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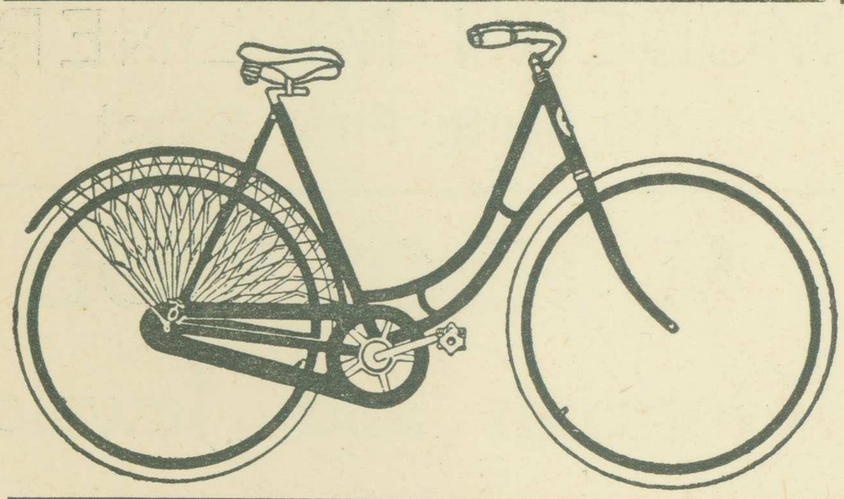

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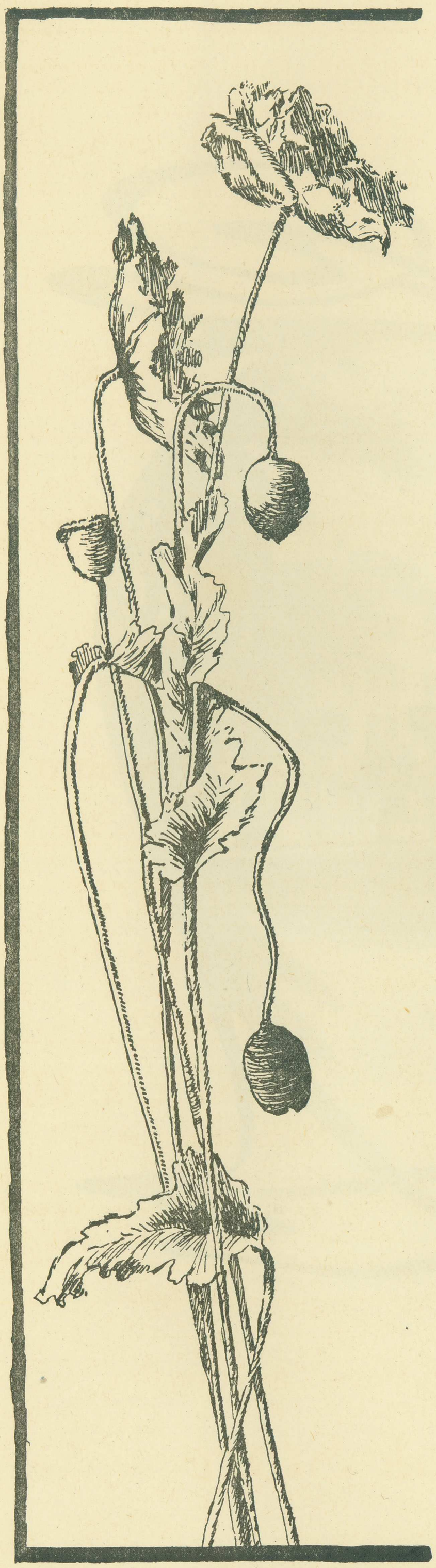

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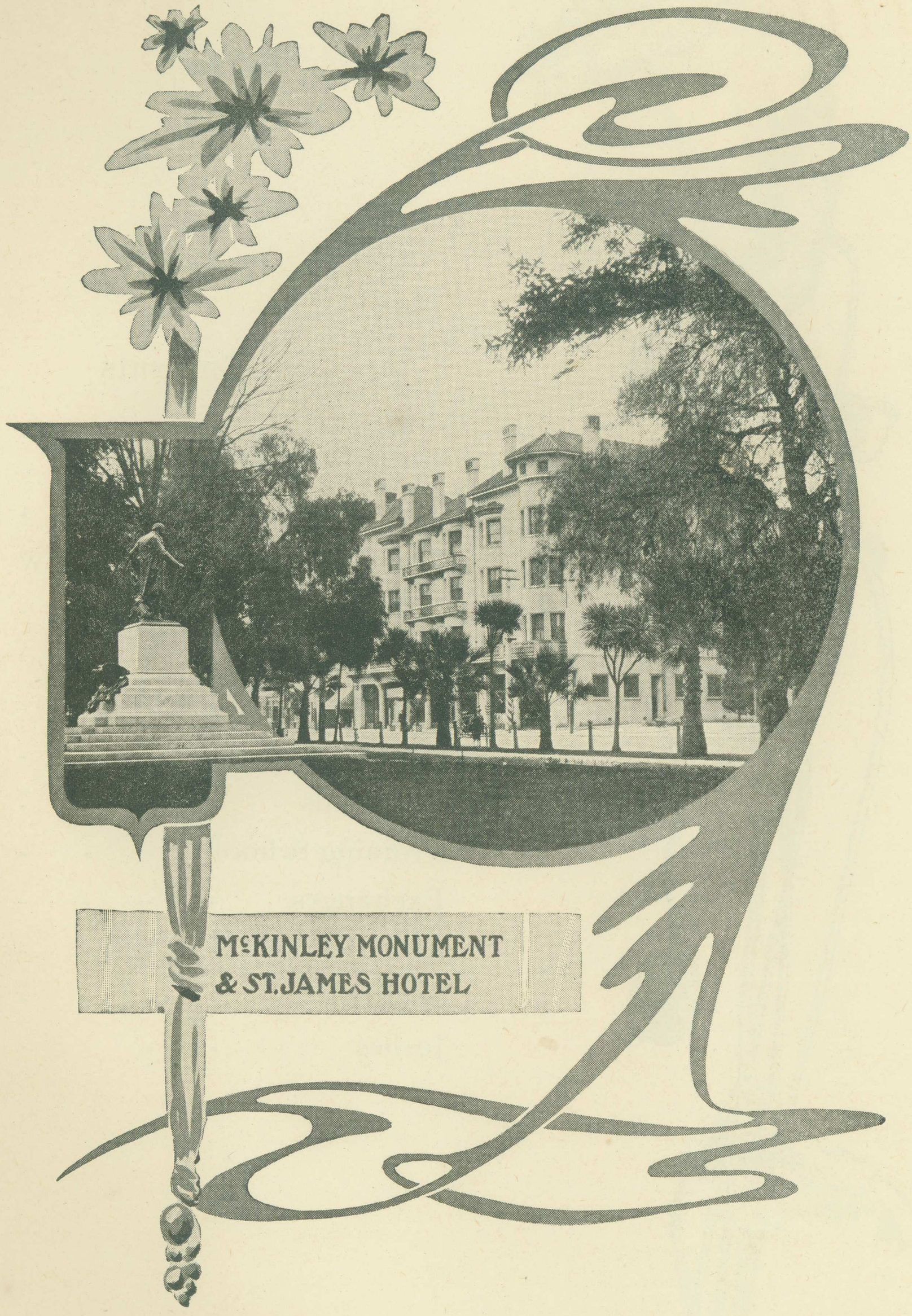

McKINLEY MONUMENT
& ST. JAMES HOTEL

THE NORMAL PENNANT

VOL. XI. SAN JOSE, CAL., JANUARY, 1906. No. 4.

The Clock's Story.

I wonder why my little mistress doesn't come home. She is usually such a precise, punctual little body. She is always here when my large hand points to twelve and my small one to nine, unless she has to attend some lecture or go to a social; then she tells me, and says, "Dear little friend, I shall not be home till eleven o'clock." Today she said nothing, so I am uneasy about her as it is half an hour past her time for retiring and she has not yet returned What *can* be the reason? I do feel so lonely and blue without her cheerful, sunny face, although you may not believe me, because I am only a poor little round alarm clock.

I am used to being alone during the day, but she spends her evenings with me so I miss her company when she is gone.. Well, I will try to while the time away the best I can by thinking of the past.

How well I remember the first time I ever saw my dear little mistress. I was standing on the shelf with about a score of my brothers, when the shop door opened and in walked a little girl about twelve years old. She had bright blue eyes, golden curls, and wore a pink calico dress and broad-brimmed straw hat. She was like a little sunbeam, and I named her "Sunshine" in my own heart, because of course I did not know her real name then, and "Sunshine" she has been to me ever since and always will be. I loved her as soon as I saw her and hoped she would buy me. She asked the clerk for a clock and gave him a dollar. To my great joy he took me down and handed me to her. She carried me home and hung me up on a nail in a tiny, cosy kitchen, and I saw that the other occupants were a lady, two little boys, and a baby girl. Soon afterwards a tall, strong man came in to the mid-day meal. That was six years ago. Ah me! how the time flies.

Very pleasantly passed the days in that humble but happy home for three years. I found out that little Sunshine attended school, and was getting on wonderfully well. She was a bright child and expected to be graduated from High School when she was seventeen.

But when she was only fifteen something happened which I shall never forget. One day her father, who was a carpenter, was brought home on a stretcher by some of his fellow-workmen. He had met with an accident, fallen from some scaffolding and was badly injured.

They carried him upstairs and put him to bed, then sent for the doctor who examined him. Afterwards he came into the room where I was, and spoke to the lady in low tones. "Madam," he said, "I will not disguise from you the fact that your husband is in a very serious condition. I hope we may be able to pull him through, but I think it doubtful. Even if we do he will always be a helpless cripple. What he requires now is a competent nurse." "I will nurse him," replied Mrs. Shelton. "But," answered the doctor, "you will need someone to help you." During this conversation Sunshine had entered the room and now she spoke. "Mother, let me help nurse Father. I know I can do it, and I am sure he would rather have me than a stranger. Besides," in a lower tone, "you know we could not afford help." The doctor turned to look at her, and never shall I forget that eager, earnest pleading face. The mother spoke first. "My child, you have your studies to attend to." "Mother," in a reproachful tone, "what are my studies in comparison with Father's welfare and comfort. Let me nurse him." "Madam," said the doctor, "if you like, I am willing to try this little nurse and I believe we shall be satisfied." So Sunshine was installed as her father's nurse. The first thing she did was to remove me to the sick room, remarking, "I must have the clock to see when to give father his medicine."

The patience, kindness, tact, and thoughtfulness of Sunshine during this season of trial was something wonderful in one so young, but I will not dwell on the long, dreary days spent in that room. It was a month before Mr. Shelton was sufficiently recovered to go down stairs. When he did, it was found that the doctor's prediction was true. He would never walk again.

I was once more taken into the kitchen and there I gathered

from what I heard that Mr. Shelton had only a small pension, far from enough to maintain his family.

Of her own accord and without a murmur Sunshine gave up her studies, relinquished all her cherished plans, and bravely went to work to help those so dear to her. I heard she had obtained a position as bookkeeper in a gentleman's office.

Bye and bye, I was taken up to her own little room in order that she might waken in time for her duties in the morning, for she insisted on helping her mother with the household work before going to business. I never heard Sunshine complain, but soon after the arrangements were made I thought I detected a half-stifled sigh as she laid her head on her pillow and softly whispered, "I do so wish I could have graduated, but I suppose it was not to be."

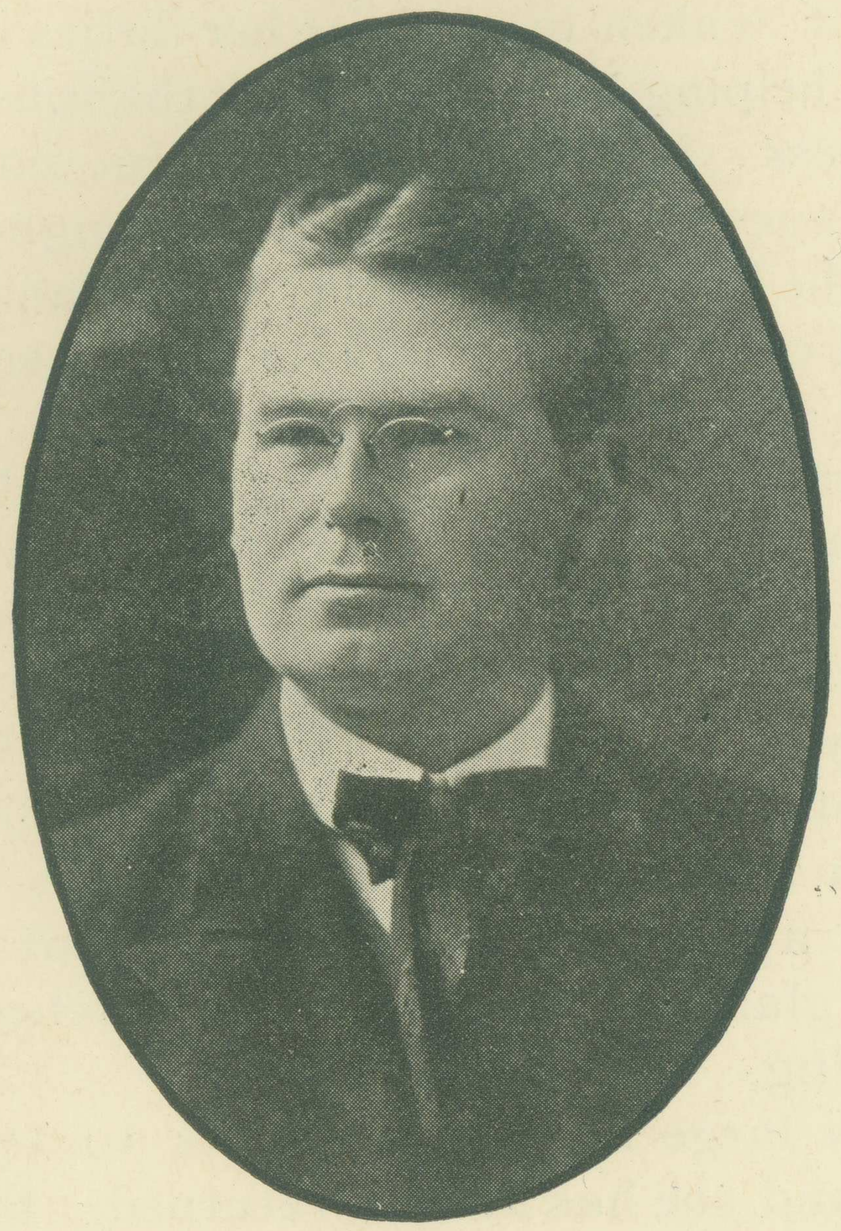
Three years have passed since then and Sunshine is now eighteen and continues to go to the office every day.

But I must not omit to mention one person who is a frequent visitor in this little home. He is a young man whom I suppose from what they say is Sunshine's employer. Ostensibly he came on business first and afterwards to help cheer Mr. Shelton and play cards with him to help pass the time. He is a handsome man and I like his appearance very much. But I notice that he steals frequent glances at Sunshine and watches her closely as she sits at her sewing.

O dear! my large hand now points to two and my small hand to ten and she has not yet returned. But hark! I think I hear her footsteps on the stairs. Yes, it is she. She has come at last. Something has surely happened, I've never seen her looking like that before. Her lovely cheeks wear an unnatural glow and her eyes shine like two brilliant stars. Without even a glance towards me she throws herself on the bed, burries her face in the pillows, and in a voice almost too faint to be heard, whispers, "He loves me, for he told me so, and I love him with all my heart."

Dear little Sunshine, you have shared your secret with me, your old and tried friend, though you do not know it.

A. D. '06.



HERBERT BASHFORD

The Hills My Boyhood Knew.

Oh hills of home! Oh care-free boy!
Today how far are we apart-!
Oh sun-browned youth who felt the joy
Of all the springtime in his heart!
'Twas then life held no sweeter thing,
When woods were green and skies were blue,
Than just to hear the thrushes sing
Among the hills my boyhood knew!

Away with manhood's stress and strife!
Give me the rapture born of youth!
Give me that first white flame of Life
To light anew the torch of Truth!
Ye drench my soul in lyric rain
Of bird notes clear as morning dew.
Oh give me back the peace again
Of those old hills my boyhood knew.

Herbert Bashford.

Winona's Way of Winning.

"BUT I do not *want* you to go." The speaker was a graceful Indian girl and Arthur Ford, the one addressed, a promising young American artist.

They had been passing the afternoon as they had passed many afternoons since his arrival, he on his camp stool, either sketching or painting, and she on the ground a few feet distant, watching the picture develop.

At first she had watched him timidly from her pony's back, but gradually growing bolder had finally taken a position on the ground by his side. Once she had been quite late but not until the afternoon was far advanced did she gain courage to disclose a spray of rare wild flowers hidden in the folds of her dress. He knew a ride of many miles must have been taken to procure it. She made no remarks but he understood that she wished it painted. When he asked permission to press one of the blossoms and send it home to his fiancee, she readily consented. Once she brought some shells to send to his "white lily."

Winona was unusually slight for an Indian maiden, and her long hair, which hung loose in the breeze, was remarkably fine and glossy. But like the rest of her tribe who were summering in tepees not far from the sheep owner's home where he was boarding for the purpose of sketching them, she was uncommunicative. Several times he had tried to talk to her near the tepees where he spent his forenoons but she had ignored his questions as if they had not becn heard.

And now he had told her his visit must end. He would start in the morning on the pony for a distant station to board a train for home. It had not entered his mind that she would make any remarks; she had made none at his coming, and her unusual animation as she rose before him and repeated, "I do not want you to go," took him quite by surprise.

"But I must," he answered. "I cannot afford to idle away any more time here and besides my 'white lily' wants me to come to her. You would not like a lover of yours to be so far from you."

"No," she answered, "and I want you to be my lover and never go away. I will make beadwork to sell, and you can make

pictures every day here, and we will be happy always."

He knew by her eyes and voice that she was in earnest, and wished that he had frequently changed his location, instead of having allowed himself to be found so readily by her every day. He had thought of so doing once or twice, but she had talked so unconcernedly of his sweetheart and had been so indifferent to him near the camps that he concluded she was drawn solely by his pictures.

His mistake was now evident, and to shorten the embarrassing situation, he commenced to pick up his scattered material. She stood like a statue, and then added with a tone of defiance, "So you will not stay?"

"I cannot, Winona," he answered, but, hoping to pacify her, said, "See, I will enlarge this fine picture of you riding Fleetfoot and send it back for you to remember me by."

She paid no attention to the remark, but stood a moment eyeing him with a look of resentment which suddenly changed to one of cunning Saying, "I will ride with you in the morning," she mounted her pony and rode rapidly away.

After strapping his outfit securely to his saddle, Arthur Ford galloped off in the opposite direction. He felt dissatisfied with himself over the scene with Winona, but brightened as he remembered that a letter from Lucelia would be waiting for him. It would quickly restore his peace of mind. Yes, it was on his table and he opened it eagerly to be confronted by the following far from consoling note:

Mr. A. C. Ford,

Dear Sir:

You may consider our engagement at an end. The enclosed kodak picture will be sufficient explanation. Brother Robert went out for a hunting trip, and, learning he was in your vicinity, thought he would surprise you. Instead he surprised himself by coming upon you several miles from camp sketching, with an Indian girl at your feet. Fearing I would believe he had made a mistake, he took this snap shot of you. Oh! the disgrace of it, but how thankful I am to have found you out in time.

I leave tonight for an extended trip south.

LUCELIA MAY LESTER.

He could hardly believe his eyes, and sat back dazed until the

supper call. Making the excuse that he had a headache, he threw himself upon the bed. But it was not to sleep; he rolled and tossed, and finally, with the first glimmer of light, decided he would get up and start early to avoid again seeing Winona, the innocent cause of all his trouble.

He strapped his outfit and small bundle behind him, mounted the pony and headed it for its home, the railroad station where he had procured it. His ruse failed however. Winona had been watching, and before he had gone a mile, she was beside him. They rode in silence for some distance, but thinking some remark necessary, he said, "You must not miss me, Winona," and was going to say more when the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs attracted his attention. He turned around and saw a band of mounted Indians seemingly making all speed to catch up with them. A glance at Winona told him she was not surprised.

In an instant they had surrounded him. One caught hold of his bridle, the others dismounted, and before he had recovered from his surprise, they had tied his arms and fastened him to his saddle. Then commenced a discussion as to what should be done with him.

"He make a picture of big Medecine Man. Yesterday Medecine Man die. We make him die too."

These remarks gave Arthur Ford much more actual knowledge of Indian nature than he had had heretofore. No one knew of the picture but Winona. It had been worked on a bit at a time without the chief's knowledge, for he had thought it an ill omen to have a likeness made of himself. The parting look of cunning on her face was explained. She had had a chance to rouse the braves against him. She had used it and the outlook was dark for him.

He tried to reason with them, but nothing could change their superstition. After a hasty consultation they decided that he must die, when Winona, evidently waiting for the occasion, pointed far off toware the trading post.

"Many white men will come to hunt for him. They will learn you have killed him and will shut you up so you can never, never ride the prairies again. Why not cast him in the cave over by yonder bowlders and leave him there to die? Then if he is ever found they will say he lost his way."

After much deliberation, with a word now and then from

Winona, it was finally decided to take her advice. All now mounted the horses and set off in the direction of the cave. There was a small growth of brush with a pile of rocks near the center. The largest one of these was rolled away, disclosing the mouth of the cave. He was hastily lifted off his horse and, still tied, was shoved into the entrance. The small opening broadened after a few feet into quite a room. After bringing in his outfit from his saddle, they replaced the stone and galloped away.

As the sound of the horses grew faint in the distance he was filled with dispair. His first impulse was to try to free himself from the ropes and he jerked and pulled at them until quite out of breath. That would not do, his strength must be more judiciously used if he could ever hope to escape, so he settled down to consider the situation.

By long continued effort he might be able to work the ropes to a position where he could chew them off and get loose. Even then it would be almost impossible from his poor position inside the cave to roll the stone back. After that there was the possibility of recapture if he were seen walking over the miles of prairie between himself and the nearest white settlement.

Would anyone search for him? No, Lucelia was already on her way south; his silence would be accepted as a proof of his guilt. His only relative, a brother, wrote to him at long intervals but would not be apt to visit him. True, several of his patrons would call, as he had told them the probable date of his return, but they would think him merely prolonging his trip for more outdoor work before he settled down in his studio for the winter. The owner of the pony would at least *think* of him, but it might be many weeks before he learned that both pony and rider were gone. No, there was no one to miss him or search for him.

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he could see more of his prison. It was partly natural and partly dug out, was just high enough to stand in, and contained nothing but his things. He thought of the story the sheepman had told him about an Indian raid. White travelers had been stealing Indian ponies and for revenge a band of Indians had surrounded a party of innocent immigrants, killing them all and dividing the spoils. Searching parties had identified the horses but no trace was ever found of the bodies. It was said they had been flung into a cave known only to the Indians. Perhaps this was the one. He saw

no bones, but this had happened nearly twenty years before.

Suddenly his dim light vanished and he was startled to hear something working at the cave entrance. "They are coming back to kill me," he thought, but as the stone moved the face of Winona appeared.

"Be not afraid," she said, "at dusk I will bring you food and water and some skins to lie on." Quickly she replaced the stone and rode away.

A long day it seemed. Fearing to anger Winona, he decided he would not attempt the almost impossible task of freeing himself from the ropes. He would rely on her mercy. It had all been a scheme of hers to get him there and he became more puzzled as he revolved various reasons in his mind for such a trick.

At dusk she came bringing him water, dried meat, and some parched corn, also a stout rope. This she tied securely on his arms with a short length between. She did the same to his feet and then cut the long rope with which he had been tied. Freedom seemed a little nearer. Seating herself beside him she cleared his mind of the mystery.

"Every day when the sun is high I will bring you food and water and you shall sketch and I will watch you. We shall be happy. After while you will forget your 'white lily' and love me and we will go to the Trading Post and say words before the missionary there. The Post has much money for me when I take a husband and we can live in a white man's house instead of in the tents of my people." She then left the cave and he could hear her prying back the stone, although she left a slight opening for air and light.

So this was her plan. Perhaps he could escape while she had him out sketching. He would try but he must not anger her or she would have the braves kill him outright.

True to her word, Winona appeared next day. She had bartered some beadwork for fresh bread and eggs at a farm house, and with roasted corn it made no mean meal. She refused to eat with him, but as soon as he was through, led him out to sketch, having previously carried out his outfit and stool. It seemed good to see daylight again, and although he did not feel artistic just then, the sketch he made was sufficient to satisfy Winona. She took her usual position at his feet with a look of perfect contentment. At sunset she led him back into his dungeon, sealed

the entrance as before and departed.

The following days passed in much the same manner except that Winona brought an old reader from which a young lady at one of the farm houses had given her a few lessons years before. He was surprised to see how quickly she learned. He was ever watching for a chance to escape, but Winona was just as watchful that it should not come. His sketches were crude and lifeless now. His fingers were stiff from lack of exercise, his health was being undermined, and he was frequently troubled with a hoarse cough.

One day when Winona came she was worried to find him ill. The next day he was much worse, had a raging fever, called constantly for water, and did not seem to know her. What could she do? She must act and that quickly. She must get the white doctor from the Post. At dusk she started off with some money she had long treasured fastened in her dress.

It was dark when she arrived but she knew the place well. Her timid knock was answered by the doctor himself and she whispered huskily, "Come, come with me. A man is sick." It was rather unusual for an Indian to call him and at such a time of night, he hesitated.

She saw it and stepping into the light she opened the front of her dress, pulled out the money and, thrusting it into his face, said, "You must come. It is a white man."

With a sudden cry the doctor grasped her arm. "Are you an Indian? What is that mark on your breast? Is it painted? Why are you so white?"

Winona now noticed that in her haste she had failed to close her dress and, pulling it together, she said, "No, I was born with it. Come, hurry to the man."

The doctor now lost no time in getting ready for he wanted to get acquainted with Winona. They were soon speeding over the prairie. He supposed she would take him to the tepees and was surprised when they stopped at the thicket. He looked on in wonder while she opened the cave, but as soon as he saw the critical condition of the sick man, all thoughts left him for the time, but the one of saving him. As he was too sick to be moved, the doctor made him as comfortable as possible and left medicine for Winona to give him. His inquires about herself only revealed the fact that she believed herself an Indian, but that she knew her

body was white and had always been taught to conceal the red daggar on her breast. No more would she say about it.

The doctor felt so sure that he was not deceived as to Winona's identity that he immediately wrote to a lawyer to pospone a certain case.

"I know I am not mistaken," he wrote. "No other child would have that peculiar mark. It was very distinct the night she was born. She was only three weeks old when her parents started west with her. I suppose after killing the adults they saved the dark-eyed baby. Perhaps her birth-mark saved her, they are so superstitious. I think there will be no trouble in getting the property for her. I will bring her as soon as possible. She seems to worship this white man, and I guess he will survive this ordeal."

Winona proved a good nurse and in a short time her patient was strong enough to be carried to the doctor's home. As the doctor wished to take her too, she made no remonstrance, even being glad. Her only thought when they proved to her that she was not of Indian blood was that perhaps now her lover would care more for her.

Though her stay in the doctor's house was not of long duration, Winona learned much. Easily she acquired from her white sisters the desire to be their equal and with it the injured pride when treated as an inferior. It did not long escape the notice of her charge. He could not help appreciating her devotion and faithfulness, regardless of circumstances, and as the new dignity increased in her from day to day he found himself growing to admire and love her.

The suit was settled in Winona's favor; but not until she had spent sometime at a Seminary, learning the ways of the white women, would she consent to become a bride.

Winona never outgrew her love of lying on a rug at his feet watching his easel, but no one would ever recognize the untamed little Indian maiden in the refined, much admired wife who graced Arthur Ford's studio.

DAISY GIBSON BUTLER.

Book Review.

SONG AND STORY.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Louis F. Curtis, formerly City Superintendent of City Schools, San Jose, has made in his recently published "Song and Story" a permanent contribution to Western Literature. The best in the volume is philosophic and all the way through there is a groping—a striving after the unseen, yet all is crowned with faith. Even what we call fate is "The King's highway to victory." That Mr. Curtis is a poet of the soul the following lines amply testify:

GURTH.

"But outer garments only hide
The unseen souls who there abide.
The mask of flesh is but a sphinx
Screening the thing that toils and thinks.
The mind itself still puzzles mind—
Revealing little hid behind
The wall of flesh; we stand and gaze
Upon the threshold of this maze
But may not enter. Search how we will
This baffles all our love and skill."

This extract is from the longer poem: "Gurth," which well repays reading all through. Of the shorter poems, "Fate" and "Futurity" mark the volume at high water, and are bound to live. They are herewith printed in full.

FATE.

I hold that fate is but a foil
To try the metal of the soul;
'Tis not the triumph but the toil
That bringeth nearer the goal.
We proudly deem our pathway best
And fret at barriers on the way,
When bolts and bars are but the test
Of worth that wins a latter day.

Perchance the chosen pathway's wrong,
Perchance! Ah, is there any chance?
Although another's thrice as long
Be sure it leadeth in advance.

'Tis earnest striving lendeth strength,
The thrust and parry giveth skill,
And Fate may go the utmost length
Ere seeming binds his sovereign will.

'Tis only seeming, for the strife
Hath lent us keener eyes to see,
Amid the wilful dreams of life,
The King's highway to victory.

FUTURITY.

I know not how, nor when, nor where—
Yet I believe that we shall meet
Beyond that tapestry of air,
When mortal pulses cease to beat.

I cannot think that thou wast made
So wondrously fair to see—
To bloom a season, then to fade
And vanish as a dream from me.

While gazing in deep eyes of thine,
I deem I read the truth to be
That thou the image of divine
Will live through all eternity.

And I, aware of my unworth,
Still fondly trust the power of love,
To lift me upward from the earth,
Until I reach the plane above.

I know not which of us will go
To pioneer that distant state
But something whispers me: "We know
The first will for the other wait."

So now I rest contentedly,
Regarding neither time nor place,
As in the end mine eyer shall see
Mine own beloved face to face.

"Futurity" is the best written on the subject of immortality since Browning wrote his "Prospice" and Tennyson wrote "The Crossing of the Bar." Donnelly & Sons Co., Chicago, $1.50.

Anchored.

My bark is moored in an inland sea
Where the tide ebbs soft and slow,
While the lapping waters rise and fall,
And the whispering winds breathe low.

Up anchor, and fly, my bonny bark
Where the broad, blue billows are found,
Where the widening sky and the waters meet,
Where the waves roll high and the ship sinks deep
At the far horizon's bound.

Up, up and away from these shallow pools
To the boundless sea of my dreams,
Where the wind-swept waters toss and roll,
And the arching sky with its star-lit scroll
In deepening blueness gleams.

The anchor is heavy—I cannot sail
Away from this inland sea;
To this rock-bound coast my bark is stayed,
While the clouds roll dark and the gathering shade
Thickens about and above—Ah, me,

My bark is moored in an inland sea,
Where the tide ebbs soft and slow,
While the lapping waters rise and fall,
And the whispering winds breathe low.

MRS. S. ESTELLE GREATHEAD.

A Home at Last.

(From Miss Eleanor Stevens of Elmhurst to Mrs. J. L. Black of Philadelphia.)

Elmhurst, June 12, 1904.

Dear Aunt Catherine,

I am just sending you a line by the early post to thank you for the lovely clock that you sent me. Jack and I like it so much. I am awfully sorry that you can't come up to Elmhurst for the wedding, Aunt Catherine, but I shall send you a piece of wedding cake and Mama will write and tell you all about it. I am simply rushed to death with dressmakers and decorators and all the other things that a girl has to see to before she gets married, but I shall write you soon again. Give my love to uncle Peter and the boys.

Your loving niece,
Eleanor.

(Mrs. H. W. Richards of Boston to Mrs. John Bell, nee. Edwards)

Boston, July 20, 1904.

Dearest Eleanor,

Many, many thanks for that sweet little clock that you sent us. We were so pleased with it. Everyone seemed to remember our anniversary and we got just hosts of presents, and any number of them were things that we could use. Now wasn't that fortunate? Yours was the only small clock that we got, altho' uncle John gave us a hall clock and Ed Johnson gave us a traveling clock. So you see we have no end of "time" on our hands. Poor joke I know, but really I'm not responsible today. Write and let me know what day you are coming to town, and I will meet you.

With love,
Louise.

(Mrs. H. W. Richards to Mr, Erasmus Hicks on his sixtieth birthday.)

Boston, Mass., August 16, 1904.

Dear uncle Erasmus,

Henry joins me in wishing you many happy re-

turns of the day. Remembering your fondness for clocks, we are sending you a little silver one of rather a curious design that we hope will please you. I am so sorry that we could not be with you today, but baby has not been well lately and we were afraid that the trip would be too hard on him. We shall surely come down for Christmas, however. With love from Joe and a kiss from baby and myself.

Your affectionate niece,
Louise.

(From Mr. Erasmus Hicks to Mrs. Anderson.)

River Falls, Wis., November 6th, 1904.

Mrs. M. R. Anderson,
Dear Madam,

While your little daughter was visiting me this afternoon, she took a sudden and most unaccountable fancy to a rather curious little clock which she saw on my desk, and I told her that she might have it. She was afraid, however, that you would not understand the circumstances, and desired me to write and explain matters to you before she would accept it. I will esteem it a very great favor, my dear Mrs. Anderson, if you will allow Lillian to keep my little gift.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,
Very truly yours,
Erasmus Hicks.

(From Mr. Robert Adams to his sister at Elmhurst.)

Boston, Mass., August 9, 1905.

Dear Sis,

Have been in this gay and festive town for four weeks now and the fellows say that the green has almost disappeared from my eyes and I'm beginning to look like a regular out and out sport.

Was prowling around in an old curiosity shop the other day and ran up against the swellest little clock, and knowing that you had a birthday about due, I bought it and am sending it along. The fellow told me it was something or other out of the ordinary and charged me accordingly, I suppose, so hope you will like it.

How is everyone in Elmhurst? Remember me to all inquiring

friends and write soon to

Your long-lost brother,

Bob.

(From Miss Catherine Adams of Elmhurst to her brother Bob.)

Elmhurst, Mass., August 17, 1905.

Dear Bob,

You are a jewel to send me such a dear clock. It's exactly what I've wanted all my life. It looks just like the one Eleanor Edwards got for a wedding present that I raved over so. I've put it up in my room and it's ticking away In the most contented fashion possible.

Come home soon, Bob, for we all miss you. Even father has been lonely I think. We shall expect you at Thanksgiving without fail, so don't disappoint us.

Your grateful sister,

Catherne.

P. S.—Eleanor (Mrs. Bell, you know,) was just over, and she says that clock is just the image of hers. She got five for wedding presents, you remember, and this one she sent to somebody who had an anniversary just afterwards. Wouldn't it be funny if this should happen to be the same clock? At any rate its found a home at last.

Loads of love from everyone,

Catherine.

M. S.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - AMY LOPEMAN
BUSINESS MANAGER - - - WILLIS CLINE

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Training School Notes -	CECILE BELNAP
Societies - - - -	MABEL DYER
Exchanges - - -	FOREST HAWORTH
Joshes - -	FRANCES DU BRUTZ, GEORGIA BARKER
Athletics - - -	VIOLET BROWN

TERMS: 50 cents per year, payable in advance.

Communications for publication are always welcome, and should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Remittances and communications concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Business Manager.

All subscriptions are payable to the Business Manager, and anyone not receiving the PENNANT regularly will please notify *him* at once.

The PENNANT is mailed anywhere in the postal union for 50 cents per year.

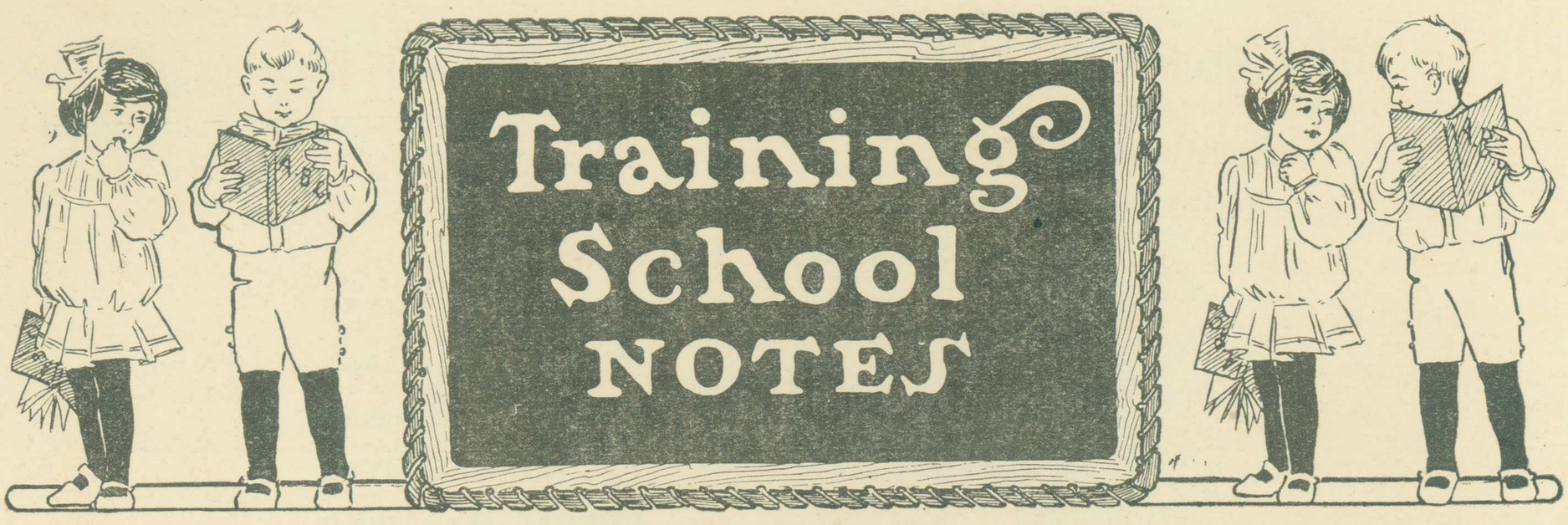
Entered at the Postoffice at San Jose as Second-class Matter.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - JANUARY, 1906

AS a Normal School, our school has long been considered the foremost one in California. Its graduates are considered the best equipped, the most competent, and the most successful of any teachers sent from any Normal school in the State.

We rightly believe that we have reason to be proud of this fact, but our pride becomes almost vanity when such a great educator as G. Stanley Hall writes, unsolicited, that he cannot understand how the managers of the California Education, can possibly edit such a strong educational paper for so small a subscription per year. The Editor of the California Education, Dr. Margaret Schallenberger, declares that we should feel honored even by the notice of one so great as he, let alone such honorable mention.

Aside from this, one of our California dramatists, Mr. Herbert Bashford, has written a poem especially for our own use. We have the pleasure of being its first publishers and we deem it a privilege to be considered worthy of such honor by Mr. Bashford. The school joins the Editor in thanking Mr. Bashford for his kindness to us. We sincerely hope that he will remember us again.



THE new education, as shown in the two meetings of the State Teacher's Association held during the Christmas holidays—one in Berkeley and the other in Los Angeles—emphasizes the child as the center, and his interests as prominent and dominant. Formerly it was deemed best to hold the child in restraint, but now there is a lack of the old-time form of restraint, and the child is given more freedom in action. This alone will bring out the individuality of the child, which is all important in the making of the best citizen possible of each boy and girl. But with this freedom there must go responsibility, the child being held responsible for his actions and led to realize that liberty is not license. Education must be more natural, more fitted to life, and not "bookish."

It is evident that the Training School stands for these things, as shown by the many clubs and societies organized and controlled by the children themselves.

Much progress is being made in music. The children are not only interested, but are enthusiastic over it, as is shown by the musical clubs lately organized in the upper grades.

The seventh and eighth grades have joined together and have formed the Apollo Music Club. The object of this society is to learn to appreciate good music and to become acquainted with the foremost composers. The club has its officers and meets weekly. The officers are president, Ethel Sain; secretary, Ruth Cornell; treasurer, Azalia Zeiro.

The enthusiasm over music in Miss King's department has resulted in the formation of the Cecilian Club. The first meeting

was held January 9th, and the following officers were elected: president, Dorothy Davy; secretary, Eidth Campbell; treasurer, Harriet Buck.

Preparations are being made now by the Apollo, Cecilian, and Philharmonic Clubs to give an entertainment, Friday, February 2nd, in commemoration of Mendelssohn's birthday. An excellent program is being prepared, consisting of choruses from Mendelssohn, and essays on Mendelssohn as a man and as a composer.

The library of the grammar department is at present the object of a great amount of attention. The book cases in the library have been re-arranged, and many new books placed on the shelves. The little reading room adjoining the library is also being attractively fitted up. Burlap now covers the walls about four feet above the casement, and soon bright and attractive posters will be arranged on the bnrlap. On each poster is to be drawn a picture which properly represents a certain class of books, and the names of these books will also be placed on the poster. Seeing and studying the pictures will create in the children a desire to read the books.

The present attractiveness of the library is largely due to Miss Nicholson. It was her idea to have these posters made. She had been thinking of ways to make books appear interesting and attractive to children, and had decided that the making of these bulletins was one of the best. Her idea was brought to a climax, when, during the Berkeley meeting, she found that this same plan was being very successfully tried by librarians.

The library serves as a strong connection between school and home life. Reading in the school is valuable only so far as it tends to create a taste for good books, and leads to the utilization of the best library in the neighborhood. With the library and reading room fitted up attractively, there will be more of an incentive to the children to spend their extra time there.

The 8 A's are beginning preparations for their graduation exercises. A poet, prophet, salutatorian, and valedictorian have been chosen to represent the class.

Interest in debating has not decreased in the least. The teams, chosen to represent the seventh and eighth grades in the debate with the Longfellow school, are hard at work on their subjects, and are already talking about winning.

In connection with the music in Miss McMillin's department, the children are dramatizing the "Knight's Play," an adaptation of Tennyson's "King Arthur." It is believed that the dramatization of a play like this is the best way of impressing upon boys their attitude toward their little girl friends. No true knight would tease a weaker human being, and not only this, but would be a coward unless he valiantly protected those weaker than himself, and especially the opposite sex. If this feeling could be inculcated in boys in this secondary way, it would be far better than scolding them for bullying or teasing.

A good example to teachers of what may be done with a crude room at little expense is the room which has been fitted up in the basement for the children by Miss Denton and Miss Enid Kinney, the expense being only five dollars. All teachers are invited to visit this room.

KINDERGARTEN.

The children of the Kindergarten had a very happy time at their Christmas festivities.

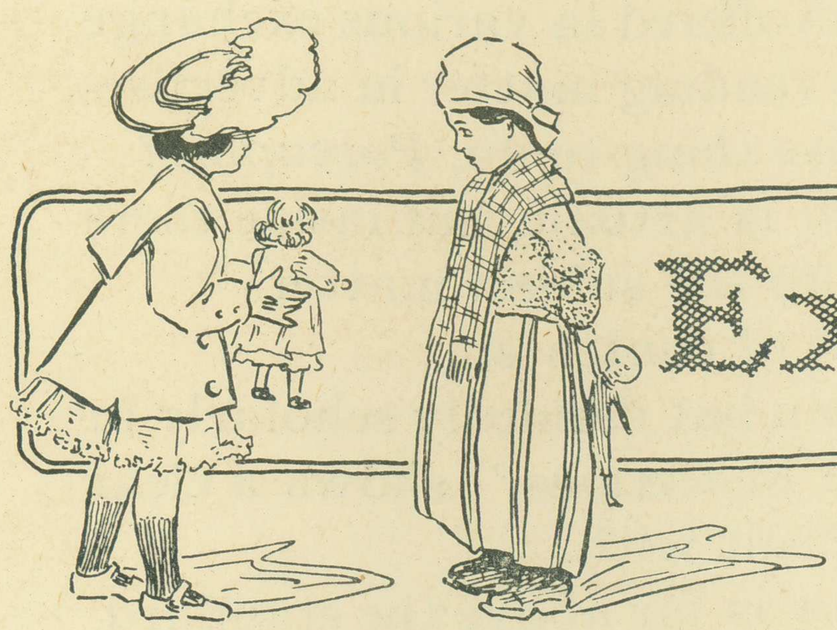
The room was decorated in true Christmas style. In the center of the room, suspended from the ceiling, were hanging beautiful red Christmas bells, in the windows were Christmas wreaths, and in baskets throughout the room were large bunches of toyon berries and wild cherry.

The parents of the children came to see their happy little ones make merry around the Christmas tree, until every available place in the Kindergarten was filled with visitors.

The children sang their songs, played their games and dramatized in a beautiful way, "The Pilgrim's First Thanksgiving." It was a unique program and greatly enjoyed by all.

The real Christmas spirit seemed to enter into all the pleasure, and the children were more than happy to give their little gifts to their dear mothers and fathers.

The Kindergarten has now a very large attendance. In spite of cold weather and rain, there has been a daily attendance of over forty children. We congratulate Miss Jordan, and hope that we shall always have the joy of looking into the room and seeing this large number of joyous, happy little ones.



Exchanges

A vast pile of exchanges has furnished the editor with ample post-vacation reading matter, and pleasant reading it has been, too. Many souvenir editions of midyear graduating classes have arrived with their pictures, poems, and prophesies: their triumphant reviews of the past and their hopeful surveillances of the future. Besides, without many notable exceptions, the papers have got out Christmas editions resplendent in decorative cuts of holly and mistletoe and impossible looking Santa Clauses. Taken as a whole the Christmas exchanges show new life and enterprise both as to subject matter and appearance.

The Girls' High School Journal, from San Francisco, has surpassed its own high standard in its Christmas number. It is plain in appearance but rich in subject matter. A loyal school must stand back of it.

The Scribe, Polytechnic High, Oakland, is a big roomy-looking paper, but could be improved by cuts and more compact arrangement.

The *Irving Echoes* certainly has a beautiful cover. It's contents breathe a holiday spirit that is distinctly Californian in character.

The Joshes of the *Cadet Review* are plentiful and funny.

The cuts in *Science and Craft*, especially the one heading the athletic column, are life-like and appropriate.

The Christmas number of the *High School News* comes all the way from St. Louis but is worth being sent five times that far.

We like the tribute that the *Normal Record* of Chico pays to the girls in its school.

Our neighbor, *The Bell*, is always good. The little poem, "At Morning," is a gem.

In spite of all the adverse criticism offered in various exchange columns, the *Porcupine* hides half its reading matter in advertisements. Do you really think this a wise thing to do, *Porcupine*?

The cover of the *White and Gold* is artistic, but inside there are no cuts and there is little variety to the subject matter.

El Gabilan, I can't find your table of contents.

The *Pacific Pharos* is severely plain but decidedly scholarly in tone. The essay, "Foot-ball—Some Reflections," shows a clear headed consideration of the subject dealt with.

The exchange column of the *Janus* is far above the standard. The paper itself, though, is smaller than it should be. A school with the standing of Hanford High should have a larger paper.

The *Native American* is a weekly journal devoted to Indian education. It is engaged in a worthy cause and, though plain in appearance, is full of good, solid reading matter.

The *Riverview Student* is "there with the goods" when it comes to boosting foot-ball in the school. It has some good stories, too.

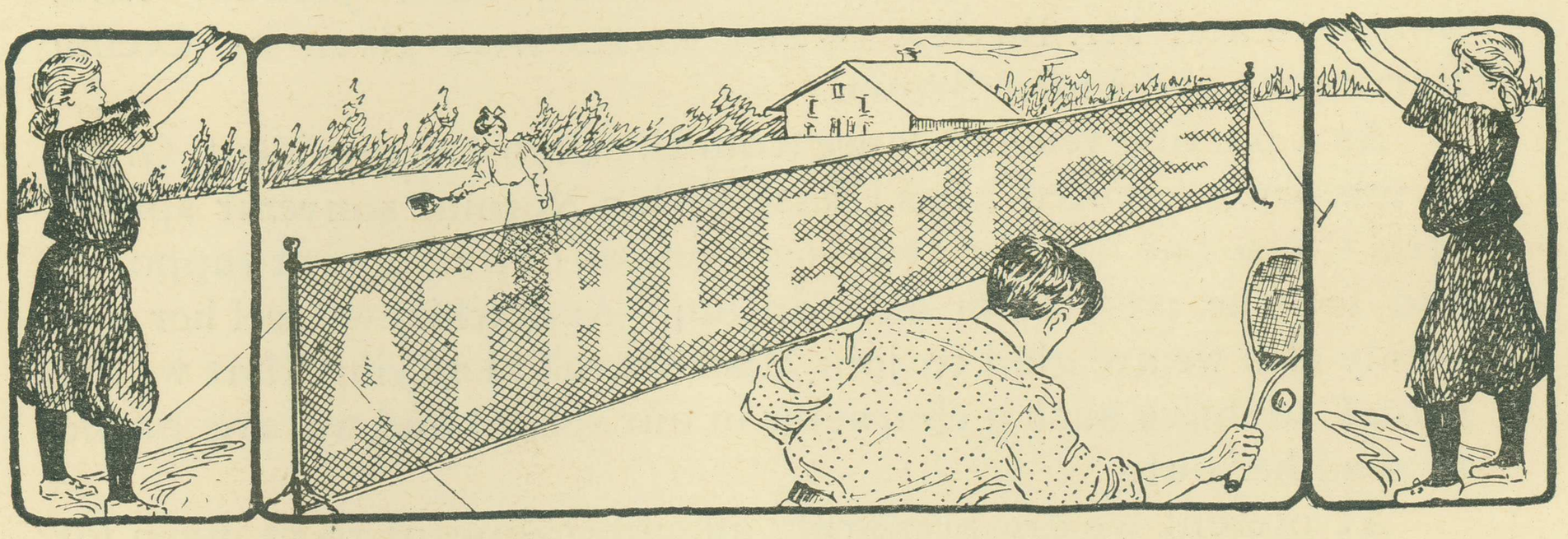
Oriole, you are all right as to inside arrangement and subject matter but your cover presents a rather incongruous mixture of California bird life and Egyptian pyramids and camels.

The *Tiger*, California School of Mechanical Arts, is a paper full of life and humor. It is large, well arranged and attractive.

The *Wild Cat* has a good story entitled, "Tom's Entrance into Society."

With the above papers we acknowledge the following and hope to see them all again:

The Manzanita, Zephyr, Dictum Est, Arrow, Red and White, Sea Urchin, Cricket, Adjutant, University of Arizona Monthly, Porcupine, Whittier Magazine, Yeatman Life, Classicum, School Bell Echoes, School Life, Gleanor, Advocate, Light, Lake Breeze, Blade, College Echoes, Aerolith, Spinster, Blue and Gold.



WITH the new semester of our school year comes the assuring promise of the best Basket-Ball players the Normal has ever had. And although we lost one of our strong players in the December class, her place has been taken by a substitute and we now have guards who ever keep the ball rolling towards the Normal goal. A new captain will be elected at the next business meeting and a number of games will be played before March.

On the sixth of December, a banquet, one of the most successful events in the history of the Basket-Ball Club, was given in honor of Maude Chase. Fifty members of the Club and a number of guests were present. The tables were laid in the lunch-room which was decorated with smilax and red geraniums with the basket-ball suspended from the center of the room. After a "jolly" time spent in talking and feasting a number of toasts were given.

Among those who have always been enthusiastic and interested in our work is the faculty. To them, Susie Burtscher gave the following toast:

"Here's to our faculty members,
Whose support has been cordially given,
They're the ones who keep the school going
And let the world know that Basket-Ball's living."

In response, Miss King said in part, that the pleasantest and most inspiring associations during her life in the training school were her experiences and dealings with the "Basket-Ball girls," whom she always found willing and ready to do whatever fell to them.

Wishes for our future welfare and success were expressed in

toasts by Miss Rowell, Miss Davenport, Miss Jordan, Mrs. Rousseau and Mr. Bayley. Other toasts were given by Cecilia Burroughs and Violet Brown.

As a parting remembrance from the Club, the president, Grace Batcheller, presented Miss Chase with a Normal souvenir spoon. Miss Chase has been for two years one of our strongest supports, and for the past term our captain. And while we feel her loss keenly still we are glad to join Miss Rowell in saying that we are *proud* to have such a character in our school and we are *proud* to send her out.

At present we are preparing an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the Club. We have organized a Glee Club from our number and meet twice a week for rehearsals.

We heartily thank the Student Body for their generous gift, and after the twenty-sixth we mean to win athletic honors for our school.

Following is the program which will be given on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh as an evening entertainment and an afternoon Matinee for mothers and grammar school children respectively.

Program.

I. SELECTION . . . Basket-Ball Glee Club
"When the Sun in Splendor Rises"—Sextette
from *Donizetti's Lucia*

II. RED RIDING HOOD

SCENE 1. Holiday in front of Red Riding Hood's Home

School Children . . Members of Basket-Ball Club
Robin . . . . . Charles Argall
Mother . . . . . Mabel Dyer
Red Riding Hood . . . Ruth Davenport

SCENE 2. In the forest on the way to Grandmother's

Buttercup . . . . . Constance Richards
Blue-Bells—Grace Batcheller, Frances Gondring, Susie Burscher, Fay Liddle, Mary Bradford
Rose . . . . . Florence Linniken
Elfie, a fairy . . . . . Grace Lewis
Wolf . . . . . Forest Haworth
Hugh, the woodman . . . . Roy Thompson

SCENE 3. Grandma's Cottage

Grandmother . . . . . Ethel White

SCENE 4. Close of Holiday. In front of Red Riding Hood's Home

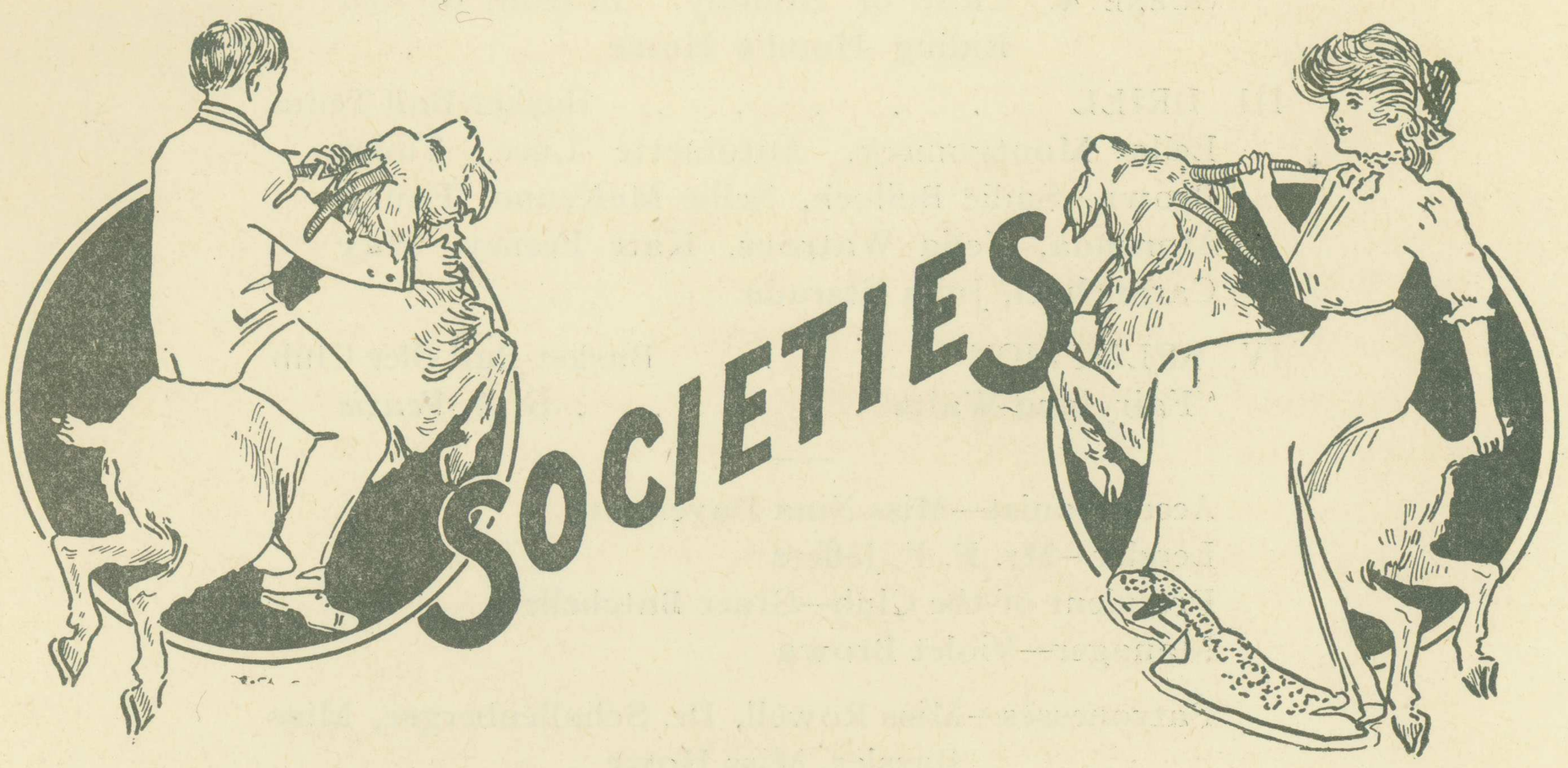
III. DRILL . . . . . Basket-Ball Team
Lella Montgomery, Antoinette Luce, Violet Brown, Sadie Bullock, Nellie McKenna, Fanny Moranda, Celia Watrous, Kate Feeney, May Carmichael, Julia Etsrada

IV. SELECTION . . . Basket-Ball Glee Club
"Fairyland Waltz" . . . . . *G. A. Veazie*

Accompanist—Miss Nina Davenport
Leader—Mr. F. F. Jeffers
President of the Club—Grace Batcheller
Manager—Violet Brown

Patronesses—Miss Rowell, Dr. Schallenberger, Miss Bassler, Miss Howe

Patrons—Dr. Dailey, Prof. Snyder, Dr. Dow, Prof. Wilson



Allenian.

Allenian has begun the new year with her characteristic energy, striving to make this year's work excel those gone before, and to live up to the ideals set by Professor Allen, our honored founder. The society is at present studying the western writers, so often overlooked for those more distant, and we find not only profit but pleasure in the work.

We all miss keenly the four members who were graduated in December, but perhaps their loss leads us to enjoy more fully the present companionship. Miss Floy Pedigo will be entered on the roll next Friday with all due ceremony.

Girls, to our new sister!

The Short Story Club.

The Pacific Short Story Club began its organization during the last Normal Summer School session. It has grown from a membership of fifteen at the beginning to one hundred fifty now. Anyone interested in literature is eligible to membership.

The club is for those who

First—Want to be the very best possible teachers of school English.

Second—It is for those who want to keep in touch with the literature of the West, and to know what this literature stands for.

Third—It is for those who wish to train their talents at literary work, and who desire to do productive work at writing, and especially for those who wish to do some of the work of this Coast.

Fourth—It is for those who love poetry and prose, and who wish to join with others in literary appreciation.

The Club has a large membership among the Alumni of the School; and teachers and others from Kings County to Humboldt have availed themselves of the Club's advantages. The regular meeting time is the first Thursday evening of each month. The Club has attracted considerable attention all over the state. For information further apply to the president, Henry Meade Bland, or the secretary, Mabel Wann.

Browning.

The members of the Browning Club are looking forward to a term of profitable work and pleasant gatherings. The work of memorizing Browning's poems has been carried on during vacation, and with Prof. Bland's intelligent readings, the meetings will be of more than usual interest.

The initiation of the new members will take place soon, and the pledged girls are in a mild state of excitement, rumors of the awful mysteries of initiation having reached them.

Erosophian.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

Once more the bells have told their story and Erosophian stands upon the threshold of another year. As we plan for the reception and initiation of new members which is to be the first great event of the New Year, we cannot help thinking of the many like occasions which Erosophian has had in the past.

Six years have almost gone by since Erosophian held its first initiation; since that little band of girls prompted by the strong tie of friendship between themselves, resolved to found a society to promote the growth of friendship in the school. Out of friendship it was formed and by friendship it is held together. Each

succeeding year the society has grown stronger and has sent its share of graduates from the school, until now there are Erosophian girls all over the state. Some are even farther away.

We girls who are now active members of the Erosophian Society say, "All honor to its Charter members." We feel that we are fortunate in being permitted to enjoy its benefits. We are proud of other members of our Alumni, for we know from reports that they are proving themselves a credit to the society. Our gratitude and appreciation of the one whose wisdom has guided us from the beginning, and who has ever been our inspiration to "seek the highest," cannot be expressed in words.

With this backward look there comes a feeling of sadness as we realize how many have come and gone and how far away they are today. Some of our graduates paid us a visit last week: the Misses Anna and Louise Miller, Agnes Roehling, Mabel Sailor and Ada De Witt. The Society sends New Year's greetings to all its girls wherever they are and gives them a cordial invitation to visit it soon.

The Charter members of Erosophian are: Anna Ward, Ethel Wayne, Onie Ross, Mary Moellering, Nell Thompson, Florence Vandervoort, Myrtle Brunnet, Alice Cain, Pearl Sherburne, Nellie Steele and Emma Ressequie.

BOYS, HAVE YOU CHOSEN YOUR "AFFINITY?"

A girl born in January will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a chatter-box, given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not intelligent, but good looking.

If in May, handsome and happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, and will marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and will be unhappy.

If in November, liberal and of a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

GIRLS	BIRTH MONTH
Agnes Lynn	January
Charlotte Templeton	February
Ethel H. White	March
Elsie Byron	April
Marian Whitmire	May
Helen Taylor	June
Mary Tobin	July
Lulu Gregory	August
Mercedes Clony	September
Grace Batcheller	October
Ida Baker	November
Anna Shillingsburg	December

RENTS MORTGAGES

For REAL ESTATE Investments

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Johnson & Temple

LOANS 12 North First, San Jose INSURANCE

Pupil—Where and how did Mistletoe get its name?

Mr. W.—(With a rather troubled expression) I don't know. My experience with mistletoe has been very limited.

Miss H——e: I should rather be called a chump than a pedagogue.

Mr. W——: Lizards are *very* closely related to birds. They are as closely related as *Apes* to man.

Miss C——: There is no action in the verb love, is there?

Miss B——y: (Blushingly) I'm not posted on such affairs; ask Mrs. Rousseau, she knows all about such things.

We should like to know who Mr. B——r refers to when he speaks of "the late members of the recent class."

——Porcelain Bath-Tubs and Lavatories——

C. L. Meisterheim

Successor to CHRIS HIRTH

We have entirely remodelled our store and now have the most complete line of plumbing goods, shelf and heavy hardware, etc, in the city.

Phone, James 891 **At the old stand, 159 South First St.**

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Normal students should call and see our most complete stock of fine Gold and Silver articles, Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Optical goods, and all the latest novelties in our lines for presents.

Phone, West 462 Established 1875 Safe Deposit Bank 8 South First Street

Little drops of water
In the morning's milk,
Make the milkman's daughter
Come out in finest silk.—Ex.

In Physical Culture class. L. A.—(Explaining the command, "right dress.") "Why do you put your elbows on your hips?"

TELEPHONE EAST 136 *Calls at the office will be answered at all times, day or night*

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WILL HOBSON

——and you will be dressed right——

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Phone East 302 Dr. Max Wassmann, Mgr. German Spoken
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Sheet and Galvanized Iron Work Roofing and Sheet Copper Work

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---

HELP WANTED (from old history)

A old man with a cork leg to smash potatoes at the Overland Rest, San Jose.

A old woman with one tooth to bite holes in sponges.

A man with two glass eyes, for a baby to punch a fork into them. 1060 Market St., St. Louis.

Floorwalker (who is bow-legged)—"Walk this way, madam."
Miss Q.—"Not on your life."—Ex.

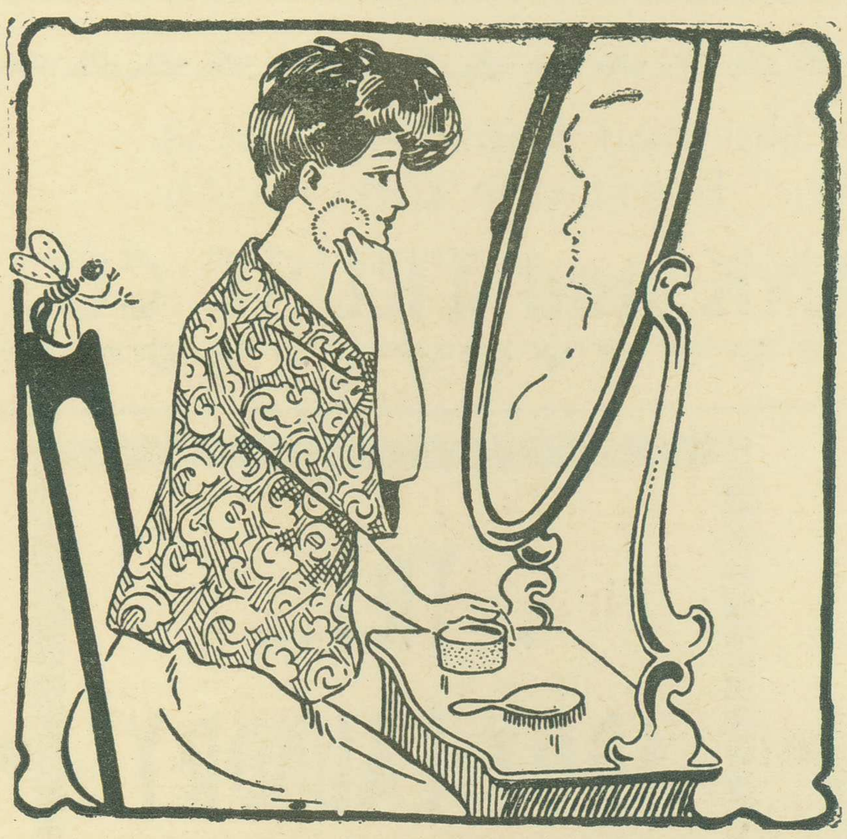
Sue S. is heeding very well what Miss S——r said about politeness, for when she ran against a skeleton in Mr. B's room the other day, she turned and said, "I beg your pardon."

S. D. ZARO J. A. PETRINOVICH

Overland Restaurant and OYSTER HOUSE

Telephone, John 821 29 North First Street

HEADQUARTERS FOR FRESH OYSTERS AND STEAKS



PUZZLE PICTURE

Is your skin greasy, muddy looking or sallow?

RILEY'S CUCUMBER CREAM

is most effective in removing grease and shine from the face. It penetrates into the pores and rubs out again bringing dirt, dust, grease and other impurities with it. Cures blackheads and pimples. Price 25c.

FREE—To the first lady bringing us the answer to the puzzle we will give a large jar of RILEY'S CUCUMBER CREAM.

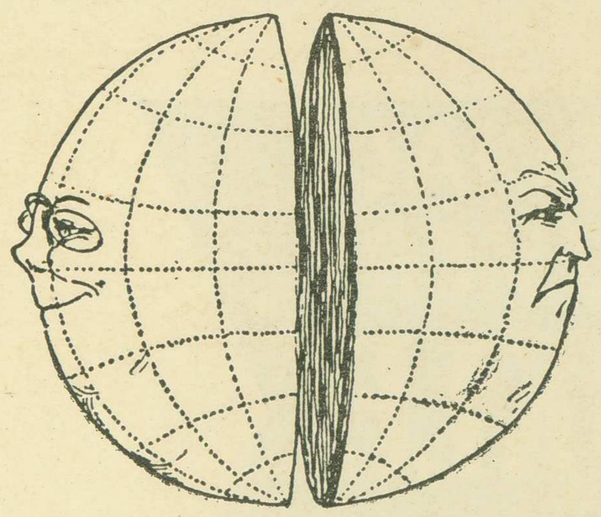
RILEY DRUG CO.

Coaner Second and Santa Clara Sts. San Jose, Cal.

When a man celebrates his birthday he takes a day off; a woman, a year.—Ex.

Mabel D.—Was it necessary for you to inform us that you had been eating onions.

Generally speaking women are—yes they are.
Are what?
Generally speaking.—Ex.



THE WORLD IS DIVIDED

on the question of glasses. People who need and wear them are happy and contented in their use and well satisfied as to their value.

There are those, however, who need, but refuse to wear them, doubting their value and efficiency in their case.

These people may get along and often do by frowning, and squinting, and straining their eyes. 'Tisn't pleasant though, and besides is often dangerous.

If you've eye trouble why not come over on the happy, contented side with the glass wearers.

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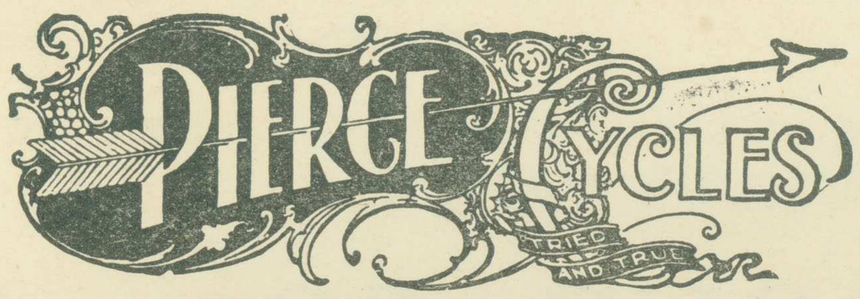

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We want you to become acquainted with the high-class work we do—with the general excellence of the service we are constantly giving our customers. "Troy" methods are satisfactory because they leave nothing undone that ought to be done. From the time our driver collects your wash until it is delivered to you clean and sweet it is handled carefully, intelligently and in a manner calculated to please particular people.

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

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No man could make him sore,
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."—Ex.

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Fussy old gentleman to chance traveling companion—"Have you any children, Sir?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"Ah, indeed. Does he smoke?"

"No, sir. He has never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, Sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

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"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, sir; a model young man. How old is he?"

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M. E. S.—"I wish you would fix our bells."
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M. E. S.—"If you're off agin, I wish you'd put our bells on agin!"
Prof. W. (aside)—"You be gone again."

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

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

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Prime Meat Prompt Delivery

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——Large Assortment——

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

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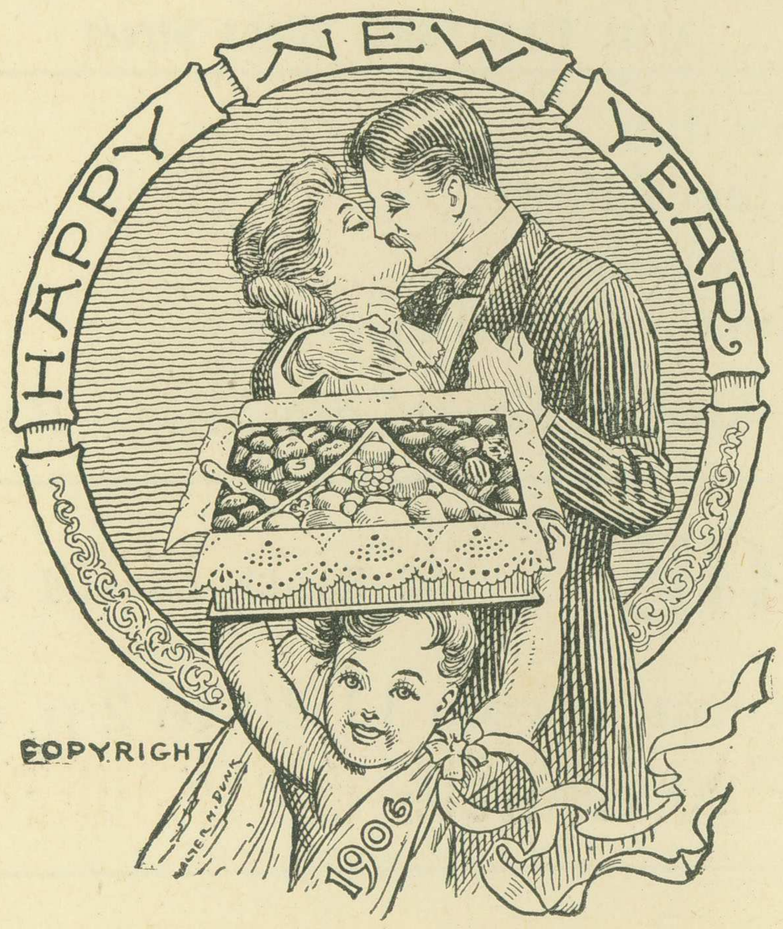
A yacht can stand on a tack in silence, but a man isn't built like a yacht.—Ex.



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the best New Year's resolution you can make is to ear only the purest confections. Those made by O'BRIEN'S are not only reputed to be the finest flavored, always fresh and absolutely pure, but are so in fact. Our hot drinks and tamales are very popular these chilly days and evenings—and we are ready to show you why.

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The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fellows,
But chiefly on the just because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.—Ex.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss has Mr. thing he should not Miss.—Ex.

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

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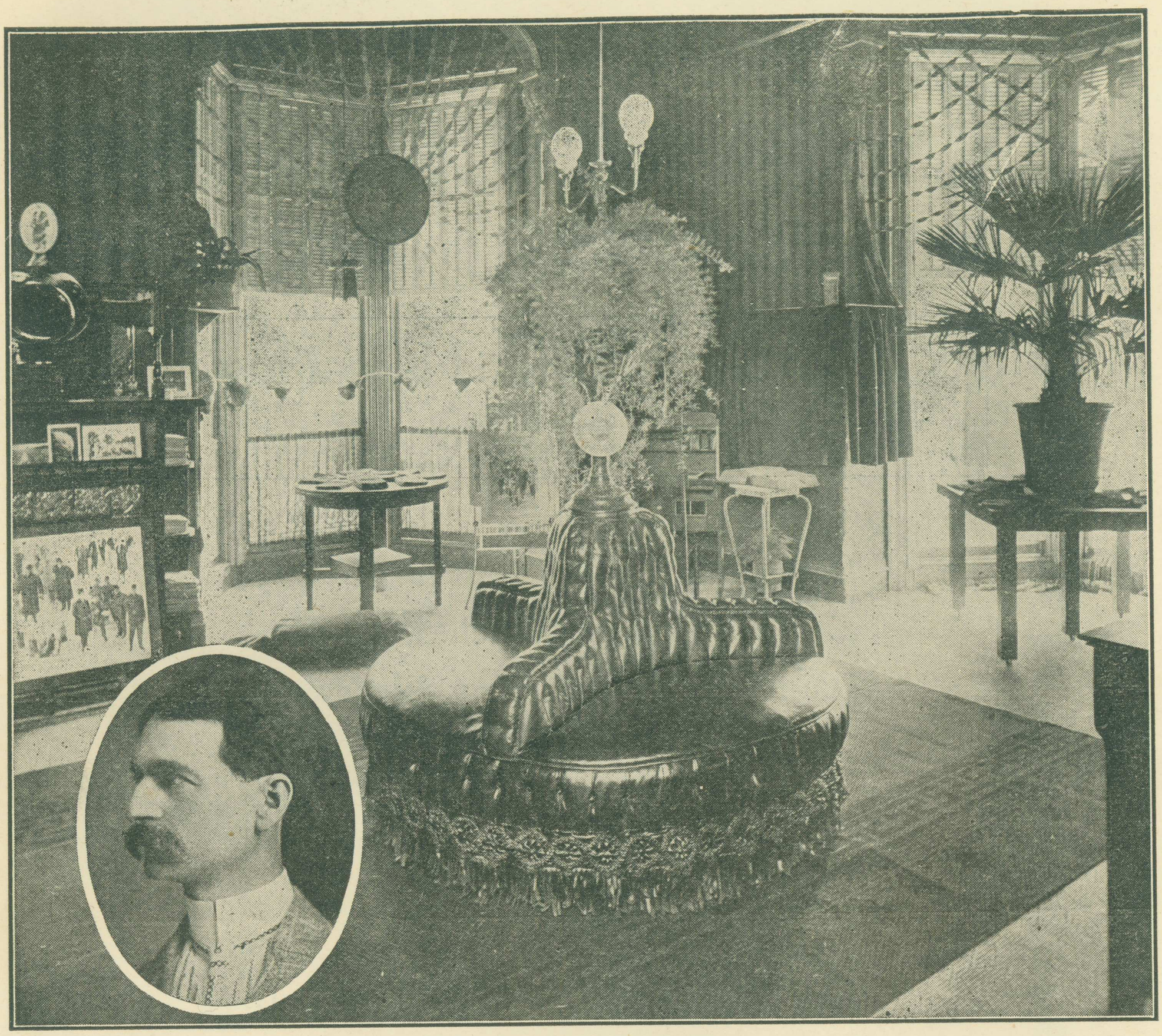

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for NORMAL BOOKS and Supplies

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Teacher—How would you punctuate this sentence? "I saw a pretty girl going down the street."

Small Boy—I would make a dash after the girl.—Ex.

Students, go to Hale's.

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

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Student Waste Baskets, value 30c. Reed and Raffa for Indian Baskets

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"Yes, Siam."
"Well, I'll Fiji."—Ex.

The place to buy good goods is at Hale's.

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All kinds of shoes made to order.
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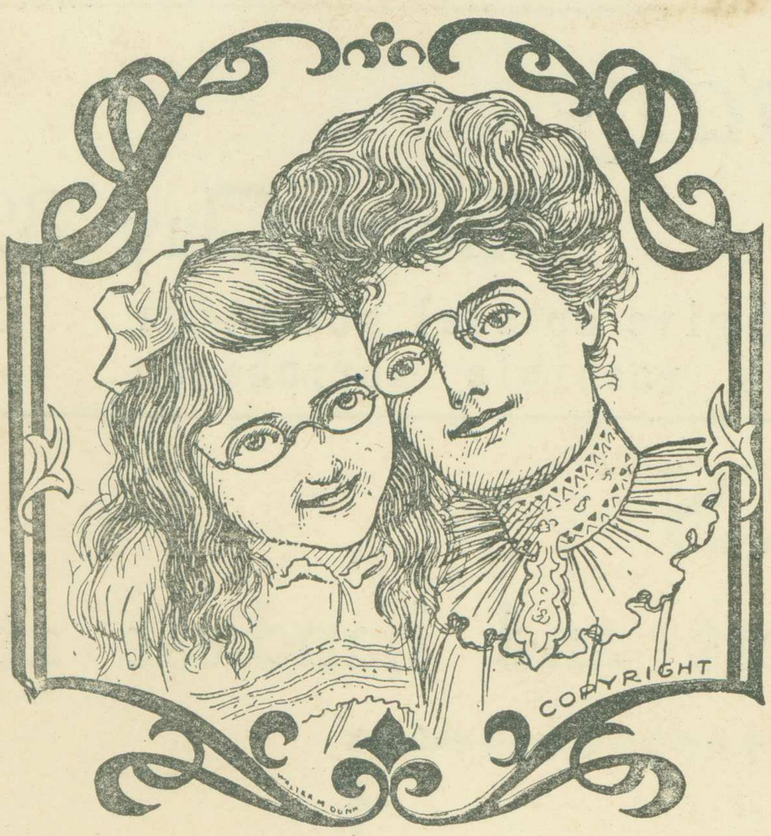
Soles 35 cts. and up.

Eat at Wheeler's

Why does Mr. Wood wish *dear* Miss Purvine to change her name?



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