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SOUVENIR EDITION

The Normal Pennant . . .

JUNE CLASS OF 1900

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The Normal Pennant.

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He Conquers Who Conquers Himself.

[CLASS POEM]

I.

Fiercely the wild winds of heaven
  Sweep over the land and the sea,
On wings heavy-laden with terror,
  With icy breath chilling all glee.
Scarce aught upon earth has the power
  Their rugged advances to stay,
When they come in the height of their fury
  To dash all they meet from their way.
Supreme over man and o'er Nature,
  Ruling e'en as a King on his throne,
The storm finds but one baffling power,
  One will still unconquered—its own.

II.

So, too, in old Neptune's dominions,
  The wild waves exultingly roar,
And seize the proud ship, strongly fashioned,
  To dash it a wreck on the shore.
And yet, though the sea seems almighty,
  And rules with iron hand human fate,
Can it, spite of its loud-boasted power,
  Its own force one iota abate?
Nor yet can the fierce conflagration
  Stay one of its myriad flames,
Though the works of long ages fall smitten,
  Leaving naught to the world but their names.

III.

So man, mighty man, who reduces
  E'en Nature herself to a slave,
Who fears not to summon his forces
  To battle with wind and with wave,
Even he cannot curb his own passions
  In spite of his power and pelf,
But must feel to the depths of his being,
  "He conquers who conquers himself."

BESSIE APPLEGATE.



Photo by Bushnell.

JUNE CLASS.

The June Class of 1900.

"He conquers who conquers himself."

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CLASS HISTORY.

"History ensures for youth the understanding of the ancients."
Diodorus.

Ah, distinctly I remember, four years back in mild September
When a meek but eager number of this class of '00
Came into this Hall of Learning. Came they here from hills and wildwoods
From the valleys and the backwoods, seeking entrance at its door—
Only this, then something more.

Oh! the noisy, wild, uncertain sound of gongs and bells galore
Thrilled these meek ones, filled them with fantastic terrors never felt before.
Finally, there sounded o'er them, very clear and far above them,
Three loud bells and then the call:
"Come this way, O students all
Just this way to Assembly Hall, just this way, the second floor"—
Only that, aud nothing more.

Presently their knees grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
Up the dreary way they wandered, going to the study hall.
Long they stood there, wondering, fearing,
What was this that they were hearing?
There they stood engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing.
Stood apart, engaged in guessing things no students ever dared to guess before—
This they did, and nothing more.

Startled by the sudden ceasing of the noises now retreating
(For the Juniors, Sophs, and Seniors left these Freshmen quite alone.)
They could hear their heart's loud beating, as the teachers walked in beaming
And the President arose. Then he told them where to hie them,
With two teachers there beside them to take their names and ages
And write them on the pages of the Normal register.
With this o'er, then something more.

Thus they entered, reached the heights, and were now called Normalites,
Free to join in those delights no one ever found elsewhere.
Free to study until midnight, if the blinds were all down tight,
Free to come and go at pleasure, trip the light fantastic measure,
And so occupy their leisure, if at seven all was o'er—
This they did, but nothing more.
What with Algebra and Drawing, Botany and Singing,
There was little time for lingering in the corridors and halls.
English Composition, too, gave each one his share to do,
Working for those longed for C's.
For the dread of one condition
Gave each one untold ambition, such ambition as he never felt before.
Only such, and little more.

When this class were called 1A, they had drawing in Room K;
Also writing in Room J, with little time for Algebra.
And besides these, there was working, never any time for lurking
In the fields and by the roadsides, hunting specimens galore?
Hunting them to put in boxes, and there guarding them like foxes, for they taught them Nature's lore.
If all this, then nothing more.

Ah, yet well do I remember the second year in bleak December,
When this class, then 2B2's, had Arithmetic to study.
And there came a time for testing, and after it, for resting,
A small but noisy number went down among the lumber
In the Manual Training room; went down upon the basement floor—
Just to rest, and nothing more.

"That answer for the third? That's not right, who ever heard,
That is perfectly absurd. Let's just drop it, now it's o'er.
Lets beguile our time with stories, and forget our trials and worries.
I know one to make you roar." "Tell it, do," the rest implore.
'It's a wierd and ghostly story—"
"Then do tell it," all implore—
Just one story, then one more.

"Well, to please you, I will tell you—
Once there lived a man, a miser, and a very early riser,
And a shoemaker by trade. Lived he in a noble mansion.
Lived he here in regal fashion, with a nephew him beside.
Lived he here in royal fashion, with a nephew him to bore,—
Only one, and not one more.

In a mansion, large and roomy, there was one room dark and gloomy,
No one but the miser entered. Once, however, feeling lonely,
Did the nephew peep in only, and saw, What-do-you-think,
Hanging high upon a link? Something that a cobbler uses."
"Awl?" "Yes, that is all." Loud Ha-Ha's has began to soar,
Then there followed something more.
Surely there was heard a walking, so the students ceased their talking,
Held their breaths for very fear. Soon again was heard a walking
Somewhat louder than before. What was this that they were hearing?
The Professor, bent on clearing every 2B from the room,
As his eye glared down upon them where they sat, upon the floor.
Only sat, and nothing more,

Spake he thus, upon them turning, while their faces all were burning,
"Here you are, instead of learning, wasting time in boisterous glee."



Photo by Bushnell.

PENNANT STAFF.

ANNA POLSON

MABEL DIMON

CAROLYN EDWARDS, Editor-in-Chief

BERNICE OLIVER

ANNA HARDY

This and more so gravely spake he, that the fun no one could see.
Then again was heard a walking, but all, ere this, had ceased their talking,,
When the President stepped in; stepped he just within the door,
Merely this, and nothing more.

Nothing, then, could come beguiling these sad students into smiling,
So they settled down to carving figures on a piece of wood.
Thus was ended one adventure. Even with so little censure,
It was long ere one dared venture to tell ghost stories in school.
Long ere any one dared venture, when this episode was o'er,
To tell stories any more.

It was, too, in bleak December, as I now do well remember,
That each warm but trembling member of this class, then 2B2's,
Wore their wraps into one school room, wore them in or met their doom
As the microscopes they looked through and some copying did do.
Copied every night till four from the blackboard near the door,
Copied, copied, evermore.

But 'twas late in merry May that a party left one day
For Stanford University. It was General History they'd been taking,
And this trip that they were making was to see some relics "interesting to note."
And the lunch, O such a store. Stuffed eggs and ice cream, with pickles and salad
And everything pleasant to tempt the palate. Was not this a pleasing store?
Who could ever wish for more?

They were taking then with History, Psychology with much of mystery,
Even the Professor in Room X could not dispel.
Why should this of subjects many, full, like life, of problemns plenty
Cause a fair and gentle maiden to become so overlaiden
As to sing about a man? Why of this and "what not" more?
Only one for evermore.

When the third year came around, still this class in school was found,
Still pursuing worthy knowledge, as ne'er did a class before,—
On they plodded, never stopping, though good chances never dropping,
For a good time to be plotting,
Plotting back of every door,
This also with something more,

It was then a new addition came in for strong competition,
Came a class of High School students, famed for Greek and Latin lore.
And they added to our pleasure, being rivals in a measure,
Though regarded as a treasure,—
Treasure, for they swelled our score.
This they did and something more.

Now 'twas time for some to stammer, being head o'er heals in Grammar,
That famed study of constructions which has many hearts made sore,—
There was stuffing, there was cramming,
Till the heads all full with jamming,
Analysing, diagraming,—parsing sentences galore,
No one ever asked for more.

Then to be more pedagogic, to see into small boy's logic,
And "what not" our young professor always had for us in store.
For his theories so elastic, pleasing to the most fantastic,
Spiritual, also gymnastic,
As in hieroglyphics, wrote he more
Than was ever seen before.

Now toward Physics they aspire, all phenomena they admire
Which is natural for all students who ne'er saw such things before,
Tables scratching, with fire flashing, and glass and test-tubes smashing,
As if nothing cost this dashing—
Dashing glass outside the door,
But sometimes it cost them more.

Asked a maid once the professor of much knowledge the possessor
If one rainbow all adore, and he solemnly gave answer as he paced the class room floor,
"All young ladies should remember that each one sees just her bow (beau).
Each one sees him, I suppose, while looking up in graceful pose."
This and more of rainbow lore, followed by a hearty roar,
The professor said—no more.

Of all teachers, one will never be forgotten, for so clever
Were her mathematic teachings, that she won hearts by the score.
Sometimes, too, it was her pleasure, witty anecdotes to treasure,
And to tell them at her leisure,
Leisure that all did adore.
She accomplished this and more.

She went East, and there she tarried,
Met a man, and now she's married,
Proving that not all the teachers hold that marriage is a bore.
Of the class there're numbers ample, who will follow her example,
And of matrimony sample, so tis whispered the school o'er,—
Sometimes this and sometimes more.

But of all the third year classes, that which troubles most the masses
Is the class in Primary Methods which will always head the score.
Here is heard no end of preaching on the subject of school teaching
How to give a child a bleaching—
Bleaching till his back is sore.

But before a thorough bleaching, it is policy in teaching,
To control with love the culprit, ere you throw him on the floor,
Then, if nothing else will do him,
Do it so that it will rue him,
If he runs away, pursue him, chase him through the open door
Then give him a little more.

Once upon a morning dreary, while they pondered weak and
weary,
Over some great volume in the library filled with lore,
While they nodded, nearly napping, suddenly their came a
tapping,
As of some one loudly rapping, rapping loudly at the desk,
Tapping for Dick, Tom and Harry sitting on the floor
Only this, and nothing more.

Though this brain work filled their minds,
They still had time for other lines,
As at basketball and football and at baseball games they'd
roar.
Their school teams are always winning, not to shout then
would be sinning,
So they're always gaily grinning; they know what they're
smiling for—
Generally about the score.

Continued study makes one weary; school life here would have
been dreary
If not for those social functions which the Normal has galore.
Socially they were advancing, their receptions were entrancing,
Games and music, also dancing,
Entertainment had they more
Than their teachers oft' wished for.

When as Seniors they're enrolled, put they on a mein more
bold,
Dignity becomes a Senior, every day so, more and more,
For they now became instructors,
Training School children conductors,
Scheming schemes ne'er scheemed before,
Troubled they the critics sore.

But they have the satisfaction of being once the chief attraction
When into the room they're teaching, comes the critic through
the door.
Then their hearts beat somewhat faster, for it will prove a dire
disaster
If the class they cannot master;
It will mean just ten weeks more
Happened have such things before.

As the last year fades away, still they're working day by day
And at night they watch the stars and moon as ne'er before,
But it always is a mystery,
"Howe" to master all the History
"Dailey" work they at this mystery till their heads and
tongues get sore,
Still the lessons on them pour.

Then also in Literature, writing papers they endure
They oft' write a dozen pages, sometimes add a dozen more.
But their brains do some relaxing, in the lectures on school
taxing,
When their "Bland" professor warm is waxing on the economic
score,
When the lecture it is o'er,
In their note books write they more.

Once more back goes memory drifting,
Two years back the scenes are shifting,
Now the High School class their version tell of Normal lore:
How for them the time was passing, while much knowledge
they were massing,
As good teachers they were passing, passing by the critics'
door,—
Of their history you'll hear more.

Once upon a morning sunny, as we walked in feeling funny,
On the platform sat the teachers beaming from their lofty
perches.
As we sat there sadly thinking, and our spirits almost sinking
Then we heard a grave voice speaking, speaking as our row
he searches,
"You are punctual," he uttered, and again our row he
searches,—
"This new class of High School fame."

Ah! how distinctly I remember, it was in a gay September,
That each class turned green with envy as they heard our
praises sung,
Sure we did not wish the morrow, for it might bring us some
sorrow,
For by classes we were summed up, and our faults were loudly
rung,
In the hall and in the class room, loud the criticism rung,
Of the class of High School fame.

But an end to all those pleasures, as those terrifying measures
Thrilled us, filled us, with fantastic terrors never felt before;
Oh our hearts were loudly beating, as the chords were kept
repeating,
Yelled the white haired music teacher,
"Don't you hear those chords of four?
Don't you know it's time to get up when you hear that chord
of four?
You this class of High School fame."

We had come from High Schools many, we were not outdone
by any.
At the grave and stern receptions, sunny countenances we wore,
Not wall flowers sadly dreaming, but with faces gaily beaming,
Happiness and light kept streaming, as we laughed and sung
e'en more.
Of our fame each one was singing, sweetly singing evermore,
Of this class of High School fame.

In our lessons all excelling, and the teachers were telling
Of the wonders wrought by us, the High School three B three.
Arithmetic was but a token, of our record still unbroken,
And the only words we feared were:—"March along, you three
B three."
To this class of High School fame.

Though in Zoology squirming, while the crayfish were round
us turning,
Walking off the edge of tables, in a way ne'er seen before.
Fish and angle-worms, we braced them, and the nervous systems, traced them;
"Dwaw what we saw" we could not, to our sorrow evermore,
To our sorrow, for the records changed not, evermore,
For this class of High School fame.

Record day we all sat guessing, but no syllable expressing,
Hope grew fainter, as we waited for our standiug all to hear;
For from some unkindly master might come untold disaster,
But of course we were mistaken, and we had no cause to fear,
For behold! we had but pluses, not a flunk we had to hear,—
We, the class of High School fame.

But the music still us haunted, and its tones before us flaunted,
Till with terror we were stricken, and we skipped it, everyone.
Hourly we all were shaking , and forever we were quaking,
Untold mis'ry filled our hearts, for we knew not when 'twould be done,—
But of course we all were lucky, lucky when it all was done,—
Lucky class of High School fame.

One day o'er the "Bridge" a-walking, all we students were a-talking,
Going to teach the little children, and the young idea to shoot.
P'r'aps we felt a little funny, and our faces not quite sunny,
But as usual we on top were, for our work—of course did suit,
Not unheard of—this occurrence—we had done naught else but suit,—
We this class of High School fame.

When we got our final standings, what a racket on the landings:
Louder far and much more boist'rous, than the stately four-A-two's
We cared not, 'twas time for telling, we had reason for our yelling,
Reason for it, well—we thought so, graduates—'twas joyful news,
And we let no one suspicion that 'twas ought but joyful news,
For this class of High School fame.
Now you know we all were lucky, and of course were very plucky,
We won fame, else, sure we could not climb those stairs two weary years.
Now we're through and all feel jolly, and our heads, not full of folly,
Find no time for idle mourning, nor for anything like tears;
Lessons well might now be taken, by each one who this tale hears
Of the class of High School fame.

So the June Class 1900, though perhaps they oft' have blundered,
Keep their memories of the Normal from the top to bottom floor
For their little trials and troubles, are to them now empty bubbles
Though they will appear in doubles,
As life's pathway they climb o'er,
But forget them—nevermore.

Historians { ELLA ROLL, WALTER ULRICI, ANNA POLSON

Some Verses.

I love you all, petite or tall—
What e'er your beauty or degree,
Coy or coquette, blond or brunette,
I love you all, with but one favorite.—*F. Estes.*

The sunlight dances on the wave,
The moonbeams on the sea,
The starlight on the gloomy plain,
But—she won't dance with me.—*W. Meese.*

Idly down the lawn I wandered,
Life seemed bright and full of glee ;
As I strolled I dreamed and pondered,
Dreamed and thought of Elsie——. —*Dick Palmer.*

—*Exchange.*

What Will the Future Be?

How strange it seems to me now
When I think of the time to come,
That the days we now call present
Will be yesterdays, dead and gone ;
And that then, the great to-morrow—
The future we hope for, yet fear—
Will also have gone through the present,
And be past—but a memory dear.

Yet hark ! softly borne on the breezes,
Sweet voices from realms afar,
Speak to us soft of our duties :
Hope is our bright guiding star.
Some will be called on to battle
With life's sternest pleasures e're long,
Some lives will be strewn o'er with roses,
With scarcely a thorn there among.

But clouds make the sunset more glorious,
So should we not hope and endure—
Endure all the trials that o'er take us,
And rest in the promise secure
That bread cast out on the waters,
Sometime—e'en though distant the day,
Will return with abundant harvest
To bless and to brighten our way?

Oh, let us live up to the best,
The best that our efforts can give,
And let us, by true, earnest living,
Help others to know how to live ;
And then, when this brief, earthly future
Has passed to eternity's throne,
Shall we all, in tones sweet and welcome,
Hear the best of all verdicts, "Well done."

WINNIE KING

Sonnet.

Rest unawakened. Could I but ensnare
Into my life that peace sleep's shadowing
Throws o'er thy quiet face, my soul would sing
For every joy because a gift so rare
To living unto me was giv'n.—Howe'er
Beset by cares his day, alike to king
And beggar this last lying down shall bring
Envied repose. Ah then, to wake forbear !
Forgive me that I longed to hold thee back
From thy inheritance ; I did not dream
Tranquillity so great as this could be.
Now that at last I know, it is no lack
Of truest love which makes all grieving seem
A thing for shame that it should dwell in me.

—EMMA NOBLE.

Applied Quotations.

"In this we bury all unkindness."

B - - s - - A - - - - g - - e.
"Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato."—*Milton.*

M - - o - a A - - - ld.
"All people said she had authority."——

D - - l - A - - - a -.
M - - a A - l - - n.
"We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable."—*Shakespeare.*

O - - - i B - - n - - ts.
"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."—*Wosley.*

G - - c - B - - h - p.
"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."—*Keats.*

B - - n - h Bl - c - w.
"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly."—*Milton.*

E - - a B - - - km - n.
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."—*Tennyson.*

R - by B - - wn.
"God bless the good natured,
For they bless everybody else."

A - - ie Butler.
"Know thee not."—*More.*

C - - ra C - - g - - ss - r.
"And more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."—*Pope.*

M - ry J. C - - r - - l.
"Little things can make
A great noise."——

J - - e C - - - p - - l.
"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity.
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathe'd Smiles."—*Milton.*

J - - e - h - n - Ch - - l - on.
"True as steel."—*Shakespeare.*

A - v - C - - - - tman.
"She knows her man."—*Dryden.*

A - - a Cl - f - - y.
"From all the wanderings of thy thought."—*Montgomery.*

E - - a C - x.
"Why all this toil and trouble."—*Wordsworth.*

G - - - r - de Cr - w - f - rd.
"To know her was to love her."—*Rogers.*

L - - - le D - m - n.
"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."
—*Chesterfield.*

M - b - l D - - on.
"Who battled for the True, the Just."—*Tennyson.*

J - l - a Dr - w.
"And gives the nod."—*Pope.*

L - na D - - - u - i - z.
"But, since he's gone, I feel forlorn,
I think all day about him."——

C - rr - e E - - - rds.
"Toil, is the sire of fame."—*Euripides.*

Ro - - E - - l - ch.
"Youth comes but once in a life-time."——

Fr - n - - s Em - ry.
"Yes, I have gained my experience."—*Shakespeare.*

F - - d E - - es.
"Stronger men than I may have lived,
But I do not believe it."——

M - r - am E - t - s.
"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."—*Sears.*

Is - b - l F - - g - son.
"Warn'd by the Sylphs, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man."—*Pope.*

M - - d Fo - - s.
"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her."—*Tennyson.*

B - - t - i - e F - - n - h.
"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."
—*Shakespeare.*

M - - y A. F - e - ch.
"Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom."
—*Anon.*

A - - a H - r - y.
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."—*Milton.*

N - tt - e H - - l - - t
"Come, pensive nun."—*Wilton.*

A - - ie Hin - s.
"Thou mays't smile."—*Jones.*

N - n - H - ff - - n.
"And feel that I am happier than I know."—*Milton.*

M - y H - - t - n.
"Anything for a quiet life "—*Middleton.*

L - u - s e A. I - g - is.
"In her face excuse
Came prologue; and apology too prompt."—Milton.

I - - b - l K - rs - - l.
"The rose
Growing on her cheek (but none knows how)."—*Lyly.*

W - n - f - - d K - - g.
"More lovely than Pandora."—*Milton.*

M - r - e G. Kl - - n.
"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."
—*Goldsmith.*

E - w - rd K - tt - n - er.
"Now with a giant's might,
He heaves the ponderous thought.——

E - t - er L - m -.
"I am resolved to grow fat."—*Dryden.*

J - n - L - w - n - e.
"Sweet as Summer."—*Shakespeare.*

J - s - p - L - - n - r -.
"Handsome is that handsome does."—*Goldsmith.*

V - n i - M - r - i -.
"There are vicissitudes in all things."—*Terenee*

F - - n - M - us.
"He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit."
—*Shakespeare.*

A - - a McB - - - -.
"Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies
The rapt soul sitting in thine eyes "—*Miltou*

Bess - e McK - - - - y.
"Here comes the lady."—*Shakespeare.*

G - a Mc - - l - an.
"And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet."—*Milton*

A - t - s M - - zg - -.
" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."—*Tennyson.*

An - - M - r - - s - -.
"She was good as she was fair."—*Rogers.*

O - - o M - u - o -.
"Imparadis'd in one another's arms."—*Milton.*

A - a M - r - - y.
"Still water runs deep."——

M - y - - l - e M - - p - y.
"She is nice and coy."——

C - - r - Ne -.
"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."
—*Shakespeare.*

E - - a N - b - e.
"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."
—*Shakespeare.*

A - a N - m - n.
"She has many nameless virtues."——

B - - n - c - O - - v - r.
"She neglects her heart,
Who studies her glass."——

E - t - - r P - ul.
"And add to these retired leisure."—*Milton.*

G - - t - ud - Pe - - - am.
"Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."
—*Shakespeare.*

Ha - - i - P - - - n - x.
"Tie all thy cares up."——

A - - a P - l - on.
"Thou hast the faith and patience of Saints."
—*Shakespeare.*

M - u - e Pr - - r.
"The true lady does not make herself conspicuous in any way."——

Do - - - e M. R - l - t - n.
"I love this youth.
Must I leave thee, Paradise?"—*Milton.*

M - r - Ra - m - - sen.
"I care for nobody, no not I."—*Bickerstaff.*

R - - h R - y - - n -.
"Life is a mission."——

C - - h - - - n - Reardon.
"For e'en though vanquished,
She could argue still."—*Goldsmith.*

El - - - be - - Reardon.
"In books, or work, or healthy play."—*Watts.*

Fr - nk R - - n - - d -.
"Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."—*Emerson.*

L - c - R - c - a - ds - -.
"She knew she was by him."——

E - - a R - l -.
" 'Tis good to be merry and wise."—*Burns.*

L - z - ie S - r - e - t.
"A small rare volume."—*Ferriar.*

I - m - Sc - w - y r.
"Talking, she knew not why,
And cared not what."——

E - n - S - m - n.
"Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary."—*Middleton.*

C - - r - Sp - - l - i - g.
"Consider the little mouse "—*Plautus.*

O - i - e St - - - e - s.
"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."—*Byron.*

E - h - l St - d - on.
"Her face, oh call it fair, not pale!"—*Coleridge.*

G - v - n J. T - - f - r.
"His eyes are songs without words."——

G - a - e T - r - e -.
"It is not every question that deserves an answer."
—*Syrus.*

W - l - - r U - r - c -.
"Verily, thou speakest large for one small man."
—*Shakespeare.*

L - v - a V - s - - l.
"And variable as the shade
By the light aspen made."—*Scott.*

M - u - e H. W - e - a - d.
"It is my deliberate opinion."—*Quincy.*

M - u - e Woo - - u - -.
"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix."—*Coke.*

G - r - r - - e Y - - n -.
"All's well that ends well."—*Shakespeare.*

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, he is a Freshman. Shun him!

He who knows not and knows that he knows not, he is a Sophomore. Honor him!

He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is a Junior. Pity him!

He who knows and knows that he knows, he is a Senior. Reverence him!—Ex.

The Faculty Alphabet.

A is James Addicott,
Who deserves praises glowing,
For what he knows not
Sure is scarce worth the knowing.

B for Bennett; for records
Ah, little cares he;
To whom ever ranks highest
He is sure to give P.
As for Blasdell and Bland,
You can tell by their talk
That their thoughts are all centered
On pedigreed stock.
And, too, there's Miss Bradley,
With her grammar school ways;
For her all stand and march
As in long by-gone days.

C stands for Miss Cory,
In whose line 'tis to quiz,
And find out for sure
Who the chaperone is.

D is for Daniels,
The bane of the lazy.
She can twist up your tongue
Till your best thoughts are hazy.
D stands, too, for Dailey
Who can well advertise.
As a prime auctioneer
He would sure take first prize.

E is for Elwood—
Bark worse than his bite—
Though the first note unsounded
Will his fury excite.

F's for Miss Fowler
The ideal of the Frat;
For without her to aid
Sigma Chi would fall flat.

G means Mrs. George
Those like her are rare.
'Tis a treat to have headaches
Just to be in her care.

H stands for Prof. Holway—
Such luck comes to few
As to be the class teacher
Of the famed 4 A2.
And its also for Howe,
Who is ready for fights,
For coffee-pots, history,
And her pet woman's rights.

I stands for ignorance
All seek to crush out
The success of their efforts
Can anyone doubt?

J for joshes is meant
None should mind one a bit.
Any scolding or frowning
Only shows it must fit.

K stands for two sisters—
Miss Kinneys are they.
One, only, draws pictures,
Though both draw their pay.

L's for the look-out
Which all of them keep.
No doubt they could see us
Were they all fast asleep.

M's for our principal,
Professor McNaughton,
Who writes his remarks
Lest they might be forgotten.

N, Nicholson means,
The ideal chaperone,
She ne'er bothers a couple
But lets them alone.

O stands for outsiders,
Who view with amaze
The folks on the rostrum,
Returning their gaze.

P stands for Miss Payne,
The stickler for diction.
Don't say ma'am to her
Or there's sure to be friction.

Q stands for questions
Which all of them ask
When they give the hard ex-'s
Our weak brains to task.

R is for Rattan,
Who is nature's own poet.
If there's e'er a new flower
He's the first one to know it.

'Tis also for Royce,
Of library fame,
There's nothing e'er printed
That she cannot name.

S stands for our artist,
Our true German, Schoof,
Who is patient and jolly,
Nor from work stands aloof.

T stands for Tattler,
And but for this kind
This verse (now a "filler")
Would otherwise rhyme.

U stands for "us;"
For the faculty all,
Which they think is almighty,
Both the great and the small.

V for the vanity
All have more or less,
For beauty or wisdom
Or for both a new dress.

W's a teacher
Whose last name is Walker,
Speak softly when near her—
She hates a loud talker.

It serves, too, for Washburn,
Prompt at duty's first call,
For the 4A1 Class
She's the best of them all.

And it's also for Wilson;
Sure his class never pokes
For all nearly die laughing
At his stories and jokes.

X and Y are the quantities,
Value unknown,
Who will fill up the school
When these leave it alone.

Z—Zellerbach means.
May her joys be increased.
In the list of the teachers
Though the last. she's not least.

The Ideal Teacher.

"Thou that teachest another
Teachest thou not thyself?"

As we stop to consider the wonderful progress that has been made in the profession of teaching in the last quarter of a century, we cannot help but look into the grand possibilities of the future with a certain amount of pride that we, as teachers, shall be of the number to go forth to do our work of educating children. But are we awake to these passibilities? Are we "reaching forth to the prize for the high-calling?" Do we fully realize all that the office implies?

In our imagination, let us picture to our minds the children of our schools—children of every social grade; of every form of political and religious inheritance; of every possibility of development. They are coming to receive our training according to what we think it ought to be.

As we go out from our "Alma Mater," let us remember that if we wish to become successful teachers, we must pay special attention to that which belongs to us as individuals, and for which we alone are responsible—our self-education.

The first and most requisite part in self-education is good health. Men and women, permanent invalids, have, no doubt, been sometimes distinguised as great thinkers—a powerful soul will triumph over bodily disease, but one whose body is weak usually has something weak in his thoughts. A great soul may compel a frail body to do its bidding, but if the body were well, it would obey more promptly and effectually, and the weak body, if grander, might have a still grander soul.

We confine our education too much to the intellect. In our efforts to discipline the brain, we forget that the body is as capable of education as the mind, and unless we are careful the work of physical degeneracy may be begun in our schools. Give us air, sun, proper food and clothing, ample and varied exercise, and there is no curve of grace in ancient statuary which would not be reproduced again.

The cultivation of the habit of admiring all that is beautiful is also too often neglected in our lives. Longfellow is said to have knelt before a picture and studied every detail with a minuteness and appreciation few could understand. If we would cultivate this habit more, we would find ourselves admiring something in every person we meet.

Let us encourage even the youngest children to store away memories of beauty. This habit may be instilled into the child's nature by the influence of the teacher's personality, and is of no less tmportance than intellectual culture.

There will come a time when the young soul emerging from the carelessness of childhood, will awaken to a sudden consciousness of its relations to itself, to the universe, and to immortal issues. If, in such a crisis the teacher has not power to guide the child, if she does not awaken and healthfully direct the sense of responsibility for character, though she is master of all literature, science and art, it 'availeth' her nothing. We cannot therefore ignore the soul in school education, even though the intellectual and the physical development may be considered more important for the full education of the child. Let us not forget that this same child is a part of the Divine Source with ourselves, and to do our part well, we must recognize this fact with a love for all that live.

Above all we must exert ourselves to exalt virtue, purity, temperance, and truth and to fix them as foundation stones in the lives we are permitted to build, that as they go out to beoome the rulers of our nation, they shall prove strong and true.

After all, what is necessary for true success in life? "Money is not needful, cleverness is not needful, even health is not needful; but character alone—a thoroughly cultivated will is that which can truly save us."

When we reflect that teaching is a calling than which there is none more holy, let us never forget nor waste the mighty power which lies in our hands, but hold and prize it so that some day our ears may hear with joy, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

ESTHER MAY LAMB.

❋

Her First Experience.

Myra Dunning, having passed the teacher's examination, secured a school away out in a wild and lonely mountain region. As she started on a sixty mile stage trip, which was to carry her within twenty miles of the school house where she was to teach, her heart beat high in anticipation of the work she had chosen. Arriving at the liltle town at the end of the stage journey, she found no one to meet her, but finally engaged a seat in a dairy man's wagon, the driver agreeing to take her to the foot of the mountain. Arriving there she found two girls waiting to take her on.

By six o'clock the following morning, they had begun their journey up the mountain. So steep and dangerous was the way that they were obliged to go on horseback. Never was mountain trail more steep and slippery, never did one lead through a more wildly beautiful region. There was another but a more dangerous way known as the creek trail leading along

was deaf to reason, so she told him that according to the law she must follow the course of study laid down by the board.

"Well," he said, "you shan't teach such stuff to my boy."

"Your boy, Mr. Peck, must do just as the other pupils," quietly replied the teacher.

At last he left, but insisted upon carrying out her valises and putting them upon his horse, thinking thus to compel her to come to his home. She demanded her property and finally had to take it out of his hands Furious again, he shook his fist in her face and exclaimed, "I'll fight you to the very last if you don't come to my house to board." Then he took his departure.

Four o'clock came and Miss Dunning went home with the Noble children. Next morning she started for the school house at six o'clock and that was none too early for the trail lay over steep hills and across mountain streams filled with gigantic boulders. She reached the school house at 8:30, having travelled three miles. There she found Bigah with an extra horse and with a lovely bouquet, compliments of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Peck. That day passed uneventfully as did the next also, except that Bigah was tardy.

On the morning of the thicd day that Bigah was tardy, the quiet of the lonely region was broken about 9:30 by a blast prolonged and loud, such as can be produced by nothing else save a bottle horn and which sounds more like a fog horn than anything else

Bigah raised his hand and said, "My father says that you take up school too early and that he will toot the horn at morning, noon and night so you will know when to open and close school."

That night about 4:30 as she rode homeward there echoed from cliff and mountain side, the sound of farmer Peck's horn.

The truth of the matter was, Miss Dunning had opened and closed school on time, which time was not convenient for Mr. Peck's son.

For three days, three times each day, Mr. Peck stopped his work in the hay field, climbed a neighboring hill and "toted his horn" for the teacher.

Finding that she paid no attention and that he was making himself the laughing stock of the neighborhood he gave up his self-imposed task.

These are only a few of the experiences through which one teacher actually passed. The refactory trustee found that there were many good things in the course of study. He is at present deeply interested in the study of geography.

ADA F. MURPHEY.

NOTE:—This is a true story. The teacher mentioned is a member of the June class of this year.

That Mt. Hamilton Trip.

It is hardly necessary to make mention of the fact that the June Class of 1900 went to the top of Mt. Hamilton to visit the famous Lick Observatory, and to get into closer touch with the moon, stars and other heavenly bodies that chanced to be floating around on the evening of Friday, June 1. 1900.

In the first place, nearly every one saw the carriages leave the Normal grounds, and all who did not see them must have heard the musical and other noises created by the inhabitants of the aforesaid carriages. There seemed to be enough noise made to please everyone except a certain scientific professor, who complained of the death-like stillness which subdued the atmosphere; but then, it is to be expected that the aforesaid professor should be greatly developed along such very scientific lines and that he can appreciate nothing less than the noise of a thunder storm or the rumbling of a volcano in action. Then again, every June class of any conseqvence whatever goes to the Observatory; and the June class of 1900 does every worthy thing that any June class has ever done, besides many things that no other class has ever dared to do. Just notice those hats.

The carriages started for the little hill at 8 o'clock A. M. sharp, which of course, according to Normal time, means anywhere between 8 and 9 o'clock. There were about a dozen vehicles, more or less.

A mountain trip, however beneficial, always has at least one drawback (not referring to the horses, for they have most of the draw going up, but coming back is down hill and not nearly so much draw). There is always an element of danger hanging over, and also many times under the traveler. So also was this memorable trip not free from danger. A life insurance agent would in all probability have made a fortune if he had been along with the crowd that day. The first fatal accident, which was, however, averted by mere chance, and which would have put a stop to similar trips for some time to come, occurred on the Alum Rock road. The steam motor was resting on top of the first hill in close proximity to a deep ditch on one side of the road and a wild prairie fire on the other side. The fiery horses took fright (very naturally) and ran into the ditch. The first load would have tipped over if the ditch had been a trifle deeper. The second load would have run completely over the first load if the first load had been tipped into the ditch, and the third load would have run over the second load, and so until all would be piled in a great heap. Then if the fire could not have been stopped, it is plain to see what might have happened. Not only death, but cremation in the bargain. Lucky it was that

the ditch was not deeper, for besides the immediate loss of life and the cost of the funeral expenses, the expenses of the rescuing party would have been great. It would have required a train-load of rescuers, ambulances, doctors, coroners, besides the entire fire department of San Jose; whereas, as it happened, the rescuing party consisted simply of several bottles of smelling salts, which revived the rescued sufficiently to enable them to continue onward and upward.

Soon after this terrible accident the real Mt. Hamilton road, which turns and twists around the hills at about the rate of one hundred times an hour, was reached. Now there was a steady upward climb to the Grand View House, where, as the name tells, a grand view of the valley may be had. The time spent in climbing up this hill was very pleasantly passed by all (with a possible exception of the horses). From the very first there seemed to be a revolutionary spirit exhibited hy some of our most worthy chaperones. Now, as a general thing, chaperones are supposed to keep a watchful eye over their charges, but it seemed that in this case their thoughts were almost constantly drifting toward sentimentalities. For instance, if a worthy mountaineer strutted or wabbled by. the lady teachers always seemed to be more in evidence than any one else on the earth at that particular time. This revolutionary spirit developed rapidly until at last each one of two chaperones charged the other as being unqualified for the weighty position. It really became so very serious that some of the seniors felt compelled to fill the offices of these chaperones. To illustrate some acts of the teachers: While one chaperone was slyly waving her handkerchief at some young man on the road, the other was using her best arguments to convince the young folks that half the enjoyment of the trip was lost on account of side curtains,—and this was a trip of observation at that.

But so great was the influence of the teachers on the actions of the newly-appointed chaperones that they also fell out of their respective roles, especially so when the habitation of several friendly Indian tribes was reached. Here the charms of the youthful braves proved too much for their tender-natured constitutions. They rode on, but their hearts (in connection with candy and bananas) were left behind.

As the procession of carriages moved upward fitting songs and yells were manufactured by the occupants. These were sung and yelled (mostly the latter) a great part of the time, though stopped at times in order to view some particularly beautiful feature or freak of nature, interesting especially to the students of natural physical science. It would not be out of place perhaps to give a sample of the songs produced for and at the occnsion. This song, a literary effort on part of the chaperones and a musical effort on part of all, helped to pass the time quickly:—

We all went up the little hill,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
At first we almost took a spill,
Hegho, heigho, heigho!
But that did not scare us at all,
For we're too good to fear a fall,
Oh! we're too good to fear a fall,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

Our crowd it was a jolly set,
Heigho, etc.
They had a good time, don't you fret,
Heigho; etc.
The back seat stole the candy soon,
The front seat with the driver spoon,
Oh! the front seat with the driver spoon,
Heigho, etc.

We first did have a chaperone,
Heigho, etc.
But she soon left us quite alone,
Heigho, etc.
So now we have got two or three,
And very well they do agree,
Oh! very well they do agree,
Heigho, etc.

Some of them like to see a man,
Heigho, etc.;
They wave at him when e'er they can,
Heigho, etc.
One does an Indian maid admire,
She sets his tender heart afire,
She sets his tender heart afire,
Heigho, etc.

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho! Heigho! Heigho!

It was about half past eleven o'clock when Smith's Creek was reached, and as this was the particular spot selected for dinner, everyone was delighted to get there. Baskets filled to the brim with all sorts of eatables were carried to the picnic grounds, and preparations for dinner were immediately begun. It would be almost useless to state that everyone fell to eating with a vigor befitting mountaineers, for that is the natural thing to do after a long and dangerous expedition; and then, besides, other June classes have also eaten lunch at Smith's Creek. But the *manner* of the proceeding of June class 1900 at this point deserves special mention, for some indulged so heartily and rapidly that the physical exertion tired them to such an extent that they were unable or else unwilling to move after dinner, but repased under the trees in very *pictnresque groups*.

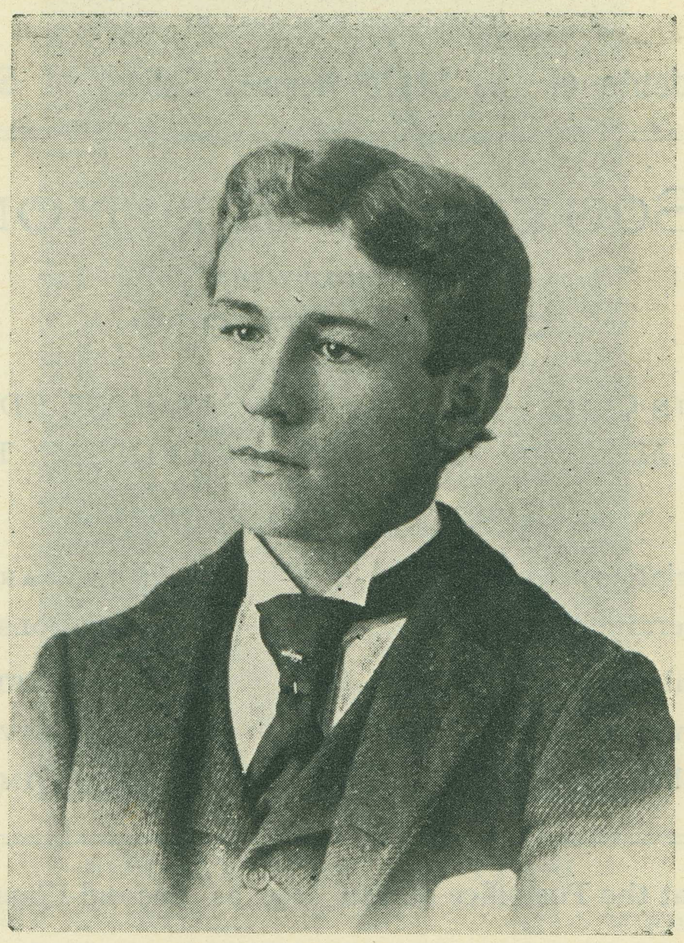
At about this time four dusty minstrels of Normal singing fame made their appearance in a vehicle, that may for lack of other descriptive distinction be termed an automobile, though band wagon may be just as suggestive. But whatever the vehicle may have lacked in

beauty and strength was made up by the decorations and the bale ropes wound about the springs and wheels. It may be mentioned that the four singers burdened their respective stomachs with an extra amount of recuperative material. After this loading-up process was finally completed, these gentlemen stirred the light mountain air with stirring melodies.

At two o'clock the trip up the mountain continued. The windings increased about fifty turns an hour at this point. Often times the scenery was very beautiful, as all kinds of pretty wild mountain flowers and foliage covered the hill sides. The road grew steeper as the top of Mt. Hamilton was approached, and the horses traveled slower. Every one felt anxious to reach the summit, and when finally the horses stopped in front of the observatory, all were glad to jump out and clean up a little. After strolling about the observatory, observing the buildings, the astronomical instruments and the various pictures, preparations for supper were made. Again the hungry Normalites showed what they were capable of spoiling in the line of eatables and drinkables—especially coffee. Coffee, yes, it is hard to tell what fond recollections center around that word coffee, or rather coffee-pot, when used in connection with Mt. Hamilton. Mt. Hamilton without a coffee.pot is far inferior to Mt. Hamilton with a coffee pot. Mt Hamilton with a coffee pot has a historic as well as literary association. In fact, for a time it was hard to tell whether the coffee pot leaned towards a literary or towards a historic future, but the greater substantiality and weight of historic argument prevailed over the lighter literary effort and the coffee pot became historic, though the influence of literature upon history always has a marked effect, and so it was in this case.

Perhaps the light atmosphere of the mountain has a disagreeable effect upon historic and literary people, as well as upon others. It is a noted fact that people living in high mountainous regions are generally inclined to be warlike; however, just in order to prove that something in the air was disagreeable, two or three of our worthy Normalites tried to prohibit it from entering their lungs in the required bulk, but they soon got tired of this and their good health returned.

After supper the sun went down in very gorgeous style and everyone gathered at a favorable place to watch the beautiful sight, and as darkness fell all took turns at looking through the great telescope at the craters on the moon, and through the 12-inch telescope at Jupiter and his moons. Some of the astronomers showed and explained the various instruments to the crowd of



WALTER ULRICI, Historian.

eager listeners, who, being Normalites, of course understood all that was explained.

At about ten o'clock the last load left the mountain and San Jose was reached at about 2:30 o'clock A. M. Saturday.

One stop was made at Smith's Creek, and the rest of the trip was taken up in telling stories, singing songs, and having a general good time.

When finally all of the June Class of 1900 were safely tucked in their little beds at home, it may be surmised that they were still looking at the man in the moon in their sleep, or perhaps some were still thinking of of that coffee pot.

W. E. ULRICI.

Oh, the fussing, fretting, fuming,
Oh, the scurry, hurry. flurry,
Oh, the hying, sighing, crying,
Before graduation time!
But how airy, fairy, merry,
And how gladly, gaily, gleely,
Oh, we're happy, happier, happiest,
At the graduation time!

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The time has now come when we must say a last sad farewell to the school that has been our home for four years of our lives; years in which have been crowded much of joy and of sorrow; much of work and of play. Years also, during which many new friends have been made, both in the world of books, and the other world about us.

There is a certain joy in graduating, but to most of us the sense of sorrow at the thought of parting with old friends almost overcomes it. One feels, already, that he is out in the world alone, and that henceforth he has to fight his own way, and shoulder his own responsibilities. There will be no kind teachers to help us out of our difficulties and our old friends will not be near by to comfort us with their ready sympathy.

We never begin to appreciate what jolly good times we are having until the time comes when they are almost over. Therefore, I say, oh, those who are still in the Normal, make the most of your life here. Do your work as best you can and don't spend any of your precious minutes in fruitless worry. Get all the enjoyment out of life that you can. All too soon will come the sorrows and trials that contact with the world brings. Get acquainted with your teachers as soon as possible; they are the jolliest people that ever taught school. Look about you among your fellow-students; there are many kindred spirits among them.

Next year we hope to see a great many more boys here. Now that the Athletics have come forward so prominently, more of them will hear of us and so be led to learn more about us. There are many inducements here for boys. Besides the training for the profession of teaching, for which good men teachers are always in demand, there are the debating clubs with chances for great development in that line. There is the library, offering to the student the best of books on all subjects. The Athletics, as mentioned before, have taken a prominent place.

The regular staff for the "Pennant" for this term offered the June Class the privilege of editing the June issue. They accepted the offer and here is the result We hope that you will judge of it kindly, remembering that this is the first time our school has attempted anything so large, and also that members of any graduating class are very busy at this time of year.

We are glad to greet the friends of the "Pennant" and hope that our little attempt will be followed by many others whose results, we trust, will be more satisfactory to them than are ours to us. But this we have done for future efforts; we have made mistakes, and other editors, seeing them, can learn and profit by them.

Thanks are due to Prof. Fritz D'Ablaing, the well known teacher of Mandolin and Violin, who on several different occasions has kindly volunteered his services in directing the Normal Mandolin and Guitar Club To his generous aid and encouragement the Club owes its life and success.

Under the able management of Mr. Woelffel, the "Pennant" is in a flourishing condition. Much credit is due him and Miss Bailey, the former Editor-in-Chief, for their efficient and conscientious work. May all editors do as well.

We understand that a new department, a department of etiquette, is to be established in the school, and that Mr. Daily will be at the head of it. How about this Mr. Daily?

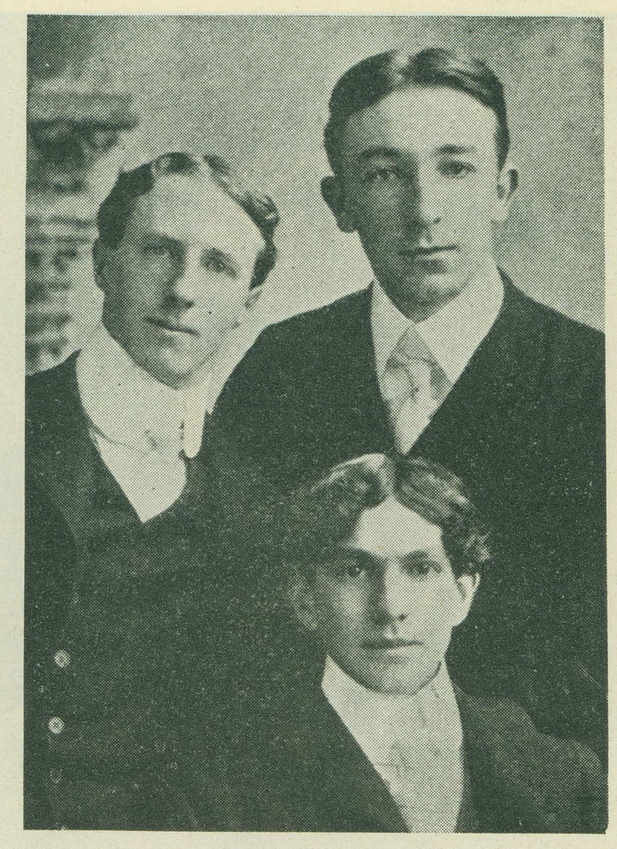
We wish to thank Bushnell, our photographer, of 41 N. 1st St., for the kindness they have shown us in the preparation of this Souveiner for the school.

We have just received the sad news of the death of Elsie Hill, an Alumni of our school.

School Spirit.

Our school has had many inter-schoolastic contests with worthy opponents during the past term and has come out on top almost every time. These victories were due, to a great extent, to the increasing school spirit of the students. Of course, a victory depends primarily upon the ability, the preparation and training of the competitors, whether athletic or literary, but the spiritual, and sometimes financial support of the entire school is necessary at the time of the trial, in order to urge them on to their best efforts. If this support is lacking there is very little to tempt anyone to spend much time in preparation as to strain himself, to a great extent, at the final test. That school spirit is beneficial to the students ot this school from a financial standpoint (if no other) is well illustrated by the Co-operative Book Store, for through all its trials and troubles it has held its own and saved the students many a dollar. how was it organized? through the enthusiasm of the students. It was school spirit that kept it alive, and it is school spirit that keeps any thing and every thing from falling into a slow routine of dreary plodding day in and day out.

The latest illustration of school enthusiasm was exhibited when our worthy debaters, Messrs Mouron, Sheriffs and Caldwell, defeated the debating team of the Academy of the University of the Pacific. During the entire evening, whenever a chance presented itself, the shouting and singing of school songs were taken up by the opposing students. No one could claim that he did not have a better time that evening than if no such a thing as high pitched enthusiasm reigned supreme. This spirit makes one feel it worth while to work hard for the honor of the shool, to appreciate its enterprises and glory in its effects. No one can say that the faces of the debaters did not reflect the spirit of the audience as they exerted their utmost power and skill to convince the judges, and no one believes that such a meeting could havc been possible if the entire student body had not given its support and enthusiasm to the debaters. So let us ever remember that one of our duties in the school is to form a strong student body and have bushels of school spirit, for in union there is strength.



NORMAL DEBATING TEAM.

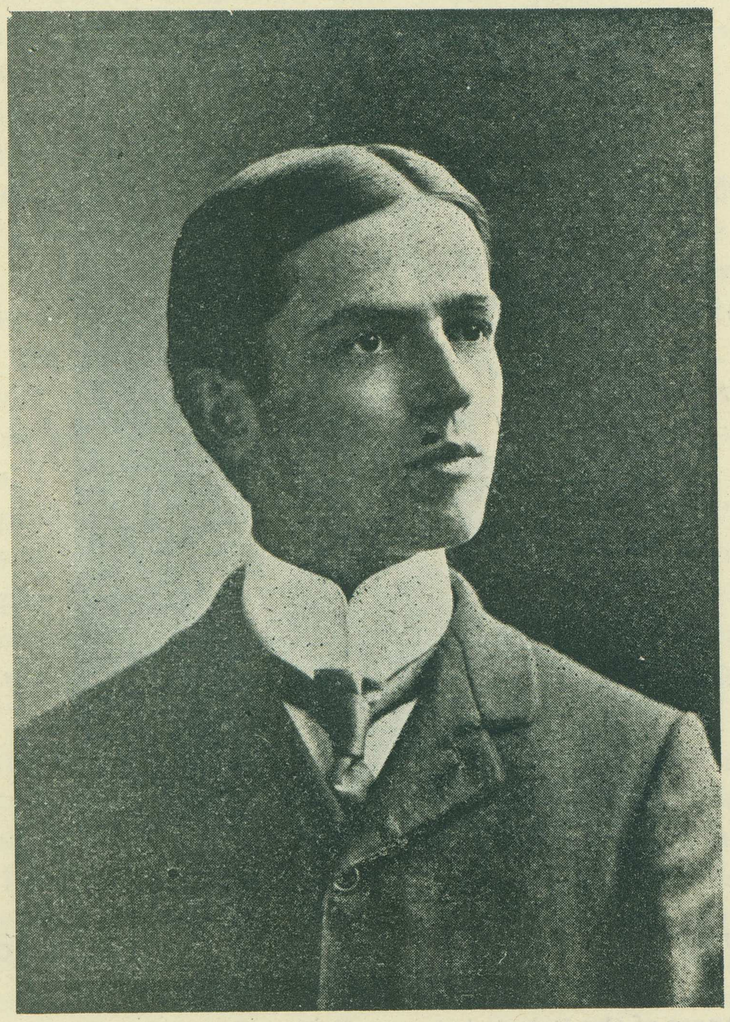
ARTHUR CALDWELL. OTTO MOURON.
ALEX. SHERIFFS.

Winners of the Debate between U. P. and Normal, Champions of Secondary Schools of Santa Clara County.

Young Men's Normal Debating Society.

For over thirty years the young men of the school have looked up to the Y. M. N. D. Society as one of the particularly bright stars on the Normal firmament. Not only has it helped many to become famous orators, achers, preachers and lawyers, but it has helped all in their school work and general bearing in society. Many times have the teachers visited the meetings of the society and declared that the work was as valuable to a teacher as any one of the subjects in the school curriculum

There have been many ups and downs in the work during the long existence of the society. Many times it seemed that the meetings would be broken up on account of keen rivalry between the members, who often banded together in war parties and proceeded to wipe each other from the face of the globe, but happily, such scenes were not lasting and the good work of the society was only strengthened by the bursts of party spirit; and now the time from 7 :30 to 10 o'clock Saturday evenings is spent by the society in the usual society pursuits such as lively business meetings, and programs of recitations, orations, lectures, speeches, musical efforts and debates. Although all the meetings are open to the public, the members aim to give one special meeting during every ten weeks at which times the large Assembly Hall is filled with visitors. Another special feature of the society is the annual banquet of the members and Alumni. Although, in past years, the social instinct of the Y. M. N. D. boys has been dormant to a great ex tent as far as anything outside of the literary field is concerned, it will be noticed that they are getting



GAVIN JAS. TELFER, Business Manager.

rapidly out of this state, for during the past year they have had two decided social successes to add to their list of literary entertainments. The first of these social events was a moonlight watermelon lawn party given to the sister societies of this school. It will be remembered that numerous carloads of melons were used upon that occasion. The second event, the crowning feature of their social life, was the "hop" given by the society to their lady friends some time during the winter season. But these social events do not prove what the members are capable of doing in the special work laid out by the society. That this work has good results may be proven by the fact that the three debaters chosen to defend the school in the last inter-scholastic debate were all members of the Y. M. N. D. Society, and furthermore learned all they knew about debating within the walls of Room X, which has long served as the society room.

W. E. U.

A June Class Meeting.

In the sweet, clear voice of the President is heard the time-honored phrase, "What does the class wish to do about the matter?" Everyone begins to express his opinion freely, and to any and all who will listen, when the gavel comes down on the desk with a forceful pound and the President demands that but one talk at a time, and he loud enough that all the class may hear. From the rear end of the room a timid voice moves that we reconsider the motion of the last meeting in regard to the size of the announcements. A second is heard, the question is put—"all in favor answer by the ——"

Mr. Ulrici jumps to his feet, and with a now-I've-got-you air, exclaims, "I rise to a point of order."

"State your point," is heard from the President. The sweetness has somewhat departed.

"A motion cannot be re-considered unless in the same meeting that it is made," and with a triumphant glance around the room, he sits, while the up-to-dates sigh audibly. Thanks to our boys' knowledge of parliamentary law, Mr. Kottinger relieves the suspense of the up-to-dates by moving that we recind the motion. Now, Mr. Ulriei, where's your point?

After the usual formula, another motion is made and carried, and while the people who would rather be neat than styltsh grind their teeth in rage, the up-to-dates are cheering the large-sized announcements.

A fierce struggle is had over the arrangement, and finally all is settled but the class motto. Mr. Estes moves that the motto be placed on the announcements. The motion is carried. Then motions are in order for the placing of this all-important part, for it comes well to being the first and last time we will ever have a chance to see it.

"I move that the motto be placed on the first page." The motion is voted down. Every page is tried, and each in succession receives the same fate. The situation grows desperate. Mr. Estes, true to his determination to learn that motto sometime, moves that we tack on an extra piece of paper and write the motto there. After serious deliberation, Mr. Telfer slowly rises, and in a solemn tone speaks: "Madam President, I wish to amend that motion by changing the word tack to rivet."

A bright thought strikes Mr. Ulrici (one of the boys who carries too many love letters in his pocket to wish to have the whole space taken up with one announcement). "Madam President, I wish to amend the amendment by changing the word rivet to spike. Since the announcements are already so very light, I move that we have a class spike and spike on an extra piece of paper to contain those inspiring words of truth, 'He conquers who conquers himself!'"

For once the tedious monotony of a June class meeting was broken, and we could have carried unanimously a motion to the effect that we amend the amendment of the motion that we re-consldered to rescind.

M. D.

ATHLETIC EVENTS.

Football.

During the past season the Normal Football team made for itself a record of which it may well feel proud. Many good games were played, and it was very seldom that success did not follow the well-directed efforts of our boys.

At a meeting of the N. A. A. last year, Marvin Heston was elected Captain and F. R. Estes Manager of the team. Mr. Woods, of Santa Cruz, an experienced quarterback, was secured as coach. He quickly rounded a team into shape, and played the first game with Santa Clara High School. The Normal team easily won from them by a score of 22—0.

The second game was the first game of the Academic League series, and was played against the Palo Alto High School. The field was heavy, making the game rather slow, but the Normal won by a score of 17—0.

The next scheduled game was with Hoytt's School, of Menlo Park. The game was played at Cyclers' Park, but again the visitors proved no match for our team, and we won by a score of 27—0.

St. Matthew's Military Academy had a team in the field with a reputation of being the fastest team in the League. They had met and defeated many strong teams, and our chances seemed rather meagre. We won, however, by a score of only 35—12.

This was the last game of the Academic League series. On Nov. 22d, on the Berkeley campus, the Normal Football Team played the U. C. 'Varsity. Although the score, 44—0, seems rather overwhelming, it is not so bad, considering the Berkeley Stanford score, 30—0. At the end of the first half the score was less than that of the above-mentioned game, but, owing to the lightness of our team and the heavy field we had to play on, it was impossible to do effective work for our comparatively light team.

On Thanksgiving Day our team played in Reno, Nevada, against the University of Nevada. This was one of the hardest fought battles of the season. The team played as a unit and held the University down to one touchdown. At one time the Normal ball was within one foot of the goal, but getting no farther, the game went to Nevada by one touchdown.

These last two games encouraged the boys and they decided to challenge Santa Clara College for the last game of the season. The first half closed with a score of 6—0 in favor of Santa Clara. The second half was stubbornly contested until a run of eighty yards made by Heston placed the ball under the goal. The game closed with a score of 6—6.

A movement is now under way to arrange a schedule with Stanford and probably Berkeley for the coming year. Owing to a break between the Olympic Club and the Universities, we anticipate putting a team in the field this coming season that will take the place of the former.

We regret very much the loss of Mr. Ulrici and Mr. Reynolds [also Mr. Estes —Ed.], but we hope to replace them from the new material at hand, and put in the field a team equal to any in the State.

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Baseball.

First base.....Meese
Second base.....(Captain) Matthews
Third base.....Smith
Pitcher.....Martin
Catcher.....Estes
Shortstop.....(Manager) Ulrici
Left field.....Mouron
Center field.....Hanlon
Right field.....Fraser

The record of the Normal Baseball Team for the season of '00 is one that does the school and the boys great credit. But one defeat can be found among its numerous victories, and that was given them by the Santa Clara College. The score might have been different even in this game, had it not been for a costly error at a critical point in the game.

The team has been handicapped by its inability to secure games. On account of the inability to secure games with secondary schools during the past year, the baseball team is now trying to schedule games with the universities for the coming season.

It is with much regret that we lose such players as Mouron and Ulrici. [See note]. They have always worked hard to promote the best interests of baseball, and to their efforts is due, to a great extent, the success

the team has attained. Much good material, however, is left in the school to make up the team next season. With such men as Mathews, Martin, Smith, Hanlon Meese and Fraser to start with and to teach and direct, and the rest of the school to pick from, the team will rapidly develop into first-class form.

NOTE.—Because of the charming modesty of our athletic editor, Mr. Estes, his name was not mentioned among our outgoing athletes. He deserves special mention, however, for his splendid all-round athletic abilities. He is one of our best baseball men, one of our best football men, and has also to his credit the world's amateur record of 173 feet with a 12-pound hammer.

Tennis.

The tennis craze struck the school a while past and eight courts were fitted out for use. For a long while they were in great demand and many were the games that were played, and many, oh, how many, were the ones new at it. Almost everyone learned how to play, but after some grew to be proficient with the racket the poor players dropped out and then one might find good games of tennis being played almost any hour in the day. Now there are four courts in active use and these, along with the rackets, uets and other materials, are kept in shape by the student body. Several times we have had tennis tournaments and hope next term to have a team which will challenge and win from various teams in our neighboring schools.

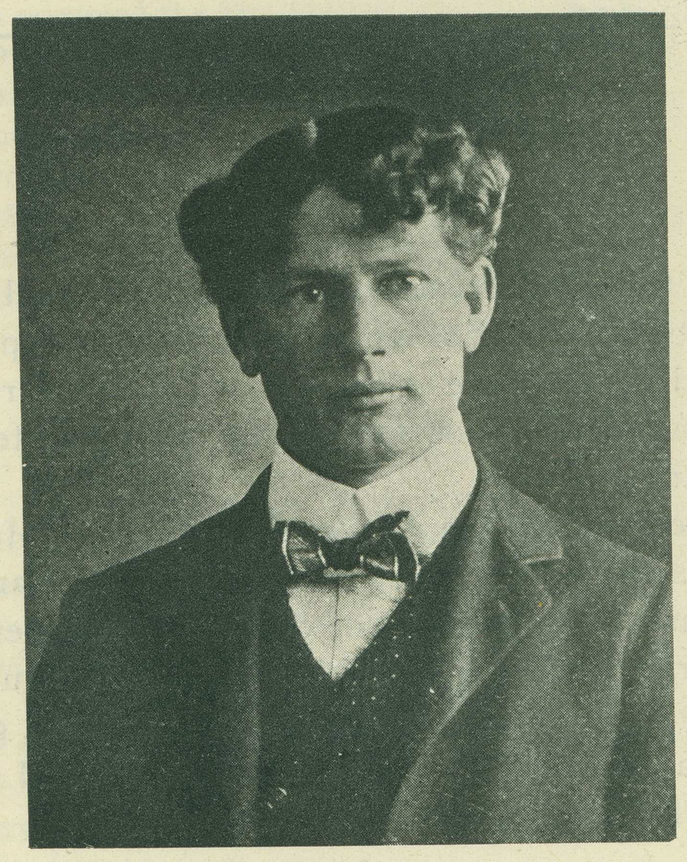
Basket Ball.

After the school was fairly settled last term, Miss Fowler and Prof. Bennett organized among the girls a number of basket ball teams. Miss Olive Stephens was elected manager, with Miss Hester Adams as First Captain. Miss Tucker, of the Stanford team, was secured as "coach," and the various teams began to practice.

During Thanksgiving week the Normal challenged the Palo Alto High School team, the game to be played at Palo Alto, Jan. 13. As the girls in the challenged team had to first stand a physical test, the game was postponed until Jan. 20.

The game was played on Roble Court, Stanford University. Palo Alto won the toss-up, and so had the choice of goals. In the first half the score was 6 to 0 in favor of Palo Alto. The second half the Normal girls played better, but Palo Alto succeeded in again scoring 6 to 0, making the total 12 to 0.

It was due to the difference in the courts that the



FREDERICK ESTES,
Athletic Editor.

Normal girls made such a poor showing, as their practice court was but half the regulation size, so when throwing the ball in the match game they were unable to send it far enough.

The make-up of the teams was as follows:

Normal.		Palo Alto.
Edith McBain [Captain]	right forward	Mabel Ray
Florence Cunningham	left forward	Mary Downing
Nell Patterson	center	Mat Downing [Captain]
Estelle Ballock	right back	Miss Pittman
Grace Horn	left back	Gertrude Horn
Lottie Lambert	substitute	
Rate Felton	substitute	

Miss Pitcher, referee; Bertha Beckett, Winifred Morgan, umpires; Miss Downing, time-keeper and scorer.

Although the game was lost, the girls learned this: That to practice in a small court was foolish if they intended to play match games. As yet all efforts to obtain a larger court have been unsuccessful, but the girls are anxious to play next year and will leave no stone unturned to obtain the wherewith to make their efforts a success.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" will be the favorite song of some of the boys when they go home for the vacation.



NORMAL BASEBALL TEAM, N. A. A



NORMAL FOOTBALL TEAM.



Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

SOCIETIES...

Sigma Theta Chi.

It was just about a year ago that this sorority became publicly known at the Normal. It was organized and recognized during Professor Randall's term of Presidency, and it received from him that aid and kindly encouragement which he was always so ready to give students. Other names which will always be held dear by the members of the Sigma Theta Chi are those of Miss Daniels, Miss Payne and Professor Bennett, to whose assistance the sorority owes a great deal.

This sorority comes as another representative of the new life that has lately come into our Normal. It has grown up, not sprung into existence as the creature of a moment, and its roots will ever strike deeper and deeper and its branches spread wider and wider in their influence. It will become one of the time-honored institutions of our Normal, and its associations will be one of the strongest of the bonds which will join its members to their Alma Mater.

During the present term, several of the members, under the chaperonage of Miss Fowler, have been living at 435 South Second Street, and many are the good times that have been held under the broad hospitable roof of the Frat House.

The closing party of the semester given at the house the last evening in May and its memory, will serve as an inspiration for numberless good times during the coming year.

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Browning Literary Club.

The Browning Literary Club had its origin in some appreciative stndies of Browning's poems done in con nection with the Grammar work of the school. A number of the students wishing to have more time for the poet than could be given in the class undertook to meet on Thursday afternoons. The studies were led by Mr. Bland, who made the work so interesting that the membership increased to over sixty students.

In its work the club has entered largely into the spirit of Browning's thoughts. A number of his minor poems have been studied and his ideal analyzed. The annual outing of the club is held on May 7th, the birthday of Browning. Miss Jayne Thompson of the faculty has given a number of Browning readings which were highly appreciated.

The present officers are Sadie Holmes, President; Norine Connelly, Vice-President; Beatrice Johnson, Secretary; Jessie Harrel, Treasurer; Mr. Bland, Helen Mignon, Sadie Holmes, Program Committee. Graduates, Olive Stephens and Mina Huffman.

❋

Erosophian.

As compared with some of the ancient orders that now exist in our Alma Mater, our club is a mere infant, but we will grow and in time be ranked as one of the fixtures of the school.

Under the guidance of Miss Cory, we organized our club and sought to become acquainted with a strange people in what was to us a new and undiscovered country—the people of letters in the land of books. We decided to read and study modern and living writers, beginning with Rudyard Kipling. We spent some time with Tommy Atkins in the "Barrack Room," some with Mowgli in the Jungle and with others of Kipling's delightful characters. We then took up Stevenson, reading his delightful letters, as well as many of his books and unanimously voted him one of the princes if not the prince of story tellers.

We have also met, in this little world of letters, James Barrie, whose charming books make a spell not easily resisted, and we very regretfully left him.

Aside from a literary standpoint, the social side of of our clnb is not missing; indeed, sometimes it seems rather conspicuous than otherwise. Our initiations especially have been sources of much amusement—to those who weren't being initiated.

The musical element in our club is also to be found, for who could read Kipling without feeling pulses beat faster and tongue begin to go to the time of Mandalay. Perhaps some of the beautiful descriptions we have found will light the torch of genius in one of the artist



THE BROWNING

souls of our members, and a Stevenson pen-picture in colors will be given to the world as a result.

Our constitution tells in better words than I can use, what the aim of the Erosophian is. Let us quote from it: "Its purpose shall be to cultivate a love for good literature, to create an intelligent interest in the best modern writers, to encourage originality, and to promote sociability among its members.

The Allenian Society.

The Allenian Society claims the distinction of being the oldest girl's society in the school. Many times literary societies had been organized, but never had one survived the first year's existence. Feeling the need of society work, the class of February, '99 aided by the valuable assistance of Professors Conditt and Howe, organized the Allenian Rhetorical Society in Novomber, '96.

Perhaps the name "Allenian," which ever reminds the members of Professor Allen, in whose honor the society was named, has had much to do with its success. We believed that there was mueh in a name, and we know that now

"He can conquer who thinks he can."

The earnest work of the members was soon rewarded, for Allenian became recoghized as a leading element in the school.

During the first six months of Allenian's existence, the Y. M. N. D. was awakened from its slumbers by a challenge for debate. This worthy dignitary yawned, considered and finally accepted. Then followed a joint open meeting of the venerable Y. M. N. D. and the infant Allenian. Poor old Y. M. N. D.; it came nearly being defeated! However, the awakening was sufficient; it is now a flourishing society.

The first graduating reception of the A. R. S. was held January 16, '99, when foruteen of the charter members were graduated. These receptions have since been held semi-annually, and are looked forward to with great pleasure.

Within the last year the society has adopted a pin, and many of the members may be seen with the dainty emblem fastened in some convenient place.

May the Allenian ever prosper, and realize in the fiuture more fully than it has in the past, the ideal society that its founders would have it.

The Shakespeare Club.

Shakespeare, "Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!"

Three or four years ago, a few young ladies organized a society known as The Friday Afternoon Club, the main object of which was the study of Shakespeare. In the course of time, the society became devoted exclusively to the study of this author, and it was thought best to give it a more typical name, one that would better show its purpose and work, so within the past year the name was changed to The Shakespeare Club.

The aim and purpose of the club is to gain a thorough knowledge of the most important of Shakespeare's plays, and to foster an interest in the study of Shakespeare in the Normal.

During this last year the club has studied the following plays: The Tragedy of Macbeth, The Comedy of Errors, and the historical play of King John.

Macbeth occupied the first twenty weeks, and an exhaustive study was made of this play.

It was thought best to make the transition between a tragedy and a historical play one of the lighter comedies, so the Comedy of Errors was next chosen.

The club then decided to begin a course of historical plays taking them in their order, King John coming first. The society gained much historical knowledge from King John, as all errors in facts, which are comparatively few, were carefully noted.

After a term's work and study, the club decided to give a social time by giving a reception to the former members of the society. This reception was held Friday, June 1, in Miss Walker's room. An impromptu program was rendered, after which refreshments were served.

The society is a small one, but its members have always been faithful and willing workers, and several, some of whom have graduated, have showed marked ability in this line of work. Especially is the club indebted to Miss Walker, who, throughout the term, has given it valuable assistance in the way of helpful suggestions and criticism. The club highly appreciates the benefit derived from having as a member such an able student of Shakespeare.

EDITH TIFFANY.

Sappho Club.

FACULTY.

PROF. M. E. DAILEY.

ALUMNI.

Cora Dam,
Louise Drury,
Lois Estabrook,
Gertrude Hamble,
Laura Hathaway,
Ida Jackson,
Gertrude Lewis,
Gertrude Gracy,*
Mattie Livingston,
Minnie McDonald,
Edith Plumb,
Helen Ransom,
Georgia Rattan,
Christine Zoffman.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Pansy Abbott,
Ina Baker,
Edith Bailey,
Bessie Bailes,
Edith Barre,
Olivc Beede,
Emma Blanchard,
Pearl Bohnett,
Mae Bowman,
Isabel Ferguson,
Veda Green,
Anna Hardy,
Beatrice Johnson,
Olive MacMahon,
Ethel Main,
Jessie Manning,
Anna Morrison,
Genevieve Nicholson,
Ada Nyman,
Esther Paul,
Eva Wilber,
Laura Vestal,
Ethel Blythe,
Edith Braly,
Clara Calglesser,
Nell Cassidy,
Effie Crofoot,
Annie Collins,
Mary Cortner,
Clara Doulon,
Julia Drew,
Mabel Plumb,
Cecile Osborne,
Lillian Rainey,
Do lie Ralston,
Elsie Ruhl,
Cora Ripley,
Erma Simon,
Clara Sphulding,
Lulu Spangler,
Clifton Swisher,
Annie Thomas,
Hazel Wal,
Bertha Cornforth.

*Deceased



THE SAPPHO CLUB.

The Sappho Club was organized in September, 1898, and had eleven charter members. Their aim was to make "a study of general literature, combined with social pleasure." It has been with difficulty that the membership has been kept within its present limit, so popular has the club become.

To say that the past term has been one of the most, if not the most successful of its existence, is not an idie boast. With efficient officers and members ever ready and eager to advance the Club's welfare, it could hardly be otherwise. We have sought to make our programs both instructive and entertaining and our musically-inclined sisters have done much toward relieving the monotony of purely literary programs. Our Club "feeds" have had the effect of making us feel better acquainted with one another as we can all have the floor at the same time.

The Sappho "Echo," a marked feature of each week's program, has of late been greatly improved. Through the medium of the paper we have discouered that many of our members will no doubt prove to be novelists of note, while others will compile weighty volumes on scientific subjects in the dim future.

Last winter the custom was inaugurated of giving our graduates a recedtion to which their friends were invited. The first graduation was very successful, as was also the second, held in Primary Hall on the evening of June 8th. Diplomas were presented by our only brother, Prof. Dailey, to Clara Calglesser, Julia Drew, Isabel Ferguson, Anna Hardy, Auna Morrison, Ada Nyman, Esther Paul, Dollie Ralston, Clara Spaulding and Laura Vestal.

INA BAKER.

❋

Emanon.

The Emanon Club was organized March 7, 1900 for the purpose of developing a social spirit as well as cultivting the intellect. Under the able leadership of Miss Jayne Thompson, the club has flourished and during its short life has attained a place among the leading societies of the school. The majority of the members, which number about forty-five, have been or are students of reading under Miss Thompson. The work of the club has been principally the reading of interesting and beneficial selections from recently published books. As to the social side, about two weeks ago, thirty members with several members of the Faculty spent the day at Long Bridge. Professor Addicott in his usual jolly manner entertained the merry crowd with recitations; Genevieve Nicholson and Imogene Kirk rendered several beautiful vocal selections; Stella Thompson gave some interesting readings. On the return home, the party visited Congress Springs.

The club is now contemplating a garden party to be given on the Normal grounds a few days before the close of school; the principal feature will be an elaborate lunch served under the trees. We are looking forward to making Emanon a larger and stronger society than it even now is. With the talent of its present members and the additional growth of membership and talent next year, we hope to present theatricals and entertainments in the future which will make Emanon worthy of its cause and name.

JESSIE MANNING.

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Young Men's Christian Assn.

The Y. M. C. A. as now organized in this school, is still struggling with the various troubles that so often beset young institutions, for we are but one year old.

The present officers are:—

President ..... Jos. E. Frye
Vice President ..... C. W. Brown
Corresponding Secretary ..... L. Stevens
Recording Secretary ..... J. Leonard
Treasurer ..... C. Ornbaun

The meetings are held every Sunday morning in the Faculty parlors at 9:30. The main line of work up to the present has been Bible study, following a course of lessons on the life of Christ, by Scharman. We have on our rolls between twenty and thirty members.

Our aim has been to give a series of receptions to the new students, and by aiding them in every possible way show them that we are interested in their welfare. The next step is to get them into the association. The social side of the work has been done in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A., and has been highly successful.

Probably a few words as to how we became organized would not be amiss at this point.

Last year Mr. Parsons, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., visited our school and roused enthusiasm enough among the boys to cause them to send two delegates, Messers Edward Newell and Marvin Heston, to the State Y. M. C. A., Conference soon afterwards held at Pacific Grove.

When the delegate returned, they at once set about to organize an Association here. Thus was the tree planted. May it grow till it may throw its shadow over this whole school and city.

This year the writer had the pleasure of attending the Conference, hoping to gain something to build up our organization here. Perhaps you ask, what is this Conference of which we have made mention two or fhree times already? It is a summer school, headed by men experienced in the Y. M. C. A. work, who endeavor to instill into the minds of the various delegates some of the best methods of carrying on the various branches of work before them.

The forenoons and evenings are devoted to earnest work, but the afternoons are the opportunities given for strolls, games, etc. But all this has but one object in view; to fit the delegates to go back to their institutions bearing the tidings of Jesus Christ to the students who had not the chance to attend the Conference.

May San Jose see the time when she can point with pride to a Y. M. C. A., not merely of the Normal School, but of the whole city.

JOS. C. FRYE.



ALLENIAN SOCIETY.

Young Women's Christian Assn.

The Y. W. C. A., began its year's work in September by giving the new students a reception. This was a very pleasant event and all of the old members made a special effort to make the newcomers feel at home. The association holds it regular weekly meetings on Tuesday evenings, when the study of the Life of Christ has been the chief object. Once a month we have held a missionary meeting, which has been conducted bv some leading missionary. Miss. Lyons, a Jewish lady, told us many interesting facts about her native land, and Mrs. Wagner, a former teacher of the Normal, delighted her hearers with a talk on her work in China.

The year's work has been under the supervision of Miss Mary Williams and Miss Mary Storer. Miss May Adams has been elected President for the coming year. Other officers of the association are as follows: Vice-President, Lotta Sargent; Recording Secretary, Pearl Sherburn; Corresponding Secretary, Susan Steel; Treasurer, Pearl Rigdon; Librarian, Stella Hammond; Pianist, Estella M. Brown.

On June 9th, a reception will be tendered the graduates of our association in the school parlors. The graduates are: Ruby Brown, Josephine Charleston, Beatrice and Mary French, Louise Ingles, Esther Lamb. Ada Murphy, Hattie Phoenix, Dollie Ralston, Lizzie Sargent, Olive Stevens and Grace Turner.

There will be a short program consisting of music and short sketches of College Day at Capitolia. The members of the society and their friends are anticipating a a very pleasant evening.

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Senior Farce and Musicale.

JUNE CLASS, 1900.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

In Shakespeare's time men did not ask
Elaborate scenery, costume, mask,
To stage a play was no such task
As in our time.

Not practical nor literal they,
Imagination had full sway,
A word turned night into the day,
In Shakespeare's time.

Tonight we ask you live awhile
In those old times—an hour beguile,
And at the stage and scenery smile,
Of Shakespeare's time.

—R. R.

FARCE—"THE ALBANY DEPOT."

PROLOGUE.

Miss Nyman, President of the Senior Class.

FARCE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Roberts..... Mr. Otto Mouron
Mrs Roberts.....June Chappel
Mr Campbell .....Arthur Smith
Mrs. Campbell.....Anna Hardy
Mr. McIllhenuy.....Walter Ulrici
Mrs. McIllhenuy.....Mary Carroll
Maggie .....Ilma Schweyer

Epilogue—Mr. McIllhenny.

Stage Manager—Owen Dobson.

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

1. Overture.....D'Ablaing Orchestra
2. Vocal solo .....Mrs Kirkpatrick

Violin obligato, Mr. D'Ablaing.

3. Violin solo..... Estelle F. Gray
4. Selection .....Orchestra
5. Vocal solo.....Miss Lulu Pieper
6. Zither solo.....Elsie Ruhl

Guitar accompaniment, Ralph Matthews.

7. Vocal solo.....Mrs Kirkpatrick
8. Overture.....Orchestra

PROGRAM OF Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY AND RECEPTION TO ITS ALUMNI.

NORMAL HALL, JUNE 19, 1900.

Address of Welcome.....President G. Telfer
Response.....A. H. Suzzallo
Vocal solo.....C Rickabaugh
Recitation.....C Marten
Oration.....H. Tracy

Presentation of diplomas to graduates by Prof Holway.

GRADUATES.

Gavin J. Telfer, Otto J. Mouron,
Edward W Kottinger, Joseph F. Leonard,
Frank G. Maus, Artus Metzger.

Quartett—R. Matthews, M. Heston, F. Estes, A. Cuthbertson.

DEBATE.

Resolved, That the cabinet system of government is more desirable than the congressional form.

Affirmative—A. Metzger, L. Stevens.
Negative—C. Miller, F. Carr.

Banquet at St. James Hotel.

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The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. are thinking of getting out a "Students' Handbook" which new students will find to be very helpful. This little book will contain a plan of the Normal School building, information regarding eutrance examination, the school curriculum, etc , as well as items of interest in regard to the city. We hope to give these to new students as soon as they arrive in San Jose. Right here let me suggest to the readers of the PENNANT,—if you know of any students who are planning to enter school in September, we shall deem it a great favor if you will send their names and addresses to the President or Corresponding Secretary of the society, whose addresses are: President, 364 South Ninth street; Secretary Brownsville, Cal. Help on the good work.



Photo by Bushnell.

Y. W. C. A.

CLASS PROPHECY

One day in a class meeting, June, 1900, all the boys being absent, the girls discussed a plan that had long been in their minds, of going off all by themselves, where they could have things just their own way, and not be bothered by the immense number of boys as they had put up with for four long years in the Normal. But where to go to be rid of the baleful influence of man was the next question. After thlnking over all possible places on the earth, they found that all available spots were filled, and so they naturally went to the scientists of the Faculty, Mr. Holway and Mr. Wilson, for suggestions. Now, these two had taken in July, 1899, a trip to Mars. They had invented an improved airship, and in this way they had gone on their journey of exploration. Fearing that the trip would become common if they told, they had kept their precious secret till they found someone worthy of hearing it. We were the ones!

We were sworn to secrecy and then all the details of the journey were revealed to us. Miss Ney and Miss Bishop were specially trained in the management of the airship, and if you had been watching any mooonlight night during the last two weeks of June, 1900, you might have seen them sailing serenely over San Jose.

For two weeks everybody was making mysterious preparations, and on the night of July 4th, when everyone's attention was taken up watching the wonderful fireworks, the two professors saw us silently depart for



Photo by Bushnell.

EROSOPHIAN.

Mars. The most exciting day was when we passed through the shower of meteors, due on earth last November. The most important day, however, was the day of the election. Ada Nyman was chosen President and Beatrice French Vice-President, as they had shown such marked ability, even when bothered by boys, and now that they were to have full sway, the settlement was sure to be a success. Della Aulman was appointed Secretary of State, Lucile Dimon, Secretary of Treasury, and Emma Noble, Secretary of War. Mrs. Arnold was appointed Major General of the Army, which consisted of all the girls, in case of invasion by the natives, but only of the larger ones for every-day drill. Anna Butler and Catherine Keardon were appointed Lieutenants.

All the girls wanted to live within the city walls, but Ada said that this was impossible, as the settlers could not live if there were not someone to raise grain and fruit. She therefore appointed Gertrude Young, Emma Tindell, Esther Lamb, Nettie Hewlett and Maud Prior to raise fruit, Miss Inglis, Miss McMillin, Miss Martin, Miss Claffey, Miss Pheonix and Miss Mona Aulman to raise grain, and Miss Rasmussen and Miss McKinney to raise vegetables. There was much grumbling, but the girls decided to submit to the inevitable.

One day, to our horror, we saw a strange air-ship approaching. We were discovered! Messrs Mouron, Telfer, Reynolds and Prof. Bennett, having become discouraged in their march for their lost lady loves, had pursuaded Mr. Maus, the explorer, to take them with him on a tour among the planets. What was the disappointment of Mr. Maus when his supposedly wonderful discovery turned out to be but the long-lost girls of the June Class. The delight of Messrs Mouron, Telfer, Bennett and Reynolds, however, knew no bounds. After staying with us a week they departed, taking Nina Huffman, Carrie Edwards, Winnie King and Ella Roll with them and we knew them no more.

During their visit, Mr. Maus informed us that those stage-struck Senior girls who had taken part in the farces, and who had been left behind when we went to Mars, were playing under the direction of their stage-manager, Maude Woodsum. They arrived in due season, and were gladly welcomed by all. From that time on, the troupe, composed of Misses Carroll, Schweyer, Chappell, Maybelle Murphy, Hardy, Stephens, Applegate and Fobes, played to an appreciative audience every other night in Howe's Theater.

After Mr. Maus returned to Earth, rumors were heard that the girls of the June Class had been found. Mr. Daly heard these rumors, and as he had always been very fond of us, he felt that he must find us. After eing sworn to secrecy, Mr. Holway and Mr. Wilson told him exactly where we were. As Bernice Oliver had just invented a pneumatic tube connection between Earth and Mars, Mr. Daly came up through it, having the honor of being the first passenger. But as Mr. Kottinger, the ticket agent on Earth, had made a mistake with his ticket, Mr. Daly was compelled to remain in the tube until matters were adjusted by Laura Vestal, the agent on Mars.

He found the girls on the verge of a civil war over the farming question. Ada Nyman had been deposed, and the two opposing factions, led respectively by Grace Turner and Dollie Ralston, were engaged in a very exciting discussion. Things were in a terrible state, and Mr. Daly racked his brain for some way of helping them out and finally suggested that Mr. Leonard be sent for to manage things for us. Mr. Leonard was immediately communicated with, but under no consideration would he come unless he was allowed to bring Mr. Estes and Mr. Ulrici for protection, and Mr. Metzger to manage financial matters. The girls decided to accept this offer, concluding they could stand the boys if only peace were restored.

Under Mr. Leonard's strong rule things settled down into fine routine order. The girls had never felt the need of a Normal School before this, but the boys soon grew so homesick for the sight of one that they decided to build one, giving as an excuse, that the natives needed instruction.

Preparations were soon under way for building it. It was just three months and eleven days in construction, and when finished presented a splendid appearance with its low rambling buildings of lavender wood. The principal, appointed by the Board of Directors, Ruby Brown, Ada Murphy and Isabell Kersell, was Gertrude Crawford, who proved herself very efficient.

They introduced an altogether new plan which was the pride of the whole planet. There were to be no examinations, no P's, no rules, and no Student Body dues. For a month there was a very anxious faculty, but the plan worked to perfection.

Julia Drew was at the head of the Domestic Economy Department and taught the natives embroidery and hemstitching, while Alva Christman instructed a class in making mayonnaise, ice cream and pickles, and Miss Simons had another class in compounding bologna sausage, peppermint drops and charlotte russe. Miss Stidston illustrated practical methods in fishing; Miss Huston taught art and painting; Misses Calglesser, Sargent and Cox occupied the chair of heavy farming. Miss Lawrence and Miss Ehrlich gave instructions in hygienic dress making, while Miss Emery showed how the earthly born did scientific dish washing.

As positions in the faculty were greatly in demand, those disappointed raised a great riot, and were sentenced by popular consent to be dropped down the tube. The unfortunates were Miriam Estes, Anna Polson, Esther Paul and Mabel Dimon. Some of the others at the thoughts of Earth, forgot their patriotism and begged to be allowed to go home, too. Chaperoned by Mrs. Weiland, the following left Mars: Misses Dumouriez, Charlson, McBride, Blacow, Ferguson, and Spaulding. The settlement was left in a flourishing condition and peace and happiness reigned.

Sigma Theta Chi



MEMBERS

THERESA BURTSCHLER,
LAURA HATHAWAY,
CLARA BOYCE,
HAZELTINE HAYDEN,

GENEVIEVE McBRIDE,
OLIVE STEVENS,
MAUDE MARINER,
LAURA BAILEY,

ELIZABETH McBRIDE,
ELSIE RUHL,
JUNE CHAPPELL,
BLANCHE GAINE.

ETHELWYN CALDWELL,
AGNES MASON,
ETHEL BLYTHE.

Normal News Notes.

Very interesting exercises were held on May 29th in commemoration of Memorial Day. The Assembly Hall was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers of the national colors. Pictures of some of our honored heroes occupied prominent positions upon the platform, in company with a venerable body of veterans, heroes too, though not so well known.

Thc following excellent program was given:

Reading of Scripture.
Lord's Prayer.

Music, "America".....By the School
Remarks.....Mr. Holway
Music, "Consecration".....By the School
Recitation, "Memories of the War".....Pearl Bohnett
Written by Kate B Sherwood immediately following the War.
Remarks, "Recollections of the War".....
.....Chaplain C, J. Thompson, John A. Dix Post
Music, "Tenting on the Old Camp Grounds".....
..... Stella Hoard, assisted bo a chorus of eight young men
Recitation, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.....John Bolin
Music, Recessional.....Cecelia Club

A very delightful reception was given by the A. R. S. on Friday evening, May 24, in honor of their graduates, Misses Olive M. E. Stephens, May Belle Murphy, Anna McBride, Ruby Brown, Grace Turner and Gertrude Peckham. These young ladies have all been very earnest workers in the society, and it is with genuine regret that their fellow-members realize that they must lose them. The Training School Hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The following short but excellent program was rendered, after which dancing was begun and continued until a late hour.

Selection.....Orchestra
President's address.....Adelaide Mulrooney
Vocal solo.....Olive Stephens
Presentation of Diplomas.....Miss Howe

News.

Miss Laura Bethell leaves soon for Europe.

Mrs. Maitland, former teacher of drawing in our school, is now studying in Columbia College, New York.

Professor Howe, a former member of our faculty, is how head instructor in the Adelphi Institute of Brooklyn.

Word has been received of the appointment of Prof. Bolton, a former member of our faculty, as psychology instructor in the University of Nebraska.

We are delighted to be able to report that Miss McKinnon is very much improved after her severe illness. She is at her home in Pasadena.

Miss Allie Felker, formerly head of the Primary Department of our Training School, is doing excellent work in one of the Honolulu schools.

We regret that the name of the renoun comedian, historian and athletic manager, Mr. Walter E. Ulrici (ex-President of the Society) has been omitted from the list of Y. M. N. D. graduates. His picture appears on another page.

Miss Carrie George, February, '96, the daughter of our preceptress, Mrs. George, was married in May to W. M. Huff, of Idaho. The wedding took place at the home of Mrs. George in College Park.

Mrs. Place's resignation from her position as principal of the Training School will be received with genuine regret. Everyone realizes the great progress that has been made by the Department under her able guidance. Her resignation is felt by all as an inestimable loss.

The sympathy of the Normal goes out to Prof. Childs in his sad bereavement. Wallace will be remembered by many as a student in our Training Schoo'. Death is always sad, but saddest of all when youth must lay down its life, with all its bright hopes and dreams unrealized.

It is with deep regret that we are obliged to note the continued illness of Prof. Randall, our former principal. The professor's kind and genial manner and his genuine interest in the best welfare of the school have won for him the love and admiration of the entire student body. That he may soon be restored to health is the sincere desire of all.

The Cloverdale High School, Sonoma County, has had the good fortune of having Professor Cauch as principal during the past year. For some time he was at the head of the Department of Chemistry in our school, and all fully appreciate his ability.

Professor C. J. C. Bennett, who for some years has been at the head of our Psychology Department, leaves us at the close of this year to pursue a course of study at Leipzig, Germany. The student body, which has received unlimited encouragement and aid from him, will feel his loss seriously.

Thursday evening, June 7, Prof. Bland entertained the members of the Browning Club and a few of their friends at his home near College Park. The rooms were very beautifully decorated with flowers and greens. A short, but excellent, program was given. A number of interesting games were played and prizes were awarded to the deserving ones. Everyone present voted the evening a grand success

During the commencement week of this year, the Manual Training Department is, for the first time in the history of the school, to furnish an exhibit of students' work. There will be three exhibits made by the three classes now completing the course, and will consist of drawing, cardboard constructions, sloyd, joinery and carvings. The exhibition will be open during school hours on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st, in room W.

In December, 1900, a comprehensive exhibit of manual, technical and art work, together with addresses, papers and other information to illustrate the subject, is to be presented by the members of the Manual Training and Drawing Association. This body, which is a a department of the State Teachers' Association, was formed at the last meeting of the teachers in Sacramento, with James E. Addicott, of the Normal School, as President, and Ronald Gleason, of Oakland, as Secretary.

On Friday evening, June 15, the Senior B's held a reception in the spacious hall of the St. James Hotel, in honor of the class of June, 1900. Everything possible had been done to insure a successful evening, and the 4 B's surely showed themselves quite capable of taking up at least that portion of the mantle thrown off by the Seniors on leaving. The feature of the evening was dancing, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Primary Hall was very prettily decorated on the evening of June 8 for the second graduation of the Sappho Club. The program of the evening was opened by a selection by the orchestra, after which the President, Anna Hardy, gave the address of welcome. Miss Rainey followed with a well chosen recitation. After Miss Crofoot had rendered a very charming instrumental solo, Prof. Daley presented the graduates with their diplomas. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

The Normal at Capitola.

Rah-rah, rah-rah, Gold and White ;
San Jose Normal—it's all right.

This was one of the yells given on College Day at Capitola, and by far the most interesting one to the eight Normal girls who were gathered on the banks of a little stream with a hundred and twenty-five other girls, representing more than twenty schools and colleges, and seven States of the Pacific slope. For the College Day sports, the merry band of dele gates, decorated in their school colors, formed a procession and marched to the river, where they embarked on boats and rafts and rowed gaily up the stream to College Day Canyon. The yells, however, were only one of the interesting features of that afternoon; there were speeches, prophecies, college songs and much good-natured rivalry. There was a ghost, too, and after a representative from each school had told something of the history or aim of her little world, the ghost prophesied wonderful things for the leaders of the conference. The "Annual Josh," also, disclosed many marvelous secrets. As evening came on, the girls returned to Hotel Capitola, their headpuarters, in time for supper.

Much credit for the success of the conference is due the fifty-four Berkeley girls, who worked so hard to bring it about. Everything went like clockwork. They had brought three sorority Chinamen from Berkeley, who did all the cooking, the girls doing everything else, each one having regular work assigned her and enjoying it, too.

The regular sessions of the conference were very helpful to all present. Good speakers from San Francisco, Oakland and Southern California gave interesting addresses, many of which were heart to heart talks. Our own delegatiou felt that they had gained a great inspiration for their work in the Normal. There was a beautiful spirit of comradeship among the girls; each one felt as if she had come among friends, and a feeling of love and helpfulness prevailed throughout.

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Alumni Notes.

Of late hardly a day passes without a visit from some member of the Alumni. It is vacation at both universities now and a great many of the country schools are closing. We always extend a hearty welcome to all members of the Alumni and we only wish that more would return, when possible, for a visit to their Alma Mater.

Minnie Veatch is teaching at Valencia, Santa Cruz county.

Maude H. Nichols, June '98, is teaching at Napa.

Lizzie Endriss, June '94, is teaching in Uniontown district.

Amelia C. Black, January '96, teaches iu Salinas.

Lora Emery, January '96, taught last year in Alvarado, Alameda county.

Carrie Hamilton, June '99, taught last year in Apricot district, Monterey county.

Nellie Berg, June '99 is teaching in Pioneer district. Plumas county.

Grace Halsey, June '93, taught last year in the Evergreen school.

Anna Webb, June '93, has taught ever since graduation in Concord district, Contra Costa county.

Clorinda M. Cassinelli, January '98, is teaching in Volcano, Amador county.

Annie N. Wasgatt, June '95, is teaching in the Selma school.

Vida M. Thomson, January '97, taught in the Grammar, Department of the Wilson school, Sonoma county.

Rachel C. Bynon, June '98, taught last term in Cleveland school, Newman county.

Florence E Pugh, November '96, is teaching in Pine View district near Ball's Ferry, Shasta county.

Mary Griffith, June '99, is teaching in Monterey county.

A number of the members of January 1900 have taught during the last term.

Clara F. Abbott is teaching in Davis district, Stanislaus county.

Ella M. Jones is teaching in Sand Creek District, Tulare county.

Jessie Sobey taught in Lighthouse district, Pt. Reyes Marin county.

Mary Uncapher taught in the primary department at Buena Vsita, Monterey county.

Nellie Schroder, June '98, has been teaching during the past year in Paris Valley district, Monterey county.

Edith Clement, June '99, was married October 28, 1899. She is now Mrs. Arthur Davis.

Grace D. Cuthbertson, June '99, is teaching in the Ferndale school, Mendiceno county.

Pearl Clark, June '98, taught in the primary department of the Eureka public school.

Elsie McDonald has been teaching since graduation at Selby, Contra Costa county.

Cards were received a short time ago announcing the marriage of F. Mabelle Dawson, June '95, to Mr. I. E. Pomeroy on May 9, 1900.

Iola Harris, June '98, taught in Gardiner district duringthe past year.

Wightman Byrd, November '99, has been taking a course at the Garden City Business College, San Jose.

Mary F. Bird, June '99, is teaching in Yreka, Siskyou county.

L. Alice Halsey, June '99, has taught during the past year at Madrone, Santa Clara county.

Winifred Booker, January '99 has been teaching in the primary department of the St. Helena school ever since her graduation.

Edith V. Edwards, January '99, is teaching in Main district, Monterey county.

Fannie McKay, January '98, is teaching in Happy Valley discrict, near Santa Cruz.

Harry R. Painton, January '98, is teaching at Hacienda, Santa Clara Co.

Edith Anthony, January '96, taught during the past year at Sea Side in Monterey county.

Evalyn Sanford, January '98, taught in the primary department of the Vallejo school last term.

Maud Townsend, June '98, is successfully teaching in the San Jose Inititute.

Roberta Thompson, January '96, is teaching at the Palo Alto public school.

Belle Rosenthal, '96, has been teaching in the Merced public school.

Jennie Garabaldi, June '96, is teaching in Merced county, near Merced. where she has taught ever since graduation. She expects to visit the Paris exposition this summer.

Lotta Waldo, June '96, taught last term at Westside, Santa Cara county. She intends entering Stanford next term.

Lester E. Cottrell, April '96, spent last year in Cooper's Medical College. He expects to go to Washington D. C., to continue his studies.

Estelle Lucy, 95, is attending Stanford University,

Kathrine Birdsell, '95, will finish the course at Stanford next year.

Estelle Barrows, '95, is teaching near Mt. Hamilton, Santa Clara county.

Amy Wigmore, June '96, has been teaching near Milpitas, Santa Clara county.

Laura Bettannier, Cecelia Hynding, and Bertha Kuck of June '96, are teaching at Baden.

Dorethy Moore, June '98, is teaching iu the Alviso school.

Bertha Newman, June '98, has been teaching at the Whitlock school in Mariposa county.

May Buchanan, June '99, taught the Garcia school, Mendiceno county.

Will Donlon, June '99, is teachlng very successfully at the Pala school, Santa Clara county,

Lucia N. Keniston, June '99, is a Freshman at Stanford University.

Mr. Weed, '94, has taught for a number of years at Pescadaro, Santa Cruz county.

Nellie Borton, June '90, has taught for the past three years in Havilali, Kern county.

Edith Powers, June '98, is teaching in Napa County.

Eva Weymouth, June '99, teaches in Antelope district, Cottonwood, Shasta county. She expects to continue here next year.

Malwine Bronson, June '96 is teaching the Crystal school, Salano county. She will teach the same school next term.

Olive Eardley, January '99, teaches in Robinson district, Stanislaus county.

Clara C. Sternmetz, June '95, has taught continuously in the Santa Cruz school.

The Longfellow school, Alameda has had the good fortune of having Anthony H. Suzzallo, June '95, at its head during the past year.

Julia Farney, June '99, after a year at Stanford University is at her home in San Jose.

Lillian C. Vennum, June '95, will continue her work next year in Eagle district, Santa Clara county.

May Wilson, June '95, was married in January 1898 to Mr. C. E. Pearsall. Her home is in Eureka, Humboldt county.

Flora R. McIsaac, January '96, is teaching in Pacheco district, Marin county. She has held this position ever since graduation. This spring she was appoined as a member of the County Board of Education for Marin county.

Annie L. Schwab, January '96, is teaching in the Iowa Hill school.

Alice J. Sterling, June '97, teaches in Fairview Joint district, near Saratoga, Santa Clara county.

Gertrude Freitag, June '97, taught in the primary department at Scotia, Humboldt county, during the past year.

Ethel Pyle, November '98, is enjoying a very delightful trip to Yosemite valley.

Addie Lemon, February '00, taught last term at Jamesburg, Monterey county.

Lois Estabrook, February '00, is teaching in Monterey county.

Maud Miller, Jnne '98, has been teaching during the past year in Halls Valley, Santa Clara county.

Isabella Baker, June '96, is teaching in Eagle district, Monterey county.

Margaret E. Church, June '96, is teaching her third year in the Modesto school.

Mildred Farrell, June '96, taught four years in Salmon Creek district, Marin county.

Henrietta L. Nauman, June '96, is teaching in Jolon, Monterey county.

Ada J. Allen, January '97, is attending Stanford University.

Della Burns, January '97, taught in Vega district, Aromas, Monterey county, during the past year.

Otha C. Castho has taught for some time in Lake View district.

Evangeline E. Ellis, January '97, is teaching a school of nine white children at Paanilo, Hamakuo, Hawaiian Islands. She enjoys her work very much and expects to continue it next year.

Aimee M. Pheiffenberger, January '97, is teaching in San Marcos district.

Helen A. Stewart teaches in Pacific district, San Linion.

Agnes Dowling, June '95, teaches in San Francisco.

Genevieve Kelton, June '95, is teaching in Ventura.

Alice M. Russell, January '97, is principal of the Summit school, Tehachapi.

Jessie Woods, June '99, is teaching in Groves district, near Salinas.

Jessie Cuthbertson, January '99, is teachiug in the primary nepartment at Point Arena, Mendiceno county.

M. Adillia Gabler, June '98, has taught continuously since graduation, in Esparto, Yolo county.

Clara Boyce, June '99, is teaching near Kings City, Monterey county.

Myrtle Steen, June '99, is teaching very successfully in Easterby district, Fresno county.

Florence Garratt, June '98, taught last year in the Encinal school, Alameda.

Edna Stoddard, June '96, is uow Mrs. E. I. King. Her home is in Merced.

M. Lena Rice, June '98, is teaching ln the Eureka school.

Eva Russell, June '69, has beeu teaching in Kings county.

Our old friend Hobart Heiken, commonly known as "Trilby," has been attending Stanford.

Gertrude Burkett, January '97, has taught for some time in Felton, Santa Clara county.

Dorothy Allen, June '96, is married and lives in Fresno Her name is Mrs. Moore.

Cards are out for the marriage of two of our graduates. Mamie Promise to Charles F. Gillespie and Ivy Hooker to Rame Prevost of Los Angeles.

Edna Lauer, June '96, has taught ever since graduation in the Mountain View school.

Bella Steen, February '99, was married on May 5, 1900, to Mr. M. Bemis of Oakland.

Robert A. Lee, has been elected to the principalship of one of the Grammar schools of San Jose.

Blanche Plumb is at her home in Tuscarora.

Harriet Gray, June '96, is now Mrs. Moore. Her home is in San Francisco.

Bonnie Burdrow, January '97, is teaching in the Hester School, San Jose.

Cora Dam, February '00, is back in our midst again.

Georgia H. K. Rattan, February '00, expects to enter Berkeley at the beginning of the next semester.

JOSHES.

What is the matter with Mae Hamilton? Have you noticed how Woe(f)ful she seems of late?

Why, Mr. Metzger, I don't believe it!
Mr. M —It's trne, for my little Bird told me so.

Why is it that when studying history Laura Vestal always chooses Bancroft's for her reference?

Enjoy your walks while you can, Mr. Stevens. Unless the little girl becomes a bride she'll soon be leaving you.

You've heard of "My favorite fruit's a date with a peach," but a far better combination is a date between an Apple and a Pear. Don't you think so, Bessie?

A Music Teacher's Wooing.

It was a music teacher bold,
Who loved a fair young maid,
And when to her his love he told,
Something like this he said:

"Light of my sol! My life's bright re,
I love you near or fa!"
The maiden turned away her head
And gently murmured, "La,

Such flighty nonsense doesn't go,
You're not the man for me;
I want a man who has some do,
So you're not in it, se?"

"I don't know what your opinion is, but for myself, I like everything unadulterated." This is what we heard in the Literature Methods class the other morning. True, Miss Daniels, things are invigorating taken straight, but they're sometimes more than ordinary mortals can stand straight on, and such criticisms as make black the margins of our papers knock us off our literary legs quite as effectually as other unadulterated goods would destroy our physical balance.

Professor McNaughton solemnly walked to the front of the rostrum Friday morning, June 1, and announced that work would continue according to the usual routine, in spite of the absence of the seniors. "For," he continued, "they are away on a pleasant outing to-day; they will soon be gone from our midst, and we're glad to have them go." Well, we've heard of slambacks before, but—we really didn't think it of you, Professor.

Have you noticed the apple tree overhanging the gate at the Brown Chappell, where we heard the Christmas Carroll sung? Here the King, ornamented with his magnificent Dimons, Drew up to the humble door in his coach, that has now long since been covered with Maus, and was gladly welcomed by the pious Father, who never said him Ney. Prior to his departure hither, he partook of a repast, served by his faithful Sargent, consisting of roast Lamb, served with French Rolls, and Olives with Crawford peaches for dessert.

Way down in California,
Flowers bloom within your reach,
The girls are bright and pretty,
And every one's a peach.

There, 'mid the flowers and blossoms,
With graceful charms they rule,
But the brightest and most lovely
Are the girls of the Normal School.

Toast to the June Class.

Here's to the June class's "cases,"
Here's to the June class's "joshes,"
Here's to bright hearts and sweet faces,
And here's—oh, to everyone, great and small,
And far and near, and one and all,
Just read and 'joy and laugh and smile,
'Tis sensible nonsense the time to while.

How is it that Ada N. can not make lemonade without the attention of a Sheriff?

Someone was overheard saying the other day, "There are two extremes of popularity in our school. Mr. W. represents one and Miss W. the other.

Mr. Alex. S. evidently thinks it dangerous to stray far away from Holme(s).

"Does N. H. like much perfume?"
"Yes."
"How do you know?"
"I caught her trying to place more on (Mouron) the the other day."

A physics experiment.—After drawing a candle B. J. exclaimed, "O, girls! see here, my latest flame!"

Why does Beatrice F. address all her announcements to St. Louis?

Many of the students are occupied in a long calculation to determine the number of note books consumed per day by E. M. and R. S. in writing notes. Some have given up in despair.

This year's class has received many reproaches for being "Naughty-naughts." But we do not seriously object, as we remember that in two years there will be a class called "Naughty-Two."

Prof. Daily.—"No talking in the corridors."
Senoir A.—"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Why has Lena applied for a school at Tracey? Evidently association of ideas was the impressive part of psychology to her.

The King from the royal seat
Proclaims this verdict sweet:
"If I had Bennett home that day,
I should have never said him nay."

We wonder if Prof. Bennett will pay as much attention to winning favor from the crowned heads of Europe as he has tried here to Win-nie King. True, he is winning, kingly, and (k)nightly, too, and such accomplishments may help him much.

Heard In the Halls.

Miss W.—Well, say, what's June's latest now?

Miss R.—Let's see; first there was Lloyd, his place was solid once; then Roy, but he was only Herrold for the other Roy, and then there's Charles—pretty nice to have a candy store at one's command—and Albert, but De Witt of him was too much, and we mustn't forget Bob, who, most of all, seems to have proved himself the Wright man in the right place, and now she's suddenly taken to eating Graham bread and loving Herb, and ——

Oh! please let's talk about somebody whose cases aren't so complicated, but, by the way, in the meantime, what's become of Bob of Berkeley?

Leaving for a School Beyond Nowhere.

As Dollie packs her large portfolio,
Oh, how she sighs for her loved Beaulieu!
And cries, "Now, Jack, if you had only popped the question,
I wouldn't be traveling in this direction."

Strange how our graduates love to return, among them Arthur. They say he Cald—well, extremely often on Miss Richardson.

That proverbially long arm of Mr. Estes may be suddenly foreshortened by the shock if some one chooses to take a Car(r) for Minnie Miles.

Judging from the way Olive leans upon R. for support, she must sometimes find that walk home from church rather "ex-Austin."

Mary Buck, growing enthusiastic in composition class when describing an ideal character, said:

"Her cheeks are like little red islands,
Set in a sea of cream."

I wonder——

Why Will lost his book.
Why T. T. likes to study in botany room.
What next Edna Bernice will change her name to; but, never mind, she's all Wright.
If S. D. will ever learn the Normal rules.

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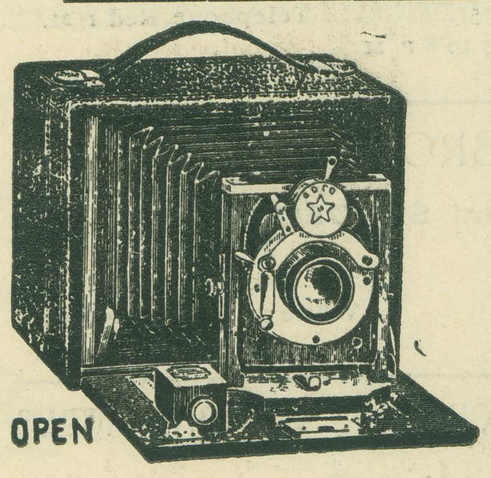
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