Normal Pennant

December '05

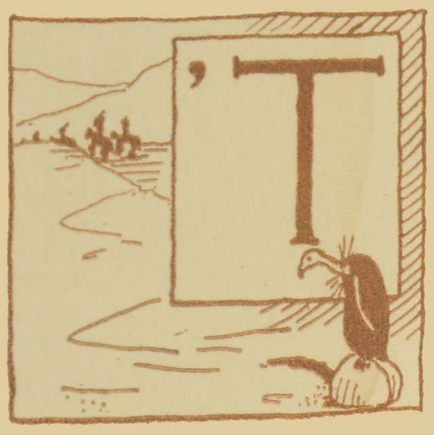
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San Jose, California
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TO the Student Body and Faculty of the San Jose State Normal School, this souvenir edition of THE PENNANT is respectfully dedicated by the December Class, '05.

Class motto:

Carry the best to the
farthest corners.



THOUGH YOU COME AND GO LIKE THE TIDE
THAT RUNS ON THE ROCKY SHORE,
THOUGH YOU LOITER BUT FOR A MOMENT
AND VANISH FOREVERMORE;
YET THE ROCKS OF THE GRIM OLD SEA-COAST
YOU MOULD, AND YOU SOFTEN AND WHIRL
TILL, CLEAR AND WHITE ON THE WAVE-LINE,
ARE THE DRIFTS OF MEMORY PEARL.
AND THE BROKEN CLIFFS OF ENDEAVOR
YOU HEAL WITH THE MILD SEA-COVE;
AND THE GRAY BLEAK CRAGS OF THE HEADLAND
YOU DASH WITH THE SNOW-SURF OF LOVE.
AND THUS IN AND OUT FOREVER
YOU SWEEP AND EDDY IN GLEE
TILL THE ROUGH OLD GRANITE BOULDER
IS DEEP IN THE CALM OF THE SEA.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

The Holly.

A flower we sought for our peerless class
Of December, '05, our Normal's pride;
We pondered for long, but we chose at last
The holly which blooms at the Christmas tide.
The shining holly, the crimson holly,
Which blooms at the happy Christmas tide.

For the holly is bright, and the holly is blithe,
And it gladdens us all with its crimson glow,
As it glances and gleams 'mid its shining leaves,
While the soft winds bend it to and fro.

And far and wide, at the Christmas-tide,
On stately palace or cottage wall,
The holly glows and the holly gleams,
For it booms alike for the great and small.

So we chose it to be our own class flower,
And we weave it in garland, in story and song;
And the glow of its crimson glory will shine
On our lives, when the hours grow sad and long.

And now we are bringing its clusters bright
To hang in our dear old Normal halls,
Which soon we must leave for the halls of life,
There to tread in the pathways where duty calls.

But the memory of those whom we leave behind
Green as the holly-leaves e'er will be,
And warm as the berries' bright crimson sheen,
For them be our friendship and constancy.

And, oh! may our lives in the after-years
Be true and noble, and free from pride,
Cheering and blessing whome'er we may meet,
As the holly which blooms at the Christmas-tide.
The shining holly, the crimson holly,
Which blooms at the happy Christmas-tide.



The Aurora.

For a number of years it has been in the minds of students and faculty to introduce into our Assembly Hall a bit of color. The place for it is just over the rostrum and beneath Donatello's frieze, "The Singing Gallery." The picture chosen to best fill this space is "The Aurora," by Guido Reni, a small copy of which is here shown. It represents Aurora, the goddess of the morning, flying ahead of Apollo, the sun-god, and attended by a joyous crowd of followers. The idea comes from the beauty-loving Greeks, who, watching the rosy tints of dawn, fancied there a beautiful goddess, and then, as the sun arose, saw in it a chariot drawn by the fiery horses of the sun's rays, and driven by the sun-god.

Guido Reni has given us this myth in a picture so beautiful in light and color that it is numbered among the world's twelve greatest pictures.

An excellent copy can be placed in our hall for about two hundred and fifty dollars. The June class of nineteen-five began the subscription with fifty dollars. Christmas class plans to add its full share, so that if each succeeding class does the same, we may return some day soon to see a gift in which we may well be proud to claim a part.

NINA DAVENPORT.

Evelyn's Inspiration.

By GRACE HOOVER, Hanford, Cal.

The train slowed into the station, smudging the sky with smoke. One solitary passenger alighted, a tall young woman in tailored gray. She swung past the porters and baggagemen, crossed the railroad in the wake of the departing train, and crunched down the sand to the water's edge.

"At last," she cried, flinging back her veil with impatient hands, "old Monterey at last!"

Yes, there it lay, a quaint old tumbledown Spanish town, nestling confidingly amid the pine-clad hills, and creeping from their slopes down to the white beach below. At her feet Stevenson's "fish-hook" bay circled in lapping blue. On the brow of the cliff above, Father Serra, white, majestic, rose in monumental solitude. Farther up a lonely flagstaff floated Old Glory on the fitful breeze. Clustered near rose the white walls of the presidio buildings, while here and there was an officer's house set in a blaze of flowers. To the southward old San Carlos raised her tower and bells above her age-mellowed walls. Everywhere through the moss-mantled trees peeped low adobe walls and red-tiled roofs—silent reminders of a past that is no more.

The girl on the white shore swept the scene with shining eyes.

"Oh, but it's good to be here," she laughed. "What joy to be free here! Two weeks in this Eden!"

A big, brown dog sniffed her skirt inquiringly.

"Hello, old fellow," and she bent to stroke his shining head. Then softly she sang,

"I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

"Come on old doggie, let's have a race," she cried springing up, and off they went down the tide-swept sand.

They paused breathless half-way to the Del Monte baths and the

girl flung herself down to rest. The big dog curled himself up at her feet and soon snored peacefully. She dreamed, too, but hers were waking dreams that somehow had the color of the blue sea, and the haziness of the fog clouds hovering in the pinetops of the hills.

She looked lonely, a solitary gray figure on the long stretch of beach. At least so Brant Holloway thought as he came that way and whistled to his dog Ned, so quietly curled at the fair stranger's feet. Brant had an eye to the things that be, and he lost no item of the trim tailor-clad figure, the proud poise of the head, the curl of the red lips, and, ye gods, what eyes the girl had!

Brant stared, yes, stared, as he passed on with Ned to the plunge. An hour later they came back. She still sat there, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes turned seaward.

Brant lagged a bit behind the madly capering Ned for a last look, but the fine eyes were still bent on the sea.

Down by the depot they stopped. Being a woman, she guessed what would happen as she covertly watched the two.

Somehow Glen Dartnell's last words of kindly criticism upon her writing came to her all at once.

"If you could only get something of human sympathy into your work," he had said. "A little of the ice taken out of your heart—a real affection would be the making of you." He had paused here and the keen gray eyes had turned away, as if to hide their story.

"Perhaps here—" and then she flushed guiltily as her eyes sought the sea.

She smiled inwardly as Brant came back up the sands with Ned at his heels.

"You seem to be enjoying the scene," Brant Holloway said, raising his hat.

Now, the girl knew what she should do, but—something in Brant's brown eyes compelled the smile to her own. She would be giddy once.

"I was watching the boat come in," she said lightly.

He dropped down on the sand beside her and they watched it together.

That was the beginning; but the end? There were long walks through the pines on the hills, strolls on Del Monte's spacious grounds, sails on the quiet bay, and there was ever and always the beach. There were trips to Carmel and the Grove, and excursions to Santa Cruz by rail and boat. There was no lack of places to go to, and

Evelyn Keith and Brant Holloway found them all.

* * * *

It was night. Soft moonlight shone from a sky inlaid with stars, the waves lapped gently on the quiet bay shore, the fog billows floated above the hills like misty veils. Up in the plaza, so called by courtesy, the band was playing soft, sweet Spanish airs. All Monterey was out in gala attire, thronging idly to and fro on the one main street.

Down on the sand Evelyn Keith and Brant Holloway had the sea to themselves.

"Do you know I have only one day more here?" she said regretfully.

"And then?" bending his head nearer.

"Back to my work once more. I can see old Screws now peering over his glasses at me," and the girl laughed gaily.

"Who's old Screws?"

"Why, he's the editor, you know, and I'm his poor little Sunday-sheet hack. But I'm not always going to do hack work. I'll do something worth while some of these times. Glen Dartnell says I can—" a hot flush swept her cheek. But there, I shut up shop when I came to Monterey."

"That, for you," Brant said, "and for me more idling, a little work here and there, drifting from place to place—no more."

A sudden lurch forward as she slipped in a hole on the sand, threw the girl against him. He caught her as she fell. None but the sage old moon, who has seen so much, saw the rest of that chapter.

Two weeks later Glen Dartnell rushed into Miss Keith's little sanctum, crushing a paper in his hands, his face beaming.

"I told you it was in you. Where'd you get it?"

"What? The measles?"

"No, confound it; the touch to your story. That love scene was great. I knew if you'd only thaw out into a love affair of your own you could do it, but you got it somehow without."

She turned round and his gray eyes looked straight into hers.

"Zounds, Evelyn, there's a new look there! Say, you haven't—"

"Yes, I have," she said demurely, turning a little pearl ring round on her left hand, "I found your advice very good, Glen."

Class Poem.

Ring out the changes, O ye bells!
The task of yesterday is o'er;
O Future, with thy mystic spells,
Reveal the realms that lie before.
The threshold worn by busy feet
Of gleaners young who now are hoar,
Shall echo still with measured beat
Of seekers after wisdom's lore.

We stand at morn with vision clear,
And see God's miracles unfold;
Like distant notes a voice we hear,
It bids us be both brave and bold.
The ranks grown thin must be renewed;
The field is wide, the toilers few;
With aspirations high imbued
We leave the old scenes for the new.

Then ring, O bells, thy Christmas chimes!
The days so fast are flitting by;
Ring proud as in ye olden times,
Your message dear can never die.
A moment's pause, a backward look,
With firm resolve and firmer trust,
We close with pensive mood the book,—
We will succeed, we can, we must.

—EMMA CLINE.

Class History.

IT WAS the spring of 1950—house-cleaning time—for the San Jose Normal, at least, for during the Easter vacation when the thousand and more students had scattered, the enterprising janitor had resolved upon a campaign against dirt and armed with the necessary implements, had chosen the library as the first place of attack.

As he moved books, tables and cases, he found many articles which he laid aside to be looked over before deciding whether to burn them or not. There were clippings and note books galore. He scanned them hastily 'till his eye at last dropped on a worn and moldy cover bearing the dates 1904-06. He looked at its inscription, "Private property of Ruth Gilman," and the Greek letters, "Sigma" and "Chi Epsilon." He knew in a moment that it belonged to Ruth Gilman, the librarian. How surprised Miss Gilman was when she recognized her dear old diary containing her school life up to three weeks of graduation. She brushed the dust from it, plunged to a corner of the library and in a trice was buried in its contents.

As she sat in her cozy little room that night, she again drew out of her pocket the faded note book, and gave it a good , hard squeeze. She turned back the cover and smiled at what she read: "When found make note of." Then she tried to open the next page, but it was not so willing to yield, so she took out her paper-cutter and opened several pages and read: "Jan. 4, '04. My first day at Normal. How scared I was. About thirty-six Juniors, and they all looked frightened to death. We went into the office and in turn wrote out slips telling how old we were, where from and our credentials. I made mine out and signed my name, telling when I was to be graduated, so had to do it all over again. We paid five dollars for doing all this. Hope we get it back some day. Then a man who wore his haid a la pompadour made out our programme. I like him fine Such a time as we had looking for the rooms. That's all for to-day.

Ruth was in dreamland, so we leave her to enjoy her diary, and will only give to the readers what concerned the January '04 class

in general. The dates may be far apart, but don't think that this progressing class was asleep during all that time; but it would take too much space to put in all minor happenings.

Jan. 5, 04. Went in the front door, 'cause I didn't know any other way. Library the easiest place in the building to find. Wish the school wasn't so big and that there were not so many stairways. I get lost all the time. The letters aren't half plain enough on the doors. First day in assembly hall and saw all the Normal faculty. They are not so very good looking, but my, they look smart!

Jan. 6, '04. Went to regular recitations to-day. Nearly all the Juniors are in the same class. We had to recite for Miss Payne. I almost died. Like her fine, though, and her criticism is so helpful.

Jan. 11, '04. Class meeting. Only one boy, and he seemed so bashful. Miss Nicholson is our class teacher. She is the dearest person in the world. Wonder if she ever gets cross!

Jan. 29, '04. I just love my teachers. Normal is so different from Hi. Wish we had more books of our own and didn't have to use the library so much. I get called down so often for talking, but I notice I am not the only one.

May 20, '04. Miss Davenport entertained her drawing class, of which my class are all members. Such a good time as we did have. I wonder if we will ever forget the ride home in the garden wagon that night.

Sept. 21, '04. Back to school again. A big class of Juniors entered. We are Junior C's now and still have Miss Nicholson. Our one lone boy has left. Not even one of that sex now.

Sept. 30, '04. Went over to the training school to observe. I am just wild to teach, only I wish there weren't so many to watch me. We have to cross the "bridge of sighs," but I don't think I'll be scared. Pretty good name for it, just the same.

Oct. 18, '04. Miss Nicholson entertained my class at her home on Fifth street. Had a dandy time. Some of the Normal young men were there. Got to know the class so well.

Nov. 11, '04.—I have heard some splendid lectures at Normal, and enjoy them so very much. It does me a world of good to come in contact with great men and women.

Jan. 4, '05. My first day of teaching. Such a dear class of little people. All I heard in the halls to-day from my classmates was their "first day of teaching." Hope I won't feel so shaky to-morrow. I

really did sigh when I went over that bridge.

Mar. 5, '05. Getting along great with my teaching. The teachers say that the class are doing splendid work.

May 1, '05. May Day and my class gave a Maypole dance. Everyone said it was beautiful. So glad it was a success. I know Miss Payne enjoyed it, for I can always tell by her face, and she did wear such a big smile.

June 20, '05. Senior B's banquet to June class. The most successful banquet ever given at Normal. How pretty my classmates looked flitting in and out among the tables. The June class said it was the best time they had ever had at Normal.

June 23, '05. Some of my class graduated with the June bugs—they were experienced teachers, tho. So sorry to lose them. Wish them stacks of good luck.

Sept. 20, '05. First day of our last term of school. How many new faces and how I miss the June class. The "bridge of sighs" has been renamed, they now call it "the little grey bridge." I'll bet they still sigh when crossing it.

Sept. 25, '05. Such a large number of Juniors. Dr. Dailey announced that it was the largest class to enter this Normal. Hope their days are as happy as mine have been. I am a Senior C now and really there is one boy in the class. So glad he came, even though it is late. So many have graduated or left that we are a lonely twenty-six; but we will prosper just as long as we have Miss Nicholson with us. She is such a darling.

Seut. 27, '05. The faculty and my class entertained the Juniors, and such fun as we did have. Just loads of it. We all went as gypsies and told fibs galore.

Oct. 1, '05. Just heard my class has made a great record in the training school, and I guess they will miss us when we go.

Oct. 24, '05. We had an election to-day. Our one lone boy was elected President; Miss Singleton, Vice-President; Secretary, Ella Gilmore; Treasurer, Maud Chase. Plans were suggested for the raising of money for our pennant and contribution to the school.

Nov. 1, '05. Grand musicale well under way. Mrs. Horan was elected editor of Pennant. Miss Elam, Prophet; Miss Scaroni, Historian; Miss Rankin, Artist, and Miss Cline, Poet. My, how we are working!

Nov. 24, '05. Grand musicale all over, and it was great. Guess we made enough money to get what we want. Hope we aren't assessed too much, cause I am sure we all need our money.

Nov. 27, '05. Dr. Dailey said we would all get schools. Wouldn't it be fun if we could all go together to Mendocino county, for there are thirty-two vacancies there.

ANNIE SCARONI.

Class Prophecy.

MY LAST night in Spain; I was to return to my old home after a lapse of twenty years. Now I sat in a room in one of the many castles that dot the country round, dreaming of olden times. Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was the twentieth anniversary of my departure from the dear old Normal. I with my classmates had been punished for the crime of graduating, and I was now serving out my term abroad. What had become of the other unfortunates who remained at home? Were they breaking rocks in the great "Penitentiary of Education," or were they wearing the chains and shackles of the pedagogue? It was useless to wonder about them, but I was not permitted to forget. My weird room had been formerly occupied by a magician and in a corner still stood the magic lamp. Could it help me? I could only try. Hour after hour I sat. Suddenly with a clang the clock in the old tower chimed twelve; the hour of magic had come. Would the Divinity reveal herself? Even as I gazed, the walls became white clouds; flowers beautiful and rare appeared, and music sweet and inspiring announced her approach. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I beheld her coming nearer and nearer. Now her lips moved and I heard her ask, "What would'st thou know?"

"Oh, tell me," I cried, "what has become of my classmates, and above all, our 'One Lone Boy.' Is he alive? Is he being dragged down by the shackles of matrimony, or has he been sent to the Siberian regions of Mendocino county?"

A thousand questions rushed forth, but the Spirit stopped me with a warning hand.

"Go; take thou this lamp and penetrate into the cave at the rear of the castle. Do not pause until you reach the spring at the far end. Cast the lamp in and you will have your heart's desire. Do not look back once, or you are lost."

She vanished, the music ceased, the cloud-land sank and I was

alone within the walls of my chamber.

I cannot describe my journey through the cave, the awful sounds, imaginary chains clanking around me and mocking faces peering from behind rocks. The spring was reached and the lamp was cast into its dark, shadowy depths.

Dim figures began to move to and fro, at first indistinct, but soon changing to familiar shapes. Almost instantly these disappeared and a beautiful marble structure stood before me. The great portals opened, and, lo! I found myself gazing into a large room. In the far corner sat a graceful lady; in her hand was a brush and before her the "Aurora." She turned and there was my dear classmate, Margaret Rankin. I reached out to embrace her, but she vanished. The scene changed to one of equal brilliance. New York with its hurry and scurry; the railway station with its flying trains and grim buildings. I saw a sign "General Information Bureau, Southern Pacific Co." A window opened and surely that was our own Mrs. Horan seated among booklets and folders. She came out and generously scattered her pamphlets around to the waiting crowds. No binding chains for her. Geography classes are of some value, after all.

The waters engulfed everything, and when they became calm I was again rewarded. Some hills in far-away Mendocino county, rather a stout lady tied gracefully on the back of a burro, a school in the distance and I know all. My old friend Mrs. Peters enjoying life to its full extent. She no longer fears the rough roads or the mode of travel in the West.

When just about to speak to her I found myself looking into the Assembly Hall at Stanford. A music class is in session, and there high and mighty above them all Hazel Singleton presides. Her shackles are not troubling her.

In an instant I traverse miles, and now the Philippines stretch before me. Out in a lonely province stands a rough schoolhouse. A band of little bronze natives played around and in their midst were two familiar figures. At last our boy, once plain Jimmy Bayley, but now Professor James G. Bayley, and his assistant, formerly Annie Scaroni. Alas! they wear the chain of matrimony; but judging from their faces, they are not galling ones. Ah, Annie, how I envy you! But I thought, "If you have a thing to give, that another's joy may live, give it."

Another change, which transported me to Washington. A room in the White House. Surely the gentle-faced lady who presided at this social function was our old friend, Ella Gilmore, a President's wife. I saw a garden at the same home; three pretty children and a nurse—Lila Gilmore. I was given a swift glance into the spacious pantry, and there is Adelaide Neville, flourishing a spoon, which threatened to come down rather heavily upon an assistant's head.

How things change! I was looking down the main street in the city of Milpitas. One cottage caught my eye, for there was a sign, "Maiden Ladies' Home." There in the door stood Agnes, Dora and Mattie. How becoming were the little soft lace caps and the corkscrew ringlets; and see how their little hands are folded in front of them.

The scenes shifted and I saw a broad field; a woman approached, carrying surveying tools. Why, it was Florence Edwards. She had really become inspired through Mr. Baker's work and had introduced a new fad, "woman surveyors."

"Carmel by the Sea"; a studio and in it the famous cartoonist, Hattie Frazer. How old she had grown, but how well she had retained her suppleness and grace.

I wanted to look at her work for hours, but the tumbling waters told me of still another one of my lost comrades. The Columbia University, a gymnasium with all its equipments. The instructor, Irene Estes, has discovered a new system of physical culture to prevent old age. Not a familiar face? Oh, yes, there is one. Pearl Berdrow stands and goes through it all, but alas! will the wrinkles and crow's-feet vanish?

Then I was on the plains of Mojave. A band of gypsies, two beautiful women, who, judging from their appearance, must be queens. The tan could not hide the familiar faces of Maude Chase and Maude Kast. They little knew that their stunt long ago would bring this about.

Berlin with all its gayety. A house party with the daintiest of widows as hostess. A bevy of young men surround her, and as they move away there stands Ethel Hannon, the renowned heart-breaker.

Could I have been dreaming, or was I in the Sierras? A tiny vine-covered cottage, a room filled with books and manuscripts and a gray-haired lady seated at a table near the window. How swiftly her pencil flew! What beautiful thoughts were transferred to paper! The

woman, formerly Emma Cline, and the man in the cozy chimney corner, her husband and inspirer.

I was now in Southern California. A large stock ranch was before me, and there I saw Rhoda, the wife of a thrifty farmer.

An unusual dashing of waters and the last scene in the magic pool. Our dear San Jose Normal. The library door swung open and there sits Ruth Gilman at the librarian's desk. Just the same Ruth in appearance and name. She looked into every corner of the room, not a spot escaped her watchful eye and methought I could hear her say, "This is a place for study and not for chatting; if you have not finished your conversation, please step out into the corridors." The preceptress' office; a form at the desk, but surely those shoulders did not belong to Mrs. Rousseau! She came to the door and then gave some bits of advice to some freshies. Why, Hazel Macaulay, how could you become so dignified and capable of giving such advice as "you must wear your hat to school; don't forget your rubbers, and be careful about cutting." Then, too, "The stairs are not a very good place to rest during a dance in the corridors.

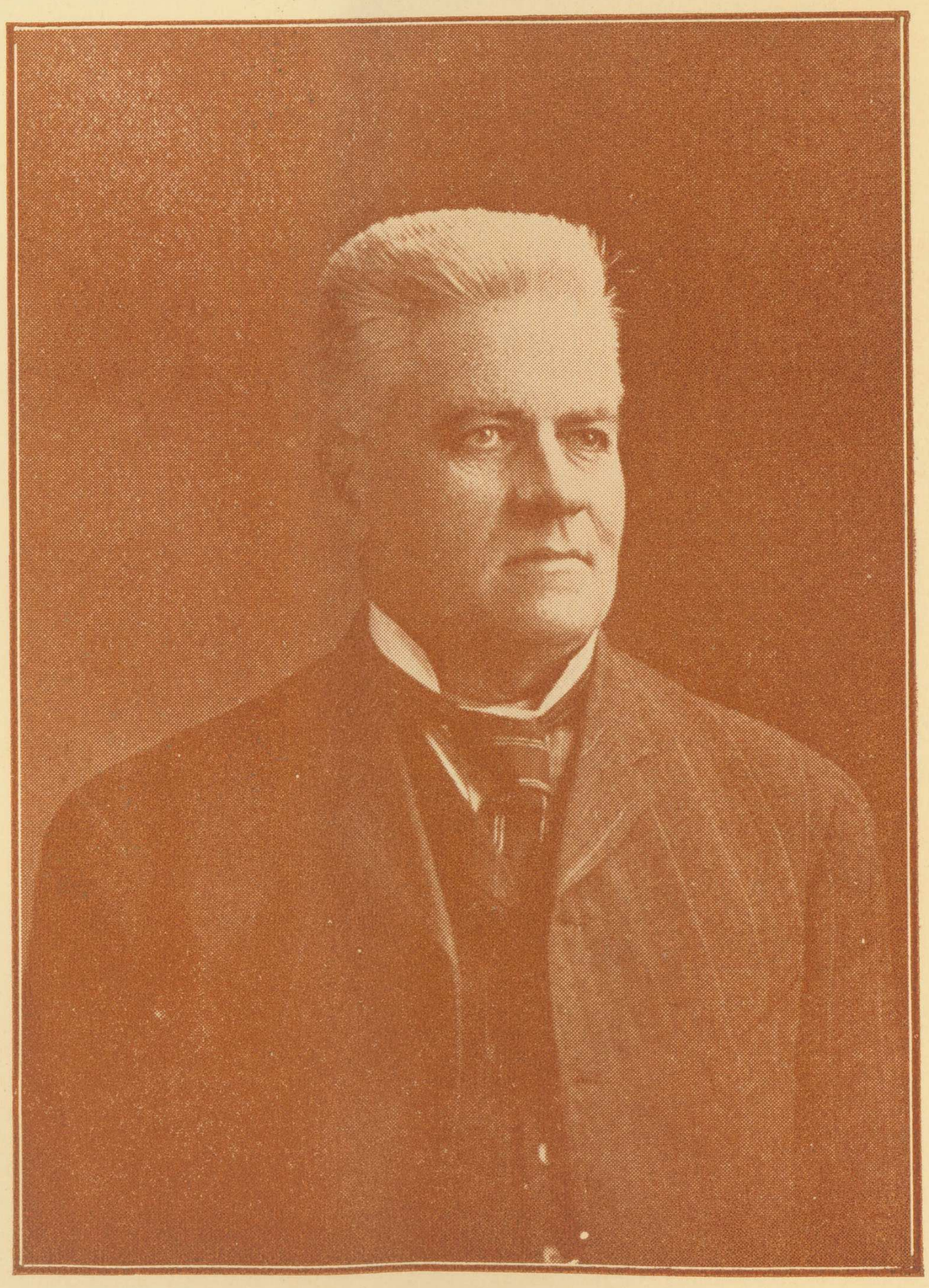
The little gray bridge and the old, familiar office. Ada DeWitt presides in Miss Schallenberger's place and is constantly reminding the girls of those grand opportunities.

The waters rolled back into place, the darkness again settled round; I groped my way through the cave and out into the open air. Had I been dreaming? Yes; but it seemed a prophetic of what our future held for us. How eagerly can we go out into our little mountain school, knowing that brilliant success awaits us! C. E.



DR. M. E. DAILEY

President San Jose State Normal School

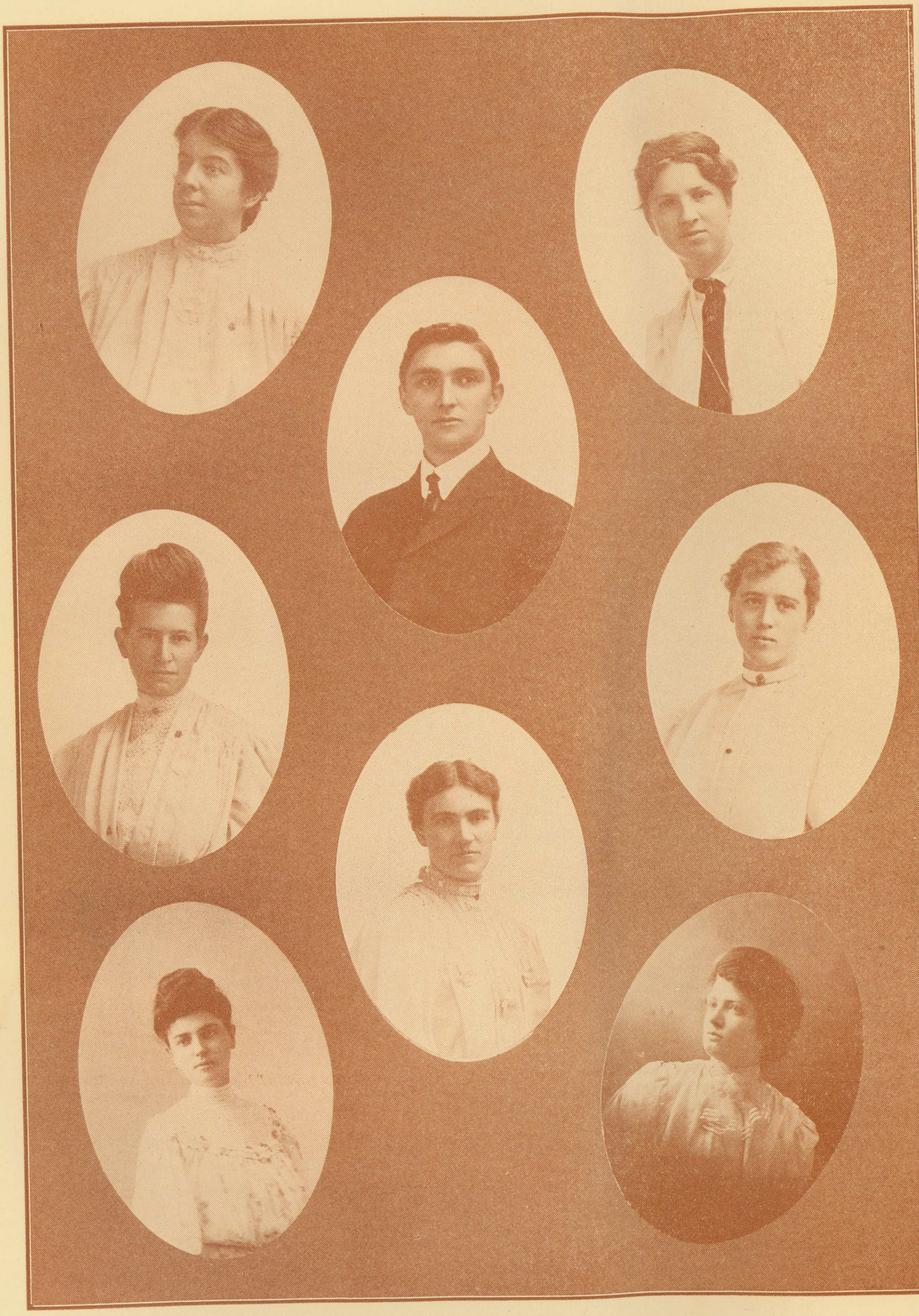


PROF. L. B. WILSON

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elen A. Horan, Editor-in-Chief Irene Estes, Literary Editor Willis Cline, Business Manager



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Clyde Elam, Prophet
Annie Scaroni, Historian
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Maude Chase, Treasurer
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Adelaide Neville
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Janet Peters
Amelia Kast
Dora Powell



Helen Snyder
Ada De Witt
Ruth Gilman

Lela Gilmore
Rhoda Brennan

Mattie Powell
Hazel Macaulay
Ethel Hannon

Senior Alphabet.

B is for Bayley, a little boy grown tall.
Hurrah for Bayley! Hurrah say we all!
B is also for Berdrow and Brennan, too—
Teachers of Domestic Science, with ideas bright and new.

C is for Cline, a writer of fame;
Also for Chase, who wins every game.

D is for DeWitt, the one we all know;
President of the Student body—let us all bow low.

E is for Elam, Edwards and Estes. Have you heard of these three?
Programmes they'll give—O, dear me!

F is for Frazer, an artist she'll be;
A deigner of posters, beautiful to see.

G is Gilman, Ella and Lela Gilmore;
Hunting bugs they'll be, on the Atlantic seashore.

H stands for Hannan ,and also for Horan—
Rays of sunshine at night, noon and morn.

I is for Investment, for the Aurora, you know;
Which will hang on the wall soon after they go.

J is for Joshes, which the Seniors make.
Two bits apiece. How many will you take?

K stands for Kast, to history inclined;
With knowledge of "historic sense, and imaginative mind.

L is for Loyalty for the school at San Jose,
Possessed by the Seniors—the Seniors brave and gay.

M stands fof Macaulay and McKiernan ,on mathematics bent;
Can make plans by the bushel ,and always are content

N is for Neville; to Paris she will go,
And she and Worth together, for all the world will sew.

O stands for Opportunities, grasp them as you go.
Once gone, they ne'er return to you; a saying you well know.

P suggests the names to us, the two Powells and Mrs. Peters,
Noted works of art they'll make in the distant land of meters.

Q stands for Quandry as to where they all will go—
To Mendocino county or where they'll make a greater show.

R stands for Margaret Rankin; side-talks to girls she'll give
In our noted journals, and tell them how to live.

S for Scaroni, Singleton and Snyder stands.
Writers of fiction, they. Known in many lands.

T stands for Teachers; thirty some to call.
With heartfelt gratitude the Seniors thank them all.

U stands for Undergraduates, about three hundred strong,
Who hate to see the Seniors go from out their happy throng.

V stands for Voices, sharp or "flat," "sing once more, if you please,"
The song about the "Mellow Horn,' then sing about the "Leaves."

W stands for Winners, in games of basket-ball;
With Chase to lead the Seniors on, they'll beat players great or small.

X stands for Xmas, a time of joy and cheer;
Best wishes to the seniors; a bright and happy year.

Y is for Yellow, a color gay and bright.
The Normal stands defender of the Yellow and the White.

Z stands for Zeal, the members of the class
Have this to recommend them. Adieu, and let them pass.

—CARRIE WAGNER.

The Touched Chord.

"But this is Christmas morning, Amos. Wait until to-morrow at least. A few days surely cannot matter."

"Do you suppose that makes any difference with me, Rachel? No; I have waited long enough, and Christmas or no Christmas, those payments must be made, or I foreclose the mortgage, and Randolph Weldon must seek a home elsewhere. Do you think in all these years I have forgotten the way he looked down upon me before he lost his fortune? Refused me the loan of a horse, even, when it seemed to be a case of life or death? No, let him know what it is to be denied,—to be be in want once—really in want. I'm not keeping a home for paupers."

"But that is not the true Christmas spirit ,Amos, and I have forgiven him long ago. Besides I believe that sorrow has changed Randolph Weldon into a different man. You know that he almost idolizes his only boy, a poor little cripple."

"'Well, I'm going to act as I've made up my mind to do in this matter. As I said, I've waited long enough. The Golden Rule has changed and it reads now "Do others as they do you," and it's no more than any other man would de, were he in my place."

Before Rachael could protest further, he was striding rapidly toward the barn. In a few minutes she saw him emarge from the barnyard and drive slowly, meditatively down the road. Tears of anger and shame welled up in her eyes as she thought of his ignoble purpose.

"Likely as not they're attending meeting down at the Bend this morning. Wonderfully pious they've grown of later years, these Weldons. Well, if they're there I'll just remain to meetin' myself and we can settle this little affair afterward."

A scarcely perceptible curl of blue smoke from the dying kitchen fire floated upward on the crisp December air as Amos Newton drove up before the humble home of the man he thought he hated. To be sure, the place was growing more valuable all the time, and that, too, because of the painstaking care of the occupants to make the

most of what they had and to create as pleasant and homelike an atmosphere as possible. The very flowers tried to nod a cheery "Good morning" as he passed.

Assured by the utter absence of life about the place that they were gone, he drove slowly toward the little church.

The morning was beautiful and in spite of himself, Amos felt the spirit of Christmas enter his soul. The odor of damp earth, moss and decayed leaves of the woodland bordering one side of the road, seemed exhilirating. A squirrel scurried along the top of the rail fence, pausing now and then to turn his bright little eyes upon the approaching vehicle and its occupant. Its actions were so comical that Amos found himself laughing aloud.

"You seem to be having a happy time, my merry little fellow."

The neatly-painted fence about the "meeting house" was lined with the various conveyances of Christmas worshipers as he drove up. The churchbell pealed forth its summons, and just then, as if in unison, the far-off peal of the church bell across the river sent forth its mellow tones over the water, sounding like the echo of distant music.

Hardly knowing why he did so, Amos sighed deeply, as, entering, he took a seat in an obscure corner. Red berries tastefully arranged brightened up the rather rough interior, and a handsomely decorated tree for the children added further to its Christmas cheer.

Some of the more enterprising of the young people had taken great pains to arrange a program as a surprise to the majority now present,—to break the monotony of the old order of things.

Amos listened mechanically to what was being rendered, meanwhile thinking very deeply.

Suddenly a child's voice rose,—sweet, clear, musical as a silver bell—a voice he did not remember ever to have heard before and which touched the heart with its world of pathos.

"My, doesn't that sound splendid! Sort of like the way Rachael used to sing when we were sweethearts together,—dear, soft-hearted Rachael. Shouldn't wonder if she's cryin' her eyes out because of my cussedness. Think I'll go home and tell her it's all right and—

"Jove! if it isn't Weldon's boy! Never looked close before. That little cripple to sing like that! Well, if such singin' don't reach straight to heaven, Amos Newton don't want to go there."

The sweet face, pale with suffering, the spiritual dark eyes and

voice that expressed such feeling, made him appear more a celestial spirit that would vanish when his song ceased.

"Could never do an injury to the father of *that* boy," Newton muttered.

Everyone seemed happier for the occasion. Friends and neighbors exchanged hearty greetings, while the young folks made the air merry with laughter.

Randolph Weldon saw Amos approaching, and as his temporarily forgotten trouble rose with overwhelming force before him, he felt his strength leaving him, feeling that his last hope was about slipping from him.

He straightened up with the old-time proud look. "Well, Newton, I suppose there's no use asking for leniency, considering I once acted in a manner hard for any man to forgive. I do not ask it for myself so much—" his voice trembled slightly.

"Come, come, Weldon, you look as though you had lost your last friend. If *you* acted mean once, I acted meaner a hundred times since, and I don't mind tellin' you I came especially to ask you to let bygones be bygones. You just stay on the place, and if you can ever pay all right. If not, Amos Newton is a good way from the poor house yet.

"Got your own rig, I see. Well, you all just come over and have Christmas dinner with us, and I'll reassure my little woman and tell her you're comin'. People are looking rather curious at us, I notice."

The big bronzed hand clasped the toil-hardened one of the other.

"You've given us a new lease of life, Newton, and I know you'll never regret it."

Christmas Bells.

Oh, ring, ye bells, with joy anew;
Ye Christmas bells ring long and loud;
'Tis time for peace and joy on earth,
The anniversary of our Lord.

Oh, ring, ye bells, with joy for all;
Send all around those tidings glad;
Let everyone rejoice to-day!
"Good will toward men," 'tis Jesus' word.

Oh, ring, ye bells, your stirring praise;
Ring forth the pleasure of His love,
And let the people far and near
Know our Redeemer lives for us.

Oh, ring, ye bells, with all your might;
And with your echo from the hills
Will come the songs from joyful hearts;
Then ring ye loud, oh Christmas bells!

EMMA E. CARBUTT.



The Mountain Stream.

I know a stream that is hidden deep
In the heart of the wondrous hills,
Where the willows bend it lies asleep—
And is mad with haste at the rills

The little birds flit down to drink,
And the shy trout leap and gleam;
The brown deer steals to the shady brink,
And the tall ferns nod and dream.

I trample the grass that was never trod,
And I rest in the trembling shade.
I feel I am treading holy sod—
and my heart is half afraid.

—A. A.

A Christmas Crisis.

"No, I shall be just as contrary as Bruce. I long to hear from him again, but I can see no reason in the world why he should be angry with me, and I'll not write to him again. I wish I could forget him, but the name ever comes to me and makes me so unhappy."

Constance sat in a big armchair, looking into the blazing fire before her. She tho't of her happy school days and of all the pleasant times she had had with Bruce. How he had asked her to wait until he was able to give her a happy home. Then he went away to a large city to earn a living for himself, but he did not forget her.

She received a letter from him every week full of hope and happiness. Son she graduated from High School and went off to college, but even while here letters still made their way back and forth. Scarcely had she been at college a year when suddenly his letters stopped and she could not imagine what had happened to him, so she wrote to find out, but she did not receive an answer. Many a time had she been tempted to write again, but she seemed to be told that if he cared for her he would write to find out how she was, so she let the matter drop, or at least tried to let it pass from her mind, but it would pop up every now and then and cause a far-away look to come into her eyes.

As she sat by the fire that night she resolved never to think of him again, but go out into the world and be a missionary. In that work surely she could drown her sorrows, so being without a mother and having a good college education, she determined to set about her work immediately. She prepared herself for six months, and her first mission was to Manila, in the Philippin Islands.

While there she did work that will never be forgotten. She was loved by all and was never afraid to minister to the worst cases of fever or cholera. What a beautiful future this tall, graceful dark-haired girl must have made, flitting in and out among the patients in

It was two yeasr after the war that she was sent to Manila, and many of the American troops were still stationed around at the different towns on the islands. It happened that at a town where

several hundred soldiers were stationed there broke out a plague. Many people died every day, but this did not frighten Constance, for her heart was in her work, and she did not have time to be homesick or afraid, so went to the government hospital to care for the sick soldiers and government men. She met several soldiers from her home in California, and of them she asked about her friends, most of whom had ceased writing to her, for it had been over a year since she had left them, and she was too busy to write often. How she wanted to ask about Bruce, for she had not forgotten, even though so far away, but her pride kept back her words. One of the soldiers looked at her and in a sad voice asked: "Do you remember Bruce W—?" She could feel the color making its way to her face, so she at once checked it, for she would not for the world give way to her feelings. "Yes," she answered frankly. "I knew him many years ago; we went to High School together, but I have not seen him now for over eight years. I had almost forgotten about him."

"Well," replied the soldier, "he has been on this island for five years, holding a responsible position in the money department of the Postoffice, and to-day he was sent to the doctor to be examined, for it is feared he has leprosy. He had a bruise on his arm and it is thought he has contracted the disease. If so he must be sent away to the island of the lepers. I will be sorry if it is so," went on the soldier, "for he is a noble man, and has endured many hardships. He is not much changed, though, and is quite as handsome as in his former days, for you remember how handsome he was when a boy. The sparkling luster has died away, and he seems to be dreaming at times, but his shoulders are as broad and erect as ever. He is a perfect picture of manhood."

Constance could stand it no longer. Her heart was full to overflowing, so she moved gently away from the bed and left the room. All her past years flashed before her; all she could think of was Bruce, but how could she get to him and even though she should go, it would be too late—yes, too late.

Christmas morning came just two weeks from the time she had interviewed the soldier. The soldiers who were well enough to be about were to have their Christmas dinner in a large hall on the upper floor, and soon they were all in their places enjoying themselves and having a merry time. Constance was feeling unusually blue that morning, so stole away to the yard about the buildings. How sad

she felt, for she had tried so hard to get some word about Bruce, but all was disappointment; no one seemed to know where he was. As she passed by the window of her ward she heard a groan and someone called her name. She made her way quickly into the room, for she recognized the voice in a moment, but she knew she must be careful, so walked quietly up to the bed from whence came the sound and recognized the strange form in the bed. The man had his back towards her, so she leaned over the bed carefully and whispered, "Can I do anything for you?" No sooner were the words out of her mouth than a slender hand grasped hers, crying: "Constance, have I found you at last? Come around to the other side so I can see you once more before I go." Softly she stole to the other side and tenderly kissed his burning forehead. "Why have you kept away from me so long and never let me know where you were. Were my letters all in vain? But I am rewarded now."

She reassured him that she was always faithful and true, but she knew that he must be quiet, or results would be serious, so she begged him to be quiet and sleep, and then she would tell him all. She had to be brave, for his life depended upon her, and clinging to her hand he slept for several hours. How happy she was to have found him, and to think it was only the plague he had and that he was not a leper. When he awoke, much refreshed by the sleep, she was kneeling by his bed thanking God for the Christmas of all happy Christmases to her.

ANNIE SCARONI.

December, '05.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

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Editorials.

The question of societies in our secondary schools is still open to discussion, and it seems an opportune time to ask, "What do our school societies stand for, and what is their real value in the school?"

The life of a school is like that of a miniature world, and the individual should have strongly impressed upon him his relation to those about him.

At the present time the individualistic idea is being so strongly emphasized in our public schools that there is a tendency toward de-

veloping men and women who center all their thoughts and activities upon self-realization. Here comes in the saving power of our school societies, where the student is made to recognize his place in the institutional life about him.

The function of the societies, as I understand it, is to cultivate a social spirit and a love of good literature. The first tells us plainly enough that this is the social ideal of co-operation, rather than that of individualism.

Henry Drummond says "We grow to be like those whom we habitually admire," therefore the results of our literary societies should be a high and worthy one, for the student will learn through literature to love men and women of large purpose and noble action, whether their lives be prominent or obscure.

This leads naturally to the development of character, in which force or efficiency in execution is the necessary constituent. Good intentions are of themselves not sufficient, for looking at it practically, we hope to build up through our education the kind of character where execution follows intention.

Nowhere is this more thoroughly exemplified than in the school society, which, as I said before, is an embryo community which is illustrative of the living to be done in the greater world of the future.

The social spirit encourages also the desire for lofty living—that of service to others.

Then let us uphold the school society, the factor that will bring about the larger growth and development of the social life in our schools.

Exchanges.

As we leave our school, we are conscious that we not only part with out friends here, but with those we have made through the exchanges. We have been glad of any suggestions made for our Pennant, and hope that we may in some small way have helped others. We

wish our exchanges a most successful New Year.

One of our best exchanges is *The Bell.* Very few of the papers received have as many excellent stories as there are in the November copy.

The *University of Arizona Monthly* comes with a very neat cover, but the inside appears uninteresting. It looks too much like a scientific magazine to attract the attention of the casual reader.

What can have happened to the *Wild Cat* this month? We find only a few pages of material, the rest having been needlessly duplicated.

We welcome *The Arrow* most heartily. It is a well-arranged paper and good in all departments.

We find it a pleasure to look over the *High School News.* Not one department shows a lack of effort on the part of the staff.

The Oak shows much enthusiasm, but why let football take up so much space and exclude many other good things?

Dictum Est has some very good material, but why crowd everything so closely? A few cuts would add much.

The *High School Journal* comes to us with a very neat cover and some interesting material within.

The *Oriole* is a paper to be proud of. Its material is well chosen and well arranged. Keep on, *Oriole,* and you will soon rank among the best.

The *High School Original* has some good stories. Why not live up to your name and put in some cuts? Both this and a josh column would add much to the interest of your paper.

The Cricket is again in our midst. It is full of general interest. The "Legend of Tahoe" is very interesting.

Why give the "ads" so prominent a place, *Advocate?* A story and some original joshes would be an improvement.

We are glad to see the *Normal Record* of Chico. We judge from the columns of their paper that the students are very loyal to their school. Where are your artists, *Record*? Why not give more attention to your exchanges?

The *Blue and Gold* appears to be a wide-awake paper. Its continued story, "The Prodigal," promises to be very interesting.

The *Cadet Review,* though small, is a very creditable paper.

The Scribe, though good in all respects, is somewhat too serious this month.

The *Whittier Magazine* deserves notice.

The *Bethany Messenger, The Lake Breeze* and the *Aerolith* are also among our exchanges.

News and Notes.

The December graduating class gave an interesting and humorous program in Assembly hall on the morning of the 24th of November, as an introduction to their musical of that evening. Their representation of the faculty was carried out first rate, and the deposed faculty seemed to enjoy seeing themselves as others see them.

The second of the series of lectures was given by Mr. Squires on the afternoon of the 5th. His talk was illustrated by stereopticon views of the Philippines. The enthusiasm of the student body and faculty shows the high appreciation which is felt for his work. He also gave a talk on the geography of the Philippines to Mrs. Georg's and Professor Wilson's classes the following day.

The concert arranged by the members of the graduating class was given in the Assembly hall on Friday evening, November 24th, and was a decided success from every point of view. The audience was a very appreciative one, and indeed with such a program as was presented it could not have been otherwise. The Normal has always been noted for the high-class entertainments given there, but on this occasion she even surpassed herself.

Elmer Emerson, a member of the June class, '05, made us a short and welcome visit last week.

We were very happy to have Miss Chamberlain once more in our midst. We began to think she had come to stay when we saw her about the halls without her hat.

Miss Blunt, who is teaching at Porterville, and Ernest Laughlin have paid us a visit.

Mr. Shattuck, a graduate of Cornell University, who is here on this coast lecturing under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., gave us an interesting talk on "Temperance," Wednesday morning, December fifth.

On Thursday, December 7th, the faculty and students enjoyed a visit from President Samuel P. Black of the State Normal School of San Diego, Cal. Mr. Black was formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction, and as such was a trustee of this school. He was glad

to see many improvements in this school as well as other Normal Schools in the State. He also spoke of the great scarcity of teachers, due to the demand for Normal School teachers. Mr. Black visited the Training School department and some of the classrooms. He returned to San Diego Thursday night.

One of the most successful events in the history of the Normal was a banquet given by the Basket-Ball Club, on the seventh of December, in honor of Maude Chase. Beside the fifty-two members, a number of guests were present. Toasts were rendered by the visitors and members of the club, Grace Batcheller presiding as toastmistress The first toast was to the faculty, who have always given us their strong support and hearty co-operation in all of our undertakings. It was given by Susie Burtscher.

"Heres' to the faculty members, whose support has been cordially given. They're the ones who keep the school going and let the world know that basket-ball's living."

Following was a talk on "Basket-Ball Life," by Violet Brown. "The greatest element of evil in the spirit of athletics today is the idea that we *must win at any cost.* It is just this point which causes unfairness and roughness. It is human nature to desire to win and succeed in any undertaking, but should we not cultivate the spirit that fair play comes *first,* victory or defeat afterwards? If victory is the result, we can then congratulate ourselves upon winning because of clean and expert work; if defeated we can console ourselves with the fact that we did the best we could and were beaten fairly. A game of hard, earnest playing should be too quick, too vigorous and the action too continuous to allow any foreign element to enter. When we succeed in getting girls to join in basket-ball for the sake of sport, taking victory in a heroic way, defeat in a magnanimous way, then only have we instilled in young womanhood traits of character which help to make the women of the future such that of each may be said, 'A perfect woman, nobly planned.'"

Miss King gave a hearty response to the faculty toast. She said, in part, that during her life as a teacher in the Training School, her most pleasant and inspiring acquaintances, true friends and earnest helpers, were among the basket-ball girls.

Best wishes for the future welfare of the club were given by Miss Rowell, Miss Davenport, Miss Jordan and Mrs. Rousseau.

Last but not least was the toast given by Cecilia Burroughs to our

guest of honor, Maude Chase. Maude is our only graduate at this time, and it is with the deepest regrets that we part with her. She has been our captain for the past semester, and has proved faithful and efficient in every respect. The club voices with Miss Rowell in saying that we are *proud* to have such a character in the school, and we are *proud* to send her out.

Dr. Richard Green Moulton of the University of Chicago, professor of literary theory and interpretation, gave one of his very fine lectures on the "Bible as Literature," in the auditorium of the Normal School on the evening of December 7th. So much has been said and written of Dr. Moulton that it would be superfluous for us to say more than that his audience was a large and most appreciative one.

During the recital of Miss Hattie L. Brown, an instructor of Wilberforce, Ohio, in Assembly hall, Friday morning, December 8th, the lines, "If you have a thing to give, that another's joy may live, give it," came forcibly to mind. Her rendition of negro ballads was charmingly given, and we hope to have her with us again when she can stay longer.

Training School Notes.

This season of the year is a particularly happy time for the children in the Training School. Much interest centered around the preparation for Thanksgiving time and now all are making elaborate plans for the Christmas entertainment.

In the primary grades—Miss Denton's and Miss McMillan's departments—the blackboards were decorated with appropriate drawings in commemoration of Thanksgiving. Historic scenes, such as Plymouth Rock, wigwams, Indians, etc., were drawn upon the boards in the higher grades, while in the lower ones the drawings of turkeys pumpkins, apples and other fruits seemed most fitting. Besides the drawings, the children decorated their own rooms with material they have been studying during the past term in nature study. In this way the aesthetic side was brought forth as it could have been in no other way. In the fourth grade they have been considering the various kinds of oak and composite flowers that had been pressed by the children. The room belonging to the third grade was decorated with maple leaves and since they have been studying distribution of seeds, their seed charts were much in evidence. In the second grade elm leaves predominated.

In each room there was a horn of plenty truly filled to overflowing. The children, however, did not forget the real significance of Thanksgiving, for instead of wishing to eat the contents of the horns, they of their own accord suggested that all be given to some poor child that would not have any Thanksgiving.

Upstairs the children decorated their boards with their own drawings and deserve much credit.

The 5 B classes rendered a very interesting Thanksgiving program which was as follows: "The First Thanksgiving," an original composition by Katherine Maynard ; "Winkie' s Jack-o'-Lantern Seeds," an original story by Sadie Langford; "The Landing of the Pilgrims," Alice Dugdale; scene from "Miles Standish," a dramatization with the actors, three Puritans and one Indian in costumes—Stuart Pratt, Eris Johnston, Willie Stout and Virgil Swafford; "Har-

ry's Thanksgiving," an original story, Helen Belle; "Thanksgiving," an original composition, Walter Graham.

Interest in music has not abated in the least. Friday, November 2, the primary grades rendered an informal musical program, in which each class contributed a song. In these grades much attention is given to bodily rythm, and as in the higher ones, great care is taken in selecting the songs.

Friday evening, November 24th, the Philharmonic Society played quite an important part at the concert given by the graduating class of the Normal, for they furnished one of the numbers on the program and were heartily encored. The gentlemanly bearing of the boys, which caused much comment, was due partly, perhaps, to the refining influence of the music itself.

The upper grammar grades are preparing for a Christmas entertainment on December 13th. This promises to be a high-class affair. The 8 B gade intends to present the dramatization of "Garette and Signette." Careful attention is being given to the musical side of this entertainment. "Christmas Anthem," by Davenport; "Ave Marie," by Gounod; a quartette to be sung by the Appollo Music Club, and "Recessional," by DeKoven, are some of the songs that have been selected.

Miss Royce's talks on "Care and Use of Books" proved so interesting, helpful and inspiring that she has been induced to continue them every Friday during assembly period. Some of the children, especially the debating societies, are availing themselves of the privilege of using the S. N. S. library.

The library for the grammar department, spoken of so much lately, is now a real creation and a grand improvement. Perhaps before the extent and value of the Training School library was not generally known, for the books were scattered in numerous cases around the hall. But now between four and five thousand volumes, specially well chosen and the accumulation of years, gathered together in a real library, look more inviting. A large addition has been made to the library recently for two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of new books, carefully selected by the Supervisors, has been placed on the shelves, ready to be used by the children.

The library is to have a large reading table supplied with such magazines as St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, World's Work, Literary Digest, etc. The training the children will receive in the habits

of study and in the absolute use of a library will be valuable, for it is in itself an education.

Many changes have been made in grammar hall. The large platform which was useless and far from a thing of beauty has disappeared. All the seats have been turned so that they now face more toward the north. This change of seating not only adds greatly to the appearance of the room, but also makes the light much better for the children, to say nothing of many other advantages. The bookcases that formerly were scattered around the hall have been removed to the library. At first it seemed rather a difficult problem to know what to put in their places, for where they had been the wall was a different color.

Dr. Dow's suggestion solved the whole problem and removed all difficulties, for he said the walls, as high as the cases had been, could be kalsomined a different color from the rest, and thereby give the effect of the drop-ceiling, which is so much in vogue at present. When this comes to pass, as it will soon, and the flowers have been readjusted, grammar hall will be a place worthy of admiration.

The Enterprise this month is larger than usual. A copy of this edition is to accompany, as a sort of Christmas souvenir, each number of California Education sent to subscribers who are San Jose Normal School graduates.

In the seventh and eighth grades Mr. O'Brien is giving a regular course in bookkeeping in connection with penmanship. In Miss King's department he is carrying out a regular course in penmanship alone. Twice a week music drills are given for the purpose of developing freedom of movement and gaining speed in writing. While in the class rooms the object is to apply this freedom in practical writing. The pupils in both departments are making rapid improvement.

The children in the Training School, especially those of the seventh and eighth grades, are taking great interest in debating, as is shown by the number of debating societies organized lately. In the neat future a team from the seventh grade and one from the eighth will debate with corresponding teams from the Longfellow School. The children showed intense interest and loyal spirit in the try-outs, and it was with some difficulty that the judges finally selected a team to represent each grade. These debating societies are very valuable, for their influence over the members is evident in many ays.

That Shep, the Collie spoken of last time, is receiving recognition, is shown by the followng conversation of a little child of the first grade with his mother:

Child—Mama, times have changed since Mary went to school.

Mother—Mary who?

Child—Why, Mary who had the little lamb.

Mother—What makes you think so?

Child—Because Shep (——'s dog), comes to school every day and stays in our room all the time. He's a regular member of the class.

KINDERGARTEN.

The children of the Kindergarten sent out very unique invitations, made in the shape of turkies, for their Thanksgiving party. On account of the rain Wednesday morning, the party was postponed. The children had learned a number of Thanksgiving songs and had dramatized with suggestions from their teachers, "The Landing of the Pilgrims" and "The First Thanksgiving Day." They had made their little Puritan caps and kerchiefs, hats and collars and cuffs and Indian head-dresses. It is not surprising, therefore, that these Puritan lads and lassies and warriors bold were greatly disappointed that the rain should come Wednesday of all days in the year. One little girl exclaimed to her mother, "O, mama, we can't have our play at the kindergarten today, and it is much nicer than 'Ben Hur'!" This seemed to be the sentiment of all the little people, so the teachers have decided to give the dramatization in connection with the Christmas program.

For the next two weeks there will be the usual Christmas preparations—making of gifts for those at home. Thursday the children will have a happy time, singing and dancing around the Christmas tree and giving to their mothers the little gifts that they made with such loving care for them.

the subscription price of $1.00 at once.

A meeting of the Executive Committe of the Alumni Association was held on December 2d at the home of Miss Nicholson, where arrangements were made for a banquet and informal reception to be given at Berkeley during the meetings of the California Teachers' Association the latter part of December.

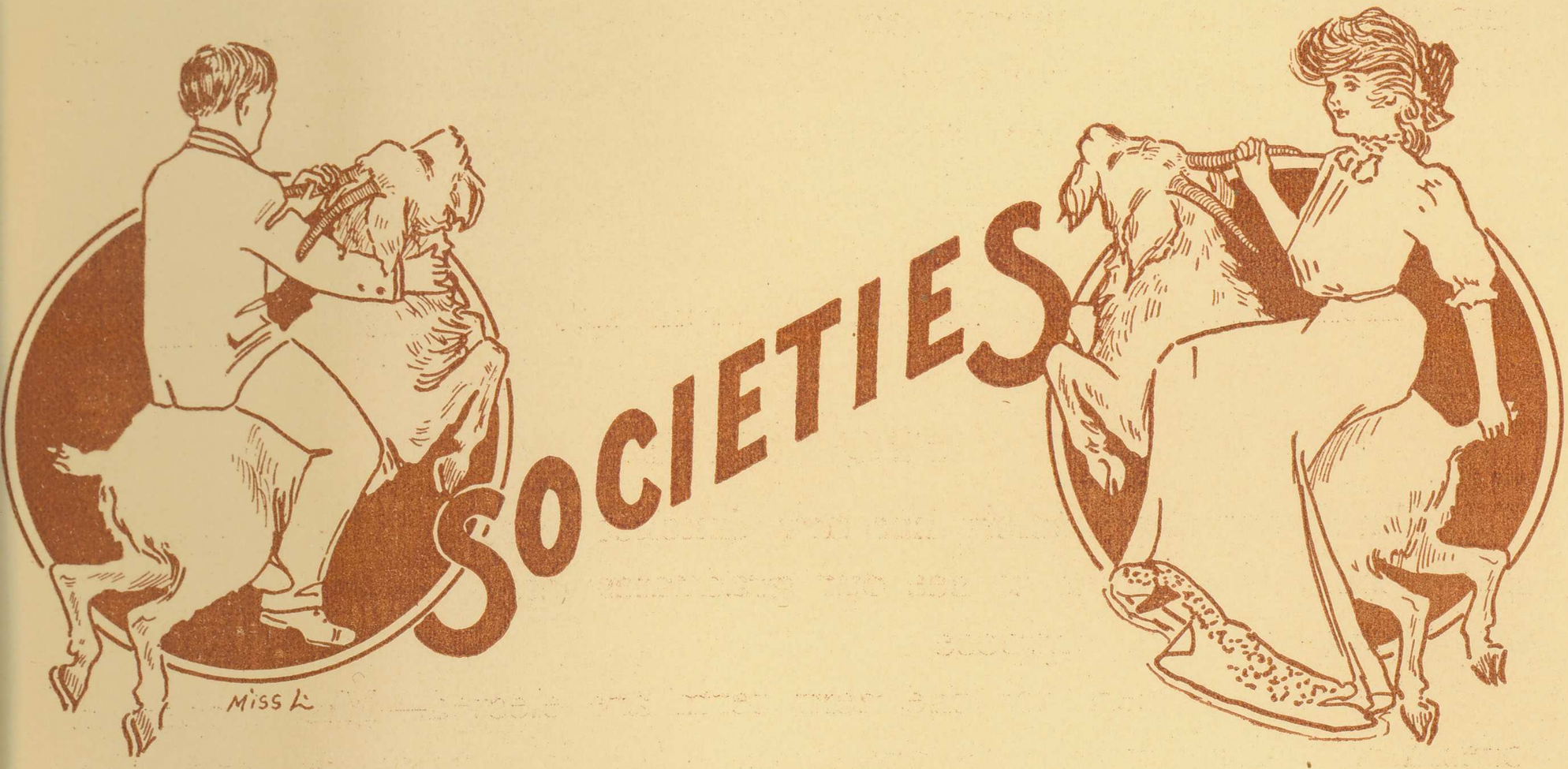
Some of this last year's Alumni with their situations:

December class, '04.—Grace Walton, Snowden school, Siskiyou county; Nicholas Prusch, Eden Vale district, Alameda county; Beulah Lanyon, Alamo, Contra Costa county; Ladd, second grade in Alameda; Helen Franks, fifth and sixth grades, Blue Lake, Humboldt county.

March class, '05.—May A. Brennan, Carmelo district school, Monterey county; Dorothea Douglas, fourth grade, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo county; Annie Lemon, Santa Rita school (primary department), Monterey county; Anna Laird, Walrus district (first four grades), Fresno county.

June class, '05—Annie Bley, Blue Tent district, Nevada county; Ruby Bruch, Moorpark, Ventura county; Susie Christenson, Fruitvale district, Fresno county; Laura Dougherty, Linden district, Santa Barbara county; Claude E. Earl, Santa Paula school (principal), Ventura county; Mabel Florine, Clark district school, Merced county; Francis Gwinn, Gordon school, Yolo county; Ethel Lewis, seventh grade in Redwood City; Eleanor Lowe, third and fourth grades, Lompoc school, Santa Barbara county; Mabelle Lyons, Albion, Mendocino county; Esther McClelland, Santa Paula school, Ventura county; Annie Rey, Cross Creek school (principal), Kings county; Lottie Shafter, Olema district school, Marin county.

August class, '05—Clarence Phelps, Fresno Colony school; Lillian Pope, River Side district, Fresno county; Mollie Smith, Chalk Bluff district, Nevada county; Leota Pedigo, Foresville district, Sonoma county.



SAPPHO.

"Like the one sweet apple, very red, up high on the highest bough, that the apple-gatherers have forgotten; no, not forgotten, but could never reach so far," are lines suggestive of nature which are, perhaps, more definitely beautiful than any other of the poems which have made Sappho's name immortal.

She seems to have been the leader of a band of literary women, students and poetesses, held together by strong ties of intimacy and affection. It is compared in antiquity to the circle of Socrates. By the side of Alcaeus, one feels her to be a woman. Her dialect is more the native speech of Mitylene where she lived—her interests are all in personal feeling, mostly tender and introspective. She was the greatest of ancient poets of her sex.

We feel that in giving our society her name, we have ever before us a great literary genius a our inspiration. May each and all of us, as we leave the school circle, ever keep in mind for what our Sappho Society stands.

Sappho has been very busy of late. A farewell party was given December 9th in honor of her graduating members. It was planned to make this gathering a happy one, but at their best these farewell times are sad ones.

On this evening Normal Hall was very Xmas-like in its decorations of green and hollyberries. From the end of the hall a large "E" of red lights greeted the eyes of every guest, and seemed to say in its brilliancy, "Welcome, and be merry."

The evening passed all too quickly. Soon the music ceased

and the sounds of happy feet died away. All too soon the sad farewells came, for were we not bidding adieu to those who had brightened our halls for months through cloud and sunshine?

How lonesome Normal life will be without Hazel McCauley, Mrs. Horan, Hazel Singleton and Ruth Gilman! We would in vain hold them with us, but duty calls them and we must let them go.

BROWNING.

The Browning Society has now finished another term of pleasure and work. We regret to see our graduates leave us, but 'tis time to say "good-bye," we suppose.

The new officers for the next term are elected—Miss Lopeman, president; Miss Irwin, vice-president; Miss Gill, treasurer, and Miss Russell, secretary.

With these new officers and our excellent dramatic initiation, we anticipate a very successful future. We feel sure our graduates will often think of our candy-pulls, spreads and dances, in which they were wont to participate.

ALLENIAN.

The Allenian Society has taken on an even greater interest than usual in the last month. The society always has been the foremost factor in the school life of each of its members, but it seems to have gained overflowing enthusiasm and energy with the passing of time. This spirit possessed by every Allenian is transformed into first-class program and good times. The society has done much solid work in the last month, which, together with social pleasures, has made the girls feel that they are one family indeed all under the direction of their beloved father, Professor Allen, whose memory is their dearest and most beautiful possession. The dance in honor of the graduates which is to be held in the near future is intended to be a last remembrance to the girls who are leaving us of the joys and fraternal spirit of the Allenian.

Those on the roll of Allenian now are Katherine Hall, Lila Gimore, Ella Gilmore, Maude Chase, Rose Gardner, Adelma Walters, Sara Picknell, Grace James, Ethel White, Antoinette Luce, Merlin Ogden, Ollie Tharp, Juanita Keeve, Florence Gilchrist, Gertrude Stuart, Ocea Joiner, Irene Estes, Irma Sacre, Irma Ross, Grace Lewis.

Jennie Purvine, Grace Taylor, Jennie Watt, Helen Taylor, Fannie Luhrmann, Ruth Rucker, Pearl Fosgate, Leota Wilcox, Julia Estrada, Mabel Metzger, Prudence Lewis and Ruth Davenport.

Those to be graduated in December are Lela Gilmore, Ella Gilmore, Irene Estes and Maude Chase.

Since the foregoing was written, the news of the death of Mrs. Allen has reached us. The society extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and feel that they also sustain a loss in the death of Mrs. Allen. The funeral will be attended by the Allenians in a body.

A is for Alphabet; for the Christmas class of 1905.
The best class in the Normal, as sure as you're alive.

EROSOPHIAN.

The last meeting of the Erosophians was a very interesting one. An impromptu program was rendered and the various "inspirations" were exceedingly entertaining. After the program a "feast" of peanuts and panoche was enjoyed by all.

Next Friday the regular meeting will be held and a study made of one of our present-day writers. We feel very sorry to think that we are soon to lose one of our girls, Miss Ada DeWitt, who is a member of the December class. Miss DeWitt was at one time our President and is a most loyal Erosophian. We wish her all success in her new career.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. girls are looking forward to some very interesting meetings. Different members of the faculty as well as outside speakers have been engaged to talk to the girls on various topics. The names of the speakers and the dates of their talks will be announced later.

On November 28th Dr. Mills spoke to us on the subject of "Thanksgiving." The Mission Study class took charge of the meeting on December 5th. In the regular meetings of the class much interest is shown and we feel thankful that we have the splendid leader we find in Miss Davenport. In the study of David Brainard's work among the Indians we have all been inspired with a deeper sympathy and love for our fellow creatures, the Red Men.

During the absence of Professor Wood his Bible class continued to meet and have gained much through informal discussions of th lessons.

The leaders of the regular association meetings for the past month were: Misses Park, Donlon, Bottomly and Wann. In the Xma graduating class the association loses five active members.

Miss Ada DeWitt, our Corresponding Secretary, has served us faithfully and well, and as she goes from us she carries the best wishes of every member.

Helen Snyder, our music director, has made the meetings enjoyable by her never-failing promptness at her post of duty. We would do well to follow her good example.

Addie Neville, Pearl Berdrow and Dora Powell will be remembered for their efficient work done on committees.

Sigma Theta Chi

Alpha Chapter, established, 1898. Members:

Soroi in Facultate—Almeida McMillian.

Graduate students—Lela Gilmore, Maude Chase.

Seniors—Alice Harris, Katherine Hall, Leota Wilcox, Helen Taylor.

Juniors—Adelma Walters, Anita Anderson, Hilda Koch.

Pledged—Sadie Smith.

Kappa Delta Fraternity.

(Full many a pupil has become greater than his master.)

FRATRES IN COLLEGIUM:

Vaughn Lloyd — Willis Cline

FRATRES IN FACULTATAE:

M. E. Dailey, A. M., LL. D., — D. R. Wood, A. B.

L. B. Wilson — N. H. Bullock, M. S.

FRATRES IN ALUMNAE:

A. H. Suzzallo, A. M.
Wm. Langdon
F. C. Moore
E. A. Palmer
A. Sheriffs
F. M. Carr
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W. H. Hanlon
H. C. Tracy
W. R. Meese
C. J. Fox
C. H. Reynolds
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H. G. McKanney
K. F. Reynolds
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A. J. Smith
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F. P. Hogan
J. C. Lane
W. S. Rice
E. J. Cuthbertson
E. D. Snow
N. Prusch
J. Malloy

C. L. Phelps



Rah for Normal!

Nor-mal
N-or-m-al
Normal, Normal,

Nor-mal
N-or-m-al
Normal, Normal,

Normal!

With that school spirit which is ever bubbling over and carrying all before it, that believes "in union there is strength," and in every struggle brings its school to a victorious finale, the Normal continues on its busy, delightful way. With such a school and such school spirit, how can we *ever* fail? For though the victory may not always be ours, the knowledge of how to take a defeat, profit by it and through all show good fellowship and sportsmanlike spirit, is often worth more than is realized.

In this way are the athletics of the Normal carried on, and for just so much good do they react on those who participate in them.

The basket-ball schedule has not been carried out as arranged on account of the rain. The business manager holds a number of challenges, some local and one that may carry our team as far as Reno, but we can say nothing definite about them yet. Although the weather has kept us from the court, the spirit has not been allowed to die out. When webfooted creatures claim the field for their own, the throwers of the ball and their enthusiastic and much-needed supporters make the old halls of their beloved school ring with songs and shouts in her praise.

One who stands by without participating in the things which bring his school into prominence cannot appreciate the thrll that goes through one and the joy one feels at the mere menton of her name. But let us all rejoice that we have very few "who only stand and

wait." We want to especially thank the boys, who, though so few in number as to be handicapped in many things, still do the very best thing possible—encourage in every way the athletics that *are* in process at their school. Let us give three cheers for "the boys" for the way they supported us at the San Jose High School vs. Normal game.

We have played only one match game since the last issue of this paper, that being a very impromptu (one our part) game with Campbell Union High School, and resulting in a score of 4 to 5 in favor of Normal. We hope to have a return game on our own court with this enterprising school before the term closes. A game between the Juniors and Seniors has been promised to the school, but has had to be continually postponed on account of the rain. This promises to be a very exciting game, as the teams are evenly matched—the regular team girls being Juniors and the regular team guards coming from the Senior classes. The game will be played as soon as the weather permits, the line-up probably being as follows:

Junior team: Goals—Montgomery, Watrous, Luce; Centers—Burroughs (captain), Bradford, Laird; Guards—Dyer, Linniksen,

Senior Team: Goals—Moranda, Lawson, Burtscher; Centers—Luhrman, Stuart, Liddle; Guards—Feeney, McKenna, Chase (captain).

The regular team of the Normal is strong this year, and we are willing to meet any opponent who plays a clean, fair game.

But basket-ball is not the only athletic interest, as will readily be seen by looking at the tennis schedule. Tennis is becoming more and more popular, as mal be seen by the fine new court we have. We are greatly indebted to the school and especially to Miss Bassler and her untiring efforts in our behalf for this new court. We have two courts now, but they are both filled at all spare moments, showing that the space has been profitably used.

And now, while we are clearing our brains after hard study and making our bodies as well as our minds strong, we must always remember that above and beyond all is our dear school and her fair name—and act accordingly in all things.

Helpful Suggestions.

The Normal girls in San Jose from out of town find homes in varying fashion; some board, others keep house in groups of twos and threes, while occasionally one lives "all by her lonely."

One of the Junior A's was recently telling me that she had found an ideal room, so I frankly asked if I might call and have a glimpse of her elysium. I had some experience in room-hunting for a friend, and had gone home footsore and weary, with visions of stairs with dingy carpets, rooms with battered walls, conglomerations of color that were positively nauseating, and Miss Grace's remark aroused both interest and curiosity, so when she cordially replied to my question, "Certainly! Come very soon! I will be delighted to have you call," I resolved to go "very soon."

At 5:30 that evening I rang the bell at — South — street, and the white-haired lady who opened the door told me to "walk right upstairs and go to the door at the back end of the hall."

I followed her suggestion, passed up stairs that were covered with greenish-gray carpet, and down a hall that had terra-cotta colored walls, and the same greenish carpet on the floor, and rapped at the designated door, which was quickly opened by Miss Grace, who gave me a cordial welcome.

When the door was closed she blushingly said: "You have found me at dinner, but never mind. I do not get home from school until 4:30, then I study a half-hour, and at 5 o'clock I put on my big apron"—here she lifted it with a graceful curtsy—"my sleeve protectors"—I noticed they were made from cream-colored knit material with elastic at top and bottom—"and then I proceed to get dinner, always cooking something for the morrow at the same time.

"Come and share my dessert!" and as she silenced all protests, I took the proffered chair and partook of a delicate pudding, ice-cold, which I was informed was made in the morning while breakfast was being prepared.

Dinner over, Miss Grace remarked: "Now I will show you how quickly a dining-room may be transformed into a sitting-room or a

study hall, if you please."

I rested in a high-backed easy chair of graceful willow, and watched with keen delight the deft fingers wrapping the loaf of bread (whole wheat), in many folds of clean flour sacks, "to keep it from drying out" was the explanation.

Dishes were quickly sorted and carried to a corner shelf in the end of the large closet, which opened from the room, and when I offered to wipe them, Miss Grace laughingly said, "Oh, I haven't time to wash dishes but once a day, and I take the morning for that, when I have a fire to take the chill from the room and utilize it to heat water, cook breakfast and often begin the preparation of meat and vegetables that may be needed for lunch at noon, or may be finished on the oil stove for dinner at night."

The left-overs were arranged on small dishes on a tray and carried into the hall.

"Where did those go?" I asked on her return.

"I have a safe outside of that north window in the hall, where I keep food," she replied, "and Mrs. K— lets me keep staple vegetables and fruit in the cellar. I buy in quantities, you know, wherever possible, as it is cheaper."

While talking, the little white cloth had been carefully brushed, folded and slipped on a shelf behind an olive-green curtain that I was certain covered the cupboard where dishes were placed.

Over the table now a pretty cover of olive denim, finished with a coarse chain stitch in cream color, was spread, a large Argand lamp was taken from a shelf over the table and placed in position ready for lighting, and then I remarked, "My call must be as brief as possible, so now tell me how you evoluted this cosy room."

"Well,' and Miss Grace' gathered some pillows behind her and curled up on the comfortable looking lounge with its neat Roman cover, "when I first saw this room it was barren of everything save possibilities; yes, worse, it had an ugly, dirty wall of that horrid bluish purple kalsomine tint, broken in many places, and with color washed off in others. Mrs. K—, who owns the property, had just moved, in as she was tired of renting, and when I remarked 'The room is sunny, good size (12x15) and can be made into a pleasant home,' she replied, 'Well, if you like the room and will help put it in order, I will deduct from your rent, and will be glad to have you suggest how to furnish it, only I cannot spend much money upon it.'

"I was delighted, and we talked things over for a half-hour and decided to have, for a beginning, a paperhanger the next day. Then we went down-town, selected this cream paper with the simple green vine and brown leaves, a matting as you see with the same colors, all blending with the oak woodwork. The oak bureau and washstand we found at a second-hand store, and although Mrs. K— offered me some ruffled white curtains I said I preferred these airy cream cheese-cloth ones, and so she bought the goods, and I made the curtains. I chose, too, the cream striped oil cloth you see on the table and behind the washstand. It is softer to the eye than white and does not soil so easily.

"The cupboard we made from a dry-goods box, and I made my manual training practical by putting in the shelves and staining the outside cherry color. I also put those shelves in the end of the large clothes-press, where I store dry groceries and keep cooking utensils.

"In the end of the hall in front of my door you noticed the olive curtain. It is cool there, and two home-made shelves hold foods and make a general stowaway closet."

"How about these pictures and the two or three pieces of excellent bric-a-brac?" I asked.

"Oh, they are all mine. It is more homelike to have something about with home memories. I made my pincushion when I sat at the feet of my good mother, learning to sew. The water-colors are some school work, and the other articles are gifts from friends.

"Oh, yes! You must not forget to notice my stove. The oven is very tiny, but bakes perfectly, and I feel quite like a housekeeper when on Saturday morning I do my small washing and at the same time bake my bread for the coming week.

"Expenses? I am living well on fifteen dollars per month; but let me show you the best of all."

"Come to the window and see the light from the setting sun reflected on the Mount Hamilton range. In the early morning the views from both that east and this south window are as beautiful as anything in San Jose. Loma Prieta always appears so stately and stable, and the other evening when a heavy bank of fog hung all along the western line of hills, Loma seemed to say to me, 'I have risen above all the vapors and vanities of earth; look up to me!' and I listened to the little admonition, for I had been fretting about some of these nearby back yards, and wishing that the 'Beautiful America' clubs

might make an invasion. I then and there decided that the undesirable things are best left unnoticed, and that it is wise to lift the eyes to the vaster outlooks and grander vistas up and away."

I wanted to say "Amen," but I only said, "I thank you for a very pleasant call," and hastened down the stairs with the thought, "Miss Grace is a student, a housekeeper, a home-maker and a philosopher.

JUNIOR A 5.

Mt. Hamilton.

Above a towering pine, a bright green wall,
Dark crowns of eucalyptus trees so tall;
And through a misty screen so silvery,
Beneath the heaven's soft blue canopy,
Now peeps the eastern hills of grayish hue.
Behind this screen, though nearly hid from view,
And on the highest peak are two white domes,
Which through the mist and far above our homes,
Now slowly upward with their grandeur rise
To meet the glory of the azure skies.

—M. SMITH.

A Graduate's Christmas Dinner.

It was just a week before Christmas. Mrs. Feely sat alone in her cozy little parlor. Edgar had been away the whole of ten days, and would not be back until Christmas. Her Normal diploma was only two months old, her marriage certificate but six weeks, and matrimonial cares pressed heavily upon her. Her brows were knit in perplexity. She was planning a grand surprise for Edgar in the shape of a Christmas dinner, and had a pencil and piece of paper upon her lap to check down all of the items which would add to the charm of the meal. For number one she wrote turkey, number two, plumpudding (Edgar was so fond of plum pudding), mince pie, fruit cake (it is so necessary for a Christmas dinner), angel cake, celery, cranberries (mother always buys these). "I must have some kind of salad. Let me see, which kind is it that Edgar likes so well? O, yes, it is shrimp!" Orange pudding, nuts and raisins (Edgar is so fond of dessert).

The next week was a busy one for the young wife. She swept and dusted the house countless numbers of times; read and re-read her lists, made many trips down-town, traveled from store to store in search of the best, and took all of the grocery men into her confidence. The day before Edgar's arrival she spent in baking for the coming feast. With much hard labor, worry, waste of material and consulting of the cook-book, she concocted two mince piec, famous for their fatness, and a doubtful-looking fruit cake.

That night as she took a last look at them, setting in a neat row upon the shelf, she wondered if they would be as good as what "mother used to make."

When Agnes awoke the next morning, it seemed that she had never known a Christmas so beautiful before. She thought it was because the sun was shining so brightly and the bells were ringing merrily, but in reality it was because she was so happy over Edgar's home-coming and the prospect of their first Christmas dinner together.

She was soon again installed in the kitchen, finishing the preparations for her culinary triumph.

"I wonder," she said rather quizically, "how long a turkey ought to roast? Should the oven be hot when it is put in, or not? I think about an hour will be ample time. Edgar likes turkey well done."

The big turkey lay dressed and stuffed in the basting pan. As she shoved it into the oven she felt such a glow of Christmas feeling that she longed to invite all of the orphans of the city in to share the feast. Then she peeled some potatoes, covered them closely and placed them on to cook.

"Now," said the little woman, "I think I had better prepare my salad."

She had the cook-book beside her and worked with great exactness. Mother always said that the quality of a salad depended upon the dressing. She began mixing in minute proportions first lemon juice, then mustard, then salad oil. Some way the salad didn't suit her, the dressing had a queer flavor. However, it looked nice, and after she had arranged it in the shell-shaped dish given, to her by Edgar's mother she was quite happy over it. After finishing the salad the busy housewife set her table with the best linen and china and put a big bouquet of white chrysanthemums in the center of it.

"Oh isn't everything dear!" she murmured. "Now I have just twenty minutes in which to dress before Edgar's train arrives. I am going to wear my blue house gown for the first time.

"Now I must wave my hair and fix it low on my neck, the way Edgar admires it. I wonder what is the matter with my hands? They look so red and rough." Then began a fruitless scrubbing with lime juice.

She had just finished this operation, when she heard the front door open, and at the same time a frightful crash in the kitchen. Then a hearty voice exclaimed: "Hello! Where are you, little girl?"

She rushed to the kitchen. Awful things had happened since her absence. A column of thick blue smoke arose from the dry potato kettle; her daintily set table was a ruin. A maurauding cat had sneaked in after the cream and in consequence of his visit, a river of cranberry sauce wandered over the immaculate table-cloth, and on to the carpet. The dainty cream pitcher was broken and cat-tracks decorated the table.

"Oh Edgar, Edgar!" she cried. "I fixed it all for you, and now that awful cat has ruined it."

Then she collapsed in sobs against his broad shoulders. There

was a twinkle in Edgar's eye and a twitching around about the mouth as he viewed the situation. Thinking of his wife's flushed face and sobs of disappointment, he patted her disheveled hair and said manfully: "There must be something left, the cat didn't get it all, and besides I am so hungry that I can eat most anything anyway."

But she only sobbed the louder and said: "O Edgar, I just can't touch anything, my heart was in it."

"Now, sweetheart, I tell you what we'll do. You just run along and dress and I will finish serving dinner. I have done it for mother scores of times."

Like a broken hearted child she crept back to the dressing-room, and Edgar assumed the role of cook.

"Great Scott! this is a home coming. If the little one hadn't tried so hard I would throw the whole business into the ash barrel. But that would never do. It would wound her tender heart cruelly.

"I guess I had best tackle the table-cloth first." He reset the table and then looked for a cloth with which to wipe up the cranberry sauce. His search was fruitless.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed as he pulled out his linen handkerchief and made it serve the purpose.

Next a peculiar odor of burning from the oven attracted his attention. He opened the door.

"A patriarch of the flock," he murmured as he saw the long, grizzly neck and the muscular legs. He attempted to stick a fork in the breast of the turkey, but the only result was a gravy-soaked cuff as his hand slipped aimlessly into the roasting pan.

"We can never eat that old crocodile. How in the deuce can I get her up town without hutring her feelings?"

He next stuck his inquisitive fork into the salad. "Phew!" he said. "By all that's powerful, she has used my bicycle oil in the dressing. That is my fault. I should not have put it in an olive-oil bottle."

He made such an energetic jump toward the ash bucket that his protruding elbow knocked the ill-fated salad onto the floor. He thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets and whistling softly strolled toward the pantry.

"I will slice some fruit cake. We will just have some cake and tea, as old ladies always say. There must be something the mat-

ter with this knife. Phew! the toughest job I ever got into," and pulling out his cranberry-soaked handkerchief he wiped his brow.

After investigating the cake, he tried the pie, and found it as impossible as the other viands.

"Well, I give up," he said as he walked toward his wife's room. "I guess I'll tell her that I let the turkey burn and upset the salad like a blundering cad, and ask her to go up town to pay for spoiling her dinner." He wondered if he could say "spoiling" without laughing outright.

She stood before the mirror a vision of loveliness in her new dress. When she saw him she burst into peals of laughter.

"Hysterics!" he thought; but a look in the glass reassured him, for his own face was liberally besmeared with the red sauce.

"Edgar, you are the dearest and best person in all the world,

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but our dinner is a failure. You will have to eat bread and milk because you married a Normal School graduate who took art as an optional instead of cooking."

"The dinner would have been all right, Agnes, if the cat hadn't —by Jove! the telephone. I shall run down and see what is wanted.

"Hello! Yes, this is Edgar.

"What's that? Going away? Impossible then to see you unless we take dinner together, I'm afraid."

"Why, yes, of course. An excellent idea."

"She'll be perfectly delighted, I know."

"Very well, in half an hour then at the Woman's Exchange. I was wondering how I coud see you."

"No inconvenience at all."

"Good-bye."



DRESS WAISTS

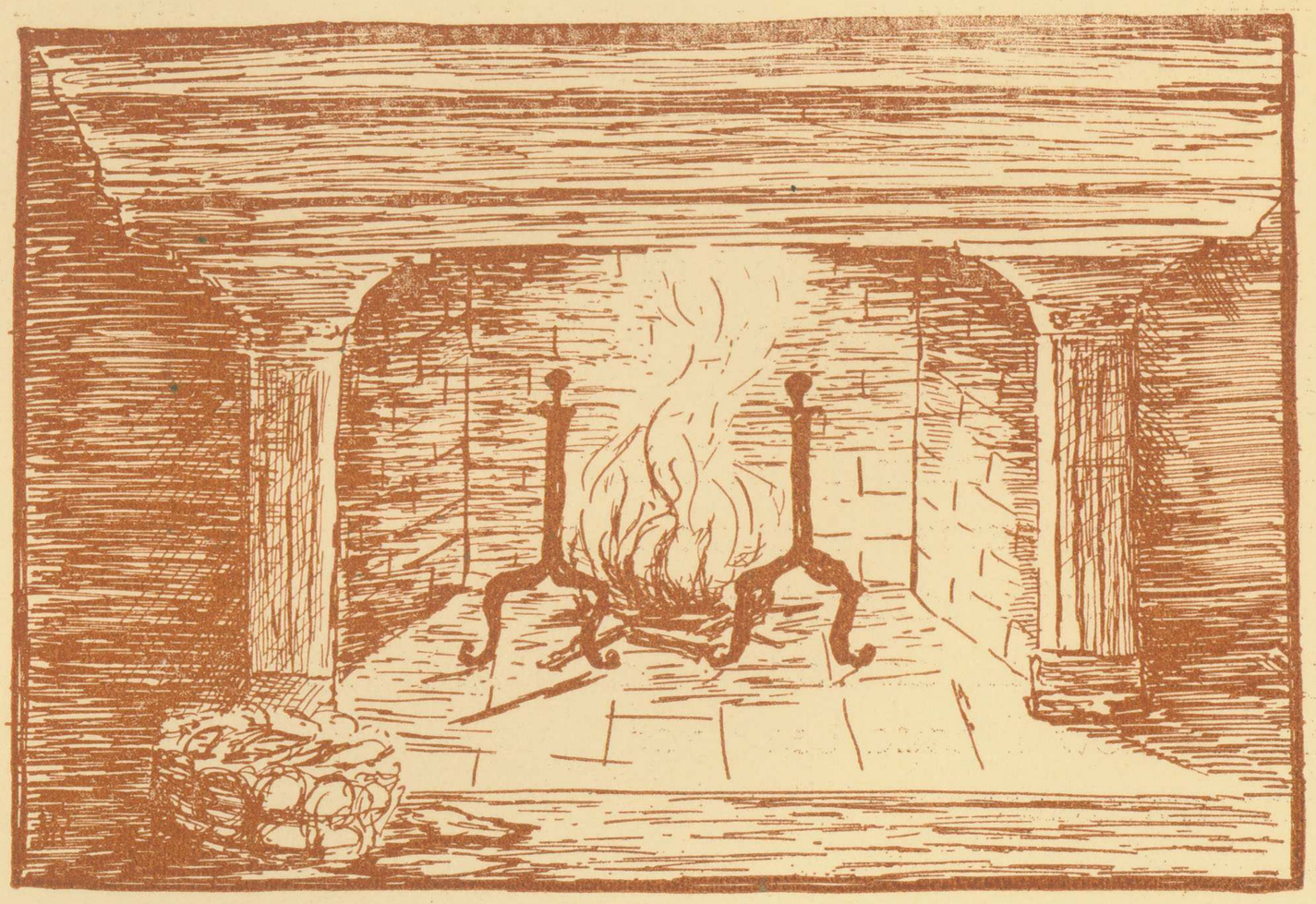
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"Pa," began Bobby, "may I ask just one one more question?"

"Well," replied pa without looking from his book.

"If they had clocks in the moon would they be lunatics?"—*Ex.*

Miss H—e: "Miss A—, what is a point? Define it, please."

Startling information given in nature study class: The thorns from the agara plant are fed to cattle.

Some men are born to greatness,
With luck their lives begin;
And some achieve distinction,
And others just "butt in." —*Ex.*

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Lives there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
As on his bed shone borning light,
"I wish the school burned down last night"? —*Ex.*

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Professor Wilson entered room "N," second hour, November 29th, in a "sobering and pugilistic" attitude (of perhaps repentance and defeat). The sympathy of the class was quite apparent. (Blushing). He attempted to allay the feelings of the class by stating that it all happened one day ahead of Thanksgiving. The history he gave of the cause of the conspicuous bump on his forehead was quite different from the first impression (?) of the class.

MISS LULU E. PIEPER

Vocal Instruction

—Special attention paid to tone placing—

452 South Third St. San Jose Phone, Black 193



Useful, Serviceable, and at Popula
—Prices—

University Drug Co

50 E. Santa Clara St. Phone Main 554

"City of San Jose

First and Fountain Sts., San Jose

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
HOSIERY
GLOVES
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VEILINGS
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ART MATERIALS
ETC., ETC., ETC.

I. LOEB & BRO.

Chas. A. Bothwell

Class Pins and Graduation Gifts

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverwear, Best Goods, Lowest Prices. Repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

Phone, Black 1542 **112 SOUTH FIRST STREET**

Ms. —: "Why! you don't tell me that Mr. Morse is a married man!" (Blushing). "I am so surprised."

The future holds no worry for the man whose surplus is anchored to a savings account. Start one today with

The Garden City Bank and Trust Co.

BORDMAN & CO.

AGENTS PRIDE OF CEYLON TEA — SPECIALTY OF TEAS AND COFFEES

GENERAL GROCERIES

Te ephone, John 191 - - 186 South First St., San Jose, Cal.

PHONE MAIN 72

SPECIAL DELIVERY

CURTIS & HENKLE DRUG CO.

69 S. FIRST ST.

TRADE MARK

Clarified Milk

We clarify all of our milk before delivering it to our customers. All of our milk is bottled and sealed with a sanitary top before it leaves our dairy room.

Pure clarified milk delivered to all parts of the city for 5 cents per quart. Telephone your orders. **Phone, Main 46.**

We have the agency for the DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS, and carry a full line of their supplies. Sold on easy terms.

San Jose Creamery Co.

149 South First St., San Jose, Cal. FRESH CHURNED BUTTER

'Tis said in singing you excel,
We surely can with you rejoice.
A prodigy you'd be, they tell,
If you but had a leading voice.

Graduation Gifts

FRANK E. SMITH
JEWELER, & OPTICIAN
92 SOUTH FIRST ST
SAN JOSE CAL.

Class Pins

Eye Testing and Frame Fitting a Specialty

DR. H. T. HITE

Refracting Optician
San Jose Optical Co.

See our new style Rimless Eyeglass Mounting
Examination and Consultation Free

Phone, Blue 261 **111 South Second Street**

PIERCE CYCLES
TRIED AND TRUE

J. A. DESIMONE, 87 E. San Fernando St.

The Bank of San Jose

FOUNDED 1866

Capital Fully Paid - - - - - $300,000.00
Surplus and Reserve - - - - - 200,000.00

OFFICERS:

WM. KNOX BEANS, Pres. *JOHN P. BURKE, Vice-Pres.* *W. V. DINSMORE, Cashier*

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L. Machefert

41 West Santa Clara St

PRESENTS IN BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND AND SILVERWARE

CHRISTMAS JEWELRY ——Large Assortment——

Girls, grasp your opportunity. Mr. Cline needs a guide when he is in the library. One to guide right preferred.

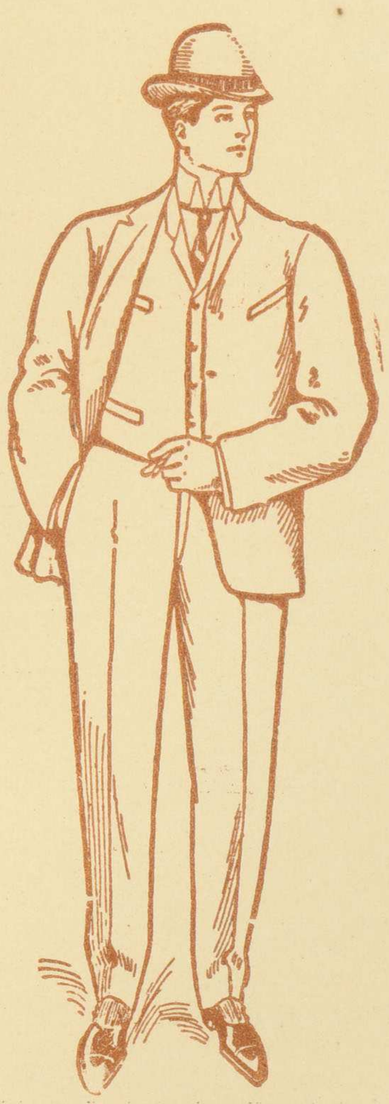
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Cleveland
·BICYCLES·

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

Harrison P. Smith

South First and San Carlos Sts. TENNIS RACKETS BASEBALL



The New Store

Young Men's College-made Clothes one of our Special Features $12.50 to $20.00.
Nobby styles and fabrics.

Spring & Tighe

69 to 75 North First St. San Jose, Cal.

Miss Qinney to zoology class—How many of you have seen molecules?

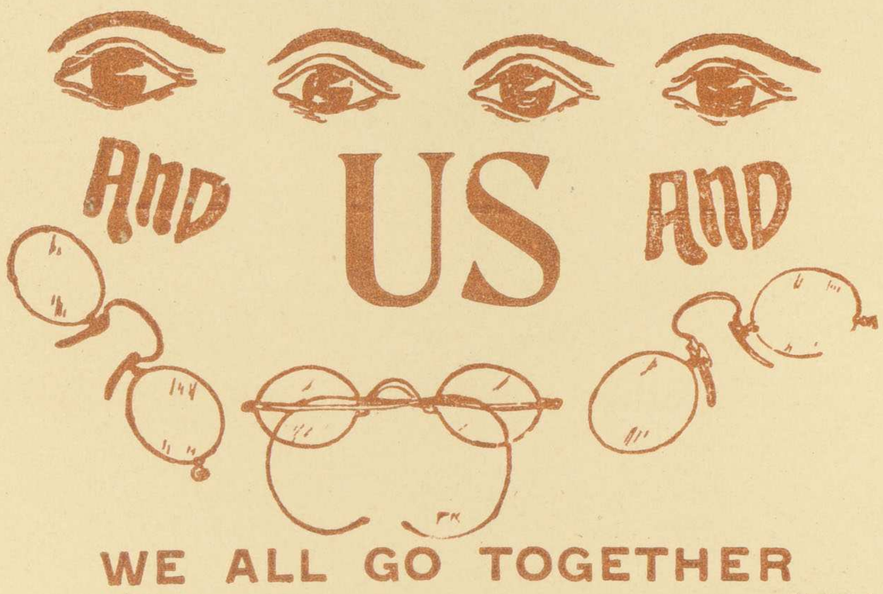
Freshie—I have.

Miss Kinney—What did they look like?

Wreshie—Well—er—I don't know.

Christmas Novelties at Hale's.

If you don't get an invitation to a Normal affair, "butt in." For full information apply to H. T. or R. G.



WE ALL GO TOGETHER

THINK of your eyes, their value, their comfort, their preservation.

Then THINK of glasses, what they will do if fitted right—JUST RIGHT and the dangers of injury from wearing those that are wrong.

Now THINK of us; we fit glasses RIGHT if we fit them at all. If you need glasses it is well worth your while to find out what we can do.

We use no drugs in our examination, you lose no time from your work or business. You take no chances for we guarantee our glasses to give entire satisfaction.

EXAMINATION FREE

DR. GEO. B. PRATT **OPTICIANS** DR. B. K. KERR

31 East Santa Clara St. Hours 9 to 5



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

bought at CURTAZ's means joy and pleasure to the recipient and a saving and satisfaction to the giver

GOODS THE BEST PRICES THE LOWEST

PIANOS VIOLINS GUITARS MANDOLINS MUSIC ROLLS
TALKING MACHINES

Benj. Curtaz & Son

148 South First St.

Two professors of the Normal,
L. B. W., M. E. D.,
Were wont to witness games most formal,
And everything worth while to see.

The place to buy good goods is at Hale's

CHAS. C. NAVLET CO.

Xmas Bells
Xmas Plants
Xmas Flowers
Xmas Wreaths

The J. A. Belloli Company

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wines and Liquors. Direct Importers of French and Italian Olives, Olive Oils and Foreign Cheese. Correspondence in all Languages.

BELLOLI BUILDING, N. W. Cor. San Fernando and Third Sts. *Phone, Main 79*

Our Girls' and Women's Shoes Please

They have a gracefulness and dash of style that all women like

College Styles Fit-Easy Brand $3.50
Columbias $2.45

A. S. Bacon

74 and 76 South First St.

San Jose Hardware Co.

62-64 West San Fernando Street, Next Post Office

Largest Stock **Best Assortment**

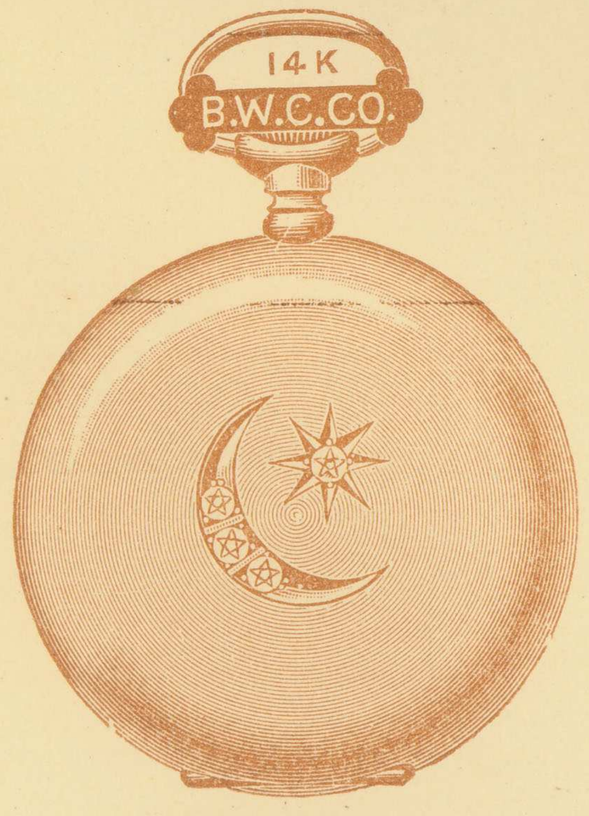
Why can't the moon get a new hat? Easy—It takes all four of its quarters to get full.—*Ex.*

Columbia Cyclery

82 SOUTH SECOND STREET

TRIBUNE AND FISKE BICYCLES

Repairing is our long suite. We are fixed better than any one in town to take care of your bicycle troubles. F. M. KEESLING. Phone, JAMES 1021



Select Your Christmas Presents Early

We are showing one of the largest and most complete Holiday Stocks we have ever carried. Everything in the Jewelry line.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

W. C. LEAN, Jeweler

Successor to H. MORTON

22 WEST SAN FERNANDO STREET

Try HALLAS COFFEE 25c. per lb.

"Equal to any 35c or 40c coffee"

We import from our plantation in Mexico

237-239 NORTH FIRST ST.

Phone GREEN 91

WILLIAM HALLA

MILLARD BROS.

Books, Stationery and School Supplies

KNOX BLOCK.

O Mr. Bayley, our lone boy,
These lines I do address you;
The teachers' pride, the children's joy,
Keep on and God will bless you.

COMMERCIAL TEACHERS

We are preparing teachers for positions as Commercial teachers in High Schools. A large number of High Schools now have Commercial Departments and there are many opportuities for such teachers if they have a knowledge of

Gregg Shorthand
Ellis Bookkeeping

and we have the exclusive right to teach these systems in this county.

We can prepare you in our Evening School and you will be ready for such a position when you have graduated from the Normal.

Call and let us tell you about it.

SAN JOSE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Second and San Fernando Streets

Nothing but Business

W. BOUCHER, Principal

WINNINGER, Artistic Tailor



When such a sign attracts the eye
Tis meet that you should thusly hie
An offer such as this you KNOW
Would put a turtle on the go
For seldom does a sign attract
With such a TRUTHFUL little fact.

WE WILL SHOW YOU AN ASSORTMENT OF 500 STYLES TO SELECT FROM, TAKE YOUR MEASURE AND GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU.

45 East Santa Clara St. - - - San Jose

Over Riley Drug Store

Of course see BUSHNELL for fine fotos

The latest and best in every style of picture

Bushnell

41 North First St.

(The Ground Floor Gallery)

Special Rates : : : : Be sure to give them a call

Mr. Wood says his experience with mistletoe has been very limited.

Eat at Wheeler's

Fine Millinery

Best Styles Reasonable Prices

32 South First Street, MRS. LYNCH

Andy Veit

SHOE MAKER.

71 East San Fernando St.

Repairing of every description.

All kinds of shoes made to order.

Agency for Orthopedic $3.50 Shoes.

Telephone, Blue 1491.

Soles 35 cts. and up.

MALEY'S

Office at Navlet's

EXPRESS AND STORAGE CO.

Office Phone, Main 126 — Res. Phone, John £905

Trunks 25c. - - - - - 104 South First Street

We want your patronage. You will want our service when you know us, Let's get acquainted.

No saw edges

National Laundry Co.

Telephone John 3551 Opp. City Hall 275 S. Market St,

—STUDENTS, GO TO—

Slavich's Restaurant

Telephone John 1061 and OYSTER HOUSE

Who is the Willie Boatwright enquiring after "Wilet Brown?"

SAN JOSE TRANSFER CO.

Telephone, Main 78

—Moves everything that is loose—

62 East Santa Clara St. G. P. BURKETT, Manager

Phone, James 1521 E. KOBER, Manager

Hess' San Jose Dyeing and Cleaning Works

STEAM AND DRY CLEANING OF LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHES A SPECIALTY

339-341 East San Fernando Street, San Jose, Cal.

"Cunningham's"

Men's Furnishing Goods. Men's Fine Clothing

If you eat at all you ought to buy at

WEMPLE'S

McDONALD & ROSS, Proprietors — 71-73 East Santa Clara St.

The Latest in Photography

We are fully equipped for all kinds of high class work in this line

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS AND STUDENT GROUPS

Views of Santa Clara County, and the Big Basin Redwood Park

We are always glad to see you at

THE ANDREW P. HILL STUDIO

58 South Second St., San Jose — Phone Black 636

School days fast we know are flitting;
Though we gain much that is good,
Ne'er can we forget that knitting
Is an art well done by Wood.

Students go to Hale's.

RENTS — MORTGAGES

For REAL ESTATE Investments

SEE

Johnson & Temple

LOANS — 12 North First, San Jose — INSURANCE

Enterprise Laundry

SANTA CLARA - Phone Clay 891

We guarantee first class starch work, and give special attention to flannels, washing with the least possible shrinkage.

KOENIG'S

86 SOUTH FIRST

Discounts to Normal Students

SOROSIS SHOE AGENCY

The Most Popular Shoe for Women

E. H. GUPPY & SON

Holiday Books, Calendars, Elegant Line of Newest Goods

31-33-35 E. San Fernando Street Phone, Red 322

Red Star Laundry Co.

INCORPORATED

We Employ Only Union Labor

Work called for and returned in San Jose and Vicinity.

TELEPHONE MAIN 69

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

Phone, Office Black 1531 Hours: 10-12, 2-4
Residence, Vendome Hotel

P. A. Jordan, M. D.

EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT

Ryland Block San Jose, Cal.

No PENNANT was issued in September.

Senior (thinking of taking a snapshot of the Normal building) —We can't get a good one unless we get Mr. Payne or one of the other boys to bring out a stepladder.

We learn that Adelma is quite an experienced guardian. She has several wards to take care of.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

52 South Second St.

Best of home cooking. Hot lunch from 11:30 to 2 p. m.

——A good meal for 20 cents——

J. P. JARMAN

88 and 90 South Second Street

PICTURE FRAMES WINDOW SHADES Wall Paper

Frescoing and Interior Decorating a Specialty

Agent W. P. Fuller & Co's Pure Prepaired Paint

T. F. Sourisseau

Manufacturing and Repairing
. . Jeweler . .

Badges and Class Pins a specialty;
also a stock of Watches, Jewelry,
Diamonds and Sterling Silverware.

Headquarters for EROSOPHIAN,
BROWNING, ALLENIAN, SAPPHO and
SIGMA THETA CHI. . . .

No plated goods—10, 14 and 18
karats Gold and Sterling Silver.

Normal Pennants (two kinds)

ENGRAVING FREE

No. 59½ South First St. Phone White 207

Rooms 2, 3 and 4



A CALL TO CHRISTMAS BUYERS

Our elegant line of HOLIDAY GOODS is now open for inspection. It is full of Quality, Variety, Beauty and Good Taste. Do not fail to see our Christmas attractions in JUVENILE and GIFT BOOKS, STATIONERY, CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS and DAIRIES, LEATHER GOODS, FOUNTAIN PENS, NOVELTIES, ETC. The right place to get right gifts at right prices.

MAYNARD'S 112 South First St.

Books Stationery Fancy Goods

Mr. F. B. Schofield's address is Visalia, Calif. She is very anxious to get the address of the writer of one of the joshes in the November Pennant.

SEE THAT McCabe HATTER 82 S FIRST ST SAN JOSE CAL. IS IN U'R HAT

THE JOHN STOCK SONS, Tinners, Roofers and Plumbers

House Warming a Specialty. Stoves, Hardware and House Furnishing
Mantels Grates and Tiles

71-77 SOUTH FIRST ST. SAN JOSE, CAL.

The ST. JAMES LAUNDRY

ALBERT BETTENS, Manager

Does the best work - - - Telephone, Main 569

THE WONDER for Millinery

GET OUR PRICES

108-110 South First Street

Saratoga Meat Market

A. M. LESSER
(Successor to Woodward-Bennett Co.

PRIME MEATS LOW PRICES

Phone, Main 459 53-67 South First St. Prompt Service

Mr. —: "Darling, did you sew that button on my coat?"
Mrs. —: "No; I couldn't find the button. But I sewed up the buttonhole."



THE GIFT SUPREME,

because always appreciated, is OBRIEN'S confections. We have a large assortment of every conceivable kind of confectionery, all of delicious and luscious flavor, put up in the most attractive forms for Xmas gifts and presentations. Beautiful souvenir boxes for sending away.

O'BRIEN'S

30 South First Street

Careful painstaking service given in every department of Banking

The First National Bank

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Your business respectfully solicited

Klein's Patent Hot Air Furnace

——THE BEST IN THE MARKET——

Call and see it at - - - 53 South Second Street, San Jose, Cal.

E. By— is very anxious to meet a certain young man at the Normal.



SANTA CLAUS SEES WELL

when he sees through "specs" or glasses fitted to his vision by our optical experts. It may be well to remind you that we charge absolutely nothing for eye exnmination and only a reasonable price for whatever your eye may need; little for a great deal of eye comfort—perhaps eye salvation.

GSGOOD & BALL OPTICAL CO.

156 South First Street

COLLEGIAN STYLES
IN
YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING

Built with the idea of giving to the College Man that keen style of clothing that has delighted the good dresser of the great Universities of America

Spring's, Inc.

MARKET AND SANTA CLARA STS.

—A pleasure to show goods—



Ladies, Your Credit Is Good

Come and get a

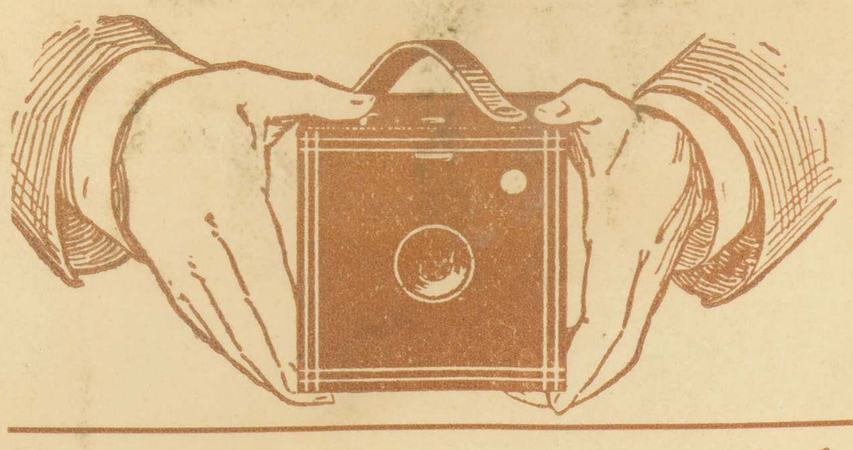
Suit, Coat, Skirt or Waist

and take it home and enjoy the wear while you pay



THE PARISIAN CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE

37 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.



KODAKS, CAMERAS, ETC.
STATIONERS - - XMAS NOVELTIES

"TROP'S"

43 South First Street

XMAS GIFTS

A choice assortment of holiday goods from which to select
consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, JEWELRY,
SILVER NOVELTIES, SCHOOL PINS, ETC.

R. KOCHER & SON 15 South First Street

New England Kitchen

18 SOUTH SECOND ST.

Headquarters for Students

COFFEE CLUB PRICES

The Leon

MODERN MILLINERY

48 South First Street

M. H. OSGOOD

Optician and Jeweler

156 South First St., San Jose, Cal.

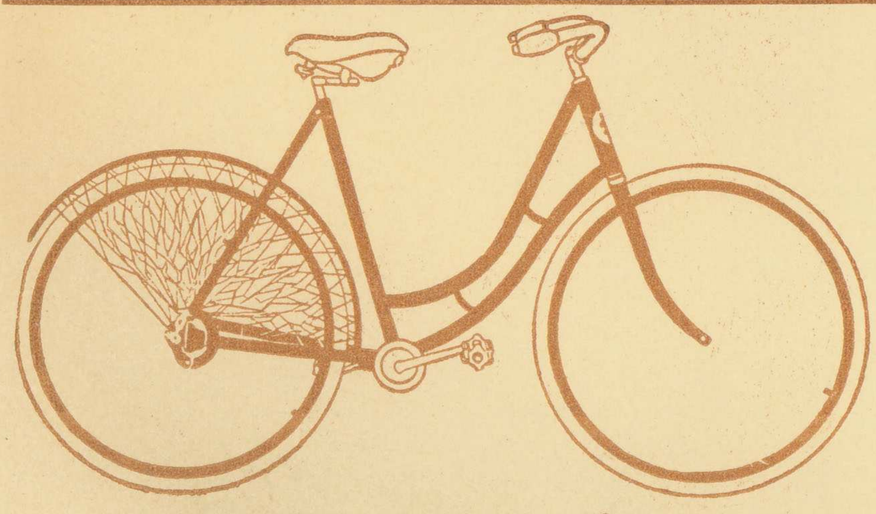


Thomas Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

We dispense only chemically pure drugs

Yellow Front. 126 S. First St. Prompt Delivery. Phone Main 97.



There is only one

Columbia Bicycle Agency in San Jose

BINGHAM & BANTA

No. 174 South Second St.

Carry a full line of the popular Columbia Bicycles
We have new wheels for $20 and up. Easy payments. Old wheels taken in trade. Don't be deceived, and don't forget the number, 174 South Second Street

ENGLE MUSIC HOUSE

Leading Pianos for rent and sold on easy terms. Sheet Music at half price

56-58-60 East Santa Clara St. - San Jose

Dress Hats, Shirt Waist Hats, in every style at

THE BAND BOX

Millinery Store

27-31 East Santa Clara Street

We have the goods
Our prices are right
We solicit your trade

FARMERS UNION

San Jose.

PIANOS

There are many reasons for our large trade

The two most important are

Quality

AND

Price

Come in and see for yourself
There are others

The Wiley B. Allen Co.

Largest Piano House in the West.

40 South Second Street San Jose, Cal.

PIANOS

Roberts & Gross

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods,
Ladies' Furnishing Goods

50-52 South First Street

The Wise Normal Student Buys Everything at

Haas' Book Store



DESIGNED BY

SCHLOSS BROS. & CO.

Fine Clothes Makers

BALTIMORE NEW YORK.

TO MEN WHO NEED OVERCOATS

YOU'RE probably well convinced, by now, of the desirabiity of a good, warm Overcoat. If not, a few minutes spent in our Overcoat department will soon bring you to our way of thinking.

—Which is, for one thing, that our SCHLOSS Belt Overcoat (as shown on the left) is about the best thing for Winter that a man could own. It covers you right down to your shoe-tops; it's warm, sightly and comfortable. Made from heavy, plaided Cheviot, with a Belt that tucks in out of sight when you don't want it.

Here's a Coat that's a comfort on nippy days and wintry nights and at the same time neat and stylish enough to be worn anywhere. All the other good styles here, too—Box Coats, Regulars and Paddocks at $10 to $25.

T. W. HOBSON COMPANY

At the busy corner, First and Post Sts. **San Jose, Cal.**

Normal students, as you read these jokes, read these ads.

"Doctor, I have an important physiological question to ask you. when I stand upon my feet, why doesn't the blood rush into my when I stand upon my feet, why doesn't the blood rushe into my feet?"

"Because your feet are not hollow."—*Ex.*

(Found in a note-book supposed to belong to L. B. W.):

My Reverie.

Seated one day in Assembly,
My thoughts were far away,
Thinking of sauce and turkey,
But the doctor had told me "Nay!"
My thoughts they wandered backwards,
To days when such could be,
When suddenly did cease the chords,
And the school was waiting for me.
O why was Jonathan forsaken,
And what was that great game about?
Just ask the President at Normal,
As you pass there in and out.

"What did the minister say when you sent him those brandied peaches?"

"He said he did not care so much for the peaches as for the spirit in which they were sent."—*Ex.*

In physics—Mr. W—: "Miss Cline, tell us how we found the specific gravity of sulphuric acid."

Miss C—: "Well, we counterpoised the glass and then filled it with specific gravity."

Miss Du Brutz (in fourth-hour psychology, discussing Suggestion and Pesuasion).—Now, every time I see you or your name, I think of chocolate creams.

Professor Bullock, laughing—Well, I must be pretty good, then.

It is with genuine regret that we are compelled to announce that Edgar Woodcock has at last fallen a victim to the charms of a fair Normal girl. For pariculars, apply to Miss M.

All the members of the Y. M. N. D. who did not attend the meeting Monday evening, December 4th, had better lay low. Haworth, fiery, is laying for them.

CLEVELAND PRINTING CO.
50 Post Street