swiftly he stooped and dragged the heavy thing to the figure near the rail. He worked like a madman, his fingers twisting in and out among the rope. In a moment a deep splash disturbed the quiet sea. The limp form of a man, to which was attached three small bundles slowly sank into the depths below.

Life

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest foil for laughter;
And that is life!

Emma Ludemann.

He that Ruleth His Spirit

IT was twilight. The shadows deepened as a roughly clad laborer smoked his pipe on the low front porch of his boarding-house. His face was sad and showed signs of many a struggle in conquering self, and tonight the struggle seemed to be ending in despair. A tiny lad of five came running to him, and pushing his fat little legs over the edge of the porch, snuggled close to the man. Then because he seemed unnoticed, he reached for one of the big hard hands and looking up toward the sad face said, "I love you, Man. Is I your little boy?" The big arm pressed him tight a moment and then,

"Little Dave, you are mamma's boy really but you are my boy because I love you. But I'll tell you a secret. Across the mountains over there, and miles and miles on the other side of them I have a little boy who is mine just as you are your mamma's. He's about as big as you are now."

"Have you? Do you love him too?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"John."

"Has he got a mamma like I have?"

"Yes."

"Is his mamma there too?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where my papa is?"

"No, Dave."

"I wish you did 'cause my mamma don't know either and every day when I ask her about him she tells me not to, but I want my papa." After a minute, "Does your little boy know where his papa is?"

"No," in a low whisper.

"Does his mamma always tell him not to ask questions?"

"I don't know, Dave. Probably she does."

"Your little boy is dist like me then, isn't he?"

"Here Dave, I think your mother is calling you. Run along. Goodnight."

"Oh, God! What's the use, what's the use!" With a big swinging stride he started down the road, bare headed and coatless. He did not know where he was going or care, he hardly knew that he was moving, he was unconscious of the people he met and passed, and he walked on and on. His face was drawn and sometimes he staggered and then life, everything but abject despair and hopelessness seemed to leave his face,—but only for a moment. There seemed to be some power dragging him on and on, and as he went now and then low exclamations might have been heard. At first just, "My God!" "My God!" then "Home!" "Marie!" "Baby!" and hope and gladness showed itself in his face and walk.

He passed two men in loud argumentation and as he did so one of

them said, "That man ought to be in the penitentiary." He jumped and looked at them, fearing that they meant him, but as they passed without so much as a glance at him he turned and staggered to a seat in the little park. "That man ought to be in the penitentiary." The words rang in his ears. "Ought to be in the penitentiary." He sat with elbows on knees and head in hands. "Ought to be in the——. Yes, he ought to be"—He saw the prison, the barred windows, the long lines of men going to work under guard, then himself, with cropped head, locked in his cell at night, the victim of temper. He trembled. "Ought to be——he shall be." He rose, threw his shoulders and walked with rapid vigorous manhood stride toward his boarding place. His face was not sad now, it was strong and determined and there was joy in his heart, the joy that comes with the consciousness of right doing. He smiled whimsically as he thought, "every right action is rewarded. Yes, and this shall be, for I shall again hold my wife in my arms and know that she loves me and I shall hear that little boy say, "Dad." He pictured his home as he left it that cold winter's night, he laughed at his fear and wild flight to the west. The return in the glad spring seemed sweet, he could smell the fresh moist earth, the new green of the trees and then he turned in at his own little home. How sweet his wife's bed of hyacinths smelled. He drew a deep breath of the sweetness and then he realized that he was not back in Michigan but in front of his boarding house in California.

In his own room he locked the door. He drew a key ring from his pocket and fitted a small key into the lock of his trunk, threw back the top, lifted off the till and brought to view a wooden box. With eager fingers he opened it, with a glad heart at the shining gold coins,—"$500", he whispered, "enough to take me home and some left for Marie, too." From the shelf in his closet he took his well worn suit case and put into it the few necessities. Everything else he packed in his trunk, locked it, tacked a card plainly addressed to his wife on the cover.

He slept like a child but early morning found him paying his landlady. "I want to leave my trunk a short time, Mrs. Brown. I hate to trouble you so but I can see no other way, and when my wife sends for it if you will be so kind as to see that it is sent I shall be greatly obliged." He pressed a gold piece into her hand. "This will pay the expressman. Tell little Dave," his voice softened, "that I've gone home to my little boy." The woman looked interested, but he volunteered no more, just held out his hand, "Good-bye, Mrs. Brown, and good luck to you."

At last he was settled in his seat on the cross-continent train; he was going home. He saw the prison clearly and dimly realized what ten, fifteen years of life would mean there. "No, I'll not think of that, God knows that I'll realize it soon enough now; **I'm going home,** that's what I'll think." His fellow passengers found him a poor talker but an excellent card player, and many hours of the long journey were whiled away thus.

The country became familiar and then in a flash he saw the rude hut on the river and himself and his brother-in-law hard at work chop-

ping wood. He heard the taunt, he felt the hot flush of anger and the fiendish delight as his fingers closed on the other's throat. He was struggling with George. Ah, he had him. George was willing to quit. He rose and viewed his foe in contempt. How still, how white George lay stretched on the snow. Dead! He shook himself and looked out of the window again. "I must not think of these things; I am coming home to pay the penalty for them, but I shall have my hour first. I will not think of it." The train was going along the river bank now. "Same old river," he thought. The passengers began to grow restless, to gather up baggage and put on their wraps.

"South Haven, everybody off", called the brakeman, and the train stopped with a jerk.

It was nearly sundown, an hour when the town is usually quiet. He had shaved off his mustache and scarcely even thought of recognition as he hurried thru the well known streets. His heart bounded with joy at the sight of here and there a dearly familiar face, but over and over he asked himself, "What will Marie do?" He saw her agony as he told her what he had done on that night three years ago and that he must go away. How cowardly he had been, what had she done for a living, perhaps she wasn't here after all, maybe he had come home only for his punishment. Maybe she was dead. Doubt tortured him. Why couldn't he walk faster, he had never walked so slow before. Would he never get there and know, not wonder.

He paused, was anything ever so pretty? The dear little house that his love had built for his loved one,—and on the porch sat a man rocking and smoking contentedly. The lawn was green and a dainty little woman was on her knees before a bed of blue, white and pink hyacinths, beside her a little boy of five was digging in the moist earth with great satisfaction. Another man! He felt all the light of life go out and he half turned with bowed head to go; he started, like an old man, to pass the house. He heard swift steps behind him but did not look; he felt a hand laid on his shoulder and looked with lifeless eyes into the face of his brother-in-law. "John Barns, don't you know me?"

"No."

"I am George, your brother-in-law."

"I killed George."

"No, can't you see that I'm alive?"

"I killed George."

"John," and as he spoke George stepped in front of the dazed man and shook him, "John, wake up, here comes Marie." John Barns looked searchingly into the other man's face, he smiled, and someway their right hands had never fitted so closely and understandingly before. Explanations could come later. John turned, never fearing but that his wife would know and welcome him, opened his arms and held her close. Little John stood looking at them with a puzzled expression and tugging at his mother's skirt said, "I'm hungry, mamma." The father stooped and lifted his small son to his shoulders, put his free arm around his wife and called, "Come George." And as the last kisses of the sun made the heavens blush the happy family went into their love house.

God

I am the force which makes the universe
To move in awe-inspiring harmony;—
Which drives its planets and its shining suns
Along the orbits inconceivable;—
Which caused the cosmic dust to congregate
Into the whirling, misty nebula
That formed our sun, the earth, and sister spheres!
The continents, and ocean and its isles,
The leaping waterfall, the sunset glow,
The fleecy clouds, the lightning flash,
I chiseled from the mist of the sky!
I am the power that gave the crystal form,
And fashioned countless plants and animals
To populate the sea, the earth, the air!
I am omniscient and omnipotent!

The grave is not my last, nor birth my first;
But both are merely forms that I have made
And set within the scheme of things complete.
For I was present when the cave men came
To feast together on the mammoth slain;
And when old Egypt built her pyramids,
I worked among the slaves that toiled and sweat;
I labored with the Grecian sculptors when
They carved from marble, temples beautiful;
I saw the sword of battle slay the Roman
Legions in the woods of Tentoberg;
I saw the nation of the French arise,
And England and the States of Germany;
Columbus sailed to seas unknown with me,
The dungeon dark has claimed me as its prey;
And when he found the New World I was there!
And I have known the joys of liberty!
The thoughts of sages were the thoughts of mine;
The words of fools wers spoken by my lips!
Yes all the race has done since it began,
That I have seen and, known, and done, and felt,
And all the race shall do while it endures,
That I shall see, and feel, and know, and do;—
Until the earth shall be destroyed by flame
Resolve itself again to gaseous mist,
When I shall take my flight to other spheres,
As I have done before this sphere began!
I am eternal as eternity!

The soul that makes these lips of mine to speak;
That hears, and sees, and feels the beautiful,
Is but a unit in that harmony
Which governs matter thru eternity.
The soul that in a bird, or fish, or worm,—
Or in a blade of grass, or plant, or tree,—
Or in a crystal buried in the earth
Doth hold the atoms grouped in unity,
Is brother to the soul that is in me;
And all these souls, the countless host of them,
Are units in the universal world!

These things I claim because I am a part
Of the eternal cause of all that was,
Or is, or is to be;—the energy,
Or force that men have made in ignorance
To be a deity, which they call God,—
Not knowing that they are a part of it,
Ascribing to this being infinite
Those attributes which they themselves possess!
This God am I, and you, and all that is!

Awakening

A pearl gray mist, a purple dawn,
A stillness silencing earth and sky,
A bird's sweet call, the spell released,
And rosy life awakes on high.

A swaying branch, a blood red rose,
(The wine of life in a petaled bowl);
A mother's love; a babe's caress;
The new-born consciousness of soul.

So paints the Hand of Harmony,
Revealing omnipresent Love,
And spirit eyes beholding, see
The perfect plan of God, above.

Oh Life, in the silent purple dawn,
Oh Joy, in the heart of a deep red rose,
Oh Love, in the soul of motherhood,
And Thee, thou God, who cares and knows!

Maud Bishop.

Our Daddy

At night we alus lie awake
To listen for our Daddy's train,
Becuz his engine has to take
Carloads of people, stars or rain.

We hear a great, big, rumbling noise
And then we sit right up in bed,
Cauze Daddy's finking of his boys
And sez good night to me and Ted.

Not really talks it out, you know,
But as the train goes thru the yards,
Two times he lets the whistle blow
Which means a kiss for boaf his pards.

When all the sound his died away
Right out of bed we boaf do creep,
And on our knees, to God, we pray
That danger from our Dad he'll keep.

Ruth Everding.

After Sunset—Crossing the Bay

Dull grey the restless bay
Leaden the stretch of sky,
Gloom-wraped the city nigh
Dead the dim day.

Shrill cry of startled gull,
Chill creeping sullenly
Wind ceasing suddenly—
Sick'ning—the lull!

Yet as at fiercest heat
One quiv'ring line of white
Where sea and sky, at night
Kissingly meet.

K. W.

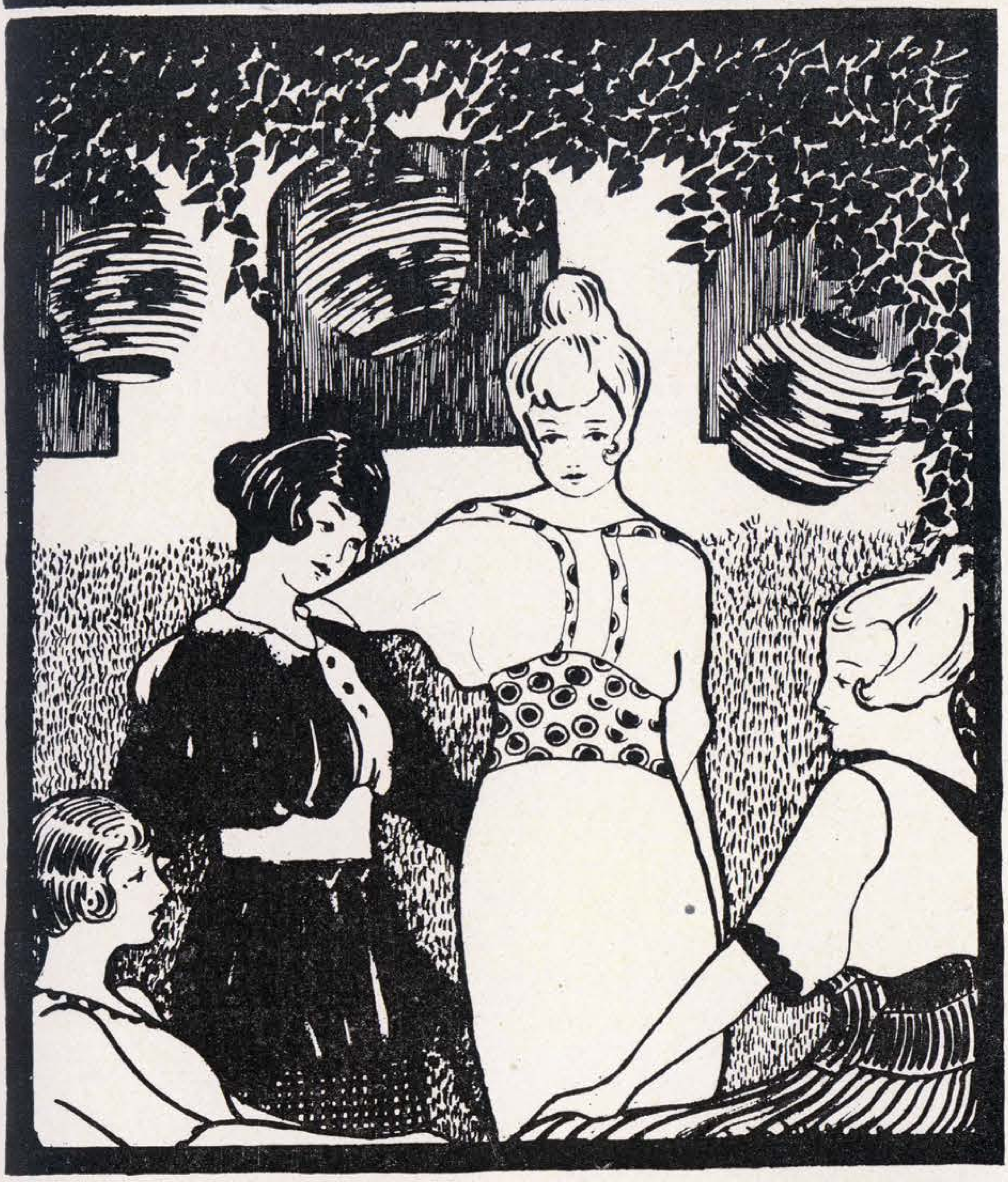
The Smile and the Flower

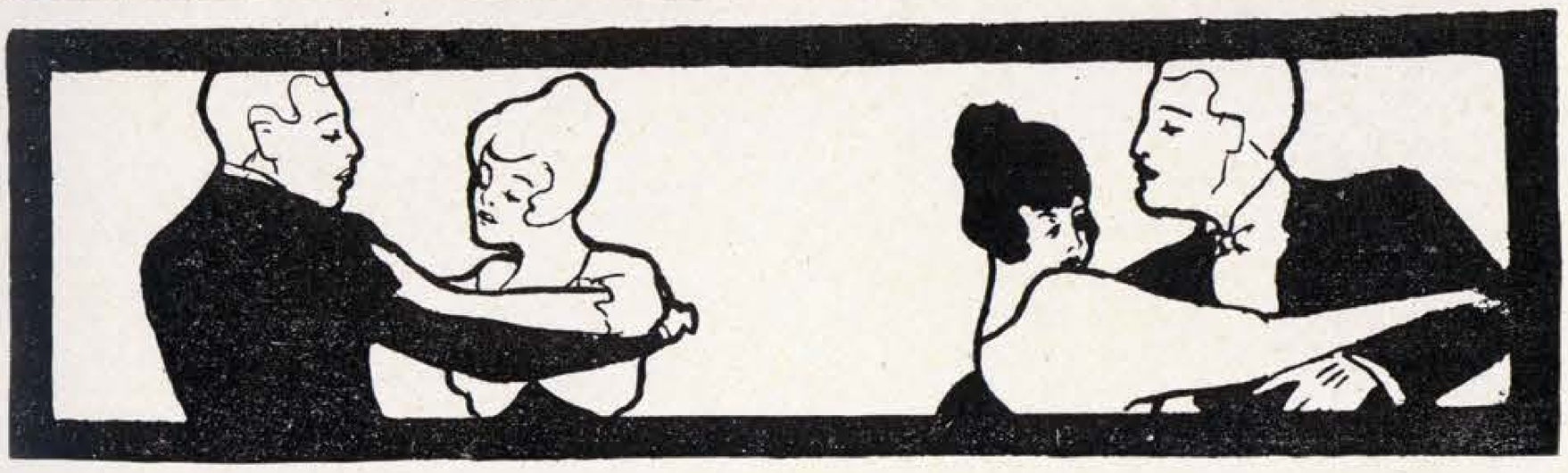
O, sweet is the flower that blooms and blows,
When warm springtime is here,
When the sunbeams play all the long happy day,
And the sky is blue and clear.
O, sweet is the flower that bursts in the morn
And is jeweled with sparkling dew,
And plays with the breeze and whispering trees,
All the long golden day through.

O, sweet is the smile that lights the face,
When the spring of life is here,
When we live in song all the happy day long,
And our sky is blue and clear;
O, sweet is the smile that bursts in the morn,
With the song of a happy day
That glows with delight from morn until night,
When life is just beautiful play.

By Jessica McManus.

SOCIETIES





Sappho

THIS year as always has been one filled to the brim with such good times that a Sappho girl's memory of the two years spent in this school is made doubly pleasant.

After the Press Club show (which was such a success) the girls deemed it a privilege to entertain those members of the faculty who so kindly gave their assistance to them while they were deep in the woes of continual practice. The affair took the form of a dainty luncheon in South Society Hall and was followed by a pleasing musical program.

One of the most pleasant evenings which it has been our good fortune to enjoy was Friday, January sixteenth. The girls met at the home of Rita Gosney and from there proceeded to the Theatre De Luxe. Then came the visit to O'Brien's for refreshments, and to conclude the evening the girls went to the home of Lotta Bland.

Miss Bland again opened her home to the girls on the seventh of February. This time an initiation was the order of the evening. The house was beautifully decorated with jonquils and yellow acacia. The new girls were: Bernice Luther, Bethel Bowden, Jeanette Searight, and Mabel Keester.

On the evening of March third at six o'clock a group of radiant Sappho maids welcomed their members of the faculty to a dinner party in South Society Hall. The invited guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Ingerson, Mrs. George, Miss Mackenzie, Miss McCabe, Miss Fisher, Miss Wunderlich, Miss Trimble, Miss McDermott, Miss Post, and Mrs. Rousseau.

The guests were entertained while they ate by several of the Sappho girls who danced, sang, and played, thus making even the dignified faculty lose all count of time. Flower girls presented each guest with a miniature, old-fashioned bouquet.

To show just how much they would miss Mr. and Mrs. Wood the girls, with their ukes, serenaded them and sweet were the strains of music that mingled with the happy voices raised in song, a happy way to bid a farewell to the travelers.

On Monday afternoon, May fourth, the Sapphos held an initiation and reception in South Society Hall from four until six, when Miss Ruby Bernhardt was initiated. Tea was served and dancing helped to make the moments fly.

The anual dance was given at the Hotel Vendome on the evening of May sixteenth. Masses of scarlet geraniums banked about the spacious rooms, music and the novel programs marked it as one of the most pleasant memories of the Sapphos and their friends. The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss O'Brien, Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Rousseau.

The last of May was the crowning event, the climax of the year. It took the form of a beautiful garden party in the softly illuminated quad. Bevies of daintily-gowned girls flitted everywhere attending

Virginia Perkins, Rita Gosney, Ruth Everding,
Helen Jones, Margaret Macke, Virginia McKnight, Rene Bromley,
Anne Beckwith, Elsie Baechtel, Leona Wayte,
Lotta Bland, Mary Bean, Elizabeth Van Arsdale. Bethel Bowden.

Grace Carson, Marion Werner, Jeannette Searight, Mabel Keester,
Jeanette Dobbins, Grace McMurtry, Marguerite Wright,
Elva Pointer, Lucile Gordon, Genevieve Sicotte, Fern Elder,
Leone Jopson, Juanita Speckens, Dorothy Musgrave.

Fern Nelson, Claire Duffy, Hazel Nesman, Medella Bloyd,
Ruby Barnhart, Ethel Wallace, Ruth Winn.

Commencement week found the Sappho and Allenian Societies again joint hostesses when they opened the two rooms of Miss Wunderlich's department to the many friends who wished to bid them farewell and enjoy for one last time their hospitality.

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

June Graduates.

Elsie Baechtel, Anne Beckwith, Mary Bean, Lotta Bland, Madella Bloyde, Bethel Bowden, Rene Bromley, Claire Duffy, Ruth Everding, Rita Gosney, Helen Jones, Leone Jopson, Margaret Macke, Virginia McKnight, Hazel Nesman, Virginia Perkins, Leona Wayte, Elizabeth Van Arsdale.

Those who remain are: Ruby Barnhardt, Grace Carson, Jeanette Dobbins, Fern Elder, Lucille Gordon, Gretchen Hale, Mabel Keester, Bernice Luther, Grace McMurtry, Dorothy Pointer, Nellie Quill, Jeanette Searight, Genevieve Sicotte, Juanita Speckens, Ethel Wallace, Marian Werner, Ruth Winn, Marguerite Wright.

Allenian

GATHERED together from many cities, Allenian has taken into her number a group of girls in whom the tie of friendship, loyal and true is most strong. They are girls who, because of similar tastes and interests, have grown very close to each other in these few short months.

The strong band which has here been formed 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, once the president of this school.

With the opening of the school year festivities began as usual. There were several informal parties where Allenians "just met" for a good time. At these several new faces appeared and new friendships began. The first of these parties was at the home of Inez Dodd. Music, laughter, and all sorts of fun filled the evening and as usual the end came all too soon.

The next party was rather different, termed as it was—a rest party. It was most informal as the name implies, and jolly as it could be. As a natural result of all these parties an initiation was held at the home of Madeline Ritchie on the twenty-first of October. The new Allenian sisters were: Merle Butter, Elise Myers, Lois Salsman, Helen Myers, Anna Fickensher, Martha Thomas, Katherine Wood, Alma Linton, Esther Scott, and Mrs. Brittain.

But as Christmas drew nearer, it meant the parting from two of our girls, Marjorie Buzzo and Gertrude Weir. To do them honor and give them one last pleasant memory the girls betook themselves to the home of Katherine Wood, where the jolliest kind of an evening was spent.

Intersociety Cotillion on the sixth of December claimed our share of attention.

Early in January the Allenians gave a luncheon for Miss Howe in South Society Hall in honor of her new position as head of the Training School. All the Allenian members of the faculty were the guests.

January was also the time for parties. The Ritchie girls again kindly open their home to us. Later an initiation took place at the home of Inez Dodd, and the following girls became members: Caroline Bedwell, Bessie Kreiss, Annabel Rush, Itha Janes, Olive Thorn, Vivian Washburn, Ruth Turner, Delia Webb, and Hazel Beeks. The usual formal ritual of the society was used and afterwards there were hours of merriment.

A farewell party for the March graduates, Grace Fowler, Marguerite Ritchie, and Madeline Ritchie, was closely followed by a shower for the latter, who is soon to be a bride.

April twenty-fifth was the date chosen by Allenian for the dance which was the first of the four society dances this spring. The patronesses were: Mrs. Rousseau, Miss Howe, Miss O'Brien, Miss McFadden, and Miss English.

Ruth Stratton, Anna Fikenscher, Lois Salsman,
Bess Kreiss, Annabelle Rush, Elise Myers, Esther Scott,
Emily Rued, Adah Smith, Vivian Washburn,
Alma Linton, Delia Webb, Katherine Wood, Olive Thorn.

Merle Butter, Alice Campbell, Mrs. Britton,
Helen Meyers, Itha Janes, Ruth Turner, Caroline Bidwell.

At a special initiation on the first of May, Emily Reed was made an Allenian. The affair took place at the school and a short social hour followed.

For weeks all our time, thought and energy were directed toward a garden fete which was held jointly with the Sappho Society in the quad for the benefit of not only the piano fund but also of the Allen Memorial fund. This latter fund has been established for some years and its ultimate goal is a pipe organ for the new assembly.

Thus the year closes with commencement week finding us again joint hostesses with the Sappho girls for open house.

The Senior members of Allenian are:

Anna Fikenscher, Alice Campbell, Gladys McKenney, Enid Nixon, Dorothy Slotomaker, Ruth Stratton, Adah Smith, Katherine Wood, Merle Butler and Mrs. Brittain.

Those who return next year are:

Eliza Andrews, Hazel Beeks, Caroline Bedwell, Itha Janes, Alma Linton, Bessie Kreiss, Elise Myers, Helen Myers, Annabel Rush, Lois Salsman, Esther Scott, Olive Thorn, Martha Thomas, Ruth Turner, Vivian Washburn, Delia Webb, and Emily Rued.

The Faculty members are: Miss Howe, Miss Royce, Miss Schureman, Miss McFadden, Miss Payne, Miss Sprague, Mrs. George, Mr. Wilson, Miss Rowell, Miss Hall and Mr. Marten.

Browning

ONCE more a year is drawing to a close and with the congenial group of girls who call themselves Brownings must needs be soon separated. But this year has been a happy one and many are the pleasant memories which each girl will take away with her.

Only a few days after the opening of school the first good time began. This was on the twenty-sixth of September, when we had a party at Jennie Leh's. It served to make us acquainted with some of the new girls of the school.

Following close upon this on the twenty-ninth of September, there was another party when a jolly group of girls betook themselves to the Victory for an hour or two, which ended with refreshments at O'Brien's.

About the middle of October the new girls whom Browning had chosen were initiated at Virginia Boardman's home in Palo Alto.

Not long after the initiation a delightful luncheon was given in South Society Hall for the new members and the Faculty.

Busy hours were passed one afternoon in October at the home of Winnifred Estabrook. Needles flew rapidly and tongues were not far behind, but as a result thirty dolls were dressed to make glad the hearts of the Indian children at Christmas time.

For the Press Club show the Browning girls worked up a very clever original stunt, "Down with the Glooms." Marjorie Wentworth wrote the music. The words to the songs were written by Ruth Bennett, Lucille Dodds and Alice Pearson.

The opening of the term after Christmas gave incentive to more rush parties—one at the home of Josephine Morse and another in South Society Hall, followed by an initiation at Jennie Leh's.

An informal dance at Hazel Lester's was another good time, the trip out being made in a hay wagon. Miss McFadden, Miss O'Brien and Miss Twombly were chaperons.

On March twenty-fourth a party was given for Celia Cane, the only member who left us at Easter.

But the crowning event of the year was the play, "Our Aunt From California," which was given for the benefit of the piano fund. It meant hour after hour of ceaseless practice, but was done willingly and the result was well worth the effort. Miss Buckingham's faithful coaching made possible the production and the girls were happy to turn over one hundred dollars to the piano fund.

The formal Browning dance took place at the Hotel Vendome on the second of May. As usual it was a gay and happy scene with its flood of lights and music and its throng of dancers. Miss Buckingham, Miss Bradley, Miss Murchie, Miss Twombley and Mrs. Rousseau were the patronesses.

It has come time to bid farewell to the following senior members:

Agnes Lernhardt, Asenath Rutland, Josephine Morse, Ruth Bennett, Jennie Leh, Winifred Estabrook, Virginia Boardman, Bessie McCaustland, Charlotte Boyd, June Von Dorsten, Grace Mason.

June Von Dorsten, Winifred Estabrook, Josephine Morse,
Edith Leh, Mary Elliot, Margaret Thomayer, Bessie McCaustland,
Marguerite Ryan, Marjorie Wentworth, Dean Cornwall,
Ruth Boyd, Charlotte Boyd, Virginia Boardman, Frances Shaw.

Hazel Davis, Asenath Rutland, Jennie Leh,
Agnes Lenhart, Evadne Halliday, Anita Fulton. Lucille McClay,
Ruth Bennett, Alice Pearson, Mildred Brown.

The following girls will be left:

Marjorie Wentworth, Alice Pearson, Dean Cornwell, Marguerite Ryan, Alma Prouty, Margaret Thomayer, Edith Leh, Ruth Boyd, Mildred Brown, Hazel Davis, Lucille McClay, Evadne Halliday and Frances Shaw.

The Faculty members are:

Miss Bradley, Mr. Bland, Miss McFadden, Miss Murchie, Miss Rowell, Miss Buckingham, and Miss Twombley.

Ero Sophian

MANY have been the good times enjoyed by the Ero Sophian girls. It could not be otherwise when such good friends meet. Many a bright spot gleams on life's pages to which they will all look back with greatest pleasure.

The usual rush party after Christmas was something just a little different and consequently very enjoyable. It took the form of a progressive dinner. The first course was served at the home of Ethel Case. From there the girls went to the home of Marian Eley for another delightful course. Mollie Indra was the third hostess, and then came Lillian Eastey's turn. After the dinner itself the hours were spent in dancing and singing.

For initiation, Ero Sophian gave a dinner dance in the South Society Hall. The tables and hall were decorated in scarlet carnations. Miss Bradley was the faculty member present.

As March graduation drew near the girls realized that the time had come to part from some of the girls. So, in their honor a theater party was given. Afterwards the girls were taken to O'Brien's, where a table had been specially prepared, daintily decorated with large purple violets.

Another unique Ero Sophian party was a Bostonian luncheon of baken beans, brown bread and coffee at the home of Betty Crossley.

To entertain the members of the Faculty the girls gave an elaborate Japanese tea at the home of Lillian Eastey, where the house had been turned into a Japanese bower. During the afternoon several vocal selections were given by Wanda Cooper and Helen Fraser.

A complete and pleasant surprise awaited the girls when they were summoned to a tea at Betty Crossley's. It proved to be an announcement party,—the engagement of Bernice Ranker to George Geary of Berkeley. A dainty luncheon was served, and favors of wedding bells and tiny bags of rice were given to the guests.

On May 9th the Ero Sophian girls gave their annual dance at the Hotel Vendome. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with pink geraniums, and bowls of roses. To the strains of enchanting music the merry hours were danced away by the many couples who were the guests of Ero Sophian.

The graduates of Ero Sophian are: Lucybelle Meredith, Edwina Haydon, Ina Jenney, Catherine Ostrander, Marian Eley, Gussie Wedehase, Jessie Graves, Hazel McIntosh, Betty Crossley, and Lucille Snyder.

The members who will be left are Ida Fulton, Bernice Ranker, Hilda Anderson, Lillian Eastey, Almira Mitchell, Frances McCredy, Harriet Norman, Mildred Wadsworth, Helen Fraser, Mildred Knapp, Bae Chalmers, Ethel Case, Wanda Cooper, Mollie Indra, Lois Tuttle.

The Faculty members are: Miss Rowell, Miss Bradley, Miss Nicholson and Miss McFadden.

Edwina Haydon, Ina Jenny, Ida Fulton, Lucille Snyder,
Marion Eley, Fanny Meredith, Bae Chalmers,
Katherine Ostrander, Mildred Wadsworth, Gussie Wedehase, Louis Tuthill,
Helen Frazer, Hildred Knapp, Ethel Case.

Frances McCreedy, Almira Mitchell, Hazel McIntosh, Miss Ranker, Jessie Graves, Harriet Norman.

ΔαΙΛΕαΝ

THIS year has been a busy one, full to the brim with all sorts of activities for the members of Dailean. As usual debating took up much of our attention and many members tried out for the debate with Chico.

There has also been a social side to our life. On October third, the girls spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Katherine Wilson.

On the twenty-ninth of October, in honor of some of the newly chosen members, a delightful supper was given in South Society Hall. Music and dancing finished the evening here.

January twenty-fourth is the long remembered date. On that day, Chico, our rival, came to San Jose to debate and play basketball. To do them honor, the members of Dailean entertained them as their guests at a dainty luncheon in South Society Hall. Speeches, songs, and a jolly good time were the order of the day. We were indeed pleased to be able to entertain these guests.

On the twenty-first of February, a little dance was given in South Society Hall.

Miss Muriel Ogden opened her home to the girls for an initiation on March sixth. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion and much enthusiasm for Dailean was aroused.

May fifteenth found the girls again gathered for one of their enjoyable dances. The place chosen was again South Society Hall and once more the girls voted it the "best time ever".

And now plans are being made to give a reception to the members of the Faculty.

Graduation will deprive us of the following girls:

Lucella Bovee, Ruth Cunningham, Bonnie Moquist, Myrtle Kennedy, Marie Williams, Carolyn Wilson, Myrtle Clay, Catherine Hoefling, Delma Phelps, Bessie Davidson, Muriel Ogden, Stella Phillips, Ethel Baker, Arlie Corbet, and Elna Lackey.

Those left are:

Leola Rockwell, Gladys Argall, Ethel Burris, Beatrix Barker, Abbie Cota, Myrtle McGrath, Edith McMurry, Edith Harris, Edith Hulett and Marjorie Pillon.

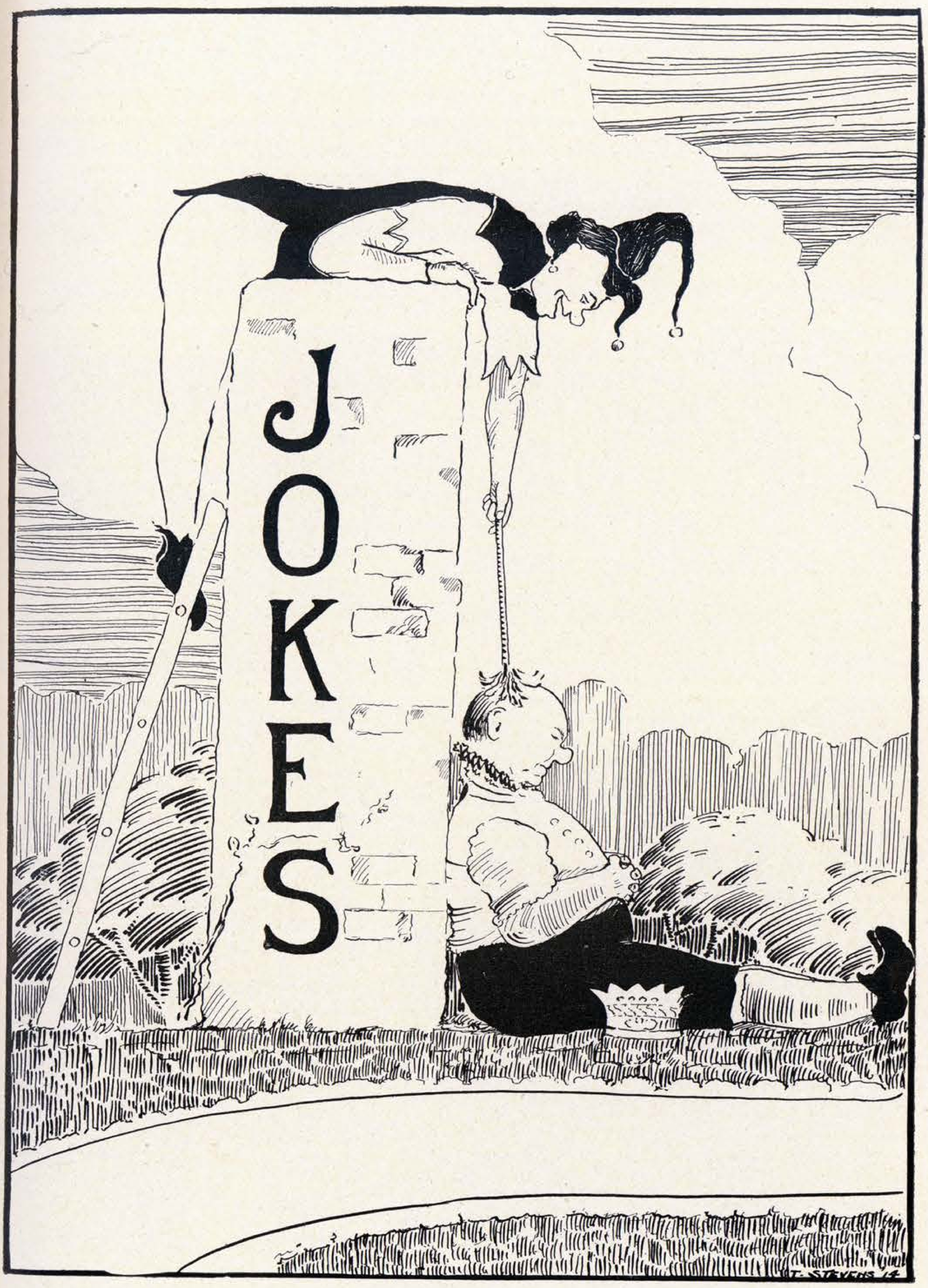
Miss Clay, Lucella Borell, Bonnie Moquist,
Caroline Wilson, Miss Pillon, Muriel Ogden,
Arlie Corbett, Miss Baker, Catherine Hofleng.

Elna Lackey, Stella Phillips, Bessie Davidson,
E. Hulet, Ruth Cunningham, Madeline Williams, Leola Rockwell,
Abbie Cota, Edith McMurray, Myrtle Kennedy.

The Half-Way Tree

Beside the road, a beech in state,
With spread of branch and depth of shade
For farers thro mid-summer's heat—
A cool and welcome solace made.
When trudging home from school at night
'Twas here we stopped to rest and shared
From dinner-pails the remnant bite,
Our midday appetites had spared.
Sometimes wild berries 'long the way
We found and on a dried grass strung
And stopped our gleanings to display
And eat them slowly one by one.
How cool the stones that pressed our feet
Burned by the sand and glare!
How soft the breeze that fanned our cheeks
As in the shade we loitered there!
Oh Childhood's happy memory-book,
Thy volume incomplete would be
If on this page I could not look
In tribute to the Half-Way Tree!

—Bertha Davall.


J
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T. STEVENS '24

The Tribe of Dailey-Keewis

Morris Dailey, the great teacher,
The great doctor Dailey-Keewis,
Had a school for all the children
In a large and stately wigwam
In the center of the village.
But the school it grew and prospered,
Filling all the open places,
Spread into shacks and gymnasiums.

Round about this place of learning
Grew the trees of many countries,
Irish yew and silver maple
Cypress and immense sequoia.
There they made a mighty forest,
Shutting in the stately wigwam
From the bustle of the village,
Where strange men sold bows and arrows,
Strings of beads and belts of wampum,
Skins and tomahawks and feathers.

Many were the great sachems
Who made visits to the wigwam.
There in the Assemblyamus
Where presided the Great Council,
Many sights and strange manouvers
Were brought there before the people.
The young braves, the future warriors,
Gave a spectacle alarming,
Causing bitter pain and anguish
In the hearts of all the people,
With the coming of the springtime
When the land was filled with fragrance,
Came the marvelous "Creation";
Not a host of mighty singers,
But an Ingerson invention,
A sugar-plum tree, wonderful,
Accompanied by the chocolate cat
And the famous gingerbread dog.

Thus it was that peace and plenty
Hovered o'er the stately wigwam,
Until one day Dailey-Keewis,
The unchallenged lawgiver,
Rose, with grim determination,
In the presence of the Council

HELEN

TALKING IT OVER

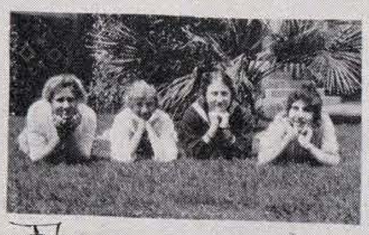
BE GOOD NOW

WHO CAUGHT EM?

BURBANKING IT

COMFORT

WHATCHADOIN?



FOUR OF A KIND

GEE IT'S HOT

PEEK-A-BOO

"VIRGINNY"

HAPPY SO HAPPY

I'm WATCHING YOU

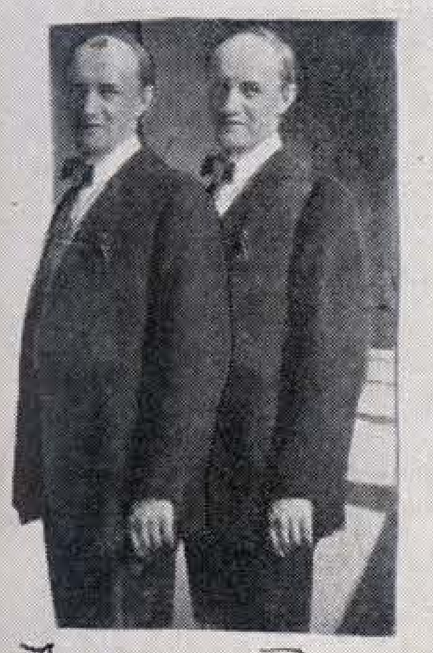
GO AHEAD

And addressed his people in this wise—
"As the waters of Niagara
Fall and thunder with great bellows,
So your voices fill this wigwam,
Well-nigh rend the top asunder.
We, the Council, have decided,
That from henceforth and forever,
Nevermore to lift our voices
During this Assemblyamus,
Save by order of Iagoo,
The great leader of the anthems,
Or, in making proclamations
Loud enough that all may hear us;
Even as this very moment
You who sit upon the bleachers
I am sure can hear me talking."

Therefore were the people quiet
And a great calm fell upon them,
But their hearts were filled with sadness
And their minds with resolutions.

On one bright and glorious morning
During the Assemblyamus,
The great Seer, Rowell-eellis,
Came and stood before the people;
Told them with enthusiasm
That all other things being equal,
They could raise two hundred dollars
Just by all cooperating
Each one helping another.
All these jitneys, this great wampum,
Was to help buy a piano.
The old tom-tom piano
Spoiled the minstrels dispositions,
Made their hearts all hot within them
Like burning coals their hearts were.
Truly half the sounding boards stuck,
And the foot paddles made moanings
Such as winds make in the forest
When the Moon of Falling Leaves comes.

Thus our Aunt from California
Filled the peoples' hearts with laughter,
And the Pensioner's Plea
Warnings sent to every maiden.

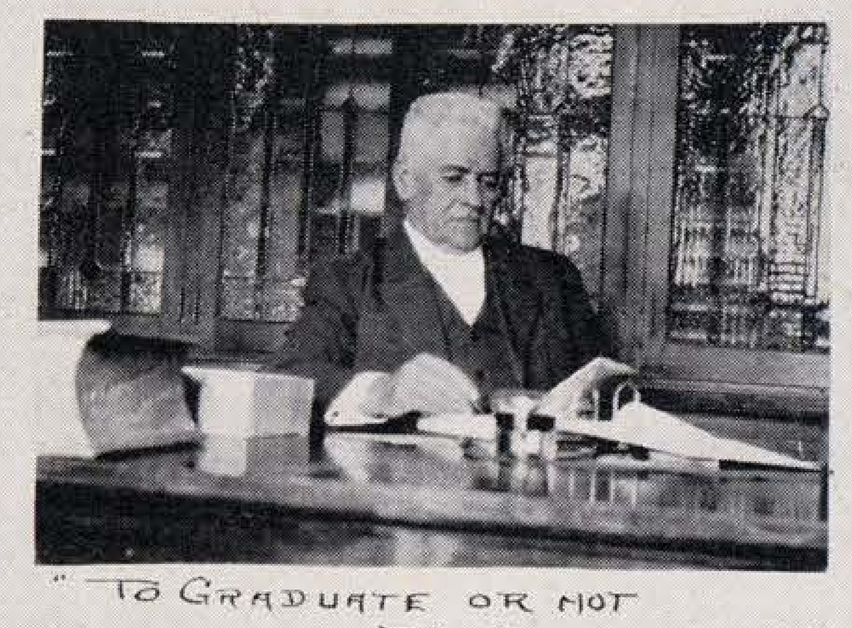


INGERSON BROTHERS

WONDER WHAT THEY SEE?

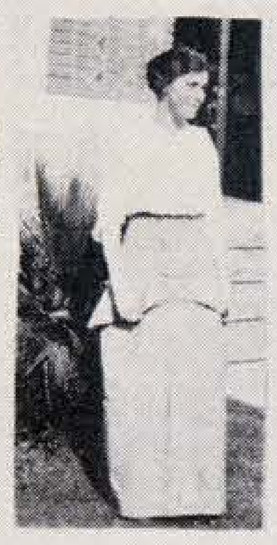
A NEW FRIEND AND A GOOD ONE TOO

NOISY BOY



"TO GRADUATE OR NOT TO GRADUATE"

SNAPS



SHAVE OR HAIRCUT?

THE ONE QUIET SPOT

N.O'B
SMILE AND ALL

DAD AND I

A LITTLE GOSSIP

THE ACE OF QUEENS

Then Iagoo trained the singers
In the lore of long past music,
Brought the minstrels, the great dances,
For the pleasure of the people,
From the land of Choralolis,
From the region of the Swiftfeet,
From New York and San Francisco,
Portland, Niles and Santa Rosa.

Still within the stately wigwam
Dwells the mighty Daily-Keewis,
Still the people come in numbers,
To get wisdom which will show them
How to teach the young papooses,
Who are eager to gain knowledge.
Thus the mighty tribe will prosper
Guided by the great wise Council.

—Jeannette Searight.

* * * *

BOWMAN PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION IN "THEORY OF MANUAL TRAINING"

BARKING FOR THE MAIN TENT

STUDIOUS ONES!

News from Home

TWO TAPS! FIRES OUT

GIRLS - GIRLS - GIRLS

"EVERYBODY HAPPY"

BRIDGET AND SEERESS

MOTORCYCLE TWINS

WE'RE READY

HEAVENS! POSTER

'TWEEN CLASSES

SURPRISED

Miss Fisher teaches methods you know,
And when into her class you do go
You must sit very straight
And **never** be late
And sing lustily do, mi, do.

* * * *

Last year to our dear school there came
A prof.—Mr. Pierson by name,
He loves the bugs so
On long tramps the class go
And the girls think they'll never get "hame".

* * * *

Mr. Wilson, the Mt. Hamilton guide,
Fixes so each one may have a ride.
He get's us a truck,
Wishes us no ill luck,
Has a record both far and both wide.

* * * *

One class in the school makes you dream
Of Bourne, Mace, McMurry, 'twould seem.
'Tiss Miss Smith as you know
Who burdens you so
Until all night long you could scream.

* * * *

Mrs. Rousseau is our preceptress stern
Who sees that right from wrong we should learn
And makes us hate
To stay up late
And the foolish midnight oil burn.

* * * *

Miss Sprague is the lady so sweet
Whose methods class sure is a treat,
The tales she does tell,
And the stories—oh! well—
Suffice it—her class can't be beat.

* * * *

When you're near to our dear friend Miss Royce,
If you're wise you will ne'er raise your voice,
If you speak but a word
And that word should be heard
You'll be hustled outside without choice.

* * * *

WANTED:

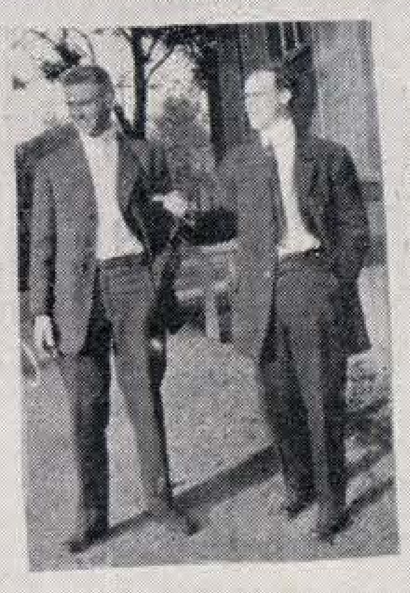
One perpetual blooming carnation tree. Must produce one three-inch carnation for every school day.

DR. M. E. DAILEY.

Tom Street
By himself
(a sight seldom seen)

Cub

"Happy" Smith



Evolution and
Its Exponent

"Dr M. E. Jr"
One of
"Us Boys"

The Facts of the
Case

George

"The Old Guard"

Joe

"OUR FRIENDS".

There are people whom everyone knows,
There are those who are friends and are foes,
But now I shall tell
Of the ones you know well,
Their sorrows, their joys, and their woes.

In our midst a musician there is,
And music most melodious is his,
Mr. Mosher his name,
He will soon acquire fame,
Then him from our presence we'll miss.

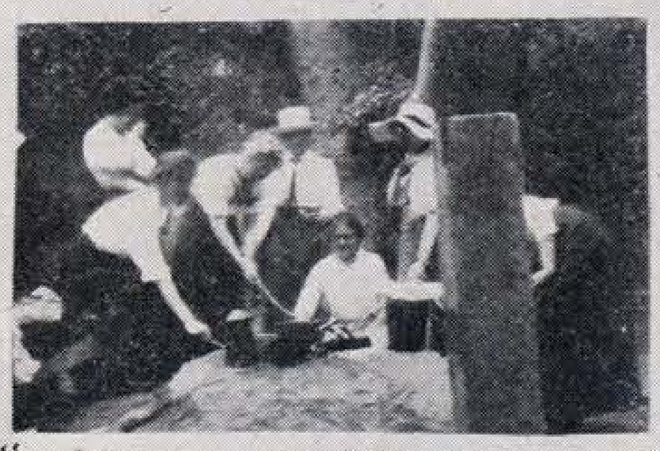
See that girl who is jumping around,
Who can scarcely ere sedate be found?
A jolly girl she,
Helen Jones it must be,
She in life's joy does surely abound.

An actor named **Jack** came this way,
But alas! oh! how short was his stay,
Still remains here his fame
And his "real truly" name,
'Tis Thad Stevens—our hero so gay.

Who was it that forever did say
Have your picture taken **this** day?
A worried man he
Yon can plainly see,
Earle Shaw, once so happy and gay.

When Chico was entertained here,
An event which occurred just this year,
Who managed the thing?
Whose praise shall we sing?
Miss Forsythe—a worker don't fear.

"We've got Chico's goat," she sang,
The assembly with echoes rang.
She led us so well,
The rest you can tell—
Our president—we'll lose with a pang.



"CAMP COOKERY"

BLUE MONDAY? NEVER!

MRS. CHAS. A. JOHNSON

"MATTIE"

ELSIE AND HER HOUSEKEEPING BABY

SISTERS? CERTAINLY.

"TEX" WHITE — WILL IRON FLOAT?
TRAINING SCHOOL BOY — IT MIGHT IF YOU NAILED IT TO A BOARD.

* * * *

Wouldn't it sound funny to hear:

Mr. Bland say, "I have given up wearing a skull cap."

Our supervisors say, "You are the best teacher I have had in my department—take a trip to Tahoe at my expense."

Mr. Empster say, "Oh dear me, yes, anytime you want to get in the building on Sunday or at night, just phone and I'll be right over with the key."

Dr. Dailey say, "Oh Mr. Wilson, you ought to see my new English-cut suit."

* * * *

Ask Kenneth Slater to tell you about the time he occupied a cell for three whole days for attempting to hold up the Shasta Limited. Oh girls you don't know what a desperate character he is.

* * * *

Laverne Culbertson: "Yes sir, I expect to have a position soon that will pay me a salary of $3000 per year. Then I shall marry and settle down. I shall pick me out a tall wife about the size of—"

Shaw: "Miss Garcia."

Exit Shaw in great haste, Culbertson in hot pursuit.

* * * *

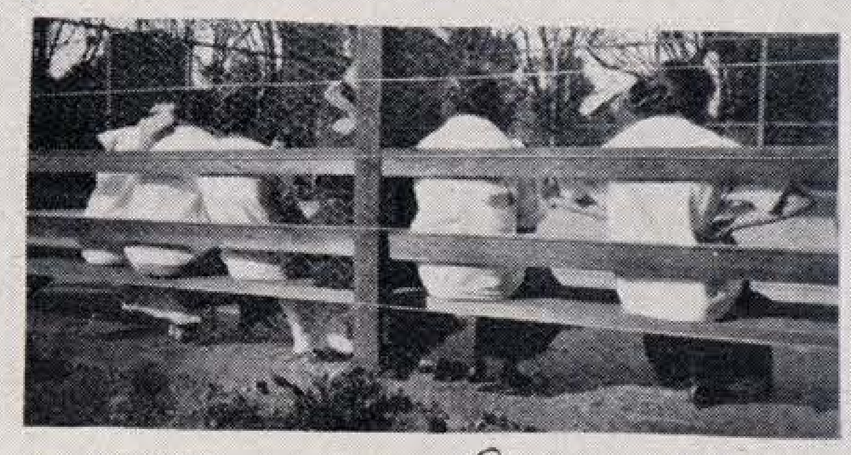
WANTED:

One shot gun and man to operate same to keep birds from stealing red, white and blue yarn from primary arts room.

MR. W. S. MARTEN.

Two Sharks

Slam!



Tennis Courting

Speed

Ready!

Serve!

SHOOT!

INTERESTING NEWS

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

INTRODUCE ME

THE PILOT

HOW MANY CALORIES IN TEN CHOCOLATES?

LOOK PLEASANT PLEASE!

ONE OF THE ROSES

THE MORRIS E'S

MEXICAN SITUATION

"LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP"

BANDED TOGETHER FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION

HE'S GOT THE CRAZE

EARLE AND THE SMILE

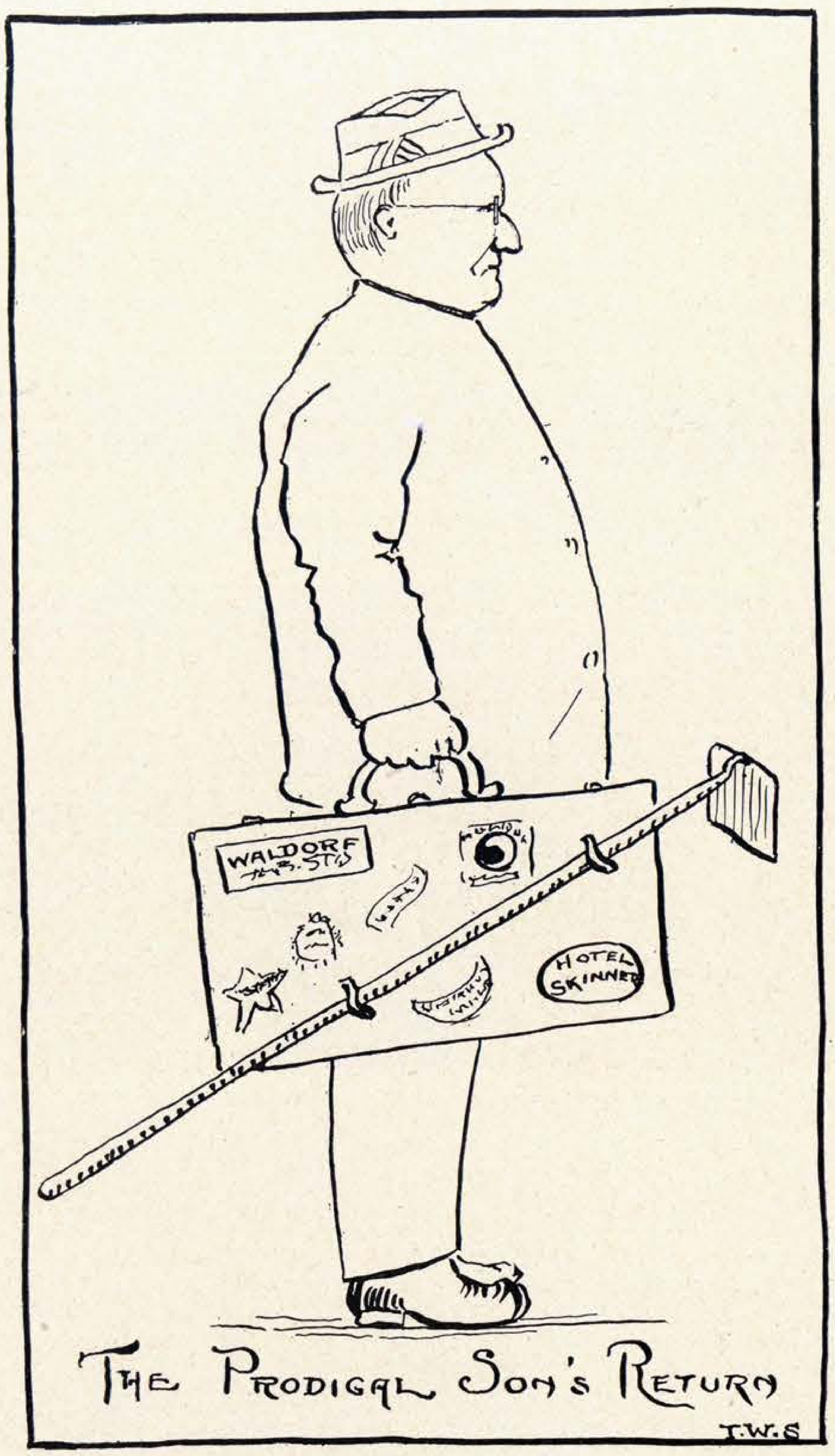
"WHAT SHALL I DO WHEN HOPE IS GONE"?

"CUTTING"

SPEED MAD

THE ALWAYS READY PAIR

BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE



One day Mr. Wood packed his grip,
And decided to take a nice trip;
To the East did he go,
With his shiny new hoe,
On farming to get a new tip.

* * * *

Motorist: "What seems to be the matter with her?"

Mr. Wilson: "Well, she's rated a thirty horse power and from the way she acts I would say that twenty-nine of the horses just died."

Out on Second

"This is the Life"

Bill in Citizens Clothes

Tex

A. B. C. Conference

The Line-up

WASHDAY IN THE SHACKS

QUIET FOR ONCE

READY FOR DIETETICS

Just Before The Dietetics Ex.

Just before examination
How we worry and we stew,
Why! we eat our very note books;
With a big cap C in view.
Mod'fied milk, metabolism,
Dietary sheets all told;
How we tried to feed the baby
From 1. mo. to 2 y'rs old.

Miss Mignon please don't be cruel
Ask us questions that we'll know,
On the calories that we've eaten
We can hardly make a show.

E.E.K

TWINS

CHUMS

FIVE MINUTES TO EX. TIME

MISS O'NEALE'S FOREIGN ELEMENT

Home Sweet Home

* * * *

Illah Bryan: "I think I shall slip on my rain coat and take a book over to the library."

Agnes D.: "Oh, don't you think of going out in this rain, why it isn't fit for a dog to be out—let Tom go."

* * * *

See here, "Spig" Worden, the next time you leave a young lady's house at 11:59 p. m. on your motorcycle, be sure the front gate is open before you ride through it.

* * * *

Emma Street says that up in Sonoma county the glow worms are so big that the farmers mistake them for lanterns carried by some melon thieves.

* * * *

Mr. Wood (Agriculture): Mr. Fisher, what day is this?"
Fisher (awakening): "Let me see. Oh, this is Sunday!"

* * * *

Miss McFadden: "I certainly do not believe in fortune tellers. Why one once told me I would marry before I was twenty years old."

COUNTING THE DUCATS

"GOODA BYE"

"ZEE" COULDN'T GO

THE START

OH SUCH A VIEW!

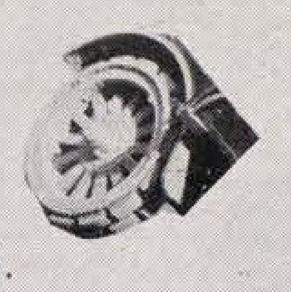
LUNCH — BEFORE AND

YE TOP

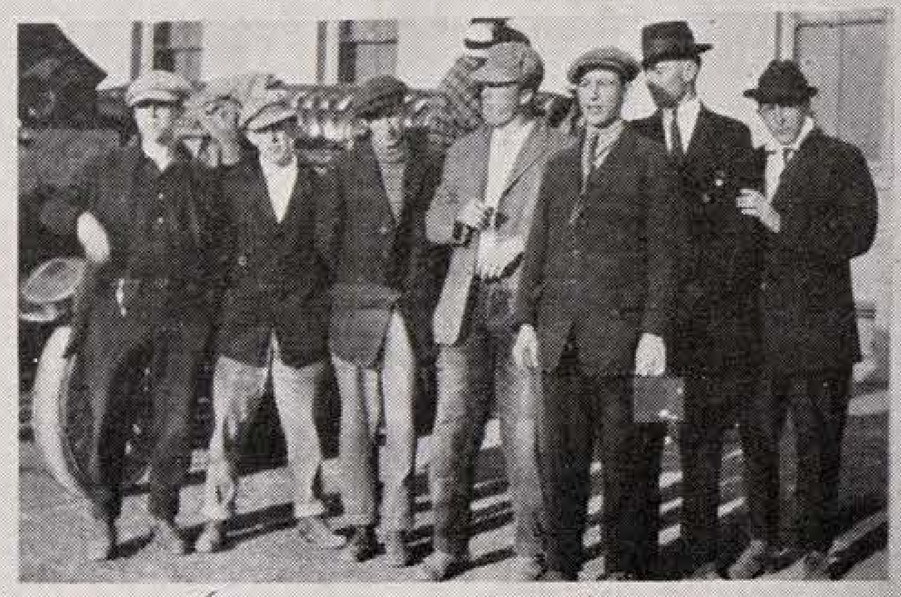
RAILBIRDS

AFTER

WHY WE GOT HOME AT 3 A.M.



SHOW US THE MOON



ROYAL KNIGHTS OF THE HIGHWAY

THAT SENIOR SHOW.

1

At Normal they once gave a play,
A farce—just a scream—so they say,
So now unto you
I'll tell things—a few
That made that one evening so gay.

2

Three maids to a strict school were sent,
But they—strange (?) on some tricks were bent,
To have a nice "feed"
They all had agreed,
And to some jolly spirits give vents.

3

The evening arrived, fair and clear,
But these maidens trembled with fear,
For the preceptress dread
In her foxy head
Had a "hunch" of festivity near.

4

Then more terror to add to their woes,
A burglar, greatest of foes,
They **knew** concealed lay,
'Neath their sofa that day,
But—from behind it—Kathleen arose.

5

She wept with a terrible wail
And before the irate girls did quail.
An Irish maid she,
Who unequalled must be
For telling a most wonderful tale.

6

Then **Jonas**, the gardener, appeared,
He of burglars **never** "affeared".
To help these maids fair,
He did more than his share,
And Kathleen through a dance later steered.

7

And then through the window came in
Three young men to add to the din,
Tom, Harold, and Jack,
A right lively pack.
And then all the fun did begin.

PARACHUTE DROP

A LONG AND TWO SHORT

ED AND ONE OF HIS FRIENDS

AFTER LUNCH

EXPRESSION A LA MISS PAYNE

GILBERT WAS FUSSED

OVERWORKED

A LARGE PART OF THE FEAST

BEAUTIES AND THE BEASTS

TRAITOR THOU ART A DEAD OAK

But first a mistake did they make
And into the basket did take
The professor—poor man—
It was not in their plan,
And the party almost did break.

Calamity followed fast then,
For Miss Judkins—that "cranky old hen",
Came in stealthily,
To that little partee,
And frightened them—even the men.

But at length it was ended all well
As in stories they always do tell.
And the faculty danced
While the servants they pranced,
For gay youth had broken the spell.

* * * *

TOAST.

Here's to our Normal teachers
(We love 'em, one and all),
May their dreams be free of red ink
And their standards not too tall.

* * * *

AUTOMOBILE ROW.

"What is this Fraud automobile we hear so much about?"

"You mean Ford."

"Well, what's the difference?"

Two dollars and forty cents."

* * * *

Ken Slater (men's feed): "Is John Hauck here?"

Dr. Dailey: "Yes, John is here. Oh, this isn't assembly you know."

* * * *

From a student teacher's weekly report of her pupils—

"John is failing because he is so carless."

Supervisor's comment—

"What kind of a car do you think he needs?"

* * * *

Dr. Dailey: "Let's see how many Seniors are not here?"

Flower: "All those who are not please rise."

Our Boy

May Day

Ralph Brown-Elmer

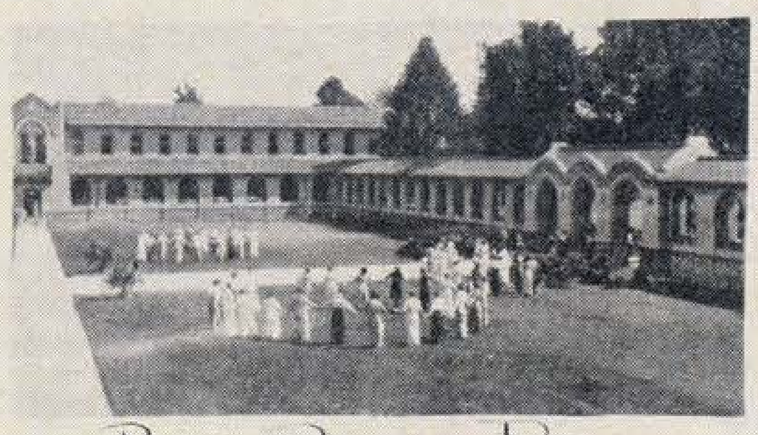
Old King Cole

Little Bo Peep

Four and Twenty Blackbirds

Kiddies

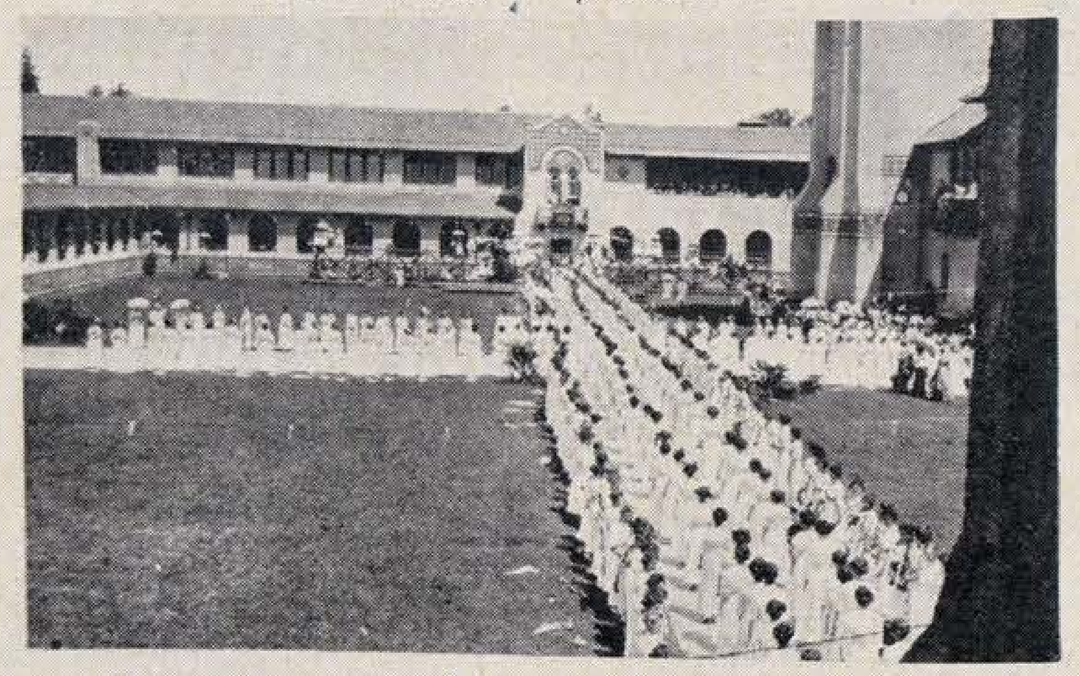
Snow White Quartette



Ring-Round-Rosy

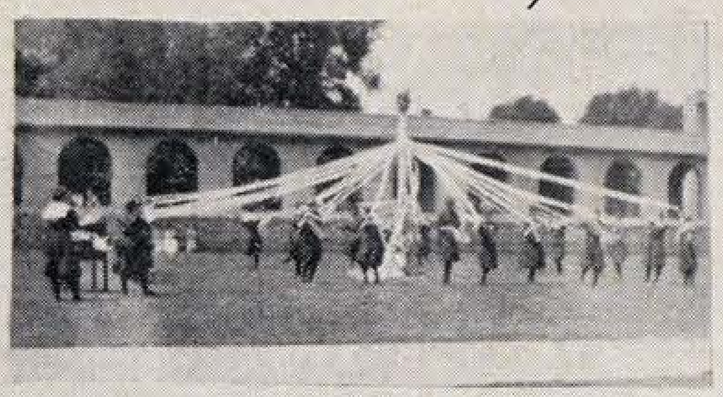
Sappho Allenian Garden Fete

Lantern Drill



Alma Mater

Alma Mater



Lawn Drill

Getting Ready

Directory

Compiled by J. G. Smith.

Abbott, Sabrie Elizabeth ..... Soledad, Monterey Co.
Adler, Hallie I ..... La Grange, Oregon
Akin, Lois M ..... 524 So. 9th St., San Jose
Anderson, Clara Delphine ..... Turlock, Calif.
Alvas, Manning L ..... Gilroy
Armstrong, Ethan Marion ..... 529 So. 4th St., San Jose
Arthur, Gladys ..... 32 Coe Ave., San Jose
Bacon, Doris ..... 681 So. 6th St., San Jose
Bacon, Edith I ..... Cook, Calif.
Baechtel, Elsie ..... 69 Wood St., Willits, Calif.
Baker, Mary F ..... Sunnyvale
Baker, Ethel Irene ..... Elk Grove, Sacramento Co., Calif.
Balm, Vera Regine ..... 1903 Albee St., Eureka, Calif.
Ballard, Ester Adele ..... Red Bluff, Cal
Bauman, Lillian May ..... 345 Coe Ave., San Jose
Baugh, Eva Mildred ..... Corning, Cal.
Bean, Mary I ..... 81 Schiele Ave., San Jose
Beattie, Mildred Hortense ..... French Camp, Cal.
Beckwith, Anne ..... 1611 I St., Eureka, Cal.
Bennett, Ruth ..... 3 Sanborn Ave., San Jose
Benson, Florence S ..... Patterson, Cal.
Bishop, Maud Bailey ..... Crockett, Cal.
Bloyd, Madella M ..... Prescott, Washington
Boardman, Virginia Dixon ..... 251 Embarcadero, Palo Alto
Bohn, Julia Christine ..... Fort Bragg, Cal.
Boulware, Helen Keith ..... 251 So. 17th St., San Jose
Boulware, Susie W ..... 251 So. 17th St., San Jose
Bovee, Lucella Catherine ..... 10 School St., Santa Cruz, Cal.
Bowden, Anna M ..... Benicia, Cal.
Bowden, Bethel ..... 1285 The Alameda, San Jose
Boyd, Charlotte L ..... Concord, Cal.
Brassell, Helen L ..... 100 Sudden St., Watsonville
Brearcliffe, Merle ..... Red Bluff, Cal.
Brennan, Helen E ..... Antioch, Cal.
Brittan, Alice Kirk ..... Marysville, Cal.
Bristow, Marion Lucile ..... 446 So. 11th St., San Jose
Brieger, Georgia Maxine ..... Placerville, Cal.
Broderick, Elma ..... Eureka, Cal.
Bromley, Harriet Rena ..... Salinas, Cal.
Brown, Alice Charlotte ..... Ceres, Cal.
Brown, Marion ..... 115 Baldwin Ave., San Mateo, Cal.
Brown, Wilda A ..... Eureka, Cal.

Bryan, Illah M.....Eureka, Cal.
Bryant, Berenice.....745 W. Park, Stockton, Cal.
Buchanan, Florence.....1331 7th, Eureka, Cal.
Burgun, Ethyl L.....New Pine Creek, Oregon
Burroughs, Viola.....Cayucos, Cal.
Butler, Merle.....304 So. Church St., Grass Valley, Cal.
Campbell, Alice A.....1625 L St., Sacramento
Campton, Jessie M.....429 J St., Eureka, Cal.
Caro, Rose E.....Burke, Idaho
Carlson, Hildegarde Elida.....31 Jerome St., San Jose
Carroll, Mary Idylyne.....63 So. 6th St., San Jose
Casarotti, Mabel Agnes.....R. D. No. 2, Box 184, Petaluma, Cal.
Caswell, Cora May.....Campbell, Cal.
Cassidy, Barbara Estelle.....El Paso, Texas
Chesnutt, Anna K.....468 N. 3rd St., San Jose
Church, Flora May.....R. R. No. 1, Petaluma, Cal.
Clark, Harriet Maud.....R. D. No. 9, Box 112, Campbell, Cal.
Clay, Myrtle.....Ventura, Cal.
Combs, Ellen Bernice.....Miranda, Humboldt Co., Cal.
Connolly, Mary Virginia.....322 Kentucky St., Petaluma, Cal.
Cook, Phoebe.....Campbell, Cal.
Cope, Helen Gertrude.....819 Gilman St., Berkeley, Cal.
Corbet, Arlie B.....R. D. No. 13, Cupertino, Cal.
Crossley, Elizabeth Hall.....600 S. 9th St., San Jose
Cunningham, Ruth Bernice.....Fair Oaks, Sacramento Co., Cal.
Curry, Ethel.....Campbell, Cal.
Daniels, E. Eugenia.....Capar, Mendocino Co., Cal.
Davis, Zoe.....San Miguel, Cal.
Davidson, Bessie Viola.....88 Ocean St., Santa Cruz, Cal.
Deane, Gertrude Estelle.....833 18th St., Merced, Cal.
Decarli, Josephine.....614 Van Buren St., Monterey, Cal.
Deiker, Juanita M.....San Mateo, Cal.
Dice, Helen.....R 13, Box 72, Cupertino, Cal.
Dick, Agnes.....Eureka, Cal.
Dowell, Claudia Leona.....Arroyo Grande, Cal.
Downing, Hazel A.....109 Dwight Road, Burlingame, Cal.
Duer, C. Marguerite.....Morgan Hill, Cal.
Duffy, Claire Adelia.....246 21st St., Merced, Cal.
Duran, Elsa Rae.....Visalia, Cal.
Durston, Mabel Jane.....124 S. Grand Ave., Lodi, Cal.
Dwight, Louis Daniel.....R. D. No. 15, Los Gatos, Cal.
Dyer, Priscilla Esther.....Morgan Hill, Cal.
Egan, Anna Margaret.....318 S. 10th St., San Jose
Eley, Marion.....690 S. 5th St., San Jose
Estabrook, Winifred Frances.....43 S. 17th St., San Jose
Etzel, Bertha A.....Dixon, Solano Co., Cal.
Everding, Ruth.....Arcata, Humboldt Co., Cal.
Faulds, John.....Sunnyvale, Cal.
Fikenscher, Anna M.....415 Acequia St., Visalia, Cal.
Fleener, Emma M.....Ceres, Cal.

Flower, Florence Enola.....Box 1342 M. St. Road, Sacramento, Cal.
Forsythe, Viola Elaine.....Williams, Cal.
Footman, Hilda Mildred.....124 S. N St., Madera, Cal.
Fortna, Georgia Ruth.....Orland, Glenn Co., Cal.
Frame, Artimecia .....Ferndale, Cal.
French, Abigail Ortley.....263 Spencer Ave., San Jose
French, Edith Helen.....Florin, Cal.
Fulton, Anita Marie.....Ceres, Cal.
Gale, Gertrude F.....Cloverdale, Cal.
Gansberger, Ruth Marguerite.....Mount Eden, Cal.
Garcia, Rosalia Louise.....407 W. School St., Visalia, Cal.
Gilgert, Birdie Barbara.....R. F. D. No. 4, Stockton, Cal.
Gosney, Marguerita.....501 N. Locust St., Visalia, Cal.
Going, Eunice Monica.....Jackson, Cal.
Goodwin, Vina.....Sunnyvale, Cal.
Graham, Margaret A.....Korbel, Cal.
Graham, Sarah J.....Arcata, Cal.
Graves, Jessie Bea.....Salinas, Cal.
Hagerty, Mary Claire.....Mountain View, Cal.
Hall, Helen M.....29 Baywood Ave., San Mateo, Cal.
Hall, Lynwood.....Box 211, Petaluma, Cal.
Halstead, Bess Leona.....Mountain View, Cal.
Hambleton, Francis (Mrs.).....Sebastopol, Cal.
Hamilton, Olive Katherine.....Rio Vista, Solano Co., Cal.
Harrington, Alma M.....Santa Margarita, Cal.
Harmon, Lucy Messec.....New Monterey, Cal.
Harris, Florence Isabel.....Winton, Merced Co., Cal.
Harris, Lena.....Dinuba, Cal.
Hart, Mary.....345 S. 9th St., San Jose
Hauck, John.....400 S. 9th St., San Jose
Hawkinson, Lawrence A.....Campbell, Cal.
Haydon, Edwina .....Hanford, Cal.
Heinsen, Alice T.....614 S. 12th St., San Jose
Heinsen, Ethel Elizabeth.....Jolon, Monterey Co., Cal.
Hess, Gertrude Marguerite.....Santa Cruz, Cal.
Hesse, Louise L.....Boulder Creek, Cal.
Hewitt, Mabel G.....Hardwick, Cal.
Hill, Ruth.....Arcata, Cal.
Hofleng, Catherine.....Hayward, Cal.
Hollingsworth, Mildred .....Denair, Cal.
Hong, Alice Trenette.....Ute, Iowa.
Houser, Marie Jeannetta.....Santa Clara, Cal.
Howe, Mary Kathryn.....Hayward, Cal.
Hubert, Willard.....2505 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
Huff, Lenora.....2440 7th St., Baker, Oregon
Jenney, Ina.....243 N. 9th St., San Jose
Johns, Clara G.....1811 O St., Sacramento, Cal.
Jones, Helen.....618 Mill St., Porterville, Cal.
Jones, Veta .....Petaluma, Cal.
Joses, Lucie Arelia.....San Andreas, Cal.

Jurgens, Evelyn Louise	3026 O St., Sacramento, Cal.
Katz, Lottie L.	41 Noble Ave., San Jose
Kelsey, Josephine	Mountain View, Cal.
Kennedy, Myrtle Juanita	165 N. 10th St., San Jose
Kensler, Goldie M.	Mountain View, Cal.
Ketchum, Zora J.	561 S. 11th St., San Jose
Kickinveldt, Sadie	31 N. 5th St., San Jose
Kleemeyer, Albert C.	161 Hicks Ave., San Jose
Knuppe, Iva May	Davis, Cal.
Kyle, Ruth Colean	419 Grand Ave., Pacific Grove, Cal.
Lackey, Eunice Elna	Gold Hill, Nevada
Leake, Edith M.	R. D. No. 21, San Jose
Leavy, Ella K.	San Mateo, Cal.
Leh, Jennie M.	169 S. 15th St., San Jose
Lernhart, Agnes Marguerite	Centerville, Cal.
Linderoth, Emma	590 Lincoln St., Santa Clara, Cal.
Livingston, Ella	Greenfield, Cal.
Lloyd, Margaret	Los Gatos, Cal.
Lowary, Rose Eleanore	Sebastopol, Cal.
Lovett, Harriet Powell	Galt, Cal.
Ludeman, Emma Henrietta	1334 Washington St., Red Bluff, Cal.
Lyng, Bernardine	Golconda, Nevada
McCaustland, Bessie M.	637 N. 2nd St., San Jose
McCurdy, Pearl	1122 J St., Eureka, Cal.
McIntosh, Hazel Christine	Roseville, Cal.
McKenzie, Irene Lehna	9 Pleasant Ave., San Jose
McKenzie, Louise Elvis	Clio, Plumas Co., Cal.
McKnight, Virginia	315 S. 7th St., San Jose
McLaren, Beatrice	547 Vine St., San Jose
McManus, Jessica Owen	528 Oak St., San Francisco, Cal.
McPhail, Leah	727 W. Main St., Visalia, Cal.
Macke, Margaret	357 S. 6th St., San Jose
Maddocks, Florence Elaine	Graton, Cal.
Maloy, Arthur H.	663 S. 9th St., San Jose
Martin, Marguerite J.	Nevada City, Cal.
Mason, Grace	535 S. 10th St., San Jose
Mason, Marguerite C.	Dos Palos, Cal.
Matthews, Jennie Bard	Arcata, Cal.
Meeker, Ruth Hazel	Sebastopol, Cal.
Meredith, Lucy Belle	Lakeport, Cal.
Mercadier, May	88 N. 15th St., San Jose
Messer, Theresa Emma	Hollister, Cal.
Mills, Ida Exona	Turlock, Cal.
Miller Ebba Ingebory	218 Union St., San Rafael, Cal.
Miller, Mamie Nell	Sebastopol, Cal.
Miller, Nan M	2188 E. 16th St., Portland, Oregon
Miller, Vada	2188 E. 16th St., Portland, Oregon
Misner, Anna Florence	Redwood City, Cal.
Money, Elma Florence	644 Randolph St., Napa, Cal.
Moore, Rachel M.	Monterey, Cal.

Morrell, Vera ..... Arcata, Cal.
Morse, Josephine E. ..... Watsonville, Cal.
Mosher, Raymond Mylar ..... Los Altos, Cal.
Molquist, Bonnie Nevada ..... Los Banos, Cal.
Munce, Tillie Carolyn ..... 1634 N St., Fresno, Cal.
Murley, Edith ..... Nevada City, Cal.
Murphy, Kate ..... Brentwood, Contra Costa Co., Cal.
Murray, Madeline M ..... 1259 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.
Myers, Alice ..... Arcata, Cal.
Nason, Rose Evelyn ..... Monterey, Cal.
Naylor, Jessie Winnona ..... Morgan Hill, Cal.
Needham, Muriel Bernard ..... Lodi, Cal.
Neighbor, Darlene Elizabeth ..... Pacific Grove, Cal.
Nesman, Hazel E. ..... Eureka, Cal.
Nicholson, Emma Hazel ..... Watsonville, Cal.
Nicora, Matilda Florence ..... Mabury Road, San Jose
Nixon, Enid Frances ..... Sutter Creek, Amador Co., Cal.
Noel, Leora ..... Visalia, Cal.
Nutting, Clara ..... Anderson, Shasta Co., Cal.
Odell, Emma Barbara ..... 116 N. M St., Tulare, Cal.
O'Donnell, Isabel Margaret ..... Fresno, Cal.
Oesterling, Gladys E ..... 2014 Second St., La Grande, Oregon
Ogden, G. Muriel ..... Nevada City, Cal.
Ostrander, Catharine ..... Watsonville, Cal.
Owen, E. Hildegarde ..... Caspar, Cal.
Palmer, Grace Evelyn ..... 314 N. 1st St., San Jose
Palmtag, Marie ..... Hollister, Cal.
Palstine, Vivian ..... 381 S. 6th St., San Jose
Parsons, Rowena ..... Ceres, Cal.
Parton, Clyde Geraldine ..... Eagle Point, Oregon
Patchett, Docia Isabel ..... Annapolis, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Penny, Alberta Florence ..... Los Gatos, Cal.
Peterson, Clara M. ..... Fowler, Cal.
Peterson, Olive Karen ..... Turlock, Cal.
Perkins, Virginia Bell ..... 725 W. Willis Ave., Visalia, Cal.
Phillips, Stella Irene ..... Arroyo Grande, Cal.
Porter, Mabel B. ..... Galt, Cal.
Post, Emma Louise ..... Los Gatos, Cal.
Purvine, Lena ..... Petaluma, Cal.
Quinn, Blanche M. ..... Benicia, Cal.
Ranker, Mrs. Amy Fiske ..... Dunsmuir, Cal.
Rathburn, Elizabeth June ..... 125 N. Hutchins St., Lodi, Cal.
Reese, Vida ..... 93 N. 33rd St., San Jose
Reiser, Sadie Charlotte ..... 123 S. 11th St., San Jose
Rice, Frances ..... Willows, Glenn Co., Cal.
Richardson, Caroline Anita ..... Esporto, Yolo Co., Cal.
Robinson, Katherine Meta ..... Rio Vista, Cal.
Rogers, Tessie Belle ..... 1065 S. 10th St., San Jose
Roos, Barbara E. ..... Davis, Cal.
Rosasco, Edyth M. ..... Chinese Camp, Cal.

Rutland, Asenath ..... 457 Moss Ave., Oakland, Cal.
Rutledge, Ruth Ann ..... Woody, Kern Co., Cal.
Sams, Frances Teresa ..... Korbel, Cal.
Sandilands, Vivian ..... Porterville, Cal.
Saunders, Ida Myrtle ..... 745 University Ave., San Jose
Sawyer, Merna M. ..... Campbell, Cal.
Shaw, Earle Jones ..... Berryessa, Cal.
Shaw, Flora ..... Coquille, Oregon
Sheehy, Anna T. ..... Nipoma, Cal.
Shields, Lolo J. ..... 1700 Alum Rock Ave., San Jose
Sinclair, Pearle ..... Winters, Cal.
Sibley, White Anna ..... Dinuba, Cal.
Siesenop, Lorena May ..... Slatington, Cal.
Siple, Olive G. ..... Oakley, Cal.
Skinner, Rilda Marie ..... Mountain View, Cal.
Slater, Kenneth N ..... Mountain View, Cal.
Smith, Adah ..... Santa Rosa, Cal.
Smith, Winona A. ..... Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal.
Smythe, Nell ..... Bunny, Shasta Co., Cal.
Snyder, Lucille Holbrook ..... 324 24th St., Oakland, Cal.
Stahele, Bertha A. ..... Kelseyville, Lake Co., Cal.
Steele, Annie Mary ..... Lodi, Cal.
Stephenson, Helena ..... 263 Meridian Road, San Jose
Stevens, Thad Walker ..... 101A Senter Road, San Jose
Stevens, Ethelyn Louise ..... Redwood City, Cal.
Stewart, Ida Virginia ..... Hanford, Cal.
Strange, Wren ..... Lodi, Cal.
Stratton, Ruth ..... 521 E St., Marysville, Cal.
Street, Emma Aletha ..... Sebastopol, Cal.
Street, Thomas Beverly ..... Sebastopol, Cal.
Strickland, Cora Louise ..... Madison, Yolo Co., Cal.
Strickland, Ruth Elizabeth ..... Madison, Cal.
Stuart, Annette ..... Mountain View, Cal.
Swain, Alma Estella ..... Sebastopol, Cal.
Swift, Juanita ..... Napa, Cal.
Sykes, Josephine ..... Mauston, Wisconsin.
Taverner, (Badger, Frances Taverner) ..... 912 Boulevard, Ashland, Oregon
Taylor, Ola Rose ..... Parkfield, Monterey Co., Cal.
Teal, Maude ..... Ferndale, Cal.
Terwilliger, Eva May ..... 175 S. 17th St., San Jose
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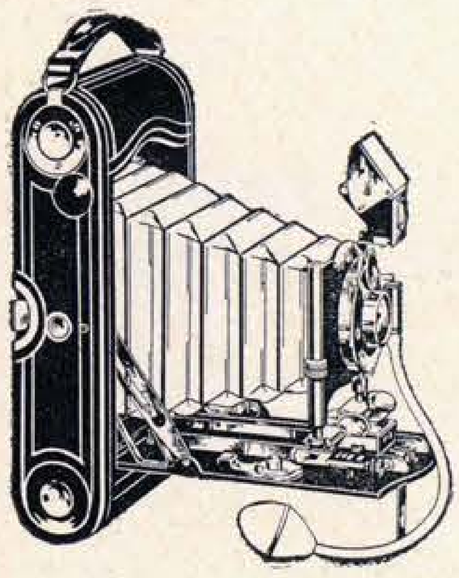

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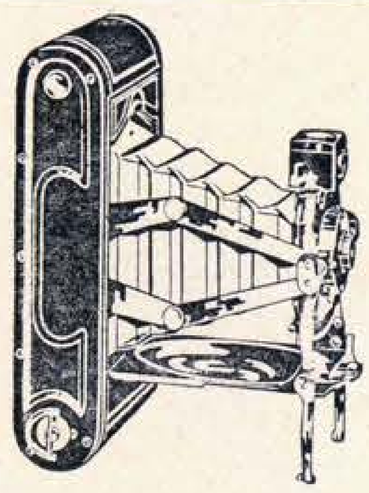

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