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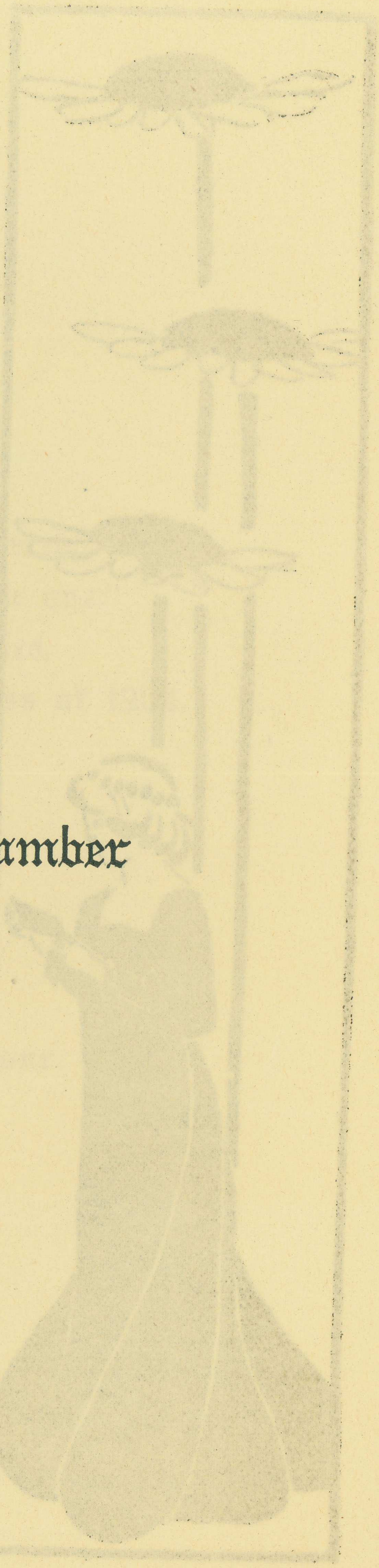

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We, the June Class of 1904, do hereby resolve
"To find a way or make one."

Signed,

June Class of 1904.

Herewith we set our seal

June Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred Four.

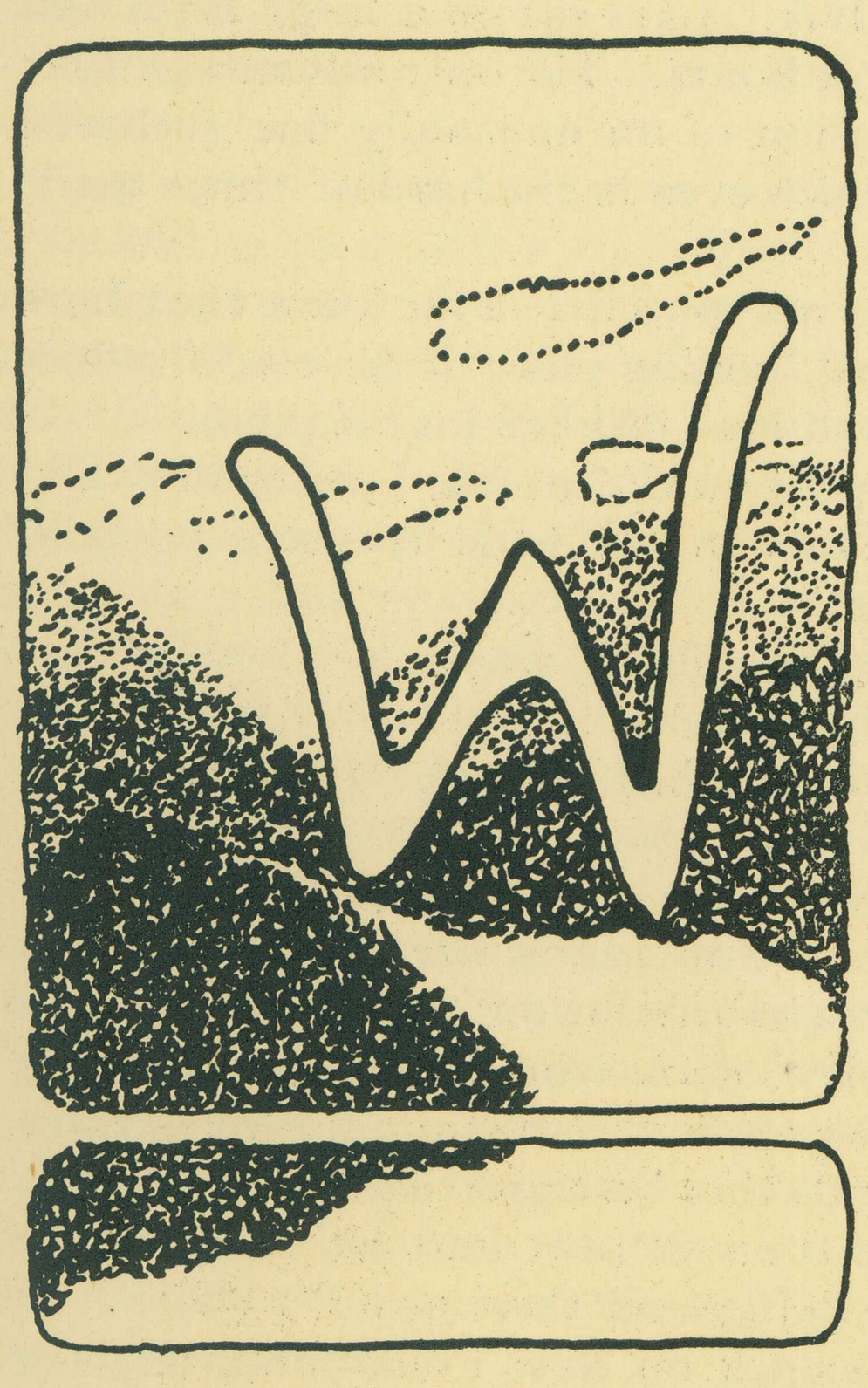
PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

DR. M. E. DAILEY

Presideut of San Jose State Normal

Not Wanted--A True Story.

[Through this story we introduce to our readers, Mr. Johann Reimers, a Californian writer of merit. Mr. Reimers is a Scandinavian by birth, Californian by adoption, and in his writings is making the world richer with his stories of Norse mythology and Scandinavian life.]



EDGED in between two rocky heather-covered hills rising out of the far-reaching peat marshes now wonderfully soft tinted with storm-beaten ling and mosses, lay a low hut squatting under a heavy turf roof, and looking one-eyed through a small window upon the wide sea.

A small patch of ground, annually nurtured by seaweeds laboriously carried in a strap basket up hill from the rocky strand, was planted to potatoes. It was but a narrow strip of land, following the meandering curves of the sheltering cliffs in well-hoed rows. Here fallen heather needles, washed down from the surrounding ridges, mixed with the weather-crumblings of granite, had formed the best soil of the "farm."

But beyond, bound by other lands of the world, sometimes bellowing with storm-risen waves, sometimes dreaming in all the sunset glory of still summer nights lay the endless fields of the Atlantic, dangerous to plow; as rich in failure as in harvest.

The hut had heavy granite walls—rocks roughly but tightly fitted, clothed on the inside with drift-logs and boards—rocks which could have whispered tales from Viking days long ago.

Ivar Myren was not the first occupant of the hut. The small, broad-shouldered fellow with the blue, glad eyes had saved his shillings earned in hardest labor and many a battle with the sea. Thus he had bought the hut and the patch of rocky, swampy ground by it. But the sea was free to all, and at Myren there was a good landing behind sheltering skerries where a boat could ride safely in the roughest weather.

Ivar had married a lass, daughter of a poor fisherman at the bottom of a nearby *vik*. She brought nothing with her but her coarse homespun

clothing and strong arms for rowing a boat, and a fondness for song that must brighten up even the poorest rock cabin.

Ivar was of a hard-working, hopeful kind. Children came in close succession, tow-headed youngsters born by the sea, thriving on much-divided care, with fearless Viking blood in their veins, growing strong on storm-swept air and the simplest of food, listening to sagas and fairy tales about the glowing peat fire on long stormy winter nights.

His next neighbor was Lars Kvalvik. Lars sat on a large farm and had a fine fishing outfit with two large boats. The only advantage Ivar had over his neighbor was the possession of an unusually fine sheltered harbor, yes, and of a gladder soul, which even in the hardest times made him hope beyond for better days.

Lars was close-fisted and much of a hypocrite. Ivar knew that Lars would have liked to own his sheltered landing-place if he could induce him to sell it for little or nothing. And Ivar disliked his neighbor.

One day when Ivar was digging peat on the marsh, Lars came walking slowly across the heath, both hands in his wide trousers pockets, carelessly dragging his wooden shoes.

"God bless the work," spoke he in his singing way.

Ivar thanked him, but kept on digging.

"Ohoi," cried Lars languidly, and stretched himself, "I had a letter from the brother of mine over in America."

He stopped short, scrutinizing Ivar, who ceased his work and leaning on his spade was eager to listen. For Ivar's dreams reached far across the sea and had become his greatest ambition.

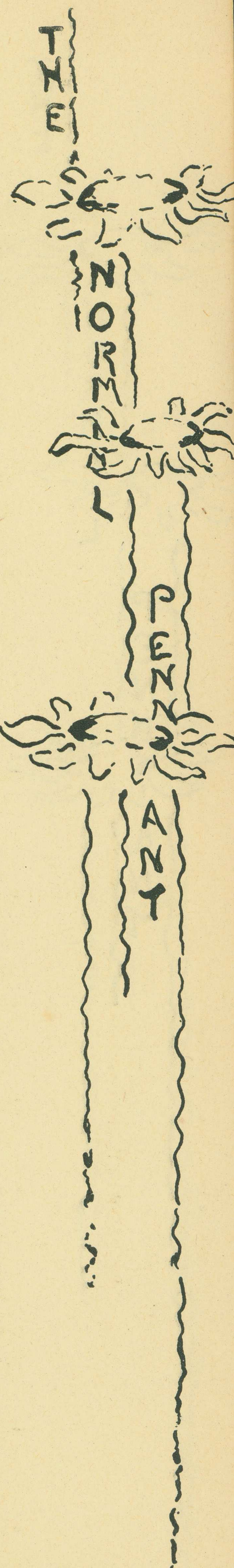
"Money is plentiful over there for a man who wants to work, as plentiful as rocks here, says he, and we are fools for staying here, says he further, both thou and I. And he sends thee best greeting."

Ivar stuck the spade forcibly into the soft peat and let it stand by itself. "What is the brother of thine doing over there now?"

"He sold his part in the fishing-smack on New Foundland, made a big speculation with the money, sold out again and made still more. Then he took the train for many days, West, and bought a fine large farm in California. It's from there he writes, and here is the letter for thy own reading, so thou canst see for thyself, man, and need not take my sinful words for it."

Ivar wiped his hands well on his old trousers, lest he soil the letter. He tried to read faster than the poor handwriting would permit. Then he had to read over again. Carefully and laboriously he spelled his way through the labyrinth of staggering letters, smacking satisfactorily when he had mastered a particularly long and indistinct word, not skipping one, lest he lose a bit of information.

It took him a long time to read the letter. Lars stood by industriously chewing his quid, watching the changing but ever eager expression in Ivar's features.



It was a fair letter telling of a fair country unbelievably abundant in everything. It brought to Ivar's mind the Bible story of the sendings into Canaan returning with tempting tales of its abundance, and overloaded with samples of its riches of fields, orchards and vineyards. The letter seemed like a fairy tale, yet all so simply and evidently truthfully told.

Ivar folded the letter slowly and carefully, half lost in thoughts and handed it back.

Lars returned as he had come and was soon gone behind the rolling heath.

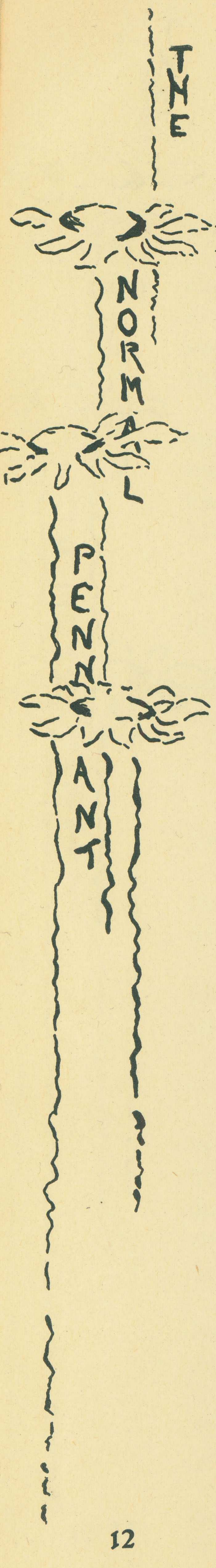
Ivar stood left in the great loneliness of the marshes. He took his spade and again began work. But it seemed trivial and slow, and poor in compensation. He shaded his eyes against the sun setting into the sea—the far, free sea, free to all, and beyond it a country, also free to all, beckoning to him through the immense distance—the land with plenty for all, with grain fields a day long and a day wide—a land crying for strong, willing hands like his to transform its wilderness—a land where there was not alone room for him, but also for his children, as they grew into manhood and womanhood; where there were glad promises of compensation for a sweating brow.

He shouldered his spade and walked homeward. The sun had set and the far peat marshes looked more lonesome, more God-forsaken than ever. He smiled with contempt at his diminutive patch of cultivated ground. It seemed comically little compared to the far sweeping fields across the sea "a day long and a day wide."

The grayness of the land looked through dull eyes on him. The country looked more water-soaked and sour than ever. The lonely cry of the northern loon reached him out of the distance. A small bird, plain and brown as the heath, twittered close to him. It was the best kind of song it could produce, and the country seemed of a sudden unredeemably poverty-burdened.

No way of developing it either, absolutely no way of getting beyond its poverty, no way of enlarging the starving acres. But the sea was free to all, free to all, he consoled himself. It were of no use losing courage. He looked out over the vast billowing expanse. He dreamed that he had been carried across it, that he was beginning anew in the midst of the endless sun-gilded acres, that he was building into prosperity for himself and his household, that he had become part of an immense, hospitable, prosperous people, where efforts were not lost—blown away on an icy storm-night on an infuriated sea.

He told his good wife about the letter. She listened to the fairy-tale in a doubtful mood. She tended her flock and was not especially anxious to try the new and unknown. The poverty of her home was not crushing her, for she had never known better days. Strong and motherly, she was content, for Ivar was a good man.



But her husband went about much absorbed. He made plans and unwillingly discarded them. He made calculations of the possibilities of his means if he sell everything. But invariably he came out short of his ambitions.

He knew for sure that Lars had an eye on Myren on account of its sheltered harbor, for the sea was severe over at Kvalvik during strong north winds.

He might offer the place to him and hear what he would say, anyway. Then, when he went to Bergen with his fish, he would go up to the office of the steamsnip company and find out about the rates to New York.

One evening late in the autumn Ivar came home and in a rough, playful way took hold of his wife, as she stood in front of the hearth cooking.

"Well!" he cried with gladness, "I am going—I—I sold the place, the boat, and the outfit to Lars Kvalvik." As she looked at him doubtfully, in an uneasy way, he added quickly: "He will pay my price, and thou and the children have a right to stay in the hut a year. That is in the contract. Little Sigurd can go with me, and go to the fine school over there says Lars, and I can pay the passage for both of us. Then, and it will be soon, for I will work and save like a gray bear, I will send money for the rest of ye, and we will all be out of this forlorn poverty, and—"

"Oh, don't go, Ivar," she begged, and began to weep. But he talked lovingly and persuadingly to her: "Don't weep, lass—don't weep, for this will all be a blessing to all of us."

"God grant it will, Ivar," she sighed; "but it is a long way and a strange land."

But he laughed away her anxiety. She had much pride and faith in him.

"Now I will sell my best clothes to Anders School Teacher. That will leave a little money for thee, and then we might sell the two old silver spoons the forefathers left me, since we are going to leave the country anyway. Then thou canst get along for a while. Come, lass, and look glad."

It was all sold and settled. Winter came early. Ivar had disposed of all his earthly treasure. He travelled in his old much patched clothes, and his son, Little Sigurd was with him. Ivar had exactly fifty dollars in five gold-pieces sewed into different places in the lining of his vest and coat. He had been instructed that the law required that he be in possession of that sum before he wouid be permitted to enter the great new country. Besides this would tide him over till he found work. He was full of expectation, full of glad courage. He was at last on his great sail out into the world, away from all the gray, hopeless poverty of his rain-

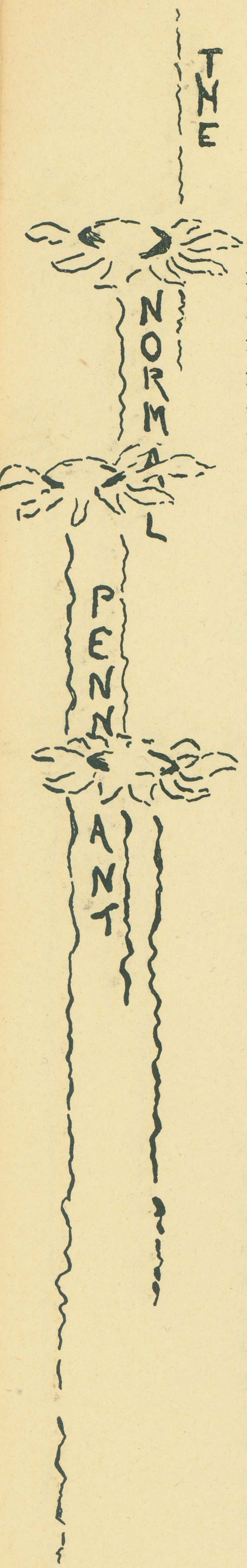
soaked island. Before him lay the promised land, transfigured in his dreams. Little Sigurd kept quiet and close to him. The lad was awe-struck with the size of things he saw. The great pulsing steamer carrying him across the Atlantic won his full admiration, and Ivar had to answer many hard questions.

Little Sigurd appreciated the thick slices of wheat bread which the English steamers afford their steerage passengers; besides the weather was rough and many of the land-crabs sick of the sea, so that little Sigurd harvested some of the bread intended for others, though, toward the last of the journey, wheat bread had ceased to be cake to the fisher-boy.

The steamer was several days late, but soon the promised land would rise out of the sea. Ivar was on a constant outlook for it. The only thing that bothered him was what he should do about the language. But Lars had told him that New York was full of Scandinavians, so that would perhaps prove an easy matter, after all. He was a singular and not very attractive looking piece of humanity in his old sea clothes, ready to enter the richest country in the world. And little Sigurd did not look much better in his new but clumsy homespun, with an awkward, faded cap with ear-lapels pressed hard over his shaggy blond locks, his blue eyes peering curiously into peoples' faces, so he did not see where he was walking, thus stumbling clumsily over his own feet.

But toward the end of the journey a thing happened which worried Ivar much. His vest, into whose lining one of the ten-dollar gold pieces had been sewn, could not be found one morning early when he was ready to put it on. He searched high and low for it, called others to his assistance, reported the loss to the officers of the ship; but the vest was never found. Some one had very likely taken a fancy to its old silver buttons, not suspecting what other treasures it contained. What would he do now, not possessing the full sum required? He went about suspicioning several, but that would not open the gates to the promised land. He sought advice and consolation from others. They all agreed that ten dollars more or less would not possibly keep a man out of America. It was no use worrying, they told him. So that when ships became more plentiful as the steamer neared the coast—great fishing smacks and schooners rushing out of the fog like phantom ships—Ivar half forgot his loss, and looked at them with intense admiration. He explained things to little Sigurd, who listened with open-mouthed wonderment. Immense steamers tooted their greeting as they passed. Great full-riggers, with all sails set, swept past on errands to far-off countries from a people whose granaries and treasuries were full to overflowing.

The poor fisher, as he stood there on the forecastle, his lad clinging to his hand, began to realize the truth of things which he had heard told, but not dared fully believe—the magnitude of endeavor, the untold wealth of the free people of whom he hoped to become a useful part.



Then his anxieties came back to him, and he struggled with them, now that he more than ever wanted to be acceptable. He made a new search for his vest with its hidden treasure. He told some characters of whom he had suspicion, that whoever had "found" the vest could gladly keep it, if he only be permitted to get at something he kept in it. But those few to whom he had confided the magnitude of his loss, and who had promised not to tell, had, as usual, spread the news abroad, and people began to laugh at Ivar's awkward cunning.

One morning early when he came on deck there rose before him what seemed at first a mirage, such as he had seen on warm, still summer days tremble over his northern sea. It was a wonderful city. Its far-reaching murmur of life and industry came wafted to him. Endless looked this city with its towers and buildings, some reaching the sky. The sun glittered in millions of windows. Ivar had again forgotten his trouble.

"My God, my God," he whispered in wonderment.

He ran back to the steerage and in his excitement brought little Sigurd on deck with no other cover on the child than a scanty shirt; and winter winds blowing. He held him high that he should see the promised land. At last, at last! God had been merciful—he had carried them safely across the wide sea. Ah, if the good wife and the other children were with him now to behold this wonderful sight, that together, hand in hand, they could enter the land of the endless fields crying for willing hands like theirs to plow them, to gather the riches of their harvest. But the day would come, he satisfied himself, when again they should meet, and on the shores of the promised land build a new home together, whence the children should some day step forth schooled and capable to conquer more of the unbroken wilderness.

The landing seemed slow and tedious. There was a great deal of inspection and registration. But everything went along orderly and systematically.

Slowly the long row grew smaller as the immigrants passed the inspection and through the gate beyond into the wonderful unknown. A few were taken aside into another pen. Ivar wondered what that could mean. One, an old man, wept hysterically and begged for himself in a tongue foreign to Ivar. The old man wrung his hands and went on his knees before the officer of inspection. A woman leading a pale, consumptive-looking girl by the arm was also turned back. She was a picture of dumb, helpless despair. Ivar wondered what this could mean. Possibly they were thieves and criminals trying to escape justice. It made him feel anixous nevertheless. Could they possibly be short of the necessary funds?

At last Ivar's turn came. He held little Sigurd by the hand. His heart beat loud in him, as they stood in front of the desk facing the stern-looking inspector. The official made Ivar a short question in what seemed a cross way. Ivar did not understand the language and looked

foolish. The gentleman at the desk measured the shabby-looking Norse fisher with an expression of languid pity. It was an humble and awkward-looking piece of manhood standing before him, weakened by anxiety. The inspector made an impatient motion to a young fellow in uniform cap. It proved to be the Scandinavian interpreter. Ivar began to feel easier, and answered the translated questions in the politest way possible. The young fellow, without giving any reason, told him to be more brief in his answers. "We don't care to hear anything about your folks at home, he said with sarcastic jest, adding something in English to the inspector, who drew his official features to a condescending smile. So the inspection went on,—

Had he any money? How much?

Ivar showed him his forty dollars which he had taken out of the lining of his coat. The officer made a note and looked very serious.

Had he friends or relatives to meet him? No, Ivar had not. Baggage? No, he had no baggage—"I sold my best clothes to Anders school teacher to leave a little money with my wife and children," said Ivar apologetically.

The inspector smiled disdainfully, and the interpreter again admonished Ivar to be more brief in his answers. So the questions went on, most of which Ivar answered favorably.

"This man comes within the pauper class, and is not wanted, spoke the inspector dryly, and waved his hand for the next subject.

The interpreter translated, and Ivar bent his head as under a heavy blow. But he regained himself quickly. He began to remonstrate—told the whole story of the loss of the ten dollars. It made no impression. Then with tears running down his face he begged: "Do not turn me away, kind gentlemen. I have sold all I had, yes, and the two old silver spoons handed down from my forefathers. I have nothing to go back to. I am willing to work night and day and go hungry, if you only will let me pass. I am not a bad man. I never did anyone harm. Let me pass, good sirs, and God will bless you for it, for winter is coming on, and there is not work enough for the many back there, and what shall my little ones live on?"

But Ivar Myren was not wanted. There stood ten dollars and a look of homeliness between him and the promised land whither all his longings had gone for years. And it proved an insurmountable wall.

Wiping his eyes he gathered his will and spoke decisively:

"You cannot send me back! I have not money enough for our passage. They will not take us. You will *have* to let us enter, you will have to before God, you will have to."

But he was informed that the steamship company would have to carry him back free of charge. They will soon learn a lesson," said the interpreter.

In the meantime others had passed the desk and the gate into the

promised land. But Ivar with his boy clinging to his shaking hand had been brought into the pen of those who are not wanted. The old Italian had ceased weeping and was muttering to himself over on the seat in the corner. The woman with the sick girl looked vacantly on the passing immigrants; but the girl was moaning with her face on the woman's shoulder.

Ivar seated himself on the long bench. Little Sigurd stood by and felt sorry for his father. He did not know what it all meant, but he wished they were home on the island, where he had never seen his father weep.

* * *

Winter storms were raging on the sea. But after fearfully long days Ivar and his boy landed in Bergen.

He had been going about on board the ship in a kind of stupor and taken little nourishment, for he seemed to belong nowhere in the world. Ivar looked bent and miserable, as, leading little Sigurd by the hand, he walked toward the old fish market. He wanted to see if he could meet folks from home in whose boat he could return to Myren.

The snow lay deep over all the land. Little Sigurd was shivering with cold and had been crying. Ivar thought people were looking at them.

"What shall become of us all, now winter is here?" was the constant lamentation beating through Ivar's brain.

At the market-place he met Lars Kvalvik. Lars scratched his head and stood dumbfounded with surprise. Other neighbors and fishers gathered about them while Ivar in a low, confused tone explained how it all happened. Some of the gray-beards stuck their southwestered heads together in private conference, and voted that Ivar Myren had lost his mind. Others folded their hands on their backs and walked away—a man had no business to leave his country; he should be satisfied and thank God for what he had, said they. A hotel runner ventured the opinion that if Ivar had kept his best clothes instead of selling them to Anders school teacher, he would have had no trouble. "Clothes have more to do with a man's success in America than his honesty," said he. "The Americans are all rascals, anyway," piped a besotted longshoreman, who had served before the mast in his younger years, and who knew all the larger harbors of the world by the low quarters which surround them. Then a policeman came along. He knew the law, and he laid it down with the airs of a jurist: "No man without money need knock at the door of America any longer." Some damned the people and the country over there.

But the winter tooted its melancholy song. Dark snow-clouds hung over the mountains, and idle men, poorly clad, walked the streets eagerly looking for work, getting into fist-fights sometimes for the pitiable job of packing a trunk from the steamer landing.

To Ivar the whole aspect of the world had changed. He saw not a sign of sympathy in its fogged features. Only the sea was free now. But it takes a good boat to plow its furrows, and it takes yarns and nets to catch its harvest, and Ivar had none thereof. He had sold everything to reach the promised land whose soil his hands had itched to touch, whose labor he had longed to share. It had embittered his glad, open soul. He was crushed beyond healing. He felt it plainly.

It was dark night when Lars' boat reached Myren. He landed Ivar and little Sigurd on the point. Ivar had insisted on it to save Lars the long row in and out the bay.

The sea was fretting under sudden squalls, sighing and washing against the barren cliffs. Snow had been falling off and on the whole day, deeply covering the trackless moors and marshes. First now, when he had set foot on the soil which once belonged to him, did Ivar fully realize what had come to him. The days since he left America were wrapt in a stupid haze. Now everything stood before him in its metallic nakedness.

It was but a short distance across the snow-covered heath to where the rock cabin lay between the sheltering cliffs, but it was impossible for him to move. Not even the cabin was his any longer. But the sea—no—not the sea, either. He was absolutely discarded, shivering with cold, holding his child close to him to give it the little warmth left in his soulless body. But little Sigurd began weeping and moaning. It cut Ivar to the heart, it awoke him and he saw that he had greater duties to perform than ever.

He lifted the boy to his back, and bending against the wind, he stepped slowly through the deep snow.

Never before, and he had seen hard times, had he walked as heavy-hearted toward home. It were as walked he behind his own coffin to his own funeral with every hope dead in him.

It was dark in the hut and deathly still. Only the sea lifted its tireless voice through the darkness, which hid it.

He lifted little Sigurd to the snow and held him close, for it seemed impossible for him to enter. What would the good wife say? What hope of the future could he give her? But the child was again softly weeping and shivering in the biting wind. Ivar bent down and whispered to him. He told little Sigurd to go in and awake mother, and tell her that they were back. He opened the door carefully and closed it after the child. Then he put his arm over his eyes and wept, the strong man he was, leaning against the rock wall.

A little while after a woman on bare feet came and led him in. The door shut softly after them as if it had become part of the loving hands which closed it.

But outside the sea roared in the winter night—the sea that is free to all.

JOHANNES REIMERS.

Polly's Conquest.

By Hazel Bell.

AUTUMN had slowly dropped her somber coloring for the more barren aspect of winter. The lawns though still green were rarely frequented and the crowds loitering about the halls became larger. All appeared gay inside if the sky was often dark and forbidding. School had been in session four months, but now the students seemed somehow drawn closer together and fell more in touch with one another.

The first day of December was to be a grand day. Everybody agreed on that point in the morning, but before noon, as often happens in California, the rain was falling in torrents. Scarcely any of the students went home to dinner. The more fortunate ones, who had brought their lunches, sharing with their neighbors.

Lunch was soon disposed of, and, as if by mutual consent, the girls, and a few boys, gathered in the Main Hall, where they grouped themselves, some on the stairs, the rest along the halls or in the doorways.

The Erosopheans gathered near the stairs to the right, were evidently having an interesting conversation for the crowd about them was the greatest.

"I declare," said Maude South, "I do not see why Jerald took up with her."

"Neither do I," echoed half a dozen.

"Not a girl in school likes him, and he knows it. We must cut him girls."

"That we will!" chimed in the chorus.

"Has she ever mentioned her folks to any of you? Where is she from? Why don't she put some molasses on her shoes to coax down her skirts?"

A general titter ran through the crowd at this.

"Did you ever hear of the first day she came to school, girls," said Daisy Black, "Didn't she have a time, though! The funniest thing happened! She entered a few days late. perhaps you remember. Professor Wheeler was having a class when she came in the door, thinking she was in Prof. Rich's room. He was her class teacher and his room was adjoining Prof. Wheeler's. Well, she walked up to the desk, with that great,

awful stride of hers, and gave him her program to sign.

"Of course he saw her class enrollment and directed her to the next room. All the rooms have two doors, and the first thing we knew, in walked Miss Polly big as life, and presented her program for a second time. Her eyes were so weak that she couldn't tell that she was in the same room. Of course we all laughed and her face got so red. It was ridiculous, anyhow!"

At this the girls again laughed and Maude South, not to be outdone, took up the conversation.

"She is always such a ridiculous blunderer.

"Didn't she go to the Zoology class for a whole week before she discovered it wasn't Nature Study, and by that time Mr. Lowe, for no reason apparently had taken such a fancy to her that he let her go on. Oh yes, come to think of it, she did make a brilliant talk one day toward the end of the first week and I guess that won him. For my part I can't see how anyone can tolerate her."

"I hear she is to finish a week from March," said Alecia, "and is to cross the Bridge of Sighs soon."

The Bridge of Sighs that Alice spoke of is that part connecting the Normal proper and the Training School.

"How is that? She only entered in September."

"She taught before," spoke up Goldie Wright.

Goldie, so far, was the only girl that had not joined in the conversation and now she turned from the crowd with a discontented look in her bright blue eyes, evidently not caring to hear more. There was a matter lying heavily on her heart. She had once looked into Polly's face and had loved her, but when away from this fascination she hated her. Jerald and Goldie had been much together since entering the Normal School and now Goldie had scarcely seen him for the last week. She was jealous of this stranger who had come between them.

Goldie, busy with her thoughts, strayed to a window where she stood looking out at the rain still beating heavily on the quiet earth. She fancied she could hear it fall.

Suddenly she gave a scream of laughter which brought every girl in the room pell-mell to her side.

"Look, look," she cried, talking and laughing at the same time. "There's Jerald and—and Polly."

They were a ridiculous pair truly, Polly's usually ill-fitting, slouchy clothes were made more so by the drenching rain, and her skirts hung about her limply. Her red straggling locks hung mournfully down into her weak eyes, intolerable eyes the girls called them. Jerald the leader, the dude of the school trudged manfully beside her holding an umbrella green with age.

At sight of the couple the girls joined Goldie in her mirth, only their laughter was a little heartier and more natural.

Jerald heard the sounds of mirth and when he turned around and beheld the crowd of girls at the window he felt his face grow red. He wanted to throw down the old umbrella and run, but some irresistible force seemed to compel him to walk along with Polly who was wholly unconscious of the queer figure she was making of herself.

II

Jerald went into the library and sat down at the end of the bookcase near a window, where he might be away from the crowd. Examinations were now of daily occurrence as it was nearing the Easter vacation. But it was useless to try to study. His mind kept wandering from his work to Polly. He had gone to her for help in working out a problem which she alone in a class of forty students had mastered. Here she was revealed to him in a new light. He had always been drawn toward her, perhaps out of sympathy, and had more than once upheld her. Now he more than sympathized—he admired her and meant to show it.

How well he remembered a visit he had paid her at her home. She had met him at the gate of a rickety old house and asked him in. The room was simply a reflection of the owner. Everything was in confusion and Jerald looked about him filled with pity as he beheld the poor furnishings. The one redeeming feature was a handsome violin which lay on a box covered with faded crepe paper used as a center table. Another long box with a cushion stuffed with hay served as a settee, and an old chest with a small dirty mirror was apparently her bureau. Two chairs, the legs of one of which were shorter than those of its brother, completed the furnishings.

She took his hat and offered him a chair. He had come to have her explain a problem. This was not surprising to Polly, for of late she had often helped him. The problem was soon solved quite satisfactorily to Jerald, who never found any difficulty in understanding her explanations.

Polly had evidently expected him to go when she had finished, but this he was loath to do, wishing to hear something of this mysterious being whom no one knew, and hoping he might help her. He told her of his boyhood and youth and finally asked what part of the country she represented.

"Ah! Mr. Brice, I"—

"Please call me Jerald. Everybody does, and I like it so much better."

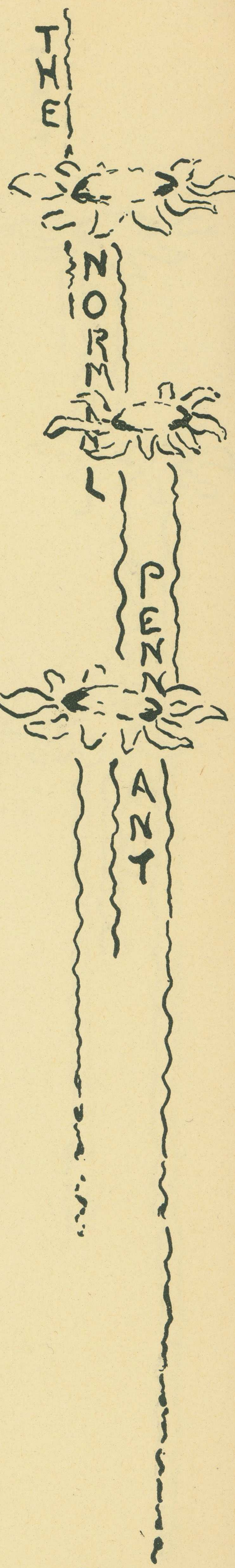
"Very well, if you call me Polly."

So they agreed that they were to be just Jerald and Polly.

"But as I was going to say," continued Polly, "I really don't represent any part of the country in particular, for I have no home, but I'll tell you all about myself as you have been so kind."

Jerald interrupted, remonstrating, but Polly continued.

"You *have* been kind to me. Well, in the first place my name isn't Green, but Desmond—Rowena Desmond." The music of this beautiful name



ringing in the ears of Jerald lifted Polly in Jerald's imagination clear out of the realm of the commonplace into the world of romance. You see, continued Polly, "my father had been a rich mine owner ever since I could remember. My mother, I have just a vague recollection of her. She died while I was yet a very little child. I do sometimes have a vision of a beautiful woman bending over me and I stretch out my arms to grasp her and she is gone. Long days, as a child, I spent in search for her but I never found her. They told me she was in Heaven, but I thought she would surely return."

A dreamy far away look came into her eyes.

"My father tried to make up for my loss and I had every attention. I had a maid, a nurse, and a private teacher. Nothing for my comfort was ever lacking, and I was happy, too; too happy, I guess.

"When I was thirteen I entered High School, but I still had my private teacher. At sixteen I graduated from the Clinton High School, and about a year after this my father lost all his money. He sunk it where he had made it and the blow was too great for him. He gradually grew weaker and weaker and finally, about the last of July, he, too, passed away and as he lay so calm in death I knew I could see a gentle smile hovering about his lips. And this smile I have never forgotten."

A little sob choked her here but she went on.

"He was so good that I know he must be happy and I try to cheer up and bear my crosses bravely.

"Of course I knew I must work for myself and you can't imagine what a helpless creature I was. I couldn't even comb my hair. I took the county examinations for a teacher's certificate and passed. Then I heard from an aunt of my mother whose name was Polly Green. She sent me enough money for a month or so and promised to help me a little every month and leave me all her wealth when she died if I would but take her name. It was hard to give up my own name, but I finally consented.

"In September I received notice that I had been accepted as teacher in a little mountain district, about one hundred and fifty miles from the railroad. I hurriedly packed a few of my belongings and went. The village was located in a little valley. Many houses were scattered about, but all were in a state of decay. One fine two-story house had caved in and everywhere was an appearance of utter neglect. Indeed, what had once been a busy thriving little town echoing with the tramp of the miners' feet was now but a haunt of memories, a thing to make any stranger's heart ache. The rich silver mines were no longer worked. It was useless to try with silver so low. Only about half a dozen families now remained. They were just laborers, hired to stay and watch the property. I was to room with one of these families, Irish people. The Flannigan home, built on the side of a hill, was little more than a barn. The chickens ran in and out at their pleasure, as did any other animal

small enough to enter.

"I almost died the first month. Everything was repulsive to me. Mrs. Flannigan was a good-hearted soul, though, and I finally became quite used to her many peculiarities and really liked her. Every morning I was met with a cheery 'Good morning, pretty love. Nice morning. Ah! pretty dear, you must not work so hard with the children.' At first the children were unbearable and I tried to correct their many faults. After a month passed I noticed no improvement, then two, and by the third I wanted to give up. At the end of six months I awoke to the realization that I was picking up their little oddities and instead of making them better I was becoming one of them. Study by candle light had weakened my eyes, so I decided that I must leave, and as I had saved quite a bit I determined to come here. There, you know me now."

"But won't you play some for me before I go," said Jerald, looking at the violin and feeling that he was asking a great deal.

"I haven't played for months," said Polly, but she turned and picked up the violin. Several minutes were consumed in tuning the instrument. Then she began to play. Jerald had never heard anything before like this playing of Polly's. It was grand. In the dim light a perfect halo seemed to hover about her head, her eyes shone, and Jerald, thrilled and elevated by the music, thought he had never beheld anyone half so beautiful.

III.

"This is grand, Goldie, simply grand. I've been so happy here with you," cried Polly.

The girls were getting ready for the commencement exercises that evening and Polly was standing before the glass looking at herself. She, Polly Green, was really going to play her violin and her face shone with the happiness that came from her innermost soul. Polly's reflection in the glass was not unpleasing. With Goldie's help her red hair had been tastily arranged. Her eyes, which were really pretty and expressive, were now much stronger, thanks to Maude who had once had weak eyes herself and knew just what would help Polly's. The little blue dress was immensely becoming. It was a remnant of her better days which the girls had found stowed away at the bottom of her trunk and made over for her.

She stood before the mirror for a few minutes and then sat down on a little stool near Goldie.

"Goldie, dear, I never realized until today how very much you girls have done for me and my heart just bubbles over with gratitude."

Tears filled the big brown eyes.

"I was so awkward and uncouth when I came here. Why, I blundered at every move I took, and the life I led while I taught had hardened me until I didn't care. That I've done anything at all here is all owing to the dear girls and you especially."

Goldie stooped over as if tying her shoe in order to hide a guilty face.

She had not wanted to ask the girls to take Polly into the Club. She disliked her and even yet Polly was repulsive to her, but there was a fascination about her that she could not shake off. She had brought in Polly's name for Jerald's sake. He wished it and had asked her help. How well she remembered that first stormy interview with the girls. They flatly refused her. It really was not Goldie, but Polly herself who had won them. Goldie invited Polly to come up to the Club and bring her violin (at Jerald's suggestion). When the girls heard her play they decided it wouldn't be so bad to have her there after all and so Polly had become one of them.

"If it wasn't for the Training School," at last sighed Polly breaking the lull in the conversation, "I know I would be supremely happy. But the children make me so nervous. Miss Black says I have improved lately. Do you think I have, Goldie dear? Will I get through? Surely the Bridge of Sighs was well named."

"Polly Desmond Green, just stop that worrying right away! Of course you'll get through. Really, dear, there's a wrinkle over one of your eyes already and there'll be one over your other eye if you don't quit."

Then chattering, as young people will, they were soon ready for the exercises.

When they went out into the hall Jerald was already waiting for them.

"How Polly has improved," thought Jerald, "and it's all owing to Goldie. She has been such a true friend to us both. And Polly is a great girl!"

Before long they arrived at the Hall. It was already crowded. Jerald and Goldie left Polly at the office, where those who were to take part were waiting until the clock should announce the appointed time.

Here some were walking up and down, some talking in a hushed voice, and others gloomily thinking over their parts, hoping they might not forget. Polly was in a different mood from any of these. She was frightened. Her heart beat until she heard it, but she was sure of herself. She thought of Jerald, too, as she sat there waiting.

At last the time came, and amid cheers those who were to take part filed into the room.

Polly listened to the class history, the class poem, the orations, the farce, all as in a dream. Finally, she heard some one mention her name. She arose mechanically and walked out on the platform with her beloved violin. At first she trembled and faltered a little. Then she forgot where she was. She forgot the brilliant hall and crowd. She thought of her childhood, of her father and mother, of Jerald, and as her thoughts changed so changed her playing. At first it was sweet, unutterably sweet, then sad, so sad that more than one before her brushed away a

tear, a barbaric note next, then to joy, and from joy to triumph. It seemed and really was a reproduction of her own life.

Again and again she was applauded.

When it was all over the students and teachers crowded about her congratulating her.

Far down in the audience a little girl watched Jerald as he made his way to Polly. When she saw the look in his eyes as Polly gave him her hand, she hid her pretty face and gave a little sob. She knew that she had done her part and with her help Polly had won. There was a sad look in her face and she looked a little worn, but the music had won her and she too went to meet Polly with a smile.

A Remembrance.

Thy voice across the phantom years
Flows like a far-off silver stream.
I pause—my eyelids fill with tears,
And living seems an idle dream.

The old-time simple ways of men
In which our childish lines were cast—
O what is now compared with then,
The sweet, the unforgotten past?

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

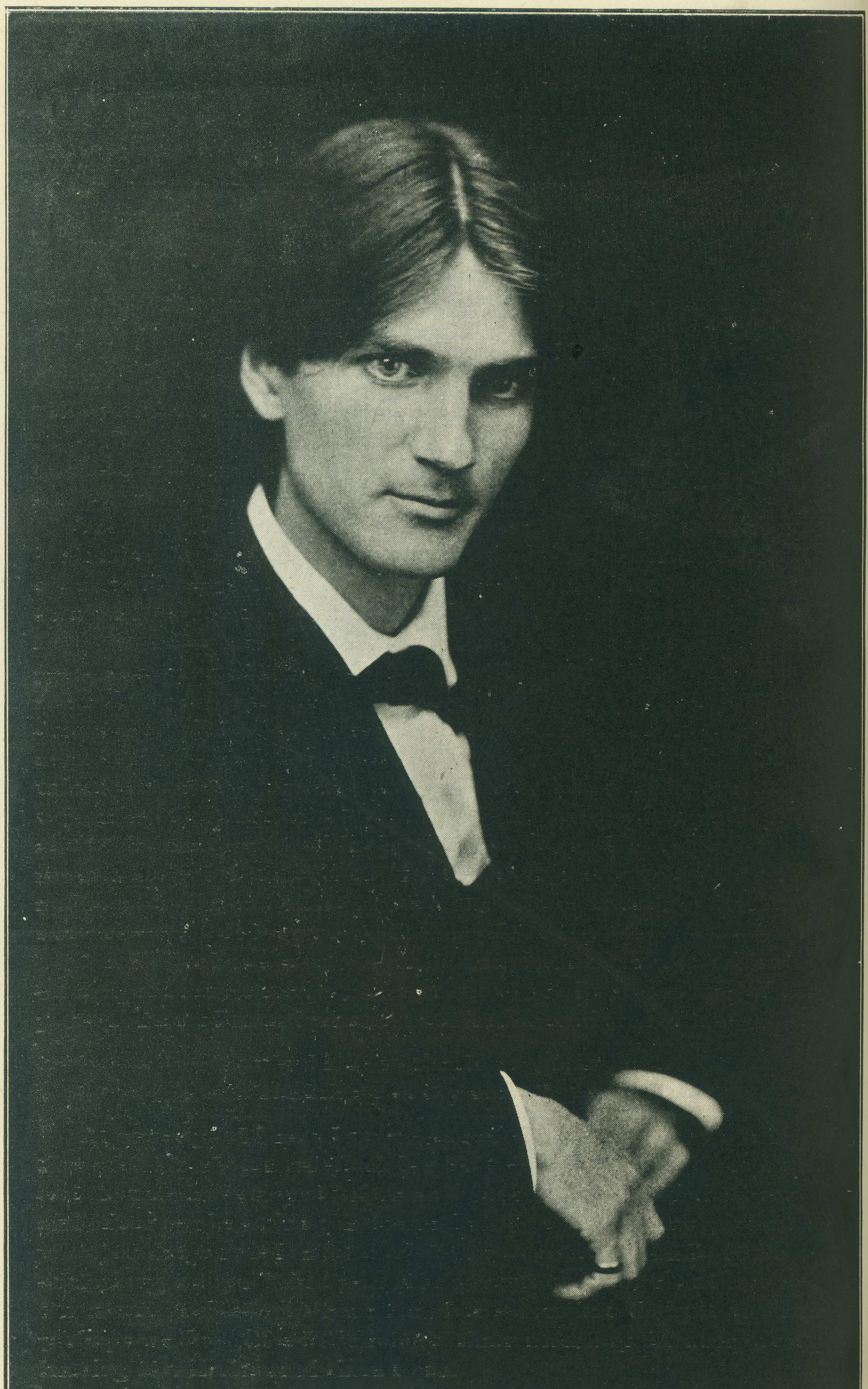


PHOTO BY WEBSTER

CHARLES KEELER

A Morning With a Poet.

From Ridge Road and Highland Place we looked out over the trees and the house-tops of Berkeley town to the glory of the hills and the flashing waters of the bay. Below us lay the great University and far away on the horizon the wide ocean under a perfect sky. The glamour of the spring was over all, and every breath of wind this beautiful May morning was redolent of roses and sweet-scented blossoms. The birds chirped gaily in the hedges behind us, calling to their fellows in the tree-tops, and as we entered at the garden gate and passed down the walk through the tangle of vines and blossoms I knew that were I a poet and an artist I, too, would build my nest among the song birds on these wonderful Berkeley hills.

Mr. Keeler welcomed us at the door with kindly greeting and what were evidently pleasant remembrances of his visit to the Normal School in San Jose. My companion was an old friend of Mr. Keeler's, and while they indulged in a jolly little exchange of personalities I took advantage of the opportunity to look about me. The room into which we were ushered is evidently the favorite room of the household, a happy combination of library and sitting-room. It is long and would be low but for the peaked roof overhead. The finishings are in the natural dark wood and there are odd bits of furniture, pewter plates and vessels of beaten brass that look as if they have stories. The long shelves that nearly cover one side of the room are filled with books in comfortable looking bindings, and some carved ebony chairs and lamps of wrought iron, suspended from the dark beams overhead, give a foreign flavor to the room; while the broad, open fire-place, with its ample couch beside it, and the rich-toned hearth rugs, are redolent of old-fashioned ease and comfort. On the walls are a few good pictures by Keith and others, and some exquisitely illuminated memory verses. The illuminations, I learned later, were the work of Mrs. Keeler, the artist's wife, who was a favorite pupil of Keith's. The bits of burnt-wood work were done by her also. The most noticeable of these are a large screen near the fireplace, and a huge chest in the alcove, richly carved and ornamented with burnt-work. Over the chest hangs the treasure of the alcove, a landscape by Keith—a glimpse of meadow, stream and woodland—the artist's betrothal gift to the young couple. Another picture by the same artist is over the fire-place. It is set into the wall, a night scene, with the pale moonlight piercing the gray and purple mists that brood on land and sea. It must be a pleasant household scene on which those mists look down so often.

When Mrs. Keeler came in presently with the baby of course we made a rush for him. All babies—that is, all clean, good babies—are lovely, we admit, but this little chap in his shawl drapery, fresh from his bath, was adorable. The silky brown fluff they called hair curled up into

dear little drake tails golden in the light, or lay in soft moist rings on his white forehead. With big wide eyes he surveyed us with mild wonder and interest while we exclaimed over his chubby arms and little pink toes, and made obeisance before his babyship.

Mother and child made a charming picture and we wondered that in this artistic household some artist had not made studies of the two, whereupon we were shown the proofs of some photographs recently taken by an Oakland artist friend. We would have begged a copy had we dared.

This baby is not the only child, but little Meredith, the eight-year-old daughter of the house, was not at home when we called. Her favorite book, "King Arthur and his Court," illustrated by Howard Pyle, lay on the table. As might be expected, she bids fair to be a little bookworm, though at present she is especially devoted to fairy tales. We are told that her father is somewhat worried that she prefers them to arithmetic.

The study is the most interesting part of this very interesting house. It stands a little off from the main part of the house, with which it is connected by a porch extension and a short flight of steps. At every turn we found a glimpse of bay or hills, and there are as many windows as possible all over the house, for the Keelers love sunshine. Out in the garden near some broad-leaved tropical looking plants we found a sunshine dining-room where lunch is served on pleasant days. Perhaps they dream of tropic lands and southern seas out there. In the study the most of the South Sea treasures are stored. The many windows are curtained with coarse Japanese grass linen and the walls are hung with tapestries of native cloths both in the inner and outer studies. Couch and tables are draped with the same stuffs, and a table in the outer room is heaped with curios. In the inner study is another fireplace, and more books and manuscripts aud notes of travel, and it was here that we settled down for a quiet time with the poet.

Mr. Keeler has a most sympathetic voice, and it was with the keenest delight that we received his consent to read to us some of his own poems. As we listened we could not but be reminded of Longfellow's

> "And lend to the rhyme of the poet
> The beauty of thy voice."

At our request he read some more of the little poems from his collection of children's verses, which is soon to be published. He repeated several that we had enjoyed before and gave us copies of the Frog poem, and of the one in which the worm in the woodpecker's gizzard agrees with Jonah that "it is a fatal mistake to be swallowed." From several of the longer unpublished poems he gave us our choice for the use of THE PENNANT. This choosing we found a somewhat difficult task, though perhaps we lingered a little longer than necessary because we enjoyed hearing Mr. Keeler read them to us.

Mrs. Keeler usually does the illustrating for any of his poems published, though now Master Baby interferes considerably with her art work. She expects to illustrate his next book, however.

After a most interesting hour in the study listening to the reading, and to reminiscences of travel, we parted from the Keelers and their delightful home in the Berkeley hills. As we passed through the garden, which is allowed to grow in accordance with the dictates of its own sweet will, unhampered by gardener's scissors or pruning knife, it seemed to us that this is an ideal spot for a poet, and that ours has an ideal home.

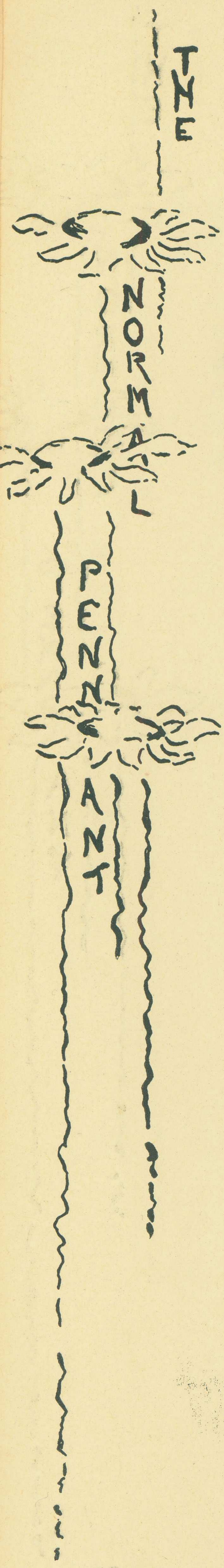
E. Isabelle McClelland.

The Polliwog That Lost Its Tail.

A wiggly little polliwog lived in a pool
On the edge of a stream where the water was cool,
Till one day he turned very green and pale,
For he found that he surely was losing his tail,
And legs were sprouting, and he caught the croup
As he crawled up the bank with a hoarse "Ge-loup!
Ca-thump, ca-lump, ca-chug, ca-chook!"

"O what can have happened?" he asked with a croak;
"This seems like a regular bull-frog joke."
Then he stretched his legs for a mighty jump,
And right in the water he landed ka-plump;
Which made him smile from ear to ear,
For he felt so very delightfully queer
As he called to his mate, "I'm a frog, my dear!"

Charles Keeler.



The Wizard of Ultima Thule.

A wizard standing on the coigne of time
Peered, from his post supreme, *t*he Cosmos o'er;
He conjured with the protoplasmic slime,
He probed the sea and scanned each wondrous shore.

He held, like Faustus, life within his hand;
Like Prospero his Ariel answered him,
Summoning at his behest an eerie band,
Wierd wraiths that flock from spirit borders dim.

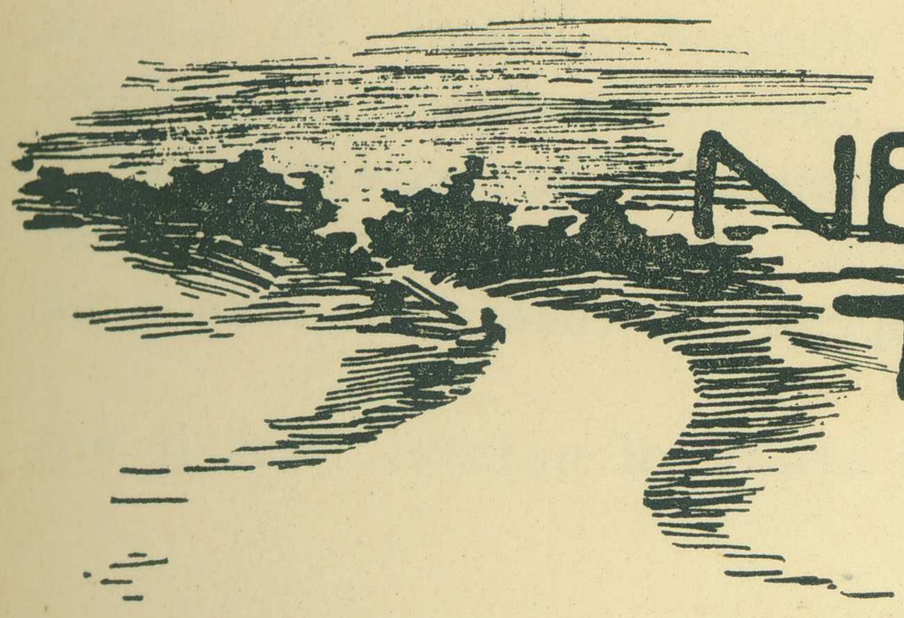
He harnessed mystic lightning to his car;
His knock was echoed round the listening sphere;
His speech surprised incredulous realms afar.
Or slept till wagened with the passing year.

He weighed the stars and plotted meteors' flight,
He guessed their compounds myriad leagues away;
He bound the waterfalls to toil for light,
And, at his touch, they turned the night to day.

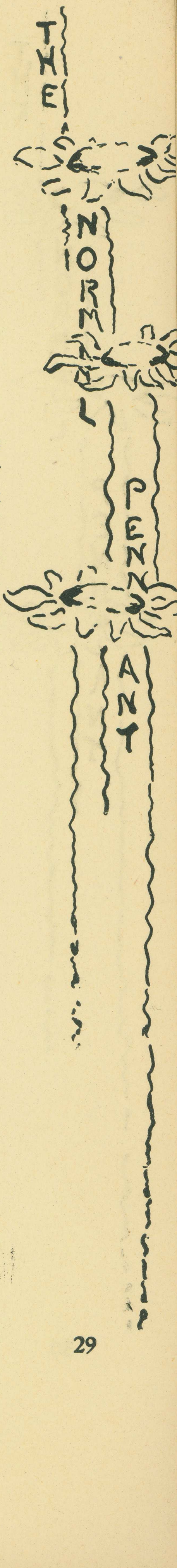
But O, from spirit hounts, a seraph fared
Who, silent, by the laboring wizard stood;
It was the maiden love on whom he stared
With heedless glance that boded naught of good.

Then followed Death to bid him cease for aye,
And whispered: "All thy wonder-work is vain,
'Twas Love that might have led you toward the sky,
Now take my hand adown the vale of pain."

CHARLES KEELER.



NEARER TO NATURE



AN old scrub-woman after a day of hard manual labor sits down by the wayside to view the sunset. She lets one car fly by, then another and still anothcr. Nine minutes spent for pleasure. She was known to say that the sunsets rested her, and that she enjoyed them. "God's pictures are bright. I like to see them and when I go home I like to think of them," she said.

Do you enjoy the sunsets? Or are you depriving yourself of this pleasure?

The poet gives what I feel:

"Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
Beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast.
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed."

It is the teacher's duty to develop the child's taste for such beautiful pictures, but it is self-evident that she will fail unless she appreciates them herself. One of the greatest pleasures of life is to be able to know and to love the beautiful and to know how to make the world more beautiful for those about us. The teacher has this privilege, and if she seizes the opportunity the children's lives will be enriched thereby, "their love of the beautiful set growing" and their minds furnished with pleasant memories.

Is not this privilege worthy of achievement?

"The young generations of the world who had in them the freshness of young children and yet the depth of earnest men," Carlyle says, "did not think they had finished off all things in heaven and earth by merely giving them scientific names, but had to gaze directly at them with awe and wonder."

The hundred strong,
That goodly throng,
That visited Mt. Hamilton one day
Will never forget
That glorious sunset
That filled them with wonder and awe.

How quickly that movable picture changed in form! To some it suggested a Japanese lantern, then a hat, and then a plate. How closely we watched the background, which also changed! Then we were asked to invert our lenses and note the new picture. Words cannot paint what we saw. Many felt that the coloring appealed to them more than it did when right side up.

Development comes by contact and study of nature. Was it not Shakespeare that said:

"And this our life
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

If this is true how many of us can afford not to be nature students? How many more reasons we give for the scars on the trees as we pass by after reading the article by Ernest Seton Thompson in *Country Life*! I am trying still to prove the statement made by our tall, keen-eyed John Burroughs in the same May number of *Country Life*, that nearly all trees are twisted, the hard always in one direction and the soft in the opposite. Do you know the answer? Have you proved your answer by all the trees in Washington Square?

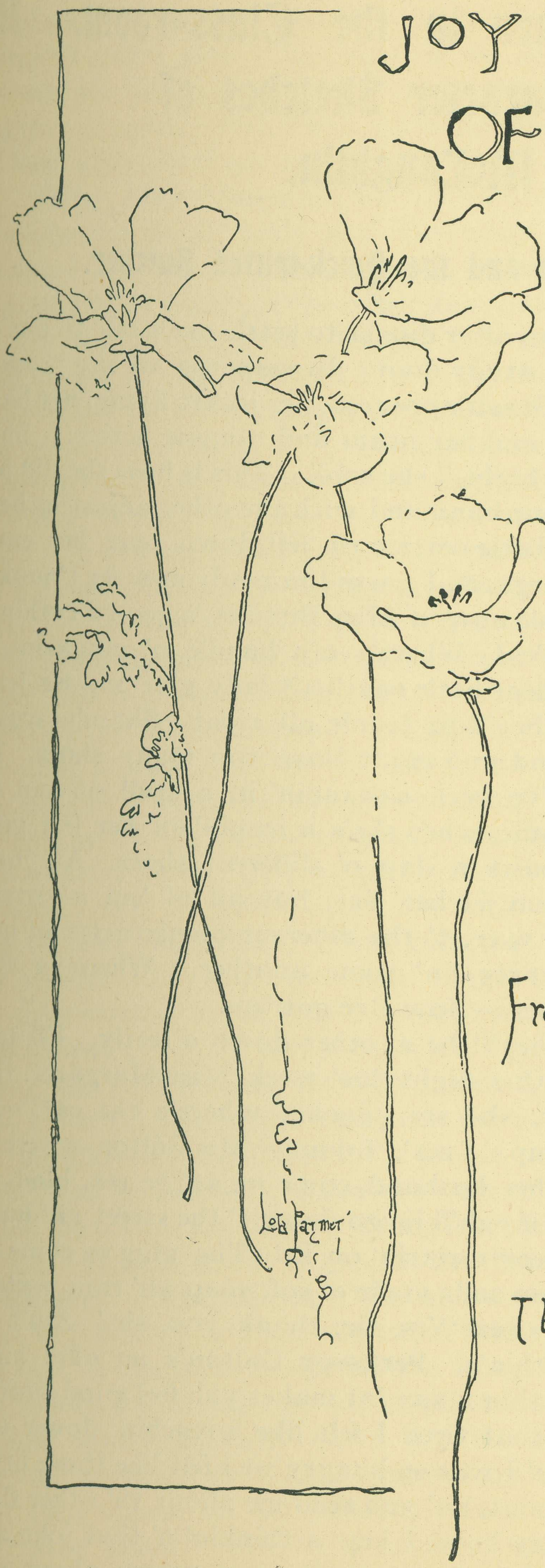
I read in an article entitled "Criteria of Nature Study," edited by C. F. Hodge, that nature study proved a failure in New York and California. The reason given was that teachers were engrossed with other things and had not cultivated wholesome nature interests. This is too sweeping a statement. I know it has proved a success in the San Jose Normal.

Will even one of the outgoing ninety-two teachers fall in with this criticized class?

Our whole country is aglow with the love of natural beauty. "It is in full bloom," says Charles Zeublin of Chicago in his "Return to Nature". You who feel the need of enthusiasm, bring yourself in touch with the work as given in the San Jose Normal by Prof. Wood. I feel sure he will inspire you and bring you nearer to Nature and by bringing you nearer to nature help you to become the character John Fiske admires:

"The consummate product of a world of evolution is the character that produces happiness, that is replete with dynamic possibilities of fresh life and activity in directions forever new."

Such a character is the reflected image of God and in it are contained the promise and the potency of life everlasting.—Alice Davis.



JOY FROM CUPS OF GOLD

Reflections after visiting the sick childrens Ward

By Alice Davis

We that can go at Will
where beauties of nature
are reveal'd
Little think what joy
can be got
From poppies out of the field
Flowers to these
excluded children
are all they can know
of the plain,
They brighten and lighten
their rooms
like the sunshine
after the rain-

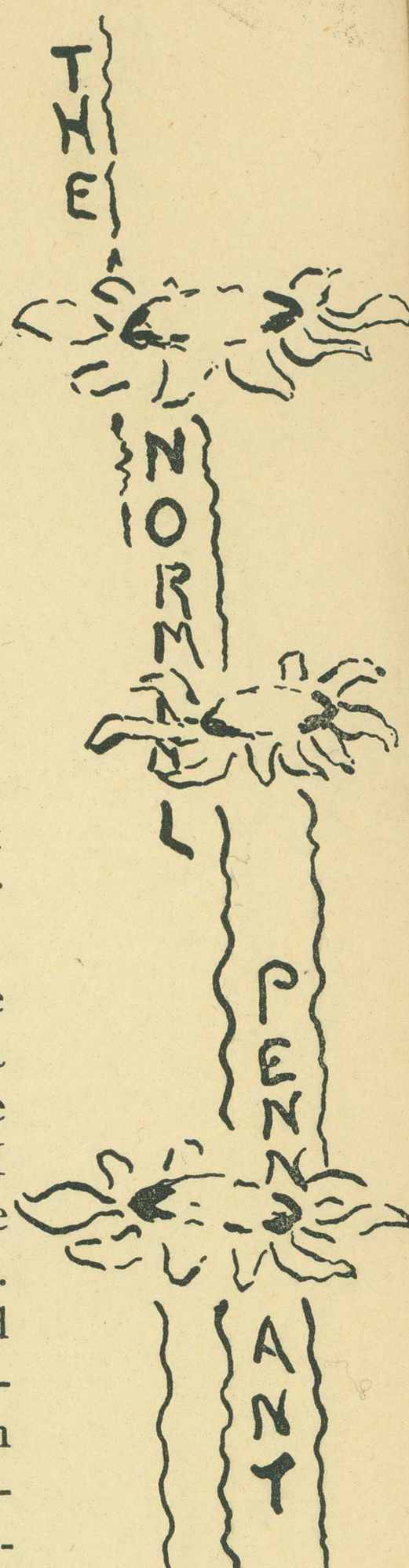
College Notes Not Taken in the Class-room. A Series of Character Sketches of Susan McLaughlin.

V. Susan McLaughlin and the Quick-witted Butcher.

One Friday evening, too soon after dinner to settle one's self to one's reading, there came a rap at my study door. In response to my "come in"—I had recognized the rap—Susan appeared, her jacket flying, her hat askew, her arms full of bundles, and her brain and tongue active. She merely wished to bid me "good night," she said. This is how she did it:

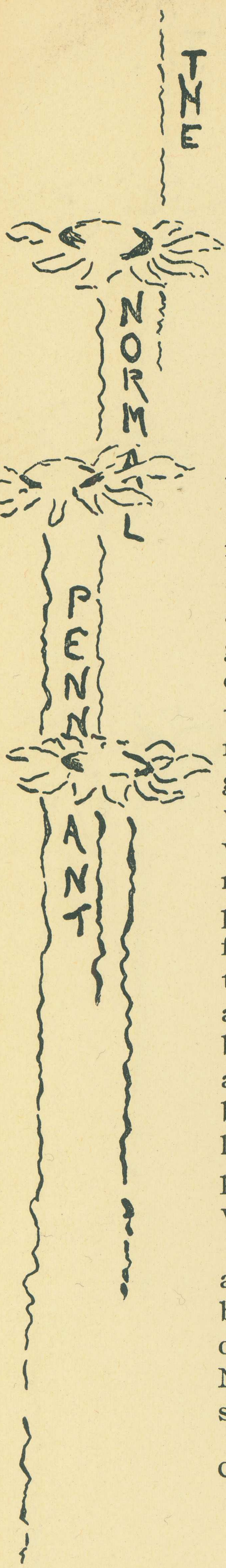
Buttoning her jacket with one hand and with the other adjusting her hat so forcibly that the stubby little ostrich tip fell down over her ear, she said, "Good night, Miss Margaret, I guess I'm ready now fer t' make my bow t' the public. Le' me see now, if Miss Bundles 's got ev'rythin.' Where's my basket o' dirty clo'es? Where's my bundle o' magazines? An' where's the shoes 'at that dear little southern lady give me fer Jennie? Oh, yes, Miss Margaret, they'll fit Jennie all right. She c'n wear anythin' from twos t' fours, and yuh can't have too many shoes. It kind o' rests yer feet when yuh've been a-standin' in a spell on 'em t' change roun.' I've knowed Jennie, when she's a ironin' an' her feet gits swol, to wear 's many 's five pairs a day o' different shoes. All "has beens," o' course, an' none of 'em jis her size, but all of 'em a-correspondin' in their own particular way, t' the different peculeyartes of her feet, some a-suitin' one peculeyarty an' some another. Where in the land o' livin' are them little shoes?—Now I've got 'em.

"The cars's jis went up. They'll be another down d'rectly. I'll tell sumpin' while I'm a-waitin'. One night las' week, Miss Margaret, the day I worked fer Mis Galton, she sez, 'Susan, where's the car?'—a-meanin', had I heerd it a-goin' up. I sez', 'I dunno' Mis Galton, where it is.' Jis then Perfesser Galton, her husband, come in, an' he sez, kind o' slow like, 'Well, Susan, I think if yuh'll jis go down t' the street an' hunt along the track yuh'll find the car a-settin' on it.' The gigg es come a-bubblin' up inside o' me like soap suds made o' soft soap an' rain water, but I didn't crack a smile. I jis sez, 'Yes, sir; thank you, sir.' Ain't it nice t' be edjicated and know thin's. Perfessor Galton's an offul kind man. He allus has some little thin t' say 'at makes yuh feel good inside. That night, ferinst'nce, I was that tired I felt like a-reachin' down my han's t' push my legs along, an' I was so hungry 'at I felt like those little animals yer allus a-studyin' about, an' yuh read me about th' other day 'ats all stomik. But all the way home I kep' a thinkin' o' that joke an' of how Jennie'd enjoy it, an' I clean fergot t' git up a worry about my



tired-an'-hungriness. Pore 's I am, I do b'lieve I'd ruther have a pleas'nt word give t' me once in so often, 'n t' have money. God's blessed me 'ith a good mem'ry, an' I c'n think 'em over an' laugh at 'em again an' again, while I'm a thrashin' round this wicked world, a-tryin' t' keep my stomik an' heels t'gether.

"Why, Miss Margaret, of course I won't disappoint yuh. I'll be on hand bright an' early nex' Thursday mornin'. I a'n't never disappointed any o' yuh ladies. O, yes, I have, too. I won't lie. I disappointed Miss Botsford the other day, but that was a case o' death. Yuh know my lan'-lady's housekeeper was took quite suddint, an' they sent right over fer me, an' I had t' help lay her out. Death won't wait fer anybody's previous engagement. Death is one o' them certain-to-come, never-expected vis'tors 'at deman's immedyit attention. But that's the only time I ever disappointed anybody. My grandmother's toes a twirlin': it a'n't, neither. I b'lieve I'm a-retrogradin' into a bone fide liar. It was the time I was stood on my head. No, Miss Margaret, I a'n't been a-lookin' fer extray exercise in the 'gym.' God's pervided me 'ith a wash-tub fer that, an' I a'n't a-practicin' for the circus, neither. My Methodistness 'ud pervent me from that. But jis the same I stood erec' like a soldier drillin', only upsi'-down. Las' Monday I was a-workin' fer Miss Brewster, 'at keeps a boardin'-house down on Clinton avenue, a-washin' an' in the afternoon I was t' go to' Miss Vandervorst's fer t' clean out her 'glory-room.' Don't yuh know what a 'glory-room' is? It's a kind o' original name 'at I made up. They is one in most ev'ry house. It's sumpin' b'tween an attic an' a cellar, and fer collectiveness o' rubbish it beats 'em both. I promised Mis Vandervorst I'd be there at one o'clock. Now, yuh can't never judge t' the minute about a washin'. It's most gen'rally bigger'n yuh espected, 'specially when yuh're workin' in the lady's house, 'cause it's s' handy t' keep a-throwin' in a stray piece. 'T any rate I didn't git done till 'bout twelve o'clock, and Mis Vandervorst, yuh know, lives quite a stretch up Clinton Av'nu; so I was fer goin' right along up there. But Mis' Brewster—she's good t' me allus—God's offul good t' Jennie an' me' bout pervidin' friends—an' she was possessed t' have me stay t' dinner. Well, I give in, an' we had lamb stew fer dinner. I was a-settin' in the kitchen at the table 'ith three butchers 'at didn't go into the dinin'-room 'ith the white-table-cloth boarders. I was a-eatin' s' fas' and watchin' the clock at the same time, so 'at I didn't pay much attention t' the way I was eatin'. Guess I was a doin' it like them Goops 'at Mr. Burgess writes about. Anyway, all of a sudden I was a-spittin' an' a-splutterin' t' beat the band, 'ith a piece o' lamb bone a-skitterin' down my throat. The boarders in the dinin'-room heered me an' they all jumped up an' begin a-hollerin' at the tops o' their voices, an' all different thin's. I c'd hear 'em say: 'Give 'er a crust o' bread!' 'Give 'er a drink o' water!' 'Roll 'er in a barrel!' 'No, that's fer a drowned person!' Give 'er mustard an' water t' bring it up!'



No, it's better to let it go down!' 'Where's the olive oil? That'll soothe her throat!' 'Phone fer the doctor!' Then I didn't know no more till I heered a growlin' kind o' voice sayin', "My God, the woman's a-chokin t' death while all you wild Injuns is a-howlin' roun' er. Bloomin' idjuts!'

An' jis the same instan' I felt a strong arm roun, my waist, an' 'ith one quick swirl a-wrappin' my skirts roun' my legs, an' quicker'n a wink I was a standin' upsi'down on the crown o' my head, while the butcher was a- poundin me on the back 'ith both fists 's if he was a tenderin' up a tough beefsteak. Seems like 's if he'd pounded there 'n hour, though I don't s'pose 'twas more 'n a minute er two, while I, fool-like, 's they tell me, was a-flounderin' roun' and a kickin' fer all I was worth. It must a' been kind o' laughable, but while it was a-goin' on it was 's serious 's a prayer meetin' and a good deal more excitin'. Pretty soon I begin t' gurgle an' then I started a-bleedin'. The blood come a-sputterin' out ev'ry way fer Sunday. And then the white-table-cloth boarders begin t' yell again, "She's got the nose-bleed!' 'Git a key an' hold it down 'er neck!' 'Put hot vinegar an' red pepper up 'er nostrils!'—wouldn,t that git yuh—'Put a chunk of ice in the pit of 'er stomik!' At las' the butcher, who seemed t' be lackin' in suggestin'ness, but was chuck full o' git-to-workness, got a lump of ice out o' the water-pitcher an' laid it on my neck an' washed my face off, and stomped out, a-mutterin', 'I allus espec' people in case of accidents t' ac' like fools, but these here folks is all dam fools.' Yes, Miss Margaret, I know it's terrible bad t' swear; but even then, 'ith the pricks o' that bone still a-raspin' in my throat, an' me pale an' tremblin' 'ith fright, jis snatched from the jaws o' death, I c'n remember how the corners o' my mouth sort o' turned up o' their own accord at them swearin' words. Yuh see, when a thing's true, if yuh've got any brains at tall, yuh can't help appreciatin' it, even if 'tain't said in perlite language. I set there till the bleedin' stopped, an' then I went an' explained it t' Miss Vandervorst, an' showed her the bone, so she'd know it wasn't no lie, an' she sez, 'I excuse you, Susan, I see you couldn't help it.'

"Mother o' Moses! it's eight o'clock. I've been a-standin' here talkin' a half an hour. What'll Jennie say? I must a missed seven er eight cars; but I guess they's still one a-rollin' on the track, 'ith a good-natchered conductor aboard t' help 'Miss Bundles' on. Good night, Miss Margaret. Nex' Thursday, then, unless Death wants me t' work fer him, er I git stood on my head."

MARGARET EVERITT SCHALLENBERGER.

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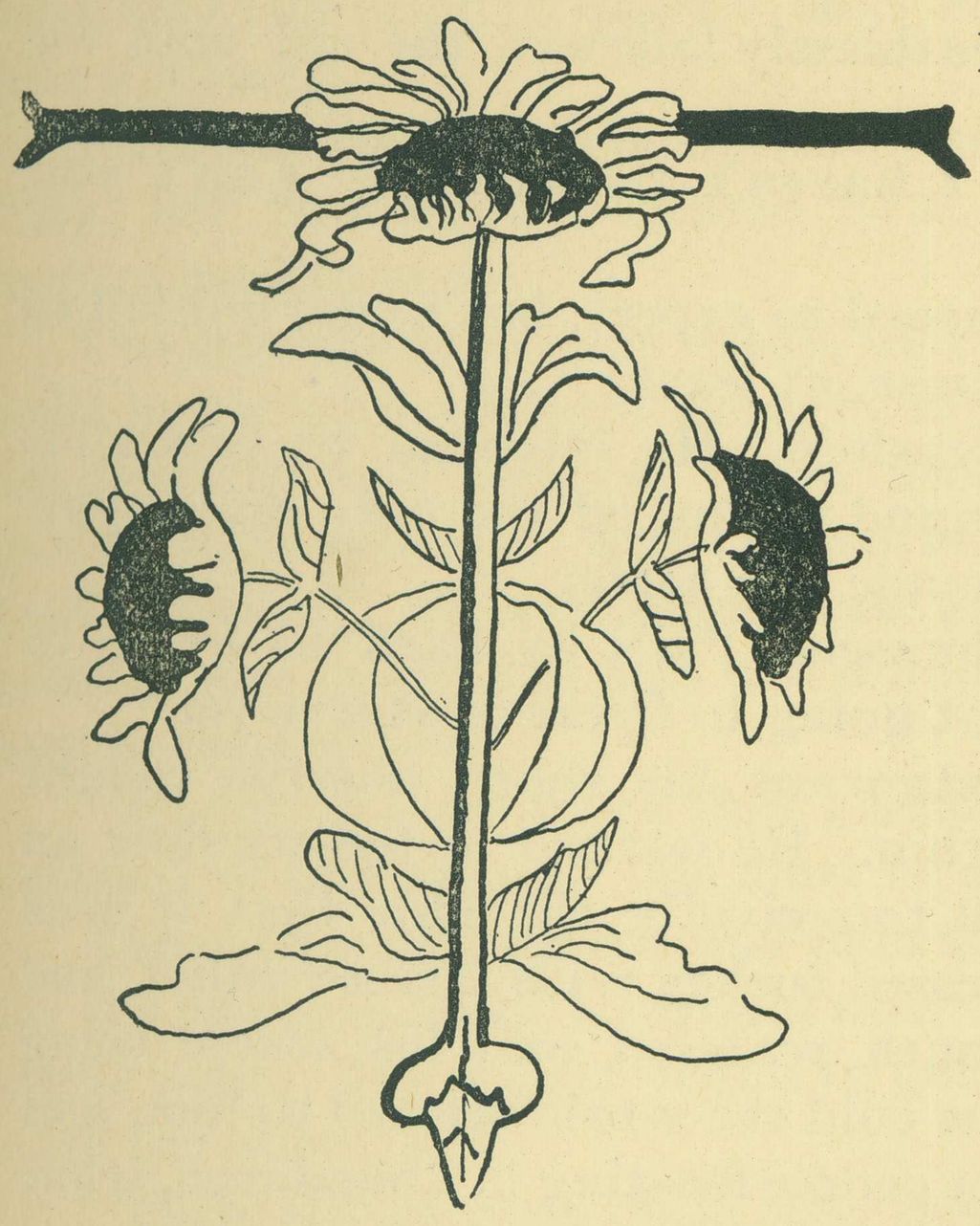
A Tramp's Dinner.



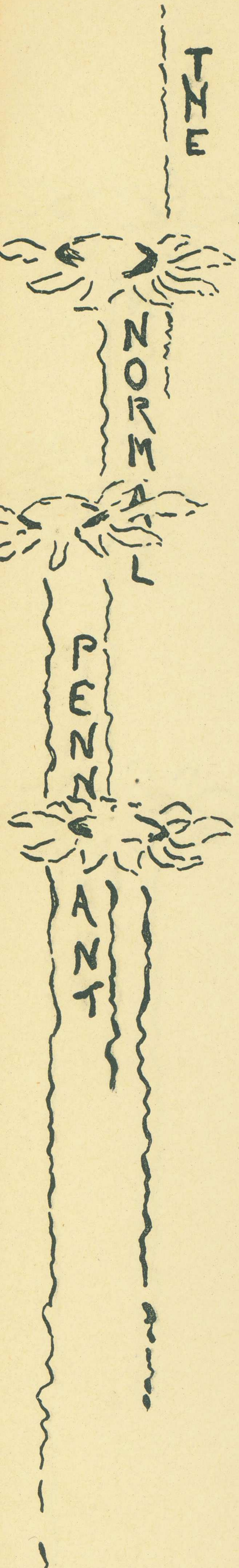
HE "Weary Willies" knew Sam Waggles, the tramp, as "The Kid from Boston." Though a confirmed hobo, he had a firm conviction of his superiority to other gentlemen of his calling. Sam had a partner called "Lucky Dan" because of the peculiar good fortune which his companions believed to smile upon him; for Dan had been a guest of the sheriff for several cold winter months, and so was able to spend his Christmas and eat his dinner at the sheriff's hotel.

While Sam strolled lazily through the city park he mourned deeply that he, too, had not been able to share the luck of his partner. Dropping into a bench partly hidden by a clump of bushes he thought the matter over and chided himself for his bad luck and for his unaccountable lack of foresight. Surely there had been a mistake somewhere. No other Christmas could Sam remember on which he had been unable to be present with his friends at the sumptuous banquet given by the sheriff, who, out of extreme kindness of heart, was always indulgent to his wards on the 25th of December, even if it were at the expense of his tax-paying constituents. As Sam thought of the last Christmas, with its array of roast beef and apple sauce, of juicy turkey, pies, cakes and other delicacies, a huge lump rose in his throat and a salty tear trickled down his sunburned cheek.

Arising from his seat, he walked in an aimless way toward town. He was tired and hungry, and as yet had thought of no way of relieving his misery. He put on an overcoat, a new one his partner had stolen and left in his care, and started for the crowded part of the city.

It was early evening. A good-natured-looking old man passed him, walking rapidly towards the center of town. Not wishing to let an opportunity to get something for nothing go by, especially when he thought he had at hand a kind-hearted gentleman with a fat purse, he tenderly approached the man and in smoothest, well-practiced words began:

"Please, Mister, can you give a hungry man the price of a meal. I haven't had a thing to eat for two days." Then, noticing a sign of hesi-



tation on the face of the genial old man, he added:

"I won't spend it for liquor, Mister. I'll go to the coffee-house across the street. You can watch me."

Sam quickened his pace as he breathlessly followed the old man for answer.

Ahem! I am sorry, my friend, I haven't the change. Can't you work?"

This was an answer Sam had learned to expect, but he did not fail to thank the gentleman for a kind response, at least.

Sam crossed the street to a pawnshop. He intended to pawn his overcoat. But on reaching the door and taking off the only whole garment he owned a cold gust of wind made him shiver.

"I'll keep my coat," he said to himself. "It's as hard to freeze to death as starve to death, and I'm not going to freeze or starve yet."

He walked on, and passing a restaurant his sharp nostrils caught the delicious odor of good things within. He noticed in the window an array which brought back to him all too vividly the idea that it was Christmas. There was the finely dressed turkey with lettuce salad and cranberry sauce at its side. His mouth watered and his whole being craved for the bounteous feast. How cold the world seemed to him, and how unsociable! Here were scores of people feasting in abundance, while he can only starve in the face of their well-fed content.

An impulse seized him to break the glass showcase. This would send him to jail, but perhaps too late for the sheriff's turkey dinner. Something should have been done yesterday. Besides, a trick of that kind was far too low for a man of his "rep". His partners would "jolly" him about it.

Suddenly Sam struck on a new vein. He beamed with delight. Here was a scheme if it would only work. He stepped around the corner to avoid attention while he put his hair in shape and tried to make himself as presentable as possible. He buttoned up his overcoat and turned up his collar to hide the dirty shirt and missing necktie.

After his hasty toilet he walked boldly around to the restaurant and entered without fear. Nobody would have known, to look at his countenance, but that he "owned the town," as he afterward expressed it. The folding doors swung to behind him and the proprietors' desk was safely passed.

The electric lights shone brilliantly. Sam faltered somewhat, for he knew that his unblacked shoes and ragged trousers would hardly bear inspection under the bright light, so quickly he dodged into an empty box and thus was out of view. Vinegar and pickles, and other things of which Sam did not know the names, were the only eatables in sight; but Sam tried his skill at pressing a button, and his air-castle began to be realized.

"A porterhouse, Spanish, please, black coffee, fried potatoes and all

that goes with it. While that's cooking bring me some clam chowder with French bread. My train is due shortly and I'll not have time to eat unless you bring it quick," said he rapidly to the obliging waiter who appeared.

It seemed but a moment before Sam was enjoying his clam chower. "Say, but that's good," mused Sam. "It's something like the truck mother used to make."

The second course was ready, and Sam with difficulty smothered a smile as the waiter hastily brought in the new order and rushed out with the dishes so well cleaned. How glad he was now that he had not pawned his overcoat! And the world did not seem so cold and unsociable after all. He ate porterhouse as he had never eaten it before, but when it was finished he still had a hankering for turkey such as he had seen in the window.

"Wonder if I can work that greenhorn again," thought he, "he's the easiest I've ever struck. He must be a flunkey hired for the holidays."

The waiter reappeared and Sam told him he believed he would wait for the morning train, so would now take turkey, cranberry sauce and white wine. The waiter began to get suspicious and when he returned with the order, said:

"These things come high, sir. Are you prepared to pay for all this, sir?"

Such a thrust wounded Sam's feelings immensely.

"How very impertinent, you are, my man. Doesn't one usually pay after he eats? Where's your boss? I'll have you dismissed."

Sam used good English when he chose to.

The waiter, fearing that he had made some mistake, graciously apologized. But after setting the order on the table he slipped back to the office and related the case to the proprietor.

All this time Sam was doing justice to the turkey, the cranberry sauce and the white wine. He was in high spirits; when suddenly the proprietor entered and said bluntly:

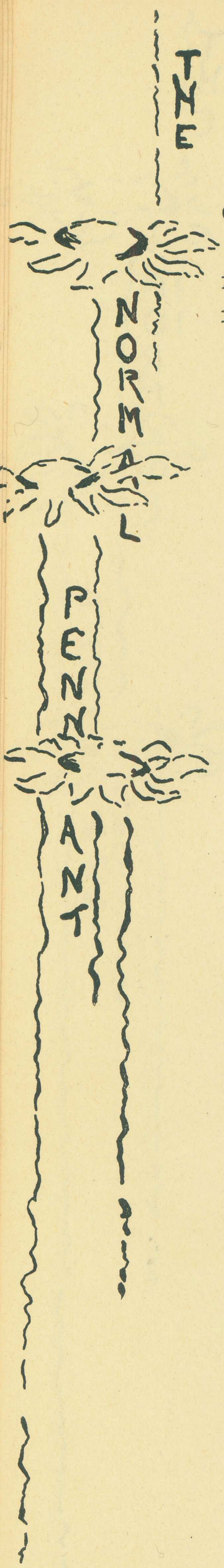
"Your money, please. One fifty."

Sam at once became indignant. "I'll never pay you a cent," he roared. "You've insulted me. Just to let you know who I am, ring up Main Twenty-One and ask for particulars concerning Sam Waggles. You'll find you've made a mistake to insult a gentleman."

The proprietor was aghast, but decided to be on the safe side of the matter and telephone. Leaving Sam in possession of the turkey, the proprietor dashed to his office and hammered the telephone for central.

"Main Twenty-one," he howled; but the girl reacted against the savage snarl with the reply, "Line busy; call again."

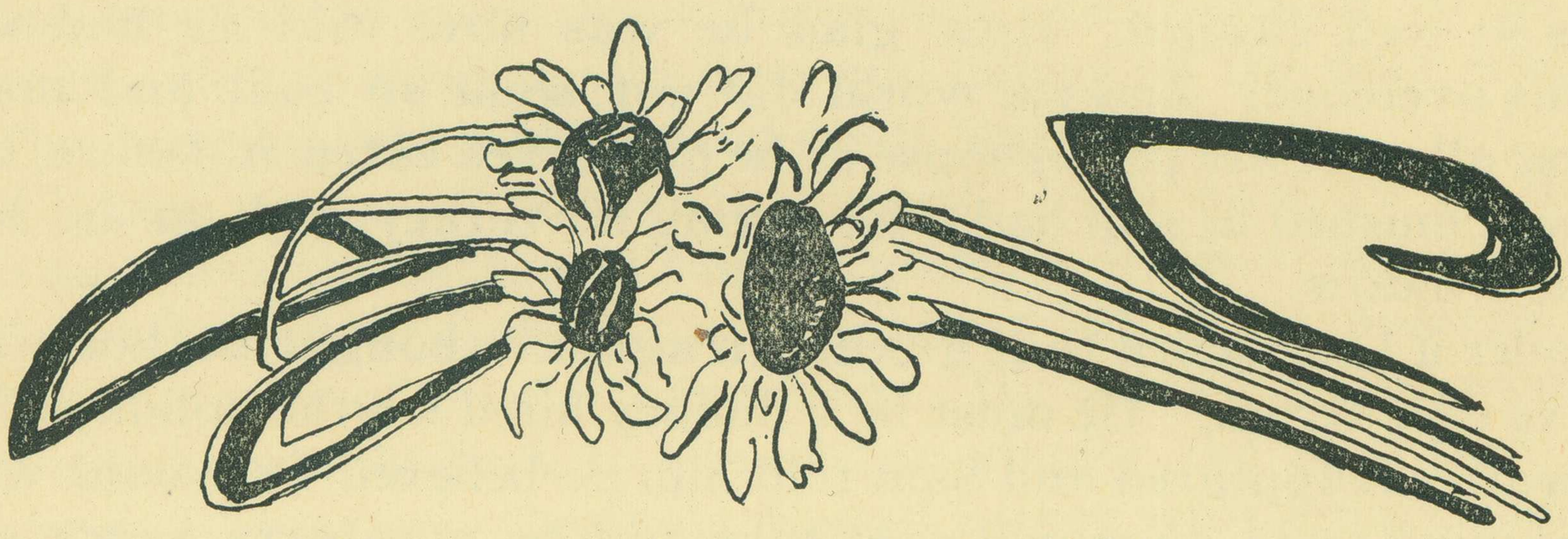
Sam had already gained two minutes by his ruse and calmly drank wine against time, while the proprietor boiled with rage at the delay.



Once again, twice, three times he tried.

Sam gulped the last juicy bite from his turkey leg, sat with a satisfied smile and waited serenely the coming of the sheriff, whose telephone number he had given to the irascible proprietor of the restaurant.

CLYDE REYNOLDS.



June.

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The peerless skies of June bend over me,
And, ah, what happiness the queen month brings!
The balmy air is full of whirring wings:
The clover blooms are white on hill and lea,
And to the nodding rose the bumble-bee
Repeats his confidential mumblings,
While in the dusky dell the wood-thrush sings
A song so sweet 'twould gladden Ecstasy;
And, oh, the joy I feel to lie, care-free,
Beneath broad maples that the robins love,
Within the sound of rhyming, silver streams,
And watch the butterfly tilt drowsily
From flower to flower, and faintly hear, above,
The lisp of leaves like echoes heard in dreams!

HERBERT BASHFORD.

The Song Mystery

If it touches the heart of a poet
The gods and the ages will know it,
For over the waters and crags of time,
The winds of the world will blow it
If ever the bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
And lo, it will travel from world to world,
Till the kings of Orion sing it!

Edwin Markham

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - - - JUNE, 1904

HOW blessings brighten as they take their flight!" It is only as school days leave us, that we begin to realize what blessings have been ours, and what others we might have had, had we but the eyes to discern the brilliant plumage so often hidden beneath close folded wings. Freely we have given, freely we have received, but by a little conscious effort we might have both received and given more.

"Don't you know," said a girl a few days ago to a friend, "I just love Miss Clay. The first day I entered school, I made up my mind to hate her, but when one really knows her, one cannot help but love her."

What a savage thing to do—consciously to decide to hate some one—voluntarily to search for dross instead of gold! And yet how many students do that very thing. They mingle for years with teachers and class-mates, but fail to receive of the treasures that these lives offer them. They shut their eyes because and fail to give to the world the best that is in them; and so fail to get from the world the best that it has to give.

May we as teachers be more able, more careful gold-seekers, than we have been as students. May we remember that the God who made man in his own image did not forget to put some of his own good into the human heart. Sometimes the good lies quite near the surface, sometimes it is deeply imbedded beneath a rough, rocky exterior. If easily found, so much the better; if hard to find, then we must dig the longer. But let us remember that the good is there. Find it we must.

The management desires to express its sincere thanks to all those who have so kindly aided in the production of this June issue of the Normal Pennant.

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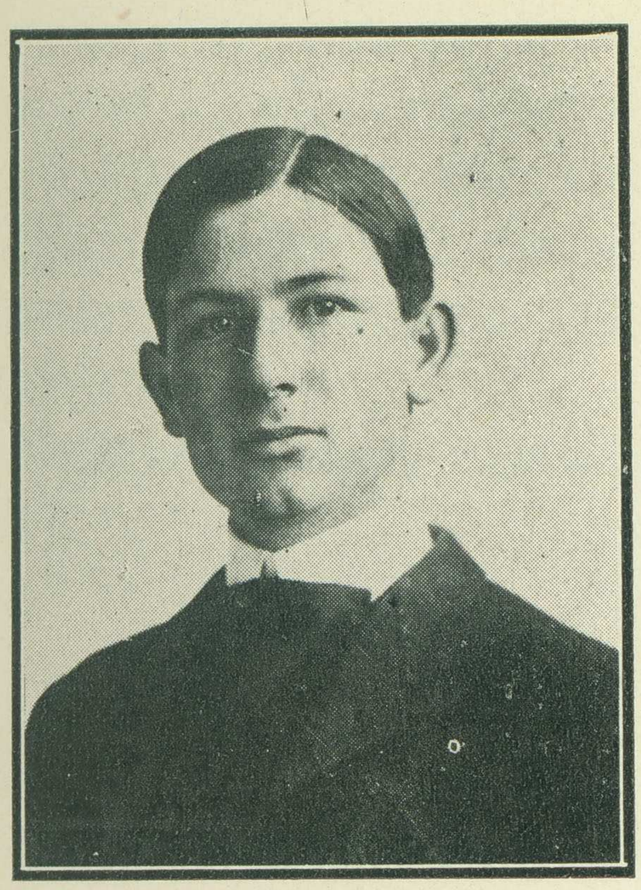

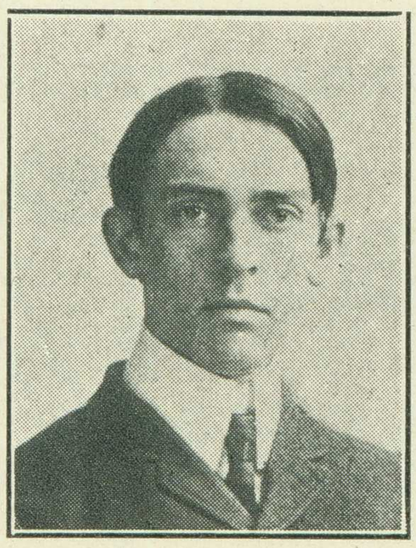

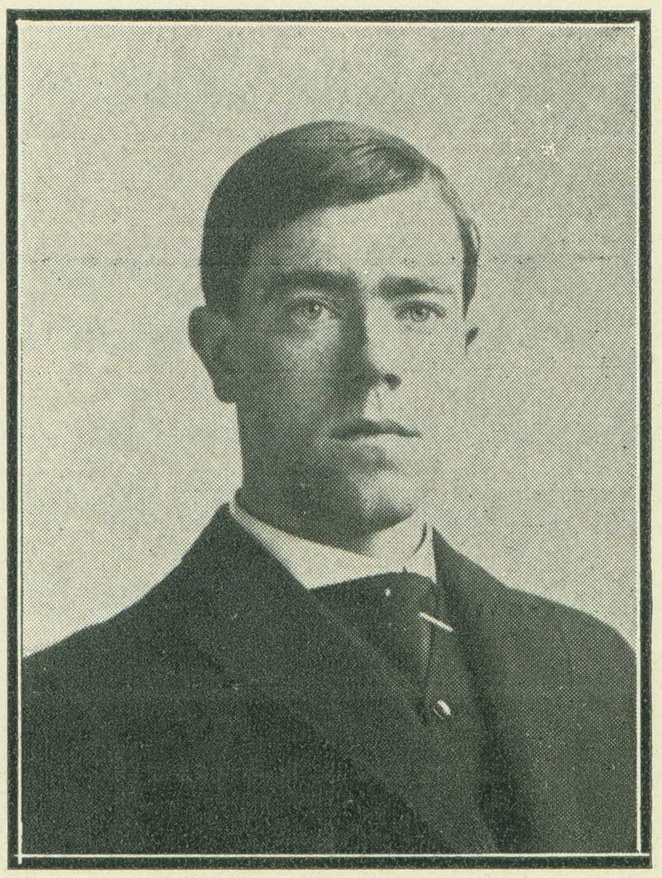

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Myrtle Bernhard
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Ernest Cuthbertson

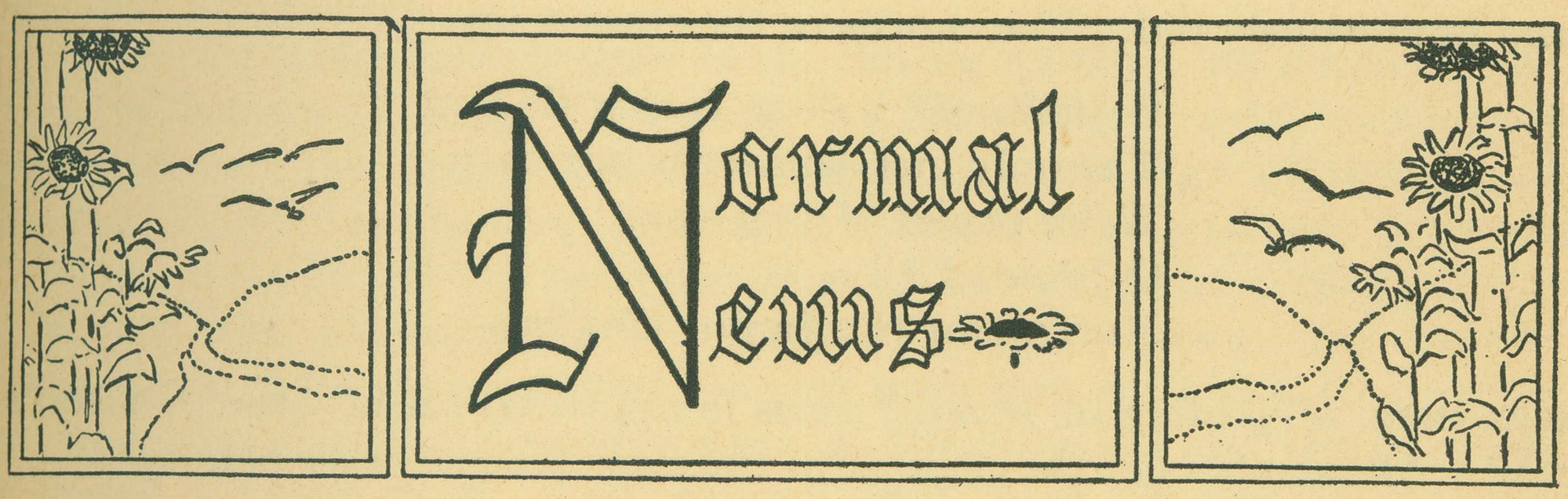
The following extract from Mr. Markham's letter to the editor will be of interest to all members of the class:

"I thank you for your very kind thought of me and Mrs. Markham, and she joins me in sending you and your class-comrades greetings and God-speed on the new life-path opening before you.

Believe me now and always, your comrade and fellow worker,

EDWIN MARKHAM."

It is with pleasure that we print greetings from our illustrious Alumni. We regret that many of the Alumni were unable to contribute for the Pennant in this issue, and we appreciate greatly the kindness of those who have so graciously contributed.



Commencement is almost here bringing with it the usual excitement and good time.

The August and December classes are planning a reception for the Seniors to come off in the near future.

Plans for the summer session of the Normal are well under way. The whole Faculty will remain and a six weeks session will be held.

Mr. John E. Richards addressed the school in commemoration of Memorial Day. His subject was "The Women of the Civil War."

Class Night will be held June the twenty-second. Something unique is promised.

Dr. Simpson, a local physician, spoke in Chapel a few mornings ago on the care of the body. He was very interesting as well as instructive.

The Y. M. N. D. are to hold an open meeting the Monday evening before school closes.

As is the custom the Alumni will meet for two days session during Commencement week.

The Cecelia Club of the Training School sang several charming selections a few mornings ago.

We are glad to have Prof. Shemmel back after several days illness.

Rev. Francis Palmer of the First Presbyterian church is to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon.

Rev. Dr. Edward L. Parks, a personal friend of Prof. Dailey's, spoke to us recently on the race problem. Mr. Parks is connected with the Grammar Theological School at Atlanta, Georgia. This close connection with the condition of affairs in the South gives his speech authority.

The Junior C² Class enjoyed its final reunion of members on June first. The table was spread in the banquet hall and the entire noon hour passed around the board. Many pleasant reminiscences of the year were recalled. Miss Lottie Hudson who has the honor of being the only girl member of the Normal debating team was prevailed upon to tell the story of the Normal victory over Nevada. This she gracefully and humorously did. The chorus of the class song

O Junior C² ! dear Junior C² !
The only girl debater is our own.
We're proud of you—ou,
O Junior C² !
Hurrah for the Junior C² Class!

was sung, all joining in, several times in appreciation of Miss Hudson's talk. All members of the class with the class teacher were present.

The following article quoted from the Mercury gives a commendable account of the long-to-be-remembered "Faculty Evening" tendered our Senior Class:

"Pure fun and plenty of it characterized the entertainment furnished for the benefit of the senior or graduating class of the Normal school by the members of the faculty last night.

"The program was in the hands of a committee, of which the chairman was Miss Blasdell, who in that capacity announced the several numbers of a very amusing and exceedingly well carried out affair. One member of the faculty did not know what another had prepared, and of course the seniors had no inkling of what was coming, so the whole evening was one continual series of surprises and full of mirth.

"There were some very fine pieces of music rendered also, which were not altogether ludicrous like the rest, among them a quartet, 'The Minuet,' by Misses Sprague, Blasdel, Davenport and Cory; a duet, 'Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast,' (Burns), by Miss Sprague and Miss Payne; and a quartet, the words being an original poem about the 'seniors,' entitled 'Far Away,' sung by Mrs. Rousseau, Miss Blasdel and Messrs. Snyder and Bland. Prof. Schemmel acting as accompanist.

"Miss Mackenzie announced a physical culture demonstration by Miss Bassler, whose marvelous gains through this means in weight, height and appetite are mentioned, and by Mr. Bennett. Miss Bassler then stepped upon the platform and with some considerable effort and a sober face lifted weights of 100, 500, and 1000 pounds—at least so they were marked—and then had a fencing bout with Mr. Bennett, whom she presently downed.

"The training school principal, Miss Schallenberger, with the aid of the critic teachers, presented an interesting series of album pictures of the date 1914, which evoked roars of laughter, the faces being hardly recognizable; and then they rendered 'A Doleful Ditty,' of 'five old maids,' which convulsed the audience.

"The 'Old Fashioned Class' was well illustrated by eight of the faculty under Miss Beal as teacher. An 'Episode between Elder Sniffles and Widow Bedott,' represented by Mr. Baker and Miss Howe, was capital in its comicality. Miss Royce gave an interesting recitation about 'Mr. and Mrs, Discobolus.'"

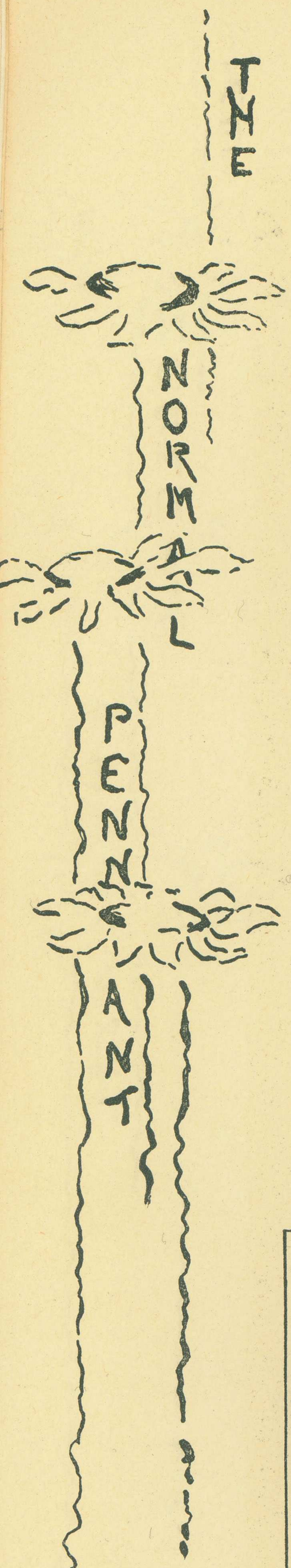
"But the climax was capped in the closing number, 'an a and b selection,' 'a' being a reading, 'Hiawatha,' by Mr. Wilson, accompanied on the piano by Prof. Dailey, and 'b' number, 'The Charge of the Senior Brigade, Almost a Hundred,' in which the respective parts were reversed. These were strikingly apt skits on the well known poems, made applicable to the outgoing-class. Both 'brought down the house.' Bows in the most characteristic manner were not sufficient to appease the appetites of the audience for more, so the principal and vice principal rendered a piano duet, 'Con Amore' and 'Con Furore,' artistically rendered, especially in the 'sforzando' passages, though the pianissimo parts were not overlooked, nor the runs, of which there were a surprising number. The 'house' completely collapsed over this act.

"Miss Rowell then announced a guessing contest, a distribution of posters with advice on them for the seniors, and last but not least in its elaborate and pleasing preparation a genuine banquet, tendered in the lower long corridor by the faculty to the graduating class. This closed a most delightful evening's entertainment, which sent all away feeling the effects of many a hearty laugh.

Miss Cory's advice to pedagogues deserves special mention.

PEDAGOGICAL PARADOXES.

Be firm as a rock, and yet yielding as clay;
Be light-hearted and earnest, solemn and gay;
Be as knowing as owls, yet as guileless as sheep;
Be prompt and be rapid, calm and discreet;
Be stern and be tender, be patient and true;
Give your love to the children—they'll return it to you.



Be resourceful in programs; go to dances and church;
Start clubs for improvement, for fun and research;
Be as brave as a lion, and as timid as deer;
Be cordial to parents and gain their good-will;
Be tactful in calling, sympathetic and kind—
Then a better loved teacher would be hard to find.

Be wise as a serpent, and harmless as doves;
The various factions handle with gloves;
Be not over-anxious new theories to press;
Be moderate, please, in all your requests,
Yet persistent in those—and you surely will find
That all the trustees will be of your mind.

Now if this advice you follow exact,
The tame of your progress will soon echo back;
And friends and admirers will help you to go
From country to city and college, and so—
Well, perhaps ere you've reached this top-notch of your pride,
The Clerk of the Board will have made you his bride.

HARRIET CORY.

Societies

Browning.

The Browning society has had a more than usually prosperous term, probably due to the efforts of our president, Gertrude Johnson, who has done all in her power to make the club the best in the school. The literary programs have been excellent and the social features of the year have been unusually excellent.

The anniversary of the birth of Robert Browning was celebrated by the society and its friends with an outing on the San Francisco bay on May seventh. We left early in the morning from the Narrow Gauge

PH. TO BY BUSHNELL

BROWNING SOCIETY

PHOTO BY HILL

Y. W. C. A.

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

SAPPHO SOCIETY.

depot and reached Alviso in high spirits. There we boarded the boats, yacht and two launches. The weather was delightful and the breeze just enough to make the boats ride the waves gracefully. About noon white caps appeared suddenly all about us and some of the party began to feel serious but fortunately we landed soon and no one was obliged to "gaze into the briny deep." After lunch at Dumbarton Point we had "high jinks" and finally started back, and everyone agreed that the return trip was all too short even though we cruised about and took the longest way home we could possibly find.

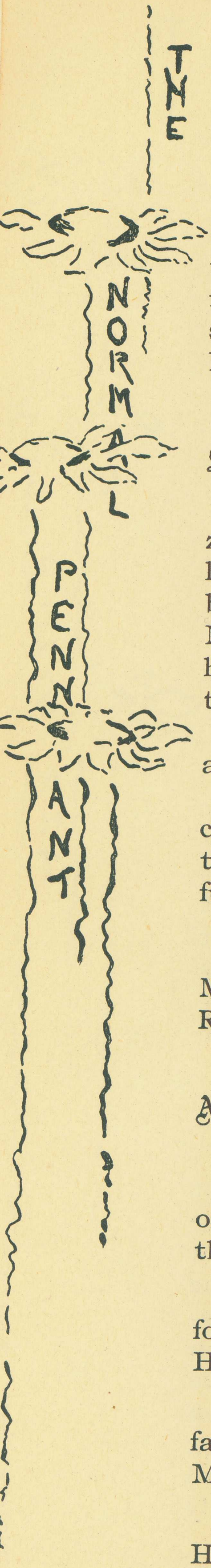
Some time ago F. Benney DeForest, of Mills Seminary, gave a reading recital under the auspices of the club, and the money realized by this entertainment is to be used to publish a book of quotations from Robert Browning. The girls have been working faithfully and we have a large number of quotations collected and classified ready for publication. Different members of the club have submitted designs for the cover of the book, and we expect to get something really artistic to judge from those already handed in. As nothing has ever been done of this sort before, and Browning is rich in quotations, the book ought to be welcomed by many besides club members.

At present we are busy preparing for the graduation exercises for June—to come off on Saturday evening, the eleventh. A short program has been planned after which the diplomas are to be presented and a general social time held. Browning loses a number of its most earnest workers this year and almost all of the "old girls," but we feel sure that the society will keep up its standard of excellence. Those who graduate are Agnes Cloney, Alice Dinsmore, Elma Ingalls, Nell Jones, Gertrude Johnson, Irene Charlson, Grace Strobel, Daisy Richardson, Mabel Phillips, Gertrude Taylor and Silvia Campiglia.

Y. W. C. A.

Eleven students and four members of the faculty, including President Dailey, attended the Capitola conference for at least a part of the time it was in session. Mrs. Dailey was also there; and two of the delegation remained at the conference during the entire ten days. They had the great benefit and pleasure of meeting and hearing the leaders of association work all over the country since four secretaries of the American committee were there, as well as such brilliant and forceful speakers as S. Earl Taylor, Dwight E. Potter and Willis Hotchkiss. Conferences on all phases of association work were given, besides regular Bible classes, and the evening addresses. For the fun of the conferencc we must record the athletics and gaiety of college day, and the beautiful and jolly farewell banquet.

Everyone who went desires to go again, and to do more and better association work between now and the next Capitola conference.



The association closes the year with a slight increase in membership over last year, with thoroughly good and efficient officers, and with the most successful financial record of any year of its history. There are many ways in which we need and desire improvement, but, notwithstanding the large number of our members we must lose this June, we hope to make that improvement in the coming year.

Sappho.

The Sappho club holds a very prominent position among the organizations of the State Normal. It is especially noted for its excellent literary work. The social side of Sappho is ideal. Recently the club has been increased by four of the most brilliant young ladies of the Normal: Misses Boughton, Owen, Gunn and Byron. We have with us now as an honorary member Miss Bassler, one of the most enthusiastic members of the faculty.

The Sappho girls, under the careful guidance of Miss Bassler, enjoyed a very delightful afternoon at the Vendome Baths.

Our graduating members were delightfully entertained in the Normal corridors, June 2nd. It being the last time the girls would be together, they made the best of this opportunity and enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent.

We wish our graduates all possible success in their future career.

The graduates are: Hattie Baker, Lottie Ellen Johnson, Bessie McFadden, Alice Rodgers, Myrtle Bernhard, Anna McInerny, Ethel Carr, Rowena Chaney.

Allenian.

Allenian has completed a most enjoyable and profitable year.

A number of us are with regret leaving our society this month, but our new members have proved themselves so efficient and enthusiastic that we feel that all will be well.

As usual at the close of the term we are planning a good time in the form of a reception for our graduates. It is to be held in the Normal Halls, June the ninth.

We are delighted to claim as an honorary member another of the faculty, Miss Nina Davenport and as a regular member we have pledged Miss Edwina Frary.

Our graduates are: Ina Annette, Clara Cahill, Iva Estes, Myrtle Hodge, Elizabeth Grey, Nita Blayney, Lilian Carey, Leta Farmer, Minnie Fahey, Gertrude Johnson, Maud Marchant, Elsie Russell, Alpha West, Greta Wood.

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

EROSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

Erosophian.

The Erosophian Society has completed another year of prosperity and earnest work under the leadership of the several presidents who have incited us all toward better things.

However our life has not been one strenuous strife but many social events have enlivened our society and given joy to the members.

Twice during the year the society has selected new members whose addition has given strength and talent to our number.

A reception will be tendered the graduates on the 13th of June, at the home of Miss Cory, and as we leave our society, we wish luck and a happy future to our remaining club members who will take up the work with new zeal next semester.

Y. M. N. D.

During the past term the chair has been occupied in a very creditable manner by Clyde H. Reynolds. Although the attendance has necessarily been small the literary work has been faithfully pursued. We have been favored by occasional visits from the fairer sex, and we wish to assure these visitors that their presence is greatly appreciated by us. The above group represents the members of the society with the exception of Robert J. Leonard who was away at the time the picture was taken.

For over thirty years an unpretentious and unassuming debating society has been in existence in this school. Its ideals have been high. It has given to many a young man an inspiration which has started him on the path to fame. Its graduates are holding places in the State Legislature, in the greatest Eastern Universities, on the bench, and in great educational systems.

Such are the results of past efforts. The future we cannot fathom, but, judging from the past, we are safe in assuming that every one who graduates this year from the Y. M. N. D. has a brilliant and prosperous future before him.

Unless, however, more young men in the future are attracted to this Normal school, or the young women debaters take up the work of the society, it will cease to exist. Founded for a definite purpose, which it has nobly accomplished, should the Y. M. N. D. now cease to be, it will be recorded on the annals of this institution as a society having high ideals, faithful and successful members and an unequalled record.

Athletics

Since athletics has fallen into the hands of the girls' basket-ball team tennis, swimming, and fencing have taken the place of football and base-ball. Basket-ball has been worked up more than the rest of these, and has done much for the school and school spirit, although more games were lost than won. Of course, this is our first team of basket-ball for a number of years, and many of the girls had never played before, but there is no doubt of the strong material in the team.

The team consisted originally of but seven members. These pioneers joined the Coast League and adopted their rules, making it necessary that the number be increased to nine, the number in the present team. Allerta Ives was chosen captain, and Anna Laird, Eva Hern, Jessie Pemberton, Maud Chase, Sylvia Campiglia, Johanne Johnson, Genevieve Lyng and Hazel Bell were the other members of the first team.

The girls feel that the victories they did win were in great part due to the excellent and faithful coaching of Miss Lillian Branham, a March graduate.

Next term, with a good coach, we hope to defeat Nevada and perhaps become champions of the Coast. This means work for the second team, as two of our guards and one center graduate in June.

Tennis.

Since the "Spading Party" the students have not allowed grass to grow on the tennis courts. The grounds are crowded, and boxes of candy change hands freely. Much enthusiasm prevails, and as it is now too warm for basket-ball, tennis is the center of attraction. Many of our number are becoming experts.

Fencing.

Under the supervision of Miss Bassler, fencing has found its way into the Normal. The girls grasp it with great enthusiasm and are making rapid progress. A class of boys has just been organized at the Training School. Fencing is not only fascinating, but it is excellent physical exercise as well.

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

BASKET BALL TEAM.

The Debate.

Gold and white!
Gold and white!
San Jose Normal!
She's all right!

Wah! Hoo! Wah!
Zip! Boom! Ah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Nevada!

May fourteenth of this year was a red letter day in student affairs at our Normal School. It was the day of our debating contest with Nevada University. Our team consisting of Miss Lottie Hudson and Messrs.Robert Leonard and Ernest Cuthbertson had drilled long and well for the event.

The Normal student body not only had our own Normal yells well in hand, but had also practiced Nevada yells and songs so as to make the Nevada delegation feel at home in the contest; for the San Jose Normal School tries never to do things by halves when it comes to entertaining guests from other schools.

The evening of the 14th found us and crowds of our friends assembled in the Normal Hall. By 8:30 the hall was full to its doors, and the cheers that greeted the team as they came on the stage was an evidence of the enthusiasm that prevailed. Although we were courteous to the Nevadas, at heart we were loyal and did show our partiality for our own team.

Dr. Dailey, President of the Normal School, acted as chairman. When the yells had died away, he arose and announced the subject for debate: "Resolved that the United States should not attempt under all circumstances to prevent the acquisition of territory in South America by European powers." He then introduced the first speaker for the affirmative, Harold Lauderback.

Mr. Lauderback stepped forward and a great hush ran through the crowd. The debate had really begun.

He was followed by Lottie Hudson, first speaker for the negative. She showed unusual talent for a girl. Her delivery was excellent. She seemed as much at home here as in her class room.

Emily Berry, in her speech, brought out many good points for the affirmative, which were well followed up.

Next, Mr. Leonard, our second speaker, arose, and from his first word we felt that he had something to give and knew how to give it.

Mr. Wright was the third speaker for the affirmative. He has an excellent voice for debate and bought out many fine arguments for his side.

Ernest Cuthbertson closed the debate for the negative with a forceful, well-delivered argument.

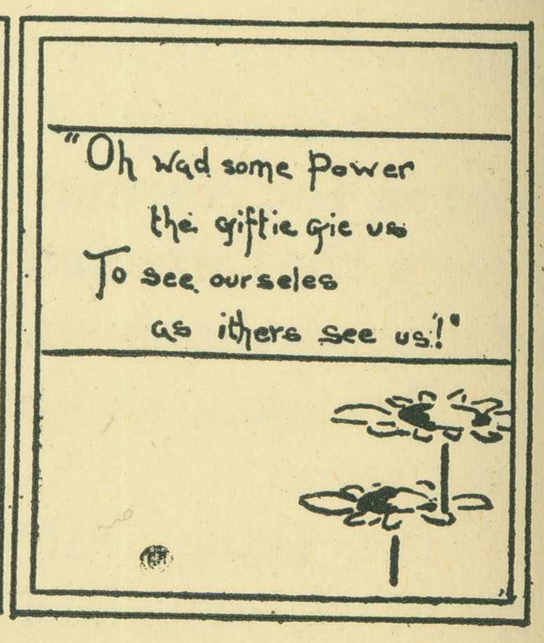
A rebuttal of ten minutes followed, in which Mr. Lauderback showed that he has extraordinary genius along the line of impromptu speeches. Indeed, after his speech we were extremely doubtful of the outcome.

After the rebuttal the judges, Miss Wier, teacher of history in Nevada University, Henry Suzzallo of Teachers' College, Columbia University, and Yale Adams, professor of history in the University of the Pacific, retired to make their decision. They were gone for almost half an hour, and all our songs and yells were becoming rather tiresome. The crowd was at the highest tension when the judges did enter.

Mr. Suzzallo, after a period of suspense, stated that on one point the two teams were of equal strength. On two others they agreed unanimously that the Normal School had made the best showing, and that they had decided in favor of the Normal School. The decision was greeted with cheers and yells.

After the debate an informal reception was held in the lower halls in honor of our visitors, the crowd remaining until midnight.

Exchanges



We are sorry to note a vein of pessimism in various Exchange Columns. Some school papers are charged with unprogressiveness, disorderly arrangement, lack of good department heads, not enough departments, and lack of exchange columns. The staff in general is accused of not reading exchanges and consequently repeating old jokes. The exchange editors are accused of looking for flaws and nothing else and never suggesting an improvement; of writing the whole batch of exchanges on the spur of the moment. If these criticisms apply to us we should profit by them. The duty of the exchange editor is to show us our faults as well as our good qualities, and usually he is competent to judge.

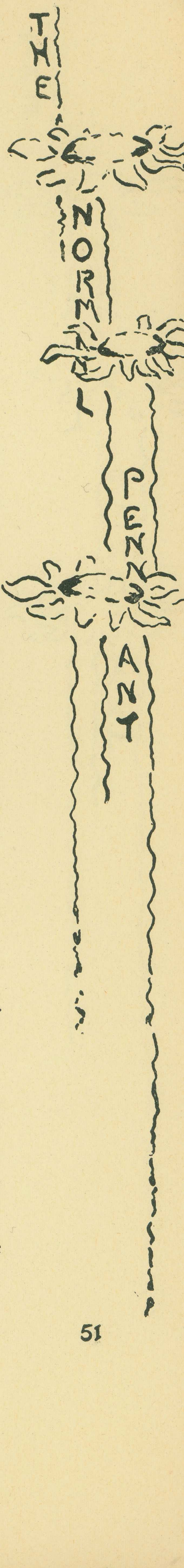
"The Kodak" from Wisconsin was one of the first and best to arrive on our exchange list.

"The Adjutant" displays the literary talent to good advantage. It is up to its usual good standard this year. The class edition is excellent.

The April "Acorn" gives us "An Episode" very cleverly written.

Cut the leaves of "The Tabula" and read a keen, original exchange column. It is very interesting to exchange editors.

Hey, "Normal Red Letter!" you are below the average. You will need to come out West and get a few items on modern journalism.



The Jersey cow slipped on the ice,
And as she rose exclaimed,
"My! that was an awful wrench;
I fear my milk is strained."

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he said,
And she nodded her sweet permission.
So they went to press, and I rather guess
They printed a full edition.

"Contemporaries" and "weary exchange editors!" These expressions are becoming too commonplace, hackneyed, trite and stale for our old readers.

He—Can't we have pies like mother used to make.
She—Yes, if you make dough like papa used to make.

Poet—Well, I've got out five lines of my poem already, Martha.
His Wife—And I've got seven lines of my washing.

The "Arishno" deserves mention for its attractive cover, good joshes, well-written stories and superior quality of paper and cuts.

The "Gleaner" from Pennsylvania has a good leap-year story. The paper would appear much more attractive with a few more cuts.

"What's the matter with your eggs? Do you like them cooked longer."

"No, sooner."

"Guard and Tackle," you have a new $60,000 high school building. Why don't you send us a paper?

Mr. Mack (to student)—Read what is on the board.
Student—Mary milked the cow.
Mr. Mack—What part of speech is "cow?"
Student—"Cow" is a pronoun.
Mr. Mack—Why?
Student—Because it stands for Mary.

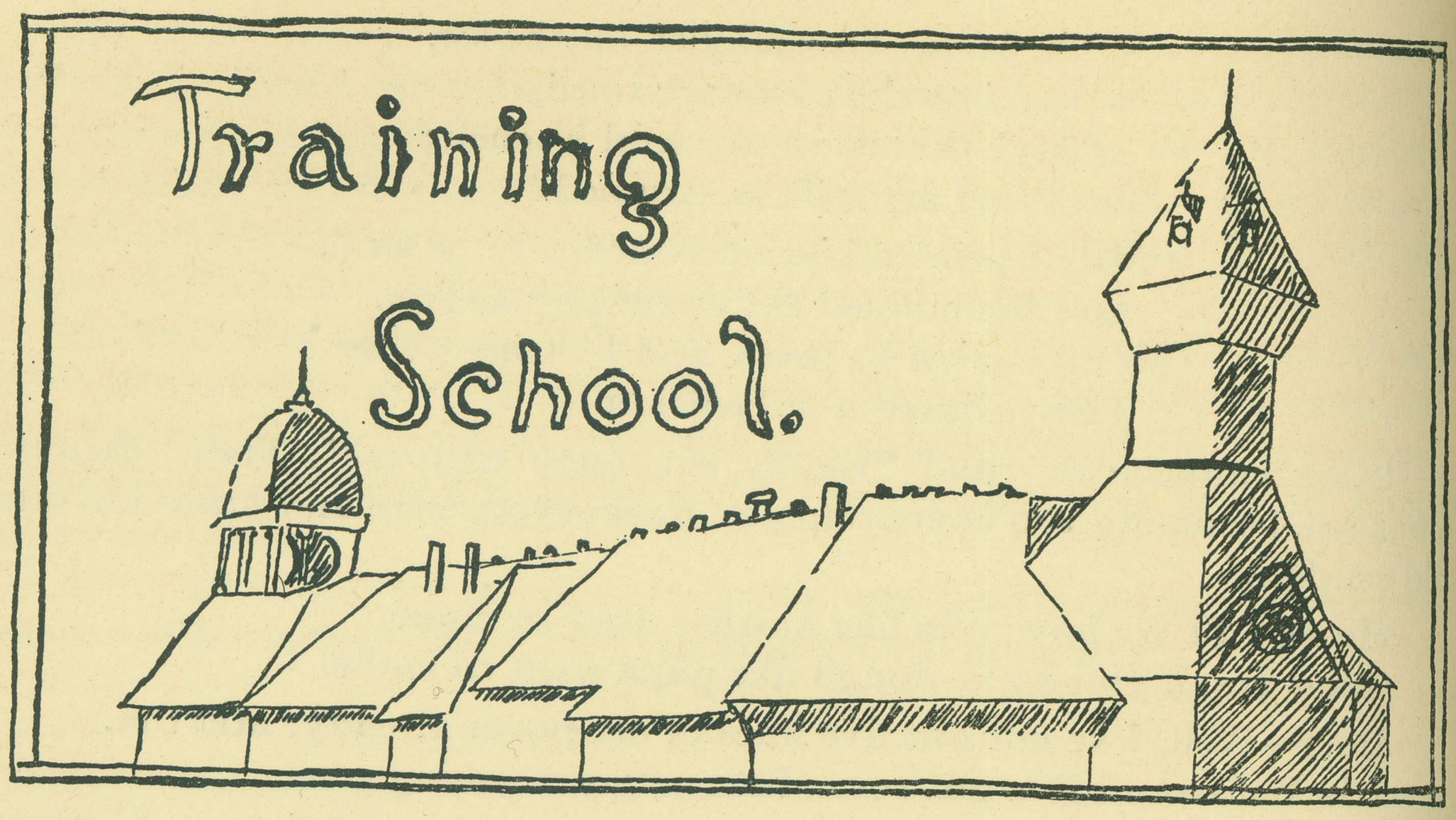
The "Olla Podrida" gives the bouquet to the "White and Gold" of Mills College. We are pleased to see both these papers among our exchanges.

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said Johnny, as he smeared the jam on the cat's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."

The Riverview "Student" comes to us rather late to expect the mention which she justly deserves. The May issue surpasses the issue of last month.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were parting at the steamer. The Irishman standing on the wharf waving his hand to his friend, shouted, "O reservoir." The Frenchman, politely saluting, replied, "Tanks"

Many of our exchanges have appeared on our table at a late hour. We are therefore unable to say the word of praise many deserve.



The Progress in the Training School.

Perhaps the hardest problem to solve in normal school work is that of the training school. Shall it be a "model school," as nearly ideal as possible, one that the student-teachers may set as their copy and seek to approximate, though never hope to attain; or shall it be a "practical" every-day school, resembing as nearly as possible the ordinary public school of the state, a school from whose rooms the student-teachers may step into their own and experience no shock? If the school is to be ideal we must choose, perhaps, children of the better class, must select the newest and best books, must provide the most comfortable furniture, the most handsomely equipped laboratories, manual training rooms and gymnasiums, must keep a generous supply of drawing and writing material, hang the walls with the best pictures and paint the floor with the best paint. If the school is to be "practical," one must decide between the crowded and often stereotyped form of the city graded school and that of the unsystematized, irregular, "happy-go-lucky" type of many a country district-school. If we begin with either of these latter forms and provide good teachers they both soon lose their unique "practical character and approach the unattainable "model" school. And is it not the business of a normal school to provide good teachers?

After all does it matter so much just where one beins? Is not the basis of any good school, "model" or "practical" *progress?* And progress may or may not be in any school in the state. It all depends upon the teacher. The progressive school is the best "model" school, and the progressive school is the only "practical" school.

Whatever the San Jose training school may or may not be, it is not a static school. Its progress during the last few years has been marked and is the result of several changes: First, there is far bet-

ter supervision of the student teachers. A long-cherished dream of Mrs. Mary W. George has been realized. Instead of criticism coming entirely from what are called critics or teachers in charge of the various grades in the school, a large part of it comes from those members of the Normal faculty who are teaching special subjects in the Normal school; *e.g.*, the teacher of history in the Normal school has charge of the history in the training school. The student-teacher must outline his work to this professor's satisfaction, and then must teach it in such a way as to obtain the results expected. During the hours that science is being taught in the training school this professor is relieved from Normal school classes and devotes his time to supervision. He also meets his student-teachers at least once every week in conference. By means of general discussions, questions, suggestions as to material, reasons given for failure or success, etc., the young teacher is wisely guided for several weeks by this trained specialist. This is true of all subjects: drawing, geography, reading, mathematics, language, physical training, nature-study, history, etc. Each subject has its own trained teacher, who most carefully looks after his or her own line of work.

The "critic," relieved of this special criticism of subject matter, devotes more of her time to the study of the children in her department, and is able to be of far more use than formerly in directing the student-teacher's attention to what is most essentisl in good discipline, namely, a thorough understanding of the children he is teaching and a sympathetic attitude toward them.

Secondly, the student teachers themselves are better trained. Students enter the Normal school, graduates of the high school. It makes a world of difference. They come into the schoolroom men and women, not boys and girls; they come with a fair amount of knowledge, with some experience of life, too, aside from what they have gained through books. They know why they are there; they have put away childish things. Their very attitude of mind gives a different tone to their teaching. Its quality is purer, richer, deeper, sweeter. Alongside of these high school graduates one finds today no small number of real teachers, that is, teachers who have already made names for themselves in their profession. They come from various Eastern states as well as from California. They come for a year or two of added culture, for rest from school routine and inspiration for a broader educational life. It is needless to say their teaching is of distinct value to the training school. It might be well to mention here that these teachers are not always held to the full year of teaching required of the ordinary student, and often are allowed to specialize along the lines in which they are interested, to teach those subjects that they most wish to teach. Many choose manual training, music or nature-study because they know least about these subjects; others prefer to go on under careful supervision with subjects like history or a science in which they may already have made some headway.

But not only are these older teachers encouraged to specialize; the young student-teacher also is advised to have some one "enthusiasm," to know some one subject better than the others and to teach it for the very love of it. So, when a teacher shows ability and a desire to improve it, she is made "student-supervisor," perhaps, *i. e.*, she is given a chance to help her classmates in their teaching, while she herself gets the opportunity to work a while in the various grades along the line she likes most. It is a noticeable fact that there is never any trouble in discipline whenever these "enthusiasts" teach what they most love. They give a distinct uplift to the training school.

The introduction of manual training has increased the attendance of the school greatly. Girls and boys both enjoy it. It is interesting to see the delight of the girls in woodwork. The training school does the work of the ordinary school and manual training besides. The manual training does not crowd the course in the least.

The Carnegie library, almost within a stone's throw of the school, has been of use. The student-teachers often take their classes there, help them choose books, and are able easily to keep in touch with what the children are reading and to a large degree to direct their reading. The library of the training school itself is remarkably good.

The music lately has been of a distinctly better quality. More interest is taken in it. Clubs of boys and girls are organized and some of the student "enthusiasts" have done much to create a love for music and to cultivate a taste for good music.

The inability of the mind to be actively interested in many lines of work at the same time is taken account of. It is found that it is better to work intensively for comparatively short periods upon a few subjects, then to drop them either absolutely or to pay little attention to them, and take up another group with interest. Of course, never does a complete group drop out at once; but after spending time upon spelling, getting at "white heat," if possible, for a while, it drops out of the focus of attention and an enthusiasm for arithmetic or drawing is aroused. The wave never gets very low if it has once been brought very high.

Nature-study and simple agriculture have been found exceedingly helpful disciplines. Nature-study is most difficult to teach unless one loves nature. This work has been most carefully and patiently supervised, and all that university training and an innate love of nature in the supervising teacher could do has been done to make the work attractive and to show the young teacher its value. Results in the training school have been most gratifying. The children love it and the parents think it practical—a most happy combination. The teacher, of course, has other reasons for teaching it. Its study marks a big step in the progress of the training school.

It is impossible to speak of all the reasons for progress in the school, yet one cannot leave out that giant among the three R's—"Rithmatic."

So well has the subject been taught in the Normal and supervised in the training school that the schools of San Jose have adopted the same sort of work and put the training school course into the city schools.

But perhaps the most important of all reasons for progress, and forming a fitting climax to these paragraphs is the fact that the faculty of the Normal school is itself progressive. Nearly all its members are university graduates or have studied at universities. This year two are abroad traveling, two have been graduated from Stanford University, and one from the University of Wisconsin, several have been away for part of the year studying at either the University of California or at Stanford University. The spirit of work, of progress, is in the air; the students feel it, are inspired by it, and carry it with them into their own work, into their own teaching, into the training school. The San Jose Normal School is alive and *growing;* the San Jose Training School is one of its members. Its progress is assured from its very nature.

MARGARET E. SCHALLENBERGER.

Children.

Sweet flowers along Life's rugged slopes,
All little children are to me—
White blooms upon the hills of Hope,
That drink the dews of purity.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

(By permission of the Author.)

Grandpa Bailey's Decoration Day.

"It seems to me," began Grandpa Bailey, "that they could celebrate Decoration day here in Slowville instead of hitching up the old plug and driving clear twenty miles to Chicago, where they make it more of a Fourth of July than anything else. But, goodness me, I must stop complaining. I ought to be thankful that I can go anywhere and not be lying in my grave, where all my other comrades here in Slowville are."

"Yes, it is too bad, grandpa, that we can't have Memorial services here as well as in Chicago, but the people here would never consent to it, you know," said May in her most comforting tones.

That night she lay awake thinking. Yes, the people might consent to it; she would see if they would. She would first begin with the teacher, then the minister and so on. She got the teacher to think how they should have services Decoration day instead of every person going to Chicago. She won the minister's sympathy, which was a very easy matter, but most of all she worked enthusiasm into the people.

The morning of May 30th found Grandpa Bailey going out to get old Sadie, the horse, to hitch to the spring wagon and start off for

Chicago. May came running out of the house just as he was bringing old Sadie out of the stable door.

"Grandpa," said she, "I guess we will not go to Chicago this time, as none of the other people are."

"Well, I am going if any person else is or not. I will do the honors of Decoration day as long as the good Lord will let me live," said Grandpa Bailey in his most stubborn tones.

"Well, you can do them here in Slowville as well as in Chicago, can't you?" asked May.

"A whole lot better," answered Grandpa Bailey, "if the other people would only help me.

"I think they will," replied May, and just then the best rig in Slowville drove up covered with red, white and blue bunting. The driver stepped out as courteous as could be and said: "Well, Mr. Bailey, you are the only veteran left at Slowville, so will you please step into the buggy and come to the graveyard with the rest of us. We are going to have services here today. It is too far to Chicago."

"Yes," meekly replied Grandpa, though he felt like hallooing.

Every year afterward the people of Slowville held Decoration day in their own town.

ISABEL ROWELL.

The brightest and most useful part of our Normal education is in the training department. Large sunny halls, tastefully decorated with flowers, plants and various works of art, merry sounds of children's voices, songs of birds in the aviary, and above all the general air of fredom and enthusiasm of work that pervades the atmosphere, leave pleasant memories in the minds of those who have had the good fortune to do their first teaching in such favored surroundings.

With the object of bringing the parents of the training school children into closer acquaintance with the teachers and giving them a better understanding of its aims and methods a reception was given to these parents on Friday afternoon, May 6th. After a delightful musical program rendered by the training school and Choral Club, Dr. David Starr Jordan delivered a lecture on Education. The parents were then taken into their children's classrooms where they met the student teachers.

This year the class consists of the following: Estelle Shaw, president; Donald Richards, secretary; Ulia Douglas, poet; Bernice Luther, prophet; Ethel Newman, class song; Effiie Downs, historian; Eugene Waterbury, Irene Tully, Edward Yates, Floyd Turner, Gladys Argall, Charles Nixon, Alec Robb, Ira Perkins, Perry Richardson. This class has been a general favorite with the student teachers as well as with those members of the Normal faculty who have had it under their supervision, and deserves much praise for the excellent work done during the past year. Nearly every member has showd marked ability along some line. The majority

PHOTO BY SUTHNELL

TRAINING SCHOOL.

of the class will probably enter the high school. It is hoped that their records there will reach the high expectation of their many Normal friends.

Class Poem—Our Motto.

The days are flying fast, my friends,
And we with time are flying, too;
In ev'ry clime and ev'ry land,
"Let truth and courage pull you through."

We'll leave for aye our teachers brave;
They shall teach us no more; but though
We go from them, for we knowledge crave,
We'll remember the great debt we owe.

At High School's door we soon shall stand,
And then, still sailing oward, too,
Too soon we'll reach the College strand,
Preparing now to sail life through.

Then out upon life's stormy sea
We'll launch, and tossing up and down,
In all our life we'll truthful be
And still courageously strive on.

At last we turn about and gaze
Upon our life and search it true.
Then let our motto shine always,
"Let truth and courage pull you through."

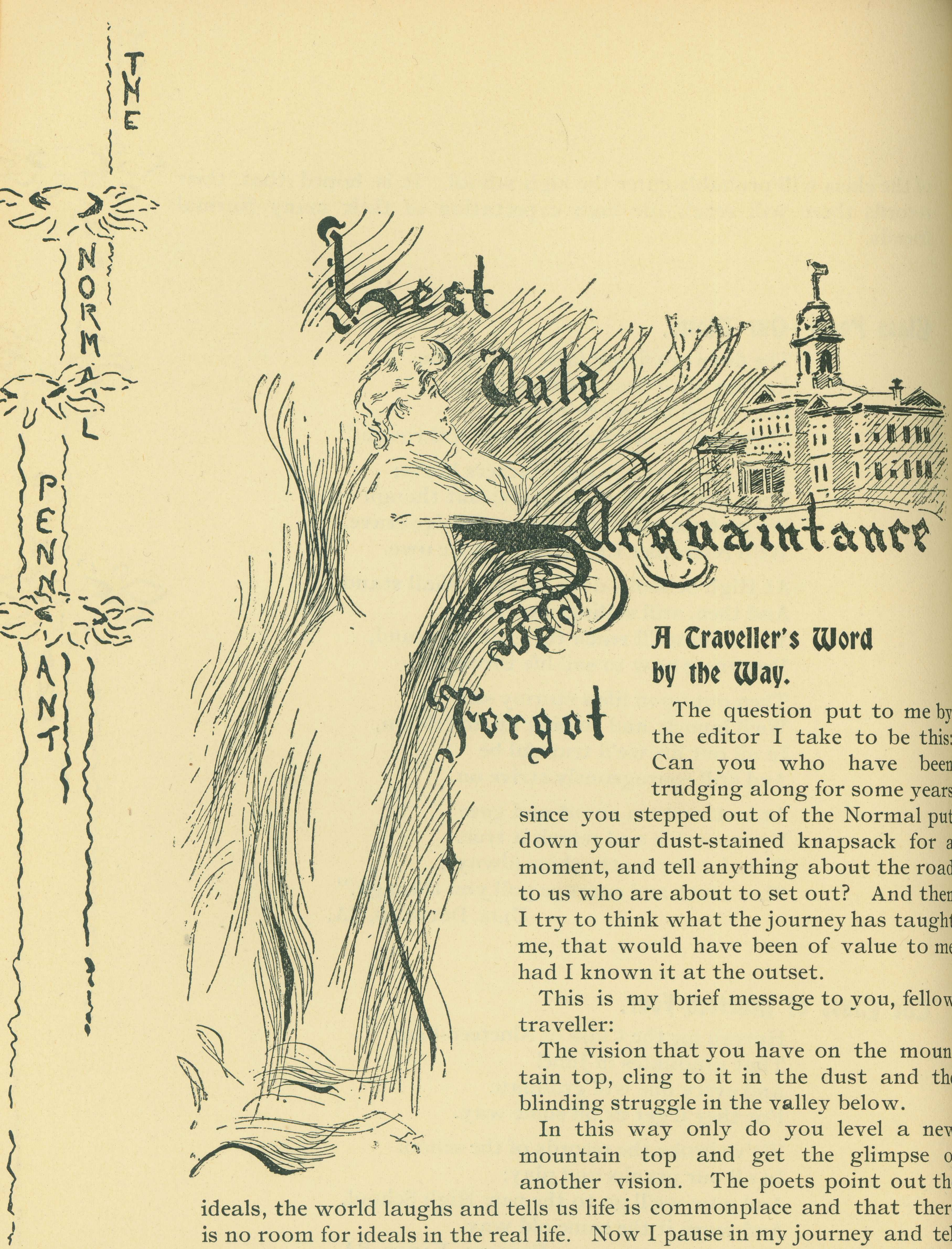
ULIA DOUGLAS, 8A.

The Class of Nineteen-Four.

Hurrah for the Class of Nineteen-four
That graduates in June!
And every one will graduate
For they'll get us off some way.

We've broke the records of the school
In all our pranks and play;
And now we'll go to the new High School,
And work it the same old way.

EDWARD YATES, 8A.



Best Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot

A Traveller's Word by the Way.

The question put to me by the editor I take to be this: Can you who have been trudging along for some years since you stepped out of the Normal put down your dust-stained knapsack for a moment, and tell anything about the road to us who are about to set out? And then I try to think what the journey has taught me, that would have been of value to me had I known it at the outset.

This is my brief message to you, fellow traveller:

The vision that you have on the mountain top, cling to it in the dust and the blinding struggle in the valley below.

In this way only do you level a new mountain top and get the glimpse of another vision. The poets point out the ideals, the world laughs and tells us life is commonplace and that there is no room for ideals in the real life. Now I pause in my journey and tell you who are but starting, speaking from conviction of experience, that the *real* world is only to be found through your ideals. That to accept your day's work as commonplace, to believe that to "get on" you must pack your visions away with your diploma, is to consent to spend your

days in the death-giving dust of the low levels.

Let each one fix his steadfast gaze on the heights beyond, and then with a will that never falters seek out the way. Life is not commonplace unless we see it so. But it has many long passages that are dark, many stretches of desert in which the courage of the weak fails, many windings of the road that seem to make the goal unattainable. And so do our fellows begin to drop out of the pilgrimage. Some because the vision has become so dimmed by the world's dust that they in scorn say, your vision is a dream. And some, because the way is long, and in weakness the will no more holds the eye to the heights beyond.

So here then is my parting word to you, as I strap on my own knapsack again: Make your ideals clear to yourself. Fix with your will the unalterable resolution to accomplish them.

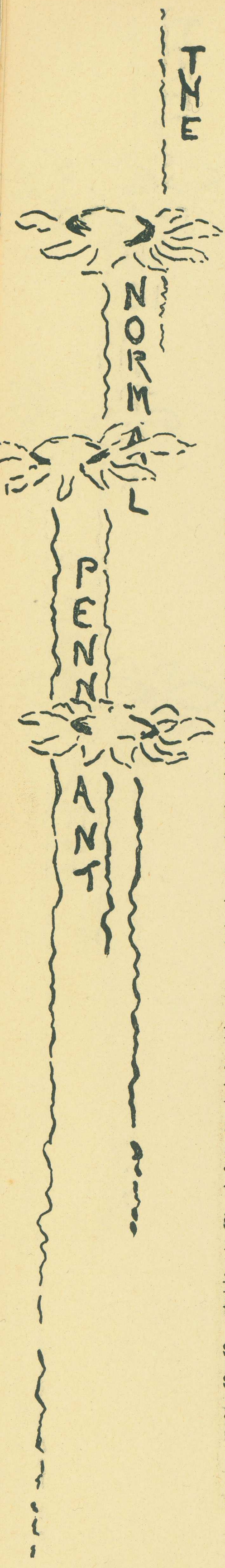
GEORGE H. BOKE,
State Normal, Class of Dec., 1887.

Compulsory Education and Parental Schools.

There was a time when a common school education was the privilege of a few. Later, in America, it became a privilege for all, the rich and the poor alike. Today this matter of a common school education is ceasing to be a privilege for child and parent and is becoming a duty for both. State after state, recognizing that a society such as ours is only stable so long as the public opinion is intelligent, have passed compulsory education laws requiring the attendance of children at school between certain years, usually between eight and fourteen. California, during its last legislative session, joined the long list of sister states and declared not only that children must attend school but provided the legislative machinery for the enforcement of such statute.

Non-attendants are of three distinct classes. First, those children willing enough to go to school if sent, but who are attracted by the money earning aspect of the work, or who are put to work by parents eager for an economic return; second, those who are unwilling to return to school and whose parents are negligent of their children's schooling; and third, those who are unwilling to attedd school and whom neither the parent nor the teacher can force into regular attendance at school.

For the mass of non-attendants, mere return to the public school under surveillance of an attendance officer, will be sufficient. Once there, for a little while, they become interested in the regular work and respond to the regular discipline of the ordinary school. But the habitual truant is such because the ordinary school has not been able to interest him and the incorrigible is turned loose because the ordinary school could not control him. They need special training and special discipline to make them responsive to the interests and disciplines of the mass of children. Such special training and discipline should be provided in schools specially designed for such children.

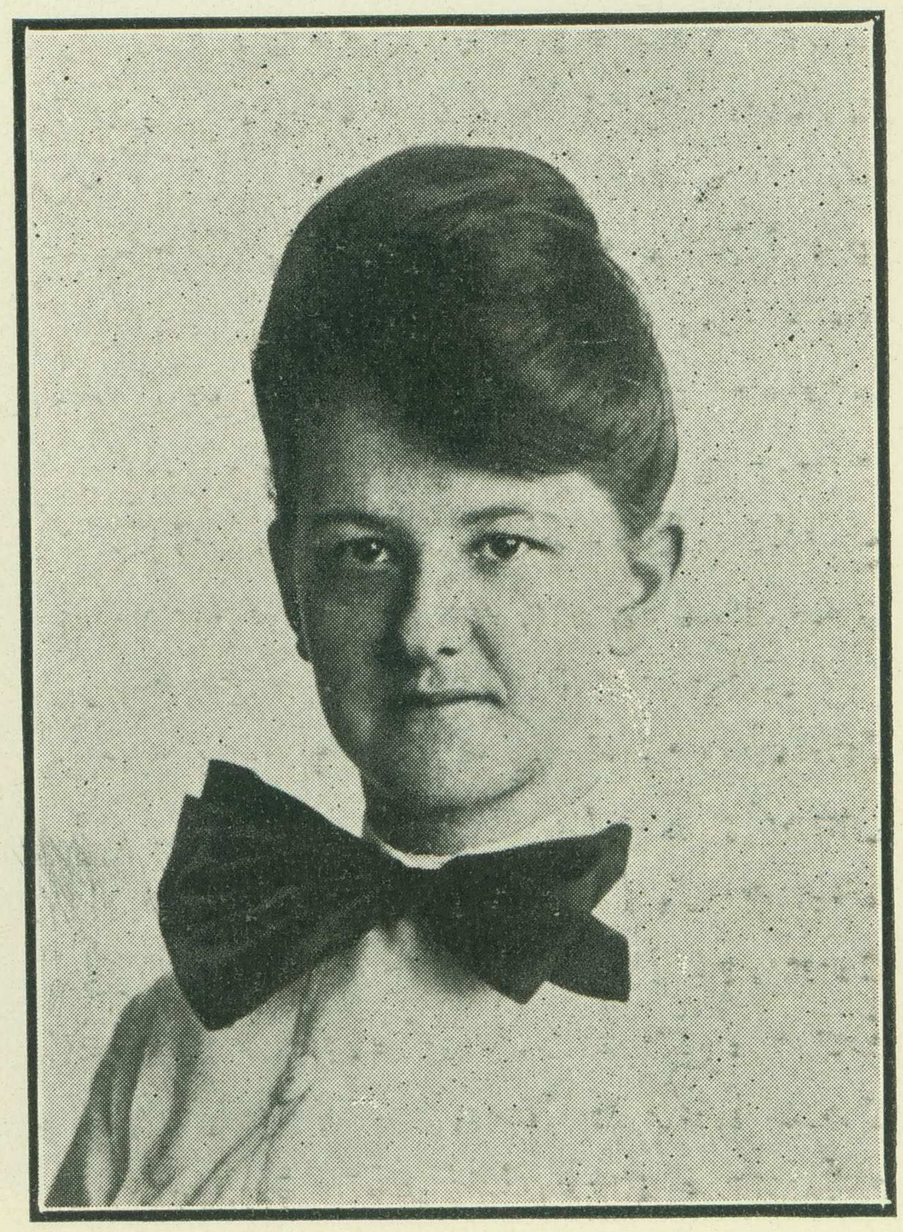


There are two types of these schools: The day truant school intended for cases of truancy where the home influence is such as to be cooperative with that of the school, and the parental boarding school where extreme cases of truancy are assigned to the entire care of a school where discipline is continuous through both night and day.

No cases of juvenile criminality are treated in either of the two types of special schools. The reformatory, such as we have at Whittier and Ione, is our resource for juvenile delinquents with criminal predilections. These parental schools are for normal boys gone wrong through bad habits or bad rearing not for congenital boy criminals. Many a boy gives up going to school early in life because of strong motor impulses that found no chance for expression in grammar and arithmetic. The boy wanted to be doing some real things and was intolerant of the bookish life of the average school room. His temperament led him into truancy. It is the place of the special school to foster the healthful interests of the boy and to gradually give, with his manual and active interests, such purely intellectual knowledge as may be required. In the parental school all the regular subjects would still be maintained not as the most important part of the work but as the accompaniment of manual training, military drill, physical training, gardening, music, etc., which give the boy less artificial ways of expressing himself. When the ordinary school subjects have been grafted on to the boy's active interests and he has learned to appreciate the value and purpose of them, he is ready to be returned to the ordinary school.

The state is intent that its interests shall be protected by education. It has widened the privilege of education not only to all the people, but it has widened the extent of education itself. It has founded universities as well as primary schools. It has said "not only shall all the people have the right to an education, but all shall bear the duty of getting some education." To the man who missed his education in childhood it gives a system of night schools. For the child whose personal peculiarities are such that it cannot profit by the ordinary schools, it establishes schools for the blind, the deaf and the dumb. And now finally, for those whose habits have distorted the natural responsiveness to normal interests and normal control it sets up a parental school that they may become normal again and enjoy later in life the blessings of free common school education, as valuable members of the community rather than suffer from an illiteracy which is a hindrance to individual happiness and the welfare of society.

W. H. LANGDON, June '92, S. N. S.

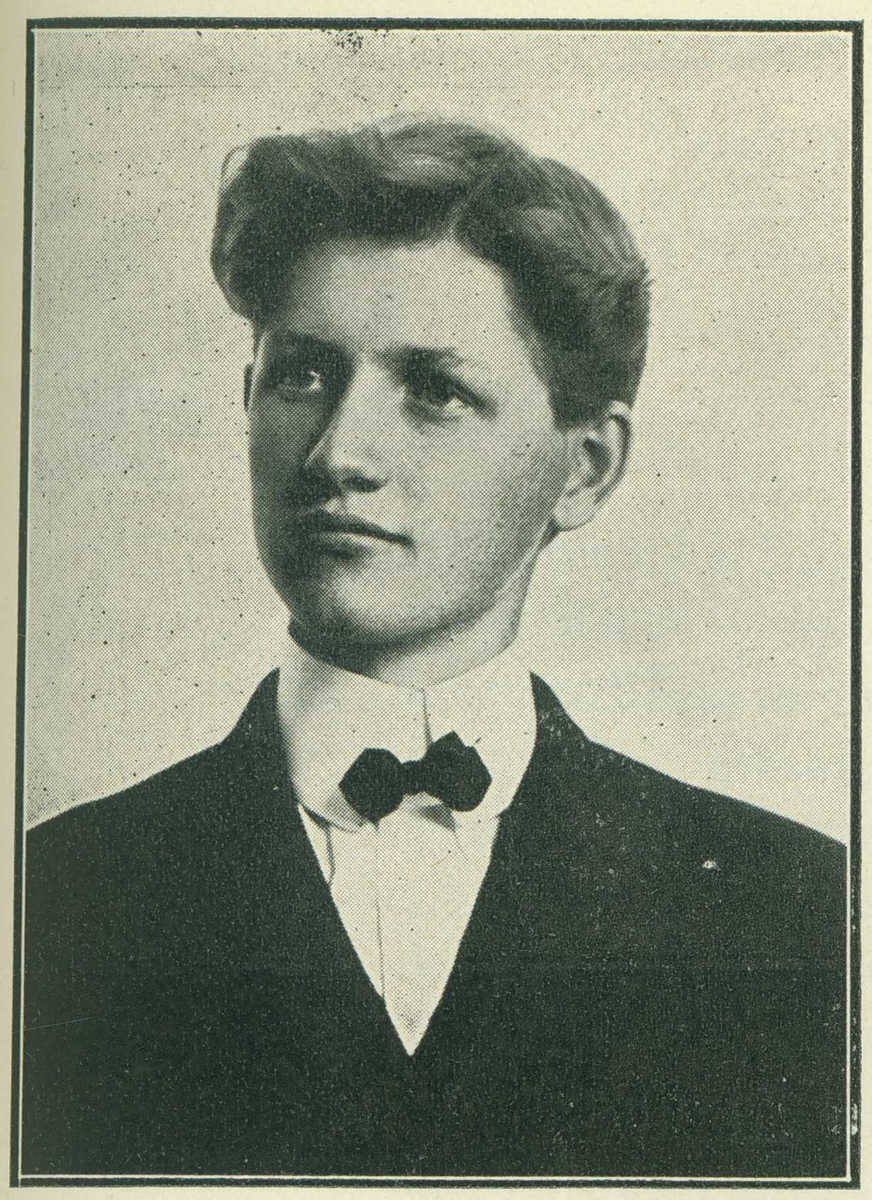


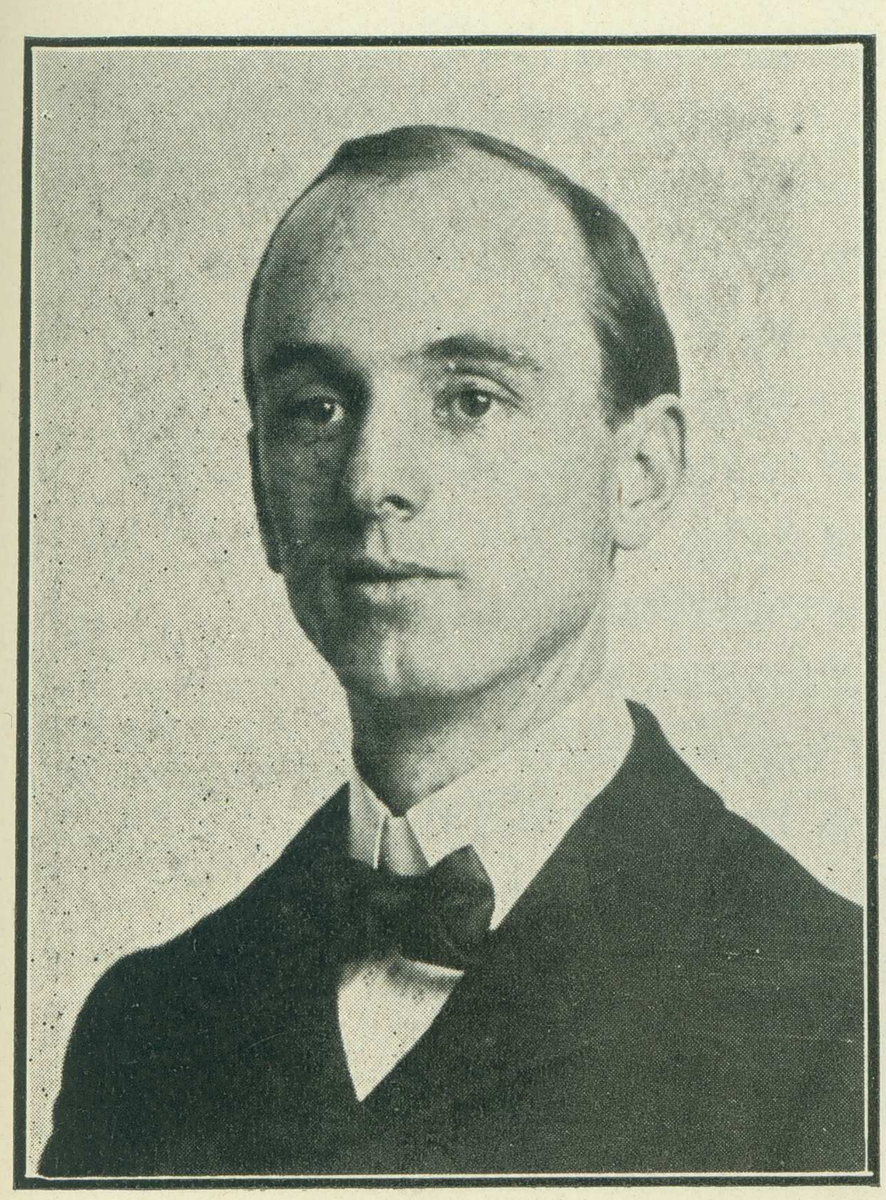
PHOTOS BY BUSHNELL

CLASS OFFICERS

John Littler, President
Clara Cahill, Secretary

Gertrude Johnson, Vice-President
Nell Jones, Treasurer





PH TOS BY BUSHNELL

POETS

Ray Vorheis
Clarence Fassett

ARTISTS

Francis Dudley
Leta Farmer

Class Poem.

Ah! we're a happy, jolly crowd;
And of our class we're justly proud.
Our emblem is the sunflower "keen";
Our color, tones of Nature's green.
We have a watchword;—have a name;
Our hopes run high to reach our aim.
We are the class of "Naughty-four,"
And this our watchword "In-for-more."
We strive to be as true a band
As you can find in all the land.
From north to south,—from east to west,
We've come for gain—we've got the best.
Before us lies a bright career;
We need no longer linger here.
With purpose firm and steady tread,
We learn the right,—then march ahead.
And if, perchance, our way be rough,
We'll not back down:—of sterner stuff
Are we whose motto urges on,
To "Find a way or make (us) one."
Undaunted as we forward go,
We'll not give way to any foe,
While memory's bells ring out their chimes,
And we remember Normal times.
So let Sir Time bring what he will,—
We'll love our *Alma Mater* still;
And while dear Normal's gold and white,
Stands firm for truth and shields the right,
This class of June Nineteen Naught Four,
Will sing her praises o'er and o'er.

CLARENCE G. FASSETT.

Class History.

IN a bright September day way back in 1900 a band of people were ushered into the presence of those who directed their registration and enrollment into the San Jose Normal School. Of that band about half remain and now constitute a part of the graduating class of June '04.

Oh, the trials we encountered in those days! But we stayed bravely with it, encouraged by the kindly smile of dear Professor Wilson. The horrors of our first entrance into the Assembly Hall will be long in our minds. We opened the doors and found a great body of students all talking at once. The noise was deafening, we knew not which way to turn. Again Professor Wilson came to our rescue. He led us to the very back of the room, telling us those were to be our seats for the term. Several days were taken up in meeting our teachers, and locating our class rooms, which we did after many weary searches.

Then the awfulness of our position began to wear off, but during our first months we experienced many more or less uncomfortable feelings. We were "nearly scared to death" in composition class, and Mrs. Goodell made our lives miserable because we could not sing to her standard, and would talk *once in a while* at morning exercises. To make a long story short, these months were constituted chiefly of lonliness, homesickness and heartaches, but after Christmas we came back to school with much of our natural light-heartedness. With great joy we shouldered our nets and went "bug-hunting."

Well, time sped on as time will, without any striking events, and launched us safely in our senior year. By this time we had completed the greater part of our Normal work. We were full of methods and had learned the value of "original research." Then we crossed the Bridge with many heart-sinkings for "we were young and indiscreet," you know; but our fears were soon banished by the kindly greeting we received from "Dr. Margaret." Under her care we have mastered the art of imparting all we know to our classes; and our Normal course is at an end.

The history of our class would not be completed without mentioning the work of our members along other lines than those of the class-room. We have always taken an active part in student-body affairs, and many of our members have held important offices in that organization. Several of our number have held positions on the Pennant Staff. Their efforts have contributed largely to the success of the paper. Our class is patriotic and loyal, lending hearty aid and support to all school matters. In debating, we have been well represented. Two of the members of the team who won victory over Nevada State University were from this illustrious class.

PHOTOS BY BUSHNELL

CLASS HISTORIANS

Elsie Russell
Lillian Carey

Anna McInerny

Rhoda Brady
Edith Patterson

But now the time for our parting is here, a feeling of sadness enters our hearts as we realize that we must say good-bye to those who have been our friends and classmates for four years. The love we have for our *Alma Mater* will always bind us together: so with hearts full of courage and hope we go forth to "find a way or make one."

RHODA BRADY.

One thought can span the heavens' height
Make distance vanish into naught;
Or, when mankind by strife is wrought,
Way find to brotherhood and might:
A true man can, thus wisely taught,
Find ways from darkness into light.

C. R. VORHEIS.

SCENE.—Normal Assembly Hall, Santa Clara County Institute, 1912.

CHARACTERS.—Elsie Russell, Lillian D. Carey, Anna McInerny, Edith W. Patterson, Normal School graduates of the Class of 1904, teaching in Santa Clara County.

Lillian—Isn't it delightful to be back in the Assembly Hall again?

Edith—Just think! It is eight years since we've been here, really ten since we entered.

Elsie—It hardly seems possible.

Anna—I'm waiting for Mr. Schemmel to announce "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Edith—Or some other one of those "Popular Songs." I can hear his artistic little interludes yet.

Lillian—O girls, do you remember the "ex" we had to pass in "comp?"

Elsie—Oh, yes, that was our first introduction to Miss Cory, who soon left, but returned to give us those delightful short talks on her trip.

Lillian—What pretty, romantic tales were floating around the halls about the delightful buggy ride C. J. C. B. had with a charming faculty member when we freshies stood around the halls patiently listening, open-eared, to all sorts of other small talk! We soon learned to talk, too.

Edith—O girls, there is Prof. Bennett with those old red whiskers!

Anna—When we first came he had just returned from a trip in the East with those same whiskers(?)

Elsie—O yes, and remember the side-burns after he came back from Berkeley?

Anna—Oh, well, he was a very changeable industrious Prof., anyway; he had to do something—if not decorating the school, it was his face.

Lillian—Why, look there! there are the Misses Kinney in blue dresses with the usual evanescent "touch of warm color" about the neck.

Elsie—But the greatest excitement in our freshman year was the Normal Fair.

Edith—And the greatest attractions were the Faculty Baby Show and the Chamber of Horrors.

Anna—We certainly all enjoyed the week of the Fair, but were overjoyed when another week had passed and many of us were speeding homeward with hearts full of joy.

Lillian—After vacation we returned to find we were on the observers' list, and must cross the Bridge of Joy to pave the way for our future troubles.

Elsie—O girls, you surely remember how, though "dead broke," we managed to "pony up" twenty-five cents for student body dues to get to vote for Leonard for President of the Student Body?

Anna—Yes, and the second term it was "Heche."

Edith—Do you remember how quickly the summer vacation passed, and we were back at Normal shaking in our boots because we had to teach?

Elsie—Yes, and "Margaret E." was there to greet us with her dear, sweet smiles

Lillian—She was a nice little Ph.D.

Edith—Only remember the reception to the mothers.

Anna—I shall never forget that.

Lillian—Do you remember how their faces beamed with pride when we told them what good work their children were doing?

Elsie—O dear! those old teachers', supervisors' and critics' meetings are still in my memory.

Edith—Have you your Teachers' Meeting book yet?

Anna—I had many a laugh over mine. It contains mostly notes to the girls, and it was so jolly to read them when I was far from all you folks.

Lillian—O those glorious lectures on tact(k)!

Edith—Here's Dr. Dailey's name on the program!

Elsie—Girls! have you seen him yet?

Anna—Yes, and he's just as fat as ever.

Lillian—And there is that ever-watchful Mrs. Rousseau.

Edith—I wonder if she has the key to the Rest Room.

Anna—I suppose we ought to ask her if we may go to the reception tonight.

Elsie—Oh yes, Mr. Dailey says it will be "awfully nice."

Anna—O there she comes! that splendid new woman. "Howe" could

we ever forget her!

Lillian—She certainly introduced us to Miss Royce, the "ever-watchful one" in that dear old library, when we found ourselves seated in Room J, with history to greet us.

Edith—O Mt. Hamilton—that lovely trip—and all the Society doings, and Class Night, and the Receptions.

Elsie—O how strange it seemed to graduate!

Anna—Didn't it, though?

Lillian—O, there is Prof. Wilson!

Anna—O, that dear old man!

Elsie—He hasn't changed a bit!

Edith—The same dear, old jolly man!

Lillian—Let's all go to meet him!

Class Song.

SOLO—

We are the jolly graduating June-ites
Of naughty four. [CHO.] Nineteen-ought-four.

S.—We wish that we could stay a season longer
A season more. [CHO.] A decade more:

S.—But ah! we must go forth to do our duty
Our time has come. [CHO.] Your time will come,

S.—Tho, sure, we know that you will truly miss us
Will miss us some, [CHO.] A great big *some*.

SOLO—

Oh, we are *the* people, don't you know,
You will sorely miss us when we go
Yes you will miss us, miss us, miss us, miss us, miss us, miss us *so*,
You will sorely miss us, miss us, miss us when we go.

(Repeat—full chorus.)

S.—We are the wise, the bright, the learned Seniors
Of naughty four, [CHO.] Nineteen-ought-four.

S.—"Margaret E." said "You are young and indiscreet, child"—
'Tis true no more, [CHO] 'Tis true no more.

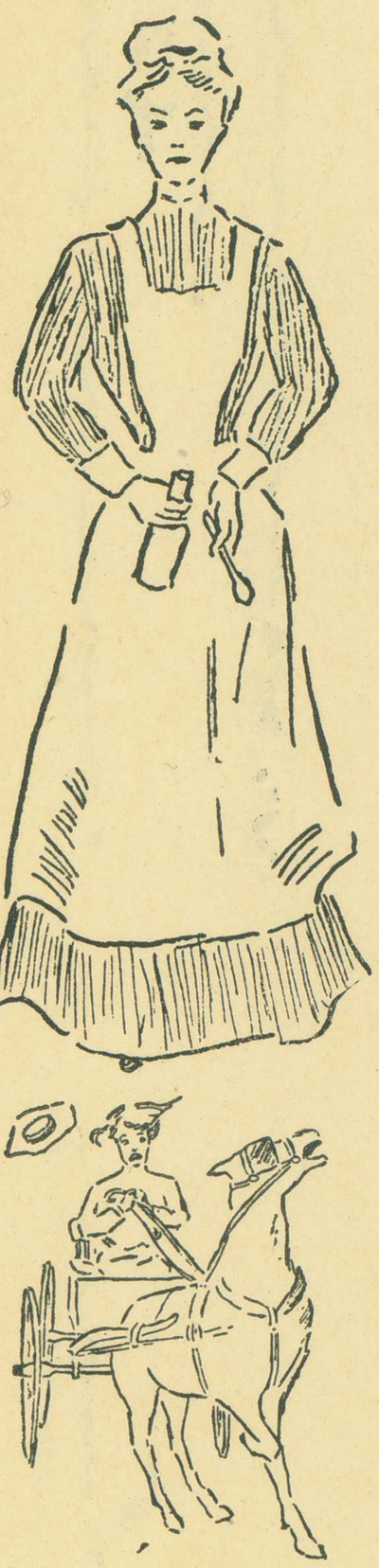
S.—For now we are all High and Mighty Seniors
We're Seniors grand, [CHO.] We're Seniors grand.

S.—In dignity and might we stand before you

S.—That understand, [CHO.] Yes, understand.

CHORUS. SOLO AND FULL CHORUS.

CARL SWENSON.



Class Prophecy.

June 23, 1925.

Today is the twentieth anniversary of my marriage, and just twenty years since my graduation, as Myrtle Hodge, from the San Jose Normal. And now this date is again made memorable, for it is the beginning of another era of new days. My husband has accepted a position in a government engineering project in Abyssinia, and we leave tomorrow for Washington, where we must remain for a month until all preparations for his work in Africa are completed.

June 28th.

Today we arrived in Washington, the seat of our great government, the first socialistic government in the world. I am so glad I shall have time for much sight seeing, for there are many, many places of interest to visit. Among the first which I must see is the great Postal Office, headquarters of the wholc postal system of this country. It includes what we knew as the postal system twenty years ago, and parcels post, telegraph, telephone and cable systems besides.

June 29th.

I have spent this entire day in and about the Capitol. As I entered the House of Representatives this morning, Speaker Floy Lloyd was just calling the House to order. I have often heard of her wonderful ability in the capacity of Speaker, and I am sure she has fully earned her reputation. A very important bill which has been pending for some time before both houses of Congress, was but recently passed, unanimously, save for Senator Robert Leonard, who maintained that it was not in accordance with Roberts' "Rules of Order." It was to the effect that the next Presidential election be dispensed with, and that Ernest Cuthbertson be inaugurated without delay as the only clean politics man in the Union.

As I was strolling about the Capitol grounds, I met Ethel Jacobs returning to the White House with the President's children, to whom she is governess. She told me that they had just been having a rare treat—a nature-study lesson by Prof. Harry White, who lectures before the members of Congress on nature-study in the high Sierras.

The eldest of the President's children is at this time very ill, but is being ably attended by Harriet Swanson, who came on from a New York hospital in which she is head nurse.

While waiting on the Capitol steps for a hansom, I was attracted by a cloud of dust. With the dust came a young lady driving a Livermore racer. It was none other than Julia Kotlinger. She had acquired such a deftness with the whip that she was sent for to come to Washington to display her horsemanship here.

June 30th.

Today I visited the great postal offices. As I pushed open the ponderous doors I was met by a guide, whom, I soon discovered, was Nellie Anderson of our old class of 1904. As soon as our identities became known to each other, Miss Anderson conducted me to the manager of these great offices, who proved to be none other than Sylvia Campiglia. Her fair hair is early sttreaked with gray, for responsibility rests heavily on her head, but she is the same calm and dignified Sylvia that I knew of old.

Sylvia went with me, herself, into all the departments of the great building. We met many parties piloted about by guides; but the guide of a party directly before us had a strangely familiar look, and Sylvia and Miss Anderson watched me narrowly, until I recognized Ethel Kinder. She is as voluble as ever, this gift making her especially valuable as a guide.

Miss Kinder told me that Daisy Wood is an agent for picnic coffee cups.

As we passed through the telegraph department Sylvia stopped to introduce us to the superintent there, Miss Henrietta Horton. After teaching a few years Miss Horton married, but the untimely death of her husband caused her to seek employment here.

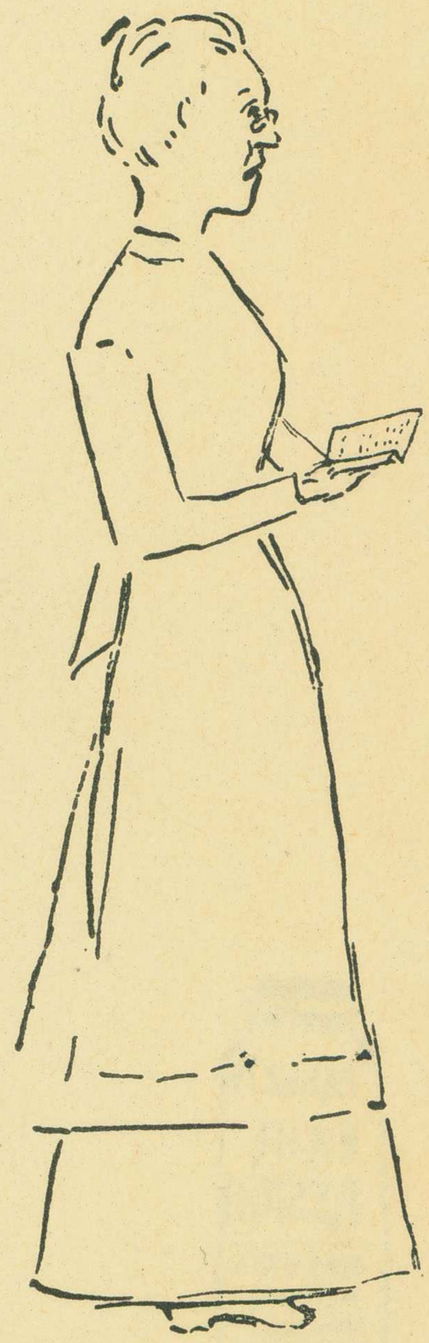
As Sylvia personally superintends every department and is, therefore, extremely busy, I could not keep her longer.

I then went to the general delivery office to inquire for mail. I was quite astonished when the cheery face of Carrie Fee greeted me at the window. She told me she had been employed in this department for the last ten years, and was still a lone maid. In glancing over my letters I recognized Nita Blayney's handwriting. I sought a secluded spot and hastily perused the letter. Such a streak of good luck! She had just obtained a position as private secretary for Marchant, Lawerance & Co., advertising firm, Chicago. Another piece of information—Nita had just received an announcement of the marriage of John Littler and Sadie Hain. They are spending their honeymoon at the Pinnacles, chaperoned by Miss Howe.

The letter also contained a newspaper clipping headed thus: "Renowned San Jose Belle to Wed; Miss Ina Annette Will Soon Become the Bride of England's Prime Minister."

Another letter was from my old friend, Ethel Carr. Ethel, who so diligently watched for the uniformed man in gray, is married. It was such a strenuous task to answer these letters by return mail that she decided to end it.

She, too, had news of some of our old classmates. Ethel Morford, after teaching "fifteen years," was coaxed by a faithful Dutchman, who did not think her quite as "mean as ever," to retire as a gentle little housewife. Her old friend, Lillie Dill, remains happily situated in the schoolroom. Ethel also said that Iva Estes still had her "beaux"

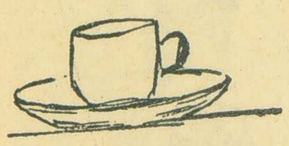


Still Teaching

July 3d.

I have spent the last three days going about over the city. Yesterday while in the National library fresh memories of my student days at Normal rose as I looked upon shelves of text-books. I took down an arithmetic and on the fly-leaf saw that Hattie Baker had followed in her father's footsteps, and had compiled an arithmetic for those who can in no way, form or manner solve a problem. This is a great boon for this century of teachers.

I passed on and picked up the "Quarterly Literary Review." As I turned the pages I found a criticism by Miss Bessie McFadden on a new book, "How to Make Children Interested in Hectographed Stories," the author being Miss Louise Flaa, who has made this subject a close life-study. Miss McFadden, who is a prominent literary critic of the day, began her career just after her graduation from Normal. Her criticism on "The Call of the Wild" made her famous.



In a nonsense magazine I discovered several jingles written by Ida Bailey.

In a column of advertisements for educational institutions I found that Miss Nora Sydow, a deaconess in the Methodist Church, is at present at the head of a girls' seminary in Denver. The Librarian told me that the most read book in the library was one on "Fancy Dancing," by Edith Patterson.

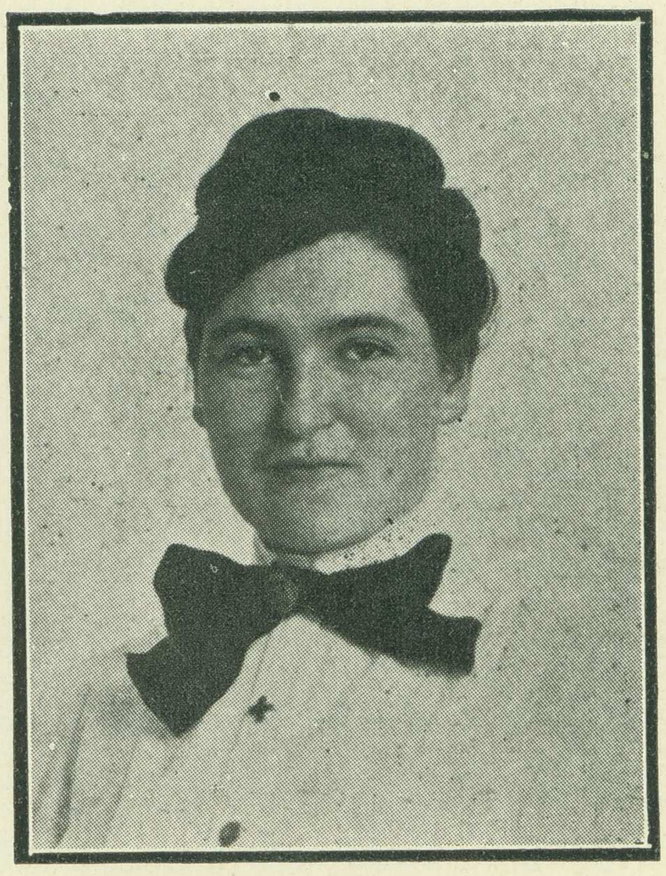
This afternoon while in the National Art Gallery whom should I see but Lela Beeson, vainly trying to call Maggie Roche away from a large painting of the Angel "Gabriel," before which she stood with devout and enraptured gaze. Lela and Maggie have been teaching these many years, and are now enjoying a well-earned vacation. From them I learned of the marriage of Agnes Cloney and Lillian Carey—Agnes to a sturdy farmer and Lillian to a politician.

July 4th.

I went to the Postal offices again today. As I passed near Sylvia's private office I heard her talking, and Miss Anderson, who was with me, said that, added to all her other arduous duties, Sylvia must swear new employees into office. Soon she joined me, and together we entered the bulletin rooms. Sheets stretched on the walls are covered with advertisements, business cards, and notices of various sorts.

One advertisement which attracted my attention at once was for Fassett's Hair Restorer. Sylvia told me that shortly after his graduation from Normal Mr. Fasset had entered the ministry and had gone to fields of labor in sparsely settled districts where his very meager salary compelled him to put to work his ingenious brain to aid him in gaining a livelihood. The result was his famous hair restorative.

I glanced over the sheet containing this advertisement and discovered a goodly number of our old class here represented in various ways. Just at this juncture Sylvia was called away, and I hastily appropriated the sheet to take away as a souvenir, in accordance with Normal ideals.



PHOTOS BY BUSHNELL

CLASS PROPHETS

Gretta Wood
Sylvia Campiglia

Hattie Baker

Gertrude Topham.
Nita Blayney

Instructive Scientific Lecture in Capitol Hall, Thursday evening, July 15th, by Prof. Evelyn Clemence.

The Chaney Beet Farm! Largest in the world. Turns out the best sugar on the market. Try some of our granulated sugar. It is fine. If you don't like it, you can lump it. Manager—Ablue Ring.

Hotel Comstock. Charming summer resort near Fresno, in the great San Joaquin Valley, California. Climate unexcelled.

ALTA COMSTOCK, Prop.

Gussie Rieff—Agent for patent iron fencing. Pickets warranted fast. Will stand any weight. Office at Los Gatos, California.

Coming! July 17th. Coming! The Belle! The Belle! Otherwise known as Wee McGregor. Famous Songstress. Leads all other voices.

Free! Extraordinary Privilege! Free! Chance of a lifetime. Carl Swenson, B. M., Conductor Infantile Chorus. Lottie Ellen Johnson, Composer of all Latest Songs. Leta Farmer, Sketch Artist.

The Famous Metropolitan Comic Opera! Clyde Reynolds, leading man; Jessie Pemberton, leading lady.

Pearl Wade—Instructor at dancing. School for Congressmen and Senators.

Notice! Notice! National Y. W. C. A. Convention, Chicago, August 5th, 6th, 7th. Nellie Connor, National President; Sadie Whitehurst, Secretary.

Emma Schray—Professional ice-orderer for the World's Y. W. C. A.

Grace Strobel—Conductor of Milpitas Auto-rink. An all-year-round sport.

Maude Cable—Hair-dresser, Coyote.

Marriage Bureau, Mayfield. Personally successful through my own method.

ARTHUR HECHE, Prop.

Richardson, The Daisy. Best elocutionist on the coast. 25 "Dale" Ave., Morgan Hill.

Select school for dancing.

NATALIE DAVIS, Instructor.

Phillips–Hamilton Poultry Farm. Thorough-bred poultry shipped to any part of the United States.

The only lady carpenter in the world. Stools a specialty. Orders promptly filled.
BEATRICE ROTERMUND,
Office, 56–7 High St., Wash.

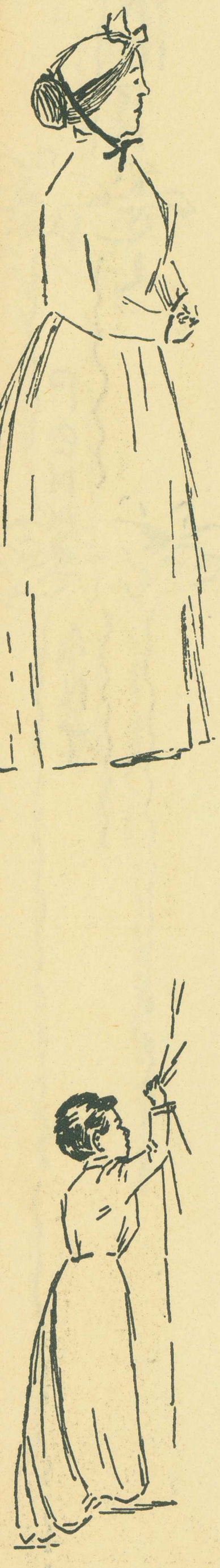
Much looked-for aid for propressive 20th century girls. Julia Flaherty—advice on how to get rid of young men callers.

Money to loan. Bank of Kansas City.
MARGARET FABLINGER, Pres.

Grant College. Wavie Powers, head of rural school, department for teachers. For further information apply to Box 58, Wash. Postal Dept.

Alice Davis's School for Infants. Children taught to read in three days. Latest methods employed. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Hermena Freyschlag, Illustrator of magazine stories.



As I had previously spent such a short time in the telegraph department, I went again to this exceedingly interesting office. The system is so arranged that all telegraphic messages, which are, of course, wireless, must signal the headquarters at Washington. While in the office this morning I heard the following message read:

"Miss Jennie Stewart,
Stewart Studio, Philadelphia.
Will sit for my portrait next Wednesday.
GRETA WOOD B——,
New York."

Owing to her position Sylvia can keep herself well informed on the news of the day, and from her I learned that Greta is now a prominent society woman of New York.

A few minutes later came another message which read as follows:

Blackie & Jones,
Chicago,
Will purchase that business block at price named.
E. F. SMITH,
St. Louis."

Of course, this puzzled me greatly until Sylvia explained that Nell Jones and Nell Blackie were in the real estate business and had prospered exceedingly. When I asked if they had done it by advertising, Sylvia replied that no advertising was necessary; Nell Blackie spoke for herself, and the "Frank" and open nature of Nell Jones won for her the good will of all. Being a little weary I repaired to the Library of the office to rest before going to my hotel. Lounging in this luxuriously appointed apartment, my eyes chanced to fall on a scrap of paper on the table before me. This is what I read:

TOYING WITH THE HEART OF AN ENGLISH EARL.

Miss Clara Spaits, a noted American coquette plays with the affections of Lord ——. Miss Spaits, after a career of heart-breaking in her own country has come to England"—

Truly this has been a wonderful day. I shall go to the offices again tomorrow.

July 5th.

When I entered the telegraphic department today one of Miss Horton's secretaries was recording the following message:

"Harper's Pub. Co.,

Please forward a copy of C. R. Vorheis's book of poems at once.

BERNICE KINDER."

Dr. Bernice Kinder now occupies the chair of English in Harvard University and is a noted literary critic.

A few minutes later another message was read:

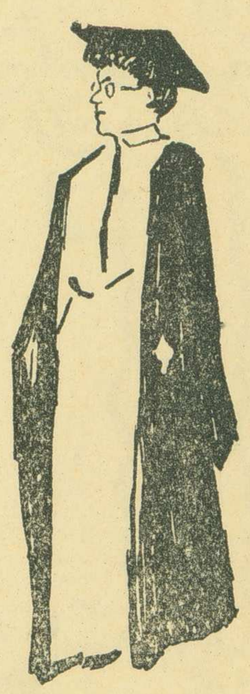
"Prof. Evelyn Clemence,

Washington, D. C.

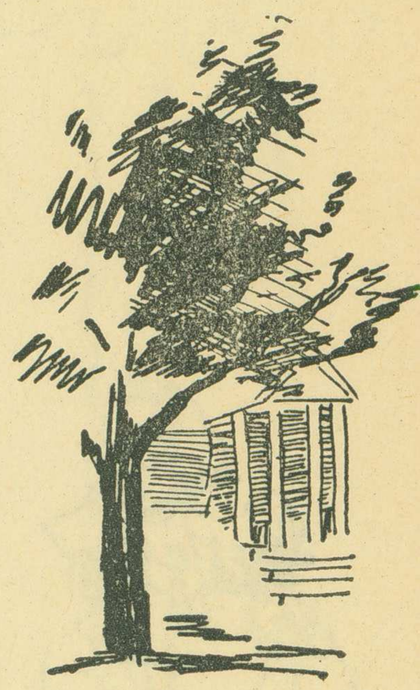
My husband and I will arrive on the 8:30 p. m. train, July 12th.

IRENE CHARLSON B——,

San Jose, Cal."



Today's mail brought me a letter from Alice Rodgers, head of the department of reading and elocution at Harvard University, who is spending her vacation at the home of my old friend, Gertrude Topham. Gertrude is now the wife of a successful mechanical engineer in San Jose. While automobiling a few days ago, Gertrude and Alice passed a beautiful house, just being completed, which is to be the home of the famous Milpitas millionaire and his bride, Celia Welch.



They visited the Normal recently and Alice was greatly surprised to learn that Opal Hogge is now instructor of psychology, having succeeded Prof. C. J. C. Bennett, and that Miss Elizabeth Gabel has succeeded Miss Howe as instructor of history.

July 12th.

I learned today that Frances Dudley is about to return to America where she has attained great fame as a cover-designer. When I went to the Postal Office today Sylvia showed me a letter which had been received at the dead letter office the day before. It was directed to Minnie Fahey, but letters can no longer reach her for she is a devout and holy nun in a convent in New Orleans. When the letter was opened to discover the writer, it was found to be Viola Patton, now a modiste in Stockton. Her letter had three bits of particularly interesting news. A year ago the chair in history in the great Oxford University became vacant and Dr. Rhoda Brady was asked to take it. She did and fills it admirably. Flora Hammon aspired to University life, but a dashing young gentleman from the San Joaquin Valley persuaded her that chicken raising was much more elevating. Viola also said that Frankie Doan has chosen to be an artist's model, Titian hair again being the fashion.

Miss Horton showed me some old telegraphic records today. Among them was the following, dated May 27, 1910.

"Miss Josephine Noll,

Redwood City,

"You are wanted in Berryessa. Cherries are ripe."

She went and is the wife of a prosperous orchardist in that beautiful city.

Another telegram of more recent date read:

"Miss May King,
Los Gatos, Cal.

"The chair in manual training, Princeton University, is yours if you will have it.

ELSIE RUSSELL.
Secretary."

This telegram had also come "Chasing" over the wires from the "West":

"Appoint Ralph & Co., selling agents of the Alpha salad cream.
A. W."

A fourth message read:

"Miss Clara Cahill,
San Jose,
Meet me at the 1:30 p. m. without fail."

She didn't fail, but—well, he didn't the next time, and Clara lives happily in San Francisco under a changed name.

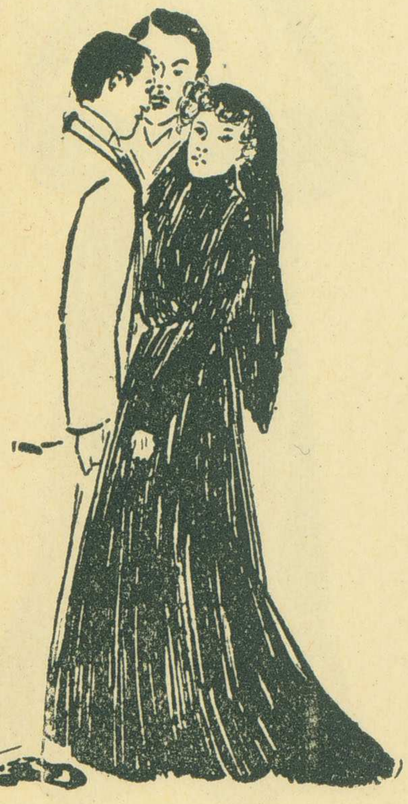
July 14th.

As I glanced over this morning's paper I found it unusually full of news. I first noticed in big headlines, "The Elopement of a 'Bell' of Nevada." I wondered if it could possibly be our Hazel, and if she were "Wright" in following such a course.

The following next attracted my attention:

WELL-KNOWN KINDERGARTEN TEACHER OF CALIFORNIA MADE FAMOUS

Miss Gertrude Johnson, a well-known kindergarten teacher has become famous through her revival of that old favorite of the children: "My Old Hen She Crossed the Road."



I was interested to see that there was a column devoted to Palo Alto notes, and running down the column hastily, my eye caught a familiar name, that of Mrs. Gertrude Taylor B——, who it seems is very prominent in the Stanford society circle.

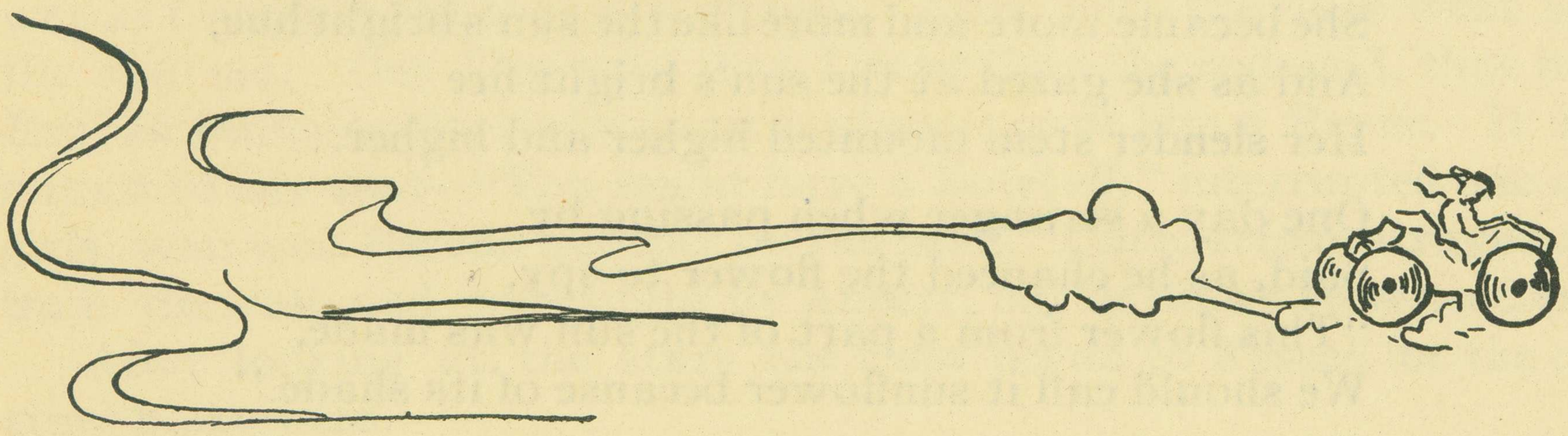
This afternoon I attended a lecture by Elizabeth Flewellen, National President of the Womans' Suffrage Club. While waiting for the lecture to begin my attention was attracted from the mother talk about me, as I became interested in watching the actions of a pretty widow of youthful appearance, who was trying to divide her attention between two gallants. Her face was strangely familiar, and in these extraordinary

days I seem to be looking for old friends, so I was not very much surprised to recognize in her one of my old class-mates, Anna McInerny.

In the midst of this new interest, someone touched my shoulder, and I looked up into the cheerful countenance of May McCollugh. She was always such a happy Miss at school, and I find she is a "Mrs. Happy" now.

July 20th.

We have been one day out at sea. It was a great surprise, not to say delight, to discover my old class-mate, Myrtle Bernhard, on board. Tiring of teaching school, after twelve years, Myrtle accepted the center of darkest Africa for her future home, where she presides with all daintiness over the table of an engineer who is fast making that part of the dark continent an electrical and railway center. She is just returning from a visit to America, and we two hope to meet often in our newly adopted country to talk over old times and old friends.



The First Sunflower.

A myth tells us of the sunflower's birth,
How this fair flower first bloomed on earth—
And now, the tale I will tell to you
And strive, if I can, to tell it true.

Once by a lonely mountain stream
A flower bloomed forth on the bank so green
She gazed all 'round at the sky and trees,
And wished to be as beautiful as these.

While feeding on thoughts of joy profound,
Her roots struck deep into the ground.
She loved the world and the world loved her,
No place else would she prefer.

She admired the sun in his blazen beauty
And wished, that she might like him be,
Shining forth all day with a glowing light
Making the whole earth warm and bright.

She longed and longed and as thought grew
She became more and more like the sun's bright hue,
And as she gazed at the sun's bright fire
Her slender stem mounted higher and higher.

One day a stranger when passing by
Said, as he chanced the flower to spy,
"This flower from a part of the sun was made,
We should call it sunflower because of its shade."

Thus, this lovely flower so graceful and tall
Teaches a lesson to each and all—

"In daily life we grow better and higher
If we only goodness and beauty admire
As our thoughts are, so shall we be
For thoughts to our actions are surely the key."

I. B.

A Trip to Mt. Hamilton.

THE members of the June Class with their friends started for Mt. Hamilton on the morning of the 20th of May, 1904.

Clara Cahill said, "*Greta Wood* go if *Daisy Wood*" (would). When all were aboard the *Cable-Carr*, the *Bell* rang and the train was off. The *Baker* went along to provide a good lunch. Everybody paid a *Fee* and then settled down to have a jolly time. *Robert Leonard* said "It's funny that every time *John* fails to preside over the class *Johnson* takes his place.

The *Carr* was, by this time, passing through the fields of the *Farmer*. The *Bee son* was heard calling, "*Com(e)stock, Com(e)stock!*" and in answer the *Bullock* came running across the field. The *Carr* suddenly bumped over a *Noll* that had been built by a *March ant*. This gave some of the class a *Payne*. Others thought the *Cable* had broken and would have to be repaired by a *Chan(ey)* (chain).

"Now the *Powers* gone! what will we do," cried *Vorheis*. The conductor said "There's a *Flaa* in the track but she's all right now." The *Carr* started on and all went well until it turned *West*. Then the *Top ham* in the dining car fell on the *Stewart* who was preparing the *Ham(m)on* the table.

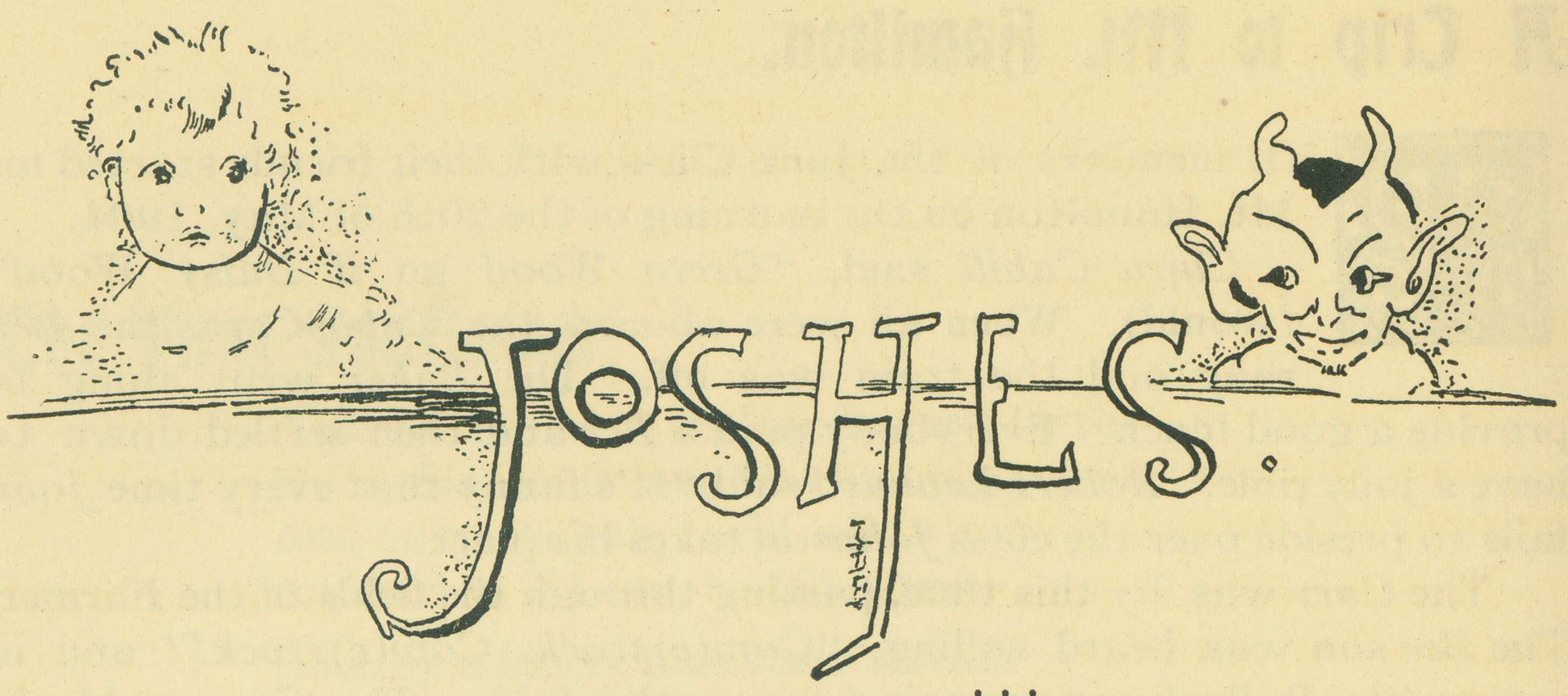
At last the party stopped under the *White* dome of the observatory. As all were hungry luncheon was served. *Heche* went for water but when he turned on the *Fassett* it broke and the room was flooded so quickly that he had to *Wade* to a *Rieff* for help. He looked nearly as wet as *Charlson* did in Smith's Creek. After lunch the class went to see the sun set. One boy who was *Littler* than the rest said, that he had *English Dailey* in the Normal but it always gave him a *Payne*. It *Wood* not do to say that—"You might have a *Row(ell)*" interrupted one of the girls, who was *Patton* another on the head. *Cuthbertson* strayed away from the rest and got caught by *Annett*, but he didn't seem to *Care(y)*.

After looking at the stars the class began to *Russell* for the car to start homeward.

When the *Carr* came home the *Bullock* was attached to a *Noll*.

After a day of adventure the class returned home tired and sleepy.

JOHN H. LITTLER.



MUSIC A SPECIALTY ! ! !

Apply to Lottie Johnson for her celebrated "Tin Band of '*Four.*'" Masterpiece "When 'Georgie' Comes Marching Home." Leave orders at 544 South Sixth.

The oftener the June Class met, the more the members became convinced that green would be the most appropriate color.

Mr. Wilson (discussing the importance of the Alumni association)—We know where all of the members of the class of —— are, with the exception of those who are dead.

Aren't you sorry, Clyde, that you graduate so soon? There are a few girls that you haven't gone with yet.

Clyde R.—I am sorry for those girls, but I have done my best.

What course is Anna "Mack" taking at High School third hour?

Courtship we hear.

Miss Schallenberger—Mr. Wilson, you have touch all right; all you need is to know where to put your fingers.

Miss Blasdel—Miss Rieff, please write your full name here.

Miss R.—Just a minute, 'till I find how to spell it.

Senior—May married women teach?

Prof. Dailey—I am not well informed on this marrying question.

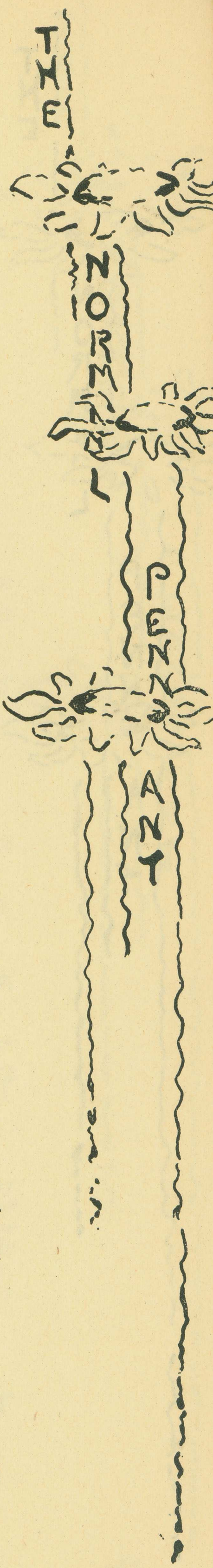
Notice how Ethel B—'s career at Normal has changed:

First year—Sad expression, accompanied by pathetic strain of "Home Sweet Home."

Second year—A broad happy smile, pleasant expression, and merry strain of "Home(r), Sweet, Home(r)."

Stuart's Shoe Store Spring Shoes Are In

23 East Santa Clara Street



At Mt. Hamilton:

Girls—Someone who keeps house must take these things.

Miss H.—Mr. Fassett, can you use this food?

Mr. F., blushing—I don't keep house.

If you wish to know where "Cuthie" gets his carnations, just be on the Alert(a).

Mr. Baker—Miss Hogge, what is the matter with *your* problem?

Miss Hogge—Well, I either made a mistake in multiplication or division, or I pointed it off wrong.

Prof. Bennett, at Faculty Reception—Mr. C, are you going to stand here for a few moments?

Mr. C.—I expect to.

Mr. B.—Well, Miss Bassler is to come to the top of the stairs and whistle to me when she wants me. When she whistles, call me, please.

The Whistle Never Came.

Sylvia, Sylvia has a beau,
If you can't guess it,
Come to Normal,
Then you'll know.

Why is Prof. Bennett so very chummy with Prof. Wood?

Pupil—Do you graduate in June?

Miss Thompson—I'm not a Junior.

Mr. Snyder—When choosing current topics, take the present, not the past.

ROBERTS & GROSS

are showing an unusual assortment of materials suitable for graduating and reception purposes. Normal students will conserve their best interests by inspecting our stock.

Our Fancy Goods and Ladies' Furnishing Goods Department

Present assortments of late novelties **not** surpassed in any store on this coast. Our prices are never too high.

10 per cent discount allowed to graduates.

50-52 S. First St., San Jose, Cal.

Mr. Bullock—What is the best Shampoo?
Miss Boyd—Egg and lemon-juice.
Mr. B.—Now wouldn't that kill you.

Here lie the bones of Robert Leonard,
We know he's happy, though far too learned,
For in the land beyond the border,
He's still reciting "Robert's Rules of Order."

Mr. Wilson in Physical Geography Class—Miss Campiglia, tell us all about the hail storm we witnessed twenty-five years ago.

Could Atha M— be true to blue if brown should smile on her?—Take notice and then judge.

Go to Hale's for graduating goods.

The song rang out loud and clear
And as it reached "Prof." Wilson's ear,
He said in his brusque, busy way
"My time, my time is up."

Now, when there comes a judgment day
And Gabriel toots his trumpet horn
We'll hear "Prof. say in the same old way,
"My time, my time is up."

THE ARCADE

San Jose's Leading Store = = Home of Low Prices

Beach, Mountains or World's Fair

Whichever it is, you'll need a Bag of some sort. The best investment for your money is here. We have all kinds of Bags and Suit-cases for all kinds of people. Cases from 14 to 28 inches in length. Prices from $1.25 to $35.00.

A. H. Marten Co.

Leaders of Low Prices

80 Phone Main 11 83-91 South First St.

We wonder why Miss Flaherty was so interested in learning where Lipton gained his fortune.

Cheer up, Nell, your days as treasurer are almost over.

Cage—Los Amigos reception room.
Animal tamer—Joe Malloy.
Wild Animal—Washington Wild Cat.

"Oh to be a senior
Now that June is here,"
Said the sorry little Junior
As she shed a bitter tear.

Rowena C—'s favorite refrain, "When the Normal days are over—dear."

Mr. Fassett frankly remarked one day in class meeting that when he got a wife, he wanted a real one, *not* an ideal one. Here's your chance, girls.

Clyde, Clyde, Clyde! Use your "skillful play" and don't be fooled by ten year old girls in making dates over the telephone.

Lost—A pair of side-burns. Return to Prof. Bennett, Room —.

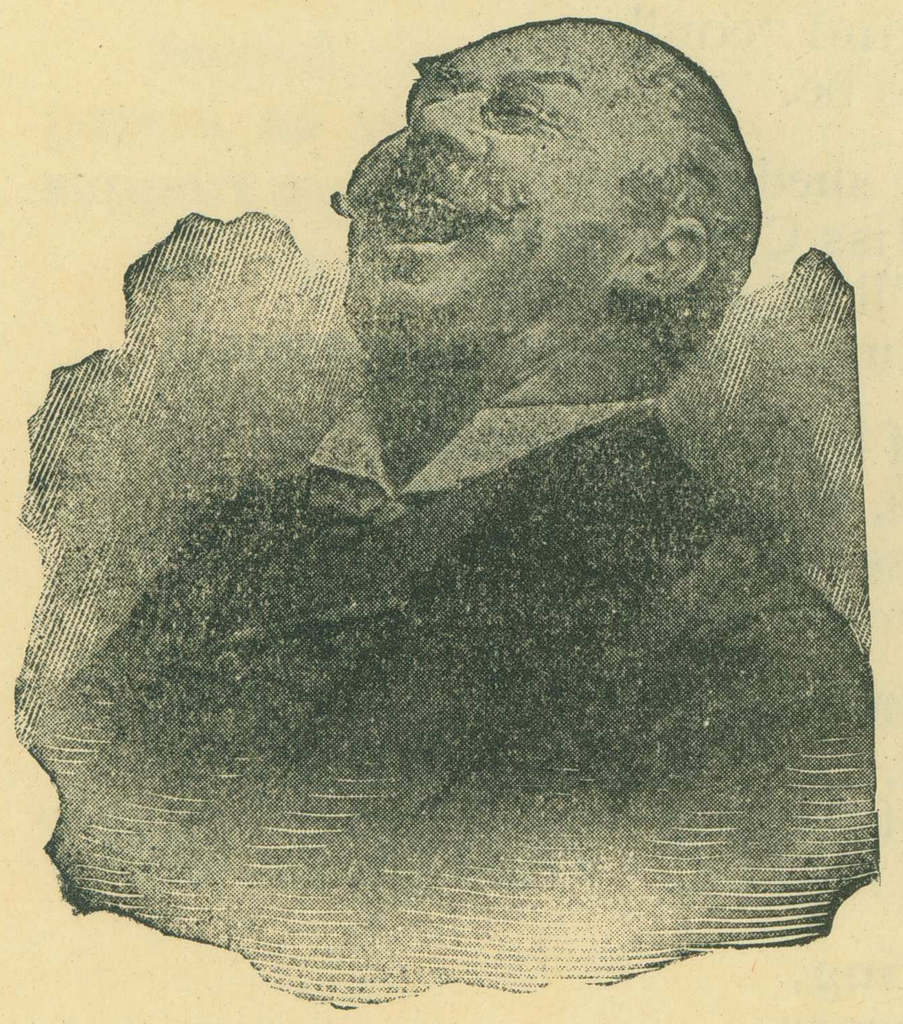
Best goods for Lowest Prices at Hale's.

Why is it Miss Roche is so much interested in anything concerning Canada?

Why has Laughlin had so much trouble to collect the Y. M. N. D. assessment?

Who knows anything concerning the trio of artists, Prusch, White, and Vorheis?

THE NORMAL PENNANT



This is one of our patients. He looks satisfied, don't he? There are hundreds more like him.

Why Frown and Fret and Stew?

"Laugh and the world langhs with you."

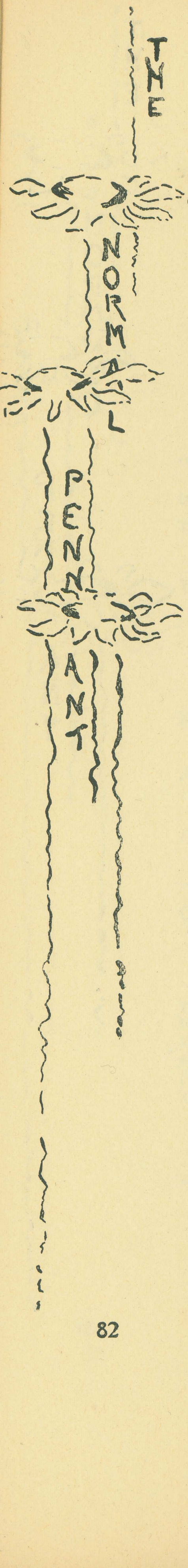
'Tisn't work, but overwork that kills. Why not give those poor tired overworked eyes of yours a rest? Let a good pair of glasses—our kind—do the extra work. Then the tasks which have been so irksome will become a joy, and you can "smile" too, "just like this happy man."

Dr. Geo. B. Pratt
Dr. B. K. Kerr

OPTICIANS

16 North Second Street
Opposite First M. E. Church

Examination Free.



Alumni take notice.—In visiting the places of interest in San Jose, don't forget "The Home of Truth," 544 South Sixth.

EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM A JINGLE OF AN IDEAL FACULTY MEETING.

'Twas Tuesday eve
The bell had rung,
And teachers thronged the hall
For, to be late
At faculty "meet"
Wouldn't do at all.

Enid lingered still awhile
To dash on a bit of paint,
Miss D. gave her hair an artistic touch,
That made her look like a saint.

Then hurrying down toward the office door,
They sneaked in, looking cheap,
"Prof." Dailey gave them a terrible look
That almost made them weep!

"Prof." Wilson, spying the tardy ones,
Said in the tone of a preacher,
"No pupil in Normal has a right
To delay from this meeting a teacher."

"Prof." Dailey rapped an "awful" rap
And said in tones sedate
"We meet tonight that we may discuss
Those about to graduate."

We'll take them up in order,
The first one is Miss C.
Give your opinions "pro" and "con"
Whatever they happen to be.

Mr. Bland remarked, as he shed a tear
"There are many things Miss C. has to fear.
She named them all, and I'll let you know—
'Twas the dark and the "autos" and Mrs. Rousseau."

Mr. Bennett gave a toss of his princely head
And stroking his sideburns, quickly said,
"My opinion is more or less likewise the same,
If you didn't pass her, t'would be a great shame.

And thus they discussed the pupils
From A clear down to Z,
And what there was left of them
You readily can see.

This was one faculty meeting,
They hold them by the score,
If you want to learn more about it,
Go peek at the office door.

CORSETS SKIRTS LACES SHIRT WAISTS

Tailor Made Suits

Hosiery

Ribbons

Underwear

Just the announcement that I carry a complete line of these goods.

Then, I guarantee to give you
Best goods for least money ***ALWAYS***

Isn't that about all of the story? Don't you like to buy goods of your friends and where you are sure of getting good values?

I am glad to advertise in "The Pennant," First, because I want to sell goods to Normalites.

Second, because I am, and always was, a firm believer in school papers as valuable educators. I shall always advocate their hearty support and shall assist to the best of my ability.

I respectfully request you to remember

CORNELL'S

For Ladies' Furnishing Goods

THE NOTION STORE

CHAS. J. CORNELL
13-15 East Santa Clara Street

No One Ever Conquered

who began a struggle with his eyes shut. If you are interested in a business education it is worth your while to investigate the merits of

Ellis Bookkeeping and Gregg Shorthand

the most modern and up-to-date methods of teaching bookkeeping and shorthand. These methods are used in hundreds of the largest and best business colleges in the United States and thousands of successful bookkeepers and stenographers were trained by these methods. Call and let us talk the matter over with you.

San Jose Business College

Second and San Fernando Streets

The School That Gets Results. W. BOUCHER, Principal.

"City of San Jose"

First and Fountain Sts., San Jose

We beg to call your attention to our large and select stock of **Dress Goods, Silks, White Goods, Shirt Waists, Laces, Trimmings, etc.**, and would kindly ask you to compare our qualities and prices before selecting your graduation outfit. Please remember that we are the originators of liberal discounts to graduates which we allow as usual this year.

Respectfully yours,

I. LOEB & BRO.

Mrs. M. C. Thompson J. E. Tetrault

NEW CREAMERIE RESTAURANT

Quick Service. Prices Reasonable.
Reduced Rates to Students
16 East Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal.

SAN JOSE TRANSFER CO.

62 East Santa Clara Street

Moves everything that is loose

Telephone Main 78 **G. P. BURKETT, Manager.**

Better than School Teaching

THE NEW PROFESSION

Ad-Writing

$10,000 a year is what Wanamaker pays his ad-writer. There's money in it for you if thoroughly prepared at

PACIFIC COAST BUSINESS COLLEGE

Get a KNOWLEDGE of BUSINESS such as Our Commercial Course gives, or

Become an Expert Munson Stenographer and Touch Typewriter under the tuition of our PROF. Z. P. SMITH and

NOTHING CAN PREVENT YOUR REACHING THE BEST PAID POSITIONS in the Commercial World

Call and see us about it MARKET AND POST STS.

H. E. COX, President.

Aversion to a Bright Light

Denotes weak eyes that need the help glasses give.
The place to have them fitted—

OSGOOD & BALL OPTICAL CO., 56 S. First St.

DO NOT FORGET

When in want of Watches or Jewelry Repairs or new goods

M. H. Osgood 56 South First

Is the place to get first-class work at right prices. Rings and class pins made to order

---

SCHOOL BOOKS

Old and new, bought, sold and exchanged, at

BOOK and NOVELTY STORE

177 SOUTH FIRST STREET

GEO. B. McKEE CO. (Incorporated 1902.)

Dealers in **Paints, Oils, Glass, Paper Hangings, etc.**

Window shades of every description made to order.

Factory, 78-84 E. San Fernando St. *Office and Salesroom, Cor. 2nd and San Fernando.*

HAVE YOU EVER EXPERIENCED THE CONVENIENCE OF A GROUND FLOOR GALLERY?

Bushnell's

41 North First St.

THE MOST ELEGANTLY EQUIPPED FOTOGRAF STUDIO IN THE CITY.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS AND CLASSES.

NEWEST DESIGNS IN MOUNTS

T. F. SOURISSEAU

Manufacturing and Repairing **Jeweler**

Badges and Class Pins a Specialty.

Also a complete new stock of watches, Jewelry, Diamonds and a good assortment of Sterling Silverware

Rooms 2, 3 and 4. No. 69½ South First Street. Phone, Blue 203

We have some very neat paper with the Normal Pennant embossed on the same. Call at the store and examine it.

BOOKS AND FOTO SUPPLIES

M. M. HAAS CO.

EAT AT WHEELER'S

No Objectional Features

THIRD AND SANTA CLARA ST. PICNIC LUNCHES.

Mrs. Lynch

Fine Millinery

AT REASONABLE PRICES

32 South First Street.

EASTER HATS

and PARIS PATTERNS at the

BAND BOX Millinery Store

29-31 East Santa Clara St.

Typewriter Ribbons, Typewriter Paper
Carbon Papers

The Typewriter Inspection Co.

15 South Second St. **J. T. BARNES, Mgr.**

ALL MAKES of Typewriters Sold, Rented and Repaired. *Phone West 463*

C THAT

McCabe HATTER 82 S FIRST ST SAN JOSE CAL.

IS IN U'R HAT

Andy Veit SHOE MAKER

71 East San Fernando St.

Repairing of every description.
All kinds of shoes made to order.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Telephone, West 918.

Soles 35 cts. and up.

QUILTY

48 South Ffrst Street

FINE TAILORING

LOW PRICES BEST WORK

Come one; come all.

Columbia Cyclery

Telephone, James 1021

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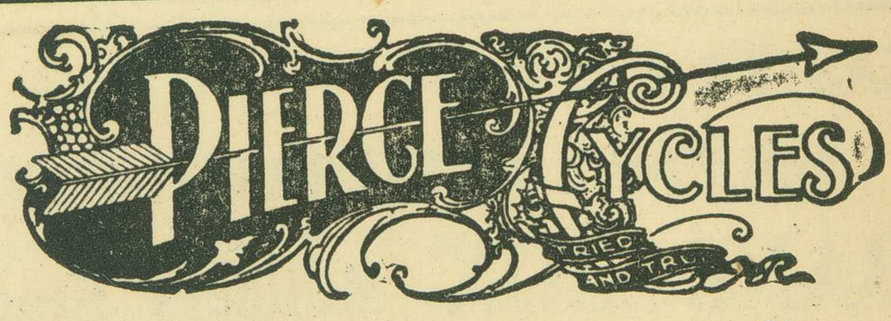

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