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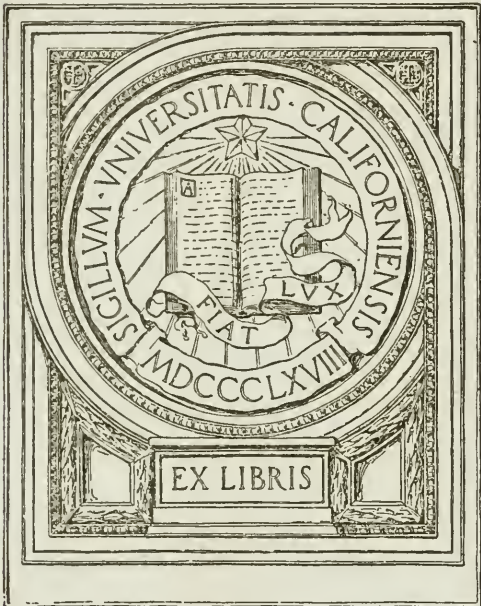


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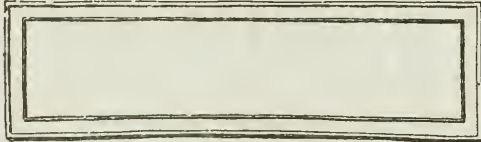


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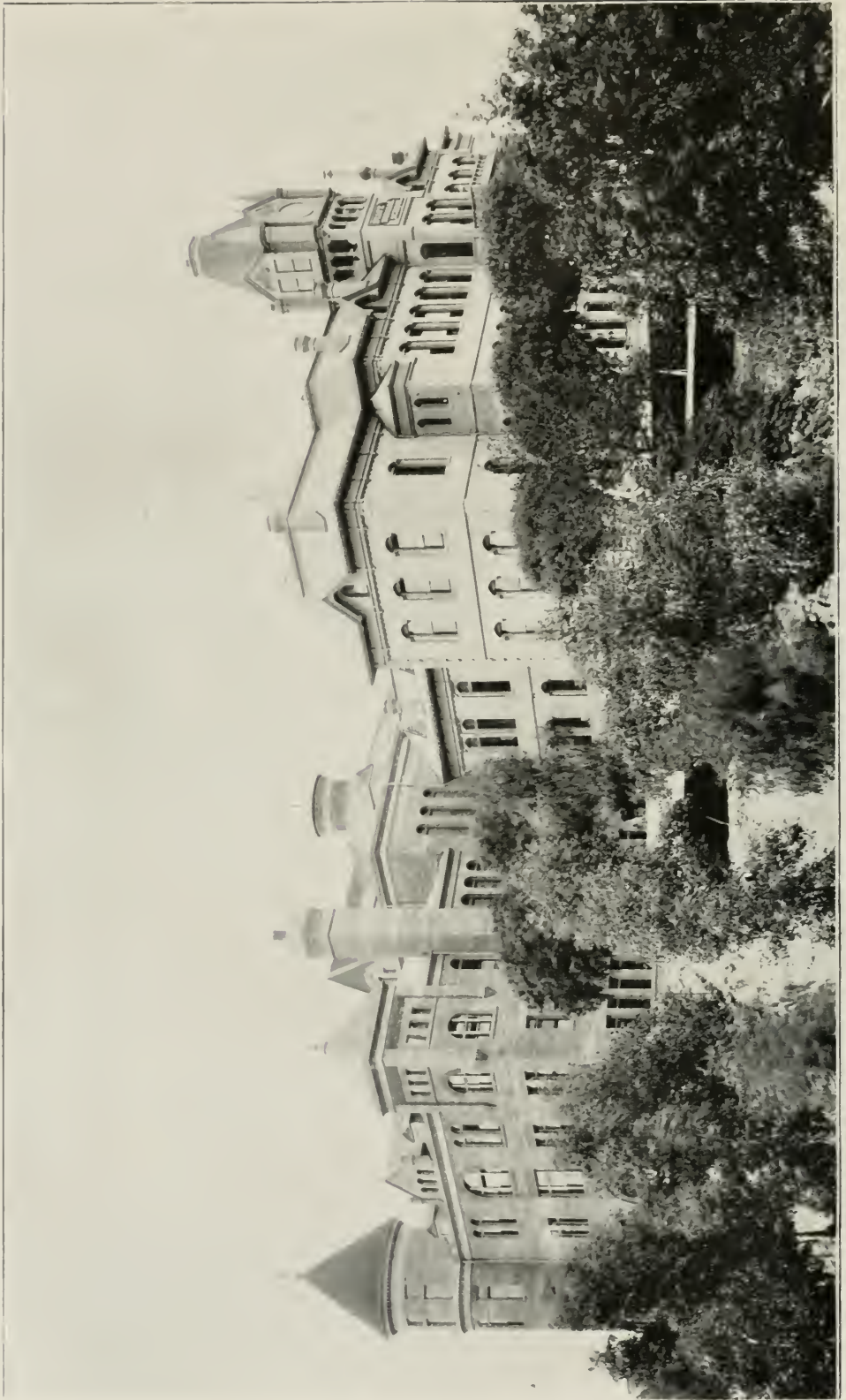
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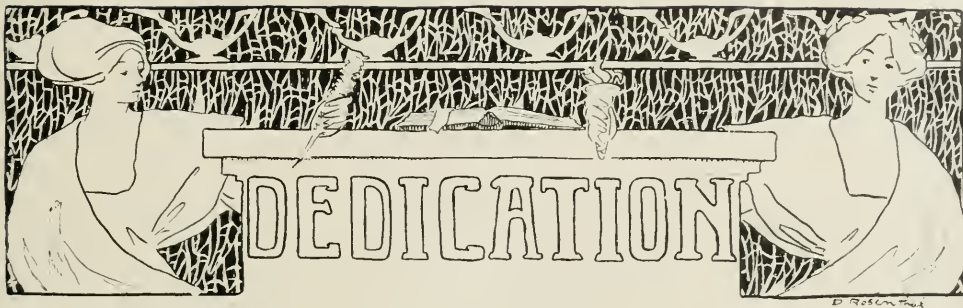
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SUMMER '10 CLASS
L.A.S.N.S.

Germa Dunn



LEWIS M. TERMAN
PH.D.

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*To our sincere friend and instructor,
Dr. Lewis M. Terman, this book
is respectfully dedicated.*

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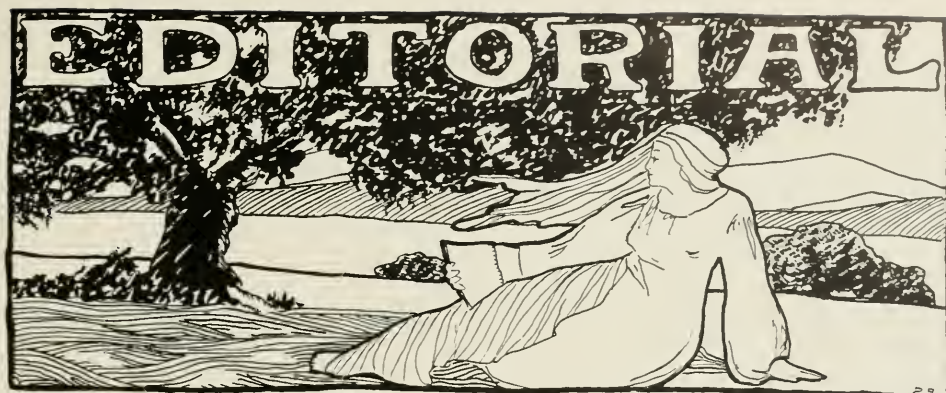
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The Exponent originated in the year 1894, and was at first published by the Webster Club as an organ to represent its work, namely, oratory and debate. It is now sixteen years since this publication made its first appearance, during which time it has changed from a monthly journal under control of the Webster Club to an annual under the control of the Summer graduating class.

Although the Exponent is edited and managed by the Senior A Class it is not strictly a class paper, but is devoted to the interests of the entire school, aiming to encourage school and class activities and to furnish instruction and entertainment to both students and alumni.

While we are enabled to put forth this year an edition of The Exponent much superior to any of its predecessors, we still feel that it is far from being all that a school of our size is capable of.

But our success this year is not due to our own efforts alone, but to the earnest support we have received from all quarters. Realizing the number of school magazines that are launched upon the public each year, we first wish to sincerely thank our advertisers who have aided in making this book a success. Next we are under obligations to certain of the faculty for their help, especially Miss Gere and Miss O'Kane, for their wise criticisms on all the art work. Then we also feel that thanks are due our class for the confidence they have placed in us and for their support, financially and other wise. Last, but by no means an unimportant part of our success is due to the good spirit shown by the entire school. This is shown by the fact that almost five hundred and fifty copies were subscribed for, even before the book was ready for the press. In short, good spirit has been shown by all concerned.

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There was a professor named Terman,
Who certainly a few things can learn 'em.
 To Stanford he'll go,
 We're glad it is so,
But we'll sure miss Dr. Terman.

There was a young lady Barnett,
Who her wedding on Friday night set.
 Is he Dr. or Lawyer?
 Her name now is Sawyer,
But hooray! for she's with us yet.

Palmer's the man with a hoe,
Who out to the garden does go.
 He hoes up the weeds
 And then plants the seeds,
So nicely along in a row.

There is another, I knew it—
A very small lady, Miss Blewitt.
 Yes it is true,
 She leads Music II.
We're lucky to ever get thru it.

Our librarian's name is Miss Fargo,
And books she knows by the cargo.
 She has read many thru,
 And magazines, too,
And if you ask her she'll sing you the Largo.

Mrs. English knows all about zones
And a knowledge of arithmetic owns;
 In apperceptive basis
 She leads the paces
With talks on blood and bones.

In the office we find Mrs. Maier,
Of her work she never does tire,
 Without any thanks,
 She gives data blanks,
But to greater heights will aspire.

Then there is the lady, Miss Gere,
For her equal you'll hunt many a year.
 She knows all about art
 From the very first start,
And of masters, both far and near.

To Miss Richardson what do you say?
A lady so merry and gay;
 Full of fun and good cheer
 Throughout the whole year,
And the girls love her better each day.

Then there is the gentleman, Kent,
Who a few years to school teaching lent.
 He teaches the girls
 To make wooden curls,
And to know how brass should be bent.

There is a teacher named Howe,
He has great knowledge, I vow.
 He reads books by the score,
 And references galore;
And to his wisdom we bow.

A very bright lady's O'Kane;
A knowledge from her we obtain
 On drawing of lines,
 And trees of all kinds;
We hope she'll with us remain.

Miss Miller, so quiet and sweet,—
Very few like her you'll meet;
 But for woman's rights
 She'll enter the fights,
And never despair with defeat.

With never once her patience losin'
She gets us books while we sit musin'.
 Yes, you can bet
 She's the best yet.
So here's three cheers for Van Duesen.

Mr. Shepardson, a man you will find,
Always most helpful and kind,
 All teaching through,
 And seminar, too;
We're sorry to leave him behind.

Miss Jacob's a lady quite grand,
Who gracefully waves her hand,
 She teaches us games
 And dances and things,
And waves Indian clubs from a stand.

James Chamberlain, how does he know,
The winds and why they blow?

 He knows also rocks
 And all sudden shocks
Down in the earth far below.

Miss Stephens, a lady quite small,
And of music, she knows it all;

 She knows it by rote,
 And also by note.
Her melodies resound through the hall.

Mr. Miller! Oh, he is the man,
Who after a butterfly ran:

 With fleet feet and net
 He got it, you bet;
And its bright wings then did he scan.

There is a young man, Gesell,
Who knows psychology well,

 And everything new
 In Child Study, too.
On his knowledge we'll no longer dwell.

For Macurda, what can you say?

He came from 'Frisco one day
 To aid Dr. Millspaugh,
 And teach some school law,
And his talks on discipline!—"Say!"

There is another, ere I quit,
Who in Reading has made a great hit.

 The stage lost an actress,
 A great benefactress—
When Hunnewell said, "I'll teach school a bit."

The last but not least is a bun,
With our troubles we all to her run;
Yes, you have guessed,—
We know she's the best.
I'll close my jingle—it's Dunn.



A Play

Or, perhaps, just the Material for a Play

There should be a great American drama written about American school life. If you could catch the genuine atmosphere of an Institution of Learning! If you could reproduce a characteristic Faculty with their serious, responsible manners; a characteristic student body with their frivolous, indifferent attitudes. Go to,—why not? I shall seize upon this valuable material. Myself and no other shall become in a night the long-looked-for truly American playwright. My name on every one's lips. My money in every theatre box-office.

Now it only remains to hit upon an important, well-known school. One of wide-spread influence, with a national reputation. I have it. The dear old Hall of Learning on Fifth street. More than five thousand brilliant minds, according to the official records, have felt its benign tuition. More than a hundred teachers have helped mould the vigorous minds of these noble young students.

(This play could turn into just a commonplace farcical thing like "Why Smith Left Home," or "What Happened to Jones," but I'm not going to let it, would you? I'm going to keep it on a high plane, almost a Tragedy. It seems more dignified then. And Dignity is so essential in any Institution, particularly in an Institution of Learning.)

Well, so much for Looking About.

Of course, you know this is not an easy task,—to do it on a really big scale. But I have a Strange Feeling Within that assures me an unrelenting Fate has named me as her Agent. (Notice that I sometimes capitalize unimportant words. It is reminiscent of Thomas Carlyle and George Ade. The words are not really unimportant. They have a deep symbolic meaning to those having eyes to see (suggestive of Maeterlinck.) All this long preamble of explanationings is in the amusing but impressive vein of G. Bernard Shaw. Did you ever notice about his plays? You spend so much time getting through the Preface that the evening is gone and the real play not begun.

Now, I ought to have something in here suggesting the influence of that gigantic modern, Henrik Ibsen. That is almost too easy. Why, to be sure! I am fortunate in writing of a school where on the Faculty and in the Student Body are great, wonderful, peculiar, fascinating women. Ibsen does not make much of the men's parts. Neither do we. It's surprising, isn't it, that whenever we stop to look, we find ourselves so amazingly like the World's Greatest Ones? But, no matter, let's go on with the play.

We are ready for the Name. Suppose we agree upon "Climbing." That is both Realistic and Symbolic.

Tableaus are effective. We will begin with a Tableau. A Great Building on a High Hill. From every direction, innumerable hurrying throngs, climbing, climbing, steep inclines, long flights of steps, Climbing. They carry books and boxes and bags. Some are young; some are old. Some are near-young; some near-old.

Next, another Tableau. This time only the Building shows,—one wall removed. You see these people still climbing, climbing. Of course, the intelligent play-goer sees their Minds aspiring as well as their Feet.

Next for the Faculty. Every group of animals, human or otherwise, has its leader. Bee-hives, wood-choppers, and all. So likewise a Faculty. The President must be represented as tall. That is to symbolize the natural quality of Leadership. He must be dignified, reserved, yet, loved and revered by all.

As for the rest of the Faculty, all that is needed there to give verisimilitude, is infinite variety. First there are the Lady-Teachers and the Gentleman-Teachers. The Lady T's are much more learned and interesting, but the Gentlemen T's are much more important and popular, and for these reasons receive larger salaries. The Gentlemen-Teachers may have hair on the tops of their heads long and thick, black or red, or none at all. They can teach just the same. They may have any manner of facial appearance, cheerful or otherwise; adorned with moustaches, small beards, large beards, or no decorations whatever. It's better to have them all married. This saves excessive heart-flutterings among their co-workers or co-students.

The Lady-Teachers are, as I suggested, more interesting. Ladies always are. Some of them need not be married when the Play begins, but they can get married while it's going on. These teachers can be of great variety also,—playful, solemn, at least almost serious-minded, clever, artistic, graceful, thoroughly responsible-looking, Nice People.

Now the Play must show all these Individuals at Work. That's the hardest part. Do they Work? They look like it. They think so. Well, all we've got to do is to get them to act like it, and we can surely hire somebody to wear their clothes and pretend.

Then you must some way convey the impression of persistent repetition, repetition, repetition. Do you think we can manage that without having the House gradually withdraw and the Play Fail? It is momentous. (Remember this is a Symbolic as well as a Realistic play. That makes every word have at least two meanings.)

Also we might have one Act be a Faculty Meeting. They are such serious affairs. We could try a student for her Life. Get together all the rumors ever rumored, and post-card pictures ever taken, compare impressions and condemn to Outer Darkness. Or we might be generous and recommend her for some Fine Position where she could Work Hard for Little Money. In many ways we could bring out the peculiar idiosyncracies of the different Faculty members and indicate unmistakably their lasting love and interest in their Students,—just as we might in another Act show how deep-felt is the affection students bear their dear Teachers.

The Great Hall of Audience offers dramatic opportunities,—or the Basement.

But it is time for the Curtain to Rise.

Summer '10

SUMMER '10



CAPITOLA
SERPENTINE
MARCH 16 1910

DR.

SUMMER '10

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PRESIDENT



DORIS ROSENTHAL
VICE PRESIDENT



MARY HOWELL
SECRETARY



VESTA EATON
TREASURER

City of Departed Abnormalites

Census Data for the Shades of 1910

Earthy Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Allen, Howard	It will have to be in by May 1st	Having dimples	A brick!	Cartoonist
Anderson, Mattie	It makes me sore!	Longing for \$:20 or thereabouts	A work of art	Typewriter
Andrews, Grace	Hasn't stopped yet	Being (trace)(fu)	Leonade	Stuffedie
Ardis, Ethel	Yo gods!	Eating	A lazy swell	Chorus girl
Augur, Edua	(They were something about Miss Goss)	Being congenial	"Some pumpkins"	International basketball "champ."
Baker, Mildred	Come on, let's dance	Smiling sweetly	A pianola	Something nice
Bartlett, Myrth	Good morning!	Going out	A notebook	H. S. teacher
Bass, Ethel	(Didn't leave any)	Being quiet	Lamb	Editor of Ladies' Home Journal
Baugh, Ruth	Now, look here	Knowing her lessons	School room mouse	Historian
Beal, Mrs. Myrtle	What do you know about that?	Sticking out her tongue	Dumpling	A good teacher
Beebe, Alice	O lad, Sir Lancelot	Queening Normal boys	Fairy	Hotel waitress
Bell, Minnie	Well, I want to ask a question	Asking questions	A belle (?)	A traveler
Bird, Alice	Te-he!	Having things just so	A bird	Old maid
Blair, Melissa	O, dear!	Writing poetry	A little deer	A share of an Earl's estate
Bliss, Helen	Who's seen my--	Prizes	Magpie	Studio attendant
Blodgett, Ruth	(Didn't leave any)	Being boisterous	Ramrod	H. S. teacher
Bolton, Katherine	I just hate to keep a gym-note book	Knowing much and saying little	A bookworm	Instructor in L. A. S. N.
Boquist, Adele	Boo, boo, they're rough with me	Playing 5-year-old	Baby	Author of a Child Study
Boquist, Rachel	(Data incomplete)	Curling her hair	Lenon squeezer	Geometrician
Braecwell, Lida	Why, I don't know	Paying class dues	A rattle (noisy)	Milliner

Earthy Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Brittan, Augusta	Oh, I made another mistake	Making out register	Knowledge	Supt. of schools
Brokaw, Dorothy	Keen! (or) I'm so hungry	Calling at the Prex's office	A peach	A real bride
Brown, Eleanor	And—and—and—	Trying to make an impres- sion	Sloppy weather	Elocution teacher
Brunswick, Mary	O—————h!	Being cheerful	A laugh	Primary erotic
Brown, Hattie	O gad!	Waiting at the Auditorium	Rat(ty)	Several men to choose from
Buck, Grace	Now, I wonder ———	Looking sedate	Stork (stately)	Primary teacher
Bullfinch, Irene	Well, don't you know?	Giving opinions	Butterfly	Society lady
Burnham, Jessie	(Data incomplete)	Going to Normal	A text book	Prin. of Grand Ave. school
Cantrbury, Ethel	How do you do it?	Making faces	Funny mask	Teaching
Carpenter, Mabel	Dearie!	Grimacing	A grin	Recruiting officer for Y. W.
Caster, Gladys	Ouch, golly!	Saying last words	Castor-beans	Demonstrator of beauty cream
Catland, Sallie	What not!	Being neat	A whatnot	A city principal
Chase, Mabel	I don't think I remember that	Being noisy (?)	Mouse	Teacher in deaf and dumb school
Clark, Anna	Aw—w, kid!	Going to skating rink	A crutch (good to lean on)	Humorist
Clayton, Arthur	Where's my copper bow?	Queening	Jaybird	Carnoso
Coley, Kathryn	Have you paid your dollar?	Doing 16 things at once	A gold-brick	Lady of leisure
Connor, Edith	Now the next lesson will be—	Teaching Normal classes	Whip (smart)	A physical jigger
Cooney, Agnes	Say, I think so, too	Asking questions about exams.	A lobster	One of the faculty
Cox, Mary	I don't think so	Being cheerful	Lemon	Pessimist
Crawford, Mrs. Bertha	Well, but—	Working	Korean	Lecturer
Crawford, Esther	Oh, boo	Looking benevolent	Pussy cat	Actolette
Cripe, Sam'l	Oh, you kid!	Queening Normal girls	A rooster	Lewis Stone the Second
Crosby, Irma	What's that?	Squinting	Pigmy	A teacher

Earthly Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Crowell, Mary	Hello, there (tenderly)	Being just nice	Clean	A woman of degree(s)
Crutchfield, Pearl	Who thud tho?	Ditching classes	Bibb-rose	Gym teacher
Dabney, Nellie	Well, say, girls, now I think	Giving helpful hints	A dove	(Conducting "Heart to Heart" talks in L. H. J.)
Dagget, Ida	Be strong!	Talking in chapel	A lorgnette	Teaching self-control
Danell, Anna	Ah, well—	Has none	Prunes and prisms	Miss Danell
Davaine, Mary	Now, children, get ready to take your callisthenics!	Hunting for spelling words	A dumb-bell(e)	Callisthenics teacher
Dickey, Helen	Now, let me see, dear	Being excused from teaching	A diekey bird	Society girl
Drew, Anna	Oh! how thweet!	Smiling serenely	An angel	Missionary
Durr, Sophia	Same here	Being "soapy"	Pile of books	Grammarian
Earle, Edna	The very idea!	Cooking	Cook-book	Housekeeper
Eaton, Vesta	Where is Miss Mathewson?	Queening who?	Spoon	Maud Allan
Ellsworth, Mrs. Belle	Come on, children!	Taking notes	Encyclopedia	Overseer of orphan asylum
Elmore, Miriam	Am I late?	Being tardy	Some honey	Vocalist
Fisher, Barbara	Have you heard from Miss Hagan?	Getting fussed	Beanpole	Floor-girl at skating rink
Fitch, Frank	Where do I sit?	Being deep	The ocean	Prof. of remote sciences at Squeedunk College
Fitzgerald, Mary	Thanks, ever so much	Having hair dressed	A raven	Educational reformer
Ford, Margaret	Yipping	Trying to queen	A fan (basketball kind)	Spinster
Foster, Louise	Where's them pesky sorsors?	Collecting class dues	A star	Woman suffragist (sure!)
Fox, Sade	Foke! Joke!	Doing stunts to amuse the crowd	Lamp-post	A deaconess (?)
Freeman, Blanche	Isn't that right?	Doing just the proper thing	A black bow	An expression teacher
Fulton, William	What's the matter?	Queening Miss Robinson	An orange blossom!	Do we dare tell?
Gallup, Margaret	Hello, dearie!	Knowing too much	A library book	Dr. Giesel's successor
Gaynor, May	Perfectly adorable! (c. f. Grimm)	Being too good looking for a school teacher	Cherub	A great (?) singer

Earthly Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Gilbousen, Elsie	I'll look it up	Working her brain cells	A special reference	A Normal school teacher
Given, Bess	Fade away, kid!	Being cute	A daisy	A heart smasher
Glasscock, Mary	Are they crazy?	Looking astonished	Lyre	A prize dancer
Gaetz, Mae	It strikes me	Smiling	Feather weight	Landlady
Good, Mary	I don't care	Eating peanuts	Hermit crab	A good one
Granger, Lida	What in the world?	Keeping busy	A monkey on a stick	Member of Board of Education
Grant, Pearl	Oh, yes, um-hum, um hum!	Losing her head completely	A jewel	A batchelor girl
Gray, Mrs. Ella	I always did this way	Boasting	A gray hair	Author of "Methods in Teaching"
Green, Hattie	Dear me!	Sweet disposition	Dill pickle	A Mrs.
Grim, Mary	Here's Millzy!	Being "perfectly" adorable (c. F. Gaynor)	A smile	One of the laughing chorus
Grimshaw, Alice	Humptaloo!	Being frisky	Pony	(H)altar
Grizzle, Olga	I don't know (in classes)	Pretty, but quiet	A dainty flower	Authoress
Grubb, Hattie	You're no featherweight!	Making faces	A Billiken	A dancing teacher
Hansen, Christina	Why, the idea; I should say so!	Cooking	A frying pan	Anything but married
Halfpenny, Lillian	Come along	Being seen, not heard	(Mum)my	To grad, from Normal
Halverson, Luga	That's true	Speaking precisely	A mechanical doll	A songster
Hedgepeth, Anne	So?	Sewing	Needle	Seamstress
Hedeg, Helen	You meanly thing!	Blushing	A soft voice	A dressmaker
Hendricks, Orta	When in you say?	Singing	A lemon drop	A lawyer
Hollingsworth, Bessie	Oh! my!	Being not noisy	A music box	A pedagogue
Hosler, Geneva	What for?	Giggling and ditching rehearsal	A missing link	Actorino (sure)
Howell, Mary	She's one of my sorority girls	Being proper	Corruccopia	A ballet dancer
Huff, Mazie	You mean thing!	Speaking distinctly	Pianola	An old man

Earthly Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Hurley, John	(Not distinct)	Being coy	All-day sucker	A special gym, teacher
Jackson, Eva	What's the joke?	Acting giddy	A toothpick	Indian club juggler
Johnson, Anna B.	Some kind word	Being dignified	A kind word	A critic teacher
Johnson, Marion	You industrious mortal!	Being accommodating	A jewel	A professional whistler
Johnson, Ruby	Oh, honey!	Having chums	A sweet bit	Somebody's sweet thing
Judd, Genevieve	Well, now!	Fussing	Mummy	Editor of Spinsters' Magazine
Klein, Edith M.	I wish you'd look!	Reading Wild West stories	Bottle of Anti-Fat	Cowboy-girl
Klein, Mrs. Kathryn	It's just the proper thing	Getting exponent ad's	Snail	Prin. of girls' school
Knowlton, Blanche	Well, I reckon so	Being quiet	A big bass horn	A neat housekeeper
Koehler, Lillian	Do you lead?	Smiling stiff-jawed	Pansy	Gym. teacher at N. S.
Kring, Alida	Now, you stop	Being smart as a	Whip	Smarter
Kuhale, Helene	Oh, gracious!	Looking happy	A little daisy	To make others happy
Lamson, Helen	Oh, look here, kid!	Being tired	Hairpin	Keeping fruit store
Landreth, Lillian	This school doesn't owe me anything	Having grouches	Pelican	More cheerful
Larter, Marie	Oh, really?	Agreeing with everyone	A little switch	Concert singer
Laurance, Georgia	I hadn't thought much about that	Looking over her glasses	Dove	Settlement worker
Lawson, Annie	I can't do that	Stinging	Goose	Teacher of languages
Lee, Agnes	Sure, Mike	Running an auto	Telegraph pole	Chauffeuse
Lehman, L. J.	I don't think we quite understand each other	Being meek	Lamb	Wood teacher
Le Mesnager, Louise	How do you do?	Doing proper thing	Spade (digger)	Dancing teacher
Leonhardt, Abna	I'm going to break all the rules of this Normal	Cutting up	A chum(p)	Art critic (?)
Lewis, Clara	Isn't that nice?	Being coy	Butterfly	A governess
Lincoln, Sadie	That just makes me tired	Being sweet	Wreath of smiles	Trapeze performer

Earthy Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Lindeman, Florence	Simply keen!	Playing tennis	Apple (of his eye)	Cutest bungalow in Alhambra!
Lindley, Mrs. Della	I say so	Struggling with School Law	A pickle	A lady principal
Llewellyn, Hilda	Oh, heavens!	Sliding down stairs	Bump on a log	A 23rd engagement
Malter, Malverna	Oh, I'm just about dead!	Knowing it all	Roll of butter	Brilliant pianist
Mathewson, Ruth	Well, say!	Wearing rubber heels	A few tears	Miss Dunn's confidante
Martin, Minnie	Oh, say girls!	Dancing	Matinee idol	Missionary
McAfee, Grace	I don't understand the question	Getting mixed	Bottle of peroxide	Trotting in double harness
McCarty, Maud	Where's Toney?	Twiddling her fob	Crow	Married to a minister
McClosky, Pearl	You old Piate!	Riding a sawhorse	A whipsnort	Second edition of Miss Dunn
McMeekin, Emma	It's just swell!	Reading Wild West stories	An Arizona ranch	Living on her reincarnation
McNeely, Mabel	May I offer a suggestion?	Getting A's	Encyclopedia	Pine pianist
McOwan, Ella	How do you do it?	Looking solemn	Pensive pup	Manual tr. teacher
Merrilees, Jessie	Oh, dear!	Staring	A freckle	Progeny of learning
Middleton, Lena	Never mind	Being good	2c stamp	Prima donna
Millage, Violet	Where's Ruth?	Going with Ruth	A Siamese twin	5678 gr. teacher in Ruth's school
Miller, Bertie	Oh, you sport!	Bluffing	Lemon squeezer	Chronic theater-goer
Miller, Caroline	I know of a case like that	Gadding	A golden smile	Matron for orphanage
Mitchell, Annette	Who choo say?	Dreaming	Bump on a log	A business woman
Mitchell, Lorraine	Oh, cut it!	Being good-natured	A statue	Dispenser of lemon tablets
Monetrief, Emma	Say, that's pow'ful good, golly!	Losing things	A southern melody	Manager of a Lost & Found Bureau
Moritz, Ruth	Well, isn't that funny!	Being jolly	A jumpingjack	Something nice
Morton, Ella	I'd jump on her!	Giggling	A lovers' delight	A lady baritone
Morton, Louise	I didn't mean to	Laying down the law	Fuss budget	Lecturer

Earthly Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Moss, Lillian	The idea!	Chewing the rag	A moss rose	To rise in the world
Newlan, Victor	I don't know	Making belt pins in manual tr.	A snake (in the sky)	Principal of a "mono-man" school
Noggle, Mabel	You don't say so!	Recuperating at Normal	New tin pan (bright)	Psychologist
Officer, Elizabeth	That makes me fired	Looking up references	Trotting horse	Globe trotter
Oncal, Gertrude	Postpone that!	Playing basketball	Large dose of indifference	Hard to tell
Palm, Paula	I haven't time	Being agreeable	A duck	Matron of children's home
Patterson, Ella	Oh, goodness!	Acting grown up	A polliwog	History teacher at Wellesley
Paul, Mamie	May I borrow your ——?	Looking in mirror	Hot air register	Lady jeweler
Peabody, Cecil	Now, don't you forget	Blushing	A sweet-pea	Spring poet
Pool, Clara	Wha' did you say?	Talking loud	Goose	Sunday School teacher
Potter, Gertrude	All right!	Saying favorite expression	A wig	Indefinite
Power, Hazel	You bet	Cheerfulness	Blush rose	Supt. of schools
Pratt, Mildred	I think so	Gentleness	Violet	Philanthropist
Reeves, Iva	Oh, say!	Chaffing	Household pet	Lady ——
Richards, Luez	What do you know about that?	Neglecting (?) studies	Owl	Sociologist
Richardson, Helen	Dumfugly!	Ploeking by herself (?)	An orange blossom	A sweet companion
Riecker, Eleanor	Oh, heck!	Going for joy rides	A comet	A shepard(ess)
Riley, Gladys	Now, that makes me mad	Blushing	Poinsettia	Minister's wife
Robbins, Edna	Gee, whiz!	Bein' bored	An Amazon	Dean of Woman's College
Robinson, Edna	I've got a T. L. for you!	Queening Dr. T.	A Salsinas potato	Reporter for society paper
Robinson, Elizabeth	Believe me!	Sleeping	A noisy thing	Educational reformer
Robinson, Leath	Kiss me, kid, I'm ——	Having company	A megaphone	A bigamist
Rosenthal, Doris	I've got to see Mr. Allen	Being saucy to superiors	A sfigarve	An artist (no joke)

Earthly Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Rothermel, Alice	Don't you know, honey?	Being jolly	Magpie	Physiology teacher
Rubland, Lottie	Oh, dear!	Studying	A deer	Caretaker of a zoo
Rutherford, De Rose	Have you applied for a school?	Being in a hurry (?)	Cucumber	Expression teacher
Ruffy, Ellen	Ah, ha! I think so, too!	Looking pleasant	A rat	Anything but Ruffy
Stanford, Saada	Aw, you're foolin'!	Bluffing	Walking stick	A sedate matron
Saulque, Helen	I don't understand	Looking worried	A Gypsy	We won't tell
Savory, Frankie	Well, it seems to me as I think of it—	Reciting in Hist. of Ed.	Mouse	Sunday School teacher
Sawyer, Cora	Well, I never	Penmanship	Mrs. Preston	Penmanship instructor at Brownsberger's
Schneider, Rose	Where is Ruby?	Primping	A soap bubble	Preceptress of girls' school
Scudder, Mrs. Agnes	(Slowly) Well, I should think—	Asking questions in critic	Some good old Scotch	To be liked by everyone
Sheldon, F. Hunnewell	Ah, think this way will be bettah!	Impersonating Brown	A chestnut	Ask her
Schrode, Bertha	Jimminy!	Looking wise	Ghost	Schoolma'am
Sinclair, Margaret	You crazy galoot!	Looking into other people's past	Hammer	A better half
Skinner, Edna	I think that's awfully mean	Bringing flowers to teachers	Sour pickle	Abroad
Smith, Agnes	For pity's sake	Smiling	A blush rose	Miss Hagan's duplicate
Smith, Francis	I don't know	Silence	Cabbage	In the 5th St. Store
Smith, Grace	Oh! really, do you mean it?	Wanting her own way	Bantam rooster	A trained nurse
Smith, Margaret	Have you got my note?	Paying class dues	A few potatoes	A Summer girl
Smith, Ruth P.	Well, I should say!	Looking sweet	Four cats and a cup of tea	Wait and see
Sprague, Grace	I'll be flabbergasted!	Being an arith. shark (?)	A nightingale	On the Orpheum circuit
Stein, Lucy	Well, I guess I know!	Talking	A parrot	Suffragist leader
Stephens, Nellie	Who's going to play my accompaniment?	Singing on Sr. programs	Chestnut	Not hard to tell

Earthly Husk	Last Words on Record	Haunting Crime	Reincarnation	Destiny
Stoue, Mary	Has the bell rung?	Being late	Pink pills for pale people	A nurse
Stouehouse, Elsie	Oh! honey, that's just lovely	Poems	A "kunnin'" kitten	Someone's Elsie
Symonds, Margie	I've got a new case	Having affinities	A swan	Hairdresser
Talcott, Grace	Well, I don't know	Wearing squeaky shoes	A squeak	Lady amateur
Thompson, Mary	I aim to do this	Sleeping	A poppy	A librarian
Thompson, Maud	Ge-e, kids, that'll be swell!	Kid curlers and peroxide	Ink eradicator	A flirt
Tonne, Gladys	Golly—got a lot of nerve!	Chewing gum	Shark	Proprietor of gum factory
Udylke, Marjorie	Oh, now tell me!	Staying up late	A spruce	A music teacher
Uttley, Elva	I just hate her! I just hate her!	Studying!	Peacock	French model
Vessey, Winifred	Well, I'll declare!	Believing everything she is told	A peach	Cause of a janitor's divorce
Walk, Annie	Well, who're you?	Sewing in seminar	A freckle	Bareback rider
Walker, Lella	I haven't an idea bigger'n a hairpin!	Collecting "copy"	A sweet disposition	A romantic marriage
Ward, Irene	Gloriana Rhoebiana Christantina Brown!	Loafing	Mouse	She knows
Warner, Thea	Bugs!	Flacking by herself	Clam	Orator
Waterman, Gertrude	(Nobody heard them)	Being unknown	Doubtful	Uncertain
White, Eleanor	(Hasn't any)	Cracking jokes	Encyclopedia of facts	Waiting at the church
White, Theresa	Oh, no! My name is White	Tossing her head	Carrots	Another change of name
Winstanley, Ella	Oh, you papi-lal-lal!	Chewing the rag	A basketball	Back at U. S. C.
Whitney, Edna	I've been looking for you	Being a good kid	Peaches and cream	To graduate from Normal
Wicker, Nellie	Oh, my governor!	Aiming to look young	A couple of gray hairs	Something nice
Williams, Ruth	Where is Violet?	Eyes for only one	The other Siamese	1234 grade teacher in Violet's school
Wright, Edna	Where's my basket?	Making baskets	Shell fish	Not (W)right
Wright, Ethel	I'm busy!	Keeping busy	A bee	Still (W)right
Zimmamon, Lenore	The purpose of this meeting	Getting other people to do things	A lazy swell	Her pick of a string of men



MARGIE SYMONDS



MARY GRIM



MAY GAYNOR



HELEN RICHARDSON



MARGARET FORD



EDNA ROBINSON



ALICE GRIMSHAW



LEAH ROBINSON



FLORENCE LINDEMAN



LORRAIN MITCHELL



MABLE McNEELY



LILLIAN MOSS



MELISSA BLAIR



MARY BRUNSWICKER



DOROTHY BROKAW



WINIFRED VESSEY



MARY FITZGERALD



PEARL McCLOSKEY



HATTIE BROWN



FRONIE SHELDON



ANNIE WALK



SOPHIA DURR



ELSIE GILHOUSEN



LUCY STEIN



THEA WARNER



MALVINA MALTER



MILDRED BAKER



BARBARA FISHER



GERTRUDE O'NEAL



MARY THOMPSON



GENEVIEVE JUDD



EDNA EARL



CLARA POOLE



ESTHER CRAWFORD



ALIDA KRING



MIRIAM ELMORE



AGNES SMITH



ALICE BEEBE



ETHEL ARDIS



GRACE McAFFEE



MARY SANFORD



WILLIMAE FULTON



GLADYS CASTOR



GRACE SMITH



ARTHUR CLAYTON



EDNA AUGER



ELLA McOWEN



MYRTLE BEAL



IVA REEVES



EMMA McMEEKIN



LOUISE FOSTER



DELLA LINDLEY



EDITH CONOR



ALICE ROTHERMAL



ELVA
UTTLEY



ETHEL
CANTERBURY



MAUD
THOMPSON



NELLA
WINSTANLEY



GEORGIE
LAWRENCE



MAZIE
HUFF



MAUD
McCARTY



BERTIE
MILLER



PEARL
RUTCHFIELD



MARY COX



LILLIAN KOHLER



JESSIE MERRILEES



MARGARET GALLUP



EDNA WRIGHT



HELEN HERDIG



LENA MIDDLETON



GLADYS RILEY



CHRISTENA HANSIN



MABLE CHASE



SADIE LINCOLN



HELEN SAULQUE



ELIZABETH ROBINSON



AGNES LEE



BERTHA SHRODE



MARY DAVAINÉ



CECIL PEABODY



THERESA WHITE





FRANKIE SAVORY



BESSIE HOLLINGSWORTH



EDNA WHITNEY



MARGARET SMITH



NELLIE DABNEY



GRACE BUCK



LORENZO G. LEHMAN





ANNA DREW



IVA JACKSON



ALICE BIRD



HAZEL POWER



LILLIE CATLAN



MILDRED PRATT



RUTH MORITZ



BLANCH FREEMAN



HATTIE GRUBB



LIDA GRANGER



GENEVA HOSSLER



ELLA RUTTY



GRACE TALCOTT



CORA SAUYER



OLGA GRIZZLE



ALICE LEWIS



EDITH KLEIN



IRENE WARD



JESSIE BURNHAM



MARION JOHNSON



IDA DAGGETT



AGNES SCUDDER



ELEANOR BROWN



ANNA E. JOHNSON



PAULA PALM



KATHRYN BOLTON



FRANK TITON



KATHRYN THIELE



ETHEL WRIGHT



ROSE SCHNEIDER



AUGUSTA BRITAN



MABEL NOGGLE



ALMA LEONHARDY



ELLA GRAY



HILDA LLEWELYN



KATHRYN KLEIN



Class Poem

We're the Class of Nineteen Ten,
And a jolly good bunch we've always been,
Parties we've given and jinks galore,
No other class has in mem'ry a store
 Of such grand old jollifications.

As Junior B's we had such fun—
(Mere infants we were then)—
A fairy came right thru our door,
And sprinkled some fairy wax over our floor,
And we danced and danced the evening out,
For, be grateful to fairies we thought we ought,
And we hoped the dream would go away,
And come again some other day—
 But it didn't!!

The faculty all dreamed it wrong,
And funny dream! it stayed too long.
(We were just Juniors then.)
Said the faculty, "Not for a solid year
Shall the Junior B's give a party, for fear
They can't shoulder responsibility;
They haven't the social efficiency
They should have in case of emergency.
Psychologically, biologically, sociologically, too,
Their brain cells are undeveloped ab-Normal!!
 —Phew!!!

What could we poor little Juniors do?
 Just what we did do,—we stood it.

Sing praises to that glorious class,
That awakened those solemn walls!
Sing praises to that classy class
That paraded those dear old halls!
Even the faculty joined right in,
And added their shout to the rousing din,
With dance and whoop and wild hurrah
They led us with a merry lay,
Led the serpentine that memorable day,
 (Of course we were Senior A's then.)

Our grand old courage has stood the test,
Gained social efficiency with a zest,
Our sturdy spirit did the rest.
As Juniors we sang it, as Seniors we've proved it,
As Seniors we still sing it two hundred strong,
Our well tried, tested, trusty old song:

Hi! hi! hikus!
Nobody like us!
We're the Class of Nineteen Ten!
We're going to beat you
'Ere we meet you!
Rah! for Nineteen Ten
Hi! Hi!!

—Melissa Blair.





Mrs. Stedman sat in the waiting room of the little depot. It was a warm July day in 1909, and she had waited two hours for the train which was to bring Mrs. Roscoe, her girlhood chum, in an old-fashioned "Academy." Since coming to California though living in different counties these friends always managed to have a good long visit together once a year. As Sally Stedman sat fanning herself with the Perrytown Clarion and gazing out of the open door at the quivering atmosphere above the railroad tracks, she heard a welcome sound. It was faint and far away still when from nowhere apparently appeared an expressman; the steady ticking of the telegraph key stopped, the agent dragged out a mail sack and finally the pounding of the rails grew louder, and the little Branch line engine coughed up to the station.

"Why, there you are, Sally! How are you? The two friends embraced, and Sally led Becky Roscoe thru the depot to the eucalyptus grove behind where Dolly and the rig were hitched to a much gnawed tree-trunk. After climbing into the surrey Sarah slapped the lines and they started down the dusty road to the Stedman ranch. The "hot spell" being talked over, and crops and relatives discussed, Sally said, "Well, did Clara go tew school tew th' city?"

"Oh, yes, but she's t'hum now to keep house fer her paw y' know, an' my, she seems tew be glad tew get hum, but she's had a good time at Normal anyhow."

"Why, I thought she didn't want t' go?"

"Wall, she didn't at fust, ye know she talked about goin' t' th' ol' maids' home an' all sech truck? Wal, 'pears all of 'um that went had about the same idee, but she had a good room-mate—th' one that's comin' out tew visit in August—and before th' year was up they all made lots ov frien's an' concluded it wasn't sech a bad place after all.

"Ye see they're the Summer Tens, an' they wuz the biggest class that ever entered the schule durin' its whole history; so I guess they'll be quite a class alright. Things seemed to be made out to suit them all along. Fust whack their programs were all made out for them and courses have just been

arranged tew suit them girls. Clara said they were divided into six diff'runt sections an' they got together an' elected section officers, then they had general officers—real nice girls I guess—they were Sade Fox, president; Bertha Hill, vice-president; Ethel Ardis, secretary, and Vera Hoffmaster, treasurer. Before they'd been there a little while the Faculty found out they were such a jolly lot that they thought they'd give a reception. My! but they transformed that gymnasium. Clara said it looked like a bit of fairy land—an' I s'pose it looked nice with the lights an' music an' fluffy dresses—but what do you think? When it came refreshments time them Faculty folks got down and waited on them girls! Nachly they enjoyed that event.

“Clara seemed to think it wasn't sech awful hard work this year. I guess because the teachers made things so interestin' like, I know she mentioned a Mrs. English especially, and Miss Gere, but she had a awful time with her compositions though—couldn't seem to suit that teacher at all!”

Here Sally interrupted to call attention to some points of interest along the way. Soon they reached home and a lunch in the cool dining-room of the ranch house. However, the topic of interest got back to Normal again.

“Speakin' of Y. W. work,” said Mrs. Becky, “ye know they is quite an association at the Normal—at least sence a number of the Summer Ten girls joined. Las' Fall they gave a Hallowe'en party to the school (the S. 10's are about half the school, ye know), an' they had an awful scrumptious time bobbin' fer apples and gettin' fortunes told.”

“Clara,” interposed Mrs. Sally, “used tew be such a good player in basket-ball at High School, too bad she couldn't keep it up!”

“My, she does; she joined a basket-ball team right away—they were mostly Junior B's, and such a good team that they played outside schools even.

“Yes, she came home for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Christmas time she told us about Miss Wood—married, y' know. Yes, an' two girls in the class left to git married this year. I guess they're a awful match-makin' class. Then, mind you, Sally, two more of the Faculty got married!—Sech examples fer them girls, an' what do you think them girls did? Wore crape, Sally, and decorated his chair an' hers in chapel. Thet pore groom was pestered to death till he made a speech—Clara just has spasms when she tells about it.

“Yes, an' when they got tew be Junior B's, Miss Miller was attracted clear from Throop to teach them, an' Miss Barnett, too, (all the girls jest worship her, Clara says.) I was just wonderin' if their match-makin' reputation hed traveled. Sence Christmas she's been takin' Agriculture and

writin' 'pon how tew raise garden truck an' feed a cow, an' sech foolishness— I hope they don't expect teachers to do sech things, but say ye sh'd see the injun basket she made jest like real.

"Have tew get supper? All right. I'll shell th' peas fer you an' we can talk in the kitchen. Did I tell you about the 1909 Capitola Luncheon? No? Well, all the school goes and each class has tables decorated. I'm sure from the description the Summer Ten table was scrumptious. Red geraniums an' green stuff—their colors, ye know—an' even place cards. Clara has ben singin' a couple of class songs incessantly around the house.

"Before folks got thru talkin' about how they drowned out all the rest with their songs and yells an' drinkin' glasses, they gave a party such as Clara calls a "perfectly keen time" an' they waxed the Gym floor! Why not? Well, Juniors aren't allowed to, an' th' S. 10's have the old mischief in them, so it happened. Do you know they wouldn't tell, and were put in disgrace for a year—isn't that a shame! The College girls at Normal felt so sorry that they gave a reg'lar College Jinks for them, an' the Senior A's gave a Minstrel Show for them, so they didn't feel so bad.

"These peas is all shelled now. Do tell me about that talented relative of yours who's just come out. Oh, speakin' of talent, Clara's class has lots of that—most all th' Glee Club is made up of S. 10 girls, tew say nothin' of the fun talent an' dramatics, too."

When Sally came in from feeding the chickens, Becky continued: "Ye know I told ye th' Summer Tens couldn't have a party—well, their spunk—you know Clara's been takin' gymnasium exercises since Thanksgivin'—an' they had a competitive gymnasium drill between th' diff'runt sections. Each section decorated a corner of th' gallery an' had a 'yellin' team,' as Clara calls it. I wish I could have seen that, it must 'a' been purty.

"About this time they began tew have so much class enthusiasm that it overflowed on the Senior A's. Ye see the Senior A's had a bell—a reg'lar auction bell to call their meetin's t' order an' one day the Junior A's—that's Clara's class—got hold of the bell an' went round shoutin' Junior A's! Junior A's! When them Seniors heard the bell they all rushed out like mad and tried to get it. The Junior A's got in a bunch an' more from both sides came up, an' it was like a tug-o'-war; Clara called it a 'rough-house,' but I think it must ha' been a 'rough hair,' 'cause she said they all lost their combs an' pins an'—well, the Junior A's kept that bell. They haven't had anything so exciting since then.

"The Junior Y. W. girls gave them some kind of a party though, an' later on Clara and all of her class went to the Senior A play and other

doin's, but they vowed theirs would be fifty better, an' I guess they will—account of th' unusual lot o' talent."

* * * * *

It is a July day a year later and Sally is sitting on Becky's porch in the prosperous little town of C—. They have just laid down their crochet for out comes Clara, a dainty and very smart appearing young woman with white dress and a tray of cool lemonade. After she had gone Sally remarked to Becky, "I was just thinkin' of Judge Dough's daughter, who went east to a girls' finishin' school; now Clara looks every bit as pert an' stylish an' no taffy at all."

"Wal," said Becky, "I must say as shouldn't, that the Normal turned out as fine a lot of girls as I ever want tew see. My! paw an' I thought them a sight fer sore eyes! But let me begin at the beginnin'."

"Clara said it was like a big reunion when they went back to Los Angeles las' Fall. The girls began tew have lots of fun outside school—just little larks together—so many good lectures, ye know, an' I don't know what her paw'll say, but she went considerable to the theatre durin' the las' year—but girls will be girls."

"They elected officers right away, 'cause by that time they knew how tew pick. They took Lenore Zinnamon for President, Doris Rosenthal for Vice-President, Mary Howell fer Secretary, an' Vesta Eaton fer Treasurer: an' they've kep' them all year. Speakin' of good choices, I fergot tew say they had Dr. Terman, an' Dr. Gesell an' Miss Barnett fer class teachers."

"The Summer Tens began teachin' in the Trainin' School the fust thing when they got back, but it didn't take them long to get the knack of it, an' before long they got it down to a fine point. So now teachin's the least of their troubles. Another matter came up soon, which would nachly please a match-makin' class. The music teacher, Miss Hagan, got in a knot—the love kind, Clara said—but my, you should have read her letters about that time—you'd think that with Miss Hagan the whole school got up an' left!"

"Yes, I would like another glassful. Well, as I was sayin' them girls are so full o' sperits an' they got tew callin' their class meetin's by serpentes. Don't understand? Well, a bunch get in a string with their hands on each other's shoulders and dance up an' down the halls singing, 'Hi, hi, hickus' (one of their class songs), an' when they get a long string they'd take 'em back to Room V, where they had their meetin's."

"Havin' experiences in bein' the whole show at Capitola Luncheon las' year, it was easy as Clara says to 'take the cake' this year. Clara said the faculty was sports—whatever that is—they all serpented down to the luncheon with the class two hundred of 'em all in a string, an' all actin'

like kids. Their yell leader had a megaphone, an' the way they reeled off the yells an' songs musta been like clockwork. Clara said that they made the biggest hit. She ate her lunch after school that day 'cause it took all noon t' give them clever yells an' songs.

"The nex' thing that happened was the Capitola Jollyup, in which the Senior B's did most of the stunts. O! I fergot tew tell you about the great basket-ball team the Summer Tens had this year. You know the Juniors had a good team too, but they played off a series of games an' it only took two games, 'cause the Senior B's beat them all holler with the aid of a good bunch of 'rooter-girls,' as they call 'em.

"Studies? Oh, yes, they all had tew work purty hard, an' Clara was so peekid at Christmas holidays—you know it was th' effects of School Law an' History of Ed., as she called it. On top of all that, she an' a lot of other Senior B's were called to the President's office, an' I couldn't understand the trouble, but it was somethin' about chapel talkin' an' by-laws, an' I wrote I was plumb ashamed, an' she wrote things wuz gettin' worse, an' even their teachers were caught occasionally, but it all blew over in time for th' Senior B Ball for the Senior A's.

"I'll tell you what, Sally, them girls is like chain-lightnin'. Why, before they knew it, th' sixteenth of January was upon them—the day they vowed to give a grand doin's to make up for a year's dearth. Well, Sally, as shure's I'm Becky Roscoe them girls inside of one little week, had chosen an' rehearsed a play every night till the janitor got insomnia. It was th' Grecian Bend. (Clara sent me a copy an' I nearly died readin' it.) They had all the invitations out for the Senior A's an' the Gym decorated with pennants from end tew end—well, Clara said the grandest time of her life wasn't in it with 'The Grecian Bend,' and the dancin'—the boys were there in plenty, too.

"Well at last she got tew be a Senior A an' then things begun to hum—so she wrote. I'll tell you some other time 'bout th' rousin' class meetin's they had every Tuesday, an' the times with havin' pictures took for the Exponent book. They went lots to th' skatin' rink an' they gave a beautiful fancy dancin' exhibition at the city playground May Day Festival, but one Friday one of their favorite teachers, Miss Barnett, went away, an' Mrs. Sawyer took her place, but anyway Clara said she was just as nice an' came dressed so cute to th' Kids' party they had. I'd give my best bunnit to hev seen 'em all dressed like little girls an' boys, too, an' drinkin' pink lemonade an' dancin'.

"Clara says the Summer Tens had to hire a coach for their play, which mounted up their expenses lots more than any other class, but they came out all right, an' their play was just grand, Sally, for I saw that myself.

You see paw an' I wuz there to the graduation an' my, it looked fine to see them girls over two hundred strong marchin' up tew get them diplomas. Well, I'll tell you about the good times they had before I got there, only I must start supper now—it's gettin' dark.

"Why, I declare, I didn't show you their Exponent book; it's the biggest and most artistic ever published by th' Normal in Los Angeles—it's just great an' the jokes are reel funny.

"Why, no, she didn't have any trouble gettin' a position—the school boards just fell over themselves grabbin' fer teachers from that class. Yes, it's all over now, but Clara has made lots of nice friends an' I guess the Summer Tens will leave a long an' verdant memory in the school, an' they won't be forgot soon, neither."

Margaret Sinclair.



The Senior Aze

(Character Sketch Written at the Close of a Severe Day.)

It is no light and airy task to furnish an adequate account of the Senior Class of 1910,—a class which is so largely composed of its numerous individual members. As we go to press these members tally to about 215. Whether the number will fall far below this, depends technically upon the size of the graduating group. If statistics were interesting we should say that all the Seniors for the year, including the Fall and Winter styles, shall have been about 304. Graduating Seniors before the present year total to 2,443. It may be of interest to the future antiquarian to know that Lenore Zinnamon was the 4,607th student to alphabetically enter our Normal School since 1882. According to Miss Dunn, this is her accession number.

I asked Miss Dunn what she thought of the class from the standpoint of the higher criticism. She thought it was heterogeneous, but a pretty nice class, as they themselves modestly confessed at the Capitoline auditory picnic. Their decorations at this quiet little affair, were likewise very modest and subdued. In spite of their heterogeneity, the class is really very well co-ordinated. On a moment's notice they articulated themselves into a sinuous serpent,—a huge human boa,—and wound their tranquil, reptilian course through corridor and down stairway.

The large number of sections into which the class is divided, is a sign of that heterogeneity which Herbert Spencer considers an accompaniment of progressive evolution. No Senior class has had so many sections; no class has met such complex situations and produced such intricate programs. No class has lost so many locker keys.

Hilarity joins with heterogeneity as a class characteristic. Dignified and subdued at the august teachers' reception, the class becomes hilarious in the theft of their rival's bell. Hilarious do they also become in the waxing of the gym floor and the frolics thereon.

A word of personal mention may be out of order. The source of the information is the accession book. According to this book, Miss Hedgpeh is classified as an American who comes from Prairie Home, Md. Mrs. Sheldon, on the other hand, comes from Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Hunnewell is recorded as her guardian. Miss Riecker comes from Tucson, Arizona.

Space and fatigue interdict further detail. In fact, it is impossible to fully characterize this charming class; for they are incomparable; and they outstrip their leaders even before they overtake them. In proof we quote their own rhythmic, self-reliant slogan:

Hi, Hi, hikus!
Nobody like us!
We're the class of Summer Ten!
We're going to beat you,
Ere we meet you.
Rah! for Summer Ten! Hi! Hi!

Commencement Week Program

June 21st--8:15 P. M.

*Class Play--"The Rivals" by Sheridan.
Gamut Club—Auditorium.*

June 23rd--10:30 A. M.

Class Day--

*Opening Exercises.
Planting of Ivy.
Farce—"The Boston Dip."*

June 24th--10:30 A. M.

Graduation--Temple Auditorium.

The Rivals

Time—1775.

Place—Bath.

ACT I.

Scene 1—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

Scene 2—Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

ACT II.

Scene 1—North Parade.

Scene 2—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

ACT III.

Scene 1—Bob Acres's Lodgings.

Scene 2—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

Scene 3—King's Mead.

Cast

Sir Anthony Absolute	Mazie Huff
Captain Jack Absolute.....	Minnie Martin
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Mary Grim
Bob Acres	Sade Fox
Faulkland	Willimae Fulton
Fog }	Pearl McCloskey
David }	
Thomas	Margaret Sinclair
Mrs. Malaprop	Louise Foster
Lydia Languish	Lenore Zinnamon
Julia	Esther Crawford
Lucy	Alice Beebe



The L. A. S. N. Alumni Association

When the average student graduates from a college or a normal school his impetuous school spirit usually finds inadequate expression in the Alumni Association which other graduates with the same fiery zeal organized years before. Here he meets those who have had much the same scholastic training as himself and who are held together by a common bond of love and loyalty to their Alma Mater, the mother of their intellectual life.

At first he wonders not a little at the apparent apathy of the older members, who are content to come together only once a year at the annual banquet, where the school songs are sung by the scattered few who remember them, an indifferent dinner is eaten, and long, semi-humorous toasts are listened to with visible resignation.

But as the years go by and other interests grow in importance he finds himself dropping into this same rut that once he deplored. He is no less grateful to his school and loyal to it; perhaps he appreciates more keenly all that he owes it. But he comes also to appreciate that this annual meeting, which once he regarded as wholly subordinate in the life of the Association is in reality its chief reason for existing and in the drawing together of its members the association is accomplishing a definite good for the school in whose honor it is formed.

Many an alumni association has given to its school tangible, material gifts in the shape of money, pictures, buildings and so forth. All bodies of Alumni should stand ready to help in such ways when necessary. But the greatest good the graduates can render to their Alma Mater is the promoting of a vital spirit of love and loyalty towards it. With such a spirit broadcast all other necessary things are easily attained. And it is largely through the alumni re-unions that such a spirit is fostered.

For many years the Alumni Association of our school has held an annual banquet followed by a business meeting. Most of these banquets have been well attended and successful from every point of view. Yet during the last year, at a called business meeting, the members of the association who were present voted unanimously to discontinue this annual meeting,

to abolish the paying of dues, and to meet hereafter only once in five years. A word of explanation is due to you who are so soon to be numbered as members of the Alumni.

The teachers of Los Angeles City are almost too well organized. There are the Grade Teachers' Club, the Principals' Club, the Kindergarten Club, the High School Teachers' Club, the School Masters' Club, the Southern California Teachers' Association, and others. The writer of this article belongs to three distinct organizations of teachers. Almost every teacher in the city belongs to at least two. These associations take not only money but time and energy, of which the average teacher has no great surplus.

Then, too, it is difficult to find a suitable time every year for the meeting. For many years the annual re-union was in June, but this was unsatisfactory inasmuch as the country teachers could not attend. Of late the banquet has been held during the meeting of the Southern California Teachers' Association. This, too, has proven unsatisfactory, because the S. C. T. A. meets the week before Christmas. This year the last program closed about five o'clock Christmas Eve. Many teachers who would have been glad to attend the banquet under other circumstances could not spare the time to do so in that busy week. Hence it was decided not to hold the banquet this year and to discontinue it in the future.

This does not mean, however, that there are to be no more re-unions. The graduates throughout the state have a profound feeling of admiration and affection for this school, not only because of the personal help they have received but because the school has always done so much to raise and maintain a high standard in our profession. We will meet not so often, perhaps, in the future, because of our busy life, but when we do come together in honor of our Alma Mater it will be with unflinching enthusiasm and loyalty.

The next re-union is to be held at the Normal School in 1915, and thereafter the Alumni will meet once every five years. Let us all pull together to make the meeting in 1915 a memorable one.

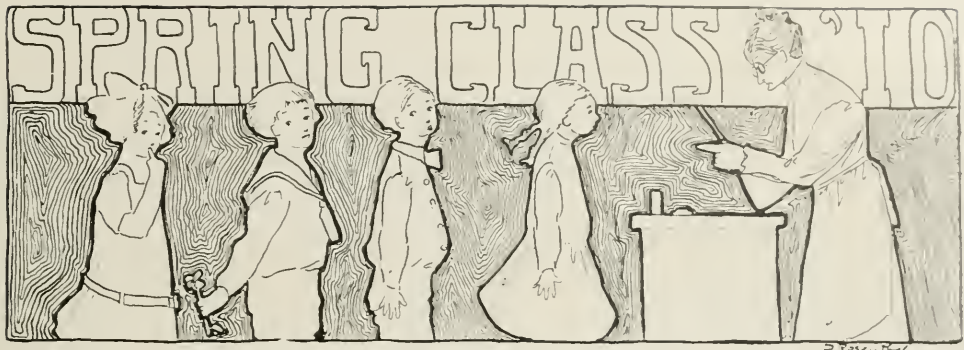
Kindergarten

The Kindergarten Department of the Los Angeles State Normal School was opened in 1896, and organized by Miss Florence Lawson, director (1896-1904). In 1904 Miss Isabel French took up the work and has carried it on to the present day.

The first class was graduated in June, 1897, and each year kindergartners have graduated until the Kindergarten Alumnae now number about one hundred and fifty. The Alumnae meet three times a year, one of these meetings being a luncheon for the Board of Education and the members of the graduating class, on the first Saturday in June.

The Alumnae have first, founded and supported a kindergarten in the "Boys and Girls' Aid Society," South Pasadena (1900); second, through private subscription and entertainments endowed a room (three beds) in the Children's Hospital, Los Angeles in memory of Florence Lawson, the organizer of the Kindergarten Department, and in 1906 the Alumnae opened and furnished an Alumnae room in the Kindergarten Department, to serve as a center in the social life of the kindergarten.





Maude Andrews—And though she is but little, she is fierce.

Clara Bartram—For what I will, I will, and there's an end.

Jennie Benson—A maiden modest and yet self-possessed.

Rosa Biehl—She uttereth piercing eloquence.

Gladys R. Bond—Divinely tall and most divinely fair.

Elizabeth Brewer—The best of me is diligence.

Louise Bruckman—Think of ease and work on.

Sara Caldwell—Step by step one goes far.

Marian Cheney—I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Nellie Clingnan—Let me have audience, I am sent to speak.

Ruth Colborn—For she is wise, if you can judge of her.

Dorothy Crane—Trained for either camp or court.

Skillful in each manly sport.

Margaret Dalglish—As sound as a nut.

Sophia Davies—She laughs and makes laugh without seeming to labor at it.

Irma Doughty—Love is blind and lovers cannot see the pretty follies they themselves commit.

Delta Eaton—None knew her but to love her.

None named her but to praise.

Edith Ellis—I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine.
Ionia Ewing—I never had to do with wicked spirits.
Annie Garcia—Hath borne her faculties so meek.
Jessie Gilman—Her words clad with wisdom's majesty.
Lulu Glockner—Her faults lie gently on her.
Susanne Gough—There is language in her eye, her cheek, her lip.
Gertrude Greene—Infinite riches in a little room.
Rose Green—Young in years, in judgments old.
Daisy Harding—Wisdom personified and sawed off.
Frank Heil—The ears never weigh more than the head.
Lola Heintz—If I choose to talk a little while, forgive me.
Vera Layne—A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men.
Junius Laws—I have long dreamed of such a kind of man.
Barbara Ella Lee—Her voice was ever sweet, gentle and low.
Etta Lee—As brown in hue as hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
Leona Lodwick—My heart is great, my reason haply more.
Leah Phillips—As stout and proud as she were lord of all.
Linda Preston—Her hair shall be of what color it please God.
Merle Prewitt—For thou will find she will outstrip all praise.
Beatrice Quandt—She was a scholar and a good one.
Winifred Richards—When I ope my lips let no dog bark.
Edna Scott—Better late than never, but better never late.
Lura Sheats—Why look thou still so stern and tragical?
Janet Smart—There's nothing in a name.
Martha Specht—She treads the path of quietness and peace.
Florence Speicher—Not much talk—a great sweet smile.
Aileen Staub—Here art thou at appointment fresh and fair.
Harry Thomas—I think the boy hath grace in him—he blushes.
Jennie Thomas—And like enough thou knowest thine estimate.
Ruth Townsend—A bundle of virtues, few faults to confess.
Ivan Valgamore—I like girls, I really think I do.
Joy Vance—I never saw so young a body with so old a head.

Carrie Warden—Speak, that I may know you.

Grace Watkins—She is not yet so old but she may learn.

Mrs. Cameron—Whence is thy learning; hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?

Nancy Fallis—I promise you my heart is very jocund.

Edith Hurst—You could not endure the livery of a nun.

Lelia Putnam—With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

Eulalie Schiffman—Love me little, love me long.

Mildred Sherk—Health and all happiness.

Angela Shipman—She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed.





President—Myrtle McIntyre.

Vice President—Corinne Seeds.

Secretary and Treasurer—Fay Silverthorn.

Colors—Blue and Gold.

Flower—California Violet.

Chaperone—Mr. Kersey.

“Legal” Adviser—Mrs. Hunnewell.

The history of the Class of December, Nineteen Hundred and Ten is the history of a steady climb. At 8:45 A. M. for five terms, we have climbed two blocks and for every forty-five minutes thereafter we have climbed a half to two blocks of stairs. At this rate do you wonder that we will soon be the foremost educators in the lower regions of L. A. S. N. S.?

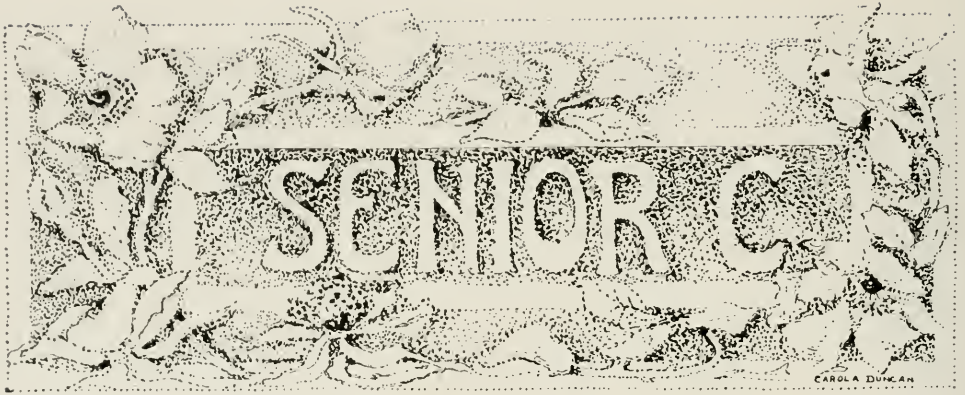
We are a class of achievements. Perhaps you may like to hear of a few of them. We are not afraid of Miss Dunn. We have had three class meetings and one president. After two terms' experience as our step-father, Mr. Chamberlain found it necessary to spend the summer in Colorado. A year as mother confessor and legal adviser of our class gave Mrs. Hunnewell a nervous breakdown. We have been especially fortunate in having all the new teachers before they learned the ways of the Normal. We were mute at our first Capitola; at our second we monopolized the howling while the other classes turned red with envy.*

During our second term we thought that we had found a mascot in Mr.

Kersey, but he turned out to be our father and often when we stood at his knee and begged for a story he would say,

“A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Children, learn to be like this bird”
—and we did.

*Of course, the Summer Tens are excepted.



Boom—jig—a—boom.
Boom—jig—a—boom.
Boom jig a rigger jigger
Rigger jigger boom!
Wah hoo wah.
Wah hoo wah.
Spring Eleven! rah! rah rah!

Class Officers

President—Marguerite Cooper.
Vice President—Elinor Dougherty.
Secretary—Alice Blust.
Treasurer—Georgia Oyler.

An awful calamity befell Spring Eleven last semester. Miss Hagan, or rather Mrs. Goodwin, our group teacher, was stolen away from us, and by a man, too, think of it! As a token of our love and esteem we presented her with a brass jardiniere. We were so cut up about her leaving us that we thought we'd never survive, but along came the Capitola Luncheon, and of course the Junior A's generated by Miss Blewett, rose to the occasion and made "the best display of any of the classes."

Our corner of the lunch-room was tastefully decorated in violet and nile. A huge pennant with "Spring Eleven" written across it occupied a conspicuous place above us, while smaller pennants waved around us, under which only the select, otherwise called Junior A's, sat. With laugh and song and yell the noon-time passed and the Junior A's certainly did

their part. We have kept a little quiet in the past year, but never mind, our turn's soon coming and then—well, you just keep your eye on the Spring Elevens.

Blanche Ford.





Dear Old Quitter:

So you wish to know all about the Junior A's, "your" class, as you have the impudence to call it, after staying in its ranks less than a month!

Life histories are much in vogue as we who are enjoying Nature Study can well testify, and I'll endeavor to profit by our recently acquired knowledge, and experience, to give you the life history of the Junior A's.

Know first then, my dear, that we, the Junior A's, pass thru three stages before we become full-fledged Junior A's. There is a period in which experienced Scientists in this line of study, term us Junior C's. It is rather hard to define the characteristics of the species during this early period, because they vary with the individual. However, in the main, there is an exaggerated air of importance quite disproportionate to our youth. Our souls have transmigrated from High School, and though they have entered a new world they retain consciousness of the other, and can not realize that no matter how conspicuous in that inferior world, here, we are merely classed and considered as Junior C's with heartless disregard of our past history.

After many weeks of treatment of various kinds from various individuals interested in our development we emerge—unless these said individuals have cruelly neglected us, or we have wilfully resisted their efforts—as Junior B's.

As Junior B's our predominant characteristic is our familiarity with our new surroundings, and new life. We learn the hours when we must work, when we dare "ditch," when we can safely nap, when we can "rest on our oars," and when, by power of personality, we are kept thoroughly alive and interested. Which hours? Do you think I would reveal our secrets? We learn how to study without being a "grind." We learn numerous, little, "perfectly good" tricks that are an immense aid in keeping the midnight candle from burning low. We learn to observe, and utilize to our profit, the methods of our instructors, not putting them into practice in the training school (as yet we have no opportunity), but using them to save us time, strength, and gray matter, now. We come to the conclusion that calling for

recitations in alphabetical order—A to K one day, K to Z the next, is a most admirable system.

We learn that whispering in the assembly is a cardinal sin, and offenders may be obliged to sign a sort of silence pledge card.

We learn the correct posture for the lawn.

We learn innumerable things, until this knowledge becomes so appalling for mere Junior B's that we are given a week's holiday, and return as Junior A's—proud, full grown, Juniors at last.

This is our history up-to-date.

I can see your dissatisfied look and disappearing frown, as you exclaim, "Well, a lot I've learned about those Junior A's!" Don't be so impatient, child, everything must have its formal introduction. No?

Curious to know who the class officers are? First and foremost, Mr. Abbot, our President,—don't think I misspelled or wrote hastily—I intended that just as it is, Mr. and not Miss Abbot. Do you remember Ethel Lockhart? She is our Vice-President, and Vivian Yett, our Secretary. Edith Turner is our Treasurer, and she's starting a penny bank account for the class.

As the class is so large, parties, picnics, dances, etc., so far, have not been attempted, except by the different sections of the class, but these have had some delightful picnics at the beaches and cañons, parties at school, and at the students' homes.

But the entire Junior A's have been united in two events. First, the reception by the Y. W. C. A. girls who gave us our first glimpse of the good times and good friendships in store for us. Then the Capitola luncheon! Such uproarious, shouting, singing, laughing, Capitola diners as we were! The other girls who are writing tonight, forbid my trespassing on their grounds, so I'll tell the important part,—the Junior B's participation in this annual affair. Our colors were lavender and white. One corner of the lunch-room was decorated with pennants and streamers of these colors, and we, gala-decked in white gowns and bunches of violets. We had several songs and yells. Our star number being Miss Martin's song—and our President was in his element as a yell leader. We did our shrieking best to drown out the others, though we paused occasionally to give tribute to the clever yells and songs of the Senior B's. It was novel and new to us, but we joined in the noisy movement as heartily as the rest.

We've been a model of propriety as yet, and have had no chance to "congratulate" ourselves on having "done something strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a decorous school." The clock in the gym was mysteriously, stealthily aided in its snail progress to the dancing hour, but that created but a momentary excitement.

Have you seen Esther Andrews lately? When you do, ask her this riddle, "What is a swain?" Oh, by the way, if you are going up Mt. Wilson she'll gladly loan you her red sweater.

Could you keep a secret? Cross your heart? "We are gathering information for the most exciting novel, entitled "The Badger-Leavitt Romance." Oh, it will be thrilling! Love letters, rendezvous—rivals, broken hearts, etc.

Yes, indeed, Cupid lurks in this old building—twice the wedding bells have rung.

But we, the Junior A's, are being well trained to be "unclaimed treasures." Our gardening will enable us to raise and sell vegetables to cover the incidentals that a teacher's salary does not provide for; our study of birds and animals will enable us to appreciate the company of a parrot and a cat; our psychology will aid us to analyze the emotions foreign to a spinster—no, "bachelor-girl" is the modern term.

Yet we are not as frivolous, as unappreciative, as this sounds. We never wholly lose sight of our purpose here—the N. P. (noble profession). Our teachers have shown us the tremendous power and influence that lies within our chosen work. So here's thanks to the teachers who have made us Junior A's, thanks to the girls who welcomed us, and thanks to the students who made room for us! Here's pity for you quitter, because you're not a Junior A!

Marie Holway.

JUNIOR B



Of course, you know what a wonderful class it is, and how, when we entered the school in January, every one looked to us as the future prop and stay of the school. Although small in number, we are great in ambition.

We had only been in the school a short time, when an announcement was made to the effect that the Y. W. C. A. was going to hold a reception for us, on the bridge. Of course, we were all there, and had a dandy time playing games and incidentally eating cookies and apples.

"All the Junior C's will please meet in Room B, at 12:45 today. Very important." This was the notice read one morning, and then we began to realize that we were really a part of the great Normal School. Promptly at 12:45 we were there, anxious to know what was wanted of us. It was soon known that we were to elect our class officers and then such buzzing as started. After a great deal of talking the following officers were elected:

President—Hazel Burns.

Vice-President—John Dyck.

Secretary and Treasurer—Ione Lowman.

After our first meeting, many were the "important meetings." We had to discuss our class colors and the coming Capitola luncheon. We decided upon red and white as our colors, and we were very proud of them, too. At the luncheon we had our little corner of the room decorated with our beautiful colors. We couldn't make very much sound against the other classes, but we gave our yells, one of which started like this:

Boom—boom! Boom—boom!

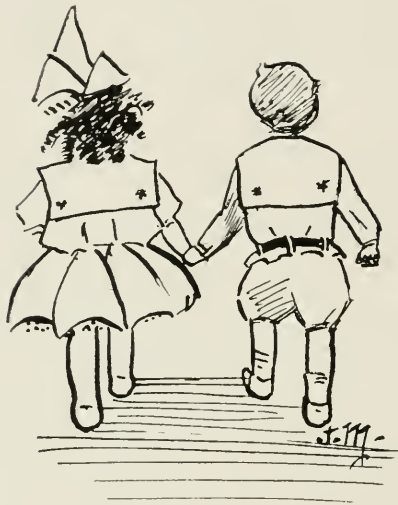
Rah, rah, rah!

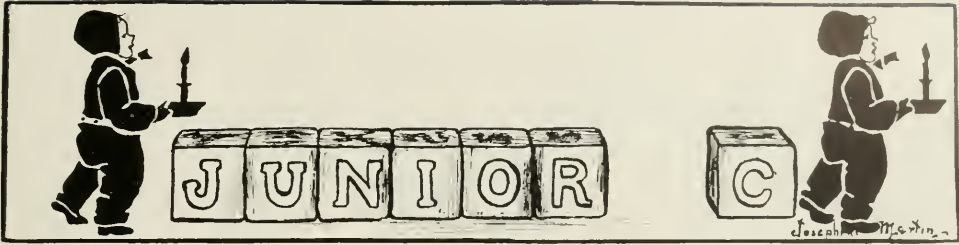
Junior C's.

Yah, yah, yah!

After this we were so busy studying (?) for our examinations that our meetings were few. Then came our long-looked-for Easter vacation.

Since we have returned and have assumed the dignity of Junior B's we have not done very much along social lines, but soon we are to have our good times.





We have just entered—in March, you know, and we can't say very much for ourselves yet—we're too young to know. Well, we haven't had time, but we're making history as fast as we can.

We had a jolly good time in the "bridge" with the Y. W. girls, when they gave us a hearty reception, but we've been so busy since with physical geography, and compositions, and learning to dance in the gym at noon and—well, please excuse our haste and brevity, for we have to do some art work after school tonight—you know how it is.

Yours,

The Junior C's.





Kindergarten Department

At the corner of East Ninth and Wilson streets, almost in the shadow of the big Hauser packing plant, is located the "Church of the Neighborhood," as the notice board in the yard reads—"The Protestant Episcopal Mission."

Here on several days of the week a rummage sale is held, and here the housewives of the neighborhood gather—a few Americans and Germans, but mostly negroes and Italians.

Next door on Wilson street is a low brown bungalow, covered to the eaves with red geraniums. This is the kindergarten. The material and furnishings belong to the mission; the teachers, usually no less than two, are practice teachers from the Senior Kindergarten Class of the State Normal, who are on duty from 8:30 to 11:30, coming up to Normal for their afternoon recitations.

At present there are about forty names on the register of the kindergarten, and an average daily attendance of about twenty. The negro children, mostly clean and bright, are faithful in attendance; the little foreigners, some of whom understand very little English, come and go as they please.

When out of kindergarten these children play in the streets, and have early learned to fight their own battles, and so, each child's hand is raised against his neighbor in insistence upon his own rights. "Morning Circle" would more nearly resemble a miniature prize ring, if it were not for the teachers, who, aided by an ancient square piano, teach songs and games containing much action. Children four years old bring their "baby" brothers and sisters, who sit solemnly in a row against the wall. Most of them are too timid or frail to create any confusion until, perhaps, one feels neglected and begins to cry, then "Frankie" must hurry from his "gift" lesson to pacify his "baby."

There is a small yard with one swing, between the church and bungalow. The children are given reins, balls, and bean-bags to play with, but the swing is the most popular form of amusement.

South of the kindergarten is a larger bungalow, and here on March 1st, Deaconesses Anna and Mary arrived from Philadelphia to take up their residence, and work for, and with the neighborhood.

With their help and their summer work, which will keep the children's interest alive, the teachers who go down to "East Ninth" in September will find the way much clearer before them.

Anygirl.

Anygirl.....	Norma Hewsler	
Childhood	A Kindergarten Child	
Time	Eugenia West	
Hope	Lita Murietta	
Joy	Eleanor Vallely	
Justice	Marian Dalmazzo	
Patience	Mildred Scherk	
Loyalty	Nancy Fallis	
Loving Kindness	Edith Hanley	
Social Service	Zekie Brunson	
Music and Prologue	Eulalie Schiffman	
Knowledge	Edith Hurst	
Skill	Mary Douglas	
Character	Rothel Hareus	
Complaints.....	} Ross Hewetson	
		} Gertrude Hewlett
		} Helen Stewart
Womanhood	} Vesta Baker	
		} Angela Schipman

On March 21st, 1910, was held in the kindergarten rooms, the first performance of the kindergarten play, "Anygirl." The hope is that every year the Seniors may give the play developing it anew every time, and coloring it with their own particular class personality.

The idea of the play was suggested by the morality play, "Everyman." It fell to the Seniors of 1910 to make the idea a reality.

The cast was first assigned—keeping in mind each girl's natural fitness for her part—but this cast was not kept during the first three or four rehearsals. These were of an extremely simple character. You were told that you were Wisdom, and requested to say something appropriate. This, of course, resulted in complete mental blankness, so you mumbled something, made a curtsey and effaced yourself, as far as possible. By the time you had been Time, Anygirl and Childhood in turn, however, this had become so familiar that you quite began to fancy yourself an impromptu speaker.

When the day arrived we brought in mustard in such quantities that Mr. Major was moved to despair at our thoroughness. The time arrived; the children were there in their white dresses, full of the most eager interest; the girls in their robes, full of solemn responsibility. The play had begun. Anygirl danced, Hope came and went. Complaints came, also the eleven lovely Virtues, and Womanhood crowned her.

Before we knew it our little moment was over and the first production of "Anygirl" was a success.

Literary

LITERARY





Chosan Pinjee

(Korean Letters)

Tabowie, Korea, Oct. 1, 1904.

My Dear K—:

In my last letter written from Chemulpo, I told you we would not be able to write more until we arrived at Tabowie.

Here, at last, after the most interesting part of our trip, we leave the rocking of the ocean waves and the jerking of the sedan-chair, to make our home in the northwest corner of the "Hermit Kingdom."

We live in a valley surrounded on three sides by high, jagged mountains; far to the south, we can see Yueng Byen Peak standing sentinel over the clusters of village huts, which hug the crooked, mountain stream, as it winds down toward the Yellow Sea.

Our own home is half way up the side of the valley, above all the Korean houses and we have been busy trying to make it habitable. I will send you a sketch of its external appearance and try to picture for you the interior as we have been able to furnish it. The main house has four rooms with white papered walls; the doors and windows of lattice work are also covered with paper, (think of me when it is 35 degrees below zero). Still, they say these houses are very warm; for they are heated by means of "kangs,"—flues which are built under the stone floors, and carry the heat from the fire built in an opening at one end of the house, to the chimney built outside at the opposite end. This stone floor is covered with a layer of clay, baked hard, over which we place large, coarsely woven cane rugs for a carpet.

Our curtains and draperies are of a soft, cream-white cloth, woven here by hand; they have a border of dark-red, and the table-cover and pillows in the living-room are of this same red cloth.

In the dining-room we have blue draperies and, "the pride of our heart," a round table, made by a Japanese carpenter, of planed pine, unpainted.

The kitchen has a hand-made, sheet-iron stove with two covers, such a one as we used to take up the river on our boating trips.

The glory of the bedroom is the bed, which is six feet wide and seven feet long. You must remember that the natives sleep on the floor, so when they made our bed, I think they took the dimensions of their own sleeping room and went to work. But this bed had been stored in the warehouse for some time before our arrival, and after one night spent within its mammoth arms, we carefully carried it out-door, poured kerosene in all its cracks and corners, and left it for several nights to the tender mercies of Jack Frost until microscopic examination proved it uninhabited by nightly marauders.

You notice I have not mentioned chairs,—well, we have a few, such as they are, some that were sent from America in days gone by and show the wear of years.

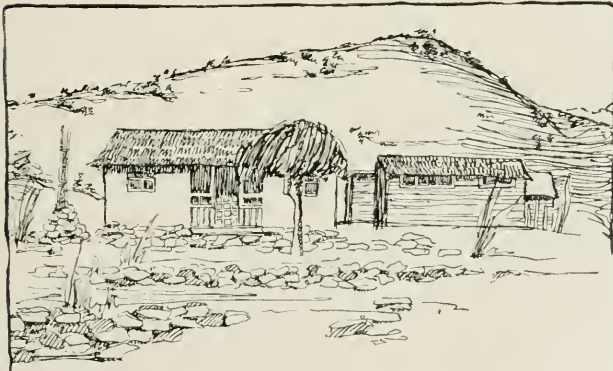
To the east of the house are the laundry, the woodhouse, and a chicken-yard; and we have a cellar in the hill-side at the rear.

My real experiences began with the advent of the house-boy, who cares for the house and does the washing and ironing, and of the coolie, who does all outside work, such as bringing water and wood, and building the fires.

They had never worked for an American and had very little idea of the rank of the American woman who is a trifle above a man's cattle, you see. What I said had to be repeated and repeated, and finally I would walk around after them until they began to understand that I meant them to do **what** I said, **when** I said it.

I have a paper on the wall and write down every new word I learn, so that we may begin to understand each other.

As I write, I hear the sound of the Chinese drivers coming in from Chittaballie with the big wagons, loaded with supplies from America, and I trust some home letters for us in the mail bag.



December 25, 1904.

“Altho our paths be far apart,
The same blue heavens bend
Above us both, the same stars
shine
This Christmas night, dear
friend.”

This verse has been in my mind all these days, which are fraught with many thoughts of friends far away. But we had a real Christmas tree, in this benighted land where Santa Claus is a stranger. There are four small Am-



erican boys here, so we had to plan for a jolly time. Shops, with their stores of gifts from which to choose, are lacking, so we made boy dolls dressed in Korean style, balls and stockings of net filled with home-made candy, raisins and a few nuts. The Japanese carpenter made each boy a wheelbarrow and shovel, and, fortunately, one of the men here had to go to Japan on business and brought back a box of noise-making toys—trumpets, drums, whistles, and mouth-organs.

We darkened the house, lighted the candles on the tree, and led the children into the room just as Santa Claus came bound-



ing in. How their eyes did shine!—it paid for all our trouble, but the Korean house-boy thought the "Megook Kweesin" (American devil) had surely arrived.

For the "big folks," the Chinese cook at the choro-house did his very best, and we had bear and deer-steak and roast pheasant at dinner, while the cakes were as elaborate as any wedding cakes, you ever saw.

Our enjoyment of holiday week was somewhat tempered with anxiety, for we heard frequent rumors of the nearness of Chinese bandits; so it was thought best for each American house to keep flying an American flag. As there were not enough to go around, I made one for our flag pole, and am very proud of its eight feet of red-white and blue, floating here on Korean soil.

February 8, 1905.

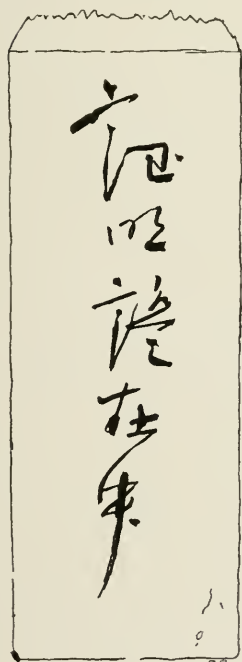
You ask if I don't get very lonesome here. Why, I don't have time for that, between going out for meals, and coming back to look around and see what the house-servants have been doing while I was gone. One has to be ever on the alert to keep one's belongings; for the natives feel that they have a perfect right to anything they can walk off with undiscovered.

Such strange sights are to be seen everywhere! Today as we came home from lunch, we saw Ye Bong Sam, Mayor of Saggari, riding on a burro, preceded by a bugler, and followed by a host of men shouting. We found that he was to be presented by a messenger from the Emperor with the papers that would make him a lord, and all his friends were

invited to his house. We felt that we might come in that class, so we followed with the rest. When we arrived at his house, he invited us to stand under the canopy with him, which we did as long as we could endure the fumes of tobacco, whiskey, and incense. The gorgeous robes and the evolutions of the master of ceremonies, as he invoked the blessings of the gods, appealed to the eye, while drums and fifes made the ears ring.

A few days ago in Puk Chin on market-day, we saw two sedan-chairs bedecked with white streamers go into the inclosure of a large house. Our curiosity led us to follow until we saw a bride in all her wedding finery, most conspicuous of which was the mass of hair built up and out from her head like two wings, and covered with beautiful silver and enamel ornaments.

Market day, which comes every fifth day, brings people in from near and far, loaded with goods to barter. Everything is carried on the back, even to pigs with their four feet tied together. Naturally we women enjoy going to market; but, as there are thousands of Koreans, Chinese, and Japanese in the market place, many of whom have never seen a white woman, it is not thought best for us to go without a masculine protector, and who wants to go shopping with a man dogging one's footsteps, a long staff in his hand to keep the inquisitive native at a proper distance?



March 10, 1906.

It is really decided that we start for home next month, and we are planning for that happy time. Although we have enjoyed the novelty of life here; yet we welcome the thought of seeing America once more.

The Chinese here have sent out to the Great Wall for fire-crackers to properly celebrate our departure; and the Koreans are making us presents, which we politely decline to receive, as it merely means a return favor.

The Japanese Consul has so politely begged me to favor him with my fountain-pen, that I think I will exchange it for a passport for our party, on our overland trip past the towns garrisoned with Japanese troops.

The courtesy invariably shown to us by our Korean friends we shall ever remember, and always pictured in our memory shall we see these glorious mountains, carpeted with purple azaleas, as they are blooming now in the springtime after the snows of a long winter are melted and gone.

Mrs. Bertha T. Crawford.

A Leaf From the Autobiography of a Fool.

I shall never forget the first time I discovered that I was a fool. It happened this way: On a certain Hallowe'en night, we had religiously carried out all the time-honored customs of the evening, from draping the town clock-tower with wagon wheels, and the telegraph poles with gates, to painting Prexie's white horse a beautiful pea-green with pink stripes. That latter was a hard job, too, believe me. We had to feed the old nag about a bushel of oats to keep him quiet during the process, and Prexie came within an ace of catching us in the act when he came out to see that everything was all right in the barn for the night. We just had time to turn out the lantern and dive behind some barrels when we heard him coming. Fortunately we had just finished the half of the animal next to the wall, so Prexie didn't notice anything wrong when he glanced in. We were in such a hurry to finish after that, that we weren't careful about the stripes, and they didn't match the other side, and that horse was the funniest looking beast I ever saw in my life when we got through with him.

After we had put a safe distance between us and the dangerous vicinity of the amazing creature we had evolved, we decided to divide our forces, two of us going in one direction and two in the opposite, in search of further adventure, and see who could tell the biggest tale next day. Ed and I started out with no idea of what we should do, when I happened to think of Sandy. Sandy had been holding himself aloof from us in a most aggravatingly superior manner ever since the fair Anabel had smiled on him, and allowed him to call on her every Friday night. Anabel was Prexie's daughter, so we didn't mention our Hallowe'en plans to Sandy. Now, this gentleman had but a few days before this, acquired a new pair of striped trousers, which were the pride of his heart. It didn't take me many minutes to impart my brilliant idea to Ed, and we took the short cuts to Sandy's rooms, joyously anticipating the beautiful sight which would greet his sorrowfully admiring gaze when the morning breeze unfurled his striped trousers from the church steeple, to say nothing of the much-needed amusement it would afford the good people of the town.

When we arrived at the house, Ed stood against the wall under the window, and I, being the lighter, climbed from his shoulders through the open window into the room. I stood very still for a moment, but Sandy's sonorous breathing re-assured me and I began a hunt for the trousers. It was as dark as Hades in the room and in half a minute I had fallen over a chair with a crash that awakened my victim. My hands were on the trousers, though, and I promptly jumped out of the window with them, onto the soft turf beneath. Ed had basely fled and I was now obliged to run for my life, for Sandy had lost no time getting out of the window after me, and I was no match for Sandy in a fight, and besides I didn't want to lose the trousers nor have him find out who had stolen them. Away we went tearing through the dim starlight night, Sandy following me swiftly and silently like a ghost, "with his night-gown at half-mast." Up one street

and down another of the sleepy little town we raced. I was gaining on him and at last by dodging up a dark alley and vaulting over a fence into some one's back yard I managed to lose him. I lay still in the grass for a few minutes, then got up and started across the yard intending to go out the front way, when suddenly a huge white bull-dog loomed before me. He jumped at me, but I dodged behind a large apple tree, which stood conveniently near, and swung myself up into its branches, not, however, before he had made another spring and caught the toe of one of the tennis shoes which I had worn for the night's work. He hung on with a death-like grip and was about to pull me down when the lace broke, my foot came free, and he fell with a thud, which did my heart good to hear. I took off my other shoe and hit him with it as hard as I could, but that only made him more furious, and he made desperate efforts to climb the tree. Fortunately he was not the barking kind, and I wasn't either, so we hadn't made much noise to disturb the inmates of the house. I was particularly anxious that they should sleep on peacefully because this was the chemistry professor's yard, and I thought he would probably hate to be disturbed. Anyway, I didn't want to be the one to disturb him, because I was very well aware that he had some well-founded suspicions regarding certain embarrassing matters in which I had had a hand. Also I was conscious of several conspicuous dabs of pink and green paint on my coat and trousers, and I feared that if he saw me now and later compared notes with the other Prof. (he of the pea-green horse) I should not be able to satisfactorily explain my innocence. So I sat still and watched the dog try to climb the tree until he realized that it was a hopeless job. At last he sat down directly beneath me in a resigned but confident manner, which seemed to say that he didn't particularly care whether I came down immediately to be devoured or put it off until later, but—I decided to do the latter.

The wind grew cold, my feet went to sleep and my head nearly did likewise until I feared that I should fall off the limb into those waiting jaws beneath. My position became more and more uncomfortable. I couldn't see a thing humorous in the situation, and when I began to speculate on what would probably happen if I had to sit there until daylight brought Prof. to the rescue, it made my head swim until I nearly fell off my perch. Wrapped in despair and Sandy's pants, I sat there for many centuries reviewing my past life, and the more I thought, the worse I felt. My past didn't seem to afford much material for complacent and cheerful meditation, but I couldn't stop my thinking apparatus in its wild career. It was having its inning now while it had me up a tree and helpless, and was making up for lost time at the rate of about sixty miles a minute. When I found I couldn't stop it, I decided to have it out with it, and find out what manner of animal I might be, by classifying all my past deeds under the four headings, good, bad, brilliant, idiotic. I began, but the process grew more and more painful. Before I'd gotten more than two-thirds through, the idiotic column had the good column beaten by about two hundred and seventeen to six, the bad column, was running the idiotic a close second, and the brilliant couldn't even be mentioned as an "also-ran." It was then, as I stared at those results, that the awful thought forced itself upon me that I was a fool. It struck in upon my consciousness with a dull sickening thud that

made me long to creep away to die alone. But I couldn't even do that. That dog was determined to assist at the funeral. I drew Sandy's trousers closer about me and groaned, "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us." I wondered if others saw me as I saw myself, and I was sincerely thankful that it was still very dark. I wondered if the world had me branded as a fool. On the whole, I decided it did not. I had my doubts about Prof., but as to the rest of the world I felt pretty safe. So far as I knew, I had never been mentioned as a suitable applicant for admission to the Institution for the Feeble-Minded. This thought cheered me somewhat and I then and there decided that my object in life from now on would be to keep the world in ignorance of the awful truth. I would do something—write a book on the nervous system of the Hydra or discover the South Pole, and so blind people to the hideous fact.

While I comforted myself with these reflections and planned my future, I was suddenly roused to a realization that dawn was coming. Dimly I could discern my tormentor lying at the foot of the tree. He was asleep. Very slowly, very quietly, I crept as far out on the limb as I dared toward the end farthest from him and nearest the fence, and dropping gently to the ground, was over the fence before he could catch me. As I safely entered my room, still thinking of my sad discovery, suddenly a brilliant thought came to me. It was such an unusual occurrence that it created quite a commotion in the place where the brain ought to be. The thought was this—I had often heard it said that it takes a smart man to know he's a fool. Now I knew I was a fool, therefore I must be smart. That thought saved me from despair, and in the buoyancy of the relief which followed I soared among the clouds of lofty ideas, and from the height of my superior knowledge I looked pityingly down on the rest of poor humanity who have not sense enough to know they are fools. I smiled indulgently as I thought of my classmates and even of Prof., and murmured, "Where ignorance is bliss—"

I had lost interest in Sandy's trousers, so later in the day I bribed a small boy to take a package to his room at an hour when I knew he was out on a still hunt for them.

"Isn't it funny what a difference just a few hours make "

L. C. W.

The Eruption of Mt. Evil Eye

"Years ago, Señor, an Indian boy, a servant in the home of Josefános,—the proudest, noblest family in Satello,—not only dared to love Carmela Josefáno, the belle of the Pueblo, but dared to try to win her love. She laughed and scoffed at the presumption of the boy. She forgot Indian nature is a mingling of passionate love and hatred, and merely laughed when her lover feared the Indian's treachery; but when her wedding day came and the bridegroom did not appear, she learned too late, the depth of Indian hatred and revenge.

The Indian boy fled to the mountains. Years later, a hunter found him dying in a little hut on the side of Mt. Colima. With his dying breath he cursed the people of Satillo and prophesied that some day Satillo would be completely destroyed by an eruption from Mt. Colima. He told the hunter that the evil spirits had appointed him to watch over Satillo, and choose the time when such an eruption would bring the greatest disaster. Since then the mountain has been known as "Mt. Evil Eye."

"Juanita, what a lot of gruesome legends your people have. Surely you do not believe in this foolish superstition! Look at the mountain now, way off there in the distance. Can you imagine evil spirits hovering around that majestic, lofty peak?" And Edwin Marlow extended his arm in the direction of Mt. Evil Eye.

Mt. Evil Eye had been as dreaded a word to Juanita Besano in her infancy as "Black man" to an English child, and now it presented a grim, lowering, threatening look rather than the rugged loftiness that it revealed to the American beside her. She half shuddered as her eyes rested on it, and she answered very simply and soberly:

"Si, Señor, I have never seen the Indian spirit, but many people in Satillo have. Pedro Alvarez has seen the spirit that haunts the place, and Pedro does not lie, Señor."

At the mention of Pedro, Edwin Marlow lost interest in the subject they were discussing. "Pedro," "Pedro." That name was on her lips far too frequently for Edwin's liking.

Juanita saw his gloomy expression, and instantly her serious mood vanished. With a woman's intuition, she knew that he was not impressed with the proof that she had given, but the name of Pedro had produced the change. She smiled sweetly.

"You do not like Pedro? Pedro is my friend. You must like him, Señor."

Edwin laughed at the childish command, for he was reminded of "Love me, love my dog."

"All right, Juanita. I'll cherish no ill feelings toward your friend unless he attempts to steal a valuable treasure from me."

There was no mistaking the look that accompanied the words, but Juanita's uplifted face presented the innocence of a babe.

"Pedro steal! Señor!"

He made no attempt to explain his words, but looked at the bewitching face so close to his own, and—well Doña Besano's sudden appearance lessened the proximity of the tempting little face, and averted the danger.

II.

Juanita took one last lingering glance in the mirror, and her dark eyes gleamed with satisfaction at the dusky-haired, beautifully dressed girl that smiled back at her.

The Doña Besano was cross: first, because she did not want to go to the dance, second, because Juanita had kept her waiting. But her grumbling was silenced when Juanita came running down the steps gaily humming "Los Gaviotes," and snatching a red rose which she tucked in her dark hair. The Doña's stern face softened and the piercing, black eyes glowed with parental pride.

The dance was at the home of Doña Patrona. Edwin Marlow was among the invited guests, but as he stood by the doorway of the patio watching Juanita, that haughty little queen ruling her court, graciously conferring favors here, and laughingly denying there, he moodily wished he had not come. She seemed utterly unaware of his existence. Why had he come? He was unacquainted with the dances of her people.

"Señorita, may I hope that you will give me the exquisite pleasure of the waltz with you?"

Edwin started at the words of the couple near him. Instantly he strode across the room to where Juanita sat surrounded by gallants. She recognized him with a rather condescending glance, but undaunted he edged his way close to her side, and then whispered, "Juanita, promise me the waltz. Save the American dance for your Americano."

She heard the eager whisper, but merely shrugged her shoulders, and an indifferent "quizos" was the only satisfaction he received.

He stepped out into the patio, willing to wait on the bare hope that "quizos" extended to him. He caught glimpses of her through the doorway. What grace! What beauty! What witchery! To Edwin she seemed the embodiment of perfect womanhood. She possessed the finest education that an American school could afford, and nature had endowed her with its beauty and its charms of capricious moods.

Edwin determined that tonight he would face the little coquette to make a decision. He realized that he had spent more hours in pleasure than

work during the past few weeks, and had spent more time exploring the depths of the nature of this maddening, puzzling, little beauty, than exploring the country that he, as mining expert, had been sent to examine.

The dreamy strains of "Sobre las Olas" recalled his wondering thoughts, and he hastened to Juanita, only to see her coolly waltz away with Pedro, with a teasing glance from beneath her long lashes. The blood rushed to Edwin's face. They were laughing, Pedro and Juanita, laughing at his discomfiture! Following his rosy-hued thoughts in the patio, Juanita's treatment aroused the deep, silent anger characteristic of a nature "slow to wrath." Informing his hostess that he must depart in order to leave early in the morning for a business trip to the Conejos country, he bade her a hasty good-night.

There was another waltz later in the evening. Juanita looked expectantly toward the patio. She was ready to graciously relent; but the Americano did not appear. She walked slowly toward the doorway with a little pucker in her brows. Pedro came over to her and eagerly claimed the dance. With a glance half spiteful, half wistful, toward the dimly lighted patio, she glided back among the happy throng of dancers—with—Pedro.

When Juanita and Doña Besano bade their hostess good night, the two older women stood conversing in low tones, while Pedro assisted Juanita with her wraps. The smile died from Juanita's face as she overheard the words, "The Americano? You think he loves Juanita, no? You do not know these Americanos. They seldom love our girls seriously. Señor Marlow is entertaining; he finds our girls fascinating, but in love? No. He has had pleasure and amusement. Well and good. Now he begins work. He leaves in the morning for a business trip of several weeks, to the Conejos country."

Doña Patrona had a rather malicious intent in telling this news to Doña Besano. She had a daughter of her own and resented the devoted attention of the handsome American to Juanita.

Doña Besano wondered at Juanita's unusual silence on the way home, but she would have been amazed had she seen Juanita on reaching her room, stamp her little foot, clench her hands, and vow by her patron saint that the Americano should come back, and then,—cry herself to sleep.

Juanita passed a restless, miserable morning. About noon she was vainly endeavoring to rest, when she heard Pedro's tap, tap, tap at the shutters. She paid no attention, but the insistent tapping continued, and Pedro called, "Juanita, Juanita! come outside quickly." There was a tense excitement in his words that reached Juanita she gave a startled "¿Qué es?" and stepped outside. Pedro's face was ghostly.

"Juanita, look at Mt. Evil Eye! The cursed prophesy is being fulfilled.

Madre de Dios! We will all be destroyed. Look at the smoke! The people are preparing to flee. Juanita, come!"

With blanched face and dry lips Juanita called hoarsely, "Madre! Madre!" Then a second thought nearly stopped her heartbeats. The American! Alone! afoot in that very district! He was doomed.

"Pedro, look after Madre. I entrust her to you," and before the dumfounded Pedro could realize her intent, she ran to the stables, saddled her pony and galloped toward Mt. Evil Eye.

Her courage nearly failed her at the sight of that heavy portentous cloud overhanging the crest of the mountain, but she half closed her eyes, and urged her faithful pony to greater speed.

She had no idea where in that vast district she would find the American. She had but one thought. He was there somewhere, and in danger. Her staunch little horse would carry them both from the field of danger, or die in the attempt.

Nearer and nearer Juanita drew to Mt. Evil Eye. The billows of smoke seemed, to her frightened gaze, to conceal the malignant features of an Indian. There was not a human being in sight; just that hovering blackness above the solitary peak, the vast, dreary country stretching out on every side like the ocean about some lone island. The tears fell unchecked down Juanita's cheeks, and the pony stumbled along unguided.

Edwin Marlow was about five miles to the north of Mt. Evil Eye, examining an old, abandoned mine. When he came out of the mine, he was amazed to see the peak of Mt. Evil Eye wrapped in a cloud of smoke.

"The dence! Is it possible after all the years I have been camping I didn't completely extinguish my fire this morning? And that pit of oil! why that fire will burn for days. The fire can do no damage, luckily, because there is no shrubbery to carry it beyond the peak."

He laughed as a sudden thought struck him, "Those superstitious idiots will think the old Indian has chosen their last hour."

Then as he remembered that Juanita, too, believed in this legendary superstition, his face sobered, was it not his duty to return and allay her fears? So perfectly did this accord with his inclinations of the entire day, that he started immediately toward Satallo.

When he passed near Mt. Evil Eye on the west side, he was startled to hear the neighing of a horse. Nothing was visible, however. Walking hurriedly to the south side of the mountain, he fairly ran into horse and rider. Incredulously he exclaimed, "Juanita!" and seeing the tense, white face, he lifted the almost unconscious girl from the saddle.

"Señor," she whispered, "we must hasten from here. The Indian's curse. You remember?" and she raised her tensified eyes to the smoke above.

Edwin's face lit up with wonder and joy. "Juanita, do you mean you have come to save me?" "Si, Señor," she replied simply.

Reverently and tenderly, he clasped the brave, weary, frightened girl in his strong arms.

Marie Holway, '11.

The Shattered Romance

"Gals you should have been at the game this afternoon," exclaimed the irrepressible Adele, from her stand in the center of the room. Adele always said "gals" despite the remonstrances of the faculty and her own friends. "Well," she pouted, "aren't any of you going to listen to me?" At this the books dropped simultaneously and ten eyes were fixed on the speaker. One girl started to answer, but stopped suddenly when Adele, after pressing a barricading kiss on her lips, said, "Now, Jen, don't you dare ask me how the game was, 'cause you know very well, I don't know beans about foot-ball. I don't think it was generally considered a good game by our side tho, 'cause we didn't win. But I haven't had such a good time since—but I mustn't say when, 'cause then you'll know all about what I'm going to tell you." She paused a moment while she threw herself face downward on the bed. Then, resting her little chin in the cup of her hand, she continued to address her interested listeners, for everybody became interested when Adele had a story.

"You see, gals, I didn't really mean to go to the game, until Fred sent me a ticket, and the dearest little note about how much better he could play if he knew I was on the bleachers. Isn't that just like Fred. So, of course, I just had to go."

"I sat down next to some 'Soph' gals, and thought I was just going to be bored to tears, and I was at first; 'cause going to a foot-ball game always makes me feel creepy, especially when Fred's in the game, and the fellows get all tangled up in a bunch."

"After the kick-off, I began to watch the people on the bleachers, and happened to notice a girl in about the fifth row above me. My dears, she was certainly pretty—prettier than any girl has a right to be at that time of day—and she was sitting in the most tense, absorbed attitude. I pretty near stared her out of countenance, but she was so interested in the game, she never noticed me."

"My, but she was beautiful. Her hair was black and wavy, not curly like yours Grace, but something like Ruth's, only much prettier—for goodness sakes, don't any of you dare to tell Ruth I said that, she's so horribly touchy about her hair—and it was done in three big puffs on the back of her head. Her mouth was just like a red rosebud—I know that's prosaic, but it was just the same, and she had the most exquisite coloring. I guess it was even prettier than usual, 'cause she was so excited about the game, you know. But it was her eyes that fascinated me—they were simply glorious! Great big gray eyes they were—think of it gals, gray eyes with black hair, and her lashes were black too, and curled away from her eyes so they looked like, just like—oh, you know, just like a black jet fringe only that's a fierce comparison."

"Well anyway, her big gray eyes were fixed on that field like everything in life depended on that game, and gals, I actually began to wish—but don't ever let Fred know, will you?—I began to wish that the Vermonters would win." She finished in an awed whisper.

Shifting her little chin from one hand to the other, she continued, "I

got so interested in that gal I just had to get nearer to her, so during the next down, while the fellows were untangling themselves, I got up and kind of aimlessly wandered up the bleachers, and sat down right next to my pretty gal. And, do you know dears, she was just as pretty close to her as she was far away."

"I hadn't been sitting by her very long, when the boys began yelling like made, and my gal just breathed one word. What do you think it was? Just, 'Dandy.' Well, I was so disgusted I could have cried, until I heard the Vermonters fairly screaming, "Go it, Dandy! Go it Dandy! Dandy Dandy! Dandy!" When one of our men downed Dandy, the tears sprang into my gal's eyes, and I was simply in heaven, 'cause I just knew I'd lighted on a romance."

"Just as I began to plan the romance out, the first half came to an end, and my gal sank back, with half-closed eyes, just as tho she had been playing the game, and was completely exhausted. She didn't notice me so I was going to plan out the domance during the interval between the halves, when Bud Jepsen came and sat down by me. Maybe you think I wasn't mad! Before I stopped to think, I said, 'Aren't our boys doing splendid?'"

"You should have seen the look he gave me—whew, it's a wonder I'm still alive—and then he just spit out the single word, 'Rotten,' like it was a nasty pill, and started to abuse the coach. You know, they always do blame the coach when a game goes wrong."

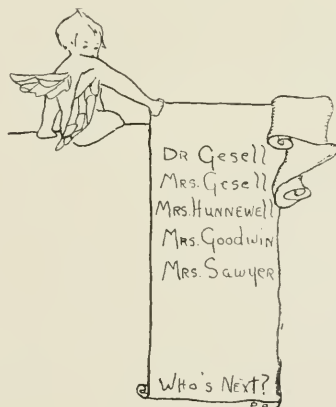
"When Bud had just got fairly launched on his subject, the whistle blew, and the fellows came trotting out on the field. While they lined up for the kick-off, I turned to look at my gal, and she was just as interested as ever. Then I began to plan my romance. I thought that maybe she was in love with Dandy, and he didn't know it, and she was sitting there frightened to death for fear he'd be hurt in the game. But that didn't suit me. It was too unsatisfactory. So I thought and thought a long while over dozens of plans. Finally I decided she had promised to elope with him that night, if the Vermonters won. But that didn't suit me either, 'cause I never could understand why people would stoop to eloping in the dead of night. It always did make me think they were afraid they'd lose courage, if they looked one another square in the eye, and realized what a sneaking thing they were doing. I had to throw that plan away, just like I had the rest. Then I thought she'd just promised to marry him, if they won, and I felt sure that was quite a concession if it came from her, 'cause she looked so terribly independent."

"Just as I had about decided that I had struck the right solution to my romance, even before I had time to change my mind, I heard the Vermonters yelling, 'Dandy! Dandy! Dandy!' just like that at the top of their voices. When I looked, I saw a great big fellow tearing like wild down the field, with a whole mob of fellows after him. Gals, do you know, I actually realized that he was trying for a touch-down, but maybe I wouldn't have known it if the gal hadn't whispered in a tense voice, 'Dandy; a touch-down, they haven't scored yet Dandy—oh, do, do make a touch-down,' and he did, gals, he did. He fairly flew over the line, and the bleachers went mad. He had barely gotten across, when the whistle blew, and the

game was over. Of course the Vermonters made a dive for Dandy, and brought him on their shoulders up to the grand stand. And, gals, he was simply adorable, even in a horrid foot-ball suit. It didn't take me a minute to decide that he could have my gal. And then I happened to think—why gals, I didn't know her name and how ever was I to find out about the wedding, if I didn't first know her name. That settled it, I just had to know, so I actually walked up to one of the Vermont boys—now, if you're all going to be so shocked, I won't finish—well there, listen. I smiled, and said, 'Pardon me, but would you kindly tell me who that dark girl in pink is? Her face is so familiar.'"

"The boy looked in the direction I indicated, and exclaimed, 'By Jove, that's Dandy's sister. Excuse me, please, I want to speak to her. Didn't know she was back from College.'—Now, gals, what do you think of that?"

Louise Foster.



A Picture Hat and a Picture Show

Al Rowerton wandered aimlessly down Broadway. He was to meet Harry Wright, his college chum, at six; but it was only five. How should he while away an hour? He considered the question as he strolled down the street. The name "Happy Hour" of a five-cent moving picture show caught his eye. He was an aristocratic fellow and considered this class of a theater, rather plebian, nevertheless, after a moments' hesitation, he walked up to the window, rather haughtily flung over a dollar and bought—a five-cent ticket.

It was very dim as he entered the theater. He groped his way down several aisles, then hurriedly seated himself; but poor Al rose more quickly than he had sat down. A low cry of dismay, and the sight of a smashed, shapeless hat, told him the story. He, Alfred Henry Rowerton, "Old Proud"—as his "frat" brothers called him—had committed the heinous offense of sitting on a lady's hat! and in a five-cent moving picture show!

For a moment he gazed speechless at the injured hat and its fair owner whose averted face only partially concealed the tears of vexation, and then he stammered inane apologies which were curtly accepted. Still, Al continued to pour forth senseless phrases until he realized they were falling on deaf ears, and then he subsided into miserable silence. He felt like rushing out of the place, but instead gazed unseeingly at the moving pictures, occasionally stealing covert glances at his neighbor's profile.

After a kidnaped girl was safely restored to her parents, a lover's quarrel satisfactorily settled, and a villian disposed of properly, there was an intermission.

The girl at Al's side looked dubiously at her hat, then gave a vigorous punch to the inverted crown, a gentle poke to the crushed ribbons, and a loving pat to the ruffled feathers. A rather vicious jabbing of the hatpin, a little tilt of the head to test the security of the hat, a furtive peep in the mirror drawn from the recesses of a purse, and the girl was ready to depart.

Now that hat framed the bewitching face. Al thought it looked stunning, and as his masculine eye could not detect any lasting damages, the enormity of his crime seemed lessened, and his spirits rose a trifle.

He was absorbed in the fascinating contemplation of the mysteries of skillful veil adjustment, when the words of the popular piece being sung suddenly pierced their way to his consciousness, "Don't be angry, Mabel." Al did not know the name of the girl beside him, and having paid no attention to the words preceding the chorus, he had no idea what unpardonable sin the other fellow had committed, but the words came with singular appropriateness, and as he stood up to let the girl pass out, his eyes flashed a penitent, but smiling "Don't be angry, Mabel" straight to the haughty blue ones. Her face flushed unmistakably, and Al thought he caught a momentary flicker of amusement, and keen appreciation of the aptness of the song.

As Al left the theater he looked up at the sign "Happy Hour" with a peculiar smile. When he walked leisurely into the station to meet Harry Wright, he found that individual walking about in half-fretful impatience. "Al, where in the world have you been man? I've been waiting half an hour

for you and we've missed the car the girls went down on. Bess said she and the girls just couldn't wait, they had to fix up before supper, or some such nonsense. Say, old fellow, you should see Edith Morrison, the stunning girl Bess has invited to the house party especially for your benefit. You know that blessed, little matchmaking sister of mine! She confided last year that she thought you were well nigh hopeless, but here she is trying once more to pierce your armor of indifference."

As they rode out to the suburbs, Harry bantered Al about Grace, Jessie, and Margaret,—girls whom he had been courteously attentive to during previous house parties, but whom he had failed to pay the devoted attention that his romantic hostess expected of him. Al laughed and joked with his friend, but never mentioned the afternoon incident.

Upon entering the hall of the country home, a pretty sight greeted them. A crowd of girls and young men were gathered about a big grate-fire in the large, old-fashioned parlor. Some sat Turkish fashion on the floor, their bright faces flushed from proximity to the fire; some leaned comfortably back in rocking chairs; some reclined in unconventional, but graceful, attitudes on the lounge. The scene bespoke comfort, enjoyment, and good comradeship.

The crowd were laughing uproariously as Al and Harry walked into the room. There was a chorus of greetings to them both. Al had a laughing rejoinder for all, but in the midst of a bright sally to his hostess, he halted abruptly, and noticing the direction of his gaze, she whispered excitedly, "Isn't she a queen, Al? Come let me introduce you." In another moment Al Rowerton was presented to Edith Morrison. Bess Wright wondered at the peculiar expression of their faces.

"Harry, you and Al are just in time to hear what happened to Edith this afternoon, or rather, what happened to her hat. For your benefit, I'll give a synopsis of what has preceded. Time,—late this afternoon; place,—five-cent moving picture show. Scene I. Entrance of a fair maiden partially visible beneath a huge hat bedecked with plumes and ribbons,—put a handkerchief around Edith's mouth if she spoils my tale with such loud protestations again, Harry—Simultaneous with the fair damsel's entrance, is the appearance of the words, "Ladies, kindly remove your hats!" accompanied with tremendous applause by the men. When this polite command makes a third persistent appearance, the picture hat is reluctantly removed and placed on a chair. Scene II. Entrance of a man whose presence is un-noticed by the girl until she sees him drop into, and rise out of the chair beside her, like a Jack-in-a-box, and then stand gazing ruefully at her flattened, shapeless hat. The third scene remains to be told. Did you stab the villain with your long hatpins, Edith? Come now and finish the tale. We want to hear the rest, don't we, Al?"

A smile lurked in Edith's eyes at this appeal to Al Rowerton, but she insisted that her story was finished, and to two people there the call of "Dinner" was unusually welcome.

After dinner Al was asked to sing for the crowd. He hesitated and Bess said, "Edith has heard about your singing, Al, won't you sing something to please her?"

He protested that his ability in this line had been overrated by his

friends, but he would do his best to please her. His hands wandered idly over the keys, then with a roguish glance at Edith Morrison he sang "Don't be angry, Mabel," to the amazement of all except Edith Morrison who rightly interpreted his roguish glance in her direction.

A year later the same "set" were assembled at the country home. Edith stood in Bess Wright's bed-room in the midst of an admiring circle of girls. "Isn't it a beauty!" "So becoming, Edith!" "All those lovely plumes!" and Edith smiled and said,

"Yes, I am proud of my husband's good taste. He bought this hat to-day to replace the one he half-ruined a year ago, but the dear boy insists that the old hat is to be as carefully treasured as the new."

Marie Holway, '11.

Poem

Yet a few years, and thee,
The all-beholding faculty shall see no more
In all thy course; nor yet in the dark training-school,
Where thy pale form was wont to go with many tears,
Nor in the presence of the critic-teachers, shall exist
Thy image. The outside world that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy ways to be resolved into its own again.
And, lost each school-girl trace, surrendering up
Thine youthful being, shalt thou go
To mingle with the pedagogues,
To be instructor of the childish mind,
Thwarted of impish fun, which the bad boy
Plots evermore and perpetrates. The birch
Shall send her branches forth, and be thy friend.
Yet not to this thine resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Task more beneficent. Thou shalt go down
Among cherubs of the infant world—with principals,—
The powerful of the earth,—and superintendents.

Wondrous wise—and board-members of ages past,
Who know just how school should be taught.
In hills, the tiny school-house stands—in vales.
Its doors are open wide for thee,
In cities, too, thou wilt find thy place and teach beneath
The e'er-observing supervisor. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the desert land,
Yet schools are there and on old ocean's front,
So shalt thou teach. All that are here,
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brook of care
Flow on, and each shall chase up-stairs and down; yet finally come
To share thy task with thee—
So live that when thy summons comes to teach
Thou shalt not, like the unsuccessful one, in dread
Go to thy task, but sustained and soothed
By a most noble "recommend;" approach thy work,
Like one who knows what he's about
And sits him down to do it valiantly.

Edith M. Klein.

Society

SOCIETY





"Oh, Phil, do you remember the dandy times we used to have at Normal? Say, and that Capitola luncheon the year we were Senior B's—let's see that was in nineteen ten wasn't it?"

Merry little Jane, although five years had elapsed since her graduation from the old school, jumped to her feet and spun around in the middle of the floor. Phil, still the more reserved of the two smiled at the remembrance and said, "That was fun, wasn't it? But, Jane, I remember the details just faintly. Do tell me all about them—that's a dear, and let me sit here and try to relive those happy days. The worst of our troubles then was in making an imaginary register where your last month's salary didn't depend on its accuracy. Go on, dear, and I will sit hear and listen to that steady talker of yours."

Given the floor all to herself, Jane was infinitely happy and burst forth with—"Why, Phil, don't you remember how we crowded that immense class of ours into Room V every noon for days before the luncheon, and how we practiced those yells and songs? How did that one on Mr. Shepherdson go?"

'Social efficiency, if you please
E. W. Shepherdson for Senior B's.'

I believe I have those yells in my old fat Agriculture Note Book," and here she paused a moment. Then apparently an inspiration had struck her, for she exclaimed,

"Hoe potato, hoe potato,
Hoe, hoe, hoe,
Palmer, Palmer,
Oh, ch, oh!"

When she regained her voice after laughing she continued, "And, Phil, that Serpentine! You couldn't hear a thing for the racket we made. Didn't the Faculty look funny dancing along with us. But do you remember the dining room? The people who decorated that corner of ours certainly knew how. I can just shut my eyes and see that Senior Design, made out of red geraniums. But we must admit that some of the other classes did look pretty good. And the noise! From the time we started in with our "Hi, hi, hikus," until we finished with—

Senior As, we hate to see you leaving,
Senior As, for you our hearts are grieving;
When you are resting in the city schools,
Senior As, Senior As.
Think of us among the little angels
Trying hard to train their little brain cells.
Tell us truly, tell us truly,
Are there any more in school like these?

I know there wasn't a girl there who ate a bite of that delectable luncheon. None of them stopped yelling long enough to hear the other classes. Then when they tried to take that picture! My what a time they had trying to get us to shut our mouths. But they finally took it when we had our mouths open. It was a jolly affair, though, wasn't it, Phil?"

How they both laughed then for it was fun to talk over those days. "Now, Jane, you have talked long enough. I don't believe you remember that other Y. W. stunt."

"What other one, Phil?"

Phil was just overjoyed to think that now she could tell Jane something she had forgotten.

"Well you know," she began, "before Capitola the Y. W. girls gave that 'Jolly-up' in the gym and told what they had done the year before."

Phil, rousing from her state of revery, "Oh, yes! but you go on and tell me about it, please."

Yes, it was at 3 o'clock and the crowd just filled the old gym. Those mysterious looking green curtains were up and held the expectant gaze of the audience for several minutes. Doesn't that sound dramatic, though? She just took time to laugh a minute and hurried on, "At last they were pulled back (the curtains, of course) jerk by jerk, and a real dashing cowboy, pistol and all, came galloping across the stage."

"Galloping?" interrupted Jane.

"Yes, on a saw horse, borrowed from the Kent Stables. His lady love stood coyly on the other side of the stage waiting his arrival. My how the people yelled and shouted—yes, even the Faculty—I mean the Lady Faculty. After the noise died away over the air came the clear high notes of our famous singer, Ethel Ardis. As she sang the two——"

Jane, again interrupting, "But who were these two rough-riders?"

"Why, didn't I tell you? Edna Robinson and Pearl McCloskey, of course. Pearl was the gallant youth and Edna the coy maiden. They acted out the song and they gave us the most realistic picture of the way things must be out on the prairie. Everyone was just crazy about them."

The next stunt,—let's see—ah, yes! that **real** chicken fight. Of course they were real chickens but you know the secret leaked out and we found out afterwards that the fowls were Anna Clarke and Lorainne Mitchel. The fight was really good, anyway, and as the feather dusters bobbed in the air, it was with difficulty that the Y. W. officers kept the others from staking all they had on the fight.

"Then we were favored with an inside peep into the digestive tract."

"The what?"

Well wait and I will explain. It was like this—the effect of Mrs.

English's physiology lectures came out in a fight between gastric and the indigestibles bought at the Normal Book Store. Remember that store? First bread and meat. Alice Beebe and Alice Rothermal, were put down the digestive tract. A terrible fight ensued but gastric juice came out on top. Saada Sanford, a dill pickle, then tusselled with gastric juice—Agnes Smith. But, finally, Melissa Blair, the hot tamale, was too much for Gastric and she had to give up. That was awfully clever.

"A college stunt was next—it probably had never seen a college but then it was some relation to it. Now listen—here it is in full: A bunch of Freshman girls were having a spread in their rooms at night. By the way, the spread was the real stuff—lemon pie, dill pickles, etc. A knock was heard and a wild scramble for hiding places followed. In came Alice Beebe, the stern and the suspicious matron. Can you imagine her being that? Well she was. The spread was there but the girls were not, so she left. Then the Freshies came back—just like Scrubbs. But another interruption—this time a man."

"A man at Normal?"

"Oh, don't get excited, Jane, it was a girl dressed up with her gang of fellows. But I'll tell you she almost made my heart go pit-a-pat. I think I can remember who they were—Marie Larter, Agnes Smith, Beth Purcell, and Miriam Elmore were the girls, and Emma Lawhead, Vesta Eaton, Lenore Zinnamon and Lillian Moss were the fellows. After this Lenore and Vesta were willed the stage to do some fancy jigs."

"Could they jig?" interrupted Jane for the nineteenth time.

"Well I should say they could. Wish I could see them now."

"These very solemn 'Jinks' wound up with some talks from Capitola and these really were serious. Beside Winifred Richards, Agnes Smith, Laura Smith, Miss Barnett (or rather what was then Miss Barnett) spoke and I'm sure they made every one of us want to go to Capitola awful bad."

* * * * *

"Say, Mother, there comes my old chum Phil Withrow, I haven't seen her in ages." Jane was seated on the window seat leisurely gazing out of the window when she saw her old "crony" coming towards the house. She was glad to see her again and ran to the door to let her in.

"Well, Phil, you old dear. I haven't seen you since that day I was at your house and we were talking over our Normal school days," exclaimed Jane, hurrying Phil into the spacious room.

"And I was so kind of homesick that that was just what I came over for," gasped Phil all out of breath. "I just felt as though we hadn't half finished our talk that day so why not come over and complete it to-day. So here I am."

She was so excited she had not noticed Mrs. Winchester, Jane's mother, at all until now as she glanced around the room.

"Go right on talking girls," insisted the elderly lady. "For I love to hear you and you seem so happy."

"All right," chimed in both of the girls, as they fell on the huge couch and half buried themselves with pillows.

"Where did we leave off, Phil?"

"Well, I don't know but I want to commence with that Senior A

party—that one we gave when we were Senior Bs for the graduating class. But, Phil, you tell it. Mother has enough of my talk and would love to hear someone else for a change.”

“If you really want me to then, I will, if I can remember. I know,—the gym, the same old place, was decorated in pennants from stacks of different schools. Then you know some of the girls gave that farce, ‘The Grecian Bend.’”

“Well, I should say I do remember that! They only practiced a week and it was good, too. But go on with your story.”

“Where did I leave off? Oh, yes! I’ll never forget Sade Fox as Nora. She always was dandy and such a help to our class. There was Pearl McClosky, again. You know she was supposed to be the mother of Jenny (Margaret Sinclair) and Kitty (Edna Robinson). They were all just great. How they shocked Dorothy Brokaw, the city girl, by suggesting washing to her. Dorothy had the Grecian Bend and she looked exactly like a 16th Century beauty. Who else? Oh, Aunt Debby, Louise Foster, of course, always losing things and talking about her numerous husbands. Every one said Louise missed her calling. Ella Morton, a school girl, looked as tho’ she had been brought up from the training school. Honestly, I don’t see how those girls did so well.

Jane couldn’t stand it any longer, so said—“And then we danced.”

“Now, Jane, I am telling this so you just let me finish. I should say we did dance. The best part of it was that the floor was waxed. Oh, don’t get excited! The Janitor did it, and so that was perfectly all right. As usual the music was good, and everyone had a grand time. Now, Jane, what do you want to add?”

Well you have told everything except that the Faculty turned out almost in full force as well as in full dress.”

The two girls had not been teaching school so long but that they could enjoy a good laugh and this brought it forth.

They were quiet a minute and both seemed to be thinking what was next when Jane exclaimed, “The Kids’ Party.”

“Why Jane!” corrected her mother.

“Well, mother, that is what it was. We sent out the funniest invitations to the Lady Faculty, written like a child would say it, and we dressed up like children. You know, I believe it was the most fun of all. It cost each one so many pennies to get in and all kinds of things were for sale inside.”

“Inside what?” in disgusted tone.

“The gym, of course. There were ‘Suckers,’ animal crackers, lemonade, and candy hearts.” By this time Jane was laughing so just from thinking of the many funny things that occurred in the old gym that afternoon that she couldn’t finish her narration. Phil had relapsed into deep thought from which she awoke in a moment with a jump, heaving such a sigh that Jane said, “Why what is the matter Phil?”

“Well that just makes me more homesick than ever and I am going before I get any worse.”

So again the girls said good-bye, but this time in not quite such a jolly mood.

Organizations

ORGANIZATIONS

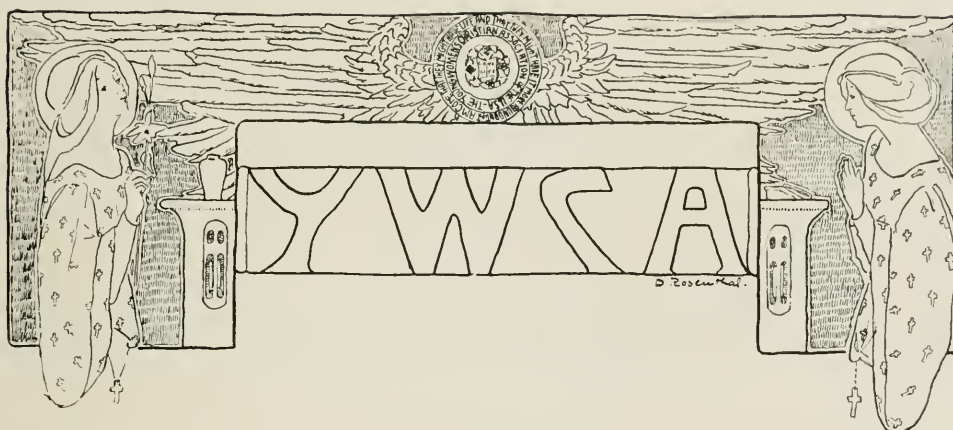


YWCA
ATHLETIC

MUSIC
ΣΦ

D. Rosenthal





Officers

Resident Secretary
Rhuamah M. Smith.

Advisory Board.
Mrs. English

Mrs. Millspaugh
Mrs. Hummewell

Mrs. Sawyer
Miss Woodbury

Cabinet

President	- - - - -	Stella Loveland
Vice President	- - - - -	Ruth Heil
Secretary	- - - - -	Flora Taylor
Treasurer	- - - - -	Mary Jellison
Chairman Social Committee	- - - - -	Fay Franks
" Devotional Committee	- - - - -	Helen Hawley
" Finance Committee	- - - - -	Leanna Field
" Bible } Study Committee	- - - - -	Ruth McCarthy
" Mission }		
" Intercollegiate Committee	- - - - -	Hazel Burns
" Extension Committee	- - - - -	Eda Schoenleber

Young Women's Christian Association



"Not by might nor by power,
but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

The Association has been organized fourteen years. It has enrolled as its members hundreds of girls, many of whom continue active in their interest and support after graduation.

This year the Y. W. C. A. has carried on its work much as in years past. At the Thursday afternoon meetings prominent ministers of the city, members of our Faculty and others have presented subjects of vital interest to Normal girls. The following are some of the subjects discussed:—"Psychology and Religion," "Jeremiah, the Hebrew Patriot and Socialist," "Happiness," "The Song of Our Syrian Guest" (a reading), "Paul, the Man of Destiny," "The Normal Girl and the Social Problem," "The Normal Girl and Civics," and "The Normal Girl and Ethics."

Each term a farewell meeting is held for the Senior A's. A few of the girls have taken special Bible Study under Prof. Hill of U. S. C. At the beginning of the year the Association played the role of assistant hostess to the entering students, helping them matriculate, showing them about the building and serving light refreshments to them. The Association has promoted the social life of the school by receptions for the student body and by socials for smaller groups. We are especially grateful to the girls of Northfield Hall and to those of our Faculty women who have opened their homes for these occasions. The Capitola Class Luncheon was most successful, five hundred students taking part in the jubilation. The demonstration of enthusiasm surpassed that of any former occasion.

The Y. W. has popularized the school colors by making and selling pen-



nants. The Advisory Board have given earnest thought and great help to every part of the work. They have made the welfare of every girl in school a personal concern. In these and in other ways the organization has promoted fellowship among students and Faculty.

During the fourteen years of its working life, the Association has more than once proven its right to exist by its good words and good works. We feel that somewhere in its various lines of effort, there is opportunity for every girl, whatever her talents and training, to find a place where she can realize her highest self through social service.





First Soprano:

Gertrude Rives

Edith Foster

Ethel Ardis

Edith Hurst

Gladys Bond

Alice Beebe

Merle Prewitt

Marie Larter

Second Soprano:

Edith Jones

Mamie Paul

Ethel Best

Delta Eaton

Susanne Gough

Barbara Fisher

First Alto:

Carrie Warden

Ruth Townsend

Emma Lawhead

Vesta Eaton

Lenore Zinnamon

Lillian Moss

Second Alto:

Agnes Smith

Rosa Biehl

Elizabeth Pursell

Winifred Richards

Officers of the Club

President—Edith Jones, Ethel Ardis.
Secretary—Winifred Richards, Lillian Moss.
Treasurer—Vesta Eaton.
Librarian—Agnes Smith, Marie Larter.

Dear Nell:

You wanted to hear what our Glee Club has been doing this year, so I'm simply going to make this a Glee letter and recount, for your especial benefit, all of our various escapades, although, really, we have not done nearly as much as last year—didn't we have a glorious time then?

Of course you knew the first thing we would do in the new year would be to initiate our new members-to-be. The great drawback was the absence of Miss Hagan. We hardly knew how to get along with her away, but finally decided to have the ceremonies take place at Echo Park on the afternoon of Friday, September 17th. I dare not tell you all that we did to the new girls, but leave you to guess from your own experience. We took in five girls, Ethel Best, Barbara Fisher, Susanne Gough, Lenore Zinnamon, and Lillian Moss, all dandy girls, and we certainly did things up brown. The spread we gave them would have made a queen envious. Later we took them all out for a boating-trip on the lake. I can hear you say that that sounds suspicious, but honestly we didn't duck them.

The week following the initiation was one of great rejoicing—can you guess why? The lady had returned. And right away we began to practice for a program to be given in December some time in honor of the winter class. The entertainment was not as finished an affair as others we have given, but it was jolly good fun and thoroughly appreciated, as you may guess when I tell you the Assembly Hall, was packed, and about two hundred people stood. The platform was arranged to represent an old negro's quarters on a Southern plantation. We manufactured a shanty, old fences around it, and bamboo growing up behind it. Then we had old banana palms and off to one side the finest looking pile of old corn-stalks. Two or three old lanterns decorated the cabin, and just to one side through the bamboo could be seen the "Coppah Moon" (that's the name of one of the songs we sang). All of us, dressed as darkies, pickaninies, mammies and just ordinary black folk, stole in to surprise Uncle Remus who owned the shanty. We sat on boxes, barrels, and fences and began our program of "Songs of the South," with "The Old Kentucky Home." When Uncle Remus appeared, we coaxed him to sing for us, then to play for the pickaninies to dance—such a dance! I just wish you might have seen it, the funniest performance I ever saw. One of the most unique features of the entire entertainment was the introduction of an old colored "aunty" with her pipe and carrying on her head a basket filled with regular down-south molasses pop-corn balls, which were duly distributed to the waiting darkies. Genie West was "aunty," so you know all about the pleasure she gave when she related some Uncle Remus' stories. Another part of the program, one that delighted the audience, was the playing of the banjo by Clara Bentien. Oh! it was all great fun and how we did hate to have it end.

That was the last public performance with Miss Hagan as our leader,

for she resigned her position. But it was not the last time we were all to be with her, for we attended a matinee on Saturday afternoon, January 22nd, in her charge. The play was ridiculous but we had great fun out of it. At the close of the performance we all went to Christopher's where a violet tea was served. Everything did look very charming there: the tables we had had been strewn with violets and the place-cards were varied, some decorated with violets, some with wild roses, all hand-painted by two of the girls.

Things sort of dragged after this until Miss Stephens, our new director, arrived. After her arrival, we gave a little program of children's songs out at the Echo Park play-ground. Alice Beebe and Rosa each sang a series of children's songs, and delighted everyone, particularly a group of boys who occupied the front seats, and showed their high approbation in many curious ways. The children gave a little play after our songs and then the audience departed—still we stayed on. We took out several boxes of marshmallows and proceeded to toast them over the bright coals in the lovely open fire-place. My, they were good, and we had great sport powdering one another with the flour of the candy.

The twenty-fifth day of March was the date of the graduation of the spring class, when a large number of the club left the school. We sang a couple of songs under the direction of Miss Stephens for the commencement exercises.

The next thing for us to do was to immediately find a number of girls to take the place of those who had left us. That was done at once, and on the afternoon of April Eleventh we had a grand old time making life miserable for twelve poor young things. Of course you want to know their names—I'm not going to spare you a bit, so here you are—Stella Loveland, Ruth Eaton, Hazel Burns, May Simpson, Myrta Whalian, May Jensen, Eva Lee, Hazel Frost, Alice Atwood and Josephine Martin. We decorated them in the most "scan'lous" fashion, then made them sing for their dinner. Along with the girls, too, we imitated Miss Stephens—she's all right, a real sport.

The rest of the year was spent getting the new girls into the harness and fitting them for their hard work next year. You may rest now—but don't forget to write us all the news as soon as you survive this.

Affectionately,

Winifred.





Officers

President	- - - - -	Frank Heil
Vice President	- - - - -	John Bailey
Secretary	- - - - -	Ben Griffith
Treasurer	-	Don't need one (Valgamore held this office once)

Motto: "Become effeminated as slowed as possible."

Married men are allowed in the club but have no vote, they being considered unduly influenced.

The ideals of the society are "Uncle Aleck" King Pharo (present condition of sweet quiet rest and principalship).

Rules: No person in good standing is allowed to sing before noon (except in Room S) or in regular meetings which occur every little while at the call of the president, or of three male members or following a great catastrophe such as a half holiday in the training school.

No recall allowed.

Officers are asked to resign if they are guilty of unprofessional conduct.

Unprofessional conduct shall consist of buying cornucopias, attending chapel in loud socks, talking to the same co-ed more than three times in one study period, or picking his teeth in front of the Alexandria, Van Nuys or the Normal School "calf-fur-terria."

No member of less than a year's standing is allowed to sing tenor. By special request of members of the faculty, any able bodied member of the club may sing before chorus. N. B. No requests have been made.

The time of meeting varies according to business on hand.

The aim of the club is of a double nature.

1. To promote good fellowship;
2. To encourage each other in our afflictions (as in Room 1) and in our domestic troubles.

Regular meetings are a rather formal affair, only three speakers allowed on the floor at once. Speeches are limited by the sofa cushions which the girls kindly forgot to return after the last dance.

Parliamentary law is strictly adhered to.

Clapping is considered vulgar and is only used after other methods of disturbing the quiet have been used.

A motion for adjournment is never in order until Miss O'Kane raps on the wall.

Valgamore, Spring '10.

Athletics

ATHLETICS





Boys' Basket Ball

During the first week of school last September, the relics of Normal's 1909 star basket ball team appeared in the gym and found out by the trial and error method that "their eyes had not lost their sharpness nor their hands their cunning" (Shakespeare). During the gym class a number of new "phenoms" were discovered and a meeting was accordingly called to discuss basket ball.

Mr. Heil (shorty) was unanimously elected Manager as soon as he agreed to furnish his own stamps and carfare. A delegation was appointed to secure the inestimable services of Mr. Kent as coach. No selection for captain was made except for games when the coach chose a field captain.

The first practice was very encouraging. Fully half of all the men at the school turned out. Mr. Kent congratulated himself on the prospects of a first class team. Mr. H. Oscar Campbell made a small fortune selling season tickets for use of the shower baths to the new season. Hoegee had an unprecedented run on gym suits.

In the rapidly passing days that followed basket ball became the important thing at Normal. Clayton and Thomas each forgot to go to a Y. M. C. A. Glee Club rehearsal. Bailey got a permanent excuse from music the fifth period. Badger cut out queening (only temporarily, however).

Normal basket ball quotations went up by leaps and bounds, until the 243 per cent mark was reached and no water in sight. Poly wildly canceled her outside athletics. L. A. High decided basket ball was too rough anyway and turned to Rugby. There wasn't any use playing them anyway. Why? Because last year it happened to them up here 29 to 14 and no mention of it in the Blue and White.

No worthy opponents seemed in sight. One day a Normal sleuth while meandering around in the basement of Annex No. 1, saw a few elongated specimens of "infantus homo" (derived from Indian words meaning home infantry or standing army). Result: We trained our training school boys in basket ball and had many a fine practice game with them. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to those 8th grade boys that helped make our team possible.

A weight lifting aggregation from Alhambra High School appeared one evening for our first outside game. We hate to tell what happened that evening between 3:30 and 4:30. In fact we never speak about that game. 'Twas awful! Those Alhambra giants had no respect for small pedagogues at all. As an honest conscientious journalist and historian, however, it becomes my duty to repeat the sad tale. We were beaten in several points and by several points. The score had the proportion of 98 to 43, or about 3 to 1, they won and we had the one.

The Monday after the game a jolly up meeting was held. This meeting was a forerunner of another jolly up meeting. (For information inquire of H. Allen.) The consensus of opinion seemed to be that we lost the game. We also decided that Bailey was to blame. Bailey laid it on his father. Father laid it on the table. We laid Bailey on the table. Bailey then drew up a resolution to be on hand next time.

Pasadena heard of this game. Our girls had beaten the Pasadena girls.

The Pasadena boys thought they would see what they could do to us. It was nip and tuck up to the last minute of play when Allen passed to Valgamore, who dropped the ball through the iron circle making the score 12 to 11 in Normal's favor. The young men from Pasadena were sorely grieved over this game, but in the language of the training school, "we seen our dooty and done it."

(Mr. A. Harrison Clayton won fame and notoriety in this game as timekeeper.)

We now grasp opportunity by the top-knot and compliment the many young ladies who so valiantly attended this, as well as the other games. Their organized rooting was in a class by itself. Their songs far exceeded, both in music and sentiment, anything we have ever heard. Their cheers rang out severally and miscellaneously and often coaxed the ball right out of our hands up into the basket.

Come again, little foothill suburb of Altadena, we love to toy with your growing abilities.

We next tried the Law School for a series of games. Of all the teams we ever played, those young barristers are the cream when it comes to clean and manly playing but—oh you Newmier! Don't ever do it again. Hereafter I shall never hear that oft repeated baseball refrain, "Kill the Umpire" without thinking of the above named individual. Not that we wish him ill, but we just can't help thinking of the time he refereed. Other teams were played with various results. Considering all our short comings, accidents and lack of material we feel that we did our part in trying to give athletics a place in Normal.

Here is a list of our infirmities:

Allen. Forward. Played team work direct to the basket.

Bailey. Center. Swelled wrist. Loaferitis.

Campbell. Guard. Argued with spectators (male, of course).

Clayton. Guard. Sprained ankle. Often threw the ball before he caught it.

Cripe. Guard. Played too lady like. Umpire often called fouls on him for delaying the game to crave his opponent's forgiveness.

Heil. Referee. "Didn't see it." "Who's doing this?"

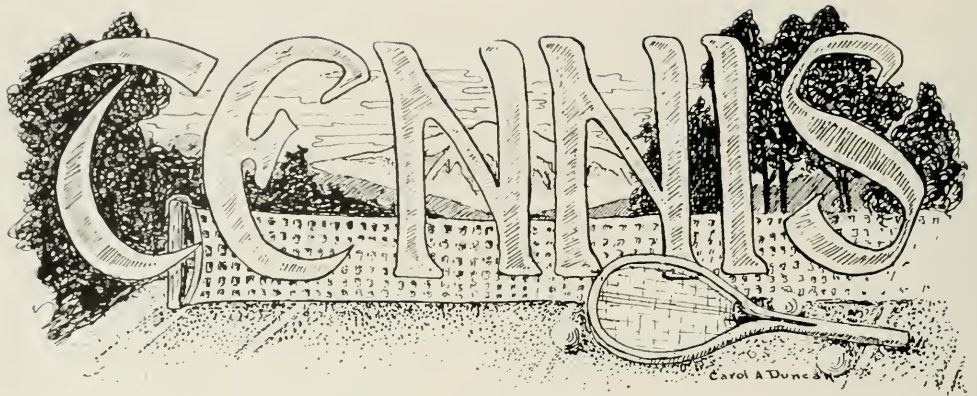
Newlan. Mascot. The Pride of the Normal.

Thomas. Guard and Center. Developed sore neck from looking up at Alhambra Center.

Valgamore. Forward. Champion cripple of the school. Built rather close to the ground. His faults are plain and very apparent. His value is willingly told by himself in a very modest manner.

With the material left at the school and the "new blood" which we feel sure will enter Normal soon, the next year has a bright outlook toward basket ball.

Valgamore, S '10.



Although no Tennis Club, in the full sense of the word, was formed during the past year, the "spirit" of the game was not allowed to perish.

By careful nursing and the constant application of stimulants by Miss Mathewson, Mr. Kent and a few assistants, the poor, listless "spirit" has managed to remain with us. I have not a doubt but what that "spirit" will grow strong and enthusiastic again when the Juniors wake up and give it some good stiff exercise. Don't lose you chances to be heroes, Juniors!

To whom it may concern:

The only instruments necessary to put the "spirit of tennis" into proper condition are—

For each doctor: 1. One tennis racket. 2. Two tennis balls. 3. One pair tennis shoes. 4. A Steady head and hand. 5. Professional enthusiasm.

The operating room will be found by going down the hill to the "bungalow," then on down the stairs. The operating tables will be found in the room, there are four excellent ones so any doctor will be able to choose his own favorite kind.

Any Juniors who have the faintest idea, (and what Junior **thinks** he hasn't), that his chosen profession is that of a "spirit" doctor, please apply for directions from any of the following:

Mr. Kent, Miss Mathewson, Dorothy Brokaw, Mary Howell, Mary Grim, Ella Morton, Ethel Ardis, Mr. Allen, Vesta Eaton.

P. S. All information will be cheerfully given "**Free of Charge!**"



Athletics

In looking back over the records of the Normal School, I find that athletics has held an important part in school activities until the last year or two. What is the matter? Are you students content to sit and grind?

"Attention!!"

"Johnny, spell cat!"

"Again!"

"C-a-t."

"Be seated!"

That's what you are going to turn into if you aren't careful, and angles, spectacles and a chronic grouch go with it.

"Old cat, yourself," sniffs Johnny when he is out of reach.

There is only one way to avoid this catastrophe and that is to wake up and go in for athletics.

Get out and play!

Play anything, just so you are playing,—there's base-ball, volley-ball, tennis, basket-ball: O, I'm not going to name any more.

Come out and find them for yourself.

Forget your pedagogy and school-law and play for two hours, even if it's only once a week, and see how you feel afterwards. Come out of yourself and be a jolly, good fellow, as you used to be at High School! Old Normal will turn out and root for you just as hard and harder than you were cheered in the days when you played for that championship on the field or track. That's not all bluff and talk, either, because I've seen it done here, and only this last year, too.

What's the matter with our boys, O, excuse me, I meant our budding professors?

Listen to this, young men!

"In February, 1897, the L. A. N. Athletic Association was formed and after a series of "try-out" contests, joined the Southern California Inter-scholastic Association. In the first contest the Normal men did excellent work, tying L. A. High School for second place."

Where are you now, boys?

Are you going to sit back and allow Nineteenth Century men to do more than Twentieth Century men? If you are you are two centuries late, you should be labeled Eighteenth Century.

If you are afraid to try to excell them in field sports, why don't you take to motorcycle or aeroplane racing, or perhaps you prefer paper-doll dressing! DO something, don't be content with being dead-letters.

You may say "What's the use, nobody comes to the games?" What if they don't? That will only be for a little while if you show that you can do something. It won't be long before you are found out, and when once you are discovered you will not lack support. It may take some time to wake us up, but when we are awake,—O! My!

Start in right in 1911 and make yourselves heard in the athletic world.

Let people know that Normal is still alive!

Start the year with three cheers and a tiger for Normal!

L. R. R.

Joshes

JOSHES



To the Pessimist

A dog sat in the midnight chill,
And howled at the beaming moon;
His knowledge of music was strictly nil,
And his voice was out of tune.

And he howled and howled as the hours went by,
While dodging the bricks we threw,
Till the moon was low in the western sky,
And his voice was split in two.

And there wasn't a thing at which to howl,
Over which a pup should weep,
And the course of the dog was wrong and foul,
For people were wild for sleep.

There are plenty of men like that blame fool hound,
Who yell when there's nothing wrong,
Disturbing the country with senseless sound,
The Pessimist's doleful song.

Teacher (to a dull boy)—“You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor.”

Pupil—“Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States.”—Ex.

Student Teacher in 1st Grade—“Santa Claus always left presents for good children and switches for the bad ones.”

Pupil—“How did Santa Claus know who were bad and who were good?”

Teacher—“I don't know how he found it out, but he always knew.”

Bright Boy—“Maybe he taught school.”



**New method of observing student teachers
in the training school**

Student Teacher—“Where did agriculture begin?”

Bright Pupil—“In the Garden of Eden.”

Teacher—“What do you consider the most important date in Ancient History?”

Bright Boy—“When Mark Antony went over to Egypt because he had a date with Cleopatra.”

Teacher in Music—“Now children, I want you to take this time and beat it.”

Bud's Reincarnation

(We have had Willie Sidis handed out to us in Psychology, Child Study, Pedagogy, Mathematics, School Economy, and an extra dose of him in Art I, II, and III, when the Art Teachers had us make imaginary drawings of his wonderful brain. Some weeks ago the Los Angeles Record came out with some side-lights on said Willie, accompanied by a poem by Fred Schaefer, which will perhaps give some hints to the girls who have been studying up a suitable Reincarnation for the Summer Class of 1910. The Record said: "Some Theosophist comes out with the suggestion that Willie Sidis, the boy mathematical marvel at Harvard, is a reincarnation of Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, who lived 25,000 years ago.")

Huh, whatcher know about it—
A kid like me, dey say,
Already goin' ter college,
Makes pie of algebray!
An' he's some Greek perfessor
Born over once again,
Which 'counts fer him a-havin'
Math'matics on der brain.

Now me—oh, gee I wonder
Who I used ter be?
I mostly feel like rovin'
Over der wide, wide sea,
An' shootin' ships an' people
Just like der pirates did.
By packs! it looks most likely,
I lived as Captain Kidd!

But wait—ain't dere some hero
More of a history filler:
Samson, David, Crusoe,
Jack, der Giant-killer?
Why, sure—dere's also Teddy—
He is der one best bet—
I'm HIM. But, no, I'm crazy—
Teddy is livin' yet.

This seems to be the age of Physical Culture. We have it in all our classes. Miss Jacobs teaches it, to be sure, and Mr. Kent gives us a plenty of it in Manual Training. Miss Stephens gives a little exhibition of it each morning in chorus. Dr. Terman is always promising his classes a little entertainment by dressing himself in a clown's suit and performing a few gymnastic stunts for them. And didn't you know that Miss Barclay was teaching her girls down in the kitchen to turn flap-jacks?

Miss Gray (in Nature Study)—"Mr. Miller, where do frogs go when they die?"



Hodges (in Nature Study)—"Mr. Miller, a man once kept batch and he used to eat two hard boiled eggs each morning for breakfast. Neither he nor his neighbors kept hens and he neither bought, borrowed nor stole eggs. Now how did he get them?"

Mr. Miller—"That's too much for me."

Hodges—"Why, he kept ducks."

Young Lady—"Mr. Palmer, will you please unscrew my pen?"

Mr. Palmer—"You'll have to excuse me, for I've just washed my hands."
And the young lady wrote with a pencil.

Mr. Palmer (in Agriculture)—"Mr. Fitch, in what state (condition) is nitrogen found?"

Mr. Fitch—"In Missouri."

The Ancient Senior

It is an ancient Senior,
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy ashen face and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

Miss Jacobs' doors are open wide,
And I would fain be in;
The bunch is met, the clock is set.
May'st hear the merry din."

She holds her with a shaking hand,
"There was a class," quoth she.
"Hold off! unhand me, wild-eyed loon!"
Eftsoons her hand dropped she.

She holds her with a glittering eye—
The Junior girl stands still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Senior hath her will.

The Junior girl stayed in the bridge,
She cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that pale-faced one,
While music sounded near:

"The hour appeared, the desks were cleared,
Up front I took my stand
To teach my class—my grammar class—
The lesson I had planned.

But a noise came up upon my left,
Then many, as many could be,
Were the sounds that rose in that small room
And almost deafened me.

Louder and louder still again,
Till my forehead throbs and pains—"
The Junior girl her fingers twirl,—
In the gym the clamor wanes.

Miss Jacobs hath paced onto the floor—
A watch in hand hath she;
“Twixt watch in hand and clock on wall,
A difference great I see.”

The Junior girl here tore her hair,
For she wished the fun to see,
But still spake on the pale-faced one
With the look of agony.

Discipline in the Training School
Was what she raved about.
The self-same tale you’ve often heard,
I know without a doubt,

* * * * *

“What loud uproar bursts from that door!
And out of the gym they pass;
And hark, I hear a little bell
Which biddeth me to class!

O sweeter than a dance at noon,
’Tis sweeter far to me
To hold the gaze of all my class
And keep it orderly!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Junior young,
She teacheth best, who keepeth best
The class beneath her thumb.”

The Senior girl, whose eye is bright,
Whose face with care is worn,
Is gone: and now the Junior girl
Along with the crowd is borne.

She went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser girl,
She rose the morrow morn.

—Pearl McCloskey.

School Slogan.

Down with adenoids. Up with social efficiency.

A SCALEY STORY.

A major loved a maiden so,
His warlike heart was soft as Do
He would often kneel to her and say:
"Thou art my life and only Re
Oh, if but kinder thou wouldst be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on Mi
Thou art my earth, my guiding star:
I love thee near, I love thee Fa
My passion I cannot control—
Thou art the idol of my Sol"
The maid suggests his asking pa:
The major cries, "What, I? Oh, La!"
The major rose from bended knee
And went her father for to Si
The father thot no match was finer—
The major once had been a Minor
They married soon, and after that
Dwelt in the rooms all in one Flat
So happy ends this little tale,
For they lived on the grandest Scale

—Young's Magazine.

Before and After the Exams.

"Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

"O Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot."

Miss C——, a Broadway milliner, would not advertise in *The Exponent* because the Normal girls were too poor to buy her hats. Further down Broadway Miss Coley entered another shop. By way of introducing her business, she looked about the place; then said, "The girls ought to be able to buy here, this looks like a cheap place." She then got stage fright and hot-footed it out and down the street before the manager could say "23 for you."

Yes, Mr. Macurda told us it was a great risk to take a man. But don't let that worry you, girls, for a few moments later Ruth Smith proved to us by a long list of mathematical formulas that gods were valued at eight dollars. So why take a risk? Save up your money and buy a god.

David, after surveying his amateur painting of an orange, lifted his angelic face to the teacher and said with a broad smile of satisfaction:
"Gee, Teacher, ain't this rotten!"

Miss Hagan (in Music I)—"No wonder you girls can't sing! You have no feeling inside of you to express. Even if I were out in a desert I would be happy, for I would have something to give, even if I were almost alone."
Class look puzzled, but now they understand why Mrs. Goodwin (nee Miss Hagan) was thinking about the desert and why she would be happy there.

Prof. Chamberlain, explaining beauties of the Yosemite Valley to a class in geography, told them that when he was there he saw the sun rise seven times one morning.

It was the residence of a doctor, and they were constantly troubled with 'phone calls for a certain meat market. One morning very early the Doctor was aroused from his slumber by an insistent ringing of the 'phone bell. In no sweet frame of mind he took down the receiver and said:

"Hello."

"Hello," came from the other end of the line in an exasperated feminine voice, "is Mr. Smith in yet?"

"Not yet, madam."

"He isn't in yet—well, that's queer. When will he be in?"

"I don't know, madam, we're expecting him every minute."

"Oh, you are"—a pause, then: "Say, what place is this?"

And in solemn tones came the answer: "The morgue, madam."

Up-to-Date Slang.

Mrs. English (in Arithmetic)—“Now, when you do it this way, it’s—girls, may I use slang—”

Voice (after profound silence)—“Yes, certainly.”

Mrs. English—“It’s t’other way round.”

Don’t you know, my chorus girls,
So musical, yet rude,
One gentle tap of my baton
Should calm a multitude.

Miss Barnett—“The New England people have always claimed that America faces the Atlantic and turns her back upon the Pacific, but they will soon have to admit that she faces the Pacific as much as the Atlantic.”

Low Voice—“Then America will be two-faced.”

Dr. Gesell (showing a form board to his class in Child Study)—“This is a form board. They are very rare. We have one here, and a few other institutions for the feeble-minded have them.”

Teacher—“Why do you come to school with such dirty hands? What would you say if I came with my hands so dirty?”

Small Boy—“I wouldn’t say anything. I’d be too polite.”

Teacher—“And now we come to Germany, that important—that important country governed by a Kaiser. Tommy, what is a Kaiser?”

Tommy—“A Kaiser is a stream of hot water springing from the ground and disturbing the earth.”

Teacher—“Tommy, why are you scratching your head?”

Tommy—“ ’Couse no one else knows just where it itches.”

Quietly one by one on the deficiency blanks of the students,
Blossom the terrible D’s the forget-me-nots of the teachers.

Miss B. (frantically waving her hand in Nature Study class to make an impression)—“Is there a separate lizard family?”

Mr. Miller—“I don’t know; I never met them.”

Usher—“Where is Myrtle Mac-in-tree?”

Teacher (reading)—“And the wages of sin is death.”

Voice—“Why don’t the sinners strike for higher wages?”

Young Teacher—“Johnnie, what is your father’s occupation?”

Johnnie—“Please, teacher, I can’t tell.”

Young Teacher—“Why, of course, you can tell, Johnnie. I insist that you tell me immediately.”

Johnnie (sobbing)—“He’s—he’s—the—the fat lady in a circus.”

Pupil (to Macurda, after trying to get some light upon a question in a History of Ed. Examination)—“That doesn’t do any good.”

Mr. Macurda—“You mean that it doesn’t throw any light upon the answer.”

Heard in the Kindergarten.

Teacher—“And when did that happen?”

Kindergartner—“I don’t know.”

Teacher—“O yes you do. Now try to think.”

Kindergartner—“It must have been before I was married.”

“Please, Mumsey, just five cents,” begged Johnnie.

“But, Johnnie, it was only this morning that I gave you five cents.”

“I know, Mumsey, but you know I’m so hard on money.”—Ex.

Two cats were sitting on a fence. First cat yawns. Second cat said: “I see your breakfast.” First cat—“O mercy! does my rat show?”—Ex.

Dr. Howe (to English V Class)—“Imbeciles are the happiest people. I have had the occasion to associate with a group of them.”

The Two Sides.

Teacher: "There are always two sides to every argument."

Student: "Yep! Yours and the right side."—Ex.

When did Washington first take a carriage?
When he took a hack at the cherry tree.—Ex.

Why is President Roosevelt like "America"?
Because he is the national him (hymn).—Ex.

First Cannibal: "Our chief has hay fever."
Second Cannibal: "What brought it on?"
First Cannibal: "He ate a grass widow."—Ex.

A school paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience, and the printer the money, if any.—Ex.

Senior B: "There is a great deal of smuggling in the fur trade."
Senior A: "My, what a skin game!"—Ex.

Teacher (reading): "Corporations have no souls."
Bright Pupil: "How about the shoe trust?"—Ex.

Teacher: "Why were you late?"
Student: "Because school began before I got here."—Ex.

First Pupil: "I don't have to eat dinner any more."
Second Pupil: "Why?"
First Pupil: "Because I always get a nice roast in class."—Ex.

How's Business?

"Business is poor," said the beggar.
Said the undertaker, "It's dead."
"Falling off," said the riding school teacher.
The druggist, "Oh! vial," he said.
"It's all write with me," said the author.
"Picking up," said the man on the dump.
"My business is sound," said the bandman.
Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."
The bottler declared it was "corking."
The parson, "It's good," answered he.
"Make both ends meat," said the butcher.
The tailor replied, "It suits me."

—Ex.

What IS the Use?

Bluff your best, and bluff in earnest
When your periods are full.
If you fail; someone pushed you.
If you pass; you had a pull.—Ex.

"Shall I brain him?" asked the hazer.
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't; he is a Freshman.
Just hit him on the head."—Ex.

Of all sad words before or since,
The saddest is Experience.

Flattery?

She: "Did he say anything dovelike about me?"

Her Friend: "Yes, he said you were pigeon-toed."—Ex.

"Is this candy fresh?"

"I dunno, it never said anything to me."—Ex.

Professor (in Latin): "Tell me all about Cis."

Senior: "Kiss is a noun, though usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined; it is more common than proper; it is not very singular and is used in the plural to agree with me."—Ex.

He: "It is getting late and I had better beat it."

She: "Better late than never."—Ex.

"I am kind of short on lemons."

Said I to a maid.

"Why don't some of these pupils

Come to my lemon-ade?"—Ex.

Teacher: "I punish you, Willie, just to show my love for you."

Willie—"If I was only a little bit bigger, I'd return your love."—Ex.

She—"Don't hug me here in public."

He: "Why, the law allows the freedom of the press."—Ex.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp, "I bathed in the Spring of 1886."—Ex.

Teacher: "Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Bright Pupil: "Well, you see it's this way, if I were not behind I could not pursue them."—Ex.

The man who beats time is properly called a leader.

Gravity is an indefinite force that brings defeated politicians back to earth with a thud on the morning after an election.

To make his mark in the world nowadays, a man requires an indelible pencil.

Dyeing has saved the life of many an old skirt.

Some of the worst scrapes into which a man can get in this world are encountered in a barber shop.

Congress is what the people get for trying to govern themselves.

The whole world listens when money talks.

Not even a powder magazine has terrors for a woman.

The proof that comes from the composing room often fails to convince.

No matter how much your enemies may malign you, they have not yet told all the truth.

A successful promoter is one that collects the money and escapes before the crash comes.

A dog shows appreciation of kindness by wagging its tail, a man gives expression to the same sentiment by wagging his tongue.

Clay becomes more valuable when it is made into noble character.

If all manuscripts were as good as their authors rate them, Shakespeare would be but a by-word.

The amount of principle involved in a cause effects the interest of it.

—Blue and White.

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HEAVY SUBJECT.

Senior B—"Your suit-case seems to be terribly heavy."

Miss Clark—"Well, it certainly ought to be, for it contains all the school-law that I know."

Disgusted Maiden—"O, I think he's a goat."

Smart Youth—"Now don't kid him."

Miss Connor (taking class roll)—"Is any one absent? If so, speak up."

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HEARD IN SCHOOL ECONOMY.

Mr. Macurda—"How would you exhibit oral work?"

Voice from rear of room—"With a phonograph."

Mr. Chamberlain—"Who founded St. Petersburg?"

Voice from class—"St. Peter."

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IN PEDAGOGY.

Dr. Terman—"There are a great many of these experiments used as tests for feeble-mindedness. By the way, some day I'll give you some of these."

Miss Miller (in grammar)—"What is me?"

Miss B.—"Why, it's a dative, an indirect objective complement preceded by the preposition 'to,' thereby causing the whole to be a simple verbal phrase."

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work in calling cards and invitations.*

Sanborn, Vail & Co.
735 South Broadway
Between 7th and 8th Sts.

And a weird light shone in the teacher's eyes.

Mr. Chamberlain—"What minerals are found in the New England States?"

Bright Girl—"Brass."

Librarian—"This book wasn't taken out in your name, was it?"

Bashful Boy—"No, some other girl took it out."

Sedate Senior (to round-faced Junior)—"You—don't look old enough to be in Normal."

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And Mr. Dyck, when you are in chapel don't sing in German; it em-

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The boys peeped in at the Y. W. C. A. jinks?

Miss Barnett became Mrs. Sawyer?

Miss Cook wore short skirts and was plain Edna?

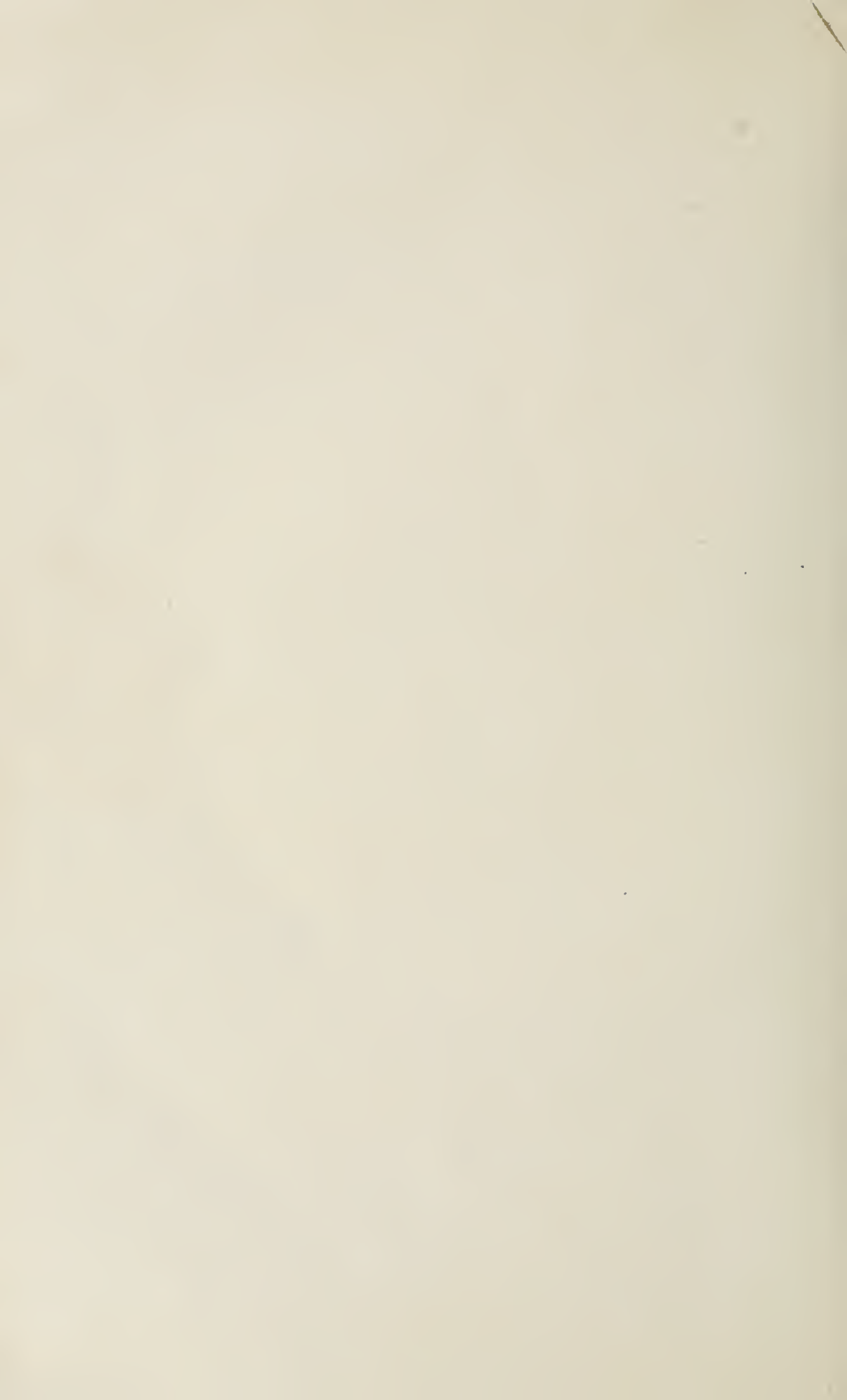
Miss Gere was Emmy Lou?

*This issue of
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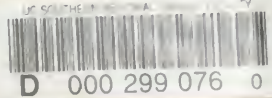




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