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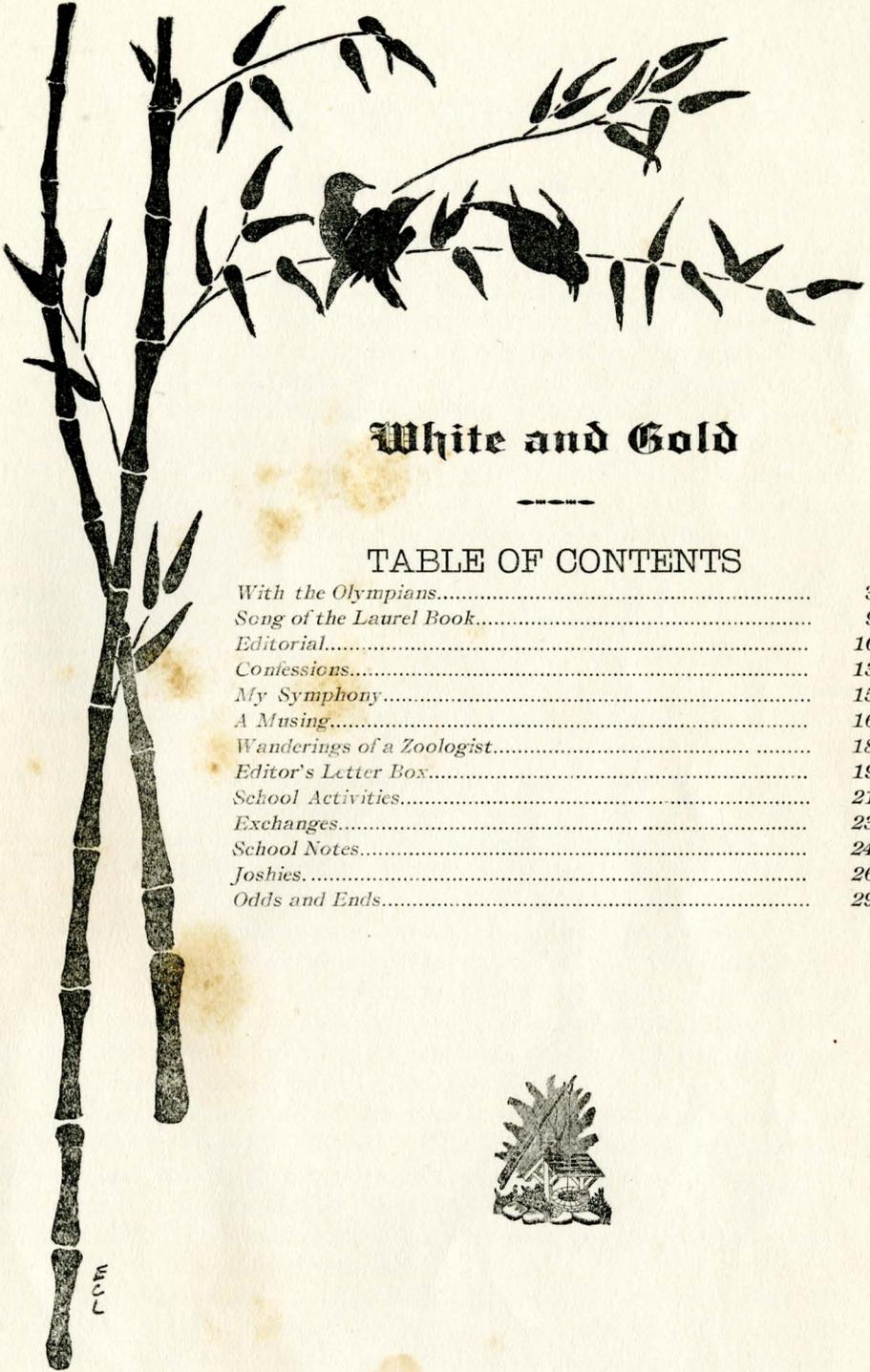
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Gold

State Normal School

San Diego, California

November, 1906



White and Gold

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With the Olympians

A Series of Four Stories

I. LOCKED IN

Last week, Wednesday Mr. Curtis—he's our English teacher—gave us a perfectly AWFUL exam. Mr. Curtis is the silliest-looking man—awfully afraid of his professional dignity—with an embarrassed little cough and a lop-sided smile: he's always taking off his glasses to wipe his eyes, and he wears the LOVLIEST ties—gray or blue or green generally—tied with an air of "studied carelessness," as it says in the Ladies Home Journal. Well, he didn't even warn us beforehand, but popped it on us all of a sudden. When he came into class late and began passing the paper, smiling all the time that stiff, one-sided smile of his, why, all of us girls almost died! There's Terry Lang and Corinne James and Gladys Mason and Lucy Whitney and me. We're together in everything and we do things in a sort of partnership. Now, Terry's a dandy in Geometry, and all the rest of us—especially me—are as stupid as owls. So when we've finished our problems we all compare with Terry, and if they aren't right we fix 'em up. Once in a while, of course, Terry's wrong and then we all suffer. Then Corinne's a wonder in music: she plays the violin and was raised on chords and triads and intervals—'sounds like terribly unwholesome diet for a child, doesn't it?—and she always helps the rest of us with our note-book work. And Gladys is a shark in drawing—she makes posters and things. So when our water color things get all oozy and sloppy she fixes them in just a stroke or two: and when our charcoal studies get too smutty and crocky, she'll put in a line here and erase a shadow there and it looks all right, somehow—it's wonderful. Then I've written some—sort of novels, you know, on the side, and poetry now and then—and I oversee the girls' English Composition things and correct the grammar and spelling and put in a phrase or two to make it sound kind of spontaneous.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Curtis sprung this horrible exam. on us last Wednesday—just stuff out of the grammar—horrid rules and definitions and things, that no one can EVER learn. He's so pedagogical and precise, he DEMANDS that we get the exact words of the book. Well, I never look at the book, and if I AM asked for a rule I sort of concoct it out of my inner consciousness.

So when he asked us to define a verbal—whenever I hear that I'm dying to say that it's a verb with a ball on the end of it—you can imagine how at sea I was! I hadn't even LOOKED at the definition—

what's the use when I knew what it meant, even if didn't know the exact words? So I sat and beat my brains, figuratively speaking, but the right words WOULDN'T come, so I put what I knew into sort of technical language, so's it would sound bookish. And then I forgot all about it.

Well, Friday we got our papers back, and mine was only marked "good," and that horrid, goody-goody, mild eyed little Miss Kendal, who hasn't got HALF my sense—I don't care; she hasn't!—got "excellent." and was sporting it all around beffore the rest of the class. Well, I wasn't exactly sweet-tempered about it: and when Mr. Curtis got up and coughed apologetically and said that he was "surprised at the poor work done by the people from whom he expected the most," and cast his eyes over the class, grinning out of one end of his mouth all of the time, as if his face was petrified, I was ready to fly out of my chair from pure rage. Of course I looked to see what was wrong with my paper, and found I'd left out one question, (just overlooked it! I think he might've known): and that definition of a verbal was marked wrong—with a great, big, mean blue-pencil mark! It just looked as if he'd taken pure joy in doing it. Well, I was so mad, I just made up my mind to go to that horrid man and demand an explanation! I knew that the third was his free period and was on my way to his office when that little Simonds girl—she's so miserable and pathetic, but an awful bore—held me up and wanted to know if I had the notes for the last Psychology lecture. Of course I had, so I couldn't tell even her that I hadn't, and I had to trek clear back down stairs again to my locker. No one can ever read my lecture-notes, they're so awf'ly badly written—sometimes I can't read 'em myself! And with all the explaining and discussing—that Simonds girl is terribly stupid, but so little and pathetic—the whole period was frittered away. At noon, though, I lay in wait for Mr. Curtis when he came up from luncheon, and I just launched right at him and gave it to him good and plenty, all about his injustice and how I thought I deserved a better mark and how SOME girls who couldn't recite HALF as well as I had gotten a better mark. He was so quiet it scared me—I'd said such a stack of things that I'd've known were sort of impudent if I'd thought. But he just put his hand up to his mouth and turned redder and redder—I suppose I MUST have embarrassed him somewhat. Then he took his hand away and got back his natural color, and said in his stiff, precise way; "Well—ah—hm!—did you observe, Miss—ah—Chester, that you had—hm!—omitted one question?" Well, of course I explained that I'd overlooked it and he said in his extra-heavy-pedagogical way that he was not accountable for the—ah—students' lack of—hm!—observation. He looked so maddeningly self-satisfied and so—so horribly positive, that I wanted to cry. But I produced the paper with my grand-

duchess air—that is sort of impressive, you know, and I think he felt it—and pointed to the blue pencil mark and demanded what was wrong with THAT. Then he said what of course I might've known he'd say, that he believed I understood—ah—Miss Chester, that when he—hm!—asked for a definition (I hate to hear a man say “ask”—I think its affected) he expected to get it in the exact words of the—hm!—book. Well, if I'd tried to speak at all, I'd've probably cried or been impolite, so I just picked up my paper and walked out of the room very slowly and VERY im-pess-ive-ly. I think he must have felt small. I know I felt as if I'd scored, even if my mark in grammar was only “good.”

That afternoon after school I was working out my chords in music—Corinne had gone home with a sick headache. That eldest Hawtrey girl—the fat one with the red hair—had stayed for a while, but she isn't exactly inspiring: ugly and so dense—but awfully good-hearted. Well, as soon as she found out I didn't know any more about building up chords than she did, she left me—that's just like a girl—and I kept on by myself. I began picking out the notes on the piano in the music-room and was making an awful racket with the bass. Well, I finished the whole melody and was just picking up my stuff to go home when I suddenly realized how dark it was growing and how still it was. I ran down the corridor—never met a soul—and hurried on my hat and gloves. When I got to the front hall it was a QUARTER PAST FIVE.

You know, the building is locked at five—there's a gong at a quarter to, to warn you if you're still staying—and I guess I couldn't 've heard it, playing those chords on that old tin-pan of a piano. Well, at first I was awfully scared, and then I realized how like a girl that was. I hate to do things that are proverbial weaknesses of my sex. So I walked around through the corridors and rooms and ran up the curtains and tried the windows—but they're pretty high up, and most of 'em were locked. And all the time it was getting stiller and stiller and I could hear the echo of my footsteps all over the building. Then, all of a sudden, I began to cry. I know it was silly, but it was so lonely, in that great, big, unfriendly place, and cold, and just as still. I don't know why, now, but I began to run and call, and the faster I ran—up and down stairs and through the corridors—the scarer I got and the more I creid. Well, I was running down the west corridor, crying in the silliest, school-girley way, and at the corner I ran plump into a big, human masculine thing. Oogh! I don't know why I didn't faint. I was so scared, I leaned against the wall and kept my eyes tight shut: and all the time there was the feeling of the nearness of that horrible, human, unknown thing. Then, suddenly—

“Ah—hm!” I opened my eyes and stared. Then I sat down on

the assembly steps and cried some more, only this time it was from sheer relief. And Mr. Curtis didn't laugh a bit, but just waited, and when he saw that I was all right he let out some such platitude as, "Hm! Miss—ah—Chester, we seem to be—hm!—locked in." Of all the silly flat, inappropriate things to say at a time like that! Any ordinary man would've said something courteous or apt. Well, I was so disgusted that I didn't say a thing, and after a minute or so Mr. Curtis said he guessed he'd better try one of the downstairs windows, and added with his stiff, wry smile, that I might be of spiritual assistance if I cared to come. Well, anything was better than being alone, and his attempt at a joke showed that he was TRYING to be nice and easy, anyway—so we went downstairs to the west corridor together. He put a hand on the window sill and jumped up to it, and in just a minute or so had unfastened the catch at the top. I never realized what a BIG man he was and what a comfort it must be to be such a whale that the top of the window is only a slight reach.

Then he explained that he'd just run over to the janitor's house, half a block away, and get him to come over and unlock the door. I hated to stay there all alone, but I hated to say so, too: so he put one leg over the window-sill and sat there a minute astride of it, while he took off his glasses and wiped his eyes: I almost died, he looked so killing, and it was such a ridiculous, pointless thing to do. Then he smashed his hat hard on his head and swung out of the window and down to the ground, just as easy: and I watched him cross to the janitor's house and knock at the door. No one seemed to answer, and after a while he went to the other door, and I couldn't see him. The minute he was out of sight I began to think of all kinds of things: he might've gone on home and left me there alone, and the longer he stayed the more likely it seemed. Of course he really is a gentleman and wouldn't think of a thing like that. But you know how it is when you're alone and scared and cold: it makes you lose faith in human nature. Well, finally he came across the yard, scratching his head, with his hat knocked on one side, and his smile balancing it on the other. I was leaning out of the window with both elbows on the ledge, and I guess I looked sort of scared, because when he saw me, he grinned—actually GRINNED—out of both corners of his mouth at once; and said, "Well, you aren't dead yet, Miss Chester, so you needn't put on that coffin-expression," and he never said "Ah—hm!" even once.

Well, the janitor wasn't at home, it seemed, and neither was his wife, and the door couldn't be opened, and there I was on the inside with that awful high window-ledge, and Mr. Curtis on the out! Of course, as he said, there was only one thing to be done—that sounds like a novel, doesn't it? And he looked like the hero, too, kind of, or would've if

only his hair hadn't been a little gray, and if he hadn't worn those silly glasses. Well, as I say, there was only one solution: I had to CLIMB OUT OF THE WINDOW! Just think. Of course, I've done much harder things than that in the gym, but it's different when you've got on a collar and your watch and long skirts and all. So first I had to throw my hat and books and basket out to Mr. Curtis: it was like team-work in basketball, and he caught them as if he'd played sometime or other, too—with a sort of an air, you know.

And THEN—I had to get a chair and climb up to the window-ledge. That's the first time I ever wished I was a man: because I remembered Mr. Curtis' easy swing down, and thought how silly I must look. After I'd once got up, with my feet on the outside, I didn't know what to do next. If it'd only been the window-ladder, now, I could've shown him how gracefully a thing of that kind COULD be done: and right here I must say that I don't see why we don't have PRACTICAL stunts taught in the gym. Who ever would have occasion to use the slant jump outside, or the balance-beam-walking—no one cares to do that except on the car-track, and that's only for fun!—or even the rope-climbing—because you know the ropes we use are specially-manufactured ones, as thick as your wrist, and good and coarse so's you can get a good grip.

Well, there I was, with that long jump before me and that man waiting to catch me and me scared to death, and it was growing darker all the time! Finally, I turned around facing the window and hung on till I found that little ledge that runs all around the building—you know—the coppice or buttress or something. From there to the ground it's a jump of only about four or five feet, but I was scared to turn around because there wasn't a thing to hold on to that way: and Mr. Curtis just below kept egging me on and encouraging me till I felt like a balky mule with an indulgent driver.

Just as I was beginning to make up my mind to stand by to jump my fingers slipped on the ledge of the window—I hadn't taken off my gloves—and I screamed and Mr. Curtis said "Hullo!" so's it raised the echoes, and down I went, all in a silly bundle, RIGHT ON TOP of that poor man! I don't know how we managed it, but I guess he sat down pretty hard, and I fell over him and sat down on a turned ankle. I wanted to cry at first—my ankle half killed me—and then I looked at Mr. Curtis, and his hat was gone, and his glasses, and he was looking at me with a face twisted on one side with the pain of the situation and on the other with his pedagogical smile. I don't know how I looked: I felt like a chemistry experiment: but HE, poor fellow, looked so killing that I began to giggle, and I suppose I looked funny too, because he began to shake and chuckle and finally he laughed out loud—the NICEST laugh! Well,

I regarded the situation as a whole, with us sitting down on the ground in those awkward positions, amid the wreckage of basket, books, hats and glasses, and the stars pricking out overhead, and—I couldn't help it—I just SHRIEKED, and so did he, and suddenly, away down town, the six o'clock whistle blew!

Then slowly and resistingly, like a music-stand that hasn't been used for ages, he began to get up, chuckling and wincing. Then he shook himself and offered me a hand up. My ankle wasn't so bad as I'd thought it was, and I managed to stand alone, though I felt sort of wobbly and disintegrated. And Mr. Curtis picked up my stuff and presented them with the NICEST air, holding my basket and books while I pinned on my hat and fixed my hair and brushed my skirt and all.

Just as we were wondering what we'd best do about that open window, the janitor and his wife came blowing around the corner with an air of elegant leisure, and while Mr. Curtis explained to HIM, I talked to HER and had to stand all kinds of petting and cockering. She didn't see the funny side of it all and neither did he, so we didn't try very hard to make them. Mr. Curtis took me to the car, talking all the way in the nicest, kindest, consoling, unschoolteachery, natural way! And as the car was coming I said I guessed we were quits now: he asked what I meant and I referred again to the Grammar exam and the way I'd felt. First he looked puzzled—then he began to chuckle, in a way that made me uncomfortable, and began, "Why, my—dear—child—!" but the lighted car came booming along and he hadn't time for more. After I was on the car and was thanking him, he began to chuckle again, and I heard him laughing out loud, clear above the noise of the starting car.

But, anyway, he did the right and gentlemanly and square thing. It's true, what I've always said to the girls, you never CAN tell what there is in people, especially teachers. 'Talk about entertaining angels unawares!



Visitor (to Miss Adams, after she had taught two days)—"My, Miss Adams, you look as if you had taught twenty years!"

Jo Wilkes—"I had three fine positions offered me and mama made me give up all but one."

G. S.—"The first month I taught school I borrowed forty-five dollars from papa and paid it back the second month. Then I borrowed fifty of him and I have to pay that back and get a hat, a coat, a winter suit and a pair of gloves with this month's salary."

Song of the Laurel Book

DAY IS DYING. He stands by THE FOUNTAIN FORLORN, where the GENTLE EVERGREENS WIND. He softly hums A LULLABY and dreams a MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. SWEET CONTENT swells in his breast as he absently watches, from the SANDS OF DEE, THE THREE FISHERS depart for the WIND AND SEA. THE ENDLESS SONG of the WHIP-POOR-WILL seems to tell of LOVE'S VIRTUE: and, from the Cathedral on the hill, THE BELLMAN rings THE BELLS: and soon on the silent air are wafted the sweet strains of the PILGRIMS' CHORUS and the impressive tones of the RECESSIONAL.

HARK! "HARK! MY SOUL!" he exclaims rapturously as Sylvia approaches.

Even THE HEAVENS RESOUND, "O PARADISE."

"SWEETER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN," he thinks, than the sound of her footsteps. His soul sings, "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY," and his lips involuntarily whisper, "HASTE THEE NYMPH."

WHO IS SYLVIA?

A THING OF BEAUTY as she sings her SONG OF GREETING.

He advances to meet her and softly whispers to her, "OH, MY LOVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE," as he presses in her hand THE ROSE OF ALLENDALE. In the next breath he whispers, "ABIDE WITH ME, I would go to THE MEETING OF THE WATERS for your sake."

"OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN," she murmurs, you would be as THE ROBBERS and steal me from THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME where I lead a MERRY LIFE TONIGHT WE TWO TOGETHER have spoken of YOUNG THOUGHTS. IF WITH ALL YOUR HEART you mean what you have said, I ought to say GOODNIGHT and leave you. Before TONIGHT I thought of you LIKE AS A FATHER, but now LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS. This night I have felt the DAWN, in my heart, of THE CAROL OF THE BIRDS and THE CAROL OF THE FLOWERS. Your PRAYERS and thoughts of PARTING have roused a LONGING in my soul."

"Oh! Sylvia, in you MY LOVE DWELT when I first beheld you. TRUST me. Wilt thou not WEAVE IN MY HARDY LIFE? Thou art the MORNING SONG of my existence. Sing me at least A HOPE CAROL in answer to my LOVE SONG."

She answers very softly, "Maybe in JUNE when THE LAMBS do frisk and THE HUMBLE BEE does hum, and THE BUSY LARK does sing, and THE PIPER sounds his notes."

His heart leaps as he replies, "I SEE THE ROSY MORN, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW. My NIGHT SONG has enchanted you WHILE YOU SLEEP. SLEEP GENTLE BABE, forever."

M. C. S.

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Vol. III

San Diego, California, November, 1906

No. 1

We are all glad to get back to work once more, and to take up the familiar routine of school affairs. We find that everything in connection with our life last year, from the daily ride on the cars, with its characteristic features—the friendly stretch of park-land and mesas, Mr.

The Return to Harness

Starkey's uproarious sign and the harness-makers tongue-twisting name—to our gracious-looking, temple-like structure itself, bears a welcoming aspect: perhaps, too, something of a challenge to the hard work and compensating play that constitute this life of our student community.

Apropos of this responsibility that we are made to feel, a word should be said in connection with the WHITE AND GOLD itself. The paper, though to a casual decision it seems a part merely of the play side of the students' life, is in truth a far greater, far more serious factor. There seems to be a prevalent idea that the election of the editorial staff means

the writing of the paper: that the election of a manager and his assistants means the paying of all the printing expenses, and that the paper, so written and paid for, is turned out every ten weeks or so for the amusement and criticism of the student. If the reading matter, in quantity and quality, is not quite to his taste, he does not hesitate to express his opinion of the editor, and if the "get-up" of the paper is not as he would have it, he wonders why so-and-so doesn't make a better manager. Such an attitude is due, we are sure, not to the injustice and selfishness of the students, but merely to their thoughtlessness. If you will consider for an instant, student-critic, that the paper is YOURS, not ours, that it is sent out from our school for the benefit of outsiders and competitors, not from the editorial rooms into your hands for your praise or condemnation: that it is representative of your ideas and your ambitions, and that its worth or demerits are but echos of yourself: you will readily see that, worthy or unworthy, in condemning it you are condemning yourself and whatever praise you may grant it is deserved self-appreciation. Therefore, if you would have the paper a credit to yourself and your school, take your fountain pen (that the quickly-blossoming thoughts may be plucked ere they wither) and burn the midnight oil for the sake of this literary representative. It has been said that a poet has died young in each one of us, and Stevenson has added that a somewhat minor bard still lives in the bosom of the most stolid. It is for you to wake that bard to action and cause your school and friends to hear, perhaps for the first time, the strains of his instrument. Lastly, that the paper may make a worthy appearance, subscribe liberally and willingly, and when the issue comes, buy some extra copies to send to your friends and relatives—for surely they are interested in your school career. That will please them, help us, and won't hurt you.

* * *

What about human nature as it has developed since the close of the nineteenth century? We rather think that here in our school we have a fair example of what the great outside world of men is: that our life here is simply that real life writ small. If this is so, when we face the real world we shall have a great task before us. It simply amounts to this; There is a great tendency to overlook the beam in our own eye and call everybody's attention to the mote in our harmless brother's. If we could regain focus the thing would stop of itself, but so long as it constitutes the most desultory conversation between the most casual acquaintances, it will be sure to flourish. If Thor could have known what a dire significance the mighty hammer would come to possess, he would never have adopted it for his emblem.

Mr. William James has somewhere said that "To give up pretensions is as blessed a relief as to get them gratified. * * * How pleasant is the day when we can give up striving to be young—or slender!

Thank God! we say, THOSE illusions are gone." Everywhere about us, here as in any conclave of people, we see Pretense writ large on the faces of our acquaintances. These pretensions are often very dear and very sincere, and often can be called by a more polite term—but there they are, nevertheless. For the art-student to cease definitely from aspiring to become a great artist: for him to give up the pretension to Genius and own to plain honest, common Talent—the two are as far removed from each other as black from white—is to experience the keenest, most joyful sense of relief allowed anyone in this life. For the thin girl to give up trying to have pretty arms, for the boy with the carrot hair to eschew forever the delicate word "auburn" and adopt the anglo-saxon "red:" Ah, that is to sup with the gods! Beside these, most of us have far pettier far sillier pretensions that we'd scarce admit in public: little absurdities that have been our companions for so long that they are as natural and as systematically forgotten as our shadows and entirely without the shadows' usefulness. If these could only be owned up to, if we each would discard them as we would an out-grown garment, we should find an exquisite sense of relief and ease from strained seams and could breathe at last with a native freedom.

—◆—

Little freshie had a nose,
Little freshie used it:
Little freshie smelled beefsteak,
Didn't want to lose it.

Tracked the smell to teachers' kitchen
Opened wide the door:
He said, "If this comes in the course,
I'll take one subject more."

—◆—

Bess Foulke—"The Normal course is not complete. I did not learn what to do when a boy shakes his fist at his teacher and tries to hit her."

Miss A. N— —"What did you do?"
Bess—"I dodged."

Elsie K.—(in a talk to the citizens of her school district)—"What I want to do is to take the child from where he is to where he ought to be."

Confessions

Sept. 4. The first day in the Training School approaches. "Twill be fun. I'm not scared." The world accepts this statement somewhat doubtfully. With what a condescending, offhand manner do you explain that you can't go and see the new picture in the library. You have the teach this hour. It is gratifying to see the awed admiration in the eyes of the under-class (wo)men. 'Tis the last gratifying circumstance that comes to you for many weary moons. 'Tis well that you make the most of it. You swing down the long corridor and turn to the right at the far end. Assuredly the supervisor said that the second-grade room lay in that direction. Of course she did. And just here comes the first little wedge of suspicion that Training School work is not what its cracked up to be. Of course this is the room, but just to make positively sure you will look at the number on the door. You look, and shrink against the cold, unfriendly wall, in an agonized heap of bewilderment and fear. All self-satisfaction has departed. The Training School torture is entered. The number on the deceitful door is "10!" It is the tenth grade room, naturally, and yet there are only eight grades in the Training School. You are in the Normal proper, and yet you have not retraced your steps or climbed a stairway. Evidently your senses have deserted you. Just then a friendly upper-class-man strolls by. "Wha—what room is this?" you quaver. "Number ten, the second-grade room," with a quizzical smile. In you plunge. The room is about 78°F. and the closed windows and raised shades are doing their best to increase the temperature. Temperature, however, is a matter of the least moment to you now. You endeavor to compose yourself. A bellerings. The irregular patter of many small feet is distinctly heard. They must be coming! What will you do? And then the marching inexplicably ceases, and no children have appeared. This is dreadful. What has happened to them? For fifteen miserable minutes you await, you know not what disaster. That it will be disaster you are sure, though you are sure of nothing else. And then a senior A. (tower of strength) looks into the room. "Why! Come on, I've been looking everywhere for you! You should be at the primary assembly, taking the register data. Come!" Meekly you follow. Hundreds, thousands, of children fill the room. Pencil and paper are thrust in your quivering hands, and you unintelligently write what is dictated to you until the name, age, residence, name of parent or guardian, and date of entrance of each second grader is extracted (painfully), save the residence of one little black-eyed lass, who evidently takes to the brush at the close of school. Then the hour is up and you escape to the learned regions in the most remote portion of the western wing. But

nowhere can you escape the grinding horror of the thought "I've got to go back tomorrow."

Sept. 5. I escorted my class into the room and picked up the pointer (badge of authority) and the children all stood staring straight at me. I couldn't remember the proper command! Why! Oh! Why didn't they know enough to sit down? The only possible means of getting them seated that I could think of was to step to each one in turn, bend his knees and poke him into the desk. But obviously this was not the usual method employed. In the first place it would require entirely too much time, and in the second place I felt absolutely sure that the supervisor would have accomplished it in some other way. Then I remembered the time-honored "Be seated." My voice boomed forth in a way that resounded through the corridors and made my knees shake. I resolved not to speak again unless absolutely necessary, until I had, by practice, care and attention, developed an almost human voice. In obedience to the pointer, the fifteen infants began the sputtering and spitting which indicates the reading of phonograms. I had never heard phonograms read before, and I didn't know what under the sun was the matter with them. Their faces showed no signs of the emotions which were apparently rending their bosoms. Then they stopped. They had finished the column and all dove into their desks for their readers. This gave me a moment's respite and I pulled myself together and things went better the rest of the time.

Sept. 6. Today every window was closed and the sun was on three children's readers, and the supervisor came in opened a window and afterwards called my attention to the thermometer, which registered 82°F. I don't believe that a thermometer has any effect whatever on the temperature of a room, anyhow. I think it is just a superstition. But I am going to remember and keep that window open.

Sept. 9. Today I began to introduce writing. I said; "See the cat. Now children, I am going to make the crayon say 'See the cat.' What am I going to make the Crayon say, Joseph?" Joseph is a skeptical, cynical, unesthetic soul: instead of being impressed and excited, as all authorities say "the child" should be, he stared fixedly at me with impudent blue eyes, and said disgustedly; "That there chalk hain't going to say nothing.

Sept. 12. Today I was told by one in authority that I was "a passenger, not the conductor, in my class." But then she said some much worse things to some other people, so I felt better.

Sept. 16. I cooked the youngsters again today, but fortunately escaped detection. I think that windows must shut themselves.

Sept. 18. I have a new girl in the class. I told her to read and she

started out at the top of her voice and read like a calliope. There was not the slightest break in the deluge of words which came from her little red mouth. I couldn't think how to stop her. I was paralyzed, petrified, and she read two-thirds of the lesson before my shrieks rivalled hers and effected a stop.

Sept. 23. Today I forgot the formula: "Girls: turn: stand: pass. Boys: turn, etc.," and just said; "CLASS: turn: stand: pass:" and sent them all out of the room in a bunch, and the supervisor met them in the hall and herded them all back into the room and had me try again. Some of the feeble-minded student-teachers seemed to think it was funny.

Sept. 24. Today I told them the story of Achilles' mother dipping him in the river Styx, thus rendering him immune to wounds. They were flatteringly interested and seemed to be getting the thought nicely and I ventured to ask Joseph why arrows and spears could not hurt Achilles. With a cherubic smile he answered, confidently, "Because his mother chased him into the water with a stick." The supervisor was there, too.

Nov. 12. They shuffled the whole deck today. I don't care particularly what I drew. I have taught ten weeks, and therefore I am prepared for ANY pedagogical contingency whatsoever.

EMMA L. GEORGE

—◆—

MY SYMPHONY

To be content with only the highest grades: to seek work rather than pleasure: and statistics rather than sleep: to be a Book-worm rather than a Butter-fly: to be Intelligent not Ignorant: to study hard, think deeply: talk sensibly, act learnedly: to listen to Profs and Lectures, to References and Suggestions, with Open Ears: to bear all Uncomplainingly, do all wisely, await Xmas with longing. In a word, to let Education, by dint of hard work and digging, grow up and take the place of Ignorance.

This is my Symphony.

A FRESHMAN.

To be content with low grades: to seek the tennis court rather than the Library: and the good will of my teachers rather than the facts of my lessons: to be a Bluffer, not a Dig: and Lucky rather than Unlucky: to Study Little, Think Less, Talk Much and act as if I Knew It All: to Listen to Wit and Jokes, to Blunders and Mistakes With Laughter: to bear all that is Easy, do all that I want to: await Xmas with Fear and Trembling. In a word, to Slide through School and get a certificate—if I can.

This is My Symphony.—A SENIOR

M. C. S.

A Musing

We read with rapture Byron's beautiful picture of the "Coliseum by moonlight." We gaze with entranced eye upon the glories of the moonlight on the desert or the plain, as pictured by Remington. We listen with ecstasy to a deft arrangement of tones, intended to give the mind's eye a picture of the moon's rays playing upon stream or ocean: but how many of us devote the same number of fascinated moments to the glorious pictures, wonderful and real, that are continually ours for the looking upon?

One picture comes to my mind now, which I wonder how many have appreciated. Our beautiful Normal Building—toned, softened and yet emblazoned with the glory of a California Harvest Moon.

How can the Coliseum be more beautiful? True, the Coliseum has age, but the Normal Building has vigorous youth, and who can deny that youth is more lovely than age? This majestic building needs no softening, no "tender light," to make it a pleasant thing to contemplate, and the moon seems to delight in concentrating its brightest rays, to be reflected back from the vast expanse of clear white. Here are no "rents of rim," no "broken arches," but clear cut lines of noble architecture, hardly less clearly defined lines than those cut on the horizon by the mighty works of nature, the mountains and the hills in the back-ground.

And though the works of the Coliseum may have sheltered history-making people and events, does not the building before us boast of the vital daily history of many lives? These familiar scenes are vividly before us now.

We recall with a shudder, the many heroes and heroines that shed their blood at the fair hand wielding the dissecting tools, and gave up their lives and the secrets thereof to the cause of "science."

We can live over again the weighty conferences, when we sat at the feet of a learned one, and endeavored to become imbued with the art of imparting knowledge. We hear with piercingly distinct memory, the solos that seem to shoot around the south end of the building—wavering tones, true or fictitious—but all the final effort of concentrated courage, from which any music has long since oozed away.

What debates! Trembling arguments from shaking orators. How many can recall them, here in the moonlight, without a trembling of the knees?

Those walls have sheltered romances. Ah, yes! Lurking smiles and love lorn glances, have been sent stealthily scurrying around those massive pillars of the portico, just as the rays of the moon are now stealing in and out of the shadows.

We have seen feuds and factions carry on genteel warfare, committee meetings behind closed doors, when the fates of many have been decided.

In there, the maid from the mountains has learned the art of the pompadour. Or the unfortunate verdant youth, thrown into the bewildering, giggling, ruffled, fluffy mass of feminine humanity, gradually learned to parry the smile of the multitude with the nonchalance of a Beau Brummell.

And so we could go on, and on, and on—we who have lived it over and over again. But, lest we on the morrow, enact one of the most pitiful of all the little tragedies which those walls shelter, the delinquent student, we must leave it, thanking our fate for the privilege of having frequented that noble hall of learning.

◆

Official Weather Report for September

MISS PRATT'S ROOM—Delightful autumn mornings, inspiring poetic thoughts in the minds of all(?) Signs of slight storm quickly passed over.

MR. CRANDALL'S ROOM—Continual stormy and cloudy weather. Only one day during the month was bright and sunny. Dreadful thunder storm followed. A great deal of damage done. Great precipitation.

MR. BLISS' ROOM—Continual blissful autumn weather on the whole, with a few dark days sprinkled in. Signs of thunder storm appeared during secon dperiod in latter part of month.

MISS DAVIS' ROOM—Weather constantly changing. A few bright days interspersed with some gloomy ones, and occasional showers. Prospects of fine weather.

◆

Miss R's Special Scientific Frst Reader for the first ten weeks.

Phonetic sounds: w i c e a l m r d . Words—Crandall, C. (see) William.

C! C! C!

William, C! C!

C! C! William.

C! C! Crandall.

C, Crandall, William.

Crandall, C. William.

William! William! William!

C! C!

Crandall! Crandall! William!

C! C! William, Crandall.

William, C. Crandall,

Signed, E. E. L.

The Wanderings of the Zoologists

Now it came to pass in the days that Crandall was king, a great low tide occurred and the king did convene a great host in Room 31, which is in the king's palace. Then did he say; "Thus sayeth the king; 'It hath seemed good in my sight, that, on Saturday in the sixth week of my reign, all my people do assemble at Bird Rock, which is by the shores of the sea.'" Then also did the king appoint a man of great skill and cunning who should number the people to make a list of the names thereof.

Then did certain of the wise men, which did hear the decree which the king had decreed, arise and say; "O, King, if it please the king, and if we have found favor in thy sight, let a decree be made concerning the thing that troubleth us, which is the meat. Shall thy servants eat in one vast multitude or separately?"

The king made answer, saying; "Suit ye yourselves. I eat in either case."

After many days did all assemble at the train, yea, even from the highest to the lowest. And the size of the train was great and the speed thereof was terrible, in so much that they cried aloud in a loud voice.

Now every man which did obey the king's decree did carry a great pail the depth whereof was two cubits and the width whereof one. Each of the king's men did carry therein meat for the journey.

And it came to pass after many hours that the children of Zoology did arrive at the place whereat the king had decreed they should assemble. Now the way verily was steep and the path narrow, but the king did lead his people safely down the unstraight and narrow way. And the people rejoiced and were exceeding glad, for the place to which they came was goodly and fair to look upon; but the pools thereof were wet and the rocks thereof were slippery, insomuch that divers and sundry sayings were said, like unto this, "See that you tell no man of this thing."

The king did harden the hearts of his subjects insomuch that they did take knives and divers weapons and did grievously assault the Anemones. And all the other tribes which did possess the land they did sorely trouble: yea, even the stones were upset and the captured Anemones, whose food is meat, were even made, it hath been said, to eat bread and other vegetable matter to please the king's people. Yet did the people deem themselves merciful. Thus was the day spent in making captives of the tribes that possessed the land.

It came to pass, the day being far spent, that the people were hungered. Now the king did give unto his people tapers to light that they might have lamps unto their mouths and be shining lights in the world of heathen darkness to which they had been led. Then they did eat of

the things that were in the palis, and the king did eat mightily of the meat, which was between leavened bread, and his people did even likewise. And the king did tell wonderful tales which were concerning fish, and the people marvelled saying, "Whence hath this man so much wisdom? Is he not simply a man of Stanford, and a football coach?"

And others answered, "It is even so," and the people marvelled greatly.

Now, though the hearts of the king's subjects made merry, the feet thereof were damp and cold, and they murmured, saying, "Would that we had died in the land of the civilized, where we did sit by the side of oil stoves and rejoice in the warmth of our feet. Lead us, therefore, we pray thee, back to the land of drouth, for verily we suffer."

Then did the king harken unto the cries of this people, and delivered them back unto their oil-stove firesides.

LENA CAMPBELL

Editor's Letter Box

(ED. NOTE—This new department is open for the discussion of matters pertaining to school life.)

DEAR EDITOR;—

May a student ask a few questions, which have puzzled her concerning the vital life, I think I might say, of the school?

I think all will agree with me that the Associated Student Body is the one organization of the Normal that depends equally upon each and every member of the school. It is the one organization that unites us all on the common basis of membership in the school. Why is it, then, that at the Student Body meetings we have only twenty or thirty of the three hundred members? Why do these twenty or thirty allow the meeting to stagnate while the President exerts all his energy to get a few nominations or a slight discussion of some question that they, as a body, must decide? Are we not all members of this school for the purpose of gaining from it all that it can give? Can we afford to miss this chance of asserting ourselves? This world needs the man and woman who not only has ideas, opinions and thoughts, but the one who can give them to others less plentifully endowed: and here is one place in the process of our education, where we can learn this very art. It is easy enough to drift along, following the least complicated "lead," but what does such drifting behoove us? And why are the meetings allowed to be a chaotic exchanging of gossip, argument, desultory remarks, helter skelter nominations, etc., with only a makeshift at parliamentary rules and regulations?

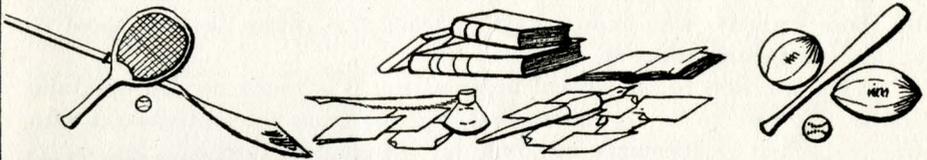
Not long since I bolted my lunch to be prompt at what the bulletin board told me was to be an important meeting of this same august(?) body. When I stepped to the door of the assembly hall, I thought it must be early, for not over thirty students were scattered about the room. But I heard the president speaking, and I knew I was late. I took a seat quietly and discovered that there was a motion of adjournment before the house, and the president was calling for votes. There was a loud and vociferous thundering of "Ayes," and an equally loud, tho not so thunderous lot of "noes." Behind me a few seats there seemed to be a "ring," composed of some eight or ten boys, who seemed determined to adjourn the meeting. One of these called from his place, "I call for a division!" Some one else called out, "So do I." Then followed a standing vote, and as the "noes" won, the meeting went on. Nominations for members of a social committee were called for. One girl was nominated and she yelled from her seat—"I resign," meaning "decline." Then another girl was nominated. This girl, without rising—she happened to be near the platform—began a confidential conversation with the president, called him by his civil name, and explained to him that she had served her time in that office, and was unwilling to accept it again. I was near enough to hear her excuses, which were good ones, and had they been addressed regularly to the chair, would probably have been accepted by him. But as the president could not, of course, notice the confidential talk, the poor girl was obliged to be nominated: she consoled herself by shaking her head angrily, and declaring herself badly abused. During all this the "ring" was attempting to nullify all nominations, and as the president was exceedingly hazy as to the constitution, and the secretary was "nonest"—why should the secretary be absent from an IMPORTANT business meeting?—it was very hard for a listener to know whether any nominations had been made or not.

I felt that I was wasting good time in trying to get, in the popular vernacular, "head or tail" of the meeting, so I quietly withdrew, a bit disgusted I must own. A few minutes later I heard the members filing out, so I judged that they had given up as I had.

Now, why should we members of the Normal School allow our school meetings to be such disgraceful ones? Each and every member of this school should take it upon himself or herself to see to it that these meetings full of interest and experience to all—should they not?

A STUDENT.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



The A. S. B.

The first regular meeting of the A. S. B., on September 13, was well attended. The officers installed were as follows; Harry Warriner, president; Marie Stoker, vice-president; Olive Ault, secretary and treasurer; Stella Shaw, chairman of the social committee. Following the meeting a very interesting program was rendered, among the numbers being a vocal solo by Miss Davis, a reading by Miss Dufur and a violin solo by Miss Zoe Chalmers. At the second regular meeting, a generous tax was voted for the support of the school orchestra. This business concluded, a very enjoyable program was given by the students. A unique feature was the new Normal School Music-Box, under the direction of Professor Beidleman; and the orchestra from Mr. Skilling's laboratory, led by Miss Stella Shaw, created great amusement.

Athletics

The girls are as much in evidence in athletics as they are in other affairs connected with the school. Girls' athletics may be divided into two groups; The Rowing Association and the Girls' Athletic Association. The Rowing Association is at present under the direction of Mr. Kemp, commodore, and Mr. Skilling, business manager. The crew organization is the same as last year. The girls' athletics consist of basketball, captain ball and indoor base ball teams, besides such tennis as can be worked in during vacant periods and other spare moments.

The Orchestra

Of late there has been a new organization added to the school's activities. Heretofore the devotees of Euterpe have been mute, not through

inability, but through shyness and self-consciousness: now, however, owing to the ambition and determination of several of the students, there has been a Normal School orchestra started, under the direction of Miss Zoe Chalmers, and the lingering student may hear, every Thursday afternoon after school, the insistent wail of the violin and the romantic tinkle of the mandolin from the end of the upper corridor in the west wing. Up to now, the only sounds of a musical nature, issuing from that end of the building, have been the the requiem of the departing feline chanted by his fellows, or the hoarse running of the gamut, in all its ramifications, by those students who expect soon to teach the young ideas to shoot to a musical accompaniment.

This addition to the school organization is a much needed one, and one that is sure to be a great success, judging from the enthusiasm with which the first performance in public (at the chapel exercises a few weeks ago) was received by the students and faculty: this enthusiasm, combined with that displayed by the members of the orchestra themselves, ought to insure its continuance and popularity.

Great credit is due Miss Davis, the new music teacher, who has so kindly given her assistance in the way of both encouragement and criticism— and to the perseverance of the student-director. A word should be said of the great kindness of the student body in their willingness to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of new music: half the success of any school organization depends on its reception and support by the A.S.B.

The Forum

A public demonstration of the accomplishments of the Forum was given for the benefit of the student body one Friday afternoon, near the beginning of the term. Although the program was nothing elaborate in any way, and, in Forensic eyes, a very ordinary affair, it gave the public an idea—though of course a very limited one—of what the society is doing.

The first number on the program was a debate between Mr. Walter Bigham and Mr. Harry Warriner on the question "whether muckraking, in its present method of exposing corporation and governmental corruption, is detrimental to the best interests of the country." This was followed by an enthusiastic speech by President Black on "the benefits of the Forum work," a vocal solo by Miss Adelle Bryon, a reading by Ray de Burn, and a violin solo by Miss Zoe Chalmers. The final number of the program was an enjoyable farce, entitled "To Meet Mr. Crandall."

On October 16 a meeting was held, at which the main feature was an impromptu debate on the subject; "Resolved—That Women's Clubs are not beneficial to the Home." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. Ray

de Burn and Miss Edith Cock: the negative by Mr. Chester Smith and Miss Ruth Pitman.

The meeting was concluded by the reading of a very clever paper on "My First Impressions of the Normal School," by Miss Nan Drury.

Exchanges

Our exchange list is as yet rather small, but we hope to have a much longer one before the next issue. Schools with a monthly issue must remember that the "White and Gold" is printed quarterly. This may explain seeming irregularities in our exchanges.

The ideas here set forth, concerning certain departments of school papers, are rather generally applicable: in fact we find that much of this advice will apply to ourselves.

Compared with other exchanges, "The Russ" (Commencement) well deserves head place. The photogravures are good, and well selected, which can also be said of the students' illustrations. The stories are interesting and well told. The athletics, a most important part of a school publication, is neatly handled. Why no more original joshes? Omitting those of Mrs. W. you would be rather lost. Having seen the "Merchant of Venice" presented, we are thoroughly able to appreciate the "Dramatics." The issue is certainly one of which to be proud. Our exchange table lacks the October number.

The "Bell." With the amount of inside illustrating, a more pretentious cover design might be expected. The illustrations are interesting, but we question the amount of caricaturing, throughout the whole paper. You have treated "The Class" in a new and pleasing manner, but "Athletics" is the best section. The snap shots of the track work and the foot ball game, so much more interesting than "poses," are strong points in favor of this section. "Our Advertisers" is a good idea, showing the right spirit. But where are your exchanges? Your stories are good. Taken with the joshes, they show the presence of some real humorists. The whole issue is one which reflects much credit upon the school and students.

"S. V. C. Student." This publication seems to be devoted rather to essays than shatr stories, which we find in many school magazines. The impression is of seriousness, a real "students'" paper. But the lighter vein is present, also. "The Tatler" is very good, as are the cartoons. The "Locals" were better in the previous issue..

RAYNOR DE BURN. '07.



SCHOOL NOTES



Mr. Thompson, who is so greatly missed by the old students, is attending Columbia University.

Miss Gussie Stephens ('06), our former editor-in-chief, is wielding the rod at Porterville.

Miss Natalie Pierce has gone to New York.

Miss Claudia Adams is teaching in Bishop County.

Miss Ysabel Brooks has returned from her delightful trip abroad, and will resume her studies at the Normal.

The engagement of Miss Julia Butts to Mr. Bensel Smythe has been announced.

Miss Mills, our former music teacher, is in New York, pursuing her musical studies.

Mr. Charles Gurwell has gone to Los Angeles to accept a position with a telephone company.

All the students are rejoiced to hear that Miss Lamb, who has been absent from us a number of weeks on account of illness, is rapidly recovering.

The Misses Archer and Somers entertained the Dog Watch crew at a very delightful lawn luncheon on Tuesday, October the ninth. Each guest was presented with a Dog Watch pennant.

The Glancus crew enjoyed many a good time during summer vaca-

tion. They had an evening supper on North Island: at another time, a breakfast at the same popular resort, with its accompanying pleasures, the least among these being a heavy fog. To this rather chilly reflection the cozy tea on board the Catinet will ever be a pleasant contrast.

The Argonauts entertained the new members of the faculty on September first with a most delightful and enjoyable barge party. They rowed over to Fort Rosecrans, where they had lunch, then they "hiked" it to Point Loma Light-House. In the afternoon they rowed to La Playa and had supper there. After supper they went to the Pavilion and had a good old fashioned dance. The moonlight row home was delightful, and everyone reported a grand time.

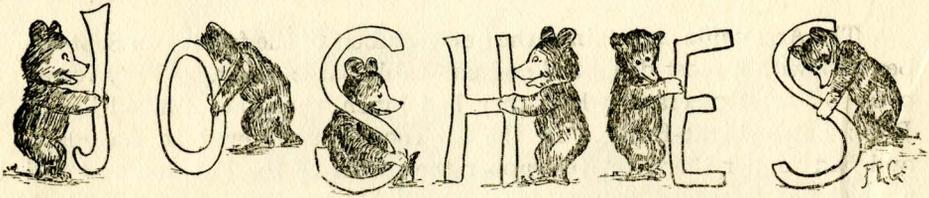
On the evening of October twenty-six, Miss Louie West entertained the Rhine-golds at her home on Golden Hill. The rooms were artistically decorated in white and red, the association colors. Jack-o-lanterns lit up the yard and veranda. The early part of the evening was spent in games, and Miss Ula Chalmers was the fortunate winner of the first prize. Dancing was the main feature of the entertainment. Later dainty refreshments were served in the dining room. What happened after that will always remain a profound secret with the new members of the club.

On October eighth the White Ducks paddled across the bay and landed on North Island. The young ducklings were given an opportunity to try their wings on the way over. After no small amount of quacking they stayed the gnawing pangs of hunger, and then flew home to their respective nests and dreamed away the remainder of the night with their heads tucked under their wings.

The "Bee-Hive Girls" entertained the "White Ducks" at the home of Mrs. Mayes, September twenty-eight. The principle feature of the evening was a mock-marriage. Highjinks of various kinds followed. The "Bee-Hive Girls" established more firmly their reputation as fun makers.

The Pristis girls gave a "big time" in their new club rooms on October twenty-fifth. The affair was in the form of a farewell party to Miss Natalie Pierce, and the initiation of new members. Every one had a royal time except the new youngsters who were about to undergo the trials and tribulations of becoming a "Pristis." After going through untold miseries they were revived with refreshments, and each new member went home branded a "Pristis."

The Pristis crew were entertained on Halloween, at the home of Miss Bernice Cosgrove.



M. S. (in History IV)—“William the Conqueror, made one great mistake. He divided the Emperor into three divisions.

Prue Paine—“I have noticed that all the girls who teach in the training-school this year wear their hair on their heads.”

Freshie—“Say, is Mr. Crandall especially fond of frogs’ legs?”

Junior—“I don’t know. Why?”

Freshie—“Well, I have noticed so many of the girls with frogs, and when I ask them what they are for, they all say ‘for Mr. Crandall.’”

Mr. Skilling (in Physics IV)—“Oh, you are not such shining lights that you can see a double image of yourself in the mirror.”

Heard in the training school. Miss W.—(in speaking of one of her pupils)—“When he went to pass out he stood there and kicked his hind legs.”

Mr. Kemp, visiting the Fifth grade room and seeing all the children writing in their note-books, said to Miss Crosby; “Where is your note book?”

Miss Crosby—“I’m observing.”

Mr. Skillings (in Physical Geography)—“A piece of iron would not have to be very heavy to weigh 3,000 pounds.”

New Student—“My! Doesn’t Mr. Crandall use big words, though!”

Old Student—“O yes, but don’t mind that. I just know he makes them up, for I’ve looked in the Dictionary and can’t find any of them.”

Absent-minded senior in Civics Examination—“The Hug-me-nots influenced American civilization very little.”

Mr. Skillings—“What is a hydrographic basin?”

Miss N——— —“A water basin.”

Mr. West—“Don’t listen to what men tell you.”

Alice Wallace—"Oh, Imogene, you are a jewel!"
 Imogene—"No, I'm not. I'm a precious STONE."

Mr. Skillings—"Explain the appearance of an Antarctic iceberg."
 Miss S———"The ice is in large cliffs around the south pole.—"
 Miss G———"Ice around the south pole! Why, the south pole
 is hot!"

A revised version given by Miss Watkins—"At the end of an animal
 comes death."

"Where's Mr. Kemp?"
 "Oh, he's gone to a clackety meeting."

Miss Curtis—"The man was doing all kinds of—"
 Mr. Bliss—"Fancy Stunts?"

Miss Paine—"Were the people very well educated at the time Burke
 delivered his oration?"

Miss Messer—"They would have to be to get this stuff in their heads."

Miss Pratt (in Grammar V, assigning the parts of sentences for dis-
 cussion)—"To follow the devil faithfully, you will go to the Devil,"
 Miss B—, 'You will go to the Devil.'"

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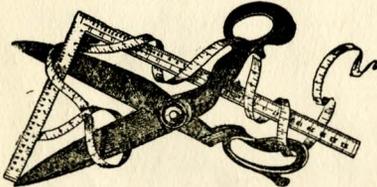
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Odds and Ends

Echoes From Our Graduates

Gussie Stephens—(at a teachers' meeting)—“Don't you think it would be better to seat the little boys and girls together than to have them in separate seats?”

Principal—“That sounds more like Cupid than a school-marm talking.”

O. Smith—“I guess there aren't many boys at school this term.”

Gurwell—“No! I left last week.”



Mr. Dooley on the Normal

“'Tis great things they do be having, in that Normal, Hinnissy. I see by the WHITE AND GOLD that a gurl threw another gurl's shoe out av the windy.”

“And pwhat'd she doo that for, anyhow?”

“That's phat Mr Skilling, the Physics teacher said—Och, he's the foine bye—he says to the gurl, ‘Did you heave that shlipper out av the windy?’ he sez. ‘I did,’ she sez. ‘Phat did you do it for,’ he sez. ‘It was to prove a law in Physics,’ sez she. ‘Phat was found?’ he sez. ‘It fell in four plus one haulf seconds,’ sez she. ‘Verry good,’ sez he. ‘I'll give ye a long marrk for that.’”

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Mr. Skilling (in Geography)—“Miss Neff, will you tell me what makes it so hot down below?”

Miss Messer—(Eng. IV)—“Children with indulgent parents are always spoiled.”

Miss Billings—“Children with too indulgent parents.”

Miss Messer (holding up two fingers)—“Yes, I meant two indulgent parents.”

Mr. West (illustrating the fallacy of the law of converse)—“All Chinamen have long hair, and therefore all people with long hair are Chinamen.” The girls object.

Mr. Skilling—“You see, class, if you stand between the glass and the image, you would have to turn around to see the image, and then you would be in front of it, and you could not see it anyway.”

Wanted, by Mr. Kemp—Some one with keen appreciative powers who can read sense-meanings into some of the abstracts he gets concerning his lectures.

We, the illustrious members of Mr. Crandall's class, hereby beg him to edit a “simplified speller.” We guarantee a large circulation.

Luncheon Goods

Do you know that we can supply you with a complete lunch? We suggest a few things:—

Bottled, Canned and Evaporated Soups, Oysters, Sardines, Shrimp, Lobster, Chipped Beef and Smoked Herring in Jars, Potted Chicken, Turkey, Ham, Beef and Tongue, Boned Ham, Cheese in a dozen varieties, Saratoga Chips, Olive Oil, Salad Dressing, New Olives, Pickles, Relishes, Spiced and Preserved Figs, Jellies, Jams and Apple Butter, Homemade Rolls, Bread, Pies and Cakes (best in the city), New Walnuts, Almonds and Pinones (Pine Nuts), Raisins, Figs, Dates, Candy and Fresh Fruit.

Sunset Main 475

Home 2475

...Hellers

Now to be Serious for Just a Moment, Girls—

We are seriously considering whether or not it would be advisable to make a present of one of our best makes of Typewriters to each lady of the Normal School.

F. VAN HORNE AND A. BACHMAN any time after Thanksgiving for particulars.

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Home 1260

San Diego Typewriter Exchange, 1015 4th St.

These All-Healing Waters

Dissolve Gall and Gravel Stones, Cure Rheumatism, Cure Dyspepsia, Cure Cancer, Cure Brights and Diabetes, Stops Hair from falling out.

PRICE LIST

1 case 12 2-qt. bottles del'vd - \$12.00
½ case 6 2-qt. bottles del'vd - 6.50

Carbonic Acid Gas—It has been discovered by Dr. William Brown, of Boston, that these waters contain three atmospheric pressures of Carbonic Acid Gas in solution.



ANALYSIS
The following is the analysis of Ishman's California Water of Life.

GRAINS PER U. S. GALLON

Silica.....	3.09
Carbonate of Iron.....	3.03
Carbonate of Manganese.....	0.17
Carbonate of Lime.....	11.19
Alumina.....	0.09
Sulphate of Magnesia.....	3.84
Chloride of Calcium.....	2.93
Chloride of Magnesium.....	10.10
Chloride of Sodium.....	16.32
Chloride of Potassium.....	1.98
Iodide of Sodium.....	0.01
Bromide of Sodium.....	Trace
Arsenate of Soda.....	Trace
Phosphate of Soda.....	Trace
Total per U. S. Gallon.....	49.75

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OFFICE
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Fourth St.**

Main Pamphlet Mailed Free

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**You may feel certain
you are correctly hatted**

if you buy your

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We show everything that should be found in an up-to-date millinery store. Our styles have smartness and individuality and the moderate prices will surprise you. College and Club Hats in special designs and quantities at low prices.

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Phones
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Ladies' Hatter

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Fifth
Street

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THE ONLY KIND THAT DON'T SMOKE.
WE HAVE THREE SIZES—

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Open Day and Night.
Good Coffee a Specialty.

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make serviceable and appropriate presents. We have the best and largest stock. You are cordially invited to look it over.

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MR. PALMER.—
To prove to you that advertising in our paper is read and appreciated, I personally hand you this Coupon.

Signed.....

Street and No.....

(Cut this out)

A. Ray Palmer Photographer

756 Fifth St., Over Eagle Drug Co.

AS A TEST—

I will continue this ad one year, provided 50 Students or Members of the Faculty sign or personally bring in this Cover Coupon before December 15, 1906. Come in and see my work and get acquainted.

EMERSON SAID:

“ If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.”

The success of the makers of our “College Brand” clothes is an instance of this. The suits are just exactly in accord with the young fellow’s ideas of correct dress. Of no other ready-to-wear suits can this be said. Hence young men all over the country have taken up the “College Brand” most enthusiastically. Come and see the Fall styles.

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is like a man with two coats of silk
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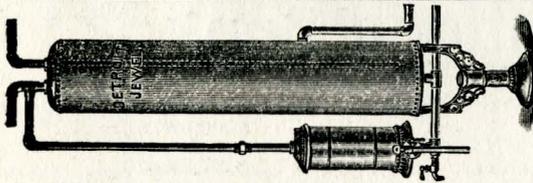
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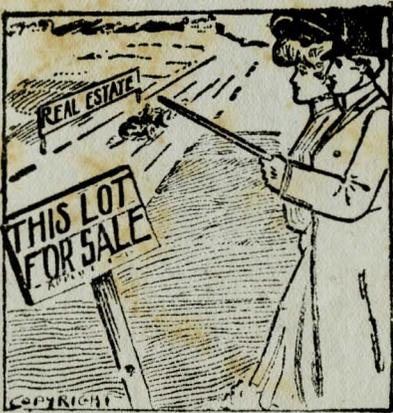


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