

NORMAL PENNANT

June



Class

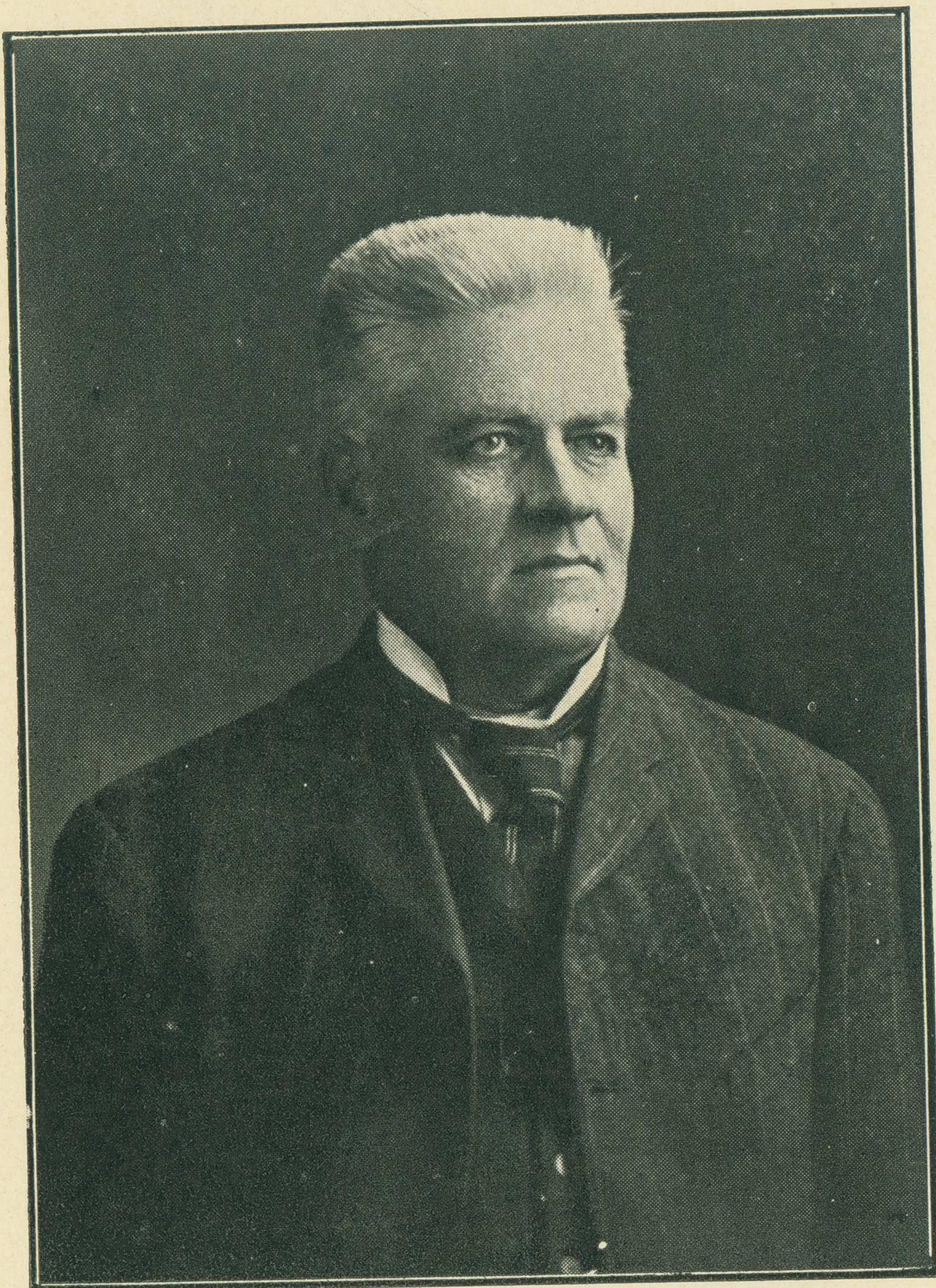




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TO our beloved teacher,
Lewis B. Wilson,
who, in the recent
calamity, bravely and
wisely replanned our
work and so counseled
steadfastness of mind
that we have been
enabled to enter our
chosen profession, this,
our Pennant, is affec-
tionately dedicated by
the June Class of '06.



PROF. L. B. WILSON
Vice-President

Class Motto :

Courage ! the Eternal abides unshaken.



OFFICERS

Bessie Dunton
Treasurer

Hazel Garcelon
Vice-President

Frances Du Brutz
President

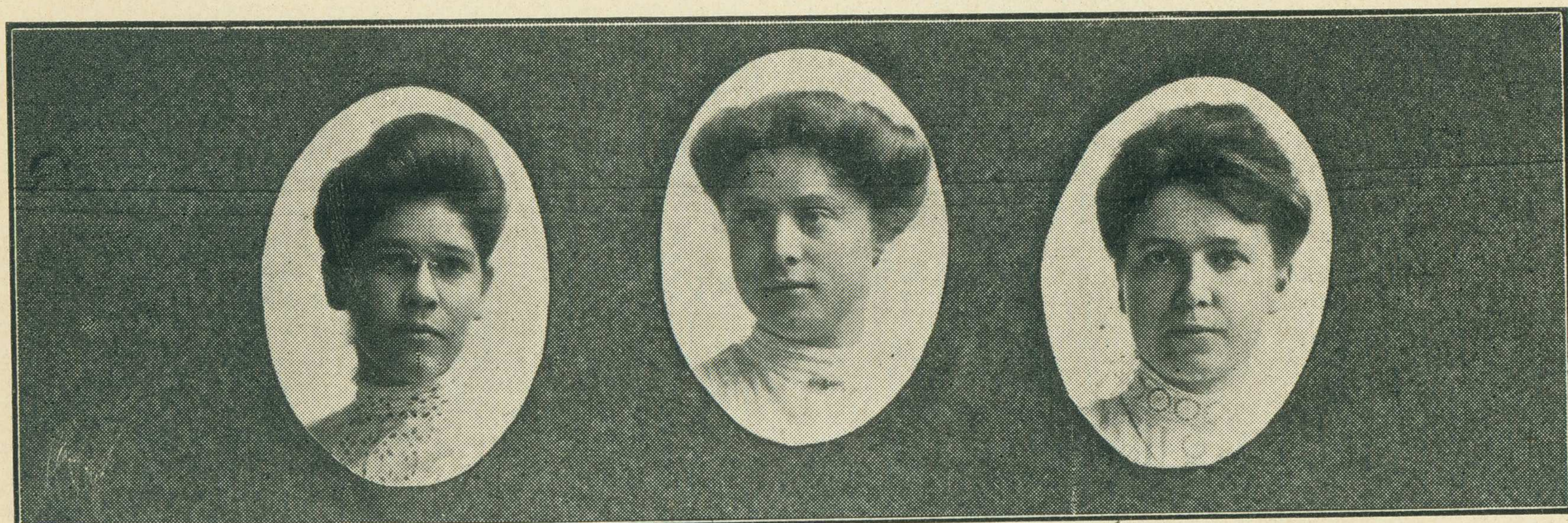
Lulu Gregory
Secretary

Amy Lopeman
Reporter

A Farewell.

If in the flow of after years
 Your heart should chance revert to me,
 Let not your dear eyes fill with tears,
 But smile or hum a melody,
 And say: "He strove with all his might
 Upon the task he had to do,
 And, failing, took the next in sight,
 Unfalt'ring, lived a long life through."

HENRY MEADE BLAND.



ARTISTS

Susie Burtscher

Zoella Scott

Ocea Joiner

THE NORMAL PENNANT

VOL. XI.

SAN JOSE, CAL., JUNE, 1906.

No. 9.

Class History.

JUNE CLASS '06.

TUNE—"My Merry Oldsmobile."

There is a class you cannot surpass; To San Jose Normal it goes.
They'll win the game they are sure of fame, as each and every one
knows.

And they are in for the fun you see; they are so jolly and full of
glee;

But never fear, when work is near they do it cheerily.

CHORUS.

We're the June Class San Jose,
"Naughty Six" the seniors say.
You can hear them cheer and sing;
Through the long halls the echoes ring.
We're the only class in sight
We're the pride of Gold and White.
They will miss us sore when we come no more
To the Normal San Jose.

Repeat Chorus.

ENTRANCE.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle.

Oh here we are, dear Faculty,
All ready for inspection;
We've brought credentials by the score
And think we're just perfection.

The Normal Pennant.

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CHORUS.

Normal Normals all we hear,
Normal, Normal, Normal!
Normal School is mighty queer,
Normal, Normal, Normal!

Into room O we then did go
To make our registration
Cause Mr. Wilson told us to
And 'twas our obligation.

We rushed into the library,
With hearts that did rejoice
We thought that we were mighty smart
Until we met Miss Royce.

Spoken—"Remember your library number."

TUNE—"Juanita."

Turned we in silence,
From the desk we stole away;
Blue slip and pamphlet
Told their tale that day.
To our own class teachers,
Slipping, falling as we passed,
We confronted programs
Made and signed at last.

CHORUS.

Freshies, little Freshies,
All your troubles are begun
Freshies only Freshies,
One long day is done.

GEOGRAPHY.

TUNE—"Tavern in a Town."

We took a trip around the world, world around;
We stopped at every port and town, town and port.
We also knew the distances
Across the water and the land.

The Normal Pennant.

CHORUS.

"Geographically minded" this our watchword be forever
For we know that we must conquer earth and man, earth
and man.

3—4—8—9—11½—17

We sang in concert every day,
And with our globes before our eyes,
We learned each land beneath the skies.

LITORIA.

At first we're fearsome Freshmen green,
The Training School we've never seen
But when we reach the Senior year
No critics comments then we fear.

All through the school, we have a task
To work the "Profs" for what we ask
You flatter some and others coax
Don't worry, they'll not see the hoax.

When hope is fled and youth is past
We'll love our Normal to the last,
Cry "Future joys and blessings thine!"
And breathe a sigh for Auld-lang-syne.

ARITHMETIC.

TUNE—"Oh Where, Oh Where Is My Little Dog Gone."

Oh where, oh where is the arithmetic room
With the horses we had to tie,
With its old hip roofs and its chalky boards
And the spider that chased the fly?

Oh where, oh where are the points of the jokes
Oh where, oh where can they be?
They've been used so long they are all worn off
So, Freshies, soon you'll see.

HISTORY.

TUNE—"Over the Banister Leaned a Face."

Over her history book pored a girl
Digging at "Mace" and "Bourne;"

The Normal Pennant.

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Though her head is all in a whirl
She must take that "ex" in the morn.
Bibliographies by the score
Methods and maps and pictures
Committee of Seven, a tiresome lore
Oh what a horrible mixture.

GRAMMAR.

TUNE—"Flow Gently Sweet Afton."

For parsing and diagrams,
For adverbs and verbs,
For phrases and clauses,
For roots and for "herbs"
We study our Grammar;
And happy are we
When we know our English
From "A" to "Z."

MUSIC.

Bingo Tune.

There is a class in music over there
There is a class in music over there
There is a class in music;
You can hear it in the morning,
You can hear it in the evening
Over there, there, there.

CHORUS.

Do, do do do do, re re re re
Re, me, me, fa, fa, me, me,
Re re, do.

We learned our major scales over there
We learned our minor scales over there.
We can lead the other classes,
And can beat the time in measures,
For we had our practice
Over there, there, there.

The Normal Pennant.

ZOOLOGY AND NATURE STUDY.

TUNE—"Jolly Sophomore."

Dear schoolmates let us tell you how
We learned Zoology:
We handled horrible bugs and snails
And other creeping things;
Then studied evolution and Darwin's Theory too.
I'll tell you now we're mighty smart,
There's nothing we can't do.

This class has learned to use its eyes
In nature study too,
Can tell you of the trees and flowers
And of the skies so blue.
We know where Boston ivy grows
For haven't we been told,
It's all the way from the doctor's house to the
home of people old.

PHYSIOLOGY.

TUNE—"Mermaid."

As Freshmen we took physiology,
Of our constitution learned;
Huxley we read and experimented;
So our credits well we earned.

CHORUS.

Oh our blood does circulate
And our bones develope and grow
Our tissues decrease and our nerves grow weak
But our hearts remain the same, the same, the
same
Our hearts remain the same.

We know the different kinds of foods,
Starches, fats and proteins too;
Trommers, Buriets, and Felhing,s tests
Have proved that this is true.



STAFF

Bessie Denike, News, Notes Katherine Hall, Literary Grace Batcheller, Athletics Annie Doidge, Societies
 Lucy Howlett, Editor-in-Chief Willis Cline, Business Manager
 Maude Bowman, Training School Notes Edgar Woodcock, Joshes Constance Richards, Faculty Notes



GENERAL COMMITTEE FOR CLASS DAY

Lillian Preston	Agnes Lynn	Mrs. Ione Kelly	Lydia Miner	Emily Furby
	May Pemberton, Poet		Lettie Currans, Historian	
	Myrtle Poole, Prophet		Sophie Andrews, Chairman of Com.	
Jennie Watt	Cecile Belknap	Fannie Schwartz	Frances Moranda	Grace Taylor

The Normal Pennant.

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MANUAL TRAINING.

TUNE—"Camptown Races."

Who taught us how to drive a nail?
Snyder, Snyder!

Who taught us how to plane a board and how to saw
it too?

CHORUS.

We love to work all night, we love to work all day;
We cut our fingers times galore,
But still we peg away.

We taught us how to build a house?
Snyder, Snyder!
Who taught us how to baskets weave?
Snyder, Snyder, Ho!

TEACHING.

TUNE—"Old Black Joe."

Gone are my joys and my heart is sad today;
Gone are the days of my Freshman years so gay;
Gone from my heart all thot of joy I know.
I hear P. H. D's voice calling, I must go.

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming,
But my steps are short and slow,
I dread that awful "bridge of sighs"
But I must go.

Then to the Training School I go to do my best,
Go to my work with all my heart and zest
Work with my might for I think it quite a sin
To never get my name in that box of tin.

CHORUS.

I'm teaching, I'm teaching,
And my nerves can stand no more;
I hear that awful critic coming
To my door.

The Normal Pennant.

Gone are the boys and girls to their homes at end
of day.

Under the desks lies paper where it may.
Then to the boards I go to rub and rub;
I read those lengthy monitor rules and I must scrub.

CHORUS.

I'm scrubbing, I'm scrubbing,
Both desk and wall I rub.
I love that tin box's ringing,
So I must scrub.

Gone is the work of blue Monday long and drear,
Now is the time to absorb advice most dear.
Then go we, the Faculty, one and all
To meet our expert leader in Primary Hall.

CHORUS.

We're listening, we're listening
To the one who has no peer.
We hear real brilliant speeches
So we must cheer.

Gone are the days and Thursday comes with speed,
Then to our Supervisors we go to learn our need;
There we are told to bring our plans next day,
We wish we could remember all they have to say.

CHORUS.

We're planning, we're planning,
And our brains go round and round.
At last we cry "Eureka!"
For a scheme we've found.

Gone is the need for training in this school;
Gone is the time for learning script and rule.
Recommendations now to ask for we must go,
I dread M. E. S's answer, but I must go.

CHORUS.

We're seeking, we're seeking,
A school both here and there.
I wonder if they've all been taken,
Everywhere.

The Normal Pennant.

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SONG TO OUR NORMAL.

TUNE—"My Own United States."

Some teachers praise the Chico School;
Some love San Diego;
There are some who love Los Angeles
Far in the sunny south;
And San Francisco's Normal School
Which soon will be rebuilt;
But we proclaim the Normal School
Of San Jose the best.

CHORUS.

We love every brick in her crannied wall
And the call of her sweet toned bell;
We love every hall with its memories dear
Of the good times we've often had.
We love every tree, every blade of grass
Within her campus gates.
The choice of the Normal is our own school
The Normal, San Jose.

Some teachers take the county ex
With grammar school knowledge;
Some wait until they finish High,
Then try as pedagogues.
Some go to private schools awhile,
Some are even college men,
But we proclaim the Normal School
Of San Jose, the best.

TOAST TO FACULTY.

TUNE—"Little Tin Soldier."

Here's to the dear old Normal,
Here's to the Faculty.
Bravely they shouldered our troubles
Thankful hearts have we.
Here's to President Dailey
And to his European trip;
He urges us to keep moving
And always to keep sweet.
Here's to Mr. Wilson,

The Normal Pennant.

Our friend steadfast and true;
His example is our inspiration
Ever to dare and do.

Here's to our Librarian
Whose knowledge knows no bound,
She can tell us the pages
And just where the books are found.
Here's to Miss Enid Kinney,
In drawing she's won fame,
She is extremely aesthetic
And would have us the same.
Hurrah for Mrs. George and her teaching!
Hurrah for her kindness to all!
She is a well beloved teacher
Whom we never shall forget.

Here's to the master of numbers
With his wisdom and wit,
To help us gladly would he
Give his time and energy.
We toast you, dear Miss Kinney,
For your cheering help,
You are a true friend
When your aid we ask.
Here's to Henrietta Riebson
She has been working at Stanford
So we missed her guidance
When we came over the bridge.

Here's to Miss Sprague,
One of our dearest friends,
She is the faculty poet;
Famous she will be.
Here's to Mr. Bland,
What is under his cap?
Poetic inspiration,
Everyone knows that.
Here's to Mr. Schemmel, our musician,
Natural and sharp is he;
His staff was always to guide us
Across the bar from A to G.

The Normal Pennant.

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Miss Bradley, the June class will toast you
For your good philosophy;
You are the chaperon they ask for
For your fun and jollity.
Here's to our Miss Jordan
And her success with little one's
Her sweet smile they all love
And we wish you God speed.
Here's to Mr. Wood and nature study
And to his love for all creation;
His winning fame as a writer,
And we wish him success

Here's to Mr. Snyder,
A favorite is he,
He was the one to tell us
How a home should be.
Here's to our Miss Bassler
And to our Garland March,
She has aided us greatly
For this last class day.
Now here's to Mr. Bullock,
A doctor of bones is he,
He is a jolly good fellow
One who missed will be.

Sing we a song of Miss Denton,
Miss King the department teacher, too
Who did guide our trembling footsteps
All those first days thru.
Here' to our preceptress
Mrs. Rousseau—O—O
She knew and cured our troubles
And we thank her so!
Now let us toast Mrs. Nash,
She studied art in Paris,
She brought home foreign notions
And tried to teach them to us.

Here's to our faculty leader,
Miss Schallenberger so true,
She edits California Education

The Normal Pennant.

t's worth you surely know.
She writes us recommendations
Page after page all day;
We will always thank her
When we're far away.
Here's to Miss Payne, our absent teacher,
Whom we all love and admire,
She was a friend to each pupil
And gave us good advice.

Here's to Miss Howe, our historian,
A true friend to all;
She won us laurels at Reno
In a game of basket-ball.
And let us toast our two teachers
Who are in Europe now,
Miss Vivian and Miss Beal,
Both stand for progress.
Then we will toast two others,
Suzzalo and Cubberly,
They gave some fine lectures
In our school law class.

Here's to Miss Cory who stood by us
Whenever we were sad and blue,
She who is versed in story
Of prose and poetry too;
How we should like to transport her
To lands where we must go,
She would inspire us to labor
Ever cheerfully we know.
Here's to Miss Mackenzie
Back with her Paris gowns,
She'll rule in the Kindergarten
Without any frowns.

Gladly we toast Miss Davenport,
She aids us in our efforts
At basket-ball and Pennant art;
She is a friend we love.
Then we would toast the secretaries,
They've labored hard for us



GRADUATES, JUNE, '06.



GRADUATES, JUNE, '06.

The Normal Pennant.

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And we appreciate them
And are thankful, too.
They've worked long with stencil
And always answered our calls.
Then here's to Mrs. Greathead
And to kind Miss Smith.

Here's to the one who knows the children,
To our Miss English whom we love;
She ever brings the sunshine
Into each gloomy face.
She is a perfect genius,
There's nothing she can't do;
She taught us how to make the chalk talk
To the little ones.
Then Here's to Miss McMillan,
Artistic Decorator.
Everything goes so smoothly
In her family.

TUNE—"Sailing."

We'll toast you now Miss Nicholson,
Your heart is big, your friendship true
To you we come for sympathy
And always find you've interest, too.
Here's to you, Miss Rowell, our jolly friend,
Your head is full of very helpful plans;
Then here's to your schemes,
And here's to your heart so true.
We shall think of you when we are far away.

CHORUS.

Toasting, toasting, all of the faculty,
For many a day shall pass away
E're we come back again.

TUNE—"Campbell's are Coming."

The Aurora is coming, O'ho! O'ho!
The Aurora is coming, O'ho! O'ho!
The Aurora is coming to San Jose Normal!
The Aurora is coming, O'ho! O'ho!

The Normal Pennant.

It was to adorn our assembly hall,
Now for appropriation we call
To the legislature for a new hall
In which to hang our new picture.

The Aurora is coming, O'ho! O'ho!
The Aurora is coming, O'ho! O'ho!
The Aurora is coming to San Jose Normal!
The Aurora is coming, O'ho! O'ho!

SONG TO THE JUNIORS.

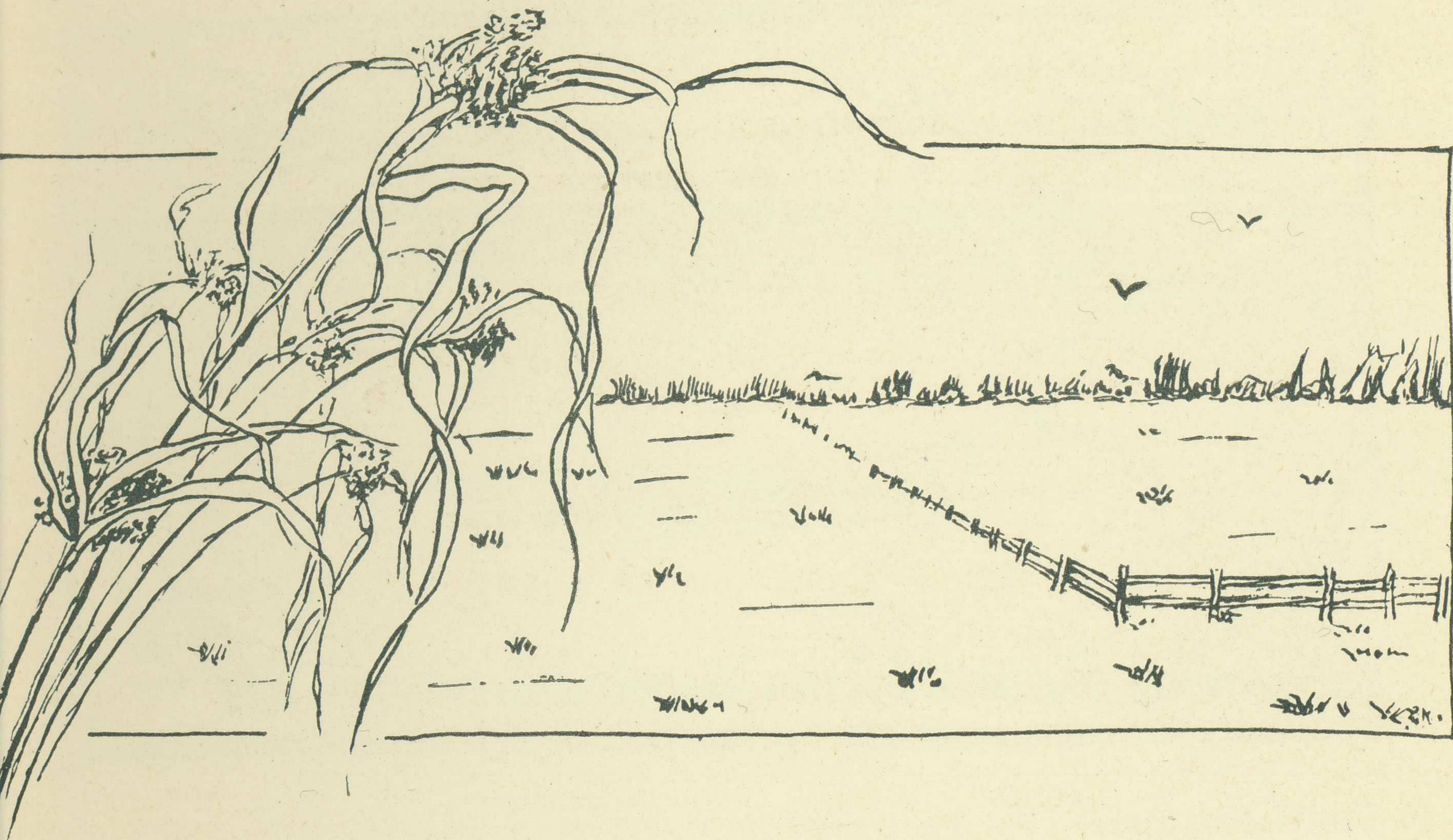
TUNE—"The Spanish Cavalier."

A jolly crowd are we,
Bright seniors you see,
As clever and grand as can be.
We're very hard to beat,
We're never known defeat,
And fun and jollity we ever meet.

CHORUS.

Say, Juniors, say, when we're far away,
Working and teaching all day,
We hope you'll try to be, as dignified as we,
And as sedate and studious you see.

Oh, in every exam,
We've never tried to cram,
But got along without any sham.
The Profs we've never worked,
And tasks we've never shirked,
And in the corridors we've never lurked.

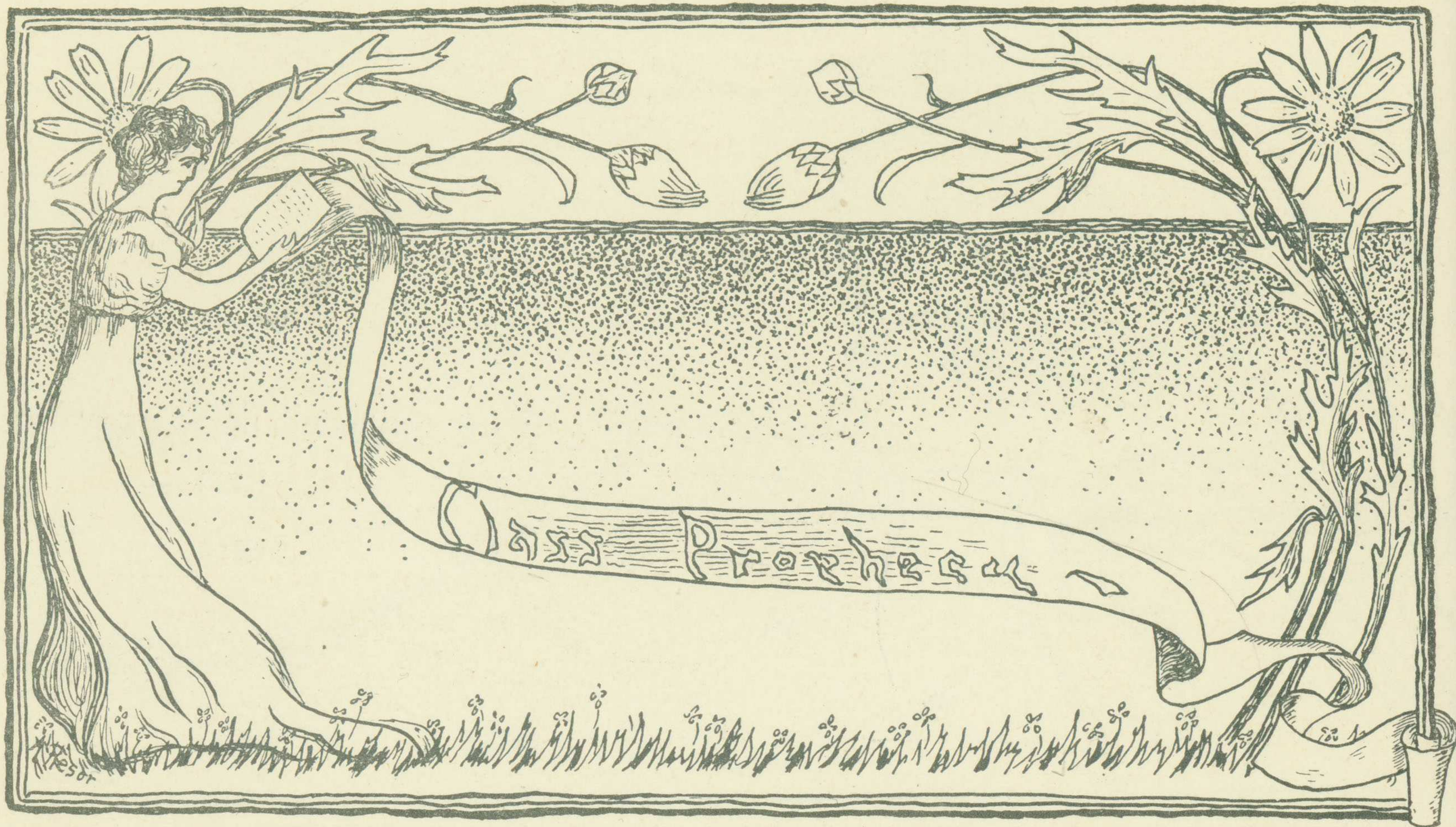


Farewell Song.

Fare thee well, our dear old Normal,
 We have loved thee long and true,
 Still around thy walls we linger,
 We would aye remain with you.
 But today must come the parting;
 'Tis the time when we must say
 Fare thee well to school and classmates
 Ere we go upon our way,
 Fare thee well to school and classmates
 Ere we go upon our way.

We would praise thy name in singing
 On this theme we love to dwell,
 But the tones so sadly ringing
 Seem to say: Farewell, farewell.
 For today must come the parting;
 'Tis the time when we must say
 Fare thee well to friends and classmates,
 Fare thee well, we go our way.
 Fare thee well, old friends and classmates,
 Fare thee well, we go our way.

MAY PEMBERTON.



Pearl Fosgate,

The tho'ts you can not bind with brazen chain
A girl's hair lightly binds.

James O'Brien,

I do all that becomes a man
He who does more is none.

Ora Betts,

The man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes wrong.

Inez Milliken,

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love;
in honor preferring one another.

Mabel Ivey,

Here's a sigh to those who love me and a smile for those
who hate.

Miss M. E. McCaskey,

For we that live to please must please to live.

Lucy Howlett,

New occasions teach new duties.

Elsa Stewart,

If to her share some female error fall,
Look to her face, and you'll forget it all.

Mildred French,

'Twas na her bonnie brown ee was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Marie Bernhardt,

Soft stillness and the night
Became the touch of sweetest harmony.

Annie Doidge,

A shapely head, a quiet face—
Expression—serious, sweet.

Marian DuBois,

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is
And never made anither!

Lettie Currans,

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eye brows of a darker hue,
Bewitching o'er arching
Twa laughing een of blue.
Her smiling, sae wiling
Would make a wretch forget his woe.

Mollie Vaughn,

She was so kind, the beasts of night
Gave her the road as if her right.

Grace W. Taylor,

Never mind how the pedagogue prosed,
You want not antiquities stamp,
The lip that's so scented with roses
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Georgia Ray,

Better than fame is still the wish for fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife.

Cecilia Burroughs,

"Work with a will, I say!"

Jeanette Klesheim,

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Lulu McDaniel,

Great feelings hath she of her own.

Nellie McKenna,

I never wish to promise more than I can perform.

Georgia Wright,

I don't care; nothing puts me out;
I am resolved to be happy.

Sadie Bullock,

A professor, what presumption to lift her eyes so high.

Martha Keeble,

As fresh as flowers in her hair;
As sweet as flowers over-sweet
As fair as vision, more than fair!

Julia Estrada,

How proud she was! How darkly fair!
How full of faith, of love, of strength!

Alice Huffman,

Sweeter than swans are maiden's graces!—*Miller*.

Alice King,

What can she pray for? What her sin?
What folly of a maid so fair?—*Miller*.

Nellie Ingles,

The perfume of her womanhood
Was holy incense on the air.—*Miller*.

Mabel Stone,

Seek not to crop above the heads of men
To be a better mark for envy's shaft.—*Miller*.

Mabel Wann,

She would not harm the lowliest worm,
And, though her beaded foot was firm,
And though her airy step was true,
She would not crush a drop of dew.



GRADUATES, JUNE, '06.



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Lulu Gregory,

To be what thou would'st truly be,
Be bravely, truly what thou art.
To be what thou would'st truly be,
Be true.

Lillian Preston,

In social tasks and home employ,
She did not question what it meant;
But bore her woman's lot with joy
And sweetness, wherso'er she went.

Truman Allen,

They who love best need friendship most;
Hearts only thrive on varied good;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food
Is the best friend that we can boast.

Alice Harris,

Edgar Woodcock,

Twin barks, with answering flags, they moved
With even canvas down the stream,
In smooth or ruffled water grooved,
And found such islands in their dream
As rest and loving speech behooved.

Maud Bowman,

Maud the delight of the village, the ringing
Joy of the Hall.

Rose Gardiner,

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in thy philosophy.

Ethel McCabe,

Rich in saving common sense
And as the greatest are
In her simplicity, sublime.

Minnie Cooney,

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone.

Katherine Graham,

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Pearl Viney,

The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord must, indeed, be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind.

Helen Taylor,

In one respect man is the nearest thing to me.

Belle Cosseboom,

There is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of self.

Charles Morse,

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Amy Lopeman,

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
by the wayside
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses.

Barbara Miller,

She grows upon the heart by stealth
I scarce know how.

Jennie Purvine,

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?

May Carmichael,

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!

Stella Atkins,

Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear;
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

Mrs. M. Andersen,

For she was just, and friend to virtuous love,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deeds.

Alice Sheehan,

To mourn the mischief that is passed and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Alma Ringer,

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Ruth Rucker,

"I never give a kiss," said Prue,
"To naughty men, for I abhor it."—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

Mrs. Gay,

More human, more divine than we—
In truth, half human, half divine
Is woman, when could stars agree
To temper with their beams benign
The hour of her nativity.

Maud Williams,

Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above that she forgets her ties to the earth.

Katherine Clayton,

'Tis something to be sought for, O maiden archly fair—
And to be bravely fought for; but, sweet one, have a care!

May Pemberton,

There is a charm in earnestness
When it inspires the lips.

Emma Carbutt,

He wins who laughs.

Lucy Atkinson,

Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the wildwood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Katherine Feeney,

The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace,
The wild rose parted with a blush
That nestled on her face.

Perne Scott,

—though more her looks displayed

The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Show'd she was come of gentle race.

Constance Richards,
I fancy I trace
In some facts traced to her, something more than the grace
Of an angel, I mean an acute human mind,
Ingenious, constructive, intelligent.

Grace Penny,
Maiden, I thank thee for thy face,
Thy sweet, shy glance of conscious eyes;
For, from thy beauty and thy grace,
My life has won a glad surprise.

Fanny Luhrman,
I never saw a fairer,
I never loved a dearer.

Miss C. B. Porter.
Her pupils day by day she taught,
With precept kind and subtle thought.

Emily Furby,
He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

Mrs. Anna Allen,
You are all—You have been all that womanhood can be
To manhood's want; and in your woman's love
And woman's pain; I have found every good
My life has known since first our lives were joined.

Zeannette Potter,
But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.

Lillie Dahlgren,
Never an idle moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.

Mabel Johnson,
In that lonely school house
Patiently you stay,
Teaching simple children
All the livelong day.

Elise La Source,

My tongue within, my lips I must rein,
For one who talks much, must talk in vain.

Elizabeth Geary,

Her arched brow bespeaks a lofty soul.

Lois Hall,

—thou must know

That I, who once assumed a scornful air,
And scoffed at love, am fallen in his snare.

Josephine Hanson,

Of manners that to gentle deed comply,
And courteous will that never asketh why.

Bessie Denike,

Firmness it hath, and fortitude to bear,
The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate.

Myrtle Poole,

The intuitive decision of a bright and thorough-edged intellect to part error from crime.

Hazel Garcelon,

“From envy far, and low designing care,
And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await.”

Myrtle Davis,

Mamie Manning,

So we together grew
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.

Cecile Belknap,

You smile, but you shall wear
Orange blossoms in your hair.

Chloe Good,

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Amelia Morris,

A man's a man for a' that.

Susie Burtcher,

I am not only witty in myself but the cause of that wit in other men.

Katherine Hall,

So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet refined.

Grace Taylor,

Be a wife, domestic, good and pure,

Like a snail should keep within her door,
 But not, like a snail, with silver track
 Place all her wealth upon her back.

Eleanor Hartley,

Beholding the bright countenance in the quiet and still air
 of delightful studies.

Alice Baker,

Uneasy lies the heads of all that rule
 Her, worst of all whose kingdam is a school,
 Supreme she sits; before this awful frown
 That binds her brow, the boldest eye goes down.

Queen Seamans,

A lovely little keeper of the home
 Absorbed in menu books.

Alice Austin,

Modest as a flower.

Sophia Andrews,

Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the lily that grew by the garden gate.

Theresa Hammerly,

Ask why God made the gem so small
 And why so huge the granite.

Jennie Watt,

Did she choose it, this single life?
 Gossip saith not, and who can tell?

Etta Neilson,

Look up, and not down; look forward, and not back;
 look out, and not in; and lend a hand.

Gertrude Garwood,

A man for a mark.

Lydia Miner,

Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Fay Liddle,

A rosebud art with little willful thorns.

Mrs. E. London,

A purer heart than thine in woman's breast hath never
 beat.

Adah Cook,

We may live without friends; we may live without books,
 But a civilized man cannot live without cooks.

Lillian Perceful,
She loved but him alone.

Grace Batchelor,
Graceful may seem the fairy form
With youth and health and beauty warm,
Gliding along the airy dance
Imparting joy at every glance.

Fannie Moranda,
Dear little teacher, you have taught us some of love's
sweet lessons.

Kate Heiskell,
Noble in every thought and every deed.

Annie Stewart,
Yet set she not her soul so steadily
To heaven that she forgot her ties to earth.

Agnes Lynn,
The bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring.

Fannie Schwartz,
She talks of wood; it is some carpenter.

Mrs. Ione Kelley,
How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman,
It is so seldom heard that, when it speaks
It ravishes all senses.

Leota Wilcox,
So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frowned, blushed and then was married.

Zoella Scott,
Her Art is her power.

Edna Erwin,
Promptness is always to be desired;
The prompt man honored is and much admired.

Anabelle Irwin,
Give what you have
To some it may be better than you dare to think.

Zet Clotfelter,
A form more fair, a face more sweet
It has never been my lot to meet.

Bessie Dunton,
Let such teach others who themselves excel.

Ocea Joiner,

She can group flowers and ferns and autumn leaves,
Paint their true tints and render back to nature a not
unfaithful copy.

Anne Stoltz,

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.

Frankie Jimmorman,

With her eye so blue and her heart so true,
Never was angel so gentle and kind.

Frances DuBrutz,

Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.



Now.

There is no charm to stay the flight of Time
In his swift course. Not backward looking
Over days long past—nor forward gazing
Into vistas dim—can stay one moment's flight.
Not all the agony of deep, heart wrung remorse
Not all the siren power of wondrous eloquence
Recalls one moment fled.

The present then, supreme, resourceful, infinite,
The eternal "now" is ours alone;
O, welcome it with happy heart and smiling brow,
For in its hand it bears a glorions heritage—
A shining scroll, whereon is writ in living light
The thoughts of all the ages that are past!

KATHERINE M. H. HALL.

Class Poem.

Two years ago, in autumn of the year,
Out from the north and south, the east and west,
A various company of pilgrims came
Together, bent upon the selfsame quest,
And each rejoiced to find so long a train
To give him company along the way,
To fill with purpose new his hopeful heart,
For all a journeying to one shrine were they.

The shrine of Knowledge was their destiny,
For here they hoped to learn the magic art
Which, as the touch of Midas, doth impart
The love of learning to the youthful minds,
That they would guide through channels, rich in store,
Of thought and work, and aspirations high,
The heritage of ages gone before.

And oh; how merrily the days sped by
In work and play! But each one as it passed
Left its impression; each succeeding hour
Gave them more hope and vigor than the last,
For underneath the merry jest, the song,
Deep in their hearts they kept one purpose true;
With one desire the willing hands and strong
Bent to the tasks allotted them to do.

Their purpose is achieved, their task complete.
They've reached the shrine they sought so eagerly,
Have laid their choicest gifts of efforts there,
And their rewards come back abundantly.
They know the worth of all for which they strove;
They'll smile with bravest hearts whate'er betide;
Their watchword shall be "Courage," for they know
"Unshaken the eternal doth abide."

D. MAY PEMBERTON.

Victory Through Defeat.

The principal of the Arlington High School sat in his study deeply wrapped in thought. Before him lay an open letter, which but a moment before, he had been reading carefully and earnestly. He pushed back his chair, folded his arms, and allowed his eyes to rest on the beautiful rolling hills in the distance, as though he would find there a solution to his problem. He would perhaps have remained in this reverie many minutes more had not the sudden slam of a book reminded him that he was not alone.

Dr. Caldwell quickly glanced in the direction of the noise, and met the laughing eyes of his daughter.

"I dropped my Latin book for the sole reason of calling you back to this earth," she laughed, "and I hope you appreciate the kindness because I stopped at a very interesting place."

Margaret Caldwell was a beautiful girl of twenty summers, a senior in high school, and the pride of her father's heart. She was a thorough student, outrivalling all her classmates in scholarship, and especially did she excel in Latin, the study she loved beyond all others.

Dr. Caldwell laughed heartily at her remark.

"Now if there is anything I can do," she continued laughingly, "to help you solve this problem which is worrying you, I am at your service."

The principal looked serious, "Margaret, perhaps you can, I am going to take you into my confidence. Bring your chair up here.

"Does that letter contain the problem?" she asked.

"Yes, in part. This is a letter from Mr. Henry Meade, uncle of our Edgar Meade."

"Uncle," gasped Margaret, "I thought Edgar had no relatives aside from his mother."

"He has one rich and very eccentric uncle, who has found by some chance where Edgar is attending school, and he writes that he will give Edgar enough money to take him through college and give him a law course besides, provided he earns it,—that is if he ranks highest in his class. He further says—'He must do it

without the reward in view. He must know nothing of this. You shall be the judge.'"

Doctor Caldwell and his daughter exchanged glances. Perhaps the same thoughts were running through each of their minds.

"This would mean much to Edgar, because he contemplates going to work as soon as he is graduated," said the principal. You know he has scarcely funds enough to last until then. He is unusually talented, and this does seem a God-send. Of course it is not in the nature of a gift, but a reward."

Doctor Caldwell waited for Margaret to say something, but there was silence.

"Let me see," mused the principal, "whose record was higher last term, yours or Edgar's?"

"It was just the same with the exception of Latin," answered Margaret. "You know Edgar dislikes Latin and does not try hard in it, so my record was higher. If Edgar would only have better Latin lessons, there would be no question about his coming out ahead."

"Then he has you to conquer if the wish of this eccentric uncle is gratified."

"Margaret's face flushed. She admired Edgar. In fact he was a general favorite with everyone. She was stupified at the thoughts of a reward which would mean so much to him.

"Father, what do I care for first place in the class, when it would mean everything to Edgar were he there. Why, it would be the height of his ambition. But how can we get him to work harder without giving away the secret."

"It certainly is a problem equal to that of the Gordian Knot. Well, we shall each think about it," and taking his hat Doctor Caldwell left the room. "I have confidence in her power to cut the Gordian knot," he said to himself.

No more Latin now, the all perplexing problem was how to get Edgar to stand at the head of his class. He could do it, of that she felt sure. "I believe this lies in my hands. What shall I do?"

Suddenly she sprang to her feet—"I know, I know what I'll do. This will be an experiment, but I shall try it."

She picked up her Latin book, and laid it aside almost reverently, "It will be a most difficult thing for me to do, but his victory will mean much to him; my defeat, little to me.

Monday morning came. Latin was the first recitation. The first passage in the lesson was a difficult one. Several tried, but failed. Margaret was always the last resort. The teacher thought nothing in Latin was too difficult for her. But today Margaret also shook her head. Teacher and pupils stared alike. Margaret could not translate her Latin! Such a thing was unheard of, unexplainable!

For the first time in days Edgar looked at his Latin lesson with real interest.

"My, it must be a 'sticker' if Margaret can't see through it," he said to himself.

No one could translate the lesson to the satisfaction of Miss Lee, so it was reassigned.

That afternoon Edgar walked home from school with Margaret. He wanted to ask her why she could not translate her Latin, but Margaret deftly kept the conversation on other lines.

"Edgar, have you entirely given up the thought of a college education?" she asked.

"Yes, altogether, he answered. "My mother is dependent upon me, so my duty lies there. The star which so brightly beckoned me on has disappeared from my view forever. It is absurd for me even to build air castles." After a few moments more of conversation he bade her good night.

That evening Edgar picked up his Latin book with unusual interest, turned to the difficult passage, and attempted to translate it. He liked hard tasks, but he found he had let so many lessons go by that it was more difficult than he thought. He worked for hours intent upon conquering. The perspiration poured from his brow, the clock struck the hour of midnight, but still he worked. Before long labor was rewarded, and he was master of the lesson. He leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief, "To think," he said, half aloud, "that I have neglected this so long, and then to be aroused by Margaret's failing. It's high time that I should conquer this, even though I do not like it."

Tuesday's lesson was but a repetition of Monday's for the majority of the class. The special work in Latin was really too much for them. The teacher finally turned to Margaret with a sigh, but she again shook her head. This was too much! What was the matter with the star of the Latin class?

Edgar was the only one left who had not tried. Miss Lee

turned to him, not because she thought he could translate it, but simply for the sake of giving all a chance to fail. But to her surprise he rose to his feet. "O well," she thought, "he is going to make an attempt." But to the wonder of everyone he distinctly and deliberately translated the whole lesson correctly.

Miss Lee was too surprised for speech, and the whole class stared. Soon the silence was broken by the clapping of hands which was taken up by the whole class.

Edgar's face flushed at the applause of his classmates and as Miss Lee complimented him on his well prepared lesson.

That evening Margaret sought her father to tell him what she had done, and the result of it all.

"You are a brave, noble girl, Margaret," was all Dr. Caldwell said.

"But you know, father, I must not even now have well prepared lessons in class. I must leave the coast clear for him. Of course I shall study as hard as ever, but will not show it in class until his success is assured."

"That is the better way. You will come out more than conquerer," said Doctor Caldwell, with considerable feeling.

Margaret had not had an opportunity of speaking to Edgar since the morning's recitation, so she was not surprised when she heard him asking for her later in the evening. She was unusually glad to see him, and gave him a pleasant welcome.

After a few minutes conversation, Edgar rose, and going to Margaret's side, said, "I want to thank you, Margaret, for starting that applause this morning. It meant much to me."

"You deserved it," she said, simply and earnestly.

"Somehow it made me feel that I could do much better in Latin, and so I am going to double my efforts."

"Nothing would please me better."

"Then if you care so much, I'll become a regular prodigy in Latin," laughed Edgar, partly in fun, but more in earnest.

Time glided swiftly by. Edgar gradually took first place in his class, and Margaret second. The idea never occurred to him that he was taking the honors from Margaret, because he imagined no one could excel her. But his teachers and classmates knew. Margaret gloried in the success of her scheme.

The end came. Dr. Caldwell called the faculty together for the last time that year. He had decided upon this time to tell

them what had been in his heart for many months. Before adjournment he arose and said,

"Fellow teachers, I wish you to decide a matter impartially and conscientiously, as I am sure you will do. Who, in your estimation, has done the strongest work during his senior year? You may write the name on paper and hand it to me."

There was a deadly silence. The same names running through the minds of the faculty—Margaret and Edgar. Doctor Caldwell feared. He hoped they would not think he wanted them to cast their vote for Margaret.

The slips were passed in. Dr. Caldwell opened them. He read them all then bowed his head. The faculty waited. Doctor Caldwell produced from his pocket the letter written by the uncle of Edgar Meade, and read it slowly and deliberately.

"I read this afterwards," he said, "because I did not want you to be influenced in your decision, but you have unanimously decided in favor of Edgar and the reward is his. I wish him to come now and hear this decision."

Edgar was brought in, and the letter was given to him to read. He turned deadly pale. The letter fell from his hand. He had not the slightest idea the reward was to be his; but he thought he had been called before the faculty that he might be made to realize more the opportunity he had lost.

Swallowing his embarrassment, he said, "I know it is a lost opportunity. It might have been mine."

"It is yours, my boy," said Doctor Caldwell, "if you do not believe it, read the decision of your teachers."

Edgar read. He could hardly believe it. He turned over the slips. Miss Lee's was at the bottom, and on it was written,

"I can hardly decide between Margaret and Edgar, but Edgar's work has been so far superior during the last semester that I must decide in his favor."

Edgar looked at it. A revelation was coming to him. Turning to Doctor Caldwell, he said,

"Did Margaret know of this letter at the time you received it?"

Doctor Caldwell did not expect this question. For a moment he was at a loss to know what to say.

"She did," he finally answered.

"It is all plain to me now. She purposely has done poorer work in her subjects and especially in Latin that I might get the

reward. I do not deserve this decision for it belongs to her."

"The faculty have judged actual word done, and have decided on you," said the principal.

"I thank you more than I can tell, and if I decide to keep this reward, I shall make you all proud of me yet."

Without other words he hastened from the room, and in less than five minutes was at Doctor Caldwell's home. He was shown into the parlor where Margaret was. Rushing to where she was sitting at the piano, he seized her hand and shook it for at least three minutes, as Margaret afterwards told him.

Doctor Caldwell confided to Margaret what he was going to do, so she was prepared.

"Sit down, Edgar, and tell me what has happened. Have you fallen heir to millions?"

"O better than that! But Margaret, it rightly belongs to you. You have purposely denied yourself that I might have your place. You defeated yourself that I might be the victor. But the faculty would not change their decision. I feel just like a thief!"

"Nonsense," laughed Margaret, "you should feel like a king. After all what did I care for first place in the class when it would mean much more to you. You have won by your own efforts, and I am proud of you."

"You shall yet have a chance to be proud of me, I owe all the success, which may crown my future, to you, and work will be nothing if I may yet prove myself worthy of you. Margaret, you are a jewel, and I only wish every boy had a friend like you."

M. C. B., '06.



Little bits of cramming,
Little spells of grind,
Bring a roll of starred C's,
Which we never find.

Memories of the Ocean.

When I first looked on the ocean,
Listened to its joyous sound
As its breakers came in dashing,
Scattering foam their path around,
Lapping the great rocks, then speeding
Backward with a sudden bound;
Then I said: "Ah, noisy waters!
Why the hurry in your tune?
Do you come from busy countries,
Must you hasten back so soon?"

When I next looked on the ocean,
As its waves rolled wild and high
And its restless breakers carried
Seaweeds to the sands close by,
Then went foaming back to ocean
Leaving them to wilt and dry;
Then I said: "Ah, cruel ocean!
In your plundering reckless flight
You have left the weeds to suffer;
Take them home with you to-night."

When I next looked on the ocean,
At the low tide's soothing hush,
As the waves came rippling over
Rocky isle and weed and rush,
With their fondling playful motion
And their kind caressing touch;
Then I said: "Ah, tender ocean!
With your waves that gently move—
Tides that come and go forever—
You have so much time for love."

When I last looked on the ocean
It seemed dancing with delight,
As if glad to cheer a sorrow,
Pleased to put a frown to flight,
Or to make the hearts, now weary
With their burdens, free and light;
Then I said: "Ah, happy ocean!
Many lessons you have taught—
All the wealth of love's devotion,
Worth of service gladly wrought."

EMMA E. CARBUTT.

A View of San Francisco.

Picture with me if you can the busy bustling metropolis of San Francisco; its domes and steeples towering high above our heads; on the distant hill tops the homes of the wealthy; in the crowded quarters, the homes of the humble; the beautiful parks displaying nature in its most luxuriant growth; all swept by the breeze from our broad Pacific. The strenuous life of the city only makes one feel the record breaking age the more.

In this beautiful bay city overlooking the Golden Gate, little thought did the people give as to what the morrow would bring. They had no fears. Many lived up to the motto, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die." Others who had not yet forgotten the glad Easter Day had higher hopes and aspirations.

How quickly all is changed to a scene of ruin filled with grief and anguish! Many were the thoughts that thronged the minds of the people as they began to realize what had happened. The awful gloom of the disaster seemed to settle down on their hearts as the smoke from the burning ruins settled down over the doomed city. How little, how helpless the city appeared in the moment of peril! The great Earth seemed to have grasped it in one hand and to have shaken it until it trembled violently, and fell from its foundation. A new life had dawned; the busy day was changed from scenes of life to those of death and destruction. Now was the time for man to face the world alone and show the strength of his character. How helpless one feels at such a time where only confusion prevails! Foes become friends, and the aristocracy are on a par with the rest of humanity. Class distinction passes away; we are all equal. And one realizes for a moment his relationship with his fellow-men and his dependence on a Higher power.

After it has all happened, it seems as a vision which comes and goes in the night. How can the world ever know all that has happened?

As a stranger let us view the city now. Houses without chimneys, tumbled down houses, yet occupied, are scattered here and there on the outskirts. In front of each house is a small shed

containing a cooking stove sheltered from the wind by means of blankets or old sacks. As he enters the heart of the city, and gets a view of the devastation of hill and vale, with here and there a straggling path, the pioneer thinks of the early days of '49 when shrubbery claimed its fertile soil.

GEORGIA RAY.



Judge Not.

In this uncertain morning light a seemingly broken-hearted woman stood gazing at the fragments of china destroyed by the earthquake. "All my dishes are smashed—my best dishes—ones I can never replace," she mourned.

And we called *her selfish*.

A man left home in that same dim dawn to find his place of business a mass of stone, sticks and cement. Everything had been demolished. But he smiled, what seemed to us a tearful smile. When the tactless question, "Well how did the earthquake serve you?" came, this man replied, "It left me life and I am thankful.

And we called *him brave*.

Throngs of people paraded the streets gazing in what seemed to be genuine glee at the blasted buildings. Exposed rooms, crushed walls, and splintered roofs were jokes to this gaping, giggling, circus-day crowd.

And we called *them heartless*.

But the woman whose dishes were so badly broken, offered her house for homeless refugees. Was she selfish? The man who smiled in the morning, remarked that evening, that he had intended to re-build and the earthquake came just in time to help him decide. Was that tearful smile a brave one? The heartless sight-seers gave money and clothing to the San Francisco sufferers. Was this heartless?

Then we realized that one should not judge a neighbor without knowing his whole heart.

THEODORA SIDENSOL.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

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In the midst of busy preparation and gayety, thoughts of a very serious nature thrust themselves upon us. What will we make of our Normal training? What has the past two years meant to us as individuals and what may we carry with us? Has our Normal training given us a broader conception of life, and especially the teacher's life, or has it simply meant a cram of methods and left a sort of "got through" feeling? We have had plenty of methods and we might go out "crammed" ready to give out as long as our supply lasts, but if it has not developed a

power to think our time has been wasted.

We have learned what to teach and how to teach it, but above all we ought to remember that we are going out, not so much to teach subjects, as to teach children. Certainly our time has been well spent, if it has given us a sense of the responsibilities and opportunities of the teacher as well as her duties. Another important thing is the development of the social side of the character. Coming in contact with so many different types of character, we cannot have failed to have been uplifted by many. We have formed warm friendships and have been helped. If perchance all have not been agreeable, has there not been an opportunity to improve our own characters by the exercise of self-restraint? No doubt, there are many of us who have never been placed in so large a circle before. We have met many types, and have been helped to understand human nature far better than we could perhaps in years of ordinary life experience. Again, what has Normal life added to our appreciation of the beautiful? Surely our very surroundings have added much. With our beautiful campus always before us, and with the many influences—books, pictures and the cultural side of our course—we have been able to grasp something of the meaning of the beautiful.

With these three sides of our natures more perfectly developed, we go forth with the determination to do our very best for our School and State. We must be confident in our own powers. I do not mean to rush into anything recklessly, hoping to come out all right some way, but to go ahead with minds made up what to do and how to do it, and never give up till we have pushed the project as far as it will go. Determination has meant success to many.

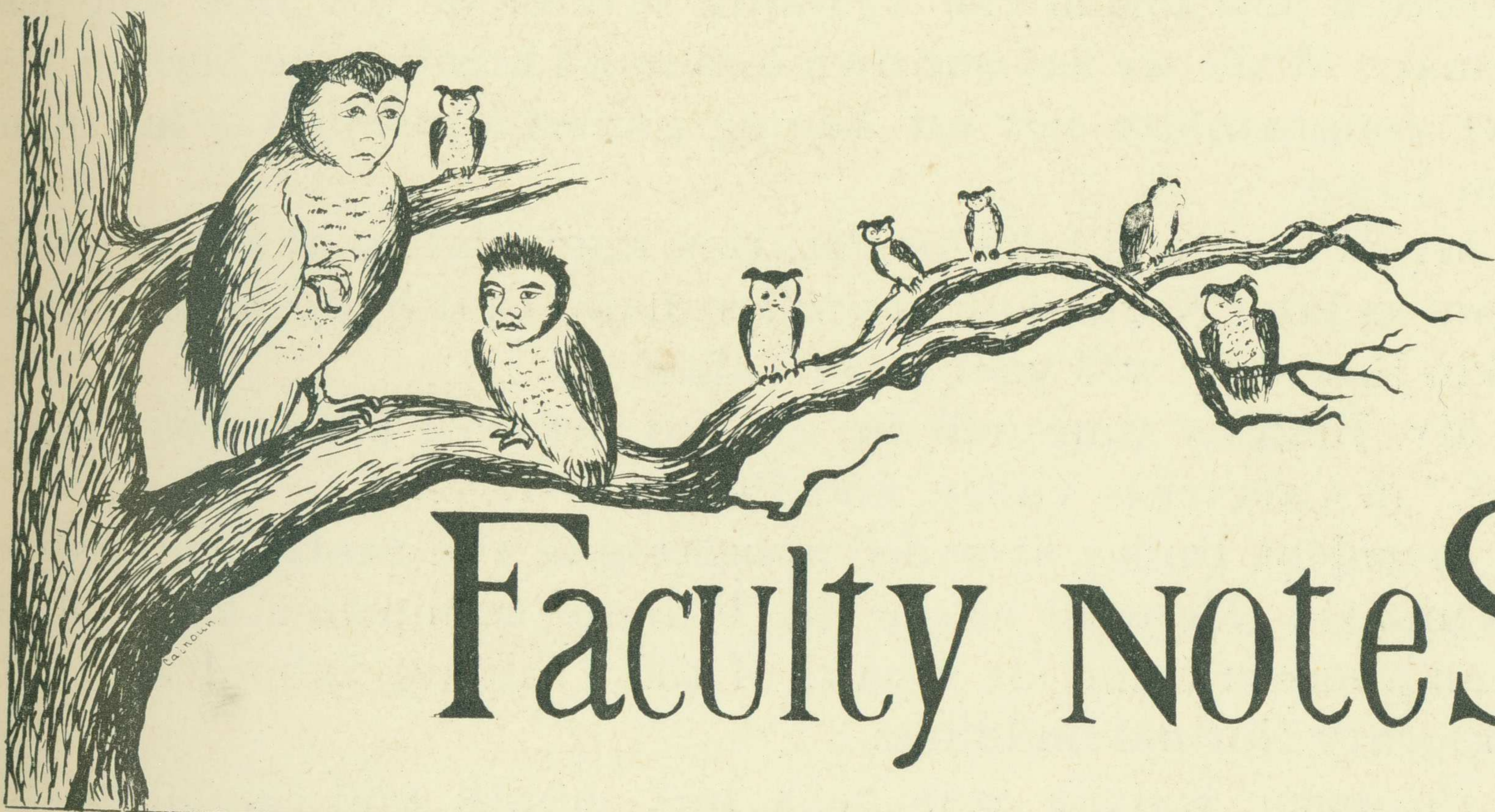


The recent calamity has shown that it takes more than a fine building, many conveniences and money to make a good school. Plenty of bricks have fallen, but they have not been gold bricks. We sigh over our "dear old Normal" building. What then! it is only the building. The real school stands firm, dauntless, unshaken! We as a school shall never forget the words of our vice-principal on that memorable morning—the day when our work was again taken up after the earthquake. Mr. Wilson faced the enormous problem before him squarely, and solved it wisely. Only a master mind could have held a school together under such

trying conditions. As we look back we feel strongly our indebtedness to him.



We wish to thank those who so kindly contributed to our Pennant, but whose articles we have been unable to publish. They are Alice Harris, Mabel Wann and X. Y. Z.



Faculty Notes

Miss Bradley will spend her vacation among her old friends in Oakland. She expects to attend the Summer Session of the University of California, where she will take courses in history under George Burton Adams of Yale, and Frederick Turner of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Abernethy, formerly Miss Adams, principal of the Training School, will entertain Mrs. George at her summer home, a delightful little bungalow on the Gunnison river in Colorado this coming vacation.

Since there will be no Summer School the Misses Kinney will take advantage of the opportunity to spend the month of July viewing the grandeur of the Yosemite.

Mrs. Blaisdel Moore, Miss McKenzie and Miss Riebsam have visited us in our new quarters.

Mr. Wood will very likely spend part of his vacation in the Santa Cruz mountains studying natural phenomena along the earthquake lines. Later he will visit the Geysers and Petrified Forest in Sonoma County and also Lake Tahoe. We hope he will be as successful as was Miss Blaisdel.

Dr Dailey delivered the address at the Commencement Exercises of Concord High School, Contra Costa County, the first of June.

At the close of school Miss King will leave for Los Angeles, spending some time at Catalina and the Sulphur Springs resort. To us Miss King's vacation will be a long one since she has accepted a position in the Training School of the Los Angeles Normal. While we feel our own loss most keenly nevertheless we must congratulate her for having gained a position in her own home town.

Mr. Wilson will take his vacation immediately at the close of school as later Normal affairs will demand that he spend his time in San Jose. He will visit Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Bland's time will be divided between his ranch, "Starland," in Calaveras Valley, and Pacific Grove.

President Dailey attended a meeting of the State Legislature this month. He went before the Finance committee and asked for an appropriation for repairs of the Training School and for temporary Normal buildings.

Professor Rattan was back last month and examined the museum, putting to right some of the specimens which had been damaged or dislodged by the earthquake.

Mrs. Nash will go to her home in Palo Alto for the months of July and August and then in company with her mother she will spend a year at Pacific Grove in the study of her art.

Miss Schallenberger has the honor of being the first woman to give the Commencement address at a Normal School. The subject of her address at San Diego Normal was "Education for Life." That the people of San Diego appreciate something good was shown by the way in which they received this address. They have asked that it be printed in California Education. While there Miss Schallenberger secured an article by Professor Thompson, at present director of the San Diego Training School, who

has accepted a position in the Department of Education in Stanford. His article which will probably be on Geography will be published in the September number. It will be observed that only the best educators are asked to write for California Education. It is well that Miss Schallenberger is given an opportunity to go out through the State sometimes in order to meet these people who are willing and able to contribute to the magazine. In this way our own faculty are not over-burdened and we get the variety needed to perfect the magazine.

Miss Payne left Chicago the thirteenth of June and is spending her vacation in the state of New York visiting relatives. She expects to return to her work in the Normal this September.

Mrs. Rousseau will make a visit to her mother in Los Angeles.

Dr. Dailey and his mother and Mr. and Mrs. Snyder will spend a part of the summer near Mt. Hamilton. Dr. Dailey will of course be obliged to make frequent visits to San Jose because of the work on the temporary Normal buildings.

Much of Miss Howe's time will be spent on her article for the California Education, "History in the Seventh and Eighth Grades." She will spend some time at Pacific Grove in company with her sister Dr. M. H. Pugh.

Miss McMillan will be the guest of Leota Wilcox at her home in Geyserville.

Miss Cory will enjoy camp life near Saratoga for a large part of her vacation.

Miss English and Miss Riebsam will attend the Summer Session of the University of California.





With this issue of the "Pennant," we leave our friends in the Normal. But they will not be forgotten. Nor shall those whose acquaintances have been made through the exchanges fare such a lot. We have tried to profit by your kindly given suggestions and, in turn, trust that we, in some small way, have been of service to you.

It seems to be a failing with humanity in general to feel that his is the hardest lot of all. However, we contend that an exchange editor is justified in making this complaint. For without a knowledge of the conditions and difficulties under which a staff labors, it is, by no means, an easy task to give a just estimate of the hard, honest effort expended to produce the official organ of a school, and to suggest improvements which can be made under the peculiar conditions which exist.

As we go to press somewhat earlier than usual this month, many of our exchanges will not arrive in time to receive mention in this number, but will be welcome just the same when they appear. However a few are here and all come up to their usual good standard.

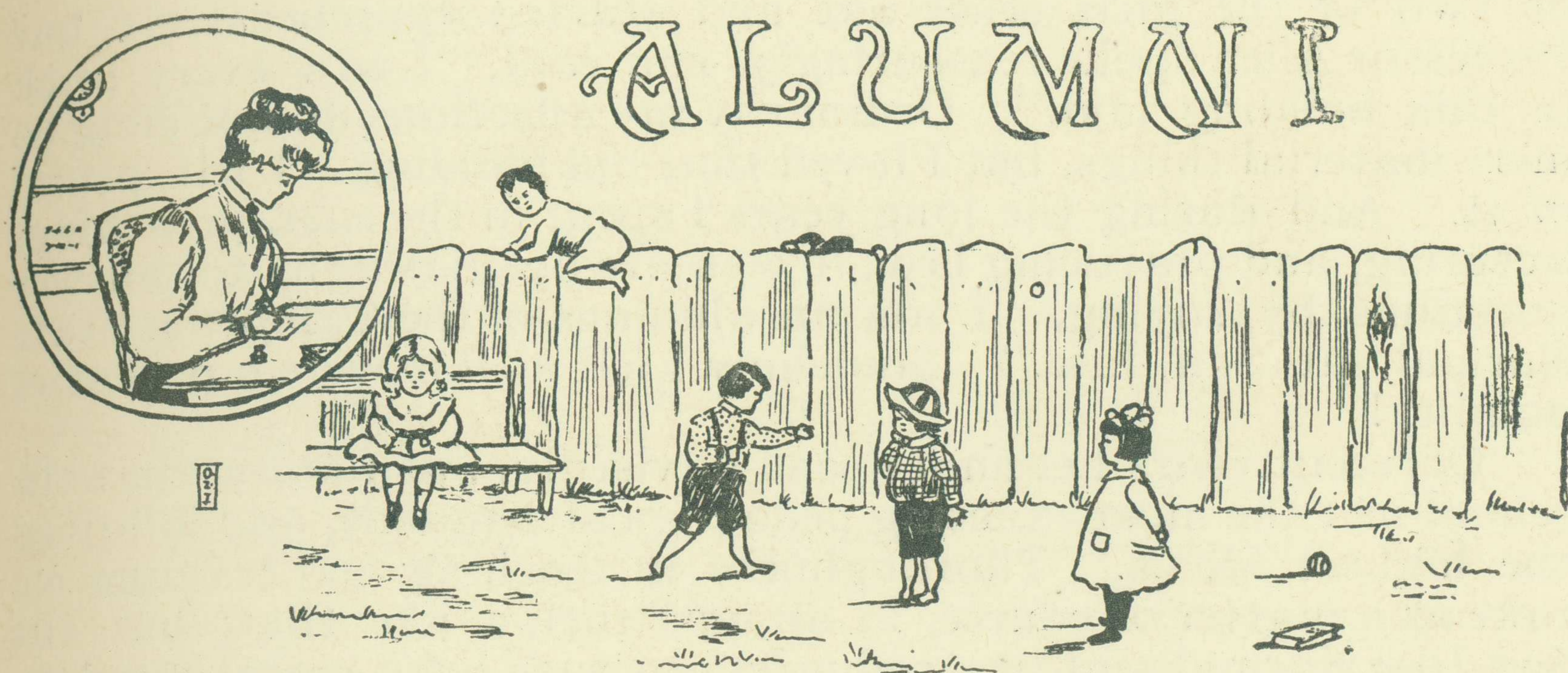
"The Somerset Idea" is the first and only commencement number to reach us. That cut of your "City Schools" is unique. May success crown your efforts.

We are always pleased with the "Olla Podrida." It reflects the life and energy of the school. Your editorial on "Advertising" is sensible and right to the point. If adopted, we believe this plan will promote school spirit and loyalty and improve the paper in any school.

"The Oak" has an especially strong exchange column this month. Your ideas are excellent.

"Native American," you are a wonder. You surely have loyal students to appear each week the size of an ordinary monthly edition for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Tell us how you can do this. You are among our best exchanges.

Other old time friends who have just arrived in their accustomed good form are: "The School Bell Echoes," "The Owl," "The Wild Cat," "The Zephyr," "The Advocate," "The Lake Breeze" and "The Light."



“And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations . . . were shaken.” And grief and loss and pain were upon the land. But out of the cruel hurt have come divinest things,—courage and cheer and help and love. And no where have they been more evident than in “dear old Normal.”

Two score and more years ago she was born—our school—and thousands have gone from her thought and her care to make her a living force, a thing not of brick and of stone, but a strong-beating power. And now, when her frame has been hurt, the life she has made and is, has welled like a deep stirred pool and poured forth a volume of love.

From schools afar and anear, from graduates early and late, letters have come with anxious words,—regrets, assurances, dismay, regard,—love for the past, grief for the present, and, always, faith for the future!

It has been good to read these words; good to know that the best part of us has not been hurt, after all; that the wrenching of walls has but strengthened the life without and within that makes our school what it is.

Some part of these letters is printed; there is not room for all. But we are grateful for the affection expressed, and extend greetings and regard to our loyal alumni.

A CHARACTER FACTORY.

The old Normal was new when I matriculated there, in the fall of 1881. The grounds were just being graded. I think it was in the following year my class sat one afternoon in President Allen's room when there came a slight shock of earthquake. One

or two of the girls cried out and started apprehensively, but Professor Allen spoke reassuringly, and said, "I saw every brick in this building laid." Ordinarily my affections do not cling to mere material things, but I loved that old building. I felt proud of it. And during the long years I spent in the east, preaching, lecturing, and practicing law, it was always a delight to answer questions by saying, "I am an alumnus of the California State Normal, at San Jose." Somehow I felt as if it were a patent of nobility!

Of recent years I cannot speak advisedly, but I know that the school met the most exacting pedagogical demands, and followed the highest ideals. Thoroughness in teaching and training we take as a matter of course, in an institution like that; but the San Jose Normal sent its graduates out with lofty moral courage, grounded immovably in the great principles that are fundamental to enduring success. For myself, it was not the detail of knowledge I carried away that I prized most. As the years have interpreted it to me, my greatest boon was the character developed, the contagion of enthusiasm and hope and faith and the courage of victory with which the very atmosphere was alive. Oh, those were glad days spent in the old Normal! And because of them, life is fuller and richer and more prolific of enduring usefulness.

I feel that in addition to the service rendered the State in the orderly process of teacher-training, it has been a character factory as well. Because of its influence and service in California, we can speak with pleasure and pride of the public schools of the state.

Memory harks back to that other calamity, when the beautiful frame building which preceded this last structure was burned, And I confidently believe that as out of those ashes rose a fairer edifice, so out of this wreck and ruin California will rear a structure still more commodious and beautiful. Nowhere is there more work to do than in the field of education, and the nation will continue to look to California for the highest, noblest, most informing example.

FRANK J. TYRRELL, December, 1883.
358 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Every alumnus of the San Jose Normal must have read with a sense of regret that the Normal building did not escape damage. The loyalty of the Alumni to the school has not been a blind one, for the Normal has not merely sustained its past reputation, but the character of its work has steadily become more helpful to future teachers. That the building may be speedily restored so that the influence of the school may not suffer, must be the earnest wish of every alumnus.

Cordially yours,
GENEVRA SISSON SNEDDEN, June, '91,
Stanford University.

I have learned with profound regret that the Normal building at San Jose has sustained serious injury. I sincerely trust that the damage will be repaired immediately, that the great and important work of the institution may be hindered as little as possible.

I look upon the Normal School at San Jose for the work it has done and is doing (and which I hope it will continue to do) for the educational interests of our great State, as the most potential factor in our educarional system. Its influence has reached farther and affected more children than that of any other institution in the State. That influence has gone into city and district schools and reached all classes, and its dissemination has brightened the path to learning in untold instances.

Many and many a time in my years of experience in the school room when difficult cases arose or when a knotty problem presented itself, I found that my training at the San Jose Normal School and the principles and precepts there instilled of the greatest assistance.

The present and future welfare of our State and County rests very largely on our educational system and that part of the system which reaches farthest and which is most felt should be fostered with the greatest care. Outside of the home influence the teacher in primary and grammar schools does the most toward framing the minds of our future American citizens and the equipment of such teachers should be the best possible.

We trust that the San Jose Normal, the parent of California Normal Schools, may continue in its sphere of usefulness in the future, and do as good and even better work than in the past.

Very sincerely,

FRANK M. RUTHERFORD, June, '90,
Editor of Truckee "Republican," Truckee, Cal.

A great past insures a great future. The first institution for the professional training of teachers in the Far West, the San Jose Normal School, must long remain the Mother-school,—Mother of schools then, Mother of ideals now, and in the days to come! Her years of service to the State have been many. She has reared the children of the Commonwealth well; in her need the children of the Commonwealth will not forget her! In the days that have passed, her name has been spoken everywhere among the vales and hills of California; the echoes of old days alone would make her live!

HENRY SUZZALLO, June, 1895,
Ass't Professor of Education, Stanford University.

Landing New Jersey
May 31, 1906.

Dear Miss Howlett:

You are at liberty to reprint my
lines on San Francisco in the "Normal Pen-
nant".

Let me know when I can be of
any service to the Normal

Wishing you and the graduating
class fair winds and fortunes on the
path of life.

Edwin Markham

Looking back over the years, it is good to remember the wonder work our Normal school has accomplished, the darkness of ignorance it has dispelled, the inspiration for good it has given out, the eyes it has opened, the metamorphosis it has caused in thousands of young lives in California.

I glance back to the time when I entered the Normal. It was during the days of dear Prof. Norton—the "Abraham Lincoln" of our school. For four years I went in and out there, the range of my vision broadening each day, each year. Life has meant infinitely more to me since that time. All honor and gratitude to my Alma Mater!

Our State has been sorely stricken—our school has felt the blow in the injury to her buildings; but the need for education is the same, the teachers are the same, the people of California are the same, and they will never allow one of their successful places of learning to be long in need. We believe in our people and they will not fail us!

Sincerely yours,

MRS. ORPHA CAMPBELL HART, May, 1888.

Mrs. Squier and I both have had the pleasurable experience of passing through the San Jose Normal at a time when the dearly beloved Professors, Charles H. Allen and H. B. Norton were directing its destinies. Although it is some twenty years since we received our diplomas, we have endeavored to keep in touch with the old school and have noticed with pleasure its ever steady march of progress. Its past stands out for its thoroughness of work and oneness of purpose; its present is exceedingly bright and flushed with hope; it can have nothing to fear in the future.

I have met our graduates in all parts of the world, in teaching and other vocations. While acting as Superintendent of Schools in the Philippine Islands, I had charge of the one thousand teachers which our government sent there on the army transport Thomas, and among those were several members of our alumni. It was with pleasure that I watched their progress in the new field. I am proud to say that they, each and every one, were an honor to their Alma Mater, and in every case their individual worth and work stood out with prominence. This was a severe test, as among this large body were representatives from all of the leading colleges and universities of America.

Our Normal School as it stands today, in my opinion, is the peer of any in the land, and, with its present corp of teachers, under the supervision of such able and efficient educators as Professors M. E. Dailey and L. B. Wilson, can have but one result

Let us each one help to carry it forward to even greater success.

Yours fraternally,

H. G. SQUIER, Dec., 1885,

ANNIE L. SQUIER (nee Taylor), May, 1885.
San Jose.

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SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE.

A groan of earth in labor pain,
 Her ancient agony and strain;
 A tremor of the granite floors,—
 A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
 A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
 A terror on the tower and ships;
 Blind streets where men and ghosts go by;
 Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky;
 Roofs, turrets, domes, with one acclaim
 Turned softly to a bloom of flame;
 A thousand dreams of joy, of power,
 Gone in the splendor of an hour.

EDWIN MARKHAM, March, 1872,
 Westerleigh, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO TRIUMPHANT.

Brave city by the western sea,
 Dismembered, bleeding, crushed,
 The sea-girt eyes all tear-brimmed,
 Thy searching voices hushed;
 Thy noble hillsides homeless wastes,
 Imperiled, hungry, cold;
 Bereft of all thy splendor,—
 Stripped of thy pomp and gold;
 Thy proud unshaken spirit stands,
 Undaunted, matchless, brave,
 While timorous thousands sadly
 Strew flowers o'er thy grave;
 And ere the world's great, tender heart
 Has ceased to mourn thy fate,
 Thou'lt rise, triumphant, peerless,
 Beside thy Golden Gate.

ESTELLE GREATHEAD, March, 1874,
 San Jose.

The "dear old Normal!" Our happiest days were spent within its protecting arms! There is not a member of the Alumni who does not feel that the excellent instruction and wise precepts we received there, laid the foundation for noble and useful lives.

On my vacation trip to California last fall, I was especially impressed with the many improvements and innovations of practical value and utility which the later years have brought forth. The recently established agricultural division, with the study of soils, trees, plants, etc., is of incalculable value to the state, and is directly in line with the government work at Washington, D. C., in which I have been engaged for the past three years.

In this time of need and distress, the capable and efficient officials at the head of the institution, who have to bear the brunt of the burden and responsibility, are assured the loyal and active support of the alumni, no matter how far from the school their various activities may have carried them

MRS. LYDIA ADAMS-WILLIAMS, Dec. '86.

Member of Woman's National Press Ass'n.

Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

OUR GREATER NORMAL SCHOOL.

Of what value is an earthquake if it does not shake us into our bigger selves? This is not a time of disaster and depression, but a clearing of old rubbish in the foundation to build the great school of tomorrow.

I am sure I join you all in the desire to see the good Normal at San Jose the Greater Normal; not a Normal, but *the* Normal of the State, the center of a life-giving stream of influence.

GEORGE H. BOKE, December, 1887,

University of California, Berkeley.

Like the devout followers of Mohammed, the children of our dear Alma Mater who cannot go to their Mecca this year will nevertheless turn their eyes in that direction and utter a prayer for her in this the hour of her distress.

I am quite certain that our beloved school will lose nothing in the end, and that the disaster which has befallen it will result in richer blessings than we could ever before have hoped for.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN G. JURY, June, 1889,

San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA.

Thou sitteth neath the willow tree,
The rose of glory in thy hair,
Upon thy face, serenity,—
Within thy heart, a prayer:

In storm and tempest and fire,
Sweeping through heart and brain,
We may rekindle the heart's desire,
And chasten the soul in its pain;
For love, and the stars, and the mystical sea,
Speak something of hope and fulfillment to me.

And while the bending willow drips
Its dewy tears upon the rose,
I hear the prayer from thy sweet lips,
That mingled grief and joy disclose:

Dominion over this dust,
Man must release in a day,
When dead fall the temporal hosts of lust,
And the things that are seen pass away;
But love, and the stars, and the mystical sea,
Hold something that perisheth not out to me.

The willow mourns, but not the rose,
And where the stately temple falls,
Heaven's tender flower-fire still glows,
And sanctifies its fallen walls:

High o'er the hills of the sun,
Back of the cloud's white fire,
The spirit of man must onward run,
Mounting higher and higher,
For in love, in the stars, in the mystical sea,
The soul forever reflected shall be.

JOHN G. JURY, June, '89.

San Francisco, June 4, 1906.

Training School.

In spite of the fact that the earth was shaken, our Training School is in running order and has borne up nobly under these trying circumstances. During these days we have come to realize more and more what a training school means to us.

The skillful teacher must see the conditions as they are, and utilize them for discipline and for training the children to be good citizens. The fact that the children have had object lessons on law has forced upon them its value. They now realize that laws in school are essential, and that they are not arbitrary acts on the part of the teacher.

We have learned the value of surroundings. They have a tendency to soothe and soften emotional nature. The great patches of falling plaster, bare walls, disorder, and broken ornaments for the first few days were elements of hardship and depression. This forced upon us a sense of the influence of environment on character. Cheese-cloth deftly tacked over gaping walls, trailing vines gracefully hiding a crack, hanging vases and baskets, bright and fragrant flowers added cheerfulness, not only to rooms but to tempers. Never need it be said to one of us who lived through those first dark days, "Don't forget to make a school-room look homelike; brighten it with flowers and hang pictures on the walls." Character is influenced largely by what is borne to us from the outside. It is made by environment as well as by any voluntary act of our own.

Earthquakes are levelers in more ways than one. Perhaps it is fortunate that these things come as they teach us so many great lessons. Never were friendships dearer, never before had the children realized that there was joy in meeting together for the day's work. The fact that they were all here, that no one was missing filled them with joy, and brotherly love was strengthened in a way not possible by anything that any one could say.

The prevailing conditions give an opportunity for originality to express itself. If there was a scarcity of black-boards, slips of paper were used. If there were not enough class rooms children were taken out on the lawn. A seat on the grassy lawn was

comfortable and more effective for the study of the "Lady of the Lake" than seats of ordinary furniture. The value of manual training was shown by the rapidity with which shelves were put up, hat and cloak racks made and even school-rooms built. The wielding of a hammer and saw were more valuable for several days than the ability to speak King's English.

Our children on account of our informal discipline are prepared for many of the little difficulties which we have had to encounter. Edward E. Hale once said that the great lack in our school system was the fact that we not only suggested but required absolute silence, whereas in real life the man must work in distraction. We have been able to have several classes taught in one room effectively.

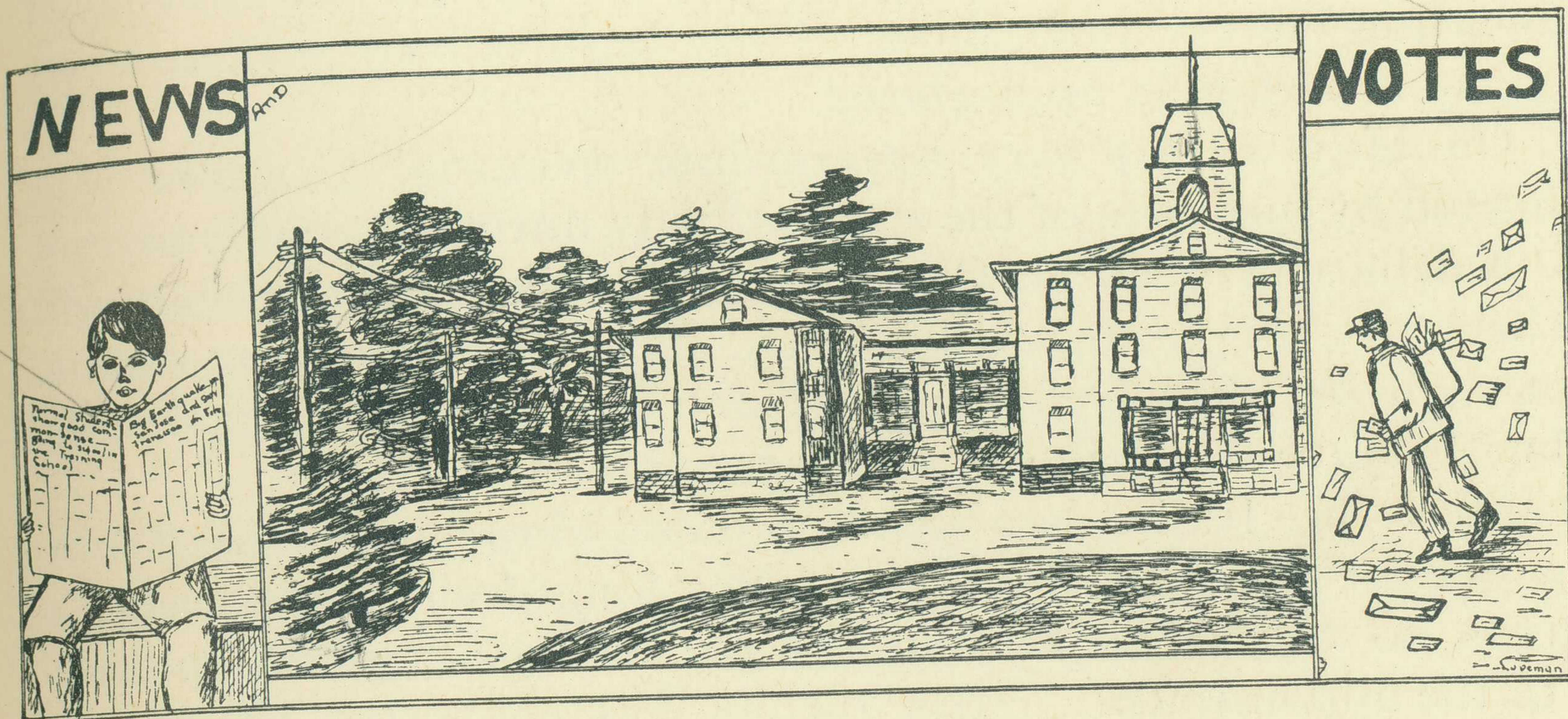
The tendency to make the best of life is prevalent. Never before were actual grumblers so much in the background and never were they so little heeded. These conditions tended to throw in strong relief all that is best in life, and to show us in a flash what is worth while. All petty jealousies, foolish and unkind gossip, silly quarrels, envy, strife, and vanity came down with the crash and were cast in a rubbish heap. Brotherly love, truth, generosity and unselfishness remained intact. So it has been in our training school.



Mr. Moore had learned in Nature Study that germinating seeds exerted great pressure, and so he hit upon a scheme to turn his knowledge to practical account. One evening, after school, he bought a new pair of shoes and as they pinched a little, and as he was going out that evening, he poured damp wheat into them. But lo! when he looked some hours later, he found that they were split from toe to heel. Moral—watch your shoes in the future, Floyd.

Who is it never can win fame,
But has to work hard just the same,
And never fails to get the blame?

Josh Editor.



Commencement is almost at hand. By a unanimous vote of the student body school proper will close June 15th and the following week devoted entirely to pleasure.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Alumni will be held during Commencement week.

Hon. D. M. Delmas will deliver the Commencement address.

Summer school will not be held this year.

A senior reception is being planned for June.

Mr. Kirk, State Superintendent of Schools, visited the Normal last week and addressed the study body. He congratulated the faculty and students on the spirit of cheerfulness and good will which prevails always, but especially since the recent calamity.

The Juniors enjoyed a very pleasant outing at Congress Springs on May 19th. The day was perfect; the spirit was cheerful; the lunch delicious; the outing a grand success. Mrs. Rousseau, Miss Nicholson, Miss Rowell, Miss English, Mr. Baker and Mr. Bullock chaperoned the party.

Miss K. E. Vale of San Mateo has given her valuable collection of minerals to the Normal.

Mr. R. H. Grieve, Inspector of Schools in New South Wales, visited the Normal on May twenty-third. He lectured to the school on "The School System of Australia."

Mr. T. Nakamura, Professor of Architecture at the Imperial University of Tokio was among the visitors at Normal last week. He is an earthquake specialist and investigated the condition of

affairs resulting from the recent earthquake.

Mr. Cubberly delivered a course of lectures on "Modern Education" to the June Class. These lectures were very interesting and were highly appreciated.

On May 29th a very appropriate memorial program was rendered by members of the student body during assembly period.

A debate between the Chico Debating Team and our team will be held on the evening of June 18th. The question under discussion will be "Resolved that Arizona and New Mexico shall be admitted into the Union as separate States."

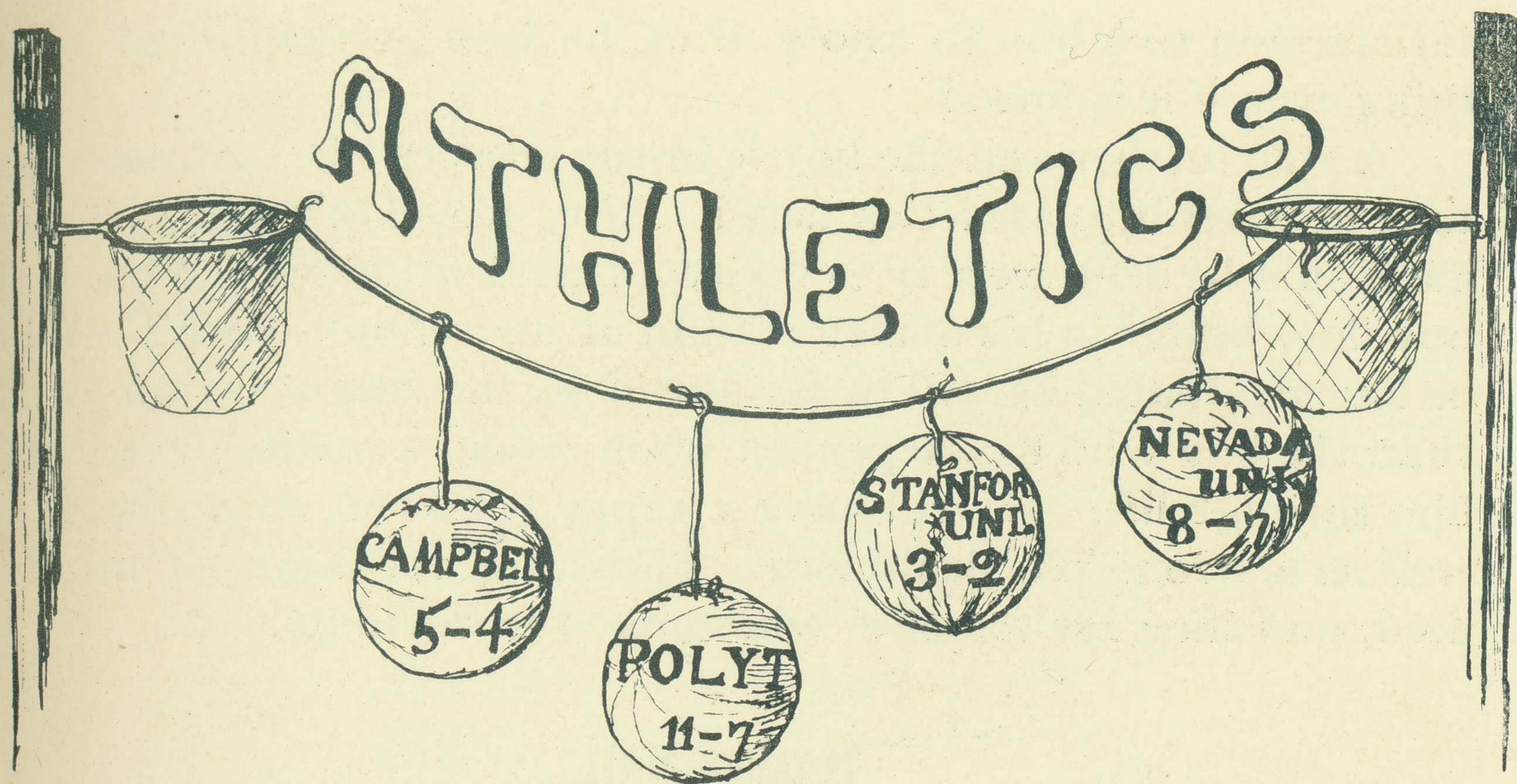
Miss Alice Jordan has been appointed librarian of the Training School library. The school has long desired and needed a person to take this position and the faculty are greatly pleased with the appointment. Miss Jordan has converted the former printing room into a very cozy library.

Mr. J. E. Richards entertained the Short Story Club on Wednesday afternoon, May 24th. He read from his collection of Nature poems among which was "The Legend of the Cypress Tree," a fanciful explanation of the way which the Cypress was first brought to Monterey. Other poems read were, Organ Rock, A Picture, A Cloud at Sunset, The First Rain, Abalone, and Pipes of Pan. In conclusion Mr. Richards read the introduction to his volume of poetry. The visit was very pleasant and Mr. Richards departed promising to visit the club very soon again.

A jolly crowd of 110 students departed at 8 o'clock last Friday morning for a trip to Mount Hamilton. The day was ideal. Over and over again we exclaimed, "And what is so rare as a day in June?" The home ride was the most enjoyable part of the trip. The air rang with the songs and shouts of many merry voices. The trip will long be remembered by the students as one of the most enjoyable happenings of the year.



You ought to try the dainty lunches at the Pilgrim Lunch Room at 72 East Santa Clara Street. Ernest Fox and Delmar Williams are the proprietors.



Athletics! More Athletics! That is the cry of today. We want strong men and women. How are they to obtain strong minds and bodies? Exercise alone will do it. If a woman sits all day in an office, day in and day out, with only an occasional walk to and from her home, she soon loses her strength, and strength once lost is difficult to regain. Let her take some sort of exercise with dumb-bells or Indian clubs at home or, if preferred, gymnasium work. All the while her mind is being strengthened her body should keep pace with it. If the physical being is neglected, the mind becomes overtaxed and wears out. What then, is the use of educating the mind without strengthening the body at the same time?

We have calisthenics in a mild form in our public schools today, but parents are not serious enough in the results, and parents often ask that their children be excused from it. If there were cooperation between parent and teacher, we would have a stronger generation in the future. The interest of a child depends greatly upon the interest of the parent. If the latter is progressive and desires to have the child influence others in making strong men and women we would surely have a strong race.

In preparatory and high schools athletics is a strong element. Competition begins, and the boy who can run and win a race is considered very necessary for the progress of the school. Is the boy benefited by this exercise? Is he happier and stronger in so

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doing? Where is the parent who will deny that pleasure in a boy's life? It means work, and hard work, too, but is it not a satisfaction to a boy to know that he has accomplished something even if it is hard?

A step further and the boy is in the university. Is it necessary that he enter into athletics here? Why shouldn't he? College life would be dead were it to do away with athletics. What if the boy does better in his athletics than in his school work? When he has graduated he will be far ahead in the appreciation of life than the boy who has depended upon book knowledge to steer him through life. He will have a happy, cheerful disposition, as well as a strong physical body. These are the kind of men we need, and they are the ones who make the world go.

Basket-Ball.

The basket-ball season is over, but the girls are still enthusiastic planning for the coming season. Did you ever see a basket-ball girl who was not interested in doing her very best for her school? If so, it surely was not in the San Jose Normal School. Our girls have been faithful and happy in their work under the leadership of Miss Violet Brown, whom we all know has the faculty of spurring us on and never giving up till the victory is ours.

The first game we played this year was with our neighbor, Campbell, where the girls were met with a team almost their equal. It was only through the clever work of our guards that when the whistle blew the score stood 4-3 in our favor. The girls were unusually conscientious because they knew they did not have our student body to cheer for them when a particularly good play was made. Then three cheers for our team!

The Polytechnic High School team from San Francisco made us a visit in January. It didn't take our girls long to show them what to do and at the end of the second half the score stood 10-7 to our advantage. Our girls were in fine spirits and were encouraged by the enthusiastic body of students and faculty. The boys showed their school spirit by appearing in a body and making themselves heard through the use of megaphones.

On February seventeenth we met our long dreaded foe, Stanford, on the Y. M. C. A. court. Rain prevented using the Normal

court, but it did not prevent determination on the part of our girls to win. We may be doubly proud of our victory because last year we lost and this year we were obliged to play indoors. If our girls take defeat in life as the Stanford girls took their defeat after this game, they surely will be noble women.

It is not often we are granted the privilege of taking our girls on long trips, but March sixteenth saw them on their way to Reno, Nevada, where they encountered the University team. Again our girls did noble work and again the score was in our favor, 8-7. Some of the girls had never seen snow before and as the conductor on the train allowed a ten-minute stop, they enjoyed those few minutes in snow-balling each other.

We were to have a return game with Reno University on April twentieth, but owing to the earthquake we were obliged to postpone it. Elaborate preparations were being made by the basket-ball club to receive and entertain our guests in return for the courtesy shown our girls while in Reno.

The girls are not the only ones who can boast of having a basket-ball team, but our boys have proven that they can play basket-ball too. Mr. Allen, who played with the local Y. M. C. A. team, started it and he said they would have had some match games, but the season closed all too soon. Mr. Howarth was another enthusiastic member of the team. All hail our boys!

The track-meet between the Sapphos and Brownings on June nineteenth will prove an interesting feature. The girls are practicing faithfully every night, trying their skill at volley-ball, running, etc.

Tennis.

More interest has been taken in tennis this year than heretofore. A club has been organized and under the able direction of Miss Susie Burtscher the courts have been occupied almost every hour in the day. A tournament was planned between Seniors and Juniors, but was postponed on account of the earthquake. Plans are being made for a scheduled game between members of the club and the alumnae. The players have not been chosen as yet, but as soon as the weather permits, a try-out will be held at which time the team will then be selected.



Erosophian.

Graduates: Fay Liddle, Ora Betts, Myrtle Poole, Mabel Wann, Frances Du Brutz, Lucy Howlett, Barbara Miller, Annie Doidge, Zet Clotfelter, Marie Bernhart, Bessie Denike, Lucy Atkinson, Constance Richards.

Erosophian has completed one of the most successful terms in history. Never before has it had more loyal supporters, and never has a more perfect bond of friendship existed.

A most happy conclusion to the year's gaities was the farewell reception which the society tendered its graduates at the home of Miss Mittie Beecher. The parlors were tastefully decorated with white carnations and sweet peas, carrying out the color scheme of green and white, the June class colors. The entertainment was a succession of novelties as each Junior contributed something for the amusement of the Seniors. A more enjoyable evening could not have been had, thanks to the charming hostess.

Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It," is to be given on the lawn by the society during alumni week.

Allenian.

June 21st closes a year of great prosperity for the Allenians. We have spent many good times together, and at the same time have gained much from our literary meetings.

The last week of the term will be devoted to our Alumni. We are anxious to see them all.

Our operetta, "The Dress Rehearsal," is being carefully prepared for presentation during commencement week.

The time is nearly here when we shall have to break the happy circle and bid our graduates good-bye. May they be prosperous and happy and as faithful to the society as have been their sisters. The graduating members are: Fannie Lurhman, Rose Gardner, Pearl Fosgate, Jennie Watt, Jennie Purvine, Grace Taylor, Ruth Rucker, Katherine Hall, Helen Taylor, Leota Wilcox, Julia Estrada.

The active members are: Ocea Joiner, Mabel Metzgar, Adelma Walters, Ethel White, Nettie Luce, Prudence Lewis, Grace Lewis, Sarah Pickrell, Irma Ross, Irma Sacry, Floy Pedigo, Ruth Davenport, Elizabeth Golden, Grace James, Florence Gilchrist, Jonitta Keen, Ollie Thorp, Merlin Ogden.

Sappho.

"Friendship is a golden knot tied by angels hands."

One more term has passed—a term full of jolly happenings for the Sappho girls. Although it has been broken into, and we have moved from the old Normal into the Training School, yet good cheer and loyalty has reigned. The girls have tried to make others more cheerful and judging by the faces around us, they have succeeded admirably.

In May initiation was held, and Otilia Klein and Pearl Baker were duly ushered into Sappho. Refreshments were served on hay mounds and several hours were spent in gaiety.

On June 22nd the field contest between Sappho and Browning will take place.

During commencement week many Sappho alumnae are expected back to take part in the festivities.

On June 16th a farewell dance was given to our graduates,—Lulu Gregory, Lettie Currans, Marion DuBois, Alice Harris, Frankie Zimmerman, Grace Batchelor, Agnes Lynn and Lois Hall.

Browning.

The outlook for the Browning society with the closing of this term seems brighter than ever. The club has been showing much enthusiasm, and has many plans for the future.

Of this term's gaities perhaps the most pleasant was the evening spent at Mary Laird's home. Following the card-playing and dancing, dainty refreshments were served after which the members sang jolly college songs and departed at a late hour.

The earthquake shook up many new ideas, among which was the plan for the field day contest between Sappho and Browning.

Many of our alumni will spend the closing days of the term with us.

The Normal Pennant.

Y. W. C. A.

Many of the members of the Y. W. C. A. attended the convention held in Capitola the first week in April. An enthusiastic echo meeting was held and the increased interest brought fresh life to the society. Sixteen new members were added, making a total membership of ninety,

The Y. W. C. A. girls assisted in the relief work during the latter part of April. The association was the first to take up the work as an organization.

The Mission Study Class under the instruction of Miss Nina Davenport has spent much profitable time in the study of "Heroes of the Cross in America" and "The Dark Continent." A Bible Class meets every Sunday morning at Miss Cory's.

On Monday noon of June 18th a banquet was given by the association in honor of its June graduates. We shall miss those who are leaving us, and we wish them all success.

Sigma Theta Chi.

Alpha Chapter. Established 1898.

Members: Soror in Facultae—Almeida McMillin.

Graduate members—Alice Harris, Leota Wilcox, Katharine Hall, Helen Taylor.

Seniors—Hilda M. Koch.

Juniors—Anita Anderson, Adelma Walters, Sadie Smith, Ethel White, Marguerite Vestal, Ottilia Klein, Elizabeth Golden.

Alumnae—Clara Boyce, Theresa Burtscher, Olive Stephens, Laura C. Bailey, Maud Mariner, Hazeltine Hayden, Bessie McBride, Genevieve McBride, Laura Hathway, Elsie Ruhl, June Chappell, Bonnie Gaine, Agnes Mason, Ethelwyn Caldwell, Ethel Blythe, Beatrice Johnson, Olive Beede-Davis, Maud Hunt, Clifton Swisher-Dumprey, Myrtle Hodge, Bertha Russell, May Hayward, Bertha Cornforth-Aaron, Mary Cortner, Lulu Spangler, Janet Beel, Hattibel Osgood, Lillian Raney, Grace Wideman, Ethel Carr, Emma Resseque, Jennette Laurie Miller, Jeanette Stiles-Challen, Mary Rodgers, Nita Gilkyson, Lottie Shafer, May Worthington, Leta Farmer, Donna Buttner, Julia Boyd, Johanne Johnson, Frances Gwinn, Anne Lemon, Hazel Brock, Laura Dougherty, Margaret Owens, Lela Gilmore, Maude Chase.

Chi Epsilon.

Margaret E. Schallenberger, Daniel R. Wood.

Seniors—Frankie Zimmerman, June, '06; Marion DuBois, June, '06; Charlotte Templeton, Dec., '06; May Kieth, Dec., '06; Georgia Barker, Mar., '07.

Juniors—Anne Shillingsburg, June, '07; Marion Whitmire, June, '07; Cecil Watkins, June, '07; Lillian Williams, Dec., '07; Pearl Baker, Mar., '08.

Alumni—Vivian White, Saylor Van Hagen, Virginia Williams, Lillian Pope, Marcia Cather, Anne McMurdo, Ethel Baird, Ruth Gilman, Helen A. Horan, Hazel Macaulay.

Y. M. N. D.

On Wednesday, May 23, a special meeting of the Y. M. N. D. society was held for the purpose of disposing of a few outstanding matters of business. The meeting marked the close of a very profitable period in the work of the society. Two more names were added to our honorary membership roll—that of Edgar Woodcock and James O'Brien, both of whom have been energetic workers in the society.

The work of the society for the past year has been along the line of extemporaneous speaking, debating, short composition and parliamentary drill. Two of our members, Messrs. Hain and Haworth, have become members of the Normal Debating team and are now energetically preparing for a debate to be held with Chico Normal during alumni week.

Kappa Delta.

The Kappa Delta fraternity had a most welcome addition this year when James O'Brien, Edgar Woodcock, Roy Thompson and Forest Howarth went through the awful ordeal necessary to make them members. Later, Professor Snyder and Hobart Heiken were initiated. After each initiation a sumptuous banquet was served at the Lamolle Grill where the hours were quickly whiled away by songs, stories and toasts. Brother Elmer Emerson acted as toast master and by his ready wit added much to jollity of the occasion.

Many of the older fraternity have come back to the alumni meeting, among whom are Brothers Rice, Suzzallo, Phelps and Fox. Brothers Suzzallo and Sheriffs go East next month to attend the annual gathering of the Kappa Sigma's.

If the plans of the frat mature, San Jose will see a Kappa Delta fraternity house next year where roughhouses will reign every night and where the nearest approach to a landlady will be a Jap cook.



Kappa Delta Fraternity.

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

FRATRES IN COLLEGIUM:

Willis Cline James O'Brien Roy Thompson
Edgar Woodcock Forrest Haworth

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



JOSKES

OUR LIBRARY.

Seats of the Mighty—Faculty Office.
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Success vs. Odds—Normal since the quake.
The Treasure Ship—The little tin box.
Memoirs of a Baby—Pedagogy.
Wayside Talks—Nature Study.
The Far Country—Where we go to teach.
Little Stories of Married Life—Prof. Baker.
The Strollers—F. Howarth and Anita A.
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Far From the Maddening Girls—Billiard Room.
Encyclopedia of Etiquette—Mrs. Rousseau.
Exodus—June Class.

Review of Reviews—Assembly.
 Pedagogical seminary—Faculty meetings.
 Smart set—The societies.
 Everybody's—The boys.

Cut it out, Tom. She will think just as much of you if you only call three times a week.

Fanny S. to Mr. Snyder—"There is only one criticism I have to make on your lectures. You tell us how to manage a husband and how to please him, but I want to know how to get one."

Margaret E. Schallenberger, Ph. D.,
 Called from the office and said to me,
 Teaching's a swell occupation,
 If you get a recommendation;
 Say, just do this little job for me.

Dear Josh Editor:

I have been in the school for a year, and there hasn't been a single josh in the Pennant on me in all that time. I think it's real mean. Won't you get one for me? G. S.

All right, Gertie, tell us what made you take such a fancy to Mr. Phelps. Rather sudden, wasn't it?

Dear Josh Editor:

If you put anything funny about me in the Pennant I won't ever speak to you again. I mean it. I just won't. You're awfully mean if you do. Floy P.

Well, Floy, we need copy, you know, but if you don't want me to tell about those loquots, your wishes shall be respected.

A bad habit—a pleasant novelty gone to seed.

Work while the sun shines, and the sun will shine while you loaf.

It isn't very often that this department get's a scoop, but we are probably the first to break the thrilling news that E. W. and W. C. paid a bill for thirty-two ham sandwiches last week.

The Normal Pennant.

NAME.	WANTS TO BE.	FIY TO BE.	FOLKS THINK HE WILL BE.	HE WILL BE.
Trueman Allen	a philanshropist	a banker	teacher	teacher
C. B. Morse	a farmer	the ice man	boilermaker	pedagogue
Frank Haid	a U. S. Senator	dancing master	jockey	professor
Floyd Moore	happy	policeman	stage driver	truant officer
Willis Cline	merchant	skating rink owner	forgotten	instructor
W. Misenhiemer	a pirate	a pirate	an opera singer	supt. of schools
Roy Thompson	a shepherd	sailor	a music teacher	school principal
Edgar Woodcock	a millionaire	anything	good	commercial traveler for a school book company
Ward Campbell	a prize-fighter	an acrobat	after dinner speaker	school trustee
Ira Payne	we pass	pass again	they don't say	educator
Forrest Howarth	a lawyer	search us	famous	kindergarten teacher
James Hurley	loved	a drummer	a leader of men	college professor
James O'Brien	let alone	mining engineer	wealthy	member of Normal faculty
D. Bartholemew	great	an author	a success	country school teacher
B. W. Webb	funny	editor of Puck	serious sometime	trainer of young minds

Sue B. and Grace B. must have a feeling of ownership in Mr. Phelps to call him "Our Phelps." How is it girls?

Mr. Wilson, taking hold of a handle of a dynamo—"Now, I am a steam engine, no I am a waterfall."

Mrs. George had just distributed folders on Lake Lore. After looking at the map for some time, Cloe G. innocently asked "Where is Lake Lore, Mrs. George? I can't find it."

Fourth Grade Girl to Mr. Dailey—"Won't you take some of my radishes and onions?"

Mr. D.—"I'll take some radishes, I don't like onions."

F. G. G.—"Well, maybe your wife does."

Miss Bradley—"I hate the word drunk. It took me ten years to break myself of it."

Mr. Snyder to Miss Harris—"Won't you play tennis with Mr. Suzzallo?"

Miss H.—"Oh dear no, he is too old."

Sounds rather thin, Alice. Other girls don't think so.

AS THE CLASS PROPHECY IS INTERPRETED BY THE JOSH EDITOR.

Pearl Fosgate—Hair raising that.

James O'Brien—One who can do men should be a politician.

Ora Betts—Sunny Jim can, but we did not know you could.

Inez Milliken—Don't do others and they will do.

Mabel Ivey—This should be changed. The world is already too full of sighs, and smiles are scarce.

Miss M. E. McCaskey—Please, teacher, we can't do this sum.

Lucy Howlett—Does this mean the first school?

Elsie Stuart—For then you will see "The smile that won't come off."

Mildred French—And she is generous with them, too.

Marie Bernhardt—Plus the moon.

Katherine Clayton—Because none but the brave deserve the fair.

May Pemberton—Which means, bluff earnestly and you can charm the teacher.

Emma Carbutt—Tee-hee.

Lucy Atkinson—Didn't you? We have known it for some time.

Katherine Feeney—It really must have, We cannot account for

it in any other way.

Perne Scott—Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?

Constance Richards—Must have written this yourself, Constance.

Grace Penny—Same here. We have also made a winning.

Fanny Luhrman—So say we all of us.

Miss C. B. Potter—And never once did she get hot. How lovely!

Emily Furby—We wish there were More to this.

Mrs. Anna Allen—We love each other, yes, we do,

What pair so happy as we two.

Zeannette Potter—Aw fudge. We were afraid to change it.

Lillie Dahlgren—Miss Schallenberger, please take notice.

Elise La Source—Silence is golden. Don't go bankrupt.

Mabel Johnson—Well, pleasure and action will make the hours seem short.

Annie Doidge—A very pretty little maid, that no other girl can beat.

Marion DuBois—And to think that we part so soon.

Lettie Currans—We are no wretches, but introduce us.

Mollie Vaughn—It isn't that. She's a basket-ball player.

Grace W. Taylor—We sincerely hope not.

Georgia Ray—Be not discouraged if you don't win it. Fame is but a slow decay.

Cecelia Burroughs—She will, I think.

Jeanette Klosheim—Don't pawn the jewel.

Lulu McDaniel—Naturally.

Nellie McKenna—"O Promise Me."

Georgia Wright—Be good and you will be happy.

Sadie Bullock—Hitch your wagon to a star.

Martha Keeble—Say fair even.

Julia Estrada—Why the past tense?

Alice Huffman—And sometimes also maiden's faces.

Alice King—Let her pray for the rest of us. We need it.

Nellie Ingles—And sweet incense at that.

Mabel Stone—Remedy, try wearing lower heels.

Mabel Wann—He prayeth best, who loveth best, all things, both large and small.

Lulu Gregory—Yes, Lulu, do be true blue.

Lillian Preston—She didn't object to room monitor duty, is the only way we can interpret this.

Truman Allen—Words, words, words.

Alice Harris, Edgar Woodcock—We hope they don't get shipwrecked.

Maud Bowman—And *her* name is Maud.

Rose Gardiner—Yet it is a wonder that one small head can carry all she knows.

Ethel McCabe—Wealthy girl.

Minnie Cooney—Too bad she is leaving so soon.

Katherine Graham—Provided it isn't hysterics.

Elizabeth Geary—We agree.

Lois Hall—We do know, Lois; we have known for a twelve-month.

Josephine Hanson—Why was this written?

Bessie Denike—Hope for the best. Maybe there won't be any.

Myrtle Poole—Did you write this yourself, Myrtle?

Hazel Garcelon—That is, don't envy your feiend's \$80 school, if you only have a \$60 one.

Myrtle Davis, Mayme Manning--Sort of Siamese twins as it were.

Cecile Belknap—Not yet. You have to teach a year, you know.

Chloe Good—But will this be true next year.

Amelia Morris—God made him for a man, so let him pass as such.

Susie Burtscher—The conceit of her.

Katherine Hall—Case of quality, not quantity.

Grace Taylor—Also be economical at Eastertide.

Eleanor Hartly—Pleasant! Dids't ever write plans?

Alice Baker—The woman who holds a boy in her thrall.

Queen Seamans—Co-eds. Take notice if you haven't dyspepsia

Alice Austin—And a violet at that.

Sophie Andrews—Flowers nearest the gate are soonest picked.

Theresa Hammerly—We're afraid to say anything about her. She might hunt us up.

Jennie Watt—Search us.

Etta Neilson—Throw out the life line.

Gertrude Garwood—"Long is the list of the Slain."

Lydia Miner—Lead tnou me on.

Bessie Dunton—Wanted, a lady instructor at the Princess Rink.

Ocea Joiner—Ocea, this will go down on your recommendation.

Anne Stoltz—She'll make a good mother-in-law.

Frankie Zimmerman—So the Training School boys say.

Francis DuBrutz—She must have received a star in Nature Study.

Students, go to Hales.



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Grace Batcheller—And she skates some, too.

Fanny Moranda—Who composed the class?

Kate Heiskell—Do you ever think of the co-eds?

Annie Stewart—This girl also attends faculty meetings.

Agnes Lynn—Who went through Normal the morning of the quake?

Fannie Schwartz—Maybe it is Mr. Wood.

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Some one always, always, sings.

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Belle Cosseboom—We're from Missouri

Chas. Morse—Don't worry Chas. You won't mar it.

Amy Lopeman—"Oh, I tell you boys, there are none to compare with her."



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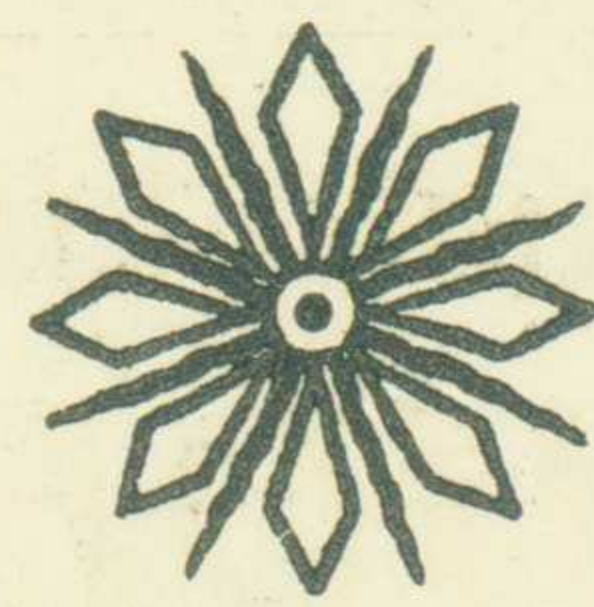
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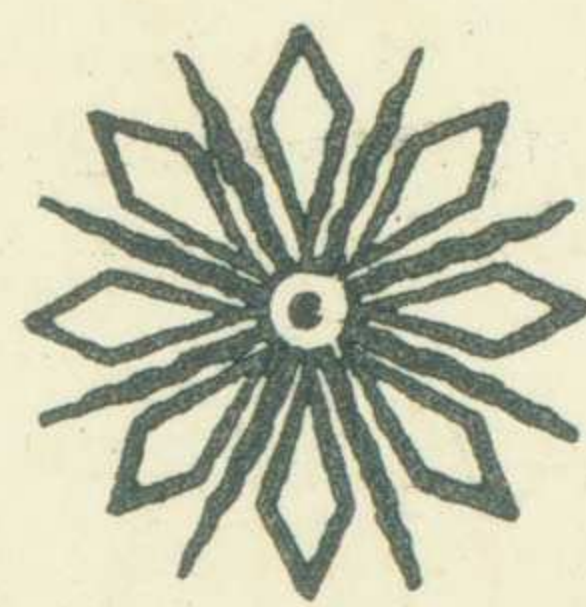
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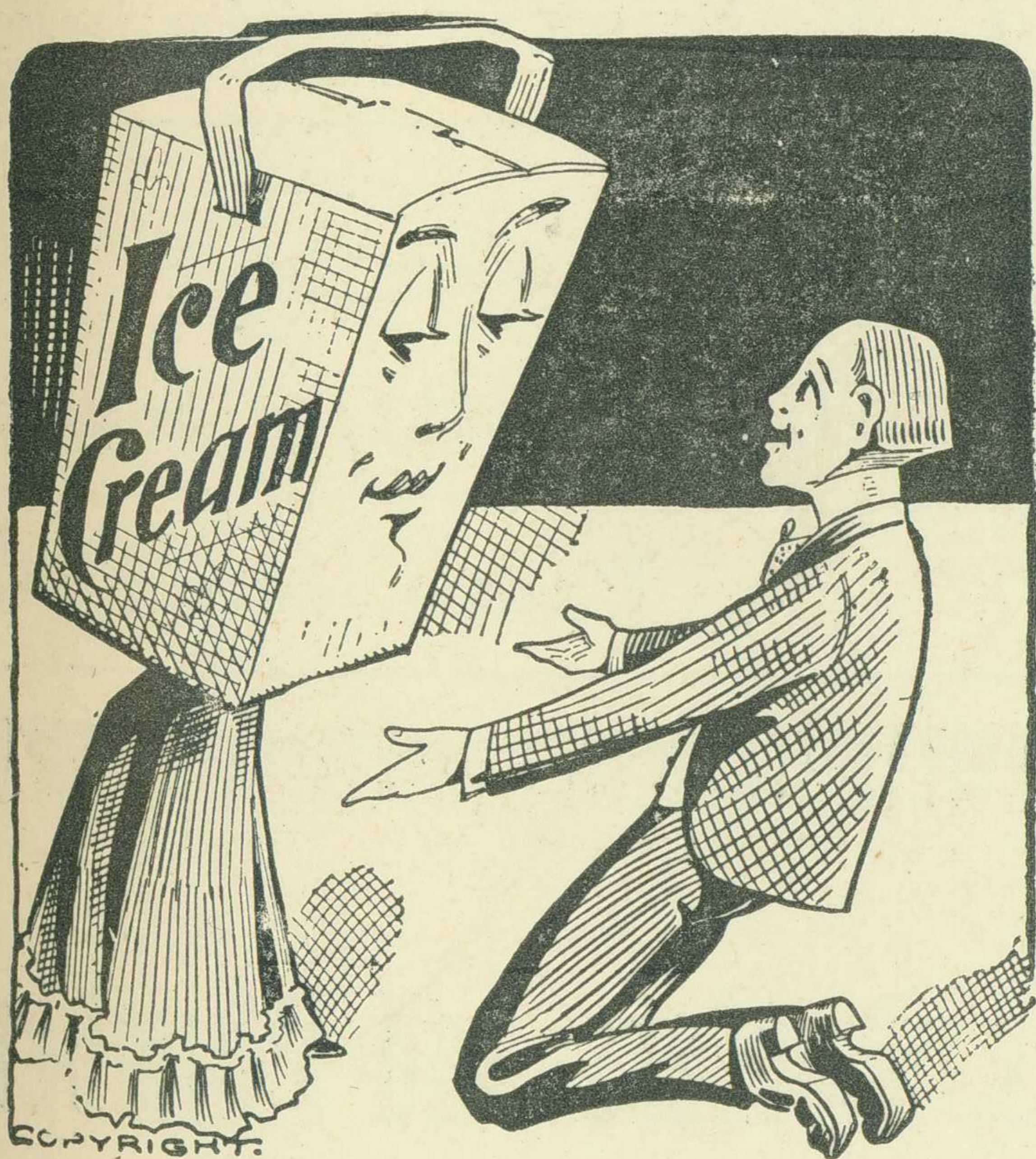
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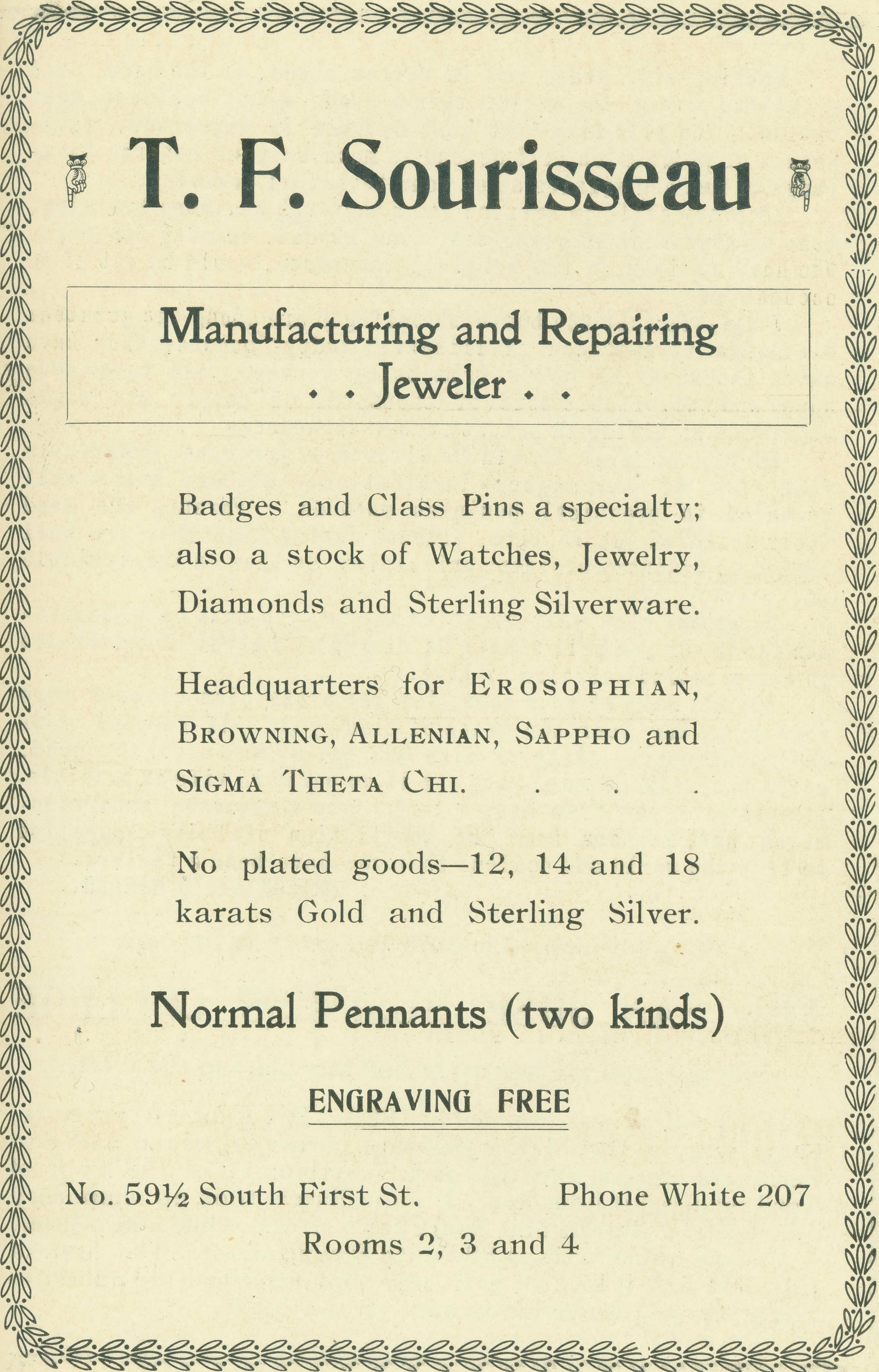
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I believe that the business colleges are among the greatest blessings in American civilization today, because they have saved thousands of homes from being woicked, and have made happy and comfortable tens of thousands of people who might otherwise be living in poverty and wretchedness.

No boy or girl should be allowed to graduate, especially from any of the higher institutions, without being well grounded in practical business methods. Parents who send their children out in life, without seeing that they are well versed in ordinary business principles, do them an incalculable injustice.

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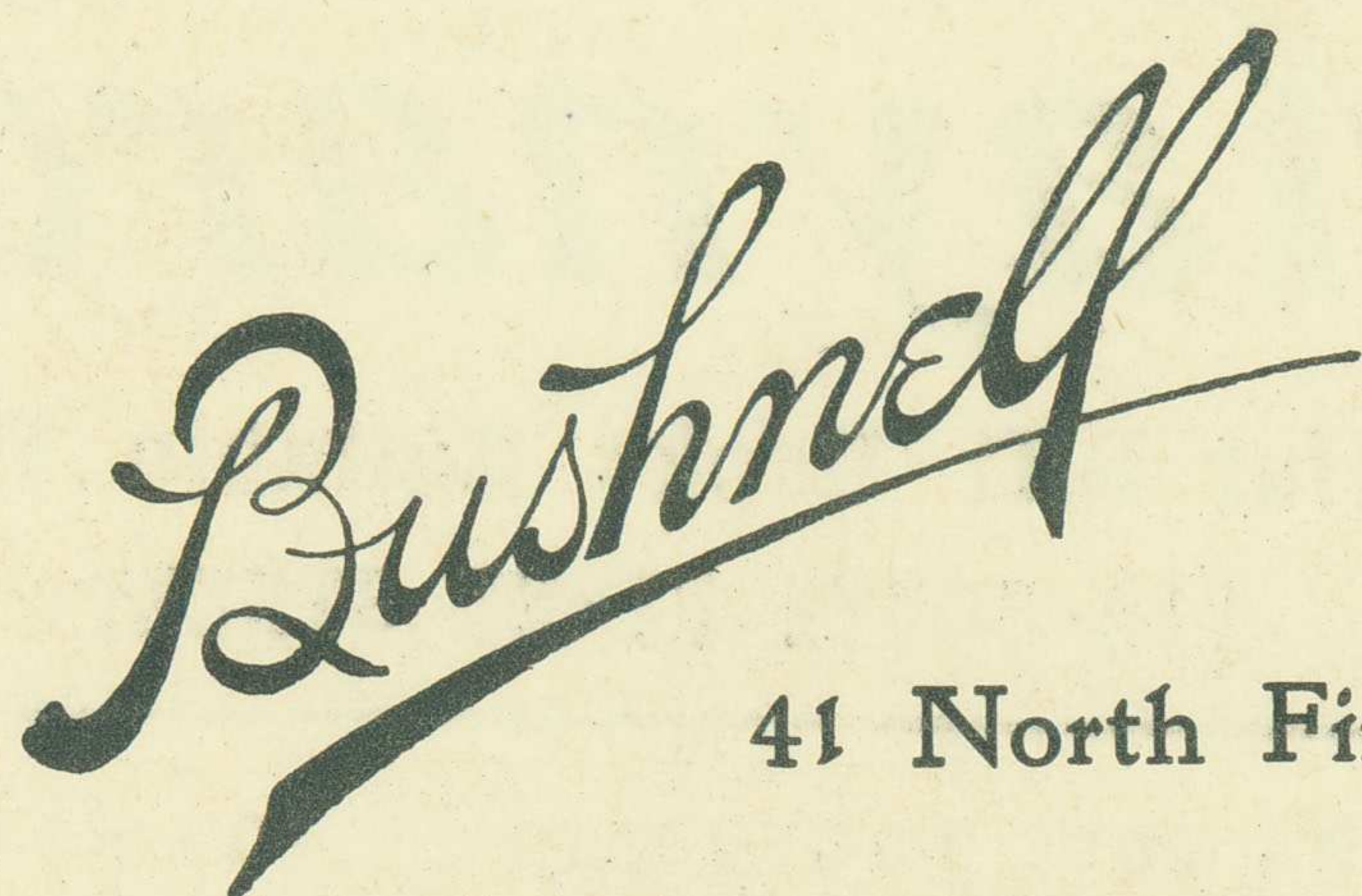
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Alma Ringer—Keep sweet and keep moving.
Ruth Rucker—"May she live to a ripe old age, and always get another."
Mrs. Gay—"Thro' this gem, we cannot see."
Maud Williams—Yes. She has always been to faculty meetings.

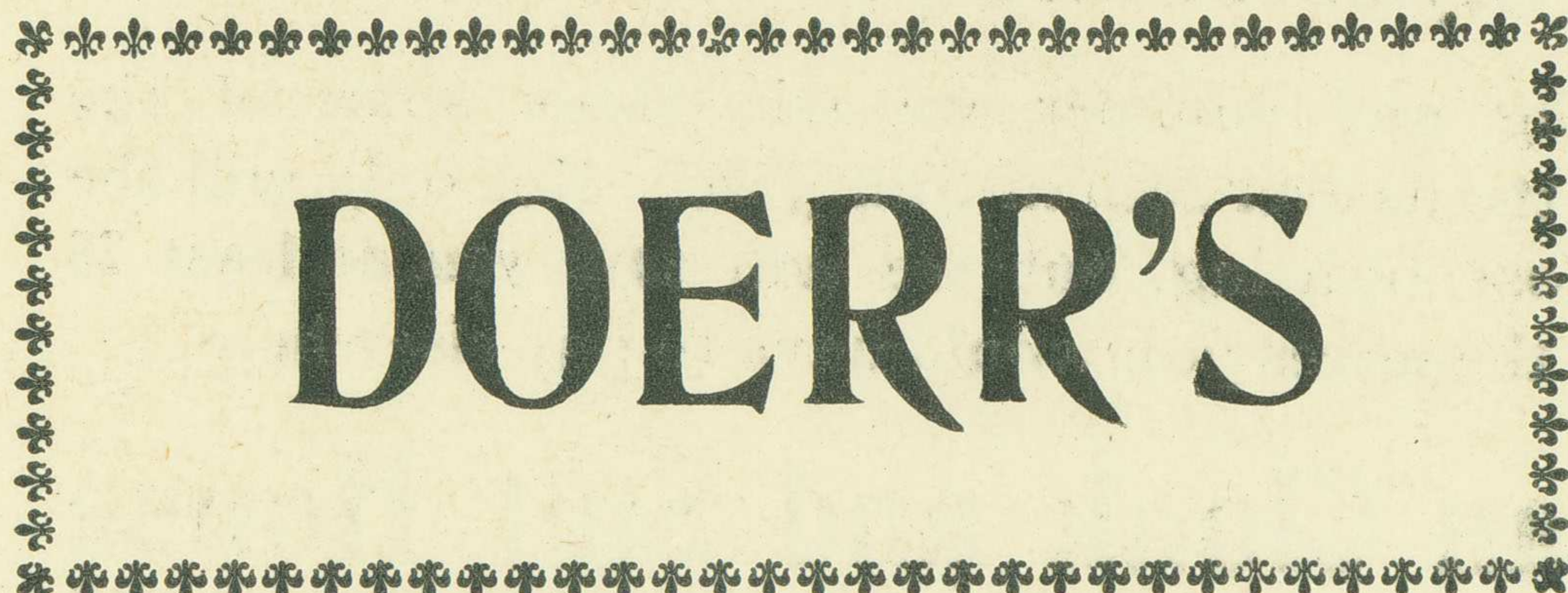
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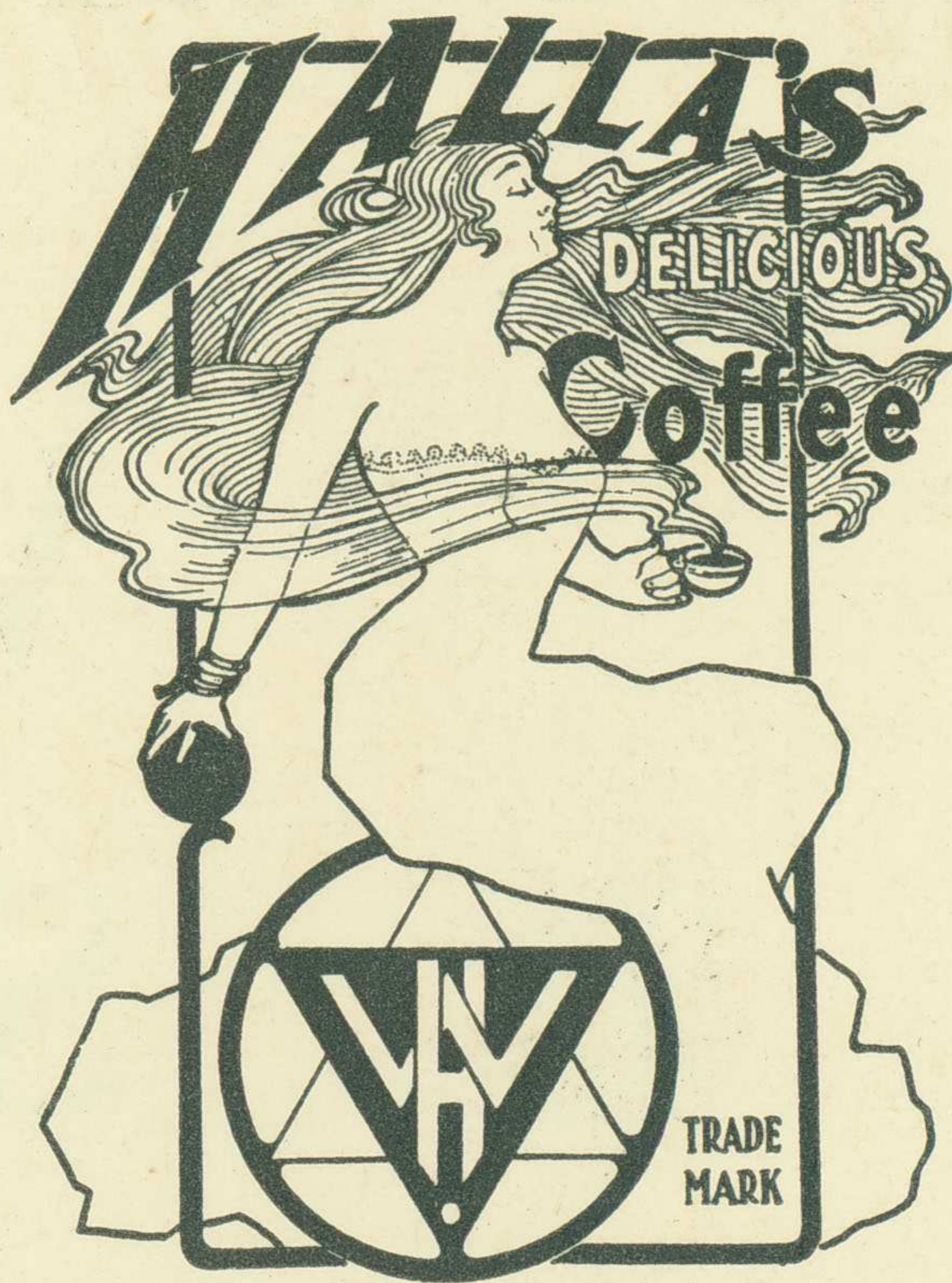
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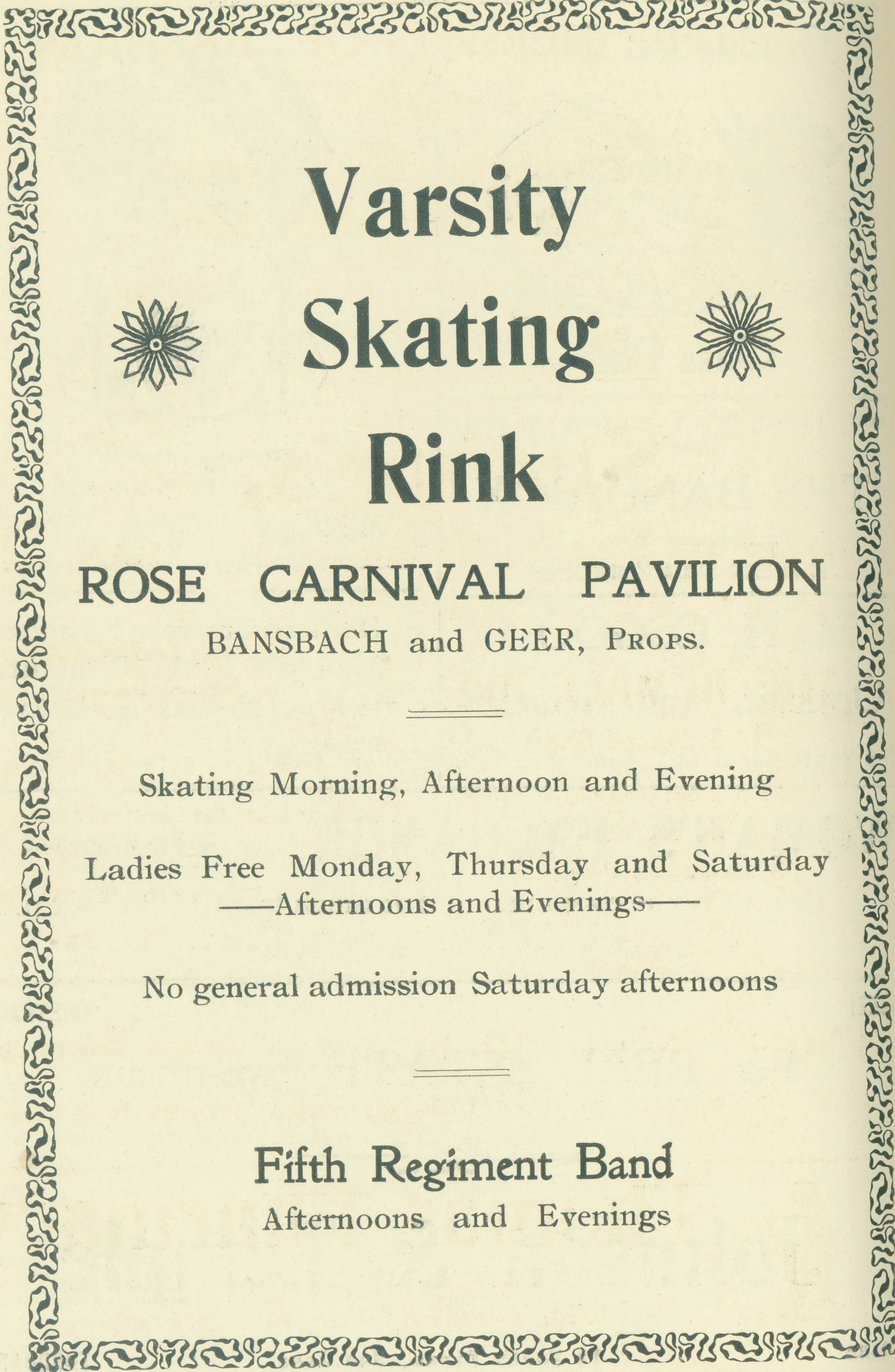
—SEE—

Johnson & Temple

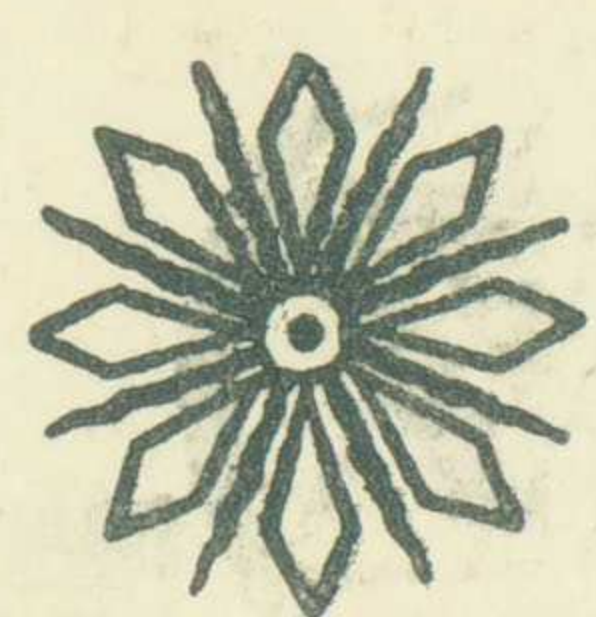
LOANS

12 North First, San Jose

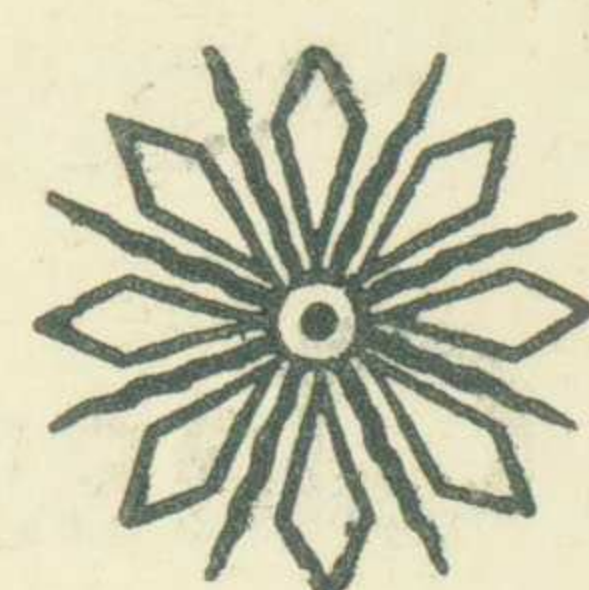
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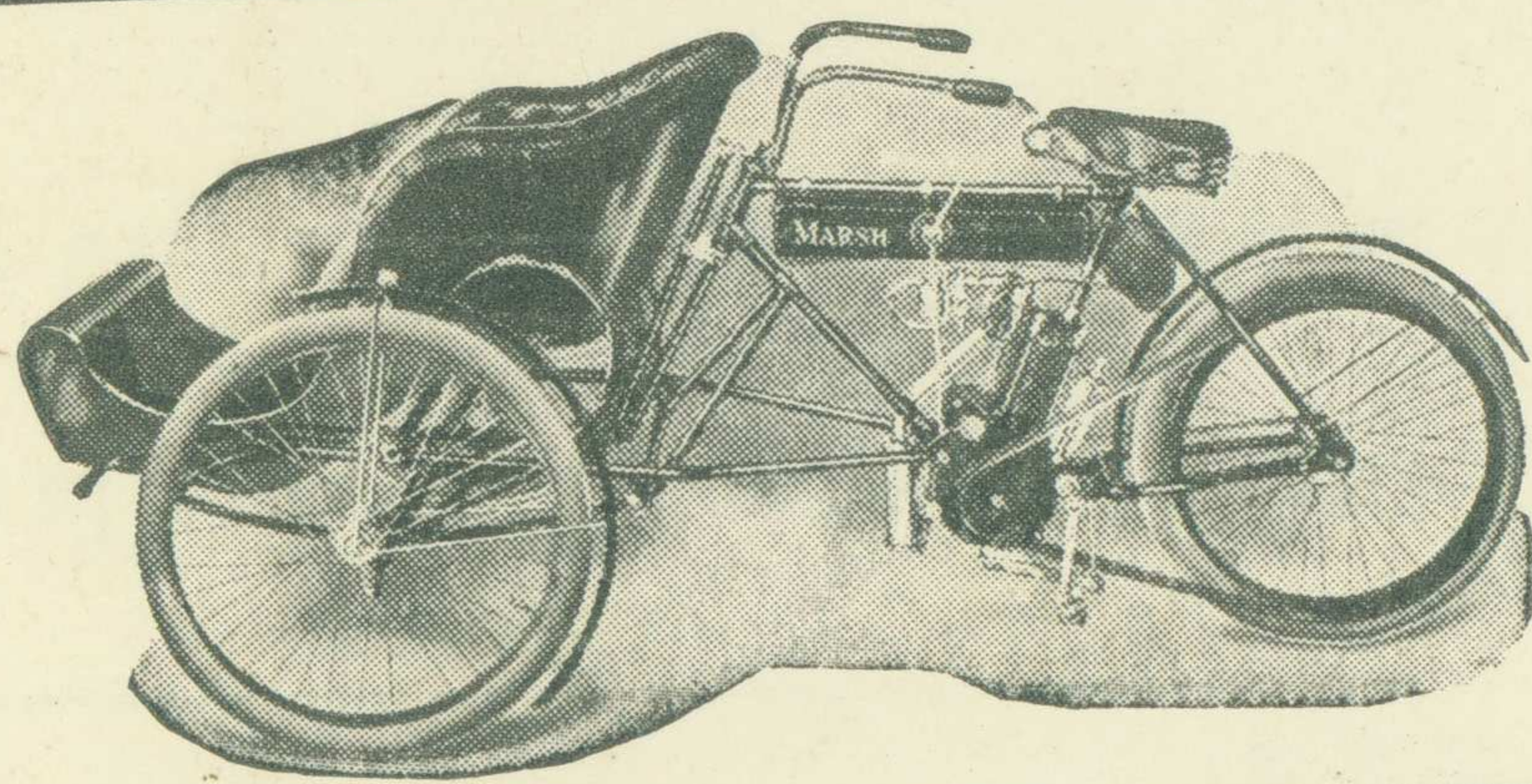
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