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The

Normal
Pennant

DECEMBER

1901

The Normal Pennant

VOL. V. SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1901 No. 4.

Star of Bethlehem

It was the eve of Christmas,
The snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window,
And looked into the night;
I heard the church bells ringing,
I saw the bright stars shine,
And childhood came again to me
With all its dreams divine!

Then, as I listened to the bells
And watched the skies afar,
Out of the East, majestic,
There rose one radiant star;
And every other star grew pale,
Before that heavenly glow,
It seemed to bid me follow,
And I could not choose but go.

From street to street it lead me,
By many a mansion fair,
It shone thro' dingy casement,
On many a garret bare,
From highway on to highway,
Thro' alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone the darkness
Was flooded all with gold.

Sad hearts forgot their sorrow,
Rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children
Turned in their sleep and smiled;
While many a homeless wanderer
Uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last,
Beyond those starry skies.

And then, me-thought earth faded,
I rose as borne on wings,
Beyond the waste of ruin'd lives,
The press of human things;

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Above the toil and shadow,
 Above the want and woe,
 My old self and its darkness,
 Seemed left on earth below.
 And onward, upward, shone the star,
 Until it seemed to me,
 It flashed upon the golden gate,
 And o'er the crystal sea,
 And then the gates roll'd backward,
 I stood where Angels trod;
 It was the Star, the Star of Bethlehem
 Had led me to God.

—SELCETED.



Christmas.

Christmas is the best of all our holidays. It is not only the anniversary of the birth of Him whose teachings dominate the civilized people of the world; but it also marks the beginning of that cycle of time which we call a year. The first of January, absurdly called New-year's-day, is one week farther than Christmas from the beginning of the real year, which is within a day or two of December the 22nd. Although the winter solstice occurs two or three days before Christmas, the time between the rising and the setting of the sun does not perceptibly lengthen before the natal day. Christmas therefore may be considered a double holiday. On that day it is fit that we feast and make merry, because the new year has fairly begun; and Christians, at least, should also join in religious ceremonies appropriate to the birthday of the Redeemer of men. It is both a holiday and a holy day.

The Christmas of 1901 is a notable one. Christmas eve and night the full-orbed moon will rise higher in the heavens and give a brighter light at midnight than at any other time in the year. It will excell any full moon of the next year and any Christmas moon for many years. The midnight moon will be a sight worth seeing. The people on the north bend of the Yukon and at Nome, where the midday sun barely peeps above the horizon on Christmas day, will have the full moon continuously in sight for two days. The middle of the polar night will be for a week made light by the Christmas moon. In the northern Atlantic States, in Canada, and in the snow clad countries of Europe, the streets and roads will be thronged on Christmas eve and Christmas night by people in sledges and sleighs. The tinkling of thousands of tiny bells, which cover the harness of the horses, mingled with the shouts of the happy riders, will fill the air with a joyful noise. The native sons and daughters of the Golden West can scarcely imagine the delight of gliding over the crisp snow in a sleigh drawn by spirited horses. Nor can they realize the beauty of the snow clad world as it will appear under the full moon of the Christmas eve of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

All this, of course, is reversed in the southern hemisphere. In Mel-

bourne, Montevideo, and Capetown, Christmas comes in midsummer. The Christmas dinner is a harvest feast at which ice cream replaces mince pie. There will be the same full moon, but it will run lower there and give less light than any other moon in the coming year. In the equatorial regions Christmas festivities, as we know them, do not exist. Our friends and relations in the Phillipines will not enjoy Christmas. It will seem out of season.

Volney Rattan.



A Christmas in the Phillipines.

As Christmas approaches the writer's thoughts are carried back to the Christmas he spent a year ago in a little village called Baliuag, in the island of Luzon. With the coming of the day my curiosity was aroused relative to the way in which they celebrate this Christmas festival of ours, so I watched their movements and read whatever I could find in regard to it.

For ten days previous to Christmas mass is said early in the morning. This is known as "Aguinaldo Mass," not in honor of the character who has caused us as a nation so much trouble, for it was so called long before his day. The word "aguinaldo" signifies a Christmas present. The first time they came to me saying "aguinaldo," I had not the least idea what they wanted. It seemed strange to me that they should all have the same name; or, if that were not the case, why should they be asking me for money for one against whom I was fighting.

On the twenty fourth, at midnight, the last mass is said before Christmas. This is the hour, they think, when Christ was born. No one thinks of missing this mass, and as soon as it is over they return to their homes, or to the houses of friends, and spend the time in dancing and feasting.

On Christmas day, from 6 to 10, mass is said almost continuously at all the churches. There are three altars. As soon as the ceremony is finished at one altar it is taken up at an other, so that all are able to fulfill the religious requirements of the day. These are some of the ways the Philipino spends Christmas, religiously.

The Philipinos are a very sociable class of people among themselves, especially are they so on their holidays and feast occasions. Their houses are thrown open to those who wish to enter, and a bountiful spread set before their visitors. In early days this hospitality was carried to such an extent that the members of the family in attendance at the door would almost use force to bring the passer in if he showed diffidence in accepting their invitation.

Sports of all kinds peculiar to them are indulged in, the chief of which is the cockfight. Thousands of the natives surge around the rings all day Christmas, and for three days afterward, betting their money. In many parts of the island our government has prohibited these fights.

The whole holiday season is marked by music and dancing. The waltz

s their favorite, although other dances are indulged in. Long ago they held fancy dances, such as have been sung by poets and dreamed of by the lovers of romantic literature. Even at the present time, in some of the provinces which have felt the effects of Spanish rule less than others, the entrancing "balitao," "fandango," "conduman" and "luly" are still danced. These last named dances are, however, indulged in only by those tribes in the mountains. They are all lovers of sport in whatever form it may be.

The fullest inquiry failed to develop anything indicating that they understand the significance of Christmas. They attend the masses, repeat their prayers and obey the instructions of the priests, thinking of little else.

He knows that something happened long ago, in a far country, which somehow is going to effect him hereafter, but after he leaves the Church the occasion is no more than a name. If it were not for the festivities the event would bring no joy to him. Therein lies the essential difference between the Filipino and the American conception of Christmas.

Sam Mathews.



"The Passing of the Leaves"

To Volney Rattan

'Tis old Autumn, the musicain
Who with pipe and labor weaves
The sweet music lovers sigh for
In the falling of the leaves.

I have heard his mystic anthem
Go a-sighing through the trees
Like the distant shouts of children
Or the hum of swarming bees.

When he plays the leaflets flutter
On the bows that hold them fast,
Or they scurry through the forest,
Or they spin before the blast.

They frolic and they gambol
And they cling to Autumn's gown
As the children to the piper's
In the famous Hamlin Town.

And they rustle and they hurry
To the canyon dark and deep;
And Autumn, the old piper,
Pipes till they are fast asleep.

Correspondence.

ANNETTE, Calif., Nov. 8, 1901.

Dear M—,

Two months have passed since I began teaching here, but it does not seem longer than two weeks. In fact the days are altogether too short.

Since my last letter I have heard of the death of Professor Elwood. It seems sad that he could not have finished his life's work in the school with which he had so long been associated.

I wonder if the girls are pleased that gymnastics have been introduced as a part of the regular course at the Normal? At the High School we found them a delight on the days when we knew our lessons, but such a bore when an examination was expected.

During the past week the four seasons apparently have joined hands. The Sierras are covered with snow; the grass is springing up every where. In the gardens the chrysanthemums and roses are at their very best, and the grass hoppers and butterflies are still with us. I wish that you could hear for just half an hour the music that the meadow-larks pour out all around us.

My school numbers now four pupils—one in each the first and second, and two in the fourth grade. I have been trying to interest my fourth grade boys in reading. They do become interested if I read to them or give them school time; but—let me suggest reading at home and the invariable reply is,—“Got too many chores.” My experience has been, however, that these “chores” mean breaking a favorite horse to the jerk line, hitching the goat to a cart, or trading pigeons with a boy who lives three miles away. After supper the boy, of course, must listen while his father tells how wheat has gone up from “seventy-two to eighty-five.” Then it is bed time, and with a yawn and “Think I’ll study my spelling in the morning,” he goes off to bed.

Last week I introduced my boys to sand modeling. They were much interested, and since then the pile of clay has been transformed into the “White City oil fields” and daily they bored, drilled and dug, until it looked like a hill that had been tunneled by squirrels. Even in their small world there was need to settle cases of “jumping claims,” “trusts,” etc. The other day there was great distress in the “oil fields” because one had purchased the claims of all the others with a pocket full of “gold nuggets” (rocks). I straightened out the difficulty by suggesting a Utopian method of division of property. To day the oil fields were given over to agriculture. With a piece of iron from an old desk they were plowing and putting in crops. Every evening on the way home I am expected to answer such questions as,—“Now, Miss Bading, how many sacks of wheat do you think that field will yield to the acre? Now, which do you think would go the faster, Beauty or old Kate, if I didn’t have you in the buggy? How

old do you think old Johnny is, judging him by his teeth?" I confess that the test is often too much for me. Should I happen to guess the correct answer I am greeted with, "Gee! how did you know it? I thought school teachers didn't know any thing about farming."

I have been reading Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy" and a "Trip down the Nile." I enjoyed the latter very much. I felt that I had met some of his characters in life on "the streets of Cairo." I have also read Dewey's "Psychology of Number" and Parker's "Practical Teacher."

Hoping that you are enjoying these autumn days as much as I am,

Very sincerely

IDA BADING.



The "East Side."

The San Joaquin Valley is divided into two divisions by the San Joaquin River. These divisions are called the "East" and the "West" Sides. Many people have many things to say in favor of their favorite side, but I am no real estate agent, and the place where I take my view might well be called the Center of Desolation.

The day is a hot one, with an occasional breath of air, which is still, dry, parching. On all sides save one there seems to be a dim horizon. On that side is the river. The trees, even in reality, seem to be, on the East Side, only scattering waves, although from where I see them they appear like a beautiful green wall, until they grow smaller, and smaller, and then at either end fade into blue nothing at the far off horizon. Parallel with the river, the horizon is a contrast. At the first glance I see nothing, but on looking more closely I see the Sierras. They are only a different shade of blue from that of the sky.

Down nearer the river the land is firm, and salt-grass grows, but here the fields are of weeds and wheat only. The poor stunted grass looks as if it had been mummified, as the old Egyptians were. The wheat grows until it is a little over a foot high, and then it all turns to head, instead of growing up. One seems to be utterly alone until he sees an old, unpainted, weather-beaten house, which surely shows signs of poverty. If one is alone he may investigate. If not, it makes no difference, for it is easy to be seen that no one lives there. The only thing of life about the place is a fat ground-squirrel. This is his country. With no one else here (for we did not investigate the house), a person is apt to feel more and more alone. But now I see a large lump of something about a mile off to one side. It looks like a stack of old hay that has been in a heavy rain without a covering. This thing is, in reality, a harvester. I am sure of this for, after its brief rest, it moves on, enveloped in a cloud of dust. This makes me feel as though I

were in a land that man has not altogether deserted, and, after this, the wire fences are a little company.

If one is alone he is apt to be very quiet, for, if he sees nothing but desolation he is apt to be desolate himself; if in company, why, he has more of a chance to think of other things.

Clarence Rigdon, Low 7th Grade.



The Pedagogy of Habit.

If, as Prof. James says, every person is an animated "bundle of habits," it surely is one of the teacher's first duties to train her pupils in habits that are right physically, mentally and morally. It is incumbent upon her also to replace with good habits the bad ones already acquired, and, as I am fain to believe, to teach the children, at the proper time, something of the nature, power, value, and the laws of habit.

To do this successfully she must understand that law of nature which decrees that certain stages in the child's development are best adapted to the formation of particular kinds of habits. During the early period of school life, when the child is broadening his acquaintance with the objective world of persons and things, she will not attempt to fix habits of reasoning and abstract thinking; nor will she vex with drills and formal exercises the youth, who, awaking to the life within, conscious of self and of his relations to the world, is ripe for the implanting of social, intellectual and religious habits. The wise teacher will choose both her methods and her school subjects with reference to this transitoriness of habit-making epochs.

In her efforts to fix right habits in her pupils the teacher will remember that repetition alone is not sufficient for habit formation. She understands that the initiative must come from some need in the child himself; that the impulse toward the habit must come from some need in the child himself, that the impulse toward the habit must exist in him, and she will strive to excite that impelling force and help the child to form a definite idea of what he is to attain by his repeated action. Under these conditions repetition will not be mechanical drudgery, but a process replete with life and enthusiasm, and each succeeding essay will approach nearer to the ideal, until, through constant conscious adjustment of effort the goal is reached and the desired habit formed.

The essentials to habit formation are, first, the internal impulse, furnishing the motive for effort; then, the image of what is to be attained, showing the child the goal for which he is to strive; and, finally, constantly modified activity directed toward the end in view. Habits resulting from drill only, in whose shaping the other elements, the impulse and the image,

were wanting, will be transitory. They will be thrown off as soon as environment changes. An example of this is seen in the case of school discipline where order is maintained through the force of the teacher's personality. As long as the children are in the schoolroom, directly under the teacher's eye, their behavior is perfect, but once outside, or when transferred to another department, they throw off all restraint and are ruder and more ungovernable than in their original undisciplined state. The reason is not far to seek: the habit of behaving well was rooted in the teacher, and had not its initial impulse in the pupils.

The teacher must bear in mind also that the process of habit formation goes on just as truly in the rest periods as in the periods of activity. Nature's nourishing and renovating processes tend not to heal and obliterate the channels of discharge cut through the brain tissues, but to fix and render them permanent. Knowing this, the teacher will not continue any exercise until it becomes wearisome, but will trust nature to fix the impressions already made and pass on to something just a bit more difficult. Because this sentence has been read today, or this example worked, the one a little harder can be mastered tomorrow, and thus the reading or ciphering habit is gradually but surely fixed.

The children will, of course, have bad habits of behavior. These the teacher who understands the laws of mind will approach negatively. She will make no direct attack, but as a cunning strategist will overcome them, perhaps without her pupils once suspecting that she is engaged in such a campaign. She knows that to center attention upon a habit is to confirm it by cutting deeper the brain pathways upon which the habit depends, and she will not risk defeat by talking upon the obnoxious habit. Instead she makes opportunities for practical good behavior, places the proper incentives before the school, arouses right impulses. Gradually right habits are formed, the undesirable habit dies of inanition,—all unconsciously the field is won.

In order to secure the child's cooperation in this habit fashioning, I would explain to him in a simple way, using no difficult or technical terms, something of the physiological side of habit formation. Even the youngest of the children has seen the plow turn up the furrows in the garden, or at least has seen the little streams, after rain, cutting a way through the wet street, and has noticed how much more easily the plow moves, or the water runs, after the first path has been made. The children will understand that the nerve currents which direct our thoughts and actions are all the time plowing channels in the brain. They will understand that these mind paths are constantly growing deeper and harder to change—a happy thing if our thoughts and deeds are pure and right, a sad thing if our ways are wrong. Rightfully and tactfully put, this thought will make our pupils our allies in the work of right habit building.

Clara Pierce.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The falling of the leaves, the chilly bracing air, and the autumn breezes, tell us as plainly as words that dear old Christmas is drawing near—Christmas which only comes once a year, and the mention of whose very name gives one a magical thrill. It is the spring-time of the winter, bringing forth pleasant memories, loving reminiscences, and puts one in an atmosphere of good will to all.

It recalls to our minds thoughts of home and the merry times we have had at this season, and causes us to look forward eagerly and impatiently to the time when we can wish our dear ones a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Thirty of our students, after long and arduous preparation, on Friday, November 1st., left their Alma Mater to enter upon their chosen work, thus to put into practice in our public schools their educational theories. While we are always sorry to see earnest and zealous students pass from our midst we are glad that this school can have the honor of sending forth such a pro-

ficient class, who, by force of character, good judgment, and intellect will do credit to their instructors. Upon the morning of their graduation they gave a short but well rendered program, after which their able and charming class president, Miss Lulu Spangler, in a very creditable manner presented to the school, on behalf of the November Class, a life size picture of our late President Wm. McKinley. No other gift could be more appropriate at this time or more appreciated by the school. It will serve as an inspiration both to us and those who follow us, as a memento of one of our greatest and grandest Americans.

The sentiment of the Student Body was voiced in a polished and touching address of thanks by Miss Lottie Sinnamon.



The system of giving the Student Body an hour once a month for the purpose of a literary program has been inaugurated in our school. Its purpose is for the promotion of a closer union between the students and for the further developement along the lines of oratory, and music. The results thus far have been most pleasurable and instructive. It is something different—it relieves monotony and furnishes recreation from the humdrum of our every day life. An excellent program by the students was rendered Nov. 4, and we all went away feeling that the hour had been pleasantly and profitably spent. If the students put forth their efforts and talent in the future as they have done we can safely prophecy a long and healthful life for this system and welcome it as a new and original addition to our institution.



Very appropriate Thanksgiving exercises were held in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday morning, where a most excellent musical and literary program was rendered. Professor Dailey read the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation, and a couple of anthems were sung by the school. Two very well written papers on the history of the day were read by students. The chief features of the program were a pleasing solo by Mr. Ohrts and an inspiring thoughtful address by Mr. W. R. G. Alexander. Mr. Alexander roused a keener interest in our American festival by a few impressive words upon the significance of the day. The address was one of rare merit and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the fortunate audience.



There is a great dearth of teachers for public schools in Northern Idaho, especially in Nez Perce county, so much so that many of the district schools are closed. It is said that fully two hundred teachers could find employment at remunerative salaries if they would apply for positions. The growth of the county, with its large increase of population, is given as the real cause of this condition in educational matters. The demand for teachers exceeds the supply.

Exchanges.

"The Normal Messenger," Whatcom, comes in rather a unique form. Its contents are not particularly interesting to outsiders, as it seems to be a strictly school paper, devoted to local interests entirely. One important part of a school paper is omitted—the Exchange column.

"The Candle" has a good article on "Anarchy." It is well written and to the point. "The Candle" is an interesting paper generally. We have but one criticism to offer, and that is, it is rather inconvenient, having to spend the time, which might be better employed, in cutting the leaves of the paper in order to get at its contents. Please see that the leaves are cut next time. Of course, we are repaid, in a measure, by the interesting reading matter; but that is not the point.

"The Adjutant" has a neat, appropriate cover design. Both of the stories which it contains are good.

"The Normal Red Letter" has an Exchange editor, but no exchange column.

"The Senior," Westerly, has an interesting story in this month's issue—"The Title She Chose."

"The Pennant," Meridan, is a good paper. It lacks an Exchange column, however.

The first page of the "High School Voice" is not pleasing. The reading matter begins rather too near the top of the page, making it appear abrupt. The contents of the paper are interesting, which is probably the main thing, after all.

"The Retina" has a neat cover design, appropriate to the Foot-ball season. The contents are interesting, but rather inconvenient to get at—the pages being uncut.

"The Wa-Wa" is always a welcome guest. "Scrap" is an interesting little sketch; and the "Wisdom of City Women" is an amusing hit.

"Annianias Abeduego" a story of the thrilling rescue of a Senior mascot, is told in the "Owl," Fresno. This is a remarkably good school paper.

"The Cricket" has two good well written stories in this month's issue: "Her Boy"—a pathetic little story—and "The Colonel's Daughter."

The article on "Anarchism" in the "Shamrock" is in rather bad taste, I think. It is to be regretted that the one time difference between the North and South should even be suggested in connection with the sad event over which the whole Nation has mourned.

"The Skirmisher" has a good story—"The Hidden Chord." We will await with some eagerness the next issue, when the story will be continued.

A new Latin verb—pigs, pigere, squalli, gruntum.

We notice that the Bible is to be studied in the Oakland High School as a text-book on literature. A very good idea, for as the article in the "Ægis" says, "Why should we study mythology and the sacred writings of other and and inferior peoples, and neglect the book which has been a well of English undefiled, and from whose ideas, imagery, and history, Shakespeare, Milton, Whittier, and Tennyson drew their inspiration?"

We extend our sympathy to the High School for the loss of so excellent a teacher as Mr. Meade.

"The Wild Cat" has an excellent article on "Unrestricted Immigration is Dangerous to the Country."

"The month of June," Mark Twain once said, "is a bad month for speculation. The others are February, March, November, April, January, May, August, September, July, and December."

The raised letters on the cover of "Blee's Military Academy Monthly" give the paper an air of originality. The paper is well arranged, each department being fully treated.

To our teacher's faces
Our teacher's we toast;
In all other places,
Our teacher's we roast.

"Ebb Tide" in the "High School Argus" is a beautiful little poem. Miss Anderson's "Reaping" in the same issue, is a story well worth reading for its simplicity and interest.

"The Red and Black," Pa., has a very interesting cover design. The stories are also good.

"The Olla Podrida," Berkely, is always a welcome visitor. It is among our very best exchanges. This month's issue contains a good story—"A Two Sided Victory."

Among the interesting things in "The Radiator," which is rich in good material, are articles on "A wheel in Scotland," "One Romance of Corporal O'Shea," and "His Cewpud."

"But, ma, Uncle Sam eats with his knife."

"Hush, dear; Uncle Sam' is rich enough to eat with a fire shovel if he prefers to."

The woman whistled to stop the car,
And it stopped short as she did it.
But it was'nt the whistle, but more by far
The face she made when she did it.

"The Phantom Chase" is an interesting and amusing story in "The Normal Pointer."

The cover design of "The Krishno" is pleasing. The first article—a story—is well written, with much life and interest in it. I have a haunting suspicion, however, that the plot—if there be one—is not particularly original. One of the popular magazines, sometime ago, published a story which this resembles very closely.

Willie's Sad Week

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," he said, "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 I will—"
"Wed."

And when he paid his court to her
She lisped and 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 shoes, his glove, his hat,
The coroner upon them
"Sat."

"The Tin Horn" has no Exchange column. Why not give part of the space now devoted to "Toots and Blasts" to reviewing other school papers. I am sure it would add much to the interest of the paper, even though these same "Toots and Blasts" are very interesting in themselves.

The absence of an Exchange column in the "Red and Green" is also noticeable. Why omit such an important factor of a school paper as this?

"The White and Gold" is a very dainty paper, full of life and interest. The editors are to be congratulated.

"The Jester" is a clever little paper. "The Amateur Detective" is a good story. The full page illustration, entitled "Hash" is both interesting and amusing. Quite suggestive, also.

"The Herald" is one of the brightest and best of our exchanges. "Cupid in Moleskins" is an interesting story. The pen and ink sketches are clever bits, which add much to the appearance of the magazine.

How did Henry VIII. differ from other men as a suitor?
He married his wives first, and axed them afterwards.

"The High School News" presents a cheerful appearance. The cover design is very good, and the reading matter is interesting. But where is that most important part of a school paper—the Exchange column?

The "Lilliputian" is a very good little magazine. The following bit comes from it: The deportment of a pupil varies directly as the distance of his seat from the teacher's desk, and inversely as to the disposition of the teacher.

"The High School Bell," one of our most interesting exchanges, comes this month rich in good things.



News and Notes.

Mrs. Terrill (nee Huffman) and Mrs. Houseworth (nee Kirk) have been visiting in San Jose, and each has been in attendance at morning exercises recently.

Miss Elsie Ruhl, former president of Student Body, is teaching very successfully at Berryessa and occasionally gives the Normal School the pleasure of a call.

We extend the hearty hand of welcome to the returned members of our last year's graduating team, Alexander Sherriffs and F. Monroe Carr. Mr. Sherriffs will enter Stanford in January and Mr. Carr will complete his work in this school, graduating in the February class.

Our genial friend and fellow student, Mr. William H. Hanlon, has returned to resume his studies here. He will also swell the list of the February class.

We heartily welcome to our midst again Mr. Ralph B. Mathews, who has successfully completed a term as principal of the San Ramon school. He will spend the greater part of his ten week's vacation in this city.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, kindly favored the Normal students with an excellent and inspiring lecture on "Clean Living" recently. The masterly address was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Earnest D. Snow, Class '99, is teaching at present in Valencia. Mr. Snow has lately taken a course in the University of California, to better fit him for his vocation.

Miss Simonds, a member of the January Class '94, is now teaching in the Intermediate department of a public school at Maiakoa Mani, Hawaiian Islands.

"A shortage of three hundred teachers is reported in the State this year. We think one reason for this condition of affairs is the mischievous and artful habit young men seem to have acquired of marrying the school ma'ams about as fast as they can be graduated and shipped out here."

Joshes.

Miss Kinney—"You cannot draw by lamplight and shade well."

Miss G. Smith—"I found that out last night when I was sketching some trees."

It is reported that Warren Rice has a Muddy Hunt in the hills frequently.

Mr. Woelffel has changed his residence from San Salvador street to College Park. Surely this is not on account of convenience.

There has been a great deal of speculation among the students as to the future career of some of the members of the February class. We have heard it strongly hinted that Miss Wright intends to travel in Japan as a missionary; others have said she will open a restaurant immediately after her graduation.

Young lady to Prof. Addicott (who has head wrapped up)—"Why, Professor, is your head troubling you again?"

Sherriffs is ever an extremist. He travels from Biggs to Little(s).

No matter if Hester did come back, Clara still continues to Lovett (love it.)

Jack Brennan is becoming quite a naturalist. We see him oft with Lenz in hand.

Ask Mr. Martin how he enjoys having two girls (?) quarreling over him.

Who is the young lady who meets "Grambo" Vincent at recess and noon time? Surely it is not Miss E. D—.

She sat pale and silent as a ghost,
'Till it came her time to make a toast.
Up rose Hatabel Osgood then,
Trembling and weak as a cold, wet hen;
But as she stood her courage rose,
And she assumed a stricking pose;
With her hand at her waist, and her head thrown high,
A quiver in her voice, and fire in her eye,
Began her speech, and with emphasis bold,
Her opinion of the Club she told.
But e'er she completed the mad harangue,
She forgot just how one sentence began.
With ruffled brow, and shifting foot,
A picture of despair she looked.
But not for long. A scheme she'd planned,
And reaching down with stealthy hand,
Forth, to our astonished view,
From out her belt, that maiden drew
A great big sheet of "fool's-cap" paper!
Now was'nt that a desperate caper?
Then she regained her former calm,
Finished her speech and then sat down,
Limp and weak from the nervous strain
Of the mighty toast that taxed her brain.



For translation see last page of "Pennant."

Societies.

The Normal Club still is holding the interest of local teachers and Normal Students upon educational topics. Nature Study is the special subject now in hand. Professor Rattan is delivering a series of addresses upon practical work in the schoolroom. All should give the Nature Study movement encouragement.

SAPPHO CLUB

An enjoyable "feed" was held a few weeks ago, in honor of our departed president, Miss Lulu Spangler, who graduated in the November class. Miss Bess Williams was toastmistress upon this occasion. She has succeeded Miss Spangler in the office of President. The club believing that "variety is the spice of life," has been having rather unique programs lately. Some of the girls, who "never could sing," have found it necessary to exercise their vocal organs, while others have become proficient in the use of uncommon musical instruments. Knowledge along different lines has been imparted by the impromptu speakers. In short, diversified learning has been encouraged.

ALLENIAN

The term is half over, and so far the Allenians have had pleasant and profitable meetings; the new members adding both to the social and literary parts of the programs.

Under the management of our new staff of officers we cannot but expect to continue to enjoy to the fullest extent our society and its work

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

Among the lectures to the Club during the past few weeks, an imaginary trip to Turkey with Mrs. George was perhaps the most enjoyable. If there was anyone present who had been unable even to understand the conditions of Turkey, a description by one who has been there surely fastened them on his memory. Professor Dailey gave the members an excellent idea of anarchy and anarchists on the 13th.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing ten weeks. Miss Aimee Meache, President; Miss Howe, Vice President; and Miss Emma Looftburrow, Secretary.

EROSOPHIAN

For the past month the members of Erosophia have been too busy with school work to waste much time in undue gaiety, but the last meeting was a rousing good time. Every number on the program was veriest nonsense, but enjoyable for all that, and various sweet things (to eat) topped off an exceedingly jolly afternoon.

The members who have joined Erosophia are valuable additions along both literary and social lines. The society expects soon to initiate several more.

BROWNING

The Browning Club is progressing rapidly under the skillful management of our new president, Miss Zippa Holland. The work of studying Browning's poems is being carefully followed out. At our next meeting we expect to finish the very interesting study of "Saul". The meetings are very well attended and a great interest seems to be taken by all members.

Very recently the members of the club were entertained at the home of Miss Holland. The gathering was a reception given in honor of the new members and the graduates. A very pleasant evening was spent. One of the principal features of the evening was the presentation of diplomas by President Dailey, to the graduates—Miss Sunderer; Miss Caldwell; Miss Robson; Miss McDonald; Miss Woodard; Miss Sikes and Miss Mignon.

The officers of the club for the present ten weeks are President, Zippa Holland; Vice President, Agnes Hoey; Secretary, Clara Powell; Treasurer, Faye Lightbody.

EMANON SOCIETY

The Emanon Society, during the past month, has been the unfortunate one to suffer on account of the irregular closing of the various meetings on Monday afternoons.

Now that the class debates have closed we will be able to begin our work this month with our old time vim and vigor.

The society is steadily increasing in interest, and some of the best talent in the school can always be heard on our programs.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB

Twelfth Night is at present occupying the minds of the members of this Club. Excellent work is being done. Members are very enthusiastic and the weekly attendance is good.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is enjoying a prosperous term's work, and bids fair to rival all preceding terms. The lectures of Miss Stafford, Pacific Coast Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and Rev. Hazell have added greatly to the programs of the regular meetings held in room L. The members rejoice to see the interest and membership steadily increasing. All are rejoicing over the return of our President, Miss Alice Chalfant.

While the aim of our society is to develop the spiritual side of its members and the school, the social side is not forgotten. The society is planning to unite with the Y. M. C. A. in a grand spread Nov. 26.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are held every Sunday morning in the faculty office. Important points in the theory of evolution still

continue to be topics for discussion. Although the attendance is not as it should be, we nevertheless succeed very well with the great problem we have chosen to study.

Y. M. N. D.

The last ten weeks has been a period of progress for the Y. M. N. D. Society. An important factor in this progress has been the able administration of President Cuthbertson.

We have also been greatly encouraged and helped this term by the active interest that has been taken in the Y. M. N. D. by the Normal Faculty. Through the aid of the faculty arrangements have been made for a debating contest between three representatives of the Y. M. N. D. and a like number chosen from the ranks of the Co Ed's. This debate will take place in January.

At the last election C. E. Jared was chosen President; C. Wilson, Vice President; Lovett Frazer, Secretary; Robert Downs, Treasurer; and Alex Cuthbertson Sargent-at-Arms.

ART CLUB

The Student's Art Club holds its meetings every two weeks on Monday evening. The members find the work very interesting.

Last year the Club made a study of Italian art. This term it is studying French art. First a sweeping survey was made of the whole field of French art. This has been followed up by a closer study of Millet and his works. "The Shepherdess," "The Sower," and "The Nestlings," were especially studied.

The next meeting is to be devoted to a study of Mr. Markham's three poems, "The Angelus," "The Sower" and "The Man with the Hoe," in connection with the pictures of Millet, on which they were written.

At the last meeting Miss Bacon of the Washburn School, who studied art for four years in Paris—a part of the time under Pissara, one of the foremost artists of the century—gave charming remeniscences of her stay abroad.



Directions—



"You take a few pieces of zinc and put in your generator; add $\text{H}_2 \text{ O}_4$ then plug in the cork, and pour in $\text{H}_2 \text{ SO}_4$

Observations—

The action was not very brisk when I put in $\text{H}_2 \text{ SO}_4$ so I tried nitric acid to see if the thing would'nt bubble up more.

Conclusions—

As I wiped up the acid and zinc, and swept up the glass from the floor, I concluded I'd stick to directions and try my own methods no more."

Miss A. M. Reed.

The Man with the Hoe.

“God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him.”

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf—
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and protends for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the redding of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World;
A protest that is also prophecy.

He is more pleased by some sweet human use
Than by the learned book of the recluse;
Sweeter are the comrade kindnesses to Him
Than the high harpings of the Seraphin;
More than white incense circling to the Dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home—
More than the hallelujahs of the choir
Or hushed adornings at the altar fires.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

Who Is Who?

He is neither tall nor stately, nor yet insignificant. In his small round head, which is somewhat bare of nature's covering, rests a pair of twinkling blue eyes. And his nose, with its prominent mathematical bump, stands guard over a pleasing yet firm mouth. His well kept moustache and highly polished glasses are the two characteristics of my subject. His shoulders are broad and erect, although his statue is small. His ideas of dress are those of comfort and not of style; his coat and vest are of yellowish brown, with trousers of the same. His manner of walking is quick and sharp.

2. He looks rather juvenile to be a professor. When I first saw him I mistook him for one of the students, because he was so boyish looking. Yet he is not so incredibly young; he is about thirty-four. The expression of his face is that of a round thinker, his eyes being deep set, and his forehead well shaped; his face is long, his mouth firm, and they tell me it was once shadowed by a red moustache, which I imagine must have been altogether out of keeping with his hair, which is straight, and of a light brown color. This he parts in the middle, and keeps it well combed. I think he might perform the duties of a pastor and preach sermons with great effect, judging from the way he delivers the chapel reading from the rostrum. He is a good listener, a good conversationalist, a bachelor, a bookworm, and what not.

3. She is a dark, plump little woman with a well rounded, girlish figure, dark hair and eyes and a very intelligent face. Every quick, bird-like motion of her body impresses you with the idea of firmness and independence. She has a quick temper, but by refinement and culture she has become its master and you would never guess her feelings unless in some unguarded moment a flash from her eye revealed it. Sometimes a perplexed little wrinkle will form itself between her observing eyes and suggest to you her thought. Cool and collected most all the time, she baffles you. Anything graceful and beautiful attracts her like a magnet. She is especially fond of rhymes, pictures, jewelry, and dress, yet with this little touch of vanity—hardly vanity after all—she is a very original and interesting person—honest, helpful and energetic to the last degree.

4. This member of the faculty is somewhat frail-looking. His benign, pale face is framed by a soft gray beard and hair. His eyes at times gleam with the fire of enthusiasm, then they soften and look far away at the pictures in his memory. His voice is not strong or clear, yet his command of beautiful language makes him an interesting speaker. He loves and sympathizes with nature in all her moods, and his communion with her has inspired him with lofty and beautiful ideas. These he can express so perfectly that they sound like music to my ears.

5. She is of medium height and very slender. Being a sensible woman,

she considers comfort before style, and dresses accordingly. Her red gold hair is parted and coiled on the top of her head. Her face bears the expression of one who has suffered a great deal during life. Occasionally she wears glasses, and through these her keen eyes are able to take in at a glance everything before her. When she smiles it lights up her whole countenance and changes every feature. She is gifted with a keen sense of sound and can detect and locate the slightest noise, calling the attention of the offender to it very forcibly.

6. She is a trifle below medium height, and rather stout. Below a smooth white forehead two kindly blue eyes look at you and reveal the owner's sunny nature. It is said that she is not always in a good humor, but I have never seen her with a frown on her face. She talks rapidly, but the tone is so kindly it is no wonder the girls all like her. Her dress is always neat, stylish, and becoming to a woman now in middle life. Her step is firm and quick, but she is never in too great a hurry to stop and have a chat with one of "her girls." There is an air about her that makes one feel she is an old acquaintance. It is no wonder the girls go to her with all their joys and sorrows, however trifling, for what is of interest to one of "her girls" is of interest to her.



SONNET.

Between two rows of bushes flows the stream,
Rippling and dancing o'er the sand and stones,
And through its limpid waters may be seen
The clean-washed pebbles shining through the foam.
O'er head a canopy of leaves upheld
By arches, formed from limbs of hoary trees,
A cooling shadow sheds. Sounds like tinkling bells
Are heard, and with the humming of the bees,
And songs of birds, and rustling of the leaves,
A forest choir is made : And one by one,
The leaves are shaken from the bows. The breeze
An anthem sings. At last, when all are gone,
How sad and lonely will the forest brook,
Without its canopy of greenness look.

—H. BOWMAN.

Athletics.

Heston, who is undoubtedly the best half-back Michigan has had since the days of "Chuck" Widman, is improving every day. Experts say that he will make the All-American team with proper coaching." It will be seen from the above quotation, taken from the "Daily Michigan," that our star halfback of last year is making an enviable foot-ball record in the East. His team played fifty one games without a single point being scored against it.

Base ball season is here again, and a great many more may come, but they will not find such a likely lot of "colts" as are waiting to begin practice this year. Now, there's that man Martin; look at his record, it is needless to repeat it. Meere, Emerson, Hanlon, Carr, Fraser and Sam'l Matthews are all back, and with the addition that we expect from new men a very strong team will be put on the field.

The authorities evidently think athletics are dead, as they have utilized a large part of the campus for farming purposes.

Base-ball has never received proper support from the students, and as a result our past base-ball teams have never accomplished what they should have done. Let us make this the best season of base-ball that the Normal has ever seen. It can be done if everyone will take an interest in the team, and give it their hearty support.



A Case of Swell Head.

The two students had come from Prof. Addicott's Concrete Geometry Class to Prof. Baker's Abstract Class.

Prof. B.—"This is a straight line, and this is a rounded one."

Miss S —"Oh, he means a curved line."

Prof. B.—"A circle has any number of sides."

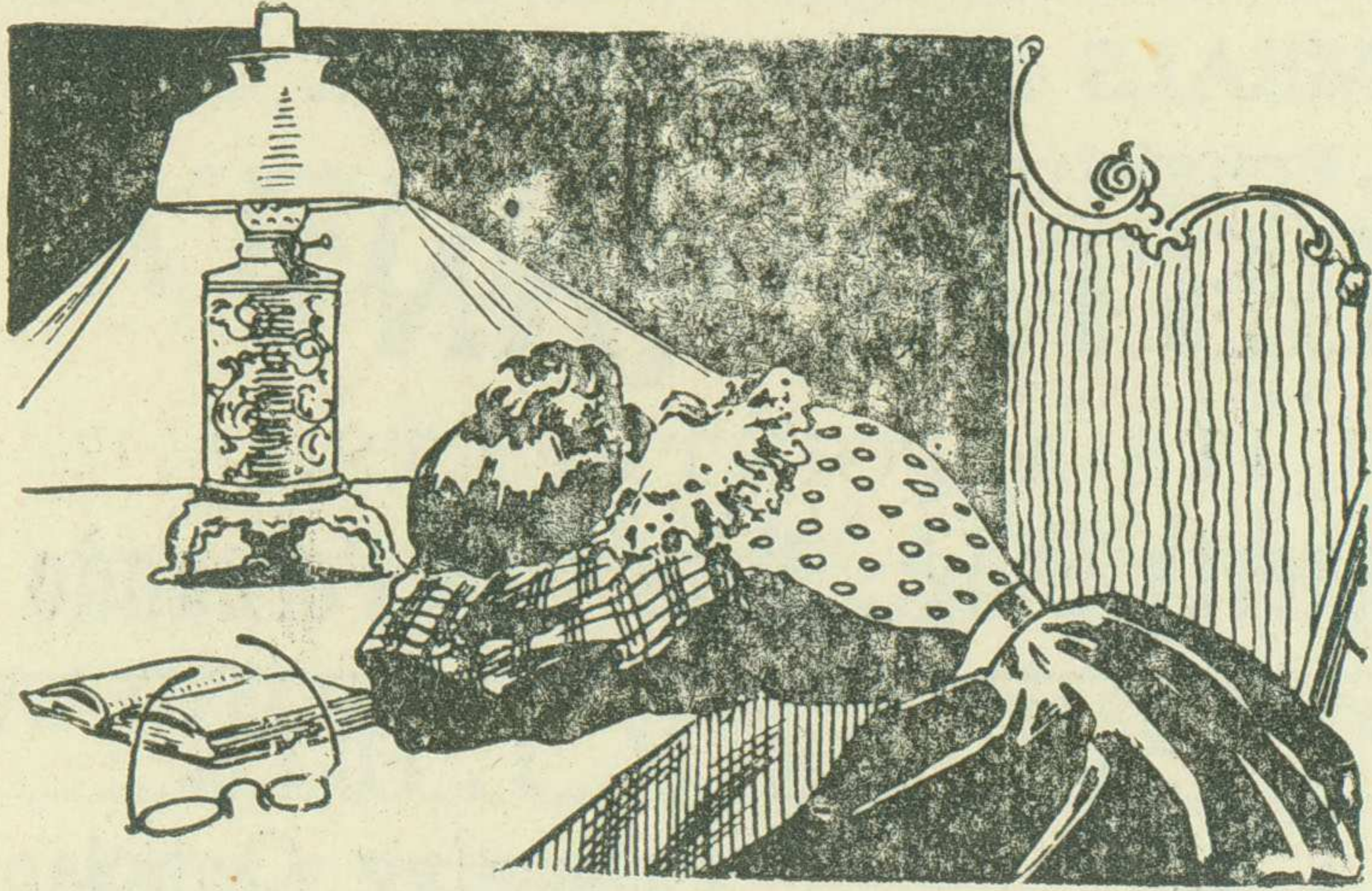
Miss M.—"He means an infinite number of sides."



The students of Miss Howe's History classes fear greatly that she will injure her health and eyesight correcting papers. They care nothing for the tests, however.



Taken from the Idaho Falls Times, the Hailey Times quotes Miss Ringgold, county superintendent of public instruction, as saying there is a scarcity of teachers in every county in the State, and that fully three hundred additional teachers are needed at this time.



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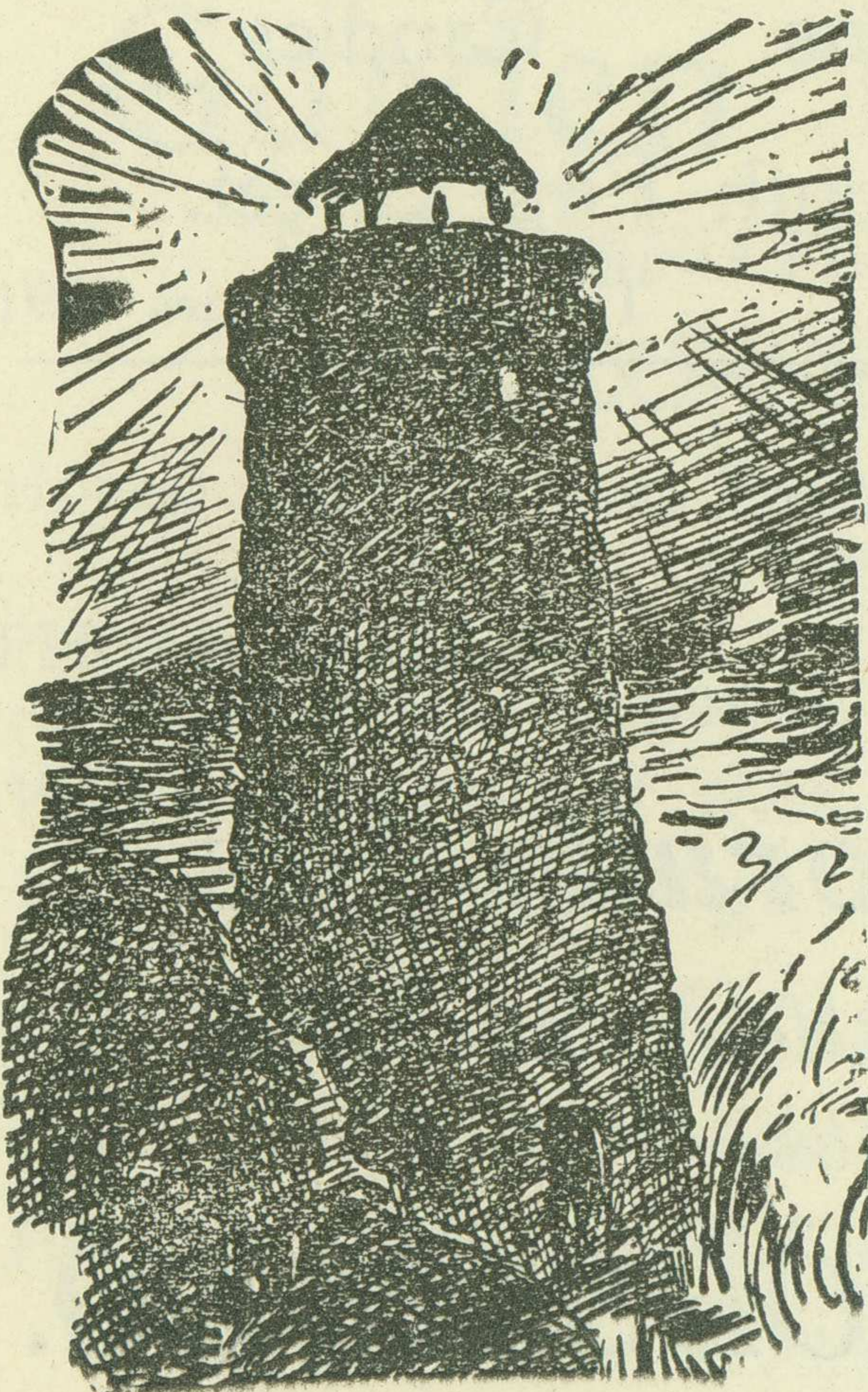
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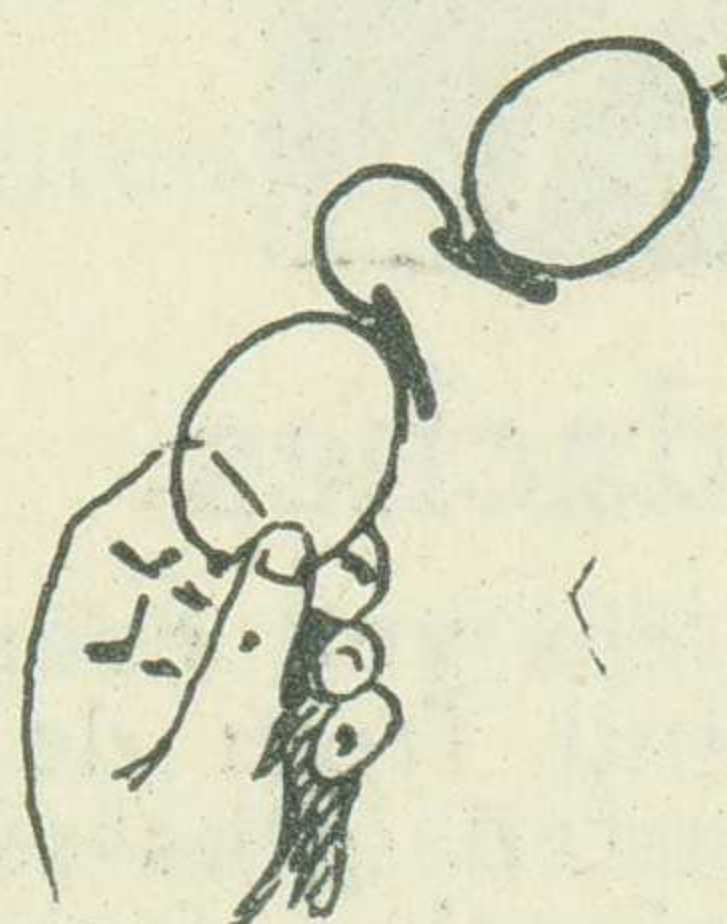
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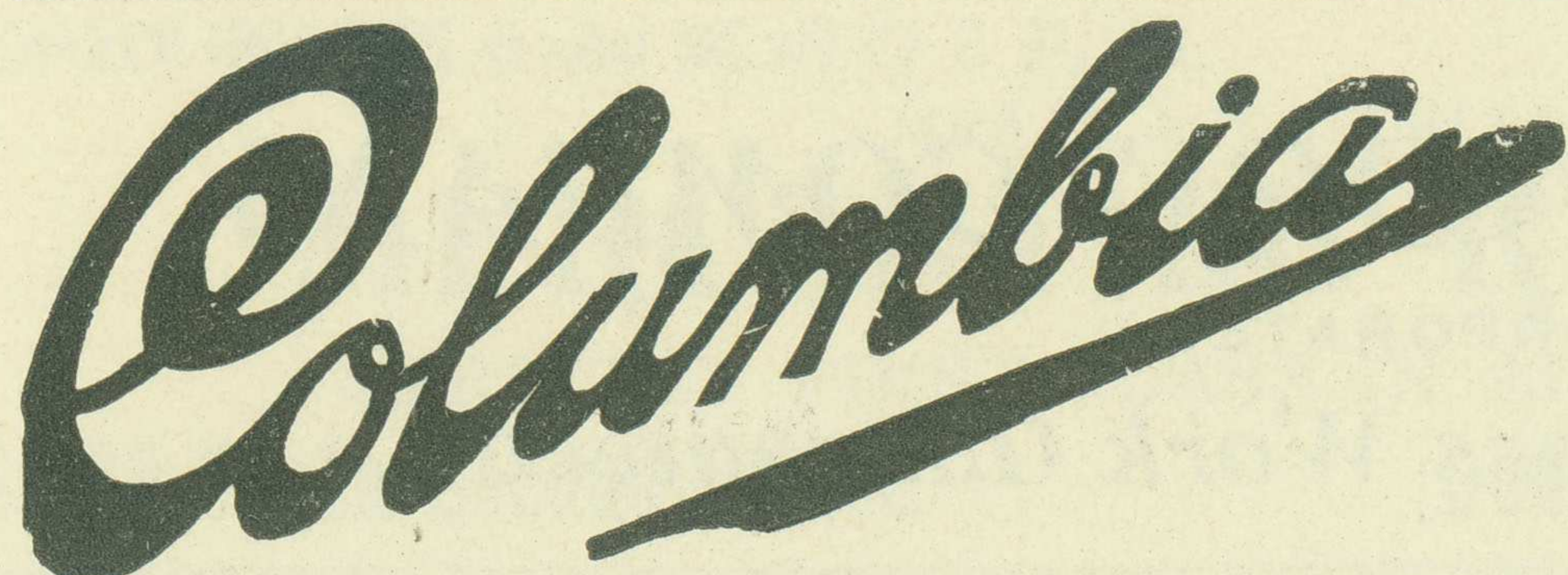
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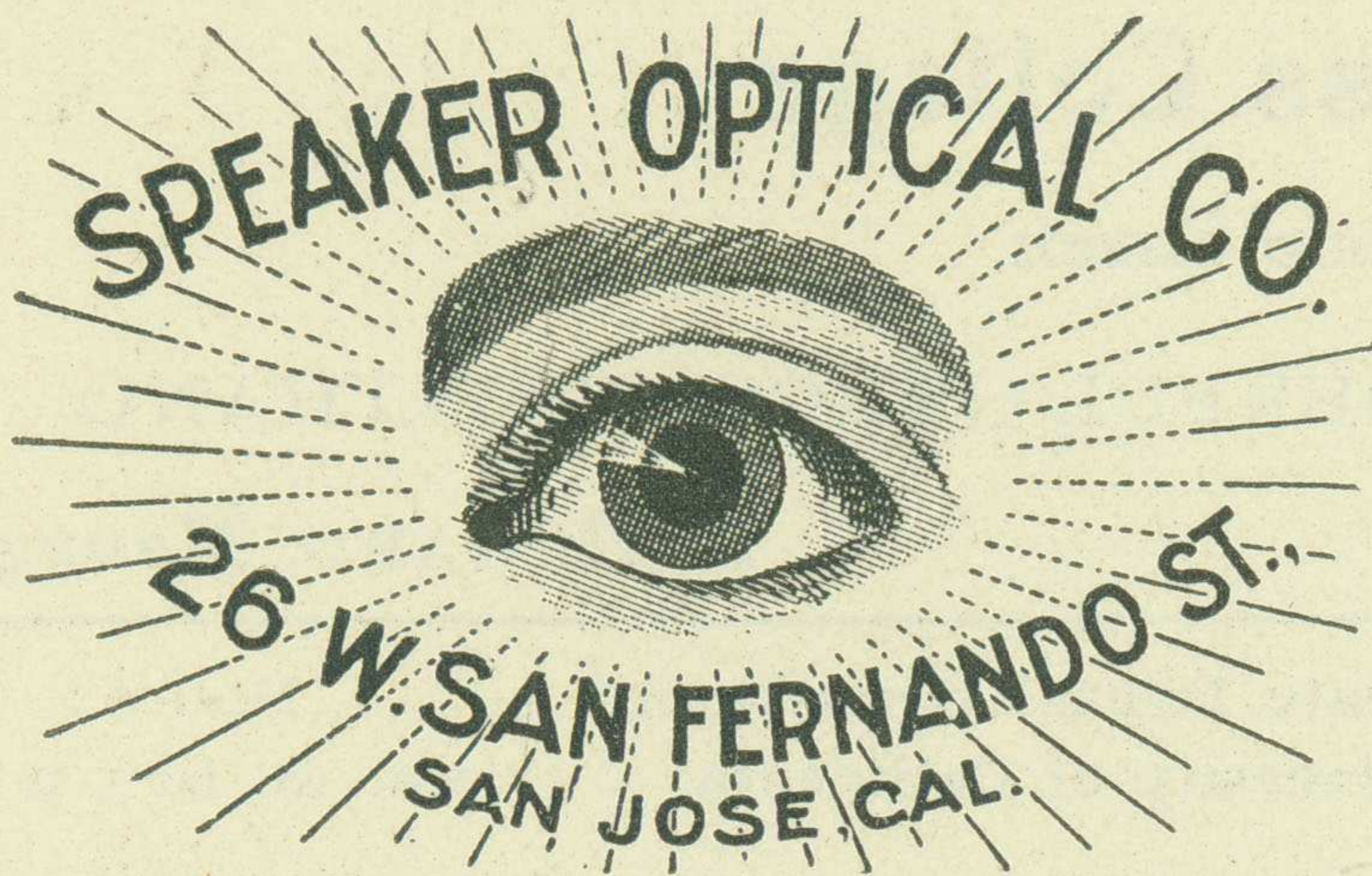
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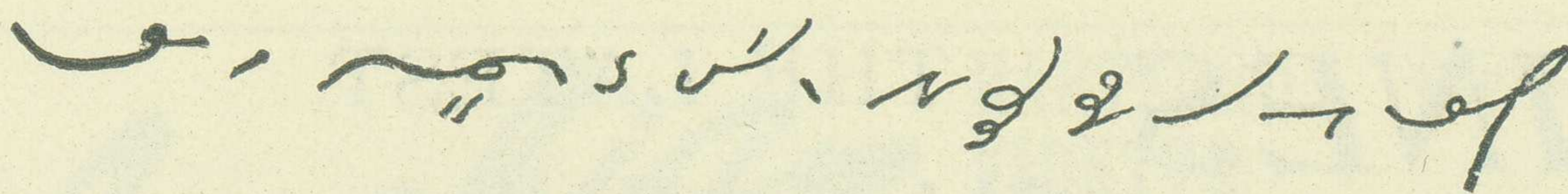
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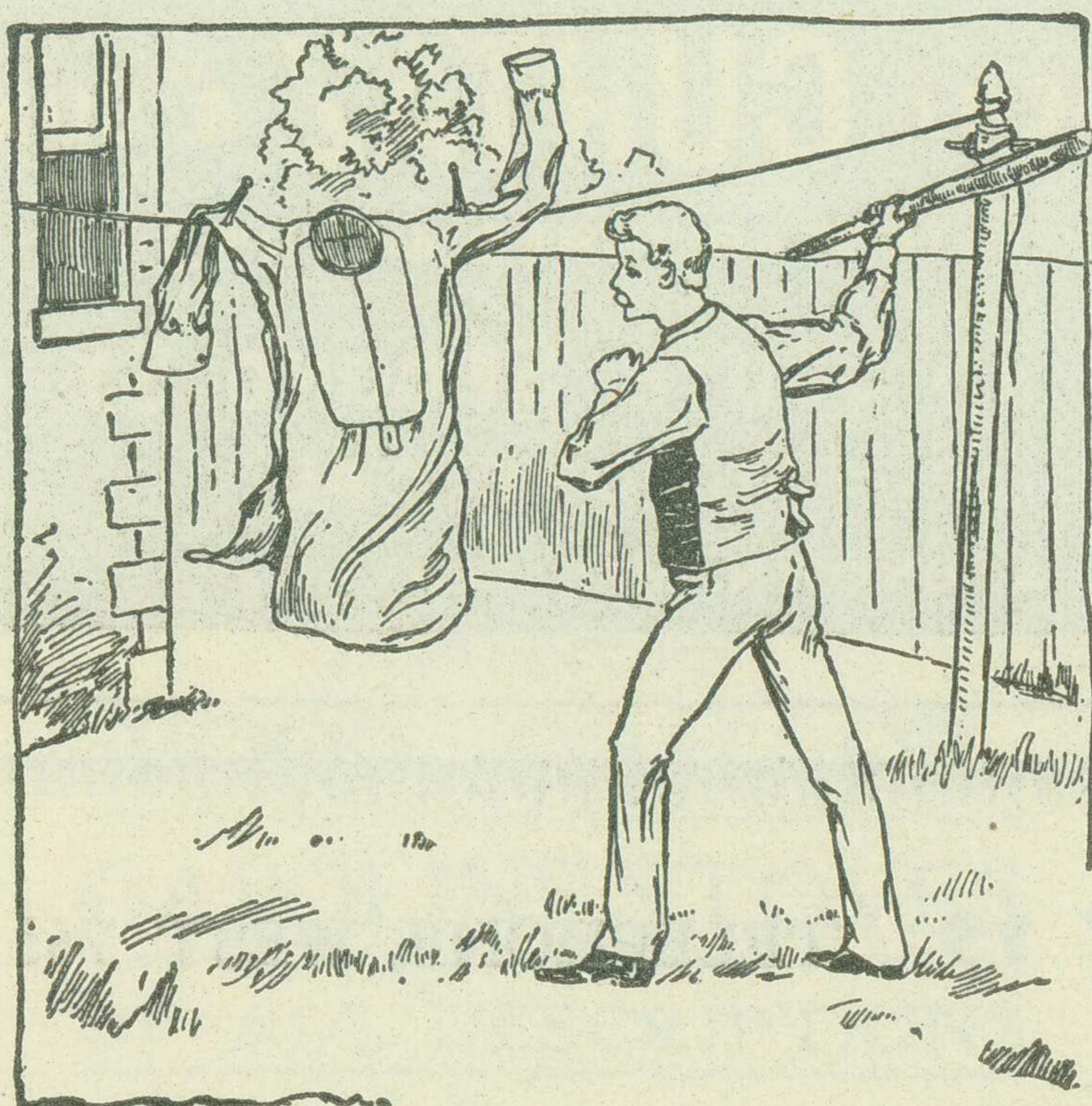
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