

Violet J. Milligan 1909.

Violet M.

# PENNANT

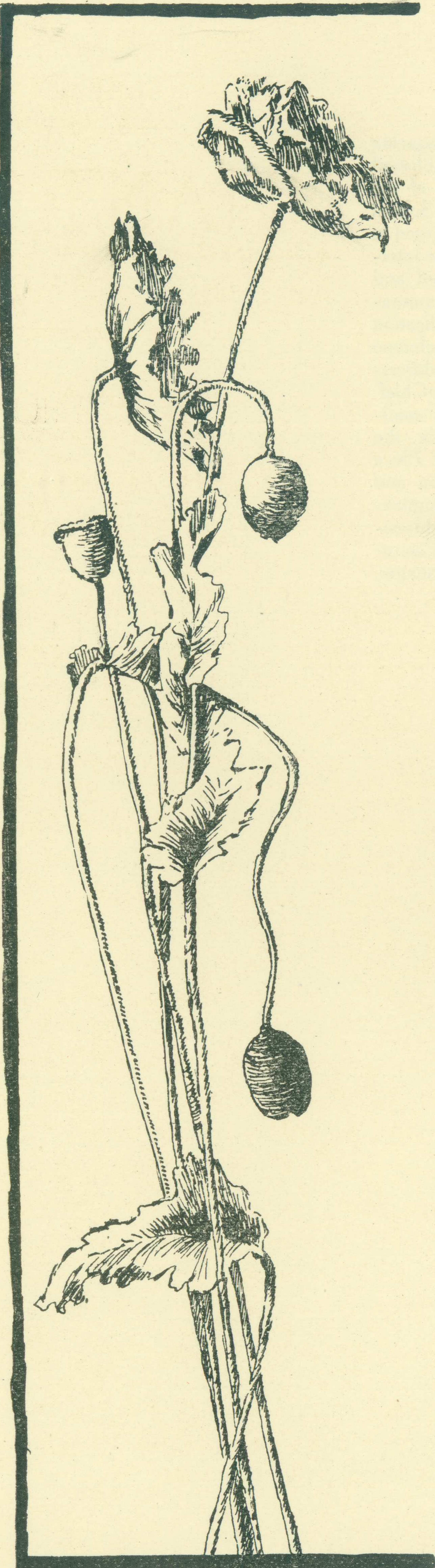


State Normal  
School

May, '09

# THE PENNANT

A monthly magazine edited and published by the students of the State Normal School of San Jose—devoted to their interests, the interests of the school and the Alumni. Communications for publication are always welcome and should be addressed to Editor-in-Chief. The Pennant is mailed anywhere in the postal union for 75c a year. Subscription and advertising communications should be addressed to Millie R. Guernsey, Business Manager.



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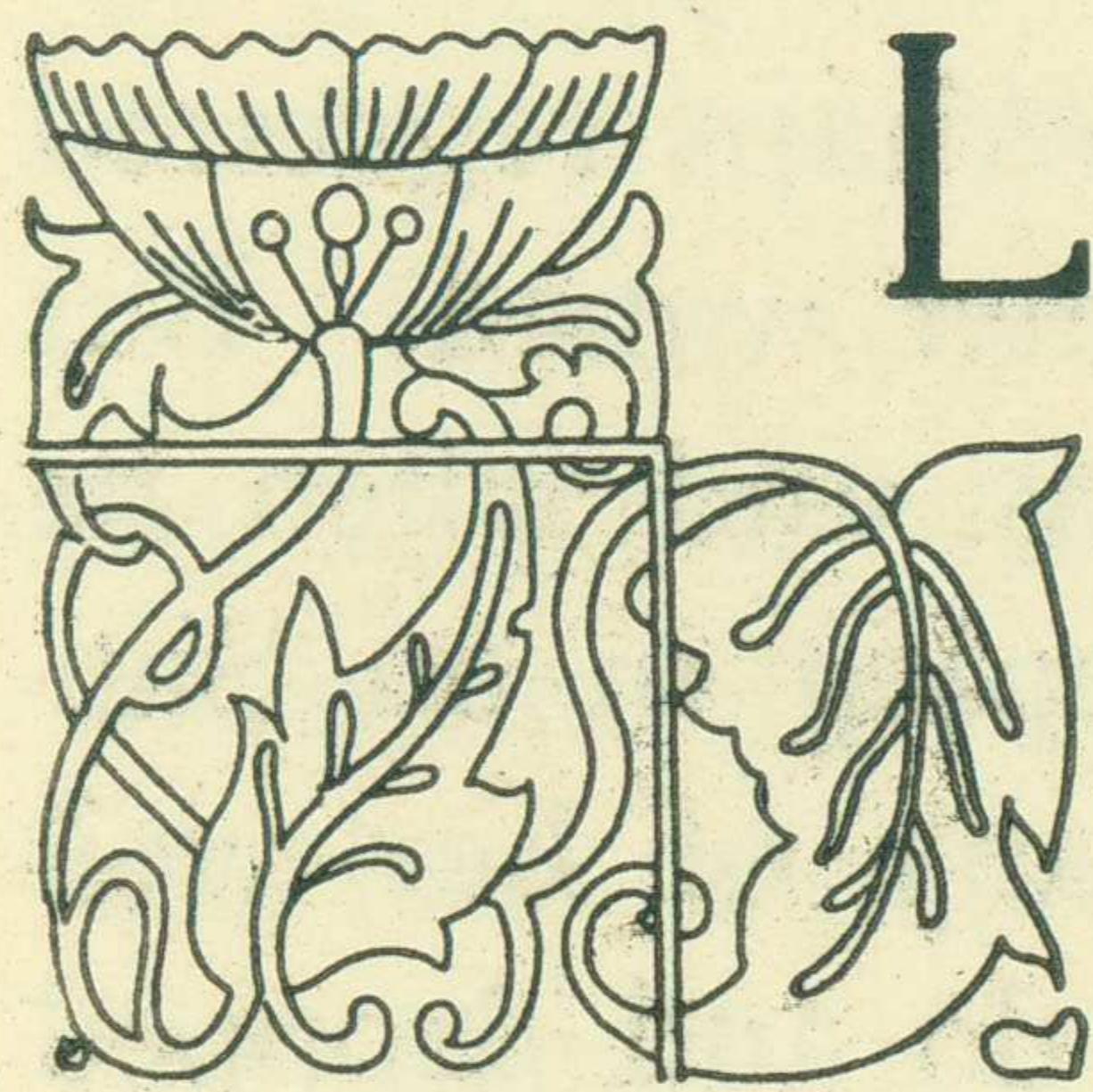
# NORMAL PENNANT

Vol. XIII

San Jose, California, May, 1909

No. 6

## “White Hyacinths” Versus the Junior



LOTUS could no longer deny, even to herself, that the Junior was taking a great deal of her time. She had grown to expect him every week, and in the days intervening he was very often the central figure of her thoughts.

She had little guessed when she had met him the summer before that he should figure again in the general plan of things, tho the month of vacation which he had spent in her little home town had been, to her, one of unwonted excitement and little triumphs she had never felt before. She had hardly understood why this broad-shouldered fellow, with the irresistible laugh and the air which made everything he did seem the right thing, should have singled her out for special attention. There were several society girls from the city winning back their roses in the quiet country town, to whom the arts of a summer flirtation were as an open book. Lotus noticed that they, and the other girls, too, were always glad to talk with him or have his quick smile rest on them. And let it be said that of none of these indications was the Junior unaware. Still, it was with little Lotus that he danced and walked and talked the most, very often to the disappointment of her loyal boy friends. Especially did she regret the hurt, distant look in Dick's eyes when he repeatedly met her and the Junior together—“poor old Dick,” her comrade since bib and pinafore days. His reserve was occasioned by a conviction which may or may not have been unjust, that “Lotus liked that guy because he was such a smooth talker, and wore his clothes with such an air. Even his ties and socks seem to go.”

And why did the Junior like Lotus? Well, she was very pretty, tho she didn't seem to know it—yet, and had a naive, unworldly charm

which the college man enjoyed. There was winning girlishness in the way the soft brown hair tumbled about her face, and in eyes and lips a sweet questioning appeal that the Junior knew was genuine and which he prophesied "she won't have when she's been a year or two in college."

But Lotus did not go to college. The following autumn had found her enrolled at a State Normal School. With characteristic enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, she had taken up her work there, determined "to get the most out of it." To this end she had made a program which had filled every period of the day for the first term, and had tried to keep up her music beside.

She might have been able to do this had not the Junior appeared on the scene again. Lotus had believed, and perhaps regretted a little, that he had gone out of her life when the summer waned. But the college town was only a convenient distance away and when he re-discovered her, he soon acquired the habit of dropping in on Saturday evenings or Sundays, thus setting "aglee" many of her well laid plans. She at last decided she had too much to do and dropped her hardest subject. The Junior's visits, however, became no less frequent.

Lotus was neither a flirt nor shallow; rather a day-dreamer and something of an idealist, one who felt and lived intensely. From things she read and saw she evolved original and fanciful ideas and a kindred spirit was always charmed by her quaint expression of them.

Although the Junior never discussed books or music or any of her pet interests, she felt sure he must appreciate them, even tho, to her disappointment, he had failed to respond to her delight in gorgeous sunsets and had not even noted what a particularly bewitching touch a red rose gave her own hark hair. Spontaneity received its lasting rebuff, however, when she had seriously discussed with him some line she had long mused upon and asked his interpretation, whereupon he had banteringly seized upon it as a transition to the description of a lark in which he and some "frat" brothers had figured with no great credit to themselves. With the chagrin of the misunderstood she had sought the grudging refuge of small talk. When she turned to the piano for solace, "Cavalleria Rusticana" was interrupted by a request for a flippant popular air. Then Lotus whirled on the piano stool and said she was too tired to play and had to study. The Junior left very shortly afterward.

At times she would angrily berate herself for letting him come at all and wouldn't confess that her heart beat faster when she heard

his ring. "I don't believe he's worth it." But then, when his auto's insistent honk would summons her and his breezy dominance had her beside him at the steering wheel before she could demur, the resolutions of sleepless hours were forgotten, for when a lad is big and strong, with merry eyes and coaxing voice, a girl forgives him much.

Late one afternoon Lotus was sauntering home from a downtown errand. She had successfully resisted the allurements of the shop windows to get something she "really needed" from the cripple on the corner. "Figuratively 'white hyacinths to feed my soul,' literally purple violets for our study table," she commented to herself, as she buried her face in the fragrant mass. She often borrowed this one phrase of Elbert Hubbard and justified her satisfaction of soul wants by his "White Hyacinth" philosophy.

As she went along she was ruefully reflecting that it was her birthday and she had not even had a letter from home honoring the event, when her attention was drawn to an approaching auto and its rather hilarious occupants. They drew up in front of a big house a little way ahead of her, and a girl in white ran down the walk to meet them. Thru open doors Lotus caught glimpses of other hurrying figures. The whole place had a festive air and gave promise of "high jinks" later on. As she drew nearer she was remarking that it was taking the young man who had been driving an unnecessarily long time to help his companion to the ground. What a vision the girl was in her dainty tan suit, chic hat, and flowing veil. The man somehow looked familiar but Lotus couldn't see his face. Then as they stopped on the sidewalk to greet their hostess he turned and she saw it was the Junior. She had no conscious thought but that she had on the hat she had always hated and her old school suit, and determined that she wouldn't give him a chance to introduce her. So, throwing up her head, she started to pass thru the chattering group. Then the Junior turned and met her eyes. For an instant he took on the expression of the proverbial sheep-killer, then, as they all stopped talking for a moment, he touched his hat and coolly turned away.

Before Lotus, with blazing eyes and cheeks, too angry to even think, had gone two blocks, she nearly ran into someone, who, all unnoticed, was bearing down upon her with outstretched hand. It was Dick, so glad to see her, and so full of news from home, that he didn't notice her perturbation, while she speedily got herself in hand that he might not. Soon she was eagerly talking, and plying him with questions. He had a good position with an Electrical company, he said, so would stay some time at least "Still carrying bouquets," he

remarked, smiling quizzically when they reached her boarding house. "You know the red roses that grow around the porch at home? Well, there's a box of them—that big, and a birthday box your mother sent down by me, waiting for you in there now. I had them sent up right away." He refused her invitation to dinner that evening but asked, "Will you go with me to see the 'Squaw Man' tonight?" Now Lotus was, or had intended going with the Junior, but with subsequent happenings she had changed her mind, so she answered, "Yes, Dick, I'll be glad to."

She found that the last mail had brought a special delivery letter from the Junior to the effect that some unforeseen difficulties had arisen and he couldn't possibly keep the date for that evening. "Some other time, awfully sorry," etc. Her lip curled, not with anger, but contempt when she saw how neatly he had trapped himself. "Well, I hope I've had enough examples of his moral and intellectual standards," she murmured satirically as she curiously took up a neat little package which was lying there addressed to her. She climbed the stairs slowly for she was thinking hard, and went to her room. Her room mate was gone but on the table Lotus found her usual note. It was folded around two slips of pasteboard which proved to be tickets for grand opera, a treat which Lotus had decided to deny herself as the monthly allowance was ebbing low. But "one of 'em's yours," the note esaid, "with many happy returns." Then she unwrapped her package and found a dainty volume of the Rubaiyat, the remembrance of a former High School teacher.

Her eyes grew misty as she laid her "white hyacinths" down, one by one, on the big box from home and tenderly uncovered the glorious roses. As she knelt there she took the Junior's note from her belt and carefully and viciously tore it into very fine strips, then into fine and finer bits. "To think that *he* was actually trying to estrange me from such friends as you," she apostrophized the book, grand opera and flowers, as she decimated the atoms of paper, "you, who understand and never fail me. I was neglecting friends like Dick and the girls, too. Exit Junior for good and all."

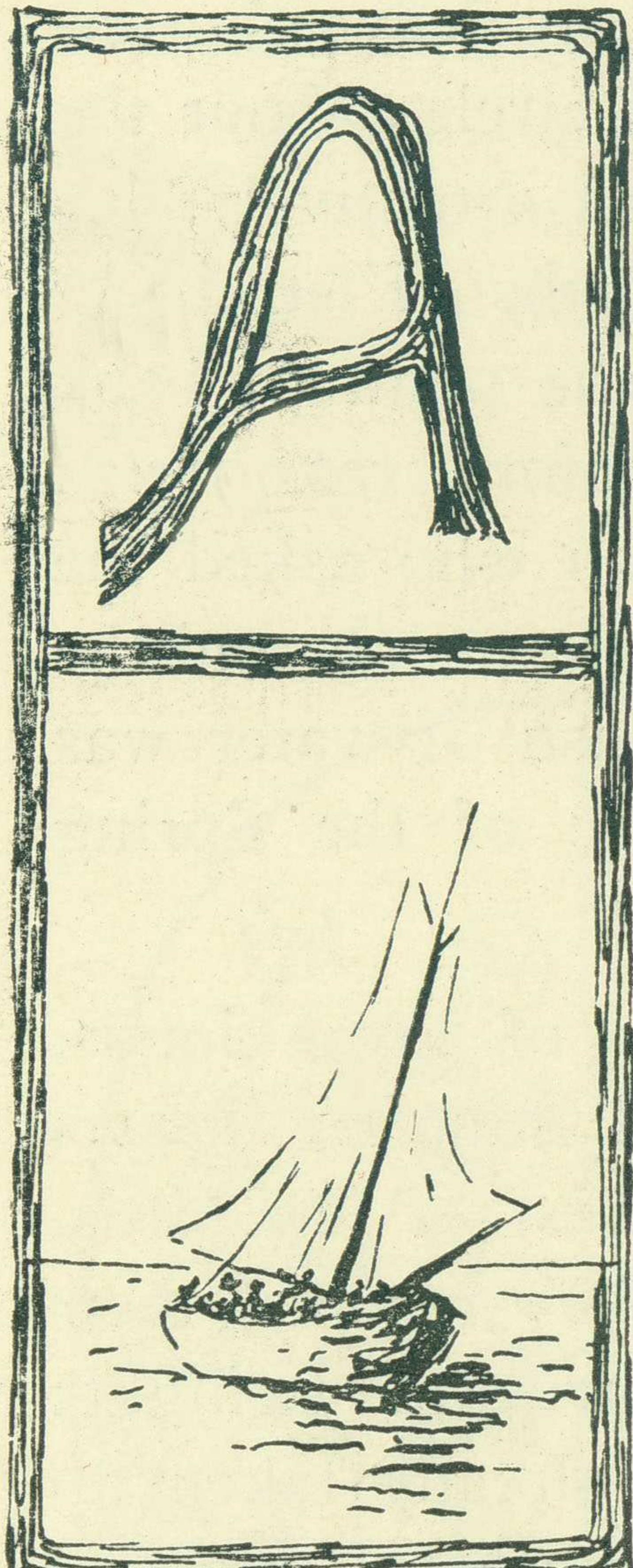
She piled the scraps of paper in a neat little heap on a pin tray and applied a lighted match to them. It was a funeral rite with no witnesses but herself and the company on the box and she watched the little thread of smoke curl up with very evident satisfaction.

The girls heard her singing happily to herself soon after, as she arranged her flowers and opened the box preparatory to the "spread" that later hours should witness.

CLARA McCREEERY.

## The Other Shore

*By Addie Faye Richmond.*



S THE evening sun broke through a rift in the clouds, it arched the eastern sky with the everlasting promise that floods should never be again. So bright, so perfect was the rainbow, that it reflected its own beauty and formed another smaller, less brilliant arch.

For days the river had carried all before it. Volumes of water collecting from the mountains and water sheds had torn away islands, trees and banks in its merciless might and taken them—"where?" asked the old man standing on the edge of his ranch sadly watching the destruction. He addressed his question to the rainbow but in reality he implored the One who had given the symbol as His promise that floods should be no more. Each evening as he had stood thus he realized his only possession in the world to be growing less and less. But he trusted the Provident One implicitly and tonight felt sure that

the destructive stream would fall before morning and spare him one corner of his ranch—the corner where stood his house and barn. True, the house was little more than a shack but it was home and, although lacking in comforts and conveniences, it was filled and surrounded with memories—memories of earlier days, of a true and faithful wife, of happy children, all long since departed; the former beyond the call of human voice and the latter to homes of their own.

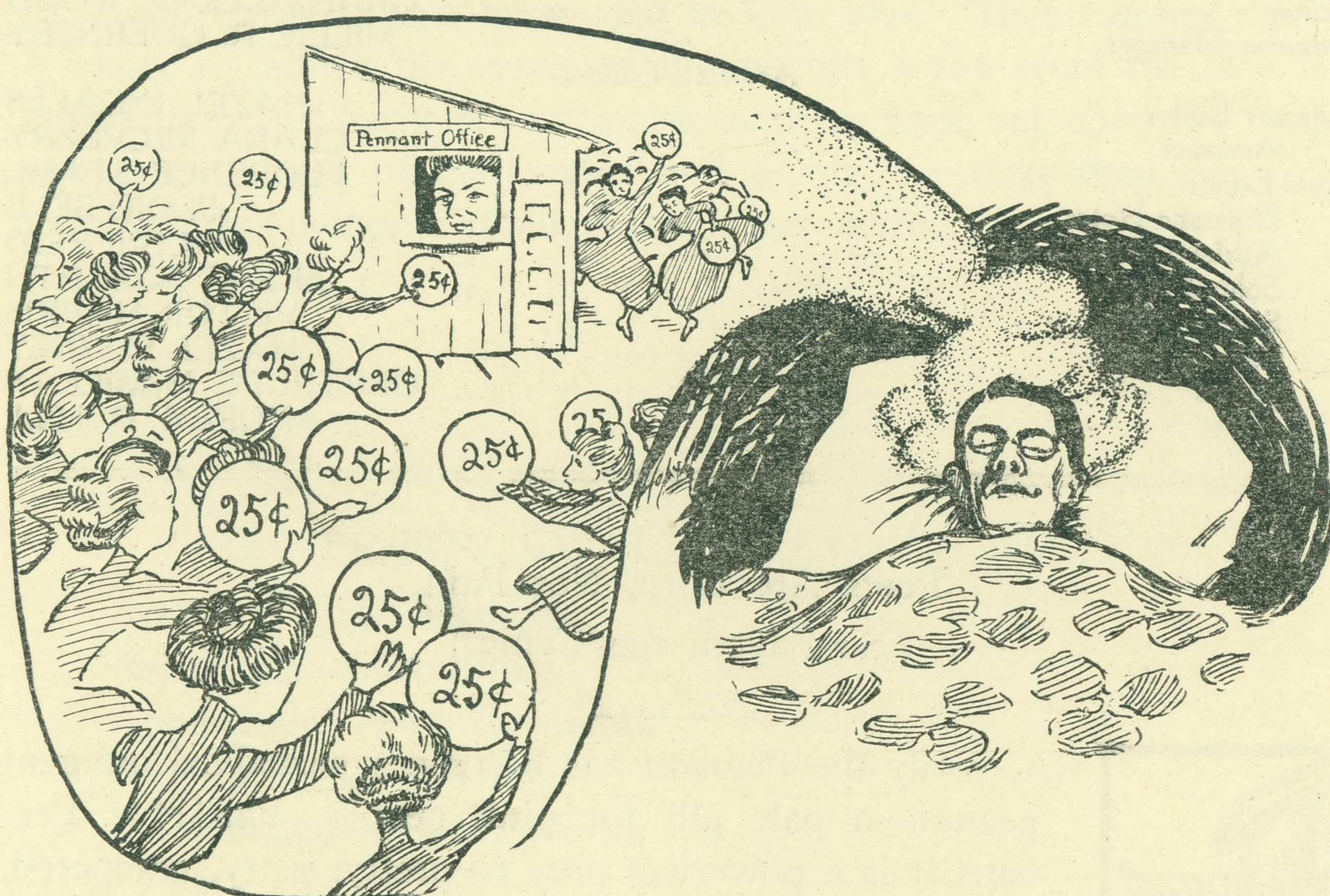
But every day the old man lived the scenes of his happy life before family ties were broken and contented himself about the place; working among several hives of bees, attending to a few chickens, and caring for a cow and a homely roan which winnied from a dilapidated shed every time he saw his keeper. The man's special pride and pleasure was a vegetable garden where each morning he hoed and pulled weeds until the enclosure resembled a small paradise. The reward for this work was the exclamations of his neighbors and their

appreciation of his generous gifts or the cavoting of old Brindle when the scent of fresh beet tops or crisp turnips reached her nostrils. His only companion was Spot, a remarkably smart and comprehensive shepherd dog, who shadowed his master wherever he went. It was he who now barked and sprang to and fro as though warning his master of danger ahead. Leaning heavily on his crooked cane the man finally turned from the turbulent stream and walked sadly back to the house, despondently shaking his head and muttering incoherently to Spot. The dog, joyous at the wise decision to leave the unsafe bank, licked the knotted hand, then bounded in circles about the bent figure. Suddenly he stopped, his ears pricked attentively, his tale wagging knowingly—a sound of breaking earth, of straining roots, a heavy thud, a geyser of muddy water and the point of bank on which the companions had stood a few seconds before was carried on the foamy tide—Where? It was not the old man who asked the question this time for his ears were dulled even to acute sounds and the low rumbling of the sliding bank, the spurt and splash of water was carried past his deafened ears by the balmy breeze of the Spring evening.

The rainbow had withdrawn behind a curtain of grey clouds, perhaps to show its beauty on the morrow should doubting hearts need reassuring; the ruddy glow had faded in the west; a few birds, knowing that darkness would overtake them ere they reached their resting place, chirped anxiously as they flitted thru the twilight; storm clouds had swung eastward and Venus had already taken up her vigil when the old man, his evening rounds completed, stopped on the door step. "Spot, my boy," he said, as he stroked the glossy coat of his companion, "Our home is in danger. Would we care to live longer should all we have be swept away?" Then he lifted his wrinkled face pathetically to the twinkling heavens and said aloud, "Thy will be done."

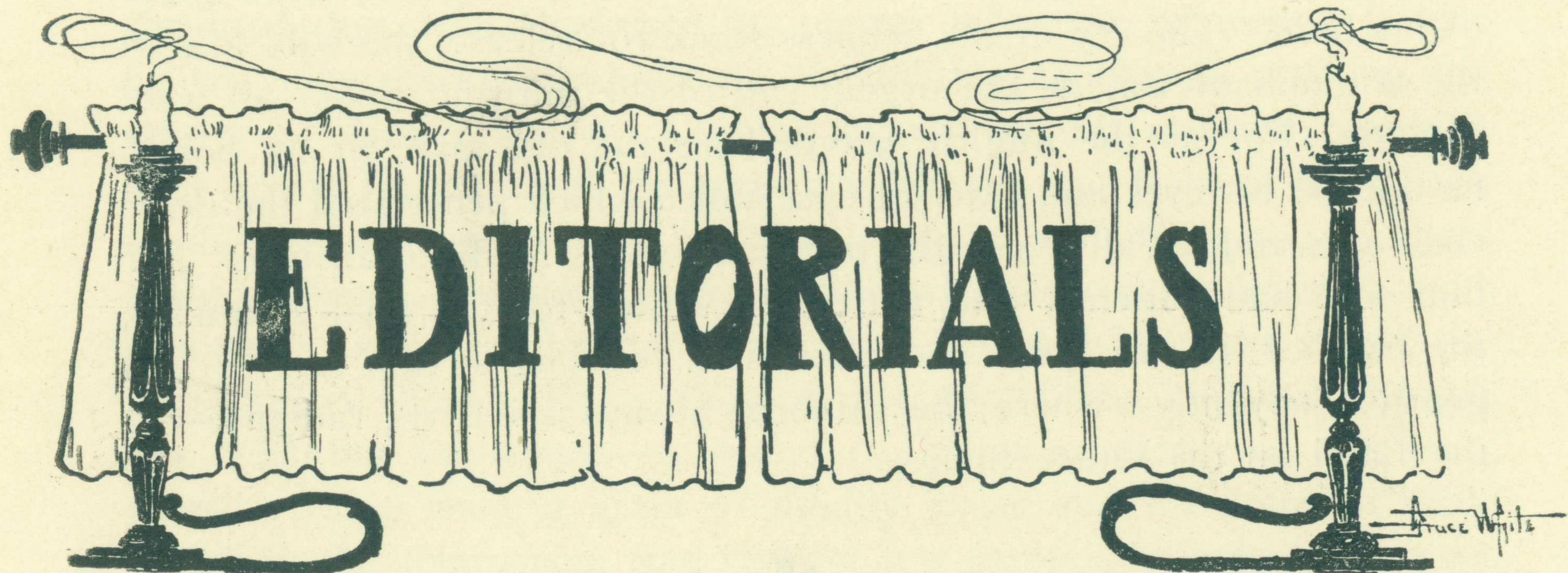
That night the watchful Spot did not sleep but crouched alert beneath the window of the one he loved. Why had he been accidentally locked outside when of all nights he was needed to awaken his master to fast approaching destruction? The sudden rise came about one o'clock. A wall of water, surging and leaping, licked and lashed the tottering river banks like a demon seeking prey. Deep rooted trees fell like feathers; huge boulders were rolled over and over and ground together as though they were no heavier than mere pebbles; drift wood and bulky timbers were whirled and eddied like straws; the cry of frightened animals and the creaking of weathered rafters alone

told the story of the ruins left in the water's wake and of the misery entailed. Frantic efforts of the faithful dog were in vain. Peacefully slept his master though Death knocked thrice on the very head-board of his bead. The cry of the helpless stock for release, the wild hiss of the triumphant waters, the urgent call of the untiring Spot—all were useless. For as the mighty waves bore the old man on its bosom he opened his eyes and listened to a Voice which penetrated the deafened ears and a Call which the believing one is ready to answer. For him who had patiently and trustingly waited for the final summons, the river of life was past, and a surging, foaming stream carried him gently, buoyantly—where the rainbow always sheds its radiance—to the Land on the Other Shore.



#### ONLY A DREAM.

Tell us not in mournful numbers,  
 Life is but an empty dream;  
 Nor tell us what we see in slumbers,  
 Dawn will vaporize in steam.  
 Rather tell us that the moneys,  
 That we've waited for so long;  
 Will be coming in a hurry,  
 And help the Pennant cause along.



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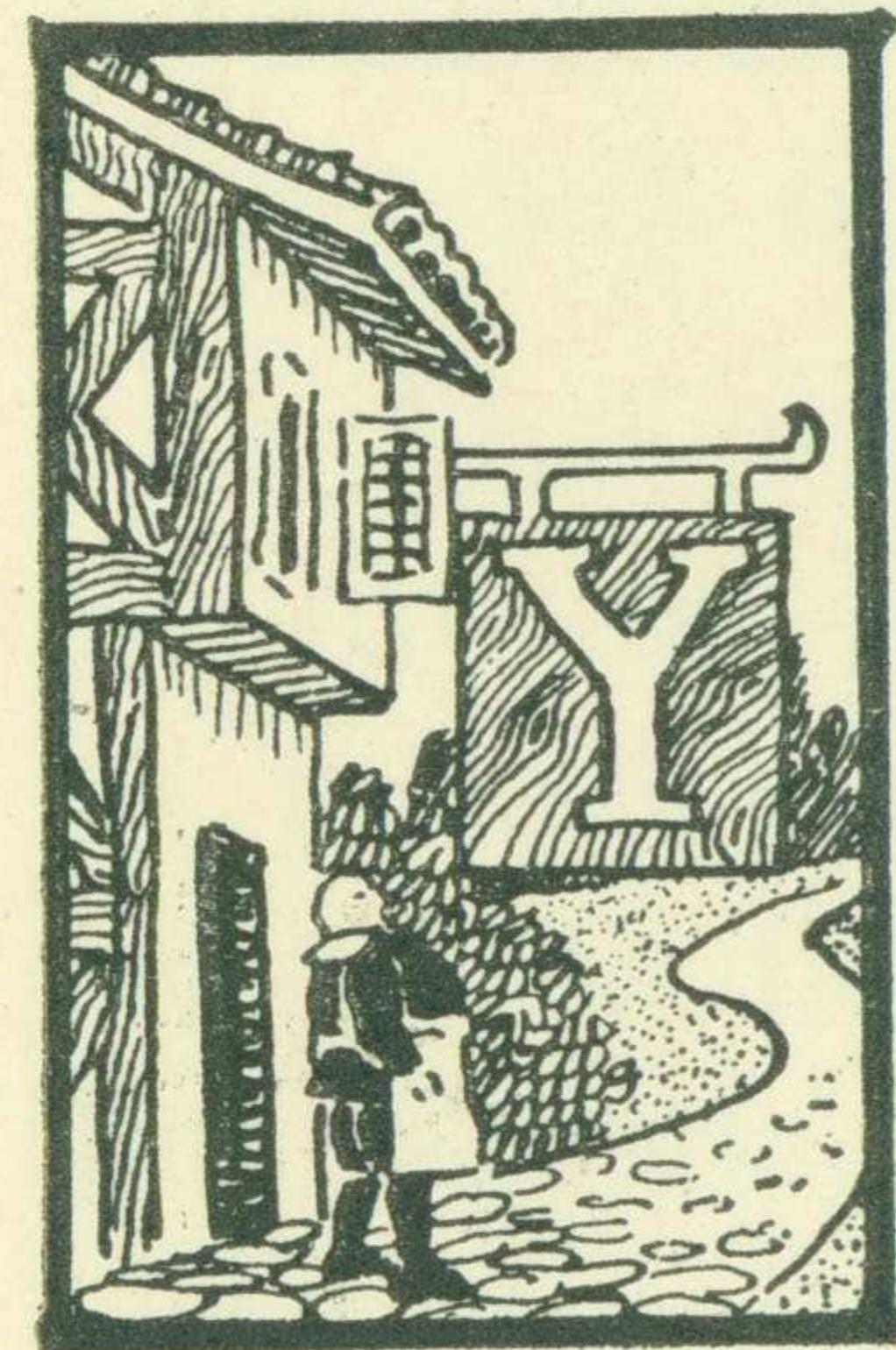
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Poets Are Born, Not Paid.  
(So Sayeth the Cynic.)



EA, verily the Pennant has become a periodical pungent peanut—a pale pill for pink people—Pah!?!? Perhaps it is a powerless prey to pretty, petty, pampered, painted, pointless, petted people. But all ye—mealy, muddy, minded, meddlers who call our dear old elder sister a pinkety, jenkety periodical—know ye this: that in truth you are the jenkins—pretty pungy jenkins—who meander thru ab-Normal rainsheds, snickering, jerking, jostling, joking—pointing places for improvement but never in your sonambulistic perambulatory promenades, contributing a twittering twig of a thing fit for publication in our pages.

What makes San Jose? Prunes and Normal, of course—!

Ah! that reminds me—

Cherries may come and cherries may go,  
But we'll have prunes forever.

Man is a vegetative process, or in other words, a small piece of protoplasm imbued with a conceited idea of itself. When such a differentiated hunk of viscid nitrogenous material,

Sits up alone all night looking into the fire,  
Finds consolation no longer in smoking his pipe,  
Estimates the cost of every cottage he sees,  
Doesn't care to meet any more girls,  
Barely keeps from running when he goes to see a certain girl,  
Begins to feel that all the world's conspiring to keep him from this certain girl,

—all the wise ones know that he is in love. They can see that he is about to launch the vessel of his eternity away from the safe and sunny shores of bachelordom and to cast his bark out upon the rough, tempestuous seas of matrimony and seeing the stars thru the architecture of his domestic ceiling to wait the coming of new suns.



#### RECIPE FOR AN ALL ROUND EDUCATION.

Ambition—Three bumps.

Aspiration—Heartfull.

Application—Two handsfull.

Respiration—Chestfull.

Prespiration—*Omnes Pores*.

\* \* \* \*

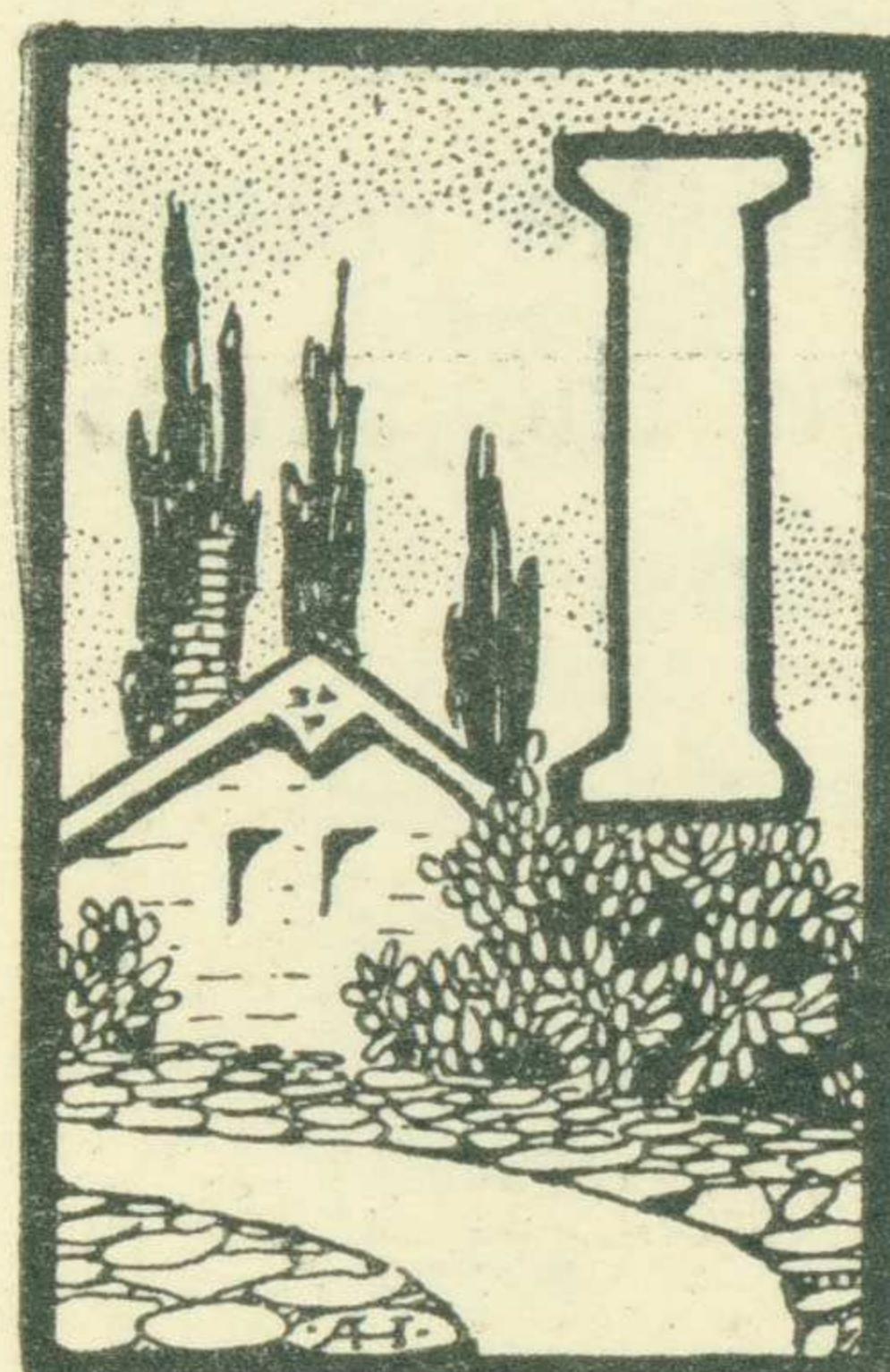
A lazy man is no better than a dead one, and takes up a lot more room.

Ah! That reminds me—

The man who lives  
But to exist,  
Could vaporize  
And not be mist.



## BASKET BALL.



T is over—the long looked for trip to Chico and Reno has been taken. The girls will probably never forget it, as they were most hospitably entertained by both institutions.

Besides enjoying a jolly trip, the team learned one lasting fact, namely, that no team, however thoroughly coached, can win with a weak-kneed official. The defeat at Chico was a proof of the fact. The girls feel bad over this defeat yet they hold that had the game been properly officiated the result would have been different.

The Chico team cannot be compared with ours, having played no higher school except the University of Nevada.

Our team defeated Nevada by a larger score than Chico, after a longer and harder trip.

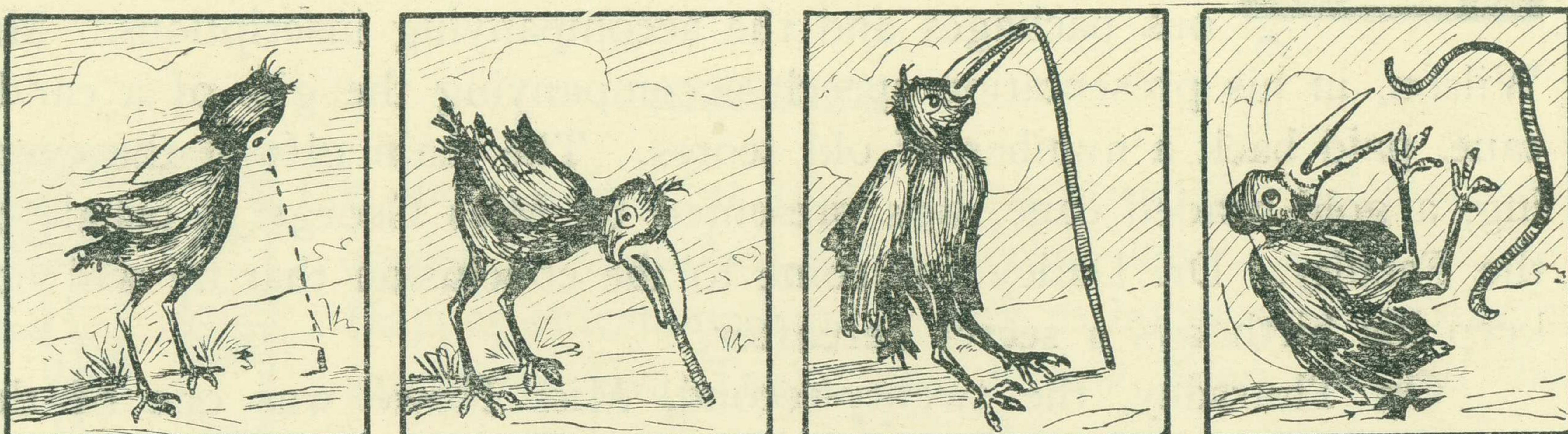
Chico's score with Nevada was 12 to 6, while ours was 19 to 5 on Nevada's court and 47 to 2 on our own court.

If Chico would claim the championship of the State, let her raise a nine team and play Stanford University, University of California, University of the Pacific and also the return game with Nevada and our girls. The school must not forget our first game with Chico, which was 12 to 6 in our favor.

We have challenged the Chico Normal for the third game which, if they accept, will probably be played on some court around the bay. Whether they refuse or not, to accept our challenge, the championship of Northern California is ours.

## BASEBALL

The Normal Baseball team has played two games lately and been successful half the time. Our first game was with the Presbyterian Club and we defeated them with a score of 8 to 7. On Tuesday, May 4, the team went to Palo Alto and played the "Educators" at Stanford. As they have one of the Varsity ball players in their team and more practice than we, they beat us 3 to 1. Our team is soon to play the Campbell High School. Captain Lazarus is an enthusiastic leader, and regrets that the term is so near an end that we cannot play more games this year.



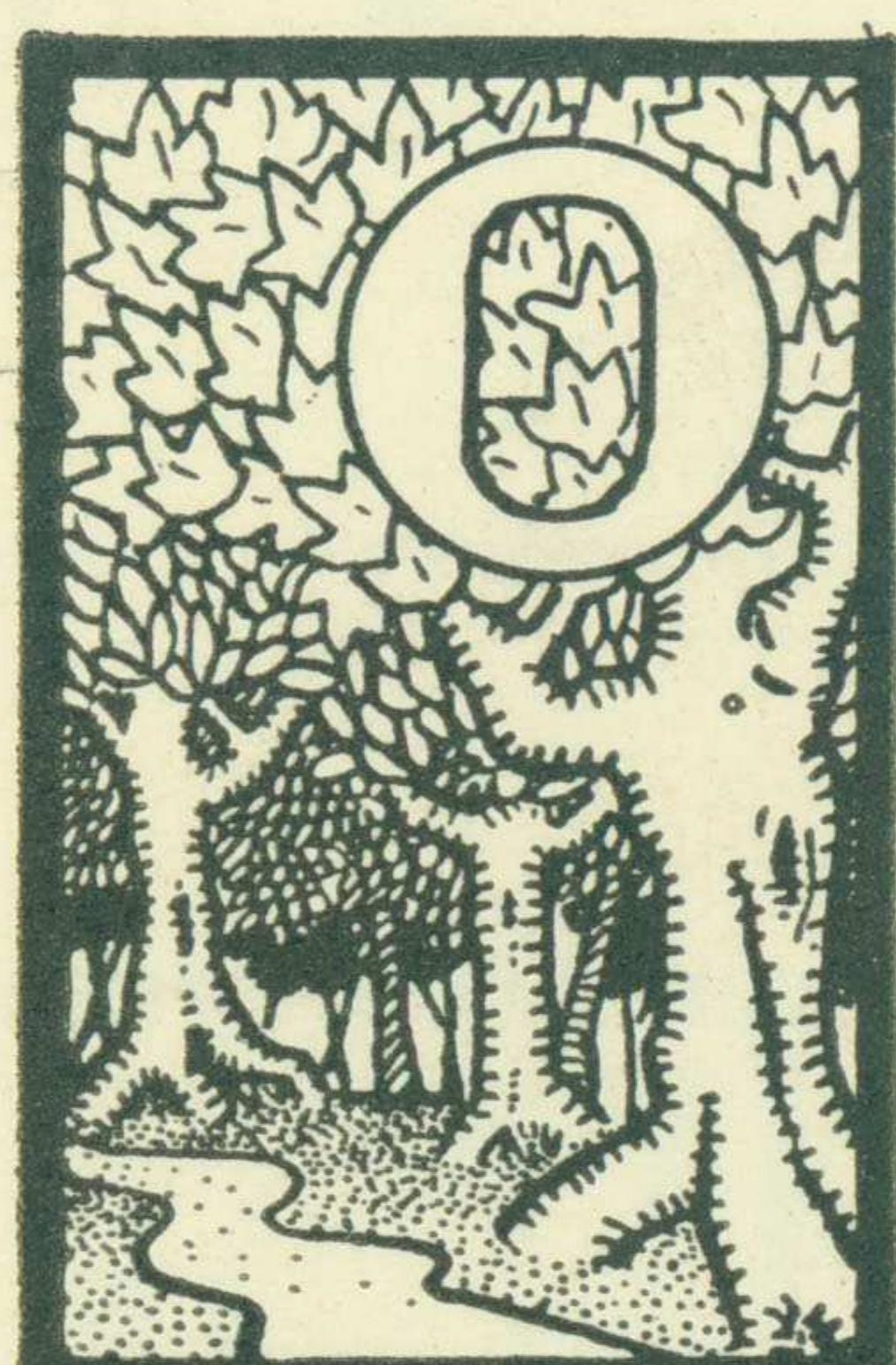
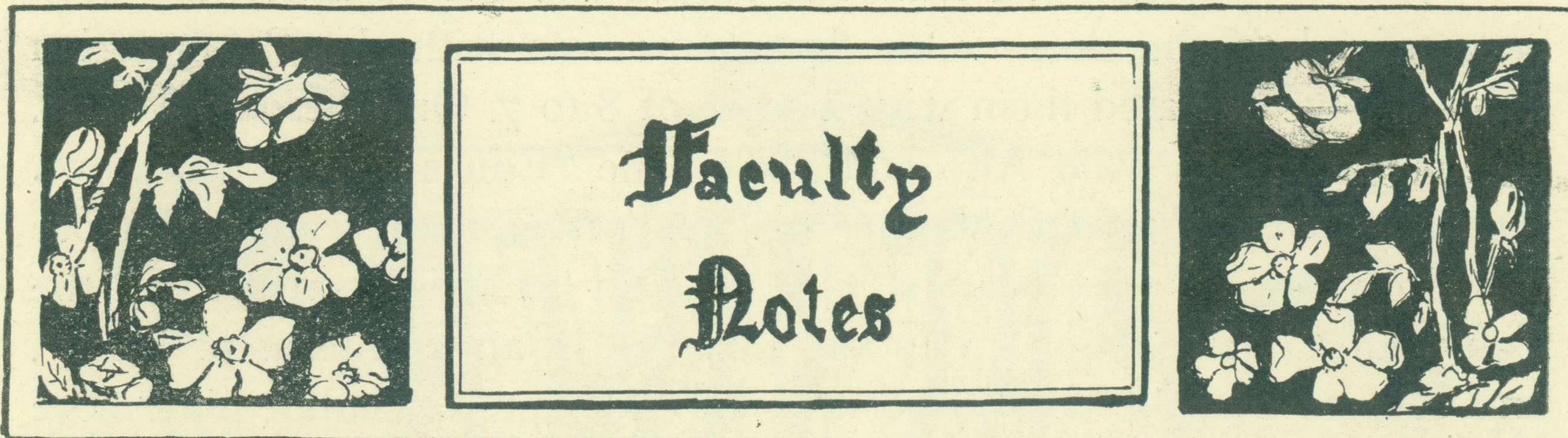
The early bird catches the worm;  
But the early worm gets caught.

\* \* \* \*

Once there was a woman who couldn't be flattered, but she wasn't alive any more.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a young fellow named Lewie  
Who batched and cooked chopsuey  
He ate everything fried  
Poor boy he's now died  
And his soul is gone—kafluey.



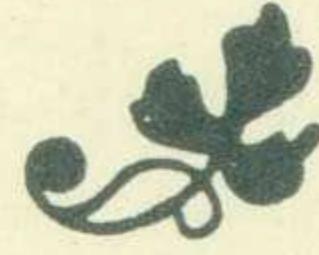
N MONDAY, the eleventh, at the regular luncheon of the Woman's Club of the Faculty, Miss Payne was guest of honor. The men of the Faculty were also present to help welcome Miss Payne home.

The event of the season was the surprise tendered Dr. Dailey in honor of his — birthday. No small laughter was caused by the opening of miscellaneous packages and the accompanying inscriptions. Mr. Wilson, in his presentation speech accompanying the gift of a candy cane, paid back a number of old scores. The main gift of the evening, a gold-headed cane, was presented by Miss George in behalf of the Faculty. Dr. Dailey has come to the conclusion that he will not keep his birthdays a secret hereafter.

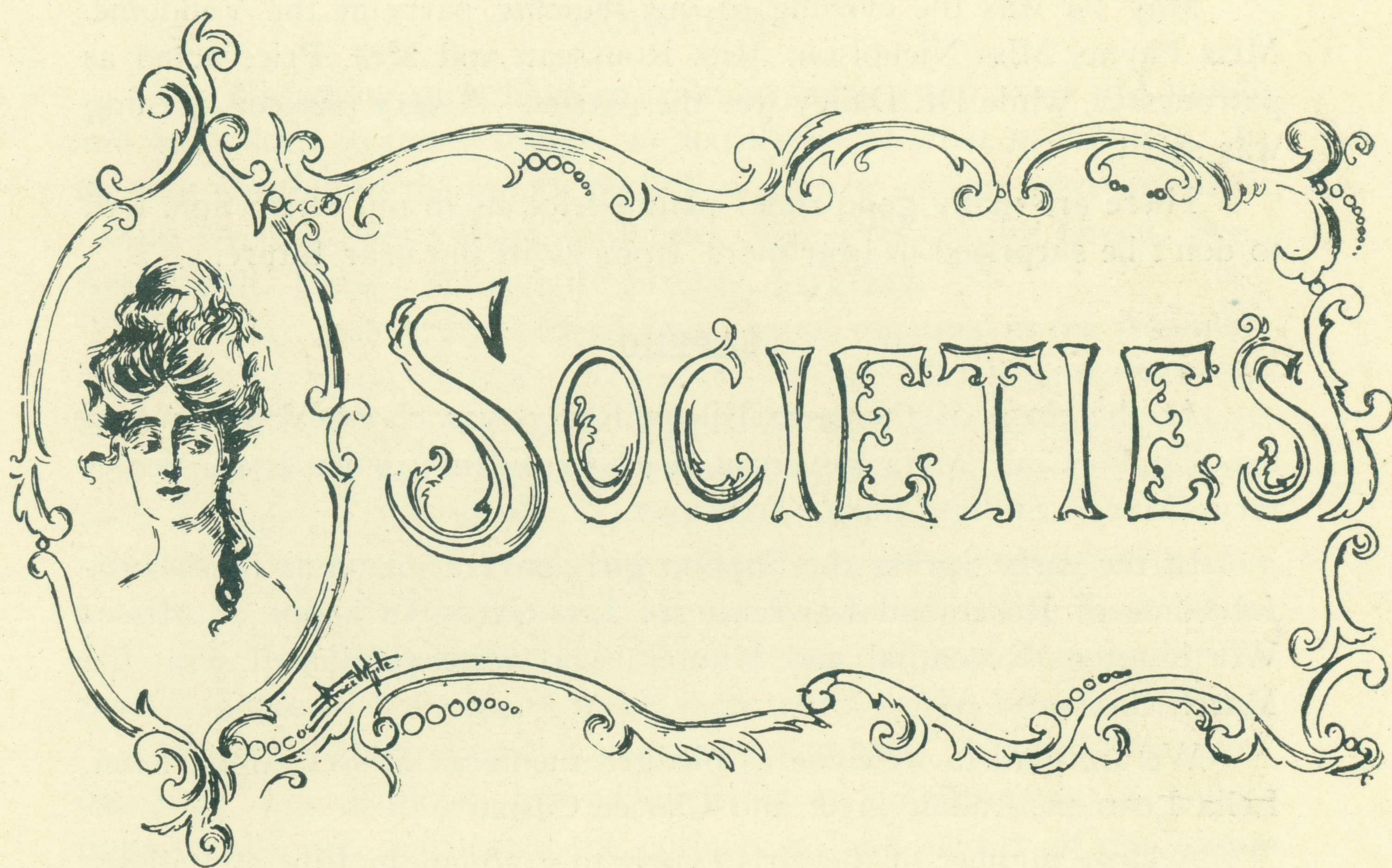
On Thursday, the twenty-second, Miss Howe was one of the readers for the Civics Text Book before the State Board of Education. She was also guest of honor at a banquet given by the School Woman's Club of San Francisco on Saturday, speaking to them on the "Federation of School Woman's Clubs."

Dr. Schallenberger is also a reader for the State Reader to be adopted by the State Board of Education.

Mr. Wilson attended an institute in Nevada county since our last edition. Mr. Wood was also an instructor in Inyo county. He was very much interested in the country on account of it being the scene of the book and the home of the author of the "Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin.

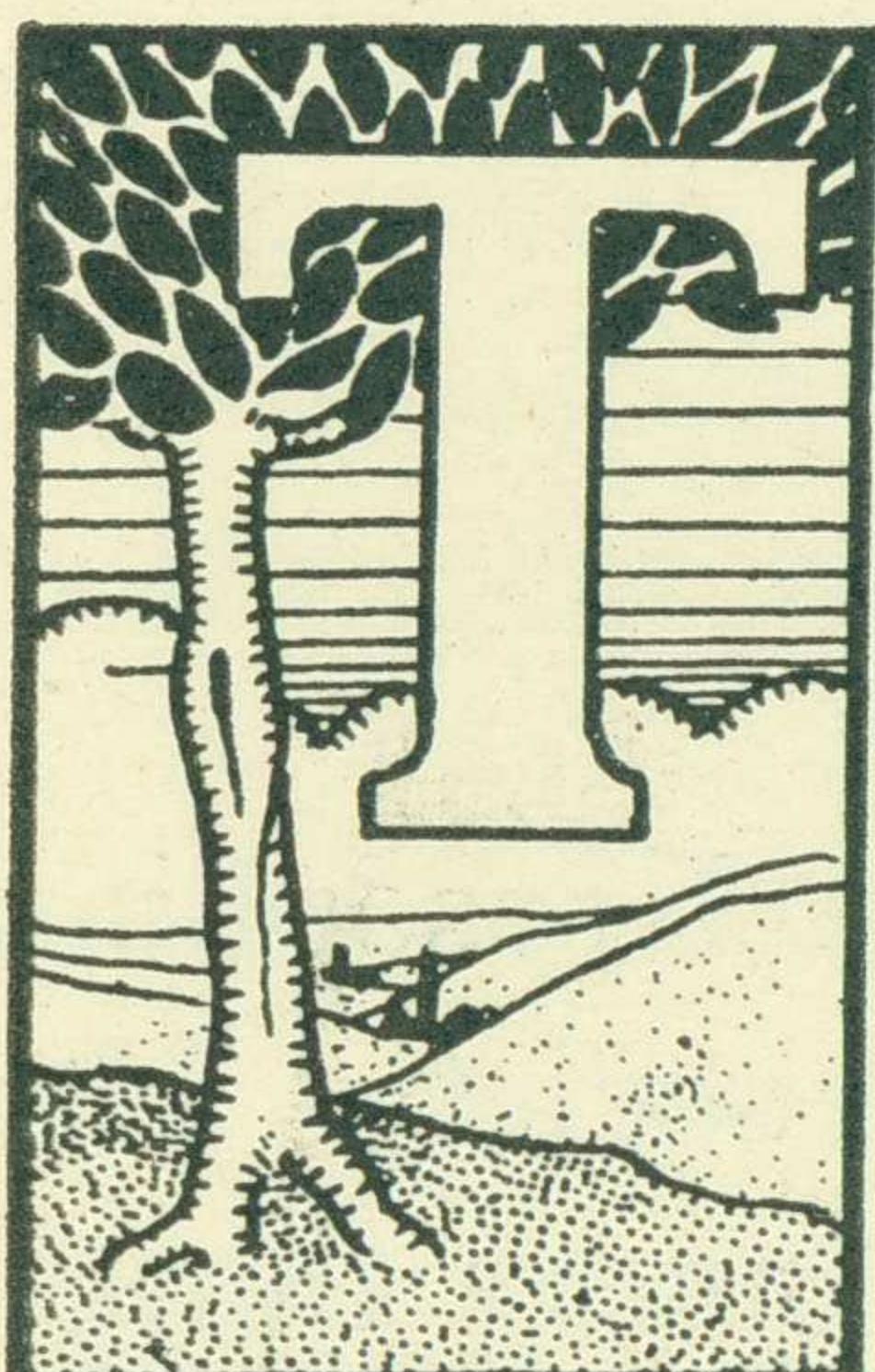


Boys go to school to improve their faculties. The teachers are the faculty. (Conclude for yourself.)



# SOCIETIES

## ALLENIAN.



THE most delightful affair ever enjoyed by Allenian occurred at Campbell some weeks ago, when Tillie Haynes entertained the society in honor of our March graduates Eva Taylor and Emma King. When the guests had all assembled they were summoned to tables, bountifully laden and elaborately decorated after St. Patrick's own heart.

After supper, with Blanch Price as toastmistress, many clever toasts were given. The evening was delightfully spent in music and games. With best wishes for the success of our graduates good nights were said, and the evening was voted by all a great success.

Before school adjourned our regular election was held. Miss Gertrude Peterson was chosen President, Fanny Jones, Vice-President; Kate Johnson Treasurer; Mary Cunningham, Secretary.

April 13th Allenian gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Payne. Miss Howe, Miss Nicholson and Miss Rowell, our faculty members, joined us in making merry. We are indeed happy to have Miss Payne with us once more, after her trip to Boston.

May 1st was the evening of our dancing party at the Vendome. Miss Payne, Miss Nicholson, Mrs. Rousseau and Mrs. Price acted as patronesses, while Dr. Dailey was the patron. A very pleasant evening was spent.

There are many good times planned for us in our short time left, so don't be surprised to hear more from us in the near future.

#### SAPPHO.

At the close of the term Eileen Reidy was chosen President of the Sappho Club, Meta Beverson, Vice-President; Anita Irish, Secretary; Marge Shillingsburg, Treasurer.

In the early Spring the Sappho girls gave a picnic at the beautiful home of Rosamond Lawrence, in Los Gatos, in honor of Misses Worthington, Rosenthal and Hunter, who were graduated with the March class.

We are glad to welcome as pledged members Misses Alpha Rinn, Lelia Leamon, Lillian Jayet and Clarice Caspar.

A large number of the girls expect to graduate in June and all are busy with graduation preparations.

The Sappho Club dance was given at the Vendome on Friday evening, May 14. It was a most successful affair and was enjoyed by all.

#### EROSOPHIAN.

The new Spring term has begun in earnest and the Erosophian girls find much to occupy them both in school and in the society. The new officers are becoming accustomed to their work and many things are being planned to drive away ennui during the warm weather.

On March 19th Miss Lolita Chaffey, Grace Scott and Lorena McCall were initiated into the society.

We entertained our March graduates, Gertrude McMillan, Edith Breton and Mary Coleman at dinner on March 23.

At the close of last term our regular election found the following in office: President, May Clewett; Vice-President, Clara McCreery; Secretary, Marguerite Moore; Treasurer, Alice Gamble; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lolita Chaffey; Reporter, Pearl Duncan.

Erosophion gave a dance on the evening of May 8, at Alum Rock. There was a large crowd of merry-makers and the evening was spent in dancing and "exchange of merry wit." It was enjoyed to the utmost by all.

## BROWNING.

The Browning girls have enjoyed so many good times this month and have done so many things, we hardly know what to tell you. At the first meeting of the month the following new officers were installed: Leone Beatty, Pres.; Ester Williams, Vice-Pres.; Alva Green, Sec.; Arta Bradt, Treas.; Marguerite Skaggs, Sergeant.

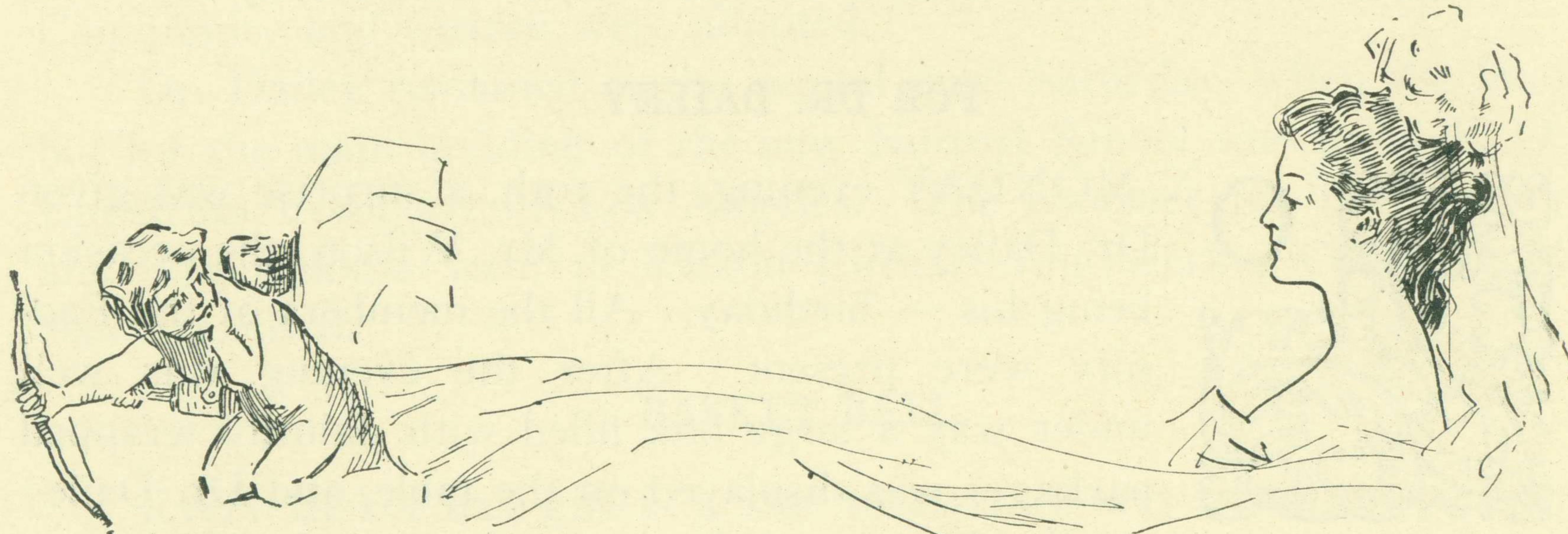
We have had several pleasant afternoons together in the Assembly Hall with tea as our excuse. At the close of the March term there was but one Browning, Jeanette Colley, listed with the graduating class. The luncheon in her honor was enjoyed by all, and she left Normal with Browning's best wishes for her future success.

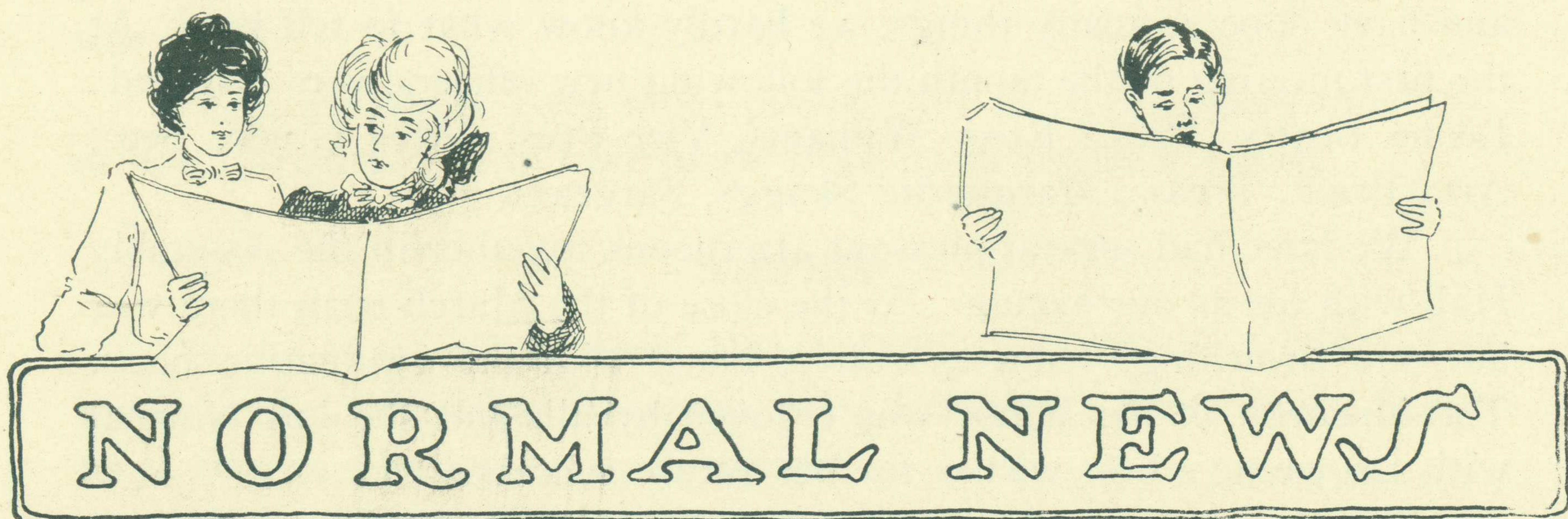
The Society was recently instructed and entertained by a literary program. Miss O'Rourke read for us Browning's "The Last Duchess," and Miss Nicholson gave us her interpretation of the poem. The Society hopes to have many more such treats in the future.

We are rightly proud of our new members. You will be some day too. The initiation proved as lively an entertainment as initiations usually are, and tested the enthusiasm and energy of the Junior initiates, Misses Annie Manhire, Mary Cheta and Edith Niblock. Miss Lucetta Bromley has since been pledged to Browning.

The Society is now busy preparing for the annual dance which is to be given at the Vendome on the 15th.

The Society is not sleeping. You probably will hear more of us in the near future.





#### THE MAY FETE.

**T**HE annual May celebration is well under way. At present the whole school is interested in this year's success, all are taking an active part, some working with the children, performers in the field and others playing parts in the choruses and side lines.

Our May Fete (and we may call it *our* May Fete in so far as it reflects credit on the entire school) was instituted eight years ago. Miss McKenzie started the movement and has been leading the annual "fetes" ever since. This year, with the headway already made toward completion, will undoubtedly eclipse all former celebrations. The carpenters are at work on the bleachers which are being erected with seating room for six thousand. Among other distinguished visitors the Governor of California will be in San Jose to attend the May Fete.

#### FOR DR. DAILEY.

**O**N MONDAY evening, the 19th, a surprise was given Dr. Dailey at the home of Mr. Wilson, the occasion being his — birthday. All the members of the Faculty were present. After the evening was well under way a large box filled with daintily wrapped packages was displayed on the table, and Dr. Dailey obediently proceeded to open the parcels which contained unique birthday gifts from members of the Faculty. A few of the ridiculously funny presents were displayed the next morning in Assembly when the meeting was called to order with

a noisy whistle and two fiery diamond rings caught and held the eyes of the students. To each funny present was attached a catchy verse explanatory of the gift's utility. A serious eye was turned when Mrs. George arose and made a presentation speech by which Dr. Dailey was presented with an elegant gold-headed cane.

The interesting part of the supper which followed was the large birthday cake surmounted by some fifty or sixty candles (number signifying nothing). The articles contained in the cake caused much amusement. The tack we are told means "up against it" and as fortune would have it fell to Reginald Snyder, the coin to Miss English and contributions of fate gave Mrs. Snyder the ring. The pen, significant of literary fame, went to Miss Vivian.

An amusing bit of entertainment was afforded by Miss Sprague, who read, (as she reeled forth parchment yards in length) a clever poem entitled "Behind the Scenes," which told as if by a "Lancelot" illumination of the many meetings behind closed doors during Dr. Dailey's absence.

The students join in wishing Dr. Dailey many such happy birthdays.

#### DR. DAILEY AT SACRAMENTO.

Dr. Dailey lately returned from a four days' session of the Board of Education at Sacramento. The session began on Tuesday; on Wednesday the State Board with the committee on State text books discussed Readers. Dr. Schallenberger of our Training School, was a member of this committee. The coming State Reader was not decided upon. On Thursday, Miss Howe assisted in the selection of a History and Civil Government. McMaster's Brief History and Dunn's Community and Citizen were adopted.

Dr. Dailey remained at the capital until Saturday, when the final bid for the main building of the new Normal School was let to F. O. Engstrum Company of Los Angeles. The contract for the heating and power house went to Rickon Ehrhart Engineering Company of San Francisco.

#### BASKET BALL.

Every basket ball girl is a star indeed! Every game this season has been a star game for her; every game has meant reflected glory for every member of our Normal School. With what has past do we, for a moment regret any funds taken from the Student Body treasury? The basket ball girls are deserving of more than we are able to give.

But most of all they are deserving of the loyal support and courtesy of their fellow students. The Reno game played against the Nevadans on Saturday, April 17th, was an event of the year in student activities. Players from Nevada do not visit us often. By not attending the Reno game, played on our own court, you not only showed a disloyal spirit but a real courtesy was dealt our basket ball girls. We think we appreciate the work of our team but let us prove it by acting upon our thoughts. If we succeed in bringing Chico to San Jose so as to gain a final score and thus a championship, let us show our appreciation by attending the game in person, not by proxy. Seemingly our basket ball team, champions of California and Nevada up to April 27, has been defeated by the Chico team, but only seemingly; wait until our team is given a fair trial on our own court against the amazons from Chico and victory is ours.

A scheduled score for the season's games is as follows:

University of Pacific-S. J. Normal, 10-15.

Stanford-S. J. at Stanford, 4-11; at San Jose, 2-6.

Berkeley-San Jose at University, 9-14.

Chico-S. J. in San Jose, 6-12; at Chico, 11-10.

Reno-S. J. at Reno, 5-19; at San Jose, 2-47.

#### HERBERT BASHFORD.

On Wednesday, May 12th, the Short Story Club, under the able management of Mr. Bland, entertained Herbert Bashford, the California poet, novelist and dramatist. Mr. Bashford addressed the students at the morning Assembly and recited three of his own poems, which were greatly appreciated. At noon the Short Story Club gave a luncheon in the Assembly Hall in honor of the guest. After an appreciative address by Mr. Bland and short remarks by some of the Club members, Mr. Bashford gave an informal friendly talk on Joaquin Miller, in which he touched on the personality of the man, his perfect humanism and powers. He said that Joaquin Miller is regarded in the highest literary centers of Europe as one of the three greatest American poets and writers. The other two are Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman. Not so much that the works of these three men excel those of Longfellow, Lowell or Emerson, but more because the writings of these men have a freshness and an originality all their own. Our Longfellow has been called the "American Tennyson;" Whittier the "American Burns." But Joaquin Miller is Joaquin Miller and his writing are his own, sound like him, ring true to the dominant note of the man himself. Mr. Bashford

said that Joaquin Miller was a mighty factor in building up the reputation of California as a literary center. He praised the work of the Short Story Club and said that there was no other such organization in the State that exerted such an influence for the cause of literature and poetry. He said that our men, because of the wave of commercialism that has swept over the country, have little time for the study of art or literature for beauty's sake and that it was to the women that the poets and other professional writers were to get support, and thus he was glad to see so many young women manifesting an interest in work of the Short Story Club. Mr. Bashford in closing, hinted at a great literary awakening in the West and said that Berkeley, with her crimson hills tinted by the declining rays of the evening sun, the Golden Gate glistening like a jewel below and beyond, and a balmy climate almost like Italy, was to be the Alexandria of modern times.

#### UNVEILING OF THE PARTHENON.

Amid an uproarious clapping and the flushed enthusiastic faces of six hundred students and visitors Miss Vivian lifted the veil from what is probably the finest work of manual art ever produced by any school in America—the model Parthenon. Miss Vivian then gave a charming unconventional talk on the construction, art work and history of the Parthenon.

During the lecture we gloried in the majestic grandeur, simplicity and beauty of the edifice in the flower of her youth, we suffered with the grand old temple thru all the trials of the centuries and to-day we were led to love and admire her for what still stands—a monument of the perfect art of the matchless Greek. The picture and a full description of our model will appear in the June souvenir number of the Pennant.

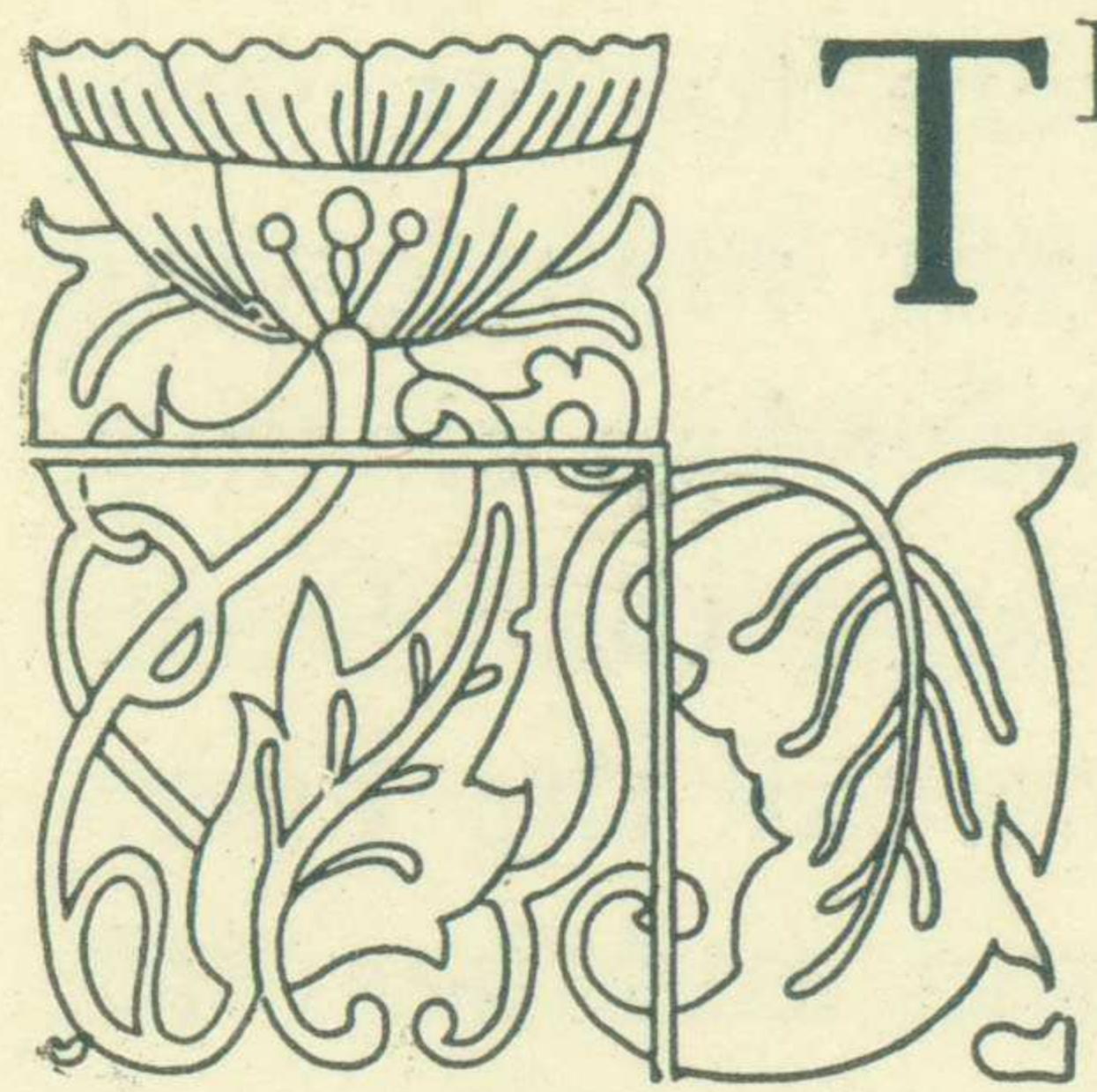
#### MILES GAYLEY.

Of note to the Normal people has been the course of lectures given in San Jose by Prof. Miles Gayley, head of the English department at the University of California.

His five lectures on every Tuesday evening and ending May 11th, were well attended. Several of the Faculty and many of the students bought season tickets and enjoyed the intellectual and literary feast. We feel that by our attendance we helped along the cause of literary appreciation and that our support may induce other such lectures to come to San Jose.

## Alumni Notes

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THE Alumni Association is more than alive and active this year. They are surely helping along the cause of our schools as can be seen from the following excerpts from their circular:

"We are working to make the June, 1909, gathering of San Jose Normal graduates a great event. While the program has not been fully worked out it is safe to announce at this time that in addition to the Commencement exercises, Alumni Association members will be able to attend a three-days' session replete with stirring attractions. The meetings will be held June 21, 22 and 23, and the principal feature of the gathering will be the laying of the corner stone of the new Normal, under the auspices of the Alumni Association. Prominent speakers of the State will participate in the ceremony. It is the intention of those in charge to secure, if possible, the presence of Governor James N. Gilett, Superintendent of Public Instruction Edward Hyatt, the Normal Board of Trustees, and other officials of note.

"If possible to do so, and if enough interest is shown in it to warrant proceeding it, there will be issued an Alumni Association Directory. It will contain statistics concerning the San Jose Normal, and the Alumni Association, notes of interest concerning members, program of 1909 meeting, be illustrated by engravings; and contain a list of the names and addresses of graduates now teaching in California. It will be distributed among school officers of the State and Association members and will be a valuable booklet. Once established it will become the annual official organ of our Association.

"The San Jose State Normal and its Alumni Association are endeavoring to establish a complete and accurate roll of teaching graduates, to the end that valuable statistics, now almost unobtainable, may be compiled; that a more effective organization, one really helpful to graduates, may be brought about; and that certain new features may be added—among the later an appointment bureau. It is of paramount importance to San Jose Normal graduates that an appointment, or in-

formation bureau, be established. Many Eastern Normals with far less graduates, have such a bureau already working effectively; and you are probably aware that both Stanford and the University of California have excellent appointment bureaus.

"The purpose of the appointment bureau, which will be located at the State Normal and be in charge of a secretary, will be to secure and enlist vacancies with all facts relating thereto, as salary, length of term, grade to be taught, etc., and to recommend our graduates for positions in kindergartens, primary and grammar grades of the schools of the State. The secretary will deal directly with the city and county superintendents and clerks of boards of trustees, recommending for election to positions such graduates as may be registered at the appointment bureau. Any San Jose Normal graduate upon payment of Alumni dues for one year is entitled to registration in the appointment bureau for that year, and there will be no charge made for services rendered by the Bureau in securing positions or recommending graduates. The Appointment Bureau will use every honorable effort to locate graduates in choice positions.

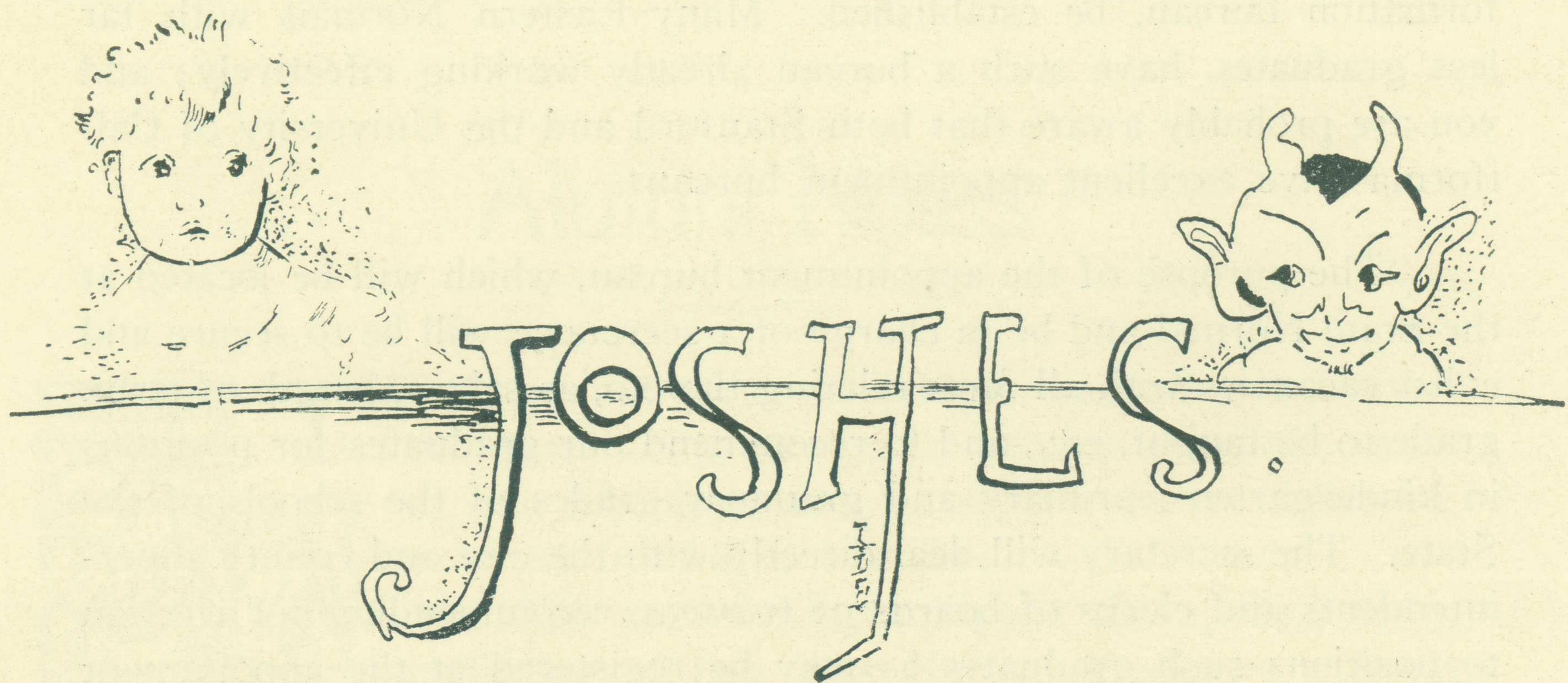
"Do you know that there are now 4326 graduates of the San Jose State Normal School, which is over half of the number graduated by all five of our State Normals since they were established?

"Do you know that there has been an increase of from 10 per cent to 20 per cent of students entering since the Normal went upon a high school basis, and that during the past year 32 University graduates were enrolled as students?

"Do you know that there have already enrolled this term 32 per cent new students and at the present rate of increase during the year 1909-10 over 300 students will be graduates?

"Do you know that the June, 1908, graduating class was the largest graduated from any State Normal in the whole United States, except one?

"Plan to be in San Jose June 21, 22 and 23, 1909. Gather with your schoolmates and friends in the greatest "home-coming" ever held by our Association members. Help lay the corner stone and join in the "house warming" for our new home! Pass the word along, spread the news of what we are trying to do, give your heartiest co-operation and the work is bound to be a success, to the lasting credit of our Alma Mater, the San Jose Normal."



# JOSHES.

There was a young lady named Bess,  
Whose name was linked with success,  
Her lovers tho many,  
Were not worth a penny;  
All of which is too bad we confess.

\* \* \* \* \*

After calling 5th hour class to order several times Mr. Wood remarked, "What would you do with a pupil who talked all the time after you had cautioned him not to."

Ethel Farmer—"Make the subject so interesting that he would forget to talk."

\* \* \* \* \*

Normal owns a new talking machine. What kind? Victor, of course.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Industrial Education the instructor compared the teachers who got their experience teaching from one place to another to the circus riders. The class would like to know if circuit wasn't what was meant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Wood—Do you know anything about boys, Miss Carmichael?

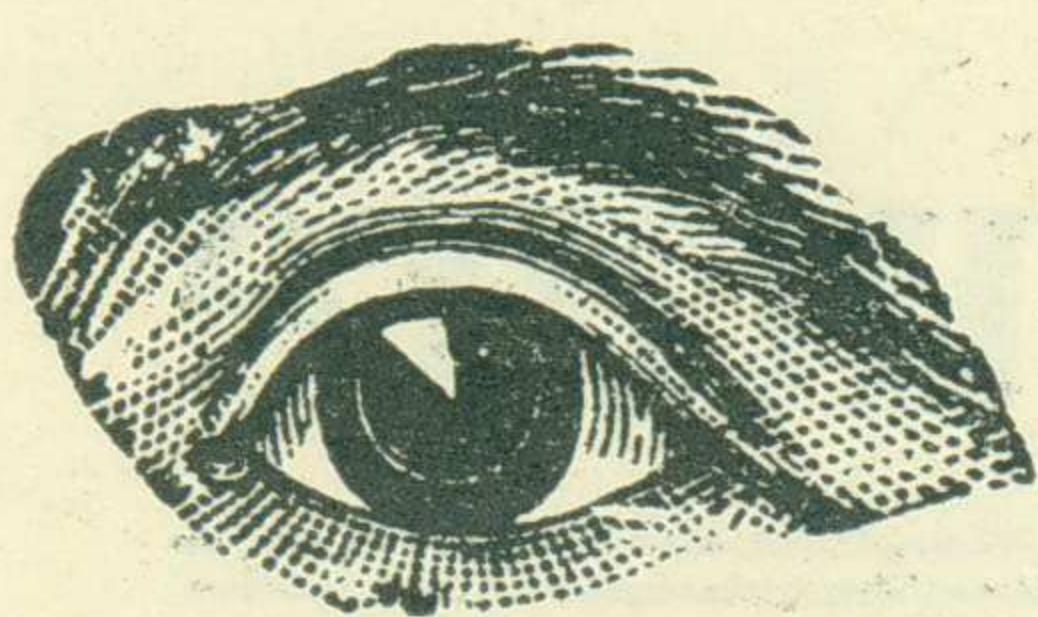
Mary C.—Well— (blushes).

Mr. Wood—Little boys, I mean.

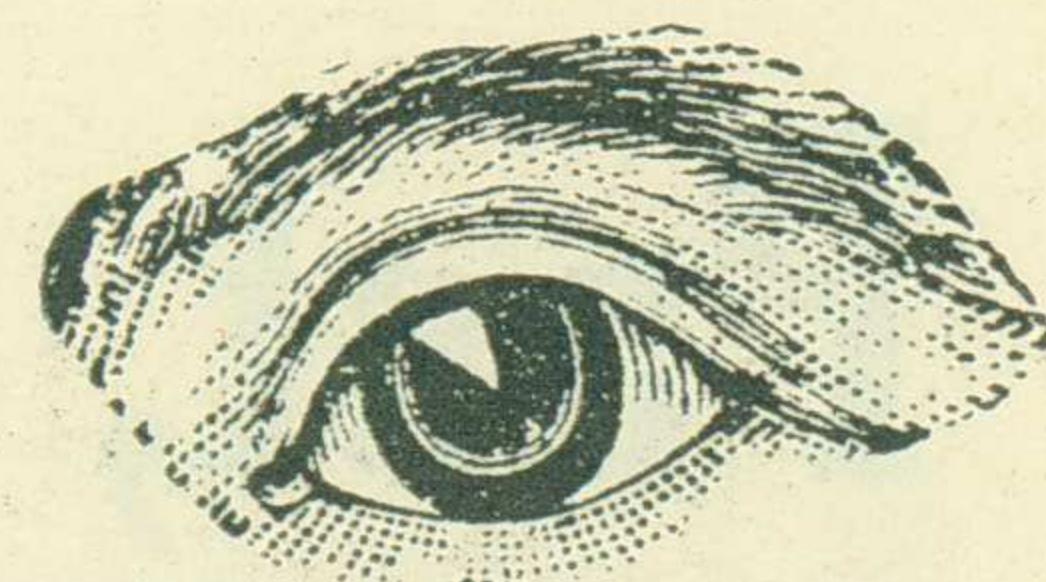
Mary C.—I've got some small brothers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elbert Hubbard says: "Prepare yourself for the best society and then stay out of it.



## And Finally,



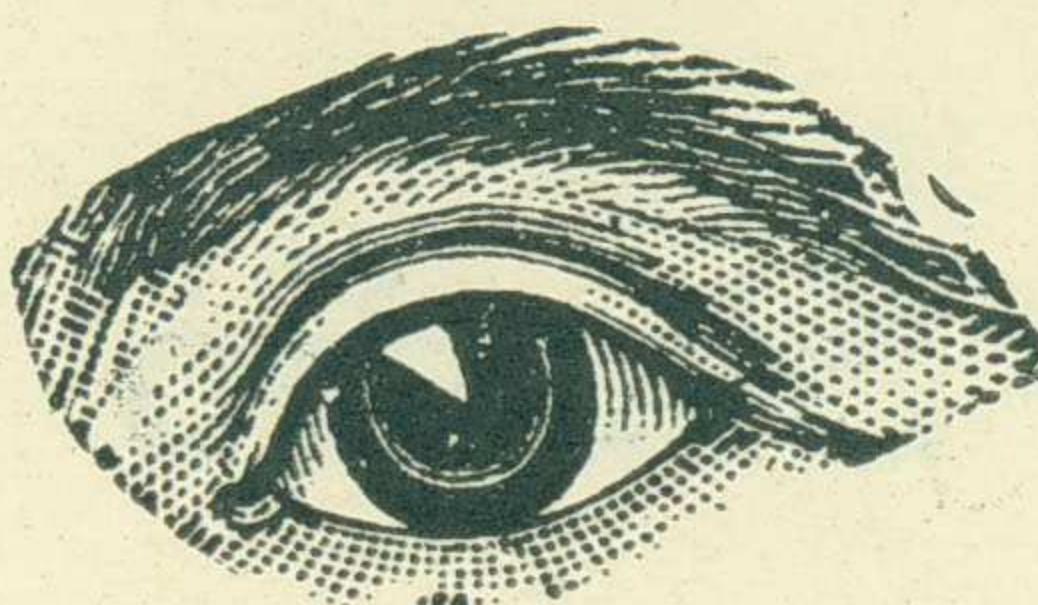
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\* \* \* \* \*

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THOSE WHO WILL COME SHALL BE SATISFIED  
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Mary had a little lamb,  
Just thirty years ago;  
The chops we had for lunch today,  
Were from that lamb I know.—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have the horseless carriage now, tho not the bill-less debt;  
We've smokeless powder, chainless wheels,  
But what we lack as yet  
Is a substitute for Durham—the smokeless cigarette.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Prof. French (in physiograph class)—Now we will represent the moon by my hat.

F. Street—Is it inhabited?—Ex.

Editor—But, my dear fellow, really we can't publish stuff like this. Why it's not verse at all, don't you know; it's an escape of gas.

Spring Poet—Ah! I see; something wrong with the metre.

\* \* \* \* \*

What did the deacon say when you sent him the brandied peaches?

He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as the spirit in which they were given.—Ex.

The young preaehcr officiating at a funeral wished to give friends an opportunity to view the remains, and not liking to use the hackneyed phrases announced: “The congregation will now pass 'round the bier.”—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

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I never saw it on any other machine."

"Hush! My own invention. When you can't spell a word you press this key and it makes a blur."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother—(to son just home from college): John, bring me a stick of wood.

John—Ma'am?

Father—(graduate of Yale): Transport from that recumbent collection of combustible mater upon the threshhold of this edifice a curtailed excrescence of a defunct tree.—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

A grave digger dug a grave for a man named button, and when the bill came in it read: "One button-hole, \$4.00."

\* \* \* \* \*

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