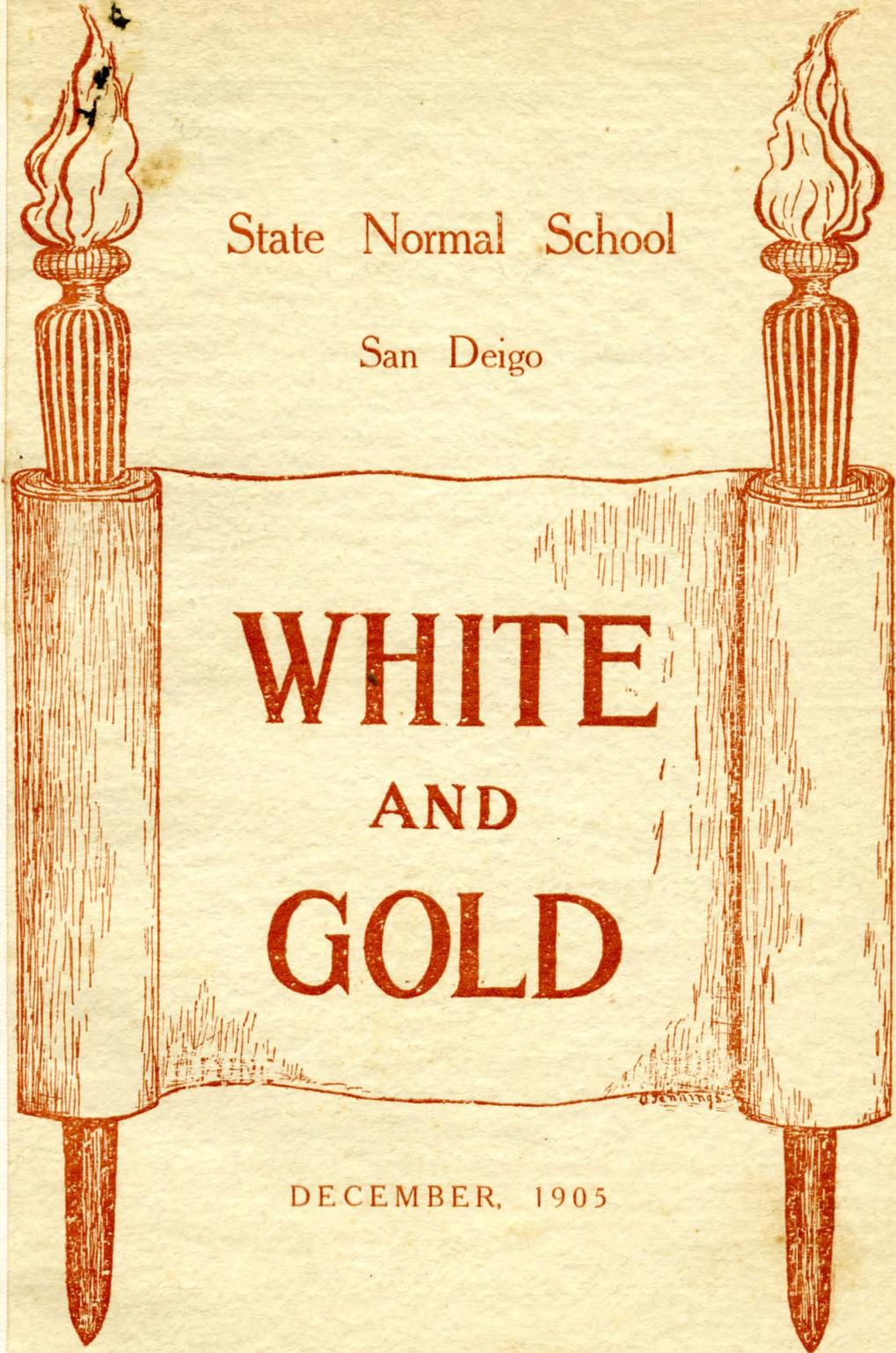


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State Normal School

San Deigo



**WHITE
AND
GOLD**

DECEMBER, 1905

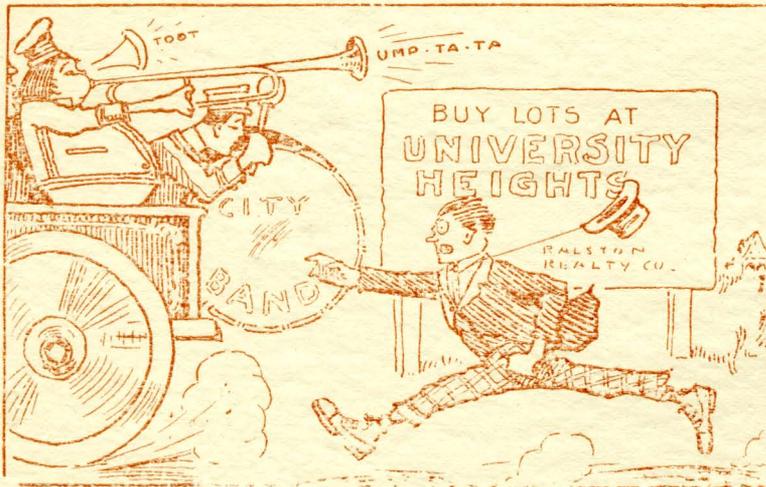
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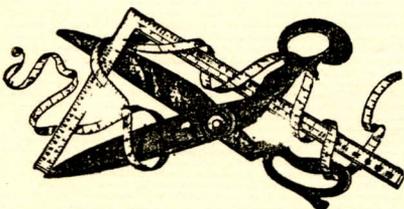
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WHITE and GOLD

Vol. II

San Diego, Cal., December, 1905

No. 1

School Song

You may talk about your colleges,
Your high schools and the like,
And all your dinky boarding schools
That litter up the pike;
Of the blue and gold of U. C.
And old Stanford's crimson hue,
That fly away to northward, over
Hearts both brave and true.
From our dreamy San Diego,
Up to distant Shasta's plane,
Away off to old Mexico, away back
home again,
There's no college, university or
School can ever star
So brave, so true, or such a crew
Of students, as we are.

CHORUS.

For we are jolly students of the
Normal School,
We've come to rule.
Our colors are yellow and white.
We bear the standard proud and
high of our beloved school,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
We're the crowd that do or die,
For we are jolly students of the Normal School,
We've come to rule.
Our colors are yellow and white,
We bear the standard proud and
high of our beloved school,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yell—Che, he—Che, he—
Che, ha-ha-ha,
Normal, Normal,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We're the crowd that do or die.—*Gussie Stephens*

Christmas on Willit's Farm

The Christmas holidays were the greatest events of the whole year for the negroes on Willit's plantation in South Carolina. The time from Christmas to New Year's was spent in merry-making and rejoicing. Before daybreak on Christmas morning the negroes were astir in the cabins, arraying themselves in the best they had in honor of the occasion. At daybreak they all assembled together and marched up to the master's house to greet the members of the family. At the head of the long line of negroes, Old Tom, the autocrat of the whole plantation, and his worthy wife, Grandmammy, marched in solemn array, feeling no doubt the dignity of the position. They were certainly a pair to behold!

Old Tom always enjoyed the distinction of receiving Marse John's cast off clothes and many speculations did he indulge in regarding "dat last suit of Marse John's" and the number of months before it would adorn a peg in his cabin. Marse John was as broad as Old Tom was thin and comical was the sight he presented on this Christmas morning arrayed in the latest addition from Marse John's wardrobe. The black face of the old man was surmounted by a high silk hat, from under which a fringe of snowy white wool showed itself like a fleecy cloud.

As to Grandmammy, she was attired in a black silk dress, which formerly belonged to "Miss Ann," and a freshly starched white apron. On her head was perched her best black lace cap, for without a lace cap her dress seemed incomplete. Never was she seen without one, and many thought that she even slept in one. When questioned as to the use of this ever-present cap, the reply always was, "It sartinly do keep the cold outen my head."

One of Grandmammy's weaknesses was her enjoyment in posing as an invalid. One glance at her proportions would instantly dispel any anxiety as to the state of her health, but her answer in reply to an inquiry concerning her health would invariably be "I'se feeling very porely this mornin."

Before reaching Marse John's house the spirits of the young people could no longer be contained and they broke out into shouts of "Christmas gift, Marse John," or "Christmas gift, Miss Ann," and as they gathered about the porch of the house, the members of the family came out to greet them. After the eggnog, according to an immemorial custom, had been passed around, the presents were distributed. Old Tom's face was made to beam by the possession of a "brand-new suit ob clothes," not even Marse John had worn them. Grandmammy seemed to forget her chronic aches and pains in the happy possession of five new black lace caps.

On the first evening of this week of rejoicing a wedding was to occur. The prospective bridegroom was not held in any great esteem by Old Tom, who called him a "good-for-nuffin nigger," and said that "if dat stick yonder was not in plain sight ob dat lazy Joe, he'd hoe de corn wid his eyes shut, and den whar would de corn be?"

By seven o'clock the negroes of the surrounding plantations had arrived. During the marriage ceremony, which they regarded more as a lively and happy affair than a solemn one, the bride and groom stood under a tree

A Thanksgiving Strike

By Lena Campbell.

The meeting was held entirely over the Home 'phone lines and the Stomach was chairman. He had to inform the Kidneys, Pancreas, and other members of the union, of the development of affairs. The first message he sent was at the dinner hour, on Thanksgiving, and was as follows: "Received: One piece of turkey, very improperly chewed." Then followed: "Received: another allotment, consisting of a piece of turkey and some mashed potatoes, all in poor condition."

"More turkey and very gummy stuffing coated with some fairly acceptable gravy."

The next message ran: "A large quantity of pickles, nearly whole, mixed with about half a gallon of strong coffee, just arrived."

The confederates tried to call up the Stomach but, as is usual with 'phones, the line was busy. The Stomach had down the receiver and was listening to the man's conversation with his hostess. However, he was soon at his post again and sent the following hurried message:

"Enormous shipments of vegetables, bread and sweetmeats just received. My storage capacity is getting very limited."

"About sixteen ounces of pumpkin pie has arrived," and before he could hang up the receiver he found it necessary to add, "also a large amount of mince pie." Then he said in a grand, tragic voice, "If worse comes to worst, will you, like loyal and liberty-loving workingmen, stand by the Union or will you be mean, contemptible Scabs?"

They replied dramatically, "Go ahead! heart and soul we are with you."

"Thank you, my bretheren, I knew I could depend on you."

Soon the Stomach sent another message: "More pumpkin pie has arrived, also a quantity of extremely indigestible fruit cake—a-n-d—some chocolate and some cocoanut cake—and—a half bushel of nuts. Let us rise! At least we can make the old capitalist uncomfortable though we may gain no redress of our wrongs. Candy!—fruit—Rise, I say; Rise, my fellow workers! Is Capital to thus enslave us? Take your levers, twist and twinge every nerve you come to! Let him know 'The worm has turned!' We will win! He is sending no more but what he has already sent is more than we can bear or handle without help."

In a few moments he ejaculated: "How strangely he acts! Give a little harder twinge, friends.—I wonder why he doubles up this way and puts his hand over me—Now, just a little more, boys. How he groans and how solemn his voice is! Surely those groans and that solemn voice indicate that he is vowing to redress our grievances."

"Ah! my conclusion is correct. He has us down a helper who announces his name is Medicine. Hallelujah! Our cause is won! Surely "In union there is strength."

Miss Ives (Physics III)—That is the number of round inches in the base of the cylinder.

When I Go to Normal

The morning is like an evil dream—nay, it *is* one. The night before I virtuously resolve to rise very early, so that there will be no hurry in “the wee, sma’ hours.” I awake promptly and then cuddle down and go to sleep again, “because I have so much time.” Those moments are blissful, but unprofitable. There is a horrified exclamation from mother, and I am snatched from my delicious slumbers by the unfeeling announcement that it is 6:55. Then the evil dream commences. Some poetically inclined person has written of the “Fableland of Dreams,” but when anyone has attempted to catch the seven-forty car in a one-eighth-awake condition, he knows that the true name is the “Stableland of Dreams,” and that it is originated by and maintained solely for the benefit of nightmares.

In my frantic haste, I step upon a shoe-lace that is flopping around untied, and break it in a vital spot. One is found somewhere, anywhere, and then I tug at the other to be sure it is tied firmly, and *it* breaks with a vicious snap. The minor catastrophes during the hurried dressing and the gobbled breakfast, I will pass over, and come to the frantic scramble to collect the varied contents of the wicker basket that is the coat of arms of every Normal girl.

My pencil is broken, my pen is diffusing ink upon the library book and my handkerchief; a glass of fruit in my lunch basket upsets and trickles sticky sweetness over the universe, and my car book and one tennis slipper have departed for parts unknown.

Finally I start on the gallop, still struggling with my hat pins. As I rush out of the door, I slam it to, the spring lock catches, and from my parched throat comes a yelp of horror. I have forgotten my library book! Frantically I summon mother and she informs me that she put the book in my satchel and casually adds that I “had better hurry.” By this time I am so pressed for time that I dare not go around by the gate, and so I scramble over the six-foot back fence (devoutly hoping that no eye will behold the fearful deed), and start for the car. It is eight blocks, and I have just five minutes. The last block is a steep hill to be climbed. 'Tis fortunate I can run. I now do so. I catch my car. It waits patiently for me to run half a block. It always does. The conductor grins. He always does.

Then there is a desperate flurry as I dive into the depths of the ubiquitous basket after my elusive car book. Finally, my car caught and my fare safely paid, I lean back in the seat, exhausted, but with a clear conscience, a tranquil mind, and no responsibility in regard to the rest of the journey. And tomorrow morning I'll do it all over again.—'06.

Sweet little Emily Rose
Was tired and about to repose.
But her brother, named Clare,
Put a tack in her chair—and
Sweet little Emily Rose.—Ex.

Sinkin's' New Year's Eve

On the outskirts of Sherwood forest, so renowned for the exploits of Robin hood and his bold followers there lived some years ago Mr. Sinkins novelist, always engaged in writing half a dozen stories at once, but never, so far as records show, finishing any of them. As most great men have hobbies, so also did Sinkins. His special amusement when waiting for an inspiration, was to saunter off into the forest, a pair of large forceps in one hand and a jar in the other. He used the forceps to catch stray beetles and spiders, which he put into his bottle. Afterwards they were transferred to shelves at home, much to the horror of his timid wife.

One afternoon on New Year's Eve, as they were sitting by the fire, Mrs. Sinkins, a rather eccentric personage, suddenly conceived the idea that she wished to go skating the next day, so she dispatched her faithful husband to the town five miles away for some skates, bidding him beware of goblins, which frequented the woods on that particular night of the year.

Now Sinkins, though a novelist, was practical to a fault and—be it said to his shame—declared that he did not believe in such ridiculous things as fairies or goblins, and stated, moreover, that if he *should* happen to see one, it would soon be bottled along with the rest of his curiosities. Sinkins therefore, left home with a light heart, reached the town, procured the skates, and started homeward through the woods as the sun set behind a neighboring hill. He soon came across a peculiar kind of firefly and in his eagerness to follow it and add it to the rest of his specimens, he lost the skates and the way home also. After walking for hours and finding himself in the place whence he had started, he decided to sit down and wait as patiently as he could for morning to appear.

His exertions had made him tired, and notwithstanding the fact that he was tired, cold, and hungry. he soon fell asleep. All at once a hand was laid on his shoulder and he was roughly pulled to his feet. Standing about him, he saw imps, big, little, fat, lean, dancing and performing all kind of antics. The imp by whom he had been so unceremoniously awakened seemed, both by his manner and dress, to be the leader of the band.

Now before this host of uncanny beings, in pointed shoes and caps, and with hideously grinning countenances, Sinkins was, to say the least, frightened; and when the king began talking, he, practical Sinkins, trembled in his shoes.

The goblins, angry at having been disturbed in their games by a mortal, demanded in a hundred different squeaks, that he should be made to pay the penalty for his intrusion. At this the king informed him that on the last night of the year the woods were given up to the goblins, and that any mortal infringing on their privacy was condemned for one year to imprisonment in their underground home. When the proceedings had advanced as far as this Sinkins was dropped into a crack in the earth and fell until he reached a cave, lighted by fire flies. Here he was taken in charge by a few imps, who, being too feeble and old to join in the sports, had been left on guard.

It would take volumes to tell of all the strange experiences of Sinkins during the year of his confinement with the goblins, of their strange ceremonies, their work, and their play.

One day when lying down in the cave he suddenly felt cold, and started up only to find that he had been lying down before his own hearth, and that his wife, in order to waken him, had thrown a bucket of cold water in his face and was now standing near the door with the lamp in her hand saying in a loud tone of voice "Eleven o'clock, eleven o'clock," as she impatiently waited for him to become sufficiently awake to go to bed. On inquiring if she had her skates which he lost in the wood, she gave him a sound scolding for inferring that she ever possessed such articles when he knew how she despised them.

In spite of the wife's assertion that his skates and goblins were dreams, that his falling through the earth was in reality his falling off the sofa, that the fire flies were but the stars he saw when his head struck the floor, Sinkins declares up and down that his experiences on that memorable night were too real to be mere dreams.—A. F. W.

On the Other Fellow

Heard in History conference: "The Cave men came to the council dressed in their skins."—How about it, Miss Galliher?

Miss G-d F-y Eng. II.—Well, you begin and we'll sing out when you get on the plot.

Mr. West—Well, what are your troubles today?

Pupil—"I have none; but will you please explain how x with the exponent zero equals 1 before you say anything?"

Extracts from the flowery composition of a Freshman—"Let us walk hand in hand, with Hawthorne, to bliss and happiness."—"His characters are as clear and lucid as a full moon on a pitch black night.

Mrs. Stephens, in Astronomy—Do we have any dark companions following us?

Heard in the oral reproduction of a story: "And the negro entered, pale and trembling."

Mr. Thompson, on art—Yes, the old girls they used to paint were vastly different from our modern Gibson girl.

Wanted—For an Xmas present by some of the boys in the chorus, a strong box in which to carry the tunes.

A number of articles accepted by the editor and put into type have been crowded out of this issue.

The White and Gold

Edited and Published by

The Students of the State Normal School, San Diego

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San Diego, California

December, 1905

THE PAPER, The White and Gold, has been resurrected! Was it a miracle? No, it was the result of necessity. When our student body woke up some eight or ten weeks ago, figuratively speaking, it went through the characteristic reactions of a waking man. It pinched itself, it rubbed its eyes, it shook itself out of the heavy stupor that has benumbed it during the past years, it arose and went to work. One of the first things it did was to look up the White and Gold, to familiarize itself with current events. But, lo! there was no White and Gold. Now however, thanks to the awakening we have experienced, our Rip Van Winkle sleep is over, a new era has opened up before us. All the machinery is in splendid working order and it rests with us to keep it so. It is up to the student body from now on to shake off any symptoms of the ancient lethargy as soon as they appear in order that the old drowsiness may never overtake us again.

SCHOOL SPIRIT. Some weeks ago a vial labelled "School Spirit Bacteria" was dropped by a careless hand somewhere in the Normal building and the air was alive with it. Once at liberty to move, the active little germ spread rapidly from the Biology laboratory in the west wing to the Physics laboratory in the east wing. There was no stopping or repressing it. Within a few days the whole school had been inoculated with the lively infection. It differs from the yellow fever bacteria in that frost has no effect upon it. It attacks far more people than does the deadly typhoid fever germ. In short, it seems impossible to destroy it. During the football season it was in evidence everywhere, in the street cars, in the school corridors, at home and

abroad. Football rallies were the pastime of the hour, and enthusiastic songs and yells were handed in by the dozen. But this epidemic is on the wane and the active little microbe has turned its energies toward the school paper. As an evidence of this, the editor has received nearly twice as much copy as can be used in this edition of the paper. Certainly this is proof positive of the severity of the new attack and the popularity of the White and Gold. What, then, is this little microbe? What is the function of this spirit? Simply this, it means life and action. It breeds affection and tender respect for the school of one's choice. There can be no earnest, whole-souled, successful school work without it.

FOOT-BALL. Foot-ball has reached a crisis in its history. For more than a decade it has been held supreme as king of all athletics. Baseball is our national game and it is a popular sport but nine men out of ten will forsake it for a football contest. It is a wonderful game in many respects. There is absolutely no education that can compare with it, when it comes to the study of alertness, the will to do, and the ability to know *what* to do, in case of an emergency. A good football player cannot be surprised, and he learns the secret of fortitude as only the old Spartan once knew it. But the other side of the football question is a grave one. Year by year the rules of the game have been changed. It is losing its sportsmanlike nature and becoming more and more brutal until today it is said that it claims far more victims than does prize fighting! And we say of the latter, "It is barbarous, inhuman, disgusting." But football has to answer for a still more grievous fault. It develops special ization to a dangerous point. Too often the football hero is a great muscular giant, devoting six months of the year to the game, the other six to anything that comes up. As played at present, the game is restricted to a limited number of men. The expenditure of money, time and effort is disproportionate to the few who receive any physical benefit.

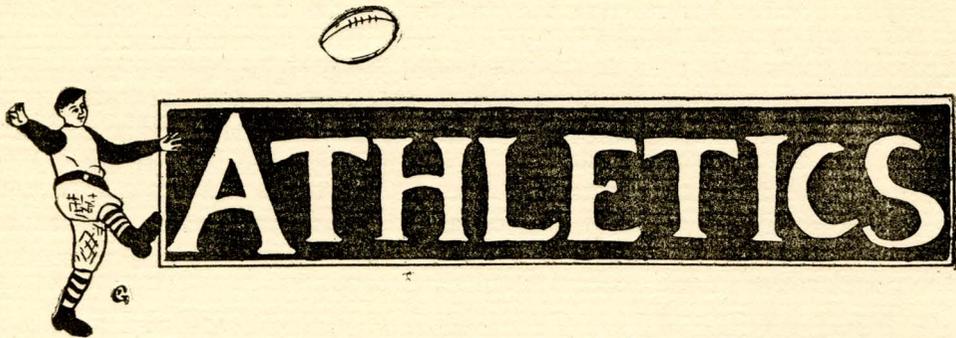
The commercial side of the question is becoming a serious one. Thousands of dollars are spent yearly in salaries to coaches and the buying of all kinds of equipment and in gambling on results. As a consequence the admission to the games is so high that many people are not able to afford it. In the majority of schools and colleges its moral influence is positively bad. Get the ball by fair means or foul, is the doctrine, and by all means ring in a professional or two if you can do so without being caught.

But a change is about to be effected. The rules of the game will be changed or football will be abolished from our schools. Several prominent cities have prohibited the game from being played within their limits. Even our strenuous President is opposed to it, as it is now played. The President of New York State University has called for a national council of college presidents to model a new system for playing the game. We sincerely hope that this may be accomplished. It would surely be unfortunate to abolish unconditionally such a noble game as football from the list of our athletic sports.

WANTED.

Somebody to sign a contract to clean the lockers.

Wanted: A new version of "The Old Oaken Bucket."



ATHLETICS have been revived again at Normal and form a prominent factor in the local activities. Owing to the lack of material and grounds we had very few athletic activities during the year 1904-5. Basket ball was the only one worth mentioning. The first basketball league was then formed by the Y. M. C. A., Commercial College, Russ and Normal. Fair interest and enthusiasm was shown although the season was short.

We hope to make the athletic events of 1905-6 more numerous and interesting than those of last year. Among these will be found football, basket-ball, hand-ball, base-ball, captain-ball, tennis and track work taking prominent places. This year we have an athletic field which, when finished, will be one of the best in the State. This field is 400 x 400 feet, located just north of the Normal building with the car line running along the east side. It is as level as a table. These facts make it a most desirable field on which to hold athletic meets. The field will be equipped for the following outdoor sports:—foot ball, base ball, basket ball, hand ball, tether ball, tennis and track. At the present time we have one basket ball and two tennis courts and foot ball gridiron completed.

When the graders left the field it was covered with hard lumps and rocks. The boys objected to playing on a field in such condition so the girls, all unknown to them, decided to have a stone throwing picnic, if throwing stones may be called a pic-nic. On Friday evening before the first game with Y. M. C. A. they turned out and in a comparatively short space of time cleared the field. After stone throwing had proceeded for a time the girls continued their pic-nic by giving the boys a lunch. During the time the lunch was in progress several speeches were made by members of the faculty and team. The girls, of course, had something to say and said it. The affair ended with three rousing cheers for the girls.

So far this year foot ball has claimed all the attention of the boys and as there were so few of them we experienced great difficulty in getting material for a team. The first line up of the season was as follows:—c., Lusk; l. g., Warriner; r. g., Clark; l. t. Butler (capt.);

r. t., Sharp; l. e., Lane; r. e., Tarwater; l. h., Duffy; r. h., C. Smith; q. b., O. Smith; f. b., Gurwell.

Before we had played any schedule game our quarter-back, Smith, found that he could not play so the team had to be rearranged in the following manner.—c., Barker; l. g., Lusk; r. g., Sharp; l. t., Butler (capt.); r. t., Clark; l. e., Lane and Watkins; r. e., Tarwater; l. h., Duffy and Wight; r. h., C. Smith; q. b., Bigham and f. b., Gurwell. Mr. West acted as manager after Mr. Bigham was put on the team.

Another difficulty was the inexperience of the men. Only three had ever participated in a game before this year. Another difficulty was the lack of a second team to buck up against and all the defensive work was necessarily theoretical and not the real thing. Our method of defensive work was obtained through the coach using explanatory diagrams on the black board. By means of these the squad learned how to meet and stop offensive play. After school the boys would don their suits and proceed to carry out these methods as far as was possible. The showing made was far more satisfactory than was at first expected.

Situated as we are in the extreme southern part of California it was difficult for us to get games with any northern teams and although Escondido, Hollywood and Redlands negotiated for games, they could not be arranged so that, as a result, only four contests were had during the season.

The first of these was a practice game with the Russ eleven, played on the Russ campus, Sept. 30. This served to show us our weak points and demonstrated the need of hard work if we were to make a satisfactory showing in foot ball.

The second contest was a match game with the Y. M. C. A. team on Normal campus Oct. 21. In this game the main thing noticed was the development of defensive work. The offensive work, through fumbling, was weak, due to lack of practice in scrimmage. The score 5-0 in Y. M. C. A.'s favor was made in the first half.

The third game played was on Normal campus with Y. M. C. A. on Nov. 11. In this game the Y. M. C. A. greatly outplayed the Normal in the first half but owing to an improvement in Normal's defensive play they were prevented from scoring although they were within the ten yard line once. The Normals in the second half outplayed the Y. M. C. A., but on account of fumbles were not able to score. The final score was 0-0.

The game with the Russ on Thanksgiving day was the principal game of the season and both teams worked hard for this event. This game was played on Russ campus. The two teams were evenly matched. The game was won by Russ kicking a goal. The laurels in the first half were about even, while in the second half the Normals kept the ball in Russ territory all but three minutes of play and they

approached within the ten yard line twice. This half was Normals' but they failed to score. The score at the end of the game was Russ 6 Normal 5.

In this game Normals' superiority was due to their perfect team work and not to individual effort. This was due first of all to our coach who worked hard the whole season and second, to the active work of Captain Butler; third, the good field generalship of quarterback Bigham.

During the season a number of rallies were held in which songs were sung and yells were yelled. The X. Y. Z's presented the team with ten dollars to go towards getting school sweaters and on Friday evening Dec. 1, gave the boys a banquet at the Normal.

So far fall Athletics have been promising and during the ensuing year further activities will be pursued.

Exchanges

It is customary in school periodicals for a page to be devoted to gentle, friendly criticism, expressing the editor's opinions concerning the contents of similar papers of other institutions. A department of the White and Gold has been established for this purpose but due to the fact that the petition of the student body for the White and Gold has so recently been sanctioned by the faculty, it has been impossible to secure in time for this issue, any periodicals from other schools or colleges; therefore our student friends will get off easily this time, only to catch it all the harder in our next number.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
 "Makes all mankind our kin;
 There's no chance about it;
 Tails we lose and heads we win."—Ex.

There was a great swell in Japan
 Whose name on Tuesday began—
 It lasted through Sunday
 'Till twilight on Monday,
 And sounded like stones in a can.—Ex.

FOR SALE.

Fresh oysters on the half shell in the Zoology Lab.

A young man of husky build, dark brown eyes, hair to match, a good voice and worth seventy millions in his dreams.

A pair of strong calf-skin boots Cheap.

A half box of good apples.

Ma-Step—was singing in chorus, "Se, me, ra, de," over and over again.



The usual Freshman reception was held in the early part of the term and was a decided and successful innovation. The first part of the evening's program took the form of a minstrel show. It was a clever little affair, the songs being catchy and most of the jokes very keen, although there were one or two in which the points were rather blunt.

The Rhine Golds gave a jolly little dance at the University Club House, on November 24th, which proved that the crew knows how to do things. The room was trimmed in holly and presented a very genial air. The Rhine Golds are good hostesses and they tried their best to make all enjoy themselves, and by the general good time they seemed to have, succeeded.

One of the most highly appreciated events of the season was the Halloween Dance given by the boys of the Normal School on November 3d. A dance of the boys' creation being an entirely new feature of the school, much speculating was done on the part of the girls before the dance. This changed to genuine admiration, however, on the evening itself. The music was of the kind that makes one want more, the refreshments had the same quality, the general management was perfect, and the finest thing of all was the fact that on this memorable evening "Our Poys" made their debut.

The White Ducks took advantage of the moon and entertained some of the boys on North Island on the evening of November 11th. Before landing a concert was given on the water for the benefit of the U. S. S. Princeton. The ship's crew responded heartily and assisted in the rest of the program. Supper was partaken of on the beach, after which the boys furnished the entertainment.

The B. N. B.'s intend to have a "big time" before school closes, in honor of Mr. Charles E. Butler of the senior class. Not being a member of this society at present, he will be initiated at this time as an honorary member. Mr. Newton Layne will also share the same fate. Although all of a reporter's energy has been used in trying to "pump" a B. N. B. boy, nothing can be learned about this mysterious organization except that Sheriff Duffy is "chief cook and bottle washer" and rules with a mighty hand.

Miss Genevieve Northrup entertained the "Pristis" crew early this

term. The girls all said it was the finest crew "do" that has been given this term. The entire house was decorated with Pristis pennants. Progressive games were played on the glass porch, which was decorated with Chinese lanterns and pennants. It was very exciting at the end of the evening when three of the young ladies had to play for the best prize. Miss Cosgrove was the lucky maiden and carried home a beautiful etching. Miss Reeves won the consolation prize. Light refreshments were served and everybody went home happy with a souvenir.

The Second Normal football team, composed principally of boys of the eighth and ninth grades, played three games during this season. In the first gamewith the University Heights school team, our boys won by a score of 11 to 0. The Sherman Heights team won the second game by five points. They were well drilled and heavier than our team. Score 5-0. The last game was played with a team from the United Presbyterian Sunday School, and resulted in a tie, 5-5. Otto Jaeger, the mascot of the first team, did good work as quarter; Hilton Johnson of the eighth grade, who was captain, played full back. He has the making of a good football man in him, and we hope to have him in our ninth grade team next year.

In honor of our football team and coach a banquet was given by the X Y Z's on December, which was declared by all to be the social event of the term. The guests assembled in the lower corridor and when all was ready they were ushered into the dining room. The tables were arranged in the shape of a large N and were trimmed with yellow chrysanthemums and loaded with things of a more substantial nature. Above the tables and on the wall were hung Normal pennants and banners in great profusion. The place cards were in the shape of footballs and made appropriate souvenirs.

The program was unique and appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Bliss illustrated the fact that a banquet could be umpired as well as a football game. Mr. Crandall, as the kickoff, spoke highly of the team and showed that much credit was due them for the work done this season. Capt. Butler, as foul tackler, responded to "Our Coach" in a way that made everyone proud that we have a man like Mr. Crandall to coach our team. Miss Spears, as chief rooter, told of the deep feeling "our girls" have for "our boys." Mr. Orrin Smith as off sidelinier, spoke about "Our Girls" in a very touching manner and suggested to the boys a new line along which to push their energy. Mr. West represented in , \$ \$ \$, discoursed on "Tickets Please!" He demonstrated that there was nothing mysterious at all in the title of X Y Z. Miss Gussie Stephens, as dead header, responded to the "Editorial We." She talked of the ideals of the new school periodical the "White and Gold." Mr. Thompson as Bleacher God, gave the last toast of the evening. After this speech it was decided that football was a good thing. Before leaving the table everyone joined in singing our own version of "The Jolly Student," the last football song sung this season.

Wanted—Five hundred word per minute reporters in the biology department.

The Forum

To the original Forum of Rome were taken all weighty matters that needed to be decided, and from its classic rostra were delivered those great orations that settled the mighty questions of that olden time. Like its namesake, our Forum discusses and makes decisions upon many important matters pertaining to the San Diego Normal School and the rest of the world. The question of Woman's Suffrage has been debated and it has been decided that woman should not have the right to vote. It has also been agreed that there are not good and sufficient reasons why the school spirit of this Normal School is inferior to that of the average secondary school, that expeditions in search of the north pole are not profitable.

Altho this organization will celebrate its first birthday this Christmas season, it can tell of marvellous growth in numbers and power. About this time just one year ago, some of our boys decided to create a fount of knowledge from which might flow streams of eloquence, wisdom and entertainment.

The first subject they undertook to discuss was "Girls," and after much thought and consideration they decided to allow them to become members in this organization. After the girls had taken advantage of this opportunity it was decided to have a constitution, and a committee immediately set about this important task. After using up many brain cells and many sheets of fool's cap paper, a constitution was drawn up and adopted. This has stood the test of nearly three hundred and sixty-five days and we trust it will serve for as many more years. At first a small though loyal band upheld the weight of this mighty constitution without aid, but soon there were discovered persons of rare ability and talent in the school who gladly joined them. Now our Forum is supported by nearly half a hundred of Normal's Best, who feel proud that they can help in the work and share its advantages.

The first president of the society was Mr. Walter Bigham and at the close of his term of office the gavel was put into the hands of Mr. Charles Butler. The officers at present are as follows: President, Ethel L. Crosby; vice-president, Clayton Wight; Sec. and Treas., Olive Ault.

Just now a few "boom" vibrations are passing over the society. A fresh spirit of interest and energy seems to have entered into the work and we hope it will stay with us and give the Forum much success in the coming year.

On October 27th four members of the faculty indulged in a debate in the assembly room for the edification and amusement of the students. It was greatly appreciated by the members of the Forum. The subject was: Resolved that literature has had more influence for good than the rest of the fine arts. Affirmative—Mr. Thompson, Miss Pratt; negative Mr. Bliss, Miss Billings.

On a petition being sent to the faculty, an arrangement was made by which students taking active part in the Forum might be given credit in the school for the work done in the society. The persons receiving this credit will be excused from some part of the regular work in the English and History departments.

Training School Testimonials

Cures All Ailments—Try It—Time Refunded if Not Satisfied — What Some People Say About It—Don't Abandon Hope!

I had been troubled with weak nerves and heart trouble for several years, but since I have been taking the Training School I have had complete relief from such weakness.

Hulda Shultz

After a short experience in the Training School I can strongly recommend it for weaknesses of humanity in general. If you have any tendency to relax after a hard week's work, try a Training School register and your relaxation will be complete. If *one* does not suffice, try another. I have taken *four* of them and at the end of every month, my joy has been simply marvelous.

Charles Butler

Pursue the path to history and heavenly Bliss.

It is really surprising how thoughtless some people are about certain things. The Temperature Record was designed for the very purpose of determining which students have their wits about them and which have not. If you doubt your capacity to remember a million things at once, try the Training School.

Marian Loop

Try Hendersonian Heaven.

I taught geography for twenty-five minutes for ten weeks and now have the whole universe revealed.

Virginia Mabee

Have you read it? Do you know it? The Teacher's Principal Aim?

I have tried the history department of the Training School for thirty years and find it very efficient. It is guaranteed to cure all attacks of giggling and the slightest inclination toward mental inactivity, lack of concentration or sleeping in class. I conscientiously recommend a course in history for anyone suffering under the delusion that he hates history and can't learn it. I really used to be given to wearing often a happy smile. Since then I have learned the whole history of civilization, and that it is the core of all knowledge, and have "never smiled again."

Clara Woods

Although carrying full group VIII and part of group VII, I found myself looking for something to do. I was always idle. I happened to hear of the literature conference. My troubles ceased. I had read very little, but under the careful direction of the supervisor, I read and took notes on every book in the library. I've read every book written in the English language and have it abstracted or have a lesson plan for teaching it. Any person troubled with ennui would do well to take this treatment for about ten weeks—longer if possible.

Alberta Journey

I have had a thorough course with Professor Crandall and can conscientiously recommend it as a sure cure for laziness and any wanderings of the brain. Anyone troubled with these small inconveniences and minor details can be cured wholly with a ten weeks' course of this pleasant, light treatment. You only have to listen to lectures given at the slow rate of

500 words per minute (this enables you to take full notes which may be used in place of the original treatments should the ailments return), and follow directions given.

Nell Yates

No one will ever know the sufferings I endured before taking music in the Training School, which revived my spirits and brought joy into my life. With the course comes the enjoyment of entertaining one's friends with the two hours' practice each night, the taking of Theory Pills in large doses any time of the day, and the great benefit to be derived from warbling. Try it and see.

Alice Ball

I want my fellow sufferers to know of my miraculous cure. No amount of money could make me suffer again as I did from incoherent recitations. Let me implore any one so troubled, to take at least ten weeks' course in the Training School Grammar department. Teaching grammar is a remedy for all unconventionality and absorbs the attention of the teacher from morn till night. It sweetens the temper, clears the complexion, whitens the teeth, curls the hair, and is an all around remedy for all ills. I advise the teaching of grammar to all who are addicted to frequent outbursts of feeling. After fifteen weeks' trial the worst case of disinterestedness guaranteed to be cured.

Mattie Hall

I was for forty years afflicted with a love of Nature and my fellow-man. I was in danger of appreciating symphonies; of attaining human wealth, of reaching the consummation of the philosophic idea—indeed, a host of evils assailed me. I found that such conceptions were all "Tommy Rot." Get wise and take Education VIII.

Sadie Overing

Before taking the course in geography and nature study in the Training School, I was a giddy young thing having never a care on earth. My friends noticed my condition and advised me to try Geography and Nature Study treatments. I took one every fifth period for ten weeks, and now find myself able to think of the antipodes of San Diego, Podunk or any other point while boarding a car or in the middle of a football game. I can picture man making a living in any part of the globe or give information as to the best care of cows, the propagation of cactaceae in Southern California, or hold children spell-bound by reciting the names of all the capes, bays and islands of the world. I can recommend this treatment as a sure cure for any person troubled with excess of spirits.

Emma Spears

Senior Will

We, the illustrious Senior class of December, 1905, of sound mind and body, do solemnly swear that the following is our last will and testament: In it we bequeath our grade, plus one, in teaching, to the Juniors, who are in need of all they can get.

To the Supervisors in the Training School we bequeath a "special method" series for all departments.

To our worthy successors, the class of May, '05, we bequeath our well-thumbed, dogeared copies of Henderson's Education and the Larger Life, valuable because there is much to be read between the lines (plainly written in pencil).

We bequeath to the Librarian our empty chairs, which will speak for themselves, as we have always done

To the Training School we leave the temperature records for future edification, our knowledge (to be found in our note books), our lesson plans arranged promiscuously and with lack of forethought, and which contain condensed and accurate information on all subjects under the sun for self-instruction, a carload of bean bags for work in arithmetic, and, most valuable of all, our illustrious personality.

To the Faculty we bequeath our spirit of submissive patience through the dry lecture courses, examinations, and recitations, *provided* that they make life for the succeeding class as pleasant and ecstatic as ours has been. Should the above requirement not be fulfilled, the here-in-before-mentioned property shall revert to the testators to be used as ammunition in training young ideas to shoot!

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eleventh day of December, nineteen hundred five. EMMA SPEARS, Notary Public.
Attest: SADIE V. OVERING.

School Notes

One of the successes of this season, socially as well as financially, was the entertainment given by the Rowing Association. The different side shows were unique in character and drew large crowds. The financial report is as follows:

Argonauts, Refreshments	\$12.50
Pristis, Baby Show	11.53
White Ducks, Postoffice	10.68
Rhinegolds, Chamber of Horrors	8.30
Dog Watch, Gypsy Camp	1.59
Glacus, Peanuts	5.00
General admission	31.15
Total	<u>\$86.75</u>

A rally of the Y. W. C. A. was held in Los Angeles, December 9, 1905, at the Congregational church. There were young ladies from all over the state present and we were proud to think that the San Diego Normal was represented by five young ladies. The delegates included Miss Virginia Spencer, Miss Alma Boal, Miss Elizabeth Frazee, Miss Norma Pierce, and Miss Adalind Shaul. The delegates left Friday, December 8, and returned December 10.

The completion of the tennis courts is causing a general ripple of ex-

citement among the students. Now that the strenuous football season is over, we will be content to arm ourselves with tennis rackets and balls and will have to count our "loves" instead of our "touchdowns."

Didn't it look like a genuine election to see everybody wearing cards: "Vote for Smith for Business Manager"?

The Pristis girls and friends had a delightful barge party December 9. The party was chaperoned by Miss Tanner and Mr. Crandall.

The basket ball grounds are now in shape. The girls are working hard and have succeeded in raising the standard of the game. And if in the future "Our Team" should have the chance to play an outside team, we feel sure our opponents will "come up against it."

On Thursday morning, November 23, the students and faculty were entertained by Mr. Frank's orchestra of the Isis theatre. The music was excellent and the students showed their appreciation by the hearty applause which they gave the "band men." When the orchestra started up "The Son of a Gambolier," one might judge from the sly winks that went around the profs it brought back reminiscences of their college days.

The Dog Watch crew enjoyed a merry breakfast on North Island, December 1st. The party left the boat house about half past six and by the time they reached their destination every one was ready for breakfast. The crew report that they had a "swell time."

Why not come to the student Body meetings? They are really quite homey affairs. But once you get there don't be afraid to get up and make a motion. If somebody makes a motion that doesn't please you, get up and express your own views. If you want your man to be elected don't sit digging at some lesson, come and put him through or else hold your peace after the election.

The last Thursday in every month the students and faculty have the pleasure of listening to Rev. Hinson's lectures. They are looked forward to with more interest by the students than any other event of the week. Every one has enjoyed to the utmost his recent talks on Tennyson. It is hoped by every student that Mr. Hinson will be able to continue his lectures the coming semester.

Our football rallies this term were of the most inspiring kind. "The Jolly Student" stimulated the boys to do their very best. School spirit is at its height. There is no reason why it should die just because the football season is over. The coming basket ball games and tennis tournaments will need just as much school spirit to back them as did the football.

The Geography Class, under the direction of Mr. Skilling, spent Saturday, Nov. 25th, at La Jolla. The forenoon was passed in exploring the old sea beaches. Lunch was served on the rocks. The afternoon was devoted to examining the new sea beaches and studying specimens, geological and human. Interest was added to the work by a kodak. Some snap-

shots included those of Miss Cosgrove and Miss Johnson.

While at the Jolly City the class paid a visit to Mrs. Graham, formerly our beloved music teacher. While Mr. Skilling and Mrs. Graham indulged in a lengthy discussion as to weights and measures, the class inspected the little Cecelia.

In connection with the study of the Old Missions, the American History class and their friends "hiked" out to the ruins of our own mission. During the course of the tramp Mr. Bliss "called a halt" several times, and squatting on the ground in Indian fashion, the party was entertained by various Indian myths prepared by members of the class. The trip through the mission and the Indian School was wonderfully entertaining and instructive.

One of the jolliest functions of the term was a barge party given by the "Dog Watch" crew a short time ago. They rowed over to North Island, where they enjoyed luncheon and returning early enjoyed a plunge at Los Banos. Besides the regular members of the crew, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Crandall, Mr. Bradley, Paulina Black, and Cora Tracy were present.

The Glaucus crew gave an informal luncheon in the Science laboratory several weeks ago. A dainty spread was served amid artistic decorations. Mr. Crandall, Mr. Bliss and Mr. Thompson were the guests of honor.

The Senior class will probably do something startling in the way of a farewell reception this year. They will not let the editorial staff into their secrets but no doubt we will all discover them sooner or later.

Mrs. Graham, nee Derby, and her daughter, little Cecilia, are sojourning at La Jolla.

Miss Katherine Harris spent Thanksgiving vacation with Miss Genevieve Northrup.

Miss Flora Wadsworth spent her Thanksgiving vacation in San Diego.

The Misses Stephens intend to spend their Christmas vacation at their home in Visalia.

Miss Van Arman, who resigned from teaching on account of ill health, is now sufficiently recovered to resume her work.

Mr. Guy Paden is attending the University of California.

On the Other Fellow

Miss Tanner in gym—"Attention! Number by ones."

It is reported that certain members of the White Duck Crew were looking for matches on the eve of November 12. It is hoped that they found them.

Arithmetic VI—We are glad to know there is one thing Mr. Sharp does not know.

Mr. Thom—n, discussing oil wells—"Yes, there are some oil wells nearly as large as the Normal School."

Bright Boy—"My! What a big one!"

Mr. T. (innocently)—"Yes, that was a big one."

Miss Ball—"No, I did not bring them today. I had such a 'dinky little mess.'"

Seventh Grade Pupil — "What did you say?"

Miss Ball—" said that I had such a very few."

Ancient—"I'll wager my saccharine existence."

Modern—"You bet your sweet life."—Ex.

Will somebody introduce us to Mr. Singham and Mr. Tusk?

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,

How do your conquests grow?

With our coaching club—

Ah! there's the rub—

You haven't the ghost of a show.

Don't be economical of the truth.

Arithmetic VI have decided to spend Christmas on the International Date line.

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Will be found the latest styles in ladies' ready-to-wear garments. Suits, \$10, \$15 \$20 and \$25. Cravenette Rain Coats \$7, \$8, \$10, \$12 to \$25. Ladies' and Misses' Coats, \$6, \$8, \$10 to \$25.

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Mrs. Horton, reprimanding a noisy student in the library—"Mr. De B., if you would moderate your speed in coming in and accelerate it in going out it would be a great deal better."

Miss Ka-d-l—"Oh, if you boys only win Thanksgiving, we girls will squeeze lemons for you all day!"

Mr. L. K.—"Perhaps we would rather be the lemons."

Mr. Cran—, surveying the class in Botany I—"Why, how does this happen, half my class is absent today?"

Pause.

Miss Messer is absent.

The idea of charging all the innocent girls in the school with being "boy hookers!"

Wonder if Emma has got her school in Utah!

There was a young miss named Loop,
Who sailed down the bay in a sloop,
She studied vaseline and gasoline,
But protested at pipe-a-line,
And that's why she is now in the soup.

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Mr. Thompson in Ed. VII.—Man devotes less of his time to love than he does to business. A young man calls on his girl twice a week, certainly on Sunday, and then he drops in about the middle of the week to make arrangements for the next Sunday. Now what does he do the remainder of the time?

Mrs. K.—Thinks of her.

Mr. Skilling, seeing a hand waving wildly in the air—Well, Miss Roberts, what is it?

No answer.

Mr. Skilling—O, you were just fixing your hair, were you?

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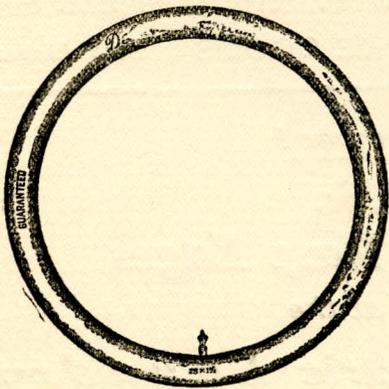
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