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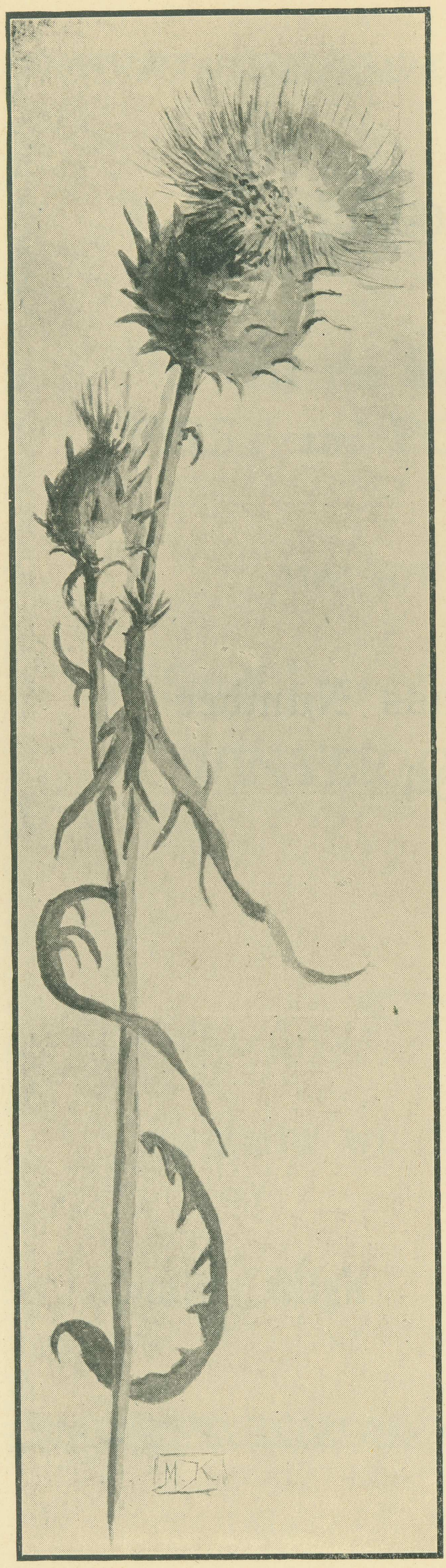
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December Class Number

1904

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Motto:

Success Means Effort,

Effort Means Success.

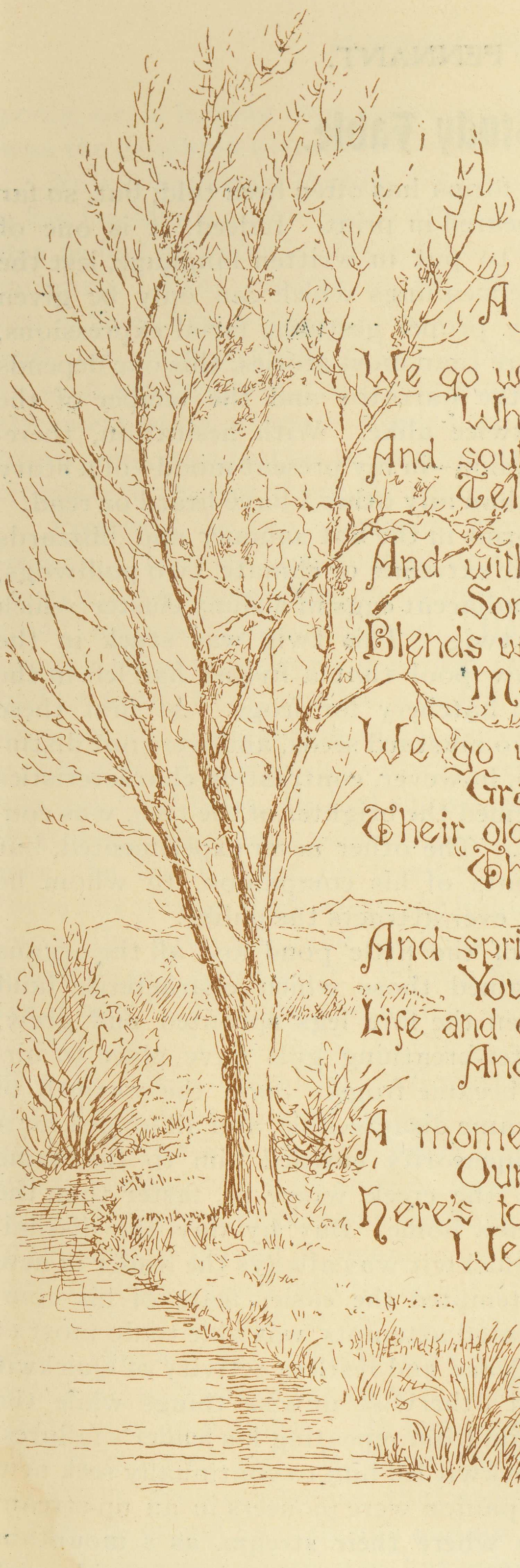
Class of December, 1904

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A December Farewell.

We go when yellow leaves strewn thick,
When harvest fruits in store,
And south winds whispering of the rain
Tell that the year is o'er.

And with the white frost's chilly breath
Something akin to pain
Blends with our joy, for Normal days
May not be ours again.

We go when mountain springs revived,
Grass blade and fringing fern,
Their old time message sing once more,
The spring will soon return.

And spring-time joy leaps in our hearts,
Youth's pulse beats warm and strong;
Life and our work are all before,
And years are full and long.

A moment pause; our debt record,
Our gratitude repeat.
Here's to the Past! O Future, haste!
We hail thy coming feet!

Ruth Royce

Two Frogs.--A Nature Study Fable.

THE following story in various forms has often been told; but, so far as I know, has never before appeared in print. Indeed, it is one of those stories which one is loath to put in written language, lest the reader fail to get some of the subtile meanings which can only be given by spoken words accompanied by proper gestures, facial expressions, and modulations of the voice. More than most stories, this one depends for its effect upon the mood of the narrator and the temper of the audience. It should never be told twice alike. With hesitation, therefore, I present to the reader my version—in my present mood—of a story which has been worth more to me than any other I have heard or read.

In a country where thunder storms in the hot summer and blizzards in the cold winter characterize the extremes of climate, two polliwogs, one spring day, were hatched from adjacent eggs in a slimy cluster which the mother frog had attached to a twig. This twig was stuck in the black, muddy bottom of a shallow pool that a freshet had left in the upper flood-bed of a creek—a model hatchery for frogs. At first these two polliwogs were as like as two mustard seeds, and were not distinguishable from their fellows. Soon, however, contrasting characteristics began to develop. One, who seemed the brighter of the two, was constantly trying to do new things. The other never experimented, but awkwardly imitated the easier feats of his companion, to whom he became attached by the power that ever attracts the unlike.

In due time the inhabitants of the little pond lost all the organs which allied them to fish and gained those which characterize land animals. First, the hinder legs, then the fore legs sprouted and grew; the tails were absorbed; the water-breathing gills gave place to air-breathing lungs and the polliwogs became frogs. Soon the warmth of the stagnant water in the pond became disagreeable, and all longed for a cooler home. The frog whose superiority entitled him to the name Quickwit led in the migration to the creek where he, faster than the others, learned the secrets of their new home. Day by day the dissimilarity of the two friends grew. Quickwit was always the leader in new enterprises. Slowboy patiently attempted the easier feats of his companion; and, by earnest and repeated attempts, was able to do most of them fairly well. The self confidence and restless activity of Quickwit often caused him to do rash and otherwise unwise things while the plodding nature of Slowboy kept him from repeating his leader's failures.

The adventurous spirit of Quickwit led him to continually seek new fields. He and his inseparable companion were pioneers in an up-stream migration that brought them to where their stream, as a mountain brook, plunged with a roar over falls, sang joyously along rapids and murmured among boulders in its quieter course. Here the friends were very happy. The one could try his power in swift currents and swirling

pools; or, in leaping from rock to rock in the torrents; while the other was the delighted witness of feats he could not emulate.

Now it happened that by this brook lived a dairyman who supplied a few fastidious customers in a village at the foot of a mountain. One day he had an order for five gallons of cream to be delivered the next morning. That evening he put the cream in a ten-gallon can. It was one of those hot evenings when sheet lightning plays along the horizon and one longs to climb up out of the sultry air into a purer atmosphere. In such weather milk and cream sour easily. The dairyman, anxious for the safety of his cream, concluded to place it in the cold water of the brook; and, as a further precaution, left the lid off, so that air could freely circulate in the can above the cream.

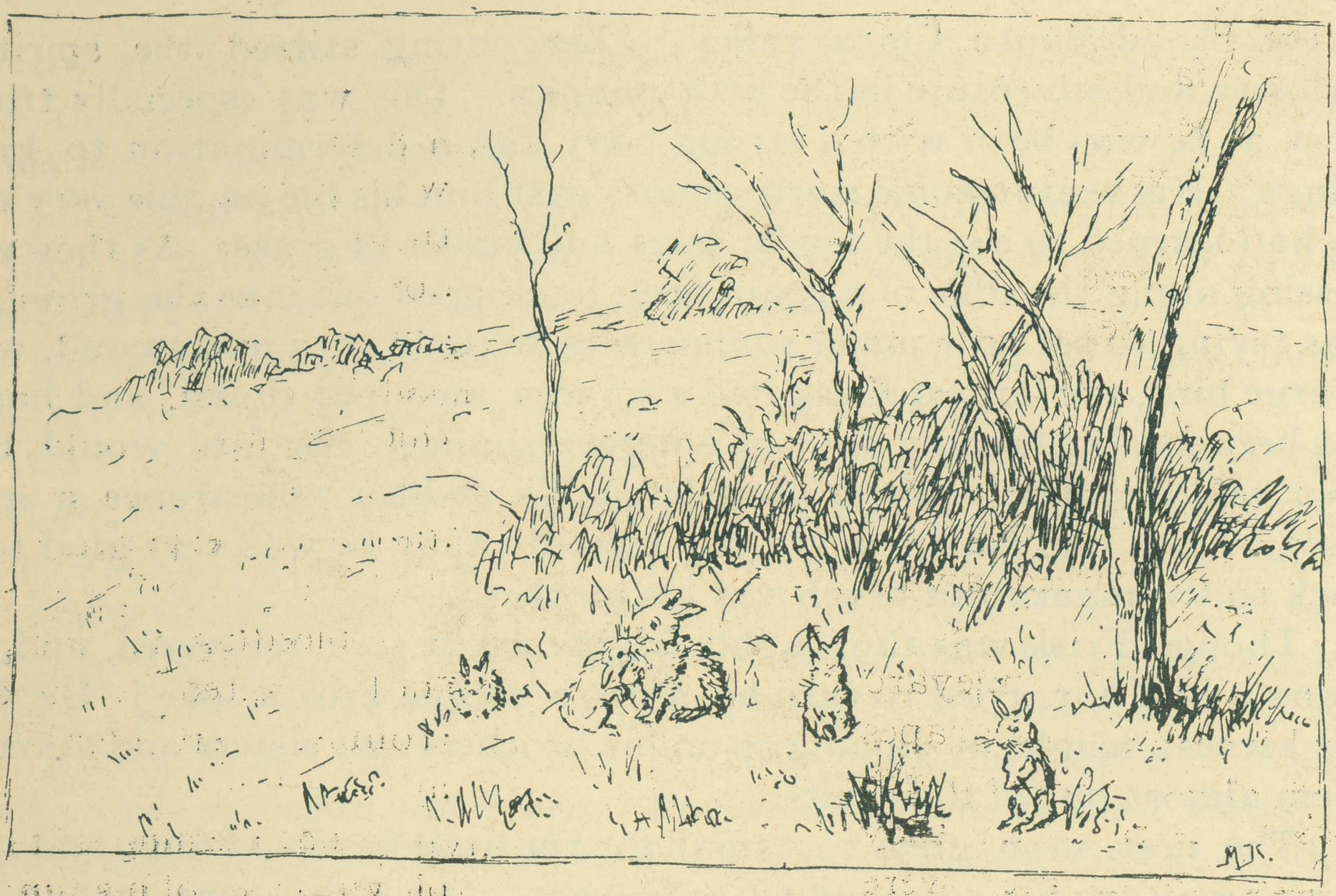
Presently the two frogs came hopping along in search of night-flying insects. The sheen of moonlight on the polished tin can caught the eye of Quickwit who concealing his astonishment—for he boasted that nothing could surprise him—exclaimed, "Hello! Here's a new boulder in our brook! What a beauty! A perfect cylinder, and so smooth!" Slowboy had no words to express his wonder; so, as was his wont, he silently awaited the explanation of the phenomenon that he was sure his friend would give. Quickwit was always ready to account for every happening and any condition. He had shown, to his own satisfaction at least, why lightning flashed and thunder rolled. He had a theory which explained why the brook went on forever. "You see," said he, "there must be rocks like this up there where the lightning plays. One got loose, rolled down the mountain and, striking that black boulder, whirled into the brook on end as we see it. What a fine place to sit, up there! I think I'll try it now." He chose the nearest rock from which to leap. In the first attempt he failed to reach the top and fell back into the water. "Good!" he said, "It's a big leap. I'll warrant the other frogs can't make it. I shall have that shining rock all to myself." Resting a bit, he put forth all his strength in a leap which carried him over the edge of the can where, instead of a solid surface, he saw a chasm half filled with a white liquid into which he plunged headlong. Upon recovering from the shock of the unexpected fall he swam to the surface; and, though much frightened, cooly examined into the situation. The smooth sides, perpendicular and arching inward at the top, evidently could not be scaled by even a frog's clinging feet. There was no chip or other floating thing from which to jump out of the cavern; and to leap from the surface of the cream was impossible. He had learned by an experience in a whirlpool that frogs need air. He knew that to keep afloat with his head in the air would require exertion that sooner or later would exhaust him. In the end he would have to sink and die. To prolong life was to add to his present agony. There was but one thing for a sensible frog to do. He sank quietly to the bottom and died.

Slowboy, who had seen his friend disappear and had heard the splash

when he struck the cream, became anxious in the following silence. Finally anxiety overcame all fear for himself and he determined to follow Quick-wit into the hollow rock. Nerved by a sense of duty he jumped higher than he had ever jumped before. The third effort carried him into the can. At the bottom he struck the dead body of his friend. A great fear seized him. Rushing wildly to the surface of the cream he kept frantically struggling to escape from the white, slippery cruel liquid until the paroxysm of terror gave way to exhaustion. Then, striving only to keep his head above the cream, he thought, "All this struggling is useless. Quickwit saw that escape from this death trap is impossible. Like a sensible frog he saw the folly of prolonging his suffering by a useless struggle against inevitable death. Sooner or later I must sink in this horrid, slimy, ghostly liquid. The wise thing to do is clear. I ought to go down and die by the side of my friend." But something seemed to say to him, "It is your duty to keep trying to get out of this place, where to remain is to die. You must not weakly await death by merely keeping afloat as long as possible. You must fight death with all your power." So, poor Slowboy kept jumping and jumping, growing weaker and weaker; but persistently, though hopelessly, struggling upward toward the opening which seemed to move farther off and grow narrower as his strength ebbed slowly away.

In concluding an explanation to his customer the next day the dairy-man said, "When I went to get the can this morning I found in it a big ball of butter floating in buttermilk. Taking the can to the house I emptied it and found in the bottom a big dead frog! I suppose the silly thing jumped into the can and churned the butter trying to get out."

VOLNEY RATTAN.



Biography of a Rabbit.

ONE bright morning in May, 1902, a wee bunny, after scuffling and scrambling past his three brothers and sisters, peeped out of a cozy nest and looked up through the thick tops of the overhanging manzanita and greasewood, and saw the big red sun for the first time. He sat there and blinked at the big light and watched Chuck, the wood-rat, as he carried huge sticks and placed them in his mountainous nest. He watched and wondered for the world was new to him.

He had not been out long till his mother came home with her ears pricked forward and her fur all drabbled with dew.

Though Frisk had never seen her thus before, he knew her, and at her low call was the first of the brothers and sisters to hurry to her and enjoy his breakfast. They scuffled and crowded but Frisk was strong and held his own.

After breakfast the mother gave a note of warning, and, without waiting for an explanation, the wee rabbits tumbled over each other back into the nest and lay very still. They soon forgot their fright and fell asleep.

The little bunnies grew remarkably fast and soon ventured many yards away from the nest. They were on the best of terms with Chuck and his friends. Often in their games they would play hide and seek about his great nest.

It was a great day for the lively little family when Mrs. Bunny took them far up the side of the mountain into the open and gave them a view

of the broad Santa Clara valley. The outing stirred the spirit o curiosity and adventure in the little bunnies. This was especially true o Frisk as he was born with a strong body and a determination to know things. His venturesome spirit almost cost him his life on this very day He had learned to eat the tender buds and blades of grass. As they were passing along the edge of a grain field, he skipped out into the grain and was trying to see how many sommersets he could turn in a second, when a large bird, the largest Frisk had ever seen, swooped down, and had it not been for the friendly door of a digger-squirrel, his fate would have been sealed. The squirrel considered his sudden appearance a great discourtesy, and buffeted him so soundly that he was very glad to fly back to the manzanita brush and his mother.

Though Frisk was thoroughly frightened he soon recovered, and, like many a bad boy, tried to turn his narrow escape into a joke. He took the keenest delight in slipping up on his brothers and sisters and startling them almost out of their wits.

The nest soon grew too small for the little family of four, and it became necessary for someone to move out. As Frisk was strong and willful, he kept the old nest for himself, and the rest were forced away Chuck gave them lodgings in his roomy quarters.

It was the delight of the little group to sally forth into a vineyard or a young fruit orchard,on a starry night,and feast on the young grapes or tender bark of the fruit trees. It was on such a night that Snap, the coyote, rushed upon them and caught both of Frisk's sisters before they could escape into the thick brush. Poor Frisk and his brother were paralyzed with fright, and remained hiding all the next day. When night came they bade good-bye to the only home they had ever known. They traveled far down the mountain side to a place near the home of a solitary rancher, and there, in their lonliness, took up their abode. They had never seen man before, but this one never molested them, and they soon became quite fearless. They feasted upon his vegetables and luscious grapes, and grew to be quite large in the short space of a few months.

This made them feel quite capable of meetitg the world for themselves and caused them to take risks that they would not have dared in their former home.

Frisk was always the leader, and it was through his daring that new sorrow came upon him. He had led the way far out into the open early one evening when he heard a sudden rush of feet. It was only through his utmost efforts that he was able to reach a place of hiding before the swift-footed hounds could reach him. He never saw his brother again, but it is not hard to guess his fate. Poor Frisk was stupid with fear and lonliness—the only one left of the happy little family that had frisked and played about the huge nest of Chuck in the thick tangles of the manzanita and greasewood bushes. He was dazed from it all; age seemed to be creeping into his very bones. This last great

sorrow weighed him down; he was more cautious and went out but little, and then only at night. It was weeks before Frisk could feel that his name was at all appropriate to himself.

Christmas was drawing nigh, its spirit was in the air, and Frisk seemed to drink it in. He was the same frolicking young sage rabbit of some weeks before—he was his real self again.

Holidays had come and the jingle and tingle of life was coursing through the veins of many a school boy, turned loose.

Chas. and Wilbur for months had been planning a big tramp through the hills, and the first bright morning of the holidays found them on their way with guns and lunch. They toiled and scrambled up hill through the brush till noon without success at hunting. They threw themselves down by a cool spring near a rancher's house and began eating their dinner. Wilbur soon spied a rabbit basking in the sun on a bushy slope just above them. Both sprang for their guns and frightened it into a thick clump of bushes and vines. Rocks were thrown and shots were fired to start it out. The little creature was frightened almost to death and, in a desperate effort to get away, dashed out into the open; but ah, it was of no use, the cruel lead was swifter than he, and he fell wounded and bleeding to the ground, powerless to move or get away. Another shot was fired, and poor Frisk was dead, his narrow escapes and his troubles were o'er. He had harmed no one, and yet the world was against him.

That evening Chas. and Wilbur went home on the crowded car displaying half of his limp body hanging out of the otherwise empty game bag and felt proud of their spoil. Was it right?

H. H. Wardrip.

The Flight.

At first a distant sound you hear,
  Then louder, louder, and more clear
Now then a whirr and flash of wings
  And you have seen the winged thing.

J. D. Malloy.

[Note by Editor:—These lines were written by Mr. Malloy after returning from a duck hunt]

Ted consented to go. He rather liked the idea of taking Cousin Clara for a walk.

It had ceased raining and the sun was trying to struggle through the scattering clouds. Teddy and Clara followed the road for about three quarters of a mile and then Clara led him into a lane, all the while talking and calling his attention to trees and sky. Bye and bye, they came to a little tumbled down shanty, where three ragged barefoot children were playing. Clara spoke pleasantly to the children and then, turning to Teddy, said, "Lets go in a minute."

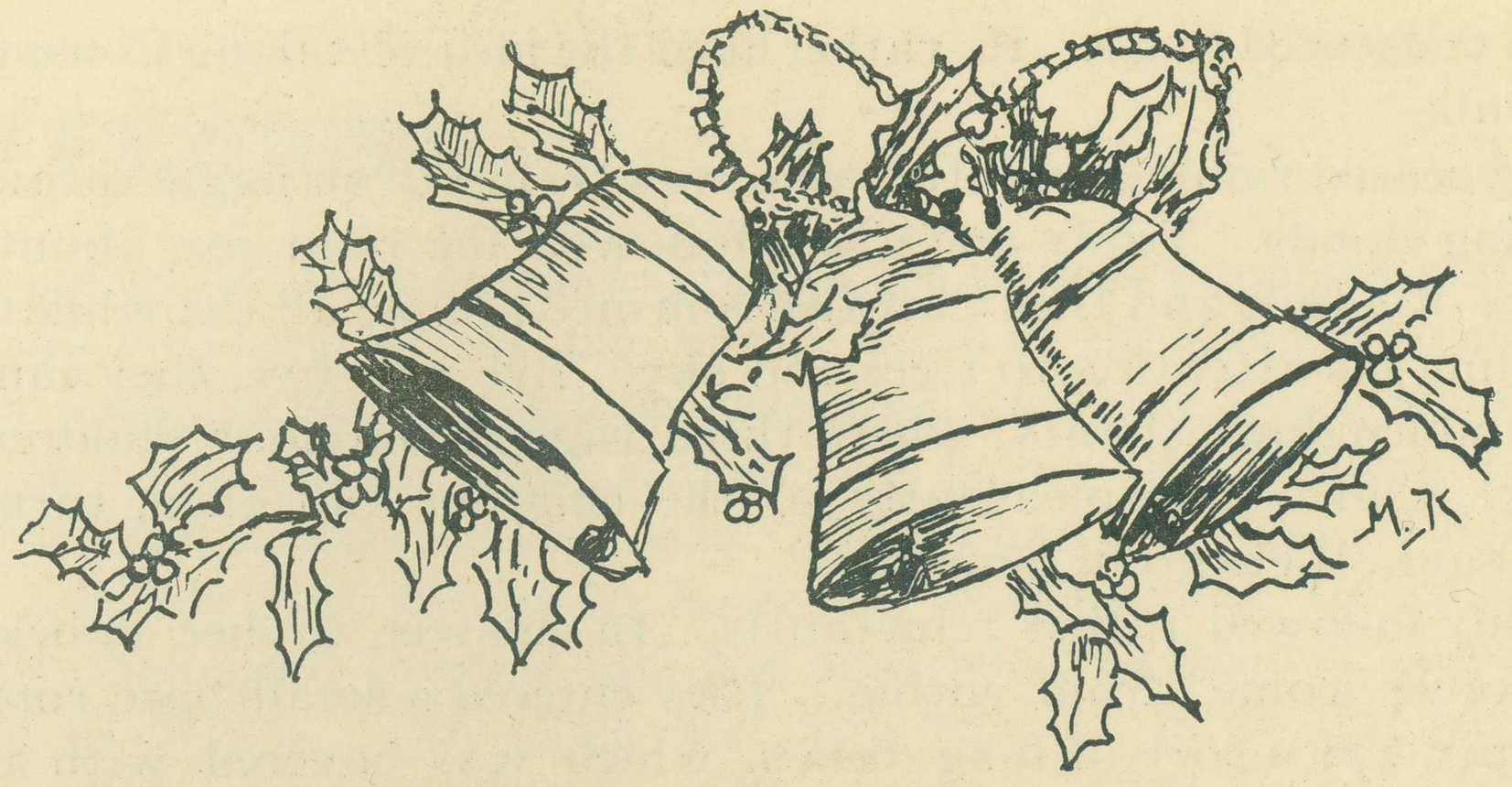
Teddy followed rather reluctantly. In answer to her knock, there was a feeble "come" from within. They entered a small bare room. In the corner was a sort of long bench, which was covered with a shawl and some old coats. A shabbily dressed woman lay there, her head resting on a straw pillow. Her drawn, sallow face told plainly of her sufferings. At her side sat a dirty, sickly child.

Clara sat down and took the baby in her lap. She talked to Mrs. Randal' in a pleasant, friendly way, for more than an hour. The woman's eyes lighted up with pleasure. Before leaving, Clara pressed a coin into her hand saying, "This is just a little Christmas present. I'll come to see you tomorrow. Come, Teddy, we must go. It is late."

They walked swiftly along for awhile, neither speaking a word. It was Ted who broke the silence.

"Cousin Clara, I'm sorry I was so naughty. I've got so much more than the Randall's and—and I haven't been at all thadkful."

Claru did not answer, but only smiled down upon him. She felt that the little visit had taught the lesson better than anything she could have said.



To the Christmas Bells.

Ring soft, glad bells, nor lose one tone of gladness;
Ring soft, that hearts bowed down and sad lone,
Shrink not before thy noisome, joyous clamor,
And dare not hope to make your joy their own.

Ring soft, glad bells, and as the dawn betokens,
The joyous, glorious light of coming day,
Yet with such softness steals away night's sorrow,
So gently steal the grief of hearts away.

Ring soft, glad bells, sing soft as the angel's music
To the weary, longing shepherds must have seemed
As it floated down through the far-off starlit heavens,
To blend its joys with the yearning watcher's dreams,

Ring soft, glad bells, for was not this the mission
That brought the Christ-child down to earth that day?
That "peace," "good will" might permeate all sadness
'Till reigns at last, one glad Eternal Day.

MRS. HERBERT WARDRIP.

The Christmas of Austin and McClish.

"WE really have got to be careful, you know," remarked Austin as he entered the dining-room, the dish towel in one hand, and a small tin box in the other. "It isn't as if we were millionaires at any time, and just now I don't know how we are going to piece it out as it is." He shook the box vigorously and turned an inquiring glance on McClish and Redding who sat at the book strewn table.

The situation would have been laughable had it not been so serious. The three had come from the same town; Austin from the big, handsome house set back among its lawns and trees, where he lived with his father; Redding from his dingy rooms over his father's grocery store; and McClish from the little parsonage on the hill. It was a triangular alliance which had existed from the time of their early boyhood. They had gone through the High School together, and now the first five months of their college life was drawing to a close; only one more week of examinations and the Christmas vacation would come.

When they first came to college they had taken a suite of rooms on a fashionable street, hired a Japanese to do the work and devoted themselves to the duties and pleasures of college life, but mostly the latter. The first three months flew lightly by. It was wonderful, Redding said, how easy and agreeable college life could be if people only knew how to take it.

McClish announced one morning that he thonght hewould draw out. He explained to Redding and Austin that he couldn't afford to go on with the present arrangements. He rented three dinky little rooms and began to do his own housekeeping to make up for the extravagance of the past three months. It was there that Redding and Austin found him two weeks later, after Austin Sr. had refused to send his son another cent and Redding was, as he tersely expressed it, "without visible means of support, or invisible means either for that matter." So McClish had taken them in and they had all put their small remaining funds in the little tin box which Redding dubbed "the bank."

As Austin shook the bank he frowned at the other two contemptuously—"Can't you suggest something?" he querried. "Don't you see this means no going home for Christmas?"

"Let's be thankful that Jimmy has has for the rooms until next month," put in Redding. "We'll have somewhere to sleep anyway and for the eating part, why we can soak our watches, I suppose."

McClish looked up, his square jaw set and in his blue-grey eyes the light of determination. "I've saved my fare home and you may think I'm a great baby but Dad and I have always spent Christmas together. Besides, to stay away would be to acknowledge to them that I'm out of "spon," and Dad would scrimp himself to give me a larger allowance."

"Of course if you've got the money, but I haven't and what's more

I'm not going to eat dirt and ask for any before the first of next month when the Governor will naturally send it."

"Well, hurry up with the dishes, Austin. It's nearly ten o'clock and we ought to 'hit the downy' by eleven thirty."

Austin broke a saucer and threw the pieces behind the bookcase for want of a better place to put them. Then he rolled a cigarette and came to join the others at the book-bestrewn table. He put his hand in his pocket for a match, but brought out a letter. "Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, "I've been carrying that thing around in my pocket for two days now. It's for you," he added. handing the envelope to Redding. "I met the postman at the door the other morning and he gave me all the mail instead of putting it under the door. I hope the delay will be of no consequence;" he looked apologetically at Redding who was sitting staring at the sheet before him with wide eyes and twitching lips.

"It's Anne," said Redding, "my sister Anne, she's badly hurt—run away horse—she wants me home. I must start at once." He half rose then recollecting the conditions of his purse he sat down staring before him vacantly.

"Oh, that's all right, boy," said Jimmy McClish, reading the expression on his face. "Wasn't it luck that I saved the money I sold my watch for."

"But you—you want to go home—I can't—"

"Don't be a fool. Your sister may be seriously ill, and your mother was wanting you three days ago," exclaimed McClish. "Hurry, Austin, see what time the next train that goes by Kenyonville, leaves. I'll help you get things together, Red, and cheer up, boy, if—if anything had happened they would have telegraphed you."

Redding rose mechanically and followed McClish about fumbling aimlessly at his suit-case and ramming all sorts of unnecessary things into it. By the time it was packed Austin returned saying the next home train would leave in half an hour.

They all went down to the station together and McClish gave Redding his ticket as he jumped on to the train.

"Now don't let yourself get blue," said Austin, cheerily, "And wait, here's a paper"—grabbing one from a ragged little urchin who stood by with a great bundle under his arm.

"Thanks, awfully, it's very good of you fellows and I'll remember it as long as I live," mumbled Redding still abstracted, his hands moving nervously, for his only sister was very dear to him.

The next few days were busy ones for Austin and McClish, for besides their studies they had many friends who were proud to have two such men as Austin, the crack debator of the Freshman year and McClish, the baseball player, come to their rooms for the little farewell rallies given by nearly every man in the class, and it was almost too obvious that Austin and McClish who had always been so snobbish now accepted

every invitation to feeds and suppers given in their neighborhood.

"We must keep cheerful," Austin urged as he put the cover on the box again. "If we die in the attempt we must maintain our standing. They must never guess, even the sharpest of them."

"How much did you say there was left"? cut in McClish.

Austin opened the box and counted again, "One dollar and five cents, and this is Christmas morning," he said ruefully.

"Well, is there anything to eat?"

"Nothing."

"We've got to have a farewell feed or bust. Just think how many we have attended!"

"Let us keep our standing at any cost. You said your watch was gone? Then here goes mine."

He left the room slamming on his hat as he went. People who met him in the streets and as he crossed the nearly empty college campus remarked at his brisk step and upright bearing. He gave the impression of one who goes about some pleasant errand. McClish found it even harder to appear in bouyant spirits, his thoughts continually reverted to Anne Redding three hundred miles away. Red's last letter lay in his pocket and he drew it out from time to time. "The doctor says she isn't any worse but oh, Jimmy, I can't believe but she's sinking. She hasn't known me once and she's been asking who that kind lady was when her mother came in of a morning—"

McClish read it over and over and thrust it guiltily back as Austin burst in with a gust of hilarity. It was feigned but it helped to lighten the load which seemed to press down on McClish's mind like a weight of lead.

"I've ordered the things for the swellest Christmas feed of the bunch. I've invited all the fellows the room will hold, and I haven't a cent left to get a shave to grace the occasion."

"That will have to come out of the dollar and five," answered Jimmy McClish, "but at that rate we can't eat much until this evening. Didn't you meet the postman at the door just now?" he asked quickly.

"O, sure, yes, he was just leaving and said 'Good morning.'" I saw a pile of letters addressed to Idiot across the hall. By the way, I invited him over for tonight. Can't you help get this place in shape, Jimmy, and then we'll go out and have lunch—we can't afford breakfast—and by the way its too late to think of it if we could."

"We must have a clean table cloth; this one is simply awful." McClish moved to the little tin box but Austin stopped him.

"Turn it over, you idiot. No one will be any the wiser. See, it is quite all right now! Don't tell me your friend Austin hasn't a head like a tack."

By noon the rooms were ready and presented a very pleasant

appearance. The walls were festooned with pennants and other relics o the time when the three had lived in the big rooms on the front street Austin gave a sigh of relief as he went to lunch at the little joint on the corner. He had declared that they could not cook lunches in their rooms unless they wanted the fellows to know it was an every day performance "As," he said, "we'd have a kind of cooked smell, sure, you know."

When that evening some fifteen men gathered in the bright cheerfu rooms there were no more jovial members than the hosts themselves Austin was everywhere, leading in his clear deep voice the popular colleg songs. The halls rang with laughter, and the belated Christmas guest stopped in the street below to look up at the windows above and exclai that there were some fellows who knew how to keep Christmas.

Baldwin, 'the idiot from across the hall,' came late. He was a quie boy who, on account of his poverty and retiring disposition had neve held an important position in his class. As he entered he handed Austi a couple of letters, "You forgot your mail this morning, old fellow," h said.

Austin nodded at him cordially, "Thanks, glad to see you; sit dow on whatever your fancy dictates. Now whoop 'er up boys," he continue turning to the assembled crowd. "What about 'the shining beavers o the measly sophomores'" Again the merry making was in full swing.

Then followed toasts to the class, to the "coll"., to those at home, t the hosts, to the various steams and "frats" of which there was so much a one member present.

When the last guests had departed with yells and songs, Austi turned to McClish, "Well, that's all right. It's the best of the whol class. Do not tell me we are not so popular as we used to be."

"You have the true gambler's spirit, Austin. After this the mott for your door shall be 'After Us the Deluge.'"

"I'd have it so if I could afford the pasteboard," answered his friend thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and coming forward to the fire He gave a low long whistle as he pulled out the two letters, one of whic was addressed to McClish; the other was addressed to himself on a fin quality of paper. "It's from the governor," he exclaimed, breaking th seal. All of a sudden he flung himself upon McClish, grabbing his hea in an immense hug.

"We are saved! Don't tell me we did not cast our bread upon th waters and get it back in less than many days. Listen," he exclaimed releasing his friend's head, "listen, Jimmy, you old billy goat! It's fro the Governor, and he sends me a little Christmas present—'trusting tha we have learned the lesson of economy'—and fifty dollars—f-i-f-t- d-o-l-l-a-r-s ! ! Why don't you listen?!"

For as soon as McClish was released he had returned to his lette At last he spoke, "She's getting better; she sends a postscript, and sh will be well, entirely well, in a few weeks. And here we were thinking w

were the most unlucky dogs in coll. It's 'the bread on the waters theory.'"

"No," said Austin, suddenly grown very serious, "It's *luck*, pure luck."

But McClish shook a towzled straw-colored head and proposed that they "hit the downy."

Austin walked over to the punch bowl—"Enough for one more toast," he said, draining the bowl into two little stiens. "We have drunk to everything else, so here's to the world in general. And it's a mighty good world to live in after all."

DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

Autumn.

The hurrying wind is singing as it goes,
And light of Heaven's holy lamp, grown dim,
Still flickers in the sudden gusts, and silvery grim,
Gold checkered sunshine on the earth bestows.
And all the world a vast cathedral is;
Then breathe the incense of the fallen leaves
And have no penitent fears; for Time none grieves
Save craven heart. This miracle is His.
So kneel my soul and worship. 'Tis His right.
Tomorrow, if we then but count by dreams,
Thou'lt lift thine eyes upon a fairer sight,
And thou shalt know why all so dull that seems
Was planned by One in His far-reaching might,—
Without the night, how commonplace day gleams!

VICTORIA M. DOWNEY.

Christmas in the Cabbage-Patch.

SUCH excitement as there was in the Cabbage-Patch when the Post man was seen wending his silent way through the narrow grass-grown streets of this primitive little city! But still greater was the astonishment and bewilderment of the Wiggs children when he handed a letter addressed in a very laborious way to Mrs. Wiggs, Cabbage-Patch, New York City, N. Y., to little European Wiggs.

Europena accepted the letter with a very bewildered "Thank you," and ran to her mother saying, "Maw, oh Maw! say, what do yer think yer got?"

"Well, I guess I ain't got anything contagious, like the small-pox."

"No maw, it ain't the small-pox 'tall, it's something the mail-man brung yer."

"Good gracious, child, it can't be a letter fer me—but sure nough 'tis. Say Europeany, you jest hunt up my specs won't you, while I get ready to read it? There's an angel-girl."

Before the dutiful "Europeany" had returned with her mother's spectacles, she was startled by exclamations arising from the adjoining room. "My stars, if thet just don't beat the beaters! You remember Lovey Mary, don't you?" Before Europena could speak from astonishment her mother resumed, "Well, this letter is from her. Did you git my specs?"

"No, you scared me so I fergot."

"Well, you go and call the children and I'll find my specs and then we'll read it together."

A search to all parts of the country ensued before the children could all be brought together and made to understand what an important event had occurred in their home. Finally all succeeded in finding seats on broken chairs and boxes and prepared themselves for the wonderful news. Mrs. Wiggs adjusted her bowless glasses carefully, opened the letter, and by spelling nearly every word managed to read its contents. The children were enraptured, but when they came to the place where Lovey Mary wrote that she would arrive home from her trip two days before Christmas and would come and see them Christmas, the climax was reached, and each child became a "Jumping-Jack," or an "Indian war-leader." After much coaxing on the part of Mrs. Wiggs, they were persuaded to be quiet, and Mrs. Wiggs said, "Say Asia Wiggs, do you know what I was thinkin'? S'pose we write fer her to come in the mornin' and we'll give her a regular Christmas dinner. You know Asia thet your wages has been raised and so hes yourn Billy, and I'll 'conomize and use part lard fer the cake, and put in an egg less and not so much sugar, und we can git a turkey—one thet ain't fatted and fat it ourselves—and we can git a few cranberries and we allers have potatoes, and I can git some mince-meat fer pies and we'll heve a reg'lar Christmas dinner fi

fer a king. I think it a grand idea, don't you?"

The children were delighted and Billy at once appointed himself a committee of one to get the turkey. One day he came home enraptured, "Maw! Maw! What der yer think I foun'?"

"Not a tyrantler, I hope!"

"No, no! Something awful good. Better'n a tyrantler!"

"Tell me quick, then."

"Well, while I was walkin' through the commons over there, do yer know I seed a turkey with a broke leg. I wonder if it ain't anybody's and if we could get it?"

Mrs. Wiggs seemed deeply absorbed in her own thoughts for awhile. Finally she said, "I jest shouldn't like ter go git it now, but I'll tell you what to do. Just watch it and if nobody comes after it, why then we'll keep it, Seems to me like it's our duty to look after sufferin' critters."

No one came for the turkey, so the broken leg was set and the children vied with one another who should feed it the most food. The rest of the preparations went along equally well and the memorable day arrived.

Such a time as they had to get ready! For each child must be scrupulously clean and arrayed in his best. Each one had his turn at being scrubbed by the conscientious mother, who declared "It would never do to have dirt in the cracks of yer years."

When they all were dressed they were summoned to stand before Mrs. Wiggs to be judged whether or not they were presentable before company. Asia being the oldest came first. Mrs. Wiggs carefully scrutinized her and finally exclaimed, "Yes, you'll do. Yer hair on top your head in thet little pug is very bewitching, and yer green dress and purple sash match beautifully. Those tan shoes are simply magnificent."

All the children were pronounced "Perfectly elergant" in their gorgeous apparel, all excepting Billy, who was not to be found. Soon the truant appeared, wearing on his face a shy, guilty look, and aronnd his neck, a gorgeous red necktie. A second glance would convince the observer that it was the same red necktie which had made him so conspicuous the morning he climbed the telegraph pole in order to say "Good-bye" to Lovey Mary. Mrs. Wiggs pronounced him "Jest grand," whereupon his face became almost exactly the color of the necktie.

Great was the excitemtnt caused by Lovey Mary's arrival, and even more affectionate than usual were the greetings of the reunited friends. After looking at Lovey Mary for some time in astonishment Mrs. Wiggs exclaimed, "Why Lovey Mary, if yer ain't jest as beauterful as a pitcher in that fine red dress and hat, and your hair done up. I'll tell you you're swell;" whereupon she gave Lovey Mary another affectionate squeeze.

In the meanwhile Billy bashfully looked on from around the corner of the door. After each one had given his greeting, he managed to summon up courage, and shuffling rather than walking toward her and glancing

out of one corner of his eye, Billy mumbled the words, "How der yer do?" and sat down with much confusion, casting shy glances back at her.

During the dinner which soon followed Mrs. Wiggs proposed tha each person tell the Christmas gift he appreciated the most. Mrs. Wigg being the hostess was called upon first, whereupon she began: "Well, think the one thing we should all be thankful for is that we have a goo Lord who takes care of us. If I tried to tell any more there would be s many things I never would get through, so I'll quit and let someone els tell what their present is."

Miss Hazy came next. She scarcely took time to pause betwee mouthfuls, but managed to gasp, "My best Christmas gift is this her nice dinner."

Each then made some little speech, Billy coming last. He surprise them all by gazing steadily at Lovey Mary and saying very bravely, " am dreadful happy 'cause Lovey Mary's come back." Queer glances wer shot at each other by all around the table, and Billy soon realized ho much he had said and turned redder than his necktie, became choked o a piece of turkey, and left the table in much confusion. After the dinne was over Lovey Mary went in search of the runaway. Sometime afte she returned leading Billy looking unusually happy—or amused, no on knew which!

The afternoon was spent very pleasantly each person relating som particular event in his life since last they met. Mrs. Wiggs said th dishes didn't need to be done until the next morning, being it wa Christmas Day and Lovey Mary was there.

In the evening Mrs. Wiggs and the little Wiggses accepted th invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Redding to attend a Christmas entertainmen at their residence. It was pronounced a grand success by all and eac went away declaring that this was the best Christmas he had ever spen Lovey Mary declared. though, that she had the best Christmas gift o anyone. She seemed to prove this statement by her unusual gaiet And the little prayer that she offered up before retiring, was, "Dear God I do thank you because I got Billy for my Christmas present."

AMY LOPEMAN.

What Some of You May Experience.

FIVE o'clock one cold December morning found me ready for a long journey, and when the stage drove up to the gate, I joyfully climbed to a seat by the driver. What did it matter to me that the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero, that the journey before me was long, and that I must take it alone! Was not I really going to teach!

"Now Miss, if you'll jest put yer feet on this hot rock and let me tuck you in with these coyote skins we'll hit the trail. There's nuthin like skins and chapararoes to keep out cold, so I'll wear the chaps and you can have the skins." The big good-natured driver tucked me in carefully and in the crisp cold air of early dawn we started on our journey of one hundred thirty miles.

The horses too seemed to enjoy the exhilarating air so that we went following the long white line that stretched far across the breadth of brown sage brush plain toward the purple hills.

The driver had fought in the early Indian wars, and had been driving stage since the time of the country's earliest mail route. He liked to talk and told me many interesting stories of old times, but, notwithstanding we had seemed countless ages on the road when, at six-thirty that afternoon, we suddenly went over a little hill and saw our stopping place. It was a big bare house surrounded by barns, sheds, and corrals, and called Cane Springs—because it is so far from canes and springs, I suppose.

The station keeper and his wife soon made me comfortable in their hospitable way and after dinning with the driver and an Indian boy of about fifteen, who was to drive the stage I must take the next day, I went to bed, as the next day's drive was the longest of all.

Breakfast at four-thirty by candle light. Was the trip so enjoyable after all? The station keeper told me that it would not be safe to take my trunk with me because the stage, an old patched buckboard might break down on the desert if it carried an extra load. He lent me some heavy buggy robes and with kind wishes started me on my way.

I was young, it was a new experience, and despite the fact that I had no trunk and must eat a cold lunch that day, the bracing air, the scent of the sage that I loved, and the cheerful hum of the Indian boy combined to put me in the best of spirits.

After traveling until twelve o'clock we came upon a little shed and corral by the side of the road. In those miles and miles of Nature's beautiful desert just this one little dot of man's handiwork. This was where we changed horses so I got out and went into the cabin. (The boy told me that two of his brothers lived here to take care of the horses.) I sat down on a grain sack near the stove (there were no chairs) and looked around me. Did human beings really live here? Opposite the stove was a sort of shelf on which were thrown some dirty blankets. On

the dirt floor near, half covered by dust, was a big piece of beef, a sac of flour and some dirty tin plates. This was all the cabin contained. had been very hungry when we stopped but now could eat nothing s gave my lunch to the little boy who came in grinning to tell me th horses were ready.

The road from here had been cut up by heavy freighting teams an had then frozen. The stage was narrow geared so the wheels went ove all the rough places, shaking us up terrribly although the horses wen only on a slow trot.

We stopped for a few minutes, just as the sun was going down, at th only ranch house we had seen that day, and we had traveled thirty-si miles.

I was a very cold, tired, hungry, homesick girl and when we starte on again I felt as though I had been riding forever and ever and mus forever keep on riding. No such welcome sight has ever greeted my eye as that when, at about eight o'clock, we saw the light at Howar Station.

This station was the home of a great family of half-breed Indian The father, a white man, was dead. His sons had leased the stage lin and had made their home the stage station. I was taken into the hous where the family were at supper. One of the big boys got up and kindl offered me his place. The mother, who was holding a dirty child poure some coffee into the empty cup without any pretense of washing the dis She then passed me some stewed Jack rabbit and some dirty lookin biscuits. I had had nothing to eat since half-past four that morning an driving in a brisk air is thought to be the best way of gaining an appetit but when I was placed at the table covered with a dirty oilcloth an dirty dishes, surrounded by ten dirty ragged people and offered one those dirty people's dishes to eat on, my appetite suddenly vanished.

After supper the whole family tried their best to entertain me b telling stories of their riding and hunting exploits. I appreciated the efforts but kept wondering where I was going to sleep as I could see tha they only had two rooms, and the kitchen was taken up with the tabl stove, and mail bags.

At last Mrs. Howard said, "Well mebbe yer tired after yer driv Clear out boys so the teacher can go to bed." Even the title of teach did not appeal to me much just then.

After the six oldest boys had gone to the barn where they slept, Mr Howard began putting blankets on the floor of the little bedroom There was a bunk nailed to the wall of the room and above this was little sliding window. When she had finished the bed on the floor sh began to fix the bunk saying, "You and Sissy can sleep yere. I only ha one sheet, but it's cold fer sheets anyway. My two little boys 'n I'll slee on the floor. We hain't much room now 'cause we burnt out last sprin

I did not relish the idea of Sissy, her daughter, as bedfellow, but sa

no good in complaining. The room was so small that I had to stand no Mrs. Howard's bed to get into mine, but climbed and got as far from Sissy as possible.

I did not worry about *ventilation* even with five in that small room as there were many ways for air to get in besides the window, but the bed clothes did not seem of the cleanest. I tried to think that they *might* have been worse since the house had burned down only seven months before, but I gave up all hope when Mrs. Howard told me that all they had saved of their belongings was the bed I was sleeping in.

The night passed somehow—cold and fatigue reconcile one to anything—and I was glad when the morning came so I could continue my journey even though two of the grown boys drove the stage.

By noon we arrived at a little town embracing a store, two saloons, a lodging house and a post office. Here I gratefully ended my journey and spent seven of the happiest months of my life.

G. L.

Winter.

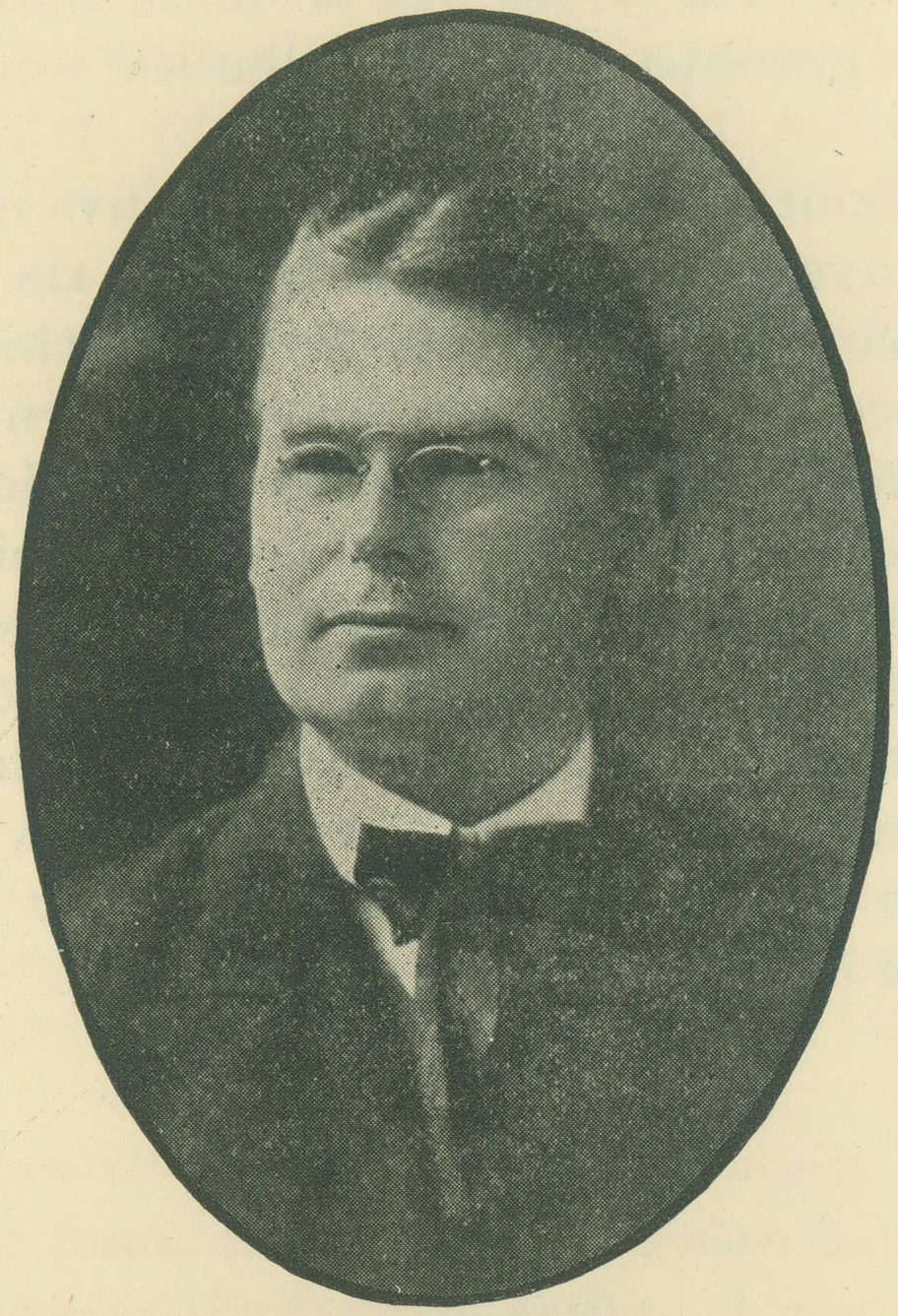
Oh, here with us again so soon, old friend,
To stand once more upon the verge of Time;
And the old Year must move away to blend
With the Past's old, hoary brotherhood sublime?

Kind Winter, draw us close to the fireside
As the years pass, one by one, and let us feel
The worth of human sympathy to guide
Through mazes soul-perplexing till we reel,

And wavering, might fall but for the strength,
Another's—not our own—just lent us for
The time. Thus ever through the weary length
Of coldest season, Winter, soothe us, nor

Depart until we sleep—oh, calm and deep.
For better then, th' awakening in the Spring,
And stronger then, the rush of joy will leap
Into our song of triumph—in the Spring.

HELEN G. FRANCS.



HERBERT BASHFORD.

They are shaggy and old, yet as
mighty and bold
As when God's freshest gale
set them free.
Just a bird is imprisoned in a poor
& the world
Both is prey for the wolves
of the Sea!

Herbert Bashford.

A California Poet.

About a month ago, it was our privilege to hear Herbert Bashford lecture and give a reading of his own poems, and admirable were both lecture and reading.

Herbert Bashford is a man with a rather peculiar though pleasing presence, about middle-height, broad-shouldered, robust. At first glance, one would never take him for a literary man. It is only when he speaks, that we perceive he is looking above and beyond, and seeing things we see not.

Herbert Bashford was born in Sioux City, Iowa, March 4, 1871. At an early age he came to the Pacific Coast and lived for a short time in Oregon and Washington, being educated, meanwhile, in both public and private schools. While still young he began to write for the press, and at fifteen he published a poem in the "Literary Critic of New York." At seventeen he wrote a sonnet, which now appears in "Representative Sonnets by American Poets," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

From 1896 to 1901, although State Librarian of Washington, he was also on the editorial staff of the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post," and a magazine contributor for periodicals from the "Atlantic" down.

At present we have several of Mr. Bashford's poems in book form, which are accessible at our libraries. "Songs From Puget Sound," republished under the title of "Beyond the Gates of Care," and "Wolves of the Sea" are two delightful booklets containing some particularly strong and refreshing poetic feeling.

It is no surprise, to those who follow Mr. Bashford's work, to note his success. He is a man who possesses the rare art of "saying things" definitely, decidedly yet delightfully all the while.

The last time we heard him lecture, the topic was "The Modern Drama." So skillfully were information and moral interwoven, that it was only after he had left and we were quietly ruminating in the field of recollection, that we realized, dimly at first, and then clearly that we had been somewhat "lectured." In all probability, another in his place would have antagonized us immediately with an air of superior wisdom, ranting, gesticulating; but Herbert Bashford seemed to take for a certainty that our views and his were identical, and in his emphatic, quiet way, "said things" which accomplished infinitely more than he or we dreamt of at the time.

It is entirely fitting that he should lecture on "The Drama," for it is but lately that his own political comedy, "The Hon. John North," first played by Robert Downing and later by L. R. Stockwell, has scored a decided success, and, we may add, it is still continuing in popularity. Herbert Bashford knew whereof he spoke when he berated the "Problem Plays" of to-day.

"A Lady of the Firs," a comedy just completed, we feel cannot be given us too soon. The very name suggests health, strength, fire, and sweeping winds, fresh souls and life near to nature. A Lady of the Firs—we wonder

what she is like! Will Mr. Bashford please introduce us before very long

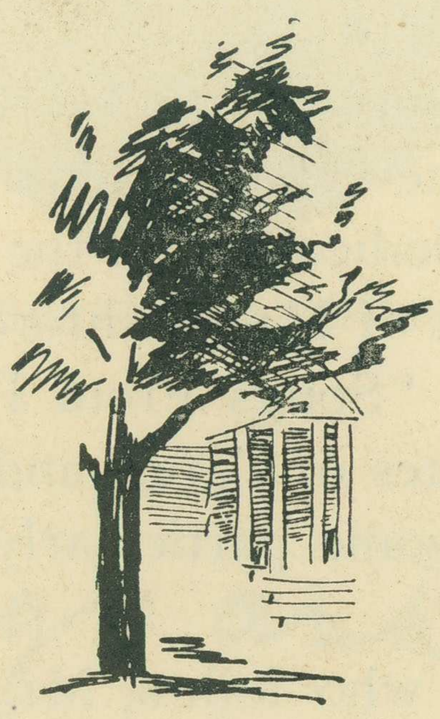
Lately, Mr. Bashford has been lecturing on literary topics in various coast cities, and in Southern California has given readings from his poems

He is a member of the "Society of American Authors," resides in Monrovia, California, and expects to devote much time in the future to dramatic writings.

Mr. Bashford's poems are bathed in the spirit of the West and our Western energy, freedom, freshness, and characteristic life permeate every line

Long may we continue to enjoy the works of Herbert Bashford. The scenery of "Newbrosky's Fertile Shore" may do for some people, but give us California and a poet to sing her praises, and we count ourselves satisfied.

—*Victoria M. Downey*



A Funny Baby.

ONCE when Gertrude was a little baby about a year old, something very funny happened. Mamma was baking bread for the chickens. Gertrude was out on a blanket. Soon Mamma went in to tend to the bread and when she came out again, Gertrude was over eating with the chickens.

ALFRED HIBBS, 3rd Grade, Training School.

Devina in Natura.

On Shasta's brow the thunder sleeps;
But, with the lightning's blazing rod
That burns o'er Lassen's piny steeps,
A voice comes from the mountain deeps:
"Be still and know that I am God"!

O'er Yuba's plain the Northwind raves,
And withers herb and blackens sod;
But, in the wild lake's roaring waves,
Is heard as from a thousand caves:
"Be still and know that I am God"!

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Physical Training.

Until a comparatively recent time, physical training has not had the sta ing in our American schools that it has in other countries. In Germany great deal of attention is given to this important branch of school work a results in the splendid physique of the German student. Gradually our pro inent educators are seeing the need of well-organized physical training in public school system and are working to supply this need. Athletic sports encouraged, gymnasia are established, and there is a general tendency to p mote the physical as well as the mental development of the child.

A sport, which may be correctly termed an art, and which is but sligh known to Americans, is fencing. Here we have an exercise which develo both mind and body. In no athletic sport is so much skill, ingenuity, a quickness of perception called for. The French have recognized the va of this art and their schools of fencing are famous. The quick-temper irascible Frenchman and his readiness to resort to duelling as a means satisfying his offended dignity make a well-known picture in French histo and literature. The days of the duel are over, but fortunately the art of usi the foils has not passed with them. If one wishes to spend an hour in whi pleasure and exercise may be most profitably combined, there is no spo which brings into play all the faculties as does a fencing bout.

Fencing has been introduced with good results into the physical tra ing department of both the Normal and the Training School. In the advanc class the rudiments of fencing are taught and the students take a great d of pleasure in the work. Six of the boys of the Training School also had fencing class, in which they took great pride, and the exhibition which th gave last year was a credit to their teacher and their interest. It takes yea of constant practice to become expert in fencing, but if one never attains high degree of perfection in the art, the beneficial results of the training mo than repay one for the time devoted to it.

Some of the girls of the Normal who were especially interested in fenci organized a class and engaged an expert teacher to instruct them. They ha had many exciting duels, but they are still all good friends. However, if y should cross one of these redoubtable maidens of the foils when she is in irate mood, beware! In the twinkling of an eye she would challenge you a deadly combat. Of course you accept the challenge—your honor must upheld—but your fate is assured before you enter the contest. V.

The Christmas of Nicollette & Pietro.

Spring street was almost deserted. The December sky was laden, and a chill wind swept around the corners, driving at times gusts of rain before it, causing the women to cling more tightly to their skirts and the men to bow before the force of the storm. On the corner of Sixth and Spring streets, huddled within a sheltering doorway, stood a little Italian boy of not more than twelve years of age. Shivering beside him, stood a little girl some few years younger than he; both were very poorly, though neatly, dressed.

The boy hugged an old violin tightly beneath his chin. His face was blue with cold. His sister clung to his coat, and looking into his eyes, sang as often as her poor little strength would allow. But none seemed to heed them, and but ten cents lay in the threadbare cap at the boy's feet.

To-morrow would be Christmas, and the few passers-by were too busy with thoughts of cheer and visions of turkey to notice the two little waifs. Many mansions to-morrow would blaze with warmth and light, and happy voices would ring through their halls. But in a cold and cheerless tenement down on Los Angeles street, a crust of bread must be the banquet, and rags and candles must supply the warmth and light. Nicollette and Pietro had kissed the baby and invalid mother good-bye that morning, and had hastened to the accustomed corner with their little brains full of the good things which they would bring home at night. Oh! would not the mother be happy, and would not little Jose crow with glee? Alas! the visions had been swept away as if upon the very coldness of the December gust.

Nicollette's plaintiff melody had sunk to a sob, and Pietro's numb fingers refused any longer to hold the bow, and tears streamed down his cheeks.

Suddenly a well-dressed man, seemingly a countryman of theirs, stepped within the doorway and gently took the violin and bow from the nerveless fingers of the boy. Then without a word he began to play. O such wonderful music! In a few minutes the hitherto deserted corner was alive with wondering people, and money began to pour into the little cap until it could hold no more. The stranger, his eyes beaming with some strange light, and his long, bushy hair waving in the wind, played as they had never heard before. Then as suddenly as he had come, he placed the violin and bow within the boy's hands and passed rapidly down the street, leaving the throng spellbound. Then as a wind comes out of the forest a single word passed through the crowd—Ysaye.

—Louise Conkey, Sixth Grade, Training School.

Note.—Plot taken from a story.

The Evening School Commercial Club.

After carefully studying conditions as I found them in the Commercia Class of the Evening School, I decided that something aside from the regula routine of class work must be instituted to hold the boys and to keep up a better attendance.

Human nature demands rest, recreation, and pleasure. "All work an no play makes Jack a dull boy." The day school boy finds plenty of tim for play, but his brother in the evening school, if he takes time for pleasure must sacrifice his school hour, for he cannot take time from his employer.

The evening school pupil finds his amusement in clubs, theatres, enter tainments, and shows. Those who realize their lack of an education mos keenly, readily give up their time to class duties. The majority, however, stil sacrifice their opportunity for study on the altar of pleasure. A character istic of the irregular attendant is, that he cannot be depended upon to remai long in the employ of one firm. Every few weeks he reports that he has a "new boss."

The club was organized to furnish a motive for better attendance and t supply the boys with entertainment in the school room. The idea of organizin the class took deep hold on the boys at once. They were all anxious for it On the night for election of officers, each was ready to nominate his candidate Every member of the class was nominated for some office and it took severa ballots to elect. To the satisfaction of the teacher the students best fitted fo the places were elected. The boys are not slow to recognize merit. Th president-elect appointed a committee to draft a constitution. The purpos of the club as outlined by this committee is, "To promote the self-improve ment of its members, to increase the attendance of the class, and to furthe the moral standing of the school." The constitution furthermore places th members on their honor and good behavior. The general theme for all meet ings, as outlined, is "Means of Winning Success in Life." The first pro gram rendered by the class was given at Thanksgiving time. The topic o that meeting was "Self-Made Men and How They Achieved Greatness. Since the organization of the club the attendance has increased 33 per cen The boys have taken a new interest in looking after the class room, keepin the blackboards clean and the room in general good order. By making th boys feel that you respect their judgment, and depend upon them, they becom more manly.

As a result of the club organization the boys take an interest in helpin keep order. The school is occasionally disturbed by rough boys from th streets, who often interrupt class work by their noise outside. One time young ruffiian interrupted a club meeting, and was captured by the member who gave him such a straightforward talk that tears came to his eyes and h was glad to escape at the first opportunity. He has never since been abou the school.

Various trades are represented in the club. Most of the members are unionists and can show their "card" if necessary. There are plumber's apprentices, carpenter, glass cutter, grocery clerk, druggist clerk, assistant bookkeeper, hotel assistants, dry goods clerk, mill hand, and packing house hands. In the club each is usually called by his trade, as the "club druggist," etc.

Another fact of interest to some of our Normal graduates, is that the boys are trying to learn and use "Roberts' Rules of Order."

The "Club" as a means of winning and holding the boys, has solved many problems in evening school work and deserves a place in its course.

—*John H. Littler.*

The Joy of Giving.

The day after to-morrow was Christmas and Mrs. Tuker was going to have a big turkey dinner, but the little boy across the street was not going to have anything but a few scraps of meat and bread with some milk and Mrs. Tuker knew this well and felt very sorry for him, she went up to her bedroom to think.

After awhile she came and went down to the butcher's and bought a nice turkey, then had it sent up to Tony's house for the poor boy. Then she made a big plum-pudding and lots of other nice things.

When Christmas came she had all the things ready to give to Tony and his mother.

That was a happy Christmas for Tony and his mother. His poor drunken father came home just at Christmas time and he vowed that he would never drink again.

The day after Christmas Mrs. Tuker came to visit Tony. She got up early in the morning and crossed the street.

When she got there she found them all, even the drunken father, on their knees, because their father was not going to drink any more.

—*Eric Johnson, Third Grade, Training School.*

Note—This is the first draft of the story and represents some of the children's daily work.

What Is a Training School?

Margaret E. Schallenberger.

Is a training school a practice school, a place where one rubs off the fir fresh bloom of enthusiasm, revealing beneath a shell, soft as yet, but harde ing after a time, into a set form of procedure? Does mere practice, even u der the close supervision of those who know the ways of doing things, gi training? Does it not give, rather, habit, a certain reaction functioning u der certain stimulus? Given the stimulus, the reaction takes place. O can see the results of teaching like this—there is more or less of it in eve school—laughably portrayed in the "play-school" of children: A little g of nine years teaching some of the less brilliant members of her own cla says, "Now, class, please pass to the blackboard for the writing lesson. On two, three, pass. Face the blackboard. Stand firmly upon both your feet easy arm's length—I mean by that not too far, not too close, just comfortab Now, moving your whole arm, make a big O. Keep time as I count:—'On two; one, two; one, two.' Again,—That means change to a new place, an begin another O. 'One, two; one, two; one, two.'" And so on. It is inte esting to note that, led by a dominant mind, the results obtained in a "pla school" of this sort are often quite as good as those brought out with ca and patience, and *seeming* skill by the actual teacher. This is practice teac ing. It is largely automatic. It gives a certain ease of manner, a certa cheerful confidence in one's own ability, a certain definite form to mental co tent. The effective child-teacher shows all of these characteristics in a mark degree. If the practice teaching is continued sufficiently long, one finds on self encompased in an armor invulnerable at every point to the sharp ar well-aimed arrows of criticism. One practices and practices and practic and the good results roll out and out and out, and fill the blackboard with b O's, the teacher's mind with satisfaction, and the parent's heart with pri What more can be expected? It is *practice teaching* of which the so-call experienced teacher often boasts. Having learned to practice, she practic her practice so accurately that her success (in practicing) is unquestioned.

And yet, in spite of all this success, the intelligent seeker after truth is n content. "The results obtained in a practice school can be obtained anywher he says. Perhaps, then, a training school should approximate an Educatio Utopia; possibly, it ought to be an instituion for producing, not norms, b ideals; not something definite to be attained, but something definite to striven for? The O's found there must not be common everyday O's, th any Jimmy Perkins or Sammy Simkins, with a stubby bit of crayon, m boldly attempt upon the wavy, wooden surface of the country school blac board. They must be the O's of exquisite grace, delicately outlined, by Reginald Sinclair, upon the large, smooth face of a softly-tinted, swingi slate, hung at the requisite height for the child reach, and at such an an that the shoulders may not be unevenly raised, or the eyes unequally focuse

A school like this is often termed a model school. It is not a pattern or type to be copied, but rather an impossible ideal, artificially produced, to fill one with a great longing, to inspire hope (though it is often envy), to sting one into action. "All of these conditions," it is said, "cannot be mine, but let me approximate them. If I cannot have the writing surface made of slate, I may, at least, have it painted a soft color; if I cannot have it swung, I may be able to regulate in some degree its height." Teaching in a school like this is not so much for the purpose of practicing as for the purpose of creating forms worthy of copy; of giving ability to see, alongside the real conditions of life, a sort of Platonic world, of which the actual conditions are but prototypes. Along with this ability should go a sincere desire to reach from the real world toward the ideal. This ideal sort of school appeals to one more; there is more intellect in it, and far more soul. But, after all, is it a training school?

The difficulty with both these examples lies in their fixity. They remind one of the old conception of mind as a fixed quantity, a thing, a sort of working machine with powers and faculties, made up of little bits of ideas as definite and clear-cut as the material forms of which they were the images. It is now well known that mind, in analysis, is not this, but is a simple going on and on and on of a tangled mass of mental process, as indefinite and changing as those in the cells of a growing plant.

And training has in it this same flux. It does not consist in practice; it is not the going over and over of something in order to know how to do a definite thing in a fixed and definite way. That is just what it is not. Whatever practice there may be in training will demonstrate the fact that one cannot do a thing twice alike, because some of the conditions are sure to vary. Neither is it the ability to partially copy some artificially produced result. Training is the ability to seize and to use opportunity. For the teacher, it means the ability to seize and to use those opportunities that will best fit the child for his environment, for this world in which he has to live, and more especially for that particular part of it, in which he probably will live. Any material is grist for the teacher's mill. The natural world, dominated by physical laws, surrounds the child, a garden for him to understand, appreciate, and enjoy. Laws of society, rules of ethics, the thought of past ages dominate the human world, into which the child is born. This world, too, he must understand, appreciate, and enjoy. And the laws of his own small body and mind must, sooner or later, in some form or other, be made plain to him.

How can this be brought about? The answer is, "Through the training of the teacher." A training school for teachers should teach them how to select material, so that the child may come to know and to love nature, not nature at long range, but the natural world of the every-day life. Practice in teaching should not be for the purpose of learning how to use the same material again, but it should be based upon far-reaching principles; it should give power to use nature product in whatever form it may be found.

A training school for teachers should teach them to enable the child to express thought by means of his hands as well as through tongue or with

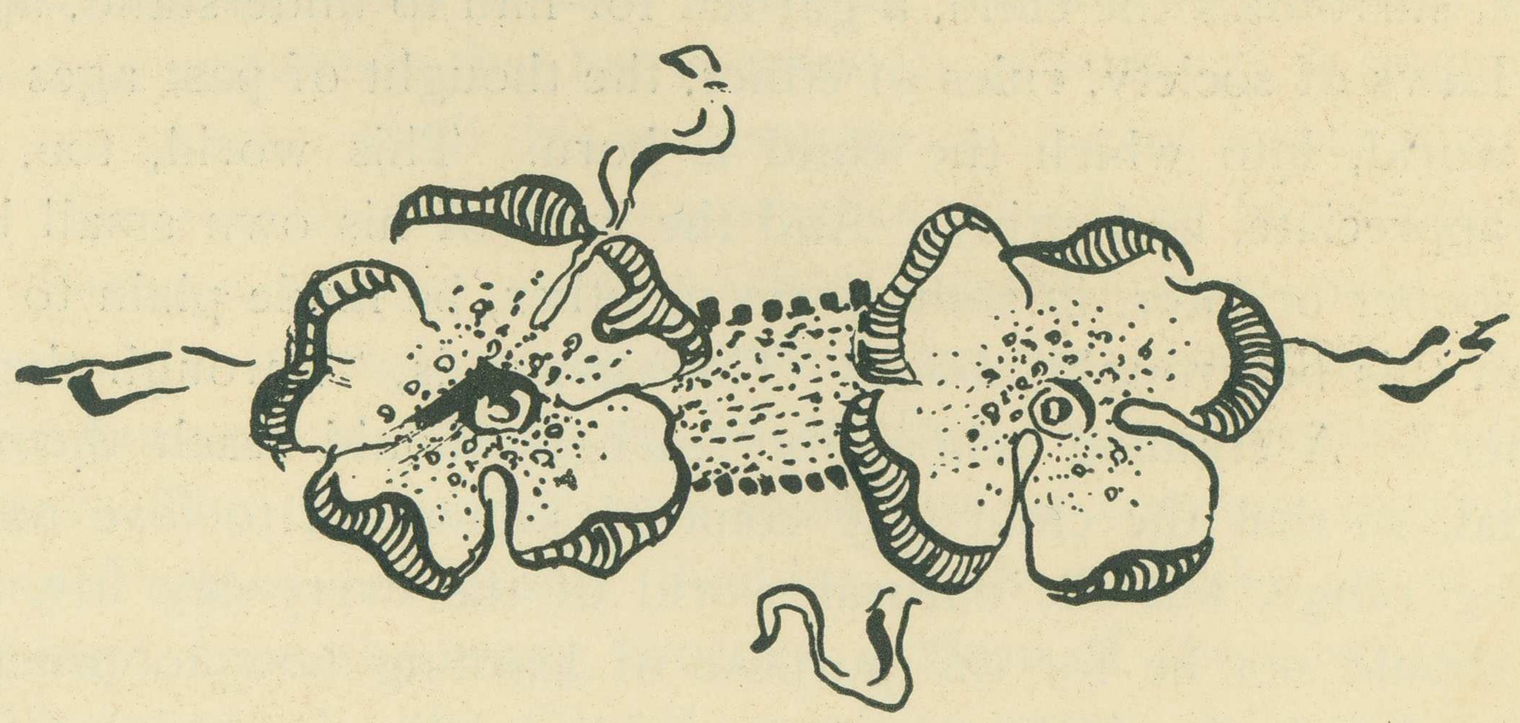
pen. Practice in this does not mean the making of some special object, e. g a box or a bracket, in some special material,—paper, clay, or wood. Th trained teacher sees and seizes opportunity. She uses the material most avai able and best suited to the child in the particular environment in which he placed. Her training is not a training in ability, either to duplicate or to a proximate certain definite forms. It consists in active, ever-changing readine to know, to see, and to use what is best. Training is the alert moving pri ciple that directs choice.

A training school for teachers should teach them how best to shape t growing body of the child. This does not mean that the teacher should the shaping by means of set forms of calisthenics pronounced by an "autho ity" on physical training, "good." It means that the teacher knows what best under certain conditions, what is best under others. Taking conditio as she finds them, she gives exercises suitable to those conditions. She doesn go over and over and over a special form of exercise, neither does she modif necessarily, an ideal type. It is possible she may give no form ever given practiced by her before. Her training consists (1) in actively seeing ju what conditions are present, and (2) in acquiring skill and ability to me them.

All of the other school disciplines:—arithmetic, history, geography, la guage, reading, spelling, drawing, music, etc., might be used also as illustr tions.

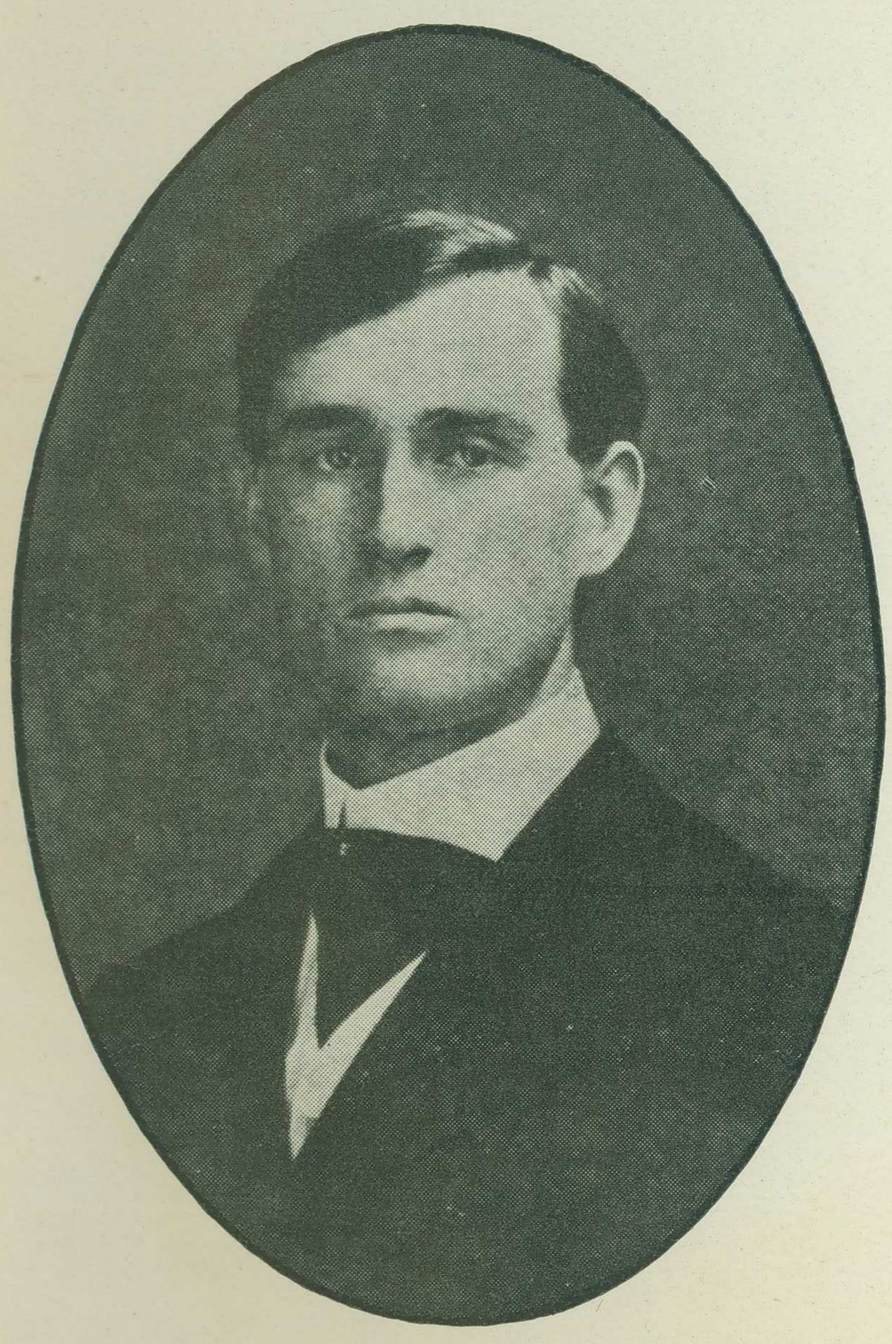
To sum up: a training school is not designed to give the novice practi in any one subject, neither is it a place to teach lessons under ideal condition It is a place to learn how best to meet life, particularly school life, as it ma be found anywhere. The trained mind is the alert mind, seeing opportunit the trained mind is the skilled mind, seizing opportunity.

Our own children's department, under the supervision and management the whole Normal School faculty, and the student's training for teachers is *a training school.*





HERBERT H. WARDRIP
Editor-in-Chief



JOSEPH D. MALLOY
Business Manager



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Assistant Business Manager

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - DECEMBER, 1904

Editorials.

ALL is not gladness and relief with us as we near the goal for which we have striven the past two years. When we entered the Normal, graduation day seemed far away; we were strangers to each other, and to the building itself; we hesitated at the threshold of our class-rooms lest we break into a class meeting of the august SENIORS.

Later came our "teaching," and the meetings connected with it—teachers', critics', supervisors' and a few specials thrown in. They seemed numerous and tedious at times, yet now we find that one of the dearest bonds that we must sever in parting is that which binds us to the Training School.

Graduation, to some of us at least, means the ending of our school days. Life, with all its possibilities, is before us. It will be largely what we make it. If we could all realize the truth of Dr. Jordan's axim: "The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going," success would be but a matter of time, purpose and energy. Most of us have a goodly store of "absurd enthusiasm" which we hope will serve us as reserve of interest and strength in times of adversity in our chosen fields. Those who are in the least receptive, cannot help being enthusiastic along some line after associating for two years with teachers who are themselves enthusiastic students in their own particular subjects.

In the rush to get through, we have not fully appreciated our opportunities and have not absorbed so much as we might. In the years ahead, when we come back for a few weeks at a time to visit our old

school home, we shall get more than we have been getting in as ma
months, simply because we will have learned to appreciate and to se
the opportunities that now are ours daily. It is impossible for us
appreciate them all fully as we go, but there are some things that we
realize we have gained. We have a broader and more practical view
life; we have learned how to associate reciprocally with our fellows;
feel much more capable of meeting the world for ourselves; we hav
different attitude towards criticisms, whether they be adverse or favoral

These things have been made possible with us, not alone through
own efforts, but because the members of the faculty have made themsel
one with us. Our relations have been rather those of student w
student than teacher *and* students.

As an example of the interest and relationship existing between
students and teachers of our Normal, we give the following from one w
is respected and honored by every member of the school.

"Let us hear from you, Christmas class of 1904. I am sure there
be much that is worth while to hear.

It was only the other day a member of our Faculty remarked, 'I ha
two rare minds in my class in ——. I am so sorry to lose them t
Christmas.' Others of us might easily say the same. Then let us
"lose" you entirely. Send us some of the work you got from *your* pup
Let us know how our suggestions fit the conditions you are meeti
every day. Tell us of your difficulties. Send us papers you receive fr
your pupils. You will find some rare minds among your own studen
We shall be glad to know you have discovered them. Then write to
and come to us in the summer time, even if you cannot stay as long
we should like to have you."

A. M. N.

The staff wish to thank heartily all, both faculty and students, w
have so kindly helped, either by contribution or suggestion, to make t
issue of the PENNANT what it is. Without their help, it would have b
impossible, in the short time allowed, to make the issue a success.

For the cover design and the artistic decorations and illustrati
throughout the PENNANT, thanks are due our class artists, Misses Ma
Williams and Mirth Kennedy. The exquisite design for the first pa
was made by one of our art teachers, Miss Enid Kinney. Our ot
teacher in the same department, Miss Nina Davenport, arranged
very appropriate heading for the Allenian Society.









E. ISABELLE McCLELLAND
Literary

BUELAH LANYON
Societies

PHOTO BY CARRUTHERS

ASSISTANT EDITORS

BARBARA McCUNE
News

JOSEPHINE MORRISON
Exchanges

PHOTO BY HILL

Class History.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

Freshies rushing to and fro—arms loaded with books and bottles (cyanide)—questioning faces—"Where do I go next?"

Gong sounds off to work. Result—janitor delapidated—smashing of glass—halls strewn with books.

SCENE 2.

Three weeks have elapsed—scene in library—chat with your neighbor—"You new people must remember there are others in the room. Do not come here to visit"—"Where do you suppose I can find the New York Teachers' Monograph?" Gong sounds—a mad rush for the door—"Where's I?" "Please tell me where I'll find J."

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

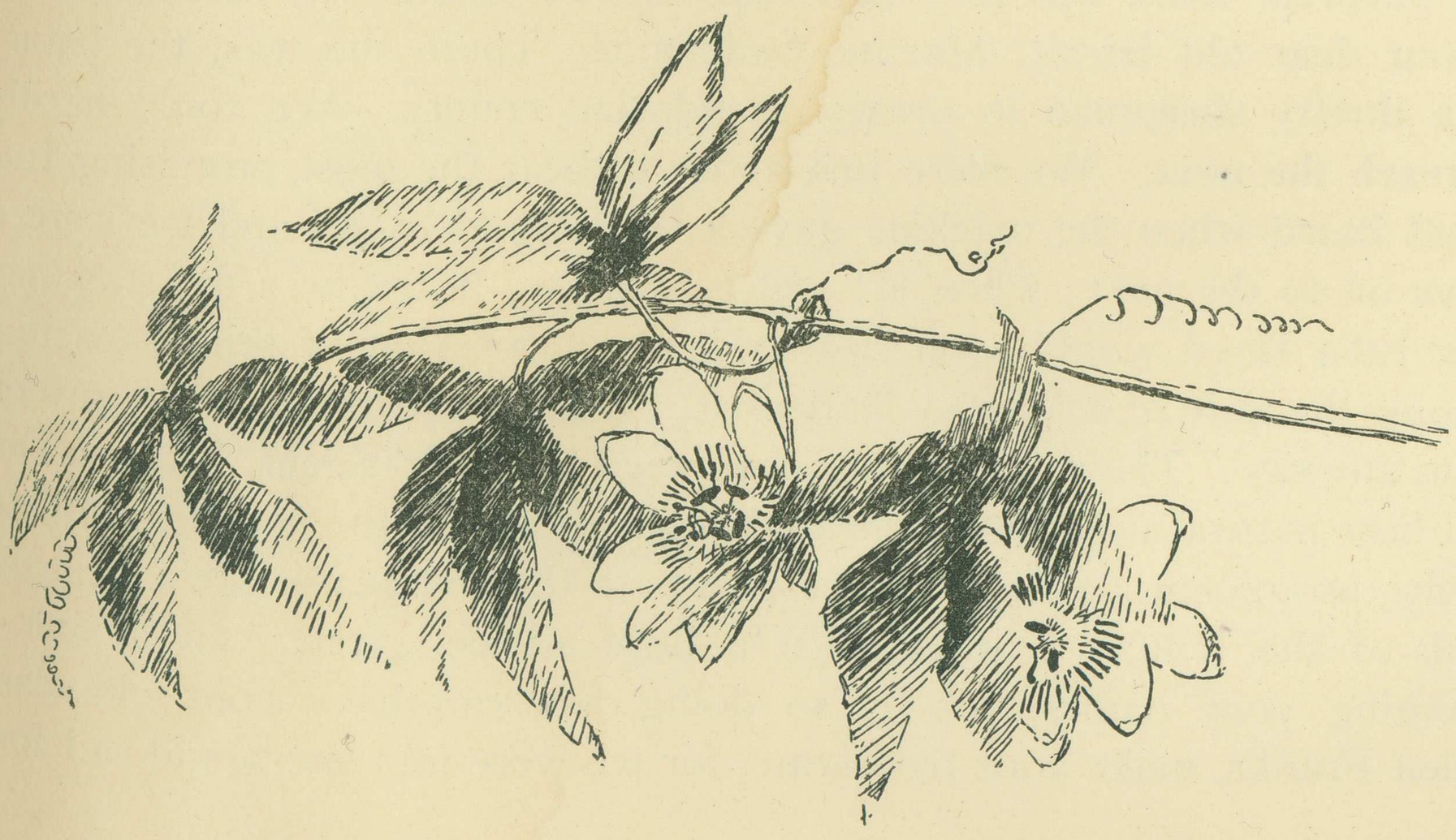
A year later—on the Bridge of Sighs—students with very intelligent, yet frightened look on their faces—heads crammed full of methods and grand ideas—going to the land of Teachers' Meetings, Critic Meetings, Supervisors' Meetings. Will they survive?

SCENE 2.

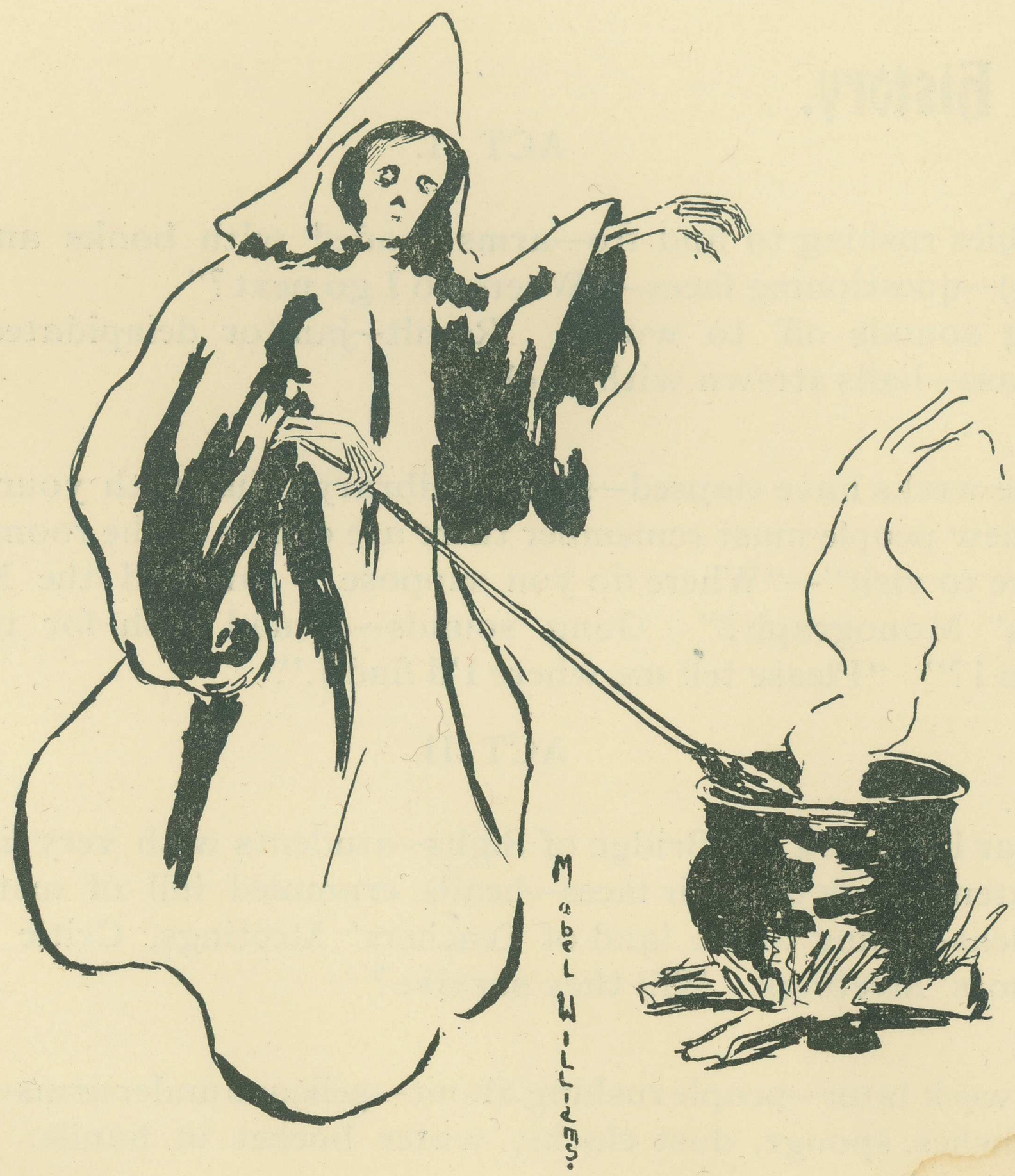
One week later—people rushing about—pelicans under arms—charcoal, paint brushes, sponge, dust cloths, water bucket in hands. Oh, that worried look!

SCENE 3.

Heads erect—steady gait—the world rests on OUR shoulders. Class election—the bitter contest and its results. They don't see how the Normal will do without them. They trip merrily down the front steps with their sheepskins under their arms.



NORMAL PENNANT.



M. Sawtelle.

Class Prophecy.

Have you ever visited the Penny Arcade? If not, be sure to go, f one afternoon we wandered into the Penny Arcade on First street, and can assure you never spent a more enjoyable and eventful afternoon. Imagi our surprise when the very first machine we listened to revealed the futu of our dear old friend, Martha Anderson! There she was, the happy wi of a thrifty sheepman in dreary Mendocino county. We could hardly wa to reach the next. We were just about to hear the most promising future Ethel Baird when the machine gave a boom! and bang! and we were told move on to the next; when lo! and behold! we heard here the startling ne that Julia Boyd would soon cast aside the profession of school teaching a become the wife of a Marysville dentist. Well, never mind, he is a professio man, anyway. The next was our renowned Class President, Victoria Downe and how natural it seemed to hear that she would in the near future be elect to the prominent position of President of the Women's Civic Improveme Club of the United States! Just a little advice, girls: wait a year befo changing your names, for by so doing you can have your old classma Helen Franks, make your trousseau; for we were told she would sail for Pa



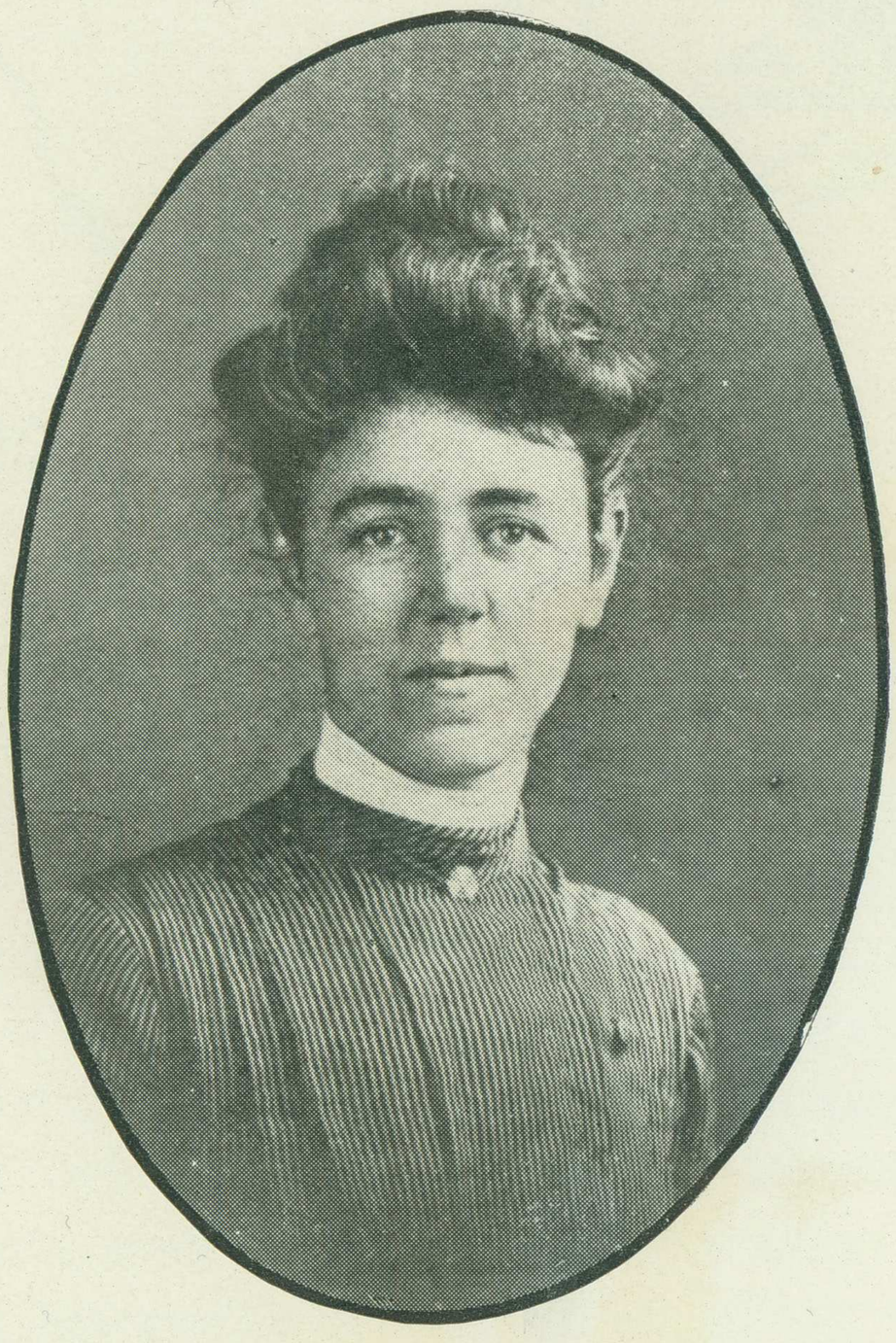
JULIA BOYD
Alumni

PHOTO BY HILL



MARIE SEIBE
Training School Notes

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL



ASSISTANT EDITORS

SAYLOR VAN HAGEN
Joshes

and there become famous as a "modiste." How glad it will make our dear faculty when they hear of the success of Hester Hulst, for we were told she would become the professor of pedagogy in Columbia University! Did you ever know that Mirth Kennedy was such a good musician? Well, she was, and now is traveling in Europe. Next we saw Elizabeth Kelley, keeping house for her life-work. She seemed to enjoy it better than when she was teaching history in the 7 G. We enjoyed the next so much, for it seemed so very odd. Can you picture it yourself? Hanah Buckley principal of a Normal at Milpitas! Who ever dreamed of such a thing when the Jose Theater was being built that we would in the years to come find Beulah Lanyon a soubrette there! But thus we found her future. Alva Ladd we discovered would soon change her name; but alas, she will always retain the touch of "burnt orange!" It did not surprise us much on going to the next to see Josephine Morrison a missionary in South America. We missed Barbara McCune's being with her, but we found her fate soon, and she is to be married in September. Oh, Barbara, how you have deceived us! I do hope you will appreciate the next as much as we did. Nich Prush living in Utah,—need we explain *why?* In a few years you will all hear of the Lodi Journal of Facts and Fancies: be sure to subscribe, for we were told that Isabelle McClelland would be editor-in-chief. Joseph Malloy is doomed to become the political boss of Monterey county. We do hope he will remember us when we need schools! Poor Louise Roselip is still to teach school; but there are worse fates than that. The next machine was out of order, but we were told that if we would return in a few days we could learn the future of Madge Roberts; and the same was told us about Edwina Frary. We have neglected going back, so will have to let them pass. Luella Switzer is to become the authority of the coming century on history, and her friend, Gladys Smythe, is to change her name from "Smythe" to "Smith." Just as we expected, Saylor Van Hagen is to invent a new system in physical training by which we can remain young always. The future of Martha Smith was so confused that we could make nothing out of it. You know she always was a puzzle. Marie Siebe is to seek higher educational ideas in manual training and to end it all by marrying a carpenter. Vivian White is to continue her praises of Fresno county, with occasional suggestions from Mr. Dailey. We found Mr. Wardrip professor of manual training in the S. J. N. S. Mr. Snyder had left for larger fields. The last but not the leas was our old friend, Mabel Williams, a famous artist, with her characteristic "touch of warm color" and "dash of blue."

Thus ended the fate of the December class of 1904.

Ethel Baird,
Madge Roberts,
Edwina Frary.

Dramatis Personae.

Victoria Downey—
"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Edwina Frary—
"Great thoughts come from thy heart."

Madge Roberts—
"A perfect woman, nobly planned to warn, to comfort and command."

Vivian White—
"These are the times that try men's souls."

Nicholas Prusch—
"A youth of labor with an age of ease."

Julia Boyd—
"Sighed and looked unutterable things."

Esther Hulst—
"So stands the statue that enchants the world."

Barbara McCune—
"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Martha Smith—
"A still small voice."

Herbert Wardrip—
"It is not good that man should be alone."

Isabelle McClelland—
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Louise Roselip—
"Thought is deeper than all speech."

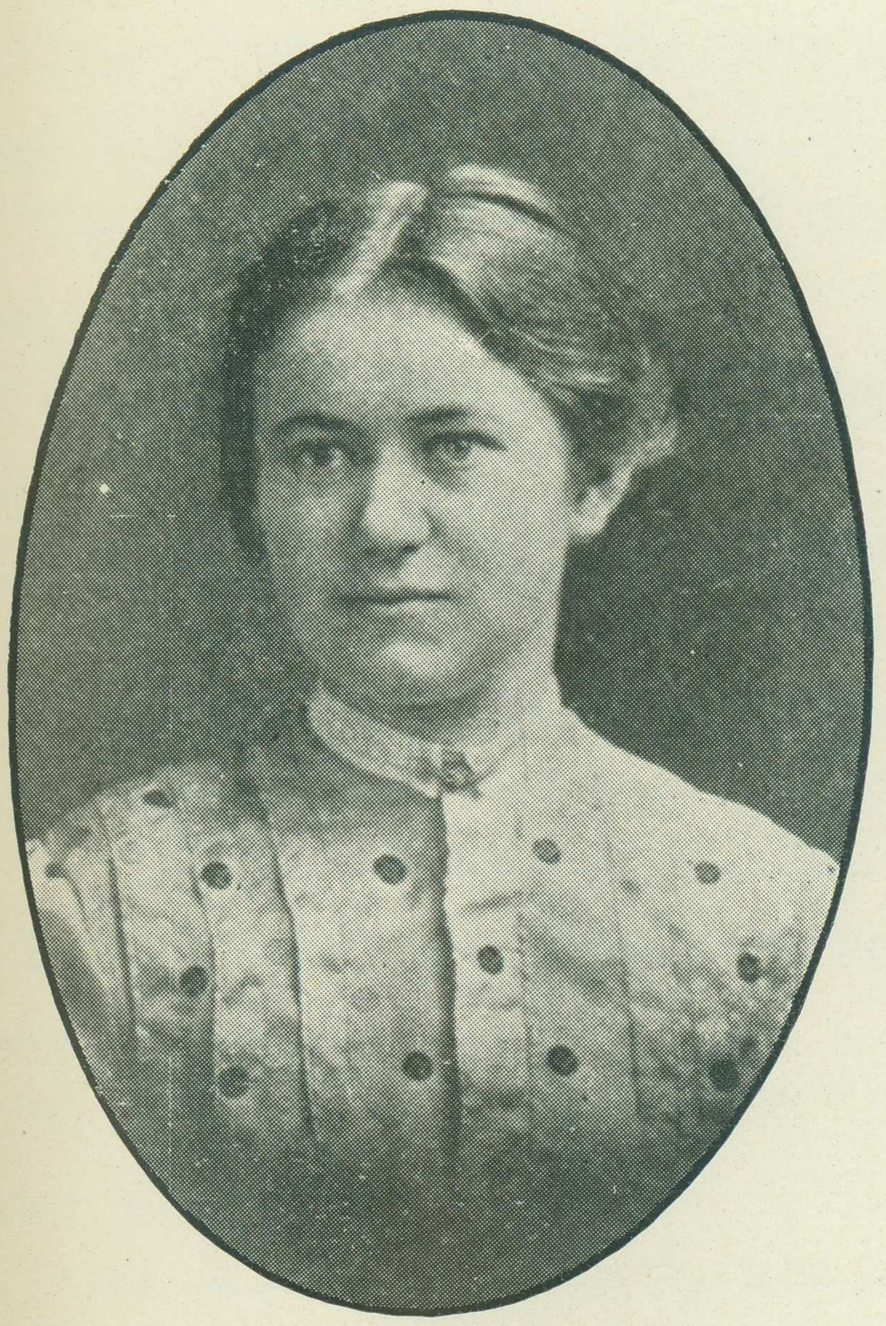
Martha Anderson—
"It is good for us to be here."

Joseph Malloy—
"He shall rule them with a rod of iron."

Luella Sweetzer—
"In maiden meditation fancy free."

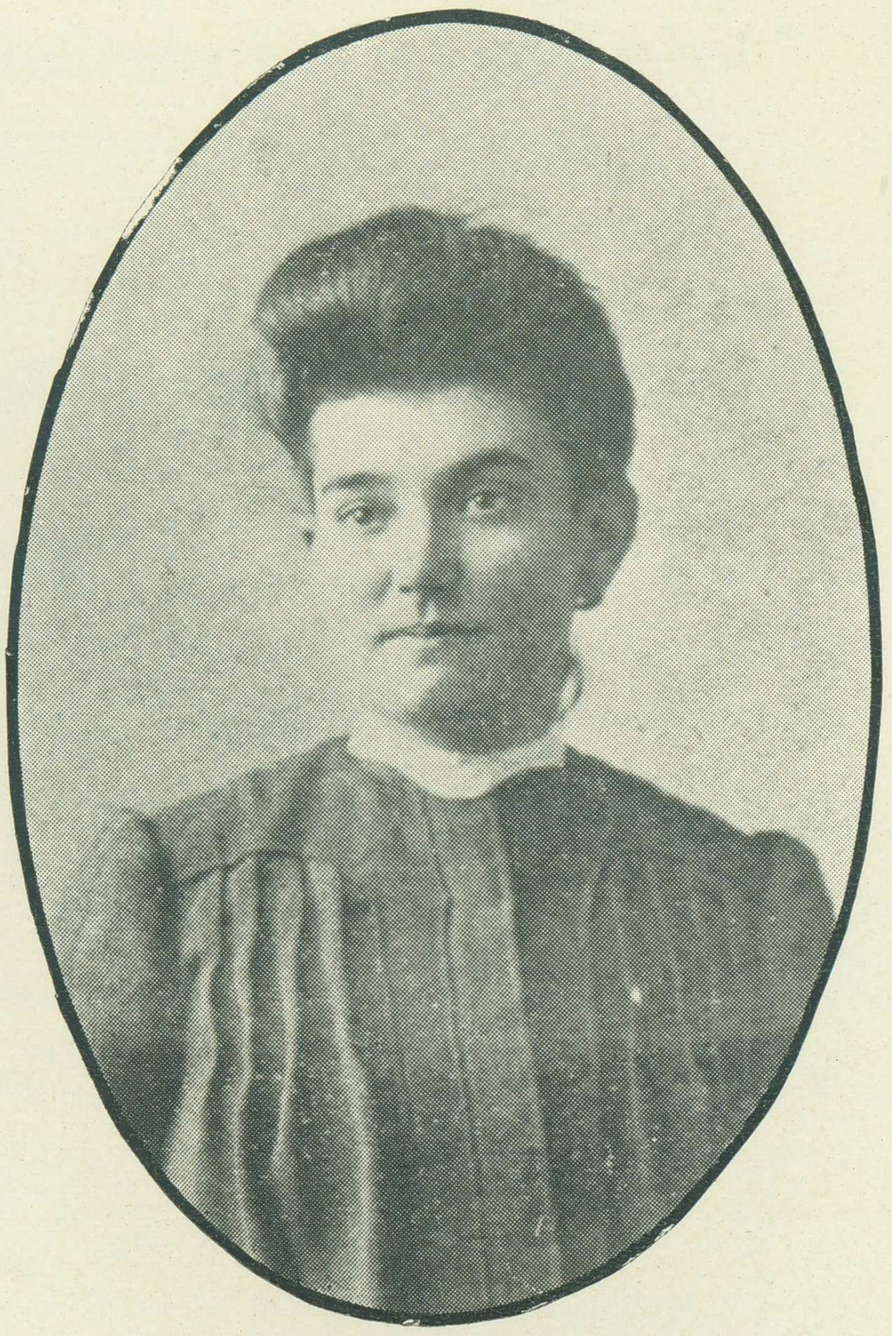
Virginia Kelley—
"That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Josephine Morrison—
"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."



Artists
MIRTH KENNEDY
MABEL WILLIAMS

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL



Prophet
ETHEL BAIRD
Historian
LUELLA SWEITZER

PHOTO BY HILL





Saylor Van Hagen—
"That though on pleasure she was bent she had a frugal mind."

Lottie Pettigrini—
"To dash through thick and thin."

Ethel Baird—
"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

Alva Ladd—
"Eternal sunshine settles on her head."

Gladys Smythe—
"The weight of intellect is on her brow."

Grace Walton—
"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."

Mirth Kennedy—
"Good to be merry and wise."

Beulah Lanyon—
"And 'Mirth' was ever by her side."

Mabel Williams—
"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Helen Franks—
"And learn the luxury of doing good."

Marie Siebe—
"And for the things I see I trust the things to be."

Hannah Buckley—
"I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The Songs of Spencer's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew."



Class Will.

We, the Senior class of the State Normal School at San Jose, being of sound mind, and sane judgment, and having in mind our approaching departure from this Normal life, wish to make such settlement of our worldly goods and possessions as may be to the best interests of those who come after us.

That part of our worldly possessions consisting of our discarded plans, (compiled after weary hours of mental aberration and physical prostration), we bequeath to the Normal School, in trust, until such time as the new printing press be set up in the Training Department, when two billion copies shall be printed by, on, or under said press, to be distributed to the waiting world, the proceeds to be devoted to the following benevolent objects:

To whoo and to whit:

To Mr. Dailey, our honored president, we bequeath enough ready cash to hand out sample copies of "the smile that won't come off."

To Mr. Wilson we bequeath $15 to pay for the writing of a new duet for himself and Mr. Dailey, embodying their especial technique.

To Miss Schallenberger we leave the sum of $10,000 to bribe the faculty of Cornell into creating a degree higher than Ph. D. and bestowing it upon her.

To Mr. Schemmel we bequeath $10 to keep our beloved "Mellow Horn" in constant repair, and another $10 to buy the "Little Tin Soldier" a wooden leg.

To Miss Bassler we leave $17,000 for the construction of a new gymnasium and suitable apparatus, excluding hoops, wands, and dumbbells.

To Mr. Baker and Miss Reibsam, in equal shares in partnership, we leave A. B. and C with all their sheep and acres, and with all pasturage thereon.

To Miss Enid Kinney we leave $3.75 monthly, for a trip to "Frisco" to procure suitable models for her drawing classes.

To Miss Nicholson we bequeath $300 to be devoted to the purchase of a merry-go-round with patent phonograph attached; said merry-go-round to show a panoramic view, at every three feet, of a different educational subject, and aforementioned phonograph to proclaim intensively all reliable information relating thereto.

To Miss Cory we will the sum of fifty cents ($.50) for purpose of carrying on school entertainments.

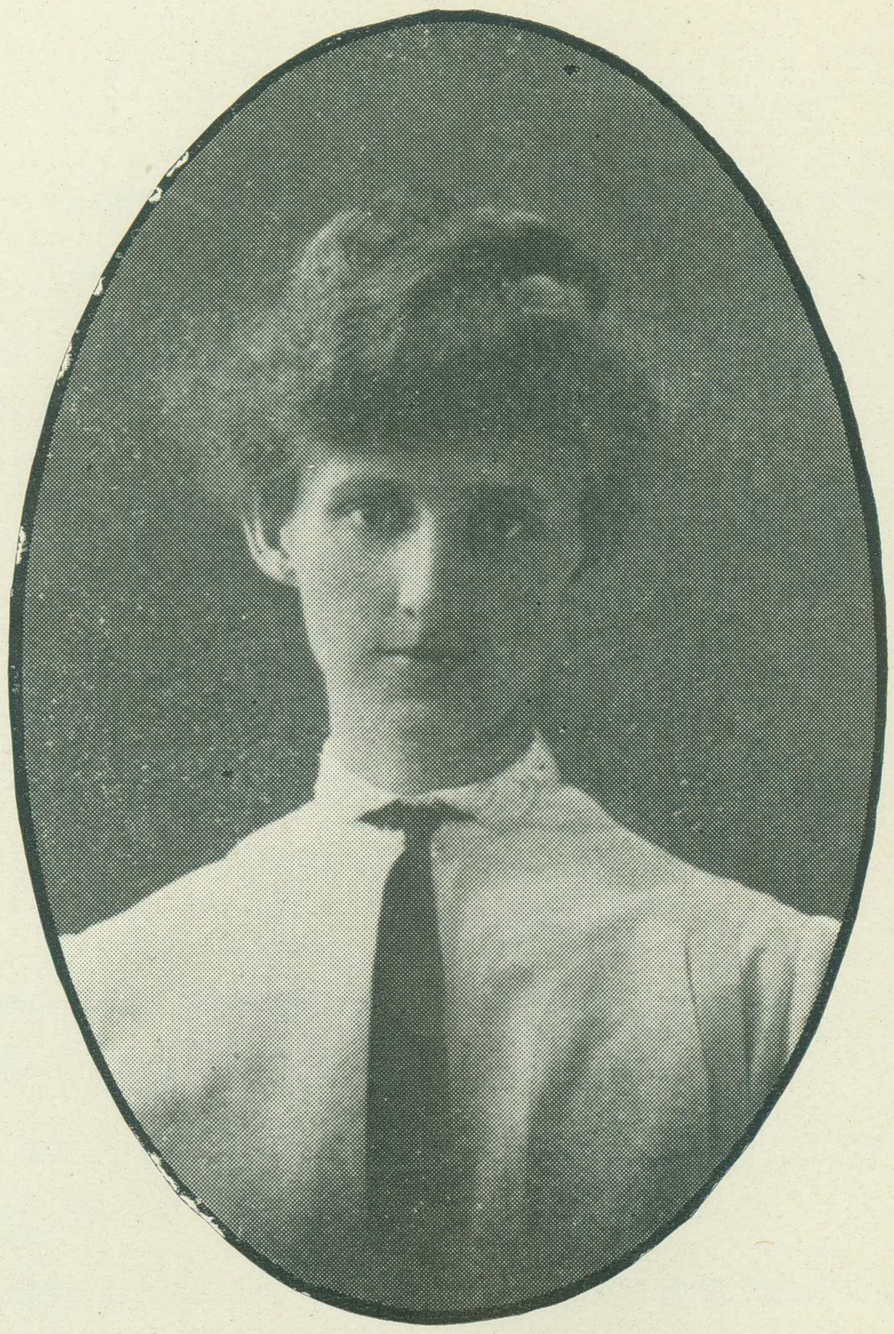
To Miss Rowell we leave $100 to enable her to provide spectacles for all members of her classes, that they may readily perceive "two sides" of any question.

To Miss Etta Kinney we leave the sum of $500 annually, to be expended on the procuring of bats, and delightful vermin.

To Miss Denton we omit a money legacy, but respectively and earnestly recommend to the faculty that she be given, always and forever, first choice of student teachers.

To Miss Bradley we provide enough money to enable her to live for one









CLASS OFFICERS

VICTORIA DOWNEY
President

EDWINA FRARY
Vice-President and Athletic Editor

PHOTO BY HILL

MADGE ROBERTS
Secretary and Prophet

VIVIAN WHITE
Treasurer

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

year in solitude, this time to be devoted to the compiling of a book on the "Joys of a College Education."

To Miss. McKenzie we leave half a million for the establishment of a "Department of Principles," provided that she does not require her students to spend more than three hours per diem in meditation on said principles.

To Miss Royce we leave the sum of $5 to enable her to bottle up all the stupendous accumulation of good intentions regarding the return of books to the library.

To Miss McMillan we leave $1,000 annually to enable her to maintain herself in the latest æsthetic surroundings, that nothing may "get on her nerves.

To Mrs. George we leave the sum of $5,000 that she may go abroad, and $6,000 more for the purchase of silk maps, silver outlined, and painted by the finest artists of the day.

For Miss King we earnestly solicit the largest recitation room available; also $1,000 for history books; provided that no one pupil be required to refer to more than twenty books, in the preparation of a single recitation.

To Miss Smith we bequeath the sum of $5 per month for the hiring of a messenger boy to deliver telephone messages.

To Miss Blaisdel we leave the sum of $400 for the instituting of a patent Freshman assorter and appraiser.

To Miss Beal we bequeath a sum sufficient to buy up all the back numbers of popular antequated and antedated magazines for the last twenty years; and having in mind the valuableness of the students' time would gladly devote another reasonable sum for the maintenance of a man to assist with the binding.

For Miss Sprague we leave, in Mr. Dailey's care, the sum of $3.00 for the purchase of a new window pole. The class have deeply grieved over her struggles to raise and lower the windows with the present pole.

To Mr. Snyder we leave the sum of $45,000 to be employed in the invention of a machine, which shall tabulate the amount of thought each child puts on his especial piece of work, before turning it out complete. We also bequeath the sum of $7 per month to be devoted to the buying of bandages and sticking plaster.

To Miss Payne we bequeath the sum of $50 annually, to be expended for the purchase of the latest book on Poise and "Yellocution." We also leave all the flat "a's" of our honored class, with an intention that is "perfectly good."

To Miss Davenport we bequeath all our old shoes, kettles, crockery, hats, and other junk, to be used as models for new students in the art class. It is to be hoped that these relics of the departed Seniors will be properly venerated.

To Mrs. Rousseau we bequeath the money to buy a new sofa, a box of hairpins, a paper of pins and needles and a bundle of court plaster.

To Mr. Wood we hereby devise and bequeath the sum of $300, to be used in the purchase of a good stout hitching rope and shelali, with a strong boy to wield it. These are to aid in the moving of donkeys.

To Mr. Bland we bequeath the sum of $250 to pay for the publishing

of his latest collection of poems.

Why doth the busy little moth,
With industry supreme,
Disturb Prof. Rattan
In the Normal School Museum?

Therefore we have resolved to bequeath $50 to Prof. Rattan, to be used in the purchase of moth balls and "Fleas must go," and a gee-whiz rat trap.

To Miss English we bequeath $80,000, to be applied to the publishing of a new system of copy books, which is to be edited by Miss English. Each letter of the alphabet is to be given the exact pedagogical, psychological, sociological, and ethilogical slant, height, breadth, and depth. Being perfect, this system is to stay in effect in this Normal forever, and a special teacher is to be always employed to teach it.

To the President of the Student Body we bequeath $5,000, to be used in the purchase and maintenance of three bulldogs to be installed as assistants to the sergeants-at-arms in student bodys meetings.

To the Student Body we loyally subscribe the rest of the revenue derived from the sale of our plans. Said revenue to be devoted to the paying of the Student Body dues of those persons who from lack of will or inclination decline to pay. We also leave with them our dearest love, and pray that they may be ever loyal, loving and true to our Alma Mater.

The aforementioned plans, because of their extreme value, have been secretly hidden away. The key to the chest, and the parchment telling its whereabouts may be located as follows: Enter the left division of the right hand gate on the S. E. corner of the square. Go directly N. E. for twenty rods, then turn abruptly to the rigth until you have passed through the wilderness. Walk ahead in the direction of the moon's rays until you have passed seven palm trees and three elms. Then under the roots of the third yellow chrysanthemum bush on the left of the maple, your search may be rewarded.

To this, our last will and testament, we do hereby set our hand and seal, on this, the ninth day of November, in the year 1904 A. D., in the presence of the following witnesses:

M. E. DAILEY,
J. JOHNSON,
M. E. SCHALLENBERGER.

Signed—The December class, '04.
Per—Sailor Van Hagen,
VICTORIA DOWNEY.
E. Isabelle McClelland.



PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

DECEMBER CLASS, '04



Societies.

Browning.

The old year will soon be gone and with it one of the Browning Club's most successful terms. It is with many pleasant memories that we look back upon this term's work, with its Friday afternoon programs, several "feeds" and numerous social functions in dear old Normal halls.

The attendance at all meetings has been the best. Our new members, as well as old, have taken hold of the work vigorously and helped to make this term's work what it is, which amply proves that the club has a bright and prosperous future in store.

Thirty members answer to the roll call, four of which are to graduate this month. The graduates are as follows: Grace Walton, Martha Anderson, Isabelle McClellan and Mabel Williams, to whom the club will tender a reception on the evening of December 10th, in Normal halls. At present the club is planning for this affair, which, like all other previous Browning events, will no doubt be a success.

The retiring officers for this term are: Lottie Hudson, President; L. Misenhimer, Vice-President; Hattie Dyer, Secretary, and Wilda Stockwell, Treasurer. The election for new officers will be held in the near future.

"Best be yourself, imperial plain and true."—Robert Browning.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is unusually prosperous this year. The classes for Bible and mission study are quite well attended and are progressing under the able leadership of Miss Cory and Miss Davenport. The cabinet meetings, too, of officers and heads of committees are a source of inspiration to the workers. The society is strong as regards membership and now is the time for the girls to show their strength as the change of presidents comes. As we lose our beloved chief, Isabelle McClellan, with the graduation of the December class we feel that her place can scarcely be supplied, but it is hoped that in the coming election a worthy successor may be found to take up the work she has so ably conducted. On Wednesday, December 7th, the association girls gave a feed in Room L, as an evidence of their regard for Miss McClellan.

The sale of pennats continues and it is hoped that all the school will rally to the support of the society and repay the girls for their hard work in preparing these pennants, by making the sale the financial success it deserves to be.



THE LATE C. H. ALLEN.

The Teacher's Work.

If, of the pebbles on the ocean strand
That now are tossed by childhood's busy hand,
One in a thousand were a precious stone,
Needing the lapidary's skill alone
To break the hardened crust, the enclosing seal,
And all its hidden beauties to reveal,
Think you these pebbles would unheeded lie,
Or that the multitudes would pass them by?
No; many hands all moved by greed of gain,
Would test each pebble o'er and o'er again,
Breaking the encrusting surface to bring forth
All that lay buried there of wondrous worth.

Teachers, each child committed to your care
Is of itself a jewel far more rare
Than all the precious gems the world can give—
A soul that through eternity shall live.
Yours be the task to set these jewels free
From crust of habit or heredity,
To make each well-cut facet brightly shine
With luster that may be almost divine;
Not like the pebbles, many cast aside
Again to be submerged by ocean tide,
The latent powers of every child await
Your training as the almoner of fate;
These "little ones" committed to your care,
Their glory or their shame you, too, must share.

C. H. ALLEN.

Allenian.

September 11, 1904, Chas. H. Allen, in whose honor the Allenian Society is named, passed to the world beyond. For sixteen years, ending in 1889, he was President of the Normal School. He laid its foundations, broad and deep, and to him, more than to any one person, is due its success and the high rank which it now holds among educational institutions.

"His was the hand that, in the earlier days,
Moulded the school and guided all its ways,
No selfish aim he sought—nor glory nor rest,
But ever asked "What for the school is the best?"
And seeing years to come before him stand,
Not for the moment, but the future planned:
Best blessing—let the Normal ne'er forget—
He gave the spirit that inspires it yet."

The Allenians are proud that to their society has been accorded the special privilege of perpetuating in the school the name of one so loved and honored. During the years that have passed since its organization in 1897, the society has had, much of the time, the great pleasure of Prof. Allen's personal friendship and advice. It is needless to say that his friendship was of the highest, and noblest type; and as for those soft words of advice which he used to whisper to us Allenians,—they are seeds which will grow and ripen in the great harvest field of life.

We miss our friend. No stronger proof of his place in our hearts could be given than the simple, earnest expressions of respect and love that came from one and another member of the society at the memorial meeting held at Miss Nicholson's. He has ever been a potent influence in our lives,—an influence slowly but surely stealing into our souls and moulding within us, ideals which embody all that is great and good.

The Allenians have very many things which we might say of "our dear one," but all we might say can never recall him. We have loved him, and we shall always love him. And though we would "We can never alter the wind or the tide."

"The past is gone forever,
The 'has been' bright or sad can be no more."
"On life's stream we have been thrown together,
Clasped hands in love through bright and stormy weather,
The stream has parted, each has gone his way."

The watch-word on *our* way shall be:

"Be true to yourselves,
To the Normal be true."

The active members of the Allenian Society are: Misses Elsie Abeel, May E. Brennan, Donna Buttner, Maude Chase, Edna Clancy, Florence Clancy, Flossie Dinegan, Laura Dougherty, Dorothy Douglas, Irene Estes, Julia Estrada, Edwina Frary, Pearl Fosgate, Rose Gardner, Leila Gilmore, Ella Gil-

more, Frances Gwinn, Kathryne Hall, Lulu Harden, Allerta Ives, Johnie Johnson, Alva Ladd, Ethel Lewis, Eleanor F. Lowe, Mabelle Lyons, Fannie Luhrman, Eva Taylor, Helen Taylor, Ruth Bucker, Leota Wilcox.

Sappho.

With the beginning of the holidays one of Sappho's most prosperous semesters ends. This has been one round of initiations, feeds and meetings. The first initiation was held at Miss Shafter's country home and fourteen candidates rode "the car." The second time, Miss Hazel Singleton became a member. On December 13th a luncheon was given the graduates in Room L. The dainty place cards were one of the artistic features. Many toasts were given and responded to by both student and faculty members. Sappho's graduates are ten, and we all feel this will leave a break in our ranks, which can only be filled by the thought of their pleasant future.

Great preparations are being made for Sappho's annual party to be given next semester. The girls expect to make this the feature of the year.

The literary work has been very satisfactory each week. A new method is to be adopted, that of having meetings once every two weeks and a social evening once every two months.

As this semester closes Sappho wishes her outgoing members a pleasant future and she will always be glad to welcome them home at any time.

Members in faculty—President Dailey, Prof. Wilson, Mrs. George, Miss Blaisdel, Miss Bassler and Miss McKenzie.

Graduates—Ethel Baird, Julia Boyd, Barbara McCune, Josephine Morrison, Victoria Downey, Vivian White, Saylor Van Hagen, Madge Roberts, Mirth Kennedy, Beulah Lanyon.

Active members—Alice Hines, Hazel Brock, Monica Wilcox, Hilda Wilcox, Grace White, Marcia Cather, Ruby Bruch, Margaret Owens, Lottie Shafter, Annie Lemon, Ann McMurdo, Lois Hall, Elsie Byron, Blanche Boughton, Myrtle Bernhard, Virginia Williams, Hazel McCauley, Bertha Hemphill, Gussie Stephens, Lula Gregory, Marian Du Bois, Frankie Zimmerman, Grace Batcheler, Grace Burrel, Lillian Pope, Ruth Gilman, Violet Brown, Agnes Lynn, Lettie Currans, Hazel Singleton.

Y. M. N. D.

This is the oldest society in the Normal, the oldest, I may say, of its kind in the State, its origin dating back to a time before the present Normal School was built. Its past history is very interesting, and many of the leading men of to-day are its graduates. This society has flourished from time to time, and then again it simply existed, but it was never seriously thought of letting the old society die out. Now it is threatened by a fact, the fact that unless more boys enter the Normal, there will not be enough left, after this term, to keep it going and the Y. M. N. D. will cease to be a society.

The society has just passed one of the most successful terms in its history. There has been marked progress all along the line; all of the new members who

entered in September have been doing good work. Some of them found it awkward and embarrassing to stand before an audience and talk at first, but by continued effort they are now first-class speakers. The old members are also doing good work. On account of the scarcity of members in the society each one is given a chance to do individual work. The programs have been carefully carried out.

The officers for the past term were: Nicholas Prusch, President; Edgar Woodcock, Vice-President; Ernest Laughlin, Secretary, and Herbert Wardrip, Treasurer.

The society after voting on the members graduating this term have decided to grant diplomas to J. D. Malloy, Nicholas Prusch, E. C. Laughlin and Herbert Wardrip. These four members being the oldest in the society, their loss will be seriously felt.

Eresophian.

The past month has been a very happy and prosperous one to every Eresophian and, although they lose three of their most capable members this month, they send them out filled with every thought of love and good wishes for the future prosperity of their society.

The following program will be rendered at Normal Hall, December tenth, in honor of the graduates:

1 Piano Duet, Raymond Overture - - - A. Thomas
Marie Bernhart and Bessie Denike

2 Chorus, Christmas Song - - - - - Dow
Eresophian Society
Solos, Alco Baty and Lila Collins Violin Obligato, Louise Miller

3 Recitation
Lottie Hudson

4 Song, Good-night Beloved - - - - Swain
Charlotte Shellard

5 President's Address and Presentation of Diplomas
Ada DeWitt

6 Scenes from The Birds' Christmas Carol - Kate Douglas Wiggin
Characters—Mrs. Ruggles - Mabel Cochran
Sarah Mand - Lucy Howlett
Peter - - Genevieve Lyng
Kitty - - Lucy Atkinson
Peoria - - Frances DuBrutz
Susan - - Agnes Roehling
Clement - - Emily Furby
Eily - - Mabel Wann
Cornelius - - Annie Doidge
Baby Larry - Fay Liddle

Preliminary Remarks - - - - Idyll Mills

Scene 1—Preparations for the dinner party.

7 Vocal Duet, O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast - Mendelsohn
Mabel Sailor and Ora Bells Accompanist, Ruth Curtis

Scene 2—Mrs. Ruggles final words of advice

Concluding remarks and reading - Constance Richards

8 Piano Solo, La Gazelle - - - Marie Bernhart

9 Eresophian Song - - - - - The Society

EROSOPHIAN SONG

(Erosophian means "Lovers of Wisdom.")

Tune—"Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedon."

I.

We are Erosophian pilgrims,
Traveling toward the light,
Sounding the trumpet call of progress;
We have come from hill and valley
With others to unite
In sounding the trumpet call of progress.

Chorus

We're lovers of wisdom,
Of truth and of right;
We're seekers for knowledge
With heart, soul, and might.
We are Erosophian pilgrims,
Traveling toward the light,
Sounding the trumpet call of progress.

II

In Normal's halls we've gathered
And joined our comrade's ranks,
Sounding the trumpet call of progress;
To all who've helped us onward
We give our grateful thanks,
Sounding the trumpet call of progress.

HARRIET CORY.



Kappa Delta Fraternity.

(Full many a pupil has become greater than his master.)

FRATRES IN COLLEGIUM:

Nicholas Prusch Joseph Malloy Elmer Emerson

FRATRES IN FACULTATAE:

M. E. Dailey, A. M., LL. D., D. R. Wood, A. B.
L. B. Wilson, N. H. Bullock, M. S.

FRATRES IN ALUMNAE:

A. H. Suzzallo, A. M.
Wm. Langdon
F. C. Moore
E. A. Palmer
A. J. Sheriffs
F. M. Carr
H. C. Montgomery
C. C. Martin
W. H. Hanlon
H. C. Tracy
W. R. Meese
C. J. Fox
C. H. Reynolds
R. B. Matthews
H. G. McKanney
K. F. Reynolds
N. B. Gould
M. H. Farmer
A. J. Smith
A. M. Croop
F. P. Hogan
J. C. Lane
W. S. Rice
E. J. Cuthbertson
E. D. Snow



Sigma Theta Chi.

ALUMNAE

Olive Bede
Olive Stevens
Clifton Snisher
Ethel Blythe
June Chappel
Laura Bailey
Theresa Burtcher
Clara Boyce
Agnes Mason
May Hayward
Elsie Rhul
Maud Mariner
Bertha Russel
Ethelwyn Caldwell
Mae Worthington
Maud Hunt
Lillian Raney
Bonnie Gaine
Hattibel Osgood
Genevieve McBride
Bessie McBride
Janet Bell
Lulu Spangler
Emma Resseque
Myrtle Hodge
Ethel Carr
Jeannette Stiles
Jennett Miller
Alice Rogers
Nita Gilkyson
Lita Farmer

SORORES SCHOLICAE:

Lottie Shafter
Annie Lemon
Hazel Brock
Johanne Johnson
Julia Boyd
Donna Buttner

FRANCES GIVINU

Almeida McMillin
Laura Dougherty

News.

OUR ABSENT FACULTY MEMBERS.

We were glad to see Mr. Bullock in the halls not long ago. He is enjoying his work at Cooper's Medical College in San Francisco. We shall be glad to welcome him back after Christmas.

Mr. Bennett is at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York. Pres. Dailey saw him on his recent trip East and says he is interested in his work there. They spent a day together at West Point witnessing the great football game between West Point and Yale.

Several of the teachers have heard from Miss Howe, who is taking post-graduate work at Wisconsin University under Dr. Turner. Before settling down to work she went through Yellowstone Park and visited relatives in different parts of the East. She spent a week with her brother visiting the World's Fair.

Mrs. George spent some time in Paris with Miss Vivian, our absent art teacher, who is revelling in art work abroad.

It speaks well for the professional spirit of our school when teachers away on leave spend their time in progressive work along their chosen lines. We hope they will not become so engrossed by it that they will neglect the needed rest and recreation.

The Normal had an exceptional opportunity through the efforts of Miss Payne, of listening to Dorothea Hoaglin Hayden, one of the leading readers of this country, who rendered Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem, "Judith," Monday evening, Nov. 28, and the following morning talked to the students on the value of Reading.

During the time of the Ben Greet performances Prof. Putnam of Stanford gave us an interesting and instructive talk on the Elizabethan drama.

Not long ago we had the pleasure of listening to several selections played by a blind pianist, whose performance was doubly appreciated because of her affliction.

One of the greatest treats of the month was the visit of The Poet of the West, Herbert Bashford, who spoke to the students on the stage and its value. At the close of his lecture he rendered several of his inimitable selections.

Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger delightfully entertained the Christmas Graduates, Dec. 13, at her home.

It was a pleasure to have some of the favorite songs put into little booklets. Now we shall all have the opportunity of singing.

The President of the Student Body has appointed a committee to

arrange for a programme during the chapel hour before the term closes.

The following is a letter which we received from some of our old graduates. We are glad to publish it as it shows the proper spirit on their part:

A REUNION OF GRADUATES.

On account of the small number of young men graduated from the Normal it is rather difficult for them to get together after they once are scattered about the State engaged in teaching. Recently, however, there occurred a reunion of graduates which showed that the young men located in the southern part of California will get together despite distance.

The eight young men who are holding up the honor of the San Jose Normal in Kern, Kings and Fresno counties, selected Tulare as a meeting place and assembled there. Tulare was chosen partly on account of the fact that it was equally distant from all parties, and partly because it offered a county fair as an attraction. On account of the fair every hotel and lodging house in the town was crowded to its utmost capacity, and arriving as they did at the fag end of the week, the boys were given to understand that there was not a room available.

A little oratory on the part of some of the graduates of the Y. M. N. D. gained the parlor of the Tulare Hotel for the eight. Here for two days they held open house. Professional experiences were recounted, old times talked over, several banquets disposed of, and a general good time enjoyed. The two days passed all too quickly, and it was with reluctance that the pedagogues parted to resume the administration of text and birch.

A second reunion to take place the first part of 1905 was resolved upon. It will probably be held in Bakersfield, for the representatives of Kern County, although last upon the ground, remained in Tulare until all the others had departed, thus winning the right to choose the next meeting place.

Those present were: Principals Albert Carter of Armona, Milton Farmer of Farmersville; Vice-Principal George Serfling of Selma; Clarence Wilson, Cashier of the Dinuba Bank, Dinuba; Irving Fox of Hanford; Lawrence Chenoweth, Vice-Principal of the Kern City Schools; Clyde H. Reynolds of Mountain View, Kern County, and George Belz of Button Willow, Kern County.

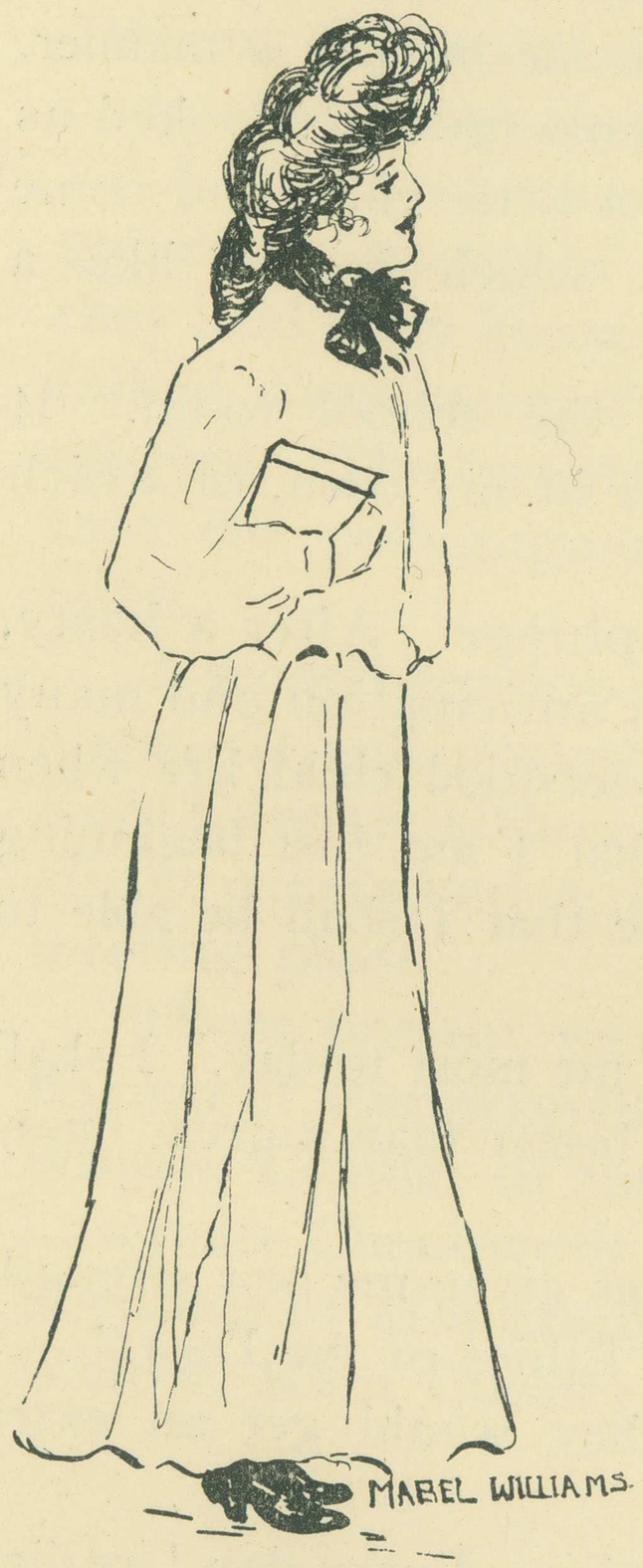
I shall specialize in Manual Training.

Nov. 17—Well, I had quite a set-back from Miss ——, my supervisor, to-day. However, I shall try to profit by what she has said, for it is only the weakling who is crushed by criticism, and we must court it and become strong.

Saturday, Dec. 3—General cleaning day—washed and ironed hdkfs. and collars and overhauled my clothes. I compliment myself, they look quite fine. My, how I love to be clean! My little clock says 7:30. I feel as if it were 10. I become so used to busying myself around the Training School, the day goes slowly when I am not there.

Only two weeks more of my school days. How I hate to leave the friends that I have made, and the dear little ones whom I have grown to know so well. But there! I must be brave, and now to my studies.

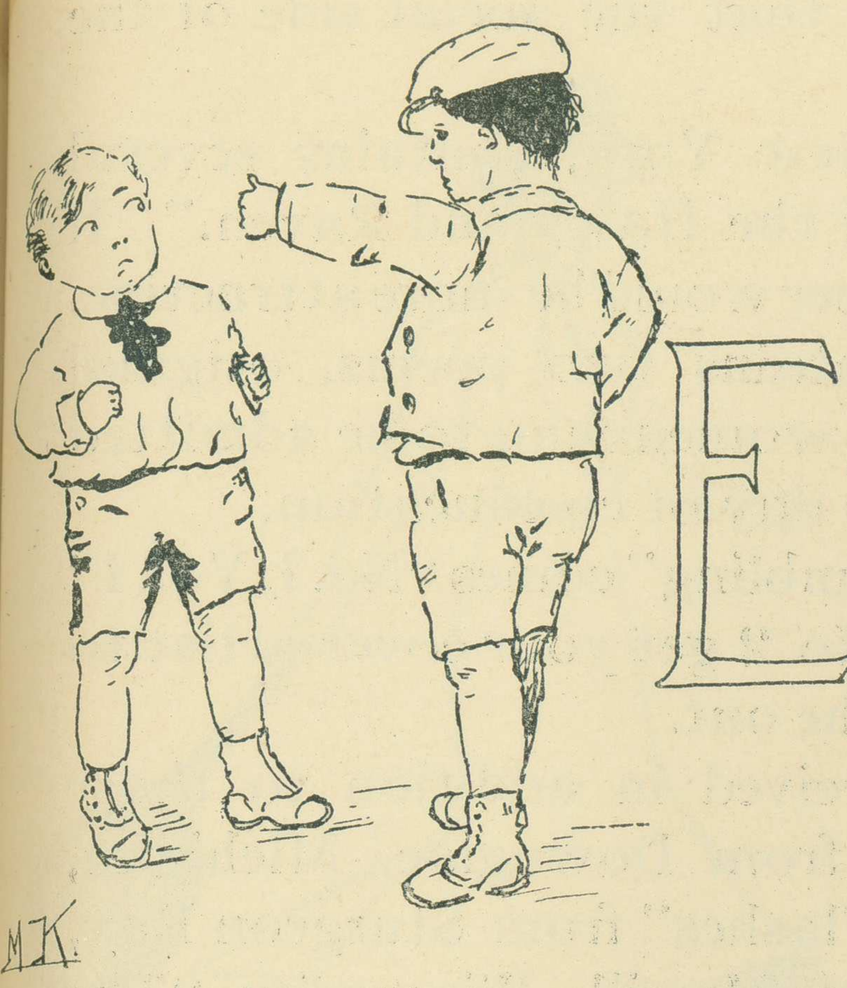
Dec. 15—This is my last day of teaching. Very pathetic to see the children offer small bits of candy, faded flowers, and other things dear to them.



ENTERING



LEAVING



EXCHANGES.

IT is with regret that we look over the Exchanges for the last time. A hurry of days, and many who have worked to make their papers fit, and many more who have enjoyed the pages when complete, will have gone on to other tasks, leaving for those who still remain the cosy reading in odd hours of the papers the mails have brought. For the work will still go on and Exchanges continue to come, and though we are not here to see, may it all go well!

We especially noticed, this month, "The Sequoia" from the Eureka High School. It has an attractive cover and contains several good stories. There is literary ability there. One of the editors was successful recently, in the Overland Monthly prize essay contest.

The November "Olla Podrida" contains numerous athletic notes and the Berkeley High has good reason to be proud of her athletes, many of whom have made remarkable records. But where is the Exchange column?

"The Pharos" also came this month from New Westminister, B. C., with two original poems, "Rain and Snow" and "Autumn's Message."

Among our eastern exchanges is "The Red and Black," from Reading, Pennsylvania. The cuts are good and we are glad to see the interest the school is taking in music. Those who have a few spare moments, look through this paper.

"The Comas" from Zonesville, Ohio, is an interesting paper with an artistic cover. "Our Ambitions," in the contents, is well worth reading.

Another Eastern visitor which does credit to its school is "The High School News" from St. Louis, Missouri. The cuts are unusually good. The girls as well as the boys are enthusiastic athletes, showing the good spirit that must exist in the school.

"The Owl" from Hoitt's, Menlo Park, is a wide-awake little paper and contains a clever original poem, "The Squirrel."

Pasadena, California, sends the P. H. S., a progressive paper, with a

good story in it, "Polly's Chance." We see that the social side of the Pasadena High is in a thriving state.

"The Students' Arena" of Cobleskill, New York, contains several good articles, among them being "The Inn of the Hawk and Raven." If there were a few illustrations, however, the paper would be more attractive.

"The Mirror" from Ohio University contains two poems, original work of the Freshmen. The account of how women came to be admitted to the "O. U." is especially interesting in this day of co-education.

From the Gilroy High, "with fear and trembling" comes "No. I, Vol. I" of "The Zephyr." Success to you! And in No. 2 get your cover artist to deeorate the inside pages as well as she has the out.

Several other Exchanges have been received in addition to those already mentioned: "The Doe-Wah-Jack," from Dowagiac, Michigan, with an appropriate Indian cover; "The Flashes" from Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin; "The School Bell Echoes," from Merrill, Wisconsin; "The Native American," Pheonix, Arizona; and "The Arrow," with an insatiable desire for stories, from Alameda.

To one and all we wish success and growth.

The Alumni.

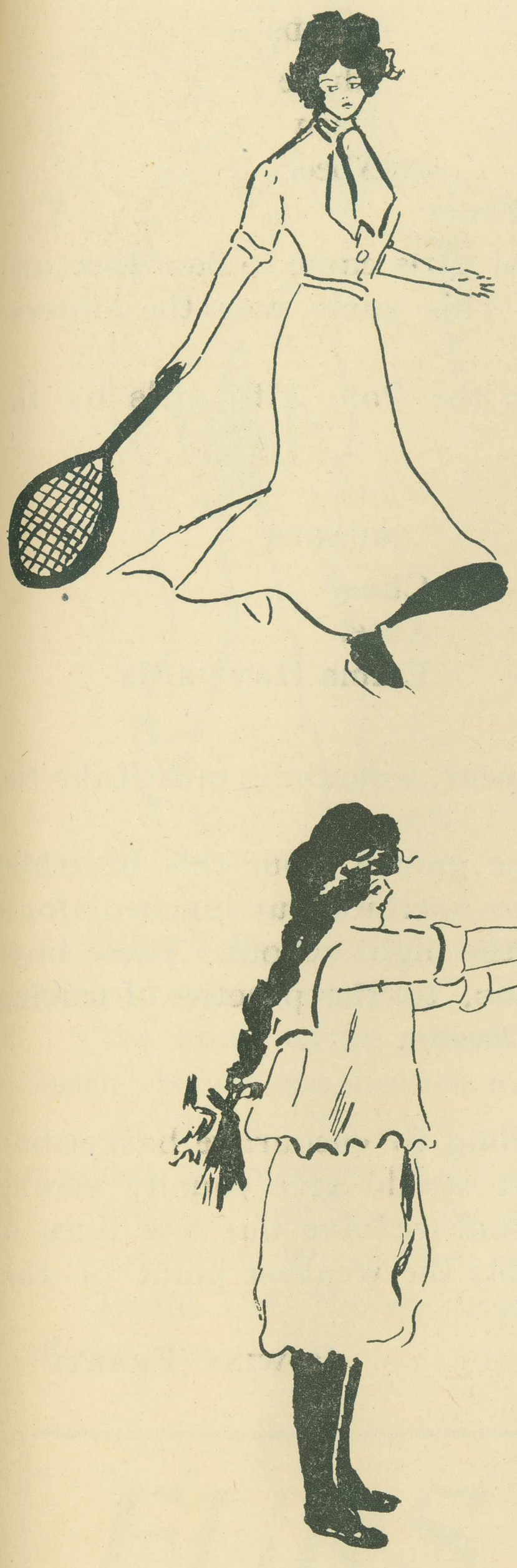
IT is a well known fact that the San Jose State Normal School has a larger and more thrifty Alumni Assn. than any other Normal in the state. The latest school statistics show our graduates to exceed the sum total of those of the other State Normals by more than one half.

Wherever one may go in California one finds San Jose graduates, making evident that our Normal is represented in all the counties of the state.

There exists a most enthusiastic Alumni Association which meets here each in June. One of our recent graduates, Alex. Sheriffs, is president.

The strength of the Alumni lies in the fact that its members are so loyal and so true to their "Alma Mater."

We are very sorry not to have published the class poem written by Miss E. Isabelle McClelland. Owing to her overwork and at the last, illness, she was not able to write it in time for this issue.



Athletics.

BASKET-BALL.

With the basket-ball season far enough advanced to show where we stand, our outlook is exceedingly bright. If the school as a whole stands by the team, there seems to be a good chance of the San Jose Normal winning the champion-ship of the coast.

We have two strong teams. Of the first, Miss Annie Laird is captain and Miss Hattie Dyer, manager. This team, by a series of victories over neighboring High Schools, has proven its strength. After the holidays a coach from Stanford will prepare the team to meet the college teams.

Manager Dyer has scheduled games with a San Francisco High, Mills College, and Stanford.

On November 18, a game between the Campbell High and the San Jose Normal was played on the Normal Court. The members of the Normal Faculty, the students of the Normal and of the Training School, besides many other friends stood by to give encouragement, for Campbell is a stubborn opponent. From the first the game was fast and clean. The Campbell girls had several strong individual players, but the team was decidedly weak. On the other hand the team work of the Normal was especially fine and the brilliant individual work was exemplified in Captain Laird's "star" playing. The score stood 13–6 in favor of San Jose Normal.

The line-up was as follows:

GOALS	CENTERS	GUARDS
Laird	Johnson	Chase
Ives	MacMurdo	Hern
Brown	Lyng	Abeel

Referee—Edwina Frary

November 26, Palo Alto High School girls came to San Jose and again the Normal won by a score of 7–9. This game was the slowest ever played on the Normal Court.

In the evening a reception was given to the Palo Alto girls by the Normal teams.

The line-up was for the Normal:

GOALS	CENTERS	GUARDS
Ives—Dyer	Johnson	Chase
Brown	Lyng	Abeel
Hern	MacMurdo	Emma Haywards

FENCING.

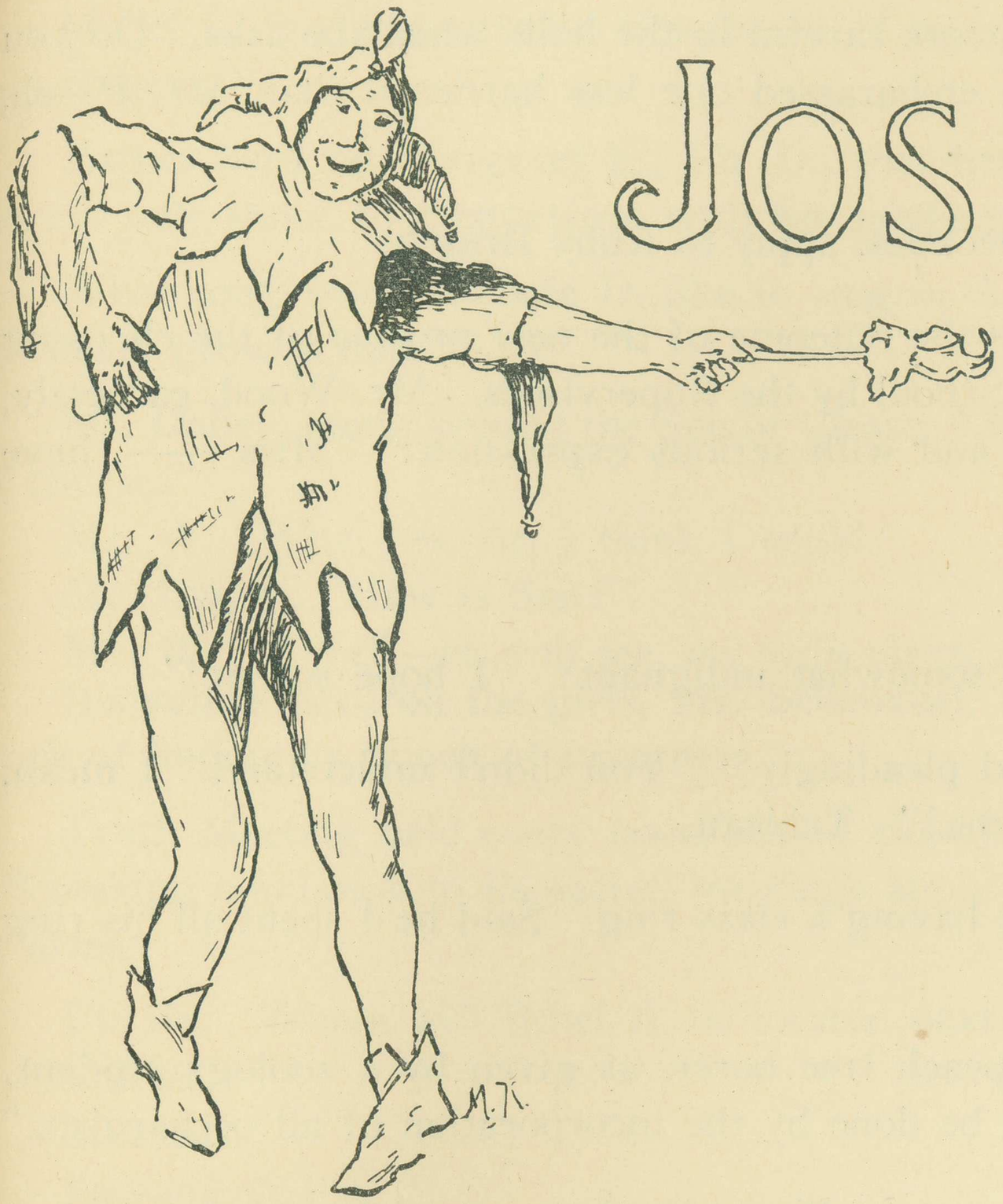
As the season of rainy days draws near, something must take the place of basket-ball. Why not fencing?

If we all understood the pleasure to be gained from this healthful exercise, perhaps we would be as willing to sacrifice our luncheon for a bout with the foils as are two students of the night school. These boys give up a part of their hour of rest at noon, to the practice of fencing and once a week come to the Normal for a lesson.

TENNIS.

The Student Body has shown itself willing to encourage basket-ball and we have no reason but to think that it would give equally strong support to a tennis club. Here at the Normal we have but few lines of athletics represented. Athletics are probably the weakest point of this school—give us more boys.

EDWINA FRARY.



JOSHES.

Miss Pellegrini (in Manual Training): "Just think! I had four arms going to waste yesterday." How popular.

We would advise you, Myrtle, to find out more about the "Aunheuser Busch" before you mention having one with you.

Mr. Bland: "If I had a concept of an insect and drew it on the board, it wouldn't be an image of any particular insect."

Miss L.: "It would be your image, wouldn't it?"

Ask Hilda W. why her tastes run to Green.

Bertha H.! No, we never have a josh on her. She's just one big joke all the time.

FURS

cheapest at

Best
25c BOOKS
in the State

CORNELL'S

13-15 East Stnta Clara St.

Helen Taylor should be more careful in the halls when she asks, "Do you love me?" You might have embarassed one less hardened than Mr. P—sh, Helen.

For advice in selecting neckties, apply to Ruby Brusch.

The following incident is the outcome of the new process of the choosing of teachers for the Training School by the Supervisors. Mr. Wood, earnestly, in a salvation tone of voice, and with serious expression: "Miss ——, have you been saved?"

Hale's good goods.

Miss ——, startled and somewhat indignant: "I hope so, sir!"

Mr. Wood, confused and pleadingly: "You didn't understand. I mean, will you save d yourself for me?" Tableau.

Mr. Wardrip objected to having a class ring. Said he'd spent all his ring money already.

A new remedy for the peach tree borer, as given by a zoology student, "As to kill the pests, it must be done by the incorporation of all orchardists."

Agnes Lynn—Expert Caterer. Picnic lunches a specialty. Leave orders 510 South Sixth.

Graduates, go to Hale's.

Never mind, Vivian, you are all "Wright."

Mr. Bland: "The other day I ran down a cat, and when it was cornered, it turned and fought me."

Miss S.: "What kind of an animal did you say it was fighting with?"

It's a sad thing to have lived too late. If Miss J. J. had lived in the time of Frederick the Great, it is asserted upon excellent authority, that on account of her fine physique, she would have been chosen to be the wife of a German army officer, and her sons might have been numbered among those of the giant body guard of the Emperor. As it is, she will probably marry an ordinary American, and her boys may aspire to nothing higher than the presidency of the United States. Too bad!

Hale's for Xmas goods.

Mr. Bland, tracing the sensations of the child's mind when caught throwing chalk, he is told to *leave the room.* "On hearing these dreadful words, the shock to his nervous system would be carried to his medulla oblongata, where the hereditary instincts of self-protection and antagonism would be aroused, and would compel him to offer opposition to the mandates of the teacher."

Mabel C. has discovered a new breed of mosquitoes, which make for all new comers.

Rather hard on Margaret E., Ph. D., that her early efforts as a "school marm" only shone by comparison with her predecessor, who was "nutty."

What song would Flossie D. like to sing in Assembly? "Absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

Mr. Dailey, going around the Senior Class: "Mr. W. Oh, you don't play, of course!"

Mr. W. "Why, yes, sir, I think I could."

Mr. Dailey: "How is that?"

Mr. W.: "Well—er, you see, my wife plays, so I think I could manage."

It's rather hard on the girls, Mr. Schemmel, for you to make such hard work of finding "a bunch of sweetness."

Truth Meeting held every noon behind closed doors in the Kindergarten. All seeking admission to its sacred meetings apply to Jean Williams, sergeant at arms.

Puzzle: Where will Ethel B. be located next year?

Colusa!

Merced!

Sacramento!

Marysville!

The finale of the luncheon in Room L., Dec. 7.:

Mr. Wood, the happy school boy, having been given a bite to eat, seated himself upon a table that was being skillfully moved along, with the remark, "Take me with you." It reminded one of the movers irrisistibly of the Mellin's Food ad. The baby in the valise with the motto, "Take me with you." Mr. Wood got off the table.

Why does Mr. Prusch have such a hard time finding his way from the house, after he used a lantern to find the young lady's door number?

Why do Sailor V. and Vivian W. want class rings instead of pins?

Answer: They are expecting rings soon any way.

How did it happen that Joe Malloy got his name under Mr. Earl's picture in the paper?

E. H. GUPPY & SON 31-33-35 E. San Fernando St.

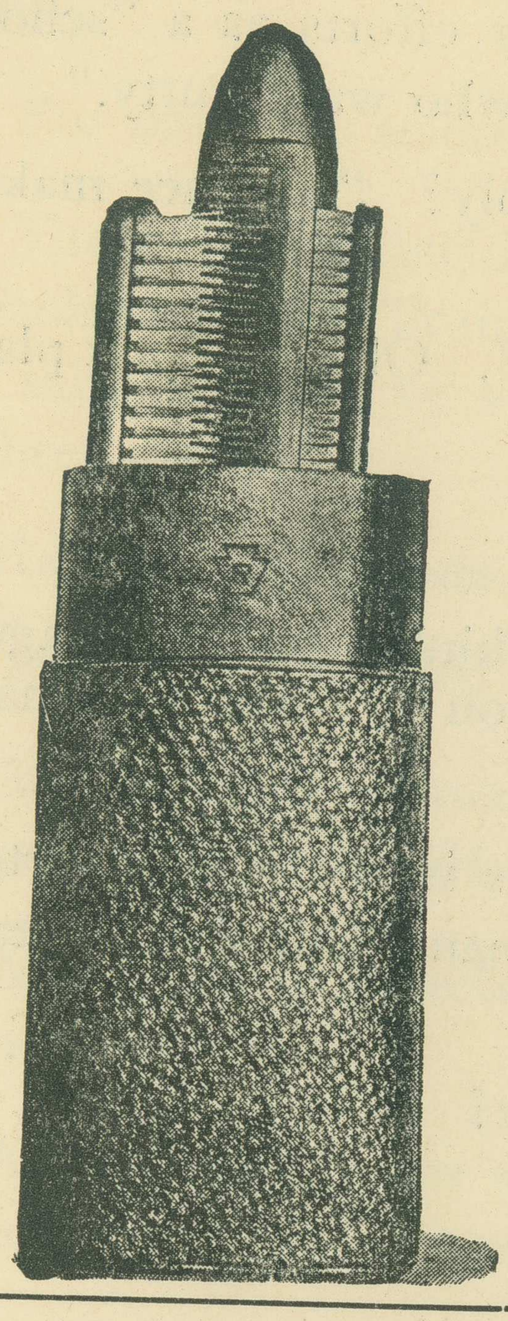
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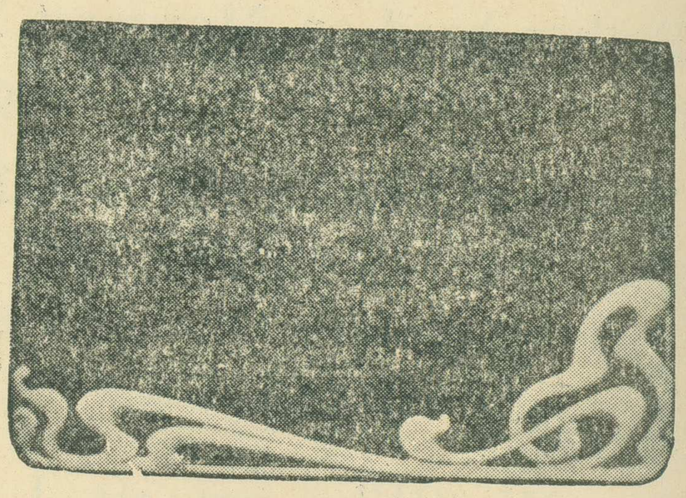
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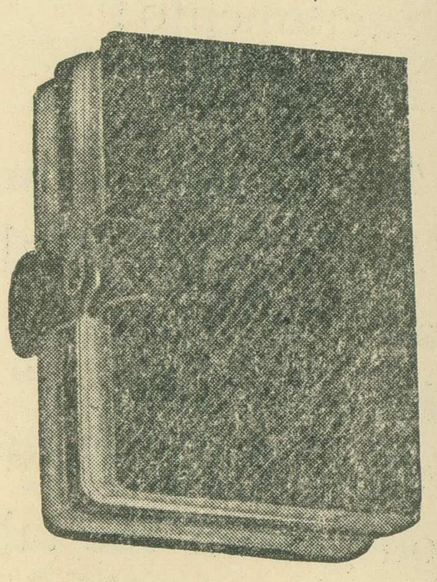
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Men's Genuine Pigskin Tray Purse, hand sewed and in two sizes at - - - - - 85c

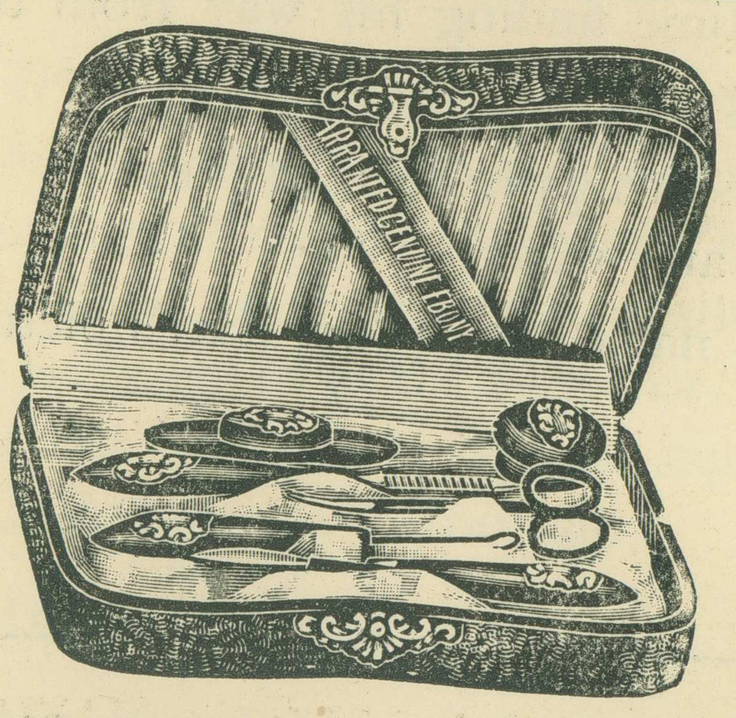
English Calfskin, same as above at - - - $1.00

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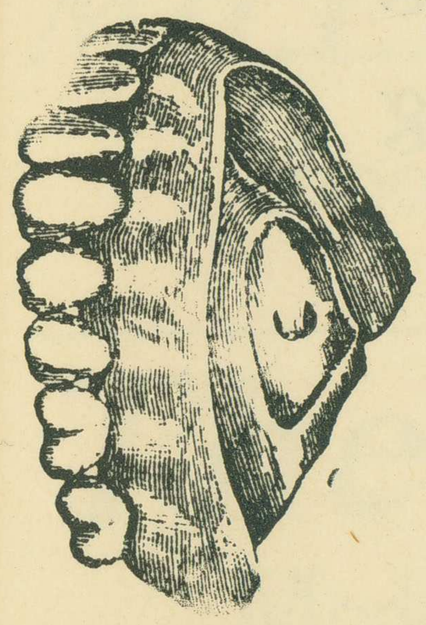
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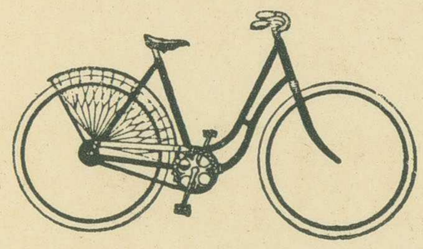
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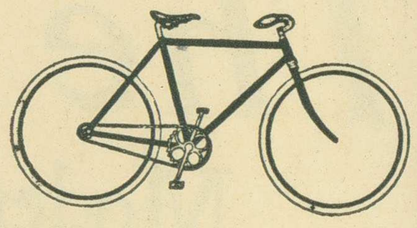
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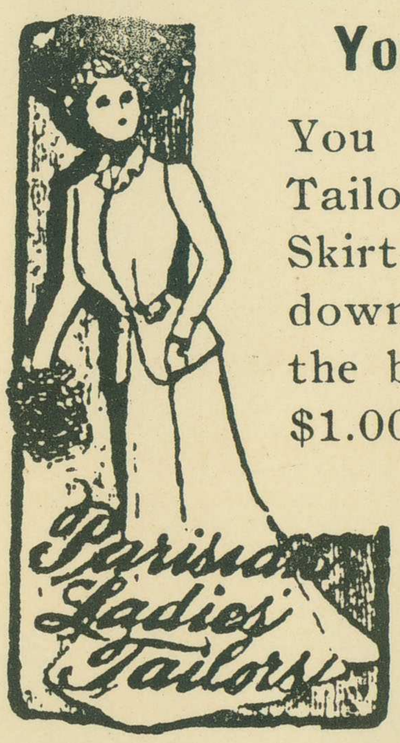
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