

Normal Pennant

November
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Faculty and Students

So kind to all and swift to spare,
The foe to all difficulty,
So good our little faults to bear
The best of all:—Our Faculty.

Summer has gone, our tasks are here
We take them up with care and prudence
Each willing now her part to bear
Happiest of all:—Our Students.

—*Ethel Rea Farmer.*

The Normal Pennant

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The Students of the State Normal School, San Jose, California

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EDITORIALS

HAVE any of the readers of the Pennant ever tasted pumpkin pie with the spice left out? Good, wasn't it. Oh, didn't you like it. Tasted flat you say. Then I conclude that you prefer your pie with spice in it.

Do you know of a school where there is no Student Body organization? Rather a flat school, isn't it?

Do you happen to know of a school where there is no school paper? Decidely flat you say.

Did it ever occur to you that Student Body, Pennant, basket ball, Tennis, choral, etc., are the spice of this Normal School.

SPICE

Yes, they are but sometimes you could never guess that this particular brand of spice ever belonged to the school. Some one is needed to shake the spice in. Allow us to recommend "School Spirit" as the man for the place. He comes to us with the best of credentials, and we know from personal experience that he has never yet failed to get the spice into a school in very generous proportions. We ask it as favor that you give him a fair trial and if he fails to come up to the mark we shall find some other means for putting the spicy element into our school.

* * * * *

We have been hearing a lot about debating lately, but not too much, in fact too little. All that we could hear would still not be enough to make some of us realize what a very important place de-

DEBATING

bating takes in our school. No other interest demands our concentrated efforts, enthusiasm and ability as does this forensic speaking. We cannot all debate but we all *can* show our interest and enthusiasm, (we will not say school spirit), every time we are given a chance and if we are not given a chance we can make one. Now who is interested in debating; if *you* are say so.

An organization has recently been formed by our young men, with the purpose of giving our debaters an opportunity to appear and for the purpose of helping along the general sentiment in favor of the art.Here's all our best wishes to its future.

The debating tryout is on too, and we wish success to those trying out. Necessarily they cannot all get places on the team but they will have shown their ability to be "up and doing" and will surely get it next time.

* * * * *

Do you remember that last year on the twenty-fifth of December we had a holiday called Christmas? Well, we are going to have another this year in order that those who did not send something to the Indians last year will have a chance to do so this year. We all had a happy time last Xmas and so did the little Indian boys and girls who are away off from civilization up in northern California. We were happy because we have home folks and all sorts of relatives and

CHRISTMAS BOX

frineds to make us so; the Indians were happy because the Northern California Indian Association send them boxes and barrels of toys and ribbons and the like. Are they going to have another Merry Xmas in those far off school? It depends on us. It is surprising what a very little, inexpensive article it takes to make one of those boys or girls happy. We are all capable of producing at least one toy or handkerchief for the Christmas box, so let's do it.

AN UNFAILING RULE.

How to escape the waste-basket
The poorest scribe may learn.
'Tis free to all—Do not forget
The stamps that aid return!

—M. A.

The "Lucky Dog" Gold Story

THE ROAD was a lonely one, high up in the Sierras, and, as we rattled along, I said to the stage-driver: "This looks like a first rate place for a holdup."

The old man puffed on in silence for a while. At last he said slowly: "Funny now, wan't it? I was just recalling one that made a stir here near on twenty years ago. Funny now, wan't it?"

He gave a chuckle and relapsed into silence, while I writhed with impatience. At length, to prod his memory, I asked:

"Did the highwayman get away with anything?"

"Wan't a highwayman, 'twas two," he said, impressively, "and I reckon 'twould spile my story if I'd begin at the wrong end and tell you if they got anything."

This time I was silent and he went on.

Don't suppose you ever heard of the "Lucky Dog" mine. Wall, when it was first prospected they took out quite a lot of dust. It was owned at that time by two young fellows, Bill Wes and his pardner.

"The country was full of thieves those times," the old man continued, "and somehow it got out that Bill was agoin' to bring the dust to town one Wednesday night.

"Bill sarted out Wednesday morning expectin' to get to town by afternoon, but half way down the trail he found that a big tree had fallen across the road and he had to cut a path through for Betsy—that was his pack-mule—before he could go on. He lost time that way and it was almost dark by the time he reached the ford, back there. Bill began to get nervous.

"Funny feelin' a man gets when he's out on a trail alone, an' his donkey's saddle-bags are full of gold. Seems as if every little clump of scrub brush is a man awaitin' fer him. Every time an owl hoots he gets cold and grips his gun. Bill began to load his revolver just to pass the time away when—snap.

"'Hands up there!'

"'Guess you wont need that this trip, stranger.'

"Two men sprang from the bushes and they had the drop on him before he had time to get his bearings.

" 'Say boys, I don't think we've been properly introduced,' says Bill, gaining time.

" 'Hand over yer gun,' says one man, and the other caught hold of Betsy.

"Bill began to think hard. That gold meant a year fo hard diggin' and it meant winter rations, too. He reckoned he'd save it or die trying. The men bent over the saddle bags for an instant. Quick's a flash Bill leaned forward and slapped the little mule with all his might. Betsy gave a snort, kicked herself free, and started up that hill lickety-cut. The holdups, knowin' Betsy was carryin' the gold, took after her. Bill says it certainly was a sho wworth seein', and a close race, too.

"Next thing the boys in town knew the little mule came kitin' down the main street. They found that the gold was safe and then they sent out a party in search of Bill."

Later I met "Bill" himself.

"What did you do after the highwaymen left you?" I asked.

"I jest sat down an' laughed as long as I could see 'em running," he said, "then I set out for town through the brush."

—NAOMI CADMAN

There is a nice man named Wood
Who is so exceedingly good,
  If he wanted to be bad,
  ('Tis awfully sad)
But I really don't think that he could.

A Modern Episode

IT WAS the afternoon of a day in October; and a dreamy stillness rested over the broad, shady street of the village. The stiff, Sunday-looking houses stood with closed blinds and an unused air, behind their white fences. A few stray chickens were gravely pecking about in the grass; not because they were hungry, but because they had nothing better to do. Along the street slowly rambled an old cart, drawn by a melancholy white horse. It might have been a question which was the older, the man who drove or the horse which drew this rattling vehicle. Neither could ever have been young. They both wore the same resigned, indifferent expression, as if life presented to them a far from pleasing aspect. Before the horse walked a sedate red cow. She was evidently accustomed to being escorted home in this fashion. She stepped in a lofty manner and switched her tail with dignity, never deviating from the road for the sage of an extra bite of grass.

Jack Carlton, sauntering along under the trees with his dog at his heels and his gun over his shoulder, albeit with an empty game bag, idly wondered if there was any greater life in this staid little village by the sea than was represented by this rheumatic old horse and his wooden driver.

"Things must happen here now and then, I suppose," he thought. "They must marry, and die, and love, and hate, like the rest of the world, but I'm certain they do it all at the back of the house," and he glanced with aversion at the tightly-closed blinds of the house he was passing.

Carlton had spent an unprofitable day. Either he had not been to the right places, or he had been misinformed as to the abundance of the game to be found here. He said to himself that he was a fool to have stopped off at this place on no better recommendation than the word of a chance acquaintance met on the smoking-car. "I may as well go on tomorrow," he reflected. If there is no shooting to be had, I have no excuse for staying away any longer. The music must be

faced sooner or later,—hang it!" and he quickened his pace with the air of a man trying to get away from a nunpleasant thought.

At the same time he was approaching an old-fashioned white house, which, he observed, looked very different from its neighbors. It had a pretty vine-covered porch, and had been modernized by a fine piazza, and several additions built out here and there. All the windows were thrown wide open. In a hammock on the piazza lay a crimson sofa pillow and a banjo, as if someone had but recently deserted it. The house bore an air of individuality of which it seemed to be proud, but its pride would soon have a fall, for in winter, while the surrounding houses were cheery and warm and full of life, this one stood deserted and alone, with smokeless chimneys, haunted, may be, by the ghosts of yesterday.

What chiefly attracted Jack Carlton as he neared this spot was the figure of a girl who was leaning on the front gate. She was gazing intently in the opposite direction from him, and was evidently so absorbed in thought as not to be aware of the approach of anyone. The book which she had been reading had fallen unheeded to the ground, and she was swinging the gate to and fro with a little lazy, unconscious motion. On the top of the gate post set a large gray cat with a red collar on. He was the embodiment of dignity and calm enjoyment. Evidently he was accustomed to sitting in the lap of luxury. All this Jack Carlton saw and appreciated with the quick instinct of a lover of beauty, for it was a pretty picture. He was sure the girl was pretty; he could not see her face, but he noted the graceful little figure clad in blue flannel, and the bright hair which the sun, glittering down upon it, turned into rough gold.

"How can I make her turn round?" he asked himself, for Jack never missed his opportunities where a pretty girl was concerned. But Jack's dog Rex had suddenly discovered one of his natural victims in the form of aristocratic Fritz sitting there by his young mistress, and springing forward with a sharp bark, caused Fritz to move to a branch of a nearby tree, and the girl to turn and fix upon Jack a pair of startled, astonished eyes. He undoubtedly looked interesting. His enemy must have called him a handsome man. His face had retained the open, frank look of boyhood; his smile usually won him what he wanted, especially from women. Moreover, there was about him the well-bred air of perfect ease, which always marks the man of the world who is at the same time a gentleman.

He met the girl's amazed look with a quiet apology.

"I beg your pardon. My dog has frightened your cat, and, I fear you also."

In an instant she had regained her composure.

"That is nothing," she replied, looking frankly at him, and speaking without a shade of embarassment. "Fritz knows how to protect himself."

She was evidently not a girl likely ever to be taken at a disadvantage. What she said, and her manner for saying it, pleased Carlton. He looked at her with a smile; then seeing her boo klying at his feet, he picked it up. At the same time the girl stooped and patted Rex admiringly.

"What a lovely setter," she observed, with the air of a connoissuer. Then she glanced up at his empty bag with surprise.

"I have had poor luck today," he said, answering her look. "I am not familiar with this country. I was told the game was abundant about here."

"It is," she replied. "You have missed the right places, I fancy, for my brother came in an hour ago with a lot of birds. Is this your first day?"

"I? Oh, no," laughed the girl. "I remember saying I was sure you would jump at the chance."

She stood there talking to him as much at ease and as unconsciously as if he had been that old farmer driving home his cow.

He smiled at her question, and said:

"I came this morning. I am glad to hear such an encouraging report. I must inform myself as to the hiding places of the birds."

"Oh! there are plenty here," replied the girl, retreating a step as if she had nothing more to say. Jack felt that he could say more, but he made no attempt to do so. As he lifted his hat and strode off, he thought: "A mighty pretty girl! I wonder who the deuce she is."

Occasionally in this dull world, things come about nearly the way we would have them; but perhaps if the two actors in this little drama could have looked forward a few short weeks, Jack would then and there have gone home, and not made friends with Dolly Haines' brother Ned, or allowed himself to be persuaded into joining their merry party; and Dolly herself might have objected to inviting so new an acquaintance to go chestnuting with them, contrary as such objects would have been to her nature. But Carlton did accept *his* invitation.

They were a very jolly party, as they started out one bright October morning.

"I hope you will not be bored to death, Mr. Calrton," said Dolly, looking up at him with a smile.

"How can you think so?" he replied to her.

"Ned said you would be, you know."

"Do you agree with him, Miss Dolly?"

"Well, so I did," he returned. "I feel as if I was in for an awfully nice time. I remember feeling the same way when I was a small boy, but it has all the value of a new sensation for me now."

"But have never noticed," said Dolly, looking up with earnest eyes, "how after every pleasant experience in life there comes a corresponding depresion? It is always so with me—you may be different; dont let me talk of it," she added, almost petuantly. "We are in today now; I hate tomorrow. I shall not think of it."

"She has lived long enough to have some bitter 'experience,'" thought Carlton. "I wonder if she has a lover!"

"Well, Miss Dolly," he said, rather recklessly, "let us make the most of today, and be happy, you and I; are you agreed?" holding out his hand to her, almost eagerly.

And Dolly Haines, with the impetuosity which was one of the greatest charms as well as the greatest faults of her character, laid her hand unhesitatingly in his, and said in her sweetest voice:

"Yes, we will be happy today, you and I."

And it was not very hard work.

"How easy it is to become friends with some people!" thought Jack as he talked to his companion. Dolly Haines was one of those people who walked straight into your heart. If either of them suffered qualms of conscience in the beginning of this delightful flirtation, they did not show it; they both put quietly out of mind any memories which should have forbidden the tender tone in Jack's voice as he spoke to her, and the coquettish glance in her eyes as she answered him.

"Are you sure it will rain tomorrow, Miss Dolly?" he asked, in a low voice, as they drove home that night.

She did not answer him directly. Then she looked u pat him in the moonlight and said, with a smile:

"I don't believe it will, tomorrow, do you?"

When they reached home they made him come in, and Dolly had coffee served. Later, Ned made her play on the banjo. She played well, and after awhile she sang some little Scotch ballads in a simple, natural way, which all pleased Jack immensely; he stooped and strok-

ed the stately Fritz, who lay on the rug before the fire; he said little; he liked to watch his pretty hostess.

"I am a fool," he said o himself, as he walked home in the moonlight. "I had much best go tomorrow."

Then he remembered Dolly had promised to take him for a row on the bay, and he abandoned his wise resolution, and gave himself up to pleasanter reflections.

When Dolly Haine's went to her room that night, she took up a picture which stood on her dressing-table and gazed at it with a tender regretful light in her brown eyes. "Forgive me, dear," she said, softly. "It is partly your own fault that I am able to forget you so."

The promised row on the bay was followed by many others. Soon Jack's gun was left to stand unusued in the corner, much to Ned's disgust, and Jack and his dog spent the pleasant October days idling along the country roads by the side of Dolly Haines.

"After all," he said to himself, when his heart misgave him as to his fasbcinating intimacy, "she'sonlyamusing herself; she understands it as well as I do."

So they live'd on in the sunshine of today, spending long mornings fishing, forgetting all past and putting all future out of their minds.

"I wonder how Will would like Jack Carlton!" Annie Haines said one day. Dolly was dusting the parlor, and did not even look at her sister as she replied indifferently:

"I should think they would be very congenial."

"Is that why you like him, because he reminds you of Will?" persisted the younger sister.

Dolly turned on her sharply. "I like him for himself; he amuses me, and that is sufficient, I think."

It seemed to Jack that afternoon as they sat on the rocks watching the tide to come in, that her manner was a trifle cold.

"Has anything happened to vex you?" he asked in an offended tone.

"Why should you think anything has happened?" she said, almost crossly. "One cannot always be the same."

"One can always be the same to one's friends," he replied, coldly.

"No, they can *not*," she contradicted; "at least, I cannot, and anyone that expects it of me, will be disappointed."

As he looked at her he felt his resentment at her words vanish, and leaning forward he took her hand, and said, tenderly:

"Why, dear, you shall do just as you please, only don't tell me to go away."

Instantly her face changed.

"I don't want you to go away, Jack, you know I don't," she said, in a low voice, and letting her hand remain quietly in his.

It was such a soft pretty hand. The light glanced across a gold bangle which she wore on her arm, and for the first time he noticed some words engraved on its polished surface.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing!" said the girl hastily, trying to draw her hand away, seeing he was determined to read it, she let it rest, while he deciphered the motto:

"'Semper Fidelis', W. C. M., June30, 19—." That was all. The bangle was securely fastened on by an almost invisible lock in the side.

"How long have you worn this?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"Nearly two years," answered the girl, indifferently; and silence reigned for some time. Carlton felt decidedly cross; he would have enjoyed kicking somebody down; and across Dolly's face had crept a sad, weary look, but she suddenly aroused herself with a little shake, and said, with on effort to return to her old gayety:

"Come, Jack, life is too short to sit idle here; let us go for a row; you shall steer. I must work off my bad temper."

She was already running along the beach, Rex at her heels.

Jack followed more slowly.

"After all," he thought, "there is no use growling at fate."

Well, the days flew by on wings, as the golden days of young will, until one day Jack Carlton received a letter; not an ordinary letter exactly, for it had the affect of opening his eyes and bringing him to his feet with a start. It was written in a lady's fashionable hand, and ran thus:

"DEAR JACK: *You must come at once.* He really is very ill. I think he will not live this time. I dared not telegragh for fear it would vex you; but please start directly upon receiving this. He asks for you all the time. I know, dear, this has all happened before, but what can I do? Besides I want to see you dreadfully myself. The shooting is good, I suppose, or you would not stay so long in that dull little sea-shore town. I really *pitied* you, Jack, when I read your description of it, but if you now and then shoot a partridge, you are happy, I know.

"I must not write another word or this will be too late for the mail. Jack, dearest, come without delay.

"Your own loving

GEN."

I fear Jack growled a little at this.

"I must go tomorrow," he said at last. "It won't do to neglect it."

The pretty idyl must be brought to an abrupt close! The dream was over, and Jack deplored his fate while he hunted up his things.

"I'll not tell her until tonight," he thought. "Will have one more happy afternoon."

He told her the news that night as they sat together by the bright wood fire in the quaint, pretty parlor where he had spent so many evenings, but which he was destined never to see again.

She listened to him quietly. She had known it was coming.

"I believe you do not care at all," he said angrily.

Her head was bent down. She was stroking Rex who lay at her feet. He and Fritz were great friends now. She looked up when he said that, and their eyes met. She said nothing, but he was satisfied. They sat silent for awhile. then he said gently:

"Dolly, I want you to believe me when I tell you that whatever happens to me in the future, watever you may hear from me, this has been the happiest time of my life. I shall never forget it. I shall never have another like it. Will you try to remember that?"

"I will try to," she answered him in a low voice. He leaned over and took her hand in his.

"I hope your life will be a happy one, dear," he said wistfully. "I may never see you again. You will marry——"

She drew her hand away almost angrily.

"What difference does it make," she cried, "whether I am happy or not—whether I am married or single? We go our separate ways from tonight. It has been pleasant, but it had to end, Jack!"

There was a little tremble in the girl's voice as she spoke his name which did not escape him. He had risen and was leaning against the mantel. "I have had some hard places to get over in my life, Dolly," he said, looking at her with sober, earnest eyes, "but saying good-bye to you is the hardest of them all. I've no right to ask it, but you'll not forget me, dear?" She was standing by his side, and as he spoke he took both her hands in his.

"No, I shall not forget you *ever,*" she replied, wearily.

Then she drew herself away, and without another word he left

the room, feeling that he was a scoundrel, and that with his own hand he had dimmed the sunlight forever more.

As he reached the hall door he remembered Rex, and turned back to call him just in time to see Dolly kneel down on the rug and put her arm around the dog's neck.

"Goodby, Rex," she said, gently, and she dropped a kiss on top of his soft head, but she did not look at his master again.

The next morning when he drove by in the stage the rain was falling dismally; the yellow leaves lay thick and wet on the paths and not a soul was to be seen at any of the windows.

"Tomorrow has come!" he thot, sadly, as he pursued his weary journey.

A month later, after the Haineses had returned to the city for the winter, Dolly, in glancing over a San Francisco paper one morning, saw the following among the marriage notices:

"Carlton-Sommers.—At the residence of the bride's guardian, Mr. John Worthy, Esq., John Worthy Carlton to Miss Genevieve Sommers, daughter of the late General Isaac Sommers, U. S. A.

"Did you see the notice of Jack Carlton's marriage in the morning paper, Doll?" Ned Haines asked at dinner. "I met a fellow downtown this morning who knows him. He told me all about it. It seems they have been engaged for a long time. She is a ward of the rich old duffer Jack was named for. He had set his heart on the marriage—made Carlton his heir on that condition. Mauson says he is an awfully cranky old fellow, always going to die, you know, and summoning Jack to his bedtime at all sort of inconvenient times. I have suspicion that Jack would just as soon have the money minus the wife, but Mauson says she is a very pretty girl and desperately in love with her husband. So it seems as if he had done mighty well for himself. By Jove, I call that lucky! Did you know he was engaged, this summer, Doll?"

"No," said Dolly, "he did not make me his confidante," and she cut a piece of meat and gave it to Fritz, who sat by her side patiently waiting her mistress' pleasure.

None of them noticed that she ate no dinner.

Three Sonnets

By ALICE LEIGH.

THE ROSE

A maiden lingered in a garden fair,
Caressing, one by one, the flowers bright;
She gazed on one sweet rose so purely white,
And murmured lovingly,—"O blossom rare,
Waving thy petals in this perfumed air.
A very Queen thou art, my heart's delig ht!
No sweeter flower e'er dawned on mortal sight
Than thou, sweet Rose! Then shall I rudely tear
Thee from thine Eden for our Emblem Day?
No, better let old England keep her claim
To thee. Yet would I that your walk would close
Around, and let me here forever stay.
And ream sweet fancies of thy lasting fame;
For thou art Queen of Gardens, lovely Rose!"

THE LILY

Round turned she to a lily blooming there,
And bid her face within her petals pure,
Bee-like she would its sweetness rich secure,
Then twining it among her golden hair,
She drank pure esence of the scented air;
"O would thy purity all hearts allure.
Our Golden State true Emblem wouldst assure.
But not for us thy grace beyond compare
On Francais regal banner dost thou wave,
O Lily, who doth neither toil or spin!
Soft zelphyrs gently kiss thy petals chaste,
And fairy dewdrops thy pure cayx lave;
Glad sunbeams bright thy favors ever win,
So nought of all thy glory runneth waste."

Continued on bottom of page 18

Lend a Hand

EVERY year, at about this time, the Northern California Indian Asso. sends Christmas boxes to the schools of Northern California. The Faculty of the Normal School and students at San Jose have had the privilege many times of adding to the good cheer that these boxes carry to the Indian children and their teachers, and again this year the opportunity is offered. What will *you* contribute? Not necessarily anything that costs more than a litle time and thought. A warm garment that you no longer need; your worn ribbons, washed and ironed; a child's book or Christmas and New Year cards from your own past holidays; pictures from old magazines and books; scraps for dolls' clothes and patchwork; a toy, a doll; paints, bright paper, cardboard, or scisors for school work and play; a note book; pencils and colored crayon; candy; —any of these, as well as many other things, will be welcome, or, if you prefer, a small contribution in money. Let us all do *something*. The thing you have laid aside or forgotten may yet make some heart happy. But what we do must be done quickly. The boxes must be sent several weeks ahead to reach the schools by Christmas, as most of them are far from railroads. Contributions may be left in the Normal Library, where they will be called for by the officers of the Association, or with the General Secretary, Mrs. Kelsey, 1127 S. First Street.

Writing in response to our offerings last year, Miss Cornelia Taber says, "I hope that those who helped will realize how far reaching is the good accomplished. In several settlements and schools, Christmas has never before brought any gifts to the Indians, while in a number of other places there could have been but scant celebration without the boxes and barrels sent by outside friends. At some of these places the direct missionary work done will date almost entirely from this year's Christmas. Please express to all who helped our sincere thanks."

A teacher at one of the Indian schools writes this account of their Christmas festival:

"The chapel had been beautifully decorated. Above the platform

was 'Merry Christmas' in red, against a back ground of live oak, and above it a great star of spruce. Overhead was a canopy of ropes of spruce, over the windows wreaths, and, best of all, two great trees, one on each corner of the stage. At last we were all in our appointed places, and there were so many of the parents of the children, and white neighbors, that the chapel was crowded. The children sang their songs and went through their parts as though they thought Santa Claus himself was listening. Then the curtains were drawn aside, and there followed a chorus of *'Oh!'* and *'Oh! My!'* Presently bells were heard far off, and then nearer and louder. The children's excitement was intense, and a great shout went up as the jolly Santa Claus came scrambling through the window. He made a speech to the children, recited a funny poem, danced about the stage to the tune of a music box, and then began to empty his pack. We all went to his assistance, and the trees were soon despoiled of their wonderful fruit, and the children were all very, very happy. Every girl received a sewing bag, a doll, and a hair ribbon and every boy, marbles, a tie and a handkerchief. Then there were balls, books, boxes of paper, etc., so that all had a good share, and I may add that many expressed their gratitude, while all proved it by their actions. We all left the chapel with our hearts full of the Christmas joy and love and peace. For all this we most heartily thank the kind, loving friends, who, though they have never seen us, still remember us and present to us gifts of love."

THE ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

At last perceive those eager eyes a flower
Fulfilling loyal quest of winsome lass:—
"O cup of gold amid the waving grass
Thou lovest alike the sunshine and the shower,
Bloomest thou for all-rude cabin and high tower!
Thy gold, the butterfly's clear looking glass,
Converts to Paradise each mountain pass!
Thou art my gladsome choice, O lovely dower,
Though peasant-born, yet rich beyond compare!
When'er sweet memory paints life's picture true,
When Argonauts old romances relate,
Then diadems of popies let us wear,
And praise thy cheery, hopeful grace anew,—
Fit Golden Emblem for our Golden State."

Sary Ann

NOW, Sary Ann, I do hate to see you drive that mare. She is so skittish. Besides, pa says she ain't safe. He's only driv' her in the buggy three times. You better not go today.

"Oh, mother! I must go. I promised Pansy Brown I'd visit her today. I haven't seen her since she got back home.

"Bessie's perfectly safe. Look at her. Here she comes!"

"You dear, Bessie! I know you like sugar," she said caressing the beautiful animal.

The horse had come for her usual share of delicacies which Sary Ann never forgot.

"Bessie I am going to take a long drive today and I want you to be very gentle. I'll show pa that I'm not afraid of you," and Sary Ann patted the sleek neck lovingly.

In a short time, horse and driver were ready for a jaunt into the country.

Sary Ann was singing merrily as she crossed the bridge and began a long, lonesome drive over the high levee which bordered the river.

She was oblidged to keep a tight rein on Bessie, who felt very much averse to passing the washouts, which had been caused by the storms during the previous winter.

The girl drew a sigh of relief when the railroad track was crossed. She settled back comfortably in the buggy, and gazed about to admire the beautiful stream, as it flowed quietly at one side of the embankment.

On the opposite side was a thick growth of trees, whose various colorings made a very charming scene.

Sary Ann drank in the beauties of nature with a happy heart.

A cotton tail tripped lightly up the steep slope, setled itself on its haunches for a moment, as if to take a survey of its surroundings, then turned quickly and retreated down the grade into the blackberry bushes.

Suddenly Bessie began to prick up her ears and act in a very unbecoming manner.

"What is the matter with her," thought Sary Ann, as she grasped the lines tightly and half rose to see the cause of Bessie's fear.

About four yards in front of her Sary Ann saw a large cut, about a third of the distance across the levee, and in the washout, a chunk of wood.

"Get up Bessie! Get up! That won't hurt you," she tried to say soothingly, but her tones were very shaky.

Bessie was determined not to go on.

"I'll use the whip," thought Sary Ann; so she grasped the whip in her trembling hand and struck the horse.

Bessie jumped, turned quickly to one side, but did not move forward.

Now Sary Ann began to realize her dangerous position. The horse had brought her near the edge of the embankment, the buggy was cramped, and she was in danger of being taken down into the river.

"What shall I do? I wish I was home," began the girl in an excited whisper.

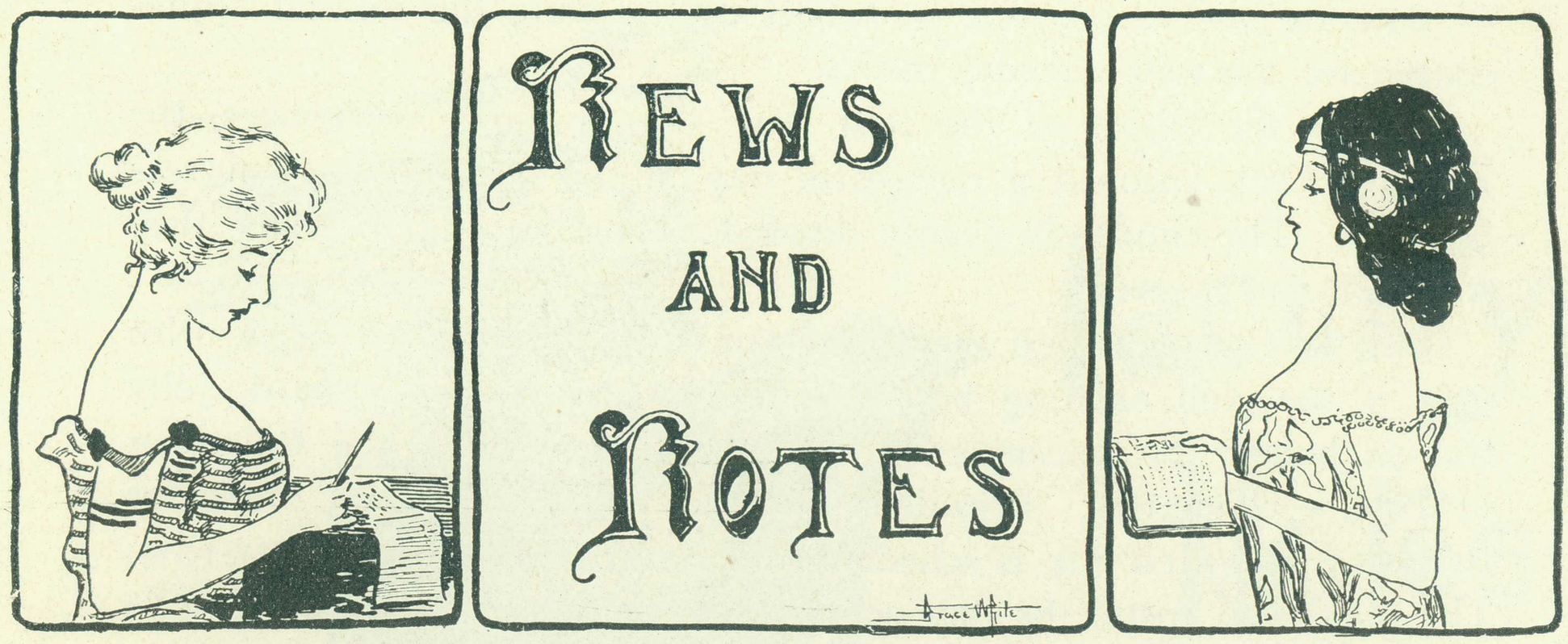
"I can't get out. She'll run away. I wish somebody would come by here and help me. Oh, dear!" and the tears began to course down the frightened girl's cheeks.

"I wish I had obeyed ma. I didn't know Bessie was going to act this way."

The horse perfectly satisfied with her position, watched the cause of her fears for some time. Convinced that it could not harm her, she turned her pretty head and looked at Sary Ann.

Her beaming eyes seemed to say, "You're not afraid of me are you?"

She arched her beautiful neck and with her glossy, black mane waving gracefully in the breeze, she trotted on.



AMONG the visitors to our school the past week were David Starr Jordan and Robert Farlong. Mr. Farlong represents the California Educational Department of the Yukon Exposition to be held at Seattle next year. He touched upon the actual work of the department in the different schools. Dr. Jordan's visits to our school are always appreciated. He lectured on his summer vacation which dealt with his experiences as United Commissioner for the protection of American fisheries.

The Young Men's Normal Debating Club, an old standing organization of the school, has again revived. Early this year the young men of our school felt the need of such an organization and the old constitution was again brought to light. The new officers elected are: President, C. Denham; vice president, Floyd Bell; secretary, C. Bohnett; treasurer, Fred Hampton; sargent-at-arms, A. P. Hill. The purpose of the society is not entirely debating and literary ends, but also carries with it a fraternity spirit of good fellowship.

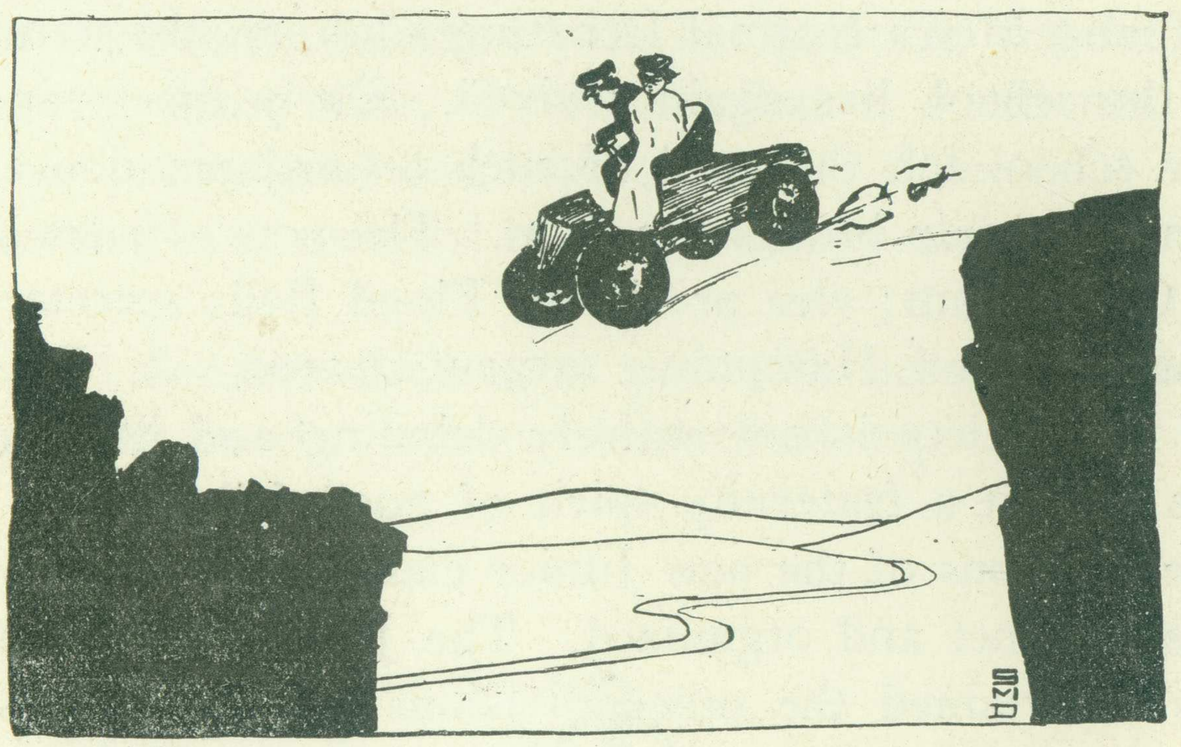
All the divisions of the new Junior class are up and doing things. Every class has met and organized. The Junior A ones, twos, sixes and sevens entertained the other divisions with a Hallowe'en party Saturday evening, October 31, at Normal hall. Hallowe'en stunts, dancing and a feed all served to make the evening a most enjoyable one.

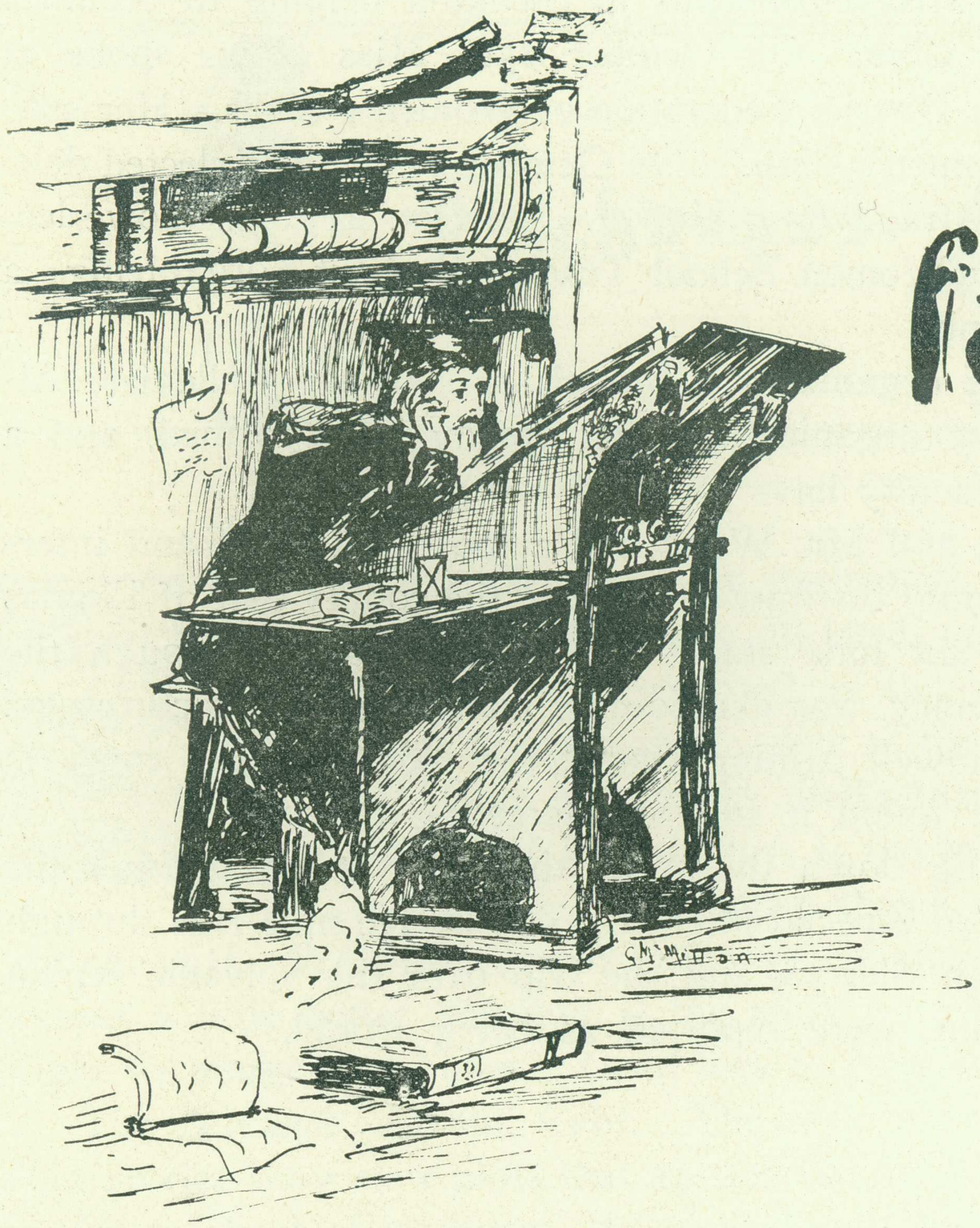
The Tennis Club held their first reunion of the season on Friday evening, the twenty-third, in the gymnasium. The new members

were introduced to the old and the barn dance broke all formality. During the all esential feed of the evening, Mr. Furby gave a speech of welcome and expressed, in behalf of the club, the mutual appreciation for the two splendid courts.

After the labors of the first issue of our paper were over, the Pennant Club enjoyed a delightful day in the hills above Congress Springs. The time was evenly divided: They enjoyed the hills, they tramped, and they fed.

Cross Country Club wouldn't stand for the question mark. Not only is the club existing but the officers promise many hard, jolly tramps before the season ends. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Florence Stahl; secretary, Margaret Roberts. The first trip is scheduled for Saturday, October thirty-first. The plan is to spend the day near the Cunningham ranch in the hills above Saratoga.





Faculty Notes

OUR FACULTY, as a whole, has been rather quiet since our last Pennant was issued. A few, however, have been away at institutes, and their reports are very interesting.

Dr. Daily and Mr. Wilson were at Sacramento a few weeks ago, looking over the plans and the arrangements of the rooms of our new Normal building. Mr. Wilson went especially to look over the arrangement of the Science building.

This week Dr. Dailey has been in Sacramento consulting with the State architect and Engineer concerning the Normal plans, which are about completed. Dr. Dailey also attended an institute at Auburn, Placer county, where he spoke to the teachers.

Miss Fisher and Miss Nicholson are attending an institute in Con-

tra Costa county. Miss Fisher is to speak on "Music," and Miss Nicholson is to speak on "English Work."

On October 9, Miss Howe was in Stockton helping to organize a School Woman's Club. On October 15th Miss Howe spoke at Watsonville before a District Federation of Women's Clubs. Her subject was "School Women's Club." On October 23 she was elected delegate to the State Suffrage Assochiation. On Oct. 24 Miss Howe lectured to the County Women School Teachers about organizing a School Women's Club.

There is talk of organizing a Branch of National Collegiate Alumnae. A temporary organization has already been formed, and a good many of our faculty have joined this organization.

Miss Nicholson and Mr. Wood had a most delightful and interesting trip to the county institute at Quincy, the county seat of Plumas county. The sixty-six mile stage trip from Oroville, through the mining camps to Quincy, was exceedingly interesting and picturesque. They visited the Bidwell Mining Camp, the oldest mining camp in California, and they found it full of interesting thngs.

The miners coming down the trails through the snow from the high mountains was of especial interest. The twelve mile ride through the snow in the high Sierras, and the trip over the volvanic region called Walker's Plain, were reported as being grand.

When crises arrive there's no time to prepare
Our defensive qualities, but then and there
In a trice we must takc our stand,
Before we can realize how it was done
The battle with Self we then find has been won
By our character then "on hand."

—M. E. A.



WITTY exchanges, dry exchanges, unique exchanges, ordinary exchanges, all kinds and conditions of exchanges, have reached us this month. But let us tell you more about some of them.

The Messenger, Bellingham State Normal School of Washington, is the most unique paper on our table. Your paper shows a conscientious and original staff. We enjoyed your exchange column. Your paper might present a little better showing if the adds were placed in the back. Might we suggest an index? Good luck to your paper.

The Advance, Arcata, Calif. The style of your paper is good. Your stories show new plots that are refreshing. As a souvenir number for a school of your size, the paper would be hard to beat.

Tempe Normal Student, Tempe, Arizona. We are glad to see you on our exchange table. We have enjoyed your paper, particularly "Week End Notes," and your exchange column. Allow us to suggest a separate page for your index as well as the placing of the adds in the back.

The Oriole from Campbell High shows splendid literary material. Your cuts are not bad but where is the originality of your exchange editors. "Uncle Jack's Ghost Story" is well worth while.

The Pacific Pharos, University of Pacific. Your paper lacks cuts. Have you no artists? Your stories, "The Way of the Transgresor," and The Revenge of Gaspar Gerard," make ones blood run cold. Try something less tragic in your next. Don't you appreciate your exchanges?

The Owl, Fresno, California, still holds its place as the best exchange on our table. Your "Waste Basket" is the "best yet." In your

story, "Jemmia's Sacque," you show us that you have some people on your staff who can think and write. Keep up your good work.

Red and Black, Reading Penn. The exchange is happy to see you. Your cuts are clever, thus making your paper attractive. We found your stories, "An Interrupted Elopement" and "Out of Bounds," new and interesting. Come again.

The Bell, San Jose. Wake up. Your paper is not up to the standard. You have enough school spirit and material in your high to put out a much larger and better monthly. Be proud of your Bell as well as your new High.. Your stories are good and your editorials are well worth the time for thought. You are not bad, but you can be better.

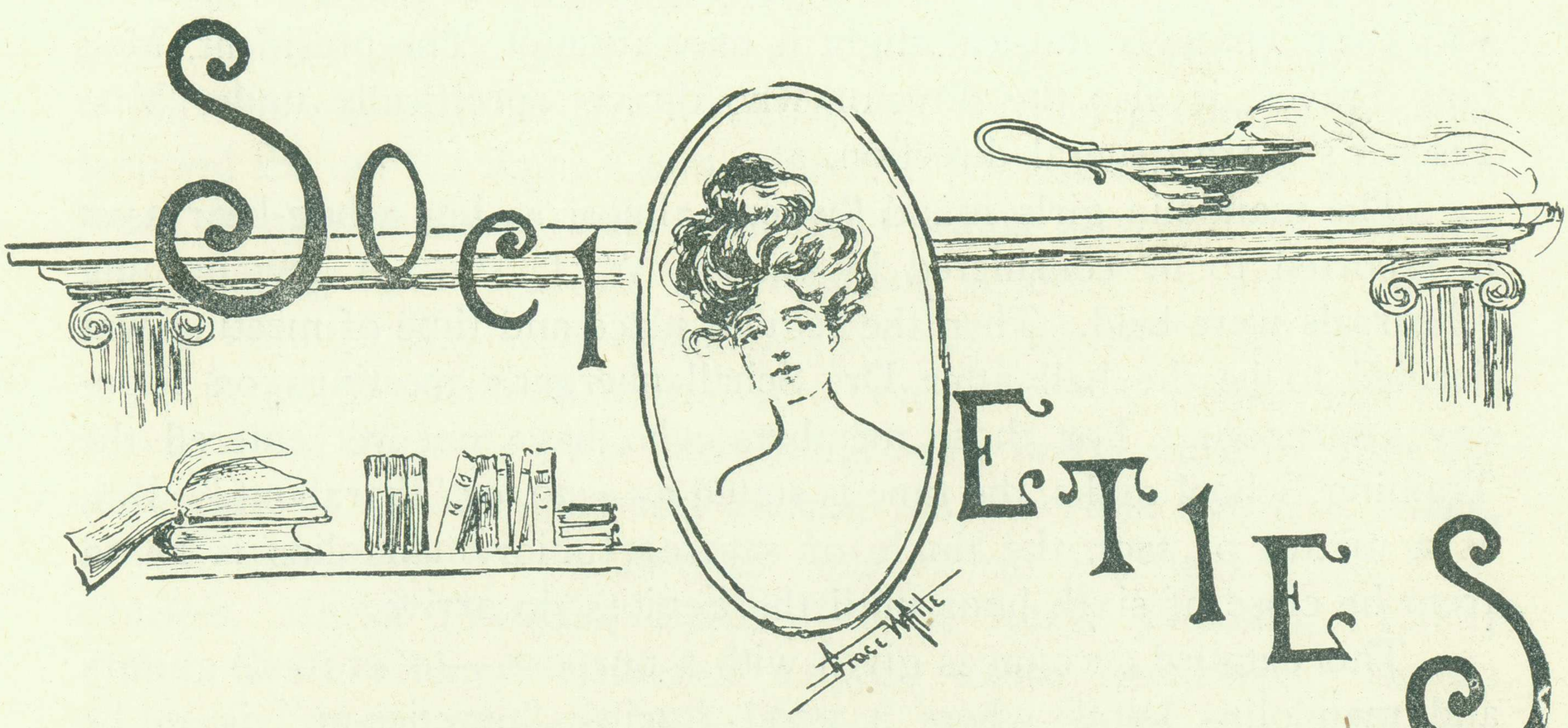
College Echoes, Silvani Springs, Arkansas. We have enjoyed your paper. Do you think it is a good plan to run joshes in with exchanges? Your cuts are good, but there is a lack of literary material.

M. H. Aerolith, Plymouth, Wis. Your September and October issues, we number among our exchanges. Tho' we do not read German, we have no doubt that the material is well worth translating. Your English essay on "Christianity-Patriotism," we can hardly realize came from the pen of a student. You are to be envied. From your clear cut pictures, we gather that your surroundings are beautiful. We would like to meet your exchange editor. We heartily agree with his ideas.

The Tocsin, Santa Clara High. Better than ever. You certainly show your school spirit. The paper is one ot be proud of. We congratulate you on the good work.

Others have come to us. We have gained much from our exchanges this month and trust you will all call again.





EROSOPHIAN

THE Erosophian Girls' enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of Miss Gertrude McMillian on the evening of October 13th. After a short program, games were played and refreshments served and the girls departed to their homes after spending an enjoyable evening.

For some time the Erosophians have been preparing for a Hallowe'en party to be given at the Woman's Club House on Hallowe'en eve, and a good time is expected by all. A program has been prepared after which games will be played and all Hallowe'en rites observed. Many unique features will be introduced into the evening's entertainment.

The society feels very fortunate in securing so many interesting and talented new members and is looking forward to a very successful and active year.

The new members are Fay Graves, Pearl Duncan, Zelma Wilson, Alice Gamble, Alpha Laughlin, June Smith, Margaret Patterson and those pledged are Mable Wells, Mary Monahan, Hivena Bristol and Edith Breton.

MANDOLIN CLUB

We have a Mandolin Club, newly fledged, but able to pick its way over whatever musical flight it may attempt. The president, Miss Ora Traves, is also the director who directs specifically under Miss Fischer's more general direction.

The mandolin girls found "when" almost as big a bug-bear as it is reported to be considered by the Y. W. C. A.. A few evening rehearsals were held. Then the regular place and time of meeting was decided to be the hall after Dr. Schallenberger's meetings on Monday afternoons. For those members who have not yet entered the Training School ranks, the time is stated as 4:30, or "tharabout." But, as a matter of fact, the tinkle of several Junior mandolins is heard from he close of sixth hour until the Seniors do arrive.

This detailed account is given with a purpose,—to let more guitars and mandolins know where a good fracing "practice-up" is to be enjoyed at least once a week. Guitars are really needed as mcuh as some of their shy owners need this sort of drill. For mastering the so-called mysteries of tune and rhythm and accent there is nothing better than concert playing.

Guitar owners are welcome, whether they play by ear or by sight. If you have a guitar or a mandolin, do take the little instrument to school next Monday and let it enjoy lifting up its voice with its kindred.

BROWNING.

Has another month really gone? So many plans and s olittle time! There has been time however for several good times and programs. On the twenty-third the society held its initiation, the initiates doing their part in a splendid manner, game to the last. The affair took the form of a progressive party ending at the home of Miss Florence Stahl where a feed and general good time was enjoyed.

On Friday, the twenty-third, an informal program was decidedly enjoyed and afterwards a candy pull kept the girls hands and tongues busy for some time.

The society is proud, indeed, of its ne wmembers and expect great things of them. They are Albertine Grove, Josephine Browning, Rena Silverman, Myrtle Senywick, Ruth Hill, Grace Dunn, Esther Williams, Marguerite Skaggs, Cecile Pinard, Francis Anderson, Myrtle Gray, Alda Anderson, Arta Bradt, Edna Gish and Joe Aiken.

ALLENIAN

The Allenian Girls again opened their doors of friendship to a large number of girls on the sixteenth of October. About seven o'clock a jolly crowd, with an overwhelmed and startled group of initiates, boarded the car for Santa Clara. Here, at the home of Miss Ivy Hayward, proper initiation rites were held which proved very amusing and exciting to all present. After having subdued the unruly spirits of the initiates they were declared "Allenian Sisters," with full privileges in all the planned festivities of the term. A supper was then served after whch the girls danced and made merry until the time for departure. Our new members include Mayme Alberson, Eva Alden, Myrtle Atkinson, Roslin Boring, Lida Clark, Vitoria Cutten, Perle DuBois, Muriel Franklin, Eunice Gallup, Lottie Jameson, Fanny Jones, Grace Kinney, Catherine Lappin, Edith Lernhardt, Amelia Luhrman, Abera Malcolm, Nan O'Neil, Alice Quilty, Anna Thompson, Doris Whipple and June Witherly.

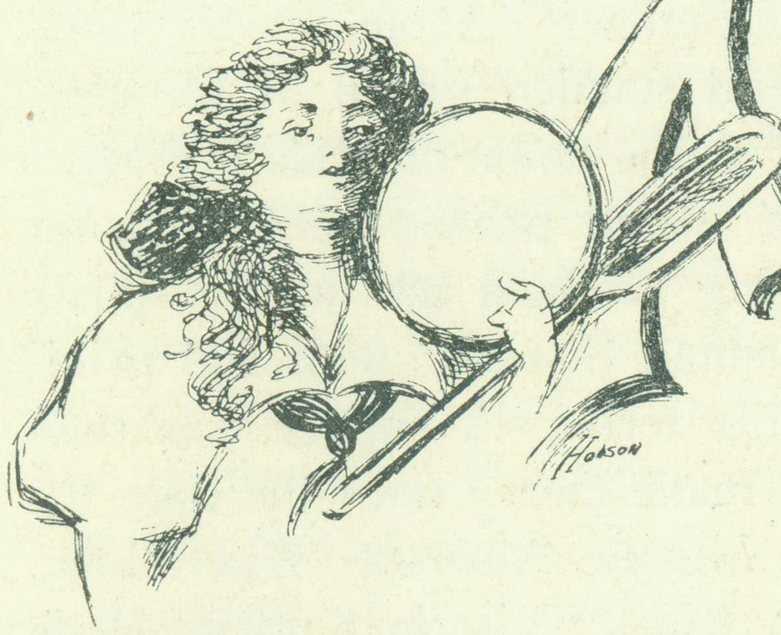
A program to our new members was given in Miss Bassalar's room on Friday, the twenty-third. Musical numbers were rendered by Miss Copeland and Miss King, Miss Hayes favored us with a recitation, and Miss Farmer and Miss Grimes offered us some "Jolly-up-Stunts." After the program fruits and apples were served.

With our ranks so satisfactorily reinforced we expect to accomplish much during the remainder of this period.





ATHLETICS



TENNIS is rapidly becoming popular again. Why shouldn't it? The Tennis Club has full jurisdiction over one of the best courts to be found (already completed) and another one (nearing completion). The club not only furishes lime, balls, and nets for the players, but it furnisehs entertainment also, in the way of banpuets, parties and other social events. These are ideal conditions for an ideal organization and this is only made possible by the class of mem bers of which the Tennis Club boasts.

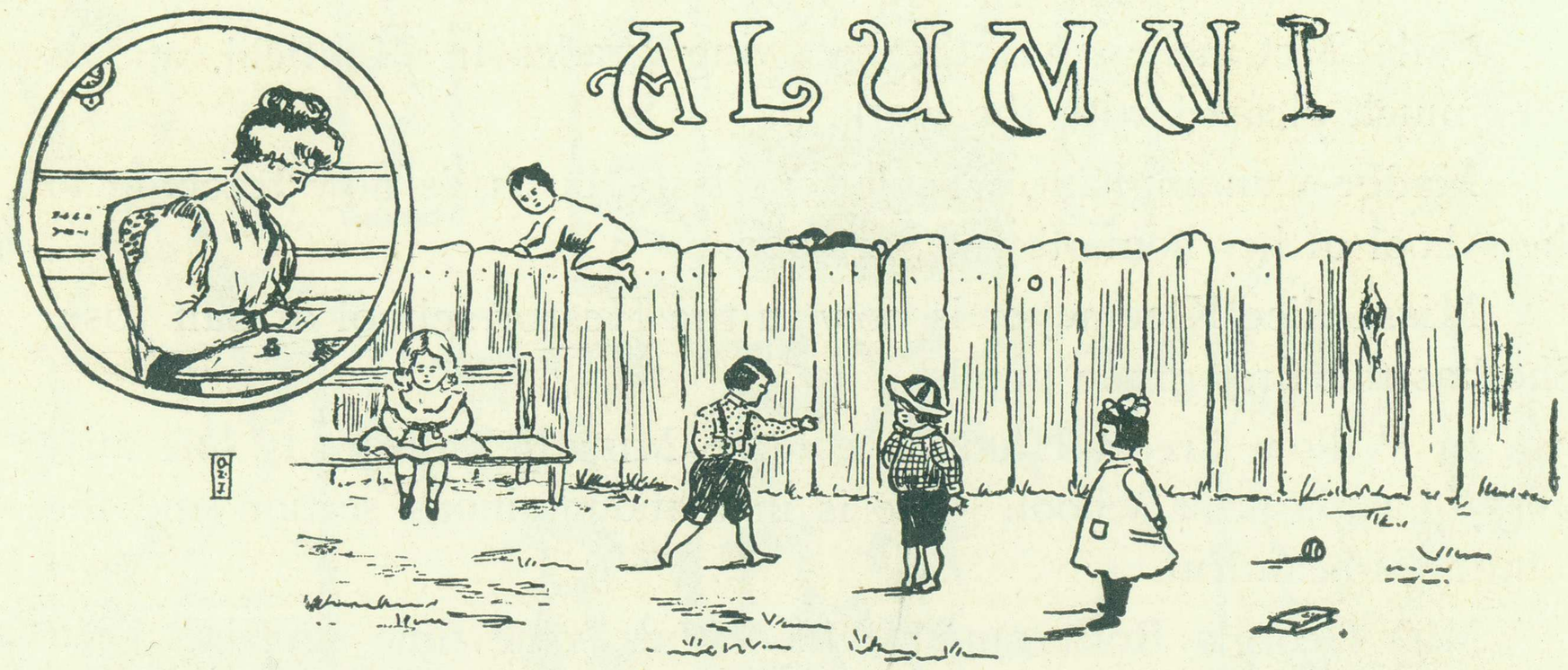
BASKET BALL.

Almost any night of the week one may go out to the basket ball court, and see the girls enthusiastically practicing. Not only see them—but hear them. Miss Reid is, in this respect what Miss Northrup is in Student Body,—spokesman for the whole team. We hope that all this practice will not be in vain. Let's hear some "San Jose Won" in basket ball games.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB

It is with great pleasure that I am able to report something about the C. C. C. besides (? ! * !). The club has reorganized with Miss Florence Stahl as chief High Ruler of the Pedestrians, and in the very near future the members are planning to take one of those delightful little jaunts, like the one to Mr. Maine's ranch proved, last year. The place has not been definitely decided upon but it will probably be Mr. Bland's beautiful country place, near the Calaveras Valley.

ALUMNI



DURING the month of October we have been favored with visits from quite a number of our successful and honored Alumni. Among this number we find Miss Marguerite Vestal who has an interesting school of a comfortable size near Winters.

Miss Letitia Wilson was also seen on the campus and heard in the assembly. She is teaching near Berkeley in a graded school and is enjoying life in her usual enthusiastic manner.

Miss Edith Menker is her own mistress in a school near Morgan Hill. We see her in San Jose frequently.

Mr. Forest Howarth, a former Normal debater, also, dropped in to see how we were progresing in these days. He is attending Stanford, and is also instructing one of the near schools in Manual Training.

In Edenvale Miss Edna Dexter may be found. She is successfully instructing the intermediate grades there.

We were glad to see Miss Grace Moore pay her respects to us, who are still students of the Normal. She stepped in to greet us before attending the teachers' institute in Contra Costa county.

Among our ranks of Alumni may be found the principals of many of the California schools. Mr. Mariese holds this position in the Grammar School of Mission San Jose. Miss Lea Reid is also among this honored number and is located in Millican, not far from San Jose.

At Mount Eden Mr. Roy Thompson is principal of a successful school. Near Campbell, in the Hamilton school, Miss Fanny Luhrman is attending to the duties of principalship.

Calla McCracken has the receiving grades in Mayfield, and is very much pleased with the work.

Madge Cunningham, who left us last March, is now teaching in the school of her home town, Saratoga.

Miss Alice Kleemeyer is now in the Hestor school of San Jose. She has the first grade pupils.

In Willow Creek, Humbolt county, Miss Belva Axe is sole mistress of a pleasant school. She is in a mountainous section and the country is beautiful.

Miss Georgia Rottermund, who left us some time ago, has been heard from by many. All reports regarding her are of the most flattering nature. She is teaching in the city schools of Eureka and instructs the fifth grade.

In the lovely country of La Hunda, of which he have all heard frequently, we find J. Rankin.

Miss Florence Brown has a school of twenty-five pupils in Salmon Creek. We understand that she is doing nicely.

Miss Athel Main is a teacher in the Franklin school in Berkeley. She also has charge of the music in this school.

In Humboldt county Miss Ada Damon has charge of a school in Alton.

Near King City, in Sonoah, Mabel Ross has charge of a school.

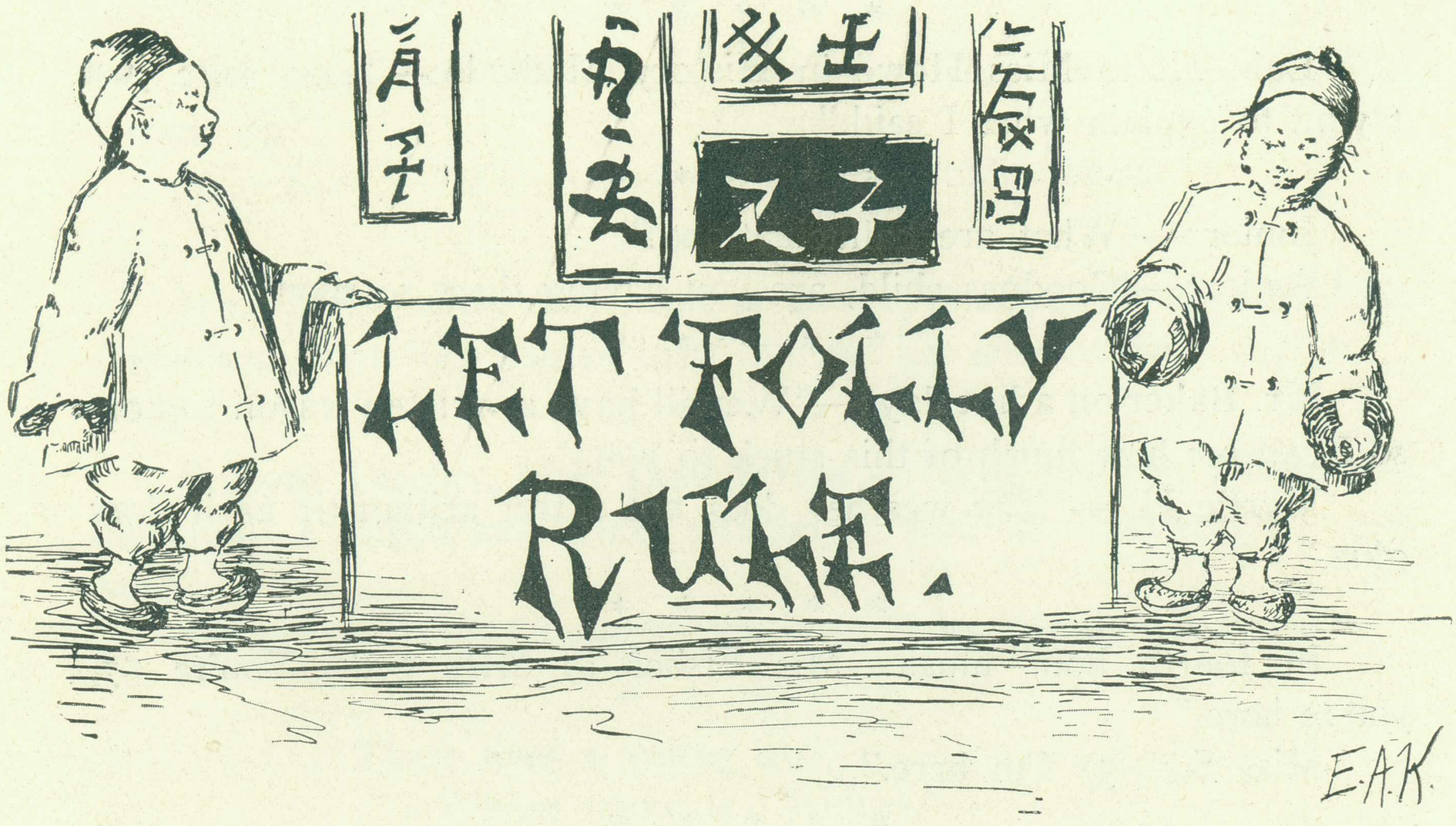
Our past assistant Manual Training instructor, Floyd Moore, is principal of a large school in Santa Paula, and has seven teachers under his supervision. We also understand that he leads the assembly in music. We're glad to see him taking such progressive strides.

Mr. Will Crook is also principal of a school.

In a graded school in San Leandro, Miss Gertrude Stewart is teaching. She frequently comes to San Jose and spends her Saturdays and Sundays.

Miss Clara Gendenning is far away from us in Mendocino county. We don't know much about the particulars of her school but know that she is sole mistress.

If any of our readers know any interesting facts concerning our illustrious Alumni do not keep the good news to yourself but inform the Alumni editor so that we may all be more thoroughly informed of the whereabouts of those who have gone before.



Miss Kinney:—"Miss ——, what is metamorphosis?"

New Girl:—"It is a caterpillar in a shell waiting to hatch into a butterfly."

* * * * *

New Girl:—"We have to bisect a cray-fish tomorrow."

Another New Girl:—"You mean *insect* it."

* * * * *

Mr. Baker:—"Suppose several boys wished to divide some eatable among them. That would be a *concrete* situation."

Query:—Were the boys trying to divide the proverbial first biscuits of some newlywed?

* * * * *

Miss Rowell in physiology:—"What is an elementary sensation?"

Bright Girl:—"Take a mouthful of salt and you will have an elementary canal sensation."

* * * * *

Miss Vivian:—"Mr. Furby, if you had only one more day to live and knew it, what would you do?"

Mr. Furby:—"I would sit by the fire and get used to the heat."

Freshman:—"How does Mr. Lewis get his hat on?"
Senior:—"With a shoe-horn, you greenie."

* * * * *

Lulu H. to Miss Howe in History Methods:—"You were just trying to explain what I said."

* * * * *

Junior:—"What are hallucinations?"
Senior:—"Goodnes child, are you having them so soon?"

* * * * *

Mr. Baker on a hot day:—"Wewill have a written lesson tomorso I can see how much of this stuck to you."
Myrtle H.:—"The weather does not affect arithmetic as it does glue."

* * * * *

In fourth hour music—Mis Fisher to Miss S.:—"You're 57, you're here."
Miss S.:—57 I'm here."

* * * * *

Why is Floyd Bell like a light house?

* * * * *

After a Monday night teachers' meeting and a lecture on manners this was heard when he stepped on her toe:
He—Thank you (blushingly).
She—Don't mention it.
He—O I wont tell anybody.

* * * * *

Isn't it funny that Mr. Baker always stood on the banks of the Mississippi river with "his cousin" when he was young. And when he went surveying the girls lost one of his "handles." Poor Mr. Baker.

* * * * *

New Song:—"Safe in the arms of—an expert."

* * * * *

The Fourth Hour Arithmetic class is seeing many "sights" these days in "surveying."

* * * * *

Miss Fisher in Assembly:—"Find the lost chord."

* * * * *

A new departure has been started in the Normal course, that of "wheeling the pencil." For information see A. Hill.

Mr. Bullock:—"Miss A., how much does the stomach hold."
Miss A.:—"Oh, as much as your mind to put in it."

* * * * *

The Teacher:—"Why is it I don't find you working lately when I come up."
Miss Ross:—"It's on account of those rubber heels."

* * * * *

It's wonderful the way some peoples eyes affect them. Ask Miss Nicholson what "her pair of eyes" did for her and the stage driver.

* * * * *

Student Teacher, after examination:—"Why did you fail on this question. I drilled and drilled you on it and in examination you failed."
Johnny:—"Why I thought you knew it by this time."

* * * * *

There lives a young girl
Whose name is "Midget,"
Say "Perce to this pearl
And see her fidget.

* * * * *

Miss D. (after having exorted the student teachers to write legibly: "I have jotted down several little points I wished to mention, er-a-well, I can't read it, wrote it in such a hurry."

* * * * *

Junior to Senior: "Is Mr. Wood the teacher who wears the skull cup?"
Senior: "No, but he is elligible."

* * * * *

How did it come about that they used a zero?
Mr. Baker: "Somebody went broke."

* * * * *

Miss B.:"From Africa came slaves, iron and gold dust."
F. H.: "Gold dust twins, eh?"

* * * * *

C. Atkins: "Shall we give *all* the causes of the fall of Rome?"
Miss B.: "Yes, I'm not afraid you'll write too much."

* * * * *

All the unclaimed aprons in the Manual Training room belong to Mr. Lewis's wife, so he tells us. Is one of them yours?

They say that the pianist in the music class has work that's all "play". Ask her if she thinks so.

* * * * *

A: "How do you like the weather?"
B: "Oh, horrible!"

* * * * *

How's your wife?"
B.:"Oh, just about the same."—Ex.

* * * * *

The class were reading about a centipede's thousand legs.
Bright boy: "Gee! but I'd hate to make pants for all those."

* * * * *

Miss N.—"How long do you want Charlemagne's life to be?"
Miss B.: "I want you to leave margins on your papers. Now, I should have liked to have put a little note on this girl's paper, but it was impossible." May be there was a method in her madness.

* * * *

V. Harris: "None of your kind will be there, Mr. Lewis. There are no queeners."
Mr. Lewis: "You aren't going then?"

* * * *

I wonder why Victor got angry.

* * * *

Mr. Lewis: "A friend of mine asked me the other day, what was the matter, he thought I was getting old." No wonder he thought something was the matter.

O. R.; "Mr. Lewis is no boy, all right." What do you know about it, Allie?

* * * * *

Miss B.: "Henderson wrote such a good history of that difficult period in German history that I should like to know him."
Bright Girl—"Is he alive yet?"

* * * * *

Mr. O.: "I saw a bachelor button."
Miss C.: "Is that a flower?"

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There once was a Normal school student,
Who thot that to work was imprudent
Until she had found
That the Normal School ground
Was covered by studious students.

* * * * *

Everything good at Hale's.

* * * * *

For goodness sake, and for the sake of the Pennant, the josh column, and the poor josh editors, don't let a few witty members of the faculty fill up the space; e. g., give poor Mr. Lewis a rest. He'll get tired of saying funny things if you don't.

* * * * *

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ANECDOTE.

Mr. Abel was much disturbed during Dr. Jordan's address, by a young lady who persisted in fusing with her hair and remarking to her chum, "I washed my hair yesterday and I simply can't do a thing with it." As assembly was dismissed, Mr. Abel accidentally stepped on the lady's dress. He bowed very gallantly (as is his custom) and apologized: "I beg your pardon; but I washed my feet yesterday and I can't do a thing with them." Practice makes perfect.

* * * *

Hale's—a good place to buy.

* * * *

In Reading: Ruth R. after several attempts looks frowningly at her prompter.

Prompter: "Begin, and cease and then begin again."

Novels —Paper Covered 10c. School books bought, sold, exchanged.
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The ARCADE Canelo Bros. & Stackhouse Co.

Mr. Wood: "What is the difference between an old maid and a bachelor maid?"

Miss K.: "Well-er-a-."

Mr. Wood: "I'll tell you; a bachelor maid is one who is single from choice, and an old maid is one who is single from necessty?"

* * * *

Have you seen Miss Enid Kinney's bucket brigade?"

* * * *

If one of the girls had not cut assembly she would not have seen three of the faculty learning the barn-dance at the period.

* * * *

Miss B.: "The Crusaders brought in apricots, watermelons, and garlechs. The last was unfortunate for the Dago."

Miss B.—"Men began to wear beards after the Crusaders. That was a bad thing." Is there any good reason for your preference Miss Bradley?



Classy Clothing

For the College Girl

One thousand girl students enter the several institutions of learning in San Jose yearly. Six hundred more attend Stanford. You readily note that we bear in mind these facts and make a special effort—in fact cater to the wants of the young women students.

Then our resident New York buyer places us within five days of New York's latest fashion decrees.

This Fall's showing reveals a veritable concourse of stunning styles—long graceful lines, manish cloths, clever oddities in pocket, collar and cuff trimmings, man-tailored and strictly modish to the very buttons—suits that are exclusive and worthy in every detail.

Snappy Models, $19.50 to $35

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40 TO 44 SOUTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE

¶Overcoats and Rain Coats. ¶Fall and Winter Suits in all the new shades and styles at prices to please all.

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Mr. Lewis keeps the Primary Manual Training class busy, because he is so conscientious as to want to be sure and earn his salary. Yes, he earns his salary and a mighty big one just at present.

* * * * *

Hale's good goods.

* * * * *

Quick skeches from life! While you wait! Apply: Gertrude MacMillan, 5th hour, and Sunday.

* * * * *

Good eating at "Royal Cafeteria."

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DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
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TRIMMINGS
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"See That Fit" and Winninger tailoring are Siamese Twins.

Therefore it's up to you to see J. U. to get a fit that makes a hit.

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LOWEST PRICES

Copper Plate Engraving and Printing

Melvin & Murgotten *Inc.*

80-84 E. SAN FERNANDO ST.

Buy at Hale's.

* * * * *

Mr. Baker (in geometry class): "Take the next problem Miss Polygon, oh, er, pardon me, I mean Miss Cuton."

* * * * *

Mr. Wood, the student—"Say, I'd rather debate the divorce question; I've had more experience with that."

* * * *

Good things—dainty and filling at the "Royal Cafeteria."

Geo. W. Ryder & Son

Gold and Silversmiths

Normal Pennant pins and the New Round Pin, with State Seal, also made in hat pins.

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SAY FELLOWS!!

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Bright, snappy stuff, just what the Boys want.

CUNNINGHAMS 78 SOUTH FIRST ST.

Roberts & Gross

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS
50-52 *SOUTH FIRST STREET.*

Miss English (trying to elicit from 2a class, a word to rhyme with "sweet," namely "feet." What am I standing on?"

Bright girl (all enthusiasm): "Boards."

* * * * *

A Freshman presumed that the Pennant was a good reference book for Hist. of Ed. That was a perfect legitimate mistake, because it was in the same case. The trouble will come, my dear girl, when you read the Pennant and neglect your Hist. of Ed. lesson.

* * * *

Student, to Mr. Baker: "Mr. Baker you are full of chalk."
Mr. Baker (brushing his coat): "Oh, only externally."

* * * *

Royal Cafeteria, 72-74 E. Santa Clara Street.

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ROOMS 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

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DOG AND POULTRY SHOW

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20TH
FIVE MILE ENDURANCE TEAM RACE
JONES and *SULLENS vs. MARTIN and SAFFELL.*
For Purse and $25.00 *Side Bet.*

THANKSGIVING EVE
GRAND MASKED CARNIVAL ON SKATES
Valuable Prizes.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10TH.
GRAND MASQUERADE BALL
Strictly Invitational.
Get your invitation from the Committee

CHRISTMAS WEEK
SIX DAY ROLLER SKATING RACE

The Normal Girl

Requires something different in the way of dress and this is where we are strong as all of our garments are selected with the utmost care, and are different from the ordinary lines carried by many stores.

Our Normal College Coats are cut on manish lines and made by high class tailors—giving a distinguished "classy" effect.—Comes in all the best new colors, and priced from $6.00 to $12.50.

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Don't Neglect Your Figure, but come in and have a talk with the head of the CORSET department and get just the right one for your particular figure. All prices from 50c to $15.00.

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