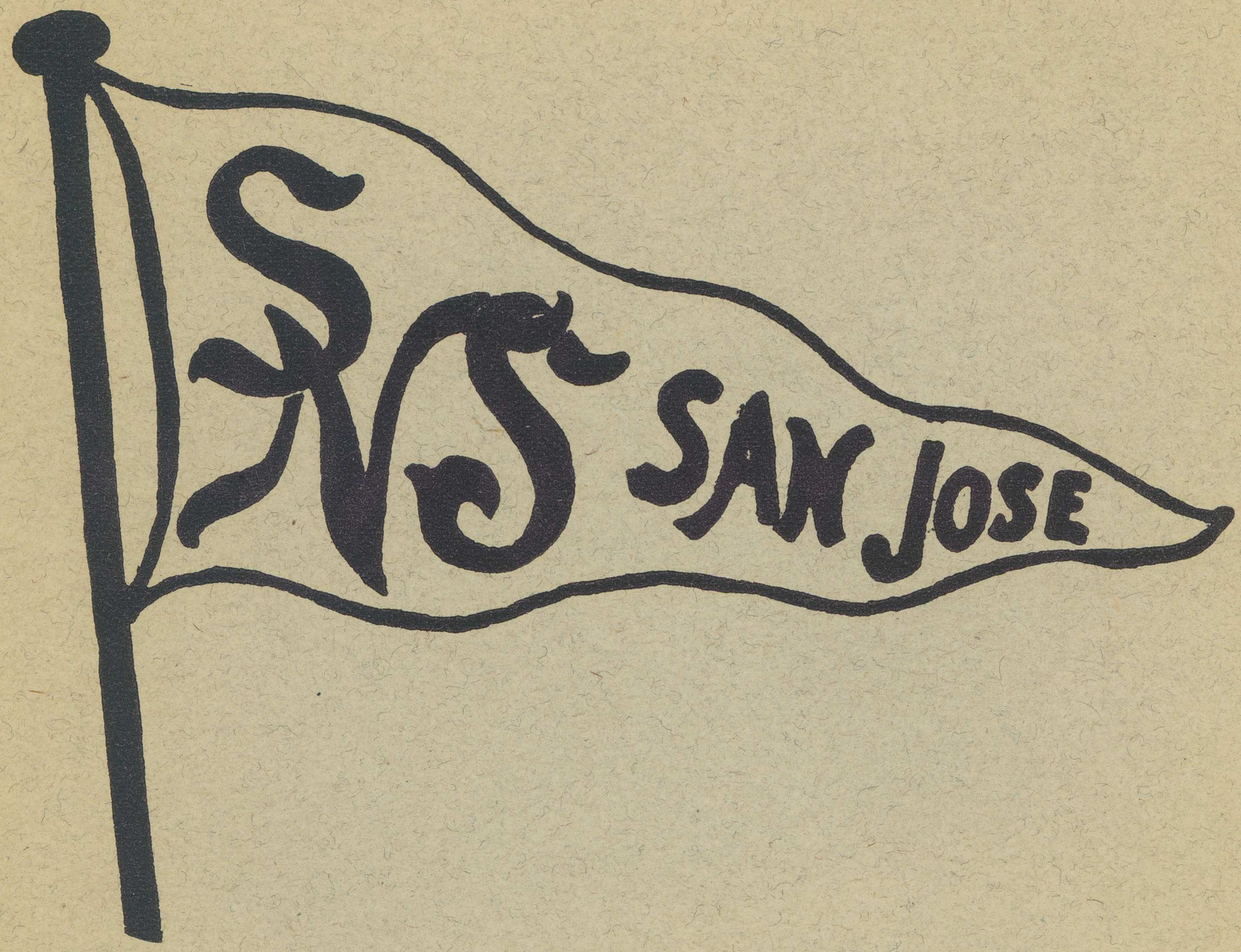



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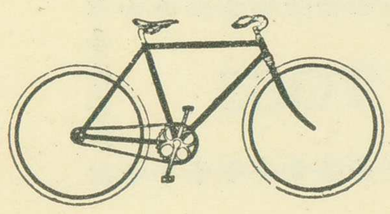
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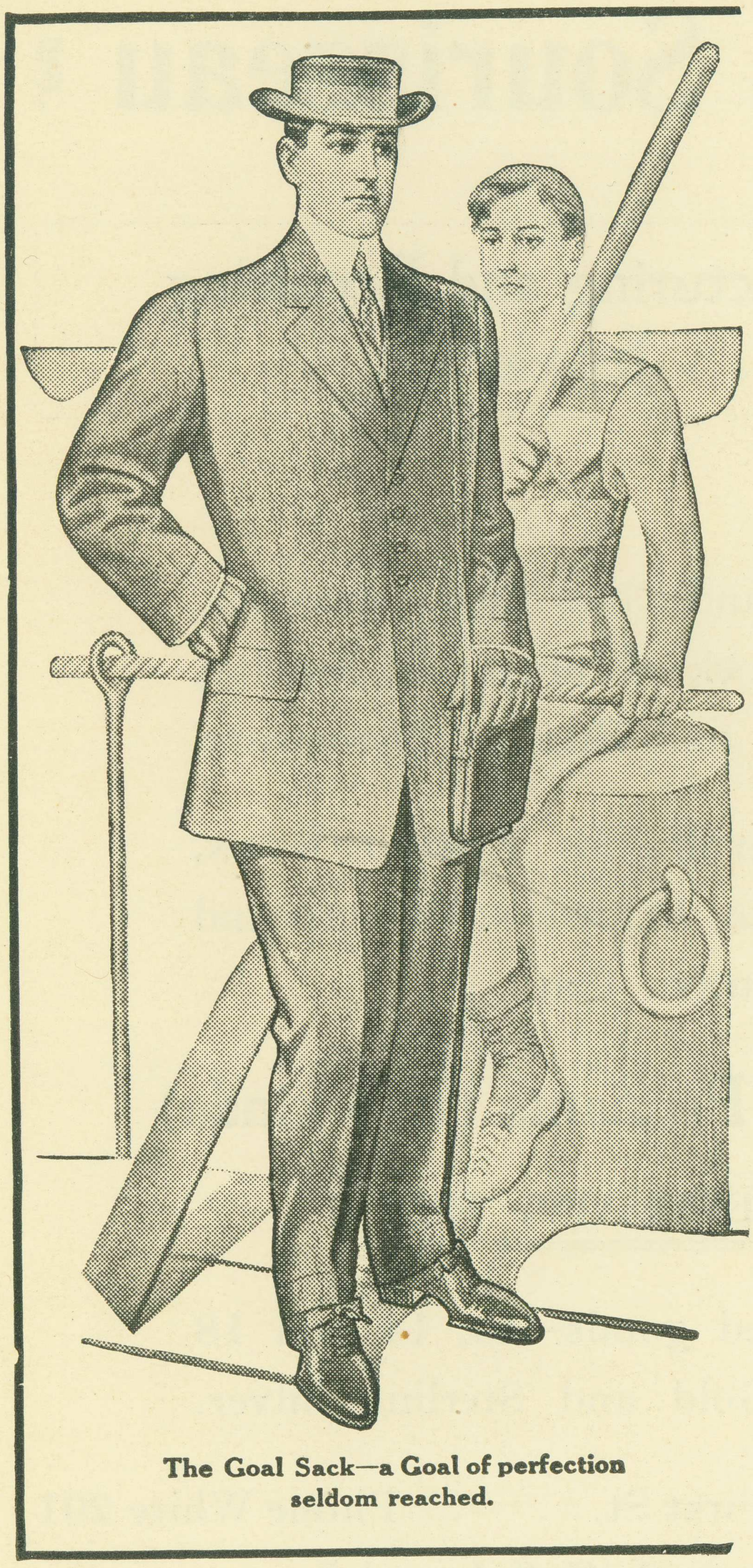
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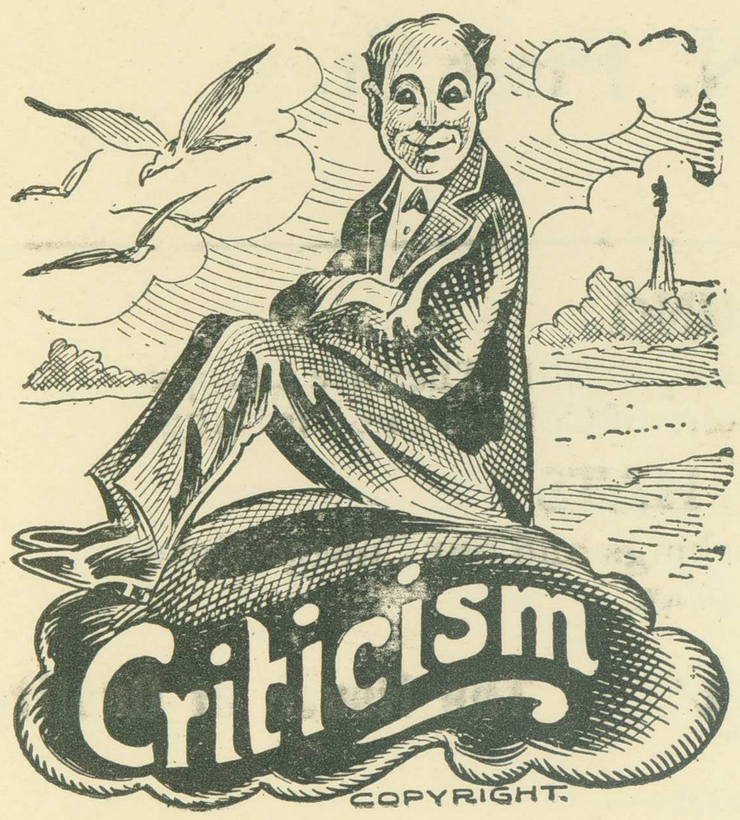
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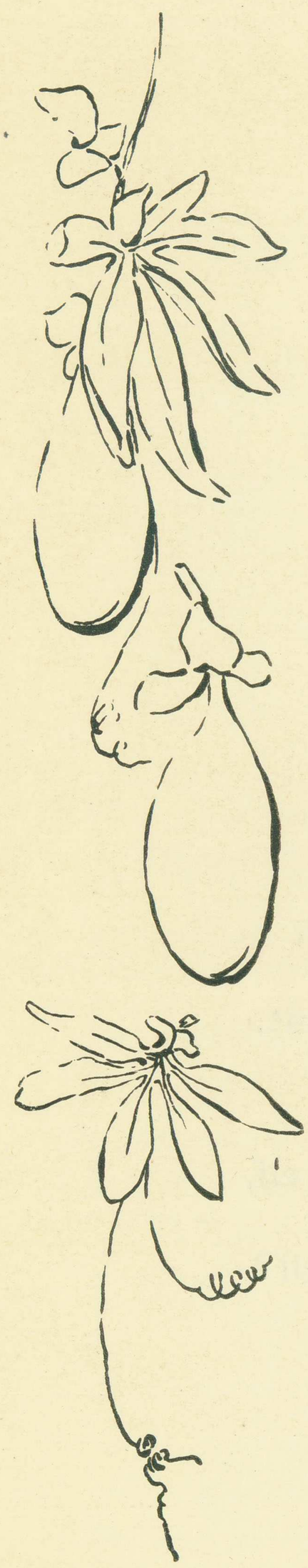

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# Discomfort.

SIBYL CROLY.

I am two people, and one is pleasant,
  The other a frivolous fiend is she;
And though the former I am at present,
  Tomorrow I may the latter be.

And in all places and in all weather
  This question haunts me, unhappy elf,
Shall I ever be able to live together,
  Or must I take turns at being myself?

# The Normal Pennant.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
The Students of the State Normal School, San Jose

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - FEBRUARY, 1908


# EDITORIALS.

The staff of the "Pennant" wishes to introduce in this February number a new department, "News and Notes from Colleges," which we trust will be of interest and will add to the general quality of the journal.

## Greeting.

It is with a deep appreciation of the honor that has been conferred upon us by the Student Body, together with the realization of the responsibilities coupled

with that honor, that we submit this, the first number by the new staff to the school and its friends for their approval.

As a rule the style and quality of a school paper is governed largely by the individuality of the editor. The editor alone selects and weeds out the material handed in for publication and the selections made reflect back to a great extent the style and policy the editor and staff intend to pursue.

The policy of this staff will be somewhat as that suggested in a previous issue of the "Pennant," of enlarging the scope of the paper by emphasizing the editorial section of it. The editor must still be responsible for the quality of the material but we want the students to feel that it is their paper and the columns of their journal is open to critical reviews of either an adverse or favorable nature on any subject of interest to the school. Any article or review handed in, if it be of sufficient merit, will be published whether or not it agrees with the personal opinions of the editor and staff.

We feel assured that in a school of this kind and standing there are plenty of wide awake progressive students who will help carry out this policy by taking advantage of the columns opened up to them for the expression of their thoughts.

There is no time like the present. The material for the March publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

## Would It be Possible.

We refuse to harp on the lack of school spirit in our school. We confess there is a lack which to us is a humiliating confession to make. We now search for the cause of this lack of spirit and interest.

History shows us how men have been swept out of the channels of their petty individual ambitions and made to serve the common cause. Through the study of psychology of attention we learn that the mind can not be focused on any one thought for more than thirty-two seconds at a time. To obtain and retain attention there must be an apperceptive basis and a development of ideas.

We have the apperceptive basis of school spirit but we lack the development, or in other words the infusion of new ideas that must come with development. We all know the pleasure received when we attack big problems and conquer them. It adds interest and puts us in an attitude to undertake other problems. The trouble with our Student Body is that it has had no problems to wrestle with; and having none it has never felt that sense of pleasure that comes with the conquering of them.

Then what our Student Body needs is a new problem; a problem that will

tax its strength. A greater sense of responsibility will give new life to the now almost dead organization. It is tired of the petty questions that are common to all Student Bodies; it wants nourishment in the way of a problem and a big one of its very own.

We dare to suggest the problem. The majority of the students who are forced to put up with the boarding houses opened to us in this city realize fully the need of a dormitory in connection with this school. There is a certain consciousness of an injustice committed when the student finds so little to be offered in the way of a home for the two years of her stay here. We thoroughly believe the Student Body capable of undertaking the task of relieving the situation.

Our State university has the same conditions as we to face. The students there are taking steps to better the boarding conditions and it's high time for our student organization to do something. Where there is a will there is a way. We can not reasonably expect the State legislature to set aside a sum of money for a dormitory for us at the present time, in view of the fact that our new school building will be a heavy tax in itself and in view of the fact that the State university should be looked after first. However, if our student organization shows a determination to better the conditions by starting a fund for that purpose, in two or three years the State legislature would be more apt to help us out of the difficulty.

There is plenty of dramatic talent in this school and plenty of room for a dramatic club. As in other like institutions the club should be under the control of the Student Body and admission into it should be only by the tryout system. With a good strong dramatic club, a good instructor, and a willingness on everyone's part to help out, the Student Body might well undertake the problem of starting a fund for a dormitory. Two performances a year and an energetic lot of students to sell and buy tickets should easily realize the Student Body a thousand dollars a year. Not such a bad nest egg, is it? How about it? Shall we have a dormitory or shall we continue to let the majority of our students smart under the sense of injustice?

## Glory of Old Age.

We have heard of the glory of youth in Santa Cruz, whence the thundering waves threw back the echo to our provincial burg. We have heard it delivered in Per—son from our forensic rostrum. We have heard it by bits and atoms, lumps and chunks, words and phrases, backwards and forwards from our Monday-afternoon speaker. Yea, we have heard it so oft that in our dreams it recurreth ever—ever more.

We are young and the glory of youth is upon us. We're gay, and we're

giddy, and we laugh and we sing in the face of this black old world.

We love our youth and we cherish our immature adolescence. We are proud of our "open sutures." Yea, it tickleth our fancy much and overwhelmeth our soul with pleasure to be told we are young and in our glory. But being the proud possessors of such glorious youth it does not become our dignity to vaunt our inheritance. So we will leave our praises to the more advanced to whom we may perhaps dare to suggest a few of the many glories of Age.

Age scatters silver threads throughout the brown; and silver threads are beautiful—when switches and dyes are not used to thwart the plan of nature.

And age brings hairless pates which are fashionable in front rows, and which afford great pleasurable opportunities for tonic experimentation and scull cap styles. And age brings Dr. Degrees and Degrees in "Bachelorhood."

Yea, age does a thousand other things we might enumerate, but have not time. With age comes a dignity and satisfaction from a life rightly spent in doing and accomplishing, and a broader outlook on life which increases with knowledge gained through personal experience and the experience of others.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

# Indian Summer.

Oh, the Indian Summer evening,
When the shadows draw out long
And from rest through heat of noonday
The birds break out in joyous song!
When the cony from his burrow
Scampers out upon the grass,
And toward his tree top sailing
You see the old kite pass.
From away up in the canyons
You can hear the parent quail
Call their broods from under shelter
To follow out upon the trail—
Out upon the flats to scatter,
Gather seeds among the grass,
Then one by one with parent leading
Back to water slowly pass.
Slowly shadows deepen, darken,
Night and silence slowly fall
Shutting out the noonday hustle
Peace and slumber reign o'er all.

# THE NORMAL PENNANT.

Vol. 10 FEBRUARY, 1907 No. 5


# LITERARY.

## Bear and For-Bear.

SIBYL CROLY, '08.

"And so," began Theodore with the air of continuing an uninterrupted conversation, 'I maintain that we have permanently superseded dolls just as automobiles have taken the place of horses, and locomotives of antiquated prairie schooners."

Theodore loved big words, and as he was the oldest and largest of the Teddy bears and had a most oratorical way of gesticulating with his right arm his opinions generally commanded respectful attention. Besides this he was the almost constant companion of a young lady who attended high school, and in that environment of intellectual culture he naturally acquired many advanced theories with which to astonish the toys at night. Tedda, a young feminine bear, owned, operated, and controlled in working hours by a little girl of eleven, accorded Theodore full measure of respectful devotion, which he gracefully accepted as his right. Least in age, size, and importance was Ted, the littie woolly bear, the property of the baby. Ted was very ignorant and he possessed no means of acquiring knowledge as his wee master's vocabular was not much more extensive than his own, which consisted of "Ee! ee!" Therefore Ted was not much thought of by the other toys. But he had one brilliant accomplishment which was the envy of all. His eyes were little glass globes which lit up with electric light if you squeezed his hand. Even Theodore had tried in vain to cultivate this faculty. He had once been discovered by the big French doll pinching his paw

in the crack of the door and trying to make his eyes light up. This incident caused him intense mortification when the gossiping Mademoiselle made it known.

Tedda looked out of the window.

"What a beautiful moonlight night," she said. "Suppose we take a walk."

"Very well, my dear," agreed Theodore. "Are you ready to speak the word which can give the power of motion to our limbs?"

"Yes, Theodore," replied Tedda.

Then together they exclaimed:

"One—two—three—R-r-r-r-Roosevelt!"

Tedda jumped up and stretched her arms. Theodore rose importantly and stamped his padded feet. He donned his hat and she her shawl and they started for the door.

"Ee! ee!" squeaked Ted piteously as he saw them move off. They stopped and looked undecidedly at each other.

"Do you suppose we could take him?" ventured Tedda. "He would enjoy it so."

"But it is impossible for him to pronounce the WORD," objected Theodore.

"Don't you think," began Tedda, "that if we stood one on each side of him and said the WORD very strongly, we might be able ——"

"Hm! yes. The power of mind, concentrated and applied to overcoming the barriers of physical resistance, and aided by the supreme WORD, what may it not accomplish?" Which was Theodore's way of agreeing with Tedda after inflating her suggestion. So after strenuous efforts it came to pass that Ted was able to walk abroad that night.

Out of the silent house they passed, down the steps and along the street until they came to a large green lawn behind an iron fence. At the corner they found an entrance.

"Let us go in here," cried Tedda, "I wonder what place it is."

"Oh, I can tell you," quoth Theodore, "I have often been here. It is called the Normal School."

They walked along an avenue under elm trees until they reached a green knoll. There they stopped in affright.

"Theodore!" cried Tedda in a frightened voice, "what is that on top of that little hill."

Theodore made a rush for the top, in imitation of his patron

saint's famous charge up San Juan hill.

"That, my dear," he answered, "is a barrel. It is covered with unsightly protuberances as prickly to the touch as they are unpleasing to the eye. It is what our patron saint would call a 'Nature fake'."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Tedda, "It makes my fur crawl."

"Ee! ee!" squeaked Ted.

"Come away, my dears," said their natural protector, "and I will show you something far more pleasing."

He led them to a stately building surmounted by an immeasurable tower.

"Behold," he orated, "a place so imbued with the spirit of our patron saint that the children who attend there insist upon using the simplified spelling in spite of strenuous efforts made to eradicate the praiseworthy tendency."

"How touching," murmured Tedda.

"Ee! ee!" began Ted, but Theodore interrupted him.

"Hush! What do you know about it? Little bears should be seen. not heard."

Ted being squelched, they proceeded toward a long low building to the south, taking great care not to step on the grass, for Theodore recounted tales of one who reprimanded such offenders in a way that made Ted's wool run cold.

"Do you think he actually 'wood'?" asked Tedda, which shameless pun was received with the discouraging silence it merited.

"Bow! wow!" cried a terrible voice behind them, and looking up they saw an awful monster of a dog with wide distended jaws and a balefully gleaming eye. Theodore tried to growl but his voice stuck in his inside works. Tedda was terribly frightened.

She grasped Ted's hand in a frenzied clasp, murmuring, "At least we'll die together, Ted dear."

Just then the unexpected happened.

A hideous red glare blazed from Ted's electric eyes. The attacking monster paused, cowered, whimpered, and slunk away with his tail between his legs. Ted's one accomplishment had saved all their lives.

When they recovered a measure of self-possession they decided that it would be manifesting the better part of value to return home. Teddy bears' legs are short and clumsy and it takes them a long time to walk a little distance, so the first rays of morning

were visible as the bears wearily mounted the steps of their home.

"Hurry," said Theodore, "or we shall not be able to get back to the nursery before our limbs stiffen."

As Theodore and Tedda made haste they were well settled in their original positions against the wall by the time the sun rose. But poor Ted was small and tired. Morning paralyzed him just as he was entering at the nursery door. There he stood on the threshold and there Tedda's mistress found him when she came for Tedda at a quarter to nine.

"You blessed baby," she cried, "you look exactly as if you had came in from a walk. And there's dew on you, too. I wonder how it got there."

"Ee! ee!" said Ted.

## SIGHT.

They say "Love's blind."
Can that be right?
Some men in love
Are just a sight.

# Utopia.

It was but a strip of woodland,
  Commonplace to casual eye,
Yet the artist made it vibrant
  With the dreams of days gone by.
Days of fauns, of nymphs, of dryads,
  Days when gods were seen on earth:
When each perfume-breathing flower
  Meant a nymph or dryad's birth.

All who saw it cried in wonder,
  Tell us, could *we* ever find
This Utopian bit of woodland?
  Dwells it only in some mind?
But the artist still was silent,
  'Til they close about him drew,
Clamoring to know his secret:
  Where this mystic forest grew.

Then he led them to the road side,
  Where they all were wont to pass,
And he pointed to the streamlet,
  To the trees and quivering grass.
"This is it," he said, and, turning,
  Gazed with love at all around,
While the people, struck with wonder,
  Stared, nor uttered any sound.

Where in this was that rich beauty,
  They had loved and tried to find?
Where the mystery-breathing tree tops?
  Where the nests with mosses lined?
T'was the artist's soul that made it
  Glow with color fair to see—
It to them was dusty road side,
  More than that it could not be.

MARGARETTA B. HARVEY.

# The Short and Simple Annals of Patricia.

L. McCharles.

The snn shone brilliantly all around Pat, but inside of her there penetrated not a single, solitary beam. It was shed off her frowning countenance like the proverbial water from a duck's back and as she sat on the step, head in hands, elbows on knees, she was like unto even the blackest thundercloud on record.

She was pondering on the necessity of certain evils—cousins, for instance—and baby ones at that. She had one in the house. He was making himself supremely evident by yelling at the top of his voice, and had been keeping it up all morning.

Pat had planned some wonderful schemes for the day—schemes which involved the dago kids next door and a sugar pear tree—and afterwards—Joy! But the Powers-That-Be had told her to go and catch old Til and take Reggie, that was the name of the little beast inside, for a ride. Take the squalling thing for a ride!! She would be expected to go up and down in front of the house at a slow walk, punctuated by her anxious mother's, "O do be careful, Patricia!" "Not so fast!" There now *doesn't* he enjoy that?"—and perhaps she'd lapse into idiotic izzy-wizzy baby-talk. Rot! Aunt didn't forget herself to that extent even if she were the inflicted one.

Pat was a procrastinator. She was putting it off, while she nursed her wrath to keep it warm. Still the woeful cries of Reggie rang forth, with greater fervor, it seemed—and then came the crisis.

"Patricia!" called the sharp voice of Pat's mother. "Haven't you gone after that horse yet? Are you waiting for a spanking?"

Pat rose mechanically, yet with an outwardly-exaggerated air of resignation, not deigning to answer a question so devoid of reason, and walked slowly to the barn.

Til was tall, lean, white and astonishingly knowing for a horse. When she saw who was after her she went on eating with utmost unconcern. Pat climbed up on the manger and untied the rope. Til ate on.

I refrain from disclosing to vulgar eyes the real proceedings

from that point. Suffice it, that by the time Til had allowed herself to be dragged away from her hay and into the coral, Pat was in no mood to be tampered with.

She communed mentally with herself and Til.

Then a brilliant idea popped into her head. Pat's ideas were always startling enough to keep her parents guessing. She resolved to teach Lil a lesson.

She attached herself firmly to the opposite end of Lil's halter by tying the rope around her own neck in a slip-knot; then grasping it firmly in both hands she started to run. She doubtless had visions of Til, breathless, fagged, and daunted in spirit, yet forced to keep up to a bitter end.

But somehow Til didn't seem to have to hurry. She kept up like a thoroughbred without striking a trot. Pat dragged harder at the halter but the only emotion Til showed was surprise. Gradually her surprise grew into discontent, disgust and finally she tired of such folly, turned abruptly and cantered briskly toward the barn.

Woe, woe for Pat! She turned, too, but not so successfully. She lost her footing, and dangled along, her blue gingham fluttering in the breeze and herself in eminent danger of being stepped upon, but still keeping her hold on the rope with both hands.

It was at this tragic moment that Reggie, in the house, howled his loudest, and Aunt and Pat's mother came to see why on earth Patricia didn't come with that horse. They saw the fluttering blue gingham and the story it told.

Pat's mother stood, after the manner of mothers, and screamed "Let go of the rope!"

Pat let go, obediently, and the slip-knot tightened. Then Pat's mother could think of nothing better to do than call Pat's father, who was at town three miles away.

Aunt fairly flew after the runaways and caught Til just as Pat was beginning to get blue around the mouth. Then Pat's mother recovered her self-possession, ran for the scissors, cut the rope and rescued her child. Afterward, she addressed unsuspecting Til in this wise:

"You disgusting old reprobate! You certainly do need killing!"

# Hunting Trouble.

Myrtle E. Akin.

When Dr. Schallenberger gave out the task, her class made a mental note, "Easy job!" It did seem easy. All there was to it was this: Do any child a kindness of any sort; notice how he takes it; and write up the incident for class, remembering to state how the child acted and what one thought of his actions. And, just think! A whole week was given for that simple work.

But, somehow, one felt differently after looking for the chance to do the kind act. Every child seemed discouragingly cheerful. Troubles were alarmingly scarce among the children, but alarmingly present for the students as the days rolled by without the coveted opportunity for helpfulness. In fact, one student finally realized that there was just one day between her and failure. Then she went boldly in search of trouble.

She found it. A tiny boy was crying on the street. Beside him stood a big velocipede. His dirty little chin just reached the seat. One did not need to be stalking a chance to help in order to see that the little boy could not mount unaided.

The student eagerly hurried to do something for the child. What she would do was still a mystery to her, but she meant to do it anyhow. Just as she reached the velocipede, a toy auto clattered toward her. The little boy beside the velocipede fairly spouted tears and gurgles as the small chaffeur peddaled by with many toots and chugs. Here was trouble indeed! Joyously, the student set about interpreting the tale of woe which the velocipede baby was only to eager to tell. The auto was his and the velocipede his brother's, but the brother had taken the auto from the auto owner who insisted that he "orter run 'er."

It was unfair. The student saw that but she did not see what she could do to help matters. She looked up for an inspiration. Goody! The rascally chaffeur had stuck between the rails of the car-track.

"Climb up here," urged the student, patting the seat invitingly and steadying the velocipede. "Hurry, and we will beat that auto getting across."

The child scrambled up. Plunkety, squeakety, splash went student, velocipede, and boy straight past the stranded auto. The velocipede reached the walk.

"Hey!" called out young Stuck-in-the-Mud. "He can ride the bike if you just shove him hard! Put his feet on the pedals and boost him."

A good idea. The student shoved the velocipede a few yards and let it roll on without her backing. She then went back to the auto and set it free. Without a "Thank you," the boy motored down the walk toward the velocipede.

It was a fine chance to use the test of "You forgot something." The student's lips were ready to utter the magic words when every one of them flashed from mind at the sound which burst at her.

"Yow–ow–ow! Goin 'ter fall!" yelled the velocipede baby.

He looked it. He swayed like a clothespin on a wire. The front wheel of the velocipede wobbled threateningly. In exactly two strides and a hop, the student laid a rescuing hand on the screaming boy.

"Leggo me!" was the greeting. "Won't neever get down! Ride me two more houses, just two more."

Obediently, the student trundled the velocipede along. Two houses—three—four—half a block. Time to quit.

"Won't neever get down! Leggo me!" insisted the baby.

Just then the toy auto chugged b ck. The student stopped it.

"You look out for your little brother. I am going about my own business," she warned the chaffeur. Away she trudged. After her floated a song like this:

"Mean ole fing! You come right back and ride me some more. Wants me punch yer head?"

And a treble solo piped up from the auto:

"Hey, you! Now you've did it. Got him crying and he's been sick. He will cry his head off, he will!"

And the student inferred— ? * * ! ?

# The Short Story Club.

The Short Story Club has recently issued two publications, "The Short Story Club Magazine" and "A Song of Autumn and Other Poems," both of which have had a good sale and clearly warrant the club in issuing more of its members' work.

The following is a full list of the club's honorary members:

Jack London, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Frances Soule Campbell, George Wharton James, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Henry Van Dyke, William Butler Yeates, Jacob A. Riis, Herbert Bashford, George Sterling, Ina D. Coolbrith, and David Starr Jordan.

The official magazine of the club is the Overland Monthly—the Overland of Bret Hart and the new Overland of today. The Overland will soon offer attractive plans to our writers for the bringing out of the work, and announcements of this will soon be made.

Without doubt the field of story-writing is the great opening for the literary aspirants at the present. The explanation of public demand for the story probably lies in the fact that this is eminently a character study age. We want to know the motives of our associates—how they feel and under what conditions they act; and we unconsciously go to the story writer to find not only a mirror of ourselves, but an analysis of our friends' mental attitudes. This sort of knowledge, if such it may be called, is necessary to everyone who plays even a minor part in complex modern life. It is true that the drama does this also, but the small audience which listens to the play, compared with the immense army of magazine readers, makes the story by far the greater factor as a delineator of character.

The following officers were elected or appointed at the recent Santa Cruz session of the club:

President, Henry Meade Bland, San Jose; Secretary, Lawrence E. Chenoweth, Sacramento; Assistant Secretary, Zanette W. Potter, San Jose; Executive Committee, Mary B. Williams, Sebastopol; Clyde Reynolds, Lodi; Grace Hoover Potter, Hanford; Emma Schray, Fresno.

Editorial Committee: Mollie Bloom Flagg, San Jose; Margaret J. Hale, San Jose; L. Viola Lawson, San Jose.

An adjournment was taken at Santa Cruz to the Summer School Session at the State Normal School at San Jose. This summer meeting of the club will be the first regular semi-annual session of the year.

# Measles.

At last they had invaded the neighborhood, vague microbe things called measles. For three weeks they had been sending out their tidings. Billie, Alice, Jim, Dorothy, all of them in your class, had been stricken, and so many more in the school that your head could not contain their names at once. And now here was Bess, your best beloved, laid low at your very next door. With some idea of self preservation you darted out of the house that noon, screwing the vice of thumb and finger on your long suffering nose till the tears sprang. You cast one remorseful look up at her window as you dashed by. You had never known before quite how much you loved her.

At school there was no hard tramped spot but was a dear reminder. Hop-scotch or tops had now no charm without a chum companion. And in class, how solitary was her desk with that dry dangling sponge and dusty slate. Here you learned that measles had even set the "Board" a trembling. A two weeks truce had been declared and you were dismissed with a smiling unction to play out-doors. At the gate you waited with unwonted kindness for "Spuds," but scowled glum and unforgiven when you saw him pass on the other side of the street with the other boys and break his slate across his cap for very joy.

But your revengeful mood turned solicitous that night. "Spuds" had a headache. Bess had had one yesterday and you saw the measles laying its stealthy paw upon him. Your foreboding was all too true. Next day he fell and was put to rest in the "prison house," whence issued lonely groans and querulous complainings; complainings that made your head ache, and you wondered. But you had not much time. Your days were numbered too.

The lot of your first day, however, was better than his in that you were not alone; and, in spite of the discomfort, you and he had rather a happy time of it. For there is a real pleasure in having a life's companion share such miseries; in taking note of how he bears himself and profiting by example, good or bad; in cheering him or tempering with logic his random bursts of imagery, when his mood meets yours.

You had another comforter in your misfortune, "Daisy Doll." Of course she took "it"—ever so much worse than you or "Spuds," and had to be tended devotedly, and have the doctor feel her pulse and give her medicine. What a tender memory she is!—more than a memory, for still you take her out of her hiding place, just to see how she is. And you fancy there is something of reproach in that glassy stare that once was so confiding.

Then you could always make believe, for the semi-darkness was conducive to sprites. One especially you remember with awe. Each child has a black devil all his own, conjured by moments of illness to terrify his soul. This one was only black in his effect upon you. Indeed he had no color but consisted of an uncertain wraith-like mist that swam dizzily before you and took upon himself all manner of formless guises, now fat, now thin, a weird half-human octopus with wavering tentacles, or a Jack Sprat like a jelly-fish drawn out in shreds. Now here, now there, he appeared from nowhere and vanished into nothingness. And you were never sure from what quarter his blandishments would descend upon you. You would cry out to mother and point and point. But she could never see him and only told you to pretend no more. And this was nonsense for you could no more keep from pretending than you could keep from breathing, when "Spuds" was asleep and no one else in the room.

Sometimes mother read, and to this day you can never disassociate "Crusoe" from the measles. Mother's clear voice is always a potent charm for quietude, and was there ever man like "Crusoe?" You felt him a kindred spirit on that desert isle. One morning you were "Crusoe" and "Spuds" Friday. Each had to build his own sheet tent and barricade of pillows on a separate island, as it were. But what of that? For were you not within speaking distance, nay even in fair range for a friendly pillow controversy? But mother happened in at the very height of the melee and that fun had an end.

Like all things good or evil the measles had an end. It was only just that "Spuds" should be up first since he had endured them longer, but it did seem hard. You had heard Bess out in her yard for two days and while you rejoiced in her recovery yet you envied her. You wheedled "Spuds" into bringing you the mirror.

"Mother of Moses!" What was it you saw in its silver depths. A thing surely as hideous as any monkey might ever hope to be. You cast it from you and smothered your head in your pillow in grief too deep for tears. You stole a look at "Spuds." He wasn't much better. So you hugged him and didn't care. And when the sun went down on Bess and you next day it could have fallen on no happier children in the great wide world.

# Election Novelties.

By C. D.

In striking contrast to last year's spring election, this one lacked the snap and vim so essential in Normal politics. The stampede and riotious movements of campaign promoters and their constituents during past elections in the San Jose Normal have had no counterpart in college elections, that is when the numbers engaged are considered and the proportion of girls.

This year how different was the atmosphere! Everyone appeared to be in a capsule with all the interest centered in self. Just why the students inhibited this much needed enthusiasm is somewhat of a mystery. It must be either a concentration of energy for the June election or a down right stagnation of school spirit. The new supply of Juniors evidently is water-logged or under a hypnotic trance. Can you not see that by your indifference any one may climb into the official chairs. There is a wide difference, an unspanned chasm, between an energetic wide-awake Student Body spurring on the opposing factions, and a Dried Systematic Few rocking the phlegmatic nursery children to sleep. Seniors and Juniors, it is time you tore asunder the curtain that shields the Normal covenant and step into the limelight with arms bared for the fray.

Let this serve as an eye-opener. Last term a certain person held his or her respective office tenure without being a member of the Student Body. This was a peculiar situation indeed, but now this oversight has been augmented by the election of two more non-members. Who or which shall we reprove and counsel? The Student Body, the Defendant, or the Executive Committee? Exegencies of such type are surely worth at least a casual consideration, for in your hands rests the future destiny of Student Body Spirit and Normal Politics.

# News and Notes From Colleges.

**Professors Fined for Delay** The faculty of the Amherst College has put into effect a new rule by which professors who delay giving students marks more than ten days will be fined one dollar for each additional day's delay.

**And Why Not a Women?** A woman student has been chosen as one of Cornell's debaters for the intercollegiate contest with Columbia for this month. The representatives of the latter institution have made a very strong protest, claiming that the presence of a woman on the debate will tend to prejudice the judges.

**For the Little Folk** Members of the English Club of Illinois University have undertaken as a piece of research work to gather folk-stories and ballads in their State.

**Women Form Fencing Class** One of the recent improvements at Stanford is the formation of a women's fencing club. Much enthusiasm has been shown and under the leadership of an efficient teacher the fencing class of Stanford will soon be an important feature of the University. Fencing will be considered regular class work and will be used in connection with field work.

**Enrollments** The enrollment at Cornell this semester is 4640. The registration at Harvard is 6138 for this semester. Pennsylvania has 200 students from Europe and the Orient, and about fifty from New Zealand and Australia.

**Few American Scholars Abroad** The increasing prestige of the American academic world is well shown by the shrinkage in the number of American students abroad. The United States Board of Education has compiled statistics from the leading foreign universities. At Berlin there were 400 students from the United States four years ago, 300 in 1905, and at present only sixty-eight men and twenty-seven women. The conditions are the same in the other European universities. At Oxford there are very few Americans except the Rhodes scholars, and the interest which these appointments have aroused recently in most of the States is slight.

**New "Angel of Grief" Statue**

All Californians particularly are familiar with the story of the "Angel of Grief" statue at Stanford University. The earthquake of 1906 shattered the one Mrs. Stanford had erected in memory of her brother. It will be of interest to note that an exact reproduction of the statue in rarest Italian marble has been received and set up.

# Two Myths of Anemone.

Then spoke the Medicine Man and told the fair one the tale of the anemone, as a warning to those who love with over passionate devotion.

Anemone, daughter of Rushing Water, loved Strong Wind, a mighty, young hunter of the North. Many times he swept past her wigwam while pursuing the fleet deer. Swiftly he leaned from his pony, as she ran outward to meet him, and catching her up, bore her away into the depths of the forest. Here, attuned to each other's emotion, they searched the hidden silences in perfect peace.

As the days sang by the time drew near when their joy was to unite in one great happiness. But Strong Wind was called into the north on a journey of many moons. Vainly and in great anguish Anemone clung to him, pleading with him to stay; but he sadly bade her farewell and stolidly followed his duty.

Earnestly she strove to be calm and patient, but her love, hopes, and fears seethed within her, shaking the depths of her soul. Hither and thither she wandered, forever driven onward by her restless, turbulent spirit.

Soon she was missed from among her people. Though they searched far and wide they saw nothing of her and sorrow drifted, like a mist, over them. But in the heart of the forest a new flower was found, strange to all eyes. Brilliant it blossomed, rich with the color of love; and all who saw it, sighing, murmured "Anemone." For the flame in the depth of her passion had consumed her till there remained naught but this symbol of love.

BEATRICE A. JACKSON.

II.

The field waved and rippled rhythmically to the light balmy breeze. The clouds hung low and brilliant in the sky; the lofty trees bowed their heads as if to kiss the faces of the yellow petaled flowers; the stream bent inward to catch the first faintest fragrance from the delicately clad rill. It was no wonder the little red native daughter stayed on and on and ever closer to the heart of the anemone. The fiery sun was already sinking, yet the maiden lingered.

While the child was drinking in the beauty about her, the wife of the chieftain came and putting her arms lovingly around her, said:

"Have you, so young, learned to interpret the language of the flowers? Then listen; I shall tell you the story of the anemone, the wind flower.

"Long ago an Indian maiden, Wawona, roamed these nooks and hills from early morn till late at night. She had but one thought and that for the marvels of nature. The birds sang in sweet harmony to her soul and the flowers and trees imparted to her alone their inner-most secrets.

For many moons Wawona dwelt in a world of her own, but one spring day when she was lying by a steam with the pure waters running through her fingers, a tall youth clad in deer-skin appeared before her. He was a veritable god, outshining in his grandeur all her former loves.

"Charmed by Wawona's beauty and winsome ways, the stranger lingered from day to day at her home. As the time went on she grew to love her handsome guest. One day he drew the beautiful girl to his breast and pressed passionate kisses on her quivering lips. It was then that he slipped a circlet of gold on her finger, and said, 'Wear this as my love token, my pretty Wawona, for I return now to my home.'

"Wawona's love had been tender but not so blind that she could not rouse herself when she had been so treated by the one whom she had adored and trusted. Snatching the ring from her finger she threw it far out into the field and for miles around the spot where it fell, there sprang up the anemone as yellow as the ring had been.

Olive Wood.

# The Pennant Club.

By G. M.

One of the Pennant Club's enjoyable functions this month was a dinner given at the St. James Hotel in honor of the new members of the staff. The dinner was served in a private dining-room, beautifully decorated in a color scheme of red and green with violets. The table, lighted with red candelabra and strewn with violets and smilax, was lovely, and made the elaborate course dinner doubly enjoyable. Dainty place cards appointed Miss Gertrude Drew to fill the place at the head of the table, and the honorary member, Mr. Lewis, sat at the foot. Miss O'Brien made a delightful chaperon.

Limericks describing but not naming members of the staff were recited at intervals and the guessing whom they described proved much merriment. Informal toast and story telling then made a pleasant hour. Miss Drew, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Lewis, and Miss Moore were called upon by toastmistress, Miss Douglas, for toasts.

After dinner the party adjourned to the ball-room, decorated in the same scheme as the dining-room and a jolly informal dance took place after which the party broke up.

Those present were the Misses Drew, Douglas, Moore, Wilson, Baker, Indra, McMillan, Haskins, Wheeler, Farmer, Reidy, Mac-Charles, Woodcock, and O'Brien, and Messrs. Waibel, Hurley, Lewis, and Hampton.

Miss Gertrude Drew was appointed president of the club and Miss Croly secretary.




San Jose, Friday.

My Belva Dear:—

It was very thoughtful of you to address my letter to the Normal because I like nothing better than to see my name gracing that blue penciled mail list.

You have asked for all the latest news of our dear old school and your wish is about to be gratified. In the first place I know you will be interested in the debate which I mentioned in my last letter. Well, it came off all right February 1st and of course we won. The subject was: Resolved, "That the re-election of Theodore Roosevelt in 1908 would be a mistaken policy for the United States to pursue." Miss Eleanor Bevan, G. G. Hunt, and E. F. Smyth, of Chico, had the affirmative, and our girls, Ottillia Klein, Shirley Poore, and Bessie Bosarth, the negative. The judges were two men from Berkeley, Professors Lang and Roberts, and Mr. Cox of Santa Rosa. Mr. Charles Crothers presided over the affair with the required amount of dignity. Of course we had the usual number of songs to fit the occasion and a few feeble feminine yells were heard. There was a good crowd out and every one seemed to enjoy the debate, more than the dancing afterward. "Nuf sed."

All the socities have been initiating the girls who came in January, some adding as many as eighteen or twenty new names to the roll and others just a few.

Miss Agatha Cummings and Mrs. Macaulay sang several duets in Assembly recently and the applause was sufficient proof of our enjoyment thereof. Miss Fisher also treated us to a song one morning and you know how enthusiastic we used to get over

her singing when you were here. Well, we are more enthusiastic than ever and she had to respond to three or four encores.

Oh, yes, Mr. Bland still has his theater parties. There have been several lately, a large number of students going to see Charles Hanford in the Shakespearian plays, and many more to the opera, "Madame Butterfly." I should say there were 175 students and faculty who sat in "nigger heaven" at the opera, and they all had a fine time, too.

Mrs. McConnaga gave several of James Whitcomb Riley's pieces one morning in Assembly, "Elmer Brown, the Lisper," and one other. We went wild over her pieces and encored her three or four times. She gave one of Paul Laurence Dunbar's,—"Encouragement," and it took the house by storm. I wish you could have heard her. See is a graduate of the National Oratorical School of Philadelphia and has also studied in New York. There is talk of a recital about March 4th, and you'd better believe I'll be there with the others of the school—say five hundred.

Training school goes ahead every day under our able (?) teaching. Last Friday was promotion day and caused quite a little excitement, and the 14th of February caused some more for all the children received valentines. They have been having some fine debates in Miss Riebsam's department lately.

Oh yes, Miss Denten's upper class was given a banquet before ascending to Miss O'Brien's domain.

Believe I've told you all the news and no doubt you are tired; so will end this epistle now.

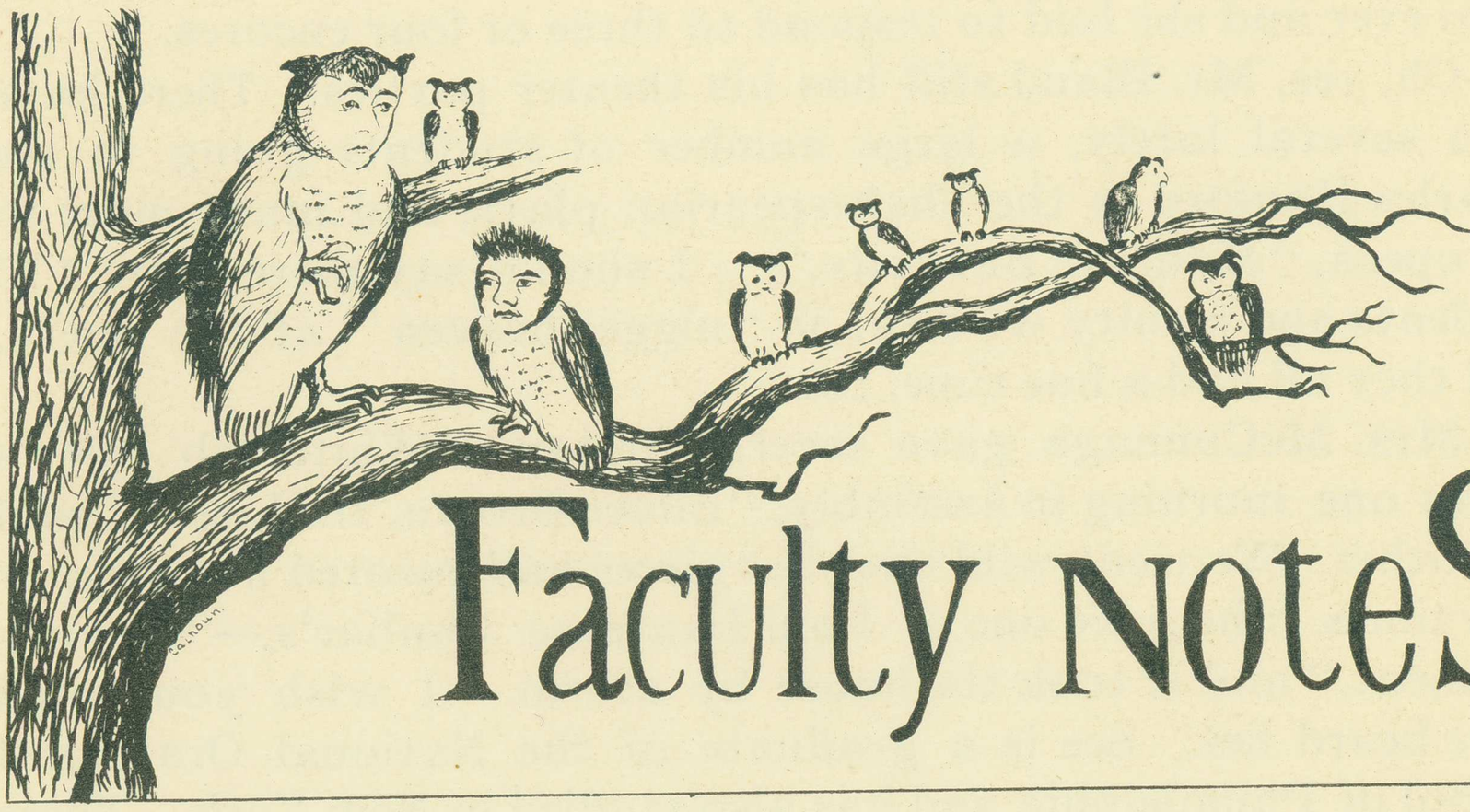
Your loving,

BERNY.

P. S.—Almost forgot to say that Dr. Spinning talked to us in Assembly today on the North American Indians It was simply great. It seems Dr. Spinning is an authority on the Indians and was asked to become Indian Commissioner or something by President Roosevelt but he had other work to do just then. We certainly enjoyed the few minutes of his time that he gave us.
Write soon.

As ever,

B. L. W.



# Faculty notes

Dr. Dailey left on the eighteenth of February for the east where he expects to combine business with pleasure. He will go to Washington, D. C. While there he will attend the National Superintendents' Convention for three or four days. After leaving Washington, New York will claim his attention. In that city he will see Miss Rowell, Miss Nicholson, and Mr. Snyder, who are attending Columbia University. The rest of his three weeks' stay will be taken up on his return trip by viewing several new Normal buildings. There is an especially fine building at Macomb which he intends to inspect.

Dr. M. E. Schallenberger and Dr. Dailey were traveling companions as far as Washington, D.C. Dr. Schallenberger is the only representative from California who has been chosen to speak at the National Superintendents' Convention. "The School as an Instrument of Character Building," is to be the general topic of the day on which she speaks. Dr. Schallenberger's division of this subject is "The Function of the School in Training for Right Conduct."

Miss O'Brien was a charming hostess at an informal reception to the Chico debaters on January 31st. Vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed by those attending the reception.

Miss Howe, in accordance with her usual hospitality, threw open her home to Mrs Miller and Miss Bevan, the young lady and chaperone who came down from Chico for the debate.

The Women's Club of the grammar schools of the city entertained the lady members of the faculties of the Normal and High School at the Women's Club-house on February 12th. Miss Howe of our faculty spoke very entertainingly. Mrs. Bellow Branford recounted interesting experiences of her recent visit in Africa. Following the addresses and music there was an informal reception. The idea of the various teachers' clubs of the city meeting occasionally is a very wise one for there is a great profit all around where the teachers work in unison.

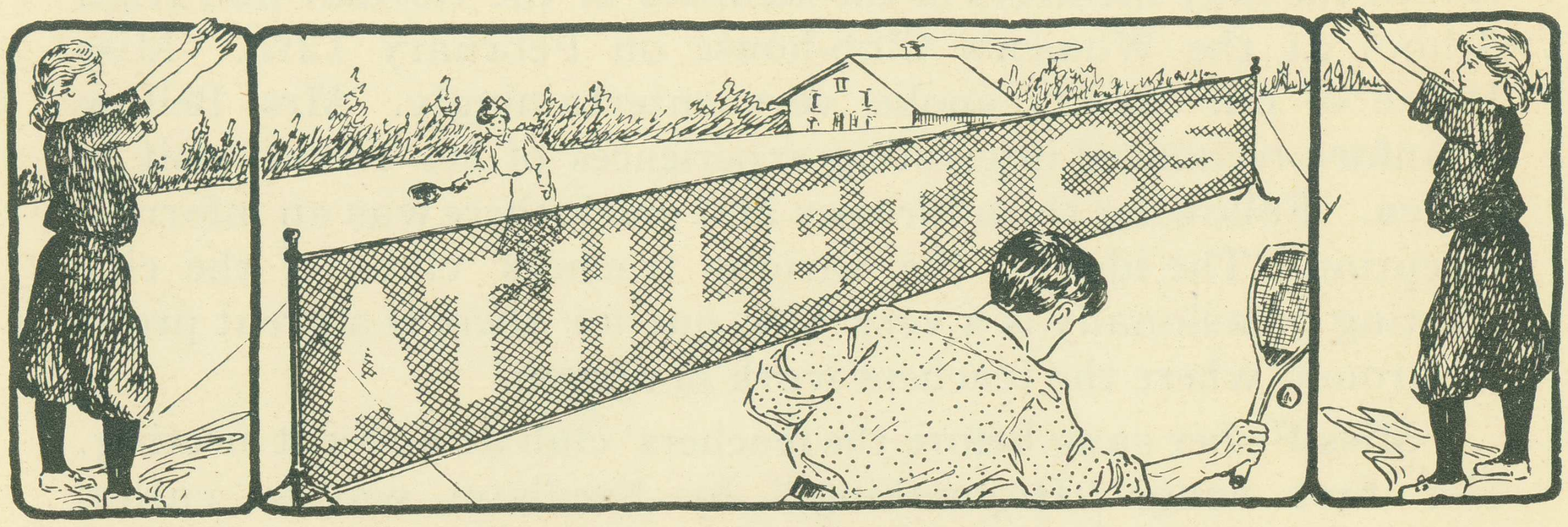
Miss Fisher sang before the teachers' club at a recent meeting. Her first song, "Haymaking," by Needham, was so enthusiastically received, she was obliged to respond to several encores.

The first edition of Mr. Bland's volume of poems has been almost exhausted and a second edition is soon to be issued.

A very informal four o'clock tea was given by the faculty in honor of Mr. Dailey. This pleasant affair, which came as a complete surprise to him was planned to wish him a happy journey. The table looked exceedingly pretty with its decorations of violets and fruit blossoms. The dainty china tea set which is a new addition to the faculty property was much admired and added greatly to the effect.

## A STEEL TRUST.

"I'll try to steal her heart," quoth he,
"And win her sweetest smiles."
"I'll try to steel my heart," said she,
"Against love's subtle wiles."
So both began to deal,
And as you may opine,
Love soon declared a dividend
And started a combine.—Ex.




## Tennis.

Next week about thirty of the crack tennis players of the school will be seen on the Normal courts competing for first place in the annual tennis tournament. All are cordially invited to attend the games for the presence of many on the side lines encourages the players as well as adds interest to the games.

The winners of the tournament will be declared champions and will represent our school in matches against other schools and colleges. During the tournament, ladies singles, gents singles, ladies doubles, gents doubles, and mixed doubles will be played.

A shirt waist dance will be given by the club in the Normal Hall, February 22nd. Several committees have the affair in charge and are working hard to make it a success.

The election of new officers was quite exciting, the result being as follows:

President, Chas. Furby; Vice-President, Cecil O'Neil; Secretary, Vivian Drew; Treasurer, Inez Green; Sergeant-at-arms, W. C. Waibel.

## Basket Ball.

The Basket Ball girls are taking advantage of these beautiful invigorating days to get in some good practice for the coming games, so as to be in the best of shape for fast playing when the opportunity affords.

A game with Mills' Seminary is booked for next Saturday, and the girls feel confident of winning. We all remember the

result of last year's game and expect a very interesting one this year, since both teams are up to high "G" in material and form.

The game with Stanford to be played on Feb. 29th, should attract the attention of the whole school, as Stanford has a team hard to match and our team feels capable of showing them a few points.

An election of officers of the Basket Ball Club will take place this week. With a new set of officers the enthusiasm of the girls should increase.

It is the plea of the club that more members should turn out at practice games. "Th more the merrier" and "practice makes perfect."

## Cross Country Club.

Going! Going! Gone!

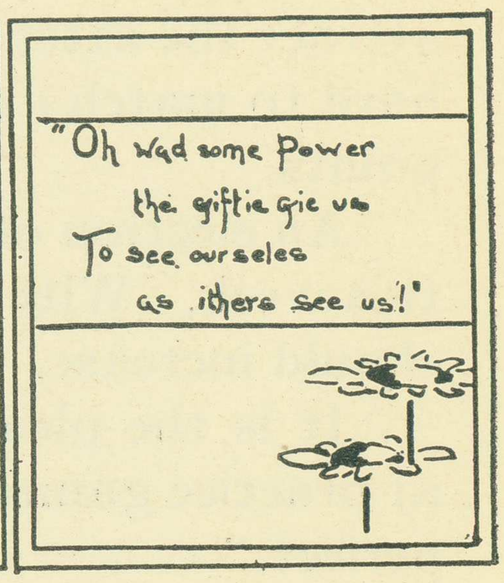
Is that the case of our Cross Country Club? We all hope for the better. You have been excused two months straight, and for what? Some brilliant woman has said this: "Come out of your shell and be someone." Allow me to repeat it and please prosper by a kind suggestion.

"A good beginning has a bad ending." Not so, is it?

Here's to the Faculty,
Long may they live;
And oh! shorter lessons
May they right away give.—Ex.



# Exchanges




We head our Exchange column this month with the best paper we have received, The Polytechnic, from Los Angeles. Their staff is apparently well organized and each member has done his work well. It has two faults, however; it lacks literary matter and is printed in red ink. We hope the succeeding numbers will be as good.

The Clarion stands out as having an excellent josh column. There is nothing concerning the activities of the school except for a page on athletics. However, the joshes would cover a multitude of faults.

Dictum Est is an excellent paper for its size. The joshes are unusually bright.

The Cricket, if not the best, is at least next best. It is brimful of fun, the cuts are excellent, and it is a paper we really enjoy reading.

College Echoes, your best article is the "Monologue—1908." We enjoyed it immensely. The quality of the paper could be better.

The Sequoia, from Redwood City, has unusually good cuts. It is a most interesting paper.

A better quality of paper would improve the otherwise excellent Trident.

The Review Student is a clever paper. The literary department is good and the story "The Princess Irene" does it full justice. The paper is not dry nor does it lack cuts, but is just what a school paper should be.

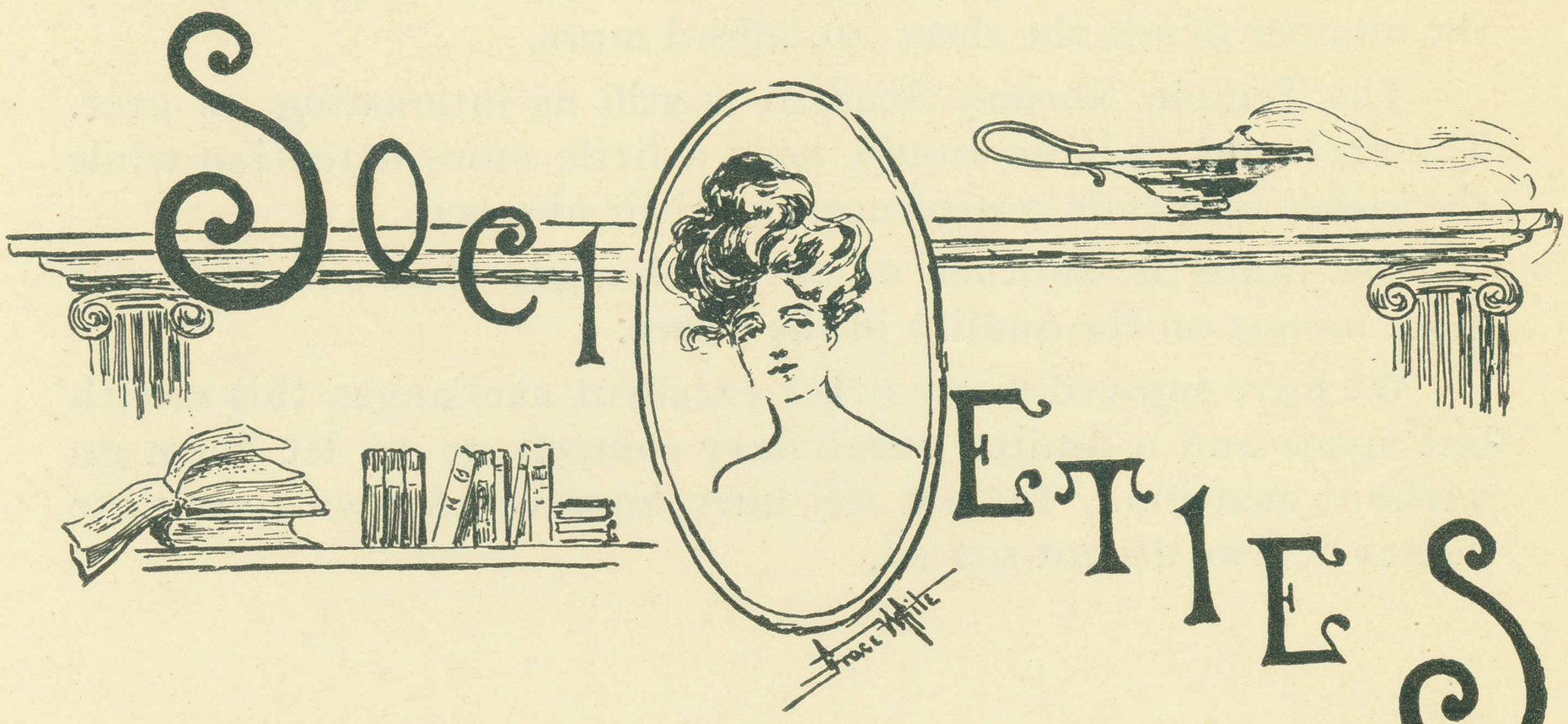
The Tocsin has only two cuts in the edition and we know by the number of ads the sheet can afford more.

The Temple Normal Student is still as interesting as ever. The exchange column would bear a little more attention while the joshes are made conspicuous by their absence.

The Janus is another of our exchanges that should invest more money on the quality of the paper.

We have enjoyed many other excellent exchanges this month but space and a limited vocabulary compels us to let them go without mention. Do not feel hurt, however, for we appreciate you even if we do not say so.

Margaret E., Ph. D., Ph. D., Margaret E.
Refrain is old—but not so she;
She's young in thought—she told us so,
And anyway we all would know,
For when she acts the little boy
Delight is keen and great her joy.




## Allenian.

An Allenian initiation was held on the evening of January thirty-first, when twelve blindfolded girls were befittingly adorned and escorted out to Miss Haward's home at Santa Clara. After the initiates had been put through some unusually original and amusing stunts, refreshments were served and a jolly good time prevailed.

The new members are Ethel Sacre, Mary Thompson, Ida Marriott, Blanche Price, Edith Copeland, Gladys MacKinter, Beatrice Jackson, Lavina Savaker, Leola Ross, Libbie Wheeler, Olive Peterson and Anna Murphy.

On February seventh the Allenian girls after their usual Friday afternoon meeting had a candy pull in Miss Bassler's room. While the eandy was being made all indulged in a jolly impromptu dance.

## Erosophian.

Erosophian has just admitted five new girls to the ranks, the Misses Haugh, Coleman, Bartlett, Martin and Moore. The initiation, which began the night of the Chico S. J. N. S. debate and ended the following Friday, was enjoyed by the initiates as well as the old members.

The next event on the Erosophian calendar is a dance to be

given on the twenty-ninth of February and a most jolly time is anticipated.

## Browning.

The past month has been a very busy and happy one for the Browning girls. The meetings have been unusually interesting and exciting in the efforts of the members to further both literary and social lines.

We are glad to announce that on February third we added two new members to our list, Miss Pearle Lewis and Miss Irma Pratt. The initiation was a jolly affair. The new girls were taken, blindfolded, to the home of Miss Margaret Roberts, where they performed various stunts. Miss Bradley and Miss McFadden were present. Later all went to O'Brien's and enjoyed refreshments.

The society is now planning for a unique party to be given at the Woman's Club on the twenty-ninth of February.

## Sigma Theta Chi.

A merry and happy affair, the first of many planned for the year, was the "Five Hundred" party given by the Sigma Theta Chi at the home of one of the alumni members, Miss Hilda Koch, in January.

We are glad to announce we will soon have the pleasure of taking into our midst Miss Florine Hart, who is now a pledge.

Sorority spirit, healthy, hearty, and unified, makes a stronger school spirit and leads to higher aims and better work. The San Jose Normal has always been proud of the fraternal spirit exhibited in the Student Body itself, in its alumni organization, and in the various organizations that compose the school.

## Sappho.

The past month has been a very active one for the girls of the Sappho Club.

Quite the largest of the club's undertakings was the dance of February fifteenth to which three hundred invitations were issued. A large number present at this enjoyable affair were out of town guests. The idea of St. Valentine's day was most successfully carried out in the programs and decorations. Streamers of

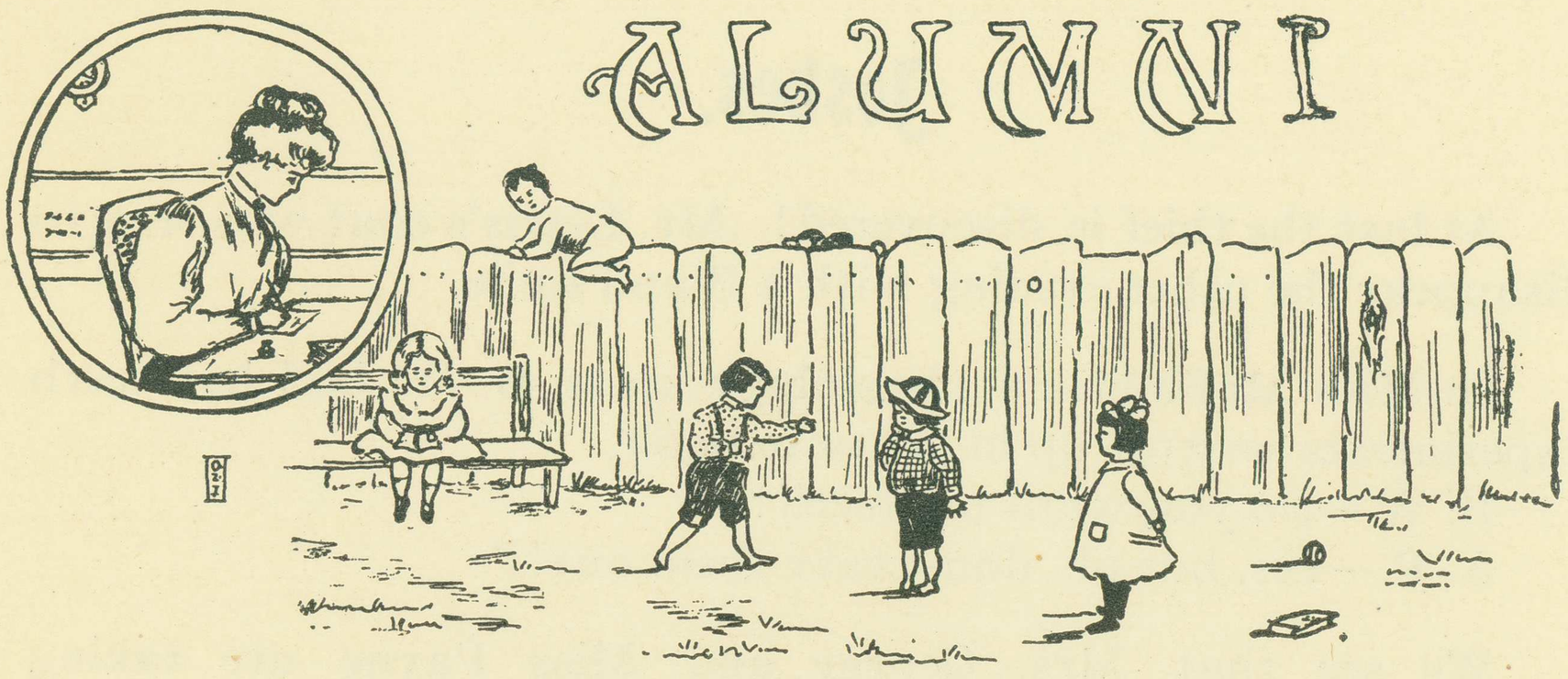
red hearts and smilax were draped from alternate chandeliers and the covering of the lights with pretty red shades added greatly to the charming effect. Large hearts with the Sappho letter in white worked in well with the general scheme, while graceful boughs of bamboo and hanging baskets of ferns gave the proper touch of greenery. Fish nets, together with streamers of hearts and smilax were employed in making most artistic cozy-corners. The patronesses of this affair of the season were the seven faculty members of the club.

The Sappho girls very ably staged Riley's "Ragged Man" before the Assembly on January thirtieth. Dr Schallenberger, and Miss McCabe of the faculty and Miss Barstow, who was chairman of the committee in charge of the program are to be congratulated for the success of their efforts in presenting the play, with the earnest co-operation of the girls in the cast. This presentation of children's poems in a dramatized form has become an annual feature of the Sappho Club.

Sappho's four pledges from members of the Xmas entrance class are Miss Robin Clute, Maritza Ledyard, Jennie McInery and Phyllis Rosenthal.

Said the shoe to the sock,
"I'll make a hole in you."
Said the sock to the shoe,
"I'll be darned if you do."—Ex.

# ALUMNI



Luella Sweitzer, Mary McClellan and Mae Pemberton are teaching in Los Banos.

Mildred French is teaching at Lawrence.

Leila Beason is teaching at Mayfield.

Georgia Ray has taken a school of one pupil and is now Mrs. Harry Gridlestone.

Lily Misenheimer is teaching in the Hanford grammar school.

News comes from Duquoin, Illinois, that Lillian Pope is teaching in the high school there. She has recently enjoyed a trip abroad.

Ola Rowell, Warren Rice and Januita Langdon are attending college at Stanford.

Lawrence Chenoweth has been fortunate in securing a position as Deputy to the State Superintendent of Schools at Sacramento.

Ellida Anderson is teaching at Oleander.

Lue Dulion in Salano County, Edna Carpenter at Madera, Mollie Smith at You Bet, Nevada Co.

Elise E. Kenneyer at Berryessa, Freda Hagerup at Nipoma, Cal., Edith Flanders at Calistoga.

Mary C. Gerrod is at Saratoga, Santa Clara Co.

Maebelle Metzger is in Sonoma County with Leota Wilson.

Selina Floyd, is teaching in Soulsbyville.

Frances Givinn is at Woodland; Frances Gondring at Cambria, San Luis Obispo County.

Mabel Sailor is teaching in the Hamilton School near San Jose.

Jack Brennen and Milton Farmer are at the University of California.

# Joshes.

At last the thief is discovered! Mr. Lewis's coat was seen to disappear the other evening with a Bland smile.

In Miss McFadden's physiology class B. W. had her teeth experiments written up in her note book.

B. W.—Do you want my teeth?"

A. P.—Yes, but oh, don't take them out!"

We see that Mrs. George and Miss Payne are taking "opera"tunity of the leap year privileges.

Mr. Dailey—You know I have a right to swear people.

Class—Go ahead and swear.

It was a Western man who posted up the following notice at an open air concert: "The chairs in front of the band stand are for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated.—Ex.

Marie Foote—When I get to teaching I am going to buy an auto and go traveling all around the country.

Miss Bradley—I have been teaching a good many years and can't even buy the gasoline to run one.

Mr. Baker, in Arithmetic—Miss Ernest, you are death on equality signs.

Mrs. George—You'll find that nothing gives you such a hold on the boys as studying stars with them.

WHY, OF COURSE!

Mr. Atkins (about to lead the school yells)—When I put out my arms, all you girls pay attention!

Mr. Wilson—You can't make $20 gold pieces out of iron. (Class laugh.)

Mr. Wilson—Well, I mean you can't make iron money.

Get busy! Each little joke you submit to the josh editor will go a long way toward putting the rest of us in a good humor.

The Literature Methods class was discussing bird calls. Miss Maestretti expressed a decided objection to the mournful call of the owl at night. Mr. Bland contended that it possessed a certain beauty, but failing to convince her, he remarked:

"But perhaps, Miss Maestretti, you don't like any calls at night?"

Both Mr. Bland and Miss Maestretti looked rather dazed at the resulting hilarity in the class.

When Miss Kinney's class took up the study of worms, she advised them to make the acquaintance of some boys at once. All looked surprised and then she thoughtfully added—little boys.

Miss Payne—Miss Oliver, syllabify ' pantomimic."

After several attempts Miss Oliver correctly spelled and divided the word as follows: pan-to-mim-*i*-*c*.

Miss Payne—Well, I'm glad *you see*!

Miss B.--Miss Kinney, won't you please talk to us about birds today?

Miss K.—Why would you rather have me talk than to talk yourself?

Miss B.—You know so much about this subject.

Miss K. looked up with a surprised expression and said—Well, do you think I know more about this subject than I do others? As a matter of fact I know less.

Miss B.—Well, then, you're a pretty good bluffer!

"Yes," said Miss Payne, "modern science hopes to be able to divine the thoughts of all and it will be a pretty bad day for all of us when that day comes."

One of Miss Payne's criticisms—Miss Moore's pose is good but she hasn't stopped breathing yet!

Minnie F., to a crowd of girls—Oh, look, what a pretty bottom part of a suit Helen has on.

Explanation—A new skirt was the article referred to.

All agree that there's no expression at this Normal without P-a-y-n-e.

Peacock Millinery
Strictly First-Class

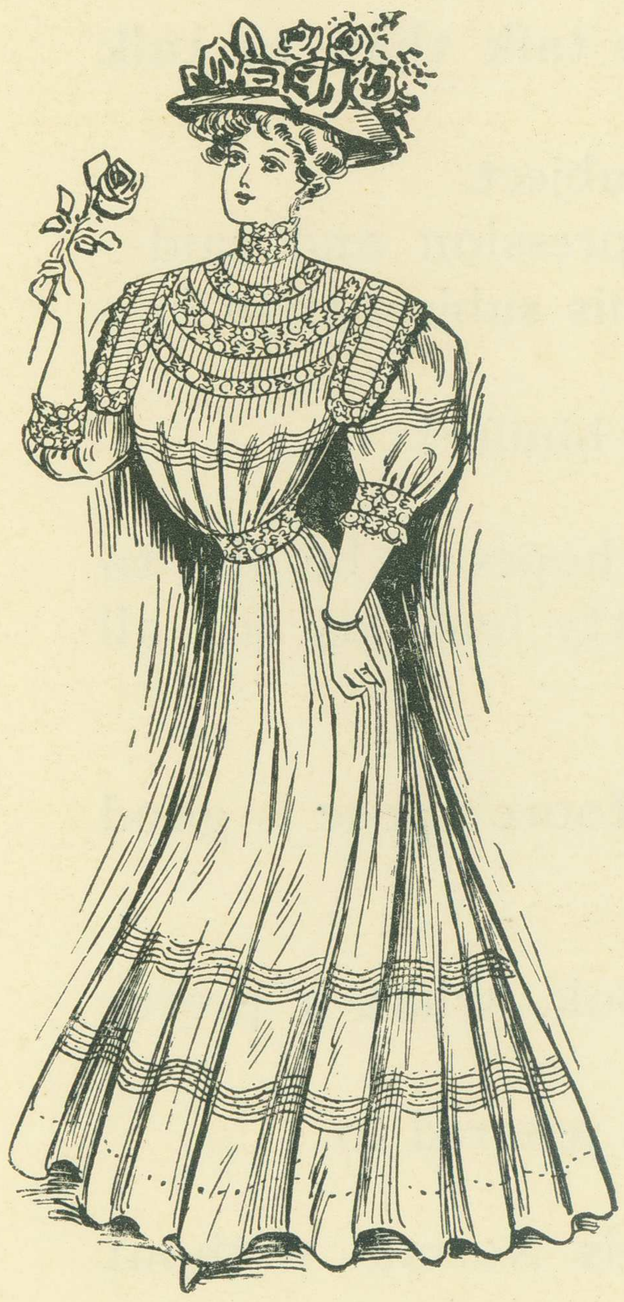
56
South First
Street

Mr. Bland looked very much surprised and amused when he told his class a few days ago that one of the Stanford professors did not think much of his intellectual powers.

Miss Bradley (in Grammar)—Where is Beverly?
Miss S.—In Graustark, I guess.

Say, Pa, why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?
I suppose because he has a taste for music.—Ex.

Doctor—Your wife has water on the brain.
Husband—Serves her right for having her hair dressed in waves.—Ex.



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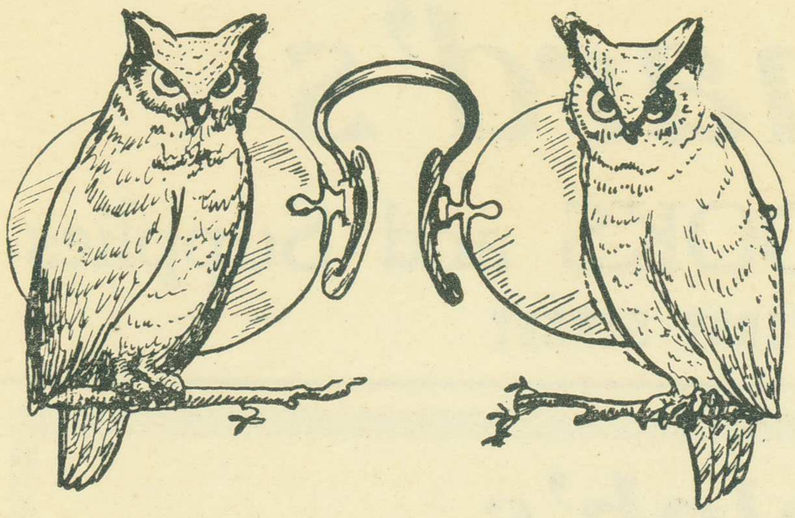
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Miss Ettie K.—Each one of the class bring five earth-worms to school tomorrow.

A deep groan was heard from Miss Barnett.

Miss K.—What's the matter with Miss Barnett?

Miss B.—I thought one was bad enough.


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