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1904

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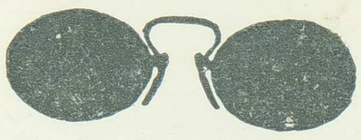
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Fourteen Days' Camping Out in Southern Oregon.

AFTER hearing in April, '99, a most fascinating lecture upon Crater Lake, I was seized with a wild desire to go there myself and see with my own eyes this wonderful natural phenomenon. Being utterly ignorant of the way by which this could be accomplished, as soon as the summer vacation began, I went to the little town of Ashland, Oregon, making that the base of operations, hoping like Micawber, that something would "turn up."

In Ashland, being told I must "attach" myself to some party who might be going to the Lake, I waited patiently for six weeks, but no "party" appeared, who seemed to pine for the delights, the wonders and dangers of this expedition.

At length, luckily, about the middle of August, I heard of a photographer and his wife, who were going for the purpose of making photographs to sell in the East. Very promptly I "attached" myself to this party, which consisted of the photographer, his wife, three children, myself, and a dog, (who was quite as much a person as any of us). Two other friends must not be omitted, Kate, the gray mare, and Jenny, a large black army mule. Dear old Jenny, how strong she was, how wise and trustworthy. She pulled us out of many a difficulty; fording rivers, scrambling over rocky mountain roads with the same equanimity that she would have trotted up Santa Clara Street. On one occasion we were stopped by a tree which had fallen across the road, and had to go round it, part of the way through a swamp. Kate protested vigorously, stood up on her hind legs, rather than travel on such a road; but Jenny took in the situation, dear wise thing, she placidly pulled us through, grey mare and all, until we reached terra firma again.

It was no light load these two faithful animals had to draw, as we had to take with us everything needful for camping out: tents, bedding food, both for ourselves and our four-footed friends, as well as photographic supplies of all kinds. The outside of the wagon was tastefully decorated with a sheet-iron stove and pipes, tin pans of various sizes and shape, a large tea kettle, which became blacker as the days wore on, and

finally lost its spout, pails, fishing rods, guns, tent-poles and a can of coal oil slung under the back axle. The latter article was rather superflous as the lamp to burn inside the tent was either lost or left behind; it never materialized. But what did it matter if we had no lamp? Everyone knows the delights of camp life, and how forgotten things only call forth someone's ingenuity to supply the missing article. What did it matter if "bugs" dropped into our tea or ants got stuck in the butter? If ashes and smoke blew in our eyes, or tin plates so hot they burnt our fingers, yet in some mysterious way, cooled so rapidly, that ham and fried potatoes were stone cold before we had time to eat them? What did it matter? For every minute of the fourteen delicious days we were out was a supreme delight! It was a joy to be alive! All these little drawbacks only added a keen zest to our enjoyment.

And now a word as to the goal of our expedition. Crater Lake in Southern Oregon, lies in the very heart of the Cascade Mountains in a spot so secluded it is almost unknown to tourists. It can only be reached by a picturesque mountain road which makes up for its beauty by its impassability. But this same atrocious road runs through one of the most attractive geological regions in this country. One, where the student of volcanism can find much to occupy his attention, and to those in search of the beautiful or of great natural wonders, it is equally inviting. Lying on the summit of the Cascade Range, midway between Mount Hood and Mount Shasta, this Lake is remarkable for its position, size and altitude, but more especially on account of its depth, its beauty, the grandeur of its encircling cliffs and its geological history.

Improbable as it may seem, yet nevertheless it must be true, that a mountain as high as Shasta, once occupied the space where the Lake now rests.

In August, 1896, the Mazama Club of Portland, Oregon, held a meeting at Crater Lake and recognizing that this bygone mountain was nameless, they called it, there and then, with appropriate ceremonies, "Mount Mazama," thus giving a name to a mountain that probably never was seen by the eye of man. The Indians have many legends about this place. Nothing could induce an Indian to swim in the Lake, or even to cross over the water in a boat, for invisible hands, they say, reach up to draw you under the water, never to be seen again by mortal eyes. They regard the spot with awe, as the abode of the Great Spirit.

We left Ashland one lovely sunny morning and drove up to the divide by the "Dead Indian" road. One of the children, who could not bear the shaking of the wagon, said, "Mama, this is a *deader* Indian road than the other!" The attitude of the divide is about 5,000 feet. The descent from this brought us into a beautiful valley called "Lost Prairie." Then, through a thickly wooded country, which, judging from the quantity of stones in the road, was an old lake-bed. Still we drove on and on, until we came to the Lake of the Woods, a beautiful sheet of water, blue as

the sky above and completely surrounded by a forest of pine and spruce. From there the road was still more rough and rocky, but level, until Pelican Bay on Lake Klamath was reached. For a whole day we drove through Klamath Marsh, after leaving the Lake, passing through most beautiful pasture lands, the center of a great dairying industry, and then began the final ascent. Driving through miles of pine woods, threading mountain gorges, fording swift torrents, but ever climbing up the sloping sides of old Mount Mazama. The striking feature of the road is the great masses of lava, which has been thrown out at different periods, almost filling the valleys. It is across these plains and lava-filled valleys, that Anna creek and the Rogue river have carved out deep, narrow canyons, with finely sculptured walls, in which the different strata can plainly be seen. The road leads up, over a large moraine littered with boulders and very steep. Arriving at the crest, the Lake in all its weird, majestic beauty, springs suddenly into view and is profoundly impressive. The fascinated spectator beholds at once, twenty miles of unbroken cliff, ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height, encircling a deep blue sheet of placid water, in which the cliffs are mirrored so faithfully that it is hard to tell which is rock or which is the reflection. The color of the water is a rich, dark ultra-marine but close to the shore where there are narrow strips of shallow water, it is a vivid emerald green As it shines and sparkles in the sunllght, a glittering, gleaming sapphire, girdled by cliffs, like a setting of gold, surely, it is a jewel of which Oregon should be justly proud.

The first glimpse of the Lake is the experience of a life time, and one that can never be forgotten. The smooth, broad sheet of water, the beauty and strangeness of its surroundings, the deep mountain silence, the clear, pure air, all together enhance and intensify the first view one has of this truly wonderful natural phenomenon. As evening draws nigh it becomes more weirdly beautiful. A divine alpen glow flushes the surrounding forest and the sharp crags of the Crater's rim. This is followed by a crystal clear night, with hosts of stars, shining with a brilliancy unknown in lower altitudes; all faithfully reflected in the Lake as in a mirror. The different constellations can easily be seen in the stil water; it looks as if the great canopy of heaven had come down to earth to dwell and rest in the embrace of beetling crag and cliff.

Returning home, we went by way of the Rogue river valley road, through what is called the "Devll's Garden," which is nothing but old lava as hard as a rock, making the worse and roughest road imaginable· We drove through miles and miles of magnificent pine lands, under great giants of trees that would delight a lumberman's heart. The woods there are not dense, there is scarcely any. undergrowth and one can see through the trees for a long distance. In the pine forest the road is good and it is a real pleasure driving but in some places the wonder is that the wagon was not shaken to pieces. Sometimes scrambling down the sides

of deep canyons, fording the stream, then scrambling up the other sid sometimes crossing old lake beds, which were nothing but heaps of ston and coarse gravel; floundering through swamp or marsh or climbing up the steep side of a mountain. Yet, withal, the novelty charms, and one feels very near to Nature's heart and the quietude awes and stills the wildest spirit.

In the woods of Southern Oregon, one is struck by the strange lack of animal life, only here and there a bird is seen. It is almost pathetic how tame and docile your own horses become; they seem to understand how dependent they and their human friends are upon each other. A study of the geological problem as to the origin and cause of Crater Lake is out of place here, as it is too lengthy, but the subject is one of absorbing interest.

During the drive there and back what most strikes the eye, after it is satiated with the beauty of the general features of hill and peak, forest and valley, is the magnificent opportunity for the study of color. The intense clear azure of the sky, particularly when seen through the dark green of pine boughs, the purplish greys of granite rocks, the reds and browns of dry meadows, with sometimes a vivid green spot where there is a spring or water course. The translucent purple and crimson of huckleberry bogs, the flaming yellow of aspen groves, the silvery flashing of streams and bright blue of mountain lakes, all combine to make a scheme of indescribably beautiful color masses. Never can I forget the last sight we had of Crater Lake! After a long day spent there, walking about and admiring the ever changing views that every turn of the path revealed, the rest of the party returned to the camp to get supper ready leaving me alone to watch the sun set. How can I describe it? As the sun went down and his rays struck the water, it reflected back the glory of the sky. Every moment the picture became more and more brilliant. The soft white clouds, lying low on the horizon, rolled into golden heaps, floating in a sea of soft purples and opaline tints of endless variety. They lingered for a brief season then faded slowly and the water looked like a sea of molten gold.

Finally, as the sun sank below the edge of the Lake, the colors faded away, the shadows gathered quickly and nothing was left of the scene but a vivid recollection that is photographed in the memory forever. Then the evening star shone out in the West, clear, bright, steady, like the soft light of a lamp hung over the couch of the dying sun. The firs below moan and whisper warnings not to linger too long on that dizzy precipice. A strange feeling of lonliness and impending danger pervades the air. Thoughts of the weird Indian legends flit through the mind and one thinks he can see white hands beckoning to him from the pit below. Wreaths of white mist take tangible shapes in the hollows where the shadows lurk, and the wraith of the lost mountain floats over the gulf beneath.

Reluctantly, and yet with a feeling of relief, I turned away from the brink and looked down the slope. Through the scanty growth of trees I could see nearly a mile away, the welcome sparkle of the camp fire, and in the clear air distinctly hear voices and our little dog barking.

Fatigue and hunger assert themselves. Romance must give way to plain, everyday prose; so, turning my back on the visions of a bygone time, I hurried down the rugged path towards the light and life and civilization of the Twentieth Century.

KATHARINE E. VALE.

Mamma's Baby.

Jes' my mamma's baby,
  Allers was you know,
Never will be nuthin' else,
  Cause my papa told me so.

Sometimes she whips me awful!
  And I get so mad, and cry,
And I say I'll never love her,
  That I couldn't if I'd try.

'Nen she puts her arms all round me,
  And begins a' cryin' too,
And 'nen we love each other
  Jes' the same we allers do!

J. E. M.

Rawlins.

YES, he certainly was queer. Everyone in the little mining town agreed that Rawlins possessed characteristics strikingly unlike most of his fellows—characteristics which singled him out and separated him by a barrier strong and impenetrable from the coterie of rough miners among whom his lot was cast.

He was not an old resident. In fact, less than three months had elapsed since the stage coach had deposited at the door of that dilapidated structure called out of common courtesy hotel, a tall lean stranger with a moody rather refined face and restless black eyes which had a habit of glancing quickly back as if in fear of some expected calamity.

"Durndest funniest cuss I *ever* see," was the comment of the old stage driver to the barkeeper as they sat, later on that evening, regaling themselves with a doubtful beverage calculated to restore warmth and comfort to cold tired limbs weary with monotonous drives over hard mountain roads.

"Why, he never opened his phiz but once the whole bloomin' way, and that was when we came to that deep cut down by Fraser's where the hold-up was last month—remember?—and I told him to say his prayers and git ready to meet most any old thing, for the cold muzzle of a 22 calibre might bid him good evenin' any minit. The pistol idee seemed to kinder stagger him and his face got whiter'n that there apern o' yourn. Then them black eyes o' hisen jest blazed, and he says kinder under his breath, 'let 'em come, who cares?' "

Thus he came, and before many days no one in all that country round but knew of Rawlins. For he was different from the usual class of men who daily came and went and soon forgotten. The men soon discerned this fact and gradually withdrew their friendly advances.

Among the miners of the "Lone Star" there was a feeling of good fellowship, a rough but kindly interest in each other, a link forged by days and months of mutual privation and hardship. But Rawlins coldly repelled all efforts in his behalf. He even went so far as to eat his lunch in solitary state down on the sunny side of the flume, while the remainder of the aggregation laughed and joked away the noon hour in the shanty back of the tunnel.

A short time after his arrival, he built for himself the usual cabin of the "Lone Star" miner, but this also partook of the nature of the man, and stood alone, inaccessible at the extreme top of a rocky gulch down which a mountain stream bordered by clumps of wild fern tumbled noisily.

Here, during the long evenings, after the sun had gone down over the ridge of purple hills away off to the west and the mournful cry of the coyote, or the occasional roar of a mountain lion echoed far up the

canyon, the man sat himself down to think of—what? No one knew. On only one occasion were the people down in the town enlightened on the subject of Rawlin's solitary existence. This was one evening when Johnny Newton, in search of a stray cow, accidently stumbled upon the cabin, and as he expressed it, "Clum up an' took a peek at the old gent." According to Johnny, "he was a readin' somethin' that looked like a letter an' cryin' like, and once I seen him kiss it. Sure!"

Thus the days followed each other with monotonous regularity in that little town, shut out, as it were, from the civilized world.

It was a wet, miserable night. All day it had rained ceaselessly and the mountain stream before the Rawlin's cabin was transformed into a miniature river. The trees moaned and swayed overhead as if presaging that which was about to fall. The tunnel of the "Lone Star" mine had been considered unsafe for some time, but when gold is the object the miner does not stop to consider small things like an unsafe tunnel. So day after day, and night after night, they had worked on, two miles or more underground, happy in the thought that the mine was paying.

It came suddenly—without a sound of warning—and in the dead of night a cry was raised that reached even the ears of Rawlins, in his lonely cabin on the mountain side. The earth above the tunnel, loosened by the recent rain, had caved in upon the last force of the night-shift and ten men were buried beneath that crushing mass. All was excitement in an instant. Groups of men discussed in hurried whispers, the probability of their comrades being yet alive. Women, with scared, white faces, stood helplessly by, dazed by the suddenness of it all. Suddenly there appeared in their midst—not Rawlins? Was this man so alert and full of purpose, with that determined gleam in his black eyes, the gloomy, morose Rawlins of yesterday? With the imperious hand of a leader he ordered the men to do his bidding, and leading the way, he proceeded into the tunnel, where work, untiring, ceaseless, went on until the gray morning crept over the hills. All the next day the work went on with Rawlins at the head and by evening the drift was broken through. Who would venture into that tomb where those hapless men lay—dead, perhaps. No one? Yes. It is Rawlins. His face shows ghastly by the light of the tallow candle and he looks haggard and worn, but in his eyes is that steady light which means, do or die.

Quick, the car! Rawlins emerges with the form of young Dan Evans, the quivering of whose eyelids proves him to be still alive. One after another he brings through the aperture in the drift those unfortunate men, five, alas, having paid the penalty for their daring risk. The car with its rescued burden rumbles out of the tunnel into the open air, where the men are greeted with cheers and heartfelt joy by some—tears and wringing of hands from the friends of the unfortunate ones.

Where is Rawlins! Rawlins! is the universal cry. All barriers were broken down, all restraint had melted away,—and Rawlins was a hero--

He came tottering out into the open air, into the sunlight which follows the storm—and with one glance at the cheering crowd, and one long farewell look on the world which had proven so barren to him—fell to the earth.

They lifted him tenderly and bore him to his cabin far up the mountain side, while the coyote howled up the gulch and the pines moaned and sighed overhead.

And in a corner of that bare comfortless room in an old candle box they found—the garb of a convict, and on the table lay a lock of hair and a letter in a woman's hand-writing.

B. M.



Who Was the Owner?

WE were waiting for the passengers to descend at San Mateo before we could board the train for San Jose. This outpouring of the car never fails to interest me. This time the source of interest was a tall young fellow carrying three suit-cases, a woman's cloak, and sundry "fuzzy-wuzzy" articles of women's wear tucked under his arm. A dainty bit of femininity followed him, catching her French-heeled boot in the shower of ruffles around her feet, with the unmistakable "slish-slash" accompaniment of rent taffeta which had its usual effect in bringing frowns and pouts to the face of the wearer.

"George, *have* you my gloves, and my handkerchief, and my boa, and—and—I can't find anything,"

This speech was delivered from the last step of the car, as she stood helplessly holding with both hands the refractory skirts. George hastily dropped the suit-cases, and came to her rescue, lifting his precious bundle of feathers, furs, frowns, and pouts from the train.

The Aristocratic suit-case with its insignia of rank—Havre, Naples, Liverpool, Bordeaux—had fallen on the gouty foot of an old gentleman who had descended from the adjoining car. The muttered oath, the angry face redder than ever now against its background of white locks, did not bring the slightest change to the face of the young man whose sole earthly concern was his young bride. Bride? Yes, this was my conclusion. The hasty exit from the train told of an absorption in each other that had made them forget their destination. The evidences of a European honeymoon were all strong enough to warrant the conclusion.

At length we were able to get on the train just as it was pulling out of the station. As I entered the car I noticed two seats facing each other. On the back of one was thrown a gentleman's light weight overcoat and an alligator bag with strap for suspending from the shoulder.

The thought flashed through my mind that the young fellow had forgotten his own things in his new employment of looking after his wife's.

I seated myself just back of these things. The bag was thrown over the back of the seat, the strap being attached to the handle of the car chair. I could see the rich shading from tan to brown, the horns of the alligator skin, and the gold clasps of the bag.

Just then a heavily built man below medium height came forward and sat in the seat in front of me. His coat was of that grayish, greenish tan that gives one the impression of being moss-grown. The shirt was of that blue and white check that labeled it "home-made." The tie was an old black one shiny with use. The hat had acquired that mossy-green and four cornered droop that comes from being pulled firmly over the ears for several seasons. He slid into the seat, and in a few minutes reached for the coat, wriggled himself into it, struggled with the buttons

and button holes until the most obstinate yielded at length. A foot at least of length was sacrificed in the achievement, so that great ridges of cloth encircled the chunky figure. He stroked the front of the coat for some minutes trying to flatten out these ridges which resisted such unaccustomed treatment, Then he stroked the arms and hips, hoisted his shoulders some haif dozen times, and finally slid again into the seat. He soon rose, and walked the full length of the car, with his hands thrust into his pockets, with all the self-conscious expression of a boy in his first pair of trousers. He took his hands from the pockets long enough to get a drink and returned not to the place in front of me, but back. He took a nnmber of papers and magazines from the pockets, left them, and returned to his former seat. He released the bag from its holdings, and after several desperate efforts, threw it over his head in a manner threatening disaster to car windows, interestested passengers and the like. With a thud it came down in the middle of his back, the strap catching beneath his chin, drawing the head back with a jerk that threatened dislocation.

He then shuffled to the rear of the car, hands in pocket, head lowered not only to sustain the weight drawing on the strap, but also to gaze over the ridges of cloth to the ample length of the coat. Pulling some gray sueds gloves from the pocket he began a long arduous struggle to bring his rough square hands into the none too-yielding slender-fingered gloves. The feat accomplished, he stroked first one hand, then the other, held one up, then the other, then both.

"San Jose" shouted the conductor, and the queer little shape disappeared from the rear-platform of the train into the gathering dusk.

And I mused, "To whom does the bag belong? What does it contain? The answer to these questions might form a good story if one were clever enough to develop the suggestions."

AMA TEUR.

Our New Neighbors.

NO one knew where they came from. One cold winter's morning, we were startled to see smoke coming from the terra-cotta chimney of the little "lean-to" down the lane. This little three-roomed affair had been baking reddish brown through the vicissitudes of several seasons in the San Joaquin valley. There it had stood in a pathetic little way, as if pleading for the rest of itself to be built. We were curious to know who had sufficiently conquered its forbidding aspect to make it a home.

Our curiosity was at once satisfied and piqued to see a well-groomed, grey-haired man come out and go toward town. He walked well, laying just enough emphasis on his cane to make it seem necessary.

The smoke, continuing to come from the chimney, was the only evidence of any ones else being there. At noon the man returned carrying several packages. An hour afterwards as he stepped off the rough series of planks that constituted the entrance, he turned to speak to someone who was holding the door open. At six he returned and at seven went again toward town. When we went to bed the light was still burning in the little hut.

For weeks this went on with the regularity of a clock. Our curiosity was at its height, when one morning a curly-headed little toddler clambered down the steps and made its way to the opening that served as gate in the zig-zag log fence. Then a tall, womanly figure in a white morning gown came and gathered the little one in her arms and hurried back into the house. We saw nothing more of her for many days. Frequently evidences of a woman's work were seen in the early morning display of spotless white laundry on the clothes-line. Then again there were curious displays of gaily-colored pieces of cloth—of those unmistakable hues from brilliant dyes. White cheese-cloth curtains were soon hung in the windows and as Spring came, boxes of scarlet geraniums bloomed luxuriantly on the protruding boards that formed part of the rudely built window-frames.

One evening as we were passing the little dwelling, the clothes-line was unusually resplendent in its reds, and yellows and greens. The door opened and the little tot (not seeing us at all) was clapping his hands with joy. "Come, Mama, quick. It might go," and following the direction of the tiny finger we turned and saw a gorgeous rainbow. "Come, Mama, quick!" and now the little one was fairly dancing with glee. "Look! Look! See, Mama, God's cutting carpet-rags today." There were tears in the mother's eyes as she gathered the darling to her breast. There were tears, too, in ours, as we carried away the beautiful memory of the lovely mother and angel-like child.

One morning early, we found the little one picking roses in our garden. We were delighted with the opportunity this incident afforded of getting

a glimpse of the mysterious little home. The mother had not yet missed him. and as we entered, betrayed nothing of whatever embarassment she might have felt. Charm and dignity were mingled in her manner. In spite of this, there was a sense of intrusion on our part, that was oppressive. We lingered long enough to catch glimpses of the dark, green covering of the walls—which we afterwards knew was the dyed sacking we had so often seen on the line. Nasturtiums and creeping-ivy clung to the walls and curtains. The prettiest rag carpets covered all the floors. The rich "hit and miss" stripe toned the whole scheme of color. The furniture was all home-manufactured of planed red-wood boards. A pile of magazines lay in one corner and the familiar brown-yellow covers of the Atlantic Monthly.

We hastened home eager to tell of our visit and learned something in return that was hard to credit. The man was a gambler by profession. He had been hurt in the mines and could not work, so our informant, the vegetable vender, told us. "John was a fine man, very smart, plays cards fine. Don't shake your head, lady. John Sawyer was a good man. He never cheats the poor ignorant man at cards. He plays always a fair game."

The mystery was only partly solved.

AMA TEUR.

Jim's New Leaf.

JIM KENNETH was an honest, hard working lad with a heart as warm as sunshine and as good as gold. He had a faculty for making friends for he always had a cheerful smile or pleasant word for everyone and as one of his fellow masons on the building said, "The very sight of Jim Kenneth is enough to make a fellow laugh." But in spite of all these good qualities he had one great weakness that almost broke his mother's heart and made her hair turn gray before its time. He could not resist the temptations of the grog shop. He could not say "no" when asked to drink with his jolly companions and in returning "treats" spent all his hard earned money before he knew it.

On account of this vice his poor mother was compelled to take in factory sewing to pay the rent and other expenses. She toiled patiently, day and night, week in and week out, for three poor rooms in a tenement house and just enough nourishment to keep body and soul together.

"We could have so many comforts," she would often say when toiling over the machine, "if Jim would only say "No." She kept on hoping that Jim would turn over a new leaf.

It was three days before the New Year; but such a dismal day! The fog, aided by the smoke of the factories, seemed to be doing its best to keep the sun from warming up the damp, cold streets and sending its welcome rays to light up some cheerless corner.

Mrs. Kenneth had sewed all day, but now the room had become so dark that she could not see to run the seam straight; so in this interval between daylight and darkness she stood by the window and looked out into the gloomy street. She felt sad and discouraged, for the work was so hard and the reward so small. She tried to cheer herself with the hope that perhaps Jim would come straight home tonight. "If he only would," she said, "things would look much brighter."

She watched and waited till past the time for his coming, but still no Jim. Where was he? Ah! his mother knew where and the weight on her heart grew heavier and heavier till it seemed as though she could bear it no longer. All at once the room about her seemed to sway; everything was moving and she felt strange and dizzy and then—well, that's all she could remember.

* *
*

"Where was Jim?" you ask. It was pay night for the men on the building and as soon as they received their hard earned money, many of them went post haste to the nearest shop of intoxicating refreshments. "Come along, Jim, old boy, let's have a drink," said one of his fellow workers and of course Jim was too weak to say "No." "Because," was his poor excuse, "the fellows will think I'm queer if I refuse."

The progress made on his way home that night was rather slower

than it would have been under different conditions and when he did reach the end of his destination it was quite late in the evening. He opened the door. "Why isn't there a light? Where is mother? How strange!" were the thoughts that finally found their way through his partly dazed brain.

You may think that Jim didn't love his mother, but he did and the very thought of her not being there as usual woke him up completely. "Something has happened," he thought, "or there would be a light." He fumbled nervously for the lamp. It's light soon showed the object of his search.

He knelt by the quiet form of his mother, called to her, worked over her frantically and when she opened her eyes and knew him he thought of God for once and thanked Him for His great kindness.

Mrs. Kenneth needed rest, and now, as she was lying weak and helpless, Jim proved himself to be a great comfort to her. His cruel thoughtlessness haunted him and he was trying now to make up for lost time. Nothing was spared for his mother's good and he did all in his power to make her comfortable and happy.

New Year's day dawned with a smile on it's face and smiled into Mrs. Kenneth's bedroom as though it were also making up for lost time. "Happy New Year, Mother," called Jim as he came into the room, "and, say, Mother," in a quieter tone, "I've turned over a new leaf."

F. D.

From Across the Bridge.

Worry.

NOTHING interferes so much with a teacher's effective work as worry. It is unscientific, unethical, and unprofessional. It dampens ardor and kills spontaneity. It unfits one to deal with the changing and complex activities of the child-life. As the physician, who knows how to avoid it, should be ashamed of taking cold, so the teacher, who understands its deadening effects, should be ashamed of worrying.

Therefore, student teachers in the training department have recently been asked to send in a statement of the conditions of their teaching life that conduce to worry. These statements will be given careful consideration and in addition every possible effort will be made to arouse "absurd enthusiasms," thereby rendering the training school student teachers as healthy, cheerful, care-free and *young* as are their own teachers of the Normal Faculty.

M. E. S.

The second hour teachers wish to extend a vote of thanks to Miss Shallenberger for the relief from monitorship, and for the priviledge of hearing Mr. Bashford's pleasant and interesting lecture.

Owing to the promotions next week in the training school there is a general stir among the pupils and all will be glad when the new term commences.

A boys' chorus under the direction of Miss B. Lanyon has been organized in the grammar grades and we expect to have very good results as the talent is not lacking.

President Roosevelt's Visitor.

ROOSEVELT was sitting by the fire in his private library. The shadows of evening were falling and the only light in the room was a dim one made by the flickering fire. The president had been reading some new article on Washington and was wondering if that great man would, if living, be satisfied with the improvement of the nation. Suddenly, as if the thought had something to do with it, a feeling of reverence came over the president that could not be explained. It made him feel as though a superior being were standing near him. Instinctively he rose from his chair and offered it to an unseen person.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Roosevelt," said a near voice. Roosevelt was much astonished and looked about him. He discerned a transparent object about to take the offered chair. This form he immediately recognized as that of George Washington. "You are perfectly welcome," he said, taking another chair.

"I have seen so many curious things—things that I never expected to

see, even in my wildest dreams of the future. How this country has progressed!"

"Yes," said the president, trying to overcome his astonishment, then with a great effort, "Pardon me, but may I ask when and how you came and how long you are going to stay." Realizing his abruptnes she added, "I am very glad to have you here, Mr. Washington."

"Thank you," said the shade' "I am going to stay till twelve by the clock and I have not the faintest idea how I got here."

The two soon grew accustomed to each other and were talking quite smoothly, when a bell rang. The shade started and exclaimed, "That bell is very uncanny. When I first arrived I went up to the door and in feeling around for the knocker my hand touched a large nail. My ears were greeted with a loud report of some sort. A butler came rushing to open the door but seemed terribly bewildered and would not take my wraps, and when I forced him to he ran as if pursued. Your servants must have access to your wine cellar, Mr. Roosevelt."

Roosevelt reassured him and explained the use of electric bells. Washington's shade thought it wonderful and said that Ben Franklin should surely be told of some of the latest things that had come of his kite escapade.

"But" said Roosevelt, "to come back to the bell, the last one we heard meant dinner."

After dinner they went to visit East Room. They talked a great deal on their way through the halls of the affairs of the country. Roosevelt told the shade that he was doing his best to carry out the ideals of Washington and Lincoln. Washington's shade had much advice to give. "Your country would be perfect, Roosevelt," he said, "if it were not for the existence of parties; I worked against it all the eight years of my presidency and wrote against it to the day of my death."

Soon they reached East Room and as the doors were opened Washington's shade exclaimed of its beauty. The shade examined things closely and soon perceived a beautiful French clock which is as old as the White House. "What," exclaimed the shade, "that still in existence, but hark! it ticks twelve," and before the president could utter a word George Washington's shade had vanished.

HANNAH MOORE FURST, 8 A.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

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AGAIN a new term has begun. Joy and blessings be upon our worthy heads!

Are you in the habit of imagining life worth living? Wait until you have a nice little (?) class to teach in the training school and then ! ! !—it gives life some purpose—gives a person something to think about while lying hopelessly awake and waiting to see the light from the electric street lamp creep slowly across the carpet and up the wall, as proper moonlight generally does. But never mind if you do not happen to be teaching, perhaps you are taking U. S. History, and lying awake dreaming out problems of the earlier races of man and wondering how history would be different if those races had never existed. But then again don't let yourself worry if you do not chance to be teaching or solving historical problems,—you are taking geography methods and lying a— Well, as we started to say at first, *this is a new term* and a busy one for all of us. Even the Faculty seem rushed, (by whom we don't know). We rush girls for our society—excellent society we give them—but we don't rush the Faculty; they rush us. We predict we are going to do some grand stunts, accomplish great things thls year: We feel it in the air and see it in the faces of our fellow students and the general appearance of

the Faculty and building. —Did you ever forget to go to critic meeting? Never? Well, just try it some time and await results—you won't have to wait long. Another thing that might be worth trying is cutting your teaching hour.

THE lunch room in the basement has proven a great convenience to students and teachers. Not only the students of the Normal School but also those of the High School enjoy its privileges. Dr. Dailey and Dr. Hunt often find it convenient to visit the lunch room about noon.

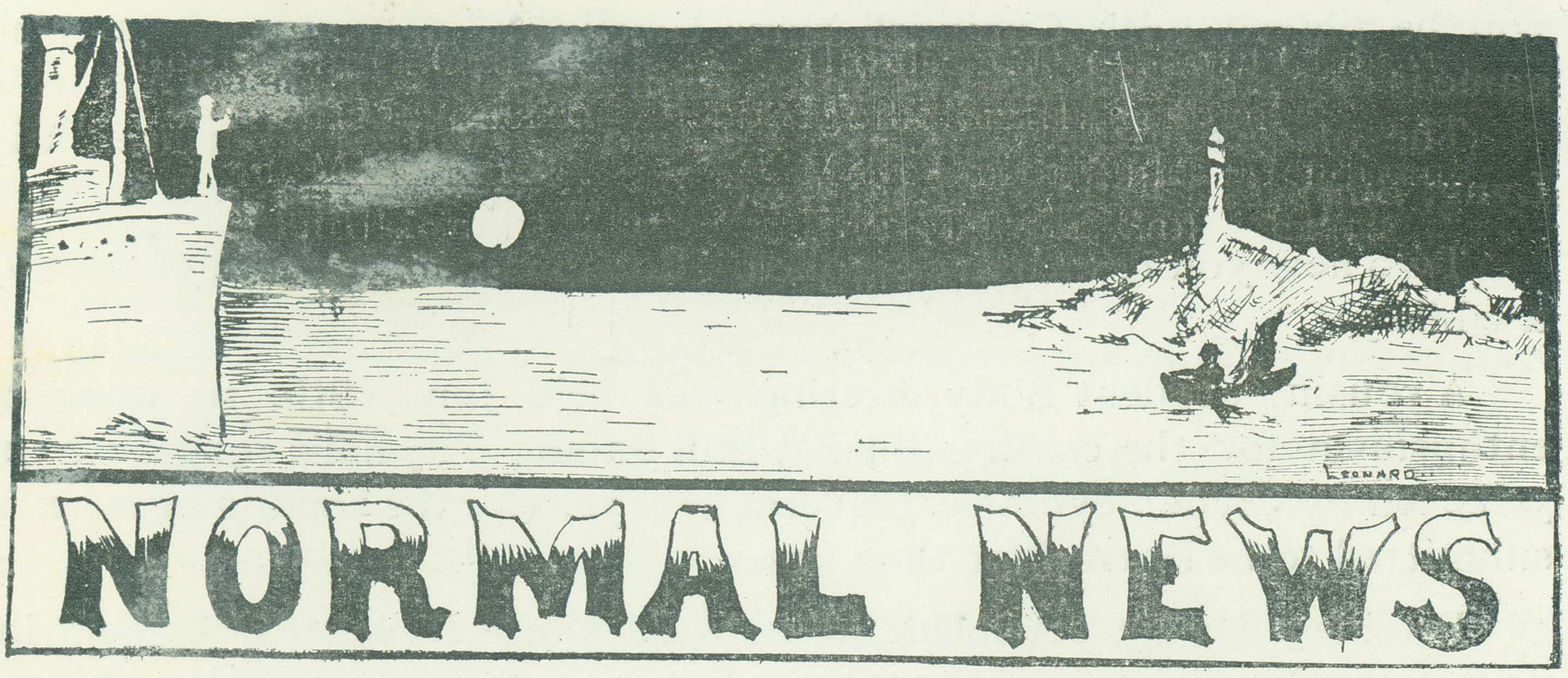
The idea of the lunch room as it now is originated with Miss Rowel and Miss Walter and was obligingly put into action by our kind friend, Mrs. Littler.

WHAT the school needs most just now is rubber. Rubber to rubber the stairs, to keep young ladies from hurting their dignity and sometimes their heads.

THIS is *our* last issue. It has been our endeavor to please and if we have not done so it is no doubt our fault, and yours, also, to some extent, Fellow Student, for we have always been more than willing to listen to your advice and criticism.

We sincerely thank all who have in any way assisted us, subscribers, contributors, critics, and friends. To Mr. Cleveland, our printer, we wish to express our sincere thanks for kindness and forbearance extended.

Wishing the new management success and a superfluity of joshes, we present our last edition of "The Pennant."



CHRISTMAS vacation has gone and the work of the new term is well begun. We are glad to welcome to our school such a goodly number of new students. It gives us pleasure to print their names and the counties and states they represent:

Lucy Agar, Mendocino
Roy C. Andrews, Michigan
Nora Bartell, Shasta
Rhoda Brennan, Santa Clara
Maude Chase, Santa Clara
Emma Cline, Santa Clara
Ada Cook, Santa Clara
Mrs. Emma Darke, San Luis Obispo
Ada De Witt, Santa Cruz
Florence Edwards, Santa Clara
Clyde Elam, Tulare
Irene Estes, Santa Clara
Ethel Fisher, Santa Cruz
Ella Gilmore, Santa Clara
Lela Gilmore, Santa Clara
Jennie Goodrich, Mendocino
Eleanor Gunn, Michigan
Lulu Hamilton, Ukiah
Nell Hamilton, Ukiah
Ethel Hannon, Santa Clara
Mayme Hornburger, Santa Clara
Helen Kiser, Santa Clara
Ethel Lewis, Santa Clara
Agnes McKeirnan, Santa Clara
Louise Miller, Santa Clara
Nina Newman, Kern
Lilly Oppenlander, Mendocino
Dora Powell, Santa Clara
Clara Helen Quinn, Santa Clara
Mrs. Emma Ransdell, Mendocino
Anna Scaroni, Santa Clara
Mrs. Elsie Gecler, Ohio
Hazel Singleton, Santa Clara
Mollie Smith, Sutter
Maye Smith, Tulare
Flora Tupper, Santa Clara

Is it news to you that one hundred twenty students have not paid their Student Body dues? Are you one of them? Does it mean that you have no school spirit, or that you have only forgotten to pay them?

The Normal girls have at length organized a basket-ball team. The members are working very hard to make the team a success and can be seen in the court, during their spare time, playing most energetically.

On February 6th, a match game with the Palo Alto High School will take place. The team is very desirous that the school stand behind them,

giving them encouragement and help at this, their first game. A game will be played with Campbell some time in the near future. Another game is expected with the Los Gatos High School.

The officers of the team are: Captain, Alerta Ives; Treasurer, Miss Lyng; Business Manager, Alpha West.

Two new young men arr enrolled. Boys may not become extinct for a while yet.

A rousing Student Body meeting was held Jan. 18th, to work up enthusiasm for the coming Basket Ball game. The halls rang with our yells, led by Clyde Reynolds. Several new yells for the coming game were submitted to be learned for that time.

President Dailey attended the Arizona State Teacher's Association during our Christmas vacation time. From the Arizona Daily Republican, Dec. 30: "President Taylor introduced the speaker of the evening, Pres. Morris Elmer Dailey, A. M., L. L. D., of the San Jose Normal, of California. Dr. Dailey, at the head of one of the leading schools of the West, is a man of strong personality, a close thinker and an engaging speaker. He delivered a powerful fifty minute address on the subject, "The Training of Elementary Teachers," which he considered in all its phases. He was enthusiastically applauded at its close."

From the Arizona Daily Republican, Dec. 31: "Dr. Morris Elmer Dailey spoke on the Summer schools and their relation to teachers engaged in the work. He began in a humorous vein quoting several "nonsense rhymes" from which he drew applications, then proceeding to the subject of the Summer schools he mentioned his own school, San Jose, California, as the first Normal in the west that had taken up the Summer school course. In speaking of the Normal schools he elicited hearty applause by a very fine compliment which he paid to the Arizona Normal schools. He said that the Summer school movement among Normal schools is a recent one, in most cases having been begun within the last three or four years, but that it is a popular movement is proved by data obtained from a large list of Normal schools, which show that while in all cases the attendance at first was small, in most cases it has increased many fold in the short time they have been in operation.

The argument that a teacher should rest during the summer vacation rather than attend school is a poor one as the Summer course is as restful as doing nothing or reading novels. Finally, the Summer school is necessary for a progressive teacher for he who fails to go forward must be losing ground. The following resolution was passed by the Association: "Resolved, that we heartily thank President M. E. Daily for the most able and helpful address he delivered."

Rah, Rah, Rah, Basket-Ball!

From all reports the December graduates have been very fortunate in

obtaining schools. We have learned where the schools of some are:

Miss Cottle is teaching the third, fourth and fifth grades in the Oil Center school, Kern county.

Lawrence Chenoweth has a school eight miles from Bakersfield in the land of sage, cacti and howling coyote.

Miss Alice Myers is in Monterey county, fifteen miles from San Miguel.

Mabel McDonald is teaching the East Fresno school.

Miss Stella Hammond is another who represents our Normal in Kern county.

Margaret Dinsmore has the school at her home in Lake county.

Edwina Davis is primary teacher of Palomares District, three miles from Haywards.

Maude Dinsmore has charge of the Franz Valley school in Sonoma county.

Mary Shannon obtained a position in the Davisville school, teaching the sixth and seventh grades.

Normal wins at Basket-Ball. Hurrah!

Miss DeForest, of Mills College, will give a recital under the auspices of the Browning Club in Normal Hall, Feb. 5, 1904. A good time is assured to all who attend.

The Basket-Ball girls are giving us the first chance we have had to get up enthusiasm and show our school spirit for a long time. Every-body turn out on the day of the game and cheer them on to victory.

The students and faculty of the Normal received one of the rarest of treats on Jan. 15th. This was the lecture by Herbert Bashford on the "Appreciation of Poetry," and the recitation of some of his own poems. We all hope Mr. Bashford will come to see us again.

The Geography Methods class enjoyed a very entertaining and instructive talk about New Zealand given by Dr. Dow, Jan. 21.

Wanted—A second-hand McMillan Edition of Tennyson's Poems, also, a Webster's International Dictionary. Apply to the present Editor.

You cannot afford to miss the Basket-Ball game, remember.

The Evangelist, William Coburn of New York, spoke to us for a short time, Jan. 14.

Jan. 13, Miss Lena Linehan sang at our Morning Exercises. The number of times she was encored showed the appreciation of her beautiful singing.

Miss Cory has resumed her talks of her trip and this time is taking us with her through Southern Europe. Her first talks on this part of her journey was on Naples and Pompeii.

Dr. Dow, on request, talked for a short time one morning this week on the educational value of travel.

We all rejoiced to hear the announcement that Miss Royce was to give us a series of lectures. Her talks are to be on the Bible Stories and she introduced her subject by showing the value of these stories to teachers that they might understand our literature, which contains so many references to these stories.

Mr. Baker, of our faculty, is taking a much needed vacation (?) He is taking a course at Stanford and has been notified that he is taking too many hours.

We are glad to see Miss Nicholson and Miss Howe back with us. We hope they enjoyed their vacations.

Mr. Bennett is taking a course at the State University.

Miss Vivian is seeing all the art and beanty there is in Southern Europe. When last heard from she was in Rome. She wants the crown of Queen Isabella of Spain to add to her collection of junk.

Freshmen, show your loyalty to your school by subscribing for the Pennant or contributing material.

A good many graduates have been visiting Normal recently.

Do not forget to pay your Student Body dues. It is not considered "nice" not to, you know.

Dr. Dow visited Mr. Bland's Pedagogy class and gave very interesting reminiscences of Herbert Spencer, whom he had heard lecture, and Thomas H. Huxley, the scientist, who was his teacher.

We are all glad that Mr. Dailey escaped as fortunately as he did from the railroad accident at Stockton.

Although we miss Miss Vivian very much, her position in the Drawing room is very ably filled by Miss Davenport,

For Sale—A Weathered Oak Writing Desk. Apply to the Editor.



Allenian.

Allenian's prospects for the New Year are all that could be desired. Her members have returned to school and to their society with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

Our first meeting in Room L was in the form of a New Year's jollification which was enjoyed by the members of the society.

The officers for the coming term are: President, Clara Cahill; Vice-President, Lillian Carey; Secretary, May E. Brennan; Treasurer, Greta Wood; Sergeant-at-Arms, Maud Marchant.

January 21, '04, witnessed one of Allenians most successful initiations. Thirteen new members took the pledge, only seven of these however were initiates of this term. Those initiated were Misses Ives, Westfall, Burtner, Graif, Russel, Chase, Lewis. The initiation ceremonies were held in the society room after which all repaired to the lunch room where a dandy feed was served.

Sappho.

Once again the Sappho members, with the exception of our December graduates, whom we miss very much, respond to the roll call after the joyons festivities of the Christmas holidays. The club has turned to its literary pursuits with a great deal of enthhsiasm, and hopes that the success in the future under the new officers will be as permanent as it has been in the past. The officers for this term are as follows: President, Alice Rodgers; Vice-President, Ethel Baird; Secretary, Hazel Brock; Treasurer, Marcia Cather; Sergeant-at-arms, Vivian White.

Las Amigas.

Las Amigas has started the New Year with a full membership. Under the supervision of their new president, Miss Donna Buttner, they expect to enjoy a very successful year.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Womans' Christian Association begins the New Year with an encouraging outlook and the members are enthusiastically planning this term's work.

A strong and attractive program for the regular Tuesday afternoon meetings has been issued.

The initial meeting was in charge of Rev. Patchell who made a strong argument in favor of Bible Study as a preparation for right living and right teaching.

At the last business meeting an amendment to the constitution was adopted, which changes the time of the annual election of officers from December to April. Miss Connor being unable to serve as president until the re-election, resigned, and Miss Harrison, the vice-president, is filling the vacancy.

A reception was given to the new students Saturday, January 16, in Room L, the association girls dispensing their characteristic hospitality from three to five.

Browning.

The club has taken up its work again after the holidays with an enthusiasm which bids fair for a prosperous year. New officers have been elected and installed, and under their earnest leadership it is hoped that the work heretofore planned will be accomplished.

The new officers are: President, Nell Jones; Vice-President, May Brennan; Secretary, Eva Thompson; Treasurer, Mabel Williams; Sergeant-at-Arms, Daisy Richardson.

The club is at present concentrating its efforts in selecting and arranging quotations from the works of Robert Browning. Judging from the progress in the work at the present time, the girls feel sure the result will be successful.

The school is to be favored with a recital on the evening of February 5, 1904, to be given by Miss DeForest, of Mills College, under the auspices of the Browning Club. Miss DeForest has an established reputation as a charming entertainer and a pleasant evening is insured to all who attend.

Erosophian.

During the past month the Erosophian Society has made rapid progress. Every member is enthusiastic and works faithfully and earnestly. All the members take pride in preparing their parts well. Thus the programs are made interesting as well as instructive.

At the business meeting held January 12, '04, the following officers were elected: President, Grace Walton; Vice-President, Gertrude Johnson; Secretary, Lottie Hudson; Treasurer, Edna Trantham.

Choral.

The Choral Society is as usual in a prosperous condition. Part of the society has been organized into a Cecilian Club which is purely a female chorus. The two societies alternate for rehearsals, the Choral Society now mreting every other Tuesday to give place to the Cecilian.

These societies will occasionally take part in the programs at the morning exercises.

Sigma Theta Chi.

On the evening of December 12, when all was dark the Sigma Theta Chi sorority held its last initiation. The new members were rolled into the newest of coffins and shortly enfered the realms of the unknown.

In the thirteenth hour the souls of the youngest were fed upon Castoria, Mellins Food and Soothing Syrup.

Back to the world again, they had but a few days to enjoy the companionship of two of the graduates of Dec. 1903. Janett Miller and Jeanette Stiles. Although they cannot be with us, wherever they may go, to a small country town or to a great eastern city, we shall always remember them with sisterly love.

Exchanges.

May the New Year
Bring you good cheer.
May toil, and care, and strife,
Ne'er find a place,
And may each face
Show forth a peaceful life.—Exchange.

The *Normal Record*, from Chico, was among our first exchanges received for January 1904. It comes in an attractive cover, and containing some good stories and what we look for first, a *good* exchange column.

The *Eugene High School News* also contains some very good, interesting stories.

Another *Oracle* comes to us. This one from the Englewood High School, New Jersey. It equals and is as worthy of the name as the *Bangor High School Oracle* which is always good.

We have received a number of new exchanges this month, the *Oracle*, *Orange and Black*, Paris, Ill., the *Institute*, Cohoes, N. Y., the *Olympus*, Olympia, Wash., the *University of New Mexico Weekly*, and the *Senior*, from Westerly, R. I.

The *Porcupine*, Santa Rosa, succeeds in getting the most inartistic cover-designs possible. The contents for this month are very good but we think the cover might be more artistically designed.

Among the numerous exchanges of this month and last some very complimentary things were said of us. It is not necessary to say that we appreciate them, but we will not fill up our exchange column with "what others say of us" as does the *Phonograph*. An exchange quoted in its exchange column, from the *Climax*, Beloit, Mich., says, "The exchange department of the *Phonograph* is rather peculiar. It consists largely of what others say of them and their replies."

The *Native American* always contains some good instructive reading.

The *Institute* contains a good article, "The Grandeur of Athens.

The *Olympus* has some excellent articles. It is a very interesting and well written paper.

"The school board send out an appeal
From Texas to Alaska,
For old maid teachers to apply
In Omaha, Nebraska."—Advocate.

Some of us may go to the "fertile shores of Nebraska," but of course we don't call ourselves old maids.

Get Wisdom and get Knowledge, but with all thy getting *Get To School On Time*.—Advocate.

The *Advocate* is a small weekly paper, but it contains some clever things in its "Locals."

We miss many of our old exchanges that were always among the first to arrive. Have they been lost on the way or haven't they yet started on their journeys?

Joshes.

It is noticed that the student teachers are much less restrained than formerly since Miss Shallenberger has announced that *capital* punishment is to be allowed.

Where was the hostess when the crowd reached 470 South Sixth street on Friday night?

You ought to cool down now, Clyde. The Farce is over and will be forgotten in the ages to come.

Miss Rowell (in U. S. history)—What thing did Queen Elizabeth encourage most?"

Miss Welch—"Raleigh."

Perhaps Elizabeth G. can tell us if competition has raised the price of Clay(a)ton.

Students go to Hale's for good goods.

Just before the holidays one of the teachers remarked that the members of the Faculty ought to have roller skates to increase their rate of speed in the halls. Now the stdents want rubbers to prevent the same calamity on their part, particularly upon the stairs.

The Freshman class of 1904
Has entered. Thirty-six girls, no more.
One boy,
Oh joy!
A second now about the hall
We see. He entered late, that's all,
And he,
Oh, G!

Edna C. does not seem to be so *very* high spirited. It is strange that she needs some one to "Koerber."

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Wood is becoming so stout that he finds it difficult to rise from his chair.

Hale's goods are always good.

Ask D. D. if she ever saw Paul Revere ride.

When the March class begin to decorate the halls for their festivities it will be well to ask Miss Noll to gather "branches."

Student teacher—"So you think, Mr. Wood, that these children can be taught to really love nature?"

Mr. Wood (blushing)—"Now, putting all psychological reasoning aside, what is love?"

Ask Nellie J. who gave her the seal ring for Christmas.

Student (answering general questions)—I know the name of the Pope but I can't remember his number.

Mr. Lane (in Sch. law)—"That's what Mrs. Hoover says."

Miss Hoover (rising excitedly)—Well, Mr. Lane, I'd like to add that title to my name, but I can't.

Why is it that we see Mr. Malloy at the foot of the main stairway so frequently? There must be some attraction, Joe.

Scene in the lunch room: Miss Sprague carrying out *two* pieces of pie and one fork.

Waiter—"Here is another fork."

Miss S.—"No, thank you, one is enough."

Heard in Geog. Methods:

Miss Beal—"Name the islands in San Francisco Bay, Miss Stillwell."

Miss S.—"Mare I., Goat I., and Albatros I.

A Frank Confession.
Student teacher and Critic.

At end of first day—Never wanted to teach.
At end of second day—Would teach three months.
At end of third day—Might teach one year.
At end of first week--Could teach fifteen years.

A Franker Confession,
Student teacher to herself.

At end of first day—Fine. Nothing like it.
At end of second day—Not quite so fine.
At end of third day—How long will this last?
At end of first week—I'd hate to *teach* for a living.

In School Law:

Prof. Dailey—"In some cases teachers have to sign a contract not to get married during the term. It is not common in California, however."

Miss Sidow (from Oregon)—"It is a common thing in Oregon."

Prof. Dailey—"I notice that a good many are coming to California now."

Miss —— puts her arms around all the girls when they recite Evangeline.

Mr. Andrews (startled)—I wonder if she will put her arms around me.

Did Miss Farmer spend her Christmas vacation at Milpitas?

After Mr. Jury read to the Literature classes, Mr. Wardrip said, "Did you notice how the girls' hopes fell as soon as Mr. Jury mentioned something about his son?"

Miss Shallenberger to her class—"When young men and young ladies blossom into womanhood," etc. We are wondering if this is something new.

Mr. Wood says he always sings to the cows when he milks them and that it has a wonderful effect upon the *cows*.

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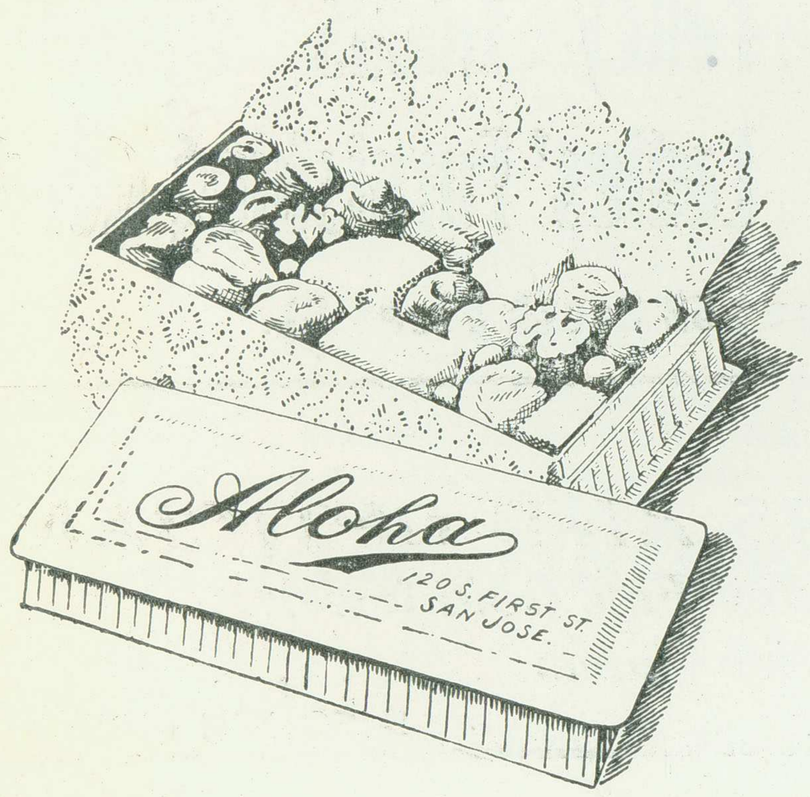
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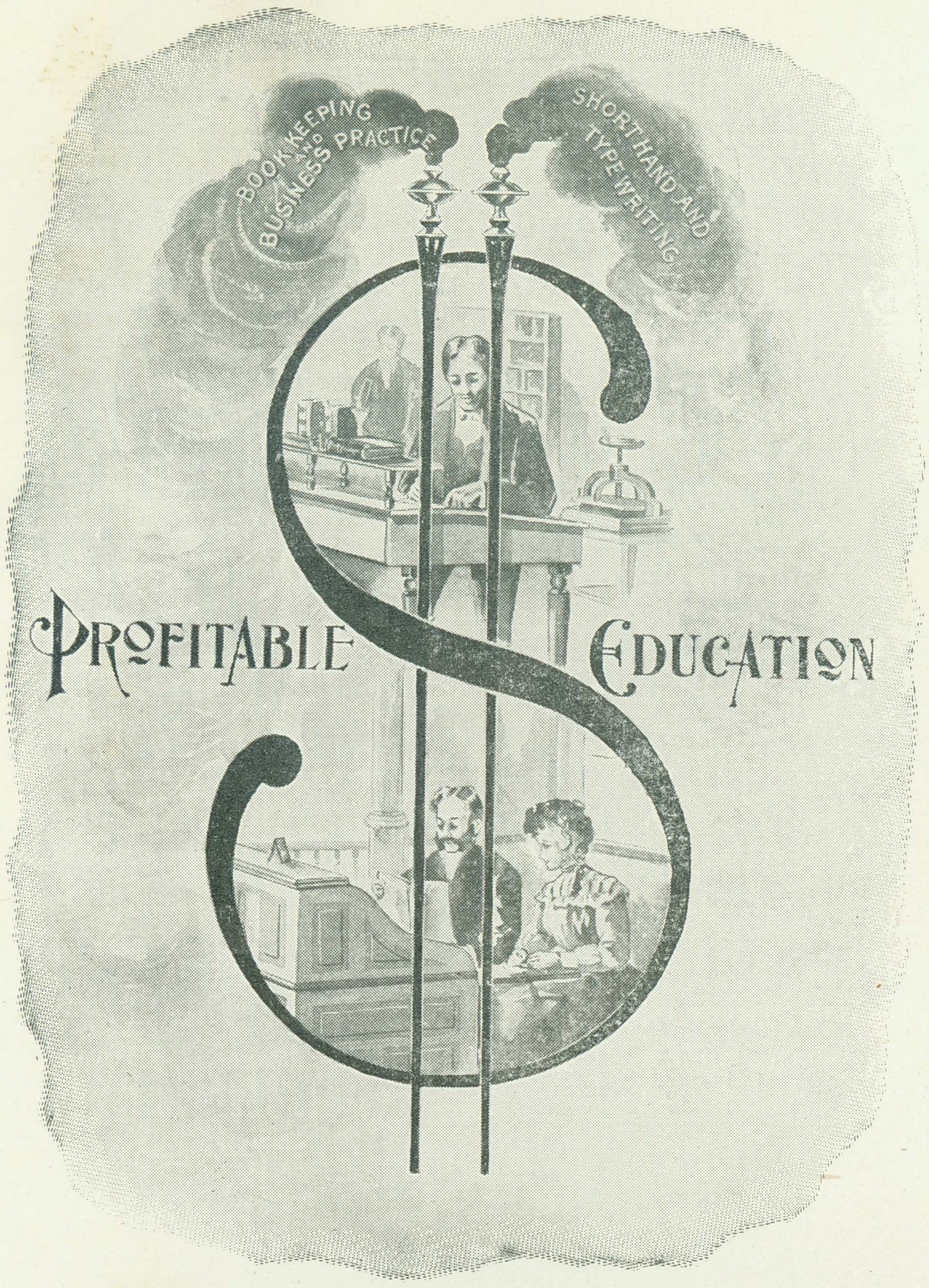
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