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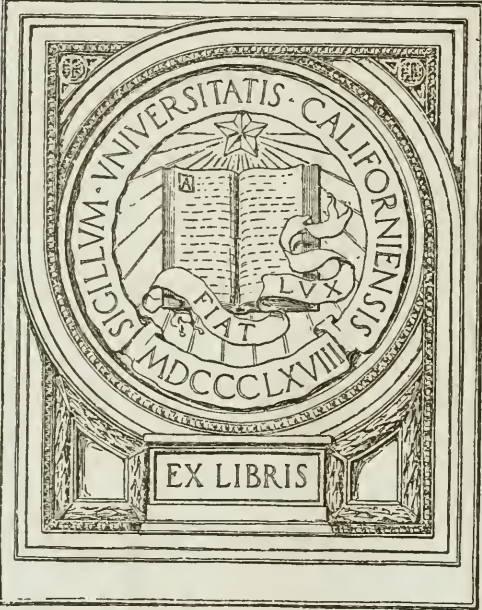


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The



Exponent

'07







• The Exponent •



# The Exponent

Issued by the Class

S. '07

OF

Los Angeles State Normal  
School



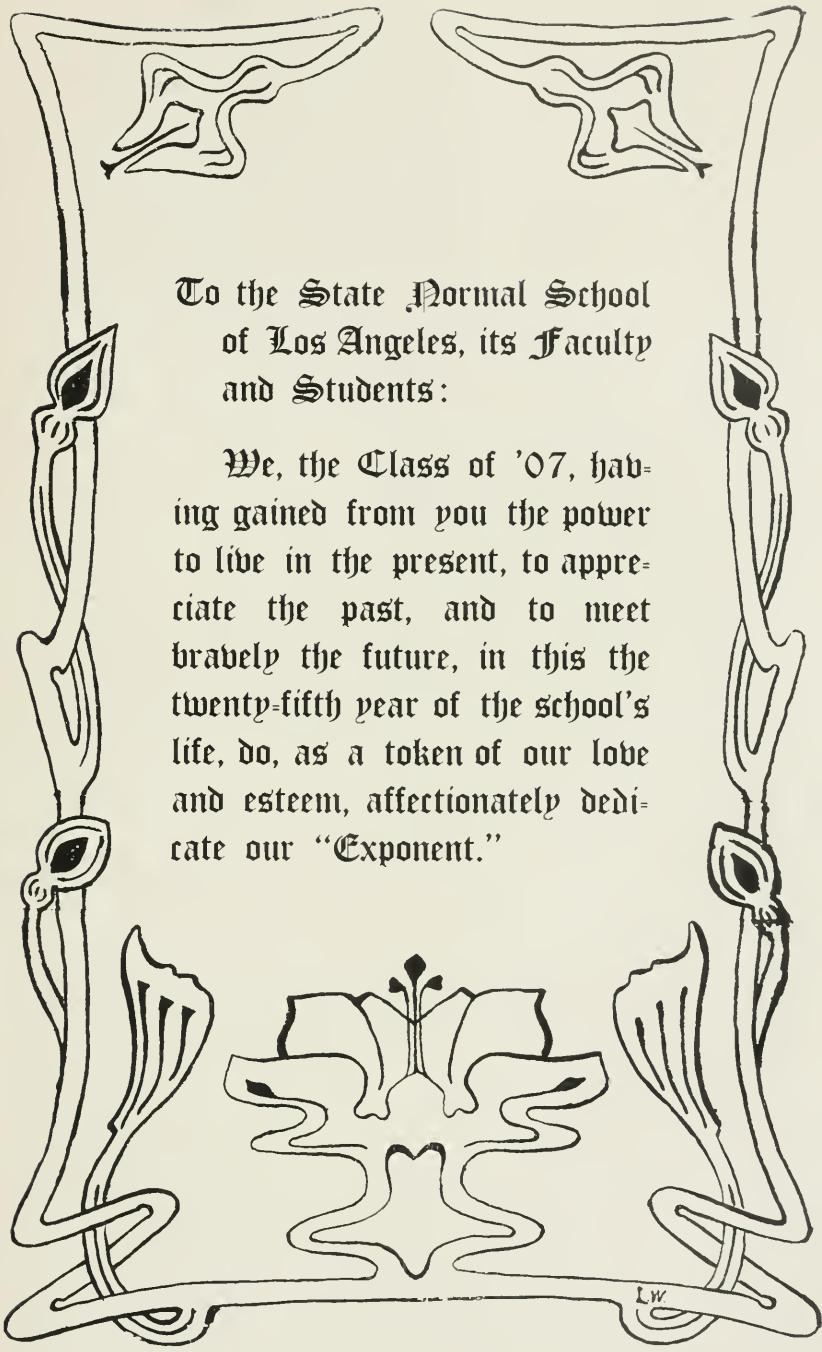
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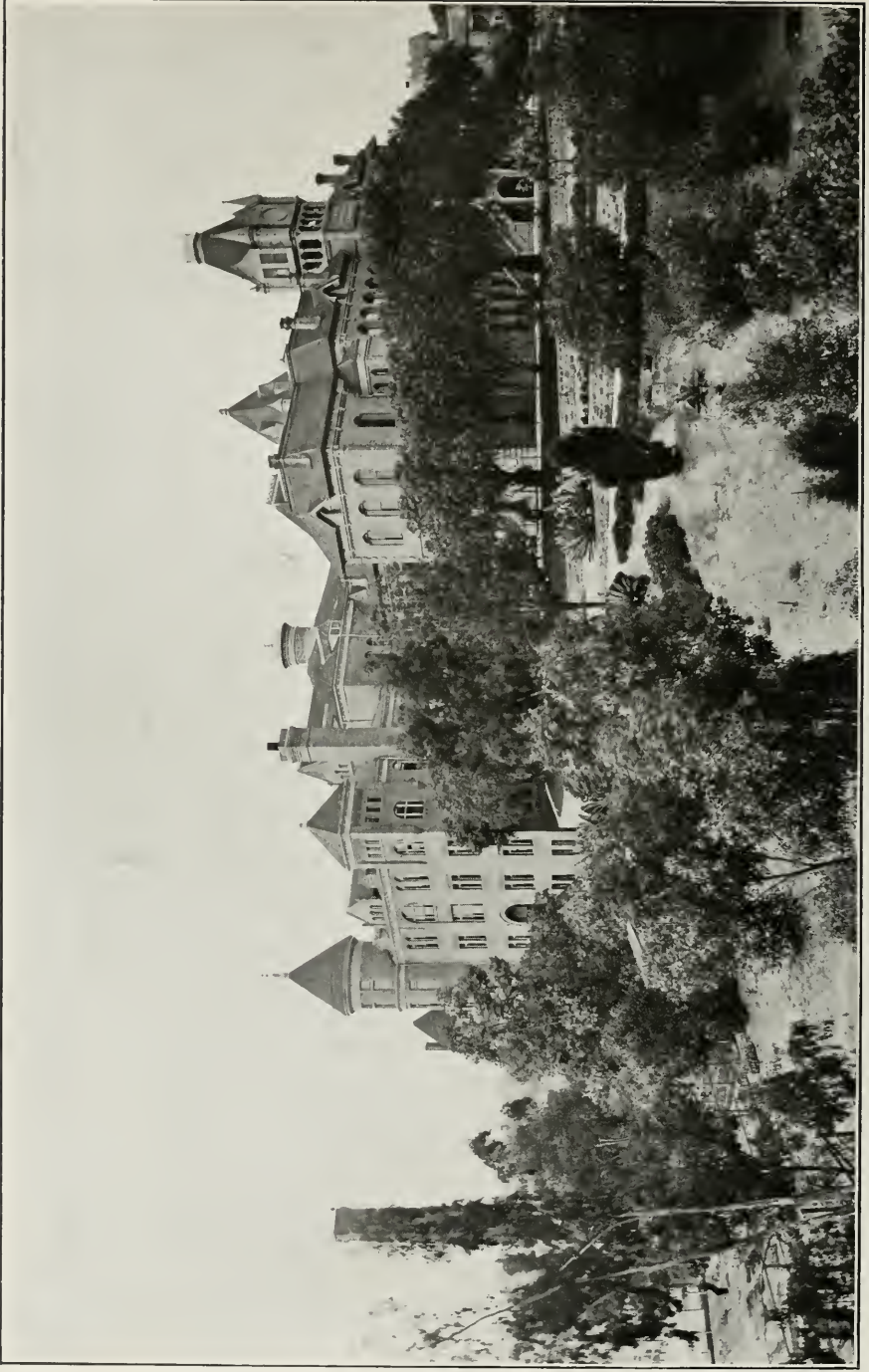
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To the State Normal School  
of Los Angeles, its Faculty  
and Students:

We, the Class of '07, having gained from you the power to live in the present, to appreciate the past, and to meet bravely the future, in this the twenty-fifth year of the school's life, do, as a token of our love and esteem, affectionately dedicate our "Exponent."



THE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDINGS

# The Exponent

VOL. 1

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

No. 1

*Inasmuch as the Los Angeles State Normal School commemorates this year its twenty-fifth anniversary, the Class of Summer 1907 determined, so far as possible, to make its EXPONENT representative of the life, achievements and character of the school in the twenty-fifth year of its successful existence. At this season we rejoice not only in the prosperous and highly satisfactory career of our Alma Mater, but also in the hope, now amply sustained, that she will, in the near future, be possessed of a new home wherein she will be able to be of possibly greater service to her children. In view of past and future, therefore, we desire to contribute our part in making this a jubilee year—memorable not only to students and faculty, but to all the graduates and friends of the Los Angeles State Normal School.*

*In the preparation of this issue of the EXPONENT we have aimed to secure for it the character of a souvenir—valuable as such to every possessor. It has not been possible, in the midst of the multitude of school duties and labors, to produce what might satisfy the most exacting requirements in literature and original art, but we have sought to communicate to our friends something that will show them the spirit of the school and also remind them of the members of the Class of S. '07, their student associates, and the teachers whose companionship and helpfulness have been so freely given.*

*We take advantage of the opportunity to thank those who have helped the staff with the preparation of the EXPONENT. For its faults and deficiencies we are solely responsible; whatever success we may have gained is in large part due to the service of those who have coöperated with us at almost every step of our undertaking. The photographer, Mr. Howland, deserves special mention for the kindly attention he has given to, and the service he has rendered in, the artistic part of the work. To the firms that have favored the EXPONENT with advertisements we are especially grateful, and would bespeak for them the patronage of our readers. Much of the quality of this issue is made possible by the advertisers, our official photographer and the kindly interest of our printer and publisher, The Neuner Company.*

*The EXPONENT but voices the sentiment of the Class of S. '07, and of the entire student body, in wishing for Los Angeles State Normal School as successful and profitable a period during the next quarter century as it has experienced throughout the last twenty-five years.*

MARJORIE CURTS, Editor.

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Secy.



Marinita Roe  
President



Norma Nagle  
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Norma Peck  
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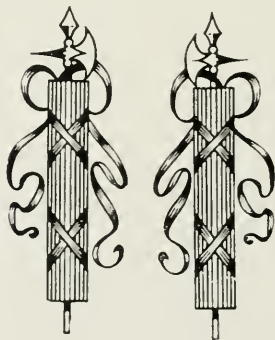
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Organizations



Hazel Dale  
Historians

Howland

By dusty roads,  
'Neath sycamores,  
The rustling grass is brown and dry.  
The quail calls merrily:  
"More wet, more wet!" I hear him cry  
In reckless prophecy.  
The yuccas, lifting golden bells,  
Now stand as stately sentinels  
To guard the summer day;  
The sun unstinting pours its rays  
Upon the steep and rocky ways  
Where cactus crackles 'neath our feet;  
I hear him still the traveler greet,  
"More wet," he pipes, "more wet!"



# L. A. CLASS HISTORY.

## *HISTORY OF SR. A. CLASS.*

“What an unusually large, jolly and congenial class!” This was the comment which circulated through the school when the original part of the present Sr. A Class entered the Normal School in the year nineteen-naught-three.

The entering class that year was unusually large because a new rule permitting only high school graduates to enter the normal course was about to go into effect, and many were anxious to enter the school before it was too late to do so, without first being graduated from high school.

It was rightly called a jolly class, because its members possessed a fund of humor and love of innocent fun which, because of the disturbances it sometimes caused, forced the faculty to keep on the alert continually. Its members showed an unusual amount of class spirit and enthusiasm, the two things which when coupled together with a third, industry, are bound to bring notoriety.

Though there was no inconsiderable diversity in the age, size and disposition among the members of the class, yet in their differences were they united. For, while all appreciated fun and even mischief, they were all good hard workers and shared in the one supreme purpose of securing the most possible from the advantages placed at their disposal.

Thus the class remained for two years, studying practically the same subjects, exclusive of languages, which are taken up in all high school courses.

In September nineteen hundred and five, a class entered Normal School which would graduate at the same time as the class which entered in '03. Yet for an entire year the two classes were kept separate, and it was with no little surprise that the class to enter last found its ranks greatly increased when they entered their Senior B year. In the rush of their Junior existence they had not become aware of the fact that there was another set of students striving to reach the goal at exactly the same time as they were.

In the Senior year the two sections were united, and the good qualities possessed by the four-year students seemed to have permeated the two-year students, so that it was still said truly that they were a large, jolly and congenial class. It might well be added, now that the class has completed its course, that it is as broad-minded, experienced and intellectual a class as has ever left the portals of L. A. Normal.



*Rowena Blackburn*



*Una Burritt*



*Emma Butts*



*Floralyn Cadwell*



*Flora Cartmill*



*Carrie Conkle*



*May Cornwell*



*Rena Crinklaw*



*Ella Doyle*



*Edith Ecklen*



*Clara Evans*



*Josephine Evans*



*Ella Fraser*



*Lottie Fryer*



*Edna George*



*Sophia Gittman*



*Bertha Grant*



*Irene Green*



Cary



Groton



Mary



Hall



Julia

Hanson



Aline



Maynes



Laura

Hayes

Bertha

Holmes



Myrtle



Hickox



Fidelia

Hickox

Jessie

Hayward





Edna



Gladys  
Hughes



Almira  
Joliffe  
Mayo



Freda



Clarice  
Meyer



Vera  
Murray  
Memoray



Maud



Mollie  
Moon



Lila  
Mung  
Merrill



Mary



Moore Elizabeth



Nourse Phoebe Parker



Emily



Peterson Estelle



Post Faith Roberts



Mae



Spurr Helen



Quinby Blanch Vanet



Hazel E. Brobst



Margaret Cassels



Laura Chase



Muriel Tatem

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- Isabel French, *Kindergarten Director.*
- Gail Harrison, *Assistant.*

\* Absent on leave.



JESSE F. MILLSPAUGH



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Harriett E. Quinn



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Sarah J. Jacobs

Howland's Studio



Emory S. Babcock



Agnes Elliott



Jessie B. Allen



Wayne P. Smith



Josephine Seaman



Ella G. Wood



Lewis M. Timman

A decorative border with a repeating floral motif surrounds the text. The border is composed of small, stylized flowers and leaves arranged in a continuous line.

## AUTUMN DAYS.

The haze is on the woodland  
In the hush of Autumn's rest;  
Lingering Summer, long delaying,  
Bends her golden head, fast fading  
To the cold of Winter's breast.

My heart grows wistful, tender,  
As its passion turns to haze  
Near the World's unpitying coldness,  
Where there blow in sweeping boldness  
Winds of Purpose through the days.

The haze is on the woodland  
When the glow of summer fades;  
Dying is the wildflowers' fragrance  
As the grey mist creeps in silence  
O'er the winding streams and glades.

The shadows now are creeping  
O'er grey hills and vales of mine;  
Youth's impatience, taught by sorrow,  
Musing dreams of brighter morrow,  
Glowing with fire of Truth divine.

The haze is on the woodland,  
Nature's hills are dark and cold,  
Only in the glow of sunset  
Is return of joy foretold.  
My soul is peaceful, waiting,  
Love's joy a calm doth bring  
Sweeter far than gladdest tidings  
Brought by harbingers of Spring.

I. G., '07.



## LITERARY

### *A LEGEND OF LOS ANGELES.*

**A**MONG the many charming tales concerning the early days of our now thriving and busy city, that which takes one back to the very founding of the little pueblo perhaps brings to us most of the atmosphere of romance, which we find in all the legends of the sunny land of Spain. For the beginning of our story, we must go to the little city of Granada, the home of poetry and legends, where the long summer days and the brown hills are so much like our own.

Granada lies in a valley, much as our own city does, with rugged, snow-capped mountains far in the distance. Back of the city rises a steep hill, which is crowned by the Alhambra, made famous by our writer, Washington Irving.

One day, in the heat of the summer, a soldier from the city garrison wandered up the hillside to rest in the shade of the trees which clustered on the slope. Here was a cool nook, sheltered from the noonday heat, where he could lie in the grass and gaze down into the valley where the little town nestled at the foot of the hill, the glare on its red-tiled roofs making a red glow in the summer haze. Far across the brown valley the mountains loomed dim and indistinct in the distance, here and there a snowy peak seeming only to emphasize the heat and sultriness.

After a time the city, lying there so sleepily in the sun, grew less distinct in its outlines, the mountains faded away, and finally even the fitful murmur of the summer breeze among the leaves was hushed.

The cavalier was suddenly aware of a presence—a vision, the like of which he had never seen before. As he gazed in wonderment, the shining spirit said, “Be not afraid. I have come to make you my messenger, that you may do me a great service.” And then he saw that the glorious vision was none other than the Blessed Virgin, worshipped and loved by all.

He was still too astonished to answer, and again he heard the sweet voice, like the chiming of silver bells. The Queen of Heaven told him how he should come after many years to a land as fair as Granada, where he should find the same broad, brown valley, with the sloping hills and the snow-topped mountains far in the distance. “Here, in this beautiful land, which shall be one of the glories of Spain, you shall found a city and name it in honor of me, that all may know and love me.”

The glorious light faded and the sweet voice died away. Our

cavalier awoke to find himself alone on the hillside in the shade of the rustling trees.

Many years passed, and the Spanish armies were sent here and there to many parts of the world, gaining new glories for Spain. It happened that our soldier was sent with his company to the new country over the seas, the land which we know as California. Here the soldiers were to aid the earnest priests who labored to convert the Indians. In a broad, brown valley near the southern coast, a little mission church was built and dedicated to San Gabriel. Here the Indians were gathered to be taught to love the right, and to care for the vineyards and the grain fields.

One hot summer day the cavalier, riding home to the mission after a long gallop on the plain, threw himself down to rest in the shade of a tree on the hillside. He lay there with half-closed eyes, looking up at the clear, blue sky above, and he was reminded of his native country and of the vision he had beheld on a day so like this one. He seemed to see again the mountains far off in the distance, and down below him the roofs of the city seemed to glow in the hot sun.

Then he opened his eyes and saw truly what he had imagined. Off to his left rose the mountains, with here and there a white-capped peak. Here were the same blue skies—here the same steep hillside, and at its foot lay the broad, brown plain. He knew then that he had found, after his long wanderings, the land of his vision.

He rode back in haste to the mission and told the good padres and his comrades of his vision, and persuaded a small company of his fellow soldiers to go back to the spot he had found and make their permanent quarters there. As the years passed by, others came and settled near them. With the help of the Indians, they built the little mission church at the Plaza.

If you will go down there and climb the hill behind it, you, too, may see what the Spanish soldier saw that August day so many years ago.

Thus it was that so fair a spot was selected for our city, and so it came about that this busy, flourishing city bears still the name of the little pueblo of the days of long ago—la Pueblo de nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles, the City of our Lady the Queen of the Angels.

G. PHELPS.

### *A WARNING TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.*

There, little Junior B, don't fret;  
They have broken your hopes, I know,  
And your dreams sublime

Of a school so fine  
Are things we must all undergo.  
But these woes you will soon forget;  
There, little Junior B, don't fret.

There, little Junior A, don't frown;  
You have flunked again, I know;  
And the happy wild ways of your Junior B days  
Are things that should not be so.  
But success and fame will soon come around;  
There, little Junior A, don't frown.

There, little Senior B, don't laugh;  
You feel mighty big, I know;  
But there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip,  
You have found that out long ago.  
Beware how you look at the Juniors and chaff;  
There, little Senior B, don't laugh.

O. M. S., '07.

#### *IN BLACK AND WHITE.*

ALL day the cotton pickers had been beside themselves with joy. Their gay songs floated across the fields and were reënforced by the slaves at work far and near. When the day's work was over and the last echo of the old plantation bell had died away, the merry crowd, forgetful of any weariness, hurried out into the dusty road and headed for the "big house," as the darkies called the residence of the "white folks." Half concealed by the trees, with its long, deep verandas and stately white columns, typical of the ante-bellum plantation homes, Marse Henry's home was in harmony with the natural beauty of its location.

On the first broad step of the entrance old Uncle Jake had seated himself to await the arrival of the cotton pickers. Up the long magnolia drive they trooped, the younger ones in the lead. Before his faltering lips could silence the noisy herd, they burst forth with one accord, crying, "Three cheers for Marse Henry! Three cheers for the little Massa!" Aunt Priscilla's piercing screams of "Glory Hallelooya" rang above the shouts of the men, while her hands waved frantically in the air to the tattoo which her feet beat upon the ground. Uncle Jake heaved a sigh of despair and uttered a sonorous, "Amen." This produced a momentary silence, and then, although interrupted every twenty seconds by exclamations of joy, the old newsbearer succeeded in describing the young master, who had first seen the light on that beautiful morning.

In due time he was to be christened William, after an illustrious ancestor who had served with distinction in the war of the Revolution. These facts were related with great pride and many rhetorical flourishes by the old negro, while Marse Henry chuckled to himself in the shadow of the window curtains. At the conclusion of Jake's speech, the master stepped out and addressed the cheering throng, telling them of his pride and happiness, and reminding them of the treat which would be served in the Quarters, as was the custom on such occasions. The happy crowd now turned their steps toward the Quarters with many cries of gratitude to Massa, and soon the echoes were ringing far down the dusty road.

The jubilee was only half over, however; for on this same day, in one of the more substantial cabins at the end of the row, another little being had announced his arrival with lusty cries. He must be welcomed also. Dancing, shouting and singing, their number increased by women from the cabins along the way, they stopped to rejoice with Maria before seeking their own cabins for the night.

On the following day, when the question arose as to how this pickaninny should be designated, his parents could not agree. His sire suggested that he be named George Washington. To this his mammy vigorously objected and cited the undeniable fact that, on that plantation and those adjoining, there were already enough worthless, no-account "niggers" named after that illustrious personage. It would, in her opinion, be a sin and a shame to allow her first-born to be called by a name common to such a worthless crew. She thought that, "bein' as de chile could holler mos' almighty loud, dey ought to gib 'im de good ol' Bible name of Boanerges." Her spouse thought this "outlandish," and the matter was finally submitted to Marse Henry, who decided upon Scipio Africanus as a fitting title, and this, shortened to "Scip," satisfied all concerned, and peace reigned once more in the Quarters.

As the years slipped by, William and Scip grew apace, and by their tenth birthday they had become inseparable. Then it was that Marse Henry issued his ukase, more potent on the plantation than that of the Czar in Russia, that from that time forth Scip was William's property and subject to him only. To Scip, this order elevated him above the common herd and to be known as Marse William's body-servant was a distinction which satisfied his highest ambition. William was an indulgent master, but his father's expressed fears that he would spoil Scip by too much kindness proved groundless. The boys were comrades and friends, yet respect and obedience was rendered by the slave without resort to force on the part of the master. They rode, hunted and fished together, and approached young manhood among the most beautiful surroundings. William had grown into a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed image of a viking,

and Scip was, as his fond mammy described him, "one ob the likeliest young niggers in seben states."

Into the peace of their domain there now began to creep rumors of war, and day after day William noted the increased anxiety of his father. He tried to cheer his mother's drooping spirits, but he could not fail to see how she dreaded the possibility of her only son's being drawn, as was his namesake, into the fiery vortex of a conflict between men of the same blood.

At last the guns of Sumter thundered forth, and North and South burst into flames of war. To William the call to arms was not unwelcome. His father, too old to take the field, bade him remember from whence he came, and his mother, bravely holding back her tears, made no useless effort to retain him. Scip for the first time proved rebellious, when told that he must stay at home.

"Who gwine to look arter you, take keer ob yo' clothes and min' yo' hoss, 'sides seein' dat you gets somethin' to eat, I like to know?" Marse Henry said Scip was right, and it ended by the two setting off together, after Scip had been charged to watch over his young master and never in life to leave him.

Through the long marches, at times almost unbearable for the poorly fed men, through the struggles such as no pen can picture, Scip was William's shadow and his every thought was for his master. His joy knew no bounds when William was made a major.

Many a time did Scip steal out in the night and risk a bullet from the enemy's picket line in his search for food for beloved Marse William. He could not shoulder a gun and fight at his master's side, and though his heart swelled with pride when the major rode forth on his prancing black charger beside General Cleburne, he found it hard to stay at his post in the hospital tent, as he thought of the dangers to which Marse William was exposed.

William passed unhurt through the terrible struggles of the early part of the war, but after the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, he was left sorely wounded and bleeding to death upon the field. Through the wild panic and confusion of the afternoon, Scip had prayed and wept as he thought of his master's danger, and he longed to be at his side. As each torn and bloody form was brought in from the field, his heart sank with fear until he assured himself that it was not his beloved Marse.

As night fell the confusion increased. Several times it was necessary to move the hospital tents out of danger. Scip worked with the others in caring for the wounded, and searched for a familiar face that he might ask news of his master. At last he came to one who had just been carried in, with shattered shoulder and gaping wound in his side. He was a

young boy from a plantation near Marse Henry's, and had been corporal in the company raised by Major William.

Scip bent over him and bathed his face as he waited for the surgeon to attend him. As the young fellow opened his eyes, Scip questioned him eagerly:

"You bin see Marse William? Where Major Johnston?"

The young man recognized Scip and gave him a faint smile, but was too weak to speak at first. After some time he gasped out:

"I saw him go down—just after Cleburne fell. Over by that clump of trees on the hill." The effort was too much for him and he lost consciousness again.

Scip was now beside himself with fear for his master. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he stole out into the darkness, amid the wild confusion of rattling ambulances and gun-carriages. To add to the distress the rain was now falling heavily, and Scip stumbled and fell many times as he fumbled his way through the woods. Squads of soldiers with lanterns were out in search of the wounded, and Scip questioned each of these for news of his master. But no one had seen him.

On the hill the firing still continued intermittently. One of the soldiers called after Scip, "Hey, you nigger, you'll get killed if you go out beyond these trees. The Union picket line's over there."

But Scip went on, unheeding. "Oh, Lawd," he moaned, as he stumbled on, "let me fin' my Marse. My Marse Willie—my li'l boy."

He slipped on the wet clay as he scrambled up the hillside and fell with a crash into the bushes.

"Hey, there. Who goes there?" from a Union picket, and a shot whistled over him. He scrambled up and ploughed wildly on through the underbrush. Again a shot rang out as his form loomed against the grey of the open space. Again Scip dropped, this time with a bullet in his left arm. He crept on hands and knees until he was well over the hill and past the danger line, praying as he went, "Lawd, Lawd, don' kill me now. Let me fin' my Marse Willie."

He picked his way over the rocks and among the trees and crept along the ground wherever he heard the moan of a wounded man, but, alas, there was no sign of Major William. Scip at last threw himself on the ground and gave way to his grief. But after a time his sobs subsided, and as he grew quieter, his ear caught the moan of a wounded man from some distance along the hillside. He crept over the rocks until he found the man and called to him in a husky whisper, "Marse William, dis you?"

A faint moan of, "Scip, I knew you would find me," was the answer, and the faithful black fell upon his knees and gave thanks with

the tears streaming down his cheeks afresh. But in the joy of receiving help after having given himself up to die in despair, the Major fainted, and Scip's joy was changed into an agony of fear as he chafed the cold hands and called in piteous tones the beloved name. His own wound was now throbbing and he was weak from loss of blood, but he gave no thought to this. His only aim was to save his master's life and get him back to camp. As he worked, he planned how he should pick his way around the hill, avoiding the danger line.

At length there were signs of returning life, and soon Major William was able to tell Scip how to get him back to camp. The faithful slave, gaunt and worn from his months of privation and self-denial, took his helpless master upon his back and by slow and painful stages at length brought him near enough to the camp to call for help. His task was not yet done, for Marse William hovered between life and death for many anxious weeks, and the patient black brother watched with him night and day.

At length the Major was able to travel, and the two set off for the home plantation. Their clothing in shreds and their horses gone; they were forced to walk many weary miles from the railroad, except when a passing farmer took pity on the Major, who was so weak that Scip had to support him most of the way.

The old plantation was no longer the paradise they had left, but it was home and their arrival was the signal for even greater rejoicing than that which was felt on that October day, some twenty-two years before. The aged mother and father could not find expression for their gratitude to Scip, after Marse William had told them of his black comrade's struggle for his master's life.

As the storm of war rolled by and the great Captain said, "Let us have peace," they began slowly to rebuild and make glad the downtrodden places. Scip was his master's right-hand man in his struggle against adversity, even as he had been at his side in the other war.

Today the home is once more one of beauty, peace and plenty. The master left it scarce a year since, but Scip, his future assured by the thoughtfulness of his old comrade, still loves to tell those whom he trusts how "gran' Marse Willie looked" when he rode his black horse with Cleburne against the works at Franklin. The grand-children of the Major stop in their play when old Uncle Scip comes hobbling out to sit in the sunshine, and cluster around his knee to hear him tell of the days when he and Marse Willie went to war.

MARY MORTEN, '07.

*THE LEGEND OF THE YELLOW ASTERS.*

**M**ANY, many centuries ago, far up in the mountains lay a valley. It was a bare, brown valley, surrounded by hills that were still more brown and bare, so sun-baked and dry were they.

There was very little life here. The birds looked down on it as they passed in their long flight from north to south and hurried on, never once pausing to light on the dry cactus. The Indians, hunting new ranges, skirted the edges quickly, giving the valley only a contemptuous glance. The lonely wanderer shunned it, for he knew that only the deadly rattlesnake and the lean coyote could live there.

So the years went by and the valley lay deserted. No one ever knew that the great heart of Nature was beating in strong measure under those bare, brown hills. No one ever gave it a thought, for they did not know that in its veins was the pure shining gold.

Far up on the summit of one hill was a pile of rocks. In a cave under these rocks dwelt nine little men. They were not of the ordinary sort. They were small yellow dwarfs, but very jovial. Kindness and good nature seemed to radiate from them. It was their duty to guard the gold. They had watched it and cared for it until they had become like it. They loved the gold and they loved the valley because of it.

One day a party of Indians strayed near the cave. They were talking; and the little men listened to what they were saying and heard hard words against their beloved valley.

"Yes," said one Indian, "it is a very bad land. It is dry and hot like a fire-box."

Then came the quick answer: "It is no good. Look at it. There is no life here. The gods even deny it flowers."

They passed on their way, leaving the little yellow men alone. Those bitter words seemed to burn their way into the very souls of the tiny men. The smiles left their faces and their bright eyes became thoughtful as they gazed on their valley.

"Oh, it is not true!" burst from one of the little fellows. "They do not know. But how can they see the beauty here? Their eyes cannot behold it. Their minds cannot appreciate the true beauty and worth that is hidden under this bare, rough exterior."

Each little man had his word of praise for the valley and expressed his contempt for those who could not see the true worth of it.

The wise little men felt that they must do something to make the valley appreciated, so they held a consultation. At last one of them



said: "The strangers spoke of flowers and said that the gods had denied them to the valley. We do not know their gods, but we can go to our Mother Nature and ask her for flowers."

The little men all laughed at this and danced for joy at the thought. They wished to have the flowers very beautiful and decided to have them the color of their beloved gold. Accordingly they set to work to make a pattern. Soon they had gathered a number of piles of shining gold. They fashioned a tiny golden crown. "For," said they, "these flowers are to be a crown of glory for our valley."

Then they hammered out eight thin, flat sheets of gold and made a frill around the crown. Taking some green copper ore, they fashioned a slender stem and leaves, and soon their flower was complete.

As the sun sank behind the mountains, filling the valley with rosy light and touching the distant hilltops, nine tired but happy little dwarfs took their offering and picked their way over the rocks to an altar raised to Mother Nature. They approached it reverently and laid their offering upon it. For a few moments they stood silent, heads bowed in supplication. Then one spoke in tender, trembling voice:

"Hear us now, O Mother Nature!  
As to you we pray;  
Do not from our lovely valley  
Keep the flowers and birds away.  
Send them to us in the springtime,  
So that other men may know  
That the purest, brightest metal  
In the valley's veins doth flow.  
Hear us now, O Mother Nature!  
Show us mercy in our pain;  
Send forth joy from our valley  
In the tiny floweret's name."

As the dwarfs went home the whole west seemed to burn bright gold. They felt happy, for surely their prayer would be heard. And so it was. In the spring there appeared tiny green plants, then the flowers. They were like that the dwarfs had made. The birds did not pass over the valley this year, but poised in the air when they saw the flowers, and then fluttered down with songs of joy, to make their homes.

The lonely traveler wondered at the beauty of the blossoms as he inhaled their perfumed breath. The dwarfs watched from their cave in delight, and as the years went by and many came to live in the valley, the little men were filled with happiness. No more did they hear hard and bitter words, but only praise for the beauty of this land.

At last there came to the valley three strange men, with white skins, far different from the Indians. They gathered some of the beautiful golden blossoms.

"These bright starry blossoms should be named the Yellow Asters," they said. One, who was indeed wise in the estimation of the dwarfs, who were watching in breathless expectation from their hillside cavern, stooped and examined the ground at the roots of the plants.

"This is where we shall find the gold we have been seeking," he shouted in joy. "We must locate a claim and call it the Yellow Aster."

Gold in abundance was found and soon the dwarfs from their post of observation watched in wonder as these strange white people erected marvelous buildings of wood and stone. One of these was a mill, which made a mighty rumbling. This was as music to the little men, who felt that now indeed was their task accomplished, and they could relinquish the care of the gold to the skillful white men. Now they felt that their dreams of a happy and prosperous life in their beloved valley were to be fulfilled, and they rejoiced that the incessant roar and rumble of the mill should speak to the Indians of the blessing of labor.

The little men have gone. They stayed long enough to taste the joy of seeing others love their valley and make good use of the gold. But each year they steal back again to see their old home, and one can hear their merry laughter in the early morning, out among the yellow asters.

They rejoice at the sight of each new camp and say,

"We yellow dwarfs did our best,  
Let the white man do the rest."

ALUMNA.

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### DOWN THE GRAND CANYON ON HORSEBACK.

WE WERE sitting on the veranda of the log hotel by the Grand Canyon, Homer and I, weary and sore after a long day's ride.

We were glad to sit in the moonlight and smoke our pipes in peace. The rest of the party had set out under the direction of Bill, the second guide, in search of a tourist who had started off that morning for a walk and was still among the missing.

Captain Jack stumped out after supper to join us. He was laid up with a wounded foot, or would have been in his usual place at the head of the search party.

"Whenever I hear of anybody getting lost," he said, "it makes me think of a curious experience of mine. Want to hear about it?"

"Yes, indeed," we exclaimed together, for Captain Jack's stories were always good, although we must confess that he does stretch the long bow a bit.

"Well, it was a night just like this; the moon was shining and there

wasn't a breath of wind. I was coming home about eight o'clock, after being out all day on horseback. It was just about the time for the mail, so, as I was expecting some letters, I rode along slow and let the stage catch up to me. Fritz Schneider was the driver that year. Well, he pulled up and gave me my mail and then drove on, for it was getting late and his passengers were pretty hungry.

"I rode along, and let my horse take his own time. It was quite a while before I looked up and saw that the stupid critter had taken the wrong road and I was going away from the hotel instead of toward it. It was way off on an old road that wasn't used much, and I wasn't sure just where it was at first. Being lost didn't worry me any, but it was getting pretty late, and after being out all day, the thought of dinner was mighty fine, I can tell you. I just made that old horse gallop along the home road and wasn't just as careful as I ought to have been, for in the moonlight, you know, distances are mighty deceiving, and the shadows are so black that you can't always tell what's ahead. The road run right along the edge of the canyon, and I was going lickety split, a-thinking of nothing but my dinner, when first thing I knew, I was sailing out into space, horse and all, down into the canyon.

"I've been in some pretty tight places, I can tell you, but dinner didn't cut any figure with me while I was a-swinging out into space. When I sensed what had happened, and began to get my wits together, I must have been a thousand feet down already and still going at a right smart pace. It would have made you shiver to look down into that deep, narrow chasm, with its sharp terraces and rocky sides, casting deep black shadows in the moonlight, but I was too busy thinking about how to save myself to have any time for being afraid.

"About a thousand feet below I could see the edge of the wide terrace separating the inner from the outer canyon. I made up my mind that I was going to leave my conveyance at that point, so I buttoned my coat and jammed my hat down tight on my head. That pesky horse rolled over the edge after he struck, but I jumped off, just like a business man stepping off a street car, and let him go.

"Well, I had saved myself from being dashed to pieces on the floor of the inner canyon, but here I was, on the ledge, about two thousand feet below the top, no trail in sight and no human being nearer than ten miles. I know the canyon better than anyone else around these regions, but bless me, if I could see any way out. It was beginning to get pretty cold, for there was a strong current of air drawing up from the canyon, and I put my hands in my pockets to keep them warm. I came across a ball of string and a plan came into my head. Hunting around, I found a good stout bit of twig, and with the string and a newspaper, which I

had received by the mail, I soon had a big kite rigged up, with my necktie and socks tied on for a tail. I thought it would fly up above the edge of the canyon, so if anyone was out hunting for me, they would see it. There wasn't enough string to reach to the top, but I thought as soon as it got a good start I could let go. But that wind was so strong that before I could get the string all paid out, the kite was dragging me along the terrace. I grabbed the cord for dear life and it swung me right off my feet, and there I was dangling over the canyon again. By hard work I managed to pull the string around under my arms, and that kite lifted me up in the air a couple of hundred yards, I reckon. Then it slowed down, for the current of air was not so strong at the top. I swung back and forth in the air and by and by came close enough to the wall to push against it with my feet. That made me swing off like a pendulum, but I went up a little bit, too, and when I swung back I gave another push. I kept on swinging, each time going a little higher. First thing I knew, the top was in sight, and I didn't lose any time swinging myself over onto solid ground. I was plumb tired out and lay there on the ground a good long time before I could get my wind. Then I got up and looked around.

"Blessed if that kite hadn't carried me along the canyon while it was lifting me up to the top, and here I was right in sight of the hotel.

"It beats all," he said in conclusion, "how much stronger they made string in those days than they do now."

We smoked on in silence, save for an occasional snort from Homer as he digested the points of the story.

EDNA GEORGE.

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*THOSE HOURLY BELLS.*

Those hourly bells! Those hourly bells!

What sorrow oft their clanging tells—  
When to the gym I sadly go,  
Or to the training school below.

Or when I'm in an oral test,  
And the Powers That Be give me no rest,  
(One question will my failure spell),  
Shall I never hear that hourly bell?

And when in Farming I'm immured,  
Or by Miss Hagan I'm assured  
That from the pitch my rote-song fell,  
Oh land! what ails that hourly bell!

And so 'twill be when I am gone—  
That bell you can't depend upon;  
'Twill fail to call, or ring a knell,  
That useless, ruthless hourly bell!

M. S., '08.

### LOOKING FOR THE PARSON.

YOU who have lived on the desert of the great Southwest, know what the daily passenger train means to the inhabitants of that region.

Every man, woman and child who can possibly get to the station is there to gather the news and get a momentary glimpse of those more favored ones who live in "God's Country." The inhabitants of Williams, New Mexico, were no exception to the rule and the morning in question saw the town well represented by the group of men on the depot platform. They were becoming restless, as the train was already five minutes overdue, and one of their number approached the station agent.

"Say, Mr. Allen, what's the matter of the *passejero*? Washout?"

Every member of the group listened eagerly while Mr. Allen explained that the train was only slightly delayed on account of a hot box.

"Aint it a queer thing how we fellers miss that old nine-o'clock if she don't git in on time?" mused Sam, the X. V. outfit's horse wrangler.

"I dunno as it's so almighty strange when yer think that it's about the only thing we git a sight of, fer weeks at a time, 'cept a few dobes, a haquel or two and these soapweeds and plains, and plains and soapweeds. I am gittin' about ready ter pull my freight eout o' these diggin's; there aint ben no round-up yere since the year One," complained the bartender of the "Last Chance."

"Aw, cut it eout, yere comes yer excitement," exclaimed Sam, as the train came in sight.

In spite of the unusual commotion, almost every one noticed a tall, blonde man who stepped from the front platform of the smoker as the train pulled in, and walked slowly to and fro' by the depot as if he were simply taking a breath of fresh air. But when the train started out again he followed the crowd to the post-office and there rested against the railing surrounding the office window, until the mail was distributed and every one was busily engaged in reading letters, papers and advertisements. Then leaning over the railing toward the Postmaster, he drawled, "Wal, pardner, is thar anything fer John Smith?"

The Postmaster glanced up quickly, expecting to see a look of derision on the stranger's face.

"No, thar aint nothing for John Smith, ner John Doe nuther."

"Say, pardner," continued the new-comer, "does Jim Frasier git his mail yere?"

"You mean that little red-headed cuss they calls 'the parson?' Shore," replied the Postmaster.

"Is he in teown neow?"

"Nope, deown ter ther south well. Want ter see 'im? Be up termor-row."

"Yep, got a little bizness with him. Kin a feller git a hoss in these yere parts?"

"Dunno, mout git one from the X. V. outfit. Their boss is eout thar neow. Hey, Hank! this gent wants a hoss. Got one?"

The boss of the X. V. outfit rose from the doorstep, stretched his six-foot-two of sinewy manhood and sized up the new arrival. The stranger was of the type met oftener in the cattle country than elsewhere, the quiet unobtrusive person, always on the alert, respected by his friends, and regarded with a wholesome fear by his enemies.

The boss evidently approved of him, for he drawled, "I 'low I kin 'comdate the stranger if he kin back anything thet wars har, as the boys say. Thar's them two outlaws as aint in use. Kinder stiff ridin' but good stayers."

"Wal, a little pitchin' aint a goin' ter skeer me nun, so I'll thank yer kindly fer the loan of a hoss fer the day," replied the stranger.

Hank led the way in the direction of the X. V. corral. The loungers at the post-office waited for Hank's return, as they expected something of interest about the new-comer. He soon put in an appearance and again seated himself comfortably on the doorstep.

"Thet feller aint no slouch on a hoss, I'll hev yer know, fer he handled Apache like he'd bin thar afore," remarked the boss.

"Looked like he meant bizness," commented Bill Bates. "He'd a shootin' iron under his coat. Some of the Parson's Panhandle friends, I reckon."

"The Parson hed better look eout. Some of yer fellers hed better give him the 'high sign'," said Shorty Thompson, the proprietor of the Williams Hotel.

"Don't worry about the Parson, Shorty, he'll be safe nuf, but bet yer sweet life, I wouldn't hanker arter thet new chap's job if he's gunnin' fer Jim. Games like I 'low this gent's come to settle are ginerly called by the one what kin draw fust, and thet's the Parson every time," replied Jenks, who hailed from the Panhandle about the time that the Parson left that region on account of the climate.

"Wal, boys, you all knows the Parson aint so mild as a feller mout think for, frum his pussonal appearance, an thar's shore goin' ter be a funeral an' nun of us fellers will git an invite—thar'll just be the Parson and the stranger. I kin bar witness thet his name wuz John Smith while

in teown, and gents by thet name aint likely to be missed nun," remarked the Postmaster.

Hank cut the speculations short by rising and saying, "Boys, it's time them critters wuz fed and watered." So the crowd dispersed in the direction of the corrals.

About ten o'clock the next day, the Parson came riding into town, driving seven or eight saddle horses, on his way to the Bar N outfit's round-up. He came to the store to lay in a supply of tobacco, get his mail and hear the news.

"Say, Jim," said the Postmaster, who was also storekeeper, "did yer happen ter see thet stranger what wuz a lookin' fer yer yisterday? He aint brung Hank's hoss back yit, an' thar's apt ter be trouble."

The Parson looked anything but pleased at this communication. His light blue eyes had a dangerous sparkle in them and he showed plainly that his nick-name signified, as the cowboys aptly put it, "what he aint."

"No, I haint saw no stranger. Hank he'd orter lose a hoss if he don't know better than to let any feller thet comes erlong hev one."

With this the Parson stalked out, mounted his mustang and rode away.

"Wuz thet the Parson in thar jest neow?" asked Hank from the back door of the store.

"Shore, an' he aint any too perlite this mornin'," replied the Postmaster.

"Wish I hed saw him. Thet hoss I let the stranger hev, come inter Morgan's ranch this mornin' early and Morgan jest brung him up with a bunch of his. Something must a' happened to ther stranger," this last with a wink at the Postmaster.

"Gone on by rail most likely," replied that worthy with a smile.

"I'll bet yer a big iron dollar, Hank, thet you don't dare tackle thet sorrel-topped son o' Texas about this yere 'sudden disappearance of a stranger.'"

"Right yer air, these old plains looks a heap sight nuf like a buryin' groun' neow without my addin' my carcass to the kleckshun. Most everywhar a feller looks, he kin see a spot sacred to some gent what wuz too slow with his gun. So long, pardner." C. A., '07.

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### "SEEING NORMAL" THROUGH THE MEGAPHONE.

ALL aboard here for the "Seeing Normal" Trip. Two hours for one dollar. We show you all the points of interest, explaining them as we pass. All aboard! All aboard! This way, lady. Now then, all right. Let 'er go, Bill.

You are entering the grounds. Notice the elevation. For a quarter of a century deluded females have toiled up these dizzy heights. They've

gone on a strike this year, they say, and there's going to be a new school. Where is it to be, did you say, ma'am? Well, there have been so many free gratis offers of land that the trustees don't know which to accept. No, it aint from Rockefeller, ma'am. We don't never need to ask him for nothing. We've got so many real estate dealers in Los Angeles that are trying to live up to Christian principles in business. They are all cheerful givers. No, ma'am, of course they don't expect nothing back.

Well, now that you have got your breath, ladies and gentlemen, we'll go on climbing. You are not the first who have paused in awe (or exhaustion) at the very entrance. Sometimes people think this is a prison, until they look up and see "State Normal School" in gold letters on the front towers. Then do they change their minds?—Well, yes ma'am, some of them do.

Here we are at last, at the front entrance. Notice the cork carpet which covers the hall floor. Real expensive article. It is said that there's trouble coming for the unfortunate one who spills a drop of water on it. To the left is the reception room, where the students receive their brothers. You don't see any cozy corners or quiet retreats where one may talk with a brother? No, ma'am, they don't encourage no men coming around here. Sometimes they bring in a good-looking one and let the girls view him from the platform. They say that the school teachers marry off so fast that the supply runs short every once in a while.

Beyond the reception room is the office of the Secretary. It is said that it is a common sight to see more than one poor wretch standing all white around the gills awaiting her turn to ask for an excuse or a locker key.

To the right of the hall is the general office, much frequented by careless students who will keep on leaving their money bags in the path of the weak. Beyond is the President's office, the last resort of misused and maltreated femininity.

Again we enter the hall. These students we are passing don't appear to be very enthusiastic, as we might expect in the L. A. N. S. Perhaps the glory of their mission does not appeal to them, in spite of nice little sermons from chapel visitors, who tell 'em that they mustn't work for money but for love. You know, ma'am, that them college professors and female preachers tell these poor girls that school teaching is the noblest profession that they can enter. But on pay day they usually find that they have been ranked lower than the janitor.

Well, we musn't spend too much time here, ladies and gentlemen. We've got lots of stairs to climb. Getting tired already, Miss? Well, after you've attended Normal school for a while you'll be in training so that you can climb four flights of stairs and walk quarter of a mile of



hall in three minutes, and have plenty of breath left to give a rote song in the third grade.

Observe the class-rooms on each side. It is said that in the one on the left the remains of Peter lie hidden. Even the Normal School has a skeleton in the closet. In the room opposite you can see a choice motto on the board. Like bits of selected wisdom appear periodically for the moral uplifting of the pupils.

Four strokes on this peaceable looking gong at the corner, they say, can draw a crowd more quickly than a monkey and an organ grinder.

To our left the hall leads to the library. On the way we pass the room where a certain amount of knowledge concerning the History of Education is supposed to be assimilated. Notice the pens on the desks. It is said that even the penhandles furnish brain nutriment if sufficiently chewed. The ghost of Abelard is said to lurk in the dark recesses of the mysterious closet in the corner.

Now if you promise to be very quiet, you may look at the students in the library. Notice the different ways in which the various students absorb knowledge. Some pore over their books, hoping to pour some new thoughts into their already crowded brains; others stare into space; still others are wandering about, note-book in hand, after the fashion of the Headless Horseman, searching for something—perhaps books, perhaps peace, though the latter has never been found in this locality. Do you hear the buzzing sound? That is caused by the students who become so absorbed in the race for knowledge that they study (?) aloud.

Let us go back to the cross halls. Step lively, please, gents. Yes, I know that's a mighty pretty librarian, but we haven't any time to spare. We're on the way to the gymnasium now. We are going through what is called the Students' Hall, though a better name would be the Faculty's Museum.

This is the gymnasium. Not often we have any gentlemen in here. I hear there was quite an assortment of fancy gents here one evening at a Senior A party. Chaperone? Oh, yes ma'am, two of 'em. Notice the floor—it has been ruined by unscrupulous people who persisted in putting wax on it. This is the place where the valiant basket-ball teams have fought many victorious battles.

Did you say you smelled lamb pie, sir? Right down here at the foot of this stairway is the lunch room. Here the animals are fed every noon.

Now we'll go up to the assembly room. Yes ma'am, more stairs. But you can sit down here and rest. Here, in these rows and rows of seats, students sit in open-mouthed astonishment and with their nerves strung to the highest tension, listening to some college president who discourses learnedly about John and James and Hepzibah and their naughty

pranks; or to some uplifted female who gives them the key to success in this life and the next, saying that the magic power lies in the little word "love." The fevered imagination of the students converts the ringing of the bell into a call to come up higher, and they rise with one accord and hasten—to the Training School.

Shall we follow them? There is a Senior B—she looks as if she were about to beard the lion in his den, sorely against her will. Can it be that she is going to the Training School where the dear children await her? How her teeth chatter! Let us hope that the youngsters are as much afraid of her as she is of them.

Look! do you see her? That is the terrible creature they call a critic teacher. How harmless she looks! But appearances are often deceiving—you have heard of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Here comes one who is worse than critic teacher. See his fierce stride and glaring eyes. Is it a pink tie he wears? No, a green one. It is not St. Patrick's day. I suppose it is merely to typify the spring (of love) which is in the true teacher's soul.

During our trip you have noticed the scarcity of the male element. They have gradually disappeared since pompadours came into fashion. Boys are so afraid of rats, you know. There are a few men teachers in the various rooms. Did you say you did not see them, ma'am? That is because of the swarm of young ladies which surrounds them on all occasions. In fact, only when the bell rings for faculty meeting can they tear themselves loose, with the assistance of the janitor. You say you want to see 'em, Miss? Well, it aint in our regular trip, because the men are so much in demand that they can't waste any time on outsiders. We'll just look in the door. Now this here room is where they learn how to—no, Miss, not a dramatic school. No, that aint Hamlet in there, that's just the arithmetic teacher. Yes, Miss, he does roll his eyes and knit his brow something fearful, but they say he don't mean nothing by it. He's real mild and peaceable.

Well, we'll go down the hall and see where they learn to write literature. Oh, no, I made a mistake. These two rooms to the right are where the students learn as how they can't write it. These schoolmarms are mighty hard to please when they get on a hunt for bad grammar. This other room aint any sawmill, ma'am. No, it's just the place where they take turns reading poetry, and listening to the language of the spirit as voiced in true literature. No, that noise aint it. That's just the class snoring. We'd better not disturb them today.

Here's a real interesting room here by the stairs. I'll peek in and see if there is anything doing. Sometimes it's real exciting when they get to reciting "The Ocean" or "Darius Green," or when they begin arguing

about a class play. Well, I guess you won't hear anything today, because that's the teacher just going down the stairs. Yes'm, the one with the shawl. Mighty few people can wear a shawl and look well in it.

Down here on the first floor is the studio. They learn how to draw and paint here. Rouge, ma'am? Oh, no, not when Miss Dunn's around. The pictures the girls make here are mighty pretty sometimes and interesting, too. High art, you know, must be interesting.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, our time is up today. There are several other interesting sights, but you are not as expert as the students in climbing stairs and we shall not be able to take any more time today.

This ends the trip. If you have enjoyed the tour, tell your friends about it; if not, keep quiet. Good-by, Miss, come again. All out, ladies and gentlemen.

Shut 'er off, Bill. Just oil up that crank a bit. It squeaked so that it almost drowned the sweet singing of the class in rote songs. Already now, here comes another crowd.

This way, ladies and gentlemen. This way for the "Seeing Normal" Trip.

ELVA HENRY, '07.

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The meadow lark is gay and free,  
His lilting song floats down to me,  
A pulsing, trilling ecstasy,  
For Summer's here.  
In grasses deep, where shadows creep,  
Of little clouds that dance and play,  
A warm and cozy nest I'll make,  
To lie and dream the livelong day  
With naught to fear,  
Though winds the rustling treetops shake.



*A LOVE SONG.*

The breezes sing soft in the pines,  
Through shadows the rivulet winds;  
The air in the twilight with incense is sweet  
With the fragrance of pine needles crushed 'neath our feet;  
Come, Beloved.

We'll wander as free as the breeze,  
That wantons at will 'mongst the trees;  
The doe and her fawn as they browze in the shade,  
Will think you a wood-nymph at home in the glade;  
Come, Beloved.

Soft murmurs of life 'round us here  
The heart of the forest we near;  
A bird in the tremulous solitude trills,  
He voices the love which my heart stirs and thrills;  
List, Beloved.

In the dusk of your eyes, lights of gold,  
I gaze, till my love growing bold,  
From the lips so enticing I steal one long kiss—  
Give the answer for which my heart yearns in its bliss;  
Give, Beloved.

A murmur, as soft as the fragrance  
Which steals through the dim-shadowed silence;  
My heart in love's ecstasy flutters and sings,  
With the birds now my soul in its gladness finds wings;  
My Beloved!

I. G., '07.



## ALUMNI NOTES

The fostering spirit which hovers about the old brick towers and lofty halls of the Normal School was in sore distress. There were rumors and whispers of disaster passing between the bricks and the timbers of the old gray walls. To the Guardian Spirit came forebodings of changes to come; she heard murmurs of "Bills in the Legislature"—"New School"—"Selling the building."

In her distress she called to the Spirits of the by-gone years, that they might testify to the value of her work in the past.

First to respond was the Spirit of 1884.

"Mother Normal, you gave me one of whom I am always proud,—Kate Brousseau. You have reason to know of her success for she came back to you for awhile. Here is an account of her studies in Paris:—University of Paris, College de France, Ecole de Hautes Etudes, Ecole de Anthropologie, Joffroy Clinical Laboratory, Sainte Anne Insane Asylum, Paris. Degree: Docteur de l'Université de Paris.

"Amelia Dranga is another one of whom we are proud. She is now a physician, practicing in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

"Emily J. Hamilton, Ph. B., University of California, also belongs to me. Her name is a familiar one to the readers of the leading magazines, for her charming accounts of her travels through Hawaii, Japan, and China are always of interest."

1886 now reported.

"Of whom have you to tell," asked the Mother Spirit.

"I have Gertrude Taft, who, with her medical degree from the University of California, sailed to China as a missionary, and is now doing heroic work in the city of Chinkiang."

1888 came forward.

"I claim Agnes Elliot, who is now doing good work for you, Alma Mater. I thought you had lost her when she went to Stanford for a year, but I see that you persuaded her to return."

To 1889 the Guardian Spirit said: "Yours was Jessie Gearhardt. What of her?"

"She went to Berkeley, then spent three years in the Kamehameha School, Honolulu."

Then turning to 1889 and 1890, the Foster Spirit said: "You both together claim the next, and have given him a double portion, as men with us are so scarce."

"Who says the Normal is not a good start for a man?" they said. "Frederick Billings, B. A., Stanford; M. A., California; Ph. D., Munich, has distinguished himself in science, and now is Professor of Botany in the University of Louisiana."

"Oh, I know why you are so proud, 1890," said Alma Mater.

"Yes, Ella Wood belongs to me, though Stanford gave her that well-earned B. A., the worth of which she proves right well in your department of English.

"Mine also is Charles M. Miller, now Assistant Director of Manual Training in the Los Angeles Schools.

"S. Ellsworth Coleman, B. S., B. A., M. A., was mine also. Do you know his texts in Arithmetic and Physics? He is now head of the Science Department in the Oakland High School. Oh, Alma Mater, do you wonder I'm proud?"

To 1902 Alma Mater said, "Whom have you?"

"Just go to the Polytechnic High School and find Annie Cook. She is teaching there.

"Then go again to China, to Tientsin, but do not ask for your Malva King, for our missionary is become a wife, Mrs. J. H. McCann."

"And you, 1904?"

"I have Annie Elizabeth Chase, seven years a teacher, two years a principal, and now doing noble work as State Secretary of the California Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

"Who has made your name great, 1905?"

"Lloy Galpin is mine, a Ph. B. from the University of Wisconsin. But a prouder title is now his—Assistant Organizer of the Cebu Branch of the Manila Normal School, Philippine Islands.

"Elizabeth Sullivan is mine, also, and you know her even better than I do. She studied also at Stanford and Berkeley, and received her B. A. degree. I know how glad you are to have her back again to help you in training student teachers."

"What are you in such a hurry to say, 1896?"

"I, too, sent one to the Philippines, after a year at the University of California—Benjamin Bleasdale, the Division Superintendent of Schools in the Province of Rizal is the man.

"I also have a graduate who is a physician—Charles M. Beldso, of Bisbee, Arizona."

1897 said: "I, too, have a Filipino, but she joined the army instead of the school department. She is Lucile Keyes, now Mrs. Harrigan, wife of a Fort McKinley lieutenant.

"My other daughter is in Asia. She is Ellen Rice, B. A. of Pomona, now a teacher under the American Board of Siras, in Turkey."

"1898, whom have you?"

"I had a man in my class, but I gave him to you again for your own—Ernest Babcock, who won his B. A. at the University of California.

"Another man was mine, Ernest Lyons, with a B. A. from Occidental College, now Superintendent of the Costa Rica Rubber Company."

"What account can you give, 1901?"

"Mary Allen is mine. She was doing valuable work in San Pedro, until persuaded by Mr. Groves to give it up and be a wife instead.

"Frank Merrel, B. S. of California, is now caring for the welfare of school children and all, for he is chemist in the United States Food Inspection Laboratory in New York.

"I have also a missionary in Cairo, Egypt—Flora Kern."

"Why do you smile, 1902?"

"Why? Well, I had a kindergartner of whom I was very proud, but Dan Cupid, the rascal, has tricked her away, and Mary Babcock is now Mrs. Laubersheimer.

"My Moses Chandler will soon be a lawyer, I hear."

1903 said: "I have Fanny Harley, who is teaching English in the City of Mexico."

"1904, what is the trouble?"

"Oh, what has become of Beatrice Patton? You gave her to me for a kindergartner, and I let her slip away to the University of Chicago, and now I can't find her. I've searched my kindergarten list, too."

"You won't find her, if you look for a kindergartner," chuckled Alma Mater, "and I won't tell you where she is. I know, but I'll keep her safely hidden lest some one should steal her away."

"1904, where is Gertrude Ott? A principal already? Well, I don't wonder.

"Dick Ronan, who belongs to your group, will soon be a doctor, I hear."

"What puzzles you so, 1905?"

"I cannot count all my children. I seem to have fewer than I should."

"Oho! don't you know that two of yours are now one? May Beebe is now Mrs. Creighton Waldorf. I knew how it would be when I gave them to you!

"Now, 1905, do not think that just because Edna Ballentyne is a good teacher that you can be sure of keeping her. I know a physician who thinks she will make a better wife than teacher."

When the Years had finished their reports, they gathered around Alma Mater and sang—

"O'er sea and o'er land,  
At home and away,  
Your children, though scattered,  
At heart with you stay;  
Your teachings remember,  
Their purpose keep bright,—  
To bring, through the children,  
This world to do right."





Photo By  
Honland

Edna Brayton	Eloise Wells	Ethel Soffinger	Mamie McClintock	Bessie Leebrick	Teresa Dolan	Bessie Seay
Lulu Straub	Maud Jones	Winifred Jordan	Florence Boswick	Grace Mathews	Wynan Anna St. John	
	Anna McCrossey	Cora Cody	Dr. Lewis Terman	Rhoda V. Aldridge	Mary Kirkpatrick	

WINTER CLASS OF 1908



# ORGANIZATIONS

## CLASS OF W. '08.

The class of W. '08, being in its own estimation the most wonderful in the history of the school, did not have a cut-and-dried beginning as do most classes, but developed slowly and unobservedly, until in January, '07, it sprang forth, as did Minerva, fully armed with weapons which have brought glory to them and despair to others.

It seems that this class always has been closely associated with the gods and goddesses, the representatives of some of whom surround us on our gallop along the ascending road to learning, and incidentally to microscopic salaries.

From divine Apollo they secured their great talent in music. It must be that from Diana they have gained their intense love of physical exercise, for it is reported that they never merely observe in gym but are always found promptly on the floor ready to follow the leader through club swinging, high jumping and all the other "high jinks." At least some of the wisdom which they have tried to show during their course they may owe to Minerva, while a portion of the universal beauty of the class is due to Venus, the rest to —well, it does not rhyme with Venus anyhow. From Mercury, the god of deceit, comes their ability to impress the "Powers That Be" with the sweet reasonableness of their excuses, leading them to believe that the absences of papers, note-books, and even Sr. B's at unexpected times are legitimate. Ceres has helped the farming class of W. '08 to become so much more popular with Mr. Babcock than that of the present Sr. A's. I wonder why?

Only one—Mars, god of war—has little or no interest in this prosperous class. He long ago left all other affairs in order to become patron of the Sr. A class meetings.

On the whole, indeed, the Sr. B's realize that they owe thus far their unparalleled success to their "stand-in" with the immortals. "May they never desert W. '08 for other classes, although it is evident that others need them sorely!"

M. S., W. '08.





Photo By  
Thorland

Irma Elunk	Margaret Smith	Lois Hatch	Marjorie Burr	Hazel Reed	Lila Strain	Frances Thompson
Susie Wenger	Ruth Dennis	Ruth Dennis	Hilda Smith	Daisy Morrison	Mabel Hudson	Ruth Brendell
Veda Tolchard	Camilla Helvie	Camilla Helvie	Trenna Brown	Carrie Brendell		Nita Quinn

WINTER CLASS OF 1908

## ATHLETICS

In the early part of the year "Our Boys" organized a basket ball team, which has brought upon themselves and their school no little comment in athletic circles. They have had a number of games with teams of considerable renown, and that is one of the admirable things about them—they were not afraid to meet any team. Of course they were beaten in nearly every game they played, but they always put up a noble struggle, the only objection being that they were too "lady-like," but then that is the acknowledged failing of Normal School boys.

The past does not always signify what the future will produce, so before long we expect great things from the boys' basket ball team of L. A. Normal School. The members of this year's team were:

"Lofty" Baily.	"Mother" Meagher.
"Aborigine" Brant.	"Cupid" Bryson.
"Red-Shirt" Lacy.	"Bulky" Cressen.

There was at the outset of this year a thriving, energetic and enthusiastic tennis club. A schedule of games was made out and great pleasure and benefit was derived from this sport. Since February, however, the organization has broken up, but many of the students of the school are making use of the splendid advantages furnished by our courts, and getting probably as much benefit from their recreation as though they were bound by the rules of an organization.





GLEE CLUB

# THE GLEE CLUB

MARJORIE CURTS, President.  
ELIZABETH HARRIS, Secretary.

HELEN SEVIER, Treasurer.  
ETTA POST, Librarian.

*First Soprano.*  
Georgie Burke.  
Teresita Condon.  
Mary Cooke.  
Maude Jones.  
Freda Meyer.  
Vivian Miller.  
Etta Post.  
Helen Sevier.  
Laura Venable.

*Second Soprano.*  
Florence Bostwick.  
Hazel Brobst.  
Harriet Jones.  
Georgie Lomax.  
Ethel Moore.  
Marie Norris.

*First Alto.*  
Bertha Bell.  
Elizabeth Harris.  
Nichlina Johnson.  
Katherine Ronan.  
Lucy Whittlesey.

*Second Alto.*  
Laura Chase.  
Marjorie Curts.  
Kathleen Johnston.  
Irene Pownall.  
Hilda Smith.

MISS JENNIE HAGAN, Director.  
MISS MYRTLE BLEWETT, Accompanist.

On account of the inability of the leader, Miss Jennie Hagan, to be with the club during the first term of this year, only a few new members were admitted at the initiation last fall, these being former members of the Glee Club and a few of the Choral Club. Mrs. Mary Groves, who was substituting for Miss Hagan during her absence, was chosen director, and Miss Katherine Ronan accompanist.

According to custom, a program of music was given, under Mrs. Groves' direction, during the chorus period on the morning before the Christmas holidays, at which the Glee Club sang. Music was also furnished by a double quartette, individual classes and the whole chorus.

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Upon Miss Hagan's return in January, a luncheon was given in her honor by the Glee Club, at the home of Miss Katherine Ronan.

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In January the school was entertained by a program of music given by Mr. Roland Paul, who was accompanied on the piano by Miss Mable Cooper. Miss Crystal Waters, a member of the Glee Club, sang two very acceptable selections.

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At the January meeting of the Normal Child-Study Circle, the B eighth grade sang, under the direction of Miss Nicolina Johnson, a member of the Glee Club.

At the commencement exercises of the class of Winter '07, the Glee Club sang three selections, and Miss Crystal Waters, a member of the Club, and one of the graduates, rendered a solo.

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In March a musical program was given in the Normal Assembly Hall, in compliment to the kindergarten and primary teachers, by the members of the Kindergarten Association of this city. A song cycle, "The Daisy Chain," was given by the Misses Savage, Bailey, Thompson, Augur and Stewart, former students of our school and members of the Glee Club. They were assisted by Madame Manasco, 'cellist; Miss Grace Deering, violinist; and Miss Winowa Huntley, pianist.

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At the March meeting of the Normal Child Study Circle, the Glee Club sang two selections. They sang also at the entertainment given by the Young Women's Christian Association, on March twenty-third.

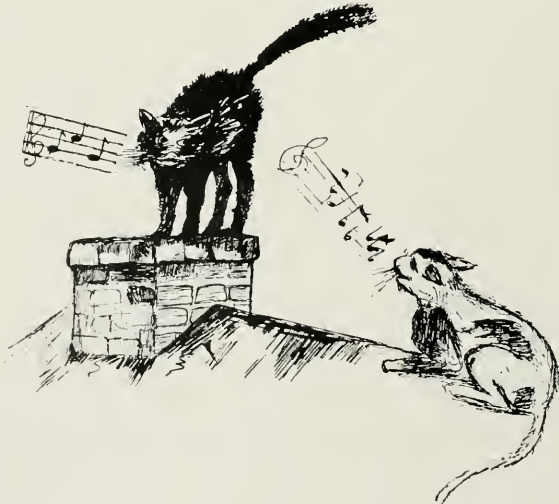
On the thirteenth of May, the Glee Club, assisted by Miss Edna Savage, gave a program of music before the Woman's Club of Sierra Madré. One part of the program consisted of selections of mixed music; the other part was a cycle of old English melodies. After the program the Club was served to ice cream and cake at the hotel.

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Preparations are now under way for a program of music which the Glee Club will give at the Normal Alumni banquet this summer. Music is also being prepared in the Club for selections to be given at the commencement exercises of the graduating class of this June, and for selections to be sung before the National Educational Association which is to be held in Los Angeles this July.

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From among the students of the school, an orchestra has been organized this term, to enrich the chorus. It was found when this was organized that there was enough good material in the school not only for the orchestra, but also for a mandolin and guitar club.





# Y. W. C. A.

Among the oldest of the organizations of this school is the Young Women's Christian Association.

As a result of the past years of work here, the Association today stands as a well-organized body, every department being under careful supervision.

During the first term of the year, under the administration of Miss Jennie Clay, the Association was very fortunate in procuring Miss Mary Graham as student secretary. Miss Graham possesses the earnestness and enthusiasm of a college girl who fully appreciates every phase of wholesome school life. Her experience as president of the Stanford Association has fitted her to direct the work in a most effective way.

At present, under the administration of Miss Albertine Fox, the Association is growing rapidly, there being a student membership of one hundred and ten and an alumnae membership of thirty.

The alumnae are assisting in the support of the student secretary and in sending the delegates to Capitola. The delegation this year to the convention was composed of fourteen girls, with Dr. Jessie Allen as chaperon.

During the year a number of informal social functions have been given by the Association in the students' room and on the lawn.

Some of the special work taken up is a Bible study course, conducted jointly by Miss Graham and Miss Amey Gordon and the reorganized Student Volunteer Band.

With such an organization as now exists, continually growing in membership and so competently guided by its advisory board, Miss Graham and the alumnae, it is certain that greater advance will be made along all lines, and ere another commencement time the Young Women's Christian Association will have just as much cause to rejoice as it now has in view of the last year's work.

MAUD R. JONES.

## SOCIETY NOTES

A pleasant beginning for our Senior year was the reception given by the faculty to the pupils on the fourteenth of September. The halls and library were decorated with flowers and ferns. In the Students' Hall an orchestra entertained us with beautiful music. The evening was delightfully spent in games and songs, led by Mr. Miller and Mr. Shepardson on the piano and guitar. Last, but not least, refreshments were served in the north hall.

An informal reception was given to the new students early in September, by the members of the Young Women's Christian Association. A pleasant time was spent on the lawn in getting acquainted and playing lively games, led by the kindergarten students. For refreshments sticks of candy were served, while the guests and the Association members stood in a circle. Sticky fingers and sweet recollections accompanied the jolly crowd as it dispersed.

One of the most interesting and successful events of the season was the Hallow-eeen party given by the Juniors to the Seniors, Friday evening, October the twenty-sixth. It was very evident that much thought and not a little labor had been given to the decoration of the halls and dining-room by the faithful Juniors. Fair maidens of the Junior class were at the door to receive the guests, whom they escorted to the Students' Hall, where blocking the only passage were several weird looking ghosts who insisted in the supernatural way on shaking hands with everyone. Although the shock to the nerves of the guests was very severe, their "normal" condition was regained on discovering the many delightful surprises which had been prepared. Bobbing for apples, blowing soap-bubbles, fortune telling and numerous Hallow-eeen pranks caused the early part of the evening to pass only too quickly. Then the guests were invited to the dining-room, where refreshments were served. Later in the evening the company adjourned to the gymnasium, where excellent music for dancing tempted us. When midnight was drawing near, all departed, unanimously declaring that many thanks and much credit were due the Juniors.

On Friday evening, November nineteenth, the cabinet officers from the Student Young Women's Christian Association of Claremont, Whittier, San Diego and Occidental College, University of Southern California, Whittier High School, Sherman Institute, and San Diego and Los Angeles Normal Schools, gathered at our school building to enjoy a banquet and to talk over the qualifications necessary for cabinet members. A luncheon was served in the hall, which was decorated with banners and festoons of purple and gold crêpe paper. Yellow chrysanthemums adorned the table, around which sixty-four people were seated. Among those present were Miss Helen Salisbury, State Students' Secretary; Miss Margaret King, returned missionary from China; and members of the Advisory Board of our Y. W. C. A.—Mrs. Millspaugh, Mrs. F. A. Howe, Misses Seaman, Elliot and Allen. Following the banquet a devotional meeting was held in the library.



### *JUNIOR A FOUR'S FROLIC.*

On the eighteenth of November in Nineteen-naught-six,  
The Junior A Four's were up to some tricks.  
To the dear old gymnasium at three they all went,  
While good things galore to the kitchen were sent.  
Then dressed in her gym suit, each merry bright girl  
Skipped lightly about with whirl after whirl;  
Games, races and dancing—the time soon went by,  
While Miss Jacobs laughed till she fairly did cry.  
Then down the old stairs to the kitchen we tumbled,  
And knives, forks and dishes, they rattled and rumbled—  
Sandwiches, pickles, bananas and candy,  
Nuts, cakes and salad—Oh my! they were dandy.  
We ate and we ate—please do not mention it,  
Five o'clock came, and we had to dispense with it.  
"So here's to the A Four's, the class out of sight,"—  
We broke up the party with songs of delight.



Let me see. Didn't the Junior B. Three's give something about this time? They were indeed very young then, but not too young to realize that it was high time for them to rise in the world and do something really worth while. The eighth of December was agreed upon for the eventful night. A spread or a dance? That was the debated question, and the only way they could settle it was to have a little of each. The evening passed very quickly because of so many original games, jolly chaperones and good things to eat. The latter half of the evening was delightfully spent in dancing. The party was voted a success and went a long way toward establishing the fame of the Junior B. Three's.

Promptly at six o'clock, one evening in December, all the members of the present Senior B Class gathered in our banquet hall to partake of a dinner. The patronesses for the affair were the Misses Osden, Dunn and Elliot. After dinner the company adjourned to the ball-room to enjoy a vaudeville entertainment. Some of the most interesting performances were: A famous sunflower dance, by Miss Dunn; minstrel performances, by Irene Pownall and Carrie Brendell; an original reading, by Lois H. Hatch. Miss Osden and Anna St. John were excellent in their one-act comedy, "The Dancing Bear." Susan Cooper and Company put on a splendid "Indian War Dance" and a comedy entitled, "The Little Village Cut-up." The Smith Sisters and Florence Bostwick sang some delightful trios; and the soloists in popular songs were Katherine Ronan and Elsie Christen. Last, but not least, were fancy dances given by Trenna Brown and Anna St. John. Instead of the usual motion pictures which are seen at the end of every vaudeville performance, the entire company gave a very fine imitation of the "Rapid Fire Dance."

The Children's Christmas Party was one of the liveliest and most enjoyable of the parties given by the Mid-year Class of '07. The dining-room, decorated with holly and evergreen, a beautifully trimmed Xmas tree in one corner, surrounded by mysterious looking packages, and a bright fire crackling on the hearth, formed fitting surroundings for the happy faces and merry voices of the "children." These children, on closer inspection, proved to be dignified Seniors. The costumes were of various styles, from Buster Brown to an infant in long clothes. A prize was awarded to Dr. Jessie Allen for the most "fetching costume and behavior" during the evening. Mr. Miller impersonated Santa Claus and presented each guest with one of the mysterious packages. Dainty refreshments symbolic of Yule-tide were served; jolly games were played and old-style songs were sung. Several members of the faculty were chaperones, and all agreed that the party was a great success.

It was to be a fashionable wedding—an ultra-fashionable wedding—for was not the groom the gallant Lieutenant Ruth Dennis and the bride the famous singer, Helen Sevier Butts? The devoted lovers were united in marriage Friday evening, January the eleventh, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emma Lou Butts. (Mrs. Butts is better known to us as Katheryn Ronan.) The officiating clergyman was S. Cooper, D. D.; Miss Ysidora Pedroarena was maid of honor and Porter Hillman was best man. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served, and then the happy couple left on the Grand Avenue car for 235 West Twenty-fourth Street for a brief honeymoon. The guests present were: Misses Veda Tolchard, Jessie Whitcome and Nettie Harris; Messrs. Anna St. John, L. L. Hansen, Etta Post and Bertha Bell.

It would be but a repetition of an old story to say that the Senior B party of Winter '07 was a howling success. Nevertheless, 'tis so, though perhaps ours was a more howly howling success than any preceding event of the same nature. It takes originality, coöperative spirit and ample funds to insure success to such a function, and the Senior B's showed that they were possessors of all three in very generous quantity. The flower idea was beautifully carried out in decoration, drill and dance programs. The Gymnasium and Students' Hall were literally filled with palms, garlands of smilax and red roses. Green-enclosed cozy corners were provided where the sly ones might gradually work into the spirit of the festivities. A bevy of pretty girls, dressed in red with garlands of smilax and red roses entwined, made a decided hit in their drill and fancy dance steps. Miss Jacobs had trained them well, and, with the help of Mrs. Preston at the piano, the drill was acknowledged by all to be "the best yet." Following the drill the class grouped in one end of the gym, under garlands of red and green, and sang with great credit to themselves and their song makers. Mr. and Mrs. Kent led the grand march. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing to music by Arend's orchestra. At the same time games of great interest were provided for many in the library. During the evening refreshments were served in the hallway, which had been transformed into a veritable bower. The guests were waited upon by young ladies daintily dressed in white and wearing

wreaths of red roses. The event was very enjoyable, and will be remembered long by those who were present.

Among the Commencement festivities of the Mid-year Class of '07, the reception tendered them by President Millspaugh at his home, stands out prominently in the memory of the pleasures which the social life at Normal School furnishes for its students. Dr. Millspaugh and his wife proved beyond a doubt that they know what things are pleasing to young people, and by their cordial hospitality endeared themselves to every member of the class.

The night of January thirty-first saw the class which had just received its diplomas, and several members of the faculty, gathered in the banquet hall to enjoy another evening together before they should separate for their respective homes or schools. Joy reigned supreme on this occasion, and with toasts, jests and songs the time of leave-taking came all too quickly to the weary but happy graduates.

The Valentine party given by Miss Veda Tolchard to her fellow-students on February fifteenth was in every respect enjoyable. Miss Veda as hostess was at her best, and entertained us with all sorts of games which delighted the hearts of the "children." The faculty would have had some little difficulty in recognizing the dignified young ladies of their classes among the many happy "children" present. Prizes were awarded to Miss Ada Sloan, who impersonated Mary Jane, and to Mr. Cary Groton representing Buster Brown. Such dignified games as "Pom-pom-pull-away," "Drop the Handkerchief," marbles and hunting candy hearts were indulged in. Children's toys were awarded for the best shot in target practice. Following this sport, one of the young men acted as postman and delivered dainty little valentines to each one present. When supper time came we were told to sit on the floor—think of it—while refreshments were served. Further information may be obtained by calling upon any of the following persons who were present in youthful attire: Misses Jessie Whitcomb, Mable Hudson, Camilla Helvie, Ruth Dennis, Lena Buhn, Bertha Grant, Helen Sevier, Elizabeth Harris, Bertha Bell, Porter Hillman, Majorie Curtz, Ysidor Pedroarena, Mabelle Creager and Mrs. Hansen.

After the excitement of the new term had quieted down a little, the Junior A Three's decided that it would be quite the thing to have a party. So they decorated the gym one afternoon—February twenty-fifth, I think—and prepared for the first social event of the term. Their skull and cross-bone pennants, in black and white, floated from every corner of the gymnasium.

It was a fancy dress affair, too, and the girls themselves were the prettiest part of it all. Cowboy girls with "really, truly guns," Night with her glittering stars, beautiful Columbia, dear little Red-riding-hood (minus the wolf, however), and other famous personages were among those present.

Mr. Miller chaperoned and helped with his ready wit to make all gay. Bewitching Spanish Señoritas officiated at the punch table and

between the dances they were liberally patronized. Jolly games were in order for those who did not care to dance, so that every one present had a good time.

About thirty young ladies were present at the reception given in March, in honor of Miss Graham and the new students, by the Y. W. C. A. A jolly time was spent in playing games in the students' rest room. Miss Mabelle Creager entertained the party by reading two selections.

The unique social affair of the year was the entertainment given by the Y. W. C. A. Friday evening, March the twenty-second, for the purpose of raising money to aid in sending delegates to the Capitola Conference. The entertainment consisted of "Abnormal High Jinks."

During the early part of the evening a short and interesting program was given. The first numbers were some Hawaiian songs. Mr. Miller, who played his own accompaniment on the Hawaiian ukulele, gave several foreign songs. Those in the chorus were dressed in white and wore the Hawaiian flower garlands. They played mandolin and guitars and sang several typical Hawaiian choruses. The readings by Misses St. John, Hatch and Wright were very entertaining. Miss Granger played a piano solo, followed by a sextette of girls, dressed in dainty colonial costumes, who, after executing a charming drill, sang a song of old Virginia days. We were next favored with a selection by the Glee Club. Maud Muller and her "rake" then appeared, while Jennie Clay with her carpet sweeper acting the part of the Judge and his horse, created a great deal of merriment. It was announced that good things were in store for us down stairs, so we adjourned to the "Lower Regions." Mr. Shephardson's office had been taken possession of by our colonial dames and made to look very festive with flags and shaded candles. These young ladies served chocolate, ice cream and cake, while the Hawaiian trio entertained us with their playing. The Japanese booth was prettily decorated with lanterns and flowers. Cushions were placed about on the floor, where girls in Japanese costumes served tea. The candy booth was very attractive; a large circular table was tastefully decorated in green and white, while the girls in charge of it were dressed in green and white gowns of Grecian style. The pennant booth was gay with colored pennants and posters. A Gypsy queen in a small tent near the gymnasium told the fortunes of those who desired to peep into the future. And last, but not least, "Our Boys" played a model basket ball game in the gym, and really won, with a score of sixteen to fourteen.

I can't wait any longer to tell you of our Senior A party. The girls of the summer class "'07" entertained themselves with informal gym jinks one Friday evening in March. There was on this occasion no lack of men; on the contrary, they were so numerous that many duels resulted in order to gain the favor of the ladies. Among those entertained were English lords, athletes, illustrious doctors, soldiers, members of the Mother Goose tribe, and even a parson, who was, by the way, a very jolly chap. One of the young doctors was so afraid of losing his sweetheart among such a

host of attractive men (?) that the parson was persuaded to "tie them up." The wedding was followed immediately by a charivari. A sumptuous wedding breakfast was served in the dining hall, after which each guest washed her own dishes. Other forms of entertainment were music, dancing and Virginia reels.

It was not until April the fifth that the Junior A Two's ceased to cast jealous glances at the Junior A Three's. Heretofore if Miss Junior A Three happened to see some Junior A Two's talking together, she would think that something was "up," and at once suggest to the rest of her section that they give a party to get ahead of the other section. So the other sections would look jealously on while the Three's were preparing their party. But April the fifth saw an entirely different scene,—a Junior A Three linked arm with a Junior A Two, walking together down the hall and wondering when a Junior A Four would "show up." Before the evening was over they were all congenial Juniors, and all sectional feeling had vanished. From 8:30 until 9 o'clock they stayed among the flowers and greens in the Students' Hall, getting acquainted and having a good time. The most striking features of the evening's decorations were the pennants of their class colors, black and gold. These were gracefully hung in the Students' Hall and, when the doors of the gymnasium were opened for dancing, they were seen floating to and fro overhead. At eleven the party broke up and every one went reluctantly home.

The Junior B Class gave a party on the evening of April twenty-sixth. The gymnasium was decorated in our school colors, purple and gold, and the Students' Hall was a bower of flowers and ferns. The first part of the evening was spent in playing jolly games and social conversation. Later in the evening Mr. Miller with his violin gave them such good music that the party flocked to the gymnasium and danced until the unwelcome "eleventh hour."

At the time of the regular class day exercises, the Senior A Class of Summer '07 expects to depart from the accustomed course of procedure, and give themselves, the school and its friends an hour of pleasure.

At the time of the chorus period the class will have entire charge of the exercises. The class president will fill President Millspaugh's chair and take his place in the reading of the scriptures. After the chanting of the Lord's Prayer and the singing of a hymn, a talk will be given by some member of the class. The class will, class chronicles, class history and class prophecy will be given by different class members. As a fitting end for this program one of the Senior A's will give a few words in the nature of a farewell.

On June twenty-eighth, in the midst of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Los Angeles State Normal School, the class of Summer '07 will hold its graduation exercises in the Assembly. The class prides itself on the fact that it is permitted by Time to be graduated on the twenty-fifth birthday of its Alma Mater.

Among the commencement festivities looked forward to with eager anticipation are the Senior B reception, President Millspaugh's reception

and the Normal Alumni banquet. Merely the mention of these functions carries with it the suggestion of the pleasure which will attend upon each occasion.

Great plans are being made by the faculty and alumni for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the State Normal School in Los Angeles. Practically all of the last week of this school session has been set aside for the jubilee. Noted speakers will be heard, musical programs will be rendered, social events will be held and old classmates will meet again. It is the aim, in part, of this celebration to bring together as many of the graduates of the school as possible, that they may see and appreciate the advance which has been made in the last quarter century by the L. A. Normal School.

This year the faculty is putting out a Memorial Book. This is done in the spirit of the anniversary celebration. The book contains a complete history of the school and many interesting facts concerning its growth and advancement. It will be illustrated with pictures of the school, its presidents, its grounds, and certain of its rooms. There will also be published a complete list of the alumni and their present addresses. It is certain that this book will be of great value and a source of pleasure to all who are interested in the Los Angeles Normal School.



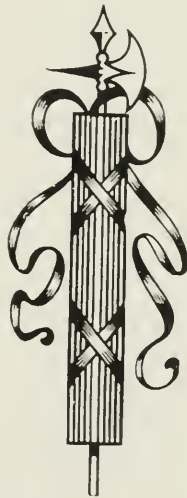
# “SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER”

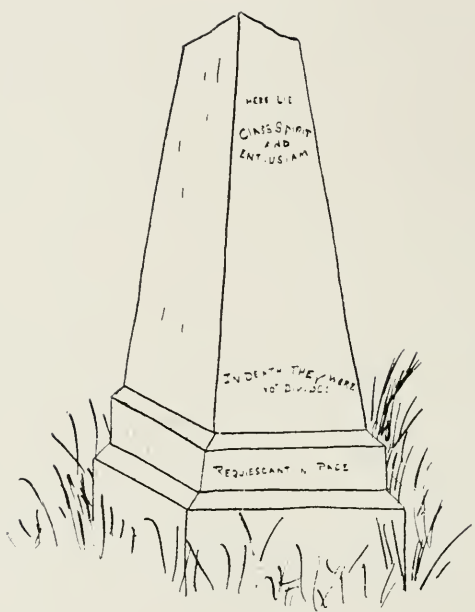
SR. A CLASS PLAY

On the evening of June twenty-fifth the Senior A Class will present Oliver Goldsmith's classic comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The play is being prepared and staged under the direction of Miss Osdén.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sir Charles Marlow	- - - - -	Flora Cartmill
Young Marlow	- - - - -	Clara Evans
Hastings	- - - - -	Maude Moon
Mr. Hardcastle	- - - - -	Etta Post
Tony Lumpkin, <i>stepson of Mrs. Hardcastle</i>	- - - - -	Una Burritt
Stingo, <i>an inn keeper</i>	- - - - -	Flora Cartmill
Jack Slang		Emily Petterson
Aminadab		Bertha Grant
Muggins	<i>Fellows in the Inn</i> - - - - -	Faith Roberts
Pot-boy		Norma Nagle
Diggary		Jessie Mahan
Thomas		Emily Petterson
Dick	<i>Servants in Hardcastle home</i> - - - - -	Bertha Grant
Roger		Faith Roberts
Mrs. Hardcastle	- - - - -	Laura Chase
Kate Hardcastle	- - - - -	Clarice Merrell
Constance Neville, <i>niece of Mrs. Hardcastle</i>	- - - - -	Mae Speer
Dolly, <i>a maid</i>	- - - - -	Freda Meyer





HERE LIE  
GINNS SPOT  
AND  
ENT. US. AM

IN DEATH THEY ARE  
NOT DIVIDED

REQUIESCAT IN PACE



# JOSHES.



## *HASTY TOAST.*

Here's to the Smith whose strength will not Wayne;  
In History of Ed. he's always so sane.  
His exes, of course, they say are the bane,  
But his marks, when they come, seldom give you a pain.

Here's to the lady we love to call Wood;  
The woosings of Apollo she hath so far withstood.  
And all he can say in his "melancholy mood,"  
Is, the more he wooed her "the more she was Wood."

Here's to Miss Stever, so stately and grand;  
With smiles and good cheer she holds out her hand,  
And helps us discover our lack of sand.  
We all love her, but in awe of her—marks—stand.

Here's to Miss Dunn, to whom you must go  
For excuses, programs and locker keys—Oh!  
But never once tremble with fear, but just go,  
For she's the best friend the girls ever know.

Here's to the man with the solemn look,  
Who cleaves all the nuts in the awful book,  
For those who arithmetic, algebra and geometry took,  
And the "land knows what" in that mysty nook.

Here's to Mr. Shepardson, so jolly and stout,  
Who listens to what we are teaching about.

In seminar 'tis said without any doubt,  
He helps us, in teaching, the young mind to sprout.

Here's to Miss Allen, the Rose of the Dale.  
When we must leave her we all bewail  
Our sad fate; and to friends tell the tale  
Of the mysteries of mind we learned to unveil.

Here's to Mr. Babcock, so Earnest, you know,  
That up three steps at a time he must go.  
For him in the garden we work and hoe,  
But if you miss that exam "your cake is all dough."

Here's to the faculty, one and all;  
With pleasures sweet we will always recall!  
The memories that cling like a vine to the wall,  
The happy faces of one and all.

ELIZABETH M. OAKLEY.

---

A perplexed Junior B: "Yes, I can tell easily that those people are Senior A's—their intellectual appearance and general demeanor proclaim it. Those others are, of course, Junior A's. I can tell it by the swagger and noise they make. But I cannot pick out those Senior B's, except by their general insignificant look."



*Music.*



*Drama.*



*Art.*

#### *FIRST PSYCHOLOGY RECITATION.*

Dr. Allen: "Miss G—tt—, have you a mind?"

Miss G: "I don't know, Dr. Allen; I haven't my book yet."

#### *AT MID-TERM.*

Sr. A 1: "What did you get in 'farming'?"

Sr. A 2: "'D' raised to 'C—.'"

CLASS DAY, W. '07.

("Dedicated to Crystal H.O.")

She had come a long way,  
Had this Senior A,  
To join in her class day.

She thought she'd be gay,  
And look like a fay,  
In a Sr. B dress of "bay."

Well, she looked like a jay,  
The Senior B's say,  
As she sang her little lay.

And together their heads did lay  
To plan a way  
On her a joke to play.

Then her clothes "flew" away  
By magic that day,  
And for them she did pray.

The train would not stay  
For this Senior A—  
She had to walk that day.

---

Sing a song of note-books,  
Filled up to the brim.  
What a mighty task it is  
To suit a teacher's whim!  
Fill 'em up with Plato,  
Comenius and Kant;  
Let us pray that Dr. Smith  
Their shades will surely haunt.  
Quotation marks a-plenty,  
To stint 'em were a sin;  
We'll tremble in our boots when the doctor  
Cries, "Hand your note-books in."

---

"CHERRIES?"

Miss P—e—c— (*in Psychology*): "Miss Allen, why do ripe oranges look green when you go to pick them at night?"

Miss Allen: "I have had no experience with 'oranges'."

---

It was quite evident at the Senior A class party that it was Nature's mistake that the class of summer naughty-seven were not all boys.

## WHO?

You all must know this lady, in experience wise,  
To tell her odd adventures she continually tries.  
Her favorite place for spouting is in Dr. Terman's class,  
(That good man tries to squelch, but often fails, alas!)  
For the lady loves to tell  
How she used to teach—and well,  
Her discourse runs, sometimes, like this:  
    "I remember a peculiar case  
    In the school I used to teach;  
    I remember when this class-room  
    I first did try to reach;  
    I remember two officials—  
    Sup'rintendents were they—  
    I remember how their methods  
    Used to differ about pay."  
    The burden of her song  
    Is oftentimes quite long,  
    And is chiefly, "I remember."

Now I wonder if you guessed this wise young lady's name;  
I really think some day that she'll be known to fame.  
Her feats of introspection are the marvel of the class,  
Her remarkable acquaintances we never can surpass.  
Her memory's a wiz!  
Do you know now who she iz?

---

## USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the "Advice to Girls" column.)

*For an incipient case of goo-goo eyes:* Take one slight smile; mix well with a deep blush; apply with a certain amount of hesitation, and add hastily a few random statements from Monroe.

N. B.—Aunt Mary Morton, our household authority, says this recipe has never been known to fail when applied between freckles.

*A well-tried recipe,* guaranteed to prevent failure in Physics exams: A broken pencil point is extremely useful to gain time, but it can be dispensed with. Let stand over night a charming interest in the Sloyd teacher. On the morning of the day it is to be used, add a little sweetness and stir well. At the appointed time use a nibbled pencil; add sundry sidewise glances and a faint whisper. Complete with an innocent and trusting smile. (This has been tried and proven successful by Marlborough girls, hence we have no hesitation in recommending it.)

---

Teacher (*showing a picture of a zebra*): "Who can tell me what this animal is?"

Pupil (*eagerly*): "That's a horse with dad's bathing suit on."

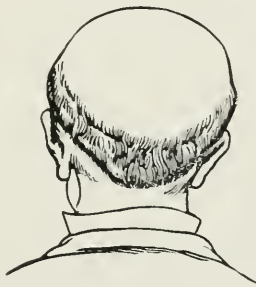
*JOYS OF LIFE AT THE NORMAL.*

How dear to our hearts are the scenes at old Normal;  
The morning assembly enlivens the day;  
The speeches by visitors really quite formal—  
The words that they utter drive sorrow away.  
They say you must never feel blue or feel dreary,  
Must not lose your temper when pupils annoy;  
The thing you must do when you're tired and weary—  
Say over and over the magic word, "joy."

Whenever in Reading new thoughts you discover,  
Don't teach them in "gobs"—no, that must not be;  
But over and over, still over and over,  
Read till each dear child a clear picture can see.  
When farmers get worried about their peach orchards,  
And tell you that peach-worms their trees may destroy,  
Write up to old Berkeley and get a tree booklet,  
And read the sure cure to the farmer's small boy.

The feast in the lunch-room at noon is quite glorious;  
With brown bread and beans we so often are fed—  
But since for variety the cooks are notorious,  
Sometimes do they change it to beans and brown bread.  
When now to the office a student is summoned,  
No need to inquire the reason at all;  
She either has sneaked from the class or assembly,  
Or else has been talking too loud in the hall.

Yes, dear to our hearts are the scenes at old Normal,  
When scoldings are frequent and note-books do pall;  
We climb weary stairs till our backs are quite broken,  
And gladly we'd answer the trumpet's last call!



*Who? Which?*

Training School Teacher: "Johnny, give the principal parts of spank."

Johnny: "Spank, spanking, spunk."

---

Here's to the teacher—

"The foster mother of our childhood; the playmate of our youth; the companion of our early manhood; the counsel of our maturer years; our inspiration through life; our sweetheart ever.

"She is the uncrowned queen of the little dominion, bounded by a scholar's hopes. I knock at the pupil who annoys her; the superintendent who overworks her; at the parent who ignorantly criticises her; at the politician who satirizes her; at the paragrapher who satirizes her; at the alleged funny man who makes sport of her; at the board who underpays her and at the thousands of single fools who do not marry her."

---

I hear the platform in the assembly room needs to be repaired. It needs some new boards in it—it already has one "bored" on it.

---

There was a young lady named Sale,  
Who went to Miss Dunn with a tale.  
Miss Dunn said "skidoo!  
No 'locker key' for you."  
And the lady's heart did quail.

Oh, maiden with surname of Sale,  
Why sit by yourself and wail?  
For we've lost ours too,  
And know what to do—  
Just take from the hinges the nail.

---

Here's to the down-trodden usher!  
All the day long how they rush 'er!  
No thanks for her cheeriness,  
No thought for her weariness,  
She'll tell you that day was a crusher.



Miss A——n (*Jr. B's Physiology*): "What would you do in case of suffocation?"

Miss C——n: "Take the tongue out and dry it."

---

Teacher: "What is a hostage?"

Willie: "*Host* is the person you visit, so I suppose *hostage* is the person who does the visiting."

---

Broke, broke, broke,  
That wonderful little tool—  
Miss Hagan's dear baton,  
The Big Stick of our school.

---

In front there stands  
A man of noble mien,  
And from his lips unchecked there flowed  
A stream of knowledge keen.

His hair was long,  
Yet he, a longer sayor,  
(That fact, I'm sure, is far from wrong).  
His name? What else but Meagher.

---

"Dear Aunt Nelly: How can I acquire a Charlotte Russe hat and an innocent expression *a la Conboye*?" Sally.

To Sally: It is hopeless, my dear; there are some things that only nature can do for us.

---

Miss D——e (*excited*): "Yes sir, I fell hell over heels in love with him!"

---

Hi-diddle-diddle,  
Miller and his fiddle.  
While Kent enforces the rule (?).  
Miss Elliot loves to make us read,  
But Miss Dunn tries to run the whole (?) school.

---

"Dear Aunt Nelly: How can we melt the heart of J. Baxter C. at examination time?"

I regret to say that this is one of the few cases for which I have no recipe. Tears have been tried, but without avail. It still remains for some enterprising maiden to discover a means.

"THE NEXT DAY."

Miss S—a— (*with a flourish*): "This lesson proves that you have not read aggressively." (*The class looks wise.*)

Miss —ll—: "I'm not going to say anything about reading aggressively. I am just going to prove that you do not." (*Class suppresses a smile.*)

Miss Ha—a—: "Now it's just as Mr. C. said." (*Class smiles.*)

Dr. M—h: "When four girls sit out on the lawn, it shows they cannot read aggressively." (*Class grins.*)

Miss El—t: "Now we shall read this over together aggressively." (*Class laughs.*)

---

A certain teacher in our school does not believe it is necessary to raise his voice above a whisper in the stillness of a model Normal School room. Some students think otherwise, but try to do their best to fall in with his ideas. One morning everyone in the room was startled by Miss B's suddenly calling out, "Present." Everyone looked at the teacher to see if he were really calling the roll, but were almost convulsed to find that Mr. C. was as much at sea as the students in regard to the cause of the outburst. Needless to say, the roll was heard after that.



Teacher (*severely*): "Harry, why are you laughing?"  
Harry: "I wasn't laughing; my face slipped."

---

"I sit in the dear old class-room,  
So studious and serene.  
I hold my eye on the teacher,  
And sometimes try to queen.

"Though all this gives me pleasure,  
One thing my pleasure mocks;  
'Tis that dead swell Cary Groton,  
And his sky-blue pair of socks."



If there are any members of the school who have acquired a craving for strong drink, they should observe one of Miss Green's Tuesday morning temperance talks in the training school—in A 5th and B 6th grades.

---

Mrs. Hansen will gladly give a choice list of "legitimate" slang words to anyone who needs them.

---

One day a certain Sr. B was observing during the music hour in the 7th grade. She had some books and papers on her desk and was busily taking notes, when suddenly the teacher (a student) spied her, and, grabbing the books from Miss Sw—w—t's desk, said: "What is the meaning of this? Why are you not paying attention?"

Almost frightened out of her wits, the Sr. B began to stammer: "I—I—am, I—I—was, I mean I am only a Sr. B observing." Miss Bl—tt admitted that the joke was on her.

---

Mr. M. in *verse* urges us to "grin a little." Well said, thou bard, but didst thou not know all cannot assume a gain of such generous proportions as yours?

---

Little Miss Gere  
Is such a dear;  
She's teaching us to design corners;  
But we knew a thing or two  
About design before she blew  
Into this sad haven of red tape, work and tears.  
And as for getting around corners,  
That's an art  
That every Senior A must learn by heart;  
For if Miss Dunn comes gliding down the hall,  
When the second bell's a-ringing,  
And you've planned to cut out gym,  
And you feel her eyes upon you,  
And your chance is mighty slim,  
Then just cut around a corner—  
Plenty of 'em everywhere—  
You may say you're feeling faint—  
Got to have a breath of air.  
Note-books on the brain,  
And music (?) in the air,  
Would make most anybody fall  
A victim to despair.

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Knock and you knock alone;  
If you don't like the jokes you find here,  
Next year make some of your own.”

—*Exchange.*

---

“Mistress Harriett, quite contrary yet,  
How does your garden grow?”  
“Mostly old maids on the faculty shelves  
And young maids down below.”

---

Student: “Why did Miss Clark get A the first month and all the rest of the class D?”

Mr. B—b—: “Because I couldn't call on the rest of the class, not knowing their names.”

---

Student (*Sr. A agriculture*): “How many tons of alfalfa can be grown to the acre?”

Teacher: “I don't know; I have it in my little note-book somewhere.”

---

Wasn't it queer that Mr. Meagher should object to dressing in a thin white dress for graduation.



*GRIN A LITTLE.*

When you go your way to teach,  
You should grin a little.  
You have power beyond all speech,  
When you grin a little.

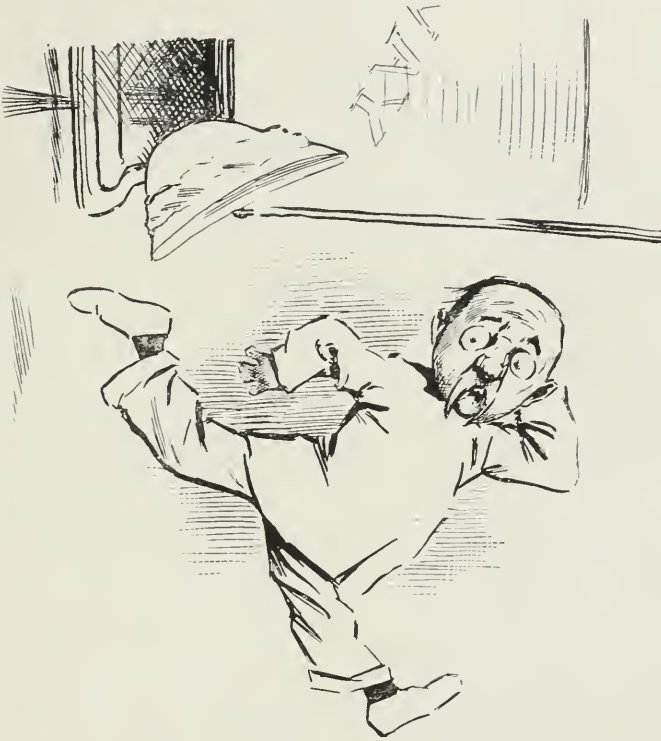
Oh, there is that dear old song,  
That the teacher will win  
Whether she's right or whether she's wrong,  
If she'll only grin.

C. M., '07.

Mr. C. (*in Geography Class*): "Miss W—ts—, how do the Japanese keep warm?"

Miss W.: "They sit on their feet."

Dr. M. (*in School Law*): "In ruling your registers, be sure to use a stub pen and beveled ruler. Keep the pen  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch above the paper to avoid blotting."



NOBODY.

When in 'dis Normal School you be  
And you does get a big fat D,  
Who's goin' ter give yer sympathy?  
Nobody!

And when you're through with Normal life,  
With all its care and all its strife,  
Who'll say, "O schoolmarm, be my wife"?  
Nobody!

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---

**407-8 Chamber of Commerce**

A-4505

MAIN 8730

“What is Mr. B’s favorite flower?”—Clarkea.

“What is Miss Dennis’ greatest pet?” *Ans.*—Donkey. (Come into the garden, Maud.)

“There are ‘limits’ in other things besides problems in geometry.”

---

We have a nice old pedagogue,  
Whose head, I surely think,  
For giddy, reckless flies would make  
*A torrid skating rink.*

---

“*Even Wit is a Burden When It Talks too Long.*”

---

Spellbound they sat,  
They hardly dared to breathe;  
Their hearts were going pit-a-pat,  
And hard their chests did heave.

---

I had a dream the other night—  
I wonder if dreams come true?  
I dreamed I saw a curious sight—  
I wonder if dreams come true?  
I took Smith’s place in the history class,  
And gave him a lesson or two.  
He had to read in a hundred books—  
I wonder if dreams come true?

---

Little Boy: “What is the derivation of ‘hamlet’?”

Wise Teacher: “It is derived from the name of one of Shakespeare’s heroes, who lived in a little village.”

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At whom was Dr. McClish looking when he told a story about an obstinate mustache and said: "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"?

Judging from the contents of the waste-basket in Room O, someone eats dates as well as *keeps* dates.

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JEWELERS

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OPTICIANS

LOS ANGELES

Teacher (*A<sub>2</sub> Nature Study*): "Who can tell me the name of an insect that eats grass."

Bright boy bursts out: "I know—a horse."

*Notice.*—Never write your teacher's motto at the top of an examination paper. Two unfortunates found they had written a D. instead.

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**113 North Main Street, Los Angeles**

Admiring Student (*to Miss Clay after she made her brilliant speech at Capitola*): "Jennie, you are a brick."

Miss Clay: "In other words, I am baked Clay."

"How is the ventilation and light in Room O?"

"Why, it's O. K. Miss Alice regulates the windows and shades."

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---

*WHAT'S IN A NAME?*

There is a girl—a Senior A—  
Who is so very wise,  
That knowledge seems to simply shine  
From out her sparkling eyes.

But when you hear this maiden's name,  
You'll think it strange, I ween,  
That such a one as she should bear  
The name of "I. M. Green."

---

A very significant design adopted by the Jr. A III's, isn't it? It reminds one of "poison baby food."

---

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*Chicken Soup.*—A bucket of water, chopped fine, should be thoroughly dried. To this add the addition of some onions. Set it in the sun, where the shadow of a watch-spring chicken will fall into it. Stir frequently.

*Pound Cake.*—Mix up some things; put them in a dish and bake for a while or two. Then screw in the handle and commence to pound.

“If these to you are chestnuts old,  
 And do not make you smile,  
 Just think of those you handed in  
 That still rest on the file.”

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We wonder—

“Which one of the girls likes Mr. Groton best.”

“Which one of the girls Mr. Groton likes best.”

“Why Harriett Jones is interested in the Pacific Electric.”

“Where the editor got her ginger.”

“What became of the tennis club.”

“Why Miss Hagan is so afraid of the pupils.”

“Where Miss Elliott got her information.”

“If Ruth Dennis is always broke.”

“Where Mr. Lacy made his reputation.”

“When they will change the bill of fare.”

“If we shall ever see the new Normal.”

N. B.—The editor is still wondering who the wonder is that wrote all these wonders.

*Off with the Old Grind  
On with the New*

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'The Old Reliable House'

---

Geography Teacher: "What are the people on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains engaged in?"

Pupil: "Grazing."

---

Congratulations are in order to the Senior A Class, since Ernest B. said to Miss B—l—o—the other day in agriculture, "You have got me."

---

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---

"The ones that think these jokes are poor,  
Would straightway change their views  
Could they compare the jokes we print  
With those that we refuse."—*Exchange*.

---

Miss P—k (*Sr. A Class Meeting*): "But you don't get no rates at Howland's."

---

PHONE  
Exc. 26

*Newberry's*

PHONE  
Exc. 26

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## AT A SENIOR A PARTY.

There stands in the midst of this host  
 A lady who's fierce as a ghost.  
 If you're on the game,  
 You'll decipher her name,  
 For it rhymes with dry buttered "toast."

First Grade Teacher: "The only trouble I have in teaching the little children is my inability to use simple enough words so that they can understand me."

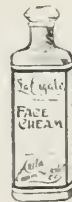
"What is life?" asks the poet.  
 Life is joy (?) if you are teaching school.



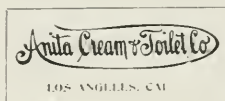
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Toilet Soap (3 boxes)	50c box
" (large)	40c "
" Cream (Tin)	50c bot.
" (small)	25c "
" Face Powder (Tin or Wh.)	50c jar
" Face Powder (Tin or Wh.)	25c jar
" Face Tint (Tin)	25c jar
Anita Shave Powder (Tin)	25c jar



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---

Mr. C. (*in Geography*): "Mr. Lacy, give an example of the effect of weather on life."

Mr. Lacy: "The San Francisco earthquake."

---

Mr. M——r (*in Agriculture class*): "The lower end of the Nile is lower than the lower end. You understand the distinction, of course."

---

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**WRIGHT'S**  
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---

At lunch today Miss H. had some raisins, and she passed them to each girl at the table. One girl meekly took two and blandly remarked, "I love you for two 'raisins'."

---

The Ten Commandments sink into insignificance and hang their heads in shame when compared with the mottoes in Room D.

---

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---

*CAN YOU GUESS?*

I chatter, chatter as I go,  
My tongue you can not sever.  
For men may talk, and men may stop,  
But I talk on forever.

---

Bertha Bell believes in the gentle art of moral suasion. Instead of thrashing the noisy youngsters, Miss Bell gesticulates frantically and yells, "Shut up!"

---

"The nobility of our profession!" If it were very obvious it would hardly be necessary to tell us of it five days in the week and twice on Monday.

---

**JONES' BOOK STORE**

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Anxious Student (*to Agriculture teacher*): "What kind of soil is best for a mustache?"

Teacher: "Three parts sand and one part grit at Normal."

A Student: "Well, that is because you have too much of the 'what knows' and not enough of the 'what is'."

## H. J. WHITLEY CO. JEWELERS

345 S. BROADWAY

We furnish Designs and Estimates on Class Pins  
Sorority and Fraternity Jewelry

OUR SELECTION FOR GRADUATING GIFTS IS VERY COMPLETE

Little Johnnie slapped his teacher.

She seemed quite angry when they reached her.

Johnnie's always up to tricks; ain't he cute? He's only six.

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310 W. FIRST STREET

Did you notice what a lively class day the Jr. B. III's had on January 26, 1907? They graciously allowed the Senior A's to sit on the platform.



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BROADWAY, CORNER THIRD

---

*PRIVATE PROPERTY.*

She: "Oh, where is Mr. Groton?"

He: "I don't know, but I will try to find him for you."

She: "Oh, no, you don't need to. I don't want my hair pulled.

He is M——'s private property."

---

Dr. Howe (*in English class*): "Who can define personality?"

C. M—gh— (*waving his hand frantically*).

Dr. Howe: "Can you, Mr. M.?"

Mr. M.: "Personality is the personal part of a person that makes that person, the person he is and not some other person."

---

From all appearances the Senior A president is well able to Roe the Senior A canoe.

---

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