

Arley Maydole  
Hawkins

White

....and....

Gold

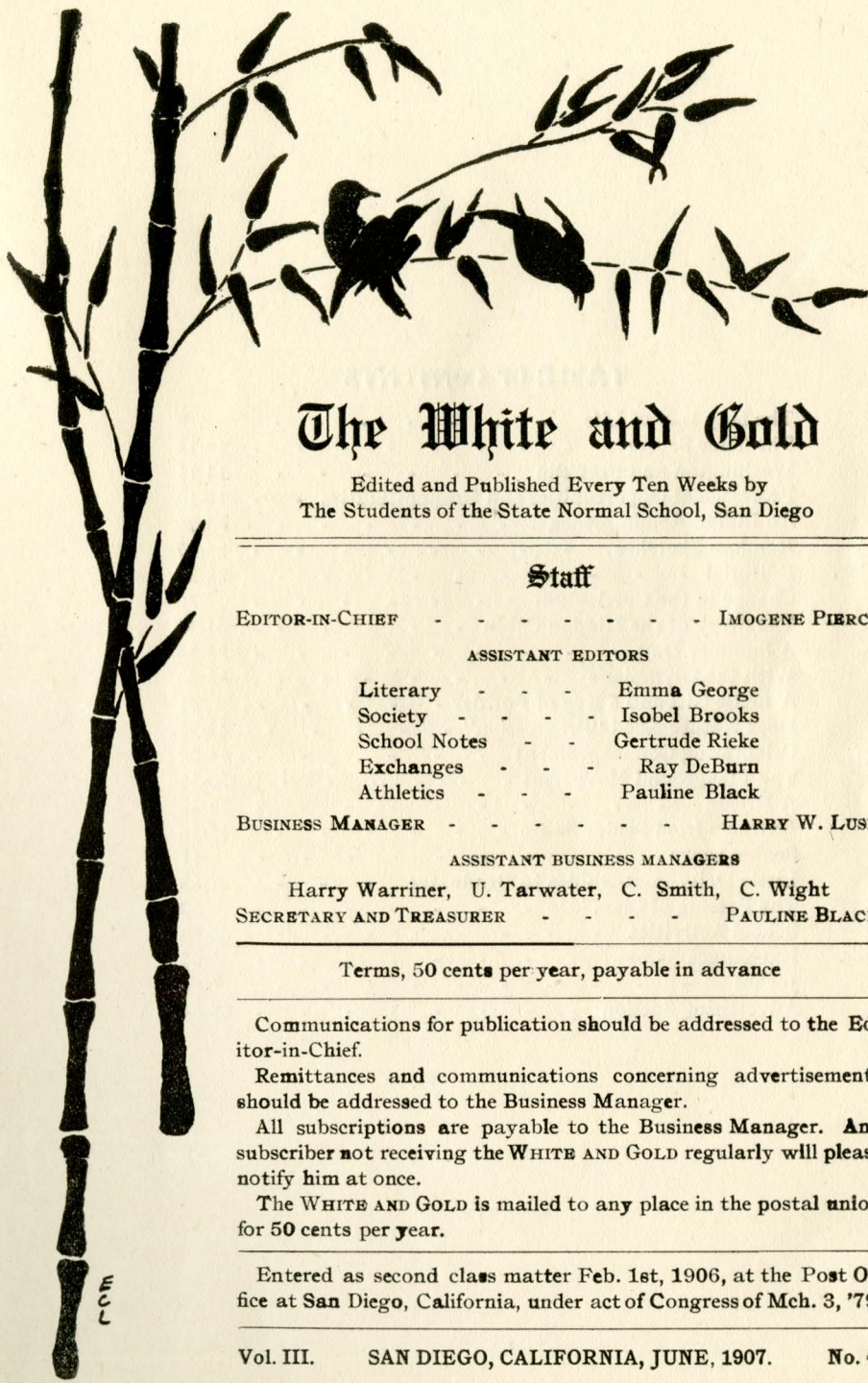
State Normal School

San Diego, California

Commencement Number, 1907







# The White and Gold

Edited and Published Every Ten Weeks by  
The Students of the State Normal School, San Diego

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*To our revered and honored president whose  
wisdom of discrimination and kindliness of spirit  
serves us as a guide and an inspiration, this issue  
of the White and Gold is respectfully dedicated.*



As come fair vessel, launched for stranger seas,  
Which lie, alluring, in the beckoning west,  
Slips from her harbor-home, in plaudits drest,  
Her bright sails swelling with the fragrant breeze,  
Thoughtless of possible calamities  
That from her all her treasure brave may wrest,  
Forgetting all else save the noble quest  
That lures her o'er the ocean's sun-quick leas:  
So, gay in hope, eyes dim with half-hid longing,  
With high-flung heads and hearts that know no fear,  
Armed with the trust and ardor of their youth,  
This class starts forth, the jealous portals thronging  
Into the calling Future, none too clear,  
Upon the world-old pilgrimage of Truth.



## THE MAY DAY OF LIFE

(Editor's Note. An address delivered on Dedication Day, May 1, by Miss Imogene Stone, the senior class representative.)

Did you ever think how closely the life of a plant resembles that of a human being? Doubtless within the walls of the Normal School some of you have at least heard, if not learned, that plants like humans have circulatory, respiratory and digestive systems; yes, and even special senses.

But in a much broader way is this resemblance true. For every plant there is first the period of growth. The plant shoots up, sends forth a new branch, and here and there a tender leaf, and, reaching upward and outward, grows in all ways. Then growth as a primary factor ceases. The buds first appear and then unfold, and the beautiful blossoming time has come. So in the life of each individual. One must pass through the period of development before he can reach the period of demonstration.

"But what has May Day to do with all this?" you ask. May Day! The very words suggest the most beautiful month of Spring, the blossoming time of the flowers. Look about you. Are not the flowers blooming everywhere? The tiniest plant seems to vie with the greater ones about it in producing the most abundant and perfect flowers, and the little fringed Gilia returns a smile of contentment to the satisfactory nod of the Mariposa far above it. It is May Day, the blossoming time of the flowers; and succeeding the period of growth, and preceding the period of seeding, it represents the most beautiful season in plant life.

So the May Day of human life represents the period of blossoming, the time of action. James Allen has said, "Act is the blossom of thought," and so when we are ready to act, to go forth and do, we are entering into our blossoming period, which May Day represents.

Like the plant we first pass through the period of growth before we reach the period of production. For as one plant is long dependent on the seed of another, we too must long rely on the work of others. And only as gradually as the plant forms roots of its own, we through the books and instruction of others make a part of their knowledge ours, form theories and shape ideals of our own and so enter upon the productive period, when we are ready at last to go forth and impart our knowledge, practice our theories and obtain, or rather "chase," our ideals. In short we are ready to do, to act. So in all life May Day represents the blossoming period, whether that blossom be a flower or an act.

Not only does the blossom predict the future fruitage, but how plainly



does it tell the story of the plant! Look at the rose and you know whether the bush has been stunted by dry and unproductive soil, scorched by the beating sun, or hindered in growth by other means; whether too carefully sheltered by a cool shade, in moist and fertile soil it has obtained too luxuriant a growth; or whether, more kindly treated by nature, it has been strengthened by the warm rays of sunshine, freshened by the gentle shower, and nourished by the work of the gardener.

Just so plainly do our actions speak. Then to make our May Day the most beautiful season of our lives as it is with the plant, how essential is it to begin with the period preceding it, the period of preparation: and in our own schools what excellent opportunities do we find for this preparation!

Here with great aptness the too luxuriant growth may be pruned away, or the needed nourishment supplied. Here we are given the best of instruction, from which we should gain mental, physical, and spiritual development; and here we are also allowed by practical experience to apply our theories, impart our knowledge, and best of all learn the lessons of self control, self forgetfulness, and self responsibility which will adorn all acts of later life.

But I pass over these to something to me far more important, which faculty, students, building, and, yes, work itself, all combine to produce. It is the Normal School spirit.

Did you ever, in hot haste to out run a bell, suddenly bump into a member of faculty and in fear and consternation look up and find a smile of recognition and assurance?

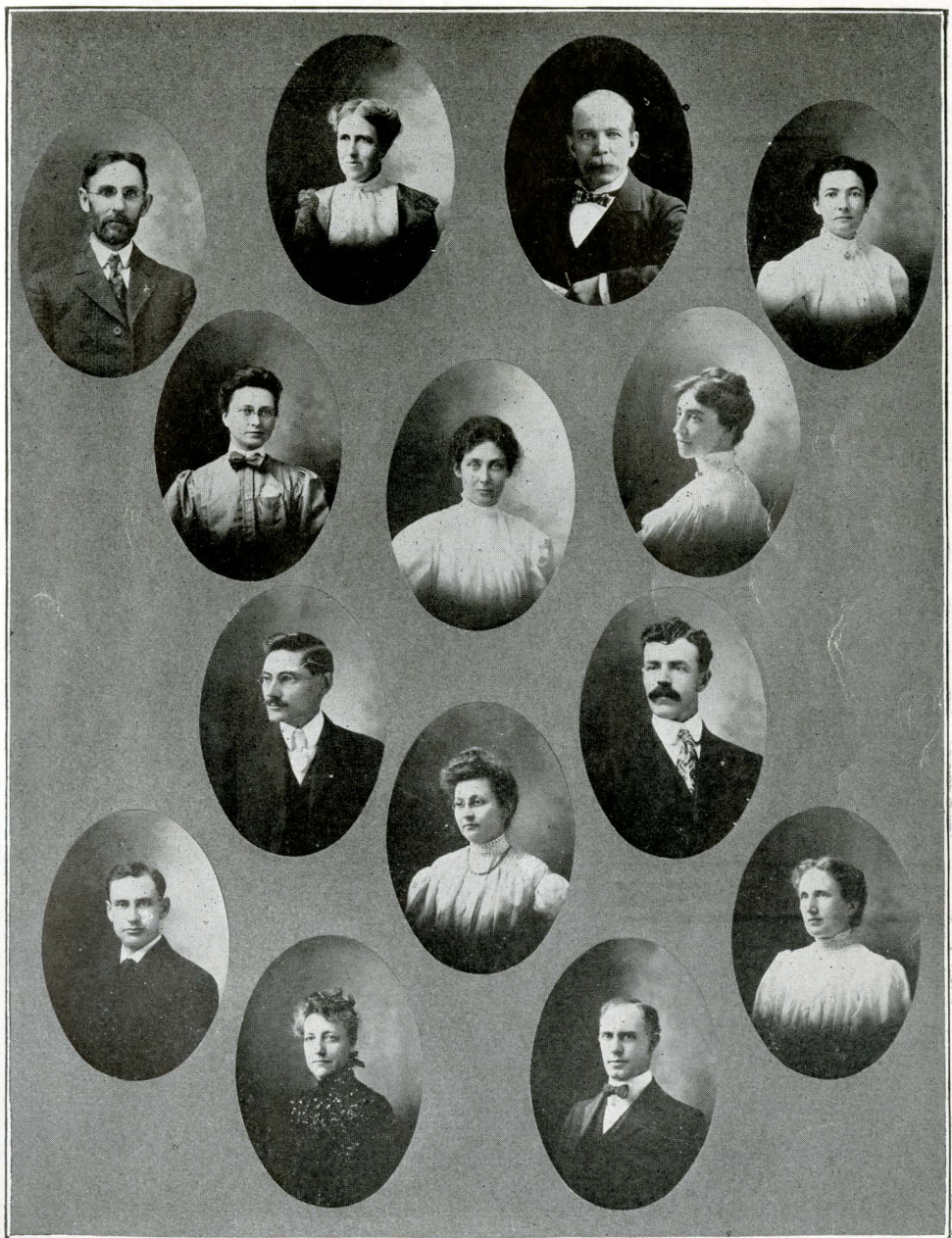
Did you ever go into one of those awful private conferences, feeling that work was too hard, ability too limited, and success too near infinity for you ever to obtain; and then, come out of that same conference feeling that though the work was hard, and abilities were few, there was someone who understood, someone who sympathized with the sympathy which gives strength and endurance for hardships and determination for success over all difficulties?

Did you ever, with a frown on your face and a load on your heart, pass through the corridor and meet someone who laughed at the frown, who just somehow got hold of you, and led you down the steps, around the campus in the sunshine and back again, frown gone, load gone, and ready for the rest of your work?

This is the Normal spirit. And so the personal interest of the faculty, the helpful fellowship of the students and the cheerful atmosphere of the building all contribute to this spirit of sincerity, earnestness of purpose, cheerfulness and stability of work, strength and congeniality of friendship, which pervades our Normal School.

Do you doubt its existence? It is here, find it. It is here, strengthen it. And you can do this by carefully following the advice our ever re-





Stephens, Photo

# FACULTY

W. F. BLISS	MISS WAY Preceptress	S. T. BLACK President	MISS PRATT
MISS TANNER	MISS GODFREY	MISS LAMB	
W. T. SKILLING	MISS DAVIS	W. C. CRANDALL	
W. W. KEMP	MISS McLEOD	J. F. WEST	MISS BILLINGS

The picture of Miss Rogers, of the Training School Department, was not furnished in time for this issue.



spected President has so often given. Do I need repeat it? "Live this hour, live today to the best of your ability with no fear for tomorrow, for tomorrow never comes."

In "The Psalm of Life" Longfellow wrote:

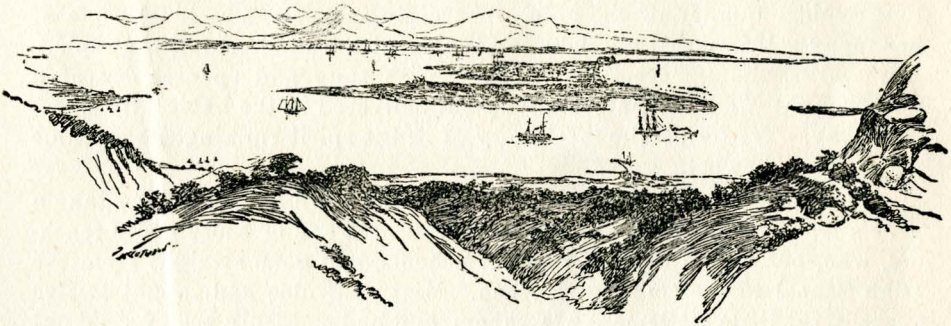
"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead past bury its dead!

Act, act in the living present!

Heart within and God o'erhead!"

With this spirit of action guided by sincerity and faith, the May Day of our lives will be full of blossoms, rich with present beauty, and prophetic of abundant fruitage.





## THE TIME SERVER

"I have no use for the girl," vociferated the supervisor, "who takes her work here in any half-hearted way. Unless you have a great love of teaching, an honest enthusiasm in your work, you've no business to be here. We have no use for those people who come here in a spirit of time-serving, the main object of whose narrow world is the getting of a good position for the sake of the salary." The crowd of student-teachers, under the questioning eye of the supervisor, assumed unconsciously a brow-beaten, guilty expression, each wondering vaguely, now it was thus eloquently laid before her, if she were not the one at whom the fusillade was directed. And, as if in answer to this mute, half-confessed wonderment, Miss Harbison continued: "This is not, of course, meant for any one of you in particular. So far, you are all simply so many names to me, mere unknown quantities, but I leave it to the spirit of your work to tell me what you are made of."

These words were eagerly threshed out among some of the young girls; it was a phase of the training-school that had never been brought before them. Of course, the teaching was interesting—the application of theories to practise always is—but this awful necessity for earnestness, for sincerity, for pedagogical enthusiasm—! As for Miss Harbison, the awful weight of her remarks, repeated in the same way to every new squad of students coming under her jurisdiction, did not impress her; she knew the too-frequent quality of the spirit of training-schools, and it was one of her many self-imposed missions to counteract the ill-effects of that spirit. Her words, though seemingly spoken with snap and spontaneity of a new thought, were the habitual send-off, delivered in the habitually strenuous way. Yet for all the machinery of it, the spirit running the machine was sane and sweet.

Mary Brownlee had come south from the town of Graham to take a year's training in the Normal School. She was one of those many teachers, who, before the days of Normal Schools, had gone straight from the High School to the country to teach. Miss Brownlee had taught twelve years in the little settlement of Graham, and had suddenly been forced out by the installation in her place of a Normal School graduate, one of those travelers along the enlightened path of the "new education", who had arrived to receive instructions regarding the system of the school, a few days before her predecessor had left town. It was very unexpected. Mary had been at Graham so long, she was fairly rooted to the spot, and the old trustees had known and trusted her so long. The work she had done and the trials she had suffered to get that high-school training—four years of grinding poverty and frugality so pinched as not to deserve the name of economy, with a frail mother and a small brother—had always seemed amply vindicated in the luxury of a seventy-dollar monthly income. And



then—a bolt from a clear sky—came this brisk, cheerful little person to succeed her! The meeting of the two teachers was like the meeting of the proverbial extremes, the one neat, trim, fresh-colored and enthusiastic, the other somewhat tired, somewhat lined and decidedly unlovely. Ah, this New Education!

So Mary Brownlee promptly left home and came south to obtain the diploma which would put her in a position to reclaim her lost chance. She had saved enough, during her twelve years of toil—it was no better—to pay her expenses, and, with a small legacy left her by a deceased uncle, she calculated that for the ensuing year, with care and strict economy on her part, her brother Thaddeus could be left in school and her invalid mother need not be entirely comfortless. There was no high hope to urge her on, merely the regaining of her lost position, which would place her where she had always been; all the young enthusiasm which she had once possessed had ebbed away with the routine of the years, and this, with her lost chances, had served to tire her. Mary Brownlee was young neither in spirit nor in years. Placed in an institution whose very atmosphere was youth incarnate, attending classes with jovial, thoughtless girls, alive with expectations and enthusiasms, she felt herself a derelict towed into some pleasant harbor for repairs, where stronger, untried crafts yet waited for their launching.

Mary's work in the training-school was not anything remarkable; she was outstripped by many of these girls who had not her years' of experience. She often heard them praised for things which she was incapable of acquiring, and which in them were spontaneous and unstudied. She seemed to be forever doing the wrong thing, or not doing the right; there were constant and never-ceasing sins of omission and commission laid up against her. And so it went. Yet she kept on, unsmilingly and mirthlessly, straining her eyes into the future when she should once again be with her family and working for them.

The winter of that year was a hard one in many ways. The room she rented—in the back of a big, old house near the school—leaked. Her new umbrella and overshoes were stolen from their particular place behind the door, and she could not, in conscience, buy more; mother and Tad had to be thought of. She had made no friends among the blind, scatter-brained girls around her, nor any friends in the town; many times, as she lingered in the corridor, leaning her elbows on the sill, and watched the little boys pitching baseball outside, in absurd though perfect imitation of their elders' sophisticated poses, Miss Harbison would pass, laughing and talking with some girl, and Mary would follow them with admiring, hopeless eyes; often she longed acutely to be on that footing of easy familiarity with the teachers that seemed to be the unsought heritage of the younger girls; or, still more, to be able to joke and talk nonsense with the girls themselves. With the hard winter and the hard times accom-



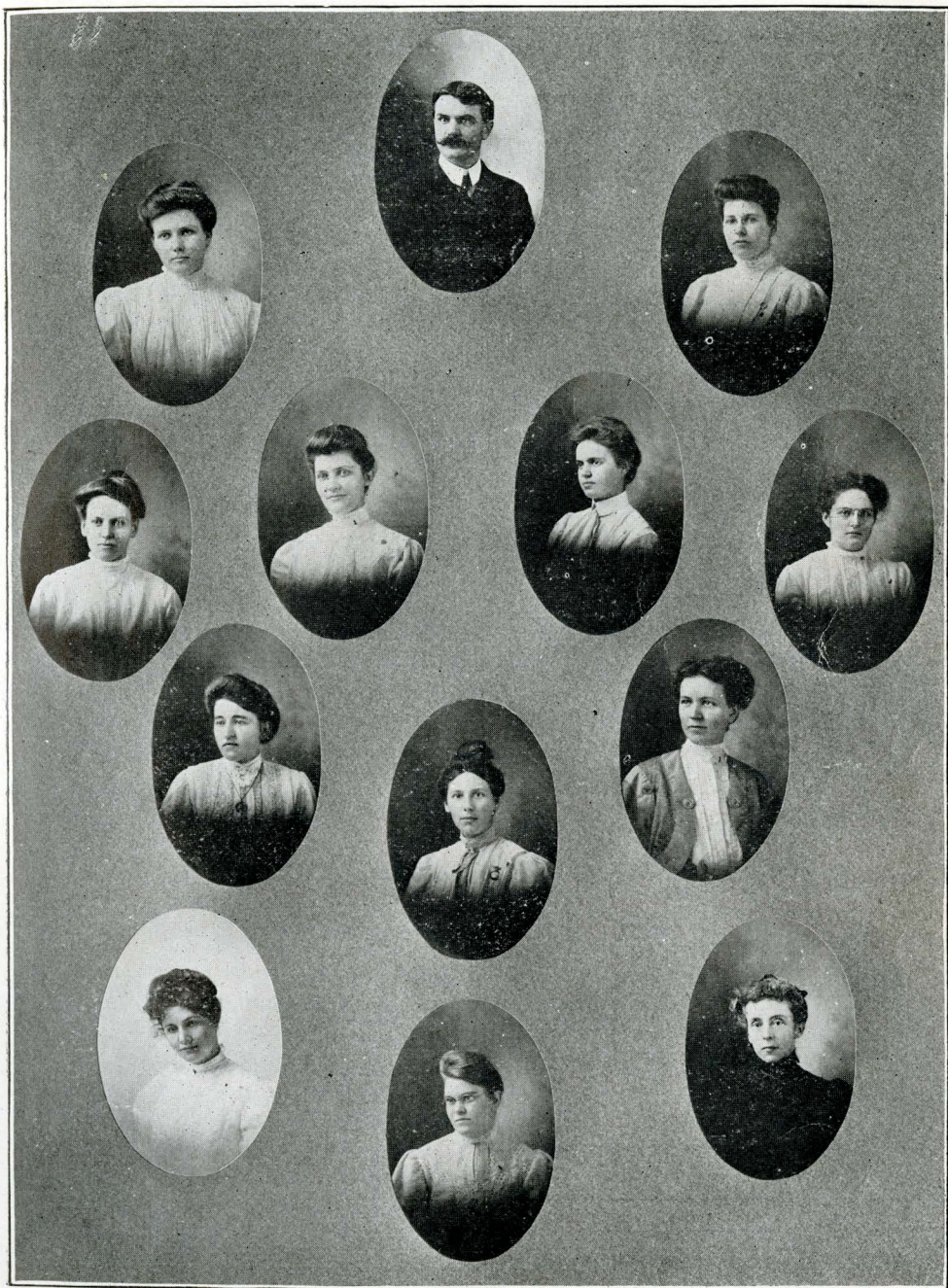
panying it, there were many coughs and colds in the building, and the voice of one was drowned in the chorus of coughing and sneezing that ensued on all hands. It was a wretched cold, that of Mary's, that came with the first damp weather, and refused to leave. She doggedly forgot it and stuck to the prescribed routine.

It happened, late one afternoon, that she was coughing rather hard while putting the work for the next day on the board in her class-room, and a scarlet-nosed, thick-voiced fellow-student stopped an instant to sympathise with the older girl. This sympathy, the first she had ever had, was all but too much for Mary, and beneath its warmth her reserve thawed unwillingly. Without knowing why, she told this wide-eyed, well-dressed school girl about her home, her mother, the loss of her position, and her longing to finish school. Behind the bare, scrappy sentences, almost inarticulate, lay the full sanctification of her life-hope. She ended, dry-eyed and hoarse-voiced, "It's the one thing I think of by day and dream of by night, that seventy-dollars waiting for me at Graham, with mother comfortable at home, and Tad having a start toward college. It's all I care about in this world or the next, just the surety of that seventy dollars a month, when"—This speech, the longest she had made since she had left home, ended with a succession of tearing coughs. Then both girls, the younger her eyes soft with pity, felt the nearness of a third person, and turned to see Miss Harbison, tired-eyed but cold, standing in the doorway staring at them. It was quiet for a full minute, and for the first time since the girl had come to her, Mary wondered at her own garrulity.

"I've wondered what it was that your work lacked, Miss Brownlee," said the supervisor, shivering the tense silence, "I'm sorry that any of our girls should take that view of it; I've tried to make you teachers subdue that mercenary aim to the other, higher one. But it's evident that some meagre souls are incapable of it. You'll remember I said that the spirit of her work told on the time server." She quietly left the room. That from Miss Harbison meant a great, great deal, and both girls knew it. After a moment of wonderment and a swift glance of gratitude toward the younger girl, Mary Brownlee left the room with hurt, staring eyes and immobile face, and, still coughing heavily, went down the hall to her locker.

The next day the monitor of her section reported "Mary Brownlee, absent," and the next, and the rest of the entire week. The following Monday, at morning exercises, the president, in a hushed voice, announced "The death of Miss Mary Brownlee, one of the most promising members of the senior class, after a painful illness of but five days." All the training-school teachers were talking about it for the rest of the day; it had been pneumonia; one of the girls who lived at the same house knew all about it; the president had written the mother—an invalid—and the





Stephens, Photo

# GRADUATES OF FEBRUARY, 1907

WALTER BIGHAM

MISS PERMIN	MISS EINER <i>Emma</i>	MISS GREER <i>Alie</i>	MISS LIVINGSTON <i>Nellie</i>
MISS PIERCE	MISS WEBSTER <i>Alie</i>	MISS GRISWOLD	MISS WINTER <i>Leda</i>
MISS YAEGER	MISS RODGERS	MRS. DANA	
MISS SHUSSLER			



brother was coming down to take the body home.

It was on Tuesday after school, when Miss Harbison was sitting at her desk, going rapidly through the daily routine of inspection of lesson-plans and papers, that the secretary came in, and whispered a few words. The supervisor nodded, and in a moment, found herself shaking hands with a fresh-faced, raw-boned boy, with the dogged chin—becoming in a man—and asking eyes of Mary Brownlee. He began without introduction and without self-consciousness, standing straight and ungainly, with his hands, holding his hat, clasped behind him.

"You're Miss Harbison, aren't you? I'm Thaddeus Brownlee, Mary's brother, and I've come to talk to you about Mary.

"First, I want to thank you for all you did for her; she mentioned you lots in her letters, and how just seeing you around and hearing you talk helped her. Mother and I didn't think Mary could be much improved upon, but she was always trying to be better, and she said you helped. Maybe you don't know all Mary's done for us—she wouldn't leak, you'd had to pump her—but she's done a lot. You know, mother isn't well and father died when we were both in the Grammar grades. Well, Mary went to town to High School and worked her way through, and ever since, she's taught school—that is, till the trustees said she had to have Normal school training before she could teach any more, and she came down here. You know the rest. She used to insist on my staying in school—never let me quit—and used to talk of college and making a man of me that father'd be proud of. Well, I'll tell you right now, if ever I'm half a man, it'll be having had Mary for a sister that'll do it. I don't know—I just thought I'd tell you this—" he ended lamely, and added, "She was so much better than she'd ever make out, I thought you ought to know."

The supervisor was staring hard at her blotter; finally she said, half to herself, "And I called her a time-server!"

The boy heard, "A time-server?" he repeated. "I don't know what you mean by that, exactly; but if it means that she served her time on this earth in a square, helpful way, why, I say you're right. She served her time, I guess, in a way lots of fellows'd be proud of".

Miss Harbison rose and with tender eyes gazed kindly up at the boy before her. "Thank you, dear boy—" she said, and could go no farther, "Thank you." They shook hands and the boy left with awkward celerity, and she heard his footfalls ringing out on the bare boards of the long corridor. The supervisor dropped into her chair and leaning her head on her arms, gave way to a flood of tardy tears.



## WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN

It was a very warm day. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the green boughs of the pepper trees bordering the white dusty road. Far away between the row of trees a lonely hill stood martyr-like, under the pale unruffled blue of the sky, and the meadows everywhere were brown and scorched. The road upon which I was walking, and had been walking for a long time, ended I knew not where, nor did I care. I was a gentleman of leisure and although as yet this particular road had not proved especially exciting, I had hopes that before long it might do so. As I have said, I had been walking a long time and being tired I chose a splendid tent-like tree under which to rest. The branches of the tree were so long that they touched the ground, making a fairy-like house. I am by no means a fairy but I entered.

Suddenly I heard voices, not human voices, but animal voices, and I knew instantly that mules were approaching. Bray is an inelegant term sometimes applied to donkeys' language, but to a trained ear, a mule's conversation is very intelligent.

The first words that I could be sure of were, "Washington, let's do something exciting," Now when mules undertake "something exciting" they generally do it, and so, as I was out for this sort of thing, I listened anxiously for "Washington's" reply. Soon it came, and as it was louder, I knew the pair were nearer. "A capital idea Franklin, old man." I was greatly relieved to find Washington so eager and I peered from a fairy window to see if they were in sight.

They were, and they were moving very slowly, conversing in whispers and winking violently at each other. They were drawing an old wagon in which sat a man. The man had evidently been to the postoffice, for he was blissfully poring over a newspaper, holding a pair of lines in the limpest sort of manner.

I strained my ears to the utmost to hear the mules' plans, but only an indistinct murmur followed by a series of suppressed giggles reached me, and so I decided to follow and await results.

They were a funny pair. I was able, from their whispering, to fit them to their names. Washington was tall and sedate while Franklin was inclined to be short and fat with a round good-natured face, an exceedingly broad mouth, and eyes that twinkled roguishly. They were both rather advanced in years, and I judged, from the lax manner in which the man held their reins, they were generally very staid.

All excitement, I followed, walking far enough away so that I would not be noticed. The man continued to read, the donkeys to laugh in-



cessantly and, as I could see when they turned their heads, to wink knowingly.

The first mile I traveled with unfaltering faith. By the end of the second I began to be impatient. Toward the end of the third my wilting spirits were somewhat revived by Franklin's tittering, "Let's start now." We were at the top of a little hill. It was very late, the sun was almost at the horizon and I was many miles from home. But I did not care if I could watch these intelligent mules perform.

They began to trot, and trotted until they reached the level plain again, in the silliest, most conceited manner. Such a wonderful thing to do! Just as I turned away in disgust, I heard Washington say,— "That was a perfect picnic," and as soon as Franklin could control his laughter, he answered, "Yes, it was immense, let's do that often."

GAY NEELY

Poor little fly on the wall—  
'Ain't got nothin' to do a' tall  
'Ain't got no conferences to meet,  
Poor little fly on the wall—  
'Ain't got nothin' to do a' tall.

Poor little star in the sky;  
'Ain't got but one eye;  
'Ain't got any pleasant smile,  
Just keeps a-winkin' all 'e while.  
Poor little star in the sky  
'Ain't got but one eye.

—"IRISH."



## PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

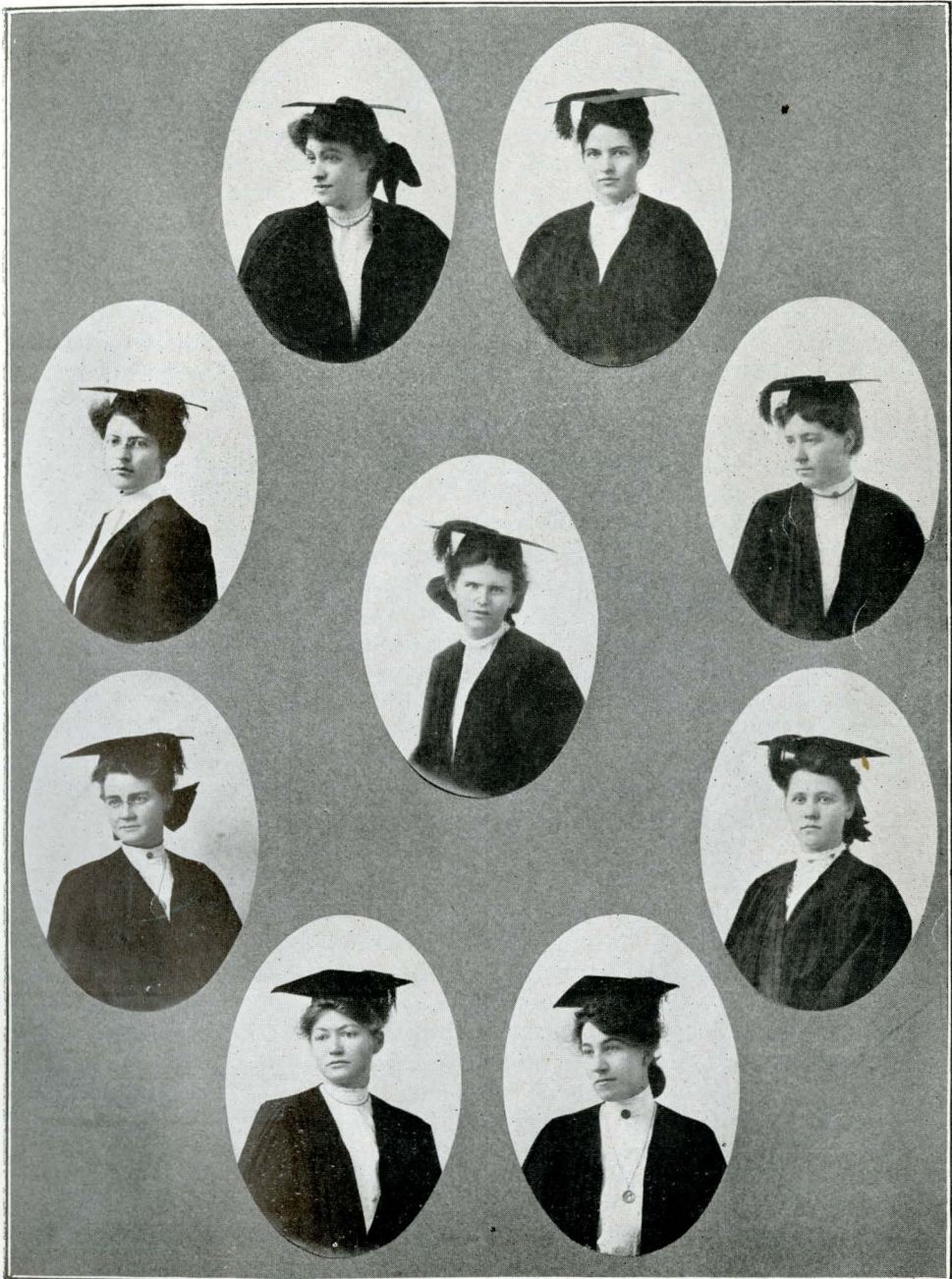
(Editorial Note: The following is a report of a speech delivered in the assembly by Doctor Beaton on the morning of Wednesday, June 5.)

I do not want to be too serious or too didactic, but I want to talk with a personal familiarity here, about the opportunities in the chosen profession that you have come here to fit yourselves for. Of course you are all aware that until very recently the profession of a teacher was regarded as a kind of stepping-stone to some larger profession, or some work of greater opportunities. Well, we do not deny that all of us are at liberty to make as much as possible of such opportunities as occur to us afterward in life; to do what is agreeable to our hearts and our limitations. But we must draw a distinct line of demarcation between that which is perfectly natural to us as individuals, as free citizens possessing our own souls, and the great fact that if we are to do any good work in life we must be consecrated to it; there is a certain consecration in work. The old knights after they served as squires, the apprenticeship that prepared them for knighthood, spent the evening before the day on which they were knighted in a vigil.

Shall we regard our professional life as of less importance than military service? As you know, the old Roman soldiers took the sacramentum before they entered a battle. It was an oath of consecration. There is no person who is worthy of the profession you are looking forward to, but must enter life under that kind of consecration. The difference between the oath of the mercenary and the oath of the patriot is that the mercenary is ready to fight for the one who will give him the highest pay, and the patriot's oath is ready only for the country that he loves and is ready to die for. The soldier's oath is a sacrament of death. You know the Japanese have taught us Europeans some tremendous things in the way of war. The Japanese soldier does not expect to live when he goes into war, he expects to die. We Europeans do not understand that spirit. In spite of our art and our literature and all the rest of it, we can still learn lessons from the Japanese. They have proven to us that they have absolutely no sense of personal aims in serving their country. They simply go into the battle to die. One of our great soldiers had this personal sense. You remember the story of Sheridan when his troops were somewhat shaken and seemed without courage to go on. When he saw them turn, he said, "My God, men, do you want to live forever?" There is no question about this sort of devotion. Those who take up any service in the community, any public service that is especially set apart, are consecrated. The education which you are receiving here and which is supplied by the State is a great trust—the greatest that can be given, and no proficiency can be attained without this sense of consecration. This, then, is the great truth that underlies our being set apart for this work.

Now comes the question, "Is yours the profession that offers a special





Stephens, Photo

**GRADUATES, JUNE CLASS, 1907**

MISS CROSBY  
MISS GATES

MISS JOHNSON

MISS BLACK  
President

MISS STOKER

MISS BARBER  
MISS PITMAN

MISS RIEKE

MISS MIMMS



opportunity?" There are some professions that are, in the nature of the case, more agreeable than others. Let me take an illustration. I was much pleased to hear Professor Stephens speak from Matthew Arnold's "Essays and Reviews"—that magnificent description of Oxford that Arnold gives. I was particularly pleased because it is one of my favorite passages. I remember sitting in the quadrangle of Magdalen College trying to get that spirit that Professor Stephens spoke of, and looking around at the magnificent scene, and thinking about Matthew Arnold—and thinking about the men that made Oxford. Now, it came to me that there was one feature in English life that we in this American life might well copy, and that is that a certain importance, honor and all that, is put upon the school master. The great men of England are the expression of the public schools of England, the results of Eton, Harrow, Westminster and Christchurch, the great public schools of England where only the wealthy are educated.

Now, if you go to England, you will be very much struck with the fact that the greatest men in the Church of England, and the greatest men in English statesmanship have been either pupils or masters in the public schools; and almost all the great statesmen will acknowledge, if you get near enough to them, that the most influential factor in their life was this experience in the public schools. Almost every rector or curate in a little community to-day will get two or three of the boys and have them in their own private class at home and they mould them at the susceptible age of life and practically create their character and determine their destiny. And when you read the story of the public schools of England, you will find that the great Arnold, of Rugby, the father of Matthew Arnold, was a schoolmaster; that is all he was. He was not a prime minister nor a lord, nor a noble, he was just a schoolmaster. There is in England no single influence that has done more to make the character of these English people.

Now, if you go into the real life of the English people, you will be struck with that great truth. George MacDonald, one of the foremost of our Scotch writers, in his early days was trained for the ministry but later he gave up the ministry to be a teacher and writer. He claimed that there was no force in the world equal to the power that a teacher has over the lives of the children. I believe that, and I believe that you have the destiny of this nation in your hands. You have charge of the babies at their susceptible age. Now, this is the serious phase of the case. How would you compare the painting of a picture, even by one of the most gifted of artists, to the moulding of the soul of a child? This is a living thing, this is the most consummate art. That is the thought that I would like to leave most deeply in your hearts in connection with this talk. Teaching is not mechanical; teaching is not merely giving so much information: teaching is an art in the highest sense of the word; teaching

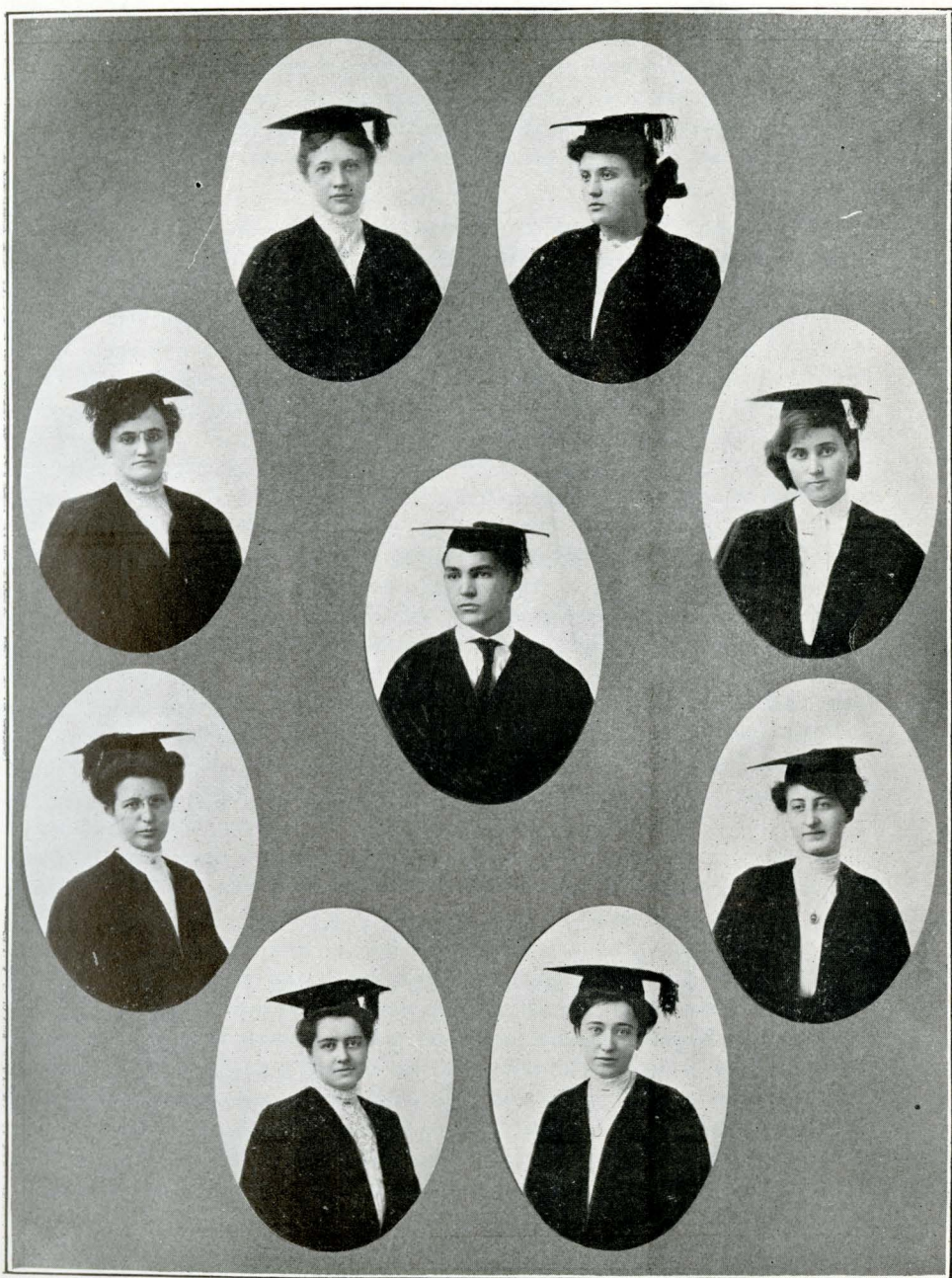


almost touches the creative faculties. We distinguish between the creative faculties and the mere giving of knowledge; there are a great many teachers who have knowledge, but have not this genius that I have described in Arnold of Rugby, who was an artist in his profession.

It is the business of the teacher to make his business fascinating. I may use an illustration from music. If a person is to learn music, he must learn the drudgery of the scales, he must learn all the mechanical details that are called technique. If you go to hear a great man play, you can recognize immediately that he has technique but something is wanting—he wants snap. What is that? That is where the soul comes in. That is the incommunicable and unborn fact in all work. It doesn't matter whether it is teaching or playing, or any kind of service. It is the thing that belongs to you—personality—the thing that belongs to you, that you must give. If you do not give that you do not give your heart and soul. Of all people in the world you ought to be happy in your work.

Now, may I venture to give a couple of illustrations along the lines of our modern studies, and that is what will be helpful to your own personal character. Character gives you what I have laid emphasis particularly upon—personality. You may know a great deal, but if you cannot impart it, you have not the technique of your profession. Then comes the larger question of your personality, as we sometimes use the word, your character. Can I give you anything in a practical way that will help you along the line of your personal studies? Let me give it in this way. You know that you come here to learn certain things; there are certain things along the lines of literature, history, mathematics, that you must learn; but having learned these things, the great crisis comes when you have to bring your personality to bear upon them, which is your particular contribution to the business, and makes it the expression of yourself. Expression is all, whether it is art, or literature, or music. It is the giving-value of your personality. Let me make the illustration in this way. We have been laying a good deal of stress upon science in these days. In a technical institution I visited not very long ago, the boys were testing a piece of steel to discover the laws of stress and tension. I said to them, "Why do you test this piece of steel? You test that piece of steel because you want the knowledge of the laws that are inherent in that piece of material. There is no doubt about that at all. You are to sit humbly at the feet of nature, and learn what nature says. Do you say that you would like to build it in this way, or in that? No, you build it exactly as nature has told you according to the laws that you discovered in that piece of steel. You never dream of introducing your own opinion, as to what the steel ought to bear. That is not the question. The only thing that is absolutely present is the dominant fact of nature: What are the laws inherent in this piece of steel or wood, that I am going to use? And





Stephens, Photo

**GRADUATES, JUNE CLASS, 1907**

MISS BENNET

MISS GEORGE

MR. SMITH

MISS GRANDSTAFF

MISS GRIGSBY

MISS CHALMERS

MISS COLBERT

MISS HORTON

MISS LOVE



you obey them to the letter." Now, what is that? That is obedience. Obedience is character. That is what obedience is. That is the whole secret of faith. When you have learned the lesson of science, that science is simply the way to learn the great secrets of life, and then follow them, you are no longer flotsam and jetsam on life's stream, you are a great ocean-going vessel, possessed of its own powers of propulsion, and master of itself.

Not long ago I attended an athletic meet, and I saw some very interesting things. There would be about twenty men that would get just so high in the pole vault, and then there would be about two or three that could go two or three inches further; then there was a great struggle between those two or three men. At last one man went up one-half inch higher than all the others. Now it is the extra half inch that wins. There are thousands of people that can do the ordinary record, there are numbers that can do especially well, but when a man takes the 100-yard dash, and the 220-yard dash, and the 440-yard race at the same meet, and beats all the others, well, there must be something extraordinary about that man. The man that made that record is in California; he is a magnificent man. Do you think it was an accident that he made that record that day? The man, in the first place, was wise enough to have a good father and mother. Sometimes you will hear it said that ministers' sons are the greatest rascals that are at large. Now, in that meet that day it was a minister's son who won that race. Now it was not an accident. He had good blood, and he had good discipline, and for those three or four years, he had been obeying the great laws of God has implanted in the human body, and the human soul. For no man wins a race unless he has spirit as well as muscle, and that is the whole secret and value of the great physical exercises of the present day.

Now, what have I said? If I had started in with a text, you would have thought it was a sermon, but I will give you the text at the end, and Saint Paul said it. And this is what he said when he had seen the Greek contest for excellence, and the achievements of those great men. He said, "No man is crowned unless he strive lawfully." That is to say, every game has its rules, and really, the rules are the game, and obedience to the rules is the path to victory. Now, the rules that God has written in your physical and intellectual nature are the rules of the game, and you have to play the game according to the rules, or you will not win. And when you go out to your great work and pass to the noble service that any class of people can render to the community, I want you to feel that you are contestants in a great game. And the prize is the crown of life. Then you are bringing the best of yourselves to those in your charge—and in this kind of service there is opportunity for the best that is in you, and for the great reverent spirit that God has put within all of us.



## AN INDIAN REMINISCENCE

We were waiting for the stage—Mr. Bartlett and I. The old man was sitting on his favorite low bench, smoking. Mr. Bartlett's smoking never ceased to be an interesting performance to me. He was a Yankee born and bred, and his long life in the pioneer west had not destroyed even one little bit of that stern energy which characterized his every movement. Even in his smoking he allowed himself no luxury. He drew the smoke from the pipe in short, quick, grunting puffs, and let it out of his mouth by opening his lips with rather noisy little gasps. He punctuated these inhalations and exhalations, by jerking his pipe out of his mouth, spitting briskly—and rather viciously, it always seemed to me—and replacing it with a sharp little click of his teeth. And I never regarded Mr. Bartlett's pipe without thinking how very typical of the old man it was. It was a very fine meerschaum bowl, black as ebony, fitted into a rather long, straight, plain, wooden stem, such as usually belongs to corncob pipes.

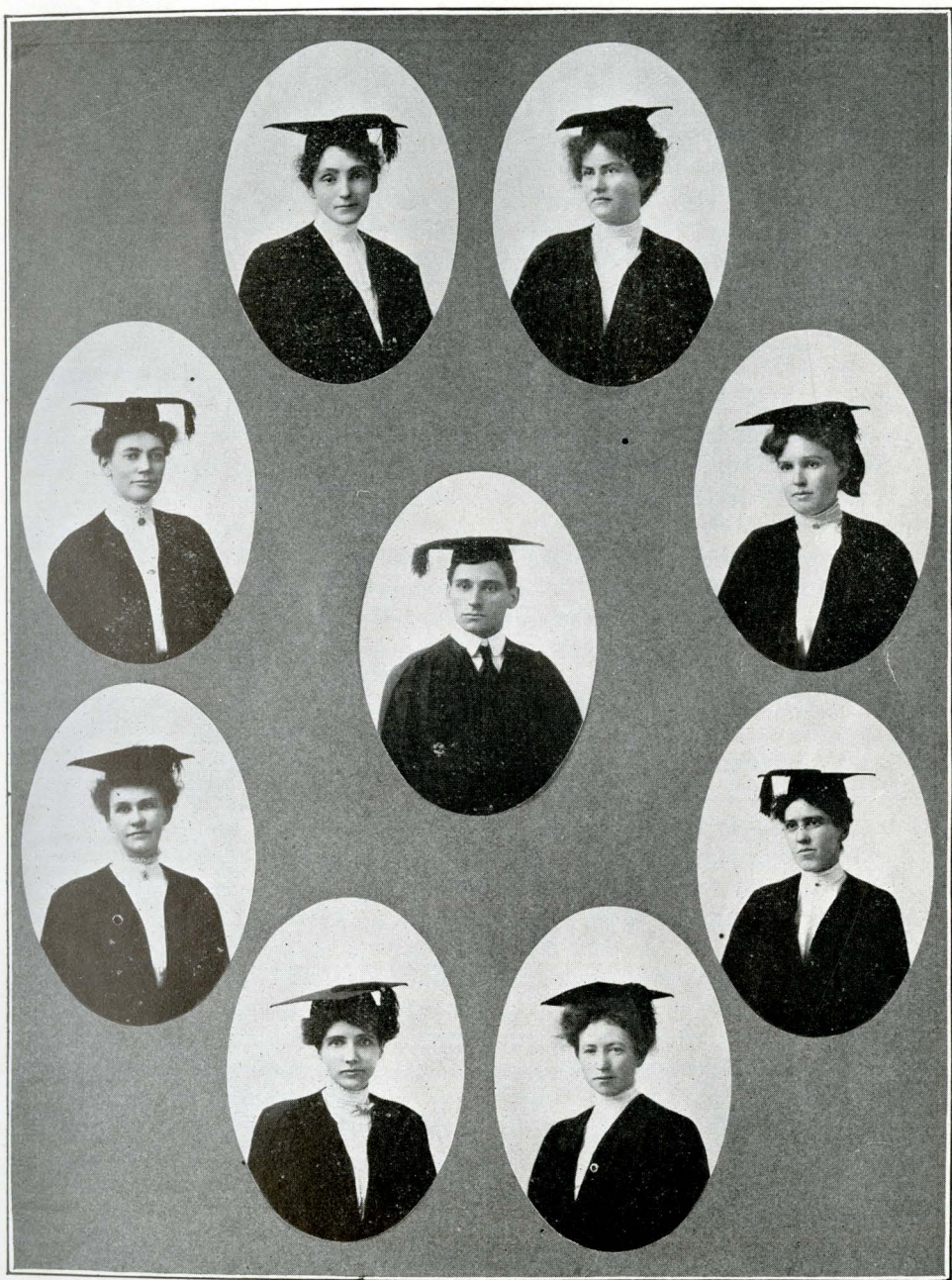
Not a greater incongruity did it seem to me to find this slight, slim, straightforward, energetic Yankee, living in the midst of these fat lazy Mexicans. Rushing to California in '49, following the gold up the Frazer River, and then driving the Indians out of their fastnesses in the Rocky Mountains of the Great Basin, he had lived hard and much; fortunes had been his only to be lost. In the early days he had been so openly, so blatantly a Yankee, that he was first known as "The Yankee", then "Yankee", and then it was a short step to "Yank", which, with that peculiar persistency of an apt sobriquet had made him "Yank" always, and everywhere. Even to his grandchildren he was "Pa Yank". Early in his life he had formed one of those peculiar partnerships which were known only to pioneers and pioneer days. As it happened, his partner's name was "Henry", which was without any ceremony made "Hank", and the firm name, known far and near, was "Hank and Yank". Now in these last days, here in this deserted mountain camp, he lived in this picturesque old adobe, waiting, with only Julita, the soft-eyed maid of twenty, who remained faithfully with her father, in spite of ardent wooers, to be called to join the faithful Mexican wife in that great West beyond the skies.

The stage was late that night. It was often late. There always seemed to be many things to make it late; a horse might go lame, a wheel go to pieces, or Miguel, the genial driver, perhaps might meet a too congenial and too convivial friend at some station.

And so we waited.

Mr. Bartlett finished his pipe, laid it aside, and leaned back against the





Stephens, Photo

**GRADUATES, JUNE CLASS, 1907**

MISS LAUGHLIN	MISS NICCUM	MISS RAYMOND
MISS CREEKMUR	MR. WIGHT	MISS MACK
MISS PETER	MISS LYDIC	MISS ROBERTS

*Encl*



wall. There was a faint rattling of dishes from the back of the house, where Julita was finishing the after-supper work. Across the canyon a Mexican lad was calling a dog that answered in short, quick barks. I sat on the steps, my elbows resting on my knees and my head in my hands, watching the moon rise from behind a ragged ridge of mountains, and thinking with pity of the millions of poor mortals who must live all their lives without once having the privilege of looking at such a spectacle. It is good to live in the mountains, good to breathe clear, crisp air fresh from snow capped peaks; good to see the sun go down behind pink or purple pinnacles; good to see the moon rise——

"I can't never look at that thar jagged range of mountains in the moonlight, without a sort of shivery feeling up and down my spine," the old man broke in upon my reveries.

"Them mountains—Superstition mountains, we call 'em— was the last stronghold of old Geronimo. He held out thar against the soldiers for four years, and might' nigh finished up the pore settlers in these parts. My ranch is over thar between that jagged range of mountains, and the lower range this side of it. You remember whar the ranch is, don't you?"

"Yes, I remembered riding over that nearest range of mountains, then over ranges and ranges of hills, and finally at the beginning of a deep canyon, hanging over the edge of a rather swift river, coming upon the ruins of the old house and the broken-down corrals.

"Yes, my ranch was ruther a handy place for them Indians to stop at for some good, fat beef, or a few good horses, and if I hadn't had the bravest boy that could be found in all this here territory of Arizona, they might have carried my scalp away to help decorate old Geronimo's cave, out thar in them mountains.

"Johnny was always his pappy's boy, from the time he was born. As soon as he was old enough to hold up his head without having it propped, I uster carry him around in my arms when I rode about the place. When he was three or four years old, he rode behind me, steadying himself by hanging on to my cartridge belt.

"He was only eight that summer. Hank and me was staying out on the ranch for a few weeks, to brand some colts. Wife and the gals was a living here in the camp, but o' course Johnny had to be out thar with his pappy. One morning Hank said he believed he'd ride over to camp in the afternoon and get a little grub and some tobaccy. So we didn't ride very far that morning, but had an early dinner so that Hank might leave early in the afternoon.

"My hoss that I had been a riding that morning was a beautiful black creature that knew and obeyed me jes' like a child would. She knew my voice and followed me everywhere. I loved that horse jes' as much as an animal could be loved. Generally, I let her wander 'round the house at her own free will but that day she was pretty warm when we rode in,



and so I tuk the saddle off and tied her to a post in the yard till she was cool enough to be fed.

"After dinner I went down the path and opened the gate for Hank, and advised him jes afore he went thru the gate to take the trail along the ridges and keep his eyes open for any lurking hound-dogs of Indians that might be around. Then he rode down into the tall willows, which grew along the trail to the river. I turned back to the house and went in to get some grain for old Betsy, that was a remindin' me, with soft whinnies, that she was hungry.

"Johnny was a layin' on the floor playin' with a little collie pup. It was as peaceful and as quiet 'round the house as you could wish for.

"Jes' as I stepped out the door with Betsy's dinner in my hand, I heerd a gun fired, and then my hair riz on my head, when right away I heerd a yell from Hank. I ran like a rabbit down to the willows, and met Hank comin' toward me holdin' his hand to his side. But he couldn't hold back the stream of blood that poured out and left a little trail along the ground.

" 'Yank' he says, 'I'm done fer. Them savages got me at last!'

"I half carried him, as quick as I could, into the house, for the danger was in gettin' 'cross the open space between the willows and the house. I wasn't any too quick, fer shot was fallin' all round us, as I dragged Hank into the house and laid him on the floor.

"Then I got ready to fight them Indians. No, I didn't know how many there was of them, nor jes' whar they was, but somewhar on that hill that riz up from the river, they was a hidin' behind rocks and trees, and a shootin' across the canyon at us. You see the house bein' up on a little hill, and havin' nothin' around it to protect it, they could take careful aim, and pick us off one at a time. It would never do to let them guess that there was only one able-bodied man in that house, so, from the winder, I picked out a bunch of grass that seemed onnatural lively, and found a well-aimed rifle ball would make it jump into the air and yell pretty much like an Indian. Then I fired from the door and again from the window; then I leaned around the corner of the house and fired at feathers bobbin' 'round in the grass.

"I forgot all about pore old Betsy, and when I saw her tuggin' at her rope, and pushin' her head out to me, and whinnyin' so pitiful and frightened, I was halfway out the door to save her before I thought what I was a doin'.

"If it was only myself had been there, I'd a gone right out to her, but there was pore old Hank a dyin', and when I thot of the way they'd torture little Johnny, I knew I jes' had to stay right thar and fight 'em. But old Betsy was an open target and shot flew all around her. Pretty soon one struck her on the flank and made an ugly wound, but left her still standin'. Then she began to scream. Did you ever hear a horse



scream? It's a most terrible sound. Betsy was wild with pain and fright, and I was really thankful when another well-aimed shot laid her low. My! how I hated to see that horse die. I loved her like one of my children, and thar she was shot down, right before my eyes, and me not able to lift a finger to help her.

"It was along in the afternoon that I leaned out 'round the corner of the house a little too far, and all at once felt a funny little stingin' pain in my shoulder, and at the same time heard a ball strike into the adobe wall behind me. In a minute I knew a ball had passed through my shoulder. Wall, I didn't shoot from that corner any more that afternoon, though I kept firing from both the little windows. Johnny helped me load the gun and then, you see, I could rest it on the ledge of the window while I fired.

"If I could only hold them off until night without their makin' a raid on the cabin, I was safe until mornin', for the Indians are great cowards, and will not fight or travel at night. They would lie thar in ambush, watchin' all night, and close in on me at day light in the mornin'. It began to get dark, and the firin' stopped. Then I knew I was safe until mornin'. But then? I had no more ammunition; I was pretty weak and gettin' weaker from loss of blood, and how could I 'speat to do anything against four or five blood-thirsty Indians? Thar was only one thing to do—and I simply couldn't do that. But I must! I jes' had to!

"'Johnny boy', sez I, 'pappy hasn't any more shells. Do you know what them hound-dogs of Indians will do to us tomorrow mornin', as soon as it's light?' He looks at me, with round, wide-open, knowin' eyes, but I couldn't see any fear in them.

"'Yes, Pappy', sez he, 'I think they'll come down here and kill us all.'

"'Well, they won't,' sez I, 'cause you're going over to Ora Blanca tonight and bring Charlie and Mike and Alex back with you, to fight them low-down Indians, and drive them away.'

"'Yes, but Pappy,' sez he, cryin', 'we ain't got no horse. How can I go?' Betsy was Johnny's friend, as well as mine.

"'Why,' sez I, 'you don't need any horse, cain't your legs carry you them five miles? Besides, the Indians would hear you, if you went on a horse, but you leave your boots here, and I know not even a coyote can hear you trampin' cross them ridges bare-legged.'

"'That's so,' sez he, 'I'll go right now.'

"'Johnny boy, come here to Pappy.' I put my good arm around him and I sez, 'Look at Pappy, son. Air you afraid?'

"He backed away and looked right at me. 'No, Pappy, I ain't.' And then I knew he'd go to Ora Blanca that night.

"He put away his boots, gave the pup a partin' pat, threw his arms 'round my neck, and kissed me without a tremble, then creft softly away down the hill.



"It was a warm, still night, plenty of stars, but not enough brightness to cut the terrible darkness, and I'll never forget how I strained my eyes to watch that little figger as far as the gate.

"Wall, that was a terrible hard night for me. Hank fought hard and dreadful for breath till midnight, and then left me. Fer twenty-five years we'd been partners. We shared good luck and bad luck jes' the same. We'd been worth a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and never once in all those years was thar one scrap of writin' between us! No, ma'am, not one scrap of writin'. What was mine was Hank's, and what Hank owned was mine too. The word of 'Yank and Hank' was good any place.

"Layin' thar that night by his dead body, fer I was too weak to set up, it almost seemed as if the Indians had taken my heart out of my body and jes' left the old carcass, and that with one shoulder shot away.

"Well, I must have fallen into a kind of sleep, for the next I knew, I saw the door opened, and my hair jes' stood up straight on my head, but Johnny boy soon smoothed it back in place again.

"I knewed you'd do it,' I sez, and then, when I tried to raise up and greet the fellers, I fell right back in a faint.

"'Pappy,' sez Johnny to me next day, 'I was afraid once last night. I was so scared I jes' thought I was dead. I got so cold all over in a minute.'

"'What scared you, son?' I sez, swallowin' a kind of a lump that riz in my gullet, when I thought of what might, a' happened to him.

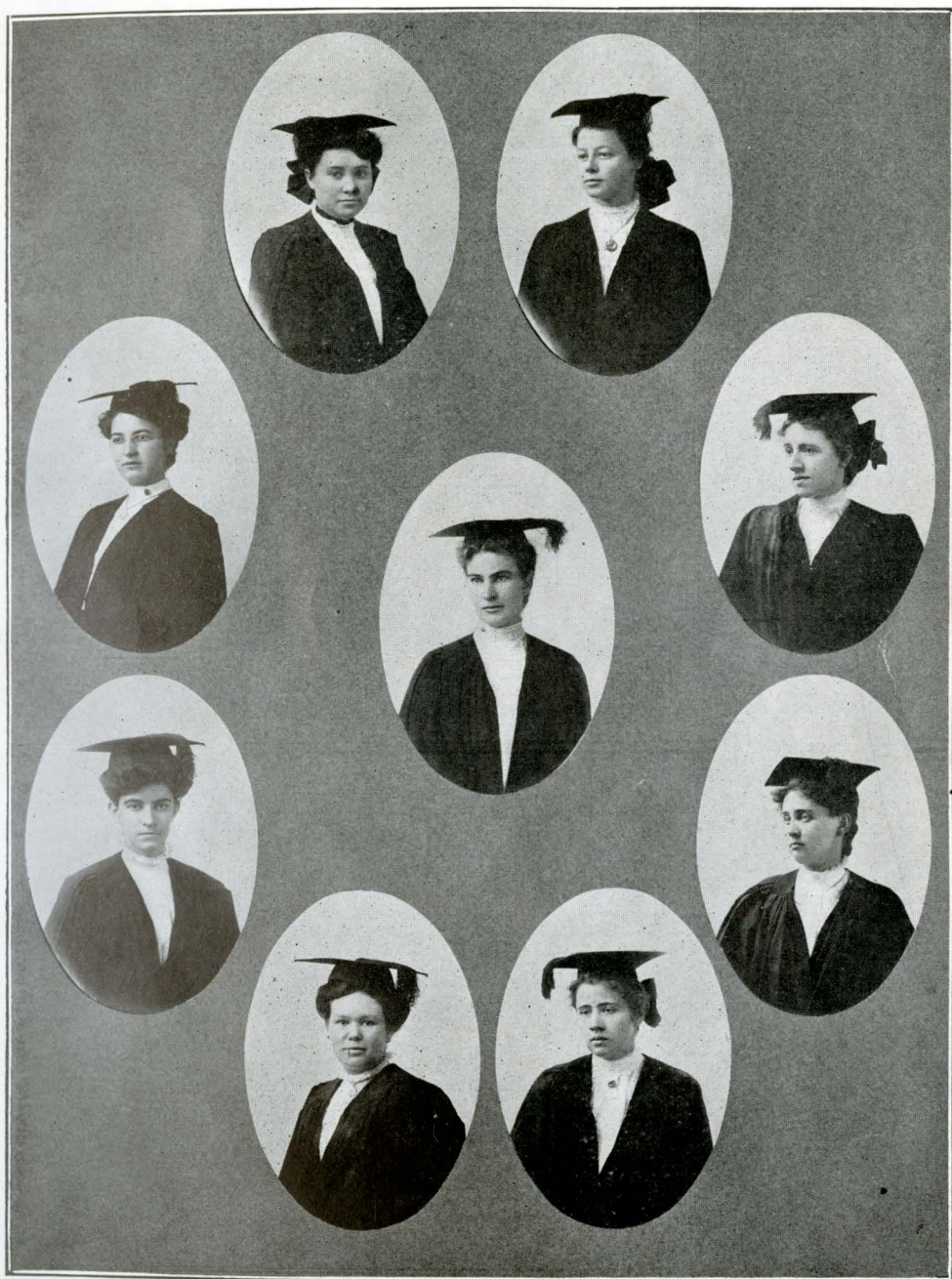
"'Well, Pappy, when I was about halfway home I set down under a tree to rest a minute. It was a kind of a low bushy tree, and the branches was right up over my head. Well, it was so terribly still, I could jes' hear my heart a beatin', and all of a sudden thar was a little noise in the tree and a loud "tu-whoo-tu-whoo" right over my head. I guess I fell right over, but you see, Pappy, it wasn't nothin' but an old owl, and so I wasn't afraid only jes' a minute—so that don't count, does it?' Yes, ma'am, Johnny was the bravest boy I ever seen!'

I could hear a low, indistinct rumbling.

"Wall, thar's that tarnation stage at last!'

G. A. RIEKE, '07 Normal.





Stephens, Photo

**GRADUATES, JUNE CLASS, 1907**

MISS AULT

MISS WALLACE

MISS HARNEY

MISS STONE

MISS ELLIS

MISS NOONAN

MISS McCAFFREY

MISS BLOSSER

MISS BAILEY



## RANDOM SKETCHES

### I. THE CHINOOK.

The chinook had come. We knew it before we could shake the sleep from our eyes enough to look through the window. The chinook feeling was in the air and chinook sounds were everywhere. The swish, thud of falling snow, the drip, drip, patter, drip from the melting snow on the roof, and the sound of the wind as it tossed the branches of the pines, were unmistakable sounds of the chinook. As we opened the window a rush of warm wind, laden with the scent of clean pine needles, filled the room. The wind had driven the fog out of the valley and pushed it high up against the mountains. During the long quiet winter the snow had been piling up deeper and deeper on the pines and firs, till their branches were bent, sometimes to breaking, under the load. Many of the big trees near the house had been so heavily loaded that the trees themselves threatened to break and had to be cut down to avoid danger. Now the warm wind was swiftly undoing the work of many snow storms. Quantities of snow, from a handful to enough to fill half a wagon box, were tumbling through the branches of all the trees. As the limbs were relieved of their burdens, they straightened back, the wind caught and tossed them and the motion loosened other masses of snow. The snow on the ground was thawing underneath and every little while a soft rushing sound told us that it was settling and we could see bushes and young trees lifting their heads from the white covering which had held them down so long. Out in the road, the snow which had furnished such fine sleighing for so long, was now very soft and was being fast turned into muddy slush by the logging teams, hurrying to get the last logs in before the snow should be gone. Where the road crossed the creek, little streams of muddy water were already running down the banks and over the ice. Before another morning a black stream of water would be rushing and foaming madly down the channel where the creek lay now quietly murmuring under its thick covering of ice and snow, and if the chinook kept on blowing, another week would see the hills all bare and ready for spring.

### II. THE PASSING OF THE MONARCH

Out in a little open space in the woods stood an old monarch of the forest, a great pine tree. Branches, large enough for trees themselves, spread out straight and grand, majestic in their strength. But the top of the tree was dead. The slender, naked top with its poor dead branches reached up beseechingly toward the fleecy white clouds and blue sky overhead.

It was spring-time and spring-time in that land meant clearing.



Trees had to be cut down, logs hauled away and brush burned, and the old monarch must go with the rest. The first stroke of the ax revealed a surprise. The tree was hollow, the inside having rotted away. Father cut away some of the bark and thin shell of wood, then gathering a handful of dry leaves and moss, he placed them among the pieces of dry wood inside the tree; in a few moments a fire was undoing the work of hundreds of years. The rotten wood burned slowly but the fire kept eating steadily upward all day long, and just before sunset the flames burst out at the top of the tree. This created a regular chimney and the strong draught, rushing in at the base of the tree, carried the smoke and flames away above the top. There seemed to be a wonderful amount of fuel in the main body of the tree. The fire roared and crackled inside the dark walls for a long time before it began creeping out around the branches. But when the limbs did begin to burn the whole thing was a wonderful sight. A great column of flame shooting out at the top of the tree, long tongues of fire running out on the branches and licking up the leaves, dry moss, and smaller twigs, dazzling drops of burning pitch hissing on their way to the ground, and showers of sparks drifting away on the night air—all combined to make a striking picture. Soon some of the big limbs fell crashing to the ground and the flames and smoke came pouring out through the openings left in the tree. The wood was lighted up in all directions, the great trees looming up ghostly against the gloomy background of forest.

We all stood watching the fire, fascinated by the sight and hushed by the deafening roar. Once as a group of us were standing a little apart from the others, my sister plucked me by the sleeve and asked what I would do if the tree should part and one half of it come toward us. The words had scarcely left her lips when the great burning mass seemed to split from top to bottom and the greater part fall in our direction. With a cry of terror, I clutched my sister's arm and we ran like wild things till we stumbled over a fallen log and turned to see where the tree had fallen. But it was still standing. One of the largest limbs had simply burned off and fallen in the opposite direction from where we had been standing. Our imaginations had supplied the rest. The fright, however, took away the charm of the scene and we went away leaving the tree to its fate. By noon the next day it was practically all burned up. The few blackened pieces lying about were gathered together and fired, and that night closed over a hollow, jagged, black stump, all that was left of the one-time monarch.

### III. THE THUNDER STORM

One hot summer afternoon in the long ago, my sister and I, brown-faced and barefooted, were herding the cows out on the bunch grass prairie. Nothing very strange in that—we had done it many times be-



fore—but on this particular day something happened which left an impression on our minds for many days afterwards. The cattle had found good food and were very quiet. We were glad because it was too warm to do much running and we were having a fine time with our stick-dolls. Did you ever play with stick-dolls? No? Why, they are just the nicest kind of dolls because when you get tired of them you can throw them away and get new ones so easily. Well, we had been sitting in the grass, playing for some time, when my sister jumped up to see where the cows were and exclaimed, “Why, its getting dark! Wonder if its time to take the cows home. I don’t see mama anywhere though.” Mother always came out to the road and waved a big white cloth when it was time to go in.

“No, it can’t be five o’clock yet”, I said, “but look there at that cloud!”

Off to the northwest, a huge mass of black and brown clouds was fast spreading over the sky. The forward part of the mass was rolling and breaking like a great wave, and touches of green began to show here and there.

We ran, frightened half out of our wits, to round up the cattle. They seemed to understand what was coming and in a few minutes were all headed toward the home road. Up to this time the air had been perfectly quiet, not a breath moved the tall grass and no sound came from the storm, but just as the leader of the herd stepped into the dusty road, a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder broke the intense strain. The cattle started on a run, great drops of rain pattered in the dust, and angry gusts of wind flung our hair into our faces till we could hardly see where we were going. Another and another flash of blinding lightning and peal after peal of deafening thunder and then the rain fell in torrents. Mother met us about a quarter of a mile from home just as the first hail stones began to pelt on our heads. We caught hold of hands and rushed madly after the cattle and in an incredibly short time, though it seemed like an age, we had the last calf in the corral and father was putting up the bars. He had been plowing in a distant field and was caught like the rest of us. Soaked to the skin, we made our way to the house and proceeded to get into dry garments as speedily as possible.

For an hour, the rain poured steadily, and then stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The sun burst out from behind the clouds, a beautiful rain bow was flung across the eastern sky, which was still dark with the receding storm, and the storm was over.

ETTA KRAMAR



## EDITORIAL

The class of '07 leaves us this month, and with them go many pleasant associations, many friendly little understandings. When we look at it from a point of view allowing ample perspective, look at the routine of the years, at the classes coming and going—coming and going—

**Quo**

**Vadis**

with a sort of harassing, teasing insistence, it makes us catch our breath at the vagueness of man's destiny: words in themselves so vague and high-sounding as to be almost laughable. It brings up the eternal question that has harassed men in general, and especially graduates on the threshold of their Alma Mater, for all the centuries. What Omar said about the uncertainty of a far mightier, far more awesome coming and going than the one referred to here, may yet be quoted in this connection:

"This morn a thousand roses brings, you say;

Yes—but where blows the rose of yesterday?"

And this same summer month that brings the rose,

Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away."

And the best solution that we may discover, might be voiced, further, in, "Well—let it take them!" But in spite of this, the question remains unanswered—the problem unsolved.

\* \* \*

It is with great joy that we notice the steps toward the beautifying of the campus. The various shrubs and trees planted here and there are growing mightily, each of them, to the fond, imaginative eye of the students and faculty of the school, showing every day a distinct attainment in height or girth. On warm days, if a person stands

**San Diego**

**Hopes**

on the portico or at the window, with half-closed eyes, he can imagine himself looking over a distant plain, where robust shade trees, belittled by the perspective, invite one to rest under their ample foliage; of course, if the observer is too observant, the illusion does not come and all he sees is the bare, pebbly, dry-grassed campus, planted with trees too young, alas, to be of shelter to any but birds and jackrabbits. There is a certain amount of consolation, however, in the fact that our children, or, not to be too sanguine, our children's children, when they are brought up—as of course they will be—to attend the State Normal School of San Diego, will be able to rest under the spreading branches of the mature trees planted by us in the palmy days of our school life. It is to be regretted, to return to sensible discourse, that the trees we have here in California are not the sort that attain to any masterly height, even in their hoariest age. If this were so, we might hope some day to see our school, majestic and pallid, defined against dark trees that would overtop and back it.





Stephens, Photo

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YSABEL BROOKS  
Ass't Editor



This issue of the White and Gold is the last of this year and with it the paper completes the second year of its age. In spite of this, the question as to whether the paper can be continued next year, with the support it has had this year, is still an open one. The school as a whole

**Our  
Bow**

and as individuals must wake up to the fact that the White and Gold to all the other schools of the coast is the representative of our school, and to make that representative a worthy one, hearty support must be given it. We do not want to beg you for contributions; we have the absurd idea that since the paper is yours, your offerings should be free-will. Then, too, it is difficult to refuse manuscript for which the author has been begged.

We wish, in closing, to thank those few persons, to whose ready generosity and prolific pens the continuance of the White and Gold for the past year has been due.



## CHANGE IN THE CURRICULUM

On June 30th, 1906, the Joint Board of Normal School trustees adopted a resolution to the effect that the Normal School course in California shall cover a period of two years, and that admission thereto will be limited to recommended high school graduates or equivalent preparation. The resolution also permits such normal schools as have the necessary room and equipment, to offer preparatory courses. This school has taken advantage of this resolution, and has established a preparatory course covering four years open to recommended graduates of grammar schools. This preparatory course is especially intended to prepare its graduates for professional study and to furnish such common knowledge as every well equipped teacher ought to possess before engaging in actual teaching. It also incidentally prepares its graduates for admission to any reputable college or university in the country.

The action of the joint board puts the normal school squarely on a college basis, the requirements being precisely the same as the requirements to enter the University of California. The normal school course, although covering but two years, calls for more serious study than the first two years of college work. Ordinarily, college students are not admitted to professional education courses until they enter the junior year, whereas the normal school demands of its students an intelligent study of these courses during the entire two years, corresponding in point of time to the freshman and sophomore years at college.

Beginning with September next, by the abbreviation of some of the courses, and by offering electives in others, we will be able to give a half-year's course in the domestic or household arts, devoted chiefly to cooking and sewing. Adequate equipment will be provided and a specially trained instructor employed. The establishment of a cooking course will also enable us to furnish lunches to the students at actual cost.

Arrangements are now in progress whereby the school will offer graduate courses in Manual Training, Drawing, and Music. The aim of these courses is to prepare students specially interested along any of these lines to fit themselves as supervisors or special teachers to meet the demand that has arisen, particularly in the cities and larger towns. For the same reason, beginning with September, 1908, advanced courses in domestic science and arts will be offered.

The last legislature, besides providing for the current expenses of the school made three important special appropriations; (a) For repairs and additional equipment, \$5000; (b) for improving the campus, \$5000; and (c) for the erection and equipment of a training school, \$40,000. The last two appropriations are inadequate. The trustees are now considering what is best to do under the circumstances.

During the summer a school garden with an area of over 10,000 square feet, will be prepared. This will be the agricultural laboratory of both normal and training school.



## THE STORY OF THE HIDDEN CABIN

It lay nestled in the overhanging brush and broken branches of the surrounding trees, nothing left but a portion of what had been four log walls enclosing a square room. An immense cedar stood directly in front of the one-time doorway. Delicate brakes and spotted tiger lilies nodded back and forth in the soft breeze which stole between the trunks of the great trees that hid the cabin from the outer world. A medley of romances hung about this old hidden cabin. The one most often told was the one which had given the mountain its nickname, Smith.

Smith was a typical western cattle thief, a large burly man with a ragged red beard. He owned a large herd of cattle many of which he had obtained by unlawful methods. The ranchers for one hundred miles around were getting more than desperate over their frequent losses, and had resolved to put a stop to them if possible.

One morning, after a night of raiding, Smith was frying his bacon and boiling his coffee, when his attention was attracted by the crackling of twigs not far away. Glancing in the direction from which the sound came, he caught sight of something moving. This something proved to be a small dark brown face framed in shining blue-black hair, and two soft brown eyes peered at him in a startled manner. He recognized Dolores, a slender little Indian maiden of eighteen whom he had noticed about the rancharia.

"Buenos dias," he called and motioned the girl to share his bacon with him. She came shyly forward, shaking her head, and then, as tho not able to hold in any longer, burst forth in an excited mixture of Indian and Spanish to the effect that the constable was after him and that he must leave immediately. He thundered forth an oath and proceeded to eat. The girl drew closer and with pleading eyes begged him to listen and go quickly.

"What makes you think so?" growled Smith. "And what's it to you?" As he looked at the slender trembling figure before him he realized she certainly must have some grounds for the story or why would she climbed the hill to tell him this? "Dolores, come here," he said softly. "Tell me who told you?" She then explained that when she was grinding the meal she had heard Poncho and Jose talking about Smith and saying it would serve him right if he was caught and that 'twas a sure thing he would be. "Why have you come to tell me this? What is it to you whether he gets me or not?" Smith volleyed angrily.

The girl winced and said softly, "Well, you helped me to find a lost calf once when I was a child and you—you—you really must go. That's all."

Smith, though he was gruff, had a heart, and this slip of a girl had touched it with her soft pleading. There was not another person who



cared; no one had cared since his mother died. The man sat gazing silently into the fire; when he finally raised his eyes an anxious voice was saying, "But you will go? Go! Hurry! Up the trail, on the Mountain of the Doves, turn to the right at the oak tree and follow the stream to the falls, and then up to the left between the hills, you'll find a good place to camp. You'll go, won't you?"

"Yes," returned Smith, "I'll go, but now you must go back to the ranch. Thanks for the bit of advice. Goodbye." After Dolores had gone Smith packed his blankets and a few other things on the bare back of his pony and started off up the trail. All morning the two, horse and man, climbed slowly up. On reaching the top he took off the pack, turned the pony homeward, and went on carrying the things on his own back. His destination was finally reached and he flung himself wearily down for the night in the shelter of the brakes.

The next morning he was up bright and early and began chopping down some of the young trees for the cabin he intended to build. But the work went slowly for he had no nails. One day as he sat whittling out spikes, a figure clad in buckskin peered around the great cedar in front of the door; there was a joyful cry and Dolores burst in upon him.

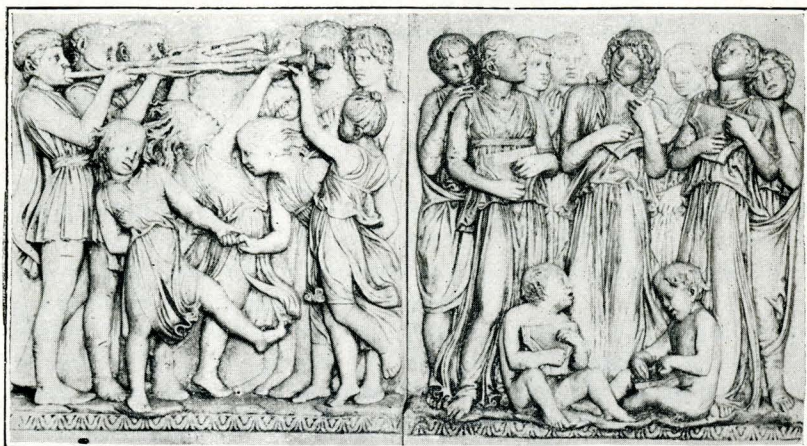
"Bless your heart! Bless your heart!" Smith softly broke out, "and how did you get here?"

"I've been herding father's cattle for a week, while he was off hunting you, and so got these to you," she explained, handing him a bag of meal and one of potatoes. They ate together, each telling the happenings of the week. After this the cabin grew and was finished. Every visit Dolores made with food it showed more signs of comfort. She came often, but one morning when she came she found the constable's whip lying in the path and then Smith's lifeless body hanging to a tree.

They found her there in the path many weeks after and wondered at the ways of the world.

GLADYS FRARY





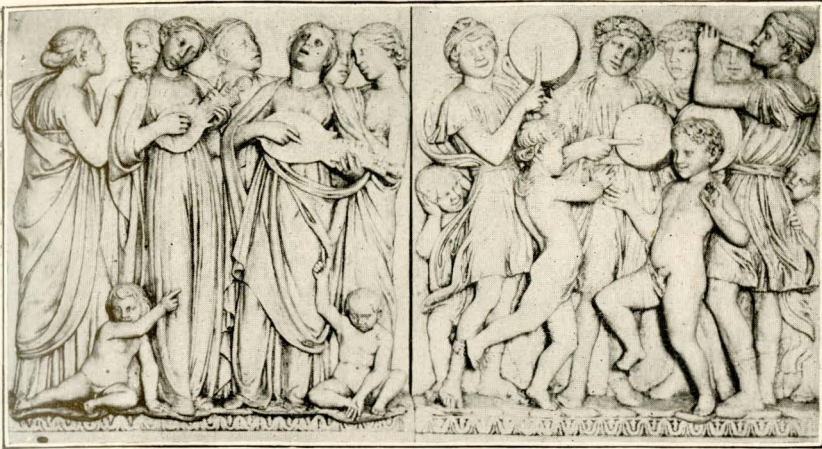
(The following address was delivered by Miss Black, the Senior Class President, upon presenting the school with the beautiful relief work pictured herewith.)

MR. PRESIDENT—A beautiful custom has grown up in this school connected with Commencement. As each class graduates it leaves some gift as a token of the esteem with which it holds the school, and as an aid in beautifying the interior of the building.

The class of 1907 chose as its parting remembrance to the school a portion of the famous bas-relief, "The Singing Gallery," sculptured by Luca Della Robbia during the fifteenth century for the cathedral at Florence. In the original there are ten pieces, of which we have here representations of the first four. Della Robbia took as a guide to his ideas the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm, which exhorts: "Praise the Lord with the sound of trumpets: praise him with the psaltery and harp: praise him with the timbrel and dances: praise him with stringed instruments and organs: praise him upon the loud cymbals." These various instruments are represented in the different sections of the entire bas-relief. The instruments here represented are the trumpet, the psaltery, the harp, and the timbrel.

A critic has said of this work that, "the variety in the composition, the





diversity of types, the entire naturalistic rendering of the expressions of the youthful singers and musicians, each in accordance with his voice or instrument, the rich and yet perfectly simple arrangement made possible by the classic style of high relief, and the finished execution of this work in marble, would ensure for it a place among the masterpieces of the Renaissance, even were it not for the beauty of the forms, and grace of the movements which have given it its popularity." I think we can agree with the poet when looking upon "marble brede of men and maidens," he says that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

We cannot help but feel while gazing on this wonderful achievement of the sculptor that he has put his whole soul into the work, that he has felt all the impulses of joy and gladness portrayed by these marble figures, as if they were his own. Perhaps that is why the "Singing Gallery" has become so famous: because a man has put part of himself, part of his life, into the work.

Therefore, on behalf of the class of 1907 I present to the Normal School through you, Mr. President, this frieze. Permit me to express the hope that as the members of this class go out into their life work, they, like Luca Della Robbia, will put their whole soul into whatever comes to them to do.



## A SUMMER DAY

### MORN

The bright stars, one by one, had closed their  
    eyes,  
The sky from darkness changed to heavenly  
    blue.  
The white-wing'd clouds like night-birds  
    went to rest  
Beyond the distant line of purple hills.  
And all was fair and still, with awesome pause  
As if expectant of some wondrous thing,  
A happening of great import to each,  
The heav'n and earth and all the creatures there.

Then, o'er the mountains came the glorious sun.  
And, for a time, the sky all rosy grew.  
The birds burst forth in one grand matin  
    song,  
The lark arose from his low house of grass  
And, perched on yonder bush, poured forth  
    his joy.  
A million diamonds gleamed with colors rare  
All o'er the herbage low and vine and tree.  
The spider's web was strewn with jewels  
    bright;  
And sleepy, golden buds awakened, bloom'd,  
And insects chirped and busy life began.

### NOON

At noon the sun beat down with burning  
    glare  
Alike on shimmering plain and jagged hills;  
All birds were hushed, no joyful song rang out,  
No ringing bird-song, glad in Nature's praise;  
The insect hid within his dark cool hole;  
All plant-life drooped as if in agony,  
Burning with summer's scorching, blinding  
    heat.  
The traveler, toiling on his weary way,  
Dusty and thirsty, sees before him stretch  
Only the endless roll of grey mesquite;  
And, slowly circling over some dead thing,  
The dingy black of lazy buzzard's wings.



## EVEN

But eventide drew near with cooling breeze ;  
The sun sank low in hazy western sky ;  
The birds awoke and flew about o'er fields ;  
The crickets chirped and, in the ponds, the frogs  
Began their evening concerts loud and low.  
Then, o'er the sea, a pearly mist appeared ;  
The black-birds saw it and began to sing  
And all the other birds rejoiced and sang  
With them, the even-song of grateful praise.  
And like a moving wall the mist advanced  
But like a downy blanket covered all,  
Bringing relief from pain, and coolness sweet  
After the heated length of summer's day.  
Darkness descended and enveloped all.

EDITH HAWLEY



## WITH THE OLYMPIANS

### IV. "THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHAESTUS"

It never would have happened if it hadn't been for Gladys' Aunt Flora. I always said that she carried herself as if she had the destinies of men concealed in the folds of her garments. But I guess I'd better begin at the beginning and tell you the whole thing.

The faculty—all those that amount to anything, anyway—have always been so good to us girls that we sort of felt that we owed them some demonstration of affection. The idea had been hovering around in "the margins of our consciousness," to quote Doctor Barrett, for ever so long, but Dedication Day had come and gone, and Memorial Day, and the Seniors were beginning to look hunted and happy, before Lucy had her inspiration. We girls always have ideas on the instalment plan, and take turns paying the instalments. Well, one morning, Lucy came to school with a turned-loose air, and as soon as she saw us, began burling in the most absurd way about "mother" and "house-party" and "the cook". We saw that she was bursting with something or other, either very tragic or perfectly lovely, so we sat her down on the front steps and told her to go slow and easy. It amounted to this: Her mother had to go up to Bakersfield on business—they own property up there—and would be gone about a week; Lucy couldn't go, of course, and her mother said she might have "some of the girls" to stay with her and help her run things. The only hitch in the whole thing was that the cook had just given notice out of a clear sky, being one of those new-education kitchen ladies that want the earth. But we thought we could manage, though not one of us can cook, beyond making fudge and pinoche, and toasting marshmallows to a turn. And it was a lark! If you knew Lucy's house you'd understand why. It was at this point that Lucy fired her inspiration at us point-blank. She wanted to give a party to the most likely members of the faculty!

Well, it took almost the whole day to get to the point where we were sane enough to plan anything. Then Corinne, whose manners are always the most dependable—we all swear she studies etiquette and "Don't" books in her leisure moments—said she thought it'd be kind of queer to invite some of the faculty and leave others out, since they had all been lovely to us, as far as they knew how. So we made out a list, putting down the names in the order of their merit, beginning with Sherlock Holmes and Miss Blair, and ending with Professor Smith, the new German teacher. He's so distant, and cold, and nice-looking, that he reminds you of the snow on the mountains, and so correct in his clothes that he makes you think of the Kuppenheimer ads in the magazines. Then he has the best manners I ever saw in a man—Terry is skeptical and says he'll out-



grow it; she says all men do at a Normal School—and a haughty air of indifference to things in general, that is interesting.

Well, after the list was made out, we set the date for the next Friday, and planned about the writing of the invitations, so's to have them all come, if we could. The invitations were great; made on butcher-paper, with scarlet and black lettering, and tied with express-twine. Gladys had the idea, and I wrote the verses. They read like this:

Oh, doff that mask of Dignity,  
And give your youth a chance;  
Take off that cap of Wisdom  
And in Folly's headgear dance.

Pocket your frown, pull out your smile—  
Dear me, but that looks well!  
Be just as foolish as you like—  
There's no one here who'll tell.

Leave safe at home your pride and pomp;  
Prepare to make you merry  
With Gladys, Lucy and Corinne  
With Leslie and with Terry.

Of course we didn't expect they'd all come; some people don't understand that girls are different from grown-ups, and aren't willing to forgive them for being silly. Uncle Jay is the dearest thing; he says—but that hasn't any connection with our party. Well, sure enough they didn't all come. There were Miss Gregory, the preceptress; Miss Blair and Sherlock, Mr. Curtis and Miss Cheveley, Mr. Tregarde and Dr. Barrett and Professor Fairfax and President Flagg; then the two supervisors in the training-school, Miss Day and Miss Carroll, and last of all, Professor Smith! When we got his note of acceptance, I wish you could have seen us. We were all completely flabbergasted. Why, we never dreamed he'd come.

After all this, we began to think of what entertainment we could offer, and the refreshments. The full horror of the situation didn't strike us till we got all those notes of acceptance, and realized that we had to provide sustenance for a dozen teachers off their dignity. And here Lucy's cook was gone, and none of us could cook, as I said.

It was Gladys' Aunt Flora that at last came to the rescue. She's a dear, with white hair and a soft voice, and masterful manner. She's a daisy cook, too! The meals she gets are fit for the gods. So when she volunteered to help us out with the menu, and have the food, all cooked, sent over from her house in time for the party, we felt that the fates were



kind indeed, and so we foolishly spent the rest of the time before Friday, planning the entertainment. Most of it was to be held on the lawn, and then, after dinner, we were going to have every one do a stunt. We planned to have it begin between four and five, so we could have all the fun we liked, and still have it stop early. There was to be Spin the Plate, and Blind Man's Buff, and Hide-and-Seek, and Stage Coach, and Drop the Handkerchief, and Going to Jerusalem, and games like that. You can imagine what larks it would be, and how we looked forward to it.

But it was on Friday, just after the fourth period, that the awful thing happened that I started out to tell you of. About two o'clock, Gladys was called to the 'phone, and was gone almost a quarter of an hour. When she came back to class she looked so queer—such a mixture of wonder, terror and perplexity—that I couldn't take my eyes off her, and we all kept telegraphing to her to ask what the matter was. As soon as the bell rang we all hurried over to her, and she broke the news with the precision which one uses on a cocoanut, and burst into tears. Her Aunt Flora had gone to Los Angeles; her dearest friend was very ill and she had been sent for; nothing was done for the party except the ordering of the ice-cream and the baking of the cake. Not even the mayonnaise was made! Or the sandwiches! And the oysters had to be creamed and the Welsh rarebit done, and none of us knew a thing about anything! And the faculty were coming at half-past four. When we finally sat down and looked at the situation from a calm, unbiased point of view, one thing at least was clear; something had to be done. If only mother had been there, things would have been all right, for mother knows everything. But all of us but Lucy and Gladys just board in town. It was a pickle, if you like.

All the sixth period I spent telephoning to Mrs. Dent to have her tell me how to make the salad dressing, how to cream the oysters and how to make rarebit. She was preparing for a dinner in honor of an engaged couple, and was all flustered too, and by the end of that half hour, I declare I couldn't remember whether it was the beer or the sherry that went into the oysters, or whether or not it was the rarebit that was done when the edges began to crinkle. Meantime, Lucy and Corinne and Terry had hurried home to make the sandwiches—that, at least, Terry does well—and Gladys stayed with me for moral support, and to take notes on the telephone messages I received; but her hand shook so, they were almost unreadable.

When we reached the house at last and were dressing upstairs, Terry discovered she'd forgotten the pink girdle that belongs with her organdie, and Lucy had to rip an old hat to pieces to give her a belt. Then Corinne made the discovery that the place where her dress was torn by that clumsy Brooks boy's stepping on it, wasn't mended yet, and time had to be taken for that. At half-past four, three of us were sup-



posed to be all ready to receive the guests, but we cut the number down to two, and while Lucy and Terry—who'd worked the hardest—sat down in the front hall to cool off, Corinne and Gladys and I set to work in the kitchen. Corinne and I had to fix the oysters, while Gladys grated the cheese. We opened the refrigerator and took out the huge, covered, earthen pot, and put it on the sink-board; I untied the cloth and looked in. Why, there were hundreds of them—great, clumsy, hard things. And while we began to fumble in that wilderness of shell-fish to find one that wasn't so tight-shut as the others, we heard, in the front of the house, the faculty arriving, their talking and laughter—President Flagg's basso profundo mingling with Miss Carroll's mezzo-soprano. We envied the other girls, I can tell you, and Corinne began to whimper as the can-opener, that she was persuading an oyster with, slipped and skinned her thumb.

We were getting along quite well, with almost a dozen oysters out of their shells—rather battered and sad-looking, to be sure, but still intact—and Gladys had almost all the cheese grated; we could hear the laughing and shouting from the front lawn, and the running of feet up and down the steps and on the porch. Then suddenly the clock struck five. We were so absorbed in the fun outside that we'd forgotten how important the dinner was, and how the time was flying, and were dawdling fearfully. Well, when the clock struck we all got panic-stricken, and while Gladys scooped up the grated cheese she'd spilled, I left Corinne tinkering with the oysters, and went into the pantry to make the mayonnaise.

Now, I've seen mayonnaise made loads of times, and Mrs. Dent had said to begin with the yolk of one egg and add a quart of oil, drop by drop, so I began, stirring the egg while I poured the oil out with the other hand. It didn't seem to act right, but I kept on. Then all of a sudden, the stuff began to curdle; at least I know that much about mayonnaise. And I know that the only cure for it is to begin all over again, and gradually work in the curdled dressing. So I started over again. Well, its too absurd to tell. It curdled three times, and I had just quarts of mayonnaise that wouldn't act properly, when Gladys called to me that the cheese was ready, and it was half-past five, and Corinne screamed suddenly because she'd gouged her hand again with the can-opener. I thought of all the trials before me, and the mayonnaise not done, and that crowd of people to feed. I couldn't help it, I began to cry and stir the stuff again, because I was ashamed to confess that just common old salad-dressing had phased me. When one of my tears actually splashed into the mixing-dish, I began to giggle, and while I was collapsed on the window-sill giggling, with the tears still on my face, I heard Gladys say coldly, "Oh, certainly. Right in the cupboard," and before I could get up the door was whipped open and there stood Professor Smith, LL.D! I almost fell out of the window. Then I got up, dish and all, and brushed past him,



laughing and crying at once, into the kitchen, where there was room to run.

He stood helplessly in the doorway for a moment, immaculate in his Tuxedo and patent-leathers, staring at us—at Corinne nursing her cut hand, at Gladys with her mountain of grated cheese, and at me crying over my bowl of curdled mayonnaise; then his eyes wandered to the table, all mussy with cheese-rinds and oyster-shells, and with those sixteen miserable, delapidated oysters lying in state amidst the wreckage. Then he burst into a perfect shout of laughter and laughed and laughed until he collapsed into a chair. I guess we must have looked forbidding, for, after a minute he stood up, and, with his eyes filled with tears, said abjectly, "I sincerely beg your pardon, young ladies, but—but, really, you know, Miss Chester, you don't stir mayonnaise, you beat it, and if you begin with two eggs it won't curdle; forgive me, Miss Mason, but you have enough cheese there to make welsh rarebit for a regiment; Miss James, oysters are opened with a can-opener only when they're canned—see, I'll show you how to tackle those fellows." And, if you'll believe me, in an instant he had a knife in one hand and an oyster in the other, and with the merest little twist had it open in a jiffy, with the oyster absolutely perfect. We stood by and watched him with open mouths in the blankest, most moonstruck way, when suddenly he asked, "May I have an apron, please?"

Then we all got our senses back at once, and began all together questioning and protesting and explaining. We told him the whole story from the very beginning, and Corinne finished by asking appealingly, "Can you cook?" and "Can I!" echoed Professor Smith, "I haven't entertained at college and camped with my sisters four years in succession for nothing!"

Well, it was a miracle. We gave him an apron, and there he stayed in the kitchen with us—he had come to the back door to get a pie tin for Spin-the-Plate—and showed us how to do the oysters, and when to put the beer into the rarebit, and whipped up the mayonnaise with a superfine air of ease. I'll never forget it. I have a vivid, mental picture now, of that man, standing over the stove, with a blue-and-white checked apron tied over his Tuxedo, a bottle of beer in one hand, a big spoon on the other, and a look of absolute absorption on his face, creating that immortal rarebit.

Looking back at it now, it all seems too good to be true. That supper—our supper—was the best I ever ate! The table looked beautiful, with the centerpiece of yellow roses, and Gladys' white-and-yellow place-cards; the oysters were a dream, simply; the rarebit—well, I won't attempt to describe it; and the salad—there was enough dressing to put Durkee out of business—was a marvel, no less. Everyone said so. I wish you could have seen Professor Smith's face when the rest of the faculty praised our

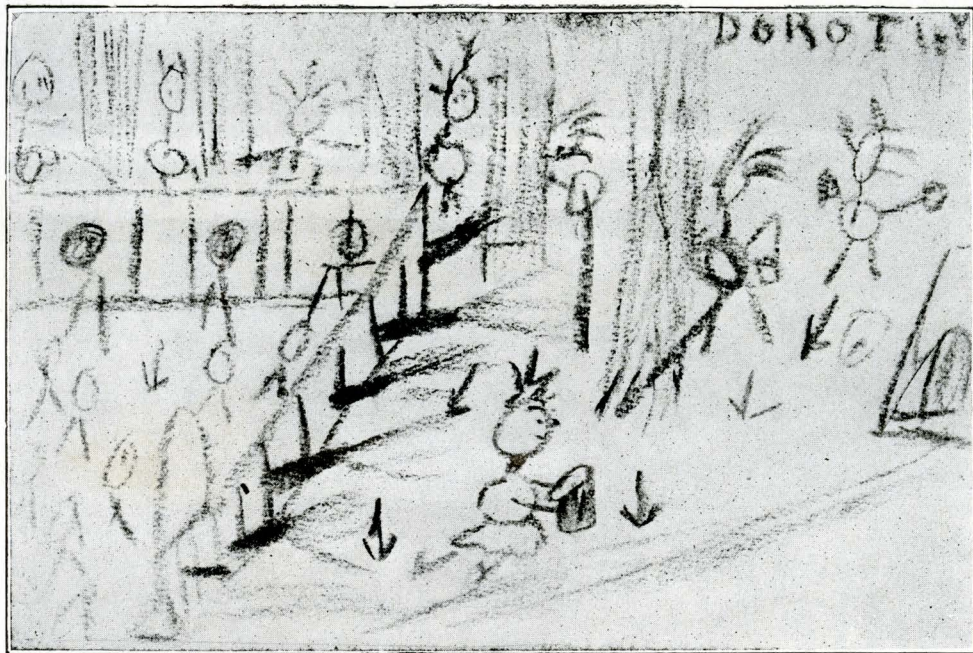


supper. He has never told to this day—that is, the true inwardness of the situation. I call that downright noble.

After supper, everyone had to do a stunt. Miss Gregory and President Flagg both made serious speeches, Mr. Curtis sang a coon-song, and Mr. Tregarde did some sleight-of-hand with some coins, a silk hat and an onion. Then Professor Barrett and Doctor Fairfax, who were at college together, sang a duet, and Sherlock Holmes delivered a mock-serious oration on woman's suffrage; Miss Blair sang "La Paloma" and played on Lucy's guitar. Last of all, Professor Smith sang a nonsense-ballad about "Etiquette", and they all wondered why we laughed till we cried over the line: "He had often eaten oysters, but he'd never had enough."

It was a great time, and one I don't think we'll ever forget, even long after we're through school here. But one thing is certain; if ever I marry, it'll be a man who can cook, like Professor Smith!





ELIZABETH VANE'S HEROIC RUN FOR POWDER



## A LITTLE GIRL AND A KEG OF POWDER

### A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE TRAINING SCHOOL

(The following story and the sketch on the opposite page illustrating it, represent two of the various forms of expression employed in the history department of the Training School. The story was first told to the pupils by a student-teacher in the third grade, retold orally by several of the class, then illustrated in charcoal by all the pupils. As it appears, the story is a verbatim report taken by the school stenographer, and the illustration is an exact reproduction of a little girl's charcoal sketch.)

There was a little fort on the Ohio River called Fort Henry. And there was some people, just a few, and most all had left, for some of them was killed. The Indians had come and fought, and every once in a while they had to yield, until at last there were only 12. And one day the Indians come and fought, and surrounded the whole fort, and there was only just a few and 500 Indians on the outside, and there was only 12 men in the fort to fight. So they began to fight and fought until the powder was pretty near out. And the captain said, "Our powder will not last very much longer," he said. A little boy stepped up and said he would go get it. The captain said there was one cask of powder over in the powder house about 60 yards from there. One of the boys said, "I will go and get the powder." And the captain said, "You know what it means, it means death." Just then Elizabeth Vane stepped up and said she would go, and before they could stop her she ran off, and she said they needed every man and boy. So she went. She started off and ran and the Indians were so startled at her that they didn't even shoot their arrows. And so she ran over there safe and got the cask of powder, and she ran back, and when she was just a few yards from the gate the Indians shot. They shot at her, but they didn't know what she had before, and then they began to shoot, but not one hit her. The captain dragged her in, and the captain said to her, "Thank God, Thank God." And then the powder was almost giving out, and he says, "The powder will not last but an hour, just a little while." And so they were waiting for relief all the time, at the very last minute when every bit of powder was almost gone, the relief came and the Indians found out they were surrounded by English. The English had come. So the Indians dropped their bows and arrows and ran.



## DOES NATURE NEED "PROGRESSION"

In our present age of science, with our ears deafened by the roar of machinery, our eyes dimmed by smoke and steam, we are in danger, unconsciously, of letting ourselves be carried away by the great spirit of Progression. Of course, we all know that there is a great deal of nonsense voiced by different classes of devotees about the ultra-simple life, getting next to nature and all of that; and while we find ourselves laughing these notions to scorn as absurd and ridiculous, we forget that there is danger of just as great extremity in the opposite direction, that the pendulum is bound to swing the other way, the reaction bound to follow the action. This isn't at all what I started out to say: but the unexpected edifice sprung up atop of the simple foundation of my thought.

The other morning, walking up to school, along the cushiony oiled road, with the birds joyously liting and singing on the tops of the tawny grevillia trees, and the sunlight, shed from behind the great drop-curtain of clouds, illuminating the opalescent mountains so that they resembled the Promised Land of our dreams, my senses—at least three of them—were jarred by the whirlwind approach, clamorous presence and odorous passage of a red automobile. And forthwith followed the train of thought with which I began.

Did you ever walk through the park on one of these cool, damp spring mornings, when the bay and Coronado and Point Loma lie so still, so clear, so blue, lilac, golden and white, that they are like some exquisitely handled water-color? Have you had the joy of seeing the undisturbed tracks of the little night-animals in the dust of the roadside path? Of disturbing a foraging cat and her unconscious prey to see the one scamper in one direction and the other skitter away in another, his white tail bobbing into the grass? Of seeing the quail, away amid the trees, scratching and feeding, alert but unafraid? And did you, in the midst of all these things, have the birds' song cease, the quail whirl away and the quivering hum of awakened nature drown in the loud approach of this red demon, with its insolent warning, mechanical racket and unnatural appearance? If you have seen and experienced these things you will understand my leading paragraph. If you haven't, it will pay you to have this lesson, so poignant and insistent and worthy of attention, brought before you in this way. It may be, if you take up some such morning pilgrimage, that no devil-wagon will pass you. So much the better. If it doesn't, yours will be the pleasure of having the lesson taught you in a kindly, quiet, positive way, instead of in a hurtful, jarring, negative one.

Let us say that you do undertake this pilgrimage, and that you find your surprised spirit in close companionship with the little intimate



things of nature. The odor of the tar-weed, not yet in full bloom, assails your nostrils; the vivid blossoms of the Concha Lava splotch the pallor of the dried grass, and the rosy-white clumps of wild buckwheat rise from the midst of the brushwood. A friendly pointer, out also for a morning run, offers you his ready companionship: he trots at your side for a moment, then swings down the hillside, disappears in the brush and suddenly appears again half a mile ahead, to return to you with moist quivering muzzle and eager, confident eyes; he stalks the quail, now crouching, now pointing, and finally chases them from their feeding-ground, coming back to you with his tail waving in triumphant conquest. When you turn off the beaten path and take the crooked, steep little trail down the hillside, the oats, in their pale spring garments, dart their dew-drenched heads at you, wetting the shoulders of your shirtwaist; a spider's web, spun in silver, blocks your path and, thoughtful of the tiny architect, you walk wide into the brush.

But say you ride in the automobile, on those bounding cushions, your ears filled with the whistling of the wind, what are your sensations? The nearby brushwood and grass with all the sweetness of their blossoming, the trees with their green, golden and bronze tops, still bright with the night-dampness, are blurred to your vision, and fly past you like phantoms. The mountains and farther hills are all of the happy morning that you may see at your leisure, and these you must regard through eyes half-closed against the rushing air.

So until all this nonsense of "Progression" is realized as fully as is the nonsense of the Simple Life, our civilization will keep steadily in-croaching on that divine, primitive right of man, to see nature in all her fine freshness and intimate beauty, and through nature in this aspect, to open his heart to his God.



## CELEBRATING COMMENCEMENT

It was Commencement Day at last! Four hard, long years of toil for this one supreme moment! They were also glorious years, full of work and pleasure, joy and expectation. Such was a Senior's meditation.

She stood on the south portico, beside a stately pillar, with her back to the building. In front of her stretched the campus covered with grass and flowers and shade trees. It was spring time, and every tree and shrub was covered with buds and blossoms.

As she stood here her mind wandered back over those last four years. What good times she had enjoyed here! Would she ever have such good times again? It was pleasant to feel that the struggle was over, that the goal had been reached, but did it not make her feel a bit homesick to think that this was the last time that she could call the school her own? It would still be as home in her thoughts, but it would not really be so. It would belong to other classes, to the classes to come. If she came back, strange people would be in her place and there would be only an occasional one to greet her. In fact, and this was the worst of all, no one would really care whether she ever came back or not. To be sure the faculty would all extend a welcoming hand and her old friends would be glad to see her, but it would be for the moment. It would not count. But alas! One must grow up sometime, one can't be a schoolgirl forever.

What silly pranks and boisterous jollity she had enjoyed! What fun it had been to tease the weaker sister, and to do all the things forbidden by both law and propriety. For instance, the day they all took turns sliding down the banister of the back stairs. She remembered that she herself very nearly broke her neck during that special performance—but, she didn't, and that was all that mattered. And then the races they had run up and down the corridor when nobody was looking. It was the gym instructor who had very nearly lost her life on this occasion, but that plucky little lady lived and didn't report damages either.

Once she and some of the braver ones climbed up through the attic and onto the roof of the building—"just to see what it was like up there." What a daring deed it had been to steal into the President's office when no one was there and try on all the faculty hats. There had been a reliable person left at the door, to be sure, while they did it, but that didn't count. Just suppose the faculty had caught them!

There had been rousing football and basketball rallies, at which times the old building rang with school yells and songs, and the peace of the quiet-loving ones was disturbed, and their nerves shattered beyond repair. Glaring posters had been stuck onto the walls, held there by thumb tacks and pins—very bad things for plastering.



Regularly at each Social Committee's spread and dishwasher's party, after the mess of some reception or dance of the night before had been cleared away, had good faculty grub been consumed without as much as a by-your-leave. It was an outrage, but the long suffering faculty were wise and didn't take notice.

And so her mind went from one thing to another, running through a list of pranks, quite beyond the limit of repetition. It might be silly, but it was no end of fun. And to think that she would never have a chance to get into mischief in that old school again! All her mischief days were over! Now she must truly settle down and be dignified. There are certain things for which even a Senior may be forgiven, but a graduate—never. She would be a Senior for only a few hours more. She must appreciate every moment of it. It seemed a shame not to celebrate in some way. If there was only some daring deed, or some foolish prank to do for a last send off! Something to properly finish up things. Her eyes began to twinkle with a naughty light, and her heart to thump a little faster. It must be something rare, something appropriate for the day.

While she stood there waiting for the inspiration, a group of girls came up the steps; catching sight of her they turned her way and accosted her.

"Here's the lady up here, rehearsing her speech, all to herself. Aren't you now? 'Fess up!"

"No, I'm not. I've wasted all the time I'm going to on the old thing, and here it is all ready for the last reading."

"Say, girls, let's run off with her old paper and make her speak without it."

"Well, if you did you would have to speechify yourself, for I couldn't any more say it without a paper than anything."

"Oh, yes, you could. I'll bet you could if you had to."

"No, I couldn't. You've no idea how utterly helpless I am when it comes to making speeches. Why, I couldn't if the whole show depended on it. But I don't have to, so let's not even think about it. I'll wager you can't guess what I was thinking of when you came."

"Well, if you would ask me," spoke up Beth, who had hitherto been silent, "I'd say it was some sort of mischief. You can always spot Nan, when there's mischief brewing."

"Hurrah for you! You've got it, now listen." And the girls all listened.

"I've just thought of the grandest stunt. Don't you know, girls, this is absolutely your last chance for some fun?"

"Go ahead."

"Out with it!"

"We're with you!"



"Well, now, its just this," explained Nan, "you know Dr. Sculpin. Well, he just went into that door over there with all the other big people. He's just the jolliest fellow ever. We girls took him out rowing yesterday and had the grandest time. He loves a joke better than anything."

"Yes, what about him?"

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Oh, don't hurt him very bad. He'd never be able to get through his speech."

"Well, he probably never will anyway. I never saw one that did, short of two hours."

"No, we won't do anything to him," continued Nan, "but I've a perfect inspiration of a joke to play on him."

"Say, you better not," broke in a timid one.

"Oh, he won't care," assured Nan. "I told you he just loved a joke. Now listen. I just happened to be looking in and I saw him lay his speech beside his hat on that table. Yes, he has his speech written down too, so I'm not the only one. He told me yesterday that he never spoke in public in all his life without his notes, and that he always got absolutely lost without them. Now that's just the point. Oh, girls, don't you see? It will be such fun to watch him go pretty near frantic, and get all excited and go jumping around scared to death, all for nothing. Oh, that'll be just the thing for a 'climaxer'. They are all gone, so now is our chance. Come on!"

With this she darted toward the President's office with all the rest trooping after. No one knew just what this wonderful scheme was that had inspired Nan, or where it would lead, but they had full faith that it was a good one, and were ready to follow her bidding whatever it was. So in they all went.

No one was in the office. The Hon. Dr. Sculpin's hat lay on the table, and beside it, in a very modest roll, lay the notes for his address to the Senior Class, which he had the honor of giving that morning.

"Now, girls," cried Nan, snatching the roll, "here they are. What shall we do with them?"

"Oh, Nan, you'd better not."

"Goodness, but we'll catch it."

"You don't mean your going to hide them?"

"Why sure! What's the harm? He won't care. We'll just saunter around here and see the fun and then accidentally find them for him. He'll see the joke and think it's great. Don't you see? It won't hurt anybody. But just wait till you see him get excited! Oh, you'll just bust." Here Nan's mirth got the best of her and she had to sit down until she was calm enough to carry on the proceedings.

"Oh, girls, if you only knew how funny he is, and how he loves a



joke!" And off she went into another peal of laughter. Someone was coming down the hall, so something must be done quickly. Nan jumped up and looked wildly about.

"Here's just the thing." And she slid the paper under Dr. Sculpin's hat just before the door opened.

They had thought it was Dr. Sculpin, but they were disappointed. Instead, it was that solemn Miss Satterlee who gave instruction in Latin, and never failed to appear just when she was not wanted. The girls all appeared very interested in something outside the door, at the moment she entered.

Little by little the room filled with students and teachers and the excitement grew greater and greater as the minutes flew. Dr. Sculpin did not come in but every one else did. Every one wanted to know if her hair looked all right, and if her dress was hooked straight, and everybody had to do something for everybody else, and assured everybody that "they looked just too sweet for anything," that "they couldn't look nicer." And so the time flew. No one realized how late it was until they heard the music upstairs, and then for the first time they caught the murmuring of the audience and knew that their time had come. There was a quick order given at the door. The word was passed along. And before they could think about it, they found themselves marching into the big auditorium with the eyes of hundreds of people upon them, and amid the wild applause of their fellow students. Oh! This was indeed glorious! This was graduation. How fine it was to walk along with one's head held high in the air, to know that there was nothing to be ashamed of, that one's dress was becoming and fitted well!

All were seated at last and proceeded to make themselves comfortable, and to look about and see what there was to be seen. The faculty and honored guests were taking their seats on the platform. Among them sat Dr. Sculpin. Nan reached over and generously punched the girl in front of her.

"Wasn't it mean that we had to miss all the fun? It would have been such a joke."

One of the honorables arose to give a few welcoming remarks. He spoke of the beautiful building, of our glorious mission in life, and of our opportunities. He then spoke of "the sweet girl graduate," who was to make an address on "Our Responsibilities." Nan gasped, turned pale and then clutched the air wildly. Her speech! Where was it? It was gone! Oh, terrible! What could she do, shout or scream, or just go up and whisper to the man that she had lost her Responsibilities? Or, noble thought, she might faint and have to be carried out.

"Oh, girls! Where is—what have you done with it? My speech! Oh gracious!"

"Oh, Nan, how awful!" consoled her horrified neighbors.



"You had it down in the office," volunteered the girl just in back, in a stage whisper.

No sooner was the suggestion made than it was acted on. Nan gathered her dream of a dress about her and pressed her way to the door, making a final dive out into the hall when she reached it. Down the stairs she flew. She remembered now. It had been laid on the table while she adjusted Dr. Sculpin's hat over his notes. It must be there now. She remembered perfectly. Along the hall she fairly raced and into the office. Owing to the laws of inertia she bumped into the table with an unnecessary amount of force. But the case was urgent. There was a wild scramble among flowers and books but to her consternation there was no sign of Responsibilities. She fairly jumped up and down in her excitement. What would happen? Would they refuse to give her a diploma because she had lost her Responsibilities? What would they think about her anyway? Such a careless thing! What would Prof. Wilbur say, the dear man who had helped her write it? And then, there was her own dear mother up in the audience, waiting with pride to hear her daughter's declamation. And her brother and her brother's friend! Oh, it was awful! It was more than she could stand. Tears came to her eyes and one spilled over and came drizzling down the side of her nose.

At the other end of the table lay that offending hat. She leaned over and gave it a punch. It obediently rolled over and collapsed onto the floor. Just one look was enough. Nan almost shrieked. For there under the hat just where she herself had laid it was Dr. Sculpin's notes on the "Education of the Twentieth Century," carefully folded and held together with a rubber band. Nan grabbed it and tore it open. Yes, it was the real, but—and then it all came to her like a flash. Dr. Sculpin had mistaken her speech for his notes and there he was at this very moment sitting up there on the platform with Responsibilities, probably tucked away in his coat pocket, while she—oh, this was worse yet! He would fail too, and all because of her. She remembered all that he had said about being frightened without his notes. How mortifying! Time was flying. She could hear the music floating faintly down the stairs. That was the first number on the program and hers came next. There was only one thing to do and she decided to do it. She would go quietly up to Dr. Sculpin, and hand him his notes, saying that she found them. He would investigate his side pocket and discover that he had something which did not belong to him, and turn it over to her. That would be easy. So up the stairs she flew again. The music had now ceased and she heard someone talking. If they would only wait!

And they were waiting. When she entered the room there was a dead hush all over the building. Her speech had been announced, and she had been discovered missing. Now every eye in the room was turned upon her and a storm of clapping broke out. She felt herself unconsciously



*Warner*



Stephens,  
Photo

*Olive Ault*  
STUDENT BODY OFFICERS, FALL TERM

*Stone*



Stephens,  
Photo

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS, SPRING TERM



moving toward the platform. There was no time for an exchange of speeches. The whole assembly would witness, and it would be very embarrassing for Dr. Sculpin and he must be spared all pain at any cost, even if she failed,—was disgraced by so doing. It was no more than she deserved for her foolishness anyway. Her mind was made up in an instant. She marched upon the platform and resolutely putting her hands behind her, she boldly faced the audience. Her face was flushed with excitement and her eyes were sparkling. If she was a little out of breath her listeners forgave her because of her bright enthusiasm and her lively manner. She did not hesitate an instant, but sallied forth on her discourse in eloquent style. Strangers listened with admiration; her friends listened with wonder. Once or twice she paused dramatically. It lent color to the delivery. Once she looked almost appealingly towards Dr. Sculpin. He nodded his head to show his approval. From first to last she delivered her oration on "Our Responsibilities" in a manner befitting a speaker of reputation.

As she warmed up to her theme she forgot that she was speaking without her paper. It was only as she neared the end of her theme that she became conscious of it. Then she remembered that she was not yet out of the dilemma and that Dr. Sculpin, and not herself, was in trouble. It was yet for her to give him his notes. An inspiration came to her. She edged over nearer the table. She was now making her final conclusions and bringing the oration to a triumphant close, and as she finally uttered the last sentence she laid the notes for the "Education of the Twentieth Century" on the table. Just as a roar of applause burst forth from the audience, something caught her eye. It was well that the attention of every one was distracted by the confusion, for they might have wondered at the expression which came over Nan's face at that moment. There on the table lay "Our Responsibilities", quietly irresponsible, just where it had been laid by Dr. Sculpin to be in readiness for his delivery. It took but a moment to make an exchange of papers, and then to make a flushed and smiling retreat.

The girls all looked their admiration, and several who were in close enough contact with her gave her a heart-felt pinch, just to make her realize it was all true.

But Nan sat, bewildered by many feelings. The applause which followed the close of Dr. Sculpin's address finally brought her to the realization that her Commencement was over.

Didn't everything go off beautifully?" exclaimed Beth, after it was all over. "But Nan was the success of the day. Without you it would have been spoiled." And the girls all agreed that she was right.

Long afterward, Nan made a very confidential confession to Beth, but she never told anyone else, not even Dr. Sculpin, who did so love a joke.

ETHEL CROSBY, '07 Normal



## THE PLAYGROUND MOVEMENT

The organization of the Play-ground Association of America indicates, in no uncertain manner, the impossibility of keeping separate sociological and educational problems. This association, which holds its first annual meeting in Chicago, June 20-22, was organized in Washington, D. C., last April, in response to the demand for formal united action between the schools and the municipal governments.

The following statements made by Mr. S. T. Stewart, in the prospectus of the association, serve well to indicate the purpose of the movement:

"Every city should have its system of recreation centers, some for the youth and some for the adult population, some open during the day and some open during the evening, these latter including all of the public school buildings."

"Each recreation center should be equipped with all the facilities and agencies appropriate to its special purpose in the general plan for educational and sociological betterment of the individual, of the community, and of the particular environment."

"A system of play-grounds should be allied with a system of play-schools, or so-called vacation schools, so that the energy developed in the play-ground shall be trained towards skill in the play industries."

"A recreation center will save a city, if properly conducted, more than its cost of construction and maintenance in avoiding increased expenditures for departments of justice, police, prisons, charities and corrections."

This is not mere theory. Very large systems of play-grounds are being operated most successfully in some of our large cities at present, and it is hoped that, through the Play-ground Association, such systems will soon be established in all of our cities, both large and small.

The officers of this organization are the men and women who have, in their several lines of earnest endeavor, done most, recently, for the improvement of social conditions in our country. President Roosevelt, who is deeply interested in the play-ground movement is Honorary President, and Jacob Riis, the great slum-worker of New York, is Honorary Vice-President. The other officers are: President, Dr. Luther Gulick, Director of Physical Training, New York City Schools; First Vice-President, H. B. Macfarland, Washington, D. C.; Second Vice-President, Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago; Third Vice-President, Joseph Lee, leader of the play-ground movement of Boston and of the country at large; Chairman of the Executive Committee, S. T. Stewart, District Superintendent of Schools, New York, and for many years superintendent of the vacation schools and play-grounds of that city.

Boston, the city which has taken the initiative in so many important



movements in this country, was the first to provide public play-grounds for its children. In 1886, hearing of the sand piles kept in the parks of Berlin, the Emergency and Hygiene Association placed several heaps of sand in places available to the children. From this beginning the work grew and by 1900 there were twenty-one play-grounds carried on by this society. Notwithstanding the success of this work in Boston, play-grounds were not established elsewhere until nearly ten years later. Philadelphia was the first city to follow the example of Boston, Providence, R. I., the second, and New York the third. Most of our cities are prompt to follow the lead of New York, and so the play-ground movement spread rapidly after it began in New York, and the work was zealously taken up during '98 and '99 in Chicago, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Denver and Washington.

Experience has taught that there is nothing that the small child likes so well as to play in sand, hence the chief feature of each play-ground for small children is the sand-box. The sand-gardens in Boston have little express wagons, to which two children may be harnessed to drag about the babies as passengers, while other appropriate games are always provided. The swings, which are provided, wherever space admits, seem to possess a perennial and extraordinary attraction.

It has been found best to provide one large play-ground of from three to five acres for the boys of each district, reserving the school gardens for the girls and smaller children. In most of the larger play-grounds, ample gymnastic apparatus is provided and trained physical instructors placed in charge.

Of the systems of recreation centers the South Park System of Chicago is the most nearly ideal. Two years ago this system received \$4,000,000 for parks and play-grounds which has made it possible for it to so develop that it stands today as a municipal achievement, with scarcely an equal. Since Chicago has this wonderful play-ground system it has been selected as the meeting place of the convention. The workings of these twelve day and night, open and indoor play-grounds will be demonstrated fully to those in attendance.

The convention proper cannot fail to prove most interesting and inspiring, since the addresses are to be made by such leaders as Judge Ben Lindsay, Jane Addams, G. Stanley Hall, U. S. Commissioner E. E. Brown, Joseph Lee, Dr. Gulick and others.

It is hoped, and believed, that through this convention the play-ground movement will receive an impetus which will extend the work marvellously.

GAIL COBERT, '07 Normal



## A DREAM

I wander, wander into a vast nothingness. Around me is darkness, dreariness, desolation. Suddenly before me appears a light, and from the stillness a voice come drifting, saying faintly, "Watch, and ye shall behold some who make up the endless tide of humanity, that is ever flowing onward to eternity. Watch, and ye shall behold your classmates of June '07, as they tread the pathway of life." Again all is darkness, dreariness, desolation. Silence reigns. I wait and watch. Again the light appears, and I see in its midst the form of a woman. Slowly it grows taller and taller, and broader and broader, until at seems to fill all space. Below it I read, "The Fat Woman." I look at the face, and exclaim excitedly, "Marie Stoker, you haven't changed a bit since Normal days."

I find myself before a large building surrounded by trees. I enter it. Girls seem to be everywhere. A prim, precise, middle-aged lady, with her iron grey hair parted and slicked down on either side of her face, advances to meet me. She says, "I am Miss Gail Colbert, principal of the National City Seminary for Young Ladies. Follow me." A young woman with a cooking apron on comes up to me. Why, it is Pauline Black! She smiles at me and hands me something to eat. I take it and eat it. Immediately everything is black. I struggle to get out of the dark gulf that is enfold-ing me, but it is of no use. After years, it seems to me, I hear my name called and weakly I open my eyes. Dr. Madge Breen, the famous specialist for Dyspepsia, is bending over me. She sighs and says, "That is the way her cooking affects all of them."

Again the scene changes and I find myself standing before a cottage. Around it are palm and banana trees, waving in the breeze. On the porch a woman is standing awaiting the approach of somebody. Closely I scan her face. Why it is dear old Flora Barber, teaching her school of one pupil out in the Philippines!

I am on a wharf watching the people surge back and forth across the gang-plank. A hack comes dashing up the street, stops, and a very business like woman jumps out. As if by magic people stand aside and leave a clear pathway to the ship. Everybody bows with due reverence as she passes by. Someone whispers in my ear, "Miss Emma George, the European correspondent of the Tia Juana World, a wonderful woman, with a wonderful mind."

I seem to be drifting with a large crowd, I know not where. Suddenly there appears before my eyes this sign, "Joint Stars. Famous Pedagogue Band appearing with the Ramona Grand Opera Company." I pull out ten cents and soon find myself in a box seat, facing the stage. How many faces look familiar in that band! My attention is attracted to the



leader. Her gestures, her poses, everything reminds me of—why, of course, it is Ruth Pitman! There is Katherine Niccum playing the big horn, and that must be Alice Peter beating the big drum. And Alice Wallace, who would have ever thought of her as playing the bass viol in a band? From amid the din of sounding horns and beating drums, I hear a deep base voice of remarkable volume. I consult my program. Here it is, "World Renowned Female Baritone—Lutie Mimms.. My eye runs down the printed page. There is Gertrude Rieke, labeled the "World's Greatest Ventriloquist." "Leading soprano—Amy Johnson". I always knew her voice would be her fortune some day.

I stand bewildered among an array of show cases and bargain counters. I know not which way to turn. A brisk, well-groomed young woman steps up to me and says, "First aisle to the right for all-day suckers." That face—well, Mabel Ellis! But I might have known she would be floor walker in some store, seeing she received such good training as floor walker of the Senior Class.

A large building looms up before me, with the word "Hospital" written on it. I enter and a sweet-faced nurse comes up to me. I know it is Grace Bailey, for who else is so gentle and quiet.

I am standing on a hill. Before me lies a vast expanse of desert. Across the burning sands come three figures. I see they are tired and foot-sore. Nearer they come. One carries in her hand an umbrella, another a large coffee pot, the third a string of cups. The travellers give me one triumphant look as they pass and say, "We have walked half way around the earth already." Who can the trio be but Imogene Stone, Sara Cleary, and Eulia Roberts?

I am watching a game of tennis. The play is fast and furious. Back and forth the ball goes. The crowds wait in breathless silence. Suddenly with a mighty yell, this cry is taken up, "Hurrah for the tennis champion of the world, Miss Olive Ault." Excitedly, I ask whom she defeated. "Miss Creekmur," comes back the reply.

I am in a large lecture hall. Some one arises from the platform, advances towards the front, and begins to speak. I look about. Where is everybody? I am alone with the speaker. Her preliminary remarks are these, "I, Miss Ethel Crosby, stand before this assemblage demanding the rights of women. All my life I have spent in making noble and thrilling speeches for this most worthy cause." With a sigh I turn and flee.

These words, "The Philanthropists of Today," greet my eyes. I read on. "The Philanthropic Society of Old Town is engaged in a most beneficial work. Under the leadership of Miss Edna Blosser, it is endeavoring to interest the public in establishing an ice house at the north pole. Financial support is needed and it is hoped that the public will respond generously. Signed:



Edna Blosser, President.

Vonnie Bennett, 1st. Vice-President.

May Harney, 2nd. Vice-President.

Lena McCaffrey, Secretary..

Irma Horton, Treasurer.

A second undertaking under the auspices of the above society is being pushed. The society is desirous of providing gossamer garments for the natives of Africa, to take the place of the red flannels with which the missionaries so kindly supplied them. All communications address to Miss Florence Raymond, Podunk, or Miss Hazel Grigsby, Hoopole.

I am standing before a large office building. On it are many signs. Among them I see many familiar names. "Miss Vesta Gates, teacher of dramatics and elocution. Education received in Escondido Academy of Arts." Also "Instruction given in sketching, water colors, sculpturing, Miss May Grandstaff. Prices per lesson 5c for one day a week, 7½c for two days a week." "Miss Ida Noonan, the famous coach in tennis, basket ball, baseball, rowing, in fact any game that is indulged in by the American people. Training partly received in the San Diego Normal School. Satisfactory work assured." "Divine Healer of all wounds whether of the heart, the mind, the body, or the soul. Recovery rapid and sure. Miss Hazel Mack."

I am passing by a carpenter shop. Something compels me to look in and I see Miss Laughlin busily at work. "I am making the parts of a house for— myself," she says, and blushes guiltily.

I seem to be a part of a large body of students. We are sitting in a great hall. Every one stands up and begins to sing. I do likewise, meanwhile trying to get a glimpse of the chorus director. I can hear her voice soaring above the others and it sounds very familiar to me, but I can't place it. At last I get a look at her face and if it isn't Miss Ethel Lydick!

I am on a lonely, desolate island. A small ship is in sight. As it gets nearer and nearer, I see two women standing in the bow. They are no other than Hattie Jordan and Ula Chalmers, foreign missionaries for the Y. W. C. A., of the world.

I am standing in a dance hall. I see a young, handsome woman surrounded by a bevy of young gentlemen. Who can it be? In tones of admiration, I hear these words, "Miss Sue Love, a young society bud of Fosters."

Again a bright light appears, and a voice comes faintly from the distance, "Ye have beheld"—with a gasp, I exclaim, "The boys, but where are the boys!" "Be patient," the voice says.

I am walking along a country road. I stop at a building that looks like a church. I enter and see a man standing in the pulpit singing, "Art thou weary," I am not surprised. I had always thought of Chester Smith as a minister.



I seem to be in the fashionable part of a large city. I enter a beautiful hall, which is filled with beautifully dressed young ladies, evidently taking dancing lessons. The teacher is Monsieur DeLa Wright, translated, Clayton Wight.

Again all is darkness, dreariness, desolation. A light appears and a voice from the stillness drifts to me saying, "Ye have beheld some who make up the endless tide of humanity that is ever flowing onward to eternity. Ye have beheld your classmates of June '07, as they treat the pathway of life. Be content."

### EXTRACTS FROM SENIOR SONGS

Tune: Do you think that you could love me.

Do you think you could forget us,  
In about a week or two,  
The class of old '07  
Who are going away from you?  
And if you should ever meet us  
In the sweet, sweet afterwhile,  
Do you think that we should know you?  
Well, I should smile, well, I should smile.

Tune: Yankee Doodle.

The faculty stood up to sing  
One morning in assembly;  
They sang—"My Country 'tis of Thee",  
The tune was weak and trembly.  
And when in haste they looked around,  
They saw that they were blind, sir;  
The chorus was singing something else  
And they were left behind, sir.

Tune: Keep a Little Cosy Corner.

Keep a little cosy corner in the training school for me  
Just for me, dear faculty,  
And we'll be as happy  
As any one could be,  
Wait and see. If you promise what we ask  
We'll never fuss, never fuss;  
Keep a little cosy corner  
In the training school for me.



Tune: Grand Old Flag.

For you're a grand old school  
Though you don't have a rule,  
And we're going to do our proudest,  
We're going to show  
The World what we know,  
And sing your praises loudest.

Tune: Old Kentucky Home.

Weep no more, dear Juniors,  
O, weep no more tonight,  
For we leave to you the training school  
Our joy and our delight.

Tune: Cheer up Mary.

Cheer up, juniors, quit your sighing, sighing,  
For the training school draws nigh.  
You'll be happy when you're teaching, teaching,  
Young ideas how to fly.  
Conference-bells will soon be ringing, ringing,  
Juniors, dear, don't you fear,  
You'll be teaching by and by.  
Calling you to duties high.

Tune: Tavern in the Town.

Adieu, adieu, old Normal School, adieu, adieu.  
We can no longer stay with you, stay with you;  
We will take our sheepskins and swiftly we will flee,  
And may the world go well with thee, go well with thee.





OFFICERS OF THE ROWING ASSOCIATION



## SENIOR DIARY

1907.

- Feb. 4—Wake up to the fact that we are seniors.
- Feb. 14—Send our friends valentines.
- Feb. 15—Class organize.
- Feb. 16—Our Class President's shoes turn up missing.
- Feb. 19—Fight over class colors.
- Feb. 20—Steal Russ cap and hang it on the ceiling.
- Feb. 21—Faculty go to sleep over a Washington's Birthday celebration.
- Feb. 27—Room 21: Mabel Ellis begins to study.
- Feb. 28—Another boy leaves school. Only two Senior boys now.
- March 1—Seniors have a spread—pretzels and all-day suckers.
- March 4—Rained.
- March 5—Seniors decide to wear cap and gown.
- March 8—Dance at Freshy reception.
- March 12—Go on a hunt for class pins.
- March 16—Seniors have their pictures taken.
- March 20—Rained.
- March 25—Antiquaries visit Normal.
- March 26—Seniors have an "at home" in the training school.
- March 28—Attend institute and look wise.
- March 29—Miss Carpenter sings for us and we all decide to make music our specialty.
- April 1—Seniors plan an April Fools' joke but it doesn't work.
- April 5—Busy as ever.
- April 8—Primary Conference.
- April 12—Ditch school for the Spring vacation.
- April 13—Moon failed to come up.
- April 22—Decide to lay off and rest up, after vacation.
- April 24—Mr. Crandall precipitates his anatomy down the back stairs.
- April 29—Begin training for tennis. Cut out pie and cake and the girls nearly starve to death.
- April 30—Social Committee gets busy.
- May 1—May Day—Seniors travel from Oxford to San Diego.
- May 3—Cram for Miss Tanner's exam.
- May 7—Social Committee interview Preceptress.
- May 13—Weather warm.
- May 14—Social Committee go to water front for Class Day material.
- May 21—Last hope for a Class Day program disappears.
- May 22—We discover that one of us is engaged.
- May 23—Mr. Crandall has an inspiration and saves the reputation of the Class.
- May 30—Go school hunting.
- June 3—First rehearsal.
- June 26—Act foolish.
- June 27—Leave school forever.



## **LITTLE DAILY FOOT-GUIDES TO GRADUATES**

Sunday. Go to church and listen to a good sermon. Do not open a school book or think of a lesson. You will never have nervous prostration if you follow this advice

**J. F. WEST.**

Monday. See that two days of vacation have not demoralized you, and have your work well prepared. Look more often for an examination than for mercy.

**W. C. CRANDALL.**

Tuesday. Beware that society does not creep in like a serpent in the night and destroy your chances of success.

**S. T. BLACK.**

Wednesday. Go the first day to the library and search for reference books. Go again the second day and bury yourself in reference books, and absorb the contents. The third day arise and walk forth bristling with references.

**W. F. BLISS.**

Thursday. Shun the corridors during school hours. Never leave Chorus practice without permission. Wear the proper kind of clothing and do not get your feet wet. Never study later than ten o'clock at night. Get lots of fresh air.

**E. F. WAY.**

Friday. Get all the material I request you to. Try hard. Let your colors run. Use blue when painting the sky, and yellow if representing a Poppy. Draw a house so I can distinguish it from a cow, and you'll do.

**E. O. LAMB.**

Saturday. Get before your glass, open your mouth, look at it, and make a noise with it. Smile and look pleased. Do your part. Sit up straight. Look at me. Sing whether you can or not. Observe rests.

**L. A. DAVIS**



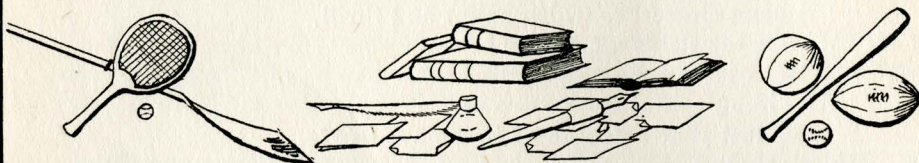
## THE PASSING OF CLASS '07.

What shall be said between us here  
Among old scenes which haunt and thrill,  
Within the fields we hold so dear  
And others soon must fill?  
Who knows what things are best to say,  
For last year's fledglings long have fled?  
Then shall we pass along our way,  
With goodbye's left unsaid?  
Let this be said between us here  
As at life's threshold now we stand,  
Kind hearts have guided all our ways  
With every day's command.  
In class room and in conference, too,  
We love and thank them all today,  
For pointing us to higher things  
And leading all the way.  
Can we forget S. D. N. S.?  
The spirit which her halls doth fill,  
Her President whose kindly rule  
Leads all to do his will?  
Today what shall we say to you?  
We fain would linger here  
But duty calls to labors new  
And takes us far from thee!  
Then shall we say in passing on,  
That grateful hearts '07 knew.  
Now others wait to fill the ranks,  
And so goodbye to you.  
'Tis now the parting of the ways,  
The passing from your kindly rule  
We love you for our happy days  
Goodble, Old Normal School.

LUTIE MIMMS, '07



# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



## SCHOOL NOTES

Miss Tanner, our Physical Education instructor, is spending a part of the summer in the East. She has taken advantage of this visit, to attend the Convention of "The Playground Association of America," held in Chicago, June 20 to 22.

The Columbia-Olympia boathouse was the scene of a very enjoyable affair on Friday, April the fifth. Chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, the members of the "Dog Watch" crew entertained some of their friends with dancing, during which dainty refreshments were served.

On the evening of Friday, May 24th, the "White Ducks" gave one of their successful barge parties, rowing to Coronado beach. Besides the "White Duck" crew, the following participated in the enjoyment: Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Messrs Duffy, Tarwater, Wight, Lusk, Kilty, Barnum, Miller and Vogt.

Wednesday evening, the twenty-ninth of May, a jolly party of Normal Students enjoyed a swim at Los Banos. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp were the ever-popular chaperons.

The "Glaucus" crew enjoyed a delightful barge-party at Coronado, on Tuesday, April 16.

On Saturday afternoon, May 25th, Mrs. West, assisted by Master Roger Salisbury West and Miss Pauline Black, entertained the "Pristis" girls with a delightful tea, at her home, Third and Brooks streets.

On Tuesday evening, April 30th, the "Rhine Golds" entertained their friends at the University Club House with a dance. The rooms were beautifully decorated in the crew colors, red and white pennants being very much in evidence. About fifty enjoyed the hospitality of the crew.

On a certain moonlight evening in April, the "Argonauts" hied away for the water front, and to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching" rowed away for North Island. After a perilous landing, in which, fortunately, no lives were lost, the company proceeded to



have some "high jinks" around the camp-fire. At a seasonable hour, the evening ended with a fine row home.

The Basket-ball girls surprised Miss Tanner, their coach, at her home on the evening of Friday, May 24th. A fine spread and a "bang-up" good time made it an evening of unusual pleasure.

Mrs. Kemp entertained the "Pristis" girls charmingly at her home, Saturday afternoon, May 18th.

Miss Dora Comstock entertained the "Glaucus" crew at her home, one evening during the week of vacation.

The "White Ducks" enjoyed a matinee-party at the Pickwick, on Wednesday of the farewell week of the Del Lawrence Company.

On Friday, April 26th, the "Dog Watch" crew entertained their friends with a moonlight row on the bay and with a delightful supper at North Island. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp and Mr. Crandall acted as chaperons.

Mrs. Kemp entertained the "White Ducks" with a tea, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 13th of April.

A party of girls was entertained on Saturday, May 3rd, by Miss Ysabel Brooks, at Roseville. The guests of the day included Miss Amy Johnson, Gladys Frary, Lena and Mary Wormser, Louise Kaidel, Bernice Cosgrove, Marie Hutchinson, Ruth Price, Gail Colbert, Sue Love, Gay Neely, Hattie Jordan, Olive Ault and Pauline Black.

Miss Amy Johnson entertained the "Pristis" girls delightfully with a day at La Jolla on Saturday, June 8th. A dip in the ocean was enjoyed in the morning, and after a delicious luncheon served at "Terrace No. 2," the three pledges, the Misses Mabel Harper, Hattie Jordan and Sue Love, were put through a very stiff and highly entertaining initiation, at the hands of the older members. The day was successfully ended with departure on the 7:10 train for San Diego.

Another swimming party was indulged in, Thursday night, June 13, by the "White Duck" and "Pristis" girls, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Kemp. These are proving very successful affairs, as the warm weather approaches.

Miss Bernice Cosgrove was hostess at a charmingly appointed luncheon, given at her home, Second and Fir streets, June 15. The recipients of her hospitality were the girls of the "Pristis" crew, of which she is a member, and Mrs. Kemp.

The "Rhine Golds" gave an informal party at the home of the Misses Rieke, McCloskey and Adams, Wednesday evening, May 29. A number of new members were initiated into the mysteries of "crewdom" with elaborate and awe-inspiring ceremonies.

Mrs. Clyde E. Chubb entertained the "White Duck" crew with a most enjoyable card-party on Saturday, April 20. The decorations and refreshments carried out the club colors and designs most successfully. The crew was also entertained most enjoyably, during the Easter vacation, by the Misses Stephens, with a house-party.



In accordance with the constitution of the Girls' Athletic Association, on April 30th in assembly, honor badges were distributed to those girls who have during the past year devoted one hour a week to one or more of the following sports; tennis, basketball and captainball. These honor badges are white felt sleeve bands, with the yellow "N". Those of the basket ball team receiving sleeve bands were the Misses Olive Ault, Imogene Pierce, Pauline Black, Stella Shaw, Sadie Pitman, Ruth Pitman, May Grandstaff; those of the captainball team, the Misses Constance Shaw, Mabel Riedy, Norma Bell, Alice Woods, Rhoda Allen.

One of the best games of basketball that the girls have ever given us was played May 1st. after the dedication exercises. Both teams were evenly matched, the play was fast but not unnecessarily rough, and some pretty goals were made. The final score stood 10-7 in favor of the Whites. The following was the line-up on May day.

**Whites.**

I. Pierce	Forwards
S. Shaw	
R. Pitman	Guards
L. West	
M. Grandstaff	Centers
I. Heilbron	

**Yellows.**

G. Rieke
P. Black
O. Ault
S. Pitman
I. Stone
L. Wormser

Tennis has received a sudden spurt by reason of the fact that a challenge was received from the girls who play up on the Bancroft courts, calling for six entries in a tennis tournament to be held the 13th, 14th and 15th of June. The challenge was accepted and a number of the girls went into the work with the determination to do something in that line and earn a few honors for the school. As an aid in choosing the entries for this tournament, one was held up at the school. Quite a number of enthusiastic girls entered, and after many exciting games, the finals were played between Ada Cross and Pauline Black, Miss Cross winning by a score of 6-4; 6-1. By this victory, Miss Cross became owner of a splendid new tennis racket, put up by Pres. Black for the champion in singles of the Normal School. Even if the honors are not received, those entering the Bancroft tournament will feel well repaid for the work, as they are getting a good understanding of the game under the efficient direction of Mr. Crandall.

In looking over the work accomplished in athletics during the past year we feel well satisfied with ourselves. Though we have done nothing startling in this line, still we have entered our games with a feeling of getting all the physical good out of them that we can, of enjoying ourselves, and of leaving out the unhealthy spirit of rivalry that is so apt to exist among contesting teams, and have been benefited by doing so.



## EXCHANGES

White and Gold, Mills College. An excellent paper to head our exchange column with. The article, "Legal Study in the 12th Century," is interesting as well as instructive. Some clever poems appear in this issue, and the items under "College Life" are good.

S. V. C. Student, St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal. Your two articles "Then What Will the People Do" and "A Hard Problem" show the writers' ability to think and put their thoughts in creditable form on paper. We are glad to see these serious problems of today taken up and discussed by school papers.

The Sentinel, Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, Cal. We admire your variety in cover designs. What stories you have are good. Are not your editorials a little too personal?

The University Weekly, Fayetteville, Arkansas. The several copies issued weekly.

Tempe Normal Student, Tempe, Ariz. Your cuts add interest to a good paper filled with interesting and instructive information.

The Redwood, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal. Your May issue is one of the best we have received from you. The literary department is well worked up, your editorials are good, and the items under College Notes and Athletics are very interesting.

Pennant, San Jose Normal. A good issue. We like your idea of representing the Training School in your paper.

James, Hanford, Cal. Bring up your stories. They are below the average for a High School paper. How about ads in the front of your paper? Don't you think it would be better if you put them all together in the back?

The Bell High School, San Jose, Cal., Your paper is very tastefully gotten up. Editorials are good, and your poems show talent among your school in that line.

The Ishkoodah, Paducah High School, Ken. Don't you think your paper would present a better appearance if you kept the same size print throughout? Enjoyed all the material in your paper except the story, "Church Social at Beech Grove;" It borders too much on the sentimental order for a school paper.

The James, Handford, Cal. Your commencement number is a good issue, and is very well gotten up. Your cuts are good, stories appropriate for such a number, and your poems are excelent. We don't like the appearance of advertisements in the front of the paper, however.

The Radius, Prosser Preparatory School, Kansas City, Mo. Some good material in your June issue. Keep it up and you will have a paper you should be proud of.





#### REVIEW OF REVIEWS FROM HISSORY CLASS VI

Miss Stephens: "Luckily Las Casas had gone—so he was not there."

Mr. Beidleman: "In New England there were about one hundred people to the square inch."

Miss Campbell: "Fox was so fanatic on the subject that he failed to succeed among his fellowmen."

Mr. Beidleman (with a very pedogogical air: "I have an extract here that I wish to read to you, and by the way, this is a very interesting little book which I am sure it would be well worth your while to read."

Miss Stephens (waxes eloquent in a class dissertation): "He was so strong and yet so tender."

Miss Clark: "Yes, Smith had various exciting experiences, and in one encounter he became obstreperous and actually killed a man, still Smith had a good and noble character."

Miss McLeod's lucid definite description of a picture, given in grammar conf.: "It is a large picture that covers nearly all of one side of a not very large room."

Mr. Skilling is fond of telling his chemistry class that apatite is found in Hungary. They wonder if it is a joke.

Some members of the school have hinted that it might be well to have the domestic science department include instructions in the care of invalids, and use as subject material those nervous wrecks turned out from Miss Godfrey's "Public Speaking Course."

A definition of cowardice from the Training School: "A female coward."



## Bakery Goods....

Try our Milk Bread, Pies, Tarts, Cakes, etc., positively ~~un~~excelled in quality.

OUR DELICACY COUNTER includes Choice Cold Meats, Salads, Fish, Cheese, etc. CHASE & SANBORN'S and BARRINGTON HALL COFFEES are the best Java and Mocha. MALTO COCOA is more easily digested than ordinary cocoa. OUR CANDIES are delicious. Try us for FANCY GROCERIES, FRUIT and VEGETABLES.

## ....HELLER'S

Mr. Skilling (geography conference): "Please date your outlines. I don't care what date you put on, just so they are dated."

From the training school: "The Camelopes ate up the missionary."

After a very detailed account of the battle of Valley Forge, the teacher was horrified with a remarkable description of "Valley Frogs."

Miss Stephens, in a recent address to the student body, begged her audience "to stop and pause." The rest of the sentence was lost in a burst of applause.

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"Handsomest Millinery Store in San Diego"

714 5th St.

VAIR'S

714 5th St.

## Summer Millinery

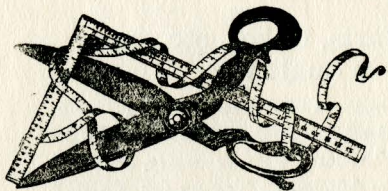
In immense variety at VAIR'S. Beach and outing Hats in every straw from 50c. up. Duck and Pique Hats trimmed and untrimmed. Lingerie Hats of Lace and Embroidery for Ladies and Children. Watch the papers for announcement of the popular VAIR HAT SALES. Greatest of all Millinery Sales, where the values offered add dignity to the word bargain.

**W. L. VAIR**  
**LADIES' HATTER**

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**GEO. G. VERNON****TAILOR**

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 Phones: Home, 1103; Sunset, 800.

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**Cool, Refreshing Drink**

GO TO

**KRUSE'S**

Confectionery, Home Made  
 Candies

905 Fifth St.

Both Phones

Miss Black was attempting to give the third grade a vivid word picture of a geyser, without using the name. She was rather disconcerted to have one small boy call out. "That must be a whale!"

Mr. Crandall is technical, if sometimes not particularly well understood. He was heard to remark the other day. "And they sat down before their tissue."

**Timely Advice**

WISDOM—"What are you looking for son?"

SON—"For an honest seat in boy's trousers."

WISDOM—Go to "The Lion" and save your  
 Candle.



**\$5 00** will buy the suit the boy is looking for. The latest style Norfolks with belt, in all-wool blue serge or handsome cheviot.

Free with a \$5.00 and over purchase a handsome U. S. Flag, size 3 x 5 feet will be given to inspire the boy to be true to his flag.

**The Lion Clothing Co.**  
**Cor. Fifth and E San Diego, Cal.**



**A METROPOLIS IN THE MAKING****SAN DIEGO  
CALIFORNIA**

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.

**CITY HEIGHTS**

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 drive-ways, 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.

A SMALL INVESTMENT NOW IN CITY HEIGHTS PROPERTY WILL NET A  
HANDSOME PROFIT IN A VERY FEW MONTHS

**Small Monthly Payments Accepted**

While all these improvements are being completed an opportunity for investment is afforded which will not occur again. Good lots, 25x140 feet to alley, may be secured for \$100. Terms as low as \$5 down and \$5 monthly; 5 per cent. discount for cash. No interest. No taxes.

Lots in the neighborhood of CITY HEIGHTS, but a little nearer the center of the city are now selling from \$300 to \$2000. Take the advice of those who know and buy NOW. You will never regret it.

Send us a money order or check to cover first payment on as many lots as you can afford, and choice selections will be reserved for you. Write TO-DAY.

**Columbian Realty Co.**  
Granger Block,

**SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA**



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keeps on hand a fine line of Staple Groceries. A large stock of Country Produce always on hand. Everyone cordially invited to visit and examine our stock and low prices.

Cor. Vermont St. & University Av.

San Diego, Cal.

---

Miss Harper: "But those answers are in bushels and they should be in dollars."

Mr. West: "Well, bushels will turn into dollars all right."

After falling down one flight of stairs, rolling around the corner, and landing on two young ladies exchanging secrets on the west stairs, Mr. Crandall assumed an erect position, and haughtily explained to the young ladies: "That was sheer carelessness."

No one contradicted him.

---

## HAMILTON'S

933 Fifth Street

### LUNCHEON GOODS

All sorts of delicacies to tempt the appetite and satisfy it. Sweet cakes and plain biscuit, little things in glass and tin packages, fresh fruit

### GROCERIES

The better grade sold at our place

### BASKETS

A large stock, many from Japan. Our baskets are not ornamental, they are for service.

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San Diego



**High School Books,  
Normal Books,  
Drawing Sets,  
Water Color Sets**

NO Fountain Pens as good as "Waterman's Ideal." Points to suit all hands. Can exchange or money back within 30 days. They are the best in the world at

**LORING'S BOOK STORE**

MAPS   GLOBES   BLACKBOARDS   DESKS   ETC.

Student teacher: "Let us have as few, who make as few mistakes as possible."

There's a rhythm of metre  
And a metre of tone  
But the best of all meet her  
Is to meet her alone.—Ex.

Mr. Bliss: "What did you say? I couldn't catch that last, the bell got in my way."

**THE GRAND LEADER**

Cor. Sixth and H Streets

To be the largest and handsomest ready-to-wear apparel and ladies' furnishing store in San Diego

Piece goods now being closed out. All yardage goods at greatly reduced prices, such as Ribbons, Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Domestics, Laces and Embroideries. Visit

**THE GRAND LEADER**

on your next shopping tour.

Sixth and H Streets

**TRY PARISIAN TOILET TALCUM POWDER**

For Prickly Heat, Chafed Skin and Blistered Sweaty Feet.  
Cooling and Healing. Excellent to use after shaving.  
Price 25 cents for a pound can.

**Eagle Drug Co.**

Fifth and F Streets

Fifth and University Av.



# **School Books**

## **and School Supplies**

### **AT**

# **Packard's Book Store**

---

Was the lady visitor nearsighted or a good judge of character, who chanced upon Ruth Pitman in the hall, and asked timidly: "Are you the Preceptress?"

One wise senior advising another wise senior: "Don't eat with your mouth full!"

Mr. Crandall (In Nature Study Conf.) "There is usually a lack of water in the dry season."

Mr. Skilling, when explaining ocean currents to the Physical Geography class, rather startled them by saying, "You see, I've got this current going south."

---

## **BUSINESS TRAINING**

at the

## **San Diego Commercial College**

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Practical instruction in Business Arithmetic, Spelling, Bookkeeping, Good Writing, English Grammar, Business Law, Shorthand and Typewriting. Call or write.

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 Give the greatest pleasure. Think of calling on      to  
 Sousa's Band, Melba, Caruso or whom you will to      \$100.00  
 entertain whenever in the mood. It's great!      Easy Payments

**THEARLE & CO.**      1025-31 Fifth Street

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**LACEY. Prescription Druggist**  
 A N D  
**San Diego Homeopathic Pharmacy**  
 are now in their new quarters at 1121 Sixth Street, two doors above C  
 Call and see what a nice place they have

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## STUDENTS

When you are buying articles of necessity or luxury, think on these things.

Who is it makes the White and Gold a possibility?

Who represent the friends of the Normal and the students?

Who have the BEST goods to sell at the MOST LIBERAL prices?

If you consider these carefully you will all come to one and the same conclusion and answer, OUR ADVERTISERS. THEREFORE STUDENTS PATRONIZE THEM, and don't be afraid to let them them know that you are a Normalite, either.

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Is as necessary as in any other line. Start an account with one dollar in this strong bank—and receive interest.

**RESOURCES OVER \$1,950,000.00**

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CORNER FIFTH AND F STREETS

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M. T. Gilmore,  
Vice-President



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at  
Marston's"**

**FRED HYERS**

**FIRST CLASS BARBER**

**D Street, Bet. 4th and 5th**

**San Diego, Cal.**



K. C. NAYLOR

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Successors to K. C. Naylor

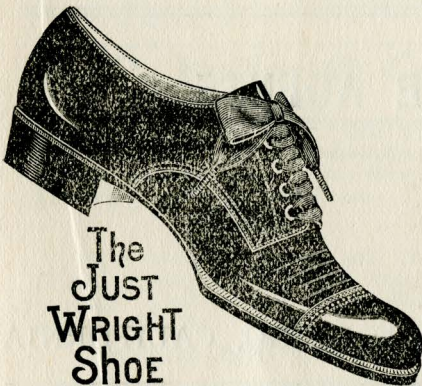
**Miners and Cutters of Precious Stones**

**MANUFACTURING JEWELERS**

We have our own Mines of Tourmaline, Beryl, Turquoise, Hyacinth and Garnet

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for ladies

"E. J. WRIGHT & CO."  
for men

**None Better For The Price**

on Sale by

**ROBINSON BROS.**

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Guaranteed to relieve the talk-a-talk distress caused by  
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**Here's the Prescription**

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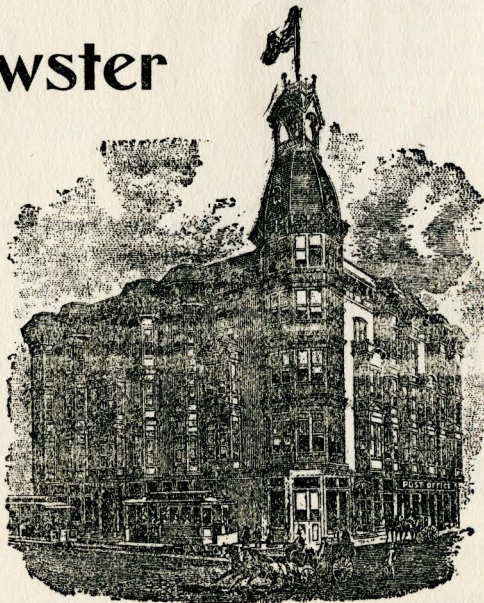
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**For All Groups and Fine  
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A handsome young lad by name Larry  
Intended a sweet girl to marry,  
But a swell named Ko Plunk  
Sent this sweet girl a trunk:—  
So no longer with Larry  
Would this lovely girl tarry.  
Then foolish lad Larry got drunk,  
Went home and rolled into his bunk.  
Result—Sweet girl married Ko Plunk."

Whether this Shakesperian ode to Larry is true or not, it is a well known fact (and most people here know it) that we have the most complete stock of Trunks, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, Ladies' Hand Bags, and other travelers' supplies in the city. If after an inspection, you find something to suit you and our prices are satisfactory why then of course you know; of course you know—

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INCORPORATED

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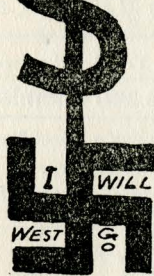
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-for PROFIT  
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Capital Paid Up \$100,000

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A Joint Certificate of Title Backed by  
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# The Sanitary

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wear out, and your Balls get "dead,"  
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Tinware, Graniteware, Glassware  
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### These All-Healing Waters

Dissolve Gall and Bladder Stones Cure  
Rheumatism, Cure Dyspepsia, Cure  
Cancer, Cure Bright's and Diabetes,  
Stops Hair from falling out.

#### PRICE LIST

1 case 12 2 qt. bottles del'vd \$12.00  
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Carbonic Acid Gas—It has been discovered by Dr. William Brown of Boston, that these waters contain three atmospheric pressures of Carbonic Acid Gas in solution.

Main Pamphlet Mailed Free



SAN DIEGO

OFFICE

1015

Fourth St.

### ANALYSIS

The following is the analysis of Isham's California Water of Life.

#### GRAINS PER U. S. GALLON

Silica .....	3.09
Carbonate of Iron .....	3.03
Carbonate of Manganese .....	0.17
Carbonate of Lime .....	11.19
Alumina .....	0.09
Sulphate of Magnesia .....	3.84
Chloride of Calcium .....	2.93
Chloride of Magnesium .....	10.10
Chloride of Sodium .....	16.32
Chloride of Potassium .....	1.98
Iodide of Sodium .....	0.01
Bromide of Sodium .....	Trace
Arsenate of Soda .....	Trace
Phosphate of Soda .....	Trace
Total per U. S. Gallon .....	49.45



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Phones, Sunset 145 Home 1145

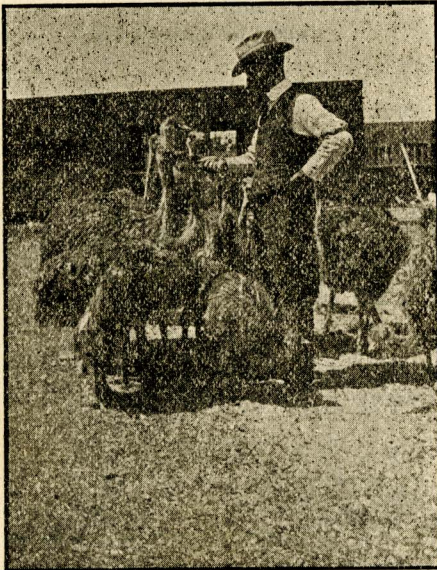
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**G. H. BECKER, Successor to Becker and Vogt,**

**Dry Goods, Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Notions**

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Don't wait to make a list of what you want. You'll remember better when you see the thousand and one things in our collection.

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White goods for graduating dresses. Persian lawns, French lawns, Dimities, wash organdies, India linens, etc. An exquisite line of white lawn dresses in handsome new styles, beautifully trimmed with lace and insertion, at reasonable prices. All the latest conceits in NECKWEAR, BELTS, HOSIERY, FANS, SILK GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS.

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courteous attention; quick service

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