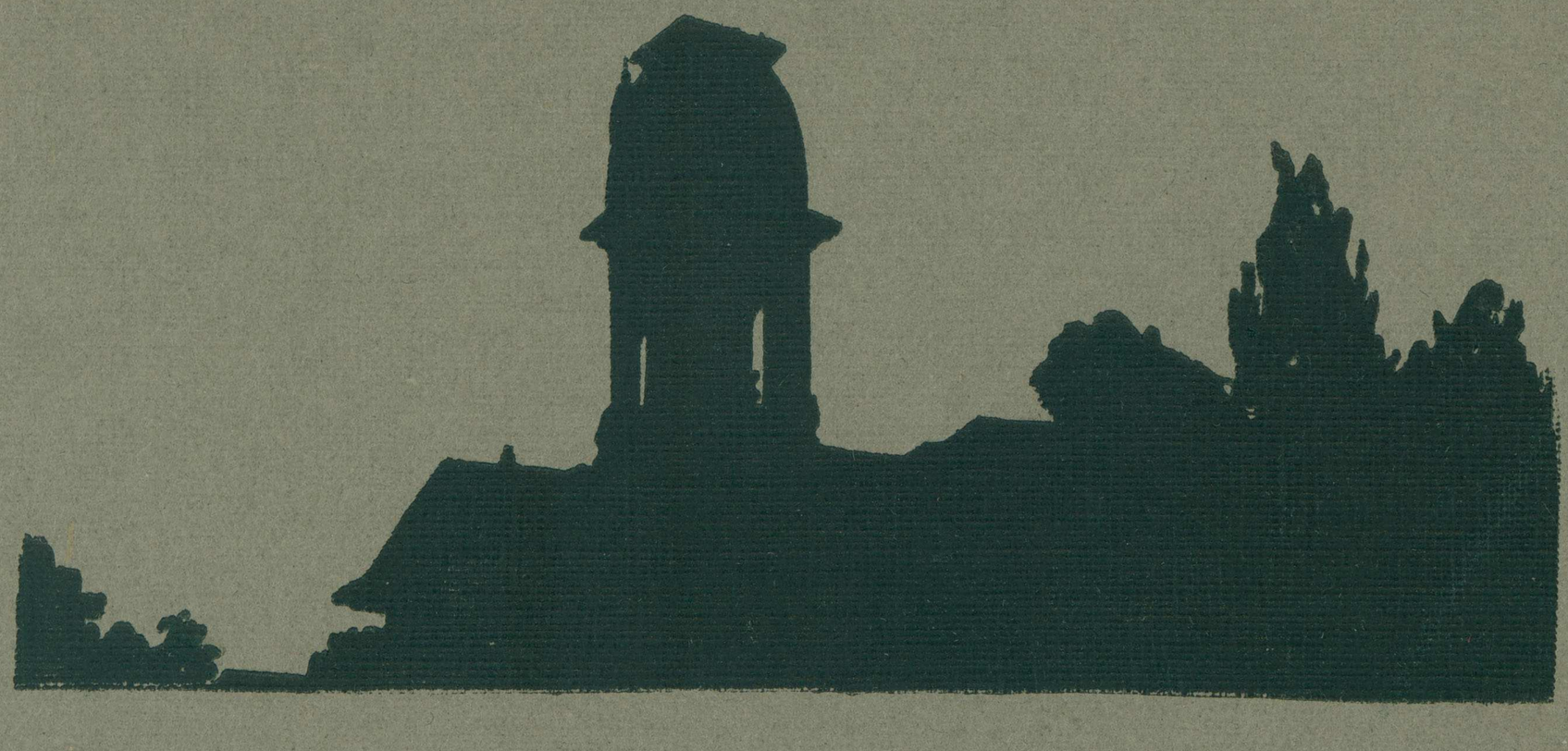


Normal Pennant



June, 1908

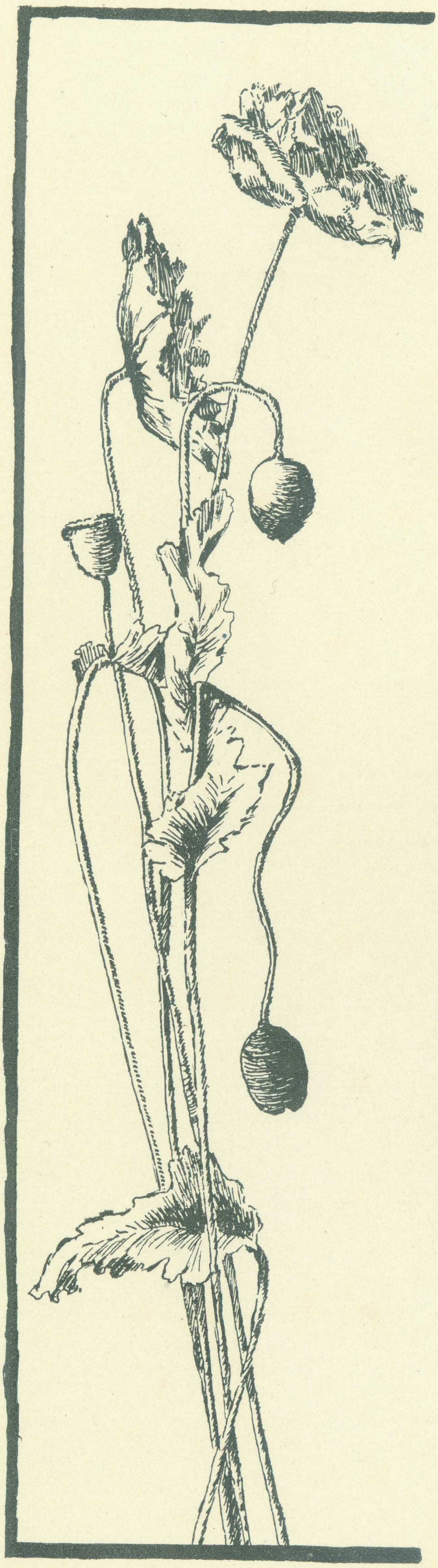


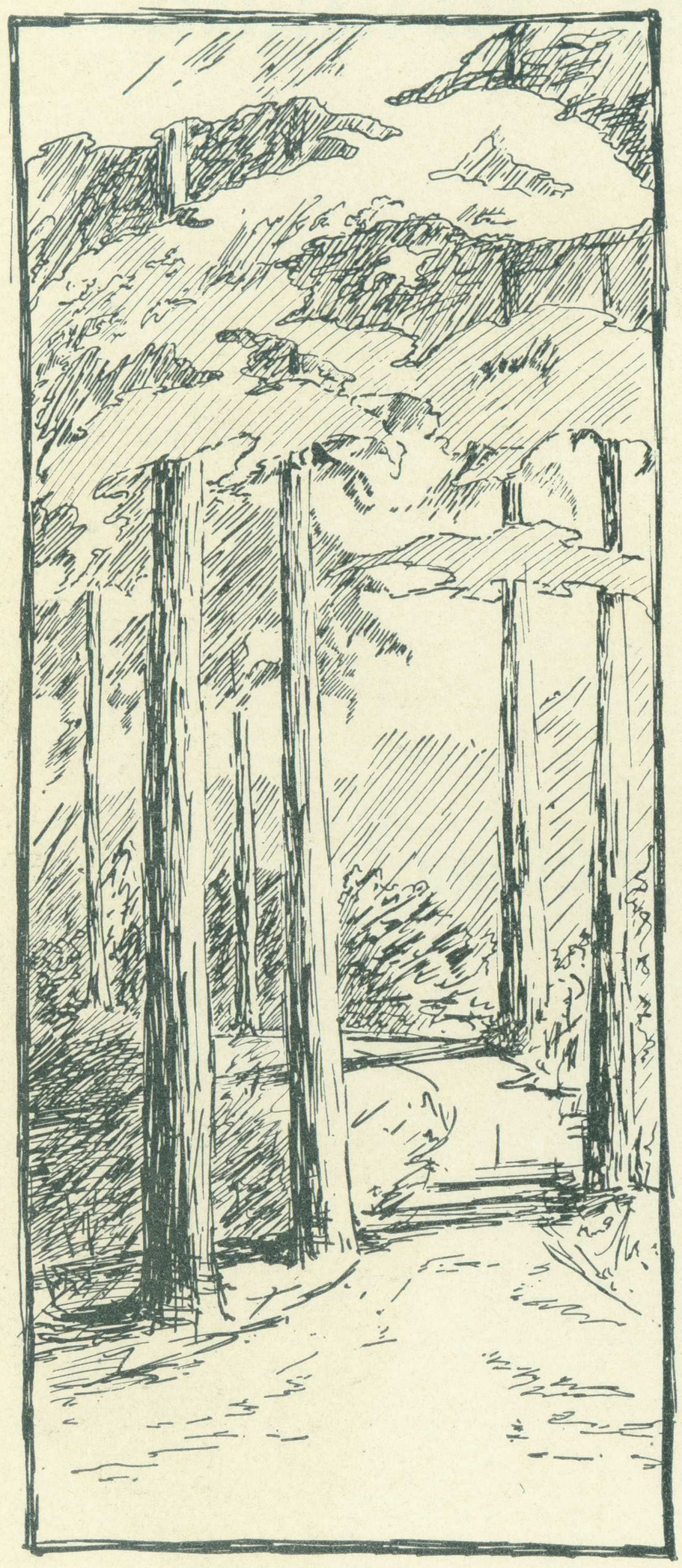
Table of Contents.

Class Poem	4
History	13
Taj Mahal	14
Class Prophecy	15
Dramatis Personae	16
The Old Normal Building: A Farewell, December, 1907	26
To the Alumni	29
Faculty Notes	31
The Lady-Who-Sits-by-the-Window	36
Training School	39
The Wail of an Anonymous Sorehead	42
For the Life of a Child	43
Isn't It Better?	45
The Fable of Two Teachers	47
The Fable of the Traveler, the Horse, and the Ass	48
Editorials	50
The Aurora	52
A Word from Columbia	54
Our Student Body	58
Concerning the Short Story Club	60
History of the Pennant Club	61
Notes	62
Debating	63
Athletics	65
Societies	72
News and Notes	83
The Dramatic Club	84
Joshes	85

The Normal Pennant

Souvenir Edition

Vol. 10, No. 9 June, 1908



To the

Basket Ball Team,
Debating Team,
Tennis Club,
Short Story Club,
Dramatic Club,
Sororities,
Literary Societies,
Training School,
Faculty,
Student Body,
Alumni,
And the Generations to
Come:

In token of great good-will
The Class of June 1908
dedicates this Pennant.

SENIORS



Class Motto.

Attain to the highest.

Class Poem.

By SIBYL CROLY.

THE untried pathways of a hidden land
Lie at our feet,
As filled with hope and memories we stand,
Eager to greet
The future, and to shape with loyal hand
Our lives complete.

Our path may lead us through the level plain
Or mountains blue;
Still we must find, who on that path would fain
Walk brave and true,
Purpose to guide and friendship to sustain
And will to do.





Commencement Class Staff and Officers.


Vivian Drew
Gladys Brock
Elsie Reichman
Norma Werner
Maple Williams
Ruby Trubschenck
Maple Ross
Lena Reed
Hazel Hoke
Hazel Freeman
Harriet Hopkins
Kelly Avery
Mary Blanchi
Nellie Powell


Elsie D. Ty
Shirley Hendershott
Edith Thomas
Leona Mayo
Pearl Rawlings
Cecilia O'Neal
Ruth Van Heusen
Mabel Fitzgerald
Violet Breuer
Lillian Wood
Marie Foote
Emma Blauer
Mabel Reeve
Nell Greenfield
Ella Murray
Kate Shaw
Estelle Hicks
Gertrude Gray


Bertha Hamilton
Martha Moore
Elbert Wilson
Nellie Allen
Nellie Jones
Lena Smith
Minnie Franklin
Nellie Basile
Nellie Jackman
Mary Means
Clara Endicott
Vera Carroll
Nellie Cook
Helen Sims
Judell Gains
Mertie Hill
Alexandria Lee


Ethel Starr
Vera Jones
Ethel Gates
Mabelle Mai
Mathe Brady
Julia Cole
Clara Roll
Jeanette Kru
Amanda Ekstrom
Shirley Jone
Olive Burgess
Estelle Ogden
Mary Jone
Marguerite Knable
Vira Sandborn


Jessie Hays
Edna Dexter
Mary Wharton
Ethel Nicastretti
Hazel Price
Charlotte Murphy
Ruth Beckwith
Irene Condon
Amanda Pollock
Inez Green
Amy Weigant
Ellen Wallace
Kathryn Murphy
Rubie Phelps
Grace Fitzgerald
Mary Roach
Alice Fulkerth


Blanche Hampton
Blanche Lewis
Gladys Worthy
Olive Wood
Margaret McKahy
Edith Gee
Alice Reynolds
Maude Lipscombe
Charlotte Feaster
Jane Myers
Olive Bonner
Anna Herbert

History.

By HELEN N. NIMS.

IN the summer of 1906, when the chief topic of conversation was still "the big earthquake," a number of little shacks were being constructed in the shadow of what once was the San Jose State Normal. They were erected to bridge the chasm between the wreck of the old and the building of the new. In them entered the famous class of 1908. Famous, yes, for have we not gone down in history as the "one boy" class? Have we not distinguished ourselves in every line from the day that we entered with varying degrees of verdancy down to the present time when we are ready to be turned out a finished article guaranteed to be thoroughly sophisticated, safe and reliable.

There were so many of us that we were not allowed to cling together much as we might have liked to, but were gently but firmly separated into several sections by a most amiable gentleman who seemed to wear a pencil in his mouth which he occasionally removed in order to punctuate his conversation. When we were at last safely sheltered under the protecting wings of various class teachers, we were informed that we had attained the right to be addressed as Jr. C's and were a recognized part of this great institution.

The next event of importance was, of course, the Freshman reception. We went. There were most comfortable seats arranged around the walls for our use. The upper classmen occupied the center of the floor or else strolled around in groups, casually inspecting the exhibit with the most delightfully impersonal and incidental manner.

After this joyful occasion we were offered a chance to prove the quality of our citizenship by paying our Pennant and Student Body dues. We paid after some gentle urging from class teachers and certain strangely persistant beings called collectors, and henceforth were conscious of that self-satisfied feeling which comes with a sense of duty well performed.

The rest of the year we went our ways in peace and happiness. No one paid much attention to us, except occasionally Miss Payne who would insist upon correcting mistakes in grammar and pronunciation which we were sure we never made and didn't care if

we did any way, or else Mr. Wood who most unreasonably demanded that we at least learn a definition of Nature Study. Soon, however, our hours of ease were over and the shadow which had long been hanging over our heads took shape in stern reality. The time to sign for our first teaching was at hand. We asked, in our terror and confusion, for the things we most disliked and fervently hoped we wouldn't get. Then came a long summer whose vacation joys were mingled with nightmares of unruly children, stern supervisors, and other strange and unknown calamities.

When September came again, we found ourselves transformed into lordly Seniors; our troubles had dwindled away into nothingness. Supervisors and classes alike proved harmless and at times almost human. Some of us achieved fame and were made department teachers. Others won distinction along other lines.

Our days in the land were growing few when we were visited by a scourge of measles and mumps. We yielded gracefully and emerged triumphant from our enforced vacations as we had from former trials, and now at last we have reached the end toward which we have been striving. We stand before you today eager yet loath to leave the place where we have spent the past two years, having had our share of vicissitudes but after all learning much and enjoying much, the value of which we may not come to fully appreciate until later years, when our school life shall have become but memories.

Taj Mahal.

By S. Estelle Greathead.

HOW sharply keen the royal grief
That carved these stubborn stones
And placed them row on row.
How softly warm the kingly tears
That woke these mines of slumbering gems
And made them glow.
How strange that this bejeweled shrine,
This iridescent vision
Of the human brain,
Should rise from out the fumes of love
And grief that burned within
A crucible of pain.



Class Prophecy.

For Class Day Exercises.

MR. WAIBLE, who shines alone in his glory among a class of girls, visits a spiritualist in order to obtain information regarding the fate of his former schoolmates. The spiritualist throws him into a trance and in a train of visions all his old schoolmates appear in their new vocations.

ORDER OF VISIONS.

1. Operetta (Mikado)—by the Pre-medonnas in costume.
2. Mother Matrimony and her family of Sun-bonnet Babies, Buster Brown Babies, and Peter Pan Children.
3. Irredeemable Digs.
4. The Elite of Fashion—(carricature.)
5. Musicians, composed of the old class orchestra.
6. School-marms who stay by their first choice of profession.
7. Vaudeville Show, consisting of double quartet with local hits, clowns and athletes.

Dramatis Personae.

MABEL AHL—
"Nothing was ever admired without enthusiasm."

EDITH AVERY—
"And still we gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

BELVA AXE—
"As happy as clams at high water."

JULIA BASILE—
"Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!"

RUTH BECKWITH—
"Her hair is rolled in many a curious fret."

IVADELL BEVENS—
"Her step is music and her voice is song."

MARY BIANCHI—
"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."

EMMA BLAUER—
"She reasoned without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong."

MINNIE BOFINGER—
"Come! hide your blushes and present yourself what you are."

OLIVE BONNER—
"I am not in the roll of common men."

MATTIE BRADY—
"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

HAZEL BRENEMAN—
"Make it a point never to worry."

GLADYS BROCK—
"Ah, that learning should steal such gentle shapes."

CLARA BROSE—
"Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When Fortune favors, still the Fair are kind."

FLORENCE BROWN—
"It is always best to have two strings to your bow."

CLARIBEL BRYANT—
"There is a woman at the beginning of all great things."

OLIVE BURGESS—
"Never grieve over spilt milk."

MATIE BUTZ—
"By those tresses unconfined
Woo'd by every Ægean wind."

VERA CARROLL—
"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."
INEZ CENTER—
"Geniuses must be born, not taught."
ELEANOR CHAMBERS—
"I do not like this fooling;
Jesters do often prove prophets."
LETITIA CLARK—
"Great thoughts come from thy heart."
JULIA COLE—
"A still, small boy."
IRENE CONDRON—
"Charms by accepting, by submitting sway."
IVA CRANE—
"A day dreamer."
ALICE COOPER }
ELMA COOPER }
"It is good for us to be here."
SIBYL CROLY—
"Let us do or die."
ELIZABETH DALTON }
GRACE QUILL }
"Their voices ever soft
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."
ADA DAMON—
"They that govern the most make the least noise."
Cecil Davis—
"In maiden meditation, fancy free."
EDNA DEXTER—
"An artillery of words."
GRACE DICK—
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
ELSIE DOTY—
"As merry as the day is long."
CONSTANCE DOUGLAS—
"Let forth thy eloquence, now is time."
GERTRUDE DREW—
"If we should fail—
We fail?
Screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail."

VIVIAN DREW—
"Thy wit is a bitter sweeting
And a sharp sauce."
ALBERTINE DU BOIS—
"As frank as rain
On cherry blossoms."
MARY DUCEY—
"If the cap fits you, wear it."
MARGARET DUFFY
FAUSTA FRUIT
HAZEL PRICE
"Where'er our names we find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind."
AMANDA EKSTROM—
"Thought is deeper than all speech."
NELLIE FAIRMAN—
"Independence now and Independence forever."
MABEL FITZ GERALD—
"Her bashful mind hinders her good intent."
GRACE FITZGEARL—
"He that buildeth castles-in-the-air will soon have no land."
NANNIE FLOOD—
"Playful blushes played on her cheek."
EDNA FOOTE—
"Lore no more is made
By the fireside, but in cooler shade."
ALICE FULKERTH—
"She shall rule them with a rod of iron."
MINNIE FRANKLIN—
"I never dare write as funny as I can."
MARTHA FRASER—
"As she advances in life, she will learn the limits of her abilities."
PAULA FREYSCHLAG—
"Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye."
ANNA FRITCH
"Good to be merry and wise."
FLORENCE FROST—
"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run."
CECIL GARLINGHOUSE—
"That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."
CLARA GLENDENNING—
"Who's life is a bubble."

GRACE GOULD—
"See that someone with authority be near her still."
ALFIE GRAY—
"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."
CATHERINE GRAY—
"My mind is my kingdom."
GERTRUDE GRAY—
"Conversation is the laboratory and workshop of this student."
MARGARET GRAY—
"And for the things I see I trust the things to be."
DOROTHY GREEN—
"O she sits high in all the people's hearts."
INEZ GREEN—
"And when he's out of sight, so is he out of mind."
NELLIE GREENFIELD—
"She is calm because she is mistress of her subject."
BLANCHE HAMPTON—
"A happy soul that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer's day."
BERTHA HAMILTON
MARY WHARTON
"There's mischief in this pair."
CLARA HANSON—
"'Don't care' has no house."
VIDA HAYDEN—
"Everywhere am I at home."
RESSIE HAYS—
"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin."
GRACE HARRIS—
"I will, alos! be wretched to be great."
SHIRLEY HENDERSHOTT—
"Is she not more than painting can express?"
ANNA HERBERT—
"She was ever on pleasure bent."
HAZEL HOKE—
"The heart is to her purpose."
BESSIE HOUGHTON
ALICE REYNOLDS
ELEANOR MERRITT
"Gaze around them to left and right,
With prophetic eye of appetite."

HARRIET HOPKINS—
"Youth and sprightly hope."
SHIRLY HOPPER—
"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."
KATHERINE HURD—
"Let's meet and either do or die."
HAZEL HYDE—
"Who can cease to admire her gentle kindliness?"
ELLA INDRA—
"Where ambition has no rest."
MARGUERITE JACK—
"To dash through thick and thin."
VERA JONES—
"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."
MADGE KEMP—
"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."
AGNES KIERNAN—
"A soul most rare."
ELSA KING—
"She either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead."
JEANNETTE KING—
SHIRLEY KING—
"They are no more alike than a camel is a whale."
MARGUERITE KNOBLE—
"Oh, she is fairer than the evening air."
BLANCH LEWIS—
"Harmony, with every grace
Plays in the fair proportion of her face."
PEARLE LEWIS—
"Eternal sunshine settles on her head."
MYRTLE HICOCK—
"The weight of intellect is on her brow."
MAUDE LIPSCOMBE—
"Here's metal more attractive."
RUTH LUTZ—
"A graceful maiden with a gentle brow."
ANNA BELLE LYNN—
"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."
WILLIE McCUNE—
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

MABEL McFARLANE—

"Who climbs the grammar tree distinctly knows,
Where noun and verb and participle grows."

ETHEL MAESTRETTI—

"Her smile was like the rainbow flashing from the misty sky."

LAURA MARSH—

"I would rather excel others in knowledge than power."

RITA MATHEWS—

"'Yes'—I said to you last night,
'No'—this morning, sir, I say,
Flowers seen by candle light
Do not look the same by day."

MAYBELLE MAY—

"Hear me, for I will speak!"

LEONO MAYO—

"Now I am in a holiday humor."

CHARLOTTE MURPHY—

"I saw the man in the moon."

MARTHA MOORE—

"I am nothing if not critical."

MARGARET MULCAHY—

"Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

GRACE MOORE—

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight."

KATHRYN MURPHY—

"One of Eve's daughters."

JANE MYRES—

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest clouds."

HELEN NIMMS—

"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

ESTELLE OGDEN }
ETHEL OGDEN }

"Let us have peace."

CECILIA O'NEIL—

"Where Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

EDITH ORR—

"With tall and stately mein."

AMANDA PAULSEN—

"Where thought is speech, and speech is truth."

RUBIE PHELPS—

"My dreams were always beautiful,
My thoughts were high and fine."

MARGARET PILE—

"All my fortunes are at sea."

ALICE PINKHAM—

"My own thoughts are my companions."

NELLIE POWELL—

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

DORIS POWELSON—

"Your heart's desires be with you."

EVA PRESTON—

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

JANE RANKIN—

"Keep cool and you may be able to command someone."

ANNIE RAFTER—

"Her eyes do flood in laughter."

PEARL RAWLINGS—

"I take all knowledge to my province."

LENA REED—

"Noblest minds are easiest bent."

ELSIE REICHMAN—

"O, this learning! What a thing it is."

MABEL REEVE—

"Her face was like a benediction."

IDA RINN—

"Is she not passing fair?"

AGNES ROACH—

"Thy nature is full of the milk of human kindness."

ALICE ROBERTS—

"A lady serene."

CLARA ROLL—

"I am young, it is true, but in noble souls value does not wait for years."

MABEL ROSS—

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less."

HARRIET RUBELL—

"Heart on her lip and soul within her eye."

EDITH LAMSON—

"A maiden hath no tongue but thought."

VIRA LAUBORN—
"Still in her right hand she carries gentle."
HELEN SAXE—
"She sits in quiet contemplation."
MARGARET SCHORR—
"My mind to me an empire is."
KATHRYN SHAW—
"Her cheek all glowing with the beam of youth."
MARY STILL—
"Awake, arise! Be not forever still."
MINNIE SMITH—
"She will sing the savageness out of a bear."
LETHA SMITH—
"The hearing ear and the seeing eye."
BESSIE SOMMERVILLE—
"A maiden never bold, of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushes at herself."
ETHEL STARR—
"Cares not a pin
What they said or may say.
LINA STEVES—
"Her very foot has music in it,
As she comes up the stairs."
LAURA STONE—
"Nature has thrown a veil of modest beauty over her."
ALICE SUTCLIFFE—
"Kind hearts are more than coronets."
PEARL SYMMS—
"There is a profound charm in mystery."
EMMA THOMPSON—
"Where beauty lives with kindness."
STELLA TORBET—
"Ambition is no cure for love."
MARY TOWEY—
"She catches the wind with a net."
CHARLOTTE TREANOR—
"An equal temper in her mind she found
When fortune flattered, and when she frown'd."
RUBY TRUBSCHENCK—
"What's in a name?
A rose by any other name would be as sweet."

RUTH VAN HENSEN—
"There's no place like home."
WILL WAIBEL—
"All the women in the world would not make me lose an hour."
ELLEN WALLACE—
"But for your words, they rob the Hyble bees and leave them honeyless."
IRENE WALTER—
"Like a pond, still but deep."
MARY WEAVER—
"Your steady soul preserves her frame,
In good and evil times the same."
NORMER WERNER—
"Who mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."
AMY WEYANT—
"Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells."
ETHEL WHITMIRE—
"Restless at home and ever prone to travel."
HAZEL WHITMIRE—
"Conspicuous by her absence."
ELLETA WILSON—
"At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up."
LAETITIA WILSON—
"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all,
All's one to her, above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban."
WINIFRED WILSON—
"All things but one you can restore,
The heart you get returns no more."
MABEL WILLIAMS—
"Unmindful of herself."
LILLIAN WOOD—
"Oh! happiness of sweet retired content."
OLIVE WOOD—
"On all the winds her courtesy was blown."
BERNICE WOODCOCK—
'A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."
GLADYS WORTHY—
"Fit words attended on her weighty sense—
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence."

ART
Moore



The Old Normal Building: A Farewell, December, 1907.

(Dedicated to the Alumni.)

Earthquake-shattered, dismantled it stands,
Tenantless, save for the pigeon's coo,
And the owl and the dark-winged bat that flit
At evening shadows the tall tower through.
Silent the great bell hangs aloft,
Dreaming of days when its deep-toned call
It flung to the hills, and hurrying feet
Answered its summons to class room and hall.
The staff Old Glory was wont to crown
With billowy folds and colors gay,
Is snapped to its base, and helpless lies prone,
While the banner its pride is folded away.
The mocking wind through the broken pane
Rushes triumphant adown the hall,
And clanging shutters wake startled sounds
That echo from shattered ceiling and wall;
There are ghostly voices that moan from the roof,
Footsteps steal o'er the fragment-strewn floor;
Then they die into silence, and all the air
Seems listening for something that comes back no more.

Only brick, wood, and stone? Far more to those
In whose lives and love it has borne a part;
Every grain and fibre has caught some tone
Of the selfsame sounds that thrilled their hearts:
Voices of teachers and classmates dear,
The hum of work and the mirth of play,
The gladsome greetings that came with the morn,
The cheery "good night" at the close of day;
A chorus sounds from the hall above,
Again the chant and the hymn we hear,
A student song, inspiring words,
And the air resounds with a hearty cheer.

How swiftly the hours and days flew by—
Some sober-winged, some golden hours;
Then the day for which all days were made,
And the perfume of graduation flowers.
You turned for a last good-bye at the door,
Treading the well-worn floor and stairs
So many had trod before you—and some
Were the footseps of angels unawares.
Some work mid the city's bustling crowd;
Some far off in the wilderness;
Some rest from their labors, and their works
Still follow to help us and to bless.

As thus you muse on the days gone by,
Mournfully down drips the pitying rain;
There's a chill in the air, a shudder of dread,
A lament, like a human soul in pain:

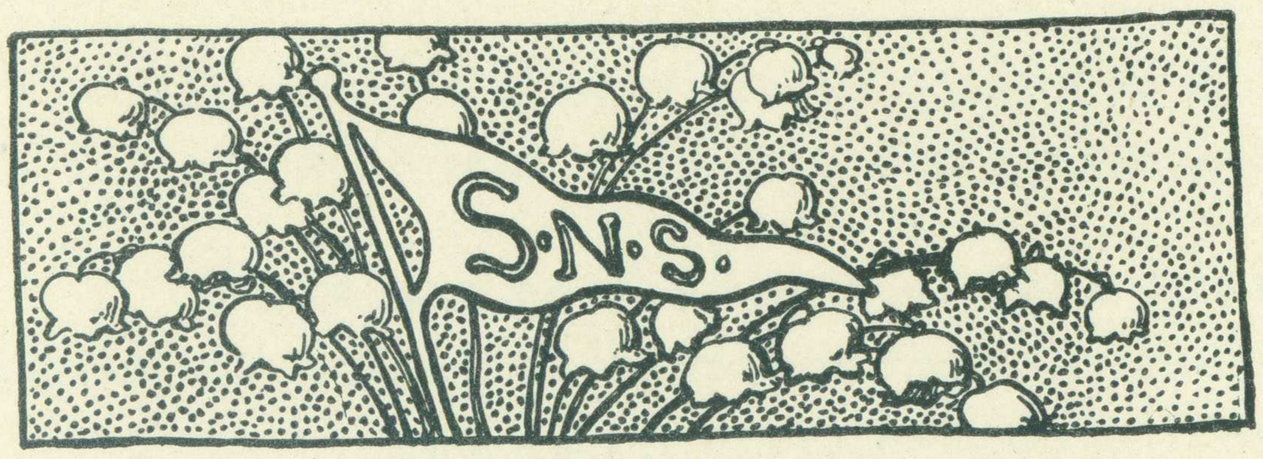
"So late the center, the goal, the home;
To-day passed by, forgotten, alone!
Listen! the tramp of marching feet,
Like an army, destruction to complete!
The end is at hand; it is sorrow's crown;
They are coming, are coming to tear it down!"

Aye, tear it down! *But no hand can touch*
The Normal our love has watched grow with the years;
High o'er the ruin of crumbling dust

We see it tower beautiful, e'en through our tears.
Deep its foundation, laid broad and strong
By those who built better than they knew;
And master builders its framework wrought,
And shaped the ideal to which it grew.
Not few, but many its walls have reared;
Some set in a pillar, some laid but a stone;
Classes built arches in its halls,
And quiet workers wrought on alone.
Every faithful student within its gates,
Every teacher who worked with a loving heart,
Every loyal graduate in the field,
Renowned or unnoted, has done his part.
True to its mission to teach and serve,
From its windows wisdom's light has beamed;
Ideals are wrought into carvings fair,
And its frescoes are beautiful things we have dreamed.
Its watch-towers of faith see the light afar;
Upward its spires point high in air;
Friendship and love cement its walls,
And its nails are work, and its girders prayer.

Over us now, as in days gone by,
Our *Alma Mater* bends loving and true;
The mother of many yet to come,
As she dwelt in the old, she will dwell in the new.
Bring yellow and white her halls to deck,
With garlands of lilies your vows fulfill;
Enshrined in a love no time can change,
"The Dear Old Normal," our Normal still.

RUTH ROYCE.



To the Alumni.

EVERY graduate of any school owes that school a debt which can never be repaid.

The grammar schools, high schools, and universities send forth their graduates every year into the different walks of life. These graduates are countless and their vocation so varied that it is impossible to tell of their effect upon communities, except in a general way.

The San Jose State Normal School since its beginning in 1862 has sent over four thousand teachers out into the State to teach and uplift, not only the children under their immediate care, but the men and women with whom they come in contact.

This school, which began some forty odd years ago with but few teachers, meagre equipment, and with but a handful of students, has grown to such an extent that today it is sending hundreds of well developed men and women into the State to take up and carry on the good work.

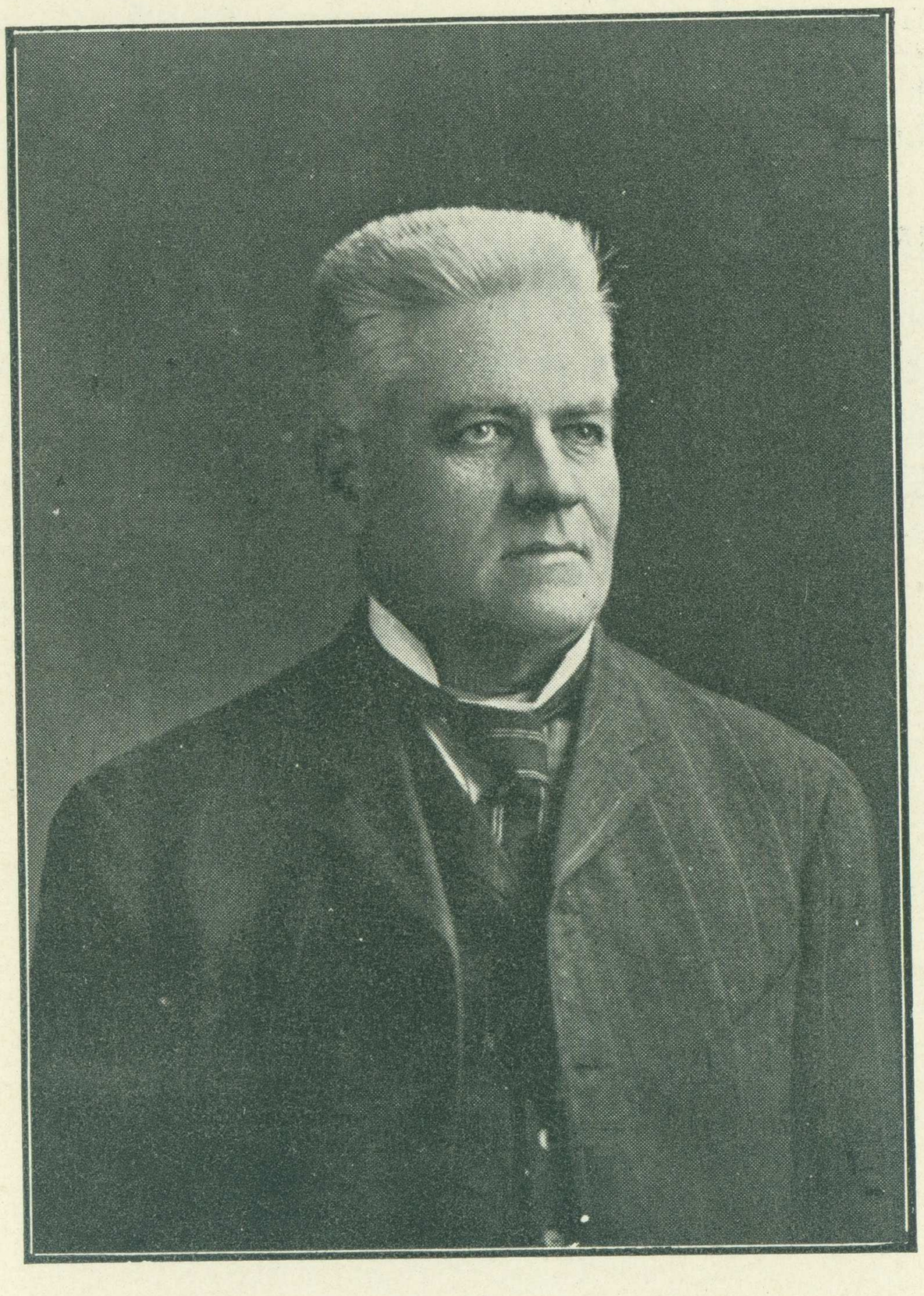
It is true that the good these men and women do cannot be measured in foot-pounds but its effect can be found in comparing the characters, customs and habits of the people in one community that has a good teacher with a community that has no teacher.

The alumni of a school like this should be united, they should look back with just pride upon it, they should help one another, and should even take a keen interest in the school, the teachers, and those that graduate after them. This school should be the Mecca towards which those who has been teaching should turn their attention when their school year is over.

JOSEPH D. MALLOY,
President of Alumni Association.

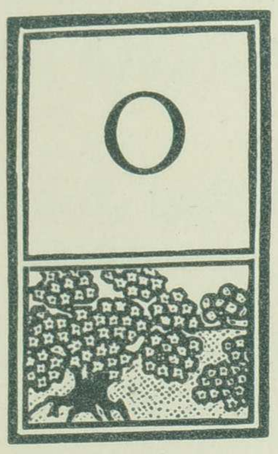


DR. M. E. DAILEY, President.



MR. WILSON, Vice-President.

Faculty Notes.



UR faculty, of which we are justly proud, is composed of the best and most capable educators attainable. Throughout our two years course in this Normal, they have been our best friends—helping us in our need, enjoying our social doings, and improving our minds. For all of their kindness we are most heartily thankful.

For the past ten years our most eminent President, Dr. M. E. Dailey, has officiated his duties in a most pleasing manner and we hope to have him many years more. Dr. Dailey is a graduate of the Indiana University. He took special work at the Harvard University and attended a course of lectures at the Columbia University. This year Dr. Dailey gave a most interesting and intellectual course of lectures at Stanford University. He expects to deliver another course at the University of California. We feel proud of our President, and the June Class of '08 extends its most hearty thanks and appreciation of his many kindnesses which he bestowed upon us during the two pleasant years at the Normal.

Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger, the Principal of the Normal Training School, deserves much credit. She is a graduate of Cornell and Stanford Universities. At Clark University she took a course in the summer school, also teaching psychology at the summer school of Cornell. We are proud to have Dr. Schallenberger with us and heartily congratulate ourselves that she should choose our Training School after having held such important positions in the higher educational institutions.

Miss Howe, at present our History teacher, is a graduate of the Stanford University. She was elected there to Phi Beta Kappa.

Mr. Bland, who has been with us a number of years, is our "Poet." He has displayed much interest in Pedagogy and Literature and those who took his courses enjoyed them greatly. Mr. Bland is a graduate of the University of the Pacific from which he holds five diplomas. He also was graduated in the Pioneer Class at Stanford.

Miss Payne is a graduate of the State Normal School at Albany, N. Y. She attended the following universities: Cornell,

Emerson, School of Expression, Chicago. From these she has received many honors.

Mr. Baker, our Mathematic teacher, is a graduate of the State Normal School at Kirksville, Missouri. Also a graduate of Stanford University.

Misses Enid and Ettie Kinney are graduates of the San Jose State Normal School and of Stanford University.

Mrs. George, our Geography and Psychology teacher, is a graduate of the San Jose State Normal, Stanford University, and took a post graduate course with the University of Chicago.

Miss Beale attended private school until she entered the University of California, and later attended Stanford University.

Miss Royce, our Librarian, is a graduate of the San Jose State Normal School of San Jose.

Miss Sprague, who is Assistant Librarian and private Secretary of our President, was graduated from the San Jose State Normal School and attended Stanford University.

Miss Bradley was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. She has taken special work at the Universities of Chicago and California.

Mr. Wilson, Vice-President of the Normal, is a graduate of the San Jose Normal, and attended the Washington, Jefferson College at Pennsylvania. He also took special work at the University of California.

We take pleasure in having with us a few people of note who are exceedingly prominent in some of the most exclusive colleges in the East and abroad. They have gained great reputations in the educational world which is due to the rare and most exclusive methods received in these distinguished colleges.

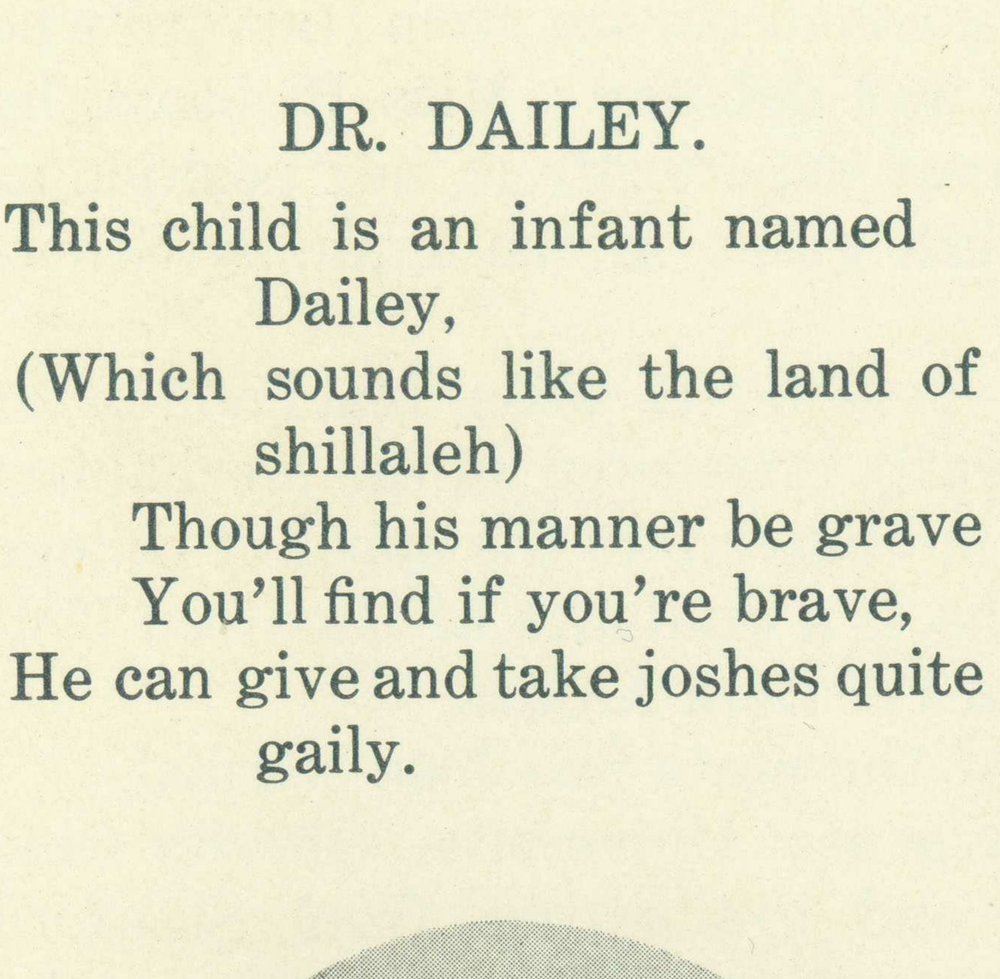
Miss O'Brien is a graduate of Trinity College at Dublin. Miss O'Brien has had the rare opportunity of being educated abroad and we are grateful for her return to our institution.

Miss McCabe has had some real experience of college life. She gained her numerals in the famous Yale-Harvard game of '76. It will be of interest to her many friends to know that she made several records at full-back on the big team, also breaking the world's record in the pole-vault, vaulting the height of 20 feet. Miss McCabe tells with pride that she is a graduate of Yale University—graduating also from the San Jose State Normal, where she now holds a most prominent position as Primary Department

DR. DAILEY.

This child is an infant named
Dailey,
(Which sounds like the land of
shillaleh)
Though his manner be grave
You'll find if you're brave,
He can give and take joshes quite
gaily.

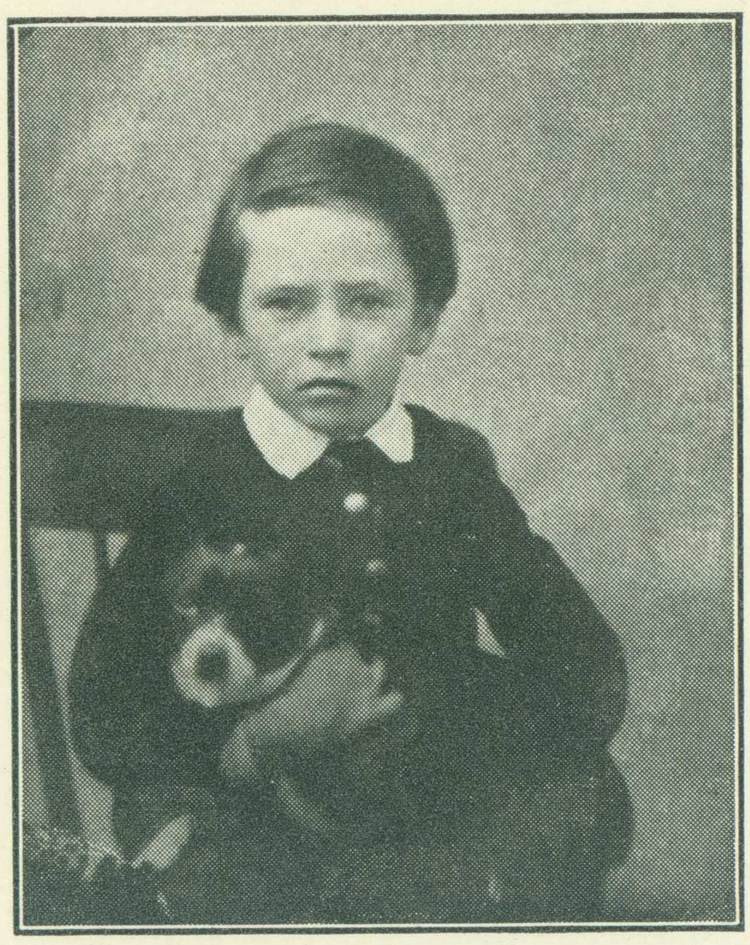


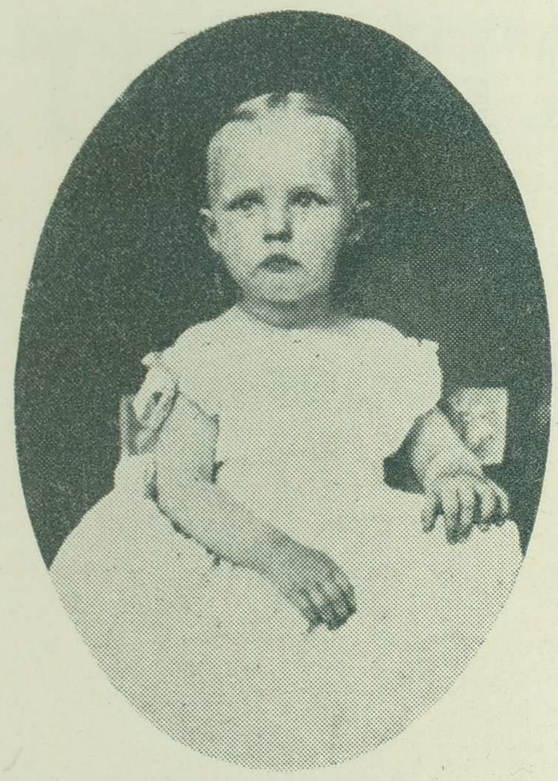


Marguerite E.
Ph. D.

L. B. WILSON.

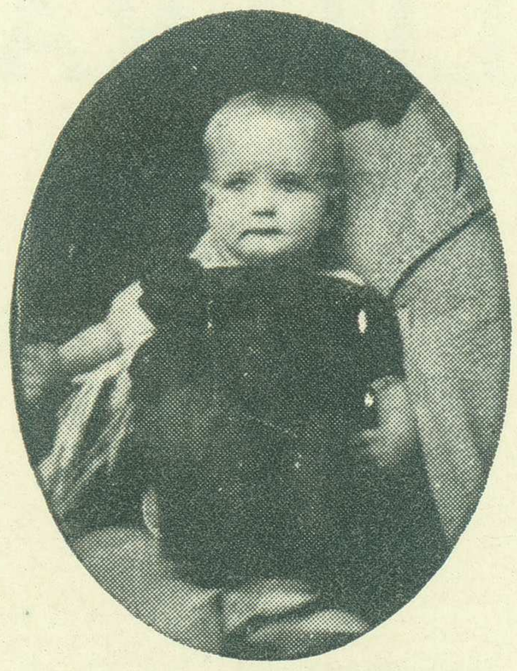
See that snow-white pompadour
Floating down the corridor,
High above a jolly gleaming face;
That's the man the girls adore,
More and more and more and more,
The guide and guardian angel of
the place.





THE MISSES KINNEY.

Here are the Kinneys, "sin twisters,"
Scientific and aesthetic pair.
Should we write till our hands gather blisters
All their virtues we could not declare.





MISS ENGLISH.

Lady most accommodating,
"English" is her name,
Does you favors while you're waiting,
Known to artist fame.



MR. BLAND.

The ever jovial Henry Meade
We here present to view
He's "musing" in this pose—indeed
He still is "musing" too.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Lady-Who-Sits-by-the-Window.

By SIBYL CROLY.

April 14.

DEAR Lady-who-sits-by-the-window :

Once upon a time (this is not a fairy tale, and yet—who knows but it may prove to be so?) when I was a little boy, I played a game in which my playmates came up behind me one by one and softly placed their hands over my eyes. I knew them all and could name each by the touch of his fingers until they brought in one who was strange to me, and him I could not name. It was not fair to ask me to guess who he was. And it is not fair to ask you to guess who I am.

About you I know this much, that you are a lady who sits all day by one window in an invalid chair. And this in itself is excuse enough, if excuse were needed, for my soul's stretching out its hands to you in the dark. How I know your name and address and what vagary prompts me to write to you are small matters which affect us as little as the unwritten parts of a novel affect its characters. The essential thing is this, that I am reaching out my hand to you, little human being. Shall its touch remain that of a stranger?

Yours for the joy of living,

_____ _____.

April 15.

Dear Voice-in-the-dark :

How shall I begin? Your letter is answered before you have read six words of this. I am almost afraid of the joy your unexpectedness has brought into my little gray life. For six years I have sat here day after day, twice every twenty-four hours performing the long and perilous journey between bed and chair, nearly ten feet, I should judge. I have kept myself from madness by various devices, such as reading and writing, and needle-work when my eyes permitted it, and have at other times

extracted the last iota of enjoyment from the cloud combinations which I can see from my west window. They have been good friends to me but even the most ethereal idealist could hardly find in them an interest as thrilling as the touch of life itself. Could you? And now your letter has recalled me to the world of things and given me the touch of life, but it has robbed me of my pleasure in the clouds. Friend, if you leave me now it will be hard to get that pleasure back and your well-meant letter will become a cruelty instead of a kindness. Yes, there is a joy of living, even for me, but only one kind at a time.

Truly yours,
The Awakened.

May 20.

Dear Young Person :

Not that I know whether you are young or old, physically, neither does it matter. In the world where we meet you are young, as young as the world-old clouds. Therefore : Dear Young Person.

Today I had occasion to do an old Irish woman what she considered a good turn. She said she would remember me in her prayers. I told her about a Lady-by-the-Window who needs prayers and who is closer to the Source of all answers than I am, and she promised to pray for my "loved ones." I let it go at that.

You told me once, ages ago, more than a month, that your life was a "little gray life" Far be it from me to doubt a lady's word, but it remains a mystery to me how you manage to put so much concentrated essence of sunshine into the daily note which lays a benediction on my life. Even if I have helped or amused you in any way I am your debtor still, and always

Your Friend.

May 21.

Dear Man-with-a-big-heart :

So I am a young person, am I? I am curiously tempted to tell you my real age. But I will not—partly because I think you do not care to know it, and partly because an "invalid" is neither young nor old.

Big man, I can see you doing a good turn to an old Irish woman. I can always see you doing good turns, for I know that you are kind and I feel that you are strong and reliable, for all your whimsical poesy.

I am glad you called my little letters a benediction, and more than glad to think that perhaps I may help you a little as a wee return for—everything. Sometimes I fancy that it is actually making me physically stronger to know that I have some place in the world, even such a slight place as I hold in your life. Suppose it should! Suppose, disembodied spirit as you seem, that you should prove to be the Healer as well as the Awakener.

In all gratitude,

The Young Person.

June 17.

My Dispenser of Sunshine:

Through all your letters of this past month has run a thread of brightness like a dazzling joy in the midst of brave cheerfulness. Is it—can it be true that you are growing stronger? Brave heart, you have deserved it, and God is good. I wonder, shall I lose you if you become as others are? See, I do not try to seem less selfish than I am, nor to hide the fact that it would pain me, even while I rejoice for you, to think that we who have been so close in one world must meet as strangers in another.

Lady, I am coming to you while you are still my Lady-who-sits-by-the-window.

Yours as from the first,

The Selfish Man.

June 19.

Oh, man:

Yesterday after your letter came I sat looking at the clouds. A friend, not such a friend as you, but still a dear friend for the world of things, said, "Looking at the clouds again? Are they not beautiful tonight, dear?"

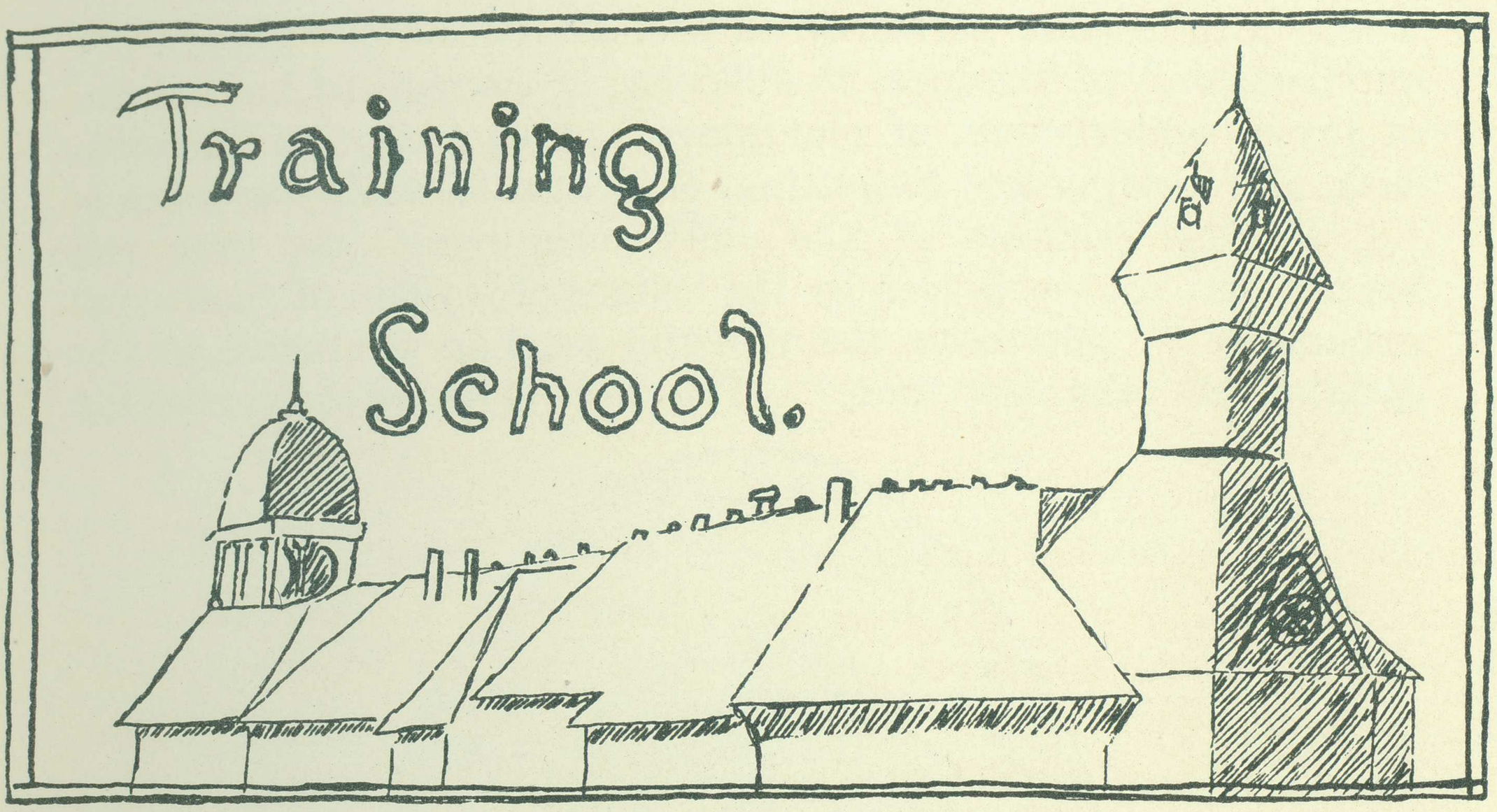
And I said, "They seem to me like ashes."

They seemed bright when viewed against the dull grey background of my forced content, but in the light of this unsought happiness they are pale and sickly.

The great doctor came to see me yesterday and told me that I should live—not exist, as I have done for six years, but live as other women do. Yes, even as other girls do. For I am a girl and life is coming to me.

You must come soon if you wish to see me while I am yet

The Lady-who-sits-by-the-window.



By MARGARET E. SCHALLENBERGER.

WHETHER it is the function of the school to advance ideas and set ideals for the community to follow, or whether the school should keep pace with the thought of the outside world and make its curriculum fit the needs of the people is a debatable question. But the fact is no longer disputed that, whatever the cause may be, the ideas and ideals of schools must change. The static school is a dead school; movement is necessary to life.

A Training School is a unique school. It has its own special problems, its own special limitations, its own special advantages. Unless the advantages outweigh the limitations the school is a failure. Curiously enough, however, the very terms used to express its short-comings are equally serviceable in setting forth its most desirable qualities. For example, no fair-minded person can deny that, other things being equal, the youth and inexperience of the student-teachers in a Training School are unfavorable elements. The young teacher, though well-meaning enough, lacks judgment; she makes mistakes in methods of presentation, does not drill sufficiently well to fix points, deals carelessly or crudely with matters of discipline, in short, is lacking in numberless "fine points" of the art of teaching possessed and deftly manipulated by the teacher of age and experience. On the other hand, youth is one of the most valuable of a teacher's possessions.

Youth is the golden period of all life, the period of "absurd (?) enthusiasms," of blindness to difficulty, of courage, of iniatiative, of joy in achievement, of playfulness, of buoyancy, of hopefulness, of forgiving and forgetting, of sympathy with the delightful, illogical pursuits of the child-world lying just over the border, and not yet hidden by the hedges of "years of successful experience." Moreover the youthful teacher is eligible to the delights of "the first time." The first class safely conducted



through the mazes of the primer is viewed with a never-to-be-repeated satisfaction. The first chorus of children's voices led by the young teacher into harmony is the sweetest music she will ever hear. The first manly apology brought about, perhaps in fear and trembling, by her hearty desire to strengthen the character of the wrong-doer makes her prouder than hundreds of apologies obtained easily when "age and experience" have blocked

out the way. And the unexpected first touch of a tiny chubby hand put forth confidingly in affectionate greeting as she stops beside a small desk is never again so heartening, because never again so surprising and never again so needed. The best teachers are the happy teachers, and professionally-trained teachers give the happiness of "the first time," strong and beautiful, and never again to be obtained to the children of their Training School.

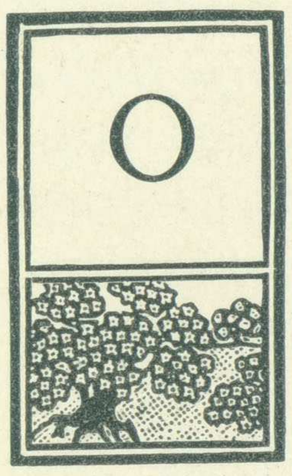
The frequent changing of teachers necessary in a Training School is also an element of weakness. The new teacher must learn to know her class even though she be well-prepared in her subject. She cannot do this in a day, a week, or a month. Then too, not being able to discover the exact method of procedure of the former teacher she cannot make reviews as valuable as they might be made. Undoubtedly time is lost, and the children suffer. But this change is not altogether a negative factor. The children learn not only facts, but people. Contact with many personalities tends to make them self-reliant, alert, original. The facts presented they learn from several points of view, touched with the interests of several personalities. *And while there is change there is hope.* The child committed for a long school year to the rule of a cross-grained, ignorant, dominating man or woman—and there are such so-called teachers—is certainly not to be congratulated because this ruler is a fixture even though possessing the virtues of "age and experience."

The greatest evil in a Training School is not the youth of the teachers, is not their inexperience, nor is it the fact that there is constant change of teachers, for each of these limitations is also an advantage. Neither does it lie in the departmental system—a form of which is in use in our own Training School—for the department teachers and the principal are unifying elements, and the children are not school orphans; there is always "a school mother" not far away. The greatest evil lies in the fact that knowing her lack of judgment, realizing the value of the precious child lives whom she may lead down instead of up, fearing, therefore, to trust the young, inexperienced teacher, most Normal Schools fall into the error of subjecting the young enthusiasts to a long probation period in which they are permitted merely to observe successful, experienced teachers teach. Continued observation with no expression upon the part of the observer tends toward unconscious and often blind imitation, while continued repression begets self-consciousness and fear. People grow strong when much is expected of them. Responsibility is the key-note to power. Our own Training School is extremely radical. We require less observing than any Normal School in the country, and each year more and more responsibility is thrown upon the young teacher. She is given a class to teach, and is told to throw *herself* into the work with ardor. This means that her own personality counts more than all she has learned of methods

of teaching. Methods are not belittled but personality is "writ large." The result is that no Training School in the whole country belongs to the student-teacher as ours does. Our student-teachers meet conditions, make suggessions, re-organize, improve. They work with rather than under us elders. They not only shoulder, but they court responsibility. They work freely. They work ardently. They are proud of *their* school. They love it.

The Wail of an Anonymous Sorehead.

(after Robert Browning)



NE hundred plus three score and ten,
Two more thrown in to make good measure,
A vast minority of men,
And this June class awaits your pleasure.

Two mortal years these hands have labored,
These weary brains been squeezed and cudgelled,
And our mentalities are flavored
With methods, sacred you may judge held.

Ceaseless tumult, constant flurry,
Exes on our hands to bother,
Deep-laid wrinkles caused by worry,
Note-books passed to one another,

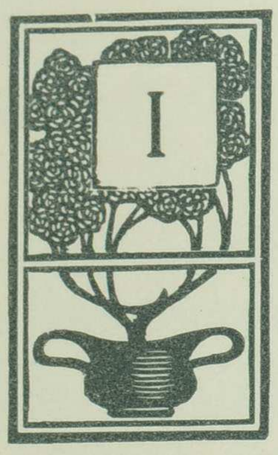
This and more has been our portion
Since we crossed the Normal threshold;
Student Body dues—extortion!
Us collectors in their mesh hold.

And this last week—thunderation!
Parties, farces, jinks, and dances,
And at last comes graduation;
Slim till then for rest the chance is!

So with wails and growls and grumbles,
With a last despairing flicker
Out into oblivion tumbles
One unknown, unmourned-for kicker.

For the Life of a Child.

By MARGARETTA B. HARVEY.



CAN'T afford it!''

The tense little woman eyed the head nurse angrily, as if she were the cause of all the trouble.

''Why can't he stay in the wards? I could stay with him and keep him quiet.''

The head nurse shook her head.

''Not unless the ward is empty, as it is now,'' she said. ''As it is, some of the patients in the next ward are complaining. We will try it for a little while longer and see how he gets along before we move him, however.''

She smiled and rose to show that the interview was at an end, and the little woman went out into the hall silent and downcast at the crowding possibilities.

The night passed slowly, her dreams being filled with pictures of the coming operation. More than once she wakened screaming as the doctors hacked the child's body limb from limb, but each time she only opened her eyes on darkness, blank and still.

The morning found her unnerved and hardly able to bear the strain of the operation. To the orderly's friendly greeting she could only give a dumb nod and a look of appeal as he took the frightened child in his arms. She listened till the footsteps died away, even then straining to catch some little sound to tell that all was well. Through the silence came a feeble cry and the sickening sweet smell of ether, and again deathlike stillness.

Slowly the minutes ticked by and grew into a half, then three quarters of an hour, and still no sound from the floor above. Then, as the silence was becoming unbearable, came the tramp of feet on the stairs and low moans as the orderly came into the room bearing in his arms the white-faced and inert little body. Chokingly she sank into the chair the nurse placed for her, not daring to ask the question which trembled on her lips.

''Will—will he live?''

The question was out at last, and she sat tense, waiting for the words which should mean happiness or torment. As if in answer, the blue eyes opened, stared questioning about, then, resting on the mother's face, closed as a flicker of recognition

curved his lips, nor was the nurse's bright nod needed to tell her that all was well.

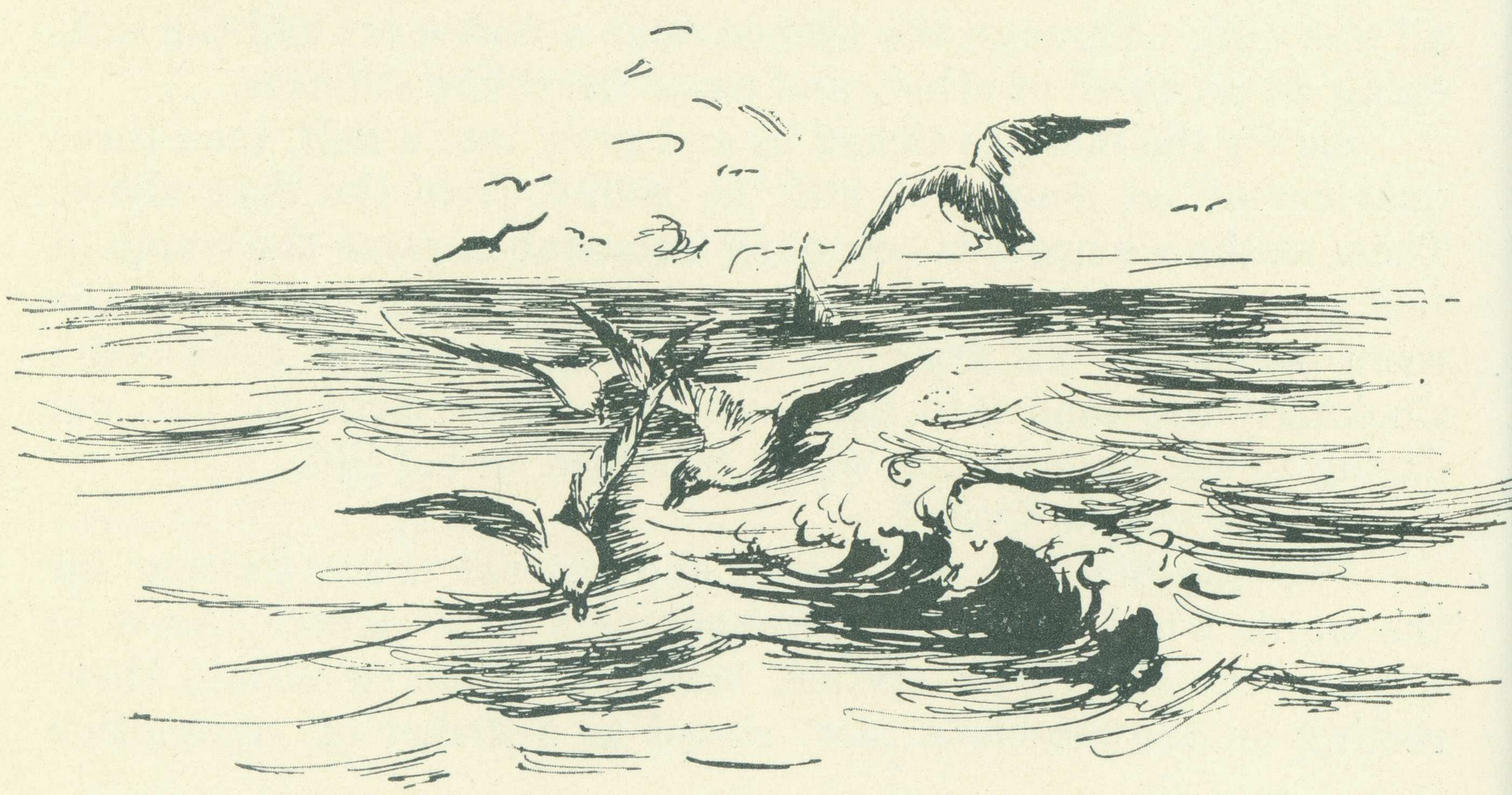
Two peaceful days passed, the little sufferer growing slowly stronger. "Out of danger," the doctor said—when, without warning, the dread Angel again hovered near, striving desperately for the little life which still clung by a thread. Again the doctor stood above his bed, and this time he did not smile.

The days and nights which followed were a constant vigil, and it seemed as though the fevered little brain would never right itself. He cried constantly in his delirium, and tore madly at the bandages, each succeeding day finding him weaker than before. Then came a time when he was too weak to cry and they hovered watchfully over the little bed, fearful of what the hours might bring. He still tossed from side to side, staring unseeing at the anxious faces above, and muttering thickly as he strove to push the covers from off him. But even this exertion proved too great, and he lay, limply inert, only the flickering eyelids and twitching hands telling that life still remained. Gradua[ly this movement ceased, the breathing became deeper and he slept.

He was lying in the same position when the doctor came, the hair on his forehead lying in damp ringlets. The practiced fingers felt pulse and brow, and there was the glad light of relief in his eyes as he turned toward the pathetic, waiting figure.

"Thank God! The crisis is over!" he said.

And "Thank God!" she whispered, brokenly, as she bowed her head in her arms with muffled sobbing.



Isn't It Better?

By ELSIE NORTHRUP.



TO reply to the article entitled "Wouldn't it be Better," seems to me to be unnecessary to the present readers of the Pennant. However, for the benefit of the possible few who may need just a word, and to attempt to enlighten the writer of the afore-mentioned article, let us take another point of view.

The writer, although unrecognized in basket ball circles as one of our stand-bys, has no doubt acquainted herself with just enough information to be blissfully ignorant. She has scaled over the surface. Had ethics had any place in her different phases of life, perhaps she might then have been able to judge.

She seems to think that basket ball has reached its limit. No doubt the present management has acted too strenuously in the interest of the school, to suit her.

There is no organization in the school which is more interested in advancing the name of San Jose State Normal than the basket ball team, no one more desirous of working well to the best end. Can we do it if we play individually? No, indeed not.

We must play together or not at all. Does the writer for one minute think that the present state of congeniality, strength, and loyalty to the school was reached through individual playing? The sole purpose of our team's work has not been to gain victory. Had it been so perhaps our record for the year would have been a little different.

Wherever we read in the articles of today's magazines on great questions of life in the community and the world, the watch-word seems to be co-operation. Education needs it, industry would be nothing without it, and society demands it. What could one do alone in an educational field or any other field? We do not attempt to deny that the whole is made up of parts, but their aim and purpose must be one. That aim and purpose does not confirm itself to the nine who play. No, it goes further. The aim is to represent the school in the best possible way by playing a clean and open game.

The writer may or may not have special reference to the Track Meet. No better illustration can offer itself. We do not

hesitate to say our sole aim was to make money and we did. Under our colors, our apparent deep-rooted rivalry, our misleading remarks and hearty desire to have "our" side win was a greater purpose. A better instance of co-operation could not have taken place under any other guise. True, 'twas misleading, but imagine an event, such as a track meet,—even with girls the opponents,—without competition. Almost impossible, isn't it?

It was stated that strength, energy, money, and time were frequently spent when they could not be afforded. It seems that when girls get to a Normal School, they should know enough to play judiciously. We do not deny that we over-worked at the time of the track meet. Have you ever thought why? Because so many who promised to help us out never showed up, and the few who did work were too loyal to the school and cause to consider themselves.

Look at the basket ball girls as they pass you in the corridor. Do they represent the weak, slow, always tired, never ready people? I think not,—look again. They represent the strongest, quickest, and ever-ready people of our school. They're not afraid to go across the campus to the Training School a few extra times. They're not too tired after a day's work in stuffy class rooms to get out and practice. If they haven't time they make it and they get along just a little better than the rest.

As to money and finances much has been said. At one time this last term the Basket Ball Club had in its treasury more than Student Body and all other school organizations put together. How did it get there? By work,—good, hard work. Because we were able to get together such a sum of money and use it for our own benefit should any outsider have anything to say? I rather say not. Only another illustration of how a few working together can do something.

The writer's heart is, no doubt, in for or with a dormitory as the article plainly stated. She admits that we must work and wait for it. She has also advised that all superfluous basket ball energy,—we suppose time and money also,—are to be devoted to this worthy cause. In the meanwhile what is to become of our school spirit? There is little enough now as the writer well knows. Shall we crush this out and have none at all, or shall we leave a few, who care to work, to enjoy themselves, and represent an institution worth representing in a way which is considered a glorious way by educators of the day. What we need in the present day is some one who works. We can find plenty to sit around and draw us rough sketches or carefully measured plans. We need people,—women,—and especially teachers, who can assert themselves. Where can they have better practice than on a field where all is open and square? Where could they have a better place to rest than in this ideal dormitory, made possible by the efforts of these same energetic, enthusiastic, athletic spirits?

The Fable of Two Teachers.

(after George Ade)

TWO teachers taught in Alameda, the Home of the Virtuous and Upright.

Elizabeth was a Good Girl, who had won Stars at the Normal and Degrees at the University; but she was Shy on Looks. She eschewed Merry Widow Hats, Madame Butterfly Coats, and Peek-a Boo Waists. She did not know how to make a Showing and there was no one in Alameda qualified to give her a Hunch. She worked all Day on Arithmetic and Language and hammered the kids with great chunks of Useful Knowledge. The City Superintendent said she had all the component parts of a Peach in the Educational Business; but he wished she would get a few Fashion Hints from Frisco and some Ready-made Curls and Complexion from the Manicure Parlors.

But Elizabeth hoped by Perseverance and Ability to Win Out.

Now the Next Grade Teacher was different. From early youth she lacked Industry and Application. She was short on Intellect, but long on Face and Figure. She wore Big Pearl Earrings, had her hair in Puffs, and encased her feet in Polka-dot Hose and Suéde Pumps. She was a Walking Fashion Plate all right. By skipping the long words she could manage the State Third Reader, and by counting on her fingers know that five and three make eight.

But, don't you forget, she could keep her Date-Book in Double Entry, and though her Grammar was sad it made no Odds. Half the Commuters in Alameda offered to let her tear Transportation out of their Books, and buy her lunches at Blanco's. But Mae had her eye on Culture and Position. She married the City Superintendent who was not Handsome but a Politician and a GENTLEMAN.

Mae shook the School for a Flat with a Quarter-Sawed Oak Folding Bed and Pink Rugs.

Shortly after this Hubby got next and ran for Mayor. Then they built a House, because in a flat One could never be sure of One's neighbors. Mae carried a Lorgnette and affected an unreadable English Hand. She spoke of the Swede Help as "the

Maid,'' said ''Eyether'' and ''Nyther,'' and began to sneak ''mah mah, Dear'' out of sight when they entertained. They had a Box at the theatre and Husband wore two Diamonds in his Shirt Front.

Mae was determined to break into society if it took an Axe, so she bought a Red Automobile and went to Vogue Concerts.

She got there, but it cost many a Heart Ache and several Hundreds of the old man's Cash.

And Elizabeth—The Mayor, the Common Council, and the School Board have succeeded in raising her salary Ten Plunks a year. She hopes to be pensioned if she lives long enough.

MORAL. It isn't confined to Alameda.

The Fable of the Traveler, the Horse, and the Ass.

(after Æsop)

A TRAVELER, having journeyed many miles in company with his beautiful, highbred horse, found on reaching the most perilous part of his journey that the animal had gone lame, and, furthermore, that it had become tired, vicious, and untrustworthy.

Sore perplexed, for he needs must continue on his way, he turned to a poor ass who was feeding, neglected and alone, on the thistles and briars that grew by the wayside, and prevailed upon the faithful creature to bear him to his destination after he had left his horse to be cared for at a neighboring inn.

After several weeks the traveler returned to the inn where he had left his horse and found it rested and refreshed. It seemed almost to welcome the hand of its owner.

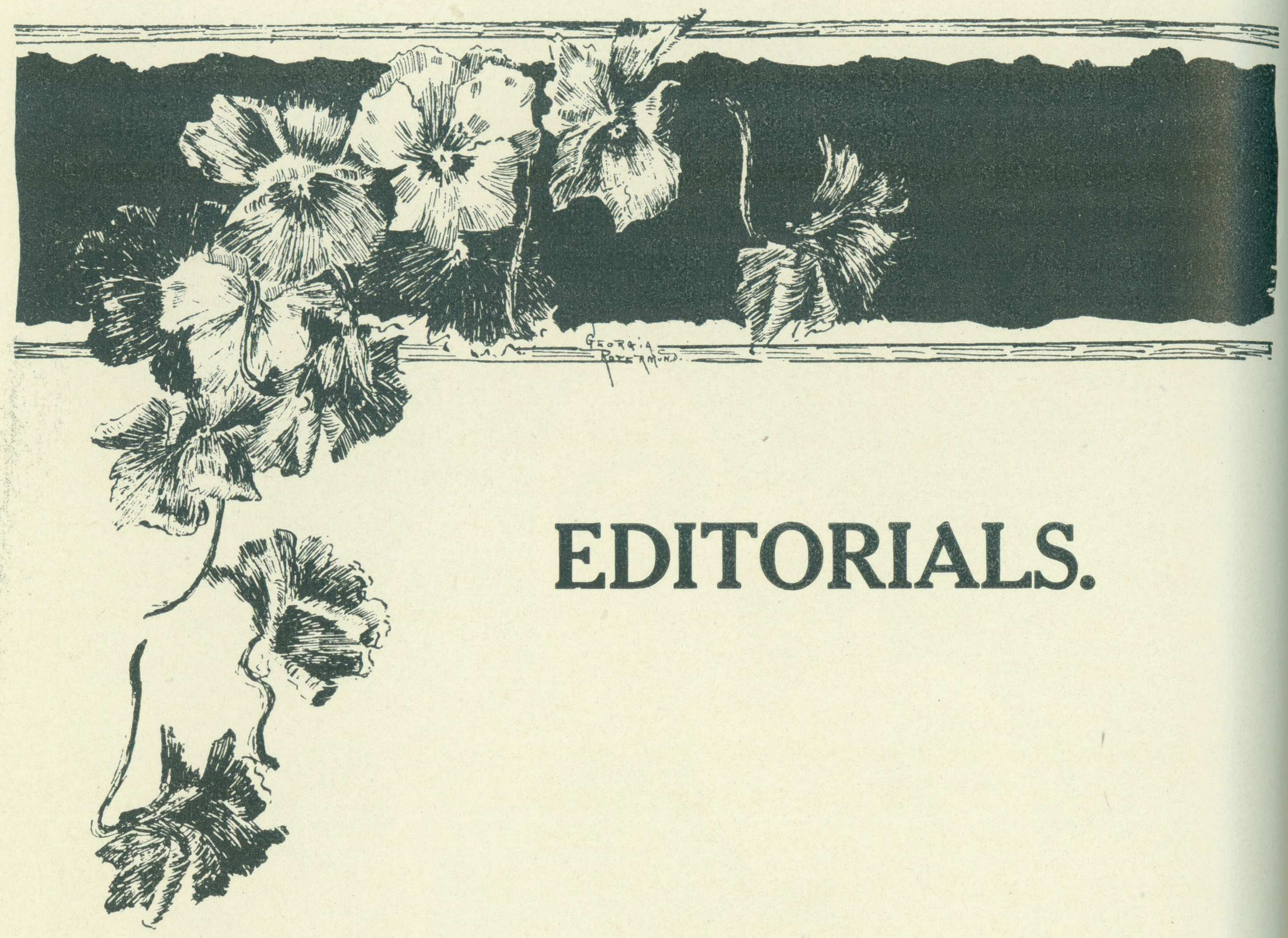
Turning to the ass the traveler said: ''I shall need you no longer.''

''But,'' said the ass, ''I have learned to love the master I have served. We have trod many rough and dangerous paths together. Am I to receive no reward for my services? This is what I expected—to be cast out to starve when I am no longer needed.''

The traveler replied, ''No, not to starve—the thistles and briars are as nourishing as they were before, and sometime I may need you again.''

MORAL. You generally get what you expect.


Gertrude Drew
Editor
Fred Hampton
Bus. Mg'r
Grace Wood
Pennant Staff



EDITORIALS.

The editor of the Pennant for the Spring term 1908 wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who have so loyally stood by in support of the school paper. To the staff, the subscribers, the contributors, the advertisers, to the faculty who have so heartily co-operated with us in our efforts, and to all others who have assisted in anyway whatsoever in the publication of the paper, the editor feels keenly indebted.

It has been a matter for regret that during the past term on account of financial difficulties as large and complete a paper has not been issued as would otherwise have been possible. The editor and staff had plans and hopes for the Pennant toward which they could only strive but not expect to accomplish during this tenure of office.

Our work we are sure has not been a failure, for a large indebtedness has been cleared away and the present Pennant officers turn over the books to the incoming workers with all debts paid and a balance in their favor together with the best of wishes for them and for the Pennant. With the support of a loyal student body, an enterprising editor and staff, there will be nothing but success and as Virgil said of the winning crew, "They can because they believe they can."

Commencement has come and in a few days a large class of well trained young men and women will be sent forth to battle for themselves and find their own little niche in the world and make it brighter and better for their presence. They will leave behind them the helping hand of the professors; many if not all will go to new places; will be thrown among strangers and be taught by bitter experience the meaning of the old law of laws "the survival of the fittest."

As the end draws nearer and nearer the minds of those who are so soon to leave us wander back over the past two years—years full of memories, and the thought comes to them what has been accomplished; what gained?

A few books read, the inestimable help and inspiration derived from association with a careful, loving and painstaking faculty, but above all the friends made. Friends who in the times of sorrow come to all of us and aid and comfort with their loving sympathy, friends who in times of happiness would rejoice with us and in times of need would extend a helping hand. The thought will come that after all it is not the books read or the inspiration derived from others that counts so much. These are but means to the end. The real thing—the most important is your own personality, the power you yourself hold of influencing others and of making yourself loved and respected.

How like branches torn from the great trunk and cast out into the ocean's currents by some mighty river are the graduates of our modern educational institutions. Caught by the currents of seething, struggling humanity they bow and bob to each other and come closer and then again separate, but like the branches on the mighty ocean's crest each recession takes them further away until they become to each other mere specks on the horizon, still bobbing and bowing, making futile efforts to draw near again to each other but still borne on and on by the relentless currents into oblivion. They are carried on until the end is reached, rest in some quiet cove or wreckage on the rocks of adversity but in either case alone.

You who are about to graduate from Normal and take your place in the seething current of humanity that makes up this great world, will find as time goes on and the struggle becomes fiercer and fiercer, your thoughts turning more and more towards the happiest time in life—your school days and the friendships that were formed there. You will find that it is always a struggle for the top and you'll need your friends.

It was with the belief that there was strength in union that the Alumnae Association of the San Jose Normal was formed and it is toward you who are about to become members of that great body that it is now turning for strength and support.

Keep up the friendships—keep in touch with each other, lending aid and support in time of need and the outcome will never be in doubt. The struggles will become easier, the happiness greater, and the end a higher rung on the ladder of success for you all.



The Aurora.

FOR the sake of the Alumni we wish to give the latest news of the copying of Guido Reni's "Aurora," and for the sake of the later students who may know naught of the matter we will give the story from its inception.

Some years ago the graduates looking about for a gift for their *Alma Mater* decided to have something selected by Miss Vivian while she was in Europe. Two hundred dollars was sent her with instructions to use her own judgment in the selection of some work of art suitable for the Assembly Hall. But the restraining statement that the students desired the Aurora, was made.

Miss Vivian deposited the money in the Credit Lyonnian Bank and began looking about.

She found herself, she says, in the predicament of having too much money for the largest print procurable of the Aurora (or other photographic reproduction), and with not nearly money enough for a copy in color sufficiently large for the Assembly Hall.

So she wrote stating these fact and suggesting instead of the Aurora certain groups (which she named) of enlarged prints which she considered a better and more beautiful scheme for the decoration of the Hall.

But there came an insistent demand for the Aurora. After severel letters to Rome and various "huntings" about the studios in search of an artist who was strong as a copyist, Miss Vivian was introduced to Mr. Robt. Hale, an American living in Rome but then on a visit to Paris.

With some New York artists she visited Mr. Hale in his *atilier* and saw his work and copies of Titian and Giorgione.

The copies were excellent and a tentative contract was made with Mr. Hale, who thought two hundred dollars too little for the work.

It was decided in San Jose that more money could be raised and Mr. Hale was instructed to go ahead.

The copy of the Aurora which is to represent the gift of several graduating classes at the Normal, is a large painting on the ceiling of the Rospighosi Palace at Rome, painted by Guido Reni in the first part of the 17th century.

The last letter from Mr. Hale is dated "March 30, 1908, via Murgutta, Roma." In it he says: "The Aurora now lacks only the finishing touches, which will be applied as soon as I hear from you. . . . . Will you please give full directions as to shipping, etc."

Since there is neither a suitable nor safe place to store it here in San Jose it has been decided to have it insured and stored in Rome until our new building is up and ready for it.

A Word from Columbia.

NEW YORK CITY, June, 1908.

DEAR SAN JOSE NORMAL PEOPLE :—

When all the data is summed up my conclusion is that I certainly owe you a letter. There seems to be but one difficulty, and that is that I shall make it too long. I am one who thoroughly enjoy getting letters and occasionally like to write them. However, since receiving the last Pennant and reading of the successful candy sales my fears for the extra assessment of the Senior class, should their commencement number be too large, is somewhat allayed.

First let me acknowledge my indebtedness to class teachers and students for the papers they furnished me. Their weight and size with the extra amount of legal cap first impressed me, but it didn't last long when once I was fairly recording the answers. I commenced with the Junior A's, and the interest and pleasure, in spite of the headache and backache, only increased as I went through them all to the last one of the Senior C's. Often I found myself stopping and smiling as I pondered on some of your replies.

Dr. Snedden with whom I first discussed the matter questioned whether your answers wouldn't be so deficient in honesty and thoughtfulness that they would be of little value. I thought I I knew better; however, the frankness of the students and the influence of the class teachers was surprising even to me. I had one regret and that was that I hadn't asked for the class teachers names, and I am sure my curiosity will never be satisfied until I find out and can test some of the guesses I made.

I feel positive I know almost the exact words of some of the speeches that were made to get you to subscribe for the Pennant, and I can think of nothing that would be more fun than to be a Junior next year and help in an election that would astonish the Seniors. In fact I am afraid it will be hard work for me not to take a hand in the game and I am sure I'll be tempted to give the class collectors pointers. Think of it, I know who is the best collector in the Normal School.

There were a lot of you I'd like to shake hands with and say good, and ask to put a word on that paper that Miss Schallenberger makes out for Mr. Dailey. You are going to do good work

and be a credit to your school and your country. One or two I wanted to put out bodily, and beware if you are there next year and I find you possessing such narrow views as you expressed in those papers and accepting the advantages of a State institution —well I'll not say what I'll do, but you'll find no comments of mine desirable on the aforementioned paper, and if my say in the matter controlled, I seriously doubt if you'd get a diploma.

I am sure some of you are curious regarding the conclusions about societies. Your answers and some recent discussions that I had with teachers and students in the New York High Schools and Eastern colleges have made me do the most serious thinking of all. I am decidedly of the opinion that societies are a mighty good thing, but the answers made by the society members in our Normal shows that we need to make some radical changes and improvements.

I must change the subject, for if I undertook to write a hundredth part of all I'd like too about those papers, there'd be such candy sales you'd all have indigestion. However, there were eight papers written and sent before the other three hundred and fifty-eight that I want particularly to thank the writers for. I appreciated and valued them more than you realize.

A few things about S. J. N. S. people in New York and happenings we have been taking part in may not be without interest.

Mr. Snyder after passing the preliminaries for his doctor's degree, made haste with wife and baby and departed for England where they will spend the summer, while no sooner was Dr. Suzzalo's duties ended than he followed the longings of his heart and turned westward. Miss Nicholson and our Normal graduates attending Teacher's College this past year, Miss Murdue, Miss Richards, and Miss King, were most happy June 2nd as on that day they started for California. I remain behind, but expect in spite of Miss Nicholson's prophesy to the contrary to be in San Jose next fall in time for the opening of the Normal, where once more I may be with the good friends there and get better acquainted with your new people to whom I feel I have already had a most interesting introduction.

The Seniors may be interested in Commencement week at Columbia University. I ought to be able to write you quite an account of it, but I can't, it didn't mean half so much to me as one I took part in just twenty years before almost to a day at the San

Jose Normal. The most I can say about it was that it was a great and mighty, glorious and gorgeous parade and display.

Can you imagine over a thousand men and women in caps and gowns? The faculty was splendid in silk robes with many varied colored hoods and bands and gold tasselled caps, while the President of the University wore a brilliant red gown with a pink lined hood. The band played, and slowly and solemnly the procession marched from the stately front of the Columbia Library across the fresh green lawn under the newly leafed trees down the long stairs, by the many admiring spectators to the gymnasium. Here with due pomp and ceremony were the degrees for 1908 of Columbia University conferred. With but very few exceptions both those who witnessed it and those who took part in it were impressed, approved of it, and thought it just the right thing.

I found myself comparing it with the commencements I so enjoy sharing with you all,—the merry class day on the lawn and the graduation where you each have your chosen seat (provided you weren't late) so you can march up and bow and receive your very own diploma, which Miss Royce has so arranged that Mr. Wilson can take it out and whisper the name to Mr. Dailey so he can look at you and pronounce it loud and clear that all may see and hear and know that it is you. I like that way and enjoy being on the back row of the faculty seats so I can stand up and look at you as you pass by, and the more of you I know personally and the better I know you, the more it pleases me. I always feel it is a time when it is perfectly legitimate to whisper and say, "She is a fine girl," "there is a good student," "she'll make a strong teacher." I am thinking what a lot of satisfaction I could have in that back row this year as the June class 1908 receive their diplomas.

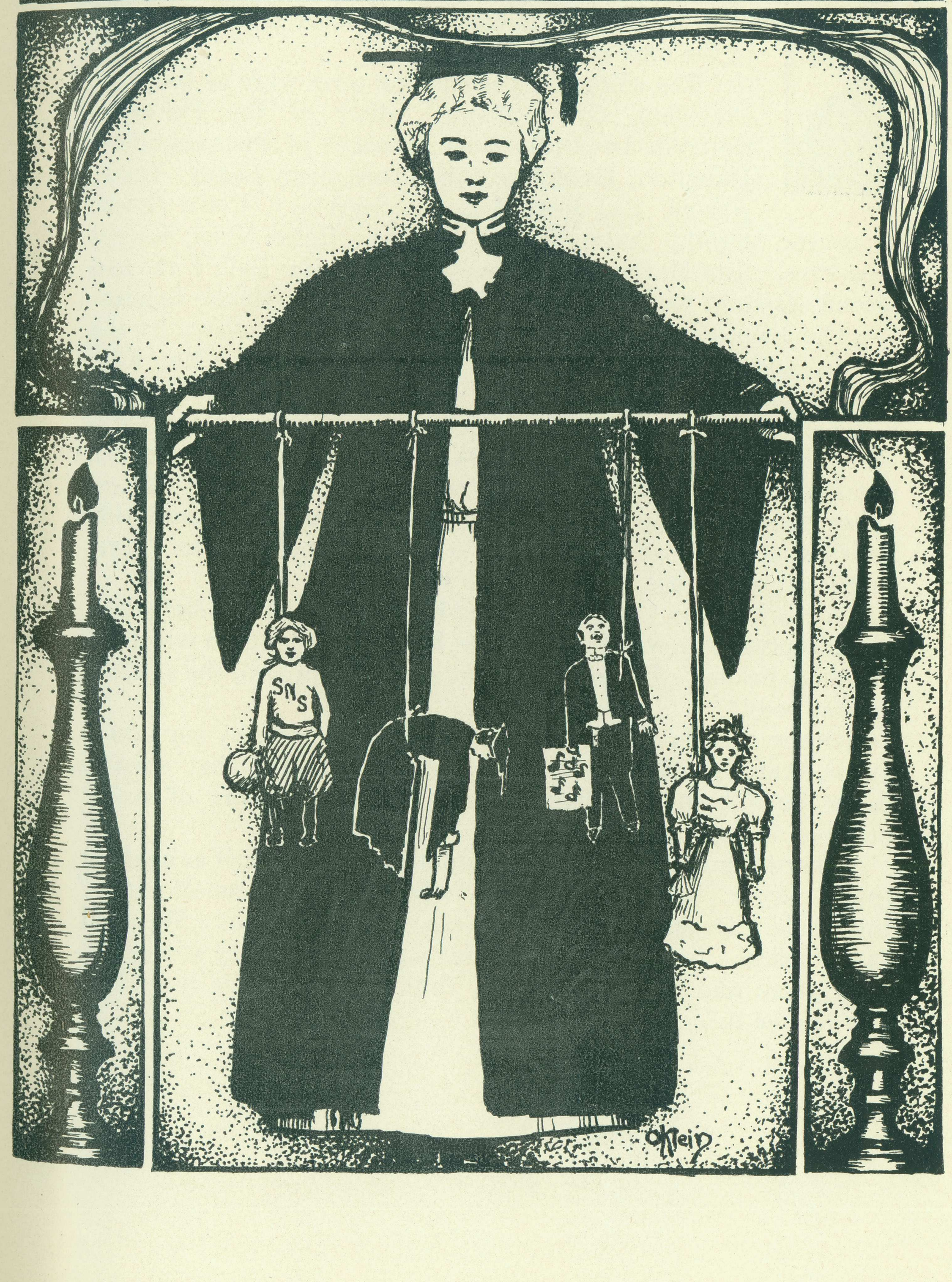
And now may your commencement be better than your expectations, and you get just the school you want, and some day day not too far distant may plans be realized and the now talked of new building have become a reality and we have a grand jubilee at which all will be there to celebrate.

With the best of good wishes to you one and all, I am

Yours most sincerely,

GERTRUDE M. ROWELL.

School Activities



Our Student Body.

By DOROTHY GREEN, '08.

MERRY June finds us closing one more successful term in the dear old Normal.

The officers of the ensuing term were as follows: President, Grace Moore; Editor of the Pennant, Gertrude Drew; Business Manager of Pennant, Fred Hampton; Executive committee, Jean Leahy, Chas. Atkins, and Bess Bozarth; Secretary, Clara Brose; Treasurer, Dorothy Green; First Vice-Pres., Helen Nims; Second Vice-Pres., Rita Mathews; Sargeant-at-arms, Mr. Bell; First and second assistant Sargeant-at-arms, Mr. Ferby and Mamie Grimes.

The true spirit of our student body has been shown by the interest and work each student gave toward making the May Fete a success. The enthusiasm with which we met the Field Day between the Juniors and Seniors is only an example of what a school can do when it has the interest and support of almost six hundred students. It will not be forgotten how, after an earnest appeal for help from the editor of the Pennant, the subscription list of that paper suddenly grew to enormous proportions. Yes, that is all spirit, but we need more yet.

A team of any kind, whether it be Basket Ball or Debating, is the representative of the whole body of students to which its members belong. Is it not just that such a team have the support of that body?

Other schools judge us as much, if not more, by our school paper, than by any other medium. Is it not just that such a paper have both the financial and literary support of every member of the student body?

There is a tendency to a weakening of school spirit as a school grows larger, because each one feels he is such a small part of the whole. Do not let this be the case with our school. We need the physical, literary and financial support of every student in this school and whether you be Junior or Senior we depend on you to give it.


Dorothy Green - Treas.
Clara Breed - Secty
President
— Grace Moore
Helen Hims - 1st Vice-Pres.
Rita Matthews
Student Body

Concerning the Short Story Club.

By G. S. D.



TEN years ago there was felt in this school the need of some one person to fill the position of instructor in literature and to serve as an inspiration to those students who had the desire and the feeling that perhaps they could write something worth while.

Such a person was found in Henry Meade Bland and the graduates of the past nine March, Xmas and June classes, as well as those of the class of all classes that is now the one toward which our thoughts are turned, can little express their appreciation for the very great service he has rendered them.

With all the qualities of a born leader, he has so shaped the course and led on to a wider literary field the hundreds of those literary bent who have come within the range of his personal inspiration.

With the initiative of a born leader he organized his literary followers into a club known ten years ago as the Short Story Club of the Normal, but whose influence has spread until now the Pacific Short Story Club is the name that includes its many interested and interesting members.

The Pacific Short Story Club has become a fixture in our midst and one whose importance is felt in literary circles even beyond the boundary lines of our California. It has aided in putting before the general public the work of many of those whose literary genius might otherwise have lain dormant. It has often helped the struggling student who perhaps may have been before eking out a bare existence by her perhaps feeble efforts to acquire fame and a living through the written expression of her thoughts. It has led to a higher appreciation of the noble and inspiring thoughts of those who have lived, and lived not for themselves alone, and with appreciation comes happiness.

Mr. Bland's recent publication, "A Song of Autumn and Other Poems," has served and will continue to serve as a testimony of what the Short Story Club and its leader can do. Prominent and able critics have passed judgment on this collection of poems and it has been pronounced excellent, with assurances that its author has well started on the road toward literary fame.

This club needs no plea at present for aid, for its value is too evident to be thrust aside by those who know and care for the help and inspiration certain to come from a membership in it. There will always be those who love to study the works of the masters in their field and to hope and strive toward their own particular goal which the study of these masters may have set up before them.

History of the Pennant Club.

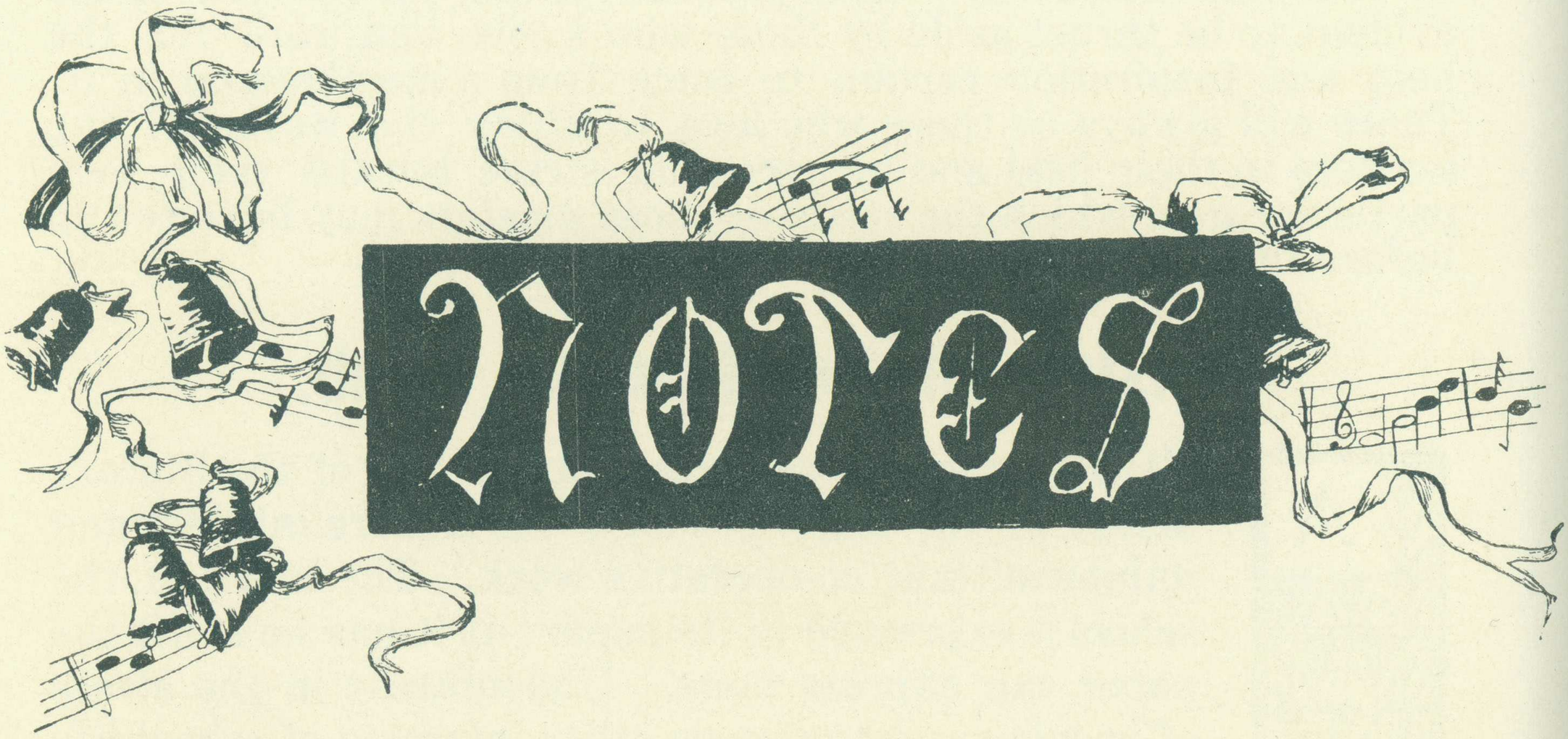
A SCHOOL paper to comprise the essence of the literary ability of the whole school needs sincere interest and unintermittant co-operative work. The spirit of the school is expressed in its paper; if it has no spirit the paper can express none. Undoubtedly in the stress of varying and numerous other interests of school life sometimes the attention will be focused more on one line than another, but a balance proportional to the importance of each line should be maintained. We consider the school paper to be one of leading importance, as the reputation of the student body, particularly of a pedagogical school, depends largely upon it.

For a number of years past our paper has not received the attention due a school of our size and standing. With the growth of the school there should be a corresponding increase of material, consequently a higher grade of paper.

So much has the need been felt that last October the editor and staff, after much consideration, decided that the most effectual means to procure the desired ends would be to form a club to which members would be eligible on proving their interest and ability. The club thus formed, with the editor and staff as charter members, has held many call meetings, at which were discussed new plans for improvements to the paper. As a result a number of changes have been made and new offices formed. Almost immediately on the formation of the club two new members were elected, Miss Grace Moore and Miss Gertrude MacMilian to the offices of artist for the paper and poster makers.

Since that time the new staff has entered the club with the additional offices of editorial writer.

Under the firm belief that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, the club has held a number of banquets and social evenings, and have scarcely recovered from a recent cherry feed.



THE CHORAL CLUB, which is composed of the young ladies in the school who desire special work in music and the young men's Glee Club, is one of the very important student organizations of our school and deserving of much praise. During the past school year the Club has given some very beautiful songs in the Assembly; songs by the young ladies, by the young men and songs in which both the young men and women have participated. They have studied carefully, selections from operas and other high classics.

Not only has the Choral Club been given the opportunity of learning this good music, but Miss Fisher's careful attention has brought before the Assembly many of these selections. The singing by the whole school daily improves. The spirit, which means so much, is excellent. Everyone tries and is ever ready to do his best, thus enabling Miss Fisher to get the best possible results. Miss Fisher's enthusiasm is contagious; no wonder everyone sings.

Another important opportunity is Miss Fisher's Advanced Music class. In this she gives a course in Methods, and the History of Music, studying first the origin, its development, the growth of the various musical instruments, the composers of the past and present, and the Operas. Through this class many singers of no small ability have blossomed out, and we sincerely believe that every student should avail himself of this advantage

in years to come to get all the music possible to obtain here, for it is one of the necessary essentials for a teacher.

Certainly this school has splendid advantages for good music and in the future we look for an orchestra to be organized which would be a great aid to the singing. There is plenty of talent in our school. To those who have it, do not be afraid to show it. Give what you can unselfishly, and make the school better than it has ever been before.

Debating.

IN the busy whirl of track-meets, basket ball games, Pennant activities and dramatics, the debating spirits of our school seem to have subsided. We dare say, however, that a slight external disturbance in the form of a challenge would set the wheels buzzing again with greater force than ever.

We are glad to say that the one contest of the year was a decided victory for San Jose Normal School. This contest with Chico is an annual event and the fact that Chico team visited San Jose this year excited no little interest, in fact the victory was due in no small part to the good spirit shown by our students and the support and encouragement the team received from both the Faculty and Student Body of our school.

Last year a second debate was contested with the University of Nevada, San Jose coming out victorious. This year a return debate at Reno was to have taken place but for unknown reasons Nevada failed to return the challenge.

Of all the school enterprises debating is essentially an activity of the school, an activity at present given more emphasis in Colleges, Normal and High Schools than ever before. This is as it should be, for what art is of more practical value than the ability to express our ideas with perfect poise, accurately, and to the point. Debating gives one a keenness of intellect acquired in no other way. Bearing this in mind let those who come back next year try out for the school team and answer the never ending cry for school spirit.

ATHLETICS



Figure

WHY did you come to the San Jose Normal School? Did you ever think of it? Was it because some member of your family had received her education there? Was it because you knew of no other place to go to prepare yourself or was it just plain, big, every day "because," that so often accommodating and abused word "because."

What have we here now to interest new students who have only a "because" to enroll themselves on? What have we to interest, help, strengthen them, by and with? Let us look at what our school maintains in the line of organizations. We may speak first of our

Basket Ball.

This team has certainly been alive with athletics, and is any one the worst for it? I think not. As we look back over our term's work we can see much good has been done for the school, for the club, and for the individual. Perhaps our record of games won is not as good as it might be, but is winning everything? The basket ball team, at least, have found out it is not. We have played in all eight match games.

We opened our season with a practice game with San Jose High School. Next followed our games with Berkeley High School at San Jose, and then at Berkeley, University of the Pacific, Mountain View, University of Nevada at San Jose, then at Reno and Stanford University.

The team has been the same for almost the entire season and consisted of:

Goals.—Olive Reid, Sara Snee, Julia Cole.

Guards.—Blanche Clarke, Ethel Budlong, Agnes Roberts.

Centers.—Stella Torbert, Margaret Roberts, Elsie Northup.

Under the management this term we have been able to fully meet all expenses and Olive Reid deserves special commendation as business manager.

We are very sorry to lose two of our team members, Julia Cole and Stella Torbert. We take this opportunity of thanking them for all they have done. They have worked faithfully for the past two years and will be missed when school opens again. It is the wish and desire of our club that basket ball may not be forgotten when Normal is finished. That it may live on—not only in their minds but may result in action taken by them for the furtherance of athletics in their own schools. May they succeed in their new work and be happy in what they are doing is the wish of the remainder of the team.



TENNIS TEAM.

The Tennis Club.

The year's work shows much advancement in tennis. It has attained the position of one of our school activities. It is already an organization of much importance and should become one of greater.

During this last year we have to our credit, two courts. Practice has been regular up to the time of Commencement. Much thanks is due to Mr. Lewis, who has so kindly aided us in trying to strengthen our club.

With all this we are not nearly strong enough. We need more people and the people need tennis. There is no reason why we should not hold as strong and prominent a place as the other school organizations. Let us come out next term and make the Tennis Club *the* club of our school. We have found out, sad to say, that only a few ever take an interest in these things. A few for one sport and a few for another. So long as we are able to be strong in number let us be strong in spirit and give to our school the best we have.

Cross Country Club.

What has become of our Cross Country Club! The club that had for its members throngs and might by this time been carrying off all the students, faculty, and even the buildings. Surely this great organization has not faded into oblivion! There must still be some spark of life, some hope. Why not rekindle it and bring it out in all its glory? Are we to think that all of those gloriously planned trips are not to take place? Thrt we're not going to go again, ever? Let us hope not, and to help the spark rekindle, let us give three hearty cheers for the Cross Country Club, and may their spirit again flame up, and the pleasure and benefit of their good work burn brightly once more!

Roquette Club.

This term, under the supervision of Prof. Baker, a Roquette Club has been organized. As yet they have had little opportunity to practice as the ground has not been in a condition to play. However, it is now being attended to, and it is hoped that all will be in a condition to play next term.

During the term a very successful sale of cornucopias was held, thereby raising enough money to have the grounds properly fixed.

An election of officers held during the term resulted in the election of Anne Foley as President and Clara Brose as Secretary and Treasurer.



BASKET BALL TEAM.


Society


Olive Evans
Grace Wheeler
Ruth
Gertie Jackson
Ethel Peterson
Mary Stokes
Ella Hayes
Eda Marriott
Emma Kirk
Ethel Taylor
Lucille Ellen
Helen M
ALLENIAN


VICTOR HARRIS
CARRIE SAVILLE
GLADYS HAYWARD
LILLIE WHEELER
ETHEL SACRE
FLORENCE BUTTLE
MAGNI CADMON
KATE GAMBLE
EMMA THOMPSON
FANNIE HICKMAN
ELEANOR ROBERTS
ALLENIAN

Allenian.

The past term has been full of pleasure and activity for the Allenian girls who have given much time and thought to the carrying out of the pleasures which they planned for the season. The dance given on the 2nd of May was the first event, and plans are now being completed for an evening of entertainment to be given to the entire school on the 20th of June.

The June graduation this year will take from the society fourteen of its most active members in the persons of Belva Axe, Olive Bonnar, Ada Damon, Albertin Du Bois, Minnie Franklin, Margaret Gray, Rita Matthews, Grace Moore, Helen Nims, Jane Rankin, Clara Roll, Emma Thompson, Latitia Wilson, and Norna Werner. We regret very much losing the active support of these girls, as they have been strong pillars on all occasions, but we know that they will still remember us in their thoughts. We wish them much success in their future walks of life and feel well pleased that such worthy characters are numbered among the alumni of Allenian.

Browning.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

Miss Bradley, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Bland, Mr. Lewis, Miss Nickolson, Miss McFadden, Miss Rowell.

JUNE 1908—ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Clara Brose, Mattie Brady, Marie Foote, Grace Gould, Dorothy Green, Gertrude Gray, Bertha Hamilton, Shirley Hendershott, Vera Jones, Elsa King, Jeanette King, Pearl Lewis, Mabelle May Kathryn Murphy, Jane Myers, May Towey, Marguerite Knoble, Merry Wharton.

CHRISTMAS 1908—ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Anne Foley, Elsie Northrup.

JUNE 1909—ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Bess Bozarth, Leona Beatty, Hazel Bunny, Jeanette Colly, Grace Canfield, Myrtle Gibson, Alva Green, Edna Gray, Hazel Ingalls, Jean Leahy, Helen Mignon, Georgia Medina, Viola Morse, Alice O'Rourke, Irma Pratt, Grace Rogers, Margaret Roberts, Edna Stark, Florence Stahl.


Bessie Bowers
Jane Myers
Myrtle Giles
Shirley Henderschott
Elsa King
Alta Green
Rosemae Murphy
Jeanne King
Mabel Engle
Gertrude
Grace Canfield
Mable May
Florence Stahl
Jean Leahy
Mabel Burris
Lena Beatty
Mary Gray
Edna Clark
Mary Towey
Dorothy Green
Bertha Hughes
Vera Jones
Hattie Brady
Mary Walton
Grace Rogers
Viola Morse
Clara Brose
Rowena
Grey


Mrs Cleveland
Mrs. Burkemuth
Sadie Beam
Leona Mayo
Marquette Harris
Grace Harris
Ella Indra
Vivian Drew
Helen Beam
Sadie Beam
Crane


Elizabeth Merritt
Edna Dexter
Virginia Bartlett
Violet McMillan
Gertrude McMillan
Blanche Martin

Erosophian.

The Erosophian Society has enjoyed a most active year. At the beginning of the first term the ranks, which had been much thinned, immediately began to fill, and although the members decided to do away with the weekly programs, these were introduced at intervals in order that the new girls might not lose sight of the purpose of the founder, Miss Cory.

A number of social affairs tended to make the members well acquainted, and during the second term a very successful dance was the event of the season. The Spring term has been an unusually active one, and our efforts culminated in the presentation of the play "A Fighting Chance," which was ably staged under the direction of Mrs. Mary Carothers McConagha. Since we have a full numbers, the outgoing graduates will not be missed so much as they would under other circumstances.

The graduates are Emma Blauer, Edna Dexter, Iva Crane, Hazel Brenneman, Grace Harris, Bessie Houghton, Alice Reyolds, Eleanor Merritt, Vivian Drew, Leona Mayo, Florence Brown, and Ella Indra, who proved herself very capable and efficient as president.

Y. W. C. A.

As this close of the Normal term the Young Women's Christian Association is found to be on a better basis than it has been for many months past. In attendance it is growing and in enthusiasm and fellowship it has never been surpassed. The meetings have been led by able leaders from the Association both inside and outside the city. Miss Gertrude Davidson and Miss Harris have spoken at different times, and Rev. Mr. Patchell of the First Congregational church and Rev. Mr. McQuilkin of the First Presbyterian church, San Jose, gave them very interesting talks.

The social side has by no means been neglected. "High jinks" in co-operation with the city association was one of the enjoyable affairs early in the year. Then there came the interesting and long looked for Capitola trip with its hearty good times and anticipations of the treats to come.

At the Capitola conference the Association was represented by nine members. They participated in the usual "stunt" and served as excellent representatives of the school.

Then there came the reception to the incoming Juniors in April. They served delicious refreshments and furnished an excellent entertainment.

A candy pull closed the social affairs of the club and there a general good time was indulged in which symbolizes the spirit that attends all Y. W. C. A. functions.

Sappho.

The Sappho girls for the last term have had a gay round of pleasure, and it is with much sadness that we find our school year drawing near the end, for eleven of our girls will no longer be with us.

For a last grand finale the Junior girls gave a farewell party to the Seniors on June 13th. It took the form of an outing dance and a special car was chartered which took the merry crowd to Congress Hall. Dancing was enjoyed by all until a delicious supper was served, and at a late hour the happy party returned home, having had one of the most enjoyable evenings of their Normal career.

With twenty-two girls still left in the society to take up the work next September Sappho may well look forward to a bright and happy future.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

Dr. Dailey, Prof. Wilson, Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger, Miss Bessie McCabe, Miss Alice Basseler, Miss Isabel McKenzie, Mrs. George, Miss Ida Fisher, Mr. George Baker, Mr. Daniel Wood.

GRADUATES.

Ivadell Bevens, Clara Glendenning, Gertrude Drew, Edith Orr, Hazel Whitmire, Annabelle Lynn, Ida Rinn, Gladys Brock, Matie Butz, Margaret Duffy, Bernice Woodcock.

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

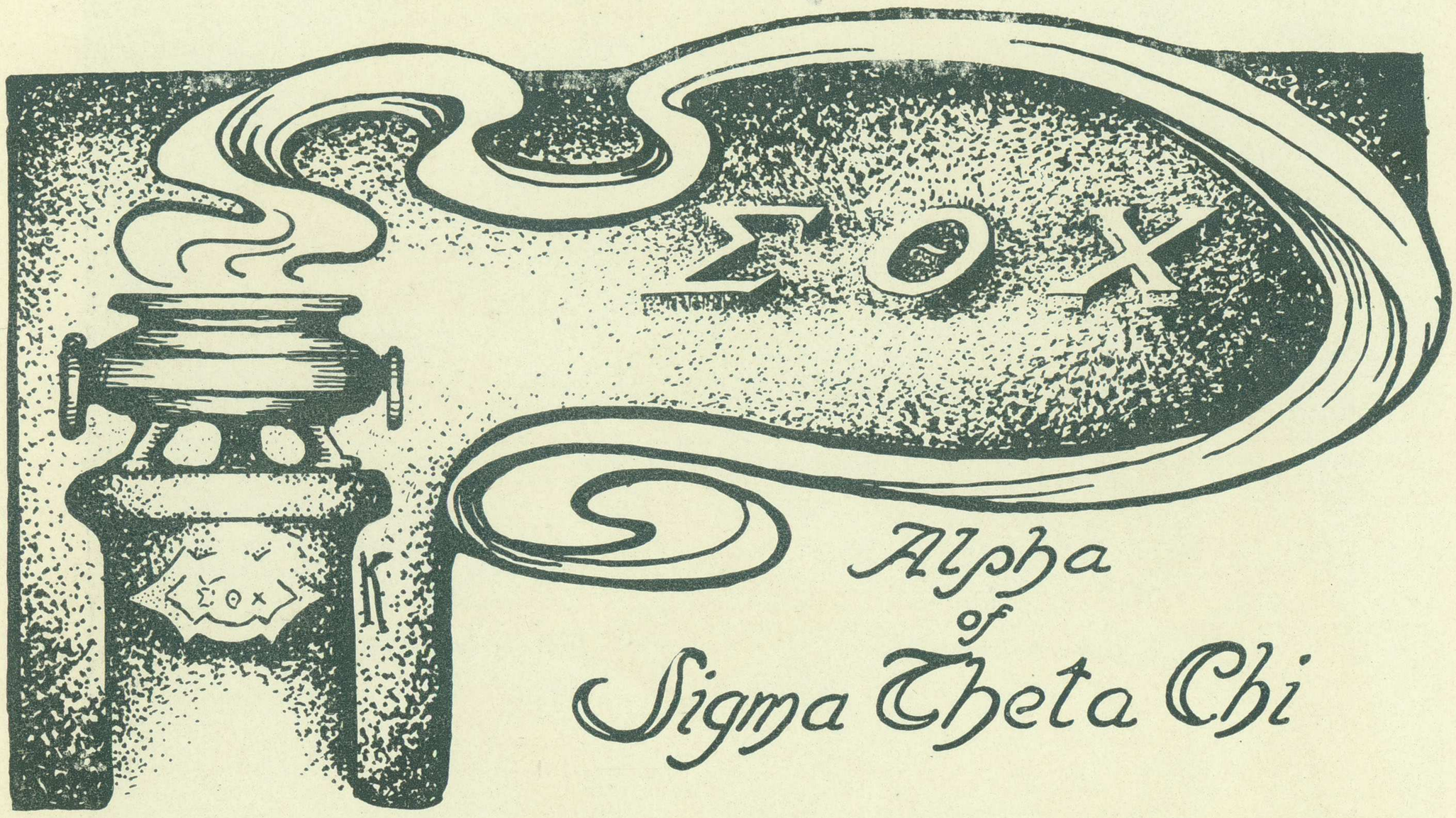
Alma Stephens, Meta Beverson, Hazel Moody, Zelma Wilson, Ann Parker, Mabel Stephens, Grace De Forest, Ramona Glass, Rowena Gillespie, Frances Gillespie, Ann Barstow, Robin Clute, Louise de Hart, Gladys Dimon, Lucile Sukeforth, Lila O'Neale, Eileen Reidy, Muriel Harmon, Phyllis Rosenthal, Mae Worthington, Letcher Veuve, Maritza Ledyard, Jennie McInery, Laura Cairns, Lulu Hunter.

PLEDGES.

Nettie Wilder, Charlotte Phelps, Helen Trost.


Frances Gillespie
Grace DeForest
Ann Parker
Hazel Moody
Eileen Reidy
Gertrude Breen
Lila Sheale
Bessie Harris
Gladys Mirich
Robin Clute
Phyllis Rosenthal
Ramona Glass
Anne Balstow
Zelma Wilson
Louise de Hart
Evanell Berens
— SAPPHO —


LULA HUNTER
GLADYS BRAUN
MABEL STEVENS
MARGARET DUFFY
KATE BUTZ
EDITH DYER
LUCILLE SUGERMAN
ANNABELLE LYON
NETA REICHELT
MARITZA LEDYARD
CLARA CLENDENNING
BERENICE WOODCOCK
LAURA CAIRNS
JEAN MOONEY
LETHER VELLEE
ROWENA GILLESPIE
ALMA STEPHENS
JANE McINERNY
SAPPHO



Established March 6, 1899.

FACULTY.

Miss Isbel MacKenzie.

SENIORS.

Olive Bouner, Gladys Brock, Jane Myers, May Worthington.

JUNIORS.

Edna Joy Addison, Aline Hall, Florine Hart, Lucile Lukeforth, Eva Taylor, Zelma Wilson.

Bessie Bozarth, pledged.

ALUMNAE.

Clara Boyce, Theresa Burtscher, Olive Stephens-Rice, Laura Bailey, Maude Mariner, Hazeltine Hayden, Bessie McBride, Genevieve McBride, Laura Hathaway, Elsie Ruhl, June Chappell-Young, Bonnie Gaine, Agnes Mason, Ethelwyn Caldwell, Ethel Blythe, Beatrice Johnson, Olive Beede-Davis, Maude Hunt, Clifton Swisher-Denprey, Myrtle Hodge, Bertha Comforth-Aaron, May Hayward, Bertha Russell-Case, Mary Cortner, Lulu Spangler, Janet Bell, Hattibel Osgood, Lillian Raney, Grace Widemann, Ethel Carr, Emma Ressegine, Jennett Miller, Jeannette Stiles-Challen, Alice Rodgers-Richards, Nita Gilkyson, Lottie Shafter, Leta Farmer-Cothran, Donna Buttner-Peckam, Julia Boyd,


X
Gertrude Drew
Romona Glass
Frances Gillespie
Rowena Gillespie
Bessie McCabe
Grace DeForest
Mamie Stephens
Ann Bayston
Ann Parker
Hazel Moody
Alma Stephens
E

Johanne Johnson, Frances Gwinn, Annie Lemon, Hazel Brock, Almeida McMillin Miner, Laura Dougherty, Margaret Owens, Leota Wilcox, Alice Harris, Katharine Hall, Hilda Koch, Lela Gilmore, Adelma Walters, Maude Chase, Helen Taylor, Anita Anderson, Sadie Smith, Ottilia Klein, Marguerite Vestal, Ethel White, Ailene Healy, Annie Ellsworth, Grace Evans.

Chi Epsilon.

Established October 11, 1904.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

Dr. Margaret E. Schallenberger, Bessie McCabe, Frances R. Schallenberger (High School.)

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

Ida Rinn, Gertrude Drew, Clara Hanson, Muriel Harmon, Hazel Whitmire, Alma Stephens, Mabel Stephens, Rowena Gillespie, Frances Gillespie, Anne Barstow, Hazel Moody, Ramona Glass, Grace De Forest, Anne Parker, Ethel Whitmire.

MEMBERS IN COLLEGE.

May Austen, Marion Du Bois, Anne Shillingsburg.

MEMBERS IN ALUMNI.

J. Wilmer Gresham, Emily Gresham, Edwin Johnson, Marcia Cather, Myrtle Bernhard-Allen, Vivian White, Hazel Macaulay, Ethel Baird, Ruth Gilman, Ann Macmurdo, Virginia Williams, Sayler Van Hagen, George Wright, Gussie Stephens, Lillian Pope, Charlotte Templeton, Charles Cooke, Georgia Parker, Marion Whitmire, Ella Plate, Frankie Zimmerman, Helen Horan, Cecil Watkins, Lillian Williams, Olympia Baker, May Keith, Theodoric Smith-O'Hara.

and

News



Notes

"Rogue Hall," San Jose, June 20, '08.

My Belva Dear:—

Last time I wrote you the May Fete was upper most in my mind. Now that is a thing of the past and graduation festivities fill our thoughts.

Hope you received the clippings and pictures of the fete that I sent. Wasn't quite sure of your address.

The most important event of recent days not connected with commencement was the Erosophian farce, "A Fighting Chance." Every one took her part well and reflected credit upon Mrs. Mary Crothers McConagha, who directed them. Brohaska's Orchestra furnished fine music and the Pennant Club sold refreshments. The whole evening was a grand success and every one had a dandy time.

One night a couple of weeks ago we had a lecture on Scotland at Normal Hall with views. They were splendid. Letitia Wilson sang so sweetly, "Bonnie Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

Of course we have had the usual number of Assembly visitors and special music for different days.

Mr. Chas. Gunn, leading man of the Jose Theatre, came to school the other day and gave us a little talk on the drama. From the amount of applause he received you would think that the Normal girls knew the Jose pretty well. Any way he was interesting.

Lately our recesses have been taken up with discussions about our announcements class pin, class day and graduation. Now everything is settled and I can give you the official program for the week June 22-25.

Monday, June 22nd.

10 a. m. Meeting of the Short Story Club in Assembly Hall.

2 p. m. Reunion of all the classes since 1862.

Tuesday.

9:30 a. m. Class Day Exercises on Normal Green.
2. p. m. Meeting of the Alumni Association. Address by Francis J. Heney.
8 p. m. Alumni reception.

Wednesday.

9:30 a. m. Basket ball game, Alumni vs. Normal School.
10:30 a.m. Tennis game, Alumni vs. Normal School young men.
2 p. m. Meeting of the Alumni Association.
4:30 p. m. Business meeting.
8 p. m. Alumni Farce, "A Pair of Spectacles."

Thursday.

10 a. m. June Class Graduating Exercises.

And—then we go out into the world to put into proctice that knowledge which we have managed to acquire by hard (?) and faithful study the last two years at Normal.

Yours in the good cause.

BERNY.

The Dramatic Club

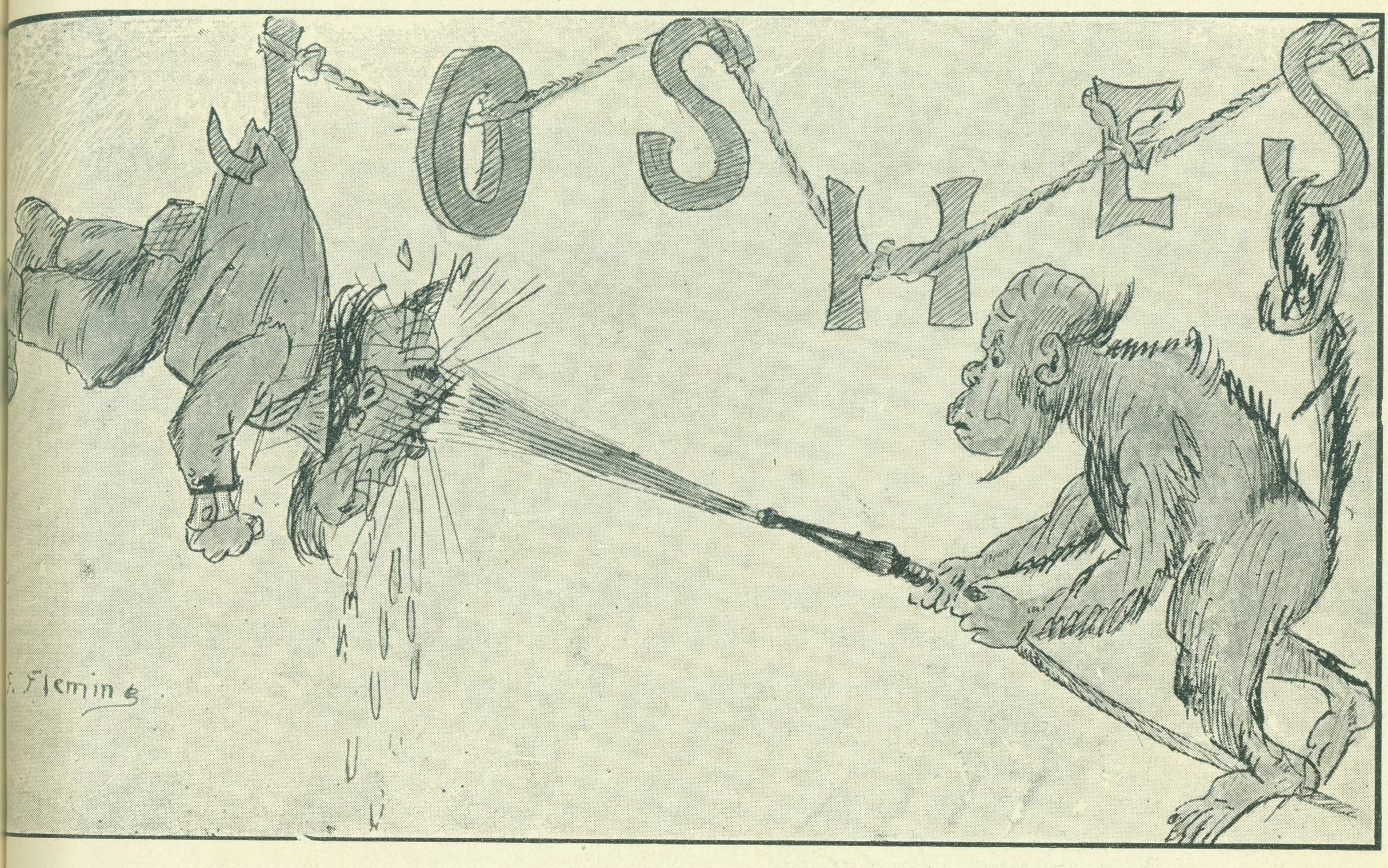
THE initial attempt of the Dramatic Club met with great success on the evening of June 17th when they so ably presented the clever little farce, "Tommy's Wife," by Marie J. Warren. Though the play was given under the auspices of the Dramatic Club the school journal received the financial benefit to aid in its June publication. The synopsis and cast of characters for the play was as follows:

CHARACTERS.

Thomas Crothers (a young portrait painter yet unknown to fame) - - - - - Mr. Bohnette
Rose Carothers (his sister) - - - Anna Herbert
Dick Grannis (Carother's chum, in love with Rose) - Floyd Bell
Patty Campbell (a student at the Broadway Dramatic School - - - - Minnie Franklin
Mrs. De Yorburgh-Smith (a wealthy society woman) - - - - Ethelwyn Ray Farmer
Sylvia (her daughter, "young and impressionable") Victor Harris
Pierre De Bouton (a French fencing-master) - Mr. Maries
Edith Bronson (a friend of Rose, interested in charities) - - - - - Martha Fraser

SYNOPSIS.

Act I. In Carother's studio. Afternoon.
Act II. Same scene. Afternoon two weeks later.
Act III. Library at Edith's home. Evening of the same day.
Place—San Jose. Time—Summer 1908.



M. Guernsey—"Did I understand you to say that when a person has moods they don't know it? When I feel cranky I know it." Yes, so do others.

Mr. Davidson—"What institution aims at changing the disposition of people besides the church ?"

O. Reid—"San Quentin !"

Sibyl C. to Fred H.—"Does your face hurt you less when you screw it up that way ?"

O, Davidson, I love thy class !
There I may sleep and take my ease,
And know full well that I shall pass
With a big C; yes, that's real ease.

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

He (nervously)—"Er–er–Margaret, er–there has been something trembling on my lips for the last six months."

She—"Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off ?"—Ex.

FAVORITE SAYINGS.

Mabel Denike—"Now Mr. Wood."
Alice Quilty—"Keen stunt!"
Grace Canfield—"O drat it!"
Gertrude Peterson—"Toot, toot!"
Margaret Roberts—"O, that would be nifty!"
Mae de Forest—"O help!"
Pat O'Neale—"O chase me, girls!"
Florine Hart—"Cæsar more cats!!"
Ann Parker—"O toot!"
Robin Clute—"O that's keen!"
Edna Tooker—"Oh Pshaw!"
Beatrice Jackson—"I'm so busy!"
Violo Morse—"Just wait a minute till I fix my nose!"
Ethel Rhodes—"Hello, Kid!"
Sibyl Croly—"I'm sorry but I don't care!"
Florence Stahl—"I don't care, I've got a *fearful* case on her!"

THE TRAVELERS

The pugilist should travel in a box-car.
The automobilist on a brake.
The janitor on a flat-car.
The actor on a stage.
The pessimist in a sulky.
The aerialist in a fly.
The miner on a coal-car.
The teacher in a coach.
The lovers in a parlor car.
The shopper on a bicycle.
The farmer on a truck —Ex.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

Mae Worthington for the latest things in the jewelry line.
Bess Bozarth for smart tailor fads.
Zelma Wilson for ideas in trimming hats.
Olive Reid for the latest athletic news.
Lettie Wilson for proper use of the voice.
Sibyl Croly for the latest witticism.
Mr. Maries for what's inside that bag of his.
Ruth Mackinder for definition of any new and startling word.

Teacher—"Class, I want you to draw Plymouth Rock."
Small boy—"A hen or a rooster?"—Ex.

Miss Klein—"In your report, Miss Grey, was Israels dead?"
Miss Grey—"Why no! I didn't find him so."

Miss Vivian—"Mr. Furby, what do you think of the Unknown Woman?"

Mr. Furby—"I think it's better she is unknown."

In a discussion, in Mr. Davidson's class, as to whether dogs see stars, one of the girls said, "So then you think a dog doesn't see stars?"

Mr. D.—"Well now I wont say. I don't want to be dogmatic about that."

Mrs. George's Psychology class is decidedly interesting. The 4th hour class has been studying hallucinations. Mrs. George, speaking of an experiment performed with a card, on which are two red hearts—"Now what about the third heart in this experiment?"

Hazel Moody—"Oh! that's the chaperone." Johnny is wise all right.

Marie Foote—"Everybody gets my name wrong. I'm going to change it."

Both sweet Bohnett and Mammoth Bell
Hail from the realm of far Campbell;
They to each other mean so much
That all alone these comrades lunch.
They some times stroll 'round arm in arm
And grace our campus with their charm.

Mr. Lewis.—"I heard in the back woods of Tennessee an old woman refer to her 'humors.' That was less than a hundred years ago." Now Mr. Lewis there's no need you ever making such an explanation as that for we all know you're not very ancient.

There is one redeeming feature connected with drawing; we may "carry things as far as we are able," and that's more than we are allowed to do in other lines.

The news has been circulated around the school that a Swedish man married a Poll. This is really not such an unusual occurrence because lots of men marry sticks.

Chinaman's toast to a teacher:

"Teacher, teacher, all day teachee,
Night mark papers, nerves all creepee,
No one kissee, no one huggee,
Poor old maidee, no one lovee."—Ex.

We have a few exceptions to this rule, haven't we?

Miss Schallenberger, in teacher's meeting.—"Now for illustration; if a man get's $20 a month—let me see, that's $5 per day—!! Perhaps the class may help me some with my arithmetic, I may get confused.

How's this?

"Pop a neurone and an idea spills out."

Miss Kinney—"Does this drawing suggest a central point of interest? No, it's just hit or miss, mostly miss."

Denham, Denham, sporty Denham,—
First, let us say we never slam,—
Yet you're more than a case
In your own little place,
Without getting a girl
And causing a whirl.
But since the evil's done
Please let us have some fun.
So if you'll permit,
We'll just gently warn 'er
That she's made a hit,
And you've got a corner.

Some of the May Fete guests who could not get within the bleachers, quite aptly called the affair the "May Feet" because these were the most conspicuous features visible from their view.

Miss Howe (enthusiastically standing up for equality of women teachers with men)—"I can't see why it is more disgraceful for women after teaching five or ten years to get married than it is for men after two or three years to turn book-agent."

Mr. Baker—"How do you charge for sawing ice?"

Miss de Hart—"By the foot. If you have a large foot you pay more." Quite brilliant remark, don't you know.

Criticizing Story-telling in Grammar Methods:

Critic—"I don't think she should have tacked the moral on the end of it."

Miss P. (the story-teller)—"Well, I thought I had to get an ending to it some way, Miss Beal."

Miss Croly—"Now in all my methods I haven't learned how to spank a boy. Will you please tell me how?"

Miss Howe—"Well, I don't think there is any special method but the best material for a good whipping is a strong arm and a rawhide." Ouch!

A recent communication to this effect has been actually sene by a few people who tried to keep it a secret but failed:—

San Jose, Cal., June, 1908.

Hair Dressing Establishment,

Dear Madam:

For some time I had tried, without success, to make my head appear round like a ball by wearing an all over pompadour. My disappointment at failure was at once relieved when I bought a yard of your 25c hair filler.

Yours very thankfully,

A Number of Girls.

Miss Rita has a little smile—
Sometimes it reaches most a mile,
She puts it on when she feels gay,
And when she wants to have her way.
And when she wishes to beguile
The simple little men awhile
That smile unwinds for yards and yards.

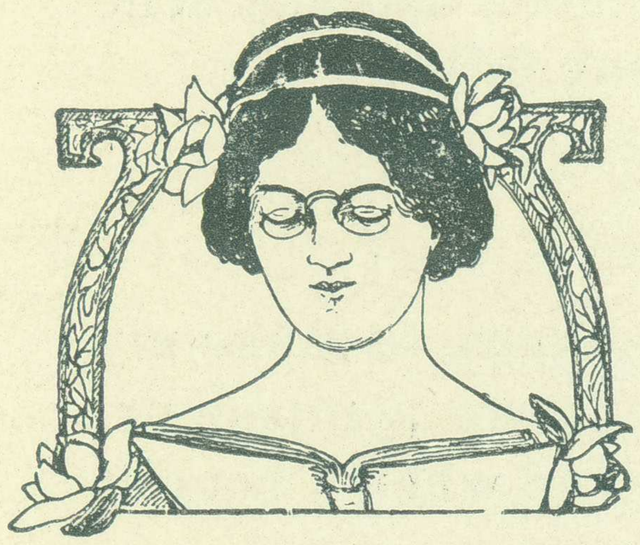
10 mills 1 cent
10 cents 1 sandwich
10 sandwiches 1 pain
10 pains 1 Doctor
Kindly send the bill to the Pennant Club.

FAVORITE SONGS.

Louise De Hart—"Gee, this is a lonesome town."
Clara Brose—"Dainty Dames."
Ella Indra—"Jack's the boy for me."
Ida Marriott—"Fishing."
Olive Reid—"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."
Edna Dexter—"The Little Boy in Blue."
Robin Clute—"The Forest has charms."

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE BOYS.

Jessie Weible, the experienced and successful queener and lady charmer, leaves our school this year. Would it not be well for all those who wish to be successful with the ladies to consult with him as to his "ways and means" of attaining success? If he seems reluctant to disclose the great secret perhaps a quarter will make him more willing. Don't let this marvelous ladies' man escape from your midst, boys, without obtaining some clue as to his method of unrivaled success.



Beauty and Style need not be destroyed or even marred by glasses.

Modern glasses are so neatly made that they actually often improve the appearance of the wearer.

The glasses that so disfigure are the result of careless or unskillful fitting.

We have both the stock and the skill to give you a satisfactory and becoming fit. Here you get glasses that look well, feel well, see well.

Pratt=Kerr Optical Co.

31 EAST SANTA CLARA ST. SAN JOSE, CAL,

PHONE, EAST 181

They stepped from the ball room onto the balcony. His arm slipped gently around her waist. She remonstrated but he quickly told her that if they were in the ball room she would both let him hold her hand and put his arm around her waist. "Well then," was her prompt reply, "let's return to the ball room!"

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COPPER PLATE and STEEL DIE
for Cards, Announcements and Letter Paper

Melvin &



PRINTING STATIONERY ENGRAVING
80-84 East San Fernando St.

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Ladies' Tailor Suits

Our regular $30, $35, $38.50 and $40 values

At

$19.50

Now that the going away season is upon us, surely this money saving sale of closing high grade tailor suits—the variety of Jacket Costumes particular people take pride in wearing—should appeal not only to your better judgment but to your pocket book as well. All this season's best productions reduced to

$19.50

No Charge for Alterations. **Perfect Fit Guaranteed.**

Stull & Sonniksen

40–44 SOUTH FIRST STREET

Mr. Marves thinks Dr. Schallenberger asks indefinite questions. We ask it as a favor, Dr. S., that you make your questions very pointed when you ask them of such a definite personage.

SLIP INTO ONE
OF OUR SUITS

And you'll feel RIGHT—you'll look RIGHT—you'll be RIGHT. What's more—you'll get all this satisfaction at a RIGHT price. It's your move.

Thad. W. Hobson Co.

16-18-20-22 W. Santa Clara St.

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Phone, West 1121

346 East Santa Clara St. San Jose

Boys, for college hair cut come to the Antiseptic

GRADUATION CLOTHES

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College Men

And all Necessary Essentials
Furnishings, Hats, Tailoring, Leather Goods

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Fine Clothes
Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits

SPRING'S, Inc.

"Under the Tower"
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

The best for your money at

ROYAL CAFETERIA

Mr. and Mrs. H. Thompson

72-74 E. Santa Clara Street

A philanthropist in de Normal is a student dat localizes de most obscure corner ob de library.

Helen Vestal—"I never wear a summer heel, I prefer a spring heel."

San Jose Printing Co.

85-87 South Third Street

SCHOOL PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

Normal People TAKE NOTICE
You can get a **DAINTY LUNCH** at

DOERR'S

168 South First Street

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

Farmers Union

SAN JOSE

We charge no more than elsewhere at the Antiseptic

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

Re-member the Face



Re-member the Place

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——

Mr. Davidson—What was the old education?

Maud Klumyre—I don't know.

Mr. D.—Why reading, writing and arithmetic taught to the tune of the hickory stick.

ENGLE MUSIC HOUSE

60 South Second St., next to Jose Theatre

Victor and Edison Talking Machines and Records Sheet Music at half price

——GABLER and other Pianos——

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——Moves everything that is loose——

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

Steam heat in our bath house at Antiseptic

The Bank of San Jose

SAN JOSE, CAL,

Oldest Bank in the County

Capital and Surplus - - $500,000

WM. KNOX BEANS, President

H. D. TUTTLE, Vice-President

WM. V. DINSMORE, Cashier

We were told the other day in class that children do not see double as much as grown ups.

The chief difference between man and the other animals is that a man has a backbone and the others have not. Now, says Miss DeYo, if you do not stand up straight and use your backbone, you are not a man, but an animal.

Candies

Ices

and Favors

for all

occasions

O'Brien's

For 40 years
the standard of
quality
30 South First St.

Where do you shave? At Antiseptic

Chas. A. Bothwell

JEWELER

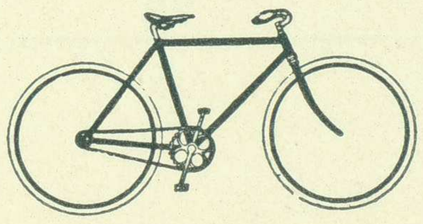
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BEST GOODS at lowest prices

JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND NOVELTIES

Repairing a Specialty

112 South First St. San Jose, Cal.



$5.00

WHY WALK? It wears out your shoes. This $5.00 bicycle will save lots of time, too

Harrison P. Smith, Inc.

Corner First and San Carlos Sts.

Mr. Bland has given Mr. Colstock a new name—we understand it is "Lovestock."

See *BUSHNELL'S* 41 N. First St.

for Fine Fotographs

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SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Roberts & Gross

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods,
Ladies' Furnishing Goods

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Graduation Presents BOOKS make the best of graduating gifts. We have the largest assortment especially appropriate for the occasion.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

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186-188 S. First St., San Jose, Cal.

Ladies' and Men's Furnishing Goods and Notions

PSYCHOLOGY.

I see a maid before me,
Rogish, sweet and fair;
Psychology would tell me,
Naught but impression there.

I see two eyes before me,
I feel warm lips on mine—
"Now, really," says Psychology—
"This isn't in my line!"—Ex.

The picture of the old Normal building on page 26 is from a photo by Annie Hallet Thompson, Class of June, 1896, who is now devoting herself to photography. Her studio is at 253 North Whitney street.

FIREWORKS FREE!

20c worth firecrackers or two paper parasols or four large lanterns given away to boys or girls who bring in an order for one pound 50c Tea. We import tea direct and guarantee to be good, if not will refund your money.

Matting, 15c yard. A large assortment. Headquarters Japanese Goods, Curios and Fireworks. Wholesale and retail.

MIKADO & CO.

57 South Second St.



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Profs. think awhile, then advise the State Architects

They are being installed in the High School and all the new Grammar Schools, Campbell Schools, New Presbyterian and Baptist Church, also lining up the big ones of the Normal that they will adopt our system in the new Normal

Our system and furnace is perfect. No dust, smoke or gas and ventilates perfectly.

Wood, coal or oil burning furnaces.

A FUEL SAVER

We change the hot air every ten minutes. "So this is no State hot air."

We have a cottage size on a return system for $100.00.

Agent for Elmwood, Glenwood, Monarch Ranges, Economy Gas Ranges, all kinds of gas and water heaters. Standard Mfg. Plumbing, Meure's tinning and Spanish tile

Monarch Thermostat Water Heaters will furnish you hot water and shelter in your school this winter.

ROLEY S. KOOSER

40=46 N. Second St. **San Jose, Cal.**

M. Guernsey—"If I had strong enough words in my vocabulary, I'd tell you what I felt like." Don't get too vicious, Millie.

"*He's* getting to be a wise old *hen*," is a new one to most of us.

PROGRESSIVE ACCOMMODATING RELIABLE

The GARDEN CITY BANK and TRUST CO.

Best place in city, Antiseptic

BOOKS FOUNTAIN PENS Choicest Gifts for GRADUATES
ENGRAVED CARDS, Etc.

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YOU CAN AFFORD TO PATRONIZE

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Delivered twice a week

Phone, Main 129

Mr. Davidson—Do familiar things puzzle you?

Miss Worthington—Yes, when they are unusual.

Graduating Presents

We are showing the latest novelties suitable for Graduating Gifts

THE CORNER JEWELRY STORE

W. C. LEAN, Jeweler

Cor. First and San Fernando Sts.

SCHOOL BOOKS and Supplies

Normal Pennant
Graduating Gifts, Etc.

Maynard's

114-116 SOUTH FIRST STREET

CARMICHAEL, BALLARIS & CO.

Outfitters for all Mankind

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, HATTERS and TAILORS

Telephone, John 1301 55-59 South First St. San Jose

You ought to see our Graduation Line!
It's full and new and very fine,
A jewelry line of highest grade—
Best offered to San Jose trade.

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