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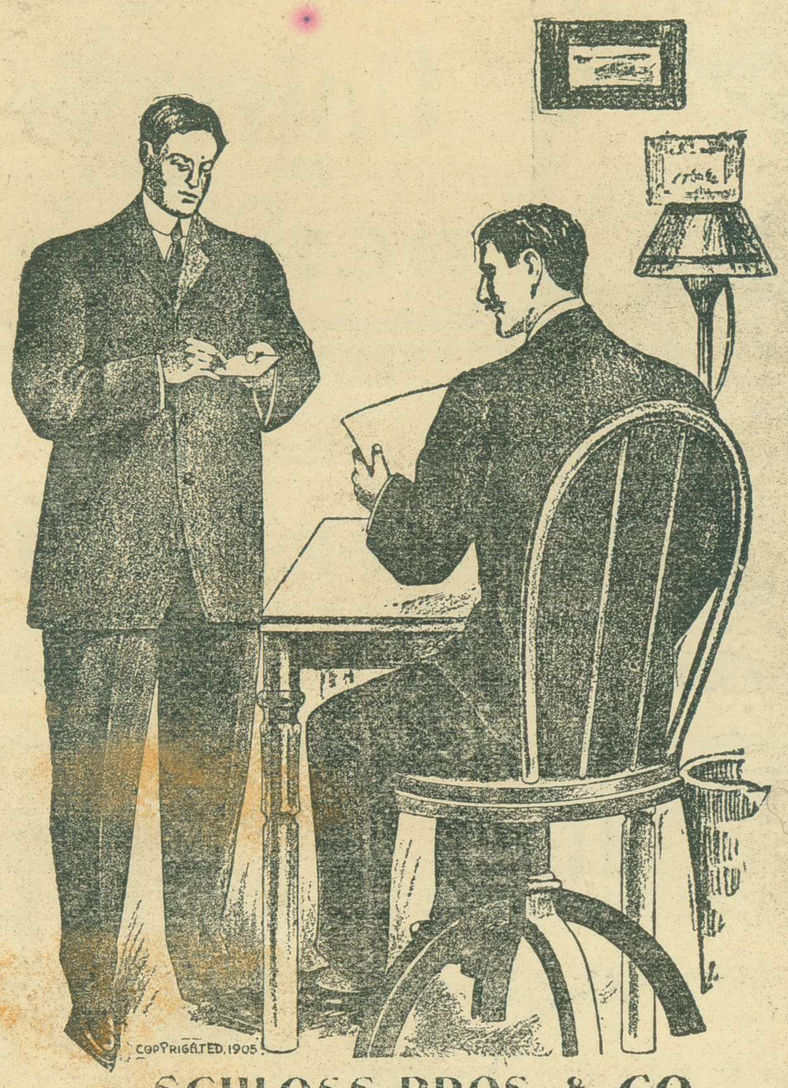
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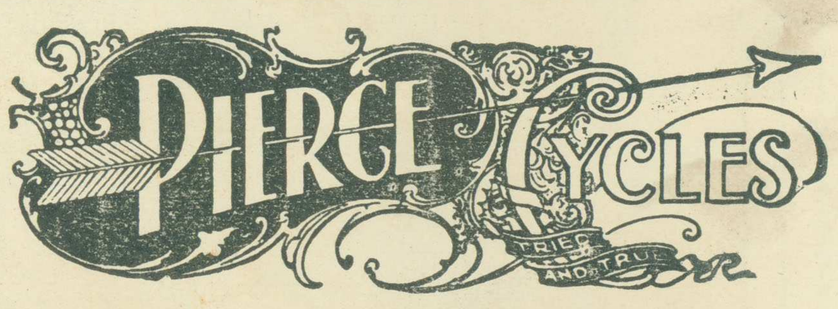
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REDWOODS, BIG BASIN PARK.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

VOL. XI. SAN JOSE, CAL., OCTOBER, 1905. No. 1.

The Making of an Angel.

U. S. Government Indian School. T. Y. Burton, Supt.
October 10, 1895.

My Dear Natalie: Did you ever know that I was an angel? I am, and I have been just three days in the making, too. It is a process that occupies most of one's time, and that is why I have not written to you since my arrival.

Papa met me at the station with a regular picnic wagon, which they use for taking the inmates (O dear me! I'm talking as if it were an insane asylum!) to church. The driver was so dark that you would have thought he was an Indian himself, but papa introduced him to me as Dr. Pearson, so I suppose he can't be. I haven't had time to ask papa about him yet. He has an awfully interesting face.

But to go back to the angelization of me. Papa and Dr. Pearson have told me the first part of it, as I am telling you. The morning of the day I came a boy brought a note to papa from Miss Greenleaf (one of the teachers). "As usual," he said, when he had read it. "Juan Anaya is insubordinate. This time it is physical culture." Then they both laughed. It would make anybody but a Boston school ma'am smile to think of those boys and young men, whose muscles are like iron, waving their arms and nodding their heads in time with the aforementioned school ma'am. You ought to see her.

They say that Juan Anaya's insubordination usually consisted in refusing to do anything whatever, but twice within a week he had been inspired,—once to execute a rain dance during arithmetic, and once to spell "dog" "coyote,"—so papa didn't know just what to expect.

When he entered the room, however, everything was perfectly quiet, but every eye was fixed on Juan's desk, where Miss Greenleaf stood, trembling with anger. Juan leaned back in his seat with his

arms folded and his face absolutely without expression. Papa asked him first in English and then in Spanish what was the matter, and I suppose his voice must have shown his sympathy, for Juan suddenly sprang to his feet and, pointing his finger at Miss Greenleaf, declared: "She say she soon touch me as snake. I hate her!" Papa says he never saw such passion in so small a boy. Miss Greenleaf fairly quailed before it. Then she sneered, "It seems to me *this* time a case for incarceration."

It was a place where papa had to preserve discipline, so he took Juan to his office and told him to sit down. He meant to question him when his own indignation had cooled down a bit, but some one came to see him, so he sent Juan to the dormitory, and in the excitement of my coming, forgot all about him.

They suppose that incarceration sounded enough like "'carcel" (which, it seems, means "jail") for Juan to guess what Miss Greenleaf meant. Papa never uses the jail except in extreme cases, but under his predecessor it was a thing of terror, and Dr. Pearson says that many a boy has gone back to his pueblo with guuesome tales of the happenings there.

At any rate, when roll call came at supper time, Juan was missing. I didn't know anything about it, for I had had my supper and had gone for a walk on the hills. It was a beautiful evening, and I was just thinging,

"When twilight's sofe gray mantle wraps the earth
In placed folds of quietness and peace,"

when I heard someone or something moaning. I hunted for some time before I found, down in a gully, a little fellow eleven or twelve years old, with his ankle doubled under him and his head bleeding.

He could not stand, and it was growing dark so fast that I did not dare leave him, for fear I could not find the place again; so I half dragged and half carried him back to the school. The doctor looked very serious when he examined his head, and before morning it seemed that his fears were justified, for Juan was raving in delirium. I was too excited to go to bed, and Dr. Pearson saw that I couldn't sleep and let me change the cloths on Juan's head and give him his medicine.

In the morning another boy from Juan's village was missing at roll call, and about dark, to add to papa's troubles, he reappeared with Juan's father. He had left the night before as soon as he heard that the child was gone, and had run all the way to the pueblo and back. The father insisted on taking his boy home, and as papa and Dr. Pear-

son were consulting in the hall, Miss Greenleaf came along. "It will mean death to the child to move him," the doctor was saying, and Miss Greenleaf, rejoined, "Well, what of it? 'A good Indian,' you know."

Then you should have seen my father. He drew himself up and said: "Miss Greenleaf, you may hand me your resignation in the morning." "I doubt whether your action would be sustained—I doubt it exceedingly," she replied spitefully, "but it makes very little difference to me. I expect to be married at the end of the month to Mr. James Chadwick Beson, of Roxbury, who has recently been appointed to the Island of Tutuila." Then, for once, the doctor's gravity relaxed. "Don't you wish the Tutuilans were cannibals?" he whispered to me.

Papa and I sat in the hall and talked in whispers after he had finally persuaded Juan's father to let him stay, and the doctor went in and out of the room where Juan was, looking graver and graver each time. By and by he said: "The boy keeps asking for 'the angel.' I can't imagine what he means." All at once he turned and looked hard at me. "That is it," he said to papa. "How much your daughter resembles the angel in the dormitory!"

Then they started to coach me in what sounded like heathen Chinee, but which they said meant, "The angel is here. Go to sleep," and when I had learned it I went in and sat down by Juan. The little fellow was murmuring to himself, and in a minute or two the doctor nodded to me, and I leaned over and said what they had taught me. I was awfully afraid I would get it wrong, but Juan half smiled at me and turned over and went to sleep. Then I did the silliest thing. I broke down and cried like a baby, and the doctor gave me some medicine and sent me to bed.

It was almost noon before I awakened, and with me awakened the resolve to ask papa to let my try Miss Greenleaf's place. And what do you think was the first thing the dear man said? "Marjorie, girl, do you suppose that you could possibly teach Miss Greenleaf's room tomorrow?" Wasn't that a coincidence?

When Juan awakened papa took me into his room and said, (at least he says he did): "This is the angel, Juan. She will be your teacher." Juan smiled at me seraphically, and I almost broke down again.

I have been sitting by him all afternoon, and every once in a while he opens his eyes and murmurs, "Angel," and I have to hunt for my handkerchief. There! you know what made that splotch on the paper.

So I am to turn school-ma'am, and—isn't it funny?—Boston school-ma'am, too. But how odd it seems to think that I cried when

I had to come out to this beautiful country! Why, I wouldn't go back if you paid me.

Oceans of love to grandmother and all the aunts. Yours as ever,

THE ANGEL.

HELEN D. SNYDER, Sr. C.

To a Wild Swan.

Whither away, O vagrant seaman,
Into the deeps of blue and light!
Is it in search of thy star that thou wingest
Into the grey of mystical night?

Could I possess thy swift swinging pinions,
I'd fly to the land of the heart's desire;
And away in the realm of ease and nepeuthe
My soul should glow with such living fire;

That mortals, who saw my ethereal winging,
Should deem that, to faint constellation afar,
A spirit had swung away to the skyland,
And lighted anew a burnt-out star.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Sunset from El Pinelito.

The day was done—a long and beautiful day, more than half a dream—to the dreamer. The sky had lost its intense blue, and the wisps of clouds rising to the zenith and passing—passing with the winds—had spread into a film which rested the eye, even as it dimmed the azure of the vault above.

All day the pines had whispered, and singing rustled bare arms and set the needles adrift. Remote, they held their heads at attention, seeing all and with fine understanding ringing the changes of their message to the human hearts below. To some they sent a clarion note of *courage,* ever courage, and again of memory. Across the seas you met us, loved us, carried our bidding in your heart. Was it not worth while? Out of the illimitable come the human souls, wherefore then these puerile limitations? Growth is labour—choose ease, choose labour—choose limitation of mental powers, so easy to slip into—but growth!! To growth, the labour—but steps up the hillside are cut in rock, everlasting rock, and there is no going back—you carve more skillfully than the sculptor, the lines indelible. Up on the hilltop there is air to breathe, room for expansion. So courage, out of the illimitable come human souls—wherefore their limitations?

Then from definite message came the indefinite—the music of a drifting wind, lovingly touching the harp-strings uncertainly, suggestive of music higher than the human hand conceives or accomplishes.

And thus the day wore on. And the sun grew low, glowing golden in the pale heavens, and sinking touched a mist and lay in a cloud bank, crimson—flaming crimson over the gold—and the tops of the pines shook flames from their dripping needles and caught the blood-red darts upon their boles standing out, each one afire. But the great dying flame dropped behind the hills and left the glory of its passing to return in the "afterglow." Then from the horizon crept a luminous atmosphere that spread from the purple rocks lying broken in the sea, across the hills and over the tree tops. The enclosure of El Pinelito was full of it; the faces of the congenial friends who watched this wonder grow became transfigured; all, all a part of this great miracle of the universe, drawn close in that one uplifting experience, perhaps more than one heart saying: "Is this all? What next? What shall our next transition in the Beyond reveal?"

But the afterglow must fade, and we depart. El Pinelito, with its dear home center and its guardians of whispering pines in shadows quiet lie.

ADA M. TROTTER, Oct. 10, 1905.

El Pinelito (a little grove of pines) is the name of the residence of Professor D. R. Wood in the Berkeley hills. ED.

The Collingsby Revolution.

No, he would not turn back; he was too much a Colingsby for that and the sum of his wrongs as he looked back upon them seemed too mighty to justify his returning immediately to his step-father's roof (he *did* waver when he thought of the nice bits mother had always slyly prepared for him), for he had been told that he was a worthless, good-for-nothing, a loafer, and many other epithets, all of which fell not unheeded on his sensitive spirit.

Abram Horton was known to be a hard task-master, and the year that he had had control of the farm had been the hardest in all the boy's short life. Compelled to crawl out of a warm bed early, winter and summer, in order to "keep things goin'" he had had small opportunity to engage in those sports his boyish soul so yearned for. Though a child in years, he was a man in thought and experience. Long after he was supposed to be in bed had he often robbed himself of sorely-needed rest to gather from the book world what was denied him in real life. Even this proved unsatisfactory at last, and now he was going away.

He stood at the end of the long lane with a small bundle of clothing under his arm prepared to go out into the great world. Yes, he was going to run away. His Colingsby pride forbade his remaining to receive further indignities from his "downright mean" step-father. If only grandpa—dear old Grandpa Colingsby—were still alive! But that kind soul had been gathered home to his Father's some two years previous to the opening of the story, and deep down in his grandson's heart there still lingered a poignant sorrow. They had been such comrades, the old man and the child— "Winter" and "Spring" people had affectionately called them—and when the blow fell the lad's grief was great. There had been no good times since, and mother was always too busy to give him much of her time. Secretly however, her heart ached for her boy, whose life was necessarily so lonely.

"He will miss me I know," the child thought, thinking of the tasks he was leaving, "and old Hunter will never meet me in the mornings, wagging his tail, to tell me how happy he is to see me. But if I go back to say good-bye to him he will follow; and Bessie, grand-

pa's old horse—she used to whinny every morning when I went to feed her. I'll just *have* to say good-bye to her for dear grandpa's sake."

When a Colingsby made up his mind to do a thing, he generally did it, so stealing along the hedge he reached the apple orchard and thence gained the stable. Throwing his arms about the neck of his pet animal, he gave vent for a moment to a storm of grief, and then as swiftly crept back to the road.

Turning, he gazed through the dusk at the Ralston farm house. "I guess Annie will fine some one else to wave her hand at now when she rides up from the fields with her father. I think that she will be sorry, too, when she hears that "Homer" has gone away and maybe will never come back. But I have to go—I think grandpa would have done the same. When things get so bad in a country that people can't stand it any longer, they have a revolution, so now I'm going to have one, a Colingsby Revolution—no, *the* Colingsby Revolution it will be, because this is the first one I guess in the Colingsby family."

The next morning Ellen Horton went slowly and softly up to the little room under the eaves to awaken the youthful sleeper. She could not leave him to slumber on undisturbed (her husband's iron will forbade that), but she could at least save him the pain of being rudely awakened.

If the poor woman was wearing her life away for the man she had implicitly trusted, and who had disappointed her so cruelly, the outside world never knew. Forgetting self, she smoothed as best she could the pathway of her child..

There was such an utter stillness outside the boy's room as she drew near that the mother hastened forward and threw open the door. She had helf believed it would be empty, and there as silent witness lay the bed untouched. She, better than anyone, understood the boy's nature, and for a moment a terrible fear seized upon her; but, no,—though young in years, he was a Colingsby, and the thought was unworthy of him.

Her quick eye caught at a glance the sheet of paper spread out on the pillow, a mute explanation of the absence of the youthful occupant. It read:

"Dear Mama: I have run away. Don't have father come after me, because I can't come back. Things have got so bad there has to be a revolution now. I'm going to the big city and make my way like the boys I read about. Don't feel bad because I'm gone—it's him I'm leaving—he's like one of those tyrants they had in England once. I think

grandpa would have run away if he had been treated as I have been. I know you will be good to Hunter, because he belongs to 'Homer.' I forgot to tell you that Speckle has a new nest in one corner of the hay-mow. I guess *he* will make the kindling when he knows "good-for-nothing" Homer is gone. Good-bye from your little boy."

He had gone the night before—he must be far on his way to the city by this time. In her anxiety she flew down to the kitchen, where she found her husband storming about in one of his worst moods.

"Where's that kid?" was his greeting.

She quickly acquainted him with the facts, beseeching him if he had a spark of kindly feeling for her to bring her innocent boy away from the dangers and snares of the great city.

"Go after him? Not I madam! I guess he will come scurrying home quick enough when night comes, and will appreciate his best friends and good home." So saying, he closed the door with a bang, muttering, "Those great, wondering eyes will haunt me to the end of my days if he does not come back."

It was the first time the boy had been away from home for many a day. The farmer consequently missed him when he went to cut kindlingwood; he missed him at the stable; he missed him everywhere. "The little loafer" had been in the habit of doing many, many tasks with his two small hands, and the hardened man began to feel something like a longing for the sight of the boyish figure and the sound of his voice. He had been cruel, he told himself, and his long-dormant heart smote him when he saw a group of merry barefoot urchins going fishing. Homer had so often begged to go fishing.

It was evening and another silent supper had been eaten when at dusk Abram stole down to the end of the lane. He knew he would find Ellen there watching for the return of her boy. She was weak from anxiety, and leaned against the fence for support; but for once the silent woman turned upon the source of her woes.

"Abram Horton, you're a brute, and if I were a man I'd knock you down! O what a monster you have been!"

"Don't, Ellen—not from you. All and more than you have said is true, but spare me the pain of hearing such words from you this, the first time, and I'll try to deserve only your good will hence forward. No, you need not go for the child, for *I'm* going for the boy, *our* boy, in the morning and will leave no stone unturned until I find him. Won't you come in out of the dew, Ellen?"

The words, the tone were those of the Abram Horton of other

days. In amazement she stood staring vacantly at him, then turned slowly and allowed him to lead her to the house. Crossing the threshold she realized dimly that a new era was begun.

It is needless to tell of how the youthful traveler by walking and chance riding finaly reached his destination—tired, lonely and hungry; how he fell in with the newsboys and waifs of the street, sharing their work and miserable food and lodging, and in the midst of it all, longing, ever longing, for mother; how, while wandering about, he spent one miserable night in the station house, befriended by a kind policeman; how, Spartan-like even when ill, he had refused to divulge his name or place of residence; or how finally through the efforts of the same kind policeman he was traced to a children's hospital, where he was found, only a shadow of his former self, through the ravages of fever.

* * * * * *

When father carried him so tenderly into the house and when he saw only glad, welcoming faces around him, he was very happy. The "Colingsby Revolution" had indeed been complete.

EMMA CLINE.

The Unattained.

The greatest statues ne'er are fashioned,
The sweetest songs are never sung;
The loveliest landscapes ne'er are painted,
The noblest thoughts ne'er pass the tongue.
We cannot voice the deep emotions
That thrill our souls, we have no art
To utter to the world around us
The mystic language of the heart.

CALIFORNIA JOHNSON, Sr. A 1.

An Evening by the Sea.

It is at twilight, the hour of all the day most beautiful to me; the hour when all nature seems hushed into quietude; and I am standing on a high cliff overlooking the sea. Words cannot describe the grandeur of the scene, the rugged cliffs stretching away as far as eye can see, and down below lies the restless ocean, ever changing, ever dashing its mighty waves upon the shore.

A strange quiet hangs over land and sea. Not a sign of a living creature can be seen on land; not the smallest boat is visible on the sea. All is quiet save for the regular boom, boom of the breakers that with ever-increasing violence dash upon the shore, as if trying to climb the mighty cliffs themselves.

The water is one mass of billowy green. The waves that gather to mountainous heights are green also, except where they break in white foam. But even as I look the color changes, and the water stretches out in a silvery sheet before me.

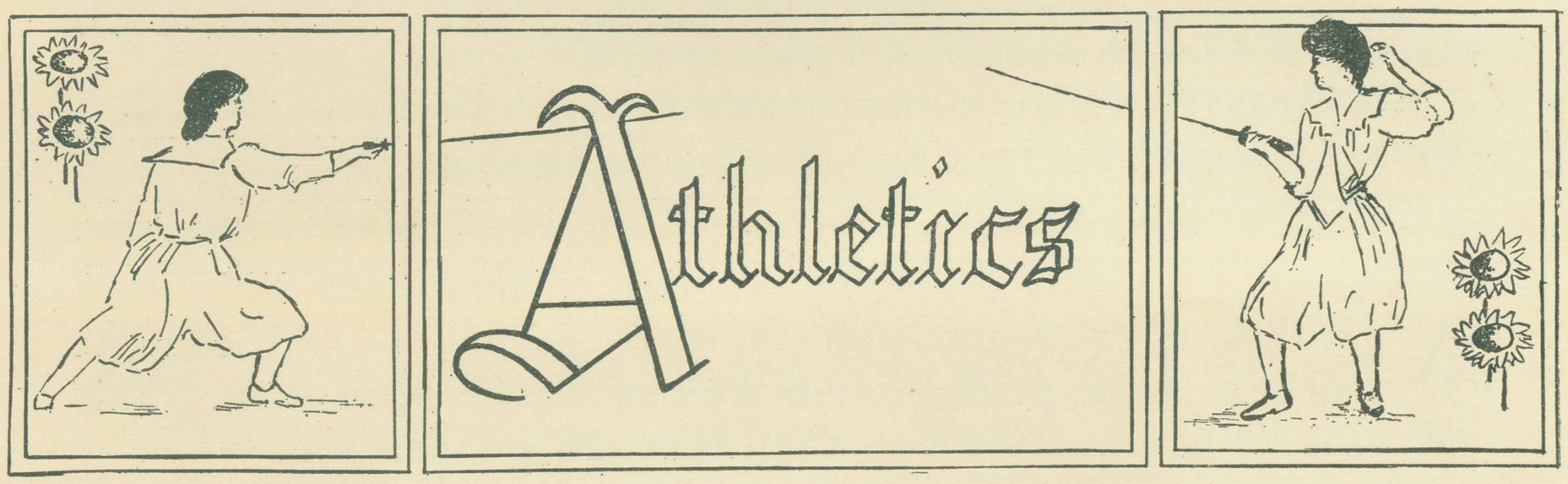
It grows darker. The breeze that springs up has a sharp touch, making me draw my fleecy shawl yet more closely about my shoulders. How bleak, how lonesome and wild the cliffs are, and how that fathomless mass of surging waters chills one with a sudden sense of its mightiness. As I grow accustomed to the sight, however, my spirit rebounds and I feel as if I were living an entirely new existence, with no past, no future, no present, except to drink in the wild beauty about me.

The darkness deepens. The wind is keener. Earth and sky and sea seem to blend in one great blackness, and shivering with cold I turn and slowly wend my way homeward, where I am lulled to sleep by the noise of the waves as they break upon the shore, and the incessant sound of the buoy as it rises and falls. LULU FOUCH, Jr. B.

shorter articles. All contributions will be by men and women of abiltty, prominent in education, and will be of practical benefit to the common-school teacher. Sufficient material has already been promised for the first years's issue.

Among the contributors are Prof. Suzzalo and Prof. Sneddin, of Stanford University, Miss Anna M. Nicholson, Miss Agnes Howe, Mrs. Mary George, Prof. Dan Wood, Prof. Snyder, Prof. Baker, Miss Alice Bassler, Miss Almeida McMillin, Prof. B. Bullock, and Miss Gertrude Rowell of our own Normal School, Miss Estelle Carpenter, supervisor of music in schools of San Francisco, and Mr. H. G. Squier, ex-division superintendent of schools of the Philippine Islands, and others.

The price of the magazine is to be not more than one dollar per year. It is to be hoped that every member of our school as well as all graduates will give loyal support to this new educational departure.



IF our very first words in this department sound a jubilant note, let it not be thought that we have not wisely considered our future prospects, nor the record of the year that has just passed. Instead, it is that very consideration which enables us to give sanction to our high hopes and which forces our rejoicings to rise. Since the Basket Ball rally we all realize that never before has the interest in this outdoor sport been so deeply felt throughout the entire school as in these first few weeks of the present year. We are aware, however, that later the enthusiasm may decline somewhat but we sincerely hope that we have already taken one step

in advance and may we not all hope that it will raise our standard higher? We not only *hope* but *expect* much and to attain this our enthusiasm must be lasting and if each girl realizes what she owes to the Normal as well as to herself in this direction there will be no falling off as the weeks go on.

It is, therefore, with courage and vim that we enter upon a new athletic year with fifty Basket Ball players zealous and eager to add success to the past. To accomplish this let our hopes be grounded on the solid foundation of good work and united endeavor. The idea of unity, in this connection, can not be too strongly emphasized. It means that we must work faithfully and heartily, not as individuals with diverse purposes, opinions and ambitions, but as one body, with the common aim of supporting each branch of athletics either by participation or by active interest and gain for the Normal a higher place in athletics than she has heretofore attained.

We look forward to a successful tennis season also. And with a well organized club and one more new court in our favor we shall expect laurels from our players in games scheduled with outside teams.

Nor shall we exclude the boys in this role. Should there not be enough Base-Ball enthusiasts we will willingly share our "Basket-Ball Court" with them.

The officers of the Basket Ball Club are: Grace Batcheller, president; Ruth Curtiss, secretary; Frances Du Brutz, treasurer; Maude Chase, captain of first team and Violet Brown, business manager.



WE wish, in this, the first edition of the PENNANT for a new term, to say something that has often been said and yet that has so much truth in it that we deem it worth repeating. It is this—that through our exchange column more than in any other way are we enabled to keep up with other schools, to know of them and their interests and broaden out from our own little corner of the world. Inasmuch as each paper should be the spokesman of the school it represents and as it shows the various interests of the students by whom it is supported, it appears reasonable that it would be good for all the students (instead of limiting it to the exchange editor alone) to get the exchanges and read them every month. That is what we exchange papers with other schools for. We expect to be much benefited by the papers we read and we hope that our paper may do some little good to some one.

This is the first chance we have had to comment on the souvenir editions of some of our exchanges. Ranking first in the June number of their paper is *The Girl's High School.* Their journal starts out with a most attractive cover design and continues all the way through with excellent cuts and good reading material. Of especial merit is the poetry and jingles.

The September number has also been read with pleasure and the suggestion of the exchange editor noted.

The *Owl* (commencement number) is a good paper with good cuts. We see through its columns an enthusiastic and progressive High School.

The *Lake Breeze* also comes to us with its commencement number and we eagerly grasp so artistic a paper—good from beginning to end.

Last on our line of souvenir editions is the *Sea Urchin*. The appearance of the paper is rather spoiled by poor cuts, otherwise it is good.

Two copies of *The Manzanita* have come to us. In the first the exchange editor seemed very wide awake but he must have come to an untimely end for in the other editions we find no exchange column at all.

The Scribe has an attractive cover and a very good poem "A Sketch by Moonlight."

The Porcupine is a good but very small paper. How much better you would be, *Porcupine*, if your ads. were not mixed up so with your stories.

The *Pacific Pharos* is a very neat paper full of interesting material. We hope to see you with us all the time.

The *Advocate, Aerolith, Native American, Whittier's Magazine* reached us in safety.

Last but not least is *The Arrow*, an excellent paper, worthy of a High School staff. Success to you and your officers.

We were very fortunate in having with us last Friday an old graduate of the school in the person of Mr. James T. Preston. Mr. Preston, who has a splendid voice, favored us with several choice selections.

Edwin Emerson, the American war correspondent, with his thrilling scenes of the Far East, gave an illustrated lecture entitled "In and Out of Port Arthur," on the evening of Sept. 27th. Clemens Lindpaintner, formerly a photographer at the fortress of Novi Krai, accompanied Mr. Emerson. Many of the views were taken by Herr Lindpaintner during the siege of the above fortress, while others were snap-shots taken by Mr. Emerson himself. The remaining photographs for the slides were obtained from Gen. Murata. Mr. Emerson is one of the few war correspondents who saw active service on both Russian and Japanese lines.

Prof. J. E. Addicott, formerly of the Normal Faculty, was on the platform a short time ago. In response to a request, he spoke a few words encouraging athletics, especially basket-ball. As an incentive to the latter, he advocates the importation of mosquitoes. Just go out and watch the basket-ball girls if you think they need mosquitoes! Prof. Addicott is at present at the head of the manual training work in New Orleans. The quarantine detains him here, as it does Prof. Bennett also. The latter has been appointed to a professorship at the University of Louisiana at Baton Rouge.

The Normal is especially fortunate in obtaining good speakers. During the last month, Prof. Charles Zeublin, a dean of Chicago University, delivered an address. His subject was "Training for Citizenship," and the hour devoted to it was far too short. Mr. Zeublin has been connected with the Chicago University since its founding in 1892.

On Friday, Sept. 29th, the Faculty and old students formally welcomed the incoming class. Pres. Dailey, Dr. M. E. Schallenberger, and Mrs. Rousseau composed the reception committee. Miss Howe, Miss Rowell, Messrs. Baker, Bullock and Bland had charge of the arrangements. Our halls lend themselves well to decoration, and on this occasion under the direction of Mr. Wood they were especially attractive in the prevailing "Gold and White." Pres. Dailey opened the program with an address to

the freshmen, but his modesty in resigning the platform to Dr. M. E. Schallenberger, whom he seemed to consider the speaker of the evening, is a fact that the freshmen would do well to note. Seniors, of course, know how gracefully our President always gives way to the little Doctor from the "Real School" across the "Little Gray Bridge." The literary and musical program given by the students was highly appreciated. The S. C. C., or Schallenberger Culture Club, presented by Mrs. George's class, excited considerable mirth; and the picturesque gypsies enlivened the rest of the evening with the bright fortunes they gave everyone. At the close of the program, Pres. Dailey introduced Prof. Henry Suzzalo, of the Stanford faculty. Mr. Suzzalo is a graduate of the Normal and likewise of Columbia University, New York, where he was instructor last year.

Mr. A. B. Nye, Governor Pardee's private secretary, spoke a few words to the students during the Assembly period on Oct. 2d.

On Friday, the 6th of October, Mr. H. G. Squier, Assistant Postmaster at Manila, addressed the Normal and Training School students on the "Public School System of the Philippine Islands." His remarks were entertaining as well as instructive. He has very kindly left with us a number of photographs taken during his five years of educational work in the Philippines. We hope soon to hear his stereoptican lecture on the Islands. Mr. Squier is a graduate of the San Jose State Normal.

On every second Saturday commencing with Oct. 7th, Miss Estelle Carpenter, supervisor of public school music in San Francisco, will conduct a class in vocal music. While this class is intended primarily for those teaching music, Miss Carpenter cordially invites all prospective teachers, and at the future meetings she hopes to see all the student teachers of the Training School. As President Dailey and Doctor Schallenberger have already remarked, this is an opportunity not to be lost.

We sympathize with Prof. Bland in the death of his father.

Training School Notes.

Any good school should be judged by its progress. If this be the case, then the progress made by the Normal Training School during the last few years, and especially during the past year, shows its worth. The outlook for the present year seems to indicate greater advancement than ever before. Although it reopened a week later than the other public schools of the city, the enrollment was greater by seventy-two than was the enrollment at the same time last year. A year ago two hundred and twenty-two children were enrolled, while the present enrollment, not including the kindergarten, which will be spoken of later on, is two hundred and ninety-four.

Many improvements were made about the building during vacation. The walls were kalsomined and new pictures were hung. Many other plans for adorning the walls and giving the rooms a homelike atmosphere are being executed.

A new laboratory for manual training has been equipped with work tables that may be adjusted to pupils of any size.

The basement of the Training School has been cleaned out, and the old furniture stored there has been sold. Rooms are to be fitted up for both the Normal and the Training School basket-ball teams. Miss Rowell is heartily in sympathy with the basket-ball girls, and it is through her efforts that these rooms are to be converted into dressing rooms. If all the plans can be carried out, these rooms will be furnished with shower baths and conveniences for the players.

Music in the upper grades is under the direct supervision of Miss Marie Bernhardt. She and the teachers under her supervision are doing splendid work. The selections which the children sing are taken from the masterpieces. Twice a week the music period is devoted to chorus work, under the direction of Miss Bernhardt. All are very enthusiastic about their work, and expect to give a high-class entertainment at the end of the term.

Penmanship is taught under the supervision of Mr. O'Brien, a student teacher and a graduate from the San Francisco Business College. He is very capable and energetic and is receiving gratifying results. He teaches the Palmer system of muscular movement, and his object is to make good, plain and rapid writers as quickly as pos-

sible. In a short time he will give music drills in writing. Mr. O'Brien has an extra class after school for those interested in the work and who wish to grasp the opportunity offered to them.

The progressive attitude of our school is further shown through its teachers. Miss Riebsam, the efficient and well-loved teacher in charge of the grammar department, has taken a year's leave of absence, to be spent at Stanford in advancing her education. Although she is greatly missed by all, her duties are being ably performed by Miss Rowell and Miss Nicholson, both of whom are enthusiasts. The social and ethical side of life are emphasized by Miss Rowell, who believes in making good citizens.

The literary attitude is taken up by Miss Nicholson, who is full of schemes for advancing literary culture. She is planning to have a library for the grammar department. A hall is soon to be partitioned by heavy glass and furnished with suitable equipment for books and magazines and papers. When these conditions come to pass, the four thousand books in the Training School will be taken from the precious glass-doored bookcases and given over to the children, for whom they were bought.

It is impossible to do this until we have a separate room. Through Miss Nicholson's increasing efforts this will soon be secured.

The printing press, one of the most successful undertakings in the school's history, is still a growing power. Thought is being given to forming an optional course in the Training School in printing.

The children are as enthusiastic about their clubs as they were last year. In the grammar department several debating societies have been formed. These societies are beneficial as well as interesting.

The Military Club organized last year by the boys of the intermediate grades in Miss King's department, has commenced the new school year with new enthusiasm, new members and, it might be added, a new bugle. All are anxious to commence with their drill work. The boys intend starting a glee club in connection with the Military Club, and Miss Bernhart, although busy with his music supervision, has kindly consented to direct them.

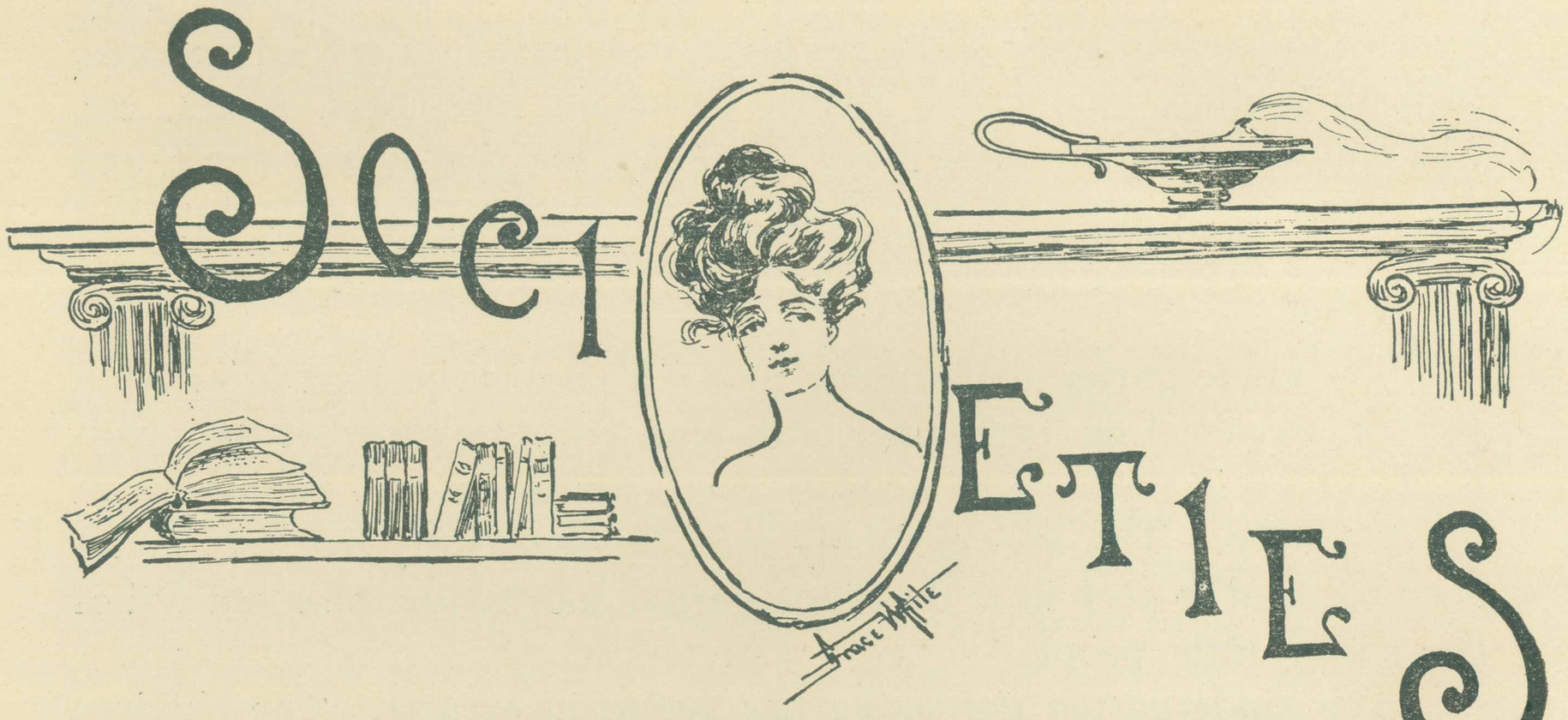
Dr. Schallenberger is planning a series of lectures or talks for the parents of the children and friends of the school, to be given by the various supervisors. She hopes to have Miss Carpenter give the first one in November upon "The Educational Value of Music."

Excursions for geography and nature study are to be taken from time to time during the term. The first occurred last Monday, when

the third and fourth grades, under the supervision of Mrs. George, were taken to Alum Rock to study the physical features. Some fifty children went, attended by ten teachers and some of the parents. They went from place to place and were given instruction on special features, such as springs, waterfalls, rivers, mountain formation, strata, etc. The children soon saw that it not a holiday, but that it was work, and not play. They were all very enthusiastic and realized that they had gone for a definite purpose. The work had been definitely planned for the occasion.

The kindergarten department, under the supervision of Miss Alice Jordan, reopened on September 25th with an enrollment of fifty children. This is the largest number ever enrolled at the beginning of the fall term. The average daily attendance is forty-five. It is indeed pleasant to peep in at the kindergarten door to see the room full of the happy little people.

The kindergarten gardening has begun in earnest. The children are now weeding and raking the garden and gathering the seeds from the plants they planted last term. They gather these seeds in little baskets made by themselves, and take great delight in distributing the seeds to the nature study teachers, who have school gardens of their own. Nearly all the tools used in gardening, such as trowels, rakes, etc., are made by the children.



ALLENIAN.

Allenian has now begun work in earnest. Under the excellent leadership of Miss Maude Chase, our society is looking forward to much happiness and prosperity. The other officers for the ensuing term are: Rose Gardner, Vice President; Julia Estrada, Secretary; Fannie Luhrman, Treasurer, and Grace Taylor, Sergeant-at-Arms.

One Friday afternoon, September 29th, a reception was given to the new members. This was one of the many good things that the Allenians enjoy. The society room, "L," was beautifully decorated for the occasion. After much friendly chatter an excellent program was enjoyed. Following this came the daintiest and most delicious of spreads. The tables were decorated in green and red and were arranged in the form of a triangle this being the shape of the society's pin. The effect was very pleasing.

On Friday evening, October 6th, the beautiful home of Catherine Hall was the scene of much gaiety. The Allenians had congregated to reveal to the pledged members the mysteries of initiation. It is to be hoped that the new members will remember this event as one of the most *touching* of their lives. After the new members had proved themselves worthy Allenians, an elaborate supper was served. This was thoroughly enjoyed. The evening ended with hearty cheers.

The present active members of Allenian are as follows: Maude

Chase, Irma Estes, Julia Estrada, Pearl Fosgate, Rose Gardner, Leila Gilmore, Ella Gilmore, Catherine Hall, Fannie Luhrman, Helen Taylor, Ruth Rucker, Leota Wilcox, Irma Ross, Jennie Purvine, Irma Sacre, Jennie Watt, Grace Taylor, Juanita Keene, Florence Gilchrist, Allit Tharp, Merlin Ogden, Antoinette Luce, Grace James, Bessie Kimbal, Adelma Walters, Sara Picknell, Gertrude Stewart, Grace Lewis, Ethel White, Ruth Davenport, Mabel Metzger, Prudence Lewis, Ocea Joiner.

CHI EPSILON.

"Her First Appearance."

There are few of our readers who will fail to recall a charming little story by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Her First Appearance.' It will surely not be plagiaristic to apply this title to the recent entrance into our many-sided Normal life of a new sorority, though the adjectives *new* and *recent* will hardly apply to the already well-established circle of Chi Epsilon Normalites. This, however, is indeed the first appearance of Chi Epsilon in the Normal Pennant, owing not to lack of editorial alertness upon our part, but rather to the sorority's maidenly shrinking from the rude Philistine gaze of an uninitiated public, to say nothing of that mystic reticence that inheres in the very nature of sorority life. Yes, we must confess that the element of mystery is not the least alluring feature of the charmed Chi Epsilon existence; yet, on the other hand, the filmy veil of mystery but partially conceals features of even tenderer loveliness and beauty.

"The time would fail us," as the old writer said, to tell of the pure atmosphere created by the presence of lofty and spiritual ideals, or to dwell upon the mingled affection and enthusiasm that pervades the elect and elected, yet limited personel of Chi Epsilon. We understand, though we would not venture to state it as an indisputable fact, that the friendly Ruth Gilman takes high rank in the official roster, and that the lofty Sayler Van Hagen has left enduring traditions of the manner in which that office should be administered. But we must say no more, lest, in our editorial astuteness, we come to be regarded as either gifted with talismanic insight, or as being in possession of interior knowledge, through some less honorable channel.

SIGMA THETA CHI.

"No man is useless while he has a friend." Therefore the Sigma Theta Chi girls do not feel that they "cumber the earth," but are joyous in the thought of a happy and useful existence. That bond of sincere sisterhood formed here in our first sorority days, grows constantly stronger; and as the years roll by, bringing their cares and perhaps conflicting interests, it grows warmer and more earnest. Those who have been graduated,—a strong type and a goodly number, as our list of Alumnae shows,—are still interested, and we hope to have as many as possible with us at the close of this school year.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," is the watchword of Sigma Theta Chi. While our members are limited and we are not bound by church affiliations, all are imbued with a spirit of fraternal charity.

The sorority has been particularly active during this first month of the term. Several new members have been pledged, and the initiation will take place in the near future. Miss Maud Hunt will be hostess. The home of Miss Almeida McMillin was the scene of one of our most delightful evenings, and Miss May Haywards of Santa Clara also entertained the Alumnae and regular members in a most charming way.

SAPPHO.

The beginning of the school term finds Sappho in a flourishing condition and the girls full of enthusiasm.

On the 23d day of September the society held its annual reception in honor of some of its friends. It was held in the kindergarten hall, which was artistically decorated in Sappho colors.

A most delightful afternoon was spent in games. Later dainty refreshments were served, after which the girls proceeded to the society room, where a pleasant hour was spent in dancing.

On October 7th initiation was held at the home of Mrs. George, in College Park. Those initiated were Cecil Watkins, Ida Baker, Sadie Smith, Lennie Prather, Jessie McDonald, Marian Whitmire, Anna Schillingsburg, Anita Anderson, Mercedes Cloney, Georgie Rotermund, Mary Tobin, Josephine McInerny.

After the candidates had been received into the mysteries of the society, a delightful five-course banquet was served under the trees on the lawn. The tables were prettily decorated with red geraniums and many candles, while overheald were hung numerous bright-colored Chinese lanterns.

At a late hour the guests departed, one and all voting it the jolliest initiation ever held by Sappho.

EROSOPHIAN.

The Erosophians have begun their work with energy and purpose, and are looking forward to a very successful year.

On the afternoon of September 28th, the society held its annual reunion at the home of Miss Cory, who entertained in a delightful manner. This has come to be considered one of the most enjoyable features of the year.

Our literary work will consist of a study and dramatization of some modern short stories. An occasional debate on current questions of the day will be given. The officers for the present semester are:

President.....Francis Du Brutz
Vice President.....Ora Betts
Secretary.....Ruth Curtis
Treasurer.....Fay Liddle

Y. W. C. A.

The beginning of another school year finds the Y. W. C. A. girls awake to the work before them.

On arriving in San Jose, the "new girl," as she stepped from the train (having, no doubt, in her throat those unswallowable lumps, sure symptoms of homesickness), into a sea of strange scenes and faces, was cordially greeted by a band of Y. W. C. A. girls from the Normal. They wore badges of white, on which were the gold letters, "N. O. R. M. A. L." This was indeed a welcome sight, even to the "old" girls.

The first weeks have been busy ones for us. Our State Secretary, Miss Theresa Wilbur, has been with us, and her visit has meant what it always means—encouragement and help for our girls.

A Bible-study class was organized October 5th under the leader-

ship of Professor D. R. Wood. Eighteen members were enrolled. The subject for study will be "The Life of Christ." All are full of zeal for the work, much of which we judge due to the inspiring talk by Miss Wilbur on this subject.

A mission-study class will be conducted under the leadership of Miss Davenport. A little talk at the regular meeting, October 10th, by Miss Davenport enthused many of the girls to take up this work, both for its educational value and the pleasure derived from it.

Twenty new members were received October 10th, and we feel that they will fill fittingiy the places of those of our number who graduated last June. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

President .....Lucy Howlett
Vice President.....Edith Culter
Treasurer.....Carolie Carter
Recording Secretary.....Ora Betts
Corresponding Secretary.....Ada DeWitt

Y. M. N. D.

On Wednesday evening, October 4th, the young men of the Normal met to reorganize the Y. M. N. D.. For years this debating society has been one of the important features of the school life, but within the last few years it has several times been threatened with extinction on account of the scarcity of young men.

Once more it has been rescued, and, we sincerely hope and believe, put upon a firm footing. Fourteen members are enrolled and all are enthusiastic and ready for hard work. With this as a foundation, there is no reason to doubt but that the future of the Y. M. N. D. will be as bright as its past.

BROWNING.

The Browning Society has begun this year with unusual spirit, as shown by the added interest in its meetings. With Miss Hazel Garcelon as President, Annie Scaroni as Vice President, Rhoda Brennar as Secretary and Clyde Elam, Treasurer, its members are anticipating a year of profitable study and pleasant gatherings.

The first of a series of jolly "spreads" was given Saturday afternoon, September 30th, in the reception room, where many of the pledged

members were present. After an hour or so spent in renewing friendship and making new ones, the society room was thrown open and there, in a setting of yellow and green, the girls sat down to an enjoyable banquet. Toasts were given and responded to by the members, new and old. Professor Snyder, in his usual witty manner, spoke on the social side of the club. Following him, Professor Bland, the founder of the society, gave an interesting sketch of its history and emphasized the literary side.

A musical program concluded the evening, and all departed with the highest hopes for the future success of the society.

The initiation of eleven new members took place at the home of Mr. Snyder, who, assisted by Messrs. Bland and Bullock, entertained the society in a sumptuous manner.

The initiates were Misses Dyer, Ellsworth, Laird, Gill, Madden, Vore, Russell, Bowman, Wait, Haran and White.

KAPPA DELTA.

The semi-annual session of the fraternity was held last June, a few days after the close of school. Kappa Delta boys came from all parts of the State to participate in the frolics. On that eventful night, Clarence Phelps, Vaughn Lloyd and Willis Cline rode the goat and were revealed the mysteries of the frat. Clarence Phelps is now Principal of the Fresno Colony School. Vaughn Lloyd has since become a benedict, while rumors of Elmer Emerson's remarkable ball-tossing for Tacoma often reach us. The future of the fraternity looks very favorable.



Muddled. (The Class was Amused).

Scene: Room N, School Law. Interesting discussion in progress.

ACT I.—Door thrown rudely open and in rushes Miss Z. S. (not a Freshman), wildly excited. Curious looks from Mr. Dailey and class.

ACT II.—Miss S. Gazes frantically around the class, then makes a mad rush for a seat.

ACT III.—Miss S., trying to look interested, says, "I'm late." Mr. D. and class see the joke. Mr. D.—"Why, what do you take this hour?" Miss S. (frightened)—"I'm late." Mr. D.—"This is school law. You don't take it, do you?" Miss S. (more frightened)—"I'm late." Then gets up and goes to the door. Mr. D.—"Well, what do you take this hour?" Miss S.—"I don't know."

ACT IV.—Miss S., just about to go out, when bell rings—"Well, I was too early." Hearty laugh from class.

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Teacher—"John, what is the other name for the breast-bone?"
John—"Wish-bone."

The school presents its deepest sympathy to Miss C. Richards, who, having dreamed upon wedding cake, found her future to be a country school morm.

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Freshman—"Do you know, I found out to-day that when you get up near to that Mr. Hain he is really good looking.'

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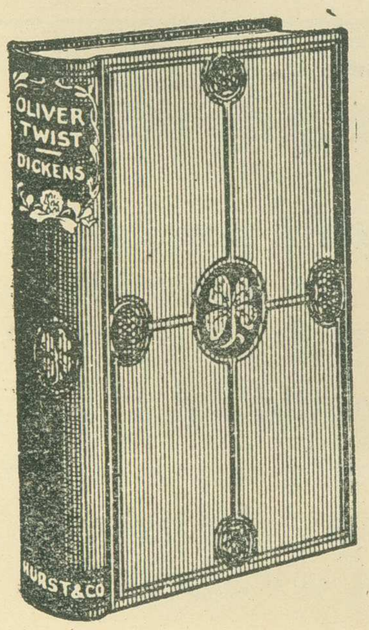
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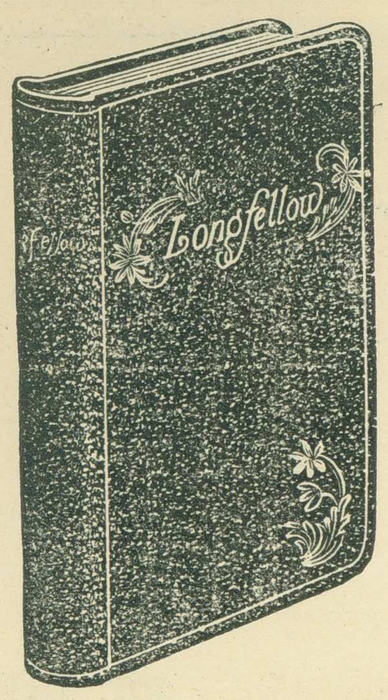
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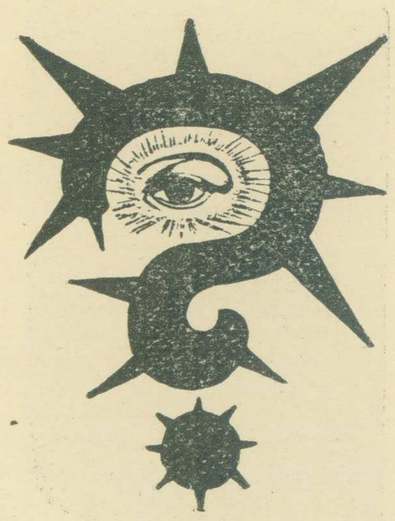
69 to 75 North First St. San Jose, Cal.

Mr. Wood called for a volunteer to show Mr. W——k how to decorate the strings of electric lights, Miss Viola L— eagerly offered her assistance.

Mr. Wood (after a lapse of twenty minutes)—"Excuse me, but I must go and see what is keeping Miss L— so long. I am afraid she and Mr. W—k are having too good a time."

Freshie—"What a fine-looking fellow Mr. Hain would be if he would only straighten up his shoulders."

Miss Burtcher decided that if she could be a flower, she would rather be a rose, and on being asked "of what variety," at once selected the "Bride."



Some Pointed Questions

Do you wear glasses? If you don't, should you? If you do wear them, do you realize the impostance of having them exactly right? Do you know that wrong glasses often seem more comfortable, *at first*, than right ones?

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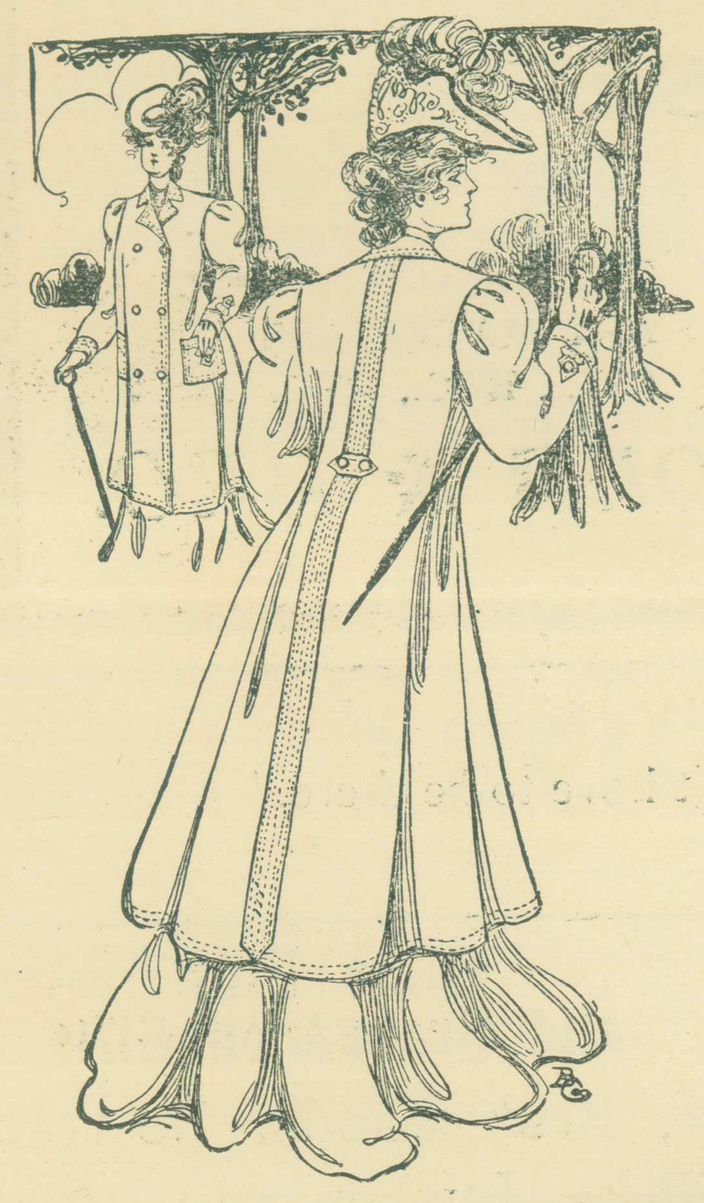
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One of the new students from "the East" went to the basket factory to get a waste-basket the other day. She saw one that particularly struck her fancy, and asked the price of it. "Two bits," said the man. That was a new language to her, so she asked again, and he replied, "Two bits." Being a teacher, she disliked to show her ignorance, so bought a thirty-five cent basket. (Her experience has taught her the meaning of "two bits.")

Question.—What nationality is Elsie B?

A Laplander.

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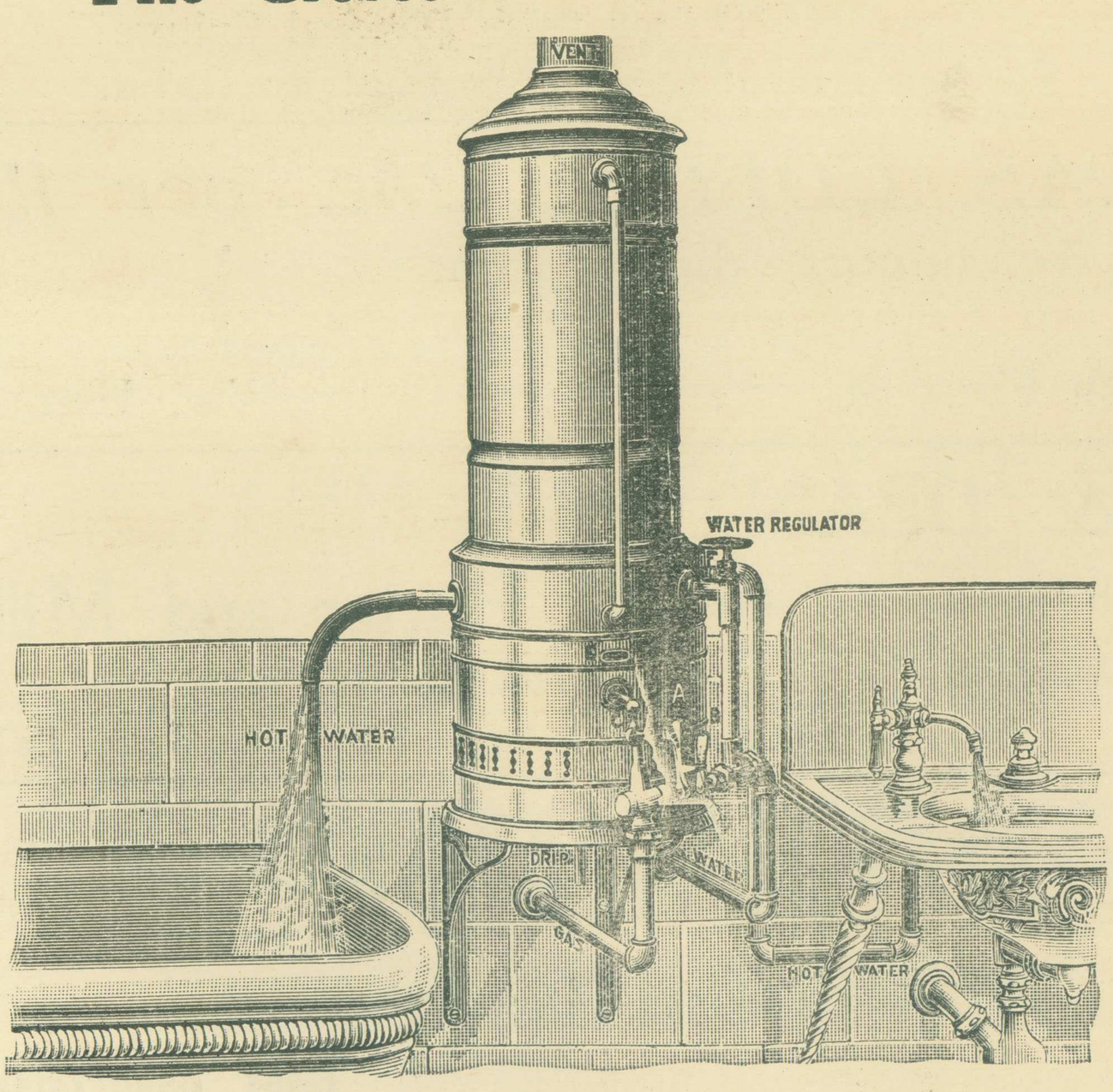
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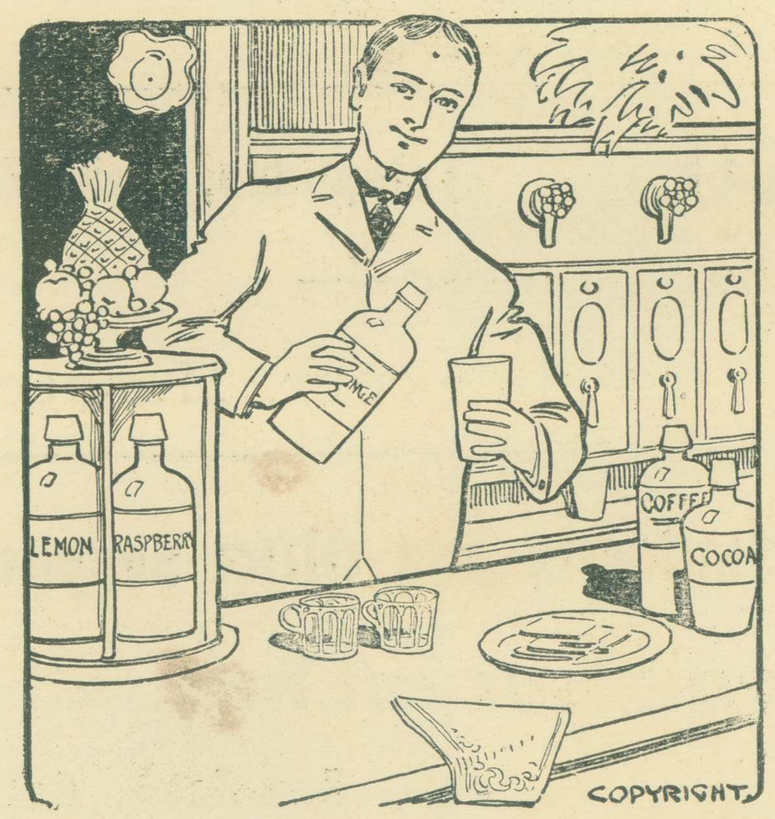
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Elegant Styles. A fit guaranteed

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Miss Nicholson—"Miss Garwood, what are your ideas on the use of slang in the schoolroom?"

Miss Garwood—"I would have no slang, however, expressive, —in fact, I would not *stand for it* in any form."

Mr. Baker—"An alarm clock at home would save many *an alarm* upon your late arrival at school."

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