

State Normal School
San Diego, Cal.

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MARCH 1906

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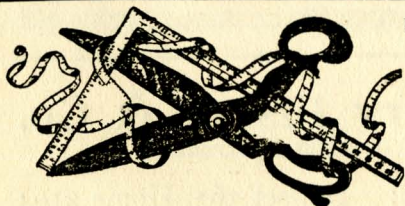
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State Normal School, San Diego Cal.

March, 1906

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A Dear Revenge

(Wie Gehts)

Madge dropped down on the divan in front of the window and burst into a fit of weeping. "Why on earth did Miss Hart always seem to do the meanest things just to her, and let all the rest go scot-free from such trials? She just has a grudge against me and—well, we'll see, Miss Hart, how long your young popinjay shall share my comfortable surroundings. I'll get even," and with a look not boding any good intentions for the object of her disapproval, Madge rose and glanced into the mirror. "What a sight I am to behold—the gong—just my luck! I won't go down tonight." Hastily tying a handkerchief about her forehead, Madge opened the door and intercepted a friend with, "Amy, please answer 'sick' to my name at tea-roll and tell Miss Hart I have retired. No, nothing, thank you"—and she closed the door to prevent an interview with her chief friend and admirer, Amy Handel. She had not meant to go to bed when speaking to Amy, but at the thought of a lonely evening before her, she decided to do so at once. It was but seven and she lay there for a couple of hours planning revenge upon the unsuspecting matron and her prodigy.

Miss Hart had for ten years presided over Greendale Academy, which had gained a wide-spread reputation for the refinement and wealth of the students who gathered there. It had been growing rapidly. All the buildings were crowded, especially the dormitories. This increased attendance necessitated roommates among the girls and at the opening of the first term under the new arrangement, Madge Martyn, the wealthiest and best-liked girl in the school, had fallen heir to one of the new pupils. Miss Hart utterly ignored her remonstrances and assigned her the very girl whom her "clique" had been joshing as the greenest looking freshie they had ever seen. But Miss Hart's word once spoken was not to be crossed, and Madge knew that her fate was sealed. So Revenge with his biting tongue and two-faced sword presented himself and she was in his power.

* * * * *

"Where's Madge?" Amy started and turned around to see Frank Holden standing back of her seat on the veranda whence she had stolen after tea to work quietly on her French.

"Sick."

"What's the matter?"

"Don't know, she wouldn't let me come in. Sit down, I'll talk to you."

"Can't do it—have to graft—Did you hear the assignments? Madge has a roommate. Oh, but she will be hot over it!"

"What—who?"

"I don't know. I'm not that much interested in freshies. Wonder what Madge will think, though?"

"I wonder who it is? I'd laugh if it were that green-looking girl we were joshing so about this morning!"

Frank was retreating into the building. He wondered who the green, countrified girl was.

Two weeks slipped by and Madge was becoming accustomed to her

mate, but her proud, selfish nature betrayed itself often and made it very hard for the shy girl to whom every thing and every one were strange. One evening as they sat studying, the only occupants of the drawing-room it happened, Madge was roused by an exclamation of surprise. She jumped up with "Hello, Frank, where have you been keeping yourself so long?" But with only a cheery "Howdy, Madge?" Frank walked briskly across the room and exclaimed, "Well, Miss Stanton! Vera! Give me your hand. This is quite a surprise. Did you drop down here or—?"

"Frank!" The "green countrified girl" rose, and with coloring cheeks, extended her hand, which Frank shook cordially. "I did think of you when Miss Martyn spoke of a friend of hers, a Mr. Holden, but dropped it as an idle thought. Yes, mother wishes me to enter college and I came here to prepare."

"That's fine!" Hope you are getting acquainted. I see you are studying so I won't intrude, but I shall look forward to a visit with you soon." Bowing, Frank turned and recrossed the room to where Madge had been, but she had disappeared. He saw her walking up the corridor and in a moment overtook her. "Madge, you must come back and meet Miss Stanton. She is an old chum of mine from home. Please come."

"Indeed I won't. I've had the pleasure of her acquaintance in a rather forcible way already. Sorry, but it is impossible. Permit me to say I admire your tastes immensely!"

Frank was overwhelmed by this outburst. "Why, Madge, what has happened? In what forcible way? Explain yourself!" Then in a flash he saw it all. Her anger at Miss Hart; her actions for the past week; the "green countrified girl." But he did not hesitate as to what to do. Madge should tell him. She was silent, however, and no amount of persuasion brought to light the story he wished to hear. They were at the door of the building and with a lame excuse of having to study, Madge left him to his thoughts.

The incident in the drawing room was a revelation to timid, shy Vera Stanton, and she shrewdly saw trouble ahead. Frank had been her best friend in their mutual "home" village, but here he was another's. Madge had only a day or two before spoken of him and lauded herself as having chosen "the best-liked young fellow in school" as her friend. Vera had frankly said, and truthfully, that she had not associated him with the name Madge had spoken only for the instant. Now he had in such an unexpected manner proved to be her old chum of high-school days! Even the sight of a home friend, and especially Frank, whom she had not seen for two years, sent a thrill over her, but she was resolved in an instant on her course of action. She knew Madge jealously adored him and she would in no way intrude. For days she avoided him, as Madge avoided her, when suddenly an unexpected and strange event occurred in Greendale Academy, which put an end to her worry on that line and turned it to something of a very different nature.

(To be continued.)

A Short Cruise on the "Princeton"

The United States Princeton lay in Panama harbor for about three months, watching Uncle Sam's interests. I had heard that the captain was in need of more hands, and as I was a man of leisure, I offered my services, which were gladly accepted.

In the morning soon after my arrival on board ship, I heard a loud gong suddenly sound, a harsh voice command "Up anchor," and in a few moments the Princeton put out to sea. We had been at sea about two days when the captain summoned all hands before him. I was surprised to learn that the sailors are never punished for any misconduct during their stay in port unless the offense is very serious. When all the crew were assembled, the paymaster holding a long paper, called off their names, beginning with the first lieutenant. The person called stepped forward with uncovered head, and saluted, and then, as the sailors say, the captain straightway "bawled him out" before his fellow men. If his case was serious, he was court marshalled or put in the brig (prison) from two to fifteen days, according to the captain's decision; but if his offense was slight he was deprived of his shore liberty for two or three weeks.

After a five days' cruise we put into Acapulco, a beautiful place. The coast is green and mountains form the background. The first thing we saw on entering the harbor was a huge rock known as the "Death Rock," a rock which in olden times was used as an executing block. The next interesting thing we passed was an old Mexican fort. The Princeton as soon as she was opposite the fort, sent off a salute of twenty-one guns in acknowledgment of the Mexican government. Then from the fort a few Mexican soldiers emerged and advanced toward an old smooth bore gun and sent off their answering salute. This gun is so dangerous to those firing it that before each discharge the Mexicans rushed far to the rear.

The Princeton, having paid her respects to the Mexican government, proceeded at once to her anchorage. As soon as the anchor was dropped a number of small boats, filled with provisions and manned by women put off from shore, and pluckily made for our ship. These bumboat women, so called in place of provision women, were soon chattering like magpies on board ship and displaying their goods to the best of their ability. The women formed a striking contrast to the ship, which is considered the cleanest in the navy, with her white paint and her glittering brass work; the whole ship seemed subdued by the side of the gorgeously attired Mexicans, with their black hair, flashing eyes, swarthy skins, and their beautiful white teeth, which are indeed the envy of every American woman. The manner of dress is peculiar; their bright colored skirts come just above their ankles, the waist is made with long, flowing sleeves, and their head gear is a bright, colored shawl gracefully wound around their well dressed hair. The women though fat are very graceful and as they sit cross legged amidst their wares, pointing to their beads and Mexican trinkets, to the pottery, fancy work, fruits, canes, cocoanuts, they form a picturesque group. Such an unusual charm do these women possess that a sailor is buying before he knows it. The canes and cocoanuts seemed to sell more readily, for the sailor, who is deprived of all

liquor on board, has only to pull a plug out of the cocoanut or the head off the cane, and he can partake of the deadly intoxicating Mexican drink, mescal. So powerful is this drink that for days after, the man who has partaken freely of this mescal will be intoxicated with a small cup of water. Then the water monkeys or water coolers are exceedingly cheap. I was surprised to be told that any size could be bought for fifteen cents, whereas in the city of San Diego I had to pay a dollar for a medium sized one.

A very comical incident happened to my friend and myself while we were in the city. We were tired of ship's food, so during our shore liberty we entered a restaurant. The Panamanian, a swarthy old dame, could barely understand English. We asked for Spanish stew, the answer was: "Me no sabbe." We then asked for chicken, roast beef and ham and eggs. Still the same melodious yet hateful, "me no sabbe." We were getting desperate when finally a bright idea struck me. I got down on my hands and knees and crowed to the best of my ability. The woman's eyes lit up and at last she uttered "sabbe." We felt a bit better, but how about the ham? My friend who was not to be outdone by me, suddenly got down on all fours and grunted. Again the woman with great seriousness said, "sabbe." At last our ham and eggs were put before us, but they were well earned.

Our next stopping place was at San Diego, a beautiful city, with a few more amusements than the Mexican city offered. The sailors were very anxious for the bumboat man to come alongside, for his wares were quite different from the Mexican woman's. The bumboat man arrived soon after the ship's anchor was weighed. The sailors crowded around him like wild animals and obtained to their delight pies, milk, candy, tobacco and any other article they wished.

We stayed in San Diego about one month and then we set sail for Magdalena, the American target station. We had a very pleasant voyage down and kept in sight of land the whole time. The bay of Magdalena is horse-shoe shaped, very large and very beautiful. The squadron headed by the flagship Chicago, made for the left of the harbor, where a few white shanties, the only buildings there, stood. When opposite these shanties the flagship dropped anchor and the remaining fleet respectively took her position, each ship flanking the one in front of her. A huge target was then placed in the water a long distance from the ships, and the fleet were ready for action. The sailors while at Magdalena utilized their spare time by shooting the immense turtles which swarm in the warm bay. We stayed here for about two weeks and then we again proceeded up the coast, back to the land-locked harbor of San Diego. *Florence Smith.*

They were walking together down Logan Ave. As they crossed 23rd St., which has recently been named Crosby St., he looked anxiously up and down the avenue, then remarked: "Say, old man, where does Gurwell live?"

Witty student, on seeing Miss Lamb dressed in her shop apron—What is the price of beef today?

Miss Lamb—Sorry I can't tell you, but I deal only in lamb.

Jimmy Meredith

Mrs. Meredith sat in the kitchen sewing one cool November evening. In an old rocker by her side a gray Tom-cat lay coiled in a soft heap, purring to his mistress. Every now and then she paused, and with her long, angular face contracted into a frown, cast an inquisitive glance toward the stairway door where Jimmy, a small boy of thirteen, with a scowl upon his freckled face, stood kicking off a pair of trousers. The fire in the fireplace crackled and looked very inviting to the boy as he stuck his head out from behind the door and said,

"Say, Ma, need I go to bed now? Can't I jes' sit up a little bit longer and read another chapter o' 'Huckleberry Finn?'"

"No, James, you can not! I told *you* I wanted to mend your pants. You had better hustle off right away now, young man."

"Oh, hangit all I say! You're always wantin' to mend my pants. I Wish a feller didn't have to be pestered with wearin' 'em." With this startling declaration he stuck his hand in a small hole and gave it a rip.

"James, are you tearing those pants?" cried Mrs. Meredith as she heard the sound from behind the door.

"No, I was jes' pullin' 'em off. I never seed such pesky stuff; ye can't look at it but it drops into holes—Say, can't I stay up jes' a little while? I want to finish that chapter. I jes' got to a bully part when you stopped me to mend those plaguey breeches." Here he gave them another rip.

"Do I have to tell you a second time to go to bed? I mean it when I say it once, young man!" and Mrs. Meredith got up and started with a great deal of determination for the stairway door.

But Jimmy, who had had former experiences with his mother, darted off up stairs like a flash.

"I'm in bed, Ma, I'm in bed. You needn't come up fer I'm purty near asleep a'ready, Ma!"

Mrs. Meredith gathered up the garment, left in a heap on the floor, and upon seeing the large rents he had made, exclaimed with a sigh:

"That boy'll be the death o' me yet! I've half a notion to go up and give him a good sound lickin' this very minute."

But at the sound of Jimmie's heavy snores from above, she postponed the punishment, and an indulgent smile gradually took the place of the frown on her face as she sat down to her mending. *Elizabeth Frazee*

WEBSTER REVISED:

Cramming—A square meal after a period of mental fasting.

Flunk—A little mark of esteem bestowed upon a pupil by a fond professor, the result being a reduction of monthly allowance and the strengthening of "hour" ties.

Professor—A senior gone to seed.—Ex.

A student who refuses to subscribe for the school paper and then reads it over the shoulder of his friend is small enough to tie his shoestrings to his necktie.—Ex.

A Mistake in Identity

The street was jammed by a motley throng of hurrying people. The rasping whistles of automobiles added to the confusion by their signals of danger. Street car bells jingled discordantly. Men yelled at their horses to move along faster. On one corner a peddler enumerated in squeaky tones the merits of his wares, and on the other side of the street an auctioneer shouted prices at the top of his voice. The doleful tune of a hand organ floated along with the other sounds in a mournful undertone.

From the edge of the crowd a large, angry looking gentleman appeared. He was dragging relentlessly along two little boys. Both children were well dressed but extremely dirty and disheveled in appearance. The face of each urchin as he pulled back was distorted from pain and fright. One boy tearfully begged to be released, but the other struck viciously at his captor with a clinched fist. The portly gentleman, however, paid little heed to these demonstrations of resistance. His face was red and he was puffing hard from wrath, as he sputtered exasperatedly,

"I'll just teach you young rascals not to disturb the peace by fighting in the street and splashing mud all over a gentleman's clothes."

"Le'me go, I say!" screamed one youngster, his voice rising to a shriek above the roar of traffic.

"Honest true! I'll never do it again, sir," whined the other.

"Well! Indeed! I most certainly intend to see that you don't!" wheezed the reformer, severely, getting redder than ever, and enforcing his words by a vigorous jerk at each coat collar.

"What 'yer go'en ter do with us?" boldly asked one culprit as he aimed a strenuous kick at the portly gentleman's gouty foot.

"Ouch! you dare do that again, you uncivilized young heathen, and I'll have you sent straight down to Purgatory," exploded the irate gentleman, limping with the pain.

The boy, having discovered a weak spot in the enemy's line of defense, was not slow to follow it up. Kick after kick was leveled at the disabled member. The stout gentleman was fairly dancing now with the pain. His silk hat fell off and rolled in the gutter. Instantly a frolicsome pup pounced on it, as the latest fad in playthings. The big man made one frantic leap to recover the cherished article. In this new crisis he forgot his gout. As for the small sinners—they escaped with astonishing rapidity when that iron grip was once released. By this time the large gentleman was purple with rage. His clothes were splashed with mud, his boots scuffed and his hat battered in. He had an appointment to meet the big railroad magnate the next hour, but he had forgotten the fact. Muttering threats to himself he started forward with the fixed intention of having his grievances set to rights by action of the law. At the corner he came face to face with the railroad king. The portly gentleman was just on the point of making his most deferential bow when his two small tormentors rushed up to the great magnate, screaming, "Papa! Papa! that old fat man tried to kill us."

The portly gentleman fearing his chances in life might be ruined if he lingered, hurriedly turned away and was soon lost sight of in the busy throng.

Josephine Elizabeth Clark.

The Mission of Jerry Mitchell

While walking along the shore near a small fishing village in southern Maine I espied, sitting on the sands in one of those caves half hidden by the overhanging cliffs, a sailor whose bronzed face and well knit frame suggested buffeting gales and tempestuous seas, and by his side a child as fair as he was tanned, and as frail as he was sturdy. That evening a native of the village told me the following pretty story about them.

Skipper Cole was known for miles around as one of the most fearless fishermen who ever fought against wind and weather in his little craft, the *Nancy Jane*. He endeavored by honest means to make his little home snug and comfortable for his wife and baby girl. Fortune favored him until one winter, with a number of comrades no less brave than himself, he was called out by the signals of a ship in distress. The work of saving the passengers and crew of the doomed vessel was progressing as rapidly as could be expected on such a wild and moonless night, when suddenly there came a terrific crash, and a falling mast struck the skipper and broke his leg. They now endeavored to pull for the shore, but in vain; the loss of one able bodied man made it impossible in such a sea; and when it became improbable that land would be reached the skipper took from his bosom a locket containing a curl of his baby's hair, and giving it to a young sailor, an orphan to whom he had been kind, bade him take it with his blessing to his wife if he chanced to be washed on shore alive.

So it happened. The sailor lad, Jerry Mitchell, was picked up half dead next morning, still clinging to a broken spar. He could not perform his mission at once, however, as he was confined at home by a long attack of fever brought on by undue exposure. When at last he was well enough to walk up to the lonely cottage on the hill he found it vacant. Making enquiries concerning the late occupants, he was told that the skipper's wife had not outlived her husband many weeks and that his little girl, Dorothy, was at present with one of the neighbors, who though struggling to raise a large family, yet had room in her heart and home for one more. Mitchell saw the child and because of his promise to her father, resolved to keep, as he said, "an eye on it." He left a small sum of money with her kind foster mother, only enough to take care of her a very short time, but it was all he had. When he came back from his next cruise, a long one lasting several years, tawny and weather-beaten, the girl, who had grown beyond recognition, was at first shy and silent, but attracted by his evident frankness she soon became attached to him, and he to her. Now whenever he returns from a cruise Dorothy is the first to greet him and the last to say good-bye. During the time his vessel is in port they may be seen walking together over the hills or sitting on the sands, and he tells her of strange lands and people seen on his last voyage, illustrating his stories with peculiar pieces of wood and bits of coal or moss picked up at some foreign port. So these two lone creatures like Silas Warner and Eppie were drawn together.—A. E. W.

The Mystery of the Overturned Bed

Late one afternoon I was walking in a little village on the outskirts of San Diego, when I was greeted by an old acquaintance, Will Ashton. I noticed that his face wore a worried expression and so I immediately asked him what the matter was.

"It's this way," he answered.

"Which way?" said looking first one way and then another; but he was in no mood for pleasantries and continued:

"Well, you see, old Mr. Warren died the other day and I agreed to make the coffin."

"I see," I replied. Ashton is a mighty nice sort of a fellow, but his temperament is the highly nervous type that closely verges upon the superstitious.

"I have finished it, but I'll have to keep it in my room until tomorrow and I don't hanker after staying along all night with a coffin for company. Suppose the old gentleman's ghost should feel worried for fear he wouldn't fit comfortably and should come poking around to investigate. It doesn't make me feel hospitable to think of entertaining him."

I laughed and offered to spend the night with him.

Ashton has a room over a drug store on the main street of the village. Across the hall roomed William Forbs, the druggist's clerk. As my friend and I entered the hall on our way to his apartment, Forbes laughingly accosted him with the remark,

"I say, Ashton, all you need is a headstone and a dose of poison and you'll be fully prepared to enter the hanks of the dear departed."

But Will slammed the door of his room and his neighbor clattered downstairs. Will's room was large and comfortably furnished; the long black object of sinister aspect was placed as far as possible from the bed, which stood in one corner of the room. The evening passed quickly for we had much of mutual interest to talk of, but at eleven thirty we went to bed for we were both unusually tired, and were soon sound asleep.

I do not know how long we had slept, when, horrified by a nightmare of ghosts, my friend threw himself heavily upon me, and with an unearthly squeak the bed sprung skyward! We awoke to find ourselves in two confused heaps on the floor and our bed closed up like a jack-knife. Simultaneously we accused each other of playing a practical joke upon the other fellow. Then we both professed innocence and threatened at times to emphasize our assertions with blows, so earnest did we become, but all to no purpose. Then Will lit the lamp and we carefully searched every corner of the room and thoroughly examined the erratic bed, but not the slightest cause for the disaster could we discover.

"It must have been Warren's ghost," was my final verdict. But this idea did not please Ashton and he started a theory of his own.

"I think it was an earthquake; it must have been an earthquake, nothing else could come in without unlocking the door or breaking a window.

"Except a ghost," humorously I reminded him, but he was too puzzled to see anything funny in the occurrence.

We were both wakeful during the rest of the night and rose early. Soon after daylight there was a knock on the door and Forbes appeared.

"Morning," he said, "What in thunder was the matter with you fellows last night? You made a most unearthly racket."

"There was an earthquake," began Ashton, but Forbes broke in,

"Not unless you had a patent, individual, made-to-order one. All the earthquake there was last night occurred in your room."

Then I advanced my theory of the agency of Warren's ghost. This solution of the mystery seemed to please him mightily. He shook with laughter and proposed a further investigation. Together we sought out the offending bed. After listening to Will's dramatic account of the affair he flippantly remarked that, "There's a screw loose somewhere," and between fits of laughter he explained how he had removed said screw that afternoon, "just to see what might happen." At this instant he dodged a well-aimed pillow and darted downstairs to escape a shower of worse missiles. Simultaneously we realized how Will, suddenly throwing himself on my side of the folding bed had occasioned the buckling of that treacherous article of furniture.—*L. K.*

Diplomacy

The clear cold December day was drawing to a close and the last rays of the winter sun were slanting in under the half-drawn window shades of the deserted school room. Not quite deserted, either, for in one corner sat a little, sobbing, be-pinafores girl, her face buried in her arms, a miserable little picture of juvenile despair. The door opened a crack and another child peeped in. Then he entered, and, with a carefully assumed air of indifference, sauntered diagonally past her.

"Say, I got the prize package a' gum an' you can have the ring; I doan' want it. Rings ain't no good." A quivery little smile was his reward. Encouraged, he tried again.

"Say, I can do that 'xample." At this mention of her cause of woe the piteous little sobs began afresh.

"Say, if you'll stop crying, I'll do it for you." No response. He wandered disconsolately to the window, and apparently drew assurance from contemplation of the wintry landscape. Then he caught sight of the pond, frozen over and dotted with skaters. An inspiration loomed up on the horizon and swiftly approached within his grasp. He clutched at it frantically and it was his. The enormous magnanimity of what he was about to do almost choked him, and then resolutely and in one breath he spoke:

"Say, if you'll stop crying I'll do that 'xample for you an', an'—super-human condescension—" *I'll let yer go skating with me!*"

The tremendous sacrifice was effectual. They went. *E. G.*

She sat on the steps at eventide

Enjoying the balmy air;

He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"

She gave him a vacant stair.

Notes from a Lecture on "Hygiene for Young Teachers"

(From Room 32)

Don't meekly take things as they are,
And try to make them do,
But turn the whole thing upside down
Until it pleases you;
And don't attempt to try to please
The other people too.

The schoolhouse will not suit at all,
So tear the old wreck down,
And build it on a modern plan,
A model for the town.
Don't try to make it cheap and plain,
But do the thing up brown.

Have hardwood floors all fixed just so,
And polished nice and slick
So no microbes or measly germs
Can find a place to stick;
For when they see no cracks or dust
They run to get out quick.

Assign each pupil as he comes
Ten cubic feet of air,
And change it very frequently
For germs may linger there.
Don't let the big boys yawn, for fear
They get more than their share.

Don't have a stove about the place
Nor let a grate be lit,
But put a furnace in and if
The people have a fit,
And school trustees object—don't let
That bother you a bit.

The blackboards must be changed about
And all the windows too;
The walls must all be plastered fresh
And painted green or blue;
The doors should open in or out
To let the pupils through!

And when you have the place arranged
 And fixed up properly,
 New black boards, windows, stairs, and floors,
 You are prepared, you see,
 To take a child from where he is
 To where he ought to be."—A. S., '06.

Sketches

The glistening, sandy desert stretched away to the eastern horizon where it wavered in the blue of the overheated air; southward stood a tall lone mountain, a silent sentinel. On a darker spot, out in the desert, rising slightly above the surrounding sands, a group of green trees marked the Coyote Wells, and there the ocatilla cactus raised its tall, red blossomed stalks above the small thorny brush and cactus of the plain. The setting sun left the western sky above the dark mountains a mass of flaming reds and golds, deepening into darker blue and purple. The evening star shone out in the east. As it grew dark more stars twinkled in the clear heavens. The Milky Way stretched from the lone mountain across the great dome of the sky like a broad band of silver, thickly studded with jewels. In the east the sky grew lighter, a yellow glow appeared like that from a great fire, lighting up the edge of the desert. Then the great moon rose, a luminous golden ball, and lit the sands with its soft light, casting long shadows across the hills, and tracing the dry water course with great dark markings which stretched their long fingers back to the black mountains. In the moonlight a traveler, slowly following the long trail, reached the mountains, and entering a deep gorge, was lost from sight. As he left the desert the long wail of a coyote reached him and then, all was still.—R. D.



They were taking a moonlight stroll. He was just beginning to get poetical.

"On such a night—"

"Harold," she cried, "Look at that snake!" and with a scream worthy of a woman, she hastily retreated.

Harold looked. Sure enough! there was a long black snake slowly crossing the pavement. He made for the middle of the street to hunt for stones of course? There were no stones. He went farther back. At last he found one.

"Harold, come away! Don't—don't bother about it! You'll get killed!"

"Nonsense! I'll kill it!" and stepping forward he landed the stone squarely on the reptile's head. When the stone rolled aside, however, the snake proceeded as before. Some one approached from the other side.

"A snake! I'll be—! Should think he'd get away faster!"

Yes, or die when you hit him," growled Harold, landing another stone.

"There, you fixed him. He does not move!"

By this time two more men had joined the fray. They drew round in

a circle, each straining his eyes for a clearer view, yet afraid to approach.

"I'd like his skin," said one.

"You're welcome," said Harold, "anyone got a match?"

One was soon lighted and the four drew closer. By its dim flicker they recognized a long, black stocking tied to a string. There was a snicker from somewhere. They were glad the match went out. They scattered in silence. Harold joined his trembling companion.

"Did you kill it?" she gasped.

"Dead as a doornail," he answered. *N. B.*



It was very hot and I was sitting listlessly on the porch. Suddenly there appeared around the corner three small children, a boy of about six years and a girl and boy a little younger. They rode broomsticks and carried washboiler lids and long pointed sticks, and on the heads of two were large coffee-pots and on the third curly head was a lard-pail. I laughed heartily at them, but they gravely looked at me and never smiled. I asked them what they were playing. The eldest child solemnly replied, "We arn't playing. I am Don Quixote and I am riding my steed, Rosananti. They (indicating the other two children) are a Knight-Errant and Sancho." He also condescendingly explained that what I thought were boiler-lids were shields; the things I mistook for sticks were sharp spears and what I had the audacity to call coffee-pots were helmets; then, completely ignoring me, he turned and gave the command, "Advance! ye royal knights! Vanquish the foe! They charged on the telegraph pole and on a large shade tree and soon retreated, with flashing armor, to other fields of conquest. Helen Sinks.

On the Frontier

In the days when the buffalo roamed over the great Staked Plains, even before the red man was extinct, the cow-boy held sovereign sway throughout the north-western portion of the Lone Star State. The mere sight of him, with his leather breeches, his belt and revolvers plainly visible, and his long shaggy hair hanging in tags below his big sombrero, was enough to incite the fear of the bravest of that vast band of immigrants who were settling this western country; his wild reckless life quelled the war-like spirit of the native barbarians, and chief among them was Joe Simpson, a wild, burly fellow.

The settlers always kept a constant watch around their un fortified camps, ready to sound the alarm in case of a sudden attack in the evening. Had they been able to look beneath the surface and see the cowboys' better nature, much of their anxiety might have been allayed.

Late one winter afternoon an alarm was sounded from one of the settlements, summoning the men to the bank of the river. The sight which met their eyes was appalling. A small child shivering on the

opposite bank, the bridge floating down the stream and with it all hope of rescuing the child. The crowd stood along the bank gazing helplessly at the little girl; they knew that she must soon succumb to the cold of the prevailing storm. The pitiful cries of the women were partially drowned by the howling wind as it swept across the plain. The men walked the shore in despair. Grief took the place of excitement.

Just at this time they were startled by the wild rush of a horseman. Turning around they saw Joe Simpson, the man whom they most feared in all the wild new country. In the fast approaching twilight they were able to discern only the mere outline of his rough, weather beaten face, and lost the look of sympathy that crept into it as, with one swift glance he took in the whole situation. Instantly he started off at the same mad speed with which he had approached. The astonished, terror-stricken crowd stood for a moment speechless and motionless, forgetful of the cause that had brought them together. Fearing lest he would return soon with his band of followers and take advantage of their present condition, the crowd dispersed and went to their camp, where the men armed themselves for battle.

Presently the watchman saw a huge object moving rapidly toward the child. His first impulse was to shoot, but before he could bring his gun into operation, the man had seized the child and disappeared in the darkness.

Joe, for he it was whom the watchman had seen, had risked death to cross the river on a fallen tree, that he might rescue the child. But alas! Before he reached the crossing he saw the tree swinging on its way down the stream. All hope of reaching the other side was abandoned. Joe seemed to have but one thought, the comfort and safety of the child. He sought out a hollow tree, and after wrapping her snugly in his great coat, placed her within, and sat down himself on the outside to protect her from the cold north wind.

The settlers continued their watch all through the night, but no enemy came. By morning the river had gone down, and a crossing was affected, and a party went out in search of the child. Joe had not shifted his position all through the stormy night, nor did he stir at the approach of them. At first they were frightened at the sight of the rough rider setting like a statue at the foot of a tree, but they cautiously advanced and found Joe, cold and dead, but little child was safe.—*Ira Cowart.*

A little bird sat on a wire
And said to his friends, "I declare,"
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue
We'll have to sit in the air!"—Ex.

A Serious Question

One day, I'm told, long time ago,
When every thing was formal,
A council met, composed, 'tis said,
Of the Things that live at Normal.

For sometime past and long before,
There had been much complaining,
Of disrespect and treatment rude
From the powers who then were reigning.

The meeting place was hard to find—
Away up in the attic—
'Twas the only place in the Normal School
Where they could make a racket.

Old Pete, the skeleton, took the chair,
And cried out loud and clear,
"If any have a complaint to make
Just mention it, now we're here."

The gavel he cracked on the acrominal end
Of his mighty clavicle bone,
Then shook his head and rattled his teeth
Till he made his audience moan.

Then Venus, the goddess who graces our hall,
Arose and with dignity said,
She thought it the greatest of great mistakes
A hat rack to make of her head.

The gym horse neighed and said 'twas a sin
That a horse who was worked so hard,
Should never be fed or given a drink,
Or allowed to run in the yard.

The lab cat mewed and told of a place
Where body and soul must part,
Of the awful things that happened there,
And the Prof. with the stony heart.

The pig skin arose, turned over and grunted,
Then said with a weary sigh,
It wasn't so very much fun to be punted—
He now was prepared to die.

Then Peter asked what should be done,
And the gym horse neighed undaunted.
The lab cat mewed, fair Venus blushed,
But the Pig skin only grunted.—E. L. C.

The White and Gold

Edited and Published by

The Students of the State Normal School, San Diego

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San Diego, California

March, 1901

Since Benjamin Ide Wheeler's visit we have all been thinking, it is not our privilege to hear, many times in a year, such inspiring words from such an inspiring speaker as we received from him. Presumably every young man and young woman who attends a Normal school goes there to become a teacher. In order to be successful in this undertaking, each individual must learn sooner or later to fight his own battles. As President Wheeler intimated, this often means whipping a big boy. If it does, do it alone. Don't lose your own self respect, the respect of your pupils, and that of "the board" by shirking your rightful duty and appealing to the trustees to help you out.

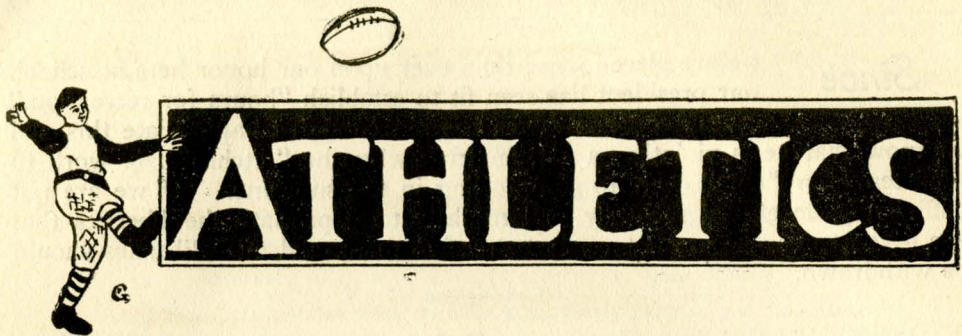
Since it is to our advertisers that the White and Gold is indebted for its very existence, it is "up-to us" to repay them to the very best of our ability, for the assistance they are giving us. Read the advertisements, fix in your minds the business men of the town who are our friends. Then the next time you want to buy a pair of shoes or a new note book, patronize the man who is helping us through. Say to him "I saw your ad in the White and Gold." If we would only do this occasionally, we could establish more sympathetic relations, and a better understanding with our townsmen. Advertising in a school journal would cease to be mere charity work and would become a real business proposition.

Since we are placed more than ever upon our honor here at school. our president has seen fit to establish "hours for recreation," Every enrolled student is old enough to appreciate this and to know that he is violating a solemn trust when he "ditches" lab. work to play tennis or "cuts" gym. to go strolling in the sunshine. If we are not sufficiently developed mentally and morally to appreciate the liberties that are given to us, we are not ready to receive them, and such liberties should be withdrawn.

Since the time of our grandfathers, colleges have proudly established and maintained their alumni associations. At least in the memory of our fathers, high schools, academies and normal schools have done the same thing. Our school is young but not too young to form such an organization. Not less than thirteen different classes, including in all two hundred and sixty young men and women, have been graduated from the San Diego Normal school in the past six years. Many of this number are now teaching school. A large proportion of them are married. Most of them are in the United States but a number are in foreign countries. We hear these things as rumors only. There is no record or catalogue to which we can turn, for instance, if we desire to know the whereabouts of some member of the class of 1902 or 1904. Surely this is an opportune time for an organized alumni association. With some member of the faculty serving as an active officer in the organization there should be no trouble in maintaining a lively and permanent interest. Think over this matter and be prepared to act immediately. Make alumni day one of the features of commencement week.

Since we all expect to appear in public more or less, it is to our interest that we learn to make a presentable appearance under such circumstances. How many persons who are called upon to speak from the platform fail to do this! Sometimes it is on account of nervousness, sometimes it is due to awkwardness of bearing, but more often it results from a lack of training in expression. And the most of us placed in similar positions would of course appear even *more* awkward and uneasy. In order to overcome this, we need a course in vocal expression, not dramatics, not elocution, but simple, natural expression. We need also to learn ease and poise of body as well as expression by word of mouth. If the work could be directly connected with the English department and made a part of some regular course, it would undoubtedly be one of the most popular, as well as the most beneficial of all the courses in school.

'Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist the hole.—Ex.



GIRLS

The sporting editor unwittingly overlooked the girls and their athletics in the last issue of the paper. This was due to the fact that they took such an interest in the boys' athletics that they neglected to be enthusiastic about their own. They will not, however, be overlooked again.

Sports among the girls as well as among the boys, have been unexciting this term, tennis and captain ball being the only two indulged in to any extent. The latter has been played here for two terms and it has almost entirely superseded basket ball. We consider it the better game of the two. It contains many of the best features of basket ball and none of the objectionable ones. Two enthusiastic teams are at present playing match games once a week in the gym. Tennis is now holding the attention of the girls to the complete exclusion of all other *out door sports*. They are going into it in solemn earnest, consequently good results are being obtained.


BOYS

Last term after football season closed, the athletic association formulated and adopted certain resolutions. The gist of these resolutions is as follows: No member of said association shall accept a school sweater and N from any association other than said association. A member is entitled to a sweater and N only upon recommendations of coach and executive committee. In accordance with the above resolutions the association granted sweaters to each player in the interscholastic football game of last Thanksgiving. Those receiving sweaters were: Barker, Lusk, Duffy, Gurwell, Sharp, Butler, Clark, Watkins, Tarwater, Bigham, Wight and Smith.

In ordering these sweaters a mistake was made by the manufacturer, consequently they had to be returned, and the boys received them rather late. They arrived and were distributed February 9. After their first appearance in them the boys decided that they were worth waiting for. The grey sweater with a large yellow N is exceedingly effective.

During the holidays the athletic association received their track material which consisted of one 12 lb. shot, one 12 lb. hammer, two vaulting poles, one 14 ft., the other 16 ft., jumping standards, two take-offs, and a baseball back stop. Inasmuch as no other local schools or institutions are taking up

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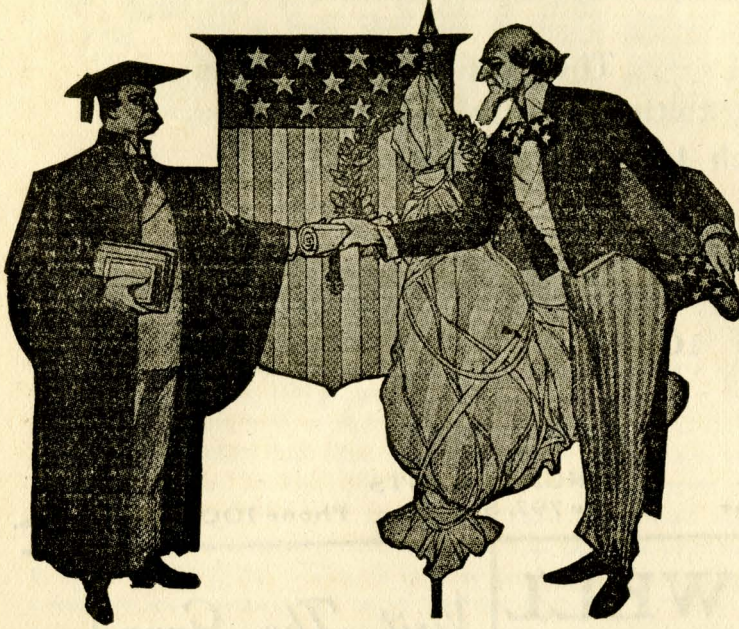
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SAN DIEGO, CAL.

track and field work during this season, we have not exerted ourselves to attain notable results. We have, however, been practicing some events, among which are the shot-put, sprinting, cross country runs, jumping and pole vaulting. In the above, some of our records are worthy of note, especially as the men are green at track and field work. In the shot-put the 34 ft. mark has been made and slightly passed; in jumping, 17 ft. or better; in 100 yd. dash, better than 11 seconds has been done. In cross-country runs all the boys have taken part more or less, with good results. These runs were taken for general physical development, but mostly for developing the "wind."

In case a meet had been arranged, in all probability the men to take part would have been Sharp and Gurwell in the weights; Wright, Smith and Big-ham in the jumps; Duffy and Downs in the dashes, and Lusk, Barker and Warriner in the longer runs.

During the last two years baseball has been neglected, and nothing has been done in that line. But this year the institution is to have a team that the school will not be ashamed to acknowledge. The material is here and if training can accomplish any results, they will be accomplished. At the beginning of the season the baseball field was found to be in poor condition, consequently the boys have had the job of clearing it of all the small stones and lumps of dirt which the graders left. This has furnished plenty of employment for odd moments and all unemployed time.

When tennis was first inaugurated at the Normal, the two courts were continually occupied, from eight in the morning until five in the evening. A schedule had to be arranged in order to accommodate all those who wished to play. Out of a possible 225 players there appeared 114 on the schedule. Taking this into consideration we can easily see why other sports have been neglected this term. The enthusiasm is not abating as might be expected, but keeps up as it started out, at high water mark. A great many are just learning the game. This necessarily lowers the average standard of playing somewhat, but out of the whole number, some very fair players are being discovered.

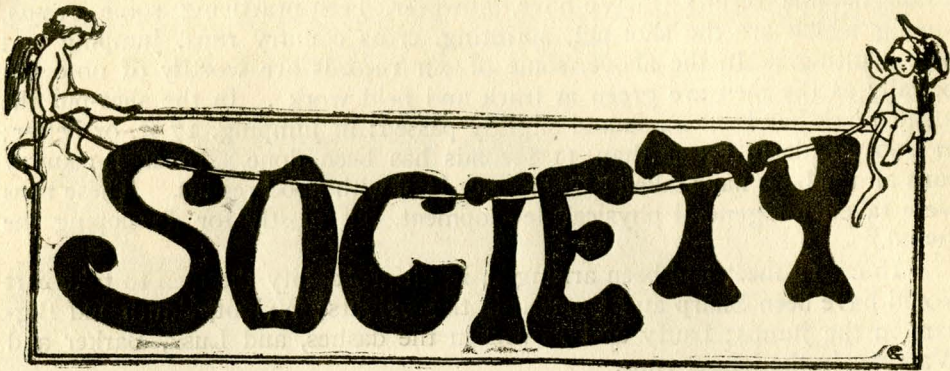
At present arrangements are being made for a girls' tournament to be held during the week of vacation between March 17 and 26. We shall not attempt to compete with outside clubs just now, but we expect an exciting tryout nevertheless. Many entries are being made for both the singles and doubles. Next year in case of any local tournament the conditions will be such that we can enter. In the meantime we shall gain strength and confidence by playing match games among ourselves.

Lois Whitney, discussing Julius Caesar—The play leaves a sad impression with the audience. It shows that justice wins in every case.

Mr. Black in School Law—It is possible for you to receive fifty-seven certificates in this state.

Miss H.—Is that all?

Mr. Black—No, there is *one* more.



One of the most charming society functions of this term was a dance at the Wednesday Club house Friday evening, February 16th. The dance was given by the Misses Cosgrove, Johnson, Pierce, Kaidel and Northrup in honor of the Pristis crew. The room was artistically festooned with Pristis pennants and smilax. Two little girls dressed in white and red passed the programs and presided at the punch bowl. The programs were decidedly unique, the cover being formed of a pennant of red felt on which was a white "P," the crew's emblem. About thirty couples were present and all voted that the Pristis girls were delightful entertainers.

At some mysterious time in some mysterious place a stag party was indulged in by the B. N. B's. This happened during the Christmas vacation, but as usual the particulars of the meeting were not given to the public.

On the Wednesday following Christmas, the Glaucus crew and their friends spent a pleasant evening in dancing at the University Club house. The room was decorated in red and white, the association colors. Fruit punch and wafers were served. The party numbered about fifty and was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

The semi-annual Freshman reception was given by the A. S. B. on Friday evening, February 9. President C. C. Smith made the welcoming address, which was responded to by Miss Ada West of the Freshman class. The play, "The Trained Nurse," was one of the best ever produced in the school. Much credit is due to Miss Godfry for this part of the program. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Because of the nearness to the 14th of the month, the decorations were appropriate for St. Valentine, red and white streamers and hearts being festooned from the walls and ceiling. Delicious refreshments were served in the dining room, where the same color scheme was carried out.

Miss Bryant entertained her class of '05 at her home on February 13.

Although it was sometime ago that the Seniors gave their farewell reception it is still fresh in our minds. As usual they furnished a very interesting program, the principal number of which was Howell's well known farce, "The Mouse Trap." The play was interesting and very fitting for the

occasion. The girls all took their parts well and Mr. Butler, being the only boy in the play, did much better than could have been expected of him under such circumstances. Dancing was indulged in after the program.

The White Ducks were entertained at the home of Miss Anita Dodson on the evening of January 20. A usual White Duck good time was enjoyed by all. The early part of the evening was spent in games, the prizes being won by Miss Gussie Stephens and Miss Florence Greer. Later a dainty spread consisting chiefly of crew specialties was served in the dining room. At the table a poem was read which was written by Miss Dodson's cousin and dedicated to the White Ducks. What happened after this is a secret with the Ducks.

The Dog Watch crew was entertained by Miss Emma Einer at her home on February 22. It was a true Washington party in every respect. Both games and refreshments were consistent with the day and several of the girls appeared in Lady Washington costume.

The B. N. B's. took advantage of the holiday on Monday, January 28, to have another "big time." This was in the form of a house party at Gurwell's, to which some of the girls were invited. The jollification began about two p. m., when the crowd left Fifth and D, and lasted until—later. The Gurwell home, on Brooklyn Heights, was gaily decorated in red and green, the B. N. B. colors, and everything in the way of entertainment that could be thought of had been provided by the boys. The time before dinner was spent in music and in exploring all of the points of interest about the house and grounds. At six o'clock the party was ushered into the spacious dining room where an elaborate dinner was served. The sheriff toasted "This Meeting," which was responded to by Ethel Crosby. Newton Layne responded to "Goodbye," as this was his last evening with the B. N. B's. After dinner the first part of the evening was passed at Progressive Hearts in which Miss Gussie Stephens won the prize, a beautiful box of stationery. The double parlors were then thrown open for dancing and the party spent a merry hour at this. As a fitting close to such an event, punch was served and the party drank heartily to the toast proposed by Miss Stephens to "Future Good Times in the B. N. B." A grand rush for the last car ended the jolliest affair of the New Year.

They were enjoying a plunge in the surf, he and she. He of New York; she of Boston. She of Boston accidentally got beyond her depth, and it looked as sure as fate that she would never again view the "Hub" through her spectacles. But he of New York was there in the role of the animated life preserver. She of Boston was making preparations for her third and final disappearance when he reached her side. "Hold on tight," gasped he of New York, as he felt a pair of arms around his neck. "Pardon me," gasped she of Boston, but you should say hold on tightly." And the waves rolled on and on and on.—Ex.

The Forum

On Friday evening, February 23, a debate took place between two members of the Normal School Forum and two members of the Four C's of the Central Christian church. It was held in the Normal School auditorium. The subject was: Resolved that the introduction of machinery into manufacturing has not increased the happiness of mankind. The speakers for the Forum and affirmative side were: Walter Bigham and Orrin Smith. Those representing the Four C's and negative side were: Mr. Barr and Mr. McLees.

Although a very friendly spirit was maintained throughout, each side stood by their speakers most loyally. The Four C's came up in a special car and were met at the station by an enthusiastic crowd of Normalites. After each side had given vent to its feelings by a few lusty yells, the Normal students led the way to the building and gathering around the piano sang school songs by way of welcome. The auditorium was decorated with flags while on the stairs the colors of the two societies were in prominence. The red and green of the Four C's and the yellow and white of the Normals were blended together in a truly significant way. Prof. Bliss presided and because of the absence of the presidents, the vice presidents of the two societies occupied seats on the platform.

The debate itself was intensely interesting. The speakers on both sides held the attention of the audience from start to finish. The judges were not unanimous in their decision, but finally made the formal announcement in favor of the negative. The affirmative side was upheld entirely by individual work. The question had at no time been discussed in the Forum. This made the entire preparation of the debate fall upon the two speakers, but they proved themselves equal to the occasion. They did their work in a manner that made all true Normal students as well as Forum members proud of them. Nothing need be said of their opponents as the decision of the judges is sufficient recommendation for them.

This is the first public appearance of the Forum, and although we did not win in the eyes of the judges, we are well satisfied with our first attempt.

At present the officers of the Forum are: Mr. Charles S. Gurwell, president; Miss Marie L. Stoker, vice president; Miss Marie Austin, secretary.

The program committee consists of Miss Emma George, Miss Pauline Black, and Mr. Walter Bigham.

A marked improvement has been noticed in the programs for the regular meetings. Several new features have been added which give variety and add to the interest of the meeting. Much credit is due to the committee in charge and also to the president back of them.

e

The stillness of the night was broken only by the sound of the electric car whirling through space. The clanging of the bell, together with the drowsy voice of the conductor as he called off in monotonous tones the names of the streets, broke the silence. Conversation had lulled with the three occupants of the car, Royden, Orrin and Chester. The Conductor continued to call off the streets: "Maple, Nutmeg, Olive"—Chester, like a flash, started and called a halt, and the conductor rang the bell.

Exchanges

Building up an exchange list is a slow proposition but something that every new school journal is eager to accomplish. In response to our first number sent out, we have received several exchanges. Every new one is cordially welcomed and we hope before many months to be able to put something besides joshes in this column.

The *Janus*, from Hanford High, formed the foundation for our "pile." The cover design is good, and quite appropriate for a football number. If this issue of the paper is to be judged as a fair sample, the general standard is undoubtedly lower than it was a year ago.

The Radius from Kansas City is without doubt the wittiest paper we have received. The joshes and locals are handled in a masterly fashion. The editor of this department is a humorist. The "List of Magazines" is particularly good.

Mills College *White and Gold* is thoroughly literary. The article on Rossetti is worthy of very special mention. Such a piece of work shows a broad knowledge of literature in general. The comparative poems could not have been so aptly chosen without much careful thought and study.

There was a young woman called Mrs.,
Who said: I don't know what a Kss.
But a fellow in haste put his arm 'round her waist,
And quietly said, "Why, This-s."—*Forum*, St. Joseph, Mo.

"Sambo, what's you doin' these day?"

"I'se an oculist in er hotel."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yis, I cuts the eyes out of the potatoes."—*Calendar*, Buffalo, N. Y.

The teacher asked, "And what is space?"
The trembling student said,
"I can't think at present,
But I have it in my head."—*Mustard Stalk*.

A sweet German maid of Cologne
Was in love with a Mick named Malogne,
But Irish and Dutch
Can never micks mutch,
And therefore she still lives alogne.—*The Quill*, N. C. H. S.

Where would you expect to find the moon at 12 o'clock P. M. when it is full?

Under the table.—*Quill*, N. C. H. S.

Act I.—Maid, one.

Act II.—Maid won.

Act III.—Made one.—Ex.

School Notes

Startling—The wind blew up the river.

Mr. Bliss—America was named after A-meri-cus.

Miss Stoker—(sympathetically)—Yes, he was killed and died.

Miss Kilty—There is one person to the square inch in Australia.

Miss Wo—lson—Columbus went in the cabin to call on the Lord.

Miss Ysabel Brooks entertained the Pristis crew at a tea on January 2.

Miss Effie Nugent is playing the role of school "ma'am" at Newport Beach.

Miss Kaidel and Miss Johnson entertained the Pristis crew during the holidays.

Miss Virginia Spencer has been unable to attend school the past two weeks on account of severe illness.

Miss Tanner, having recovered sufficiently from her accident, is again able to make the girls "toe the mark."

Bernice (seeking a watch which marked seconds)—Mr. Skilling, may I borrow your second-hand watch?

The Rhinegolds enjoyed a pleasant dip at Los Banos on February 1, after returning from a row on the bay.

At the reception—Just think, I heard some one call that play a "farce." I'm not much of a judge, but I thought it was fairly good.

Mr. Warriner. (discussing Pizarro)—Now, when he came to conquer Peru he brought two whole and two half brothers with him.

Mr. Thompson—The sun will be a cold body in 6,000,000 years. But don't worry! You will probably be warm enough by that time.

Tennis is proving exceedingly absorbing. At least *one* member of the *faculty* has been known to forget a recitation while playing a particularly exciting game.

Miss Eugenia Watkins has returned to her school work after a severe attack of measles. She has the sincere sympathy of the students and faculty in the recent death of her father.

Mr. Bliss (in Civics recitation, discussion of wealth)—Well, is air wealth? Can it be exchanged?

Miss Schussler—Hot air can.

Miss Stephens (in History III)—The fourth class of men in Athenian society had no arms.

Sharp—I wonder which one of us she really does prefer?

Mr. West was asking for a variety—A girl wouldn't like to live on chocolate creams for three weeks would she?

Mr. Duffy—That depends. How much in love is she?

First girl (after some strenuous exercise)—My, but I haven't any wind left.

Second girl—What did you say?

Third girl—Oh! she just mentioned the fact that she was a windless.

First Freshman (after the reception)—Wasn't it good of the students to let us come up and watch them dance?

Second Freshman—Yes, and won't it be good when we aren't freshmen and can have two dishes of ice cream.

"Oh! Where are you going, my little maid?"

"I'm going to grammar, sir," she said.

"But went you not there last term?" quoth he.

"Oh, yes! and the term before that," said she.

Extracts from Miss Grandstaff's report in Hist. VI.—The men were dying of starvation, so one comrade caught another and put him on to fry.

The men were suffering from starvation. They were all alive and began to get desperate over the fact.

Miss C.—Why did they make the hand of the statue only eleven inches long?

Miss G.—I don't know. why?

Miss C.—If they made it twelve it would be a foot.

On the eve of Jan. 30 the Glaucus crew entertained their friends with a large party. The crowd did not land but rowed about the bay. It was specially delightful as the harbor was well lighted by all the men-of-war in port. Supper was served on the water. The party was chaperoned by Mr. Thompson and all report a most delightful time.

Chemistry student—What was that pretty green you had in the lab. last year?

Prof.—It must have been the group I, girls.

Chemistry student—But what about the pretty green you have there this year?

Mr. Skilling—I don't know, unless you mean the group VIII trio.

The birthday of Robert Burns, January 25, was appropriately celebrated at the Normal School. Selections from the work of the famous poet were read and recited. The numbers were chosen with great care by Miss Pratt. Various poems and parts of poems were presented. They depicted the poet in his many numerous moods. Scotch music was also a feature of the programme. The chorus rendered several selections and Miss Mills sang charmingly a number of the poet's ballads.

The Y. W. C. A. tendered a reception to the new students on February 1. Although it was in honor of the new students the old ones received a hearty

welcome. During the afternoon some enjoyable music was furnished by Mrs. Knight, Miss Galliher and the Misses Messer. A guessing contest was indulged in and Miss Messer was awarded the prize, an exceedingly useful one, just ask her what it was. The reception room was artistically decorated in Y. W. C. A. pennants and ferns. Chocolate and wafers were served. The young ladies proved capital entertainers and all went away declaring they had spent a most pleasant afternoon.

The birthday of our beloved, national hero, George Washington, was commemorated February 23. Under the careful direction of Mr. Bliss, a simple but significant and entertaining programme was offered. It was wonderfully interesting to learn the history of the first American flag, and also the origin of several of our national patriotic songs. Many of us for the first time heard the original words to Yankee Doodle. The training school and the Normal proper were represented in the entertainment. The assembly hall was effectively decorated in flags, one large one was draped from end to end of the platform. The exercises closed with a brief address on Washington by Pres. Black.

At the regular Student Body meeting, February 6, a touching little comedy was presented by the dramatic matinee heroes, entitled, "Pyramus and Thisbe." The cast of characters comprised all the leading actors of the day and we must add it was with great difficulty that the committee in

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charge secured them for the performance. Pyramus, a most ardent lover, was well impersonated by the Right Honorable Chester Smith. Thisbe was a most beautiful blonde maid with dreamy blue eyes and a soft musical voice. She was so graceful and charming that it would make any knight's heart swell with pride to serve her. Miss Smith has starred in many plays, but her favorite part is that of Thisbe. So perfectly was the lion impersonated by Mr. Warriner that his roar made all the ladies in the audience tremble with fear. The play was such a success that it is hoped the all-star troupe will appear at the State Normal on their next tour through the United States.

Joshes

"A TALE."

Listen, my friends, and you shall learn
Of the sorrows and troubles of Ray De Burn.
On February ninth, nineteen and six,
There happened to Ray this lamentable mix.
Ray said to his friend "Come with me tonight,
A ride to the Normal would give me delight,
With you all alone in the full moon's bright gleam.
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And so he went off for his horse—while she
 Was to wait on the corner of Fifth street and D.
 But when, just on time, Ray returned with his team,
 He found it was only the candy man's dream
 That his buggy would hold both the girl and ice-cream.
 Then home he returned with a light, muffled tread,
 To hitch up his larger wagon instead.
 Now Papa had said in a very stern way
 That the horse in the barn on that evening should stay.
 But, alas! In the hitching Ray made quite a noise
 And his dear little brother, like all little boys,
 To the head of the house all at once gave alarm,
 And so our poor Ray put the plug in the barn.
 We can not recall all the things that were said,
 As he tearfully wended his way up to bed.
 And meanwhile his friend down at Fifth street and D,
 Was eagerly watching and waiting, you see,
 And her thoughts—they were probably those of fierce war,
 When she silently boarded a Normal School car.

What material are talking machines made of?
 The first was made of a rib.—Ex.

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 In need of—New curtains for the stage.
 Invest in licorice whips—They are "licking" good.
 Lost—My trained nurse—H. Warriner.
 To loan—An all-day sucker during chorus period.—J. Wilkes.
 To the highest bidder—A Normal hat.
 Wanted—A competent nurse to take "Nurse Burton's" place at the hospital until "Peggy" is old enough.
 Wanted—A permanent seat in the library.—Bigham.
 Wanted—Something to do by the basement loafers.

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Miss I. S.—I never see any houses going up and down this street.

(Education VIII)—A diploma is the license to get ignorant again.

Miss Lamb (to a noisy class)—All we lack for a missionary society is the hymns.

Reporter for the paper—Say, write a story for the White and Gold, won't you?

What kept the mortals from entering the underworld?

The river Styx.)

Miss Johnson—All the men were required to have arms during the reign of Henry II.

Mr. Wright—Coronado, on his journey to the Seven Cities, took one thousand sheep and four friars.

"Did you bring your donkey to California with you?"

"No, teacher, we were both born here."

O. Smith—This is such a cold, cold world!

—"Never mind, dear, there is a warmer one coming."

In history—Anything further about this man?

Mr. Watkins (eagerly)—Yes, the book says we will hear of him again.

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Pupil—I'd love to but I havn't any talent.

Reporter—That's nothing, neither have the editors.

Mr. B.—Yes, our Puritan ancestors were very strict about religious matters. They always cooked on Monday what they ate on Sunday.

Did Lot's wife turn to a pillar of salt,
Or did she turn to rubber?—*The Pelican.*

Will the class in physiology kindly write the names of all the bones on the arm of the recitation chair, so the coming generation will have less difficulty in understanding dear old "Pete?"

Mr. West (explaining a problem in Algebra II)—What shall we call this line?

Bright pupil—You (u).

Then she wondered why the whole class laughed.

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


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









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