

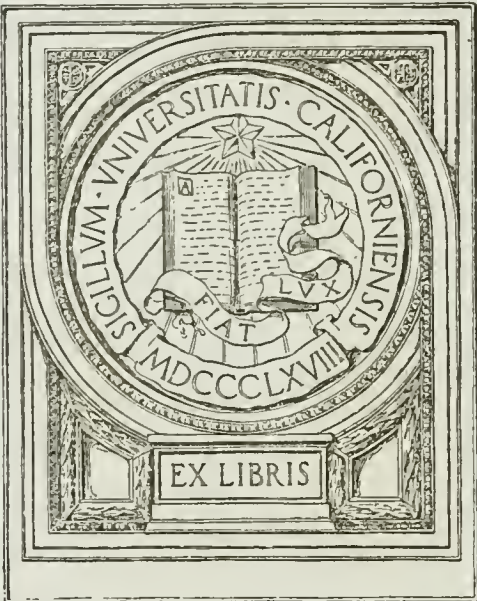
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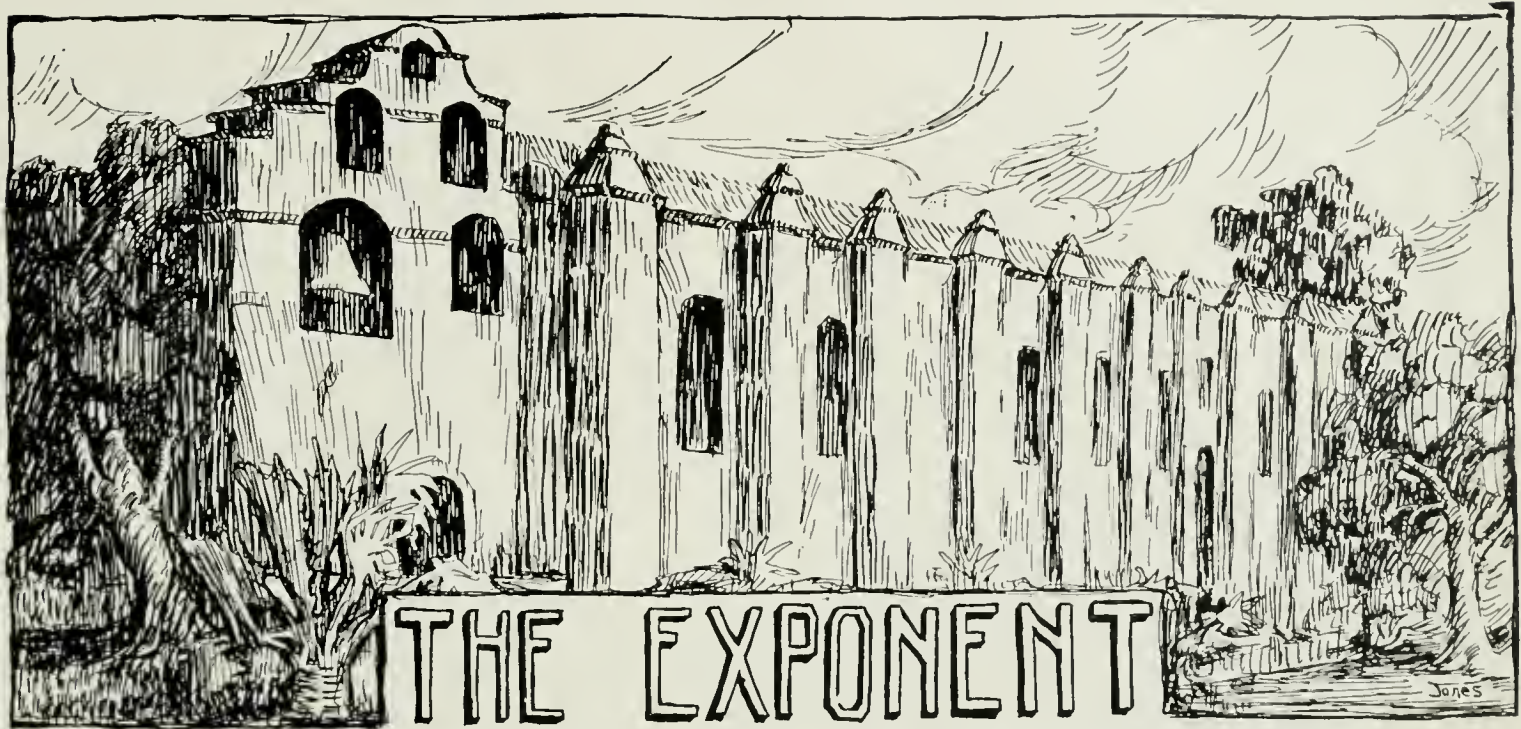
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THE EXPONENT

ISSUED BY THE SUMMER CLASS OF 1912
L.A.S.N.S.



THE UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR
MICHIGAN
1914



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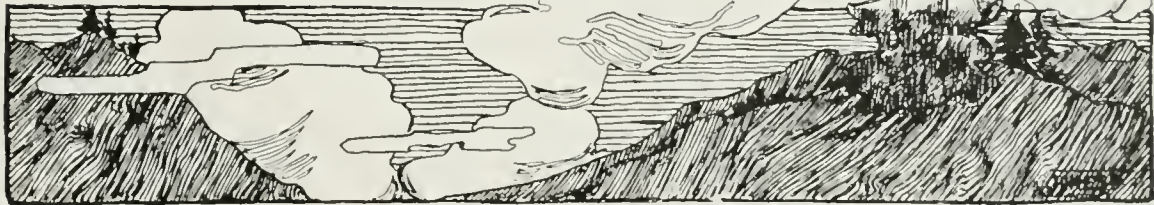
JOSHES

• JONES •





To Helen E. Matthewson,
our staunch friend and helpful comrade,
whose Spirit of strength, truth, and loving --
kindness has given us inspiration for life's
true worth. Summer Class of 1912



The Portrait in the Main Office

Whose is it? Why is it there? A brief answer to these questions may not be uninteresting to some who, perhaps, have never asked them, or thought about them, except in the vague, wondering way in which one is likely to think of things remote in time or place.

The original of the portrait was Ira More, the first permanent principal of this school, who in the early years of its existence determined its character, and established the enviable reputation it has ever since held in the community, and as time has gone on, in wider fields.

Mr. More's connection with normal schools began almost with their beginning. He was one of a group of earnest men who owed their inspiration to Horace Mann, and under that inspiration carried the normal idea into many states, founding mother schools, nearly every one of which had at its head a man who, in turn, was a source of inspiration to those associated with him as teachers or students. Most of these men were graduates of one or the other of the two normal schools founded by Massachusetts in 1833 at Bridgewater and Framingham. Some of them had no wider training, but Mr. More was a graduate of Yale, as well as of the normal school at Bridgewater, and to that fact, no doubt, he was in part indebted for the correct judgment and the clear-cut speech so characteristic of the man.

When the first Illinois normal school was established in 1857, Mr. More became one of its teachers, and to him fell the work of organization to such an extent that his impress

was strongly stamped upon the institution. On the breaking out of the civil war, he went into the army as captain of a company composed mainly of his own students, in a regiment known as the "school-masters' regiment," of which the principal of the Illinois school was the colonel, and in which practically all the men teachers and students served as privates.

At the close of the war, he found his health so impaired that he sought the benefit of a northern climate, and removed to Minnesota, where he was for two years professor of Mathematics in the University of Minnesota. From 1869 to 1875 he was principal of the state normal school at St. Cloud, which position he gave up to come to California, hoping to prolong the life of an invalid daughter. Here he soon became connected with the San Jose school, where he taught until 1883. At that time he was made principal of this school, which had been established the year before as a "branch state normal school" under the vice-principalship of Mr. C. J. Flatt, who remained for several years as teacher of mathematics.

Is the portrait a good one? In the main, yes; but in some particulars it fails to do more than suggest the striking characteristics so familiar to those who placed it there, the alumni of the earlier classes, who sought by their gift to express their love and esteem for one who had made so deep an impression on their lives, and to hand down his memory to those who were to be influenced as strongly, perhaps, as they had been, by the institution over which he had so wisely presided.

Harriet E. Dunn



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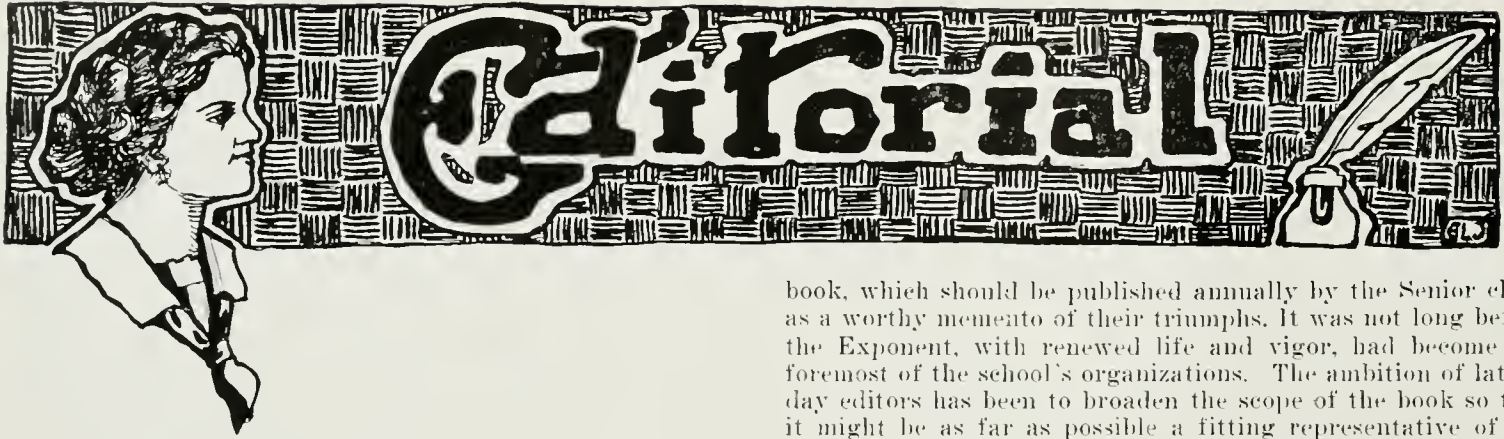
MARGARET METCALF
· ATHLETICS ·



HELEN MILLSBAUGH
· ART ·



FLORENCE CROSIER
· ASS'T MANGR ·



It is a happy custom of school publications to laud the manifold virtues of their latest production over all other editions, past and to come. We trust, however, that the Exponent of 1912, will speak for itself, and we take this opportunity to recall a few notable achievements of the past in the development of the book.

One who undertakes the pleasant task of becoming acquainted with past editions of the Exponent, is impressed, first of all, with the fact that the book has progressed steadily with the growth of the school. During the early years of its existence, it was a modest representative of "The Webster Club," by which organization it was founded in 1894. However, in 1896, a few enterprising Seniors conceived the brilliant idea of transforming the quiet little journal into a mighty class

book, which should be published annually by the Senior class, as a worthy memento of their triumphs. It was not long before the Exponent, with renewed life and vigor, had become the foremost of the school's organizations. The ambition of latter-day editors has been to broaden the scope of the book so that it might be as far as possible a fitting representative of the entire Student Body. The constant addition of new contributions from all the classes has materially aided the book, both in its broadened aims and in the quality and style of its productions.

With the innovation of the story contests, in this, our Summer '12 Exponent, and the insistent invitations for contributions to the art work, we feel assured that opportunity has been given every student, genius and otherwise, to make this edition indicative of the best literary and artistic ability the school has to offer. After a period of earnest and strenuous labor, lightened by the kindest co-operation and assistance from friends of the faculty and the Student Body, the staff presents the Annual of 1912, in the hope that it is truly an exponent of the interests and activities of the students, and of the spirit and ideals of the school.



THE YEAR AT L. A. S. N. S.

During the year 1912, we of the L. A. Normal school, have been strenuously engaged in making history. The year has been one of innovations and awakened activity. At last, the students have organized themselves into a "body politic," and, as such, have brought about a closer union of interests among the students and a stronger and truer school spirit.

As a result of this new interest and enthusiasm, we have the Outlook, a wide-awake little newspaper, which started out with the determination to make things happen in Normal and is succeeding admirably in its purpose. Perhaps the most significant advance made by the Associated Students, this year is the great movement for student self-government. The idea of a self-governing student body is in direct accord with the principles for which our school stands, and, under the direction of the students, who now have it in charge, it will surely develop into a strong helpful organization.

So far and fast have we progressed, that our Board of Trustees have, at last, chosen for us the site for a new home, which will be better adapted to the requirements of a school of our size and high standard. Situated in the beautiful north-west section of our city, with an outlook of foothills and green valleys, this site is almost ideal. It offers excellent advantages for the gardens and athletic courts, which the present crowded conditions make impossible. The new home for the Los Angeles State Normal school, no longer a dream of "manyana," will be the peer of any in our country in beauty and adaptability to the needs of its students and another witness to the glory of our great state.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

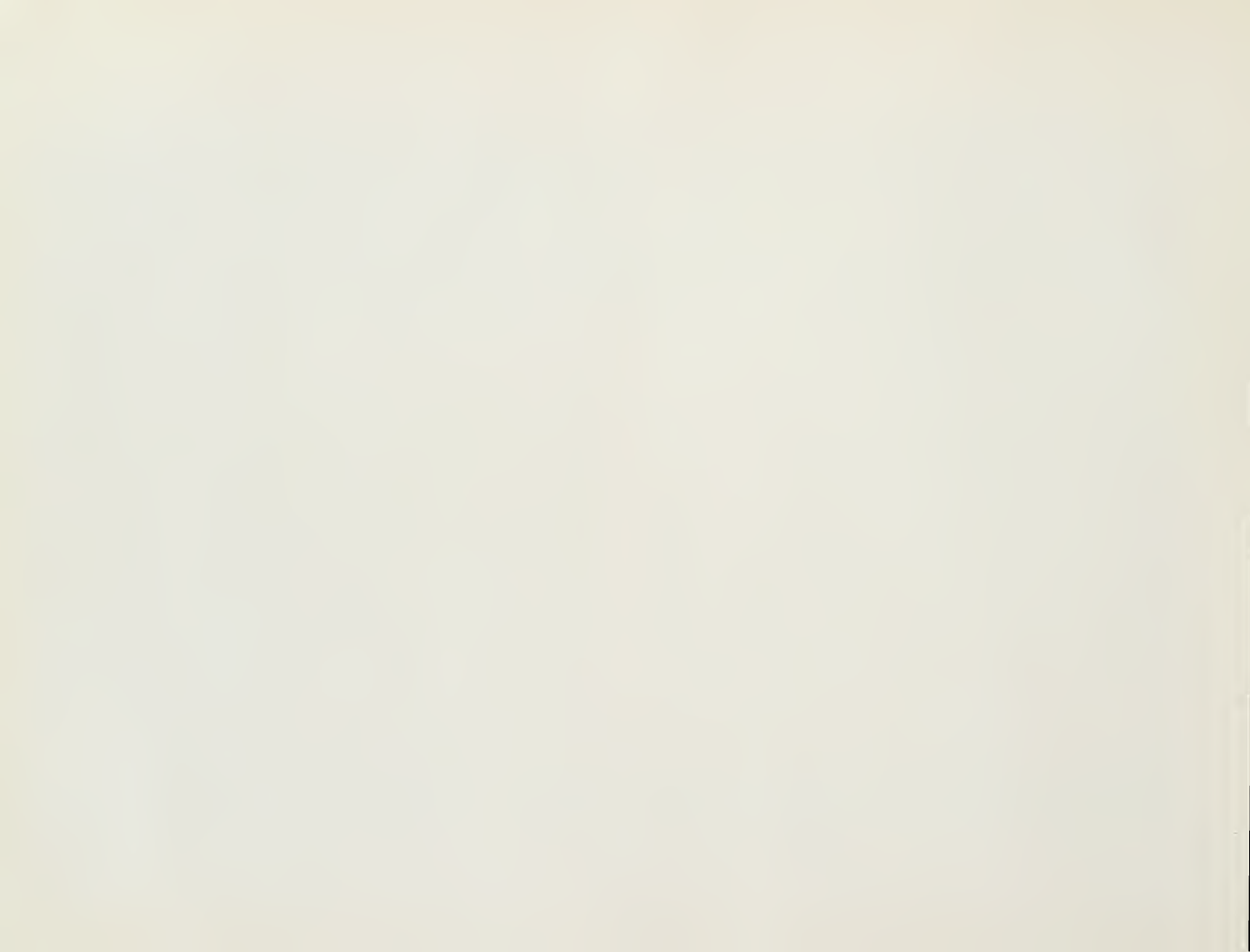
We hear a quantity of talk about that all-powerful genie, "school spirit." We are assured that it is the first essential of a live school, and in the same breath, we are likely to be

told that its existence in our own Normal school is lamentably lacking. A trite phrase, "no spirit in Normal," has become the prevailing fashion among certain of our students and it is to the credit of none of us that we have not long since risen in our wrath and shown them the error of their ways.

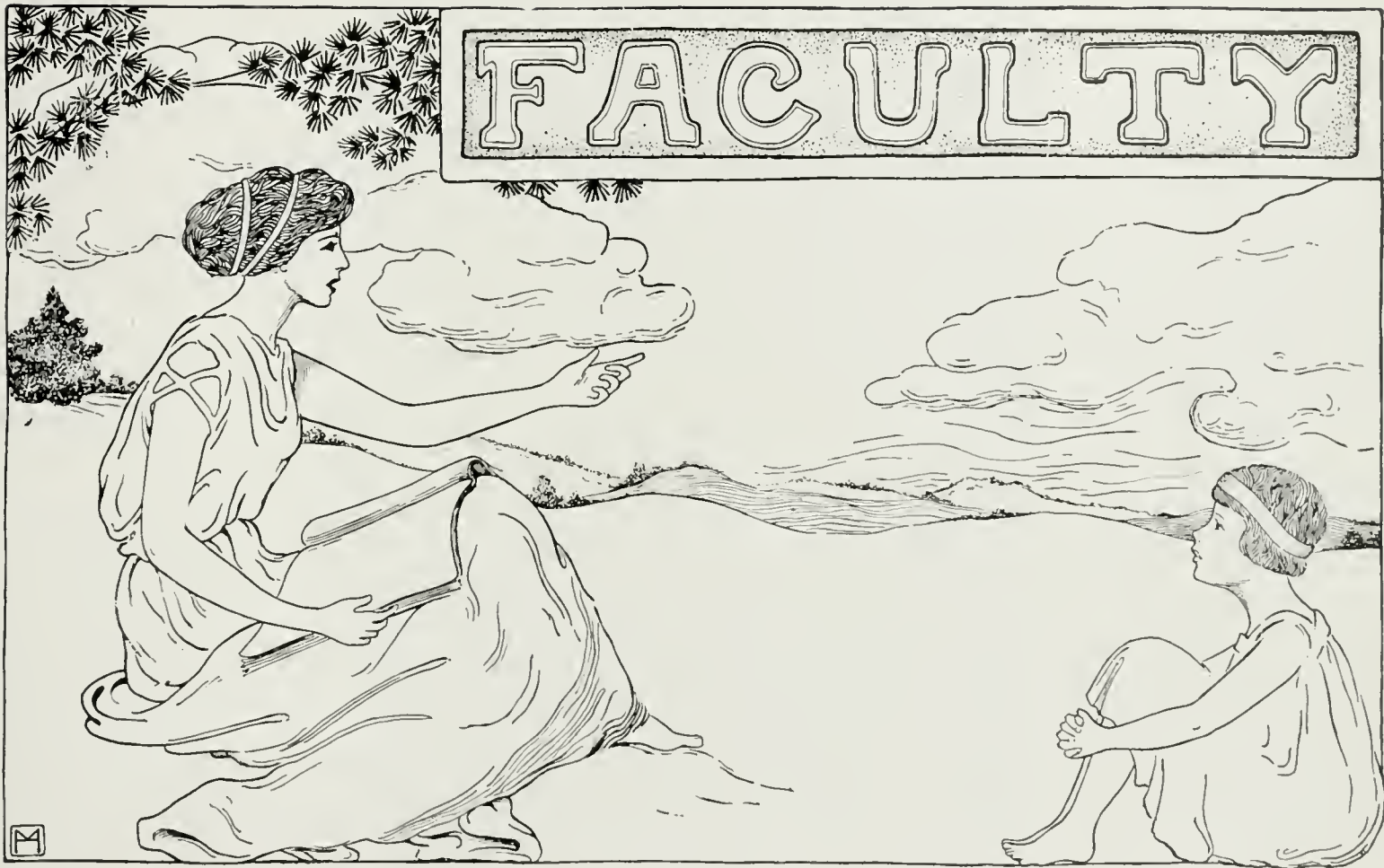
The heart of the trouble is that most of us have very vague ideas concerning the meaning of school spirit. First of all, let us know that school spirit is not noise. It is something more real and abiding than the occasional bursts of enthusiasm and good will, which lead one to "root" for the team, flutter a pennant wildly and go home with a sore throat. However, for the benefit of those energetic "Normalites" who feel the necessity of exercising their lungs, we may suggest that they need only start the Senior cowbell tinkling and wait for things to happen. Surely those persons whose throats and eardrums have survived the noisy joys of a Capitola Luncheon will not be numbered among those who doubt the ability of L. A. S. N. S. to make herself heard.

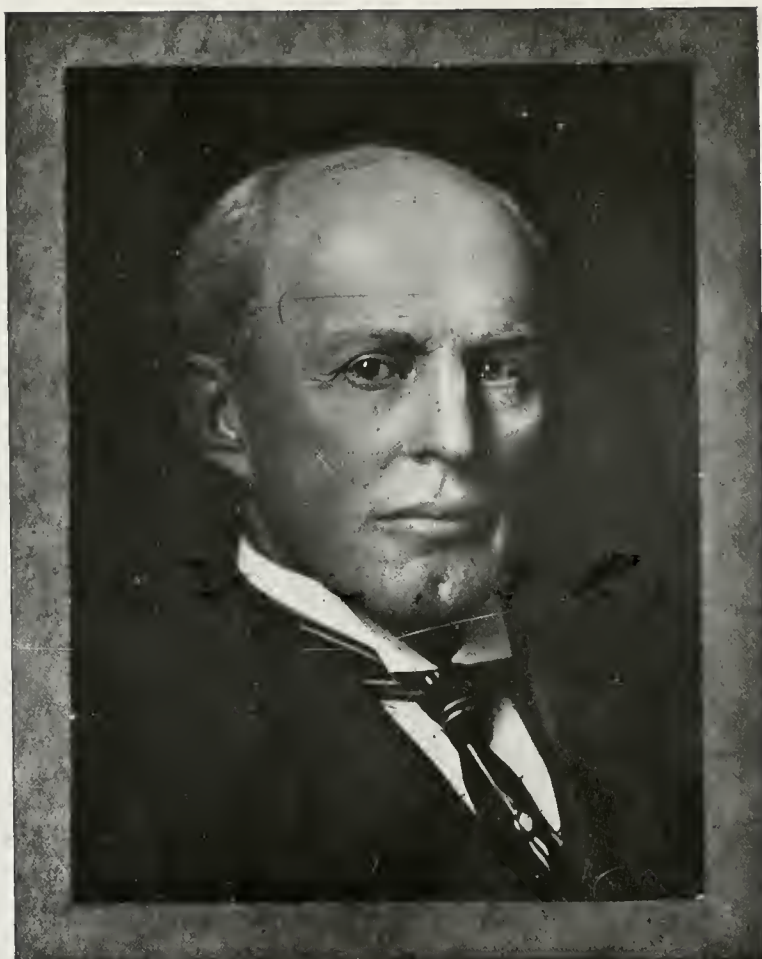
The truest school spirit, however, like the noblest patriotism, is an everyday affair and it is so often made manifest to us that we grow unseeing. Near the end of our two-years' course we may come to realize that the many kind and joyful things which come our way during each day are but manifestations of a spirit which is beautiful and true. Then if we are honest with ourselves, we shall know the true spirit of our school as the helpful comradeship which makes our play hours joyous and sunny, the fine justice which places each girl upon her own worth, and above all, the earnest and steady endeavor which aims for that inner resource of power by which we may front the problems of life earnestly and with greater comprehension.

We who are leaving this summer can give no firmer pledge of faith than that of loyalty to ideals of truth, service, and friendship—to the spirit of the Los Angeles State Normal School.

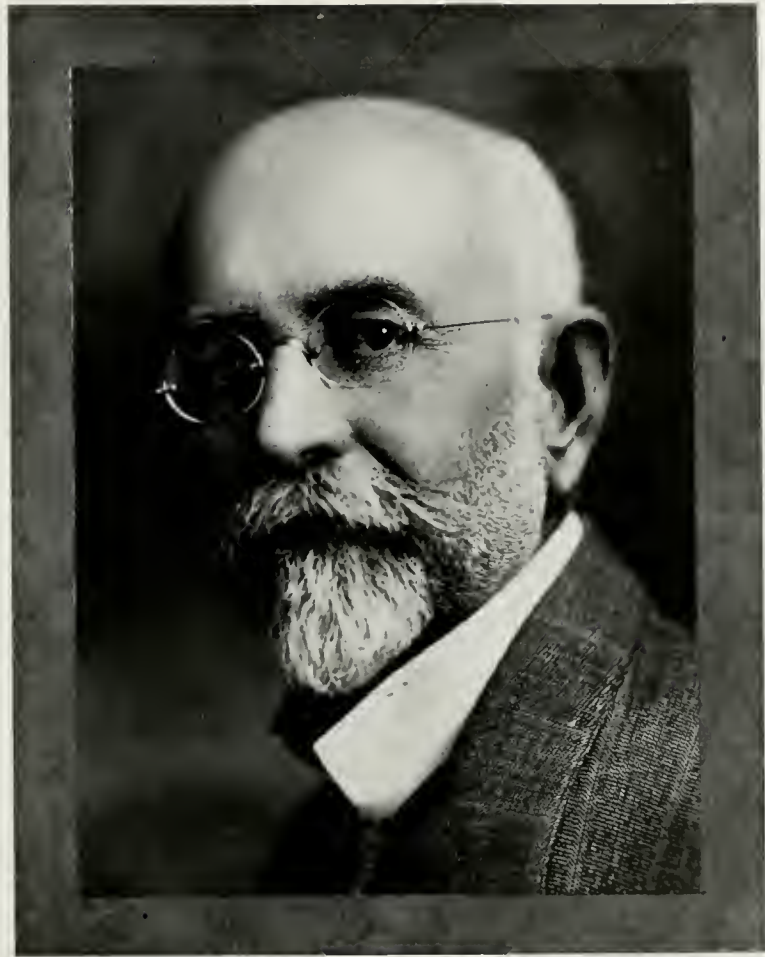


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EVERETT SHEPARDSON, A. B., A. M.



ELIZABETH KEPPIE



HELEN E. MATHEWSON



CLARA PALMER



ELIZABETH FARGO



ANNA P. BROOKS



MARJORIE VANDEUSAN



FRED A. HOWE, P.H.D.



BESSIE E. HAZEN



MADGE STEVENS



KATHERINE GOETZINGER



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MICHAEL G. SNYDER, A.M.



ADA MILAM



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LOYE MILLER



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ESTHER CRAWFORD



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A.A. HUMMEL, B.S., M.S.



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MYRTLE BLEWETT



EDNA COOK, B.S.



ALICE HUNNEMEIER



MYRTLE COLLIER, B.S.



SARAH WOODBURY



CLARA PRESTON



BARBARA GREENWOOD



In a great school like the Normal, we find many interesting parts. We are well acquainted with the phases of life met in our own daily intercourse, such as the Student Body and its many problems, the Different classes and their interests, as well as the various school organizations. But in our school life we have one division practically unrecognized in our daily life, that division without which no school exists. And this is not a riddle, it is merely the affirmation that we are not in touch with our alumni. The alumni of any school is, we may say, its advertisement, for through the alumni we prove our vitality and worth. Then, since we recognize the important part in a school's existence that the alumni holds, let us seek to be more in touch with it. We are preparing ourselves to teach and in our preparation are developing into the best

media for the school's growth and development. Then, if we are to be a part of this great body of advertisers, to carry the figure farther, let us get in touch with the present agents so that we may profit by their examples.

And our Alumni is a noteworthy institution. It was organized by the first class graduating from the Normal, that of 1884. In the thirty years of its life, the organization has grown from a handful of twenty-two earnest members to a gigantic, pulsing body of over three thousand five hundred members. Can we grasp the tale lying in the contrast expressed between these numbers? Do we not too passively accept our school as it is, a representation of the highest aims and standards, without understanding the magnificent climb it has made and will make as long as it may exist? With the

school, grew and prospered the Alumni as it must grow and prosper in the future. At this point the application becomes personal, for since we must be competent to take up this work with our fellows, to keep the work growing, let us live more deeply and thoroughly that we may also prosper.

At present, the Alumni is organized to meet every fifth year instead of annually as was the custom before 1910. This change has been made on account of the greatness of the assemblage, which does not allow a handling of affairs satisfactorily in the old way. The next regular meeting will be in 1915, and by that time our organization will be vastly greater and more effective. Let us do our share! According to present provisions, there are now two officers, Miss Helen E. Mathewson, whom we all love and honor, is the president, and under her control the Alumni is progressing by bounds. The secretary and treasurer is Miss Burney Porter, our Normal appointment secretary. And, in addition to the officers, we like to remember tried friends in the Alumni, who are faculty members. Each name carries a glow of pleasure to us as we recall each one. Miss Dunn is foremost among them by common consent, and is closely followed by Mrs. Beck, Mrs.

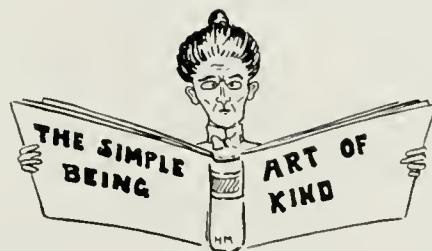
Preston, Miss Whitice, Miss Stephens, Miss Richardson, and Miss Meader.

While remembering these well known representatives of the Alumni, we are anxious to know more of the rest and of their work, to meet Miss Foy and be inspired by her, to visit Miss Mary Stacy in her broad field and gain a part of that great life. Then, knowing more of our Alumni, we long to be a working part of it, that we may do our share.

The Alumni has had one great re-union, which was to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Normal school, and now it is looking forward to a gigantic reunion, which is to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary and to allow the Alumni to meet once more in the old building, for old memories are always dearest.

Then, fellow students, let us not forget our representatives in this great world, while we work in order to take our place with them. Rather, let us study them and their work so that we may gain the certain aid and inspiration which so noble an organization as our Alumni can not help giving us. That our Alumni may ever live and prosper, is our heartiest wish.

LIDA C. McCOLL.







SUMMER '12

JONES.

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- PRESIDENT -



MARIE BITTLESTON
- TREASURER -



BETH GLEZEN
- SECRETARY -



RACHEL SMITH
- VICE-PRES -



EDIE HART



MARGORIE TAYLOR



NELL O'BRIEN



FLAVIA SODERGREN



CAROLYN IVES



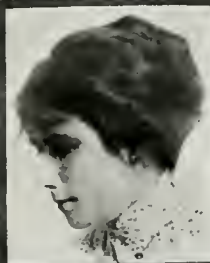
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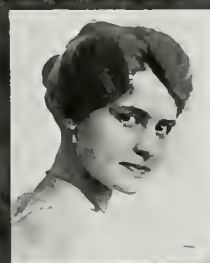
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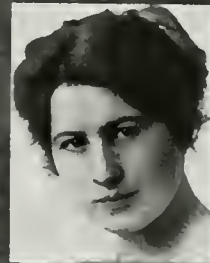
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FLORENCE CROSIER



MATILDA OSTERHAUS



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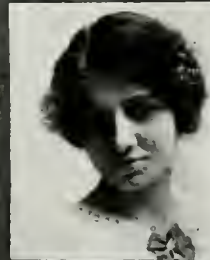
GERTRUDE TILGNER



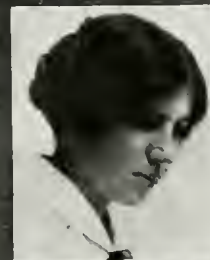
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OLIVE WHALEN



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CELIA STANLEY



JOSEPHINE M...



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HAZEL RIX



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ZOE LIMBOCKER



ATHOL SEYMOUR



LAURA NEWEL



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GERTRUDE FRIEND



MARY HIMES



HATTIE LOCKNANE



PANSY KNOLL



FRANCES BRALEWEL



GENEVA FLAGG



GENEVIEVE DOYLE



BESSIE CALVERT



ALTA LOVELL



CECILE JENNINGS



GLADYS O'CONNELL



MARY HORRIGAN



EMMA HASTY



IRENE MCCARTHY



BERTHA HILL



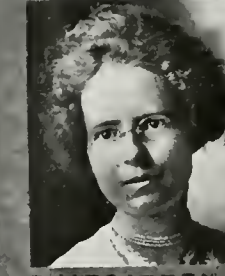
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GERTRUDE SNOW



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A. HORNUM



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MRS. IRENE KIRKBRIDE



IDA FULLERTON



EDITH WILLIAMSON



FREDA HAND



GLADYS CASE



AGNES O'CONNER



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BERTHA HUNT



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EMILIA PALOMARES



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ETHEL LAND



EDITH ANDREWS



RUTH GREENE



MAUDE MILLER



GERTRUDE LOTHOUSE



ANNA KNAPP



FLORENCE THOMPSON



FRANCES ROOT



RUTH SMITH



GEORGIANA WHITE



ELSIE SNYNER



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RAYMOND POLLICK



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WINIFRED HUSTON



FLORA THOMPSON



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NOMINA HOTZELL



LUCY BOWKER



VERDI WARNER



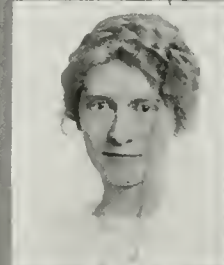
CHARLES O'NEAL, Men. Tr.



LORA KNECHT, Kgn.



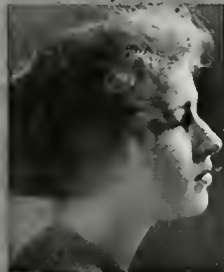
PIERLE RUSSELL, Kgn.



MARIE DOLAN, Kgn.



HELEN ESTILLE



GLADYS SEAT



GENEVIEVE BOGART



GLADYS ASFITOM



EDGAR SMITH



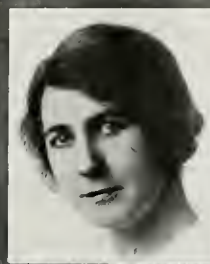
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JULIA BURNS



ELEANOR EAST



CLARISSA DOLAND



MERLE PUTNAM



ADELAIDE HILL



SHIRLEY BURNS



MARY HOWARD

KINDERGARTEN



ELIZABETH COBBS



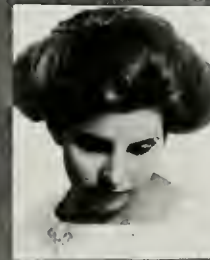
CLAIRE NILES



SHIRLEY GOODMAN



GERTRUDE GROFFENRIED



EFFIE STEVENSON

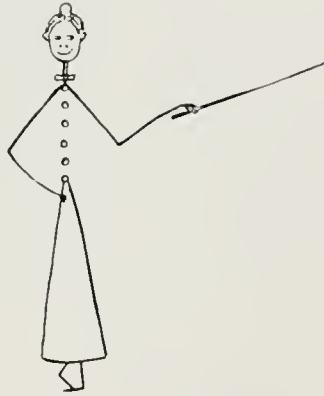


JESSIE CUMMINGS



BERNICE M^CBRIDE



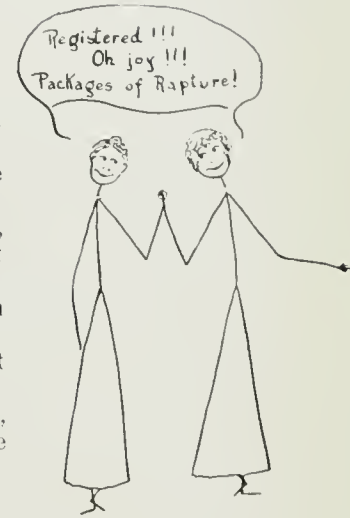


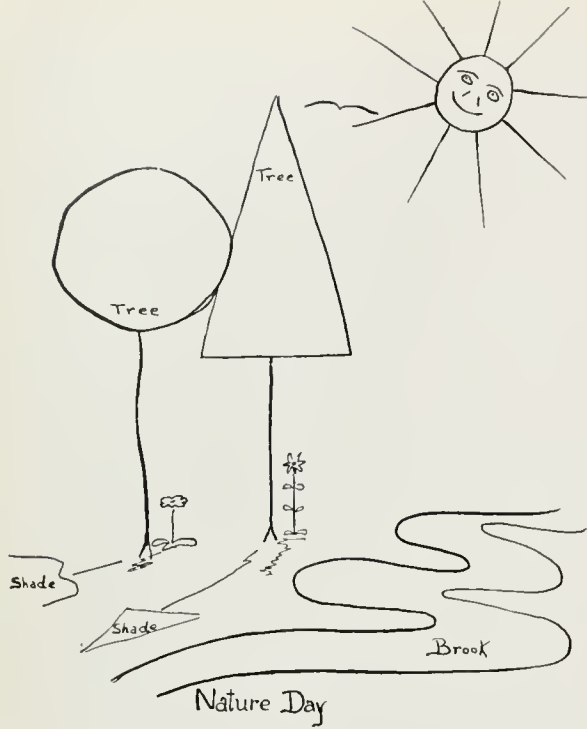
“SEE WHAT WE DID”

Class History

Once we Normal students gathered in the days of long ago,
With our spirits high and hopeful; and our face told you so.
For we'd chosen a profession! which sounded very grand,
And we'd come to sign the contract and with heroes take
our stand!
Then we flocked in by the dozen, by the score, and then a few,
'Till the building was so crowded no one knew just what
to do.
There we stood in crowded hall-ways, once were almost in a
line,
Till, by hours of weary standing, we had reached that
long sought shrine.
After many anxious wonderings, and with questions not a few,
We then made out several papers, and were told that we
were through

With
REGISTRATION.





Then came the daily lessons; but they were **nothing new** ,
 And by process of absorption at length we wiser **grew**.
 The Capitola Rally was jolly fun and noise,
 And we gave the "bestest" yelling, although we lacked for
 boys.

And Nature Day, what fun it was in the Arroyo's grateful
 shade,

With talking, songs and laughter! Will memory ever fade?
 There were parties by our sections, and entertainments too;

For our class was always wide awake and full of things
 to do.

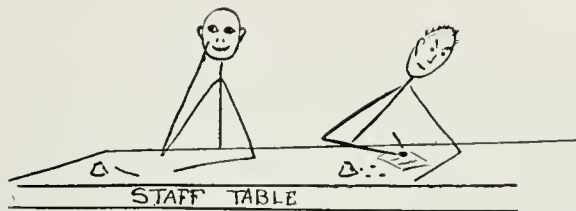
After one long year—or was it long? Since time stays never
 still—

For the last time we took our books and climbed the
 Normal hill

Before

VACATION.





Again we climbed that Normal Hill to start our Senior year.
 It was with perturbation and little thrills of fear,
 For the first day of our teaching had come with our return;
 Our place as wondrous geniuses as teachers we must earn.
 With crinkles running down our spines, hearts knocking loud
 within,

We faced those first-day classes our teaching to begin.
 When "Senior Bs," a fine, big dance we gave, and it was a
 lark!

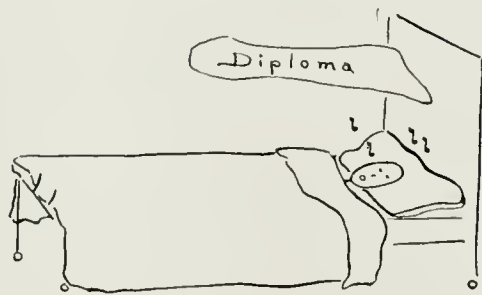
Then came a jolly picnic for our Seniors in the Park.
 When "Senior A's" at last we were, with dignity and poise,
 A "Staff we formed, and turned it loose among the Ex-
 ponent's joys!

A play we gave (and 't was the best you'd ever wish to see.)
 Then class-day came, reception too, and all such jollity.
 With lessons done, with smiles and sighs, the great day came
 at last.

Diplomas gained, the endless chain by Doctor Millspaugh
 passed—

'Twas

GRADUATION.



L'Envoy

Our history brief is over now.
 Instead of realities clear and bright,
 Sweet memories crowd in every heart,
 Our future moments to delight.

Dorothy Willard



Won

Weather
To some 'tis foul
To some 'tis fair
To some 'tis great
Most anywhere

The Brazen Knocker

"An Accomplished Prophecy"

If she is
famous you
will find her
in the
BRAZEN KNOCKER

Transcendant

PUBLISHED ONCE IN A LIFE TIME

Progressive

VOL TO, NO. ONE DOZEN

JUNE 23, 1923

Price—as much as we can get

SMART BLAZE SURPRISES MANY FIREMEN MAKE THRILLING RESCUE

LOS ANGELES, Cal. — Yesterday afternoon at 2:30, a fire broke out in the Los Angeles State Normal School. It startled many classmen, but the young ladies behaved admirably. There was little screaming or fainting, and no one was fatally injured.

The most serious damage occurred in Dr. Howe's English II class. The doctor was talking and so did not know his danger, and the class were only awakened by the abrupt entrance of Fireman Feazell through the transom.

The doctor was still talking when he was gently, but firm-

ly removed from his danger.

Feazell and others distinguished themselves by their bold and daring rescues. No one knows just how the blaze started, but it is thought that crossed wires in Room J were the cause.—Nightly Screech Owl.

LATEST! EXTRA! [By Special Wireless]

We are stopping our presses to correct the above report of a "fire" and to fire the reporter, whose yellow methods were acquired in the service of our saffron contemporary, the contemptible Nightly Screech Owl. There are two things we will not stand for, not on your life; slang and sensationalism.

We are just in receipt of an absolutely straight tip, coming as it does direct from the Doc. himself, which puts us wise to the fact that the "fire" was in reality a pre-arranged device to surprise the class into a state of conscious self-activity.

Several weeks ago many of the class were thrown into a hypnotic trance by a psychophysiological experiment in the Pedagogy Course, and have since resisted every possible means used to restore them from the Abnormal state to the State Normal.

As a last resort, Doc. Howe, who is on the job when it comes to progressive methods, is plotting an experiment, using nitro-glycerine, doubled distilled dynamite, and greas-

ed chain-lightening. He declares that if this fails, he will retire from teaching, and devote the experience he has gained to the growing of "raw material for the Sauer-Kraut trade."

STOPS CAR WITH GUN Women will Have Rights

[By Special Wireless]

PORTLAND ,Ore., — This afternoon about 2 p. m., Miss Gladys Case left her home intending to attend a Woman's Rights lecture, given by Miss Louise Kohlmeyer in the Auditorium. After she had stood on the corner and waited for a car for five minutes, a car whizzed past, enveloping her in a cloud of dust.

After three cars had passed her with "take next ear" signs down, Miss Case returned to her home, secured a gun, and returning to the corner, waited for the next car. When it drew near she put into practice some of her woman's rights theories, walking toward the car, she pointed the gun at the motorman and frowned. He stopped the car and she boarded it. When asked why she had pointed her gun, she said that she did not care to be late to the lecture and the ear had to be stopped.

**TWO NEW TEACHERS FOR
L. A. STATE NORMAL**
Renowned Educators Elected
[Special Wire to Us]

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Miss Mabel Wright and Miss Mabel Houser have been elected to the faculty of L. A. S. Normal school. They are both well known in educational circles and the school is considered fortunate to secure their services.

**MAD DOG SHOT IN BUSY
STREET**

Business Woman's Aim True.
Dog Dies

WATTS, Cal. — Yesterday morning about ten o'clock, during the rush hours, a mad dog dashed up and down the busy business street. He had been in a fight and had been overwhelmed by his adversary. This defeat caused him to lose his temper. Hearing the cry, "mad dog! mad dog!" from the terrorized passers-by, Miss Millspaugh stepped coolly from her office and shot the dog.

He will be buried at 6 p. m. today. No flowers.

**NOTED BOTANIST LOVES
FLOWERS**

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Miss Louva Hursh, a young woman of Pasadena, is said to be the best systematic botanist in the country. Her love of nature is so great that she is never seen without a posy. When on a walk or a business trip, her hands are always full of nature's lovely flowers.

**LECTURING IN THE FAR
EAST**

[Special Dispatch to Klocker]

PEKIN, China—Miss Carrie Clan, the renowned thinker and scholar, is here giving a course of lectures on the wild flowers of California. Miss Clan is addressing crowded halls and will have to prolong her stay to fulfill engagements

**TERRIBLE ACCIDENT NAR-
ROWLY AVERTED, FAIR
ONE FALLS**

[Special Dispatch to Klocker]

While calmly strolling on the roof garden of the Caskman building of this city, Miss Gwendolyn Sargent narrowly escaped death late last evening.

As she and her companion, Josephine Mogueau, neared the edge of the walk, Miss Sargent slipped on a banana peel and slid to the gutter pipe. Unluckily, at this point there was an overflow rain pipe. Miss Sargent clutched wildly for help and dragged her companion to the edge, but despite her struggles she slipped down the

drain. She was all out of sight, save one golden curl, when Patrolman Whalian, hearing the piercing shrieks of Miss Morgeau, came to her aid. With difficulty the young woman was dragged to safety. It is rumored that a gold medal may be presented to Patrolman Whalian for her gallantry by the Woman's Aid Society of this city.

**WHAT HAPPENED TO L.
BROOKS**

[Special Wire to Us]

The mysterious disappearance of Lucile Brooks is still puzzling the authorities. Eleven years ago her whereabouts were well known to everyone. She was pointed out to visitors as one of the most promising entites that lurked in the vicinity.

She had even attained the honorable position as a josh editor of the Exponent, but shortly after its publication on June 1912, she disappeared suddenly.

Anyone having knowledge of her whereabouts will kindly notify the authorities.

COLLEGE BOYS "RUFF HOUSE" PICTURE SHOW

A rough house occurred at the Educational Theater on Los Angeles street, last evening about 9:30, when a bunch of our best college bloods began looking for fun. They wandered into the Educational, but soon found that the pictures were too mild. They gave vent to their feelings of disgust by removing the owner, Mr. Edgar Smith, bodily into the street. Upon their return, they took the entire machine to pieces and destroyed nothing. Miss Helen Kelso, the pianist, played a brave part and without a doubt saved the day. She quieted the savages by "Oh, promise me." Patrolmen O'Neil and Ward were on the scene of action shortly after the trouble began and became masters of the situation in their capable manner.

"BOIL WATER," SAYS TUBBS

Join the Crusade to Exterminate Germs

[Special Wire to Us]

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—In an address given before the stu-

dents of the L. A. S. Normal, Dr. Francis Tubbs spoke as follows: "Why allow to live harmful and hungry germs? Kill them all. Clean the earth. Scrape, scrub and scour. Boil the water. Kill the flies."

The doctor is touring this country lecturing on this topic, and will be glad to address any audience if notified in time. See her secretary.

LIGHT HATS! USEFUL AS WELL AS CHARMING

[Special Wire to Us]

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Mademoiselles Sweeney and Swigart, the chic milliners of Broadway and proprietors of "L'Etoile," have invented a new use for the incandescent bulb. These bulbs are to be concealed in the shrubbery and decorations of the hat and will illuminate the graceful outlines of the chapeau. The plan is simply beautiful. Think of an illuminated hat gleaming and glowing on top of a lithe and willowy body like a glow-worm in the summer evening. Collisions will be avoided and hold-ups unheard of. On coming home from the theatre, oth-

er lights will be superfluous.

It is rumored that the smart set have already ordered many of these hats.

NEW METHOD OF STUDY

(Sodergren and Ives)

[By Special Wireless]

One of the most instructive of the late publications. An extract from the book runs as follows: "Why spend hours over the pages of a text book? By our new method, all such study is eliminated."

GREAT VICTORY

All Eyes on Chicago

[By Special Wireless]

The heated election for Mayor came to a close last night. The returns show Miss Elva Garfield to have won with a majority of 2,357 votes and the Reform party rejoices. Ardent work has been done throughout the campaign by the party leader, Miss Ruth Locke. The impressive speeches of Pearl Baxter and Elizabeth Thompson have swung many votes. Their notable leaders are Matt Ryan Draper, Helen Estill, and Francis Taylor. Other cities may now look to

Chicago for ideal management, for Mayor Garfield is a person who will live up to the Reform platform.

NOTICE

WHITE RIBBONS MEET TONIGHT

[Special Dispatch to Knocker]

GLENDALE, Cal.—Tonight there will be a big prohibition meeting held before the city hall.

Miss Carrie Mooser will conduct the meeting, as is her time honored custom. There will be many fine and inspiring speakers, among whom are Miss M. Grace Rowell and Miss Clara Robinson.

All those sympathizing with the cause are urged to come and lend a hand.

AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED

[Special Dispatch to Knocker]

BAKERSFIELD, Cal.—Last evening Mrs. Joy—still known to her old friends as Rachel Smith—celebrated her tin wedding. Among other gifts she was presented with a set of a dozen doughnut cutters by Miss Elsie Slater and a set of

assorted strainers by Miss Emma Meyers. Smiles adorned every visage and all reported a delightful evening.

A SECOND JANE ADDAMS

[By Special Wireless]

Miss Hazel Rix, a famous Y. W. C. A. worker, has ascended the stairs of fame and now stands beside Jane Addams, the wonderful social settlement worker.

Miss Rix is doing a great work in the slums of our city and is fast becoming world-famous.

GREAT DISCOVERY BY U.S.

Sunny California Ideal Date Climate

[Special Wire to Us]

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—(Special from "Callagin Cryer") Miss Lula Brunswicker and Miss Grace Barris have started a date farm here.

All who are lonely or in poor spirits make arrangements in advance for their famous dates.

WINS CARNEGIE MEDAL

Proves Herself Heroine

VENICE, Cal.—(Wireless to

the Brazen Knocker)—Yesterday afternoon while admiring the view from the new Recreation pier, a little poodle jumped off into the briny deep. Miss Olive Linkletter, who was standing near Howard's Grill, saw the tragedy. With haste she ran to the edge despite the efforts of Ruth Snell, an onlooker, who tried to restrain her heroism.

Both were soon resened. Miss Linkletter has since been awarded a Carnegie medal for her heroism.

Mrs. Isabel Gray and Miss Susanna Gough have opened one of those famous institutions, sung by bard and minstrels, the fondest memory of Grandma's girlhood—an old-time "singin' skewl." The following have already signed up for the season's melodious joy: Della Wells, Ruth Wilkie, Lucille Milsap, Dora Mead, Ethel Land, and Thora Lares.

WONDERFUL DECTIVE WORK

[Special Wire to Us]

SAN DIEGO, Cal.—There has been a mysterious case of stealing in this city which has

baffled the most arduous efforts of the police force. The gem shop of Mc'ord and Way was entered three times during the past week and each time something was taken. Finally the heads of the famous P. and P. Co.'s detective agency were prevailed upon to assist, and Polkinghorn and Pendexter themselves put their heads together to find the thief. As we prophesied, the genius of woman penetrated the mystery, and, as if by magic, the thief fell into the trap laid by the detectives and is now languishing in the city lock-up.

WAGER CREATES CRUSH ON MARKET STREET

Odd Sight on Crowded Thoroughfare

[Special Wire to Us]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—With flaming cheeks and firm chin, Miss Anna Schindler carried out her wager yesterday afternoon. Just what this wager was no one knows, but that she had the grit to execute it, was evidenced by the odd sight of Miss Viola Byers pushed for three blocks in a wheel barrow by Miss Schindler, and landed

in front of the Emporium. There an auto awaited them and they were whisked away.

Miss Frances Root and Miss Gladys Seat, both friends of as to the particulars of the wager, when questioned by our expert reporters. Let us hope that neither party is any the worse for her hard half hour.

OFFICIAL KEYHOLDER

[Special Wire to Us]

Miss C. Marcellus has been appointed matron of the Pasadena jail, and now carries a huge ring and keys.

GREAT SWELL AT VENICE CAUSES WILD EXCITEMENT

[Special Noise to Knocker]

Miss Maybelle Richey walked down the promenade and caused a crush.

HOW TO TEACH ENGLISH GRAMMAR IN THREE LESSONS

Remarkable Course Started

[Special Noise to Knocker]

WATTS, Cal.—A rare opportunity is offered to aspiring young teachers in English grammar through a series of

three lessons, which are to be offered to the public at half price by the renowned educator, Miss Mareella Richards, formerly of the L.A.S. Normal school. Miss Richards is well adapted for such work and holds her audiences spellbound. Those wishing to take advantage of this rare opportunity should come early to avoid the rush. Doors will be opened at 6:53 p. m.

PLAN CRIMELESS TOWN Women Lay Bricks for the Foundation of their Air Castles

[Special Dispatch to Knocker]

SAPULA, Ark.—In order to save the young of the coming generation, Miss Maud Duke Andrus and her associate, Miss Genevieve Doyle, have completed plans for a crimeless town. Not only have plans been concluded, but actual movements for their realization have been inaugurated. Miss Andrus and Miss Doyle have prevailed upon the city commissioners to lend their assistance with the result that every municipal employee, save the firemen, has been discharged. Even the po-

lice force fell under the ban, and no longer holds sway. Re-appointments will gradually be made, but women, as well as men, will be eligible for all offices. This, of course, is contrary to the old regime.

LATEST FROM THE SUB- MARINE "GRAMPUS"

[By Special Greased Wire]

The voyage of exploration which the great "Grampus" began a month ago has been heard from.

The scientists who are fathoming the mysteries of the mighty deep are Naomi Barnhaus, Delphia Comstock, Emma Palm, Hazel Glenn Calkins.

CUPID VICTORIOUS Breach of Promise Case Dis- missed

[Special Wire to Us]

CHICAGO, Ill.—Yesterday afternoon a pretty romance was sealed in Judge Brown's court, when Miss Anna C. Clark was married to Richard Roe. It seems that the hand of Miss Clark had been won by a sturdy farmer of the sunny South, after an ardent wooing. Through some slip in the mails,

an important letter from the youth went astray, and finally lodged in the quiet post box of Miss Anna R. Clark, a local seamstress. Miss A. C. Clark thinking her lover untrue, after a week of sleepless nights and many sighs, filed suit for a breach of promise. Seeing the accounts in our nightly news sheets, Miss A. R. Clark heroically brought to our office the offending epistle, and we were thus given the honor of restoring it to its fair owner. Miss Clark immediately withdrew her complaint and the case was dismissed.

RECORD FLIGHT, GIANT AIRSHIP BREAKS REC- ORDS

Arrivals After a record breaking flight the airship "Flyer" settled to her moorings at 10:45 last night. Among the notable arrivals, are Miss Ida Hammond, the well known speaker; the Misses Anita McLachlan and Litti Paulding, the rising authors; the Misses Gladys Ashton and Maud Baird, society belles; and Miss Ruth Bushnell, Miss Worley and Miss Anna Willits, the

staunch leaders of the Woman's Progressive League.

FIRST PAPER IN THE WORLD TO PUBLISH A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOOD INSPECTION

Miss Willard Tells Why the Butter Ran

When Miss Willard first began to prow about in restaurants and cafeterias she was very much like all of us. She was inclined to disbelieve much that she heard and to overlook more.

But one day, as she entered the rear door of the Dreamland cafeteria, she was greatly alarmed to have the rubber stopper and the lemon squeezer. It opened her eyes. She began to realize that investigations were necessary and immediately set about learning why the butter ran.

Just how one small woman accomplished the feat, it would be difficult to explain, but the fact is on record that having canned the tomato, the nut was cracked and the lye of the kitchen was detected.

Continued on Page Six

IDIOTORIAL PAGE

THE BRAZEN KNOCKER

Editor Dorothy Willard
 Assistant Lucile Brooks
 Assistant Anna Schindler

We, the editors, wish first to declare that this is not a subsidized paper. It is transcendent and progressive. It has progressed so far that it is almost out of sight. We have taken great pleasure in issuing this stupendous number, and sincerely hope that it meets with the approval of our patrons. We trust that our reporters have made no mistakes, but will not hold ourselves responsible for any errors. We are always glad, however, to hear from our patrons, and any favors will be given prompt attention. We voice the people! And so are glad to learn what the people want.

THE KNOCKER'S CLUB

[Special Noise to Knocker]

Join now, while the knocking is good. All wishing to affiliate with us should hand their names either to Dorothy Willard, Pres., or Lucile Brooks, holder of the big stick, or Anna Schindler, secretary and sergeant at arms.

We know that our readers have waited breathlessly for the close of our poem contest on "The Song of the Stars," and feel confident that you will agree with us in our choice. We take great pleasure in announcing the winner as Miss Lois Caskey, the noted musician and poetess, and publish below her charming ditty.

The night is dark and shines the moon

Like a lantern bright in the month of June.

The little stars shine out, one by one

And the sun has set, for the day is done.

Why worry we on this earth below.

If the wind doth howl or the snow doth snow?

If we but list to the stars above.

A song we'll hear like a cooing dove.

They sing of the joys of being a star,

Of the wonderful nights they see from afar,

Of the air so clear, with never a bird.

Their thought on their solitude to disturb.

Let us list from afar if we are blue

For their song is sweet, their music too.

LOIS CASKEY.

Continued from Page Five

Miss Willard immediately started a campaign, which became of national importance. Owners and proprietors fought hard, but Miss Willard is a woman of muscle as well as of brain and succeeded in pushing through the Pure Food Bill.

The Farmers and Limbocker Publishing House has asked Miss Willard to put her remarkable work into written form and she is now considering the publication of such a book.

HISTORICAL

[By Special Greased Wire]

"What's all this decline of Los Angeles they talk about?"

"Don't ask me, I didn't even know that Los Angeles had declined anything."

JARRING FAMILY PRIDE

"Sir, I would have you understand that my father is a senator."

"A senator, eh? Election or purchase?"

THE NORMAL PRIMER

[By Special Greased Wire]

Edna Arnett stands for **A**.
She's Ardent and she's Art-ful..

B is Bertha Barron, and she
Brings a Brilliant heartful.

C is Bessie Calvert; she is Cun-ning, Cute and Cap'ring.

D is Eunice Davis dear, the
Darling is a Daisy.

E stands here for Eleanor East
an Easy, Earnest lady.

F is Alice Fox, a girl who's
Fanciful and heady.

Gertrude de Graffenreid is **G**,
her Genius is most Grateful.

H Lavinia Hardys in her
there's nothing Hateful.

I is Caroline Ives, she's In with
wisdom not with folly.

J is Frances Jackson, she is
Jealous, but she's Jolly.

K is Irene Kirkbride, Know
she is a Kindly Creature?

L is Olive Laufeld, Look! she
shows a Loving feature.

M is Clara Maynard, she is
Musical and Merry.

N is Flora Newman, Nice, she's
never aught but cheery.

O is Matilde Osterhaus, On tap
for all Odd Orders.

P is Louise Parkins, she's the
Peach within our borders.

Q is Queer, each Quiet girl is
Quaint as sweetest posy.

R is for Merle Russell, she is
Ready, Rich and Rosy.

S is for Blanche Sydnor, she is
Simple Sweet, and Smiling.

T is Kathleen Tottenham,
she's Truly most beguiling.

U is Urey, Ralph his name, a
Universal joy.

(He needs two lines, for in
this rhyme he is the only
boy!)

V is Fanny Vaughn, not Vain,
but Very, Very dear.

W is Minnie Webb, most Won-
derful to see 'er.

X is for the 'Xponent! It
brings Xtra joy to pass.

Y is here for Jeanette Young,
the Youngest in our elass.

Z is all the Zealous work of all
the Normal girls.

It takes the Alphabet to show
their various kinks and curls.

NEW BOOKS

"Child Welfare," by Robert
F. Fowler. A remarkable book
well worth reading. The auth-
or has incorporated in it many
stories of child life collected
through his long years of suc-
cessful teaching.

"Short Stories for Idle

Hours," by Freda Hand. A
fascinating chain of stories,
full of life and revealing the
charm and genius of the auth-
or.

"The Proposal," by Edith
Andrews. A book full of sug-
gestions and stirring incidents,
written from the author's per-
sonal experiences.

"The Biography of a Baby,"
by Mrs. Hoffner. A charming
as well as a scientific study,
full of life and feeling. Inval-
uable for child-study, profes-
sors and libraries.

JUST FOR FUN

Miss Greenwood in L. A. S.
N. S. Cafeteria.—"My meat is
so tough that I can't put my
fork into the gravy."

"My circumference indi-
cates my mental capacity."—
Anna Ireland.

"Rejoice in well developed
faulties for bluffing."—Ruth
Holmes.

Miss Mascord (in Primary
Ed.)—"What is the highest
form of animal life?"

E. East—"The giraffe."

E. Cobbs—"Say, Shirley,
what makes a man give a girl
an engagement ring?"

S. B.—"The girl."

Adolphus wanted very much
to propose to his lady's love,
but couldn't muster courage,
so he resorted to the telephone.

"That you, Maud?"

"Yes, this is Maud."

"Well—Oh—say, Maud, I
want to ask you something."

"Yes."

"Maud, will you marry me?"

"Yes, who is it please?"

Who can say that an aching
tooth is the best thing out?

"I am glad Billy had the
sense to marry a settled old
maid," said Grandma Wink-

"Why, Grandma?" asked the
son.

"Well, gals is hity-tity, and
widders is kinder overrulin'
and upsettin'. But old maids
is thankful and willin' to
please."

THAT SETTLED IT

[By Special Greased Wire]

"If ye please, mum," said
the ancient hero in an appeal-
ing voice, as he stood at the
back door of the cottage on
wash day, "I've lost my leg—"
"Well I ain't got it!" snapped
the woman fiercely, and the
door closed with a bang.

FACT VERSUS FICTION

Said a little boy to his Christian Scientist mother, "Mama, my erring head tells me that I have the stomach-ache.

"Oh, no, my son; that is only an evil thought."

"But, mama, I guess I ought to know, for I've got inside information."

Pa Smith threw down his newspaper in disgust. "It's shameful," he exclaimed, "the way these 'ere colleges waste money on furniture! Here's an account of somebody giving Harvard \$200,000 for a new chair."

CARE OF THE CHILD

[Editor's note.] This space in the succeeding issues of the Brazen Knocker will be filled with a series of articles by the famous educator and child lover, Miss Orma Eaton. The editor regrets that one of Miss Eaton's most charming articles cannot appear in this issue, but promises the readers a great treat in the next.

A PLEASURE TRIP

There was once a young fellow named Clyde,

Who was once at a funeral spied.

When asked who was dead, He smilingly said,

"I don't know, I just came for the ride."

MISSIONARY NEWS FROM NAOSANABIS, AFRICA

[By Special Greased Wire]

Miss Thekla Grieve is doing a wonderful work here in her little missionary school. The natives worship her, and the cause is making great advances.

HOW I TAKE MY BEAUTY SLEEP

(By Anita Haskell)

[By Special Greased Wire]

Before retiring, I make a soft paste of one cup of almond meal and one half cup warm milk. Next, I coat my features with this mixture and rub gently. After massaging gently for one half hour, I wash my face thoroughly with hot water, squeezing in the juice and rind of one lemon.

I dry my face carefully and swathe with Snow's Complexion Comforter. Now I sleep quietly for one hour and wake

with the blush of the rose on my cheek, and my skin as soft as a babe's.

COURT CASE

[By Special Greased Wire]

"And now my good man," the lawyer said. "Will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

The German looked dazed for a moment, then said, "Well, ven I am oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run opp."

Mike.—"Th' rich live by robbin' th' poor."

Pat.—"Yis, 'tis a mystery phwere th' poor git all th' money they arre robbed of."

The cable news says that Count Boniface de Castellane has dissappeared. Better late than never.—Whatwillet Bee.

MONEY TO BURN

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket. Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappearing in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must eost a hape av eash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burn-

ing money."

"An' be the smell av it, sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."—Pensive Press.

Clerk—"What kind of a hammock do you want?"

G. Snow—"Oh, a little one, just about big enough for one, but—er—strong enough for two."—N. Y. Life.

NUGGETS

Genius is inspiration. Talent is perspiration.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

Education turns the wild sweet brier in to the queenly rose.

What men get and do not earn is often a curse instead of a blessing.

He was always pestering people with conundrums.

"Why am I like a pin?" he asked a friend one day. He expected him to answer, "because you are so sharp," but was almost paralyzed when he heard:

"Because if you were lost it would not be worth the trouble looking for you."—Smiles

Mine

AT THE CHOPHOUSE

Mary had a little lamb,
But later said with grief
That if she'd known how dear
it was
She would have ordered beef.
—The Weekly Chronic.

When you are arguing with
a fool, remember the fool is
doing the same thing.

Whoever is worth doing is
worth doing well.

The marriage relations would
take care of themselves if it
were not for the married re-
lations.

"Don't trouble to see me to
the door, Smith."

"No trouble; quite a pleas-
ure, I assure you."—The Morn-
ing Smile.

SPORTS

Baseball

[Special Noise to Knocker]

The Stars and Moons clash
on the local diamond Wednes-
day. Nina McEwen of the
Stars has been strengthening
since the season opened. The
Moons are the same hard hit-
ting bunch.

Their pitcher, Fannie Guil-
lam, is strong. Mary Pottol is

troubled with an injured elbow,
but Celia Stiekney on first and
Genevieve Sullivan, catcher,
make up for Pottol's disability.

Tennis

The cup offered at the an-
nual Tennis Tournament on
Mt. Lowe was won by Miss
Grace Weaver, with Miss Ger-
trude Lofthouse a close second.
It was a heated match from
start to finish and exceedingly
well played. Seldom has such
great skill been shown at these
tournaments.

The Art of the Glove

Miss Josephine Rosenthal,
the expert ladies' boxing in-
structor, has opened an attrac-
tive studio in Reno, Nev., and
is now prepared to give lessons.

Miss Rosenthal is thoroughly
schooled in the art and will un-
doubtedly be a success.

SOCIETY FAVORITE RE- TURNS

[By Special Greased Wire]

Miss Agnes Ganahl, who has
been touring England in a mot-
or car for the past three
months, has just returned.
While in England, Miss Gan-

ahl attracted much attention
and was entertained by Lady
Dorer on her select lawns.
Many bright affairs will be
honored with her presence in
the near future.

THEATERS

La Petite Theater

[By Special Greased Wire]

"In Normal Days," present-
ed for the first time, in this
city, Miss Zay Harding, the
celebrated tragedienne is ably
assisted by Miss Gladys Clark,
renowned danseuse and commedienne. Also, in this well
known aggregation, is James
Baker, who has declined many
tempting offers from other
companies. With these fascinat-
ing footlight idols here, a
memorable week is promised
the public.

Leaves "400" for the Stage

Miss Edna Dorsey, who has
been a most conspicuous belle
in New York society, has just
announced her intention of en-
tering the Elite Light Opera
Co. in 1924. We feel confident
that her success on the stage
will be as great as her success
in society has been.

FIDDLEDEEDEE CLUB EN- TERTAINS

[By Special Greased Wire]

A charming musical was giv-
en by the Fiddledeedee Club at
the Handsomer Auditorium
last evening. The rooms were
beautifully decorated with a
profusion of American Beauty
roses and violets.

Among the numbers on the
program, was "Solomon Levi,"
solefully rendered by Miss
Mae Ferson. Miss Mildred
Hughes played "Yankee
Doodle" with such pathos that
the audience was moved to
tears.

The club is becoming very
prominent in musical circles,
and this entertainment adds to
their long list of successes.

LONDON FINDS NEW MEL- BA

London, June 23—The Hook-
her Opera company is confi-
dent that it has found another
Melba. Last evening when
Mlle. Stone, made her debut in
"La Howla," she was hailed
with tremendous applause and
a triumphant artistic career is
assured for her.

INSURES HER TOES

Paris.—Miss Claire Niles, the graceful American dancer, who has been holding Paris spellbound with her rendition of the ancient and long buried classical dances insured her toes for ten million dollars, each toe being valued at a million. Undoubtedly there is a definite cause for the high cost of living.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

Miss Genevieve Bogart arrived Thursday afternoon from a tour around the world.

Miss Augusta Bont returned yesterday after a gay year in Paris.

The party was personally conducted through the United States by Misses Catherine Sale, Bernice Stowitt, Lula Waugh, Emma Hasty and Winifred Neely.

LIVE AND LEARN

A very lively convention of Pedagogesses is being held at Honolulu. This convention met to decide such weighty subjects as "Why does a Chicken Cross the Road?" "Why is the Ocean Damp?" and many oth-

ers. Among the prominent speakers were Miss Cecil Jennings, Mrs. Abbie Godfrey, and Miss Elsie Ensign.

FOREIGN NEWS

Fascinating Florence Finds Foreign Fortune

Florence, Italy. — Another romance on the stage came to light when the marriage of Miss Florence Crosier to Count De Chasersomore of the House of Muchacasteli became known today. The bride, better known at home in America as Dimples, is a great favorite because of her beauty and charming personality. Count and Countess Chasersommore will make their permanent home near Naples in an ancient castle of the Count's and will come to America only on visits. Undoubtedly the former Miss Dimples will be greatly missed from her prominent place in theatrical circles.

WEDDING BELLS FOR FAMOUS ARTIST

Yesterday morning at daybreak, just as Apollo Phoebus touched each little shimmering diamond on the leaves with

gold and the blithe singers of the air were roused to their morning songs of praise and joy, Miss Kathryn Lawrie Johnson, the famous artist of the West, was married to John Dough, the wonderful poet of the desert, who vibrates the soul's chords with his wonderful art.

Both being filled to overflowing with the harmonies of life, a most happy future is prophesied for the couple.

NEW DESIGN FOR STAMPS

A great addition has been made to the successes of the Artist's Club of Burbank by one of its members, Miss Floy Pemberton. This energetic and artistic young lady has drawn a design for the new twenty-three cent postage stamp, which the government will issue the first of next year. This stamp design shows a pink conventionalized lemon tree against a green background. Around the edge is a purple scalloped border. It will undoubtedly be striking.

CLUB TO ENTERTAIN

Members of the Woman's

Communicative club will be the guests of honor of the Advanced Idea club on July 13. The visiting club will present a program, which will include features by Miss Josephine Midgarten, Miss Carrie Elder, and Mrs. Geo. Nelson (nee Mary Shirley.)

ARBITRATION ENDS STRIKE

Concessions made by both Parties

Last night the long strike of the Associated Milliners, which has so retarded this season's creations were declared off by Miss Edith Moore.

Miss Moore was sent from this city to help arbitrate. The meeting was very peaceable and concessions were made by both parties. Speeches were made by Lula Guillian, Laura Newell, Mabel Holcomb, and Mattie Merritt.

"GENTLE GENEVIEVE" BIG HIT AT THE STELLAR THEATER

Last night "Gentle Genevieve" was given to a large and pleased audience. Loraine



**NEW STUDIO OPENED
Throngs Attend Reception**

San Bernardino—Yesterday afternoon the pretty new studio of Miss M. Blanche McCormack and Mrs. Josephine Seaman Roberts was formally opened with a reception to the friends and associates of the artists. Among the noted people present were Miss Elizabeth Hazen, Miss Winifred Huston, Miss Anna Hong, Miss Eleanor White, and Miss Ida Lewis.

**STATE SUPERINTENDENT
ELECTED**

Nome, Alaska—Miss Jeanette Kindig was elected superintendent of schools of this state by a sweeping majority. She will take up her new duties on the 31st of June and will be ably assisted by the prominent educators, Miss Florence Hitchcock and Miss Estelle Nuffer.

Above is a print of Miss Essie Jones' famous masterpiece, "A Revery."

We feel it a rare privilege to be able to reproduce it for our patrons. Its atmosphere, its delicate tones and the emotions which it arouses, produce for it a place in the immortal picture galleries of the world. J. Peppermint Morgan only last week refused \$100,000 for it, which assures its home on this side of the waters.

POLLICK'S PATENT PREPARATION

A Member of Every Household
Used as a cough syrup, tooth wash, or a furniture polish. If your dog has a fit—give him a dose; it will fix him.

Buy a bottle today and try it. You will never be without Pollick's aid again.

**THE SOUNDING SCREECH
Playing at the Smythe Opera House**

Presented for the first time in the world's history by Athel Seymour and her superb company. The cast of characters are as follows:

- Countess Gwendolin
- Annie Matthews
- Sister of the Countess
- Willa McKee
- Lady de Bore Algeria Hayes
- Dimpling Dot. Ella Millen
- The Bird of the Mountain.
- Mrs. Lula Ryan
- Dashing Dancers—Mildred Allen, Mary Robinson, Theresa Sletten.

See Marjone Maughlin next week in her all star performance. "Trills Like a Bird."

NEW METHOD OF TEACHING READING

Miss Long's Short Method

Miss Nell Long has discovered a new method of teaching reading in the lower grades. This is the process of learning through absorption, which has long been a theory of students of education.

The pages on which the day's lesson is printed is bound around the head of the pupil and remains there for twenty minutes. At the end of this time, the application is removed and perfect lessons result.

Miss Long's name has been prominent in educational circles for sometime and will undoubtedly be talked of for years to come. In a recent interview, Miss Long said, "I received the inspiration for this work when a student at the Los Angeles State Normal school."

EXPERT SWIMMER WEDS

The marriage of the famous swimmer, Miss Ruth Ardis, of Redondo to Mr. Chauncy Swelldud of Philadelphia, took place in this city yesterday. The romance began six years ago, when Miss Ardis rescued Mr. Swelldud just as the perilous undertow had him in its grip.

The young couple will make their home in Philadelphia, where the groom is a prominent steel magnet.

Miss Ardis is the most expert and courageous lady swimmer along the Pacific Coast. She will be greatly missed by a host of friends and admirers.

PADDY TELLS MIKE

A foine, gay avening it was when all thim gurrils—me lad,
Came for a grand reception, fur ould Normal's sake, bedad!
I peeked in thro' the windy, an' I knew thim ivery one.
I'll tell ye what they did, an' wore, as sure as I'm a mon.
Irene McCarthy led the ball, an' wasn't she the Quane?

An' Lucy Bowker came behind, an' thin was Corle Crane.
All dressed up foine in grane an' red, Ruth Stanlee walked so
grand.

Jane William's gown was pink an' blue, the foineest i nthe land.
Grace Tucker looked so swate, me bye, an' so did Gertrude
Friend.

Begorr! The purty gowus I saw! To thim there was no end.
Leora Davelaar was great! (She married some gran' earl.)
Lucinda Padrick bate thim all; she always was the gurrel!

Arvilla Maddy led the dancee with Lucile Williamson.
An' thin, begorr! eame Lois Hunt an' Marie Cameron.
Swate Nell O'Brien, dauced so foine, 'an Ethel Coad was
praucin'.

Agnes O'Conner bate thim tho'; sure she's a prize at dancein'.
But oh! the bright eyes av thim all, so shiny an' so smiley!
Ye should have seen thim, Mike, me bye, an' special Gladys
Riley.

An' there was Cath'rine Parrish there wid cheeks like blushin'
roses.

With Lillian Rood an' Ethel Rouse, both purty as two posies.
Whin Edith Coombe came steppin' by, I knowed the spring was
here.

Hazel May Carr an' Lora Knecht jist had me by the ear.
Bernice McBride fair stopped me heart: Maud Welton made
me grin.

For whin such swate gurruls dances by, sure smilin' is no sin.
Jane Rawlins was the darlin' sure, wid lips like clover red.
An' Elsie Snyder! Thru it is her blushes turned me head.
An' if ye eud have seen Maud Baird! An' purty Julia Brown!
I'll bet me hat thim gurruls wud bate all others av the town.
But Mike, me lad—I'll say no more—me heart is in a whirl.
For mongst so many, how can any mon choose jist one gurrel?"

BUY WHILE YOU CAN!
Dividends Just about to be Paid
Read This

This is no fake! Why be poor? Invest with us, be one of Los Angeles' millionaires.

Miss Nina McMillan, the famous promoter and organizer, and Miss Miss Alta Bailey, have just decided to give to the world their great secret.

They own a cat farm—and a rat farm. The cats eat the rats; the pelts from the cats are made, by a new process, into the stylish new ermine muffs, so popular this season; the rats eat the remains of the cats.

Self supporting! Constantly increasing! The enterprising personages, Miss Margaret Metcalf and Miss Marjorie Taylor tend to the cats, while Miss Adelia McDearmon and Miss Martha Schoenleber tend the rats.

Buy now and be Rich!!

**RELIABLE INFORMATION BU-
REAU**

We can find out anything, any time, anywhere. Try us. Flaggs & Bracewell Co., (incorporated.)

ARBUCKLE'S COFFEE

A sure cure for blues and nerves.

Saving and savory, sold at all grocers.

FAT FOLKS SLIM

Beth Glezen says: "Pat vanishes at the rate of one pound per day by my new treatment. I lost all my weight and not an ounce came back. Write today for my free book. I stand as a living monument to my superior system."

LIVE IN A PORTABLE HOUSE

See all kinds of country, save all kinds of expense. Write for catalogue today. Edna House & Co., Los Angeles.

Why suffer with corns and bunions? Use Robb & Rogers Rapid Renovator!

FUNERAL PARLORS

Quiet, restful rooms. No care, no responsibility. Call on us in time of trouble. Merle Hamilton, Proprietor.

**LA MODE DRESSMAKING PARL-
ORS**

Mme. Nomina Hotzell, the chic designer and dressmaker of Los Angeles has just returned from an extended trip in Europe. Mme. Hotzell has some ravishing new color combinations and has brought back from Paris just what you want.

Delicious pan cakes. Hot coffee! Good things to eat at Vernard & Maxwell's Quick Lunch House, Fresno.

**WALTZ AND TWO STEP IN
THREE LESSONS**

Join our classes now. Just your kind of people are in the class. Lessons at all hours. Hodson & Brubaker Dancing Academy.

VOCAL LESSONS

Cultivate a soft, musical voice. Learn to express yourself in song, the voice of the soul. Nina McMillan, teacher of the voice.

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

Send your daughters to an elite school for girls. Watchful and motherly care. No late hours or giddy conduct. References exchanged. Miss Vera Gates Seminary.

THE BLUSHING POSY

The exclusive florists. Sell as a specialty MOCKBEE'S wreaths of smiles. Visit our gardens. Manoccir, McLaughlin & Co.

**MCCOID & PALOMARES, HAIR
FANCIERS**

Try our invincible Hair Grower.

Is your hair rusty? Let us touch it up. Is your hair short and straight? Let us make it beautiful.

If not used as a hair tonic, it is just as good if used as furniture polish, axle grease, tooth paste, or will cure your dog of the fits. McCoid & Palomares, the authorities.

HINES PICKLES—Take them with you. Good as candy and far more digestible than sweets. Sold everywhere.

Why suffer with blinding headaches? They wear the nerves and tire the family. Use Dr. Hurt's Pain Killer. Warranted to stop anything from a toe-ache to headache.

Invest in the airy acres of the Golden West. Values are on the wing. Buy now while you can. See Knoll Real Estate Co., today.

THE WORK BASKET

We take great pleasure in announcing to our patrons that we have just received a new consignment from Europe. We have all the latest novelties and feel confident that we can offer you the best from the needles of the world. Kellenberger & Knapp Co. (Incorporated.)

AUCTION!

Miss Fay Lang is going to auction all her English papers today. Doors open at 2 o'clock promptly. Come early to avoid the crush.

SIGN PAINTERS

Let us paint your signs. We do all grades of work from painting signs to white washing fences. Send us your next order. Our prices are out of sight. Maughlin & Gough.

INVEST NOW

Make your money work for you. Let the Golden Glory of the Sunny South heap up your fortune. Invest with the Thompson Realty Co. (Incorporated).

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

Try our candies and dainties. After the show visit us. We know what is good. Flanagan & Hall.

LOST—A pocket book by J. Cunningham, with nothing inside but a card. Please return the card.

FOR SALE—The Authorship of the Kindergarten Fashion Book. See S. Phillips, G. Wilcox, and H. Walker.

LOST—A pocket book with a place to put money and a powder puff. Finder may keep the place to put money, but please return the pocket book. Avis Olmstead,

**DO YOU RISE WITH STRAIGHT HAIR?**

Use our superb Venice Wave and wake with a flood of ringlets. Harrison & Bell, inventors.

FOR SALE—More than an abundance of good nature. See Senior President.

WANTED—Folderpaper to pay my debts. A. Powell.

FOR SALE—Big bluff. Plenty of grounds for improvement. I. Fullerton.

FOR SALE—My new invention cheap. An automatic rattle. Vibrations of baby's voice start it in motion. Buy my secret now and be rich forever. Isola Johnson.

FOR RENT—Official dignity by the square inch or pound. See F. Smart.

WANTED—Some one to rent my grin for a day. E. Shaffer.

WANTED—Someone to fill my position as tutor to Juniors. M. Howard.

WANTED—Position as Slamese. Reed & Putnam.

WANTED—Agents to make big money everywhere selling latest popular song, "Illmah says she'll be Switched Before she'll Wear a Rat." A regular scream; a perfect hair raiser.

WANTED—Position as first class yellocution teacher with big pay. Nellie May.

WANTED—Position as society reporter. F. Vaughn.

LOST—A small yellow dog by Helen Baldwin, with long hair, smooth face, big, round, black eyes and long tail. Return and receive reward. No questions asked.

WANTED—A remunerative position as primary teacher in a quiet neighborhood, where there are no children. J. Jarvis.

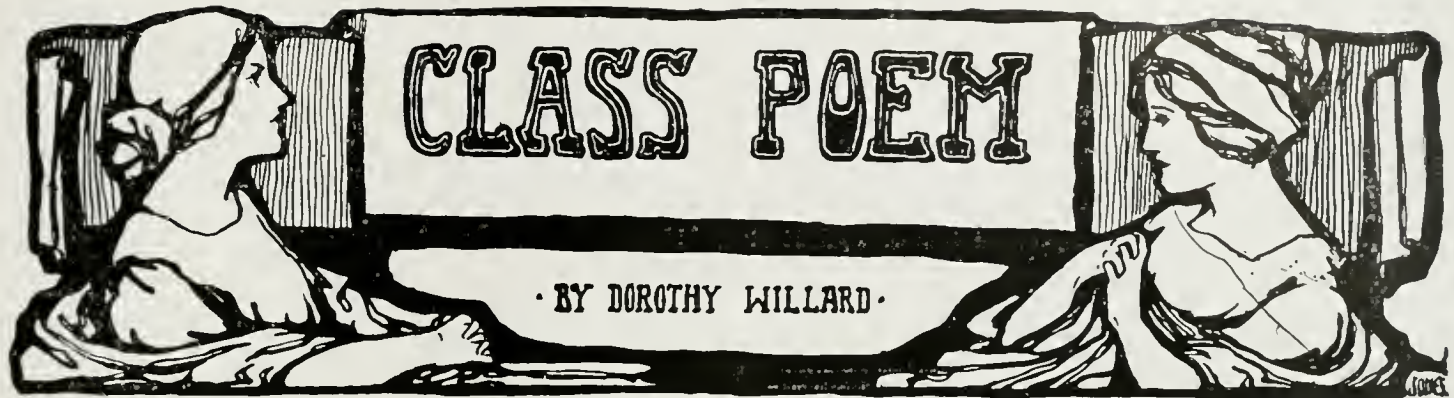
FOUND—A gold watch by J. Farrell, with open face and one hand gone. Owner may have same by giving an accurate description of it.

FOUND—S. Goodman really working, April 23.

LOST—My first and only joke. Pearl Albertson.

LOST—A little dog, by C. Dolan, with curly brown hair, a silver collar, and a white spot on the end of his tail.

WANTED—Position as living model in one of the exclusive shops. J. Baker.



Time slippeth past as does the wind at night,
All silently and yet with presence felt,
And strews along, as petals from a flower,
The days with work, and play, and sorrow blessed.
Each day holds priceless gems within its heart,
And happy he who seeks and finds them there,
For life is what we make it day by day
And not a thoughtless chance of fickle Fate.
If, after seeking for some weary while,
You think your labors vain, and wearied are,
Look back along the chain of days and see
If not one jewel shines so clear and bright
That all the way between is covered with its light.
A friend it is, and not an ornament;
A jewel for the heart and not the hand,
It turns the sighs to song, the work to joy.

The days slip faster now and push you on,
Your task seems great and shadows form ahead,
With all your strength the daily work you meet,
And progress seems a flitting phantom shape.
What rainbow light shines from the chain of years!
Your happy hours of friendships true and dear
Have wrought that chain with memory's jewels bright.
Some are not perfect, some are clouded dim,
But all are sacred, precious, priceless things.
The dross your hands have gathered by the way,
Beside them, looks like heaps of worthless sand.
In all the years to come, what greater joy
Than friendship can life bring to offer you?
Miserly, yea, and more than miserly be
With jewels of that inner memory.

DOROTHY WILLARD

Commencement Week Program

- June fifteenth Eight-fifteen P. M.
Alumni Reception
ASSEMBLY HALL
- June twentieth Eight-fifteen P. M.
Class Play—"The Amazons," by Arthur Pinero
GAMUT CLUB AUDITORIUM
- June twenty-first Three P. M.
Y. W. C. A. Reception
- June twenty-third Ten-thirty P. M.
Class Sermon by Dr. Robert Freeman
ASSEMBLY HALL
- June twenty-fourth
Class Day
- June twenty-fifth Three P. M.
Faculty Reception
- June twenty-seventh Ten-thirty A. M.
Graduation
TEMPLE AUDITORIUM

The Amazons

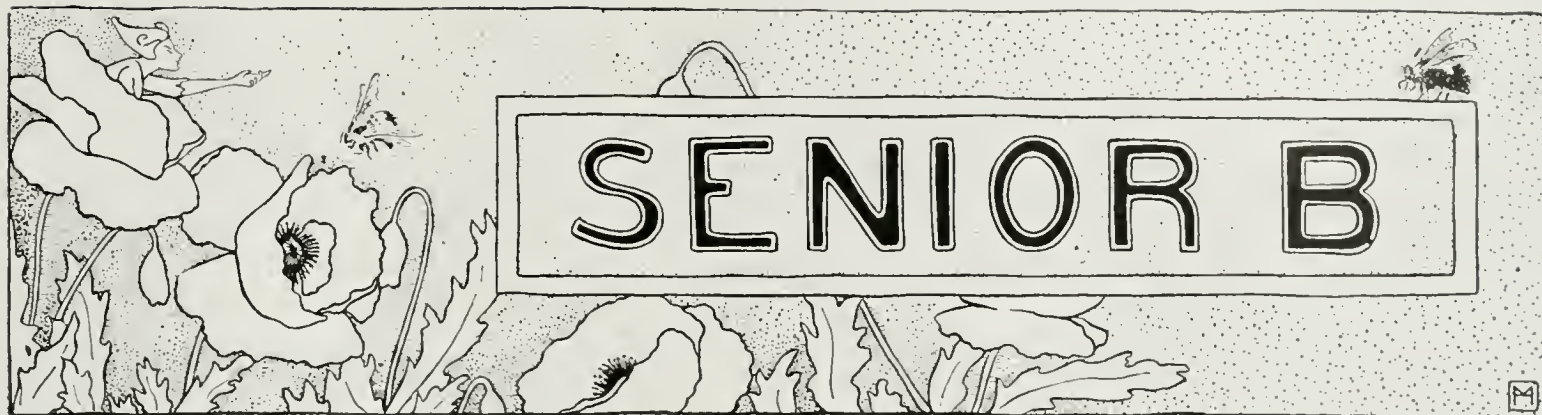
By

ARTHUR PINERO

Cast

Barrington, Viscount Litterly Marguerite Pendexter
Galfred, Earl of Tweenways Nellie May.
Andre, Count de Guival Carrie Mooser.
Rev. Roger Minchin Matilda Thompson.
Fitton (a gamekeeper) Mary Horrigan
Orts (a poacher) Ida Fullerton
Miriam, Marchioness of Castlejordan Bess Farmer.
Lady Noelin Belturbet..... Maybelle Richey.
Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet Anna C. Clark.
Lady Thomasin Belturbet Mary Johnston.
Sergeant Shuter Marcella Richards.





“Waal there, be yeo goin’ in taown, stranger? Oh, yeo be, Git in an’ ride. Whoa, Nell! I reckon that’ll be a heap better’n walkin’? Oh! yeo’re one of them book agents, air yeo? Waal, I never sot much store by them and their books till Jane—Jane’s my darter, yea see—went ter “Normal School.” Yaas, I’m goin’ to meet her to-night. Yea see, she only gits hum onet in a while, and this bein’ Friday night, I’m goin’ over ter the station ter meet her. She writ ter her maw last week and said as haow she’d be hum sure this Friday night ter stay over Sunday.

“My, but her maw and I sot a store by Jane! Yea see, she’s been goin’ ter “Normal School” naow fur quite a spell, yaass, she’ll gradooate sometime long ’bout next Christmas. She tells us all ’bout skule and her class, when she comes hum Fridays, and seems as jest hearin’ Jane tell about skule chirks Maw and I up considerable, and we feel kinder joyful ter

think as how our darter is a gittin’ a good chance, such as her maw and I never had.

Gosh! but that “class” of her’n do beat all! They kinder made all the faculty wonder some afore they’d bin around skule a week; so the skule went ahead and put the hull gang uv ’em under a kind of section boss. He was a powerful good feller, Jane said. Knew as much about bugs and birds and sich things as I know about plantin’ pertaters; and he was jest as good natured as the day was long. They had a big ‘Capitooly luncheon,’ Jane said, long ’bout the time that air class went ter ‘Normal,’ and that air class teacher of ther’n jest sot to when they were all yellin’ and singing’, and capered aroun’ like a two-year-old, and kept the hull skule lafin’ with his monkey shines. Yaas, they had him fur boss uv their gang fur two hull terms, and then ter the distress uv all when they were jest about “Junior A’s” they heard as how he was

ter leave 'em and go ter another new class as was comin' in. Waal, Jane said they were all a heap upsot bout it, but what d'ye think? When the new term opened up, the hull class was considerable surprised an' proud-like, when 'twas announced as haow Mrs. Hunnewell (ain't that a purty soundin' name? and Jane says it jest suits her), was proclaimed by the "Faculty" as them Junior A's foreman. She's mighty accomplished-like, and Jane sez she knows all about readin' and actin' out pieces; can change her voice anyhow she likes jest like a peal uv thunder if she takes a notion, or again like a little innercent lam' a-bleatin'. The hull class sots a heap uv store by her, and when the last term was a-closin', they was all so afeard as haow she might leave, they petitioned the 'Faculty' that she might be restored ter them, for another term and, B'gosh! they got her back sur 'nuff.

"When that 'class' cum ter the 'Normal,' there was only twenty-six uv 'em. Small in numbers, but Oh my! how they did kinder inspire everything as sot eyes on 'em, an' 'twasn't long afore their fame spread all aroun' the skule and over the taown, and even up ter the 'State Legislatoor,' till them air fellers jest woke up and considered if sich marvels were true as they hearn on about 'Jane's class' they'd 'proprieate funds and build sich a 'Normal Skule' as was more worthy the trainin' uv such students.

"Uv course, Jane tells us all about it, and it jes' seems sometimes as if maw and I would hevter go in taown and see that skule and them air "Senior '13's." They're dispensin' knowledge now all uv the time ter the children uv the 'trainin'

skule.' Children as folks send fur the 'class' ter experiment on when they are tryin' out fur teachers.

"I jest can't think on half naow as Jane told us uv her class, but it's true 'nuff that the hull skule and the 'Faculty' air lookin' ter the "Senior '13's" fur inspiration and fortitude. T'other day, the President uv the skule, a mighty well-larned man, riz up in Assembly and said as haow himself and all Californy was alookin' ter "Jane's class" ter subdue and eddicate the furriners, as will soon be apourin' inter our country, when the "Panamy Canal" is finished. Oh! they all look forward with great hopes ter a revolution uv eddication, when them "Senior B's" git out over the country ateachin'. Jane writ that jest t'other day the skule raised it's standard by a good inch and a half. I don't egzaactly know wot she meant, but I reckon that class had somethin' or all to do with it.

"There's forty-six of them naow. They've grown in numbers by attachin' others from outside. The English teachers jest refer ter some uv the gals of "Jane's class" when they are uncommon puzzled over somethin' or can't find a reference book handy, and ten to one 'tis the surest way. Oh, they are a mighty valuable adjunct (guess that's what Jane called it) ter the skule, and every last one up there has come ter realize it, so that Miss Dunn, a member uv the Faculty uv great prestige, said t'other day, 'There haunt nawthin' goin' that can skin that air class.' Waal, stranger, here we be in taown. Glad I hed achance ter give yeon a lift, and powerful glad I hed a chance to tell yeon 'bout them Senior B's."

SENIOR C



Officers

ISABEL McINTYRE, Pres.
RUTH PAULEY, Treas. LUCY POWELL, Vice Pres.
RUTH KELLER, Sec.

We, the Senior C's have not held our high position as seniors long enough to expound upon the glory, poise, and dignity derived from such a high place, but we note these same admirable assets in the graduating class, and hope to realize their joys for ourselves about Christmas time.

As for our daily lives, they are only Normal. Our days no longer swing about our recitation periods, but the universe centers about that daily hour of teaching. How are we to arouse Johnnie to the inspiring joys of music or grammar? How can we show Helen how easy mathematics is if she but listens to explanations? How can we make Alex want to be studious? How are we to make Mary see that it is not true humor when Tom plays "smarty"? How are we to put into practice some of those up-lifting ideals gained in "observation"? Doubtless, after teaching several months (or years) the mists will fade and the secret of success will be ours.

Some of us are "socially efficient." Some of us have that enviable quality, popularly known as "personality." All of us have the ability to see what such quality can do for one with Miss Osgood, Miss Matthewson, and Mr. Shepardson leading us along in "observation."

And now, dear Graduating Class, we wish to offer our sincere good wishes for your future. May success and prosperity ever be yours, and the insight of true worth gained at Normal ever be your guide and constant help.

JR. A. PRESIDENTS



ELELA BRUYN



FRANCES GREENE



RALPH HEYWOOD



BERTHA CARSON



JENNIE HENSLEE



ESTHER WEAVER



VIVIAN LLOYD



WILLIAM JONES



NORA SPAIN



JUNIOR A



Of course I know perfectly that there has never been a statue that could talk since the days of that interesting Greek affair, but I haven't accumulated dust and experience in the auditorium of the Los Angeles State Normal school for nothing. For thirty long years, I have seen class after class come into my domain for assembly. For thirty long years I have studied the faces and characteristics of the students. For thirty long years I have looked in vain for a class that came up to my standards. In September, 1910, I thought that I had found the perfect specimen, but when the halls were thronged in September, 1911, I knew that there had entered the very best class yet, and a years' experience has only strengthened my determination.

In the first place, it is the largest class that I ever saw. Miss Dunn confided to me in a moment of mingled despair and unbelief that so many sections had had to be formed that she didn't know how she ever could keep track of them all.

That is quantity all right, and as for quality—well, I can prove that part. You see, I had to be perfectly sure, so the other night, just at midnight, I left my pedestal and quietly crept down stairs to the office and looked at the records. What were the marks? Well, I'll tell you exactly five years after you graduate, but this much I can say. The name of the class tells the whole story. And the surprising part is that these wonderful beings don't look a bit overworked. They are so jolly and good-natured that the teachers all love them.

Of course, next year they have to teach, but I'm not worrying a bit on that score. I've even picked out the ones who will be our future critic teachers, and they will be fine ones, though I doubt if they can equal Miss Matthewson, even if they are splendid.

If you want to know more, I'll give you an audience some day. Make appointments early, please.



My first impression of the building was of halls and stairs, and halls and stairs, and more halls and more "stares." Who will even forget that first day at Normal! Can you, even you Seniors, remember the day when standing in a long, forlorn line, you waited for the acceptance of your all-important credentials, and the little catch that came in your breath when, perhaps, Mr. Miller said, "You will have to enter on condition until such time as you can present satisfactory credits?" That ordeal over, did you not go to one of the several teachers whose duty it was to make out your program? Then, with a light heart, for you thought that your troubles were over, you hastened to Miss Dunn, the student's friend.

After waiting an interminable time, she said, "Next!" With a girl at her side counting and checking up the classes as the programs were read, the secretary brought back a vivid picture of the French revolution as described by Dickens in the "Tales of Two Cities," in which she might represent the high chief executioner and her teller represent Madame De-

farge—"always counting—counting—counting." Yes, your

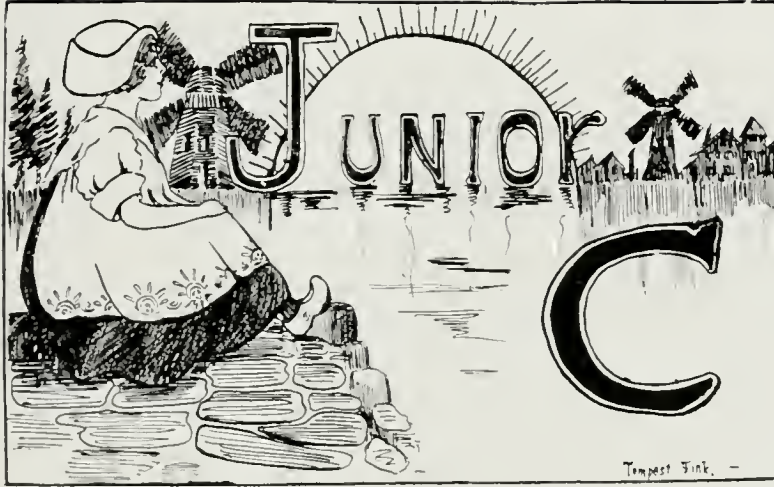
heads came off! At least your high hopes were dashed to the ground, as Miss Dunn relentlessly returned the card, saying, "Mrs. Hunnewell, here's another girl, fix her up! Next!" Then began the real work, until finally our programs were properly "Dunn," accepted, and we began to feel like real Normalites.

The next day began the registering in classes, where we stood in long, long lines waiting to get "signed up". My! but we were tired! Really, it was quite hard work coming to Normal, so we insignificant Junior C's maintained. Now, however, with one term's strenuous experience still fresh in our minds, and after looking over the green ranks of new students, we begin to appreciate the fact that perhaps the teachers may have been tired as well.

Of course, if you insist that we were green, we shall not try to dissuade you, for we know it is hard to shake you from an opinion you have once formed. Have us green, then, if you will, but we are sure that we were not the only ones who were so, for does not the visage of even a Junior A shed forth a pale green light, even to the present day? We are sure, however, that we were a much brighter green than many of the rest. Surely it is no disgrace to be bright, even in green. Is not the high and mighty Senior the brightest person in the school? We do not feel so bad; in fact we are a little proud to be "bright".

I might laud our girls, were space not so limited and there so many of us, but of course it is quality, not quantity that counts. So here's to the boys!

For the most part we are humbly trying to adapt ourselves to the rules and regulations of the Normal. I suppose we were rather stubborn on the Government question. Perhaps it was due to our "freshness" that we were so green we didn't fully understand it. However, our class was voted down and the school is comfortably governing itself, despite our weak protest. We spoke our minds and tried our little wings and have now settled down in the Normal nest and are trying to be very, very good to make up for our little flight.

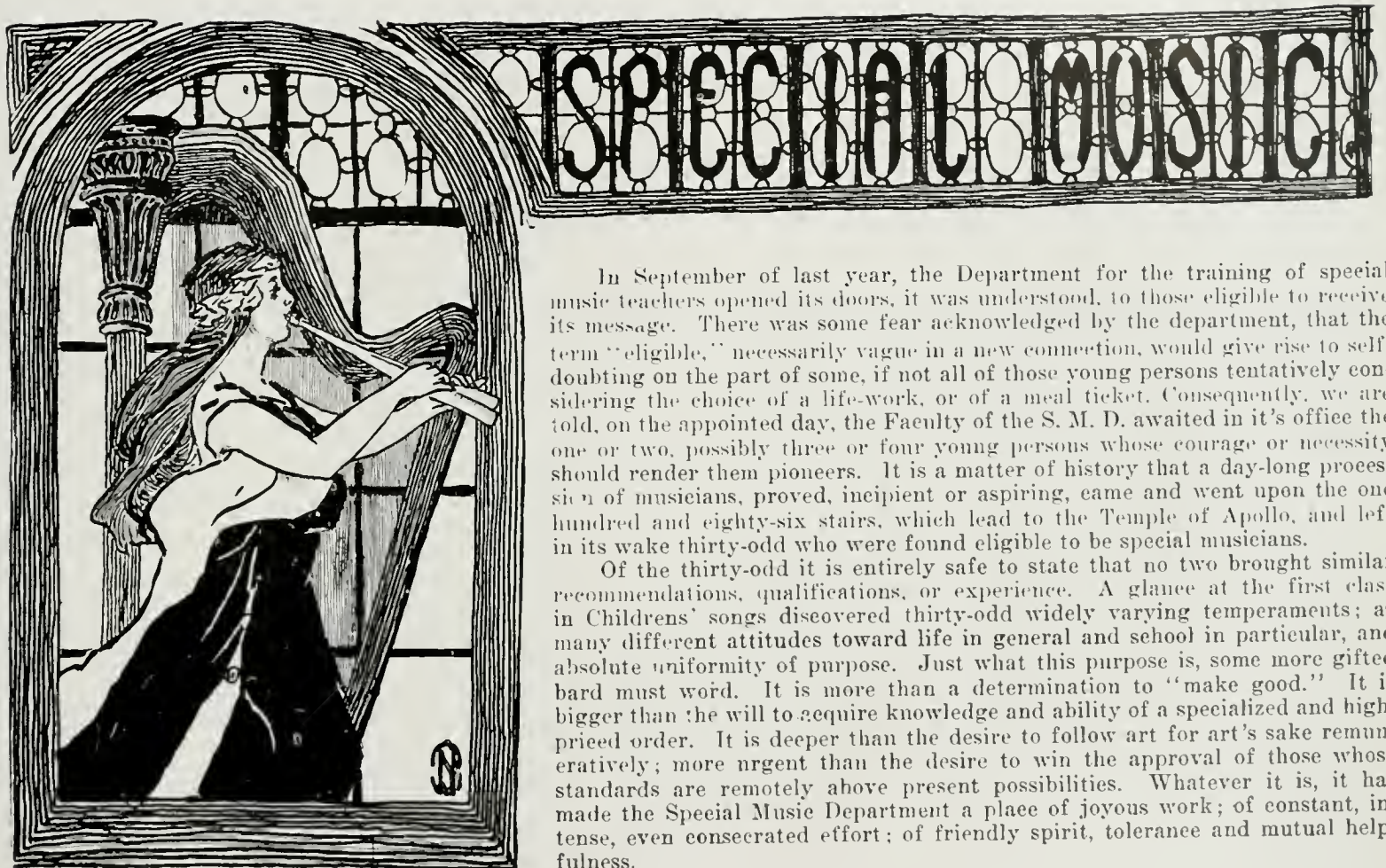


Junior C's we are as yet,
Unheard of, green and new,
Nobody knows what genius lies
In our midst, or what we can do,
One of these days we will surprise you all,
Rise in our might and make our fame,
Compose new systems, expound our views,
Create for Normal a lustrous name,
Let us grow in the "Normal" way,
And in the future we will please
Seniors, Juniors, and all the world,
Small as we are, as Junior C's.



SPECIAL MUSIC GRADUATES

	Emma Williams	Suzanna Gough	
Marjorie Maughlin	Evelyn Stone	Myrtle Blewett	Isabelle Gray



In September of last year, the Department for the training of special music teachers opened its doors, it was understood, to those eligible to receive its message. There was some fear acknowledged by the department, that the term "eligible," necessarily vague in a new connection, would give rise to self-doubting on the part of some, if not all of those young persons tentatively considering the choice of a life-work, or of a meal ticket. Consequently, we are told, on the appointed day, the Faculty of the S. M. D. awaited in it's office the one or two, possibly three or four young persons whose courage or necessity should render them pioneers. It is a matter of history that a day-long procession of musicians, proved, incipient or aspiring, came and went upon the one hundred and eighty-six stairs, which lead to the Temple of Apollo, and left in its wake thirty-odd who were found eligible to be special musicians.

Of the thirty-odd it is entirely safe to state that no two brought similar recommendations, qualifications, or experience. A glance at the first class in Childrens' songs discovered thirty-odd widely varying temperaments; as many different attitudes toward life in general and school in particular, and absolute uniformity of purpose. Just what this purpose is, some more gifted bard must word. It is more than a determination to "make good." It is bigger than the will to acquire knowledge and ability of a specialized and high-priced order. It is deeper than the desire to follow art for art's sake remuneratively; more nrgent than the desire to win the approval of those whose standards are remotely above present possibilities. Whatever it is, it has made the Special Music Department a place of joyous work; of constant, intense, even consecrated effort; of friendly spirit, toleranee and mutual helpfulness.

The above mentioned first Class in Children's songs was the fiery ordeal which fixed the seal of high purpose upon the brow of every (as it happened) young woman in the department. At the beginning of the hour, each special musician eyed every other, inwardly suspecting her of possessing remarkable talent. Then in answer to the inexorable roll, each young woman got upon her feet and rendered a "Children's Song." Permit us to draw the curtain—close the door. At the end of that hour we were comrades in common cause with a mutual grief, and a single hope, a share of humiliation. Let him who thinks that he can sing a "Children's Song" sing it for Mr. Goodwin. Perhaps he can. We could not. But we can—some day.

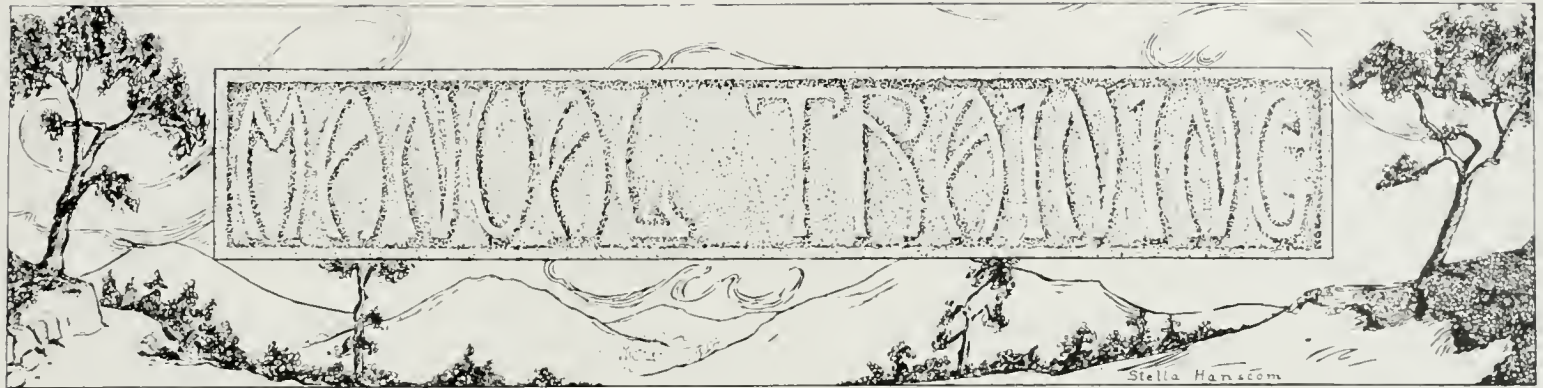
If anything further were needed to bind us into a flying wedge of determination, it happened to the seniors in the Chorus Conducting Class. If for your sins, or in order to acquire an indestructable poise, you are willing to go to any length of suffering, face yourself in a full-length mirror, look yourself in the eye and lead yourself in "The Star Spangled Banner." Having agreed upon a certain course of action, calculated to bring the best results from a chorus, proceed to try it out upon a class of half a dozen highly special-

ized musicians. You may be requested to remove your superfluous hand; to lead, and not clutch at the chorus; to express patriotism to the ends of your hair ribbons. Your efforts and results are then dissected by the class. If this treatment is persisted in daily for a year, we are willing to guarantee a cure of almost anything.

In so varied a personnel as that of the Music Department, there is displayed, naturally, a diversity of talents. There are those who excel as harmonists, others who are able historians. We point with pride to our few distinguished vocalists and to our violinists and pianists of professional attainments. There are those whose ears are trained to detect the most delicate nuances of harmonic expression; those in whom rhymed words unfailingly inspire felicitous melodies. Those to whom sight-reading presents no pit-falls, and those whose work in the Training School has set a heart-breaking standard.

A school year has passed. We realize how small a part we have accomplished of that work which we so happily undertook; looking back, we see how long a way we have come, and our hopes are high, for ourselves and for those who come after us to make a highway where we have blazed a trail.





Few in number, but mighty in spirit are we! We represent the only department in this institution in which men have survived in appreciable numbers.

Great and wonderful are the works of our beloved wood shop. Here are created street-cars and pin-trays, automobiles and boot-black stands, Morris chairs and pigeon coops, music cabinets and towel rollers. Truly cosmopolitan is our scope of activities. Amid the roar of machinery, may occasionally be heard the sweet strains of "Santa Lucia" or the bellow of "Alexander's Rag Time Band." While some weary-eyed novice is puzzling over the intricacies of the hieroglyphic commonly known as "working drawing" of taborets, another bright-eyed adept, with the greatest ease, is revolutionizing Cathedral architecture or improving bridge building.

What is this din that assails your ears as you pass from the work shop? Can it be a miniature boiler-factory? No, it is only the metal shop. See the mighty arms swell as they hammer the unwieldy metal into graceful vases, jewel-boxes, trays, candle sticks, and what not. The "copper king" holds sway here over the baser metals.

Clay modeling next calls our attention. In the basement of the main building many a Michael Angelo is yet undis-

covered. What is that girl with the streak of clay on her face making? Possibly a "vas" or a fern-dish. Here a young man is shaping a candle-stick and an ink-well. There a young lady dreams of strawberries and cream as she moulds a pitcher. Glowing faces and dirty hands and aprons greet you everywhere.

In the Annex are taught basketry, book-binding, leather work, and raffia and reed work. See that young man's disgusted expression as he sticks a needle through his finger instead of his raffia basket; or the surprise of this girl as she brushes the hair from her flushed face with hands covered with book-binder's paste. Leather work is shown by such articles as bill-books, pocket-books, table mats, ink blotters, and the like.

Although we are as yet young as a department, we are strong in worth, and you will hear more from us in the future. So here's to the department! Long may it prosper to help to success those who leave its shelter to seek victory in the great new fields of manual training in our public school system.

CHARLES H. O'NEAL

SPECIAL ART



We of the Special Art class feel so keenly the great opportunities that this course has opened to those who are coming after us, that we wish you all—graduates, students - that - are, and students-to-be, to know for what we stand.

The special art course was opened in the Fall term of 1911, as the direct result of a constant demand for departmental teachers of art. As originally planned, the course was one year in length, and was open only to Normal school graduates or to those of equivalent standing. Since then, a two year course open to high school graduates has been organized. The breadth of the present Special Art course makes it possible for those students possessing unusual ability to receive a diploma for supervisory, high school, and normal school teaching.

As members of the Senior Art class, we wish it known to all that every branch of our course of study has been full of delight and interest. We are constantly striving to do each thing in a better way, to see

beauty in the simplest forms of life, and to express that natural beauty in terms of Art is our aim.

The Special Art course carries you away from the rigid rule of three, into a charming realm, where the spirit of friendliness thrives. The long sketching trips, the classes in craft-work, design and life-work are full of an atmosphere of helpful informality that makes for better work, for happier students. The spirit of the whole department is an inspiration to renewed effort. Though that delightful, sympathetic sense of comradeship, that harmony of interest and aim so essential to the study of art, work becomes the most fascinating game in the world. As graduating Seniors, the greatest thing we can leave to you is this opportunity to work.

JOSEPHINE SEAMAN ROBERTS

GUIDE TO THE MAGAZINES

Miss Stevens should be accompanied by "Harpers"; Mr. Chamberlain should study the "Atlantic;" Mr. Howe should try "The literary Digest;" Miss Snyder wants "The Smart Set;" Miss Fargo should look for "The Bookman;" Miss Jacobs should seek "The Arena;" Miss Dunn should list "Smith's"; Miss Matthewson follows "The Elite"; Mr. Macurda should ask for an "Outing;" Mr. Waddle should rely on "Review of Reviews"; the Y. W. C. A. should have "The Bazaar"; Miss Keppie admires the "Green Book"; The Student Body should insist on "The Woman's World"; Miss Fernald studies "The American Boy."



KINDERGARTEN



Yes, we know that all you girls upstairs think we do nothing but play. But if you will come down to the Kindergarten room some Monday afternoon, and visit our game class, we will show you how very hard we work.

It is no easy matter to turn yourself into a caterpillar, and go "creeping, slowly creeping" across the floor, or to be a baby chicken and hop around the circle after a mother hen. Another day we imagine ourselves birds, and flit among the branches of the trees, which to the casual observer, appear to be girls with their arms outstretched. Then as butterflies we fly in a different way, pausing gracefully for a moment to sip honey from the flowers. But the hardest work of all comes when we are circus horses. We gallop, trot, and run around the room and sometimes even out into the sunshine, affording much amusement thereby to onlookers.

Besides doing all this, we have to understand the theory of games and why the child

runs, hops, or jumps. We must know what games to play, when to play them, and why we play them.

Then anything you wish to know about imitation, activity, rhythm, or interaction, we can tell you. We hear it every class. When we are asked a question and don't know what else to reply, we say activity, rhythm, or interaction.

If you really want to work, register in the kindergarten game class.

THREE IN ONE

A few of the "grinds" of the kindergarten were draped about the study room tables late one afternoon, their heads bowed down, their fingers dripping with ink. Said one Senior, "If I ever finish copying notes, I shall be happy."

Said one Junior, "Well, if I ever finish copying music I shall be happy."

Then from a very brilliant Junior came the remark "What is the difference between copying music and notes?"

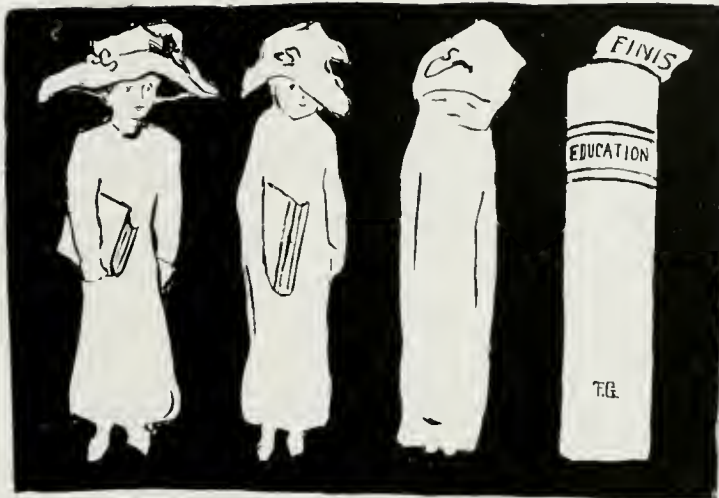
Said the overburdened Senior, "One has rests and the other hasn't."

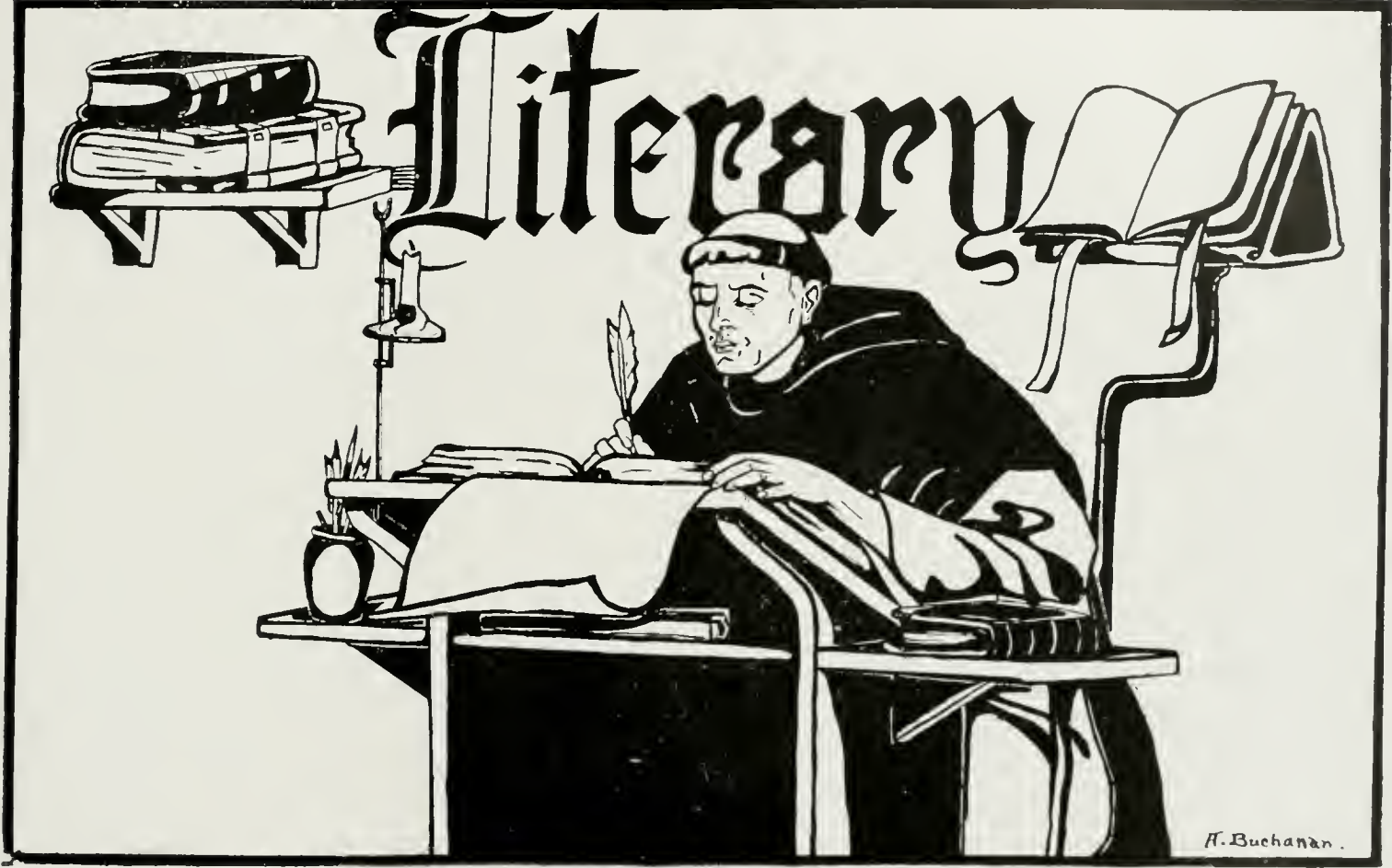
DR. FERNALD'S AXIOM

"Mine 'tis to question why;
Yours, but to do or die."

Mr. Hummel, (Nat. study)—"You don't have to know much to teach Nature Study. The children know as much as you do."

She—"Is my hat on straight?"
He—"No, one eye shows."





Literary

H. Buchanan.

A STORY OF THE FEN

This is the tale as it was told to me by my own great-grandmother, and she died at a very old age, as you may find for yourself by looking at her headstone in the church yard that lieth outside the city of Boston, in Lincolnshire. She died well on to fifty years ago, and I have not heard the story since; but it is not that kind of a tale which goeth in one ear and out the other. If, as I say, you should take the pains to read the inscription on my great-grandmother's headstone, you would find that she was born in the year 1343, in Lincolnshire, a little town which most folks have forgot, and it is of no consequence. Nevertheless, you see by that date that she lived in a time which England hath good cause to remember. And I will now relate the tale as she told it herself, and though I cannot vouch for the truth of it, she being a very old woman when she told it last, and such tales losing nothing in the telling, yet I see no just cause for doubting it.

"I was born," said my great-grandmother, "in the spring of the year 1343, and by that you see that I was six years old and better, when rumor first began to reach us now and then of the happenings all about me.

"I and my mother and father, and my brother, Frederick, he that the tale is about, principally, though it concerned us all, as you will see, lived together on my father's farm about twenty or more miles from Boston, in the fen, and just on the outskirts of the little village of Nordshire, which you will not find on the chart, because it hath never come alive again since that year.

"My father was a good man, stern in his views, and doing his duty to his neighbor as his conscience dictated. He gained a comfortable living from the farm, above the rent he had to pay for it, wherein he was more fortunate than many in those dismal times. He had a small flock of sheep, too, that he used to pasture on the low hills 'round about our cottage, and sometimes Frederick and I, though more often Frederick alone, used to go and fetch them home in the evenings.

"There was a pretty view from the top of the little hill north-west of our cottage, and Frederick and I liked to dally along up there to play when we went after the sheep. We could see on all sides the low fen country, with here and there a green clump of trees, or the white steeple of a little church

that betokened a distant village; and southward the gray walls of the manorhouse, rising steeply among the hedges that ringed it all about. Sometimes, on a clear day, we fancied we could see an arm of the sea, beyond the rising ground that hid far-away Boston from our sight. I recollect it all plainly enough now, though doubtless it made small impression on me then, for children's eyes oftentimes take in sights which they do not see until long afterwards.

"My brother Frederick was a sturdy, well set-up lad, and my sweet mother used to say he was the best lad at heart she ever knew. I recollect him fairly well after these eighty years—brown-haired, with a round, cheerful face, wholesome and good tempered. He was a good brother to me, and we used to have fine times together before that year which, it turns me cold to think of even now. There be few alive now who remember that year that brought such dole to England. It is a black memory. And yet some good came of it, I suppose, in the end.

"I am fain to linger over those days when we lived in peace together, but nothing is done now by shutting my eyes to the recollection of that year. I remember it for what it did to me and mine; and, alas, there were many hundreds of poor souls in England who fared worse than we. There were hard times in England throughout the year of 1349. My father's crops were poor and he lost a goodly number of his sheep, too. I and my brother used to find one dead now and then, when we went to fetch the flocks home in the evenings. My father wore an anxious look upon his face that we did not understand.

"On an August afternoon of the year that I was six years old, a man came riding up on a gray horse and shouted to my father, whereat he went out to the road, and they talked together for some time, the stranger meantime shaking his head, and now and then pointing with his hand this way and that. By and by my mother came to the door, and when my father

saw her, he spoke in a low voice to the man on the gray horse, and he rode on.

"That night Frederick and I found two more sheep dead. It was a hot night. The air was heavy and without life. We did not stop to play, but came on home in the dusk with the flock straggling slowly behind. We found my mother and father sitting together, and my mother kissed us with a strange look, and fell to weeping.

"'Ah, my babes,' she said, "'it will come! It will come!'" Whereat we fell to weeping too, we did not know why. There appeared to be some secret between them.

"Two or three days later, my brother and I being at play in the field, the man on the gray horse rode up again and called my brother to him.

"'Tell your father' said he, "'It hath reached London. Just that, it hath reached London.'"

"'What hath reached London?' my brother called to the man, but he shook his head and rode on. We went to find my mother, my father not being at home, and when we told her she cried aloud, and wrung her hands. She told my father that night when he came home from Nordshire, where he had been to the court, but whatever it meant, that message, he had heard it there.

"'Ay,' said he, 'and there be many already that will never see the sun rise.'

"'Father,' burst out my brother Frederick, 'what do you mean, and why do you and my mother sit and talk together at night so that I cannot get to sleep?'

"'My lad,' said my father, with a look at my mother, 'It is little sleep England will get this year, except the sleep that the Black Death brings with it.'

"The Black Death!

"'It hath traveled from coast to coast, across Europe, said my father, 'and the people fall down before it like flies. They say it hath come up over the mountains like a great, gray

mist, and spread over the whole north. Now it hath reached England, and there be many dead in London and the sea coast towns already.'

"'Jonathan!' said my mother to my father with a look at me. I clung to her skirts with my eyes staring, and my teeth chattered in my head. We were little, Frederick and I, but even children are afraid in such times as those.

"After that day my father and mother made no attempt to keep their anxiety hid. News came slowly, but often enough to keep the fear always fresh in our hearts. Frederick and I used to talk in whispers about it when we went up to get our poor sheep. A heavy haze hung over the fen for weeks. The air was hot and sultry, and we could look square into the face of the sun at noontide. I and my brother thought he was trying to hide from the sights he had seen. One evening the gray mist seemed to have grown thick and dark over the place where Boston stood. Frederick and I watched it from the low hilltops, and he said.

"'Mother will weep if we tell her it is there.'

"So we said to each other that we would not tell her. But she knew already. The man on the gray horse had come and gone, and my father had quit his work in the field and sat brooding on the doorstep.

"My brother Frederick said, 'Mother, if the Black Death comes to Nordshire, when I am a man grown, I will take you away where it cannot follow.'

"At which my poor mother snatched him to her and cried: 'It travels faster than that, my babe, and you will not be a man grown when it gets to Nordshire.'

"My father turned suddenly to her from the doorstep: 'Be still, woman,' he said harshly, 'or I shall go crazed! Is it not enough that everywhere I go I hear talk of folks dropping in the streets by hundreds, but I come home to hear the same tale over again?'

"My father had aged in the days gone by since the first news came from London. He sat silent for hours gazing over

the fen. The black fear was setting in upon his soul. He was not a man to be mastered by fears, neither. But in those times brave men died of fear, naught else.

"We never saw the man on the gray horse again. He came from a little village that lay near Boston. We guessed why he stopped coming.

"The year of 1349 dragged on wearily to an end, with toll of death and terror dogging its footsteps. In February of 1350, the Black Death came to Nordshire. We kept hearing now and then of its ravages all around us. Little bands of fleeing, horror-stricken folks went through the village now and again, and the villagers huddled into their houses to watch them go past. But they always left the Death behind, outside the town. The villagers came to fancy themselves secure from it. Once in a while faint sounds of merry-making reached us through the dead air; but there was no merry-making in my father's house.

"My brother and I used to watch from the low hill tops until we saw the red torches blaze in the sullen mist; and by that we knew that the Death had smitten another of the little towns that dotted the fen. The air grew fouler and yet fouler. The sun hung like a dead thing in the filthy mist. I recollect how the folks who fled past our house at long intervals stared at us as they went by. And we stared at them. They did not look like human beings.

"My father scarcely noticed us now, and my mother, poor soul, was half beside herself. Frederick and I clung to each other for comfort, and never was he better to me than in those last days that ever I saw him. For I come now to that part of my tale wherein you shall learn how the Black Death took its toll of us.

"One night, in the early part of February, my mother and father sat talking in low tones before the fire, and I and my brother lay on the floor behind them playing, though only half our hearts were in our game, that there was no Black Death in England, and we were living in peace again. I rec-

ollect how the fire-light played upon my father's head, and on my mother's face, as she leaned forward on her stool and gazed into the fire with eyes that, I doubt not, looked upon sights that the rest of us could not see.

"All at once, up leaped my brother Frederick and stood stared at the window. I followed his eyes and screamed aloud. A woman's face was there, white, with staring eyes. Even as we gazed at it, the face vanished, and there came a fumbling at the door, and the sound of a voice begging us to open. At that my father sprang from his stool with a great cry, and as he did so the door, which was not latched, fell open and a woman stood on the threshold, lean, clad in fluttering rags and carrying in her arms a little lad of about my brother Frederick's age, though smaller and wasted with hunger and suffering.

"I remember glancing at my father, and standing open-mouthed at the sight of his face.

"'Get away from my door!' he shouted. Whereat the woman shrank back and besought us with her eyes.

"'I pray thee,' said she in the voice of one spent with long suffering. 'Let me come in and warm me and my bairn.'

"We must have made a grim picture in the bare room. The woman clung to her babe, who lay with his eyes shut in her arms, and she kept imploring, now my father and now my poor mother, to let her come in and warm her bairn and get food for herself.

"'I have not the Black Death upon me,' she cried. 'Had I took it I should be lying two days back on the road with my own husband.'

"Whereat my father shouted louder than before 'The death follows you, then!' cried he. 'How dare ye bring it to my household, that hath eseaiped it thus long? I bid you begone, begone from my doorstep!'

"He was in a frenzy of terror, else I cannot account for what he did next. Those were days when men lost their manhood and were like wild beasts, mad with fear. The woman

made a last plea.

"'For the sake of your own bairns,' said she, glancing at us where we cowered in the corner, 'let me come in.'

"'For the sake of my own bairns, I bid you begone from my doorstep!' cried my father; and he snatched up his heavy stool from the floor and ran at her. My mother screamed and caught at his arm, and the woman stepped backward off the threshold into the dark. My father ran to shut the door, but just before he reached it, the woman cried from outside:

"'Watch well your own bairns!'

"And with that she was gone into the dark.

"But she brought the Black Death to Nordshire. She had stopped first at the manor house, and the servant who opened the door would not give her food; and the next day he died and after him my lord's little daughter and next my lord himself. Thence the woman went on into the town, and within a week the town was stark empty, for those who were not dead had fled in every direction, and the Death followed at their heels.

"I know not why, but it passed by us four out of all the village. The folks who fled away took it with them into other towns, and by and by it spent its force, and England was free of it. We got over our terrour and went back to our old way of living as the days went on. My father had no one to pay his rent to now, because my lord was dead and the manor house stood empty and staring on the fen.

"But my father was a changed man. He worked out in his fields by day and by night he sat brooding over the fire with a look of melancholy in his eyes. Once he told my mother that he had sinned and she cried:

"'So have we all.'

"But he said nothing more, and neither Frederick nor I knew what he meant. But now I do.

"During the weeks before the Black Death came to Nordshire, our sheep ran unwatched over the fen. Food was scarce and many died, but those that were left wandered home after

awhile, and other joined them, so that we had a little flock again, to gather in at night.

“About this time we began to note a queerness about my brother Frederick. I saw it first, one day when we were playing on the fen. He turned to me and said for no reason:

“‘Run home and help your mother with the supper.’

“I looked at him in surprise whereat he said:

“‘Run home and do not stand staring at me.’

“At that I burst into tears and left him and went home.

Long after the sun was down he came in and my father said:

“‘Where have you been?’

“‘To fetch the sheep,’ said my brother Frederick.

“‘The sheep came home alone, an hour since,’ said my father. My brother Frederick said nothing, and my father stared at him awhile and went on eating his supper. The next evening, when I made as if to follow him up the little hill, Frederick said to me:

“‘You are not coming.’

“But when I burst out crying, he put his hand on my shoulder and bade me not to weep, but to go home like a good lass and he would come by and by. When he came in that night, his eyes wore a strange look. My father stared at him, and my mother scolded him for staying away so long a time, but not a word would my brother Frederick say.

“At length my father took him aside and bade him tell what he did that kept him away, and why the sheep came straggling home alone. But he could get nothing from him, and he told him that he was a wicked lad.

“It was my mother who found out his secret, for he told her one day when he came upon her weeping. And then he wrung his hands and bade her not to tell my father, but she thought he was going crazed, and she told. Then my brother Frederick wept and beat his hands together and cried that he had promised not to tell and now he feared that ill would come of it.

“And what he had told was this: That there was a bairn of his own age, though smaller and with yellow hair, who came and played with him on the hill at night, and my brother could not choose but play with him, for he had eyes that seemed to hold him there, so my brother said. When my father heard that he groaned, and then he said:

“‘Bide at home tonight. I will fetch the sheep myself.’

“Whereat my brother fell to weeping and begged and prayed my father not to go. But go he would. He was gone out of the house an hour only, but when he came back he was like a man that hath lost his senses. And so he remained a long time, and we never knew what he saw on the top of the hill, for he would not speak of it.

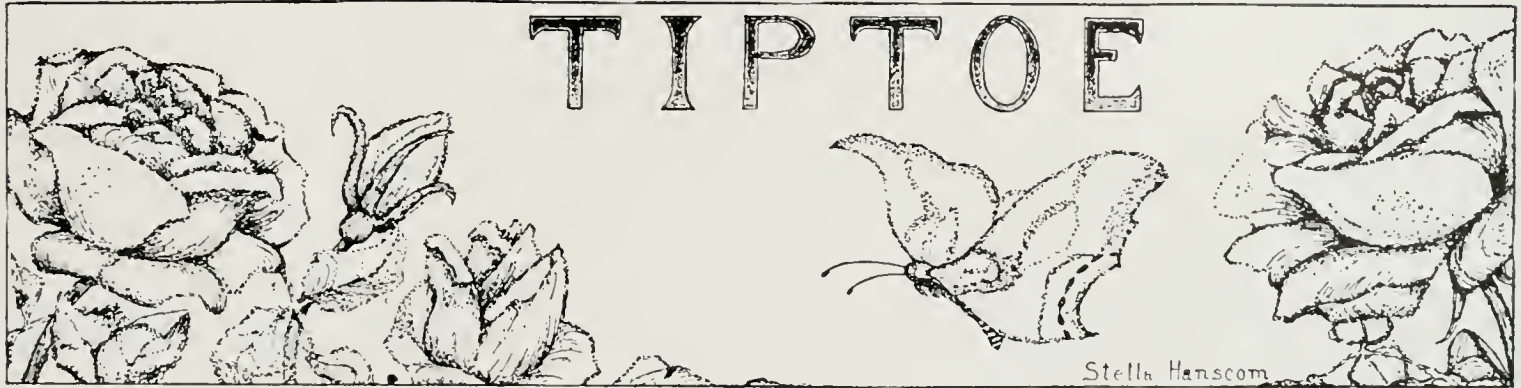
“But the next night, just at sunset, my father said he must fetch home the sheep, and he kissed my mother and me, and bade me watch from the door for him to come home again. And so I did and my father sat behind me on his stool and muttered to the fire, and my mother was so took up with him that she scarcely saw that my brother Frederick was gone.

“I watched my brother climb the hill, and I recollect how black his shape looked against the bright sky. And once he turned to wave his hand to me just before he went down on the other side of the hill.

“That was the very last that I ever saw of him, for the sheep came straggling home by and by, and the night shut down over the fen, but my brother Frederick never came back, and you may believe what you will, for that is all any of us can do.

“And thus did the Black Death take its toll of us.

“This is the tale as I heard it from my great-grandmother, and you may see the very hill to this day, and the pleae where the house stood, but you will not find the house, and my great-grandmother hath been dead these fifty years. You may believe the tale or not, as you please, for as I have said, such tales lose nothing in the telling, and my great-grandmother was a very old woman when she died.”



Junior Prize Story

By Clara Buckland

Once upon a time there was a lovely garden. The flowers blossomed there the whole year long, and gave forth such fragrance that it seemed as though the perfume must go over the ivied wall and make the whole country sweeter. Great, deep-hearted roses lived there, and tiny for-get-me-nots, and funny-faced pansies. Modest heliotrope and mignonette grew along the paths. Dainty, winged sweet peas climbed over the trellis. In spring brave crocuses and dancing daffodils laughed there together. Down in one corner of the garden was a little fountain that tinkled like the faint ringing of tiny silver bells. The birds liked to build their nests within the high protecting garden wall, and added their songs and chatter to the fountain's music.

But the most wonderful thing about the garden was this,—a real fairy lived there, and she was the dearest little fairy

that you can imagine. Her name was Tiptoe, and she lived deep down in the heart of a red, red rose. Her face was as sweet as a flower, and her hair was just like the baby sun-beams that she played with every day. Mrs. Black Spider made her dresses from woven cobwebs. Her wings were so thin and gauzy that you might have looked right through them and thought you were only seeing only the light in the fountain spray. Tiptoe took care of the flowers in the garden, and that must have been why they were so lovely. Every night she washed their dusty faces with cool, sparkling dew, and put on their little night caps. Then she kissed each one good-night, and put it to sleep with a soft lullaby. There were so many flowers that all this took Tiptoe a long time. Then there were the birds, too. Tiptoe always went to every nest to see if the

baby birds were asleep, and to gossip for a moment with their mothers. The Night Breeze sometimes came very late through the garden, but he always found the little fairy still at work. Altogether, the garden couldn't have lived without Tiptoe.

Everything in the garden was happy and beautiful, except the Woman who sometimes came to sit on the bench by the fountain. She was always alone, and she never admired the lovely blossoms. She always wore a black dress, and her face was very sad. Sometimes Tiptoe saw her reach out with longing arms and hungry eyes, as though for something that never came. Tiptoe did not know what to do, even though her tender heart was full of pity. She often straightened the drooping flowers, and helped the young shoots through the ground; it was she who comforted the mother birds when the fledglings went away; it was she who mended the butterfly's wings and the grasshopper's coat, but she could not mend a human heart. Neither could the flowers, nor the birds, nor any of the living things in the garden. The little fountain had been doing its best with its song, and could think of nothing else. So the days went by, and the Woman grew more sad and pale.

At last Tiptoe called Goldy Wing, the great flaming butterfly who carried her upon his wings. "Dear Goldy Wing," she asked, "Have you ever been out of this garden?"

"Yes, Tiptoe," he said.

"Do you know where there are many little children?"

"Yes, Tiptoe. Why?"

"Then take me to them," she said simply.

So for the first time, Tiptoe floated over the green ivied wall and into the great world. Goldy Wing took her on and on 'till they came to a great square building, in whose bare yard many little children were playing, all dressed alike in coarse blue frocks. At one side of the fenced yard stood a little curly haired child, quite apart from the others, gazing wistfully at the billowy clouds sailing slowly across the

blue sky. Suddenly a great golden butterfly came so close that it brushed his cheek, and he plainly heard the faint whisper, "Come, little Child, come."

Trusting entirely, the curly haired child went out of the gate without looking back and followed the little golden boat sailing so slowly through the clear sea of air. On he went down the dusty street, through the little wood, and across the field, 'till he came to the vine-covered gate that led into the garden. The butterfly went over, so the child opened the gate and went down the path, dimly conscious of the nodding blossoms on either side, but with his eyes still fixed on the butterfly.

There at the curve of the walk he saw the Woman. She saw him too, and involuntarily stretched out her empty arms. The Child came straight to her, and she gathered him in her embrace. He cuddled contentedly into her mothering arms, and a great light of joy and tenderness came into the sad Woman's face at his sigh of content. Long she sat there holding him to her heart, crooning over him softly in her mother's way, while Tiptoe waited in the cherry bloom overhead. At last the Woman spoke, and Tiptoe thought that her voice was strangely sweet, like the murmur of the Night Wind.

"Boy," she said, "how did you come?"

"I followed the butterfly," the Child answered simply.

"I think the butterfly must have been my prayer," she breathed more to herself than to the Child.

And Tiptoe laughed, a little silvery laugh like the tinkling fountain. "I must go to the Primroses. It's long past their bed time, Goldy Wing," and she flew merrily away from him.

So the Child stayed with the Woman, and every day they played in the garden. The Woman is no longer sad, but laughs and romps as gaily as the Child. Tip-toe is still the same sweet fairy who dances with the baby sunbeams among the blossoms, and sometimes even the Child's curls; and the garden is the happiest place in the world.

The Fountain Pen as a Means of Spiritual Discipline

As a genus the pen is subdivided into the following groups, or species:

- 1.—The Writing Pen.
- 2.—William Pen.
- 3.—The Pig Pen.
- 4.—The State "Pen."
- 5.—The Fountain Pen.

Of these the last named is by far the most useful for spiritual and educational development.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the origin, evolution, and final cause, or purpose, of the curious object known as the Fountain Pen. The name itself offers little help toward an explanation of the purpose of the device; the earlier hypothesis that the word Pen indicated that it was once intended for writing purposes has long been rejected by the best authorities as ridiculous. The word fountain, however, strongly suggests that it originated as some sort of sprinkling apparatus. Some investigators, on the other hand, have traced the beginning of the Fountain Pen to a certain three-tined instrument often represented in old engravings depicting the hero of Milton's great epic poem. And this suggests the most modern theory, and on the whole, the most probable one: that the deep underlying purpose of the Fountain Pen is Spiritual Discipline. A few hints as to how it may be used for this purpose may possibly not be regarded as unpardonable.

Before undertaking the Pen itself, the candidate should make a practical study of the three psychological phases of control, (a) Motor, (b) Self, (c) Temper. He should also investigate the nutritive values of various kinds of ink, and

their chemical reaction in contact with the human skin, hair and mouth. If possible he should also read some good work on the Theological Implications of Unorthodox Remarks

As a primary lesson in Spiritual Discipline, let the novice attempt to use the F. P. for some definite purpose, say for writing, leaving other possible uses for later development. It is necessary to have at hand a simple equipment of accessories, consisting of a barrel of tepid water, a microscope, a dozen sheets of assorted sandpaper, a few good sized sponges, a grindstone, a quart can of white lead, a roll of blotting paper, a few yards of court plaster, a raw turnip, a piano box filled with sawdust, a pint bottle of liquid glue, a stout monkey, or if that is not obtainable, a monkey wrench, a carpenter's vise, a few rods of baling wire, a garden hose, a Bunsen burner, an air pump, a blacksmith's anvil and sledgehammer, a stick of dynamite, a force pump, a small piece of writing paper—the reverse side of a postage stamp will do if the gum has been removed in the usual manner—and especially a large clear copy of the Ten Commandments, or at least the third. The learner should, if possible have access to a good shower bath, and make a frequent test of his temperature by means of a clinical thermometer. A dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases will be found convenient to supply the well known deficiency of the English language in interjections, and to reduce the fever; Dante's "Inferno" will be found a suggestive source of fervid emotional phases when the temperature runs dangerously above the boiling point.

With this equipment, which might well be carried to some unfrequented place at first, and the best Fountain Pen that can be found (or purchased if necessary), let the beginner set

cheerfully but doggedly to work. (Piggedly would perhaps be a more exact term, as the Pig is really more dogged than the dog itself—a quality developed by constant use of the Pen.) First stab the F. P. a few times into the turnip and then rub the point vigorously back and forth upon the writing paper. Examine the surface of the latter at once with the magnifying glass for traces of ink. None will be found, except possibly on the finger-nails, in which case it may be easily and pleasantly removed by means of the grindstone. Next, apply suction to the Pen by means of the mouth. If the ink should start and discolor the tongue and teeth, rub the former with sandpaper and apply three good coats of pure white lead to the latter, afterward hanging them in a clean place to dry. Or if you use the old-fashioned undetachable-rim variety, take an interesting volume such as Baxter's "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," and sitting in an open window overlooking the street with the eyes closed, expose the teeth continuously for at least seventeen hours to the direct action of the sun.

However the ink will not start. So connect the Pen with the air pump and oscillate the handle rapidly and vigorously and without stopping while you count 13,023. An attendant should be at hand to administer stimulants to the patient—if he is still so, and he is so if he is still. At this point you will suddenly remember that the barrel of the Pen was not filled with ink before beginning the experiment,

Therefore, next, unscrew the top. From a human view point this is impossible; so fasten the Pen into the vise with the baling wire and pour some of the glue over it. Now apply the monkey wrench and some of the Foreign Words and

Phrases. A few blows with the sledgehammer will often start something, at least the perspiration. By this time you can easily bite off the top of the Pen, and fill the barrel with ink by means of the force pump. Unless you are occupying rented apartments, hold the Pen over your lap while filling to prevent the overflow from leaving a large, ugly splotch on the rug. Next, take a full bath, and a long rest, leaving the Pen buried in the box of sawdust, and if possible in oblivion.

Up to this point in the procedure there is substantial agreement among the authorities; but here they begin to diverge radically, almost radially. One recommends as the next step placing the Pen on the anvil and pounding it vigorously until exhausted; another, that it be run slowly backward and forward through the meat grinder; while still another would fill it with dynamite, heat it red hot over the Bunsen burner, and then throw it into the garbage can. The particular course to be adopted is largely a question of temperament, and should be plotted out by the novice during his periods of rest. Whatever the method chosen, let it be carried out without mercy and flinching.

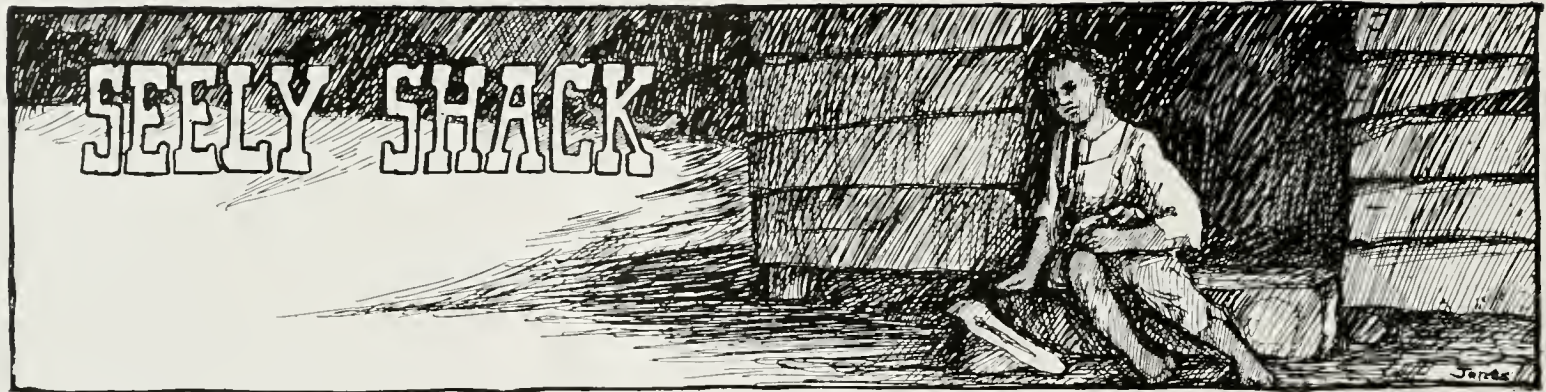
At the conclusion of the first lesson, the amateur should remove ink stains, apply court plaster; take a cool sponge bath, followed by an alcohol rub and the reading of a few chapters from the Book of Job. Then, after a few weeks' complete rest in the country, and when he feels ready for his second lesson, let him give up the whole business as a bad job, and begin attending Sunday school.

FRED ALLISON HOWE

Honor

The substance of true honor neither bends
Nor breaks, nor wears; and yet, it is as fine,
As delicate as a spider's airy web
That sways with morning breeze and glints with light
In rainbow tints and gleams of jewels rare.
So strong is honor's substance that the weight
Borne by the mightiest cables of the world
Would be as light to its unfailing strength
As petal of a rose or snow-flake star.
Enduring as eternal Truth and Love,
Is honor's substance, and Time's wearing wheel,
Turned fast or slow upon its surface bright,
Leaves neither groove nor trace of faintest line.

ADA J. MILLER



Seely Shack stood on the steps of the washhouse and looked wistfully away to the west where the river, swollen with the spring rains, curved in the sunshine like a dusty yellow ribbon. At his feet stood a basket of freshly washed clothes which should have been hanging in the May sunshine. But how could a ten-year-old pickaninny tamely hang out the white folk's washing when a thousand voices of spring were calling him away to the river and dreams?

The sunshine down by the river would be warm and golden, and the rushing waters would bring down countless treasures which a nimble-footed boy might easily grasp from the flood. Besides it was such joy just to lie on the bank and dream, while the water roared dully in his ears and the indolent spring sunshine covered him with its warmth.

Seely Shack stood on the steps as long as he dared and then leisurely began the labor of clothes-hanging. He paused now and then to look with an appreciative eye upon the green world around him. Was there ever another such glor-

ious spring day? The air was sweet with the perfume of growing things. The flowers in the old-fashioned garden had lost their winter stiffness and were growing riotously in their renewed youth.

The whole world was tremulous with the joy of springtime and the heart of Seely Shack throbbed understandingly. He dug his toes into the sand, and fervently wished some kind fairy would turn Sis Lou's back for the fraction of a second. But Sis Lou's thin black arms were industriously churning the suds. Only now and then did she pause to call a none too gentle incentive to Seely Shack's slowly moving legs. He knew from long experience that there was little hope of escaping her vigilant eye, for Sis Lou, who had been raised in that land of strenuous industry, "way up Nawf," had no sympathy for a poor little darky who was suffering from that common negro malady, "spring fever."

But for some reason Sis Lou quite suddenly turned her entire attention to the wash-boiler. Seely Shack saw his op-

portunity and took it. Like a flash he was off, the white folks' washing and all fears as to the consequences of his truancy forgotten in the joy of freedom.

He took the alley-way, running swiftly enough until he was well beyond Sis Lou's call. He then proceeded in his usual leisurely fashion, but carefully avoided the white folks' houses where he was accustomed to do odd jobs.

At length, the river was reached and Seely Shaek, passing through a group of lounging negroes, stretched himself upon an old raft. He gazed placidly into the pulsing, turquoise sky and was content.

There is no denying it. Seely Shaek was a "lazy, trifling nigger." That was the very epithet which Sis Lou applied to him, and no doubt it was true, for she had been his adopted mother for three months. Seely Shaek's own mother died in Sis Lou's house the preceding winter and the boy had lived with her, presumably because he belonged no where else. But Sis Lou was not an overgracious hostess and at times Seely Shaek entertained wild plans of joining travelling circuses or drifting down the river to New Orleans. For one thing, Sis Lou's methods of housekeeping were much too "finicky" for her adopted son's comfort. Everything about Sis Lou was painfully neat and orderly and Seely Shaek became at times naturally indignant at this departure from the customs of his ancestors. A decent rag carpet covered the floor of Sis Lou's best room, white curtains fluttered in the windows, and red geraniums bloomed in shining tin cans on the window sill. All of which was very pleasing to Seely Shaek's sense of beauty until he was called upon to sweep the carpet, wash the curtains or scrub the geranium pots.

But as he lay in the spring sunshine, Seely Shaek was not thinking of his domestic troubles. He was just glad that he was alive. In this mood he might have stayed by the river throughout the golden day, had not a slight disturbance caused him to look toward the group of negroes. Big Zed Blake

was coming up the bank with a small squirming yellow bundle in his hands.

"Jes' picked him up offen a birch log" said Zed, displaying a tiny dog of the cur variety. "Any yuh gemmen happen to want 'im?"

Seely Shaek looked at the pup. Very wet and bedraggled he was and pitifully thin and weak; but his tiny tongue was gratefully licking the hand of his rescuer and in his eyes was the bright, mischievous gleam of the ragamuffin. Seely Shaek approached and gently stroked the dirty wet head.

"Can I have 'im, Zed?" he asked, with round black eyes wide and pleading.

"Why, sho yuh kin," answered Zed, his big voice gruff with kindness. "But yuh gottah be powerful good to him, 'caze he's quality, he is. he dropped the dirty dog into Seely Shaek's outstretched arms.

"Whacher gwine to do with 'im, Seely? Yuh knows Sis Lou ain't gwine hab no dawg roun the house." This was from a youth who was somewhat acquainted with Seely Shaek's domestic affairs.

"Dat's all right, Jeff, yuh ain't gwine to git dis hyeh dawg," answered Seely Shaek, brave in the pride of ownership. "Now I reckon dis pup am a pinin' mo' foh some milk dan he am foh yo 'lls s'ciety."

He, therefore, carefully placed the dog in his battered straw hat and departed for Sis Lou's cabin. He was very happy as he trudged along the dusty road. If there was anything Seely Shaek had ever longed for it was a dog, and if there was anything that Sis Lou detested, it was a dog. The result had been no dog for Seely Shaek.

"Jes' raise yoh haid, Booker T, an' look oveh theah to 'ds them ellums. That's yoh home now." Seely Shaek had almost unconsciously christened his pet. He had always thought that if ever he should have a dog, his name would be Booker T.

As he neared the cabin, Seely Shack experienced an unusual sinking of the heart. He suddenly remembered that he and Sis Lou were not on the best of terms and a belated twinge of conscience reminded him of the basket of unhung clothes. He, therefore, approached the cabin in a cautious and roundabout way, to ascertain if conditions were favorable for the presentation of his new friend.

Luck was with him. The closed doors and windows gave evidence that Sis Lou had not yet returned from her labors. He quickly climbed through the back window of the little lean-to shed, which served as a kitchen, and began his search for food. Luck again! A bowl of rich yellow cream greeted his eye.

Without a pang, Seely Shack deposited the disreputable little Booker T. upon Sis Lou's spotless white floor and thrust his nose into the cream. When he had demonstrated that his eating apparatus was in proper condition, Seely Shack began a more extensive survey of his good points. They were not many. Even to his master's prejudiced eye, Booker T. was, to express it mildly, far from prepossessing. Nowhere about him was there a trace of beauty or breeding, not even a hint of distant gentility. His small body was covered with coarse, bristly hair and was remarkable only for the fact that it existed at all, so thin and emaciated it was. One of his fore paws hung limp and useless and no amount of petting would change his dejected droop of his stub tail. Nevertheless, in his eyes there was still a twinkle of mischief. It was this gameness which made Seely Shack his firm friend.

Seely Shack's ministrations to his comfort were suddenly interrupted by a succession of rapid footsteps on the plank walk. There was the unmistakable rustle of stiffly starched skirts. It was Sis Lou! Seely Shack's heart was in his mouth.

Sis Lou opened the door and paused in the act of untying her bonnet strings. Her face became an ebony image of righteous indignation.

"Am dat yuh, Seely Shack?" she asked in a voice, ominously quiet.

Seely Shack told the truth for once and said, "Yes'm."

"An dat, dat varmin, whose am he?"

"He am jes' mine now, he uster be one o' Cunnel Bodey's setter pups. Cunnel done give 'im to me dis mawnin'," lied Seely Shack in the extremity of his fear.

"Seely Shack, youse de outlyingest niggah in Brush Arbor. Youse ain't neber tole de truf, less'n youse so sear'd yuh coud'nt think of a lie in time. Now yuh set dere an' hyeh me talk. Use gwine to gib you a piece of my min'."

The piece proved to be of a very substantial size, but when it was divested of its embellishments, Seely Shack found that the points that immediately concerned him were these: First, that Sis Lou was plumb tired of him and his foolishness; second, that Booker T. might never set foot in her house again; and last, that in order to keep his dog, he must take up his abode in the cornerib.

It was broad daylight when Seely Shack heard this last edict and, at the moment, life in a corn crib did not compare unfavorably in his mind to life with Sis Lou. He had no intention of deserting Booker T. and besides, this new mode of life rather appealed to his poetic fancy. Happy, lazy summer days stretched ahead of him, days when he might lie by the river and dream as long as he wished. And the best thing in those care-free days would be his dog. Of course, Booker T. would grow up big and strong and the kind of a dog every boy wants.

Seely Shack thought of these things in the space of a minute and then completely astonished Sis Lou by accepting her proposition. He took the patchwork quilt she offered him on one arm and with Booker T. tightly clasped in the other, departed for the crib.

When evening came, Seely Shack sat in the barn door eating hot corn pone and molasses. He felt quite well satis-

fied with himself, and whenever Sis Lou glanced his way, he allowed an expression of vast content to cross his face. His was the first victory, for Sis Lou had so far unbent as to supply both the delinquents with a bountiful supper. But Booker T., for some inexplicable reason, had only taken a lap or two at the warm gravy and then lain down again with his head on his paws.

"Mebbe et too much cream a while back," Seely explained hopefully, patting the little head.

Slowly but surely the darkness came. The interior of the barn assumed vast and unreal forms in the deepening shadows. Seely Shack closed the door and tried to become interested in the moon which was just rising over a fringe of dark pines. His confidence and self-satisfaction were going fast. After the warmth and joyousness of the day, the cool stillness and sadness of the night were hard to bear. Down in the marsh the frogs were tuning for the evening concert. The call of a whip-poor-will floated across the moonlit fields, faint and mournful.

Seely Shack shivered. It was growing cold there in the barn door. He reached out a hand for his dog and drew him close. Booker T. wagged his stub tail feebly and then lay very still in his little master's arms.

Up at the cabin, Sis Lou was learning again how lonesome a lonely woman may be. It was good to have a companion, even a small, lazy, mischievous person was preferable to no one. And she had to admit that a certain small boy had risen somewhat in her estimation during the last few hours. A ten-year-old pickaninny, who could sit alone in a dark barn, even for the love of a miserable little eur, had become worthy of her respect.

She brought her chair into the door and sat rocking in the moonlight, now and then stealing a surreptitious glance at the cornerib. It was silent and dark. The minutes dragged slowly on and still no movement of surrender from Seely Shack. Sis

Lou sat and thought. She remembered the protective love in Seely Shack's eyes when he had taken the little dog in his arms and started for the cornerib. Something akin to pity stirred in her heart. She wondered if she had done quite right by Seely Shack, if there might not have been a milder way of punishing him. She was not quite sure that she had been a mother to him.

At last Sis Lou gave in to the gnawing hunger in her heart and started down the path to the barn. At the same instant a little figure sprang out of the dark shadow of the barn and came running toward her. She opened her arms and Seely Shack sprang into them.

"He's daid, Sis Lou," he sobbed, clinging to her heart-brokenly, "Booker T's daid." He unclasped his arms to show the little dog lying quite still and lifeless.

Something new and deep and tender came into Sis Lou's heart. She lifted the child in her strong arms and carried him back to the cabin door. Seely Shack tenderly laid the little stiffening form of his pet upon the door step and Sis Lou covered it with her shawl. Then she did what she had never done before. She took Seely Shack in her arms and rocked him back and forth in the old rocker.

They were two very commonplace figures as they sat there in the moonlight, two figures such as might have been seen in many cabins in Brush Arbor on that warm spring night. But they were not thinking commonplace thoughts. Thoughts of love and repentance were in the hearts of both.

Down in the marsh the frogs were in full chorus now. The fireflies flashed their tiny lanterns back and forth over the cane patch. Again came the call of the whip-poor-will, faint and mournful. Seely Shack nestled closer and whispered humbly from Sis Lou's shoulder.

"Sis Lou, I'se rill sorry 'bout dose e'oles I lef' dis mawn-in'."

Sis Lou's arms tightened around him and she did not

answer for a moment.

"I wuz jes' thinkin', Seely Shack," she said at last, "dat ole Cunnel Bodey might pay foh dat last week's washin' I done in one o' dem settuh pups o' his'n."

Seely Shack was slipping into blissful unconsciousness, but he heard and murmured gratefully.

"I'se mighty glad 'bout dat, but I'se double glad dat yo'll is goin' to lub me now."

After a while he added sleepily, "Good night, Mammy Lou."

Nell Long.



SOCIETY





Dear "Piker:"

You can't imagine how busy we are just now, with all our good times, and oh! but you don't know what you missed by going away this year. We certainly are having "some few keen" times and I'll tell you about some of them just to make you feel sorry you didn't stay as we wanted you to.

We're still divided into sections, because we are entirely too much for one teacher, and every so often one of these "bunches" has a grand time. There was a Hallowe'en party, with enough "hair-raising" performances to make your "blood run cold." All the spirits and "other things" (not mentioning any names) from Pluto's domain were present, and from the screams and screeches of the more timid ones, you would have thought that many were already performing the duties of the "underworld."

About the same time another crowd had a "kid" party;

all the babies came, and Miss Snyder was among them. Don't you remember that dignified history teacher we heard so much about when we were Juniors? She was there as the cunningest little girl with pink bows on her hair. Cute? Well, I guess. And they all played "King of France," and sucked peppermint sticks.

After that, along came Christmas, and, of course, a "bunch" of parties. But I think of one in particular, to which all the guests came as children, receiving their presents from the Christmas tree and whiling away their time with pop corn, peanuts, stick candy, and lemonade.

The next affair was our big Senior party, and we had a dance in honor of St. Valentine himself. The decorations were great, the music was good, the men better, and Miss Collier—a dream in pink. You don't know Miss Collier, do you? She came this year and she is all O. K.

The next thing of note was a St. Patrick's party. All of Bridget's friends came to the back door, and she let them into the kitchen, and they pulled taffy and did the "Irish Reel" and other "shindigs," and then sat on the floor, with doughnuts and coffee and toasted marshmallows. Doesn't that make you pine for our company?

There's another "bunch" of our folks who have a failing for picnics, and their favorite rendezvous is Sycamore Grove, where they bake "weenies" and have coffee only as Miss Fernald can make it. You remember Miss Fernald, of course, the Psychology teacher. Never mind how much she can tell you about neurones, she's a jolly good sport, even if she is always late.

Speaking of picnics, reminds me of the big picnic our whole class gave the Senior A's who graduated in March. We had it at the Grove, and the "eats" were gorgeous. It was reported that Miss Dunn had visited the Grove when it was a "beer garden." What do you think of that? And she

sang us a song that sounded as though she knew a lot about it. Dr. Shepardson sang this:

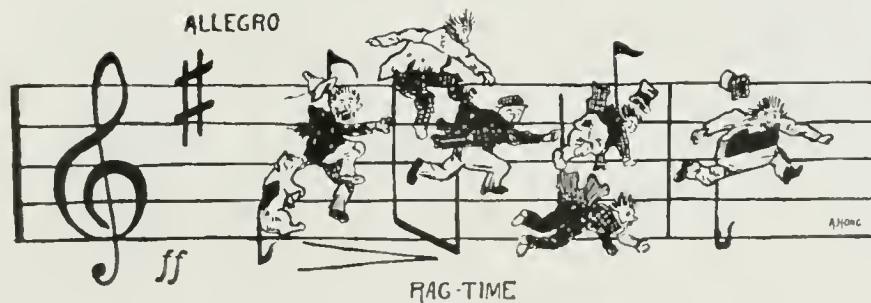
"We used to get tight
On a Saturday night
A-drinkin' down gin sling."

Miss Matthewson couldn't talk, because she said she didn't have the vocabulary to do the affair justice, and Miss Banghman couldn't talk, if she did have the words, because she was too full—and as usual Miss Fernald came late. We had a grand good time and came home tired out.

And now, we're Senior A's, and waiting for June, but before we're through we are going to have another big "affair", which I'll tell you about next time, for there goes the bell and I must not be late to Miss Jacob's gym class.

Yours in great haste

THE SUMMER '12 GIRL



ORGANIZATIONS.



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PRESIDENT.



HELEN CANDIER
EDITOR OF OUTLOOK.



PEARL BAXTER
SECRETARY



ELVA GARFIELD
MANAGER OF OUTLOOK.



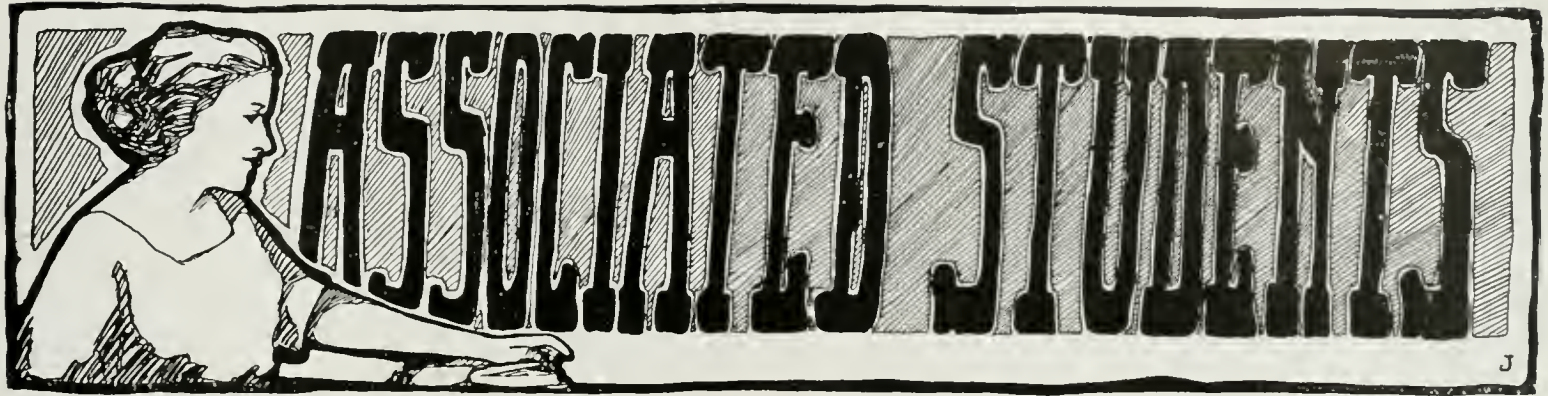
ABIGAIL HAYES
ASSISTANT MANAGER OF BOOKSTORE.



BESSIE GOODHUE
MANAGER OF BOOKSTORE.



WILLIAM JONES
ASSISTANT MANAGER OF OUTLOOK.



For some time the students of the Los Angeles Normal school felt the need of an organization that would be of service to them as an instrument through which they could act as a unit, awakening interest in school activities and arousing the much needed "school spirit." This need was met finally when on October 9, 1911, Dr. Millspaugh granted the time from regular assembly exercises to be used for a discussion of student organization. Ralph Heywood was elected president, pro-tem, and Pearl Baxter, secretary, pro-tem. At this meeting the students elected to organize, and passed a resolution asking for more school time to carry on the work.

The desired time was given a week later, and at this meeting, a committee which had been at work on a constitution for the organization, gave its report. Their constitution was accepted as read, and with this action, the organization took its name, "The Associated Students of the Los Angeles State Normal School."

Later the following officers were elected: Ralph Heywood, president; Helen Millspaugh, vice-president; Pearl Baxter, secretary; James Baker, treasurer.

Thus began the work of the "Associated Students," which with the help of the Normal school president and faculty, has been of great help to the school. The work of the organization, as stated in the constitution, is the control of all student activities. This seems to be a broad and vague field for work, but the students have taken advantage of the opportunity to "start things" and, as a result, they have some specific achievements.

Probably the most important work has been the establishing of a Book Exchange, which is a benefit to every student. Bessie Goodhue has been managing the Book Exchange and through her faithful work it has grown and become a paying investment.

Next in importance, the "Associated Students" have begun again the publishing of the "Outlook," the school paper, which was discontinued during the fall term. Under the able management of Helen Candler and Elva Garfield, the paper has been placed on a firm basis and now is a practically self-supporting paper, distributed to all members of the "Associated Student Body." Although the printed sheet is not as elaborate as last year's magazine, it contains good material and is financially safe.

At present the student body is considering the question of self-government, a question that is of vital importance to the school. Several group meetings have taken place and here the students have discussed and voted upon the question. A committee is perfecting a plan of self-government, which will soon be submitted to the student body as a whole.

Looking back over the work done by the "Associated Students," the school should be proud of the results and each one should be ready to give his support and undivided interest toward its maintenance.

BETH GLEZEN

THE OUTLOOK

The Normal School Outlook is the established publication of our school. This year, the Outlook, in direct opposition to

the traditions of all the former Outlooks, both Normal school and otherwise, has blossomed forth as a newspaper. It is a small newspaper, to be sure, but still a newspaper, and it has been our endeavor to spread its influence over a far wider territory than is suggested by its modest four pages.

The paper is published every two weeks by a staff appointed by the executive committee of the Student Body. It is made up of the usual departments of a school paper, each department being controlled by an associate editor. In addition to these, there is a news department, through which the students are kept in touch with the activities of the school. That is its chief purpose—to support and develop school spirit and student activities. Not only this, but the message of our progress will be carried by it to other schools and to the world that we are fitting ourselves to meet.

The advantages of a newspaper are more than evident in the success which similar publications have attained in contemporary institutions, and though the nerve-racking ordeal of publication is thus made twice as frequent as formerly, this fact is more than compensated for, by the success which we are gaining.

The chief ambition of those who have its management in hand is to make the paper in all respects, a fitting representative of our school.

HELEN CANDLER



BOOK EXCHANGE

A. Knapp.

The Los Angeles State Normal School Book Exchange was planned and put into operation during the fall term of 1911. It was the first activity undertaken by the Associated Student Body through the Executive Committee. During the winter term, the Exchange did a flourishing business in their temporary quarters on the bridge. Books were sold and rented on a commission basis for the students. This term, being more widely known, and having the prestige gained by its more pretentious quarters, the Exchange has handled a greater number of books than it did during the preceding term. The renting of books has reached such proportions that a special renting department will be established.

The Exchange has tried to be a help to all the Normal school students by giving them an opportunity to purchase their books at a reasonable cost, and to dispose of them for more than they could get elsewhere. New books have been handled to a small extent. It is hoped that in the near future students will be able to obtain all needed supplies for all departments through the Exchange, and this will be possible, if the students of the Normal school will give their personal help and patronage.

BESSIE GOODHUE.

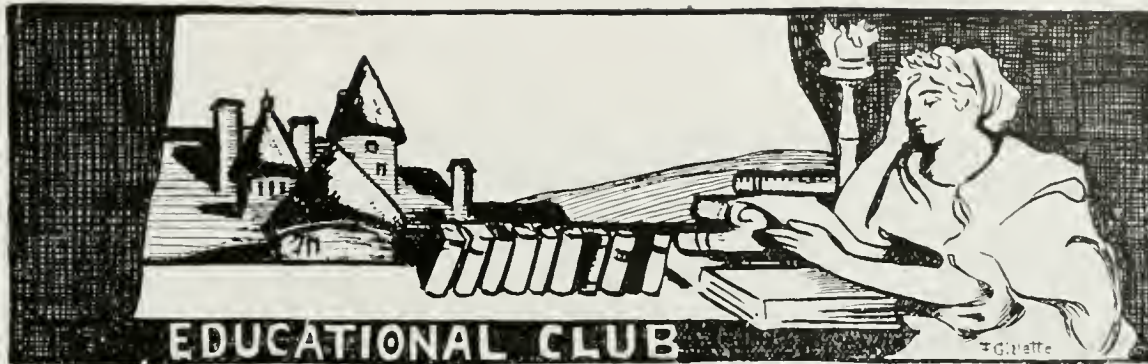


The term S. E. C. may seem cabalistic to some readers, but when interpreted, reads simply, the Socially Efficient Club. It was organized in June, 1911, and consists of several representatives from each class, whose duty it is to guide the entering student during those first bewildering days of each term.

There is always a large vacancy in the club when the Senior Class graduates. This is met by an election about a month before graduation, in order that the new members may become acquainted with each other and with their duties. A picnic or other form of social gathering is held soon after the election, and these relations are established. Girls are recommended for membership by the girls of the club who, through association with them and inquiries from the Faculty, consider them socially efficient.

The members must be thoroughly acquainted with the school and its work, so as to be able to pilot the new students about, aid them in making their programs and, incidentally, assure them of the feeling of good fellowship extended by the school toward each and every new comer.

The members for this term are: Lois Caskey, Alta Bailey, Mary Atwood, Helen Candler, Marie Bittleston, Ruby Feazell, Nell Long, Irma Eaton, Genevieve Bell, Francis Neff, Marguerite Pendexter, Helen Millsbaugh, Claire Niles, Gladys Pollard, Lucile Middaugh, Elizabeth Connors, Clara Maltman, Dorothy Mockell, Rachel Head, Marie Mannocir, Helen Root, Louise Parkins, Merle Young, Olive West, Louise Riee, Gwendolyn Sargent, Olive Whalian. The club officers are Lois Caskey, president; Margurite Pendexter, secretary.



PresidentEdgar Smith
 SeeretaryLaura Newell
 Corresponding SecretaryMarguerite Leavitt

The Education Club was organized in the spring term of 1911, by a small group of students, who wished to gain a deeper insight into our modern educational problems. We have met on alternate Fridays throughout the school year, and our membership has constantly increased.

An excellent program is being planned for the summer term, including such authorities as Superintendent Francis and Assistant Superintendent Dozier, of the City School Department, and Judge Wilbur, of the Juvenile Court.

The following topics have been taken up in our work this year:

“The Philosophy of Froebel”.....
Dr. Thomas Newlin, President of Whittier College.
 “The Boy Problem”.....Ernest J. Liekley
 “Institutional Children”.....N. P. Wilson
 “Problems of the Slums”.....Madame Von Wagner
 “The Greater Citizenship”.....Mrs. Alice Steuben Wells
 “The Congested Districts”.....Rev. Dana Bartlett

“The Slums; Their Cause and Remedy”.....
Rev. Alexander Irvine
 “The Teaching of Sexual Truths to Children”.....
Dr. Grace W. Fernald

Among the student activities of the Normal School, the “Education Club” stands out as an expression of the ideals and work of the students who wish to gain a broader and more intelligent understanding of the problems of education than can be presented to them in the regular curriculum of the school. In order to carry out this ideal, the club has gone to the heart of the subjects, about which it wished to gain greater enlightenment, and it has secured for speakers those who are best qualified to speak on the topics under consideration.

In this way subjects in sociology and economics have received special attention. Many noted people have appeared before the “Education Club” in the capacity of experts in these lines of work and thought, and the influence exerted by these people has made itself felt to a marked extent throughout the Normal school.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Advisory Board

PresidentMrs. Jesse F. Millspaugh
 General SecretaryEdith M. Graves
 Mrs. W. B. Hunnewell, Miss Van Deusen, Miss Sarah E.
 Woodbury, Miss Helen Goss, Miss M. Grace Snyder, Miss
 Madge Stephens, Mrs. Kathleen S. Beck, Miss Grace M. Fer-
 nald.

Members at Large

Mrs. A. G. Wells, Mrs. L. E. Meyer, Miss Helen Barnard,
 Mrs. Robert Watchorn, Miss Amy Gordon.

The local organization has enjoyed a prosperous year. The membership is twice that of last year, making a total of three hundred. The membership and social committees worked together on Registration days, serving tea and assisting the new students by acting as guides and friends wherever possible. The reception for new students was held the second week in the gymnasium, and was attended by the majority of students and faculty members. Dr. Millspaugh extended a very friendly address of welcome to the students on behalf of the faculty, and a progressive grand march closed the program.

This organization exists to foster the development of the all-around girl. The curriculum studies and the gymnasium provide ample for their own needs, but the Young Women's Christian Association is needed, as Miss Wilbur told us, "to keep a balance between the secular and the spiritual" not to give the girl added burdens of more books to study, but to provide for the soul's deepest need. Our General Secretary is here on full term, to help us execute our plans. She has been the inspiration and guiding spirit of all the year's undertakings. She is the needed friend of many a lonely entering Junior and later of all classes of girls. In the words of our Lord Jesus, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

MYRTLE WEBSTER





W

There are girls who are fair and lovely to see,
 There are girls who are wise in pedagogy;
 There are girls who with grace can bow and serve tea,
 And girls who believe with great modesty,
 But no matter how wise or fair they may be,
 They none can compare with the girls of the Glee.

Anyone passing by the big red school house on the hill at certain times, can hear some very peculiar noises; sounds like trumpets, cats, untuned organs, and sometimes notes of sweet music. No one has ever become alarmed or interested enough to climb up the stairs to room S in order to investigate, but if he had, his labors would not have been unrewarded. For there, working so hard on "The Egyptian Princess" and music for commencement, that Bess Bryant's forehead was all wrinkled, he would have found the Normal Girl's Glee Club. He would have seen Ruth Ardis presiding over the business meetings with great dignity, Clair Niles practicing her graceful dances, and Miss Stephens, with her usual sweetness and fineness, keeping them all hard at work. But the Glee club girls say that the pleasure they have had in singing, has been worth the work. They have sung at the Macy street Night school,

the Cosmo club, the School Masters' Banquet, and many times at commencements and assemblies, besides giving that beautiful little operetta, "The Egyptian Princess," and all the girls join in saying "it was fun," and if it was fun for the Glee girls, those who have listened can enthusiastically say, "Their pleasure has been our treat."

Members

Sopranos

Gertrude Wallenstein
 Olive Whalian
 Clair Niles
 Irma Eaton
 Rena Polkinghorn
 Blanche Nichols
 Eleanor East
 Merle Colby
 Bess Bryant
 Lela Bruyn
 Mattie Linfesty
 Floy Pemberton

Altos

Ruth Ardis
 Ruth Ellis
 Ruth Daniels
 Bernice Stowitts
 Margaret Metcalf
 Thekla Grieve
 Edith Thayer
 Jennie Henslee
 Daisy Trott
 Agnes Macpherson
 Evelyn Ryan

GEOGRAPHY CLUB



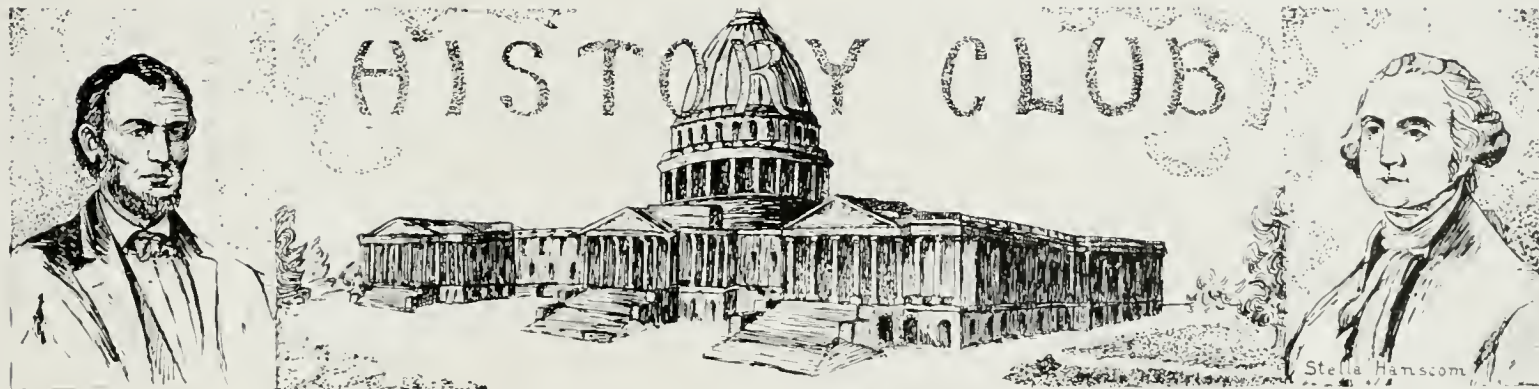
This article is for the special benefit of those unfortunate Normalites who, this term, have not enjoyed the pleasure and profit of belonging to the Geography club. In the Spring of 1910, some ambitious students, finding our brief course in geography lacking in thorough and detailed study, concluded to organize a club for the purpose of supplementing their knowledge of this subject. As a result, we of 1912 have a flourishing Geography club with an enrollment of seventy-two members.

Through the efforts of Mr. Chamberlain, head of the de-

partment, and Miss Sweet, president of the club, many interesting speakers have been brought before the organization. Two finely illustrated lectures, "The Valley of the Nile," and "The High Sierras," have been presented in thoroughly enjoyable style.

Miss Bushnell one of our own Normal students, in her talk on Asiatic Turkey, gave the club a delightful journey of the imagination to that far land. Italy, Egypt, and Tibet have been visited under the guidance of most able speakers. Further interest has been added to these lectures by the display of souvenirs and pictures which depict the life and customs of these distant countries. Geography from a scientific standpoint has been considered in interesting lectures by members of our own faculty who are especially prepared to speak on their subjects.

To the students of the Normal School who will be with us next year, the Geography club extends a cordial invitation for membership. Interest and enthusiasm are the only requirements for an enjoyable term in this wide-awake club.



President Lucile Brooks
 Secretary Isabel Burke

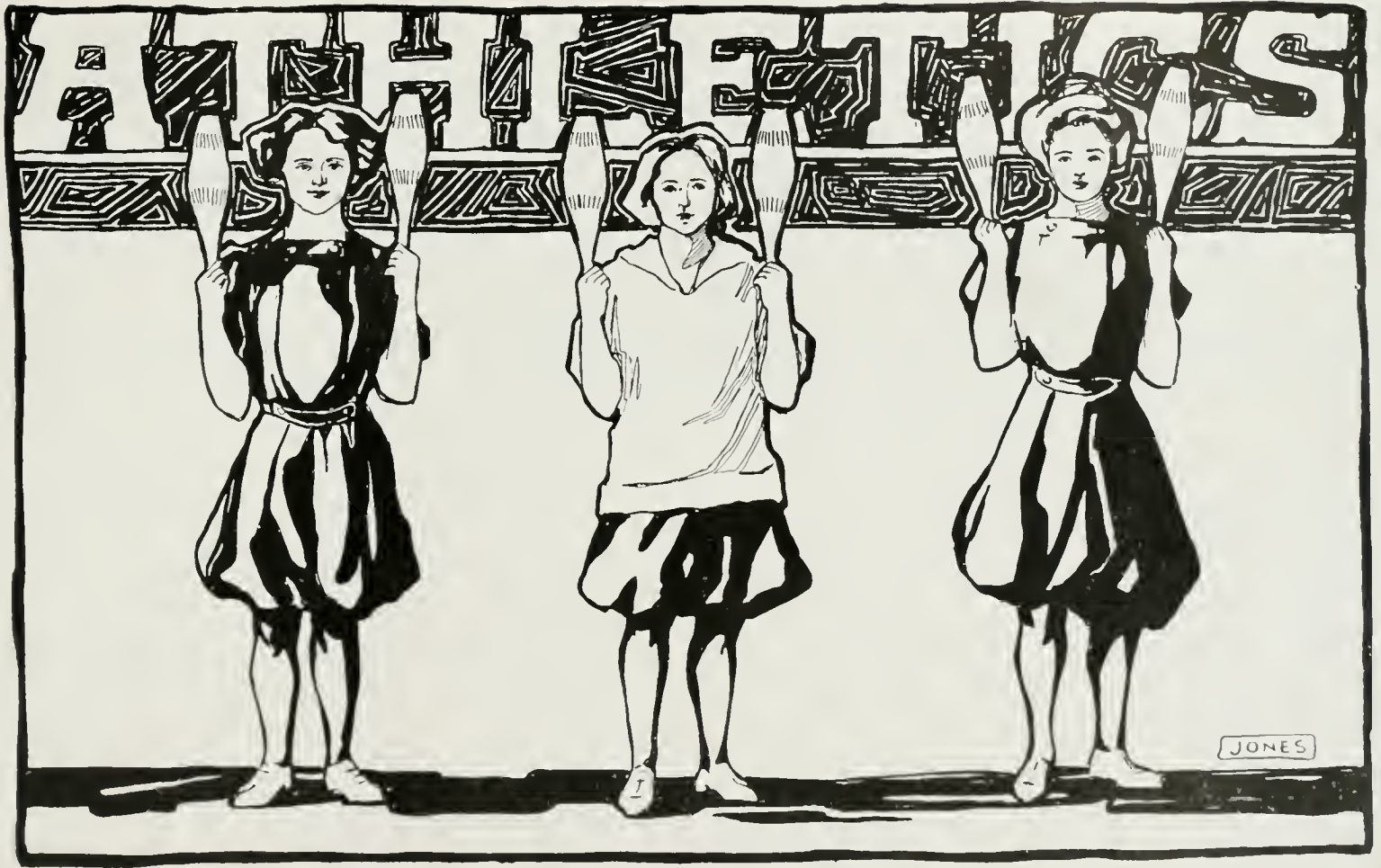
During the spring of 1911 a group of ambitious history students agreed that this State Normal School needed a History club. Such a club was forthwith organized for the purpose of group study of such topics as the majority should desire. The first meetings were devoted to the study and discussion of "Every day Ethics," by Ella Lyman Cabot. Later, the Mission Period of California history became the scene of action and much interest was aroused in the unique history of our state.

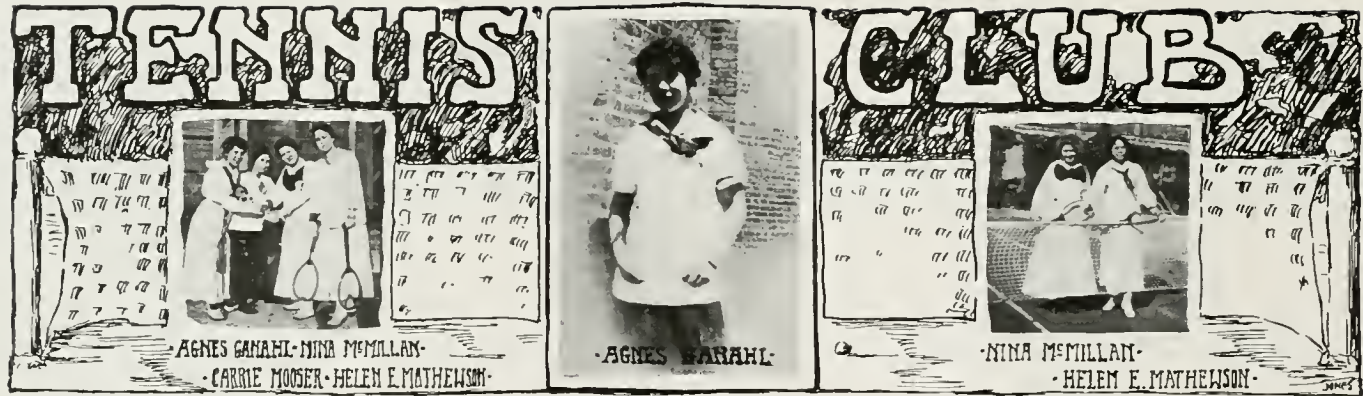
Lest too much and too serious delving among archives of the ancients should lead to ossification, the burden (?) of

such labor was lightened by excursions into the proverbial realm of "spreads." Those who attended the initiation festivities at Eastlake Park, will not soon forget the thrilling rendition of the "Laughing Chorus" nor the equally eloquent translations of Virgil's Aeneid. The cake-walk of the secretary-elect, surpassed all previous performances. The reception to the Senior A members in December, disclosed a wonderful amount of artistic talent, hitherto unknown, especially the sketch "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

This term's jollification took the form of a picnic at Sycamore Grove, where the "stunts and eats" far excelled any before given by the club.

IONE LOWMAN





• AGNES GANAHL • NINA McMILLAN •
• CARRIE MOOSER • HELEN E. MATHEWSON •

• AGNES GANAHL •

• NINA McMILLAN •
• HELEN E. MATHEWSON •

In the Normal Catalogue, a modest little paragraph announces that tennis clubs and other organizations give students an opportunity for exercise and social life. Such a calm statement certainly does not do justice to the "Racquet Club." There are forty members, and we are sure that every one of them would like to stand forth from this page and testify with raised right hand that to belong to the "Racquet Club means having the best times, the best spreads, and making the best friends that anyone could hope to have or to make. The privilege alone of trying to return Miss Mathewson's low serve, or trying to make a ball go over Mr. Waddle's racquet at net, is worth the initiation fee.

The club has had two tournament parties this year. The first was a progressive tennis party. The courts were numbered and all the rules of a progressive card party were followed. Miss Agnes Ganahl came out the victor. At noon, the weary players went to the lunch room and found it decorated with pennants and flowers, as for a regular banquet. With

Miss Jacobs as head of the table, and Miss Fernald, Miss Mathewson, and Miss Collier to respond to toasts, the conversation could not well lag. Dancing in the gymnasium and more tennis finished the day.

In the second tournament, each player had a partner, and they together played all the other partners. Miss Bont kept this complicated system oiled and Miss Mathewson and Miss McMillan won for the day. Lunch was served in the arbor near the Kindergarten, and winners and losers were not ahead of each other in the good fun during lunch.

Indeed, winning and losing do not count in the "Racquet Club. It is all for the joy of playing, and all share in the joy of the winners. The club literally lives that game motto: "Sport for sport's sake."

OFFICERS

President, Augusta Bont.
Secretary, Avis Olmstead.
Treasurer, Gertrude Lofthouse.

BASKET



BALL

9

The girls interested in basket ball started out this year with a determination to have a strong team, and practiced hard during the first term. However, just as a team was being organized, practice was broken into by the cadet teaching of the Seniors. Therefore, although a few games were played between classes, there has been no real basket ball season, and, in fact, no representative team, for the Seniors are the only ones who have actually organized a team. The girls are hoping, however, to have a series of inter-class games before the end of June.

Basket ball does not mean so much in the Normal school as it should. It is a fine, strenuous game and offers an opportunity for letting out some of our pent-up enthusiasm. Also, brain workers need exercise and a great many girls do nothing more vigorous day after day, than to climb Normal hill. With an en-

thusiastic squad out for practice, good games could be arranged and not only would the players be benefitted, but there would be an opportunity for an awakening of our slumbering athletic spirit.

The Seniors line-up as follows:

Forwards:

Joe Rosenthal, Floy Pemberton.

Guards:

Mary Johnston, Elsie Snyder.

Centers:

Ruth Ardis, Carrie Mooser.

Manager:

Norma Sweeny.

Coach:

Miss Matthewson.

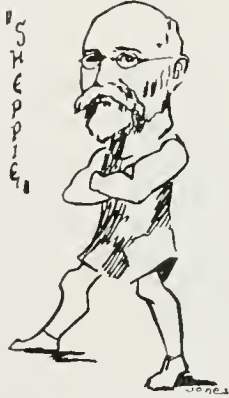
STREET



100-100

100-100

It Might Have Been



There once was an athlete most bold,
Whose prowess has never been told.
He could fight in the ring,
Or like a bird could sing,
And has medals of tin and of gold.



There is a fine woman in K,
Who works with her grammar all day,
What if by some chance
On the stage she should prance,
Like the villain who acts in a play?



A man he is of wondrous worth,
With ideas not a few.
What if his genius he had turned,
To chicks an' sows, to bugs and cows,
And everything that grew.



There was once a lady so strong
She could lift heavy weights all day long,
Or could hang by her knees,
On a swingin' trapeze,
With her voice lifted high in a song.



What if he had been round,
The stoutest man ever found.
So weighty in fact,
The show was just packed.
Whenever he gained a new pound

BOOKS EVERY TEACHER SHOULD OWN

"Laughter" — An effervescing essay sure to raise dead spirits.

"How to be Happy, Tho Single"—one of the best sellers..

"The Problem of Income."—Vol. I, "What to Eat" Translated from the Chinese. Vol. II "The proper Attire for the Pedagogue." extracts from "Social Ethics," written by Normaltus Facultus. Vol. III, "How to be Amused," an especially useful volume, containing alphabetical list of the most cultured amusement places at the lowest prices.

"Exercise and Health"—To read a book like this is like taking a sun bath.

"The Road to Joy"—Depicting an impossible, improbable school.

"The Valor of Ignorance"—Particularly attractive because of its dramatic situations.

"The Art of Keeping Young."

A thrilling narrative is this

And one, despite its tone,

Quite literary, full of bliss,

A crackerjack to own.

IF OUR DREAMS CAME TRUE

Ruby F would be sailing in an aeroplane.

Litti Paulding would be on the stage.

Jane Williams would be traveling.

Gertrude Lofthouse would be a court lady (tennis).

Josephine Mogeau would be tall and slim.

Ruth Ardis would be married.

Maybelle Richey would be a second Melba.

CONSOLING

"Here, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter—"Serves the brute right. He's been buzzing 'round here all the mornin'."—Ex.

If wishes were autos then no one could walk.—Ex.

A ONE CYLINDER CAR GOING UP GRAND AVENUE HILL

I think I can, I think—I can—I think I can!

I think—I can—I can—I think—I can!

I—think—I—can—I—think—I—can!

I—guess—I—can't—I guess—I—can't

I guess—I can't—I guess—I—can't

I know I—can't—I—can't!

PEOPLE I'D RATHER NOT KNOW

Dr. Fernald, when she springs an X.

Miss Seaman, when she is criticizing Eng. III test papers.

Mr. Macurda, when he asks how far you have read in Hist.

Ed.

WHY THE BANK FAILED

With a gasp she leaned heavily against the wall. The white card fluttered to the floor. Slowly she made her way through the surging mob in the hall until she reached the door to her room. Once within, the door closed between her and the eyes of the masses, new strength came to her. Quickly she searched through her sweater pockets until she found her handkerchief, in the corner of which was tied a tiny key. In two bounds she was across the room and in front of a small door in the wall. In a flash she had the key in the lock and the door open.

After a hasty search, she discerned the fatal package under her School Law. She thrust it under arm, closed and locked the door, and returned the key to its correct habitant. She then made from the room towards the South Hall on tiptoe.

Outside the door of the Room in the South Hall she stopped, her heart beating wildly, and she stealthily glanced within.

No one was in sight! She quietly crept in, noiselessly laid the package on the table and turned to retrace her steps. Hist! She was pursued! She became paralyzed with fear. Would she never reach the door? The thundering voice of Miss Van Dusen shouted "Twenty-three cents over due!!!"

Gems from the Gym

The Laughing Chorus

Oh, Such a commotion behind the partition,
When Keppy called "All fall in!"
Such scrambling and slanging unfit for rendition,
Such scampering out and in,
And "Kidd, are you ready?" the tall one asked;
"She's called 'Fall in' you know."
"Almost, my dear," the short one replied,
She'll say 'fall out!' now if I go."
Then, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter from others as slow.
From dozens of girls from behind that partition,
Yes—dozens—not ready to go.

SOMEWHAT BEHIND DANNY DEEVER

"What makes these girls run like mad?" said visitors one day.
"To get to gym, to get to gym," the others wildly say.
"What makes them look so white, so white?" said visitors one day.
"They're dreading they won't get a room," the others sadly say.
"For they're rushing to the gym, you see they must get the best."
Some wonder what they're learnin', but they're rushing like the rest.
You see they're belts and collars off; they say it's such a such a pest.
When you have to change to gym clothes in the morning.

DON'TS FOR THE GYM

Don't return the Folk Dance music if you borrow it. No doubt you need it more than the class.
Don't wait until the children pass out before entering the gym. They like to be in a crush.
Don't talk quietly while in the dressing rooms. The seraps that float into the gym are so interesting and instructive.
Don't look too hard at the clock. It isn't its fault that it never goes.
Don't bring back borrowed benches. What are the janitors and instructors for, anyway?
Don't glare at the heated instructor when she calls on you to teach. Smile, and at your earliest convenience, bring her sample of your famous (?) fudge.
Don't bother marking your shoes plainly, you can always tell yours.
Don't listen to the floor work if you're excused. Work on a basket, study your next lesson. This will prove you are a diligent pupil and the instructors will love you.
Don't notice the window shades in the lecture room. They are too sensitive already to stand further attention.
Don't ever try to remember or practice any new order. It's such fun doing it wrong next time.
Don't ask inane questions about the May pole; believe me it was once young and glorious in hue.
Don't forget the horse. He is a sadly neglected beast.
Don't wear black stockings all the time; white or brown ones make visitors notice you more and break the monotony.
Don't do everything the first time. The instructor might faint if, for once, all were perfect.

ONE ON THE "OUTLOOK"

Although the "Normal Outlook" has our sincere wishes for its continuous success, it is with no little satisfaction that we take this opportunity to even our score with that publication for having cut in ahead of us and gobbled up some of the literary material that we had intended to use ourselves. When we got a "tip" from the unclaimed baggage department that a fat wad of m. s. had been turned in, we lost no time in following it up. Our joy may be imagined, when we found upon claiming it, that it was a bundle of notes lost by the "Outlook" editors, and one for which they have been frantically advertising in their "Lost and not Found" column, under the caption, "Large Reward Offered."

When we obtained possession of the notes through our influential connections with the unclaimed baggage department, which, by the way, is presided over by one of the most obliging of ladies, we found them fastened together by means of a large piece of sealing wax, scented with spearmint, and a thin wire paper fastener—the kind that is shaped like a staple with crinkly legs; whence we at once concluded that the material had been gathered and jotted down by a certain well known and popular young lady of the "Outlook" staff. We examined the ms. with high anticipations at first, but as we proceeded, with a glowing sense of disappointment. Many of the items were illegible, having been written in the normal school reporter's hand; and most of them had been freely scored by the editorial blue pencil. Several were marked "Not fit for publication." One of the articles in a delicate feminine hand, headed, "How Can We Induce More Boys to Attend Normal?" was marked "Too sentimental and visionary." Another, a really meritorious write-up of the Exponent and its efficient staff, was endorsed, "Perfectly true, but might set them up too much; tone it down." A paper entitled "Bright sayings of the Faculty," was scored "not original," and was inscribed "Too dull; ginger it up." We have gone patiently through



the bundle and culled out a few of the better items, which we print below with our apologies. The others we have returned to the U. B. Dept., together with a green hair-ribbon, a recipe for making almond cream from sawdust and crude petroleum, and a clipping entitled "Day Dreams of a Somewhat Lonely Single Lady." We shall not have it on our conscience that we claimed a reward for the return of this material; we simply charge our time to "profit and loss".

EXTRACTS

Mrs. Maier (to music teacher) — "After your check? What's become of your money?"
Teacher—"Loaned it to my assistant."
Mrs. M.—"But what has she done with it?"
Teacher—"Oh, Myrtle Blewett."



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History Prof. (to Geography assistant)—“I think you’re a snide.”

G. A.—“A Rowell not do here, but if I’m a snide you’re a Snyder.”

H. P.—“You just wait and see!”

Good Faculty Member—“I never sold one of my school books in my life; I’m going to keep them always.”

Mean Member—“Having them printed on asbestos paper?”

Blustering Gentleman in the office—“My daughter says it’s a stiff grind to get through the Normal school mill. Can I see the Miller?”

Mrs. M.—“We have two Millers here; which one?”

B. G.—“I want to see the head miller, the pater-familias, as it were.”

Hrs. M.—“Oh, I see! you mean the Mills-paugh.”

Bright Girl in School Law Class—“California has seven state normal schools, located in Highland, San Quentin, Watts, Naud Junction, and Los Angeles.”

TAKE HEED

“Here lies John Jones, who lived by rule,
Who led the systematic school;
He had a set, unchanging way
For going through each night and day;
Of all his rules he made a list
So that no detail should be missed.
And every morn he’d rise and look
At that day’s rules, within his book.
Alas! We carve this, tearful eyed;
He lost his rule book, once—and died.”—Ex.
He is a careful dentist. He fills teeth with great pains.

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THE PESSIMIST

The more I live in this old world
The more I find it true
The more you do for other folks,
The less they do for you.
He—"My wife and I are one."
She—"You're ten. She is one and you're a cipher.
Some slippers are made of banana peel."

SHOULD BE RUN IN

When charged with being drunk and disorderly and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said: "Your Honor, man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn! I'm not as debased as Swift; as profligate as Byron; as dissipated as Poe; as debauched as—"

"That will do!" thundered the magistrate. "Ten days!" And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're just as bad as he is!"

The Professor—"I went to the Lost Property office today and got that umbrella I left on the train last week."

Wife—"That's good. Where is it now?"

The Professor—"By jove! I er-r, I am afraid I left it on the train."

Stranger—"What time is it?"

Scientific Man (absently)—"What do you want, sun time, mean local time, or standard time?"

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "Now plan again."

The greatest skill is in distinguishing our skill.

He—"I always wear my gloves all night to keep my hands soft."

She—"Do you wear your hat?"

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Bobby—"This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."

Mamma—"Why, dear?"

Bobby—"Because the book says, 'having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.'"—Ex.

GLORY OF WAR

In Tripoli—"We had to notify the soldiers to hurry up and get through that last battle."

"What was the trouble?"

"The moving picture film gave out."

He—You remind me of a knot.

She—Why?

He—Because it's something to a-door.

She—You remind me of a cushion.

He—So soft and comfortable?

She—No, something to be sat on.—Ex.

Clothes don't make the girl, but they have a good deal to do with the way she is received.

CORRECT

"What is the best thing to increase chest expansion?"

"Medals."

THE TRUTH

"You cannot wear our socks out!" So ran the advertisement.

Jones thought for a moment and then rushed wildly out to order half a dozen pairs before the supply was exhausted.

The socks came. Jones saw them and nearly fainted. Indignantly he wrote a letter to the advertising firm.

"Socks received," he said. "The colors and patterns are simply awful! I wouldn't be seen in the streets wearing them."

By return of post he received the following reply.

"Dear Sir:—We see no reason for your complaint. If you will cast your mind back, you will remember that we stated that 'You can't wear our socks out.'"E—x.

If you acknowledge your faults you deprive your friends of the pleasure of pointing them out.—Ex.

A friend is someone who can tell you unpleasant truths about yourself—but won't.—Ex.

Why are there so many old maids at Normal?
Because it is the end of Hope.

GRAMMAR

“There was a young lady from Kent,
Whose grammar was terribly bent;
She said to her flame:
‘I’m so glad you have come,
But I’ll miss you so much when you’ve went.’”

We know her quite well, and a blunder
Of hers often rends us asunder;
She said—this is true—
“I seen what to do,
And I done it.”—now ain’t she the wonder?
She spends lots of time with a book,

Historical, trashy, or cook,
And she says “I enjoy
Readin’ books, my dear boy,
’Cause they learn me so much.” Get the hook.
He coaxed her one morning to fly,

They fell from half way to the sky;
When asked to explain,
She replied with much pain:
“It almost killed he and I.”—Ex.



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Pedagogy Teacher—"Who can give a good illustration of the doctrine of interest?"

Volunteer Student—"Well, if a boy should walk six miles across a ploughed field and climb six barb-wire fences in order to steal an orange—"

Voice—"Why that wouldn't be interest, it would be usury!"

Psychology Teacher—"Would it be advantageous for an inexperienced teacher to inaugurate her professional career in its concrete obstification by an abstemious and intensive adherence to the hypothesis of the subjective correlation of homologous representatives of inherent sensuous perceptions as the essential substratum of consecutive and evolutionary progression in the cumulative concretion of rationalized experience; or would the superior procedure consist in the unqualified acceptance of the Aristotelian application of the disparate functions of hypostatic ideation in the formation of immaterial concepts as conducing to the clarification of the sublimated super-self-consciousness of adjacent mentality?"

Student—"Er—er—I can't just think."

Teacher—"I have suspected it for some time; next student answer."

Next Student—"Please repeat the question."

Teacher—"O, shucks!"

Curtain

MOTHER'S MESSAGE

Received by Mrs. Maier, over office telephone) "Will you please go down stairs and tell Adolph in Room 14, to take that piece of limberger cheese out of his pocket? I'm afraid he'll sit on it.

The Pessimist's Alphabet

A esthetic appreciation.

B ug bears.

C ram then crosses and checks.

D iscipline.

E verything normal.

F link, not fun.

G looms.

H is (s) es.

I deas.

J oys (unknown).

K nocks.

L ate hours and lessons.

M otivation and method.

N otions.

O riginal ideas.

P roblems in teaching.

Q uizzes and questions.

R egistration.

S ocial efficiency.

T oils and terrors.

U nis

V ain hopes.

W isdom.

X ans.

Y outh.

Z eros.

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Affable Gentleman on street car, to Normal teacher. "And so you are connected with the Normal school? Keeper or inmate?"

Innocent Freshie to Wise Senior (9:03 a. m.)—"Why is that lady running so frantically up the hill?"

W. S.—"Why, the school can't get on without her; she's its running Gere."

Musical members locked in after five o'clock:

Miss S.—"O, dear! Can't we get out?"

Mr. M., putting his pipe (pitch) to his mouth—"Wait, I'll give you the key."

Miss S.—"But that's a minor; we must have a major to get out. Somebody find Mr. Major."

Mr. C. (coming to the rescue)—"Here, I'll let you out. I have a skeleton key."

Miss S.—"Mercy! that'll never do; the watchman will arrest us for burglars if we open the door with a Jimmy—I beg pardon, I mean James."

YE SIGN OF YE HAIR

Try our new electric massage. We guarantee to stop your hair from falling. Woman's beauty lies in her hair. Be beautiful. Drop in and see us. We can show you. Horrigan's Hair House.

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PRIMER VERSION

See the cow.
Is it a nice cow?
Yes, it is a nice cow.
Can the cow run?
Can the cow run as fast as the horse?
No, the cow cannot run as fast as the horse.

SMALL BOY VERSION

Git onto the cow.
Aint she a beant?
Sure, she's a corker.
Kin she git a move on herself?
Kin she hump like a horse?
Nit, she aint in it with a hoss.

Teacher—"What are the children of the Czar called?"
Bright Junior—"Czardines."

German woman (calling for central)—"Hello! Is diss der middle?"

TRUE

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
So they tell us in the rhyme,
But Snyder does not ponder,
She gives zeroes every time.

A TALE OUT OF SCHOOL

Johnnie (reading)—"And so Columbus, at the last, sought out a kind friar."
Teacher—"Who can tell me what 'friar' means?"
Small voice in the rear—"A chicken."

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Teacher (in Physiology)—“What comes under the head of man?”

Student—“His neck.”—Ex.

“And now,” said the colored preacher, “let us pray for the people of the uninhabited portions of the earth.”—Ex.

Teacher—“A fool can ask questions that a wise man can not answer.”

—Pupil—“That’s why we all flunked I guess.”

The teacher—“Order! Order!”

Freshie—“Ham and eggs, please.”—Ex.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it is hard on one’s marks.—Ex.

A professional humorist was having his shoes shined.

“What does your father do, my boy?” he asked the boot-black.

“He’s a farmer,” meekly answered the boy.

“Ah,” murmured the humorist, “the father makes hay while the son shines.”

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

Cape Good Hope..... Sweet Sixteen
 Cape FlatteryTwenty
 Cape Lookout Twenty-five
 Cape Fear Thirty
 Cape Farewell Forty

Mother—"Why, Bobbie, what do you mean by making baby eat that yeast cake?"

Bobbie—"Boo, Hoo! He swallowed my fifty-cent piece and I'm trying to raise the dough."

"That house that you finished a few weeks ago is the biggest of the lot," said the real estate agent. "Perhaps that's why it's so hard to find a tenant." "Yes" answered the builder, "it's last but not leased."

"She puts lots of feeling into her singing, doesn't she?"
"Yes; but it must be awful to feel like that."—Ex.

Patriek Henry as seen by a Japanese:—

"He was a fine man and married a beautiful woman and then he said, 'give me liberty or give me death.'"

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,

Despite his love and kisses,

For although he always hits the mark,

He's always making Mrs.

Normalite—"I am dreaming of my youth."

Brute—"I thought you had a far away look in your eyes."

(It happened in Latin VI.) Miss Goetzing—"Miss Seat give the third singular of tubee."

Gladys—"Iubet" (you bet.)

Miss Getzinger—"That is disrespectful."

Miss G. (in seansion)—"Miss Brooks, your feet are too long." Brooksy subsides.

Appropriate For L. A. S. N. S. Cafeteria.—"When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

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(Guess who.)—A certain faculty member of great renown and scanty locks went into a barber shop and, seating himself in the chair, said, "Hair cut." The barber looked at him a moment and replied, what you need is a shine."

Ralph Urey (sometimes artistically inclined)—"Last evening I saw the loveliest sunset walking in the park."

S. S. Teacher—"Willy, were you ever baptized?"

Willy—"Sure, three times!"

Teacher—"Three times, Willy?"

Willy—"Sure, I can show you de marks on me arm, but the doctor said it didn't work"

(In Music III) Music Teacher, (sweetly)—"Mr. Baker, will you, please, lead the class in "Come Little Leaves?"

Mr. James Baker snores peacefully.

M. T. (emphatically)—"Mr. Baker, will you please lead."

J. B. (waking suddenly)—"It ain't my lead, I dealt."

A LOVELY SCENE

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Beneath the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Gleamed sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

—Harvard Advocate.

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HOW ABOUT THIS

A traveler in the backest of the back-woods was once compelled to spend the night in the mountains.

In the morning he retired to the pump to perform his ablutions, accompanied by the usual coterie of tow-headed youngsters. With wonder and admiration they beheld him take from his pocket, a toothbrush, and vigorously brush his teeth.

"Mister," said the widest-eyed one, "We ain't got nothing bread and 'lasses for breakfast, so they ain't no use to be a-sharpenin' of yore teeth."

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S

Photographer—"Do you young ladies wish full or bust view?"

Normalites—"Full. We are already busted."

LOGIC AND THE CO-ED

She got on a car going down town. She was a freshman, and when the conductor came around after her nickel she said:

"Does this car go to Camp Randall?"

"No, it goes down town," was the reply.

"But it says on the front 'Football at Camp Randall today! and doesn't it go there?'"

"Yes," said the conductor, "It says 'Boston Baked Beans' on one of the signs on the inside, but the car does not go to Boston."

The girl got off the car at the next corner.—The Spinx.

WRITTEN IN ROOM F

"Among the important inventions of the century, was the sowing-machine. As a result, grain was no longer sewed by hand but on a sewing-machine."

Another musical tragedy.—The song died on her lips. It had been murdered.

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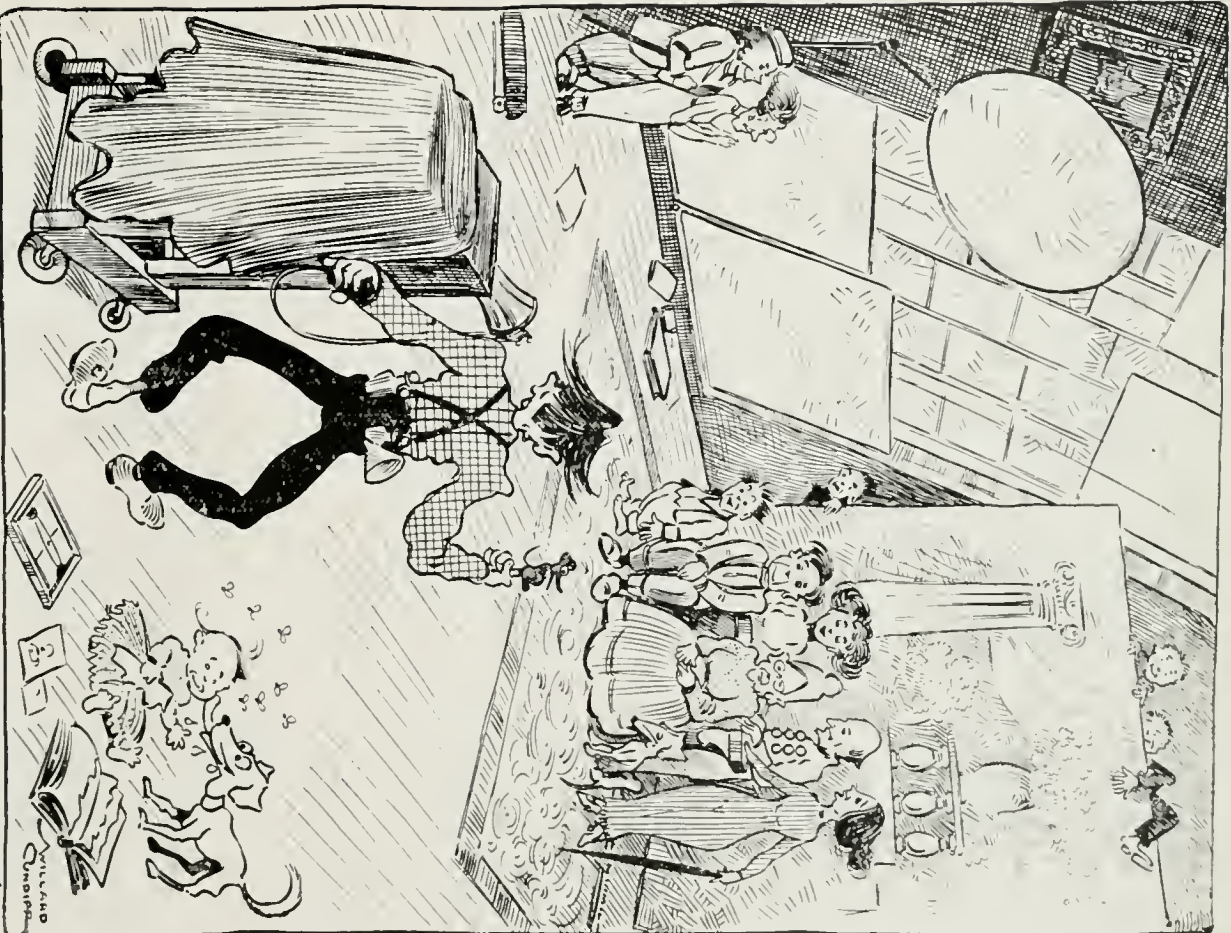
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WHEN ABOUT TO ENTER THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Some Don'ts

1. Don't feel for you barette.
2. Don't ask Jonnie to tell about the last time he enjoyed a picnic.
3. Don't keep your eyes fixed on the exit.
4. Don't look frightened when you hear a foot-fall. That is Tom being sent from the room across the hall.
5. Don't refer even remotely to your inexperience, that is known.
6. Don't expect Willie to turn around when you have been glowering at Dick.
7. Don't forget to open the windows, it is likely to be vry hot before the hour is over!
8. Don't be impulsive and try to force your knowledge before the "psychological" moment.
9. Don't use a club when you can—use discretion.
10. Don't "hesitate" when you hear the bell. Seize your hand-bag and "beat it"!

ECHOES THROUGH THE HALLS OF NORMAL

Dr. Millspaugh (majestically)—"It gives me pleasure—"

Miss Dunn (domineeringly)—"I can't stamp programs with all this noise."

Miss Seamen (smartly)—"Girls, I'm a regular Shylock for time."

Mr. Chamberlain (coicely)—"———— and whatnot."

Mr. Waddle, (wearily)—"Very well, let's go on with the lesson."

Miss Fernald, (firmly)—"The child————"

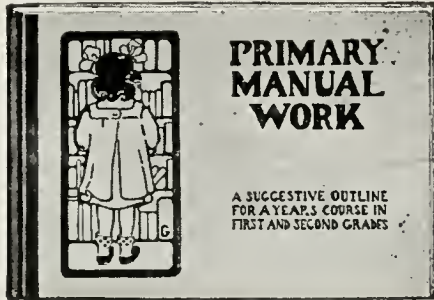
Mr. Miller, (mildly)—"Have you observed anything to-day?"

Miss Stevens, (sweetly)—"Sit forward, girls."

Miss Mathewson, (mightily)—"Self-control is the essence of character."

Miss Jacobs, (judiciously)—"Practice this at home."

Some men are like phonographs, every day they reel off exactly the same records.



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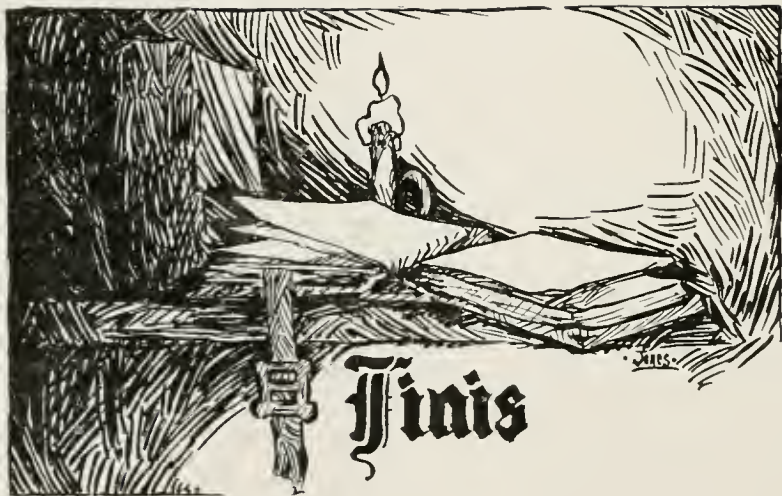
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