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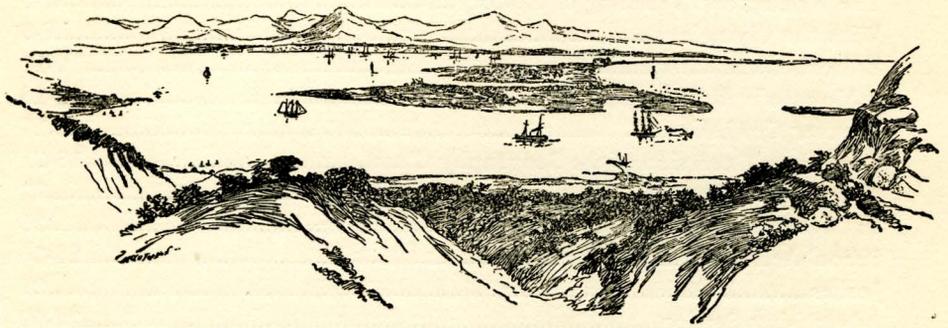
State Normal School  
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April 1907

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## THE WRITING AND TEACHING OF HISTORY

Prof. W. Morse Stephens

(Report of an address delivered in the Auditorium September, 1906)

It is seldom that we have an opportunity of getting the point of view of one of the really big people of the outside world, of which so much is heard and so little—by us—actually seen. Professor W. Morse Stephens, of the University of California is one of these people, and his visit to us, on the morning of October the eighth, was an unusual treat. It is impossible to reproduce, in cold print, the easy charm of manner that characterized him: or in any way to indicate the English purity of his utterances. In the midst of our very American enunciation and pronunciation, it is pleasant to hear anyone speak in the King's English of the mother-country.

Professor Stephens began his speech by saying that he had often thought that we people of California do not realize what a tremendous asset it is to own the Spanish names: he said that throughout California, as throughout the east, in the names of various places we find a certain sense of historic meaning, that calls up delightful reminiscences of the past. He added that in teaching history one of the greatest difficulties is to make the people grasp what past time really means, and referred to his first visit to Chicago, where he was struck by the fact that they dated everything from 1871. He said that, while at Cambridge they are so proud of a building there that they back to 1736, at Oxford from which institution he graduated, 1736 represents a very debased modern period: that there antiquity has a very different meaning, even the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries being considered "hideously modern." He went even further, and mentioned the antiquity of Egypt: and added that, considering these facts, the question of the past is, after all, entirely relative. And he congratulated California, therefore, on her possession of an antiquity dating back to 1769.

He averred that we cannot teach anybody anything; we can only stimulate others to learn: that in his University work he finds that teaching is, after all, but preparing the soul, stimulating to the right point of view. He remarked that history changes with each generation: that a thing may be taught as positive knowledge in one generation, and may be changed entirely in the next, each being the writer of its own history. Furthermore, that a great deal of inaccuracy is due to the historian and

his own personal point of view: and, apropos of this, Mr. Stephens declared that it is the business of the historian to discover the facts and from these facts to build up the past: to do this from an absolutely unbiased impersonal point of view, without taking sides, though possibly pointing a moral. He went on to say that in modern times we are attempting to teach history in its wider sense, which means the study of man's life not from the political side alone: that history, taken in its wider sense, is a narrative of civilization which makes for peace, development and character: that therefore it is just as important to know about the character and career of Beethoven, as about that of Napoleon, to know what Michel Angelo stood for as William the Conqueror. He said that in studying the past and teaching it, we cannot dogmatize, we can only try to find out what happened, and then we can draw general conclusions and make generalizations: that we cannot find out what occurred from former histories, since historians wrote not for truth but for interest. He cited, as an instance of this, how Carlyle, in his history of the French Revolution, depicted the character and appearance of Roberpierre, and added that, all through the older history works, one finds a very palpable attempt to arouse the interest of the reader by imaginary descriptions of sanguinary horrors that never occurred. He showed how, in truth, this love of horror and retailing of the impossible and exaggerated, is scarcely less marked today in the yellow journalism of the country.

He said that nowadays history writers were not only trying to recover the true history of the past, but to build up accurately the accounts of the history-making events taking place in the present times. He referred to our terrible calamity of the eighteenth of April: and told how, five days after the fire, the governor of the state ordered that a committee of historians be appointed to write an accurate account of what happened. He said that he, being chosen a member of this committee, was given a chance to gain a correct historical account from every possible authority: Governor Pardee put into his hands draughts of all telegrams sent out by him: Mayor Schmitz gave him all documents issued by him, and the police and school authorities answered all questions. Beside this, he said that circulars were sent out asking for personal accounts and that these came in from all sides, from men of all races and conditions, and told from as many different points of view, in all above three thousand different accounts. Any one would suppose, he went on to say, that from this mass of documents and authorities and personalia it would be a comparatively easy matter to compile and write an accurate account. And yet, there was hardly a point that was not controverted, that did not have numberless varying accounts. If, then, it is practically impossible in these times, when we have all the machinery of the present cen-

ture—the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile—to get a perfectly correct narrative of what occurred in San Francisco in April of this year, how much more difficult is it to find out what happened in Rome 1800 years ago?

As a fair example of how imagination works on the human mind, he told a story he had heard from Manager Stone of the Associated Press, of how a citizen of good repute rushed into his—Stone's—office during the excitement following the earthquake, and recounted how he had seen a number of looters shot down: and how when reporters were sent to the spot they found that no such thing had occurred. Professor Stephens contended that this did not in the least reflect on the citizens' veracity, that it merely indicated that he had perfectly honestly imagined the thing: and he added that for the reason of this failing in all of us, not one in a million of us, in all likelihood, could write an absolutely veracious history.

He said that, considering these things, it is easily seen of how much more real value one document is to the historian than any number of personal memories: that the things we really know—how many loaves were distributed here, and how many refugees were clothed there—are the only things that we can really bank on.

In conclusion he pointed out that is far wiser for the advanced historian, in the knowledge of his many limitations, to assert with care and modesty, for sometimes, as in the case of the Fourth of July, his most treasured associations, turn out to be mere historical myths.

## WITH THE OLYMPIANS

### A Series of Four Stories.—III—Mutable Semper

Long before Miss Cheveley came up to school to teach history, we knew all about her. The way it happened was this: Mrs. Burroughs, one of mother's Ohio friends, was over to dinner one day and mother and she got into a discussion about woman and her sphere; and Mrs. Burroughs said that she didn't think a woman had any business giving up a happy married life for the sake of a "career," no matter how independent she might feel. "Why, look at Emily Cheveley!" said she. "She was engaged to Carden Faraday—you remember him, Matilda—and they were to have been married three years ago this June. Then she got it into her head that what she wanted was not Carden but a Career, and sent him away and took to schoolteaching—schoolteaching, mind you. And here Carden is making a name for himself that he's still wild to give to her, and she's still teaching history and eating her heart out for her lost youth and all its promises, and too proud to own it! No. Let the women who aren't in love teach school if they will—it's good for 'em—but a girl as fine as Emily Cheveley was made for better things than that."

Now what d'you think of that? Wasn't it romantic? But the rest is more romantic than that. It wasn't more than two months after this, I guess, that Mr. Harding, our history head, resigned, and who should his successor be but that same Emily Cheveley that Mrs. Burroughs had talked about! Imagine how excited we girls were. And wasn't it just like a novel, when you come to think of it? Such grand names—Emily Cheveley and Carden Faraday—and the way it all ended—but I haven't gotten to that yet.

Miss Cheveley wasn't pretty, like Sherlock, nor smart like Miss Mountjoy, but somehow we were all hers the first day. She had big, nice, gray-blue eyes, rather far apart, and she had a trick of smiling with them so that the corners would crease and crinkle and laugh while her mouth was perfectly sober. She had brown hair in a flat knot on her head and a deep, humorous, monotonous voice that sounded like rain on the roof. We gradually got to know her pretty well and she was just the kind of person whom you'd suppose a man named Carden Faraday would want to marry.

Just before Easter, Lois Gardiner heard her father say to her mother that he'd heard, almost to a certainty, that Doctor Fairfax, our physics professor (they're both Elks, you know) was going to be married during the Spring vacation. Well, the school went about crazy! If you knew Doctor Fairfax, you'd understand why. He's little and dark and wears thick glasses—the kind that make your eyes look little and pop—and the

ugliest, oh, the most AWFUL neckties! The first thing Gladys said when we heard the news was that whoever he married, she did hope to goodness his wife would have some sense about harmony of color. "Harmony of color" is Gladys' slogan. She got it from Mr. Tregarde, the drawing teacher, and rings it in whenever she has a chance. Well, as I said, the whole school was hysterical over the news.

But even if Doctor Fairfax is ugly and his ties atrocious, he's a dear, jolly and easy and friendly, and we felt it our duty, sort of, to get him some kind of a wedding present—a remembrance from the whole A. S. B., you know. Well, we had a series of meetings—Lucy is the president—and finally we decided that a silver tea service would be a simple and worth-while present. I think the assessment was twenty-five cents. I was appointed chairman of the selection committee, and I'll tell you right now it certainly was stunning—I mean the tea-service—dull silver with rococo edges and all that. We had Doctor Fairfax' initial engraved on it and it was to be delivered at school in time for the chapel exercises the Friday before vacation. The thing was to be a surprise to the whole faculty. None of them knew a thing about it. Lucy was to make the presentation speech and it was going to be great. And after all our preparations, to think how miserably—but I haven't gotten there yet.

Well, when Friday morning came, we were terribly excited, of course, and Lucy was all shaky and panicky, and the tea-service was underneath the piano; one of the boys had promised to lift it on top the minute Lucy got to the words, "I present this slight token of the esteem of the A. S. B. and wish you all joy in your future life." That last part was the way a politician finished a speech to us once, only his last word was work, instead of life. It all went beautifully except when John lifted the thing onto the piano just a minute too soon and Lucy forgot and said work instead of life. When it was all said and done there was the most ghastly stillness in the assembly. The faculty all looked surprised and interested and they all turned toward Doctor Fairfax. He, poor man, sat forward on the extreme edge of his chair, clutching the arms, his eyes looked popper and more horror-stricken than ever and his face was a deep, thick Indian red. The room was so still I wanted to yell or shoot off a pistol or something. Oh! awful. And every second the silence was deeper and the smiles of the faculty broader and more expectant.

Finally, Doctor Fairfax got up from his chair as if he'd been climbing mountains the day before, and drifted sort of helplessly up to the front of the platform with his hands dangling at his sides. He had a positively hunted look on his face and his eyes rolled from one side to the other behind his thick glasses; when he opened his mouth and no sound came he smiled in the silliest, most vacant way. That smile cleared things up

and the strain broke and we clapped and yelled till I thought the dome would crack.

When the racket had partway subsided and he'd got his breath back again, he took our breath away by stammering, "Why—er—there must be—I assure you, there must be some mistake. I don't know—I'm sure—how you happened to be the victims of—er—such an absurd—er—misunderstanding. As for your—er—beautiful gift, I am not—er—house-keeping, nor do I expect to be; notwithstanding my—er—deep appreciation of your—er—kind thought, I must beg to decline this elegant—er—token. There is no more that I can say, except, perhaps, this: er—I sincerely urge you not to—er—to believe all you may hear. However this—er—absurd mistake may have occurred—er—I thank you," and he backed away and sat down and after a blank instant the faculty melted away and left the platform empty, with that sickening, vulgar-looking tea-service still sitting insolently on the piano.

I'll never forget how we all felt. We met and talked it all over and wondered what we'd do, and every time we met Doctor Fairfax in the hall we'd pretend we were talking hard about the weather or politics or something and he'd drift past, looking conscious and distant. It was AWFUL. Of course we had to return the thing—the old service, I mean, and of course the selection committee had to serve as the returning committee and I still was chairman. I don't know how it happened, but with one thing and another, we being so disgusted and sort of ashamed to return the thing, and procrastination being the thief of time, as you know, that everlasting service stayed in the lower part of the sideboard in Lucy's mother's dining-room till after vacation. We hadn't the face to return it, and I s'pose if Fate hadn't stepped in and loaded the dice, you might say, it'd be reposing there yet and the martyred committee would long since have paid that money back to the A. S. B. But, as I intimated, that wasn't the end of it.

The Tuesday after school opened, when the faculty came into the assembly for chapel exercises, President Flagg had a strange man with him. A strange man in himself isn't an unusual occurrence; and we always welcome the sight of one because President Flagg always asks him for a speech; and that takes a quarter of an hour off the morning period. They come in all sizes and styles, every sort of creature from missionaries and former students to senators and really big fellows. But this man wasn't the usual missionary—or—student; he wasn't the kind you could assign to any class of men, rather more one who formed a class by himself; tall and straight and dark-eyed and clean-shaven, awf'ly tanned and nice, and his face was lined about the eyes and

across the forehead, though any one could see he wasn't old. We all wondered who he was.

After the usual exercises, President Flagg got up and began speaking. He said that he supposed we'd all heard of the investigations that had been carried on for so many months in regard to what was called the Sleeping Disease of the Philippines and South Africa; of the final discovery of the Sleeping Disease microbe by one of our youngest and most noted scientists; that this young scientist had suddenly appeared on our coast for the purpose of pushing his investigations further in regard to the existence of these microbes in certain of the fish of the western seas. We had that well-known young man with us for a short time and he had asked him to say a few words to the students in regard to this great work. And he took great pleasure in introducing Mr. Carden Faraday.

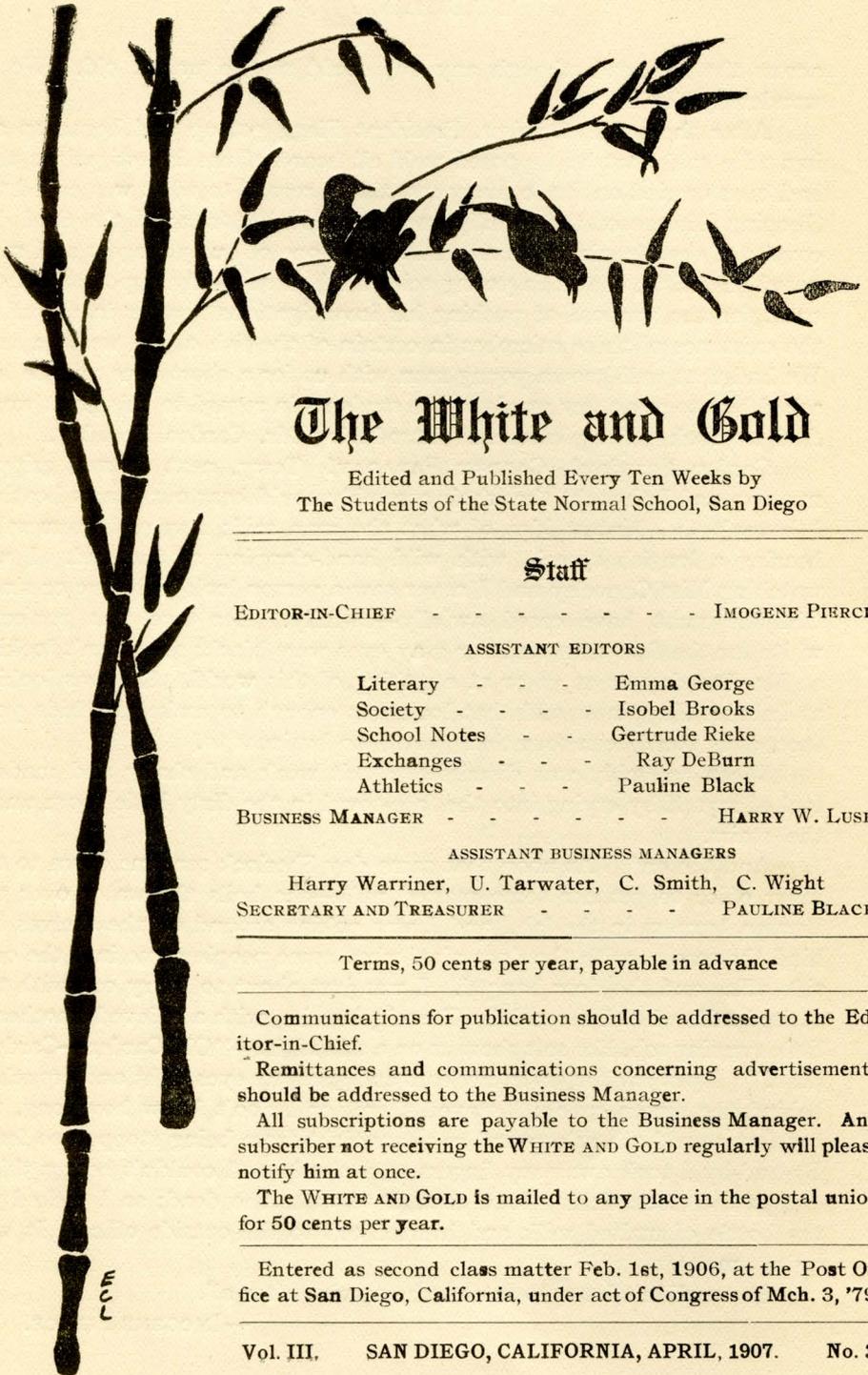
Carden Faraday! CARDEN FARADAY! Terry, next to me, gripped my arm and I thought the whole assembly could hear our hearts beating. I haven't the faintest idea of what the man said; I vaguely remember hearing a longish speech, with wild hand-clapping at the end. I was watching Miss Cheveley and I never saw a person look so before or since. Oh! she must have cared awfully—awfully. Her face was perfectly white for the first time and her gray eyes were black; she wasn't looking at Mr. Faraday or at us or at anything of this world. She was looking at Infinite Happiness and that look was enough to make you hide your face, as if you'd seen something you'd no business to.

When assembly was dismissed I felt weak and shaky and made a fool of myself by crying into the face-towel in the dirty little room under the stairs.

And the end. At noon that same day Sherlock sent me down to the inner office to get her some malted milk—she boils the water over the Bunsen burners in the lab., and I was poking around on the shelves behind the screen, with the door ajar, when some people came into the outside office and the door banged. I was just about to hurry out with the malted milk when I heard Miss Cheveley's voice, with a relieved smothered little running sob, like soft showers on a still night—"Oh, Carden—Carden, dear!" I put my fingers in my ears and shut my eyes tight and crouched behind the screen quick; I stayed there for I don't know how long, till my feet were both asleep and my ears tight from being stopped so long. By-and-by I took away my fingers very slowly and couldn't hear a thing except the clock ticking loud enough to wake the dead; so I picked up the bottle of malted milk and hurried out to the outside office. It was quite empty.

So we didn't have to return the service after all.

—IMOGENE PIERCE.



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## Editorial

Institute week, the last of March, was one of trepidation and excitement to the training school teachers, of leisure to those fortunate students who were excused from their classes, and of interest to the school in general. The building was daily besieged with visiting teachers, many of them our own alumni. The atmosphere of the whole week was one to pull us embryo teachers up and make us realize more fully what we are coming to; it was surcharged with a sort of dread understanding mingled with a grim anticipation. In spite of this, however, there was a big sense of life and work in being part of that great army whose march is so difficult and whose goal seems perpetually on the horizon. It was a fine thing to get the point of view of people like Dr. Moore, Mr. Neilson and Miss Carpenter—these most of all, because they belong to this coast. It is people of this sort who, we feel, are destined to make the school system and management of the West sound and strong.

\* \* \*

“The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”

This quotation is revived in our memory by a certain great work that is being carried on very close to us — in our very door-yard, in fact. One may even prove the quotation more fitting in this place, inasmuch as we students, toiling here to learn how to search for truth, are unaware of these investigations being carried on in the scientist's night of doubt. We refer to the breeding of silkworms being conducted over in the old laboratory near the tennis court, by Professor R. W. Doane of Stanford University. Professor Doane came to San Diego a few weeks ago for the sake of the warmer climate which he hoped to find.

### **Little Grains of Sand**

The main object of these investigations is the determination of the laws of heredity, not in the general way of all previous investigations, but definitely. For instance, when a plain and a pied moth are mated, to determine the numerical proportion of the striped to the plain progeny. This same idea is carried out in the study of the cocoons of the different sorts of larvæ. Another interesting study being conducted en passant is that of the characteristics of sports when reproduced by further mating. All these different lines of work tend in one direction: that of establishing a definite law of hereditary variations. The magnitude of the work makes the goal perhaps very distant but none the less sure. It is men like

Professor Doane, who give their lives to seemingly fruitless and pointless investigation, that finally establish a chain of facts that leads to future scientific certainty.

From a strictly practical viewpoint, there are many valuable discoveries being made continually, mere side issues, accidents, to the biologist, but of real value to silk culture. For example, much is being determined in regard to the strength of colonies, the adaptation of the silkworm to various environments; and, lastly, every once in so often, in the course of the artificial selection process, some exceptionally large varieties are created, one might say, or some that are particularly sturdy or prolific.

To those students who have not seen Professor Doane's collection of something over two hundred thousand worms we would say, make the most of your time; from a standpoint not of biology but of mere human nature, they are profoundly interesting.

### A MOUNTAIN MELODRAMA

Didn't I ever tell you girls how I once played "leading lady" in a most unique way? Why, of course I'll tell you about it. It is one of the cherished experiences of my prosaic existence. Yes, it was when I was teaching in the mountains of Arizona—oh yes, many years ago.

It was a cold, dreary and disconsolate morning so the story books would have described it, but I, being a most ordinary, common place mortal, phrased it in the vernacular of the mountains, as an "ornery drizzly" day. I did not envy myself my ride across the hills to the little adobe school house, where I swayed the rod over fourteen young hopefuls of the mountains. I pulled my water-proof closely around me and settling myself comfortably in the saddle, was soon lost in visions of soft cushioned chairs, bright open fires, and all the other latest comforts and conveniences of a modern house, which visions were dispelled only by the sudden appearance of Lawrence.

Lawrence was a devoted member of my school, who often rode out to meet me. He related to me as usual, his experiences since the time he left school the day before until the present moment, interspersing these happenings with bits of the gossip of the neighborhood. He had chased a calf for an hour over the hills last evening, before he could get it into the corral for the night, made some marvelous leaps from steep

mountain sides and across chasms; only a miracle could account for his being with me that morning. A ranger had spent the night at their house. That august person was just from Vogales, where he had taken four Mexican outlaws who had been captured in the mountains only six miles from us. Bud Simpkins had been arrested for stealing calves, but, according to Lawrence, "Bud never put his brand on no calves that wasn't his own, and Bud can show them fellers that he's the squarest man in this part of the country." Then he told me that the Indians got a lot of whiskey "from some place or ruther and last night they howled, sung war songs and danced war dances or some other kind of dances all night."

You must know, that on the hills back of Lawrence's father's ranch was a small Indian village, made up of about two hundred Apache Indians, who had strayed from the Reservation. There were old warriors and their squaws, who had been given leave of absence and had wandered back to their old hunting ground; young braves who had escaped the none too vigilant officials; and some strong wild bucks, at whose departure the officials winked, because the Reservation was more peaceful without them. This somewhat heterogeneous skimming of a Reservation gathered there in a primitive undisturbed village and lived as they pleased. They raised some corn and potatoes, stole more from the white man's fields, and traded their baskets and buckskin at the country store for calico, beads or paint. From corn they brewed a kind of intoxicating drink, and occasionally had enough to intoxicate most of the camp. At such times they usually performed some of the original orgies of their race in the most primitive fashion. Such an occasion had evidently been celebrated last night.

The Indians, Lawrence told me, "acted terrible wild, when tryin' to live like they did when they was the only people in this country; and his father said it was a good thing that they didn't try to leave their village when they were acting wild like that. If they did, there'd be a few good Indians in these parts for once, for most likely there'd be some dead ones."

It was a hard day at school. The floor was soon covered with gravel, carried in by fourteen pairs of hob-nailed or broad-soled shoes, and the stench from damp clothes, none too clean, did not serve to make the incessant crunching of restless feet more bearable.

But school was over at last, and so was the rain, for the clouds had disappeared, and the sun, though now low in the west, was ardently shedding light and warmth over the deluged earth, as if trying to make up for neglecting his duty in the early part of the day.

I was tightening my saddle girth, and giving the final twist to the saddle, before starting on my lonesome way, when I heard an approaching gallop. I hid as well as I could my really great delight to see Harwood

riding toward me. Harwood, you know, owned a great, great many cattle and horses, and they ranged over all those hills, so that quite often he needed to ride over that part of the range to find some unbranded calf or colt. Sometimes, when he was over in those hills, he rode by the school house about the time school closed. Of course I liked Harwood immensely, but I could not let him know it then, so I greeted him mildly and declined, with conventional thanks, his offer to assist in saddling my horse. I could not have been very decided, however, for before I realized it, he had adjusted my saddle at just that spot on the horse's back where the experienced horseman knows the animal can carry it and its occupant most easily; had lifted me into the saddle, and was riding along beside me. We were slowly climbing a rather steep trail out of a canyon, deep in some discussion, when we heard a shrill voice from somewhere, calling to us. As we rode out on to the ridge, we saw a figure coming down an opposite hill. Very soon, for she came so swiftly she almost seemed to skim over the ground, we saw that the figure was an Indian woman. Her long black hair streamed in the wind, her moccasins were hanging to her feet in strings, and her calico dress was torn in rags. A few broken strings of beads still hung around her neck. She fell on the ground before us, screamed and cried and mumbled some unintelligible words. I wondered if she were in pain or had gone mad. She certainly looked wild and frightful enough to be as mad as a March hare. Harwood jumped from his horse and went toward her. She leaped to her feet and ran to meet him. My heart stood still for a moment; of course I knew Harwood was a big, strong man, but she looked so wild and terrible, you know. But she only knelt down and held out her hands to him in a begging sort of way, still muttering incoherent phrases. Harwood asked her in Spanish what was the matter. You should have seen how despair fled from her face and relief and hope took its place, when she heard those Spanish words. You see, she, like many of the Indians, talked and understood a sort of Indianized Spanish, but did not comprehend English. She very excitedly told us her trouble: the Indians were drunk, had been drunk many days and nights. They had had many dances—the fire dance, the sun dance, the war dance, the medicine man's dance—but the dance for the Great White Spirit, the orgy in the worship of the moon, was to be that night. And the medicine man had said that human blood must be offered up as a sacrifice to gain the good will and gifts of the Great White Spirit. Her baby, the youngest infant in the camp, only a month old that day, had been settled upon for the sacrifice. Would we not go and save her baby? When the moon rose that night, they would kill her child and pour his blood on the fire prepared for the worship. She threw herself on the ground and besought our help in pleading, half Spanish, half In-

dian, until Harwood lifted her up, and made her understand that we meant to help her.

I wanted to ride to the camp at once, and demand the child; but Harwood said that would be of no use, for we could not argue with a lot of half drunk Indians. We must think of some plan to steal the child or get it by strategy. Then I had the inspiration that saved the child.

My plan was to impersonate the Great White Spirit, walk into the midst of their sacrificial rites, and demand the child. Of course they would not refuse the Great White Spirit what he demanded in person.

Harwood thought the plan a good one, but suggested that he do the impersonation. I knew he could not do it as well as I, besides, I was not so ready to yield up my chance of playing the heroine.

After much arguing I made him see that he would be needed in the background, as property man behind the scenes, or something like that, you know.

The Indian girl climbed on behind me, after being assured that we would bring her child to her, safe and secure, and we rode home hurriedly for it was nearly sunset, and the moon would rise very soon after dark.

Let us drop the curtain here, and let it go up on the last act.

The moon is just climbing over the horizon—a ball of fire—you know how red the moon looks when it first shows itself—and I am stealthily climbing the rather steep hill to the Indian camp. I have on a long, dark coat, so that I'm not easily distinguished, and Harwood is right behind, leading our horses. About half way up the hill he leaves them, with the bridle reins thrown over their heads. With this warning the faithful animals will stand until the reins are again thrown back in place.

We crept on up the hill. We need not have feared meeting an Indian though, for they were all congregated around the sacrificial fire at the top. Old and young were standing or sitting about, some wailing a kind of dirge, others beating their breasts with their hands. A dozen or fifteen young fellows, splendid in paint and feathers, were reeling around the fire, chanting, moaning or shrieking in turns.

While we were watching this performance, the old medicine man came slowly forward, from his seat among the worshipers. I wish you might have seen him. He was the grandest villain that any stage ever produced! His long hair was elaborately decorated with bright feathers and beads. His face was grotesquely masked, with various colors of paint that gave him a most sinister and unnatural expression. He wore a short bright red blanket that reached just below his waist, and highly decorated moccasins that came up above his knees.

He came out into the firelight, murmuring some sort of incantation, that sounded very weird in the absolute silence that had reigned since h

e

had made his appearance. As he finished speaking, three or four little naked Indian boys came forward, bearing between them a rough table, which they placed in front of the old priest. Then we saw on it the baby that was to be sacrificed. One of the lads handed the old priest a knife. This was my cue, and I threw off my cloak, and stood costumed for my entrance on the stage. I was ghostly in a white shroud and white mask! As the old fellow raised the "gleaming blade" high in the air, and began murmuring another incantation, I glided out from behind the tree that had served as the wings. A sharp, unnatural call or shriek from Harwood, in the wings, directed their surprised attention in my direction, so I made my way sinuously into their midst, with all eyes upon me. Bernhardt, herself, could not have done it better, I'm sure.

When I was directly in front of the altar, I stretched one arm—one white draped arm, out toward the child lying in front of me, and said in as ghostly tones as I could command, the Indian words I had been practicing on all the evening, "MANGI UH WAH!" which interpreted means, "Give me the child!"

There was one moment of fearful, awful terror, then a wild shrieking, and one and all—"heap big chief," brave warrior and interested audience fled in confusion. I seized the baby, folded my white robes about it, and glided back to the tree. It was then I discovered I had stage fright, my knees shook under me, and as Harwood put my cloak around me and hurried me down to the horses, I found myself crying softly and hugging the little Indian babe with considerable vigor.

We rode home as fast as the horses could take us and then came the best part of all. If you could have seen that Indian girl as she snatched her baby from me! I always thought the Indian language a lot of harsh grunts, but the grunts she murmured over that child were as musical as anything I ever heard.

Amerika never went back to the Indians. She is our faithful servant today. The baby? Oh! he is only a common little black Indian boy; not at all the extraordinary bit of humanity that a protege of the Great White Spirit should be.

G. A. RIEKE, '07.

## FURTHER CONFESSIONS

The day was nearly over, and it had been a hard one, the fifth that I had survived since I had been that thrilling phenomenon, the new teacher. I was tired. I was still in the agony of evolving a daily program; this, together with the strain of keeping the six classes occupied ALL the time, was more than wearing. I had forgotten my pitch pipe, and had not dared to attempt a new song without it, so had mistakenly allowed the children to sing whatever the spirit moved them to. That particular spirit was an extremely evil one. "America" was "dirged," positively "dirged" out.

This formed an inauspicious beginning for a most painful day. My ninth grade scholar entangled me with a Spanish verb far beyond the possibility of a graceful "backdown;" and I utterly failed to obtain the solution of a vicious arithmetic example involving the subjection of both decimals and common fractions. I can cope with either pest when I meet it singly, but, reinforced by each other, they were too much for me. And I had suspected that the placid, impressive countenance of the seventh grade girl concealed a great and unholy joy in my discomfiture.

Yes, verily, and with truth, I was a "green" teacher!

And, to conclude the list of the day's misfortunes, I had my first serious difficulty with my heretofore faithful ally, the thirteen-year-old sixth grader. The aforesaid estrangement occurred during the last ten minutes of school.

Five minutes after I had dismissed the children and listened to their noisy departure, I sat, resting my head wearily upon my hand, when I was aroused by the soft, musical voice of the one Spanish scholar:

"Teacher, oh! teacher, Stephen's out back of the school house swearin' awful! Listen!"

Instinctively I did so. Softened by distance, language distinctly forbidden by school law, was wafted through an open window to me. Here was a chance to retrieve my lost prestige, proclaim my dignity, and establish my authority irrevocably! I arose, firmly, followed by the delighted eyes of infant Spain. I strove to call sternly, then, weakly, I sat down again. "Mates," I murmured, "sh—— shut the window!"

EMMA GEORGE

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA  
STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY

## THE LUNAR EXCURSION OF THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS

“Is there anything new to come before the class this afternoon?” asked Prof. Skilling as he faced a rather restless geography class on one of those fine San Diego days when it is much more agreeable in the open air than in the school room.

“Yes,” broke in Miss Dahringer, “when are we going on another excursion?”

“I don’t know of any place that we can go just now,” said the Professor.

But at this point Tarwater woke up and told of a German astronomer who had just discovered a new star, and who had also invented a wonderful air-ship. This astronomer, Reinig, he said, was coming to San Diego the next week for the purpose of testing his air-ship, and then was going up to explore the moon. Tarwater thought that part of the class might make the trip to the moon as the air-ship, the “Lark,” easily carried fifteen. Downs had also read of this Reinig and his wonderful new invention. A number of the class were ready to go at once and Prof. Skilling readily promised to see Mr. Reinig immediately on his arrival and make arrangements if possible.

For the next week the newspapers had a good deal to say about Reinig and his air-ship, and all but the timid members of the class eagerly read every word.

Reinig reported by wireless that he would arrive in San Diego on Friday, Dec. 7, and sure enough on the afternoon of that day we saw a speck appear on the horizon, which soon grew large enough to be recognized as the air-ship. A little later it landed in San Diego in fine condition, and with Mr. Reinig in excellent spirits.

A crowd soon gathered and in the midst of it I saw Prof. Skilling pushing his way toward Mr. Reinig. We hardly hoped that Mr. Skilling would be successful in getting the astronomer’s consent to our scheme, but to our surprise Reinig seemed more than glad to have a few of us go along.

Arrangements were made to start early on the 26th, the day after Christmas. Several committees were appointed to look after various details, and as the food question was rather important on so long a trip, Miss Morrison, Miss Neff and Miss Rhoades were given charge and cautioned to see that those three sleepy boys did their part in contributing to the larder’s supply.

There was considerable excitement for us during the next two weeks, and some said they were going to back out, but at the appointed hour 14 of the class besides Prof. Skilling were on hand for the journey in the

“**Lark.**” She was a queer looking boat, shaped like a huge projectile with her powerful engines and supply room at the base, and the observation room above; the whole airtight and tanks of oxygen were to supply us with breathing material while outside the earth’s atmosphere.

At last we were all tucked into the observation room and with an awful whirr of machinery and an enormous coyote-like yell from each of the eleven girls, myself included, we shot away from mother earth, and soon lost sight of San Diego; in a few minutes the whole earth looked like a huge ball.

For a long time all were silent as if they were just a little bit homesick, but when Mr. Reinig began talking about the working of the “**Lark,**” we soon forgot our novel situation in our interest in the wonderful ship.

We were making good time now, according to the log. I could feel a kind of an elevator sensation as we shot upwards, and I noticed Mr. Duffy looking for some secluded spot for fear that he might become air sick. Downs and Tarwater began to wonder if they would be allowed to roll rocks down the hill on the moon as they had done at the Coronado Islands. Professor Skilling and Mr. Reinig plunged into an interesting discussion on astronomy.

Suddenly Miss Williams and a few other girls who had been making observations made the startling announcement that we were not headed for the moon at all; Mr. Reinig only laughed and said that he was headed for the place where the moon would be at the time we ought to reach it. This excitement had hardly passed when Miss Rhoades discovered that the “**Lark’s**” log was just barely turning. Even Mr. Reinig was puzzled at this, and several ventured to say that they wished they were safely home again, but the astronomer’s face soon lit up and he explained that we were getting away from the earth’s atmosphere and there was not enough friction with the air to cause the log to turn very fast, and that it would soon stop entirely.

The rest of the day passed without much excitement, but with plenty of merriment. When we thought it ought to be getting dark it was as light as ever and we soon learned that there would be no night, as there was no earth or anything else to hide the sun from us.

At last the merriest of us tired of stories, excitement and astronomy and after a hearty meal we all dozed off to sleep for a little rest, except Miss Rhoades, who was determined to see all there was to see, but it wasn’t long before she was in dreamland in spite of herself. Professor Skilling and Mr. Reinig took turns in steering the “**Lark.**”

I slept a little longer than the rest, but was suddenly awakened about 1 o’clock by a shrill scream from Miss Morrison, and on looking up I saw Mr. Tarwater in midair, making frantic efforts to catch hold of something.

“Oh! he’s turned to a gas,” yelled the frightened Miss Dahringer. Just at this moment Downs made a leap to grab him, but much to his surprise he left the floor like a shot and struck Tarwater, sending him to the top of the “Lark,” while Downs himself was left suspended in the air just where Tarwater had been. At this point the engine stopped and Prof. Skilling and Mr. Reinig came from the engine room. Prof. Skilling seeing our ghostlike faces, took in the situation at a glance and with his astronomical mind explained to us that we were just where the forces of attraction of the earth and moon were the same, and therefore gravity was zero and we did not weigh anything. A storm of laughter greeted his words, and we all began to jump around in the air like a lot of crazy clowns in a circus, then when we got tired we squirmed to the side of the ship and pulled ourselves to the floor again. During this interesting mixup Miss Borden took a number of snapshots with her camera. Even Mr. Skilling let his spirit of curiosity run away with him and sent his generous limbs flying in all directions by turning numerous somersaults of all kinds in mid air.

This condition of affairs soon ceased, however, and the bottom of the “Lark” slowly turned toward the moon instead of the earth. The earth appeared to be above us instead of below us, and on jumping to the top of the room we would slowly settle to the bottom again. We were falling by gravity to the moon, upon which everyone’s interest was now centered. Our speed was increasing rapidly and the moon was appearing larger every moment. We could see the hills and valleys and craters of the moon much more plainly than with the large telescope at school. A meteor swept past us on its way towards the sun, making a kind of roaring noise, but it went so fast that we could not examine it as closely as we would have liked to.

At about 5 o’clock the engines were again started so that we would not fall too fast and hit the poor orb of night too hard, and at just 6 o’clock we landed safely on the edge of a deep crater. Prof. Skilling was the first to remove the lid from the man-hole and jump out on the surface. Each one was provided with a bottle of oxygen, for there was not enough in the moon’s scant atmosphere to keep us alive. It was a queer sight to see everyone with a bottle at his face.

We found no inhabitants of any kind, no vegetation, nor water, just an immense pile of sharp jagged rocks. Tarwater and Downs rolled a few rocks down the steep sides of the crater, but there was not enough gravity to make them go very fast, so they soon gave it up. We could see across the crater where we landed; it seemed to be about a mile across and just about as deep. Mr. Skilling said that he thought it was one of the smaller ones. After we had gone a short distance we came to a deep

chasm which was about fifteen feet wide. We were all frightened when Mr. Reinig said that he was going to jump across. He tried it and landed about ten feet on the other side, much to our astonishment. Then with a twinkle in his eye he reminded us that we weighed only a sixth as much here as on the earth, and so could jump about six times as far. Mr. Skilling and the three boys followed, but we girls decided to stay where we were (except Miss Rhoades who jumped across just to see if she could.)

We heard a loud series of reports up the chasm, so we followed it up and after a short distance saw two rocks, one on each side of the chasm, shaped something like human beings. A steady stream of electric sparks was passing between them, showing that electricity is present on the moon as well as on the earth. Miss Neff advanced the theory that the two rocks were the Adam and Eve of the moon, but that in the beginning they had quarreled so that they were turned to stone and forced to spit fire till this day, leaving the moon uninhabited.

We were now getting cold and our oxygen was about gone so we picked up our numerous specimens and bundled ourselves into the warm room of the "Lark." We were all glad to start back to old mother earth, for which we all seemed to have more affection than ever before.

The return trip was full of interesting incidents, but we were more tired and not as easily frightened by unexpected occurrences. When we approached the earth all tried to make out some familiar spot, but we soon discovered that we were directly over the southern end of South America. We skirted over the country with the speed of an eagle, but managed to get the geography of the western coast of South America fixed in our minds better than would be possible with any map. Mr. Reinig got into wireless communication with San Diego and told them when we would arrive. It was not until about dark of the next day, however, that we came over to San Diego, and landed safely on the Normal Campus, where a cheering crowd greeted our return.

The crowd were anxious to hear of our experiences, but home seemed to have too great an attraction for us and the Campus was soon deserted. We had all enjoyed ourselves and, what is more, had learned a good deal.

GEORGE DOWNS

## A NEST BY THE SEA

Fourteen miles north of San Diego is a little village which always reminds me of a nest by the sea. It is just like the nest of the sea gull, perched high on the edge of the cliffs, and the waves roll and crash against the rocks beneath all day and all night. It is never quiet there, for on the calmest days the surf still comes pounding over the crags to break against the solid rock, a hundred feet below the village. At one place where the cliffs are not so sheer, the houses have crept timidly down almost to the water's edge. Often you see a person sitting on a grey stone shelf that barely escapes the waters of the high tide. There is a strange fascination for him in the swirling, seething, boiling waters that follow the retreating breakers. Sometimes a band of porpoises call to him as they dip past with such evident joy in their movement, such easy control, such pure delight in life.

Yet no one can tell why one sits there for hours watching the waves; may be the sea could, but the sea keeps its secret well. Sometimes the fog comes in, cold and damp, like a great ghost arisen from the sea. It rolls in towards the shore like a live thing, reaching out with great trembling arms until you feel it touch your face.

The cliffs across from the cove with the white surf breaking at the water's edge, are as delicately tinted as a pastel. The blue-grey ocean, the reddish brown kelp, the fishing boats and the white-winged gulls make a picture that you can never forget.

In a certain pool where the waves do not come large gold fish circle and dart. On the rocks you see strange shell-covered creatures; a crab creeping sideways toward the water looks at you out of great beady eyes. At low tide the sea shrinks away and leaves a new world clinging to the ooze-covered rocks—a world of soft tumbling creatures, strange to the eye and stranger to the touch. Then there are lovely little pools left by the receding tide, natural little aquariums, fitted with beautiful tinted mosses gently moving in the clear green water.

To this nook comes many a weary one, to listen to the sea, to wonder at the strange beings it harbors, and to find rest in this sun-lit spot which lies like the sea-gull's nest between the sky and the sea.

ALICE WALKER

## IN MEMORIAM.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, April the 10th, the students and faculty were called into the assembly room by President Black. The President spoke to the following effect:

"It becomes my sad duty to announce to you the death of Mr. Robert Tyson, shortly after 11 o'clock this morning, after a painful illness covering several weeks.

"Robert Tyson came to us from Oceanside last September, and brought with him the strongest possible endorsements from his former teachers. His brief record here testifies to his worth as a student, as a friend, as a companion. Cheerfulness, courtesy and industry were his chief characteristics. In losing him, I feel that each of us has lost a friend.

"It becomes us, in some formal and official manner to recognize this bereavement. I have therefore taken the liberty of appointing a committee on resolutions, consisting of Mr. Bliss of the faculty, Miss Morrison, president of the Associated Student Body, and Miss Byron, Secretary of the Associated Student Body."

At the close of his speech, the President asked for the report of the committee on resolutions, and Mr. Bliss, the faculty representative, read the following:

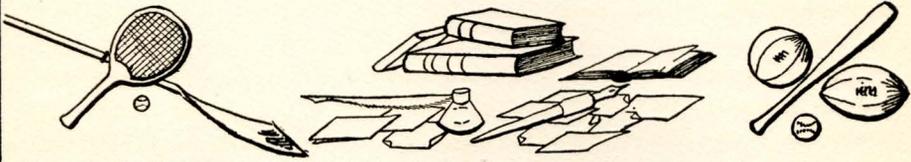
"We, the assembled faculty and students of the State Normal School of San Diego, hereby express our profound sorrow at the loss we have today sustained through the passing away of our student, comrade and friend, Robert Tyson.

"His aptitude and faithfulness as a student, his cheerful adaptability and strong, generous, manly qualities as a friend and companion will ever remain in our memories as an inspiration and a benediction.

"We extend to the bereaved family and friends our heartfelt sympathy, assuring them that we share their grief, and entertain with them the hope and belief that Robert has only entered into a more glorious life from which sorrow and death are forever banished.

W. F. BLISS  
SIBYL MORRISON  
ADELLE BYRON } Committee."

# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



## SCHOOL NOTES

The "White Duck" crew gave a theatre party Feb. 4th, in honor of the Misses Marie Austin and Florence Greer, graduates of the spring term. Mrs. Margaret M. Kilty and Mrs. Chubb acted as chaperons. After the play the party repaired to the Elite, where a large table had been daintily prepared for seventeen.

On Friday evening, March the 1, the faculty were entertained at a large party given by the "Pristis Girls." The row to North island and back and a spread on the beach were the features of the evening.

Washington's birthday was celebrated by the Dog Watch crew with a moonlight row to North island.

Monday and Tuesday, March 25th and 26th, saw the return of many old students to their old hunting-ground, and with them a goodly number of other "pedagogues," who spent the time inspecting the building, visiting the training-school classes and attending Mr. Black's lectures.

On March 2nd, Miss Ula Chalmers entertained the "Rhine Gold" girls at her home on Golden Hill. Miss Chalmers was dressed as a spinster of 1830. Various "old-maid" games were indulged in, Miss Mack and Miss Noonan being the fortunate prize winners. The rooms were artistically decorated in the Association colors.

The members of the Glaucus crew were very pleasantly entertained by the Misses Zora Cummins and Judith Curtis at the home of Miss

Cummins' sister, Mrs. Hodge, on Robinson avenue, on the evening of February 8th.

The "Pristis Girls" have taken a cottage at La Jolla for the week's vacation. Mrs. Hutchinson will be the chaperon. Many gay things are planned for the week and it is expected the success of last year's house party will be repeated.

Not long ago, the "White Ducks" gave a progressive luncheon, concluded by a party in the evening at the home of the Misses Kilty. The first course of the luncheon was served at the rooms of Miss Sibyl Morrison, each successive course at a different girl's house. The guests of the evening were the Misses Kilty, Drury, Stephens, Alma Stephens, Neff, Wallace, Morrison, Cross, Spears, Austin, Greer, Phillips and Mrs. Chubb; the Messers. Kilty, Barnum, Smith, Duffy, Tarwater, Wight, Warriner, Lusk, Nelson, Chubb, Klensmith, Tichenor, Miller, Butler and Watkins.

The Glaucus crew, chaperoned by Miss Billings and Mr. Bliss, visited the Charleston, and enjoyed thoroughly their few minutes of sight-seeing on that splendid ship.

A jolly picnic lunch was enjoyed by the members of the Glaucus crew on Monday, Feb. 4th. We thank Miss Billings for the treat.

At a meeting of the Rowing Association a delegation composed of one member from each crew was appointed to clean the barge. In consideration of the arduous tasks performed, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp entertained at a candy-pull, Friday evening, March 29th. Those who enjoyed their hospitality were, besides the captains of the crews, the Misses Nan Drury, Lutie Mimms, Josephine Clark, Pauline Black and Mr. Crandall.

The Misses Fox entertained the Glaucus crew at the Loomis on a rainy Tuesday in February.

**ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY REPORT.**

A regular monthly meeting of the Student Body was held March 22. The program presented was most enjoyable. Among the numbers were a piano solo by Mr. Beidleman, a reading by Miss Mabel Stephens, a vocal solo by Miss Ada West and a clever little farce entitled "An Interrupted Proposal." The cast of characters for this last was:

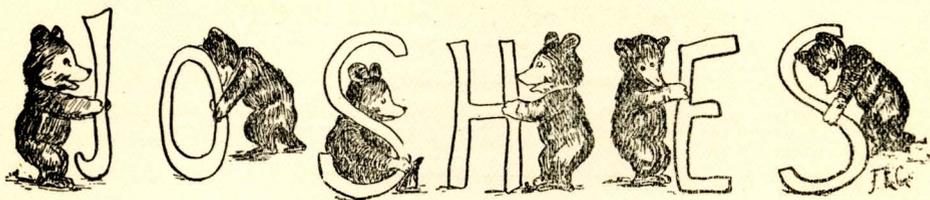
MR. STONE .....	URBAN TARWATER
MRS. STONE .....	SIBYL MORRISON
MR. HOWARD .....	CHARLES DUFFY
MR. TRACY .....	MARY-BELLE WILLIAMS
MR. TARCY .....	CHESTER SMITH
HELEN STONE .....	MARY-BELLE WILLIAMS
MRS. RAMSEY .....	LILLIAN ANDERSON
BETTY, A MAID .....	ADELLE BYRON

**ATHLETICS.**

Captain ball and Basket ball seem to be the two popular games with the girls. Captain ball was instituted in the school about two years ago, and has always held a conspicuous place among the athletics of the girls. Two full teams have always been maintained, and the weekly practice games kept up with almost unflinching regularity. The present line-up is as follows:

YELLOWS		WHITES
R. Allen, (capt.)	centers	A. Cross (capt.)
A. Woods		M. Reidy
E. Rhoades	guards and circles	F. Plumer
R. Pitman		A. Boal
F. Beller		S. Shaw
M. Grandstaff		C. Shaw
C. Dahringer		E. Neff
N. Bell		E. Holden

The Basket ball girls were rather discouraged when the February class graduated, for with it went three of their veteran players, U. Yager, N. Pierce and C. Haines. The girls were afraid that the game would have to be given up for lack of suitable material. A thorough canvass was made among the girls and as a result a number of good additions were made to the team, and it is now in a flourishing condition.



U. T.—w—er: (in U. S. History class) “The court sat on this question for several days.

\* \* \*

Miss Davis (in chorus): “I gave three taps with my baton to catch your eyes. How many eyes did I catch?”

\* \* \*

Chas. D.—y (to a girl in the hall): “This Normal is getting to be a girls’ seminary and a boys’ cemetery!”

\* \* \*

Miss Tanner (in gym.): “You want to learn to jump on your two toes.”

\* \* \*

On Monday, April first, Mr. Kemp appeared at the door of the training school assembly room, and said to the assembled members of the

---

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Primary Conference: "This Conference excused," and after a pause, "April twelfth!" As he disappeared, some one said faintly, "but this is April FIRST!"

\* \* \*

Mr. S. (concluding a prolonged struggle with a bit of string and the globe): "So that is the reason we see the sun longer during the day than during the night."

## What are you doing this Summer?

Can you not brush up your knowledge of Shorthand and thus be better prepared to fill a good position in the fall. Better late than never, you know, but better never late.

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Overheard in the fifth grade geography class:

Teacher: “Some of these tribes are cannibals. What are cannibals?”

Bright one: “People who eat themselves.”

---

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Miss Barber (demonstrating the game of "Three Deep" to the class):  
"Now all of you form a circle, and stand one behind each."

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Youthful Botanist (noticing a wounded frog, that had been serving as specimen for zoology class): "Mr. C. simply murdered that frog, and it's not dead yet!"

\* \* \*

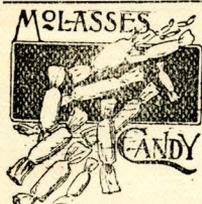
Mr. Kemp: "What are some climatic barriers, aside from temperature?"

Miss Kaidel: "Humidity and stupidity."

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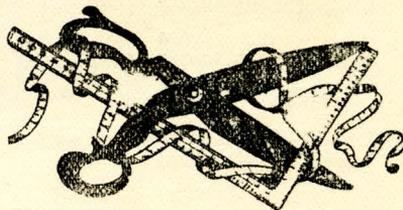
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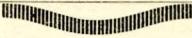
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Alexander approached jauntily. That was his way. He had all sorts of nerve.

"Diogenes, old buck," quoth he, "how much will you take to be my guide, philosopher and friend?"

"Kindly skidoo!" snarled Diogenes. I've been a guyed philosopher

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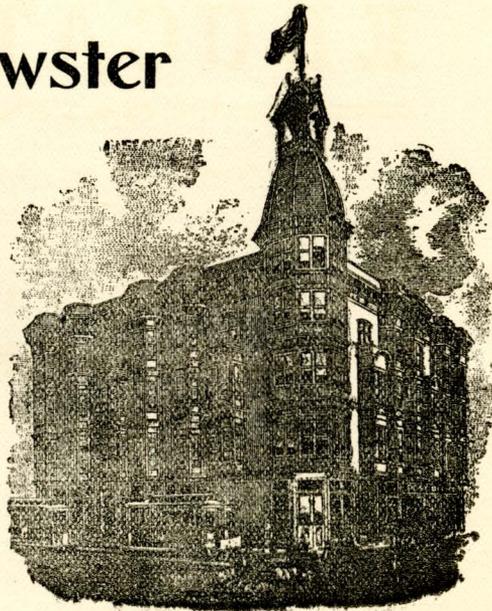
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**A METROPOLIS IN THE MAKING**

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The opportunities offered by the Harbor Cities of the Atlantic Coast thirty years ago are being repeated in SAN DIEGO to-day. If you are looking for an investment which will yield lucrative returns—returns measured in money and more than mere money—purchase a home in SAN DIEGO. You will be the owner of a home site located in a climate which is without doubt the most equable and healthful in the United States, where frost never comes and you may dwell in constant sight of ocean and mountains, where opportunities are opening up on every hand. SAN DIEGO has begun her rapid rise to commercial supremacy. The sooner you buy the better your investment.

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Is where conservative residents of SAN DIEGO are investing, because its location is excellent for suburban homes and prices are still low, because thousands of dollars are being spent in developing this naturally beautiful tract into an Ideal Suburban Addition—grading broad streets and avenues, fine driveways, with ornamental trees, and in beautifying it in every way; and because the contract has already been let for an electric line to be completed not later than the 1st of March, 1907, thus assuring quick access to the business center.

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