

SJ
378
Qno
Dup. 1

The Normal Pennant
February, 1902

PRESS OF
E. E. CLEVELAND
PRINTER OF
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
PUBLICATIONS
SAN JOSE



The Normal Pennant



VOL. V.

SAN JOSE, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 6.

A Disciple of Karma.

E. Purcell.

AT the Senior Promenade last evening, I caught the following snatch of conversation while whirling past a palm-embowered corner where Professor B—— and C. J. C. B. were enjoying a quiet discussion of their pet theories. “It is the opinion of thinking, reasoning people of to-day that every extraordinary phenomenon has some simple scientific explanation.” Well, I suppose it has, but I was really tempted to stop and tell them of an experience of mine, but I shall tell you instead.

While in a certain city a short time ago, I became confused and lost my way in the vast business portion. It began to rain, and, as I had no umbrella, I stepped into the elevator entrance of a large brown stone building for shelter. One name in the business directory that covered the wall, caught my eye, “Professor Levi Lodi, Psychical Magician, Room 373” and my curiosity was at once aroused. It was cold in my retreat and I was shivering, so I acted upon the impulse of the moment and stepped into the elevator and was taken up to the seventh story. After looking about among the signs of various chiropodists, etc., I saw the sign of the ‘psychical magician’; I took a hall seat near and watched the people passing and heard the echoing footsteps of many in other corridors. Soon a stout, well-dressed lady passed me and went into Room 373. My mental comment was, “Surely a spiritualist medium.” Soon another, a tall, thin, shabbily-dressed woman in black, hurried by and entered Room 373 in a ‘very-much-in-a-hurry’ manner. “Possibly a magnetic healer or a fortune teller,” said I to myself. Then a group of three attracted my attention. A tall, slender man with a thoughtful, far-away expression, and two very ordinary looking ladies also passed into the same room. Next came two men, one the perfect embodiment of my ideal of a fanatical Jew chemist, the other the type of a political reformer, socialist, fanatic, or what not.

I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to ask permission to accompany the next likely looking person whom I might reasonably sup-

pose was bound for that room. I had not long to wait, for just then a large woman with piercing black eyes and a face upon whose lines the word "scheming" seemed to be traced came toward me. I afterwards learned that she was a "mesmerist." Summoning courage, I made known my modest desire and received the gracious assurance that the company within would be pleased to have one more disciple added to their circle ("Evidently the woman takes me for a freak, too," thought I).

Upon going into the room, I was told that the professor was about to begin a demonstration, and that absolute silence was necessary. Those present were too intent upon watching the experimenter and his subject to give me more attention than a passing glance, so I was free to study them and their surroundings. The room itself was well worthy of a description. It was richly furnished in olive green, brown, and gold. The furniture was of elegant polished wood; handsome rugs and skins covered the floor; brilliant silk cushions were piled upon the sofas and figured conspicuously in a "cosy corner." Very subdued light filled (or rather, half filled) the room, and shone on rare pictures, statuary, and old armor, shields, battle axes, spears, and swords, which enhanced the beauty of the room. A very sweet perfume, unknown before to me, permeated the whole room.

In the center of the room, standing behind a high-backed chair, was the professor, a short, dark-skinned man, with a face that attracted and held attention at once. It was strong, yet sensitive; frank but puzzling; mature, yet youthful. It seemed all eyes because of the size and brilliancy of those never-to-be-forgotten orbs. His subject was a young lady of perhaps twenty years, who sat in the high-backed chair, behind which he stood. She had assumed a very listless attitude, her hands lying loosely in her lap. Her head was resting upon a small black silk pad on the back of the chair. The professor's hands partly concealed her face, but later I discovered that she was very beautiful, although her expression was rather too sad and dreamy. Presently the little professor said in an abrupt way, "Where are you now"? She replied hesitatingly, like one talking aloud in sleep, "I do not know—I am in a very warm country—the houses have flat tops—the people wear flowing gowns and sandals—they are very dark skinned." She stopped talking and a long silence followed. Then the professor said, "Whom do you see"? She waited some time before answering, then said, "There are two men in long white robes standing in front of me—their backs are turned toward me—a lady with a veiled face is near me." Presently she resumed, "A man who is fair-skinned comes to me now—he asks me to help him—he is wounded—he has a broken spear in his hand—he has come from across the sea—he is a knight." Then she stopped. Presently she exclaimed in a very agitated manner, "The lady has thrown her veil over my face"! Then she rose from the chair, put out her hands as if groping her way in

the dark, clasped them frantically, and began to talk in a strange language, which I recognized as some ancient oriental tongue, but *what*, I could not tell. She seemed imploring and lamenting by turns and wept heart-brokenly. I caught a word of English in all this queer talk—a sweet tone of broken English—"London." This was repeated at intervals with sobs amid the most pathetic pleadings imaginable.

tongue. Then she appeared to be searching for something or someone, calling out, "Gilbert, aye, Gilbert," in the most touching manner possible, all the while continuing her sad lament in that sweet old oriental

Suddenly she gave a little gasp, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of joy, saying, "Gilbert!" in a sweet, low thrilling tone. Then the young lady woke up, or at least came to be her natural self. The little professor rubbed his hands and exclaimed gleefully, "The young lady is without doubt, and proven absolutely by this demonstration to be, the re-incarnation of the spirit soul of that beautiful Saracen lady of rank who was the wronged wife of Gilbert, and mother of that glorious martyr, the sainted Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The company was clamorous for another demonstration, and, in response to the little professor's invitation, the 'tall thin man with the thoughtful expression' seated himself in that high-backed chair, assuming a very relaxed position. The little professor made some motions over his face and head and soon the man was visibly shivering. He was asked 'where he was and what he saw' and answered, "Oh! Ice—Ice—Ice! Nothing but ice!" He complained of a 'bitter cold', all the while shivering so that the chair in which he sat shook very plainly. His teeth chattered so that it was with difficulty that we made out his words. All present, myself included, were so excited that we rose to our feet and pressed round the little professor and his freezing subject. Presently the man said there was a man coming toward him, wrapped all in furs, with a sled and dogs. Again, with the greatest difficulty, he told us that the man had wrapped him in fur robes and that he was lying on that sled and being taken over the ice and snow at a very rapid rate. His shivering and moaning soon became very alarming, but the little professor was keeping his finger on the man's pulse all the time. Noticing a slight change, he clapped his hands loudly behind the man's head, which aroused him at once. He moved to the fireplace and sat shivering and 'all humped up', too weak to sit upright for several minutes, complaining that he was chilled through.

The little professor seemed to fall into a brown study then and would offer nothing in explanation of the strange phenomenon we had witnessed, but left us to surmise that, according to the precedent of the previous explanation, the man might be the reincarnation of the spirit of some unfortunate 'North Pole Seeker'.

I rose to go, but the little professor begged me to stay to see one more demonstration and, since my interest and curiosity had been so

thoroughly aroused, I willingly resumed my seat.

The next subject was one of the ladies, a spiritualist medium, who talked very freely and without questioning. She told us that she was in the old city of Tumbez, Peru, and standing amid the ancient Chiquans, at a period long before the arrival of Pizarro and his band of adventurers. Then she said she saw a Spanish ship sailing toward the shore, and saw Pizarro and his Spanish priest, Fray Vincente de Valverde, standing upon a high deck in the forward part of the vessel. She told us that she saw the ship very plainly and watched it passing as it followed the bend of the coast, until it disappeared. Next she described the native manner of cooking, giving minute details of the preparation of the food which she said she smelled and tasted. She told us that it was a dish of sweet roots. Then she was given a wooden dish of cocoanut milk to drink, and told us that she had taken it and that it was very good indeed. She then told us that the same girl who had come to her with the drink now approached her with a child in her arms, and, pointing to the little one, said, "Keo Amres!" Then she placed the little one on the ground, and, touching her own breast with the tips of her fingers, exclaimed, "Eri Amores!" An elderly, dark-skinned woman was near, and, pointing towards her said very distinctly, "Eri Manegas!" But this was not all, for pointing to an elderly man whom she saw approaching, she cried, "Ari Mangus!" The woman stopped talking, but presently she said, "The girl now points to the north, indicating that I must return to my native land." Then the subject awoke with a start.

After this, I quietly left the place, pondering meanwhile upon the strange things I had seen and heard, and which I have here turned over to you for solution.



THE first stanza of the following has appeared in our columns before; the second now makes its first appearance in print, being an eccentric blot from the pen of a Normal genius.

Shed a tear for Mary Ames,
Blinded by her brother James;
Red-hot spikes in her eyes he poked—
I never saw Mary more provoked.

This is what little Mary said:
"Jimmie! Back into your trundle-bed!"
Jimmie shied, and loudly cried,
"I only wish your eyes had fried!"

Frogs at School.

(A Story Written for Children from 6 to 8.)

E. Q.

“ANOTHER story! my-o-my! you must think I'm a real live story book. You know Grandma is sick to-night and we must keep very still, so if you won't ask a question till I finish the story, I'll tell you one that has a little song at the end of it.

I went to school in the country near a mill where large trees were cut down and sawed into lumber. The school yard was at the foot of a steep hill, and, before a school was thought of there, the trees all around had been cut down and the logs hauled out through the yard. This left the yard rather rough and uneven with here and there great big stumps, one of which had been burned out in the middle till there was room enough for two or three horses to stand inside. Through, around, and over these stumps the boys would chase each other when they played 'bear,' 'squirrel,' or 'fox;' but what the boys liked most was to have it rain two or three days, for then the little streams ran down the hillside into the old logging road, making a 'baby river,' that crossed the yard on its way to join a real true river on the other side. This 'baby river,' not wider than the boys could step across, hurried along over the rough places; but wherever it ran through hollowed out spots in the ground the boys built dams of grass, sticks, and mud, which made the hollows fill with water till some of them were ten feet across and two feet deep.

There were a number of little green and brown grass frogs around the yard which the boys would catch, and if they hadn't enough, they would get some more on their way to school. They would then make little boats of chips or pieces of shingles and set the frogs on them for 'captains'; then they would give the boats a shove out into the middle of the pond. This was great sport, for most of the captains, who at first preferred to remain on land, would jump overboard and swim ashore, only to be caught by the boys and put back on the boats again; or if the boats were too far from shore the captains would be carefully tossed into the water near the boats where, seeing something to cling to, they would climb on again themselves; but sometimes a captain got onto a wrong boat, or two captains got onto one boat, then the boys would roll their pants way above their knees, wade in, and place each captain on his own boat again.

After the frogs learned that the noon hour was more restful to them if they stayed on their boats, the sport for the boys was then too tame, and the next thing was to try the speed of their various vessels and the grit and bravery of their captains. To do this, a hole was cut in the dam and the water went out with a rush, taking boats and captains with it at a 'break-neck' speed, which usually ended with the frightened captains leaving the ship with a *splash!* where they could not reach

shore at a single jump.

The girls always thought of their dolls, so instead of making captains of their frogs they made tow-boats of them. A tow-boat is a boat made to pull other boats. They tied one end of a string to a little shallow fruit basket, such as raspberries come in, and the other end they tied to a large strong frog with legs six or eight inches long. After twisting and tying a handkerchief into the shape of a little 'boy doll,' so, and placing it in the little square boat, the frog, with white vest, green coat, and red pants was tossed into the water to do the rest,—swim to the opposite shore, pull the boat after him, and give 'Dolly a ride.'"

"Did the boys hurt the frogs?"

"O no, the more the boys played with the little frogs the more thoughtful they grew, not only toward frogs but toward all other helpless little creatures. After having such a happy time with them they never again had any desire to see how many tadpoles, baby frogs, they could spear with an umbrella wire, as two or three of them had done before.

When the bell rang, every frog was turned loose to hop as he pleased and where he pleased; and we all went into the house wetter, though happier than before; and the first song called for by the little fellows (the big boys and girls played with the frogs and, don't laugh, the teacher too had one.) was,"

"TWENTY FROGGIES."

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play;
That is how to keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.
From his seat upon the log
Showed them how to say "Ker—chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggy ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

In Arizona.

(A True Story.)

A Student.

JUST as the moon cleared the height of the Date Creek hills, the stage driver gathered up his reins and threw his whip lash out over the backs of his mustangs. In a little while, the town was only a blur of tiny lights. For hours the old stage rumbled on over rocky roads, and neither Travis nor the driver spoke. In the moonlight they wound up and down over the Date Creek Mountains, and now, in the early dawn Vulture Valley on the other side of the mountain came into view.

Travis sat grimly with his arms folded and went over his whole past life as far back as he could remember. His hands gripped his arms hard as he came nearer his present life. Nothing in his life mattered—except that day two months ago—the day when the fair old estate of his father's had gone to pay his debts—debts that had accumulated swiftly and recklessly at the shrines of the popular gods of the day—wine and gambling.

Now Travis, disgraced and penniless, found himself on the verge of a new life in the heart of a desolate and barren country, where possibly he might clear his soiled honor and replenish his empty coffers.

As the stage rounded a spur of the Granite Wash Mountains, Last Chance Mining Camp could be seen standing out forlorn and alone against a hot side-hill.

Travis pulled a letter from his pocket and read it for the hundredth time. He knew every letter of that last sentence, he knew the old Scotch look of determination that was on MacGregor's face when he wrote it.

"If you go away, I'll walk every foot of God's earth over until I find you.
Bob."

Travis sat staring at the letter. The stage came to a sudden stop. The driver gave him a nudge, and he climbed slowly down. He stood at the side of the road and tore the letter he had been reading into small pieces. As the last piece left his hand and fell to the ground, he turned quickly on his heel and said, "Now for my new life."

He gave a long look at the country around him, for the first time. Just behind him rose the brown and gray walls of the Granite Wash Mountains, on his right, more mountains, at his left, the few shanties that made up the mining camp of Last Chance; and stretching far away to the north for miles and miles was the great Cactus Plain—dry, sandy, glaringly yellow, the air above it quivering with the heat of the noon sun. "He'll never come here," Travis said to himself, "He will probably confine his search for me to God's country. It's a sure thing this isn't God's country. God would be ashamed to own it."

As he walked up the hill toward the mines, he continued, "If he should stumble on this hole sometime and find me—then I'll go back

with him and start over again."

The first afternoon, the presence of an "English dude," as the miners called him, caused no little excitement and planning for the initiation of the "tender foot" next night. But in the morning, when Travis came to the superintendent's office in the red shirt and blue overalls of a miner, and the miners saw a clean cut muscular young fellow that towered several inches above the largest man in camp, and the unmistakable friendly attitude, they forgave him the wearing of a long overcoat and high collar the day before.

And so Travis entered upon his new life, and each day, at noon he came up from his work to wait for the stage to come in, and day after day of deadly dullness and monotony passed and the stage came in, but the man, Travis waited for, never came.

Travis's cabin walls were covered with pictures—all with the name, "Bob," scribbled across one corner. There were photographs of Bob, pen-sketches of Bob, pencil-drawings of Bob—and on them all were pieces of the heather Bob loved so well. Every day the cabin room was put in order before Travis went to work, and every morning Travis went out alone with the thought that perhaps Bob would return with him. The table that stood in the corner, made of an old dry goods box, was always set for two and never but one sat down.

The first year went by, every week, every month with the same dull monotony. The second year passed over the heads of the Last Chance miners. Hope often made Travis heart-sick, and, when in the long hours of the night he looked out over the barren and desolate country, he could have killed himself because of his regret. Two more years passed. No one took any note of time but from its loss. Travis counted the days by stage arrivals. In the winter when the roads were flooded and the stage did not come in, he fretted himself nearly out of his senses.

It was the middle of the fifth summer. Hope had died hard—suspense, years of waiting and watching had killed it—and Travis came home from the mines one night, tore the pictures and heather from the walls and sat down by the window to wait for the darkness to come.

"This life will kill me," he said. "I will go home. Every cent of my four years' money is sunk in my last claim that failed to pan out. The stage will bring in Bradley's box of money tomorrow noon—only it won't—I've got to have it myself. These years of restraint—they have been awful! My effort to be better has been strung out until it is rather too thin to wear."

The stage was on the downhill slant that leads into the Vulture Valley. There were four horses on, and the stage swung around the bend at a fearful rate. Behind a pile of rocks with a rifle in his hands Travis lay waiting. As the stage came out from behind a bend he sprang to his feet and yelled:

"Throw out the box"!

The driver cracked his whip, then Travis saw his hand go to his belt for a revolver. The rifle ball meant time, and the driver dropped the reins, while the man beside him grabbed them and shouted to the horses.

"Throw it out," Travis called again. The man in the stage made no move except to lean out and encourage the horses. The stage was soon thirty yards ahead. Travis ran after it and shot as he ran. With a half-finished groan the man fell headlong from his seat and lay at the edge of the road, face downward. The stage bumped against a boulder, toppled and fell. The horses broke loose and ran into the canyon.

As Travis ran, he could see a dark object lying in the middle of the road—the money box. He stopped running and tried to think. The cold chills ran up and down his body and made him tremble, his head burned and everything swam before his eyes. He stopped—there was no need for hurry—for ahead of him in the road was the money, and back a few yards was the place where the driver had fallen.

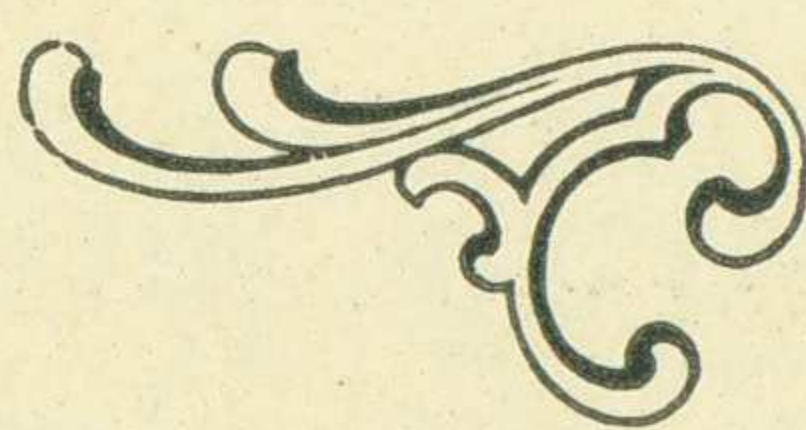
"It was murder," Travis thought. What had he done? Something in his head seemed to snap—"there was another man—I saw him fall." Travis reeled and stumbled against something. He regained his senses and stopped to turn the man over.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, a party of miners rode out to see what had delayed the stage. They saw the overturned stage, a little beyond in the road a box, and still further at the side of the road was a dead man. Over him bent Travis. The men spoke to him. He did not answer. One shook him—he looked up blankly and began to mutter incoherently. The man who had known Travis best came and spoke to him.

"Great heavens! the man is crazy," he said, "as crazy as a loon." He looked at the face of the dead man. "It's MacGregor, Travis' friend, you know he had his pictures all over his cabin. What on earth can have happened"?

The whole thing finally dawned on them. Someone had seen Travis leave the camp the night before. Someone else knew he had no money, but had heard him say he was going home. The men looked at each other in silence. Finally someone said:

"Poor Travis! He always said 'Bob' would come, but I hardly think this was the sort of welcome he expected to give him."



OUR Base-ball Team has a splendid outlook for this season. We were very glad to note the enthusiasm shown by the students at the last games. You do not know how much you encourage the boys by attending the games and shouting even if you do shout at the wrong place, girls.

The boys make a very fine showing on the campus in their new green suits. We ought to feel proud of them.

The Pennant wishes the Boys success.



WE think the students should take more interest in the Student Body Meetings. The Student Body belongs to us and it is what we make it. Lack of interest in school affairs reflects upon us and harms us. A school and its members should be one and inseparable.



THERE has lately been established in our school an Emergency Fund, a system by which students in need of help may borrow money without paying interest. This will aid many students to finish their work here when otherwise they would be forced to leave school. This noble work was suggested by Prof. Bennett and is now under the auspices of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. and should receive the hearty support of the entire school.



ELECTION times always arouse more enthusiasm among the students than any other one event in the school calendar. The last election did not prove an exception to the rule.



Edwin Markham.

M. S.

IT is not generally known that Edwin Markham, the author of the well known poems, "The Man with the Hoe," "The Angelus," and "The Sower," is a graduate of this school. He is the most renowned person who has ever gone through this Normal, yet is it not strange that no picture of him adorns our walls? Not even "The Man with the Hoe" has been given a place. Truly it seems to be a case of a prophet without honor in his own country. It would be most fitting if some of his literary works, which are masterpieces in every sense of the word, were given conspicuous places in our assembly hall beside the art masterpieces of bygone ages.

News and Notes.

Gavin Telfer is teaching near Ventura.

George Schultzburg is teaching in Tehachapi.

Miss Frances Miotke is also teaching in Kern County.

Miss Edith Tiffany has charge of a school in Kern County.

Miss Cora Ripley is taking a course in Kindergarten work.

Miss Jean Smith is taking a course at Dr. Gates' Sanitarium.

On February 14th Miss Tevis favored the school with several cornet solos.

Miss Maude Stinson, from Stanford University, has entered the Normal.

Carmel Martin has been absent from school for several days on account of illness.

Miss Gussie Wright will rest until April, when she expects to teach in Placer County.

The Class January '02 and the faculty enjoyed a banquet Wednesday evening, January 29th.

Mr. Jared is teaching in Amador City. He has a good position as principal of a school.

Miss Genevieve Nicholson soon expects to assume the principalship of one of the Madera Schools.

Miss Alice Jordan, Miss Theresa Doneliu and Miss Genevieve Donlon entered the Normal School at the beginning of this term.

Mr. Gould has gone to Pacific Grove. We trust the fresh sea breeze will restore Ned's health, which was somewhat impaired before school closed.

Herbert Montgomery bade us all adieu some time ago, but has been seen on the streets frequently since. Query: Has Mr. Montgomery left town yet?

Our well-remembered friend, Lulu Spangler, is doing fine work in her school near Bakersfield. Reports from there indicate that her teaching is more than satisfactory.

Gussie Wright, president of the January Class, tendered the Student Body on behalf of the graduating class, the sum of twenty-five dollars as a beginning of the Emergency Fund. This parting gift is much appreciated by the Student Body.

The Class Day exercises of the January Class, '02, were worthy of

that "exceptional class" and were greatly enjoyed by all who were present. The principal numbers on the program were the class poem by Miss Daisy Bush, a vocal solo by Jessica Smith, and the Class History and Prophecy.

Miss Catherine Chandler, who graduated from this school several years ago and later completed the course at Stanford, has recently had an article accepted by the Harper's Magazine Company. This really means more than it seems. Practically, her success as a magazine writer is now assured.

Our hearty good wishes go with the forty-seven students who received their diplomas on January 30th. The exercises on this occasion were of a simple nature, and consisted principally of an address by Professor Rolfe of Stanford University. His theme was a sketch of the career of Robert Louis Stevenson. Music for the occasion was furnished by D'Ablaing's Orchestra.

The 4 B reception was well attended in spite of the unfavorable weather. All who were courageous enough to come out were amply repaid by the merry time they had. The decorations were both novel in the color scheme and beautiful in arrangement. The broad purple streamers made an effective showing with the dainty green of the smilax. With such bright surroundings and on such slippery floors, who could resist the gay strains of the orchestras? Many of the teachers were present to enjoy the scene.

A week later, the 4 A reception attracted even a larger crowd, many people outside of the school enjoying the hospitality of the graduates. Everything possible had been done to make the affair a pleasant one. The Lancers were danced, and many of the chaperones were reminded of their youthful days when square dances were more popular than they have been of late. As the people went home many expressions such as, "Oh, I have had such a good time"! told very plainly that the party had been a success.

During the last election of Student Body officers the party spirit of the two sides of school politics was once more aroused. The campaign was carried on with much enthusiasm by each side, but nevertheless it was a defeat for the "gang." The ballot was as follows: Pearl Bohnett, president; Nell Thompson, vice president; M. Farmer, secretary; Clarence Wilson, treasurer; Lovett Fraser, sargent-at-arms; Warren Rice, member of the executive committee; Elsie Little, editor of the Pennant; Albert Carter, business manager of the Pennant.

Societies.

THE NORMAL CLUB has recently provided for a series of field experiments to be lead by County Horticultural Commissioner and Prof. Rattan, met and perfected plans on the 15th instant. The first observations and collections will be made in Alum Rock Park.

The club has full reports of Prof. Rattan's recent lectures which will probably be published in the Club's Annual Report.

ALLENIAN.

The interesting programs which are usually given by the Allenian still continue with Emma Loofbourrow as the newly elected President. A number of the members revealed their formerly unknown talents in the following program, rendered on February 14.

Quotations, Roosevelt—Society

Sketch of President Roosevelt's Life—Alice McMillan

Song—Estelle Cottle

Story—Ethel Carr

Vocal Trio—Floyd Joiner, Lottie Sinnamon, Lenore Oniel

Recitation—Miss Cahalan

Music—Edna Klumpp

Debate: Resolved, that the optional course is desirable in the Normal. The affirmative was upheld by Miss Jessen and Alice Baker, and the negative by Leona Bayley and Gay Fernald.

BROWNING CLUB.

One of the most enjoyable affairs in the history of Browning was the reception tendered to the members of the club and some of their friends by Prof. and Mrs. Bland on the evening of January 23rd. At the last weekly meeting, the club had the pleasure of having some of its graduates in attendance, among these being Helen Mignon, Sophie McDonald, Antoniette Barre, and Faye Lightbody.

The present officers of Browning are: President, Jessie Keaton; Vice-president, Bertha Reid; Secretary, Louise Fleming; Treasurer, Mamie Sullivan.

SAPPHO.

Sappho has started in the new semester with renewed zeal and determination to make this term the best in the history of the club. Originality in the programs is to be encouraged and this, together with the talent which many of the members possess will, we hope, secure good attendance at each meeting. The officers for the coming term are resolved to fill their positions to the best of their ability. They are as follows: President, Annie Collins; Vice-president, Emma Ressequie; Secretary, Edith Bailey; Treasurer, Luella Cameron; Seargent-at-arms, Julia Leigh; Assistant Seargent-at-arms, Eva Wilbur.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The Shakespeare club will commence a study of Richard III. The first meeting will be devoted to a discussion of the historical setting of the play.

EROSOPHIAN.

The Erosophian is well and thriving. We have taken in a large number of new members lately, making it interesting and amusing for the old ones. The Erosophian is not only a great social success, but is a great help in a literary way. That we have a great many accomplished members will be shown sometime next month. Our newly elected officers are, President, Sadie Dagger; Vice-president, Nina Lindsey; Secretary, Grace Hoover; Treasurer, Ethel Morford.

Y. W. C. A.

Our Y. W. C. A. has been especially blessed during the past few weeks in new members and good meetings. At the last business meeting of the Association the names of twenty new members were received; the same being initiated the following Tuesday, at which time Prof. Dailey, in his remarks, expressed the sympathy which the Faculty as a whole have with our work.

An exceedingly successful joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was led by Mr. Bennett, Tuesday afternoon, February 11.

Look in the March Pennant for the account of the Candy Pull of next Saturday evening, February 15, in honor of our new students.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has added many new names to its list of members since last month, and a deeper interest is taken in the meetings. A Bible study class has been organized, and a systematic study of the "Life of Christ" is now being given by Mr. Graves, who is proving himself a capable teacher, and much interest is manifest on the part of the class.

The following new officers were elected recently: President: Clarence D. Hough; Vice-president, Albert Carter; Secretary and Treasurer, John B. Weed

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. have recently established an Information and Employment bureau, and hope to be able to assist the students in many ways. A joint meeting of the two Associations is held once a month at which an address is given by some member of the faculty or some outside speaker. Prof. Bennett gave a very able and helpful talk at our last joint meeting, which was enjoyed by all who were present.

Y. M. N. D.

The Society has held its meetings rather irregularly lately owing to

the society room being in use for other functions. Nevertheless the good work continues steadily, some of the younger members doing some very fine debating. It is hoped that in the future many of the young ladies will attend our meetings. Their presence is sure to be an inspiration for better work. The society is encouraged by the success of two of the members in the debate with the girls, and is in a very prosperous condition.

ART CLUB.

The Art Club, which meets twice a month in the club room, is still progressing under the careful and well directed guidance of Miss Vivian, the programs, of both a musical and literary nature, are very helpful and instructive.

The past few evenings have been devoted to the study of French Art and Artists, and soon the club expects to give an exhibit of a valuable collection of many of the original drawings of some of the French masters. This exhibit will be a rare treat for all.

Under our new president, Miss Agnes Hoey, the club is looking forward to many more pleasant evenings spent in the study of art, this time beginning with our own American artists. Among various studies the club has devoted much time to study of Edwin Markham's poems.

THE SOWER.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Soon will the lonesome cricket by the stone
Begin to hush the night; and lightly blown
Field fragrances will fill the fading blue—
Old furrow-scents that ancient Eden knew.
Soon in the upper twilight will be heard
The winging whisper of a homing bird.

Who is it coming on the slant brown slope.
Touched by the twilight and her mournful hope—
Coming with Hero step, with rhythmic swing,
Where all the bodily motions weave and sing?
The grief of the ground is in him, yet the power
Of Earth to hide the furrow with the flower.

He is the stone rejected, yet the stone
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.
Out of his toil come all their pompous shows,
Their purple luxury and plush repose;
The grime of this bruised hand keeps tender white
The hands that never labor, day nor night.
His feet that know only the fields rough floors
Send lordly steps down echoing corridors.

Yea, this vicarious toiler at the plow
Gives that fine pallor to my lady's brow.
And idle armies with their boom and blare,
Flinging their foolish glory on the air—

He hides their nakedness, he gives them bed,
And by his alms their hungry mouths are fed.

Not his the lurching of an aimless clod,
For with the august gesture of a god—
A gesture that is question and command—
He hurls the bread of nations from his hand:
And in the passion of the gesture flings
His fierce resentment in the face of kings.

This is the Earth-god of the latter day,
Treading with solemn joy the upward way;
A lusty god that in some crowning hour
Will hurl Gray Privilege from the place of power.
These are the inevitable steps that make
Unreason tremble and Tradition shake.
This is the World-Will climbing to its goal,
The climb of the unconquerable Soul—
Democracy whose sure insurgent stride
Jars kingdoms to their ultimate stone of pride.

He is more pleased by some sweet human use
Than by the learned book of the recluse;
Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him
Than the high harpings of the Seraphim;
More than white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home.
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs
Or hushed adorings at the altar fires,
Is a loaf well kneaded or a room swept clean
With light-heart love that finds no labor mean.



Lincoln's Birthday Exercises.

On the morning of February the twelfth, exercises in honor of Lincoln's birthday were held in the Assembly Hall. Miss Edna Klump's reading of Walt Whitman's Poem to Lincoln was well received and Edwin Markam's thoughts upon Lincoln, read by Miss Thompson, was greatly enjoyed by all. Later followed the principal feature of the exercises, the talk by Dr. McClish, president of the University of the Pacific. His earnest encouragement for the brave meeting of life's trials was the more effective as it came from one who has had experience and knows whereof he speaks. Lincoln's methods of study were presented as examples worthy of emulation, and Lincoln, the man, was made more dear to all of us by a greater knowledge of his characteristics and way of looking at things. Many students said that they could have listened to Dr. McClish all morning. That great inspiration was received from him was shown by the feeling manner in which "America" was sung by the school at the close of the program. We only wish that Dr. McClish would favor us oftener.

Exchanges.

"Lilliputian" is little—but, O my!

"Quill," where is your exchange column?

Read "A Modern Cinderella" in "Lake Breeze."

We like the front cover of the "Egypti" from Cairo, Ill.

The "High School Sentiment" for January is very neat.

"Over the Xchanges" in the "Dictum Est" is very expressive.

The literary department of "Harvard Collegian" is well filled.

There are some good short stories in the "Occident," Berkeley.

The "Normal Pointer" and "Argus" both appear in neat covers.

We are glad to see "The Native American" among our exchanges.

Yes, "Shamrock," you have "caused a kindly thought." Be encouraged.

"The Retina" from Toledo has a very attractive cover and good reading within.

The front cover of the "Radiator" is especially appropriate for a January number.

The tone of the whole of "The Red and Black" for January is good—neat in cover and pages.

The "Krishus" from Toledo is a first-class paper in every respect, one that speaks of tone from cover to cover.

Good for the "Lombard Review!" a live college journal which "simply expresses its purpose and a little belief in itself."

On the staff of the "Purple Advocate" we notice two exchange editors, but we could not find the exchange column.

We can judge from the contents of the "Seminary Monthly Chronicle" that Genesee Wesleyan Seminary is a school with a great deal of spirit.

The humorous pictures of the "Ægis" are very good. But what state are you from? You neglected to tell us in your January number.

The "Sea Urchin" improves with each number. The January number is the best we have received. "A General View of Pacific Grove" is very good.

The "Pennant" of Meriden High School is to be complimented on the spirit shown in the editorials. It would be well for us all to read them and profit thereby.

The "Lowell Textile Journal" has a new cover which is very appro-

priate to its school. We would suggest not quite so much reading matter among its advertisements.

We are glad to welcome the first number of "The Lyceum" among our exchanges this month. It is a neat and interesting paper, and we wish it a successful career.

Teacher—"A fool can ask a question which a wise man can't answer."

Pupil—"I suppose that is why so many of us flunk."

"Pa, what is the Board of Education"?

"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

"Say, Seedy, I thought you took geometry last term."

"I did, but the faculty encored me."

Among our exchanges appear:

The Aurora, Canal Dover, Ohio.

The Alpha, Greenfield, Mass.

The Quidest?, Kearney, Nebr.

C. M. C. Bulletin, Omaha, Nebr.

Milton College Review, Milton, Wis.

Medill Light, Chicago, Ill.

Riverview Student, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Academy News, Kingston, N. Y.

High School Item, Pasadena, Cal.

The Owl, Rockford, Ill.

Students' Herald, Manhattan, Kan.

Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill.

Normal Red Letter, Moorhead, Minn.

Picayune, Batavia, N. Y.

Ideal, Stockton, Cal.

Wild Cat, Los Gatos, Cal.

The Premier, Fall River, Mass.

M. H. Aerolith, Franklin, Wis.

Tyro, San Bernardino, Cal.

Racquet, Portland, Me.

Senior, Westerly, R. I.

Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Philalethean, Myerstown, Pa.

Observer, Central Falls, R. I.

Parker Collegian, Winnebago City, Minn.

Whittier Boys' and Girls' Magazine, Whittier, Cal.

University of Arizona Monthly, Tucson, Ariz.

Athletics.

NORMAL 3, Santa Clara College 0.

On Thursday, Feb. 6, the first game of the series between Santa Clara College and the Normal was played on the Normal Campus. The game was one of the best ever played in San Jose, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

The College team fully expected to have an easy time of it, but they were not in the play at any stage of the game. The superior work of the Normal team at the bat and the excellent support given Emerson, who did the twirling for the Normals gave them the game.

Up to the sixth inning the score stood 0-0, but the "teachers" took a brace and the run-getting commenced. Meese came to bat and was hit by the pitcher. Erle was up next. Meese stole second and came home on a hard drive to right field by Erle. In the next inning the Normals added two more runs and the College boys commenced to lose heart. With two men out, Martin took first on balls. Meese drove a two-bagger to right field scoring Martin. Carr was up next and hit a hard drive to the second base-man who fumbled, allowing Meese to score and Carr to reach 2nd. Fraser then struck out retiring the side. This was the last of the game.

The features of the game were Meese's heavy hits, and the star work of Emerson in the box.

Tabulated score was as follows:

COLLEGE	A B	R	B H	P O	A	E
Keefe.....P	3	0	0	1	3	0
Feeney.....e. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Strand-Cutter, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	2
Grisez.....3rd b.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Farry.....s. s.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Kennedy.....c.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Galtes.....c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Srrub.....2nd b.	3	0	0	1	2	1
Whalen.....1st b.	3	0	0	9	0	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—
	30	0	2	24	7	4
NORMAL	A B	R	B H	P O	A	E
Meese.....1st b.	3	2	2	8	1	1
Earle.....c.	4	0	1	4	3	0
Carr.....2nd b.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Fraser.....r. f.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Emerson.....P.	3	0	0	0	3	1
Matthews...3rd b.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Weed.....l. f.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Cuthbertson...c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Martin.....s. s.	2	1	0	4	1	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—
	29	3	5	27	10	4

It is reported that Basket Ball is to be revived again in the Normal School under the supervision of Miss Basseler. It is reported that she will drill the girls and then select a team that will be capable of maintaining the athletic standard of our school. As nearly all the players of last year's team are still in school, Miss Basseler should have but little difficulty in getting a strong team.

The second game of the series between the Normal and Santa Clara College which was played on the Normal campus on February 13th was called at the end of the eighth inning on account of darkness. Honors were apparently even, the score being 6-6. The Normal team was considerably weakened by the loss of Martin, who was unable to play on account of illness. The game attracted a large crowd which was handled in an orderly and systematic manner. The players were not interfered with by the crowd as in former games as a wire netting had been stretched around the grounds to keep the crowd back. The next game between the two teams will take place at Santa Clara.

The score of the game was as follows:

NORMAL	A	B	B H	R	P O	S B	A	E
Meese..... 1st b.	4	2	1	10	1	1	2	
Earle.....c.	3	0	1	6	0	1	0	
Carr.....2nd b.	2	1	0	1	0	1	0	
Fraser.....r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	1	1	
Emerson.....p.	4	0	0	2	0	5	0	
Matthews...3d b.	3	1	2	1	0	2	0	
Weed.....s.s.	4	0	1	2	0	2	1	
Cuthbertson..c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Hanlon.....l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	32	6	6	24	1	13	4	
COLLEGE	A	B	B H	R	P O	S B	A	E
Keefe.....3d b.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Galtes.....c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Cutter.....p.	4	0	2	1	0	2	0	
Kennedyc.	4	4	2	9	0	1	1	
Farry.....s.s.	4	1	1	2	1	1	0	
Whalen.....1st b.	4	2	0	8	0	0	0	
Feeney.....l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	
Strub.....2nd b.	3	1	0	1	0	3	1	
Strand.....r. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	30	10	6	24	1	7	4	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
NORMAL	0	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	x
s. c. c.	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	x

On Saturday, February 22nd, the big game of the season will be played at Cyclers' Park, the opposing teams being the University of California and San Jose Normal.

Joshes.

In connection with a discussion of the Torrid Zone in Physical Geography, one of the young ladies remarked that she thought the Torrid Zone was the "hot place."

Mrs. R.—(in Primary Methods).—"I would like the names of the class in alphabetical order."

Only one girl responded when letter J was reached.

Mrs. R.—(looking around class).—"Aren't there any more J's (jays) in this class?"

Voices.—"Here we are!!"

Why did not Mr. Mont—— go away when he said he was? Is it because she "Wills" otherwise?

Student—"Why, what is the matter, Bob; what makes you look so pale.

Robert R.—"I am teaching."

Can someone suggest to Mr. Fraser some way by which he could be able to recognize voices over the 'phone? Mr. Fraser would be very thankful for any information upon the subject, as he has been talking of late to people whose voices he does not recognize.

Prof. Wilson, after looking at Miss Summers, remarked that he thought he looked just like her.

Mr. Graves, for lessons in Advanced Geometry apply to Mrs. Wilson after school hours.

For advanced instructions in —— Methods apply to Mr. Sheriffs the fourth hour in the Library. Florence D—— will act as a model from Training School. After observing for one hour, diplomas of graduation may be secured. Anyone wishing to act as model, apply to Mr. Sheriffs. Please present references and recommendations.

Mr. Cuth— is not so Green any more; he is learning to comprehend very quickly now.

Miss Mason says she is teaching school in the afternoon at Santa Clara. Prof. Dailey asked her the other day how many pupils she had. Miss Mason told him that they wiggled so much she was unable to count them.

Profs. Dailey and Wilson met Agnes out riding in the country one afternoon and found no difficulty in counting her school which consisted of one very nice looking young man.

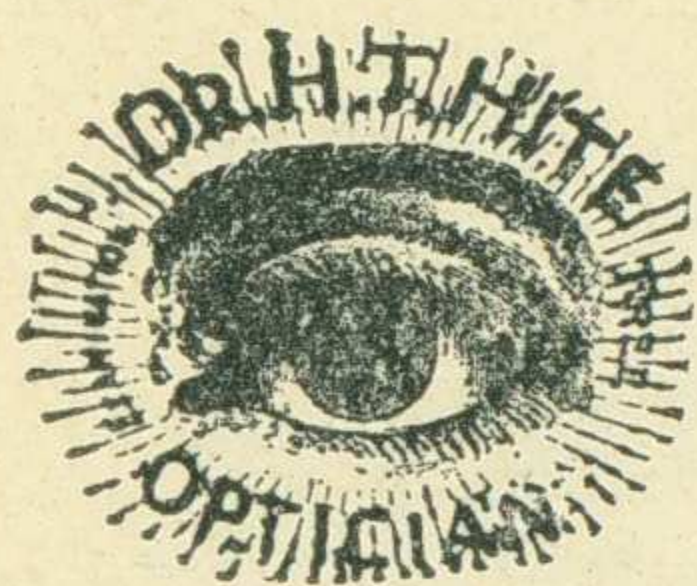
For a pastime read Pat Carr's latest edition, entitled "How I Got a Hit from the College."

Alphonse—"When a man's in love with a turtle dove
He always wants to mate her."

Gaston—"Pardon me, my dear Alphonse, the word is pronounced
"to-mä-to."

Alphonse—"Pardon me, you do not catch my meaning, Gaston.
When a man's in love with a turtle dove
He always wants to mate her.
He knows his love is very great,
But *she* knows a nutmeg grater."

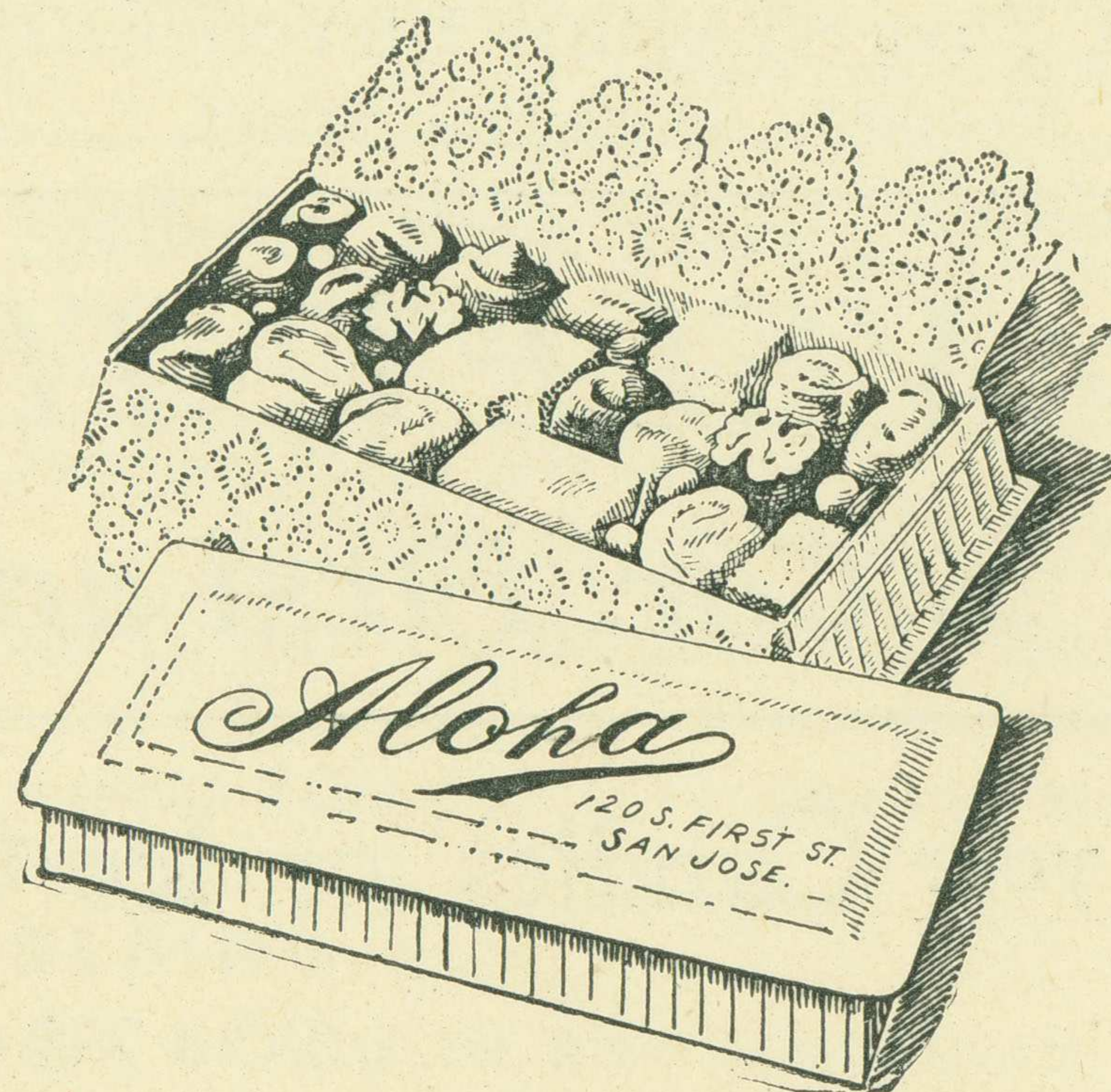
PHONE JAMES 1391



DR. H. T. HITE
Refracting Optician

Eyes scientifically tested by the best methods known. New instruments. Latest Methods. Have been most successful in fitting students for study. Telephone East 101

30 East San Fernando St.



MENTION THE PENNANT.

HENRY S. KELLEY, Pres.

W. S. DAVIS, Sec. and Treas.

KELLEY LAUNDRY COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

Strictly First-class Work Guaranteed

Main Office: 17 North First Street

Telephone James 811



Spring Shirt Waists

Never a store better equipped to supply your shirt waist needs. This is one of our pet stocks and we keep it right up to the top

notch. Nobby materials, latest styles, best workmanship, fair priced selling, this is our guarantee of best service.

Shirt Waists in wash fabrics, 50c to \$5.00

TRADE PALACE

Dry Goods

Cloaks

Suits

The Eldredge Bicycles

STRONG, LIGHT AND EASY RUNNING

J. A. DESIMONE

87 East San Fernando St.

SEASON FOR FISHING...

Assortment of all varieties of fresh fish daily

✻ PAUL HAAGEN'S ✻

New York Fish, Poultry,

Game, and Oyster House

S. E. Cor. Third and Santa Clara Sts. Phone John 1531

A SNAP

While the stock lasts—300 dozen
Fine Canned Fruits—this season's
pack—10 cents per can at the

FARMERS UNION

GARDEN CITY CASH GROCERY

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions and Feeds. Fine Coffees and Teas a Specialty

Honest and courteous treatment. Everything guaranteed as represented or money cheerfully refunded. Give us a trial....

Telephone Blue 961 ✻ ✻ ✻

✻ ✻ ✻ 129 South First Street

When you want RELIABLE DRY
GOODS go to

HART & ROBERTS

J. B. ROBERTS

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS

50 and 54 South First Street.

HENRY L. SCHEMMEL

Teacher of Vocal Music

Studio, 115 East San Fernando St.

Upstairs

PHONE, EAST 513.

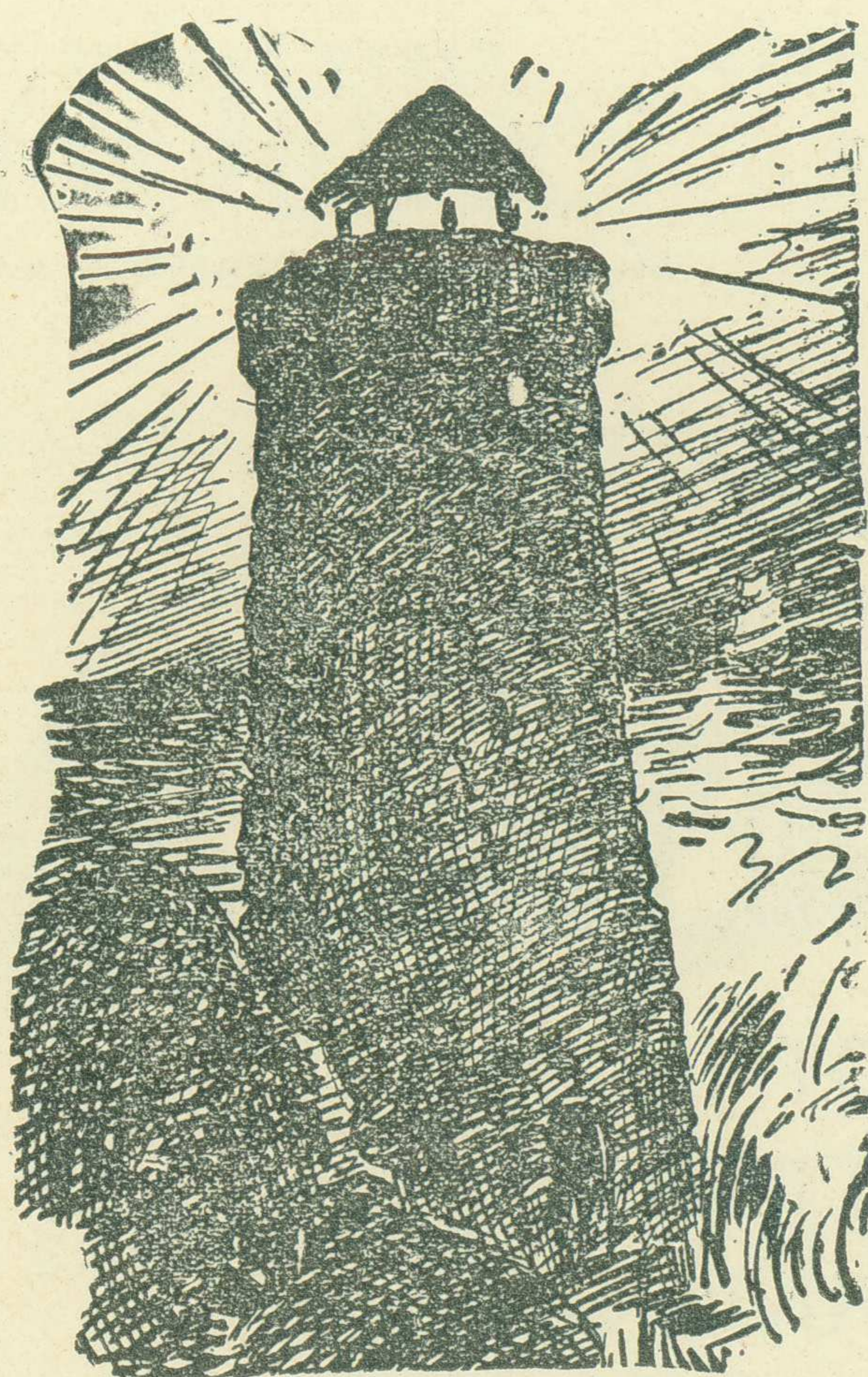
NAVELET, The Florist...

...Cor. First and San Fernando Sts.

For your Candies or Ice Cream for your Receptions ✻ ✻

GO TO DOERR'S
NEW YORK BAKERY

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



A Beacon Light

for all who are drifting about without knowing where to get their money's worth in buying fuel. Get our prices on

WOOD and COAL

By the Sack, Ton, Cord or Carload.

Yours for honest dealing low prices and prompt service

○ ○

Borchers Bros. 198 South Market street
Telephone John 721.

Take all your

Second-Hand Normal School Books

to **MILLER**, 11-13 S. Second St.
and leave them for sale. No commission charged for selling.



✿ P. S. ROBERTS' BOOKSTORE ✿

FINE STATIONERY
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
MAGAZINES . . .

Phone, Green 832

22 West San Fernando St., San Jose

Flowers for Graduates ✿ ✿ ✿

A full line of all kinds of Fresh Cut Flowers at

LEHMAN, The Florist's 150 S. First St.

GEO. W. RYDER & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

American Watches, Diamonds and Fine Gold Jewelry.

The Most Complete Stock of Fine Goods

TELEPHONE, WEST 462

8 SOUTH FIRST ST.

Boston Lunch Counter... George N. Rouse, Proprietor

Best 15 cent Meals in Town. Chicken Dinner Sunday, 20 cents.

48 El Dorado St. (South Side)

Where he will be glad to see all
old friends and meet new ones

Tel. Main 45 Telephone Orders Promptly Delivered

MODEL CREAMERY CO.

P. Mogensen

Milk, Cream, Butter, Eggs, Cheese

Full Line of Delicacies and Lunch Goods

50 E. Santa Clara street San Jose, Cal.

Students' Book Store Telephone EAST 101 Formerly Co-op.

Come and see our new stock of books. No change in prices. We carry both high school and Normal supplies. If you wish to buy or sell second-hand books, give us a call.

ORNBAUN & FRASER

30 E. San Fernando St., San Jose

DIRECTOR OF "LA FAVORITE" MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB

PHONE BLUE 783

W. F. D'ABLAING

TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND MANDOLIN

SAN FRANCISCO STUDIO
533 TAYLOR ST., COR. POST

30 EAST SANTA CLARA ST.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

MENTION THE PENNANT.

Graduate Dental Department Hours:
University of California 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. A. G. BENNETT

Dentist,

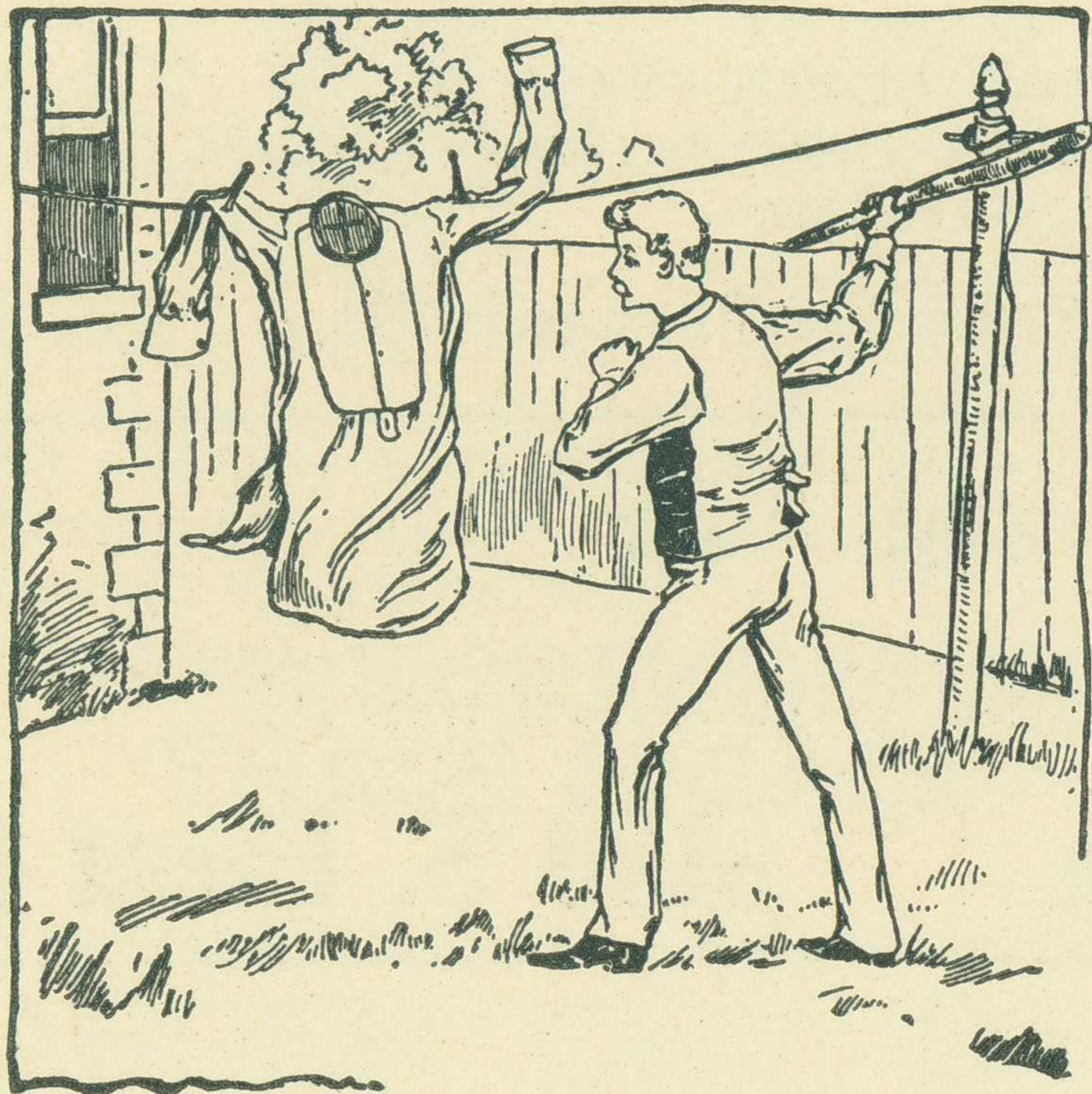
Telephone, Red 1162. DENTAL ROOMS
61 South First St., San Jose

Telephone, West 633 Work done while you wait

ANDY VEIT

Shoemaker and Repqirer

Ladies' shoes half soled for 35c, men's for 50c
Best of stock and workmanship guaranteed.
Work called for and delivered free of charge.
Removed to 69 E. San Fernando st., San Jose.



Many Laundries handle a shirt in the process of washing a good deal as a day laborer does a carpet at a spring beating. We don't; we'll take just as good care of your shirt as if it were our own, and as if we were going to wear it at our wedding night. If you like that kind of work we are your people.

Troy Steam Laundry

Phone, John 1501.

Frank Chavarria
John J. Dimon

Henry Ballaris
W. H. Carmichael

New Store

PHONE JOHN 1301

Carmichael, Ballaris & Co.

CLOTHIERS

HATTERS

FURNISHERS

AND MERCHANT TAILORS

55-59 S. First St., San Jose, Cal.

DR. FRED SCHUMACHER

Dentist,

OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
52 South First St., opp. El Dorado, San Jose

H. C. BROWN

Physician and Surgeon,

Office, Rooms 64 and 65 Rea Bldg.
PHONE, West 311 OFFICE HOURS, 2 to 5 p. m.
RESIDENCE, Cor. 2nd and Reed Sts. PHONE 731

MAYER BROS.

Telephone White 14

FINE CLOTHING
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
HATS, CAPS, ETC.

Suits to order a specialty

62 West Santa Clara St., corner Lightstone

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

BOOKS

NORMAL STATIONERY

E. H. Guppy & Son

31-33-35 E. San Fernando St.

Columbia

HARTFORD
VEDETTE
SPALDING
RACYLE

Sold on easy terms.

F. M. Keesling Cyclery

A. C. BANTA, Manager

82-84 South Second St.

Bicycles Repairing and Renting.

Go to

Belloli's Grocery

FOR

FINE GROCERIES, SEEDS and OLIVE OIL

CHARCOAL A SPECIALTY

N. W. Corner Third and San Fernando Sts.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO TRADE WITH THE

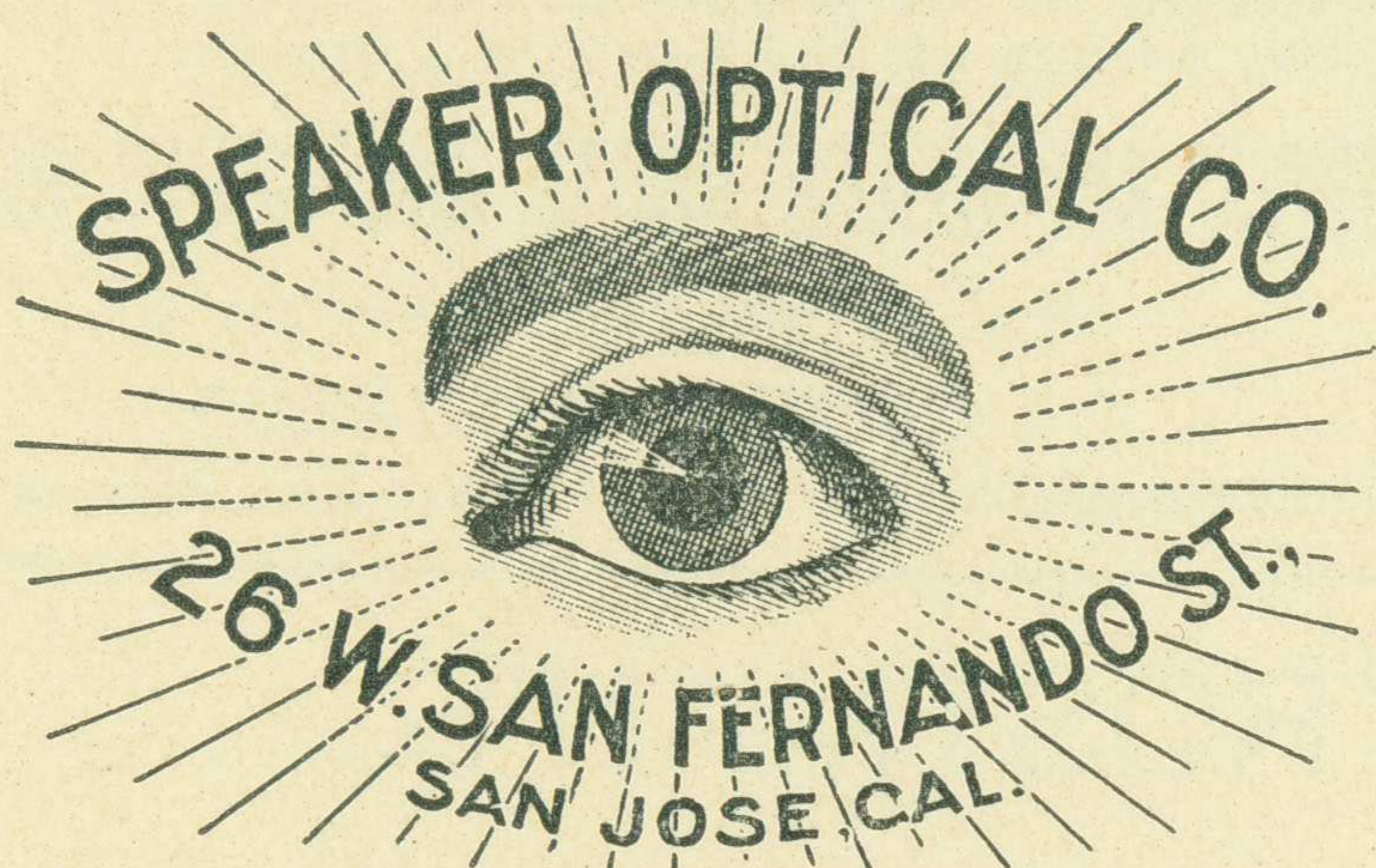
WOLFF DRUG CO.

successor to

McKENNEY DRUG CO.

94 South First Street

San Jose, Cal.



IF you have tried to get good glasses and have failed, we want to see you. If you can be helped with glasses, we have not the slightest doubt of our ability to fit you. We fit glasses that give comfort and satisfaction.

Red Star Laundry Co.

INCORPORATED

We Employ Only White Labor

Work called for and returned in San Jose and Vicinity

TELEPHONE MAIN 69

429-431 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose

EAT

AT PRICES
THAT PLEASE

**NEW
CREAMERIE
Restaurant**

Separate commodious dining room for ladies and families; also private rooms

16 E. Santa Clara St., bet. First and Second Sts.

The Pacific Coast

Business College

LEADS

...But Never Follows

Its Shorthand Department stands pre-eminently at the head.

Its graduates can write 150 words a minute and can read their notes like print.

Thirty-eight pupils entered this college last month.

J. H. Chestnutwood, Principal.

H. E. Cox, Proprietor.

HALE'S GOOD GOODS

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

OPEN FROM 5 A.M. TO 8 P.M.

MEALS SERVED IN ONE MINUTE

Mrs. J. A. Costello, Proprietress

MERCANTILE RESTAURANT

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS

87-89 South Second St.

(Dougherty Bldg., near San Fernando St.)

San Jose, Cal.

JENKINES THE LATEST Shirts, Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs

114 and 116 S. First street

SEE THEM

20 Years Experience.

13 Years with G. W. Ryder
Tel. East 101

C. A. BUSWELL

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER

30 E. San Fernando St., San Jose, Cal.

JEWELRY

HIGH GRADE WATCHES
AND CLOCKS

Try Brower & Son...

For your **Printing** at Bottom
Prices

Santa Clara Street

Opposite Express Office

“City of San Jose”

FANCY GOODS
DRY GOODS

Our styles and prices are absolutely correct.

I. Loeb & Brother

Corner First and Fountain Streets

“You can fool all the people some of the time
and some of the people all the time, but not all
of the people all the time.”—Lincoln.

LADIES' AND GENTS' BOOTS AND SHOES REPAIRED

IN THE NEATEST MANNER BY

GEORGE RICHARDS

Terms reasonable

75 East San Fernando St.

TROSTMAN'S...

Elegant Millinery

Mrs. May's old stand

56 S. First street

Ladies' Shoes half soled for 35 cents

Gents 35 to 45 cents

Work called for and delivered free

All work guaranteed

S. J. Gray

115 South Second Street

ART STORE

Artistic Framing

Latest Novelties

GEO. DENNE

N. W. corner Second and San Fernando Sts.

T. W. Hobson Co.

have removed to their new store

Cor. of First and El Dorado Sts.

New goods, new styles in every department
at the very lowest prices.

T. W. HOBSON CO.

