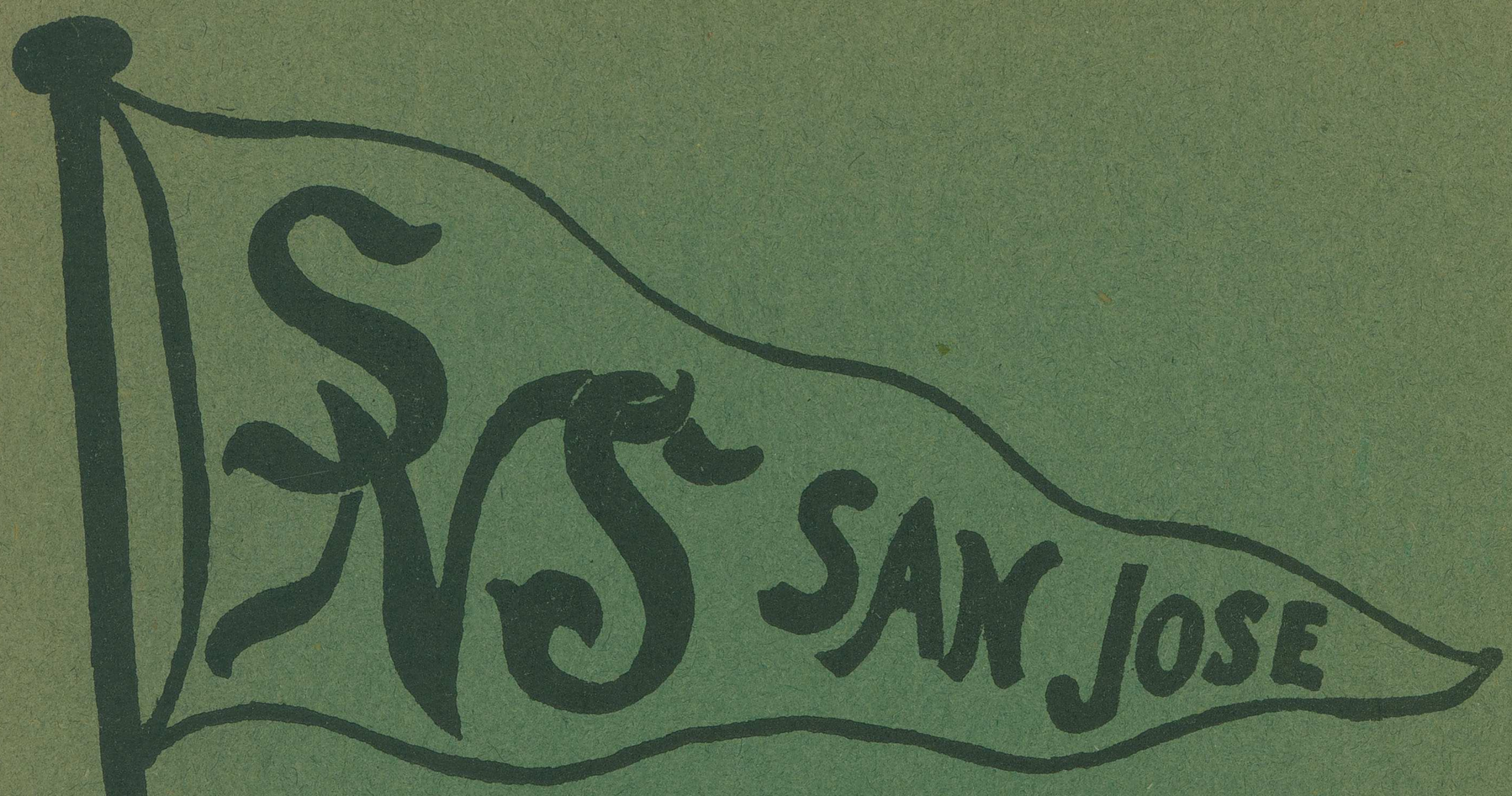
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JANUARY
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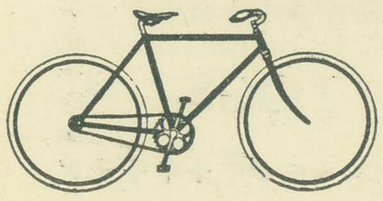
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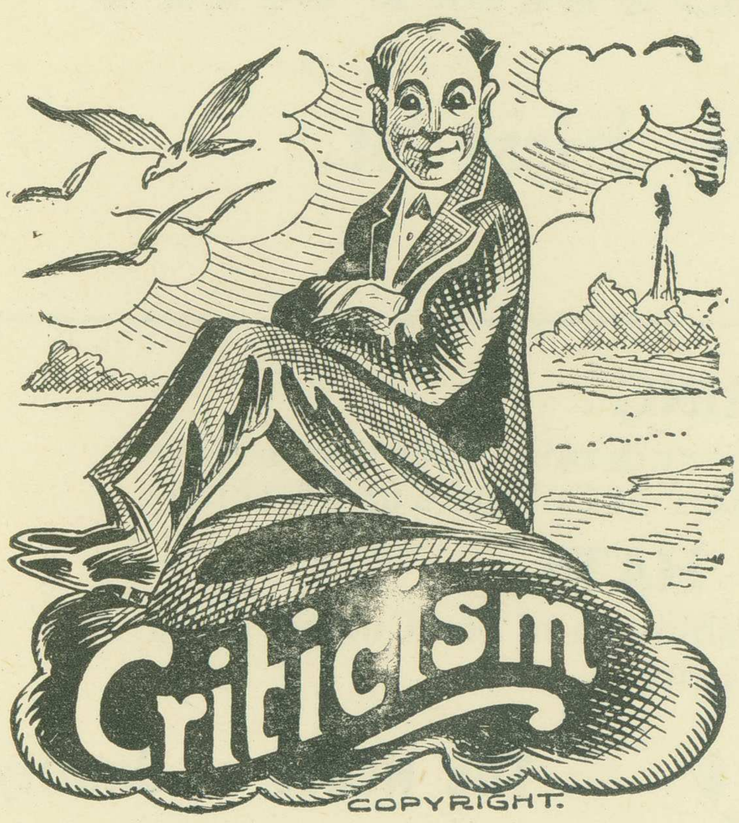
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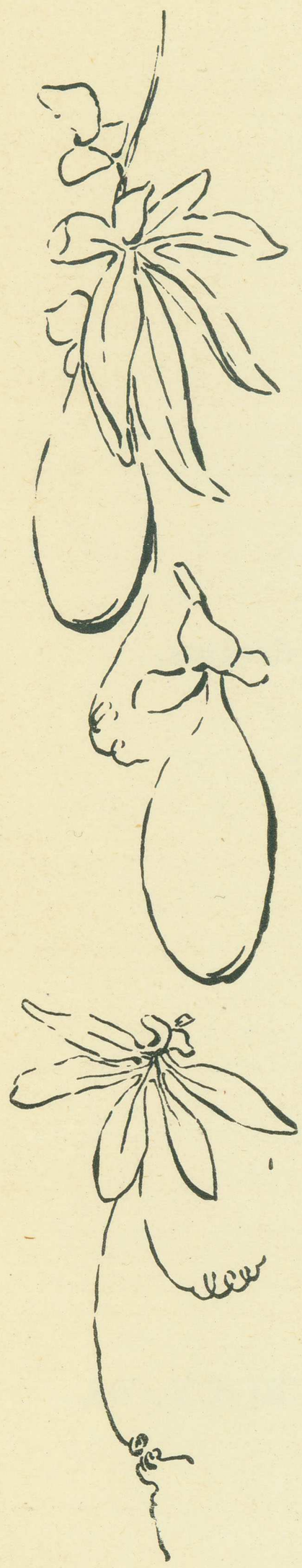
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TO THE OLD NORMAL.

Who knows what unvoiced memories,
  What cherished thoughts and dear, deep dreams,
What fragmentary fantasies
  Were breathed into thy walls and beams?

Year after year a changing throng
  Have trod thy halls with eager feet,
Nor felt the durance irksome, long,
  That in thy shelter was so sweet.

And now, a swiftly crumbling mass
  Of shattered bricks and broken beams,
The time is come when thou must pass
  Into the borderland of dreams.

SIBYL CROLY, '08.

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 - - - - - - JANUARY, 1908

Not only a new term but a new year has begun, giving grand opportunity for all sorts of good resolutions, and we trust some of them take a *literary* turn. Have you ever realized the opportunity you have, if you only care to take advantage of it, in developing your literary ability thru the "Pennant?" Do not think that because your opinion is not shared by the world, that that bars it from the "Pennant"—all the more reason why you thould express it. If you are uncertain as to the advisability of the discussion of the subject matter, do not hesitate to submit it, as the editor is alone responsible for the publication, although his view may in no way coincide with those of the article.

"I have not time," and "I have never tried," are poor excuses. Make time; take time; there is no time like the present time! Have pencil and paper handy and utilize your few spare moments. Sometimes a young author feels a reluc-

tance and timidity in sumitting to the more experienced eye of others, his early attempts. Although it adds much to the interest of his fellow classmen to know the author, he need not necessarily put his signature. Some signature, however, is required in cases where the article might be mistaken for the voice of the school and not an individual.

Seize the present opportunity! A short time and we will all be out in the world with other duties and pleasures to occupy us and no appreciative "Pennant" as an opening for our maiden-verse, stories, sketches, articles, etc. A little practice beforehand and we will be sending up-to-date material to the best pedagogical and story magasines in circulation. Start writing now. Who knows better than we how easy it is to put off till tomorrow what we don't *have* to do today, but it does not pay in the long run.

Perhaps we do not all seek to write for publication in magazines or do not aspire to book writing, but most of us have reminiscences or knowledge and thoughts of interest to others, and the ability, which by half an hour's use of the pen, we could share with others of our own school. We get the advantages of our school gratis, and we read the work of others in our paper. Are we appreciative, and do we shoulder our responsibility? Possibly you have heard the story of the minister and his ofr-repeated sermon? If not, we refer you to Dr. Schallenberger. Then pay attention now, and we will no longer reiterate these same sentiments.

"The S. N. S. Student Body"—Sounds well from an outsider, doesn't it? And I'll warrant you're all proud to be a member of it, when you hear somebody else praise it.

You meet every day in Assembly and sing school songs; you do all the regulation things in the regulation way: you love your teachers; some of you study, and some of you loaf. But you all go to make up the Student Body.

Each one is a part. You may be a large or a small part. Some of you in truth, merely add one to the roll, and it's stretching matters to say that much of you.

In number you are five hundred—four hundred eighty girls and twenty boys; and most of you haven't enough school spirit to last you from the assembly hall to the quad. You girls are self-centered and indifferent to school affairs. you spend your leisure time spoiling the twenty boys, and they are apt—nay, willing subjects. Small wonder that they take with them, when leaving, a bounteous bundle of conceit, and believe themselves adept heart breakers. Would that a Man might arrive, who could withstand the wiles and smiles of the Four Hundred! For, boys, after all it's only because "They really must love some

one," and there's no one elsr in sight but you.

Now, if you individuals could forget yourselves and your particular interests for a spell and work up some enthusiasm for school affairs, there would be something doing that would stir your blood.

You've got the best Faculty in ten states. Live up to it! There's an election coming soon. Make it lively! Make it a fight from first to last, for the candidate you think is best.

Wake up! Cheer up! Be a live, moving, husky Student Body! Work for your school! Be somebody on the Quad! You'll find it rather a pleasant sensation.



We use the last few drops of ink in the editorial fountain pen in a few words of farewell, graceful if possible, sincere at all events.

It has been the aim of the present editor and staff to rejuvenate the "Pennant" to infuse new vigor into its respectable pages, and to make it one of the best of its kind. To what extent we have succeeded is for you to judge. If the paper has grown one whit the better under our administration we feel amply repaid for our efforts.

Students of the San Jose Normal, the "Pennant" is yours. Make it what you please. If you think the Josh column is feeble and inadequate, you as individuals have absolutely no right to say so until you have done your level best to make it otherwise—and not then. If you think the articles poky, the stories tiresome, the poems trashy, you have no earthly right to condemn them until you have handed in livelier articles, racier stories, worthier poems.

If you were sending your photograph in response to a matrimonial advertisement, you would not send one which did an injustice to your personal charms. On the same principle, why send out a paper, which is really a mental photograph of the school, that conveys a false impression of your ability?

Remember, this does not rest with the Editor and staff. It is up to you—and you—and *you*.

Not to abdicate with the taste of a homily in our mouth, permit us to conclude by expressing our appreciation of the co-operation and interest of a majority of the students. It is a pleasure to work for you. If you don't believe this, try it.

CUPID'S CAREER IN THE HOSPITAL.

"Your husband will be short, plump and fond of the water." The last words were spoken amid shrieks of laughter from all the girls.

"Your astrologer certainly knows his business," gasped Winnie when she could catch her breath. "Oh, girls, this is too rich. Has he proposed yet? And, girls, I saw him take Barry's hand yesterday."

"Yes," chimed in Miss Brewer, "When I went past yesterday he was telling her the size of his bank account. A man doesn't confide the amount he has in the bank unless he means business."

Miss Barry rose stiffly. "I don't see in what way this conversation pertains to me. In fact, I do not know who you are talking about," she said, as she tried to reach the door with the proper dignity.

"Oh, you don't," said Winnie, blocking her way. "Perhaps you don't know who Mr. Davis, your nice sea captain, is. To be more explicit, patient number five, in the male ward. He fits the description exactly. Short as a giraffe, plump as a bean pole and fond of water, if you bring it. By the way, girls, I saw Barry carry him nine glasses of water yesterday afternoon. It would be easier to fill one of the sterile tanks and set it by his bed if he keeps this up."

A knock sounded on the door. "Isn't it nearly time that you girls were going back on duty?" wheezed Old Lady Hale's voice. "You know if you are late——" but the last girl was gone.

Miss Barry went directly to the diet kitchen, but hardly had she reached the door when the bell rang. "Number three," volunteered Winnie. "It must be the captain. Go on, Barry, he belongs to you now. None of us will interfere."

"Hush, they can hear what is said in here," said Miss Barry, blushing. "It is bad enough having the captain act the fool, but to have everyone on the alert, that's a little too much."

As she entered the ward, the amused smile of the patients near the door told all too plainly that they had heard. She moved to the bed and turned to see an appreciative smile on each face. "My

pillers is so uncomfortable. Will you fix them, dearie?" was the anxious question as she came up. Then, as her hands came in reach of his, she found them imprisoned in his horny paws. And the convalescent slowly dragged himself from the wheel chair and drew one of the bed curtains. "Shall I draw the other one," he called, but all possible answer was drowned in the shout of laughter which followed.

How she ever wrenched free and got from the room, Miss Barry never knew. When she did it was to find the girls regaling some one with the story of her conquest, and as she stepped up to see who it was, found herself face to face with Thompson, the orderly. "So you would flirt with the patients, would you?" he grinned, as he caught sight of her. "I think I had better put a stop to this," and before she could prevent, he disappeared behind the curtains still drawn around the captain's bed. Half an hour later he appeared, still wearing a grin, and assured Miss Barry that he had settled that affair so that she would not be troubled. There was only one condition attached, that was that she must hold the patient's hand at least half an hour each day.

After this Thompson invariably managed to time himself so that he visited the ward while Miss Barry was straightening up. He never failed to greet the captain with, "Well, Davis, has your nurse been holding your hand today?" and captain's disconsolate reply was always, "No, wish to the devil she would."

Days grew into weeks and the time for the captain's departure drew steadily nearer. At last came the great day when he was allowed to sit up, and, of course, Miss Barry was the one to prop him up. But the effort was too great and, like the heroine in the play, he sank back senseless in her arms. When at last he came to, it was to find Miss Barry bending over him, and once more her hands were imprisoned in his. This time she could not wrench free, but had to listen to his words of love, set to the music of a chorus of giggles, followed shortly after by the patter of rice as it showered around her.

The final parting was not nearly so affecting, and with a sigh of relief and thankfulness Miss Barry turned back to her work. As the days went by with no signs of him, the haunted look gradually left her face when the doorbell rang. In her delight at being free again Miss Barry went down town more frequently, for the fear

of meeting the captain had vanished. One day, however, as she was walking down the street, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and the captain's big voice boomed out over the crowd, "Well, this is lucky. Come on in here and get some ice cream."

"No, thank you, captain, I'm in a hurry today. Some other time," said Miss Barry, as she tried to get past. The captain had waited too long to be turned off now, so kept close at her side.

Miss Barry, however did not intend to be trapped, and ran for the first open door. In and out she dodged among customers and clerks. At last, pausing, breathless, but triumphant in a doorway, she stopped to listen. But all sound of pursuit had died and only the shrill call for cash floated past her.

MARGARETTA B. HARVEY.

THE PEACE OF THE HILLS.

Oh! you vales and crowned hills,
With your dark'ning nooks and rills;
Where the pungent redwood grows,
And the misty west wind blows;
Give me of your freedom wild,
That I knew when yet a child:
For this wasting turmoil—Life—
Baffles with its lasting strife!
Send, oh! send your solace sure.
It alone can keep me pure!

BEATRICE A. JACKSON.

A LETTER FROM BATANGA.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Harriet Cory Hummel to some members of the Faculty, will be of interest to readers of the Pennant:

"Tomorrow will have finished our first three weeks in Africa. The journey hither was ideal in every way. The tropical sea voyage was exceptionally fine—a calm sea, no rain to speak of, and never too warm to be comfortable. There was only one hot day, and that was at Las Palmas, in the Canaries, and that was nothing as compared to the heat we experienced in New York. We went ashore there, and also stopped at a number of African ports, so that I became accustomed gradually to new and peculiar sights. At Monrovia we took on Krewmen to man the boats and look after cargo. At each port a number of natives were taken on as deck passengers. The women and children were hoisted up in the "mummy chair," which frightened them greatly, poor things. Clothing was a scarce article, but most of them had a cloth wrapped around them. The only covering of the babies was beads about their necks, wrists and ankles.

"We arrived at Kribi, the steamer's destination, on Monday, September 30th, at 5 in the evening. We came ashore a mile from the steamer in the ship's boats, towed by a steam launch. There were five boats, one behind the other, and when we reached the breakers the black men rowed us through them, which was quite exciting; but we were fortunate in not getting wet, or our baggage either. The natives were lined upon shore to watch the landing, a hundred or more of them, bare from their waists up; but I had become used to their appearance by this time and was not shocked when a big black man picked me up in his arms and waded ashore with me. Mr. Hummel had our baggage brought together and stored at the English trader's over night; then at 6 o'clock we started for the six-mile walk along the coast to Batanga. We had a boy along to carry us over the streams, a lantern to light us—for it soon grew dark—some sandwiches to sustain us (put up by the steward on the steamer), and thus I gained my first impressions of African scenery and life. We passed through a number

of villages. In one I looked into the hut of a native, where a fire was burning at one end, and they were getting their supper. In one village they called to us to stop, and brought out an albino for us to see—a repulsive looking white creature, the son of black parents. Our walk was within sound and usually within sight of the ocean, and the patch was through beautiful palms, bamboos, and all kinds of tropical foliage. One stream was too deep for our boy to carry us over, and we hired a man carrier who happened along to take us across. When we came to the river, where the the waterfall empties into the sea (the only river of the kind in the world) we had to halloo some time for the ferryman to come for us with his canoe.

"We found at Batanga mission two couples, both married in July, as we were. One gentleman, a physician, had just returned from his year's furlough, as Mr. Hummel had. The other couple were new to the work—fine young people, just from college. They left for the interior two days after we arrived. We were informed that we were to remain at Batanga for the present, as help is needed here; which was a great disappointment to Mr. Hummel, who was anxious to return to his school at Lolodorf, where he had worked hard for a year before going home. But in missionary work one must be willing to go where the need is greatest, and where the committee decides is best.

"So we are located here for two months, and, perhaps, longer. We moved into an empty house, which had not been occupied for five months, and which bugs of all kinds had taken possession of. And within two days we had our establishment started, with a black man for cook and a school boy for second help, and a wash man engaged by the month. It was rather a difficult proposition I was up against at first, because my cook and house boy were very inefficient. The cook had cooked for a white family a short time before and thought he knew it all, which was almost worse than if he knew nothing. Our provisions had not arrived from America, but our English order had come, of coffee, tea, sugar, flour, milk, and butter. I wondered at first how I could keep house with so little. Now I am wondering what to do with all our stuff when it gets here next week, we are getting along so beautifully without it. All kinds of fruits are in season now, most of them growing on the mission grounds—cocoanuts, pineapples,

guavas, mangoes, paw-paws, oranges, limes, sour-sop, palm nuts (from which palm oil is made), alligator pears, bananas, plantains—and I exercise my ingenuity in serving them in various ways, cooked and uncooked. Of them all I like the alligator pears best, and we have them every morning for breakfast, with lemon and sugar. I have never eaten anything more delicious. I have put up mangoes like peaches at home, and we make a sauce of them that looks much like applesauce, and is like it somewhat in taste. I have made guava jelly, which is good as any I ever ate, if I do say it who shouldn't!

"As I look back over the three weeks, it seems more like months, so many new experiences have come into my life. I have cleaned house; it had to be scrubbed all over(and still does every Saturday) to get rid, not only of dirt, but of cockroaches, spiders, ants, wasps, centipedes, chiggers, and such like vermin. We're not entirely free yet, but we're more like respectable folks now. Mr. Hummel had to busy himself in repairing locks and all kinds of mending, and putting a glass door into a bookcase for me to put my silver into; he had no glass-cutter, and had to use pincers.

"The second week after we arrived school began. There had not been a regular teacher for sometime, and the native teachers were running it their own way. So Mr. H. has had a time bringing order out of chaos. The first year children are taught in the native dialect; after that in the German. I have the whole school (104) in singing, and I have twenty-two children in "Auschanung," or picture-showing. We got some large pictures in Germany for the purpose, on which I base conversation and language work. Imagine my teaching in German!

As these children have never seen most of the things of civilization, about the only means of bringing them to their comprehension is constant use of pictures. It is excellent practice for me in German. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure it is I, standing before such a queer looking lot of boys (they are all boys in this school), all with bare feet, some with only a cloth wrapped around them, some with undershirts on, and some with duck trousers; for here on the coast the natives get things from the English and German traders through exchange. The other day a woman came to my door with a pineapple for which she wanted three safety-pins, and I was very glad of the chance to get

it so cheap; for pineapples are not so plentiful on the mission grounds as other fruit.

"Our house is beautifully situated on rising ground, a little way back from the beach. We can look out from our supper table just at 6 o'clock and through the palm trees see the sun go down in the ocean, which is nearly always followed by a glorious sunset. The mission grounds are beautiful with all kinds of tropical foliage. There is a grove of palms and bamboos near us with beds of ferns underneath. There are tree-ferns also and many of the palm trees have ferns climbing up their trunks. There are trees of hibiscus near our house, with large, showy, red flowers, and trees of prangipani with sweet white blossoms, and quantities of rhododendron.

"We have time for recreation, too. There is a good tennis court, and Mr. H. brought some new rackets from America; so at five every day, when it doesn't rain, we have a game. After that we go for a plunge in the sea, and such elegant sea-bathing I never dreamed of before. The water is almost as warm as the atmosphere, and there is no shock at all at the first plunge; so there are compensations in being at the beach, although I prefer the interior.

"It has not been nearly so hot as I had expected. It is warm and moist, and one perspires freely under exertion, but I have not suffered from the heat at all. It is agreeable most of the time almost as warm at night as during the day, but not uncomfortable. The worst is the moisture. This is the rainy season, and it rains every night and often during the day, which is a trial to the housekeepers because there is so little chance to dry things out. All leather things mold. Shoes are moldy over night, and felt hats; even woolen clothing molds that is exposed to the air, but it brushes off easily. The break doesn't brush off, however! Every day I wipe the mold off the leather case in which reposes, carefully shut up, the little clock that strikes the hour nine hours after your clocks have struck in San Jose.

"But it is time to say good-bye, for other letters are waiting to be written. My best remembrances to you all, and to my other friends among the faculty and students.

"HARRIET CORY HUMMEL.

"Batanga, West Africa, October 20, 1907."

THE VALE OF TRUE BEAUTY.

The skeptic is throned in a prison of doubt,
A prison with walls of mist,
That close him in, from the world around,
And even the sunshine resist.

Queen Reason, his consort, waves her wand
And causes the wall to fade,
And a wonderful vision rises to view,
As if by Omnipotence made.

Its mountains slope from the heaven of blue
Till they reach the wide plain of green,
And above, on their heart, a stream races along
Till it nestles, singing, between.

VIOLA LAWSON, '07.

THE PATH OF THE SUN.

In a far country a range of hills lies to the east of a fertile valley. The tallest of these hills stands forward from the others, and around its base curve the green lowlands in a caressing semi-circle. Half-way up the steep ascent lies a mass of stately ruins, overgrown with trailing vines, the home of many little wild things. Against the crumbling pile stand four marble columns, white, perfect, enduring, like one clear song among the misty legends of an ancient people.

Before the most imaginative squirrel ever dreamed that his descendants would one day establish storehouses behind that stately portico, the place was a fair temple. Every night after the valley was wrapped in twilight, the level red rays of the sun caressed the four white pillars of the temple entrance until they blushed. And between the columns stood an old priest with snowy beard and long sable robes, one withered hand raised in farewell to the departing sun. As he pronounced the majestic words of the rite the gleaming eyes under his shaggy brows reflected a fire of devotion to the light-giver.

One evening, after this farewell ceremony had closed the ritual for the day, the priest retired to rest, but sleep did not come soon. He lay and thought in the dark.

He thought back over the years since he had entered the temple service, a glowing neophyte, having all the ardor and ignorance of youth, with youth's world-inclusive ambition for the advancement of the loved faith. Now, an old man, to him remained the fiery ardor, but instead of ignorance there was wisdom, and instead of ambition, humility. Not to him would it be given to see the world conquered by his faith. Even now he could feel his proselytes dropping away one by one. The believers were becoming reduced to a paltry handful. He groaned in spirit while yet he strove to believe that the Sun-god would conquer even through adversity. How dark and silent lay the temple—as dark and silent as if the altars were already desolate—no, not that—let him not word it so—

And the aged priest sank into a troubled sleep.

* * * * * * *

A harsh noise fell across the holy silence like a scourge over the shrinking shoulders of a culprit. The priest raised himself upon his couch to listen with senses sharpened and alert. Nearer and more definite grew the sound until it resolved itself into heavy footsteps and a clatter of armor. Through the stately portal unchecked they passed, and clanged with irreverent tread through echoing corridors. Without the chamber door of the priest they paused and knocked as those knock who may not be denied. Trembling, he arose to admit them. He flung wide the oaken door and stood blinking in the sudden glare of torches and the reflected light from many burnished helmets..

"Why hast thou come?" he asked of the leader.

"To tell thee that thou must go," answered the soldier gruffly.

"I go? Whither?" He quivered like an ancient tree which has first felt the cruel axe stroke.

"Dost thou not know of the great changes which have taken place in the world outside this moldy old tomb? Hast thou not heard that the king has been dethroned, that the people have arisen and thrown off the yoke of religious tyranny, that thy obsolete Sun-god has received his last incense from a misguided people? Thou and all thy kind are commanded to abandon the mummeries of thy superstition and to go forth among the people as one of themselves without rank or privilege. Be silent!" as the priest opened his lips to speak. "Waste no time in parleying. Our leader has sworn that when tomorrow's sun shall rise, a forsaken god, he shall shine upon deserted altars. It is an oath. Make ready to depart."

The priest turned without a word. The blow was mortal, but there was no more of trembling. Without a word he turned and donned the sable garment of his priesthood. He looked around the narrow chambers, bare and poorly furnished, a sharp contrast to the rich hangings of the stately halls consecrated to the Sun-god. A poor place, truly, but for fifty long years it had been his sanctuary. He took one long farewell look, and even the rude soldier paid the tribute of silence to his grief and his white hairs. There was the majesty of unutterable sorrow in his voice as he said, "I am ready."

"Go with him to the gate," said the captain to one of the soldiers.

At the gate the priest paused, glancing first one way and then the other. Which road should he take? It mattered not. He started forward into the darkness. From the temple came a sound of roystering revelry. With a moan the priest of the dishonored shrine sank on his knees beside one of the marble pillars, clasping in his arms the cold stone.

All through the night he knelt in vigil, heedless of the chill of the night wind in the more deadly chill that clutched his heart. He was waiting.

As the first faint glow of dawn appeared he stretched out his arms, and when the yellow sun came up he spoke, "Thou—Thou knowest—" and fell forward, forever silent.

* * * * * * *

And the great sun rolled on his way.

SIBYL CROLY.

Not Good English.

The nine-year-old was reading, but he had one ear open to hear what his mother was saying about the decision of the Court of Appeal.

"Judge Dunne——" she began.

"Say, mamma, that's not good English. It ought to be Judge did."—Ex.

Mistress (an invalid)—Jane, I thought I told you to make some chicken broth.

New Cook—Shure, an' Oi did, ma'am.

Mistress—Well, where is it?

New Cook—Oi fed it to th' chickens, ma'am.—Ex.

THE POEM WE DID NOT WRITE: AN APOLOGY.

(To Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.)

Dear friends, at your wedding, with silver adorned,
And good things to eat, in a row
Six poets or more of the Faculty sat,
With never a poem to show;

The poets that would be, the poets that are,
Those who rhyme, those who make the real thing;
And they thought of the tale of a marriage feast made
For his son, by an ancient-time king.

They remembered the guest who so heedlessly came
The garment for weddings without;
And they gratefully sighed that, unlike that rash guest,
Into darkness they were not cast out.

Pardon "haste," a "poor pen," tasks of opening week—
Good excuses they had, you'll believe;
While, no doubt, each poet hoped some other had
Proper verses in store up his sleeve.

Believe us, good friends, if poems came free
As the love and the tokens we bore,
The air had been vibrant with jingles and rhymes,
Real poems had showered you galore.

But would-be's and jinglers must work for their rhymes;
Poets oft inspiration await;
And on this occasion, when needed the most,
The muse took a train that was late.

And yet, after all, had we written complete
The lines we could form but in part,
Would any have held half the poetry that there
Flowed freely from every heart?

Suppose words all golden had come at command,
  They had not paid the half of our debt
For day by day kindness throughout many years,
  That, day by day, showers on us yet;

For patience that evenly holds on its way,
  That programmes have failed to wear out;
For good-will and fellowship; words that have helped
  When plans failed and ways were in doubt;

For jolly good jokes, for the wit without sting,
  For the smile that defies wear and tear;
For stories passed freely along down the line,
  With a point sure to drive away care;

For the hand ever helpful, that left its own task
  When the road for another was rough,
And laughed off the thanks that welled from the lips,
  Counting joy in the helping enough;

For the courage that stood when disaster o'ertook,
  Found a way when all effort seemed vain—
And here, had the poem been written out true,
  A sad note had joined in the strain;

For the Building we loved, that through the long years
  Sheltered friendships so many and sweet,
Is passing away with the swift-flying hours
  And crumbling to dust at our feet.

And then a glad note of triumph had rung,
  Loud and clear, all the sadness above;
For though buildings may perish, and sink into dust,
  Abiding are friendship and love.

While a deep undertone the full chord would complete—
  The faith we keep fondly alive
That somewhere beyond, the dear things of the heart
  All earth's buildings will ever survive.

Keeping time to our verses, had been one refrain
Of bells twenty-five chiming sweet—
Silver bells, wedding bells, telling off the glad years
With love and contentment replete.

And the poem had closed with words meet to tell
The tribute of each heart aright.
Ah, it had been eloquent truly, I ween—
The poem that we did not write!

RUTH ROYCE.

San Jose, January 11, 1908.

"DICK."

It was a clear blue morning in June, the day after Gladys Ranger, with a party of six, had arrived at the little mountain resort, Miami. It was a restful spot. Near at hand nestled a beautiful mirror-like lake, beyond rose the shattered ruins of an old sawmill. On all sides, thickly-wooded slopes merged into lofty mountains which cast their shadows like protecting wings over this secluded little valley.

As the party started off for their day's sight-seeing all Nature, in her rapturous delight, gave vent to their welcome. The air was soft and balmy, filled with the spicy fragrance from the newly-felled trees and the musical notes of many happy birds. Breaking in upon the still hush of morning, came the harsh shriek of the engine and the wayfarers were brought back to a realization of what the day held in store for them. This sound caused them to hasten toward the train and the call, "All aboard for Sugar Pine," sent them scurrying over the trail, up the worn station path, finally reaching the flatcars, where began a merry scramble for "best place."

The wheels creaked, the great engine moved, and they were off for the woods. All the way up the mountain the train barely crept along. Upon reaching the summit, the party learned that six of the cars were to be uncoupled from the main train and being checked only by the brakes, would go dashing down the steep decline. Always longing for something thrilling, something daring, we are not surprised to see Gladys insisting that they ride these treacherous "break-neck-speed" cars. Her proposal was met with eager approval and, laughingly, they pictured wild escapades, a "helter-skelter" ride which would startle even the most imaginative of newspaper reporters.

As the conversation drifted toward a more venturesome nature, the ardor of the timid ones began to cool and those who had been loudest in their anticipations became dubious and began to consider the risk of the perilous ride. No amount of persuasion could daunt Gladys's determined spirit. Taking her stand on the car, she surveyed them with a disdainful smile as she scoffed,

"You're brave ones, aren't you? I suppose it's 'up to me' to go alone. You'll be sorry when I elope with that handsome brakeman."

The others turned appealingly to her cousin Ned, "Can't you stop her?"

"No," said Ned, as he strode toward the car; "I guess I'll have to get my neck broken too, because I promised Aunt Annie I'd keep an eye on her."

"It isn't every girl who has such a dutiful cousin as Ned," ironically laughed the reckless girl. Turning toward the group on the platform, she called to her chum: "Mayme, you're surely not going to leave me to this grumpy fellow's mercy, are you?" Looking up into Ned's clear blue eyes, Mayme felt that it would be safe to go anywhere with such a protector. In spite of this, she could not shake off her timidity, so reluctantly joined the two.

The brakeman loosened the brakes and they began the perilous descent. "How foolish of those pokey people. What a dandy ride they might have had! This is what I call real fun," said Gladys.

But the speed was gaining, and on and on, and faster and faster, they flew through the air. Trees on either side stretched out in one continued shadowy mass of foliage and the fallen timbers lying on the ground rushed by like phantoms in black and white. Even Gladys felt a breathless terror as she gazed, with wild eyes, down the mountain lying warm and still, but horror laden in the morning's sun. One glance at the brakeman's face was enough. Something was wrong. What was it? Could it be that the car had gotten out of his control and might the mad cars at any time rear, plunge and go tumbling and jostling down, down the mountain? If something was wrong, why didn't he tell them?

Running from first one car to another, Dick Sutton turned the brakes, but to no avail. As he looked back over his football career at Berkeley, no crisis had so demanded sound judgment and prompt action as the impending peril for which he as brakeman was held responsible. Although he was filled with anxiety for the safety of his three passengers, his heart almost stood still at the thought of imminent danger to Gladys. He was thankful he was there to watch over her in this mad daring of Fate, which he had been powerless to prevent. How glad he was she had not recognized him in his new role, the heavy growth of beard and rough

clothes had served well the disguise.

'Twas but a year ago this very day that they had quarreled. Yes; she had been unreasonable and relentless. Could she not see that, as captain, his place was with the team? Nothing could have pleased him more than to have accompanied her to the concert, had she chosen any other afternoon. Why had she asked so much of him? He had lived over and over again the bitter scene and her last words yet rankled in his heart.

Still the cars tore on in their mad rush. Flying from the rear car to the front, Dick stopped a moment at Ned's side and the girls heard him say: "Be prepared! We may have to jump at any moment. If I can not check the speed before the next turn is reached, we are lost!" Hurrying on, he left the three clinging helplessly to one another.

By this time Mayme was so weak from fright that she demanded all of Ned's attention. Gladys, seeing this and realizing Ned's anxiety for her also, bravely reassured him with, "Take care of Mayme, Ned, I'm all right."

Ready for the jump, and not knowing where or how they should land, the three waited for the signal. The wait was not long. Like a funeral knell came the word: "Jump."

Ned and Mayme reached a safe landing, but poor Gladys, where was she? As she jumped a post which helped to support the logs caught in the lacing of her legging. There she hung, head downward, held only by the lacing's slight texture, which might at any moment give way, from being thrown beneath the crushing wheels or dashed against the jagged stone and snags of the bank whirling by.

Dick saw and realized her peril. There wasn't time to reach Gladys, for at any moment the cars might break from the track and hurl her down to a swift but terrible death. His only hope lay in reaching a mighty oak a few feet ahead. If only the lacing would hold out till then. He gathered himself together for the jump, then leaping, he caught the nearest swaying bough with one hand, just in time to grasp Gladys with his free arm as the car went racing past, the next moment leaving the track and go tearing, roaring, tumbling in confusion down the mountain side.

As Dick dropped lightly to the ground with the dazed girl in his arms, he murmured, "There. You are all right—thanks to football and dear old Berkeley."

At the words, Gladys gazed intently into his face, then with a startled look of recognition, fell limply back into his arms with a whispered "Dick."

A REFLECTION.

What a world is ours! What beauty may be had for the asking! How wondrous blue is the sky! How mysteriously purple the everlasting hills! What exquisite colors in every sunset and dawn!

Yet how many of us shuffle along, our eyes fixed ever on the long vista of muddy road ahead of us sighing for the beautiful in life that we may not have, ignoring natural surroundings worthy of royalty and free to all! So, always, is our ambition for the unattainable, no matter of what worth are our present possessions!

When life is dismal, when age-seasoned boarding house appointments become eyesores; when the sticky mud of the streets begins to retard the progress of the soul as well as your feet—forsake your troubles. Climb the foothills bounding this valley to the southward and look around you.

The distant hills lie now in a warm glow of sunlight, now in a soft purple shadow. A filmy, intangible haze veils the valley, shutting off from our view man's blunders. Through this magical atmosphere, the leafless trees take on wonderful ethereal form. Scarcely do the interlacing branches seem real as they taper off into the haze. Yet below us the mud still lies in the streets. Discordance can everywhere be found.

So is it always. Not where we are placed nor what we are made, but where we look and the breadth of our field of vision determines whether the atmosphere of beauty or the sordid clay of hard realities shall be focal in our view.

G. M., '08.

A WORD FROM COLUMBIA.

"Often our thoughts go wandering back to San Jose, and we wonder how the world is moving along at the Normal and if the students ever think of their representatives, here at Teachers' College, in this big, busy, hustling city. The arrival of the Pennant and the right royal reception we give it make us wonder if you might not likewise enjoy hearing from us.

"Straightway, though, we were confronted with a serious problem. It was easy enough to reach the student body, for each and every loyal Normalite takes and reads the Pennant, but what would interest them all? Accordingly, the "will was obstructed," there was no "action" while we "pondered." Should it be—the emotions at leaving California—the enthusiasms over the wonders of the Grand Canon and Niagara—the visit with Mr. Bullock in Chicago, and his telling of his intensely fascinating work at Rush Medical—the pride we take in a most successful arrival in New York, reaching Columbia University on the Subway Express without a single mistake—the cordial reception met with at Teachers' College—the serious interviews with wise Doctors of Learning—the mad hunt for a place to abide, finally crowned with success in finding apartments overlooking the beautiful Hudson with its drives and panoramic view—the visit to Wall street, Trinity Church, the Battery, and Staten Island—the sensation at crossing Brooklyn bridge and first seeing the Statue of Liberty—the feeling of always being on old historic Revoluntionary ground—an election day celebration when eight of us Normal people walked eight miles along a drive lined with multi-millionaires' homes, and passed through Dobbs Ferry and Tarytown and stopped on Sunnyside lane, leading to Washington Irving's home, and made coffee and lunched like true S. J. S. N. S. people—but why enumerate more? Each day brings new sights and sensations as varied, we imagine, as those of the faculty when taking part in student body rallies.

"By this time, unless all your 'instructive curiosity' has been "inhibited" you must be using your "constructive imagination" to try and find the final "stimulus" that caused our "obstructed will" to thus explode. It is nothing more than the reaction to an exami-

nation given in Psychology by Dr. Thorndike. We feel confident that there is no one who will not be interested in it all, from the method of preparation to the final taking thereof, especially when you know that the class consists of about a hundred men and women nearly all of whom have taught any where from one to fifty years. Three of the number some of you may recall, for only last year, at the Normal in San Jose, one gave the students their theories as to the underlying psychological standpoint, scien- Manual Training, another, from a psychological standpoint, scientifically treat Grammar Methods, while a third presumed to teach Psychology as set forth by Thorndike.

"These three looked serious. But rememebred advice given students in former times as regards examinations and began to consider in psychologic manner what had best be done. It was finally decided that a seminar the Saturday night before examination be held and the members for the same be chosen with care.

"Accordingly at 7:30 on the evening of November 23d, in the room overlooking the Hudson, there gathered besides the three mentioned a tall, wise, dignified man, who only last year was a professor in Missouri University—a man of heavier weight and jovial countenance, once president of a Nebraska High School,—an elderly gentleman of note in Indiana educational matters, who possesses a bird of Democracy fast losing its feathers as the new educational theories are advanced—an awfully jolly little Southern lady, who, with a fascinating accent, assured the Manual Training teacher she had worked out Galton's Law and we inherit one-fourth of what we are from each parent, one sixteenth from each grandparent, and one sixty-fourth from each great-grandparent,—a clever lady from North Dakota, who had gotten the examination questions and answers for two previous years—and, lastly, a New York college girl, brilliant in both psychology and sociology, but who had longed to join the seminar as the Phia Betta Kappa Keys and learned appearance of the class had appalled her.

"The cram was continuous and steady. not even stopping for coffee and cake. But all ate and drank as they talked and took a second cup of coffee without a single comment being made as to being kept awake. The arguments were most earnest over the subject of geniuses. We were so sure to have certain questions

regarding them that the most important conclusions were dictated and carefully copied. The time neared twelve; all were loathe to stop; but we had done good work and we felt sure we ought to acquit ourselves with credit on Monday.

"The morning of the appointed day arrived and the liberal. genuine, good-natured, apparently go-lucky big boy, Dr. Thorndike, met us himself and saw that we had papers and questions and told us to go to the library or any place we pleased, if we were not comfortable there,—even told us we needn't take the examination if we did not want to. But we thought of our credit and plunged into it and wrote steadily until the bell rung.

"The Missouri man handed his paper in with the comment. "Mighty little in it." The Indiana man decided his bird had not only lost all its feathers, but had been singed, while the North Dakota lady said: "One consolation,—they don't grade us" (no little c's or stars). Of the three who planned the seminar, two said: "Let's not talk any more about it," while the third commented, "Easy enough if you only answered them right. Wish I hadn't studied so hard."

"In addition to our natural tendency to lecture and moralize, we take Logic and Philosophy with Dr. Dewey, so feel that here is a place for a wise and learned, philosophical and logical conclusion. However, we leave it for you to make, with this one additional fact—there wasn't a single question asked that we studied at the seminar!

ONE OF THE THREE.

AN OPEN LETTER.

In the Pennant for December, 1907, there is a remarkable article entitled "Do We Need a Preceptress?" As it stands without the signature of the author, it may be taken either facetiously or seriously. If one is to read it as caricature of the opinion of a certain class of people enrolled at the Normal School, an opinion bound to "crop up" whenever the "young idea" first leaves home, one may laugh and admire. But, there may be some more seriously inclined, who, perhaps, have not heard that the perpetrator of the essay has said that she could write as much on the other side of the question, but just wanted to rouse a little comment; and who, in consequence, may raise their eyebrows. Nay, even if these have heard this, they may well wonder just why she chose that side of the argument; and the fact that she left the article unsigned may easily lead them to guess that she was quite in earnest when she wrote it. If this surmise be true, the author has several questions to answer before the high court of public judgment. For instance, where did she find her statement that girls of eighteen are expected to be able to stand upon their own foothold? Are not the girls in small minority who have had so much and such varied experience that they are not glad to turn to the advice of an older woman in time of stress? Recognition that this is a fact has put the office of preceptress in every Normal School of high standing throughout the country. Again, what is the author's authority for the remark that there are no preceptresses in college, when every woman's college and nearly every co-educational institution of repute has a woman's adviser; when the need of motherly supervision is so widely felt that every reputable sorority has a house-mother?

As to her cry of "over-maternalism," have we not the answer of science in the fact that, as we ascend the animal scale, the period of infancy and maternal oversight is increasingly lengthened, and the competency of the adult accordingly increased? Or would the author consider this merely impracticable theory?

But here is the most serious question of all. If, indeed, she was in earnest, how was it that she preferred to remain unknown to her audience? Was she afraid? Afraid of too great popular-

ity? Afraid of the ban of official notice? "Free speech" is a good thing in its way, but let us at least have a "nom de plume" and adhere to it.

This leads us to the old question of whether or no our standard of personal responsibility is at high water. You will grant me that the Pennant should represent the real spirit of the Normal School, and that it speaks in great part necessarily what we, the contributors, make it speak. Yet, I have had positive proof that the attitude taken in this article is not representative of the school; and, further, that the idea of the office of preceptress adopted by the author is neither that of the students, nor of the present holder of the office. It would be a sad failure indeed if the dignity of woman's adviser were harnessed to the mean necessities of petty policeman. Even as it stands, the position is most difficult, requiring as it does personal dignity, wide experience of human nature and constant tact and judgment. And the greatest support that each of us could give its holder would be all too little to show a due appreciation, either of our need of her, or of her good work in our behalf.

MADGE CUNNINGHAM,
Class of March, 1908.

When Adam in bliss, asked Eve for a kiss,
She puckered her lips with a coo,
With a look quite ecstatic,
She said most emphatic,
I don't care Adam if you do.—Ex.

CHRISTMAS EXERCISES IN THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

A year ago a protest was made from the Jewish quarters of New York against the Christmas exercises in the public schools. The consequence of these exercises was the absenting of hundreds of children of these districts at this time. The Hebrew sentiment is expressed in the Jewish Tribune (Portland, Ore.) "that forcing one's children into a religion which his parents do not share is un-American." That "the demand of the Jews to eliminate from the public schools any exercises which bear the character of any religion is just and should be granted."

The matter was taken up by the Board of Education in February, 1907, and resolutions adopted forbidding the singing of sectarian hymns and largely preventing further publication of them for school use. No objection was found, however, to Christmas trees, which might be considered merely to exemplify the spirit of giving and receiving and of love and charity. It is easy to understand the objection made, especially on the part of the Russian Jews, to whom the name of Christ symbolizes only the bitterest injustice, persecution and murder, as at Kishenev and other places. But whence comes the idea of Christmas, and giving and receiving? It seems a farce to have these exercises with no meaning behind them—merely omitting the name of Christ! Then, how could they be Christmas exercises and Christmas trees? The United States is a Christian nation and it seems strange that in its public schools, where by far the majority of the children are Christians, there should be no recognition of the Christian Faith. It would seem natural that they should favor and not forbid the recognition. It is obvious that the Jewish children could not participate in the Christmas exercise and that the majority of the children of these schools are Jewish, but the total number of these schools bear a small proportion to the whole number of New York schools. It would seem feasible to make special arrangements for the Jewish children during the exercises, instead of letting the whole community suffer the omission.

CONSTANCE DOUGLAS, '08.

NEWS AND NOTES.

So far there has been very little doing at school along social or athletic lines. Every one is trying to get settled down after the gay festivities of the holidays and the readjustment will take two or three weeks. Then we will begin to live again in the good, old Normal way.

Quite a number of our students have taken tickets for the Jan Kubelik and Paderewski concerts, to be given in the Stanford Assembly January 20th and February 27th. Through the efforts of Miss Fischer, who always trys to put us in the way of good music, we were able to get the same rates that were given the college students. Every one is looking forward to these concerts with a great deal of pleasure and interest, for both men are world-renowned musicians of great power and talent.

The Junior B '08 and Junior B '06 classes gave a very jolly dance Friday evening, January 17th, at the Bohnett home in Campbell. The crowd went out on a special interurban car and were met by a brass band, so to speak, and escorted to their destination, which is the home of one of the members of Mr. Lewis' class. The little hall was very prettily decorated and every one had a "keen" time, or so they say. The affair was a leap-year one, with all the leap-year privileges. Refreshments were served and the return was made some time between Friday and Saturday. From all reports, Miss McFadden and Mr. Lewis make dandy chaperons.

Mrs. Macaulay has been very liberal in giving the Assembly some beautiful solos this past week. Her two whistling offerings were highly appreciated and she was heartily encored.

It is understood that Mr. Dailey has secured the consent of Major Piexotto to have the Columbia Park boys visit Normal, and, perhaps, give us a few "stunts." This will indeed be a pleasure for the boys are very clever indeed.

From the December classes of the colleges and San Jose High School, a number of students have entered Normal. Of course the college girls. who are just coming here for their six months' practice in teaching. are treated with the respect they demand as due them, but it is rather amusing to see the mistakes even "they" can make in

the Training School. It is very evident that their education has been along entirely different lines from that which is given in our school. Anyway you lend an air to the place, Stanfordites-Berkeleyites, and we welcome you here among us. High School students, you. too. are more than welcome, for the S. J. H. S. students always stand by the Normal with a firm and unfailing loyalty.

Like so many children the dignified girls and boys of our school waited until four o'clock Friday afternoon to meet Major Peixotto and a portion of the Columbia Park Boys of San Francisco. Mr. Dailey met them at the station with a carryall and escorted them to the Assembly Hall, where they were given a royal welcome. Their solos and musical numbers were greatly appreciated, and heartily encored. The boys are certainly very clever in all their "stunts," and much credit is due Major Piexotto, whom they all admire and love to please.

During the fourth hour, January 25, Mr. Chester Rowell, editor-in-chief of the Fresno Republican, gave a very interesting talk on the part that we, as teachers, would play in shaping the lives of the younger generation, intellectually, morally, and politically. After this talk he was encored and requested to give us a political speech, so reverted to his hobby with enthusiasm and gave us a glimpse of the conditions of San Francisco politics.

The twenty-three members of the March class, who will "skidoo" from Normal in nine weeks, treated the assembly the other day with an original song sung to the tune of "Solomon Levi."

The 8a class of the Training School were graduated with due honor Friday afternoon, January 25, 1908. The music was under Miss Emerson's direction and was very good. Several recitations, monologue, class oration and a class prophecy were given by different ones among the graduates. Dr. Schallenberger's talk was greatly appreciated by visitors, Normal students and pupils. Almost all of the twenty-one in the class will continue their studies in the High School.

After the graduation exercises the class entertained the Training School faculty and the 8a teachers with a banquet.

FACULTY NOTES.

Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger will go to Washington in February to address the Superintendent's meeting in connection with the N. E. A. She has chosen a very difficult subject, "The Function of the School for Training Right Conduct," but all are agreed that she will bring honor, not only on the women of California, but the State at large.

Miss Sprague has taken the place in the office of Miss Smith, who has resigned to take upon herself the charge of one instead of a whole school.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on the 10th of January. Mr. Wilson took Dr. Dailey home with him to dine, but, much to his unbounded surprise, found the whole faculty there ahead of him. Supper was served during the late afternoon and all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Among those present outside the faculty were Dr. and Mrs. French of Saratoga, intimate friends, and Mrs. Waring and Miss Blythe, sisters of Mrs. Wilson. Miss Jessica Wilson, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, assisted in receiving. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were the recipients of a beautiful silver loving-cup, the gift of Dr. and Mrs. French, and a handsome set of table service from the Normal School faculty.

Miss Howe (speaking of Professor Bourne)—"I heard him talk one time. He's a little bit of a weazened-up man, like Mr. Baker, but he's got a big head like Mr. Baker, too."

"I do not feel that, physically, I am old enough to be put on the shelf."—Prof. Baker.

Mrs. George—"I have no doubt but that in twenty-five years you will all be flying around all over the earth." We wonder when the wings will begin to grow.

Freshie meets Senior in quad.

Freshie—"Are you taking U. S. History?"

Senior—"No; I've had it."

Freshie—Oh, that's too bad! I was looking for some one who knows something about it."

Mr. Baker (advertising lost property)—Now, here's a hairpin that I have no particular use for."

Miss Ernst—"Save it for Mr. Wood."
Mr. Baker—"We buy wheat by the hundred weight."
Pupil—"Isn't that the same as a sack?"
Mr. B.—"Oh, no; a sack is—er—just whatever it weighs."
Miss Kinney was giving a second grade class in Nature Study a talk on the use of gravel in a chicken's gizzard; said that it corresponded to our teeth, when a little boy, very seriously, asked: "Miss Kinney, does the chicken ever have the toothache in its gizzard?"

Miss L. (in First Arithmetic)—Now, Mr. Wood."

Mr. Baker—"Here now, don't you call me Mr. Wood!"

Have you read the latest book, "Around the Quad with Tommie and the Dog in Eight Minutes"? by Jeanette King.

Mr. Baker—"What do plasterers use to make a plane surface?"

Miss Phillips—"They use a plumb line!"

College Professor—Do you understand punctuation thoroughly?

Freshman—Sure. Four commas to a line, and a period after every twenty words.

Teacher—What is the pleasantest time of the year?

Pupil (hesitating)—When—

Teacher—Well when what? Don't be afraid, boy.

Pupil—When you go abroad.—Ex.

Let us then be up and doing;
All becoming money kings.
Some day we may be endowing
Universities and things.
Lives of billionaires remind us
That we've got to own the stock,
If we want to leave behind us
Libraries on every block.—Ex.

Athletics.

CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB.

The Cross-County Club has not been heard from for some time. The reasons are, of course, bad weather, poor roads, and a vacation to forget.

Perhaps your start was too sudden and the pace too fast at first for most of your members. If so, you had better "key" down a little and let all get started together.

The much-talked-about trip to the Boys' Outing Farm has been postponed, owing to rain.

A long trip to some mountain ranch is to be taken soon, but when and where will be posted later.

TENNIS

Let the good work continue, and our new court will soon be finished.

Last Saturday found a dozen young men of the Tennis Club busily working on the new tennis court. It was slow work, but after several hours of merry digging, all the holes for the posts surrounding the court were completed.

Thanks to the girls for such an elaborate spread. The boys did justice to the many good things the girls had prepared for them to partake of, after their hard tussle with mother earth, and some expressed their joy of its being leap year.

It is the spirit of the doing, and not the work, that counts after all, and I am glad to say this spirit of good fellowship and of working together is found in our Tennis Club.

The tournament will start as soon as the weather permits.

BASKET-BALL.

We are quite glad to hear that our basket-ball girls are getting a little practice with the San Jose High School team. Surely it would be better for both teams could they meet more often.

A few weeks ago they met for a practice game, and, of course, our team won, but the score was close and some exciting playing was done on both sides.

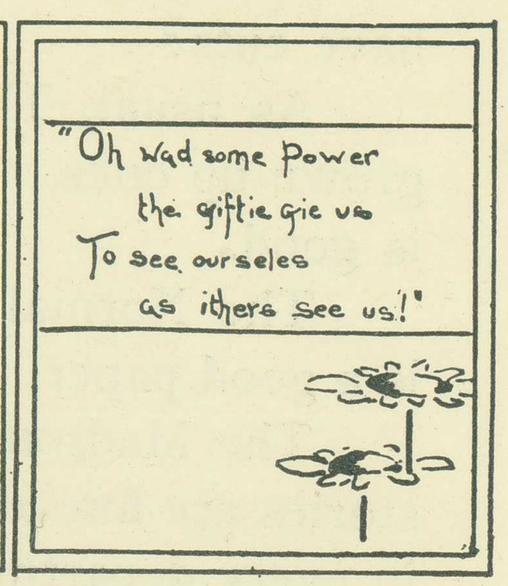
The team who represented our school were all Junior girls, under the captainship of Elsie Northrup.

What can be the matter with our Senior girls? Is it that they have to work too hard, or is it that they have grown tired of the game?

Whichever it may be, Seniors, don't let the Juniors do all the work for basket-ball.



Exchanges



The Native American continues to come to us every week from Tucson. It is a bright, cheery publication and contains very good reading. Success to you.

Another Arizona paper is the Tempe Normal Student. The best thing in it this week is the cut showing the latest fashion in "Normal Evening Dress."

Thank you, Trident, for your favorable comment on our recent efforts along the journalistic line.

That's a clever cover design you had last month, Wild Cat. Your stories are good, too.

Oriole, Campbell High, is a pretty fair production. Your exchange column is good, but you never mentioned The Pennant.

We acknowledge also The Redwood, from Santa Clara College; M. H. Aerolith, which comes from far-away Wisconsin; The Oak, with its fine cover design; Science and Craft, from Chicago; The Alert, Turlock High School; Dictum Est; The Manzanita, from Watsonville, and The Clarion, from away down south in "Dixie."

To all we extend hearty greetings and best wishes for continued prosperity.

The Review (Sacramento) is a neat little paper, but has few cuts. "An Historical Muddle" is a clever story.

The Gleaner (National Farm School, Penn.) seems to be a football organ, but we suppose there are other activities and interests.

The most notable thing about the E. H. S. News (Eugene, Ore.) is the good collection of stories it has. The story, "Caesar," would inspire any one to study Latin.

College Echoes is a persevering little paper, but why doesn't it have cuts?

As usual, The Tocsin is splendid. The stories are fine, real grown-up ones. The cover is neat and the arrangement of material is good.

The Normal Record (Chico) hasn't a single cut, otherwise it is a good paper.

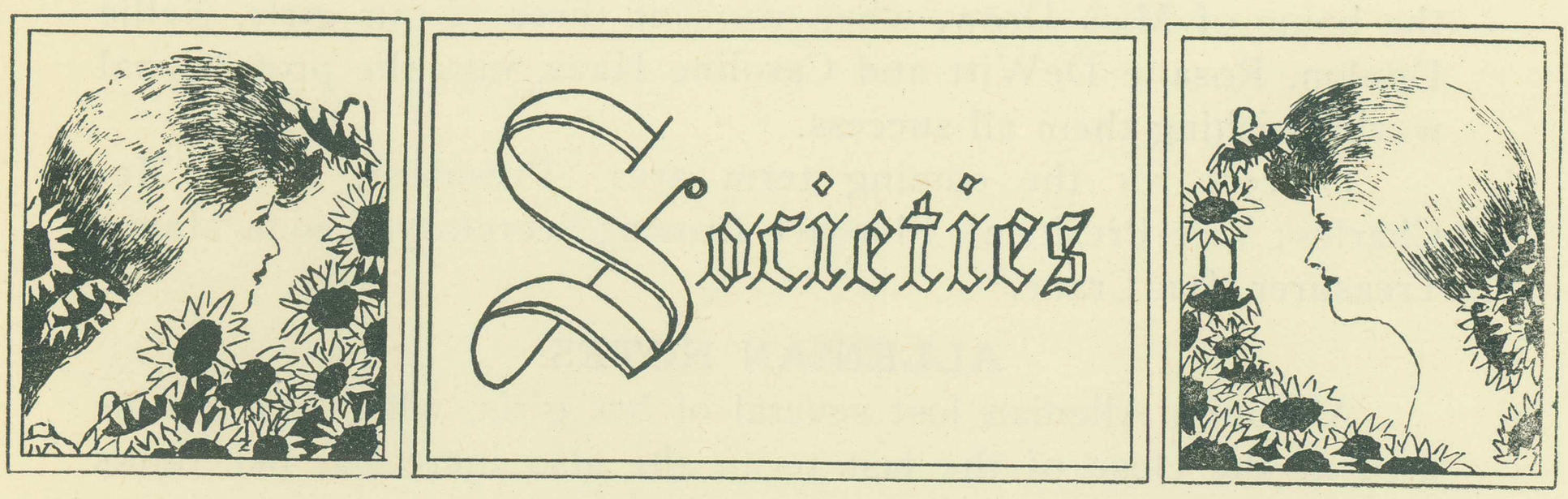
The Madrono Xmas number is keen. The cover is taking, the stories are fine and the cuts are good. Few exchanges as excellent in every department as the Madrono ever reach our hands.

El Granito (Porterville, Cal.) is a new exchange and a most welcome one. The paper is not large, but what there is is well gotten up.

The White and Gold is here again, glistening, but still without cuts. There must be an artist at Mills College.

Our friend, The Janus, is as excellent as ever. The good exchange column is a treat.

We have many other interesting papers on our table. Some show great ability and have the right kind of material, while others are not so good. A few of the best are: The Wyoming (State University), Kodak (Eau Claire, Wis.), The Porcupine (Santa Rosa), Sequoia (Redwood), The Elm (San Mateo), The Temple Normal Student (Tempe, Arizona), and The Tiger (Lick, S. F.).



SAPHO NOTES.

Sapho has taken up her work with enthusiasm since the return of her members from their Christmas vacation. She hopes within the next two terms to carry out several undertakings which are already under way.

On Friday, January 17th, the usual weekly meeting was held in Miss Bassler's room. After the business meeting, which was especially enthusiastic, the girls enjoyed a dance, which was planned and carried out by the Program Committee. After the dancing was finished refreshments were served and enjoyed heartily by all.

BROWNING.

The Brownings have begun the new year with unusual enthusiasm, and are making many plans for the following months.

Last Tuesday evening the Society was royally entertained by Miss Grace Gould, at her home on Seventh street. The evening was spent in games and contests, for which prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served later, and the girls departed for home, gaily declaring that many more such times were coming for the Browning girls.

The coming Friday, after school, a program is to be given in which several accomplished members take part. After the program all will enjoy a big feed and a general good time.

EROSOPHIAN.

The Erosophians have returned from vacation and are preparing for an interesting term.

Last term was fittingly closed with a very pleasant evening at

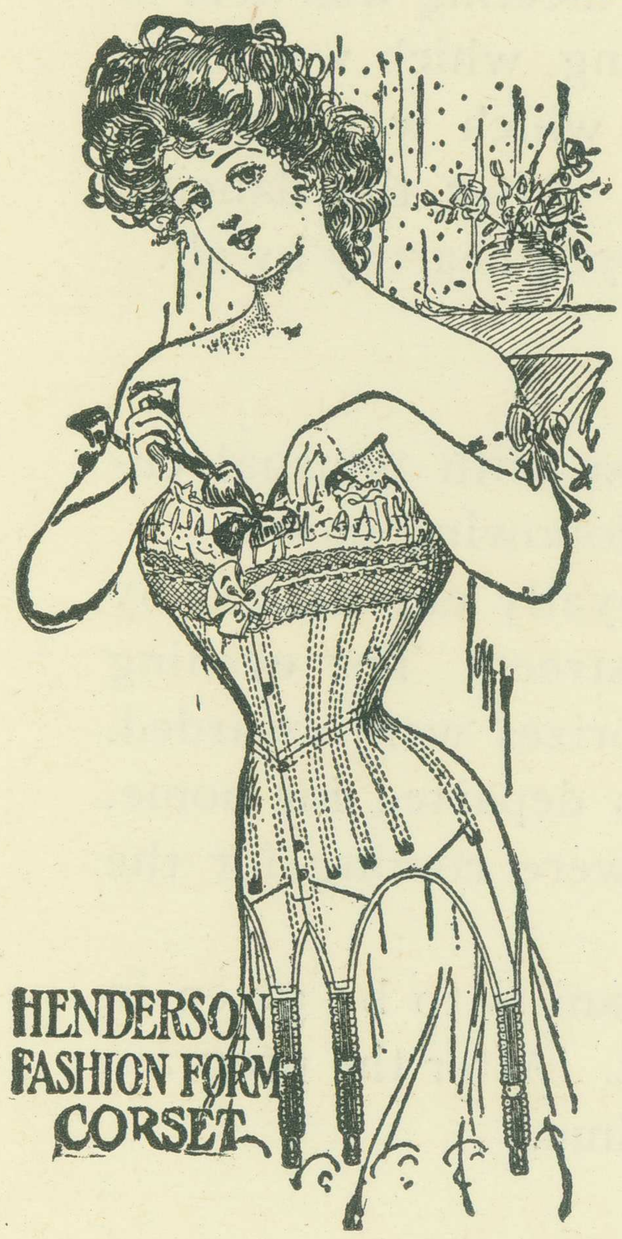
the home of Miss Drew, when we sent three of our girls, Nellie Donlon, Rosalie DeWitt and Caroline Haas, into the professional world, wishing them all success.

Officers for the coming term are: President, Leora McCharles; Vice-President, Florence Brown; Secretary, Leona Mayo; Treasurer, Iva Crane.

ALLENIAN NOTES.

Although Allenian lost several of her girls, who were graduated at the close of the last term, she also increased her ranks by the addition of many new members.

The new term has opened for Allenian with great zeal and enthusiasm on the part of her members. Many social gayeties and interesting programs have already been planned. Our first delightful program for the new term will be given Friday, January 24th, in the Assembly Hall.



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endorse the Henderson's Fashion Form Corsets. In fact notable Culture Schools throughout the east insist that their students wear the new Lace Front styles altogether.

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Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, I am afraid Johnny has caught the measles. He's been playing with those Smeddler children."

Mr. Chugwater—If the children are anything like old Smeddler, Maria, they wont' give Johnny the measles or anything else without a mortgage and 8 per cent.—Ex.

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ALUMNAE NOTES.

Jerry and Fritz are two white rats; have made their home at the Normal School, no one knows how long. Of course, they are very much interested in everything pertaining to their home, and very often they meet in some quiet corner to talk over things and to share their knowledge and bits of news that they may have gathered in their wanderings about the buildings.

Not long ago I was sitting quietly in one of the class rooms with the idea of studying, when who should steal into the room but Jerry and Fritz. Studying was quite out of the question with two such interesting visitors as these, so I quietly laid down my book and felt no shame in evesdropping on such interesting conversationalists. No doubt they thought they had the room quite to themselves, for quite fearlessly came their voices from behind the door, where they had stationed themselves.

At first I could hardly make out the thread of their conversation, but I'm sure I heard something about a "new rule," "hard times," and then I was sure I had a clue when I heard Fritz say that she knew of one or two who still brought their lunches in paper bags.

Indeed, thought I to myself, this is interesting—so I determined to not allow one word to escape me. What joy was mine when the conversation turned at last to the olden days, for I saw at once my two little friends behind the door were furnishing me valuable information for the Alumnae column.

Jerry was all excited over some of the visitors at the Normal School this last month, and she was trying to tell Fritz all she knew in the fewest words possible. Fritz was trying to talk louder and faster and tell whom she had seen. I will not quote, but will try to give you the substance of the information imparted.

Bert Montgomery, who was graduated with the Xmas class of 1902, visited San Jose recntly, so, of course, came to the Normal to say a "hello" to his old friends on the faculty. Jerry and Fritz were exceedingly glad to learn of his success since graduation, and so, of course, are we all. Mr. Montgomery went from Normal to the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated with

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A city man had a friend in from a north country farm on a business matter the other day, and they lunched together at a restaurant. The Cork man ate his meal entirely with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered that he had no fork.

"Look here," he said to the city man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one," replied the city man seriously.

"The deuce I don't!" came from the farmer. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—Ex.

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high honors, holding a law certificate. At present he is practicing law in Oakland and is interested in the development of San Juan.

Speaking of San Juan reminded Jerry of the visit Carmel Martin paid to the school before the holidays. He also is a graduate from Normal and from the University of Michigan, and, further, his story is the same, in that he too is interested in the development of San Juan.

Helen Mignon is principal of a school in Ring City, Cal. Miss Mignon was graduated in 1901 with the Xmas class.

A very interesting letter was received this month from A. J. Hamilton, June, '07. He is principal of a large school in Petaluma, and from other sources we hear he is doing very good work.

Alice E. Stockton, June, '07, has started on a second term's work in the Charleston District, near Los Banos.

Gertrude Ganwood, since her graduation, has been teaching at Oil Center, Kern County. She is now contemplating a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Hardly a more interesting report can be found than that of Miss Bera Baumgartner, who writes of her experiences as a Manual Training teacher in the Berkeley schools. Miss Baumgartner was graduated from this school in June, '07, with special recommendations for her work in Manual Training. We are glad to hear of her success in the Berkeley schools.

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Mrs. Golightly—"How seldom? Oh, doctor, think of our cemeteries!—Ex.

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for all
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"Young man, don't you know that it's better to be alone than in bad company?" Yes, sir. Good-bye. sir."—Ex.

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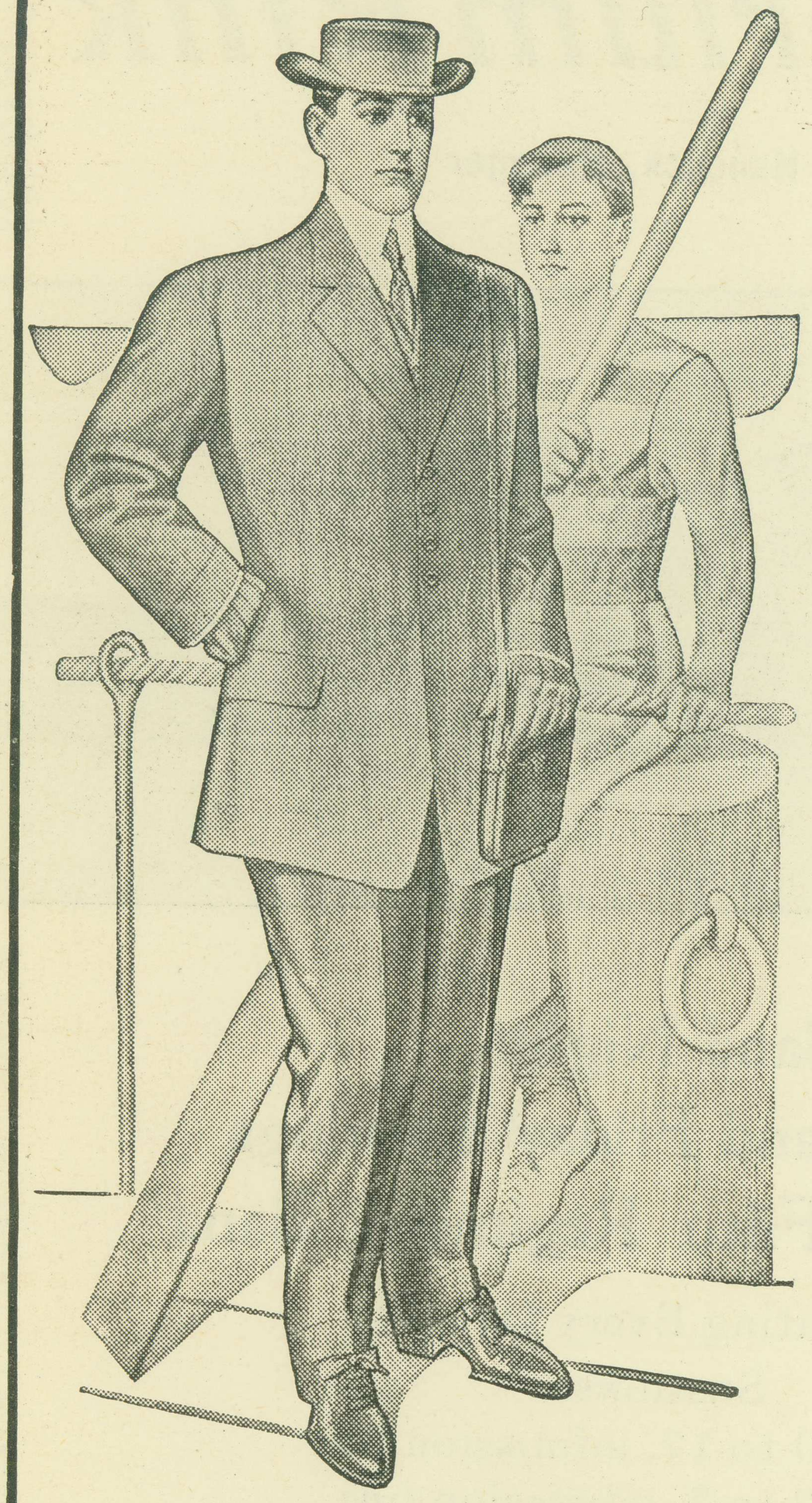
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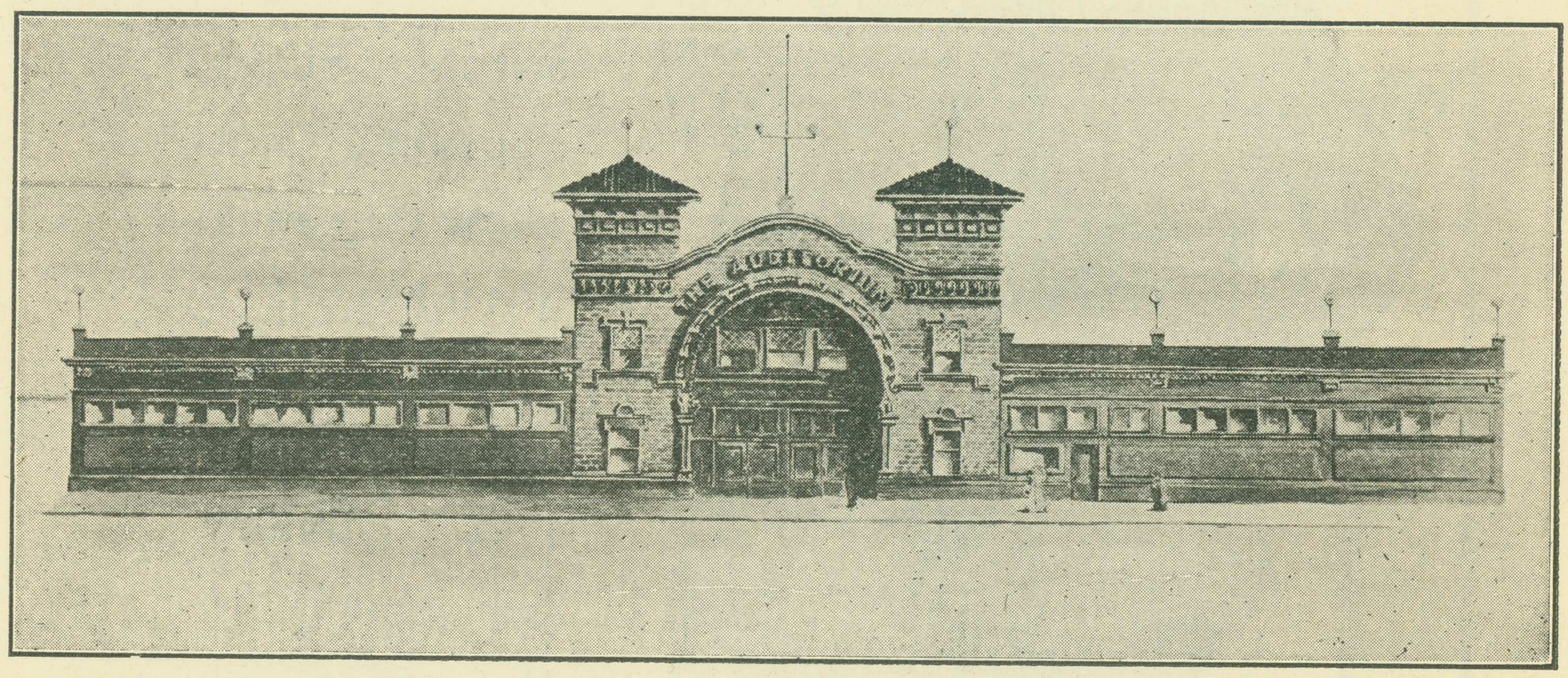
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