

SEP 1 1978

DATE

A decorative border in a dark green or olive color frames the text. It features two large, stylized flowers at the top, each with a long stem and a bud. The stems curve downwards and then upwards again, adorned with several leaves. At the bottom, the stems form a complex, interlocking knot-like pattern.

WHITE AND GOLD

STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL

SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

1913

California State College, San Diego, Senior
class

WHITE AND GOLD

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

COMMENCEMENT
JUNE, NINETEEN THIRTEEN

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1913

Antonia Mayrhofer.

They've ransacked every novel,
and the Dictionary, too.
They've digested all of Huey,
plus the Encyclopædia, too.
They've hunted appellations
from the present and the past—
All in the search for Wisdom,
our industrious Senior Class.

They've filled up sheets of paper,
with knowledge not their own,
Their brains are full of method,
attained from books unknown;
They've tried to be ingenious
in teaching little games—
All in the search for Knowledge,
Our earnest Senior Dames.

LD
718
D39
1913
C.3



Adelaide Ellinger



Julia Bustlen



Dorothy G. Martens



Bernice M. Swett



M. Evelyn Holand



Jennie Paulsen



Mary McHugh



Emma E. Murphy



Antonia Mayhofer



Laura Crockett



Martha Knell



Adella Ireland



Myrtle Coolidge



Leona French



Elsie Carter



Grace Leggett



Vera Martin



Maud Rowan



Ruth Ellithorpe



Agnes H. Sackett



Jeannette C. Hess



Lucy M. Brittain



Dorothy W. Boyle



Florence Colby



Beatrice Emery



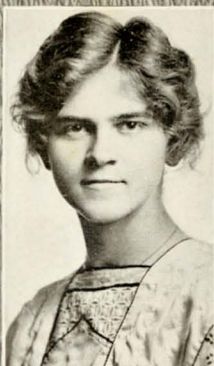
Marie Shaw



Mildred Benson



Alma Frost



Hettie Mallory



June Callaway



Dorothea Bates



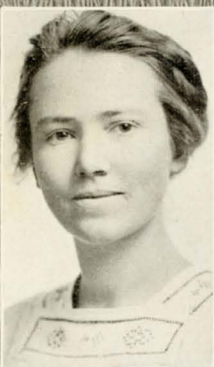
Constance Stokes



Francis Scanlin



Ethel Hatcher



Grace Humphrey



Adrienne B. Allen



Helen Dula



Mary Jerwis



Adeline Sharp



Myrtle Baldwin



Bluebell Fulton



Lillie Lison



Cecelia M. Caccia



Albertine Telson Watson



Anita Schuster



Laura Grosberg



Grace M. Schulze



Angie Martinis



Alice W. Plough



Ruth Evans.



Alice Hatton



Kathleen Dunn



Etta C. Durbin



Ruth Kruse



Helen A. Moore



Della Shannon



Laura Leura



Gertrude Glancy



Kathryn Hudson



Edith Strong



Laura Wilson



Helen Murphy

NAME

*"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"*

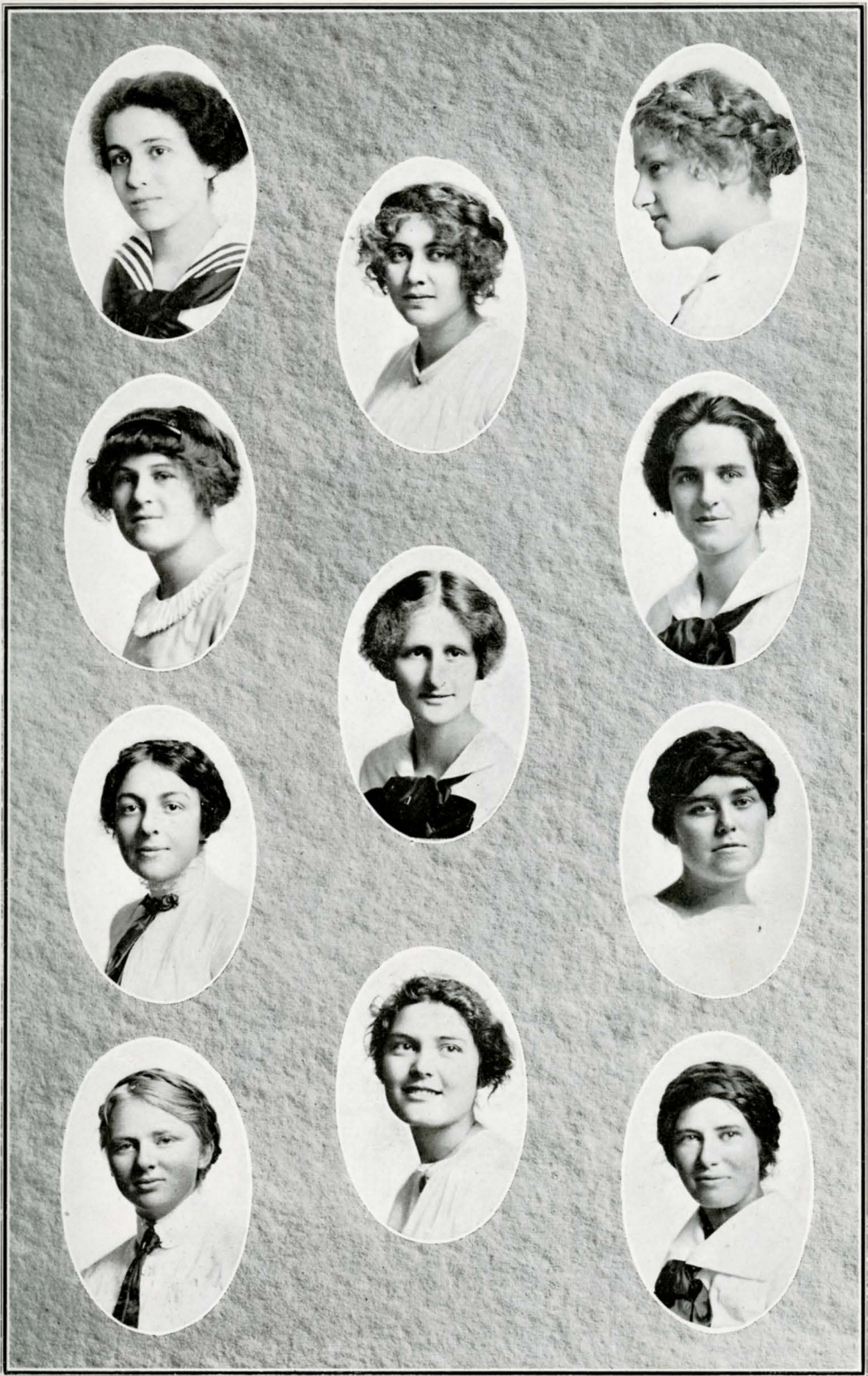
Adrienne Allen	None knew her but to love her, None named her but to praise.
Myrtle Baldwin	She hath a way to chase despair, To heal all grief, to cure all care.
Winifred Bassett	She hath a natural wise sincerity, A simple truthfulness.
Julia Bastlin	Noght a word spake she more than was nede.
Dorothea Bates	A rosebud set with little wilful thorns, And sweet as English air could make her.
Mildred Benson	Genius is a capacity for evading hard work.
Dorothy Boyle	We know her art, but not her heart.
Lucy Brittain	She's the right little, tight little British Isle.
June Callaway	The joys of youth and health her eyes displayed.
Alice Clough	A daughter of the gods, divinely tall And most divinely fair.
Florence Colby	The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute.
Cecilia Collier	All my ambition is, I own, To profit and to please.
Myrtle Coolidge	A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
Laura Crockett	And what she greatly thought she nobly dared.
Francis Davidson	Serene and resolute and still And calm and self-possessed.
Helen Dula	Her voice is low and sweet And dark-blue is her e'e.
Kathleen Dunn	Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde.
Etta Durbin	With downcast eyes and modest grace.
Adelaide Ellithorpe	A lady grave, of quiet demeanor.
Ruth Ellithorpe	Truly fair and fairly true.
Beatrice Emery	I'll be true as long as you And not a moment after.
Ruth Evans	Go it while you're young, When you're old you can't.
Leona French	Her studie was but little on the Bible.
Alma Frost	I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me.
Bluebell Fulton	Sublime religion's meek and modest child.
Elsa Garber	She's a daisy, she's a Ducky, she's a lamb, She's a Injia-rubber idjot on a spree.

Gertrude Glancy	Of soul sincere, In action faithful and in honor clear.
Laura Groshong	On books and learning she was bent.
Ethel Hatcher	'Eres to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air.
Alice Hatton	I take it that my business in the social system is to be agreeable.
Jeanette Hess	Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman.
Evelyn Holland	The force of her own merit makes her way.
Katherine Hudson	As good be out of the World as out of the Fashion.
Grace Humphrey	A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see In evening skies.
Josefa Jascen	Whence thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Mary Jervis	For Nature made her what she is And ne'er made such another.
Ruth Kruse	She's pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, And pleasant too, to think on.
Grace Leggett	Since man to man is so unjust, She hardly knows which man to trust.
Laura Lewis	A little, lovely maid, most dear and taking.
Bernice McDivitt	Her very foot hath Music in it As she comes up the stair.
Mary McHugh	Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me.
Hettie Mallory	I hate the crowded town! I cannot breathe shut up within its gates.
Angie Martenis	For if she will, she will, You may depend on it; And if she won't, she won't, So there's an end on it.
Dorothy Martenis	The lurking dimple that divides thy chin Hath greater peril than the deep ravine.
Vera Martin	Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Antonia Mayrhofer	Efficiency! That's me!
(Mrs.) Kate Montgomery	My mind to me a kingdom is, Such bliss therein I find.
Helen Moore	Helter-skelter Hurry-scurry.
Emma Murphy	Fair was she to behold, The maiden of seventeen summers.
Helen Murphy	I am content, I do not care Wag as it will, the world for me.

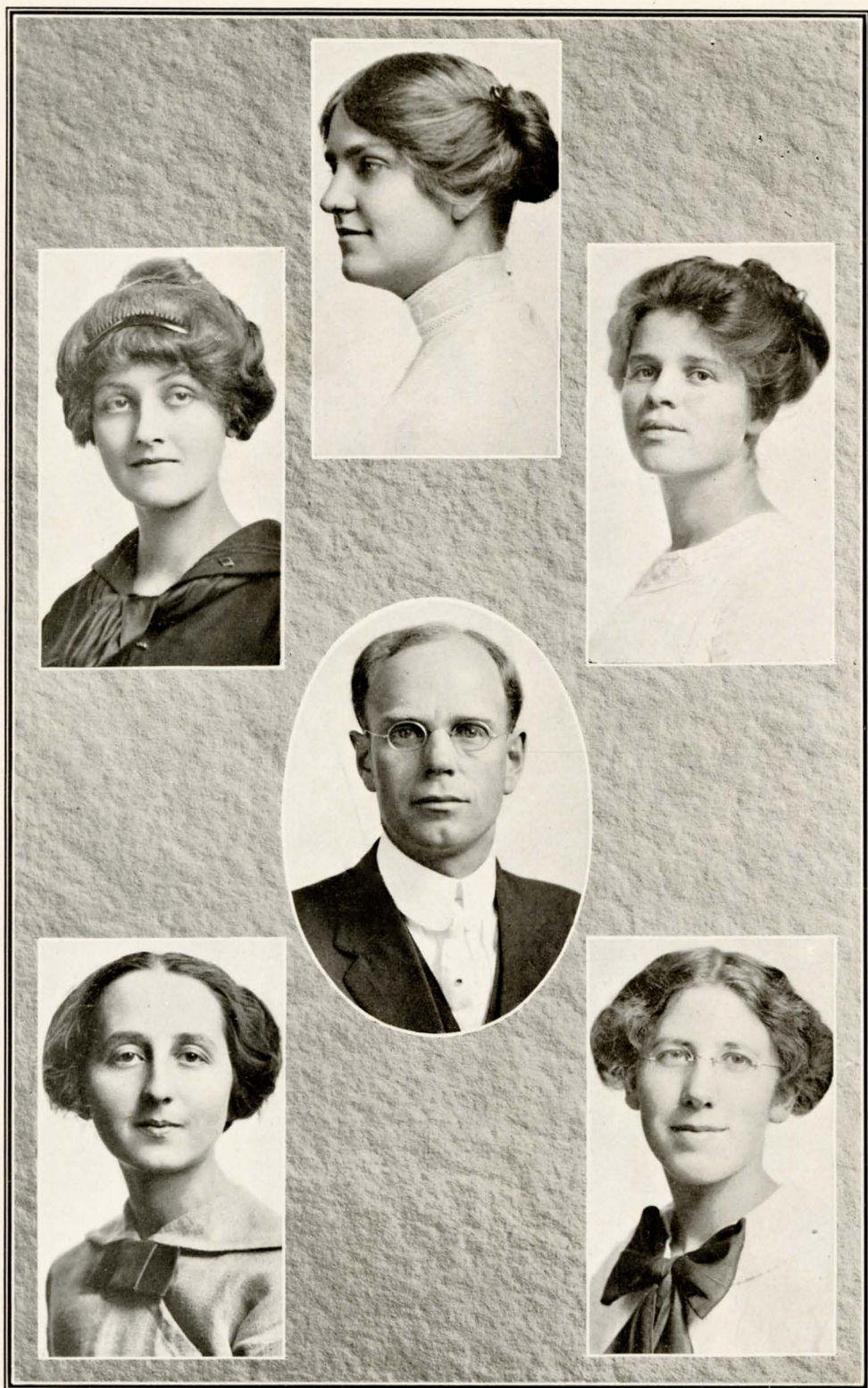
Martha Noell	Whatever skeptic could inquire for, For every why she had a whyfore.
Maud Rouark	Maiden with meek, brown eyes.
(Mrs.) Agnes Sackett	Favors to none, to all she smiles extends.
Frances Scanlan	I chatter, chatter as I go.
(Mrs.) Grace Schultz	Full of unconquerable energies.
Anita Schussler	Why don't the men propose, Mamma, Why don't the men propose?
Della Shannon	She looks a goddess and she walks a queen.
Adeline Sharp	Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords.
Marie Shaw	A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar, What makes you come so soon?
Sallie Sisson	High and solemn thoughts are hers.
Constance Stokes	I saw sweet beauty in her face.
Edith Strong	Up, up! my friend, and quit your books.
Jennie Sullivan	I care for nobody, no, not I, If nobody cares for me.
Adella Vreeland	Her air, her manner, all who saw admired.
Alberta Watson	Thinking is but an ilde waste of thought.
Laura Wilson	She's modest as any, and blithe as she's bonny.



Domestic Science Graduating Class



Normal Preparatory School Graduating Class



The Staff

WHITE AND GOLD

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ANITA SCHUSSLER	-	-	JOSHES

EDITORIAL.

HAVE you ever found yourself in the position of having too little space at your disposal to really say anything worth while, and still having too much to say nothing? If you have, you can appreciate the feelings with which the editor attacks the problem of writing this editorial. The vague dreams which she entertained of writing a learned treatise on such a subject as the physio-socio-psycho-logical value of a school magazine vanished into the circumambient air when she perceived that only a trifle more than half a page was to be devoted to her effusions; and the equally attractive vision of leaving the paper editorial-less and resigning herself to innocuous desuetude met the sad fate of other castles in Spain, when the sad discovery was made that this insignificant half page was capable of containing some four hundred words, and that it had to be paid for, and therefore must not be wasted.

There is one thing that may be attempted, even in this limited space, and that is the correction of the erroneous impression that is entertained by some members of the school that its other members are lacking in that desirable quality popularly known as school spirit.

The editor herself was at one time a victim of this mistaken idea, but scarcely had she entered upon her official duties before evidences of the most splendid sort of a spirit of co-operation began to appear.

One of the most significant signs of this desirable spirit was shown in the special assembly in which subscriptions were taken for this magazine. Owing to the fact that it was decided that this edition of the White and Gold should be put out without the assistance of advertising, it was necessary to raise the price from twenty-five to fifty cents. In spite of this increase, the number of subscriptions exceed even the sanguine hopes of the manager.

The many students who contributed to the literary and artistic departments exhibited a very unselfish desire for its welfare, in doing a great deal of hard work, for the sake of gaining a very small amount of glory.

This is particularly true of the members of the staff, whom the editor wishes to thank, individually and collectively. Miss Ellithorpe, staff artist; Miss Hatton, editor of school notes; Miss Hamill and Miss Schussler of the josh department, have rendered the assistance without which this issue would have been an impossibility. To Mr. Outcalt, as faculty advisor, and Mr. West, as business manager, the entire student body owes a vote of thanks, for having spent so many hours of valuable time in looking after the welfare of this enterprise. Mr. Hardy, whose interest and co-operation have not been the least of our assets, has set an example that any who are lacking in this elusive school spirit would do well to follow.

And now, as you read this little book, its compilers will be eagerly scanning your countenances, in the hope of reading there evidences of your approval; but if by some sad mischance it fails to attain the standard you have set for it, they beg you to remember, in judging, that they have done their best—and "Angels could do no more."

The Normal School: Its Value

By President E. L. Hardy.

THE value of the Normal School is understood by the people and by administrative and legislative authorities in a general way, but its definite value is neither very well known nor very well appreciated. In the first place, it has not been investigated and tested by the standards of a genuinely scientific survey; but neither has any other part of the State school system been thus evaluated. There are, however, some rough and ready tests that may be applied, such as the support given normal schools by the State as compared with the support given other parts of the system—a test which would indicate the degree of public appreciation of the value of the normal school, and the test of the cost of producing a graduate of the normal school as compared, for instance, with the cost of producing a high school or a university graduate.

As to the first test, that of value as evidenced by public support, we have some definite and authoritative evidence. The Hon. A. B. Nye, State Controller, in his report dated Dec. 15, 1910, says:

"For many years the normal schools were about the least expensive of the public institutions, educational or otherwise, but of late years they have increased their training school departments and introduced new courses entailing large expense for instructors and equipment."

Nevertheless, in spite of the larger expense, the normal schools are still relatively less well supported than are the other parts of the school system. The statistics that follow, taken from the reports of the State Controller and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, reveal the situation as it stood in the school year 1909-1910.

PUBLIC SCHOOL COSTS.

Part of School System	No. Enrolled	No. Graduated	Total Cost For Support	Cost Per Pupil Enrolled	Cost Per Graduate
State Normal Schools.....	2,321	743	250,000	\$107.70	\$ 336.00
Elementary School	322,361	17,632	13,674,314	42.42	775.00
High Schools	39,115	2,525	2,900,000	74.14	1,148.00
State University	3,860	479	970,000	251.30	2,025.00

Note.—This comparative table is based on total support, whether local or State, which is the only fair basis, because the *total* and *sole* revenue of the normal school is from the State.

To make the comparison entirely fair, multiply the cost of producing, in the year selected, a normal school graduate by two (since the normal school course is two years, one-half of that of the high school and the University), and the resulting figure, \$672.00, stands at only a little more than half the cost of producing a high school graduate and at one-third the cost of producing a graduate of the University. And what of the value to the State of the normal school graduate produced at this relatively small cost to the people?

The high school graduate is an unfinished non-technically trained product.

About one-half of the University graduates are neither professionally nor technically finished products.

The normal school graduate is a finished, technically available product. She is a product dedicated to state (social) service. She is dedicated to this service and enters it (practically all graduates begin teaching immediately), knowing that she will receive a wage but little better than that of an unskilled laborer; but even this low wage represents an annual valuation of her services to the State of more than twice the amount required to produce a graduate each year—and her average term of service is four years.

Certainly, then, there is no possibility of questioning the accuracy of the statement of Controller Nye with reference to the situation in 1910.

Has there been any material change since 1910 as evidenced by public support, in the public estimate of the relative social value of the normal school, as the nourisher of the elementary school and elementary education, and of the University, as the nourisher of general social culture and efficiency?

At this writing the appropriations for the biennial fiscal period, beginning July 1, 1913, are not available; but we have something more revealing than legislative appropriations (always the product of a certain amount of compromise) in the carefully planned budget of the State's financial officers. The budget of 1913 recommends in both general and special appropriations the sum approximately of \$1,500,000 for the maintenance and improvement of the service and equipment of the seven State normal schools. The same report recommends as general and special appropriations for the University the sum approximately of \$1,200,000, to which must be added the revenues allotted to the University out of the proceeds of taxation, amounting to about \$1,800,000, which would make the total revenue of the University for the coming biennium \$3 000,000, in round numbers, or twice that of the combined normal schools of the State. Enrollment of students in the normal schools in 1911 was 3,047; in the University, 3,779. The figures for 1912 are not at hand; but, doubtless, they would show no relative change—that is they would show an enrollment in the University about 25 per cent greater than that of the normal schools, not taking into account in the latter institutions their enrollment in the training schools, which would, in cost, more than offset the larger adult enrollment of the University. With all these facts in view, it is, doubtless, fair to say that the University is to receive for two years 100 per cent more for support than are the normal schools of the State.

Now, no one of us begrudges the University a dollar of its revenue—we wish the University to receive not less but more. Comparisons need not always be odious. If the comparison made above suggests anything, it suggests this—that the University in its function of producing the higher and staff officers of the educational and social army must be tremendously handicapped in the inadequate nourishment of the army itself. In fact, we have this anomalous situation—on the higher education side the University and high school producing at a very considerable cost highly trained officers of society, while on the elementary education side, we have the normal school and the elementary school representing the junior officers and the social army in a comparative state of neglect and inefficiency.

I know that society must, as one of its final aims, produce its belle fleur, and that the University man or woman is oftenest, in our social and civic life, this very flower—but would not a richer soil, the truly well-nourished and scientifically-cultivated garden of a better elementary school, make possible the production of a finer, fairer flower?

The time has come for a change of policy. The new policy should recognize the normal school as a most valuable part of the state school system.

What is written above represents in the main a presentation of the needs of the normal school made to the State's financial officers, in December, 1912. The response to this appeal by the Board of Control, the State Controller, and the State Legislature, was instant and most generous in recognition of the situation. The budget of this institution was materially increased, especially in the item of salaries and the other normal schools received generous increases in their appropriations. Yet, as is shown also in what is written, relatively the elementary school situation as represented by the normal school was not much improved. The makers of the budget did their best, but they were handicapped by the static condition of a society held in the iron grip of social waste and vice.

Our officers of finance, able and appreciative as they are, cannot put us firmly on our feet in the path of true progress until we have first shaken off the burden entailed by our social and economic wastes. When society spends less for alcohol and in war, then only will the items of the budget serve as the indicia of a genuinely civilized man's appreciation of the supreme importance of elementary education as the foundation of all civilization, and as the soil out of which all its finest flowers must spring.



NIPO.

By Edith Strong

THE day was intensely hot, with scarcely a breath of wind. The sun beat down mercilessly upon the tiled roofs of the cluster of adobe buildings, and filtered through the dry, dusty foliage in the inner court. Behind the colonnade surrounding this court were spots of shadow, yet scarcely less hot than the open yard itself.

Outside the group of adobe buildings stretched a vast country; acres on acres of dusty sage brush. The levelness was broken here and there by undulating hills covered with the same dull-colored growth. Far to the north lay a long low range of mountains, showing gray against the horizon. Beyond the vicinity of the adobe houses, wherever one looked, there was sage brush, dry and hot. A road of finely powdered dust wound from the groups of buildings toward the farther hills.

From the top of the highest hill, the faintest line of blue, almost a mist, could be seen. It was the ocean, far away to the south. The imagination helped one to feel its coolness until the eye wandered back to the dry and dusty valley directly below, in which were clustered the adobe buildings.

A man appeared suddenly from behind a group of trees, which screened a second long line of adobe houses. He was a tall, gaunt person, dressed in the long black robes of a priest. He walked slowly, with the air of one who is in deep meditation. Coming to the larger and main group of buildings, he opened the gate and crossed the yard within. Entering through the door of the nearest building, he passed into a long dark hall, the blackness and coolness of which contrasted pleasantly with the glare of the heat outside. He went slowly down the hall, and opening a door on his right entered a large, dimly-lighted room.

A younger man, clad in similar garments, arose at his entrance, saying: "Padre Nipero, what news?"

The newcomer slowly shook his head.

"I am not satisfied, Padre Francis. I have just returned from the Indian dwellings. There is an ominous atmosphere about the place. The people seem restless. They are calm enough when I speak with them, but they are discontented, and mutter to themselves in groups when they think I am not near."

Padre Francis said:

"Come, father, do not think too seriously of the matter. It is probably the heat which makes them so restless. This evening, when it grows cool, all will be well again."

But Padre Nipero shook his head dubiously, and turning slowly went out of the room by the door on the left. It opened into the court, and a wave of stifling heat struck him as he stepped down the stone step leading to the

open corridor around the court. Passing along in the shadow of the colonnade for a short distance, he turned abruptly into the burning heat of the garden and walked down a little path until he came to a small group of trees. He stopped in their shade.

A small Indian boy was lying on the ground. Though his back was turned and he was apparently asleep, yet the slight sound of Padre Nipero's tread caught his ear, and instantly he was on his feet. He smiled as he saw that it was the priest. His bright, black eyes, always eager and restless, glanced at the man, beyond him to the adobe buildings, and back to the priest again. The boy seemed to understand that something was wrong.

"Can I help you, father?" he said.

"No, Nipo. I am only a little tired this afternoon. I will feel better in the evening, perhaps."

But the boy answered quickly:

"No, father, it is the Indians again. I know, because I saw you leave the court an hour ago, and now you are returning—and I will help you if I can."

Padre Nipero smiled a little.

"Does nothing ever escape your eyes, Nipo?" he said. "Yes, the Indians are somewhat restless this afternoon, but I trust it is only the heat of the day. If I have any errands later, I will call you, Nipo."

With that the Padre went on through the court and passed again into the building. The room he entered was a long, rather narrow one. The walls were of white-washed adobe, as were those of all the rooms on the place. Heavy oaken beams supported the ceiling. The windows, of which there were only two, one on the outside and the other on the interior court, were narrow and deep-set. Iron bars protected the outer window. A long oak table stood in the center of the room; around it were placed several chairs. A few loose pieces of paper and a quill pen or two lay on the table. On the wall was a small shelf containing a few books. This room was evidently the meeting room and library.

Padre Nipero seated himself at the long table and gazed absently out of the window into the court. He was thinking now of Nipo, and unconsciously speaking to himself.

"He is a good child, always willing and ready to help me. He has been of use to me many a time with the Indians when they have been troublesome. His quick eyes see everything, and his ears are always listening. Somehow, I seem to have won the boy to me; he pays but little attention to the rest of the brothers, although they are all friendly with him. But he is as faithful as a shepherd dog to me. I believe he would actually lay down his life for me, so devoted he seems."

The father sat long in his chair, gazing out of the window. His brow grew troubled. In his pondering over the greater question of his restless Indian subjects, he forgot Nipo.

The little Indian village lay beyond the clump of trees that skirted the road several hundred yards from the last of the cluster of adobe buildings which formed the home of the padres. The Spanish brothers had built this mission, in order to civilize and christianize the natives of the wilderness. Sometimes the neophytes grew restless under the strict, though kind, rule of the fathers. Several times in the history of the mission there had been uprisings, and once bloodshed had resulted. But that had been a long time before. For some years now the neophytes had done no more than to grumble and mutter among themselves, and sometimes become sullen in their attitude towards the fathers. It was on those occasions when an insubordinate Indian refused to work that Nipo had been of help to Padre Nipero, the leader of the brothers at the mission. For Nipo was a favorite of the Indians as well as of the white men. He could coax a rebellious neophyte to work again, when the efforts of the

padres seemed useless. Thus Nipo had become a valuable aid to Padre Nipero; and whenever the father commanded, the boy obeyed unquestioningly.

But while the padre sat long at the table, gazing absently out of the window and thinking of the restless Indians, Nipo sat under the palm trees, thinking of what he could do to help his beloved master. He knew that something must be wrong with the Indians, and he decided to go down to the village and try to pacify them. The resolution formed, he jumped quickly to his feet, and passed down the court. He stopped a moment as he came to the little fountain in the center; it was a wishing fountain. Several trees growing beside it threw a little shade upon the water, taking from a portion of it the brilliant glare of the reflected sun. Nipo stopped in the shade, and, picking up a pebble, stood looking down into the water. Then, throwing the pebble into the fountain, he made his wish, watched until the little stone sank out of sight into the depths, and, turning away, hurried rapidly through the court and into the house.

Outside the sun still shone warmly down. But the heat was growing less intense. There was now the faintest hint of a breeze; enough to tantalize, not to satisfy. But even this was better than the terrible heat of the noon-day, for it gave promise of something better. The day was beginning to wane. During the early afternoon, the mission had seemed almost deserted; but now signs of life began to appear.

As sunset approached, odors of the evening meal in preparation came from the adobe kitchen at the farthest end of the patio. The neophytes were seen going back and forth among their houses. Small groups of them came up to the mission with bowls in their hands, to have their portions measured out to them. Several padres, appearing from various rooms, came slowly out into the court, crossed it, and entered the long low room which served as a refectory. They, too, were assembling for the evening meal.

But as yet it was a little early. From the top of the chapel at one end of the court, the clear tones of a bell sounded. Within the chapel, one of fathers was kneeling at the altar. Above him was a window of stained glass, brought carefully from Spain. Through its panes the rays of the setting sun flickered, throwing a crimson light upon the altar and upon the kneeling figure. Save for this stream of light, the chapel was dark. Slowly, other dim figures of padres came in and knelt silently. But one by one they left, and still the one on whom the sun's last rays fell knelt there by the altar with bowed head. The others had gone silently; they did not wish to disturb their master, Padre Nipero.

But Nipo, who had come with them, did not leave. Long he waited, but the father did not move; the crimson rays vanished, and the shadows deepened until, in the gloom of the chapel, objects became indistinguishable. Then Padre Nipero arose and passed down to the door. Looking back, he saw a figure kneeling at the altar; it was Nipo who had glided down from the far dark corner of the room, and knelt at the spot from which the master had just arose. Padre Nipero recognized him, even in the dusk. Somehow the fancy flitted through his mind that Nipo had been watching over him while he prayed, and was now offering a prayer for other Help in guarding his master.

"Poor boy," the padre murmured, "he is faithful. His is true devotion." And well might the father say this.

The air was now cool and refreshing. Night had brought with it a release from the bondage of the day's heat. A fresh, soft breeze was blowing gently through the palm trees of the court. As the night deepened, the moon, full-circled and brilliant, slowly rose above the tiled roofs of the buildings. It threw its light upon the wishing fountain, silvering it as if by magic, while the breeze playfully ruffled the shining surface. Peacefulness and quiet pervaded everything.

The padres of the mission, and the neophytes in their village, had gathered into little groups, and were quietly enjoying the beauty of the evening. The palms of the court waved softly, like whispers in the night air. From somewhere in the shadows of the corridors, the plaintive notes of a stringed instrument sounded. The padres smiled; it was Nipo. They had intrusted the precious instrument brought from Spain into his hands, and he had learned to play it, and to love it, almost next to his master, Padre Nipero. As the night advanced the people gradually left the court, and went indoors. Finally, only Nipo and Padre Nipero were left. The latter's face was serene now; the lines of care and anxiety had vanished. He had been down again in the evening to see the Indians, and they had seemed perfectly peaceful and contented. They had regained their former attitude of friendliness, just as they had done so many times before. All was well again.

Nipo, creeping up to the father, read this in his face. But Nipo, with the suspicious and alert nature of the Indian, wished to make certain for himself. So he silently left the master and disappeared from the court. Outside of the wall that surrounded the mission, he took the road that led down to the group of adobe houses where the Indians lived.

Padre Nipero still sat in the moonlight, which was shining brilliantly down into the Patio. Finally, rousing himself, he got up and went down along the corridor to the door of his private study. He entered the room, similar in construction to all the other rooms, save for its smaller size, and for the shelves along one side containing books. These were at the farthest end of the room, and beneath them was a table, on which burned a small lamp. Beside the table was placed a single chair. Such was the study of the father of the mission.

Padre Nipero sat down at the table, and picking up a quill, hastily began to write. There was important business which must be attended to before the night closed. Long he sat at the table. The room was in utter silence save for the scratching of the pen upon the paper. Outside, no sound broke the stillness, nor marred the beauty of the night.

There was no sound. But a little figure sat rigidly still in the shadow of a column, dividing his attention between the door of his master's study and a dark object by a clump of bushes at the far end of the court. That silent figure was Nipo. He had been down to the Indian village, and all had seemed quiet enough. But his observing eyes had missed one of the neophytes, who was a leader in their rebellions. As all of them, with the exception of Nipo, and a few other trusty ones, were locked out of the mission proper after nightfall, they were supposed to be in their own village. Nipo searched everywhere, but could not find the missing Indian.

Coming back and being admitted by the trusted Indian, who guarded the oaken gates of the wall, he remained for a time in the court. He was thinking deeply, for he feared something was wrong.

And so it happened that his quick eye, looking over the garden, had caught an almost imperceptible movement in a dark clump of bushes at some distance down the court. His suspicions aroused, he sat watching the dark shapeless object, now and then glancing at the dim light which shone from the partly open door of his master's study. If that dark object should prove to be the missing Indian, his master was probably in great danger. Whatever the shapeless form was, it was nearer his master's study than he was. It would be necessary for him to creep around the corridor in the shade, and then dash across the moon-lit space of the court before he could reach the room. Just then there was a slight movement in the bushes, and in the fraction of a second, Nipo saw a face appear and disappear. It was the Indian, creeping toward Padre Nipero's door.

What should Nipo do? He must save his master. If he should cry out in warning, the Indians, who might be waiting for such a signal, would break into the mission and massacre the inhabitants. For Nipo understood that the

peacefulness in the village was but assumed, and that beneath it smouldered the desire for revenge, only awaiting an occasion to break forth. They wished to kill Padre Nipero, for it was he who made them work unwillingly. They would be content with his death alone, but if occasion arose, they would not hesitate to take more lives. And so what was to be done would have to be accomplished quietly and quickly. Nipo knew this well. Yet he must save his master's life.

Creeping along in the shadow of the colonnade to avoid attracting the attention of the hidden Indian, the boy came to the end of the corridor. His alert eyes traced the stealthy movements of his foe, as he, too, moved cautiously nearer the door. It would be a question, when the Indian saw him, as to who should reach that door first.

And so, in the calm, still night, the friend and the foe of the master crept nearer, while he sat busily writing, unconscious of danger.

When Nipo reached the edge of the protecting shadow, he brushed against a bush, and the sound attracted the attention of the Indian. Turning, he spied Nipo, who at the same instant darted across the moon-lit space. But the Indian, quick as a flash, sprang after him. Nipo reached the study door just in time to feel a cold knife blade touch his shoulder. Bounding into the room, and gasping the word "Master," he fell down at the father's feet as the Indian's knife struck into him. Padre Nipero sprang up and instantly pulled a heavy cord which hung beside him. Immediately a deep sound broke upon the stillness of the night. The Indian, having recovered his knife, was standing with it poised for another blow, but the sound of the bell startled his superstitious nature; he hesitated, and was lost. For in that fraction of a second, Nipo, wounded as he was, sprang to his feet, and snatched the knife, and then the padres came rushing into the room.

The bell was Nipero's signal of danger, and the men came in with drawn swords, more like soldiers than peaceful padres. In the confusion which attended the capture and disposal of the rebellious neophyte, poor Nipo was overlooked.

In a little while, all was again quiet. The night was as calm and peaceful as if nothing had happened. Out in the court, the light breeze played on the wishing fountain, just breaking it into silver light.

Padre Nipero passed with a quick step down the court and entered the chapel. Through the stained glass of the window, the rays of the moon threw their light upon the altar and upon a little figure lying before it. But Nipo was not praying now. The father, going nearer and bending over him, wiped away the mist from his eyes.

"Poor boy," he murmured, "he was willing to give his own life to save mine. His was true devotion."

Outside the night wind sighed in the palms. A white cloud passed over the face of the moon. A little agitation and tremor—then all was calm again. And oblivious of life, the moon shone down upon the earth.

Place: Mrs. Coldwell's office (empty).

Stage properties: Long mirror on west wall.

Time: Any time.

Dramatis Personae: Prexy; Student. (Enter Prexy).

"With cat-like tread up to the glass he steals,
In silence dread, for each new hair he feels,
No sound at all, he never says a word,
For down the hall the student's step is heard."

Notes in Seventh Grade Cookery Book: Protein foods build tissue and repair the waist of the body.

CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF BILLY.

By Alberta Filson Watson.

CHAPTER I.

BILLY came to school two years late. It is an awful thing in Bellevue School to be two minutes late; but two years late!—what could Billy expect? One glance at the first grade teacher told him to expect nothing; his dealings with crabbed old cow punchers and surly Pima chiefs had taught him not to expect things of people with frowns like hers.

The teacher on her part looked at Billy and expected trouble. In the first place, he was two years too old for that grade; in the second place, he was as awkward and restless as a long-eared colt. His eight years of life had been spent cracking the long blacksnakes and throwing his lariat in imitation of the cowboys at the round-up. What had he to do with schools and women? But now the ranch was gone and his father was gone, and his mother had come with him to this far-away California city to live. So here he was in the red brick school-house. He wished he were "back home," on the wild colt's back, or even in the corral with the long-horned steers, instead of here before this big woman with the frown; but here he was and here he had to stay.

As soon as all the children were in their places, the teacher called "Attention!" Then she rapped with her pencil and looked straight at Billy. Billy, not knowing what else to do, looked straight back at the teacher. She frowned still more deeply and bore down upon him. Stooping over, she seized his hands and folded them on the edge of the desk, and planted his feet upon the floor under his desk as if she were screwing him down. "That is position," she told him.

Glancing around Billy saw forty pairs of hands folded on forty desk-tops, and forty pairs of feet planted under the desks in the same screwed-down position. Forty rigid backs held forty rigid heads upright, and Billy tried to make his back stiff and his head rigid also. Thus he sat and waited. He tried very hard to listen to what the teacher was saying, but it took all of his mind to think of his hands and legs. He had to think very hard about them to keep them still. All his hard little muscles were twitching and crawling under his skin. Those stout arms were used to twirling the long lasso and snapping the leaded whips; those sinewy legs were used to striding the bucking calves and running wild on the mesas. Never before had Billy been called upon to keep still, and he had to think very hard about his hands and feet, to keep them just as the teacher had put them. The very toes he thought hardest about squirmed and cried loudest to turn up and wiggle. He fastened his mind on the most refractory leg, but the more he thought about it the more it wanted to move. Creepy sensations began to wriggle up and down it, crawling and squirming into his very bones. When he could no longer stand the itching, he seized the opportunity to stretch out his legs, while the teacher was writing on the blackboard. She whirled around and glared at him and Billy was firmly convinced that she saw out of the back of her head.

For a while he kept himself busy trying to figure out how she managed it; but after a time his eyes fell to his folded hands, and immediately those interlaced fingers took a frantic notion to spread themselves. Then his arms began to burn and itch, and his elbow joint gnawed to be straightened out. The teacher was reading, and only the top of her head was visible as she pored over the page on her desk. Again to relieve his wretched body, Billy risked her frown. He slid away down in his seat and spread out his legs and stretched his arms. The teacher's voice stopped with a jolt, as if it had been jammed back into her mouth. The next instant she had him by

the shoulders. She jerked him into place and then shook him hard. Billy was fearfully frightened that time. After a while he became used to teachers, as he had got used to long-horned steers on the prairie; but the teachers never got used to Billy, with his penchant for squirming and doing things. That first year, or I might say that first day, Billy became known as a naughty boy; the next year he was known as a bad boy; and after that he himself knew that he was bad and was proud of his badness.

Many things are found and lost at the red brick school. Billy found his reputation there that first day, but he never lost it: it clung to him in the strange adhesive way of reputations, and as he passed along his reputation went along with him as his shadow did, sometimes poking far out in advance, sometimes trailing behind, but always with him.

CHAPTER II.

At thirteen Billy was promoted to the sixth grade. He was tired of punishments and corrections and had made up his mind to do better. In a few days, however, he decided that it was no use—his reputation had been promoted before he was. Every time the class laughed or anything unusual happened the teacher pounced on him. He gave up trying, and lapsed back into his old troublesome ways.

One day Billy was kept in at recess for sticking gum in the Italian girl's hair. The teacher was very cross. "Sharpen these lead pencils," she said, for punishment, "and see that you don't get any litter on the floor." She opened the little white box to hand him her pearl handled knife.

"It is gone," she said, looking sharply at Billy. "Do you know where it is?"

Billy eyed the box. "No, I don't know, but maybe Sam does."

"Did you see him take it?"

"Nope."

"Did you see him have it?"

"Nope."

"Then how do you know that he has it?"

"I don't know it, but you just ask him."

That afternoon Miss Maine did ask Sam, and his face grew very red as he dug down into his pocket and produced the knife. After school Miss Maine did not keep Sam, but took her vengeance out on Billy.

"William," she said, "how does it happen that you always know where everything that is lost or stolen has gone?"

"Just figger it out," said Billy.

"Well, how did you figure out that Sam had my knife?"

"Easy," said Bill. "Look at that daub of red on the lid of the knife box. Sam cut his finger at noon and came up here to get a rag and a piece of string out of your drawer, so I knowed that he was in here—then when I seen this red I says to myself, 'Sam's the boy with the knife.'"

"William," said Miss Maine, "you are a regular sleuth."

"A what?" asked Bill. He was used to being called names, but this was a new one.

"I mean a detective," explained Miss Maine.

"Oh," said Bill, and puffed out his chest. From this time on his reputation for finding things increased and went along with his reputation for badness, and was a thing to be gloated over and bragged about.

One day the boy in front of him knocked Billy's pencil box on the floor.

"William, what are you doing?" snapped his teacher.

"Not a darn thing," muttered William, under his breath.

But Miss Maine's sharp ear caught it and she washed his mouth out with soap and brush, and told him he had said a very dreadful word.

That night after supper Billy told the boys all about it as they sat on the garbage pails in the alley.

"Yep, fellers," he said, "she scrubbed my mouth for saying 'darn'; but that's just her idea. Everybody's got funny ideas about what's bad and what ain't. Miss Maine thinks 'darn' is bad, and ma thinks it ain't. My ma thinks 'dam' is bad, and stepdad he thinks it ain't. Gee! fellers, don't it make you want to bust out and do somethin' fierce when an old hen sticks around saying, 'ain't he turrible,' and 'ain't it awful'?"

Bill paused and thrust his hands into his pockets. He pulled out a bag of Bull Durham tobacco and rolled a cigarette, while his audience looked on admiringly.

"Here's to Miss Maine, and her whoppin' lies," he said, theatrically. "I'm goin' to smoke, to show you tobacco won't make a guy die in a fit, like she said it would. Does she suppose we ain't got eyes? Don't we see hundreds of men smokin' right along, and not much bothered with frothing at the mouth?"

"But you'll get a cancer on your tongue if you smoke long," said the littlest boy.

"Then I'm going to smoke long to show you she's a liar," said Bill. And with that the boys disbanded for the night. Billy became a habitual smoker, and the more he smoked the more he wanted to smoke, until at last he smoked almost as much as he swore. He grew to like the taste of the tobacco way down in his lungs. After a while the twinkle died in his eyes, and his deportment went up and his grade marks went down. The soothing tobacco was deadening his activity and curbing his penchant for mischief. A number of things had been lost lately that he could not find, and he had failed in the arithmetic examination. Billy realized that his fame and his powers were slipping from him, but he never thought of tobacco. Miss Maine had mentioned none of these effects. What use to tell children of slow ordinary results? of course they believed everything, and the more drastic the dose the more effective the cure. Tell them the startling—the one in a million phenomenon—that was Miss Maine's way; but it had not worked out with Billy.

CHAPTER III.

The first morning of school after Billy was promoted to the eighth grade he came in five minutes late, as usual, and scrutinized the new teacher. She was a big, angular woman, with antagonizing corners of righteousness sticking out all over her. Billy scrutinized her as he came in and was sorry he had been promoted. Then he looked at the girl across the aisle and was glad, in spite of Miss Maxwell, the teacher. It was the first time he had ever really looked at a girl, and now there was nothing else that he could make himself look at.

She was a slim girl with wistful blue eyes and a fuzz of light hair that made a halo around her face. Billy listened intently as Miss Maxwell called the roll. The girl answered as she called "Elaine," and Billy was glad she had spoken, for it made her seem more real and less like an angel in a picture.

Most of Billy's time was spent watching Elaine, and most of Elaine's time was spent reading story books behind her text books, or dreaming out of the window. One day she looked up from her story and straight across at Billy. She had been reading about a splendid lover, and was wondering how it would seem to have one. Her eyes fell on Billy. All the other boys were shorter than she was and she couldn't even imagine them into princes or lovers. Fancy a lover that one would have to stoop to kiss! Billy was tall and he had wavy hair and he didn't have freckles—so her eyes fell again on Billy. Just then Billy looked at her, and a deep scarlet dyed her face; then scarlet dyed his face, too, and they both looked away.

Later that same day Billy forgot to take his singing-book to the music

room. He turned around to look on Elaine's book, and her hand accidentally touched his as she turned a page. After that he could not keep the place; the teacher called on him to sing, but his face grew red, and his voice was husky and would not sing.

That night he walked home with Elaine and carried her books; and it was enough for him that her hand touched his as he handed her the books at the gate. It was then that he resolved to quit smoking. Elaine was such a nice girl that she never could like a boy that smoked and swore, he thought. So he quit smoking and swearing that same day. Sometimes he had to shut his teeth on a "cuss" word half out or a cigarette half in. When men on the cars blew smoke in his face he was frenzied.

"When a feller's hungry," he told the boys, "he's only hungry in his stomach, but when he's hungry for a smoke he's hungry all over."

One Friday evening he met Elaine coming home from an errand just as it was growing dark. Together they walked until they came to the familiar school-house steps. As if from force of habit he turned up the steps, and she went up almost unthinkingly beside him. On the top step in the great shadowy entrance they sat down. For a while they looked at the sky, and traced patterns in the clouds. Then they listened to the night birds and talked of the things they had learned about birds in the nature study class, until in the darkness his hand touched hers; then they talked no more. Suddenly a step reverberated on the stairway and Miss Maxwell's piercing voice cut through the moonlight.

"Puppy love!" she ejaculated. "For shame! To be caught huddled upon a dark door step like a pair of monkeys at the Chutes!"

Puppy love! Monkeys in the Chutes! Something sacred went to smash inside of him, as "God" had gone to smash when his mother had married Tim O'Hara, the infidel. Elaine sat all the while crying, with her face in her hands, but William was sullen and defiant, and all the bitterness of Miss Maxwell's words sank into his heart. At last Miss Maxwell shook Elaine.

"Come with me," she said. "I am going to my room to get some reports which I forgot; then I am going to take you to your mother."

Elaine dutifully rose to her feet and followed Miss Maxwell to the door of the school-house. Miss Maxwell took out her pass key and they went in.

It seemed a long time to William before they came out. When they did, he sat as they had left him, and Elaine was still crying. As she passed him he wanted to say goodbye, but something choked his voice, and he sat there and watched them disappear.

The next day he was in school and Miss Maxwell was in school, but Elaine was not. One of the girls told him at noon that she had been sent to the convent. His face went red before the eyes of the girl, as it had done when Miss Maxwell's icy stare fell upon him in class.

One of the newsboys with whom he sold papers after school came up to him on the corner and saw that something was wrong with him. "What's your grouch, kid?" he said, slapping him on the shoulder, "have a cigarette and brace up."

Billy had almost lost his taste for tobacco, but he took the cigarette and it helped him to forget. He plunged into abandoned excess after his long period of abstinence.

Along about the middle of the term a diamond appeared on Miss Maxwell's finger. The whole eighth grade was in excitement. The girls giggled and whispered about it, and the boys talked it over in the basement.

"Gosh, fellers, he must be a rich guy to give her a swell diamond like that. I bet it cost more'n a motorcycle," said Rey.

"He must be brave to tackle a jay-faced school teacher like her," said Frank.

"I don't care if he's a rich man or a brave one, or both—I'm sorry for the poor son of a gun when he gets her," said Billy.

"William Trenton!" screamed a voice from the doorway.

Every boy stopped dead in his tracks. One had his foot in air and dared not put it down.

"William Trenton, report to Professor Snyder," screamed the voice, and Billy alone moved. Sullenly he began to climb the stairs, and Miss Maxwell climbed after him.

"William," said Miss Maxwell in the office, "tell Professor Snyder the awful word I heard you use in the basement just now."

"Son of a gun," said Billy.

Professor Snyder looked as properly shocked as he could, being a man and not an old maid; then he turned to Billy.

"William," he said, "you have been a nuisance ever since you first came to school, and you have given Miss Maxwell so much trouble that I am going to send you into the ungraded room. If you can't get on better there, you will have to leave school."

So it came about that William Trenton was passed along to the ungraded room and to Miss Barnes.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Barnes was short and thick, bubbling over with strength and good nature. She was neither pretty nor plain, but just common and everyday and freckled. Her hair was combed back carelessly from a side part, and her face was always flushed like a boy's when he has been running. Her eyes were gray and laughed always behind the gold rimmed glasses.

Billy looked up at her, when he got into the ungraded room, and decided that he liked her in spite of the fact that she was a teacher.

From the start Billy liked Miss Barnes and Miss Barnes liked Billy. But just as she was beginning to feel that she had got hold of him, Mr. Snyder brought him in to her for stealing an apple from a fruit stand across the street.

"Sit down, Will," said Miss Barnes, after Professor Snyder had gone out. Billy liked the way she said "Will," instead of "William." But her casual manner unnerved him. Hitherto he had always faced punishment defiantly and with a swagger, but Miss Barnes's attitude was new. Plainly she was not shocked and could not be shocked; what use then for bravado and nonchalance? Obediently he sat down, and put the big red apple on the table in front of her.

"It is a beauty," said Miss Barnes, "and I know just how you felt when you saw it. I was a little girl once. But we have to think of the other fellow in this world, or it's a sure thing that he won't think of us. A long time ago men decided to let other people's things alone. You see if they had decided that each man should take what he wanted, why no one could own anything unless he stood guard over it to fight for it. It would have been fair enough, but think what a confusion there would have been all the time. Don't you see why it is wrong to take things that belong to someone else? I believe that you do, Billy, because you are a sensible boy, and you will think about it, and you won't take things after this."

It was a new experience to Billy. Someone believed in him—didn't think he was different from other people. His lip quivered, but he looked straight into Miss Barnes's eyes.

"Miss Barnes, if you can forget about this, I'll never steal nothin' again—never!" Truth was in his voice, and Miss Barnes took his hand. "I have already forgotten it, Will; go down and play."

Billy went down the stairs, a different boy.

"Gee," he said to himself, "stealin' ain't like 'darn' and 'son of a gun'; there's a reason. I'll never steal nothin' again. I'll never do nothin' Miss Barnes don't want me to. She's a peach, and she's got some sense."

He went down to the basement to get a drink. As he stooped over the fountain, something on the second wash basin caught his eye. He gave a start and turned the water on with such force that its icy jet went straight into his ear. His head rang as he jerked back but his eyes never left the spot on which they were glued. Still dazed with the pain in his ear, and shaking the water out as he went, he made his way toward the second basin. Instinctively his hand went out and clasped over something hanging on the liquid soap jar. His heart was pounding and he was gasping with excitement; there in his hand lay Miss Maxwell's diamond—the ring that was worth more than a motorcycle.

"Why it'll buy me a bicycle and I can get a paper route. It'll do me lots more good than shinin' on Miss Maxwell's bony finger," he thought to himself.

Then he thought of Miss Barnes, and something stopped inside of him. Why was that tantalizing thing left there just when he was going to start all over? A blackness and dizziness went over him. He held the ring out toward the liquid soap jar, but he couldn't make it leave his fingers. It stuck and clung to them. He tried to put it back where he found it, but it wouldn't let go.

A step clattered on the stair. Hollow emptiness shivered down to the pit of his stomach as if he were dropping. Suddenly he knew that he did not want to take the ring; but it was in his hand, and he must do something with it. Frantically his eyes searched the room. They fell on an old boxing glove lying in the corner. A tiny place was ripped. Into this he thrust the gleaming stone, and pushed it far in between the folds of cotton stuffing. Then he bent again over the fountain to drink. The door opened. It was only one of the younger boys. Billy felt relieved.

That afternoon consternation reigned in the Bellevue School. Miss Maxwell was in hysterics: she had been on duty in the boys play-ground that noon, and remembered taking off her ring to wash her hands in the boys' basement. She thought that she had put it on again, but was not certain. The only thing she was certain about was that the ring was lost, either in the basement or on the play-ground. Every boy was questioned and searched, but nothing came of it. Billy was heartily sick of the whole matter, but he had to keep up his bluff. He wished he could get the ring out and lose it where it would be found. He wished a thousand things to get rid of it, but could plan no way of producing it without being caught. Late in the afternoon Miss Maxwell held a consultation with Miss Barnes.

"William knows something about this," said Miss Maxwell, "he knows something about everything that goes wrong. Even if he has not had anything to do with it, he can always find things. Will you speak to him about it?"

"I will," said Miss Barnes, and that evening she said to Billy, "You are famous all over the school for finding things, Will, and I believe you can find this ring for us. We are going to engage you as our detective. Miss Maxwell will give you \$20 reward. You are going to be a great detective when you grow up, and things like this give you a chance to make a reputation for yourself. For the sake of your reputation as well as the reward, try to find Miss Maxwell's ring."

"I will try," answered Billy, with alacrity, and the tumultuous day was over.

That night he was restless: over and over he turned in his sleep always with herds of bicycles pursuing him down rocky pathways and avalanches of diamonds sweeping down upon him from above. He was glad when morning came, though he was still undecided what to do.

It had rained and the soft black mud stuck to his shoes. He stooped over and scraped up a handful and made it into a round ball and thrust it into his pocket.

He got to school early; a few boys were in the field, but the basement was empty. He went over to the boxing glove and thrust his forefinger in

at the rip. Round and round he punched—he held his breath—it was gone! A chill passed over him. Some one had found it; he was caught! Again he thrust his finger into the stuffing and jabbed nervously among its folds. Perspiration stood out on his forehead. At last he struck something! Was it the ring or only the inside burr of the clasp? Slowly he worked it out of the rent. It tumbled into his hand—the diamond—safe. He drew a long breath and thrust the ring into his pocket and rolled it into the mud ball. Then he went out fearlessly—even if someone searched him, would a “dobe” ball look like a diamond?

As a ruse he ran up to one of the boys on the grounds, snatched his cap, and ran with it. The boy gave chase and others followed. When Billy was far ahead of the others he put his hand into his pocket and drew out the mud ball. Unobtrusively he let it fall to the ground, and it rolled off by the fence. The next time around Billy kicked that infinitesimal clod of mud, and it flew down the path and broke into pieces. There was a flash in the sunlight.

“I’ve found it!” yelled Billy.

A half dozen boys saw the flash.

“Miss Maxwell’s diamond!” they yelled in chorus.

Billy clutched the ring, and wild with excitement the boys bombarded the school-house. Professor Snyder appeared in the doorway. Miss Maxwell rushed out and others followed, among them Miss Barnes. Billy presented the ring to Miss Maxwell. The boys explained the finding of it, and Miss Maxwell grudgingly parted with the promised \$20.

“Sneak thief; he had it all the time,” she muttered as she turned away.

Miss Barnes heard her, and it made her feel very unhappy and discouraged. She liked Billy and had thought she was getting hold of him, but it might be otherwise. Perhaps after all Miss Maxwell was right. Perhaps Billy was laughing at her and calling her “easy.” She must think of a new way of dealing with him. He should not find her so easy after this!

CHAPTER V.

The very next day Billy was late. It was the fifth time that month. Miss Barnes wondered if he was testing her, “trying her out,” to see how far he could go. The thought angered her and she turned to him with a new look in her face.

“William,” she said, sternly, “this is the fifth time you have been late. You have ruined our class record. We will lost our half holiday on account of you.”

Every eye in the room was fixed reproachfully upon Billy, and he cringed from them as much as from Miss Barnes’s altered voice and manner.

“It must be stopped,” she went on. “If you are late again, I shall send you home to stay until you get an excuse. Now remember!”

Billy hung his head and slid into his seat.

The next morning Billy’s mother was late with the breakfast, as usual. Billy looked longingly at the hot cakes on the griddle as he bolted the half sour trial cake with a gulp of black coffee.

“Gee, ma, I would like another, but I just got to get there on time. Miss Barnes is mad. She’s going to send me home for an excuse if I’m ever late again. I do hate to have Miss Barnes mad.”

So saying Billy snatched his coat and cap and ran out the back door. A great red rose hung over the back fence. Miss Barnes liked red roses. He would take it to her and perhaps she would smile at him again. He swung himself up on the fence and pulled the rose.

“Hi, you!” piped a shrill voice from an upstairs window, and looking up Billy saw old Grandpa Williams peering down upon him.

Billy slid down in such haste that his arms and hands were filled with

thorns, but still clinging to the rose he dodged out along the walk and caught the car. All the way up the long hill he busied himself picking out the thorns. Suddenly the car stopped with such abruptness that Billy jabbed his pen-knife—thorn and all—clear through the thick skin in the palm of his hand.

Through many agonizing minutes they stood there. For a while Billy sat tensely, pushing his feet against the seat in front of him, then he jumped up and ran outside. One of the boys from his class climbed off the front end of the car.

"Hey, Bill," he said, "let's play hookey; they're easier on absentees."

"No," said Bill, "I've got to get there," and with that he broke into a run.

It was nearly a mile to the school, but Billy took it at break-neck speed. He came up to the entrance just as the last line filed in. He would have turned and escaped if the principal's eye had not been upon him. As it was he climbed the stairs panting for breath, and opened Miss Barnes's door.

She turned to him, exasperated by his seeming defiance.

"Go," she said, pointing to the door. "Go, and don't come back until you have an excuse."

Billy opened his mouth to speak.

"No," said Miss Barnes, "you have made excuses often enough. I do not wish to hear from you. Go!"

He went, but in passing he awkwardly dropped the red rose on her desk.

For a moment something caught at her heart and she relented; but her word had been spoken, and it must stand.

He stumbled out, a mist blinding his eyes and a choke in his throat. There was a cry somewhere inside of him, but being a boy he held it back and let it hurt.

When he reached home he was greeted by his step-father, who, being out of work, had no other occupation than disciplining his family.

"Here's that rascal now," he called to his wife as soon as Billy came in sight, "playing hookey, to top things off."

"Young man," he said, addressing Billy, "I've got an account to settle with you for stealin' Williams' roses this mornin'. I'll tend to you fer playin' hookey at the same time.

"I never stole nothin'," yelled Billy. "I jist picked a rose."

"Shut up," roared his foster parent. "Williams told me all about it. I'll teach ye to lie an' steal an' play hookey!"

So saying the big pugnacious man seized him and wielded the switch cutting around his thin legs. But Billy was numb to pain: he felt only hatred, injustice and rage.

His mother guessed why he had come home, and after her husband had gone in she slipped out to him with a little poorly written excuse and a bag of lunch.

"You can go back to school now," she said, and hurried away, lest her husband should see her.

Billy looked at the note sullenly—tore it in two and rolled a long white cigarette from the half.

"I'm goin' to hell" he muttered vengefully, through his teeth, and struck out for the docks to shoot crabs with the sailors.

Training School Language Lesson.

Miss Strong—Willie, use "seldom" in a sentence.

William—My pa did have five pigs, but he seld'em.

In the Cookery Class.

Miss Smith (finishing instructions for baking macaroni)—Butter the bread crumbs, and sprinkle them over the whole.

Class (chorus)—What hole?

HAB'S GOLD.

By Florence Colby.

A BIG red rooster hopped and flew by stages to the topmost rail of the corral. From this vantage point he took a side-long glance at the sun, looked wisely at a nearby group of cow-punchers, and flapping his wings, crowed lustily.

"Yep, General Castro, I reckon Hab'll find his gold all right, today," drawled Rusty Bill, as he shoved the last one of a box of shining new cartridges into his belt.

Halbert Shaw quickly turned his face away, lest the boys should see the deep flush that dyed his face and throat. He felt a sudden desire to seize Rusty Bill and pummel him to within an inch of his life. Why would the boys continue to make a jest of his great ambition, his dream of discovering gold? When he turned to mount his horse and ride away with the others, two firm lines had settled about the corners of his mouth. He had come to California to find gold, and he was going to show the boys that he could do it.

Halbert Shaw had drifted into Happy Camp in the late spring. With his health threatened from close confinement at office work, he had come west to live in the open air; but secretly he cherished a desire to find some of the precious gold that had made California famous. He had a sunny disposition and a keen sense of humor, which soon won for him many friends among the cowboys on the ranch. It is true that during the two months of the "round-up" season, he had been the subject for most of the jokes, but he seemed to care very little. He had silently watched and learned. He could now roll a cigarette or throw his lasso as deftly as Rusty Bill himself. He had even acquired that slow lounging walk and the slouch of hat and shoulder which are peculiar to cowboys.

These acquired habits now stood him in good stead, for as he rode away none but an experienced eye could tell that he had heard the jest. Rusty Bill, however, had noticed those new lines about Hab's mouth, and he smiled a dreamy smile. "Riding fence" was a tiresome job. Why not have a little fun out of it?

The five cowboys that made up the fence-mending party turned their horses northward through a gap between the hills. The August sun was not yet high enough to drive the purple shadows out of the deep canyons. The dust stirred up by the horses' feet settled back upon the dew-covered grass. The air was filled with a faint aroma. A bird twittered now and then, and a lone coyote was seen skulking up a dry gulch. Rusty Bill's right hand moved to his hip, and then slowly slid back as he muttered, "It would sure be a shame to wake Dame Nature up so sudden."

After a half-hour's ride the party struck a line fence. Here Rusty Bill directed two men to work toward the north and east, and the other two toward the west and north, with the understanding that they were to meet him at Devil's Basin at noon. Then he started off in a northerly direction, but as an after-thought turned and shouted back:

"Better keep your eyes open, Hab. You're liable to find gold in 'most any of these old rocks around here."

The men moved away, watching for loose or broken wire. They gradually worked farther and farther apart, until at last hills and canyons lay between the two parties. Hab and his companion, a silent Indian called Jose, worked for some time without exchange of words. Then Jose broke the silence.

"Hab want to find gold pretty much?"

"Yes, Jose, I do."

Jose shook his head in a hopeless manner and muttered to himself, "Gold bad medicine, bad medicine."

"Why bad medicine, Jose?" asked Hab.

Jose looked sadly at Hab, and then turning with just a suggestion of mischief, or it might be of superstition, in his eyes, stretched his long arm out toward the north.

"Hab see white cliff? Padres find much gold there. Gold belongs to the evil spirit. Bad medicine for padres, bad medicine for Indians, bad medicine for white man."

Hab leaned over and took Jose firmly by the shoulder.

"Jose, do you mean to tell me that the padres found gold over there on that white cliff?"

"Padres find gold there, Indians find gold there, white man find gold there now, but evil spirit come in the night. Head all burn up inside," replied Jose.

Hab settled back into his saddle, looked sternly at Jose, and said, "I don't believe in your evil spirit. If there is gold over there, I am going to have it."

Jose shook his head and muttered, "Bad medicine, bad medicine."

The two rode on and at the appointed time met the rest of the party at Devil's Basin. Lunch over, the men prepared to go back to their work. Hab was about to start off with Jose when Rusty Bill stopped him.

"Do you see that white cliff yonder at the north?"

Hab started, and then answered with studied indifference, "Yes, what about it?"

"Just a little way this side of it is a bad piece of fence. You take my horse and ride over and fix it. I will go back with Jose."

"But why should I take your horse?"

"I rode that way this morning, and if you should lose your way, Pedro will follow his old trail."

The men separated and rode off in their several directions. Pedro picked his way easily along a well-defined trail, and Hab soon began to go over the story Jose had told him that morning. He wondered if there really was gold over there. Then he remembered that he was every moment drawing nearer the enchanted spot. It was true that there was a fence to be mended, but surely that wouldn't take long, and then he would ride over and see if there was any truth in what Jose had said. He began to be impatient to be there and urged Pedro forward. The trail was growing narrower and steeper, and finally it branched, one part leading back down the mountain, and the other on up the canyon. The upper trail looked as if it had been abandoned, for the chapparal on either side had grown out so as almost to fill it up.

Hab was undecided which way to go. Then remembering what Rusty Bill had told him, he dropped the reins on Pedro's neck. Pedro turned and pushed his way through the overhanging chaparral and picked his way along the old trail. Hab began to look for the fence he was to mend. He could see no signs of it anywhere, but thinking that he might come upon it at any time, he rode on, watching that white cliff grow more and more distinct. After a time Hab forgot all about the fence, and became absorbed in watching that cliff, which now towered above him.

Pedro suddenly rounded a point of rock, and Hab found himself face to face with the padres' mine. The cliff seemed to be of limestone formation. Its face was scarred by deep crevices washed out by the waters of many winters. As Hab looked, he discovered a rude flight of six or eight steps, which led up to an opening about four feet high in the face of the cliff.

Hab looked about him nervously as if half expecting the spirit of some departed padre to jump out at him. Then he dropped the reins over Pedro's neck, and dismounting, climbed the steps, carefully scanning the rock on either side. He peered cautiously into the opening. The light revealed a cave which had been hollowed out by the hands of men, but enabled Hab to see back only a short distance. He was certain, however, that the cave was very large.

The damp air which issued from within gave Hab a queer feeling, but

he was determined to find out what lay in that dark interior. He examined his revolver and cartridges and found them ready for use. He then collected all of his matches into one pocket, and stooping, entered the cave. He lit a match and, shielding it with his hand, began to look about him. At the expense of five matches he discovered that the cave was about eight feet wide and ten or fifteen feet long. The sides and roof were rough, as if they had been shaped with a pick. As Hab moved toward the farther end of the cave, his foot struck against something hard. After a hasty examination, he pulled out from beneath a pile of limestone and dirt an old pick, a tomato can, and the remains of an old silk handkerchief. They appeared to have been dropped in a hurry, and, thought Hab, "a portion of the roof caving in has nearly covered them up." Sure enough, above his head was a hollow place where the rock had fallen in.

He carelessly kicked at the tomato can. It rolled over and some dirt and crushed rock spilled out. As he lit a new match, its flicker was answered by a yellow gleam from the mouth of the can. He dropped to his knees and emptied the contents of the can in a little heap. As he held the match nearer, his heart almost stopped beating. Then with a wild shout of joy, he leaped to his feet and danced about the cave, shouting, "Gold! Gold! I have found gold!"

After his first feeling of joy had passed, Hab took his handkerchief, and carefully scraped all the contents of the can into it. Then he began to examine the walls of the cave. At the far end he caught a little yellow gleam from a crack in the rock. Holding the old can against the wall with one knee, he opened his jack knife and ran the blade down the crack. Tiny yellow particles almost like dust trickled down into the can. Hab had never dreamed that gold would be so easy to get. His one thought was that he could pay Rusty Bill back in full measure for all of his joking. He worked on feverishly until he had about an inch of yellow dust in the bottom of the can. Then the streak gave out. Hab was confident that it needed only a few strokes with the pick to reveal the precious stream again; but realizing that it was getting late, he tied his treasure tightly in his handkerchief, and putting it into his hip pocket left the cave.

Pedro was lazily cropping deerweed where Hab had left him standing. At a word from Hab, he started briskly off, and soon picked his way out into the open trail which led home. Hab had forgotten all about broken fences, and thought only of the wealth that could be secured so easily. He began to wonder just how he would tell the boys about his rich find. Then he wondered if it would be wise to tell them at all. Finally he decided to keep quiet a few days, until he could be perfectly sure about the extent of the mine.

The sun had set and the men had already gathered about the supper table when Hab came in.

"I guess Hab has been staking off that gold mine of his," offered Rusty Bill, as Hab pulled his chair into place. Hab flushed and moved uneasily. He wished the boys would keep still about gold. He was almost afraid that they would discover that he had some in his pocket.

"Padres find gold, why not white man?" ventured Jose.

"I don't believe one word of those superstitious yarns of yours, Jose," declared Rusty Bill, bringing his fist down on the corner of the table with a bang.

"Nor I either," echoed the boys around the table.

Hab jumped to his feet. His face had gone white and his hands moved nervously. His voice was almost shrill, as he flung back at them:

"Jose is right! The padres did find gold! And I have found gold!"

With that he pulled his handkerchief out and laid its contents bare, close beneath the lamp. The light made fantastic colors play about the little pile. The cowboys all stood up and gazed at it, awe-stricken. One reached out a finger and touched it cautiously. Rusty Bill slowly pulled his handkerchief

out and mopped his forehead. Something went clattering to the floor. Jose stooped, and when he rose he was turning over and over in his hand a little file and the butt of a brand-new cartridge.

One of the boys leaned over and examined the pile carefully again. Then he gave one long whistle and collapsed in a fit of laughter. One after another the boys began to laugh. Hab and Rusty Bill alone did not join in the mirth. They stood looking at each other across the table, Hab with jaws tight and a gleam of fury in his eyes, Rusty Bill with a far-away look, as if he were thinking of anything but the present.

Hab's eyes wavered for a moment. He saw that even Jose's stolid face wore a broad grin, as he looked almost caressingly at Rusty Bill. Slowly the fury died, a smile spread over his face, and a twinkle came into his serious grey eyes. In a flash, Rusty Bill's hand shot out across the table and clasped Hab's outstretched one. They stood thus for a full minute and studied each other. Then they dropped hands, and the meal was taken up where they had left off. Jose alone was heard to murmur, as if to himself:

"Brass heap good medicine."

A BALLAD OF LACE AND LADIES.

*Listen, my children, and you shall hear
How the Irish girl cheated your teachers dear.*

She was just an Irish colleen,
They taught in the Normal School:
Why should she come among them,
For somebody she might fool?

'Twas the charming month of April,
And she, like the spring, was fair.
She had lace from Clones and Clonemacnoise,
She had lace from Kilmackair.

In the supervisor's office
Was held a reception fit,
And one who knows how to do such things,
Presided over it.

And Edith went flying far and wide,
To summon the ladies fair,
To see the lace and the maiden's grace,
Since both were so rich and rare.

But one looked scorn at the fairy web,
And said with a critical air,
'I'm a judge of old lace, look me in the face,
If you're an impostor, beware.'

"Och, away wid ye now," cried the fair colleen.
"See the faygers, the pathern, the thread.
'Tis the Limerick Point, *shure*, an' th' Blarney Stone pure,
You're shure to be plaised," she said.

"Here's the Carrickmacross, so lacey and grand,
'Tis fit for a bride to wear.
If it isn't thrue stuff," said the maid, in a huff,
"I'll take me way elsewhere."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Miss Rogers then,
"That is quite a sufficient test.
We know it's all right. We accept it on sight.
I'll take ten yards of the best."

"Wirra, bless yer swate face," said the fair colleen.
"May yer shadder niver grow less.
Take the pick of it all. May the devil grow small,
Whin yer out in yer Sunday dress!"

O, the lace so rare! O, the lass so fair.
O, the tender, trusting hearts.
For they buy her store, and they wish for more—
And the sweet colleen departs.

Alas! Alas! For our teachers dear,
The sweet colleen asthore
Just charged them double, as they found to their trouble,
When they asked at Marston's store.

THE SCHOOL CARNIVAL.

One of the most popular of the entertainments given by the students at the Normal School during the year was the carnival held on the evenings of January 10 and 11 by the members of the Rowing Association. This event was a success as an exhibition of our school talent, as well as a material aid in raising the barge fund. The plan was conceived by Mr. W. C. Crandall, who superintended the preparations and performance down to the smallest detail. Each department of the school was represented in some way by some crew of the Rowing Association, making the carnival a departmental "pot-pourri." In fact, Mr. Crandall had quite set his heart on calling it such, but was convinced that the label would be fatal to the ticket sale. Each department was represented as follows: Art, Pristis crew; Mathematics, Rhinegold crew; Psychology, Dog Watch crew; History, Argonaut crew; Domestic Science and Physical Education, Glaucus crew; Biology and Physical Education, White Duck crew. The Y. W. C. A. girls had the candy booth, and at the last moment almost everybody came in for a share of the work and fun.

The visitor on entering bought his ticket of the Rhinegold member stationed at the door, and proceeded into the lower foyer. The soul-stirring strains from above told him that the Normal All-ladies Orchestra had started the evening's fun. The posters and signs that greeted his eyes surely must have confused him as to which show was the best and most worthy of patronage, but in the end he managed to lose most of his spare change somewhere about the building. Three performances were given during the evening, and were so arranged that every one could see at least one performance of each show.

Below stairs were the postoffice, the silhouettes, and in the library the Pristis living pictures which, indeed, were works of art. The manual training room had been transformed by the Glaucus crew into a cafe-a-la-Walled-off Astoria, where you were served, to the tune of "Gee, But I Like Music With my Meals," with anything you wished, provided, of course, that you wished for hot tamales or ice cream and cocoa. Farther down the corridor, in the gymnasium, were gathered the disciples of the terpsichorean art, also under the auspices of the Glaucus crew. Here the decorations were beautiful, and the floor was like glass—in spots. In the upper foyer the Dog Watch had pitched the tent of a real live gypsy fortune teller, who read the mysterious lines at ten cents per future. In the auditorium, the training school under the supervision of the history department presented a playlet, "The Childhood of Hiawatha," in which they were aided by the Argonauts. About this time (theoretically) you began to get hungry, and here were the Y. W. C. A. girls with all kinds of home-made candies tempting you, at 5c a bag. Following the line of least resistance, and, incidentally, the suggestive footprints stuck to the floor, you arrived eventually at room 33, where the White Ducks held forth. Here the show opened with a biological lecture given by Mr. Crandall, supplemented by stereopticon slides made in the department. This was followed by an oar drill by a picked drill crew. Last and most charming was the solo dance, "In the Shadows," by little Miss Margaret Bennette of the training school.

Such was the carnival of 1913; but—lest we forget the cold gray dawn of the morning after, when just a few of us came back to clean up. There was the superfluous ice-cream to be eaten; there were the floors to be swept, and our gay signs, that looked rather sickly in the morning light, to be taken down forever. We also have painful memories of sitting tailor-fashion on a biology table, scraping miles and miles of "passe partout" (it's as sticky as it looks) decorations from the oars; using Mr. Crandall's pocket knife, and thus spoiling that instrument once and for all as a razor, or even as a can opener.

Here's hoping the next kirmess is as big a success and that it provides as much unadulterated fun as that of the year 1913.



LOG OF THE PRISTIS CREW.

The Pristis crew has had a most prosperous and happy year under the able direction of its captain, Miss Beatrice Emery.

In October, we had a week-end house party at Ocean Beach, at which three new members were initiated. We all had a most delightful time, since of course the initiates did all the house work and left us free to enjoy the bathing and the candy so generously donated by Miss Worthen.

One of the most enjoyable and artistic features of the School Carnival was the living picture exhibit by the Pristis crew, directed by Miss Lamb, head of the Drawing Department. Thirteen pictures were shown, representing some of the most beautiful subjects in the art of all nations.

On February first, the crew gave a delightful dance at Mrs. Hicks's Academy. About twenty-five couples were present, chaperoned by Miss Longenecker.

The crowning feature of the entire year, however, was the Easter house party at Eumatilla cottage, La Jolla. We "frivole" away the days delightfully, but the nights were rather interesting. Ask Anita and Elsa about holding the hose, or about Evelyn B.'s early morning trip to the dry goods store.

One fine May morning we rowed over to the "Governor's" Home on North Island, and around the glowing embers roasted "wieners" and bacon, prepared coffee, and feasted right royally. Then we went up to the aviation camp and watched the flying in the hydro-plane and flying boat. One of the most delightful surprises was the presence of Miss Worthen, former instructor in physical training, now teaching in Los Angeles. Miss Worthen chaperoned the party.

GLAUCUS.

"Let us meet on the level and part on the square."

The taste for social amusements is very predominant among the members of the Glaucus crew. This popular crew includes fourteen of the brightest and most active girls of the normal school. The members are Grace Leggett, Elizabeth Detrick, Mabel Reed, Marion Ryan, Vera Martin, Adella Vreeland, Helen Bird, Antonia Mayrhofer, Esther McKee, Dora Fuller, Hazel Savage, Adeline Sharp, Lida Eichenlaub and Bernice Massingill.

The Glaucus girls opened their season's activities with a jolly house party in Brockton Villa, La Jolla. This party was given in honor of the

pledge members of the crew. The idea of taking the pledge members to La Jolla was to make them ride the goat and undergo all sorts of Glaucus stunts before they were formally taken into the crew. The girls are now full-fledged Glaucii.

During the months following the house party the girls were busily engaged in planning stunts for the kirmess. They were given charge of the large gymnasium, which was set aside for dancing, and of the spacious drawing room, where refreshments were to be served. The girls showed their originality, not only in the costumes worn, but also in the decorations, which were most artistic and choice. When the drawing room doors were thrown open, a bevy of French maids greeted you with shy glances of welcome, and bade you "Entrez-dans" to their cafe. Was it a success? All who were there and saw it will undoubtedly vote "yes."

Busy girls! busy girls! They certainly think they are the busiest among the busy. Their next undertaking was to put through the successful Yama-Yama chorus in the "Campus Mouser." The girls as a crew were asked to take part in the show, and with one voice consented. Their mysterious moon specialty was one of the prettiest and most successful of the chorus dances.

During the year the girls have had various theater parties and suppers; and they expect to have a busy time during the month of June, for which month a great many parties have already been planned. They will close their season's activities with another house party at Brockton Villa.



The Duck season opened early this year and has proved an unusually active one. The first migration was northward to La Jolla-on-the-cove. Although it was along in November, the Ducks were in swimming most of the time. Anita couldn't find a spot in the cove where the water would cover her all at once, and little Krusie lost herself in the first venturesome ripple that came out to meet her. Our new members, Zee Cobb, Frances Steere, Lillian Wood, Marguerite Miller, and Adrienne Allen were initiated on this occasion with a vengeance. Ask Frances and Zee why they made haste to hide their superfluous hair goods in the dresser drawer about 2 P. X. one morning, or why Lillian Wood climb out of the window to buy breakfast for the imprisoned pledges (charging same to the White Duck treasury)? It was at this house party that Elsa extinguished herself at cooking and housekeeping, and won a vote of thanks from the bunch for relieving them of these arduous duties.

During Xmas week, Miss Hamill entertained a luncheon at her home for Miss Ann Schunemann.

Many moonlight beach parties were enjoyed by the crew, one being unusually pleasant, when we hove anchor and paddled to North Island for a little spread. On another occasion we rowed over early one Saturday morning, and roamed about the island all day, visiting the aviation camp and other points of interest. We returned in the evening after a joyful day, to the pleasure of which the "hot-dog" buns had contributed not a little.

About this time Miss Hamill entertained members of the crew with a slumber party, but we were unable to find any one present who slumbered.

Later Miss Steere entertained with an afternoon thimble party as a farewell to Miss Miller, who has since left for the East.

Easter week saw us at our old stamping-grounds, at La Jolla ("stamping-ground" is possible even for a flock of geese). The presence of two other State Normal School crews, the Pristis and the Rhinegold, made the week more interesting, and gave rise to many exciting nocturnal adventures. We were entertained successively with a dancing party, a theater party, a taffy-pull by the Pristis Crew, a beach party, another dance, and an evening at bowling and billiards. At bowling Anita shone, rolling up the immense score of 56, while at billiards Elsa walked off with the honors, lofting the cue ball from one green-covered table to the next, a distance of some ten feet. We lost Krusie again in one of the pockets and made Tommy Hunter. Katherine Hudson was accompanied on this week's outing by two trunks, and spent most of her leisure moments donning appropriate costumes. Mildred H—— was there like a Duck, and we never will forget "Humpy's" pies. We were well chaperoned by Mrs. Davis, and we attribute much of our good fun to her tact and patience.

On April 25th the crew left again for La Jolla and Brockton Villa, and were entertained with another charming week-end house-party, Mrs. Hudson acting as chaperone.

On May 8th, Miss Steere entertained us with an informal afternoon at her home.

This brings our social calendar to date, but there is still something ahead; namely, a little "hike," not to be taken for social purposes exclusively. It happens that during the course of the school year the crew has overlooked some six days of the required exercise, and Miss Tanner has decreed that in order to make it up we walk from here to San Francisco and back. A mere trifle!

The officers this year are: Captain, Elsa Garber; lieutenant captain, Ruth Kruse; commissary, Flora Ann Hamill; treasurer, Ethel Gunn.

RHINEGOLD.

Under the capable leadership of the Captain, June Callaway, the Rhinegold crew has passed an exceedingly pleasant and profitable year. We have had the good fortune to have in our crew a former Rhinegold, Miss Georgia V. Coy, now head of the science department, and through the combined efforts of Miss Coy and our captain, we have become expert in handling the oars.

The membership of the crew at present includes Miss Georgie V. Coy, June Callaway (captain), Leila Alexander, Dorothy Remaley, Elsie Whetstone, Evelyn Jorres, Anne Stephens, Mary Bower, Clara Fensom, Evelyn Barrington, Ione Boal, Vivien Volk and Myrtle Anderson.

Aside from the purely athletic are our social activities, and though, because of school work, they must of necessity be limited, we have managed to have some exceptionally jolly times.

One moonlight night during the first quarter we had a barge party to North Island, and a very merry affair it was. Mr. W. C. Crandall, our former commodore, Miss Goddard, and Miss Tanner, took good care that none of us fell overboard, and helped initiate the new members into the mysteries of a camp-fire supper. But fully to appreciate the delicacy of "hot-dogs" and apples, roasted on a stick and generously sprinkled with sand, one must undergo the experience.

Later on in the term a "progressive" house-party was given. It started with an elaborate dinner at June Callaway's home, where many toasts were given, and unsuspected talent, vocal, oratorical and otherwise, was called forth. From here we hied ourselves to Florence Emery's home in another part of town, and there spent the night. This novel party ended on the next afternoon with a matinee, and all declared it a huge success.

During the Christmas holidays a dance was given at the Olympia boat house.

In January the school carnival was given, and the Rhinegold crew, in charge of the Mathematics Department, showed an abundance of energy and good will.

By far the gayest affair was the week spent at La Jolla during the Easter holidays. The crew engaged a furnished house, and Mrs. Halliday, a friend of Mrs. Fensom, kindly undertook the task of chaperoning us. Under her patient guidance we managed the housekeeping by usually allowing the house to keep itself, while we were away enjoying the surf bathing and sandy beach, or paying a friendly little visit to the abode of one of the other normal school crews, who were enjoying a "rest" at La Jolla.

On the afternoon of April 26th, Mabel Cheatham entertained the members of the crew with a "button party." All had a very pleasant time, thanks to our clever hostess.

THE DOG WATCH.

In September the Dog Watch crew entertained the new members with a barge party. Starting at sunset we enjoyed a most delightful row across the bay to North Island. With the aid of many willing hands a bon-fire was soon made. It was no time before every one was enjoying the most inviting of picnic suppers, in which hot "weenies" and hot coffee figured. Almost every one wanted a cup of coffee,—even those who had never tasted the beverage before,—perhaps because the making of it had been under the supervision of the chaperones. The rest of the evening was devoted to the telling of jokes and stories, the relating of queer experiences, and the singing of songs. The company's repertoire was of a wide and varied range, including sacred and popular music, solos and choruses. Between the songs, toasted marshmallows were served on long sticks. Every one was rather sorry when it came time to "break ranks" and return home. We rowed back "by the light of the moon," although the moon persisted in hiding behind a cloud all the while we were on the water. The chaperones for the party were Miss Judson, Miss Longenecker and Mr. Outcalt.

The crew visited the Ning-Po, the old Chinese pirate junk. Everything about the old ship, from the weird designs on her stern and the huge eye on her bow, to the cruel devices for torture, which are exhibited, seemed to stand for oriental civilization. The ship is made of camphor-wood, and her cable of twisted straw. Some of our members had the pleasure of riding in a jinrikisha. We were shown the guns—such crude and simple instruments of war. One of our girls was so bold as to wager that the average American boy could make a better gun. The visit was very interesting and instructive.

On April 26th, Miss Ruth Crandall entertained the crew with a beach party. The girls went in bathing, and later a delightful picnic lunch was served on the beach. Mrs. Sebree was the chaperone for the occasion.

ARGONAUTS.

The old Argonaut crew was reorganized this year, and Ruth Evans, as captain, has directed the crew with such ability, combined with unfailing good humor, as to endear her to all.

There has been no lack of good times. The row to Roseville to the road races, that memorable breakfast on the beach when the coffee pot blew up, the highly successful barge party, the house party—all are memories that will not soon be lost. But our pleasantest recollections are of the many hours spent "just together," lying on the sand at North Island, telling stories or discussing weighty problems, "giving 'way all together one at a time," to the tune of "My Bonnie," and last, but by no means least, enjoying to the utmost the comradeship of our "one best friend," the Commodore.



Pristis



Glaucus



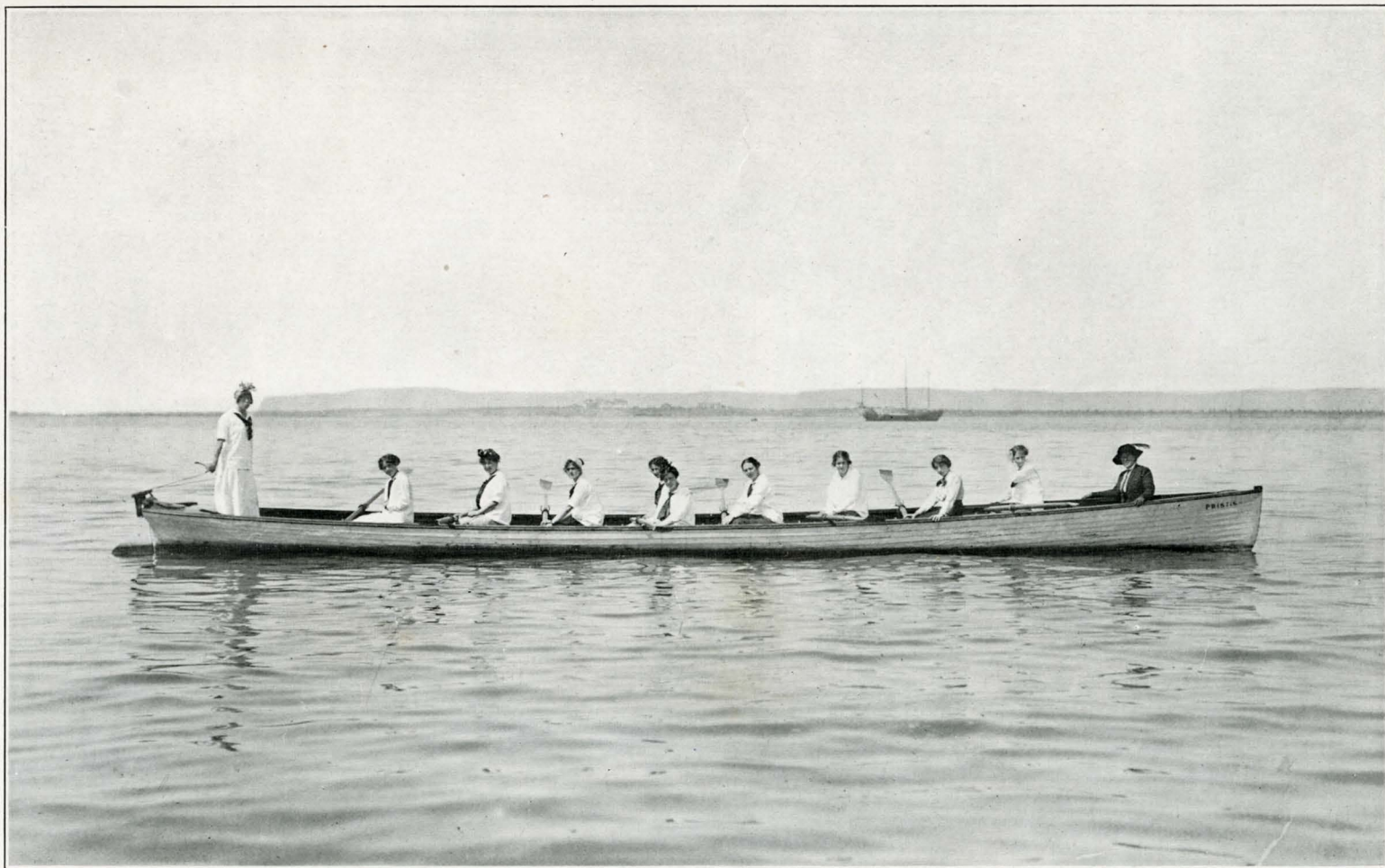
White Ducks



Rhinegold



The Dog Watch



The Argonauts

THE MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

MAY DAY this year found the normal school opening its doors to an institute of county teachers, instead of following its time-honored custom of celebrating our dedication anniversary. The student body and chorus did not assemble, and there was no Senior Honor Address. However, in the opening number of the institute program—the May Day Festival—the participants were all from the school, representing all departments, from the May Queen, Myrle Coolidge of the senior class, to the second grade of the training school.

Bearing in mind the special audience of teachers, Miss Tanner, who arranged the festival and trained the merrymakers, had chosen simple games and dances suitable to children in the grades. It is not too much to say that the hour which it occupied was one of unqualified delight to both participants and onlookers. There was a spontaneity in the whole that was good to see, in spite of the fact that the experienced knew that much careful drill must lie behind it.

At 9:30 the orchestra began to play Jockey to the Fair, and the merrymakers came dancing and tripping in in informal groups from the wings of the building to the Green: the Sir Roger de Coverley lads each with his blue or pink-bonneted lassie; Robin Hood and his men, conspicuous among them Scarlet clad in his proper hue; the gay jester and the much-envied prancing Hobby Horse; the limber sailors who were to dance the Hornpipe; the dainty little Looby-Loo singers, and the white-clad boys and girls for the Country Dances and the May Pole winding.

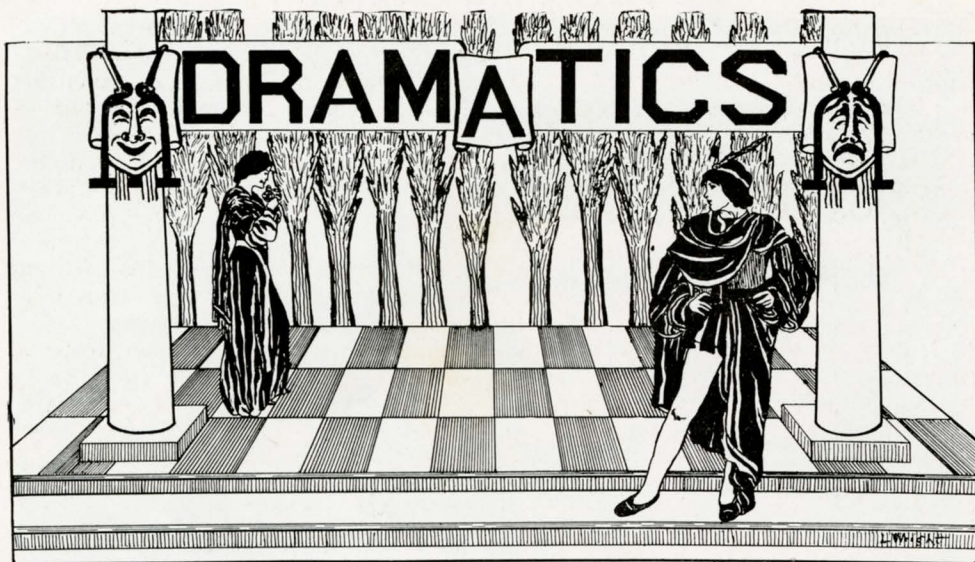
When all were gathered, from the west portico emerged the stately Queen with her garland bearer and maids of honor, before whom the "Attendants" executed a graceful dance as they advanced to the Green, and there formed a lane through which the Queen might pass to the throne erected for her. After she had been crowned and had acknowledged the homage paid by her kneeling subjects, the Queen took her seat to witness the sports and dances prepared in her honor. The order of the merrymaking is shown in the program that follows. In conception and execution it was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable ever presented here.

1. Gathering of the Merry Makers.
2. The Crowning of the May Queen.....Senior Class
 Garland BearerThird Grade
 Queen's AttendantsFifth Grade
3. Sports and Dances.
 - (a) Country DancesNormal School
 1. Sir Roger de Coverley.
 2. Sellenger's Round.
 - (b) Old English Singing Games.....Second Grade
 1. Looby Loo.
 2. Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow.
 - (c) Princess Royal—a Morris Dance.....Sixth Grade
 - (d) Sailors' Hornpipe.....Seventh and Eighth Grade
 - (e) Sports of Robin Hood's Band.....Sixth Grade
 - (f) Country DancesEighth Grade
 1. Ribbon Dance.
 2. Pop goes the Weasel.
4. The Winding of the May Pole.
 - MovementsSeventh Grade
 1. Circling.
 2. The Ropes.
 3. Gypsy's Tent.
 4. Single Plait.

Ding, Dong, Bell!



The May Day Festival



Mention of the drama very often calls to mind an art which is understood and practised by only the few unapproachably great actors who live in a perpetual golden mirage. As a matter of fact the simpler stages of dramatization play an important part in the daily lives of all of us, and especially of children. Recognizing the value of dramatization, we have every year in our school a series of plays given by the pupils of the various grades.

Our youngest dramatic organization for this year was composed of the little children of the 2A grade. In the first semester this class, together with the boys of the fifth and sixth grades, gave an entertainment consisting of a dramatization of "The Fairy and the Fisherman" by the younger pupils, and "Robin Hood" by the older ones. The former was a little Japanese play, adapted by the student teacher of the grade, Edith Strong, and given in connection with the history work of the class, which consisted of stories of Japanese child life and folk lore. The title characters, the fishermen and the fairy, were taken by Bertram Hamburger and Marie Driver. In the Japanese chorus accompanying the fairy were Esther Haas, Diva Mackson, George Turner, Ruth Branch and Victor Wienik.

The play was under the supervision of Miss Greer, instructor in history, and was given with much success. The tiny actors in their quaint Japanese costumes, wreathed with chrysanthemums, and the little fairy, who flew away with outspread wings, merited the applause which they received from the audience.

"Robin Hood," presented the same afternoon, had been arranged by Marion Branson, the student teacher of the fifth grade, and prepared under the supervision of Miss Hammack.

The part of King Richard was taken by Allan Cambridge. Robin Hood was Howard Brown; Sir Hubert, Leo Shaw; Sir Richard, Kenneth Shain; the Sheriff of Nottingham, Cornelius Baker; Friar Tuck, Ellis George. Robin Hood's men were boys selected from the fifth and sixth grades.

The afternoon's entertainment proved to be a very successful one, financially as well as otherwise. The auditorium of the school was crowded, and the proceeds from the small admission fee amounted to more than \$40.

The school carnival given at the close of the first semester was the occasion of the presentation of "Hiawatha" by the pupils of the training school. The play gives the important events in the life of the hero. The

stage settings and the costumes were very effective. The actors gave their parts admirably well. Hiawatha, the boy, was interpreted by Albert Fisher; Hiawatha, the man, by Fritz Boeckh; Nokomis, by Beatrice Beermaker; and Minnehaha, by Bessie Cox. The part of Mondahmin was given by Clifford Smith. These were chosen not from any one class, but from almost every grade. Even the little folks appeared in the representation of the animals of the forest, friends of Hiawatha. Gertrude MacDonald was the bluebird; Evelyn Cox, the robin; Albert Fletcher, the squirrel; Louis Fisher, the rabbit; and Ella Haas, the pigeon. Girls from the fourth grade gave the fire-fly dance.

Although a difficult piece of work, "Hiawatha" was presented with a great deal of success. It was repeated before a large audience several times during each of the two nights of the carnival.

The next in our series was the Lincoln Memorial program, given on February 12th, by the pupils of the intermediate school. Every one in those grades took part in the preparation and presentation of the scenes, which, by means of dialogue and action, depicted the career of Lincoln. The scenes were episodic, but they were made into a unity by means of patriotic songs sung by the normal school chorus and guests in the audience. The program was as follows:

Program announced by a ninth grade pupil.

Scene I—"The Boyhood Home of Lincoln".....	Presented by pupils of 7B grade
Music—"The Flower of Liberty".....	Normal School Chorus
Scene II—"The Country Store".....	By 7A grade
Music—"America"	Chorus
Scene III—"A Captain In the Black Hawk War.....	8B grade
Music—"The Song of a Thousand Years".....	Chorus
Scene IV.—Part 1—"Lincoln the Lawyer;" "Lincoln and Douglas".....	8A Grade
Part 2—"The New President".....	8A grade
Music—"O Captain; My Captain."	

Scene V.—Part 1—Presentation of bust of Lincoln, the gift to the Normal School of the pupils of the intermediate school. Acceptance by Miss McLeod and President Hardy.

Part 2—"Lincoln's Words of Inspiration."

Music—"The Ship of State."

The program was received with a great deal of favor. All of the pupils entered into the work with much enthusiasm and gave very good interpretations of their parts. The entertainment was repeated at the time of the Teachers' Institute, which was held at the normal school.

All of the plays thus far given, with the exception of "Hiawatha," have been written or arranged from the work in the history of literature of the grades which gave them. They were dramatizations rather than true plays, and this fact enhanced their value to the pupils, by making the regular work more interesting.

On the evening of Washington's birthday two plays, "The Piper's Pay," by Margaret Cameron, and "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." by Eulora Jennings, were presented in the auditorium by members of the N. P. S. class and Grace Scanlan of the junior class. Those taking part in "The Piper's Pay" were Lena Jenkins, Ruth Wilcox, Grace Scanlan, Josephine Holderness, Ruth King, Dora Fuller and Lily Michler. "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone" was presented by Dora Fuller, Lena Jenkins, Hazel Brown and Lily Michler. Both plays were well received by an appreciative audience, and were repeated by request on the evening of March 7th. The proceeds of the first presentation were given to the barge fund.

More recently the dramatization of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish" was given by the seventh grade in connection with the work in literature. The little play had been worked out by the pupils in class, and afterwards arranged by the teacher of the grade, Edith Strong. Briefly, it portrays the incidents of the poem.

The "Courtship of Miles Standish" is a difficult poem for seventh grade pupils to interpret, but the children acted their parts very well indeed.

Priscilla, the demure Puritan maiden with her spinning wheel, was Marjorie McCurdy; John Alden, Perry Brown; Miles Standish, Maurice Ross; Elder Brewster, Vere Rhodimer; the Magistrate, Eddie Wiener; the Messenger, Harold Higbie; the Indian, June Sweet; the Interpreter, Elizabeth Heldring. The remaining seventh grade pupils represented the people of the village.

The play, prepared with the assistance of Miss Butt, was given before the normal school assembly and invited guests.

Besides our little plays in the English language we hope to present one in Spanish and another in French. The pupils studying these languages are preparing these plays under the supervision of Miss Goddard, the instructor in modern languages. The plays are of such nature as to be easily interpreted, even by one who does not know the languages.

For their graduating exercises the 8A's will present a dramatization of Thomas Hood's "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies."

Time: Moonlight eve. Place: A shady, sequestered scene. Characters: Titania, Father Time, Robin Goodfellow Puck, Ariel, Shakespeare. Fairies: Hop, Mop, Drop, Pip, Trip, Skip, Fib, Tib, Lib, Puck, Tick, Quik, Zit, Nit, Wop, Win.

Action: Titania grieves because Time has declared that the lives of all fairy elves must end. Her faithful fairies all gather about her, and Time appears. Each fairy in turn pleads for life, but Time lifts his blade to mow them down; when the figure of Shakespeare comes forth, battles with him, and finally conquers him. Time flees, and the fairies, led by Titania, dance about their gentle preserver, decking him with wreaths and flowers.

The Commencement play to be given during the last week of school will be the most elaborate of the year's dramatic presentations. This is to be "Ulysses," by Stephen Phillips. It will be presented out of doors, on a stage built in front of the Grecian colonnade which decorates the entrance to the normal school building.

Dratatis Personae.

On Olympus.	
<i>Zeus</i>	Sallie Sisson
<i>Poseidon</i>	Laura Wilson
<i>Hermes</i>	Alice Hatton
<i>Athene</i>	Della Shannon
<i>Aphrodite</i>	Adeline Sharp
<i>Ares</i>	Jeanette Hess
<i>Apollo</i>	Edith Strong
<i>Hephaestus</i>	Myrtle Baldwin
<i>Demeter</i>	Florence Colby
<i>Hestia</i>	Ruth Kruse
<i>Artemis</i>	Martha Noell
<i>Ganymede</i>	Laura Lewis

On Earth.	
<i>Calypso</i>	Margaret Smith
<i>Ulysses</i>	Alice Clough
<i>Penelope</i>	Myrl Coolidge
<i>Telemachus</i>	Mary Jervis
<i>Eurycleia</i>	Laura Groshong

<i>Antinous</i>	Anita Schussler
<i>Eurymachus</i>	Elsa Garber
<i>Ctesippus</i>	Mary McHugh
<i>Eumaeus</i>	Maud Rouark
<i>Melanthius</i>	Ruth Evans
<i>Peiraeus</i>	Adeline Sharp
<i>Pheidon</i>	Sallie Sisson
<i>Melantho</i>	Vera Martin
<i>Clytie</i>	Leona French
<i>Chloris</i>	Adella Vreeland
<i>Ianthe</i>	Kathleen Dunn
<i>Handmaid</i>	Lucy Brittain
<i>Faithful Handmaids</i>	{ Helen Dula { Florence Colby
<i>Elpenor</i>	Laura Wilson
<i>Phocion</i>	Adrienne Allen
<i>Suitors and Nymphs</i> —Misses Savave, Bird, Martin, Vreeland, Stephens, Leggett, Eichenlaub, Ryan, Reed, Holborn, Noell, Strong.	

The scene in Hades written in blank verse narrative by Mr. Outcalt, is presented by Beatrice Emery, who plays the part of the Greek Chorus.

The play "Ulysses," because of its Grecian atmosphere, will harmonize well with the setting given it in front of the school building. The Grecian colonnades will form a fitting background, and the desired effect will be strengthened further by the flowing robes of the actors. We may expect that, under the expert guidance of the instructor in dramatic art, Miss Jane But, this last play, the farewell of the seniors, will meet with the highest success.



Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

Calendar.

Practically every member of the Young Woman's Christian Association graduated last June; so when the school opened in September the association had to be reorganized. Fortunately, a junior had been sent to the State conference at Hacienda. She came back to school with a vast store of enthusiasm, and plans for a year of earnest Christian work. Miss Chickering, student secretary, came down from Los Angeles and helped very materially in getting the work started, with these four aims in view:

To win every student in the school as a member of the Young Women's Christian Association.

To build up a bond of fellowship that will make every new student feel at home.

To give every girl an opportunity to get a broader view of Christianity and social service.

To establish a loan fund for the benefit of students in times of a crisis.

S 20 The temporary organization gave a reception in the gymnasium for the faculty and students. The following program was given:

P	Florence EmerySolo
T	Miss Jane ButtReading
E	President Hardy	
M	Miss Gertrude Laws	} Responses
B	Miss Chickering	
E	Music by the Orchestra.	
R		

O 9 The Association was permanently organized and the constitution was adopted. The following officers were elected: Florence Emery, President; Helen Frazee, Vice-President; Mabel Cheatham, Secretary; Ethel Hatcher, Treasurer; Gertrude Laws, Chairman of Advisory Board.

E 25 Under the auspices of the Association Dr. Hollington gave a talk at Assembly on "The Give and Take of Life." Miss Blanche Lyons sang.

N 12 Candy sale in the normal building. The advisory board met with the cabinet members and discussed plans for the year's work.

V 15 Candy sale in the training school.

E 22 Off on the 1:10 train for Pomona to attend the Southern California conference. The Association members bade "God speed" to the following representatives: Florence Emery, Martha Noell, Mrs. J. C. Ford, Alice Hatton, Helen Frazee and Miss Amis.

R 29 Assisted the City Association in giving the World's Missionary Pageant, by representing China.

D 3 Echo meeting. Gathered round a camp fire at the house of Miss Way, the girls who had gone to Pomona gave reports, both serious and humorous, from the Southern California conference. Every representative came back with the desire of giving some other girl the same opportunity next year.

B 13 The entire student body was invited to tea at the home of Mrs. J. C. Ford, by the advisory board.

R

J 10 The Association had charge of the candy sale at the Kirmess given
 A 11 by the Rowing Association.
 N 31 Farewell picnic at Cliff Gardens for the graduating members, Mabel
 U Cheatham and Bernice Galgier.

A
 R
 Y

F 14 Elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Alice Hatton, President;
 E Leila Alexander, Vice-President; Morella Wrigley, Secretary; Laura
 B Groshong, Treasurer; Gertrude Laws, Chairman of Advisory Board.

R 21 The Association members, as George Washingtons, entertained their
 U Marthas in the gymnasium. The evening's fun consisted of stunts
 A which terminated in a colonial wedding and a breakfast of popcorn
 R and apples.
 Y

M 15 A "hike" out to the Mission in honor of St. Patrick.

A 19 The Association served luncheon to the teachers attending the City In-
 R stitute. About 225 people were seated at the tables.

C
 H

A 25 Sewing-bee to fit up the students' rest room which is now in charge of
 P the Young Women's Christian Association.

R
 I
 L

M 6 Program by Miss Jane Butt, "Stephen Phillips as a Tragic Poet."

A 27 Patriotic meeting as an observance of Memorial Day.

Y

J 6 The annual June party of the Association on the beach at Coronado.
 U This marks the founding of the loan fund and the formal pledge of
 N the Seniors to support it.
 E

Every member of the Young Women's Christian Association feels that the year's work has been well worth the struggle. There is a stronger bond of fellowship among the students than has ever existed before. Many lives have been greatly benefited by the practical lessons in service given out by Dr. Wilt in the Bible class, which has met practically twice a month throughout the year.

The association extends thanks to the faculty and student body for their loyal support; to Miss Way, for her gentle guidance, which has shaped our course, and to Miss Laws, for her enthusiasm, which has been a source of inspiration for all of us.

There is a young lady named Lamb
 Who skids 'cross the floor with a slam,
 With a cry of distress, and her elbow to dress,
 To "Ada-Bugs" comes this poor lamb.

Prof. Hardy—What is the Board of Education?

Tony—The Shingle.

Miss Longenecker in her maiden efforts at commodoring, wishing the crew to stern, gave the command, "Back paddle."



SENIOR CLASS NOTES, JUNE, 1913.

"One thing is forever good;
That one thing is success."

Fellow Students, Faculty—Everybody!

Do you realize how soon we will leave your midst? Do you realize what we have meant to you? You frivolous juniors! Next year it will be your share to set the example for the whole school, as we have done so beautifully. There never was a class like ours—capable, efficient, industrious. Next year it will be but a shadow, but we hope its memory will ever have some little nook in the dear old normal.

On the night of January 28th the senior B's paid their respects to the senior A's by giving them a banquet at Sargent's grill. This banquet was a farewell not only to the senior A class, but also to one of the most highly esteemed members of the faculty, Mr. Crandall. The special banquet room had been reserved for us exclusively, and the management had decorated the place beautifully and appropriately with pennants. Gorgeous floral pieces decorated the tables. The liveliest and most interesting part of the evening was spent in giving toasts. Miss Alice Clough acted as toastmistress. Mrs. Adrienne Allen, president of the senior B's, spoke for that class, and Miss Reba Doyle responded for the senior A's. Mr. Hardy, president of the school, made a witty and clever toast in his most happy style, and was enjoyed most heartily by everybody. We all appreciated his criticism of Mr. Crandall—that his single fault was a "single" fault. Mr. Howard Miller, the lone but not lonesome boy of his class, responded with a toast to "the lassies." Miss Marguerite Erzinger gave some very clever "aphorisms for the would-be successful teacher" in her charming way that brought forth much applause. Last, but not least, Mr. Crandall spoke, bidding us all farewell. He bequeathed numerous interesting things to the various members of the faculty, his eight o'clock class to President Hardy, etc. To Miss Elsa Garber and Miss Tony Mayrhofer, he bequeathed the A. S. B. office with all its furnishings.

Covers were laid for about seventy, and the affair was undoubtedly one of the prettiest and most successful ever given in the history of the school. The chaperones were President and Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Coldwell, Miss Dinneen, and Mr. Crandall the guest of honor.

During the early part of June the senior class will hold a reception for Miss Way, our beloved preceptress, and Miss Alice Pratt, of the English department. Both of these teachers have been with the school from its beginning, and an elaborate affair is planned in their honor. It is with much regret that we learn of Miss Way's and Miss Pratt's plans for next

year, for we doubt very much if any one could take the place of either in the affections of all who know them.

The play "Ulysses," by Stephen Prillips, will be rendered by the class in the early part of June, in front of the school, on a platform especially built for the occasion, after the plan of a Greek theater.

Then for a real jolly time! "High Jinks!" This is, you know, the time when seniors can step off their pedestals and forget their illustrious titles for two minutes. What are we going to do? Well, for reasons known only to ourselves, we won't tell you, but we invite you to come and forget yourself with us.

The hurry and excitement of commencement are upon us, and soon, at the final reception, we shall sadly bid adieu to the dear old normal, where we have spent so many happy and busy hours.

JUNIOR AFFAIRS.

The class officers for the first term of the year were as follows: President, Helen Bird; vice-president, Evelyn Jorres; secretary, Ethel Gunn; treasurer, Jessie Schults. For the second term Clara Fensom was chosen as president, Anna Stephens, vice-president; Althea Wilson, secretary, and Dorothy Remaley, treasurer.

The social events of the year began September 20th, with the reception tendered to all new students by the Y. W. C. A.

Friday evening, October 25th, the seniors gave a dance in the gymnasium, in honor of the junior class. The room was artistically decorated, and good music was provided. The attendance was large, and all had a delightful time.

The evening of April 19th was the date of the junior launch ride on board the Golden West. The first part of the evening was spent in cruising around the bay. Familiar songs were sung, and a plentiful supply of candy added to the enjoyment of the occasion. At 8:30 the boat stopped at Roseville and all disembarked to dance. Later refreshments were served. About 10:30 the whistle blew for "all aboard," and soon the merry party was back at San Diego.

The tennis courts have been well patronized by our class, and the folk dances and games in the gymnasium under the direction of Miss Tanner and Miss Coy, have provided us with enjoyable pastimes as well as with good physical exercise. The Rowing Association has many juniors among its members, and they have surprised the older members by their steady improvement in the use of the oars.

Altogether, it has been a profitable and enjoyable year.

SOCIETY NOTES—NORMAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

During the year, the N. P. S. girls have enjoyed many social functions, the first being the class dance, given at the Mission Cliff Gardens on December 12. The decorations carried out the idea of the yule season. Poinsettias and baskets of pepper boughs were placed about the hall. Pretty hand-painted programs were used by the guests. Good music was provided, and all who attended reported a most delightful evening. There were about twenty-five couples present.

On Washington's birthday, the class presented the two plays, "The Piper's Pay," and "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." The proceeds of the performance were given to the Barge fund. After the dress rehearsal in the afternoon the cast went to the normal restaurant where they were served with a splendid supper. Both plays were repeated on March 7th, and this time the girls enjoyed a spread in the common room, Miss Goddard chaperoning. After the performance, every one went down to the gymnasium for an hour's dancing.

On April 12th, the class went to hear "Chauncy Olcott," in his splendid

production of "The Isle of Dreams." Grace Scanlan, who had aided the girls in their production of "The Piper's Pay," was a guest of the class for the afternoon.

On Saturday, April 19th, Miss Dora Fuller and Miss Ruth Wilcox entertained the members of the class at luncheon, at the home of Miss Wilcox, on Park boulevard. The house was simply decorated with greenery and roses, the color scheme being yellow, white and green. A delicious menu was served and all agreed that it was a most delightful occasion.

Saturday evening, the girls went as guests on the junior launch ride. The evening was a most enjoyable one.

Another dance was given at Mission Cliff Gardens, May 16th.



DEBATE.

To many students of the school the Debate Club has been merely a name. Nevertheless, several interesting debates have been held, among them one with a team from the San Diego High School, on February 1st. Miss Mach and Miss Taylor represented the normal school. The score was remarkably close—163 2-3 to 163 1-3., in favor of our opponents. The following have been selected as the debating team for the school for next year: Miss Mach, Miss Wilcox and Miss Scanlan.

1913.

Here's to the Gold.
Here's to the White.
Here's to the Seniors.
The class that's right.

He—Do you care for fruit?

She—What are you going to give me,—a lemon?

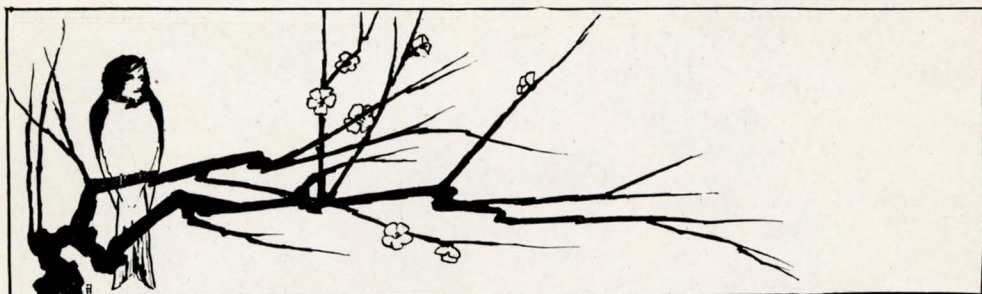
He—No, let's have a date.

No Reflections.

Garber was born for great things,
Pickle was born for small,
But it never has been recorded why
Schussler was born at all.



The Philomel Club



THE PHILOMEL CLUB.

During the present year the Philomel chorus has shown marked improvement. It has a membership of forty, selected from the student body by a special voice test. The principal object of the club is to gain an appreciation of the best compositions arranged for women's voices.

Besides singing for several informal programs given in the school, the chorus sang a group of songs at the session of the institute held for the city teachers at the normal school, March 19th to 21st, assisted in the mid-year commencement exercises, and expects to contribute to the June commencement program. A complimentary recital was given for the Mendelssohn Club at the Unitarian Church building. The program consisted of the cantata, "The Lady of Shalott," and two other groups of songs, which were well received by the very appreciative audience.

Under the auspices of the Women's Club at Lakeside a program was given by the Philomel chorus, May 3d, dedicating the new club house.

Instead of the usual annual concert given by the chorus, a short recital in connection with the orchestra, followed by an informal reception to the friends of the school, has been arranged for this year.

Aside from these affairs, the chorus joined in the Wagner Music festival given by the United Singing Societies of San Diego at the Spreckels Theater, May 22d.

The success of the organization is, of course, mainly due to the efforts of our very efficient instructor, Miss Rose E. Judson, head of the department of music in the school.

Teacher—What did the Phoenicians do with all the ivory they got from the elephants?

Billie (waving his hand)—I know. They used it for soap.

Teacher—Johnnie, can you tell me the difference between the physiology and the hygiene of the body?

Johnnie—Yes'm, hygiene's from the head to the waist, and physiology's from the waist down.

Flora Anne was serenely licking an ice cream cone.

Krusie—O, gee, give me a bite.

Flora Anne—Go 'way, lasses. Yuh done los' yo' taste.

Mr. West's Theory:

If at first you don't succeed,

Flunk, flunk again.

ALUMNI NOTES.

By Alice M. Greer.

At the annual meeting of the San Diego Alumni, held in June, 1912, the following officers were elected: Guy Sharp, '04, president; Howard Welty, '09, vice-president; Gertrude Laws, '08, secretary and treasurer.

As an aside Miss Laws would like it mentioned that there is not now, and never has been, a cent in the treasury.

There are now approximately a thousand alumni. Why not be more active? Why not have a strong association at home, and smaller ones acting in various centers? Why should we wait for an annual formal meeting to shake hands again with those with whom we have worked and played? We should keep in touch with one another. We need it. Our alma mater needs it. Let's begin. Right now!

The following brief notes may serve the purpose of "lost and found," or "want and wanted," to some of us who have been wondering about the whereabouts of certain classmates.

Among our alumni who may be found in the city schools are the following:

Marie Kilty, '09.
Winifred Eldred, '12.
Emily Cheroske, '11.
Emma Kleinschmidt, '11.
Florence Greer, '07.
Mrs. Chase, '03.
Grace Sullivan, '09.
Isabella Hammack, '10.
Ruby Langford, '11.
Gale Colbert, '08.
Isabell Brooks, '08.
Lillian Anderson, '08.
Julia Butts, '10.
Irma Heilbron, '09.
Imogene Pierce, '08.
Charlotte Wiese, '12.
Mary Belle Williams, '08.
Amy Johnson Hamilton, '07.

Gertrude Jenkins, '12.
Sadie Farr, '12.
Adeline Shaul, '07.
Ruth Meyers, '12.
Bethel Berger, '12.
Bernice Galgier, '12.
Mary Arnold, '12.
Mary Edelbrock, '12.
Marguerite Erzinger, '13.
Laura Fenton, '02.
Clara Geradehand, '08.
Ethel Hicks, '10.
Verna Hinckley, '09.
Cora Hornbuckle, '03.
Gladys Hosler, '12.
Katherine Houghton, '10.
Mildred Humphrey, '12.
Mrs. Montgomery, '12.

A number of marriages and engagements have been brought to our notice.

Ada Lee Cross, '08, was married in March to Mr. Philip Thatcher of Jamacha.

Helen Scott, '06, was married last June to Mr. Lucas of Meadows, Idaho.

Edith Stitt, '09, is now Mrs. Mouney Pfefferkorn of San Diego.

Miss Elsie Kenney, '06, has announced her engagement to Mr. Couch of San Diego.

Miss Jessie Frost, '09, has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Peterman. She will be married in July, and will live in Fort Benton, Mont.

Mrs. Beverly Ward, nee Thusnelda Tammen, is still with us in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Royden Cartwright live near Ramona. Mrs. Cartwright, nee Marie Stocker, is of the class '07, and Mr. Cartwright of the class '05.

Mrs. Stockton, nee Alma Boal, '09, lives at Ramona.

Mrs. H. O. Holcomb, nee Dell Byron, '09, lives in Betteravia, Cal.

Mrs. Paul Watson, nee Alys Bullock, '09, is the proud mother of a fine boy.

Florence Allen, '09, was married last summer to Mr. Smith of San Diego.

The engagement of Ada West, '09, niece of Mr. West of the faculty, to Mr. Victor Langford of National City, has been announced. Mr. Langford is the brother of Ruby Langford, '11.

Miss Florence Chetham, '06, is clerk of the high school of San Diego.

Mrs. Dean Blake, nee Helen Frost, '06, is kept busy with two babies.

Among the alumni teaching at the normal school are Gertrude Laws, '08; Edith Hammack, '05; Sara Herron, '12; Alice Greer, '09; Georgia Coy, '09; Norma Peirce, '05.

Lydia Stork, '05, is teaching in San Diego county.

Senta Foster, '09, has been living in Germany since her graduation.

Among the Stanford students may be mentioned two popular alumnae: Nan Drury, '09, who is a junior, and Gladys Frary, '10, a senior.

Flourenoy Juch, '11, is enjoying college life at Berkeley, Cal.

It is with great sorrow that we note here the death last month of Mrs. Springer, nee Clara Caldwell, '09.

Sophia Reithardt, '12, has been teaching for the past year in Auburn, Cal.

Mary Grace Feighan, '11, prefers travel to teaching. At present she is in Tucson, Arizona.

Among the teachers in Upland may be noted three of our alumni, Pauline Hartley, '11, Elsie Schwab, '12, and Elsie Lhuillier, '12.

Kathryn Culbertson, '10, is teaching in Pomona.

Marion Coop, a popular member of the class of '02, is traveling and studying music in Germany. Miss Coop has made a great success in her profession.

Mrs. Chubb, nee Anita Dodson, '06, has just returned from an extended automobile trip through the middle west.

Mrs. Standish, nee Mamie Smith, '10, is living with her husband and fine baby in National City.

Miss Varney, '11, is now known as Mrs. White of East San Diego.

Miss Gertrude Ire, '10, has postponed her studies at Berkeley, and is now teaching at Lemon Grove.

Miss Jane Greenley, '12, is a popular supervisor at National City.

Sibyl Morrison, '08, is teaching at Fallbrook.

We are all glad to hear of the recovery of Edith Kinnear, '12, from a serious attack of pneumonia.

The twins, Rena and Lena De Selm, '12, are still together, teaching near Santa Barbara.

Charles Roberts, '02, is manager of the McNeill Teachers' Agency, Berkeley, Cal.

Mrs. J. A. McFadden, nee Freda Schussler, '07, lives in Tustin, Cal.

During the last year, Connie Shaw, '09, was married to Ray De Burn, '07. Mr. De Burn is with the Pacific Telephone Co. of San Diego.

Chester Smith, '08, after teaching in the Philippine Islands for four years, is now principal of a San Dimas school.

Olive Somers, '06, was married to Mr. J. R. Hall of Yreka, Cal., where Mr. Hall is employed as a forester.

Ora Stockton, '03, is in charge of a Children's Hospital in San Francisco.

Vera Sturges, '03, is teaching in a private school in Berkeley.

Helen Ward, '09, is teaching in the San Diego High School.

Mary O'Bannon, '03, is principal of a Berkeley school.

Henrietta Oliver, '10, is teaching in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Everett, nee Laura Perman, '07, lives in Watsonville.

Ruth Pitman, '07, is engaged in Domestic Science work in the north.

Florence Beller, '09, married Mr. W. E. Borden of Oceanside, Cal.

Lillian Beusch, '09, married C. B. Smith of Smithland, Iowa.

Bessie Rhoades, '08, after graduating from the University of California, is now teaching in Los Angeles.

Adelaide Evans Woodward, nee Adelaide Evans, '02, is living at Ramona.

Mrs. C. W. Brown, nee Ella Fraser, '03, is also at Ramona.

Elizabeth Frazee, '08, was married last year to Mr. C. A. Worsley of Anaheim, Cal.

Mary Gooch, '12, is teaching at Alpine.

Sara Graves and Gay Neeley, both '12, are teaching at Escondido.

Hazel Grigsby, '08, is married to Mr. L. F. Poplin of Ventura, Cal.

Mrs. A. W. Allin, nee Louise Gripper, '08, is living at Del Mar.

Ruth Guild, '09, is teaching in Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. Hensel, '12, is teaching at Coronado.

Josephine Clark, '08, is teaching Domestic Science in Santa Barbara.

Mary Geddard Cogswell, '03, after having taught at Pomona College and other places, is now in Los Angeles.

Ione Crenshaw, '11, is studying in Columbia.

Ethel Crosby, '07, after graduating from Stanford, is in the Y. W. C. A. work in Los Angeles. She is engaged to be married to a Stanford man.

Mrs. Hart, nee Nettie Lee, '04, has left for Japan, where she will live for two years while her husband is employed in laying a cable.

Mrs. Tom Meehan, nee Nettie Dietrick, '09, is living in San Diego.

Charles Duffy, '08, is married to Miss Bailey of Julian.

Sara Dodge, '08, was married to Mr. Van Hise of Decatur, where she is living. She is the mother of a fine boy.

Evelyn Weil, '01, has charge of an Episcopal school in the south.

Helen Willis, '11, was married in March to Lieutenant Lewis Hyde Brereton.

Charles Bigham, '03, after graduating from the University of California, is now in Porterville, Cal.

Walter Bigham, '07, is a graduate of the Osteopathic School of Los Angeles, and is now practising in Pasadena.

Mrs. W. H. Neuman, nee Ethel Johnson, '04, is living at La Jolla.

Mrs. F. W. Graham, nee Alberta Journeay, '06, is at Santa Barbara.

Alice King, '09, has just been married to Mr. White of Fallbrook.

Lawrence Lindsey, '01, studied four years at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Los Angeles. He is now practising medicine in Brawley, California.

Anna Molyneaux, '12, was married last June to Mr. G. P. Reynolds of San Diego.

Dorothy Maxwell, '09, married Mr. Paul E. Gross of Alhambra.

Mary Marsh, '10, married Mr. Whetstone of Escondido.

Mrs. A. C. Borden of La Mesa was known amongst us as Jean Young, '09.

Mrs. Woods, nee Marjorie Jobs, '09, has a fine boy and is living in San Diego.

Ira Cowart, '08, attended the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. He is now living in San Antonio, Texas.

Hattie Jordan, '07, is teaching in Caldwell College, Daneville, Ky.

We are glad to be able to quote the following from a letter received by Marion Coop, from Harriet Read, '03, who is doing a fine work in the Missionary schools of Singapore:

"Do latitude and longitude have any significance for you? They made their introductory appeal to me on September 2, 1906, when I landed in Singapore, just about seventy-six miles north of the equator, and was told that I 'couldn't go any farther away from America without getting nearer'. From the longitude of Singapore, which is 103° 56' East, to the longitude of Delaware Bay is one-half way around the earth.

"What next impressed me was that I had made a contract for five years to look at the Big Dipper upside down, and to think of the North Star out of sight below the horizon. Then I had the Southern Cross pointed out to

me, and was brought back to earth by the electric car gongs and auto-toots to make my acquaintance with tall turbaned East Indian motormen, Chinese conductors, and Malay chauffeurs. * * * *

"As supervisor of the lower elementary department, I did what I could to help 11 teachers and 450 boys meet the English Educational Inspector's searching visits three or four times every year.

"Our school curriculum is entirely in English, and most of the boys can command good positions in the business firms of the city by the time they have passed the Preliminary, Senior, and Cambridge examinations. The questions for these examinations are made out by a Cambridge University committee and sent to the schools in all English Colonies. The papers are returned to England for grading, and the three months intervening between the sitting for examinations and the publishing of the returns are freighted with anxiety for both teachers and pupils. Students who complete the Anglo-Chinese School course are prepared to enter the second or third year of our American High School. One of our graduates, at the end of his first year in the University of Southern California, won the gold medal for oratory. A few of our young men speak English more correctly than some of the young men who go out from American colleges to teach them.

"Now, don't forget that Singapore is a sort of half-way stopping place for all round-the-world tourists, and if you only come while I am there, I will give you a real 'hari-bsar'. I haven't forgotten yet the big day when Miss Way came through with her friend, Mrs. Utt, right straight from San Diego, and the great pleasure I had a few months later greeting Mr. Black and his 'little' girl.

"Three cheers for the San Diego Normal School and all the old friends.

"Yours in memory of the good old times,

"HARRIET C. READ."

As we go to press news comes of the death of Jessie Frost, '09, in an automobile accident on the grade between Julian and Banner. Miss Frost's many friends are profoundly shocked.

STUDENT BODY NOTES

With the graduation of the February class a new election of class presidents was necessary; the new central committee is comprised as follows:

Member-at-Large, Elsa Garber, President.

Senior A President Alice Clough, Vice-President.

Senior B President Lida Eichenlaub, Treasurer.

Junior President Clara Fensom, Secretary.

The committee has not, as yet, enacted anything new but will soon begin work. It has some very important and definite projects that must be decided upon in the near future.

It will interest the Student Body to know that Mr. Crandall has chosen the largest of the twelve cottages which have been built under his supervision at the Biological Station.

Another Student Body project of this year is the creating of a students' loan fund, for the purpose of rendering assistance in the shape of small loans to students. This fund was not granted in general budget, but was assigned a special source of income.

One of the most successful and popular innovations of the Student Body was the "Social Evening," every Friday. On these nights the building is thrown open to the students and their friends, and many a jolly little party and dance has been enjoyed in the gymnasium. Refreshments are provided. Miss Alice Clough was appointed chairman of the Social Committee, and she has made these Friday night affairs pleasant indeed.



Central Committee

STUDENT BODY NOTES.

Student Body activities for the year 1912-1913 opened with a general election of officers during the third week of September. The resulting central committee, composed of the presidents of the three classes and the member at large elected by the entire student body, held its first meeting September 27, and elected student body officers as follows:

Member at Large, Elsa Garber, President.
Junior President, Helen Bird, Vice-President.
Senior B President, Mrs. Adrienne Allen, Treasurer.
Senior A President, Wanita Rives, Secretary.

Miss Gertrude Longenecker was appointed Faculty Member, and Mr. West, Business Advisor.

Meetings of this committee were held in the A. S. B. office, the office having been furnished with a new desk, several chairs, curtains for the window, shelves and other necessary articles. Among the new projects undertaken by the committee through the A. S. B. office was the sale of books, new and second-hand, used by the students in the various classes. These books were sold at lower prices than those demanded in the down-town stores, and hence this opportunity saved the students no little money. Later was added the co-operative store department, and the office was able to supply all the necessary paper, pencils, erasers, notebooks, etc., used in the school. The lost and found department was also run in connection with the office, and many an errant beauty pin was returned to its owner through this medium.

A glance at the budget for the fall term shows an appropriation of \$20 as a sinking fund for a new barge. This was to be a nucleus to be augmented from time to time. The idea is a worthy one. The raising of a sufficient amount is a slow process, yet it is to be hoped that the purchase of a new barge will be a thing of the near future.

Through the lecture bureau and otherwise, the school has secured some excellent lectures, among them the following:

October 10. Edmund Vance Cook, Reading of Original Poems.

December 13. Dr. Edgar Hewitt, Stereopticon lecture on "Sacred Cities of the Mayas."

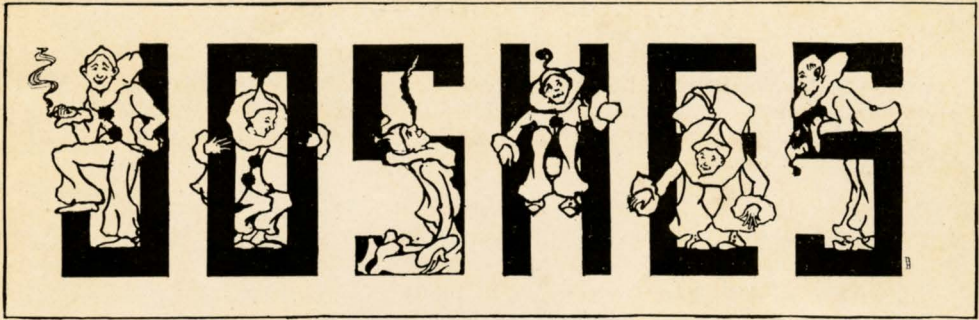
January 17. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, address on "Meeting of the Races on the Pacific Coast."

January 30. President Millspaugh of Los Angeles State Normal School. Commencement address on "The Essentials of a Successful Teacher."

April 18. Dr. James Main Dickson, Professor of Oriental Languages, University of Southern California. Stereopticon Lecture on "Japanese Gardens."

Miss Rogers in private conference with Katherine H—: "Now, Miss Vreeland, you miscalled the name of one of the girls in that class this morning. You must learn the names of the children. Now, you are Miss Vreeland, and you wouldn't like it if I called you Miss Vreland or Miss Vrooland."

Bulletin Notice—Olympus scene on the front steps at 3:15.
Observing Miss—Huh! That's nuttin'. So was Jinks Frizzles.



Three little girls each had received a silver spoon as a Xmas gift.
 "Mine has 'From your papa', on the handle," said Elizabeth.
 "Mine says 'To my loving daughter'", chimed in Margaret.
 "And mine", said Mabel just as proudly, "says 'U. S. Grant Hotel!'"

Pupil—I know, but I can't express it.

Teacher—Very well, send it by freight, we'll wait.

Mutt—Tell me a story, Jeff.

Jeff—All right. Onct there was a nice liddle polywog, und he growed and growed, und soon liddle legs growed, und just when he was a nice little frog, he croaked.

Mutt—Boo-hoo. Dot story is too sad.

Prof. Skilling—I've lost my appetite in the Lab.

Bright Student—Go to the music room and get a tonic.

'Tis better to have bluffed and flunked,

Than never to have bluffed at all.—Garber.

Gentleman—Waiter, has this steak been cooked?

Waiter—Yes sir, by electricity.

Gentleman—Well, take it and give it another shock.

Mr. Skilling (looking financially embarrassed)—Say, Miss Hamill, how much will I have to pay for all the jokes on me.

Miss Hamill (condescendingly)—O, nothing. We're glad to have you in the paper.

Pupil—I had too much protein food for lunch.

Mrs. C.—Judging from the effects, it must have been too much carbohydrate.

Pupil—Did you say that to take the starch out of me?

Mrs. S.—Children, you must always chew your food well.

Dickie (a few days later)—Teacher, I swallowed my gum.

Mrs. S.—Why, Dickie, it will make you sick.

Dickie—No, it won't. I chewed it well first.

In Physiology Class

Miss Coy—Why is one's elbow sometimes called "funny bone"?

Bright Student—Because its the end of the humerous.

Proud Authoress—Why, the first thing I wrote was accepted by the staff.

Interested Friend—Oh. For what department?

Authoress—Well, I wrote it for an essay, but they said it would do for a joke.

F. Hamill—Hello, "Neet," How's the eye,—still on the bum?

A. Schussler—Sure, it's still on me.

Since the women have been given equal right with men they insist that part of the b(u)ys which mark the channel be called girls.

The men object. Why? Because some of the swells might come up and carry them off.

Trying Mr. West's Method.

Teacher—Johnnie, if I were to divide 3 into 7, what would be left?

Johnnie looks puzzled.

Teacher (happy thought arriving)—Now, if I were to divide three ice cream cones among seven boys—

Johnnie (grasping the situation)—Three ice cream cones and seven boys? Oh, gee. Nuttin'.

THE SENIOR QUARTET.

Dimpled cheeks mit eyes of plue,
Mout like it vas moised mit dew,
Und little deeth chust peekin' droo—
Dot's little Krusie!

Laughing eyes und full of fun,
Always eating a restaurant bun,
Playing jokes on everyone—
Dot's our Tony!

Von hundred und sixty in der shade,
Der oder day when she vas veighed;
She beads us all I vas afraid—
Dot's cudeness—Sharpie!

Funny face und pooty shtoud,
Mit crooked legs dot vill turn oud,
Fond of wienies und sauerkraut,
Dot's svedness—Garber!

New Metaphor.

Howell—I feel like a fish out of water.

Powell—I feel like a horse in a garage.

Mary's "Follower."

Teacher—Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?

Jane—Mary.

Teacher—Now, Grace, who followed Mary?

Grace (absent-mindedly)—Her little lamb.

Pride.

A coster and his best girl were discussing the recent marriage of two of their acquaintances.

'Arry—Did yer read the list of "Prisints" Ann Smith had for her weddin'.

'Arriet—Yes, I did. The hidea for sich as them 'aving the weddin' put in the paper. They might be haristocrats.

'Arry—Fancy 'er mother givin' 'er sich a 'andsome prisint as a 'orse an' trap.

'Arriet—Garn. It was a clothes-'orse an' a mouse trap. That's their bloomin' pride.

Father—At your age, Willie, I never told an untruth.

The son—How old were you when you began?

