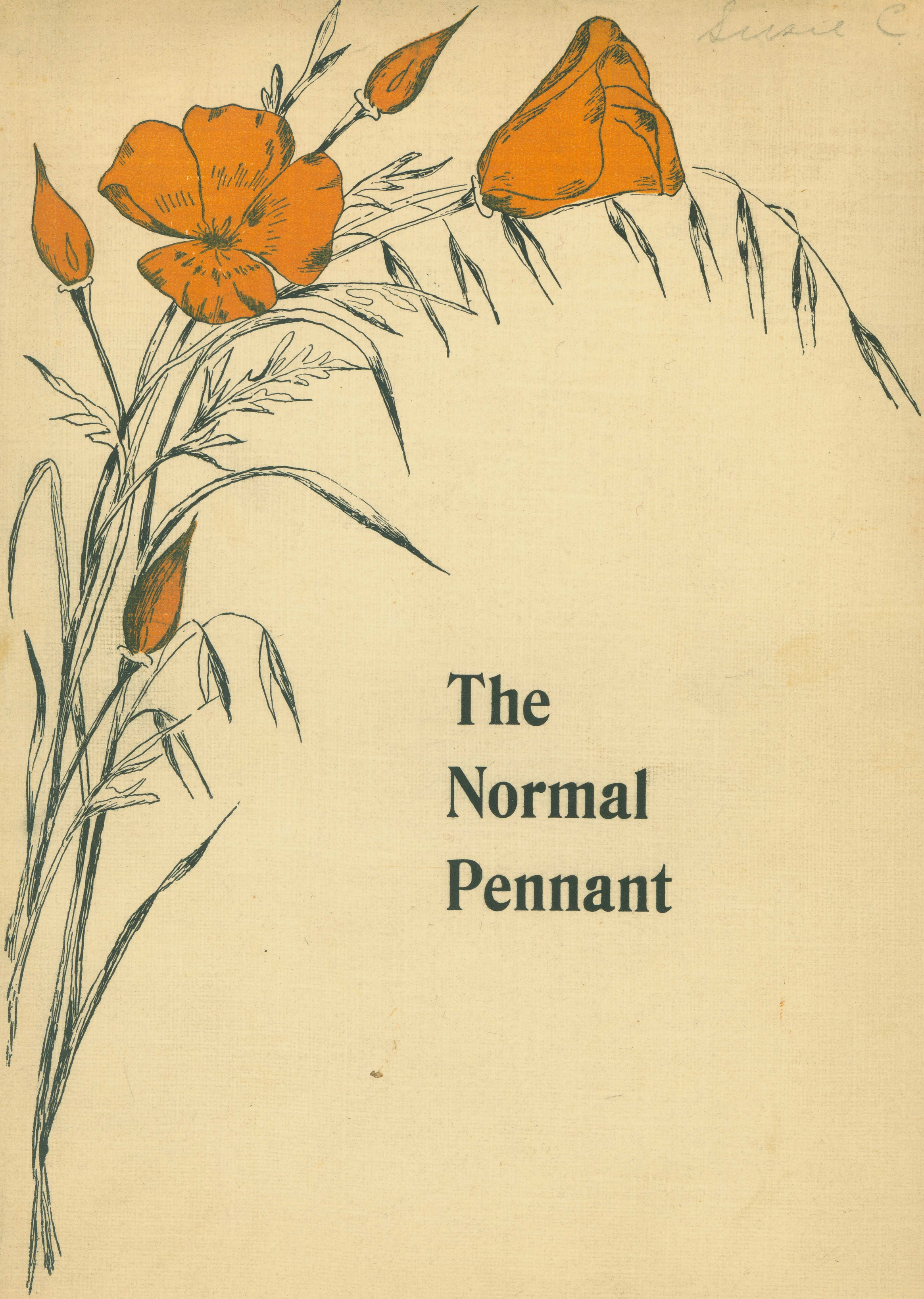
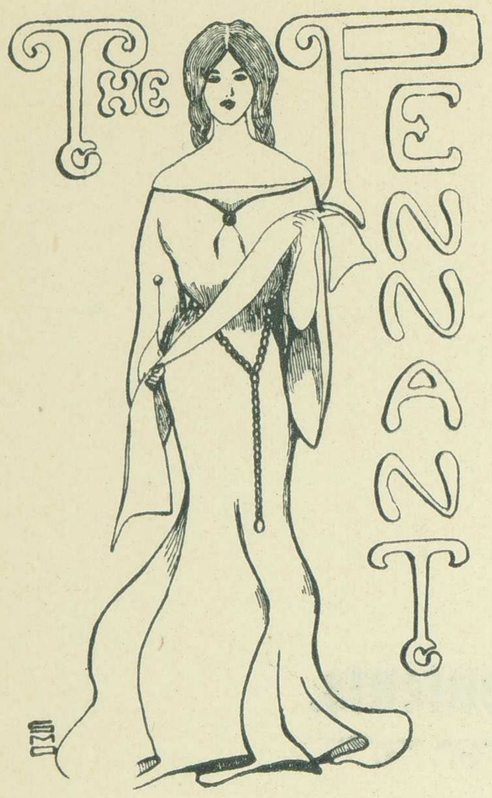


The Normal Pennant

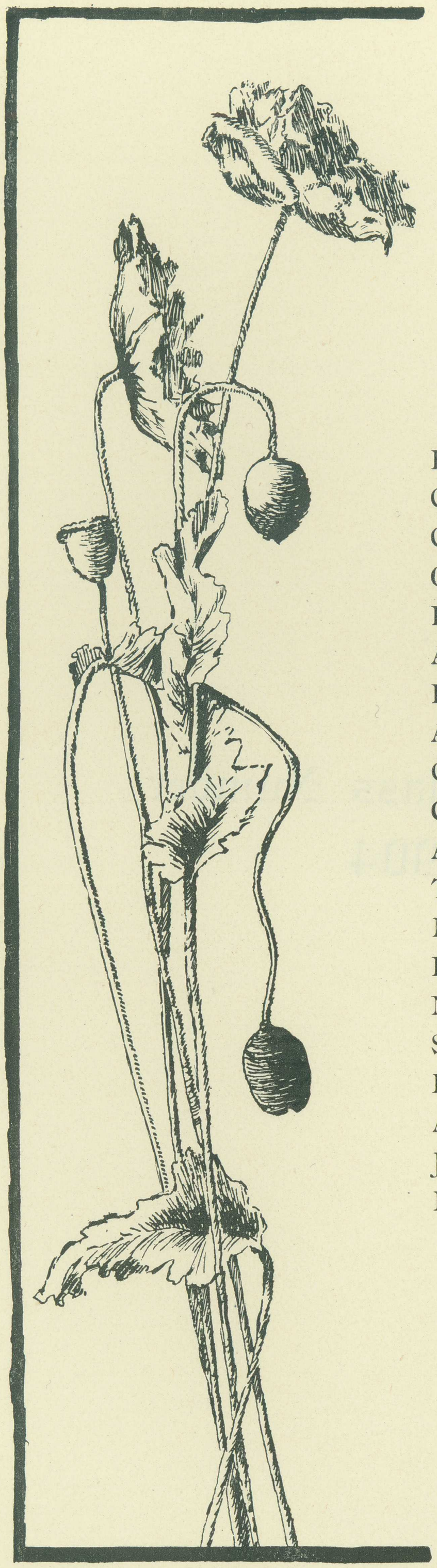
March Edition



March Class Number

1904

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Motto: And Now the Open Sea.

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SAN JOSE, CAL.



Helen.

THE telephone bell rang again, and MacArthur moved to answer it with anything but an air of pleased swiftness. Then the following conversation took place.

"Hello! This you, MacArthur?"

"Yes, this is me, or what is left of me after the busiest day in a thousand."

"This is Ted. Won't you come out this evening and take dinner with us? You know Amy and I haven't seen very much of you lately."

"Should be delighted, old fellow. I've been seeking such an opportunity for a long time, but the firm has been too busy."

"Then we'll expect you at six sharp, Mac."

After hanging up the 'phone, Tom MacArthur sat thinking and gazing out of the office window at the one little peep of blue sea just visible over the roofs of the buildings across the street. Then he recalled himself, "I dislike very much to go over to Amy's in this old office suit, yet I haven't the time to go to my rooms first. Thank fortune, they can't possibly have Helen there, because they don't know her. Well, I'll see only Amy and Ted so what's the difference."

Half-past five found Tom down at the ferry on his way to his brother-in-law's colonial cottage in Oakland.

Amy came down the walk to meet him and Ted called from the step, "Sorry we are not to have a quiet evening. The 'little woman' tells me we are to expect the Waterman's and their neice, Miss Howard, to interrupt our family gathering."

Tom started! Was it possible that Helen Howard was to see him in his present state? Was there no way out of it? He would go right back to town. He looked despairingly at Ted and that gentleman only laughed.

"I know what you are thinking, Tom," he said. "You are blaming me for being a head and shoulders shorter than you."

"Quite so," answered Tom, miserably.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," put in Amy, who fully recognized that her brother's office clothes would look out of place beside the evening dress of the other men. "Tom, you'll have to be ill and wear Ted's new bath-robe. It's very handsome and quite roomy," she added, as she saw his countenance fall.

"It's the handsomest article of my entire wardrobe," put in Ted, "but doesn't it seem queer for a gentleman to be paying an evening call in a bath-robe, that is, unless you are going to explain to the company that it is mine and only worn in their honor."

"Now, Ted, do be sensible," pleaded his wife. "It will all be very simple and natural. My brother has come out from the city to rest from over-fatigue occasioned by the rushing season. He can have a very severe cold if the fatigue is not enough. Now come to dinner and we can



finish the arrangements later."

After dinner with much fussing and contrary opinions Tom was finally settled in a large arm chair in the pleasant back parlor of the Marloe home.

"You ought to have some bottles and spoons on this table near me, Amy," he said feebly. "I've always seen such things on sick people's tables."

"Never mind, I'll get them." As Amy started toward the medicine cupboard in the dining-room, Tom exclaimed, "here they come now."

Amy rushed to the nearest mirror and began hastily to arrange her ruffled hair, while Ted grabbed two bottles out of the cupboard and set them on the table near his flushed brother-in-law. "You do look a trifle warm," he remarked surveying Tom's crimson face. "Guess we'll have to say you have a touch of fever too."

"Ah yes," Amy's voice floated in serenely, "And I wanted you to meet my brother, Miss Howard," she was saying, "but the poor boy is not well, I'm afraid he is over worked. This season has been so rushing, you know. What! You've met him!" Here she shoved open the folding door and feigned surprise at seeing Tom before the fire.

"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed, "You here? Don't you feel a draught?" She went over to him and began to smooth the pillow which she had arranged so artistically in the big chair. She leaned over him and whispered, "For goodness sake don't blush so." This did not, as may be supposed, make poor Tom any cooler.

"I think, Mrs. Marloe, if I may be allowed to suggest, that he is too close to the fire," put in the kind motherly Mrs. Waterman. Tom gave her a grateful glance and felt more at ease than he had before.

Before many minutes had elapsed Tom was enjoying himself immensely. He had never known Miss Howard to be so charming and affable even to the most attentive of her many admirers.

As they were going home Mrs. Waterman took the opportunity to say to her niece, "Helen, my dear, don't you think that you were er—a trifle to partial too that young man? It seemed rather odd to me for you are generally so conventional."

"Well, Auntie, it seemed odd to me also. There was something rather strange about it all for I saw Mr. MacArthur in San Francisco this afternoon when I was shopping; but he didn't see me. Still that wasn't the most curious thing. What do you suppose they were giving him to cure his over fatigue? Washing ammonia and citric acid!"

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Waterman.

"Indeed I saw the lables on the bottles and—"

"And what, my dear Helen?"

"I don't believe he was sick at all. I never liked him before but—er—er—and—"

"But—er—and what?" gasped Mrs. Waterman.

To—to—think of his being ashamed of his office clothes—"

"My dear Helen!" said her Aunt.

DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

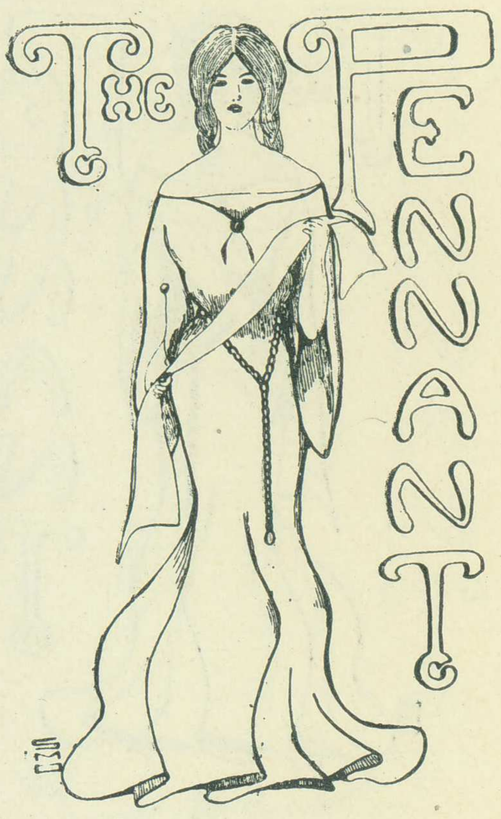


PHOTO BY BUSHNELL.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Florence Graef, President
Ruth Bnrgess, Secretary

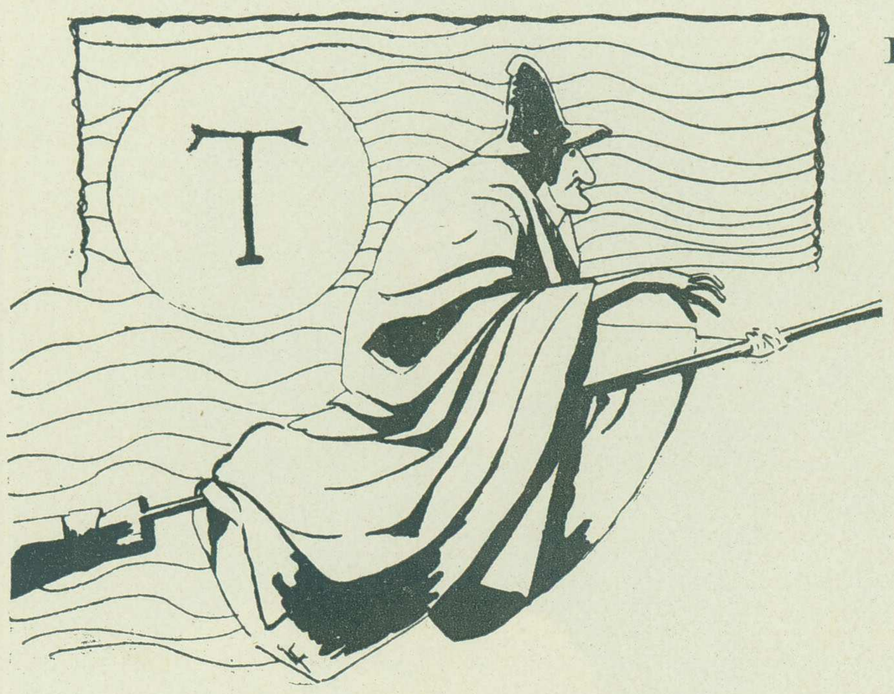
Agnes Halsey, Vice-President
Rae Copley, Treasurer





Class Prophecy.

SCENE—Witches' Camp in the Woods.



THE WIND—

Whoo-oo- whoo-oo- whoo-oo!
Whoo-oo- whoo-oo- whoo-oo!

WITCH OF THE PRESENT—

The moaning wind blows through
the nestling wood,
Like troubled spirits seeking vain
relief
From all their earthly sins, as best
they could,
While rising high above the wood beneath
The steep, black mountain, hushed and grim, doth frown.

The stars and moon are hid by thick black clouds;
The hooting of the lonely owl at night;
With graveyard rabbits fleeing o'er the mounds,
Makes such a night our joy and great delight,
For then their future doth poor mortals seek.

Woe unto them that be abroad so late,
For Past and Future are on watch tonight.
Upon their changing moods depends man's fate,
So must life be, though it be sad or bright.
Who can resist this mighty threefold power?

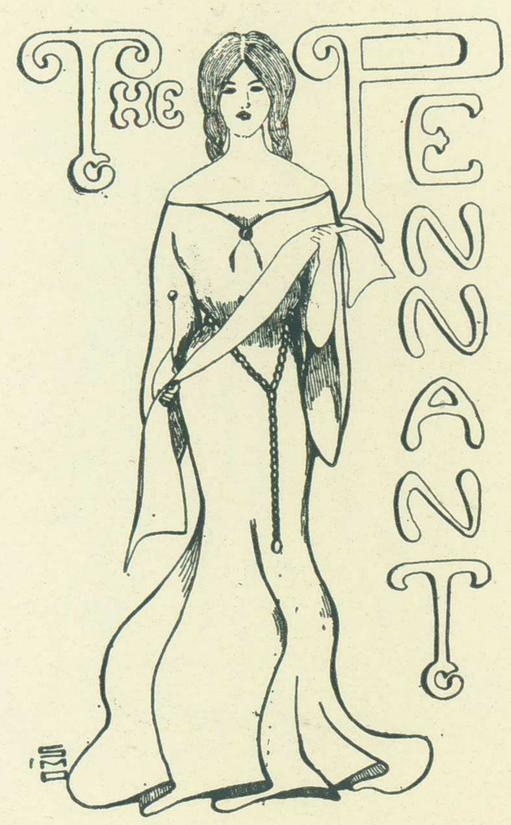
I wonder where on crooked staffs they roam?
Tormenting some lone traveller on his way
To learn the future lives of those at home?
Or hurrying homeward thro' the air, for day
May overtake them ere their tasks are done.

RETURN—WITCH OF THE PAST
AND WITCH OF THE FUTURE
WITCH OF THE PRESENT CONTINUES—

Oh, sisters, to thy magic seats do come
And tell me what this dismal night hath brought;
How many souls made joyous by your fun?
How many cares and dreadful lessons taught?
Come, tell me quickly ere the day doth break!

WITCH OF THE FUTURE—

Ah, ha! dear sister, bring the caldron forth,
For soon its contents mixed and old we'll need.



Along the road that leads out from the North
Two weary travellers trudge, and will not heed
The signs of Nature, 'till their future's told.

WITCH OF THE PAST—
Ah, thus do ever foolish mortals try
To know this life's most future joy and sorrow,
But from the present to the future fly,
Contented not with waiting for the morrow.
Oh, foolish travellers these two mortals be!

WITCH OF THE FUTURE—
'Tis true they are a young and foolish lot,
But represent a strong and noble class;
So mix with care the contents of the pot,
And be prepared to tell them, ere they pass,
The great and mighty future of their mates.

WITCH OF THE PRESENT—
We'll bring the incantation, sister dear;
But tell us who these childish mortals be,
And who they were, and what their past, make clear,
Before we stew and rightfully decree
The future of these travellers and their class.

For we must truly know before we start
Just what to put into this mixture queer;
For if the contents be but wrong in part
Our prophecy would be untrue, I fear,
So, sister wise, begin and tell us all.

WITCH OF THE PAST—
Some many miles away in San Jose,
The sunny garden city of our Earth,
Did twenty-two young people find their way;
For there they knew a school of far-famed worth,
The finest school in all this great, wide world!

And there they settled down to stay,
Until the day for them to graduate.
With work and pleasure life was bright and gay.
But then there came a time for them to make
A start in life, alone, to stand or fall.

It has been done, and now what is their fate?
Is what two members of that class will ask.
Determination comes before 'tis late,
And Curiosity has the same task.
Together they are strong; we must obey.

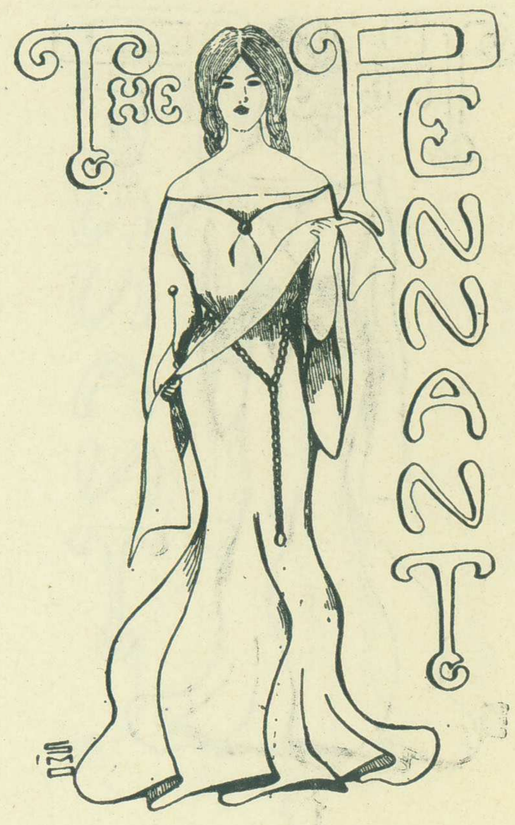
So, sisters, shall we tell to both of these,



Who traveled far, and this long journey made,
What all their classmates' futures are to be?
Now, quickly stir before our memories fade,
All that, which goes into the incantation.

THE INCANTATION.

And now that we may start it right,
Put in a pinch of Normalite.
And next, we'll add, to mix it well,
Some rousing spirit and school yell;
Just sprinkle in some first impressions,
About a quart of those receptions;
And now, to make it good, just add
Those rules that Mrs. Rousseau had
To read to all on that first day,
To lead them in the proper way.
And next, stir in examination
In all the subjects in creation;
A slip, a cinch, a string of P's;
And just a few of those big C's;
A quart of long used "midnight oil;"
For soon these Juniors learned to toil.
But then, to make our mixture sweet,
Just add a little morning sleep;
Some smiles, some sighs, and loving glances,
For e'en at school love makes advances;
And now a bunch of auburn curls,
To please one boy and several girls.
To thicken it add Snyder's glue;
A library book that's overdue;
Just one stern glance will be enough,
For Miss Royce knew,—they could not "bluff;"
Sly whispers, giggles, scribbled notes,
Electioneering for more votes.
And now to brighten it one-half,
Just drop right in a ton of laugh;
A bright red necktie, once a treasure,
In days when "Ellen trod a measure;"
A bunch of berries of December,
An emblem that they all remember;
An old plumed hat of Lochinvar,
And beard of Woods', who played "Papa;"
A worn old broomstick, used that night,
When all class dignity took flight;
A whole, round bolt of ribbon blue,
"March" takes the prize, although but few.



Too fresh this mixture will become
If we do only add the fun;
So pepper in two hundred cards;
Miss Schallenberger's kind regards;
A hectograph, a list of rules;
Some sighs, some tears, a word that cools;
A scheme to work these cards off fast;
The bibliographies at last;
A teacher's meeting, ever new;
Some capital C stars, so few;
A neat and careful application
For schools all over this great nation;
The contracts sent them to be signed,
One for the Philippines we'll find;
At last, we'll add diplomas long,
A speech, and then a farewell song.

WITCH OF THE PAST—

Ah, sisters, now it all is there,
So stir it gently and with care.

WITCH OF THE PRESENT—

Oh! listen, sisters! need we fear?
I'm sure that someone's coming near!

WITCH OE THE FUTURE—

Ah! 'tis those travellers young and bold,
For whom the future we unfold.

ENTER DETERMINATION—

This is a strange abode! What can it be?
The famous camp of the wise witches three!

THE WITCHES—

To learn your future lot, this is the place,
So quickly now to us state each one's case.

DETERMINATION—

Then tell me of our president, Miss Graef.
Ah, pray! kind witch, why do you stop to laugh?

FUTURE—

Ah, these young girls, so quick to sign a paper,
And swear to teach for State and Alma Mater!
She took Professor Dailey's good advice,
And did not teach, although it "was not nice."

ENTER CURIOSITY—

O, dear good witches, now to me take heed,



What did become of tall and thin John Weed?

FUTURE—

"To Fame unknown" is not his lot for long,
In school he made a reputation strong,
By bibliographies he hectographed,
He's now the owner of the great "Weed-graft."

DETERMINATION—

And now our charming friend, Miss Emily Brown,
What shining glories may her fair head crown?

FUTURE—

The mistress of the prettiest of homes,
A handsome widower no longer roams.
Her Kindergarten work now serves her well,
Step-children numerous to her befell.

CURIOSITY—

And next do tell me all about Jack Lane,
What mighty honors will upon him rain?

FUTURE—

In after years a day you'll celebrate
In honor of this famous young class-mate;
For all great honors come to those who wait.
He is the Governor of this fair State.

DETERMINATION—

Now next in mind is Agnes Pearl Halsey.
In that queer mixed up stew, what do you see?

FUTURE—

In Alameda County does she teach,
A place that many men have tried to reach;
And greater in her work she is to be
In Manual Training an authority.

CURIOSITY—

Ah, that wise looking, little Eustace Brown!
I'm sure is now a person of renown.

FUTURE—

Ah, you are wise, for rightly you have guessed,
For through his friend's keen interest and request,
He is devoting his young life and strength,
To write a dictionary of great length.



DETERMINATION—

What do you know of Kathryn Cooney?
What fortunes of this life will her's soon be?

FUTURE—

With all her methods good, and State School Law,
Her principal could find no little flaw;
But Cupid had sharp tools to play his part,
And with his little arrow pierced her heart.

CURIOSITY—

But one more boy is left, Travis Townsend,
To teach the natives did he condescend.

FUTURE—

Among the children he is still a lord,
The highest post the Islands can afford
Belons to him amid those distant scenes,
"Lieutenant-Governor of the Philippines."

DETERMINATION—

Continue with the name of Rae Copley,
Who always helped her class so willingly.

FUTURE—

Inspired by her plans and work at school,
When some in red and blue did play the fool,
She is the leading milliner of the State
And for each belle "a dream" does she "create."

CURIOSITY—

Oh! have you ever heard of our Grace Hoover?
A brainy girl did all her school work prove her.

FUTURE—

Old maid by choice, and oft she has refused,
To change her title, though by many sued.
But all a lover's pleasure did resist,
To be an up-to-date young journalist.

DETERMINATION—

Ah, one so small in size, Vera Willson,
So shy, so sweet, and full of quiet fun.

FUTURE—

In a joint-district, with some children few,
And County Superintendents numbered two,
She teaches. But I pray you, do not grin,
She does not know which County she is in.



CURIOSITY—

And now our Southern lady, Perle Westfall;
Ah, learned witches, what has been her call?

FUTURE—

This maiden's life has been a grand success,
Won by her kindness and her gentleness,
In far off Southern lands does she reside,
A wealthy planter's true and loving bride.

DETERMINATION—

Another class-mate was Mrs. Thoburn.
Of all her future we would gladly learn.

FUTURE—

Enthusiastic traveller now is she,
And roams o'er every foreign land and sea,
Collecting curiosities most rare,
Until the Custom officers do stare.

CURIOSITY—

In mind I see a friend, Helen Thomas,
She was a roly-poly, merry lass.

FUTURE—

Encouraged by the notes that always came,
In Mister Dailey's box, (who was to blame?)
She soon began her book on how to write
Correct love letters to an absent knight.

DETERMINATION—

Ah, we must not forget Alice Ackley,
'Though she was one we did not often see.

FUTURE—

In cap and apron, and a simple gown,
This skillful nurse is known all o'er the town;
The matron of a hospital is she,
Where children have her love and sympathy.

CURIOSITY—

Another one was Viola Stillwell.
Ah, pray, what of her future can you tell?

FUTURE—

Ah, my dear foolish friends, you all were blind!
You never knew the poetry in her mind;
But now this wondrous love she cannot hide,
For Byron is forever by her side.



DETERMINATION—

Next our athletic girl, Lillian Branham,
Who in class meetings was a "little lamb?"

FUTURE—

A basket-ball fair player of great fame,
Harvard and Yale have her to judge their game.
A lady umpire now is quite "the thing,"
And from the "Rooters'" throats her praises ring.

CURIOSITY—

Pray, tell us all you can of Ruth Burgess.
What she might be, we surely could not guess.

FUTURE—

'Tis true, where'er the heart, so is the mind.
To be a grand photographer she pined;
Contented now this maiden works at Hill's,
And cheerfully each month collects the bills.

DETERMINATION—

And still another one, Kitty Mosher.
From out that stew what can you tell of her?

FUTURE—

For fear two hundred pounds would be her fate,
She's made a mixture to reduce her weight.
To sell to all the contents of her bowl,
She tells how she went through a small key hole.

CURIOSITY—

There is one named Nettie McConochie.
What is this quiet girl's future to be?

FUTURE—

Out in the country does she teach a school,
To travel with the family is the rule;
And all the household take her to a dance,
While each young man is waiting for his chance.

DETERMINATION—

And now Elizabeth Laverene.
Ah, witch, what of her future have you seen?

FUTURE—

Always so sweet and winsome in her way,
An old maid teacher she could never stay.
But now from ev'ry little trouble free,
"Love in a cottage" shall her future be.



CURIOSITY—

But one more member, Nita Gilkyson,
To hear her future now would be great fun.

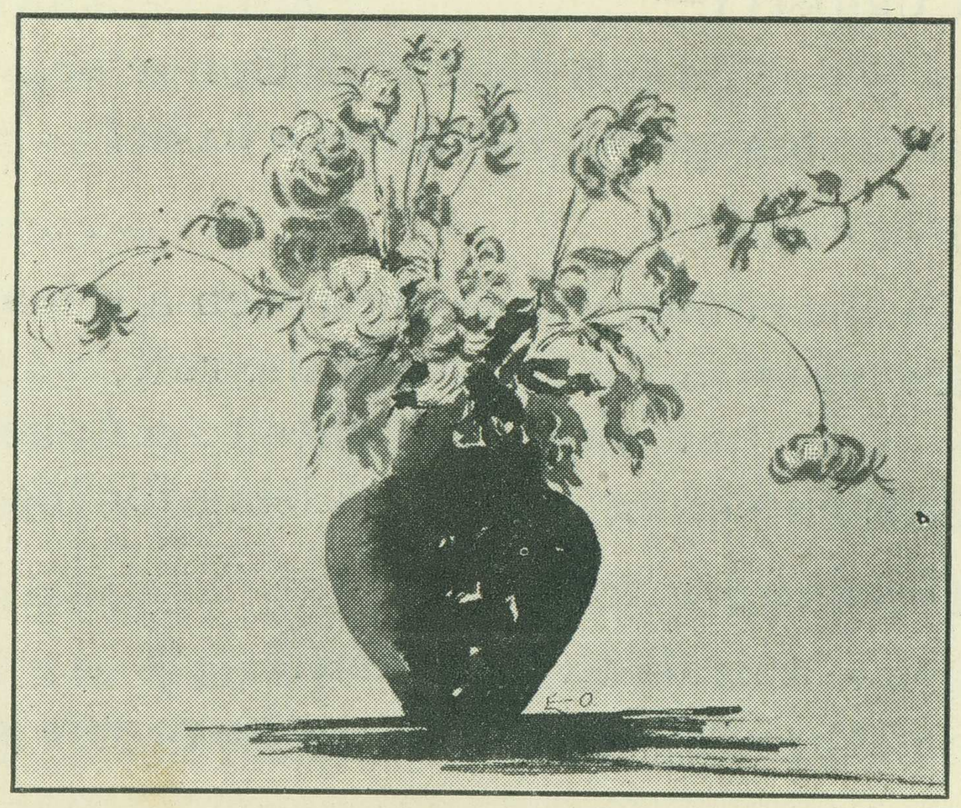
FUTURE—

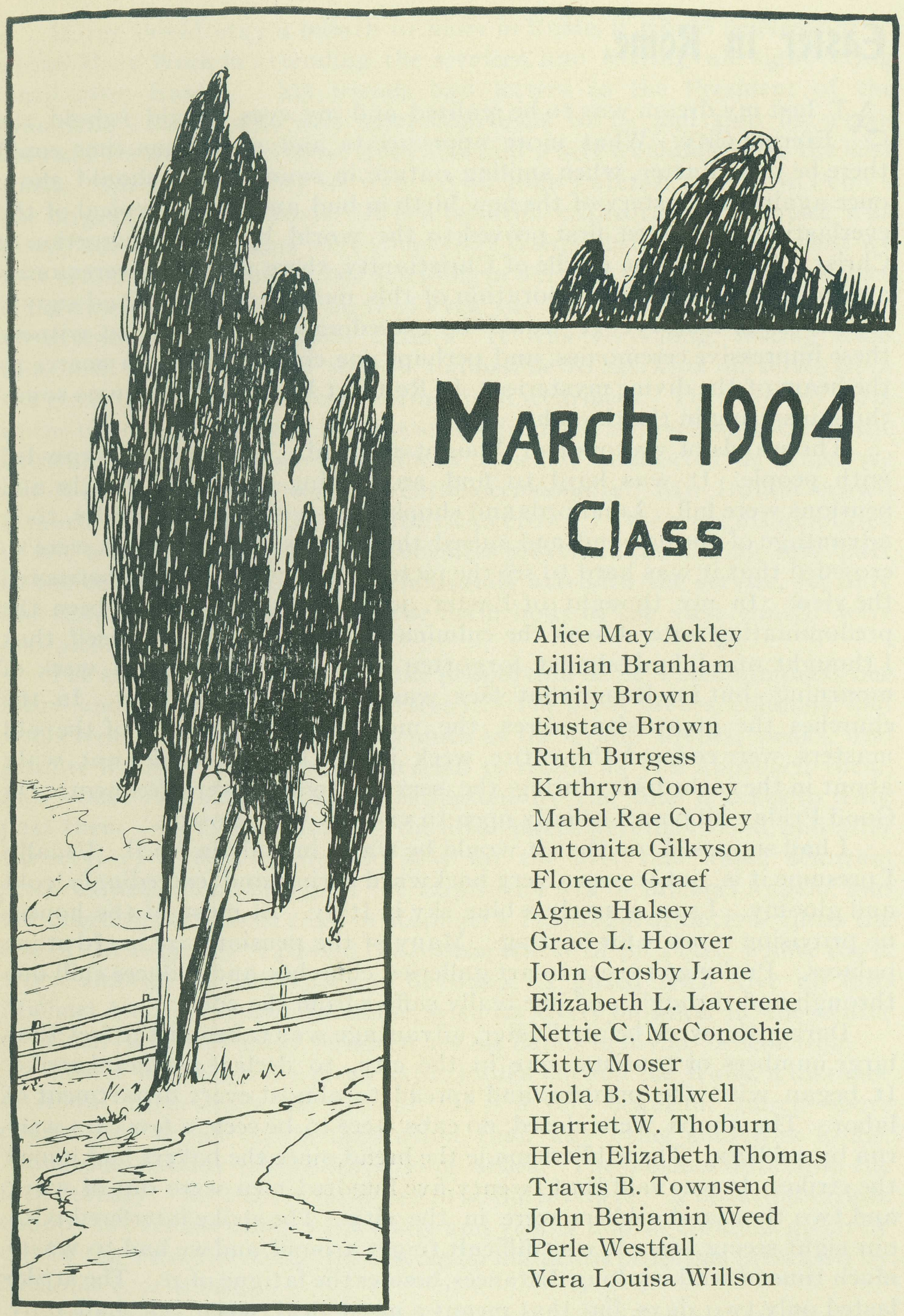
To tell her future would we gladly try,
But quickly do the smoldering embers die;
The stew no longer boils, and all is still,
We cannot now this prophecy fulfil.

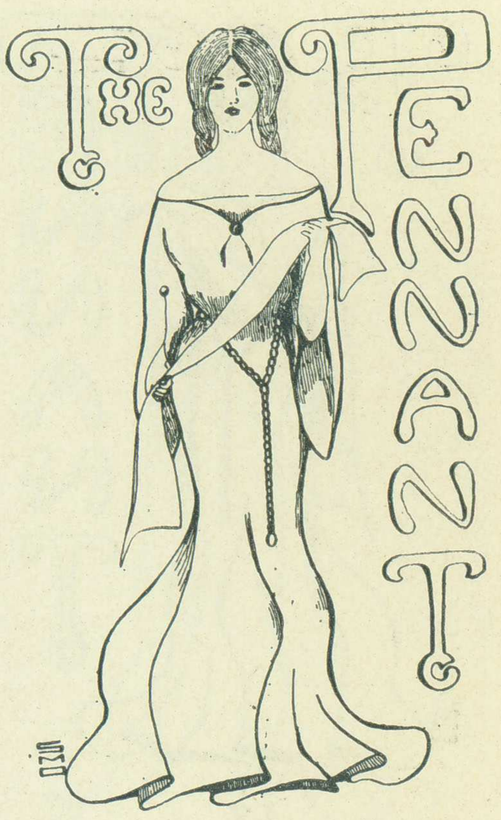
THE WITCH OF THE PRESENT—

The task is done, the story told.
No longer blows the wind so cold.
The thick, black clouds are rolling by,
And show the clear blue morning sky.
And as the sun does higher rise
From out the wood the old witch flies.
So peace and joy throughout your life;
Great pleasure yours and little strife.
Farewell kind friends, for we must fly,
For quickly now the night goes by.

NITA GILKYSON.







MARCH-1904
CLASS

Alice May Ackley
Lillian Branham
Emily Brown
Eustace Brown
Ruth Burgess
Kathryn Cooney
Mabel Rae Copley
Antonita Gilkyson
Florence Graef
Agnes Halsey
Grace L. Hoover
John Crosby Lane
Elizabeth L. Laverene
Nettie C. McConochie
Kitty Moser
Viola B. Stillwell
Harriet W. Thoburn
Helen Elizabeth Thomas
Travis B. Townsend
John Benjamin Weed
Perle Westfall
Vera Louisa Willson



Easter in Rome.

AT last my dream was to be realized and my eyes should behold the Eternal City. What more appropriate and auspicious time could there be than Easter, when smiling nature in sunny Italy should show once again the mystery of the new birth in bud and grass, typical of the everlasting life of men, first proved to the world by the resurrection of Christ. In Rome, the cradle of Christianity, there would be ceremonies appropriate to the commemoration of this most momentous and significant event in history. It would be exceedingly interesting to witness these impressive ceremonies; and perhaps one could be drawn nearer to the heart of the divine mysteries. In Rome at Easter! There was something inspiring in the thought.

Thousands of visitors had thought as I had. The city was crowded with people. It was hard to find an abiding place; the hotels and pensions were full. Landlords and shopkeepers, cabmen and guides, took advantage of the demand and raised their prices. The galleries were so crowded that it was hard to see the pictures for the heads that obstructed the view. In my thought of Easter, joyousness had always been the predominating note; it was the culmination, Easter Sabbath itself, that I thought of. I had almost forgotten that Holy Week is a week of mourning, but in Rome that fact was impressed upon me. In the churches the great altar-pieces, the most famous pictures of the old masters, were covered the entire week in black. One could not walk about in the cathedrals during the services, which were frequent. On Good Friday all places usually open to visitors were closed.

I had supposed too that it would be warm in Italy in April. Usually I presume it is, but it was a very backward spring and exceedingly cold and gloomy. I saw scarcely a blue sky in Italy. In most of the houses no provision is made for heating. Many of the pensions are in old stone palaces. Prolonged visits to art galleries, churches and palaces chill one through and through, and one really suffers from the cold.

During the week before Easter, advantage was taken of the fact that large numbers of tourists were in the city, to declare a general strike. It began with the printers and spread to almost every department of labor. The shops were closed; no cabs were to be seen; a few cars were run by soldiers. The soldiers made the bread, since the bakers had joined the strike. It was said that twenty-five hundred men were out of work and two thousand soldiers were in the city. The strike interfered with our sight-seeing, since it was difficult to get around, and we had to waste much time in walking long distances, besides the fatigue of it. The strike lasted only two days, but that meant a good deal when one had only ten. Altogether I decided that Easter is the worst time to visit Rome, when time is limited.



If one could stay a month or more in Rome, it would be pleasant to spend Holy Week in attending the services, and leaving all sight-seeing until after Easter. My friends had letters to the President of the American College, who was most courteous to us and told us which services we should find most enjoyable and where we should hear the best music. On Palm Sunday we went to St. John Lateran, next to St. Peter's the largest church in Rome. It is a beautiful cathedral. The music was good, but we Americans were somewhat disappointed, agreeing that we had heard better at home; but standing in a crowd through a long service is detrimental to the enjoyment of even the best music Easter Sunday we attended the service at St. Peter's. It was very long, lasting from nine until nearly one; and it was impossible to extricate ourselves from the crowd, although almost fainting from weariness. There are no seats in the church, but we had bought stools from the man selling them at the entrance. The crowd standing about us nearly suffocated us when we sat down, so we stood up to breathe occasionally. (An Italian crowd is much worse to be in than an American crowd.) We were disappointed in not seeing the Pope, but his feebleness prevented his taking any part in the celebration. Although thousands attended the service, yet only one chapel and a small part of the main body of the vast church were occupied.

The size, the symmetry, and the proportion of St. Peter's impress one more and more the oftener one sees it. The great arches, columns, and walls reminded me of nothing so much as the grand arches, peaks, and granite walls of Yosemite, which seem to recede as you approach them, and whose vast size can only be estimated by the time it takes to walk past them. On Easter morning the altar-pieces were uncovered, and after the service I walked about and saw for the first time these beautiful pictures and admired again the exquisite *Pieta* of Michael Angelo, and the magnificant mosaic copy of Raphael's *Transfiguration*, four times the size of the original. I passed the bronze statue of St. Peter, whose toe is worn smooth by the kisses of devotees. I gazed with awe up into Michael Angelo's wonderful dome, with its lovely mosaics, in the center of which God the Father outstretches his hands in divine benediction.

Easter afternoon we went to St. Paul's beyond the Walls, a distance of about three miles on the car. It is a very beautiful church—more chaste and simple in its decoration than any other church in Rome. Numerous marble pillars form long aisles. The mosaics date from the fifth century. St. Paul is supposed to be buried there. A beautiful bronze canopy is over his tomb, with white and yellow marble columns given by one of the Viceroys of Egypt, resting on malachite pedestals presented by Nicholas I. of Russia.

On the way back to the city I stopped at the Protestant cemetery. It is the sweetest, prettiest, most peaceful spot in Rome. I visited Keats's grave. He is buried in an old part of the burial ground, near an ancient



moat that surrounds it. On his tomb is the inscription in his own words: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Shelley wrote of this cemetery, "It would make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot." He did not realize that he would soon be buried there. Shelley's body was burned at Spezia, where it was washed ashore; his heart was sent to England, but his ashes rest in the cemetery he loved at Rome. On the simple slab are the words:

"Nothing of him that is left
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

There is no space to write of the great art galleries of Rome; that is a subject in itself. Some of the sculptures and paintings we are all so familiar with through copies, disappointed me somewhat, because my expectations were too high or because I am not artist enough to appreciate them. Others were wonderful to me in their beauty and strength: the sculptures of the *Dying Gladiator* and the *Marble Faun* in the Capitoline Gallery; the *Apollo Belvidere* and the *Laocoon* in the Vatican; Michael Angelo's painting of the *Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican; the paintings of Raphael, Murillo, Titian, Carlo Dolce, and many more; Guido Reni's *Aurora* in the Palace Rospigliosi is worth a visit to Rome to see—no copy I have ever seen does it justice.

I do not know which interested me most—the churches, the galleries, or the ruins, of Rome. There are perhaps elsewhere in Europe churches of equal magnificence; every city has its galleries containing works of the masters; but nowhere else does one see such ruins—there is only one Roman Forum; one Palatine Hill, honeycombed by the palaces of the Caesars; one Colosseum. It is impossible to give any adequate idea of their magnitude; their colossal ruined colnmns and arches stand as they have stood for twenty centuries, bearing witness to the splendor and power of imperial Rome.

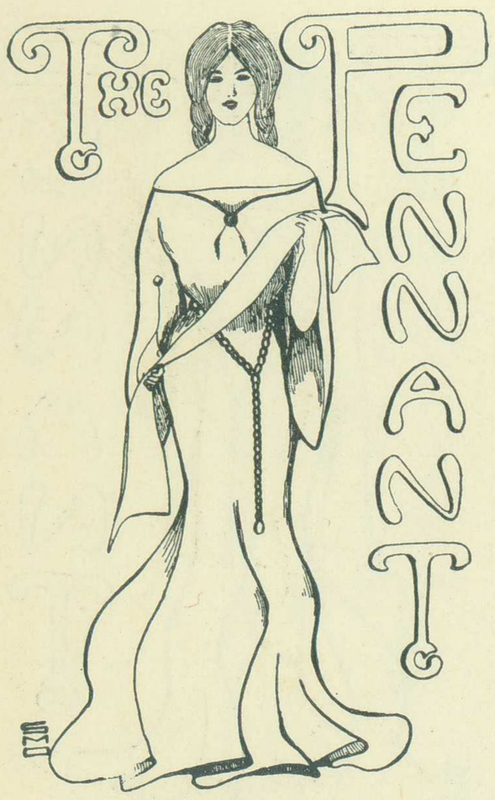
One could spend a year in Rome and then not feel that its resources are exhausted. It was with an unsatisfied feeling of regret that I left it; and of all places that I have visited, it has the strongest power to draw me back.

HARRIET CORY.

A Spring Song.

As the Summer loiters nearer,
Blossoms springing in her path,
After blustering March has vented
Winter's unavailing wrath;
When the birds are singing gayly,
Building nests and making love,
And I hear the linnet's twitter,
And the cooing of the dove,
I am sitting in the study,
Weary books around me piled,
Conning o'er my Latin lesson;
But my truant thoughts beguiled
By the fragrance of the lilacs
And the gossip of the birds
Ponder, dreaming, o'er the lesson,
Idly playing on the words.
    Amo, amo, and amemus
    Amo, amo, and amas.
    Life today is worth the living,
    I love, you love—flowers and grass.

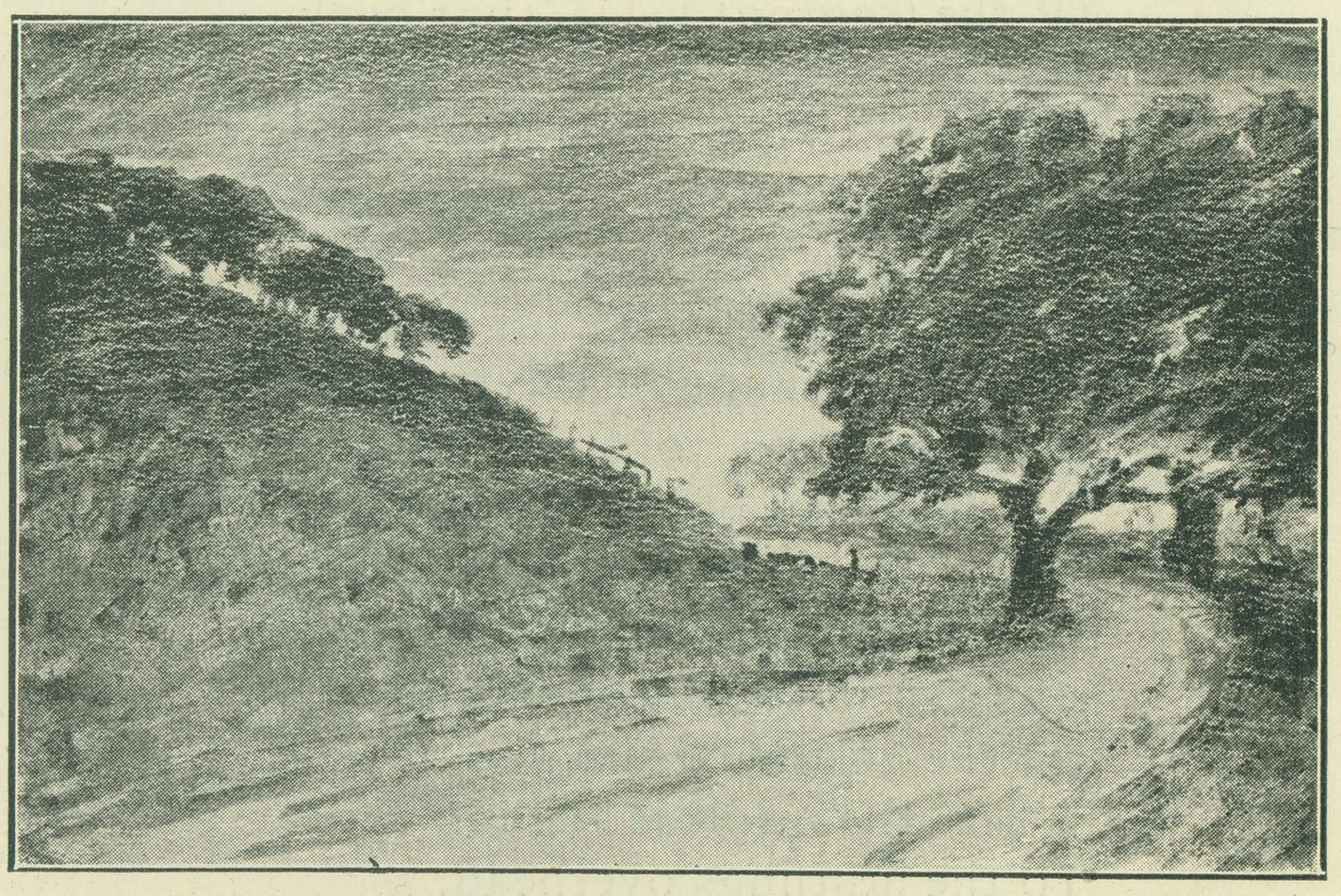
Then I summon resolution,
Turning to the present task;
But the vista through the window
Of the fragrant fields, that bask
In the dawning smile of summer
Tempts my wayward thoughts to stray,
And my dreaming fancy bears me
To the hills and far away,
Where the butterflies are flitting
To the humming of the bees,
And the clover tops are bending
To the frolics of the breeze;
Where the grass is long and fragrant,
And the shadows deep and cool,
And the lilies gently rocking
On the bosom of the pool;
Where the oriole is trilling
To the nestlings overhead,
And the meadow lark is thrilling
From the nodding daisy bed;
While a snowy cloud is drifting



In the dreamy blue above,
And the heart of Mother Nature
Thrills with harmony and love.
All the land is full of sunshine,
And the air is sweet with song,
For the Spring is on the threshold
And the Summer comes ere long.
All the songsters in the branches,
All the clouds that flush and pale
At the coming of the morning,
And the lovers in the vale,
Join with me in joyous chorus
That re-echoes to the sky,
For the blossoms are around us
And the Summer time is nigh.

Amo, amo, and amemus,
Amo, amo, and amas.
All my heart to thee is singing
Songs of love, and flowers, and grass.

E. Isabelle McClelland.



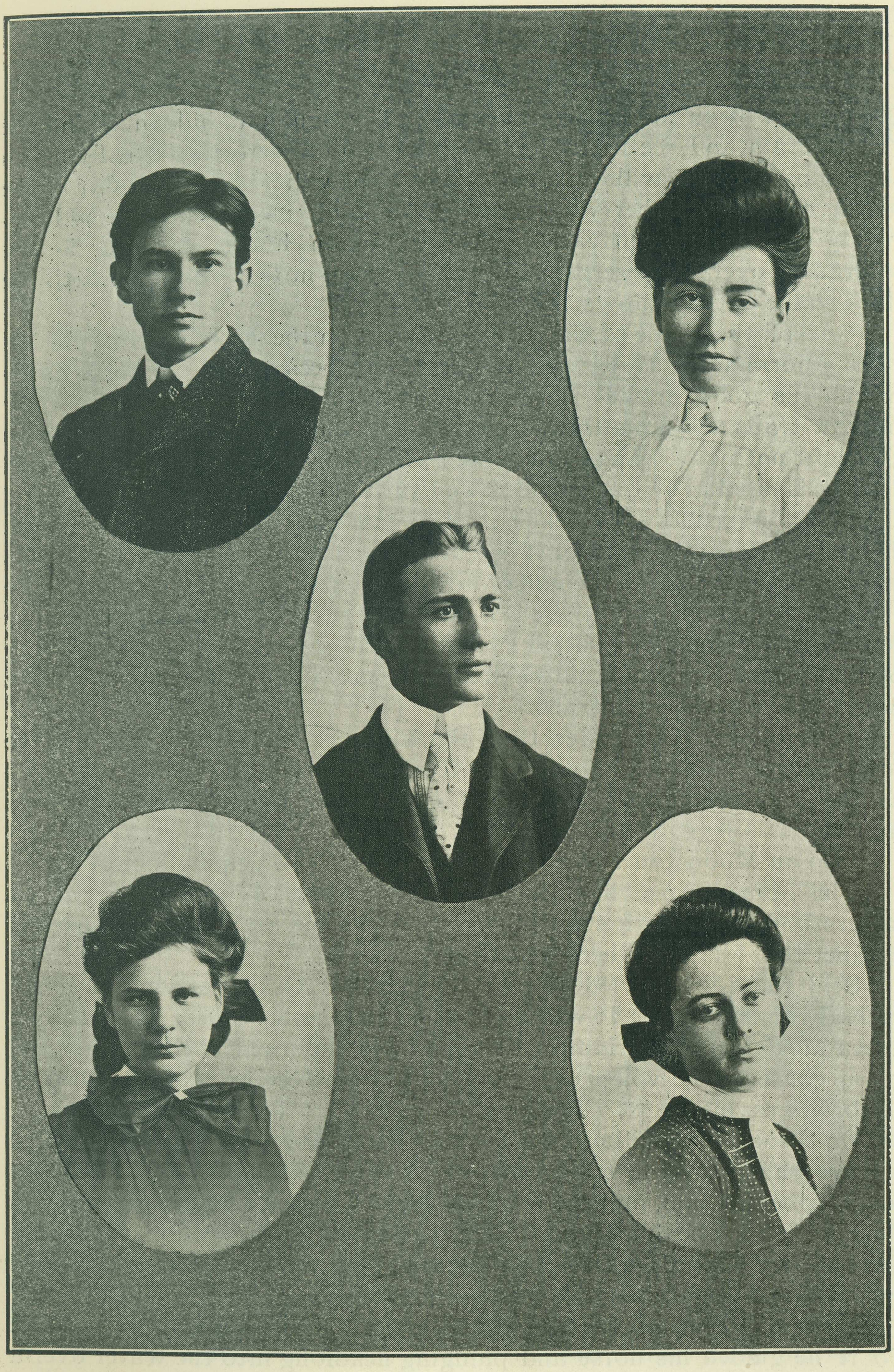


PHOTO BY BUSHNELL.

EDITORS IN CHIEF.

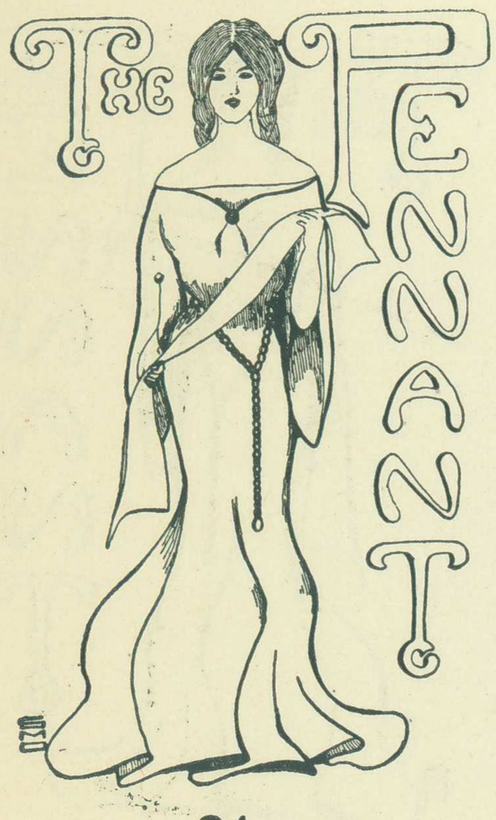
Eustace Brown — Lillian Branham

BUSINESS MANAGER.

John Weed

HISTORIANS.

Vera Wilson — Kitty Moser



A Dash in the Dark.

IT was a beautiful spring evening. The sun had hidden behind the mountain and the night owl with its familiar screeches was flying on lazy wing over the willow forest. Across the valley came the odor of the sweet scented elderberry blossoms. The land around, so rich and luxuriant, was still uncultivated. The unbroken horses roaming in the afternoon over the evergreen meadows were now resting beneath the dark shade of the willows.

Out of the shade of the redwood forest on the upper slope of the hill rides a horseman. He is well mounted but because of the long day's march his good animal is weary, and he must travel slowly. Only narrow trails and mountain ranges serve as a guide to keep the horse in the right pathway. As he notes each hill and valley it can be guessed that he is familiar with each nook and turn of the trail.

In the impenetrable darkness before him more than a dozen miles lie. There is danger all about for it is war time, and the very soil under his horse's feet belonged to a country not his own.

A little farther along there is a hut and the occupants are not friendly with the Americans. General Fremont is camped to the west just north of San Francisco Bay, and the Mexicans have good reasons to viciously hate the Americans as intruders.

It is well for the rider that the night is dark, for as he nears the settlement a pack of curs set up a yell which alarm their owners as well as the lone wayfarer. The rider leans forward and strokes the horse's mane.

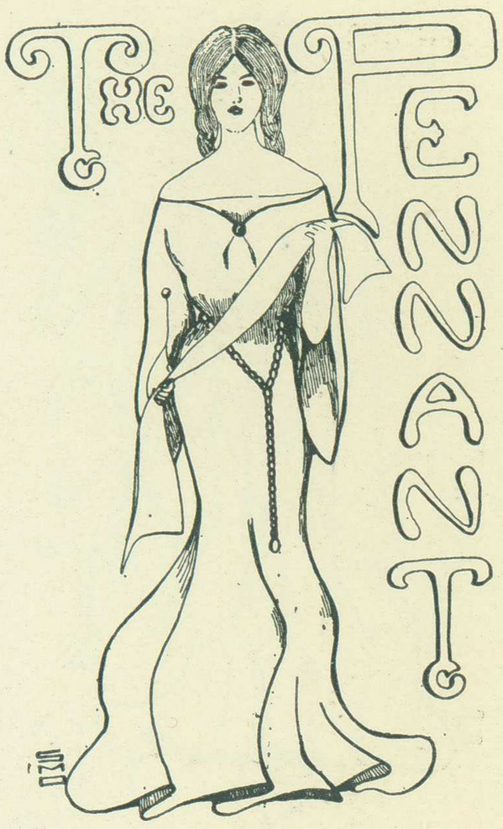
"Go on Moonstone! What do we care for those yelping mongrels!"

The horse turned his head with an expression showing that he understood the situation far better than his master; for his mustang instinct told him that there was trouble ahead.

Still the dogs howled and leaning forward Alexander could hear the excited voices of men. It was too late to retrace his course for already a dozen Mexicans with triumphant yells have mounted their ponies and given chase. The voices of the yelling pursuers echoed and re-echoed up the broad ravine.

On through the willows and beyond the cabin dashed the rider with his eye sharp on the trail in front of him. With one hand he fired a revolver behind him, and the wild maniacal scream of a pursuer told him that at least one bullet had done its deadly work. Moonstone must have known that his master was in *great* peril, for the mustang strained every muscle to get away from the yelling mob.

Alexander remembered a trail which led to a high bank on the river. To it he guided his horse and plunging headlong into the water over a precipice where he knew none of his pursuers dare follow, he swam his



horse to the opposite shore. When dry land was reached he stopped and waited in the darkness for the pursuers.

They came to the bank, and finding that the fugitive had eluded them, gave up the chase and disappeared in the darkness. When the last one had hurried away horse and rider sought rest beneath the canopy of the tall willow trees.

In an opening in the dense underbrush a fire was made. Some grass was pulled for the horse to eat and some to be made into a bed. After eating a thoroughly soaked, cold lunch the scout sat down by the fire to rest and dry his clothes.

Alex was soon quite comfortably resting before the blaze which shot upward toward the branches of the tall willow trees. He was dead tired, yet he could not sleep. He thought over all his last adventure and as his mind cooled down drifted to another thought which till his encounter with the Mexicans was the sole thing uppermost in his mind.

He looked into the curling smoke and down into the blaze. He forgot his fatigue for his mind was far away in southern Georgia where two months before he had sent a letter to one who, when he himself had come to the West, had promised at some time to come too. He could see her soft blue eyes look sweetly into his as when he had repeated to her those soft nothings, which mean so much to lovers but absolutely nothing to one untouched by the divine fire of love. And her hair! Those long flowing ringlets! And rosy cheeks! And lips! . . Alex was asleep in the sand before his fire.

The big round moon appeared above the hilltops, the stars grew less brilliant; but the whole valley appeared lighter and the grandeur more beautiful. The silvery leaves of the willows waved in a light breeze. The night owl hooted and a coyote howled.

When the sun rose next morning the willows were deserted. The quails were hunting their breakfast in the tall meadow grasses. The lone rider was again on his journey northward. Not a sign of a human being was to be seen and the journey continued without difficulty.

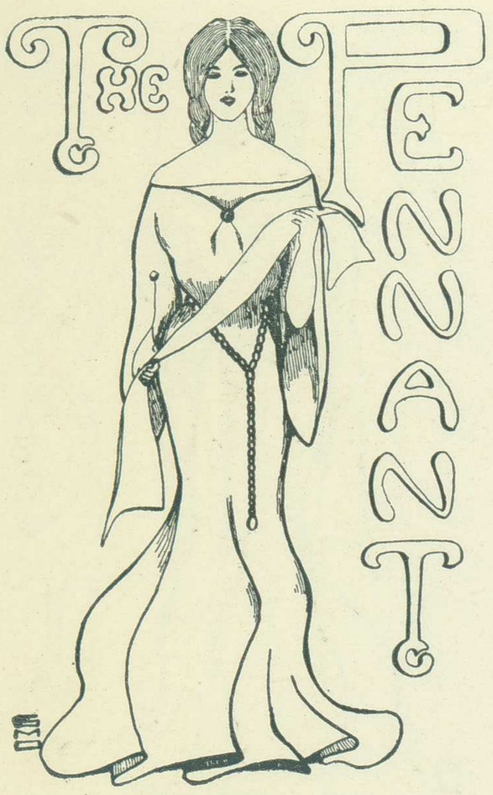
"Here are hoof-marks," suddenly says Alexander, talking to himself, and dismounting he carefully noted the probable age of the tracks and the direction they indicate to have been taken by the riders.

Just beyond him appears the hut of a friendly Mexican. Leaving his horse hidden in a clump of trees, he leaves the trail, and creeping stealthily among the trees, he comes close to the cabin where his friend was chopping wood for his morning fire.

"Are you alone, Alverado," he called in a hoarse whisper.

"What in the world are you sneaking on a fellow that way? Yes come into the cabin. Just going to eat. How 'dye get here anyway? Come in! Come in! Where's your horse?"

"God him down here a few rods," said Alexander in reply to the volley of words fired at him by the excited Spaniard.



"Hey, Ramon, go down in the brush there and get Alex's horse, and then come back and make more coffee and cook more bacon and eggs," said Alverado all the time beaming with satisfaction upon his newly arrived friend.

"I tell you, Allie, I had a race for my scalp last night," said Alex as the two sat down to Alverado's table; and then Alex proceeded to rattle off at a lively rate an account of his escape to his friend.

"How's the war, Alex?"

"General Fremont will return to Fort Sonoma soon; the Mexicans have retreated to the south, and the Americans are in possession of California," replied Alex.

"You are a good man, Alexander, and I would do anything for you, but after all I like the Mexican flag, I came from Mexico when——

Alex suddenly stopped eating and listened intently. "Those devilish Mexicans are on my trail again, Allie. I hear 'em yell now."

Alex clutched his pistol. The yells of the on coming Greasers could be clearly heard.

"Let me get out of this, Allie, quick!"

Alex started for the door, but changed his mind and jumped into a big flour bin near the table at which the two were eating, and pulled the lid down over him.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" said Alverado as the foremost of the Mexican rangers dashed up to the cabin.

"We want that infernal spy," said the leader with an oath.

"You'll not find him here," said Alverado firmly, "I heard the dogs bark last night and I wondered then what they were after. Must have been he passing in the night." Alverado ventured an indirect lie to save his friend. "Besides the war is over and we must recognize the Americans," he continued—

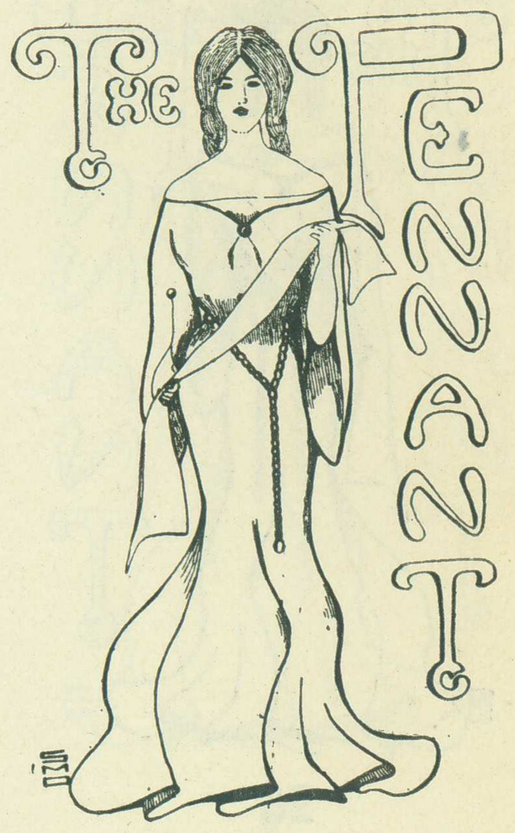
"Traitor," hissed a Greaser, and drew his knife to make a plunge at Allie, when the leader struck him in the face. "Curse you," the Greaser hissed again but awed by his leader made no further motion to strike.

"Do you think Alverado would lie?" said the leader looking at his men fiercely. "Come on boys" and he wheeled his horse back in the direction he had come from.

"Wait a minute" yelled Alverado to the leader who reined up his horse, while his men rushed away down the trail.

"Say, Gomezo," said Alverado to the leader when the rest had gone, "I tell you now the war is over, American rule must be acknowledged. Let's be men now and quit. You've glutted your vengeance time and time again on men whom you claimed were Fremont's spies. If you continue you'll bring down upon us the vengeance of the victors who are now disposed to be kind towards us."

"Guess we'd better quit then," said Gomezo slowly, and turned to follow his men.



"Best thing for all of us," replied Alverado. "Keep your word now and quit fighting."

A cloud of dust was all that was left to tell the story of the vanishing leader.

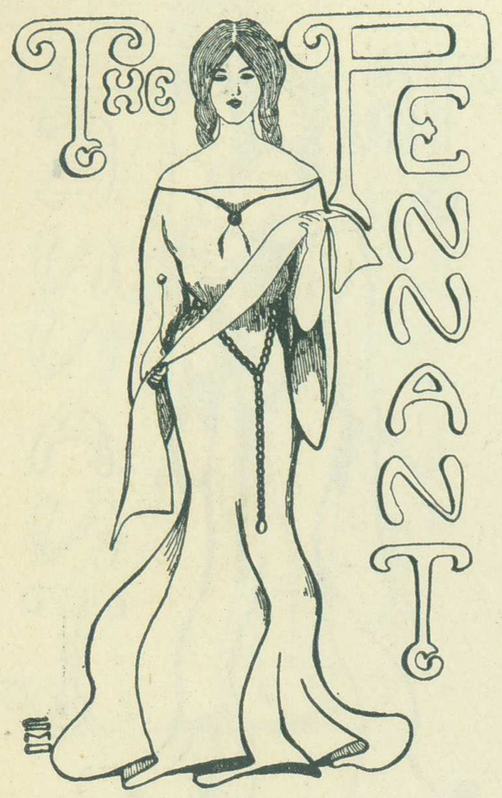
"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! wow!" roared Alverado, his fat sides fairly bursting with laughter as he entered the cabin and saw Alex emerging from the flour bin, white as a saint just descended from Saint Peter's gate. Alex himself grinned and Ramon, the hired man, joined in the rollicking laughter at Alex's expense.

Then there was a scrubbing and brushing, not only of Alex but of the floor and room, which Alex had thoroughly besmeared with the fine dust of the flour.

At noon Alex's horse was saddled for his final ride up the canyon to his own old home.

On his way to his home he was overtaken by a detachment of Fremont's calvary who informed him that they had just cleared that section of a guerrilla band which they had met an hour before; and a lieutenant handed Alex a letter which one could easily see, by the gleam of Alex's eye, told him that his dream by the fire on the night before had come true, and that the fair-haired Minette, far off in Southern Georgia, had consented to come to California to be his wife.

E. C. Laughlin.



History of the March Class, '04.

VIEWING through the vista of years the progress of the great Normal civilization, there is one element which claims an important share in the framing of that noble institution—a small community known as the tribe of March Naughty-Four.

Its origin is hidden by the mists of obscurity, the reasons for its marvelous development buried in the "*ages*" (?). Though its fame and glory were apparently the creation of a day, it withstood the tumult and turmoil of a Senior Reception and a Class "Pennant." Could Rome boast of greater conquests? The eternal cynic would probably brand this fame as being of the mushroom variety, but a little intelligent investigation will soon reveal the fact that it was acquired by the legitimate and strictly up-to-date process of evolution.

In the earliest chronicles there are evidences of two distinct divisions or classes. The oldest class was the discoverer of the habitat that the tribe occupied last and from which it finally disappeared. They were designated as the "Four Year People." Later they were joined by a nomadic species known as "High School Students." Certain theories are advanced and it is stated as a fact by some of the antiquarians of the faculty, that the records in the office show that from time to time members of a higher clan, being unable to resist the "call of the wild," reverted to this tribe of March Naughty-Four. However, the amalgamation was so complete that all traces of these characteristics were entirely obliterated.

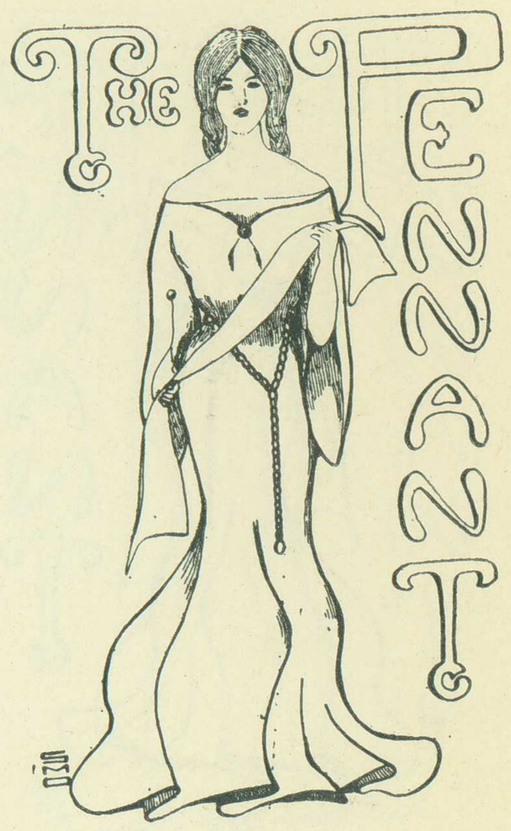
At one time the tribe was menaced with destruction from a foreign people, an account of which is taken from tribal records that are still extant. "There was a bridge that led from this land of Glad Days and Happy Memories to the country of Criticisms, Teachers' Meetings, and Plans. And this Bridge was called 'The Bridge of Sighs.' Across the bridge lived the Pygmies. At first they were a terror to the Big People and so the bridge got its name. But the Big People proved by their prowess in battle that they were superior and really had nothing to fear. There was, also, a Bug Bear of a hundred legs and arms in the Pygmy country, which few could capture and none could kill because of the assistance the Small People gave him. But he was finally subdued inch by inch by the warriors of March, Naughty-Four and now only a specter remains."

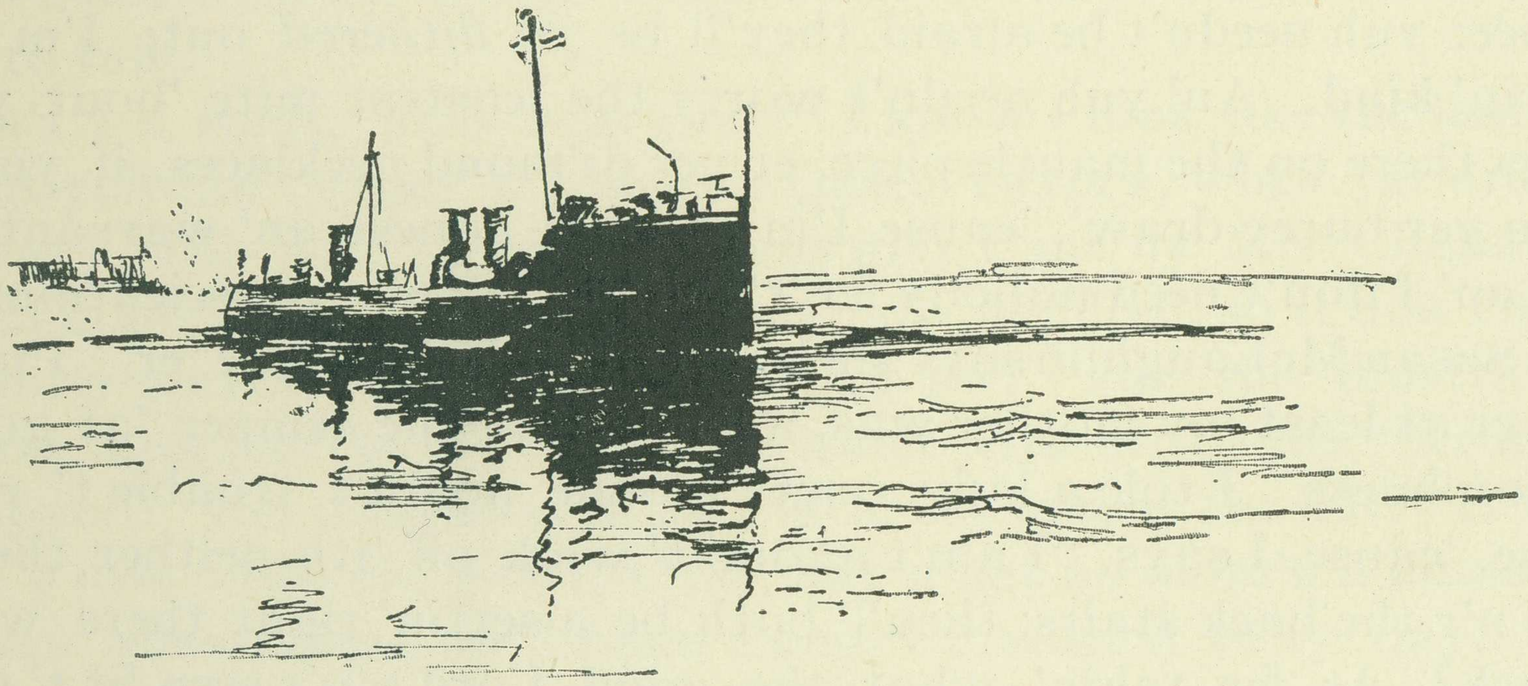
The mental and moral development of the tribe was amazingly rapid. In early times such crimes as persistently using the Senior's dressing rooms when strictly forbidden not to do so, and the audacity of entering the faculty door like an ordinary individual were second nature; but gradually these gave way to lesser evils, such as having one's name blazoned with disgrace semi-occasionally on the library bulletin board, or letting

their originality run away with them in devising new methods in spelling. Thus the earlier stages of crude culture were developed and softened by contact with the refining atmosphere of the library and rest-room.

But the members of the tribe, in the zenith of their glory and power, were destined by the deities of the Happy Hunting Grounds to fold up their sheep skins, pack their suit cases, and silently steal away. Contrary to the purport of the mandate they wrought great confusion amongst themselves and were scattered—no one knows where.

Such is the romance and pathos that clusters around the memory of the Class of March, Naughty-Four.







College Notes Not Taken in the Class-Room:

A Series of Character-Sketches by Susan McLaughlin.

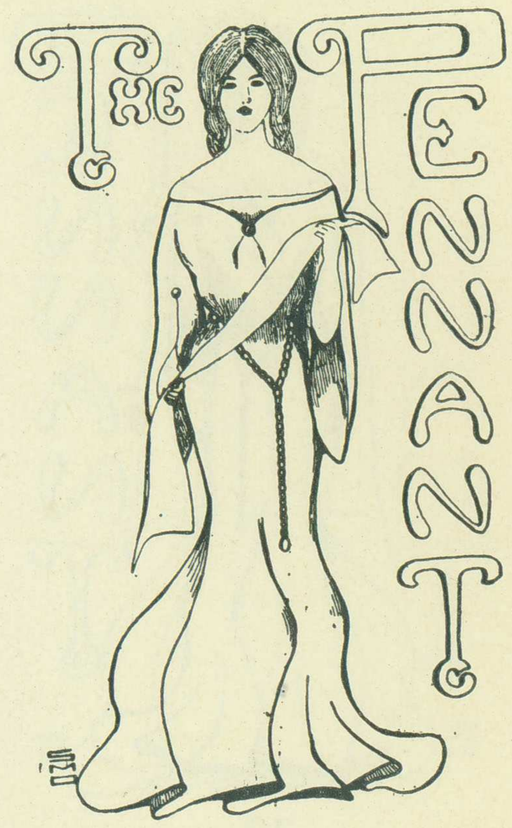
I. Susan McLaughlin Herself.

SUSAN McLAUGHLIN, a tall, dark, bony woman of Scotch descent was what would be called in England a char-woman. Thirty-five years of hard and dirty labor had taken from face and figure every line of grace, every touch of daintiness. Not more harshly would clothes have hung upon a form of wire or wool than they dangled npon her bony frame. Straight, thin, black hair drawn tightly back from the face and screwed into a little onion-shaped wad at the back of her head, fell into strands, which seemed glued upon the half-covered scalp. The prominence of large, protruding, near-sighted eyes was emphasized by a stretching out of the pipe-like neck, and a stooplng forward of the lank figure. Long, shiny, big-jointed, twisted fingers, with torn and stubby nails, stiffly hung from her horny palms; and together they formed hands, that a sculptor might have copied had he wished to express drudgery.

But, if not "a thing of beauty," Susan was —other things. What those other things were you would rather discover for yourselves, so I will retire to the little study in the west corridor of Ashley Hall, Connare University, where Susan introduced herself to me early one morning in September at the beginning of my Sophomore year.

"Yes, I'm Miss McLaughlin 'at Mis' Perfessor Hadley tole yer about. Now yuh jis go right'long t'yer studin', Miss Marg'ret; I'll slick up yer rooms reel nice; yuh needn't be afraid they'll be jis *flithered* out; I'm not the flitherin' kind. An' yuh needn't worry the leastest mite 'bout yer little rig-jigs there on the mantle piece, er yer di'mond necklaces, if yuh've got 'em, in yer burey draw', 'cause I'm strickly honest an' warranted not t' steal, an' I don't need nobody fer t' vertify t' my conscientiousness; fer when Susan McLaughlin says she's honest yuh c'n b'lieve 'er. I'm Scotch, I am, er at least my mother was, an' I've got the temper 'at goes along 'th Scotchness. I tole a lady onct 'at she needn't trouble t' watch me s' close, 'cause, I says, "I a'n't agoin' t' walk off 'ith neither the kitchen range n'r the back stairs; they'l' both be a-settin' right there when yuh git back? As fer takin' what the good Lord a'n't seen fit t' gimme,—well, Susan McLaughlin a'n't never been in that sort o' business, an' she's too old fer t' begin now. So yuh jis git yer books an' yer pencils an' all them other little excitements, 'at I see all the co-heads a-usin', an' go right along up the campus, an' I'll clean it all up fer yuh *slick*.

Susan paused in her explanation, not for want of words, but to regain her breath, and with lips and tongue to suck into place the plate of false teeth, which, in unstable equilibrium, had been slipping up and down in her mouth, punctuating her sentences in the downward movements with sharp little clicks Her face wore, however, the satisfied ex-



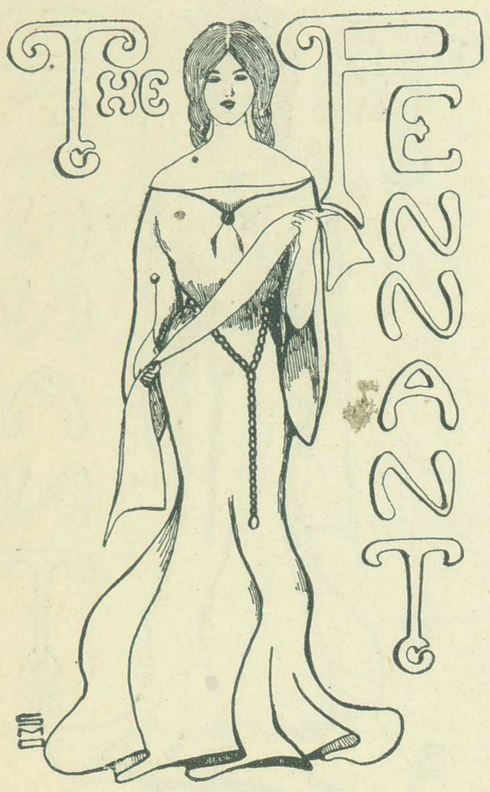
pression that comes of having made a clear and convincing statement; she could have said more to prove her honesty, but she felt—indeed, she knew—she had said all that was necessary to set my mind forever at rest as to the safety of my personal property so far as she was concerned.

And now she began with a sort of nervous haste to get ready for the day's work. A long mirror hung on the wall of the bedroom adjoining the study. Through the open door Susan caught sight of herself reflected in it at full length, and gave a little chuckle of downright amusement. She walked toward it and peered in. An old grey wool jacket, notwithstanding the fact that it had been transformed from single to double breastedness by the moving over of the buttons, still hung in ample folds on the thin, angular, Scotch form. Upon one side of a Knox hat, which wear and tear had not altogether deprived of its original jauntiness, was pinned at an angle of ninety degrees, a single, self-assertive, unbending, red ostrich tip. Two large feet, their proportions emphasized by a pair of coarse ill-fitting shoes, showed to disadvantage beneath her short black skirt.

"If yuh don't mind, Miss Marg'ret,—yer s' long, I lose out my teeth attemptin' t' say it—. I'll jis remove this here elegant travellin' wrap o' mine an' also this Paris bunnit 'ith its graceful, droopin', ostridge ploom, an' open up my alligator skin grip, so's t' git out my scrub costoom."

As she said this, Susan walked toward me, scanning my face with her big, near-sighted, brown eyes. Satisfied by the smile, that played round my mouth, of the effect of her little joke, she too smiled sympathetically and proceeded with her toilet. This, however, in no way interfered with ability to talk.

"A'n't I a sight, Miss Marg'ret? I know I look like the last o' pea time, but yuh can't expec' t' resemble Queen Vic*tory*, when yer dressed in '*has-beens*.' This here jacket now was give t' me by Mis' Chandler; she was offul good t' me; she weighs 'most two hundred, so it don't squeeze me a mite—leaves plenty o' room, yuh see," and she illustrated by gathering three fourths of it in at the waist with her hands, "fer my liver fer t' expand. Her daughter, Miss Clara, she gimme the hat. It was jis 's good 's new when she give it t' me; but a hat no more'n a human bein' can't stan' abusiveness, an' I hadn't ought t' wore it ev'ry day, rain er shine, fer three years a runnin', if I'd wanted it t' be reserved in its orig'nal shapeness." Here the hat came off with so sudden a jerk that the weakly-supported feather adornment not only wobbled, but was in imminent danger of being thrown off into space. Grasping the brim of the hat firmly with one hand, Susan automatically moved the other across the bosom of her gown, and the next instant the stubby little ostrich tip found itself pinned on as an ornament forming an angle of forty-five instead of ninety degrees; while the hat itself was carried some distance farther from its 'original shapeness'. "Them shoes, Mr. Landers give me; they didn't suit some of the peculeyarties of his feet, so he give 'em t' me fer t' scuffle roun' in- He's an offul good man; he b'longs t' my



church; I'm a Methodis'; my mother she raised me right s' fur 's relig'on's concerned. Look's like 's if them shoes was about scuffled out now, but onct they was reel nice an' had im'tation patent leather tips.

"But if God keeps on a-bein' 's good t' Jennie an' me, we'll both be rigged out t' beat the band, if I do look jis at present like Barnum's what is it 'ith ninety-nine heads. We're gittin' along reel good now an' if Jennie don't git sick, we think we c'n git out o' debt fer the things we had t' buy fer t' go t' house-keepin' 'ith, an' then mebby, (I'm ambitious, yuh see,) mebby after 'while we c'n have a little parlor. The respectableness o' *havin'* a parlor, whether yuh set in it er not, gives a body a *pe*culeyarly pleasant feelin' inside. I wonder now, Miss Marg'ret, if yuh've ever had that feelin?

"Jennie? Oh, she's my little frien', 'at lives 'ith me an' I take care o' her. She a'n't very strong; she's got a little deform'ty; she's pigeon-chested—an' she has bad spells 'ith her heart; her liver an' kidney's a little deranged too, an' she a'nt got but one lung, so she can't work very hard; an' yuh know how 'tis—if yuh a'n't 's strong 's a horse they don't nobody want yuh t' work fer 'em. That's the way 'twas 'ith Jennie. People was allus willin' t' have me work fer 'em, but they didn't want Jennie, even when she worked fer only jis her board; 'cause 's they tole her, she couldn't do 'nough; an' so we made up our minds t' go t' house-keepin', an' I could take in washin' an' go out by the day, an' Jennie, she could jis stay 't home an' take care o' the house an' help a bit 'ith the ironin' when she felt able. When yuh can't do much o' anythin' it's the forcefulness o' havin' the fac' impressed on yuh, day in an' day out, 'at's more wearin' 'an the disease itself. The way 'tis now I'm respons'ble fer both our livin's, an' Jennie don't have t' bear up against any thin' more wearin' 'an kidney an' liver an' heart trouble, one-lungness an' pigeon-chestedness; an' yuh see, it's a good 'eal better that way. I wish yuh could see my little frien', Miss Marg'ret; she a'n't a bit like me. She's the littlest, daintiest thing, an' her deformity don't show much, 'cause it a'n't her back; her back a'n't crooked."

By this time the street dress had given place to the 'scrub costoom'—a much patched woolen skirt and an unbelted, faded calico blouse. I gave her broom and brushes; then, gathering together my books, papers and an extra handkerchief, beat a hasty retreat up the campus.

There was no shadow of a doubt that those of my household goods sufficiently strong to stand the strain of her vigorous treatment would come forth from the process scrupulously clean; and never before in all my life had I been so firmly convinced that honesty and cleanliness were the cardinal virtues in a char-woman.

The tear that dropped into my Iliad during the nine o'clock lecture was shed neither for Hector nor for Achilles.

MARGARET EVERITT SCHALLENBERGER.

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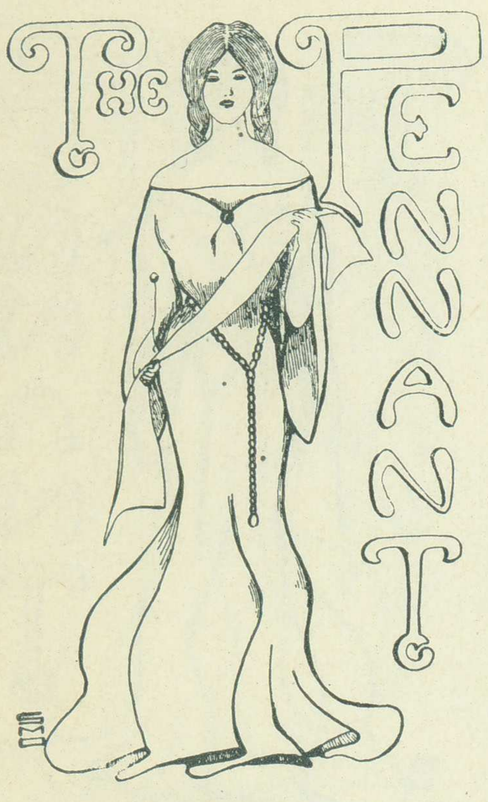
PHOTO BY BUSHNELL.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Kitty Moser
Travis Townsend

Antonita Gilkyson, Prophet

Kathyrn Cooney
Lillian Branham



The Frog Who Went a Wooing.

MR. JEREMIAH BARTON, familiarly known as Old Jerry, was discovering as old age crept on and rheumatism came with it, that corner groceries are but draughty things and boon companions unsympathetic. Married daughters are, at the best, thoughtless beings, engrossed in the affairs of their own households. So Mr. Jeremiah Barton recalled more and more often as rheumatic tinges increased in frequency and viciousness, the happy days with the wife of his youth and the few years of the only home life he had ever known. Those days had been very pleasant. Why had he been so foolish as to decide never to marry again? Often he mused over these things, and sometimes caught himself taking surreptitious glances into mirrors or convenient show-cases. He was not such a poor figure of a man after all and at sixty one need not be laid on the shelf.

Influenced by such reflections he began paying tentative court to one or two widows in the neighborhood; but in spite of his resolutions, at the first sign that his attentions were noticed by the lady in question he found himself sheering off, afraid to await the result,and in mortal terror lest his married daughter should get a hint of the proceedings.

One morning as he sat on his favorite pickle keg in front of the corner grocery he chanced on an advertisement in a city paper that made him start. Here might be the solution of his difficulty. No one need know until everything was over and he could surely be able to manage the thing diplomatically. Here he became lost in a train of reflections which was only broken by a rude laugh from Shorty Kelly, who usually occupied the other keg, and a teasing query as to whom he might be "mooning" over now. Jerry only gave some muttered response and shambled hastily away.

A few days later the following advertisement appeared in an Eastern Matrimonial Journal:

> "A middle-aged gentleman of exemplary character and domestic tendencies would like to correspond with a lady about thirty years old with a view to matrimony. He has a dairy and wheat farm near a western town and can offer a good home. He is a widower and can furnish the best references. Photographs requested. No triflers need apply. Address this paper. Box 40."

In a tremor of terror over what he had done, and of impatient curiosity as to the outcome, Jerry awaited the replies to the advertisement. As the days passed he almost deserted his old haunts, and more and more often might have been found an impatient member of the group that frequented the post-office. In due time he received several replies. Some were manifestedly from practical jokers but two of the best were laid aside as worthy of answers. One was a brisk business-like letter, professing a great enthusiasm for dairying, and promising a photograph

in the near future. It was signed, "Jane Henry."

The other letter was quiet and unconsciously pathetic in its tone. The writer had evidently been a drudge all her life in the homes of relatives, thoughtlessly given the bitter while others took the sweet. Now that sorrow had come to her she would gladly welcome change and a home of her own. Old Jerry's eyes grew misty over that letter. He had visions of himself bringing a little sunshine to this gentle soul and helping her to find a happier home in the "Far West."

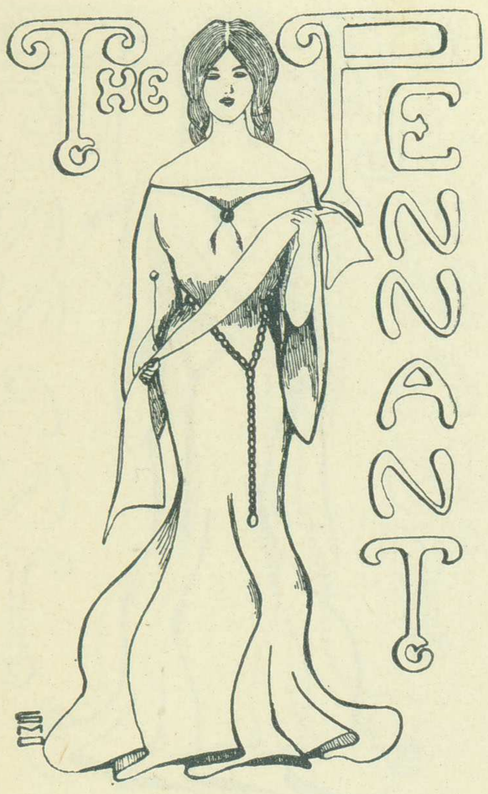
Hesitating, however, to take an irrevocable step he opened a correspondence with both in which he described himself and his surroundings in most glowing terms. As time went on he inclined more and more to the quiet little lady and the role of protector. The other was becoming too ardent and pressing, so one day he wrote a letter of farewell and regrets to her and was on his way to buy a ticket for the lady of his choice when he was met by a boy with a telegram. With a fearful premonition of its contents he tore it open. This was the message:

"Dearest Jerry,
Meet me at the next train.
Your Jane."

"I say" said the boy to the grocery loungers ten minutes later, "Old Jerry ain't locoed is he? He sure acted like it when I gave him that telegram just now. I wonder if he thinks we ain't got nothin' else to do but send telegrams for jokes?"

When the four o'clock train pulled in Jerry was there with his new buggy, dressed in his Sunday best. He had decided to put a bold face on the matter. She might be all right, and anyhow the knot wasn't tied yet, so he put his best foot foremost and tried to appear unconscious of the curious glances of his friends, who had come down in a body to see "what was up." But even Jerry was unprepared for the vision that stepped off the train. It was a long lank vision crowned by a mass of carroty red hair, dimly seen through a mist of blue veil. The feet were large, the whole air sharp and decided, and the dress cut after a pattern best known in the mountains of East Tennessee.

Jerry found himself moving mechanically forward but not before the vision, glancing eagerly around, had had time to precipitate herself rapturously on the breast of a middle aged drummer who was waiting at the train, with touching cries of "My dear Jerry." The drummer drew back in dismay. "There is some mistake here, madame," he said, "I do not know you. Here comes a gentleman who is looking for some one." She turned on Jerry who now slowly approached and looked him over from head to foot, asking sharply, "Are you Jerry Barton?" "I am." A moment of silence and mutual inspection followed, broken by a murmur from the lady, "Older than I expected, but he'll do I reckon!" "Got a buggy here?" she inquired. Jerry pointed it out and then asked about her baggage. On being told that all except that at her side was

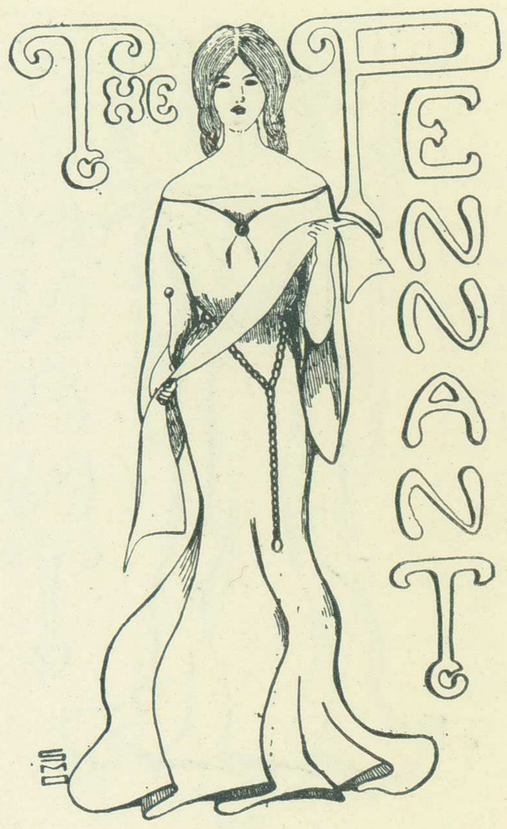


coming by freight, he picked up the valise in question and started for the buggy, when he was suddenly transfixed by her next words, spoken in tones distinctly audible all over the little station. "Oh, Jerry, darling!" she exclaimed tenderly, "I can't go right to the preacher's in this dress. You are so eager!" The loungers giggled. Jerry glanced around nervously. "I bean't goin' jest at once," he said. "I thought mebbe you'd like to take a little drive out to the farm." After some argument the fair lady agreed and they drove away, Jerry with an uncomfortable sense of the coming ridicule of his companions, she with the airs of a monarch come into his own.

All went well during the drive and Jerry's hopes began to rise. An excess of sentiment he felt is a bad thing, but this is a trouble that improves with time. Certainly she liked farming and dairying, and the country pleased her. No doubt she would make a good manager. She said she was a good cook. Then he began to wonder about the sympathy, and a vision came to him of a gentle presence that might have soothed his rheumatic moments. He tried to picture the lady beside him in the part of tender consoler. Would it be "darling Jerry" or "my heart's love?" He wondered whether she ever had rheumatism. The very thought was an insult to that spare active frame.

Miss Jane was immensely pleased with the farm house, a modest white cottage, but when they reached the back, she threw up her hands in horror. That willow tree! Didn't he know weeping willows are unluckly? It was a miracle he was not dead and in his grave. And she launched forth into a description of the horrors succeeding the planting of these trees sufficient to blacken their reputation forever. For her part she would never have one near her house. Now, unfortunately, this tree had tender associations for Jerry. It had been planted by his wife, so he retorted with a warm defence of willows in general and that tree in particular, and ended by saying that although it pained him to offend her he couldn't think of cutting it down as long as he stayed on the place. Seeing that this was dangerous ground, however ill pleased, Mistress Jane retraced the obnoxious "suggestion." Of course it should be as dear Jerry wished Nevertheless in spite of her assurances that her heart was all his Jerry did not feel the enthusiasm that is supposed to be proper to suitors at similar junctures. Instead he felt a decided inclination to quarrel with someone.

Mistress Jane had little to say during the visit to the barns, but Jerry fancied he could detect a look in her eyes that forboded coming changes, and her very manner and the tilt of her nose as she poked about added to his increasing irritation. She made no comments on the water facilities, apparently approved of Leghorn chickens, and the Jersey cows, but on the return to the house launched forth in praises of Durham cattle. Now all of the cows, excepting the few Jerseys, were Holsteins and Jerry suddenly found that Holstein cattle were his hobby. In consequence the

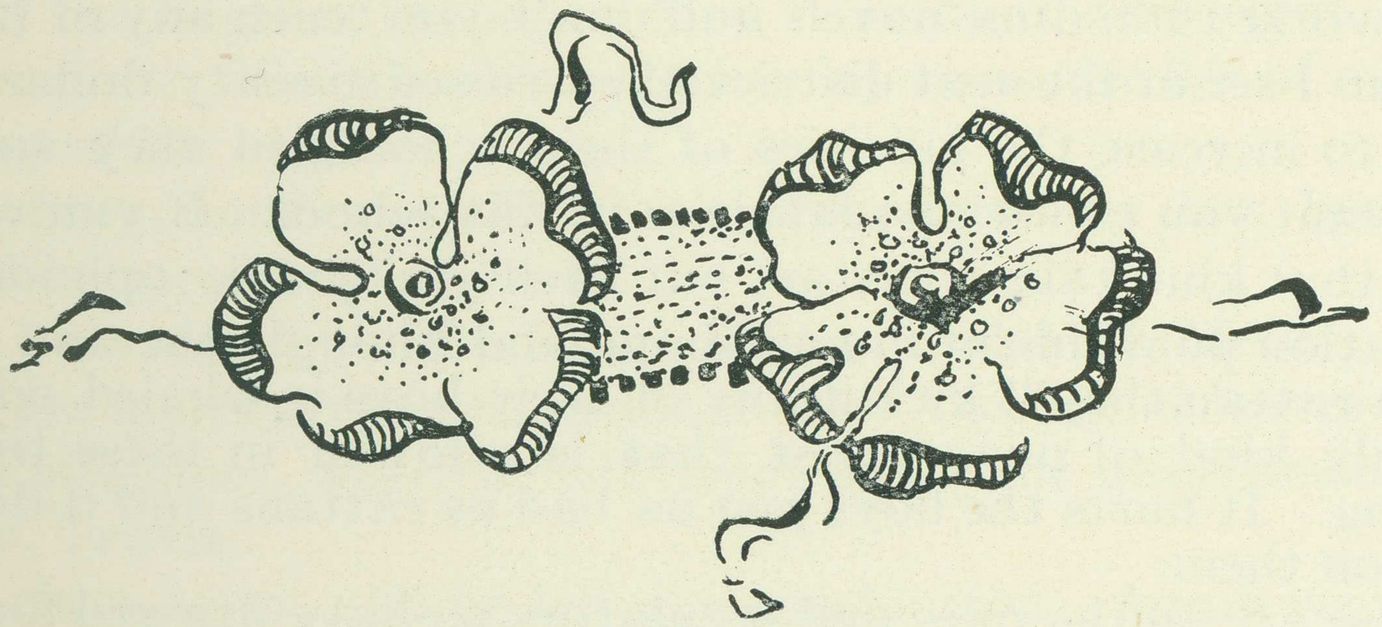


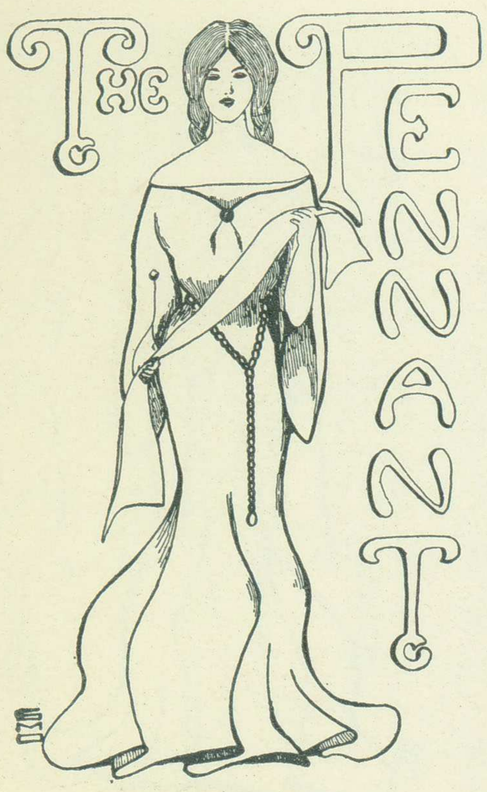
argument grew somewhat heated and at length after some more or less uncomplimentary remarks from the lady concerning his judgment, Jerry told her angrily that there wasn't no woman a goin' to come on his ranch and run him. If she thought he was that kind of a man she was mightily off; and at length as the quarrel waxed warmer he vowed she should never set foot on his place again. Startled at this she wept and said she had always been a spoiled child used to having her own way. The hard hearted Jerry retorted that she was old enough to have learned better. Then she was indignant! He was a rascal and a deceiver of women. He had basely betrayed her most sacred affections and now that honor was at stake she would do her woman's best to make him keep his word and marry her. Not a step would she go from these premises until his promise was given. Jerry's reminder that it was her own doing, that she had had no invitation from him only made her more obstinate and at length he was forced to drive away leaving her mistress of the situation.

In town Mr. Jeremiah Barton was met by an angry daughter who had been given an exaggerated account of the day's doings. She rated him soundly and sent him home to supper. The following day she took matters into her own hands and began a battle with "that woman" who continued to hold the fort until as an extreme measure the daughter had all the furniture removed. That night Jane Henry slept in the granary and the next day accepted the terms of the enemy.

The next morning Jerry, from behind some sheltering bales of hay, had the happiness of viewing her departure with her ticket and three hundred dollars damages in her pocket. His thrist for personal romance was quenched, but it was long before he heard the last of the story of the "Mouse who would and the Frog who wouldn't."

E. I. Mc.





Modern Education.

THE trustees of a school on Staten Island recently commissioned one of their number to convey to the teachers the wishes of the board as to the nature of the studies to be pursued. When the teachers were assembled, the spokesman made the following address:

"Teachers, I've been disputed by my fellow cowlicks of the Board to make a short collation to you on the subject of running this school practical. We don't want you to learn the scholars no fancy things. They learned me a lots of nonsense where I went to school and I never made the first dollar out of it.

Now there's arithmetic. We want you to play light with that. You can learn the children to do sums in partition, distraction, sultification and long and short provision, but that's all. Don't teach them fractures. I lost six months when I went to school learning fractures and last week I spent two days trying to measure off an acre of pasture, and I'd have been at it yet if I had stuck to them fractures. I had to go over the ground with a two-foot rule after all. Fractures is too puzzling. You are always converting the divider the wrong way, or getting the fumigator and the nominator mixed up on the wrong side of the line.

Then there's English grabber. That's another book we don't want you to use much. I learned all about it when I was a boy and what do I know about it now? I couldn't parsley ten words if I had to die. Of course the boys may be president of the United States and then they'll want to know a little about it, for there's no use in a man running for office unless he's good in grabber, so you can just learn the children what they call the smarts of speech, the article, the clown, the axletive, the herb, the parsnip, the injunction, and the rest of them.

As for geography we don't want any of that in the school unless you get the new and improved one. The geography that me and my cowlicks of the board learned at school was filled with a pack of lies and nonsense. It said that the earth was all covered with criss-cross lines that they called the lines of gratitude and the cathartic circular and the great he-quaker that ran all round the earth after the Great Sarah. Now that's worse than dime novels and don't you teach any of it here.

Then I see in the next district they raised twenty dollars off the tax payers to increase the falicities of their school, so they said. Now we don't want you to use any falicities in this school. If you've got to use any of that kind take a rattan, but I tell you public opinion is against corporation punishment in any shape and though the tax payers may stand a rattan they'll kick if any of their boys is whaled with a falicity. The only kind of punishment that is allowed in these times is moral swearing. It hurts the boys just as bad as rattans and it don't leave no marks on them.

These are all the rules and regulators we have drawed for the present but at our next meeting we will get up some more.

Editors.

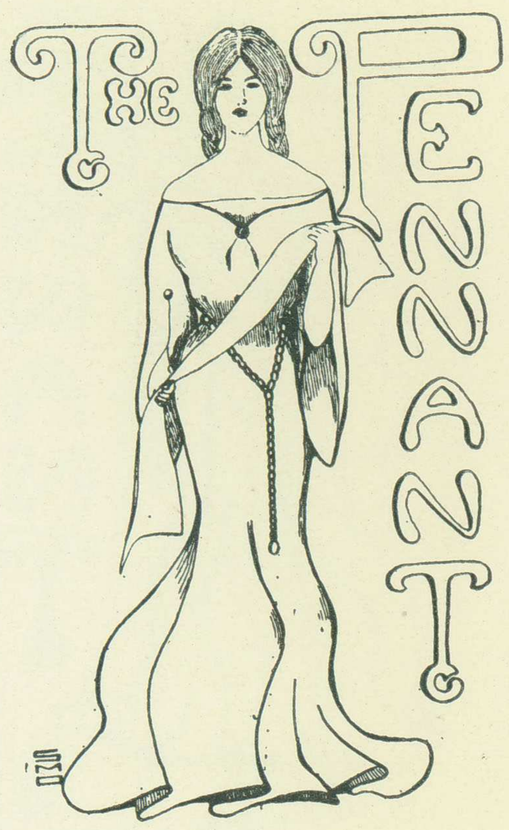
EUSTACE BROWN LILLIAN BRANHAM

Associate Editors.

KATHRYN COONEY, Societies KITTY MOSER, Joshes
TRAVIS TOWNSEND, Exchanges LILLIAN BRANHAM, Athletics

Business Managers.

JOHN WEED, Special Manager MAUD MARCHANT, Regular Manager



Editorials.

WE of the Pennant wish to acknowledge the kind help rendered us by different members of our Faculty, by our fellow students and by our friends on the outside. To Miss Cory and Miss Schallenberger, who so kindly aided us by contributions, and who, with Prof. Bland and Miss Royce, went over much of the proof, many thanks. Miss Davenport we thank for drawings and helpful suggestions. To Miss Farmer, Miss White and Miss Dudley, and the Messrs. Hill we extend grateful acknowledgment for many of the cuts in this issue. Miss McLellan, Miss Douglass and Mr. Laughlin we assure of our sincere gratitude. To these and all others who have aided us in any way, we repeat, many thanks.

"Don't shoot the Editors; they do the best they can." Dear friends, if this issue of the Normal Pennant does not come up to your expectations we can only plead that we have been handicapped by circumstances which we could not possibly foresee.

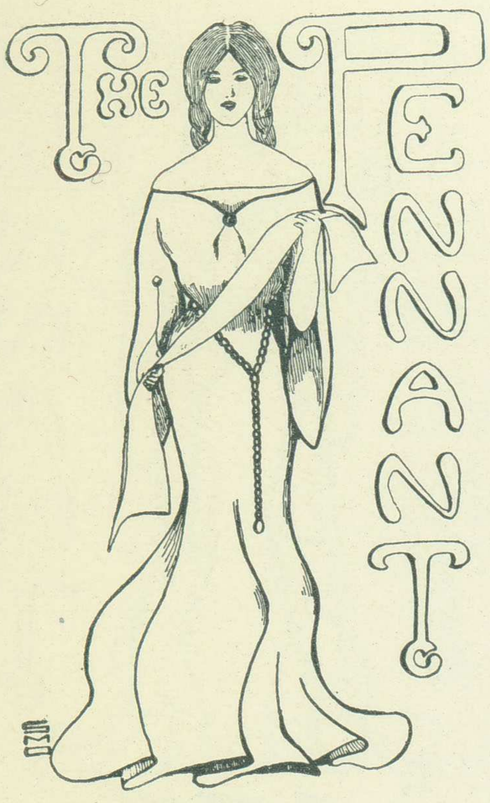
Our assistant Editor, Miss Branham, was obliged to leave to take a school that opened on Mar. 9, and we were thus deprived of a helper to whose resourcefulness, even under the circumstances, we are much indebted.

Our Business Manager left us in order to hold his school, which opened on March 14. All the endless details which fall to the lot of a Business Manager were shifted, without a moment's notice, onto the shoulders of the Regular Manager, Miss Marchant, and right well has she done her part. We take this opportunity to assure her of our sincere appreciation of her help.

Miss Cooney, our Society Editor, we regret to say has been absent from school on account of sickness.

To Mr. Townsend, our Exchange Editor, and Miss Moser, our Josh Editor, we are under great obligations. Mr. Townsend leaves on Mar. 22 for the Philippines, where he will teach under the government. Good luck to you, Travis.

Of our class, seven will be left for graduation. Again we must ask Don't shoot the Editors.



News.

OUR experience during the last few weeks has almost tempted us to believe that the occupation of school teaching is not overcrowded, and that there is room, not only at the top, but also at the bottom of the ladder. If this be not true, however, then we are forced to conclude that there is a special demand for Normal Graduates, because so many of the members of our class have taken, or are soon to take, schools. Not one member but could have had a school for the asking. Following is a list of those who have schools, with the county in which the school is located and the date of its opening:

Lillian Branham	San Luis Obispo	Mar. 9, '04
Kathryn Cooney	(?)	(?)
Rae Copley	San Luis Obispo	Mar. 14, '04
Nita Gilkyson	El Dorado	April 18, '04
Florence Graef	Fresno	Mar. 14, '04
Nettie McConochie	Mendocino	Apr. 1, '04
Viola Stillwell	Sonoma	Mar. 21, '04
Helen Thomas	Mendocino	Mar. 14, '04
Perle Westfall	Mariposa	Mar. 21, '04
John Weed	Monterey	Mar. 14, '04
Vera Wilson	Santa Clara	Mar. 14, '04
Ruth Burgess	El Dorado	(?)
Grace Hoover	San Luis Obispo	(?)
Kitty Moser	(?)	(?)

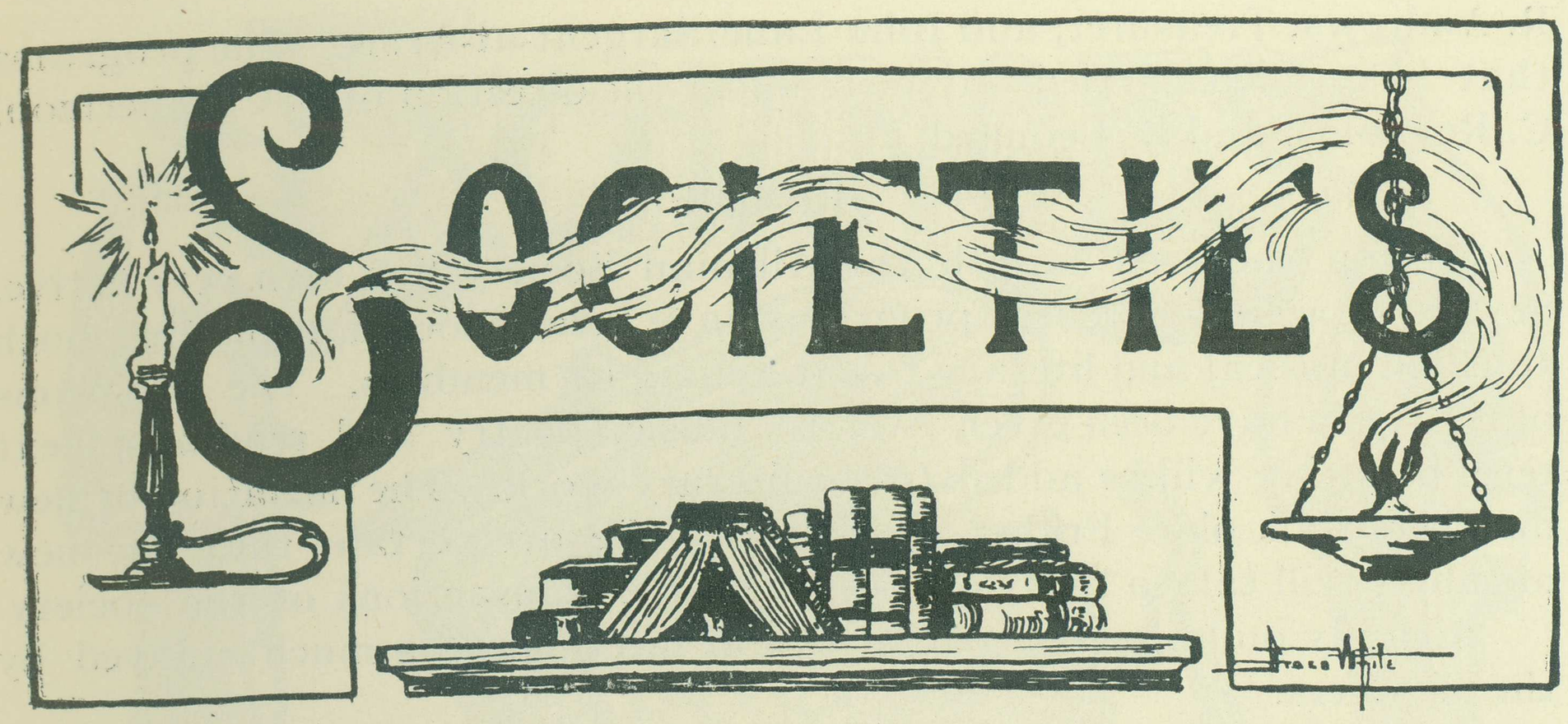
One of the most novel and pleasing events of the past term was the exhibition of hand made raffia hats, which took place Thursday afternoon, March 17, 1904. The Kindergarten Hall was prettily decorated with spring blossoms and beautiful mountain brakes. The hats were of many different shapes and designs and with their gay flower trimmings were truly works of art. Under the direction of Miss Mackenzie the students who have been teaching in the Kindergarten have been busy for the last two weeks making these hats after school hours.

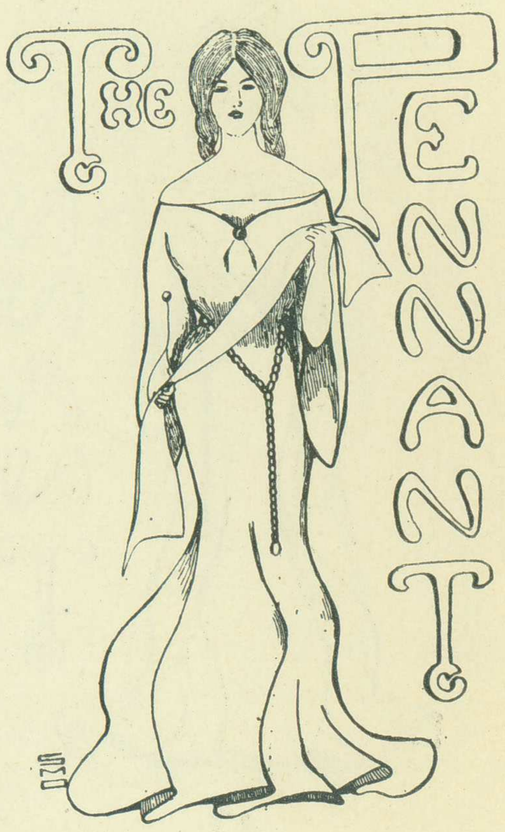
This is but one of the many phases of hand work that the student teachers glean from their association with Miss Mackenzie.

During the afternoon many availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing the pretty hats. Dainty refreshments were served consisting of chocolate and cakes and the guests were further entertained by delightful musical selections from the Misses McClellan and Mr. Carl Swenson.

Those who made and exhibited hats were the Misses Engals, Conner, West, Wood, Baird, Gilkyson, Richardson, Ackley, Dennikey, Brannem and Marr.

Altogether the afternoon was a most happy and delightful one.





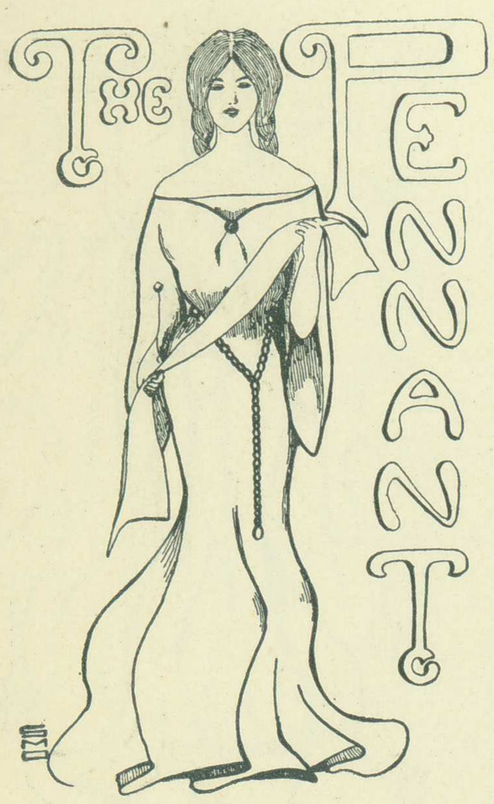
Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been steadily carrying on its regular work for the last two months. There have been some especially good addresses at the Tuesday meetings, notably two by Miss Cory, one on "Mission Work in Brazil," and one on "The Association in Great Britain." She showed many interesting photographs illustrating the first of these talks. Miss Gertrude Connett, leader of the ladies' gymnasium class in the Y. M. C. A. building gave a talk on "The Wholesome Physical Life" on February 23rd, and Miss Beal spoke on "The Wholesome Social Life," February 2nd. Both of these meetings were exceedingly practical, helpful, and interesting.

On February 27, Miss Parsons entertained the Association at her home, and in spite of the rain a number assembled and enjoyed colored photographs of Japan and the little account Mrs. Taber and Miss Parsons were able to give them. The Association is especially interested in Japan on account of its connection with Miss Morrison, the Secretary that the Pacific Coast Associations have sent to Tokyo, and as Miss Taber has made a trip to Japan she was able to make the land in which Miss Morrison is working seem real to us.

Y. M. N. D.

During the past term the Y. M. N. D. Society has been carried on very successfully. The membership is small because of the scarcity of boys. Each member is given a better chance to do individual work. The outcome of this is evident both in the manner of speech and ease of position. Two of the members, J. Lane and T. T. Townsend, who have taken an active part in the Society for the past four years, will graduate this March. Mr. Townsend's term of office as President of the society will not have been completed, so the duties of this office will fall upon the Vice-President, H. White. The other officers are J. Malloy, Secretary;



R. Andrews, Treasurer; and John Lane, Sargent-at-Arms. The programs that have been carried out were under the direction of E. Cuthbertson, C. Reynolds, and R. Leonard.

Allenian.

During the past month the Allenian Society has been very active. Several especially excellent programs have been rendered displaying much splendid musical and literary talent among its members. The programs of this term have been given over to music, poetry and readings; next term debating will be added to the literary work. The initiation of new members took place Friday, March 4th. We are certain that the new members will take a lively interest in all the transactions of the society.

A candy pull after one of the regular meetings was much enjoyed by the members.

We regret to lose as active members two of our most appreciative girls, Misses Perle Westfall and Florence Graef.

Sappho.

The Sappho Club is pursuing her usual course of literature and good times. The members are glad that the March class will not take many of their girls from them but they regret very much to lose one who has been a great help in the society. Miss Gilkyson has been in the club for about two and a half years, and the Sapphos will miss her very much but all wish her the best success in her career.

Browning.

The Browning Club is progressing rapidly in the collecting of quotations and expects to put before the public in the near future, a book of quotations from the works of Robert Browning. The club has shown great interest in its work and the success of the book is almost assured.

The committee appointed for arranging the quotations are Prof. Bland, Misses Campiglia, Ingalls, Dyer, Charlson, Thompson and Laird.

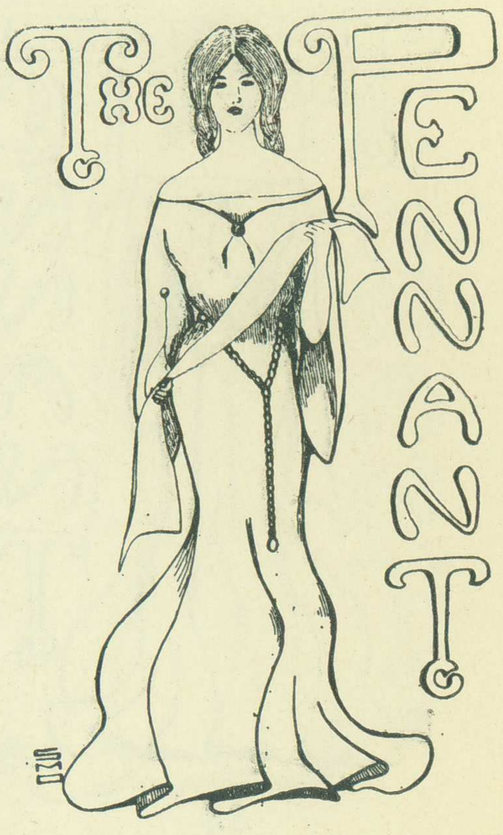
The club is preparing for its annual celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of Browning in the form of a yachting trip which is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasurable anticipation.

Erosophian.

The Erosophian Society has been continuing its work as usual during the past month. The programs are well rendered. Attention is always paid to the social part of the work as well as the literary.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 16, '04, the members of the society gathered at the home of Miss Cory, on South Second Street, where an informal reception was tendered to the two March graduates of the society, Miss Viola Stillwell and Miss Lizzie Laverene. Miss Stillwell left San Jose on Thursday, March 17, '04, to go to her school in Sonoma County. We are very sorry to part with such faithful and energetic workers, still we wish them all success possible in their future work.





The purpose of the exchange column is to point out the good and bad qualities of our exchanges, and also to call the attention of subscribers to worthy articles written in them. It is not our intention to "run down" other papers in any way, but to offer such suggestions and criticisms as may be of some benefit to the paper criticised. It is possible that some of the criticisms may be applied to our own paper, but it is to be hoped that they may be followed in the near future.

One of the most general mistakes made by our exchanges is to leave out the "Table of Contents." Suppose that some one is referred to an article in one of the papers, when this person picks up the paper to look for the article he or she naturally looks for the "Table of Contents."

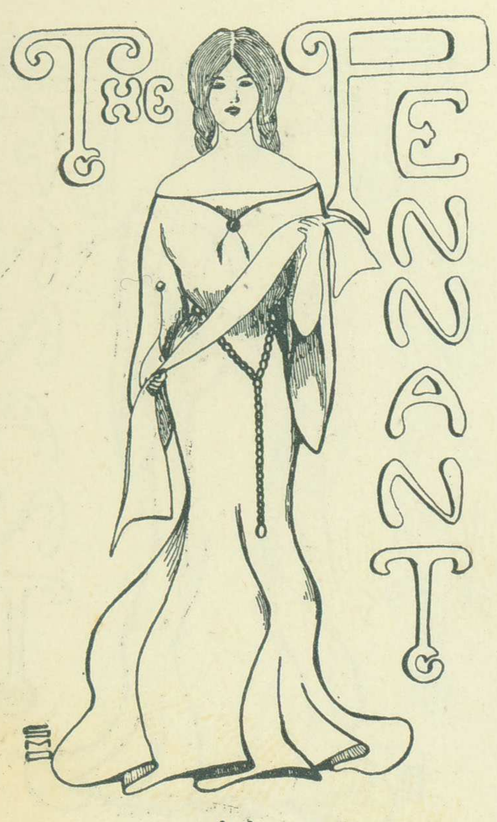
The following are among those papers that have no "Table of Contents:" The Institute, High School Sentiment, The High School Times, The Lilliputian, The Sea Urchin, Normal Record, Olla Podrida, Westminster Review, Whittier Boys and Girls Magazine, The Native American, The Phoenix, The Rockford Owl, The Normal Advance, The Academia, The Hedding Graphic, The Oriole.

Now that we have made a few criticisms and remarks in general we will proceed to make a few in particular.

The Institute of Cohoes, N. Y., although of a good standard could be much improved by having more original material.

"Reflections on a Teacher's Woes," in the Enterprise, Snohomish, Wash. has the right idea but the meter of the verse could be improved a little.

The Owl of Hoitts although small, is good.



Basket=Ball.

A LARGE part of the Basket-ball team's success in all their games of late has been due to the ability and kindness of one who has now left us and whose name is dear to all—Miss Lillian Branham. For two months she has worked faithfully and willingly as coach with the team and has done all that could be desired of one holding that position. Her gentle manners and kind ways while on the campus have won for her the hearts of all the girls. To show their appreciation of what Miss Branham has done, a number assembled at the train the night of her departure, and presented her with a token of remembrance.

Since the issue of the last Pennant the team has entered but one contest and this was merely a practice game. It took place between the Mountain View High School and the Normal on our campus, March 5th, and although the day was rainy and disagreeable, our team as usual showed its excellent team work.

The game from the beginning to the end was exciting, as our opponents, though small, were very active and showed good training. But nevertheless, they were not quite active enough for at the end of the second half the score stood 10-18 in our favor.

The Convention of the Basket-ball League of the West met at Berkeley, Saturday, March 12th, and the following schedule of games remained unaltered:

U. C. vs. Stanford, March 19

S. J. N. vs. Reno, Nevada, March 26.

The winning teams will play each other and the one which shows its superiority in the contest will play Mills for the championship.

The Normal team is making great preparations for the game at Nevada the 26th and Mrs. Will Needham of the University of California is now coaching the girls. On the 9th of April a game is scheduled with Palo Alto to be played on their court.

The Basket-ball girls here wish to extend many thanks and congratulations to the March class for having so kindly remembered them the day of their "Class Feed."

[Owing to the absence of our athletic editor, Miss Branham, Miss Ives kindly consented to write the "Athletics."]—EDITOR.



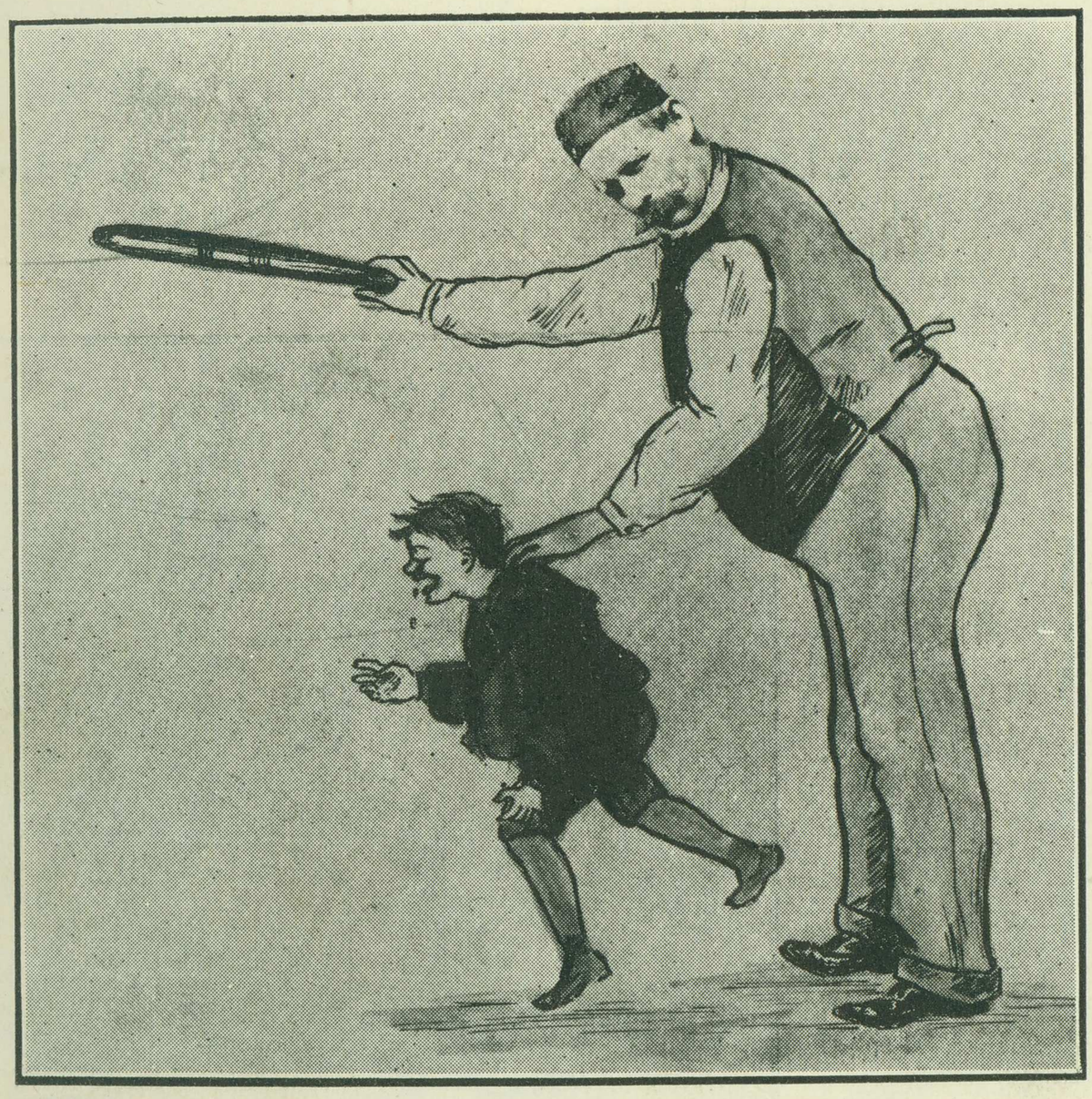


A harmless joke don't mind a bit,
Any kick that's coming just shows it's a fit.

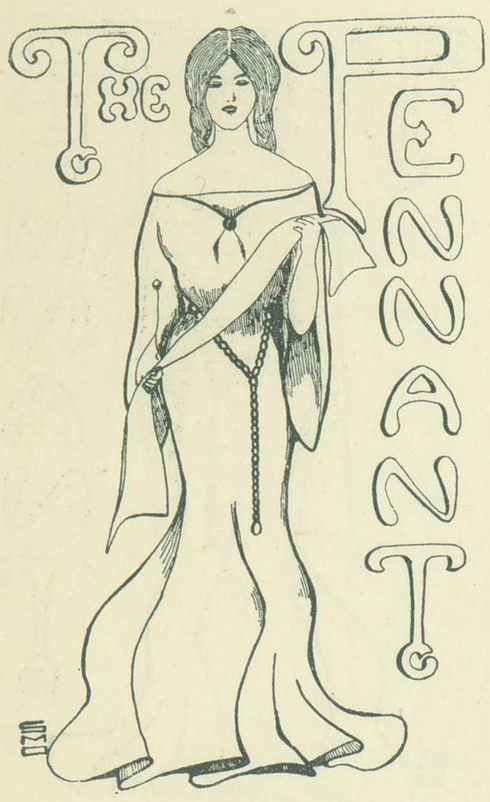
"Whom the Gods destroy they first make mad."

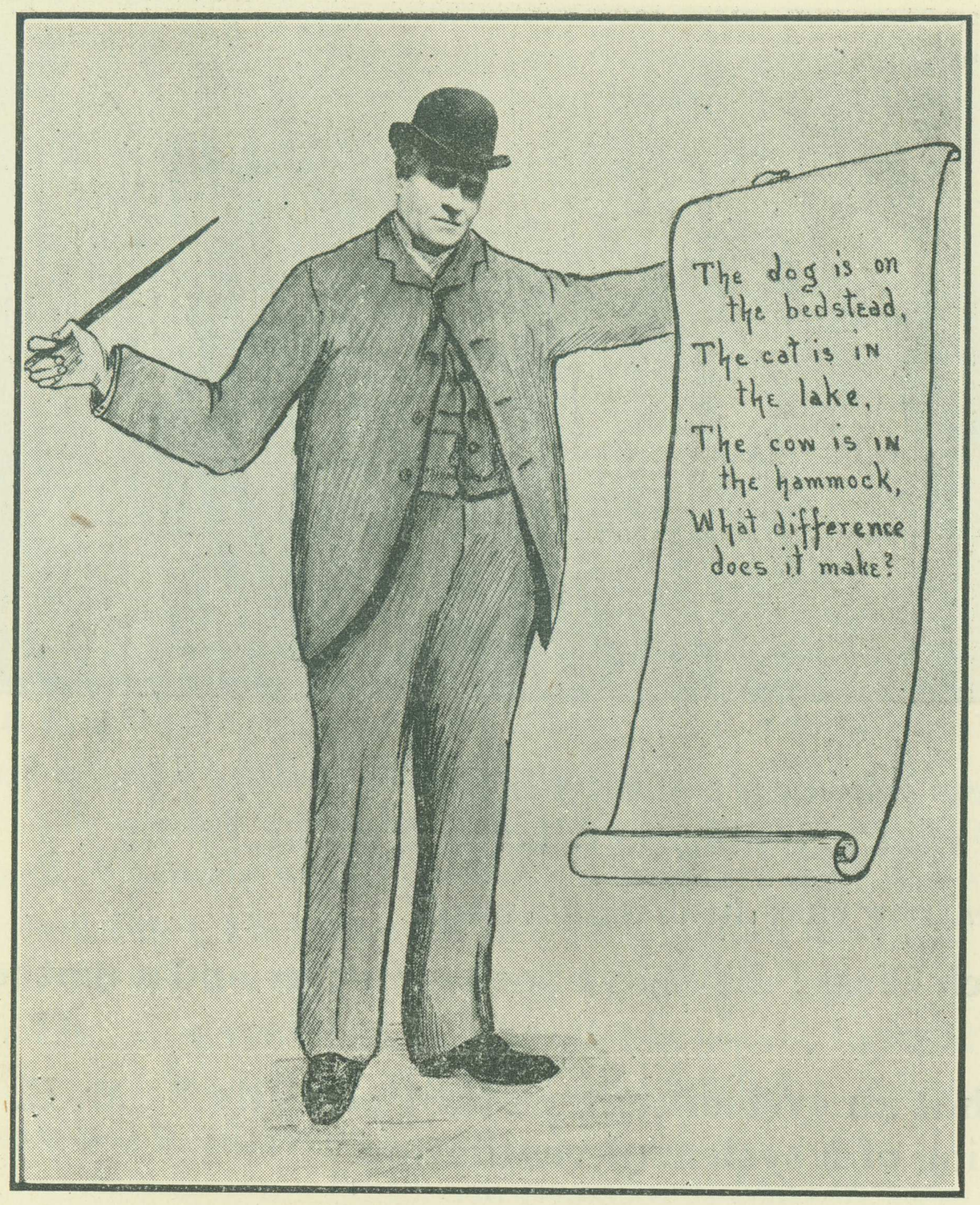
Hurrah for the March Class! We have both a mother and a mother-in-law.

"No, I never saw a hot air system that worked perfectly." M. E. D. Of course he was speaking of a system of ventilation.



A prominent Educator, illustrating a lecture on "How Froebel Did It." This lecture is now a classic.



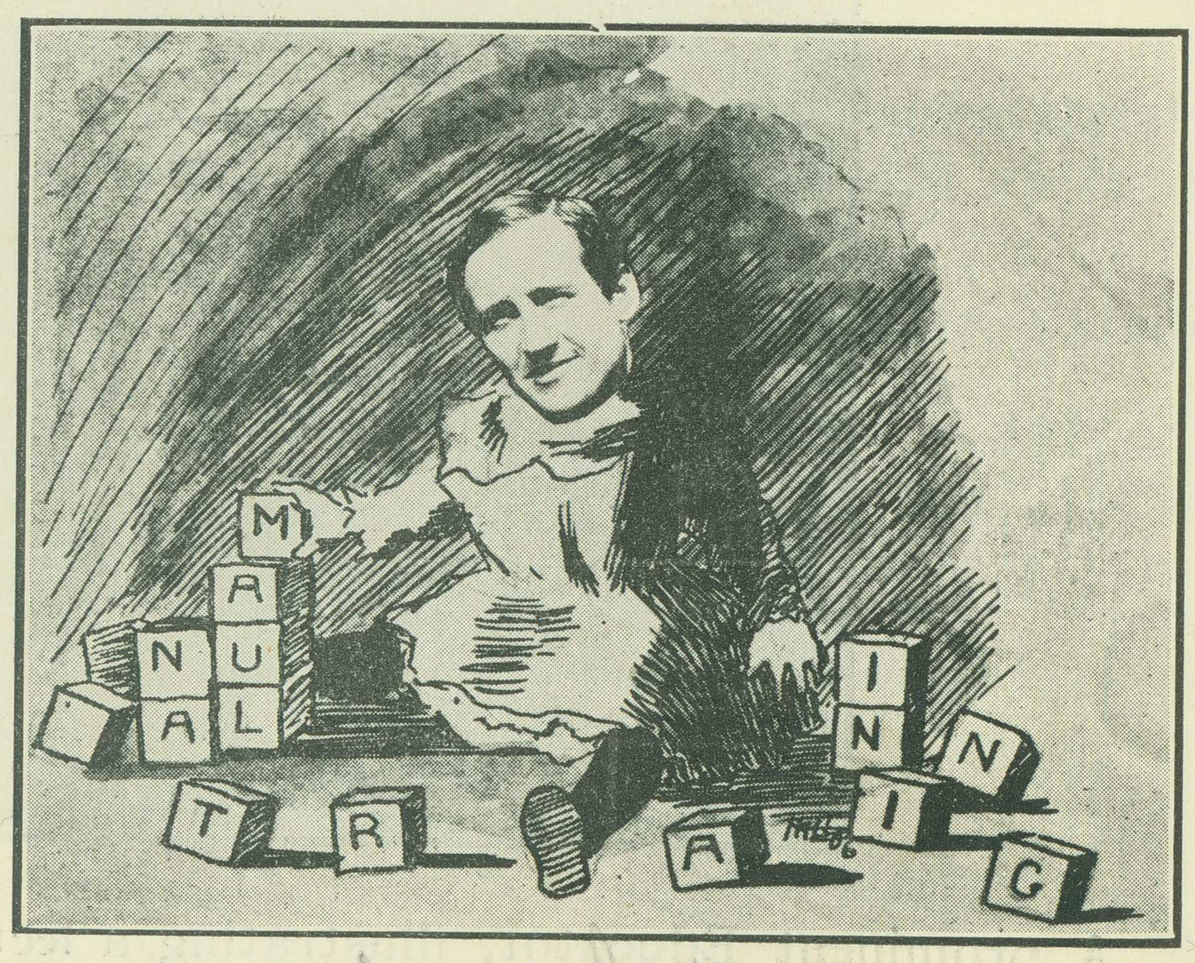


A hitherto undiscovered genius, whose poetical abilities were but lately recognized by Dr. Dailey.

We are informed that Helen Thomas will have to ride over the hills on a donkey in order to reach her school. Poor donkey!

Reynolds can tell all about the "conversation" of energy. Ask him.

"Here, here! This is leap year."

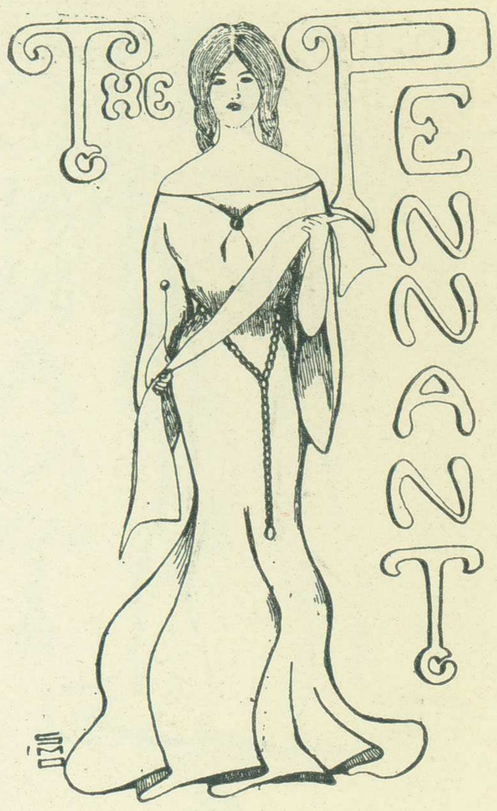


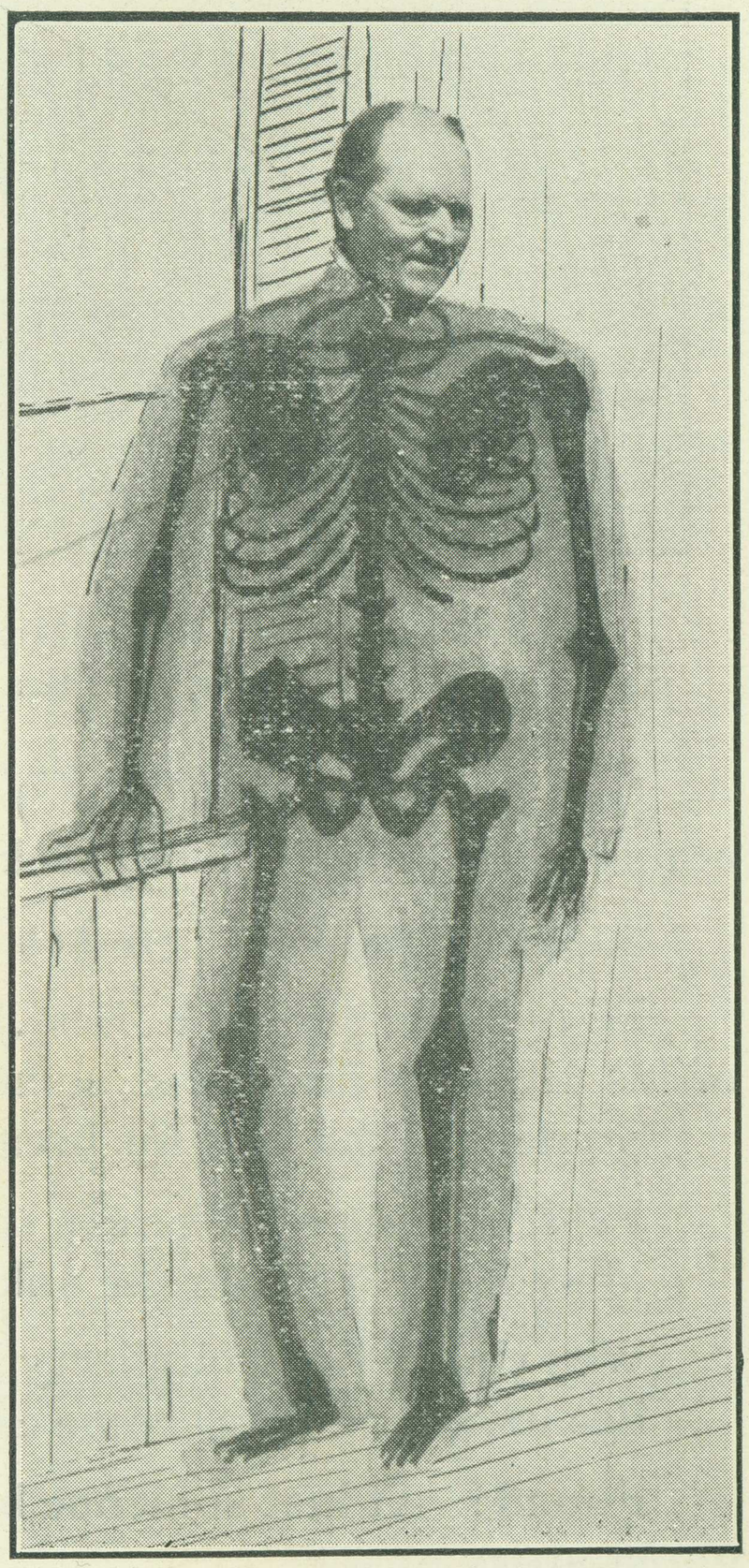
The champion of Manual Training, showing at what an early age he recognized the educational advantages of childish activities.

Snyder

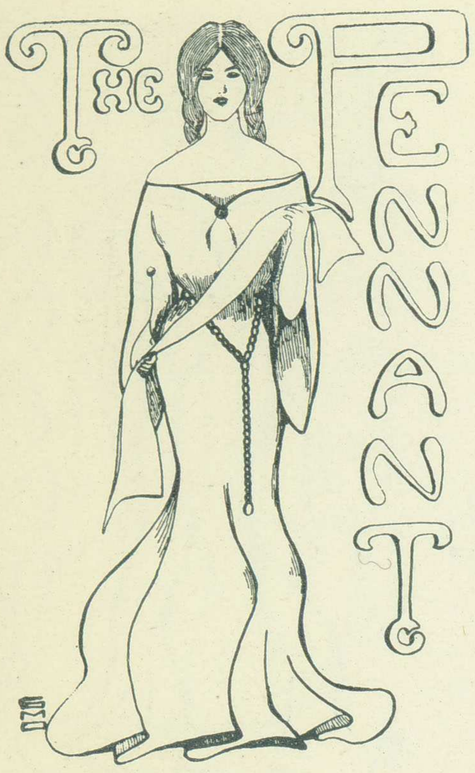


An enterprising Music Dealer, who keeps only the most "*popular*" songs.





An eminent Scientist, illustrating how, by means of an X ray, a person may disappear from the face of the earth. This discovery is bound to prove useful in the near future.





An ardent advocate of the Higher Thought, and an accepted authority in Grammar.

Prof. Bennett back again, but no whiskers. O what a disappointment.

Always stand when singing "America," "The Star Spangled Woodchuck," and "The Yellow Horn." If outside, take off your neighbor's hat.

No, Miss Charlson, don't add a P. S. to your letter in writing to a total stranger. Wait till you know him better.

Prof. D.—"Well, Miss Thomas, I shall have to get a larger box if your mail is to come in mine."

Miss T. (blushing furiously)—"But—now I didn't tell him to."

Dorothy M. would like to know if an aunt who is younger than yourself is an ancestor.

Has Mr. Bullock started the bandaging class as a supplement to the basketball team?

Jack (at basketball game)—"Look here, A——, the wind lifts this umbrella right up." Now Jack, hot air *always* rises.

Snakes! Snakes! Snakes! For further particulars see Miss Sprague.

Miss Howe (in Econ. Hist.)—"What could a minor do if the guardian of his property destroyed something?"

Student—"Sue him for breach of promise."

Prof. Bullock—"Where is the thigh located, Miss Rae?"

Miss R.—"Between the ankle and the knee."

Why does Miss Dougherty like dandelions?

Because dandelions come early and stay late.

Found! At last someone has found the joke in the Las Amegas Club's ghost story.

Mr. Dailey can sing any song from almost any page. After all, what's the use of getting the exact page, provided you get somewhere near it?

O A. Hale & Co. is an advertiser.

Prof. Bland (giving out subjects for long papers)—"You will notice that these are mostly biographies."

Vera Willson—"Do we each have to have a man?" Now Vera!

Why should the motto of Myrtle Hodges friends be "Beware of the dog?"

Why does Miss Stillwell go around singing "Goodbye, Dolly Grey?"



A prominent Physiologist, who is illustrating the manner in which the Pennant editors are to be treated.

Does Carl like cookies? O my.

Heard in the Grammar Class:

"Where'er the impatient Sweitzers gazed
The unbroken line of lances blazed."

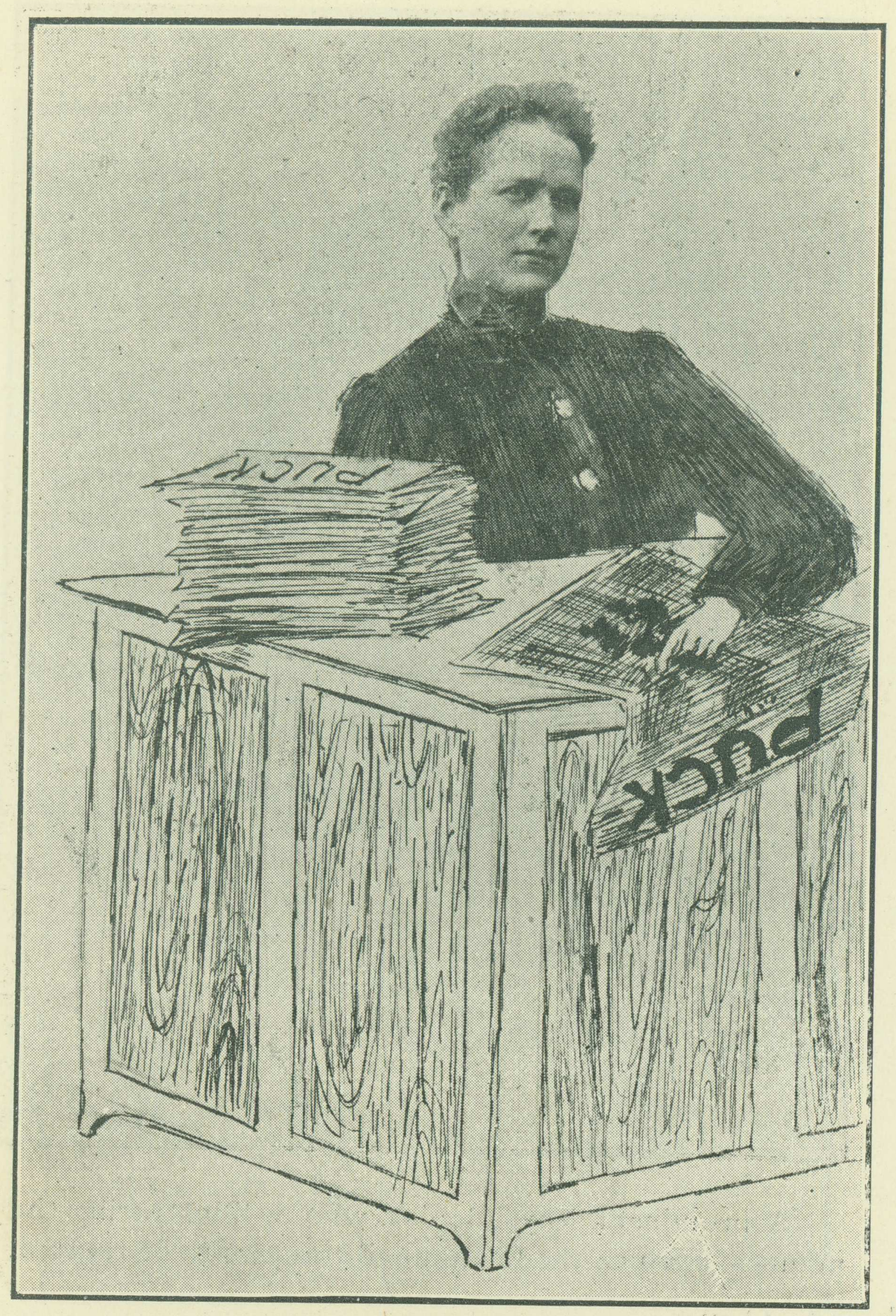
The banana man's sign read thus:

BANANAS, 10 CENTS
for 8
A DOZEN
for 15 cents

John Weed—"I'll take a dozen, please."
Man—"Ficents more."
J. W.—"Er-er-I'll take eight, please."

Prof. Wilson (in Physical Geography)—"One hit, you know, will count for ever so many misses." But, professor, you have to make ever so many hits to get one Miss."

Students, go to Hales.



A rising young humorist, whose jokes were quite the rage lately.

See Hale's new spring goods.

Read Malloy's new book entitled, "The Thrifty Squirrels." It has for a moral an entirely new stunt. On sale most anywhere.

Miss Cory (in Grammar Methods)—"That is *obsurd.*"

Miss Schallenberger would not let Miss Westfall take a Training School class, because "Miss Westfall is *always* doing things." But she did not object to Cuthy.

Moral: Cuthy, you'll have to "do things" now.

Hale's good goods are cheapest and best.

Miss Graef—"Do you *have* to teach some immediately after having graduated?"

Prof. Dailey—"Some of the girls use one dress for a graduating and a wedding dress."

Mlss Graef (unconvinced)—"But they forfeit their diplomas, don't they?"

Prof. D.—"No, Miss Graef, you don't have to wait."

A Fine Joke on Prof. Wilson (?)

Prof. Wilson informed Mr. Dailey's class that Mr. Dailey had gone to the train to meet Mr. *West*, the editor of the "Review of Reviews."

When Mr. Dailey asked, later, if anyone knew who the editor in question is, the whole class answered, promptly and with pride, "Mr. West."

Dr. Dailey was pleased at the general knowledge displayed, remarking that our only mistake was in the name, as Mr. Shaw is editor. Townsend still insists that the joke is on Prof. Wilson.

Our class prophet bemoans the fact that the witch's fire went out before she learned her own fate. Two tramps, passing that way, stirred up the fire again, and were startled at the sudden appearance of a witch, who ejaculated the following:

Away down south, in sleepy San Jose,
There lives a girl with a peculiar way—
She likes a drive; she likes a baseball game,
Not *one* could she refuse. Was she to blame?
When each man asked, in his most charming way,
Ah, say, how could a school girl say him "Nay?"
After the dreadful storm there comes a calm;
The "curly head" now proudly waves the palm—
How long 'twill wave, no one can wisely say—
The other might have business down this way.



The anthor of "The Two Sides of Every Question." The book treats of every debatable subject in existence, and gives each side of the question a just and impartial presentation.

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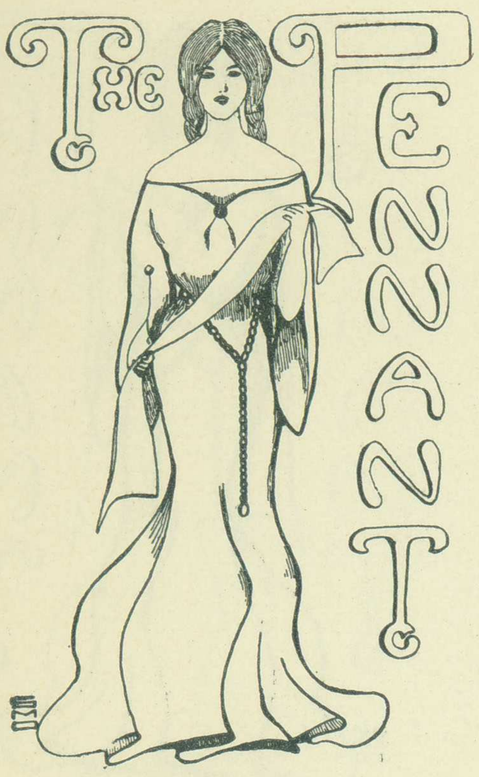
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Below is printed our advertisers' list. Read their ads and then make a point of trading with them.

The paper needs and asks your support.

I wish to state that the names of Mrs. Lynch and A. P. Hill were omitted from the advertiser's list last month through an oversight.

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Shoes and recommend them to their friends. You take absolutely no chance, as we guarantee every pair. Advance Spring styles are here for Men and Women.

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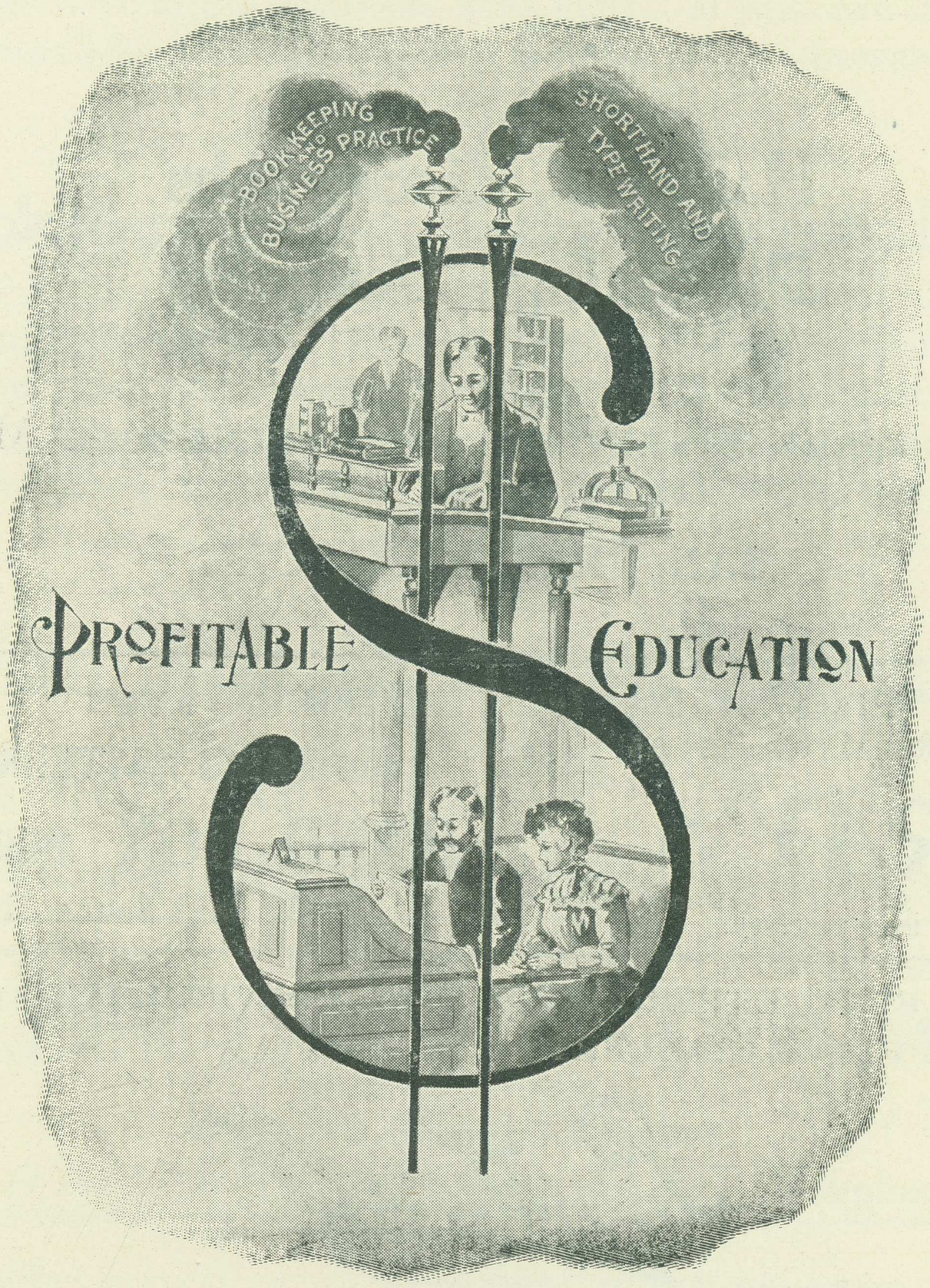
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Certainly no! You call the doctor whom you think knows most about the disease and will be most successful in curing it. You ought to select your **Prescription Druggist** the same way, not the handiest one or the cheapest one or the quickest one. No! No! Not at all. But the one who carries the **Best Quality Drugs** and prepares medicine in the most skillful and accurate manner; With this point in view, we invite you to ask any physician about our Prescription Work; or come right here and we will gladly tell you all about it.

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108-110 South First Street.

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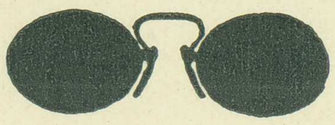
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