The Normal Pennant

November, 1904

Thanksgiving Number

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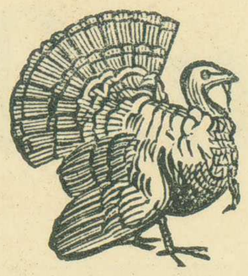

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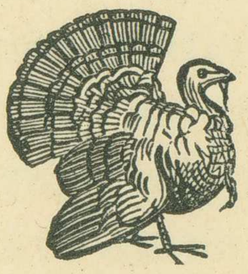

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The Normal Pennant

VOL. VIII. SAN JOSE, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1904. No. 2.

His First Thanksgiving.

ALL Nature was asleep on Beechwood Hill. A solemn stillness prevails except for the saucy chatter of an occasional squirrel that ran to his nest with a contribution to add to his winter store. The dropping of nuts as they struck the bare branches in falling bespoke the fact that Jack Frost had already been a frequent visitor. The first snow lay light upon the earth giving to the landscape an aspect suggestive of peace and contentment. In such a mood, at least, appeared the little snow birds that hopped about with their tiny footprints or twittered among the trees.

Not so silent, however, was the world indoors at Meadwell Inn, the home of old John Meadwell, his sister Cynthia, and granddaughter Daisy, a child of eleven. No indeed, for if neighbors *were* few and far between, it did not hinder the Thanksgiving preparations going merrily on. They were quite happy with one another, these three honest souls. On the table a plump turkey was lying low when an hour before he had strutted about the proudest of the flock. The large kitchen was filled with the spicy odors of the anticipated feast. The pantry shelf gleamed with the gold, amber, and white, and brown of its array of good things. In the long low dining-room was Daisy taking great delight in arranging simple decorations of greenery. Not that any guest was expected. O no—guests were uncommon in winter; but she was a child of Nature and knew where a bit of green still lingered on the sunny side of the ravine below the house. Her enjoyment was in making things look pretty for those she loved.

Her favorite retreat was by a clear mountain stream which was reached by a winding path leading down to it from the rear of the house. Here with no young playmates, she early substituted the squirrels, birds, and insects, all of which seemed to regard her as one of themselves. She spent the greater part of her time here, and many were the curious baskets she fashioned in the way Nature alone could teach her, arranging in them various woodland vines with which she beautified the wide veranda of her mountain home and pleased a large number of

guests who sojourned there every summer.

Meadwell Inn, always a beautiful spot in summer, was no less attractive in winter. Nestling close under the protecting shadow of Sentinel Mountain on the one hand,and a low range of hills over which the ever-changing shadows were constantly chasing themselves on the other, it seemed more a bit of God's glorious handiwork than anything placed there by man. The gem well became its setting.

Some such thought was in the mind of the restless, discontented traveler, who that peaceful morning approached the Inn from the wagon road leading up from the ravine. With a soul at war with itself, seeking some quiet retreat whence he might come and go at will, he had alighted from the little railroad station fifteen miles back by the road and plunged recklessly into the woodland, never stopping until he reached a low rise of ground where even his sluggish nature was stirred by the beauty of the prospect spread out before him. He decided then and there that Meadwell Inn should be his stopping place.

Pushing on he soon noticed many squirrels scampering about, and all his old love for hunting returning, he raised his gun toward one of the most conspicuous and fired. It was not to fall unnoticed, however, Running down the mountain path like a young deer Daisy was on the spot in an instant, confronting the astonished young man.

"Oh, it's little Fluffy! How did you dare to do it! How could you? I played with it every day and fed it out of my hand. These are my pets and grandpa never lets anyone shoot around here. How could you! How could you! Oh, you are so cruel!"

At the first outburst Harold Morgan's only answer was to make the woods echo with his mocking laughter. "Your pets—why not say the world is yours?" But as the child fearlessly reproached him with tears in her great blue eyes he felt a respect for her grief such as he had never before felt for a mere child. It was plain she was no ordinary child, and he became anxious to make amends.

"Come, little woodland nymph—"

"Well, then, Daisy, won't you forgive me this time? Honestly, I would give ten dollars not to have shot that squirrel. Come, shake hands, and I promise you I will never do it again."

She hesitated a moment, looked up into his eyes, and reading his sincerity, laid her hand in his and the compact was made. Her generous nature forbade her to do otherwise, and they immediately became friends.

"You see that mountain way off to the left there? Well, that's Lone Fir Mountaln. All about there is good hunting and fishing and you can shoot all you want to there. If you like I will take you there pretty soon. We will ride Jack and Jill. You are going to stop at the Inn, aren't you?"

"Yes, if you will let such a monster in now."

"O yes, you can stay. I guess you didn't know. Grandpa never

turns anybody away. Besides, we have the biggest turkey and lots of other good things and there are only three of us there now. Aunt Cynthy is going to send me to the Settlement with some things for a poor family. Come, I will race you home."

Feeling something of his old zest returning, he found himself actually racing down the path with this sylvan maid and enjoying it. He watched her curiously.

"What makes you so happy away back here, little Daisy? Don't you get awfully lonely? I would give anything to feel as you do. These happy little creatures make me angry."

"Oh, you must have lived in an awful wicked place. Aunt Cynthy says loving all nature is loving God. I have always lived here and love this place. Grandpa, Aunt Cynthy, and I do have such good times. Its such fun popping corn, and roasting chestnuts, and baking apples in the big fireplace evenings in winter! We'll do it tonight if you like."

"With all my heart, little gypsy."

"Daisy," she innocently corrected him.

"I'll do it, Daisy. Ah, I wish I too might live here always! *You* could never deceive anyone any more than the little hare-bells sleeping under yonder snow which are no bluer than your eyes. I wish you might teach me your secrets"—and so continuing they reached the house.

"Stay? Oh yes, stranger. Just as long as you like. If there's one thing old John Meadwell prides himself on it's his hospitality. No stranger was ever turned from *my* door. Hope you've brought a good appetite with you, for we have turkey enough for half o' New York. If you're ready we'll sit right down."

"Don't forget our ride to Lone Fir, Mr. Morgan, and the nuts, and popcorn, and everything we talked over."

"Not for one moment, Daisy."

"Really, my kind friends, this is quite different from the Thanksgiving I had planned for myself—far, far different. It must be another world I have entered, for life has changed since morning."

"You are young to find shadows in life thus early," said the kind old lady, gently. "I once had a boy about your age and I've cheered many a trying hour for him."

"I do not doubt it," he murmured. Your son was indeed blessed with such a mother. Truly this is the atmosphere of home in its truest and most sacred sense."

The long, low dining-room presented a picture of comfort and good cheer. The sunlight, though faint, streamed in a bright bar across the spotless floor. The snowy cloth though not by any means covered with silver was no less inviting. On a rug basking in the warmth was the old house-dog. Crowning all this scene was the assembled group about the table. Honest John Meadwell, entering the winter of life, his shock of white hair like a crown of glory; beside him on the one hand his little

sunny-haired Daisy in the full blossom of Springtime; on the other hand the young man with lines of discontent and worry written on a face that otherwise gave evidence of latent possibilities and noble impulses; opposite him Aunt Cynthia, also entering on life's afternoon, but with a face on which one read only patient trust, calm hope, and placid content.

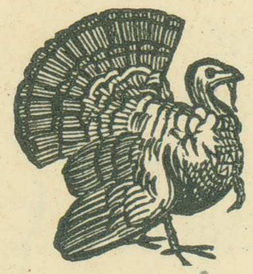
That Thanksgiving scene Harold Morgan never forgot, nor the long delightful evening that followed. A great peace had crept back into his soul and he felt as he had not since a little boy when he too had been care-free and happy. He had come with the intention of staying for weeks, but now he had changed his mind. He felt strong enough to take up the work waiting for him. It was his duty to return; the way lay plain before him.

The following evening after a well spent day he descended the path to the gate. Daisy followed loath to give up the many pleasant rambles they had planned. He had bidden farewell to his kind host and hostess being given the assurance that 'Meadwell's doors would always be open.'

"I have spent the 'first' Thanksgiving of my life, little mountain Daisy." He spoke more as if thinking aloud than addressing her. "In the years to come you shall be my inspiration. I will not say farewell, but God willing I shall return some day to this sacred spot and meet again those who have been more to me than kindred."

It was growing late. Lone Fir loomed a dark silhouette against the evening sky. The sounds on Beechwood Hill were hushed. The old watch-dog was pursuing a solitary rabbit to its burrow. The evening shadows were creeping up old Sentinel's side. The young man turned once more toward the scene as if he would impress it forever on his memory. The old man with his milk bucket was going down the slope humming a quaint air. Aunt Cynthia waved a cheery farewell from the spring on the hillside. He started forward, paused, then turned as if to speak, but with thoughts too deep for words he passed through the gate and was received into the twilight shadows.

EMMA CLINE.



Thanksgiving Days.

While hills are green beneath the early rains
  And purple with the mists of ocean's breath,
While autumn woods are flecked with brown and gold,
  And summer blossoms meet a gentle death,

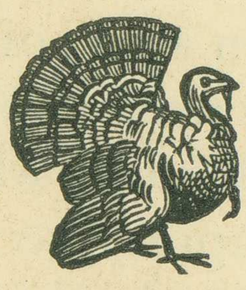
While skies are blue and days are soft and warm,
  And roses linger by the garden wall,
We lift our hearts in songs of loving praise
  To Him who is the Father of us all.

Among the canyon ferns the swelling brooks
  Together join in rippling melody.
The flaming creepers clamber overhead,
  And scarlet berries gleam beside the way.

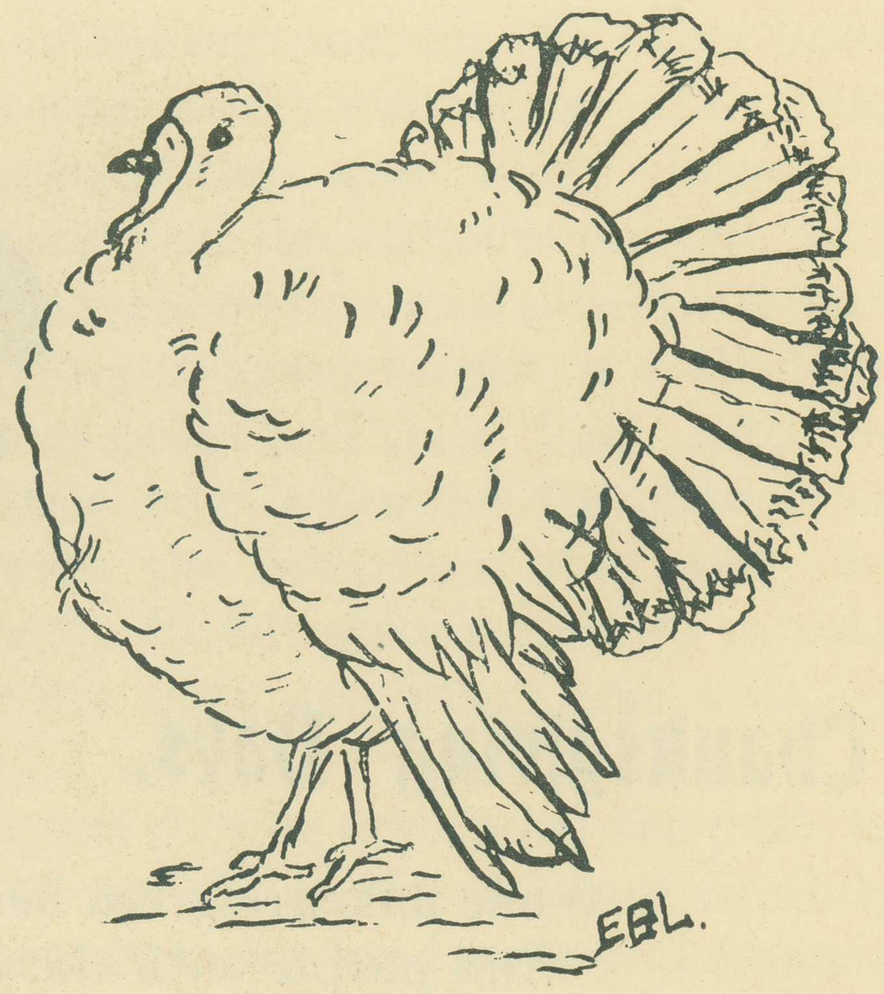
The hazel copse has yielded up its store;
  The acorns lie beneath the drifts of gold;
And frost is white each morn upon the lea,
  On wood, and stately pine, forever old.

Upon the ocean shore the billows beat
  In solemn cadence to a hymn of praise;
The palms are waving in eternal youth,
  And autumn is a dream of golden days.

E. Isabelle McClelland.



The Old Folks at Home.



MOTHER was making great preparations for Thanksgiving this fall. Of late years the Thanksgiving week had been very quiet with the old people, but time was when the old homestead saw its merriest gatherings and the house was fullest at this festive period. Now, however, the children had drifted away to homes of their own, Mary to a western ranch where the distance was too great from the old place, and money too scarce to spend in railroad fare, to come back to visit very often. Lemuel and Sam were thrifty farmers with growing families of their own.

But John, the youngest, had been "mother's" pride, and it was he for whom the elaborate preparations were being made. For was he not coming from his city home and his business to visit the farm and the haunts of his boyhood days?

The old folks had scrimped and saved to give John the desire of his heart, a college education, and now he was a prosperous lawyer in the great, busy city. Yes, he was married, but John's parents had never yet seen his "city wife." But mother was sure she must be sweet and good if so splendid a man as John had chosen to marry her.

Perhaps, mother was a little sensitive on the subject of her seeming indifference toward visiting them, but to prying neighbors she never "let on" and was always ready with some good excuse for their not coming.

"Ten years is a powerful long time, ain't it, mother?"

"Why, it's only nine year, father," softly replies the sweet-voiced, white-haired old lady. "You remember it was the fall the hogs all had the cholera, and then sister Sary's children all got the Dutch measles and I went and took care of 'em—nine years ago this fall."

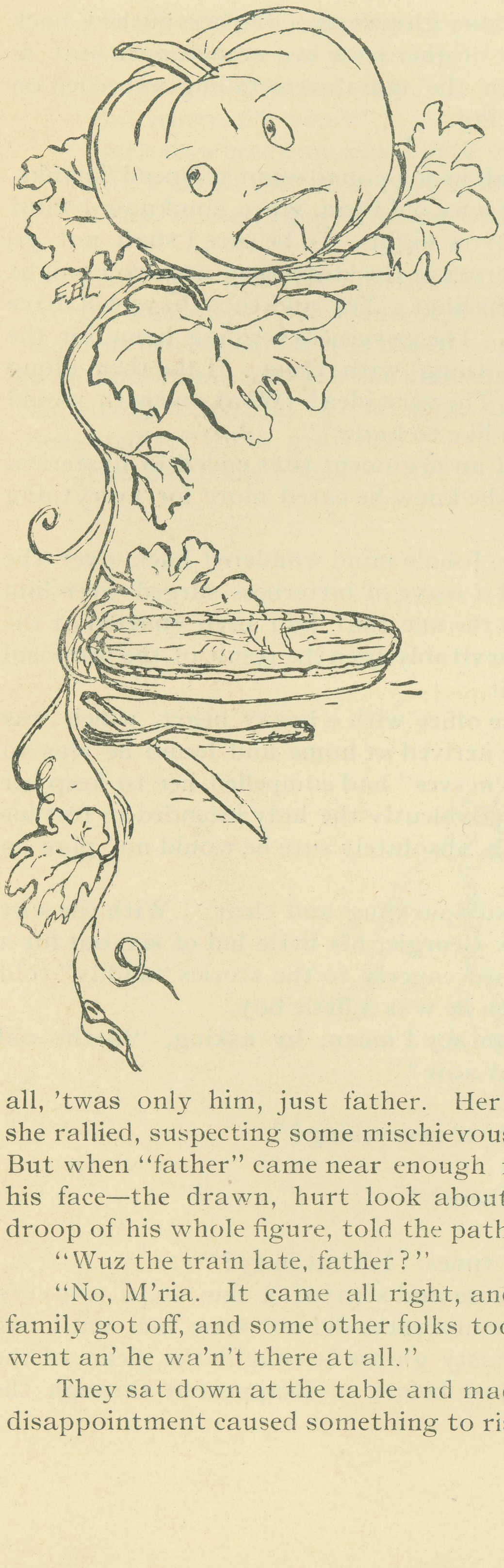
"Well Maria, you always wuz a better head for dates than I am. But read his letter again. Seems like it makes the time shorter till he comes."

She read it through for the twentieth time, this short but well worn epistle that meant such an epoch in their lonely lives.

"I made some o' that mince meat today, 'cause John likes the pies so well. Then I'm going to open some of my quince preserve that I put up last year. Won't he open his eyes when he sees the pumpkin pies and the jell tarts like I used to make for him when he was little?"

"So they crooned on happily to each other, trying to think if there were anything more that might be done for the long absent son.

The day before Thanksgiving saw all their plans matured. They had



killed, not the "fatted calf", but certainly the fattest turkey on the place, and now he hung in state awaiting the roasting of the morrow. The pantry shelves fairly groaned with good things enough for a family of ten. "John *might* decide to bring along them two little boys, you see, and if he does I want them to see what an old-fashioned Thanksgiving is like," mother reasoned with herself as she added to the already overflowing larder, secretly hoping he would bring them although he had not intimated as much in his letter.

Early morning found them both busy again. "Father" was to go to meet the train at eleven o'clock, and as he started down the road, mother watched him with eyes brimming with tears of joy. The time for his return found her arrayed in her best black dress and the dinner table with its wealth of good things all ready for the turkey and vegetables to be served.

She went to the door time and again to peer down the long drive to see if they were coming. When she did catch sight of the rig there wasn't any "them" at all, 'twas only him, just father. Her brain fairly reeled, at first; then she rallied, suspecting some mischievous prank of John's to surprise her. But when "father" came near enough for her to catch the expression of his face—the drawn, hurt look about the mouth and eyes, the dejected droop of his whole figure, told the pathetic tale. John had not come.

"Wuz the train late, father?"

"No, M'ria. It came all right, and Elmira Bean's daughter and her family got off, and some other folks too, but I waited till the crowd all went an' he wa'n't there at all."

They sat down at the table and made an attempt at eating, but the disappointment caused something to rise in their throats that made the

effort vain, so after a few minutes they gave it up. Father pushed back his chair and went out to the barn; mother took her accustomed seat in the cheery "settin' room" and soon the tears were falling unheeded on the pages of the open Bible on her lap.

* * *

John, I think its perfectly ridiculous for you to want to spend Thanksgiving at that desolate, out of the way old farm, when you know I want to go to the Davis reception tomorrow night. To be sure I shall not go without you. I think, with my nerves in the state they are, you might have a *little* consideration for my feelings. Yes, and those boys will drive me perfectly crazy if you go away. The governess is going home for the day and I shan't be able to do a thing with them. 'Take them along with you'—indeed you shall not! The very idea! What on earth would you do with them down there, I'd like to know?"

This was only the beginning of an argument that ended in hysterical tears and the usual avowal that 'she knew he cared more for everything else than he did for her', etc, etc.

As he sat in his office that day, John's mind wandered back over the happy scenes of his childhood and a wave of bitterness surged over him as he thought of scenes similar to the one that had been enacted at the house that morning, which had inevitably been the result of the proposal to go back to the old farm to visit.

When evening came he quit the office with a heavy heart, which was not perceptibly lightened when he arrived at home and found he was to eat a solitary dinner. His wife's "nerves" had compelled her to keep her room all day, the maid said. (Evidently the lady intended to test his loyalty to the uttermost, feeling absolutely sure he would not plan on going away if he thought her ill.)

Thanksgiving morning dawned sparkling and clear. With the sore feeling still in his heart, John took Georgie, his little lad of six, out for a walk in the park. The boy listened eagerly to the stories "daddy" told of the things they used to do when *he* was a little boy.

George began it all, the conspiracy I mean, by asking, "Is the old house an' everything just like that now?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"'N' the barn, 'n' the orchard, 'n' everything?"

"Yes, son."

"Well, why don't we ever go there?"

"I - - papa's too busy."

"You go to New York lots o' times. Is that busy?"

Silence. The boy tired of it soon and strayed a few steps away to play. The father, absorbed in reminiscences did not miss him until five or ten minutes later, when on a hasty glance he caught the gleam of the youngster's red Tam o'Shanter just before it disappeared through the gate of the park.

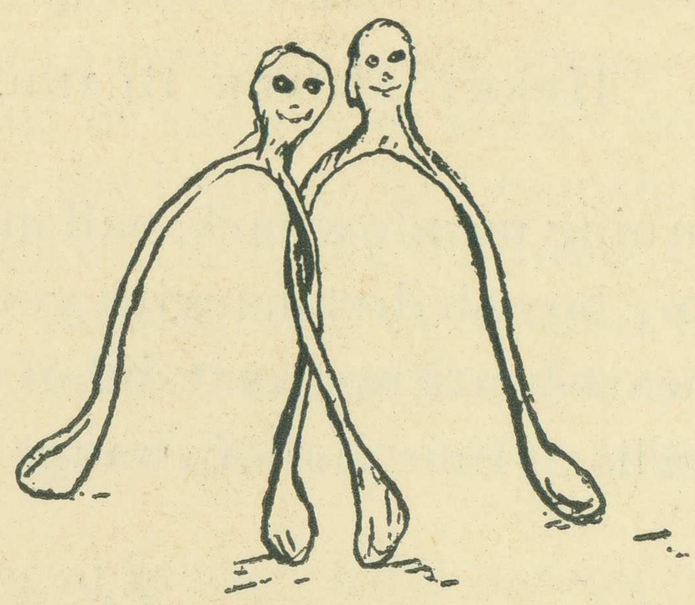
A lively chase soon brought him up with the little fellow.
"George, where are you going?" (severely.)
"I'm runnin' away, daddy."
"But where, my son?"
"Back to where you was a little boy."
With a laugh the father caught the miscreant up in his arms.
"I say, Buster, take me along with you.. We'll run away together."

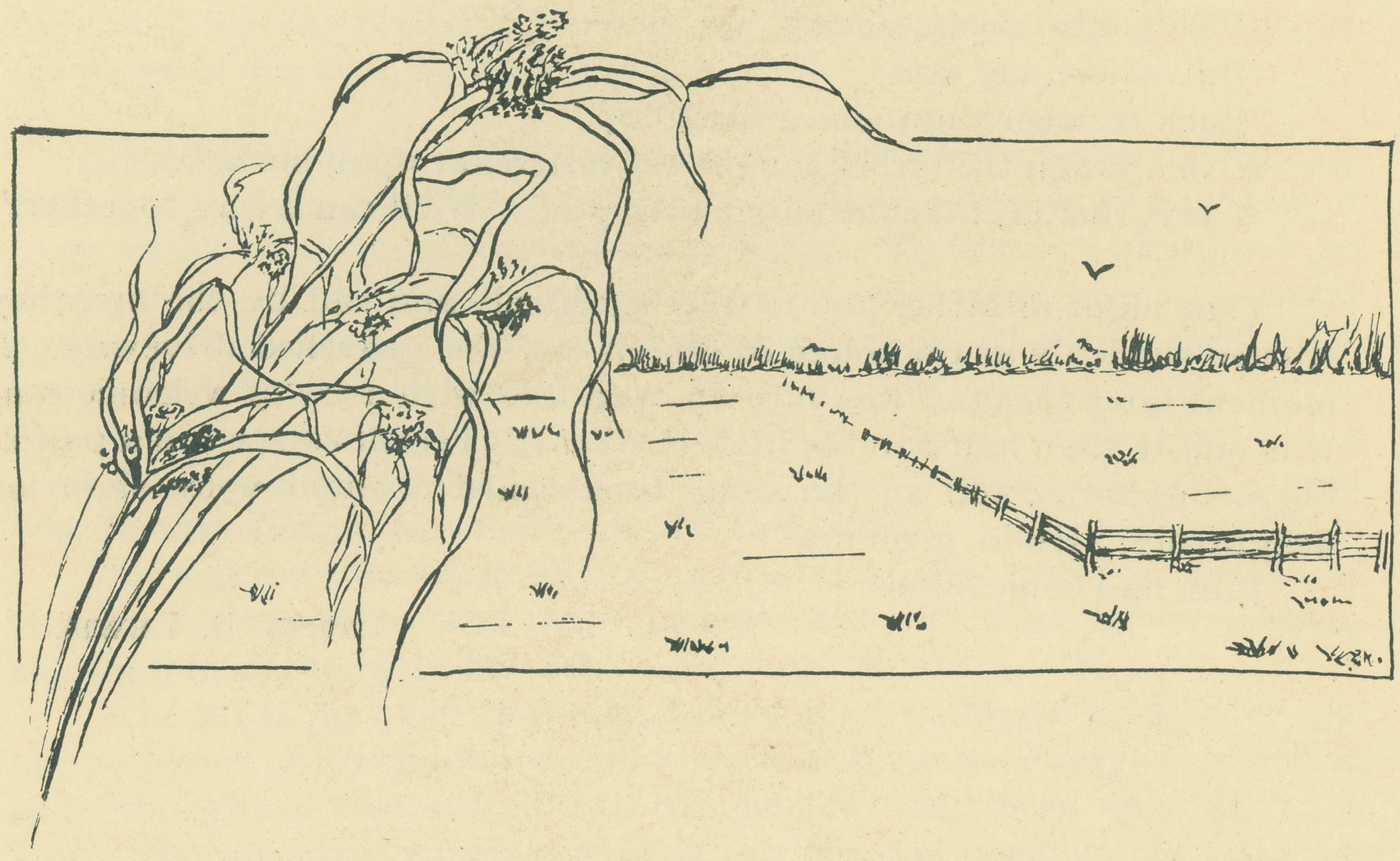
* * *

That night as father and mother sat lonely and sad by the fire, they started suddenly at the sound of wheels on the gravelled driveway. A moment later the door was thrown open and with a cry of welcome that was mhore than half sob the little mother felt herself clasped in a pair of big strong arms, and at the same time heard a small voice shouting delightedly, "Hullo, gran'ma."

John had come home.

ETHEL B. LEWIS.





The Bells of Time.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Sweet morning meadow lark, call me no more
Back to my boyish dreams with your singing;
For the heart beats not as it did of yore
And the bells of time and of change are ringing:

And out of the years to come I have heard
A tremulous music, far sweeter than moan
Of Autumnal dove or thy song, O bird,
So call me no more to the years that are flown.

A Reverie.

IT was the beautiful twilight of a perfect September evening. The changing colors of the clouds that followed the glorious sunset seemed to vie with the gorgeous tints of the leaves. A gentle wind swayed the treetops as if an invisible breath had touched them. The light and shadows changed with the passing moments, for night was slowly lending her hue to every sight. Night creatures were already astir. The sound of the murmuring brook mingled with the tinkling bells of the distant flocks lulled one into a drowsy slumber.

* * *

No book to read. Sister had gone to a party. Papa was busy. Mama could not be disturbed. Such were the circumstances that forced little Grace to seek the hammock.

Surrounded by russet vines and with clusters of grapes peeping from crimsoned leaves above her head, Grace nestled down into the hammock Forgetting her loneliness she unconsciously began to enjoy the beauties of a typical autumn evening. As she looked about her it seemed as if she had never seen a more beautifully tinted nook. The mingling hues of the leaves blended so perfectly that the effect was almost enchanting. A deep rapture stole over Grace as the thought came to her that these autumn glories must have been prepared for her. They were, as they are for every boy or girl who is willing to love and enjoy them.

When the last glimmer of the golden sunset clouds had faded and all the beauties portrayed by the twilight had vanished, the more impressive and awe-inspiring beauties of the night followed. The stars gradually dotted the heavens. It seemed as if every time Grace looked out from her sequestered nook, through the lace-like net of leaves, another one appeared. How wistfully they gleamed in the deep blue sky. One could not help but love them.

The shy Katydids, caged in their leafy bowers, soon began to make their emphatic assertions concerning Katy's doings. Someone had told Grace that they made a sharp, rasping sound. She thought it quite musical, even if it was made by rubbing two roughened parts of the body together. She admired their determination, although perhaps they were tattle-tales. Especially did she admire it when one of the shy creatures ventured forth from his hiding-place and plainly told her that Katy did.

Next the oldest orchestra and without doubt the most popular in the world showed its skill. At first the music was rather weak. Perhaps some of the members found it difficult to be in time. Soon one joined in, and then another. It was not long until they were all playing in perfect harmony.

Suddenly the breezes died away. The trees stood hushed. All

nature seemed to sink into an expectant silence. Even the merry cricket's orchestra, which had been playing so lively, played a soft low melody. Grace was conscious of a wondrous feeling, a feeling of admiration and love, a feeling of expectancy mingled with a slight impatience.

Soon a soft radiance filled the eastern sky. Almost instantaneously the merry crickets' music sounded. How jubilant they appeared! Did anyone ever hear such a joyous welcome! Slowly climbing the distant mountains the beautiful queen of night seemed to push the dark draperies aside and enter the starry firmament. Her full expectant face was beaming as she rested for a few moments over the majestic peaks as if surveying her earthly audience before advancing further.

"What a wonderful queen!" thought Grace. "She has gazed upon everything and yet she has never spoken. How desirous the stars seem to attend her! Vast numbers of them encircle her! How quietly and peacefully she glides along towards the west! When last the smiles of her radiant face gleamed over the earth it was summer. What a change! Nature in that short time has made ready another costume for her earthly children. From the red of summer she has changed all to a hue of gold. Brightly colored fruit peep out from many of the leafy bowers. Most of the flowers have returned to the earth. The birds are preparing to take their southward flight. Pattering nuts fall among the rustling leaves. A sweet content seems to rest upon the world." The very motion of the lovely queen seemed to betoken rest as she glided on and on, softly beaming on all, slighting not the smallest thing.

A contented smile stole over Grace's face as the moonbeams fell upon her. Her eyelids closed as she listened to the lullaby sung by the murmuring brook. Soft breezes swayed the hammock. When Mama called her darling to go to rest she was already fast asleep.

* * *

Morning dawned. The sunbeams, Nature's sweet heralds of day, darted over Grace's pillow as if to say, "Awake, my child, awake! Come, arise! Come, open your eyes and look!"

ANNA R. BLEY.

Points on the Training School.

By Margaret E. Schallenberger.

[This contribution to the Pennant is made up of extracts from a conversation accidentally overheard and is published with consent of the conversers.]

"So you are thinking of attending the San Jose Normal School. Well, as your best friend, let me give you a few words of sound advice. I shall be graduated in December, so I know everything. I mean everything of real importance about the school.

"Let's begin with the most important department, the Training School. Why, of course, it's the most important, I thought everybody knew that. I know very well this wasn't true some years ago, but there has been a great change, brought about largely by Mrs. George Progress is the motto of the age, my dear, and we have progressed. The Training School now is the nucleus of the Normal School life-cell. It is the centre, aesthetically and ethically, of attraction. It is the pedagogical result of the combined principles of sociology and psychology. It is the battlefield upon which educational questions are fought and decided. It is the goal for which every Normal student is striving. It is the mountain upon which we stand to broaden our horizons. It provides the most nourishing portions of our mental food throughout the whole course. It is the incubator in which thoughts are hatched. It is the great source from which we gather our supplies of humor, pathos, initiative, perseverance, endurance, ambition and sympathy. It is the sun that throws light upon the dark chambers of our brains and stirs into action mental processes otherwise forever dormant. It is the moon that softens the hard lines of the picture of drudgery and makes poetry out of prose. It is the promoter of professional spirit, the touch-stone of "absurd enthusiasm," the death blow to prejudice, narrow formality, sluggish thinking, insincerity and laziness. It is every metaphor, mixed and unmixed, that means life, light and liberty. Remember, my dear, in the great game of Tag continually being played upon the "Bridge of Sighs," the Training School is always "It."

"First and foremost, never say a word against the school. It may have certain limitations, even faults, but it isn't "good form" to speak of them; besides until you have had your experience there, you do not know the conditions upon which you are forming your judgment. Without doubt, when you do know the conditions, you will change your first crude opinions, but, having been expressed, they can never be recalled. The harm is done forever and ever. You may repent in sack-cloth and ashes and call yourself any bad name, but it will be too late. You have thrown mud upon the door whose panels you should endeavor to keep bright and shining. Then too, it is really very foolish, for you are actually weaken-

ing the power of the diploma you hope some day to receive. The more efficient the Training School the more valuable is your diploma. Think what it would mean proudly to say when asked by some Board of Trustees about your credentials for teaching, 'I received my training in teaching, gentlemen, in the San Jose Training School.' Imagine how you would feel when you saw their hats come off and heard the quick reply, 'That is sufficient, Miss, you need say no more. The school is yours.' And, you know, if we all work for the uplifting of the school and don't "knock" it ourselves, it is quite possible to make a supposition like that true. I've often noticed, it is the "knockers" of the Training School who have to knock the hardest on the school-room doors of the state in order to get into a school at all. The reason is evident: it is always much easier to pull down than to build up, to see wrong than to do right, and as a rule it is the weaker intellects who resort to this form of criticism. Avoid the danger of being classed among them.

"Be sure to dress neatly. When in doubt as to the condition of your collar, put on a clean one. Don't wear soiled ribbons. Wash 'em. Don't wear your skirts too long, and keep the braids sewed on. Wash and brush your hair and keep your nails as well cared for as possible. Why? Oh, the children notice these things, and the parents who come to visit, and your class-mates, and all the supervisors and critics and your future superintendents and trustees are sure to do so. There is a legend that once on a time Mr. Dailey—he's the president, you know—came into the Training School to visit a teacher reported failing in discipline, stayed a few minutes during which, naturally, the children were quiet as mice. As he shut the door he said earnestly to the critic, 'Order seems all right today. I do hope she will conquer this difficulty. She's such a clean, tidy-looking girl, I'd like to pass her.' Unless you can have all the clothes you desire, don't have your best gowns trimmed fancifully, because later on you will wish to wear them to school and the lace and fussiness will catch all the dust flying and won't brush off easily. Choose becoming colors for your shirtwaists. If you don't know what color is becoming ask someone who does. And by all means, if you value your reputation and record as a teacher, keep your waist and skirt joined together at the back even if you have to appoint a monitor for it.* I might express the feelings of our counselors and advisers toward the student members of the Training School faculty concerning their personal appearance as Eva Gonorowsky expressed those of her teacher: She likes you should put on awful clean . . . . Teacher could to have may be kind feelins the sooner she sees how I puts me on mit buttons on mine back . . . . She's crazy for what is clean.'

"Oh yes, you will be a member of the faculty. We are real teachers. It's a real school, you know, not a play school; and if you will only take authority, you may have any amount of it. They say that a student-teacher actually expelled an eighth-grade pupil once. I presume it was a

climax to a number of misdemeanors, her sauciness to the teacher, but, at any rate, the "powers that be" upheld the teacher. They always do. And if you wish to succeed in this educational garden, be a rose, a queen, a gracious one if you please, but a true queen. The modest violet type is lovable, but not effective. The Training School is expected to lead, to throw out its light and sweetness. It is not to be discovered in a shady corner with toil and patience.

"This reminds me to urge you to be somewhat aggressive. You see the school is actually ours, ours to work in, ours to grow in, ours to lift up, ours to push forward, ours to make. All the books and apparatus, even all the supervisors, critics and children are, in a certain sense, for our use. They are our opportunities, so to speak, and some of us do not use them properly or sufficiently. Insist on being criticized *pro and con.* It is your privilege. If you do not receive sufficient criticism, go and get it. At the risk of making their very lives a burden, get what these highly-trained men and women have to give you. Don't be crushed by harsh criticism; don't be "set up" by praise. You may not even quite believe what they say, or they may not agree among themselves, either about educational problems or about you; but you will surely know yourself and your field of work better if you have the various opinions of these specialists. And it's rather interesting, after all, to see yourself as others see you.

"When you wish a book to use in the Training School you may sometimes be hung upon the horns of a dilemma by Miss K or the fair Lady H——n, who are sure to ask you solemnly whether you contemplate using the book as a student or as a teacher. If as a teacher, you must draw it from the Training School library, or read it in the Normal library during your study hour; on no account must you remove it from the room. If you wish to use it as a student you will probably be given a little more liberty. Now the close connection—a connection daily growing closer—existing between the two schools, and that between teacher and student make it exceedingly difficult sometimes for you to decide in which of your functions you wish to use the book. However, when in doubt always decide in favor of the Training School. Remember, the Training School is "It."

"Yes, it is true, there is a good deal of janitor work to be done. They call it monitor work. But, after all, it isn't an impossible amount. It doesn't take *more* than an hour per day. You have only to wash the black-boards and chalk-trays and desks, clean the paint, fill the ink-wells and keep stains from the desks, care for the plants and flowers, and dust down the walls. It isn't so bad when your shirt-waist isn't perfectly clean; then it is rather unpleasant.

"But you will forget all about it when your plan comes back marked in red pencil ("where he who runs may read") *O. K.* and *Excellent*, or when some supervisor chooses you to teach your favorite subject and the program can be made to fit the choice, or when a critic smiles on you and says you are handling that difficult class well, but most of all when a little sticky hand is thrust into yours and a lisping voice whispers, 'You are an awful nithe lady. I feel like I love you,' or when a big dull boy stays after school to tell you you are an all-right teacher and he likes you fine, 'cause you make 'rithmetic go into his head. Then you walk on air for several days and carry yourself right royally, for you know that you have been crowned queen."

*See Myra Kelly's last story in the November number of *McClure's*.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving.

"ALVIN! come here, I want you to run over to Mrs. King's and get a cup of sugar."

"O Mamma, Clifford and I were just finishing a game of marbles!"

"Now Alvin you know that you like pumpkin pies about as well as any boy."

If Alvin had turned around just then he would have seen a longing look in his playmates eyes, for if the truth were told, Clifford had never tasted pumpkin pies.

"Well, I suppose I will have to go," and he turned around and said, "Do you want to go with me, Cliff?"

"I don't care if I do. It's about time I was going home anyway."

As they walked along their thoughts turned toward Thanksgiving which was a couple of days distant, and Alvin thought of the turkey, and cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pies.

On the other hand Clifford thought of the little house that he had called home as long as he could remember, and where there wasn't one thing to eat for the coming holiday except one loaf of bread. When that was gone what would they do?

The silence was broken by Alvin who remarked that he hoped the ice on the lake would be thick enough to bear the boys up.

"So long Al."

"So long, Cliff," and the latter disappeared down a side road, and Alvin proceeded on his way to Mrs. King's home, which at length he reached and was greeted by a happy, "Hello, my little man, what can I do for you?"

"My Ma sent me over to borrow a cup of sugar."

"Well, I guess I can spare that, but I am a little short myself."

When Alvin started home it was growing dark. As he was going around a corner he heard a noise. He stopped and listened. He was sure he heard some one crying. Now Alvin was not a boy that was afraid of the dark, so he stepped into the brush, and came nearer to the sound. At last he broke through some bushes and was in a little opening. As it had grown dark he could not see very plainly, but it was not long before he spied a little girl sitting on a log, and recognized her as Clifford's sister.

"What's the matter, Helen? What are you doing way out here?" At this the little girl broke out crying and said, "W-w-e-e-e haven't go-got an-any turk-tur-key like other people."

After he had taken her home and started on his way again he was thinking very hard. As he lay that night in bed, he heard his father's footsteps, and some way it seemed to him that it was the most welcome sound that he had ever heard. He lay thinking a little while, then he jumped up and ran into his father's room, and said, "Say father, are we

going to have any turkey tomorrow?"

"His answer was, "Why, son, I guess we shall. We generally do, don't we?"

His father was a big burley miner, but he had a good heart, notwithstanding his outer appearance.

"Do you know, father, that there is some people in this very valley that never tasted turkey."

"Why, who do you mean? I thought that all the folks in this little valley could afford turkey on Thanksgiving."

"You know Clifford, that boy I play with. Well, his folks have hardly enough to live on, and they only have one loaf of bread, and when that is gone they don't know what to do."

Now if Alvin had noticed he would have seen his father's brow harden and something like a frown come over his face when he spoke of Clifford's folks, because a long time ago, quite a while ago—indeed before Alvin could remember—the two families had become enemies over a mining deal.

"So Frank is as poor as that, is he?"

"Who do you mean by Frank? You didn't ever know Clifford's father, did you?"

"I used to be acquainted with him a little," was all he said.

That night Alvin's father must have done a good deal of thinking, for when morning came he hollered to Alvin that he had better get up and dress and go out and hitch up, that he wanted to go over to Mr. Davis's to get a turkey, and that he wanted Alvin to go with him.

After they rode quite awhile they came to Mr. Davis's, but his father never stopped.

"Why father, you are going right by where you said you were going! Stop!"

"I am going to stop, only I am going to town first to get a few things."

At last they got all their things and started back, and when they got to Mr. Davis's his father got off. When he came back he had two turkeys instead of one.

"What are you going to do with two turkeys?" asked Alvin.

"I think you know," answered his father, "One is for Clifford."

Alvin felt so happy that he thought that he couldn't keep from yelling; but his happiness was stopped all of a sudden, as they went right by Clifford's.

His father saw that he was wondering why he didn't stop, so he said, "We will take the turkeys home and cook them, and take them and some pies and things out in the woods, and have a Thanksgiving picnic, and then we will gather nuts."

And so they did. They drove down around by Clifford's and got the whole family, and took them to the woods for dinner. As for the two fathers, they shook hands, and there was a happy reunion.

That night after Alvin had gone to bed his father came in and explained to him all about the mining deal, and when he was about to go, he said, "You have made me very happy today, my boy." As he said this, tears glistened in his eyes, and from that day forward Alvin and his father understood each other better.

RAY HOWELL, 6 B2.

Manual Training Department.

THE aim of the following remarks is to justify the teaching of manual training, tell something of the work now done in the Training School and the manner in which it is carried on. I will mention in addition some of its most evident values and try to account for the hold it is gaining upon the schools.

No subject should be placed in a school curriculum that does not serve a certain end better than can any other subject; too this end should be of sufficient importance to justify the time alloted to it.

The home and community life has undergone a change, while in many respects the subjects and methods of instructions in the schools are practically the same as formerly. In pioneer times the home furnished most, or all, types of industrial life. There was no division of labor in the broad sense of the word. In the home the raw materials were worked into the finished articles. There was something for each member of the family to do; all were busy and were accustomed to habits of industry. In this way the child came in direct contact with life and was given a chance to observe and assimilate things at first hand. His education was practical: he applied daily what he learned and was given a chance to react on his environment and assert his individuality. He was brought face to face with the problems of society and of life: this fostered an enviable spirit of self reliance and independent action.

The tendency of our present social organizations is to force specialization or division of labor. The fewer experiences a child has, the less apt is he to choose the vocation for which he is best suited.

The school, or education, should fit the child for life; should help him to readily adapt himself to the conditions and demands of society. How can it do this if it does not in itself supply those elements which go to make up complete active community life. The school should be a mimic society or community.

The home no longer supplies these phases of industrial life, and hence the most practical and valuable part of the child's education—that which our fathers got by coming in contact with and participating in real life—is lost unless it is gotten elsewhere. The school should supplement the home in this as in all else.

Manual training is an industrial subject and supplies this element to a great extent. It appeals to the most vital interests of the child, interests which are hereditary, and in an abridged way, some of the most important stages of social development. Most any phase of the work, weaving, sewing, or carpentering, when traced through its stages of development becomes a very broad subject, and is valuable from many points of view such as history, literature or art. It is only through a

child's interest that healthy mental growth is possible.

Manual training comes nearer interesting all children than any other subject. This is true, first; because it comes nearer the *home* life of the child. Second; because the mental possibilities of a child, are the result of and are encompassed by the previous race activities.

The work is *concrete* and gives each child a chance to express his *own* ideas and to assert his *own* individuality. Each child should be given a chance to come in contact with nature and life, social, commercial, and industrial; and to react upon them naturally.

Children must use many tools in common; respect the rights of others; learn to be unselfish; to associate with others; borrow and lend ideas; in fact manual training furnishes the best *social* training possible. It should not be a school crime for one pupil to help another. The one who is helped is not weakened but is given a chauce to use his *own* power. There is a community standard of excellence in work and in conduct.

Their standard is a stimulant and should take the place of individual rivalry and selfish accumulation of facts.

Order is a means and not an end. A shop is the ideal place in which to develope personality, self control, and the sense of responsibility.

The moment a child acts he individualizes himself. Control should not be enforced from without but should come from within. A child's discipline is perfect in proportion as he is interested in his work. The *air of work* in a class room is the real barometer of its discipline.

These are some of the recognized values of manual training that have gained and are still gaining for it a place in the schools. As social conditions change, systems of education must change.

Now to the work being done in the training school. Below the Fifth grade the work in manual training is not to give technical skill nor to make better weavers or carpenters, etc., it is a means of expression—an instrument of thought. Below the third grade the aim in the work is two-fold; first, to give the children new experiences; and second, to make concrete the stories told them, as well as to help them understand the activities of their forefathers. The work consists of weaving and basketry and is carried on in such a way as to have two or more children work together. The children prepare for the study of Hiawatha by making a wigwam, bows and arrows, weaving mats, making tomahawks, etc. This preparation precedes the giving of the literature several months.

In the second grade card-board work is taken up. The aim is to have the children work out their own ideas. Houses, furniture, carts, wagons, and street cars are some of the models that are made. When a new model is to be worked out, the teacher spends sufficient time in general class instruction to be sure that each individual of the class has a good general idea of what is wanted and knows how to go at it. They next make a pattern of the model. When the pattern is completed and

accepted by the teacher, the material is given out. No model is placed before the class. They work out the minor details according to their own idea. Each child must give a reason for his method of procedure, and his plan of his construction. The teacher never interferes with the child's plans except as a question. Nothing but the child's best efforts is accepted.

One of the chief difficulties is to hold the children back, to hold them to a real effort.

Wood work is carried on in all grades above the second. The third graders have made wagons and tables this term. They have a small shop of their own and take a very deep interest in their work. Prof. Snyder's plan is to have each child make something from the *start* that has a utility value. The wagons are strong enough for the children to draw each other about in them. Each child is allowed to keep what he makes and here the value of ownership as a stimulant towards good work is very evident. New tools are used only as their need is felt. In the wood work the first training in technical skill begins and as we go higher in the grades the economic side becomes more and more prominent. All real education is economic in the broad sense of the word because it fits the individual to enter more fully into his environment.

Above the third grade the pupils are given drawings from which to work. The drawing is copied by the child before he is allowed to begin the model. At first this is simply a means of understanding the model; in the upper grades drawing is an end in itself.

As the pupils improve in work they are permitted to work out original designs. At present such pieces as boats, safes, writing desks, cabinet shelves, and violins are being worked out by the more advanced pupils. The boat is being made by an eighth grade boy who expects to use it on the bay. The boy making the violin is very careful and exact in his work and gets excellent results.

The aim in the shop is to give the pupils as much liberty as possible. One of the best features of the work is its social side. Pupils are encouraged to associate and learn from each other so long as their intercommunion is for the purpose of getting ideas and improving their own work. We think this is the *natural* way.

The work in the Normal department is under the immediate supervision of Prof. Snyder and is really *alive*. The advanced students are making large pieces of furniture, mostly of the old mission style.

No student should leave this Normal school without knowing something of manual training as Prof. Snyder teaches it.

HERBERT H. WARDRIP.

The San Jose Evening School.

THAT evening schools are proving a valuable adjunct of the public school system has been established beyond a doubt in all of the large cities. It may be of interest to the readers of the Pennant to know something of the work that is being accomplished by our own Night School. The school which is located on North Second St., near St. James St., is divided into three departments; primary, grammar and commercial.

The Primary class conducted by Joseph Malloy is made up chiefly of foreigners, who are anxious to learn a little English. The class is very cosmopolitan, representing several nationalities. Here we find a small American boy of eight years, sitting by a man of 45 years, studying the same lesson. This class has the honor of having the only two girl pupils in the school. The teacher of the day school hardly realizes the problem that such a class presents to the teacher. Mr. Malloy is faithfully meeting the difficulties and splendid results are being obtained from the class under his tuition.

In the Grammar Department Alexander Sheriffs, the principal of the school has many similar conditions to meet. In this room, though there are not so many of the "foreign type," are many of the "young Americans," who require the guidance of a strong teacher in discipline. Instruction is given in reading, English, spelling, and arithmetic, corresponding to the work given to pupils in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades in the day schools.

The course of study in the commercial department includes Ellis book-keeping through the intermediate course, and this year Corporation book-keeping has been added. Special attention is given to business forms, letter writing, and penmanship as well as commercial arithmetic and spelling. The majority of the pupils are very studious and seem to have a desire to make the most of their opportunity.

Throughout the school two classes of individuals are represented, those who will not go to day school on account of age or nationality or some similar reason, and those who can not, owing to circumstances, go longer to the day schools. Some of the former have come to realize the need of an education and are now trying to repair their deficiency. The latter, the unfortunate ones, are making the most heroic efforts to rise above their condition and are the ones that are sure of success in the end. The pupils of the school come from all walks of life, the store, office, shop, factory, mill, packing houses, etc. Think of a day's work that one of our boys must accomplish. Arising at five o'clock in the morning he must begin the day's labor at the shop at 7 o'clock. His work ends at the office at 6 p. m., then he hastens home to supper, and back to school

at seven for two hours study. Thus day after day a portion of our citizens, aided by the Evening School are toiling upward to a higher plane of living.

I believe that when the school is properly understood and appreciated by the people it will become the most popular in the city. It deserves everyone's support.

JOHN H. LITTLER.

NOTE BY EDITOR—The writer is also a teacher in this school and a Normal graduate.

A Plea for School Athletics.

"MORE athletics is the cry of the Normal girl today. A large number of the State Normal schools are to be congratulated on possessing well-equipped gymnasiums such as we look forward to rivaling some day. Institute at the State Normal of California such a building and although the Normal girls' interests in athletics are various, she would throw herself into the new sports with true vim and enthusiasm. But our wants in the line of apparatus and appliances, besides the new gymnasium are numerous. The growing demand for a larger and better basket-ball field comfronts us at once as well as an equally strong call for more and better tennis courts.

It should be added to our credit that we have made the best of all our available resources, and bolstered our ambitious desires witha chievements, small perhaps, but not insignificant. We are conscientiously cultivating and maintaining a spirit which should give our limited means a wonderful elasticity. Our girls have rallied to the support of our Athletic Club with the determination to place San Jose high on the roll in the "Athletic World."

Interest is especially keen in basket-ball, and no other game, if played under a thoroughly trained team, can surpass it in physical and intellectual powers, which must embody self-control and the highest principles. It is not the individual work which counts but the team work in passing the ball from player to player until the final goal is reached. Here is the need for the player who is on the alert every instant of the game and whose quick eye and mind decides, at the moment, the best play to make, and not the one who pitches the ball wildly or recklessly across the field, thinking it probable that it might fall into the proper hands where nine times out of ten it goes to the opponent.

Under the schedule of practice and match games now being arranged between the different teams of the Basket-ball League, the San Jose Normal team will have an opportunity to work for the championship of the west. And with increasing satisfaction and strongly united enthusiasm from the student-body, some interesting games are anticipated and the "Gold and White," will, we know, be bravely defended.

V. C. BROWN.

Winter in Northern British Columbia.

WE used to live in British Columbia, and winter in these parts is very beautiful. From the beginning of November until the middle of March the world looks like one immense white sheet, and the snow, every winter, is at least two feet high most of the time.

Sometimes we would have what is called a Chinook wind. It is a warm wind from the south, and it melts the surface of the snow. As soon as it has passed over, the surface of the snow freezes solid, and it is so hard that even a horse can walk over without breaking through.

The cold there is very intense. The Mercury goes down to thirty degrees below zero sometimes, and if you go outside, the glare of the snow will make tears come into your eyes, and then the tears will freeze. If a team of horses are working hard, and perspire, the perspiration will freeze, and the horses look white with frost. It is so cold that you cannot touch iron that is outside with a bare hand, because your hand will freeze to it, and even the horses' bits had to be warmed before they could be put into their mouths.

Icicles are very beautiful. We used to have them hanging from the roof, most of them six inches in diameter, all round our veranda except on the south side. They extended from the roof to the floor of the veranda like crystal columns or pillars, and as clear as glass.

Sometimes these icicles would fall, with a rumbling noise, into the deep snow, that in the sunlight looked as if hundreds of diamonds had besn sprinkled all over the snow. They were caused by the snow melting on the roof in the afternoon, and dripping down, and freezing as fast as it drippep.

It was beautiful to stand outside our house at night, when there was a party or ball inside, for tne lights would shine through the icicles, and they would sparkle like diamonds. The music could faintly be heard through the closed windows, and, if it were not so cold, it would seem like a glimpse of fairy-land.

A Nature Study Excursion.

WHEN I was in the fourth grade Miss Kinney, who was then our Nature Study teacher, took up the study of the oak with the class. After we had studied it for quite a while and had seen different kinds, she decided to take us all out to Edenvale, where we could see all the oaks and collect all the acorns we wished.

It was an ideal day, the carryall was to be at the school, where we met, at one o'clock. Some of the girls brought lunches, but most of them just took along an apple or some little thing like that. We were all at the school and waited for a long time, but no bus came, till some one had to go in and send word to whomever would take us to Edenvale.

Well, we waited still longer until at last the Vendome talleho came up for us. Every one ran, pushed and crowded trying to get a good seat. Once we were all seated, we started. Such a crowd! We had to have ropes tied around the talleho, so that we would not tumble out.

The horses took us to Edenvale, where we jumped out and hunted for acorns and different things of the oak tree When we were there, some of the children who live there came around with their donkey. Her name is Jenny and she is a very cute donkey. She will gallop around the beautiful grounds carrying a cartful of little ones.

Miss Kinney had brought a little horn to call us together when she wanted us. Before we went home we all had to draw an oak from nature. Miss Enid had taken out material if I remember rightly.

Coming home we passed my house, where the talleho stopped. We all cheered and Miss Kinney blew her horn. Mother happened to be in the back yard, and as soon as she heard, she suspected what it was, so she came running out, followed by our dear little cocker spaniel, Rex. I got out there.

The acorns we gathered were planted in boxes, some of them, and each child, after the little plants had grown large enough to be transplanted, took one home. Some may be living yet. I know mine is not. It did not die exactly, I think, but it did not grow, so I threw it away.

FRANCES JOHNSON, 6 B Grade, (Training School.)

A Thanksgiving in '64.

THE old soldier gave a sigh of deep content and settled farther back into his chair. The children gathered closer round the fire, the holly berries gleamed above the mantel, and in the air still lingered savory odors of the Thanksgiving dinner.

The group around the hearth looked at the old soldier expectantly. "Must remind you of old times," ventured the guest. "Not much like hardtack dinners though, hey?"

"Well no." The old soldier smiled at his good wife. "But I tell you there was never a turkey that tasted better than some that came in our boxes from home those days. Clear to the front they came, rushed through before everything else. Boxes for soldier boys you know. Turkey and cranberry sauce, and mince pies that'd melt in your mouth. Ate them off a rubber blanket for a tablecloth, the fellows with the boxes standing treat to the boys. It was fine when two or three of us got boxes at once. Then I tell you we had a spread. Out of doors or under the tent, eating mince pies and talking of home. There was hardly a fellow that didn't have some picture he looked at on the sly;" and the old soldier fell into a pleasant reverie.

"Did you?" the guest demanded. The old soidier roused himself and smiled.

"Well," said he, "the box I got in '64 had a housewife in it. Needles, and buttons, and all complete. I married the girl that made it just forty year ago come the nineteenth day of next May. Never regretted it yet!"

"Was it grandma?" shouted the children.

"Well, I guess!" said the old soldier.

"Now tell us about the time you didn't get a drink," they clamored.

"Do," said the guest. "Is it a Thanksgiving story?"

"Nigh about Tnanksgiving '64," answcred the old soldier briskly. "Were you ever disappointed in your life?"

"Yes," the guest admitted, "Once or twice. Were you that time?"

"Never so much in my life," he answered cheerfully. "You see it was this way. We were in Virginia with our lines spread out around Peters. burg twenty-six miles, from City Point to Hatch Run, under Gen- Hancock. I was sergeant in the second corps of the first Mass., Heavy Artillery, Army of the Potomac, and while we lay there opposite the Rebel fortifications we were ordered out to make a sortie on the enemies' works.

We formed into a line of skirmishers and at 'em we went, straight in the face of the enemies' batttery. They kept up a pretty hot fire and so before long we were ordered to lie down. Our batteries were answering

now to cover us, and the enemies' shells were raining upon us among the trees as we lay.

It wasn't long though till we rallied and advanced at a pretty quick trot, taking advantage of every shelter but going steadily enough and firing as we went. The Lieutenant and me and four other fellows, privates, kept together, the line being irregular of course, because of the rushes from cover to cover. Every little bush or hummock concealed some soldier and the bullets were singing all around us. It was no picnic party and we were too busy loading to talk much, but I remember I was awfully thirsty and wished I could get a chance to take a swig out of my canteen. Every fellow always filled up his canteen before he went into a fight. You no more thought of leaving that behind than your gun, and I had just filled mine with the best spring water I could find.

Well, as I said, things got pretty lively. Once or twice we had to fall back a little and it was nip an' tuck which side was getting the best of it till the Fifth Michigan, part of our brigade, came up with reinforcements and then we went ahead with a rush almost to the enemies' lines. But suddenly in the midst of it all came the order to rally to the rear, and our men had to fall back. A big reinforcement to the other side had come up on our flank and we were forced to retreat in what had seemed the moment of victory. And then our trouble began.

Somehow in the heat of the fight the Lieutenant and me and the four privates had gotten separated from the rest, and being so busy we didn't hear the order to retreat. The first we knew there was our line half a mile away and here we were right up to the enemies' lines surrounded by their sharpshooters and none of our men in sight. We were in something of a hole and we realized it pretty quick.

I looked at the Lieutenant and he looked at me. Says he, 'Boys, we're in for it.'

'Well,' says I, 'I've got good legs.' Says he, 'Now's your chance to use them then. Ashworth, you go first.'

'Not on your life,' says I. 'Do you think I'd sneak out and leave you in this hole? You've got a family. You go first and we'll cover you with our guns.' Of course he wouldn't, so we finally sent one of the privates first. He had a family at home. There was nothing for it but to start and run for your life skipping from tree to tree and dodging bullets like a scared jack rabbit. The first fellow started out, going pretty well. Our hearts were in our mouths, but we didn't have time to fool, we were in too tight a place. But before the sharp-shooters got down to business and realized what was up he was over the ridge and comparatively safe. Then the second private started out, and then the third and the fourth; and, sir, if you'll believe it, the whole four got out

with only scratches, you might say. Then it was up to the Lieutenant and me. By this time the fellows on the other side had gotten our position down pretty fine and it was a case of get out quick or not at all. Neither of us wanted to go first an' at last I says, 'Lieutenant, there's no time to fool. We'll draw lots,' says I, as a bullet went through my cap. So I grabbed some twigs and held out to him. 'The fellow that gets the shortest stays,' says I, and by all that's holy the lot fell to him.

'Good-bye,' says he, 'Luck go with you, old fellow,' and I lit out.

Playing hop-scotch with bullets may be a lively game, but that day it was a little too lively for me. Talk about running the gauntlet! It's nothing to having bullets ripping your clothes, and to playing hide and seek with bushes that may have a ball in them for you. Exciting I will admit, but I was mightp glad when I dropped down among the others on the ridge and looked back toward the Lieutenant.

He had started already. It would have been death to have stayed longer, and we could trace his journey from tree to tree by flying bark and breaking twigs. We did our best to clear the road of sharp-shooters for him but it did seem that either he must bear a charmed life or they were awfully poor marksmen. Once he fell and we thought he was gone for sure, but in an instant he came on again and reached us at last with nothing worse than a bullet in his arm. Then, I tell you, there was a shout went up! If we'd a been praying men it'd been a mighty thankful prayer we'd a said. The narrowest escape I ever had, and from there the rest of the journey seemed play."

"What about the disappointment?"

"Oh!" said the old soldier. "Why, when we all got together again I remembered how thirsty I was. Been too busy to think of it before, but I was awful dry. So I reached back for that canteen of good spring water, and what do you think? Sir, a bullet had hit it there at my back and it was as dry as a chip—*dry as a chip!* Hole clear through and every drop spilt. Never knew when it happened, but there it was; and I was never so disappointed in my life, Sir! Never!"

ISABELLE MCCLELLAND.

NOTE—(For the subject matter of this story thanks are due to Mr. Ashworth.)

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - NOVEMBER, 1904

Editorials.

THIS Thanksgiving season is unusually rich in sunny days and beauties of fields and woods. If ever our hearts are filled with adoration and thankfulness it will be in the hills and out of doors during this wonderful autumn weather. Her climate is certainly a gem in California's crown of blessings.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

* * *

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou should'st grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

Bryant.

THE Christmas number of the Pennant is to be a special edition and is to be in charge of the December graduating class. As the souvenir editions have a wide circulation, we hope that all will join in making this number a success. The honor of the school rests as much with the school paper as with the basket-ball or debating teams, and it should be equally a source of interest to the students.

Our Normal as Others See Her.

SINCE President Dailey's return from St. Louis and the east, various rumors have been circulated as to the recognition given us and offers made in behalf of this school by eastern educational institutions.

This Normal has always ranked high among western schools, and for some years our graduates have been given two years' credit at the University of Wisconsin and Michigan as well as at various less important institutions; but Mr. Dailey, it was understood, had secured even greater credit for us in the east. In order to test these rumors a member of our staff visited him in his office and took the following report at his dictation.

"I found that our Normal School was well up along almost all lines. I found, too, that this school is as well equipped to do good Normal work as any of the Normal Schools of the east, except that they have much better library facilities, larger and more comfortable rooms for their libraries, and, also, thoroughly well equipped gymnasiums.

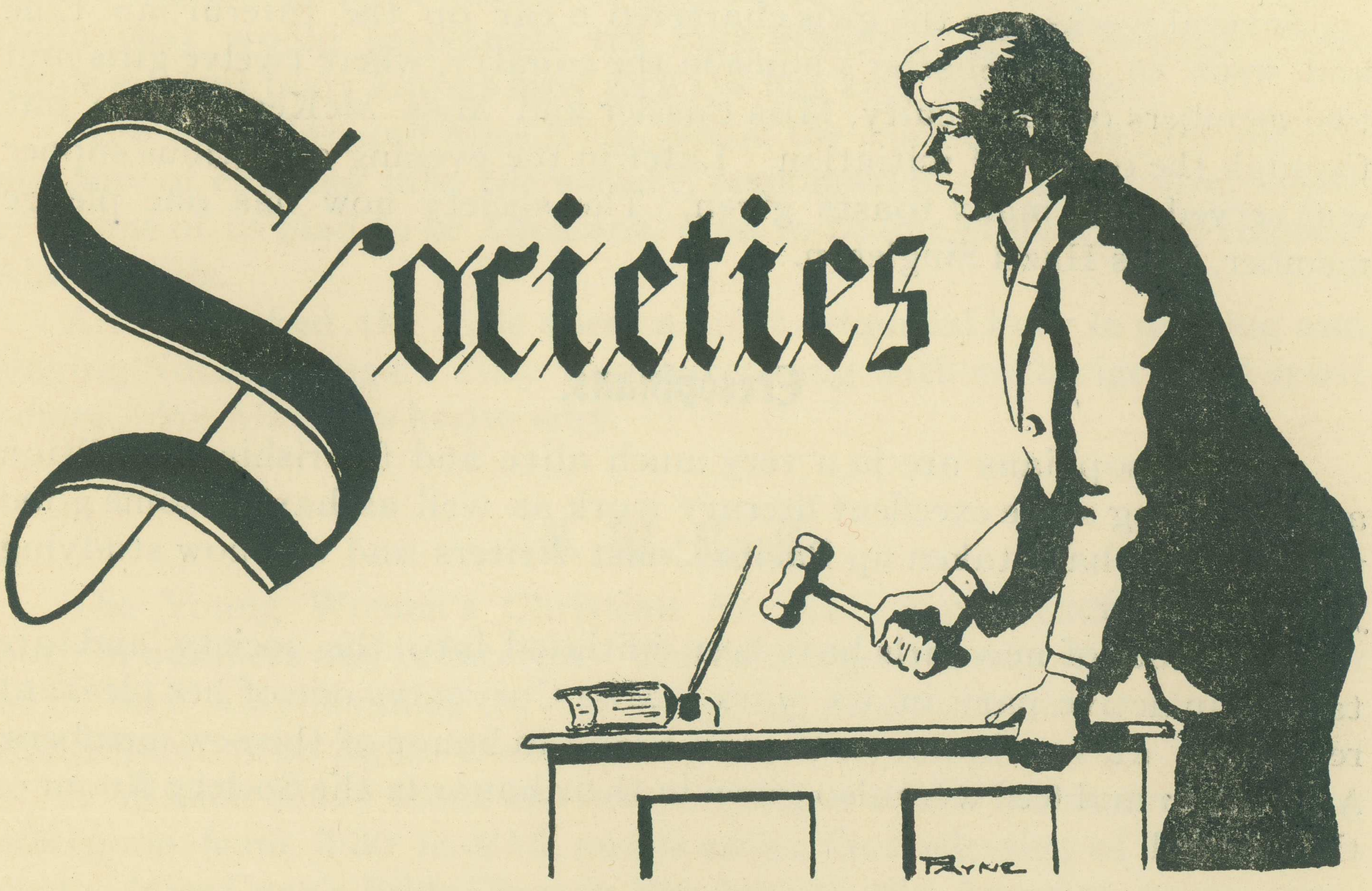
In almost every Normal school of any consequence you will find a good gymnasium, and a well-lighted and well-ventilated library. The industrial work, manual training, is emphasized in the east probably more than ever before, and a great deal of attention is paid to drawing.

In several schools I visited I found a most excellent school spirit. In one Normal School at New Paltz, N. Y., I found that ths entire matter of discipline was left entirely in the hands of the students. If any rules of good conduct were violated the Student Body took the matter in hand and dealt with the offender. Of course this was under general supervision of the faculty, but the principal informed me that for a year or more no appeal from the decision of the Student Body had been taken by the Faculty.

The whole plan seemed quite practical and effective. The students are alert and active at work, yet polite and considerate towards their schoolmates.

I think that I can say without being unfair, that our Normal School compares as a whole most favorably with eastern Normals. The recognition which we have received from the Educational Department of Columbia University, shows that we are held in high estimation as a Normal School by educators of the east.

Our graduates who are recommended will be given a credit of two years, allowing them to take a degree from the educational Department of Columbia University in two years. This recognition will be of great advantage to any of our students who wish to take further work in the east."



Browning.

Browning has grown in the last month, an evidence of this fact being plainly shown on the evening of October twenty-eighth, when it added to its list of members, the following: Mabel Florine, Pearl Viney, Amy Lopeman, Taber, Esther McClellan, Grace Walton, Hanson, Jennie Erwin, Laura Kennedy, Olive Booth, Lora Stowell and Esther Aulman. They were given the proper initiation due to all new members, and the solemn oath was taken, which made them full fledged members of the Browning Club.

The club holds its meetings on Friday evening, making it possible for all members to be present. Our new members have turned out well and have always been ready to respond to their names when placed on the program.

At a recent meeting Miss Harris was taken into the society, keeping the number the same, for Miss Booth has left us to take up work in the Philippines, We regret the loss of Miss Booth, but she is still a Browning though living in a far off country.

With the continuation of such interest and enthusiasm shown by its members, the Browning club will witness a most prosperous year.

Sappho.

Sappho began another prosperous year under the following officers: President, Vivian White; Vice-Pres., Alice Hines; Secretary, Monica Wilcox, Treasurer, Lottie Shafter.

Several weeks ago the girls chartered a car on the Interurban Line and went to Miss Shafter's home in the country, where twelve girls and two members of the faculty, Miss Bassler and Miss McKenzie, were put through the ordeal of initiation. Later in the evening a delicious supper was served, and many toasts given. The society now has one pledge member, Miss Hazel Singleton.

Eresophians.

The Eresophians are in a very much alive and flourishing condition and are doing some excellent literary work as well as having some good times. They have taken up Pacific Coast Writers and are now studying Joaquin Miller.

A number of new girls have been initiated into the society and are taking an active part in its work. Miss Cory gave one of her pleasant receptions at her home on Second Street in honor of the new members. A program and feed were also given in their honor in the Society Room of the Normal.

Allenian.

Of all the good, good times that Allenian has ever had they never had a jollier one than last Monday night when they so pleasantly surprised Miss Maud Marchant, our dear, old, true, loyal friend. The girls had prepared a feed and announced the hour of six for the commencement of jollifications. With her usual punctuality Maud was there just five minutes before time. But the girls were ready and as she entered the room, "Three cheers for Maud" rang out. Chatting, of course, was the immediate occupation, but this was soon abandoned, for the table all this time had been smiling at us so broadly that we could not resist sharing in its good cheer, and good cheer it was.

Our president, Miss Eleanor Lowe, greeted our old friend and expressed the great pleasure the Allenians felt at having her with us once more. Maud responded with all that old-time enthusiasm that characterized her so strongly in the days when she was with us. Every Allenian girl flushed with a just pride as she spoke, but with that feeling of pride came another—one that touched the hearts of all. What that feeling was, is like many other unexplainable things of life—too near the heart to find expression.

Miss Royce always has something good to say. She did not have to dig into that secret pocket to get it out. It came from her heart for it is always with her Allenian girls. She said, "Girls, be loyal Normalites, be loyal Allenians, and because you are both of these, be loyal friends."

Miss Payne, with that wonderful faculty of hers for remembering "the little things of life," remembered the first paper Maud wrote for her.

Maud therein pledged herself to be a loyal, staunch supporter of everything that would perpetuate the high standard of the Normal. The whole student body knows how well she has kept her pledge.

Miss McMillan and Miss King, whom the Allenians have just had the pleasure of entering into the society, responded in a manner that made eyeryone of us glad to be Allenians, glad to be one of dear old Professor Allen's girls.

After the feed the girls spent a most delightful hour in dancing and singing Normal songs. They were never sung with such vigor and spirit before. We Allenians know why.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association is steadily increasing both in numbers and in interest. The meetings of the month of November have been ably handled by the following student leaders: Miss Esther McClelland, Miss Agnes Roehling and Miss Johanie Johnson.

A Mission Study Class has been organized which meets every Friday afternoon from 3:30 to 4:15, and is under the leadership of Miss Davenport. Miss Cory's Bible Class in the Acts of the Apostles meets every Sunday morning at 9:45 in the faculty office, and is well attended.

The Association had a sale of pennants made of yellow materials with the letters S. N. S. in white; also a sale of home-made candy. With the receipts of these sales, we expect to pay one half of our pledge to aid in the support of Miss Morrison, the Paciffc Coast student missionary, in Tokio, Japan; also one-half of our pledge to the state work.

Miss Nellie Connor of the class of June '04, and former President of the Y. W. C. A. visited our meeting Tuesday, Nov. 1, and gave us quite an encouraging talk, which made us feel that the Association really meant something to its members who have gone out to teach in the public schools.

On Friday, Nov. 4, a number of the Association girls and their friends gathered in the basement lunch-room and enjoyed a basket-lunch and a social good time during the noon hour.

Notes.

The enthusiasm still continues in Basket Ball. A very pretty and interesting game was played Saturday evening at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The game was in the form of an exhibition and was played to arouse enthusiasm in the class of Physical Culture which they wish to establish. The contest was a spirited one. The various players were spurred on by the yells and songs of the spectators. It was a hard fought game but at the close the score was 14 to 3 in our favor. The High School team is doing splendid work considering that they have just commenced to play this year.

The line up for the Normal was:

GOALS	GUARDS	CENTERS
Capt. Laird	Abeel	Johnson
Brown	Lawson	Lyng
Ives	Smith	Macmurdo

Referee—Miss Frary Umpire—Mr. Earle

On Friday, Nov. 13, '04, we heartily welcomed Mr. Herbert Bashford to our rostrum. The older members of the school remember with great pleasure Mr. Bashford's previous visit. The subject of his lecture this time was "The Educative Value of the Stage" after which he read several of his poems. His work was so well received that he was obliged to respond to several encores. We hope that he will soon visit us again.

We were also honored by a visit from our city superintendent, Prof. George Wells. He spoke highly of the work of the San Jose State Normal School especially since the standing of admission has been raised so that only High School graduates or their equivalents can be entered upon the two years course.

Miss Maud Marchant visited Normal during the Amador County Teachers' Institute.

Miss Irene Charlson and Miss Nell Jones visited Normal recently.

The work of the Normal School has continued as usual during the past month. We are more than delighted to have Prof. Dailey with us again. The exercises held during chapel time showed only in a small way our delight at his safe return to us again.

Through the influence of Prof. Wood, Mr. Johannes Reimers of Stockton lectured to the students of the State Normal School. Mr. Reimers has gained considerable renown not only as a lecturer but as a short story writer. One of his stories was published in the Normal Pennant for June, '04. The subject of his lecture was "Norseland and its Peasantry." Mr. Reimers is a forcible speaker. His descriptions are vivid and real. We greatly enjoyed his lecture and can assure him a hearty welcome when he visits us again.

News.

The members of the Normal Faculty gave an informal luncheon in the banquet room of the Normal in honor of the safe return of their president from a tour in the East. The time was passed merrily by speeches and pleasant reminiscences. Dr. M. E. Dailey told many interesting incidents of his trip. He related a journey up the Hudson River, describing its beautiful scenery. Two of the best foot-ball games yet recorded in the East found him a willing spectator. Our pictures at the World's Fair received a gold medal, and our general educational work a silver one. The members of the Faculty are glad to have Mr. Dailey's smiles with them again.

To the faculty office has recently been added an elegant new book-case which is a very useful ornament.

Dr. Schallenberger has been giving some "heart to heart" talks at the regular Training School Faculty meetings. It is a pity all the students do not hear them.

The Training School is to be altered and remodeled soon so as to fit up a large room as a library for the pupils of the Training School.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dailey enjoyed the game of foot-ball at Stanford. Mr. Wilson thinks the "rooters" are just as interesting as the game.

Five students of the Training School have formed a Hallowe'en Club. This Club meets annually. The meeting hours are from 3:30 to 6:30 p. m. in the dome of the Normal. Mr. Wardrip is to act as Sargeant-at-Arms.

It is a good thing for us to know what kind of an influence is spread by our educational ideals. On October 9th Miss Nicholson, Mr. Wood and Mr. Sneider visited Merced and took part in the County Institute held there. They were royally received by many familiar faces, especially those of the Normal Alumni and the student teachers of last summer's school. It is to be remembered that Merced County sent the largest delegation to our Summer School.

The members of our Alumni have been commended not only for the strong work they are doing but for certain special work that stands out well as new educational methods in their respective districts. Miss May King, a recent graduate, has introduced Manual Training into country school work very successfully.

For want of space we cannot tell the special work the Alumni are doing in their respective schools. May king teaches at Swedish Colony, Clara Rowell and Lolita Townsend at Atwater, Ivy Phillips at Los Banos, Jessie Pemberton near Los Banos, Margaret McInerney and Florence Dixon in Merced, and Anna McInerney, Ella Rahilly and Miss

Burchard also near Merced.

At the Institute Mr. Job Wood from the State Superintendent's office lectured on Arithmetic, Mrs. Caldwell from Oakland on Drawing, Morse Stephens on historical subjects, Miss Nicholson on Grammar and Literature, Mr. Wood on Nature Study which he illustrated by model lessons. Mr. Sneider spoke on three subjects; "More Practical Education for our Boys and Girls," "Educational Aims and Functions of Manual Training," and "Good and bad Methods."

Miss Silman, the County Superintendent of Merced County is much pleased with the Teachers' Summer Session of our Normal, and promised to send at least thirty here next summer;

We were glad to see among the teachers assembled here for the Amador County Institute our old friend, Maud Marchant, who has served both as editor and as business manager of the Pennant. She has nearly recovered from the gunshot wound in her foot that came as a result of her interest in firearms, and she went home we hope, feeling that she has many friends here in the old Normal.

The basket-ball girls have played two games with San Jose and Campbell High Schools, respectfully. In both, the Normal team had the best of it, winning with a good margin in their favor.

Miss Annie Laird, the captain of the Normal team, is coaching the San Jose High School team, and Miss Elsie Abeel is coaching the University of the Pacific girls. Three cheers for the Normal!

Miss Annie Laird's picture was in the Wasp of San Francisco with some very complimentary remarks on her basket-ball playing. They show good taste and echo our sentiments—but, Oh girls!

Training School Notes.

Teacher—"Tommy, what do you say for the pretty picture I have given you?"

Tommy—"Golly!"

"Mama," said a little boy in the first grade after he had returned home from school, "I have found that I am falling in love with one of my teachers!"

Miss C.—"Now what does "drooping head" mean in this little poem where it speaks of the lily with its "drooping head?"

Bright little girl—"Drooping head" means when you raise your shoulders clear up to your ears and then put your head clear down until you touch your feet. Then that is "drooping head."

Curious child—"Miss Miller, are you a lady or just a great big girl?'

The rooms these days are beautiful with their decorations of hanging

baskets, chrysanthemums and roses. Little wonder the children as well as their teachers are happy in their work surrounded as they are with such taste and refinement.

A little girl looked in wonderment at her drawing teacher as the latter made a few corrections with the color brush and then remarked, "You are a very great painter, aren't you?"

Teacher—"What is ice made of?"

Child, quickly—"Saw-dust!"

Nature Study Teacher, holding up hyacinth bulbs—"What are these Johnnie?"

Johnnie—"Onions!"

Teacher—"No indeed, though they do look a little like onions."

Johnnie—"Garlic!"

Children had been confounding "shadow" and "image" and were told to look in a bucket of water to find what they saw. Teacher—"Did you see the color of your blouse?"

Boy—"Yes, ma'am."

Teacher—"The color of your hair?"

Boy—"Yes ma'am."

Teacher—"Of your neck-tie?"

Boy—"Mamma forgot to put it on."

A teacher had been making a rough sketch of old Mother Hubbard at the board. When she had finished a little child who had been interested in the process said, "I didn't know you were an artist!"

Nature Study Teacher, who comes in the room with a dandelion in her hair, "What is there about me that would suggest to you what I am going to teach?"

Child--"Wild cat!"

Next day the same teacher enters with a rose pinned on her waist.

Same child—"I know what that rose is for. It's to attract our attention."

Little Girl—"Miss M., have I been good today?"

Miss M.—"Yes, you have been very good."

Little Girl—"I'll bring you a bunch of violets tomorrow."

Teacher, telling the story of the field mouse who swam the little pond—"And what do you think was moving about in the little pond?"

Boy—"Whale!"

Marbles, little squares of panoche, candidate buttons, faded rose-buds, rattle-snake rattles, sea-shells, and pictures of dancing girls are only a few of the gifts received by the teachers from appreciative little students.

Athletics.

Basket-Ball.

Score—10 to 3, in favor of the State Normal School.

NEVER since the days of foot-ball have the Normal students shown so much spirit and enthusiasm as at the basket-ball game with the San Jose High School on the Normal campus last Wednesday afternoon. Even the students of the Training department lined up to root for our team. Last Wednesday's game, though only a small beginning of what our team will accomplish wlth more practice, showed that our team is clever as well as agile and that the girls work well together. Johnnie Johnson, the president of the Student body is one of the strongest players on the team. The Normal line-up in Wednesday's game was:

CENTERS	GOALS	GUARDS
Johnnie Johnson	Alerta Ives	Maude Chase
Bertha Hemphill	Eva Hern	Kate Feeney
Ann McMurdo	Annie Laird	Elsie Abeel

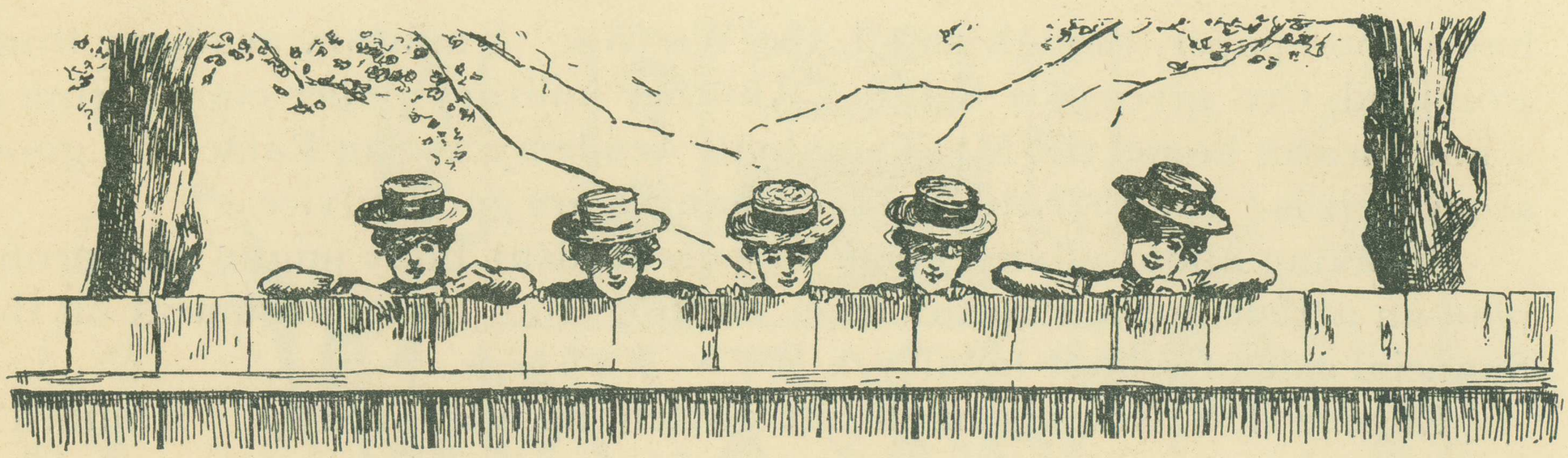
A school needs some good athletic sport to hold the students together and keep up school spirit. We have now what for several years we have sady missed on the athletic field, a team of which we are justly proud, a team with great possibilities and enthusiastic student body to back it.

Last Wednesday's performance will be repeated in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Saturday night.

Tennis.

A great deal more interest and enthusiasm has been shown in the line of tennis this year than last. The court has been fixed anew and almost all hours of the day it is a scene of enjoyment. In fact, we are told that one morning the hour was as early as 6:30 with two of our girls.

As long as such interest as this exists, we should be well able to organize a good strong team of tennis for ourselves. We have the court and the players and now the only things that prevent more success are a scarcity of rackets and the poorness of the net. We hope, however, to have new net and rackets soon and to have a strong organized team of tennis, to do honor to our Alma Mater.



Exchanges.

Well, being Exchange Editor isn't so bad, after all. It was really a pleasure to review the Exchange table this month, in fact it was more of a pleasure than a matter of business to read some of the papers. We are proud, of course, of our own paper, but are not so conceited but we can appreciate the excellence of some of the exchanges we receive. Oh, I hear someone say, everyone of you has his faults. Yes, and that's what the Exchange column is for, to criticize—both favorably and adversely. How else can we hope to improve.

Now we're going to say all the nice things first, then we intend to roast some of you. One paper which seems to command praise is Santa Clara's Tocsin. Why, even a paper clear back in Reading, Pennsylvania, the Red and Black, (a swell little paper itself, by the way,) comments upon the fine get up of the Tocsin. We take pleasure in commending the judgment of the Red and Black. (But just wait till they see the Pennant too!)

Another Eastern visitor which is good this month is the Kodak from Eau Claire, Wis. As the name implies they believe in plenty of illustrations and they're good too. (Say, between you and me and the gatepost, the Ex. editor used to attend a Wisconsin High so is partial to the Badger State papers.) The Lake Breeze from Sheboygan, Wis. is a paper that receives general admiration too. But see here, Sturgeon Boy High, your "Flashes" would be much more brilliant and flashy if you'd throw in a few good illustrations.

Now let's see, some of our other Eastern tourists are, the Advocate from Lincoln, Nebr. and the Lilliputian from way back in York state; and a Dragon from Greenfield, Ohio. (It's not so fierce as the name implies.) Then there's the H. S. Review from Boone, Iowa, but, oh my, she hasn't any cuts; and then comes the Observer from Central Falls, R. I. We people out here in this big state are tempted to look patronizingly on little Rhode Island, but let me tell you that H. S paper has the right spirit in the matter of cuts and exchanges. Glad to greet you. Call again.

Some of our coast friends called recently too. Port Townsend, Wash.

has a good paper, though small, the Wa Wa. A military academy from Portland, Ore. gives us a Salute. Another military paper comes from a school nearer home, the Mt. Tamalpais Academy at San Rafael. A good story in it is "The Private." Its exchanges are good advice.

Speaking about advice, some of our student body might with profit read an article in the Phoenix from Tarkio, Mo. Its an argument on the financial side of school loyalty.

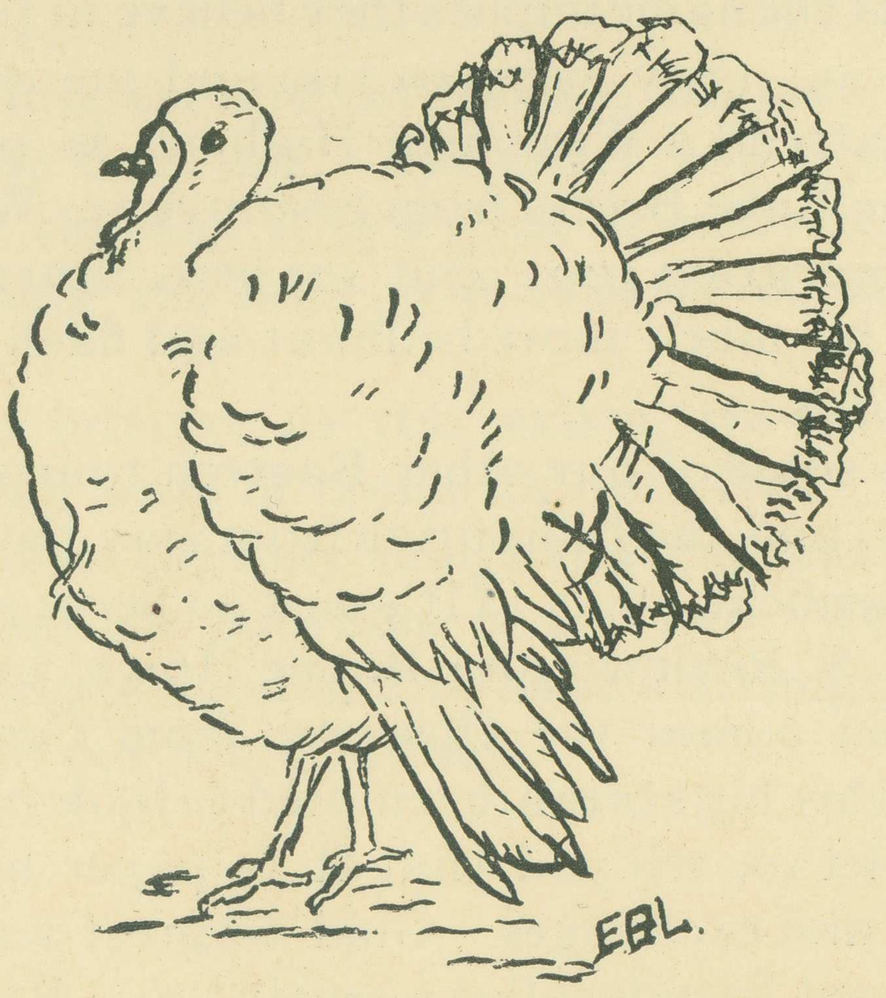
Eugene H. S. News is small but gotten up very neatly. Hanford's Janus is *pretty* good, but it's the same old criticism with you too—no cuts.

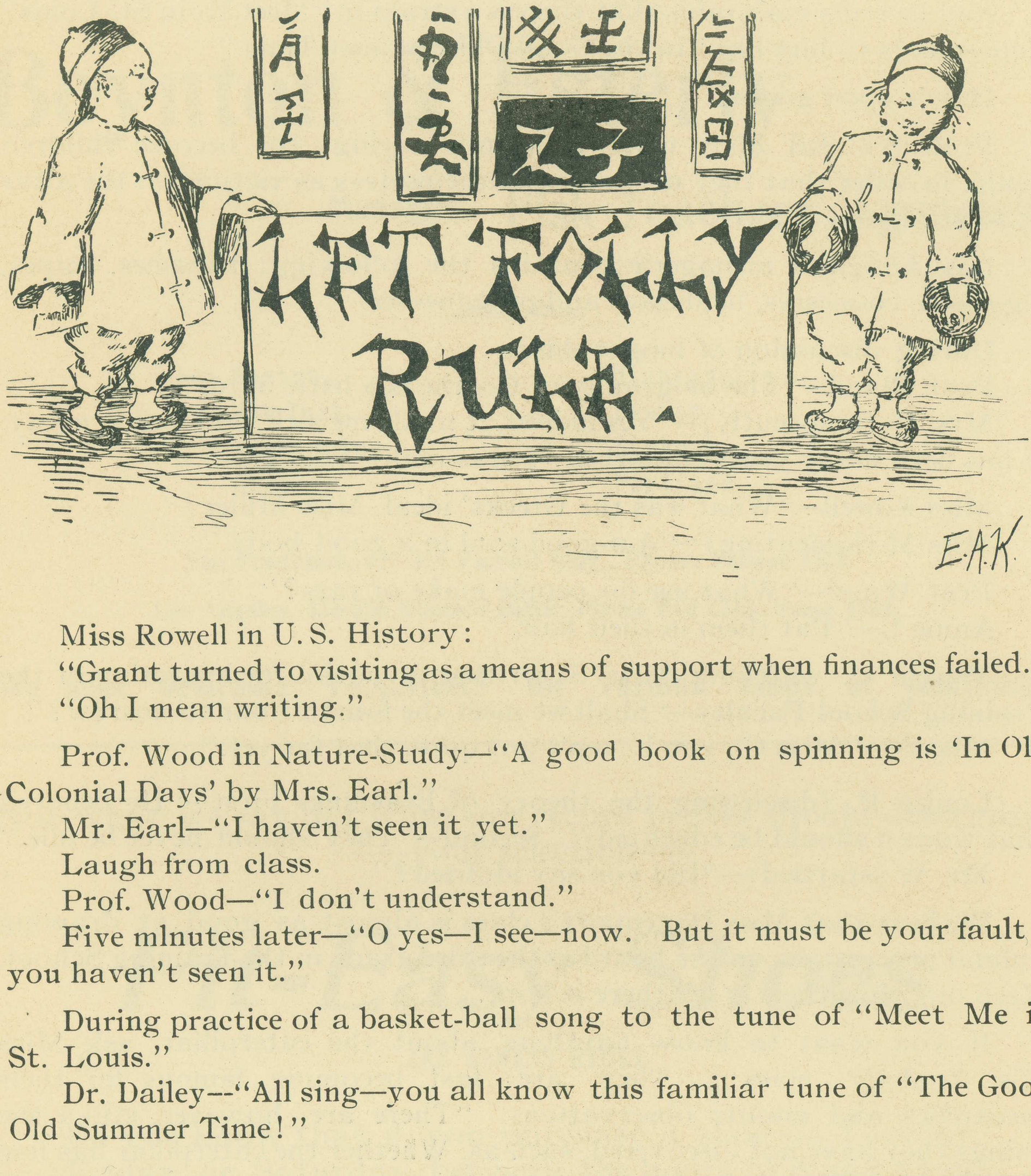
Sacramento H. S. Review has a story written in decidedly clever and original style. It is the "Tragedy of a Pompadour."

Now, Chico, you needn't expect to compete with our Normal unless you can beat us in the matter of headliners and general illustration. You didn't have a single one. Look out, you're a pretty good Normal they say. Don't let us get ahead of you on the paper.

The editor finds that space is being rapidly filled, so we'll bunch the rest of them up together, although there are some of these that deserve special mention. There are these left: Oriole from Campbell High; the Oracle from Englewood; the Scribe from Polytechnic High, Oakland; and the fine Guard and Tackle from Stockton. Then there's the Epworth Exponent, an Iowa paper, and the Comus from Zonesville. The Item from Pasadena High School has an especially interesting Exchange column. Ye Old Tyme Spinster from a girl's school, St. Margaret's, at San Mateo, is characteristically original, especially the cover design.

Now if anybody is left out in this write up just send us a postal, and we'll see you're remembered next time.





Miss Rowell in U. S. History:
"Grant turned to visiting as a means of support when finances failed."
"Oh I mean writing."

Prof. Wood in Nature-Study—"A good book on spinning is 'In Old Colonial Days' by Mrs. Earl."

Mr. Earl—"I haven't seen it yet."

Laugh from class.

Prof. Wood—"I don't understand."

Five mlnutes later—"O yes—I see—now. But it must be your fault if you haven't seen it."

During practice of a basket-ball song to the tune of "Meet Me in St. Louis."

Dr. Dailey--"All sing—you all know this familiar tune of "The Good Old Summer Time!"

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ALL THE NEWEST STYLES

Stuarts

23 EAST SANTA CLARA ST.

And he stills maintains that there is a strain in "Meet Me in St. Louis" that sounds to him like "In the Good Old Summer Time."

Hale's good goods.

Prof. S's 3rd hour class is vainly trying to become children again, in order that they may sacrifice themselves as victims on the altar of some new method.

Las Amigas's menagerie contains the following: thrushes, snipes, piggesses, coonesses, hennesses and pelicanesses.

During discussion of biographies:
Prof. Bland—"The biography of Goethe is a little hard."
Mrs. P. (innocently)—"Yes indeed, it made me sick, so I put it away. It has been many years since then—I was really young."

Miss Rowell—"What was the Greeks' ideal, Miss Miller?"
Miss M (hesitating)—"A-a-good soul in a good body."

Prof. Wood—"What use do people make of rats?"
Annie L—"Put them in their hair."

Marcia C. watching Miss S. writing a notice for a meeting of the Training School Faculty—"Shall we meet the fourth hour tomorrow?"
Miss S.—"Miss C., you haven't got quite that far yet."

Louise R. (discussing the theory of Erasmus) First—"He believed that women should be educated." Second—"They should never be idle."
Mr. W (startled)—"Did you say idolized?"

We hear that Miss Davenport's class is almost as good at drawing animal processions on the board as the third grade in the Training School. Keep on, while there is life there is hope.

If you want to know anything about the caterpillar, ask Miss K's Zoology class. They are fast becoming famous for their researches and minute observations. "There are, however, still a few things they have not discovered, such as, Whether the caterpillar has few or many legs? but they soon hope to find out.

Students go to Hale's.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Lillie M. likes buggy-rides?
Why Bessie B. won't tell us what L. P. E. stands for?

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We seek desirable TEACHERS for various kinds of positions.

Not what we say but what our record proves should determine
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Do you know that if you purchase a shoe on Tuesday, Friday or Saturday between the hours of 8 and 11:30 a. m., costing $2.00 or more, we will give you an order on Bushnell, and he will take and finish a large size Photograph for you absolutely free.

Don't forget the wonderful values we are offering at $2.45. All styles including patents.

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Why G. Lyng runs around trying to give her money away, and finally decides to give it to Miss Royce?

What has caused E. E. to decide to give up his career of teaching, and take upon himself the arduous duties of a policeman, to the terror of small boys on Hallowe'en night?

Where Joe Malloy got all that unexpected wealth? Has he discovered a second Klondike, or was the display calculated to dazzle the multitude?

Why L. Miller and Mr. P. were so late to Prof. Wood's class? And why L. M. blushed so deeply when the class laughed.

Why N. P. does not take a lantern with him to help him find his girl's house in the dark, so he won't bother people by returning to the wrong house two or three times and finding fault with the house, because it is not the one he is looking for?

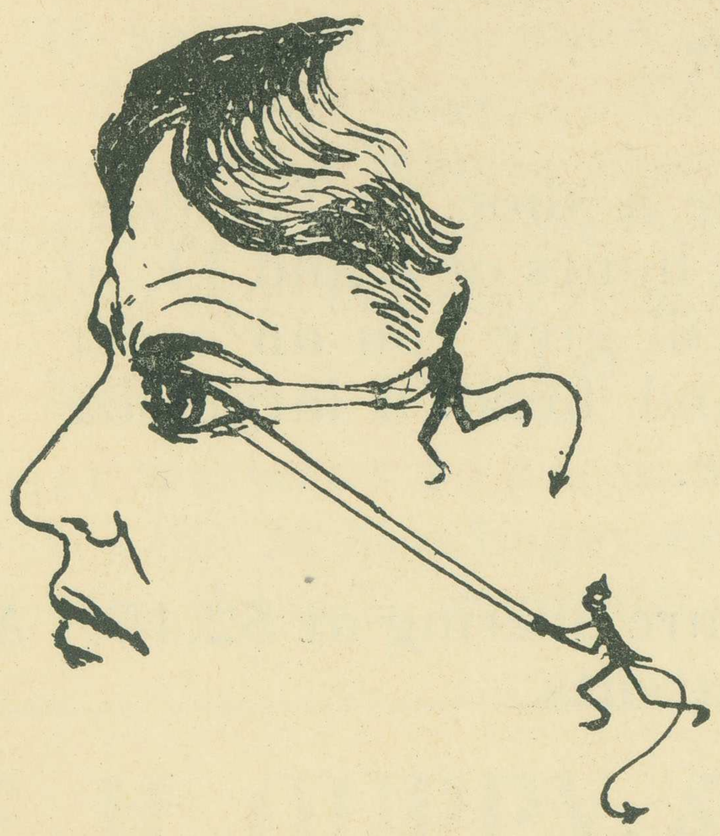
How it happened that Prof. B. put his cap on inside out?

If Miss Mills really enjoyed H. B's lecture very much, or if she only closed her weary eyes to rest the lids?

Why Elsie A. can quote with such real feeling "My heart is breaking?"

Why Mr. Wardrip is such a valuable addition to any pedagogy class? (Ans.—Because he speaks from experience.)

Remember Hale's good goods.



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You've tried many "remedies" with little or no satisfaction as they give, at best, only temporary relief.

Did you ever think that your trouble might be due to eye strain? Could we prove it to you by PERMANTLY relieving it with right glasses?

A little eye help NOW may save you much loss of time, worry, suffering, and perhaps expense, before the school year is over. THE CORRECT FITTING OF GLASSES IS OUR EXCLUSIVE BUSINESS.

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To Those Who Wish to Help the Pennant:

In soliciting adds for the Pennant I have found that many of the business men make this remark, "Why should we advertise in your paper, we do not get any trade from the students in the Normal?" I know that these same business men get plenty of trade from the Normal and the trouble lies in the fact that the students do not let the business men know where she or he comes from. Now, students, if you have the best interests of your paper at heart, kindly mention the Pennant when you make your purchase, the business men will appreciate it, and when the business manager goes around next month to solicit ads, he will not be met with the same old talk.

Below you will find a list of those that advertise in our paper and if you can buy from these people just as cheap and their service is just as efficient as those that do not advertise with us, why, do the Pennant a favor and help those that help us.

Band Box
Bushnell
Bothwell, Charles
Brower Printing Co.
Cunninghan, C. P.
City of San Jose
Carmichael & Balaris
Fisk Teachers' Agency
Farmers Union
Guppy & Son
Garnot & Dermody
Gonzales, A.
Hill, Andrew P.
Hobson Co.
Hale, O. A.
Johnson & Chapman Co.
Spring's
Sourisseau, T. F.
Mercury-Herald Art Dep't
Osgood & Ball
Riley Drug Co.
Pierce
Maynards
Leache's
McCabe
Quilty
Sterling Dental Co.
Millard Bros.
Leon, The
Kelley Laundry Co
San Jose Business College
Ryder, Geo. W. & Son
Veit, Andy
Red Star Laundry
Pratt & Kerr
Bacon
Stuart
Pacific Coast Business College
Wilson, C. W.
Lean, W. C.

"City of San Jose"

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Moves everything that is loose **Telephone Main 78** **G. P. BURKETT, Manager.**

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Ladies' Furnishing Goods

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FALL AND WINTER HATS at the

BAND BOX Millinery Store

The place to buy

29-31 East Santa Clara St.

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First-class turnouts. Daily stages leave San Jose for Lick Observatory calling at convenient places at 7:30 a. m. returning about 6 p. m.

F. H. ROSS & SON, Props.

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We have the goods
Our prices are right
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Work called for and returned in San Jose and Vicinity.

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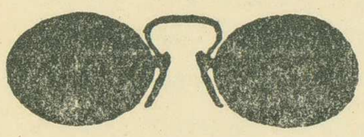
Repairing of every description.
All kinds of shoes made to order.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Telephone, West 918.
Soles 35 cts. and up.

That Pain in the Temples



Those dull aches actoss the forehead, those frequent sick or nervous headaches, are all the result of eye strain that the proper glasses will cure. Not much use dosing yourself with drugs when the real trouble is with your eyes you've simply got to take the strain off the eyes before relief will come. Shall we find what's wrong and right it?

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is full of fine goods from every corner of the earth, suitable for **PRESENTS.** Beauty, quality and economy all point you to call and see our display.

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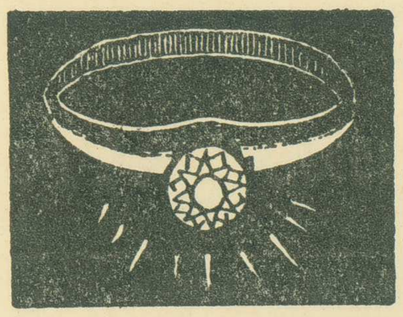

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The cut of the trousers, The hang of the whole suit,
All these points Normal Students will find jnst right in our garments.

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"Outfitters of all Mankind." 55-57 South First St.

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