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The Normal Pennant

June, 1907

C D Potter

Cambridge, Wisc

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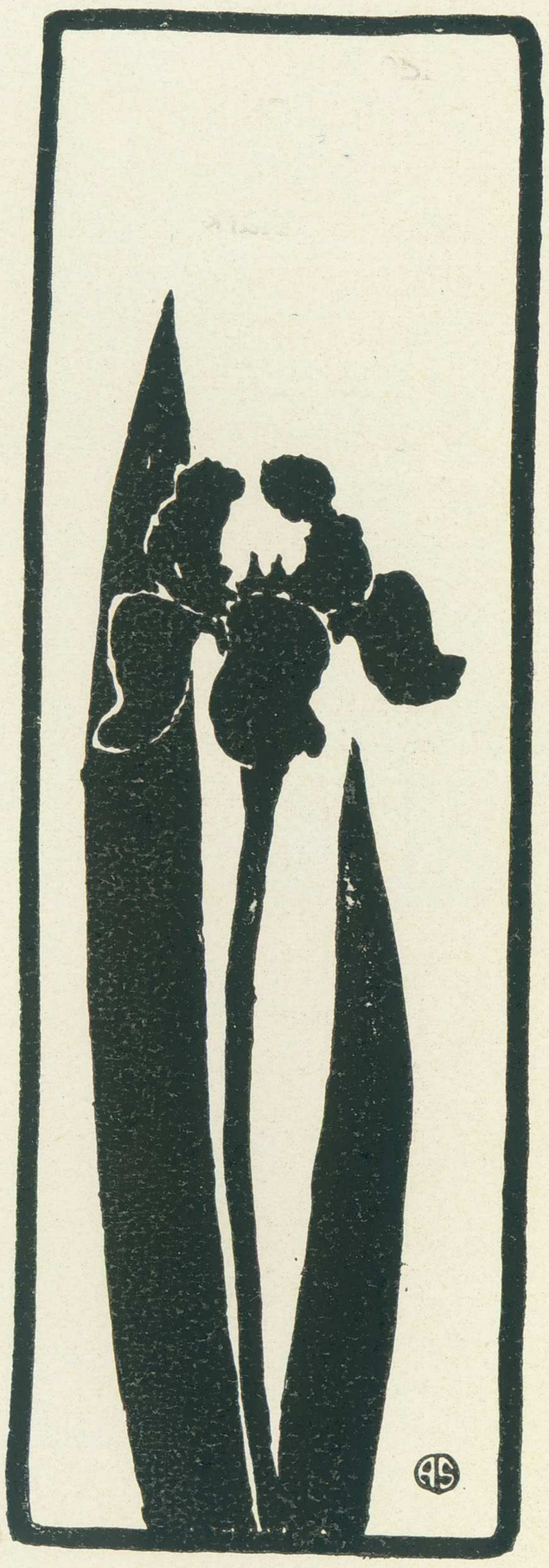


Graduating Class, June 21, 1907

Gladys Ames
Anita Anderson
Ellida Anderson
Ida Baker
Anna Baldwin
Cornelia Barrett
Sera Baumgartner
Susie Beeson
Clarisse Benoit
Marguerite Black
Lulu Boone
Mary Bradford
Marguerite Brautigam
Ellen Brien
Crevola Bronson
Mabel Brown
Mae Burke
Nirginia Chilson
Ethel Clark
Leonora Clark
Helen Clark
Janie Clemo
Mercedes Cloney
Marion Copeland
Mary Cullen
Edith Culter
Esther Dahlgren
Ella Davis
Helen Deacon
Elizabeth Dingwell
Marian Dulion
Edna Duran
Grace Duvall
Mabel Dyer
Margaret Elliot
Annie Ellsworth
Juanita Fisher
Jennie Fitz Gerald
Edith Flanders
James Garrison

Florence Gilchrist
Ethel Gill
Frances Gondring
Nettie Gondring
Oma Grimsley
Frank Hain
Aymer Hamilton
Forrest Haworth
Myrtle Hendee
Mildred Hicks
James Hurley
Hazel Hyde
Grace James
Minnie Jones
Elise Kleemeyer
Hilda Koch
Mary Laird
Viola Lawson
Eugene Lewis
Grace Lewis
Georgia Lilley
Josephine Lima
Florence Linekin
Cloie Loveall
Helen Lyon
Jessie McDonald
Josephine McInerny
Ethel McIntyre
Elsie Madden
Theo. Madson
Mary Maloy
Leta Massey
Maebelle Metzger
Sadie Milliken
Eleanore Montgomery
Mabel Moore
Grace Moran
Maude Murchie
Ella Nelson
Nell Newman

Grace Niblock
Lillie Nicholson
Pearl Ogden
Elizabeth Olsen
Harriet Park
Frances Peters
Ida Plummer
Lenna Prather
Maud Proctor
Lizzie Ritchie
Adelaide Roberts
Delia Roche
Georgia Rotermund
Mae Russell
Mabel Shaw
Anna Shillingsburg
Sadie Smith
Sara Smitherum
Marion Southwick
Gertrude Stewart
Alice Stockton
Hilma Swanbom
Vernie Swending
Una Thompson
Roy Thompson
Ethel Tucker
Lucy Turner
Daisie Travis
Leah Vile
Janey Wallian
Adelma Walters
Cecil Watkins
Celia Watrous
Marion Whitmire
Alice Whittemore
Ava Wilkin
Elizabeth Woodhams
Ellen Young

On! sail on!

TO the Student Body and Faculty of the State Normal School, this souvenir edition of the Pennant is dedicated by the class of June, 1907.

Morris Elmer Dailey

President State Normal Srhool

The Normal Pennant.

Vol. X. SAN JOSE, CAL., JUNE, 1907. No. 9.

Class Poem.

A Mission.

ONCE I heard, out of the days of old,
Somewhere, of bits of copper and gold,
Hammered and wrought by a woman's hand,
Into an urn of pattern bold,
Distinctively rich in every fold,
Girdled about with a silver band.

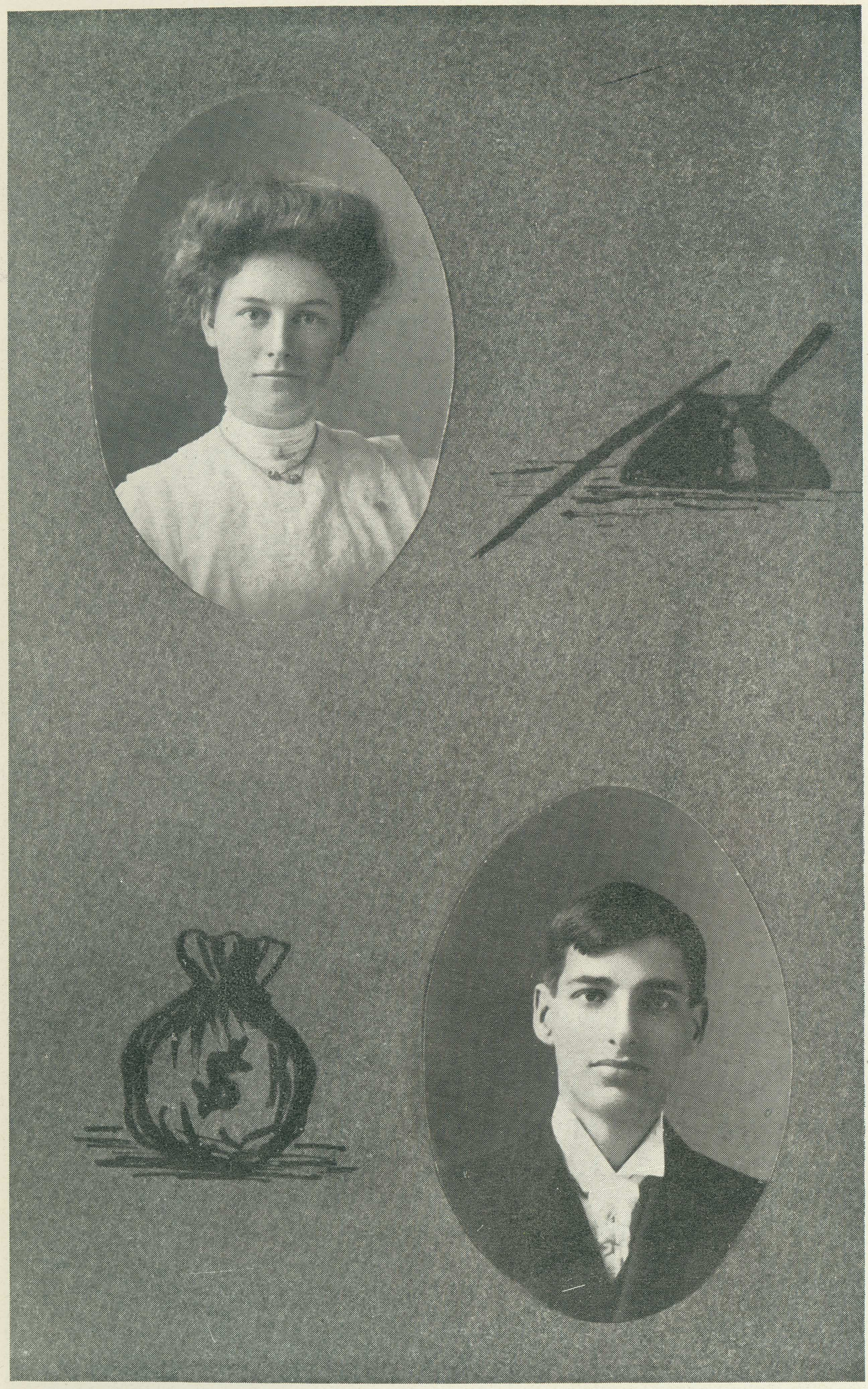
We've gathered our bits of copper and gold,
The quest has been rich in relics of old,
Which have come as the best from every land.
We've hammered and wrought like the girl of old
And now the urn of exquisite mould
Lies clear and faultless at our hand.

The vessel is ready and what shall it be,
A "Holy Grail" swinging high and free,
Beckoning up like the song of the lark?
And shall its light shine afar on the sea
Floating high o'er the waves, and be
A light for the sailors who grope in the dark?

VIOLA LAWSON.

Class History.

'ER since the illustrious class of June '07,
Has been enrolled upon that massive register
Which holds high precedence among the other books
That deck the office of our worthy President,
It seems a different charm has held the school
Within its spell, than when as Freshmen we first came
To show our skill in methods, and as pedagogues.
We have not been as other classes gone before.
For never did we bend beneath the mighty Senior's sway;
And as we heard their praises ring throughout the halls
We never doubted but that we, some day,
Should win like praise, and laurels dear to us.
And when you hear the history of this class,
The mighty things achieved, the many hopes
That we have held and have not lost,
You then may judge of what we yet shall do.
When first we entered the Assembly Hall
The spirit that our class revealed was marvelous,
And into the school songs we entered with much force,
E'en so the Seniors looked on in great awe
And did not venture once to call us "Fresh."
In "Gold and White" we now unrivalled stand,
And none would deem it wise to say
That in our hands dear "San Jose Normal" ever me neglect.
We have a mighty leader of class yells,
And if you once could hear her when she leads,
You would surely say there could none better be
Than she whom now we call "Class President."
Or do not say as athletes we fail,
For often have we met in various sports
With fair opponents; and when the game was o'er
We as the victors were proclaimed, and bore away the palm.
The earth, the sun and moon now hold no mystery,



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Editor-in-Chief

Roy Thompson
Business Manager

Pennant Staff.

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Oma Grimsley, Literary
Adelma Walters, Alumni
Celia Watrous, Athletics

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Lenna Prather, Joshes
A. J. Hamilton, News and Notes

Josephine Luna, Exchanges
Sara Baumgartner, Training School Notes
Ethel Gill, Societies
Ava Wilkin, Exchanges

For a man most wise has told us their story;
And often has he intermingled with his wisdom
Keen jokes that offered us a finer sense of humor—
Humor that holds so high a place
Beyond the bridge, which living only in our memory
Bears fond remembrances of days gone by.
Some of the class are skilled as architects and carpenters.
Hip roofs conceal no terrors, and the learned man
Who told them of these things, has taught also
How they may best survey a field, and fence it, too.
Some in using saw and plane have shown much skill
And oft have dared to drive a nail and drive it straight.
And we would ask those who are skeptical
To visit once the manual training shop and judge
The truth of what has just been said.
As artists some have sought to gain a place
And have not failed. The charms of Nature, too,
Have been revealed to us. In travel we are interested.
Spain and Italy have cast o'er us a spell
Which as we hope may at some time be loosed
By actual contact with them.
The many other subjects that we have heard discussed,
Will help us all when forth as pedagogues we go,
To win the laurels we are seeking now.
The past has been most fair for us, and while the future
Stretches far away in misty shadows, we still hope
That it may prove as bright as times gone by have been.

HAZEL R. HYDE.

Class Prophery.

WHEN happy years bring in a new epoch;
But, oh, methinks, how strange this old class seems.
Ten years have many wondrous changes made.
What varied groups appear before me!
Friendly faces seen so many years ago
Brighten now again my memory.
They come with merry song and graceful dance,
And first there greets my ear this melody—

(Tune, "Goodbye, Sweet Old Manhattan Isle")

School teaching has no charms for us
From it we now are free,
We've taught our ten years long ago
And now we'll cross the sea.
We're tired of living here at home;
We'll tell you what we'll do:
We'll cross the ocean very soon
And try a turn at Rome.

Hither comes a graceful happy band
Strong-limbed and supple, light of foot.
A Swedish dance at Normal learned
Hath kept them still within its trance.
(Swedish dance)

Oh, what these figures strange and whence come they,
And why this noise and what the song they sing:

School ma'ams were we for many a year
For wages small and mean;
We practised all we'd ever learned,
And all we'd ever seen.
First 'twas physical culture,
Then jig jig, jig!
And next 'twas agriculture,
Just dig, dig, dig!
Theory, theory!

In practise it didn't work.
We built toy tables
Bnt now we build stables,
Carpenters, for carpenters, for carpenters are we!

With saws bright and nails sharp,
And hammers in our hands
We build for all who want to pay
The prices we demand.
First the plans we take,
Then think, think, think!
Our hammer hits the stake,
Just klink, klink, klink!
Tick-tack, tick-tack!
Just look at the work we do,
We work with all our might
Until we get it right
Tick-tack, tick tack, tick-tack, tick-tack,
Tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack, tick!

What means the group which now we do behold?
The palette, brush and easel all do tell
That these are still in love with dextrous art.
(Pantomime scene)

Now music sounds and these have made their choice.
The glitt'ring stage at length hath cast its spell,
And forth they come to court the crowd's applause.
(Musical comedy)

A sweet, familiar strain heard oft before,
Foretells that Cupid's arrow hath not missed
For modest brides so sweet and fair of face
Trip lightly in upon the scene.
(Bridal Song from Lohengrin)

At last doth come a group so gay,
For teaching still do they adore.
Now listen to the joyous song they sing:
We've raised the teaching professors
From fossils to young sports;
We've done away with methods,
Live issues are our fortes.
We've put away the pelican

The pedagogue's on the shelf.
We owed this to our Normal School
And to our humble self.

Chorus—

We're members of a Normal School
Adown in San Jose,
And there we learned from pedagogues
To teach in every way.
We crammed ourselves with methods and
We mastered every rule,
And then we crossed the Bridge of Sighs
And acted like young fools.

O San Jose Normal!
Normal! tra la la la!
Dear San Jose Normal!
Tra la la la la la la la la la la

LULU H. BOONE.

Lines on the Normal.

MY work is done, I stand and wait
For man and time to seal my fate;
My structure modern in its day
Is cracked and crumbles to decay;
My lot though hard to some it seems
Has not for me a dread. Torn beams
And wrecked walls, twisted and rent,
As if old Jove, displeased had sent
A visitation, is but the end
Of a career of service, which blend
The thoughts that were to those to be.

F. H., '07.

Class Officers.

Anita Anderson, Artist
Viola Lawson, Poet
Ida Baker, Secretary

Virginia Chilson, Prophet
Frank Hain, Student Body President
Mary Bradford, President
Mercedes Cloney, Student Body Secretary

Alice Stetson, Artist
Mary Laird, Treasurer
Lulu Boone, Prophet
Hazel Hyde, Historian

Graduates.

Graduates.

Graduates.

Graduates.

Graduates.

Graduates.

Graduates.

Graduates.

Class Will.

WE, THE members of the class of 1907, acting under no fraud, corruption, menance, or intimidation on the part of Messrs. Dailey, Wilson, Bland, Wood and Snyder; being in sane minds and bodies in spite of Grammar Methods, final exams., and the lady members of the faculty; having safely weathered the many squalls and brain storms of our eventful course, and turned the last buoy, paid our debts and diploma fees, do herein declare this to be our last will and testament.

We will and bequeath with mingling and altering feelings of regret and happiness,

To the Juniors—all our plans, type-studies and note books, if Miss Rowell will permit.

An excellent English Grammar by Miss Gilchrist.

All our hard earned glory and well deserved praise,

And problem 28, page 48, of Mr. Baker's Bulletin on Arithmetic.

We gratefully give Mr. Wood to any lady member of the faculty who will file a written agreement on or before the date of acceptance, to make his shirts, mend his trousers and sew on his buttons.

Those of our number who can easily follow in the toe-marks of the Amazons, who have won honors on the basket-ball field, who can play tennis, volley ball and throw dice, kindly and graciously donate their shoes and suits, honors and medals to the Bean Boy Brigade, alias Bos'ler's Basket Ball Club.

We are pleased to leave the Periodical Penegent Peanut to the Junior juveniles. We trust that they will continue to fill its pages with effervescent prose and verse.

Seniors who have taken Mr. Bland's "Prose and Poetry" work for three successive terms, and who by long and diligent study are able to appreciate the poems of the Misses Royce and Sprogue, give, devise, and bequeath the same for your perusal.

To Miss Vivian and Mr. Wood a grateful class artistically trained grant "all the light and shade," "soft edges," and "local color" in and about the campus. It might be wise for the Juniors to read the new book which is making quite a stir entitled "Hints on a Woman's Attire," by a member of the Normal faculty.

The seven young men who have consistently and persistently withstood the attractions of four hundred girls do individually bequeath,

Forest Howarth gives his oratorical ability to any deserving freshman.

Mr. Hain with all grace befitting his nature gives the Student Body Presidency to Gertrude Drew—if she wants it.

Mr. Garrison with sad regret gives over his license which for the past year entitled him to keep company with any young lady in the Normal School.

Mr. Hamilton graciously gives all the manual training household furniture he has made to the first girl marrying out of the class of 1907.

Mr. Madison merely says that he is not sorry that he married young.

Roy Thompson allows another two-bit box of candy to the Smith's on Ninth street.

Mr. Lewis leaves his "drag" with the faculty to any one who can get it.

The library is donated to the Hurleys. In their queening and fussing may they n'er encounter the calm cold eye of the famous librarian.

Granted to unsuspecting, harmless individuals Billy Baker's aged jokes. In H—— may he be forgiven.

To Pluto we enthusiastically consign with all suitable wreaths, flowers, and cards, the final exams.

Miss Bradley is knocked down to whom it doth concern.

The famous Sappho Society is given over to the guidance of Mrs. Haley.

Miss Schallenberger—we can't fittingly dispose of her.

To L. B. Wilson we leave the coveted privilege of paying all our millinery, laundry, chocolate and hosiery bills, and the interest on our bad debts.

The Normal School and all appurtenances, *i. e.*, the lawns, buildings, janitors, gardens, birds, trees, paths, papers, pencils, pictures, books, brushes, bean bags, and incidentially the faculty, we leave to the concern of future classes.

Lastly, we appoint Miss McCabe and her train of admirers, and Mrs. George, our faithful friend, the executrix of this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

The University Student in the Normal School.

THERE are many influences that make the San Jose Normal School the best in the West. The youth and beauty of its graduates are proverbial. The mutual interest and support of a large and well known alumni, the cosmopolitan character of its student body, and the technical skill and efficiency of its faculty are all contributory to giving the institution the fame it enjoys.

But a force fully as great as any of the foregoing, and one equally as significant to the educational profession, is that exerted by the new State law requiring university students desiring High school certificates to do, in addition to their work for the G. B. degree, one year of graduate work, for half of which graduation from a State Normal school will be accepted.

It is not within the province of this paper to discuss the merits or demerits of such an enactment. We can merely accept the situation as it is and attempt to show some of the more apparent evils and benefits consequent upon its enforcement.

The university students are already among us. Since last September the law has driven them to seek our quadrangle, our class rooms, our teachers and our methods. They have come in silently, at different intervals, worked intermittingly under difficult and trying conditions, entered no debates, joined no societies, caused no social ripples, made few stars and yet in general won the cordial respect of the student body and the faculty. Some are being graduated with the June class, others are finishing at Christmas and in March, and in the year to come many from Stanford and Berkeley will endure with succeeding classes the heavy crosses of full fledged Normalites.

In the field of American education this law marks a new departure, worthy of notice in the columns of any paper published by an educational institution. In Germany and France training in method and practice in teaching has long been considered an essential part of the equipment of the Master in the Gymnasium, or Lysee. In America, however, we began by allowing anybody

any grade. Because of this erroneous conception the State often gave to the A. B., man or woman, a teacher's certificate. Armed with which the youthful and daring alumnus went to forging upon the public for a job teaching school, utterly oblivious to the necessity of real method and psychological theory. As a college professor remarked once, "What a teacher needs is ninety-nine per cent of facts, and one-half per cent each of personality and method." In truth, if the teacher had the reverse proportions she could be much more assured of success. Then what is the much desired influence that a Normal school exerts? What, if any, will be the reciprocal effect of the university graduate upon the Normal school? And, finally, what are some of the more apparent educational lessons to be learned from this new experiment? These are the questions we have set ourselves to answer the best we can.

In the first place the Normal school in connection with the Training school takes the university student's methods away from her to a large extent, and substitutes in its place their own. The college girl knows her subjects well, has a vague, half practical plan of teaching it, but because of little or no experience is either over-timid or over-confident. The Normal school is a trying-out place for her. She finds it hard and at times almost unendurable, but that it is best in the end she readily admits. The changes from the lecture to the recitation method, from note-taking to memorization; from general to specific reading are objectionable and boresome. She cannot cut so often or so easily. She must, in some courses at least, stand up to recite as she used to years ago in the High school. Because of her university training she is expected to know many things she does not, and the Normal teachers with the best of intentions and in reality desiring to applaud and compliment her, are continually embarrassing her by requiring her opinion on disputed points. In her work in the Training school she finds it hard to use the language of the child, and the slow painful process of learning she must drag her class thru is exceedingly tiresome and monotonous. She has a natural tendency to question statements, and to differ with the instructor. She has been reared in an atmosphere of free criticism that spared no one. The homage of the average Normalite expressed in her attitude toward the faculty is rank heresy to her. She, unwittingly and unthoughtfully, says what she thinks, not knowing that it is considered bad form, and is immediately dub "Fresh-

man" by the Student Body. In other words, it is very hard for her to change her ways, adapt herself to the new situation and win the hearts of the faculty. It is even more difficult to gain the esteem of the Student Body.

As the college student is influenced she also exerts an influence. The presence upon our campus of a large group of university trained students will do much to dispel some ancient traditions still clustering about these halls, some out-of-date methods still in vogue in our class rooms, and not a few dilusions so prevalent in the attitude of the usual Normal School student toward the administrative side of her Normal life. The new law may make some changes in the personnel of our faculty, it will undoubtedly change our curriculum, adapting it more to the needs of the new element. Our Student Body will become conscious and alive. The whole tone of the Normal School will be quickened socially and intellectually. We of the Student Body will find more and more liberty of action and freedom of expression, and the San Jose Normal School will become a unique institution of its kind, giving the most advanced pedagogical theory in connection with the most beneficial practice teaching, under the best and most efficient training for the profession of education of all the Normal Schools of our country.

EUGENE LEWIS.

Marria.

IT WAS on one of those beautiful Indian summer afternoons which only Californians know that Father Gorro stood gazing out over the seas watching a boat in the distance. It was just a speck and would probably not arrive at port for three hours. A happy smile lighted up the Father's face as his eyes fell on the broad expanses of land about him, yellow with the ungathered crops of wheat. The Santa Cruz Mission itself stood on the hill overlooking the valley below.

The coming in of the boat was of a somewhat unusual occurrence and was the cause of much excitement among the Fathers at the Mission and the Indians who had reached the shore even before Father Gorro to watch the ship sail into the harbor. A Spanish flag floated from the top of the ship and the group on the shore knew that the cargo was for them.

A man of perhaps fifty was the first to step ashore and it was Father Gorro's hand that first clasped his.

"Father Gorro, how well you are looking! No older than you did eighteen years ago when I was here."

"And you, Senor Carlos, hold well your age. It seems but yesterday that you were here. Why havn't you been back before? We have watched and looked for you each year as your boats arrived but you were not with them. Come, we will go up to the mission," and the two turned and walked toward the hill.

Don Carlos' step was not so quick and steady as that of Father Gorro, for he had been many days on the water coming over from Spain. His red waistcoat, frilled with laces, and his three-cornered hat contrasted strangely with the priest's long cloak and light sombrero. He walked on in an agitated manner, hardly knowing what to say. Father Gorro was quietly watching him and was not surprised when Don Carlos burst forth:

"Father, how have all been since I was here? Your looks speak well for yourself, but the others, my—my wife, how is she?"

"Your wife, ah, it is well you remember. We thought you had forgotten your Indian wife—your marriage vows—your promise

to come back to her. We thought you had forgotten her love for you and your child—now it is too late."

"My child! I knew not. Tell me of my child, Father, of my wife."

"Your child is a girl, Senor Carlos, a beautiful maid—the pride of the Mission. She looks like you, Senor Carlos—Spanish, without a trace of Indian blood. She has been well cared for, and now that you have come she will return with you to Spain—there you can give her the position she deserves." Father Gorro did not notice the strange look on Don Carlos' face caused by his last remark. "We will be sorry to lose her," the Father continued, "but your claim is a father's, while ours is only a protector's."

"But my wife, Father, where is she?"

"Your wife died many years ago," and Father Gorro did not notice a second time the expression of Don Carlos' face, which this time was one of relief.

"Father, was I forgiven?"

"Forgiven," answered the Father, "she never knew. I was with her at her deathbed and her last words were of you. She believed in you—she trusted you, and when she gave me her child, your child, she prayed to me to keep her here with us until you came. We have done it; for eighteen years she has been one of us. Ah, the bells"—as they chimed out filling all the air with beautiful music. There on the stone steps leading up to the Mission the old priest and the worldly Don Carlos knelt with uncovered heads in prayer. There was a wonderful stillness everywhere. The Indians boats moored on the San Lorenzo river at the base of the hill and the oxen teams nibbling the grass while the drivers were in prayer made a beautiful picture which seemed a fitting close to the day as the setting sun lighted up the sky and cast its golden red glow over the waters below.

When the peals ceased all was life again and the two men continued their journey up the hill. At the top of the stone steps beneath a grape arbor they met Marcia, the maid of the Mission, and Don Carlos saw his daughter for the first time. She had heard of the arrival of the boat, but her hatred for the Spanish kept her from going down to the shore. She had been singing, but as Father Gorro came near she stopped and welcomed him with a smile. She was dressed in white which set off her clear olive skin and beautiful dark brown eyes. Her long dark hair hung

down her back, and on her head rested a crown of grape leaves she had made while sitting in the arbor. Such wonderful and simple beauty in this far off country seemed incredible to the Spanish gentleman as he stood gazing at her, spellbound.

She had indeed been well cared for at the Mission. Each day she had learned the lessons that the Sisters had given her and she had done well her embroidery, so that at the age of eighteen she was a cultured and well educated girl. But she tired of her study and embroidery and at every chance she got she would run away to the old Indian basket workers. Here she would sit for hours weaving baskets and stringing beads, listening to the old Indian women as they crooned out softly legends of by gone days.

The Sisters had tried for awhile to keep the girl in ignorance of her father's desertion, but she had found it out, and from that time her hatred for the Spanish seemed to grow. She would not be a Spaniard, and nothing made her more angry than to be called one. Many times she had cried herself to sleep over her misfortune, and once when but just a child she had stolen some oil from the kitchen and had poured it on her hair to make it smooth and shiny, like that of her Indian playmates.

"Daughter," said Father Gorro, as she came forward, "a boat has arrived and this is one of the gentlemen who came in it. Marcia, this is your father who has come from Spain to take you home with him."

"My child," said Don Carlos as he came forward and kissed her hand, "I little dreamed that I had a daughter so beautiful here or I would have come sooner. I am pleased ——"

But Marcia had snatched her hand from his and stood trembling with rage.

"I won't have a father," she cried, "I hate you; you killed my mother. Yes, Father Gorro, I will tell him, and I won't go to Spain."

With this she fled leaving the two men alone. Even this was more than the Father had expected, and forgetting his guest and his duties as host he turned and followed Marcia.

"H'm," mused Don Carlos, "it is evident that she hates me. Her mind has been poisoned, but I'll take her back to Spain and she will soon forget about it. I never saw such beauty in my life —I must take her, but how; that is the question."

After a time the question resolved itself into an answer, and

his visit lengthened into weeks. The men on the boat grew impatient, but he had been able to put them off each time they grumbled. Even his best friend began to tire of the needless delay and was very cool to Don Carlos on account of it. One day Don Carlos approached him and said:

"My friend, I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but Marcia, the girl at the Mission, is my daughter. I wish to take her to Spain, but I can't do this without your help. If you marry her she can go as your wife. My wealth shall be hers, so think well of it, my friend." And Louis Vasquez did think well of it, for he had seen Marcia and had noted her beauty, and even without that Don Carlos' wealth was not to be despised.

Meanwhile the heart of the unhappy girl was hardened more and more toward her father. Father Gorro told her of Don Louis' offer of marriage and urged her to accept.

"What better could you do, my daughter?" he had said. "Your life would be a happier one than we can make it, with wealth and luxury at every hand. You would have an opportunity to study music and art under the best professors in Europe and your every ambition could be realized. My child, I pray that you may be guided in this matter."

The Sisters pleaded with her but without success. She would say nothing. There were no kind words for her unless they were about Don Louis who wished to marry her. It was after one of these interviews with Father Gorro that she left the Mission. It was dusk as she stole out through the arbor and down the stone steps, carrying with her an Indian basket which contained a few clothes. Many times she turned to gaze at the old buildings on the hill for it was hard to say farewell to them. She had been happy there and would never have left it if they had let her stay in peace, but they had taken up the ways of the Spanish gentlemen and life was not endurable there any longer.

She wended her way to the old Indian basket woman and told her story.

"I will go to my mother's people," she concluded, "and they will take me in. I shall not see a Spaniard again. Wish me an easy journey and I'll go. Good-bye."

"No, my daughter, stay with me tonight and in the morning Tiewan, who has just come from the mountains, will guide you on your journey."

Here it was that all of Marcia's feelings gave way, and she threw herself on the floor shaking with sobs.

Tiewan had stood beside the entrance and listened to Marcia's story. He was much moved by her words and felt a great longing in his heart to do something for her. He stepped forward and lifted her from the ground.

"Marcia," he said, "I have heard your story; cry no more Come with me to my people, your people, and be one of us. Come and be my wife and we will live in the far-off hills yonder," and he led her to the door and pointed to the majestic Loma Prieta. "We will live as the birds in the air, and as the flowers that bloom at all seasons. There you will be happy. Come."

Marcia lowered her head, her long hair falling around her shoulders. There was happiness for her after all. She would go to her people.

JEANETTE KING, '08.

The Call of Yester-year.

THROUGH the fading light of the dawning day
A soft low call comes to my ear,
I have heard it oft that familiar call,
It is the call of yester-year.

"Come and sail your ship on the tide of life,
You must not stay or tarry here,"—
Yes that faltering voice that speaks to me
Spoke to others but yester-year.

Ah I must reply to that calling voice,
To sail what seas, I do not know,
So I now embark on the foaming tide
Prepared yet unprepared to go.

J. C. H. '07.

The Ghover Automobile.

TWO O'CLOCK on a cold winter morning found old Daddy Ghover and his wife on their way to market with their weekly produce of eggs and chickens. As they came down the road the few habitants who happened to be awake could distinguish the following sounds coming progressively into range. First, Mammy's high-pitched voice, then the rattle of the loose-spoked wheels over the gravel, then the squawk of chickens, and lastly Daddy's own voice, making somewhat irrevelant answers, on account of his deafness.

It's bad enough to be old and bent, but when deafness is added to these afflictions it is burdensome indeed; especially when one wants to be young and modern and own an automobile.

Daddy Ghover had all of these qualities—he was deaf as a post, old and bent—and he wanted an automobile, even if he hadn't the moral courage to mention it.

He was short and wizened and had a round face bordered by a white fringe of hair and whiskers. Black-rimmed glasses gave him a sort of an owlish expression, and a little white straw hat adorned his head, regardless of the changing styles in headgear.

His better half was also his larger half. Mammy was at least a head taller and she had volumn, which, together with the voice we have described, probably accounted for Daddy's lack of moral courage. It is wonderful how much height really does count sometimes.

Chicken-raising on their small ranch was their chief means of livlihood and they had been at it long enough to accumulate enough to give them both a respectable burial, and then some would be left for the children.

It was twenty miles to town. Every Monday morning they rose at this unearthly hour and hied them market-ward with Jim and Pete hitched to the spring wagon. Mammy always had the eggs packed carefully in a basket and the chickens caught the night before, so nothing hindered the early start.

Mammy always drove. As they trotted briskly down the road, with the lantern dangling in front, Mammy was saying,

"I hope we'll be able to git to town this mornin' without meet-
in' one o' them pesky au*tom*obiles. There ort to be a law agin
them things sneakin' along roads scarin' horses to death ——"

Daddy nodded contemplatively. "Jes' so, jes' so. I think we
c'n git thirty-five cents easy down to ——"

"Au*tom*obiles! Au*tom*obiles! That's what *I'm* talkin' about."

"Oh! oh, yes—au*tom*obiles. Yes! yes!" hastily corrected Daddy.
"Pretty high for 'em."

Mammy lapsed into silence. She always did after a certain
length of time. They rattled on amiably enough until the sun
came up over the tall tops of the redwoods. Daddy hummed "The
Wearing of the Green," and the fowls in the back cackled in alarm
only when the wheels struck an occasional rut. They were
making good time this morning and Mammy was figuring on
getting back in time to do some gardening—figuring, alas! with-
out the automobile.

They were on a down grade and Jim and Pete were holding
back bravely when the grand climax came. Before they could
realize what had struck them Mammy found herself soaring
through the air with the grace of an eagle, and Daddy had fetched
up in an abject heap on a brush fence some feet away. Eggs and
chickens were indiscriminately mixed now, if they hadn't been
before. In the midst of it all stood "one o' them au*tom*obile chef-
fers," apologizing profusely above the general uproar of weeping
humanity and cackling chickens.

He was saying something about the hill getting the best of
him—his brakes not working right, and so on; but it was lost on
desert air.

"Oh! oh! oh! I'm killed! Every bone in my body is broke! I
knew them au*tom*obiles 'ud be the death of us all," wailed
Mammy, from where she had landed.

Daddy slowly picked himself out of the brush pile. He had the
advantage of light weight so hadn't fallen as hard as he might have.

"Ye hurt Mammy? Ye hurt bad?" he asked anxiously, limp-
ing toward her as she sat locating her bruises.

"I'm killed—deade'r'n a door nail, an' I told ye it weren't safe
to travel on the roads sence au*tom*obiles have took the kentry.
Take me home! I'll die before ye c'n git me there."

Daddy righted the chicken coop—fastened up a few holes the
best he could and examined his wagon. It was hopeless.

"I'll take you wherever you want to go and make things all right with you," suggested the owner of the machine in his most conciliatory manner.

"My lands sakes alive, no! Me risk the last few whole bones in my ole body ridin' in that ——!" Mammy stopped for lack of words to express herself.

"Come, you can't walk home. Better let me give you a lift. You'll have to do something for your injuries, and the sooner the better, you know."

"I'll ride Jim and Daddy can ride Pete. We'll get home all right, thank ye," answered Mammy in her most dignified company voice. She made an attempt to rise but found she wasn't as spry as she might have been.

"Let me put you into the auto and we'll be home in no time," urged the traveler.

"Ye'll jest do nothin' of the kind I'd sooner walk," retorted the obdurate Mammy, and she immediately fainted, which was the most convenient thing she could possibly have done.

In less time than it takes to tell Mammy was hustled into the soft cushioned seat of the automobile, the chicken coup was piled up behind and Daddy, beside the driver, took his first auto ride. Probably this was the most plebeian cargo that auto ever held

After the stranger had rolled away out of sight over the hill, Mammy opened her eyes and sat up on the bed where she had been placed.

"Daddy," she yelled in his best ear, "I weren't fainted all the way. I come to right there at the jinin' fences, and I'd jest like to hev one o' them au*tom*obiles, myself—so's *we* c'n go around runnin' over people and lettin' 'em know how fer behind the times they air!"

Daddy smiled acquiescence and went to find his catalogues.

LEORA McCHARLES.

The Village Shoemaker.

"SH! don't make no noise or he'll hear ye, Sam," whispered Fatty Burch to his chum, Sam Fenton. The two boys had stolen down the long lane in the clear moonlight to the haunted house, the place where Branheiser, the village shoemaker, lived and had lived most of his life.

"Got his gramaphone agoin' as usual," Sammy said, as he stealthily climbed the fence by the window, and was followed by Fatty, who had to climb more slowly.

There where the smoky lamp sputtered out its dingy flame sat the old man, with a faraway look in his eyes. His stooped figure was clothed in a faded black suit. Great, kindly eyes looked out wistfully from bushy brows, and his face was good to look upon.

It was a usual thing for the boys to come of an evening to the little house down in the lane; there was a peculiar fascination about it for them. Ever since Branheiser's beautiful Nell, as the villagers called her, had disappeared from the little home in the village a year ago, the old man had taken to sitting moodily for hours in the little kitchen window instead of talking blithely at his place at the corner store.

When the daughter had lived there, life was sunny and bright for the old man. Snowy curtains and bright geraniums were in the windows, and a canary sang songs to the sun. Now the house had lapsed into neglect. Heavy ivy vines, woodbine and wild acacia spread over the yard, spiders spun their webs in the sunny windows, yet the old man seemed not to notice it, for was he not a part of it all?

"He's thinkin' of that girl, Nell, 'cause he's played 'The Lost Chord' and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' an' now he's havin' her play 'Where the Silvery Colorado Wends its Way'," said Fatty thoughtfully, as he changed his position on the fence.

"His girl, Nell, used to read to 'im in the evenin's and play checkers with 'im by the hour, and they used to pop corn on that little stove, an' eat apples," Sammy whispered to his fat friend. "The shoemaker used to brag an awful lot about her, and the

village thought 'twas awful funny when she went away so sudden. Some of 'em tries to sound the old gent as to where she is, but the old feller just puts his lips tight together and walks off."

The boys hung on the fence. The clock struck nine, the lamp sputtered, for the oil was low, and still the gramaphone squeaked out the song old Branheiser loved so well. Then Sam gave Fatty such a violent poke in the ribs as nearly sent him from the fence. "Look! look! Nellie's come back," Sammy said in an awed voice, for into the room came a girl in the bloom of life. She slipped to her father's side and put her arms about his weary shoulders. All the pent up longing and sorrow of the past welled up in the cry that burst from the old man's lips, as he held her close to him.

"I've come home, dad," she said.

"Um," said Fatty, "it's good as a love story, ain't it, Sam?"

"Pooh," Sam replied witheringly, "it's ten times better'n a love story cause it's true."

Quietly the two eavesdroppers slipped away into the still night. Some sleepy sparrows disturbed from their rest chirped faintly, and quiet reigned over all.

GRACE LEWIS.

The City of Beautiful Dreams.

Part I.

THE long, long road lay dark and mysterious between the rose gardens on either side. The air was heavy with the pungent peppers, the dew-sweet roses, and the honeysuckles. The earth shivered as the sun set and the night came on. Where the smooth road sloped gently up a hill a young boy stood, with the wonder and glory of youth in his eyes. In the valley beneath him, a tiny waterfall tinkled, and a smoky mist hung over the stream. Before him the road went on and on, between rows of eucalyptus trees into the sunset. Great golden clouds piled one upon another, and as the boy looked he saw a wonderful castle, with turrets of gold, and shining sapphire and emerald windows, and the doors were of pearl and ruby. Beyond the castle, as far as eye could reach, were other castles, each more beautiful than the last, until a wonder city with streets of gold lay spread before his eager eyes. Airy crimson banners were floating from turret and rampart, and golden rays of light shot far up into the sapphire sky. Around the castles and in the streets of gold were hosts of angel figures.

The boy's heart rose in passionate, throbbing hope, and he started out on his long, long journey, toward the Beautiful City between the rows of eucalyptus trees and the dew-sweet rose gardens.

Part II.

Years had entered with glorious promises, and hastened away in bitter disappointment, and the youth who had started in search of the Beautiful City was nearing his journey's end. He was now an old, old man, and his steps were slow.

Again the sun was setting, and again he stood on a gently sloping road between the rows of eucalyptus trees, and the dew sweet rose gardens, as he had stood long years before, when the springtime flooded the world and life was young. But when he raised his eyes to the Beautiful City it was not there, and only a few chill gray clouds rolled on the horizon. The old man sank on

his knees and a chill horror gripped his heart. The faint tinkling of the tiny waterfall in the valley was like the roaring of thunder, and the rustling of the eucalyptus leaves like the rush of a mighty host. Behind him, the road with rose-tangled hedges seemed rough and cheerless. But always the Beautiful City had been before him, and lured him on and on.

The old man dropped his head in his hands and shivered. But when he raised his eyes again he started with great wonder and happiness, for there all about him was the Beautiful City, with its turrets of gold, and ramparts and pinions, and an angel throng was beckoniug him. He dropped softly by the hedge, into the rose-tangle, and angel hands bore him upward. He had reached the end of the long, long journey.

HELEN JACQUE.

To a Fern.

SWEET maiden-hair, of deepest wild-woods,
Where in seclusion thou dost live,
Hidden among rocks and mossy caves
Where thy slender tendrils creep,
Fanned by breath of sweetest wood-nymphs,
I would woo thee, gentle fern—
Thou hast won my heart this day.
Tho' thou art weakly grown and lowly,
Yet art thou kissed with morning dew
And like a blushing maiden fair,
Thou droopest low thy gentle head
And keep'st thy charms to thine own self,
Diffusing, but with softest scent,
The air about thee—pretty one.
Awakening in my heart a love
For Nature's beauties everywhere,
Yet thou in thy dainty robes of Spring,
Who se m'st so careless of thy grace,
I love thee best, sweet one;
Thou teachest me a lesson true—
Simplicity's a wondrous charm.

E. M., '07.

New School Buildings.

AS "new times demand new measures and new men" they also demand new buildings. This is a new age for California. The flush of a new century with its ever increasing influence of eastern tourists, the investment of eastern capital in the cities of our state, the rise and development of industry and the consequent increased interest in art and culture mark a distinct epoch in our intellectual development.

The catastrophe of April 18, 1906, with all its attending evils has also its silver lining. The destruction of the old chool buildings of San Jose, while they were adequate and in keeping with the times in which they were built, will in the end be a blessing.

Practically all tourists are impressionists. Whatever ideas of good or evil they carry away are gained almost solely by the outward view. The school system of San Jose has the reputation of being equal to any in the west. That does not mean very much to the casual observer. As I have said he judges by impressions. San Jose, with beautiful grammar schools built to harmonize with each other and their surroundings, and a $250,000 Normal School built in unique mission style (the only style in keeping with the history of California) will attract the traveler, and San Jose as an educational center will remain long with him and will in many cases influence the selection of his future home. Beyond the influence of beautiful school buildings toward the growth of our city, it will have untold value on the art and culture of the student. It has been the love of the beautiful in the concrete or abstract that has influenced all development in architecture, sculpture, poetry, and music. Art is but the product of the mind striving toward an ideal.

Debating and Debaters.

THE position of debating in the San Jose Normal School should be an honored one. In the educational profession nothing is more needed than forensic ability of the right style. In the past in debating as in other subjects too much stress has been put upon the form rather than upon the content. Modulation, pronunciation and oratory have usurped the position of reason, logic and hard sense. The wrapper was considered of more worth than the goods. In the average Institute the talks and discussions are "wild-eyed" affairs beginning just back of nowhere and ending way this side of anywhere. For this the Normal Schools are largely to blame. In what Normal School is there a course in Logic, in Argumentation, in Oral Debate worth the students' time? In what Normal faculty is there any live, active interest or effort in originating, organizing and stimulating debate? In what Normal Student Body are there guided and directed debates coming regularly, encouraged, applauded and corrected by keen, active, sympathetic members of the teaching force?

As debating has fallen into disrepute those who do it are less and less honored. In reviewing the past few years cannot we see a gradual neglect and diminution of respect in our attitude toward this branch of our student life? Are our debaters of today honored as we honored those of three or five or ten years ago? We leave the question with you. No matter how you answer it the fact remains that in our Normal School debating is not what it should be, and debaters are fewer, less respected and poorer trained than formerly.

To remedy this growing disregard it might be wise to organize more teams, arrange inter-society debates, and to enlarge our field of competition, including among "our friends the enemy" many schools and colleges, and the freshman teams of our neighboring Universities. The wisdom of such a course when once we admit the evil of the present system is self apparent. If the Student Body and the Faculty will awake to a consciousness of the importance of this neglected art, and by committees, or by individual initiative arouse and fire the Normal School with interest and willingness to do, the position of debating and of debaters will again become honored and respected.

Jack London.

SINCE meeting Jack London I have built up quite a philosophy on the "psychology of misinformation." I had heard such extraordinary tales o his brutal nature, and of his fearful doctrine o anarchy and revolution, that it was not without a feeling of awe that I entered his study. I was ushered into his presence most unceremoniously sitting across the large table, smoking a cigarette, he rose in a most unconcerned yet charmingly pleasing manner, and out of his great blue eyes gave the assurance that he was perfectly at ease and hoped that I was. It was his wife "Charming" who met me at the door and led the wa through all the confusion, generally apparent when there is a change in the household routine, to the library. The library had the appearanee of a store room and sitting room combined, for all around were evidences that much o their wares were being prepared for storage.

I noted, and commented upon a graphophone and two saddles which were lying near. These Mr. London said were to be transferred to the "Snark," and with them were to go boxes containing books and canned food.

There was no conventionality about him or his study. His library table was completely inundated with books and papers save a little space directly in front of where he sat; here were his typewriter and the remains of his luncheon.

We talked about his proposed trip around the world. He said "it is the adventure and travel that calls me." And though much of the time will be spent on the "Snark" he will not average more than twenty-five days at a stretch on the bounding waves.

During his trip he will visit Hawaii—of this he is certain; from there he has no certain schedule, though he will probably visit Somoa and Polynesia, and besides sail on the waters of the Amazon, the Nile, the Zambesi, and perhaps the China Sea, before he reaches his destination, San Francisco. He says, "I have no definite route mapped out; when I leave the waters of the San Francisco Bay I shall probably sail to Honolulu, and then to the

place that is calling the loudest for me; it may be Somoa or Japan, or it may be down the Amazon."

He was very enthusiastic about his voyage, it being quite out of the ordinary of most other trips planned by great writers. On the "Snark" with him will be his wife, "charming," who is his helpmate, companion and unseparation, and his crew, which will consist of Captain Ames and two strong college students full of adventure. He will also take with him his complete library and graphophone, and a Japanese cook.

"Aren't you afraid to brave the rains and storms of the South Seas?" I asked. "No, I have no fears, only the pirates, and they have caused me no little worry," was his answer. This was quite a surprise to me, as I suppose it will be the others,—this fear of pirates.

Then we discussed his books, his characters and his ideas. I asked questions and he answered them in rapid succession. "What is your favorite work?" Unhesitatingly he answered "People of the Abyss." This because it dealt with the working classes, where his sympathies are. It was written during his visit in London, during the coronation ceremonies. "In this work," said Jack London, "I put my whole heart and soul, and since I put my whole life in it, it is my favorite book."

Again I asked, "Why do you put so much of the brutal in your work?" His answer was absolutely frank he does not try to polish the life out of reality. I fear we have been so accustomed to having the brutal facts polished into angelic figures that Jack London's reality is often too severe for our overly trained asthetic sensibilities. He has no artificial polish, for he is the natural product of a strong young soil, a Western growth with the full physical and mental ruggedness of the West.

He wrote of life as he found it, not as he would have it; thus he helps us to realize the stage we are in, so that we may grow out of it into that ideal stage that writers have so long pictured to us. And as he talked on in his unconcerned way he was uncovering the cause of all the slander I had heard.

"Where you a Socialist before you began to write?" I asked, "or did your writing open your eyes to Socialism?" He answered, "Through the study of Socialism I gained the knowledge of the fundamental laws of life which gave me the ground work to develop into a writer."

"Will you miss the city and all its life? What are your favo-

rite diversions? Will you take a dress suit with you?" Such were some of the questions I asked, and he answered me patiently and with the deepest concern. "Our wardrobe for the trip has not yet been planned. When it is necessary from an economic point of view, I will wear a dress suit, stiff collar and high cut hat, but not ordinarily. For instance, while in Japan as a war correspondent I had to wear full dress, else I was not permitted to address the dignitaries, and hence would have been unable to obtain much valuable information. Just give me a soft shirt and frock suit and I can enjoy life to its fullest. I will not miss the city—its gaity formalites and pink teas. When in the city I am blue and pessimistic. I would rather hoe potatoes in the country than live in San Francisco on a million dollars a year.

"Every man is a measuring worm measuring life by his own experiences. My point is tolerance. Every man has the right to react upon his environment. Ambrose Bierce said the critic is the man who failed and is mad about it. For my part, give me country life, my wife, my book, horseback rides, the swimming pool, and prize fighting. All these go to make up life for me."

We talked for about an hour discussing his philosophy of life. When about to depart I met Jack London's mother—a hale, hearty and gracious lady, in her sixty-first year.

I shall long remember the parting scene as I wished Mr. and Mrs. London "God speed" on their voyage, as they stood side by side, so full of life and enthusiasm for the future.

MILDRED G. C. HICKS.

The Normal Pennant.

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THE DAYS that we have looked forward to and worked for during the last two years are upon us and they shall be remembered as happy ones with their usual glamour and excitement. But with the happiness of having realized our ambitions of becoming teachers, and the enthusiasm with which we look forward to the bright days with their new experiences, there comes also a pang of regret at the thought of leaving. The days spent here have been pleasant ones and the higher aspirations gained from contact with some of the best educators in the West, and with those who have come here to be

educated, mean more to us than we realize now. Just what it all has meant to us we shall probably not know until we are out in the world and away from the Normal influences; then the associations and inspirations of the Normal will come back to us with a newer and deeper meaning.

The Editor and Staff desires to extend their sincere thanks to all those who have so kindly aided in the production of this issue of the June PENNANT.

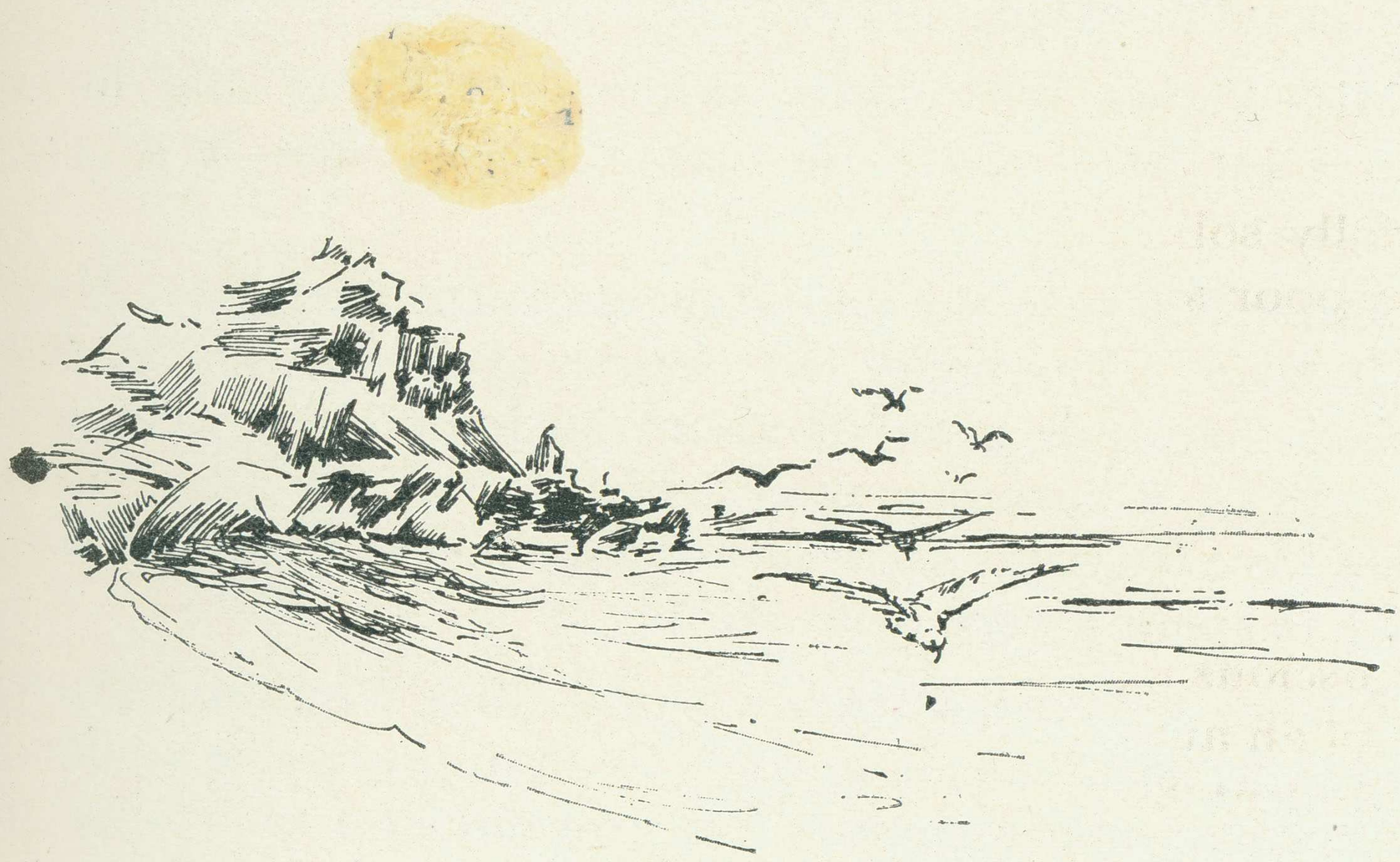
A friendly criticism of the PENNANT from the view-point of an outsider enables us to see ourselves as others see us. The Student Body and incoming management can get some helpful suggestions from the articles below that if carried out will improve the PENNANT in many ways.

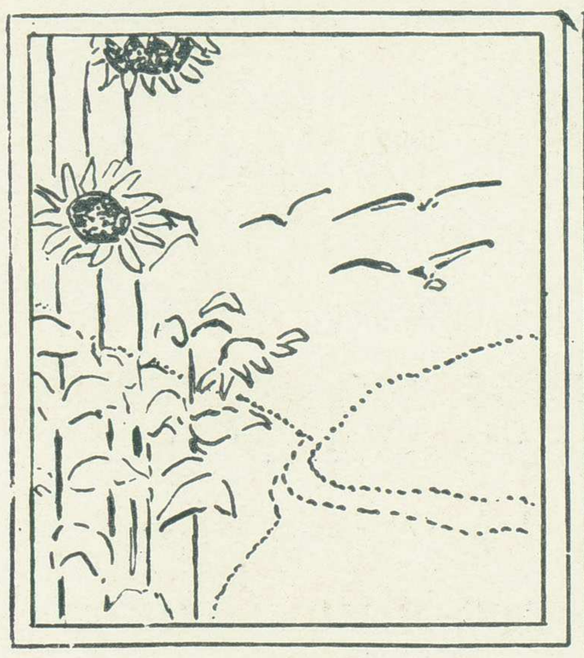
The Pennant.

As one looks back over the monthly PENNANTS for the past two years reviewing the literary history of the class of 1907, a feeling of regret and disappointment comes over him. Regret that so large an opportunity for journalistic honors is seen by so few and grasped by even fewer. The Normal PENNANT should be the organ of speech, the mouth-piece of the student body. Its columns should be filled by the live kind of articles touching all phases of Normal life. As it is one cannot help agreeing with the knocker who said, "the Normal PENNANT is a bunch of advertisements tearfnlly solicited, weak poetr , well written but lacking vitai force, poor stories, in most instances not worth the reading, and pointless jokes on the much abused faculty, bound in paper and given away to him who will take it." That this criticism is in part true is due to no fault of the editor or her staff. She is powerless to act when there are none to boost and many who knoc , when a student body of over four hundred remains perfectly peacably, unconscious and uncar ng. Again, the position of an editor is not that of an author. She is the compiler not the writer. As long as the student body remains dormant and passive, the editor must fill her columns with the above described stuff, and the dear girls and boys and the beloved faculty must yawn, turn away in disgust and pay their two-bits reluctantly.

To the bright, active, vigorous classes of 1908 we now consign a task—make a live, twentieth century magazine out of this sheet.

Fill it from cover to cover with pointed articles on the Normal school spirit, on athletics, on debating, on the political, social and educational problems of the life here about you. Do not fear the faculty. They desire a PENNANT of that sort. That is why they are delighted with the class PENNANTS. They will be the first to approve and applaud your efforts. The traditions may be against you. We are here as elsewhere bound hand and foot by the ways of our grandfathers. But, remember, the boat that makes no ripple makes no port. Get live men from the newspapers of the town, from the journals of the coast, to come in and address you. They will feel honored and delighted to thus serve you. And lastly, to insure good healthy articles from pulsing, living, throbbing souls, organize a Press Club. Limit its membership. Make editors and members of the staff take training with you. Select your editor by a try-out system. Make the Press Club distinctly an honor club to the membership of which only demonstrated ability can be the step. If you will get such a vision in your literary souls and throw off the old traditional mantle, worn threadbare with the color all gone out of it, the Normal PENNANT will become the livest, up-to-date Normal school magazine in America.





Normal News

COMMENCEMENT is almost here and with it comes the usual enthusiasm and good cheer. A larger number than usual graduate this term and all are anticipating pleasant work for next year.

Mr. Moore, Superintendent of City Schools of Alameda, paid the Normal a visit during the month and favored us with some of his fine vocal solos. He was heartily encored again and again and responded in his usual pleasant manner.

Miss Vivian still continues her interesting and instructive lectures on her travels through Europe. She is giving us a rare treat.

About 350 teachers and students spent Saturday, May 25th, at Almaden. The party left Fourth street station at 9:30 and reached the picnic grounds about an hour later. The feed took the form of a barbecue, after which the mines were visited and games were played. All returned late in the evening feeling that they had spent a very pleasant day.

During a recent assembly period Miss Winnifred Mastic rendered some excellent piano solos to an appreciative audience. She was encored many times. Her graceful and charming manner and her splendid skill made her music a delight to all.

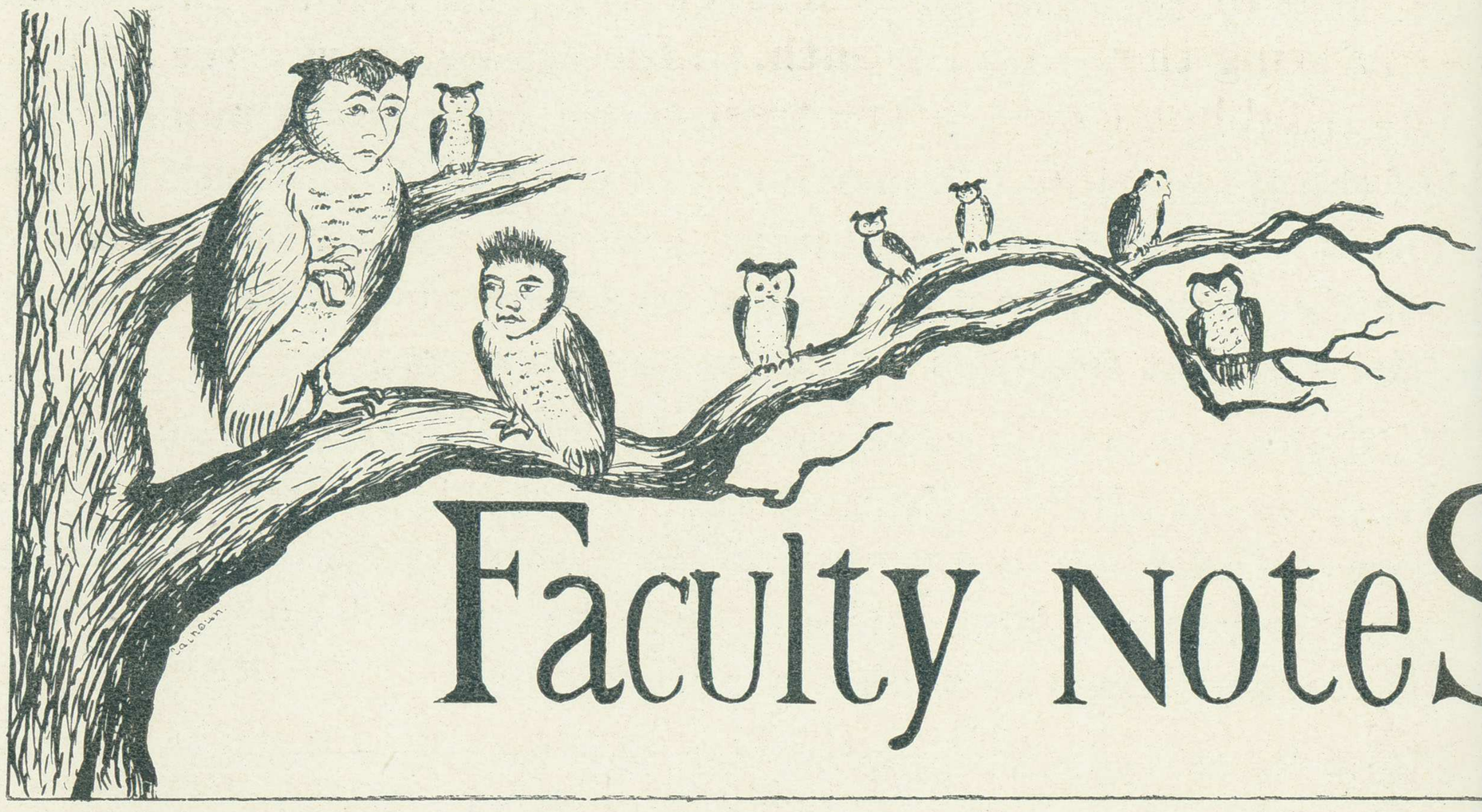
Mr. Robert Reed, a graduate of our school and now Principal of one of the schools in Kings county, displayed a very fine collection of drawings made by his pupils. It certainly showed rare teaching ability and careful supervision on his part.

Dr. Henry Suzzalo gave a very interesting and profitable course of lectures during the term to the Senior class. We all join heartily in congratulating Mr. Suzzalo on his appointment to the head of the Educational Department of Columbia University. Dr. Suzzalo is a member of our Alumni, and has made good in all his undertakings, and we are very glad to see him receive recognition from the greatest teachers college in our country.

Dr. Cubberly is still continuing his very interesting and practical lectures on Modern Education. We are delighted to have the privilege of listening to a man like Dr. Cubberly for there are few men who have such keen insight into the school questions and have it worked down to such a practical basis.

Plans have been completed for the Summer Session at the Normal. The program is exceptionally good. Some very strong courses will be given. Among the delightful trips that will be taken during the session will be an excursion to the N. E. A. at Los Angeles and a trip to Mt. Hamilton.

Class night will be held on the evening of June 17th. It is to take the form of a banquet, the graduating class and the faculty being the only ones present. The several divisions of the Senior class are each preparing a "stunt" to be given after the banquet, and some of them will doubtless be very unique.



Faculty notes

DR. M. E. SCHALLENBERGER and Mrs. George spent a very pleasant few days of May in Yosemite Valley. They left San Jose Wednesday evening, arriving in Merced that night. They reached the valley Thursday evening. They report the Valley at its best, there being a great deal of water on account of the melting snow. In speaking of Yosemite, Dr. Schallenberger said she would recommend such a trip to other members of the faculty. It gives one so many beautiful thoughts as one goes about his work and it is a sight the memory of which remains with one always. It is something worth the money.

Dr. Dailey expects to attend the meeting of the N. E. A. at Los Angeles in July. The latter six weeks of his vacation he will spend in the East.

Miss Rowell, Miss Nicholson, and Mr. Snyder, three of the most popular members of our faculty, will leave for Columbia University after the closing of the summer session. What shall we do without Miss Nicholson's smile, Miss Rowell's motherly way, and Mr. Snyder's cheery words and help on every occasion? In whom shall we find comfort after answering one of those cheerful appeals, "You are wanted in the office?" With Miss Nicholson and Miss Rowell it is a case of "Me and her are chums." We are very glad they have the opportunity of going together, for what would one do without the other?

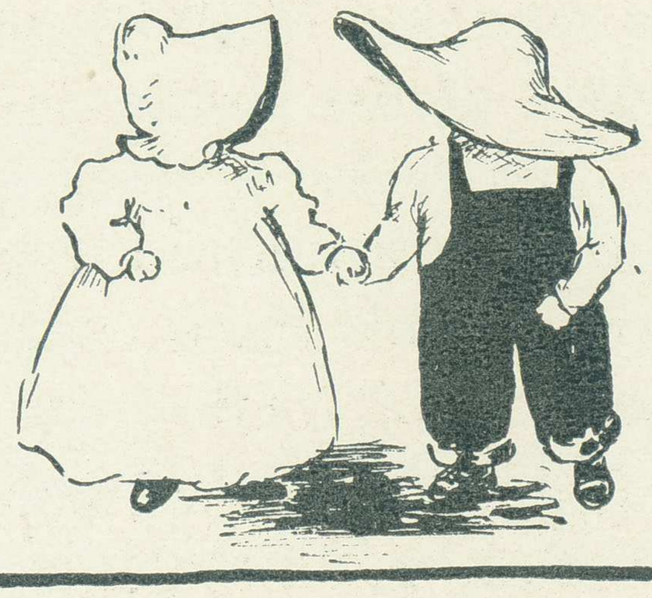
Several of the class teachers entertained the various senior classes during the closing month. Miss Rowell gave an evening at her beautiful home on Priest street to the Sr. C's. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Baker's class had a "feed" in Miss Basseler's room. Mr. Baker is noted as a great eater—thus we account for the "greediness" of his class. Miss McFadden entertained her class at "Pelican Hall." The entertainment was in the form of a "sugaring-off." Miss McFadden, although she has come into our midst very recently, has become one of the most popular members of our faculty.

Miss Fisher proved a most charming hostess at a reception to the faculty June 5th. She and her sister, Mrs. Sybrandt, sang several solos and duets which so pleased the guests that they attempted to follow suit. Several remarkably unique choruses were sung, and a solo by Dr Dailey made the musical program complete. The names of a dozen of the "new" songs were acted out by members of the faculty while the remaining members tried their skill at guessing. The readers may guess by whom and how the following were acted: The Girl I Left Behind Me, Cheyenne, Cheer up Mary, Under the Bamboo Tree, After the Ball, Kisses, When the Swallows Homeward Fly, Just as the Sun Went Down, The Message, Cross Your Heart to Love Me, Seeing Nellie Home.

Miss Enid Kinney leaves us in July for a three months tour of Europe. We wish her a pleasant voyage. Miss Kinney has labored hard and deserves her well-earned vacation.

Miss Harriet Cory, teacher of Literature Methods and president of the Y. M. C. A. of this city, is engaged to marry R. B. Hummel, a Stanford graduate and missionary of the Presbyterian church. The wedding will take place in this city in July, and immediately afterwards the couple will leave for Guenea, West Africa, where Mr. Hummel is engaged in missionary work. In Miss Cory we lose a loving and trust-worthy friend, a pleasing and conscientious teacher, and a scholarly and magnanimous woman.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES



THE May Fete given by the Training school last month met with unparalled success. The remarks from outsiders were all exceedingly favorable. People spoke of its simplicity and purity, and made such remarks as these: "It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw;" "I never saw or heard anything like it." "The children were brim full of happiness in it." "We have just come from abroad, but had to come home to see the prettiest thing of all."

The May Fete has added another gem to the educational crown of the San Jose Normal and the Training School. A number of parents who had formerly taken little interest in the Training School have since expressed a desire to enter their children in it and are very enthusiastic about the school.

The upper primary grades gave a dramatization of the "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" on Friday, June 8th. This was the final expression of several weeks' work, and therefore this department will not take part in Monday's program.

The class day exercises of the graduating class of the Training School will be held in Grammar Hall on Friday, June 14th. The program is entirely in the hands of the graduating class, and is a result of their own individual work.

The Training School Enterprise for this month is the best the school has ever issued. It is the commencement copy, and was made up by the graduating class alone. It contains the class picture, prophecy, poem and history. The cover is also a new feature, the class colors being used for it. The cover is gray, printed in red. It is the largest paper the grammar grades have ever printed.

A class of at least thirty-three will be graduated from the Training School this term. This is one of the largest classes that

has ever gone from this school. They have prepared for the class day and commencement exercises with great care, and a desire to give the best entertainment that any graduating class has ever given.

The low primary and upper grammar grades have prepared programs which will be interesting features of the Alumni entertainment and will be given Alumni week.

On Monday morning, June 17th, the low primary grades will be in the "forest" in the Manual Training enclosure. They will be Indians, and each grade or "tribe" has a hunting ground with wigwams in which a program will be presented consisting of selections from Hiawatha dramatized. All four classes will entertain at the same time, each "tribe" independently of the others as they would if they were "real Indians" in a "real forest." At the close of this there will be an Indian war dance by the "Indians" from each "forest," and the program will close with Indian songs and lullabies.

The language, music, and manual training teachers are working together to make this summation of the term's work a success. The children have done all the work on the grounds, making the wigwams, mats, and baskets, the forest and the Indian costumes. This is delightful occupation for the children, who, in doing this manual work in connection with the story of Hiawatha, are gaining an appreciation of the story and of Indian life which they could never get from studying the story alone. By acting out the story in real wigwams they are for the time "real Indians" and act like Indians to the best of their knowledge and ability.

On Monday afternoon at 2 p. m. the graduating exercises of the eighth grade will be held in the Assembly hall. The program will consist of three dramatizations from Shakespeare and George Eliot. The student teacher having charge of each dramatization will announce what her class will present and give a brief explanation of the work done in the class. The two sections of the graduating class will give extracts from Julius Ceasar and "Silas Marner," and the Eight B class will give an extract from "The Merchant of Venice." Members of the graduating class have prepared class songs which, together with choruses by the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades, will make up most of the musical part of the entertainment.

German and French songs will be given by the members of the foreign language classes of the upper grades. This feature, which was given last year in the Training School, is to be repeated by request, since it was so heartily received before.

ATHLETICS.

T.E.Strehm '07.

Basket Ball.

THE close of the term leaves the team somewhat crippled as three of the team girls are graduating this June. Those leaving us are Eleanore Montgomery, (captain) forward; Celia Watrous, guard; Mary Laird, side center. But there is some excellenl material among the Juniors, and with the coming of some new players from other schools in September, Normal will probably be able to put out a good strong team next term.

As we look back over Normal's record for the year we find it compares very well with other years, in spite of the fact that the team was handicapped in not having a suitable court to practice on. The games played this year are as follows:

Sequoia High School 9; Normal 11.

Stanford University 11; Normal 5.

Mills College 8; Normal 7.

University of Nevada 7; Normal 11.

Three of these games were played on outside courts and we hoped that the return games would give Normal a chance to retrieve her lost honors, but neither Stanford nor Mills were able to play us on our own court.

The team for the past season was as follows: Forwards, Eleanore Montgomery (captain), Julia Cole and Clara Brose;

Basket-Ball Team.

Normal Quartet.

Centers, Eisie Northrup, Mary Laird and Shirley Hendershott; Guards, Celia Watrous, Hazel Robinson and Natlie Hansen.

The officers for the next term are as follows: President, Clara Brose; Vice-President, Hazel Hyde; Secretary, Hazel Robinson; Treasurer, Laura Stone; Captain, Elsie Northrup; Business Manager, Julia Cole.

In the hands of these new and enthusiastic officers we feel certain that the interests of basket ball will be furthered, and the graduating members leave wishing every success for the coming year.

Tennis.

During the last few weeks of pleasant weather the tennis enthusiasts have been getting in some good practice. The court is in fine condition and is almost constantly in use. A challenge has been sent to the Alumni for a tourament to be held during commencement week. The Alumni boasts several good players and will probably accept the challenge.

The players who are seen on the court regularly are as follows: Elizabeth Woodhams, Roy Thompson, Sadie Smith, Lenna Prather, Eugene Lewis, Josephine McInerny, Antoinette Luce, Ethel White, A. L. Hamilton and Adelma Walters.

WE have come at last to the time when we must leave our work in the hands of others and go out to find what the world has in store for us.

A word of advice is all that I shall leave with those that are to follow:

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

For the sake of your other exchanges, "Advocate," change your cover design.

The article on Hawaii in "The Native American" is worthy of mention.

Your cover design is too weak, "Tocsin," and not a bit suggestive. Remember the cover is the first thing that attracts the attention of your readers. Do you like an advertisement at the top of your Exchange and Sibylline Notes columns?

We, Exchanges, should take note of the excellent arrangement of material in the April "Trident" and especially the ads. The print is good and clear and the paper as a whole does credit to the High School it represents.

It is with great pleasure that the Exchange editors read the "Redwood." The stories are excellent, especially the one entitled "The Renunciation.' The beautiful character of Miguel in this story is very touching. The poem "The Voice of the Sea" carries a beautiful thought.

"The Normal Record" contains some good literary material. The description entitled "The Abode of Pelee, Goddess of Fire" is instructive as well as interesting.

Exchanges, take note of the excellent make up of the "White and Gold," Mills College. It is one of the best of our exchanges this month.

The cover of the "Pacific Pharos" is very effective. Your cuts are good as far as they go.

Some of your acorns, "Oak", are really funny. A few more stories would add to the interest.

"La Corona" has just entered our exchange list. It is hardly fair to criticize without giving it time to improve.

M. H. Aerolith comes to us with its usual regularity. We must all concede the points in the article on the merits of great men.

The literary material of the "Zephyr" is certainly worthy of mention, but we do not like the ads being mixed in with the literary material.

Y. W. C. A.

TIME is speeding merrily and swiftly on to bring us to the close of the year's happy work. It is also at this time of our school year that we bid many of our friends farewell. The Association looses over one-third of its members by graduation, but they are lost into something better and broader than our small circle; they are going into the world to work and win. Our ranks will be filled again before the next year has gone far.

The members who have attended regularly and kept apace with our studies feel the real value of our organization. We have weekly meetings with an appointed leader to help us discuss some questions which concern us all. Every one is invited to come and learn with us.

This is the happiest time of all the year! Happiness abounds everywhere. We are happy with those who are to be graduated; we are happy thinking of the year and its work ahead of us as an Association. Happiness is what makes our work pleasant and successful. A fervent wish for happiness and contentment are our parting gifts to you, O those who are to leave us.

Erosophian Society.

Erosophian.

This has been a busy term for the Erosophians, and since the last issue of the PENNANT we have been pleased to add to our membership Miss Grace Harris and Miss Florence Brown. On May 18th they were given the first degree of initiation, at the same time demonstrating Darwin's theory of Evolution, then the following Friday they were taken through the second and third degree. One evening when all was quiet elsewhere—we entertained ourselves with games and music in Miss Basseler's apartments in the Normal. We had a "gym" jinks and a most delightful time. Refreshments were served in a most dainty and original manner (Indian style.)

We have had many pleasant times in dear old Erosophian and now comes the pain of parting. We can not say good-bye, but au revoir, to the senior members who will be graduated to go their several ways in the teacher's profession to realize the hopes and ambitions for which they spent these many years in preparation. Those to whom will be granted diplomas are Orna Grimsley, Mildred Hicks, Florence Linekin, Cloie Loveall, Lita Massey, Grace Niblock, Daisy Travis, Ava Wilkin, Ester Dahlgreen, Helen Lyons and Elizabeth Woodhams. These members were entertained by the juniors Wednesday evening, June 12th.

At our last meeting we elected officers for the ensuing term. They are as follows: Edith Menker, President; Hazel Breneman, Secretary; Mabel Denike, Sergeant-at-arms; Ira Crane, Reporter.

To Miss Cory, who founded the Erosophian Society, we shall say "farewell" for three years. We are sorry to lose her from the faculty and it is with a pang of regret that we look forward to our next years of school without her genial smile to brighten our darkest days.

While we deeply regret losing Miss Cory, still we are glad to know that she will be happy with the one whose interests, work and enthusiasm are in common with hers. We are glad to know also that she has the opportunity of a large service, working out her life's desire in a field where the harvest is white and the laborers few. Miss Cory will leave San Jose early in July for Pittsburg where she will visit with Mr. Hummel's relatives. From there they will take a trip up the Hudson to New York, and on August 10th will sail for Hamburg on the Hamburg-American steamship line.

After a few weeks' visit in Germany they will leave for the wilds of Africa and will first go to the Gulf of Guinea on the western coast of Africa 2° north of the equator. The country is called Kamerum and belongs to Germany; the port to which they go and also the mailing port is Kamerum. From here they will travel for seventy miles toward the interior. This distance will be covered on bicycles, as no cows, horses or beasts of burden are found in these parts.

The little town were they will locate is Loloduof, and besides themselves there will be only five other white people. This will be very near where the 'dwarfs" of Africa live.

Miss Cory has always taken the greatest interest in her classes at the Normal school, and has been the living inspiration of the Erosophian Society, and it is with a heavy though warm heart that we bid her farewell and wish her God-speed. May she have health and happiness and realize her highest ambitions in her new life and chosen work.

Sappho Notes.

The last days of school have been very busy ones for the members of the Sappho Club. Not only for the close of this term have plans been made but the girls are already looking forward to the many things that await them next term.

On the evening of May 30th the last initiation of the year was held. A mysterious party quietly gathered in front of the Normal and after all were assembled the signal was given and the procession wended its way on a long and all but solemn march through the streets, soon leaving most signs of civilization behind. The one candidate, Muriel Harmon, was put through the customary amount of original feats, and then the weary party rested on some hay-cocks, accommodatingly scattered here and there, and feasted in the starlight.

Invitations have been issued and all is now in readiness for the dance to be given the graduates and alumnae on the evening of the 15th in Normal Hall.

Many Sappho girls will be among the number who take the trip to Mt. Hamilton this year, and all are looking forward to a day of great pleasure.

Sappho Club extends her best wishes to one and all for a pleasant vacation.

Sappho Society.

Sappho Society.

Sappho Society.

Browning.

Active members: Mary Bradford,'07; Sara Baumgartner,'07; Marguerite Brantigam, '07; Mattie Brady, '08; Clara Brose, '08; Mabel Dyer, '07; Annie Ellsworth, '07; Ethel Gill, '07; Grace Gould, '08; Gertrude Gray, '08; Dorothy Green, '08; Bertha Hamilton, '08; Vera Jones, '07; Elsie King, '08; Jeanette King, '08; Marguerite Knobb, '08; Mary Laird, '07; Elsie Madden, '07; Mabelle May, '08; Kathryn Murphy, '08; Jane Myers, '08; Mae Russell, '07; Mary Towey, '08; Merry Wharton, '08; Mabel White. Dec. '07; Shirley Hendershott, '08; Annie Foley, '08.

With this term now closes one of the most active years in the history of the society. Much work has been done in both literary and social lines.

On Friday afternoon, June 7th, a very delightful program was rendered by the senior girls in the Assembly Hall. The program consisted of musical numbers and original "stunts." After the program the girls went out on the lawn where they enjoyed a very delightful luncheon.

On Thursday evening, June 13th, a reception was given by the juniors in honor of their graduating members. At the close of the evening the seniors were presented with Browning hat pins.

As commencement draws near the junior girls are not experiencing the pleasures anticipated, because with the closing exercises many of the society's best members leave. It is unpleasant to think of separation, but those who are left to carry on the work of the society unite in wishing for each a most happy and successful career, and hope that in all their future work they may retain the happy memories of their school days.

Hail to our senior girls!

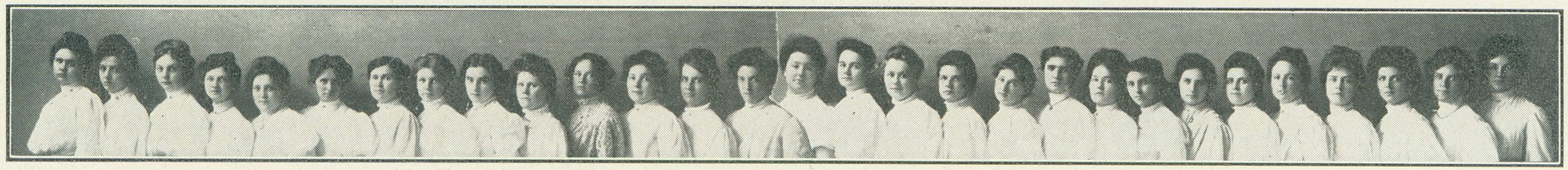
Browning Society.

Allenian Notes.

Another year has been added to the history of the Allenian Society and in every way it has been a prosperous and happy one for all Allenians and their friends. Last September the society was strengthened by many new members and again at Christmas and at March. Social functions were given throughout the year, and now as a final reunion a "Prom" is being planned for the 13th of June.

We regret sincerely that we lose some of our best workers with the out-going June class. They are Gertrude Stuart, Florence Gilchrist, Margaret Silveria, Mabel Metzgar, Grace James, Mattie Ackinson, Adelma Walters and Helen Clark.

The next term finds the following officers in charge: President, Antoinette Luce; Vice-President, Ethel Starr; Secretary, Ada Damon; Treasurer, Elizabeth Golden; Sergeant-at-arms, Gladys Hayward.



Allenian Society.

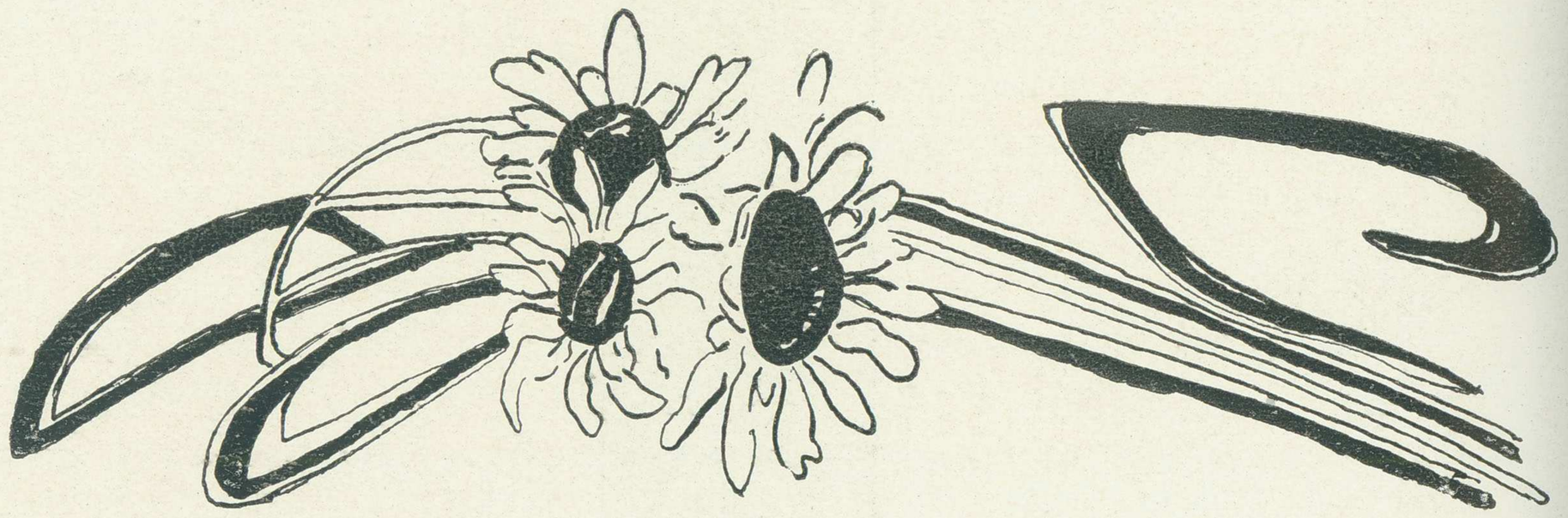
The Short Story Club.

The Club will hold its last session of this term on Tuesday morning of commencement week. At this time a number of productions of the Club members will be read.

Sessions will also be held every day of the Summer Session. Many old members of the Club will be back to take up this work and a good time as well as a fruitful one is expected.

A number of members of the Short Story Class of the Fifth Hour tramped, on June 8th, to the hills of Caleveras Valley, which is the site of the Spring Valley Water Company's proposed great reservoir for the supply of San Francisco. The day was an ideal one, and the views of Santa Clara valley and the bay were exhilarating.

Many members of the Club have done productive literary work during the past year and the scope and influence of the Club is extending.



Alpha of Sigma Theta Chi.

Organized March 6, 1899.

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

Faculty.

Miss Isbel MacKenzie.

JUNE, 1907.

Anita Anderson, Annie Ellsworth, Hilda Koch, Sadie Smith, Adelma Walters.

DECEMBER, 1907.

Ethel White.

MARCH, 1908.

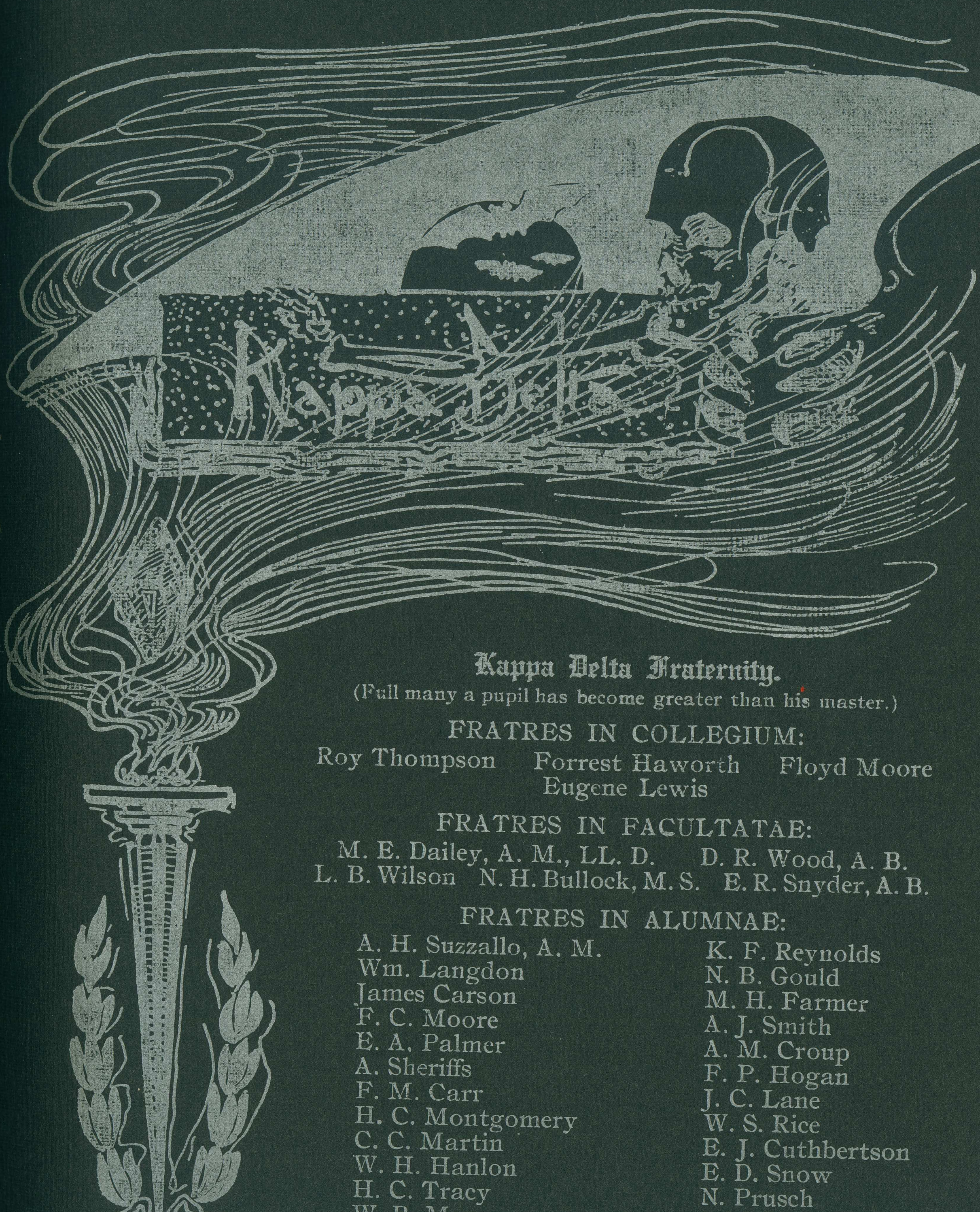
Elizabeth Golden, Ottilia Klein, Marguerite Vestal.

JUNE, 1908.

Olive Bonner, Gladys Brock, Grace Evans.

MEMBERS IN ALUMNI.

Clara Boyce, Theresa Burtscher, Olive Stephens-Rice, Laura Bailey, Maude Mariner, Hazeltine Hayden, Bessie McBride, Genevieve McBride, Laura Hathaway, Elsie Ruhl, June Chappell-Young, Bonnie Gaine, Agnes Mason, Ethelwyn Caldwell, Ethel Blythe, Beatrice Johnson, Olive Beede-Davis, Maude Hunt, Clifton Swisher-Denprey, Myrtle Hodge, Bertha Comforth-Aaron, Mary Hayward, Bertha Russell-Case, Mary Cortner, Lulu Spangler, Janet Bell, Hattibel Osgood, Lillian Raney, Grace Widemann, Ethel Carr, Emma Ressegine, Jennett Miller, Jeannette Stiles-Challen, Alice Rodgers, Nita Gilkyson, Lottie Shafter, May Worthington, Leta Farmer-Cothran, Donna Butner, Julia Boyd, Johanne Johnson, Frances Gwinn, Annie Lemon, Hazel Brock, Almerda McMillin-Miner, Laura Dougherty, Margaret Owens, Leota Wilcox, Alice Harris, Katharine Hall, Lela Gilmore, Maude Chase, Helen Taylor, Ailene Healy, U. C. '10.



Kappa Delta Fraternity.

(Full many a pupil has become greater than his master.)

FRATRES IN COLLEGIUM:

Roy Thompson Forrest Haworth Floyd Moore
Eugene Lewis

FRATRES IN FACULTATAE:

M. E. Dailey, A. M., LL. D. D. R. Wood, A. B.
L. B. Wilson N. H. Bullock, M. S. E. R. Snyder, A. B.

FRATRES IN ALUMNAE:

A. H. Suzzallo, A. M.
Wm. Langdon
James Carson
F. C. Moore
E. A. Palmer
A. Sheriffs
F. M. Carr
H. C. Montgomery
C. C. Martin
W. H. Hanlon
H. C. Tracy
W. R. Meese
C. J. Fox
C. H. Reynolds
E. Emerson
R. B. Matthews
H. G. McKanney
K. F. Reynolds
N. B. Gould
M. H. Farmer
A. J. Smith
A. M. Croup
F. P. Hogan
J. C. Lane
W. S. Rice
E. J. Cuthbertson
E. D. Snow
N. Prusch
J. Malloy
C. L. Phelps
V. Lloyd
H. Hiken
Willis Cline
James O'Brien
Edgar Woodcock

The Debating Team.

THIS year the San Jose Normal has been fortunate enough to have in Mr. Haworth, Mr. Haine and Miss Cline one of the best debating teams in its history. The members of the team are all practically self made. They are clear, logical thinkers. Mr. Haworth, the leader of the team, is past president of the Student Body. Mr. Hain is present incumbent of that office, and Miss Cline has been unanimously chosen by her fellow students to succeed him next year.

This alone is recommendation enough and shows that the students of the San Jose Normal recognize ability and have chosen as their standard bearers those who by their work have shown themselves worthy of positions of trust and honor.

Miss Cline does not graduate until March of next year. The graduating class are glad to leave a young lady with such marked individuality and winning ways to lead the Normal Debating team on to victory next year.

Mr. Haworth and Mr. Hain graduate with the present June class. Mr. Haworth has obtained a position in Palo Alto where he will install and conduct a course in Manual Training. The position in Palo Alto will admit of his taking up work in the University, so the beginning of next term Stanford will be the richer for having a student whose brains and ability will prove of value in any and all work of progress for which he may be chosen.

Mr. Hain will also enter upon a university career this year or next. Any one who knows his sterling worth, industry, and best of all his marvelous growth and general development during the past year, cannot fail to see in him great romise. Of both Mr. Hain and Mr. Haworth it may be said that whether they enter education or law as a profession their ability as speakers will give them a distinct advantage over the majority of their competitors in their field of work.

Debating Team.

Forrest Haworth | Ottilia Klein | Frank Hain

The engagement of Miss Blanche Gaines to Carl J. Struby is announced. Miss Gaines has been teaching in Alameda.

Miss Donna Buttner, '05, and Mr. Ben Peckham were married June 7th. They will live in San Jose.

Miss Jennie Purvine has just returned from her school at Healsburg, Sonoma county.

Miss Barbara McCune was recently married to Wyman Morse. They are living near Dixon, Sonoma county.

Miss Lela Gilmore writes she has enjoyed her work near Sacramento.

Miss Elsie Little has been elected to teach the eighth grade in the Salinas school.

Mrs. Olive Bardin (Rowena Chaney) was here visiting the school during the last month. She resides in Salinas.

Miss Luella Sweitzer has returned from her school in Los Banos, Merced county.

Miss Hazel Singleton has just returned from Modesto.

Miss Leota Wilcox, Carl L. Swenssn and Miss Sailor were welcome visitors on the campus from the Gonzales school.

Miss Myrtle Pedigo was recently married to Walter Harold Nagle. They will live near Santa Rosa.

Miss Violet Brown has been elected to teach Manual Training in the city schools of Berkeley.

Miss Clara Caihil has been elected to teach Manual Training in the Oakland schools.

Miss Lois Hall has been teaching at Alameda.

Mrs. Horan, who has been teaching in Fresno county, was a recent visitor at the Normal.

Miss Alice Jordan has been elected to teach in the city schools of Oakland.

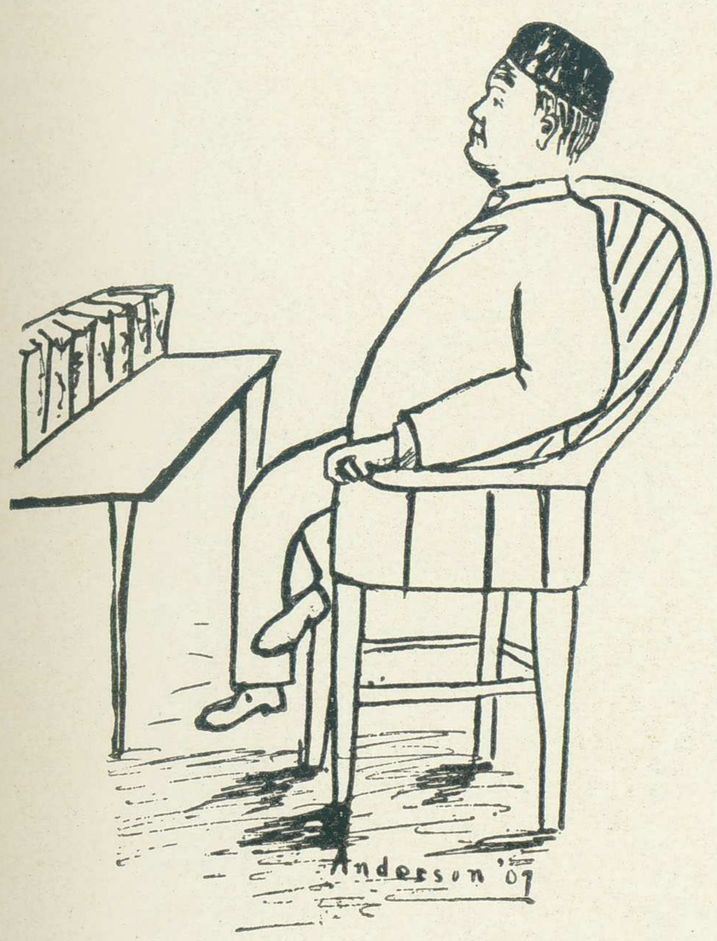
Miss Kate Feeney, who has been teaching in Siskiyou county, is with us again.

Mr. Robert Reed, who has been teaching in Kern county, is spending his vacation at San Jose.

Mr. Fred Estes was recently married to Miss Bertha Martin. They will make their home in San Jose.

PEDAGOGUES we'll deal with squarely
Students we will treat quite fairly.
If the faculty get sore
We will roast 'em all the more.
'Tis that frankness to which they
Treat us students every day,
and
If you're roasted somewhat badly
Just remember that you gladly
Read the jokes
On other folks,
but
If you don't receive a roast
Do not boast;
For you don't deserve the pains,
Or the brains,
That it takes to write a verse
Bad or worse.

Of solemn mein and sober phiz
At ruling schools he is a wiz.
The maidens love him one and all,
To him upon their knees they fall.
Stern duty calls—he turns away,
Tho he says he'll marry yet some day.



* A CHARACTERISTIC POEM.

By 'ENRY MEADE BLANDE.

(Rendered at the last meeting of the Short Story Club for the 23rd time, and reprinted here by courtesy of the author.)

"By my window one evening,
When the moon was sinking low,
Bathing the western horizon
With its quiet silvery glow,
I sat.

(Now this ain't no josh, or exchange, or fool almanac stunt, for I did sit there and Potter saw me.)

The Normal Square was washed also
By the waves of soft moon beam;
And through the trees, upon his knees,
I saw a man!—and heard him sneeze!

(Yes, sir, sneeze! No coffin about it, nor hiccoughing neither. He sneezed I tell ye!)

It didn't seem right, so in my plight
I whisked straightway to the phone,
And asked "Hello" for Madam Rosseau,
In a heartless cruel tone.

(And do you know, Mrs. Rosseau was as usual so slow that she missed the show.)

And the man did squeeze
A shadowy form of brown!
Which I saw when calm
Was—the monkey palm!!!

(The monkey palm, Sir. And that's what makes it all rumpled up like it is now, you know.)

*For the benefit of the public the Josh Editor begs the privilege of explaining that the style of the poem is semi-prosaic and somewhat doggerel in tone.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Oh, begone, Howes and Methods,
And all your tasks in books;
Let me get out to hills and dales,
To shady streams and nooks.
My mind's not bound by Dailey's walls,
Nor yet by 'gogic sputters;
But where the pretty larkspur grows,
There my spirit hovers.
No Masters of Math. or English,
Or pedagogues of Chem.:
Or the Payne(ing) of the pedant,
Nor the will of many men
Can keep me at my McFadden's
When the night-in-gale's a-calling,
The whip-poor-will a-calling,
And the cat bird a-squalling.
There in the fields of sunshine
Many friends I meet:
Flowery faces greet and cheer me
With their fragrance sweet.
And when you get all sour-balled,
And feelin' dull and blue,
This is the only remedy
That I would give to you:
Shut up your books, go take a look
At Nature in her clothes.
For only thus can you forget
Brad., O'brien, and woes.

SOME HEADLINES FROM THE CLASS HISTORY.

Oct. 7, 1905. Mr. Hain voted to be good looking by ——?
A week later. Anne S. ceases to use Mellin's Food.
Dec. 1. Thompson begins his long suit.
Jan. 15, 1906. Browning and Bland make a combination for Poetry's sake.
Feb. 15 (?) The "Dew Drop In or Out Club" through the courtesy of Miss Howe entertained the Junior A2.
Mrs. George gave her usual Geographical conversation.

Miss Rowell passed the water.
Miss Nicholson laughed heartily.
Miss B. U. G. Kinney brought the Word.
Curfew rang as the children left for home.

April 18. Customary and befitting earthquake. Poetry and prose by the Bland, Royce, and Greatheads of the faculty.

Sept. 30. Miss Luce, listening to the caterwauling beneath her window, stalks Hamletistically up and down chanting,

How he strolls beneath her window,
Making all the echoes ring;
While the neighbors look for boot jacks,
As the prima Tommy sings.

Oct. 17. Mr. Bland—sometimes he sets and thinks, sometimes he just sets.

Jan. 1, '07. Mr. Wood begins calling Nat re Study girls "my dear."

Feb. 10. Normal Pennant actually has an I dio-torial.

March. Usual number of society dances. Great activity in the Y. W. C. A.

April 10. Professor Suzzallo begins to bore some of the Normal-ites much to the chagrin of Dr. Dailey.

June 21. A hundred pretty teachers
From their nest have flown,
Packed with notes and methods—
By the Faculty blown.

THE LAMENT OF A SENIOR.

I sigh not for Artic regions,
Nor continents unknown to me,
But a genuine faculty meeting
Is the sight I long to see.

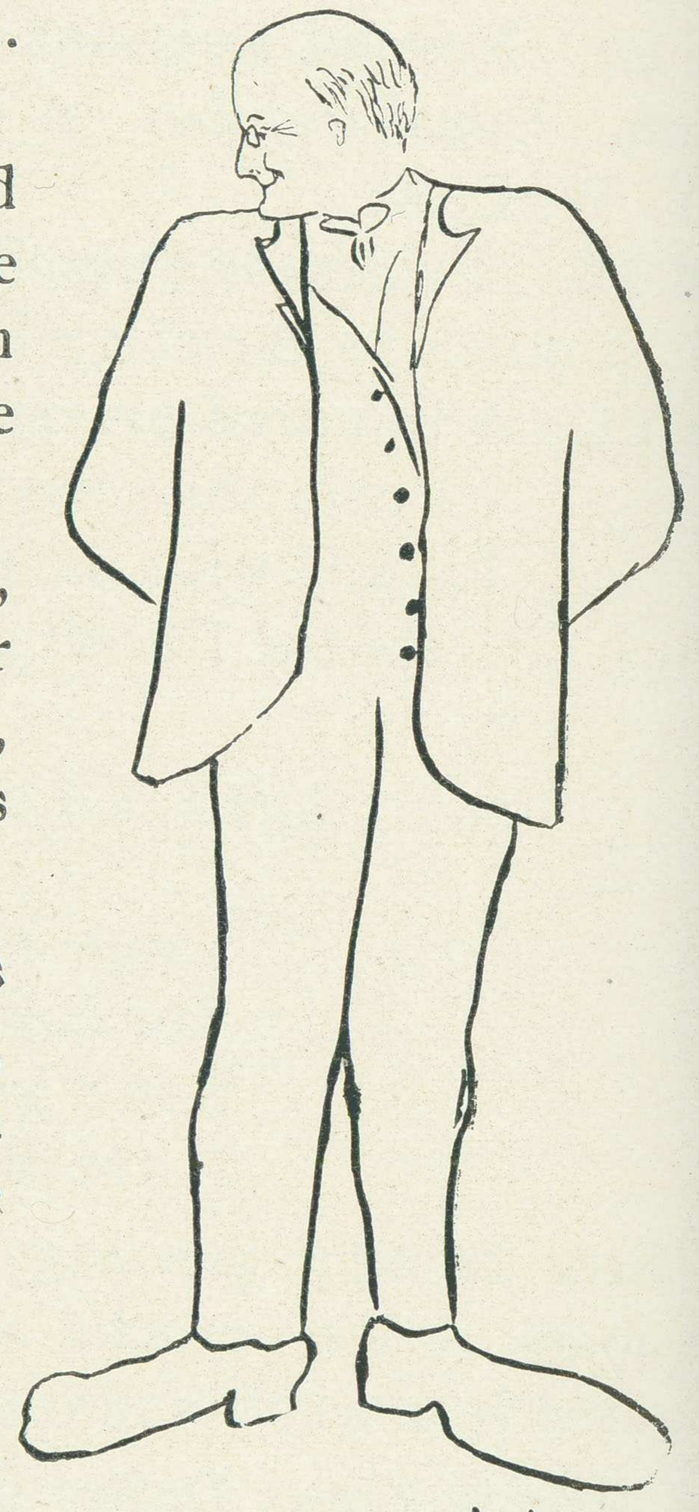
Now faculty meetings are closeted affairs—doors locked, windows down, cracks and key holes stuffed—but the jokers dreamed it after this manner—

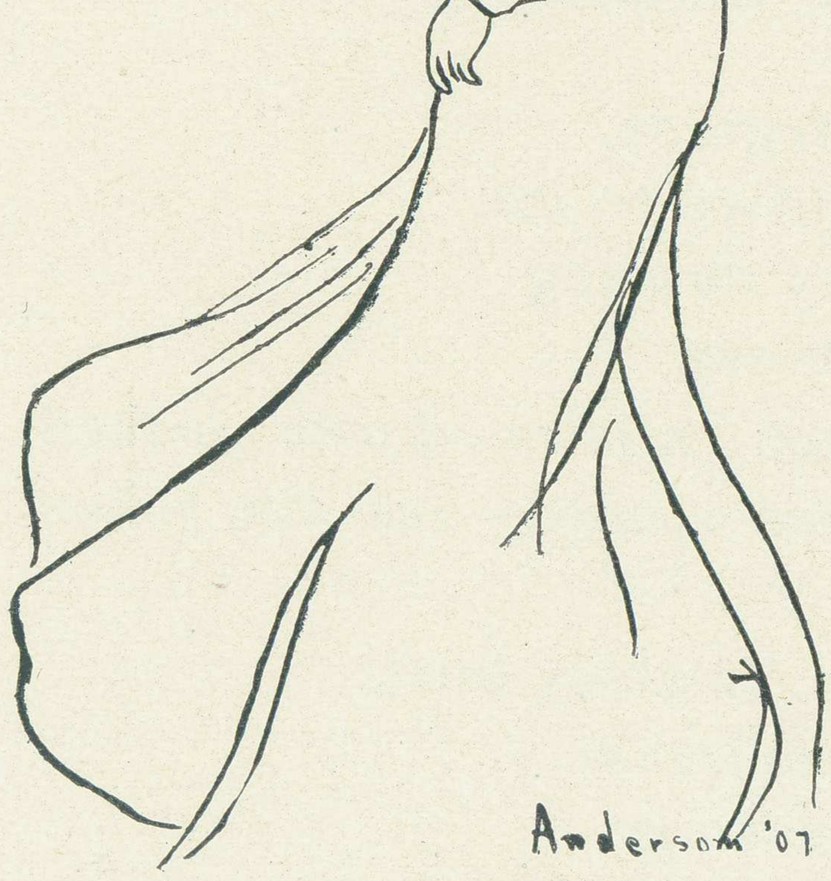
Morris Elmer Dailey presides over he noisy host;
Guiding the inquisitorial body is his boast.
The case in hand this day two weeks ago
Their method, style, program and plot'll show.
"Secretary, read the names," came the bold command;

Replying, *Greathead read "Jane Susie Band."
"She's C star," all cried in a chorus,

(She was a dig, a prig, a pelican of course.)
"Polly Polenski, Junior A six!"
"Oh, she's the limit!" "She doesn't know how
to fix
Her hair!" "She's such a flirt!"
"She's rather lazy." "No, she's pert,"
Replied they in confusion. And the Chair,
Pounding the seat, beating the air,
Called on the Misses one by one
To reveal the scandal the child had done.
Upon which one Margaret E.,

Famed in Cornell for a Ph. D.,
Jumped from the desk on which she sat,
And said, "As for spelling, the girl's a bat."
Next Miss O'Brien, with a divine look,
And curly grey locks that from her brow shook,





* For the sake of the meter the Mrs. is omitted.

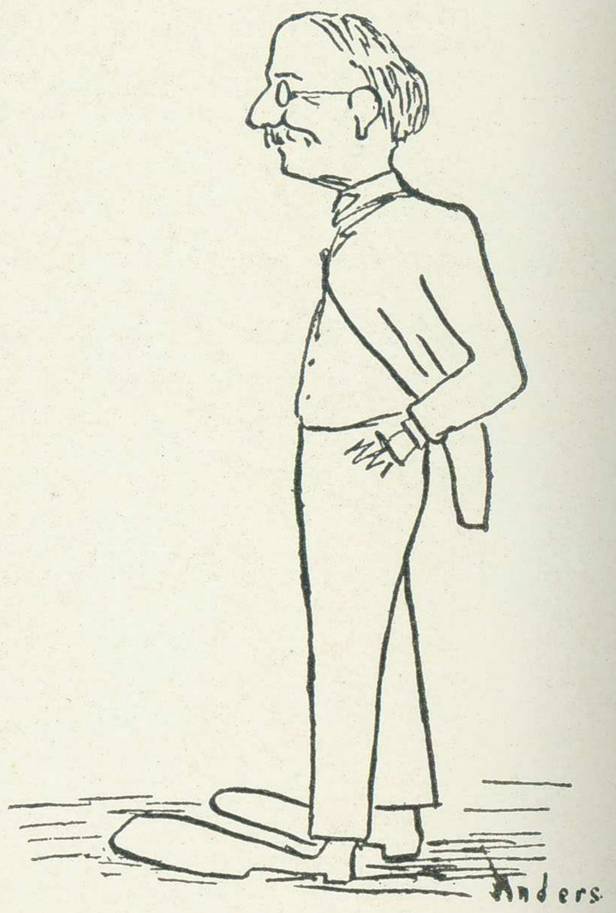
Was sure the maid had lost her sense
Talking to a man two days since'*
Madamoiselle Riebsam then forth did start
Pouring out censure a la carte.
The vituperations were exceedingly shocking—
Even Miss Vivian had gone to knocking.

When Mr. Wood in a naturally sweet voice
Said "to him the dear girl had seemed rather nice."
Which so aroused Miss Kinney (bug)
That she turned up her nose as well as the rug.
And Wilson spilled some oil of balm
By thinking the dear had done no harm.
Miss Denton avowed a class she'd cut.
tuiss Rowell interrupted by a "tut tut,"
And swore the girl had read in her class
Which was sinning enough for any lass.
But tur. Bland said she had done him worse
By sleeping straight through a 12 weeks course!

* He was a Normal school fellow too!

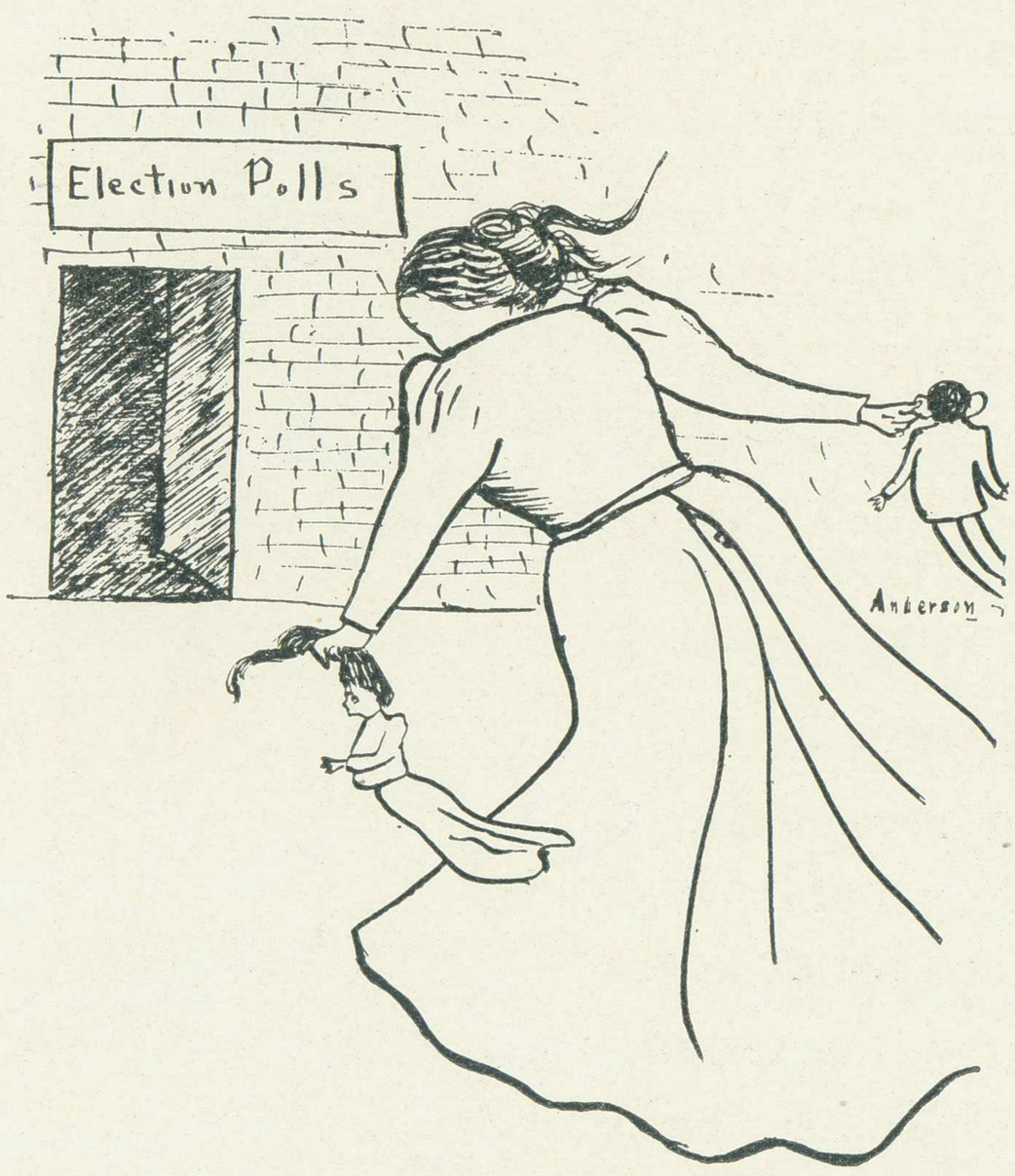
During this while Mrs. Rousseau had sat
Serenely by. When a look directed her way by
The chair brought out her say.
"I've known Polly almost a year—
Hey! shut that window, those boys hear!"

Billy Baker complied with a dry grin
That wiggled and twisted out of his chin.



"Polly's parents you know ain't very much.
She's a mixture of Slav, twelfth part Dutch.
Slow in the head, rather poor in sight
And stays out late 'bout every night."
What further the preceptress would have essayed

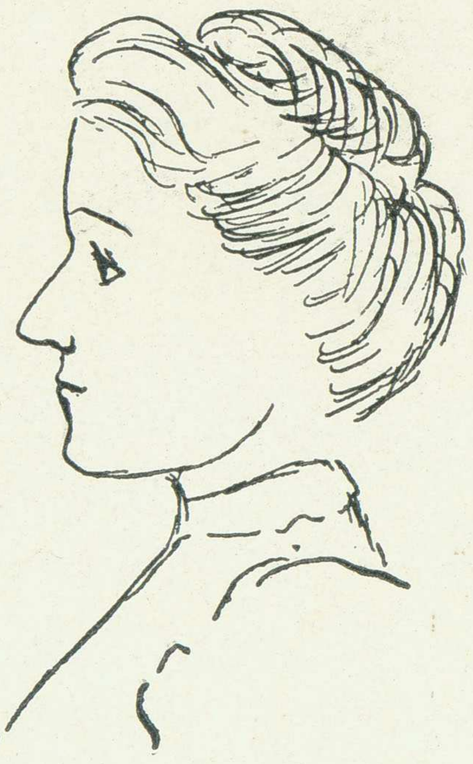
I know not as she was stopped by charming McCabe,
Who rose very quietly, flushed in the face,
Delightfully unconscious of her grace,



And said "We had better go ask her"—
But here she was checked by Basket Ball Bas'ler,
Who, on her toes, hips back, chest out,
Affirmed the maid was a common lout.
Out burst Miss Howe with much vigor—
(You know her, quite stout rather fine figure,)
A man's woman, a woman suffragist—
To her O. K. was the Polly Miss.

"We-e-ll" said Payne, sounding her letters,
"The g-i-r-l has l-little respect for her-r better-r-s."
Mrs. George announced "a type she'd cut,
As for her, she ought to be left in the rut."
Miss Kinney (pencil) whispered, "On a sweet day
Dear Polly had worn a bonnet so gay,
So displeasing, so out of touch,
That surely for it she could not have paid much."
Miss Nicholson was sure her grammar was rotten.
It from her she certainly couldn't have gotten.

Miss Bradley whom none of us think a fool,
Swore that the maiden should be kicked from school.
A Y. W. Miss Cory declared she was not.
Though of course she was sorry it was not her lot.
"Pickle" McFadden thought it might be wise
To discuss the color of the poor girl's eyes.
Whittling Snyder, quite a rare wit,
Was sure that Polly did not mean it.
"She kept a book" said Royce, "without excuse,
I called her in and gave her the deuce.
But do you know I couldn't daze her,
She stood and laughed, I never phased her!"



"The whole trouble," spoke Miss Sprague with much vim,
"Is that the girl desires a him."
(Oh, this is boresome, yes I know
This noisy, meddlesome faculty show.
But stay and listen till they're through
That courtesy at least to the joker is due.)
Miss Smith sat demurely without a word.
Miss English's disapproval could not be held
So sudden a storm burst with a sharp peal

From the corner of the room where sat Miss Beal.
Even Miss McKenzie's jewelry made insufficient glare
To pierce the tornado and gain the Chair.
Dailey skillfully parried the destruction impending
By a few sane sayings and the riot was ended.
When it was all over, the battle scared heroes,
The Cæsars, Napoleons and the Neros,
Felt abashed and ashamed of their faction
And at once repealed their former action,
By instructing Mrs. Greathead to affix
To the name "Polenski, Junior A. 6,"
A big C, and better a big C star,
Because of her ability to cause a jar.
And then the Misses, one by one,
Were sure the child no scandal had done.
Each vindicated herself in proper style—
But all that, of course, is not worth your while
So the jokers will drop it, trusting some day
The joked will own up to the joke in the lay.

MARGARET E. PH. D., PH. D. MARGARET E.

A sweet Monday Caty-did
Chirps and knocks—cannot be hid—
A wise fit analogue
To an Ethic pedagogue.
From her platform hear her say,
Twenty-seven times a day—
Margaret E. Ph. D., Ph. D. Margaret E.

While upon your notes you write,
Or a stealthy joke indite;
On her pet proviso stayed,
All the hours she nothing said.
All the term her childish tongue

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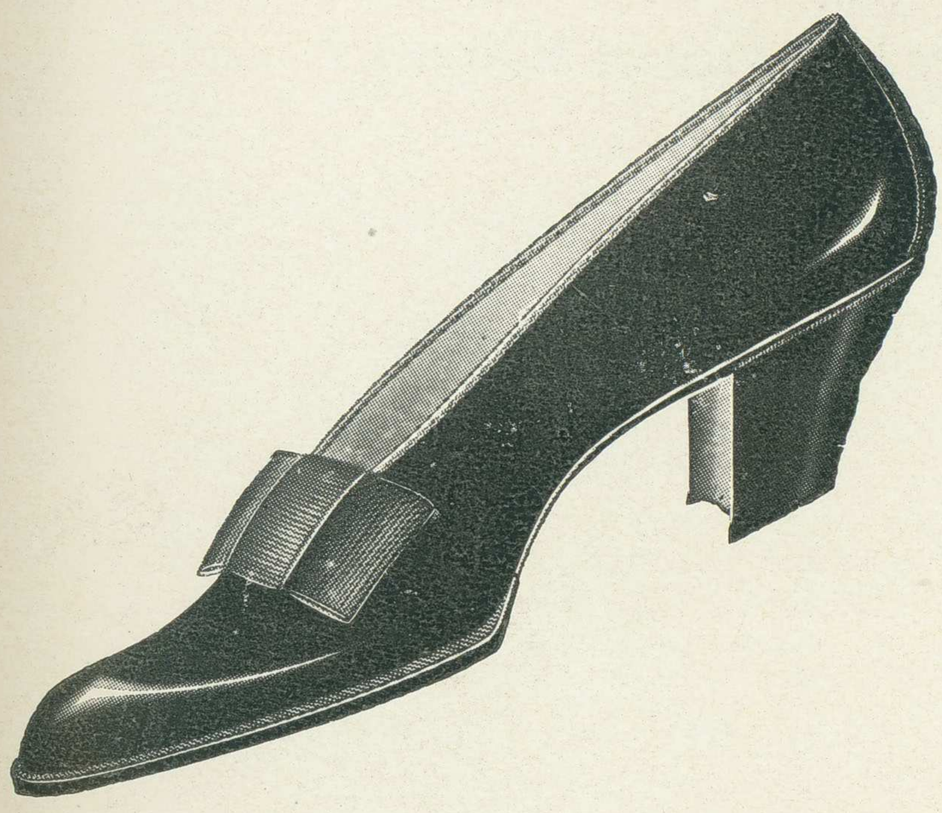

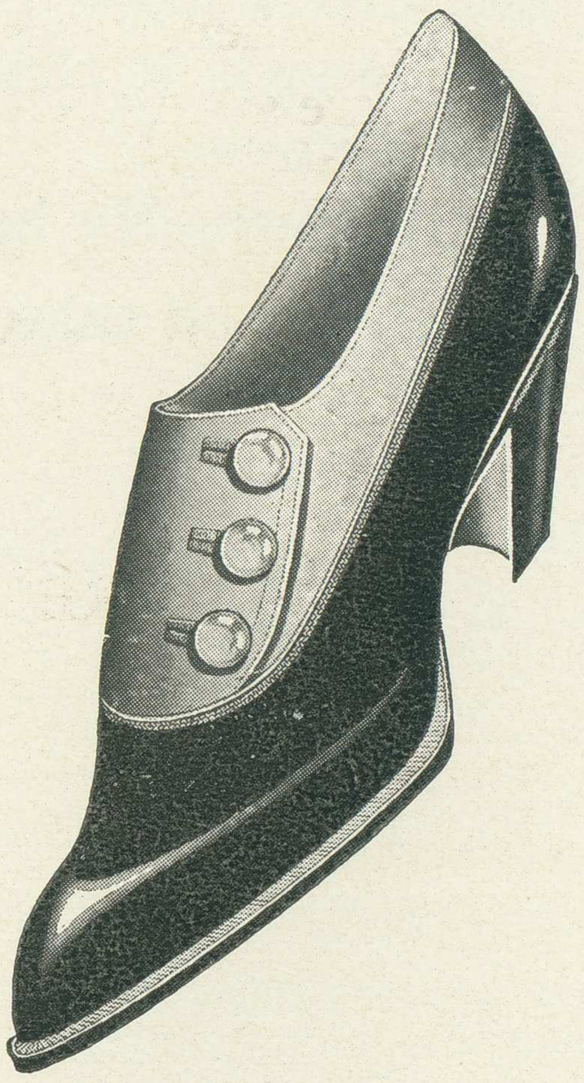

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Margaret E. Ph. D., Ph. D. Margaret E.

Stay serenely in your seat
Though you hear her oft repeat
That trite phrase, and re-repeat.
Though your head may sadly ache
And your nervous fingers shake,
Just to listen—please forfend
To grow weary. She will send
You straight through the course, my friend—
Margaret E. Ph. D., Ph. D. Margaret E.

Mr. Crook asks—

Howe is it that George Vivian Dailey cuts Wood and never gets a Payne?

Answer—He has a Greathead.

He Wood take English Dailey but Howe Kinney?

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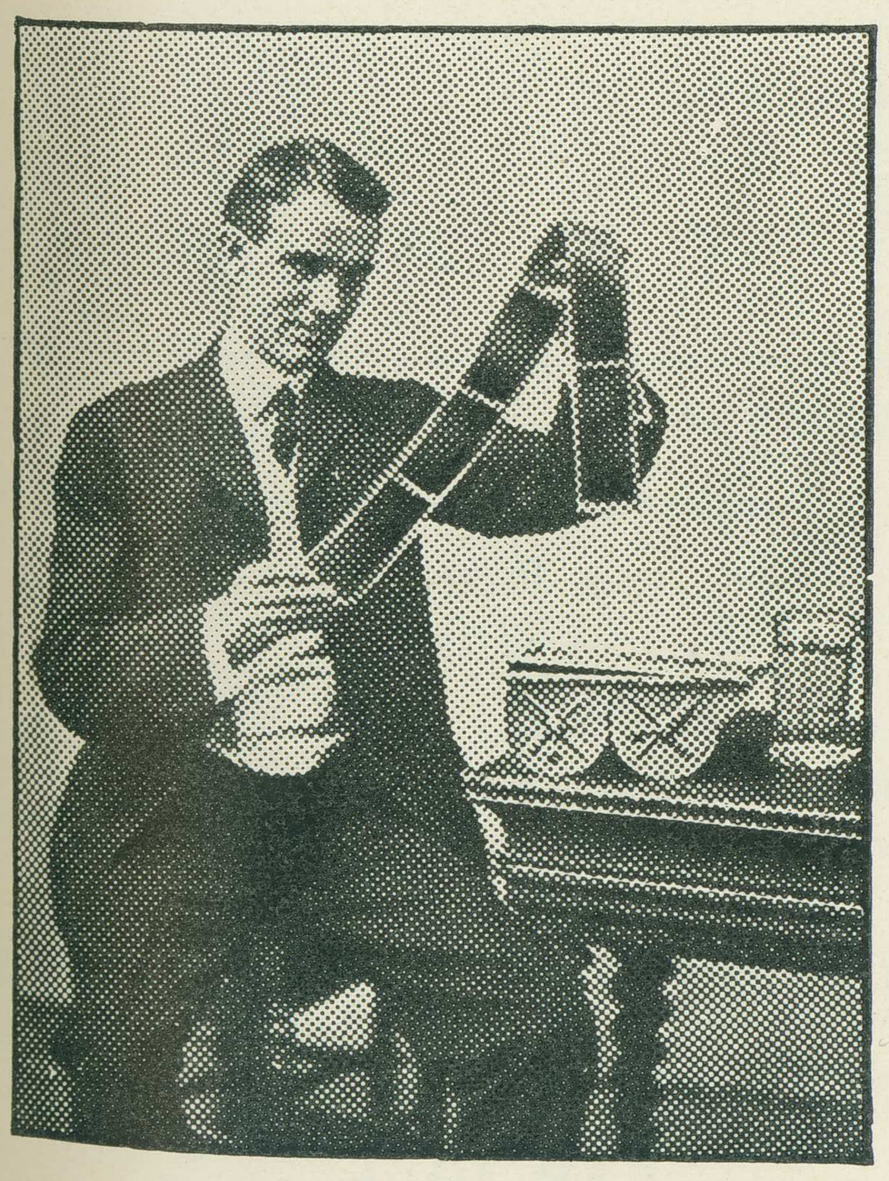
Dear Tommy in the verdant spring
Is madly bent on marrying;
But once confined by wedded yoke,
He'll not be bent, but badly broke.



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He studied in a book,
Was Crookeder'nd a Crook—
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What she is at forty-'leven—
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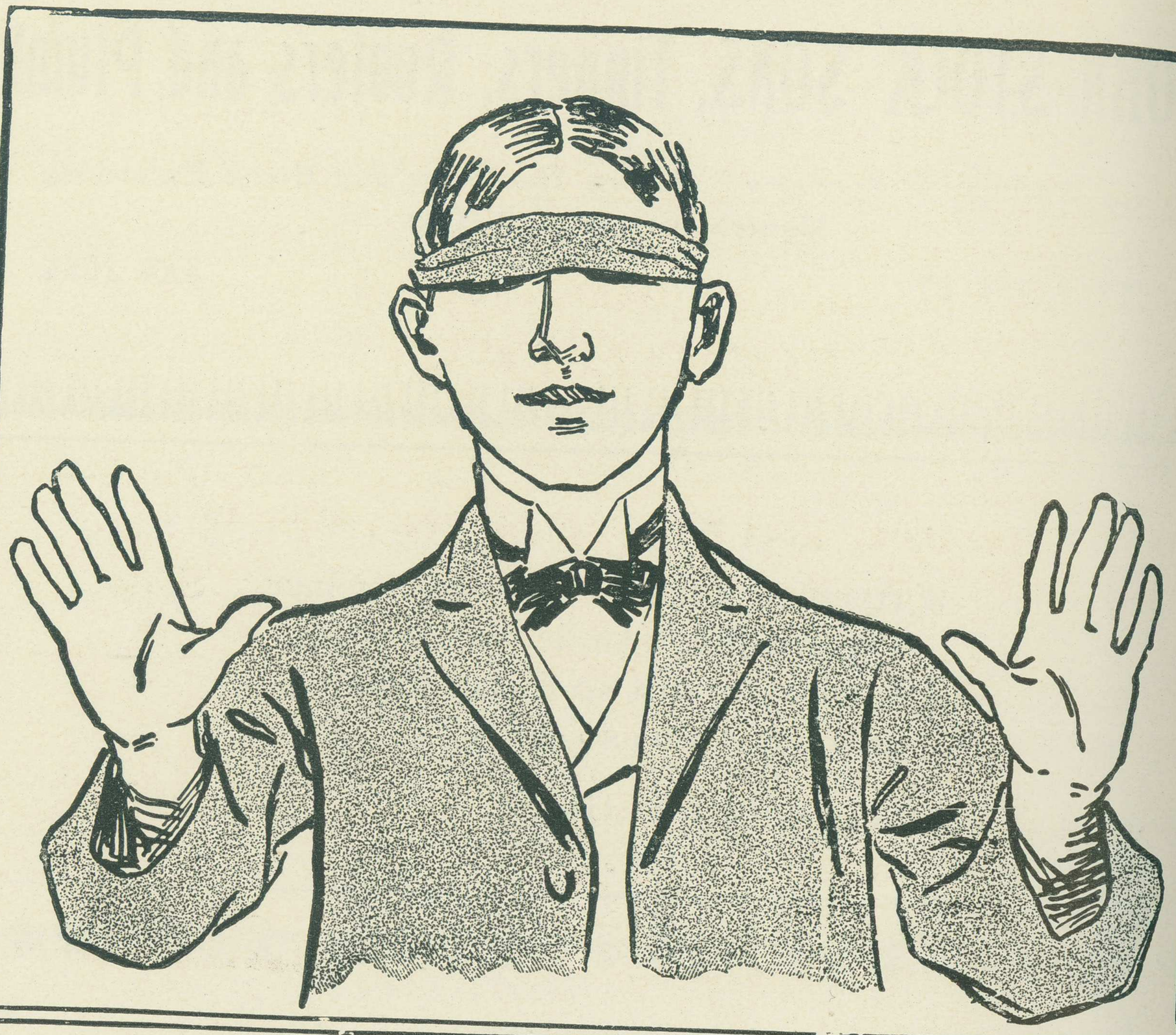

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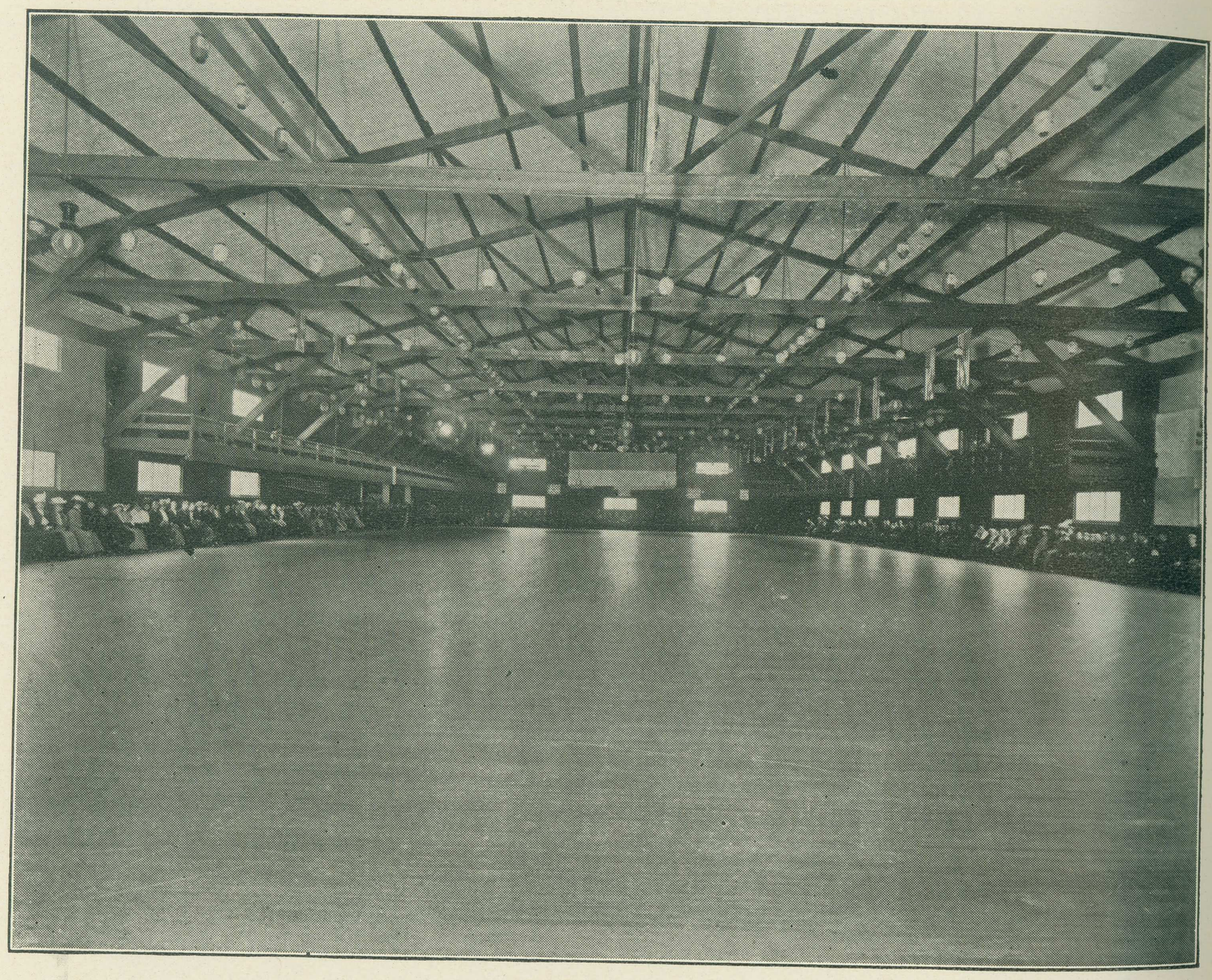

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A noisy noise annoys an oyster most.

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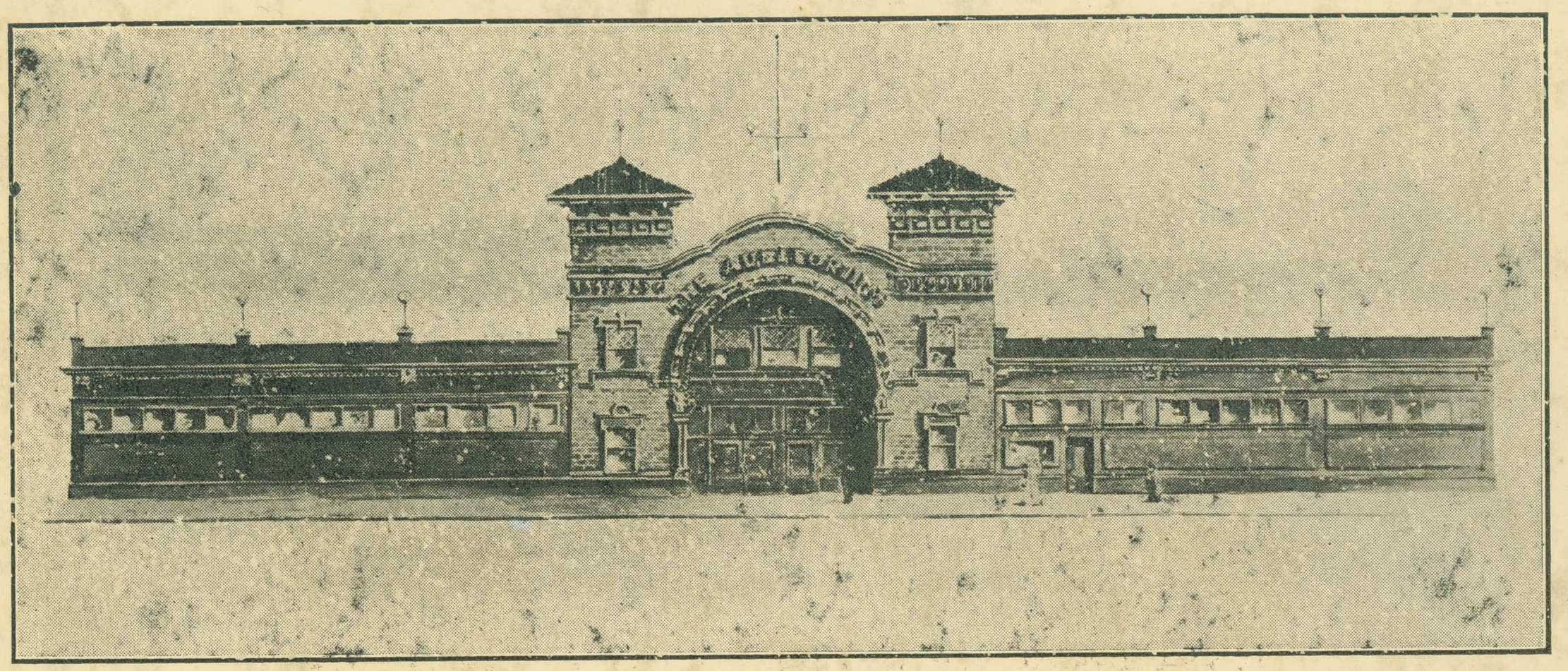

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