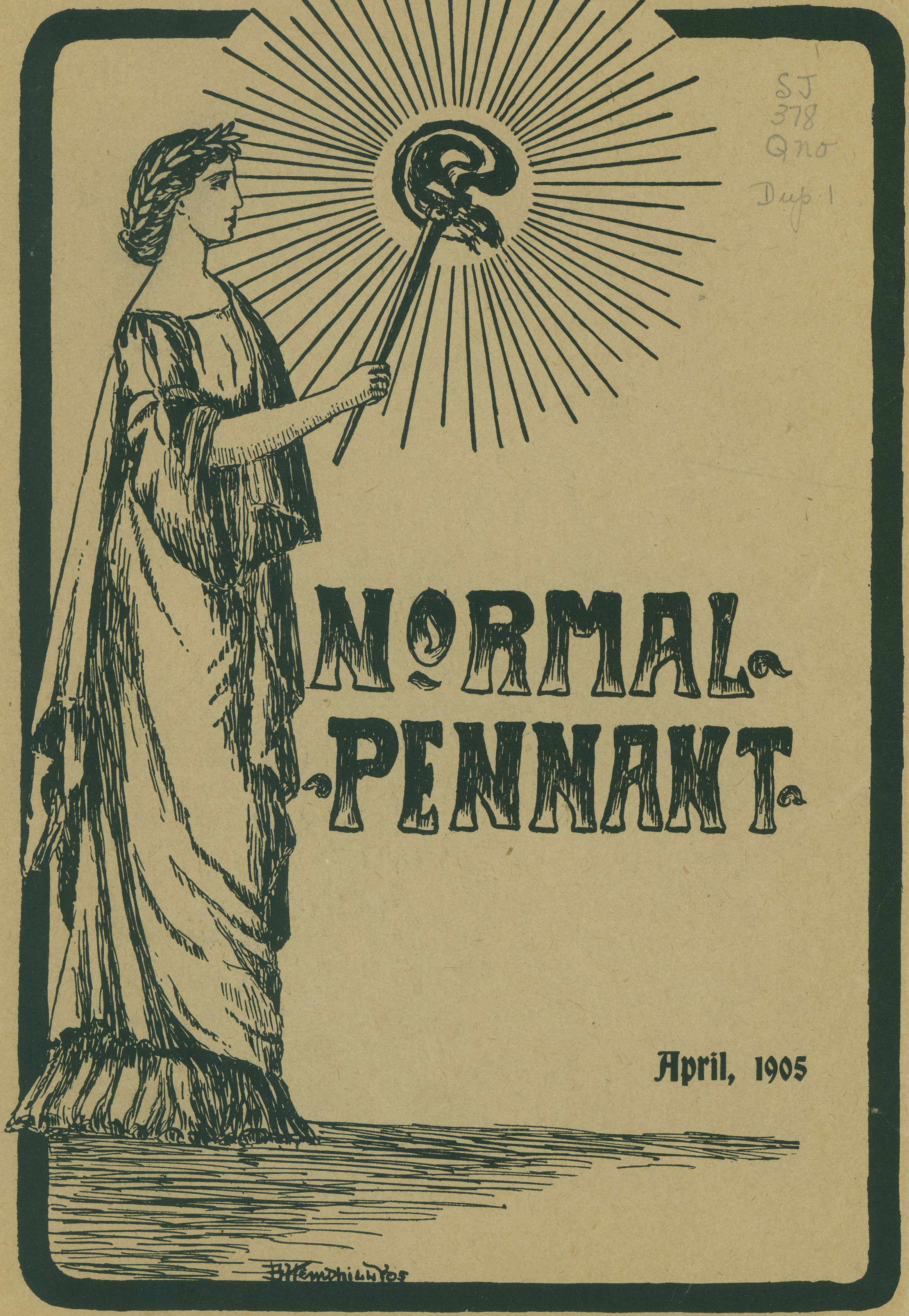
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NORMAL PENNANT

April, 1905

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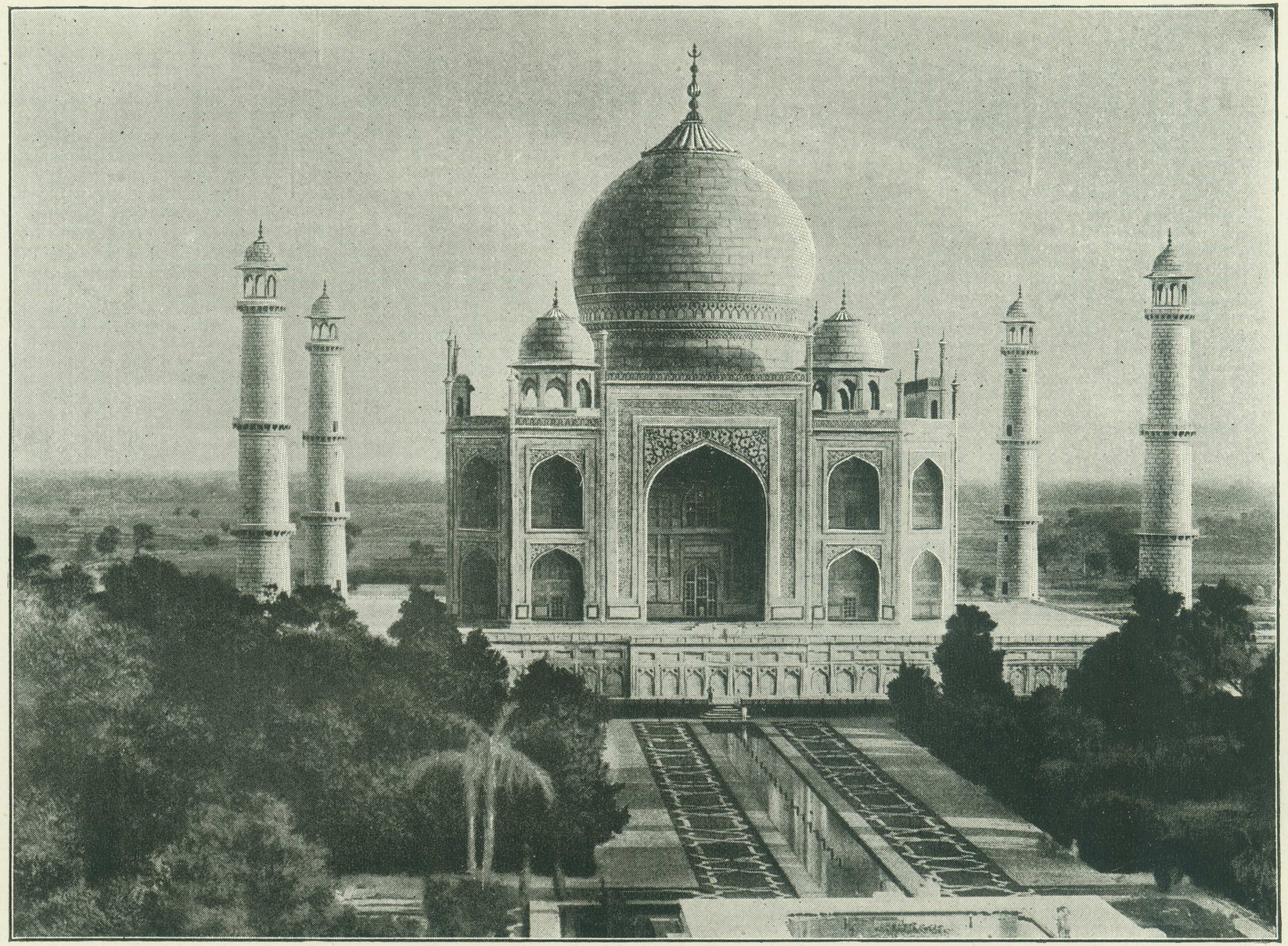
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TAJ MAHAL.

The Normal Pennant

VOL. X. SAN JOSE, CAL., APRIL, 1905. No. 7.

"The World's Fairest Tomb."

IN northern India in that part of the Ganges plain which, during the past week, has been visited by a series of destructive earthquakes, lie the cities of Delhi and Agra, once the seat of the empire of the Great Moguls who invaded India about the time of Henry the VIII, establishing there the Mohammedan religion and building magnificent cities which surpass in interest those of the Hindus themselves. Their brief but splendid reign, of scarce two hundred years, has left an indelible impress on India, and so January, 1904, found me among the many travelers who visit the ancient Mogul capitals, to marvel at their great architectural works.

It was a long weary journey from San Francisco westward to the banks of the Ganges, but our goal was always Agra and the Taj Mahal, and we eagerly anticipated our visit to this, the most perfect edifice in the world, the peerless creation of the great Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, in which are united the highest art and the tenderest human sentiment, for the beautiful Taj symbolizes the love of husband and wife. Broken-hearted at the loss of his idolized queen, Shah Jehan vowed that he would devote the remainder of his life to building her the fairest tomb the world had ever known, that she might be honored above all women. Many great architectural works have been inspired by religion, or national pride, or victorious wars, or the pomp of kings, but the Taj is the only great monument to a woman that has ever been erected.

Of the thousands who yearly journey to this remote spot many are attracted by this romantic history, a few others by love of art, but by far the greater number come simply because Agra is on their itinerary with no especial interest in what they are to see. But whether sentiment, art, or curiosity brings them, they all alike fall captive to the witchery of the Taj and ever after exhaust the possibilities of the language in attempts to describe its charms. Even as a child, I marvelled at these glowing descriptions and resolved that some day I would see for myself what it was that aroused such enthusiasm.

It is no wonder, then, that the Taj Mahal seemed always the goal of our long journey; after seeing that, we felt that we should be going home. But when the time arrived and we drew near Agra, I began to question: Was not my enthusiasm a little absurd? After all, what could there be in any building to justify such anticipations? I was neither an artist nor an architect and probably should not be able to appreciate the Taj and thus one more illusion would be shattered. I remembered reading that when Rudyard Kipling approached Agra he had these doubts with such intensity, that he passed on without stopping lest he lose a beautiful dream in a commonplace reality, and although he lived for years in India, he never saw the Taj.

But I would not do that, in spite of my fears, and so one January morning when the yellow dust rose in clouds and the dry plains of the Ganges valley seemed to quiver with heat, we made our way through the narrow crowded streets of the city up to Agra Fort, and from the exquisite Jasmine Tower had our first view of the Taj, three miles away, on the banks of the river Jumna. Could it be possible that that great mass of buildings was the Taj! It seemed more like some huge fortress, and we had always thought of it as small and delicate, like a dainty toy that one covers with glass. But this great white dome rising from the foliage, overtopping the huge walls, towers, and gateways of red sandstone which surrounded it, was a surprise.

Disappointed by our first impression, we drove out, that afternoon, for a nearer view. Entering a lofty gateway, which in any other place would itself be a wonder, we found ourselves at one end of a broad avenue along which extended a canal of sparkling water with a row of fountains sending up slender jets of spray. On either side were masses of foliage and rows of palms and cypresses, and at the end of this avenue, cut off from the accompanying buildings by the trees, was the Taj as you see it in the frontispiece. Not, however, a dainty pavilion as it seems always to appear in pictures, but a very mountain of dazzling white marble, which, were it not for the severe simplicity of its outlines we could hardly grasp at a glance. Rising more than a hundred feet higher than the top of the flagstaff on our Normal building, it rests on a massive platform of red granite supporting on its summit a beautiful dome, so light and graceful that it seems ready at any moment to float away into space. At the four corners of the platform are graceful minarets piercing the air like silver arrows. And all of this mountain of marble is wonderfully sculptured, and inlaid with traceries of vines and flowers and texts from the Koran, delicate enough for a jewel casket in a lady's boudoir.

From the very first moment the conquest of the Taj was complete, I became its devout worshipper like the thousands who had preceded me. There was no trace of disappointment now, it far exceeded my dreams.

I had only wonder and reverence for the art that could thus put a soul into marble.

The building is not very ancient, having been begun in 1630 A. D. Its construction occupied twenty thousand men for twenty years. The cost of the building has been estimated at ten million dollars, a much greater sum then than now. Originally the entrance doors and a screen which surrounds the sarcophagus were of massive silver, but they were long ago carried away by Persian invaders. The building itself has never been marred and is as perfect as the day it was completed. One cannot but think of all the patient workers now sleeping in nameless graves who wrought these fadeless flowers, and set into the marble the wondrous tracery of precious stones, agate and turquoise, carnelian, sapphire, onyx, emerald and lapis lazuli. The materials came from all parts of India and Persia, and, as was usual in those days, the labor was forced. Very little payment was given the workers save a small daily portion of corn. There was great distress and frightful mortality among them, and they certainly did not worship the innocent queen for whom they wrought, but were wont to sing:

"Have mercy, God, on our distress,
For we die, too, with the Princess."

By a strange irony of fate, before the completion of this tomb, Shah Jehan, the magnificent emperor and builder of palaces, was deposed by his son, the child of the queen he loved so well. For seven long years he languished in captivity. When he was dying they carried him to the Jasmine Tower in Agra Fort from whence I had first beheld the Taj, and there he looked with glazing eyes upon that "fairest tomb ever built by hands" which living he was never to enter. His son, more merciful to death than to life, placed his body beside that of the loved wife and there they rest today in exquisite sarcophagi in the dim light that finds its way through the marble screens under the dome.

I seemed never to weary of the Taj. We visited it at noonday, when the glare of an Indian sun emphasized its severe outlines and ethereal beauty which are so in harmony with the flat monotonous plains which surround it. We visited it at midnight, when the mild light of the moon cast heavy shadows from the soft curves of the domes and arches enhancing the splendor of the marble until it appeared almost transparent. Again at sunset we watched the shadows creeping up the slender minarets until the whole building was enveloped in a soft gloom. But most beautiful of all was the sunrise. In those strenuous days of travel it took great enthusiasm to impel one to leave a comfortable bed at four in the morning and rousing the sleeping Hindu servant who lay, shrouded in white like ghost, across our threshold, set out in the darkness to find the dilatory coachman who had vowed the night before to be at the door by four o'clock. Finally, after much vociferous shouting and darting to

and fro of lanterns we were off, with the breakfast of our forlorn beasts piled up beside the driver. We entered the great gateway just as the birds were twittering their first drowsy notes. The gardens of the Taj are forty acres in extent, a very wilderness of palms, banyan trees, cypresses and bamboo, beautifully kept. And the roses! thousands of them! of every species! perfuming the air and delighting the eye, just as centuries ago they charmed the lovely queen who sleeps in their midst, when she came at evening to stroll in this, her favorite garden.

Seating ourselves about half way down the avenue beside the marble basin, in whose waters there is nearly always a soft reflection of the Taj, we awaited in silence the coming of day. How many human interests had centered in this spot—love and grief, ambition and disappointment, the visions of genius and the painful toil of the slave, and after these the long procession of humanity who through the centuries have come here to wonder and to admire. Emboldened by our silence a wee bird painted in emerald and sapphire like a brilliant gem alighted near us and gazing with its bright eyes now at us, and now at the Taj, seemed to share our vigil. It was the bulbul, or Indian nightingale, and had doubtless spent the night in warbling plaintive notes beside the tomb. The fancy came to us that this was the soul of the dead queen hovering around her beautiful burial place.

But when the first beams of the sun lit up the golden crescent on the dome, our bird flew away into the clear sky, and soon the dome, the minarets, the whole building was flushed with a glory of rosy light, and the Taj stood revealed in all its loveliness, not a line could be changed, not a tint altered without marring its perfection. It might pass for the work of genii who were subject to none of the weaknesses and limitations by which mankind are beset. Partly by reason of this, and partly because of the sentiment attached to it, the Taj has an individuality, one might almost say a soul, which takes it out of the category of mere architectural works, and gives it such peculiar charm.

We lingered long, loath to leave the beautiful presence until its every line seemed wrought into our being. What a memory to carry with one through life! It is no small thing to feel always, that no matter how few one's talents nor how commonplace one's daily life, once at least, she has entered into appreciative communion with the greatest thoughts and noblest achievements of man, and become a part of that which she beholds in the deepest, truest sense.

M. W. GEORGE.

The Ocean.

Morning.

The soft gray light of dawn is over all,
  A light haze, scarcely mist, broods o'er the deep;
The beach sands stretch far out to meet the waves
  Whose muffled roar awakened me from sleep.

The rising wind wafts slowly toward the shore
  A laden boat, within whose hull there shines
A weight of silver treasure that the depths
  Have yielded to the fisher's net and lines.

The white-winged sea-gulls lightly skim the wave,
  Or disappear beneath its frothy crest;
While yonder other wings,—far distant sails,
  Rock gently on the ocean's heaving breast.

The soft gray clouds glow sudden as with flame,
  The sun, bursting his fleecy barriers through,
Bathes all the land and sea with golden light,
And day breaks,—for the world,—for me,—for you!

Noon.

Skies of azure arching o'er me,
  Waters bluer than the skies;
Glittering wavelets dance before me,
  Like a thousand sparkling eyes.
Wastes of sand and sea a-quiver
  With the noonday's burning heat;
Still the restless waves forever
  Rise and fall, advance, retreat;
Some, like chariot-horses racing,
  Madly 'gainst the stern rocks beat;
Gently some, as if caressing,
  Fondly lave the bare cliff's feet.
Never pausing for an instant
  In your furious, maddening chase,
Type ye seem, to mortal fancy
  Of our onward rushing race.

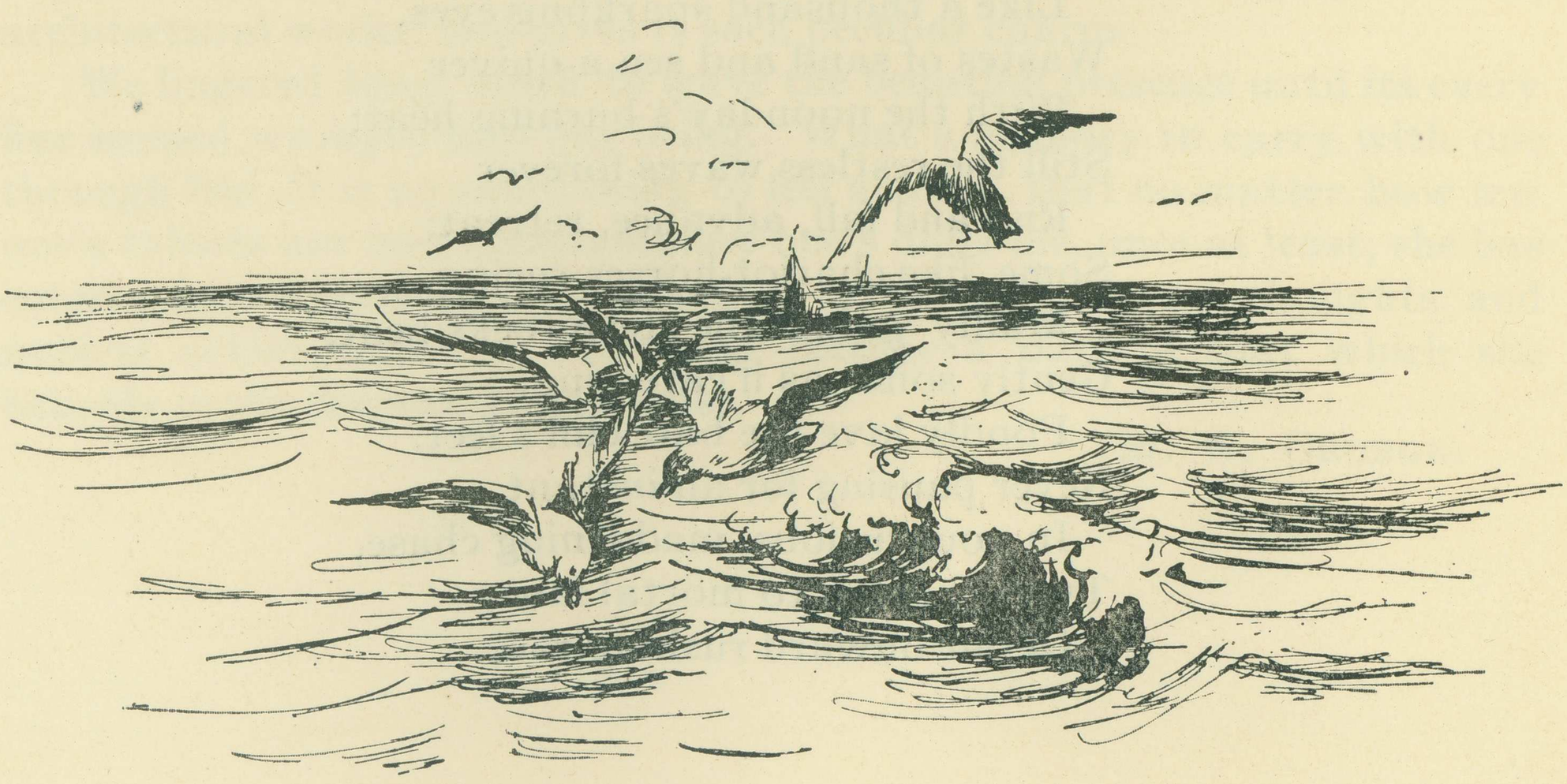
Night.

Out from the gay world's bustle and noise,
Into the silence we glide;
Called by the vague, mysterious voice,
Down by the surging tide.
Night's sable mantle sparkles and gleams
With a million diamonds bright,
While o'er the ocean, as o'er our dreams,
The moon sheds her silv'ry light.

The winds in the pines upon the hill,
Sing lullabies to the deep;
Yet the billows roll and murmur still,
As they toss in troubled sleep.
Here, where the Infinite speaks to the heart,
And soul responds to The Soul,
Man feels himself but an humble part
Of the plan of the wonderful whole.

The tide drops down, while the wave-crests glow
With a phosphorescent light;
And still the waters ebb and flow
On through the hours of night.
Sweetly forgot the burdens and strife,
Borne through the heat of the day;
And the petty, wearying cares of life,
On the tide are borne away.

E. B. L.



When We Entertained Tascott.

ALL Chicago was wrought up to the lynching pitch over the murder of Mr. Gray, one of her most influential and wealthy citizens. Supposedly, the crime had been committed by Gray's private secretary, Fred Tascott, for the man had disappeared at once. Detectives and plain clothes men failed to locate him, and the search for the murderer became general. Even the small town of Mandan, in North Dakota, was boasting what it should do when Tascott was forced within its limits. Every man was a police force of one. Even my own father had plans for the capture.

I had just reached the age of three and a half years, and feared no one. My promotion from cold bread to hot biscuits and jelly, was still fresh upon me, when we entertained Tascott, at our supper table.

It was early in November and the early snows were expected, so it was cold. Tramps had long since ceased to pass through Mandan (for Mandan was a railroad town.) We were already seated at the table when a knock sounded at the door. My mother answered.

I had already eaten two hot buscuits and was feeling cordial. I welcomed the spare, dark-eyed man who followed my mother into the dining-room. He sat opposite me at the table, his sharp eyes roving around, eating little. Not a movement went unnoticed by the stranger, and it was not long until his discomfort had communicated itself to the family. Near the close of the meal my father attempted conversation but it was a failure.

"Where are you from, stranger?"

The man seemed ill at ease and with an effort drew the attention from himself to my sister, and avoided the question by "That is a beautiful child you have, madam." The man toyed with his food, and after several minutes silence, asked to be excused. As the door closed after him, my mother uttered the name "Tascott" and my father agreed with her. The rest of the hour was quiet.

Half an hour later, friends, came and with them came the Tascott topic. Rumor and conjecture were supplanted by question and hurried plan, when my father said, "We had Tascott at supper." The men vanished, and soon, from every direction, search parties set out, but all traces of Tascott had vanished. A heavy snow began to fall. And the bitter irony of it all was that Tascott had been within the town limits, and the brilliant plans for his capture had come to naught.

ALICE E. HARRIS.

Tennyson in the key of "A Miner"

CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

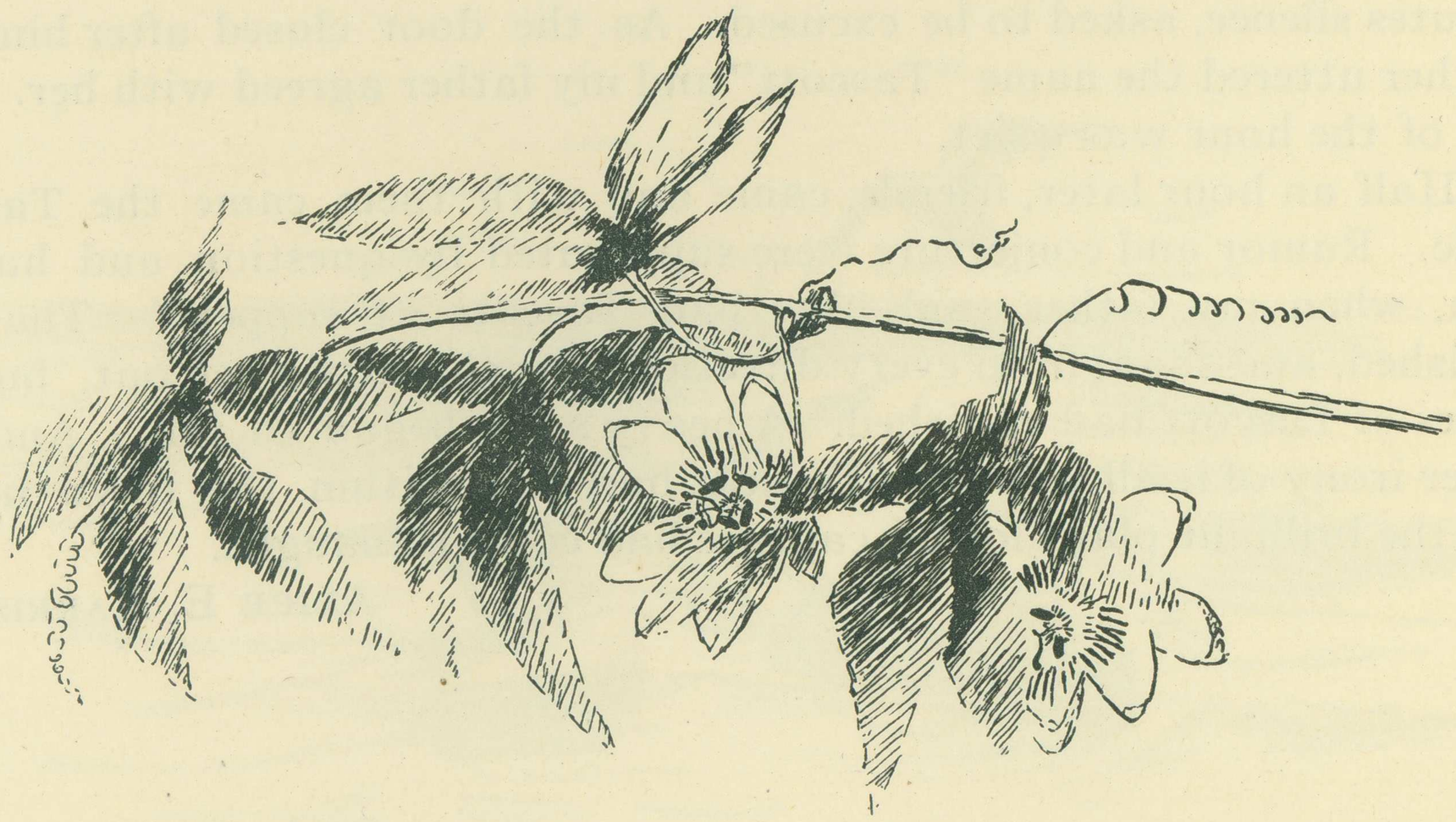
Methods—and the Rule of Three,
And one more term for each!
And may there no critic be,
When I put out to teach.

But such a one as coming stays not near,
Too pleased for word or moan.
May that which causes all my fear
Leave me alone.

Junior and Senior year,
And after that, no more!
But may there be a little school quite near,
That needs my lore.

For though from out our bourne of peace and grace
Old Time may scale the ridge,
I dread to meet my critic face to face
When I have crossed the bridge.

L. MINER.



A Freshman Prank.

"Oh, I'm tired to death writing this old constitution, aren't you, girls?"

"Yes, let's quit and do something to break the monotony."

"Say, Trix, don't you wish you were a high and lofty senior tonight?"

"You bet I do, the Faculty are going to do great things!"

"Do you suppose when we get to be Seniors that they'll do the same for us? Why, Anne, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, I have in mind, ahem, an idea," said Anne. Anne was always having startling ideas, so the girls clamored for an explanation.

"Do tell us quickly," the others cried in chorus.

Anne looked wise and said, "Well, let's go down to the Normal and—and—investigate."

"How jolly! 'So say we all of us.'"

It was a group of Normal girls, having grown very weary of making a basket ball constitution, that started out one night about ten o'clock to reconnoiter.

It seems that the Normal School at Pruneville was having an unusual active winter. It was nearing time for the March class to graduate. This class was, and had always been, very dear to the faculty, much to the freshmen's envy.

Many of the graduates were the old four year course students, and they had been in the Normal so long that they held themselves as oracles, looking down upon the new class as babies and children to be taught the ways and means of Normal life.

The Freshmen were anything but babies, and felt themselves as important as did the Seniors. Thus were ever ready to play a joke upon their upper classmen.

The faculty, upon this especial night, were showing their appreciation for the Seniors by giving them a banquet. It had been rumored around the halls that the teachers were going to do some "keen stunts."

"Say, Anne, did you hear the way Jenette snapped me up this morning when I asked her if she'd tell what the Faculty did tonight?"

"Yes, she's awfully big feeling anyway. Wouldn't it be great to see things and get her to guessing tomorrow?"

"Hurrah, I'm with you there! I believe in the law of suggestion every time."

"Hush, girls, what would Mrs. Moore say if she heard us making such a noise on the streets?"

"Oh, she won't hear us! I suppose she's singing a solo for the dear, sweet seniors about this time."

"I declare, May, anyone would think you loved the seniors, the way

you talk," laughingly added Maude.

In the meantime, the girls had neared the school. It was a beautiful moon-light night. All was still, and the large building gave a feeling of awe as it stood out in bold relief in the moonlight. The girls, nevertheless, undaunted, walked up to the front steps. A man slowly rose up. My, what a scramble! Consternation ran riot for a few seconds, then one of the more courageous spoke out.

"Aren't we silly to run, that was only the night watchman."

"Oh, I never was so scared in all my life! I thought he was a ghost."

"Much good your psychology does you if you can't see a man without forming a concept of a ghost."

"For mercy sake, Jane, don't give us any psychology or pedagogy tonight."

"We can't get in that door, and that's no dream either," said Maude.

A whispered consultation followed, and it was agreed to get in a window and creep up the back stairs to the assembly hall. Thus cautiously, they crept around trying every window. But fate seemed against them, the windows and doors were all barred and bolted.

"Do you suppose the janitor will let us in? Can't hardly have any excuse for books or rubbers or anything this time of night."

"You go, Jane, and ask him. You always have a way to get people to do things."

"That's no sign I do my friends," said Jane, laughing.

The other girls waited patiently. It was very still, save for an occasional laugh that floated out from the assembly hall windows above.

"Girls, it's no use, he won't do it—had strict orders not to let a soul in."

"Oh, dear, what will we do? Anne, haven't you got another idea?"

Just then Maude came running breathlessly. "Girls, girls, we've overlooked one of the windows!"

Sure enough, so they had. Quietly and cautiously they lowered the window. One by one, they climbed over the bars into the dark room. It was so still, that the girls could hear their own hearts beating. Finally getting up enough courage, they ventured into the corridors.

"What if they catch us? The Seniors will murder us and the faculty—do you suppose they would expel us?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"I hear someone coming!"

A mad rush! Some darted back into the room, others in doorways. The game was surely up.

It was a Senior girl. She walked along, little dreaming it, past breathless and scared freshmen. One move, one sigh, and discovery would be sure. Would or could the girls keep still?

At last, her footsteps grew faint.

"Mercy, but that was a close call. I nearly died holding my breath."

"They've finished their program and are coming down stairs to the banquet."

A noise of chairs, a rattling of dishes, and the merry laughs and chats plainly told the eager listeners below that the banqueters were sitting down to the table. May had been spying and returned with news.

"By keeping close to the banisters, we can get up stairs and go to the back stairs overlooking the hall and there we can see them "fine and dandy."

With palpitating hearts, the girls crept cautiously up the stairs. How they hugged the banisters. The more timid started several times, each time retreating to muster up more courage.

"What have you stopped for, Anne? Do go on, you are blocking the way."

"The lights are lit, I'm sure someone is up there."

"Oh horrors! we can't go back. What will the Faculty say?"

The girls scrambled into the recitation rooms. Had they ever seen so large and awful! Each girl vowed if she ever got out, she never, never would get into such a scrape again. It wasn't half the fun it seemed. The thought of passing those tables and lights again seemed dreadful.

May broke the silence, she was always optimistic, "At any rate, we know what they had to eat, and what they wore. I guess Jenette won't be so haughty tomorrow when I tell her a thing or two."

Tomorrow, tomorrow, what would be the outcome of tomorrow?

"We may all be in the office awaiting our judgment tomorrow."

"To be caught, or not to be caught, I'm going to get out of this," said Trix.

With these words, she made a sudded rush for the stairs. The girls saw her safely landed below. The others tried, and made the descent very creditably, all but the last, and she, in her fright, slipped and slid.

The girls were sure that she had been heard, and it was pellmell out of the window. It was a wonder there were no necks here broken, for in their eagerness to escape, one did not wait for another to land, but all tried to squeeze through a space only large enough for two.

Oh, how nice it seemed to be out in the open air again! How good to be safe and sound! Yes it was a lark now that all anxiety was removed.

The next morning at school the seniors were more than ever high and lofty. The freshmen, that is a certain group, seemed especially knowing, too.

A senior was overheard to say, "What ails those babies over there? They think they know it all."

"Well, I don't care, they made some pretty good guesses."

"Oh, some day they will learn to be calm and leave the seniors to rule in peace," thus reasoned the oracles, little knowing what their freshmen friends had done.

E. A., '05

A Dream of the Sea.

All day long blew the rustling wind,
  Through gum trees, straight and tall;
It seemed to bend them to the earth,
  To rock and sway them all.

And as I listened to the breeze,
  It seemed as if I heard
The mighty, roaring ocean speak
  A gentle, soothing word.

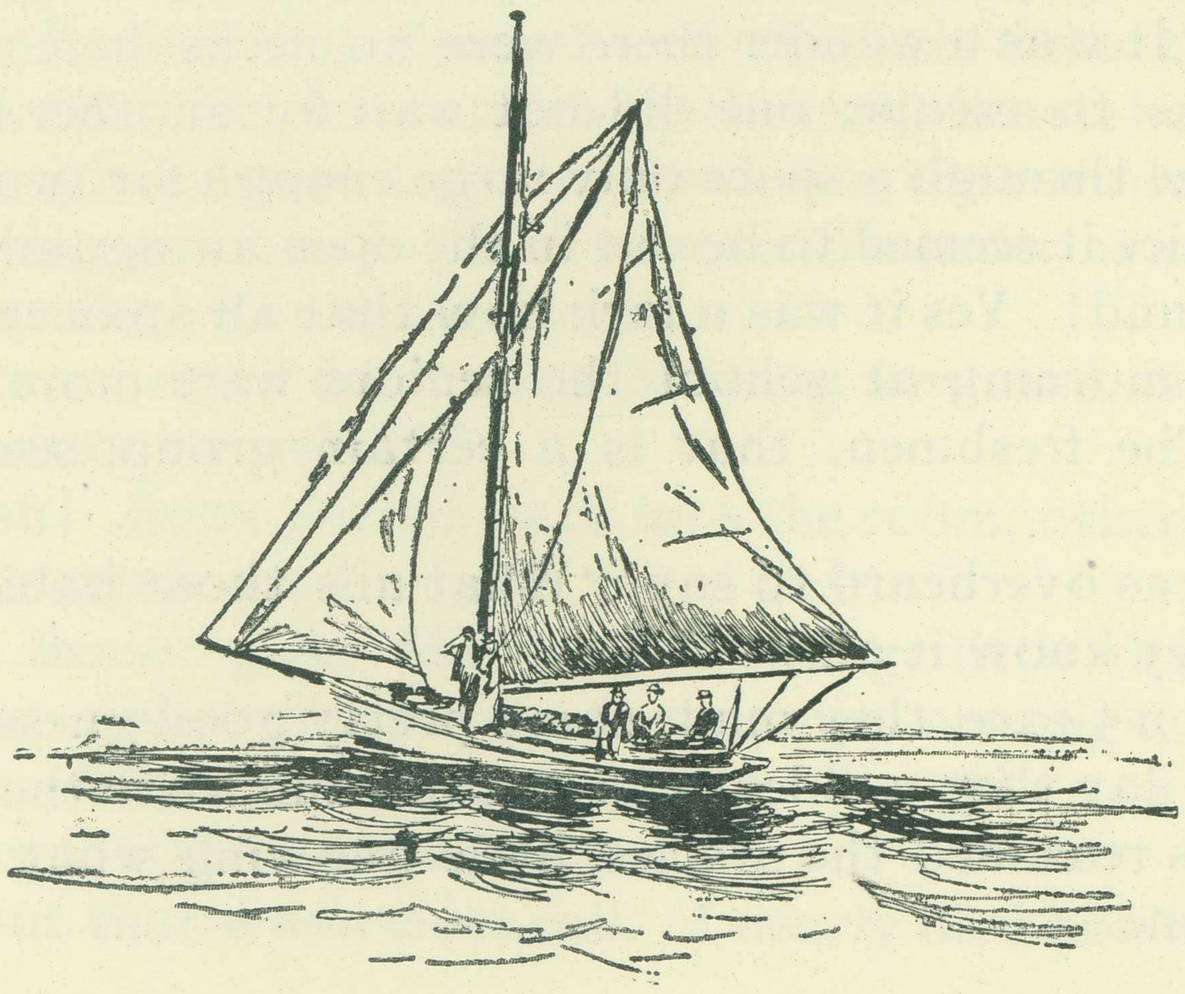
My aching heart was full of grief,
  But soon forgot its pain,
When I recalled the playful times
  Of childhood days again.

I seemed to see the sailing ships,
  Far out upon the sea;
I saw the foaming billows roll,
  And lap the land with glee.

I heard the barking of the seals,
  I heard the sea-gulls cry;
And o'er the high and rugged cliffs,
  The breaking waves dashed high.

These sounds surcharged my heart with joy;
  How glad I was to be
Among the rustling of the trees,
  And dreaming of the sea!

MAYE SMITH.



Capitola Echoes.

TO the uninitiated, Capitola means a summer hotel, a stretch of beach, surf bathing, fishing, and a general good time; but at this season it means more;—it speaks of a conference of young women, some of national reputation, who gather there from all schools and colleges on the coast, as well as from the extreme east.

About three hundred representatives of the Y. W. C. A. take possession of the Capitola Hotel for ten days in the early spring of every year. The management of the whole concern is turned over to the girls, and they conduct the business, social, and religious affairs with equal ability. It seems wonderful that they can afford to furnish board, room and registration fee at the low rate of one dollar and a half per day, and make expenses.

One of the jolliest crowds of the conference is the waitresses. The different girls wait upon tables and are allowed a certain sum per day for this service. To most of them the interior of an immense hotel kitchen is a revelation and lots of fun they have out of it.

Other sources of pleasure, part of the "good times" of Capitola, are the numerous excursions, into the Big Trees, over to Santa Cruz and Vue d' Leau, and the various beach walks. What impresses one most forcibly about these girls is the evidence of the joy and happiness they get out of life. They enter into all the gaieties with the same zest with which they plan and lead meetings or guide a groping soul to the light. The culmination of all the gay spirits is in College Day, a sort of field meet which the girls make just as funny as possible. On the last day of the conference a banquet is given of which the after-dinner speeches are an important feature. The toasts sparkle with wit and gay repartee.

The mornings and evenings are devoted to the religious meetings, which are classified under different heads. Mission study, bible study, city association and factory work, and all the causes for which the association stands, are represented by their able secretaries. One may thus elect whichever line of study she desires to follow up. This year, besides the National Secretary, Miss Conde, and the coast and general secretaries, the association was fortunate in securing the services of Rev. Potter of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, and Dr. Gilchrist of San Anselmo, both of whom are able speakers and consecrated workers.

Besides the regular meetings and classes, which were a source of wonderful inspiration, the personal conference, the intimate personal contact with these noble men and women, were the most helpful part of the conference, for it is always a joy to come in touch with a beautiful Christian character.

The conference closes with the consecration service on the last night,

and a wonderful meeting it is. It was said by all the leaders that, spiritually, the conference of this year was the most wonderful in its results of any they have ever held. All of those who went, go back prepared for more efficient work in their own associations, and the inspiration of the few days at Capitola is sufficient to color and brighten all the clouds and trials of the hard days that may come afterward.

The girls who represented San Jose Normal have only one regret, which is that they were not all there for the full ten days. All are resolved to go, if possible, for the full time another year, and are anxious that as many as possible shall know about the happy times at Capitola and plan to participate in them next spring.

One of the splendid features of our Y. W. C. A. is the Capitola Fund, from which girls who desire to go may borrow the money for expenses, with the privilege of paying it back any time within two years. Thereby many girls are given not only a delightful vacation but an inspiration and uplift to character and life as well. May the Capitola conference go on from year to year and from glory to glory, never diminishing in power, but ever increasing in inspiration and helpfulness to the college girl of the coast.

E. L.

Spring.

A restless feeling pervades the air,
There's a stir and a murmur everywhere.
A spirit, awakening in everything,
Whispers, "'Tis coming; the spring! the spring!"
Ah! that is the cause of the sun's glad smile,
The rustling of leaflets all the while.
This—that inspires the bird's glad song,
And keeps your heart singing all day long.
There's an echo of laughter far and wide
From the children at play on the warm hill-side,
Where the bright spring blossoms a carpet spread
Of butter-cups gold, and poppies red.
This is the happy picnic time
When nature joins in one glad rhyme,
With the spirit, awaking in everything,
That whispers, "'Tis coming, the spring! the spring!"

M. Pemberton, '06.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - - APRIL, 1905

IN looking over the exchange columns of the numerous papers, it was remarkable to see how much space was given to the discussion of the aim of this department. Many of the articles seemed to be written with the idea of filling up space and not with the intention of carefully discussing the subject.

We believe that the aim of the exchange column is primarily for a help. It should endeavor after careful consideration to criticise the paper. By criticising we mean to judge it impartially. Speak of both its strong points and weak points. Probably much more good could be gotten from the exchange columns if the editors themselves thoroughly understood the meaning of the word *criticise*.

It is always better to give a specific criticism than a general one. Do not say the "paper is good" or "we enjoy reading the ——." Little benefit can be derived from such a criticism. It is far better to tell in what particulars the paper is good and why you enjoy reading it. If it is not worth reading say so, and if possible make suggestions for its improvement.

With regards to the question of adding joshes to the exchange column, that matter should be left to the discretion of the editor. But one should remember that the exchange column is not a joke, but an essential part of any school paper.

IN answer to an invitation by Dr. Schallenberger, Mr. Wells, City Superintendent of San Jose Public Schools, addressed the Training School Faculty, *i. e.*, the Normal students teaching in the Training School, upon the following subject: How to make a good Training School.

Many points he brought out have been ably discussed by Dr. Schallenberger, principal of the Training School, in her weekly meetings, but Mr. Wells's discussion of the subject was of special value in that it emphasized these same thoughts and presented them in a new light.

He spoke somewhat as follows: We are confronted with the question: Is the main purpose of the Training School the gaining of experience by the teacher or is the development of the children taught of most importance? We should remember that the Training School is a public school and must meet the requirements that are demanded of other public schools of this city. It should give the student teachers experience, but not at the expense of the children.

We realize that the weakness in any Training School is the lack of unity and that the more this is lessened the better it is for the school. The fact that each teacher goes to her class with some definite aim to accomplish (which is right) and does not consider the other subjects tends to disintegration. Her aim, *e. g.*, may be to teach language and she does not think of requiring the correct sitting position of the children which would be demanded by the Physical Training teacher. But in other public schools one teacher is responsible for the class all the time. One can readily see the difference.

However the number of teachers and the frequent changing of them is not altogether a disadvantage. When we consider the advantages, this drawback is greatly overbalanced. The small classes, well-planned lessons, individual attention given to the children and careful supervision of critics, supervisors and principal, to say nothing of the splendid library, well-ventilated and pleasant rooms make it almost an ideal school.

With regard to discipline Mr. Wells said that the ideal discipline in any school is the informal where there is naturalness—no affectation on the part of the teacher and simple and natural actions on the part of the children. The tendency in the schools now is toward informal discipline and not the strict, rigid, military discipline which prevailed formerly. To discipline a class informally and to do it well shows the ability and skill of the teacher. *It is the weak teacher who resorts to formal discipline.*

Mr. Wells spoke very encouragingly to the student teachers. There are two strong points in their favor. They have no firmly fixed bad habits formed and are full of enthusiasm. They are conscientious and put their whole spirit into the work, not merely for the sake of pleasing their

critics, but for the satisfaction received from the good results obtained.

An informal discussion followed after which Dr. R. D. Hunt, principal of San Jose High School, addressed the teachers. He spoke of the requirements of pupils when they reached High School and suggested probable reasons why they sometimes failed to meet these requirements. Often some of the brightest pupils in the Grammar School fail when they enter High School. Why? Dr. Hunt believes this is due to too much unwise personal attention given to the pupils in the Grammar School and perhaps also to the lack of enough careful supervision of each pupil at High School. They have not acquired self-direction and initiative.

We believe, if this is true, that the various organizations, such as athletic clubs, debating society and the editing and publishing of a school paper, will tend to greatly lessen this weakness. He spoke favorably of these organizations in our Training School.

In summation Mr. Wells dwelt upon the fact that the greater chance for individual attention to pupils in the Training School should be such wise attention as would lead to independence of character and action, and not tend toward weakness and dependence.

The Training School has wonderful opportunities. Its problem is their wise solution.

Those who are interested in educational problems will find under the educational department in the current number of the Raven an exceedingly fine article, "Is Higher Education Practical?" by Dr. Margaret Schallenberger, Ph. D., Principal of the Normal Training School.

How to Kill a School Paper.

1.—Do not subscribe; borrow your room-mate's paper. Be a sponge.
2.—Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.
3.—Never hand in a news item and criticise everything in the paper. Be a knocker.
4.—Tell your neighbor you can get the paper for less money. Be a grafter.
5.—If you can't get a hump on your anatomy and make the paper a success, be a corpse.—*Ex.*

Song of Our Business Manager.

How dear to my heart
Is the cash of subscription,
When generous subscriber
Presents it to view.
But the one who won't pay
I refrain from description—
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That ONE may be you.—*Ex.*

News.

Those who are interested in educational problems will find under the educational department in the current number of the Raven an exceedingly fine article, "Is Higher Education Practical?" by Dr. Margaret Schallenberger, Ph. D., Principal of the Normal Training School.

"A sweet, delusive week,
Which students gladly seek;
A week all sped too soon,
And pleasures left behind."

Vacation is over. The Normal faculty and students have again begun their routine of work in real earnest. Although we all love vacation for the care-free feeling it brings, we love our work and are glad to get back to "dear old Normal," once more.

In connection with her weekly Thursday morning Bible readings, Miss Royce prepared a very original programme for the morning of March 23rd. The programme consisted of the usual readings, a recitation rendered by Miss Rose Gardiner, a chorus entitled, "Sound the Loud Timbral," and a "Chant," both of which were rendered by the Choral Society of the Normal School. The effect of the chant at different intervals during the reading of "Miriam's Song of Praise," was very pleasing. The whole programme was pronounced a success.

Welcome! thrice welcome, Mr. Bullock, back to our Normal School! We are always glad to receive former members of our faculty back, especially when they grow so much "better looking" and "attractive." We gladly forgive you for getting a little bit "scared" while talking to us during assembly hour, for we can all sympathize with you.

Fifteen new pupils have come to us to help fill the empty place made by the March graduates.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 11th, the Normal Base Ball Team and the San Jose Business College Team played a joint game on the ball grounds of the Normal Square. Although a number of enthusiastic girls were present to help encourage them, it seemed there was still not enough encouragement, for the San Jose Business College boys got the better of us 12 to 3. This shows how very soon base ball players can get out of practice. The Normal boys have not practiced for some time and this is their first defeat. Next time the girls will be ready again to cheer you on, boys. You will be in good trim and the game will undoubtedly be ours.

A Student Body meeting was called and a committee appointed by

President Lowe to assist Miss Kinney in decorating the Normal in honor of the coming of the Governor, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Kirk, Dr. Jordan, Prof. Snedden, and other college professors, also other members of the Board of Trustees, on Friday, April 15th. The event is to be one of great importance and Normal is to appear at her best.

The attitude of politeness toward visitors is manifestly different of late. Not as before do strangers have to come to the Normal and Training Schools and wander and wait around for someone and then perhaps go away disappointed. Now a stranger scarcely enters the door until some good fairy is by his side with the questions of, "Are you looking for someone?" or "Whom do you wish to see?" We wonder why? The faculty say, "Keep up the good work."

On March 22, the Sr. B twos gathered for one of their pleasant reunions, the occasion being a farewell to Miss Johnnie Johnson, who graduated with the March class. A dainty little banquet was served in the lunch room. Many pleasing toasts were responded to, voicing the sentiments of appreciation and good feeling that is held for Miss Johnson. Although the class feel her loss severely, yet they wish her God-speed and a future happy career.

On Thursday evening, Mar. 23, Miss Enid Kinney's Optional class and Miss Ettie Kinney's Bible class were entertained by the Misses Kinney at their delightful home on south Ninth street, in honor of the graduates in the respective classes. As our graduates were about to enter upon arduous careers, in order to help them surmount all obstacles, all present joined in wishing them God-speed, and by means of songs, poems, and essays, gave them such weighty advice, that if followed, they will, as is hoped, become stars in their respective walks in life.

In accordance with the usual custom of presenting the Normal with some remembrance of its class, the March class presented a large, beautiful chair to be used by any guest that may visit us. The chair is said to possess the magic power of making the occupant glad to stand before the Student Body and say wonderful things, and also when his lecture is uninteresting, he knows there will always be a soft seat awaiting him.

Before vacation the Student Body and Faculty listened to an address by Mr. Bigelow, a famous Nature Study teacher. He is a very amusing speaker. Parts of his speech were excellent, but the greater part of it did not apply to us at all.

On Thursday evening, Prof. and Mrs. Snyder entertained for Prof. and Mrs. Bullock, in the guise of a tin shower. Each piece was accompanied by an appropriate bit of rhyme. A flower game and light refreshments ended the evening.

IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The most important and helpful event in the Training School was the presentation of the printing press by the Board of Trustees. The first product of this new acquirement was in the form of a school paper, "The Training School Enterprise." Some of the contributions were The Class Song of the Sixth Grade, by Regina Ries; several very good short stories; accounts of the Athletics, Basket Ball, Military, Sunshine and Sewing Clubs; announcement of the joint entertainment of the Girls' Basket Ball and Boys' Military Clubs, and the dedication of the paper. Some portions that are well worth quoting. "We dedicate our first effort to the Board of Trustees, who have generously presented us with our new printing press. . . . We intend to publish a paper at least every month. To do this, we must learn to say things in the best way. Our proof-readers will want clean proof. Our pressman will insist on a clean machine. Our readers will want something worth reading. . . . We wish to thank the Board and President Dailey for presenting us with our new press. Here's to the success of the Training School Enterprise." In the afternoon during the last recitation period, the Normal School was startled by strange trampings of little feet, and small voices at our very ears, crying, "Training School Enterprise, five cents a copy," "Only five cents a copy," etc. So great was the students' interest that those having no purse with them borrowed from their neighbors in order to purchase one of the papers. Nobody made any objections to the unusual noise and the arrest of the recitation. This shows how strongly attached are the sympathies of the Normal and Training Schools. The faculty believe that the printing press will bring about better work along literary lines and more independent work, than any other means could have done. The paper is entirely in the hands of the pupils and if it succeeds, which it undoubtedly will, to them belongs the credit and the praise.

To train pupils in independent work has been and is the aim of good teachers in every school. High School teachers complain that the average Grammar School graduate does not know how to study unless the teacher is continually pulling him along and telling him what to do. We feel certain that this will not be said of the Normal Training School graduates.

Miss McMillin's department is making elaborate preparations for a May festival to be held in the school gardens. The children are very enthusiastic over the preparations and a splendid time is expected.

On Thursday afternoon, March 23rd, the Boys' Athletic Club and the Girls' Basket Ball Club gave a joint entertainment. A small admittance fee was charged. The proceeds were used by the boys in purchasing a bugle and the girls donated theirs to the printing-press. The boys' part of the program was as follows: Part I—Opening, Gun Drill; Song, "Old

Glory"; Salute to the Flag, Soldiers; Song, "Star Spangled Banner" Captain Sewall Brown; "Break Ranks." Part II—Bivouac; Speeches by Soldiers; Address, Private Earle Telfer; recitation, "Our Drummer Boy," by Private Donald Darcy; Song by request of soldiers, "Little Boy Taps," by Captain Sewall Brown and Private Wilbur Brown; Address, "Our Flag," by Private Beck. Part III—Evening in Camp; Song, "Tenting Tonight," Soldiers, Conclusion drum beat to arms and a hasty departure to meet the foe.

The girls' opening selection was, "My Own United States"; Farce, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Cast of Characters—Mrs. Wiggs, Minerva Sitton; Miss Hazy, Isabel Rowell; Australia, Francis Davy; Asia, Bessie Smith; Europena, Hannah Hanway; Billy, Carson Thompson; Drill by 5th and 6th grade girls; Song by Marjorie Thompson; Drill by Basket Ball girls. The whole was a success and shows what the pupils can do and what may be expected of them.

The June Class has organized and the following officers were elected: President, C. E. Earle; Vice-President, Hattie M. Dyer; Secretary, Mrs. Flickinger; Treasurer, Marcia Cather; Editor-in-Chief of the PENNANT, Lottie D. Hudson; Business Manager, Ethel B. Lewis.

Whereas, the hand of Divine Providence, has removed from this life, father of our beloved teacher, D. R. Wood, therefore, be it resolved that we, the Associated Students of the State Normal School, desire to express our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy with Mr. Wood.

Resolved, That in our natural sorrow for the loss of the faithful and beloved father, we find consolation in the belief that it is well with him for whom we mourn.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best.

Resolved, That the sincerest sympathy of the Associated Students be extended to the family in their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Associated Students and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy be published in the Normal Pennant.

ELEANOR LOWE,
President Student Body.

MERLE GRAY,
HATTIE DYER,
VAUGN LLOYD,
C. E. EARLE,
LAURA KENNEDY,
Executive Committee.





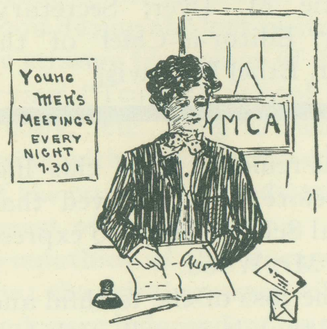


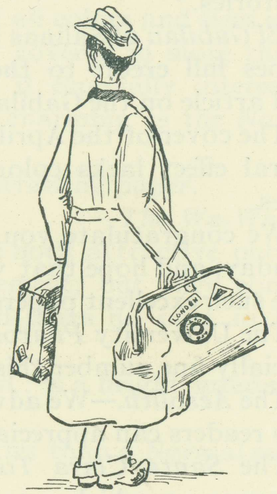




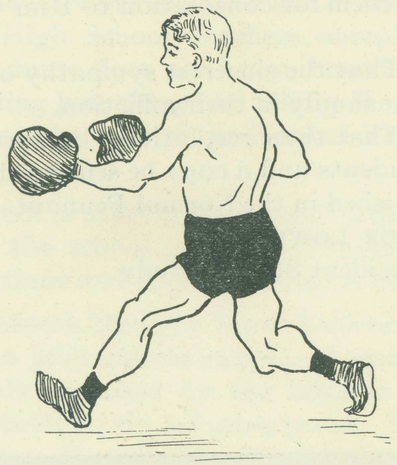
Y. M. N. D. DIRECTORY.

NAME	DISPOSITION	FUTURE	SONG BEST SUITED	REMARKS
J. G. Bayley	Don't Know	Manager of Unique	Won't you come home, Bill Bayley...	And still they gazed and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew.
Willis Cline	None	Prize Fighter	After the ball is over...	He is a man of muscle and he has a head on him, too.
Christian Endeavor Earle...	Fierce	Queener	Onward, ever onward..	I am monarch of all I survey.
Elmer Emerson...	Good	Sec. Y. M. C. A.	Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you...	To love him is a liberal education.
Ward Campbell...	Shy	Dancing Master	Dancing the two-step with ——!	Dancing is such hard work.
Merle Gray	Constant	School Teacher	We won't be home till morning..	Brisk wielder of the birch and rule.
Ernest Laughlin..	Worse	Novelist and Musician	Goodbye, little girl, good-bye...	There once was a Harper in Normal Halls.
Vaugn Lloyd	Fickle	Grammarian	Just one girl	He almost died for want of breath.
James O'Brien	Lovable	None	Oh, who will smoke my Merchaum pipe...	We see him as through a vale of smoke.
Ira Payne	Bold	Traveling Man	Teasing	Only the brave deserve the fair.
Clarence Phelps...	Soft	Clergyman	My old Kentucky home	A good lady was he enamoured of.
Edgar Woodcock	Workable	Shoveling Gravel	Kiss me good-night, little maiden...	Work, for the night is coming.

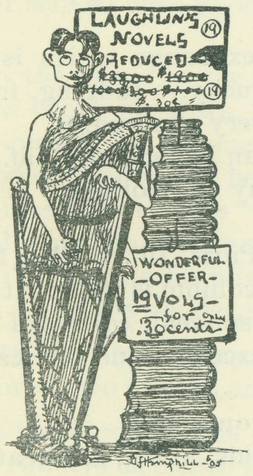


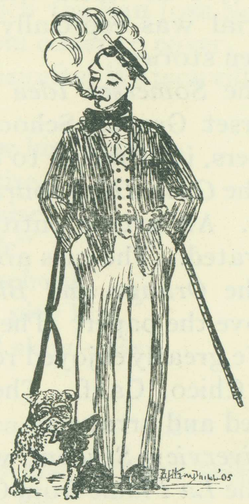














The *High School Review* is an excellently gotten up paper. Its literary department is especially strong, having a number of very interst-ing stories.

El Gabilan of Salinas is among our new magazines, and we are sure it does full credit to the school which publishes it. There was a very good article on the Gabilan Palisades which deserves special mention.

The cover of the April *Observer* has a very artistic drawing, but the general effect lacks color and contrast between the cover and interior leaves.

We congratulate you, *San Francisco Mission*, on your second year's birthday; and hope that we may have the pleasure of receiving many more such excellent papers as you have been publishing.

The University *Pharos*, one of the best exchanges, has published an especially fine number this month.

The *Aerolith*.—We advise the Aerolith to adapt a script which more of its readers can appreciate.

The *Santa Clara Tocsin* came out this month in a charming bright blue cover on which was engraved a very pretty design. Its reading material was especially good, having among its numbers three well written stories.

The *Somerset Idea* is a new exchange which is published by the Somerset Graded School of Kentucky. Judging from its first two numbers, it promises to become a very good paper.

The *Girls' High Journal* from San Francisco, Calif., is a well arranged paper. An article entitled "A Day in Holland" is well written and illustrated. The cuts are splendid.

The *Orange and Black* from Paris, Ill., needs a few good stories to improve the paper. The exchange column is well written.

We greatly enjoyed reading the souvenir edition of the *Normal Record* from Chico, Calif. The cuts are excellent and the reading material well selected and arranged.

Riverview Student, where are your cuts?

The *La Plume* from Grand Rapids, Mich., is a neat little paper. The

"Advice to Prospective Freshmen, Drawn from Personal Experience" is very good.

The *Manzanita* from Watsonville, Cal., is a very interesting paper, showing in judgment in the arrangement of material. We trust you will continue the good work of inserting cuts in your paper as it adds greatly to its appearance.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The *Normal Pennant*, San Jose, Cal., is a new exchange. The cover is tasteful though simple, and the forty pages of reading matter are well arranged. There are several good stories.—*The Observer.*

The *Pennant* ranks among our best exchanges.—*La Plume.*

The *Normal Pennant* has reached our desk. We welcome it gladly, for it is an excellent paper and can give us new ideas.—*The Zephyr.*

One of the best exchanges in a liberal pile of all colors and sizes is the *Normal Record.* The wide range of subjects covered in more than a dozen beautifully written short stories makes it especially interesting and well worthy of imitation. Hardly less charming is the *Normal Pennant* from a sister institution.—*Sea Urchin.*

The *Normal Pennant* is a good-sized and interesting paper.

—*The Wa-Wa.*

The *Bell* and *Pennant* of San Jose, Cal., are both attractive publications in reading matter and also in arrangement, but they concern California wholly and solely: The outside world takes no part in their affairs.

The *Normal Pennant* from San Jose, Calif., is a bright interesting paper.—*Betheny Messenger.*

The *Normal Pennant* is good, but no better than a Normal school ought to have.—*The Arrow.*

We are sure to benefit by the journal which the San Jose Normal edits. The *Pennant* is filled with good things from cover to cover.

The Manzanita, Watsonville.

Pity the editor on the exchange
How broad his work, how narrow his range,
He must either commend or criticise,
He should be clever, he must be wise,
He must observe the "Golden Rule"
And maintain the dignity of the school.
Don't condemn his mistakes, but pity him,
His reward is slender, skimpy and skim.—Ex.

Where's your little brother, today, Johnnie?
Why, he swallowed two spoons and now he can't stir."—Ex.

"Ha, I will fool the bloodhounds yet!" cried the fugitive hoarsely, and slipping on his rubbers he erased his tracks.—Ex.

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp no doubt,
For as soon as Mary's beau went in,
The lamp, you see, went out.—Ex.

Howard took his best girl in
To get an ice-cream Sundæ,
But when he came to pay, he found
He'd have to wait 'till Monday.
—Ex.

"Never tell a Monkey anything," said the Rhinoceros.
"Why not?" said the Elephant.
"They always carry tales," he answered.—Ex.

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp;
He isn't especially bright;
He is often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.—Ex.

Mike—"What shall I do with this dirt that's left over?"
Pat—"Dig another hole and shovel it in."—Ex.

"Evolution," quoth the Monkey,
Makes all mankind our kin;
There's no chance about it,
Tails we lose and heads we win."—Ex.

Teacher (severely)—"Is that chewing gum in your mouth?"
Boy—"Yes, mam."
Teacher—"Give it to me."
Boy—"Wait, and I'll give you a piece that ain't chewed."—Ex.

"I expect I'll be fired," remarked the locomotive, "unless I tender my resignation."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the baggage car, the company 'steams you too highly for that."

"Well, I hope so," answered the engine, "but you see I've been running out of nights, and having an occasional toot, and I'm afraid they'll get on my track and turn the tables on me."—Ex.

One added to one equals one,
But of course the one must be won;
Then add a divorce—
As a matter of course—
And one minus one equals one.—Ex.

First Student (Picking up a book in the library)—"I didn't know they had the poems of John Hay here."

Second Student (flippantly)—"Why, what would they feed the ponies if they didn't have Hay in the library?"—Ex.

Societies.

Erosophian.

The Erosophians are eager to commence their new term's work with their new president, Lottie Hudson. The quarterly election took place at the last meeting, and the newly elected officers are:

President	Lottie Hudson
Vice-President . .	Constance Richards
Secretary	Marie Bernhart
Treasurer	Mable Sailor

The society gave a banquet the evening of March eighteenth in honor of its graduate, Genevieve Lyng. A sumptuous repast was enjoyed by about thirty Erosophians and a number of the faculty. The tables were beautifully decorated with lilacs and smilax. Later we adjourned to the society room which was artistically decorated with the society colors, red and green.

A short but well selected program was rendered and games were played. Miss Cory presented Miss Lyng with the society diploma and made some excellent remarks as to the high estimation in which the member is held. Dancing completed the evening's entertainment.

Y. M. N. D.

The Y. M. N. D. Society is continuing its work along the same course as that taken at the beginning of the year. The new members have been valuable additions as the society has been greatly strengthened thereby. The scarcity of boys furnishes each member an opportunity to do independent work. The outcome has been favorable toward developing expression and ease of position. The society expects to debate soon with one of the literary societies in the school, and is also contemplating to give a farce before the Student Body.

Browning.

Browning is continuing its work and we are all looking forward to a most prosperous and happy term, which has already begun in earnest under the able leadership of our new president, Miss Hattie Dyer. The other officers for the term are; Secretary, Miss Clayton; and treasurer, Alice Fulgham.

On Thursday afternoon a reception was tendered Prof. Bullock, Prof. Snyder, and our new initiates. A six o'clock dinner was held after which music and games were greatly enjoyed by all. Our new members were put through the initiation ceremonies, and we hope they will not soon forget them.

Sappho.

Sappho life has been as pleasant as ever during the last month. On Friday, March 17, a luncheon was given in honor of the three graduating sisters, Myrtle Bernhard, Anna McMurdo, and Anna Lemon. Invitations had been extended to all the Normal boys, and at 5:30 the jolly party partook of the daintily served refreshments. Following this came the toasts, as befitting the occasion were many of them witty, well put, eliciting responses that "brought down the house."

Lulu Gregory as toast mistress proposed "Our Graduates" as follows:

"We've gathered at our banquet board
Ye loyal Sappho sisters
And honorary gentlemen
Our presidents and misters
To wish our "sweet girl graduates"
Whose toils with us are ended
The pleasures of that better "climb"
Which we've not yet ascended.

Finding it inconvenient
Upon a spit to roast 'em
And fearing that they're under done
We thought it wise to toast 'em.
"Normal" may do for studious maids
Magie you'd hardly dream on
But if in style you'd serve 'em up
Let Sappho put the cream on.

Here's to you, best and long success
With happiness unmeasured,
Neath fair skies and a sunny clime
Bright as the dreams you've treasured
And ne'er forget, should dreams all fade
And adverse storms o'ertake you,
That thirty loyal Sappho hearts,
In storm will not forsake you.

Response, Anna Lemon.

Other toasts were:

"In Honor of the Day" . . . . . Hazel Brock
Response . . . . . Miss Royce
"To Our Boys" . . . . . Lillian Pope
Response . . . . . Elmer Emerson
"To Our Faculty" . . . . . Marcia Cather
"What Sappho Life Has Meant to Us," Myrtle Bernhard

After the lunch all adjourned to the halls and danced. At eight

o'clock all went in a body to the Assembly Hall and heard Marshall Darrach give his last recital, "Romeo and Juliet."

The results of our regular term election were as follows:

President . .	Gussie Stevens
Vice-President . .	Marion DuBois
Secretary . . .	Hazel Macauley
Treasurer . . .	Margaret Owens

Friday afternoon, April 14th, initiation ordeals were given to the candidates, after which all went to the "Aloha" when jollification reigned for an hour or so. We all welcome Georgina Barker, Mae Keith and Hilda Koch into our club and hope that their hours in Sappho will be happy ones.

Allenian.

Allenian ended last term by giving a jolly "spread" in honor of her three March graduates: Dorothy Douglas, Johanne Johnson, Florence Dinnegan, and her newly elected officers; Francis Gwinn, president; Alerta Ives, vice-president; Donna Butner, secretary; Lulu Harden, treasurer; Laura Dougherty and Fannie Lurhman, sergeants-at-arms.

Several of the faculty members were present. After the spread which was as dainty and delicious as any ever given by the Allenians, toasts were given by the faculty members, the graduates, the retiring officers, and the newly elected officers.

We think that our graduates will remember their last "feed" with much pleasure.

On Friday afternoon, the seventeenth of March, we held our first initiation of the term. A good program was enjoyed, and after the initiation there were good things to eat, and dancing.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is in a most prosperous condition, and hopes to do some effective work in the next two months. At the last meeting a large number of new members were formally received into the society. The attendance at the meetings is very good, and the meetings themselves are most interesting. On the day the delegates returned from Capitola a special meeting was held, when the girls gave reports of what the conference had meant to them, and it was a most helpful hour, as all the girls returned brimming over with enthusiasm and ideas for the progress of our work. Miss Howlett, our president, remained at Capitola for the full ten days and the others who attended for part of the time were: Miss Cory, Miss Davenport, Ethel Lewis, Mabel Cochran, Edith Nattrass, Susie Christenson, Jane Bottomley, Barbara Miller, Allerta Ives, Leota Wilcox and Helen Snyder. They all report a most delightful time, and are resolved to go, if possible, again next year. They hope, too, that a large delegation will represent our school, so that we may make as good a showing as Los Angeles, which is so much farther away.

Two of the Chico Normal girls have been visiting us on their return from Capitola. We were all happy to meet both Miss Bernard and Miss Porter, and we sent by them our hearty greetings to Chico.

The officers recently elected to serve the Association during the coming year are: President, Lucy Howlett (re-elected); vice-president, Edith Culter; recording secretary, Ora Betts; corresponding secretary, Ada DeWitt. Helen Taylor will serve as pianist and Ethel Lewis will have charge of the music.

Athletics.

Basket Ball.

THIS edition of the Pennant finds the enthusiasm displayed toward Basket Ball just as strong as ever. By the recent graduation the team lost four of its star members, but we feel confident that after a few steady practice games the vacant places will be filled by competent players.

The Basket Ball girls miss not only the strength and support that Anna Laird, Johnnie Johnson, Genevieve Lyng and Ann MacMurdo gave to the team, but they also miss their jovial countenances and pleasant companionship which have endeared them to the school girls for the past two years.

On the evening of March the eleventh, a reception was tendered the graduates in Normal Hall. Each was presented with a souvenir spoon on which a basket ball was beautifully engraved. An orchestra composed of all of the members of the Basket Ball Club, playing a variety of unique and interesting instruments, rendered "The Sleighing Party." This rendition was a great success and displayed to advantage the talents of the different members.

No games have been definitely scheduled, but nevertheless, the girls have begun practicing again, and, should a challenge be received from a neighboring school, a splendid team will be ready to support the Normal colors. The splendid condition of the court, which, thanks to our faculty and trustees, has been greatly remodeled and improved, has been a strong incentive to the girls to practice. A large number of new girls have appeared on the court, and are doing excellent individual work, but they need some steady team practice to make accurate players.

By far the most interesting game of the season was that between the March and June Classes. Some of the players on both sides were novices, but learned a great deal about the game before it ended. The June class came off victorious, the score being 10 to 2, and immediately took possession of a handsome trophy in the shape of a battered tin dipper, which they retain in their possession and prize very highly. The March Class was particularly desirous of obtaining this trophy and it was with a great deal of difficulty that the June class made good their claims after the game.

The line up for the March class was as follows:

GOALS	CENTERS	GUARDS
Lemon	Johnson	Thompson
Laird	Bernard	Lyng
	Ingalls	

Umpire—Mabel Dyer.

Line up for the June class:

GOALS	CENTERS	GUARDS
Hern	Gowanlock	Hemphill
Ives	Fielgham	Abeel
	Gwinn	

Umpire—Violet Brown. Referee—Maude Chase.

The girls contemplate having an interclass field day in the near future the Seniors against the Juniors. Great enthusiasm has been aroused and it will be a great success if every girl will take part.

The old saying, "there is always room for one more," may apply to our basket ball court, so girls, let us see more of you on the field each practice evening, for basket ball not only brings you good health, but it is a fine way to show your school spirit.

Baseball.

There has not been much playing in baseball circles of late. While one practice game has been lost, Normal has won the two scheduled games by a large margin, one from the Boys' Brotherhood and one from the San Jose Business College. In the future, it is expected that many games will be played, both on the home and other grounds. The team work at present is very poor, owing to a lack of practice, but under the able coaching of Captain Emerson, a few weeks vigorous work should produce a team equal to those of the neighboring schools. The boys are greatly hampered in playing by not having suits. It is impossible to play on other grounds without them, and yet the cost is so great that the expense cannot be borne by the team itself. The solution of the problem must rest with the girls. Can they not give an entertainment to help the team on to victory?

Tennis.

During the past spring days, a great deal of enthusiasm has been shown in tennis. Great skill is being obtained in this art, and perhaps some tournaments will be arranged with some of the neighboring teams. Considerable time is being given to tennis by our training school pupils and some of our training school faculty as well.

It has been rumored that the court will be made into a modern court. As the court is not in a desirable condition at present, this will give an incentive to new players and will be greatly appreciated by the old ones.

To Our Readers:

Read the editorial and then consult this page, then *don't* go and patronize the *other fellow, who does not advertise.* Speak a good word for the Pennant or use the little tickets. The business men appreciate it. Some students are helping, are even going out of their way to distribute their trade among the advertisers. Will you do as much?

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Roberts and Gross—50-52 So. 1st
Prussia—146 So. 1st
Arcade
Stull & Sonniksen
Parisian Suit and Cloak House
Ladies' Emporium—So. 2nd St.

BOOKS

Maynards—112 So. 1st
Guppy & Son—31 E. San Fernando
Millard—Knox Block, W. Santa Clara
Haas—80 So. 1st
Miller—11-13 So. 2nd.

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Kocher—13 So. 1st
W. C. Lean—1st and San Fernando

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Osgood & Ball—158 So. 1st

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Jose Millinery—62 So. 2nd
The Leon—46 So. 1st
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Pomeroy—114 So. 1st St.
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LAUNDRY

Enterprise—Santa Clara, Phone, Grant 96
St. James—Bettin, Prop.
Kelley—San Pedro and Taylor
Red Star—429 W. Santa Clara

GENERAL MDSE.

Farmer's Union—Santa Clara and Market
Chapman-Johnson

MUSIC AND PIANOS

Engle—52 E. Santa Clara

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

San Jose Bus. Col.—1st and San Fernando
The Modern School—North 2nd

TRANSFER AND DRAYAGE

San Jose Transfer Co.—62 E. Santa Clara

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Sterling Dental Co.—26 So. 1st

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Leach's—35 So. Market
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Melvin, Hillis & Black—W. San Fernando

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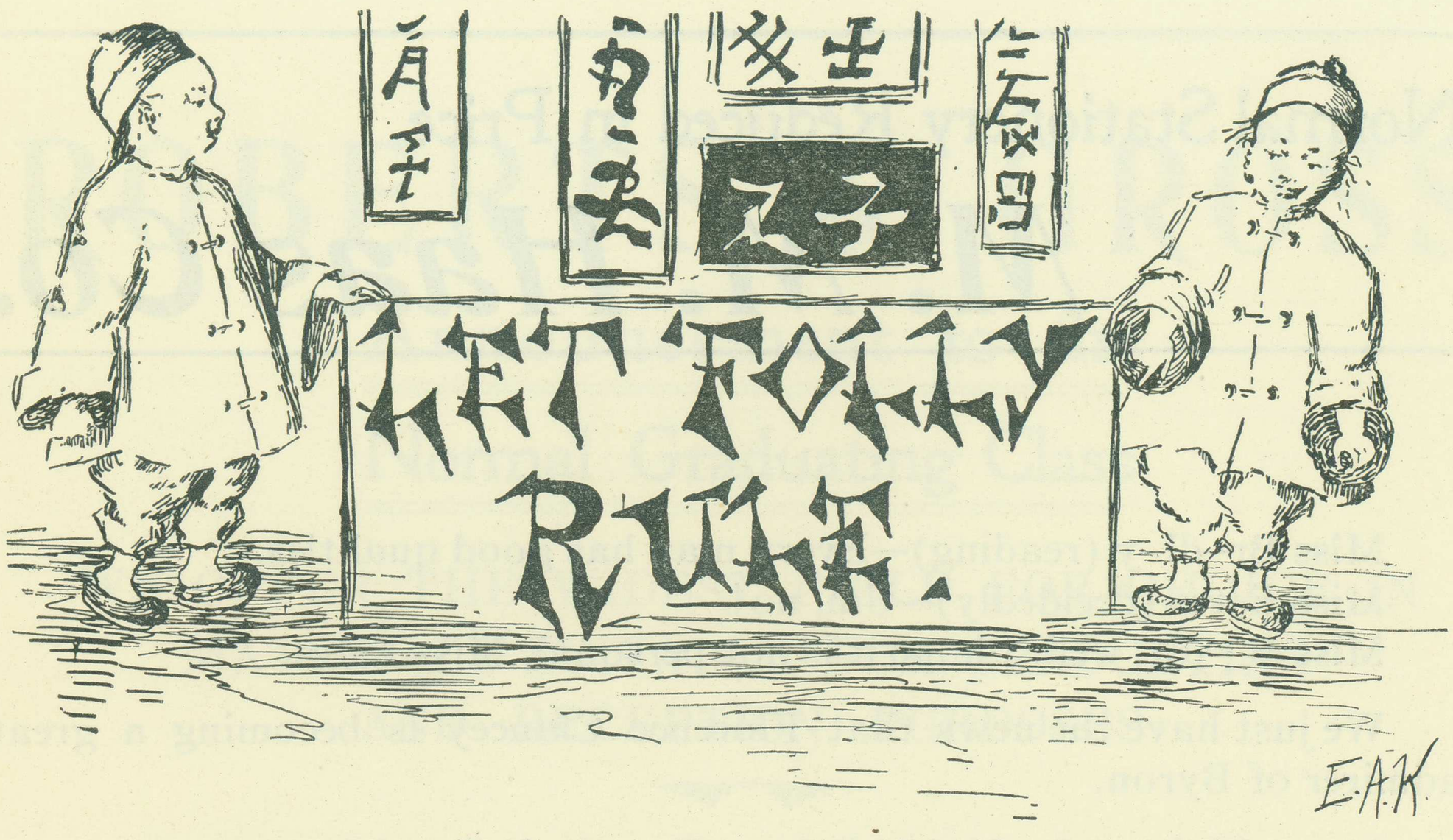
Moltzen & Keaton—E. San Fernando
Wright Hardware Co.—So. 2nd

DRUGS

Curtis & Henkle
Thomas Pharmacy

SHOES

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PENNANT ADVERTISING COLUMN.

WANTED—Detectives by Basket Ball Club and Browning Society.

To know what Mrs. Bullock charges for pressing trousers and shining shoes.

An experienced teacher of Tennis. Time no object. Send references to Alice Harris.

By certain members of the S. N. S., any means, legal or otherwise, with which to persuade, induce, inveigle, or compel "the powers that be" to grant license to "visit" in the Library from 8 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., to said members.

Anyone knowing joshes on Grace White please hand them in before the next issue of the Pennant. Reward for best one. Josh Editors.

A book on how to converse in spare moments by Olco Baty.

FOR SALE—Hearts for sale or exchange by Gertrude Garwood.

Time for sale. Apply at Manual Training Laboratory. Hattie Dyer.

M. H. OSGOOD

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156 South First St., San Jose, Cal.

G. P. Wright **Phone Green 606** T. H. Wright

Wright Hardware Co.

Stoves, Ranges, Hardware, Crockery

35 South Second St., San Jose, Cal.

W. C. LEAN, Jeweler and Silversmith

I AM FORCED TO MOVE. SPECIAL DISCOUNTS IN ALL LINES

A good time to select your graduating presents.

The Corner Jewelry Store

Normal Stationery Reduced in Price

M. M. Haas Co.

Miss Br–dl–y (reading)—Every man has good qualities.
Miss Estes (decidedly)—Um, no!
Miss B.—Er, well, I hope it is not personal, Miss Estes.

We just have the news that Florence Clancey is becoming a great admirer of Byron.

Lawn Waists, the $1.25 kind, at Prussia & Co., 95 cents.

The people of S. J. N. S. are wondering two things:
Why Helen Taylor was so anxious for vacation to end?
Why was she so flustrated when the door bell rang the first Monday night? Anyone who knows will kindly tell the editor so it may be printed in the next issue.

We hope in the future Miss Shafter will get her "lost chance."

Elmer Emerson has quite astonished his friends by announcing that he and Miss Owens are engaged—for twelve weeks.

Go to Hale's for good goods.

WANTED!---

NORMAL BUSINESS==AT

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13-15 East Santa Clara Street

ROBERTS & GROSS

Announcement to the

Normal Graduating Class

WE OFFER THE WIDEST FIELD FOR CHOICE IN MATERIALS SUITABLE FOR GRADUATING AND RECEPTION PURPOSES

We give the customary discounts to members of the graduating class

50 AND 54 SOUTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE

The school paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience and the printer the money—if there is any.—Ex.

Tom (to Pat, who is painting a barn)—Hey, Pat, what are you painting so fast for?

Pat—Aw I want to get through before moi paint gives out.—Ex.

"Please hand me the Review of Reviews," he said,
The landlady's eyes did flash,
For another young boarder looked absently up
And silently passed the hash.—Ex.

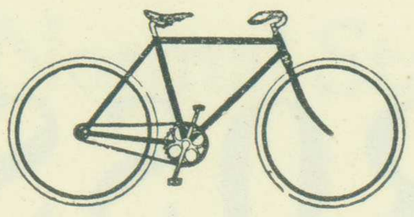
Pat—Moike, bedad, an is that train behind toime?
Mike—Faith no, it's behind the injun, Pat."—Ex.

For Spring Novelties go to Hale's.

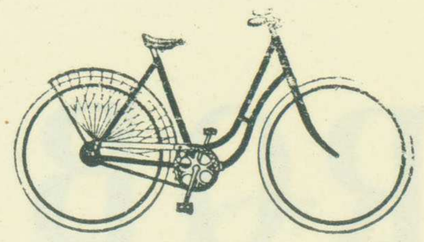
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Fountain Pens
Fine Writing Papers

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Telephone Red 322



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CORNER THIRD AND SANTA CLARA STREET

Our repairing is guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

Bicycles called for and delivered without extra charge.

Phone Red 862.

Miss Dartt (in Adv. Geo.)—"There is a book in the Geo. case entitled "India Revised."

Mrs. George—"I think you mean "India Revisited."

Mrs. Hughes (in Phys. Geo.)—"What is the good of a moon, anyway, Prof. Wilson?"

Prof. Wilson—"Probably to walk by at night, Mrs. Hughes."

Tete-tete every second hour between Prof. Earle and Agnes Rhoeling.

We have heard one of our boys has good horse sense. We inquired into it and found it so, for he has a very "stable" mind.

Mr. Laughlin was asked to quote the first stanza from Evangeline. He began and did remarkably well until he reached the all important line—here he shivered and quaked, and the class wondered. Prof. Bland called on someone to help him and lo! the line was

"Stand like harper's hoar."

The curtain descended with the class in laughter.

Ed. Note—This josh comes straight from Mr. Laughlin himself, so we can vouch for it.

Students, go to Hale's for good goods.

Quoted from a Berkeley student: "Miss Stephens has all the attributes of a beautiful girl."

HOFF & KAYSER

POPULAR PRICE SHOES

95 South First Street

SCHOOL TEACHERS ATTENTION! Every 25c. purchase here is one vote to send the most popular teachers to the Portland exposition free. One from San Jose and one from the County.

"City of San Jose"

We are now showing a very attractive collection of

NEW SILKS, DRESS GOODS, WASH GOODS
UNDERWARE, SHIRT WAISTS, ETC.

and respectfully invite a critical examination of our styles and prices

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We make a specialty of materials for graduating outfits and we offer special inducements to graduates

I. LOEB & BRO. First and Fountain Sts., San Jose

In Eden once a rib became a woman they say,
But now it's ribbons that become the women of today.—Ex.

Silently one by one in the infinite note books of teachers,
Blossom the neat little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the seniors.—Ex.

WHERE THEY WENT.

I shot an arrow into the air.
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
Till a neighbor came and raised a row,
Because I shot his Jersey cow.
I breathed a song into the air.
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
Till Edison came and gave me a laugh.
He had it in his phonograph.—Ex.

Keen stunt, Ruby, to extinguish the gas by pouring water on it.

THOMAS PHARMACY

Are you acquainted with us? If not, why not?

Telephone, Main 96 = = = 126 South First Street

GRADUATING PRESENTS
——The finest seclection of nice goods at——
Geo. W. Ryder & Son's Jewelry Store
SAFE DEPOSIT BANK BUILDING 8 SOUTH FIRST STREET

THE WONDER
For Your Spring Millinery
——108 to 110 South First Street——

"Who invaded Wales?"
Asked a teacher of a lass,
"Jonah" replied Bessie Hales
As she went to the head of the class.—Ex.

We fear Mrs. Rousseau should keep busy if she expects to hold her position, for Miss Ruth Gilman is preparing herself for similar work.

According to Darivin's theory of evolution, man descended from the ape, but since apes descend from trees, we must conclude that man is of vegetable origin.—Ex.

Mike—"I say, Bridget, why d' ye go to slape for in the av'ning?"
Bridget—"Faith, and that's aisy, me darlint; so ez I kin wake up in the mornin'."—Ex.

Won't the chickens be so tickled when little Jennie comes home.
N. B.—To whom it may concern. This is for Miss P-ro-i-e.

Mr. Wood (seeing a hoe on the ground)—"Ladies, one would know you would never make a farmer. Whose hoe is that?"
Miss P.—"It is yours."

CLEVELAND AND SNELL BICYCLES
Tennis Goods, Spaulding Athletic Goods, Repairing, Sundries, Fishing Tackle
HARRISON P. SMITH 81-83 S. Second St. Successor to Leavitt & Bill

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STUDENTS' FOOTWEAR

To every student we especially extend an invitation to come in and examine the fine selection of Spring and Summer styles in shoes and oxfords which we will show.

For correctness of style, wearing qualities and completeness of stock, no house in town can surpass us.

New Store New Block **52 South Second Street**

A. L. Scott & Co.
Master Shoe Fitters.

English Walking Skirts $5.00. Prussia & Co., 146 S. First Street.

Miss Bradley to Annie Scaroni—What is orthography?
Annie Scaroni—The study of birds.

Marion Dartt has lost her heart,
And can't tell where to find it.
Leave it alone, and it'll come home,
By way of San Francisco.

Marion Dartt has found her heart,
And with it also a "Newman."
She says what fun when Normal's done,
For she has got a school of ONE.

To Ruby Bruch "mills" have more value than "dollars."

Normal Pennants, Sappho Pins, L. A. Pins
AT
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Remember **RUDOLPH'S** for

Ice Cream, Ices, Fruit Punches, and Fine Candy

Bricks and Romam Punches

87 E. Santa Clara Street - - - Phone, Blue 943

One day Willie came home from Sunday School, and when asked by his mother to repeat the Golden Text he replied, "Don't get scairt, you will get the quilts." His mother was horrified and took the first opportunity of inquiring from the superintendent what it really was. The answer was, "Fear not, I will send a Comforter unto you."—Ex.

Esta A—— in Geo. Methods. The best time that has been made between Honolulu and San Francisco is four days and twenty-four hours.

It has just been discovered that a beauty doctor called on the faculty some time ago. We have often wondered to what the improvement was due.

Too bad Miss Jordan did not enjoy the reading of "Romeo and Juliet." It was impossible for her to do so as she does not like love scenes with only one actor.

Would it not be well if the Student Body would purchase an alarm clock to warn Mr. Wood and Miss Bradley when to leave the platform. Of course they are too much interested in us to hear the other teachers leave.

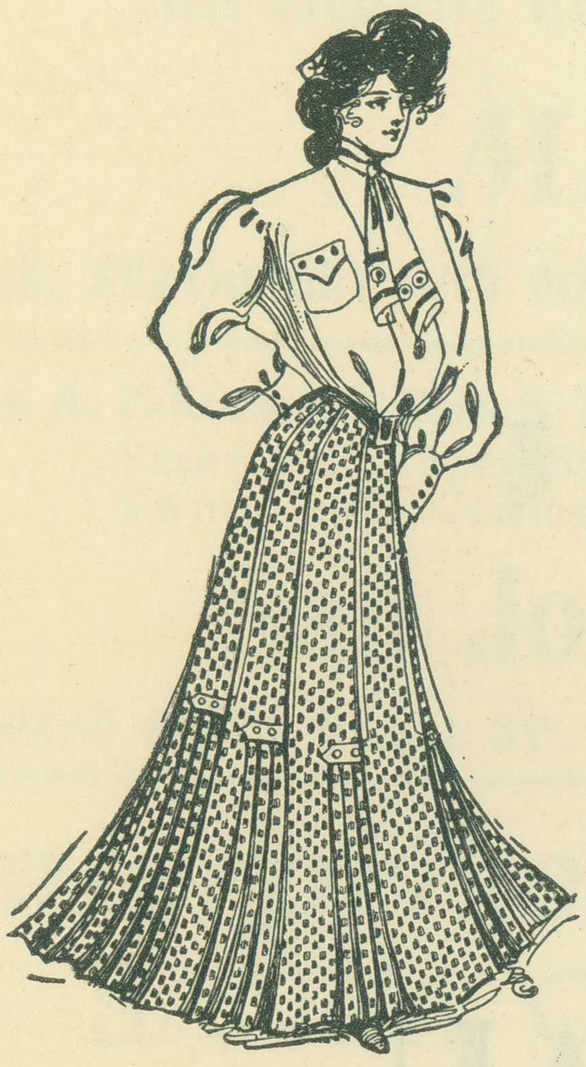
Miss Car-r—"Will you sing for us, Mr. Bayley?"

Mr. Bayley (not at all discomfited)—"Yes, if you will play for me." The girl fled.

H. L. MILLER **for Stationery and Office Supplies**

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF SEPARATE LEAF NOTE PAPER

11 and 13 South Second Street, - - San Jose, Cal.



Separate Skirts

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New Kilted Skirts of light weight mixtures
plain Alpaca ann Panama cloth at—$5.00

New Duck and Butcher's Linen Skirts
shrunk ready for use . . $2.75 to $5.00

New hip lengths in Tan Covert Jackets
$5.00 to $13.50

Stull & Sonniksen

40–44 South First Street

Overheard.
"Say, Gray, bring that shirt-waist back."
"I can't, its at the dyeing works."

Prof. Wilson, to 4th Hour Phy. Geog. class—"It is a very simple book to read even *you* could understand it."

THE BEST STORE

for Men's, Boys', and Children's Clothing, Hats and Furnishings

The Model

First and San Fernando Streets - - Phone, White 1911

T. F. SOURISSEAU

Manufacturing and Repairing **Jeweler**

Badges and Class Pins a Specialty

Also a complete new stock of Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds and a good assortment of Sterling Silverware

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Paper and Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Fruit Paper and Envelopes
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All these points Normal Students will find just right in our garments.

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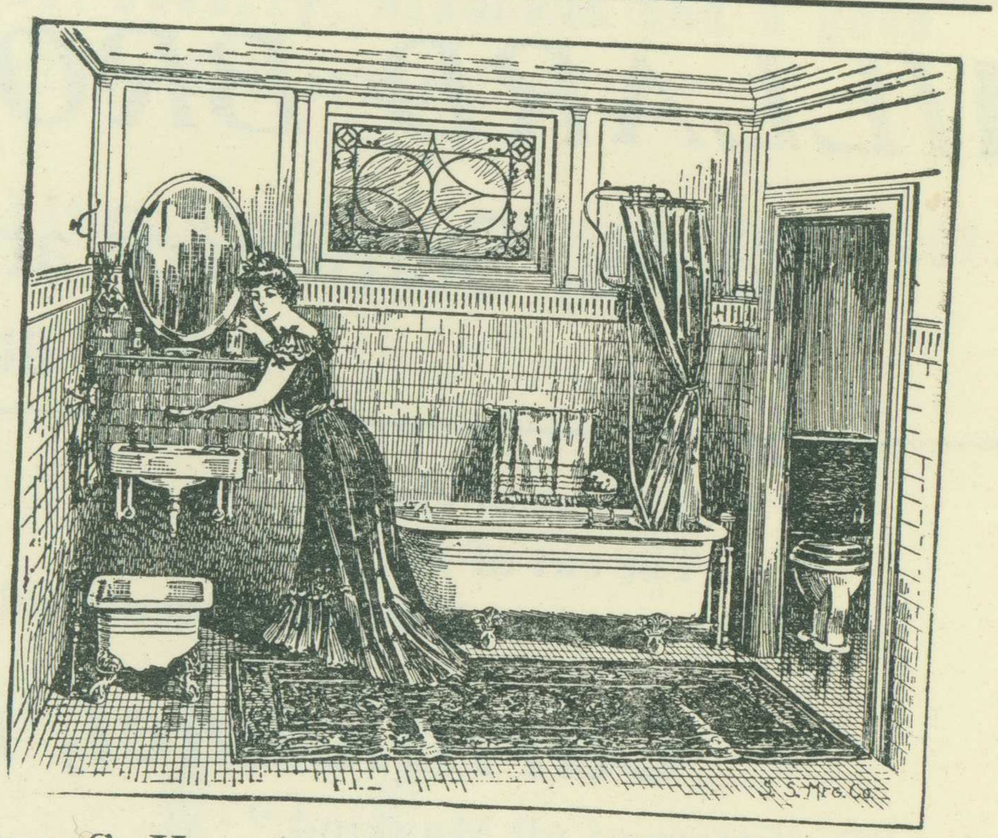
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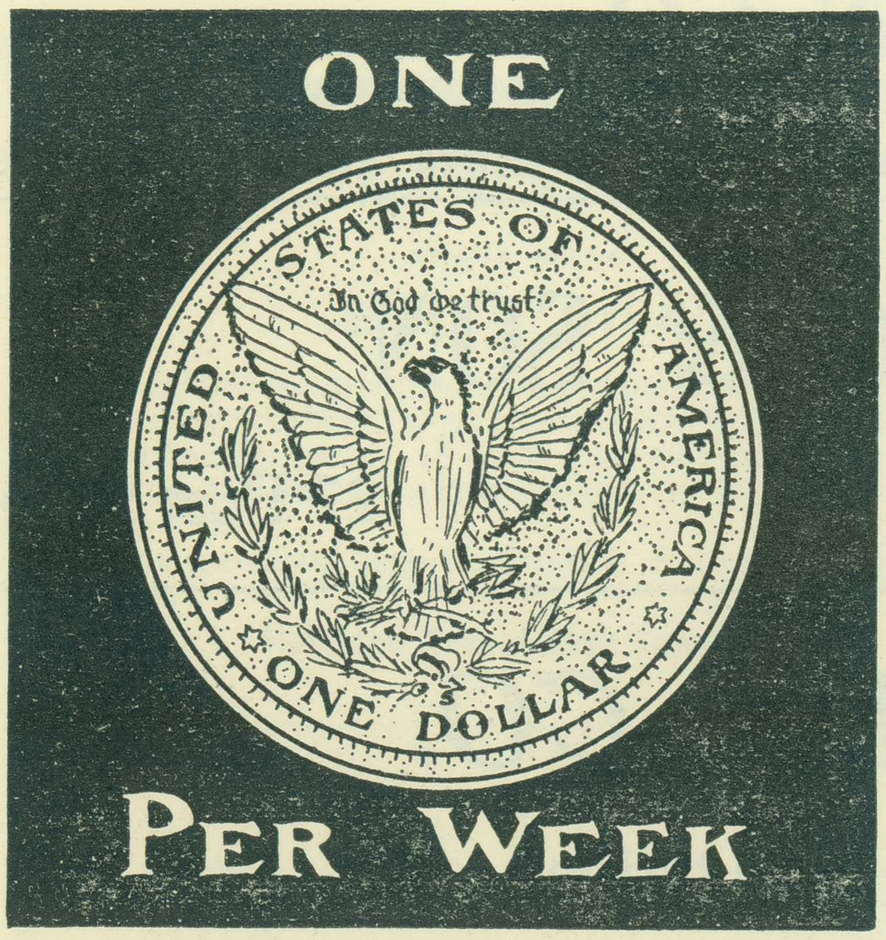
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Modern Millinery

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Your credit is good

You can get a Beautiful Tailor-Made Suit, Coat, Skirt or Waist by paying down a small deposit and the balance to be paid at $1.00 a week until paid up.

You would not feel the expenditue of

$1.00 a week

And in the meanwhile you will have the full use of the garment at

The Parisian Cloak and Suit House

37 South First St.

We did $3000.00 of

SOCIETY PRINTING

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This was possible because our work **IS** better than that done by any other printer in San Jose.

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Sanitarium Food Co.

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Have just received a shipment of Fancy Ribbons in all the latest styles and are selling the kind you usually pay 40 and 50 cents a yard special at 25 cents per yard. We have a full line of Silk Shirt Waist Suits, prices from $8.75

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Near Jose Theatre

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Quickest Delivery in Town
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PURE DRUGS

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Groceries, Fruit and Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Game

Telephone, MAIN 40. Second and San Fernando Streets, San Jose.

F. SCHILLING & SON

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QUALITY—Our Reputation.

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

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Repairing of every description.
All kinds of shoes made to order.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Telephone, West 918.
Soles 35 cts. and up.

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"MONEYBAK"

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BLACK SILK

A fabric so pure, strong and beautiful that it can be made into garments for all occasions. Absolutely pure, it will not cut or fade, and no conditions of atmosphere or weather will affect it.

The genuine has the name woven in white in the

Patented Detachable Selvage.

"MONEYBAK" Black Taffeta Silks:

19-inch - - -	75c and 85c
27-inch - - - - -	$1.00
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"MONEYBAK" BLACK SILK

The Triumph of Modern Black Silk Manufacturing

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The following are "Moneybak" Black Silks, the best in the world:

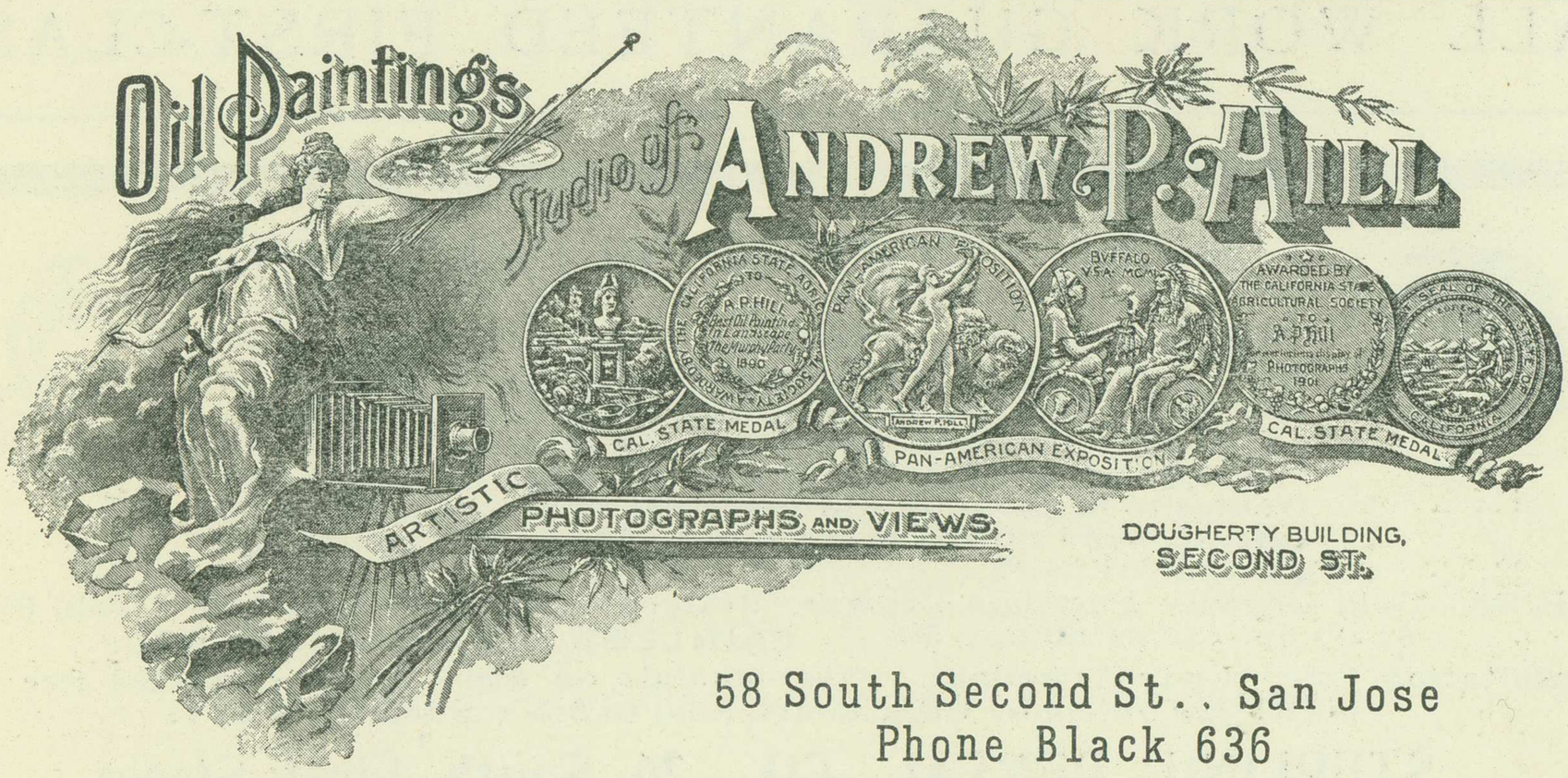
Messaline Silk, 20 in. wide, $1.00 and $1.25
Peau-de-Soie ilk, 21 in. wide, 1.25 and 1.50
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We are fully equipped for all kinds of high class work in this line

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