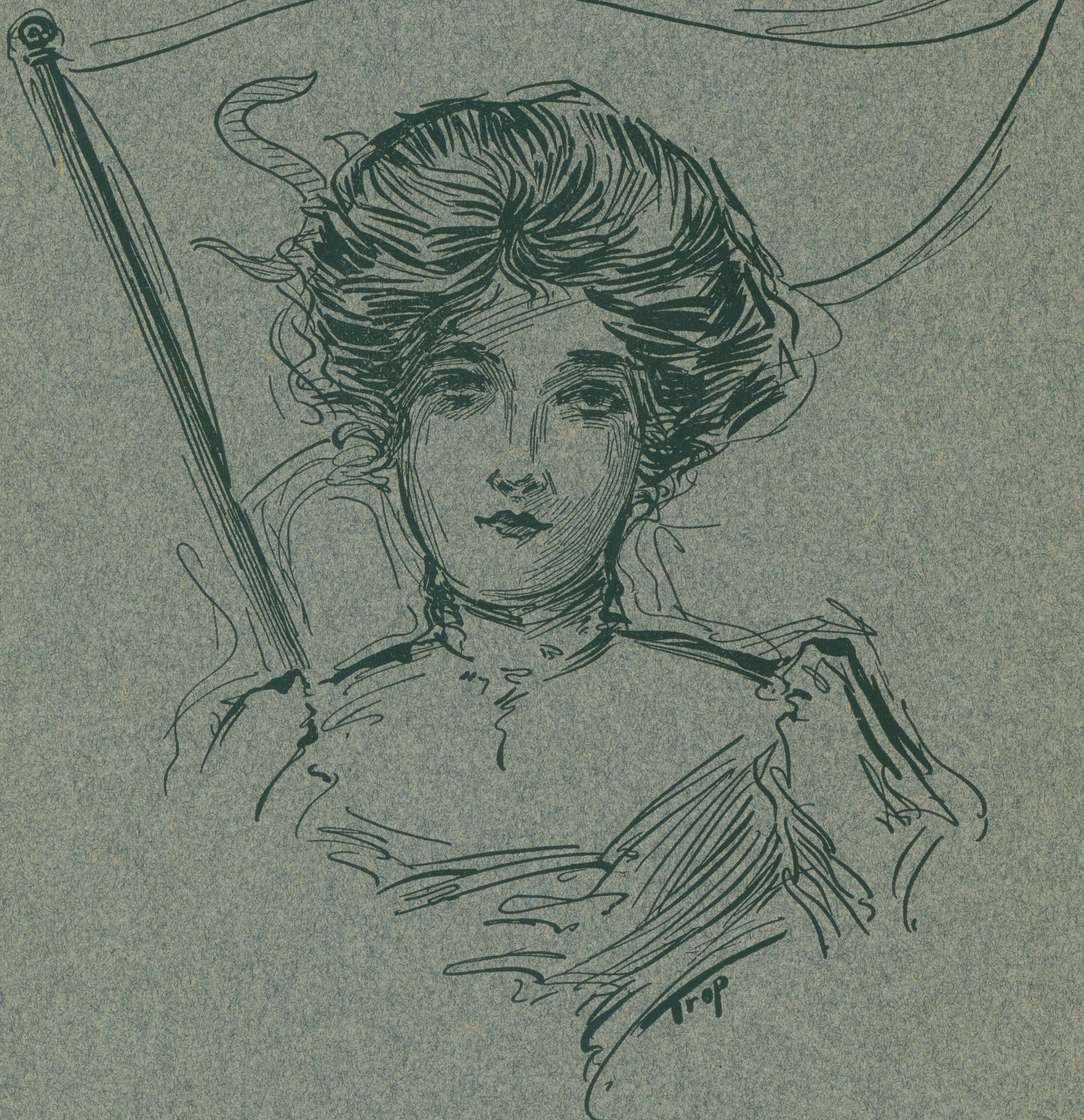
Pennant.



March, 1908



Contents.

Ship o' Dreams 4
Class Roll and Song 5
The Judgments of the Books 6
Senior C Knocks 10
The Story of Cygnus and Nebula 11
An Impression 15
Clinging Vines 16
Right on Hand 18
Editorials 19
The Philanderers 22
College News and Notes 27
He Laughs Best 29
Glimpses of a Few of the Celebrites 32
News and Notes 34
Faculty Notes 37
Athletics 39
Exchanges 41
Alumni 43
Societies 44
Joshes 47

TO the Class of March, 1908, this edition of the Pennant is respectfully dedicated.

Ship o' Dreams.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Written for the March Class 1908.

Our white-winged ship is sailing, sailing
Into the mild sea-calm of the past;
And the twilight stars are flashing, paling,
And the oars of memory sweetly trailing
Into the mist-blown vast.

By how many magic isles do we wander
Back on this unforgotten sea?
By how many shores do we wait and ponder?
And still the old faces grow fonder, fonder—
The faces that used to be.

O ship, may you ever be ready for sailing
Again to this mystical marvellous foam;
For the odorous winds, they will blow—never failing—
And the old and the good will prove all-availing
To anchor you safe at home.

Class Roll.

Marguerite Vestal
Cala McCracken
Lillian Williams
Ottilia Klein
Mabel Ernst
Madge Cunningham
Bessie Fentem
Edyth Menker
Shirley Poore
Ruth Haskins
Emma Lener
Eleanor Ganyon
Mary Caddy
Mrs. Emma Runyon
Mr. Will Crook
Mr. Leo Maries
Mrs. Queen Smith
Helen Hosler
Leora McCharles
Alice Martin
Julia Rogers
Ruth Davenport
Olympia Baker

Normal O.

M. Vestal.

Class Song. Tune of "You're a Grand Old Flag,"

We are gathered, twenty-three classmates, to join our party song and
Bring to mind the memories that always around us throng,
To gaze gladly on the broad fields to which we reluctant go,
Ere we start, we'll swell the praises long and loud for Normal O.
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll join the teacher's row,
And that's going some for we will make things hum.

By Normal's rule, we are for you,
Oh! sure you're a grand old school,
You're a grand old school
Tho' you had a strict rule,
And forever in our hearts may you be,
For now we are part and joy fills each heart,
Then happy be this twenty-three.
One cheerful song we'll give as we go
The memory of Normal O,
But should our old Normal be forgot
Bear in your mind this grand old spot.

Cho.:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our Normal, Normal O,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Our Normal, our Normal O,
But ere we start, we'll swell the praise
Of Normal, of Normal O!

"The Judgments of the Books."

A Dream.

Prologue—given by a ghost.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!

"Whereas the shades of those near and dear to us do take unto themselves, in our minds, strange and fanciful shapes, I beseech ye to keep your eyes and ears open for all that ye may see and hear."

Ghost fades away.

Place—Any Old Place.
Time—Any Old Time—after dismissal.
Scene—Any old Schoolroom.

School-marm comes in and sits down to her desk to correct grammar paper.

School-marm.—"Do it good or do it well. Which is right?" Here she lights her lamp and nods, growing drowsy.

School-marm.—"Oh! how I wish I were back at San Jose Normal! Preparing a type-study, or even cramming 'Mace' would be better than this." She puts her head on her arms and falls asleep repeating "even cramming 'Mace.'"

The ghost of Miss Howe, dressed in the covers of "Mace" slips down from the curtained book-case.

Miss Howe's Ghost.—"Mace! You never even opened it. You borrowed Mabel Ernst's notes and got ninety-five per cent." She fades back into the book-case.

School-marm (rousing).—"Eh! I think I've heard a voice something like that before. Oh! That reminds me. I haven't made out that school report yet, and it must be mailed tomorrow." She opens her folded school report and scans her register. She yawns and says, "Let's see. Average daily attendance. Number of pupils, twenty-five. Number of days taught, twenty-five pupils times fifty-nine days —"

Mr. Dailey's ghost dressed in the covers of "School Law" comes from book-case. It flits about the stage in a worried way saying, "The first thing a county superintendent tells me is that one of

my teachers has sent in an incorrect report. It seems to stick in their heads." He flits back into book-case.

School-marm.—"Seems to me I ought to consult an arithmetic." She steps to the book-shelf. Just as she reaches it the ghost of Mr. Baker dressed in the covers of a "History of Mathematics" flits by saying, "No, it's over at the Training School."

School-marm (now thoroughly asleep).—"Well, I left it there. I guess I'd better go get it." She turns in the opposite direction, only to meet the ghost of Miss Schallenberger, dressed in fool's cap marked "O. K. the 8th Grade; 2nd choice Arithmetic in the 5th Grade; 3rd choice Music in the 1st Grade," these all marked out and in a different hand-writing "Kindergarten" below.

Ghost of Miss Schallenberger (as she passes the school-marm) —"Remember, you're teaching *children* not books."

The school-marm nods vigorously in the affirmative and is just about to step off the stage when a lordly worm springs up before her. It has white eyes and whiskers and bears in its jaws several dissecting instruments. Beside it burns a green flame bringing to light in white letters "E. McFadden." The school-marm sits flat in amazement. The shade of Mr. Wood, dressed in the covers of "The Soil", rushes forward with a magnifying glass just as the worm sinks down into its hole.

Shade of Mr. Wood.—"Gone! Gone again."

(He takes his place in the book-case disappointedly.)

School-marm.—"I'd better put a few of those curves down for our writing lesson tomorrow." She steps to the board and looking back toward the position of the worm begins some worm-like characters. The shade of Miss Vivian dressed in veils of all colors steps out of the case and walks to the board.

Shade of Miss Vivian.—"Let's see. Is that in proportion?" The shade of Miss English follows her, dressed in writing paper hung in rows all marked G+. She takes the chalk out of the school-marm's hand.

Shade of Miss English.—"No, it's this way." She covers the board swiftly with force drills. Then she and the shade of Miss Vivian flit back to the book-case. The dreamer rubs her eyes hard trying to wake.

School-marm.—"Wasn't I after a book. Perhaps I'll find it in the library." She steps toward the book-shelf. The shade of Miss Royce walks out to view.

Shade of Miss Royce.—"You'll find it over there, third book in the fourth row. Didn't you look?"

School-marm.—"No."

Shade of Miss Royce flits back to book-case casting furtive looks behind her at the school-marm who stands stock still looking after her. Here the shade of Mr. Bland, dressed in "A Song of Autumn" reciting one of its soothing verses, flits out and back again.

School-marm.—"That makes me feel better. I wonder if I had that book in Miss Beale's bibliography."

Shade of Miss Beale flits out and back saying, "No, of course you didn't and you couldn't have found it if you had, with your bibliography in such wretched order."

School-marm.—"I don't believe that book is anywhere on the map."

Here the shade of Mrs George dressed in a globe waltzes out and back, singing in nasal tones, "Yes, it is San Francisco, Yokohama, Hongkong —s—s—s—s—."

School-marm (knocking her head).—"Trkutsk, Trkutsk. Where does that word come in?"

Mr. Wilson's ghost steps briskly out.

Mr. Wilson's Ghost.—"Why—y—y—right here. Doesn't it." He sticks his pencil in his mouth and wags it up and down, fixing his eyes intently on the globe. Then he marches to it, putting his finger on the spot triumphantly. The dreamer nods faintly.

School-marm—"Oh, I'm *so* tired."

Miss Bassler's ghost steps forward in gymnasium costume.

Shade of Miss Bassler.—"If you're tired all you have to do is this." She goes through some strenuous gymnastic exercises. The dreamer watches open mouthed.

School-marm.—"Guess so —," half intelligibly as the ghost of Miss Bassler quick-steps to the book-case.

Miss Payne's ghost.—"What is that which I heard? Colloquialisms are sure to become imperfect speech. Do not use them." Bows much pleased.

Dreamer.—"But—but—"

Mrs. Rousseau.—"Yes, I quite agree with you, Miss Payne." They walk to jury conferring arm in arm, leaving the dreamer nonplused.

Here Mr. Lewis's ghost—Physiological Psychology—steps to

dreamer's side—says, "I know its a bore but, by courtesy, it should like this." He draws the picture of a book on the board.

Dreamer.—"Oh, yes, I forgot. But do you know where it is?" Mr. Lewis's ghost shakes head as it walks.

Miss O'Brien's ghost steps out says.—"Now look here, if you don't find it the children will find out all about it and they'll mock you till you'll not know your own face." Walks imposingly on.

Dreamer.—"O, why isn't there someone to help me?"

Miss Bradley's ghost.—"You can do just as you like about it. I'll flunk you anyway." Walks to row.

Mr. Moore's ghost (a few shop tools hanging around him).—"Now, If I were you I'd do it this way." He steps to the desk, finds the arithmetic and hands it to the dreamer, who smiles delighted. Mr. Moore steps to jury.

Chorus—Miss Fisher leading. At its opening the dreamer sinks in a heap disconsolate from the very sound of it:

Chorus of Judgment.

We do declare, we do declare, we do declare,
By all that's just and right,
We do declare by all that's just and right—
That you're incompetent, that you're incompetent,
To uphold the law and the light.

Miss K.—What tissues do we find in the earthworm, Miss Vestal?

H. Vestal, arousing from a day dream—What bird was that?

The burst of laughter which greeted this absent-minded speech caused Miss K. to say, "Well, that was a confession, Miss Vestal, I think it needs an explanation."

Senior C Knocks.

The 23	Disposition	Hobby	Destiny	Apt Quotations
Mabel Ernst	E(a)rn(e)st..	Keeping the minutes	Work.....	"I'm tired"
Pearl Baker	Not to be mentioned.	Talking	Still talking...	"Ireland, I love you"
Margurete Vestal	Forgetful....	Latin	Poet	"I don't care what happens to me, now"
Cala McCracken.	Angelic (?)...	Her hair.....	Don't you know?.	"She was good, as she was fair"
Leopold Maries.	"Chawming"	English.....	Hopeful	"And witty to talk with"
Helen Hosler	Likeable.....	Studying	"Schoolmarm"	"A still, small voice"
Lillian Williams .	"Dear"	Queening	Can't you guess?.	"A maid of grace"
Julia Rogers.....	Pious	Duty	Top of the ladder.	"What's the joke"
Mrs. Runyan....	Conscientious	Work	What she wants..	"Industry makes all things easy"
Edyth Menker...	"Nice".....	Being good ..	Housewife	"She trips the light fantastic toe"—in the minuet
Eleanor Ganyon.	Meek.....	Smiling.....	Promising	"A happy bit"
Mary Cady	Sensible	Hard to find .	Missionary ...	A good heart's worth gold"
Lenner...	Critical.....	Expressing opinions.	Hopeful	"She tells you flatly what her mind is"
Alice Martin	Placid(?)	Unknown....	A great surprise .	"Alice, where art thou going?"
Shirley Poore ...	Decided.....	Debating	A student forever	"I would have peace and quietness"—in class meetings
Mrs. Smith.....	Serious	"Teaching children".	More teaching	"I'm unlucky"
Ruth Davenport.	Amiable	Music	School for one.	"Sing me a song"
Will Crook	Remarkable .	Getting money..	Tax collector..	"If I only had a dollar of my own"
Madge Cunningham .	"Taking"....	Berkeley.....	Better than teaching..	"Nothing goes too high for me"
Bessie Fentem...	Quiet.....	"Back home"	Housekeeping.	"Beacon light of home"
Leora McCharles	Jovial	Teaching	School Sup't. .	"It is a good divine that follows his own teaching"
Ruth Haskins ...	Soothing	Art.....	Artist	"A picture no artist can paint"
Ottilia Klein	Not so bad ..	Rembrandt..	? ? ?	"It is time we were doing something"



MARCH CLASS, 1908.



MARCH CLASS, 1908.

The Story of Cygnus and Nebula.

Mira Shearer.

In the long, long ago, when gods were wont to visit this earth there lived a beautiful young girl. The great sun god, Apollo, was her father, but her mother, Cygnus, was a mortal and died at her daughter's birth. Apollo wished to take the babe to Olympus to be near him but Jupiter frowned and shook his head. Apollo was so grieved that he forsook the earth and urged his horses miles out of their course. The earth grew dark, the people frightened, and at last the gods promised that if after the child had remained on earth a certain length of time then she might come, providing that during that time she had done nothing to offend the gods. As a pledge of their promise they caused her mother to be placed among the stars of the heavens, where as Apollo watched over the child during the day, Cygnus might guard her as she slept.

The child they called Cygnus and she grew to be of wonderous beauty, but not half so beautiful as her voice which was sweet, melodious, and clear. Her delight was to play on the beach or sail out a little way singing merrily. One day while enjoying this sport she saw a large shell floating lightly on the waves. She swam out and climbed in. Oh, it was such fun to ride the breakers —first high up in the air with miles and miles of sea stretching before, and then low down with the white-caps foaming and breaking all around. She screamed with delight, and the cliffs echoed back her notes of joy. But hark! the re-echo seemed to be of a sadder tone. Was it a warning? Her spirits sank, for she remembered a stately, war-like maiden coming to her one day as she played on the shore and telling her never to venture on the sea alone.

Cygnus was troubled; she thought awhile, looked longingly toward the sea, and cautiously toward the shore as though expecting to see the warrior maiden watching her. But the friendly beach only smiled back. Just then a giant wave raised her high on its crest. Her spirits rose; she cast the warning to the four winds, and lunging forward she sent her tiny shell-boat over the

swell and sped toward the open sea.

Cygnus soon forgot the warning echo and began to sing merrily. A porpoise swimming by stopped to listen. Cygnus reached out, caught him by the tail, and threw a string of shells she had been stringing about his fins. The poor porpoise was so startled that he darted forward carrying Cygnus and her shell-boat with him. Faster and faster went the porpoise. Happier and happier grew the maid, singing as she had never sung before:

"Oh, 'tis glorious to be on the sea,
On the free and open main!
To dip, to skim, o'er the boundless lea
And then to turn home again!"

Before long she was out beyond the haunts of man, the emerald sea to right and to left, before her and behind. Suddenly the waves began to heave, to boil, and to foam; the porpoise trembled with fear, and then broke loose from Cygnus's frightened grasp and darted away. The poor child became stiff with fear, and terror was written in every feature when she saw the waves part and two sea-horses come splashing and plowing through the surf from below, drawing a sea-chariot.

In her alarm Cygnus called to the friendly porpoise, but he was gone. Nearer came the sea-horses. She looked above and called out to her father, but Apollo had just gone beyond the western horizon. Nearer and nearer drew the chariot. At last Cygnus called out:

"Oh, help me! Save me from this sea-monster! Diana, save me."

Instantly her shell-boat began to speed shoreward.

"Why do you flee from me, fair Cygnus? I am Nebula, or Fog-King of the Sea-Foam. I have a palace below the sea where you may reign as queen," pleaded Nebula, as he rode alongside the shell-boat.

"Diana! Diana! save me!" moaned the frightened girl, and immediately a snow-white bird rose from the shell and soared over the ocean; and the shell, emptied of its burden, bounded lightly away.

The king was not to be put off so easily, for he knew Cygnus even though she was turned to a bird. All the afternoon and late into the evening he followed, driving in his chariot just below the flying bird. Sometimes it would seem that the poor bird would

drop with exhaustion into the chariot below. Then the king would become encouraged, thinking that Cygnus was going to ride with him, and he would call out telling her of his beautiful palace built on a coral reef far down under the waves. But still on and on toward the land flew the bird.

As she neared the shore she headed toward the lowlands, and made for the marshes, to hide among the reeds. Here Diana came chiding her for disobeying and going on the ocean alone.

"Stay here," she said, "while I go to Apollo to see what I am to do about this."

"Don't leave me," begged Cygnus in alarm (she could still speak even though she was turned to a bird), "for see, Nebula comes here! See the mist coming in from the ocean!"

"If you stay here under this bunch of reeds and keep perfectly quiet he will not find you and will soon go back to the sea. Remember, do not disobey me this time," and Diana was gone.

Time passed very slowly for Cygnus, she was so frightened at being all alone, and she felt so queer all dressed in feathers. After waiting patiently for hours and still Diana did not return, she peeped cautiously about and seeing that the atmosphere was clear, ventured out and swam about on the clear stream. Then becoming still braver she began to sing:

"Slowly floating within the stream
'Mong rushes, and grasses, and bogs,
I'm safer and happier I ween
Than in that fair palace of Fogs."

No sooner had Cygnus finished than the mist began to pour in from the sea; she was forced to seek another hiding place, and flew many miles inland. All night Fog hung over the land, and not until Apollo looked over the eastern hills on his journey across the sky did he think it was time to withdraw.

Shortly after Apollo made his appearance Diana went to the spot where she had left the bird. The place was deserted, and it was not until several hours later that she found her far inland beyond the cities, hiding beneath the undergrowth at the edge of the mountains. Words cannot describe Diana's wrath at this disobedience.

"Twice you have disobeyed. You have lured Fog to visit the land, something unknown before. As you father wished sometime you were to be taken to Olympus and that day was near at

hand, but now you remain as other mortals. All the rest of your days you will roam o'er the ponds and marshes quacking as other water-fowls do—singing no more."

"O Diana, my father's sister, kill me, do anything with me; but let me sing!" The bird stretched out her graceful neck and rubbed her beautiful soft head pleadingly against Diana's hand. Diana was moved, and what was more strange, relented a little.

"What I have decreed I cannot change, but I will grant this: You will live many, many years, admired by all, and in your lifetime you may sing one song—that at the close. It shall be so beautiful that people will marvel at its beauty and poets tell of it in song." So saying Diana hastened away.

Fog did not give up that night, but returned time and time again; and to this day you may see him sometimes pouring in from the ocean or hovering over the streams and marshes at twilight still searching for Cygnus. Sometimes he becomes so bold that he even finds his way into the cities and remains all night, until Apollo comes over the eastern hills and drives him away with his beams. Oftentimes when Fog has been searching harder than ever for Cygnus and failed and Apollo comes to drive him back to the sea, he is so reluctant to go that to this day he weeps bitterly; and the dews that you see on the flowers and tree boughs or falling to earth like gentle rain, are his tears.

And so that is how the Fog first came to visit the land and how the Swan first came into existence. After several hundred years the fulfillment came. Once more the voice of Cygnus burst forth in a joyous flood of melody, and then gradually grew sadder and ended with a sweet, plaintive strain—"The Song of the dying Swan."

An Impression.

B. J.

Oh! how it all comes back to me—
The rythmic beat of tuned hoofs
Along the white and winding road—
The squeak of leather straining tight—
The bit-click as he throws his head,
When, fretting under curbed rein,
His soft white ears moved back and forth,
And foam flew from the champed bit.
The even muscles' strong smooth play
I felt with thrill of keen delight.

Now sharp the level turned to steep.
With lowered head and pulsing breath
He eased with skill to start the climb
Ascending high and higher still.
The mist 'gan slowly fade away.
The soft warm sunshine brightly sent
Clear glints from off the dewy trees,
The odor of damp mouldered leaves
Filled full our nostrils with sweet scent.
We stopped and backward then I turned,
And wondered.

"Oh!" with keen surprise
Escaped me, for below and far
There rolled across the valley wide
A sheet of fog, like downy fleece,
Completely veiling lowlands green.
Up through the sea of rolling mist
A small brown hill was rudely thrust
With cap of sombre hue and dark.
"Oh see!" I cried, "so oft will float
An o'er-turned boat with dreamy air,
And drift afar out on the tide."

Clinging Vines.

GRACE MOORE.

"Pooh, this idea of feminine fears and foibles makes me sick. As soon as we get over our absurd notions of the clinging vine attitude in the woman and the grand, all masterful protective power of the man, the better. *I'm* not afraid of anything or anybody and am perfectly capable of taking care of myself." So said independent Rebecca.

"I don't agree with you. We are women, not Amazons, and for my part, I'm not a bit ashamed of being down right afraid to budge an inch alone after dark. Anyway, girls ought to be protected. I don't believe in their trying to assume man's independance even if they are as intellectual as he." Mary stopped with a flush.

"Well, I do. I can take care of myself and I'd like to see the situation that would frighten me into acting the silly child's part that tradition has laid down for women to act."

Here, a recitation bell sounded and the girls hastened to their classes.

* * *

"Rebecca, wait a minute," a tall boy called her, "the printer says we must get that manuscript in tonight or delay 'The Oracle' a week. Can't you stay tonight and correct the copy? Dr. Hill says he will be in the building till late this afternoon so you may stay if you will. I've got to get some more advertisements or I would do it."

So it was agreed and the late afternoon found a deserted building save for the preoccupied principal working in his office, and Rebecca working in the tiny office devoted to the school publication.

Rebecca worked steadily. Gradually the sunset glow in the room faded and the light grew dim. Suddenly she looked up. The great stone building was silent. It was growing dark outside. She could scarcely decipher the writing on the paper before her. Strange, she thought, that Dr. Hill was working so late—

well, she must go anyway. Hastily she gathered up her warps and the nearly completed manuscript and passed down through the darkening corridors to the office. The door was shut. With a little start she tried it. It was locked. Then she rushed to the great front entrance and tried the door. That too was locked. Dr. Hill had forgotten her and gone home.

It was now so dark that the long corridors faded into mysterious blackness at the end. She stifled an odd little feeling of fear and set about to find a way out of the difficulty. The telephone! She rushed toward the office only to remember that it was locked and no hope there. Then the basement windows occurred to her, and down into the darkness below she went with resolute steps—past the yawning door of the coal cellar, where uncertain shadows made the darkness within formidable to the windows.

And now she could no longer subdue quickening heart beats. Many experiences with class rushes and strenuous elections, with the attendant rivalry over the colors on the flagstaff, had caused the building to be well fortified. Every window was securely nailed so as to be absolutely proof against opening. She thought of the upstairs windows and again rushed upstairs. These windows could be opened but were far above the gronnd. She looked out once and then gave up the hope. An unbroken drop down to hard gravel nearly twenty feet below faced her there.

She shook the basement doors frantically but the great padlock rattled as if in derision. With a sickening fear creeping over her, she dropped in a little heap on the stairs, her nerve and independence gone, and faced the prospects wide eyed and trembling. The building stood in a park some little distance back from the road and was, except from one little opening, screened from view of the road by tall dark fir trees. Even should she see a passerby and call to him, the basement windows were the only ones in view and since they could not be opened there was little chance of her being heard. Her mother would suppose she was with a girl friend with whom she often spent the night, when busy, and having no phone, could send no word. Altogether it looked like a night in the building. Against this her much vaunted courage quailed. Tales of prowling fugitives and criminal deeds (never before considered) assailed her memory. The building was very cold and the rising wind in the trees outside groaned and whistled.

The building was black and mysterious within and only a faint light remained outside. At last a frightened sob escaped her and going to the window she beat frantically on the pane and called again and again. Only lonely echoes answered. Then again she rushed from window to window shaking them aimlessly. Now and then a rat hurried across the bare floor.

Once a buggy passed along the road and raised her hopes only to dash them down again as it passed out of sight, its occupant not noticing her cries.

She pressed a frightened face against the window and watched. Suddenly between the gap in the trees a figure appeared silhouetted against the darkening sky. She beat against the pane and joy unspeakable—it started toward her.

Ten minutes later, the hastily summoned janitor released a limp, white-faced, utterly feminine creature from the dark building and took her home.

* * *

A much subdued Rebecca greeted the girls next day at school. Mary's eyes twinkled as she said: "Oh, Rebecca, how fortunate that you didn't mind the dark last night. I should have been frightened. But then, I don't *mind* being a clinging vine."

Right on Hand.

M. E. A.

A poet has told of a tide that will float
The life of each one in his own chosen boat
To the shores of Successful Land.
Though no one can tell when this flood-tide will start,
'Tis well to remember, down deep in the heart,
None get left who are right on hand.

So the one who aspires should endeavor to train
Himself for the place he would most care to gain
On the shores of Successful Land.
For the sting in the sadness of might-have-been, lies
In the folly one showed when he might have been wise—
Have been ready and right on hand.

The Normal Pennant.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
The Students of the State Normal School, San Jose

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - GERTRUDE DREW
BUSINESS MANAGER - - FRED HAMPTON

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

First Assistant Editor - -	SIBYL CROLY
Second Assistant Editor -	CLYDE DENHAM
News and Notes - -	BERNICE WOODCOCK
Faculty Notes - -	ZELMA WILSON
Alumni - - -	ETHEL FARMER
Athletics - - -	WILLIAM WAIBEL
Joshes - - -	LIBBIE WHEELER, EILEEN REIDY
Exchanges - - -	HAZEL INGALLS, MINNIE FRANKLIN
Societies - - -	CLARA BROSÉ
Staff Artist - - -	GRACE MOORE

TERMS: 50 cents per year, payable in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at San Jose as Second-class Matter.

Communications for publication are always welcome, and should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Remittances and communications concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Business Manager.

All subscriptions are payable to the Business Manager, and anyone not receiving the PENNANT regularly will please notify *him* at once.

The PENNANT is mailed anywhere in the postal union for 50 cents per year.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - VOL. 10, NO. 6 - - MARCH, 1908

Editorials.

Now That the spring vacation is at hand we take this opportunity of wishing you separately and collectively the happiest of happy holidays. We trust you will return to your work refreshed in body and mind, and each will then do his or her best to make the spring term of 1908 an unusually brilliant one, so far as your earnest efforts can make it.

Now That "Father Time" has stolen by with twelve more priceless weeks, once more we see our esteemed faculty poring over record books and record cards and once more a class is before us, happy in the

thought, no doubt, that for the last time their cards have been taken from the shelf and the capital C's duly recorded, but sorry, we know, when they reflect on the past two years of generous scnooling and good times and realize that theirs is now a different lot.

Once more the editorial "we" picks up its pen and endeavors to frame a fitting farewell message to you, Senior C's, but, just as ever, it finds itself at a loss for words to express our sincere regret because of your departure from our midst. Is it because we realize that what you lack in quantity has been more than made up in quality? You have undoubtedly been a class of good earnest thinkers and doers and will be a class that will go far to aid in the clearing away of the cloud of unfavorable criticism which hangs over all teachers merely because some inferior ones — too many, indeed, are kept in their places.

We shall miss you, especially in the Student Body, for when you came to us two years ago, you recognized and claimed your heritage of school spirit and have done much to keep that heritage alive. You have been instructed along many lines by one of the strongest faculties possible; your personality has been developed; your knowledge of subject matter and of educational theories has been increased. Now you are leaving us to go out and teach children and your usefulness or your uselessness must be decided by the measure in which you meet or fail to meet the child's needs.

We trust you, believe in you, but to know that you have our best wishes for a successful career may make the path seem less steep and the way shorter. You have them.

Now That things are booming all over the country, the editorial pen of our school paper longs to enter a wider field and dance over pages of imaginary or real national questions. It submits to you the following question: Is our English language as used in America weakening? Rather a big question for us to deal with in so limited a space, to be sure.

One author tells us that language is a necessary accompaniment of all human social development. It is the means of self-expression and communication, the medium by which traditions are received and passed on to succeeding generations. It is a more essential element in the life of a social body than are any of its political institutions. Without a national speech there can be no nation.

Let us turn for a moment to the history of the Latin language. When Cicero spoke in the Roman Forum the common people heard and understood him. Their Latin was perhaps not his Latin, but the difference was not so great but that they could understand him. Literature and scholarship crystallized the Latin tongue beyond vital change, but down through the centuries the popular tongue went on changing until finally — as a second author says, "the world woke

up to the fact that it was no longer Latin."

There are symptoms of the beginnings of a similar movement in the English language. A writer now-a-days depends on a dull linguistic moral sense in his readers for the acceptance of whatever is novel or striking in his language, as permissible. So far, we have a consciousness of only one language which we have regarded as spoken well if "spoken like a book," and spoken badly when spoken by the boy in the street.

It is true we recognize the presence of dialects now, but this in itself is not alarming for in Cicero's time there were numerous dialects, and the foundations of the language were still secure. It is not the country "hayseed" dialects that will prove harmful, for they are still English, but rather the dialect of the cities, of the Bowery.

We are told that the printed English of the sporting page would be unintelligible to the professor of English in the University of Berlin, and the actual speech of the Bowery taken down in shorthand would be as Greek to most of us, even after our "Chimmie Fadden" education.

Are we gradually to widen the breach until the next generation or so will suddenly awaken to the fact that we are speaking two English languages and begin to write literature in both?

If such be the case, where will our nation be? For "without a national speech there can be no nation." Are we following in the footsteps of the Romans?

If good comes, it comes through intelligent direction and effort of individuals, and the greatest good will come when we have the greatest intelligence of the greatest numbers. In this there is at least food for reflection; we leave it with you to reflect upon.

The Philanderers.

Sibyl Croly.

The day was hot and sultry—the atmosphere highly conducive to unrest. Forrest Langdon glanced around his luxurious little studio with a look of concentrated boredom. His eyes were whimsical and tired. They held the look of one who would take pleasure in deliberately vaulting a high-barred custom and place himself without the pale of the usual. He rose from his seat at the piano, stretched his lazy, graceful body, and in his bored, brown eyes glimmered the illumination of a sudden whim. He crossed the room, took down the telephone book and searched through the alphabet until he came to a name in the L's that caught his fancy. He took down the receiver.

"Now let's see if something won't happen," was his thought.

"Give me Sherman 3425, please," he said, in his caressing tenor.

"Hello!" came a voice to his ear.

"Hello!" he responded. "Is this Sherman 3425?"

"Yes."

"Will you please tell me," he continued, "your views on the tariff question?"

"Wrong call!" snapped the voice. The receiver clicked.

Langdon smiled as he traced the list in the book with his long white forefinger until he stopped at a name in the U's.

"This looks more promising," he murmured, and speedily got connected with Grant 731. He opened this conversation with a civil request for the latest news from Mars.

The response was prompt and unanswerable, "You've made a mistake. This isn't the lunatic asylum." His unknown audience rang off.

The next time he was more careful to hunt up a name sufficiently aesthetic looking to warrant further ventures. His finger moved down the list through the O's, P's, and Q's, stopping finally at "Roseworthy."

"That looks good to me," he decided.

"Hello!" answered a fresh, girlish voice as he got connection with Jackson 843.

"Hello!" said Forrest, with a thrill of something very like interest, "is this Jackson 843? Well, I only wanted to know—is marriage a failure?"

"If you'll ring me up in about six months," responded the girl without apparent surprise or hesitation, "I shall be better qualified to answer that."

"And are you going to keep me in suspense that long?" inquired Forrest with delight.

"I don't really expect to keep you any way," she said. "But if you're in such a hurry to know suppose you try laboratory work yourself."

"Meaning experiments?"

"Just that," she assented. "You're so quick to see things."

"How long do you suppose it's going to take me to see you?" he asked in an impersonal way.

"Well," she answered, "at the rate Mr. Edison is perfecting his new invention for seeing the person you're phoning to, it will probably take some time."

"It will not. I'm coming to see you this week," he announced.

"Are you? What day? What time? Who are you anyway?" she bombarded him.

"You'll see when I come."

"Now I must ring off," said the girl. "I am engaged."

"So you intimated at the beginning of our conversation," said Forrest, with some annoyance. "Seems to me you're unnecessarily cautious."

The girl giggled.

"Goodbye," she suggested.

"Goodbye," he acquiesced.

Annabel Roseworthy turned from the phone with scarlet cheeks.

"Isn't that simply awful" she reflected, "that I should leave poor Hal waiting while I flirt like that with a perfect stranger? His voice did sound nice. I wonder who he is! Of course he won't come. He doesn't know my address—oh! The phone book—!" And she stepped out to the cozy porch where her fiancé sat waiting.

"Better late than never," he remarked when she appeared.

Fresh from the unconventionality of her telephonic acquaintance his pleasant little platitude jarred on her. The result of this slight irritation was a certain constraint in her manner which had the effect of freezing up what little original wit the unfortunate young man possessed.

All that week Annabel watched for someone—sometime—somehow. "She knew not when—she knew not how." But nothing happened until Saturday afternoon. Forrest Langdon had experienced a reactionary discretion somewhat similar to her own. He had been betrayed by a whimsical impulse born of a vast boredom, into a situation suggestive of the ordinary red-necktied "masher," and his soul cringed at the idea of him, and that the fresh-voiced young girl at Jackson 843 must be entertaining. The thought haunted him. So did her voice. Between the two he began to delude himself into the notion that it was a duty he owed himself to search her out and correct the erroneous impression.

Saturday afternoon Annabel emerged from the gate of her cosy home in the suburbs. She wore a pink dress and a big floppy hat with pink roses drooped over her dark curls. Those curls, by the way, were the result of some time and effort, although they appeared perfectly spontaneous.

A tall, dark-eyed young gentleman approached and lifted his hat. At the risk of being taken for an escaped lunatic by the wrong lady, he remarked:

"How do you do? Jackson 843, I believe?"

Annabel, who had gone through many conflicting phases of indiscreet and prudent imaginings since last hearing this voice, seemed to hesitate a moment, while she took his measure with a keen glance. Then she answered with a frank smile:

"Yes. So you came!"

"Apparently I did," he agreed. "Are you still engaged?"

"Oh, my time is not very valuable," she said. "I was just going to see a girl friend of mine."

One look craved permission. Another granted it. He fell into step at her side. Their great lack of the data necessary to pursue an intimate conversation deterred even these two intrepid souls from further remarks for a good half-block.

Then Forrest suddenly exclaimed, "See here, Miss Roseworthy—your name *is* Roseworthy, isn't it? I don't want you

to think me an absolute cad. Do you?"

Annabel flushed. "If I thought you a cad would I be walking down the street with you? I don't want you to think me an absolute fool. Do you?"

Then their friendship began with a laugh.

The fact that within three weeks Forrest Langdon was a welcome and almost daily visitor at the Roseworthy home, may be accounted for by the fact that Annabel's parents were discriminating enough to see his fundamental gentlemanliness through his artistic whimsicality, and by the additional occurrence that Annabel's fiancé was absent on a business trip across the continent.

One afternoon they walked in the little suburban park near the Roseworthy residence and talked of music, letters and sublunary things, in their intimately desultory way. The charming unconventionality which had characterized their introduction had not yet worn off, and they were quite happy in each other's society. To be sure, Forrest took his temperature every day with a view to finding out whether or not he was desperately in love with her, and Annabel had now and then a mental glimpse of Hal's return and the finale of her summer idyl. But Hal was almost painfully prosaic at times—loving and kind, it is true, but far too clumsy-minded to feed her with the delicate flattery of a high aesthetic soul seeking its equal. Some such idea as this was flitting across her mind when she noticed that her companion had been silent for some little time. She glanced at him wonderingly.

Forrest was mentally feeling his pulse and deciding that its rate warranted his making love to Annabel. She had risen to the occasion so charmingly every time he had ventured on a flight of fancy that he had reason to suppose that she could do sentiment with equal grace and facility. The thought of Hal as a possible obstacle never occurred to him.

She wore the same pink frock in which he had first seen her. The floppy hat drooped over her brown curls in the same fascinating curve.

"Annabel," he suddenly said. "Do you know how powerful sweet you look in that pink dress?"

"Oh no, but I'm willing to be told," she answered demurely.

He proceeded to tell her, with cogency and enthusiasm, making such a personal matter of the thing that she was in a fair

way to be convinced. He spoke with ease, fluency, and even eloquence. His love-making was quite unlike anything else she had ever heard and she listened with admiration.

Then, with the assurance which she had already begun to realize savored of conceit, he said, "But you do love me, Annabel. You may not know it yet but you do love me."

She listened paralyzed by his unbounded impudence. His unconventionality suddenly became tiresome, his artistry forced, and his fluent phrases worthless. She stood silent under an avalanche of memories—memories of Hal, *dear* old Hal, who couldn't turn an elegant phrase to save his life. She smiled scornfully when she reflected how near she had been to disloyalty.

Forrest thought he understood her silence. It was characteristic of him to think he understood things. So he repeated, "Yes, you love me."

The pent-up blaze of Annabel's good common-sense leaped out and scorched him.

"Oh, I love you, do I?" she said. "It's tremendously kind of you to notify me. I might have gone blundering along in ignorance of it all the rest of my life!" Then dropping sarcasm she came out with truth straight from the shoulder. "I didn't realize how far I was from loving you until you said that. Go back to your music, Forrest Langdon, your music, and your poetry and your philosophy and the rest of your moonshine. And please bear in mind that I am engaged to a *man*."

Forrest looked at her with honest admiration.

"Thank you, Annabel," he said, "I needed that jolt. Come on."

College News and Notes.

A New Race, Firearms and Graphophones

Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, left for the far East to spend three months in search of an unknown Caucasian race supposed to exist in the Philippines. He may possibly go to inland China, where the Lolos, another mysterious white race, exists. He said he would carry no firearms, but would take several graphophones along.

Students Organize a Poison Club

Medical students at Michigan University have organized a "Poison Club" and will volunteer to go through a definite course of taking drugs. They are given a careful physical examination and their family histories recorded; consequently it is stated that there is no danger connected with the work. The students hope that they may gain results of great value to medical science.

For the Rich Only

At Princeton boxes for the "Junior Prom" are secured by sealed bids. No bids under thirty dollars are received.

Chinese will Debate for Columbia

V. K. W. Koo, a full-blooded Chinese, was chosen a member of the debating team which met Cornell the first week of this month. Koo is the son of a mandarin; he is managing editor of the Columbia "Spectator," and one of the editors of the Columbia Literary Monthly.

News From Harvard

By a will filed for probate lately, Harvard receives $300,000 to rebuild the library building known as Gore Hall. Another sum is set aside for a traveling scholarship.

President Eliot states that one-fourth of the Harvard students are unable to finish their college courses without financial aid.

Hurrah for Swarthmore!

According to despatches in the San Francisco papers recently, Swarthmore College has finally rejected the bequest of a million dollars provided that all intercollegiate athletics should be given up. There was some effort on the part of alumni and alumnae of

the college to convert the Institution into a women's college solely on the grounds that the necessity for abandoning intercollegiate athletics as demanded by the will, would not arise if men were excluded.

New Buildings

Plans are now being drawn up for the Carnegie swimming pool at Yale which will cost $65,000.

Dartmouth has just completed three new dormitories and an auditorium.

The University of Colorado is to have an auditorium costing $250,000.

"I love you people," exclaimed Dr. D., and then he reflected and added, "collectively."

Did our faces fall?

Mr. Bland—"Sometimes two or three girls will giggle all the term apparently at nothing. Now that is pathological—I don't know what that word means but it's all right to use it."

See here, Mr. B., don't you know it's a regular child's trick to use big words that you don't know the meaning of?

All those who do not care to subscribe for the Pennant please assemble in room 23 when the faculty next meet the classes.

They had attended a girls' society reception and were homeward bound when one of the young ladies remarked, "There were more brown suits there than anything else." Her clever companion replied, "No there weren't, there were more girls!"

He Laughs Best.

Margaretta B. Harvey.

"Oh, bother! Let it go!" Beth slammed the book on the table. "What's the use anyway. It's simply a cram and then you forget everything. I'm going to get Cecil's book tomorrow and copy. She will have to let me have it because—well, you know the oath, and that would come under 'standing by your sister!'"

The next morning two note books lay in the curve of Beth's arm and her recesses were spent with her pen rather than with the few available boys. After about a week of this she came back smooth and smiling to her ordinary occupation and the term rolled on.

At last came the day when notices were again posted and a grand scramble ensued. It seemed as if no one was up in her notes and poor Beth was hard put to find a book. But luck was with her again and she came smiling to the front, her note-book fat with its generous contents.

As the last book was handed in the teacher scanned every face.

"Is every book in? Tomorrow I am going to give an examination on what you really know. No one is to use her note-book."

The room was perfectly still and Beth, looking up and down the long line of faces saw many which, like her own, showed despair written in capital letters. What could she do? Why she could not remember a single thing in her note-book but the question, "State the difference between heat and temperature." And she didn't even know the answer to that!

There was only one thing to be done—she must cut all other classes for the day and cram. And cram she did. Hour after hour dragged by and she was still bending over the book trying to puzzle out how many H. P. it would take for her to climb the stairs, when a whistle sounded outside the gate. "Come on Beth, we are going to help the Nu Gammas with the initiation," called a girlish voice, but Beth only looked up long enough to shake her head, then went back to her book. Eleven o'clock came, then

twelve, and the fire burned lower and lower. At last, numb with the cold she crawled into bed only to lie awake and see electric batteries and steam engines file past in endless procession. It seemed only a few minutes since she had fallen asleep when she felt a hand gently shaking her shoulder and heard her mother's voice calling. She wearily opened her black-circled eyes and lay there blinking but the chiming clock soon sent her scurrying. Twenty minutes later she emerged hatless and breakfastless on her way to school.

The atmosphere of the class room was one of expectancy and more than one face looked nxious as Mr. Phillips, the teacher, came into the room.

"I have decided not to give the examination after all," he said after the roll had been taken. "You will please work the problems on page 66 in the book."

At recess the girls crowded around Beth.

"Oh, you ought to have been with us! What was the matter, anyway? We had the dandiest time! The girls acted terribly, I guess they didn't appreciate our efforts. At any rate, I rather think those girls were better initiated than the ordinary Nu Gamma girl. What was the matter, Beth?"

"Oh, nothing. I was simply cramming for an ex. which didn't materialize," said Beth, as she turned away to hide her disappointment. "By the way, the next time you find me cramming, please drag me along anyway. I have a new motto,'Never cram, just bluff it out,' and I mean to stick by it; it's lots easier and more convenient."

An uneventful week passed, and then one morning a bomb bust in the Physics class. "The class will please take papers," greeted them as they filed in, and the examination was on. Beth worked swiftly and confidently, the teacher's eyes following every move she made.

"Oh, girls, I've had the luck of my life," she cried as she came out. "That blessed man didn't ask a single thing I couldn't answer. Cramming did save my life this time!"

In due time the papers were returned, and Beth managed for the rest of the day to carry her paper with her per cent showing. After school she had to go back to the Physics lab to look for a lost glove. Mr. Phillips helped her, creeping under desks and over stools until the glove was found. Then he stood up, his face red

from something other than stooping.

"I have an apology to make, Miss Bulwer," he said, the flush creeping higher and higher. "I thought you were not doing your own work when I looked over your note-book, and gave that examination to see. You did your own work there for I watched you, and your paper was among the highest. I want to beg your pardon. Will you forgive me for my misjudgment?"

Beth looked up. "Why yes, Mr. Phillips, mistakes are bound to happen sometimes," but to herself she said as she hurried out, "Am I cleared?"

R. Davenport—When's St. Patrick's Day?

L. Wilson—Well, we'll lick you on the 17th of March with a green stick.

Hurrah! for the Irish!

Miss Guernsey—Yes, that looks like a chickadee, but it seems to me those I saw had broader tails.

Miss K.—Well, Miss Guernsey, in studying birds you musn't look too carefully for "de tails."

Lives of football men all remind us
They must write their names in blood;
And departing leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.—Ex.

Glimpses of a Few of the Celebrites

From the Diary of a Freshman.

March 16—As I was coming arouud the corner of First street today, half a minute before the departure of the Palo Alto train, I suffered a serious collision with Alice Martin. They say the salient point of her character is procrastination, but from personal experience pro–crash–tination seems more fitting.

March 17—While standing in the doorway of Room 5 this P. M. I saw a hat bearing the following inscription, "Small donations thankfully received and big ones in proportion." On inquiry I found that the $18.00 requisite for steerage and $5.00 railway fare were being collected to assist a patriotic Baker back to his (?) native land. Shure. I threw in.

March 18—I had the inestimable honor today of meeting the dauntless maiden who so nobly rose to the occasion in defense of the Faculty against scurrilous attack.

March 19—The ambition of my heart has at last been realized. I met one of the notorious "literary fakers," Leora McCharles.

March 20—I flung my cloak today in the pathway of Miss Fentem as she was crossing over from the Training School and actually received a glance of gratification from Miss O'Brien, who was at the window above. Miss Fentem's drag will surely go down in school annals.

March 21—Heard today that Ruth Davenport is shortly to leave for China. Can it be the missionary life there that is the attraction?

March 22—One of the nerviest gentlemen I ever cast an acquaintance with is William Crook. I observed his career through the Grades and High and at Normal and he still maintains the standard of his notorious name. He has blazed out a path of pipe courses. Smooth as his name signifies he has edged in neath the faculty conservation and obtained three full credits under Prof. *E. E* Lewis.

March 23—Among the noted galaxy about to enter the field of

education, an Australian claimed my attention today. I was struck dumb as I never have been, even by his fluent appeals for transplanting Australian socialism to Amenian soil—he had actually shed his south-sea garb, and donned a new tailor made suit—"not that the old Melbourne suit was worn out, oh no! not in the least," it will be reserved for posterity."

March 24, 25, 26—Really nothing to record. Haven't time to write until school begins April 7th.

Miss Kinney—"If a boy or girl becomes troublesome in school, have them study the frog by counting the number of flies it will eat in a given time." This suggestion reflected darkly on O. Reid as Miss K. had just dispensed her to observe whether the tree frog would eat a spider or not.

Miss Kinney—The frog, when he moults, peals off the old skin and eats it.

Miss Rubel—Does he take a bath before he sheds?



San Jose, Friday, March 13, 1908

My Belva Dear:

Certainly we have been having a very exciting time here lately. Dr. Dailey and Dr. Schallenberger went East to the big convention and then things went wrong here. Just knew something would happen with Mr. Dailey away and it did. Lots of people got small-pox and all the schools. including the Training School and excepting the Normal, were closed for two weeks. Imagine how blue we all felt with no teaching! Then vaccination parties became all the rage, and everyone greeted everyone else with "How's your arm?" in place of the usual formalities.

Affairs are better now. The Training School opens Monday. Yes, Dr. Dailey is home, of course that's why. But seriously the children are recovering from the measles and mumps and small-pox scare so we are normal Normalites again.

We had sort of a welcome when our President arrived; sort of a mutual admiration society. He said he was glad to be back with us and we "dittoed" it with some yells and applause.

Had a Student Body meeting the fifth of this month and Grace Moore took the chair as our new president. She made a very good speeeh, and while we all hate to lose Ottillia we are sure Grace will do as well. There wasn't anything of importance discussed, just the general Pennant, Choral, Tennis, and Basket Ball speeches and a plea for money on dues and paper subscriptions. We haven't improved a bit in that line since you left us, for it's like pulling teeth to get any one to pay up without reminding them a half dozen times.

Mrs. Greathead wrote the words and Miss Fischer the music

for a new school hymn. It is very pretty and has made quite a "hit" in Assembly.

Miss Fisher's sister sang twice in Assembly today and her songs were so sweet and pretty. Then the Choral Club and the advanced music class sang for us, so you see we have been treated to some good music lately.

On Longfellow's birthday, February 27th, Letitia Wilson sang his songs, "The Day is Done" and "The Bridge." The whole school enjoyed it very much and the applause was truly meant. Letitia's voice seems to get sweeter every time I hear her sing. When Mrs. Mary Carothers McConnagha gave her recital she helped her, singing with Miss Du Bois and Miss Davenport. The recital itself was splendid. It was given at the Y. M. C. A. hall and very well attended. Mrs. McConnagha is certainly an artist along her line of work.

One day a couple of weeks ago Dr. Stanfield, of the United States Marine Corps, visited Assembly and talked for a few minutes about the bubonic plague which is worrying San Francisco just now. He advised us to use every precaution against rats, and the bounty here in San Jose now is ten cents.

Mrs. Campbell, wife of the superintendent of the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, gave us a very interesting talk one morning on her trip to Flint Island with many noted astronomers to see the eclipse of the sun January 3rd. Mrs. Campbell has a very pleasing personality and told everything in such an entertaining manner that we were sorry when she finished. I enjoyed every bit of it, and everyone else seemed to, also. One thing she said at the end I remember: "They sailed from San Francisco on a Friday, with thirteen in the party; the average height of Flint Island was thirteen feet; thirteen stars was observed twice, there were thirteen at the table for four days, they sailed back January 13th, and the expedition was a perfect success." The luckiest trip they had ever taken. "Moral—Don't be superstitious about Friday the thirteen."

On the third of March the Tennis Club had a lecture and some views given in the Hall by Mr. Bailey. Those who went said it was fine. It was a talk on New Zealand mostly, with pictures of schools and scenery around there.

If you should come to visit Normal tomorrow you would see several changes. The old building is completely torn down now,

and then there is something else. Our grounds are beginning to look like something had struck them, and it sure has in the person of our new head gardner, Mr. William Morris. He is a perfect wonder, and you'd think so too if you could see how much he has done already and his plans for the summer. He used to be here five years ago but went up to work around the university grounds at Stanford, and then he took charge of the Vendome grounds. One inducement to come to us was so he could work out his own ideas. He is so original and energetic. For instance, he has planted a lot of sweet peas for use in decorating in June, and is arranging three sets of plants for each room in school so his work will be seen inside as well as out. All around the Assembly Hall he has planted a bed of begonias and there is going to be a green house where the tennis court is now.

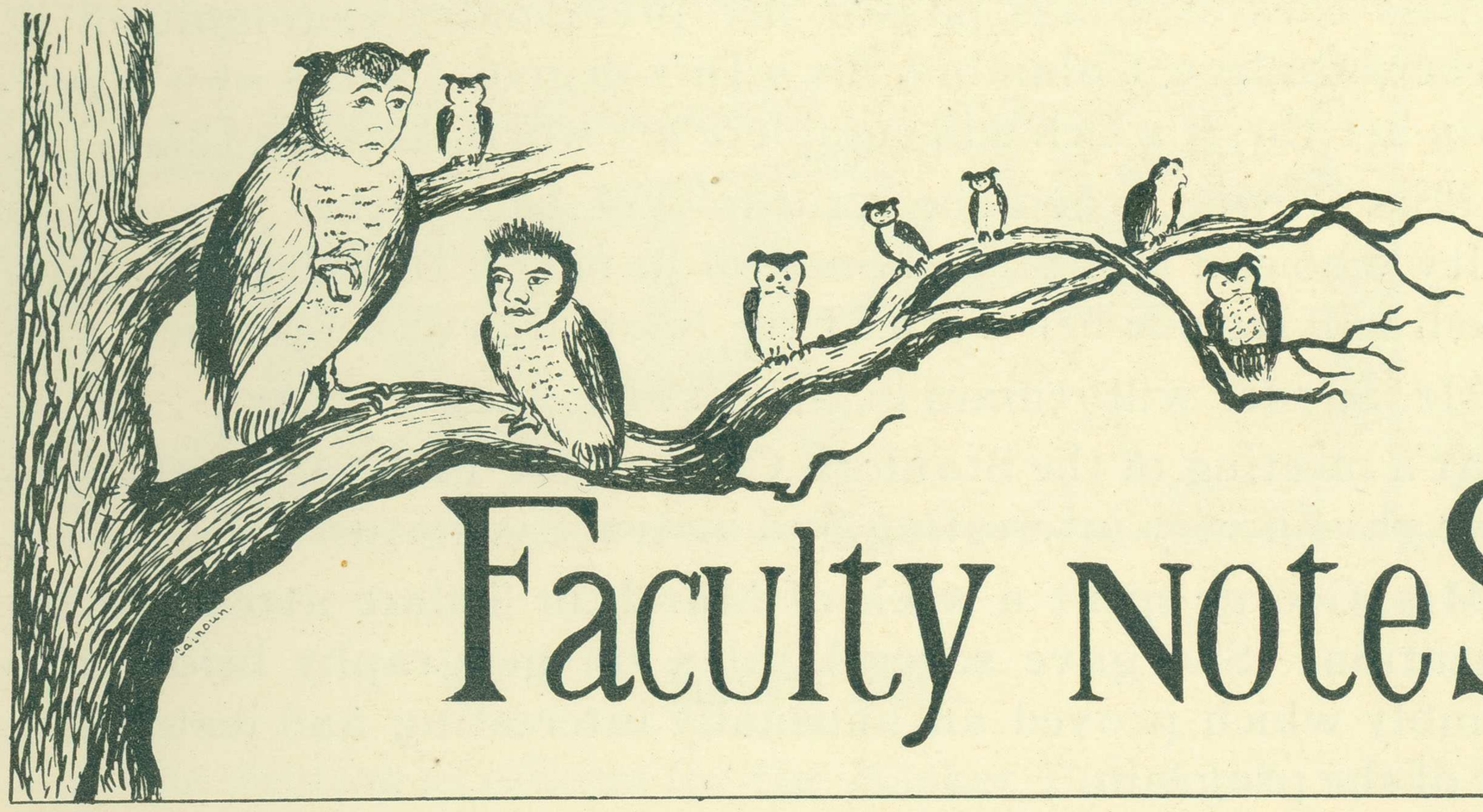
And he is so obliging, ready to help any of the girls when they want greens to decorate the hall. There is a general improvement all over the grounds and if his plans materialize fully when we get the new building we will have one of the most attractive school grounds in the State. Mr. Morris doesn't intend to make any radical changes about the school but plans to add to what we already have. We were certainly fortunate in securing his services and appreciate the work he is doing for us.

At last news has run short, so good night.

Lovingly your,

BERNY.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that the graduating class is to give a stunt in the Assembly March 24th, and on the evening of the 26th they are going to entertain their friends at an informal reception in Normal Hall. After a very original and entertaining program, dancing will occupy the rest of the evening.



Faculty NoteS

A right royal reception was tendered Dr. Dailey on his return from his eastern trip. Although he arrived one day sooner than expected the ladies of the faculty (always on the lookout to show their kindly feeling) arose to the occasion and held an informal reception in his honor in the offices. Dainty refreshments of ice and wafers were served along with kindly greetings.

The members of the faculty as well as the students are now discussing the all-important question "where shall I spend my spring vacation?"

Pacific Grove with its many attractions will claim Mrs. George, Miss Payne, and Miss Enid Kinney.

Mrs. Rousseau expects to spend her time in Oakland.

Miss Basseler will be in San Francisco.

Berkeley will have the honor of opening its hospitable doors to Mr. Wood during the vacation.

Beginning the new term Dr. Schallenberger will again be with us. We have always been justly proud of our "little doctor," but since Dr. Dailey told us of the reception of her speech before the National Teachers Convention we feel prouder than ever and eagerly await her return to congradulate her in person. At present she is enjoying a visit in the cultured city, Boston.

We hear that Dr. Bullock anticipates his return to us next year. He will then be the proud possessor of an M. D. degree and the many new ideas in his line of work that he has gained will be a great advantage to our school.

Miss Nickolson has passed her preliminary examination at Teachers College, Columbia, for a Dr's degree. She is now working on her thesis which will complete her work there for this term.

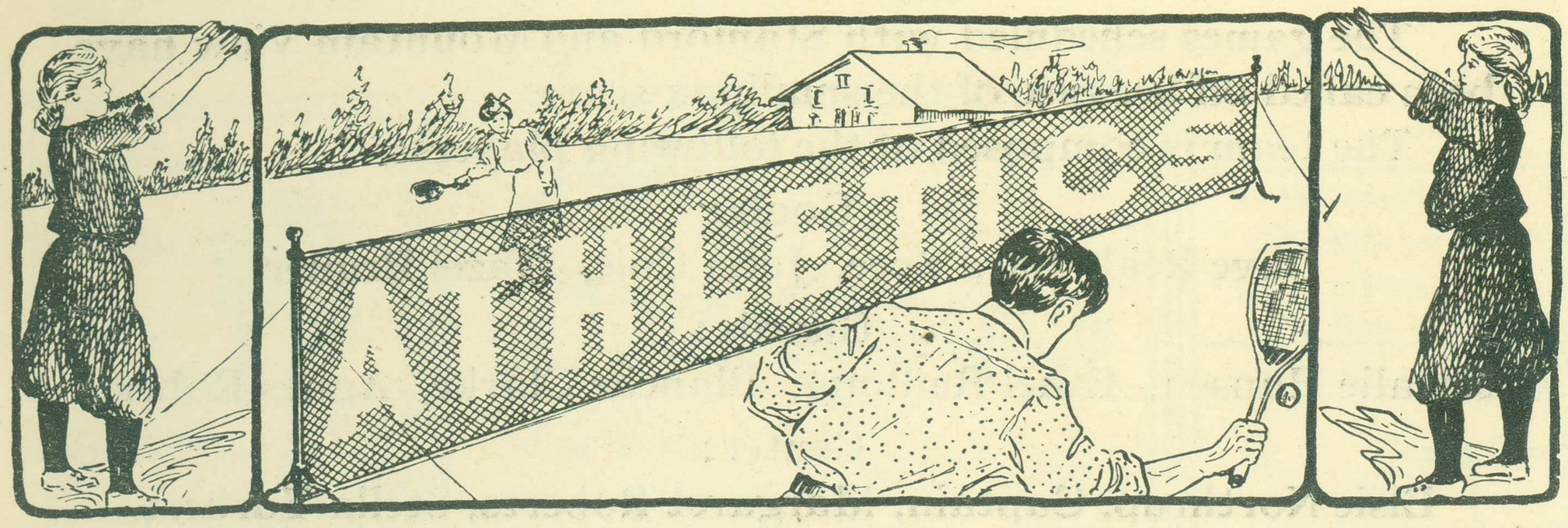
Miss Rowell, when she returns, will be another one of our faculty who can claim the honor of having a Dr's degree. Miss Rowell will resume her work at the Normal next September.

Mr. Snyder will remain in the east for another year.

At a meeting of the Stanford Club on the 14th of March, Miss Howe gave a very interesting and instructive lecture.

Mrs. George spent a week of March in Tulare attending the institution. She gave several tal s on geography before this assembly which proved an unusually interesting and instructive part of the program.

Timely advice to girls with auburn hair and brown eyes:—Anyone of the above description who intends taking nature study during the reign of Wood, and who is at a loss to know the intricate schemes of wading thru the course apply to any member of the fourth hour Nature study class (the instructor himself "wood" probably be embarrassed if questioned in person) and receive illustrations of the correct poise of the head and coy manner in which to address the professor. His favorite salutation is "Now, Mr. Wood."



Basket Ball.

The election of officers for the Basket Ball Club which took place a few weeks ago, resulted as follows:

President—Julia Cole. Vice-President—Hazel Robinson.
Secretary—Sara Snee. Treasurer—Blanche Clarke.
Business Manager—Olive Reid. Captain—Elsie Northrup.

It has been the policy of our Normal team to further the interest of the Training School children along the line of basket ball. Accordingly a reception was tendered the girls of the Training School interested in the game. Basket ball speeches were made and interest inspired in the youngsters. As a result, a dozen or more of the girls are out each evening under the eagle-eye of Miss Northrup captain of the Normal team.

A rather uninteresting game of basket ball was played Thursday, February twenty-seventh with the team from the University of the Pacific, resulting in an easy victory for Normal, 53-9.

A very interesting, fast, hard fought game, was played Saturday, February twenty-ninth on the Normal court between Stanford and Normal. The score speaks for itself, Stanford 12, Normal 8.

A practice game played at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium between Berkeley and Normal, March 7th, proved the most interesting of all games played this season. The final score was 5–4 in favor of Berkeley.

Comments upon this game will be omitted at present as a return game will be played soon. The points go to Berkeley but Normal retains the honors.

The games scheduled with Stanford and Mountain View have been called off because of the smallpox scare.

The team is composed of the following players:

Goals:

Olive Reid, Sara Snee, Julia Cole, Hazel Bruner.

Guards:

Natalie Hansen, Ethel Budlong, Blanche Clarke, Agnes Roberts

Center:

Elsie Northrup, Captain, Margaret Roberts, Stella Yorbert.

Several challenges have been received and among them one from the University of Southern California.

Tennis.

The tennis tournament has been begun at last. Several sets have been played off and the results are as follows:

Jeanette Colley	1	3	
Irma Everett	6	6	
Letitia Wilson	6	8	6
Vida Hayden	3	6	0
Tom Atkins	6	6	
Mr. Lewis	1	4	
Will Crook	6	3	1
Charles Ferby	4	6	6
Grace Thurston	8	6	
Faith Springer	6	4	

The men's doubles and ladies' doubles will be played next week. After these games, the mixed doubles will be played.

A strong team will represent our school as there are several speedy players in the tournament.

School spirit should be shown at these tournaments, so come and lend a helping hand.

The party given by the Tennis Club last month was voted a grand success by all present.



The White and Gold, from Mills, is an unusually attractive paper. We might criticize it as being too serious, but it sets an excellant example for more frivolous papers.

The Yeatman Life is a live paper representing a live school.

The Oriole's exchange column is not the least of its virtues.

The Bell has been better but it might be worse. The quality of the joshes might be improved upon.

The Porcupine has a pretty and attractive cover. "The Senior Bench" is a clever story.

Superlative, we like your class notes. Can't you afford better paper.

We were much interested in the Native American. It is an excellent weekly.

The cuts in Wilmerding Life are "keen," and the joshes are not far behind.

The Sea Urchin is a most interesting paper. The cuts are very attractive.

The Eugene High School News is very much alive this month. We enjoyed reading it.

The Madrono would be a credit to any school. It is one of the best.

The Elm has a most unique cover. The whole paper expresses the good fellowship which evidently dominates the school.

The Normal Record is a most creditable publication. The cover deserves special mention.

The Tempe Normal Student contains good material, but its shape makes it awkward to handle.

The Bulletin serves its purpose, but is not your school large enough to afford a larger paper?

Not being very good Germau studeuts we perhaps don't appreciate the M. H. Aerolith as we might, but we thoroughly enjoyed all that was in English.

Dictum Est still has a good josh column.

College Echoes is good, what there is of it. Why isn't there more of it?

The Tocsin lacks literary matter this month. "My Valentine" is a very pretty poem.

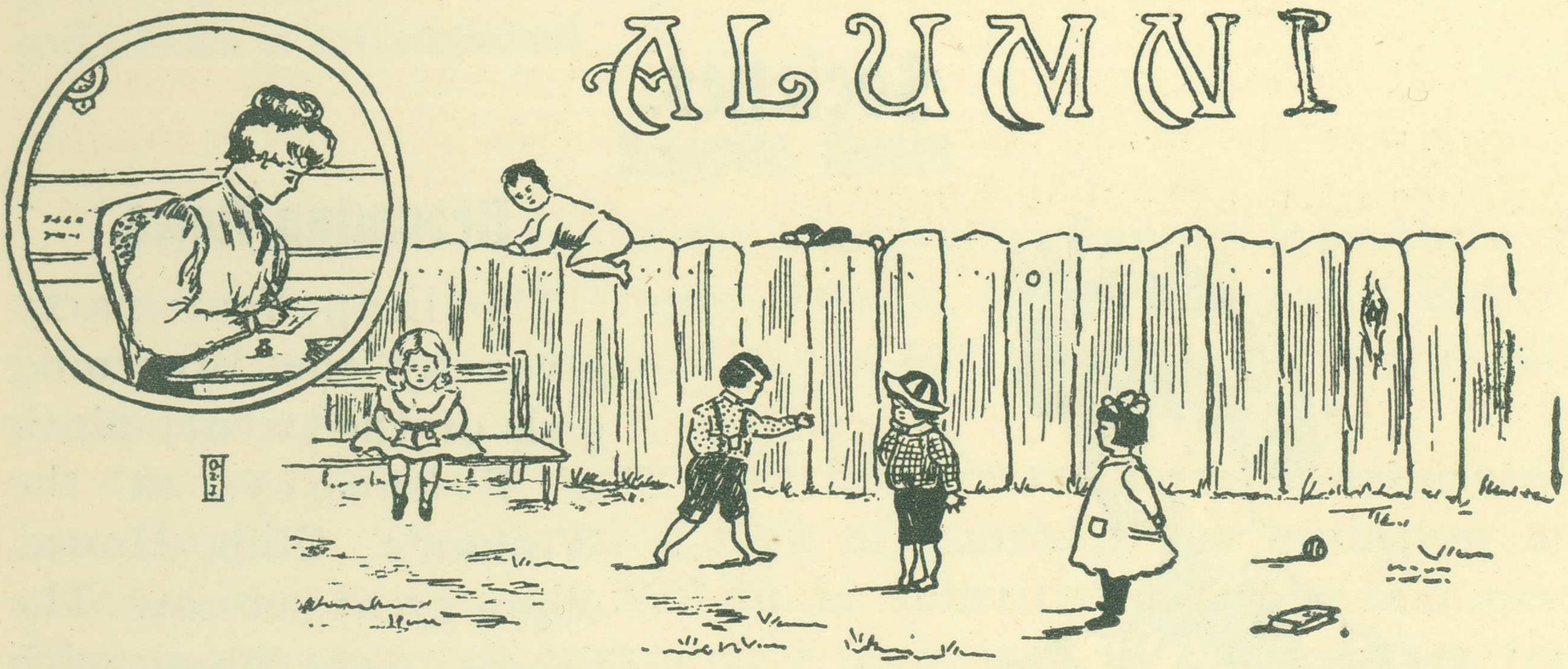
The Trident is always welcome. Some of its cuts are very clever.

Mr. Bland—"We'll try to have Mr. Miller recite for us when we go to the Heighths—although he always does better after a banquet." They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Miss Northup.—"I had a dream, I dreamed that everybody had gone wild over basket ball." We all declare that this was nothing short of a nightmare.

Miss Burke—I've seen bottles in my sleep.
Miss Makinder—That sounds bad.
Miss Kinney—I wonder what kind of bottles they were?

ALUMNI



Pearl Norton, who graduated June '05, has been teaching since her graduation, in Nevada City.

In the Visalia Grammar School, Faye Liddle is doing very successful work.

Elise La Source is teaching at Famosa, Kern county.

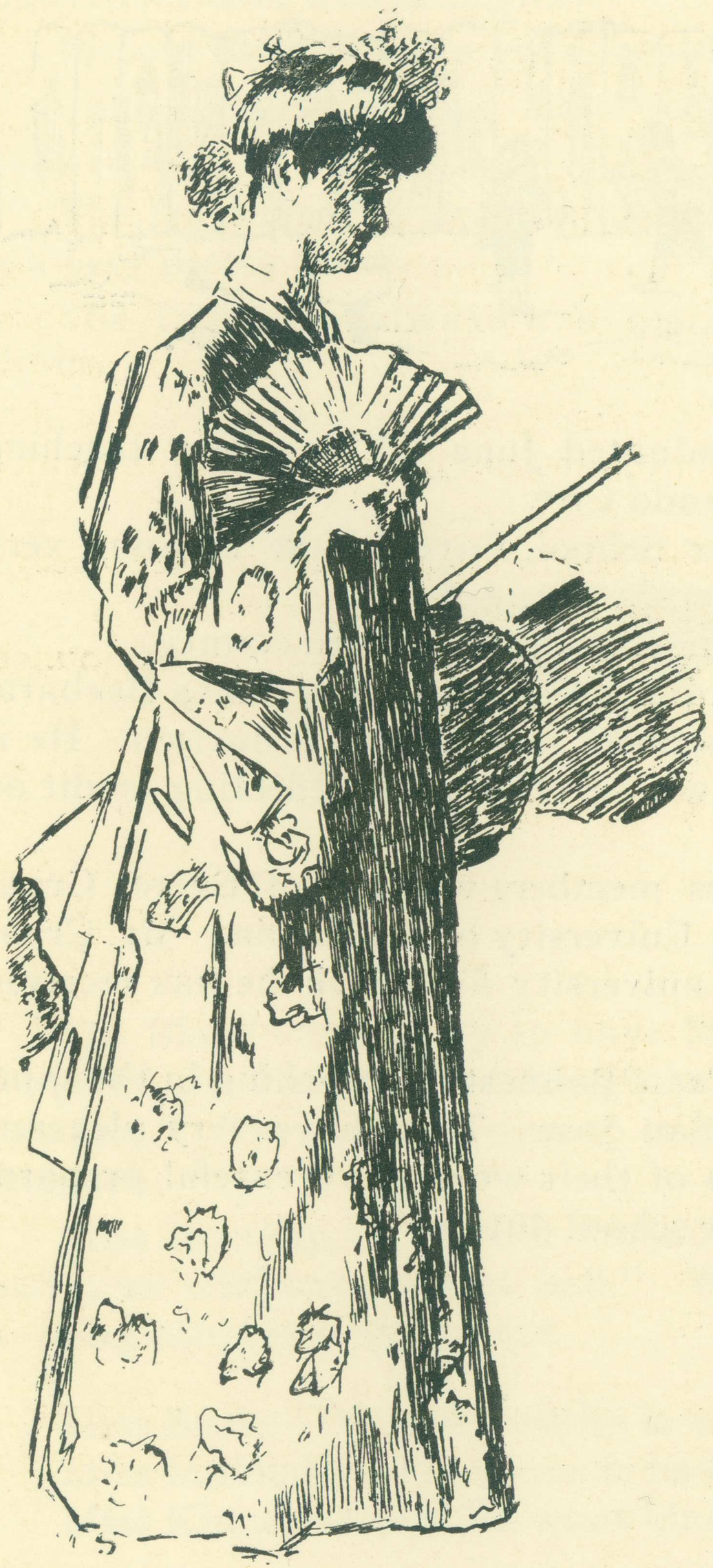
Minnie Jones, an '07 graduate, has a school at Santa Barbara.

Casper Arnbaum is practicing law in San Francisco. He is another Normal graduate whose efforts are reflecting credit on our school.

From the June '03 class members we hear of Everet Crane who is now a senior at the University of California. Mr. Crane has done fine work in the university for which he has received special credit.

Marian Copeland and Pearl Bohnett are teaching in the same school at Cambuan near San Jose. They have very pleasant times there, but the results of their work show careful preparation and time spent on their school duties.

Societies.



Browning Notes.

The Leap Year party given by the Browning girls on the twenty-ninth of February, at the Woman's Club House, was a great success. The rooms were hung with greenery and flowers, and Browning pennants and emblems were everywhere. Several of our girls showed their artistic ability by making some large posters, which added greatly to the decorations. The weather was slightly cold outside but a bright little fire in the fireplace made the large room cheerful and homelike. Many appropriate games were played, in which everyone took part, and not one dull moment arose to mar the evening's pleasures. The whole scheme was in the Browning colors, brown and gold, even to the refreshments. These were served at about eleven o'clock, and a few dances finished the evening very appropriately.

Now that the bright spring days are coming our girls will be able to carry out several plans which the society has had in mind

for some time. They are to begin by a moonlight picnic at Congress Springs next Wednesday evening, the eighteenth, and a jolly time is anticipated

Sappho Notes.

With the graduation of the March class Sappho loses three of her members, Lillian Williams, Ottilia Klein, and Pearl Baker. We shall miss them from our ranks but trust their lots may fall in pleasant places.

On Saturday, February 29th, five new members were initiated into Sappho. Owing to a lack of sunshine the initiation as planned for the country had to be substituted by one in doors. The usual number of stunts were performed by the initiates, Joe Moony, Jennie McInenny, Phyllis Rosenthal, Robin Clute, and Mantza Ledyard. After this came the bountiful spread, which was enjoyed by all.

Sappho's program days are becoming a feature of the society's meetings and are demonstrating the ability of her members.

The friends of the society will be interested in an announcement which will appear in the next issue of the "Pennant"

Chi Epsilon.

Pearl Baker's usual hospitable home was opened up to the Chi Epsilon Sorority on the evening of February 28th for an initiation. Romona Glass and Grace De Forest were introduced to the mysteries of the society and have already become earnest, efficient members. After the most successful of ceremonies, the girls sat down to a table fairly groaning with its load of good things to eat. A pleasant hour or so was spent in singing songs and toasting our absent alumnae and our eminent member, Dr. Schallenberger, who was then absent on her eastern trip, lecturing before the National Teachers Institute and other educational assemblies.

Chi Epsilon is most happy to announce that at the close of the Lenten season, cards will be sent out for an entertainment for the friends of the society.

Erosophian.

The dance which took place on February 29 in the Assembly Hall was enjoyed by all, and was pronounced a decided success by those who participated.

Spring activities have not yet been begun by the society, but we are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the spring term. The regular meetings are more lively, and we are planning great things. Our ranks will not be considerably lessened by our contribution to the March class, only three Erosophians being graduated. We trust that what we lack in quantity will be more than made up for by quality.

Teacher—Suppose your father gave your mother $20 and took back $5, what would that make?

Tommy—All kinds of trouble.—Ex.

Mr. H. (in assembly)—"Some of you have not learned how to use your arms." Wonder what girl has been telling on the boys.

NAME	APPEARANCE	WHAT THEIR AMBITION IS
Juniors	Sawed off and backward	To be Seniors
Seniors	"The biggest ever"	To get a plume and a silk petticoat

Joshes.

A jolly young chemist tough
While mixing some compound stuff,
  Dropped a match in the vial
  And after a while,
They found his front teeth and a cuff.

Mr. Baker (explaining Loss and Gain)—If you weigh a hundred and fifty pounds now and eat all of the year and at the end of the year weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds, do you gain that fifteen pounds?

Miss K—No! You save it up out of what you eat.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

They were quarreling over their children.

"Well," she exclaimed spitefully, "it is certain John has your temper."

"Well," he replied quietly, "it is also certain he hasn't yours, because you have it all yourself."—Ex.

Mr. Wood—Can the sun evaporate vapor, Miss Woodcock?

Miss Woodcock—Guess it can do most anything in Physics.

PLEASE MR JOKEMAN.

The Jokeman threats great bodily harm
If pictures grim do aught alarm.
Should the boot be on another foot,
Would the Jokeman backward look?

Now, Jokeman, don't be harsh;
The Bible says "Be kind."
Meet fellow students face to face,
And give no pain behind.

Love others as you love yourself,
And with the kicks don't be too free;
Do unto others as they should do,
And a dear good Jokeman be.—Ex.

For lessons in queening apply to Calla Mc.

In Mr. Bland's 2nd hour Methods Class.

Zelma W. entered with a slightly enlarged face. She was asked if she had the mumps.

"No, I've got a wisdom tooth."

Then she w lked right in and turned around and walked right out again.

An Unconcious Admission.

"You will want to enter something for the country fair, I suppose, Mr. T——?" said the president of the Agricultural Society.

"Wa-al, yes," replied E. T., "you can put me down for the biggest hog in the country."—Ex.

Somebody be kind enough to ask Chas. A. what was going on behind his umbrella with his young lady friend at her home on Ninth Street. He'd just love to tell.

LAPLAND.

Lapland is situated in the big, easy chair (most any chair in a pinch) between 10 o'clock and midnight.

It is always dark in Lapland, but the darkness is peculiar. You can see all you care to see, and nothing you don't care to see. Everything is souleur de rose, moreover.

Lapland is peopled exclusively by yourself and the dearest little woman in the world. There are a great many of her, first and last, but only one at a time. Lapland is the most densely populated country in the world. There is never room for one more.

The climate is salubrious. Heart troubles especially are benefited.

The chief product of Lapland is bliss. The output is enormous.

The only industry is taking no thought of the morrow. The introduction of new processes is not encouraged, and the old way of doing things still prevails very largely.

Panics and hard times are unheard of.—Ex.

We always knew "Birdie" Du Bois was musical but we now understand that the Balla(r)d is her specialty.

"Girls, take my advice and always look behind settees before you sit down." A word from Miss Katherine Murphy.

Miss Bassler—"It is astounding how small the girls must imagine themselves. The idea of dressing in a locker!" How about it, Clara R?

Is King–ing more fun than queening, Tommy?

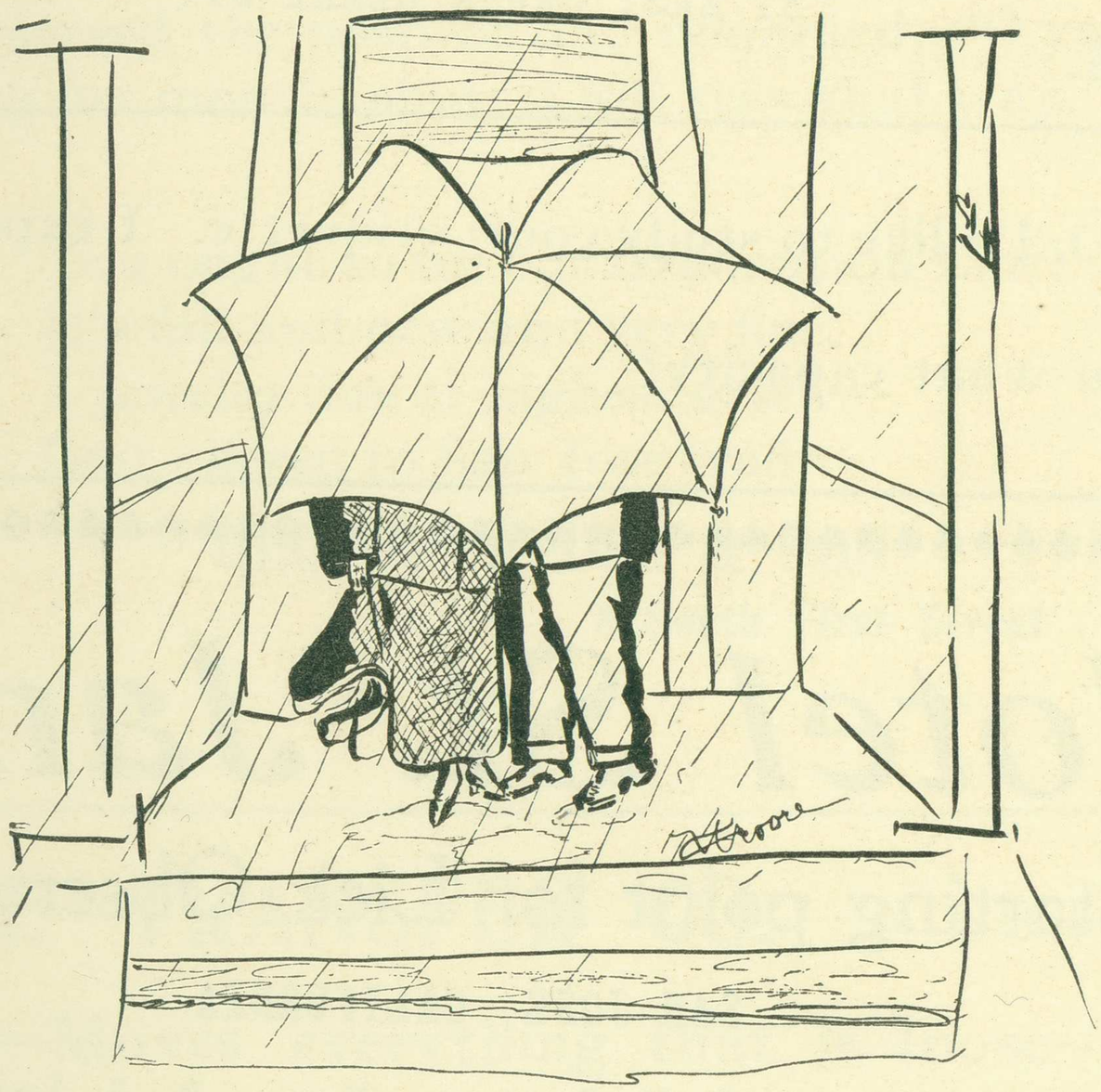
Who furnishes the mid-night oil, Elsie Northrop?

For specialties on the graphophone, apply to Clara B.

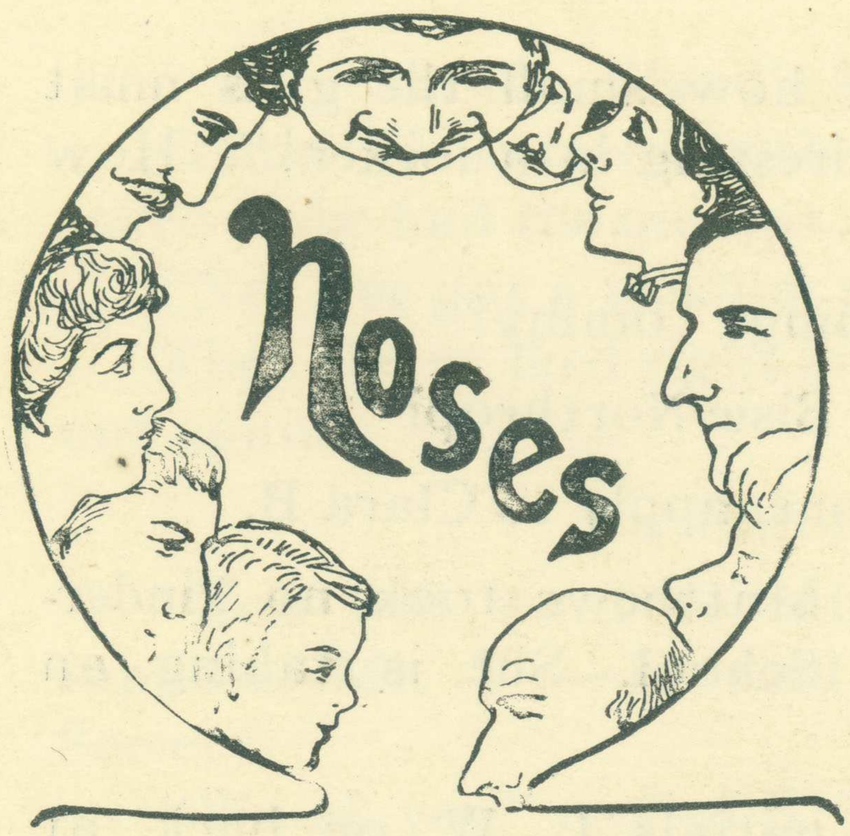
We now understand why Reta Matthews took no kindergarten teaching in the Training School. She is taking an optional on the outside.

Found—An Allenian pin, with initials L. W. on back, at 447 S. 7th St.

For superfluous Pennant posters apply to Anne Foley.



What's the use of an umbrella on a porch? Ask "our Tom" for information on the subject.



It seems a wise provision of nature when a person with defective eyes has a nose that was apparently "made for glasses." In such a case almost any style of an eye-glass may be worn that suits the taste of the individual.

But 'tisn't always so. Some noses are difficult to fit with any degree of satisfaction, some are absolutely impossible.

If you have one of the difficult ones we would like to have you try one of our new Shur-Ons. Properly fitted they are "on to stay on." We'll be glad to show them to you.

Pratt-Kerr Optical Co.

31 EAST SANTA CLARA ST.

Hours, 8 to 5. Phone, East 181.

Inez G.—O, I'd like to study court etiquette. I expect to go to court some day.

Query—In what capacity?

Hotel St. James

Starting point for Lick Observatory

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Albert Bettens, Prop. R. M. Bettens, Mgr. D. J. Lyons, Chief Clerk

CARMICHAEL, BALLARIS & CO.

Outfitters for all Mankind

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, HATTERS and TAILORS

Telephone, John 1301 55-59 South First St. San Jose

Maynard's

for NORMAL BOOKS and Supplies

114 SOUTH FIRST STREET

Rudolph's

CANDIES, ICE CREAM, ICES AND PUNCHES

87 East Santa Clara St. 16 South First St.

Phone, Blue 943

Miss Reid sat with her hand tightly clasping her chin and mouth. Miss Payne observed the position and remarked, "O you don't have to hold it (meaning her mouth) shut; it will stay that way."

You ought to see our Graduation Line!
It's full and new and very fine,
A jewelry line of highest grade—
Best offered to San Jose trade.

GEO. W. RYDER & SON

8 South First Street

SAN JOSE TRANSFER CO. **Telephone, Main 78**

——Moves everything that is loose——

62 East Santa Clara St. G. P. BURKETT, Manager

Telephone JAMES 1521 E. KOBER, Manager

HESS SAN JOSE DYEING and CLEANING WORKS

339-341 E. San Fernando St SAN JOSE, CAL.

Mrs. L. Gallick-Guthrie Telephone, Red 1052

Imperial Dyeing and Cleaning House

Gents' Suits Cleaned and Pressed from $1.00 Upward. Special Attention Given to Ladies' Garments—Laces, Ribbons, Gloves, etc. Our Chemical Cleaning is the Latest French Process

149 E. Santa Clara St., N. W. Cor. Fourth St. **San Jose, Cal.**

Business Phone, Brown 447 Residence Phone, West 1262

A. E. SANDBO, Proprietor

WAFFLE KITCHEN

NOTED FOR ITS EXCELLENT COFFEE Once a Customer Always One

37 Fountain St., San Jose

Buy Your SUITS and OVERCOATS at

THE FAMOUS CLOTHING HOUSE

73 North First St.

$25 and $30 Suits and Overcoats for $15

Mr. Bland—Can anyone tell me why the water-fowls have such harsh unmusical calls?

Hazel M.—They have frogs in their throats, I guess.

Candies
Ices
and Favors
for all
occasions

O'Brien's

For 40 years the standard of quality

30 South First St.

THE JOHN STOCK SONS, Tinners, Roofers and Plumbers

ouse Warming a Specialty. Stoves, Hardware and House Furnishing
Mantels Grates and Tiles

71-77 SOUTH FIRST ST. SAN JOSE, CAL.

Dress Hats, Shirt Waist Hats in every style at

THE BAND BOX Millinery Store

—27-31 East Santa Clara St.—

Teacher (making announcement)—"Class, I am sorry to say that a serious epidemic has broken out in the school." Our visions of a two weeks vacation were shattered when she continued by saying that three books had fallen victims to the monster "Lost"

Students, go to Hale's for good goods.

BLAUER'S for Delicacies

Phone
JOHN 3021

—ALL KINDS OF CHEESE—

Call or Phone 155 South First St.

NORMAL STUDENTS, for Groceries and Merchandise go to

J. A. Belloli & Co.

Corner of Third and San Fernando Streets, San Jose

Agents for TORRID ZONE FURNACE

Profs. think awhile, then advise the State Architects

They are being installed in the High School and all the new Grammar Schools, Campbell Schools, New Presbyterian and Baptist Church, also lining up the big ones of the Normal that they will adopt our system in the new Normal.

Our system and furnace is perfect. No dust, smoke or gas and ventilates perfectly.

Wood, coal or oil burning furnaces.

A FUEL SAVER

We change the hot air every ten minutes. "So this is no State hot air."

We have a cottage size on a return system for $100.00.

Agent for Elmwood, Glenwood, Monarch Ranges, Economy Gas Ranges, all kinds of gas and water heaters. Standard Mfg. Plumbing, Meure's tinning and Spanish tile

Monarch Thermostat Water Heaters will furnish you hot water and shelter in your school this winter.

ROLEY S. KOOSER

40-46 N. Second St. **San Jose, Cal.**

Mr. Baker, calling the roll—Miss Worthington?

Miss W., absorbed in taking notes—What is it, Mr. Baker? Did you speak?

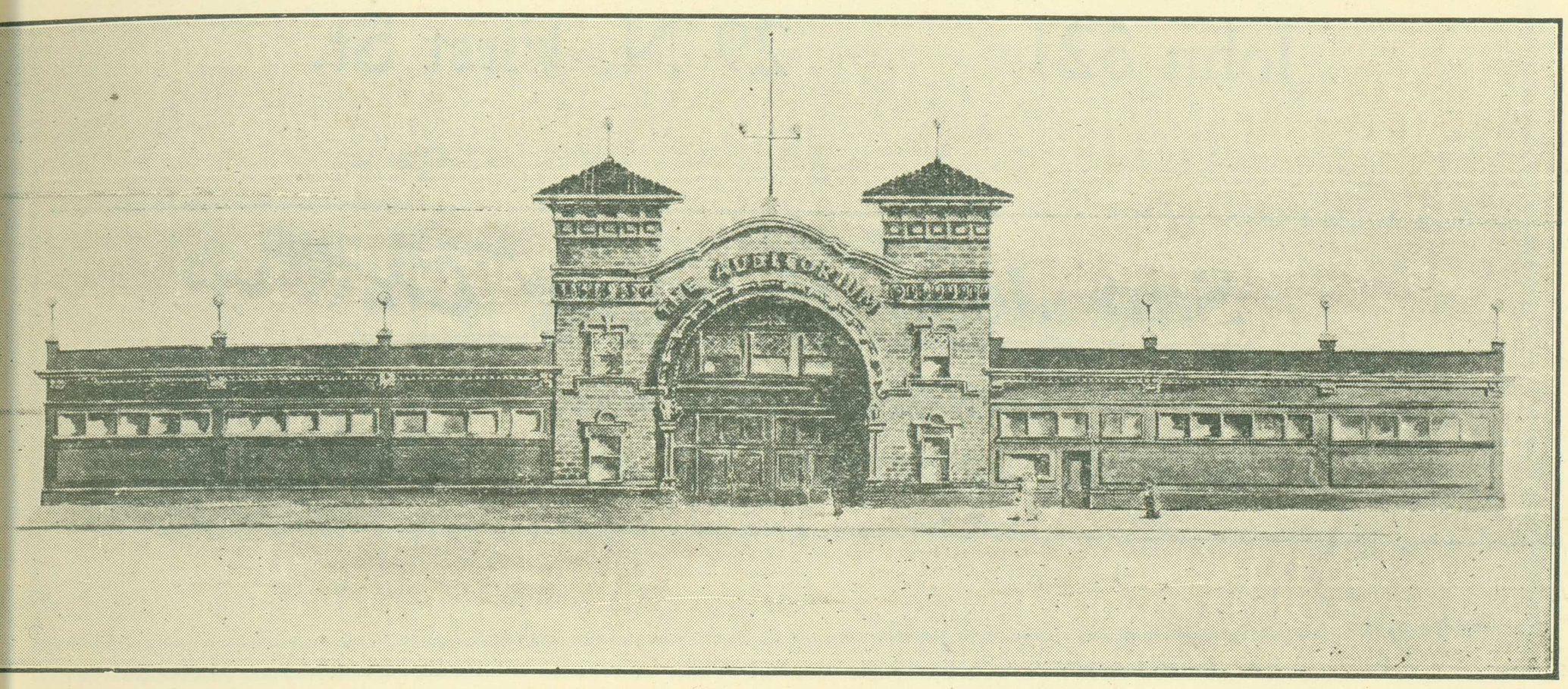
Go to Hale's for your fine stationery.

PROGRESSIVE ACCOMMODATING RELIABLE

The GARDEN CITY BANK and TRUST CO.

Auditorium Rink

V. A. Hancock, Manager



TWO-STEP CONTEST

Friday, March 27 Tuesday, March 31st

Final, Friday, April 3rd

——Prizes for Lady and Gent——

Open to All Admission 10c.

Don't miss

Our Grand ANNIVERSARY MASQUERADE on Skates

April 25, 1908

Costumes can be secured from MRS. BLOOM, 437 Orchard St.

Here's where the students meet

Overland Restaurant

John 821 29 N. First St.

San Jose Printing Co.

85-87 South Third Street

SCHOOL PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

Umpire (at basket ball game)--Foul.
Small boy—Where are the feathers?
Umpire—You goose, this is a picked team.—Ex.

Buy your dry goods at Hale's.



Knocking spots out of garments is our business

Office Phone White 314 Res. Phone White 227

G. W. Van Buskirk

"The Pantorium"

HATS CLEANED AND BLOCKED

Panamas a Specialty

Ladies' and Gents' Clothing Cleaned Pressed, Repaired

Orders for Suits taken

113 N. FIRST ST. SAN JOSE

The Bank of San Jose

SAN JOSE, CAL,

Oldest Bank in the County

Capital and Surplus - - $500,000

WM. KNOX BEANS, President

H. D. TUTTLE, Vice-President

WM. V. DINSMORE, Cashier

Hazel M.—"Oh dear! my hair looks like I'd slept in it all night." From what she says she must be accustomed to taking it off every night.

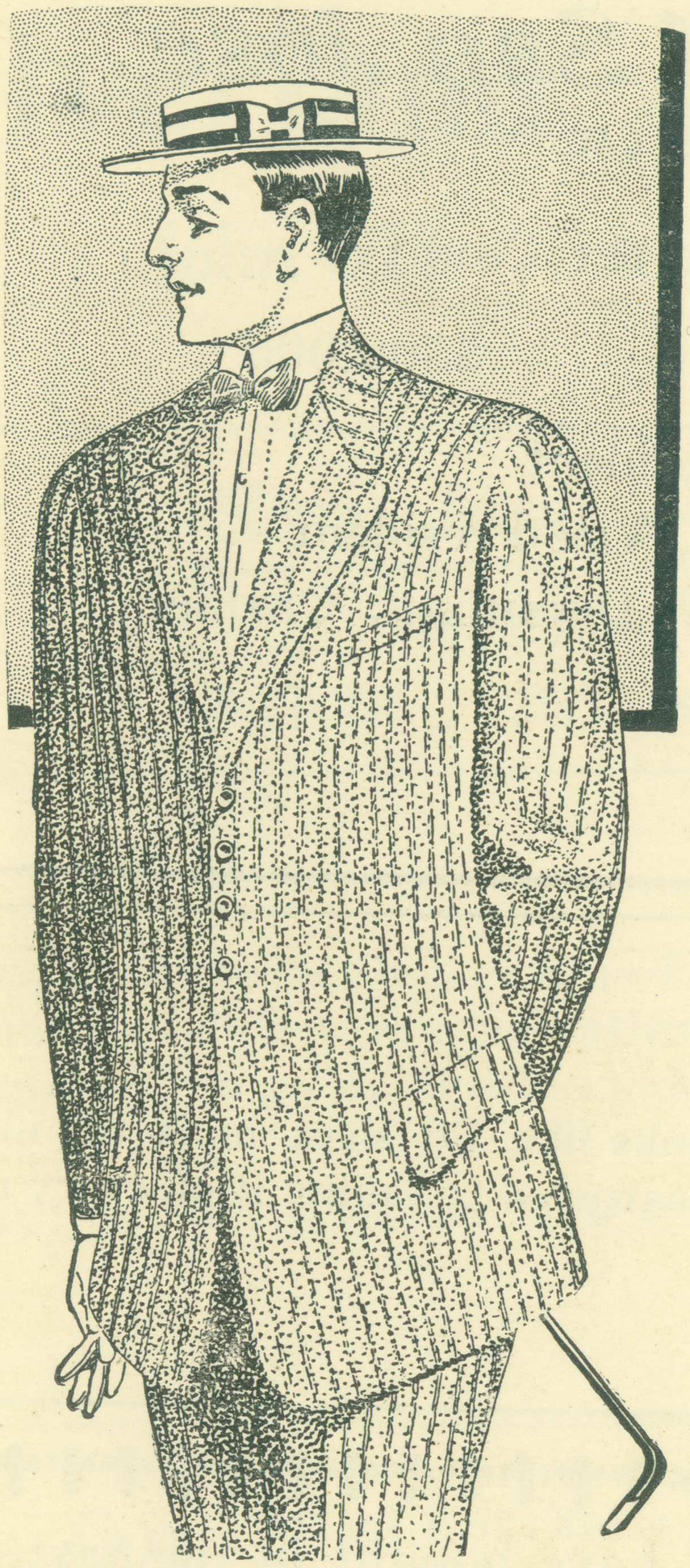
It matters not where you have bought in the past—You will find a better place to buy in the future if you are fair to yourself as well as to us by looking at our line when you are ready "to shop."

THE MODEL

First and San Fernando Sts.

San Jose's Best Store for Men's and Boys' Attire

See that fit



Modesty is the art of keeping the opinion of yourself to yourself.

Tell your friends about J. U.—That's the only system.

J. U. WINNINGER

The Artistic Tailor

Cor Second and Santa Clara Sts. Upstairs. Rooms 1 to 4.

Phone, John 731.

JUST THE CANDY

The above remark made by a prominent College man when trying on one of our new Spring models of COLLEGE CLOTHING just about expresses the opinion of those who know.

Our selections for the season are now here—The new and fashionable colorings—correct fabrics and above all that Class and Character that has made us the College Fellows' Clothiers.

SPRING'S, Inc.

SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

The Little Art Shop

Picture Framing, Monogram Paper and Visiting Cards

89 EAST SANTA CLARA ST. OPEN EVENINGS

Normal People TAKE NOTICE

You can get a **DAINTY LUNCH** at

DOERR'S

168 South First Street

We have the goods
Our prices are right
We solicit your trade

Farmers Union

SAN JOSE

Chas. A. Bothwell

JEWELER

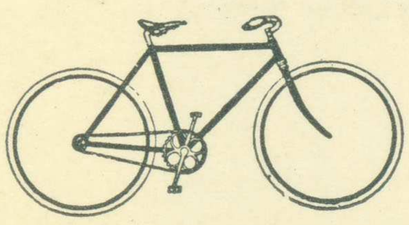
Store remodeled and strictly up-to-date. New stock of

BEST GOODS at lowest prices

JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND NOVELTIES

Repairing a Specialty

112 South First St. San Jose, Cal.



$5.00

WHY WALK? It wears out your shoes. This $5.00 bicycle will save lots of time, too

Harrison P. Smith, Inc.

Corner First and San Carlos Sts.

See **BUSHNELL'S** 41 N. First St.

for Fine Fotographs

RATES TO STUDENTS

MOVED

Christy's Music Store

To 103 East Santa Clara St.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Gem Tamale Parlor

134 E. Santa Clara St.
Phone, John 3546

Roberts & Gross

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods,
Ladies' Furnishing Goods

50-52 South First Street

Red Star Laundry Co.

INCORPORATED

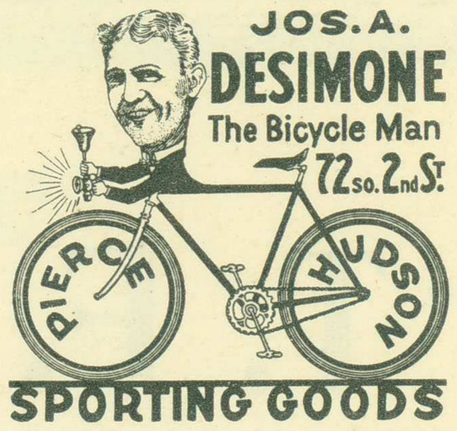
We Employ Only Union Labor

Work called for and returned in San Jose and Vicinity.

TELEPHONE MAIN 69

429-431 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose

Remember the Face



SPORTING GOODS

Remember the Place

M. H. OSGOOD
Optician and Jeweler

156 South First St., San Jose, Cal.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

52 South Second St.

Best of home cooking. Hot lunch from 11:30 to 2 p. m.

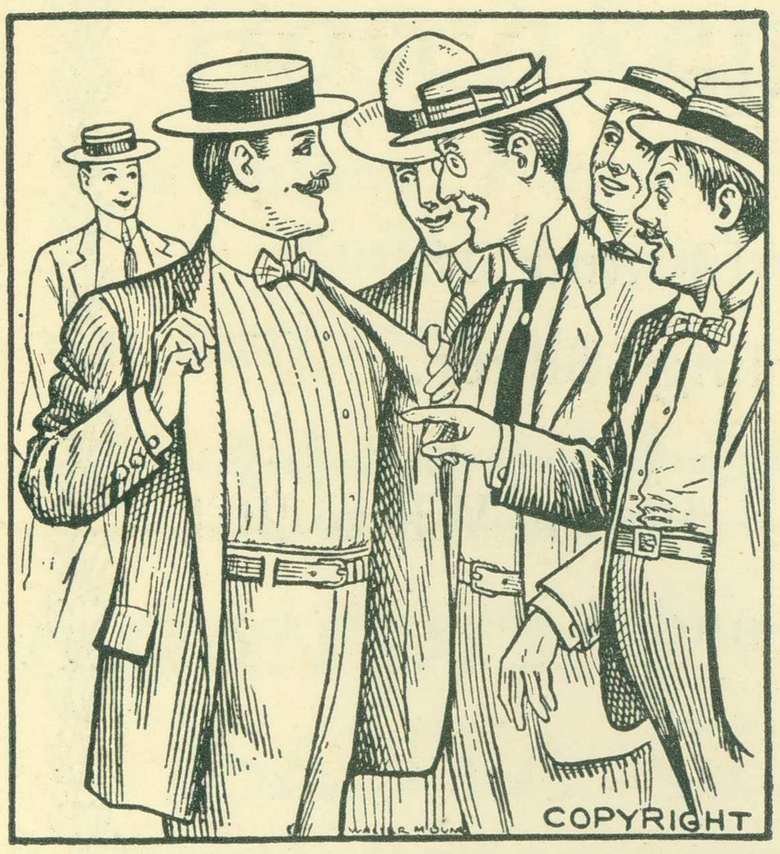
——A good meal for 20 cents——

ENGLE MUSIC HOUSE

60 South Second St., next to Jose Theatre

Victor and Edison Talking Machines and Records Sheet Music at half price

——GABLER and other Pianos——



Our Laundry Work

speaks for itself—like all self-evident facts its superiority attracts attention. Our efforts to meet the demand for a perfectly laundered negligé shirt among men who like to dress cool and comfortable, and yet preserve a clean and dressy appearance, have been exceedingly successful. If you wish to know how good our work is give us a trial.

St. James Laundry

35 West St. John Street

Phone, Main 341

T. F. Sourisseau

Manufacturing and Repairing
. . Jeweler . .

Badges and Class Pins a specialty;
also a stock of Diamonds, Jewelry,
Watches and Sterling Silverware.

Headquarters for EROSOPHIAN,
BROWNING, ALLENIAN, SAPPHO and
SIGMA THETA CHI. . . . .

Normal Pennants (two kinds)

ENGRAVING FREE

No plated goods—10, 14 and 18
karats Gold and Sterling Silver.

No. 69½ South First St. Phone White 201

Rooms 1, 2, 3 4, and 5

"City of San Jose

First and Fountain Sts., San Jose

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
HOSIERY
GLOVES
CORSETS
VEILINGS
RIBBONS
TRIMMINGS
ART MATERIALS
ETC., ETC., ETC.

I. LOEB & BRO.

Exclusive Patterns in MEN'S SUITS and OVERCOATS

CUNNINGHAM'S

78 South First St.

Miss Kinney—Are you all in?
Class—Yes. (Do you suppose it was all in, down and out?)

CALL AND SEE

Boschken Hardware Co.

For Cutlery, Fine Tools, Aluminum Ware, Sporting Goods,
Builders' Hardware, Bath Room Furnishings

138 SOUTH FIRST ST. SAN JOSE, CAL.

Enterprise Laundry

SANTA CLARA - Phone Clay 891

We guarantee first class starch work, and give special attention to flannels, washing with the least possible shrinkage.