

**NORMAL  
PENNANT**

*July, 1905*

*Emphylus*





STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE



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## An Autumn Song.

'TIS old Autumn, the musician,  
Who, with pipe and tabor, weaves  
The sweet music lovers sigh for  
In the falling of the leaves.

I have heard his distant anthem  
Go a-sighing through the trees  
Like the far-off shouts of children,  
Or the hum of swarming bees.

When he plays the leaflets flutter  
On the boughs that hold them fast;  
Or they scurry through the forest  
Or they spin before the blast.

And they frolic and they gambol,  
And they cling to Autumn's gown  
As the children to the Piper's  
In the famous Hamelin Town.

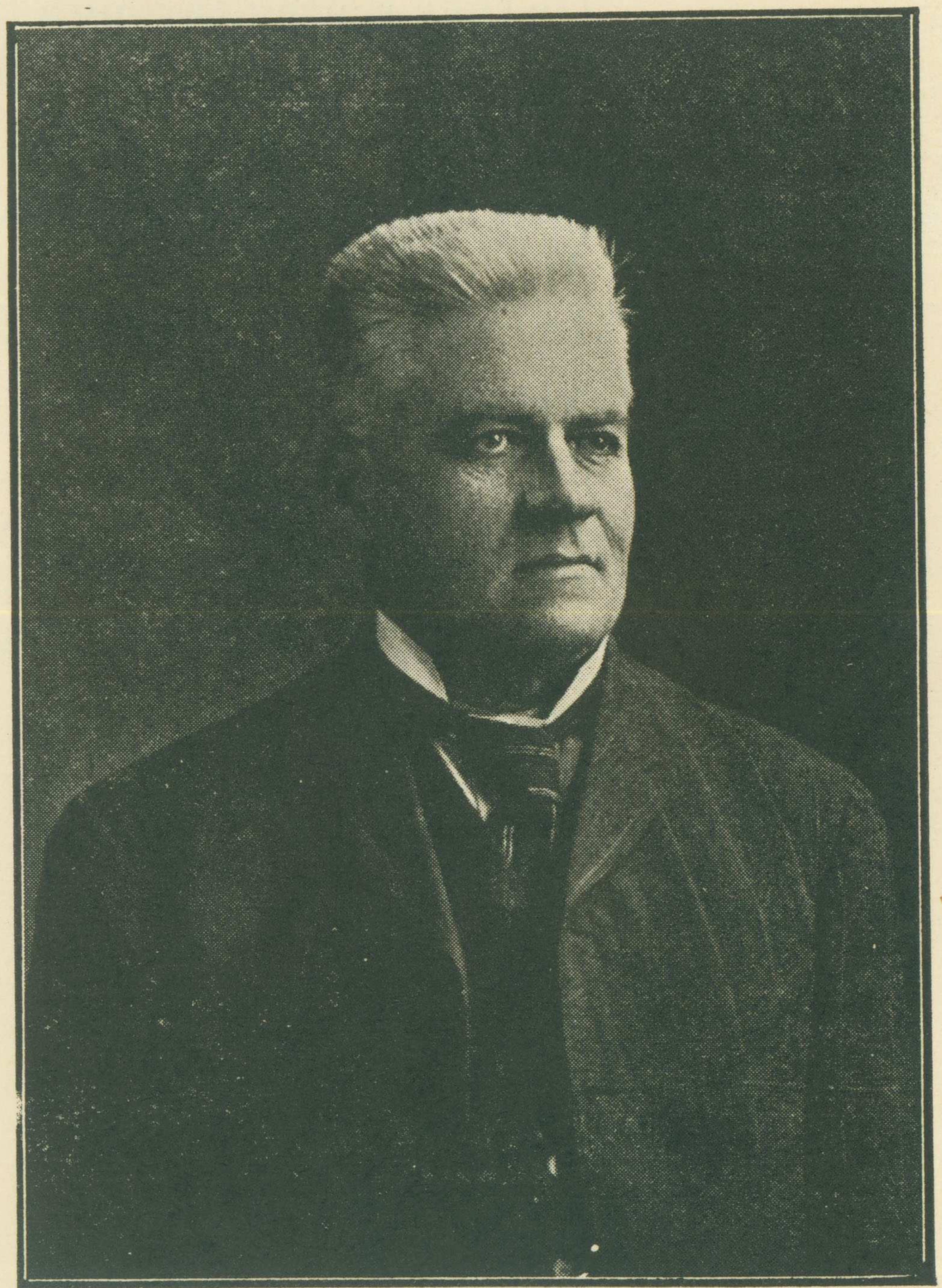
Then they rustle and they hurry  
To a canyon dark and deep;  
And the piper, dear old Autumn,  
Pipes till they are fast asleep.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.





DR. M. E. DAILEY,  
President San Jose State Normal School



PROF. L. B. WILSON,  
Principal



# *THE NORMAL PENNANT.*

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## *Mt. Hamilton.*

The lowland green, the mountain rim,  
The purple misty ether dim,  
A lofty peak above;  
And over all the sun-kissed sky—  
The inverted hand of God on high,  
A God whose name is love.

MRS. MARY B. WILLIAMS.



## Stories for the Primary Grades.

### First Grade—A Fairy Story.

Once upon a time there were two little girls living away out in the woods. One day as they were picking flowers they saw what they supposed was a beautiful blue and green butterfly. The children pulled off their bonnets and started to chase it. They kept following the butterfly farther and farther into the wood.

After a time they came to a garden full of beautiful flowers. The butterfly, who was the queen of the butterflies, lighted on one of the flowers, and the children saw that what they had been following was a fairy.

Just then a big, gruff voice said, "What are you doing in my garden?" Looking around the children saw a great black butterfly as large as a bear flying toward them. They were so frightened they could not say a word. The butterfly said, "I will call a meeting of all the butterflies, and we will see what we will do to you."

So he sent a small blue butterfly around to tell the others to come. Down they came, fluttering from all directions. There were big ones, and small ones, red ones, yellow ones.

The queen felt sorry for the children, and said she did not want to see them punished. So all the butterflies agreed to let the children go this time, if they would promise not to chase the butterflies any more. The children promised, and the big, black butterfly took them on his back and carried them home.

Sadie Fablinger.

### Second Grade—The Lost Doll.

Marjorie and Helen went to the country to spend the summer with their grandmother. They had a beautiful place for their playhouse, right beside a shady brook, where the lilies nodded their heads and seemed to talk to the children.

Sometimes Cousin Fred came to play with the girls. He came one day when they were having a party. After he had gone they missed Florence May, their most dearly loved doll. Without knowing why, they decided that Fred had taken her. Home they went to tell Grandma that their darling dolly was gone and that Fred had hidden her.

"I just know he took her," said Marjorie angrily.

"I just know he did, too," sobbed Helen.

Grandma tried to comfort them, but they only cried the harder and declared that they never would play with such a bad boy again.

The next morning they were too sad to go to the playhouse, but before



the morning was over Fred's cherry whistle was heard. He came straight to the house carrying in his arms three fishing poles and a basket of lunch. At the sight of his merry face their resentment gave way. They remembered how kind he had been when Marjorie fell into the brook one day and Helen was chased by a calf the next. So when he asked them to go fishing with him they could not say no.

Slowly they wandered along the creek gathering flowers and looking for a good fish pool, when suddenly Fred cried out, "O girls! What is that!" "That" was Florence May in a tiny sailboat, which was caught between two stones. Of course she was wet, but was otherwise unharmed.

Both girls called out with almost one voice, "O Fred, we are so glad."

At first Fred could not understand why they were glad. He thought he would not be in such a case. They soon told him the whole story—how they had left the doll in the boat "just for a minute," and had forgotten all about her until after the party. Even then they did not recall leaving her in the boat. It had drifted down the stream and out of sight.

Fred waded in and brought both boat and doll to the shore and after being dried they were as good as ever.

Amy Neilson.

### Third Grade—Little Black Susan.

Today, children, I am going to tell you about a little black girl who was my playmate when I was a little girl.

"Did I play with a negro?"

Why, certainly I did. Susan was a good little girl just nine years old. She had large black eyes and a broad flat nose, her lips were thick and her teeth very white; her skin was black and so glossy that it looked as if it had been greased. Her hair was coarse and very curly; she wore it in little queues about two inches long; these little queues stood out like horns all over her head. She used to come to see me when her mother came to wash or clean house for my mamma.

We called Susan's mother Darcas. Darcas was very kind to Susan and taught her to sweep, knit, sew, and many other things that the little white girls were not taught to do.

I had a beautiful wax doll named Rose and two small china dolls. I had played with the china dolls so much that their dresses were dirty, so Susan said that if I would get mamma to give me a piece of cloth she would make my dolls each a new dress.

Oh, how happy I was! I rushed into the house and asked mama for a piece of pretty pink gingham. I took the cloth, needle, thread, and scissors out to Susan and we sat on the lawn under the shade of a large pine tree.

How skillfully Susan worked! She held the cloth up against my little doll and took the measures; then laid it on the grass, took up the scissors and in



a very short time the dress was ready to make.

"Lucille, Lucille," called my mother, "come, baby sister is crying; you must rock her to sleep."

"O mama," said I, "Susan is making dolly a dress. I want to stay and watch her."

"Go long, you naughty gal," said Susan; "don't you know your mammy wants you?"

Oh, how ashamed I was to think I had not gone when mama called me! I hastened in and found baby sister crying as if her little heart would break. I rocked her and sang, "Hush a Bye, Baby," "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," and "Birdies"; but still little blue eyes would peep open; finally I sang mama's song, "Hush My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber"; then little sister went sound asleep.

I put her in her crib and ran out on the lawn; to my surprise one doll was dressed in a new pink dress, and the other dollie's dress was almost finished.

"Oh, Susan," said I, "when you get the dress done, lets comb Rose's hair; her curls are all matted; and please, Susan, won't you tell me how you do your hair in those pretty little horns?"

Susan hung her head for she did not like to have me speak of the nice little queues her mother made her.

"Won't you fix dollie's hair like yours, Susan?"

"Go long, chile, and get the comb and some cord then," said Susan.

I brought the comb and some of mama's white darning cotton. You should have seen Susan dress Rose's hair. She combed the curls all out, then she took one little lock of the hair and a piece of cord; she twisted the hair and cord round and round until dolly had a cute little horn like Susan's. Oh, how I laughed! and Susan laughed too, for she had never seen a flaxen queue before.

"Fix all her hair like yours," said I.

Susan worked away until dollie's little head looked like a ball with white horns sticking out all around; then we ran to show Rose to Darcas.

"You bad gal," said Darcas, "don't you know only darkey dolls wear queues? Come, now, Susan, it is late, we must go home."

How sorry I was that Susan had to go and I asked Darcas to let her stay all night with me; but Darcas said, "No, chile, darkey gals must go home at night."

Susan began to cry. She sat down on the ground and screamed and rolled over until her mama had to get a switch and whip her; then she got up and pouted and scraped her feet along the walk until I almost wished I had not invited her to stay all night.

"Miss Lucille," said Darcas, "I am sorry Susan is such a bad gal. I hope you will always mind your mammy." Then she took Susan's little black hand in hers and led her home.

MRS. EFFIE SLUSSER.





## Fourth Grade—Best of Friends.

Jeff was angry, and surely he had a right to be if ever a dog had. To think that a cat should take his place with Miss Rene. And such a cat! If it had been a Maltese or a Persian or any respectable cat he could have understood it. But a common street cat—Wow! Miss Rene had actually carried the scrawny thing cuddled up in her arms as she had not done him since he was a little puppy.

“Now, Jeff, you must be kind to kitty, Bug,” Miss Rene said as she stroked his silky ears. “She’s an orphan, you know.”

Jeff winked his solemn brown eyes and wagged his tail, while he gravely looked down on the little kitty. She was such a thin little thing with torn fur and hungry eyes, that Jeff wondered if she could run even from a dog.

Somehow as the days went by, Jeff never felt like chasing kitty Bug as he did the cats he usually met. She was such a merry, playful little thing that even angry Jeff could not help watching her. Cats were not so bad after all.

One day Jeff and Bug were out in the yard when some boys came along.

“Look at that bob-tailed dog. Ain’t he a beaut?” one of them yelled, and a shower of stones came flying over the fence.

Now that bob-tail was Jeff’s sensitive point, and the boys jeer hurt worse than the stones. For the first time little Bug’s purring and rubbing round his legs brought a sense of comfort. He put his nose down to hers in mute acknowledgement of sympathy. From that time on the two were fast friends. Many were the romps they had together, and though sometimes Jeff was a wee bit rough, Bug bore it all in good part.

One day Bug chanced to get some poisoned meat. She was very ill for a long time and lay in her little basket in Miss Rene’s room. Jeff knew there was something wrong with little Bug. Twenty times a day he would come to her basket and sit watching her with great brown eyes full of mute sympathy. No one was quite so pleased as he when at last Bug could creep about again.

She was never quite the same. The playful kitty to whom a straw or a string was fun for a day, was gone. She was a very weak little kitty now. She was content to lie all day in some sunny spot, cheered by occasional visits from Jeff.

One day when Jeff came to find his little playmate, she was sleeping so soundly he could not wake her, Jeff was heart-broken for a while. Time has lessened his sorrow, but Bug is not forgotten. He is kinder to all cats because of her.

G. L. H.



## The Children's Summer School.

EVERY true school is, in a sense, an experimental school; every true teacher is an experimenter. The education, however, of this true teacher must be so broad and his training so thorough that experiments may be wisely selected and so skillfully carried on, no matter how radical, that actual benefit shall accrue to the children taught, and something worth while in result added to the sum of human knowledge.

It was with some such feeling as this that the Faculty of our Normal School decided to open the doors of the Training Department, unlock the richly laden book-cases, spread out the maps and pictures, open the deep, wide boxes of gaily-colored raffia, bamboo, and other basketry material, polish up the tools of the manual training laboratory, oil the wheels of the big printing press, tune the pianos, and refill the little boxes of water-color paints for the sake of those children who might possibly be attracted by a summer school. Out of doors too was to lend itself to the scheme, so the garden tools were put in order, the aviary swept and garnished, tennis courts freshly chalked, and basket balls placed well in evidence.

Then circulars were sent out stating that children of all ages from kindergarten to eighth grade inclusive would be admitted to a six weeks' summer school. All the subjects of the common school curriculum were offered and in addition those other so-called less practical, but infinitely more interesting disciplines sometimes known as "culture studies." A small tuition sufficient to cover expense of materials used was charged.

The question was, would there be any response; would the children come? That question was speedily and forcibly answered. They came, big and little, in overwhelming numbers. At the end of the third day, it was found necessary to close registration. One hundred forty-two children had enrolled, as many as could well be taught in small groups—the plan of the school—by the teaching force available.

Many of the classes were taught by members of the Faculty; where this was not possible by carefully selected students in training, who had shown special aptitude in various lines. Their work, of course, was carefully directed and supervised by heads of departments.

The school opened at eight in the morning, and closed at the end of the fifth period, twenty minutes after twelve. The program was made as flexible as possible. Most of the children took work during each period, but had the privilege of coming for any part of the forenoon. Some of them came to make up work in which they were not strong, others to reach ahead and carry on studies in advance of their class-



mates, others again to revel in the delight of informal subjects like manual training, music, painting, nature study, and physical training.

The following facts gained from observation are interesting and useful: The children have been noticeably happy, punishment has not been found necessary, and words regarding behavior have been few and far between, consisting for the most part in general suggestion rather than in direct personal request or command. This is rather remarkable when one takes into consideration the widely different conditions of the children attending and the various school regimes to which they must have been accustomed. Petitions to stay after school and to come before school in order to read attractive books, feed favorite pets, water gardens, weave baskets, or "make things" in wood, have been numerous and whenever possible have been gladly granted. A remark full of suggestion was made by a little girl to the writer: She said she liked the summer school because you could do things you liked to do, and you had no teacher *watching* you. The building is large and the children soon learned to find their way about it when going from class to class easily without the guidance of an adult. I think this freedom impressed her as something to be thankful for. Both Normal Faculty and student teachers have spoken of the good will and general desire to learn shown by the pupils. Teaching has been a pleasure unalloyed, and learning a delight.

As illustrative material the Children's School has been of great benefit to the Normal Summer School. Members of the Normal Faculty have frequently given demonstration lessons, thus emphasizing the principal points of their lectures and showing the feasibility of their theories. Miss English, who gave a course in Primary Methods, has taught daily lessons of this sort not only to her own classes but to all members of the Summer School. Indeed, after the first few days of organization, the school has been open freely to visitors, who have been eager to avail themselves of the privilege of observing specially trained men and women in teaching mixed classes from various schools throughout the state where conditions of environment were so different and so apparent. It goes without saying that such teaching puts a pet theory to a far severer test than could be given in any other way.

The school has in no sense been a model school, nor has it been a training school in the usually accepted meaning of the word, training.

What then has it accomplished, what is its lesson?

First, does it not demonstrate the fact that behavior is not a subject to be taught, but is rather an end to be attained incidentally through and by means of a properly selected school curriculum, whatever that may be? If a child is doing what appeals to him as right and sensible, even if it be the drudgery of "grind back work" to be made up he does it cheerfully and with ardor. It is our business, then, as teachers to so



arrange a child's curriculum that it thus appeals to him.

Secondly, we have in our own schools too much formal discipline too much red tape, too much "watching." Make work interesting, suit it to the child's mental and physical age, and to his natural trend, so far as possible, and no watching will be necessary. I have seen a class in manual training go into a room where the teacher was not visible, pass to various lockers, gather together material and tools and go to work in "decent" haste. There was noise, but it was legitimate busy noise. I have seen children "between classes" step eagerly to a book shelf, take down favorite volumes and be lost in them for five minutes until the bell rang for the next recitation. This is better than stiffly folding hands.

Thirdly, this right attitude of mind, what teachers are continually battling for seems to come with no jarring or warring with the removal of schoolish unnecessary restraint and the provision of something the child regards as worth while.

*When adults and children can come to agree upon what is worth while, the whole problem of school discipline will be solved.*

Certain points are agreed upon between Normal Faculty and every-day boy and girl, and come as direct result of this summer school experiment. They are the following:

For the *vacation-time* school manual training is worth while, music is worth while, nature-study is worth while, drawing is worth while, painting is worth while, sewing is worth while, weaving is worth while, basketry is worth while, and the playing of out-of-door games is well worth while.

Thus has the experiment of the first Children's Summer School in California justified itself.

MARGARET E. SCHALLENBERGER, Ph. D.,  
Principal Training School.





*Motto,*  
*Quality.*



## Class Roll Call.

Harriet Benham

Mabel Cochran

Margaret Owens

Leota Pedigo

Clarence Phelps

Lillian Pope

Amelia Machado

Ethel McAvoy

Mollie Smith

Effie Stillson

Emma Thornton

Monica Wilcox



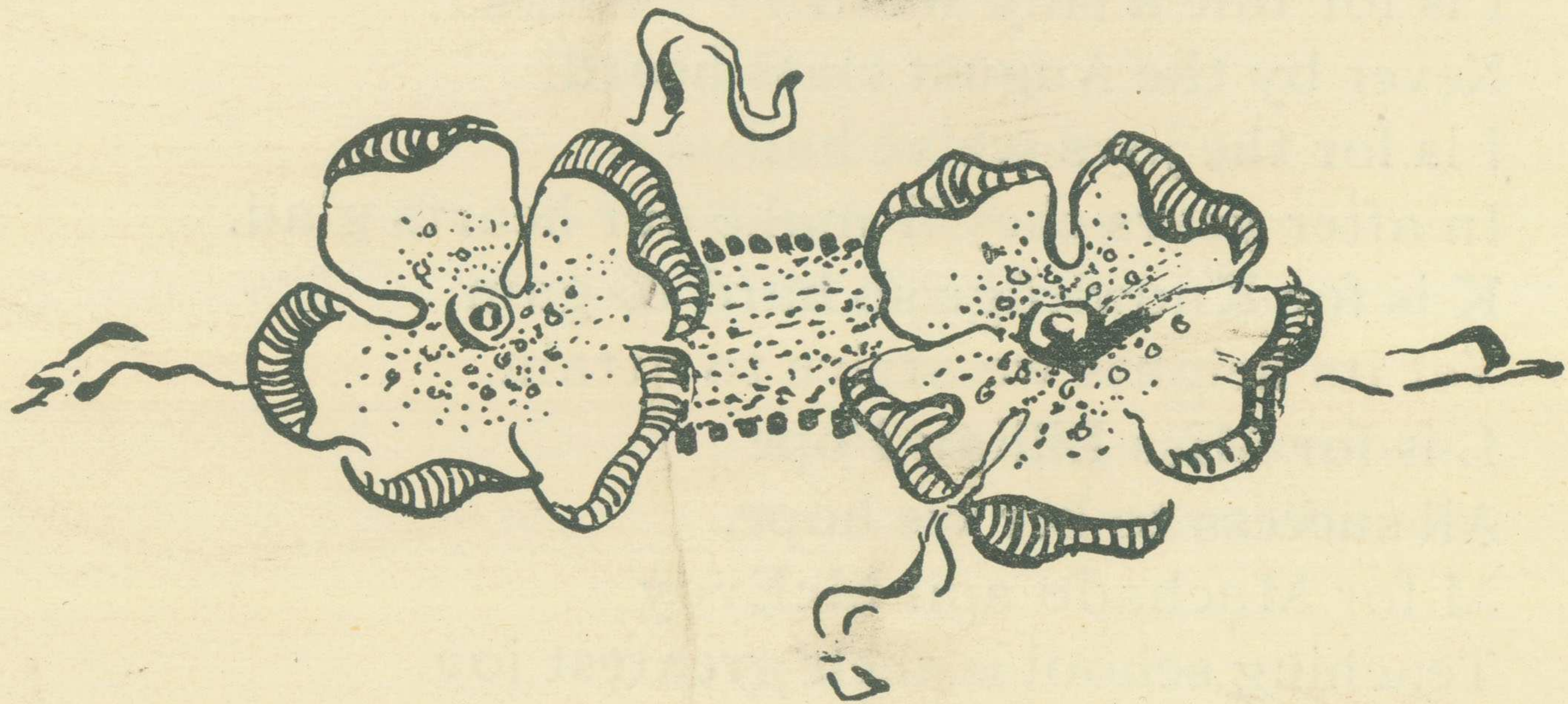
## The August' Class.

A is for the August', the grand  
 The mightiest class in all this land.  
 B is for Miss Benham so sweet,  
 So gracious, so charming and so petite.  
 C is for Cochran, we think she is great,  
 Who wishing to learn more came to this state.  
 D is for our Dances so gay  
 Given by every society.  
 E is for our Editor, Effie  
 Who issues papers in a jiffy.  
 F is for Faculty so dear,  
 So kind, so patient, and sincere.  
 G is for the sad Good-byes  
 We shall say with many sighs.  
 H is for Hanford, a town out west  
 Where — will find one she loves best.  
 I is for Idle a silly word  
 Never by the August class heard.  
 J is for the joys we've had,  
 In after years they'll make our hearts glad.  
 K is for Knowledge so hard to gain  
 Yet its heights we strive to attain.  
 L is for Miss Lillian Pope  
 All success to her we hope.  
 M for Machado and McEvoy  
 Teaching school is their greatest joy.  
 N's for the class of Naughty-five  
 Of all classes the most alive.  
 O is for Owens, our President,  
 Noted for lulling class excitement.  
 P is for Phelps, our only man  
 Who's never afraid to say, "I can."  
 Q is for "Quiz," of Normal fame  
 We've passed them, everyone, just the same.  
 R for Reporter—Miss Pedigo  
 As to her ability you all know.  
 S is for Smith and Secretary  
 Of taking minutes she's never weary.  
 Tis for Treasurer, Thornton, our Emma,



## NORMAL PENNANT.

Counting our money has caused no dilemma.  
U is for *Us*, for we, ourselves,  
We've always been counted by twelves.  
V is for Victories we have won  
Nothing by us was left undone.  
W is for Wilcox—of piano fame  
In Ventura a grade she'll claim.  
X is for Ex's that are all passed  
With Capital C's from first to last.  
Y is for You, for you dear friend,  
Patience! we are near the end.  
Z is for Zeal and also for Zest,  
Hail to the class that is best.





## Class History.

One bright morning in September we, a group of twelve students, filled with ambition and a desire to astonish the Normal, entered the front door (our very freshness was shown by that act) and added our names to the long list of would-be teachers. If we considered our troubles almost over at this juncture we were greatly mistaken, for before the wheels of our minds could be adjusted for a new thought we were ushered into the "august" presence of our esteemed librarian, whose sweeping glance measured the extent (or limit) of our abilities. (How could she know that the brightness of this class was to go forth as a shining light startling the world?) Sadder but wiser we issued from the sanctum, clinging tenaciously to small slips of paper, not knowing whether they were death warrants or not, but cling to them we did. Being thus far properly armed, we next sallied forth to cram our receptive brains with methods, excelling in these as in everything else we undertook. Our fame spread, but we were startled to learn that only a portion of our necessary armor was girded, our metal was to be tested by going through the fiery furnace (the training school), which is reached by a winding maize called the "bridge of sighs." That name, however, proving too formidable, it was later changed to the "Little Grey Bridge." Here we learned for the first time whether or not our abilities extended over a very vast area as all our methods, which we had so laboriously toiled over, were brought sadly into practice. Here again we astonished our critics and supervisors until they declared we could compete with the best pedagogues in the state. In student body affairs we also showed our abilities, also in debating, for one of our number distinguished himself as a debator, where he, having been sent to Reno with the debating team, carried off the honors, and kept up the record for the class.

But now as our work here is about completed we must bid you a final good-bye. As we go forth in life to do the work for which we have fitted ourselves we hope to be of credit to the Normal and to the August class of 1905.



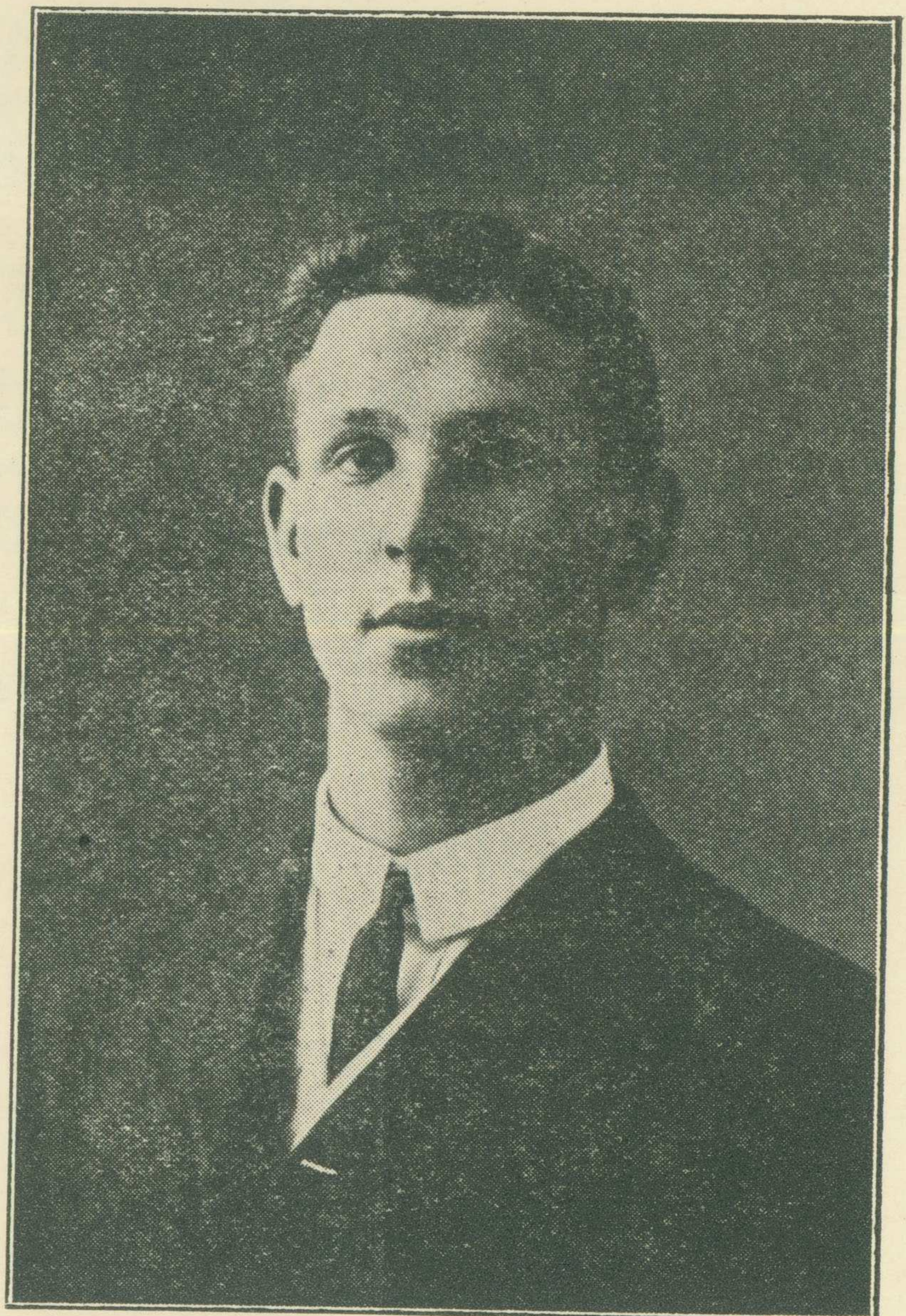




MARGARET OWENS  
Class President



EFFIE STILLSON  
Editor Pennant



WILLIS CLINE  
Business Manager Pennant



## Class Prophecy.

“Heaven from All creatures hides the book of fate  
All but the page prescribed, their present state.”

THIS may be true enough for the rule but exceptions are many. In every age there have been those who have had a clearer vision than their fellows, whose minds, unencumbered by petty disturbances of the present, have focused the rays from the far distant future and read its message as an open book. The different circumstances of their life added to a natural or hereditary gift has been responsible for this marvelous insight. This seems to be the only plausible explanation of the power to foretell historical events or phenomena of any kind.

The present prophet does not claim to rank with Ezekiel. He has never penetrated a valley lined with “dry bones,” but he *has* entered the walls of a great building *alone* and almost *unnoticed* and there amid the musical hum of hundreds of sweet voices he has formulated and solved theories as to the future of their fair owners and now proclaims them to the world with as little fear of thereby putting himself to shame and passing into oblivion, as every false prophet should, as had Isaiah or Elijah in the days of old.

Be it understood from this time forward forever—in order to prevent a misconception of his power the prophet admits this much—that he does not claim to penetrate the dizzying whirl of the cycles of the ages; that would make his head swim. But he does claim—which indeed is a modest assumption, that, inasmuch as he is about to make known unto the world diverse things of moment to *mankind*, it behooves said *mankind* to keep sharp watch on the parties mentioned. In support of this claim be it known that the prophet is the sole male member of a certain duly organized body, that that body consists of thirteen members, and that besides these he has been, during the past year, closely associated with almost three hundred of the same sex as the *majority* of the organized body hereinbefore mentioned. Could anything more be required by a critical public to establish the integrity of purpose of the prophet? *He* thinks not, and believing that his statements will receive the credence which their importance deserves, he submits to the public the following:

### PROPHECY.

The summer of 1914 finds the woman's club of an Eastern city in sore straits for want of a leader. Their president for the past ten years, while making an eloquent appeal a few months before in behalf of poor, downtrodden man, had been hissed at and finally forced from the platform by her infuriated sisters. She promptly resigned her office. A search for



a new president resulted after several weeks, in the election of a prominent young Vassar woman said to be thoroughly in accord with the views of the club. Among the members of the club it is generally known that she has had much experience in managing men and that she does it in such a way that they are never conscious of it. The club believe their trial is past.

Mercury headlines June 14, 1914, NORMAL GIRL HONORED—MARGARET OWENS, PRESIDENT OF AUGUST CLASS, 1905, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF WOMAN'S CLUB IN PHILADELPHIA.

CHANGED HANDS! Out West will be edited and published in the future by Miss Effie Stillson. The new management promises to make a yet more popular paper than it has been in the past. Miss Stillson is well known to the people of the West through her book, *The Rise of Soda Popplewell*. Her literary career began with a Summer edition of the *Normal Pennant* in 1905. We expect a good paper.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Dec. 22, 1917.

MISS MABEL COCHRAN TO BECOME A BRIDE. Miss Mabel Cochran, the belle of Winnemucca, resigns her position in the Winnemucca school to become the wife of Katernon Katsuka, who has made a fortune at Tonopah and wishes a sharer in his joy.—*Desert News*, March 25, 1907.

Misses Thornton and Smith Teachers' Agency, 144.146 Lincoln Building, Chicago. Eighteen hundred positions secured last year. NO POSITION, NO PAY.—*Record Herald* 1826.

Miss Harriet Beuham, Artist  
117 Rue de St. Pierre  
Paris, France

Miss Beuham's address 1909.

Mrs. Leata Pedigo Beauvais, of Santa Rosa, becomes sole proprietor of the late Luther Burbank's Sabastopolexperiment station by the terms of his will. It is known that she has been much with the old "Wizard" during the past two years and that she is responsible for the cross between the gourd and the artichoke.—*Santa Rosa Breeze* Aug. 2, 1921.

Pope Boarding School for Young Women, Milpitas, California. Miss Lillian Pope, principal. The school is ideally situated in the growing little city of Milpitas in the center of Prune Valley, fifty miles from San Francisco. MISS POPE AND HER SCHOOL ARE AS WIDELY KNOWN AS MILPITAS ITSELF.—*Milpitas Buzzer* March 21, 1928.

The members of the Los Angeles Normal School were given a very delightful hour last evening in Normal Hall in the form of a musical treat by the Wilcox sisters, the latest addition to the Normal Faculty.—*Times* Oct. 14, 1917.

Misses McEvoy and Machado, Attorneys at Law, Reno, Nevada. Real Estate and titles a specialty.

C. L. PHELPS, Prophet.



## County Department.

**Kern County.**—Kern county ranks among the first in the state in education. It has one county high school which employs twelve teachers and sixty-eight grammar schools, which together employ one hundred and two, making an aggregate of one hundred and fourteen teachers in the county. Of this number two only are present at the San Jose Summer Session, Mary Engle and Joseph C. Frye.

It is no idle boast when I say that Bakersfield, the county seat, has one of the most modern equipped school houses of the state.

Our superintendent, Mr. Stockton, and the Board of Education are enthusiastic workers in the cause of education and our schools are steadily becoming better.

**San Diego County.**—San Diego county has a delightful climate, and its clear air and bright, golden sunshine bring cheer and health. Its magnificent bay, its grand Point Loma, and its beautiful Coronado are worth a long journey to see. There the peaceful waters of the ocean are ever a charm, whether sparkling in the sunlight or shining in the moonlight.

Eliza S. Getchell.

**San Benito County.**—San Benito, the gem of the central coast counties, certainly deserves mention. Here it was that the early mission fathers, who intuitively selected the garden spots of the earth, established the noted mission of San Juan Baptistua.

Hollister, the county seat, is a thriving business center, with all the modern improvements.

This county is represented at the Summer School by the following teachers: The Misses Cora E. Garner, Edith McKee, Ella Monroe, Maude Page, Helen Shaw, Mrs. Zetta T. Eaton.

**Shasta County.**—Shasta county is located at the head of the Sacramento valley. Its boundaries, with the exception of the southern, are well drawn by mountains of modern height. The southern part of the county opens into the fertile valley of the Sacramento. The county has a varied topography with its numerous little valleys, rolling hills and snow-capped mountains.

The county prides itself on its "common schools" and High School, which is accredited to the State University. There are one hundred and four school districts, with one hundred and twenty-six teachers, eleven of whom are employed in the schools of Redding, the largest town. The districts, in most cases, show a good attendance and constant growth.

Of our one hundred and twenty-six teachers only three are attending the Summer Session of the Normal, but they speak highly of their apprecia-



tion of the work of the faculty and look forward to a larger attendance from Shasta county, as the Summer School has, as we hope, come to stay. Those in attendance at this session are Mrs. Elizabeth McKean, Misses Eliza Wagoner and Alice V. Dunham.

**Tulare County.**—Tulare, whose name was taken from the beautiful Indian romance, whose hills and valley are annually covered with the brilliant *eschscholtzia*, and whose beautiful mountain scenery cannot be surpassed by any in the world, is a county we are proud to call our home.

She stands among the foremost counties of the state in education, as well as in her large variety of her productions. There are four high schools, three of which are accredited at the State University.

Visalia, the largest town, has one thousand one hundred and forty-eight census school children in the primary and grammar school, with about twenty-six teachers. Besides the town has just voted twenty-four thousand dollars' worth of bonds to be used for the erection of a primary school building.

In conclusion we wish to express our high appreciation of the excellent work presented by the faculty of the Normal Summer School, and of the excursions, which they have made so varied and so interesting.

Out of the one hundred and seventy-five teachers of Tulare county the following are in attendance at the Normal: Florence Foster, Alice Mulcahy, Hester Adamson, Gertrude Garwood, Amy Neilson, May Barnes, Bertha Harper, Nellie Noyes, Ruth Butler, Louise A. Holbrook, Grace Redfield, Louise Carleton, Eliza Howell, Maye Smith, Mabel Cross, Della Kelso, Harold Stadtmiller, Bertha Crocker, Nellie Lewis, Mabel E. Wann, Mirtha Ficklin, Thirsa Linnell, Edyth Zumwalt, Clara Williams.

**Sacramento**, the Capital City, has but one representative at the summer session, and that is Miss Effie Stillson.

**Tuolumne County.**—Tuolumne has long been known as a gold producing county, but it is now rapidly advancing along the educational lines under the guidance of the conscientious, progressive and able superintendent, G. P. Morgan.

The county maintains one high school and forty-three elementary schools, employing nearly seventy teachers. The representatives at the summer session of the San Jose State Normal School being the Misses Nellie Burns, Amy Perry and Gertrude Marcus.

**Stanislaus County.**—There is a very bright prospect ahead for this county. The people were enterprising enough a few years ago to avail themselves of the Wright Irrigation Act, so that today nearly the whole county is under irrigation. What was once a dry plain, having ranches of thousands of acres, is now cut up into small diversified farms, supporting an increased population.



This has necessitated more school districts, seven having been added in the last two years. The high schools are among the best in the state, being accredited to both universities.

With the productive soil, bright sunshine, and the healthful climate, this is rightfully called "Sunny Stanislaus."

Margaret Church, Hilda Hinkson, Edith Linqvist, W. F. Dixson.

**San Luis Obispo County.**—During the early period of the establishment of missions in California, the father of California missions, Junipero Serra, and his followers in journeying back and forth between the missions, San Diego and Monterey, passed through a fertile valley, well watered by streams, rich in native plants, and wooded with majestic oaks.

The exceptional richness of this spot soon attracted the attention of the fathers, who were ever on the watch for suitable places in which to found new missions, when opportunity should afford. Not alone, however, was this valley rich in plant life, but animal life was also abundant. Bears particularly were numerous here. This fact, though at first apparently detrimental, was in the end to prove most beneficial to the missions, for when supplies from Mexico failed to arrive in the spring of 1772, bear meat from this valley sustained the lives of the starving inhabitants until the arrival of the delayed stores.

Thus were the first missions perpetuated, and in the fall of the same year a fifth, known as the mission of San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, was established in this fertile valley. With the establishment of this mission and a little later with that of San Miguel began the settlement of that fertile region which today we know as the county of San Luis Obispo.

The population of this county is now over seventeen thousand, and is steadily increasing. The inhabitants are principally engaged in agriculture and stock-raising.

There are in the county ninety-one elementary schools, three secondary schools and the State Polytechnic High School. One hundred and twenty-four teachers, many of whom are graduates of the San Jose State Normal School, are employed in the schools of the county. From this body of teachers the following were in attendance at the Summer Session of the Normal this year: Hattie B. Phoenix, Amy Hodges, Carrie Pfau, Ethel B. Pfau, O. Mae Huston, Frankie B. Doan, Isabella Nay, Adeline R. Cadman.

**Colusa County.**—Colusa county has a very efficient corps of teachers. This is shown by the fact that last year in the two high schools of the county, the total attendance of which was ninety-nine and the number of graduates fifteen, there were six who entered college and one the San Jose Normal School. Out of the forty-four teachers of the county there are four representatives at the Summer Session of the Normal. They are Carrie Daly, Ruth Blankenship, Cyrus Clark and Bernard Boehmer.

**Siskiyou County.**—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," but he did not begin in Siskiyou. It's too far from San Jose, for San Jose, you know, is "God's own country." There is much, however, of dear old Siskiyou to be loved. We, who call it "home" love its green fields, and clear, sparkling water, its "murmuring pines" and its snow-clad mountains, with grand old Shasta peerless and sublime.

Siskiyou is so large and possesses so many natural resources, some yet undeveloped, that space here allotted forbids even the briefest notice. To appreciate Siskiyou as we do, you must know it. Then come during your



vacation and breathe our balmy air.

Siskiyou is represented at the Summer Session by Misses Mary Hayes, Adeline Neville and Mayme McCaskey, Mrs. M. H. Madden and C. S. Smith.

'A few more days and we must part,' perhaps never *all* to meet again, but memory will ever hold dear our associations at the Summer Normal.

**Butte County.**—Many things which stand for prosperity represent Butte county. Throughout this district are many groves of beautiful orange and olive trees, extensive fruit orchards and waving fields of grain, and added to these sources of wealth are many valuable gold deposits.

Education has not been neglected. Many new high schools have been organized, and the grammar schools are conducted by efficient teachers, many of whom are Normal graduates.

Butte county is represented in the Summer Session by Olive Bernhart, Ethel McKinney, Mabel Faliger and Jeanette Stiles.

**Fresno County.**—Fresno county is the geographical center of the State. It is the hub around which California revolves. It leads the world in many things, a few only being enumerated. It is the leading raisin county of the United States. It has the best irrigation system in California.

The following are some of the Fresno teachers in attendance at the summer session: Jenny Thorp, Mrs. Rhodes, Nellie Turner, Jessie Price, Sadie Main, Annie Alderson, Ede Cutler, Blanche Price, May Stout, Maude Burnette, Nellie Hamilton, Bessie McDonald, Edna Babcock, Viola Douglas, Ida Boulware, Gertrude Leonard, Susy Elmore, Cecile Osborne, William Wallace.

**Santa Cruz County.**—

We came, just we three,  
From the city by the sea—

Santa Cruz,  
That's whose

Representatives are we.

Mamie Cooney, Annie Scaroni, Sara Picknell.

**Santa Barbara County.**—Santa Barbara county, the great oil producing region of the state, has two representatives in the San Jose Normal Summer Session—Miss Estelle M. Fesler, who will teach at Guadalupe, and Miss Nora Marbut, of Santa Barbara.

**Sonoma County.**—The superintendent, Miss Minnie Coulter, is well and favorably known throughout the state, having delivered notable addresses in many different counties. The Sonoma county teachers in common with all other teachers in attendance feel that the Summer School offers a rare opportunity for advancement, and find it hard to give adequate expression to their appreciation of the unselfish devotion of the faculty in giving of their best.



The teachers of Sonoma county will stand as a unit in favor of legislation that will make provision for the compensation of the faculty for their work during the summer term.

Sonoma county is represented by Mary Guicello, Charlotte Ayer, Lillian Downs, Katherine Hale, Mabel Johnson, Edna Metzger, Maible Mezger, Miss Purcell, Annie York, Mrs. Bond, Isabella Stuart, Mrs. Mary B. Williams, Mrs. Effie Slusser, Clara Keithley, E. Rainey, Leota Pedigo, Ada Burnham, Mrs. Crittie Chamberlain, Mrs. Mary D. Weeks, Jos. F. Leonard.

**San Bernardino County.**—San Bernardino, the largest county in the state, beautiful for its situation, and varied in resources, has but one representative, Mrs. Marian T. Cochran.

**Nevada County.**—The teacher may well take Nevada County as a type subject. Lying on the Sierras, ice is harvested in the east while oranges are being picked in the west.

Many beautiful trout lakes abound in the mountains, among which is historic Donner Lake.

It is the banner gold county, and Grass Valley, the metropolis, is the largest mining town in the state.

It has at Overton one of the best equipped saw-mills in the state; at Floriston the second largest pulp and paper plant in the world, and at Truckee, ice pounds that produce most of the natural ice for the state.

This county is also said to have the only railroad in the world having a woman president.

Lizzie Nichols.

**San Francisco County.**—What's the matter with the San Francisco teachers? Yes, they are conspicuous by their absence. But let us remind you that we had an unusually long term in the City this year, and that under the circumstances perhaps six weeks *real rest* is the best preparation for another year's work.

Don't forget that we have a representative in the faculty in the person of Miss E. Carpenter, San Francisco's musical supervisor.

**Kings County.**—

We are a line of Kings,  
A jolly, rollicking four;  
You'll find no better place  
If you look California o'er.  
Margaret Hanley, Perne Scott,  
Nelle Fiske, Grace Hoover.

**San Joaquin County.**—San Joaquin County is represented by some of her strongest and most progressive teachers who are gaining new methods and adding to their enthusiasm, while at the same time, they are not permitting any of the good times and excursions to escape them.



Among the students who are registered from San Joaquin are the following: Misses Louise Helke, Belle Mitchell, Marie and Kate McGorray, and Emily Dodge; Messrs. G. F. and W. C. Clarke, Webb and Cohn.

County Superintendent, E. B. Wright, and John Anderson, Principal of the Lodi Schools, spent several days in San Jose, visiting the Summer School several times and taking an active part in the round table discussion in Dr. Snedden's class in Supervision.

**Sutter County.**—Sutter County lies in the central part of the Sacramento Valley in Northern California. It takes its name from General John A. Sutter of pioneer days.

Its broad flat surface is only broken by the group of volcanic peaks known as the Sutter Buttes, which are a freak of nature rising abruptly from the floor of the valley to an elevation of 2100 feet.

On the west the Sacramento River, and on the east and south the Feather River, together with the Southern Pacific Railroad afford unequalled opportunities for the transportation of products.

Sutter County may truly be called one of the garden spots of California. Within its boundaries are raised every variety of citrus and deciduous fruits—oranges, lemons, apricots, peaches, pears, cherries, etc. Dairying and grain raising are also extensively carried on.

Yuba City, the county-seat lies in the midst of a great fruit belt, and its canneries, packing-houses, and orchards give employment to large numbers of men, women and children.

The county affords an unusual opportunity to the homeseeker for a nice, cosy home. Its climate is unsurpassed. Splendid chances for the small farmer are presenting themselves as considerable land is being subdivided and cut into small tracts and placed upon the market. Inquiries concerning the county will be gladly answered by the Sutter County Board of Trade at Yuba City.

A word in regard to our schools. They are progressive and rank favorably with the best in the state. The lowest salary paid any teacher in the county is \$60 per month. Our grammar school consists of nine grades. The ninth grade is examined by the Board of Education, the county being divided into five districts, each presided over by a member of the Board who gives a three days examination.

Many of the graduates enter the Sutter City Union High School—a school of which all Sutter is justly proud, as it is an accredited High, ably presided over by Principal W. H. Weslar.

The educational interests of the county are looked after by our able and progressive Superintendent, Charles W. Ward, and in his efforts he is seconded by one of the best of Boards of Education, of which the members are Miss Esther R. Sullivan, F. H. Shackelford, W. H. Weslar, Charles W. Ward, and L. L. Freeman.



In conclusion, we of Sutter County, attending, the Summer School take this occasion to express our appreciation of the efforts of the faculty to make the session the success it has been.

Signed—J. F. Carney, Esther R. Sullivan, Mary E. Haken, Margaret Corliss, Pearl Ellington.

**Amador County.**—Amador, one of the Counties of the Sierra Foothills, is represented at the Summer School by Lottie Brady and Ethel Mastretti.

The chief industry of Amador is mining, although considerable attention is paid to agriculture. In the matter of education it has been advancing very rapidly of late years, several new school districts being formed. A high school was erected in Ione two years ago and now has an attendance of about seventy-five pupils.

Many of the teachers of the County have begun to realize the amount of good to be obtained from the Summer School and we hope to have a much larger representation here next summer.

**Tehama County**—Beautifully situated in the northern part of the Sacramento valley is the progressive County of Tehama. The Coast Range M'ts in sight on the west, the Sierra Nevada M'ts on the east, and Mt. Shasta seemingly uniting them, give this part of the valley a very picturesque appearance.

The principal industry is ranching. Thousands and thousands of acres are given up to wheat alone. But these large ranches are gradually being divided into smaller tracts and used for orchards.

The school system of this county equals that of any county in the state. Besides about seventy district schools there are two High Schools, one in Corning, the other in Red Bluff, the County Seat.

The County Supt., Miss Ellen Lynch, a graduate of the San Jose State Normal School, has done much in raising the standard of the schools of this county. As a result of her earnest appeals to teachers to attend Summer School, there are the following who have attend San Jose: Carrie Jobe, Corning, Calif., Louise Fondeen, Proberta, May E. Todd, Red Bluff, Belle D. Danforth, Corning, Cal., Fred Davies, Red Bluff.

**Placer County**—Placer, the land of snow and orange trees, is a county of varied resources. Mining, fruit growing and grain raising is carried on in the different sections with good success.

Placer County has good schools, an able county superintendent, and about eighty-five teachers, two of whom are attending this session of the Summer School, Miss Sadie Pullen, and Miss Savina De Maria.

Auburn, the county seat, is a pretty little city nestling among the hills. The County High School is situated here and also the large handsome court house. The scenery of mountainous Placer is beautiful.

**Madera County.**—Situated in the famous San Joaquin Valley is the County of Madera, a beautiful tract of land of delightful climate,



inhabited by an intelligent and thriving people. It has prosperous towns, large orchards and an abundance of timber and rich ores in the mountains. Madera, which is the county seat, has a population of approximately three thousand people. It is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads, 185 miles from San Francisco and 22 miles from Fresno. Madera has a \$30,000 High School, two Grammar School buildings, a Court House worth \$150,000 besides many other notable features.—Maud L. Bowman, Helen H. Hosler.



## Resolutions.

The following resolutions have been adopted by the Summer School students.

WHEREAS, the President and Faculty of the San Jose State Normal School have conducted without compensation during the past three years a Summer School for the benefit of the teachers of California, and

Whereas, we, the members of the Summer Session of 1905 as teachers and students have been greatly benefited therefrom, therefore be it

*Resolved* that we extend to President Dailey and the members of the Faculty our sincere thanks for their earnest work in our behalf and be it further

*Resolved* that we hereby express our grateful appreciation of the instructive excursions and pleasant entertainments afforded us during this session, and be it further

*Resolved* that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Faculty and published in the Western Journal of Education, in the Normal Pennant, and in the local press.



# THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

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Amusements and  
Excursions - MRS. MARY B. WILLIAMS

Children's  
Summer School - DR. SCHALLENBERGER

County Department - - - G. F. CLARK

August Class - - - - - LEOTA PEDIGO

Joshes - - - - - GEO. JACOB

BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - WILLIS CLINE

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Entered at the Postoffice at San Jose as Second-class Matter.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - JULY, 1905

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THE editor of the Pennant feels that the many interests of the Normal School are covered in the various departments of the paper and is therefore pleased to refer the readers directly to the work of the able assistants.

WHILE the editor is a member of the August Class she is glad to say that this number of the Summer Pennant is just as fully representative of the teachers coming from all parts of the State as it is of the class.

THE students who have been here through the past two years are delighted to record the fact that the students in the Summer School are so enthusiastic over the work of the school. Many say that they will yet complete the whole course at the Normal. Ours is the only Normal School that gives a summer session, and when we think that the work done has immediate application in the school room, we feel that the school is doing wonderful things for the State.

WHEN our friends find details lacking we believe they will reserve criticisms if they stop to consider that the material for the Pennant was gotten together within the period of ten days.



## Excursions and Amusements.

### A Trip to Mt. Hamilton.

One hundred and forty-two Summer School students enjoyed a delightful trip to Mount Hamilton. The trip was planned by the faculty and placed in charge of Professors Baker and Rattan. On Friday, July 2, after leaving San Jose we began the ascent of the mountain overlooking the beautiful Santa Clara valley. At 1 o'clock we reached Smith's Creek, where we spread our luncheon. After being refreshed, we began climbing steadily upward and continued to climb until about 5 o'clock, when we reached Lick Observatory.

We were most hospitably received by those in charge. The various instruments, the rain and wind gauges, the observatory clocks, the earthquake recorder, meridian circle and the twelve-inch and thirty-six-inch telescopes were shown and explained to us. After viewing the gorgeous sunset on the ocean, we returned to the building and in parties were admitted to the telescopes. While some were looking through the telescopes the professors entertained and instructed others in the halls by showing and explaining the illuminated photographs of heavenly bodies.

Through the smaller telescope we were given a glimpse of one-eighth of the moon, and through the larger one we saw the planet Mars.

We began to descend the mountain early the next morning, and after a pleasant ride of twenty-six miles arrived in San Jose, well pleased with our trip to Mount Hamilton.

### San Jose Industries.

The students of the Summer School are indebted to Mr. Rattan, curator of the Museum, who personally conducted parties to the various places of interest in the city. The pressrooms and the art department of the Mercury-Herald Publishing Company were visited July 3 by a party of twenty. They saw an edition of the Herald printed, the linotypes in action, the process of making the moulds for stereotype plates and the processes in making photo-engravings, besides many other interesting things. July 12 about one hundred were shown through the woolen mills. The San Jose Paste Works were visited by a large number on the 14th, where macaroni, vermicelli, etc., are made. The largest fruit cannery in the world, the California Fruit Canners' Association, was gone through on the 18th. Other expeditions are on the program.

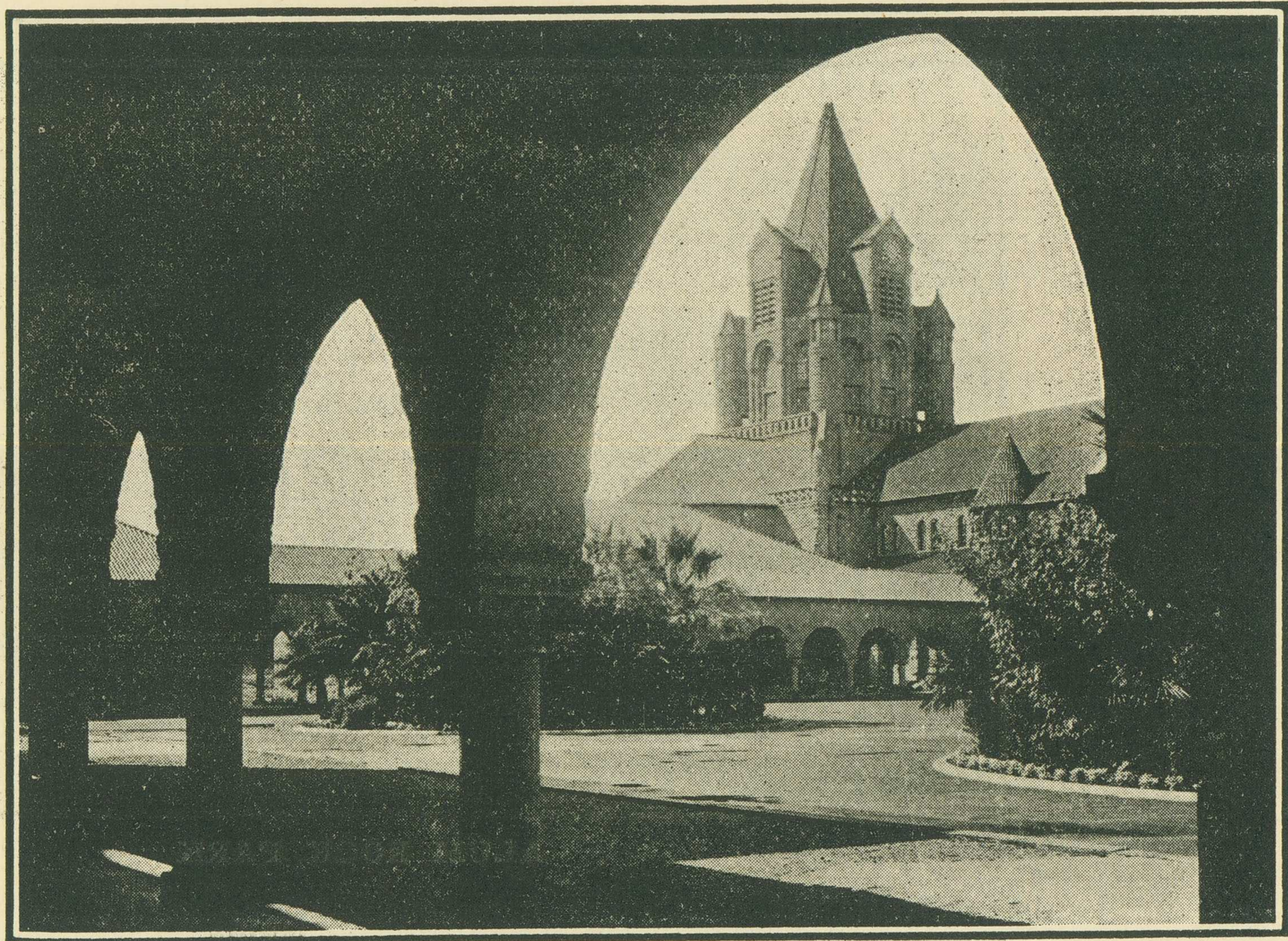
### Sea Flora.

Among the many delightful surprises and interesting things arranged



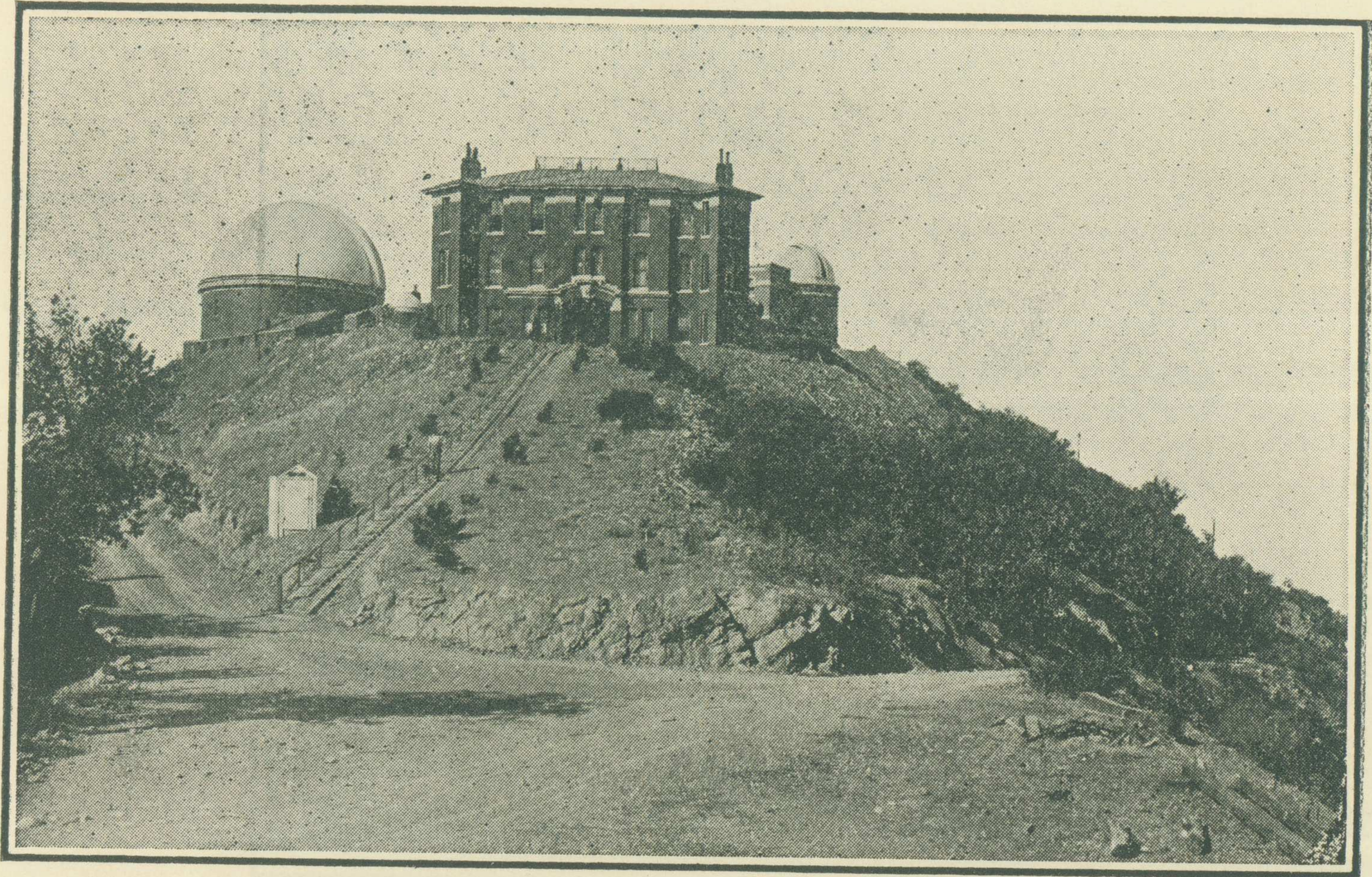


ARCH, STANFORD

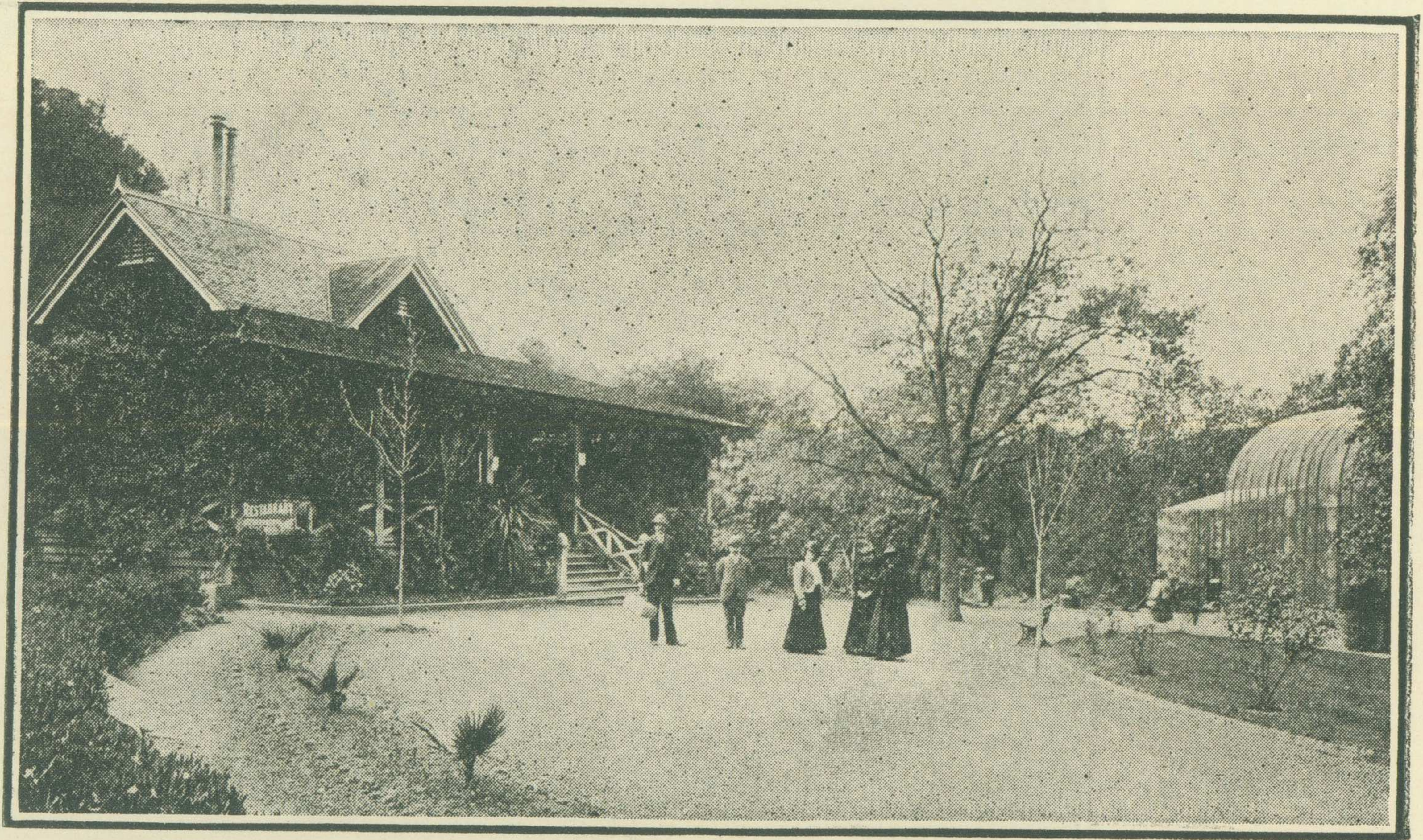


CHAPEL, STANFORD





LICK OBSERVATORY



ALUM ROCK PARK



for the pleasure and profit of the summer students by President M. E. Dailey was an exhibit of "flowers of the sea," commonly known as seaweeds. The collection contains over 400 specimens artistically arranged in the "rest room." Miss Mary J. Westfall has mounted these rare and perfect specimens during her vacations, and many years' work of pleasure and profit is here represented. From an artistic standpoint this is the largest collection in the United States. The delicate tints, the graceful water lines, the dainty, feathery edges are carefully preserved. Miss Westfall presides over her treasures with an easy, courteous manner toward all visitors.

### The Trip to Stanford.

On July 15 the students of the Summer School had a most enjoyable visit to Stanford University. The weather was ideal, one of our bright, pleasant, California days, with a cool breeze from the north.

The excursion train left San Jose at 8 o'clock and arrived at Palo Alto at 8:33 with nothing more serious happening than to leave about ten or twelve students behind who had deserted their beds too late.

Our first place to visit was the museum, but on the way we stopped at the magnificent marble mausoleum of the Stanfords, a monument that vies with those of kings in splendor.

The two hours passed in the museum was well spent and educative. The museum, itself grand in structure, holds many grander things. The paintings of the masters and the fine works of Oriental art, although only a part of the exhibit, are in themselves a treasure.

After leaving the museum our lunch under the beautiful trees on Lake Lagunita's shore was heartily enjoyed, the long walks of the morning enhancing our appetites. The delicious coffee made by Mr. Snyder was appreciated by all.

Several hours were spent in viewing the buildings on the Quad. At 4 o'clock we were seated in the Memorial Chapel, and for an hour were held by the spell of that magnificent music, which is beyond description and must be heard to be appreciated.

We dispersed for home, feeling the music alone was more than recompense for the trip.

### Athletics.

The gymnasium classes are crowded and under the most efficient instruction of Miss Bassler the students are becoming quite expert in various exercises. Practice is carried on from 8 o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon.



In basketball nearly every county in California, besides Arizona, Mexico, Oregon, and Nevada, are represented among 35 of the most enthusiastic players ever at the Normal. A number of these had never so much as seen the game before, but two full teams are now capable of playing a well developed game.

The tennis players are equally enthusiastic and may be seen on the court every evening.

The "fencers" are earnest and meet twice a week.

Several classes have made trips to the Vendome, where the time was spent in the plunge. One more visit has been planned.

The Training School children meet regularly from 9:30 to 10 o'clock p. m. Their work is done mostly out-of-doors. They also indulge in tennis.

### Our Boat Ride.

Early Saturday morning a large party of Summer School students and several of the faculty of the Normal left on an excursion to San Francisco bay. The train reached Oakland pier at 10 o'clock, and the gay, laughing crowd hastened to the steamer Caroline. It was a pleasant day and nothing happened to mar the enjoyment. The steamer did not stop at any of the neighboring towns, but we could all see them very clearly as the fog lifted.

San Quentin looked like a castle in the distance. We passed the quarantine station at Angel Island, saw Mount Tamalpais far ahead of us, and enjoyed the beautiful varied scenery of the hills about Belvedere.

At noon we enjoyed the coffee that Professor Dan R. Wood had so kindly prepared for us. Everyone was in the best of humor and the time passed rapidly.

At 2 o'clock we reached San Francisco, all declaring the trip very instructive as well as enjoyable.

### Lectures.

The first of a series of lectures arranged for by President Dailey was given July 14 by Professor C. N. Kendall, City Superintendent of Schools, of Indianapolis, on "The Needs of the Teacher of Today." Broad scholarship and a knowledge of human nature were emphasized by the speaker as being of prime importance, as teaching should come from a living stream. The teachers were urged to make the library more attractive than the street corner and to make the child at home with a book. Enthusiasm in her work should be cultivated. She should be on the alert, and put soul and spirit into her teaching. Professor Kendall's final word to the teachers was: "Possess yourselves in patience."



Rounds of applause spoke the high appreciation the audience had for the strong and forceful lecture.

Dr. R. G. Thwaites of the University of Wisconsin gave a most delightful lecture on the 21st inst. on "The Lewis and Clark Expedition," which was opportune, owing to the fact that the Portland fair is being held in its honor. Dr. Thwaites recounted in glowing terms the arranging for the expedition by Thomas Jefferson, and the preparation of Lewis in fitting himself for this important scientific and geographical survey. The honor given to the poor, blind, benighted squaw, Sacajawea, who acted as the guide of Lewis and Clark, carrying her papoose on her back, was referred to by Dr. Thwaites in touching terms. The lecturer held his audience in rapt attention throughout.

Dr. J. Mark Baldwin, professor of psychology, Johns Hopkins University, appeared before the teachers in Assembly Hall Monday, the 24th inst., and delighted them in a short talk, not being in a physical condition to give an extended lecture.

Professor Elwood Cubberley, who is at the head of the department of education, Stanford University, and has just returned from Europe, will address the teachers on the 25th and 27th.

Dr. W. G. Hale, professor of Latin, Chicago University; Dr. T. D. Seymour, professor of Greek, Yale University, and Dr. Stanley, professor of music, Michigan University, are yet to be heard on special topics.

"Ahmes and His Works" is the subject of a lecture by Professor S. A. Miller, of Stanford, announced for Friday, the 28th, at 2:30 o'clock. The Ahmes papyrus was written not later than 1700 B. C. Professor W. H. Baker arranged for this lecture for the special benefit of the classes in mathematics.

"My Sunset City," an exquisite little gem from the facile and graceful pen of Professor Henry Meade Bland, appeared in the Mercury-Herald Sunday morning to the delight of the professor's many friends among the student body. This was an excursion of the mind, and as highly enjoyable as any we have taken otherwise.

Excursions to Santa Cruz and Monterey will be made Saturday, the 29th. These are the last of the many delightful trips the teachers have been privileged to enjoy, and no doubt will prove as pleasant and profitable as those already taken.

The faculty gave the summer students a very pleasant reception on the evening of June 29th. During the entertainment the following program was rendered: Address of welcome, President Dailey; piano solo, Miss Owens; welcoming remarks, Professor Wilson; fencing bout, Misses Miller and Van Hagen; song, U. P. Quartet; monologue, Miss Abeel; vocal solo, Miss Lewis; reading, Miss Royce; song, U. P. Quartet. Punch was served by the Misses Owens, Stillson, Shafter and Pope.



## Estella's Chauffeur.

McLEAN ROBERTS walked in a leisurely manner down to where the roads crossed and stood for a long time, waiting for the mailman, who was a day late. The sun hung like a spectre in the withered sky, and as it sank behind the hills he timed it with his watch. He scanned the long, white road that wound in and out of the sage-brush, for he was getting anxious. The sun foretold that a storm was coming. The wind blew a gentle breeze from the south, rattling the weeds. He climbed a post, sat on the top, rested his heels on the fence board, and looked over the grey seared plains of sage brush. He saw the shadows grow darker and darker, watched the rabbits that gamboled around the brush and down the road. He drummed on the barbed wire with a stick and for half an hour drank in the sweet solitude of the desert. Quite often he glanced far off across the bend of the road and watched a column of dust until it grew too dark to follow. At last he caught the faint sound of the rattling cart that grew louder as it approached.

"Now is when I'll be happy or unhappy," he said. "I should surely get a letter."

The mail-man drove up and, after passing a few remarks on the weather and on the number of letters he was transferring, drove off, and this McLean appreciated as keenly as the carrier's coming. He shuffled the letters through quickly and detected the well-known writing.

"A mighty delicate one this, guess will have to cipher out its importance."

He turned his back to the increasing moon, tore the letter open and proceeded to read. The light was poor and he turned and twitched for a better one. He sat down on a sand-knoll, held the surface of his paper out to catch every possible hope of light, and strained every nerve to grasp the exact meaning. Once, twice, thrice, he read, then understood its importance.

"Engagement off—will be married Friday and will take the Owl to the city."

Roberts was sick. He dug his heels into the sand, jammed the letter into the envelope, tore both in two; arose, and leaned on the fence, leaving his unread letters scattered on the sand, casting his torn one there also.

"A funny letter that. I—I guess that Russian Duke she was going with, when I left, has been doing considerable queening with his old automobile," he drolled. "Guess its all up with me ever getting an M. D."

For a long time he lingered over his past and his plans for the future, then strolled aimlessly off into the thicket. He tried to think of the



reason he came there to teach in the first place. He gazed at the stars in their brightness and tried to pick out the one he would follow. Off on the horizon shone a light. It sent a ray ahead in the darkness to light up its path on the desert. Behind it followed a long, dotted line of lights from the coaches. He watched it crawl along until it faded into the mountains. He looked at his watch before starting home, then he realized it was the Owl and he knew whom it carried.

\* \* \*

Estella Cathaway walked down to where the roads crossed the next morning; but in a different manner from that of the school teacher who walked the night before. Estella was about nineteen; quick, shy, and as fair as a sand-lily. Although a senior in a High School, the influence of her associates had made but little impression upon her fondness for the wild and melancholy sage-brush. Each Friday evening found her as willing to return home, as each Monday morning found her willing to return to school.

The school-teacher had seen but little of this sprightly sun-flower, but had occasionally helped her in getting a lesson. Aside from her exceptional brightness, the love for his fiancee made him inconsiderate of the beauty and gentleness behind those few freckles; made him undiscerning of the eyes that shone in a color which mocked her long, black, glossy hair.

Roberts had never been much of an adventurer. He cared little about seeking for hidden treasures; but was a man who would put up a skilful fight for the treasures already in sight. He was a Neapolion, rather than a Columbus.

Estella was as mirthful as a "merry wind and weather." She loved to study nature and knew many of the ways of the woodfolk, thus her mind was quite free from romance. Quite often her attention was called to "that there schule teacher" by a few of her pessimistic neighbors, and quite often her feelings were hurt. For that reason she chose to demand but little of his attention. And when he offered to wipe the dishes, his proffer was generally rejected.

Estella was quite surprised when she saw scattered on the sand five letters all addressed to McLean Roberts, and one torn in two lying off by the fence. She studied the situation very carefully. There were footprints. There were heel marks. Estella could always understand the play of the rabbits, and knew how to divine their queer antics by studying their tracks in the road; but this was beyond her comprehension.

Her woman's curiosity gained the upper hand of her better judgement, when she saw the torn letter off by itself, it encouraged her to solve the mysterious riddle. She quickly placed the torn parts together and fathomed its significance. Her sense of pride was touched before she was allowed to finish. She folded the letter carefully, gathered the others,



ran home, and placed them all on McLean's door-step.

It was nearly noon when McLean arose from his period of restlessness. Estella was not on hand when he came out to lunch. He ate sparingly of his corn-beef and cabbage, and drank but a few sips of tea. He complained of being ill and in the afternoon spent most of the time in reading his letters.

For a long time after, McLean saw little of Estella. It was nearing the close of school, after a warm, spring rain. The cactus was in bloom, and the trees and the wild-flowers. The warm sun shone in through the window of the school-house and Roberts thought it fitting to close school early. He watched the children as they sauntered slowly down the road in groups, and when at last they gradually dispersed, looked over his work for the week, corrected his papers, then took his own pail and followed.

Estella was home from High School when he arrived after his long walk. They were both rather glad it was Friday. After supper McLean went hunting. When it grew too dark to shoot rabbits, he found himself near the oiled road that led back past his boarding house. The cool evening was a delightful one for walking, and the road offered the best inducement. It was this inducement, perhaps, that caused him to meet Estella. She was whistling and walking toward him and he sat down by the road to listen. Among the blighted sage a lone coyote across the silent prairie flung its famished moan. A quail interrupted with its evening call as he listened for the tune that was as sweet as a honey-bell.

She was almost willing to run when she saw him and exclaimed in a breathless confusion, "I didn't expect to find you here, Mr. Roberts. Were you planning to rob the stage?"

"No, I was planning to hear you whistle."

"I was only trying to scare the goblins," she answered. "Did you hear that old coyote?"

McLean seldom needed persuading and was always ready with an appropriate reply. "Yes, and I think for your safety I would better go along, don't you? You know a coyote can always smell gunpowder."

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid," she cheerfully responded, "but if you think there is danger you can do as you like."

An automobile charged along on the road at a terrific pace, and they stepped to one side as it passed and sat on a cotton-wood stump.

"I suppose you are going on to school," he mused, "when you have finished High?"

"I would like to," she replied. "But I'll have to send myself if I do."

He thought of the truth of her statement. He realized that the girl before him was an "American Queen" as they say. He studied the girlish droop of her shoulders and with a new problem before him asked a few more foolish questions.



"How would you like to run an automobile?"

Estella looked at him strangely and thought perhaps he had gone crazy. "Why! I would like to, of course," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just for fun," he smiled. "How would you like to teach school?"

Such a conglomeration of ideas made her laugh, and this sitting on a stump proposition made her fidgety. It was almost time for her to be asking questions.

"It has always been a great desire of mine to become a teacher," she said. "Now what do you think? I suppose you would like to be a chauffeur?"

He answered her absent-mindedly as he stared off into space. "Yes, I think I would like to be a chauffeur."

She thought of the question she would ask him next. Her cheeks burned but she knew that he could not detect it.

"Do you intend to remain here next year? I understand that the girl who promised to send you through college has changed her mind and is married."

McLean arose to his feet and looked at her in utter amazement, "I would like to have you explain yourself," he muttered. "I don't quite understand your allusion."

She bowed her head guiltily and stood before him trembling, the deeply indented corners of her mouth contracted.

"Do you remember the morning when you found your letters on your door-step with one of them torn? It was that way when I found it, and I'm sorry now that I read it. I haven't told anyone that I found them, not even Mama knows why you slept so late. I hope you will forgive me."

McLean became aware by a slight tugging that he was holding her hands, and as she tried to turn away, overcame her resistance, and said to her slowly, "Estella, may I loan you the money that you may become a teacher, since that is your wish? You may pay it back when I'm a Doctor."

He paused, looking intently at the fleeting colors of her face.

"Won't you change your mind and be Estella Roberts? I would like to be your chauffeur."

CLYDE REYNOLDS.



## How the Captain Found Paul.

"Have you seen Paul?"

The question sent my day dreams flying like will-o'-the-wisps. I sprang up, dropping note-book, pencil, peggy-bag, handkerchief and gloves from my lap helter-skelter.

"Paul?" I echoed as I confronted the questioner.

He was a little old man, frail and hoar with age. He leaned heavily on his stout stick, and peered at me with wistful, sunken eyes.

"Have you seen Paul?" he asked again, with gentle patience I shook my head. The yearning look deepened in his old eyes.

He scanned the long white stretch of beach, dotted here and there with merry bathers and loungers. Then his eyes swept the crowded plaza and the bustling boulevard. The gloom deepened on his face. His eyes turned seaward. The sunlit waves rushed merrily inland, tossing the white foam back as they raced for the sand. The boats drifted lazily, poising like huge white-winged gulls on the sun-kissed blue. Far out to the south Anacapa's purpled peaks rose through the soft haze that sometimes veiled the channel islands from the shoreman's view.

A moment the old man seemed to take it all in. Then off down the beach he crunched. I watched him mingling with the gaily dressed crowd. He went slowly, leaning on his stick. Now he stopped to question some passerby. With a forlorn droop of the bent shoulders he went on. Then the crowd swallowed him up.

I went back to my work. I tried to write. But the old man in the faded coat stood out on my note-book. His wrinkled face looked wistfully at me. Who was he? What was his story? Above all, who was Paul?

That night as I sat at tea with my aunt I asked her about my old gentleman of the beach. Dear sleepy old Santa Barbara never has any secrets so I anticipated my aunt's answer.

"Oh, that's Captain Caryl, Edith," she said quietly with a curious tightening of the lips. "He's one of my very oldest friends. He and Paul were always here in the old days!"

"Do tell me about them! I'm just dying to know about Paul!"

"Captain Caryl is an old sailor. He ran away to sea when only a lad and followed it for many years. He was a handsome lad then, child, and—" again came that tightening of my aunt's lips. Then she went on again: "Well, late in life Captain Caryl married a young girl here in Santa Barbara. She lived only one year, dying with the coming of baby Paul. Captain Caryl was heart-broken. His whole soul had been bound up in his girl-wife. Now she was gone. Her son was all that was left him. That son became the idol of his life. He gave up his ship and devoted himself to his boy. Nothing was good enough for Paul. No sacrifice was too great to make for him.

"Paul was from the first a delicate child. I think the Captain had hoped Paul would follow the sea but he was not strong enough for such a life. Besides the boy had ideas of his own. He wanted to be an artist, and even as a youngster was forever at his crayons. The captain used to bring his crude sketches to show me, proud as a peacock. Of course the captain gave him every advan-



tage, but the boy never went away from home. His master came here.

"I think such perfect comradeship is seldom seen as existed between Captain Caryl and Paul. They were inseparable. They read together. They worked together. They walked together. Each evening they passed my door, the Captain puffing his old pipe and Paul pulling at his cigarette. Why, the Captain carried his papers into Paul's room and read them while the boy painted. And so proud he was! Nobody ever had a son like his.

"Well, things went on until Paul was nineteen. Then the boy begged to go to Europe to study and paint. The Captain bade him 'God speed' and the boy went. Those were lonesome times for the Captain, but there were Paul's letters to cheer him, and the homecoming to look forward to.

"A year rolled by—two years. Then one day the Captain came over with shining face. 'Paul was coming home.' Ah, God, his face has never smiled like that since." My aunt's voice broke. Presently she resumed: "The days passed. Paul's ship was due. It did not come. We waited. We hoped. Still it did not come. A month dragged by. One day a story came to Santa Barbara—a story that became a verity. The ship on which Paul set sail had not been heard of. It was given up for lost. Not one had come back to tell the story.

"Pray God you may never see such anguish as Captain Caryl's. For two weeks he was mad with grief. Then came a long illness when it seemed we must let him go. At last he came back to life—a wraith of the old Captain Caryl. For ten years he has been as you saw him today. He lives up yonder on the cliff with his housekeeper and Paul's old helpless pets.

"The boy's room is just as he left it. No one enters it save the old Captain. He dusts it with his own hands. Each day he freshens the flowers and lets in the broad sunlight for Paul liked it so.

"But?" I interrupted.

"No, Edith, Paul is not dead to him. Sometime Paul will come back. So he tramps the shore and asks of those he meets. Never a steamer comes in the channel but his old boat goes out to meet it and bring Paul in. He is nearly too weak to do it, but you can't hinder him. Someday he'll find Paul out there, too. Oh, how I hate the sea! Why don't I go away? I can't while Captain Caryl is alone. We're very old friends, dear. But oh, those waves out there so greedy for prey!"

I turned away from her white face to the dull sea down below us. It sobbed and died away in silence and then rose again in a murmur of sorrow as the "hungry white wolves" came dashing against the rocks.

A few days later I decided to see the old Captain's home. I left the beach and ascended the cliff by a winding path. I remember I saw the smoke-stacks of a steamer just entering the channel as I gained the cliff. Then I entered the cool, quiet shadow of the pines. Prone on the sweet pine needles I flung me down, and gave myself up to full enjoyment of it all. The cool stillness of the little grove was like a benediction. A gentle breeze just lifted the branches and threw waving shadows over me. Between the swaying boughs patches of blue were visible. From below came the monotonous thud and boom of the breakers.

Lowering my gaze I saw through the trees a quaint weather-beaten cottage. In front was a small garden bright with blossoms. A clean gravelled path bordered by abalone shells led up to the wide, low porch. A decrepit old dog hobbled across the porch and then lay down again.

It was quite dark when I woke. I sprang up and hurried down the cliff.



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Mr. Ripley (turning round and seeing visitor gone)—“I'll appoint a committee of five of the strongest men students to bring the visitor back.”

All those not wishing to subscribe for the Pennant are requested to go to Room L.

First week—J. M. and E. T. sat together in the Library. 'Twas merely an *accident*. Third week—J. M. and E. T. were still sitting together. This was a *coincidence*. Sixth week—They are still there. Now it is a *habit*.

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Girls, take warning! If Mr. Clark's card is handed to you be sure to enquire whether he is Mr. C. of the Normal or the book agent. You can the better decide whether you are at home.

Miss McK. in Physical Training—Beginning at the right number by ones.

Prof. D.—The seats in the second row are reserved for the August class. Will the members of that august' class please take the seats offered them.

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Found in a Physical Geo. Notebook:

1. The head is the only part of the body that has weight when one is swimming. It doesn't take long for some people to drown.
2. The success of some experiments depends upon the year in which they are made.
3. Some questions are too foolish to discuss.
4. Call the illustration a house, a tree, or a mountain.

Printer's error—The future of Miss — should have read, "Marry the prophet." We congratulate Mr. Phelps on his choice.

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Ask W. Cline if he has found her.

One of the Mt. Hamilton parties reports the following luncheon: hot tongue, cold shoulders, burnt noses, roasting ears, and crushed corns.

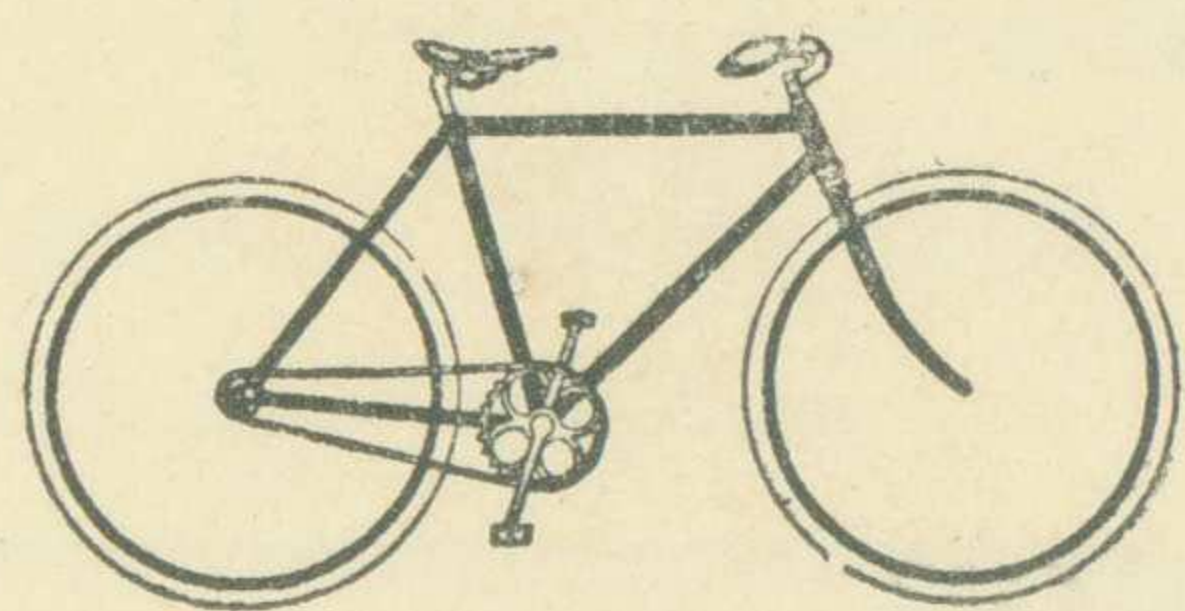
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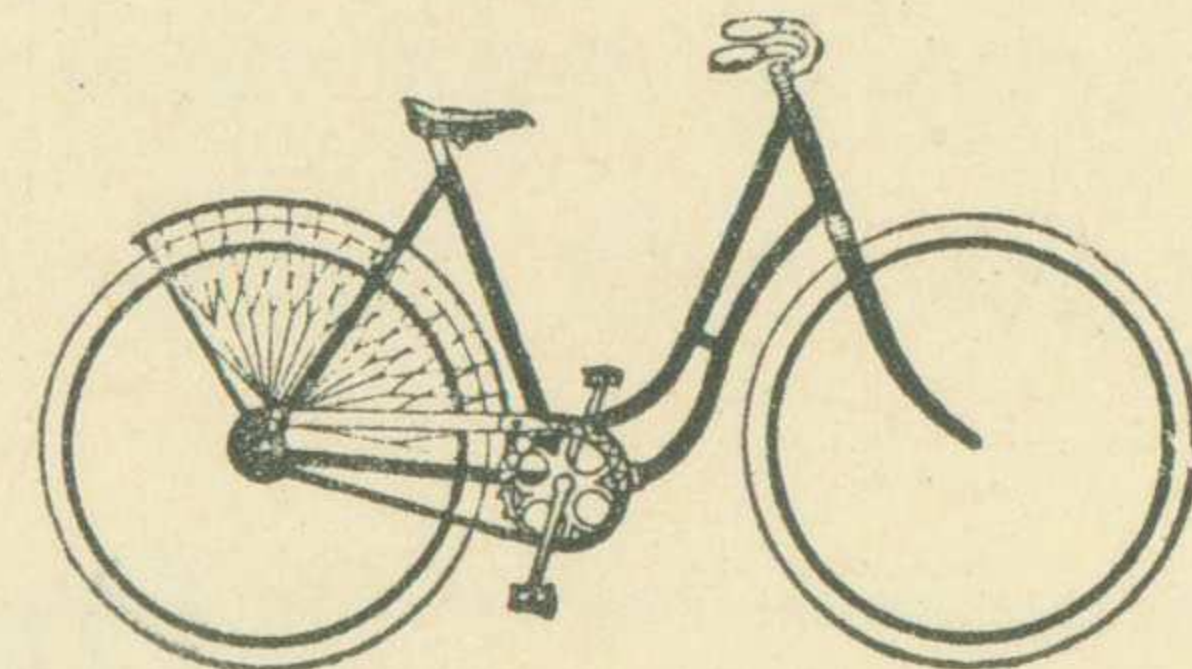
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Physics Prof.—Why can't I take hold of my shoes and lift myself up?  
Student—Because your weight is in your feet.

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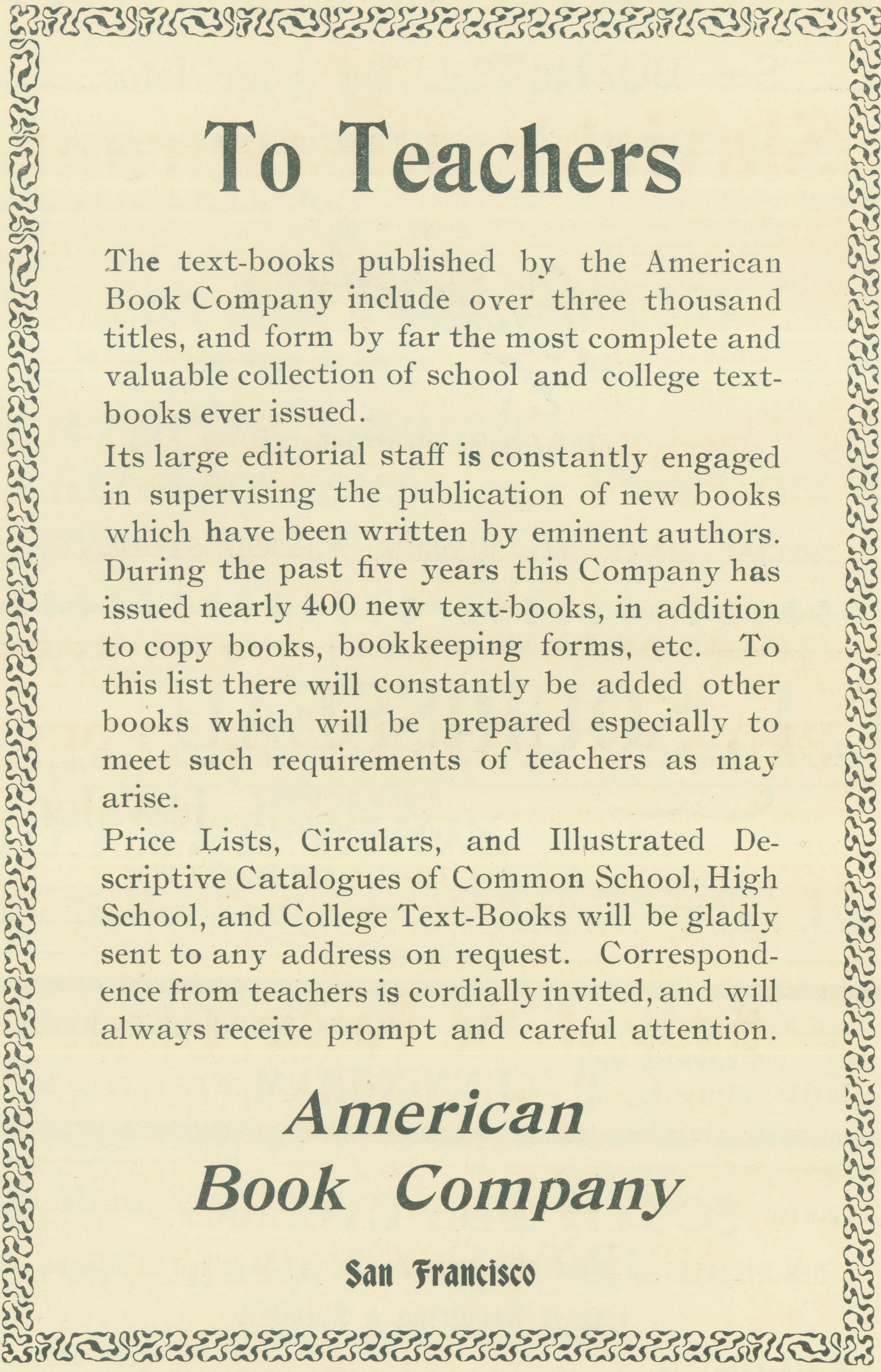
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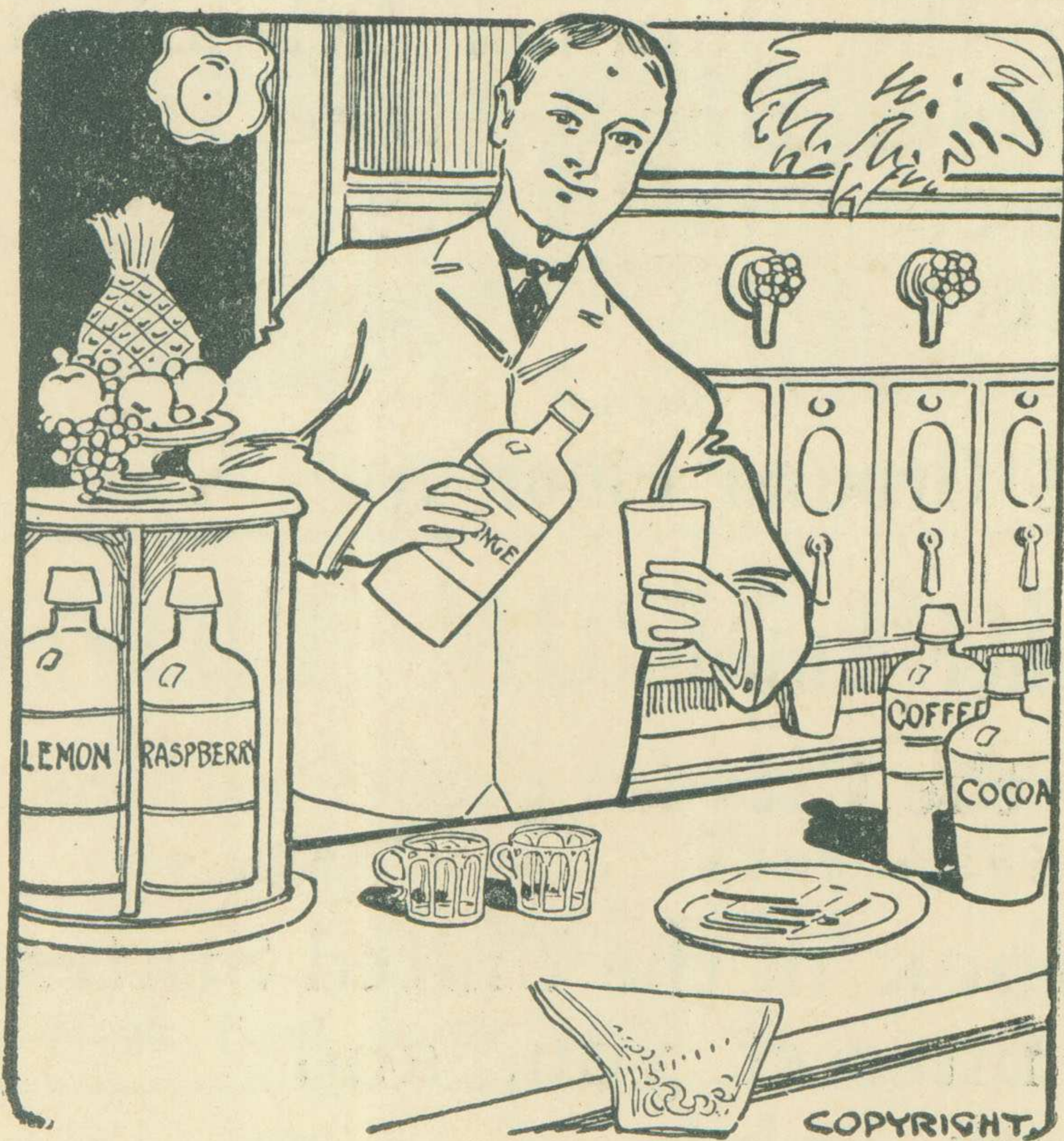
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