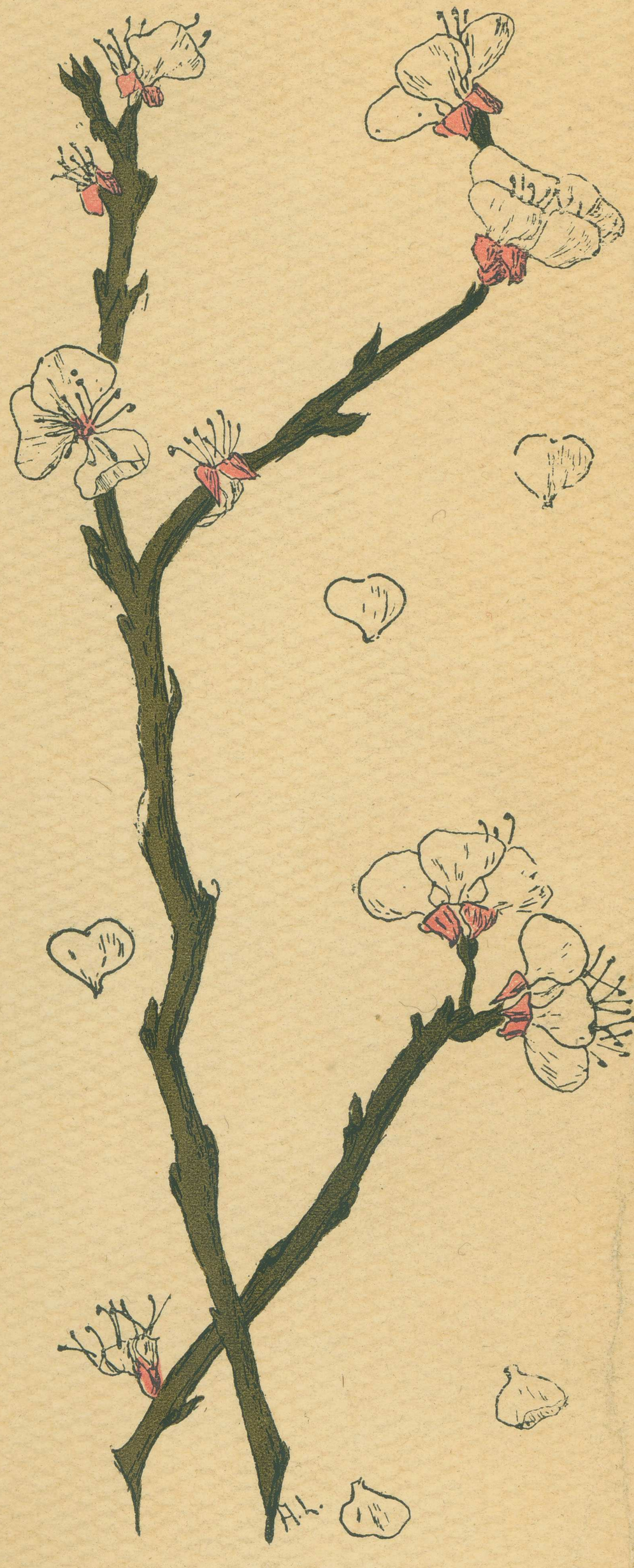
Series Thirteen



NORMAL PENNANT

March
'05

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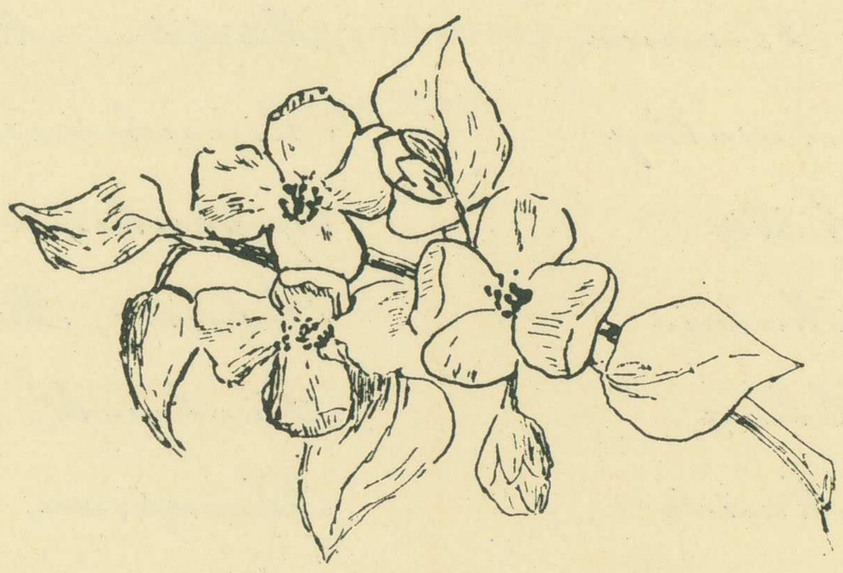
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Motto:

To thine own self be true.



The March Class, 1905.

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Brennan, May A.
Byrne, Helen
Bernhard, Myrtle
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Douglas, Dorothy
Engles, Addie
Hughes, Mamie
Ingalls, Elma
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Johnson, Johanne
Laird, Annie
Lemon, Annie
Lyng, Genevieve
MacMurdo, Anne
Madden, Melvina
Misenhimer, Lily
Oppenlander, Lillian
Schultz, Bernice E.
Stockwell, Wilda
Thompson, Eva
Williams, Esther

CLEVELAND PRINTING CO.
SAN JOSE



DR. M. E. DAILEY, President

The Normal Pennant

VOL. X. SAN JOSE, CAL., MARCH, 1905. No. 6

Parting.

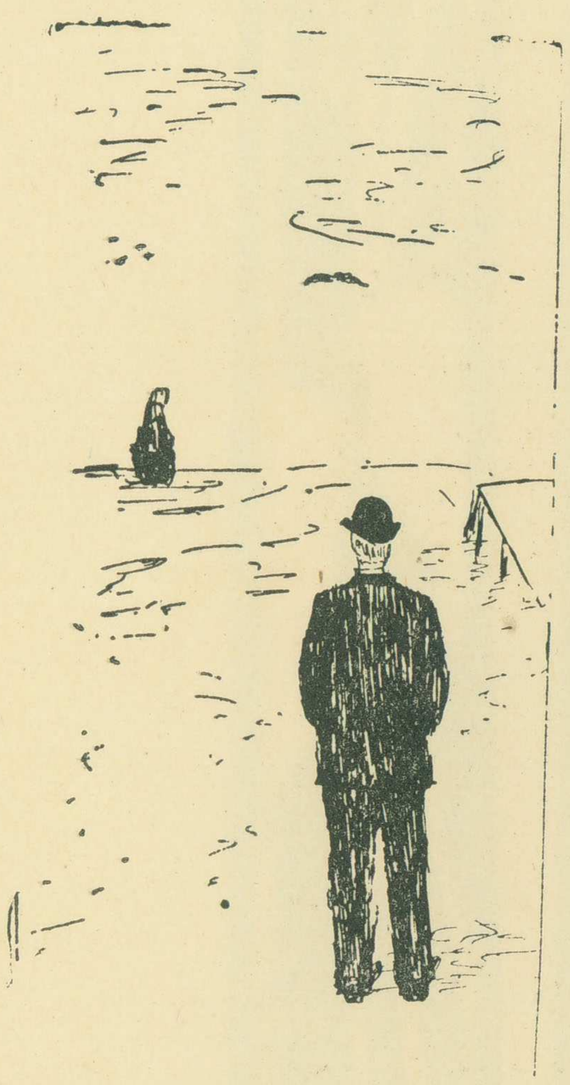
(Class Poem.)

The twilight shades creep slowly on,
  Our days spent here are o'er
And yet we see a golden dawn
  Full rich for us in store;
With many memories of the past
  That linger round and seem to tell
Of Normal days, which are our last,
  And bring to mind that word, "Farewell."

"Farewell"—a sweet, yet sadder word
  Has ne'er been uttered that I know,
It thrills the heart when it is heard,
  For some must stay and some must go.
Just one more round in Life we've stepped
  We wish for those we leave—"Success"
With memories brought to mind and kept
  For future years, their lives to bless.

L. E. M.

A Dream of the Sea.



AS he stood alone on the wharf, Edward Williston allowed the subtle magic of the evening to cast its spell over him.

The search-light of the steamer Hermosa played fitfully over the schooners at anchor in San Pedro bay. The air seemed peopled with spirits, as forms of satyr, mermaid, griffin, and siren, flitted from prow to prow under the ghastly influence of the light. The stars frolicked with the ripples of the dark water lapping the grimy barnacled piers of the wharf.

"Perfect even to the shadows!" mused the dreamer. Trusting implicitly to the subtle influence he believed to be his good genius he had taken charge of the Marconi Station at White Point—lonely, rock-bound, three miles from the station. He listened now to the rhythmic clank of the incoming train—"To-mor-row, to-mor-row, to-mor-row." Fruition seemed at hand—the condensation of so many hours of feverish thought, of patient experiment! Marconi had seemed to snatch his coveted prize from before his very eyes, but now his Williston's—genius should prevail. He held the key that should make this long-imprisoned power free.

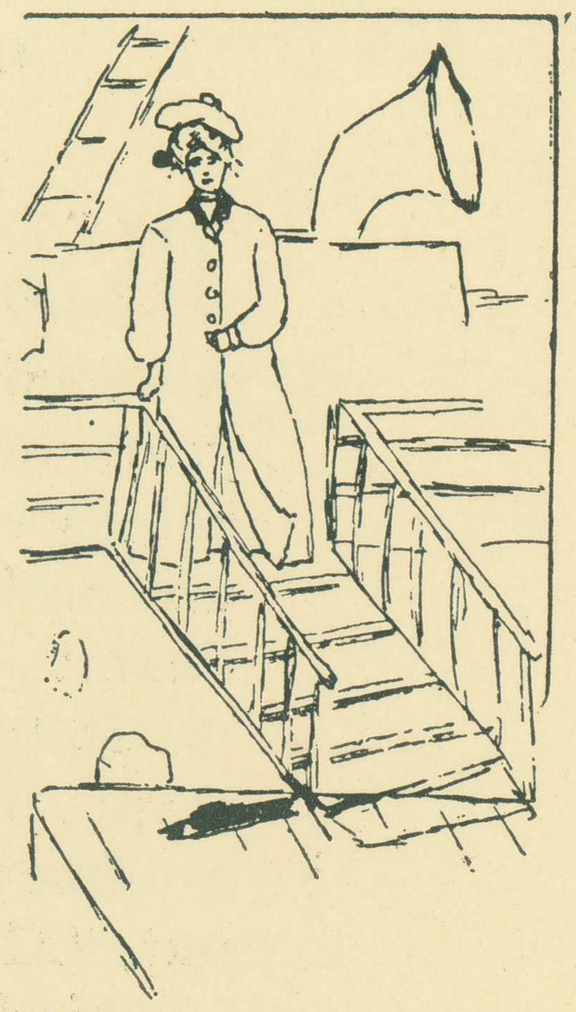
The plan had come to him in a dream. So many things came to him in dreams. This very scene!

"And weak, reluctant surges lap
And rustle round and down the strand.
No other sound. . . . If it should hap
The ship that sails from fairy land!
The silken shrouds with spells are manned,
The hull is magically scrolled,
The squat mast lives, and in the sand
The gold prow-griffin claws a hold."
And standing on the deck—a maiden
"A dream of the sea in her eyes
And the kiss of the sea in her hair."

* * *

The sharp whistle of the train, and the answer from the Steamer Hermosa seemed an echo from his dream.

"Catalina passengers this way!" shouted the conductor. The glare of search light this time struck Williston full in the face as he advanced toward the stream of passengers. A startled cry came from his right, and the light shifted its glare to—the face of his dreams. He knew from the cry, from the



strange light that shot from her eyes into his, that *she, too, had dreamed.*

An instant only, and she was lost in the crowd that hurried up the gang plank to the steamer.

"But something had passed of her grace
To the spell of the wave and the shore."

The Hermosa steals to seaward silently, and he madly muses as he gazes into the star-strown sky. "And Hesper is Venus. My star at last in the ascendant! Harmony, conjunction,—all is well! Tomorrow!"

* * *

Next morning at Avalon the excitement was tense. The long looked for *first message* had come. But in such strange words!

"What means my dream of the sea?"

The puzzled bystanders stared at one another, as fearlessly from among them stepped forth a maiden

"The delight of the wind in her eyes
And the hand of the wind in her hair."



The coveted answer, "*Realization*" flashed through the air. The dreamer at the lonely eyrie at White Point knew that "the gold prow griffin" had found a hold in the sand.

A. M. N.



"Greater Love Hath No Man Than This."

ME and Bill had been shipmates since long before the time the *Phoebus* went down off the Norway coast. But after the wreck, we kind'er drifted apart. Bill went home to his folks, and I stayed for years on a tramp steamer, so I didn't see him again until we stumbled across each other in San Francisco. We cruised around town until we was broke, and then shipped for a three years' voyage on the whaler *Sador*.

It took a year in the South Pacific and two in Behring Sea to get a cargo, but at last the hold was full, and we set sail for home.

One night I was awakened,to hear the mate's foghorn voice asingin' out, "All hands on deck to save the ship! We're afire!"

Fire! And us a thousand miles from land! Fire! A cargo of oil on fire!

The crew worked hard, yet it wern't no use. A careless sailor had capsized a lantern in the hold, and there wasn't no puttin' her out. All we could do was to take to the boats, and let her go. She burned for hours, until the fire reached the water line, and then she gradually died out, and left everything in pitchy darkness.

Next morning, there weren't none of the boats in sight, only a few charred pieces of wreckage bobbing along, and Bill and me, adrift in the ship's yawl, a thousand miles from Victoria. Both of us knowed we wasn't in the track of vessels, even if we didn't say so. Bill tried to keep up our courage, asayin' that maybe a returnin' whaler would find us. Every night as he scanned the horizon for the last time, he'd only say, "Well, maybe we'll be picked up tomorrow, Ben." And every mornin' when he'd see there wasn't a sail in sight, he'd only say, "Oh well, the day isn't over yet."

But at last the time came when even Bill got down-hearted. There was only a few sea-biscuit and a pint of water left. Bill wanted me to hev 'em, but I couldn't, cuz he was as hungry as me. As he crawled up into the bow at dusk, he took a last look around him before he says, "If we ain't picked up tomorrow, Ben, we won't ever want to be."

When morning broke, the weren't no Bill. Only a little note, pinned down to the thwart by his knife. It said, "There was just enough water fer one, Ben, and I had to do it. Maybe it'll last till you're picked up. Goodbye, shipmate.—Bill."

Somehow, I guess I wasn't as grateful as I orter been when two days later, a vessel did pick me up, so weak and famished that they had to lower a chair to hoist me aboard. I couldn't help askin' myself if I would hev done as much fer him as he done fer me. And down in my heart, I had to own up that I wouldn't.

EDGAR WOODCOCK, '06.

La Moon.

PERHAPS you have seen the shiny, little Indian ponies grazing unrestrained over wild looking plains, where the sun beats down unrestricted, and nature and Indian lore grow together, linked by the love of the Indian for all that is free and simple. It may be you have seen the same species of animal, racing over hard trodden roads of the north, not tearing up the soft earth and tufted grass with his shiny, sharp hoofs as he does on the plain, but with wild, fierce eye and steps that ring out clearly on the hard road.

If at some time you have seen the pony, so in some after day did not the picture of his sleek, little body, his well shaped head, and flying mane, come before your eyes? Such a picture it was that brought to my mind a short time ago an incident of an Indian youth of the Pinte tribe.

It was in the afternoon that the incident occurred. September, I believe, was the time of the year.

Along Russian River, Mendocino County, runs a wide road, protected on one side by high banks covered with green madrona trees, manzanitas and dense green oaks. The other side looks out to the river, and across the bar where the wide, red bridge stretches to the further side. Far up the river there came to me the sound of a low voice, singing weirdly again and again in an unfamiliar language. I listened. Presently from behind a bend in the river, there shot into view a low canoe. A tall, dark youth held the noiseless oars, as he bent his lithe body back and forth sending the boat swiftly through the clear, cool water.

His name was La Moon. This much I knew, for I had often seen the Indian boy at the reservation. Because of his bravery and obedience, he had been pointed out to me by Big Indian, with the remark, "La Moon, he big boy; good." At his feet there was a basket made by a squaw of the Pinte tribe; perhaps his mother or maybe a sister. He stopped singing when he saw me, and stooping covered the little colored basket with a blanket thrown in the bottom of the boat. Silently he rowed to the bank, and lifted the light canoe to the ground, above the low willows, and with the basket under his arm, I saw him start for the town, half a mile away.

The sun dropped lower and lower, and I had ridden perhaps six miles, when Brusk lifted his ears and began to sniff the cool air. Something was abroad which Brusk did not like. I stopped; not a sound of animal life beyond Brusk and me, except the occasional chirp and twitter of birds nestling in the trees. We rode on and again we stopped. Ah! it was the familiar dip, dip of the oars and the soft swish of the water, as La Moon came almost along side of us.

He called. I went to him. His face was dull and a sorrowful look hung around his black eyes. Piteously he held toward me an empty bottle and the bright colored basket.

"Squaw sick; die," he explained. "No doctor; squaw die."

The tale was told. The bottle was for the medicine, the basket for pay.

"Who's sick, La Moon?" I asked.

"Squaw," and his black head dropped low.

"Where," I asked.

"Come," he said, and we went together, La Moon on foot, I on Brusk

The Indian wigwam was soon reached. Inside with a single blanket for a bed was an old, fever stricken squaw. Beside her stood a jug of water.

Quietly, I went to work trying to soothe the restless, moaning figure within the wigwam, keeping a watchful eye on the restless lad, crouching outside.

Suddenly a shot rang out disturbing the quietude of the place. I heard a shrill shriek of an animal. Softly I went to the door and looked in the direction La Moon was running. I saw him stop, examine something on the ground, look cautiously around, and then I heard a second shot. Slowly he turned, coming toward me.

"Long Tom," he explained. "He kill your horse; dead."

I could travel no further that night, and as there was nothing else to do, I went back to my patient. The night wore on, and in the early morning I saw the fever leave the sick squaw and her restless hands grow quiet, Gently La Moon and I moved her to the open door, where the cool river winds seemed to lull her to rest, and she slept.

It was then I made ready to go. Just where I did not know for I could not go far on foot. When I told La Moon his mother would recover, the dull, black eyes and copper-colored face seemed to light up with a joy I could not help but feel.

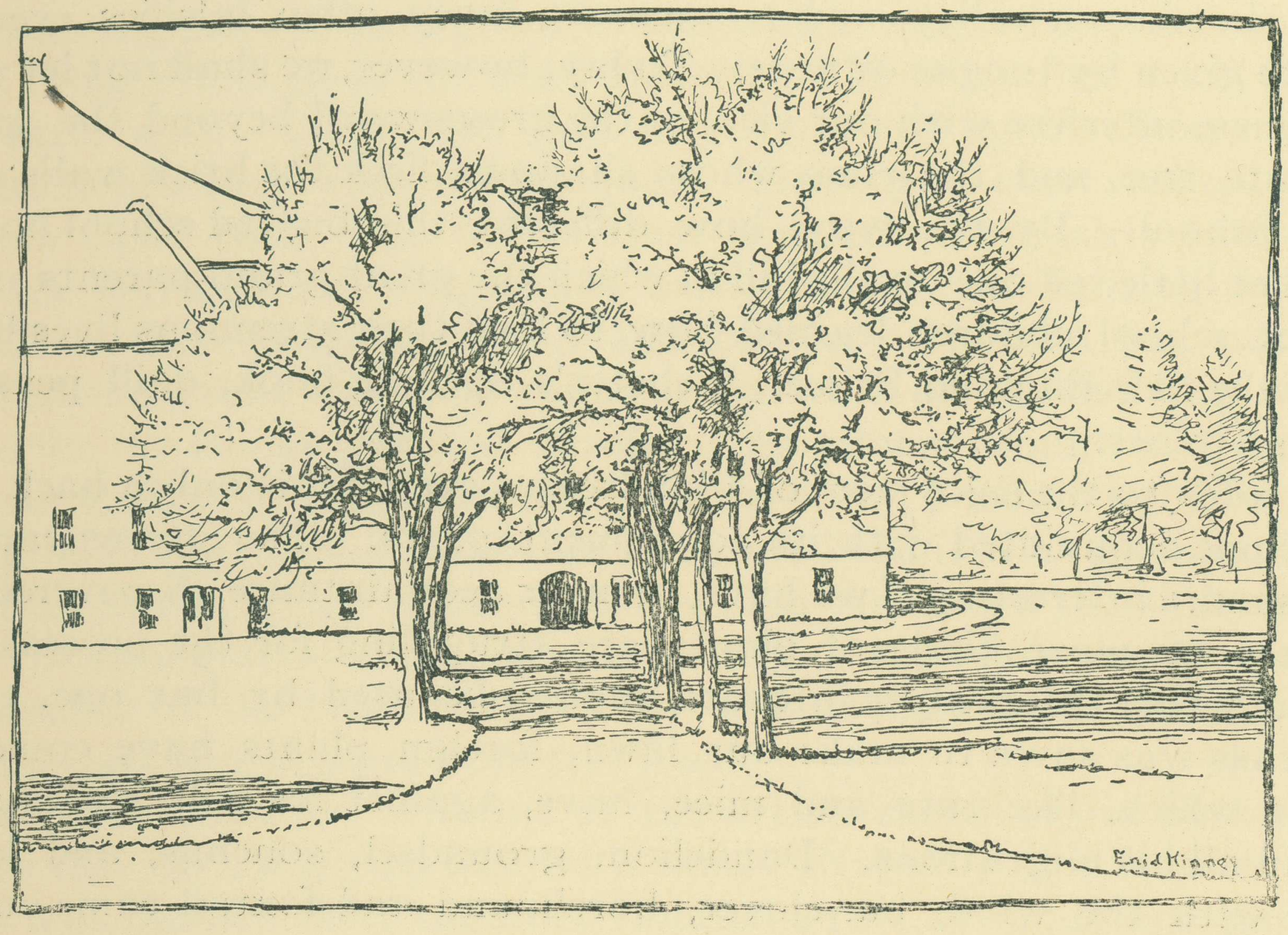
He grasped my hand, and looking into my face, spoke, but I did not understand. He motioned to me and I followed where he led. In a little flat area, away from the river, La Moon stopped. It was now almost four and the late moon threw grewsome shadows on the ground, and fell darkly against a number of Indian ponies, grazing on the dry grass. Startled by us, they began to run and I could see the strong heads thrown back and the soft wind flying their manes.

Quickly and silently La Moon approached the prettiest of the band. Cunningly he slipped the rope and brought the pony to me, a satisfied look coming over his face.

"He good Indian pony," he explained. "I give you. Long Tom no kill again." And with a smile he was gone.

"Long Tom would kill no more." I understood the meaning of the second shot.

WILDA STOCKWELL.



Nature-Study Through Museum Windows.

NO direct rays of the sun enter the windows of our museum; but our view of the back yard is all the better for this absence of dazzling beams in our eyes. We who work in this north-side room—the zoology classes, their teacher and I—see only the sunny side of things, which is better than peering into shadows through sun-flooded windows. It is restful for one who is studying a dead shrimp, a mummified star-fish or a fossil coral to occasionally take a peep at the March greenery of our back-yard. The foreground is a broad graveled way which would seem devoid of interest to the lover of nature. It furnishes, however, interesting evidence of the fact which must ever be considered by students, that things are not just what they seem. This back way is a convenient short cut for many people. As they go on foot or awheel, they are seen through different parts of the window pane. A seemingly tall man hastening from the left gradually becomes shorter and broader till his height is reduced a half and his breadth is doubled. Then suddenly, as he nears the right casement, he shoots upward into a startling state of slimness. Evidently, though the man was seen for several seconds, we learned nothing about his shape. Probably the uneven glass did not for a moment give a correct image. The observer must remember that our senses act through mediums that always more or less distort the truth.

There are mirages without the intervention of glass; echo changes a pistol shot into a volley; and reminiscent fancy often falsifies even the reports given by tongue or nose. Today, however, we shall not let useful skepticism interfere with our view of the greensward beyond the gravel, the date tree and the elms whose shadows fleck the brick walls of the High School. By the way, how different this big red school house is from the little red one on the hill in which the great-grand-parents of the present school children learned how to lead their strenuous lives by the aid of the New England Primer, Webster's Spelling-book, quill pens and birch switches.

It adds to the enjoyment of a landscape, even if it is only a back yard, to become acquainted with its component parts. The greensward becomes more interesting if we have, on near acquaintance, discovered that a dozen or more kinds of plants are struggling for the possession of ground which the gardner intended should be used by but one. Since rye grass was sown to make our lawn, foreign plants have come in—plants which, like rats and mice, have, against his will, accompanied man in all his migrations. Dandelion, groundsel, sonchus, and lettuce came with the wind; bur-clover, horehound and foxtail came on dogs backs or "hooked" rides some other way. Now these plants, with others, have gained possession of more than half the ground in spite of the gardners efforts to run then out. I confess that I am glad they are there. The cheery dandelion has learned to lie low—lower than the mower cuts— and this March day it spangles the green with stars of gold. Nay more, it shoots up between mowings and bears aloft on hollow stems its snowy balls of down. Pink-and-white daisies, too, have dared the danger of the whirling knives.

When next you eat lunch under the date tree, notice the vaulted ceiling formed by the thickly set outwardly arching leaves. Can you imagine a more comfortable or a safer refuge for little birds on a stormy night than among the witches' brooms in the thatch of that old date tree dome? Witches' brooms? Yes, witches' brooms. There are brooms there, as any one can see. No human being claims them. They must belong to the only other beings who use brooms. Well worn with much sky-sweeping are these old brooms! Have you ever thought how old these brooms and leaves are? or how long those removed would have persisted had they been let alone?

What nice little wall-pocket gardens the bases of the cut-off leaves make! Dandelions are growing in some; the milky sonchus in others, and an alfalfa festoons the southern side. Blackberries brought by birds have at times colonized these gardens, but wind-blown seeds most often seek such lodgment. Notice how the fibers of the lower leaflets have collected in these pockets and with dust have formed a rich soil. Much more can be told by this old tree to those who understand her language.

Just now the elms are more interesting than dates. Ours have fairly put on their spring suits of lush green leaves which will, when the summer dress is being fitted, go in the wind fluttering like butterflies, each carrying a little seed. These will drift in gutters and against fences where sparrows hold annual elm-seed banquets. Have you ever realized that elm trees ripen their fruit before their true leaves are fairly unfolded? Notice the herring-bone twigs that bristle above the fruiting foliage. The buds on these twigs are small and brown. The sun has not yet awakened them that they may continue the work of tree building which stopped for the winter rest last October. As miners would say, this is not their shift. If this were not another story, I would tell how each bud will build next snmmer another twig and bead it with globular buds unlike themselves, which blossom buds will in turn work the shift which drapes the spring dress of an elm. The story of the whole year's work in the branches of the busiest tree I know is too long for this sketch. The reader can get it first hand from tree itself.

The palm trees are left out of the artists sketch of our back-yard. She says they do not group well with elms. Evidently this is true, and the one who planted them together violated a rule of landscape gardening. Yet palms are worthy trees and as pretty in a picture as elms; but they should not appear in the same picture with elms, nor should we plant such inharmonious trees in the same group. We cannot enjoy at the same time all our plant, animal or even human friends. Sometimes not even the dearest two of our personal friends are welcome at the same time in our homes. Their personalities do not blend. Soda is a good thing in the pantry; so is lime juice; but do not put them in the same bottle. Nature never makes the mistake of putting elms and palms together; and, in her laboratory, soda and lime juice are kept apart. We should study Nature's ways for she is the best teacher of those things worth while; those things which enable us to enjoy all that is around us. She will cure that restlessness which makes us listen to the leader who cries, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." She shows us that the France on this side of the Alps is just as beautiful as the Italy beyond. Under her teaching we learn to hear "the sermons in stones," to read the "books in running brooks" and to see "good in everything."

VOLNEY RATTAN.

Why I Believe in a Previous Existence.

I never took much interest in the new beliefs which had taken hold of my friends. At least I didn't until after I had passed my twentieth birthday. And now I believe in a previous existence. I was not influenced by investigations and treatises of others but by a personal experience which occurs every four years on the night before my birthday.

I was born in Charleston, on February twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred seventy-two. There, in a quaint southern home, where the family spent the winters, I found my way into a very delightful world. My mother and I lived with my grandparents, and the home was the scene of many parties. How well I remember it; I used to creep out of bed and down the broad stairs to the landing, so that I might watch the beautiful ladies and courtly gentlemen. Thus I lived—the quiet life of a southern girl, with its rides and small teas, ruling my kingdom. Even though that kingdom were made up of only one and that one my black mammy, it was not to be despised.

But it was decreed that my kingdom and I should part. I was to go to Baltimore where I would enter a school for young ladies. Here I would be fitted for the duties of life into which I had been born. For I should soon be sixteen. It was planned that I should spend my birthday in my home and leave on the evening boat for Baltimore. On the evening of the twenty-eighth, everything was packed and ready, even my traveling case. I retired early, little dreaming what depths of misery I should experience before daylight. As I slept, I dreamed.

It was in London I found myself. I recognized the district as that portion of the city which had been baffling the police by its many ingenious and clever crimes and disappearances—the wharves. It was a clear, crisp evening, so unusual to London, and I marveled at the fact as I walked through dark lanes, shadowed at each side by high piles of lumber. I was just returning to my vessel lying at the port of Fore street after an evening with Mr. Graham, agent for the shipping firm, of whose vessel I was master (which accounts for my presence in such a locality). I stumbled and groped my way to the *Zephyr* which was moored three squares away. I had intended to sail for Charleston and had written that the *Zephyr* would leave on the twenty-eighth. But being detained, I would sail on my birthday, the twenty-ninth of February.

My thoughts were interrupted by a rustle in the lane which I was crossing. I felt in my trouser's pocket for my pistol, and thinking it would be only a cat, replaced it. As I walked the rustling did not cease and I realized that I was followed. I started to run. I ran faster as I heard hurried steps behind me. At the crack of a pistol and a sharp stinging below my knee, I turned only to be struck in the chest with

another bullet. I fell heavily to the ground. My assailant came up rapidly, searching my clothes, tearing my watch and seals from my waistcoat, snatching my ring and shoes from my body.

I was suffering terribly. The narrow lanes echoed and re-echoed my groans and cries. I was fast losing my powers and faculties but was still conscious of exquisite pain and of being dragged over rough planking. After one very hard jolting, I awoke to see my black mammy leaning over me. She had been wakened by my gasping and groaning and had shaken me until I woke.

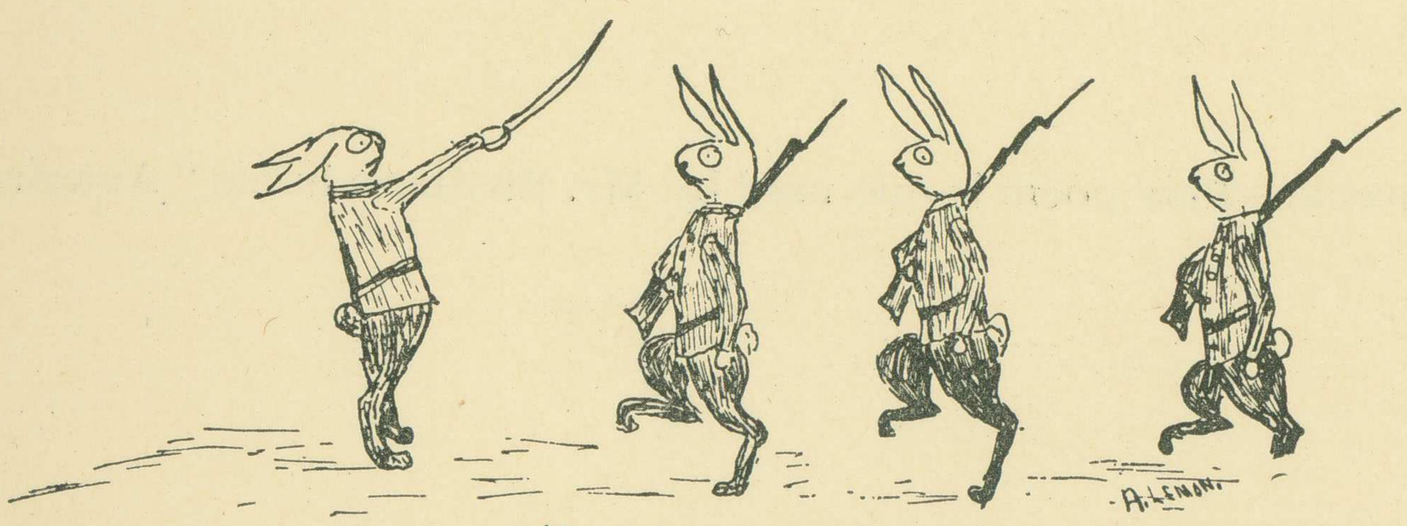
I was not able to leave for Baltimore on the evening of my birthday.

Every breath I drew caused me great agony. I couldn't walk. Physicians could find no injuries. I seemed perfectly well and healthy. Despite my splendid condition, I was three months recovering from my imaginary wounds. Nothing was said about this experience. Four years later, the same dream occurred to me, with the same painful results and long convalescence.

One afternoon, while the second experience was still in my mind my old black mammy told me of my uncle who had so mysteriously disappeared in London. His vessel, the *Zephyr* was expected to sail on February twenty-eight, but being detained he had gone to spend the evening with a Mr. Graham, connected with the shipping firm. He had left the Graham home about twelve o'clock, and the next morning could not be found by the mate. Inquiry brought out no knowledge as to his whereabouts. For three weeks the *Zephyr* laid idle at the wharf while police and papers sought for and reported about him, in vain. Then the *Zephyr* sailed home with a new master. My uncle had disappeared on February twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred seventy-two, on the eve of my birth.

Every four years, on the eve of my birth, I live through the same harrowing experience. Is it small wonder that I believe in a previous existence?

ALICE HARRIS, '06.



MARCH, HARES!

By the Pacific.

From this quaint cabin window I can see
The strange, vague line of ghostly driftwood, through
No ray of silver moon or soft star glow
Steals through the summer night's solemnity.
Pale forms drive landward and wild figures flee
Like spectres up the shore. I hear the slow,
Firm tread of marching billows which I know
Will walk beside the years that are to be.
Sweet, gentle sleep is banished from my eyes,
I lie and think of wrecks until the sobs
And groans of drowning sailors lost at sea
Come mingled with the gray gull's plaintive cries
And chide tumultuous, incessant throbs—
The heavy heart beats of Eternity!

Herbert Bashford—

[NOTE BY EDITOR:—This poem is one used by Mr. Stedman in his "American Authology."]

Robert Browning.

"The world still wants its poet-priest."—*Emerson.*

The Sage of Concord pondered long and deep
The rhyme of poet and the wise man's dream,
In search of the one great mind that he might deem
A master both of the love that angels keep,
And of the knowing that comes from the sweep
Of old philosophies; but not by stream
Of Avon, nor near the hoary Tiber's gleam,
Nor where Parnassus rolls its verdant steep,
Heard he the music. Had he Browning known,
His dream of poet-priest had been fulfilled;
For, ere our Browning reached his thirtieth year
Of musing on the abstract good, the clear
White flame of love entered his life, distilled
His soul, and truth and beauty were his own.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

A Last Evening Together.

THE faculty of the Normal gave a farewell dinner to Miss Blasdel on the eve of her departure.

The parlors of the school were decorated under the immediate direction of Miss Jordan, assisted by Mrs. Rousseau, Miss Kinney and Miss Bradley, and several student friends of Miss Blasdel. Festoons of crimson hearts were strung from the chandeliers to the mouldings of the room. Cupids, arrows, lover's knots and other symbolical devices added to the general scheme. Potted plants and Japanese magnolia furnished the needed floral accessories. Miss Blasdel's desk was massed with orange blossoms and her chair wreathed with smilax. Never before have the Normal offices been one-half so appropriately pleasing.

Dinner was served in the lunch room. Three tables were combined into one. Crepe paper furnished crimson shades for the lamps. Garlands of hearts hung from the chandeliers, and Japanese quince blossoms were clustered in vases here and there. The place cards, furnished by Miss Kinney, were interlaced scrolls and hearts; the favors, by Miss Bassler, were bon-bon boxes fashioned to represent crimson roses. Peeping from each napkin was a double heart on which was written an appropriate toast, arranged by Miss McMillin. Much merriment was caused when these were read. This fell to Mrs. Rousseau—

"Here's to the chaperon!
May she learn from Cupid,
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid."

This to Mr. Wood—

"What's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head?"

This to Mr. Snyder—

"Till we are built like angels,
With hammer and chisel and pen,
We will work for ourselves and a woman
Forever, and ever, Amen!"

Miss Blasdel responded—

"A health to you, good friends of mine
A plenty to you all!
May each one be in his own house
When fortune makes her call."

Mr. Dailey acted as toast-master. Each member of the faculty contributed an original poem or parody. Some of these evoked considerable

applause and space is given at the end for a few available ones.

Professor Rattan spoke of his long acquaintance with Miss Blasdel, and wished her, on behalf of her co-workers "God speed." Mrs. George spoke feelingly of Miss Blasdel's coming among us, and of her going from us; of her sunny presence and genial disposition, and voiced the sorrow of the entire faculty at her departure.

The following menu was served:

Bouillon

Shrimp Salad Salted Wafers

Minced Chicken in Pastry Cases

Mashed Potatoes

Stuffed Eggs

Currant Jelly Olives

Ice Cream

Cake Assorted Candies

Coffee

When the Bride's cake was cut, Mrs. Snyder was the lucky winner of the dime, Miss Payne of the thimble, and Miss Jordan the wedding ring.

Much credit is due to the faculty committee, Miss Rowell, Miss Nicholson and Miss Payne for bringing all plans to perfection and enabling all guests, and especially our *honored guest* to carry away pleasant remembrances of "auld lang syne."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what makes you look so queer?
Have all our salaries been increased in the middle of the year?"
"Not that, not that, my friend."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what makes you look so sweet?
Has someone told you pleasantly your lovely voice was hard to beat?"
"Not that, not that, my friend."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what makes you look so well?
Or,—are the roses in your cheeks the careful massage of a belle?"
"Not that, not that, my friend."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what makes your laugh so ringing?
Has Maurice Dailey's latest joke set all your bird-notes singing?"
"Not that, not that, my friend."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what makes you look so charming?
Now can it be that Cupid's dart has entered in and touched your heart?
"'Tis *that*, 'tis *that*, my friend."

M. E. S.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to Texas, sir," she said,
"To spend the ten dollars, you know you gave

To the spinster whom some man might crave,
Ere the year should end, his lot to share,
Tho ne'er you thought your cash to spare.
Hereafter, when you rash promises make,
Remember,—a fearful risk you take."

$10 $10 $10 $10 $10

F. E. B.

THE NORMAL, SAN JOSE.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

'Er 'air is black as midnight, I can see its glint and sheen;
An' 'er name it is Elizbeth, just the same as Hengland's queen.
An' I seed 'er first a writing in a bloomin', big, blank book,
An' a wasting time an' heyesight on the records that she took.
On the records that she took
That we 'and in by the stack—
Plucky lot she cared for records when she came from Tahoe back
To the school at San Jose.

But all that is shoved be'ind 'er, and she's gone off with 'er mate,
An' there ain't no busses runnin' from San Jose to Texas State.
An' we're learning 'ere in Normal what them that's been there tells
If you 'ear your fate a callin', w'y you won't 'ear nothin' else.
No, you won't 'ear nothin' else,
An other calls disdain,
When you 'ears your man a-callin' from a dusty Texas plain.

In the old State Normal Buildin', lookin' westward to the sun
There's a faculty a-settin', and they miss her every one:
For Tuesday eve has come again, an' the teachers all they say
Come ye back, O! Lizzie Blasdel, come ye back to San Jose!
Come ye back to San Jose,
To the Normal where we stay!
Can't you see the roll-call waitin'
In that office far away?
O! the office far away
Where the records always stay,
Waitin' for your 'and to keep them
In the school at San Jose.

C. H. B.

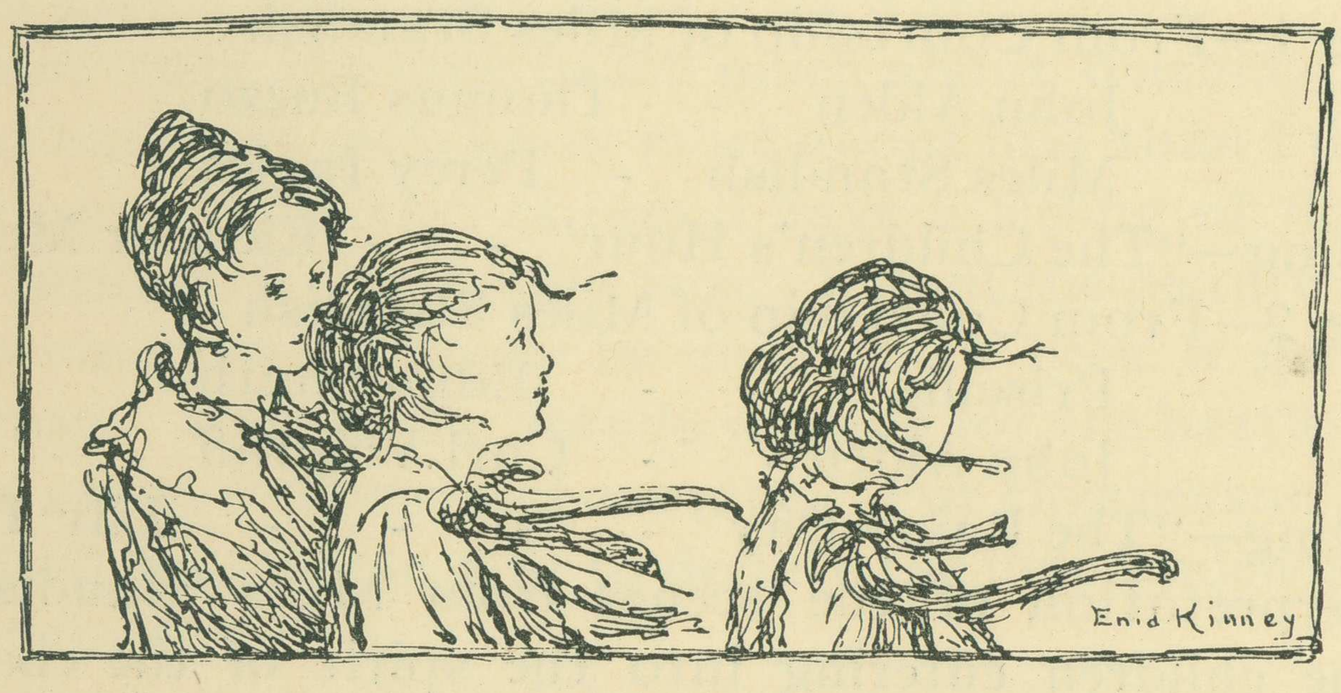
There was a young maid of the Normal.
With charms so very abnormal
She rushed off to Tahoe—
The doctor had said so—
This charming young maid of the Normal.

Again this young maid of the Normal,
In a way that was very informal
Without any hint, sir,
Refused the name "Spinster"
Throughout the whole year at the Normal.

'Twas then the wise chief of the Normal
Made offer, so very alarming
When Christmas was past—
May her happiness last!
A diamond illumined the Normal.

And now this dear maid of the Normal—
Alas and alack for the Normal!
Will leave us to go
To old San Antonio,
With Moore, oh no Moore of the Normal.

H. E. R.



The North Wind.

The North Wind passed along one day,
  All brimming o'er with fun.
He called the leaves to come and play
  And chased them every one.

He chased the yellow maple leaves,
  And green leaves of the oak
And bent the boughs of great elm trees
  Until they almost broke.

They hurried here, they hurried there,
  But he was on their track
Until they all fell in a faint
  And sighed, "We'll ne'er get back."

REGINA RIES,
6 A Grade, Training School.



Training School.

ON February twenty-seventh, the 8 B Class gave a "Longfellow Program" in honor of that poet's birthday.

The program was as follows:

Musical Recitation—"The Arrow and the Song"
by Kathleen Henningsen

Scene 1—From Courtship of Miles Standish
John Alden - Thomas Buzzo
Miles Standish - Percy Ingles

Reading—"The Children's Hour" - - Eleanor McKune

Scene 2—From Courtship of Miles Standish
Priscilla - - Edna Smith
John Alden - - Carl Volgraff

Reading—"The Rainy Day" - - - - Lily Turner

The interpretation of the scenes from Miles Standish were well rendered, the children entering into the spirit of the characters with remarkable aptitude.

A great deal of interest is being taken by both the teachers and children in the dramatization of the stories and poems read in the reading classes.

Dramatizing has many values for the child—it gives abandon, for the child forgets self in portraying the character he is assuming; it adds interest to the lesson, for the children like it, thus the old monotony of the reading lesson is done away with; and one of the most important values is the expression which naturally will give a better intelligence to the thought of the production, this latter cannot help but be the result when the child is acting and portraying the emotions of the character assumed.

The Boys' Military Club of Miss King's Department are beginning work upon a military program to be given in the near future.

The club is doing excellent work in drilling under the leadership of

Masters Sewall Brown and William Field. Every noon you can see these boys marching and drilling in the lower corridors of the Normal. They have been making their own guns in manual training.

The program has not been fully developed as yet, but will be of the following nature:

Several recitations and readings, a song by the club, a duet by Sewall and Wilbur Brown, a scene—"Tenting To-night," and a military drill with the salute to the flag ending with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

THE BIRTHDAY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Why will the people of this country welcome the twenty-second of February? They will welcome it because it is the birthday of their first president, George Washington.

If I should try to question who are the great men in history, the children of any rural district in any county, without hesitation would point out about four men. Those are, George Washington in America, Napoleon in France, Bismark in Germany, and Nelson in England. Therefore I think the American Nation has a reason for rejoicing because it has known such a great man as George Washington.

I shall not take the time to tell much about Washington as I know the American boys and girls know more about him than I do.

But as I look at a picture of him, I have a feeling of deep reverence. I think it is because of his kindly face. Indeed the picture makes me feel as if I had known him. I know he must have been a gentle and well loved President. But as he stands waiting for the battle to begin he is unequaled in valor, bravery and courage. For this reason he put down the British troops, and was able to declare the independence of the United States to the world.

When I was a little boy I heard a story from my teacher about George Washington. It was when he was a little boy he cut down a fine cherry tree with his hatchet, and when his father questioned him about it he answered, "I did it father, I cannot tell a lie."

He was faithful and intelligent both as a boy and as a man. So we must learn from his actions, and it is a great honor to me to welcome with the American Nation this glorious day.

ITO BUNSHIRO,
7 A Grade, Training School.

Tune of Yankee Doodle.

We're children of the training school,
  And happy children too, sir,
We've passed the kinder-garten room,
  And ever pressing on, sir.

CHORUS

We'll strive to keep the golden room,
And learn our lessons well, sir,
So when promotion day will come
We'll pass with many A's, sir.

We have reading, spelling, history,
And manual training too, sir
But when it comes to make poetry,
It's very hard to do, sir.

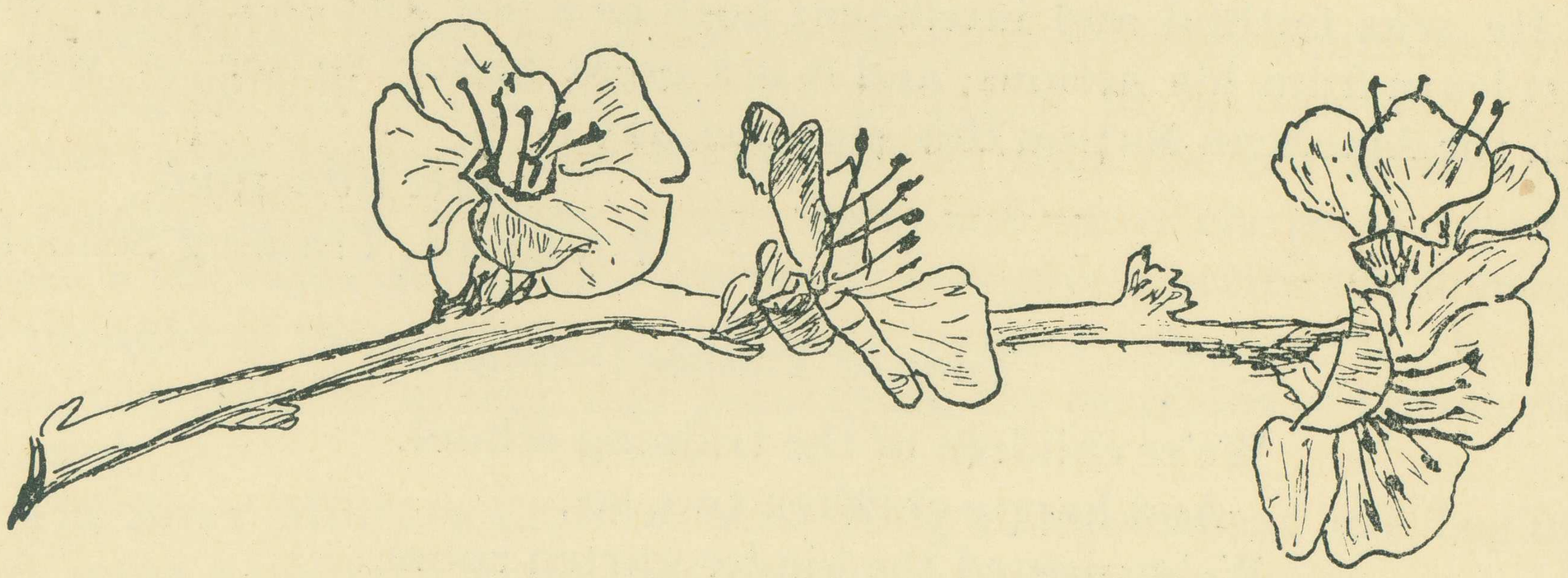
But when we reach the big High School
Which now seems very far, sir,
We'll s'prise the prof's with brilliant work,
And pass with out a mar, sir.

Then on to the Normal School we'll go,
With diplomas on our arm, sir,
And learn to impart our knowledge to
The children of the State, sir.

And when our school days all are passed,
And good-byes to be said, sir,
We will be glad and sorry too,
For our happiest days are o'er, sir.

We'll ever praise the Normal school,
And all its teacher's dear, sir,
And look back to the time with joy,
We spent in San Jose, sir.

REGINA RIES,
6 A Grade, Training School.



THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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BUSINESS MANAGER - - - ETHEL B. LEWIS, '05

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - - MARCH, 1905

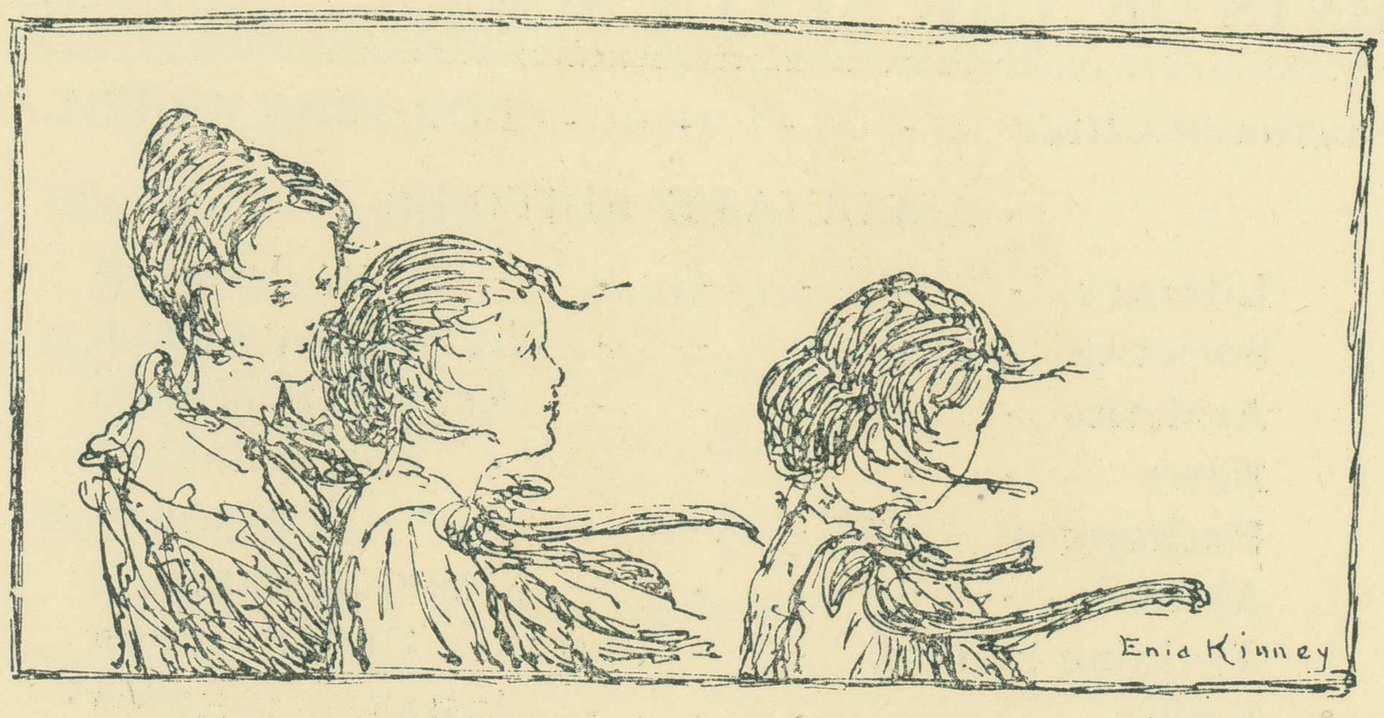
IF this number of the Pennant is not all that you think it ought to be, kindly take into consideration the very short time in which we have been obliged to get it out.

We most sincerely thank those of the Faculty who have helped us either by literary contribution, advice, or general encouragement; also those students, not members of the March class, who have kindly contributed to our number of the Pennant.

IN the Spring of the year, the time when everything is beginning anew, we, the March class, '05, make a new start in our lives. We intend to go from our dear old Normal, which has given so much to us, and give some of what we have gained to others, that they may profit by it and become more fully developed, and therefore stronger and better men and women.

We have worked toward graduation for two years, but it is not so sweet now that we have it, because it brings to us the realization of what is ours no more. Few, indeed, if any of us, have appreciated our friends and our opportunities, with anything approaching their true value, until now when we are going from them all. We are grateful for the opportunities we have had of knowing, not only as teachers, but also as friends, such men and women as are numbered in the Normal School Faculty. We will strive to so follow their example that others will be the better for knowing us, that we can feel within ourselves that we are living up to the best that is in us—"being true to ourselves."

The best wish we can express for the other classes is that they may appreciate to a greater extent than we have the many and great opportunities thrown in their way at the San Jose Normal School.



Forward March!

Forward, Class of the year's beginning,
  Fresh with the winds of early spring;
Freighted with sunshine, dark with storm clouds,
  List the message to you they bring.

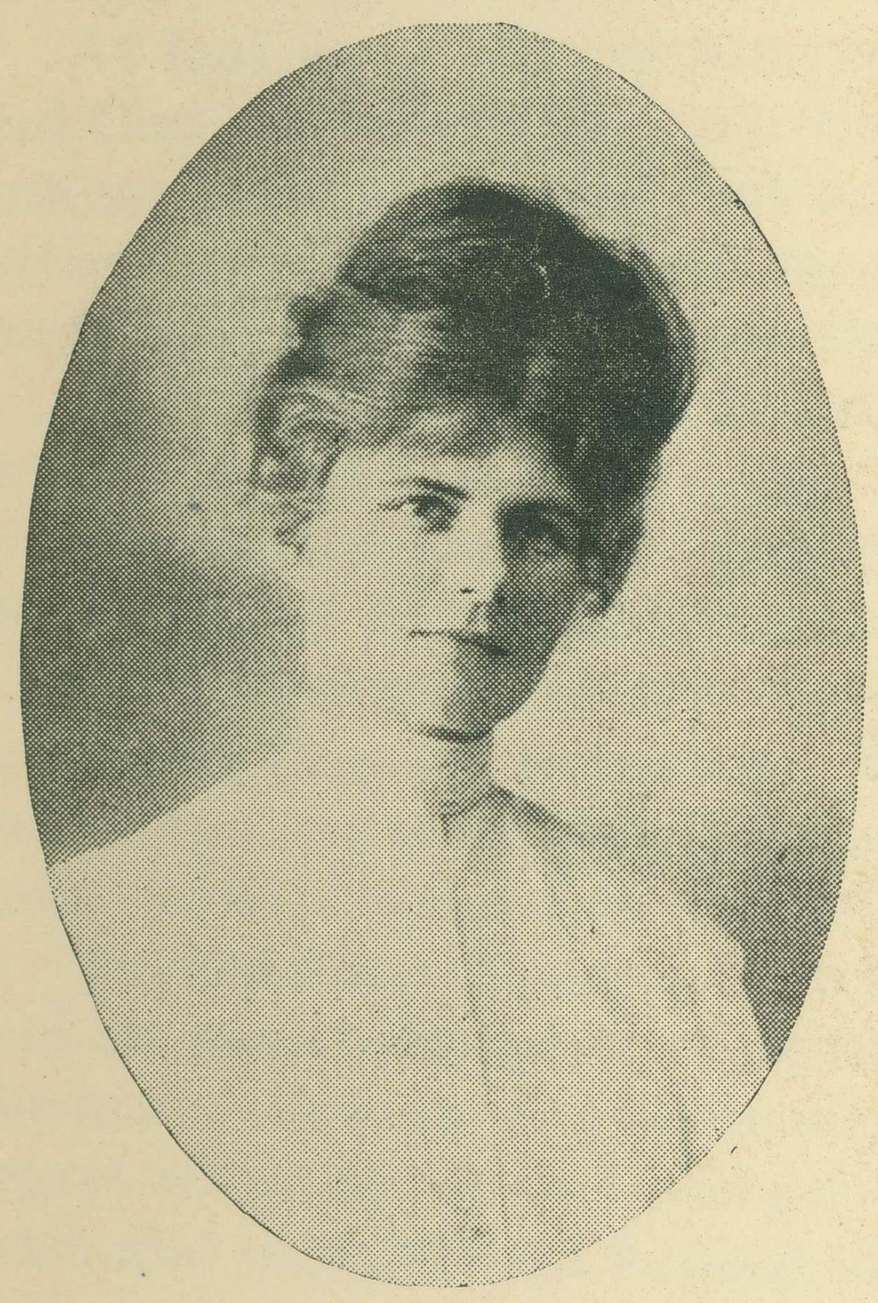
Winds of the north from Sierra snow peaks,
  Western trades from the restless main,
Storm wind heralds from east and southward,
  Bearing the welcome latter rain.

"*Be ye strong!*" cry the North and the East winds,
  "*Brave with a courage always new;*"
"*Give, ever give!*" the South wind murmurs;
  Sings the steady Trade wind, "*Be true!*"

Yours the month when the four winds meeting,
  Strength from struggle and victory teach;
Favoring gales or baffling head winds,
  He who *will* shall the harbor reach.

R. R.







CLASS OFFICERS.

Annie Laird, President

Dorothy Douglas, Editor of Pennant

Myrtle Bernhard, Secretary

PHOTOS BY HILL

Class History.

WHAT a year was the year 1903 for the San Jose Normal! For was it not the year in which the March Class of 1905 entered! From north and south, from east and west they came, and Normal rejoiced, for where before was ever seen such a wealth of intelligence and good looks?

Registration Day brought for us some terrors, but they were soon soothed by the kindly encouragement of Miss Blasdel and Mr. Wilson, and it was as nothing when compared to our trials in the library. Here we were to learn that we must not whisper—when Miss Royce was looking. Zoology and Yellocution also harassed our souls as Juniors but we came bravely through it all, subscribed for the Pennant, joined the Student Body, and did all that poor little Juniors could to show that we would be "loyal to Normal."

To show a real appreciation of us the Seniors called us together in the corridors one evening, and, placing chairs along the walls, allowed us to look on while they danced.

One day we discovered that a wonderful, though to us, mysterious time was coming, election time! Here we showed the Seniors that, though young, we were wide awake.

At last came the cry from over the bridge, "More teachers wanted," and then we realized that our time had come. With trembling knees and sinking heart we crossed that noble bridge and found on the other side critics, supervisors, faculty meetings, plans, monitor duties, but also many joys and pleasures awaiting us.

By this time it was found that among us were many bright and shining lights, notably, poets, authors, artists, athletes, Student Body presidents, and teachers. The training we passed through had been very thorough and we had at last gained fame and recognition and were *Seniors*.

Having arrived at this dignified age, we were treated with more respect by those in authority. We got up in Student Body and helped run things, we sometimes indulged in cuts and bluffs. We were gaining back the self importance we had lost while young Juniors.

The time has at last come when School Law has drifted into our lives and we must look forward to leaving these "dear old Normal halls" and the many kind, good friends made in them. With much of sorrow and regret we go our way, leaving for those who will fill our places every kind wish and thought and hoping that they will sometimes think of us and believe that we tried to do our best.

"Bibliography and Catalogue"

with Price List by Publishers and some little contemporary criticism by Annie L. Laird.

THE Pennant wishes to announce to the public numerous books that are ready for publication and which the authors are anxious to sell.

The classification of books is always a difficult task and is especially so with this series, because of its varied nature. There are books upon Basket Ball, Base Ball, Tennis, on Debating and Y. W. C. A., on Farce and Publications. In general the quality of this literature is high, but the price is low.

Few, indeed, of the authors listed below have expressed a desire to rush into print. Some, indeed, did so, but others came out gradually, a chapter at a time, an unfolding as it were as of the petals of a flower, silently, softly, till at last the glory of the full blown rose burst upon an admiring public.

It is quite impossible to review all the "books received;" a few are now out of print, but most of them are still accessable. They are as well a written set of books as could be expected, and I can heartily say with the advertisers of "Force," "no home should be without it."

"THE LOST OPPORTUNITY"

A Confession—by Dorothy Douglas.

Cloth; two portraits; tall copies; out of print. Price $2.15. On sale for a short time at Curtaz Music store.

"This book was to have been published for general use in the history of Education classes, but the party failed to comply with departmental requirements."—Report of Faculty Committee.

"BASKET BALL AS SHE IS BAWLED"

By Genevieve Lyng.

Printed by subscription. Bound, hand-sewed, uncut edges. Price, 99c. Marked down from $1.05. On sale at Miss Royce's desk.

A Thrilling Adventure—Miss Rowell.

"THE SENSATIONAL LIFE OF ELMER EMERSON"

By the Star himself—future ex. June '05.

Reprint in VI vols. Vol. I—"Myself as a Base Ball Hero." Vol. II—"Myself as I Play Base Ball." Vol. III—"Me as a Pitcher." Vol. IV—"How I am Lionized at Normal." Vol. V—"Why I came to S. N. S." Vol. VI—"What I want to be."

Photos by Wales. Price 85c. Bound in canvas, leather corners, 15c extra.

"The life of Elmer Emerson is undoubtedly one of the most thrilling autobiographies now before the public. It is alive with annecdotes of his travels to surrounding villages, and replete with adventure."—Mercury Sun. ed.

"A CHAT"
By Hattie Dyer.

The author has given a complete monologue on Business Management. Not sold in Book Form; but by tickets, 15c. Tickets to be obtained from author only.

"DEBATES ON ANY OLD THING"
By Lottie Hudson.

Price 30 cents. On sale down town. As entertaining as a poem by Prof. Bland. A charming essay on "The Where of From."

"The author is splendid"—Y. M. N. D.

"PRETTY GIRL PAPERS"
By Ward Campbell.

A series of hand to mouth talks with girls. Soul-searching and convincing. Rapid seller. Illuminated stereopticon views $1.47. For sale by Y. W. C. A.

"A good sell"—Everybody Magazine.

"WAITING FOR THINGS OF IMPORTANCE"
By Flossie Dinnegan.

Tract. pop. ed. 10 cents per copy. Invaluable to Freshmen. For sale by author.

"A companion to Edgar Allen Poe's "Maelstrom."—Times.

"THE POSSIBILITIES OF TENNIS"
By Ann Macmurdo.

4½ by 7½, on blue paper, 15c; on sale at any of the stores.

"Why we never get to play Tennis," and similar perplexing questions are answered in this phamplet. The gospel of a strenuous life is preached vigorously.

"My own picture on front page in my Basket Ball suit."—Ann Macmurdo.

"AFTER THE DELUGE"

Reminiscences of a worn-out commedian by Johanne Johnson.

An address, including the "What is Worth While Series." A warning is given to those who wrongly interpret Shakespeare. Some good advice is given. A large book. Illustrated by Miss Kinney's Optional Class.

An exceedingly attractive binding, privately circulated. Price 35 cents. Limp covers.

"As entertaining as things of this kind go."—Student Body.

"RHIMES AND JINGLES"

By Lily Misenheimer.

A new edition of the same old thing. Illustrated now and then. 12 mo. $1.05.

"There is a swing about some of these simple verses that catch the ear. Some of them are pure childish nonsense."—Miss Royce.

"OUR YACHTING TRIP LAST MAY"

By Eva Thompson.

Miss Thompson has endeavored to portray in this little book some of the thrilling adventures accompanying being stuck on a mud-flat. Also a warning is given to the eager-eyed "swiper."

On sale at Alviso. 27 cents per copy.

"ABNORMAL ENCYCLOPEDIA"

By Mr. Earl.

Contains all I don't know. A large book, but cheap; bound securely, steel clasp, $2 up. On sale at O. A. Hale's good goods.

"Everyone should have a copy."—Mrs. Earl.

N. B. The author patronizes Hale because he advertises in the Pennant.

"SONGS OF SUNLAND"

By Ethel Lewis.

Tunes simple and catchy; price 25 cents; gay covers. A pitch-pipe given with each bk. In the back will be found snap shots of Stanford.

"Miss Schallenberger, Ph. D., thinks possibly we can use it in the Training Department."—E. B. L.

"LITERARY HELPS"

By Ernest Laughlin.

Illustrated by Miss Harper, in blue and pink covers; 32 cents; postage 3 cents extra. Contains all the stories I have written for the Pennant in book form. Thrilling stories of frontier life. On sale by Juniors.









ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Elma Ingalls, Literary

Addie Engles, News

Johanne Johnson, Joshes

Bernice Schultz, Alumni

PHOTOS BY HILL

Last Days.

The days are going swiftly by;
They number scarce a score
Till the March Class will say farewell
To be of us no more.

They entered here two years ago
And have worked with will and zest,
Never falt'ring as each duty called
They have given to us their best.

Their smiling faces we shall miss
From hall and room and door,—
O, sad it is indeed to think
Their days with us are o'er.

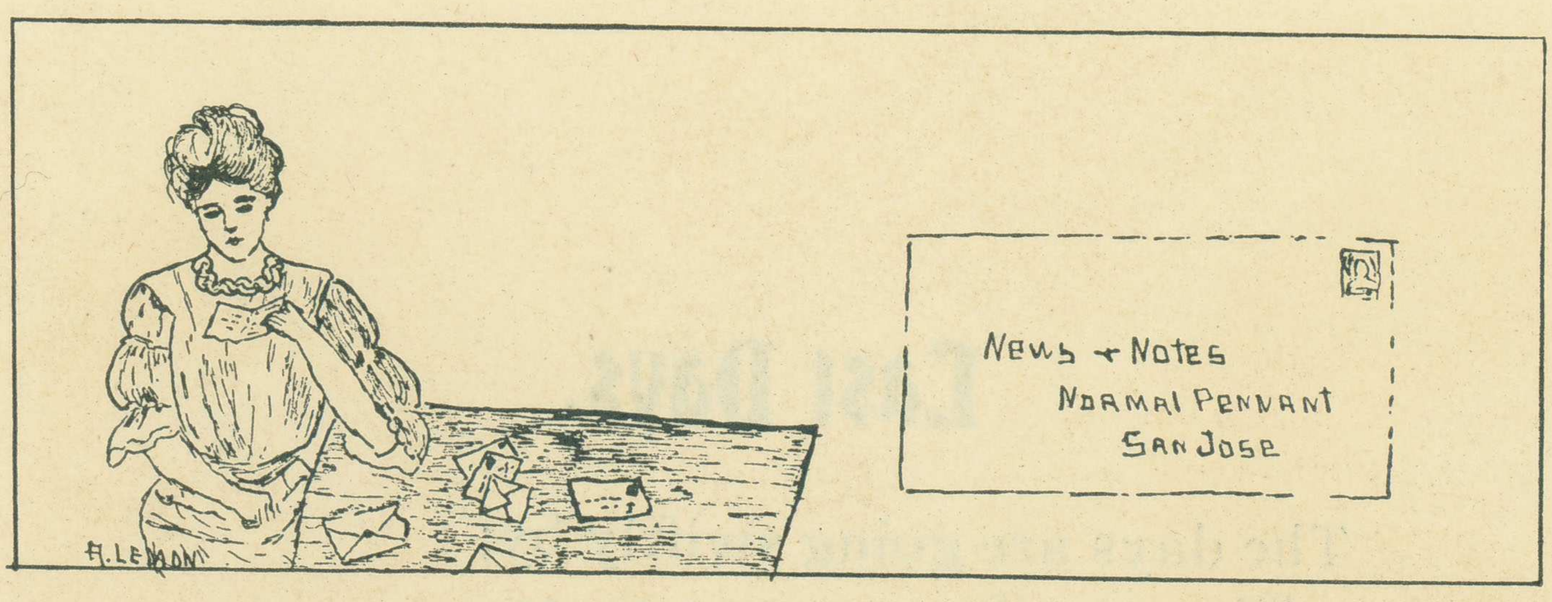
We've had pleasant hours together;
We've had joy, and we've had woe,
And these memories will linger
Ever with them where they go.

Friendships that are made in these days
Ever to the heart are dear,
And are true and last forever
Through the trials of the years.

To us all these days are sad ones,
'Tis the parting of our ways,
For to them it means the ending
Of their jolly old school days.

The hour of parting has come at last
And the Senior C's can tell
That the saddest word in school girl life
Is the Senior's last, "Farewell."

CHARLOTTE SHELLARD.



The March Class, under the supervision of the following officers: Anna Laird, President; Annie Lemon, Vice-President; Myrtle Bernhardt, Secretary; Eva Thompson, Treasurer, is holding meetings daily, making preparations for Class Night. A farce has been decided upon and will be given on the night of the eighteenth. Besides the farce, which is a burlesque on Hamlet, there are the Class "Kicks," a quartet, the Class Prophecy, and Class History to be given.

Miss Margaret Schallenberger, Principal of the Training School, was unable to attend to her duties in that department last week on account of a serious attack of la grippe.

Mr. Wood's Junior B3 Class gave a very interesting program during the Assembly period on Wednesday morning last. It consisted of recitations and songs from the writings of the Irish, English, Scotch and American poets. The program closed with the singing of America by the Student Body.

The Students of the Normal School and their friends were highly favored, Friday evening, March 3, in hearing Marshall Darrach, the renowned dramatic reader, render Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." In impersonation of character, he is unsurpassed and great skill was shown in his presentation of the humor in the play. This was the first of a series of readings to be given by Mr. Darrach.

Many of the March people have already been engaged to take schools. Among whom are the following:

Miss Helen Byrne will teach in the Olive Spring District in Santa Cruz County.

Miss Florence Dinnegan will go to Mendocino County to teach in the Tan Bark District.

Miss Dorothy Douglas leaves for Cayucos, San Luis Obispo County, where she has been engaged to instruct a number of the foreign element.

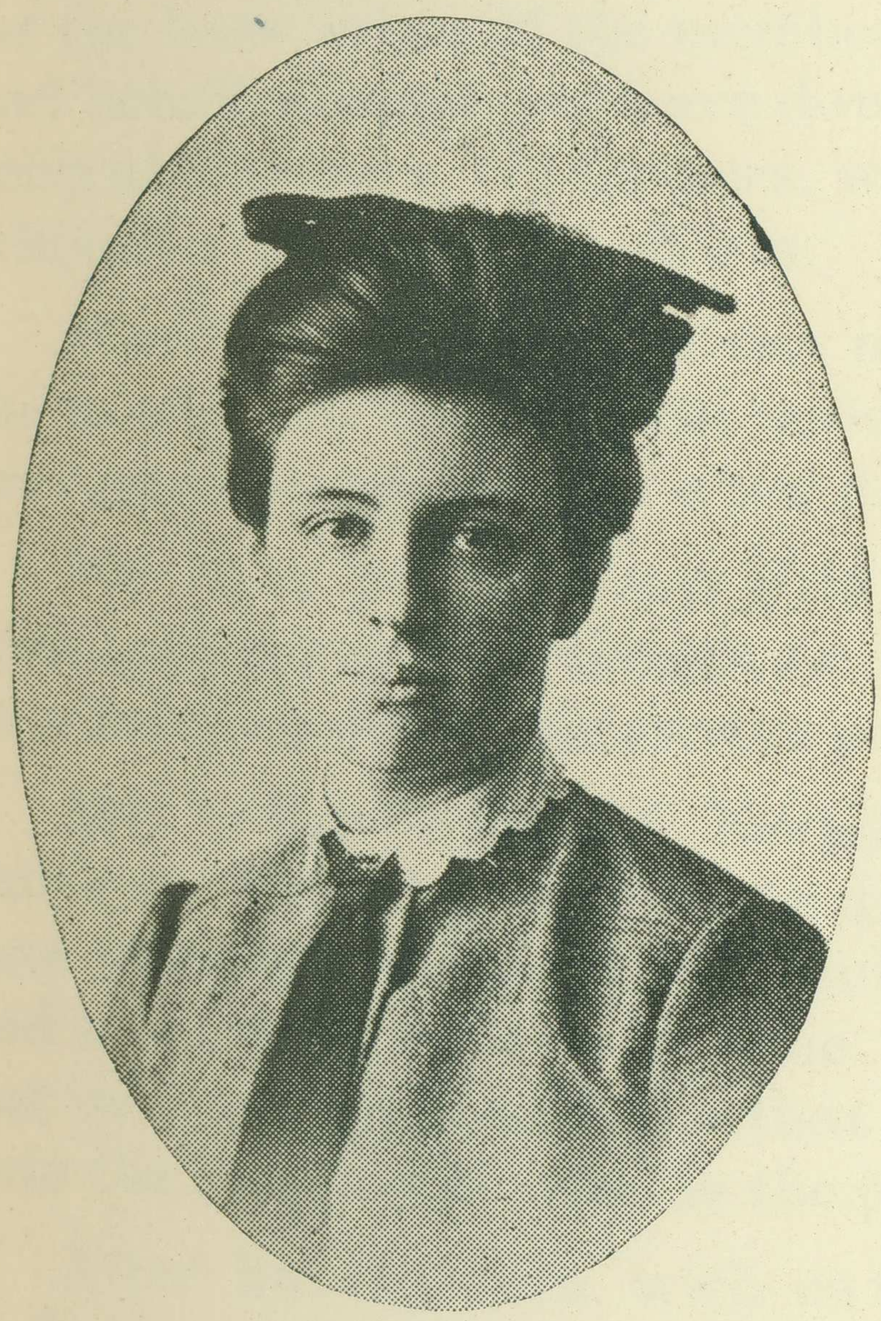
Miss Elma Ingalls will teach in the McKinley District in Mendocino County.

Miss Oppenlander will take a school near her home in Mendocino Co.

Miss Wilda Stockwell has a school in Sonoma County.









ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilda Stockwell, Societies

Lucy Agar, Exchanges

Lilly Oppenlander, Training School

Annie MacMurdo, Athletics

PHOTOS BY HILL

Miss Esther Williams will open the Garcia school near Point Arena on April 3rd.

On Tuesday evening, the seventh, the June Class tendered a reception to the March Class in the Normal Halls. The halls were most tastefully decorated with elm blossoms and palms, and the good spirit which pervaded them added much to its beauty. Dancing was the chief amusement and the music furnished by Brohaska's orchestra was all that could be desired. Punch was served throughout the evening. At an early hour the festivities closed, and all departed to their homes, expressing the joy of having spent a most pleasant evening.

On February 27, the Student Body and it visitors, among whom was a delegation of the U. S. Army and Navy Boys, who were attending the Y. M. C. A. State Convention which was being held in San Jose at that time, were delightfully entertained by a novel and unique farce given by the Sappho girls. The farce was taken from the stories of Myra Kelley, which deal with the life of the slum children of New York. Miss Margaret Schallenberger, principal of the Training School, and also a member of the club, assisted the girls in its dramatization, and each character was well sustained. The girls all have good voices as was proven by the singing of three songs; "Good Morning," "High Society," and "Good Night" to their teacher, Miss Gussie Stevens. However, had it not been for the bass voices of the members (?) Stillson, Wilcox, Brown, Williams and Schallenberger, we have doubts as to whether the distinguished and venerable trustee, (?) Cathers, would have been prone to commend the school so highly for its efforts.

Ward Campbell, one of our new boys, while playing ball recently had the misfortune to break the middle finger on his right hand. The accident prevented his playing for a few days, but he is again a very active player.

We have not as yet a girls' seminary. The number of our boys has been increasing each month since the beginning of the New Year, and we now have to our credit twelve young men.

Mr. O'Brien, late of Nevada, is the last enrolled student at the Normal. Teaching will not be an entirely new vocation for the young man as he is a High School graduate, and has a first grade certificate, and has taught for a short time. Mr. O'Brien was rather late in entering, but we are glad to know that he enters with the right spirit in that he feels the San Jose Normal is the place and "it is better late than never."

After having been with us for the past nine years, acting four years as Secretary for the Board of Trustees and serving five years in the same capacity for the Faculty of the San Jose Normal School, Miss Blasdell has left us. Before leaving, the students and faculty had the pleasure of hearing her sweet voice on the morning of February 28. By request of

the members of the faculty she sang three of their favorite songs, entitled, "I am not Ashamed of Christ," The Arrow Song" written by Longfellow, and for an encore "Don't Cry." Words are inadequate to express the feeling and tone with which these songs were rendered and the appreciation of both students and faculty. In the departure of Miss Blasdell we lose one who has by her sweet and pleasing manner endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact. Since it must be we all enjoin in wishing her joy and happiness in her new home in the Southernland.

Dr. Dow has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and we are glad to see him shaking hands with all of his friends in the Normal halls.

The Thursday afternoon lectures in the Assembly Hall by Prof. Snedden of Stanford University are instructive and interesting. Students and different members of the faculty are taking advantage of these lectures and grasping the opportunity offered of getting a university credit after having passed satisfactory examination.

Joseph D. Malloy is often seen about the corridors. Although Mr. Malloy is furthering his education at Stanford University he is still loyal to his Alma Mater. You are showing the right spirit, Joe.

Miss Mabel Williams, Dec. '04, is a frequent visitor to our school. The young lady was successful in getting a school near San Jose and therefore is enabled to come home every evening.

Feb. 28 brought us one of the rarest of treats in the person of Herbert Bashford, the well-known California writer, who lectured to the students on the subject, "Western Literature." This is Mr. Bashford's third appearance before the Normal students, but his originality and keenness of wit has made him a great favorite. In mentioning a few western writers who are worthy of note we were more than pleased to hear the name of our own Professor Bland, whom we all admire. At the close of the lecture Mr. Bashford by request recited one of his well known poems, entitled, "The Wolves of the Sea."

With a few well chosen words, the president of the Student Body, Miss Eleanore Lowe in behalf of the students, presented Mr. Bashford with a gold Normal pin.

Mr. Bashford was really imposed upon the day he lectured to us in Assembly. In the afternoon of the same day he visited Professor Bland's fifth and sixth hour classes and after reviewing the story of his drama, "The Honorable John North" he recited several of his own productions, among which were "The Romance of Orrid," "Nebraskay's Fertile Shore," Bowlin's Boy" and "The First Lyric."

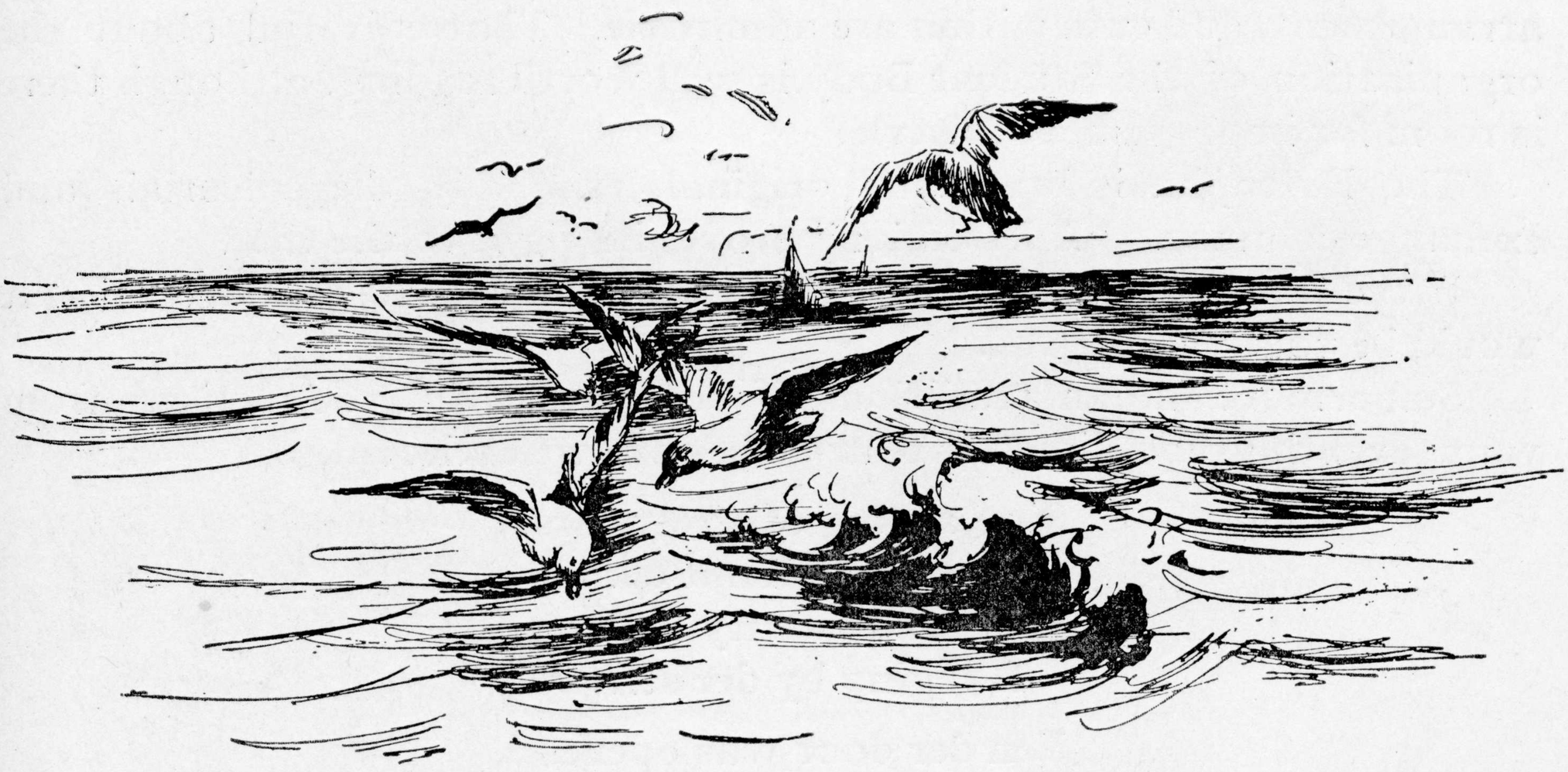
A good way to show your loyalty to the school is by subscribing and contributing to the Pennant. There is no better or easier way to find

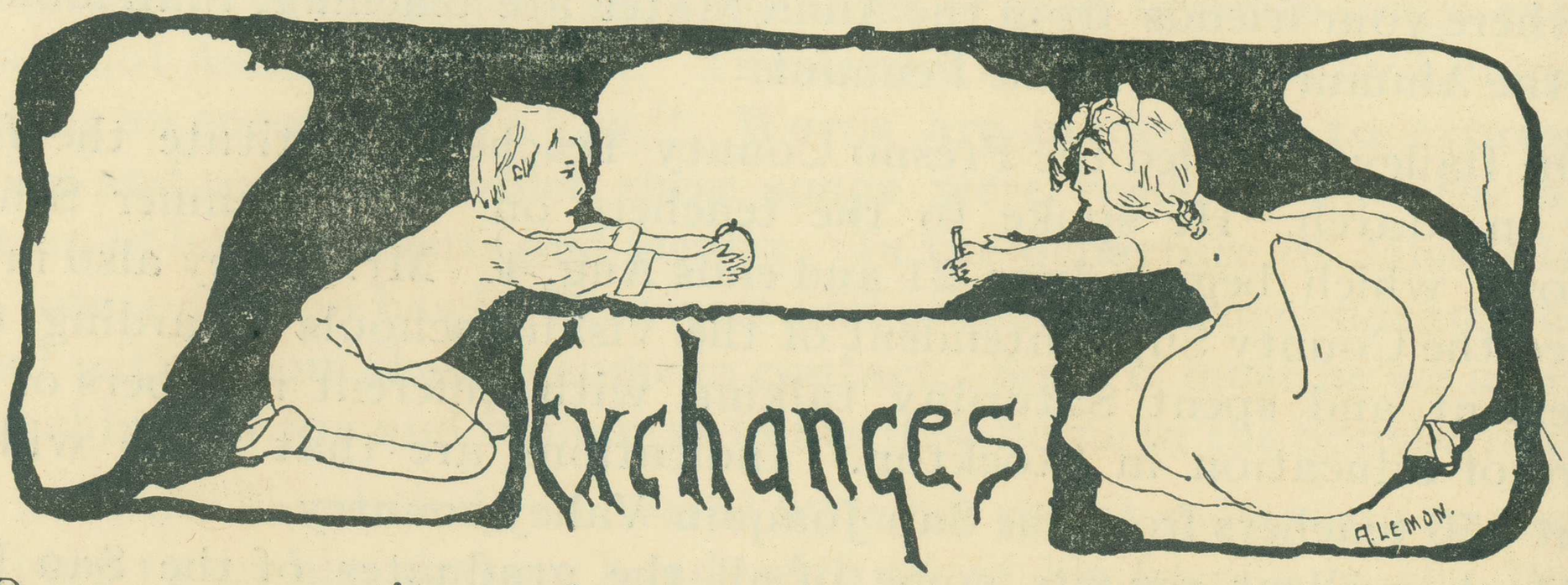
out where your friends from the Alma Mater are teaching, than looking over the Alumni Notes in the Pennant.

Dr. Dailey attended the Fresno County Teachers' Institute the first week in March. He spoke to the teachers on "The Summer School Session" which begins June 21 and ends Aug. 4. Mr. Dailey also interviewed the County Superintendent of the Visalia schools regarding this movement and spent Saturday talking with different members of the Board of Education in Stockton. Indications are that there will be about 150 teachers from the San Joaquin Valley country.

Most excellent reports come of all the graduates of the San Jose Normal, and not a few are in this section. President Dailey reports having found about sixty in Fresno County and fifty of our most recent graduates in Tulare County.

Professor Baker, instructor in Arithmetic in the Normal, attended the institute in Fresno County and gave the teachers a series of lectures on "The Teaching of Arithmetic."





DID you ever notice, exchange editors, how each paper expresses the characteristics of the school it represents? And, as far as this is true and forcible, the paper is, in the main, successful.

Now the Owl, for instance, has a hearty boyish ring to its stories especially,—A Wild Ride, Incident of Pioneer Days. But really, Owl, that Call of the Woods is altogether too poetical for a good fish story.

Ye Olde Time Spinster is the cutest thing among the exchanges so far as appearance is concerned, but seems to be napping between covers.

The Dragon has an arrangement of joshes worthy of emulation. A joke is funny when it takes you by surprise. That is the way the Dragon does it, slyly interspersing them where least expected.

If the Sea Urchin could manage to simplify its cover design it would rank as one of the most attractive on the table. The coloring, general arrangement, and cuts within are admirable. That editorial about the organization of the Student Body is well worth reading, although there is room for improvement in style.

The Porcupine is brisk and original, especially the editorials and exchange columns. "A Diversion" proves its right to the title.

If the Comet would try something bolder in the line of illustration it would be vastly improved.

Some more Indian traditions, if you please, Native American, from your seventh grade Pimas. Your joshes are well selected.

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all full mit chaps,
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by der straps.

Ven der door was opened
Der men began to read,
All der advertisements
About new breakfast feed.

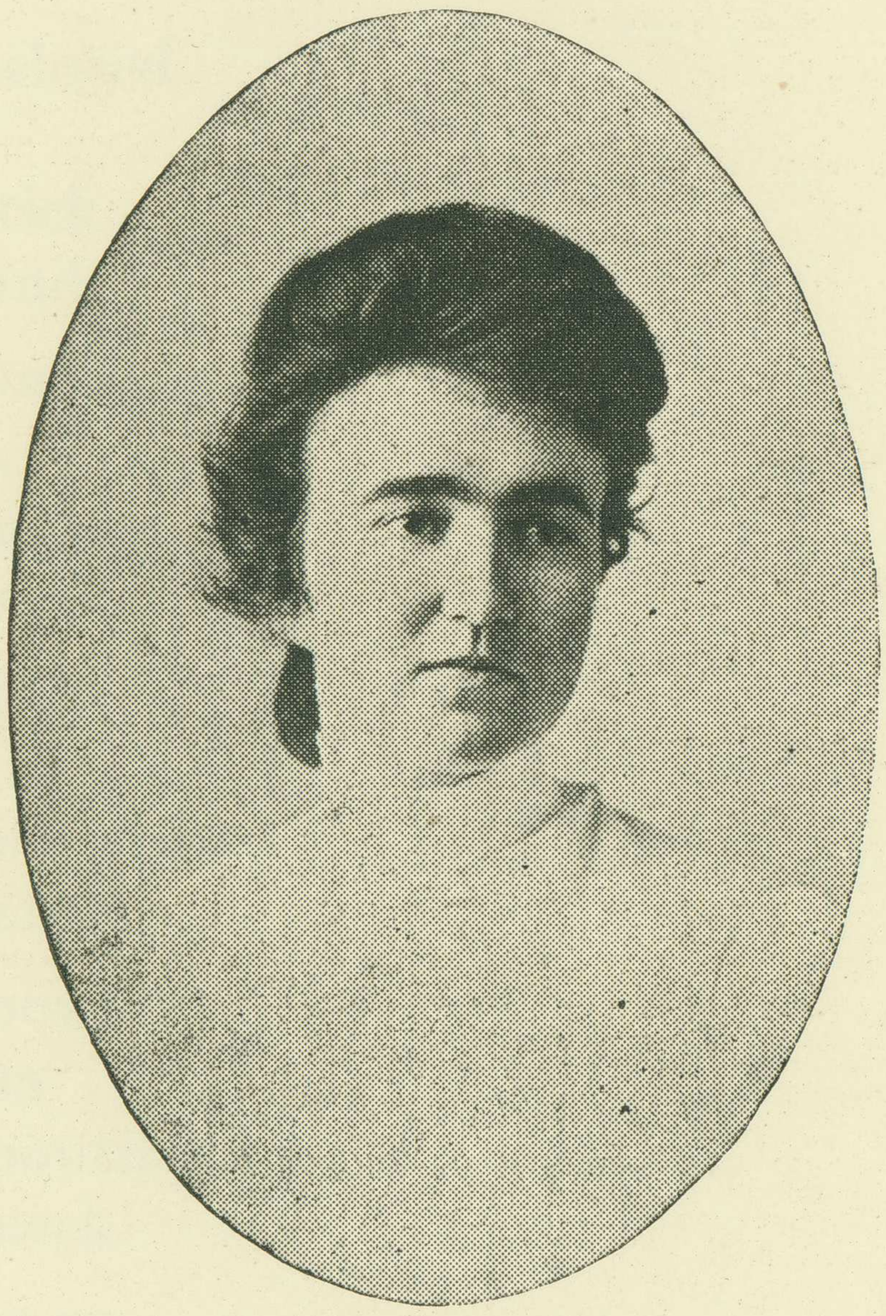
The Janus has some well written material.

"The Ghostly Friar" in the Gleam is a gruesome tale but interesting none the less.









Lilly Misenhimer, Poet

Florence Dinegan, Prophet

Annie Lemon, Artist

Genevieve Lyng, Historian

PHOTOS BY HILL

Mission, your cover is enticing, but the interior not quite so.

A prevailing criticism among the exchanges is—No cuts. As a matter of justice I ask—If a small school has no artists, how is it going to get any cuts? By all means leave them out, but that necessitates greater effort towards a startling success along some other line.

Other papers received are: The High School Original, Manzanita, The Red and Black, The Adjutant, G. H. S., The Cardinal, The School Bell Echoes, The Advocate, Observer, M. H. Aerolith, The Arrow, The Mirror, Riverside Review, The Blade, The Flashes, P. T. H. S., Orange and Black.

Jack an' Me.

Yes'm teacher we'll be quiet
Every one of us 'ere boys.
We won't slap, nor kick, nor pinch none,
No'm we won't make no noise.

But no sooner was the door closed
When a fearful roar began,
Jack he hit me with a yard stick
Till I almost scarce could stand.

Chalk went flying, 'rasers bounding
From the ceiling to the floor,
And the realm of joy and gladness
Was the place of peace no more.

But alas! there came a foot fall!
Jack and me was up in front
Playing leap-frog from the side aisles,
Else 'twas monkey's on the stump.

And the sound of that 'ere foot fall
Sent us head long to our seats
Panting, puffing, blowing, spouting,
Scared to death, and awful meek.

After this when teacher leaves us
Jack and me don't darst to fool;
'Cause we always shall remember
What onced happened after school.

LULU N. GREGORY.

Alumni Notes.

We are pleased to hear of the progress that our graduates are making. Many are occupying responsible positions in the larger cities.

A. M. Croop, a recent graduate, is principal of the Lincoln School of San Jose, succeeding Geo. S. Wells, the present City Superintendent.

Gavin Telfer, Ned Gould, Harry McKannay, George Schultzburg and Ralph Matthews are teaching in San Francisco.

Genevieve Nicholson is now in the Palo Alto Grammar School.

Among those who have schools near their own homes in Humbolt County are Alice Dinsmore, Grace Stroble, Agnes Cloney, and Martha Anderson.

Gertie Topham and Alice Baker are teaching near near Sacramento.

Bonnie Gaine is now in the Alameda city school.

Saylor Van Hagen, Lita Townsend, Myrth Kennedy, and Madge Roberts are all in Tulare County.

Walter Ulrici is principal of the Evergreen school.

Frederick B. Estes successfully passed the Bar, and is now connected with Nicholas Bowden, a prominent attorney of San Jose.

Alex Sheriffs is a senior at Stanford, and won the Carnot medal between Berkeley and Stanford.

Among the other Normal graduates at Stanford are Arthnr Caldwell, Joe Reardon, John Bolin and Joe Maloy.

Nicholas Prush is teaching near Haywards.

Mr. Heston, Carmel Martin and Herbert Montgomery are studying at Ann Arbor.

Arthur Heche is principal of the Niles School.



Socie Ties.

Sappho.

So far, nineteen hundred five has been a very busy year for the Sappho Club. Many pleasant times have been enjoyed and as a climax to all her rush and hurry, the Club presented, a short time ago, Myra Kelley's "Little Citizens," dramatized by Margaret E. Schallenberger, Ph. D. The production was exceedingly well given and won great praise from all.

On February twenty-eight, a tea was given in honor of Miss Blasdel, one of Sappho's most prominent and honored members. Though with deep regret the girls have said farewell to Miss Blasdel, it is sincerest congratulations and wishes that they have given her for her future life and new home in Texas.

Sigma Theta Chi.

Sigma Theta Chi has opened a year which has already been marked by many pleasant gatherings. On February twentieth, we were delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Almeida McMillan, where Margaret Owen, Alice Harris and Leota Wilcox received the mysterious rites of initiation. With the March Class we have Johanne Johnson and Annie Lemon added to our Alumni. Sigma Theta Chi expects to close the term with a reception to these departing sisters.

Y. M. N. D.

Y. M. N. D. having reorganized is now doing good work. Every member is energetically doing his best work and Normal feels that once more we have a Debating Society which will win as many laurels as those members who were so successful in the past.

Debating, of course, is the dominant purpose of the young men, but varied literary programs have been given which were most enjoyable, showing effective originality.

On Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, very interesting programs were given and were most heartily appreciated.

Y. M. N. D. is confident that its best and most prosperous days are

in the near future and it will be stronger than ever before.

Y. W. C. A.

The interests of Y. W. C. A. are now centered upon their Conference to be held shortly at Capitola. It is hoped that the Normal will be well represented in this coming event for a most enjoyable time is promised by all its workers.

On March 3, a reception was given here, in honor of Miss Wilbur, State Secretary of Y. W. C. A.

In the March graduating class the Cabinet loses two of its most interested and helpful workers, Miss Johanne Johnson and Miss Laird. It is with regret that the Y. W. girls see them leave but wish them great success and enjoyment in their future work.

Erosophian.

The Erosophian Society has had a most pleasant and successful term. A short time ago a reception at Miss Baty's was given, and will long be remembered by the members.

Miss Cory's lecture on Italy was a grand success and the girls are proud to claim her as one of their honored members.

The Erosophians regret that Miss Lyng will soon leave them, as she is one of the March graduates. Miss Lyng has proved a most efficient president during the last term, and in leaving, the Society gives her their best wishes for her future welfare.

Browning.

The end of the school term is gradually drawing to a close, leaving the Browning Club to look back on past days, filled with pleasures and most successful undertakings. During the past term, many interesting and well produced programs have been given, under the presidency of Miss Elma Ingalls, a most energetic and staunch member, and all efforts have been crowned with success. In the March graduates, Browning looses seven of its members. It is with keen regret, that the Browning girls see these members depart from them, but those who are left to carry on the work of the club unite in wishing for each a happy and most successful career, and hope that in all their future work they may retain with them the happy memories of their school days. On March thirteenth, a reception will be given in honor of the Browning graduates, May A. Brennan, Addie Engles, Elma Ingalls, Wilda Stockwell, Anna Laird, Lillie Meisenheimer, Eva Thompson.

Though to the graduates this means their farewell, they are looking forward to it as one of the most pleasant events given by the club.

So ends the term. May the following terms prove as prosperous as those in the past.

Allenian.

On Saturday evening, March 4, the Allenian Society gave a farewell dance for its members who are about to graduate. Altogether it was one of the most successful affairs ever given at the Normal. The halls were beautifully decorated in elm boughs and fruit blossoms. The blending of the soft green of the elm and the dainty white and pink blossoms gave a most delicate and feathery effect. Again and again during the evening we heard the remark, "What a fairyland!" The Bridge of Sighs was converted into an exquisitely dainty arbor and punch was served there. It was hard to realize that among so much brightness and gayety there were some few who were secretly bidding farewell to all these good old times at the Normal. Girls, we who have the good fortune to still remain were thinking of you.

Our graduate members are Misses Dorothy Douglas, Johanne Johnson, Florence Dinegan. Those who at present are active members are: Misses Elsie Abeel, May E. Brennan, Donna Buttner, Maude Chase, Edna Clancy, Florence Clancy, Florence Dinegan, Laura Dougherty, Dorothy Douglas, Irene Estes, Julia Estrada, Pearl Fosgate, Rose Gardner, Leila Gilmore, Ella Gilmore, Frances Gwinn, Kathryn Hall, Lulu Harden, Allerta Ives, Johanne Johnson, Ethel Lewis, Eleanor Forsyth Lowe, Mabelle Lyons, Fannie Luhrman, Genevieve Purvine, Irma Ross, Irma Sacre, Eva Taylor, Helen Taylor, Ruth Rucker, Leota Wilcox. The faculty members are Misses Royce, McMillan, Payne, Nicholson, King, Davenport.

Athletics.

ATHLETICS in the Normal are now at their best and have been steadily taking a prominent part in our school life. A stranger walking around the Normal building and coming to the tennis courts and basket ball grounds would see that San Jose Normal will not be left far behind when it comes to Athletics.

The Basket ball girls are practicing harder than ever since the coach was here and gave them some much needed advice and many points that are well worth knowing. The girls are putting these plays in practice for the games that are to come off on our own courts, which by the way, has been enlarged, new baskets put up and many other improvements made by the Faculty and Trustees.

On Feb. 22, the Normal girls played the University of California girls at Berkeley and although defeated, feel that they need not feel dis-

couraged, for Berkeley had the heavier team and better opportunities for practice than our girls. Some very interesting games are expected in the near future. The game that was to have been played with Stanford on the 3rd of March was postponed indefinitely.

The Second team is practicing hard and some of the vacancies in the First team, caused by the graduation of four members, will be filled from this team. The line up of First team is at present writing as follows:

GOALS	CENTERS	GUARDS
Ives	Johnson	Chase
Laird	Hern	Macmurdo
Brown	Lyng	Hemphill

Our four graduates are: Laird, Johnson, Lyng and Macmurdo, who will be missed sadly by the girls.

Our Business Manager, Miss Dyer, is one to be proud of, for she has managed Basket ball affairs with such quiet dignity and faithfulness to gain the love and respect of all the girls. Long live the Basket Ball Club.

Tennis is also employing the spare moments of some of the students. Almost any time of day the court is occupied with people intent on working up to be strong players. Some of the players are doing fine work, and I think will be able to form a strong team that will be a credit to our school.

Miss Bassler, the Physical Training teacher of the Normal, has a large class in fencing. The girls are all much interested in their work and show the results of good training and practice.

Some of the enthusiasm from the Normal seems to have crossed the Bridge to the Training School. Upstairs the girls have a Basket ball club who practice every Friday evening. They are doing good work under the careful coaching of Misses Lyng and Macmurdo. They expect soon to have a match game with the Freshman team of the High School. The girls have also organized a tennis club and are practicing faithfully.

In Miss King's department the boys have formed a military company. Under the direction of Capt. Brown they are drilled every noon. They are becoming fine soldiers and are very enthusastic over work.

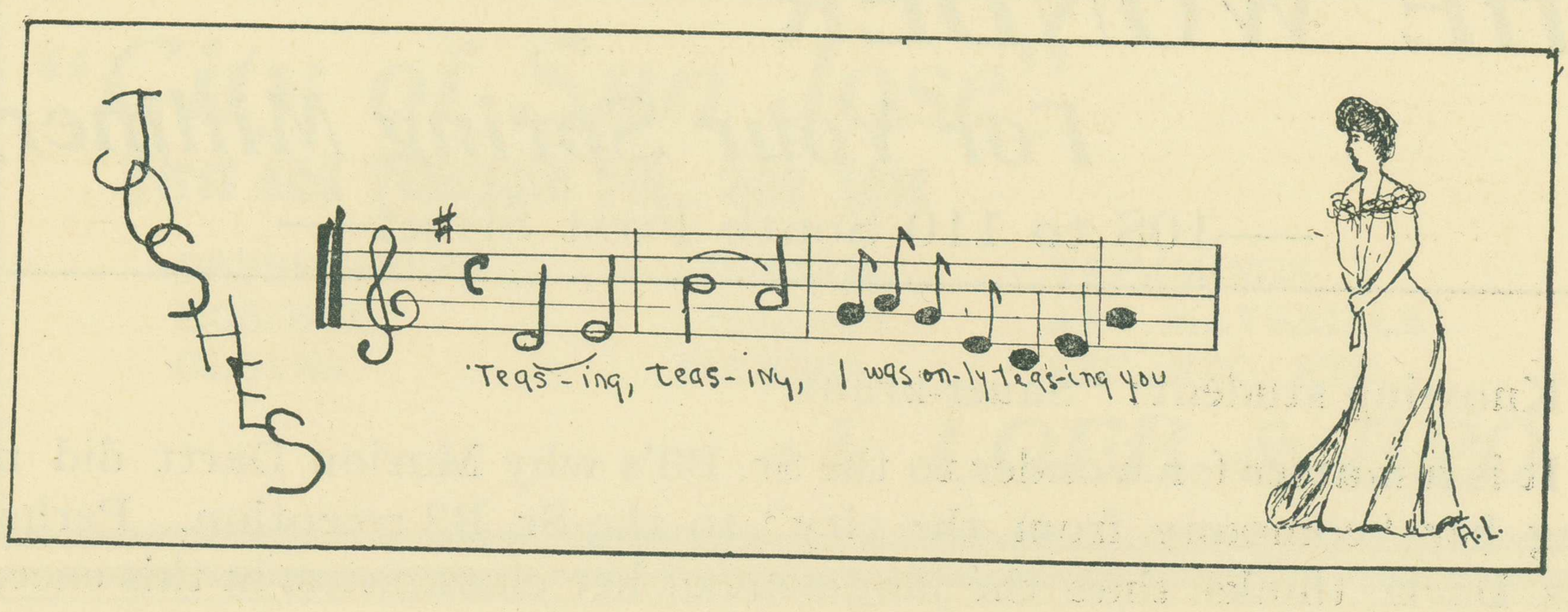
So taking things altogether Normal can shine in athletics as well as in a scholarly way.

A. MACMURDO.

NEW BOOKS E. H. GUPPY & SON

Fountain Pens
Fine Writing Papers

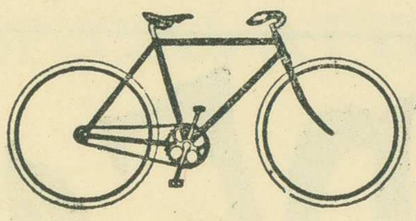
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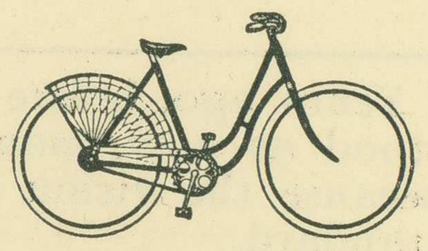
A real occurence, Mar. 6th, three weeks prior to graduation. It may be startling, but of infinite encouragement to Juniors. Mrs. Rousseau, meeting a March graduate in the hall: "Miss Laird, will you please step into my office?" Miss Laird tremblingly entered. And this is what came through the key-hole: "Miss Laird, I want to tell you that you are really getting much better looking."

Miss Fulgham, in regard to losing purses and kodaks: "What's the matter with me, anyway?" We wonder.

Mr. Wood, in Nature Study: "What can be made out of sour milk?"



DON'T FORGET



Cushing's Cyclery

CORNER THIRD AND SANTA CLARA STREET

When in need of Tires, Sundries, or Repairing. We have Tires at $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $2.90 up. Second-hand Bicycles at $6.50, $7.50 and $10.00.

Let us show you the celebrated PALMER BICYCLE with a 5 years guarantee.

Our repairing is guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

Bicycles called for and delivered without extra charge.

Phone Red 862.

THE WONDER

For Your Spring Millinery

——108 to 110 South First Street——

Knowing student: "Sauer-kraut."

It is a matter for wonder to the Sr. B3's why Marion Dartt did not bring her "company from the city" to the Sr. B3 reception. Perhaps Miss Dartt thinks that the judgment of her classmates, in this case, is superfluous.

Where did Miss Dinnegan get that attractive picture of one of our "striking" and sometimes "pitching" Normal boys?

Can it be that another of our most promising March graduates has found a strong attraction in the Normal? Why is it that Miss Lemon is coming back for post-graduate work?

Miss Scaroni—"Prof. Baker, your Arith. Methods is just filled with catch problems."

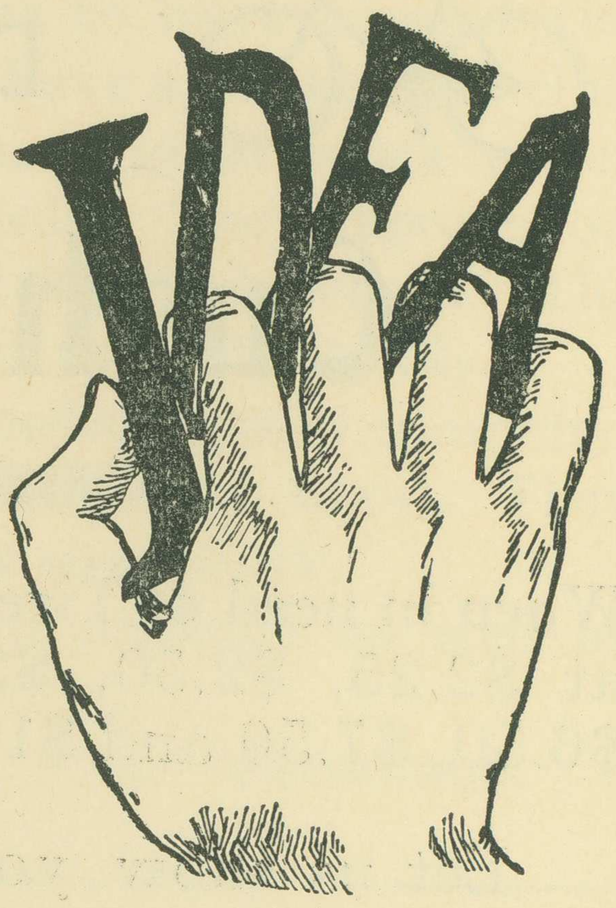
Prof. Baker—"Class, what is a catch problem?" Pause. "Why to catch suckers."

Years ago, before the visual organs were as well understood as now, many eyes were considered perfect simply because the vision of the individual was up to the usual standard.

Modern research has proved, however, that excellent vision may be maintained by eyes that are quite imperfect in structural formation, and that while the sight may be good, it is maintained at the expense of excessive nervous strain which, in turn, shows its fatigue in the form of headaches, neuralgia, and other nervous disturbances.

The general public seems to be grasping the idea that uncorrected eye defects may have much to do with the health and happiness of individuals and that their detection and correction with glasses is a profession entirely distinct, and far removed from the realm of medicine and surgery.

The old-fashioned jeweler-optician is fast disappearing and his place is taken by the exclusive optician who is educated, not only in the laws and properties of light, but in the anatomy and physiology of the eye as well; and is therefore competent to give proper advice regarding all defects which are remediable with glasses.



"Seems to be grasping the idea."

"The correct fitting of glasses is our exclusive business."

EXAMINATION FREE

DR. GEO. B. PRATT *Opticians* DR. B. K. KERR

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DRESS GOODS	CORSETS	TRIMMINGS
HOSIERY	VEILINGS	ART MATERIALS
GLOVES	RIBBONS	ETC., ETC., ETC.

I. LOEB & BRO.

Mr. Laughlin in a June class meeting: "May these bids be extended to Juniors?"

Mr. Earl—"Well, I'm provided for."

Mrs. George took her class on an expedition to the Woolen Mills. When the conductor came to collect the fares, he was told by Mrs. George that the children were all under five. "They don't look it," he said. Later Mrs. George was surprised that he carried them beyond the usual stopping place without extra charge. He explained, "Because they are so young." My, how they must have acted!

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO——

Students' Footwear

Friday, March 24, we will open our New Store

To every student we especially extend an invitation to come in and examine the fine selection of Spring and Summer styles in shoes and oxfords which we will show.

For correctness of style, wearing qualities and completeness of stock, no house in town can surpass us.

We particularly cater to the wants of students, and ask you to examine our footwear whether you are ready to buy or not.

A. L. Scott & Co.

Master Shoe Fitters.

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I AM FORCED TO MOVE. SPECIAL DISCOUNTS IN ALL LINES

A good time to select your graduating presents.

The Corner Jewelry Store

See those Lawn Suits for $6.00 at Prussia & Co.

Was Mr. Wilson's hopeless, despairing, anxious face, which so swiftly changed to one of childish delight on being shown, by Miss Chamberlain, how the patent fastener of the umbrella worked, part of the illustration of how the Trade winds blow?'

Go to Hale's for good goods.

Is it any wonder that Jean Williams has a keen interest in London, the cathedrals and cab-fares?

Lawn Waists the $1.50 kind, 95c at Prussia & Co.

At a farewell reception in honor of Miss Blasdel, her parting words were, "Go to Tahoe, girls."

Miss Lyons has decided that out-door recitations are rather a doubtfull experiment. She reached this conclusion in Mr. Bland's Adv. Pedagogy class. Although very much interested in G. Stanley Hall, the gardener and his old, two-steppy horse proved to be irresistible. Miss

WANTED!---

NORMAL BUSINESS==AT

CORNELL'S

Normal Stationery Reduced in Price

M. M. Haas Co.

Lyons will conduct no out-door recitations in *her* school. Agreed—Mr. Bland.

In the same recitation, which had the greater attraction for Miss Lewis, G. Stanley Hall or Prof. Bland's striking pose before Miss Johnson?

Students, go to Hales' for good goods.

A New Theory Advanced Student of an inquiring state of mind—"Why do the eyes of the deep sea fish bulge out when they come to the surface?"

Prof. Wilson—"Why-a, er-a, they are so glad to see you."

If you let a drop of water fall from a height of two miles it will go right through you.

Resistance of air, salvation of our heads.

Man Tailored Suits for Spring $22.50. Prussia & Co.

Ask the girls at 198 S. 11th--Why do you always "tear" into the kitchen when the door bell rings? (Was there ever a rap at the kitchen door?)

For Spring Novelties go to Hales.

One of the toasts given to Miss Blasdel by one of the sensible S. N. S. professors at the recent farewell banquet; "After man came woman, and she's been after him ever since."

Miss Rowell—"Miss Agar, what do you understand the single-tax to mean?

Miss A.—"Why, I always thought it meant a tax on bachelors."

(Next day in answer to another question: "I'll not guess, today.")

Here's one on frankness, embarassing, but genuine. While examining proof pictures for the Pennant, the subject of the pose said; "O, it's pretty good, but I think the pose is so foolish."

Miss Lyng: "But it's so natural."

CLEVELAND AND SNELL BICYCLES

Tennis Goods, Spaulding Athletic Goods, Repairing,
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HARRISON P. SMITH 81-83 S. Second St. Successor to Leavitt & Bill

HOFF & KAYSER

POPULAR PRICE SHOES

95 South First Street

SCHOOL TEACHERS ATTENTION! Every 25c. purchase here is one vote to send the most popular teachers to the Portland exposition free. One from San Jose and one from the County.

"In London there's a place where they manufacture postal cards for Miss Cather."

In visiting the Woolen Mills the 2nd hour geography class saw some work being done for the state's prison. One of the girls was heard to remark as they were going through the dyeing room: "I don't see how they dye it in stripes."

(Note by Editor: One of most unique book notices was omitted from above list. However, in this place it will look and sound as well, if not better.) Title, "Brilliant Thoughts and Witty Sayings of A. Laird."—A chronicle of marvelous literary merit written by the young lady herself in the moments which she could snatch herself away from Basket Ball. Indeed, written for the most part between the hours of twelve to two nightly. The last chapter is yet to come. Read it now while it is the rage since it will soon be out of print. Very cheap at present, 10c, yellow cover. Will be 12½c more when last chapter is completed.

What made Addie blush when I—— E—— said to her: "O yes, that is what my brother always says."

Mr. Dailey in Assembly—"It is necessary that you shonld learn the student habit in the library."

A March girl after Assembly—"If it were not so near graduation, I'd try."

The first duty as teacher: file your certificate with the County Supt.—Chestnut.

The March Farce is very clever, take it for what it is worth, but be sure to laugh at the right time.

Flossie D. is very popular now, her new friend is a man with a sandy beard. Look out for him, girls, he is after you, too.

H. L. MILLER for Stationery and Office Supplies

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COLUMBIA Shoes and Oxfords $2.45

Are just about as fine, as durable, and as stylish as those you've been accustomed to pay $3.00 for. A large number of people have learned that these Shoes and Ties make good our statement. We have all styles Tans, Patents, Kids.

Retailer of good Shoes **A. S. BACON** **74 South First Street**

Why was Mr. Earl so solicitous about the June picnic, and changed his mind when he heard Mrs. Earl was to be chaperone?

In School Law (6th hour)—Discussion—salaries.

Pupil—"When you get your order do you have to draw the money?"

Mr. Dailey—"Oh, of course you *could* leave it, but I scarcely think any of you teachers will leave your first month's salary lying in the bank."

Miss L.—"Do they charge you anything for leaving it there?"

We have often wondered why it is that May and Eleanor are such good friends. Now we know—Eleanor has a fine young brother.

The chum whom you see with Miss Lowe so much seemed to have her program, at a recent dance, with just about one boy. Is he that good a dancer?

Miss P - - o is interested in South American snakes. "The boas, you know, squeeze you to death."

What caused the disturbance in the Library Sixth hour Friday? Ask Merle Gray.

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Miss English—"Do you think the same as I do?"
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The genuine has the name woven in white in the

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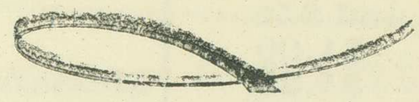
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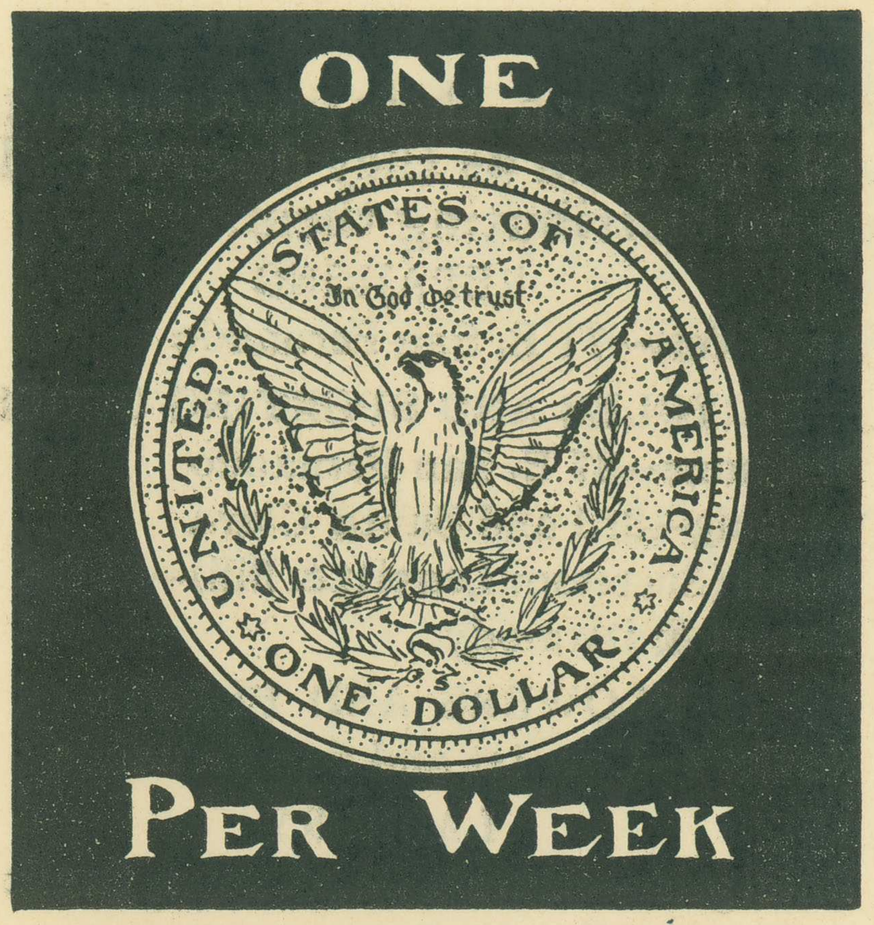
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Cornell's—13-15 E. Santa Clara
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Prussia—146 So. 1st
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Stull & Sonniksen
Parisian Suit and Cloak House
Ladies' Emporium—So. 2nd St.
Stuart Williams—115 So. 2nd St.

BOOKS

Maynards - 112 So. 1st
Guppy & Son—31 E. San Fernando
Millard—Knox Block, W. Santa Clara
Haas—80 So. 1st
Miller—11-13 So. 2nd.

PHOTOS

A. P. Hill—58 So. 2nd
Bushnell—41 North 1st

JEWELERS

Sourisseau—69½ So. 1st
Ryder—8 So. 1st
Bothwell—112 So. 1st
Kocher—13 So. 1st
W. C. Lean—1st and San Fernando

OPTICIANS

Osgood & Ball—158 So. 1st
Pratt & Kerr—16 N. 2nd

MILLINERY

Jose Millinery—62 So. 2nd
The Leon—46 So. 1st
Wonder

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Carmichael & Ballaris—55 So. 1st
McCabe, Hatter—82 So. 1st
John Luneberg—37 Fountain
Hobson—Post and First Sts.
Angevine—So. 2nd St.
Pomeroy—114 So. 1st St.

SHOES

Bacon—74 So. 1st
Scott
Hoff & Kayser

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Desimone—87 E. San Fernando
Cushing—3rd and Santa Clara
Smith (Successor Leavitt & Bill)—81 So. 2nd
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FLOWERS AND PLANTS

Navlet's—Cor. 1st and San Fernando

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Enterprise—Santa Clara, Phone, Grant 96
St. James—Bettin, Prop.
Kelley—San Pedro and Taylor
Red Star—429 W. Santa Clara

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Farmer's Union—Santa Clara and Market
Chapman-Johnson

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Engle—52 E. Santa Clara

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Vienna Dining Parlors

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Brower—W. Santa Clara
Melvin, Hillis & Black—W. San Fernando

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San Jose Paper Co.—Near Farmer's Union.

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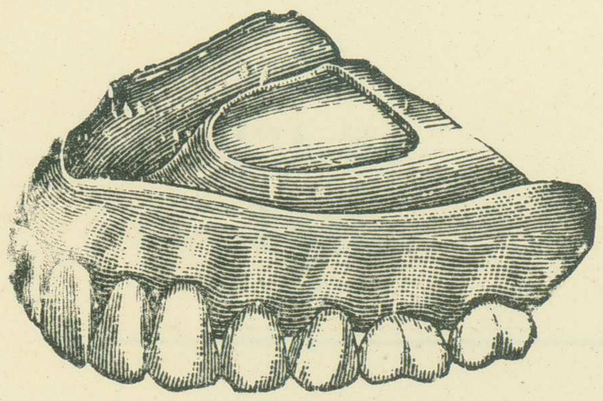
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