

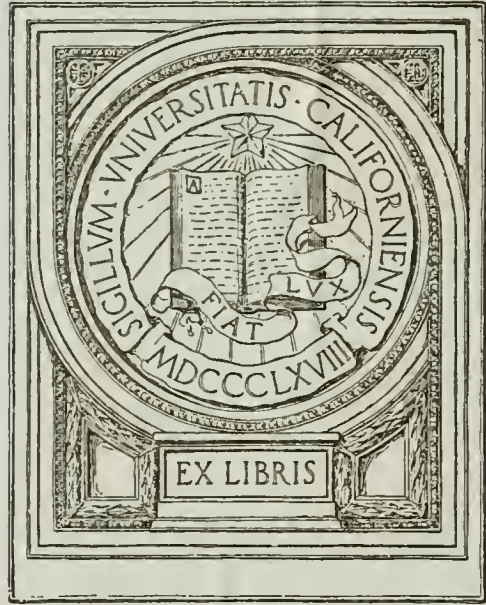
A
0
0
6
4
5
4
8
6
2



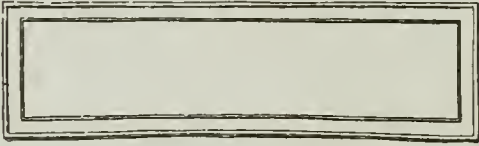
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

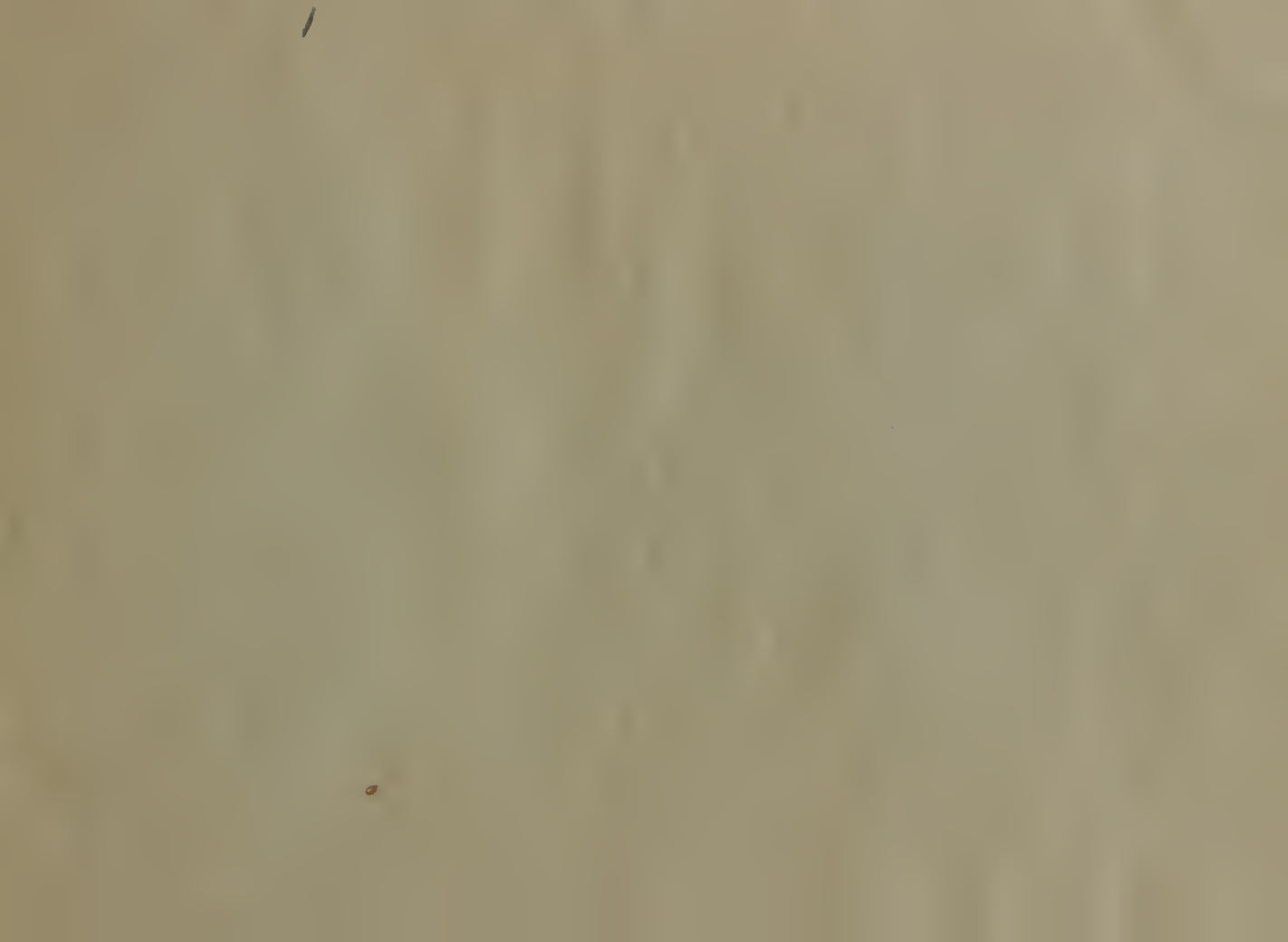
LB
1202-
1201
1105

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS





1895

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY
115 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO, CANADA



NORMAL
EXPONENT

05

all -----

1

Published by
J. L. LE BERTON
PARKER & STONE Co. Printers
MAUSARD-COLLIER Co. Engravers

1888

Normal Exponent

Los Angeles, June, '05



DR. JESSE F. MILLSPAUGH, "Our Honored President."

To live in daily contact with a grandly simple nature, to have the highest in us stimulated and the ignoble reproved by unflinching example, to witness the strength that springs from an abiding faith in humanity, and to feel the steady power of a great-hearted sincerity—this is a truly educational blessing, and for this we thank our honored president. But while we gratefully acknowledge our daily debt to him, we realize that his reward is even greater than our gain; the influence of noble living is, like mercy, "twice blessed," and inasmuch as it is more blessed to give than to receive, his year's work among us has been both labor and recompense, gift and guerdon.

1257
HKE9
1905



DR. T. R. CROSWELL.



MISS ISABELLE FRENCH.

"Our Class Teachers."



HENRIETTA HOUGH, Alma Mater.
MAUD PARK, Literary Editor.

KATHERINE LANDT, Ass't Editor.
JENNIE TROXEL, Editor-in-Chief.

RAY HANNA, Bus. Mgr.
HARRIET M. LEWIS, Ass't Editor.



JESSIE DOLLARD, Chief Personal Editor.
FLORENCE JAMES, Sr. A.

ANNA STERRITT, Personal.
MARY MCGAUGH, Personal.

GERTRUDE BURKHALTER, Personal.
ISABEL COLLINS, Society Editor.



MRS. ELLA P. SEWARD, Artist.
VILLA AUGUR, Artist.

BONNIE CLAY, Organization.
GRACE STRONG, Exchange Editor.

MARGARET MONSON, Chief Artist.
ETHEL McDERMOTT, Athletics.



OUR FACULTY

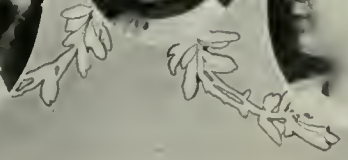
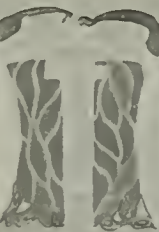


ZAIDA KANE, Sec'y.

JESSIE STANDEFER, Vice-Pres.

ARTYE STOSE, Pres.

B. MIRIAM PHILIPPS, Treas.



EMMA BERRY,
LOUISE WILSON.

MAUD SHULTZ,
LUCY HAWES.

ZORAYDA TIMMONS,
VERA RAPPY.

LEO CLARKE,
EDNA BALLANTYNE,
EDITH McMILLAN.

EMMA GRUBB,
EMMA VALLA.

ORRIE GRACE,
REA PARKS.



CLARA HATFIELD.
 RUBY WHITE.
 LESSE WHELLER.

DELEADA LOYD.
 CHARLEY CUNNINGHAM.
 HAZEL BEMUS.

JENNIE AYRES.
 WM. ROOT.

ELLA BAXTER.
 HATTIE RICHARDS.
 MYRTLE WILSON.

EDGAR DUKE.
 DORA SHULTS.
 MARY RYKER.



FLORENCE DULL.

MINNIE TOWNSEND.

ROSE KELLENBERGER.

PHOEBE EATON.

CORA DODSON.

MARGARET MAXWELL.

MOLLIE DAVIS.

MARY OTT.

PEARL BOYER.

LOTTIE McCORMICK.

MAUD CRAMER.

IBELLA MATLOCK.

MRS. CURTIS.



At last has come the time for us, the Summer class of "Naughty Five," to say "Goodbye" to our Alma Mater, and we leave as a farewell offering in accordance with an established custom, the Normal Exponent. Our Exponent differs somewhat from its predecessors in that we have attempted to make it of interest to the whole school. It is our belief that a school annual, to be the most successful, should contain articles of interest to the school in general and to the Senior A class in particular. Consequently we have given one page of the Exponent to each class and have striven to show forth every phase of our school life, thereby making it a truly representative paper. If we have especially emphasized the Senior A life and have too promi-

nently (in your estimation) set forth the merits of being Seniors (such Seniors as we are!) we trust you will pardon us, as it is our last chance to bring ourselves and our acts before you as a class. When you publish your Exponent, you will understand and sympathize with us.

In making a success of this paper as a representative paper, we feel that we owe much to the various classes and organizations who have so heartily co-operated with us and we desire to thank them for their interest. In times past it has been noted that among the under classes very little interest has been taken in the publication of the Exponent. We point to the interest shown by the students this year as a very hopeful sign, as something to be sought for, that ought to be shown in the publication of every Exponent and we urge our successors to strive to increase that spirit of interest and co-operation among the students.

Many of us upon returning to school last fall experienced a feeling of strangeness when we saw so many new faces among our Faculty. But as we assumed our school duties and came in contact almost daily with these new members of our Fac-

ulty this feeling of strangeness wore off and we have come to know and admire them for their many worthy qualities. They have brought to us high ideals and standards, fresh and inspiring thoughts, and have sought in every way to further the interests of our school.

With the advent of new Faculty members several new features have been introduced into our school which we feel have been highly beneficial and which serve to rouse us from the steady routine of our daily work. Among these are the Friday afternoon recitals, under Miss Gill's management. We shall say nothing more concerning these here as they are commented on elsewhere in these columns. Another feature that is especially noteworthy is the series of Monday morning chapel talks by Dr. Millspaugh or other members of the Faculty, or occasionally a student, and we have frequently had the pleasure of hearing prominent people from outside. These talks have been not only of a professional nature, but of travels and experiences outside of our strictly Normal life; and they have been both inspiring and broadening.

Another commendable feature that we cannot al-

low to escape our attention is the re-arrangement of the course of study. This change was made not with the view of lightening our work that we might have less work to do, but that we might do better work, that we might have time to do earnest, independent thinking, that our efforts might be more concentrated. To attain such a result is worth striving for and this action is a great step taken in the right direction.

We are more than grateful to all those who have encouraged us by their interest and co-operation in the publication of our Exponent and we especially appreciate Miss Wood's assistance. The whole staff joins in thanking her for her help and valuable suggestions.

JENNIE TROXEL.





CLASS HISTORY

Just four short years ago, on a bright day in September, nineteen hundred one, seventy-eight strong, we entered the Los Angeles State Normal School. And did anyone ever see such a class of Juniors.

We were all ushered into room B, the door was opened into Dr. Pierce's private office, and we poor, timid little Juniors were requested one by one to

file into that office. How we trembled and many of us blushed as we went forth to present our certificates and other necessary papers! Then we went into the main office to Mr. Dozier, the vice-president, who registered us as members of the Los Angeles State Normal School. Oh, how our hearts swelled with pride as he wrote our names!

Our next task was to find our way about in that great building. On our programs were rooms "I" and "C" and "R," and what wasn't there! And we were due there for recitations and were expected to find them. We had heard of never being asked to do impossibilities, but there seemed to be exceptions. After we had wasted much time and had been laughed at by those who knew the ins and outs of the building, we finally found them one at a time. The next great trouble was to find them again. But we soon learned, as all wise people do.

Once we were installed in our new home, all went smoothly and everyone was very kind to us.

As the first term drew near its close, it began to be whispered about what an unusual class we Juniors were, and, when the marks went in, it could not be denied.

With the new term came the transference of Physical Training from the tennis court to the new gymnasium and dances therein the last Friday of each month in which we always participated.

The same term we made our debut into Normal

School society. What an event it was! We felt the importance and honor attached to such an occasion and did our best to act accordingly. We decided it should be a dancing party and be held in that new gymnasium. Well, it was a grand success. Why, the boys voted it one of the best Junior parties ever given at the Normal School.

After the summer vacation our first great sorrow came when the Faculty decided still to consider some from among our number as Junior A's. Time passed quickly now and nothing of unusual interest took place except the addition of "a boy" to our number when we were Middle C's.

Another summer vacation passed and we were Middle B's. By this time our number had greatly decreased. Some had left us to seek fortune along other lines. Cupid had captured his number, and, alas! the various studies had taken others. But there were still twenty-seven of us and we worked hard to keep together. All along our course new students had joined us but at this time we were reinforced by seventy-four graduates from the various high school. What a large class we were now! Why, it took almost six weeks to get our programs settled. It was one of the largest classes of high school graduates that ever entered the Los Angeles State Normal School. We organized as one class and immediately set to work to uphold the name which we had made.

The days slipped into weeks, the weeks into months and we were Senior B's, a class of seventy six. Fifteen new members, known as the "one year girls," were added to our number. It was at this time that we descended into those long-feared lower regions where the rising generation holds forth in abundance. How we did work! And the result? Why, we did such unusually strong teaching that the old mark "C" could not express it, so a new one, "C+," was invented especially for the Senior B's.

The Faculty, not wishing to appear partial, now use it occasionally in other classes. When our marks went in, they proved that we had made a star record. The Faculty were amazed at all the "C+'s" that we Senior B's had received, and we were justly proud of them.

It was during this term, too, that we learned to cook, lest we might need to know how some day, you know. What good times we did have and what proficient cooks we became! And why did we enjoy it so much, you may ask. Because Mrs. Hazard was there. No one ever took more interest in us or helped us more in our social undertakings than this most gracious lady who has endeared herself to the Senior A's.

And, then, there were the Nature Study excursions to the Arroyo Seco at Garvanza. How we did enjoy watching the little birds and how quiet (?) we did keep! Why, Mr. Miller instilled into

our minds such a love for the things of nature that three of our number, when Senior A's, actually went on a tramp for wild flowers among the hills while the rain fell thick and fast.

And now we are Senior A's, with but fifteen of our old comrades and fifty-three other worthy students. I have stated that we were an unusual class. We modestly confess that we not only were, but are, a most extraordinary class in every respect. When our Senior A term opened, we were informed by each teacher in succession that we were unusually bright and that they had great hopes for our future. Miss Seaman told us what a valuable expression "fine and dandy" is and what class is more proficient in its use than we? Doesn't Dr. Crosswell say at every seminar meeting that we are the brightest set of teachers he has ever seen and that the work done in the Training School by the present Senior A's surpasses anything heretofore? Why, one of our number actually got her A-6 children so interested in music that even the boys sang and complained that they never did have long enough to sing. Another one, from the rostrum on Friday afternoon, declared that she "heard the light and saw the sound." No one but a Senior A could do such a remarkable thing. When we presented "Comus" for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A., didn't the "Times" state that one of our actors had

"something of the professional" in his presentation of the character of Comus?

As class teacher we Senior A's have one of the kindest and most considerate of teachers, Dr. Crosswell, who has done so much to lighten our burdens and make our work more interesting and pleasant.

It is with pride that we look back over our past four years, for, although we have not always made the most of our opportunities, nevertheless we feel that we have accomplished a great deal and have more to be proud of than we have to be ashamed of.

This closes the history of our class. In saying farewell to our teachers, who have shown us such kindness and have borne so patiently with our shortcomings, we can only offer our most sincere thanks. To these and to our schoolmates we say, "Farewell."

Now that our school days are finished and we are about to go forth from the protecting care of our Alma Mater to assume the duties and responsibilities that come in our path, there will be one bright page in our Book of Life that we can look back to with joy and pleasure and one bright picture that will hang on memory's wall—these will be the happy days we spent together at the Normal School as the summer class of '05.

F. JAMES, S. '05.

Dr. Croswell—You have been with us but one year, yet in this short time you have endeared yourself to the heart of every Senior. You have been our faithful friend through all this time, but especially have we felt your friendliness during the last term. We have felt that you were always ready to share our joys and sorrows alike, and to help

us in any way you could. We thank you sincerely for this, and as we leave our school home we hope you will remember us as kindly as we shall always remember you.

Gratefully your friend,

EVERY SENIOR A.

OUR SENIOR A's

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Chief Attraction.</i>	<i>Failing.</i>	<i>Hobby.</i>	<i>Favorite Expressions.</i>
Villa Augur	Roses in her hair	Always on the last car	Basket ball	"O, pshaw!"
Jennie Ayres	Red cap	Being funny	Nature study in the 5th grade	"Oh, shoot!"
Edna Ballantyne.....	Impressive speech	Looking wise	Self-activity	"Where's Ray?"
Ella Baxter.....	Gentle footsteps	Too tall to be a "lady"	History	"Oh, bliss! Oh, joy!"
Beatrice Beckett.....	Former experiences	Getting out of every-thing	Photography	—Too bad to mention
Hazel Bemis.....	Animation	Small (?) boys	Music	"Isn't that sacrilegious?"
Emma Berney.....	Dreamy look	Telling her experiences	James (B1)	"In the county where I taught."
Pearl Boyer.....	Love of fun	The Minister	Lavendar dresses	"For goodness sake!"
Gertrude Burkhalter....	Primness	Assumed dignity	Needles, Ariz.	"You bet."
Laura Chase.....	Diminutive size	Apologies	Helping others	"Gms and fish hooks."
Leo Clarke.....	Binorie, O Binorie	Cornering people	Drawing under Miss Laughlin	"You know our store,"—
Bonnie Clay	Cheerful disposition	Talking backwards	Sammy (A1)?	"Well, sir, don't you know"—
Isabel Collins.....	Determination	Teaching drawing	Biology	"Isn't that funny?"
Maud Cramer	Quietness	Leaving lunch on car	Taking notes	"What will become of me?"

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Chief Attraction.</i>	<i>Failing.</i>	<i>Hobby.</i>	<i>Favorite Expressions.</i>
Charley Cunningham....	Short kinky hair	Studying (?)	Nature study and physics	"O, my!"
Mrs. Curtis.....	Side glances	Patent breakfast foods	Chaperoning	"The class I need to teach"—
Mollie Davis.....	Troubles	Making breaks	Teaching	"O, dear!"
Cora Dodson.....	Seriousness	Keeping appointments with Miss Gill	Swell clothes	"Oh, it's swell, girls."
Jessie Dolland.....	Wit	Writing poetry to Mr. Root	Gymnasium	"She's got a mad on at me."
Edgar Duke.....	Long curls	"Reprehensibility" of girls	Orations on Generalization vs. Specialization	"When the class gets still,"—
Florence Dull.....	Musical ability	Kissing the chalk before she writes	The multiplication of a fraction by an integer	"I'm used to Dull things."
Phoebe Eaton.....	Blushes	Making maps for history	Special lessons in Kemp	"I just know I'm going to fail."
Mabel Genn.....	Independence	Hasn't any	A Hunter	"Now, <i>what</i> do you think of that?"
Orrie Groce.....	Experiences	Thinking hard	Roberts' Rules of Order	"Madam President, there's a motion before the house."
Emma Grubb.....	Sweet childlike smile	Boys	Having children sit with folded hands	"Awfully sweet and dear and kind."
Ray Hanna.....	Business-like ways	Frequent calls from the M. D. because of heart failure	Giving rote songs	"Her skirt says."
Clara Hatfield.....	Earnestness	Erasing the boards daily	Carrying books	"Well, now, I think"—
Lucy Hawes.....	Sedateness	Keeping sober	Above such things	"It was just terrible."
Henrietta Hough.....	Pretty hair	Writing notes to Mr. Root	Music	"Well, it seems to me"—
Zaida Kane.....	Pranks	Boys, both great and small	Red pillows	"You just wait, Edgar."
Rose Kellenberger.....	Brown hat with a white feather	Conversational ability	Trip to Oregon	"Why,"—

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Chief Attraction.</i>	<i>Failing.</i>	<i>Hobby.</i>	<i>Favorite Expressions.</i>
Katherine Landt.....	Leadership	Fondness for society	Orderliness	"Now, wouldn't that jar you?"
Harriet M. Lewis.....	Pompadour	Bostonian flavor of her language	Work	"Say, Dora"—
Delleada Loyd.....	Red note book	Her opinions	Mary (B2)	"Well, she's just the cutest child."
Lottie McCormick.....	Smiling face	The 4th grade clams and oysters	The Minister	"You young goose."
Ethel McDermott.....	That worried look	Middle A girls	Athletics	"Well, I don't care."
Mary McGaugh.....	Mischievousness	Giggling	Lela	"I hate to, like pizen."
Estella McMillan.....	Curly hair	Perfection	Advanced psychology	"O, dear me!"
Margaret Manson.....	Artistic talent	7th grade boys	My B7 boys	"Those B7 boys of mine"
Idella Matlock.....	Black hair	Lack of confidence	Mathematics	"It makes me tired."
Margaret Maxwell.....	Beaded purse	Can't be a "Lady"	First Methodist Church	"O, don't give me Nature Study."
Emma Morris.....	Short rote songs	Hates to work	Curtet's	"Well, <i>shoot!</i> "
John Nevius.....	Blushing countenance	Baton work	Playing tennis	"Hello!"
Mary Ott.....	Little gray cap	Pins and piety	Grammar	"Sh! sh! sh!"
Maud Park.....	Literary talent	Search for an excuse	Research work	"Say, girls, don't you think"—
Rea Parks.....	Red bows	Writing plans during literature recitation.	Physics	"Don't you know?"
Marian Phillips.....	Morals	Morals	Teaching morals	"O, jinks!"
Vera Reppy.....	Twinkle in her eye	Giggling in music	Taking off the Faculty	"I don't think that's very nice."
Hattie Richards.....	Facial gymnastics	"Bluffing," so Miss A. says	History of Education	"O, that's too bad."
William Root.....	Expressive gestures	Writing sentimental poetry to "Laughing Water"	Windlebandt	"Well, goodness me."
Mary Ryker.....	Winning ways	Children's stories	Indianapolis	"That little boy I read my stories to"—
Helen Safford.....	Pretty clothes	Loves (?) to work	Emma	"O, I don't care."
William Schwindt.....	Pointed questions	Keeping pupils after school	Teaching morals in the grades	"Now, everybody get in to order."

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Chief Attraction.</i>	<i>Failing.</i>	<i>Hobby.</i>	<i>Favorite Expressions.</i>
Ella Seward.....	Congeniality	Being married	Sloyd	"That's all right, honey."
Dora Shultz	Pretty collar tops	Lack of worry	Gathering wild flowers in the rain	"Oh!"
Maud Shultz.....	Diminutive Stature	Carrying a hay valise to school daily	Illustrative drawings in the 1st grade	"O, dear!"
Jessie Standefer.....	Great (?) height	Mispronouncing words	Saving things to eat af- ter school	"Goodness grasheous!"
Evelyn Stearns.....	Beads	Carrying other people's burdens	Note taking	"Girlie, wouldn't you like"—
Anna Sterritt.....	Inability to stick to a negative answer	Exceedingly scrupulous	Hasn't any; gave it away years ago	"Oh, scissors!"
Grace Strang.....	High-pitched voice	Talking too fast	Making points in peda- gogy	"Oh, we wouldn't dare."
Artye Stose.....	Expensive plan books	Worry	Flowers	"Class meeting today, girls."
Zorayda Timmons	Conscientiousness	Spontaneous activity in English	Rainy day excursions	"O, goodness!"
Minnie Townsend.....	Her appealing hand	Asking questions	Morals	"Well, please, don't you think"—
Jennie Troxel.....	Her name, "Miss Soc- rates."	Talking	Telling funny stories	"O, joy!"
Emma Valla.....	"Sassiness"	Lending her red jacket	Primary work	"O, I don't know."
Lesse Wheeler.....	Demure appearance	Glaring at her pupils	Red ribbons	"Oh! you're not so smart as you think you are."
Ruby White.....	Amiability	Drawing well	Study according to schedule	"Well, now, the one year girls—"
Louise Wilson.....	White shirt waists	Keeping (?) her temper	Same as Mr Nevius'	"Is there any soot on my face?"
Myrtle Wilson.....	Red hat	Preferring to be a savage	What we live for	"Not knowing, I cannot say."
Kindergartners	Hilarity	To hear the bells for the 4th period	Mother Play	"O, lovely."
Senior A's.....	Unusual ability	Getting excited in class meetings	Having "larks"	"The Faculty have charge of that."

THE "TIME" FAMINE

O, the long and dreary school hours!
O, the everlasting school hours!
Ever longer, longer, longer
Grew the hours on every program,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Piled the work upon the Senior
Piled the work and well-nigh swamped him
Under burdens much too heavy,
Hardly from his pressing duties
Could the student find relief,
Vainly wailed he of his sorrows,
Sought for rest or help and found none,
Saw no time for any "class-meets"—
Saw no time for his rehearsals,
Saw from tests no hope of rescue,
Saw for tests no time to study,
In the unavoidable "exam"
Failed, and could not bring his work up,
Failed, his soul in gloom and sorrow,
Failed, and so passed from among us.

O, the anguish of the Seniors!
All Room Y was filled with groaning
With their bitter lamentations!
Burning were their words of protest,
Sorrowful their words of distress,
Forth then to the Mighty Faculty
Sent the Seniors a petition.

(In their hearts a deadly sorrow,
In their faces firmest resolve),
Framed in words of burning eloquence,
Written on the finest parchment,
"O, our Faculty, the Mighty,"
Said they in their great petition,
"Give us time to have class meetings,
Give us time to write our notes up,
Give us time for our rehearsals,
Give us conferences no longer,
Give us time or we shall all fail—
We shall fail and recover never."
Through the far-extending hallways,
Through the hallways long and devious
Went the petition with its protest,
Till it reached the Mighty Teachers,
And was read by these, so mighty,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of their crying,
Than the echo of the hallways,
"Never! ever! ever! never!"

All week long the Seniors labored
Over notes and plans and lessons,
With no hope of help before them,
With no hope of rescue near them,
Seven long days and nights they labored,
Hopeless, helpless, full of sorrow,
But upon a sunny morning

Lo! they found their troubles vanished,
 Their request had not been unheard
 But the Faculty, the Mighty,
 Looked upon their woes with sorrow,
 Told them of the whys and wherefores
 That their trials had been so heavy,
 Told them how they longed to help them,
 How they had already helped them,
 Re-adjusting all their conferences;
 Told them of their predecessors,
 And their hard and stony pathway;
 Spoke to them sweet words of comfort,
 Made the pathway seem more cheerful—
 And the future look more hopeful.

J. TROXEL, S. '05.



It has been said that a mother loves her most wayward child best because he has greatest need of her love. If this is true, and if an increase in love is proportional to the increase in waywardness, your devotion for your child of 1905 must almost amount to worship.

This youngest child of yours has had ideas of her own on several subjects, and some of her ideas did

not accord with your ideas as to what was "for her own good," and what "she would thank you for when she reached years of discretion." She liked to dance; she liked to laugh and be gay; she liked to skip through the halls; she even liked to whistle. But you, knowing how detrimental such frivolity is to character building, put it down with kind, firm disapproval (especially firm). Occasionally she could not see all the privileges showered upon her, in the light you saw them. Naturally, at such times she chaffed and longed to be free from your beneficent guidance. Sometimes she raised her voice in open protest or petition. Then she would wait anxiously for your decree. Her hopes would fall; her hopes would rise; then would come indifference. Meanwhile you made up your mind. If you relaxed enough to compromise joy ran riot, and all her former love for you came rushing back. These are the kinds of experiences this 1905 child had while with you.

Now that it is almost time for her to go the way of your other children, the remembrance of your severity is being lost. When she thinks of the friends she has made while with you, and how you really have made her strong to stand alone, it seems to her that these will be the memories to last. She can honestly say that now she has just as much respect and love for you, as she could have had if rebellion had never held sway in her heart.



Literary

“MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING”

Irene Dorfmeier.

One April morning, as the Faculty were leaving the chapel, Miss Park, an editing Senior of the

“Exponent,” said to the Junior sitting in front of her, “May I speak to you after chorus for a few minutes?” Whereupon this said Junior shivered and shook, wondering what a Senior would wish to speak to her for. Perhaps to tell her that if she could not sing alto all of the time she had better get out of the alto section. All through song practice she conscientiously strove to hit only alto notes and kept her eyes fairly glued on Miss Hagan’s baton.

At last chorus was over, and Miss Park was saying, “Now we want this year’s ‘Exponent’ to be the best that was ever published. And among other things, we hope to have some short stories. Now I want you to write a story. Will you?”

“Why, I can’t write! But I will tell the girls of my class, and perhaps they will send in something.”

“Very well—tell the girls, if you wish; but I want you to write something, for I was told that you can write.”

“Who told you that?”

“Oh, never mind who told me. You just get your story in as soon as possible.”

The bells were ringing, so the puzzled Junior dashed down the hall toward the recitation room. But instead of listening to Miss Dunn’s explanation of the peculiar distinction between “rebellion” and “revolution,” she was thinking: “Miss Park talks as if I am able to, and surely will send in a

winner. And I am the poorest one in our composition class. What a predicament! I'd just like to find out who told Miss Park that fairy tale."

But the ridiculous side of the situation was evident even to this Junior. So at noon she hurried out to the lawn with her lunch, and, with sighs and much laughter, poured out her troubles. Her friends thoroughly appreciated the joke, for they had had the pleasure (?) of hearing several of her masterpieces read to illustrate differences in opinion concerning grammar and spelling.

"Girls, you would not laugh so much if you were me—I mean I. I wish I could write something. I hate to disappoint people, especially if they have such a good report of me as that Senior girl has."

With more merriment, the girls dismissed the matter, but not so our Junior. She, at least took the situation seriously enough. Half hours at a time she would gaze vacantly into space. Her sleep grew restless. She kept out of the halls; chose the darkest corner of the library in which to study, that she might not meet Miss Park. But despite all caution, she did meet her, and was compelled to answer the dreaded question: "How are you getting along with your story?" The thunderbolt had fallen. How was she to answer? Should she again declare her inability, and disappoint a Senior who smiled so reassuringly? "No, I will

write something," she silently determined, and said aloud, "It is coming on quite well, thank you."

Coming on quite well? Nothing ever came on worse—or rather so completely refused to come on at all. But she had burned her bridges behind her, and had no choice but to go on and produce something—anything. If before her nights were restless, now they became tortuous with hideous dreams of being drowned in an ink bottle, or stabbed to death with a pen. She became quite desperate. In fact, she had decided to ask the minister's advice, when—an inspiration came! One Saturday morning she wrote and wrote—nobody knew what; and put the result in the joke box—nobody knew when.

She ceased to dodge Miss Park, but had a new trouble. Being very fond of sweets, our authoress dared not go down town, lest she be tempted to buy chocolates with the only thirty-five cents that was available to purchase a copy of the "Exponent." But the desire to own a printed copy of her story triumphed and kept the thirty-five cents intact.

For this Junior did trust
A story so excellent
Into the "Exponent"
Go it must.

The "Exponent" was out at last! Our friend was among the first purchasers. She hastily looked through the table of contents. It was not there.

But perhaps the stories were not mentioned in the contents. She turned over the pages—at first with feverish haste; then more slowly, one by one. Could it be possible that they did not need it? She was still looking, when a group of her friends came up to share—the “Exponent” jokes.



CACTUS GARDEN AT RIVERSIDE. ON THE LINE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

TOMMY

(Prize Story)



Granny was gone! What did it mean? What would happen now? How could he eat—where could he sleep—who would care for him? Granny gone! He had seen them take her away—the men who came in black clothes—with a great box. They had scared him, so he covered in the darkest corner. He tried to cry out when

they took Granny from the old ragged mattress, but his lips made no sound. O! why didn't Granny wake up, surely she wouldn't go away and leave him. But she had gone, he had caught a glimpse of the poor tired white face. "O, Granny," he had sobbed, "wake up and I won't let you work so hard, my lek will get better some day and then"—but Granny was gone, and the men had not even heard the sob from the dark corner.

It was growing dark and cold, too. Tommy drew the few rags closer about himself. It couldn't be true, what the lady told him. Where was this

place she called heaven, that was so beautiful with its golden gate and golden houses and the good God. Why hadn't they gone there long ago, instead of Granny working so hard and his foot always hurting him so? Why, O, why did Granny finally go alone and leave him?

Perhaps God thought he hadn't worked enough; perhaps God thought he ought to walk there instead of being carried as Granny was. Anyway, Granny would be happy; she would see beautiful angels in white with golden hair, who would play beautiful music on golden harps. She would never have to work again, she would always be warm and never, never hungry. Something ached in Tommy's throat, his eyes were burning.

Then the people came in; Tommy knew they meant to be kind, but he wished they would go. He ate the bread they brought him ravenously.

"I'm sure I'd be glad enough to take him, if he could help around some—do chores. But with my man sick, it's one burden alone I'm able to care for," Mrs. Ryan was saying. "What with my eight children, and him out of a job, it's not me that can take him, and him being lame. It'll have to be the poor house. They'll take him tomorrow."

The rest was but a hum in Tommy's ears. Poor-house! No—never! So far away from God's house! O! he could never walk to God's house from there.

No; he wanted no more bread. He was tired. His face was turned toward the wall. Well, let him sleep, tomorrow they would take him and so they left him.

But he wasn't tired; his eyes were opened wide, and burning more brightly than ever. Of course Granny didn't want him to go to the poor-house. She was in God's golden heaven; she would want him there, too. She would have taken him with her if she hadn't been so tired and white. When she woke up and found he was not there, she would feel so badly. Poor Granny! He would have to go there himself. Yes; he would, early, before they came for him, he would go. His crutch would help him and Granny would be so glad.

The sun shining in thro' the broken window woke him. He shivered and wished it were a warmer sun. Was Granny awake? He looked to see, then he remembered. Yes, he must hurry. He must start now, before the people came for him. With Granny waiting for him in heaven he would surely get there some day.

He ate what was left of the bread, then closed the door after him softly. It was hard getting down stairs. It hurt his back. No matter how careful, his crutch would make a noise. And O! if they should hear him and carry him back. He held his breath.

Finally he was out in the alley. He drew a long

breath. Which way should he go? The lady who told him about heaven always came from that way. She knew so much about it, perhaps she had been there. Yes! he would go that way.

After he got away from the alley it would be easier to find the road. Why, then he could ask someone. In the alley no one would know. His leg hurt and his back ached, but then when he got to Granny he would forget this. It was easier walking in the wide streets, but it was hard to ask, because nobody noticed him and everyone was in such a hurry. It was later now, the sun was stronger. It felt good, only the streets were so dusty and his feet hurt so. Those boys on the corner could perhaps tell him a shorter way to heaven. He would ask.

But they were cruel. Tommy hobbled away quickly from their jeers. The taunts hurt worse than the piece of mud one had thrown.

Never mind, he would find the road himself and not ask again. He took the apple gratefully from the kind woman at the corner. He rested a moment while he ate it. How tired he was. His back—O, how it ached! But he must hurry. It was afternoon now and still he walked. How glad and how surprised Granny would be—he almost smiled. And perhaps God would cure his lame foot. He hobbled a little faster; he was surely getting nearer heaven. The houses were getting larger; there

were flowers and beautiful trees in every yard. And still he walked. The sun was going down—it grew darker—there were lights in the windows. The high gates before the houses were all closed. O! but Granny would tell God to leave the gate of Heaven open so Tommy could come in.

He gasped. This beautiful house, with its golden gate, was open. O, surely—. He went in, his heart was beating hard; it almost hurt. The trees, and he could smell a hundred different flowers. The grass felt good to his feet; it was like velvet. O! in heaven everything is beautiful. And there was music, too. He heard it somewhere in this beautiful house. He reached the low window—it was open. Tommy's heart stood still. Truly this was heaven. The ceilings and walls were gold; the chairs and tables were gold; on the center-table was a tall candelabra with lighted candles. It, too, was gold.

Tommy was motionless. Who was this coming into the room? A tiny child dressed in white with golden curls. "An angel," he whispered. The angel was leaning against the center-table, pulling at the cover. How it was Tommy never knew, but in a flash the candles had fallen and the flimsy white of the child was aflame. "God's angel—to burn!" With a cry Tommy rushed toward the flame, tore the burning stuff from the child. "God, don't let the angel burn," was in his heart.

He heard voices—saw the angel caught up by someone and murmured, "God won't let his angel burn."

When he awoke the sun was shining into his room. Everything was white and the bed was so soft, it was surely heaven now. He opened his eyes; a kind man bent over him. "God," he whispered. A sweet-faced lady came to him. "God's wife." His face was rapt. "And the angel," he whispered eagerly, "you wouldn't let your angel burn."

God's wife kissed him. He lay back happily; heaven was good. "Tell Granny I came to her," he murmured—"came to heaven to be with Granny." His face was happy as he slept.

BIRDIE MIRIAM PHILLIPS.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE

By Melville Dozier.

How often do we hear the expression "Is life worth the living?" An utterance which indicates that the speaker is, for the time being, at least, immersed in some overwhelming sorrow or writhing under some bitter disappointment. The question is not always asked as a meaningless form of words, to denote one's fleeting disappointment over the miscarriage of a carefully laid plan or the blasting of a fondly cherished hope.

It sometimes becomes the persistent query of the soul, pressing for an answer and refusing to be quieted. But to whom is the question addressed? To the soul itself. And, in making answer, the soul seeks to find argument only within the region of its own consciousness and its own experience.

The recollections of the past, perchance, but recall a mournful succession of failures; the consciousness of the present recognizes only a dark cloud enveloping all that seems most dear; the contemplation of the future is full of doubt and uncertainty; and the poor soul, gnawing upon its own vitals, depressed by its own gloom, harassed by its own doubts and fears, sinks into hopeless despair; and, at one supreme moment of eternal determination, takes the frightful leap into eternity, the victim of its own resolution of despair.

To such a black doom have many of our fellow-men been driven in the past, and are being driven with increasing frequency during these days of bitter strife in business, of heartless rivalry in social life, and of a faithless attitude toward God and his revealed religion.

Then surely the secret of a happy life must be the opposite of what will produce these direful effects. From what source do these effects emanate? In a word, from selfishness. It is the self-centered life that recognizes in his fellow his opponent instead of his friend, his rival instead of his helper.

It is the self-centered life that prefers to utter criticism rather than commendation, that takes a grim pleasure in the misfortunes of others rather than a delight in their success. It is the self-centered life that is ever seeking to receive benefit at the expense of others rather than to confer benefit upon others.

Such a life is essentially narrow, and from necessity grows narrower. Feeding as it does upon things pertaining only to self, the springs of its activities become weakened by constant tension at the same points; the motives of its ambition become sordid; and, as the faculties of mind and body wane, the only basis of hope and inspiration crumbles into nothingness, and the life goes out in gloom.

What then is the secret of a happy life? Evidently altruism, in its highest and broadest sense. The happy life recognizes itself as a gift from God for Godlike purposes, as an embodiment of mind and matter created for noble ends, and destined to abide forever.

Such a conception of life will see in itself a wonderful instrument for the accomplishment of good. Feet to run on messages of mercy; hands to minister to the necessities of the needy; ears to listen patiently to the plaint of the distressed; eyes to beam approvingly upon the innocent and the joyous; and a tongue to speak words of sympathy and encouragement.

These are but the physical agencies through which the altruistic soul makes manifest its attitude towards its fellows, and in the exercise of these finds its chief delight.

Recognizing itself as a messenger of God for good to the creatures of God, it finds true happiness only in the performance of its sacred ministry. Its activity is its life, and its effectiveness grows with exercise. Such a life is essentially humble, for its interest in others crowds out any tendency to self-aggrandizement. It is contented, for it recognizes the guidance of a hand higher than itself. It is peaceful for it has the approval of a good conscience.

Such a life sees God's power and God's character stamped upon land and sea; upon the atmosphere and all the elements of nature; upon the laws of matter and the laws of mind; upon the mysteries of life and the aspirations of the soul.

Such a life is union with God, now and forever. Such a life is "worth the living!"





NATURE'S TOUCH.

"There is a flower which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty and by his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by the Swiss "Edelweiss," which signifies Noble Purity."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Away up on Ellis street in foggy, tumultuous, cosmopolitan San Francisco, there is a little book store whose windows display the latest fiction, trig and trim in bright, attractive dress, flippantly smiling back at venerable, but slighted, grandparents (long since laid on the shelves), who wait in tattered Quaker-like garb with a pathetic dignity all their own.

I think it was a tantalizing glimpse of these last that lured me into the little shop, and an unexpected air of quaintness inside that held me there. The walls were lined with a heterogeneous collection of second-hand books, ranging, in point of literary merit, from the works of Shakespeare and lesser poets to the ponderous platitudes of the staid old English novel, placed side by side in reckless

democracy with sensational penny-a-liners of ominous and gore—suggesting titles realistically done in vermilion and black. A rocking-chair in which knitting-needles were gleaming from a roll of bright-colored worsteds waited, empty but expectant, behind the counter. Here and there on the walls knitted oblongs of worsted tipped with bright tassels had been hung over scars in the ugly dark paper; but overhead, long strips of the damp paper drooped disconsolately from perspiring rafters. And over and pervading all was the dank, musty smell of old leather and bad drainage, which experience had taught me invariably to associate with old book stores, and had thriftily combined into one sensation.

While I was taking this comprehensive inventory a young woman responded to the summons mysteriously given by an unseen bell, and in monotonous, even tones enquired my pleasure. Her thick flaxen hair was braided closely and wound round and round her head. A pair of limpid blue eyes, like a tired child's, looked out of a sweet face on which there had settled an expression of placid sadness. There was something so quaint and Old Worldly about her, something, withal, so remote and Alpine, that at the first sound of her foreign accent, my ever-facile fancy hastened to array her in the white guimpe, straight, full skirt, and picturesque bodice of the Swiss village girl. But, alas

for my romantic expectations, she wore the essentially prosaic and ever-obtrusive shirtwaist, with the "dip effect" reversed after the manner of the uninitiated!

It was all so incongruous! The little dark, close room with its shelves upon shelves of musty books; the sharp rattle and muffled roar of near and distant traffic; the newsboy's shrill, persisting cry—and the offending shirtwaist—all these conspired to upset all my preconceived notions of the eternal fitness of things. A little village at the foot of one of the snow-covered Alps—way up in the high, pure air; old women in fresh white caps knitting on the doorsteps; the tinkle of bells from the herds on the hillside; plenty of snow and flaxen braids, and—rosy cheeks, and—and—Swiss cheese! That was the appropriate setting for her type.

But here she was, amid all the sordidness that characterizes the unprosperous portions of a great city, standing with averted face and general attitude of hopeless apathy, repeating her question in thick, clumsy English! I was romantic and eighteen and I rebelled. I found myself vaguely wondering how she would look if she were to smile. There would be a dimple, I was sure. And if she were to laugh, how merrily the blue eyes would twinkle, and her whole compact little body vibrate with wholesome Teutonic mirth! It would do her good, I reflected. I would try.

As she was evidently accustomed to being treated as a mere machine—something that handed down books and changed money—I expected that she would be surprised at my addressing her in a friendly way. But I was not prepared for the meaningless, lack-lustre stare, so pathetic in its utter vacuity, that met my first attempt to draw her out. However, I rattled bravely on, determined to win a smile, or perish in the attempt. Would she make the selection for me? I really did not know what to choose.

Yes, I had read "Ramona." I wanted something different—very different. Yellow, flaming blossoms were beautiful, but at home I had known different flowers—cool, sweet ones that did not scorch the eyes. I was so tired of it—the blaze of the sun on burning fields. At home it was not so. There were always the dark, cool forests, and beyond them, mountains and snow. All summer there was the bright little spring—and then the beautiful blue lake in the valley!

I had struck the right chord. Gradually that inner light that had been obscured and well-nigh smothered began to glow and shine through her eyes. Wonder, then sympathy, and finally a piteous eager interest illumined the now mobile face of the listening girl. She leaned breathlessly forward, with hands childishly clasped, her cheeks glowing, the blue eyes, eloquent of the unutterable

heimorah of the Teuton, luminous and sparkling through unshed tears. She understood, she said. She had been like that—hungry for snow. And the flowers. Yes, yes, she knew! She could not remember the strange names on all the books, but there was one—just one little book whose name she never forgot. She had it in her room! She would get it for me!

She ran into the little back room, and reappeared immediately with a little age-yellowed paper book. Eagerly turning the pages, she told how she found it, and had kept it ever since. She knew those places—Appenzell, Knuslingen, the wooded Spauroute—she had been over them so often. She had one of those flowers (shyly). Anton had given it to her. Ah, yes! She understood!

Just then I saw the title. And then I understood, for it was "Edelweiss."

MAUD PARK, S. '05.

A PLEA FOR THE NATIVE PLANT

The too common tendency among Americans, a tendency which fortunately shows a measure of abatement, is shown in our turning to foreign countries for the best in the arts or in the crafts, for the fashion, for the novel, for the interesting. How often the small domestic-made article is stamped

in bold letters "Made in Germany" or with some other equally fictitious statement—fictitious yet valuable in that it catches the purchaser by working upon this same tendency to place at a premium the imported! True it may be and too often is that the younger industry of our country or the over haste of our impatient builders of industry have given good ground for this faith in the foreign product, yet let us not have our judgment blinded in other matters. We may have been too busy building a young nation to learn to make the best jack-knives—well and good, we have builded the nation—the jack-knives may come later.

We call our half of the globe the new world. That newness applies only to its political history. Geologically we are as venerable as time itself. Geographically we are as broad and as various as any of that world which calls us new. The great manufactories of Nature, the forges and the moulding pits wherein were cast and wrought the magnificent species of our fauna and flora are not sprung up in a night to hurry forth a cheap and sell-quick article with the magic words stamped across the box "Made in Germany." Why then underrate those things that are an heritage to us by Nature and look abroad for the trees we plant about our school-house, in our public park or in our own doorway to be our companions day after day?

He is rich who sees value in the things near

about him. You may buy a canary bird for so many cents. You take it home and feed it and it sings for you. Poor little thing! It doesn't know any better and it has nothing in its cramped existence to give its song character. You may teach it to whistle a tune and people say "How interesting!" Can you by paying any number of cents or dollars, compel a song sparrow to live in your aedg? Can anything less than your appreciative protection persuade him to? Is the joyousness of his song or the electric energy of his action possible to a caged bird? You teach the canary your song and people say "How interesting." What would they say if the song sparrow were to teach you his? The canary is a foreigner or an artificial species become cosmopolitan. The song sparrow is a bit of your own native surroundings to be won only with love and appreciation. Is the home product not as good as the foreign? Would the song sparrow be more distinguished as a songster if stamped with a foreign mark?

Fortunately some among us and still more fortunately, those in authority oftentimes have an appreciation of our native forms and as a result we have forest and game preserves. Yet these enlightened ones are all too few and we need much missionary work done in the great heathendom of unappreciation. Who are more fitted to do this work than the teachers going out as they do to handle human-

ity in that most receptive stage, the school period?

Do you question the need of such missionary effort? In the Arroyo Seco, just at our city limits is a superb grove of natural trees. The deep cañon is studded thick with live oak, sycamore, black alder, poplar and willow, throwing a cool dense shade beneath which a perennial spring is kept alive even through the long trying summer; yet these trees are being turned into fire wood. This is done, not that the land may be cleared for the growing of crops either, for down under those venerable old oaks, more than a century old, typical Californians, there are being planted eucalyptii—those rapid growing exotics so out of harmony with the surroundings, but such quick wood producers. Surely, as John Muir so aptly puts it, "The money changers are in the temple."

Our efforts in behalf of native plants may be directed along two different lines: (1) the preservation of existing individuals, and (2) the preservation of species by planting new individuals. Within our city limits and among larger land holders outside who are thoughtful we have many of the picturesque old oaks and sycamores preserved with some care. At the State University, every tree of the thousand or more natives on the grounds has been carefully examined to the smallest branch, all decayed places chiseled out clean, coated inside with tar, then plugged like an old tooth, with Portland

cement. The ravages of the decay organisms are thus stopped and the lives of the old trees undoubtedly prolonged. Many of our own trees need similar attention. I know a fine old sycamore growing in the yard of one of our Los Angeles homes where flowers are planted in a hollow of the trunk. The constant moisture and the searching roots of the smaller plant cannot but hasten the decay of this old tree.

Our smaller plants need attention, too. So many are suffering through the ephemeral desire of people who wish to transplant them to their home gardens but who lack the constancy of purpose or the patience to do more than pull up the main roots, carry them about in a lunch basket till, sadly withered, they are cast aside, or if thrust into the ground, neglected after the second watering. Had you thought that it could be wasteful to gather too many wild flowers at once? How often we see tired people coming in on the long line cars bearing great armfuls of flowers that look more tired than they! A lavish gift by Nature does not excuse a profligate waste. A cluster of half a dozen of our graceful and delicate shaded Mariposa lilies cannot be surpassed for delightful, appealing beauty. Each variously tinted blossom appeals to you and invites you to drink enjoyment from its modest cup. Yet too often we see this flower gathered into a great barbaric bouquet with the inner blossoms

crushed among the stems that have now lost their gracefulness in a mass effect of wirey stiffness. The coloring is too refined and delicate to mass into such an armful where it loses its charm completely. I cannot look upon such as other than sinful waste of next years store. The picker yields to the less refined instinct to gather "such a tremendous bunch of Mariposas." As a result our Mariposa lily is, each year, harder and harder to find. It is literally being driven from our vicinity, if not pursued to its death. We rejoice in the freedom of the bird or the butterfly and it is only the barbaric within us that prompts the boy to knock down the butterfly with his cap. Can we not teach him that the flower is most beautiful on its own stem or, if plucked at all, it should be taken reverently and cared for properly?

Perhaps the most effective work we teachers can do, however, is in the direction of planting new individuals.

The natural trees here in our southern country are more or less restricted to the water courses. The flowers are trampled out of our city yards and one must go far to find them in their natural environment. To have native species about us therefore, we must do more or less of the work of propagation. What end can our school garden serve more worthily than the rousing of a desire within the child to cultivate plants for himself at home?

What higher ambition in this home gardening than the desire to perpetuate our native species?

Within our city, striking in the abundance of its trees and shrubbery, we have little that is not artificially planted. How much of this plantation is of native forms? Everyone seems to have striven for some strange effect, something novel or striking till our gardens and parks are plant museums if not, in some cases, actual junk shops. Do our children see a native tree once a year except as they go on picnics? Many of the Normal students include in the category of native trees the pepper and the eucalyptus and do not even know the sycamore by sight. This is someone's fault. Can we in any measure correct it? In many communities where you go, the teacher will be looked to for advice in matters of public improvement, in the planting of street trees, the laying out of parks, the grounds of public buildings, court house, church or, at least, her own domain, the school house. Establish here the native species.

"What are its advantages," you will be asked. If the educative advantage be not enough, consider the perfect adaptation to climatic conditions, the fitness in producing natural effects, the great attraction it has for native birds. A bird will eat the bitterest wild cherry in preference to the most perfectly cultivated orchard variety. It has been his natural food for untold generations even before

man was. He builds his nest or seeks his insect prey in native tree by preference if it be afforded him.

But people object that native trees are of too slow growth or that there is nothing of particular interest in them. Ah, here again is met that too common tendency. We are interested in the unusual or the uncommon. We are in a hurry so that we build for today to the neglect of tomorrow.

An oak tree may not grow in today but tomorrow it is a sturdy, deep-rooted monument to our painstaking care, a monument as stable as granite instead of a temporary structure plastered to resemble stone and from which the rains wash away the outer sham before our old age can hide itself in the forgotten.

But are our natives slow growing? I venture these few observations at the risk of becoming tedious. I measured a few weeks ago a young California live oak that was sprouted just twenty years ago from its acorn. It is over fifty feet in height and is two feet in diameter at the base. The ten-inch stump of one of the same species cut down in the Arroyo Seco showed but twelve annual rings. Can we not wait so long for a tree? Plant then some rapid-growing species beside the slower ones and weed them out as they pass their prime, leaving the more permanent form still in its youthful vigor. I have been able to measure the

stumps of several specimens of the native black alder, a form which does well in cultivation. In more than one specimen the diameter of twenty inches was attained in ten years. If this be too slow for us I fear for our future usefulness.

Are these trees not interesting? 'Tis true the sycamore does not bear great masses of scarlet flowers but—are you sorry? Is there not beauty in its velvet young leaves so tender green above and warm brown below, in its glossy adult leaf, in its smooth cool-looking, white bark? This fine species responds readily to cultivation and goes more than half way to meet our desire for the rapid grower. Our native maple, the bay, elder, poplar and the superb conifers of our southern mountains are certainly worthy our interest.

Among the shrubs we have all shades of color and varieties of shape or branching that the landscape gardener may call for. We have the beautiful Manzanita, the glossy-leaved lemonade bush, the wild plum and the wild coffee—all beautiful foliage shrubs. The fruit of the last three is especially attractive to birds. The California holly, in cultivation, overloads itself with the brilliant Christmas berries—a worthy shrub for any garden. The ceanothus with its fragrant spikes of pale blue flowers well merits its name of wild lilac. The salt bushes and sages give us color contrasts

in foliage that make possible the most beautiful effects.

Among our flowers, the great Matilija poppy and the yellow tree poppy, were they but newly introduced from New Zealand, would be in demand for every garden. Our resplendent, golden-orange eschscholtzia is being cultivated quite extensively now in California, its native heath, yet it is quite as common and often more prized in the gardens of Europe. This form, though, is suffering at the hands of the florist gardener who has cultivated it and, by selective breeding, produced forms of the most arsenic yellow or faded white.

Our native blue and scarlet larkspurs, Columbines, golden rod, mimulus, Mariposas, shooting stars, agaves and cacti give a wealth of color and variety of form that leave little to be desired.

Have we then nothing worthy our attention in California? Have we not the useful and the beautiful? Have we not endless variety that will satisfy the need of him who will but seek? Do Americans, with all the length and breadth of so resourceful a country to draw from, need to go abroad for the tree or the shrub which is to be a part of the home as a door yard companion?

A state which has native within its borders and can claim the exclusive right to two such forms as the California poppy, the little annual flower coming and going with the sunshine that fills its

gilded cup and the great Sequoia gigantea, to whom civilization is young and in whose venerable life the decades are but pulse beats—such a state cannot but give girth to some other plants that are worthy our interest.

LOYE HOLMES MILLER.

THE SONG OF A SENIOR A's WOES

(With due apologies to Thomas Hood.)

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids ready to sink,

A Senior sat in unscholarly pose,

Writing with pencil and ink,

Scratch! scratch! scratch!

With brain that was far from repose,

In a voice full of pain and regret

She sang a song of her woes.

Notes! notes! notes!

From early morning till night!

And notes! notes! notes!

Until the hour of midnight,

And all to be a teacher

I toil thus early and late

That I may be a marvel

To the children of the state.

It's plans! plans! plans!

With purpose and method and scope;

And it's plans! plans! plans!

Till I see no ray of hope.

Scope and method and source,

Source and method and scope

Till I get so sunk in despair

I'd like a chance to clope.

Oh, youth or maiden, who thinks

Of entering our Normal school,

Listen that I may save you

From a fate so pitiless and cruel.

For it's write! write! write!—

Oh, listen to my wail—

And the result of all this work

Often, alas! is to fail.

There's plans for the training school

For critic teachers to see;

And all kinds of references

For the work we have in Room B.

Reading in Literature,
Notes to be taken as well;
Notes and reading for Seminar
Till I feel that I'm bound in a spell.

For History of Ed., special papers
Besides keeping up note-book work,
And lest your books be called for
That's a duty you dare not shirk.
There's illustrative work in drawing—
Animals and Mother Goose rhymes—
Light and shade at the black-board,
Oh, these are wearying times!

It's sing! sing! sing!
When you go to the music-room,
With frequent trials and failures
And lo—you have sealed your doom!
For never unless you can phrase well,
And accent your notes just so
And show originality in ear-tests
Can you hope to leave without woe!

Oh! for a brief respite
From all this worry and toil!

From study all through the day
And burning of midnight oil!
Oh! for some study-hours
That would give us time to think,
A respite however brief
When with cares we are ready to sink.

Oh! for a land far away
Where notes are never known,
Where plans are looked on with horror,
And tests to the four winds are blown;
Where every day is vacation
And "exams" are forever tabooed;
Where sight-reading never is heard of,
And to drawing you don't dare allude.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids ready to sink,
A senior sat in unscholarly pose
Vainly trying to think.
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
With brain that was far from repose,
In a voice full of pain and regret,
She sang this song of her woes.

J. TRONEL, S. '05.

A Word from Our President

The true teacher will seek to inspire his pupils with the love of study. As an instructor he has no more compelling duty and no greater privilege than to convey to his pupils, in whatever grade they may be, the secret of the art of study and developing in them enthusiastic love of knowledge. It needs constantly to be borne in mind, and we are constantly in danger of forgetting it, that from an educational point of view, the value of knowledge consists not solely, or, perhaps chiefly, in its possession, but also in the benefits arising through the process of acquisition. The mere passive reception of truth of any kind has little transforming power. It is only when the mind is conscious of putting forth effort, when it is actively overcoming resistance, when it is eager and aspiring that its acquisitions promote growth and develop power. The learning, as distinguished from the receiving, process, whether in child or youth, demands the expenditure of energy to overcome, to know, to test; it means that truth shall be the precious result of research and discovery, not the unearned and little prized award of indifference. Thus to promote the process of learning through study is one of the most important functions of the teacher.

But it is impossible that any teacher will ever succeed in this who has not himself learned what it means by his own experience. It is not what he says of the value of knowledge nor his preachments on the pleasures of study, but an experience of benefits in which he is able to make his pupils participate that will give to them zeal for study and the pursuit of truth. Only interest can awaken interest. There is no inspiration in a leadership that never had fervor and earnestness or that has grown cold and apathetic. The teacher who never adds to the stock of knowledge with which he started, who fixes the limits of his research by the range of the course of study which he teaches, who makes no investigation, obtains no larger view, gains no clearer insight is the teacher whose instruction is without inspiration and whose presence in the school-room brings stupefaction.

In a much larger degree than is often realized the true teacher is a leader. Not propulsion but attraction is the force which tells in the school-room. So far as study is concerned demonstration rather than statement is the efficient means of proving to pupils its value and of leading them to love it.

J. F. MILLSAUGH.



THE MIDDLE C CLASS

The Middle C class feel that a history of so complicated an organization would be all too technical for pleasant reading, therefore we submit to you the opinions of various of our teachers with whom we are best acquainted:

"Do I remember anything of the M. C.'s as babies in the Normal? Why of course! I am not apt to forget our last 'regular' class. The 'one and only,' you say? Yes, such a pronounced influence upon the school life, that's true. I well remember groans from quiet souls in the upper halls because

of the chattering of these same young people in season and out. But you could work; always ready for library study and fine, strong reports even as Junior B's. Take it all in all, yours is a pretty good class and we hope you will keep together and not drop by the wayside."

"The M. C. girls I know best, and so far, of course, as I am concerned they are the best; as for the boys, quality, not quantity."

"Polite, pleasant, patient, pushing, practical, prudent, painstaking, prepossessing and proficient."

"The Middle C class is an unusually happy compound this year. Among them we find excellent examples of personal grace and dignity; not a few of the leading spirits of the Y. W. C. A. (which ought to stand for all that is excellent and admirable), a strong tendency to innocent fun; and both a spirit and a capacity for genuine hard work. The only defect in the class is that they can boast of only two young men, but this is certainly not the fault of the girls."

We would not, however, take all this delightful praise to ourselves, but would ascribe the greater portion to those who have so ably directed us through two terms of school, to our class teachers, Prof. Melville Dozier and Prof. Charles Miller, and to those who were our advisers when we entered this institution, Miss Ella Wood and Miss Harriet Moore.

J. B.

A NORMAL SCHOOL GIRL'S OPINION OF SLANG

I heard a dandy lecture
The other Monday morn,
'Twas given by our President
On "Slang Words"—now don't scorn!

He stood up there before us
And said, "You know slang's wrong,
And 'I am for the public
For it has suffered long.'"

Said he: "It's up to you, girls,
To change things quite about.
The thing, my dear young ladies,
Is to cut those slang words out."

At once I made a brave resolve
To follow his advice,
But I am up against it
For it's hard to pay the price.

For I hear it in the school room,
In the home and on the street;
I make a move we put it down
And stamp it with both feet.

There are high school girls, I know, of course,
In whom I can excuse it,
But really now it knocked me cold
To hear Miss Allen use it.

She always seemed so stiff and stern
With lots of spunk to back it,
But since I've heard her all alone,
I've tumbled to her racket.

Then there is Mr. Frederick Beals
We study physics under;
He told me just the other day
That he'd been getting thunder.

But there is dear Miss Laughlin—
That woman is immense—
When you can catch her using slang
You're up against the fence.

Miss Seaman's good and proper,
Dr. Howe gets off the track;
Take Miss Wood as an example,
For she's a cracker-jack.

THE M. D. CLASS.

MIDDLE A

FABLE OF THE MID. A-I's

And it Came to Pass in Summer '02 that the silent Normal halls were Awakened by the Entrance of a Class eager to Add to their already Extensive Knowledge. So Marvelous did their Brilliancy prove that the Faculty gazed in Awe and greatly did they Respect.

Especially was the Heart of Miss Jacobs warmed when she Noted the Athletic Tendencies of the Students. Miss Elliott and Miss Dunn rejoiced exceedingly because their Historical Sense was at last Satisfied and Mr. Dozier was Dazzled by the Wonderful Geometric forms of their Heads.

Finally, after Three long Years of Faithfulness and Class spirit, verily did they become known as "The Coalescent Phenomena."

Moral—"Behold us as we behold ourselves."

CLASS HISTORY OF MID. A-II's and III's

Smartest class you ever see
Come up here one September day,
Some are surely here to stay
'Cause they've found they like it so,
They don't care if they never go,
While other folks was all mixed up
An' tryin' to find where they was at,
Dis class done organized.

'Lected their President an' all that,
Thought they'd study Parliementri law,
Found they knowed it without a flaw,
Seein' they'd allus knowed their "gram,"
Why they didn't never cram
Not for any old "exam."

Once they had a spread, you bet,
Finest stuff you ever et,
On the third floor all alone
When they was through there wasn't a bone,
In February they all got through
'Cept those who didn't want to;
They foun' they liked Normal so well,
They reckoned they'd stay another spell,
When at San Pedro they had such joy
Spechly those who seen the b(u)oy,
At the kindergarten party
They had such a jolly lark;
An' their welcome was so hearty
That they staid till nearly dark,
Next they went to that famous luncheon
Where they'd fun if not much munchin'
So you see that they've had fun
Since their Normal life begun;
An' when anythin' comes up that's new
They always know jest what to do,
They'll make history for you yet
'Ere they leave this school, you bet.

THE MIDDLE A-4's

At last the opportunity is ours! We have been given the chance to vindicate ourselves. To our great surprise and horror we heard sometime ago a rumor to the effect that we were the most conscientious class in the Normal. Now when a class is called conscientious you know it is synonymous with "dig," "poke," "slow." Therefore you can imagine our mortification at this statement and the pleasure which we now have in correcting this great error.

At the outset of our career the way seemed smooth enough, for behold the material was first placed under Dr. Howe's kind, fatherly guidance and then passed on into Mr. Miller's care and protection. It was the most remarkable aggregation that ever toiled, puffed, and panted up Normal Hill. First came trudging a Carpenter, a Barbour, a Chamberlain (high and mighty), a Curl—a great big curl, too, a raughy, frisky curl, always in the way—a Kaal, a visible call that needed not Miss Monk's microscope to be seen as well as heard, two Pearls, a Nourse, a wee bit of a young maid, and a happy little Todd. After these came many, many more queer outlandish creatures bearing names from old-fashioned Hanna, Hulda and Sue to the modern Edy-t-h-e.

But alas, behold how this brave beginning has come to naught! Snags, which this Carpenter

could not hammer down, nor the Barbour hack off, nor the Chamberlain subdue, nor the Kaal call off, nor the rest with all their smiles and wiles, bluff through, have thwarted the progress of this illustrious class. There was from the very start the music snag, and we are not able to see as yet any chance of either steering around it, or of paddling our canoe over it. It wasn't Miss Hagan who said we were conscientious. Then there was the elocution snag—if you could have seen us! O, well! those days are over, thank goodness, and in arithmetic we are endeavoring to raise our average to 15 7-20 per cent. It is now about 10 7-16 per cent. Mrs. English says, "Girls, read the question carefully and then answer it—"and this we are trying to do. But there is one snag which we have sunk to the bottom and water-logged—the gym. lecture snag. With great distinctness we are able to recall those weary midnight hours when we wrestled with the trapezium joints and ball and socket muscles. Now our arms ache from the burden of the reference books on the brain and spinal column. In history we are bright and shining lights. Ask Miss Elliott if we are not. No, on second thoughts we would rather you would not. Miss Elliott is too busy to answer foolish questions.

Socially we have been more successful. This is our forte, though no one seems to recognize it but

ourselves. However, we hope in time to be appreciated.

Therefore, thanking you for your patience in hearing us to the end, and trusting you will no longer believe us to be "digs," but merely honest, hard-working people like yourselves, endeavoring to make the most of the splendid opportunities offered us, we remain,

Fraternally yours,

CLASS OF M. A. IV.

Y. W. C. A.

In summing up the Young Women's Christian Association work for the year soon to close we thankfully use the appropriate words employed by Miss Lipe in the Exponent of '02, "There have been more willing and enthusiastic workers, more encouragements, and more successes than ever before."

As leaders in our three Bible Study classes we have been most fortunate in securing Mr. G. B. Studd, of this city; Mrs. Cravens, of Northfield Bible Institute, and Prof. Melville Dozier, of the Normal School. There has been an average attendance of twelve in each class. Besides our Bible Study classes we have had a Mission Study

class, led by Miss Nellie Clay, one of our own students.

Over thirty girls are members of the Young Women's Christian Association Choral Club, which is under the direction of Miss Hagan. Its officers are Miss Trenna Brown, president; Miss Helen Best, secretary and treasurer, and Miss Juanita Carrigan, librarian. The able president of the association during the first semester, Miss Maud Jones, was instrumental in securing the increase in membership.

In addition to this work there were many weeks of earnest prayerful effort to send delegates to the Capitola Conference. A creditable share of the fund was raised by consecrated offering to the cause, which is always the best way. By different ways known to Association Girls a nest egg was created. Several faithful alumnae responded with contributions.

To complete the fund there were two efforts put forth which together enlisted the largest portion of the school. Milton's "Masque of Comus" was rendered by members of the Senior A class and the Normal boys under the direction of Miss Gill. Besides the timely pecuniary results the school thus gained friends among the lovers of good literature in our city. The second was a Capitola Luncheon. Mrs. Hazard planned and supervised an affair of unusual order and good spirit. The Association ap-

preciates very much the untiring efforts of Miss Gill, Mr. Charles Miller, Mrs. Hazard and the students who assisted them.

Our faithful workers have not been without encouragements. The devotional meetings have been well attended. They have been enriched by several speakers, among whom were Miss Margaret Kyle, National student secretary; Miss Helen F. Barnes, national extension secretary; Miss Chappel, extension secretary of our city association; Miss Theresa Wilbur, state student secretary, and President J. F. Millspaugh, the influence of whose Christian character is strongly felt among our students.

There are among us four student volunteers. It is the purpose of these young women to become foreign missionaries, if God permit.

We have been further encouraged by the great interest shown by our Faculty in association work. This interest is manifested by our strong and helpful advisory committee. Such a committee is regularly found in connection with student associations and is especially needed by ours on account of the transiency of our student body.

Among our successes it may be well to mention the social events of the year, the arousing of school spirit and our delegates to Capitola.

To welcome the entering students in September a delightfully informal lawn social was given. Sev-

eral new members were secured by this means. Later a more formal reception was tendered the new faculty members and students in the Students' Hall. A jolly crowd spent Hallowe'en in the gymnasium with ghost stories and fortune-telling, supplemented by appropriate refreshments.

A live Young Women's Christian Association is of great assistance in fostering school and class spirit, a recognized mark of strong schools. The yells, decorations and songs given by the different classes at our Capitola Luncheon were sufficient for a field meet.

As might have been inferred the Capitola Luncheon decided our number of delegates to the Capitola Conference. That number was six, the largest delegation having ever yet gone from the Los Angeles Normal School. They were Miss Edna Alger, Miss Trenna Brown, Miss Edna St. Merry, Miss Jennie Clay and Miss Mina Merrill. Miss Wood went as a representative of the Faculty. Our girls formed a part of a delegation of seventy-six from Southern California. The large number secured a private car.

One of our delegates, Miss Mina Merrill, made daily reports from the Capitola Conference to the Los Angeles Examiner. Berkeley and Stanford girls have reported previous conferences to the Northern papers, but such reporting is new in the South. That it was begun by one of our students

we feel to be a credit to the institution as well as to the association.

Miss Merrill says of the Capitola Conference: "We came from Capitola with various distinct impressions touching our spiritual lives. When we view them at the distance of a few weeks' time we see that Capitola remains most firmly with us as an embodiment of wholesome Christianity. There were 'good times,' 'jolly' times, with the most delightful students from all our Western colleges, but best of all was the new vista of Christianity which those splendid leaders opened to us. Never for a moment was the real aim of the conference lost sight of. During the field sports, in the excursions, at the receptions, the Christ-love was always felt. We learned that the Christian's life was not one of long-faced, self-humiliation, but was really the most useful, happy, and beautiful life which we could have. Capitola raised our standard of womanhood and of Christianity."

Miss Wood says: "Capitola ought to send a Normal School girl home with the determination to put the Christ spirit into her life, to make her part of the world a pleasanter place to live in; home happier, church stronger, school brighter; to be a student who does not divorce intellect from religion, nor fun from earnest work; a student who, on being graduated, will be to the pupils in her own school a true woman first and a teacher second;

then will she be a teacher as ready to satisfy hunger of the spirit as hunger of the mind—the sort of teacher our children are looking for. And the best of it all is that what Capitola ought to do, it does."

Although this year has been gratifying in many regards, still there are many lines of work which have not been developed as they should have been. With our ideals higher, more and better organized workers, and Christ for our helper, we hope to make next year's Association of greater benefit to the Normal School.

ETHEL F. FELLOWS, W. '06.



OLD MISSION. ON THE LINE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET MEMBERS



Y. W. C. A. CHORAL CLUB.

THE CHORAL CLUB

The highfalutin' Choral Club's come to school to stay,

To cheer the hearts of Normalites by singin' all the day,

An' keepin' the slurs from out the songs, an' learn this little trick—

To fix our eyes on Miss Hagan while she wields her little stick.

An' all the other children, when this club shall up an' sing,

Will set around the rostrum an' say: "'Tis just the thing

A-list'nin' to the little tales 'at these gals sings about

An' Miss Hagan'll git you
Ef you

Don't

Watch out.

One't they was a little gal 'at couldn't sing on pitch,
An' when we went to club at night her awful noise was sich

Miss Hagan heered her holler an' the girls they heered her bawl

An' when we went to find her, she wasn't there at all!

An' we seeked her in the 'sembly room an' drawin' room an' gym.

An' seeked her up the chimbley-flue, an' ev'ry-where, I vim,

An' found 'twas a "G— Club girl," without a bit of doubt,

An' Miss Hagan'll git her
Ef she

Don't

Watch out.

An' all the members of our club on ev'ry Tuesday night,

Say (meetin' in the music room to sing with all 'eir might)

The most delightful season of the week has jist begun

Fer singin' to Miss Hagan is the mostest fun.

An' tho' this little lady laughs at all the ways we sing

We girls agree in sayin': "She's jist the dearest thing!"

An' ev'rything she's teachd us we'll allus 'member 'bout,

Or else she's apt to git us
Ef we

Don't

Watch out.

With apologies to J. W. Riley, from

B. C. 2 J.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club of the Los Angeles State Normal School is an organization of young ladies, twenty-five in number, who, with Miss Jennie Hagan as directress, meet regularly once a week for practice in the music room. After these most strenuous meetings they cover themselves and the dear old Normal with glory at events such as Teachers' Institute, concerts and Graduation Days.

The work of this year has been especially good. The first term opened with Elizabeth Weber as president, Edith Erwin as vice-president, Minnie Blair as secretary and treasurer, and Lucile Savage as accompanist. The first event in which the club participated was the Teachers' Institute. At this time they sang two songs entitled, "Pussy Willow Had a Secret," and "The Last Rose of Summer." After a long still silence, vigorous applause broke forth and in response to this the club favored them with another selection. Just one word, please, of explanation concerning this last song which proves so conclusively the originality and ability of the club as a musical factor of the school. This song was composed by a friend of the club, set to music and first given to the public by the Glee Club. The song is here given as concrete proof:

First verse—

"We are the pride of the town,

We can sing both up and down,
For we have throats just like Patti
The jolly singers of the Glee."

Second verse—

"There is no song we cannot sing
Until we make the rafters ring;
Whether Wagner, Schumann or Mozart
We know them all off by heart."

Third verse—

"For every function we're on hand—
We take the place of a band—
And whether you are grave or gay
We've tunes that surely fit the day."

Refrain—

"Oh! the lark and the linnet
They really are not in it
With the jolly, jolly singers of the Glee."

Probably all who read this song will desire to sing it. If so, all you must do is to sing it to the tune of "There is a Tavern in the Town."

Perhaps the readers of the Exponent will remember the delightful evening they spent at the Normal School auditorium listening to the Cradle Songs of all nations. This entertainment was presented by members of the Glee Club in honor of

the Winter Graduating Class of 1905. At the graduation exercises of this class, the club rendered two selections: "Welcome, Pretty Primrose Flower" and "A Lullaby."

The second term opened with Ray Hanna as president, Edna Ballantyne as vice-president, Edith Ervin as secretary and treasurer and Edna Carpenter as accompanist. The club has not given any special entertainment this term, but at the graduation of the "Glorious Class of 1905," the club will do its best to make the day a memorable one in the lives of every graduate. The club this year contains a large number of Senior A girls, and to them and the graduating class the club sends forth the cry: "Long Live the Class of 1905."

EDITH ERVIN,
Secretary and Treasurer.





THE GLEE CLUB.

SOCIETY NOTES

Senior B Howl

This was really our introduction to each other as members of the Senior Class, and in its originality and fun was a type of the social events which have occurred in our later history. It was distinctly a Senior B affair and was advertised as such, although announcements as to the nature of our howl were stuck up in every stickable place in the halls. But in spite of this fact some Senior A's made their way to the Gym, where we were, and foolishly thought they could force an entrance, of course failing utterly. Meanwhile we carried on our program with only an added excitement caused by the

presence of the Senior A's outside. We were representing a Day in Normal, and for this purpose we had part of the class sitting as if in chapel and a platform arranged in front for the Faculty, where were Dr. Millspaugh with a cow-bell, which she



tapped for the monitors to rise, Miss Hagan who led the chorus with an Indian club, and Miss Seaman who was tardy to chapel. After chapel the Faculty came down from their lofty positions and the assembled chorus became a class which was taken and given a lesson respectively as Miss Laughlin, Miss Seaman, Mrs. Hazard, Miss Elliot, Mr. Millar and Dr. Crowwell would have given it. When school was out we went down to the lunch room, where we had chocolate and cake and sang to the disappointed Senior A's, who stood outside and gazed up at us in wrath.

Senior B Luncheon

Before Mr. Shephardson went north we wished to show our appreciation for him as our class-teacher, and did so by giving him a farewell luncheon in the lunch-room, at which Mr. Shephardson, Mr. Dozier and Dr. Millspaugh were also guests. The luncheon itself was delicious, and all the honor of it is due to Mrs. Hazzard, who planned and prepared it with her usual ability, and skill. It was served by some Middle A's, who kindly offered their services. Henrietta Hough was toastmistress, and some good toasts were proposed. Especially appropriate were those to Mr. Shephardson and Mrs. Shephardson. After Mr. Shephardson's was given, the following sentiment was voiced by six girls in chorus:

Am he went, are he gone?
Have he left we all alone?
Us can never go to he
Him can never come to we.
It cannot was!

Which very fittingly expressed our regret at Prof. Shephardson's near departure.

Senior B's Receive Senior A's

Though not very well attended, the reception was greatly enjoyed by those who did come, and being the only affair held outside of the Normal walls in the year, it is usually looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. It was held this year in the Woman's Club House, which was beautifully trimmed with long branches, greens, and white flowers, the lights softened with bobinet gathered around them. The evening was spent in dancing, one of the numbers being a fancy drill, given by twenty-four girls of the class dressed in 1830 costumes.

Other Social Events of the Year

A Y. W. C. A. reception to new students and old was held in the Students' Hall and Gym, at the beginning of the year. A program was given, in which Faculty and students took part, the new students especially appreciating a paper read by Mrs.

English, in which she pointed out the chief and distinguishing characteristics to be looked for by them in the different members of the Faculty.

Glee Club Entertainment

This was a very delightful evening given by Miss Hagan's Glee Club as a complimentary to the winter graduating class. Lullabies from different lands were given, and not only were they sung in the language of the country from which they were taken, but the stage was arranged with curtains so that each lullaby had a stage-setting of its own, with the singer dressed and surrounded with scenery according to the country she represented. This was a very unique and original way of presenting these songs, which were beautiful in themselves, and were only made more charming by their setting. Especially beautiful were the Spanish lullaby by Ray Hanna and Rea Parks, and the English by Miss White.

Miss Gill introduced herself to the Normal people by a very beautiful reading of Enoch Arden, accompanied by music, near the beginning of the year. She has replaced the torture of morning platform reading to which in former times the Senior A's were subjected, by a more interesting torture, at least to the listener, in recitals, given twice a month by Senior A's. These readings represent

the best literature, both prose and poetry, and have become very interesting entertainments. Some of the most enjoyable this year have been "The Merchant of Venice," "The Holy Grail" with music, "Comus," given at night with costumes and scenery, and a little farce.

Faculty Reception

The Faculty were off their dignity this evening and received us in a friendly and social way. They hardly looked natural out from behind their respective desks, and we were at first timid and backward about addressing them, but after we became accustomed to seeing them walk among us like ordinary mortals, our timidity wore off, and we found that Miss Dunn could talk about a great many other things besides locker-keys, and besides was a royal hostess, and that Miss Elliot could spend a whole evening without even mentioning references. In short, we had a very good time, and just before going home we all gathered around the piano and sang old songs, with Mr. Miller leading us.

St. Patrick's Celebration

The Senior B's took the occasion to have a masquerade party in the Gym, to which were invited only the ladies of the Faculty. Some of the Senior A's, wondering greatly at this lack of courtesy on

the part of the Senior B's, stole upon them **en masque**, to find out why they were so exclusive. There, instead of the ladies which they expected to find, were twenty or thirty men and boys, dressed in very ill-fitting clothes, a great number of little girls in short dresses, with bobbing curls and very few of the Senior B class and ladies of the Faculty recognizable, though they imagined they could see here and there an excited face very much like the faces of some of those same ladies of the Faculty. Thinking it was surely an illusion, however, and seeing that they were having a good time, the Senior A's who were past such folly and really felt out of place amidst such levity, left them.

Glee and Choral Club Picnic

The 10th of June is certainly remembered by the musical clubs at Normal with a great deal of pleasure. Although nominally the Glee Club was entertaining the Choral Club at Miss Hagan's home in Los Alamitos, Miss Hagan herself was the real entertainer, and in her jolly gracious way made us thoroughly enjoy everything we did, to employ the day, which was surf- and plunge-bathing in the morning, lunch at noon on the lawn, and games in the afternoon. We went home in the evening with a very happy day to remember.

ISABEL COLLINS.

KINDERGARTEN

In Memoriam



Sorrow has come close to the Kindergarten Department the past winter in the death of our beloved Miss Lawson.

Her presence lingers in the rooms where she taught so long, and we still seem to hear her springing step through the halls bringing before us the brightness of her face and the charm of her personality.

Miss Lawson's influence was ever for good. She stood for all that was highest and noblest in any relationship of life, and we think of her not only as a faithful and beloved teacher, but as a friend ever ready to cheer and advise. No student who came to her failed to feel that keen personal interest, or the power of the high ideals she held. While she demanded much of us, she demanded more of herself, and we gave her our best efforts freely and gladly.

Untiring in effort and energy, steadfast in her purpose, true in every fibre of her intense nature, she was indeed an inspiration. Love and allegiance must ever follow her and her memory and influence will live not only in the hearts, but in the lives of "her girls."

The following resolutions, drawn up by Miss French, were adopted by the Kindergarten Alumnae and the Senior class, and sent to Miss Lawson's sisters in Washington:

Resolved, That the organization, growth and continuance of the Kindergarten Department connected with the State Normal School in Los Angeles, was due chiefly to the untiring industry and ability of Miss Florence Lawson.

Resolved, That not only those who felt her inspiring influence as a Kindergartner, but all who knew her, and experienced something of her social charm, suffer a distinct loss in her death.

Resolved, That in her attitude toward individual students, Miss Lawson was a source of inspiration and an exponent of the highest relationships of life.

The "Florence Lawson" bed in the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, endowed and supported by members of the Kindergarten Alumnae Association and other friends, will stand as a memorial to Miss Lawson's work, and to her influence, and will speak of the love of many hearts.

Another loss comes in the death of Katherine Grace Allen, a member of the Kindergarten class

of 1902, and one much beloved by classmates and Alumnae.

Filled with enthusiasm for her work, realizing fully its responsibilities and its duties, she had already felt the joy of success, yet when called to lay it aside by illness, to abandon the hopes and ambitions so dear to her heart, she did so patiently and bravely. Strength and sweetness, unselfishness and loyalty were characteristics that endeared her to all who knew her.

When the Normal opened last September, the Senior Kindergartners came back with a very homesick feeling for our dear Miss Lawson, but before many days had passed, we found that the one who had come in her stead was equally lovable and had soon won all our hearts.

When our great grief came in the sad news of Miss Lawson's sudden death, Miss French stood our staunch friend and comforter; and if we hadn't already given her our hearts' devotion we would have done so then. Her practical instruction, gentle influence, and the jolly good times we have had together will make this, our Senior year, one never to be forgotten.

Dear Isabel French
To the class-room went,
To have a recitation on Play,

But when she got there
The class-room was bare,
And so no reciting that day.

She sent for Helen to come to her place,
But when she was found she was making a face.

Next Emma was sought, but alas, and alack,
She'd eloped with an Earl and would never come
back.

For Beatrice Beckett she next glanced around,
But she, of course, was nowhere to be found.

She gave Chase to a foot print out on the path,
But found only excuses to heighten her wrath.

She thought surely Villa would be within reach,
But she was up in Assembly making a speech.

Even Anna and Katherine and Mabel so true
This once failed to turn up when they were due.

So dear Isabel French
Back to Boston she went
With worry and sorrow quite spent,
Resolved in the Hub to stay ever more;
Those girls out West were a terrible bore.

JUNIOR KINDERGARTNERS

This class assembled September 5th, 1904, in the Kindergarten rooms, and we spent the first two days of our young life learning our proper name, and our position in the new world. As M. B. V. we started on our journey, meeting obstacles, as amoeba and the nervous system of the lobster so frequently and courageously that the feeble cry, "O girls, what shall we do?" changed to "Cheer up, it may not be as bad as it seems," and "It's good for us."

As a class, we possess some charming characteristics. We are united, active, and cheerful—on the whole well-disposed. Three of our number can tell us what to do, and when to do it, through previous experience, the girl with the auburn hair and divided affections, our pink painter, and our brown-eyed alto, illustrious member of the Glee. One of us possesses a conscience, one is a jewel done up in a small package, another exhibits a misleading gentleness of manner with mild firmness behind it. We have one who loves Nature, and one who is not discouraged by any difficulty.

In February we metamorphosed, and became M. A. V. Here others joined us who decided to be chrysalides before they were caterpillars, and we are anxiously waiting to see what kind of butterflies they will make. We thus acquired a musician from Colegrove, one whose "mother was

Southern," a Wisconsin artist, a Nebraska production, and a clown. Also by special dispensation of Providence, in response to our need, a nurse comes in occasionally to look after our welfare.

In March we were old enough to have a party where we enjoyed ourselves quite as much as any of our guests. Thus, through our own self-activity and the indulgent and fostering care of our beloved Miss French and Miss Harrison down stairs, and the honored members of the Faculty above stairs, we hope in time to grow into distinguished and venerable Senior B's.

E. C. N.



OLD MISSION. ON THE LINE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.



ROSY

There is a member of our class,
You've never heard about,
And when they name the Middle A's
They always leave her out.

She wears a dress of brightest red,
With belt and collar neat,

And you will always find her in
Her little corner seat.

This dearest member of our class
Is Rosy dear, our dolly.
She never talks of verbs and sums;
She thinks them all such folly.

She sees us skip, and hop, and run,
And fairly smiles in glee;
She likes good entertainment;
That's very plain to see.

She never does the dreadful things,
For which we're oft to blame,
She never loses locker keys,
With books she's just the same.

When in the morning first we come,
We're always glad of meeting
Dear Rosy dear, our dolly, friend,
Who always smiles her greeting.

And after school we say good-bye,
And homeward take our way,
But Rosy stays and fairy things,
Attend her until day.

MILLY M. THEAL.



ATHLETICS

Wanted:

For Normal's "Gym,"
A few athletes
Of any age or sex;
Some rousing, stirring school spirit,
With dim, dull care to mix.
Let's put aside ourselves for once
And be a social whole;
A little gift of "Normal love"
To start the ball to roll.
Let's fly our pennants, unfold
And launch once more
Our purple and gold.

"Athletics have suffered a relapse," writes one. Normal has been resting upon the honors gained by the last year's teams. There have been one or two breaks in the chain and much credit should be given to the energetic few.

Our boys organized a light, fast team and did some good work, winning a majority of the games played; but the absence of school spirit and the non-support of the students have not given the boys a fair chance. The girls began their work in basketball early in the year. Under the coaching of Mr. Kuelny and the active work of their captain, Juanita Carrigan, developed a very good team. After a few months' practice, however, they disbanded. It is hoped that they will again organize and show what ability the Normal contains.

Some enthusiasts have enjoyed the improved tennis courts during the year. Even a few Seniors found time to chase the ball about. The training school boys have turned the courts into a baseball park and play some very interesting games before and after hours of work.

Not a little interest was manifested in the Olympic games participated in by the Band A Sixth grades. The opposing colors, blue and red, were very much in evidence, but when the honor fell to B Sixth grade the blue faded and disappeared before the victorious red. The noted Greeks were not more fond of their laurels than the B Sixth victors.

NOTES

Mr. Kuehny is looking much better since receiving his title of "teacher." No wonder, he does not have those basketball girls to bother him.

Mr. Sharpe is rapidly retiring from the athletic field—now he is captain of the boys' team, coach and manager of the girls' and a teacher of gymnasium; all this with a "failing" heart.

Mr. Norton has been doing some good playing this year.

Mr. Sandos has a new name for some of the "tiny" U. S. C. players.

The "All Stars" seem to have "set."

EXCHANGES

Do you skip the page given up to Exchanges? We do not insist on your reading it, but do not be uncharitable towards it. Do you not think it possible to be a little narrow to think ours is the only paper, perhaps? There are others, and good ones too, each contributing something original. Take the San Jose publication, "The Normal Pennant," for instance, nothing pretentious, to be sure, but just a good spirited little monthly with attractive cover telling illustrations, a clever story or so, and school

spirit sandwiched between every line. And speaking of school spirit, what do you think of seven thriving social organizations in a school which is large enough to graduate but twenty-two? That is what San Jose has.

Many of the solicited exchanges are late in arriving. Though too late to be acknowledged in this number, we feel sure our successors on the "Exponent" staff will receive many helpful suggestions from them.

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all full mit chaps;
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by der straps.

Ven der door was opened
Der men began to read
All der advertisements
About new breakfast feed.—Ex.

Read the article, "Suggestions on Arithmetic Work" in the "Crucible" of the Colorado State Normal. It treats of the subject with common sense.

The "Crucible" is characterized by its articles of interest to teachers.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
But Molly made unkind reply,
"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric lamp light's shade
Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,
But she eloped with rascal base—
Her name is now Saltpeter.—Ex.

The "Sun Dial" has not the smack of amateurism detected in many school publications. Its staff writes as if it had had experience. Take, for example the article, "The School and the Community." One could easily imagine it to be an article from one of our leading monthlies. The Sun Dial is not entirely above criticism, however. We grant that adverse criticism from the inexperienced is often inappropriate, but do you not think, Sun Dial, the "Incident" would be quite as readable had it fewer words? We understood the situation perfectly without the last explanation.

The San Diego Normal has a sixteen-acre campus. We wonder if this is not better than our little scrap of land, select though it be. We need not bother, however, the State has settled that matter for us.

A thing of duty is an-joy forever
A word to the wise is resented,
Many are called but few get up,
A lie for a lie and a truth for a truth,
When folly is bliss, 'tis ignorance to be other-
wise.—Cynic's Calendar.



LITTLE MISS PRIM, THE CHILDREN'S MODEL.



SENIOR A DICTIONARY

1. "C+" (n)—A result gained by tact.
2. Class Spirit (n)—A very lively animal belonging to the Senior A's, which at the beginning of the term was quite fierce but has become very tame of late.
3. Conferences (n)—Meetings of such great edu-

cational value that even petitions cannot banish them.

4. "Donchuno" (interrog. adv.)—A word accompanied by a smile and a shrug of the shoulders.

5. "Fine and dandy"—A compound adjective descriptive of any object, event, style, person, mark; in short, of "any old thing," used exclusively in rooms "K" and "Y."

6. Group meetings (n)—Gatherings at which the Seniors show their unusual brilliancy in detecting, explaining and curing (by merely looking at the children) the diseases, both mental and physical, of those placed under their care, many of which diseases have as yet not been dreamed of except by these selected few, and about which little will be known outside of this group for many centuries yet to come. e. g. A child was hard of hearing, the student teacher sent word home to his mother, but there had not been any improvement noticed when last heard of.

7. Library (n)—A place provided by the Faculty where one may spend study hours in profitable conversation and incidentally consult reference books and study. (See Reference Books below.)

8. Locker Keys (n)—Miss Dunn's hobby and the Senior's pet abomination.

9. Over-night Books (n)—Extravagances for which we use all our pin money—sub-class of reference books.

10. "P—" (n)—A mark of unusual importance—the envy of all the Senior A's, used exclusively in room "R."

11. "P+" (n)—A mark of rare significance—the envy of all Middlers, used exclusively in room "N" and reserved for the Senior A's.

12. Petitions (n)—Very valuable manuscripts in which the Seniors have no faith. Are known to suffer premature and hopeless death by cremation in the cause they love.

13. Plans (n)—Something belonging to the fungus family, characterized by a mushroom tendency to spring up over night.

14. Purpose (n)—Something left out of all plans.

15. References (n)—A list of books, the purpose of which is not definitely known—of no interest to Normalites.

16. Senior A Class Meetings (n)—Harmonious, quiet, orderly gatherings of unusually intellectual beings.

17. Siamese Twins (n)—Plural, masculine gender, dual in its nature, partakes of both the romantic and classic spirit. The distinctive property of the Senior A's since their Middle B term. More complete information can be obtained from Miss Sullivan.

18. Slang (n)—Obsolete in Normal School vocabulary, used only by lecturers and much disapproved of by students.

19. Study Periods (n)—Spaces of time about equal to forty-five minutes for the express purpose of giving Seniors an opportunity to show their unusual brilliancy in "apprehending the inapprehensible."

20. The Five Steps (n)—(1) The Kindergarten; (2) The Grammar School; (3) The High School; (4) The Normal School; (5) The Little District School. Some Normalites omit the last part of four and all of five and substitute a sixth not known at Normal (except among the Faculty)—matrimony.

21. The Sixth Hour (n)—Something lost and never found—nothing definitely known about it—something coming before the seventh hour.

22. The Seventh Hour (n)—A store-room for everything not found in other hours.

23. The Eighth Hour (n)—That most valuable of all periods, when the Seniors meet Miss Gill to practice vocal gymnastics.

24. Whistling (n)—That part of vocal culture which is prohibited at Normal but nevertheless indulged in by certain unruly spirits.

PERSONALS

I asked what path she'd chosen for life
And I didn't ask in vain,
For although Artye didn't answer,
I am sure she'd choose a "Layne."

I wouldn't care to teach music,
Miss Boyer said, with vim;
But if fate's only willing,
I'd just love to teach "Gym" (Jim).
You can ask our Gertrude anything,
And the only reply you'll get
(Outside the recitation room),
Is a head shake and, "you bet."



Why is Hazel interested in Public oratory at Berkeley?



Mr. Root (in observation class)—"Hattie, recite on sewing machines."

Hattie—"I'm not sewing machines."

Mr. Root—"Oh! that's right; you're boots and shoes."



Miss Laughlin (to Sr. A 1)—Just look at these blackboard drawings of Sr. A II! Louise Wilson had the worst one in the class, but that's been erased. I just wish you could have seen it.



In Room J, during the discussion of morals in fairy tales:

Miss Townsend—Why, Dr. Howe, I always enjoyed reading the fairy tales for the morals.

Mr. Root—I always skipped the moral part. (It isn't necessary to tell us, Mr. Root.)

Miss Gill—And you forgot to come to me?
Miss Dodson—Oh, that's right.



"Once there was a little Kitty,
White as the snow"—

and when Miss Rose Kellenberger reached this tragic point, she forgot the next line, so she said: "Now, children, all close your eyes and see if you can see the kitty." Then, taking advantage of the poor little innocents, Rose peeked.



"Parliamentary Practice" reached its highest perfection in the High School Miss Grace attended.



And so the Sr. A's attended the Sr. B party, causing great distress to the latter.



Margaret Manson—"Isn't it too bad that he is only thirteen!" "Who?" "Why, Hugh, of course."



Said Edgar: "Take me on your pass,"
But Gertrude she replied, "Mas!
For one alone a pass will do
And we as yet are counted two."



Miss Allen—"Miss Standefer, what can you tell us about Locke?"

Miss S.—"Well, I remember the name."

Miss Berney's pedagogy in the county where she taught is a great improvement on the present day system.



It is reported that Leo Clarke has been "keeping company" with a young man for sometime. Can it be true?



Dr. Crosswell (after a lecture in Seminar)—"Do you think that illustration was clear to the class, Miss Clay?"



Sr. A (giving a report)—"Not more than half of the children of Germany grew to manhood."

Miss Troxell (whispering to a neighbor)—"I guess the other half grew to womanhood."



Miss M. McG—"Oh, girls, I was scared nearly to death last evening. I met a horrid man down town and he looked out of his eyes at me!"



Reprehensible—a long word! And we are not so sure that Mr. Duke really knew its meaning.



Mrs. Curtis—"I thought so from what I judged."



Two Sr. A, girls discussing fashions: "What kind of a jacket is a coffee jacket?" "Why, it's a tea jacket."

Ella B. wants a week's vacation for physical exercise. Who plays singles in the Fullerton tennis club?



To the tune of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds":

There was a young Miss named Isabel,
Who said, "If you wait, I will sing a spell.

Miss Gill says I can."

But the poor victims ran
For their conscience would not say "'tis well."

There was a young man named Billy,
And over him Ray was quite silly;

If his name someone said

Her face would turn red,

For to her there was no one like Billy.



In the midst of the most dramatic part of Jessie Dolland's rehearsal of old English ballads, when her voice was doing wonders in front, and her hands were equally busy in the back, Miss Gill said indignantly to the girls at the back of the stage: "There's one thing I won't tolerate and that's silly girls."



Announcement: Make your engagements at once with Miss Ballantyne and Mr. Root for special lectures in History. Miss Elliot, Business Manager.

Every time Miss Dunn's covetous eye lights on Jennie's little red cap hanging innocently in the locker, she secretes it in the hope that possession will out weigh ownership.

✿ ✿

We've heard of people "seein' things," but were surprised when Ray Hanna read that one of Tennyson's characters "saw the sound" and "heard the light."

✿ ✿

Mr. Root (in A3)—"I saw two whispers this morning."

✿ ✿

All Sr. A's please hand in the name of their escorts as soon as possible to the Faculty so they may have time to look up their family trees.

✿ ✿

Miss James has awakened suddenly to find that greatness has been thrust upon her. She is much sought for by people wishing to know their favorite expression.

✿ ✿

The class photographer and Vera Reppy are intending to form an art combine.

✿ ✿

Rea Parks—We are glad to see her Madonna face in our meetings. She is our "Angel of Peace."

Miss Cramer, who is supposed to uphold her share of the dignity of the N. S., is unduly fond of fold-erols and dill pickles.

✿ ✿

Mr. Nevius is a man of many parts. Although a teacher now, he must have been a lineman, for he informs us that he is a post-graduate.

✿ ✿

Anyone losing an English note-book, go to Mollie Davis. Taking English notes a specialty.

✿ ✿

It is very considerate of Miss McCormick to say, "You young goose." We appreciate it.

✿ ✿

Miss Hatfield (explaining tardiness)—"I have to erase the boards."

Miss Allen—"Oh, no, you don't erase the boards."

Miss Hatfield—"O, yes, I have to."

✿ ✿

Miss Laughlin, do you think that it is artistic to write "Gert" for Gertrude?

✿ ✿

Mr. Dozier (explaining gravity)—"Persons have an attraction for each other. For instance, Miss Scherer keeps me here and I keep Miss Scherer here."

ANNOTATIONS ON MOTHER GOOSE

Sing a song of six-pence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in his counting-room,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
Along came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

NOTES ON TEXT

ll. 1 and 2. Notice close connection, and natural sequence of thought.

l. 1. Six-pence—Old way of expressing sum of money probably equal to six pennies.

l. 2. Pocket—Ordinarily a receptacle for handkerchiefs, but used in this case for holding rye.

l. 2. Note deep ethical importance. Lesson in temperance to be impressed on children, when author states that the rye is in the pocket.

l. 2. Rye—An intoxicating beverage.

l. 3. Four-and-twenty—Twenty-four.

l. 3. Blackbirds—Read in this connection description of blackbird in Hodge's Nature Study, highly approved by Mr. Loy Miller.

l. 4. Pie—Read Mrs. Hazard's "On the Dietary;" also in this connection read "Little Jack Horner."

l. 5. Here the plot thickens.

l. 5. Opened—Cut.

l. 6. Climax of story.

l. 6. Began—Important, as shows that there must have been an interruption in the singing. Miss Hagan's musical interpretation excellent on this point.

ll. 7 and 8. Leading down from climax—suspension of strong feeling.

l. 7. Dainty—Fine and dandy.

l. 8. Set—Sometimes used in connection with a reclining hen. Bring out by wise questioning the meaning here used.

l. 8. King—Nearest in rank to Duke (Edgar). There is nothing to indicate in what age he lived, but culinary devices spoken of, and simple pastoral

spirit breathed forth in these lines indicate that he must have lived before Norman Conquest.

See Miss Eliot for references on Norman Conquest.

l. 9. There has been an evident break in story, continuity broken, shown by sudden change of scene.

l. 9. Counting-room—Read clear and lucid explanation of counting in Mrs. English's book "Finance."

l. 9. The king was evidently scholarly and a fine mathematician. He was without doubt miserly and suspicious in character. Impress this thought on the children.

ll. 11 and 12. Note incongruity of bread and honey in connection with parlor. Here let one of the children sing "We Kept the Pig in the Parlor." Valuable lesson in etiquette could here be taught in this connection by the wise teacher.

l. 12. Honey—Term of endearment used in South, but here used as an article of food. Have one of the children read and report on History of Honey.

l. 12. Bread—The staff of life. No indication as to kind of flour or method of baking used. Here let the different members of class report on different kinds of bread.

Stanza 3. Note in this stanza that no mention is

made of the rest of the deck, but the other fifty must have been about the court.

l. 13. Maid—Term applied to unmarried females of the time.

l. 13. Garden—Read "Come Into the Garden, Maud."

l. 14. No mention made of a line, but from Miss Gill's reading of Old English ballads we know they must have been in use at the time (especially rhymed ones).

l. 15. Note rapid action; story moves swiftly to close.

l. 15. Blackbird—Possibly one of the four-and-twenty. This might have been done in the spirit of revenge, but probably was merely desired to appease hunger.

l. 16. Have children appreciate pathos of story. If necessary, draw diagram on board. If this does not draw the required tears, a clothespin applied to a nasal extremity of the class may give the desired touch of realism.

Note: This poem on account of difficult passages and obscured meaning in many places, should not be taught below Eighth Grade.

"Why are the kindergarten girls so distinguished looking?"

"Because of the French influence."

HISTORY OF ED.

First stage—Came to Normal, they say, a fairly decent chap.

Second stage—Began to realize that one way of becoming popular is to be unique (he is a boy).

Third stage—Fully realized it.

Fourth stage—Natural consequence followed, i. e., conceit.

Fifth stage (present time)—Has to use a shoe horn to put on his hat.

Miss Bailey—"Who is that man going into the kindergarten?"

Miss Morrow—"Why, that's Froebel."

Miss Bailey—"Oh, is it, really? I have always wanted to see him."

Fifty dollars reward for the capture of the thief who persists in stealing Miss Laughlin's possessions.

Mr. Chamberlain (on a Geog. trip)—"Has everyone her bottle?"

Mr. Sharpe (in charge of the Pedagogy Class, when Dr. Croswell failed to appear):

"Aim—To get a clear concept of cat."

"Presentation—A ferocious cat would necessitate

a different presentation. Er—er—er—er—two weeks from now you may put the concept cat in the back of your note-books."

It is reported that Miss Hawes has a young man!

Did Miss Loyd really "talk back" to a critic teacher?

Under the stress of circumstances May Lewis often breaks into rhyme:

"Oh, I'm dying for sleep
And something to eat."

Miss Park was seen surreptitiously eating a pie. Well, if she really wanted it—

Pearle Eason has no friends; they are all brothers.

"Now I have this to the point at which I want it, we'll drop it, and take it up before the end of the hour."—Dr. Croswell.

Mr. Duke (after half hour talk)—Is that point clear to you, Dr. Howe?

Dr. Howe—Yes, but I don't think it's very important.

Dr. Crosswell says that aim of education is to
make manly men and women.

Miss Stiver—What's the name of that bad boy in
your room?

Miss Hatfield—His name is "Legion."

Miss Collins lost her sol in the music room.

Notice. Susie Ponder—Dr. Millsbaugh's idea of
punctuality.

Mr. Beals—What is the use of Liebig's Extract?

Miss Zimmerman—To put on wounds to reduce
the swelling.

Birdie Phillips—Miss Laughlin, have you your
paints here?

Miss L.—Yes, have you yours? If you haven't
you should have! What do you want?

Birdie (as she takes her seat)—I was just won-
dering.

Who would have thought that Kate had had a
past—had passed the "Man from Mexico?"

Jessie had a little book,

Its pages white as snow;

And when it came time to hand it in,

That book somewhere did go.

Then loud and bitter Jessie's wails,

And full deep was her woe,

And soon straightway upon the board

This pleading cry did go:

"Alas! alas! my hopes are fled,

My note-book's gone for Hist. of Ed.

If you find and return it I'll be glad

For without it, alas! I cannot "grad."



Notice on Miss Allen's board, Examination Day:
Please leave all books outside the door.



Sr. A—"I thought you took music last term?"

Gertrude—"I did, but Miss Hagan encored me."



All information regarding Monrovia, such as lo-
cation, houses, new roads to the cañons, etc., will
be thankfully received by one Sr. A.



Maud Shultz is a Sr. A.

And she got C+ one day:

This was proudly shown

Before it was known

That Miss Allen's high mark was "A."

"Miss Maxwell, did you really have twenty dollars?"



Too bad that the youth who searched in vain for the "Singing Leaves" had not been looking for a "Talking Root."



What made Dr. Croswell forget his Pedagogy Class Thursday, third hour, May 4th? Was he playing Rip Van Winkle?



When things disappear from our lockers these days we never know whether the cause of it is Miss Laughlin's proverbial thief or Miss Dunn.



Dr. Millspaugh—Now when we see your picture, that will settle the matter at once.



Mr. Dozier (explaining (?) Arithmetic)—What is the meaning of "inch?" Add an "l" and we have "linch," and a "p" and we have "pinch," and a "c" and we have a "cinch!"



Miss Cockrill, to Mr. Sloyd Miller—"O! you are just the man I want."

Mr. Miller—"You have spoken too late."

Miss Gill—Tomorrow we will take the first scene from Romeo and Juliet.

Pupil—Romeo and what?



Information Wanted. Miss Gill to Mid. A I's—"What would you do if something funny should happen?"



Elder Miss Dunn—"There are some citizens who have no political right. I haven't any."

Younger Miss Dunn—"Well, the Constitution says that no idiot or insane person shall be allowed to vote."



Mr. Dozier—"Miss Waters, you should marry a man by the name of Mud. Then your name would indeed be odd—Mrs. Crystal Waters Mud."



Prof. Dozier (in Mid. A I Arith. Class)—"Well, I would 'Grubb' at it till I got it."



Extract from Prof. Beal's lecture on Wireless Telegraphy:

T. M.—'Tis mince

"T. M.—'Tis mince



Miss Laughlin (teaching a lesson in Nasturtiums)—"Blue your gray and gray your greens and whatever you do make 'em gray."

Dr. Howe—"Well, it's just a little minus after the C."

Mid B Girl (afterward to friend)—"But it looked just as long as any of the others to me."

Miss Allen recently informed one of her neurology classes that the "palms" of the feet and the "soles" of the hands are very susceptible to tickling.

Impossible! Did Miss Laughlin really call a Sr. A girl a "silly?"

Jes-ie Dol-an-d has it in for a certain Sr. A who kindly wrote her own name over her drawing, thereby causing J to get D on the Record.

From Chicago there came a young man,
From the depot to Henry's he ran;
Now she says, "He is mine,
And you'll not see a sign
Of my dear one whose praises I sang."

Gertrude—Say, Ina, have you got anything in your Hist. of Ed. note-book on asceticism?

Ina—Gracious, no! Who's he?

Miss Allen—Miss Ballantyne, what is your reaction to that question?

Silence profound.

In School Law:

Miss Sullivan—Miss Grubb, what would you do if one of your patrons came and began to abuse you before your school?

Miss Grubb (hesitatingly and timidly)—Why—why—I—I'd ask them to stop and if that didn't do I'd tell them to come outside and settle it.

Susie (in Gym)—Trunks forward! March!

It is said that Artye is only going to teach one year just for the experience.

Mr. Duke—Is that the correct pronunciation?

Dr. Millspaugh—Ja, ja—oh, pardon me.

We have not studied expression long enough to know what emotion was expressed in Miss Laughlin's voice when she said, "Artye Stose is talking."

Miss Allen—Would you enjoy a walk on Mt. Lowe today, Miss Sackett?

Miss Sackett—Oh, that's according to the company.

Wanted—By every Middle A4, a new cortex; the old ones are worn thin as a result of conscientiousness.

TRAINING SCHOOL ECHOES

Two Second Grade children were talking about the "teacher's pet." The boy said: "She thinks she's the only pebble on the beach." "Or," said the girl, "the only shirt in the laundry." Do they learn such things from the critics?



Geog. Teacher—"What makes Los Angeles the important city it is?"

Willie—"Commerce on the Los Angeles river."



A Sr. A was heard to give this brilliant and lucid explanation to the First Grade: "A mouse is one little mice, and a mice are a whole lot of little mouses."



Miss Hough (talking to one of her pupils)—"Have you always lived here?"

Little Girl—"No, I used to go to Hyde Park school in Chicago."

Miss Hough—"Why, I used to go to that school in the second grade."

Little Girl—"Yes, I know it is a very old school."



Mr. Root (after History class)—"Yes, Miss Elliot says that the children seem to have a very clear idea of the broom industry."

Mrs. Smith—"I am glad of that because the

'broom industry' forms the foundation for the History of U. S."



Mrs. Smith—"I think you would better not. I do not think it necessary."



Miss Sullivan—"When you go out to teach in your own school."



Mrs. Preston—"Now boys and girls."



Miss Osgood—"Be firm and I'll stand by you. Get mad, but don't sputter."



Miss Stiver—"Arrange the details; I can't tell definitely about this."



Miss Reeves—"See me."



Miss MacKenzie—"Well, how did you get along today? Oh, well, she's the only child, you know."



Miss Hough—"I want your eyes right here." A few minutes later—"Fred, why are you walking up here?"

Fred—"Bringing my eyes up."

APPLICATION BLANK

Sex (masculine or feminine)

Name (at present, and hopes for the future).....

.....

Age (no one under 40 considered).....

Address before June.....

After June Height (in millimeters)..... Weight (Troy)..... (Avoir)..... Appearance in general (state whether good or bad)..... Nose (Roman, Greek, Jew or snub)..... Eyes (straight or on the bias)..... Color (green or pink not considered)..... Do you wear glasses?..... Lashes (length in inches)..... Eyebrows (straight, arched)..... Mouth (Cupid's bow, rosebud)..... Lips (thick, thin, medium)..... Color (ruby? Yes or no)..... General appearance of mouth..... State whether or not you have a chin..... Single, double or triple..... If single, has it ever been double?..... Were you healthy at the time?..... Teeth (number) If any are missing, where?..... Natural or artificial?..... Have you cut your wisdom teeth?..... If not, when do you expect them?..... Complexion (blonde or brunette)..... State

where purchased and cost.....

Have you any freckles?..... State exact number and location in reference to your most prominent feature.....

.....

Ears (number)..... Give Bertillon measurements..... Hair, color (preferably red)..... Give proportion of true to false..... Do you use artificial incentives for a pompadour?..... Straight, curly or fuzzy?..... Neck (size and height of collar)..... Hands (size of gloves)..... Have you an energetic, weak or nervous hand..... Feet (length and width of shoe)..... Number and distribution of corns..... Character..... Are you conceited?..... If not, were you before attending the L. A. N. S.?..... Are you unselfish..... altruistic..... optimistic..... epicurean..... To which class of teachers do you belong (1st, 2nd, or 3rd)..... Do you believe in the use of hair brushes on the floor?..... Are you sweet..... lovable (to pupils and board)..... Can you put up a good bluff?..... Do you like cats?..... tea..... Have you had any affair of the heart?..... If so, have you entirely recovered?..... If not, do you

expect to have any?..... Ancestors
(how many have you had)..... Which
of qualities enumerated above did you inherit?....
..... Give date of inheritance.....
Did any one of these come to his death unnaturally?
..... What was his offense?.....
Please send a cabinet-sized photograph, mounted on
white cardboard, with your application. If profile,

send two pictures, one of each side. Back view ap-
preciated.

Remarks

.....

.....

.....

.....



PICKING GRAPES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. ON THE LINE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(These columns are for our subscribers only.)

Artye S.—The best way to overcome the slang habit is to stop and count ten whenever you find yourself about to use a "slang word."



J. H.—You may be able to regain your appetite if you wear a pair of green goggles when you go to market, as these will cause everything to have a fresh, green look. This precaution is not necessary when observing Senior B's.



Siamese Twins—No, "By gum" is not considered slang. It is commonly used in polite society. The same rule applies to "fine and dandy."



L. H. M.—The best thing for you to do is to call in some disinterested party to decide whether a frying-pan shall be called a skillet or a spider. Then if you will adopt this person's decision your domestic happiness will be secure.



F. A. H.—Since you mention that you do all the reciting, the best way to grade your pupils is to watch them very closely. If they are asleep, give them good marks, but if they are disturbing the class in any way, fail them.



Jennie T.—No, I wouldn't advise you to bring a

young man often to chorus practice. You will find that most of the young ladies will be more interested in him than in the singing.



E. S.—You say that your hair is so thick that you can not comb it. This is a very common complaint, especially at Normal, as you perhaps know. If you thoroughly massage your head with Puritas every half hour during the day, you will find that there will be a great improvement in a few days.



E. T. S.—I am really pleased to hear that you read the Police Gazette instead of the Educational Journal. It is really quite conducive to good discipline.



Sr. B's—Yes, it is perfectly correct to have a masquerade party, invitations to which are issued only to the gentler sex. It is also quite proper to have a doorkeeper.



Minnie—Spoonholders are no longer used.

Otis—I would recommend vaseline for yellow shoes. It will keep them soft and pliable and prevent them from losing their bright color.

Zaida—As the event you mention is to occur so soon after graduation, it would be perfectly proper to wear the white dress for both occasions.



MILLEN BAKER
CAPTAIN PRESTON



MILLEN BAKER
CAPTAIN PRESTON

There breaths a man whose hair has fled,
 Who ever to himself hath said,
 "Oh, baldness verily I have a dread
 No hair-brush shall I have about my head
 But use it on-the floor instead."
 Since such there breathe, he is marked well,
 For him no hair restorer's spell,
 But what's his name, I dare not tell,
 If you can guess, you have done well.

The Sr. A's are very much indebted to Dr. Mills-paugh for his excellent advice in regard to sweeping floors, but they are inclined to believe that janitor work is sufficiently strenuous without using hair brushes for brooms.

Little B2 Grade Girls—"Miss A., please may I use your handkerchief?"
 (Miss A.'s condition outwardly calm but inwardly somewhat discomposed.)

A Sixth Grade boy's version of the saying:
 "Two wrongs don't make a right"—
 "Two bads don't make a good."

Mrs. Preston was overheard to say that she didn't know she was a fit subject for the Museum.

The exhausted but victorious Senior lay sleeping. In her heavy slumbers there appeared to her a vision. In the blue deep it seemed a great scroll whose as yet indistinct markings could be "C+," but as it gleamed brighter until it flashed with all the power of the mid-noon sun she read "See me."

THE LAMENT AND ADVICE OF AN ALUMNUS

(Upon finding his picture in the Museum.)

Tell me not, O Normal students,

That the Normal has empty halls;

The teachers couldn't—wouldn't

Take our pictures from the walls!!

They were taken for adornment

Of the halls below the stairs,

That they'd be removed a moment

Was ne'er listed with our cares!

Not with pleasure, but with pain,

Heard we of their destined end

In the Museum placed to reign

And grace to fossils lend!

Art was shown in every photo,

Our faces smiling brave—

Now we've chosen for our motto:

"In the future be always grave!"

Present Seniors, if they ask you

For your picture when you go,

Ask them what they're going to do,

Whether place it high or low!

Trust no future, how e'er pleasant,

Judge by what the past has been;

Ask—ask in the living present—

You'll ne'er have courage again.

When you go, they will remind you

That your picture here is due;

That you must leave one behind you,

You must aid the Museum, too.

Give your picture then with grace,

Have a face for any fate;

"Look pleasant" in any place,

In the attic or the grate!

—J. L. D., '05.

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW

That every Sr. A knows what "reprehensible" means.

That Artye can hear the children look up.

That you must believe everything you read in the Exponent, including the Sr. A's hobbies and failings.

That Mr. Root's real hobby is eating dates and walnuts. Also that in appearance "he hath a lean and hungry look."

That Miss Mitlack knows how to sweep so as to get up all the dust.

That Mr. Duke's curls are natural.

That Florence James is known by her dignity—she can't keep it.

That her failing is noticing the failings of others.
That her hobby is making a general study of Sr. A's.

That this is the best Exponent ever published.

Miss Be--e, Miss F---e, and Miss M---e did not find it necessary while at San Pedro to go out on the ocean to see the b(u)oys.

We wonder why Pe-rl Mil-er is generally sick (?) on Tuesday.

Wanted—By Misses Allin and Young, time for tennis.

'Tis strange that the doctor prescribed buggy rides for M. P.'s illness.

Can anyone explain how it is that Pearl Thompson's letters get to the Normal postoffice without a stamp?

In Grammar Class: Miss Fassett gives a definition of a noun that a child could understand. "A noun is a word used as the designation or appellation of a creature or thing, existing in fact or in thought."

Sr. B. Nature Study Class: Mr. Miller—"Look at that mouse."

A few seconds later: Mr. Miller—"It has gone, Miss Brown. I think you may crawl down from the table."

Mary McGaugh—"One of my dear little First Grade boys asked to hold my hand this morning. It sounded so funny for a little boy."

Special Notice!! Anyone who finds it necessary to enter Room O after school hours, please rattle the door knob strenuously and then, before entering, wait a sufficient length of time to allow the occupants to "locomote."

Miss Benners—Miss Laughlin, do you reckon this will be all right if I round this corner?

Miss L.—I want to tell this class right now, that I will break Miss Benners of her silly expression and accent in a very short time. It will be the slightest obstacle I have.

N. B.—Miss B. is still saying "Do you reckon you all will go down yonder?"

Alas! Poor Eveleen did not get any frogs because she was so heavy. And, alas, her life is spoiled. Who did it?

"The Man from Mexico." For further information apply to Miss Catherine Harkness, M. A. H.

Mr. Bals—Miss Abbott, will you be my monitor?
Miss Abbott—I am already engaged, Mr. Bals, but I am sorry.

"How did Miss McIntyre get across the street the day of the flood?"

"Why, Mr. Conklin was there."

How many girls is Mr. Meagher going to bring to the next basketball game?

A recipe for Sharpe:

- 2 yolks of caws,
 - 1 cup of croak,
 - 1 teaspoonful of quack.
- Flavor with squawk.

It needs no sweetening. Serve on ice on a May day. Miss Hagan will furnish ice.

"Five Evidences of An Educated Man":

1. Correctness and precision in use of mother tongue. Living example—Miss Seaman.
2. Refined and gentle manners. Living example—Miss Sullivan.

3. Power and habit of reflection. Example—your mirror.

4. Power and habit of growth. Living example—Phoebe Eaton.

5. Efficiency or the power to do. Living example—Sr. A. Class.

Oft in the stilly night,

The midnight hour has found me
Wearily conning my next day's work
With all my note-books 'round me,
And many a note
With thoughts remote
I write up for the morrow;
But soon as 'tis done
Another is begun,
And my heart is filled with sorrow.

Thus oft in the stilly night

The midnight hour has found me
Wearily conning my next day's work
With all my note-books 'round me.

IN GYMNASIUM

Miss Bathy—"Arms raise! Knees bend, deep bend! Double quick time march!" (Consternation in class.) "Don't you understand?"

First M. A-1 Girl—"You do not seem to be interested in our class."

Second M. A-1 Girl—"There are no interesting people in the class except Mr. Doyle and Miss Blair, and they are only interesting to each other."

Why is it that Miss Abbott didn't attend the basketball games this year, but was so interested in the Alumni's team?

Mrs. Hazard (in cooking)—Name the by-products of eggs.

Miss Shutt—Chickens.

Miss Allen—The Cabots, who were they?

Miss O. Lewis—Why, John and Sebastian.

Miss Laughlin (in disgust)—"That fire-bell never rings except when I am in the middle of a wash!"

IN PROGRAM CLASS

Miss French—"Now I should like the children to have the real experience of grinding corn meal. You get an ear of corn, shell it—oh, I forget. Do you have corn in California?"

Of all glad words to Mabel Genn

The gladdest are these, "I may have Ben."

Frequently heard from Miss Harrison concerning her hobby: "I'm simply broken-hearted. The children's gardens are nearly ruined."

The eight girls in our class

They all are wondrous wise,

But somehow from Miss Hagan's room

They come with dewey eyes.

If anything is missing in the kindergarten ask Amy Morrow.

Two notes jotted down in English:

I.—Miss Wood—"Mr. Clark, who read to us last year?"

II.—"Now you know that little boy I read my stories to?" Yes, indeed, Miss Ryker, we do.

We suggest that Nell B. purchase a goodly supply of liquid air for that "peculiar disease of the neck."

And it came to pass that three Senior B girls stood on a stairway and a Senior B boy stood below, looking up. When a Senior A reminded them of Sothern and Marlowe by saying, "Ha! Ha! One Romeo and three Juliets," they made a Sharpe disappearance.

Miss Dickey (Hist. of Ed.)—"Galileo saw an apple fall and so discovered the law of gravity."

Miss Sutton (giving the tables of U. S. money)—
Tenn gills make one cent.

Myrtle Scott would like to know if Mr. Dozier's
granddaughter is a girl or boy.



OSTRICH FARM, ON THE LINE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

WILCOX BLDG., COR. SECOND AND SPRING STS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES



THE OLDEST SAVINGS
BANK IN
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

YOU'VE HEARD
THE STORY

Of the big trees that grow from the little acorns

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT
AT THIS BANK

\$1.00

Will do for a seed

United States Depository

Capital, Surplus and Profits	- - -	\$1,360,000
Deposits	- - - - -	7,000,000
Total Resources	- - - - -	9,000,000

Special Department for Women

And start your fortune growing

4% Interest

is the fertilizer, and persistent savings the soil

Write for our Booklet "BANKING BY MAIL." It's worth reading and heeding

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, S. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring, Los Angeles

City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works



JOHN BLOESER, Prop. Office, 507 S. Flower St.

BOTH TELEPHONES MAIN 427; HOME 427

HOYT'S GUM GLUTEN GOODS FOR DIABETICS

MFD. BY PURE GLUTEN FOOD CO. OF NEW YORK



ANDERSON & CHANSLOR CO. (Inc.) GROCERS

Sole Agents

136 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

PHONES HOME SUNSET PRIVATE EX. 38

SYLMAR OLIVE OIL

A. & C. PRMIUM BUTTER

Mrs. B. Meyer, Mgr.

Home Bakery and Delicacy

Everything Home Made and Cooked
by Mrs. B. Meyer

633 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

SUNSET PHONE MAIN 5683

HOME PHONE 1874

Dad's Cafe and Lunch Counter

P. W. McMULLIN, Prop.

BEST COFFEE AND CREAM IN TOWN

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

121 SOUTH BROADWAY,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Harvard School

(MILITARY)

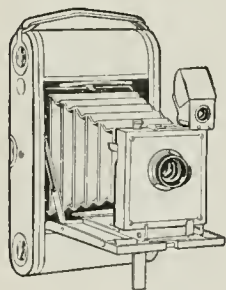
Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California

An English, Classical, Boarding and Day School for boys. Ten acre campus. Fully equipped gymnasium. Base ball and foot Ball fields. Tennis courts, hand ball courts, standard quarter-mile bicycle and running track. Complete physical and chemical laboratories. One hundred and sixty boys, and ten masters who give their full time to the regular work of the school.

GRENVILLE C. EMERY, A. M., Head Master.

References by permission: Hon. Meredith P. Snyder, Ex-mayor of Los Angeles; James A. Foshay, Supt. of Schools of Los Angeles.

*Send to the School for Illustrated Catalogue
Down town information at 207 W. Third St.*



KODAKS
PHOTO
SUPPLIES
DEVELOPING
AND PRINTING

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

HOWLAND & CO. 213 SO. BROADWAY

PHONE 211

Get Your Supplies at

THE NORMAL BOOK STORE

617 W. FIFTH STREET

Across the street from Normal School

Everything you need for your school work. Prices as cheap or cheaper than any other place in the city. Save your energy and shoe leather and trade near the school

Lunches

Confectionery

Stationery

CHARLOTTE L. TANNER, Mgr.

PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF TELEGRAPHY

Connected by direct wire with the following Colleges:
The WOODBURY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES AND
BROWNSBERG

RATES ON APPLICATION TYPENRITERS FURNISHED FREE
TELEPHONE HOME 930

PELLISSIER BLOCK, Cor. Seventh and Olive Streets, LOS ANGELES

RESIDENCE 1339 WINFIELD ST. PHONE 4045

ROOSEVELT APARTMENTS

334 S. FIGUEROA

Sunset Main 5041 Home 3404



THE Roosevelt offers to Normal School students a respectable home with pleasant surroundings and at a price within the means of even a slender purse.

Three rooms, furnished complete, large Sitting Room, Kitchen, Hot Water, Gas Range, Alcove Bedroom, Porcelain Bath, Telephone. New, elegant and but a few minutes' walk from the Normal School

From \$16 to \$20 a month

Come in and look them over

T. WIESENDANGER, Prop.

Carl Entenmann

Manufacturing

Jeweler and Watchmaker

*We Design and Manufacture School Pins, Medals
and all kinds of Presentation Emblems*

MAKER OF NORMAL
ALUMNI PINS



PINS FOR ALL CLASSES
IN STOCK

Factory and Salesroom:

217¹/₂ SO. SPRING STREET
(Up Stairs)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TELEPHONES HOME 1535; SUNSET MAIN 4300



A BUSINESS WORLD



Such is the Woodbury Business College

A visit to this great Business Training School any school day during business hours will disclose to the visitor a miniature business world of young and middle-aged people.

These, in many respects, are business men and women. They buy and sell, invest and insure, bill and ship, deposit money and draw checks.

They learn to be prompt, honest, reliable, wide-awake.

They receive, handle, brief, file, execute and issue all kinds of commercial and business paper, such as notes, checks, leases, mortgages, insurance policies, telegrams, acceptances, statements, contracts, bills of lading, balance sheets, etc.

They learn all the laws and rules pertaining to debts and credits. They learn and practice not only the theory and science of bookkeeping and accounting, but the art as well.

To know is one thing, to do is another.

They learn the science and art of stenography and typewriting. They take dictation at the rate of 100 to 150 words a minute, and transcribe on the machine at the rate of 40 to 80 words a minute.

The click of a large number of typewriting machines in the best equipped typewriting department in the West may be heard during the entire day.

The management of the Woodbury is not egotistic, but we know the work and worth of the school, and that the Woodbury training cannot be duplicated. There are hundreds of young people who are now contemplating attending a business school, and who will find a course of business training at the Woodbury the best investment that can possibly be made.

Illustrated Catalogue on application.

809 S. Hill St.

*Woodbury
Business College*

Los Angeles, Cal.

Ethelind Lord

Florist

328 WEST THIRD STREET

LOS ANGELES

BOTH PHONES 2631

"The prettiest Flower Shop
in town."

LEADING GARMENT CLEANERS

Main Office and Works;
814 E. WASHINGTON STREET
Cor. Griffith Ave.



342 SOUTH BROADWAY

STORE:

PHONES HOME EX. 675; SUNSET SOUTH 675

Portsmouth Cafe

Everything First Class Popular Prices

Delightfully located opposite Central Park
Between Fifth and Sixth Streets

520 and 522 South Hill Street

BOTH PHONES 1105

Cass-Damerel Hardware Co.

(Incorporated)

HEATING AND VENTILATING ENGINEERS

Manufacturers of Heating
and Ventilating Apparatus

Steam, Hot Water, Fan Blast, Hot Air

Heating of Public Buildings a Specialty.
Plans, Specifications and Estimates Furnished

BUILDERS' HARDWARE AND HOUSEFURNISHINGS

FACTORY
WILLOW AND MATEO STS.

OFFICE
412 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

NELSON CANDIES

Are always right. So say the Normal girls, and they ought to know. Lest you forget, the store is

222 W. FOURTH ST.



The Yamato

**Japanese Antiques
and Art Curios** ❧❧

All kinds of Embroidery and Drawn Work
Silk and Cotton Kimonos

214 S. BROADWAY, 211 MERCANTILE PLACE
352 S. BROADWAY

Store No. 1—Home 9118; Main 6145. Store No. 2—Main 4963.
Store No. 3—Main 5020

432 Sutter St. and 226 Post St., S. F.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A Kodak for Your Vacation

...RENTAL FREE...

We let you have a kodak for your finishing



EXPERT WORK

Fresh Film and Photo Supplies



M. L. Bailey 450½ S. Broadway

EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOLS

TRIUMPH DESKS

HYLOPLATE BLACKBOARDS

MAPS, CHARTS, GLOBES, ETC.
Send for Catalog.

C. F. Weber and Co.

210-12 NO. MAIN ST.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Main 554 : : : Home 6624

WHITTIER, COBURN COMPANY

165-167-169 No. Los Angeles St.

Manufacturers and Importers

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS

Plate Glass Mirrors

PLAIN AND BEVELED

STUDENTS OF ART

Should know that we have a complete stock of Cosmos pictures, which are reproductions of all the famous painters of the world — 10 pictures for 25c. We are headquarters for artists' materials and fine stationery

SANBORN, VAIL & CO. 357 S. Broadway

Visit the Nurseries of the ❀ ❀

INGLESIDE FLORAL CO.

148 WEST ADAMS ST.

HOME PHONE 22313



Store: 140 South Spring St.

F. EDWARD GRAY, Proprietor

Both Phones 568

Home 7240

Ground Floor Studio

Mushet

Special courtesies extended to classes of the
Normal School

HILL STREET STUDIO 512

Opp. Central Park

W. G. DOSS, Artist

“Sketch Portraiture”

LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



THE
**Farmers
and
Merchants
National
Bank
of
Los Angeles**

S. W. Cor.
Main & Fourth Sts.

Capital
\$1,500,000.00

Surplus and Profits
\$1,200,000.00

Deposits
\$9,000,000.00

Resources
Over \$13,000,000.00

Special Safe De-
posit Depart-
ment and
Storage Vaults



HERMAN W. HELLMAN BLDG

N. E. COR. FOURTH AND SPRING

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

LARGEST SAVINGS BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Capital and Surplus, \$600,000.00,

Total Assets, \$13,000,000.00

MONEY TO LOAN on approved real estate security. Call for booklet regarding installment plan.
SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS. Strongest in the city. Conveniently located. Boxes for rent, \$2 a year up.

THREE PER CENT
Interest paid on ordinary deposits

FOUR PER CENT
Interest paid on term deposits

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

DIRECTORS - J. F. Sartori, President; M. S. Hellman, Vice-President; W. D. Longyear, Cashier and Sec'y.; John E. Plater, Vice-President; H. W. Hellman, Pres. Merchants' National Bank; Wm. H. Allen, Jr., Pres. Title Insurance and Trust Co.; J. A. Graves, Vice-President Farmers and Merchants National Bank; J. H. Shankland, Attorney; W. L. Graves, Vice-President Merchants' National Bank; T. E. Newlin, Vice-President Farmers and Merchants National Bank; Henderson Hayward, Capitalist; H. W. O. Melveny, Attorney.

NOTE—In choosing a savings bank you should consider its Capital & Surplus, Resources, Convenience of Location and the Conservatism of its Directors.

WE ARE OFTEN CALLED "TAILORS TO THE FASTIDIOUS"

Smart Styles in
TROUSERS

\$5 to \$10

Made-for-You

One thing we do, and do it well is, to make strictly hand-tailored Clothes for men. The reputation of "B & K" made-for-you garments, is such that we can't afford to make poor ones. See the economy in it for you.

Natty and Nifty
SUITS

\$20 to \$40

Made-for-You

BRAUER & KROHN

Tailors to Men who Know

128-130 SOUTH SPRING ST., 114 1/2 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Home Phone 2605
Sunset Main 3116

Hero Dairing Academy

203 Merrimack Place

Second Floor

Social, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Class, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Instruction Daily



Hall 45x85, fully equipped with electric fans and thoroughly ventilated

Academy open during summer months. Class Ticket, 12 lessons 12 weeks, and 5 private lessons, \$6.00. Private lessons taken first to avoid embarrassment of first practice.

Home phone 8201.

Yours respectfully,

Ada Hill Hero

EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

AGENTS FOR THE NEW CHASE MANDOLINS AND GUITARS

AGENTS FOR THE ZONOPHONE

THE WORLD'S BEST TALKING MACHINE

EXTON MUSIC CO.

331 SO. SPRING STREET

LARGEST SHEET MUSIC HOUSE IN THE SOUTHWEST

MISS LILLIE D. MOORE

PARLOR MILLINERY

533-5 MASON BUILDING (OLD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE)

COR BROADWAY AND FOURTH

LOS ANGELES

HATS ON DISPLAY AT COULTER'S

TEL. HOME 3175

MERRICK & PALMER

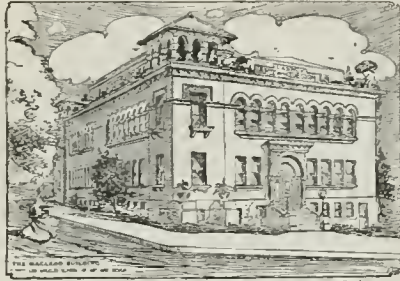
PHOTOGRAPHERS

321 SOUTH HILL STREET

Official photographers, class 1905.

Phone, Main 3775

Est. 1887 — Incorporated



Los Angeles School of ART and DESIGN



N. E. COR. WESTLAKE PARK

L. E. G. Macleod, Director Malcolm Macleod, Secretary
Dr. John R. Haynes, President
Paul de Longpre, Hy Koch and Ben. C. Brown, Examiners



Provides a complete Art Education or any branch study under artists who have exhibited in the chief Galleries of the world.

CLEANLINESS SUPREME

New * Sanitary * Orderly

E. W. Grannis Market House

651 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

Meats, Fish, Poultry, Game

You can find at all times the daintiest of market products here, varied in assortment and perfect in quality.

Specialties: Coffee, Tea, Pure Olive Oil, Butter, Eggs

... Sixteenth Season ...

Henry J. Kramer,

School of Dancing

...Elocution and Physical Culture...

Member American Society of Professors of Dancing
New York

932-934 S. Grand Ave. Phones 5581, West 1508

Pasadena Classes at Elk's Hall

THE QUALITY STORE

Natty Suits for Summer Wear



All the correct and cool tones for the Summer Season — Grays and lighter shades in the very best Cheviots, Worsteds, Flannels, etc. Hand-tailored. The "M. & B. Label" on every garment is your guarantee of goodness and honesty of price.

Let us show you \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20



Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.

FIRST @ SPRING

JONES' BOOK STORE

226 W. FIRST ST., LOS ANGELES



SCHOOL BOOKS

Bought — Sold — Exchanged

SCHOOL SUPPLIES, DESKS,
BLACKBOARDS



SEE OUR \$1.00 GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

GUARANTEED

Tel. Main 129

Tel. Home 129

Pacific Rapid Transfer Van and Storage *ℓ ℓ*

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING A SPECIALTY
TRUNKS TO AND FROM DEPOT, 25c. AND UP

———— M. D. HALL ————

ℓ 209 West Second Street *ℓ*

RICHTER CO.

LADIES' TAILORS

227 MERCANTILE PLACE, COR. BROADWAY

SECOND FLOOR

WE HAVE CONVINCED a great number of society ladies in Los Angeles and Pasadena that our gowns are superior in style and fit to those of any other establishment in this city WE WANT TO CONVINCCE YOU, TOO.



During June and July we will give special low summer rates on all orders



RICHTER CO.

Phone Main 2202

Phone Red 8681

HOLMES BOOK CO.

253-255-257 S. Main St., Los Angeles

LARGEST STOCK OF BOOKS IN THE CITY

BOOKS BOUGHT in small and large quantities. **Libraries Purchased. Magazines, etc., Purchased.**

OUR NEW STORE, 441 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Home 1373

Sunset Main 5673

HEINZEMAN'S PHARMACY

Drugs and Chemicals

N. W. Corner Ninth and Spring

Home 60

Sunset Main 5058

C. F. HEINZEMAN

Druggist and Chemist

222 NORTH MAIN STREET

Cumnock School of Expression

...Twelfth year...

ADDIE MURPHY GRIGG
President

KATE TUPPER GALPIN
Vice-President

Departments :

INTERPRETATION, ENGLISH
PHYSICAL TRAINING
ACADEMIC, DRAMATIC
VOCAL, (Speaking Voice)

1500 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

Summer Sessions:
Cumnock Hall and Venice-of-America
July and August, 1905

"The Cumnock" magazine and Summer School catalogue mailed free
on request

KODAKS

AT

C. C. PIERCE & CO.

J. S. CHASE
C. C. PIERCE

Photographers and Dealers in Photo Supplies

Collectors of Rare and Curious Photographs for illustrating
the Southwest and Mexico . . . Particular care given to col-
lections of Special and Scientific subjects for Libraries and
Museums . . . Sets of Lantern Slides prepared illustrating any
subject . . . Artistic Enlargements made on Bromide Paper
Commercial Photography . . .

EASTMAN KODAK AGENCY

Telephone Home 181

313 South Spring Street

Weber Pianos are Best



They cost a little more but

LAST A LIFETIME

Sole Agency has always
been with the

Bartlett Music Co.

231-233-235 S. BROADWAY

OPP. CITY HALL

Boynton - Fisk Teachers' Agency

HAS LOCATED OVER 2100 TEACHERS
IN CALIFORNIA

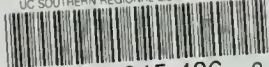
OVER 22,000 IN ALL

Send for Free Manual and Terms.
Boynton Normal, same office, Prepares for
Teachers' Examination

525 STIMSON BLK. Both Phones LOS ANGELES



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 645 486 2

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
A1
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

