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The Normal Pennant

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The Normal Pennant

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Ours Only Today.

Daisy M. Bush.

As we live today in the light of the ages,
Whose long years behind us have taken their flight,
Our lives should inscribe for the future's fair pages,
In letters of learning, epistles of light.

We've only today to fashion the letters,
The words we record must be written today;
We've only this moment, when freed from all fetters
We may light up the scroll with life's glowing ray.

For lives great or humble one law has been spoken:
In *action* gain strength with life's duties to cope;
Obedience *today* of success is a token,
The present alone gives the future its hope.

The past with its story of joy or of sorrow,
Lies hidden behind every freshly turned leaf;
Forgotten its struggles, we welcome the morrow,
Whose title is printed in hopeful relief.

Today, e'er our own, let us fill its glad measure
With highest endeavor that lies to our hand;
So while each day gives to the past added treasure,
The future more surely will heed our command.

Our Class History

Mary Garrod
Faye Lightbody

WE all distinctly remember the Monday we entered the Normal. Professor Wilson looked at our credentials and admitted us. And when our admission slip was signed, we felt even happier and prouder than we do now, for the hopes of months and sometimes years were fulfilled. We were at last really and truly in the Normal. On Wednesday morning we began well by coming to school on time. Old students with a patronizing air directed us to the Assembly Hall, but when we got there the buzz, buzz, buzz of five or six hundred girls talking all at once, so completely overwhelmed most of us that we went way back and sat down on the benches which adorned the rear of the room. As a result, our monitor, Frank Carr, called out:

"Present eight,
Can't find thirteen,
Total twenty-one."

This so discouraged Frank that he promptly resigned his monitorship.

But this is not the only time we got lost on this eventful day. When our composition hour came, we all went to room B instead of room P, and to our great surprise, found ourselves in a crowded Algebra class. So from the first we avoided even a room with capital P on the door.

After this brilliant beginning we set to work to keep up the good impression we had made, and the result of our very first year's labor shows how well we succeeded. For we learned three things "for keeps:" first, that two or three of us could not work Algebra together in the library; second, that we could not play ball in the class rooms; and third, that we must keep off the grass. As for the visible proofs of our year's work, we had three collections apiece, one of plants, one of bugs, one of picture cards, and we had note books galore.

We next made an attempt at rhyme-making, and this we carried out with the spirit of "Do or die." The results were sonnets, epics, parodies, blank verse and lyrics. The following effort, by one of our boys, most perfectly interprets the spirit of the class:

"Hear, Oh hear the Normal bell!
What a tale of terror it doth tell!
For in the very birth of morning,
With scarcely a breath of warning,
It calls us from our slumbers.
But the bells within,
What a difference in their din!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Removing every wrinkle
From the delighted face,

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic Rhyme,
To the tintinabulation
Of the joyous heart
At the closing of the recitation."

Most of our conceit was taken out of us during our Junior year, for long papers in history and pedagogy began to use some of our superfluous energy. Then we reached our "limits" in geometry. However, we were somewhat compensated for these hardships in Primary methods; for dear Mrs. Rousseau, in her kind, motherly way, taught all of us, with the exception of Mr. Gould who knew already, the art of sewing on buttons and tape. But the best part of it all was the class gathering just before we left Mrs. Rousseau. After many little social affairs, we felt the truth of our "Bland" professor's philosophy, "The sum total of the pleasures of this life is greater than the sum total of the pains."

Thus encouraged we came to our Senior year. Here, if we had not been nearly all girls, we should have been made lawyers instead of teachers, for in the short space of forty weeks we have had to wade through John Swett's "History of the Public Schools of California," "The School Law of California," and Hinsdale's "American Government," not only in one subject but in two. Now it is all over and something like gratitude fills our hearts, for if we cannot get schools, we may continue our study of law.

With the advent of this class, a broader student life began in the school. The Student Body was organized, and it seems to have grown and developed with us. Ned Gould, Herbert Montgomery and Blanche Bunney have filled important offices and Gussie Wright, Erna Purcell, Antoinette Barre, Carrie Conmy, and Charles Jared have been able speakers at its meetings. We have all rejoiced at its success and leave it with bright hopes for its future.

The first Pennant was published the February we entered. All of our class have taken an active interest in the paper and Genevieve Nicholson, Daisy Bush, Edith Tiffany, Francis Miotke and Cora Ripley have been personally instrumental in making it a success.

In the line of athletics much has been done. The tennis courts were laid out and many were the pleasant hours spent thereon by Herbert Montgomery, Chas. Brown, Bertha Yates and others. The boys of our class have always been leaders in athletics. Frank Carr was one of the star players on the gridiron. Will Hanlon was Captain of the base ball team of 1901, while for four seasons both Hanlon and Carr have worn the uniform on the diamond. We girls aided the boys financially by coming to farces given for their benefit and by enthusiastically "rooting" for them at the games. The Basket Ball team was also organized. Many of our class have taken an active part in it, Edith MacBain being Captain at the time it was in its prime.

During these four years in the Normal, the members of our class have developed such striking personalities, that it is impossible to write a

true history without portraying individual traits. So in as few words as possible we will show how the environment of the Normal has affected us individually

Joe Saunders leaves the school as one of the modern lights of art and music. Mary Smith has made her notebooks in such a scientific way, that they have been passed to the students of succeeding classes to prepare them for tests. Through all the trials and tribulations of the Normal, Eleanor Bradford has kept a smiling countenance and is still the sunshine of our class. Charles Jared, after leaving the school to study Arizona Indians and Monsoons has lately come back to us,

"With wisdom fraught.
Not such as books but such as practice taught."

Some of Margaret McKeirnan's excellent maps are preserved on the Training School boards for the benefit of posterity. Jean Smith has developed a mania for evolution and is fired with an ambition to change all unscientific jokes regarding monkeys. Phoebe Poole's particular personal traits are peace, perfection and sweetness. Francis Wilburn Talbert's particular hobby is "University Settlements," though he can talk exhaustively on all subjects. Bertha Wittenberg's good-natured serenity has remained unruffled. Mignonette Myers is a harmoniously developed prodigy along all lines and:—

"Still we gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Ruth Bennett has won the hearts of all in a quiet unostentatious way. Fannie Grabow has always a kind word or an expression of interest for every one. Winifred Wheeler's winning ways make her a favorite with all her class mates and teachers. And now for the literary geniuses. Edith Tiffany is an essayist and like the true essayist, she is nothing if not critical. Daisy Bush is a poet of some little renown and her sonnets have long been the pride of the class.

Having given the past history of our illustrious class we will now leave the unravelling of its future to our prophets—Nell Nethercott and Agnes Brown.



CLASS OFFICERS.

GUSSIE WRIGHT, PRESIDENT.

EDNA FROST, VICE-PRESIDENT.

WINIFRED WHEELER, SECRETARY.

FANNY GRABOW, TREASURER.

Leaves From Our Diary.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1912.

SUCH a delightful rest as we have had since our arrival here can scarcely be equalled by any of our profession. After ten years of faithful endeavor to originate an extraordinary system of discipline in an institution founded by Prof. Dailey in Milpitas, we have decided to take a European journey for enjoyment and rest. We visited the San Jose Normal school before our departure for the East and tried to persuade some of our industrious classmates to take a leave of absence and accompany us. Edna Frost is now acting as Preceptress. We were surprised to see such works of art hanging on the walls of the corridors and were informed that they were done by the students of Alice Schumacher. Fanny Grabow, the Nature Study teacher of the Training School, has transformed the basement into a beautiful conservatory, where bulbs blossom into rarest beauty. The Bridge of Sighs has undergone a transformation, also. It is now an aviary filled with songsters from all parts of the world. The students have not been able to compete with their rivals so music has been dropped for the present. Elsie Cushing was busy with her manual training classes, superintending the structure of a girls' "gym" on the campus. The students find the Carnegie Library a source of great pleasure. A new system has been adopted and works charmingly. There is no librarian, no record kept of conduct, no time limit of books or number of books taken. In regard to books, however, there is an ample sufficiency for all. Bertha Wittenberg's "American Possessions" is the most popular history of its kind in existence, and students can have the use of as many volumes as they please and discuss them orally during the library hours, without being called to order. Time does not permit of further detail. Great credit is due Ned Gould, the Mayor of the City, who has spared no time and investigation in getting appropriations for the library and in selecting the very best classics for popular use.

Well good-bye to reminiscences of California. We start for Europe tomorrow in Jo Saunder's world famous air-ship.

JULY 4, LONDON—Comfortably situated at the Hotel Montgomery and are royally entertained by the proprietor, Herbert, who although he is now "bloomin English, you know," has still the same jovial manner that made him such a favorite in the Normal.

JULY 5—Visited Westminster this morning. Found Daisy Bush, Blanche Bunney, and Eleanor Bradford writing sonnets at the tombs of their favorite poets. They did not recognize us and so deeply were they engrossed in their poetic musings, that we left them undisturbed. From there, went to Royal Art Academy and were attracted by some rare paintings of Faye Lightbody's. Upon our return to the hotel, the proprietor presented us with complimentary tickets to the opera. He said

they were left for us by the leading lady of the company. We were all curiosity to go.

2 A. M.—Just returned from the Grand Opera. Will wonders never cease? We were taught once never to be surprised at anything, but when a queenlike blonde appeared, we both gasped simultaneously, "Jessica Smith!" The applause satisfied us that she was a favorite among the Opera lovers.

We had heeded Mrs. George's advice about not burdening ourselves with needless baggage, so it was necessary for us to go to a costumer's and rent our opera gowns. We were directed to the most fashionable house on the Strand. We were escorted into the Reception Parlors where two magnificently dressed ladies welcomed us cordially. We were astonished at our reception, but when the "Normal class of 1902" was mentioned we instantly recognized them as Ora Broyles and Carrie Conmy. They did not bid us adieu until we had been gowned in most elegant attire and made us promise to return and make a call. We felt as poor Cinderella must have felt—all we lacked was the fairy prince.

On leaving the Opera House, a sign over an Oyster Grotto attracted our attention. The interior was very artistic and reminded us of the cooking school in the Normal. Upon inquiry, we found that the Chef was Antoinette Barre and we regretted that her time was too occupied *even* to receive callers.

JULY 6—We were flattered by an invitation from Countess —— (nee Cora Ripley) to luncheon at her palatial home on Piccadilly. The invitation came too late as we were just leaving for Venice.

VENICE—Met here by Jessie Manning and her husband who took us to their picturesque home in a most graceful and swanlike gondola. The moonlight ride was the finest we had ever experienced.

SUNDAY, July 10—Jessie and her husband accompanied us to Milan to hear Evelyn McEnerney sing in the Cathedral. It really did our old hearts good to hear the sweet voice of our classmate again.

ATHENS, JULY 12—This morning in our rambles through the old ruins where the unknown woman was supposed to have been found, we saw a woman digging as though in search of some lost relic. As we nearer approached, we saw the familiar face of Edith McBane. She told us she was not satisfied with the loneliness of the "unknown woman" and is sure she must have had a mate and she has spent years in search of the "unknown man."

JULY 13—Our stay has been short as we are anxious to start for Paris. We leave this morning in high spirits for France.

PARIS, JULY 15—Just returned from a famous Parisian Art Exhibit. We are wild with enthusiasm over the paintings. Saw a grand painting of one of our old class, Genevieve Nicholson. The artist's number is "13" and we are waiting in anxious suspense until the artists' names are made public. Heard today that the wife of a famous painter was

once a California teacher. We are sure it is Genevieve. Wednesday will end our suspense.

JULY 16—Met Winifred Wheeler on the street. She is on her way to Leipsic to study languages. Her information about some of the members of the class was very interesting. She says that Edith Tiffany and Erna Purcell are leaders in a grand movement for higher education of women in the Philippine Islands. They have enlisted the following as teachers: Clara Hamilton, Bertha Yates, Edith Young, Mary Smith, Mary Garrod, Mary O'Connell, Marguerite McKernon and Rosalie Fromhertz.

JULY 17—Received announcements of Phoebe Poole's and Mignonette Myers' post graduate course from Harvard Annex. They expect now to assist Mr. Talbert in his University Settlement work. They say his plan is proving to be a grand success and that Mr. Talbert's name will be recorded with those of great note.

AFTERNOON—A note just arrived from our old friend Frances Miotke, who is keeping a fashionable boarding school for young ladies at Chateau a la Grande. She kindly asks us to visit her and we are only too anxious to go.

JULY 19—Just returned from the boarding school in one of the most delightfully romantic places we had ever been in. We were loath to depart. We smiled at the memory of our little institution awaiting us. We met Mamie Allen, the instructor in Morals and Manners, and Ruth Bennett, the Physical Culture director. Going into the dancing-hall we were greatly astonished at the gallant looking dancing master who seemed a French artist at his best. But what next! When we got a better view of him it was none other than George Shedd. He says he enjoys this life immensely. Will Hanlon has become such an adept on the violin that he is greatly in demand among his pupils there.

JULY 20—Looked in the paper the first thing for the mysterious artist's name. It is La Bele Cuis. The paper announces his departure with his charming wife Genevieve for the sunny clime of Italy for a summer's outing. How sorry we were that we hadn't seen her!

NOON—The San Francisco Chronicle of July 10, gives the plans for the World's Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1913. The whole scheme has been worked out by the Women's Club of San Francisco of which Gussie Wright is the President.

AUG. 1—Arrived at New York again and feel anxious to get home as soon as possible.

AUG. 5—Home again! Little did we think that the first news of our class that should reach us on our return would be so sad. Mr. Jared who had organized day-schools in the Indian Reservations of Arizona, had attempted to teach Nature Study and it met with violent opposition. He was suspected of being an evil counsellor and was accordingly put to death.

AUG. 6—Jean Smith just arrived to act as the art professor in our

own institution. The building has been greatly enlarged and Jean is going to have a room where there will be plenty of light and shade. The tendency of the age is to disregard form altogether, and seek only for masses of color, here and there, among the junk.

Choice.

E. O.

We long and seek and strive for what is best,
Of truth and loveliness our hearts to cheer;
We think our ideals bear the highest test,
So fondly cherish all that we hold dear.
We honor deeds of sacrifice and love;
We praise to heaven the hero and the feat;
We offer worship to the God above,
And say that suffering is for us but meet.
But if, in love, a tithe of all our powers
God bids us spend on those whom Fate has tossed,
Bids us but share the pleasures that are ours
Of health and home and gladness never lost,
We shun the sacred duty making choice
To heed the earthly not the Heavenly voice.



NELL NETHERCOTT, Prophet. DAISY BUSH, Poet. AGNES BROWN, Prophet.

MARY GARROD, Historian. FAYE LIGHTBODY, Historian.

Let Your Light So Shine.

Mignonette Myers.

A CROWD awaited the train at the little station of Kennedy one afternoon early in February. Everyone for ten miles around knew that a new teacher was to preside in the Lawrence district and that the next train would bring her: so about one o'clock they began to assemble; the young storekeeper, who was elated over the new acquisition; the old hotel-keeper, who had rheumatism in one leg and admitted with much modesty that he was sole proprietor of the "Vendome;" the little dressmaker, who inwardly decided that she would cultivate the new school ma'am's acquaintance and get ideas on the hang of the latest skirts,—these and numerous others who could be regarded as permanent attachments of the town stood on the platform when the train puffed in and finally stopped.

Everybody was on the alert, but as only two drummers alighted, and no sign of anything like a petticoat was visible, one of the loungers remarked, "By gosh! I bet she didn't come."

"Yes, she did," chimed a youngster. "There's old man Emerson talking to a girl way down at the end. Gee-whiz! she ain't got long dresses on yet!" was the same youngster's disgusted remark.

"Kid, them's the kind the women wears now-a-days. Don't you know nothin'?"

As "old man Emerson" advanced to meet her, Harriet Stanley thought she had never seen a finer old age. He walked as though the long years had not caused him any loss of self-respect. His beard and hair were snow white, and his bronzed face lighted up with the most benevolent expression as he asked if she were Miss Stanley. Taking charge of her baggage checks he had her and her belongings stowed away in the old spring-wagon that waited behind the station; and in a few minutes, Harriet, unconscious of the fact that numerous pairs of curious eyes followed the wagon, was spinning along the road toward the spot where a new phase of her life was to begin.

They travelled up, down and around low hills upon whose green sides cattle strolled and nibbled. The country was not startling in its beauty by any means, but everything seemed to be doing the very best that it could under the circumstances, which, Mr. Emerson explained, were not very promising.

"I don't want no more droughts, Miss Stanley. Been tryin' to keep a plaster off my land and last year thought I was safe, but—it looks bad. A good rain soon will save us. Just look at that feed—turned red already. Might as well hope, though. The almanac says a good rain is comin' the end of this month."

Miss Stanley mentally turned over a few of Professor Holway's remarks with regard to weather predictions in the almanacs, but the old man seemed so hopeful that she said nothing.

He really *was* interesting in a *way* and soon, before Harriet realized that they had traveled over five miles, they drove down a lane and around a tiny hill, on the top of which stood a small whitewashed house, quite alone;—below, the barn, granary, and machine shed all had the same clean white appearance.

"Well, here we are. Now, I'll tie right here to the corral, and take you up to mother."

"Mother" was indeed a mother, the dearest little mother-woman Harriet had ever seen, and as she was taken to her room, which, though small, was clean and comfortable, she knew that everything that could be done for her comfort while she was with them, would be done.

Everything was new to Harriet. At the supper table she met the rest of the family, three big hearty boys, two younger robust girls, and a poor blind uncle who received the kindest of attention. After supper she spent some time in talking over school matters with Mr. Emerson, who was one of the trustees.

That night in her dreams she chastised rows and rows of mischievious boys and girls, stood them in corners in wood-boxes, sent them to gather whole cords of willow switches, "which all signifies," she said to herself the next morning as she arose, "that my experience here is going to be a very pleasant one, if I am to judge by the old saying about dreams."

The next day being Saturday, Harriet, with one of the girls, drove over to the school house in the afternoon in an old breaking cart. The appearance of the building was not very inviting—it stood on a little side-hill at the edge of the road from which the yard was separated by neither wire nor picket; not a tree nor shrub grew about (evidently the stray cattle were responsible for that), and as she unlocked the door and entered she could scarcely withhold an exclamation. The soiled yellow wall-paper was torn and hanging in places and streamers of cloth were festooned about in a style that would strike horror to Miss Vivian's soul. The soiled half curtains at the windows were almost covered with the vacation's cobwebs, and as Harriet advanced towards the organ, two frightened mice darted from under it, and made their exit at the other end of the room. Although her head was filled with educational ideas and resolutions on the subject of personal example, she religiously avoided that organ for the rest of the hour. After looking over the library books and school-apparatus, she locked the door and left, taking with her the register in order to be able to make out some sort of a program.

"How long has the wall-paper been in that condition, Annie?" she asked of her little companion on the way back to Emerson's.

"Well, it was pretty bad when school closed last Thanksgiving, but the lock on one of the shutters is broken and some boys got in in vacation and just *ripped* things. Sometimes, Miss Stanley, no one seems to care what happens to this school. I'm afraid everybody is dead here."

"Evidently some sort of an awakening is needed," thought Miss Stanley to herself.

"I don't like school much any more myself," the child went on. "No wonder," thought Miss Stanley again, "with those walls."

That night after talking with Mr. Emerson she learned that there was no money in the school fund for improvements. But the school room needed new paper on its walls and Harriet Stanley made up her mind that it should get it. So on Monday morning after the usual preliminaries she told the pupils of her plan and asked for their help. She offered to contribute one dollar and a half if the boys and girls would bring enough to make up three dollars which would easily buy the paper. All offered to help after school hours and on Saturdays and Annie said that her mother could make "fine paste," so the plan seemed to work well so far. At home the child broke the news and Mrs. Emerson readily promised to furnish all the paste, brushes, and other things that one needed. The Emerson boys who heard the scheme offered to help with their labor and one big brother delighted Annie's heart by tossing her fifty cents which she promptly turned over to Miss Stanley.

The next day teacher and pupils borrowed from a neighbor a rickety "horse" which served as a means of reaching the tops of the walls. The ceiling was already painted so it needed no paper. After school hours during the rest of the week all were busy with tack and hammer, tearing down old paper and tacking up smoothly the loose cloth.

Saturday Miss Stanley went to town and was surprised to find, on looking over the small stock of paper at the largest store, a very suitable blue which was given to her at a reduction "bein" it was for the school.

The events which attended the papering of that school-house would fill a volume of intensely interesting literature. Singular, but true, just as the actual work of papering was about to begin, every man and boy in the district was very busy plowing, trying to get in the crop before the rain which the local prophets declared was coming. The girls had either to stay at home and help with the washing or do the churning, so by Saturday Miss Stanley found her corps of assistants limited to one girl whom every one in the district claimed was half-witted. That morning was a memorable one. Mrs. Emerson was sick and both girls were needed at home. An old plow-horse that had served his time was all that could be spared, so Miss Stanley took her bucket of paste and started for the school alone. The distance was a mile and a half.

Putting the paste in the bottom of the cart she climbed in from the back, not very gracefully, for the peculiar construction of the cart did not admit of any fetching poses. Giving the reins a slap, she started the old horse going at a steady jog, jog, jog, jog. The cart greatly resembled our famous telescopes in that only the slightest touch was necessary to set any of its parts in motion. The bottom slid from side to side and occasionally bounded upward; the paste in the bucket made corresponding motions and finally in terror, Harriet stopped the horse and decided

to try holding the bucket with one hand and driving with the other. But human muscle *will* grow weary, and bringing the horse to another standstill she made an exchange, driving with the other hand. Soon both arms were tired, her frame of mind was anything but pleasant and to add to all, some one from the top of a hill called out, "stick to the paste, Miss Stanley," which seemed quite unnecessary as she could not very well do otherwise with paste smeared over both bucket and cart. Dropping the lines, she grasped the handle with both hands and let the horse go where he would. Fortunately he seemed to understand the predicament and in time stopped at the school-house.

Harriet was already weary, but tying up the horse she soon had everything in readiness for work. Using the back of one of the black-boards for a table she began and in a few minutes her one faithful assistant arrived. The work progressed rapidly considering the fact that they were amateurs and during the day numerous visitors offered valuable suggestions at least the visitors thought they were valuable. Old Bailey, who always wore heelless slippers and red socks, said that of course *he* could see that "it wa'n't no professional doin' the job, still it wasn't bad."

Considerable was accomplished; during the following week a little more was done, and Saturday came again with three assistants. This time Harriet bound the top of the bucket of paste with two gunny-sacks and had no such experience as she had the week before. Pushing the work rapidly it was decided that another good day's labor would finish it.

During the week the rain really came, the local prophets nodded to each other and by the next Saturday the roads were so bad that Mr. Emerson himself drove Harriet to the school-house in a covered rig. One of the boys was to come for her in the afternoon.

No sooner had she begun work than the rain started in perfect torrents, not stopping till about three.

Putting on the last strip of border, she cleaned up the room, and after admiring her work she took a book from the book-case and sat down by the stove to wait until someone came to take her home.

It was a very interesting chapter and she was unconscious of the time until the light began to fade. She felt rather uneasy but still no one came, so putting on her mackintosh and rubbers she closed the shutters, locked the door, and started afoot. Picking her way carefully she soon reached the top of the little hill from which led the lane to Emersons. She stopped suddenly. Right down the middle of the road, and filling it almost entirely rushed a stream that came in a perfect little torrent from the canyon a mile back. But what surprised her most was a man with a cart and horse slowly working toward her but hugging the fence along the side of the road.

As he came nearer she saw that it was Mr. Emerson's eldest son and she hastened on to meet him. Finally reaching him she learned that although the roads had been cut up during the day, still the torrent had not reached the house until after he had started.

Turning the cart around was the next problem and a difficult one, but was finally accomplished The boy was a careful driver and as they advanced the torrent slackened, allowing them more room. Harriet breathed easier for a while, but upon turning a bend the boy said, "Here's rather a bad place, Miss Stanley. Hold on." She took a long breath and clutched the side and back of the cart. The horse gave a little plunge down a bank, but they both managed to keep their seats. "Now, here's another, hold on again, Miss Stanley." Miss Stanley obeyed orders but as she did so the wheel on her side went down suddenly, down into soft deep mud, down until Harriet wondered if it *could* go any farther. The horse struggled to pull them out, the boy urged it with shouts and a horse-whip and Harriet held on tightly until they were entirely safe, when she discovered that she had both arms around Henry's waist and both hands clasped firmly on the other side.

As the horse started on she straightened up and looked quickly to see if he were conscious of what she had done. He looked suddenly at her, evidently thinking of the same thing, and catching a queer expression on her face, laughed outright, which of course made her laugh too.

"By gosh! that was rich!" and he laughed so uproariously that the old horse turned to look.

That evening they all talked it over. "Wasn't you awful scared, Miss Stanley?" asked Mary. "Of course Henry wasn't. He's almost a man and men ain't scared of anything."

"O, but I was, though," said Henry, as he rose to go to the barn and attend to the horses for the night. As the other boys laughed he added, "And you would have been, too, boys, if you had the schoolma'am huggin' you as tight as ever she could and you not able to defend yourself." Darting out and slamming the door, he left Harriet to make her own explanations.

A few weeks after, the superintendent visited the school and was surprised at the change in the appearance of the school-room. The white curtains at the windows made the room cozy, the plants on the window sills made it cheerful, the few good pictures on the wall made it pleasing to the eye, and the whole atmosphere seemed changed. The untidy girl's dress was neatly mended, the neglected boy's coat sleeve was no longer ripped, these as results of a Friday afternoon sewing class.

At the next institute when the superintendent spoke of the progress made by the schools in the county during the past year, he spoke particularly of one school that had been entirely changed by the efforts of the teacher and a few girls,—of things that had worked a silent influence in one district, and Harriet knew that she had done more than merely paper a school-house.

Training Department.

Song Composition by Receiving and First Grades.

A PLEASANT little diversion from the ordinary music of the morning exercises created quite a little enthusiasm on the part of the pupils last Friday. This feature, the composition of a song, words and music, is the first of a series of such creations that are in contemplation for the classes in connection with their musical development.

The process of composition was as follows. It was proposed to the lowest class, children six and seven years of age, that they tell the story of a day in February, for which they are making preparation by means of language and constructive expression (modeling, sewing, etc). They immediately named Washington's birthday. It was suggested that this story be told in poetry, so that it could be sung. In order to awaken a consciousness of rhyme and rhythm, they were requested to repeat some little stories which they knew in poetry. Several children volunteered, and recited "The Rose-bush," "Up in a Swing," "The Little Bird," "The Stars" etc. Then they were asked to tell their story in the same way, and the teacher asked for the first line. All seemed timid at first, but when a boy volunteered and said,

"Washington's birthday comes in February,"

the ice was broken and a little girl objected as "that line cannot be sung," she said, and offered instead,

"Do you know about Washington's birthday?"

The teacher repeated it slowly, all agreed it could be sung, and it was written upon the board. Then another child added;

"It will be here to-morrow."

While this was being written and repeated slowly, several objections were made. It could not be sung with the other, and it was not true. It was erased, and immediately a little girl said,

"It will be here very soon."

Written and repeated slowly, this line was satisfactory, and another volunteer said,

"I wish it would come to-morrow."

and then there was a pause. As there seemed to be some difficulties in understanding just what was needed, they were asked to repeat one of their old poems, and it became evident that the words at the ends of lines two and four sounded alike. Then some one said "We want a word like 'soon.'" No sooner said than words came from all parts of the room,—"balloon," "noon," "moon," "tune," and others. Asked which of the list, that had been written upon the board, would best fit in their story of Washington's Birthday, one little girl said, "tune, and I like this:—

"The band will play a beautiful tune."

Then the four lines were read as written, but the last line did not please one pupil who said it was too long. Asked what she would do about it, she said, "I would leave out the word 'beautiful,' and say

"The band will play a tune."

Here a boy objected to "will" and wished it changed to "would."

Now the completed stanza was read from the blackboard as follows:

Do you know about Washington's Birthday?
It will be here very soon.
I wish it would come tomorrow,
The band would play a tune.

As the hour was almost over, it was suggested that a tune be given to these words. The children looked puzzled, but as the teacher read the lines through slowly and rhythmically once or twice their faces relaxed, and, when at the end of the first line she saw a timid hand half raised, and stopped, the child who was called upon and asked to sing what she thought, rose very slowly and looked frightened; but as soon as she commenced singing her voice grew clearer and more decisive as she sang the first line:

"Have you heard about Washington's Birthday?"

The teacher played it in the same key, and the class sang it. They had barely finished the strain when a little six-year-old girl, a sister to the last one, bounded out of her seat, and, hardly waiting to be called upon, sang the second line:

"It will be here very soon."

The rhythm was marked, and showed a complete loss of self-consciousness in the desire to express her musical thought.

Now they were asked if they would like to see their own little song as it looked when written *just as they had made it*. They responded eagerly, and while the teacher was placing the staff and music upon the board their joy was unbounded. They laughed aloud in their glee, and it was very unwillingly that they consented to postpone the finishing lines until the next lesson.

The above work is in line with that of the Elementary School of the University of Chicago, under Dr. Dewey's supervision. Miss R. F. English, Principal of the Primary Department, who is always ready to take hold of the advanced methods which are practical, has inaugurated the system here with the most pleasing and satisfactory results.

NOTE—We regret the necessity in printing the article of omitting the staff and notes.

Its Internal Organism.

The Training School is and should be the ultimate end, the climax, and the summit of the whole Normal course. Recently its strides towards a perfected development have been almost phenomenal. It is in

touch with the methods pursued in the Normal, thus closely correlating the work of the two schools. These by nature are very different; the one furnishes the theory, the other the practice.

THE STANDARD.

The standard of the Training Department sets the pace for the whole course, and by the patient, careful, and thoughtful work on the part of the two corps of teachers, the two schools have made an almost perfect union. The student should strive to so adapt himself in all his Normal work as to be able to best meet and fill all requirements necessary for his professional career. The Training Department, more than any other, fits him for his vocation, and through him it holds the reputation of the Normal School at stake, so, therefore, it must ever remain not only the goal, but the crowning point of the whole school career.

"THE ENTERTAINING SIDE."

Besides the value of the regular routine work the Training Department affords a very considerable amount of practice in getting up entertainments. Without doubt this knowledge will prove of no mean value to many of us in the country schools.

As pursued here, it gives one the thorough well-rounded development that we read about! Here the ambitious, interested, young pedagogues may show their attainments as musical directors, elocutionists, dramatists and as theatrical managers. When it comes to the decorating act nearly all the subjects in the whole course of study are brought into play, to say nothing of the mental discipline and the field for acrobatic feats. In fact, even Zoology has a place here for I have sometimes heard the student teachers say that the whole entertainment scheme was a "bugbear."

ITS RELATION TOWARDS THE STUDENT TEACHERS.

The January Class feels that since they have been breathing the exhilarating atmosphere and basking in the "sunny smiles" of the critic teachers of the Training Department, that they have made a great professional advancement. We have found here pleasant surroundings, interesting children, and a congenial, pleasant corps of teachers. Of course we have all had our share of criticism; in fact, more criticism than praise, for naturally enough the critics, having only a short time at their disposal, must give their attention to the correction of our mistakes and expect as a matter of course that we are able to do some things well.

Having had our due amount of experience, we would advise those following us to feel free to go to the critics at any time, talk things over, seek methods of presenting subjects, be benefited by their experiences, and thus save the child from injury and themselves from the dread and uncertainty which so handicaps the teacher. We have always found the critics ready and willing to help, their experiences are always beneficial, and their friendly advice inspiring. They can not be classed as faddists, but are merely types of the intensely practical teacher in perfect touch

with the movements of the times, and promulgating methods which are up-to-date, natural and praiseworthy.

FICTION.

On behalf of the Training Department the January Class wishes to say that it is not the bug-bear, the dragon with the hundred heads, that it has been pictured. Some of the stories told and the hair-raising and heart-rending incidents so enthusiastically recited, would make the advent to Hades seem preferable to the uninitiated. Many of the student teachers of the past seemed to have taken an extreme delight in playing upon the credulity of the younger students. The January Class, however, feels that such vividly imaginative, and highly colored descriptions are not only detrimental from the standpoint of veracity to the "fictionists" themselves. but also work a great hardship to the coming teacher and to the children, for the antagonistic attitude aroused in the future teachers will most assuredly be felt by those under their supervision, and bring about the consequent conduct.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

There has been a new sgstem inaugurated in the Normal course which provides for a term of observation in the Training Department. This is a great stride towards union; much uncertainty and many intangible fears will be removed. The assistant teachers, as the observers are called, are thus enabled to come in touch with the mechanism of the school, and to come in contact with real children, instead of studying abstract theories and imaginary beings.

In the future publications the Department will be designated as the Practice School, which title will more appropriately express its true significance.

The student is now allowed a choice of subjects to teach at his first teaching, and in the future by a careful arrangement of his program he may be able to take the class he has been observing, and the results will doubtless prove the worth of the new system.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SAN JOSE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - GENEVIEVE NICHOLSON

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HERBERT MONTGOMERY Training Department

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - - - - JANUARY, 1902

AS the day of graduation is at hand, we, the Class of January, 1902, are glad that we are now ready to join the California educators. We are prepared to answer the summons of our State, which we feel is, at the present time, for teachers from our Normal schools.

The State is gradually closing the doors of its elementary schools to all but professionally trained teachers. We cannot help but feel the responsibility of so representing our *Alma Mater* as to prove that the San Jose State Normal is, what of a right it should be, the best place to prepare teachers for our grammar schools.

The regret of breaking up associations is somewhat tempered by the thought that there are so many opportunities for meeting again. The Alumni Meeting, State Convention, and Institutes will bring most of us together quite often. Then should the much desired opportunity present itself, we may hope to meet again as students in the corridors of the University.



GENEVIEVE NICHOLSON, EDITOR.

EDITH TIFFANY, BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRANK CARR. CORA RIPLEY.

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News.

THE musical and farce given in Normal Hall on January 15th, by the Athletic Association was a decided success, both as an entertainment and as a financial project. The program rendered was as follows: 1. Selection by the Normal Mandolin Club; 2. Recitation, "At the Photographers," Miss Agatha G. Cummings; 3. Violin Solo, "Hungarian Fantasie," Henry L. Bettman, accompanied by Mrs. W. Otto; 5. Vocal Solo, "To Serilla," Miss Cummings; 5. Cornet Solo, Mr. Elmer Chase. The farce entitled "A Box of Monkeys" which was presented at the conclusion of the musical program was very well received. Following is the cast of characters: Edward Ralston, a promising young American, half owner in the Sierra gold mine, Willie Meese; Chauncey Oglethorpe, his partner, second son of Lord Duncaster, F. L. Talbert; Mrs. Ondego Jones, an admirer of rank, Miss Georgia Smith; Sierra Bengaline, her niece, an American girl from the West, Lillian Rainey; Lady Guinevere Llandpoore, an English girl, daughter of Earl of Paynaught, Miss Theo. Wills. The Athletic Association wishes to acknowledge its grateful appreciation to those people, who, either by their efforts or patronage, contributed to the success of the entertainment.

The forenoon of January 8th will linger in the minds of Normal students as one of the most enjoyable and profitable mornings ever spent in the school. Upon that day we had the pleasure of an address by Prof. M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, and music by the Stanford Glee and Mandolin Club. Prof. O'Shea who occupies the chair of pedagogy in the University of Wisconsin, is regarded as one of the brightest men in the pedagogical world today, and we consider ourselves especially fortunate in having had the pleasure of listening to an address by him. The subject of Mr. O'Shea's address was "Discipline," which is one of vital importance to us in our work as teachers. The subject was handled in such a practical, instructive, and entertaining manner, that at the conclusion of his talk he received hearty applause. Later in the morning the Stanford Glee and Mandolin Club arrived at school and entertained our students with vocal and instrumental music for over half an hour. While all the selections rendered by the club were good, the one that brought forth vociferous applause was a duet selected from the Grand Opera of "Rough House."

Mr. Heston, who since September has been taking a course in Law at the University of Michigan, passed through San Jose with the football team of that institution on its way to Pasadena to play Stanford. He spent Christmas day in town renewing old acquaintanceships.

Mr. Edwin Palmer was seen in town during the holidays. Mr. Palmer, who is teaching at Alton, near his home, in Humboldt county, came to San Jose to spend his vacation.

Miss Elsie Lee also spent her vacation at her home in San Jose. Miss

Lee has taught a very successful term in the city school of Hanford.

The smiling face of Miss Rose Fleisig was seen in the Normal corridors shortly before the Christmas holidays. Miss Fleisig is teaching in Monterey county.

Among our recent visitors was Miss Gertie McCloskey, an alumnus of the February class, '01. Miss McCloskey has been teaching at Paiciennes, San Benito county, but it is reported that she has resigned her school to accept a school of one.

The Assembly Hall on Friday evening, January 17, presented a spectacle unrivaled in the history of the Normal school for enthusiasm and excitement. The occasion being the debate between the young ladies of the school and the Y. M. N. D. society. The young ladies were represented by Miss P. Scott, Mrs. M. Hall and Miss A. Williams. The representatives of the Y. M. N. D. society were Messrs. Brennan, Ornbaum, and Woelfell. Subject for debate was, "Resolved that the present policy of the U. S. Government toward the American Indian has been more beneficial than detrimental to him." The affirmative was upheld by the young men while the young ladies advocated the negative side of the question. The decision of the judges, Messrs. McClish, Jury, and Richards, was unanimously in favor of the negative. Although they complimented the young men upon their arguments, they decided the debate in favor of the girls because of "chaste diction and effective delivery." In choosing a team to represent the school in inter-scholastic debate, Prof. Alden of Stanford, selected John Brennan, Mrs. Hall and R. Woelfell. Before the debate and pending the decision of the judges, the following program was rendered. Selection by Y. M. N. D. Male Quartette. Vocal Solo, Miss Cora Fackrell of U. P. Music by Normal Mandolin Club. The debate was presided over by Mrs. M. George.

On Friday morning, January 17th, the 2A^2 class under the supervision of Prof. Bennett gave a very interesting and original program on the subject of sports.

As has been the custom for several years past, the January class took charge of the morning exercises before closing school for the Christmas holidays. The exercises this year were unusually good, the characters being well taken, and the program as a whole, appropriate. The exercises consisted of a burlesque reproduction of the faculty in some of their most famous speeches and attitudes, together with the giving out of faculty presents by the President of the January class. The gifts which were suspended from a Christmas tree in stockings of variegated colors were intended to further carry out the burlesque effect, and their incongruity created considerable amusement.

The California State Teachers' Association which was held in Pacific Grove during the Christmas vacation was attended by the majority of our faculty. It is a fact worthy of mention that the new President of the Association, Mr. Schumate, is an alumnus of our school.

Societies.

BROWNING.

THE BROWNING CLUB is still in a flourishing condition and the meetings on Thursday afternoons have been well-attended. The programs rendered on these occasions are always interesting and instructive. On Thursday evening, January 23, the members of the club and friends are to be entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Bland at their home in College Park. At this time, several new members will be received into the society and diplomas will be presented to the members of the club who have completed their course in school. Browning's graduates are Misses Winifred Wheeler, Antoinette Barre, Faye Lightbody, Eleanor Bradford and Jean Smith.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON Saturday night, January 23, the Shakespeare Club gave a reception at the home of Miss Belle Abraham in honor of its new members and as a farewell to Miss Tiffany and Miss Purcell, two of its strongest members.

SAPPHO.

THE SAPPHO CLUB has lost some of its most popular members by the last graduation. Agnes Brown, Nelle Nethercott, Genevieve Nicholson, Cora Ripley and Mary Allen are the graduates. On the evening of the 18th a very enjoyable entertainment was given in honor of these girls.

ALLENIAN.

ON January 11th the Allenian Society tendered its graduates, Miss Bunney and Miss Frost, a farewell reception. The following program was rendered.

1. Mandolin Club.
2. President's Address, Miss Belle.
3. Recitation, Miss Van Ness.
4. Piano Solo, Miss Jeffreys.
5. Looking Backward.
6. Recitation, Miss Baker.
7. Music, Agnes Loofbourrow.

Dancing was indulged in until eleven.

The weekly meetings have been well attended and the programs interesting.

A number of new members have been initiated and they have proven themselves capable of good work.

Joshes.

Wouldn't it make you mad? After you had got your eyes set on one of the prettiest girls in the school; and knew that she was looking at you all the time; and you could not crowd the thoughts of her out of your mind, not even for your studies; and knew that it must be mutual, if you couldn't get anyone to give you an introduction, when you were dying to meet her. Wouldn't it jar you, Ike?

A certain young lady was heard to remark that she did not see why two of our boys came to the Normal; for they were so very different from the rest. We now notice that those two young men may be seen in her presence at any time she Wills.

It is reported that Billy is trying to Ethel wyn.

We wonder why G—— would hate to tell what she thinks of Ned and why V—— would hate to have her.

Pearl B.—(Looking at the sign, "Come to the Farce and bring your family.") "O, yes, I'll bring my family, sure!" Did you see her family?

A Sonnet.

Oh, dearest Muse, I'm awfully perplexed,
I've had such terrible luck with what I write,
My heavy things always come out too light
And what I meant for light my spirit vexed
Because the thought I wished would not come next.
For inspiration, Muse, I've spent the night
A-staring at the moon's most ghostly light,
While chills run down my back at small pretext.
Dear Muse, if you will tell me "where you're at,"
And if you can to me a minute spare
We can sit down and have a friendly chat—
A sonnet you might aid me to prepare—
For awful rhymes and rhythms make me squirm
And bring to me a *P* at end of term.

M. D.

A Dialogue.

Scene—Room in S. N. S. A table, on which are arranged numerous loaves of bread.

Present—Professor Knightly. Miss Upstairs, instructor.

Mr. K. (Pointing to the loaves)—"Whence these tiers, Miss Upstairs?"

Miss U. (who has been weeping)—"These are loaves, Mr. Knightly, made by my pupils,—formula, flour, H_2O, marble, and sulfuric acid. This bread is the glory of my class."

Mr. K.—"Doubtless the kind of 'glory that leads but to the grave.'"

Student (reciting in History of Education), "In the Chinese family the boys are always thought much more of than the girls. Girls, says a Chinese sage, are the mere after thoughts of creation."

Teacher (looking wise), "According to American ideas, afterthoughts are usually the best, are'nt they?"



For translation see San Jose Business College ad.

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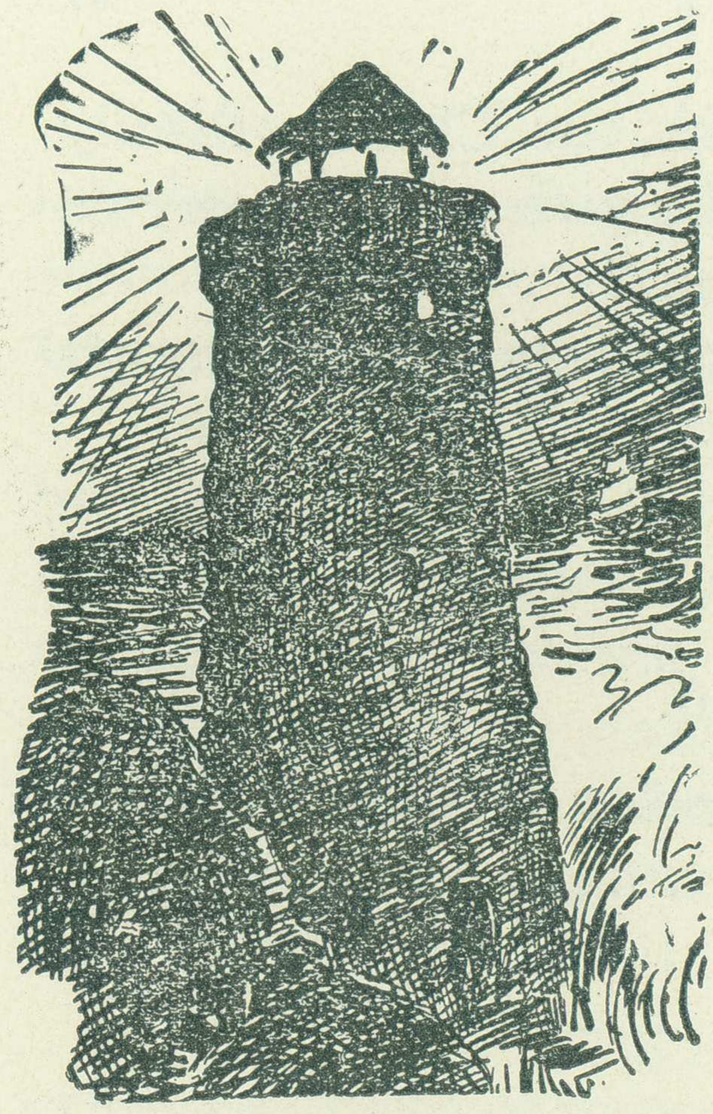
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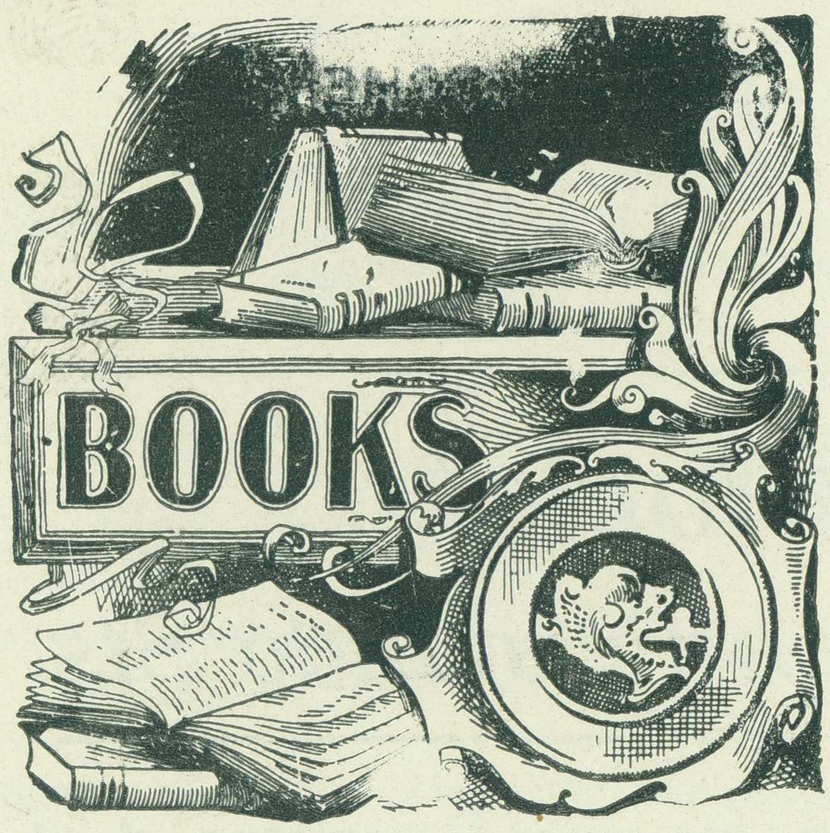
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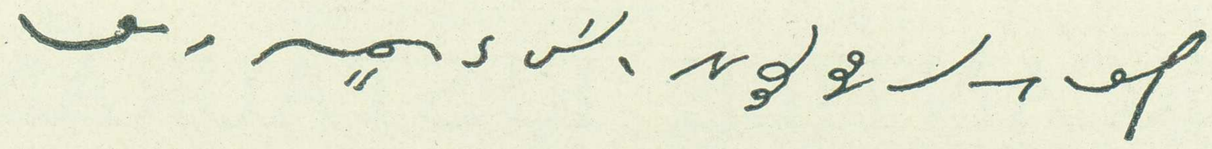
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TABLE WILL BE FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Boarders desiring to have friends to meals can do so at any time by giving notice half an hour in advance, so that seats can be arranged at the table. A charge of 25 cents will be made for each meal.

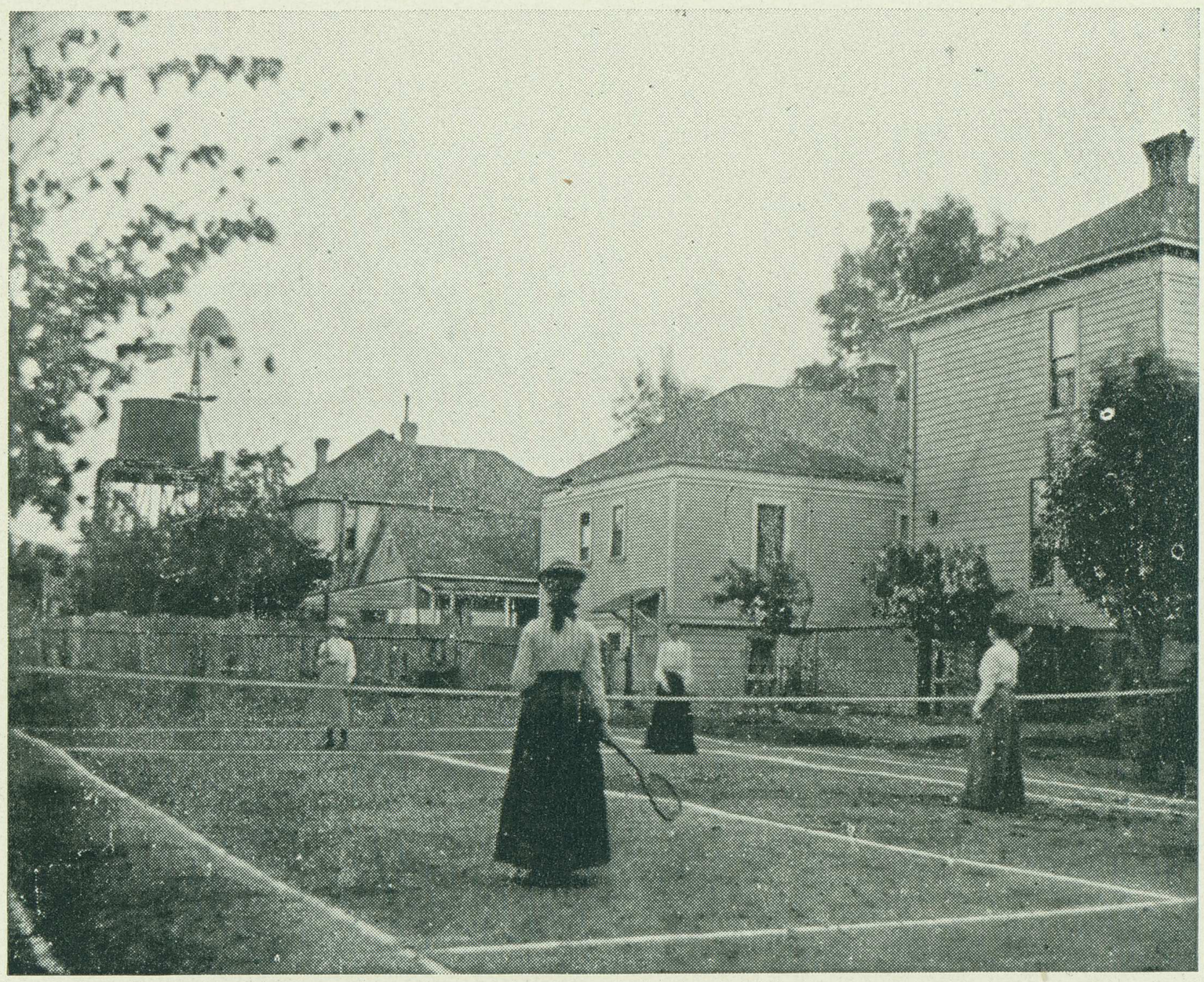
We have arrangements with one of the best Laundries in the city to do the work of this house, and can save our boarders at least 10 per cent from the regular list prices.

Croquet and Tennis grounds for the exclusive use of our guests and their friends.

A few table boarders can be accomodated.

NO OIL LAMPS are used or allowed in the house under any consideration.

It will be our endeavor to make this house as pleasant a home as possible for all.



TENNIS GROUNDS

Would be pleased to show parties the house and give any information that may be desired.