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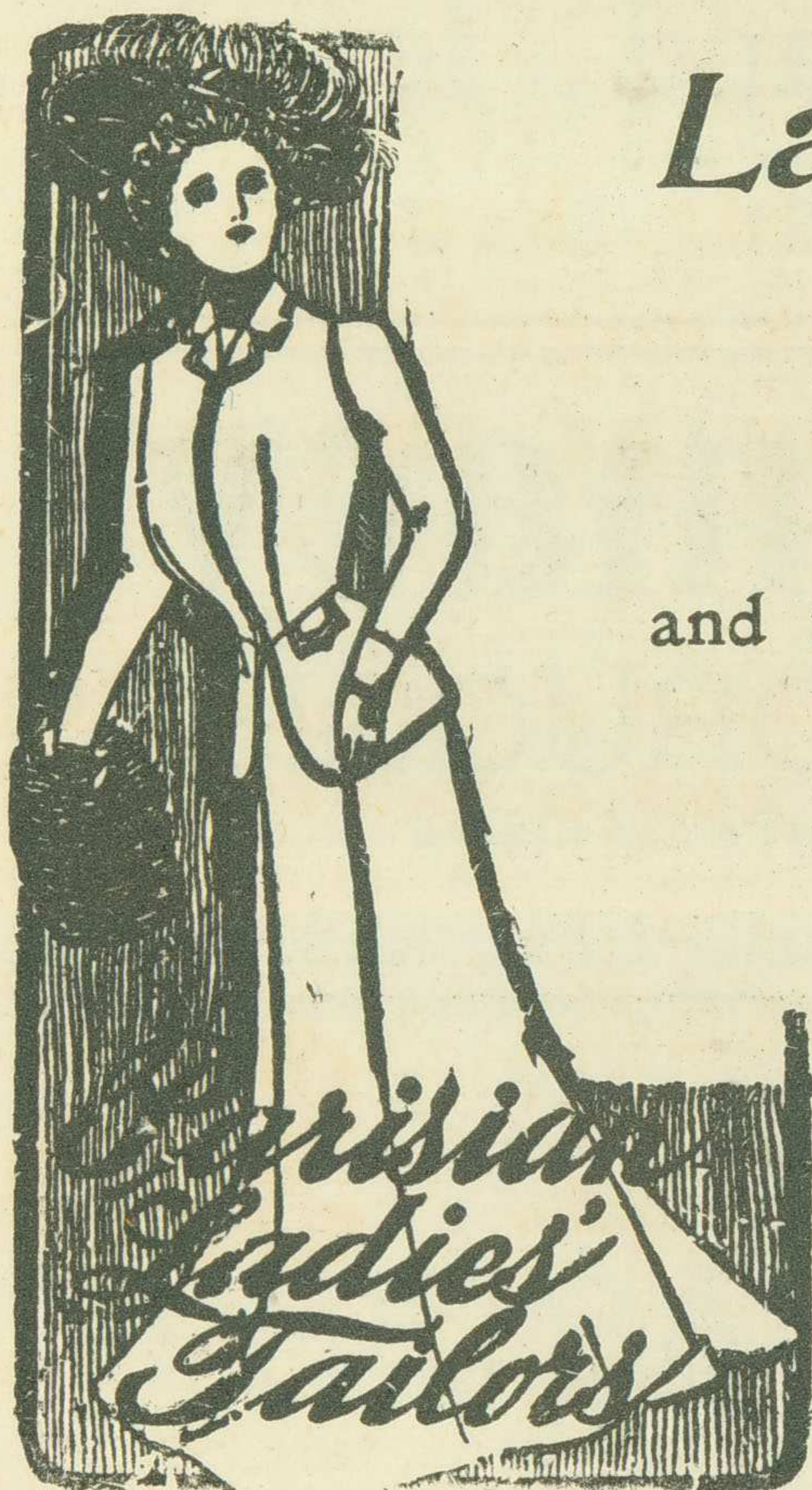
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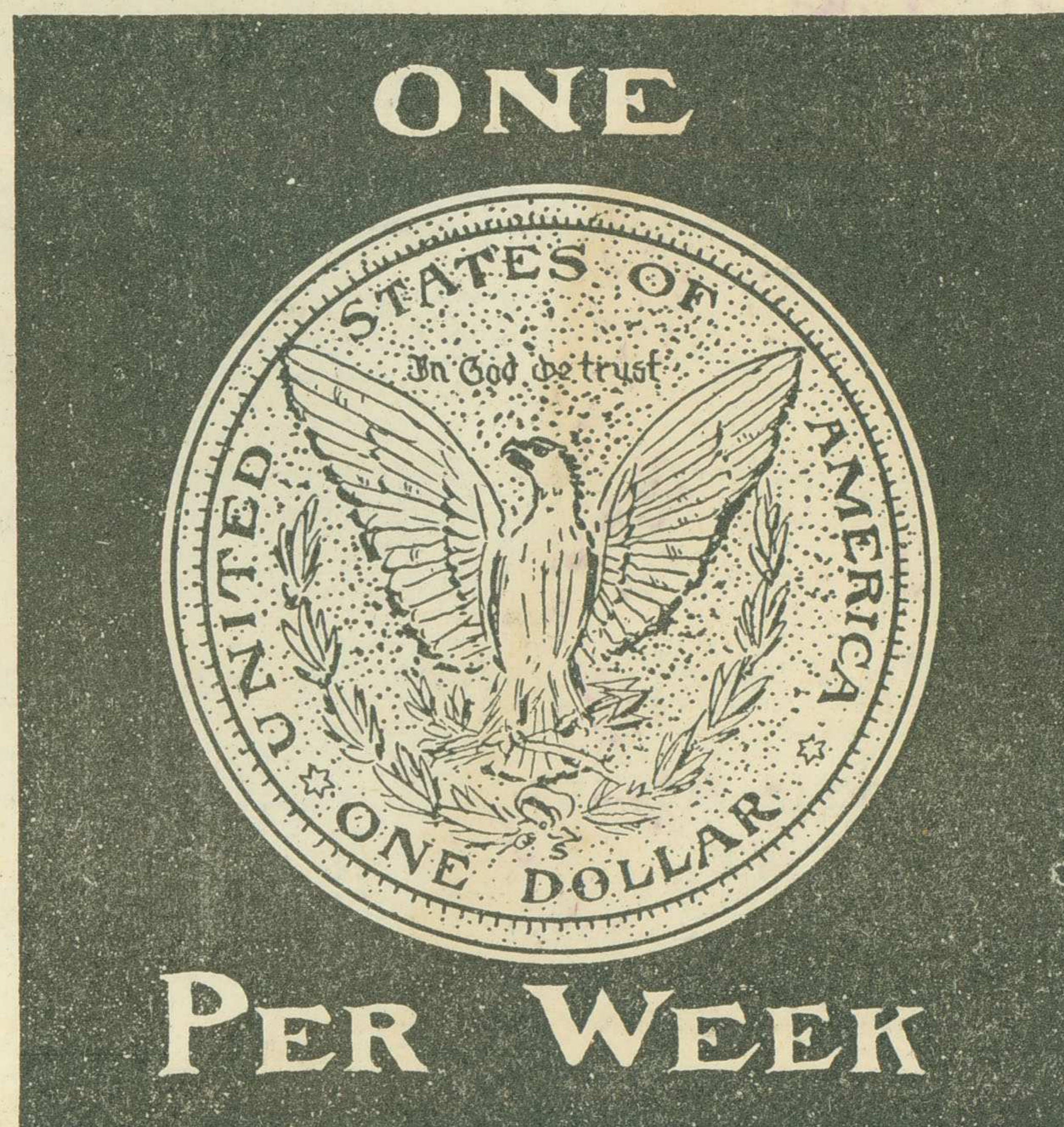
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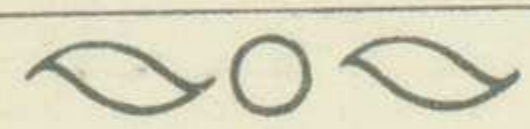
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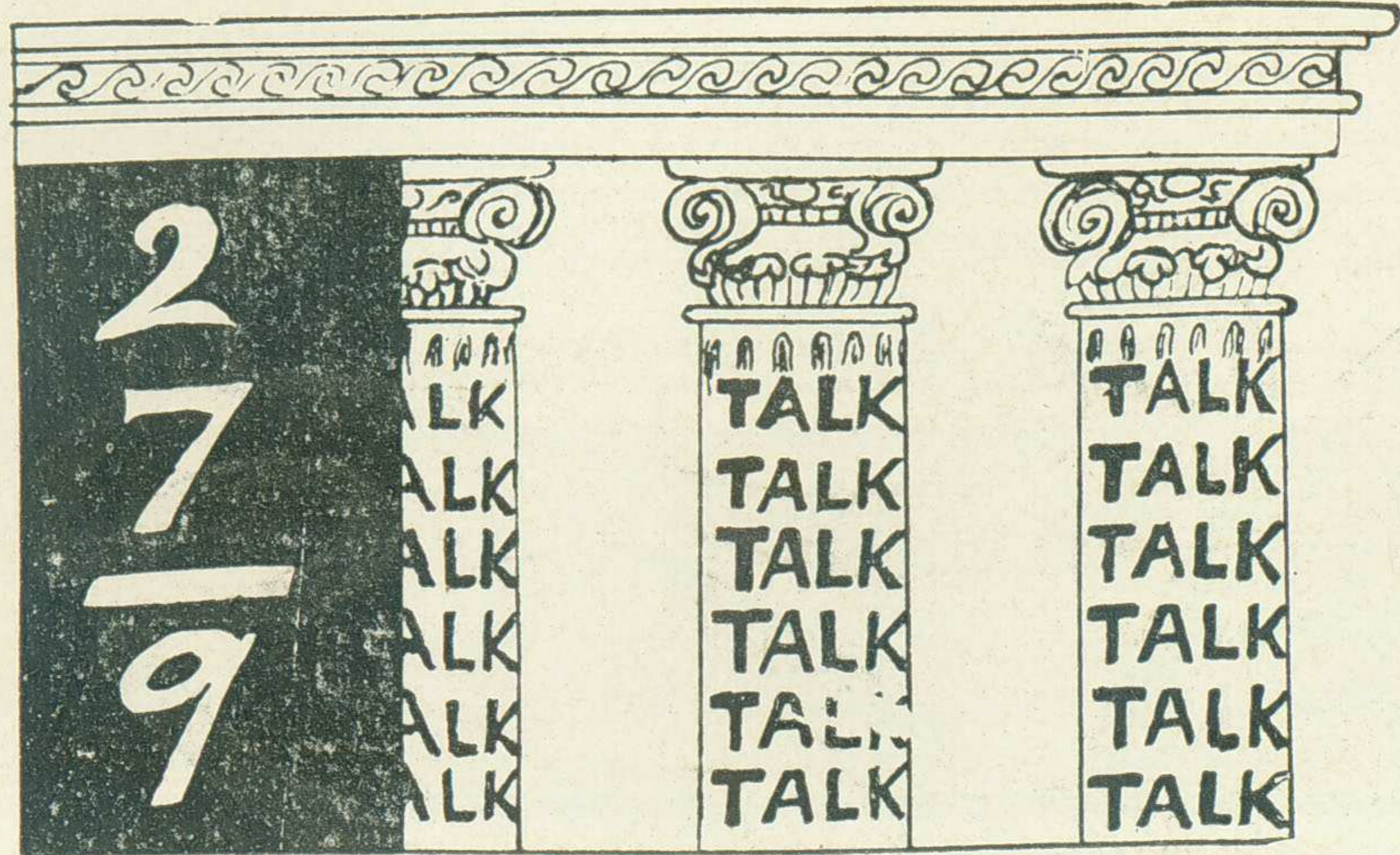
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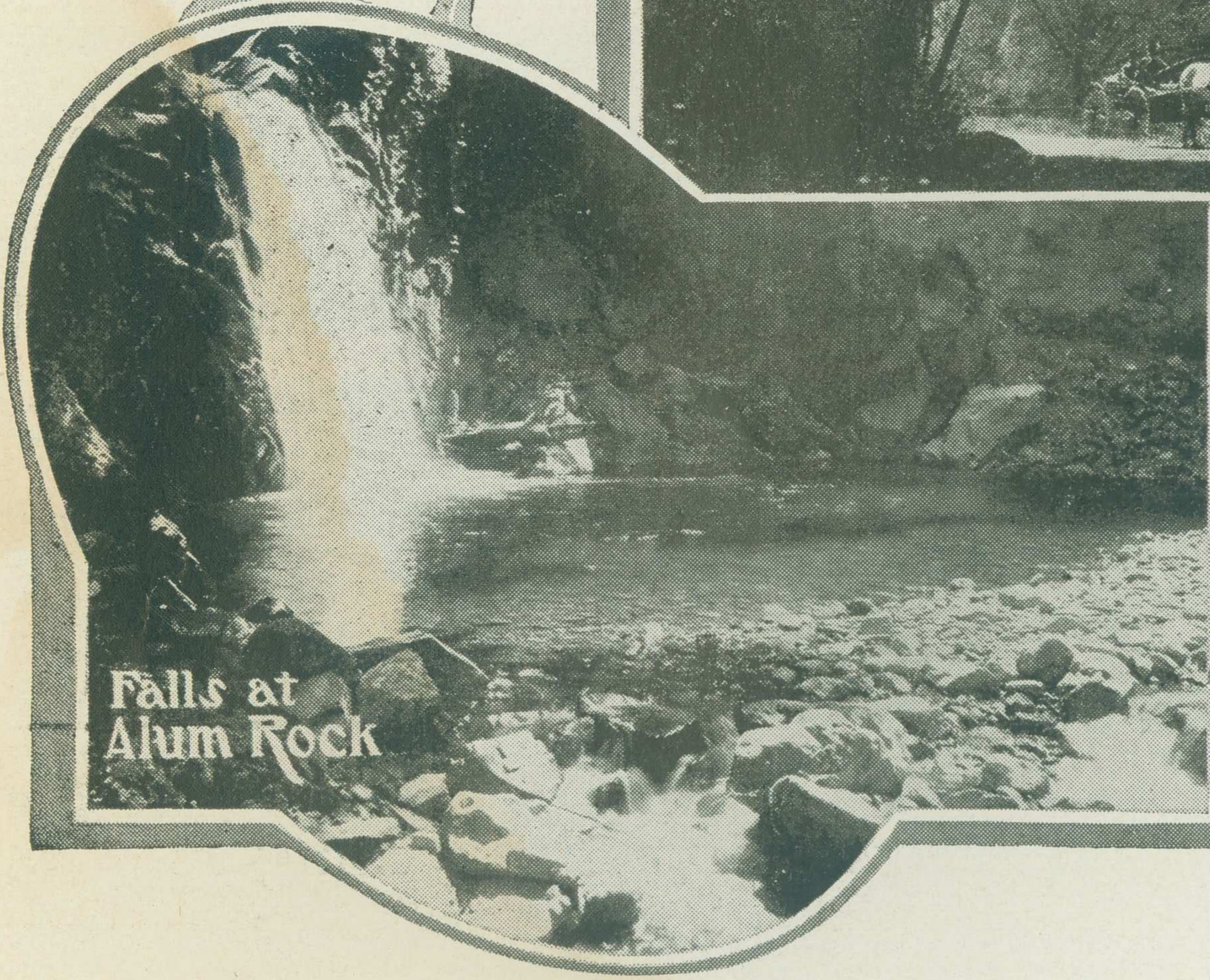




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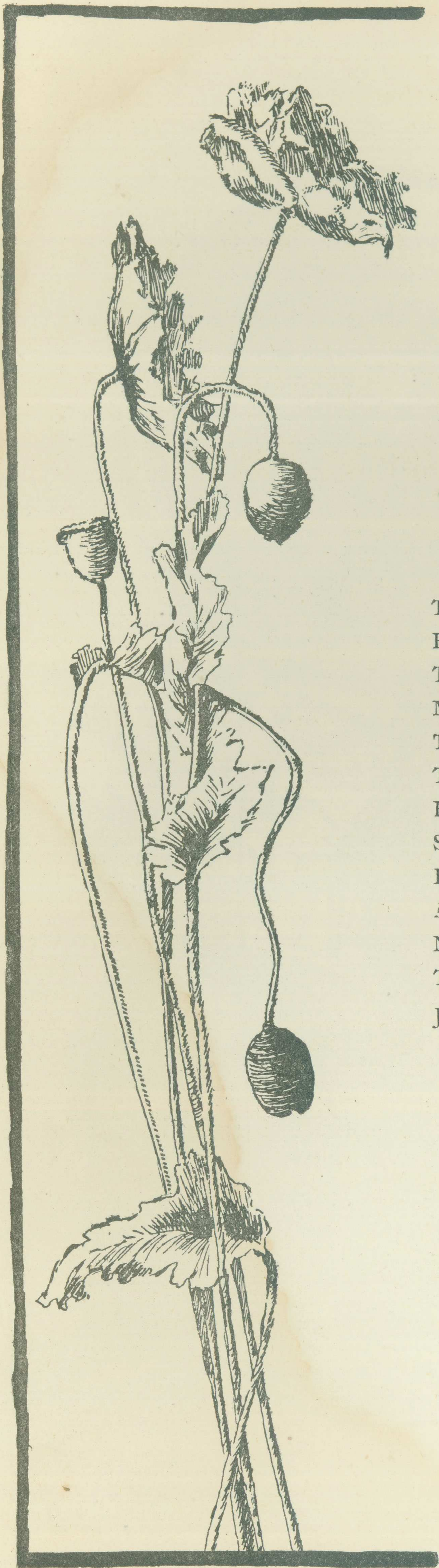
Falls at  
Alum Rock



In Commemoration  
The Pilgrim Fathers







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# THE NORMAL PENNANT

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## The First Thanksgiving Day.

(A. D. 1622.)

“And now,” said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up  
store

Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the  
meadows o’er,

“’Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;

’Tis meet that the Lord of the Harvest be thanked for His sun  
and rain.

“And therefore I, William Bradford, (by the grace of God today,  
And the franchise of this good people,) Governor of Plymouth,  
say,

Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one  
accord,

And hold, in the month November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

“He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we’ve  
sought so long;

He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from wrack  
and wrong;

And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden that he may  
know

We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests  
grow.

“So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all  
degrees;

And fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas;

And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts  
employ



To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy!  
 "We fail of the fruits and dainties—we fail of the old home cheer;  
 Ah these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us here.  
 But see in our open clearing, how golden the melons lie;  
 Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin-  
 pie!"

So bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast;  
 The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the  
 greatest to least  
 Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for  
 wine,  
 And the plum and the grape of the forest for orange and peach  
 and pine.

At length came the day appointed: the snow had begun to fall,  
 But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily  
 over all,  
 And summoned the folks of Plymouth, who hastened with glad  
 accord  
 To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.  
 In his seat sate Governor Bradford: men, matrons, and maidens  
 fair;  
 Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword  
 were there;  
 And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the  
 sway,  
 For the grave of sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanks-  
 giving Day:

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sat down with his hundred  
 braves,  
 And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,  
 And looked on the granaried harvest, with a blow on his brawny  
 chest,  
 He muttered, "The Good Great Spirit loves His white children  
 best!"

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.



## Eureka.

A young man came out of the electricians' hall of a certain large eastern University, and looked across the campus with a heavy frown marring his otherwise handsome face. He brightened somewhat as he saw another young fellow crossing at the farther side, wearing a blue sweater, the college color. A shrill whistle broke the stillness and the man in blue turned and waited until the other came up.

The latter was Jack Herndon, a rather small but good looking young man, while his companion and chum, Henry Willson, was a handsome giant over six feet tall and the hero of the varsity football team.

"Jack," said Willson, "what are we fellows going to do for a Thanksgiving jolly-up. Here we are shut up in this place, too far from home to get there and back, and everything as dead as door nails!"

"O come now, Henry," Jack said. "Don't go looking into the future so gloomily. Let's take a ramble up into the mountains today for a change, possibly we'll get an inspiration."

"All right, I'm ready for that, but as for the inspiration—well time will tell."

They broke into a long stride going in the direction of the mountains which overlooked and sheltered the University on all sides. The scene was a quiet one this particular morning, many students had gone home and the remaining ones were enjoying the leisure of the Thanksgiving vacation, while the silence seemed to be increased by the grandness of the mountains rising clearly outlined against the blue morning sky.

"Let's go clear back to the old 'Castle on the Rhine,'" Jack said and as Henry nodded assent they turned to the north east and wended their way up a beautiful canyon over an old road now little used.

In the course of about an hour's walking they came out upon a little valley high up in the mountains, through which a bright mountain stream ran. On the west bank of this stream was a large rambling stone house of colonial style, deserted long ago but still in pretty well preserved condition. This was the "Castle



on the Rhine," a name given to it by the university students. It was abandoned because the land had been bought up by the college for a prospective park.

They sat down on the stone steps to rest and enjoy the sharp, refreshing breeze which came down the canyon, bringing with it a delightful odor of mountain vegetation. Jack was the first to break the silence.

"Do you know why I brought you up here," he said, but without waiting for an answer he continued. "I've also been doing some thinking about what we are going to do Thanksgiving day to make it as pleasant as possible and I thought if this old place could be fixed up a little and decorated, why not get together a dozen of the fellows and put the place in good shape. Then each fellow send a bid to his favorite of the fair co-eds, get a chaperon or two as a side issue, and have a lively time in spite of all."

The idea seemed to strike Willson just right for he jumped to his feet giving Herndon as he did so a resounding whack on the back.

"A capital plan, old chap," he said. "I am right with you and I know the other fellows will be, let's look the place over."

They opened the door with a key Jack had brought along in readiness for exploring, and found two of the rooms in good condition, considering the age of the house. Both were spacious and presumably the dining and living rooms as they were together. And both had the inevitable comfortable fireplace.

"Well," Willson said, "with a whole lot of work we can turn this place into a first class banquet hall, and in the other, as they are both together we can dance or any old thing for amusement."

They soon started back, busily discussing plans and all the rest of the week many were the conjectures among the recipients of the "bids" as to what the boys were planning.

They had no time to play tennis or golf, and such a carting of decorations, chairs and benches up the mountain road! The girls' curiosity was not satisfied until the day of Thanksgiving came. And best of all, the day before, a fall of snow made everything just right for sleighing, and by ten o'clock Thanksgiving day the air was merry in front of the girls' hall with the ringing of sleigh bells, the flashing of bright cutters in the sunlight, and the gay chatter of those departing.

The clear frosty air made the girls well ready for the surprise



awaiting them at the journeys end, and such a chorus of "O's" and "Ah's" as there was when they were driven up to the "Castle on the Rhine" and were ushered into the living room where an immense log fire roared up the old chimney and where the decorations of autumn leaves, fruits, etc., were good to look upon.

The next surprise came when they were called to the dining room by a smiling negro waiter and seated at a table laden with the good things of Thanksgiving time.

The boys were now besieged with questions of "How did they think of it," "How could they accomplish so much," and "It was so delightful," to which the boys listened and thought themselves the only fellows in the universe, but replied very modestly that no praise was due them, that the work was nothing.

After dinner, while some ate apples, nuts, etc., others brought out guitars and mandolins, and music and dancing sped the afternoon swiftly on.

Then a romp into the woods was proposed, and they went, snow-balling each other like children, but from this the chaperones wisely refrained preferring to enjoy the comfort of the fire. And to end all before starting home, an old time minuet in honor of the house was danced, which had probably seen many in the olden days. As the girls were left at the hall that evening a general vote of thanks was proposed to the boys, for their kind thought in making so joyful a day, which if spent alone and away from home is the loneliest of all days.

"Well," Jack said, as the two chums were saying good night later, "I feel well repaid for all my toil, don't you?"

"Don't I though," Henry answered with a ring in his voice which could not be mistaken. And it is quite probable that he was not thinking of the party in general, but only a very small portion of it of which he had become the owner on that never to-be-forgotten Thanksgiving Day.

R. B. THOMPSON.



## The New Thanksgiving.

IT was the evening before Thanksgiving, and while preparing to retire for the night I had cast a glance in the mirror where I beheld the reflection of my face, and it seemed to have upon it signs of care and toil that I had never noticed before.

While lying upon my bed thoughts of the past and future were mingled confusedly in my mind. I beheld again my face in the mirror. This time a wrinkle was plainly visible at the corner of my eye. Feeling troubled at the sight of it I tried to brush it away with my hand. But while I looked another wrinkle appeared and then another and another, until around both eyes, upon my forehead and all over my countenance I beheld with horror the unmistakable and irascible marks of time, toil and care. I observed also with dismay that my hair had become sprinkled with silver, which slowly but steadily changed to a snowy whiteness.

At this time I felt a dull pain in my back, and in a sort of hazy way I thought of the hard work that awaited me on the following day.

When morning came at last after a night of unrest I arose with stiffened limbs and began to prepare for my day's work. Every joint in my body seemed to ache. So stiff and lame had my hands become that it was with difficulty that I put on my clothes. And I thought of the ten hours work before me to be spent with pick or shovel in my hands like many other days of the past.

Memories of the past seemed to cling to me like shadows, which to my bewildered brain placed me a position which I could not understand, but the reality of which I could not shake off.

Why was I here and doing this kind of work? How had my youthful ambitions been quenched? What unseen power had baffled my purposes of brighter days? Why had I given up the fond hopes of past years of becoming a power for good, in helping to build character, in self improvement, and in all that tends toward true usefulness and happiness?

These thoughts revolved in my mind while I was occupied with my work, which afforded leisure only for thinking. I still



tried to solve the mystery, while I continued in this line of thought.

Was it indifference that led to a neglect of early opportunities? Was it lack of patience or persistence that made the work of school life seem drudgery? Was it shortsightedness on the part of myself or parents?

I could reach no definite conclusion as to the cause of my situation, and the vain attempts at the solution of the various questions revolving in my mind only made the reality of my condition appear more certain.

But one forcible impression was borne in upon me, that somehow, sometime, I had made a great mistake, and now I was paying the penalty as a hired laborer, growing old and with no hope for a betterment of my condition in this life. My only duty seemed to lie in the performance of the work that was before me to the best of my ability. So I worked on, vainly trying to be reconciled to my lot, but with an aching heart.

The hours passed and I soon began to think of the time for lunch. I would soon hear the whistle of a factory in a nearby village telling that the hour for nooning had come.

But hark! as I listened for the familiar sound, today a bell was ringing, whose tone seemed to come nearer, and soon was close at hand, and with a start there came to my bewildered senses the fact that it was not a bell for lunch, but the breakfast bell, and opening my eyes I beheld with great joy the *new* sunshine and the *new* day.

Then a well known voice came from below, "Remember this is Thanksgiving Day."

How significant were those words to me that glorious November morning. Then I realized as never before how sweet it was to be alive. How grand were the opportunities of youth in these the best days our world has ever known. When to every American youth is held out the privilege of education and culture and of preparation for a high and noble life. A life of great usefulness and enjoyment which comes from the pursuit of high ideals.

Life, youth, strength, opportunities, these truly are great riches, although they often seem so commonplace.

All things had become new to me that beautiful morning.

That was a new Thanksgiving Day.

C. MORSE.



## Molly's Thanksgiving.

“WE can't have no Thanksgiving turkey this year, so there's no use talkin' about it. You hear me, Eddy. Now don't you let ma see you a cryin!”

“Yes ma'am,” and the dirty little fist was raised to the little face to wipe away the tears, leaving in its wake a grimy smear.

“Never mind, nohow. We're going to have pumpkin-pie and next year we're a-goin' to move back to the valley where folks is.”

“I know it but it don't somehow seem like Thanksgiving without turkey,” and here sobs again threatened to choke the speaker, and the two younger children who stood near sniffed sympathetically.

“Now, Eddie, what did I tell you?” and with a warning glance at eight year old Eddie, twelve year old Molly gave a hand to each of the other children and the small party moved slowly and silently down the muddy road.

Several hundred feet away from them was the main shaft of the “Lucky Boy,” a gold mine into which large sums had been invested in the hope of big returns and in which their father worked.

All about were the rude huts of the miners and not far down the road, through the fast gathering gloom, gleamed the light of the tiny store which also included the post office and the omnipresent saloon.

As the children disappeared down the road, a man was seen to emerge from the thick underbrush on either side of the road and walk rapidly in the direction of the lighted store. What slumbering thoughts had these few childish sentences aroused in the breast of this rough man, Rufe Bradford, the gambler, desperado, and most feared man in the camp? Thoughts of the old home in New England, of his mother, and the Thanksgiving of his boyhood, with its turkey, mince-pie and all its kindred pleasures. He cursed himself for a fool as he found himself brushing away a tear, and he resolved to put the whole matter out of his mind. What had impelled him to listen to this childish conversation? Why had he not passed on instead of pausing to hear



the very last of it? But even after he reached the store, the pitiful little conversation would come back to him, try hard as he would to forget it.

That night he took no part in the conversation around the store stove, refusing even to join in the game of cards. He retired early to his cabin, and till far into the night his hardened nature wrestled with his better instincts.

Meanwhile the little party of children under the pilotage of Molly had arrived at the rough cabin home and entered the main room of the house. A bright fire burned in a great fireplace at one end of the room, and the kindly glow gave a weird beauty to a room which at any other time must have been more than plain. Molly hastened to the aid of the busy mother, but the boys grouped themselves in front of the fire.

The evening meal being over, they did not tarry long about the fire, but went to bed at an early hour. All were soon asleep with the exception of Molly who lay long awake grieving over the thought of no Thanksgiving turkey.

The next day dawned sharp and cold. The trail through the town was almost impassable, but Rufe Bradford mounted on his horse, passed slowly down it in the direction of the settlement below. The horse, well trained in mountain roads, picked her way carefully down. A false step would mean injury or perhaps death, and the storekeeper, as he watched the pair fade from view down the dangerous path, muttered to himself,

"I can't nohow make out what's the matter with Rufe, he ain't been hisself lately, and now thar he goes off down the valley. Pears like he's goin' to leave us."

All day long Rufe traveled. In one place a great tree had fallen over the path. In another all the soil had been washed away, leaving only the bare rocks. Once the horse slipped and fell to her knees, but she quickly regained her footing, and just at sundown, horse and rider entered the little town.

The next two days were very long ones to the children in the mining camp. The cause of their unhappiness was carefully concealed from the mother, but the mother heart guessed the little secret and was heavy because of it.

At last Thanksgiving morning came. The little boys played in front of the fire, and Molly, with a heavy heart, did her share of the household tasks. It seemed to her that the tears would come



and in order to hide them from her mother she went to the tiny window and looked out.

She glanced around at the familiar objects, but judge of her surprise to see suspended in the front of their very door a magnificent turkey all ready for the oven. Molly could scarcely trust her own eyes, but when she opened the door there it was, surely enough, and fastened to one of the now useless claws, was a paper, and on it a rude scrawl, "For the Kids."

No one could measure the joy that filled the hearts of the only children in the mining camp, or the joy in the heart of the rough man—the joy that comes from giving happiness to others.

HELEN WAIT.

## Thanksgiving.

The summer is gone—and the leaves,  
 So fresh and green in the springtime,  
 Take on their autumn tints  
 As they softly fall in the orchard.  
 The harvest of golden grain  
 Has yielded unto the reapers;  
 And busy hands have stored  
 The nuts and rosy-cheeked apples.  
 The early twilight falls,  
 And soon the logs in the fireplace  
 Send out their cheerful glow  
 Inviting us all to come nearer,  
 And share in the warmth so genial  
 With others who gather around us.  
 Whence--this abundance of all  
 That makes our life worth the living?  
 O Thou, the bountiful Giver,  
 Our Father! the heart of a Nation  
 Bows down to Thee in thanksgiving.

MAY PEMBERTON, '06.



## Thanksgiving.

(As Reviewed by Mr. Grimes, the Storekeeper.)

“**D**EAR me, Maria, here it is Thanksgiving again an’ cranberries three cents higher than they wuz last year. Old man Johnson kicked this mornin’ when I charged him twenty-eight cents for turkey that cost me twenty-four with all the feathers on. They talk about Thanksgivin’ bein’ the time for thanks and peace and good-will, but how can a feller have peace an’ good-will in his heart when the prunes are all spoiled an’ the prices so high that folks won’t buy nothin’. Why, here comes Mr. Andrews over from the bank. ‘Morning, Mr. Andrews. Any turkeys, yessir—four, you say, sir? And half a barrel of cranberries, sir; an’ a barrel of sugar. Maria, get Mr. Andrews a chair! And a barrel of sugar, an’ three sacks of flour, sir. That all, sir? Thank you, sir. Here, you Thomas Jefferson, take these things out to the wagon for Mr. Andrews! Folks comin’ out from the city; be they sir? Hope you have a pleasant Thanksgiving. Well, well, Maria, I declare, the sun’s comin’ out real warm. If it’s a pleasant day tomorrow, we might go out to the park after lunch. Thanksgivin’ only comes once a year. Fetch a chair, Maria, fetch a chair, there comes Mr. Watson.”

### Grandma Bascom.

“Well, well, pa, and so John said they’d all be out tomorrow sure. And how did the baby look? an’ little John?—and Mary—was Mary well? And did you get the cranberries, pa, and the red and white candy canes? You know Johnnie always did like candy canes. I’ve lots of nice sweet cream. The children’ll like that, for John says they don’t get cream such as mine in the city. Dear me, it is good to think of havin’ them all here again, John and Mary and the babies, and I wish Thanksgiving came oftener, don’t you, pa?”

### Little Tommy.

“Say, ma, what’ll we have to eat tomorrow? Turkey an’



cranberries. O gee! and punkin-pie an' nuts an' raisens an' mashed potatoes an'—Oh say, I wish it was Thanksgiving every day. And mama, you know Jimmie Olsen that lives down the block; his folks ain't goin' to have nothin' but *beans*—just beans, and ma, if we have any turkey left, can I take him a leg and maybe a dish of cranberries, 'cause he says he's never tasted cranberries, nor turkey neither. What! you'll let me and Elsie take 'em down a whole basket full. Oh goody! You're just the *hestest* mama a boy ever had."

### Mary, the cook.

"Twelve guests an' a six-course dinner and turkey and chicken and me to do all the work myself and *dishes*—Oh Lord! And all these nasty little kids comin' in to stick their hands in the puddin' and steal raisins and drive me crazy. Oh my! Oh my! And Mrs. McAllister so anxious that everything shall be nice because Miss Rhoda's young man is comin'; and here I wanted to go to the policemen's ball tonight, and now I can't never be ready in time. What is it Miss Rhoda? You're goin' to have an early dinner and a girl in from the charities to do the dishes, and I can go at four o'clock. Thank you kindly, Miss. I will have a good time tonight, I know, for it's Sargeant McFlynn himself who's to take me. Yes, Miss, and I'll be careful of the puddin,' sure I will. Bless her sweet face, she's a nice girl. And now I must find Mike and tell him I can go."

### Mrs. Johnstone-Jones.

"Hello, hello—yes, this is State 1602. Yes, this is Mrs. Jones. Am I busy? Oh, hello Grace. Yes, I'm almost dead. Thanksgiving, you know, and its such a bother. Oh yes, we are giving a little dinner tonight. No, indeed. Nothing important, dear, or I should have invited you. Just a little gathering of our *dearest* friends. Not that you are not my best friend, dear, but just some congenial people. Nobody I really care about much. *You* understand. And the servants and the decorators are bothering me to death. And my dress—I wanted festoons of pumpkin blossoms on the skirt—the pumpkin is *such* a beautiful flower—and the woman *does not* understand. The table is going to



represent a huge pumpkin, you know. How is it going to be done? I don't know, I'm sure. I told the caterer what I wanted and if it isn't satisfactory I won't pay him, that's all. Oh dear, no, he won't make a guess about it. He'd be afraid of losing my custom. Well, I must go now, dear. The woman is here about my dress. Call me up again soon. Good-bye, dear."

"Nasty cat, I just hate that girl."

MABEL STONE.



In thanks for life in this great world,  
 The little flower doth lift its head;  
 And as he greets the sun so free,  
 The little bird his joy doth spread.

Why then can't all who live on earth,  
 Reflect in the same bright face,  
 To them was given much more worth,  
 To do with duty and with grace.

MARGUERITE BRAUTIGAM.



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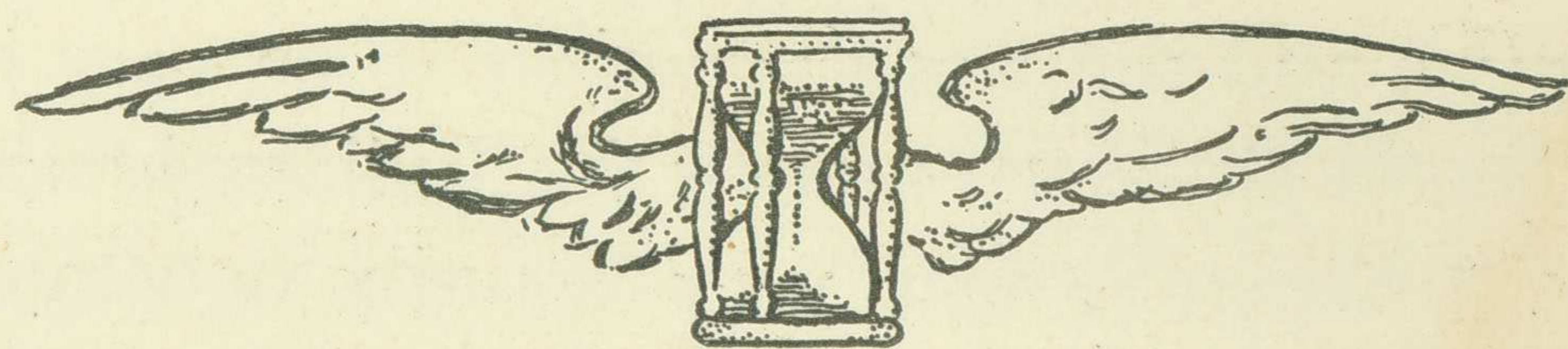
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**WE** trace the evolution of man from his primitive state of being with a considerable degree of pride. There are some things though that after having been evolutionized are not as grand and beautiful as before; in other words, they have degenerated. In the year 1622 A. D. the first Thanksgiving feast was held, not merely from the fact that it was a feast and there was an abundance of good things to eat, but for the ultimate purpose of thanking the great Creator who the Pilgrim Fathers realized had aided them in their success. Today the first thought that generally comes to us when Thanksgiving is spoken of, is "Turkey." So many of us seem to have forgotten the precedent of our forefathers and what the day was really set aside for. In



your minds which thought appeals to you as being the more beautiful, Thanksgiving as a day of feasting, or Thanksgiving as a day of Thanksgiving? Are you an evolutionized being or one with truly Pilgrim Spirit?

IT may be of interest to the readers of the Pennant to note that Margaret Junkin Preston, author of "The First Thanksgiving Day," lived and wrote in Virginia before and after the Civil War. Born in a northern state of northern parentage, the wife of Colonel John Preston (who served under "Stonewall Jackson") she keenly felt the struggle between loyalty to her adopted and native state, to her father and husband. With true courageous bravery and womanly strength she upheld her husband even in the time of severest trial. Possessing these true characteristics she could not but manifest them in her poetry which consists of stirring war lyrics, a book of verses, and occasional magazine contributions. Among her interesting prose writings are "A Journal of War Time" and "Post Bellum Days." The former is not only interesting but instructive as well, giving many of the manners and customs of the war times. In the comparatively short list of men and women of the south who have deserved literary distinction, Mrs. Preston has gained honorable mention by her depth of feeling and gracefulness of poetic beauty.







## Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. girls have been greatly enjoying their work during the last month.

On the evening of Oct. 21, a reception was given to the new members of the association. A short program was rendered after which social games were indulged in. All departed with kindly feelings toward the entertainment committee.

We were exceedingly fortunate in having Dr. Gilchrist with us during one of our meetings this month. He spoke on the Gospel of St. John. This was indeed instructive and especially interesting to the members of the Bible Class, now studying that portion of the Bible.

The Mission Study Class began its work on Nov. 1 with an attendance of nine, and the work promises to be very interesting. The noble work of David Brainard among the Indians is now being studied.

November 7 Room L was very daintily decorated in green and gold. Miss Kate Hiskell conducted the meeting, being the chairman of the Mission Study Class. Mrs. Cleveland, a returned missionary from Japan, was present and told us many facts concerning the lives of the people in far-away Japan. Pauline Cleveland favored us with a Japanese ballad, which is universally sung by the Japanese mothers to their babies. After the program, tea was served in dainty Japanese



cups and a spirit of "good will toward all" hovered over the participants.

### EROSOPHIAN.

The past month has been a very pleasant one for the Erosophians. Two excellent programs have been rendered, and with such a beginning the girls expect to derive a great deal of benefit from the Literary Course. But if the Erosophians are "lovers of wisdom" they certainly enjoy having a good time, too. One of the most enjoyable of all these occasions was held on the night of October twentieth. Several new members were to be received into the society and the girls were very desirous of giving them some good first impressions. (Doubtless some of these will prove more lasting than others.)

The jollification began when all took the car for Delmas Avenue. They soon found themselves at the home of Miss Ruth Curtiss, where some rapid changes were made and the car again taken. The sight of some young ladies in evening attire each leading a demure little miss in pinafore and sunbonnet created some wonder among the unknowing, but the one word "initiation" explained all.

By the time the home of Miss Constance Richards, the hostess of the evening, was reached, the initiates were fully alive to the situation and the demands of both Wisdom and Folly were responded to with wonderful alacrity. The mysteries being fully revealed and vows solemnly taken, all gave themselves up to a pleasant social hour in which music, games and dainty refreshments each played a part.

About twenty of the members were present. Among the initiates were the Misses Florence Linekin, Leta Massey, Ora Wilkin, Nellie Donlon and Myrtle Poole.

### SAPPHO.

On Hallowe'en a delightful party was given by the Sappho girls at the home of Miss Elsie Byron on South Eleventh Street. The house was artistically decorated with smilax and red geraniums, while many jack-o'-lanterns gave the scene a decided Hallowe'en appearance.

The early part of the evening was spent in music and games. In the progressive guessing games Agnes Catherine Lynn won the first prize, a beautiful hand-painted stein, handiwork of Gertrude



**NORMAL PENNANT.**

Byron; the second prize fell to Ida Baker. Later in the evening all repaired to the dining room where a course dinner was served and many Hallowe'en pranks were played.

Friday, November third, initiation was held. We are especially happy to count Professor Wood, Mrs. Horan, Miss Kiser, Virginia Chillson and Nell Newman among our new members.

**Y. M. N. D.**

On Monday evenings the members of the Y. M. N. D. meet in the society room for a short literary program and business meeting. These meetings are well attended and the time is pleasantly and profitably spent.

The society is planning to give a musical and literary program soon, to which all who are interested in such work will be invited.

At the last election the following officers were elected: President, J. G. Bayley; Vice-President, R. Thompson; Secretary, F. Hain; Treasurer, F. Hain; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. Woodcock.

**BROWNING NOTES.**

The meetings of the Browning Club have been full of interest during the past month. Under Professor Bland's leadership the Club will begin a systematic study of a few of Browning's best poems.

The social side has not been neglected however. On Hallowe'en the Misses White and Good entertained the Club at their home on South Sixth Street. The rooms were lighted with jack-o'-lanterns, which threw a weird light over the grotesque costumes of the girls, Hallowe'en games were played and the Fates were consulted as the girls were grouped about the large fireplace. After refreshments had been served, the girls departed, all declaring that they had enjoyed a pleasant time.



## Exchanges.

The 'change editor has been kept rather busy this month attending to her work in connection with the school paper, but there would have been no kick coming "as far as she is concerned if she had been busier yet, for who would not be ready and anxious to do all in his power to help his paper—the spokesman and representative of his school? A general word to our contemporaries—The papers you send us are welcomed every one with a special greeting, are read through and through and commented upon by the exchange editor, and are then placed upon the exchange table in the Library where they tend to broaden the minds of the students and acquaint them with doings outside of their own little sphere; and where their worth is attested by brand new or well-worn covers.

We miss some of our old exchanges this month and though they are replaced by new faces, we do not want to change the old friends for the new but would like to include them both.

The smallest paper we receive is The Advocate which is gotten out weekly by the Lincoln High. You seem to have plenty of material, Advocate, but don't you think your paper would be improved if you should make it a monthly?

The Oriole has flown to us from Campbell and has been content to stay in the warm nest we have made for it. If you will live up to the little poem, "The Oriole," its voice will be heard by many and its song will be very sweet.

The Arrow comes again—cleanly shot and true to its mark. The editor always looks forward with pleasure to the coming of The Arrow with its neat cover design and enclosed good stories. We wish to comment on your continued stories.

The Wild Cat appears this month in mourning. We sympathise sincerely with you in your late sorrow and hope that the Cat may prowl into our domain every month—more cheerful and a little fatter than now.

Dictum Est comes shedding gold along the way (the editor got a plentiful sprinkling). When the gold is cleared away, a neat cover design comes to view, and inside are found clever and amusing stories.

The Bethany Messenger hails from Lindsborg, Kansas. The



words of its exchange editor were read with interest and appreciation. We hope you will have had some exchanges by the time of your next edition. We would like to suggest that your paper would be better, Messenger, if it contained a story or two.

The High School News is a fine paper. Especially to be praised is the official directory on the first page. "Even Unto Death" is a good story. We hope our name may be in the list you publish next month.

We are very glad to know and hear from other Normals, therefore the Normal Record is received with open arms—but we had to hold you too closely in order to read you, Record, your print is so fine. We feel sure you have no designs on our eyesight so we beg that you be a little larger with corresponding print next time.

The Light brings a halo with it for it is a good lively paper with jokes, stories, etc., all good. We hope the promised exchange column will be long.

Yeatman Life contains a prize story, "Heroes of Peace and War." Every department is represented except that of exchanges. Have you no exchange editor?

The Zephyr blows to us from Gilroy with a neat cover and a clever story, "A Case of Stick-to-it-iveness." It is a well-gotten-up paper and we hope to see it with us every month.

The Tiger instead of being fierce is very, very interesting. It is fine in all departments.

The same can be said of White and Gold from Mills College. We are tempted to say, "See what a girls' school can do!" but instead we just ask you all to read and judge for yourselves.

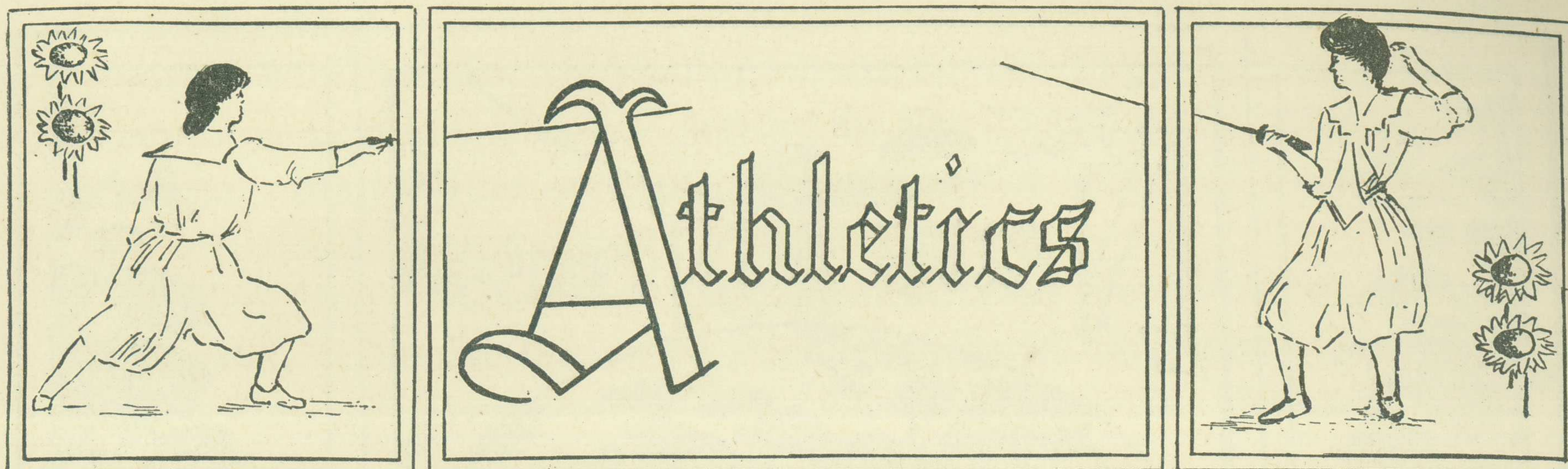
The Girls' High School Journal follows closely on the heels of White and Gold and may be said to carry out the theory. It appears in all its old time daintiness and with its funny jingles. "A Trip to Inverness" is made very interesting by pictures.

The Red and White hails from Vallejo and the Blue and Gold from Findlay, Ohio. The exchange column of the Blue and Gold is rather scarce but better things are promised later on.

The Dragon is not so bad as it seems by the name. It represents a wide-awake High School. May you prosper in your growth and all through your career.

And last and least is the Spinster. Small you are, Spinster, and rather crabid to look on, on the outside, but like many persons of the same name you're not what you appear on the outside. May you always remain a Spinster and continue to be such a good one as you are now, and please consider us as one of your well-wishers and friends.





Since the last edition of the Pennant one more team has been added to our Basket Ball Club. Interest and enthusiasm is gradually increasing and match games with Stanford University and Alameda, San Francisco, and the Hayward's High Schools will be played on the local court after the Thanksgiving recess. Regular monthly business meetings are being held the first Friday of each month when a part of the time is set aside for socials and a general "rally." A game was played with the San Jose High School on the ninth of November. Although the Normal lost by a score of three points, the spirit of the team and the interest manifested by the Student Body meant more than the victory. The following day a game was played with Campbell. Here the Normal was victorious in a clean and well-played game on both sides. The Normal line-up in the latter game was as follows: Guards—Maude Chase (Capt.), Kate Feeney, Nellie McKenna; Centers—Cecilea Burroughs, Elsie Stuart, Mary Laird; Goals—L. Montgomery, Celia Watrous, Francis Fablinger. Umpire—Grace Batcheller and Referee—Violet Brown.

A Tennis Club of sixty-two members has been organized with the following officers: Grace Taylor, President; Miss Lilley, Vice-President; Susie Burtcher, Secretary; Annie Ellsworth, Treasurer and Lettie Currans, Business Manager.





Professor Bennett was in our halls not very long ago. He has since left us to take up his duties in Baton Rouge.

November 6th seems to have been a gala day for the Normal. In the afternoon Prof. John Ivey delivered an address on "The Appreciation of Art." He held his audience for nearly an hour with the easy flow of his poetical language. Immediately after this address, Mr. Herbert Bashford responded to a hearty greeting with a few of his well-known verses. His "Song of the Out-of-Doors," was particularly appreciated. Mr. Bashford has just returned from a tour in Southern California. In the evening Mr. Bashford was tendered a reception by Mr. Bland's Short Story Club. A select program was given, after which the Club enjoyed a pleasant hour with Mr. Bashford and Mr. Bland.

George Wharton James, who is much interested in the preservation of the California Mission, is expected at the Normal on Nov. 10th. His stereopticon lecture for that evening will be on his favorite subject.

The Normal missed the genial presence of our most worthy Vice-President for a few days in the early part of November. The Teachers' Institute of Mariposa profited by our loss.

One morning in the latter part of October, the Assembly period was made very pleasant by the presence of Miss Trotter of Pasadena, who rendered several choice musical selections. Miss Trotter is a writer of some note, as well as a musician. Her stories of English life are charming and original. She has traveled extensively abroad, and as a lecturer holds a high rank.

The return of Miss Carpenter on Wednesday last, after a short illness gave pleasure to all.



Dr. A. E. Winship, a noted institute worker and editor of the Journal of Education, is coming to attend the State Teachers' Association at Berkeley and will lecture in the Normal some time in December. Many other prominent educators are expected to lecture at various times during the same month.

The Senior Class has organized and elected the following officers: President, J. G. Bayley; Vice-President, Hazel Singleton; Secretary, Ella Gilmore; Treasurer, Maude Chase; Editor of Pennant, Mrs. Horan.

Arrangements are being made for a first class concert to be given in the Normal Hall on Friday evening, the 24th inst. The best musical talent procurable is being secured and a rare treat will be given to all lovers of music.

The Dew (Do) Drop In(n) was the scene of great festivities last Thursday night when Miss Howe, assisted by Mrs. Farnum and the Misses Beecher, Carmichael and Lewis, entertained her class, Jr. A2. The members of the faculty present were: Mr. Dailey, Miss Royce, Miss Payne, Mrs. George, Miss Nicholson, Miss Rowell, Miss Davenport and Miss Kinney. Miss Howe made a splendid hostess and the evening was so enjoyable that all were sorry when the curfew rang.





## Training School.

IT is the aim of those who have the welfare of the Training School deepest at heart to utilize every moment to the further advancement of the pupils. This is made evident in many ways and one is the fact that the Friday Assembly period is not wasted. During these thirty minutes Dr. Schallenberger has been talking to the upper grades upon the "Value of Higher Education" but last Friday she induced Miss Royce, the Normal Librarian, to come over and talk with the children on Books and How to Use Them. This topic was especially appropriate since the Training School Library is in process of creation and soon the pupils will be using the books more freely than at present. They should therefore know how to appreciate and care for them.

The Enterprise was larger last month than previously but this month promises an extra large and good number. It is hoped that the coming issue will be an eight page edition for it is to be sent as a souvenir with every copy of the December number of the California Education. This number of The California Education, being devoted to language with Miss Nicholson as author, it seems especially fitting that the Enterprise, in which she has been so much interested—being largely responsible for the purchase of the printing press—should accompany a language number. Miss Nicholson feels that a school newspaper, giving actual motive for writing, is one of the best means to encourage children to write.

In the Training School there is literally "music in the air" for one hears of rumors of quartette, clubs, orchestras, etc. Miss Bernhart and all of the teachers of music are doing heroic work. All of the selections of songs are of the very best quality, for the point is to give the children an appreciation of good music and a depreciation of what often goes under the name of music. All of the music classes are practicing Christmas Songs and are preparing for a Christmas program which promises to be a high class affair.

The Philharmonic Club which was talked of last month is a real organization now. It has a membership of forty two boys who sing exceptionally well together.

Interest in dramatization so successfully carried on last year has by no means abated. The Eight B's are working on the



dramatization of one of the Idyls of the King, Gareth and Lynette, under the supervision of Miss Nicholson and Miss Payne.

The drawing teachers in the Training School deserve special credit for carrying on their work without a regular supervisor. Miss Davenport has so many classes in the Normal that she can but incidentally visit the Training School classes. Not only have the teachers held the department up to its level but have even made progressive steps. This shows the value of the work done in the Normal School.

A class in Nature Study has been studying snakes and so great has been the interest that parents have come to Dr. Schallenberger, petitioning that their children be taken out of other classes and put into the "snake class." Considering the quality of the material—repulsive to many—the compliment to Mr. Bayley as teacher and to Prof. Wood as supervisor is surely marked.

In Nature Study in the Primary Department the children's school room pets form a happy feature of the work. The joy depicted upon a child's face whose turn it is to clean Pearl, the pet canary, is extraordinary. When it comes a child's turn to keep Pearl from Friday until Monday, for she boards around on these days, his pleasure knows no bounds. Collie is another pet belonging to one of the boys, who feels the responsibility of coming to school even though his little master does not. He is a privileged character so long as he behaves as all good dogs should.

Excursions have become a permanent feature of the Geography work. The excursion last week to Campbell, Los Gatos, Saratoga and Congress Springs was purely geographical in its nature. The lesson was assigned and each child was supplied with a set of questions which he was to study from direct observation as they went along. In this way the teachers succeeded in getting the children to do field work by studying the facts from nature directly.

Ten teachers and three or four parents accompanied about fifty of the children of the third and fourth grades on this excursion. They all went in a special Interurban Car.

Results prove that the excursion was a perfect success. The teachers feel very grateful for the courtesies shown all by some of the Interurban Railway Officials. They were accompanied by Mr. C. E. Bourne, chief dispatcher for the San Jose, Los Gatos



Interurban Railway Co., whose kindness in explaining interesting points on the trip added greatly to the enjoyment of all.

In penmanship the children are showing marked improvement. Those in the grammar grades are not only receiving training in writing, but also learning some of the essentials of elementary bookkeeping. It is Mr. O'Brien's custom each day to write the form of a promissory note, check, or draft upon the board, explain to the children its uses, how endorsed, etc., and then have them copy the form. In this way the pupils gain information that will prove useful to them when they have dealings with the outside world.

Many concrete improvements have been made. One is in the form of an electric light, hung so as to lighten the pathway of all whether they go to or return from the Intermediate and Grammar Departments. This light is greatly appreciated for it gives light to a turn in the stairway that is almost dark on bright days to say nothing of the gloomy ones.

The basement is being white-washed and this will make it much lighter and more pleasant as a play place for the children during the rainy season. The initiative taken by Miss Rowell in regard to clearing out the basement and the enthusiasm displayed in having her plans carried out is well worth being copied by those of us who will soon have to remodel a little country school. Her mottoes are "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" and "Light is death to the Prince of Dark."

About six months ago an experiment was tried in the Primary Department to see if chairs and tables would not be more satisfactory and comfortable for the little people than the common school desks. The plan seemed so successful with the lower grades that it is now being tried with the fourth grade in Miss Denton's department. So far everything has progressed beautifully for the children realize that a certain dignity rests upon them that did not when they had desks. As far as making discipline more difficult, it really makes it easier, for the children feel that it is a privilege to be allowed to sit in chairs and are very careful about moving them around. So far the experiment has proven entirely satisfactory and if it continues to do so, soon more of the grades will be supplied with chairs and tables.

The number of calls President Dailey has had this fall for various members of the faculty to address institutes shows that



others fully realize what a grand opportunity the pupils of the Training School as well as the student teachers have of being permitted to work with these supervisors who have so much of real value to give.

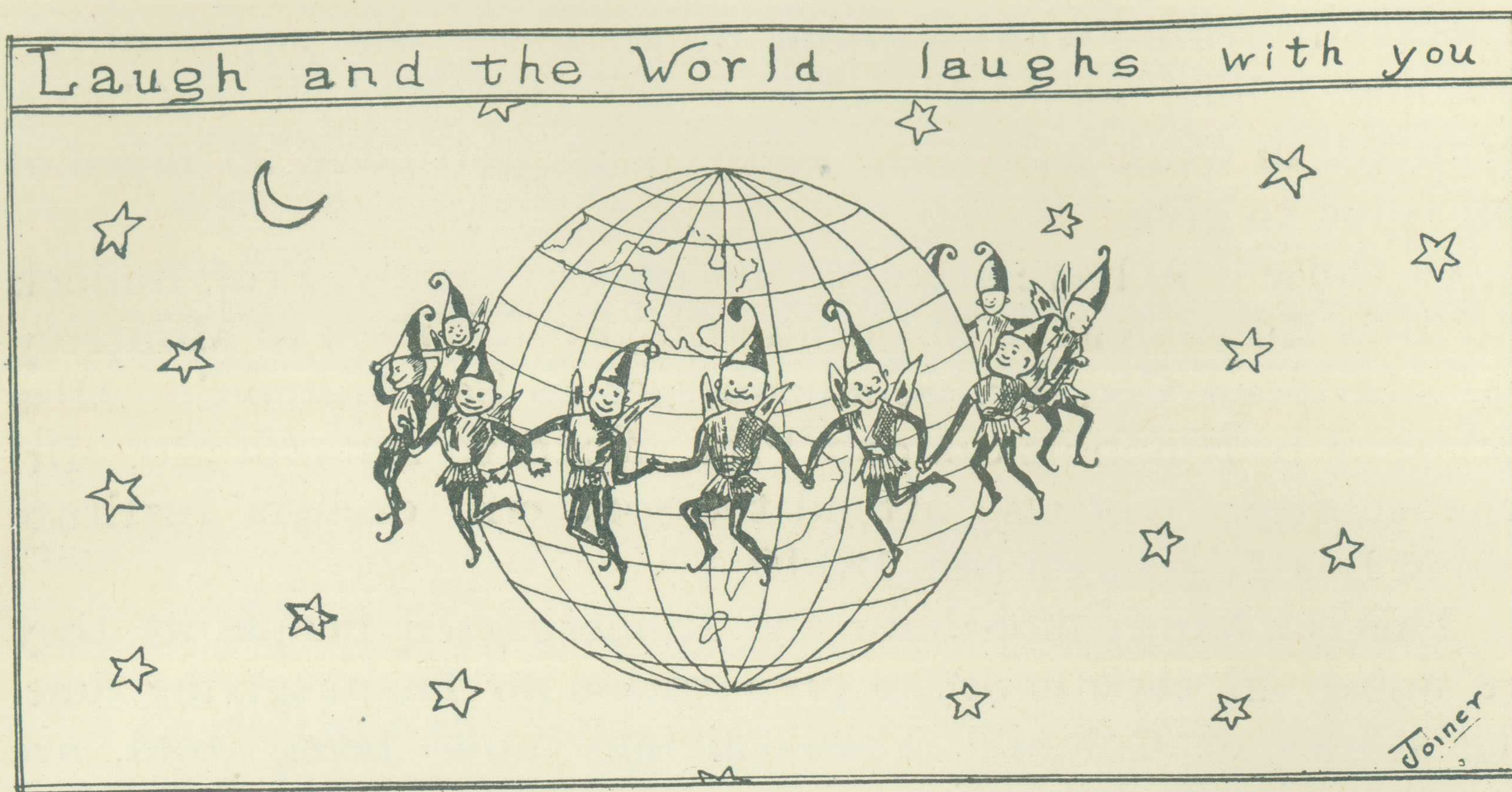
Of those who have attended institutes recently, Prof. Bullock and Miss Howe went to El Dorado Co., Prof. Wilson to Monterey and Mariposa Co., Dr. Schallenberger to San Mateo Co., Miss Nicholson to Humbolt Co. and Prof. Wood to Amador Co. Dr. Schallenberger will also attend the Southern Teachers' Institute held in Los Angeles on Dec. 18, 19, 20.

This is a happy month for the Kindergarten people as they are doing all their work in preparation for Thanksgiving time. The stories of Colonial Thanksgivings now being told, are illustrated in the decoration of the room for there is a Holland, a Puritan and an Indian corner. Very mysterious are the little faces and great the whisperings, for we hear the mothers may be invited to come to the Kindergarten on Thanksgiving to hear the songs and to see the articles made by the children.

October 31, was celebrated in the Kindergarten in true Hallowe'en style. The room was decorated with strings of yellow pumpkins and jack-o-lanterns made by the children from yellow cardboard. The curtains were lowered and the room was lighted by real jack-o-lanterns. The children had a merry time bobbing for apples and cracking nuts in which were hidden wee dollies. Apple races and other games were enjoyed. Fun and frolic reigned supreme from ten thirty until twelve o'clock, when the children went home declaring that "Hallowe'en was the mostest fun of the year."







THAT TRAINING SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

Went down to that Training School  
 A little time ago  
 An' saw a little woman there  
 A bobbin' to and fro.

And as she went a rushin' past  
 She sticked up side o' me,  
 And smiled a little as she said  
 "What can I do for ye?"

"I'm lookin' fer the principal"  
 I stammered out at last,  
 "Fer my boy's comin' here to school  
 And tells me she's fust class."

And then she really smiled at that  
 And said "Come take a chair  
 I guess I'm who ye want to see"  
 I grabbed onto my hair.

Was this the one I'd heard about  
 The one Jim said was great  
 Why this was such a little one  
 But I liked her just first rate.

And attter I had talked awhile  
 And come away from there,  
 I thot of all the folks I knew  
*Size don't count everywhere.*



WHY THEY CHANGED.

Although the teachers told the boys  
 That music was a thing  
 Which to pedagogic salaries  
 Much surplus cash would bring;

And that if on music study  
 All their energies were bent,  
 Reports of their accomplishments  
 To trustees would be sent;

Yet still they would not take it up,  
 And spoke with scorn concerning  
 Those lovely kindergarten songs  
 Which are so worth the learning.

But when "*She*" entered music here,  
 The boys so changed that surely  
 We can't concede such altered minds  
 To love of music purely.

Their songs now make life hideous  
 In almost every room.  
 And Schofield had his voice tested  
 But I must not tell by whom.

Plainly, it's as in days of old  
 When first was formed our race,  
 The thing that stirred the boys up  
 Was "the woman in the case."

THE JOSH EDITOR'S QUESTION BOX.

Why is it, Mr. Schofield, that you have suddenly become so interested in music?

Mr. O'Brien, did you keep your engagement one Thursday night?

Mr. Cline informed the History class that he was young once. How old is he now?

Why does Mr. Wood wear his hat when he goes out with his Nature Study class?



Who is the attentive young gentleman who is seen so often in Room K. at 3:15 P. M.—do any of you know?

Have any of you discovered the secrets of Mrs. Horan's marvelous power in obtaining such expensive geographical material free of all charge?

Mr. Bullock has informed us that he is past the singing age. Can any of you state *that age*?

One of the Juniors has not "met Loma Prietta." What does she look like?

Who has seen the name on the card handed to Mrs. Kelley in Geography methods?

Why does Juanita K—— gaze over at the High School so much?

From the stories Mrs. George tells, do you not think it would be wise to appoint a chaperon for her during her travels?

We would like to ask Roy T. and Mercedes C. if they do not know it is against the rules of the school to spoon—especially in the Zoo lab.

Lulu G., who were you expecting to call one Wednesday night?

Marion D. of what quality of leather did your shoes prove to be?

If you can find out from whom Mr. Dailey got his training in musical directing, kindly inform the Josh editors.

Ask Mr. Bullock to give you his vivid picture of the "Old Man of the Underworld."

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26 South First St.

Phone East 302  
No students employed

Dr. Max Wassmann, Mgr.

German Spoken  
Lady attendants



---

Marion D.—“What is the name of that little lavender flower?  
*Carbuncle?*”

Frankie Z.—“No, Plumbago.”

Miss H—e: “At what point was Burgoine to meet Clinton  
on the Hudson?”

Mr. O'B.—“At West Point.”

Miss Schallenberger—“Let your heart go out to the *big boys.*”

From the notice, “Please do not eat the models,” Miss D—t  
seems to have regard for the digestion of the freshmen—all know  
that tin cans, broken china and whiskey bottles are not the most  
digestible things in the world.

By request—Don't forget to introduce your girl friends to  
Mr. Bayley.

Some of the Nature Study class are developing remarkable  
descriptive powers. Ex.—“Grasshoppers have *high legs.*”

---

—Buy your CLOTHING, OVERCOATS, and HATS from—

## WILL HOBSON



—and you will be dressed right—

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STUDENTS' FOOTWEAR

New Store New Block

52 South Second Street

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Master Shoe Fitters.

---

*Eat at Wheeler's*

---

Miss N—n, in Grammar Methods—"What shall we have for language conversation in April?"

Miss —: "Valentines."

Miss B.—"No."

Miss —: "Yes, indeed, April 14."

Some in Miss Howe's class think it would be a good thing to study "bibliographies of great men."

Prof. B—k: "Miss Penny, what are you thinking about now?"

Miss Penny—"I am thinking I don't know it."

---

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¶ ¶ We extend you a cordial invitation to visit us, to examine our stock, to get our prices. We ask this in justice to yourselves and assure you that we consider it a pleasure to show our merchandise.

# Stull & Sonniksen

40--44 SOUTH FIRST ST.

Prof. B—k: "Miss Minor, what do you like?"

Miss Minor—"Literature."

Prof. B—k: "Well, who wrote Shakespeare?"

Prof. B—d: "Darwin once believed in the proposition that animals had no changes—once a donkey, always a donkey."

Undertone—"You know his theory of man's descent, well, I wonder if I am one."

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Tennis Rackets

Basket Ball

Base Ball

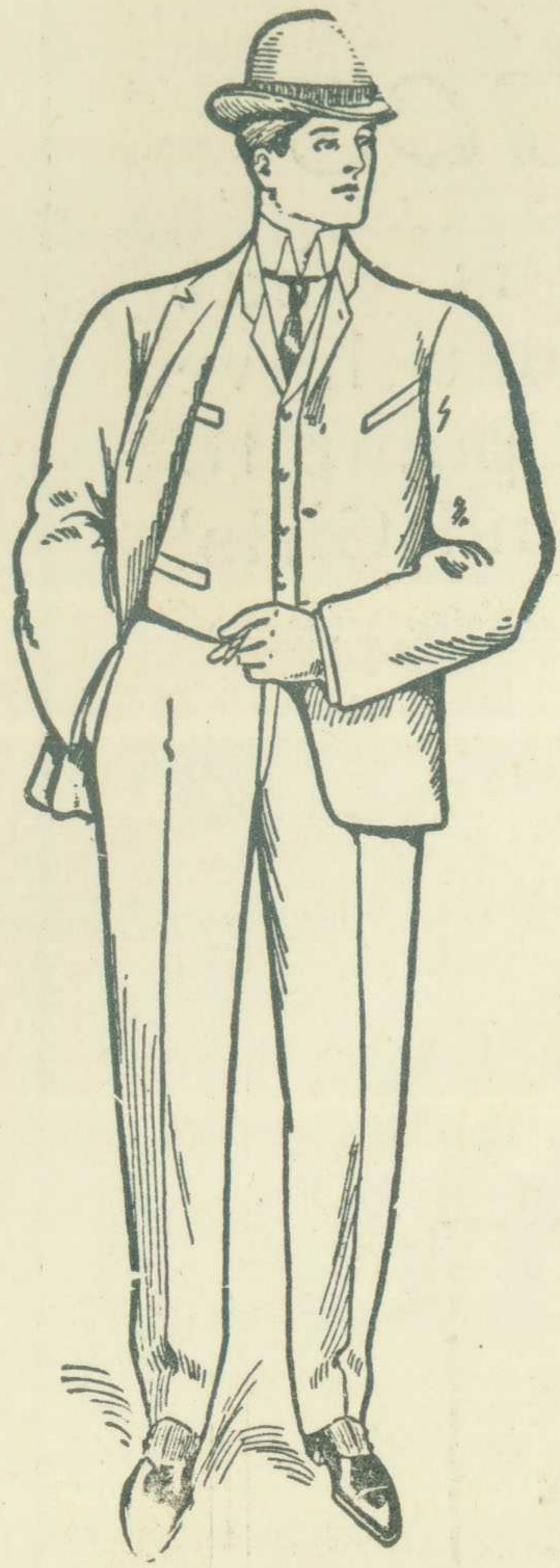
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Special Features \$12.50 to \$20.00.

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## Spring & Tighe

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San Jose, Cal.



Miss G——n in Nature Study class decided that in teaching  
the turtle she would *show* the class how the turtle walks.

Mrs. George remarked that the King of Italy is a young,  
weak looking man, as if he couldn't do a great deal for Italy.

But, suggested Miss P——f, his wife is a large, fine looking  
woman, she might help out, don't you think so?

Students, go to Hales.

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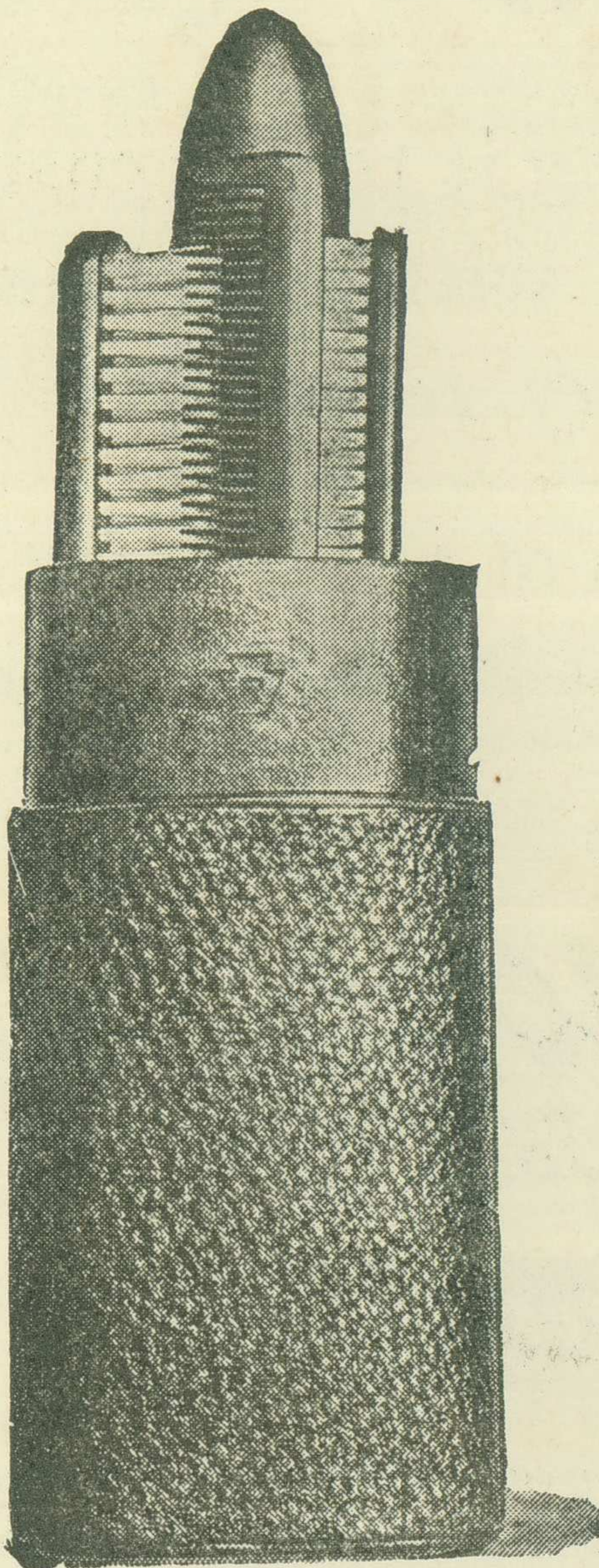
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## SUITABLE HOLIDAY GIFTS

Leather Suit  
Cases, from  
\$5.95 to \$25.00

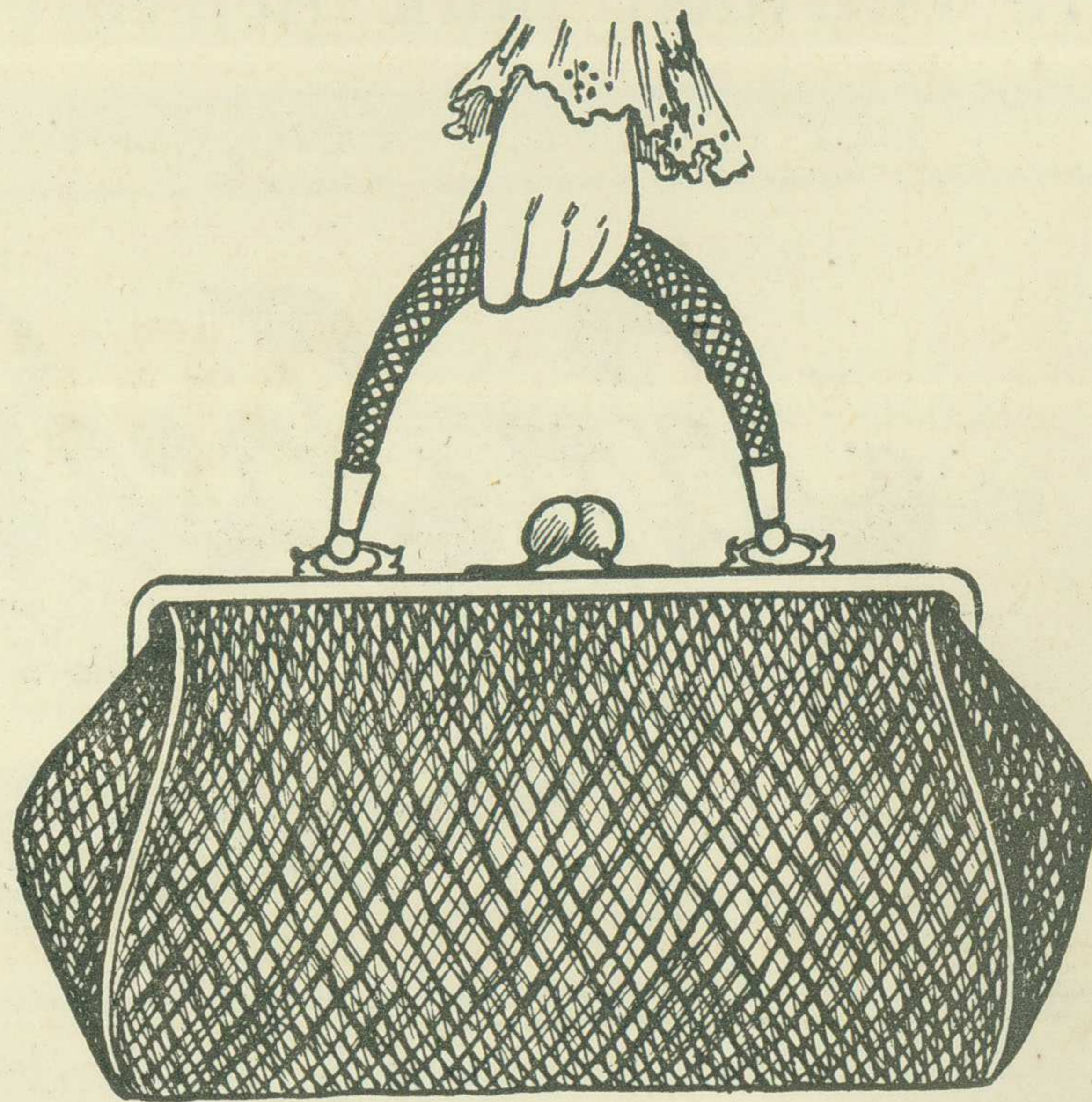
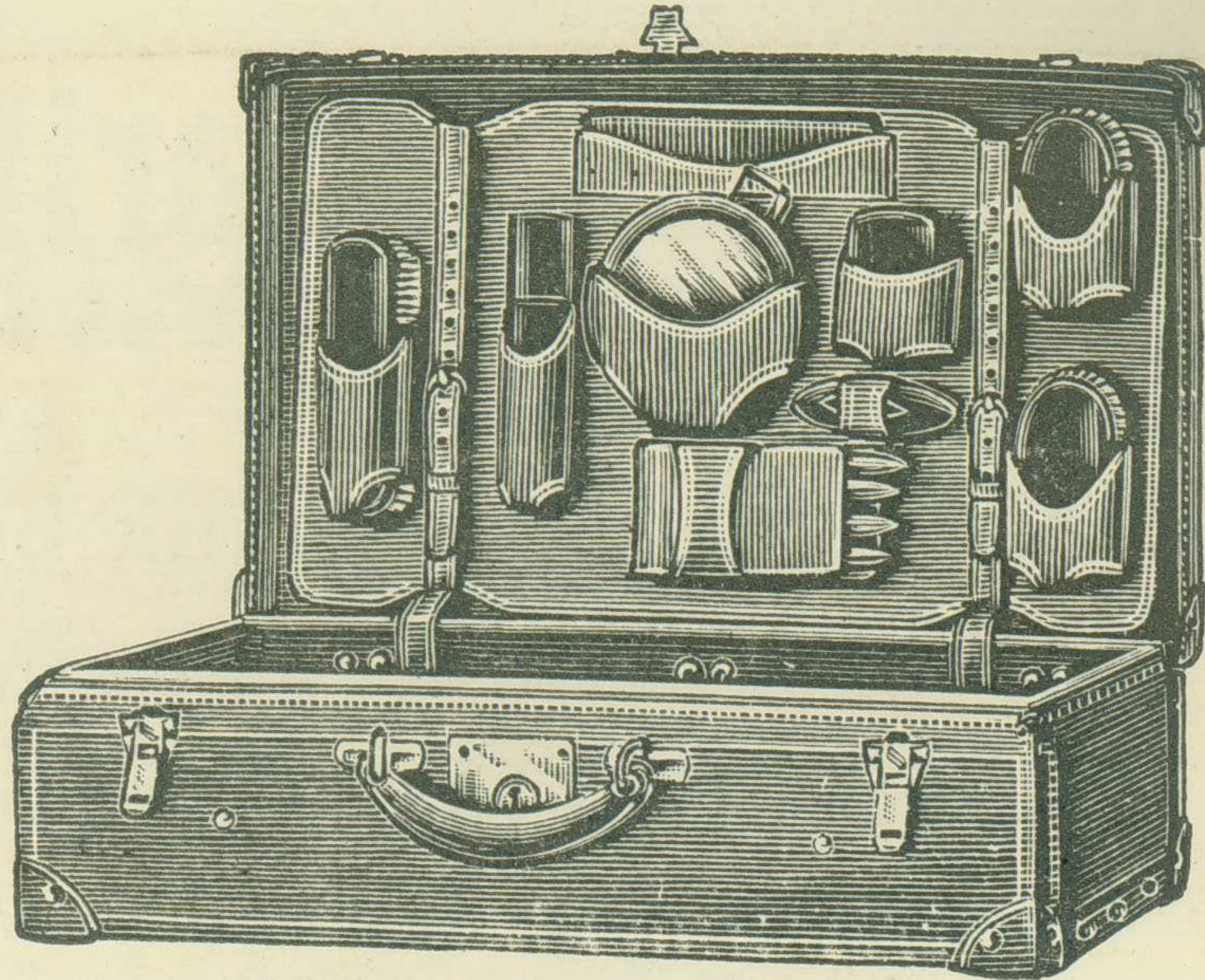
Fitted Traveling  
Rolls, from  
\$2.75 to \$12.50

Men's Wallets  
and Letter Cases  
from 85c to \$5.00

Women's Novelty  
Hand Bags from  
\$1.50 to \$15.00

A. H. Marten Co.  
Leaders of Low  
Prices

Phone, MAIN 11  
83-91 S. FIRST ST.



For lessons in queening apply to Mercedes Cloney. Roy Thompson, agent.

## Chas. C. Navlet, Florist

Corner San Fernando and First Streets





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# Clarified Milk



We clarify all of our milk before delivering it to our customers.  
All of our milk is bottled and sealed with a sanitary  
top before it leaves our dairy room.

Pure clarified milk delivered to all parts of the city for 5 cents  
per quart. Telephone your orders. Phone, Main 46.



---

Farmer Hayrick and daughter inspecting various depart-  
ments of the Normal happened upon Physical Training room.

Farmer, pointing to dumb-bells—"Sary, what d' they do with  
them ere double headed tater mashers?"

Sarah—"Why, pa, those are the things with which city ladies  
take exercise."

Farmer—"By gum, Sary, I reckon these city folks haven't  
many taters to hoe."

---

## Graduation Gifts



Class Pins

---

Eye Testing and Frame Fitting a Specialty



DR. H. T. HITE

Refracting Optician  
San Jose Optical Co.

See our new style Rimless Eyeglass Mounting  
Examination and Consultation Free  
Phone, Blue 261 111 South Second Street



J. A. DESIMONE, 87 E. San Fernando St.



# *“City of San Jose*

**First and Fountain Sts., San Jose**

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS  
HOSIERY  
GLOVES

CORSETS  
VEILINGS  
RIBBONS

TRIMMINGS  
ART MATERIALS  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

***I. LOEB & BRO.***

Christmas novelties at Hale's.

The small boy's father had employed a Japanese workman. The child had not quite mastered the pronunciation of the name of the little brown man's race, as the following shows:

“Mama, Mama,” he cried on seeing the workman approach the house one day, “there comes that Jesus man.”

Mr. Bullock—“Miss Penny, you see Miss S—r about that subject. Not afraid, are you? You are surely big enough.”

We make Business Suits to order  
\$16 to \$35

We make Dress Suits to order  
\$20 to \$40

Overcoats to order  
\$18 up

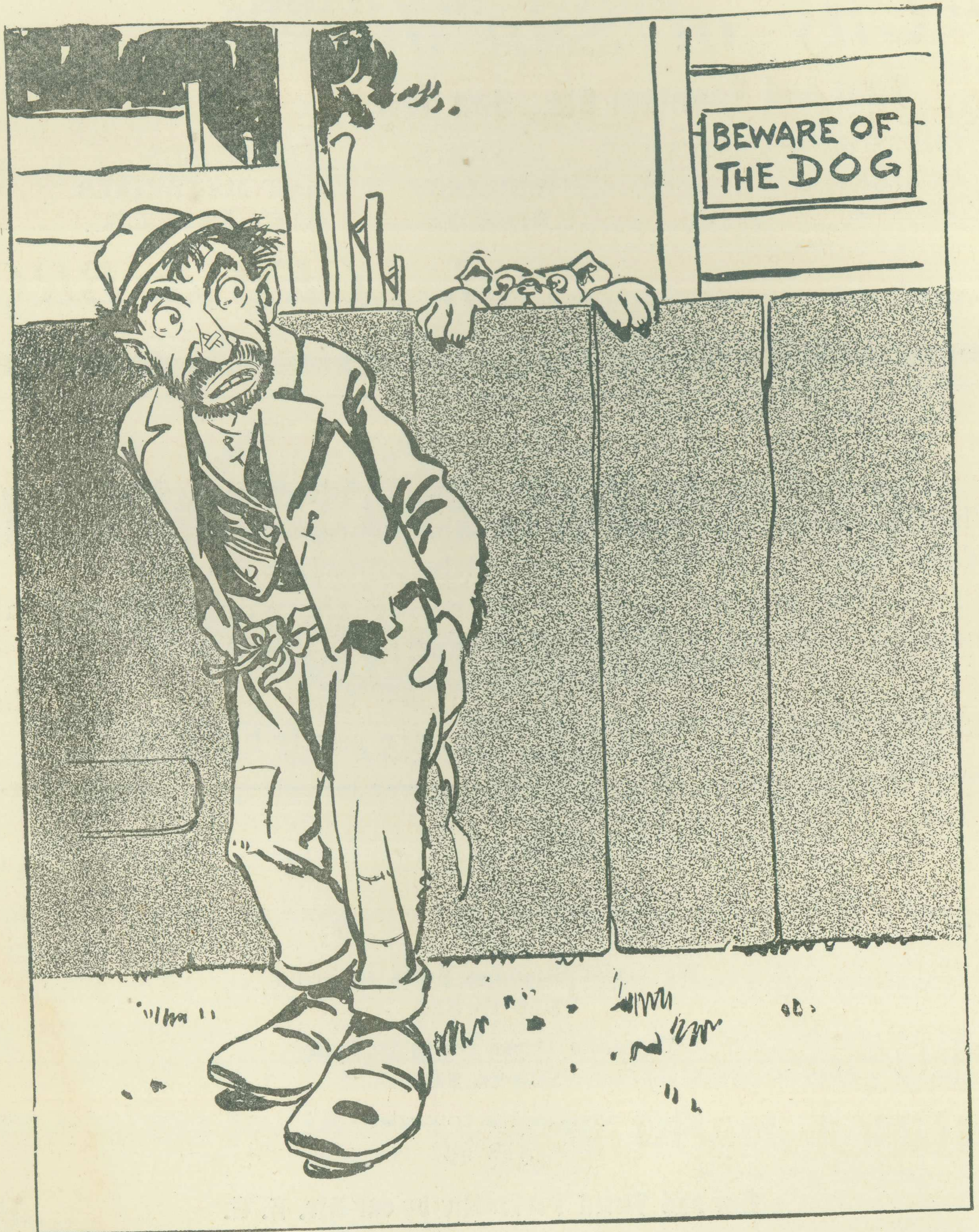
**Cut and Fitted Personally by our Mr. H. G.**

## ***ANGEVINE***

**39 South Second Street**



## Once Bitten, Twice Shy.



Once a man gets bitten he's always shy of the biter. If you've been bit in the matter of clothes, it's a wise idea to give a wide berth to the one who bit you. We are establishing a reputation for making and keeping friends. If you have been disappointed in your garments let us apply the antidote of good workmanship and guaranteed satisfaction.

Elegant suits to your order, \$14 up. \$20 to \$30 suits unequalled in San Jose at any price. LADIES' TAILORING

**WINNINGER** The Artistic Tailor

Rooms 1 and 2, 45 East Santa Clara St. - - San Jose





# Night School

Why not take a course in bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, penmanship, or rapid calculation in night school. Individual instruction. Rates \$4.00 per month. Call and see us.

## SAN JOSE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Second and San Fernando Streets

Nothing but Business

W. BOUCHER, Principal



Mr. B—k: "I saw the devil once and I shall never forget it."  
Miss A—n: "You will be fortunate if you only see him once."

**Try HALLAS COFFEE 25c. per lb.**



We import direct from  
our Plantation in Mexico



237 and 239 North First St.

WM. HALLA

## JOHNSON & DEAN

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **Butter and Milk**

**Pure Cream, Buttermilk** : **Fresh Ranch Eggs and Poultry**

Telephone John 1091. Cor. Second and San Antonio Sts., San Jose, Cal.

## San Jose Hardware Co.

62-64 West San Fernando Street, Next Post Office

**Largest Stock**

**Best Assortment**



---

## BORDMAN & CO.

AGENTS PRIDE OF CEYLON TEA

SPECIALTY OF TEAS AND COFFEES

### GENERAL GROCERIES

Telephone, John 191

186 South First St., San Jose, Cal.

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## MILLARD BROS.

Books, Stationery and School Supplies

KNOX BLOCK.

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*Andy Veit*  
**SHOE MAKER.**

71 East San Fernando St.

Repairing of every description.  
All kinds of shoes made to order.

Agency for Orthopedic \$3.50 Shoes.

Telephone, Blue 1491.

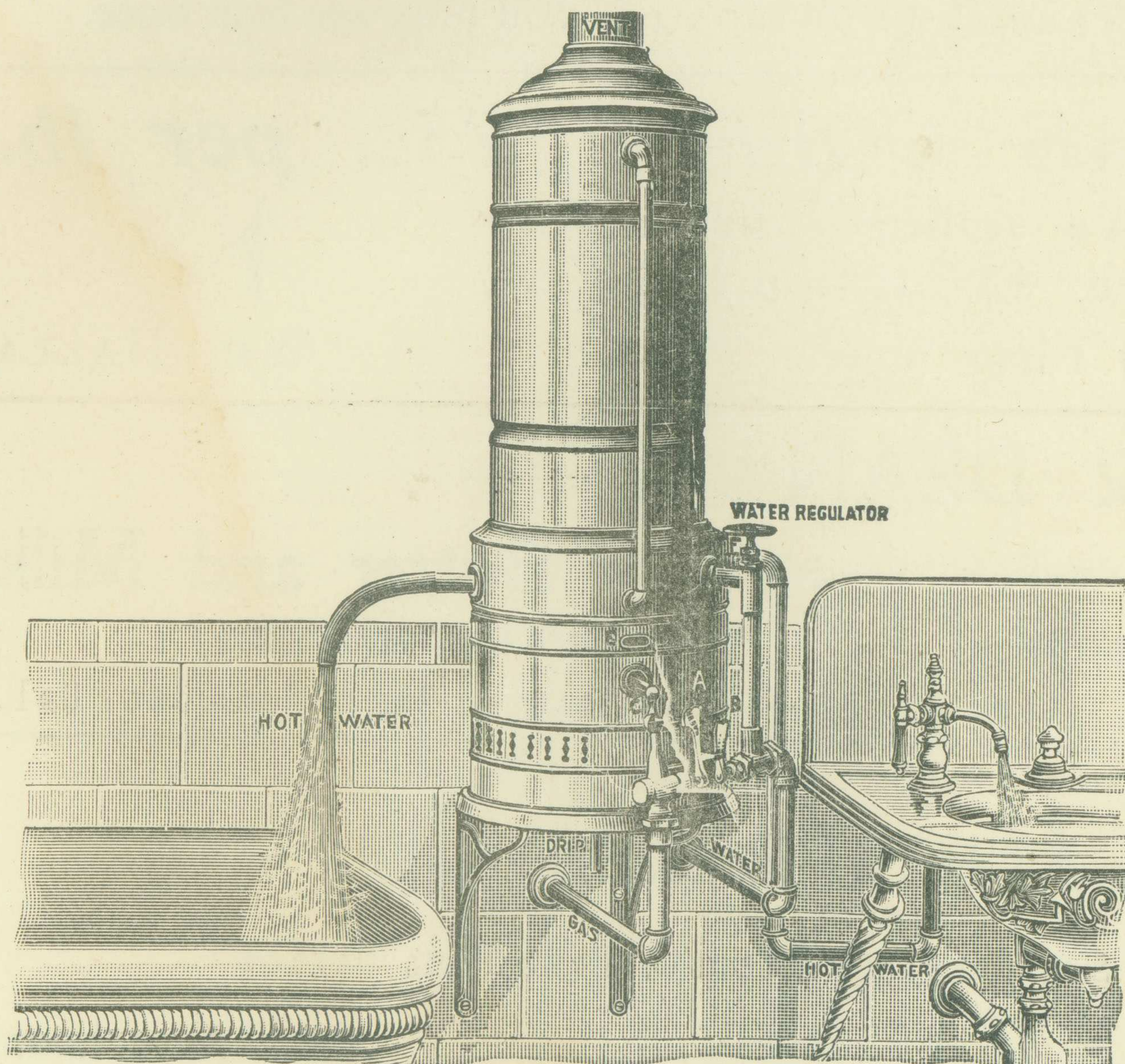
Soles 35 cts. and up.

---

Bright Freshman—"Is second soprano the same as tenor?"

---

## The Crescent Instantaneous Water Heater



buys a hot bath  
instantly.

Estimates given on  
heating residences  
by steam, hot water,  
and hot air.

**MOLTZEN  
& KEATON**

Plumbers and Tanners

85 E. San Fernando St.





Of course see **BUSHNELL** for fine fotos

The latest and best in every style of picture

*Bushnell*

41 North First St.

(The Ground Floor Gallery)

Special Rates : : : Be sure to give them a call



Miss Nicholson in Grammar Methods—"The comma is going. I hate to see it go—I have a feeling for it."

Prof. B—k: "I do my best work when I am *fighting*. It seems to make me *think* more."

Miss W—r in drawing—"Miss D—t, what color is a green apple?"

The place to buy good goods is at Hale's.

**Fine Millinery** 

Best Styles

Reasonable Prices

32 South First Street,

**MRS. LYNCH**

WHERE DO WE EAT?

Why at the **PALM RESTAURANT** of course

58-60 North Market Street, San Jose, Cal.



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FALL MILLINERY NOVELTIES  
Our Display Will Be Well Worthy of Your Inspection

**THE JOSE MILLINERY**

62 South Second Street

---

—STUDENTS, GO TO—

**Slavich's Restaurant**

Telephone John 1061 and OYSTER HOUSE

---

Miss C—s rushes into room G late one noon.

Mr. B.—“Miss C—s, you must have been awfully hungry today.”

Miss C—s: “But-er-a Mr. B., I didn't go home.”

Mr. B.—“Eh-what is it, Miss C—s?”

Miss C—s: “I was here all the time. I didn't go home at all.”

Mr. B.—“Oh, I made a mistake then. It was due to weakness.”

Miss Lulu G.—“That girl looks like a colored person, except she is white.”

---

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

—Moves everything that is loose—

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

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Phone, James 1521

E. KOBER, Manager

**Hess' San Jose Dyeing and Cleaning Works**

STEAM AND DRY CLEANING OF LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHES A SPECIALTY

339-341 East San Fernando Street, San Jose, Cal.

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**“Cunningham's”**

Men's Furnishing Goods. Men's Fine Clothing



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ART

OSCAR CARDON, Proprietor

PROGRESS

# THE FRANCO AMERICAN DYEING CLEANING WORKS

—Our Work is Perfection—

Give us a trial on your worst clothing and we will make them like new

239 East Santa Clara Street

Phone, James 2351

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

---

Miss S—e: “Two of my greatest hobbies are hygiene and the eating of children.”

Prof. B.—“Is the water cold at Alum Rock?”

Miss J.—“Mr. Baker, will you please explain how to get all of those zeros? I don't understand the process.”

Mr. Baker—“Well, Miss J., just cut your classes a few more times and you will get them without any trouble.”

Mr. Schemmel, to class in music—“You sing as if you had a five cent voice.”

---

TELEPHONE EAST 136

*Calls at the office will be answered at all times, day or night*

W. W. FRASER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE—ROOMS 48 AND 49 RYLAND BUILDING

84 SOUTH FIRST ST., SAN JOSE

OFFICE HOURS 11 TO 12 A. M., 1 TO 4 AND 7 TO 8 P. M

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DRS. GALLUP & BERGER

DENTISTS

ROOMS 32, 38, 39 PORTER BUILDING

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**KOENIG'S**

86 SOUTH FIRST

Discounts to Normal Students

**SOROSIS SHOE AGENCY**

—The Most Popular Shoe for Women—



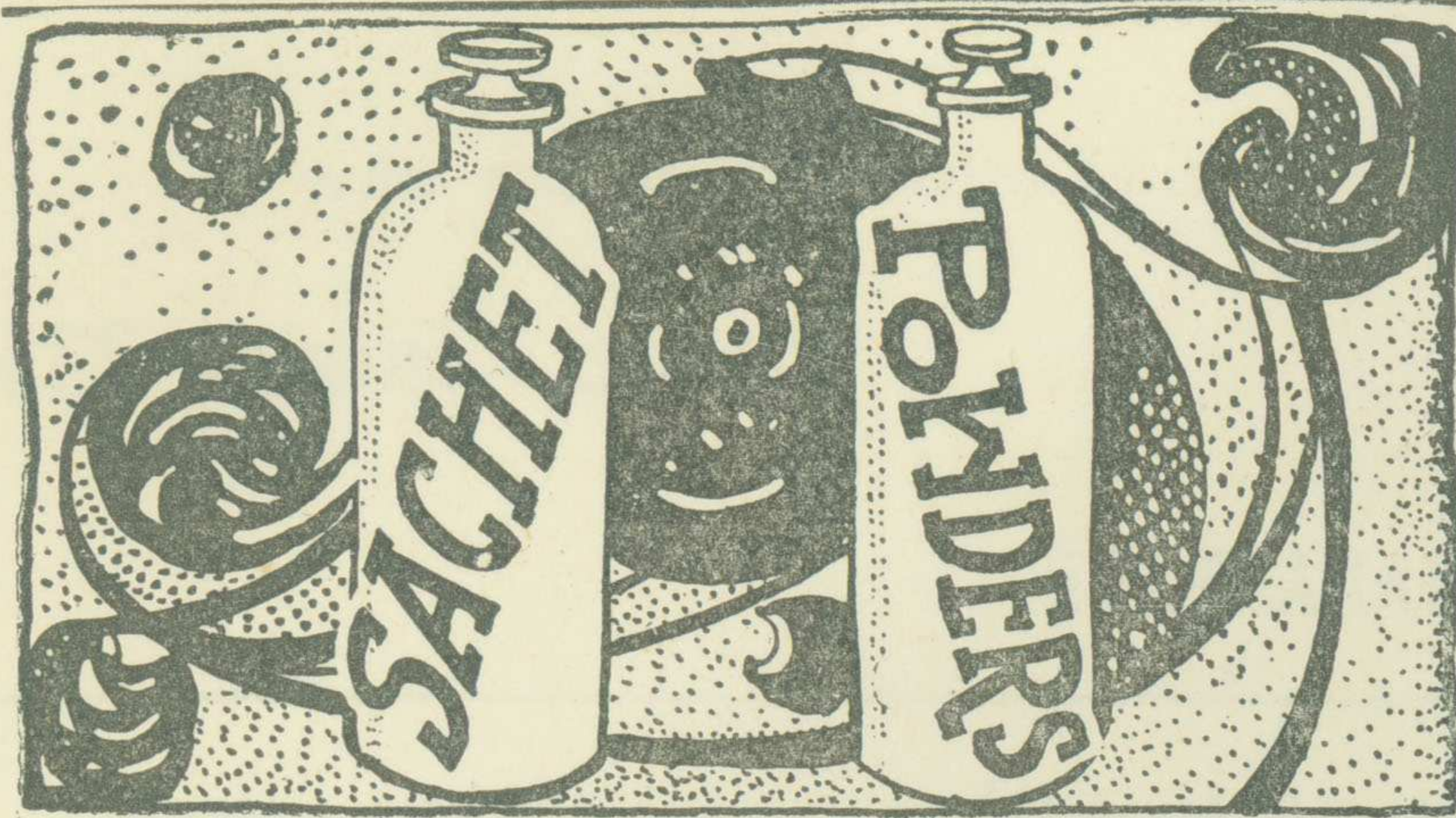
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## THE WONDER for Millinery

GET OUR PRICES

108-110 South First Street

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For Holiday Work

Try "Flora Palo Alto" at the

### University Drug Co.

50 E. Santa Clara St. Phone Main 554

---

Now that the drawing classes are engaged in the study of fruit, Miss Davenport finds it necessary to request the students not to *eat* the models. We wonder if the introduction of sketching from life will necessitate the altering of the request, „Do not *squeeze* the models.”

Watch the development of the "*Prather-Cline*" case.

---



### A SURPRISE FOR YOU

and a pleasant one is snugly stowed in each box of our various confections—all as pure as flowers, as delicate of flavor as they of perfume, as sweet as honey in the honey comb. For dainty gift-giving to girls and women—gifts without serious import—candy (our kind) is "the thing." Plain or fancy boxes, 1 lb or 5, as you like. California Glace Fruit in souvenir boxes—very appropriate presents for sending away. Remember us for those favors and refreshments when you entertain.

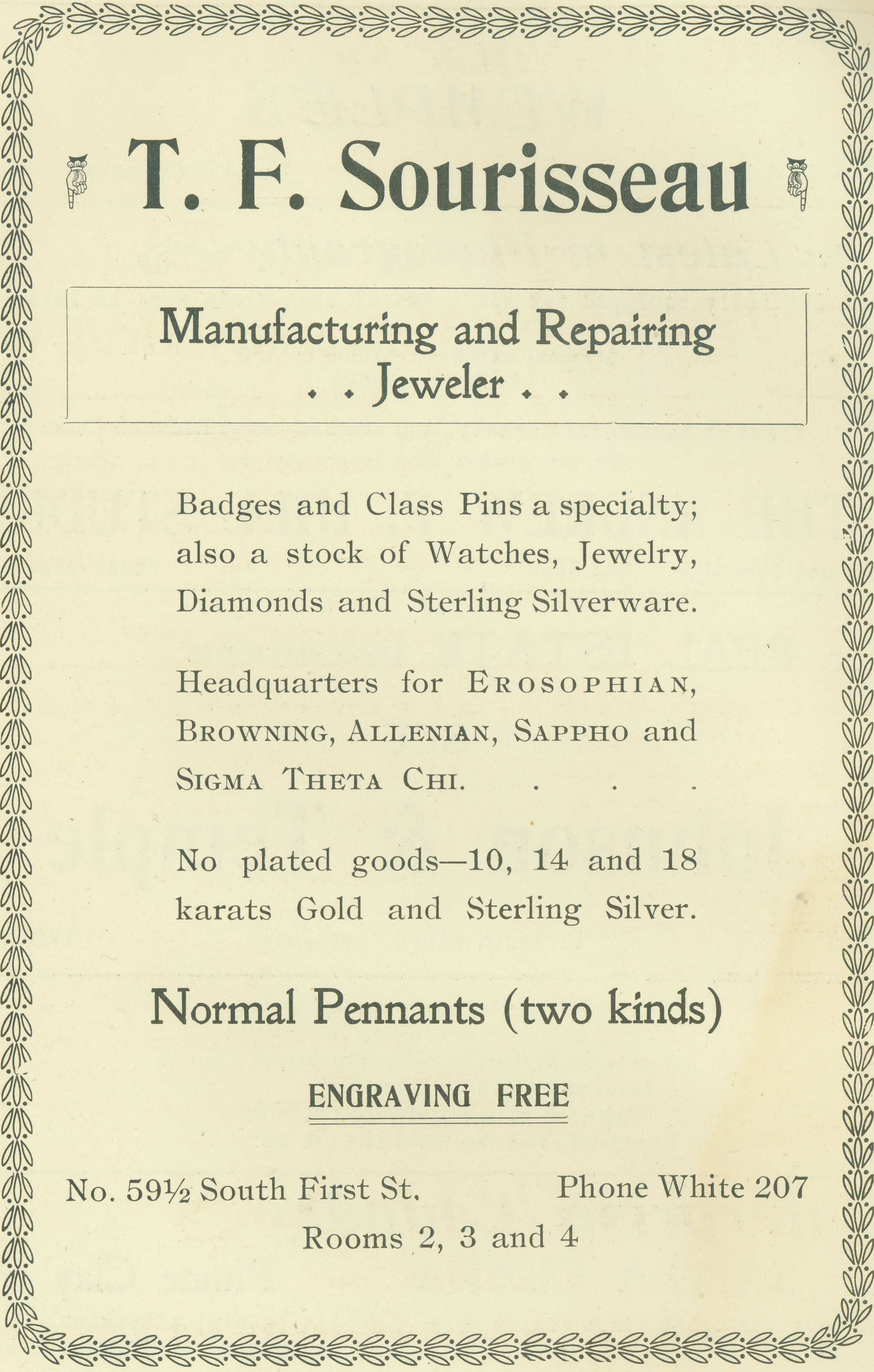
# OBRIEN'S

30 South First Street

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# T. F. Sourisseau

Manufacturing and Repairing  
• • Jeweler • •

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

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

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

**Normal Pennants (two kinds)**

ENGRAVING FREE

No. 59½ South First St.

Phone White 207

Rooms 2, 3 and 4



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If you eat at all you ought to buy at

## WEMPLE'S

McDONALD & ROSS, Proprietors

71-73 East Santa Clara St.

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### *The Latest in Photography*

We are fully equipped for all kinds of high class work in this line

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS AND  
STUDENT GROUPS

Views of Santa Clara County, and the Big Basin Redwood Park

We are always glad to see you at

## THE ANDREW P. HILL STUDIO

58 South Second St., San Jose

Phone Black 636

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For REAL ESTATE Investments

—SEE—

## Johnson & Temple

LOANS

12 North First, San Jose

INSURANCE

---

A dreamy waltz, so sweet and low;  
A cozy nook where lights burn low;  
A love sick youth—a loving maid;  
A head upon a shoulder laid;  
A laugh—a running down the hill;  
This little rhyme—and that is all.

---

### *Enterprise Laundry*

SANTA CLARA - Phone Clay 891

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



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# E. H. GUPPY & SON

Holiday Books, Calendars, Elegant Line of Newest Goods

31-33-35 E. San Fernando Street

Phone, Red 322

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## Chas. A. Bothwell

Class Pins  
and Graduation Gifts

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverwear, Best Goods, Lowest  
Prices. Repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

Phone, Black 1542

112 SOUTH FIRST STREET

---

The autumn leaves were falling fast,  
As through the Normal Square I passed,  
And saw there, sitting in the shade  
A loving pair—a youth and maid.  
I gazed upon this sight so fair  
As, idling round, I tarried there,  
But soon toward home my steps I bent,  
And left them there—love's sweet content.

Miss S—d endeavored to improve on Ruskin's characters,  
Gluck, Hans and Swartz, by using the characters, Gluck, Hans  
and Fritz.

---

SEE  
THAT

*McLeabe*  
HATTER  
82 S FIRST ST  
SAN JOSE CAL.

IS  
IN U'R  
HAT

---



## THE JOHN STOCK SONS, Tanners, Roofers and Plumbers

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

71-77 SOUTH FIRST ST.

SAN JOSE, CAL.





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# The ST. JAMES LAUNDRY

ALBERT BETTENS, Manager

Does the best work - - - Telephone, Main 569

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## *San Jose Engraving Co.*

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For Photo-Engraving, Zinc Etching, Half-Tone Engraving  
and Copper Half-Tones

For particulars and price enquire at 20 WEST SANTA CLARA ST.

or Engraving Department 36 LIGHTSTONE ST.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS

---

Mrs. George must have made a charming picture plucking wild flowers in the fields of far-away Asia Minor, to have the noble Ruler of Abyssinia smile upon her and enter into conversation.

Is Mr. O'Brien specializing in Geography, or is he trying to get the Geographical setting to some historical event that makes him so interested in "bluffs" just now?

Prof. Dailey—"The Short Story Club will meet at recess."

Miss Fosgate—"What is the George-Cory Club?"

---

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

**FARMERS UNION**

San Jose.

**Red Star Laundry Co.**

INCORPORATED



We Employ Only Union Labor

Work called for and returned in San  
Jose and Vicinity.

TELEPHONE MAIN 69

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



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Ask to see our new line of

NORMAL STATIONERY

112 SOUTH FIRST STREET

*Maynard's*

Books

Stationery

Magazines

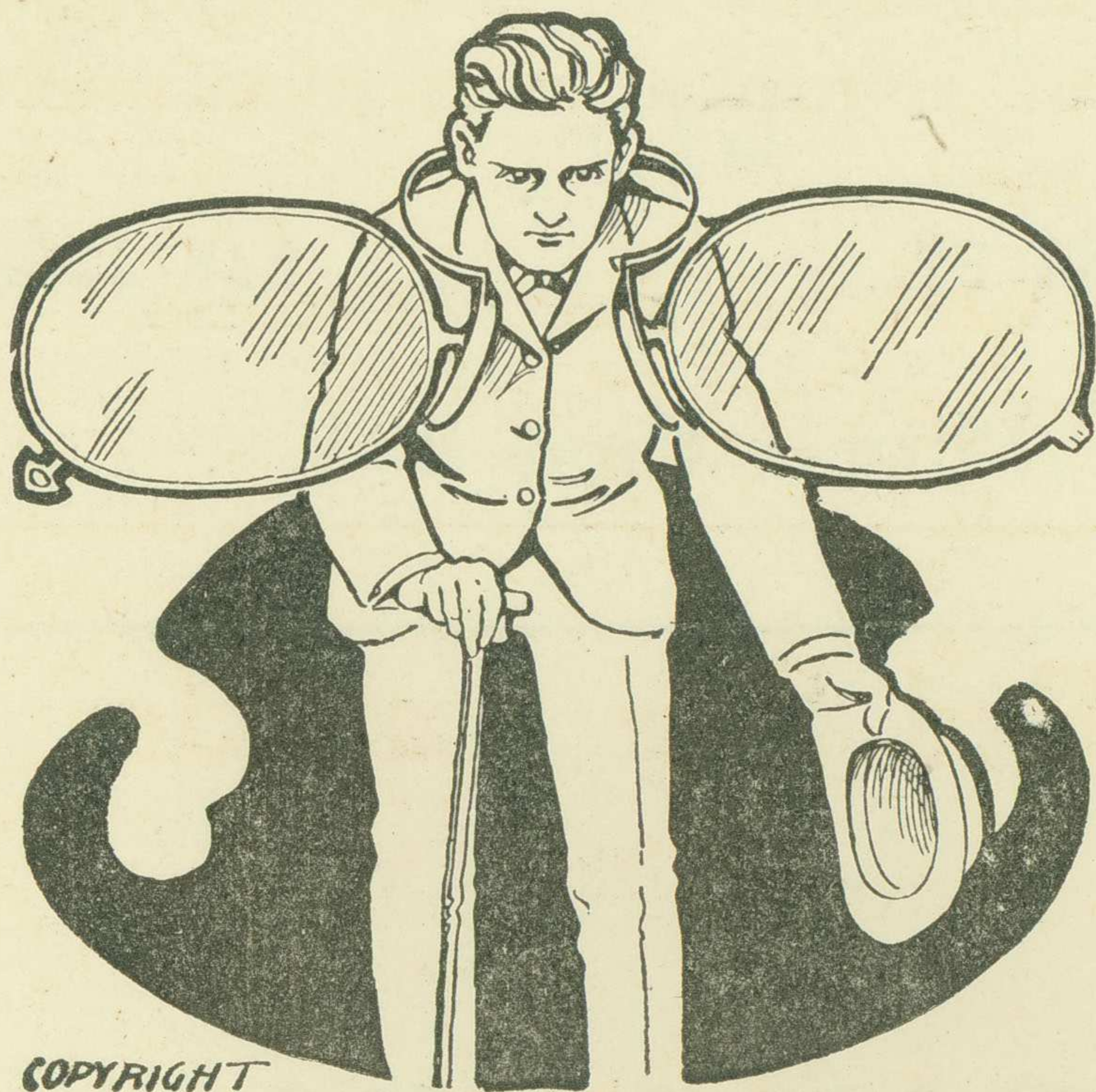
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A young lady in the Senior C class dreamed on wedding cake that she married a young man in the Senior C class. It is suggested that California follow the example of Chicago in compelling its Normal graduates to remain single five years.

Mr. Bayley, while out on the lawn with the Nature Study class, waves at the janitor. He is at once advised by a member of the class not to flirt with the janitor when there are so many pretty girls around.

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## DON'T WEAR THE YOKE



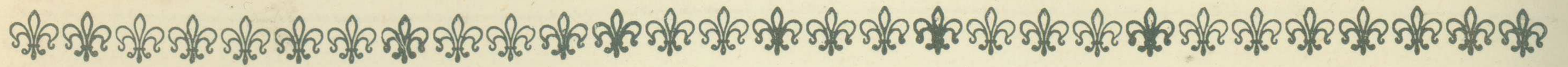
of ill fitting glasses another day  
You can't afford to dilly-dally with  
your sight. Better let us examine  
your eyes and restore your lost  
power of vision. We can fit you  
with glasses warranted to give you  
the best results attainable. Guar-  
antee perfect satisfaction, at a very  
moderate cost. Scientific methods.  
Consultations without charge.

## OSGOOD & BALL OPTICAL CO.

Scientific and Manufacturing Opticians

156 South First Street, San Jose





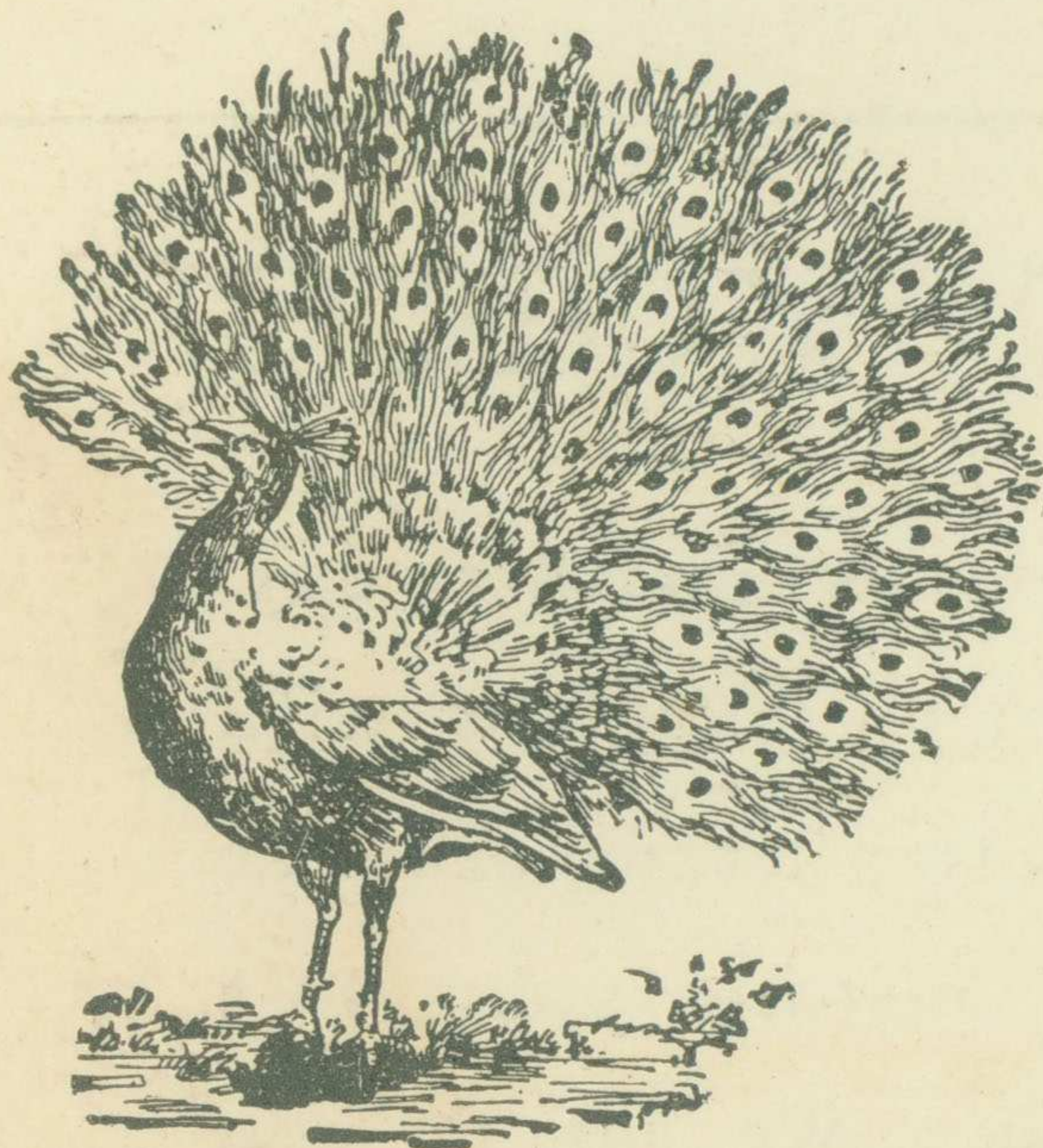
LEADING SAN JOSE STORES ADVERTISE IN THE PENNANT.  
READ THE ADS AND SEE THE BARGAINS.



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This space is reserved  
by G. W. CLINE

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## Peacock Millinery

Strictly First Class



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. . .Phone, East 301. . .

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Fine Printing

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