The Normal Pennant

April, 1902

The Normal Pennant

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That Freshmen Banquet.

"WHOOP, 'Rah for me!"

It was Sunday evening on the campus at Dartmouth College. The purpling haze of falling evening shades was rapidly obliterating every familiar object. The students' dormitory, with its many windows in which the lights were beginning to spring into life, one by one, glowed indistinctly. The goal posts and bleachers over on the gridiron loomed gaunt and spectral. The historic fence over which so many battles between upper and lower classmen had been waged, and the tall elms, stood out in grim relief against the back-ground of white college buildings.

Up and down the campus, and the paths near by, strolled many of the students awaiting the supper bell. Only the indistinct murmuring of conversation with an occasional burst of laughter or snatch of song disturbed the quiet.

The hush was rudely broken by a maudlin whoop from the end of the campus toward town. The students paused to ascertain the source of the interruption.

Advancing down the campus in uncertain, zig-zag lurches they saw a form waving a bottle over his head and giving vent to boisterous expressions of self-appreciation. At length he stood directly in the light streaming from an open window at one end of the dormitory. Raising the bottle high above his head the evidently badly intoxicated individual called out half-defiantly, half in good nature, "Was' the masser with me? I'm all ri'."

The students who had gathered around were electrified! This figure, dressed in loud plaids and wearing a derby hat completely stove in at the side, with a vivid red tie hanging dismally about his collar, was no other than one of the best boys in the college, Frederic Algernon Swellington.

The bottle crashed down on the ground. He staggered around the corner and disappeared. Sharply the supper bell broke the silence.

Seated at the long tables a buzz of confirmation went around when it was noticed that Swellington's seat remained unoccupied. Later in the evening when repeated knockings at the door of his room brought no response the confirmation became a conclusion.

* * *

There was trouble in the air.

JOHNS HOPKINS STATE
NORMAL

F. Algernon Swellington, as his name appeared on the register but commonly known among the students as "Fweddy," had been on the "carpet," for a whole, nerve-racking hour he had faced the Faculty.

Question after question he had answered. After mature deliberation with accompanying agony of suspense on his part, he had been allowed to depart from their awe-inspiring presence vindicated of the charge of being intoxicated the evening before.

A curious crowd of students gathered about him in the corridors and listened to his excited explanations of his actions and his firm determination to be revenged.

"It's simply terrible. The very idea of chawging me with being dwunk. Think of it, my deah fellows, of chawging me, Algernon Swellington, with being beastly dwunk and disturbing the students. 'Pon my word I nevah dwank anything stronger than woot-beer in all my life. Sometimes when I dwink two woot-beers it makes my head swin, but I nevah became intoxicated, nevah."

"It seems strange, Fweddy, that you can't explain better where you were at the time or account for how it happened that whoever it was wore your school clothes."

"Well I say, fellows, I didn't intend to tell where I was for fear you'd josh me, but I'll tell the whole story if it will help me any."

"You had better make a full confession. Things look pretty black against you."

"I was at the Band of Hope meeting and was pwaying at the vewy moment Pwof. Cluboys says I was pawading awound the campus," said Fweddy in an aggrieved tone.

"But you were not at supper or in your room."

"Well," and he hesitated a monent, "you see I took my friend, Miss Sumner, home and didn't get to my room until vewy late. But when I did get there, 'pon my honor, it was terrible. There were my clothes in a heap on the flowar and my new wed cwavat all winkled and torn." So great was his indignation at the outrage that he had to pause.

"Well, Fweddy, the only way to help yourself now is to get revenge."

"Oh I'll be wevenged, as sure as my name is Algernon. I shawl be wevenged on anybody, I don't care who it is.

Wade Everett, the practical joker of the college was an interested member of the little audience which surrounded Swellington. In some way he had learned that Fred had secured a leave of absence to attend the Band of Hope meeting, so resolved to have some fun at his expense. Gaining access to the absentee's room he had dressed himself in the school suit and trusting to the twilight to aid him in his deception, had made the sensational trip across the campus. Regaining his own room it was but a matter of a few moments to don his own suit, throw Fred's back into his room through the transom, and then join the students and express his astonishment at the great change in the hitherto model boy of the school.

"I repeat it, I shawl be wevenged on anybody—no matter who it is."

"Well, not changing the subject, boys," said Wade, speaking for the first time, "but did you know that those two freshmen from Kansas are going to have a spread tomorrow night with about a dozen of their freshmen friends?"

"What! Those two greenies," cried a voice.

"Yes. You see they think that Prof. Cluboys won't think that such innocents will have the banquet in their room, so they will be safe. I would go on a raid against them if Flappa Jacka Frat did not have an initiation then. You know I am an officer and have to attend."

Reader, notice these facts. Swelliugton did not belong to the mystic order Flappa Jacka whose initation had, by the way, been postponed; the banquet was a fake, for only seniors had the temerity to break the edict "No Banquets," and lastly "Fweddie" was heading for trouble rapidly.

"There goes the third hour bell. Come on, Harry, I want to talk to you," and Wade with his chum, Harry Davis, walked away, while the rest of the crowd dispersed to their class-rooms.

For the first time since his great trouble had come Algernon had a faint smile and this gradually increased as he walked away muttering, "I'll tell the Pwof. about that spwead and wedeem myself and be wevenged at the same time."

Wade and Harry, meeting the two long, lank freshmen an hour later, soon had their knees playing a lively tattoo, by telling them that a crowd of Seniors were going to haze them.

After having described fully and with gruesome details the many indignities which had to be endured in the initation into the Oskie Kackiwow, the secret society which the hazers represented, the two jokers proceeded to give some good advice.

"You'd better fight to the last gasp when they try to get you," said Wade.

"Why," asked one of the trembling freshmen.

"Well if they once initiate you, all you will need afterwards will be a coffin. Harry, do you remember how many have died after the Kackiwows' got through with them?"

Two scared faces were turned toward that inwardly laughing individual.

"I'm sure I don't remember. But say fellows, don't feel so cut up about this matter. Wade and I do not advocate hazing so we are warning you in plenty of time. Just lock your door and when they try to get in tell them to go way back and stand up."

"Well, durn me, I wisht I was to hum. Dad buin me if I don't think them Seniors is low down mean," said one.

The other, and the larger of the two was frightened but his natural grit came to the surface.

"Wall, by gosh, they'll have a hard time gitten me outen that room," he said. "I'll fight till I drap or my name aint Lize Springer."

"There will certainly be sometining doing, fellows, so be on the lookout," advised Wade.

"Somebody's smoke-house will come down if them fellers git gay.

I seen that Algernon Swellington talkin' to a crowd of fellers and I calculate he's at the bottom of the whole job," said Lize, and his courage seemed to be rising.

Wade and Harry exchanged significant glances.

"An' if he comes monkeyin' around," continued the Westerner, "I'm goin' to give it to him good'n' plenty. I've got a grudge agin him anyhow. He's the smart eleck that sent me out the first day I was here to hitch up an ostrich so Prof. Cluboys could take a drive."

"Well, so long, fellows. We may drop in to help you but look out for a hot time," and Wade and Harry moved away, leaving the frightened freshmen excitedly discussing the coming attack.

Tuesday evening came round. The dormitory was silent and in darkness. The two freshmen, with the door double locked, were quaking in their bed.

Suddenly the window was thrown up and two forms leaped in.

"Gug-gug-great ghosts," cried the terror stricken freshies and dived deep into the covers. Wade and Harry, for these were the two worthies who had entered so unexpectedly by way of the window opening on a long porch-roof, soon had them out, and tried to keep their courage up by laughing and talking. This last movement was to disturb Algernon, whose room was close by, and give an impression that a banquet was really in progress.

Soon Wade heard doors along the corridors open, but the freshmen were now enjoying themselves and did not notice it. Time flew on, but meanwhile "Fweddy" had gone to Prof. Cluboys and complained of the noise.

Bang! Bang! "Open this door here. Open it immediately." It was the professor demanding an entrance.

"They've come," cried Wade. "Now fellows get ready to resist."

"G-g-gosh. They must be a hundred of 'em," hoarsely whispered Hiram Holden, falling over the table in his excitement.

The banging on the door increased, and now the corridor was filled with students who swarmed out to see what the trouble was, and, taking up the spirit of the affair, were yelling to "break down the door," a cry not calculated to soothe the fears of the freshmen.

Prof. Cluboys was becoming angry. The cool night winds had begun to play about his nether limbs in an unpleasant manner.

"If you don't open this door, I'll burst it in," he called angrily.

"Burst it in," cried a chorus of voices, as the students pressed closer about the door.

Suddenly it opened and a pitcherful of icy water descended on the irate professor and his followers. A yell of surprise and rage went up and the professor retreated, sputtering and growling, to don dry clothing.

"They w-w-was a m-million of 'em," quavered Hiram.

"Wall I calculate if we locked out that there teacher down to Corn

Run district, we kin keep out them seniors," said Lize.

"All you have to do is to hold out, boys, because if you don't they'll half kill you," said Wade. "Now, when I give the word you open the door and let me throw this sponge of ink out."

Again the door flew open, and Wade dashed the inky sponge full in the face of Algernon, who stood directly in front of the door complacently enjoying the excitement he had caused, while Lize threw one of his boots with such accuracy as to dislocate one of Willie Harvey's teeth.

With the ink streaming down his face, "Fweddy" wrung his hands and moaned, "I'm wuined, wuined! My complexion is forever spoiled. I didn't have an inkling of what would come."

"Well, you got an inkling when that sponge hit you," cried a student, and the rest roared with laughter

Prof. Cluboys soon returned in suitable garments; the freshmen had piled all their belongings against the door, and Wade and Harry had left them, saying that they would waken the professor and rescue them.

They joined the students and soon made it known that the freshmen could be attacked by way of the window,

Needless to detail how the attack was carried out, and the consternation of the professor and students on discovering that they had been besieging two innocents instead of a roomful of edict breakers.

"Fweddy" was inconsolable, and whenever joshed about his revenge and the freshmen banquet, would say, with tears in his voice, "Weally, I'm heartbroken."

LAURENCE E. CHENOWETH.

Legend of the Poppy.

In this land of flowers and sunshine, long ago,
Grew a brilliant brilliant flower, and golden was its glow.
The Indians said this flower could never, never die,
That its golden cup would ever gaze upward to the sky.

"The Great Spirit's Own Flower" 'twas called, and its name,
Well befitted the glorious flower, a cup of living flame;
Glowing o'er mountain and valley, tinting the sweeping plain,
And proudly flaunting a color, sought elsewhere for in vain.

The precious golden metal, hidden in the mountain's breast,
Comes from the brilliant poppy, with which the land is drest,
And while the poppy tints the land, the mountain, plain, and dale.
Nature's generous treasure chest of gold will never fail.

M. H. R., 7th Grade.

Class Prophecy.

AFTER a very careful study of ancient, medieval, and modern history I have come to the conclusion that life and everything connected with life changes but slowly. For instance, discoveries. Now the only great discovery that has been made since April 11, '02 up to the present, is the method of visiting Hades, speaking to its inmates, in fact, examining all its beauties without dying. How strange it is that my great, great, great grandmother should have been the one to find that out.

I have one of the old magazines which gives a full account of the wonderful discovery. (Of course it doesn't seem a bit wonderful to us now, but in those days it was probably looked upon as the work of a genius). This article tells in its quaint old fashioned language the manner of "Edna M. White's discovery of the wonderful secret of not only having communication with, but actually visiting in person the under world—in other words, Hades." She became famous through this, and the April class with which she was graduated shone with a reflected glory.

I had never paid much attention to these accounts until it was brought to my mind in a peculiar way. A traveling theatrical troupe came to town the other day and I was struck by one of their advertisements: "Carmel Martin, the oldest man on earth." That enticed everyone to the show and there Martin lectured to us on the benefits of being an athlete. He said the secret of his great age was that he played ball when he was a young man and a Normalite.

Well, in some way he found out who I was, and then he said he thought it would be interesting to take a little trip to Hades and see all of his old schoolmates. I had never been there in company with anyone w l c l r c a crowd of celebrities such as his classmates must have been, so I consented and away we went.

As we walked down the old familiar way I was struck by the holiday appearance of the scene,—something unusual must be on,—and then the true reason dawned on me—it was the graduation of the April class.

Near the entrance was a very large crowd of devils all very much intent in watching some performance which was taking place in front of them. We pressed closer and discovered Agnes Mason. She was playing the role of Juliet with his Satanic Majesty as Romeo. In the front row were many of her friends from Arizona, who seemed to be enjoying the play immensely.

Further on was a scene of wild confusion and excitement. The very walls were shaken, and all Hades seemed rocked to its foundations. By walking in the opposite direction from which the evil spirits fled we discovered the cause of this uproar. Bertha Becket sat on a high cliff

singing: "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." After this came another, "I wouldn't leave my happy home if I were you." Many devils surrounded her begging her to stop; when they saw that she would not obey them, they got great stones and hurled them at her, but it was impossible to stop her. The last we saw of Bertha she still sat there singing.

We had to inquire of several devils before we could even find out that there was such a person in Hades as Alice Baker. Finally a very old devil offered to conduct us to where she kept her apartments. "She has been here for years," he told us, "you know the good die young." We found her looking as usual; on account of her exceeding sweetness of disposition she was allowed an ounce of ice per day and, in order to reward us for remembering her, she gave us a tiny bit as a treat. We received it thankfully, for our throats were parched from the extreme heat. This revived us and we started to go on.

Alas that we ever left the calmness of Alice Baker's province. As soon as we appeared two wild looking demons rushed up to us. "Are you boarding? What do they charge? Do they make you get up on Saturday for breakfast or do they bring breakfast up to your room? Do they *ever* have porterhouse? Does the landlady always put onions in the hash?" At first Martin could not remember them but the talk about boarding places brought everything back to him. "They are Eleanor Campbell and Mae Olin," he said sorrowfully. "I see they are still looking for boarding places." It seemed they had just moved into new quarters but the devil who had charge refused to allow them to have more than six meals a day so they got out. Martin gave them a little lecture but as it seemed to irritate rather than calm them we moved on quickly.

The next scene made Martin's eyes shine. There was poor Josephine Camp with great chains around each ankle and four devils guarding her. Sue Swickard stood beside her trying to comfort her—the beauty of friendship was apparent, for of all the class Sue was the only one who was not forced to stay in Hades. And she did it for love of her friend!! At first we could not imagine why poor Josephine was thus chained but a devil explained that she had attempted to escape so often that they had to tie her down. In spite of her agony, she had all the photographers grouped about her and was posing for them as in the olden days.

Martin was so affected by this sight that one of the attendants had to get smelling salts in order to revive him. But all at once my eyes began to sting and smart and a great volume of smoke rolled toward us. We walked on, the smoke almost blinding us and finally found Pearl Sutton. She was surrounded by the works of numerous poets, and looked as if she had been studying them. It seems she had attempted to write a class poem but the effort had been too much for her. The tears which she had shed over the task had been so many and so wet that even

the fires of Hades had been quenched by them, and so she was always surrounded by smoke instead of the usual flames. She told us that she had given up the study of poetry and devoted all her time to the science of hellology. Martin told me that in her day she had been a faithful student and he supposed she was still.

The devil who had conducted us to Pearl Sutton's apartments evidently enjoyed showing us sad sights, for no sooner had we left Pearl than he conducted us to another.. I do not believe that I have ever heard such a din and clamor as came from this vicinity. "Give me that two bits. Didn't you bring your money yet? Well, you know the class voted on that assessment several days ago and I can't collect a cent." Of course I could not understand this at all and for awhile even Martin was mystified. After thinking intently for quite awhile, he said "It must by Myra Waltenspiel. She was treasurer for our class and I heard years afterwards that she went crazy trying to collect the dues."

Just then the flames parted for an instant and Lilian Parker came in to see how things were going with her friend, Myra. She welcomed Martin heartily and then they sat down to talk over old times. She told him that Ruth Abbot had devoted a great deal of time just before she died to studying the grocery business in general and "The Fair" in particular. She was now supplying all Hades with groceries. She also told him that Estelle Waggoner had taught school for several years and then spent all her money in buying Kit[(tens) Gray).

Martin evinced some surprise at Lilian's knowing all these things but she explained that she was on very good terms with a devil who held a high position and knew all the state secrets. "The first day I got here he took me for his sister, so we've been good friends ever since."

We could scarcely tear ourselves away, but other pleasures awaited us. A young clergyman came up one of the pathways calling in a loud, clear voice: "Come one, come all. All the charms of Mt. Shasta as told by a former resident. Come and find out the beauties of a snow storm. All graphically described by the famous Shasta authority, Edith Deal." Martin said he had heard the lecture so often in the Physical Geography that he remembered all the facts and didn't believe he would go.

And then we came to the greatest sight of all. Right at the end of the path was the entrance to a large semi-circular cave. On looking in we saw a woman walking back and forth before a crowd of very attentive devils. She turned her head from side to side as though in pain. They were all so taken up in watching her that we could get no satisfactory answers to any of our questions, but just as we were coming out we met a crowd going in and so asked them: "Isabelle Paterson is teaching us all to make goo-goo eyes."

Martin looked at his watch and declared he must be going, but as we turned to go, a strange looking couple came walking rapidly toward us. The man looked at Martin curiously then rushed up to him and

shook hands. "Why, Prusch, are'nt you dead yet?" "Oh yes," returned Prusch, calmy, "I died over two thousand years ago, but you see my wife and I—" "Your wife?" interrupted Martin," "I didn't know you were married." Prusch turned to the smiling woman beside him and took her hand. "She used to be Louise Smith, but now she is Mrs. Prusch."

My companion staggered, then managed to gasp, "But where have you been all these years?" "Well, you see," explained Prusch, with his old familiar blush, "it's rather a long trip and for people who are inclined to be a little slow—" "You don't mean to tell me it has taken you two thousand years to get here?" "Yes—" there was the sound of a deep groan, and Martin fell forward on his face. This last blow had proved too much for even an athlete. He had gone to join his former classmates.

MAE OLIN.

The Normal School is being overrun with girls,
Jolly girls,
Girls with high and mighty manners, girls with curls,
Girls who'd like to skip their classes,
Girls who have to wear eye-glasses,
Girls who dote on making mashes,
Girls with merry, laughing faces,
Girls with many charms and graces,
Girls that sing, and girls that play,
Girls at which we often marvel,
Girls who like to read the novel,
Girls that study night and day.
Would-be teachers by the score,
Girls the like of which were never seen before,
Girls with solemn, sober faces,
Girls who dress in silks and laces,
Girls galore!
Girls that come here to receive
Examination,
Education;
Girls that some day will achieve
The success for which they pray,
Girls that flunk 'most every day.
Girls who smile
All the while.
Some are short, some are tall;
Girls who play at basket-ball,
Girls who mind their p's and q's,
Girls who never pay their dues,
Girls that tower in the air,
Girls with pretty auburn hair,
Girls who worry over P's,
Girls who earn their capital C's,
Girls who do just as they please;
Pretty girls,
Giddy girls,
These there are and many more,
By the dozens, by the score,
Normal girls.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

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EDITORIALS.

Vacation.

AFTER the short, but exhilarating recreation of our mid-term vacation, we once again resume our studies with renewed vigor and interest. At this season of the year when the whole country is one Eden-like garden, with its blooming flowers, blossoming trees, and the whole landscape is covered with a beauteous mantle of green, vacation seems doubly enjoyable. At no other time are the birds so cheerful and blithesome; all animal life seems fairly aglow with the mere joy of living. One week now, after so long a period in pursuit of the ever wary "records" is worth a month in the less pleasing seasons.

It furnishes both time and inspiration for all sorts and kinds of recreation. Like "most" good things it was "short and sweet," but still we feel that it has helped us both mentally and physically to such an extent that we shall be able to meet and surmount all obstacles and complete our studies in such a manner that we may be able to thoroughly enjoy our longer vacation of the coming summer.

The April Class.

ONCE more the San Jose State Normal School sends forth a small group of able and efficient young teachers. Though it is a small

class some of its members are among the brightest and best of the Normal School students. We congratulate them heartily upon the completion of their course here and wish them the very greatest success in their vocation. It is with a feeling of sadness that we part with so many good friends, although it is for the ennobling purpose of training the youth of this and other states into honest and upright citizens.

Their work here may at times have seemed laborious and hard but when they get out in their life work of ease and pleasure? we hope that they will remember their friends and their *Alma Mater*.

IT is with the deepest feelings of regret that the Normal students bid farewell and a godspeed to Mr. Carmel Martin. During his course here he has by his honest, frank, and good-natured temperiment endeared himself to the students and faculty of this institution.

No student has ever taken more pride in his school and none have had the all around ability to do more for it. On the gridiron he was a lion, but on the diamond, a king! When the Student Body felt the need of a true man at the head of its affairs, Carmel was almost unanimously chosen president, nobly and well, did he fulfill the duties of that office, and more than once he reflected honor and credit upon the institution by the able manner in which he conducted affairs.

The Editorial Staff feel with the school that in Mr. Martin's graduation that we not only lose a firm friend but also an earnest worker.

THE cover for this number of the Pennant was chosen in honor of the graduating class, red being their class colo1.

In Memoriam

WHEREIN God in his wise Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and schoolmate, Cora Kious, we the Student Body and Faculty of the San Jose Normal School do herewith tender our most heartfelt sympathies to those who were nearest and dearest to her. Therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of one who was an earnest and faithful student, to say, that in regretting her removal from our midst we mourn the loss of one who had won a warm place in the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. Be it

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to "Him who doeth all things well." Be it further

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of the sympathy and sorrow of the Student Body and Faculty of the San Jose Normal School, be sent to the bereaved family and that said testimony be published in the Gilroy and San Jose Papers and "Normal Pennant."

STUDENT BODY AND FACULTY, San Jose State Normal School.

Corridor Breezes.

AMONG the visitors this month were Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Ella Shaw, Mrs. J. F. O'Kief of San Jose, Miss Grace Bishop, an alumnus, and her father, Dr. Bishop, Miss Josephine Charlson, Mrs. March of Los Angeles, and the Misses Diggles, teachers in San Mateo.

Miss Patterson, teacher of primary methods in the San Francisco Normal School, visited the Training Department. She gave an interesting little talk to the students of Prof. Bullock's Pedagogy class, on her methods of handling the little San Francisco "rascals."

Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy was explained to the Student Body by Prof. L. B. Wilson. Although this subject is almost incomprehensible to those who do not understand electricity, Prof. Wilson handled it so definitely, that even in the short space of fifteen minutes it was made clear to all.

We hope that Prof. Addicott enjoyed his week of institute work in Marin County. His Manual Training classes continued their work as usual,--but, oh my!

Professor Bland attended Institute in San Luis Obispo, and Professors Baker and Wilson went to Nevada for the same purpose.

Miss Cole delivered two selections at morning exercises, and they were very much appreciated by all present.

Extract from San Jose Daily Herald:

"Prof. C. J. C. Bennett, instructor in the Normal School has purchased a lot in the Naglee Tract and will build a magnificent residence thereon."

A party of Y. M. N. D. boys have decided to spend their surplus energy on a tramp to Santa Cruz during vacation. The ones skilled especially in cooking were chosen for directors;—Mr. Farmer, Lawrence Chenoweth, J. B. Weed, Earnest Cuthbertson, and Everett Crane. A horse and wagon will be provided to carry the provisions. They have not decided whether to carry the blankets in the wagon or on their backs, but it will probably be decided in favor of the wagon after a half of a day's tramp. For fear of extra strain on the horse, the wagon will be sent on ahead. . . . . It has been suggested that they take Professor Bullock along as chief cook, as he is such an adept at boiling dogs.

"My Stanford Girl" was seen in the Halls on April 1st.

Miss Cory and Proffessor Bennett, have found Alum Rock Avenue especially attractive for wheel-riding, after the weary hours of school.

Professor Rattan's Nature Study classes have viewed Santa Clara Valley from the top of the belfry.

The April class presented the farce, "Between the Acts," at the Normal Hall on the evening of April 10th. The house was crowded and

the entertainment was almost universally conceded to be among the best ever given by Normal tallent. The program was as follows:

Address of welcome—Miss Bertha Beckett, President of Class.
Piano Solo--Miss Fannie Chubbuck.
Farce, "Between the Acts:"—

Dick Comfort - -	L. Chenoweth
Mrs. Comfort - - -	Alice Baker
Mrs. Meander - -	Agnes Mason
George Merrigale - -	Jack Brennan
Sally - - - -	Josephine Camp
Harris - - - -	Clyde Reynolds

Quartette—Misses Caldwell, Rainey, Cottle, Hodge.
Instrumental Solo—Helen Mignon.

On Saturday evening April 5, a pleasant farewell was tendered to Miss Pearl Sutton by Las Amigas club of whieh she is a member. About forty guests were invited, nearly all of whom attended. The evening was spent in dancing and games, and the guests departed at a late hour declaring they had had a very pleasant time.

On the afternoon of April 10th, the students who are to graduate in June gave the April class (pardon me if I call it a *class* this once, for we hate always to feel like perfect stragglers) a little "send-off" in the society room. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy the good social time as well as the ice cream and cake which was served. The tables were prettily decorated with poppies. The June class can hardly understand how every one of the April class appreciate their kindness. The mid-term classes seldom have, or expect to have, any very good times upon taking their leave, so we probably appreciate a pleasant little affair like this quite as much as the June people will appreciate any one of the swell receptions that will certainly be given them in ten more short weeks.

Pause now and then in your zeal for school spirit regarding athletics; forget all about your studies, and concentrate your mind on real, unadulterated silliness. This may seem to be strange advice but it is for a good cause. It is to save the health of the "Josh Editor." Have you noticed that person wandering about the halls with a searching eye, trying to find substance for just one josh? Now do be charitable and let loose some of the fiery wit that certainly must be lying dormant in such minds as ours. Play a practical joke or two and then watch the face of the Josh Editor beam as you tell her of them. Your reward will be so great that you will run around and find another funny incident before you can stop yourself. This is serious. Really it is a complicated question that is confronting us and it demands the co-operation of all. But if you will follow this advice the Josh Editor will be forced to exclaim, "One at a time, gentlemen!" instead of "My kingdom for a *Josh!*"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The editors sat with disheveled hair
Working as if for their bread.
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
Mid papers, hubbub, and din.
And still while fingers with ink did match
They wrote till daylight grew thin.

Scratch. scratch, scratch,
Till the closing bell has rung,
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Till no hats on the hooks are hung.
News and jokes and slams,
Slams and jokes and news,
Till over the work they disagree
And trouble quickly brews.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The editors sat with disheveled hair,
Working as if for their bread.
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
Till all told what each one knows,
And still with purpose honest and true,
Would that its message could reach all of you
The Normal Pennant grows.

No, the school has not forgotten the talk upon wireless telegraphy. In fact it has come into practical use in our own midst. For instance watch some of the people talking in the corridors at noon and see if you cannot clearly distinguish a modification of the Marconi system. It will act only at limited distances and must not be obstructed by any object not transparent. But oh, how powerful it seems to be!

The Training School gave one of its delightful entertainments on April eleventh. It was "Poppy Day," and the California flower, Escholtzia, was honored in speeches and songs. The best thing about the recitations was that they were all short, and the songs possessed vim and dash. The song by the little girls led by a charming fairy was given with great delicacy and feeeling, while the butterfly boys were encored until they refused to respond. Not a bit of embarrassment was evident with even the smallest children, and they all were as bright as the golden poppies that surrounded them.

APRIL FOOL!

The Student Body program given the first of each month came on April Fool's Day this time, so appropriate exerciscs were held. Such

dainty decorations as were then evident are beyond description. For variety, the faculty were given chemistry stools to sit on, with a beautiful high stool for the President. The vice president's table was replaced by a small unstable desk, while the Musical Director was honored with a three legged chair, the fourth leg being supplied by a pile of books. The music rack proudly held the April Ladies Home Journal. Everywhere the artistic feeling of the decorators had so expressed itself in cartoons of the teachers, classical pictures of cat fights, etc., and graceful festoons of onions, grass and such rare plants in all conceivable places, that the senses of the beholder were strongly struck the minute he entered the door. The efforts of the teachers to look graceful and unconcerned in their comfortable (?) seats were very amusing.

PROGRAM.

Speech—A short embarrassed silenee by Miss Howe.

Song by School—The musical director and pianist leave.

Speech by Mr. Brennan—He cites the lives of great men preliminary to introducing a grater in our midst.

Song by Four Young Ladies—Three Young Maids of Lynn, Three Old Maids of Lynn.

Speech by Mr. Chenoweth—An able alphabetical imitation of a revival speaker.

Old Song by New Quartette—Each one trying to sing his own coon song loudest.

"America" by the School—The audience rises, the prelude is played and—"Baby Mine" is the Signal for the astonished students to march from the assembly hall.

Miss Clifton Swisher was seen in the corridors Friday. She is as happy looking as of old.

Elsie Ruhl visited morning exercises this morning.

From latest reports Elsie Lee is very proud because she has been having a severe attack of the mumps.

Club Life.

ART CLUB.

THE Art Club still continues in a flourishing condition. The study of English art has recently been taken up and soon the meetings will be devoted to American art. The existence of the club became most widely known by the exhibition given on April 5th under its auspices. These wonderful drawings, by the hands of old masters, left upon the earnst observers an impression which will not soon be effaced. Through the kindness of Miss Vivian and her sincere work for the good of the students we were given a treat that will perhaps never again befall us.

Added to the beauty and impressiveness of the drawings was the splendor of the decorations. Never before did the corridors and parlors present such an artistic and novel arrangement of flowers and statuary. Although the financial result did not reach the desire of the club, the members still retain the pleasure of the exhibition's giving a wide spread esthetical value.

SAPPHO.

On Wednesday evening, April 8th, the Normal corridors rang with the mirth of one of the jolliest little gatherings ever held in the old halls. The occasion was an informal party in honor of our sweet girl graduate, Miss Pearl Sutton. Professor and Mrs. Holoway, Miss Howe, Professor Bland, and Professor Bennett helped to make the evening a merry one. A grand march set every one's spirits flowing and a Virginia Reel was thoroughly enjoyed. In the upper corridors the spiders had done their best to weave an intricate web in such a manner that after its unraveling the company was paired off. The supper room was a bower of beauty each poppy giving testimony of the taste of "Goldie." After refreshments informal dancing was indulged in till the hour that marks the close of all school night festivities.

ALLENIAN.

The meetings of the Allenian have been of more than usual interest for the past month. The home of Miss Gertrude Williams was opened to the society on Saturday, March 15th, at which time initiation was held. Clara Powell and Lulu Brown were the victims of the occasion.

At the last meeting the regular program was dispensed with and the members indulged in a banquet in honor of their graduate, Alice Baker. Miss Baker has been an active member for two years and it is with the deepest regret that we loose her.

NORMAL CLUB.

The third of May has been set by the Normal Club for a field day in Nature-study at Alum Rock Park. The day will be given up to an

tesh tic study of natural historical specimens in the Park. Horticultural Commissioner Ed. M. Ehrhorn will be with the teachers to instruct in insect study. Professor Rattan will lead a section in the study of flowers. Professor Holway will lead in outdoor work in geography and Professor Brownell in outdoor work in ferns. The entire day will be spent in the Park.

Professor D. Kingsbury will deliver the next set address before the club on Wednesday afternoon, April 23rd.

EROSOPHIAN.

The Erosophian Society has been carrying on the study of modern authors for the past few weeks, and has found the work very profitable as well as delightful. At the last regular business meeting held last Wednesday afternoon the following officers were elected for the next ten weeks. President, Miss Shelburne; Vice-President, Jennie McGillvary; Secretary, Nellie Steele; Treasurer, Nell Thompson.

BROWNING.

Browning meetings have been unusually well attended of late. The programs have been both interesting and profitable. One of the incidents in the life of the club that we recall with a feeling of joy mingled with sadness was the banquet given on April 9th, in honor of our graduate Miss Louise Smith. In the years to come we will all recall with pleasure that pleasant hour around the festive board.

Y. M. N. D.

The Y. M. N. D. Society, which is the oldest in the Normal school, has always prospered in the past, and will continue to flourish under the stern rule of the newly elected president, Albert Carter. The meetings of the society have always been unusually interesting and instructive and many great orators have been sent out into the "Field of Life" by its influence. The society will find a loss in Mr. Carmel Martin, who graduates with the April class.

At the last business meeting, the following officers for the ensuing term were elected: Pesident, Albert Carter; vice-president, Milton Farmer; secretary, Henry Bowman; treasurer, Harry White; sergeant-at-arms, Robert Reid; assistant sergeant-at-arms; Robert Down.

EMANON.

The Emanon Society gave a Trolly Ride on Tuesday evening, April 8th, in honor of two of its members, who graduated in the April class, Miss Bertha Becket and Mr. Carmel Martin.

The car was very pretily decorated with red lanterns and bunting. Amid a great deal of laughing and fun we rode all over town until eleven o'clock when we got off the car near the end of the line and around a camp fire partook of sandwitches and coffee. We boarded the car once more and came home.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. have recently had a visit from a former president, Miss Pearl Rigdon. It was very pleasant to have one of the old members with us, and her words of congratulation as to the condition of the society were very eneouraging.

The members of the society gave an informal tea just before vacation, in honor of their graduating members. At present the interest of the society is centered in the conference of Y. W. C. A. workers which meets in Capitola in May. It is hoped that a large delegation may be sent from this society.

Queries.

Did Mr. Montgomery come back to tell us "good-bye" again?

Who gave five dollars to have Billy sit next to her on the car-ride?

Who gave five dollars for Carmel and then allowed a "Ladd" to capture him?

Why does Hattibel Osgood wander around so aimlessly in the Library during the second hour?

Oh Warren what became of your red scarf! Tell us about it.

WANTED

Good attendance in the 3 A2 class by Prof. Addicott.

A josh on Bessie Williams.

Athletics.

ON Thursday, March 20th, the Stanford Varsity nine administered an overwhelming defeat to the Normal team on their own diamond and in the presence of their fair co-eds. The school turned out in force at the game but had little opportunity of cheering, as the "teachers" did not play up to their usual form. The Normal team was miserably weak at the bat,securing only five hits from McFarland who pitched for Stanford. Carden and McGiloray played good ball for Stanford as did Erle and Carr for the Normals. The final score was Stanford 8-Normal 1.

NORMAL 5—ST. MARY'S 3.

The Normal team journeyed to Oakland on Saturday, March 22nd and defeated the St. Mary's College nine on their own campus in a very decisive manner by a score of 5-3. It was the second game between the two teams and the "teachers" clearly demenstrated their superiority over the collegians by winning both the games. The features of the game in Oakland were the battery work, Martin and Hogan, and the heavy batting of Matthews, Hogan and Carr. The Normal as a whole played excellent ball. The boys received excellent treatment at the hands of Brother Egnen, manager of St Mary's team, and are loud in their praises of the hospitality and kindness of the President of St. Mary's College. Professor Wilson accompanied the team on the trip. The game was umpired by Martin and R. Matthews.

The following Wednesday the Normal team went to Santa Clara and tied the college team in a close and exciting game with a score of 1-1. The game was one of the best aud cleanest games ever played

and was witnessed by a goodly crowd.

On Thursday, April 10th, the Normal team easily defeated a team sent from the Garden City Athletic Club by a score of 14-5. The features of the game were the pitching of Emerson, the uniforms of the club-men, and Rice's inability to connect with the sphere.

As We See Things

THANK you very much, School Bell Echoes, for your compliment and your suggestion, but you evidently were criticising the January number of our paper, which was published by the graduating class as that is the only number we have published which is minus an exchange column.

Comment, you have exactly the right idea of a High School paper, and you are always welcomed by us. We have come to the conclusion that several of our exchanges need to be put in care of a doctor.

The Racquet is good—fine short stories.

Ryan Clarion, your Editorial in the February number expresses a long felt want.

My son shall sit on England's throne
With all that job entails;
For judging by his midnight voice,
He is the prince of wails.

The cuts in the Lowell Textile Journal are fine; although we can not fully appreciate them, we enjoy surmising their meaning—they give the paper a more interesting appearance.

The Oracle is slowly improving.

Words are like leaves
And where they most abound,
Fools and evergreens
Are generally found.

The cuts in the La Plume are very good and appropriate.

Why mar such an exquisite little paper as the White and Gold by having pages uncut? Your cover is splendid and stories are fine.

The Egypti is very good and shows a kindly spirit in its tone.

Tocsin you are splendid! Your Literary department is always good, and your exchanges are fine.

English History puzzles me
I never could see why;
For after so many long reigns
It still should seem so dry.

High School Argus is a neat little paper.

The article on "Pony" in the College Paper, is just what is needed. We could all profit from its advice.

Bandit—Your money or your life!
Wayfarer—I am just returning from a church fair.
Bandit—Beg pardon. Here's a nickle for car fare.

"Variety is the spice of life." Exemplified in the High School News.

"I see my finish," gasped the canine, and continued in pursuit of his caudal appendage.

The High School Journal is a good all-in-all paper.

O Phoenix, don't you receive any Exchanges or are there none worthy of mention.

The Wa-Wa is alright—especially education.

Madrono shows an improvement in March number.

Dictum Est is always welcome.

The High School Sentiment is very refreshing after you have passed the cover.

A newly captured horse thief
Dangling from a lofty tree,
In a whisper hoarse, he muttered
"This suspense is killing me."

O for words to express our praise! No criticisms whatever to offer on what was published; no suggestions to make in regard to what might have been published. Of course we refer to the Easter number of the Irving Echoes. It could well be called a beautifully illustrated magazine. Read it!!!

Howard Collegian, we are anxiously awaiting your April number for the continuation of "The Reward of Courage."

The Radiator always has a new and a very appropriate and attractive cover. Besides its many literary geniuses it must have some fine artists.

The Rivervieu Student greets us with a very attractive cover in the Easter number.

All compliments on the "Owl" in exchanges can apply equally to both papers.

Trade Lasts for the Normal Pennant.

THE "Normal Pennant," San Jose, Cal. The editors of this paper are certainly to be congratulated on their good paper. What material you have is solid and pointed, but we would suggest that you would find space for a short exchange column at least.

(SCHOOL BELL ECHOES. Feb.)

The Normal Pennant of San Jose, Cal., has made a big jump to the front rank of school publications. —(LAKE BREEZE. March)

The Literary Department of the Normal Pennant is a strong feature. You have got an exchange editor that understands his business, too.

—(LILLIPUTION. March.)

There are papers, and then again there are papers, but the paper of all school papers that most appeals to our fancy, is the Normal Pennant from San Jose, Cal. We infer from a perusal of its contents that it has an editorial board that is up to date.

(SEMINARY MONTHLY CHRONICLE. March.)

"Our Class History" and "Leaves From Our Diary" in the Normal Pennant are fine. The latter shows considerable originality.

(RYAN CLARION. Feb.)

We are glad to note that our sister Normal keeps her Pennant flying over the land so victoriously. (CHICO NORMAL RECORD. March.)

That pretty cover of the Normal Pennant gives one a foresight of the excellent material within. IRVING ECHOES. Easter number.)

The Normal Pennant is always welcome. It contains a number of well written stories, and its editorials reflect the spirit of the school.

(THE PAPYRUS. March.)

The January Class issue of the Normal Pennant (San Jose, Cal,) is very neatly gotten up. The cover and the paper used are of the best kind, and the cuts of the class officers are very good. The poem, "Ours Only Today," has almost faultless rythm and deserves high praise. But the class history would be more interesting if it were spiced with a little more humor. (M. H. AEROLITH.)

The Normal Pennant, San Jose, is well gotten up. The several columns which it devotes to its exchanges are excellent. When an exchange column adds so much to the worth of every school paper, a fact which is clearly shown in the Normal Pennant, it seems hardly possible that some papers, otherwise well edited, should be willing to dispense with it entirely. (THE PHONOGRAPH.)

Two Normal papers have been received this month. The Normal Pennant and the Normal Record. They are both very good.

(SEA URCHIN.)

Joshes.

PROF. BULLOCK'S favorite color is blue but he is very fond of red. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Why is Lillian Biggs so fond of studying Matthew's Rhetoric?

Girls, next time you want to serenade anybody, you had better find out if there are dogs in the neighborhood that are easily frightened by the sound of melodious (?) voices.

Ask Elmer why a three-legged piano stool broke down with him.

Miss Vivian, while visiting the Training School heard one of the Primary Grades reading. She remarked, "I did not know that they taught Spanish over here."

Ask Georgia Smith how she likes to have the bell rung.

E. E–er–s–n has a touching way of squeezing a girl when he has a (library) case on her.

What does Prof. Bennett pay for his elocution lessons the fourth hour in St. James Park?

Clara Donlon seems to have someone to Cart'er around lately.

Jack Brenan's favorite song:—"Nita, Juanita."

Billy Owl—"Some people have'nt sense enough to come in out of the rain."
Jenny Owl—"Oh, but love is blind!"
Chorus—"So are Mrs. Wilson and Graves!"

Prof. Wilson and Prof. Baker, your new suits are very becoming. We wish that there would be more institutes and more of our teachers invited if the results would be the same as in your case.

It is a pity that you cannot be away from a girl for a week, Larry, without writing to her every day. What would Olivia say?

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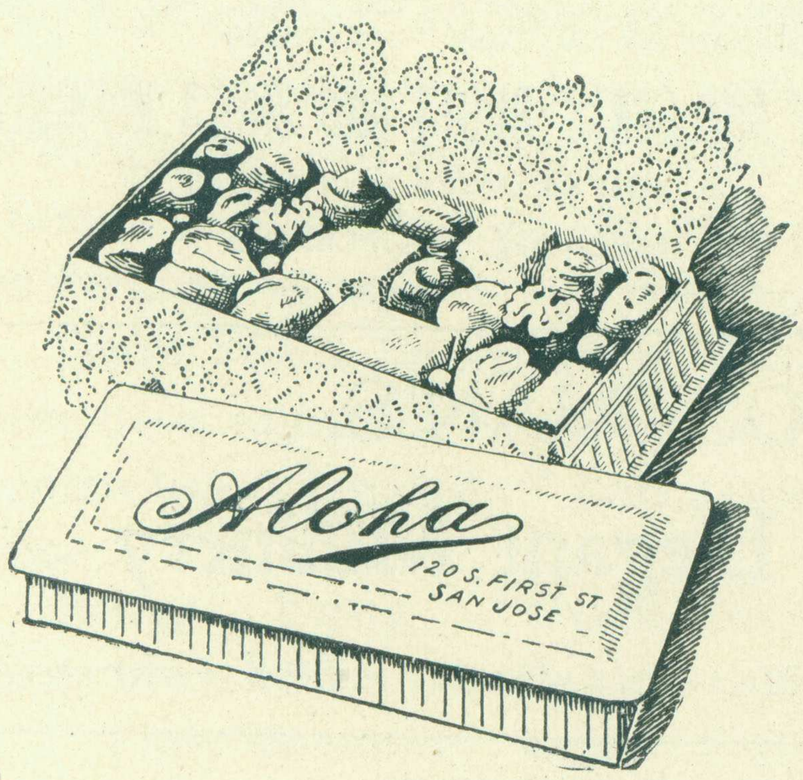
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