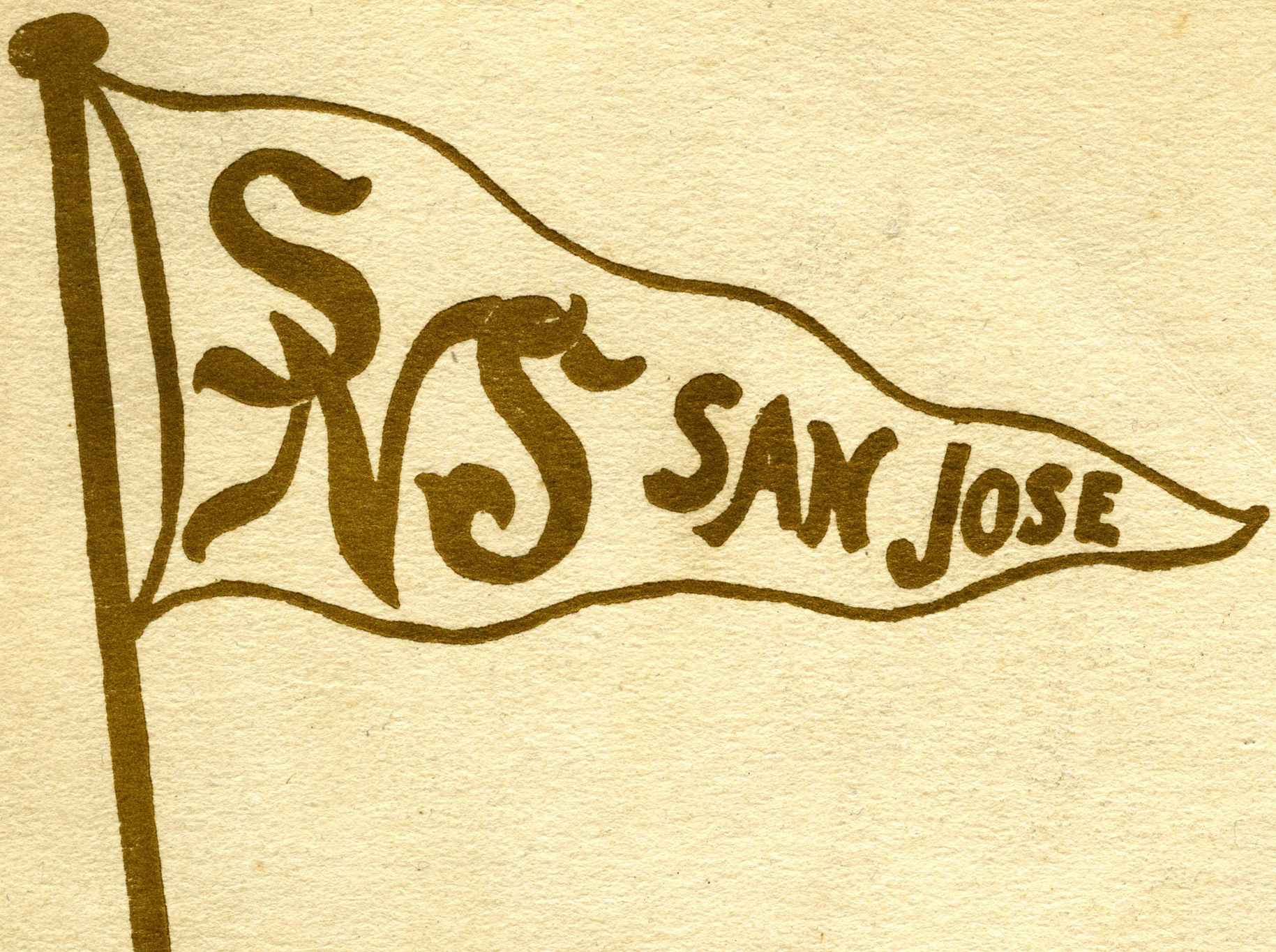


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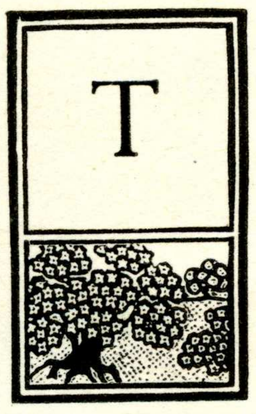
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TO the Class of December, 1907, this edition of the Pennant is respectfully dedicated.

THE NORMAL PENNANT.

Vol. 11 DECEMBER, 1907 No. 3

Via Servitutis.

(Class Poem, '07.)

By Nellie C. Donlon.

As others oft have stood before,
We stand together as a class
This one last moment e'er we pass
To service, through the great world's door.

We do not seek for mighty deeds,
To win us praise, to bring us fame;
A humbler, but a loftier aim
Points out the path our journey leads.

We seek in life to lose our lives,
Attain the ideal we would be,
And learn to act, and learn to see
The need of life in him who strives.

Like branches of a giant oak,
Whose roots extend through all our land
And deeply net, not based in sand,
Are those who bear the teacher's yoke.

We hold the blossoms and the fruits;
We, this world's future help to mold,
By nuturing the things we hold
With strength drawn upward from the roots.

Nor would we slight our source of strength,
The roots, which, delving down, have brought
To light truth, and to us taught
This knowledge, in its breadth and length.

Those who have learned, as they have striven,
Just what will win and what will fail,
And where each test will most avail:
And what they've learned, have freely given.

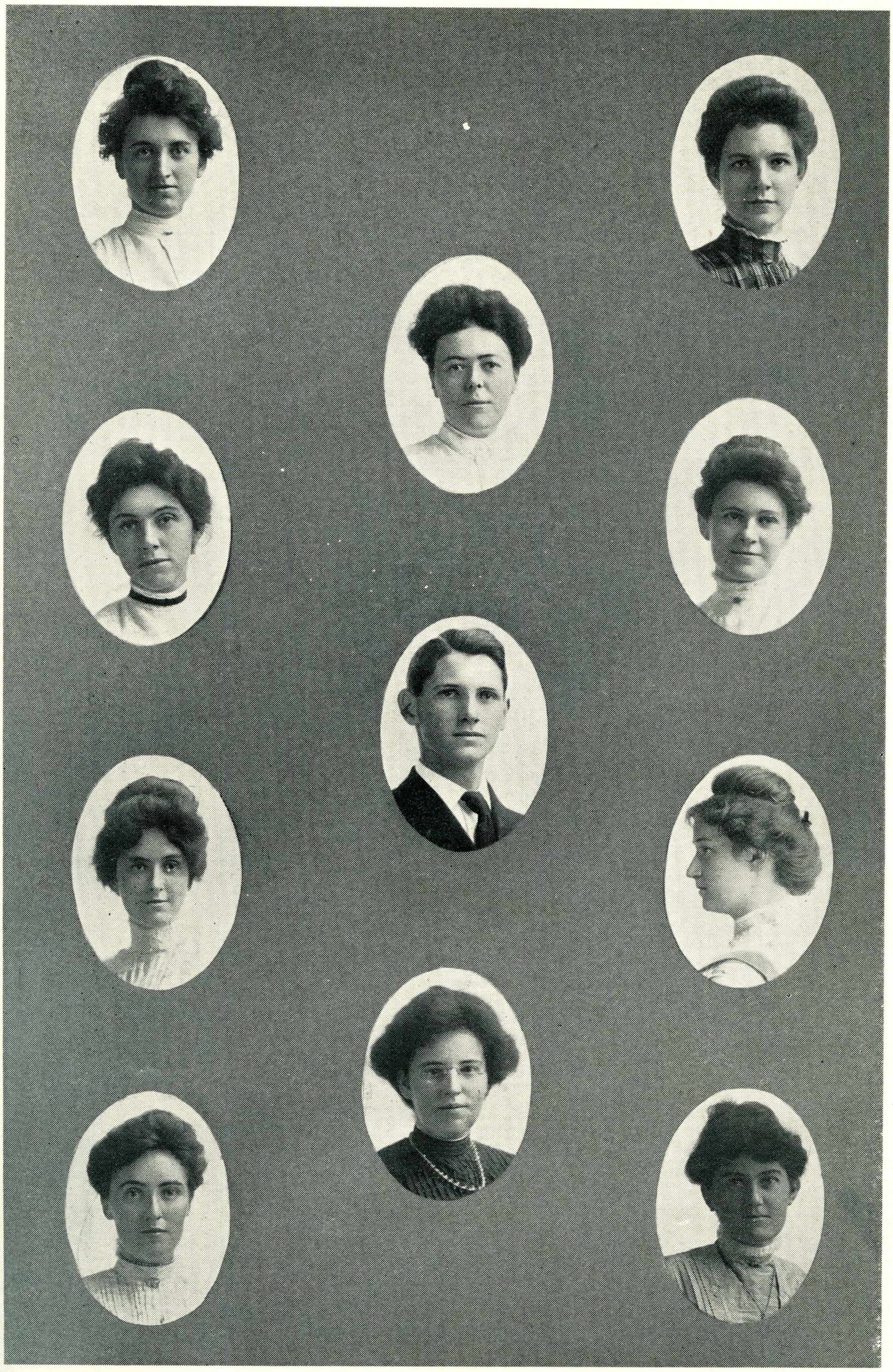
Then, too, for being what they are,
We would some fitting tribute give
To those who've taught us how to live
And given us our light thus far.

Class Song.

(Tune: "Heidelberg.")

Sad are our hearts this winter's eve,
For the joys that we are leaving—
Such awful bitterness none can conceive,
Save those who have passed before.
The blisses of history no more shall be ours;
No home work, we'll do no drawing;
We will not study types, nor other delight,
As nature-study lore.

Refrain:
Here's to the tests we almost flunked,
Here's to the notes we kept,



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Hazel C. Higby

Here's to the hours we sat and crammed
While other people slept.
Here's to the shacks we leave behind,
Here's to the building new,
Here's to the friends we'll see no more,
And to our teachers too.

II.

Happy the life of a school teacher
Who's in for fun and frolic,
Keeping the birch-rod close by her
And making the children obey.
But sweetest of all in life's busy whir
Are the hours she spends her money—
So let none be blue, for we'll soon skiddoo
To the place where we get our pay.

Refrain:

Here's to the board of our trustees,
Here's to the farmers true,
Here's to the day we pack our trunks—
We're off to places new.
Here's to the joys of country life,
Here's to the country's scenes,
Here's to the jolly farmer's wife
Who cooks our pork and beans.

Weary Walker: "De world's all wrong."

Tired Tatters: "Wot's eatin' youse now?"

Weary Walker: "Ef I'd a had de makin' uv it I'd made all de roads runnin' down hill."

Willie: "Teacher licked me 'cause I was the only one that could answer a question."

Mother: "Absurd! Tell me, dear, what was the question?"

Willie (between sobs): "Who put the bent pin on teacher's chair?"

Lest Ye Forget.

M. Vestal.

Like an unattended flock, you are about to commence your travels over the dusty highways, ever reaching ahead for the gains in store. Mark ye the tales of those who have gone before, and benefit by them. Be not blind and the stumbling stones will be lessened as you slowly, but steadily, move upward, approaching faster, faster thy gilded throne on high. Take one look behind to cheer on those who are still shouldering their narrow pathway. Help the struggles to level their journey; to get a glimpse of the vision that lies so concealed before them.

Let each of you fix a steadfast gaze on success beyond; let not your will falter, but strive to make each step right. And if you feel your burden growing larger and heavier do not stop to murmur or weep, for who can tell of the unknown glories that lie in the hold of each new day?

Life is real, and the reality of it all is to be found through your own ideals. The world may laugh; but bear ye patience and endurance as ye onward climb through the devious ways that mark the stream of time. And as ye near the western goal, cheer on those still struggling below. Help them to fix their will with unalterable resolutions to accomplish what you have done before.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone.
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap'er own.

A Tragedy of Politics and Red Tape.

A TRUE STORY

"There! That is the last of them." With a weary sigh, little Miss Glenn shoved the pile of corrected spelling blanks and compositions into the top drawer of her desk.

"Now for my poor flowers and then home I go. Only ten minutes to spare," she exclaimed as she looked up at the solemn faced old clock, whose big hand was slowly indicateing that it was nearing four o'clock. With watering pot, she moved along the windows, giving them water, dusting them and plucking off the dry leaves.

"How time flies," she mused. "I did not realize that it was so late. It is such a beautiful spring day that I must hurry home to get Mamie to go for a nice car ride before the fog rolls in from the bay. Mamie is so happy. Just to think that I, Ruby Jane Glenn, am a substitute in the Harned Grammar School of San Francisco." The happy little school teacher drew up her whole height of five feet four and laughingly shook her curly head.

Ding, jangled the bell at the speaking tube. Miss Glenn was informed that "Mr. Thompson would speak to Miss Glenn in his office for a few moments." With a puzzled frown, she hurried down the corridor toward the office. "I am not afraid," she solilo-quized. I guess its nervousness. I am afraid of nothing. If only he did not smirk at me in that coarse way of his. They say he gained the principalship through his brother-in-law, a retired saloon-keeper, but now a political boss of note. Mr. Thompson is a regular slouch and smells of vile tobacco and cheap perfumes.

The door was reached by now. With a hurried pat to her hair and an involuntary twitch to her neck ribbon, she entered the principal's office in answer to a gruff "Enter."

"Ah, Miss Glenn, tis you." The burly occupant of the office chair twirled about from his desk and asked his visitor to be seated. Miss Glenn preferred to remain standing.

"Hum, hum! I wished to speak to you about this matter of truancy. You must know that it was only through the fact that I wished to work a reformation in this school that I accepted the

position. This truancy is this school's greatest evil. I emphatically say that there shall be no more truancy cases in this school! I will stand this degrading condition no longer. The next case reported will be attended to in a manner thorough enough to cure all others and better my position." Mr. Thompson, red in the face by now, mopped his brow with a beflowered handkerchief heavily scented and cast a baleful look at the young woman.

"Now about your class. You have a truancy list have you not?" In a confidential tone he continued. "You do not have to be sure whether it is malicious absence or not." He cast a withering look upon the young teacher, which was not very effective as Miss Glenn was gazing at the beautiful design of the carpet at her feet.

"I have few cases to report, Mr. Thompson," replied Miss Glenn. "None very important. Oh, Tony Orsini. He has been out several days in succession. He is a bright little fellow, not given to mischief. His playmates will say, 'but Tony ain't playin' hookey, teacher'."

The man's face lighted up. Here now was a chance to show his friends his power. "Casey's back on me since that row and if I can hold fast and show my trump card, he will shine up again," was Thompson's thought. Aloud he said—with his most dignified expression, "Ahem—Miss Glenn, this is a serious case, a very serious one. That boy must be in school by Monday or my name is not Jim Thompson. It will be to your discredit, Miss, if he don't show up. You hunt him up. Remember you are only a substitute," he cautioned with a wily sneer.

'But," she faltered, "isn't that the truant officer's business?"

"Truant officer be darned, woman. He is off on an electioneering affair. It is nearing campaign time and he has his various duties to perform. You go, as I told you, or your position hangs loose." With this last threat he turned to glare at the astonished and indignant teacher. Then in a concilatory tone, he asked, "Who are your influential friends?"

Thoroughly incensed, she replied, "None," and swept from the office without a glance behind her.

"Ah," murmured Thompson lifting his heavy eyebrows, "is that so?" No influential friends. He had better walk the straight

path with a smirk on his face. He turned around to the latest edition of the "Sporting News," and was soon deeply interested.

Saturday morning was another of those bright days giving San Francisco its deserved title of Golden Gate of California. Miss Glenn descended from her car which went clanging along on its buzzing cable, and plunged into the jumble of buildings in the district which is designated as the "dago" quarter.

Dozens of people pushed their way along the filthy narrow walk all talking in their sweetened gutteral language, gesticulating with their swarthy hands and faces. Push carts laden with their wares were standing near the curb, or were being trundled along by excited owners, who cried out their wares in their sweet native patois.

Stopping before one of the stalls, or carts, she asked the man in Italian where the Orsini family lived. He "no sabe." She asked him in Portuguese. He "no sabe." She spoke Spanish. Still "No sabe." In desperation, she demanded in English if he knew where Tony Orsini lived. The fellow's face lighted with joy. "Me comprendo. Me spekka do English." With a grand bow he dismissed her in charge of a young lad who was to direct her.

They turned a corner, and found a whirling crowd of young children, all dancing and whirling to the tune played gayly by a wizard old fellow or an ancient hurdy-gurdy. Watching the children at their pleasure were several indolent men and shabbily dressed women sitting on the nearby doorsteps. At one woman's feet, a young child sat, blissfully licking the rotton meat of an old banana which had been tossed from the push cart as usual. The little urchin was aided by a small cur that devoured parts of the fruit. The family sat placidly by, knitting and gossiping.

Giving a dime to the organ-grinder, they passed on around a corner, down a street through an alley and arriving at a ramshackle old tenement building. Handing the boy a quarter, she bade him act as interpreter, as she feared her Italian was not like that spoken by these people.

In answer to the invitation to enter from a sweet faced old Italian woman, she entered the main room of the home. On learning the errand of Miss Glenn, Mrs. Orsini bade the boy say, how her Tony had gone to work to support them, the father being sick in bed in the next room. She was honored by dear

Ton's teacher coming to see them in their poor home. Maybe things would be nicer in the old country. Was there anything to tell her Tony.

"He must come back to school. O, Mia."

"The big man will punish if he doesn't. He must come Monday."

All right, she would tell Tony, she concluded, sadly. "Sainta Marie, what will the poor father do," she thought.

Miss Glenn turned soberly homeward, all sympathy for this poor family, and wondering greatly at the authority of others over parents' jurisdiction. The organ-grinder had moved on, the children had deserted the streets and as she waited for her car, the fog rolled in, shutting out the beautiful sunshine.

"Mr. Thompson, I searched for Tony Orsini Saturday and found that he was not absent maliciously as he had to support the family while the father was ill. He is at school today, through your orders." The report given, she turned to leave the office.

"Well, tell him to bring his excuse here," smiled the discomfitted Mr. Thompson.

"Excuse! Do you mean a written one? Why his parents cannot speak much less can they write in English," was the surprised rejoinder. "Can't he trust my words, she muttered wearily to herself."

Pompously, Mr. Thompson arose, "The law says a written excuse must be given. If that boy does not bring a written excuse, I will carry out my former resolutions. Bring an excuse he must," the bully finished with a nod. "And Miss Glenn,"—but Miss Glenn had left.

The children were marching through the corridors to the rooms very, very quietly, for was not the dreaded principal standing at the end of the hall? As Miss Glenn's fourth grade passed by he called out, "Tony Orsini, come here. Go to my office and wait until I arrive."

In a few minutes he followed the boy. "Where's your excuse boy? I've had enough from you. You little Dago, don't you sabe? I want your excuse. Hand it over, I say." He turned a threatening look at the affrighted child and seizing his shoulder shook him severely. The child had power to move, and diving his hand into

his pocket, handed the principal a soiled crumpled note. The man seized it angrily, but upon opening it and reading it, all the fierceness seemed to break loose in him.

"You little devil! You will land in State's prison yet. How dare you forge your mother's name." With a snarl, he took his instrument of torture, the black snake, from the corner anr turned to the child. Tony stood paralyzed with fear, not comprehending. Swish, swish, the weapon was brought down on his back again and again, not twice or thrice, but seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty times, did that man bring down the lash upon the writhing child. He threw the leather away now, 'twas because it was so played as to be useless, and his hand was weary. He commanded the prostrate child to rise. Finally, weak and trembling, he obeyed, and passed slowly and painfully to his room.

He staggered to his seat and fell fainting. When able to speak, all he could tell the sick- hearted teacher was, "It was a forge. It was a forge." This was all he knew of it.

Tony was sent home in care of the older boys. Mr. Thompson frightened at the boy's condition, told her if she told the real facts, she would lose her position. When the Italian Benevolent Society rose up and called a trial, Miss Glenn stood up bravely and told all she knew. Thompson lost his position, (but gained one in the high school) and had to pay expenses. Miss Glenn lost her position.

Poor little Tony is crippled for life from the punishment. Now he lies on his couch, suffering from Thompson's cruelty. Daily his mother prays to the Virgin for her poor little Tony.

Only a Trifle.

"Professor," said a Senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

When a young man asks a girl to share his lot, she should ask him if he has a house on it.—Ex.

The scarcity of good cooks may be due to the overproduction of piano players.—Ex.

Soliloquy.

To cut, or not to cut,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in the end to cut again,
Or, by taking chances 'gainst a C of small dimensions, by advancing risk it?
To cut,—to flunk,—no more; and by a cut to say we end the breathless rush and thousand natural slips a pupil's heir to,—
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To cut,—to flunk,—perchance get chucked!
Ay, there's the rub;
For in that hour's cut what Prof. may come when we have settled in that corner's shade must give us pause.
There's the respect that makes my cuts of such short number;
For who would bear the looks of irate Profs.,
The teachers' trials ,the Supervisors' meetings,
The plans of unacknowledged worth,
The stars delayed, the influence of others,
The turns that patient monitors upon the playground takes, when he could his own quietus make with a simple cut?
Who would exs take, to cram and cram all of the weary grind, but that the dread
Of something said in Faculty—that undisputed country.
Form whose bourne such awful tales return,
Paralyzes the will, and makes us rather entering late, choose the looks we know than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus Faculty doth make cowards of us all, and thus the native hue of simple cutting is sicklied o'er with the shadows cast by what might be; and cuts of great worth and moment, their courage turned away, do lose the mark of absent for that of tardy.

—G. M.

Albert Baney.

MYRTLE AIKIN, '08.

CHAPTER III.

The ruddy face of the janitor was a most welcome sight to Glenn. Whether he could prove Albert's innocense or not, it was worth something just to have the suspense ended.

"When did you last wash the woodwork of my office?" asked the master, abruptly. He too, was anxious to have all settled.

" Saturday, sir," was the answer.

"Hm! and this is Tuesday," commented the master. "Did you go over the doors carefully?"

"Ye, sir."

Any ink smudges there at the time?" pursued the master.

"No, sir," declared the janitor, "but if you are meaning the smudges on that air doorpost"—he pointed to the door into the classroom—"why, sir, one of the young gentlemen must 'ave done it yesterday, for the marks were there, sir, when I swept up last night. They were indeed, sir."

The master did not answer at once. Again Glenn noticed how loudly clocks can tick. The janitor was uneasy, not knowing the drift of the interview. It was a relief all around when the master's voice broke the spell.

"Did you see any young gentleman in here when you made your noon rounds yesterday?" he asked.

"No—o, sir," drawled the janitor. Then, brightening, he added: "Not in here, sir, but maybe Master Russell might know something about the matter. He was writing on the board in yonder, yesterday noon when I went in to see to the radiator."

Glenn's heart beat joyously. Harvey really had been writing with chalk, no doubt with the inky piece.

"How about the crayon?" the master was asking. "Was this a new box yesterday?"

"It was that," the janitor replied. "I set it out yesterday morning."

"That is all I wish to ask," said Professor True. "Kindly step

to Master Baney's room and tell him to come here immediately. Then find Master Russell on the play ground and send him here also."

It was the hour for midafternoon recess. Professor True summoned all the faculty to the office. Into this assemblage Albert and Harvey came at about the same time.

"We will just step into the classroom," said the master, leading the way.

"Now, young man," motioning to Albert, "step to the board and write '123 Manual.' "

Albert obeyed. His face betrayed how puzzled he was at the order. Glenn rejoiced to see no capital stem in the M.

"Your turn," said the master to Harvey. "Write the same. This chalk and eraser are inky, I notice."

He handed Harvey the telltale crayon and eraser found by Glenn. Harvey seemingly blinked the color from his face. He hated to touched the crayon indicated. But there was no getting out. The writing was the facsimile of that on the the three-cornered scrap found in the master's desk.

Glenn's joy beamed in his face. Albert was nearly proven innocent. But the latter could not see the meaning in this strange performance. It was for the master's words to explain it all.

"Yesterday at noon," Professor True was saying to Harvey, "you entered my office before the boys came upstairs. With a key like Albert's you unlocked my desk and began copying the places in the manual where the chemistry answers could be found. While you were at the deed, you heard the janitor ascending the stairs. You hastily closed the drawer which caught the upper left-hand corner of the notes, tearing it off."

He showed the cringing, blinking Harvey the scrap with the legend, "123 M." Then he continued, "You rushed to the classroom door, grabbing the post to swing yourself hastily through. Then you were on this very platform before the board. So when the janitor entered, you were writing on this very board with that same chalk you now hold."

The crayon dropped from Harvey's limp fingers. He seemed about to collapse.

"You may as well admit it," urged the master.

"Yes, sir, I did," whispered Harvey.

The faculty returned to the office leaving the three lads in the classroom. Glenn danced about Albert.

"See, old man," he said, "I knew you did not do it. You would have owned up, you would."

Albert was silent. He was flushed and uncomfortable looking, very unlike a happy boy who had just been freed from an unpleasant plight.

"Don't you care?" asked Glenn, for the moment disappointed.

"Of course," declared Albert, pulling himself together and extending his hand. "Awfully good of you to get me out of this rumpus. Can't ever repay you."

"You needn't. It's tit-for-tat. Whatever does that mean?."

"That" was the gong which summoned the entire student body to the auditorium. With very strong but differing feelings the three boys obeyed the gesture of the master who just then appeared in the doorway. Soon they found themselves in the front row facing the platform where sat the other teachers.

As Professor True told the assembled students how near Albert had come to being unjustly condemned for Harvey's misdeed, Glenn could not help wondering at Albert's look of discomfort. In fact, the boy seemed actually unhappy and undecided what he should do.

The master's voice announced in conclusion: "Finally, gentlemen, the faculty, after due consideration, has decided that, whereas Harvey Russell not only committed this sneaking act of dishonesty but also endeavored to fix the blame upon one innocent of such a deed, the punishment of Harvey Russell shall be the fortfeiture for one year of his right to promotion into the senior class of this seminary.

Expulsion itself was preferable in the opinions of most of the listeners. To lose his class! Unspeakable!

Then Albert Baney arose and asked the master to step aside with him before dismissing the students. When they returned, Albert followed Professor True upon the platform.

"Albert has something further to lay before you," said the master. "Listen carefully."

As if they were not anxious to hear every word!

Albert's lips trembled visibly. His tousled hair and big freckles stood out in brickish-red relief against the whiteness of skin due to intense emotion. It was plain, to alll, even the most unobserving, that it was no easy task he had set himself. In tones at first trembling but later ringing full and clear, he was heard to say: "Professor True said I was innocent of such a deed as Harvey's. I am in fact, but not in intention. Yesterday morning while most of the class were in geometry exam which I didn't have to take I got scared about the history which I did have to take tomorrow morning. I thought I would do about the history exactly what Harvey had done about the chemistry. Just as I was trying to open the drawer I heard a bunch of boys coming upstairs. My fountain pen must have caught on the desk and pulled the cap off when I jerked back to run. I was sure of it when Professor True asked about the pen cap.

"Now, here is where I stand. I did not know anyone else had already cribbed. But I was going to, mystelf, this noon. The boys came upstairs just in time to prevent it. I never tried to do such a thing before, and I do not believe Harvey Russell ever did, either. Did you, Harvey?"

"Never," declared Harvey. "And I never will cheat again anywhere or in anything."

"That is my stand, too," continued Albert, turning to the faculty. "You see, sirs, we are of the same stripe and deserve the same punishment. That's all."

"No, it is not!" exclaimed the senior president, jumping excitedly to his feet. "Please, Professor True, let me get up an oral petition right now. May I speak to the fellows?"

The master gave his consent.

"Now, how many of you fellows will agree to this petition that the honorable faculty of this seminary will retract their decision—take it back, you know—and pardon Harvey Russell so he can pass his grade and so Albert Baney need not get the punishment he thinks he deserves? All of you who are 'signers' stand up tall!"

Everyone of them was on his feet in a trice.

The senior president, with a wave of his hands toward the standing school, addressed the faculty: "Respected sirs, we pre-

sent this oral petition instead of the more formal one which we had no time to prepare. The gist of it is, please let them both off this time."

The faculty's conference was remarkably brief. Then the master arose. His eyes twinkled but his lips were grave as he motioned the standing boys to be seated.

"Gentlemen," he began in mock seriousness, "the faculty has decided to grant your novel petition. Harvey Russell is free to become a senior and so likewise is Albert Baney. May all concerned profit from these occurrences and fittingly show a correct appreciation of this unusual leniency."

"A fitting evidence of appreciation then filled the room. The entire student body joined lustily in three cheers and a tiger for the faculty.

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and Tues."

A bright thought struck him and he said:
"The rich Miss Goldrocks will I Wed."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said: "No, Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die,
I'm done! I'll drown! I'll burn! I'll Fri!"

They found his gloves and coat and hat;
The Coroner upon them Sat.—Ex.

To Write a Popular Song.

Do you wish to write a popular song? You can. It is very simple.

Prepare your mind for the task by carefully eliminating all preconceived notions of grammatical or poetic form. You will find them only a nuisance. Become so inured to inaccuracy that you can say, "Joy for you and I," without a qualm of conscience. Then take all the mushy sentiment that you can pour into eight iambic pentameters. If possible kill off our hero. If not, the next best thing is to assassinate your heroine. If your tender heart revolts from mushicide you may have them meet under the blossoming apple trees, prune trees, chaparral, or sage-brush, whichever supplies the best local color, and kiss each other. "Vowing you'd be true forevermore," is a good line with which to end the first verse.

In the second verse you make them live to a ripe old age and repeat the kissing episode with the next generation, just in time to use the same refrain.

Do not attempt to write a truly popular song without having an established model. Decide whether you intend to imitate "Hiawatha," "Good-bye, Dollie Gray," "Navajo," or "Dear Old Girl."

Now for a tune. "But," you say, "I am not musical." All the better. Then there are great hopes of your becoming a successful writer of popular songs. If your song is of the sentimental order it must be written in four four time with eight eighth notes to the measure, and must meander peacefully up and down the gamut with an amiable monotony highly appropriate to the impassioned verbiage of the stanzas. In this class of song it is not necessary to vary the time in the chorus. If the song is to be pathetic in character with a reproachful refrain uttered by the deserted wife, betrayed sweetheart, or neglected infant, this refrain must be in waltz time.

To write a song in which an Irishman or negro is courting a squaw (this is a popular mixture at present) all that is necessary

to give characteristic flavor to the piece, is to thump on two notes in the bass all the way through. This represents Indian music, It is a good idea to introduce "The Wearing of the Green," if possible.

To write a martial song, in which the hero marches away to war and comes home dead, or comes home alive to find his sweetheart buried or married, make the verse go "tump—tump—tump—tump," and introduce one or two bugle calls.

If you follow carefully all these directions your effort will soon be played by orchestras, thumped by amateur pianists, roared by vaudeville artists, bleated by phonographs, whistled by small boys, and hummed by business men until it is execrated by all. This is fame.

—Sibyl Croly, '08.

The college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.
The farmer may talk of the bluebird;
Of zephyrs the poet may sing;
But a tack, upright,
On the floor at night,
Is the cause of an early spring.

Then and Now.

A hundred years ago today,
In wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out to get the deer.
But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on a different plan;
With powder on her face, the dear
Goes out to get the man.

High Water Sport.

Dick started to go down cellar for the butter. His tousled head soon reappeared at the trap-door.

"Water's rose again," he burst out, disgustedly. "Pumped it out last night and it is up as high as ever. We can see our work cut out for us, Bubby."

"No, boys," interrupted father; "might as well try to pump out a well."

We boys nudged closer to take in the explanation we knew was coming.

"This rain has soaked down clear to bed-rock. The top layer of soil is like a sponge lying in a washdish half full of water. Why, boys, Seth Brown found water only two feet down. Last year he had to dig eighteen feet for his well. So, you see, there is no use of pumping any longer at the cellar.

"Dere is a dead rat on ze lake down dere," announced little Sis, who had been peering into the watery pit below the trap-door.

"Whee! Whoop! That gives me an idea." Dick's excitement bobbed him up and down like a cord. "Let's go squirrel digging, Bubby. Say, father, wouldn't this water send the 'peachcuts' up high?"

Father agreed. Dick and I were already wriggling into our jackets. Permission was unnecessary to hunt ground squirrels on a grain ranch, so we did not ask. We had found our shovels and said, "We will," to father's orders as to getting back. Then we were off—ah! not quite!

"Boys, come right back and put on your boots," insisted mother, from the kitchen door. "You want more croup, do you?"

Safely booted, we started again. But mother halted us with: "Carry your shoes along and put them on before you begin to dig. You boys slash about with those shovels as if you don't know the ground from rubber. No more boots this winter, remember."

With a parting, "Yes, ma'am, we'll be careful," we went splashing joyously for the wheat field.

Dick had taken the right cue from the fate of the cellar rats.

The "peachcuts"—so called from their chattering tones—were but a few feet down. The pests were numerous enough to kill our next crop, as they had the last, and it made great sport for us.

The dogs would tell us to try a certain hole. We began to shovel. "Peach-cut-cut-cut-ch-cut," came up the saucy defiance. But we worked faster than the squirrel. "Whoop! Grab that brown brush, quick!" Out came a kicking, wriggling wheat killer for the yelping dogs to end. There—another! Three—four—five—six—eleven in that hole! An acre of wheat saved."

We had unearthed about a hundred of the pesky rodents before the fun lagged. It lagged for lack of game. Hole after hole proved sunken in and deserted. Dick, with shoes dangling from shoulder splashed ahead, taking care to enjoy his rubber boots in the deepest puddles. Suddenly, he stopped. The dogs sprinted past me to examine the ground with him. The old oak tree showed signs of squirrels.

"Drat this knot!" spluttered Dick, fumbling with the tied-together shoes. "There"—he cut the strings—"hustle into 'em, Bubby. Squirrels under us, I bet."

Eleven squirrels, in their round straw nest, were down among the oak roots. Eleven half-grown squirrels were too lively for the two dogs, so we helped out with our shovels. Slap! No more hustle in that squirrel.

We dug around a little farther without finding more of the pests.

"Say, Bubby, I am most starved," declared Dick.

"Me too," said I. "Home for mine."

Back to the oak tree we ran. One of my boots had fallen on its side and rolled part way down our excavation. I fished it out and ran after Dick. Boots were no longer needed. We had beaten our way back to the very knoll on which our house stood. Up the slope we scrambled and into the kitchen.

Our tale of adventure was soon told. As a fitting climax, Dick declared:

"And our boots are O. K."

"Better let me say that," remarked mother. She picked up one of my boots. "Mercy! What was that?"

The boot banged to the floor and toppled over. Out scampered a half-grown squirrel.

"We have met the enemy, and he is ours," quoted father. He always did see a joke.

"Is he ours? May I keep him?" was my application of the apt quotation.

Dick joined in the coaxing. But it was little Sis who won the day by whispering, delightedly:

"Hsh! Don't scare him! He's eating my popcorn over here. I don't want it away from him, do I?"

We .boys hunted up a box and cajoled Mr. Squirrel into it Father's eyes twinkled suspiciously, but all he said was:

"What is wrong with the old bird-cage?"

Half an hour later we understood his thought. We went to the box to see "Cutch," as we had already named our new pet. There was a hole in the far corner, and nothing else. "Cutch" had gnawed out.

"I hears him under the table," announced Sis.

There he was, bravely tackling the wall into the kitchen.

"He will bite," warned father.

I should say so! That scar on my thumb is proof to this day. I dropped "Cutch," and he fell again into my boot. While Dick raced to the barn loft for the old bird-cage, I shook the squirrel in the boot to keep him from gnawing.

With "Cutch" in a cage, we had some chance of taming him. That is, we thought we had. In a week's time he would scold and chatter for kernels of corn or wheat. But, hands off!

This warning had not been posted durably in the mind of little Sis. One day she opened the cage door, put in her chubby little hand, and patted "Cutch." A childish scream, a crash of an overturning chair, and the bumping thud when a yellow hear struck the floor. Mother rushed into the room. A gray streak whisked across the floor and out into the sunny yard. The old cage was empty.

Do We Need a Preceptress?

Why is a Preceptress necessary to a school like the Normal? No doubt the reasons for her presence are sufficiently ample to satisfy all. Any logical argument is convincing until we hear the otherside and then comes the mental process of segregating the good from the bad points, the true from the false, and weighing both. Sometimes they counter balance but nevertheless they in time reach the scales of good judgment.

Let us look first at the age, training and intelligence of the students. To begin with they must have attended the equivalents of grammar and high schools before entering the Normal, that averages a period of twelve years. The rest is simple. How old were they when they first entered school? Add the first number to the last and the result should be their present age. An age, one should think, of discretion. Their preparatory training should fit them to take their places as students, not of the world alone, but of higher schools. They can see, understand, reason and deduct. They should need no one to watch, dictate or make rules of conduct for them when they come together as a body of students in some higher institution, nor do they in most. They should be able to find their own boarding places and if their steaks are too tough or the pancakes too soggy, assert their independence as citizens of this glorious republic and revolt. They should keep their rooms orderly and their bureau draws tidy without threats from the landlady to have the Preceptress see them. They should know that Normal means work and that no sane minded, able bodied person can do the work properly if all of her nights are spent in some form of dissipation. They should know that habitual cutting can never be made up, but that time lost and gone forever and may be a good deal of valuable information. They should know that thin blouses, plenty of puddles, no hats or rubbers make an excellent combination to catch a cold and keep it indefinitely. They should know so much more than we ever give them credit for, so we take the cash and let the credit go. No. We give them a preceptress who reminds them of the things that supposedly they do not know,

but which you can see from their previous school training they should know. And if they, at this stage of their existence, do not know how to stand on their own feet, when they are so shortly to enter the world absolutely independent, then over paternalism (perhaps we should say maternalism) will be a hinderance and not an aid in taking their places as individuals in this large world.

Normal students are no younger than the freshies and sophomores at universities. Do they have preceptresses? No! There you are one among a great many, so many that you even forget your own existence in your dazed bewilderment as you look about. Nobody looks up a boarding place for you. You do that for yourself. Nobody asks you if you like your board, and your only bug-a-boos are your landlady, and the delicately tinted warning cards which are sent once a semester to those who should know but didn't.

Help Wanted.

She bought a device to mix the bread,
And one to stir the cake;
A fireless stove and a coffee-machine,
And one to broil the steak.

And into her kitchen, so up-to-date,
It's a pleasure, indeed, to look;
But the family's boarding while she seeks
A machinist who can cook.

Tattlings of a Trip.

Speaking of trips, one of the most interesting and delightful jaunts I ever took was a trip down the Snake River, following the trail of Lewis and Clark through Washington into Lewiston, Idaho (named after the explorer). With horses and saddles the trip was made in six days. We saw a variety of country; met many interesting people, and learned and saw many wonderful things.

Traveling day after day, we met many people, some jolly, some sad, some undesirable, and others with an unusual ability to give advice. In fact, they all seemed to think that was just what we needed and so they unloaded their knowledge upon us.

We were lectured to on a great variety of subjects, hearing discussions and talks on everything from socialism and unions, through the period of the great earthquake, to religion as expounded by an old mountaineer.

Again we heard many peculiar things, among others hearing an old lumberman start his old broken-down horse with, "In the name of the Lord, get up, but not too fast." All in all we found the people interesting, and we will never regret the days spent in talking with and listening to those whom we met.

Perhaps it would be interesting to tell of some of our staple dishes partaken of while on the road; dishes that would hang on through thick and thin; dishes to which we would return when sick of burnt rice, potatoes and bacon.

First—Soup.

Whenever our surplus ran out Clyde made a soup of odds and ends—mostly odds—the ends having been eaten. Take a handful of rice, some macaroni, potatoes and tomatoes (it doesn't matter if one or two of these are missing). Put them all in a pot; fill pot with water; cook with lots of water until it is colored and tastes, then drink the soup and eat the rest.

Second—Bread.

Bread! Bread! Bread! When I think of it I turn over and try to forget it. A burned mass, black on the outside and soggy

in the middle. We ate it; first, because we had to, and, second, because it contained the same ingredients those dear little biscuits mother makes contains.

Third—

Clyde called them flapjacks. I still remember them with a song my cousin made up while trying to eat them:

O, flapjacks were their name! (Repeat.)
He stayed up all night a-mixing the dough,
And tried to cook them, how long, I don't know.

After having the above mentioned "flapjacks" for breakfast one morning we continued our journey through the mountains between Oregon and Washington. Here we saw many large pine and fir trees, one of which about two hundred feet high, reminded us of the Columbia in Yosemite Valley. This is a tree from which an Englishman shot and killed a fifteen hundred pound grizzly bear, mistaking it for a squirrel because of the great height.

As we rode down the beautiful Snake River we passed from the land of snowdrifts and ice, through the land of cherry blossoms and wild flowers into Lewiston, the land of warmth and sunshine, where we found ripe peaches and strawberries. All of this was passed through on the last day of our trip into Idaho.

On returning home we dispensed with our pack ponies and got our meals at any chance farm house we could find at the convenient hour. This was a means of saving time and shortening our return trip to four days. Soon we reached our home and found that after all we were only poor weak humans. For I must acknowledge that home was inviting after spending a week with Nature, although we had seen Nature at her best we were now ready to return to the simple life. —V. Ida Chambers, '08.

If t-o-u-g-h spells dough,
And d-o-u-g-h spells dough,
Does s-n-o-u-g-h spell snuff
Or simply snow?—Ex.

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Yearbook of Council of Supervisors of Manual Arts, 1906.

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"St. Nicholas." 33 vols. 1873 to 1906.
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MUSIC IN THE ASSEMBLY.

Since the advent of Miss Fisher, with her force and enthusiasm, the music has become a potent and considerable factor in our school.

If a stranger should come into our assembly some morning he would see an energetic little lady mount the rostrum, announce the song, nod to the pianist, pull the invisible strings which cause some four hundred young ladies to rise, imperiously wave the four hundred back to their seats with the remark, "I have heard three thousand people rise with less noise than that," pull them up again and plunge into the arduous work of wringing music from their melody-saturated souls.

Some mornings the four hundred are woefully unresponsive. Wooden faces, flat voices and dejected attitudes combine to drag down the ambition and quell the ardor of our brave little leader. But what Herculean perseverance Miss Fisher brings to the task. How she smiles and frowns and nods and beats her baton until the four hundred allow themselves to become imbued with her enthusiasm and send their strong young voices out in the way that the Lord intended.

And how they can sing! When the sun is shining or there are distinguished visitors to inspire by their presence the spirit of melody seems to take possession and the school songs come pealing forth with an ardor worthy of the cause.

It is no light task which Miss Fisher undertakes and no small ability which she brings to it. But the material is good, for the some four hundred girls in this school are, in the last analysis, made of good stuff, and respond well to good training.

And the boys! Bless their hearts. They must always be awarded an important parenthesis in our most self-gratulatory flights of oratory. They make themselves as useful as they are ornamental and their voices lend an element of ballast and emphasis to the big chorus.

NIPPERS, BEWARE!

All students of the San Jose State Normal School, who have ever majored in the Pedagogy department for three months, are thoroughly familiar with the slow unravelling of human developments. They have taken a normal man at his best and jerked him entirely destitute of all modern additions. Now we have primitive man before us for examination.

Notice, he was a good, honest, industrious, virtuous creature, living a life of ease, owning everything in common with his brother and sharing this and that with each and all. Now there came a time when some great social upheaval changed conditions whereby this and that couldn't be shared with each and all. The more conservative persons still cling to the red rule that, this and that should be owned by each and all.

These conservatives, we of the modern age, we of reformative period, know as, people whose hands itch for something to hold;

people who desire to own property; people who maintain that they are heir to this property by reason of inheritance, or people with sticky fingers.

At the last Student Body meeting a committee of five was appointed to shadow light-fingered specimen gatherers. The problem before this committee is one of the greatest difficulty and moment. The members of this committee will first have to run down and convict the thieves of the following missing articles:

Mr. Woods' forelock.
Miss Kinney's toe (d), toad.
Mr. Bland's skull cap.
Mr. Lewis' heart.
Miss Vivian's paint.
Miss Douglas' Pennant posters.
Miss Howe's false teeth.
Mr. Maries' tailor-made suit.
Miss Bradley's tooth brush.
Mr. Baker's joke No. 6.
Miss Payne's O in God.
Mr. Atkin's trousers.
"Mr. Misenhimer's "Grace."
Mr. Wilson's gobbler he didn't gobble.
Mr. Moore's "Faith."

A special corps of detectives should be employed to procure those Normal Pennant advertising posters. The fad is going around among the girls to make poster collections, hence it's quite reasonable to suppose the posters adorn the walls of some over-ambitious Junior girls' room.

One word to you of the committee before we close: Be just, moderate and lenient to the lifters, for remember it's only a misconstrued idea they have of another's rights, based primarily on the theory of evolution. No, they never intended taking them from a standpoint of right and wrong. If the thought had ever once entered their minds that they were stealing, they would have cringed with fear, had a private talk with Conscience agreed that it was naughty, and straightway made a full confession to Mrs. Rousseau.

With the best wishes of success for the victims and Normalite hold-up women, I remain, your friend, —X



This month the Thanksgiving vacation was the most important event in our school life. Through the kindness of Dr. Dailey we were given a half holiday on Wednesday in addition to the usual Friday. Before leaving, the faculty and students had an informal Thanksgiving program in the Assembly Hall. Short speeches, poems and school songs were in order for about an hour.

George Wharton James still continues to give his lectures on "California Literature" about once a week. These lectures are well attended and much appreciated.

Thursday evening, December 5th, the Short Story Club gave a banquet in Normal Hall with Joaquin Miller as the geust of honor. Beside the members of the club a number of Mr. Miller's friends were present. Mr. Bland acted as toast master.

Our assembly hours have been brightened considerably this last few weeks by special musical numbers, solos and duets, given by the different members of our Student Body.

Friday, November 22d, Mr. Richard Prince gave a beautifully illustrated lecture on the Grand Canyon of Colorado, in Normal Hall. Every one present onjoyed a pleasant and profitable evening.

Rev. Dr. Ferderick W. Clampett of San Francisco gave a very interesting discourse to San Jose people, December 6th, in Normal Hall, on Irish scenes and life. In spite of the stormy weather and numerous other attractions of the evening the hall was well filled and every one enjoyed the sparkling wit of the lecturer.

The children of the Training School presented a cantata, "The Meeting of Nations," to a large and delighted audience Tuesday afternoon and evening, November 26th. The stage was decorated with large American flags and smaller ones of the other fourteen nations represented. The chorus and foreign songs were well given and much credit is due to Miss Fisher and the student music teachers for their patient work with the children. The children, too, deserve great credit for the manner and spirit with which they entered into the cantata. One could not help but notice the enjoyment of the children as they acted out their respective parts. In fact, they acted as though they were the "real" characters themselves.

Many wholesome lessons were taught the children, namely, unselfishness in giving way to children, generosity, as shown in helping one another in getting costumes and kindly criticism, and the self-control in keeping at work when parts of the classes were practicing. All these things are factors in ethics of life and can be taught in an informal way more easily than when carrying on regular school work. Too often teachers entirely forget these lessons and spend whole efforts upon making a grand show. Teachers in Training School take a distinct stand against using children to entertain grown ups. It must have actual value to the child, otherwise it makes mere entertainers or playthings of children. Adults too frequently do that sort of thing.

In the little cantata the children seemed to say, "We are having a good time. Come you big grown up friends and have a good time with us."

This is good for children and grown ups, making children realize that adults are not cold, hard rulers of action and manners of youth, and causing grown ups to remember forcibly and pleasantly, "When heart was young."

Nay, more; it keeps forever the heart young.

Faculty Notes.

Joaquin Miller was the guest of Mr. Bland during his visit to San Jose.

Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger will make three addresses before the Southern California Teachers' Association, which meets in Los Angeles during the month of December.

Miss Rebecca English attended the Riverside County Institute Thanksgiving week. Our school should feel proud that her teachers are called to address assemblies of teachers all over the State. It reflects glory on the standing of dear old S. N. S.

The classes of Mrs. George are much grieved at her serious illness during the past week. Mrs. George endears herself to everyone with whom she is associated, and all will hail her reappearance in school work with a great deal of joy.

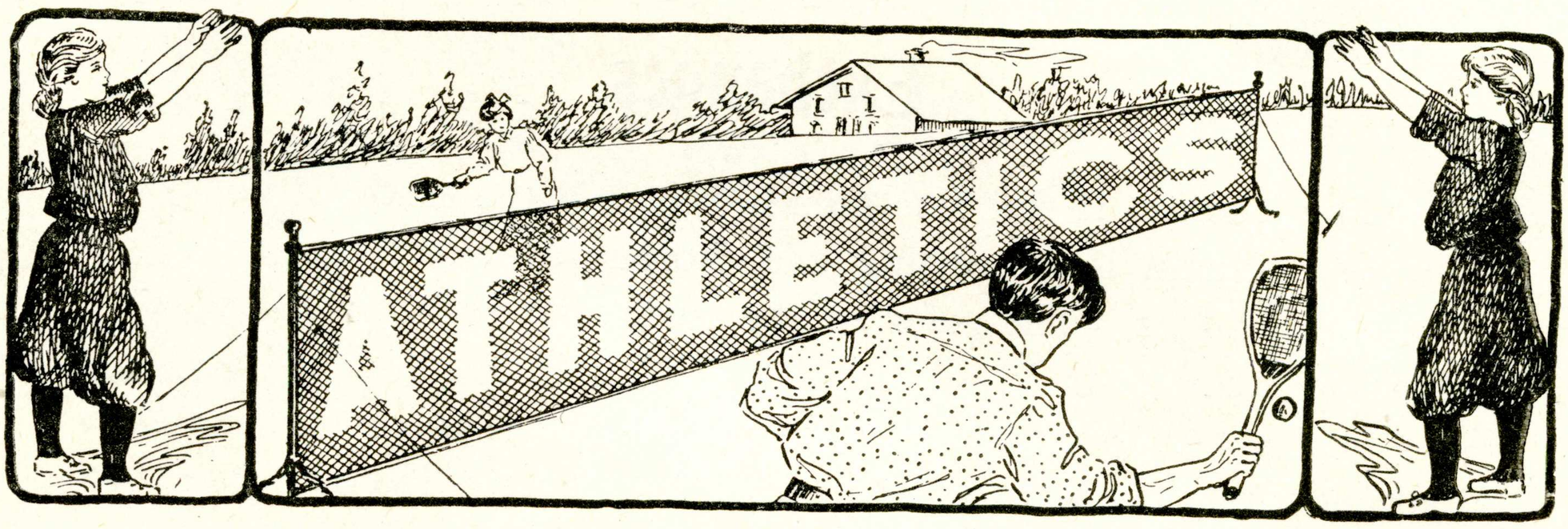
It is with great pleasure we note that Miss Nicholson successfully passed eight examinations at Columbia University. This was quite a remarkable feat.

Mrs. Dailey has presented to the Student Body a beautiful silk afghan, which she herself recently made, using the silk ribbon reins of the chariot race between Dr. Dailey and Mr. Wilson some two years ago, as a part of the scheme of decoration. The afghan is intended for the convenience of the girls when resting in the office.

The students not only appreciate the value of the gift itself but more especially the good will and consideration which prompted it, and wish to express hearty thanks to Mrs. Dailey for her kind thought.

Harris: "See here, that dollar you lent me yesterday was a counterfeit."

Chick: "Well, didn't you say you wanted it bad?"—Ex.



BASKET BALL.

The basket-ball girls are practicing hard and faithfully, but it seems as if no games can be arranged for at present.

Will other schools who have basket-ball teams kindly take note of this, and send a challenge to our school for a game. We have an excellent "bunch" of girls to win from, so come and try your luck. It's no disgrace to be beaten by any good team.

CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB.

The Cross-Country Club is as active as ever. A trip is planned to the Boys' Outing Farm, near Saratoga, for Saturday, December 14, 1907. A large number of club members have signed to go. This should be a delightful trip, as the farm is interesting and the scenery is beautiful.

TENNIS.

The weather is hardly permissible at present for tennis, but the court is always in use when it is not raining. A tournament among the members is being arranged and some interesting games are looked for soon

A social evening for club members and their friends will be given soon.

Exchanges.

"The Tocsin" is fine this month. To tell the truth, it always is. The josh column is interesting and thoroughly alive, just as a josh column should be. The color of the cover, however, gives one a decided shock.

"College Echoes" is a clever little paper; it seems no one does anything funny enough to tell about in the paper. The students must be very staid and proper.

The "Tempe Normal Student" is a change from what we are used to. Don't worry about that, the changes are good for us.

"The Owl" comes to us again, still our best exchange. It is so alive. In comparison, it makes all other school papers look small and sickly. Would that we all had your staff and backing, "Owl."

The "Madrono," from Palo Alto, is here again. Good! If all your girls are similar to the girl sketched in your paper we wish we were in Palo Alto. From that sketch to the end the paper is neat and well edited.

The "E. H. S. News," from Eugene, Ore., is strictly up to the mark, but a few more cuts would not spoil it. The stories are well written and almost too good for a school paper. Judging from your adds, you must have a good business manager.

Thank you, "Trident," for your favorable comment upon our recent effort. We think your late issue reflects credit upon the student body.

"Porcupine," Santa Rosa High, your joshes are worth reading and your stories clever.

"The Native American" is one of our most welcome visitors. It is bright and wide-awake and proves that the Southland doesn't always lull our senses.

We enjoy the "Wild Cat." There are no adds in front.

"Red and Black," your cover design is pretty, but print your title in Old English also, which would be more attractive.



Societies



ALLENIAN NOTES.

The Allenians have as usual been very busy during the last term. The society has been strengthened by the addition of several new members, and with this increased number we expect to have some interesting and instructive programs after the holidays.

We shall begin the new term without five of our strongest members, as Antoinette Luce, Ethel White, Juanita Keene, Merlin Ogden and Olive Thorpe are to be graduated in the December class. We are sorry to have them leave us, and will miss the support and help they always gave the society, but wish them the greatest success and happiness in the future.

Just at present all our hopes are centered in the joint Christmas dance the societies are to give. Everyone is working hard to make it a success, and with the combined effort of all this will undoubtedly be one of the most enjoable dances ever given at the Normal.

BROWNING SOCIETY.

The dance given at the Vendome Hotel on the twenty-third of November was a great success. About fifty couples were present; just the right number for the size of the hall; the floor was perfection and refreshments dainty. The decorations, couches and big easy chairs, gave the room a homelike appearance, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. It was voted by all present, the success of the season.

We are glad to announce that two of our members are to be

on the Normal Debating Team, as a result of the try-out, held on Tuesday, December 3d. Miss Bozarth is to be on the regular team, and Miss Ingalls is to be substittue. We are proud of our girls.

Like the other societies, Browning is looking forward to the society dance to be given at Normal Hall on Saturday, December 14th.

SAPPHO.

Sappho, as the other societies, is spending all her energy at present in preparation for the Christmas cotillion. This is to be a combined dance of all the societies in the school, and as it is a new venture we are very anxious for it to be a success.

We are glad to welcome into our midst four new members—Letcher Vueve, Lila O'Neale, Bessie Harris and Louise De Hart. At their initiation a very pleasant afternoon was spent, and a bounteous "feed" enjoyed.

SIGMA THETA CHI.

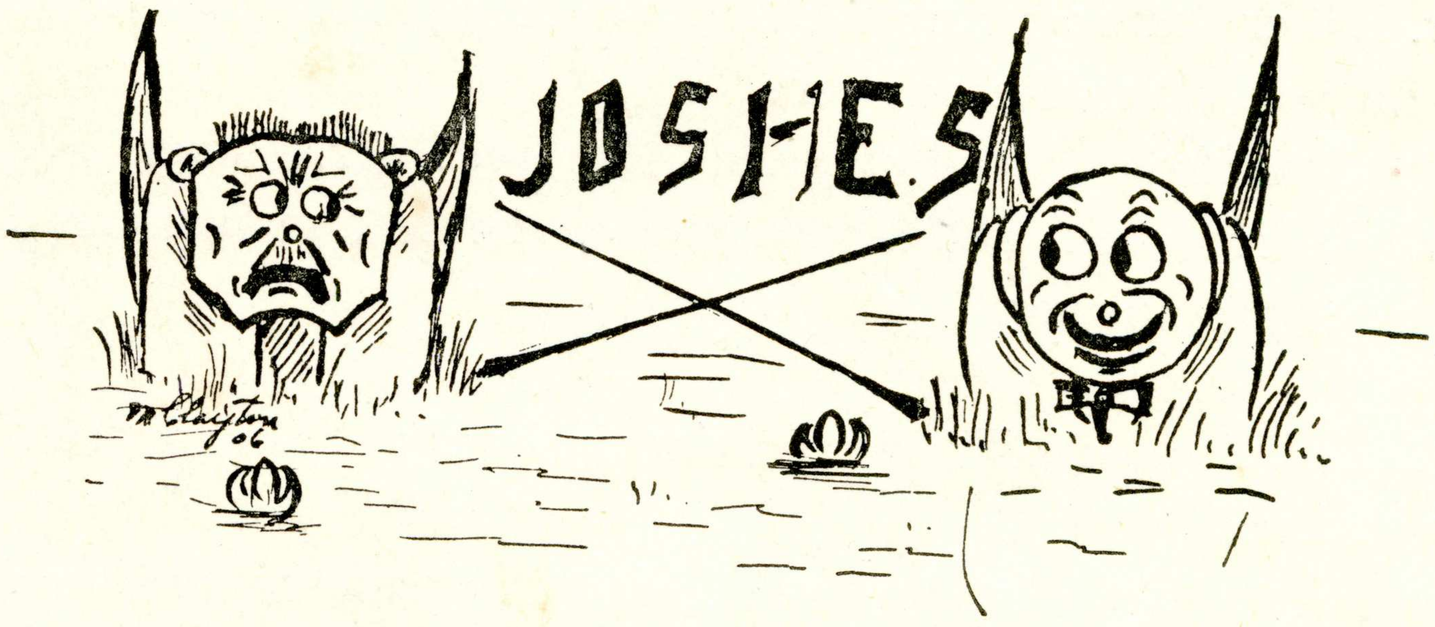
Sigma Theta Chi gathered at the home of Hilda Koch, one of the June graduates, on Saturday, December 7, 1907, for one of their jolly affairs.

The girls are glad to welcome back one of their graduates, Miss Sadie Smith, who has been teaching near Salinas and stopped here on her way home for Christmas vacation.

THE PENNANT CLUB.

The Pennant Club held its initial meeting on the evening of October 28th, at the home of Hazel Ingalls, the staff being the charter members. The evening was opened by an enjoyable banquet, over which the members' enthusiasm was demonstrated by lively discussions and enthusiastic speeches. Officers were elected and the ship set sail under most favorable auspices. The purpose of the club is to raise the literary standard of the Normal Pennant by systematic discussion of changes and improvements in it, and of the material available for publication. The club is in no sense a closed corporation.

Membership in it simply presupposes the acceptance by the club of material contributed by the individuals joining it. It is hoped that from the efforts of a body of young people, pledged to do their utmost for the best interests of the student body and its organization, a Pennant may result that will reflect high honor upon our Normal School. At a recent meeting the Pennant Club took great pleasure in making Miss Grace Moore one of its members, upon merit of her contributions in the past to the Pennant.



Miss Payne (in illustrating the physical effect of emotion) said that there was a jingle that expressed it:

"'I feel so light and happy and gay on Elevation Day.' Does any one recognize the time?"

Miss Farmer: "Little Brown Jug." We hope you do not speak from personal experience, Miss Farmer.

Dr. Schallenberger (in speaking to the fifth and sixth grade): "Please do not patronize the popcorn and candy man. I do not believe the candy is really good. Go down town to a reputable candy store." Now, who will suggest such a one?

In chorus: "O'Brien's!!"

What made our department teacher suddenly realize she had something else to do?

Mr. Baker: "Name something that has a list price on."

Miss Church: "Oh! carriages, and all the other kinds of hardware!"

Miss Kinney (exhibiting a fine copy of the "Gleaners").

Miss Douglas (quietly): "Is that a five-cent copy?"

Miss Kinney: "No!—a two-dollar one."

Mr. Baker (in first arithmetic): "What is that little one doing up there?"

Miss Lythe: "Oh! that is a little one to carry."

Miss Kemp (in a candy store, as a handsome young man approaches) confusedly: "A box of chicklet chops (chocolate drops) please."

Mr. Baker (after giving the class an example to work over right): "Now, do you want the answer?"

Miss Hamilton (pleadingly): "Oh, yes! Mr. Baker."

Mr. Baker: "All right, you just go home and work it out and you will get the answer."

Prof. W. (to Miss Fraser, coming in late): "Miss Fraser, where is your excuse?"

Miss F.: "Oh, Mr. W.! In the excitement of getting ready I forgot it."

Wanted,—

An easy method of learning "Mace."—4th Hr. Class.

To know how to play tennis without mussing the hair.—L. Wilson.

The latest book of joshes and witty remarks.—C. Brose.

A "History of Ed." with notes. Soon, if not sooner.—G. L. T.

There was a young lady called Pat,
Whose ambition it was to get fat.
She drank Florida Water,
And beer as she oughter,
But continued to look like a slat.

—Caroline H., '07.

Mr. Wilson: "Now, a-a-a class, we'll continue the lesson under a-a-a 'Rainfall.'"

The Class (looking out of the window): "Apparently, we'll have to.

'Twas in a restaurant they went,
One Romeo and Juliet;
'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juli-et.—Ex.

These two lines, which look so solemn,
Are only used to fill the column.—Ex.

As ye sew, so shall ye rip.—Ex.

No Hurry About It.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday-school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?"

"Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full-grown angel with gray whiskers."

A certain young lady at a football game shouted through a sieve and strained her voice.—Ex.

There was a young lady so modest that she had to go into another room to change her mind.—Ex.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:
—— —— —— * * * * * ? ? ? ? ? ! ! ! ! !—Ex.

She always darned her hose woth silk,
The holes were quite extensive,
The price of silk was very high,
Which made them darned expensive.—Ex.

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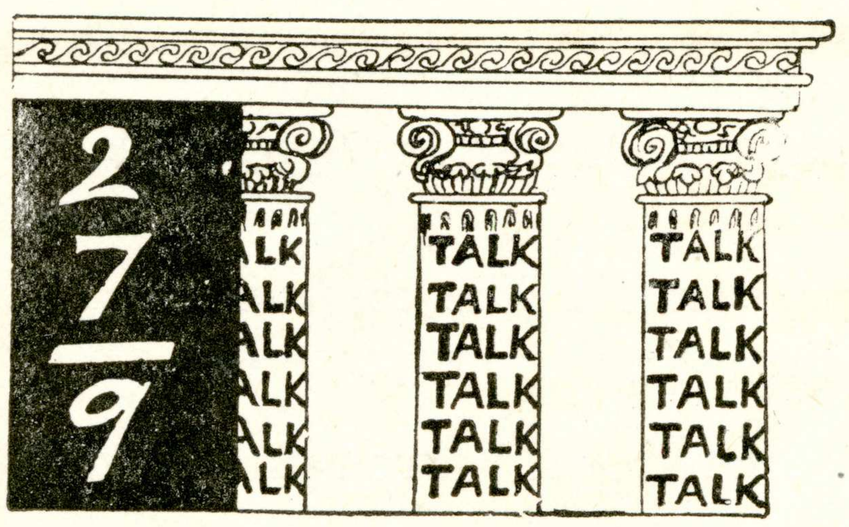
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Overheard in second physiology: While Miss McF. was speaking of the pasteurizing of milk, one innocent girl was heard to say: "Why, I thought it came from the pasture!"

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Dr. Schallenberger (to Miss Wharton, standing out near the Training School building): "What are you doing there, with the wind blowing a gale?"

Miss W.: "I'm on duty."

Dr. S.: "Well, you needn't stand there and blow away!"

Students, go to Hale's for good goods.

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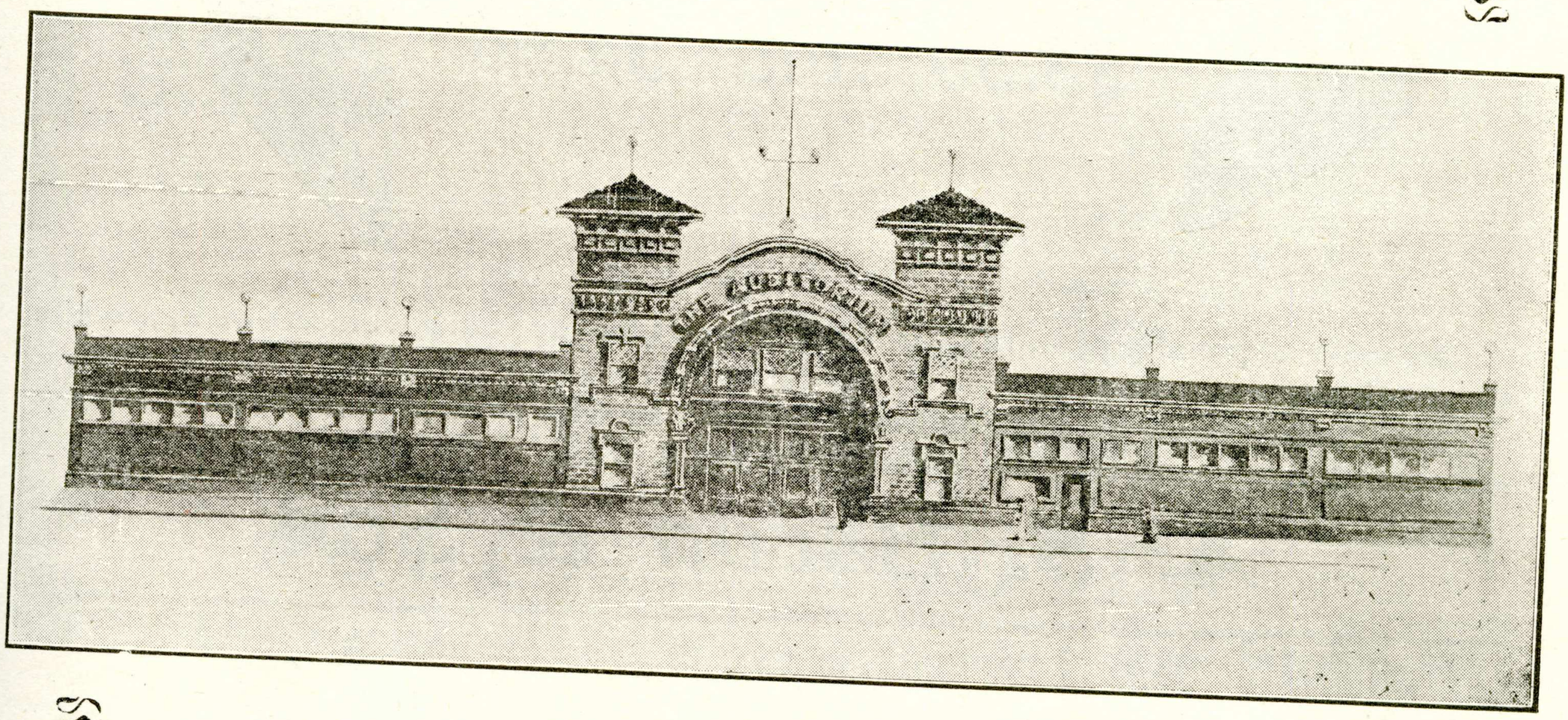
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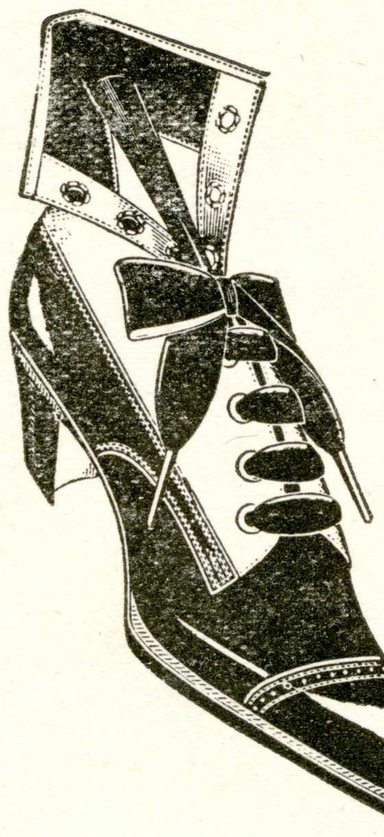
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Mornings—10 to 12, admission free
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Band Nights, admission 15c.

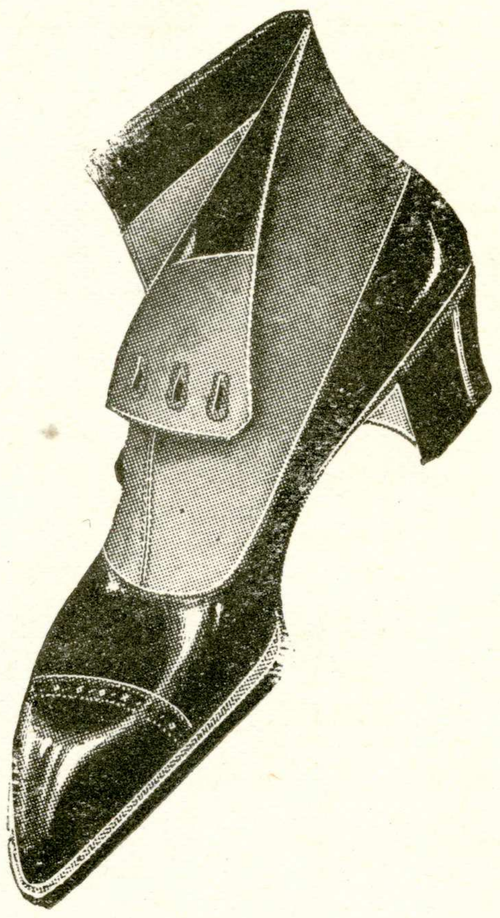
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