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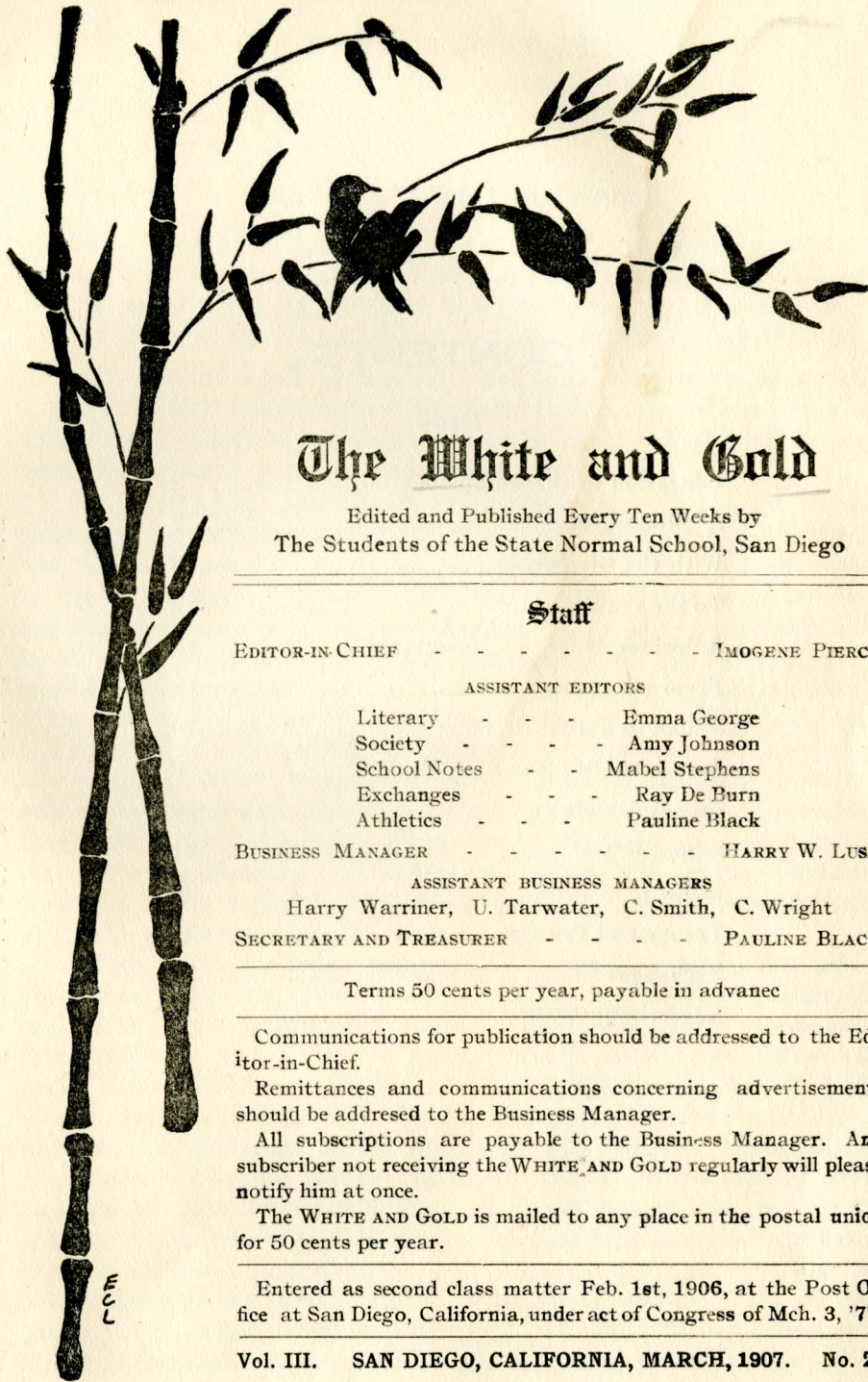
Gold

State Normal School

San Diego, California

March, 1907

Calif. State College, San Diego.
Senior Class



The White and Gold

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EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is our attempt to reproduce merely the substance of a talk Dr. Barrows, a former member of the faculty and now Director of Education in the Philippines, gave in the Assembly Room of the Normal School, on the afternoon of January 10th).

"The six and a half years since I was here before do not seem such a very long time; but since they have been six and a half years crowded with a great variety of experience, I may be permitted to throw my remarks into a form of personal narrative.

"Six and a half years ago the revolutionary condition in the Philippines was at its height—its crisis. That revolutionary condition which had taken possession of the minds of the Filipino people was inherited by the United States. After we took possession of these islands the contest was continued, prolonged, long after the Filipino troops were defeated, in the form of secret organizations throughout the Archipelago. The great question was, what was to be done with these seven million people? What were the promises to be held out to them? Our government decided to do what it has already done here; to rely upon education to bring about social stability; to enlighten not the few, but the entire mass; to educate these ignorant, debased people, living in a scale of life far beneath that which even the meanest human being is entitled to, and increase their industrial efficiency. My remarks will be largely on ways and means, what was facing us in the educational system in carrying out the task which the government had set for us.

"There are half a million pagans in the Archipelago, fellows that spend their time racing over the mountains, taking one another's heads off, and on the great Southeastern frontier, there are about fifty thousand Mohammedans, who form two great political powers, two sultanates, great, barbaric, with an undoubted brilliancy and splendor, though built upon slavery and oppression. I speak not of these, however, but of those that are left, the seven million Christians, who form the population of the greater part of the islands. Their aspirations are the same as ours; they are not shut off by fanaticism, as the Mohammedans, nor by ignorance, as are the pagans, nor are they steeped in the lethargy and calm of the Buddhists. Their faces are set the way ours are set; you can appeal to them on the same grounds. These people are one of the coming people. The other tribes of Polynesia are disappearing. Professor Henry Drummond, after coming up through Tahiti and Polynesia a few

years ago said that in a few generations there wouldn't be a man-jack of those people left; this is true in part, but it is not true of the Malayan portion of the people. A hundred years ago the Filipino people numbered a million and a half; today they number seven millions. If this rate of increase continues, you will find at the middle of the present century that a people has been built up which will in time equal the Japanese. With the aspirations and the purposefulness that they are, as a people, acquiring from the Americans, they will have become a nation of no mean quality.

A word about the social life. The Archipelago is divided into forty provinces; each province is divided into pueblos of forty square miles or so and inhabited by forty or fifty thousand people. One town is much like all the others, with the wide plaza, the great splendid church—these churches, in many ways, surpass our California missions—the jail, the store and a few fine houses. In these houses you will find people of education, of culture, you will find pianos, books and pictures and a warm hospitality. But up in the woods and along the streams are clusters of hamlets where the mass of the people live in poverty and squalor, utterly illiterate, with no enlightenment whatever; it is these people who make up ninety-seven per cent of the population. The first thing that made itself clear to the government was that whatever institution was to be employed in the archipelago, must be an institution that would reach and educate this great mass. And that is the task that we undertook six years ago.

"There is now a school within reach of all the children, the children of the rich, the merchant and the peasant classes. We had to figure closely. According to the census reports it was found that there were 1,200,000 boys and girls of school age, throughout the islands. We could not, of course, begin to take all these and give them eight years of instruction; so we cut the course down to three years, which included the smallest amount of instruction that would be of practical service. This divided the number of children by three, and instead of taking the girl or the boy between the ages of six and fourteen, we took them between the ages of ten and thirteen. This course so arranged included three years of English, during which the pupil learned to read, write and speak the language correctly; enough arithmetic to enable him to cast accounts, realize the condition of crops and know what his debts amounted to; and one year of geography which gave him a general idea of the shape of the earth. This education represents so great an opportunity and has worked such a revolution that it separates the child from its parents by a wide chasm, and has begun to dissipate the clouds of ignorance that have so long hovered over the archipelago.

"The first thing to do was to get enough schools, teachers and books.

Schools were started in the districts where ignorance and crime were worst. When these schools were started, there were one hundred thousand children in attendance; but with our policy the system began expanding rapidly, and reports show that the next year we had two hundred thousand children, the next three hundred thousand and last year there were half a million. Next, we had to develop a corps of teachers; at the outset there were only eight or nine Americans, and we had to enlist young boys and girls, give them as much of the knowledge required for teaching as possible, and put them to teaching the children. Often a boy or a girl of nineteen or so would have to teach children in the first year, and have himself no knowledge beyond the first year; often a teacher would learn one day for the first time what he or she had to present to the class the next. Of course this gave rise to many amusing incidents, a few pathetic ones, and plenty of absurdities. But beneath all the absurdities we found a great deal of earnestness. There was an example of this in the work of one of the teachers whose school I visited one day. The class were having a reading lesson from the English chart, and the new letter that was being introduced was j. The teacher was absorbed, and the children, following his pointer on the chart, were raptly reciting in unison "We hump at home. We hump at school. I have a dog and he shall hump, too!" But these Filipino teachers are interested and enthusiastic, and for the reason that they are teaching the children of their own race, they are apt to hold out longer than Americans. We asked some of the Spanish teachers, too, to come over; but we found that they were too fixed in their methods—too "sot"—and we had to ship them back. But this corps of native teachers, organized and instructed by American educators, is the best, most potent element throughout the whole archipelago, and wherever you find a young Filipino man or woman teaching school in the districts, you find a person whom the whole community respects and admires.

"When we first came into possession of the Philippines, it was a poor country; it was our task to build this country up after three years of the most desperate war, after a plague that had killed the cattle, after an epidemic of cholera, after the trade had been ruined by the destruction of crops by the locusts. Yet out of this country we had to raise a revenue for schools. The only place to get it was from the people themselves. So we went to the Municipal Boards and talked school as hard as ever we could, in order to get their assistance. The revenue now amounts to over six million pesos a year, or three million dollars.

"But after we had gotten the children and the books and the schools and after we had built up the corps of native teachers, we had to have some sort of administration. You can't keep a thing of this kind going

unless you have some one responsible. At the present, in each province there is a division superintendent who is an American; he appoints teachers, settles salaries, superintends the financial work, is responsible in every way. Each province is divided into districts, and in each of these is an American teacher, who has the supervision of that district; this means the supervision of as much as two hundred square miles and about fifty thousand people. Some of these district supervisors get up early in the morning and travel all day on foot, on horseback, by sail or canoe, often in weather when it is raining ten or fifteen inches a day; that's pretty heavy rain. These four hundred men are the most splendid, fearless, heroic body of men it has ever been my lot to see. They have escaped death in a thousand ways, have actually met death by violence, by drowning and by smallpox; often they go into communities where there are anywhere from fifty to two hundred children stricken with smallpox in its most malignant form. And they never realize that the work is heroic.

"The primary is not the only school, however. We are trying to give all the children three years of instruction and some of the children more. This school, which might be called intermediate, takes children between the ages of thirteen and sixteen. The girl has three years of house-keeping; the first year she learns to clean the house, disinfect it, fight disease germs and sew; the second year she learns to cook; the third year she learns to tend the sick and take care of the little children. The boy, after his three years of English, may choose to be a doctor, a lawyer, a beggar-man—any old thing. He can have three years of industrial work; either in the farming-school, the school work-shop, or the school fisheries. It has been said that the Filipinos don't like to work, that they prefer to wear good clothes, patent leather shoes and stiff collars. The Filipinos WILL work. They have a facile hand and an accurate eye; they can do with the eye and hand work as delicate as that done by the Japanese. As a people they have an ardent admiration and high respect for manual dexterity; even down in the Mohammedan country, the man who can make a creese, the sharp sword that will take a man's head off at one stroke, or the man who can build a boat, is looked up to and called "extremely clever."

"Throughout the islands the man skillful with his hands is respected and admired, as he should be in all countries. Yes, the Filipinos will work and work hard; they may not enjoy it but they can be made to if their imagination is appealed to; they may not care to raise beans, but they will raise beans if you cast a glamor of romance over it.

"Lastly, there are forty high schools, one in each province. After the six years of primary and intermediate work, those who can afford it attend the high school. It is different from the high schools over here, being a sort of technical training-school, whose aim is to put the student

into the possession of a profession. The boy or girl entering the high school can choose any of five courses, the history, literature and science course, the agricultural course, the teachers' course, the elementary technical course, or the commercial course. What are perhaps more showy than these mere facts, are the splendid buildings that we have for high schools. They represent thousands and thousands of pesos coming directly from the people themselves; they were all eager to give, if only to the extent of one peso (a half dollar) and those who had nothing else to give, went out and chopped a load of logs and gave that.

On its broader and more significant side the work of teaching which I have described to you is even more important, for the reason that it is bringing about equality between the whites and Malays. Ever since Da Gama sailed across the Cape of Good Hope there has been mutual mistrust, strife and misunderstanding. It is the work of bringing about understanding and trust that our government has undertaken. At any rate, the American teachers are getting very, very close to the hearts of the Filipinos.

A MONOCHROME.

Cold, cold and gray,
The earth, the sky and the sea;
The spray breaks high on the rocks,
The mists drift back toward the lea,
No sound but the sea-bird's cry
And the wind as it wanders free;
The waves show dim
Through the fog's dark rim.
Cold, cold and gray is the sea.

—LUTIE MIMMS.

WITH THE OLYMPIANS.**A Series of Four Stories.—II—Hearts Lie Deep.**

Last year we had a real, live romance at school. The heroine of it was Miss Mountjoy, the geometry teacher. She was a dear, young and awf'ly well dressed; not exactly pretty, but terribly aristocratic looking, with a straight nose and carried her head high, and had the loveliest hands and nails. You know every once in so often the book men come from the different publishing houses to talk about the new text-books to the teachers.

This man that came, he was the hero, wasn't much different from all the rest—men all look alike when they're dressed up. He was well-dressed and clean-looking, like all the others, and was polite to all the teachers in the same way—so we didn't dream he had any preference.

The way we got to know his name was this: The next morning Terry and I went up to school early to ask Miss Mountjoy to explain some geometry problems to us; and while she was talking—it was awfully early yet—a messenger came in with a big box with her name on it. Of course she didn't open it while we were there, but when we went to class, there were the most beautiful Katharine Mermet roses, with great long stems—a dozen or more—on the desk; the box was in the wastebasket, with the wax-paper and all, and on the floor, where I s'pose she'd dropped it, was a card—I could see it just as plain, and it read "Mr. Carey Shelby." We girls were crazy about it, but didn't know, of course, who Mr. Carey Shelby was.

But they were married during the Christmas vacation, and then it all came out: who he was, how they were both from Boston and had known one another from the cradle, and how she wouldn't marry him because he was too rich; then he lost everything in the Equitable and had to work for the first time. It's funny how news travels up here at school.

Everyone knew all about them the first day after vacation. They went to Boston to live.

So Miss Mountjoy left us and Miss Blair came to take her place. And that's what I started out to tell you. We didn't like Miss Blair very well—Terry especially—because—I don't know exactly why, but she was queer, and we'd been pretty fond of Miss Mountjoy, so it was kind of a come-down to have her successor so ordinary. Miss Blair wasn't pretty, either, but she didn't make up for it by being well-dressed or aristocratic-looking. She did her hair plain and wore glasses—not the nice kind that have no rims and a little gold chain that fastens in your hair,

but regular specs—and never wore nice, pretty, fussy things, only plain shirtwaists and dark skirts and a black watch-cord—which helped, I s'pose, to make us dislike her. I guess it's true that first impressions count the most; I know our first impression of Miss Blair wasn't pleasant. She was awf'ly strict and cold that first day, didn't smile a bit or appear interested in us. She was terribly hard to get along with in class, wouldn't smile at us in the hall, or anything like that, and never came to the dances and receptions and things up at school. So we never saw her except in class and she didn't TRY to be nice, even.

I guess none of us liked Miss Blair. I know we discussed her a lot and tried to figure out why she should be so disagreeable. Terry always had some grievance or other—I've forgotten just what they were; well, for one thing, Terry's a wiz in geometry, you know, and Miss Mountjoy had always sort of noticed her. But Miss Blair didn't seem to notice or care. Well, as I was saying, we talked about her a lot and I guess she knew it. It's awfully hard not to be friends with your teachers—it pays so well. No, I didn't mean just that, either. But you know how it is; if they know you and you know them a little, why, it's so easy, they're so much more understandable and understanding. School-teachers are the nicest people going when they ARE nice—look at Mr. Curtis, now!—and when they aren't nice, they're the limit. And here's where Miss Holmes comes in.

From the minute Miss Blair arrived, she and Miss Holmes were friends. That alone kept me guessing. Miss Holmes—we call her Sherlock, she's so keen about finding out whether you're bluffing; and oh, she isn't mean about it, either!—well, Miss Holmes is the zoology teacher and she's just splendid! Everyone likes Sherlock—even the stupidest; if you're stupid she isn't horrid a bit, but really helps you, and if you do shine, even the faintest glimmer, she notices it and treats it with the respect she would a real searchlight. Then during exams, she doesn't stay in the room and tiptoe around and nail you with her eye to see if you're cheating; she often leaves the room for the whole period and no one dreams of cheating, no matter how little they know—it'd be like betraying a trust. She didn't manage it either, by lectures on our sense of honor; she just did it, and relied on our common sense. She's all right. You never hear anyone say a word against Sherlock—even when they've flunked; they know she's square and that they deserved it. She's pretty, too; tall, with big dark eyes and fluffy hair and the sweetest, kindest, most humorous smile. She isn't young; her hair's quite gray. Imagine the difference between her and Miss Blair—yes, it was funny, but they were awf'ly good friends.

We'd been planning—us five girls, Terry and Gladys and Corinne

and Lucy and me—to give Sherlock Holmes a surprise party on Valentine's evening, not for any special reason except that she was nice and we liked her. It was loads of fun planning it; we were going to make fudge and salad and cake and clubhouse sandwiches and order icecream; and Gladys made some smart, heart-shaped menu cards in scarlet and green and black. It was to be immense and the landlady where Miss Holmes lived had promised to help us. Just the day before Valentine's day, a dreadful thing happened to us all, but to Terry in especial, that came near to wrecking our plans.

Terry had lost her geometry problems that she'd worked out and had had all ready to hand in. She told Miss Blair about it and thought, of course, that she'd let her off. Miss Mountjoy would've. But, mind you, Miss Blair made her work them all over again and hand them in before noon. We thought it was out-and-out mean. Well, that same day the algebra class had got back some exam papers and most of 'em had flunked, and they were holding an indignation meeting on the front porch after school that afternoon. Well, Terry's fur hadn't subsided yet—and you know how misery loves company—so we joined the crowd and had a regular pow-wow then and there about Miss Blair; how unfair she was, though we knew all along that she wasn't. The more we talked, the louder we talked and the worse it got—you know how it is—and the more personal things we said. Terry was flushed and excited and those dinky little freshmen were listening to her as if she were an anarchist and they the impressionable populace; she was just saying, "Well, if I couldn't be pretty or wear nice clothes, AT LEAST I'd try to be half-way decent, so's to even up things. But to be ugly and unstylish AND a bear—!" and just then Miss Blair and Sherlock Holmes came out of the door suddenly, Miss Blair blushing and not looking at us, and dear old Miss Holmes haughty and staring at us coldly as if we were something new in bacteria. She looked at us five girls one by one, as they passed, without a scrap of recognition. And we knew they'd heard.

The freshmen dissolved; they smelled sulphur in Terry's eye. She couldn't say a thing for a minute, but stared after Miss Blair and Sherlock as if she'd run after them. Then she looked at all of us—and I guess we were as near tombstones as anything else for cheerfulness—and her eyes began to fill and her chin to tremble. Poor old Terry. She doesn't cry at little things, either. It was a horrid business. I don't know which was the worst to see, Miss Blair blushing and conscious for the first time, Miss Holmes haughty and cold for the first time, or our poor old Terry staring after them and back at us, with the tears of shame running down her cheeks.

The first question that came up was, how should we square ourselves

with Miss Blair; for, of course, you see, it was a tribe-affair—we wouldn't have dreamed of shoving the whole responsibility onto poor Terry. And next, how could we ever approach Sherlock about it. And there was the surprise-party. We'd all saved all our spending money for the last month and we couldn't bear to have it fall through—and the menu-cards were all made and the Neapolitan ice-cream ordered! Finally we decided to risk it; to have the surprise and a big comfortable 'fess-up all together with Miss Holmes, and rely on her to help us out in regard to Miss Blair. We tried to comfort Terry and recover the nice spirit of anticipation; but somehow even St. Valentine seemed stony-hearted.

The next day everything was the same as usual; Miss Blair was just the same as ever, cold and distant, not a whit changed; we didn't go near Miss Holmes, and I guess Terry would have walked five miles to've avoided going to zoology lecture. None of us felt in a specially festive mood, even toward the end of the day, and to cap the climax, Lucy's mother sent a message saying that Lucy couldn't come to the party; she had a sick headache. Imagine how we felt. We were positively weak-kneed; I don't believe anyone ever realized what safety there is in numbers. Then of course Terry had to have an attack of cold feet, and it took an hour or so to coax and bully her into seeing reason. It was only when she was reminded that the Neapolitan cream was ordered and would be eaten by the landlady at our expense, that she sat up and took notice.

So we went, finally. When we actually got to the upper hall and were preparing for the onslaught, I began to feel silly and weak and giggly, and if Terry hadn't had another panic I'd have had hysterics then and there probably. But it took me and Gladys and Corinne to talk her into a suitable frame of mind; and even then she objected so persistently that Corinne took one arm and Gladys the other and I pushed behind, down the hall like a streak to Sherlock's room. Before she had a chance to run, Corinne knocked at the door and opened it and in we marched. Maybe you think we weren't surprised.

The light wasn't on, but there was a dandy fire in the fireplace, and a row of apples roasting on the grate, and there, sitting cross-legged on the floor like two girls, with the chafing-dish lamp and a box of marshmallows between them, were Miss Holmes and Miss Blair! Talk about your surprise parties! Of all the idiotic, painful, impossible, unheard-of situations, that was the worst.

We were all—we girls—utterly speechless, and I felt Terry begin to jerk away, as if she'd bolt, so I cleared my throat. But dear old Sherlock saved my life by beginning,

"Why, girls! Terry, Corinne, Gladys and Leslie! where's Lucy? Isn't this jolly! Wait till I lick the marshmallow off this hat pin and we'll have

a light. What does it all mean?" and ran on in the easiest, kindest, most girlish way. You'd never've known her for the same person that had stared so coldly at us on the school porch the afternoon before.

She jumped up and turned on the light, and there was Miss Blair in the full glare of the electric light, still sitting tailor-fashion on the hearth-rug, with a toasted marshmallow dribbling off her hatpin, and she smiling up at us—yes, she was smiling, like a girl, for the first time; I guess we all stared pretty hard, we couldn't help it. Then Sherlock said, "Miss Blair, have you ever met these young ladies? 'Special friends of mine. Corinne James, Teresa Lang, Gladys Mason, Leslie Chester—Miss Blair.'"

She was so dear and funny that we all laughed and that made it easier.

The best part of all is the part that is hardest to tell. Such a splendid time we had, telling stories and playing games and toasting marshmallows. The spread was great and—do you know—Gladys had brought that sixth menu card that should have been Lucy's, so Miss Blair had that. Wasn't that luck? Everything looked pretty—the table spread on the floor, with the Neapolitan cream, pink and white and green, and the cards and a big green Japanese bowl of acacia in the middle. It was a surprise party, though. I don't think any of us girls will ever forget it—and Miss Blair, how dear she was, and humorous and interesting, just as we'd never dreamed she could be. There's only one thing that I can say, and that's the biggest compliment I know of; she was worthy of being Sherlock's friend.

In the middle of the spread she had to go, though it was early still. We were all honestly sorry. She'd just stood up and was saying good-bye, with her hand on the door knob, when Terry—who'd been quiet and saddy all the evening—got up quick with her eyes burning big and black and her face gone white. I tried to pull her down, but she switched free and knocked my spoon out of my hand with her haste. We all felt sort of frightened and foreboding, but there wasn't much time for that, for Terry spoke up sharply in the still room, not seeing any of us but Miss Blair:

"You'll forgive me, won't you—oh, Miss Blair, won't you—!" and her voice dropped into a ragged little whisper at the end, and she held out her hand across the table-cloth to Miss Blair by the door.

Miss Blair didn't say a word but caught Terry's hand in a fierce, loving sort of way; her eyes were wet and her breath was quick. Then all of a sudden she was gone and Terry stood sort of reminiscently for a minute. We were all quiet, all thinking, I sp'ose of the same thing. Then Sherlock said suddenly, "I'll have some fudge, I think, Corinne," and we were all right again.

After we'd finished and the light was turned off again and we were

sitting by the fire, Terry leaning against Sherlock's knee—we felt that all the nice things were Terry's due that evening, somehow—Miss Holmes, without any warning, began to tell us a story. It was about a girl, the eldest of four, whose father had died when they were all very young, leaving the mother to support them. It wasn't a pleasant story. The girl had talent that ought to've been cultivated, but there wasn't money and, worse, there wasn't time. She had to go out to teach when she was sixteen, in a mining town—rough boys as old as she, and older. There were six years of that; then she worked her way through college, and everything was looking hopeful, when she—the girl—was in a railway accident and was injured; she was laid up for two years, and all the money she'd saved was spent for doctors and hospitals. So she started over, never quite well again, teaching in a high school, and was beginning to look ahead again after a little, when her youngest brother lost all he had—which was precious little—in a worthless bank, and he with a wife and little baby. The girl helped him—gave him all she had—she was the sort to give and he was the sort to take—and started out again for a third fight.

That's all there was to the story, and Sherlock ended: "Would you blame the girl if she'd lost heart, and faith in the world and men? Would you blame her if she had grown hard and cold on the outside in her endeavor to keep the divine fire alive in her heart for the sake of her nearest and dearest? Would you, Terry?"

And then, suddenly, we knew.

TO THE FACULTY.

Miss Billings says, the while she slashes
 Your English ex. with great blue gashes,
 "Oh no, it really isn't hard,
 You just must learn by the yard,
 And when in English you're perfected,
 You may be editor elected."

Says Mr. Bliss, who's wondrous wise,
 And looks at you with four big eyes,
 "Now History is a wondrous art,
 And should delight your very heart.
 I don't believe in cramming—but
 Your lessons are not long—tut, tut."

With science lectures in his hands,
 Our handsome Willard Crandall stands.
 "I'll keep my dignity," he sighs,
 "These awful girls demoralize,
 I will them to their senses bring—
 They'll flirt with me? Nix, no such thing!"

In his long talks on Education
 Thinks Mr. Kemp, "Oh, Botheration!
 I hate to make the poor dears work,
 But if their duty they dare shirk
 Because I look so young and kind,
 I'll show them it's all "in their mind."

To soothe our troubles comes Miss Way,
 The dearest teacher of the day;
 "Dear girls, I truly feel for you,
 That you must all these lessons do,
 But if you don't get in and peg,
 You'll end up with a big goose-egg."

Then Mr. Black, our old stand-by,
 He comes along and heaves a sigh,—
 "Tis hard, I cannot see you work,
 And, since you haven't tried to shirk,
 I'll give you, for your own elation,
 Just fifteen minutes' recreation."

We sing, Miss Davis shoves us on,

By keeping time with her baton,
The "Revel of the Leaves" we love,
But when it's time for us to move,
She keeps us till we feel abused,
And then says gently, "Class excused."

Miss Tanner, my respects to her,
She ought to get a million per,
Her patience, 'tis a sure God-send,
She makes us bow and scrape and bend,
And when, from climbing ropes, we're sore,
She calmly says, "Do it some more."

And Miss Pratt's voice is soft and low,
She never says, "'Tis THUS and so."
"If reading is so hard for you,
Just come to me, I'll help you through,
This Grammar is not really awful,
To hate it so—it seems unlawful."

'Tis late, your Physics in a muss,
You scowl and scold and fume and fuss,
The dear old Prof. stands by and sighs—
He'd rather hear his baby's cries—
"Oh what is needed, don't you see,
Is more Kinetic Energy."

Then comes Miss Godfrey, cute, petite,
I tell you what, she's awful sweet,
And when your woes to her you take,
She smiles and gives her head a shake,
And then attempts to cheer you some,
With this, "The worst is yet to come!"

And last, not least, comes Mr. West.
With learning great he's truly blest,
"Put not your faith in men," says he,
"Your aim should be Geometry."
Now what he says is very true,
I'm going to follow it, aren't you?

A SPELLING MATCH AT HARDCRABBLE.

The big boys at the school had, the term before, compelled their teacher, Bob Finn, to ride out of the schoolhouse astride a fence-post. After this rather undignified exit, the crestfallen pedagogue never returned. Therefore the trustees of the district, thinking that perhaps a lady might be treated with a little more respect and consideration, employed Sarah McGregor, a graduate of the San Diego Normal School, as the teacher.

For a number of years it had been customary, on the last Friday of each month, to have an old-fashioned spelling match at the school-house. On this particular night the rain dashed in torrents against the weather-beaten wall of the little frame building, and the wind shrieked hideously around its corners, but nevertheless the usual crowd had collected by the red-hot stove inside.

Billy Clowes, big and awkward, was standing beside the stove, absorbing as much heat as possible, his coat-tails steaming like plum-pudding all the while. Becoming a little over-heated, he moved hastily to one side; as he did so, he came violently into contact with the number ten boots of Sandy Saunders, his rival from infancy. Billy had no intent in mind, but Sandy, being rather sensitive about his feet, immediately took offense and a row arose then and there between the two. The ending might have had serious results for the two participants, had not the ringing of the teachers' bell called every one to order.

Jacob McGraw, on account of his gray hairs, was generally the leader on such occasions.

"Naow, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we're gathered tonight here fer the purpose of—ah—er—ah—reviewin'—er—rather—ahem!—the refreshin' of our—er—memories with a few of the helegant words of our splendid Hinglish langwidge. I happoint Sandy Saunders and Billy Clowes to be choosers."

This oft-repeated introductory speech was greeted with the usual degree of applause. Then Billy tossed a penny to Sandy. Everybody was breathless with excitement, for the winning of the match depended upon the first choice. Sandy caught the coin on his extended palm and showing it to McGraw, exclaimed gleefully, "It's heads."

With an angry glare at each other the two leaders stalked with dignity to their places by the front blackboard.

"Moses Bagby," shouted Sandy.

Moses had been the champion in all spelling matches for years, so everyone accordingly considered the match won. Sandy, after making his choice, folded his arms and, leaning back against the wall, smiled sweetly at his hated rival.

But Billy had one faint hope—the new teacher. “Sarah McGregor,” he roared.

Amid the shouts of the crowd these two took their respective places. Sarah walked timidly to the front; but Moses, with a scornful glance in her direction, strode with a confident air past the ranks of lesser mortals, for did he not know that old State Series spelling-book by heart? Besides, what could that slip of a girl do in a spelling match?

The next best spellers were rapidly chosen until those who reached their limit in words of one syllable were taken.

The spelling at last began. Jacob pronounced each word with an awful deliberation, striking terror to the core of those whose vocabularies were limited. Over half went down the first time around. With wildly beating hearts and wavering knees Sandy and Billy held their own. But the extraordinary success was not to endure so very long. Billy spelled “spectator” s-p-e-c-t-a-t-e-r, and fell.

Sandy, with an exultant glance at his crestfallen rival, slowly spelled the word s-p-e-c-t-a-t-o-r-e. A subdued titter ran around the lines as Sandy, with a hang-dog expression on his averted face, shuffled to a seat in the corner.

Half an hour passed and all were down but two—Moses and his new-found competitor, the little school-mistress. Jacob pronounced words now as if he were throwing snow-balls at the heads of the spellers. Sarah spelled timidly, but with painful precision; Moses spelled his words in a careless offhand manner. He had not learned that speller by heart for nothing. The very hardest words in the back of the book were reached, but to no purpose, for Greek had met Greek. The book was finished and still these two stood face to face undaunted. Poor Jacob scratched his bald head in bewilderment; then turning to the audience, he said, “If Doctor VanMeter be present, will he kindly suggest some word from his learned stock fer ’em to try?”

The old country doctor stood up. Anxiously rubbing his chubby hands together, the good man remained in deep thought for a few minutes. Moses lost his self-composure, and began to hitch up his trousers and pull at his coat-tails. But the plucky little school-teacher betrayed no signs of agitation. The rest felt the crisis was drawing near and waited with bated breath for the outcome. The doctor took a step nearer, but still was silent. The suspense was becoming intolerable. Then slowly he gave the word: “glossopharyngeal.” It was Moses’ turn to spell. He grew more nervous than before; he wriggled and twisted, he hitched at his trousers and rubbed his shiny face. Then he opened his mouth, but no sound came; he cleared his throat and tried once more.

Rather haltingly he began to spell, "Gl-o-s-o-f—it's too much for me," he broke off, "'tain't fair, neither, I give up."

It was the first time in three years he had gone down, and as he scrambled for a seat he muttered again, "'Tain't fair."

Sarah remembered where she had heard the word so many times and besides, she could see it boldly penciled in blue across a page in her zoology note-book. Closing her eyes she spelled slowly, "G-l-o-s-s-o-p-h-a-r-y-n-g-e-a-l—glossopharyngeal." Billy's side had won, though the Doctor was the only one in the room who knew whether the word had been spelled correctly.

FROM THE OUTSIDE.

CONGRESSMAN SMITH.

On Friday, September the twenty-first, the school had the pleasure of meeting the Honorable Mr. Smith, of the House of Representatives, and of being addressed by him. Mr. Marston introduced Mr. Smith, referring to his honorable position, the deep interest he had for things educational in our country and state, and the great pleasure he gave us in coming to us as soon as he arrived in the city. Mr. Smith spoke as follows;

"I can assure you that whatever pleasure you may have is more than equalled by my own pleasure in being able to address you. I spent several years as a school-teacher and I have always considered them to be the most profitable years of my life. One realizes, as one goes on through life, the great responsibility resting on the teachers of the country. The political position I hold enables me to have a nearer view of the national life, and I can see better the effect of good citizenship and of the attitude of the common people on the institutions of the country. I hear, too, much of mischief. Some schools think that all political men are rogues, and politics is an evil road to success. This idea is shocking. I offer the opinion that this phase of life is much exaggerated. In one of our magazines there has been published lately a series of articles called "The Treason of the Senate." the writers of which call themselves muck-rakers. Literature of this sort is due, I am convinced, to the whim of the day. If I believed that the things these articles say are true, I know that during my own life I should see the end of the Republic. No such rogues as are depicted there could rule my country. I am not here, however, to offer a certificate to our official life. But I do know this; I am convinced that this official life fairly well reflects the intellect and

and morals of the common people; they are no higher or grander, but they are not below them.

"So it lies with your school teachers to develop and form the character of the future American people, and through them of the officials. Sad to say, the burden of education is nowadays being shifted from the parents to the teacher. And thus your connection with the affairs of every-day life is incresing: you cannot overestimate your responsibility when you take up the pathway in life which you have chosen. For your individual character is stamped on the life of every boy and girl under your jurisdiction. If you are honest and upright, so they will be: and that is one thing that will save the Republic: it is the thing that your mothers and fathers held above all else; common Honesty—common, every-day, home-made Honesty. Without that the Republic will not stand: with it, it will be as enduring as the ages.

"I hope to live to see the day when you young women will all be voters: no citizen will have more responsibility on election-day than you will have: and the accumuation of your civil votes will determine the vice or virtue of the men you put in office.

"I feel more than a passing interest in this school, for I cast my vote for the first appropriation for it. Nor did my efforts cease there: I have continued to give to give it my support since. Another school, along with yours, for which I have great sympathy and interest, is the Polytechnic School at San Luis Obispo, which was created by my bill. This school is doing an important work, along with yours. Its purpose is the education of youths for the unprofessional walks of life, to take up the home-life of the state: or, as we often say, to "go back home." Those boys and girls that are being educated and sent out to work in the home-side of life, and you who work here, will constitute the best life of California. You, having taken the youth of the state from the hands of their fathers and mothers, will give them such training and character-building as will induce faith in their fellow-men and insure the perpetuity of the feeling of responsibility in a self-governing people. We ought not to misunderstand the idea of true duty to our government. It lies in the feeling, in each one of us, that we have the responsibility on our shoulders, that we must 'go to the front,' as the saying is, and help bear the burden of the day. For it is doing these things that makes us strong."

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY REPORT.

This quarter has furnished some real treats in Student Body programs which were not even hoped for.

At the meeting on Jan. 21st, a good musical program was rendered. Among the numbers were some cleverly illustrated songs.

At the last meeting, held Feb. 15th, a very enjoyable program was presented. There was a vocal duet by the Misses Fuidge; a reading by Miss Pruitt and a farce entitled "Aunt Susan Jones"

Cast of characters:

Aunt Susan Jones.....	Ysabel Brooks
Mrs. Markley.....	Lillian Anderson
Susan Arabella.....	Mary Belle Williams
Anna Wilson.....	Gladys Waters

The installation of officers was also a feature of the meeting. The officers installed were as follows:

President, Miss Sibyl Morrison; Vice-president, Mr. Robert Tyson; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Adelle Byron; Social Committee, Alma Stephens (chairman), Edith Neff, Nan Drury, Ada West and Hattie Jordan.

The students are fortunate in having in their midst a clever elocutionist, Miss Gertrude Rieke, who has entertained at several of the meetings with her delightful selections.

The school has also been afforded the opportunity of enjoying the results of steady practice by the orchestra.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Basket-ball and indoor base ball have both taken prominent places in the girls' sports during the last quarter, though captain ball still holds its own. Besides the regular weekly practice games, the basket-ball

girls gave us two very interesting and highly enthusiastic games, one before Thanksgiving holidays, and one before the Christmas holidays. These games were attended by a large crowd of Normalites and all, including the players, seemed to get lots of sport out of them. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

WHITES

I. Pierce, G. Rieke.....Forwards.....
 O. Ault, L. Winter.....Guards.....
 P. Black, S. Shaw.....Centers....

YELLOWS

U. Yager, N. Pierce
 R. Pitman, L. West
 C. Haines, M. Grandstaff

Indoor baseball has become quite popular with the girls, and for a time great rivalry existed between the "Whites" and the "Yellows." Three grand games were played between the two teams for championship of the school; the "Yellows" finally carried off the honors, winning two games out of the three. Indoor base ball with its modified rules seems to be a good game for the girls, though it has one drawback in the fact that it cannot be played out in the open.

Now that the courts are in good shape again, tennis is being indulged in by the faithful few to a considerable extent. Let us hope that before long the term "faithful few" will be changed to "faithful many," as no one knows the sport one can get out of tennis until it has been tried.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Immediately after the game played the day before the Thanksgiving holidays, the members of the basket-ball teams spent a jolly evening at the home of their coach, Miss Tanner. After a fine supper served to fourteen hungry girls, the evening was spent in playing games, singing songs and having a general good time.

* * *

Miss Josephine Clark entertained the members of the Rhine Gold crew at the "Loomis" on November the 16th.

* * *

Miss Ruth Price was hostess at a very successful dinner party on the evening of January 19th. Those enjoying the hospitality were the Misses Amy Johnson, Dorothy Maxwell, Olive Ault, Lena and Mary Wormser, Gay Neely, Gladys Frary, Bernice Cosgrove. Louise Kaidel, Marie Hutchinson and Ysabel Brooks.

A prospective member of our school was welcomed with great applause on the morning of January the 8th, when the arrival of Roger Salisbury West was communicated to the students. It is reported that the young gentleman is duly appreciating the splendid climate of this bay city.

* * *

On Tuesday evening, November 20th, the marriage of Miss Anita Dodson and Mr. Ellington Chubb was solemnized at the First Congregational church of this city. Many students of the Normal were present, among them the members of the "White Duck" rowing crew, of which Mrs. Chubb is a member.

* * *

The "Rhine Golds" gave a barge-party on a moonlight night in November. Supper was eaten on the sand at North Island, illuminated by a large bonfire. Coming home the girls sang old songs while the boys "kept stroke." The affair was one of the most enjoyable of the term.

* * *

Everyone will be delighted to hear that our new professor, Mr. Kemp, has decided to make his "home" in this city.

* * *

The new year was ushered in with great gusto at a delightful party given by the Misses Mary and Lena Wormser and Olive Ault, at the "Loomis" on the evening of December 31st. Four rooms were given to the entertainment of the guests and various clever games were indulged in. The guests of the evening included the girls of the "Pristis" crew and their friends.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon, January 9th, Miss Sybil Morrison entertained the "White Ducks" at her room at the "Loomis." An informal spread was enjoyed and Miss Morrison was found to be a charming hostess.

* * *

A very pretty luncheon was given by Miss Hazel Mack on Jan. 17th, when she entertained the members of the "Rhine Gold" crew.



Mr. Beidleman: "When was Elizabeth king, Mr. Bliss?"

* * * *

Miss Billings: "To-morrow we will take up 'Pig's Essay on Roast Lamb.'"

* * * *

Mr. Black: "The lakes in Merced county are beautiful!"

Miss M.: "Tell us about them, Mr. Black. Did you notice anything about the rifts?"

Mr. B.: "No, I did not spend much time noticing scientific conditions, there were too many school marms there."

* * * *

Mr. Skilling: "Miss Paine, will you put that diagram on the board? Class, attention while Miss Diagram explains this painé."

* * * *

Miss Billings (in conference, dictating classics for grammar grades):—"Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin."

Miss George: "Who is the author, please?"

Mr. Skilling: "A thermopide can detect heat from a man's face, a mile away."

Miss M.: "That man must be a warm number."

Miss Clark: "Miss George is laid up with her eyes."

Mr. West: "We are glad she is not laid up without them, and hope she will not be laid out with them."

* * * *

Edith Neff: "I got to class just as the whistle rang."

* * * *

Sybil M.: "(In astronomy)—"Mr. Skilling, was Leo up at 8 o'clock last night?"

* * * *

Mr. Crandall: "You can't change names in a minute and be satisfied afterward!" (He meant zoological names.)

* * * *

Miss Davis: "Did the gong sound?"

Owing to recent family additions, a popular conundrum around school is: "Which member of the faculty comes to school as late as possible and goes home as early as possible? and which member, on the other hand, comes as early as possible and leaves as late as possible?" Have you solved it?

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"You can't talk to me about raising children. I guess I know just about as much about it as any one. I do think it's scandalous the way some people let their youngsters carry on. There isn't a reason in the world why a child can't be made to mind. All you have to do is to persevere and you will accomplish the desired ends. I've attended mothers' meetings ever since I have been married, and I know all of the best methods and understand perfectly all the theories of child raising. It's perfectly cruel to administer corporal punishment and I, for one, don't believe in it. Why, it's simply inhuman. A whipping does all very well for a dog, but a child—bless his heart—should be treated in a different way. As I said before, all you have to do is to use patience, kindness and perseverance, and you will have no trouble at all. Never give up, just keep at a thing and you will succeed."

Just here a shrill sound was heard at the other end of the hall, suggestive of a small Indian war cry:

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

The speaker seemed to recognize it for she immediately ended her discussion and made haste in the direction of the call.

"Oh mama! Hear the echo! Hoo-hoo!" To which the echo answered clearly back, "Hoo-hoo."

"Yes, but Percival, dear, you mustn't make such a noise. It disturbs the meeting."

"Hoo-hoo."

"Percival! mama said not to do that."

A little pause, and then, "Hoo-hoo-o."

"Now mind mama and be quiet."

Percival cast a sidelong glance at his mother and then out came the "Hoo-hoo" once more.

"Percival! If you don't be quiet, that big lady will come down here and scold Percival dreadfully."

After a little, "Look, mama, look, Hoo-hoo!"

"Now don't you dare say that again."

A short pause followed in which Percival alternately looked at his mother and at the ladies at the other end of the hall.

"Say, mama, look—Hoo-hoo!"

"Percival! I—I—I don't know what I shall do with you. Don't you dare say that again."

A little longer pause followed this, and then a little after came the "Hoo-hoo!"

"Look here, young man, if you dare say that again I'll shut you up in that dark closet in the corner."

The young experimenter looked once at his mother and then twice at the closet. "Hoo-hoo!" he shrilled tentatively.

At this Percival was taken hold of with rather violent hands and marched in the direction of the closet.

"Mama's going to shut you up in that dark, black closet."

"I'll come out again."

"No, you can't come out until you can be a good boy."

Here the closet door was opened and shut, and when it shut Percival was on the other side of it. It immediately opened again, however, and our hero appeared.

"Percival, I told you to stay in there."

And he was put in again. This time the door was locked. As before he tried the door but finding it would not open, he set up such a howl that the ladies all turned around wonderingly. That would never do, so mama unlocked the door.

"If you will be good now and not say 'Hoo-hoo!' any more, I'll let you out. Now run and play."

Mama's darling caught up his ball and bounded across the floor.

"Hoo-hoo!" "Hoo-hoo!" he called, and the echo came back softly with a "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

EXCHANGES.

PENNANT, San Jose Normal. Glad to meet another Normal School paper, and it is as worthy as the institution which it represents. The cover is very tasty.

MILLS COLLEGE WHITE AND GOLD. As usual, your standard is very high. The farce, "Aunt Carrie," is fine. If the same size of type were used throughout, the paper would present a better appearance.

THE ISHKOODAH, Paducah High School. The issue is small, but the material is good. What about mixing ads. and reading matter?

THE OLYMPUS, Olympia, Wash. We like your covers. Your material, however, seems largely devoted to class-notes, etc., with but little literature.

RADIUS, Kansas City, Mo. Your stories are fine, but some artistic headings would give a more attractive appearance to your paper.

JANUS, Hanford, Cal. Your stories are too young for High School people. The material published should be such as would have real interest for young men and women, not the goody-goody story, with the impossibly happy ending.

THE OAK, Visalia, Cal. Your stories are good, but the "Acorns" contain so much personal reference, that they lack interest for an outsider.

SENTINEL, Harvard Military School Los Angeles, Cal. You should be proud of your paper. The stories are above the average.

BUCK EYE, Xenia, Ohio. Your headings are very tasty and neat, and we are always glad to see you. We like your cover arrangement.

THE X-RAY, Bay City, Mich. A bright paper with some very good stories, but with some others that fall below the mark. Bring them up. The jokes are good.

THE S. V. C. STUDENT, St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal. Thank you for the postal card with the Christmas greetings. Your material is good, both the stories and essays. The "College Chronicle" is also well worked up, and adds interest to a fine issue.

THE REDWOOD, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal. Has a certain indefinable "Air" in the style, that goes well with the material. We consider you one of our best exchanges. The poems are always excellent, and "A Christmas Carol" is "jolly good."

We were glad to receive copies of two weeklies, "The Tempe Normal Student," Tempe, Ariz., and "The University Weekly," Fayetteville, Arkansas.

RAYNOR DEBURN, '07.

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Everybody wondered why pretty, American-born Selma Carlson married Olaf Jonssen, who was only six months out of Sweden, and seemed stupid. But Olaf was steady, thrifty and kind-hearted, and made Selma an admirable and easily managed husband.

Sometimes, however, Olaf proved amusing, even to Selma; she tells of one occasion when she sent him with some aching teeth to the dentist. After the teeth were extracted, Olaf, instead of leaving the office, hung about expectantly.

"Is there something more you want done?" asked the dentist.

"Vell, my dunno," returned Olaf, looking doubtfully at the chandelier. "My tank maybe my like leedle gas. My meesis ees tole my hov to take some

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for my toots. Eef she don't hort too moch, my tank maybe my better hov about twanty-fi' cent wort'."

LIBERAL MEASURE

To illustrate the value of exact obedience to orders, a politician tells the following story, which the New York Tribune repeats:

There was a young man in love with a rich and beautiful girl. The girl informed him one afternoon that the next day would be her birthday. He said he would send her the next morning a bouquet of roses, one rose for each year.

So that night he wrote a note to his florist, ordering the immediate delivery of twenty roses to the young woman. The florist read the order, and

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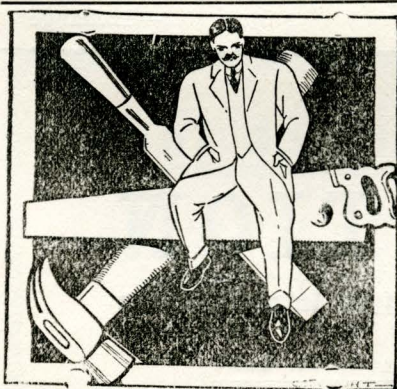
S. F. HOLCOMB.

thought he would please the young man by improving on it, so he said to his clerk:

"Here's an order from young Smith for twenty roses. Smith is one of my best customers. Throw in ten more for good measure."

When all my thinks in vain are thunk;
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saves me from that awful flunk?
My Pony.

—Exchange



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in buying saws, chisels, hammers and all other kinds of hardware from us. It's because our hardware stock is always uniformly good and of superior quality. Our hardware for 1907 is the best we ever offered the public. Builders, householders and others can always find the exact thing they're looking for—at this store. Prices are always uniform and reasonable.

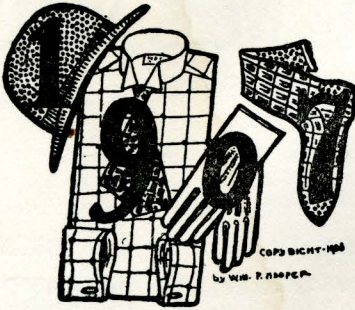
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1. Do not buy a paper; borrow your classmate's—be a sponge.
 2. Look up the advertisements and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.
 3. Never hand in articles, and be sure to criticize everything in the paper—be a knocker.
 4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or "society" when you should be attending to business—be a shirk.
 5. Tell your neighbor he can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.
 6. If you can't hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.
- GET THE IDEA? —Exchange

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HELLER'S

—Exchange

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know.
But you can bet she'll get at it somehow,
If she has the least kind of a show.
Now, I'll bet you ten cents to a penny,
That this poem she's already read;
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head!

What do you think about it?

If you saw an opportunity to start to work right now in the office of one of our well known business firms, what do you really think would be about the first service you would be required to perform?

Of course, if it were the position of office boy, you would immediately get busy with broom and duster, if not in that capacity, you could hardly expect to take the manager's place the first day. So, what could you do?

If you are a bookkeeper, its all right, if you can write shorthand and manipulate the typewriter, its all right. You have the necessary requirements to "hold down" your job.

A specialty of our school is the training of young men and women in those branches of education that have a special and direct application to the practical affairs of a successful business career.

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One day, soon after her enrollment at the Delancey, little Molly arrived home from school, her face streaked with tears and her mouth covered with blood.

"My precious, what happened?" cried her mother.

The little girl was soon pouring out her story in her mother's arms. Johnnie Farnham, it appeared, had struck her and knocked out two teeth.

When Mollie had been kissed, comforted and washed, her father wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Johnnie.

"She didn't do anything," said Molly.

"Well, what did she say?"

"She called Johnnie up to the desk and said, 'Johnnie, don't you know that was very anti-social?'"

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Rheumatism, Cure Dyspepsia, Cure
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Stops Hair from falling out.

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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.

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SAN DIEGO

OFFICE

1015

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

Studio, Home 2197

Res. Home 4028

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Suit Cases, Fancy German Work
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Diego

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A Joint Certificate of Title Backed by
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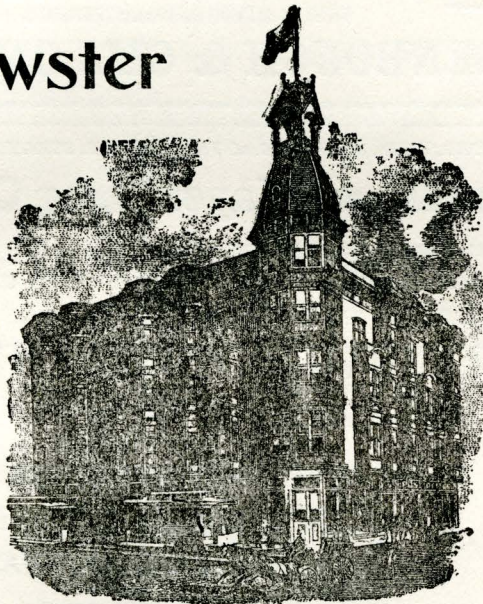
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