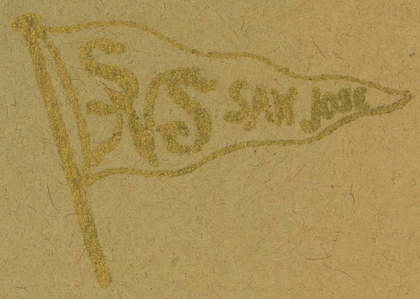
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The Normal Pennant

Edited by
Class of '01



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The Normal Pennant.

VOL. IV. SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1901 No. 3.

INTRODUCTION

We are not establishing a new precedent for our paper in publishing this issue – we are simply following out the path marked by several preceding classes. The first souvenir number of the *Pennant* was issued by the January class of 1899. It was a small paper compared with the one issued by the June class of last year, but still it was an improvement upon the regular issue of the paper. What could we expect of the first? It was only the foundation upon which there was ample room for building and improvement. That improvement has taken place can be easily seen as one glances over the different numbers. There has been a marked difference, not only in the size, but in the character of the papers. In the first number stories occupied the greater amount of space; there was little in it which pertained directly to the school or to the class. Now the personal element is felt very strongly. When you read the papers now you feel as though you knew something about the inner workings of the school; you feel acquainted with the faculty, and you feel as though you had met the graduating class. You see their names in the prophecies, in the horoscope, and probably elsewhere—that depends, of course. In this issue we have given space to every organization in the school, and in order to make the accounts as interesting as possible, have limited them almost entirely to a review of the term's work. We have, as far as possible, presented pictures of these organizations. We have also devoted more space to both Faculty and Seniors, knowing them to be an important factor of school life. The hits are all given kindly and we hope they will be accepted with the same feeling.

We have spared neither time nor money in making this issue of the paper a success, and we have tried to make it the best possible in all particulars. Before submitting this volume to our readers we wish to express our thanks to those who have helped and encouraged us in our work.

To the Graduating Class of June, 1901.

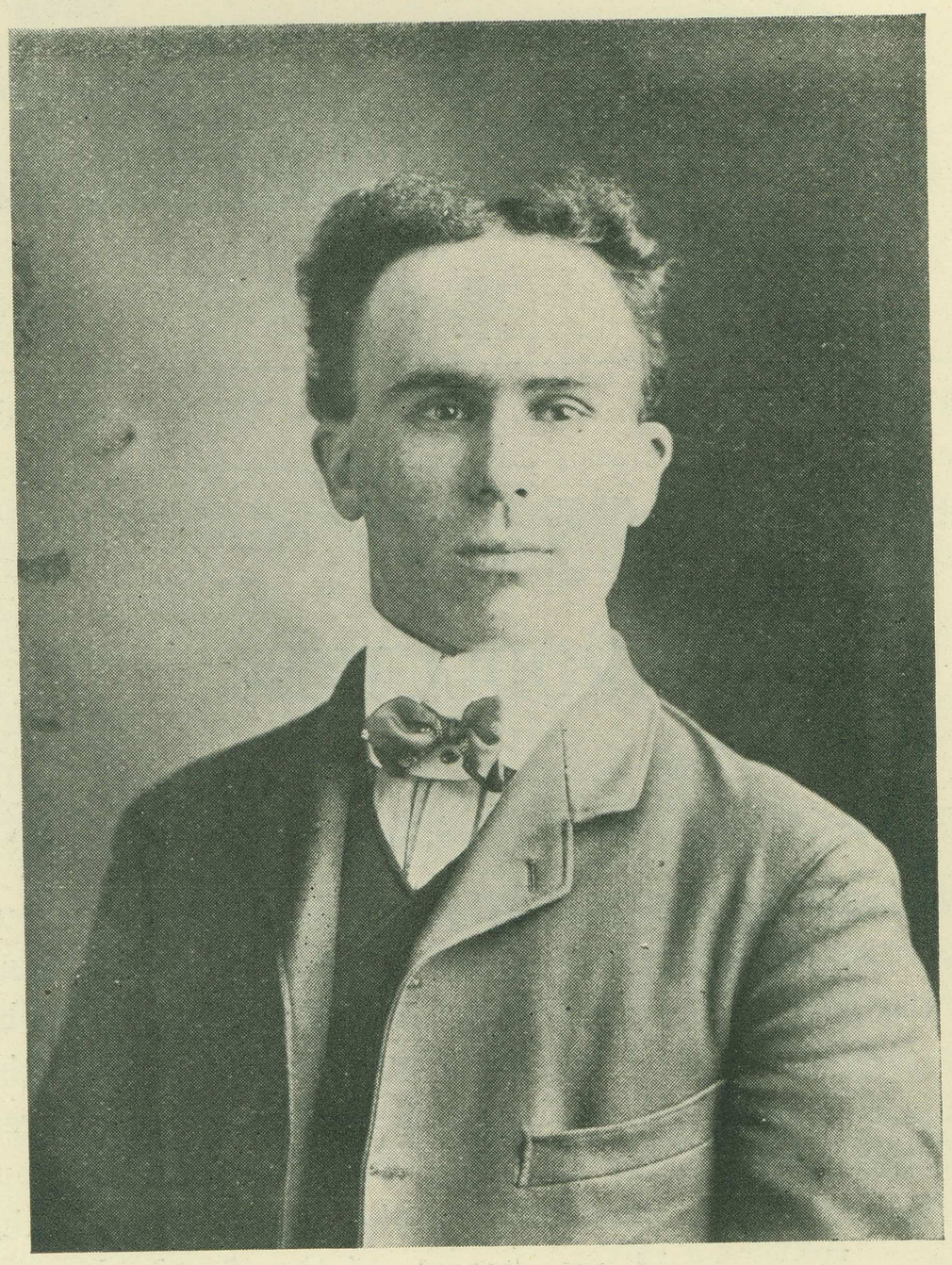
Most of you have been with us for four years, anxiously looking forward to graduation day. And now you have finished your course in this school. Are you glad to leave? Are you not leaving behind you some of the happiest years of your life? One of the saddest days of my life was the day I was graduated from the University. I had worked and waited and longed for the time when I should take my degree. The day came and I received my diploma. After all was over I went out on the Campus under the trees and looked at the familiar scenes I was so soon to leave, and there came upon me an overwhelming sense of loneliness. It took me days to readjust and arouse myself for the struggle of life, for its larger duties and greater responsibilities. So you are now going out into a big, busy world—a world that will not be apt to ask you how many capital C's you made—but it will ask you what you *can do*. You are no doubt resolved to do some good in the world, to take your place among the best men and women of the community. The optimism of youth always paints with rosy hue the dawning future. Be honest, be responsible. Let the world know that you may be *depended upon* and your place is assured. And now I say to you one and all, God speed you. May your lines be cast in pleasant places, may you be a credit to this school, an honor to your country, and when life's work is over may it be your portion to hear from the All Wise Ruler the welcome words, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Morris Elmer Dailey.

CLASS POEM

Gone now! All gone those rare and fleeting hours.
On life's high seas Fate destines other shores.
As we our fellowship forever part
A lingering friendship lives in every heart.
Oft when in distant countries we may roam
Fond fancy'll lead us back to school and home.
With rapturous hope each takes his place in life
Our Alma Mater'll guide the hours of strife.
Advancing as when soldiers take the field,
With courage firm, to foe we can not yield.
Our circle's work we're bidding fond adieu,
But one far wider breaks upon our view.
Toward the gleaming Temple of Success,
Ambition shall forever beckon us.
While in the fervent throbbing of each breast
There glows the hopeful soul's most eager quest,
With lofty impulse thrilling in each soul
Onward we press toward the distant goal.
Darkening, chilling clouds may fill the sky;
Dismay and ardent hope together vie;
'Tis then we bravely to our banner turn,
Whereon the blazoned letters brightly burn.
What'er the joys and trials that Fortune'll bring
Our motto'll be "Doe the nexte thynge."

A. M. Sylvia.



A. M. SYLVIA,
Class Poet.

OUR CLASS HISTORY

Now that we are staid and dignified Seniors it is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pride that we recall our class life here at this Normal school. Memory carries us backward to our Freshmen days when feelings of regret and longing assailed us when we heard ourselves designated as the students of the "1 B" class. How the older students snubbed us. Although not regarded by the other students, the faculty saw in us latent abilities that have been gradually developing until now we stand forth the illustrious class of June '01.

Especially Professor Randall saw promises of a bright future before us and took pleasure in visiting our different recitations. Dear old Professor Randall loved us. However, his deep affection did not blind him to our faults. Several times he left the rostrum and with stately tread walked the length of the hall, followed by the gaze of the curious, to ask Misses Johnson, Holmes, Connelly, Hale and a few of their companions to meet him in the office. Poor little Freshmen! They were scared to death at first, but soon grew hardened in their path of wrong-doing, and many were the bags of candy eaten in the Assembly Hall. Of course this and many other mischievous habits have been given us since we have attained the dignity of Seniors. Such talkers as those Seniors became. The class as a whole, very soon lost its feeling of shyness and an attitude of "we are just as good as the older students" was soon made manifest. And it may be that our class was really as good as the older classes.



Morris Elmer Dailey.

How proud we were at the close of the first term at the strong records received by almost all our number. So it has been throughout the four years of our course. The close of each term has found us jubilant over our excellent record. Rarely has a class of the size of the June class of 1901 kept together so well, and made so good a showing.

Our Alma Mater will bear evidence to the fact that not only in intellectual paths were we so successful. How many of our class have been prominent Student Body officers at various times. Beatrice Johnson was the first Sophomore to hold an office, and since the expiration of her successful term as a member of the Executive Committee our class has always been represented in the Student Body officers. What member of the Student Body can think of the terms in which Alex Sheriffs and Elsie Ruhl were Presidents with other feeling than those of pride at the success of the organization under their administration Helen Mignon, Genevieve McBride, Clifton Swisher and others have all held offices at different times, each one adding new laurels to this illustrious class. In the other societies and in the fraternities we have been just as prominently represented.

We have not only been successful organizers, but consider for a moment our intellectual lights,—orators, debators, literary geniuses, etc. The recent success of our Normal debating team over its Chico opponents was of course, due to the fact that two of the debaters, Alex Sheriffs and Frank Carr are members of this remarkable class. The same success has attended our Normal *Pennant* when Ralph Matthews, May Graham and Emma Powell were on its staff. It is useless to attempt to enumerate the many other ways in which our class has distinguished itself.

Throughout our four years of life together, there has been a constant growth in our affections for one another, and for the dear old Normal. Of course we have had our differences. What class escapes them? At first it was hard to recognize the High School section as part of our class, but we soon found its members to be at least our equals in many respects, and it is with pride that we now claim them as our own.

CLASS PROPHECY

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide,
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

1921——I sit alone in my little room in the attic of a three-story house. All is as cold and still and lonely as the grave. I question if fate has been kind to me, and before the question is answered my eye is attracted by my box of keepsakes. I take it down and open it. The first thing I see is a pink sunbonnet and instantly my mind is turned to the Normal and to the June class of '01. Searching eagerly through the box for other treasures of my school days I come to a *Pennant*, and, yes, it is the class edition of June '01. After eagerly reading it through I begin wondering what has become of all my class-mates.

Soon I grow drowsy, and blowing out my candle throw myself upon my couch thinking to sleep. Gazing into darkness I see the smoke of my candle piling up white and clear. Soon it shapes itself into familiar faces; that, as I gaze take life and action Everything around is changed. I am walking down a long hall which seems familiar.

Is it? Yes, it is the old Normal once more, for here is Prof. Dailey, samewhat changed by time and the addition of a long grey beard. I run to the library expecting to find Miss Royce, but find, to my great surprise, that her place has been taken by Jean Gates.

As I climb the stairs to the Assembly Hall I hear the same song we sang when at school, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The leader of the grand chorus was none other than Miss Jones, who has held her present position since September '01.

The hall now presents a splendid appearance with its stained windows and handsome decorations. Noticeable among the pictures is a beautiful study in water color. As I look at it in admiration I recognize the name of the artist, that of my old friend Miss McMillin.

Walking to room "D" I find Emma Powell instructing the literature class. I do not go in but instead descend in the elevator, which I have just discovered, to the lower hall. As I turn to leave the elevator I recognize that it is run by none other than Miss Andrus. Instantly I remember that the stairs were always a bother to Lillian, so I am not at all surprised to see her in that position.

The janitor is sweeping in the halls just as he used to



HISTORIANS AND PROPHETS

only with the agreeable addition of the patent sweeper invented by Miss Narcissa Hale which raises no dust. I never paid much attention to the janitor but this one doesn't seem quite like others I have met of his profes sion. He looks at me with a smile, and, yes, it is the smile of George Shedd surely. We stop and talk and I ask him for news of the class when he tells me he has been janitor since 1901.

Miss Abbot, I learn, is now president of a woman's club in which woman's rights receive frequent and able discussion. Pearl Rigden went as a missionary to South Africa, and one day as she sat on the brink of a quiet stream watching her reflection an alligator appeared. She was so frightened she fell right into its mouth and, needless to say, was quickly swallowed.

Miss Farney also is a missionary. She has established a branch of the W. C. T. U. in Manilla, and, it is said, she is working wonders. Miss Bell ably assists her.

Minette Hankenson, interested in science, invented a balloon. While up in it one day she disappeared and never came down. The June classes now see, through the Lick telescope, Minette and her untimely invention in the crater of the volcanoes of the moon.

The girls who have been passing through the halls I have noticed have beautifully curled hair in spite of the foggy day. The secret of the curls is that Miss Thompson invented a very superior curling iron.

The janitor's bell now rings and Mr. Shedd runs to obey the call. I should like to talk to him further but as I cannot I turn to go. As I walk out on the campus I keep carefully on the walks although signs every where tell me to "Walk on the Grass" and "Keep off the Walks," for I cannot persuade myself to go against my old training. Suddenly the watchman appears and mildly informs me that it is against the rules to keep off the grass. Noticing that he himself kept off it I inquired the reason. He said, "Well I am a member of the class of June '01, and it was against class principles to walk on the grass." The watchman was none other than Frank Carr.

But as the smoke again comes up before me I behold one of the fashionable avenues in Paris. A carriage is leisurely driven along and in it I recognize the happy, smiling face of Rose Fleisig.

A library scene now comes and in it, seated at a table, is Miss Fablinger writing the memoirs of her famous ancestor, John Brown.

The smoke flickers and I find myself in a crowded by-street. The strains of a grind organ reach my ears. Its owner, accompanied by a monkey and followed by a crowd of street urchins, comes near. Wonders will never cease! Whom do I see but Ralph Matthews. He turns the corner and as the strains of "The Orange and the White" die away I gradually recover my senses and walk on reading the signs as I go, half expecting to see some familiar names. My expectations are realized for here is one:

MENDING DONE,

Darning Stockings a Specialty.

Misses Snyder and Wells.

And across the street I read another:

HOT TAMALES.

Reduced Rates to Normal Students.

Ruth Sitton and Addeline Walker, Prop's.

I think, here is my chance to renew old acquaintances and perhaps hear more of my class-mates I open the door and the bell rings; I hear a rustle and then the door opens and in comes Addie, somewhat stouter than she used to be, but wearing ever the old pleasant smile. As she steps up to ask me what I wish I meet her with a smile of recognition and an out-stretched hand which she readily grasps. We sit at a table and soon in comes Ruth with a plate of tamales. I eagerly inquire of the girls for news of my old class-mates. They tell me that the Misses Eby and Miss Harrell are doing well keep- a school where Normal students are coached successfully for their ex's. But alas! and alack! for Joseph Reardon; he met his fate while fishing for a whale in the Coyote creek. Some conjecture that a whale pulled him in, and some that he went to sleep and fell in, but at any rate he has not since been heard of. Miss Connelly, they tell me, taught school for a short time but caused so much trouble at her boarding places that she has finally decided to have a house of her own where she can go to bed before dinner if she so desires. I ask, "But what of ——?" but before I can shape the words the spell is broken and the scene is changed. I find myself in what seems to be a large dressmaking establishment. It is thronged with what I take to be Normal students. But why this rush? A sign tells me the whole story:

PIQUE SKIRTS FOR NORMAL GRADUATES

At the Small Price of 99 Cents.

Misses Kirk and Arques Dressmakers.

I am growing accustomed to the many changes of scenes and the various occupations of my class-mates, when suddenly the smoke gives an ominous puff. A dancing school is instantly filled with a merry crowd of children. An orchestra begins to play and soon I recognize in it members of the band that made things lively at the Senior-faculty baseball game of June '01. Mr. Fry and Mr. Walsh enter in the dress of the old French

dancing masters and begin teaching the latest dance steps.. I sigh, the smoke wavers and the picture fades before half is seen.

Yes, the next vision is just as we would have it. Sitting by the fireside in a little cottage are Annie Lindsey and Ettie Logan. After successfully teaching for years both have retired from the ranks and settled down to a quiet life with the tea table and cat so dear to the old maid's heart. The cat until this time has been curled up by the fire when suddenly it mews and instantly the scene is changed. The small and select day school in Milpitas kept by Misses Wallace and McMahon quickly floats into sight and as quickly floats away. I have since learned, however, that this institution has been in existence for twenty years and is daily growing more prosperous. The scene quickly changes and I see before me Etta Hunt and Mabel Drewry--the centers of a missionary scene in South Africa. In the midst of a calm a band of natives rush in and carry both Miss Hunt and Miss Drewry away. As this scene vanishes a sign appears upon which I read : *This Will be Continued*— and then all vanishes again in my room of darkness.

A slight breeze blows the smoke of the candle toward me. Before me now is a peanut stand and, behold, there suddenly appears Charlie Townsend. Mr. Townsend looks well considering that for fifteen years he has lived upon a peanut diet. But the air of peace which surrounds his establishment is to undergo a change all too soon.

Alex Sheriffs hastily comes upon the scene followed by various civil officers. A sign is put up to the the effect that Mr. Townsend's peanut stand is to be sold at public auction. The auctioneer's stand is occupied by Mr. Sheriffs who does business in a way which is a credit to his profession.

What a contrast to this picture is the peaceful one to follow. In this I see Roberta Caldwell gracing the home of a minister and carrying out the duties of a ministers wife most successfully.

Next I see Miss Murdoch in a schoolroom. For five years she has been at the head of the English department at Berkeley. Almost immediately Mabel Kimball is seen at the head of the nature study department at Stanford. I give a sigh of contentment, and my classmates vanish to give place to the scene of a country store in which Miss Peterson, Miss Milne and Miss Maud Johnson appear as proprietors. I thought of sending to them for my new Easter bonnet, but after closer attention to their show case I find it contains nothing but peppermints, licorice and gum.

Suddenly I find myself at the Chutes, and learn it is amateur night. I stay for the first number which is a vocal solo by my old friend Genevieve McBride. Upon my attempt to speak to Genevieve the Chutes disappear and I am once more in my garret watching the smoke of my candle.

Instantly I find myself in a far-a-way country, and in a Y. W. C. A. meeting which is being conducted by Ada Bistorious, Rowena Smith and Fannie Brinkman. When it is over I walk out and down the street by a little cottage, upon the front steps of which sit Kate and Harriet. They invite me to tea with them, but as they have two cats, and I have always had an aversion to cats, I decline, saying that I have an important engagement. In the brilliant throng which next appears I see as hostess the Duchess of Ornoski, who is none other than Nellie Fiske, the pride of our class. I rush up to her, but as I hold out my hand to meet her I grasp the empty air and all vanishes as a dream.

The scene changes. I see before me a girl reading a letter. I step up behind her and look over her shoulder. Impelled by some unknown force I read it with her I catch sight of a familiar name and am powerless to turn away, for, as I recognize the names, the letter seems to be mine as well as hers. The first thing I read is: "You remember May Graham, don't you? She looked for an occupation but gave up her search the second day after she graduated, and answered a matrimonial advertisement. She seems to have had a happy life, though her husband is forty years her senior, but May always had a faculty for making the best of things, you know. Nell Patterson has become quite a sportswoman. She has played the races successfully for the past twenty years, but now if "Mr. Right" should come along and ask her, I think she would be quite satisfied to settle down to married life. Miss Cunningham still has the basketball craze, and is now coaching the team at Cornell. Do you remember that bright girl, Miss Storer? She always knew everything in her classes. She has just had published an encyclopedia of general information, and it is recognized as the best authority. I presume it is composed chiefly of what she learned at the Normal. Who do you think came to the house the other day? I was more than surprised. As I opened the door in response to a knock I heard a voice say, "Do you wish to buy any pins, laces, thread or soap today?" and looking into the faces of the two who stood on the steps whom did I recognize but Amy Hobson and Jessica Longmire. On the strength of our long acquaintance, I bought a good supply of their wares. Ada Bagley is teaching in Alaska, and they say she is quite a success.

Mr. Sylvia is teaching school and lamenting his fate. I hear he still sends his poems to the publishers, but as yet, none of them have been accepted.

Guess whom I saw the other day when I looked in

upon a session of the Supreme Court of the United States. There was Elsie Ruhl in the Chief Justice's seat. Elsie has won fame and fortune for herself, being the first woman to hold the position of Chief Justice of the United States.

Miss Basile is another who has made a name for herself. She has collected a book of Hawaiian poetry which gives some very good sketches of native life and character.

While I am mentioning these noted people I must not forget Miss Tomasini. Of course we all knew she would become famous as a novelist. I hear she has just written her ninety-fifth book.

My stock of information is about out—but, oh yes! I must tell you about Miss Frost. She married the "dealer in milk" and they now keep the largest dairy in Santa Clara county.

And yes—I really meant to mention this before. You certainly remember Sadie Gilmore; well she had so many disappointments in love that finally she established a sort of charitable sisterhood into which those disappointed in affections are tenderly welcomed"——

The letter draws to a close, and as I look to see who it is from, both girl and letter vanish and I am left in the dark.

A bright scene now comes and I hear music. Suddenly I find myself in the Victory Theatre. It is lighted up and the performance is about to begin. I am handed a program and shown to a seat as if by magic. Down in front leading the orchestra I recognize Hazel Hayden. I glance at my program and these words meet my gaze,

CHARLES MILLER AND HIS FAMOUS TROUPE OF PLAYERS.

I read the cast; the tune seems to be vaudeville.

Sadie McGrath,	Tragedian
Mary Cortner,	Comedian
Mabel Childs,	Soubrette
Lottie Sargent,	Juvenile

These names are all familiar, but I cannot believe that they are my old class-mates of '01, when suddenly the curtain goes up and there before me in the most beautiful of pink wigs I recognize my old friend Clifton Swisher. After this I will take things as they come and not be surprised at anything.

Just as I hear Clifton's familiar voice the scene changes and I see a hospital with a corps of nurses. I recognize among them Misses Wing, Ward and Cadman.

The hospital suddenly turns into a dingy looking office. I read the sign, knowing by this time it will contain some familiar names,

AGENCY FOR UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS.

Misses Crocker and Buller.

Now I find myself upon the deck of a steamer and here I find Lulu Schoof, Maude Hansen, Ina Baker, Francis Caldwell, Marian Ward, Nettie White, Mabel Holloway and Ella Galbreath. Mrs. George suddenly appears and replies to my question by, "These girls have been teachers for fifteen years and have saved all their money for this European tour. As we have plenty of money and an unlimited amount of time I suppose we shall be gone for several years.

Again all is bright. I hear the church bells ringing and as I draw near the door of the church the strains of Mendelhsson's "Wedding March" meet my ears. I stand in the shadow of the portal waiting breathlessly for the bridal party. As they approach, whom do I recognize but dear little Elsie Lee leaning on—well, you know whom, and followed by Sadie Holmes as bridesmaid. As they step into the carriage and are driven away the sounds of the wheels die upon my ears and I am left alone in the darkness and silence. The smoke of the candle has entirely disappeared.

CLASS HISTORY

HIGH SCHOOL SECTION.

The High School section of the June class of 1901, began its existence in September, 1899. How well we remember that first day! Anxiously, in pairs and trios, we made our way up the Faculty stairs after the manner of the proverbial freshman, presented our recommendations, and were enrolled as the 3 B 3 Class. "That's the new High School Class," we heard on-lookers say. True, we were strangers to each other, and perhaps even to San Jose, but these words brought back happy days just passed, and gave us a feeling of fellowship stronger than anything else could possibly have given.

We had come to prepare ourselves for a great life work—how great we did not realize until later, when it suddenly dawned upon us in the training school, where

CLASS OFFICERS.

we tried our first teaching, Our first week here marks one of the epochs of our life in the Normal. Every step we heard we trembled lest the critic should pay us an initial visit; and every time the children smiled or "wriggled" in their seats, we feared the much-heard-of revolt. This spirit of rebellion, however, was not manifested in our day, a fact which leads us to believe that we were unusually good pedagogues.

Though our success in this line may seem remarkable, it was more ordinary in some other lines. Some of the more progressive members of the class have repeatedly tried to bring about spelling reforms; that is, we have attempted to introduce new and original ways of spelling old words. The faculty did not approve of our methods and curbed the flight of genius by putting us in a spelling class to learn to spell in the time-honored way.

Several of the class have distinguished themselves in Student Body affairs. Mr. Charles Miller was elected President by a flattering majority. Mr. Charles Townsend, for a term, served as a very energetic member of the Executive Committee. Miss Mabel Arques was elected Secretary of the June class. Miss Mabel Kimball and Miss Addalene Walker are literary editors, snd their work as journalists speaks for itself in this June number of the *Pennant*, Mr. Charles Miller is showing his ability as manager of the *Pennant*.

The pages of the *Pennants* issued since the class entered, speaks eloquently of the work done by our classmates in literary lines. The genius of one of us soars on the wings of "The Skylark."

For our records in social affairs you must look in the records of the various societies of the school. Those who attended them will tell of the delightful receptions, picnics, and the pleasant evenings spent with Mr. and Mrs. Addicott, where we formed closer ties of friendship.

There were fifty eight of us when we entered, but owing to the fact that many of the High Schools are not accredited, only twenty-three graduate on the short course. We shall watch with interest for the time when those who remain join the alumni and go forth as teachers. They belong to our High School class still.

The time for us to part is now here. As we go forth into life to take an active part in its work, may we each reflect credit on the June class of 1901.

Sadie C. McGrath,
Nita Tomasini.

OUR MT. HAMILTON TRIP.

The weather seemed ordered for the occasion. The day before had been gloomy and dreary, but closed with a glorious promise for a pleasant tomorrow. After the usual delay and bustle, stowing away various and sundry lunches and people in the conveyances, we started for the mountain with a flourish of trumpets and a shower of one old shoe.

After we had traversed the roughest part of the way —Santa Clara street—everything was perfect. All nature glistened with the morning freshness, under the warm smile of the sun. We were a merry crowd and enjoyed it all to the fullest extent. Every party, excepting of course, our own particular one, was very hilarious. But with all our fun we found time to observe things pertaining to our school work. Some zealous physical geography student announced in stentorian tones, the discovery of a talus on a hill near by. All the talus we discovered after frantic endeavors to see, was a cow quietly chewing her cud under a tree. A member of the nature-study class exclaimed over a beautiful field of strawberries. We informed her, as gently as possible, that it was only a potato patch. On we went, round and round the hills, and the view on every side, above and below, increased in charm. Suddenly, as we rolled around a curve, we came upon a sight that made us think that Mazeppa's spirit was riding abroad in the land. On closer observation we discovered that it was one of Professor Baker's chaperones astride a steed that, to say the least, one could not call Arabian. When we passed the old horse, some time after his rider had dismounted, there was still a look of quiet, bewildered amazement in his eyes, and his ears were held erect with an air of injured dignity.

"Looking Backward" from the top of the hill just before we reached Grand View, we saw spread out before us, a very beautiful scene. Just below lay a sparkling pool of water encircled by a wreath of brilliant green. Stretching far away to the misty hills were orchards, vineyards and fields, blending their various colors in nature's charming confusion. Far below, surrounded by all this beauty, lay San Jose, nestling among green trees. Away beyond it rose two or three thin pillars of smoke from the bay.

Some of the horses were changed for fresh ones at Grand View, and on we sped towards Smith's Creek.

Another thing that proved that the fates smiled on our undertaking was the fact that when the sun began shining down on us with too great ardor, a protecting

curtain of fleecy white clouds dropped between us. The beauty of the cloud-shadows on the hills must be imagined. It is beyond description. The longing for "Smythe's Creek," as some one called it, much to the disgust of the old driver who muttered something about "high-toned school-girls," were very frequent. About noon we reached the desired haven, and in an astonishingly short time every carriage was left desolate. Its occupants, with one or more packages suggesting lunch, were seen wending their way to the creek banks. Very soon we lunched. If you do not know what that means, take a trip to Mt. Hamilton and lunch at Smith's Creek under the green trees by the clear mountain water. After lunch some pictures were taken. People who see them persist in declaring that Professor Dailey's feet are all that they can see. It is a mistake, however, for certainly we heard one of the Normal teachers at Grand View say that she was sure she saw Professor Dailey looking towards Mt. Hamilton longing to be with us.

At 2 o'clock we started up the hills to the Observatory. The road grew steeper, but the air was cool, and beautiful wild flowers greeted us on every side. Behind us, winding over the hills like some great serpent, stretched the road we had just traveled. When we reached the mountain tops, the sky was still overcast with clouds, and some of the doubting ones feared the fates were displeased. Such fears were false; for as soon as we arrived the barometer began going up. The sun came out boldly, when at first we had seen merely a glimmering of golden light on the bay.

The kind people at the Observatory did all in their power to make our visit pleasant and interesting. We were first shown the wonderful instrnments for which the Observatory is famous. Some more pictures were taken here. Professor Addicott wanted some taken with the Observatory in the back-ground. Some one requested the Professor's picture with the Observatory as foreground. From the top of Copernicus Peak we saw the sunset. Far below us in the darkness of the canon played the "soft pipes of the pine trees." Beyond stretched the hills until they became a misty blue shadow on the sky. In front of us lay the bay, a sheet of gold, with a crimson and purple sky above it. Quivering a moment on the surface of the water, suddenly the red ball of the sun dropped from sight. Then the crimson and gold slowly paled to soft gray and black, and we passed in silence down the hill. For a few moments we looked at the stars and the moon, and perhaps received a more vivid impression of the vastness of the universe. Then the mists covered the moon and we started for home. At times the moon shone out in all its beauty as we rode down the mountain. The hills re-echoed to our singing, for a moonlight ride, whether by sea or land, loses some of its charm if there is no music. At last we reached San Jose. Thus ended a day that will ever remain bright and fresh in the memory of those who took the trip to Mt. Hamilton in May, 1901.



ELSIE RUHL, President Student Body.

Juniors' Farewell to the Seniors.

We have sighed o'er your many flunks,
And have used our brains for you,—
And then for our pains
And your many gains
Small thanks we have had 'tis true.

We have taken your many jests,
We have done your bidding each day,—
And we've done it well
We would like to tell,
Before you go away.

We have stood all your haughty snubs,
And have done as you told us to,—
But now ere you go,
We would have you know
That we rule after you.

You have won your many honors,
And we're sorry you leave us today.
May Dame Fortune be true,
Give good luck to you,
And smooth your great world way.

The Faculty-Senior Ball Game.

If Napoleon could by some means have been transported from his eternal abode to the campus of the San Jose Normal, on the afternoon of June 4, and could have taken part in the mortal contest between the Faculty and the Seniors, he would not have sighed for more worlds to conquer at least if he had been on the winning side. Such, at any rate is the verdict of those who were spectators on that memorable occasion, and those who took part think they are justified in their opinion.

Out of respect for the old adage, "Age before beauty," the Seniors *allowed* the Faculty to arrive on the field first; and they were ready for any emergency—Agnes with the smelling-salts, the size of which led everyone to believe that she did not have a very practical knowledge of the laws of supply and demand; Henry Meade with the water pail and bellows, and others with horns and banners. They had a very confident air until they heard a noise, and looking toward the building, saw an innumerable host, with instruments of every description, both of music and of war. Behind these, their constituency, came the swarthy giants whom fate had decreed should trail the honors of the Faculty in the dust and "tear their tattered ensign down." This was carried out literally.

It was immediately seen that the Faculty had lost some of their feigned confidence, for their knees began to quake and their eyes grew dim; but they must give an example of fortitude under adversity to their devoted followers, and accordingly, with a courage worthy of the highest commendation, and a devotion to their cause equalled only by that which has led martyrs to the stake, they went into the game as though they expected, by some happy chance, to win. But theirs was an ill-starred hope, and it has been incontestably shown that the Faculty, despite their dignity, are in no wise able to cope with the Seniors.

With the very commendable purpose of showing sympathy for the defeated, the Seniors are willing to concede that the Faculty did, in some ways, play a fairly good game. Louie Wilson did throw one ball low enough for Morrie Dailey to catch, and Stevie Holway managed to pick up the ball after it stopped rolling, a feat of which Willie Baker will ever stand in awe. Not so much can be said of Carrie Fiedler, for when the Senior pitcher was so accommodating as to hit her racket for her, she was ungracious enough to hold it at such a slant as to make it a foul. Jimmie Addicott's enthusiasm is unquestioned by any who saw to what "lengths" it led him; and Stonewall Jackson, if he were alive, would have to be content with sharing his cognomen with Morrie Dailey, who certainly earned the distinction.

As a matter of information, the Seniors allowed the Faculty to gain sixteen runs to their seventeen. This was done merely to enhance their own glory, for they did not want the score to make it appear that they would condescend to play with foemen less worthy of their steel.

A question was brought up as to the constitutionality of some of the Faculty's runs, on the ground that the batting order was not strictly adhered to; but in accordance with a decision handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States and acquiesced in by the highest English authorities, the umpires declared that everything had been done according to custom and precedent. So the game stands official.

The personnel of the team was as follows:

SENIORS.		FACULTY.
Carr	C.	Louie Wilson
Matthews	P.	Jimmie Addicott
Sherriffs	F. B.	Morrie Dailey
Beatrice Johnson	S. B.	Annie Nicholson
Elsie Lee	T. B.	Enid Kinney
Sadie Holmes	S. S.	Stevie Holway
Clifton Swisher	L. F.	Carrie Fiedler
Miller	C F.	Nat Bullock
Elsie Ruhl	R. F.	Calthy Vivian

R. Mathews

Game calls:

Rah rah, rah rah, rah rah rum,
June Class, Naughty one.

Rickety, rickety, rickety, raculty,
We're the team to beat the faculty.

Lickety, slippety, flippety fat,
Hay there, faculty, use your bat.

Hooray, hooray,
We're the team to win the day.

Bow wow, Miss Howe,
Ooter, ooter,
Champion rooter.

Hippety, hippety, hippety hop,
The June class is as firm as rock.

On the morning after the Faculty-Senior baseball game, President Dailey introduced to the students a gentleman who gave us the following three minute lecture:

Yesterday I witnessed a performance on the grounds, the nature of which I hardly understood. I noticed that whenever a gentleman went to home base to take a racket, the young ladies made considerable of a racket.

These young ladies were dressed in the very "pink" of fashion. As to the game, I have said that it was difficult to understand its nature. I hardly thought it could be baseball because I could not believe that these young ladies would engage in a "base" game. It could scarcely be croquet as I noticed that the ball was not made of wood and they would hardly play croquet with any other. It could not be tennis as there was no court and young ladies are very particular about courting. Whatsoever the game however, the pinks won, and I noticed that the other side had no faculty for playing.

TO THE JUNE CLASS SUNBONNET.

What is this we shower with laurels well won?
'Tis the gorgeous pink sunbonnet, June Class,
"Noughtyone."
Oh vision of beauty with brilliance of flame!
Forever thou'lt shine on the great roll of Fame.
To thy noble cause we will ever be true,
Oh glorious sunbonnet of roseate hue;
And ever will memory bring back the fun
Of that great game of ball by the Senior Class
Won.

THE SENIORS' FAREWELLS

TO THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Farewell to you, oh Bridge of Sighs. You have led us not across a rushing river into a Utopia, but across a most serene little piece of Mother Earth into a place of uneasiness. Oh Bridge, you're a hypocrite! Why do you wear such celestial raiment of flowers and then inspire in us a strange terror which lasted a full semester, and longer to those of us, who, out of courtesy, responded to an "encore." Yet once over your quaking structure, we found beyond you in Worryland, four angelic spirits to lead us in threading the mystic maze, and to lift us when we fell. Through their inspiration the worries disappeared and the terrors faded away. Gladly, yet sorrowfully, we say farewell.

FAREWELL TO ROOM G.

Can it be that we are never again to hear the familiar notice "June class meet at 1 o'clock today in Room G." Room G must we bid you farewell! Ah! what a friend you have been! Within your sacred walls we raved and tore our hair. We swore that we, the Senior class, were not a "pack of idiots," although certain worthy people did think so. And we offered in proof the fact that no two could agree upon what to wear for graduation because we were not given to thinking of dress. So when some grave member addressed the chair and said that since we all wished to be sensible and dignified she moved that we wear white pique skirts, it was seconded, and carried by a vote of seventy-two to sixteen. No one considered waists a necessity. Other proofs equally convincing were brought to bear, but they are safely locked within thy friendly walls. You will never tell how we, as Freshmen, learned our x's, y's and z's, nor how we, as Seniors, wrangled over our q's and p's. So, adieu, Room G. May other classes find a friend like you.

FAREWELL TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

At last the time has come when we must bid thee farewell, dear old Assembly Hall. It is a tender tie that must be rent assunder, and so with sad hearts we pause for a moment upon thy threshold. Memory in its flight carries us back to those days that are no more. Again we hear the reading of those solemn, sacred words—the low chant of the Lord's Prayer—the singing of the great chorus—and then we behold the students as they march forth to dutys' call. The scene fades away, yet the recollection of the past will ever linger in our hearts and cast a gleam of brightness over life's short but thorny way.

FAREWELL TO THE LIBRARY.

The most beloved spot in the memory of our Normal life will ever be our library. Associated with it by inseperable ties is our dear Miss Royce who helped to open up its stores of knowledge to our untutored minds. As Freshmen we searched the shelves in vain for needed lore, and finally, in hopeless despair, meekly asked some high and mighty Senior if she knew where we could find this, that, or the other, whereupon that Senior, with a superior air would answer this, "Have you asked Miss Royce? She knows everything." Of course we had not asked Miss Royce, because we did not want to be known as "Freshies," but upon the advice of the wise Senior we timidly advanced with our plaintive tale of woe. Miss Royce understood the situation at once and directed us to the first English

case, third case from the bottom, fifth book from the left-hand side, and ninety-first page. Our trouble was ended, for in the exact case, on the exact shelf, in the exact book, and on the exact page we found the desired information. That time is long past. We are Seniors now; we march boldly up to the desk, "Miss Royce, can you, please, tell me where to find something on this subject?" and we display our reference. The search is ended. We retire behind the broad bookcase and spend our surplus energy telling our friend of the latest josh on Prof. Dailey. Suddenly, from the front of the room comes "rap! tap! tap." We are mute for one—two—three—four—five seconds—then the josh is so good it must be finished. Just as the climax is approached, an apparition (at least from the way the blood rushes to our faces, I should say it was something supernatural) appears in our midst, and we never do find out just how funny the josh is. But for 'a that we love the dear old library with Miss Royce and the books and our good-bye is one of the sad "must be's."

SOCIETIES

Y. W. C. A.

The workers and others interested in Y. W. have considerable ground for satisfaction in reviewing the record of the association during the past term. The regular Tuesday afternoon prayer meetings have been held in Room L, and, while not largely attended in view of all the girls in school who *ought* to have been there, have been the means of great good. The society has been addressed bp Elsie West, an earnest Y. W. worker from the East, Rev. Brown, pastor of Centella M. E., Mrs. George, Mrs. Holway, Miss Howe and Miss Cory. At the recent Y. W. Convention at Capitola, our society was represented by Miss Alice Chalfant and Grace Ring. By the *Chronicle* account, Alice made a "hit" with her opening address. Both girls reported a jolly, though helpful time, and came back greatly enthused over the work. I think the members of the society would all vote our socials a success.

ALLENIAN.

The Allenian Society which is one of the oldest and strongest in the school has never been in a more flourishing condition than it is at present. The past year's officers have worked faithfully for the good of the society, and with the co-operation of the other members, have accomplished much.

BROWNING CLUB.

The Browning Club has progressed rapidly during the past year. Many new members have been admitted; a new constitution has been adopted, and the programs have been so arranged that much benefit has been derived. A special study has been made of children's literature, a child's poem having been read and discussed at each meeting, while debates have been introduced for every other meeting. In order that one may become a member he must be duly initiated, and this has added much to the social side of the club.

The most important event which took place during the year was the annual celebration of Browning's birthday on the evening of May 7th, when an elaborate banquet was given in the lower corridors of the school. This, however, in the minds of the members will be greatly outdone by the graduation to be held on June 15th, when most of the charter members will receive diplomas.

EROSOPHIAN.

Although the Erosophian has not been heard of for some time, it is still alive and flourishing. We have been busy with our work with Tennyson, hence our lack of report in the last *Pennant*. However, as Samantha says, "We'll now set by and neighbor for a while," and enlighten people as to what we are doing. In our study with Tennyson, we gained not only a conversant knowledge of the great poet and his work, but much pleasure as well. We have now taken up Longfellow, though as yet not extensively enough to be able to make a statement regarding our work with him.

It must not be supposed that we have allowed our literary work to interfere with our social duties. We have enjoyed many little social times such as peanut hops, candy feeds, etc., but these are all put in the shade by the picnic we had on the eighth of June.



ALLENIAN SOCIETY.

EMANON CLUB.

There is a growing spirit of good-fellowship abroad in the Normal, and the Emanon has been doing its best toward the encouragement of this feeling. This is as it should be,—the once "formal" gulf between faculty and students is being bridged over, and we are settling down to a state of mutual helpfulness. There are two necessary features of a Normal society—one the social side, the other the literary—both should go hand in hand. Therefore it becomes the duty of the societies of the school to take charge of a considerable portion of Normal social life and pleasures, to foster this branch in every possible manner. Emanon has not neglected this phase of its work for, during the past year, the society has given a jolly picnic, banqueted the football boys, and held an afternoon social fot the entertainment of its members and their friends.

We would also suggest, apart from our own weekly meetings, joint programs of the several societies consisting of debates, orations and other literary contests, which, while they give the participants the experience gained from addressing an audience, promote a friendly rivalry between the societies. This cannot but increase the interest in the work, and at the same time provide pleasant entartainment.

Looking back over the past year, the members of Emanon feel that the society has steadily gained strength and stability. And as the society has flourished, so each individual member has likewise shown marked improvement along the line in which the society aims its work. We see a bright future for Emanon, and look forward with pleasure to the work of the coming year.

SAPPHO CLUB.

ALUMNI.

Blythe, Ethel S.; Beede, Olive; Cornforth, Bertha; Cassidy, Nell; Calglasser, Clara; Dam, Cora; Drury, Louise; Drew, Julia; Dixon, Florence; Estabrook, Lois; Ferguson, Isabel; Hambel, Gertrude; *Gracy, Gertrude; Hathaway, Laura, Hardy, Anna; Jackson, Ida; Livingston, Mattie; Lichens, May; McDonald, Minnie; Morrison, Anna; Nyman, Ada; Plumb; Edith; Paul, Esther; Ralston, Dollie; Rattan, Georgia; Ransom, Helen; Spaulding, Clara; Simon, Irma; Thomas, Annie; Vestal, Laura; Wonderlich, Lulu; Zoffman, Christina.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Abbott, Pansy; Allen, Marie; Blanchard, Emma; Brown, Agnes; Bailey, Edith; Baker, Ina; Cortner, Mary; Casey, Bessie; Caldwell, Ethelwyn; Collins, Annie; Crofoot, Effie; Dietz, Edith; Donlon, Clara; Green, Vida; Hewitt, Marie; Hager, Neva; Hall, Lois; Headen, Brena; Hunt, Maude; Huffman, Leona; McMahon, Olive; Main, Ethel; Nicholson, Genevieve; Nethercott, Nell; Osburne, Cecile; Raney, Lillian; Ruhl, Elsie; Russel, Bertha; Ripley, Cora; Swisher, Clifton; Summers, Margaret; Stille, Leonore; Spangler, Lulu; Sutton, Pearl; Topham, Gertrude; Wallace, Maud; Werhley, Alice; Wilber, Eva; Watrous, Hazel; Williams, Bessie; Zumwalt, Goldie, Johson, B; McNiel, Vera; McBride, Genevieve.

INACTIVE MEMBERS.

Bohnett, Pearl; Bennett, Ruth; Manning, Jessie.

LEFT SCHOOL.

Adams, Hester; Bailes, Bessie; Bowman, Mae; Barre, Edith; McMillan, Elizabeth; Plumb, Mabel; Staffler, Lucile.

'01 JUNE GRADUATES.

Abbott, Pansy; Baker, Ina; Johnson, Beatrice; McMahon, Olive; McBride, Genevieve; Osburne, Cecile; Ruhl, Elsie; Swisher, Clifton; Wallace, Maud.

Leona Huffman, Sec'y.

***Deceased.**

THE STUDENTS' ART CLUB.

The Students' Art Club was organized in October, 1900, for the purpose of studying the great masters of art and their works. Under the guidance of Miss Vivian the club has just completed the study of the Italian artists. In connection with this they read the drama, "Michael Angelo," written by Longfellow. The last meeting was held Tuesday evening, May 28, and was largely attended, both by members of the club and others interested in art. At this meeting Miss Vivian gave a lecture on French art which was very instructive and much enjoyed by all.

The club consists of about fifty members; the officers are: Edna Klumpp, President; Pearl Bohnett, Vice-President; Clara Donlon, Secretary; Alexander Cuthbertson, Treasurer.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The Shakespeare Club has completed the sixth year of its existence, which makes it one of the oldest clubs in the Normal. When first organized it had the nature of a general literary society and was known by the name of Friday Afternoon club. However, from the first the study of Shakespeare predominated. After a time the society found that its work would be more to the purpose if devoted exclusively to the study of Shakespeare. Its name was then changed to the one it now bears, and the membership was limited to twenty, which makes it an exclusive little body. It was owing to the heavy work which the society undertakes that it was found necessary to place the limit at such a low number, a large number impeding the progress.

Since September the club has made a thorough study of three plays, King Richard I, The Tempest and Ham-



BROWNING SOCIETY.

let. Before proceeding to the reading and studying of the play, a short time is allotted to a general program, which consists of three-minute speeches, impromptus, recitations and music. A debate follows the conclusion of each play.

It is a recently established custom to present a play in costume after having made a complete study of it. These presentations have as yet taken place in private.

The work and study of the club is relieved occasionally by a "Shakespeare Evening."

On June 7, the society (following the usual custom) gave a reception to its graduates—Miss Kate Nye Murphy, Miss Julia Jones, Miss Mary Storer, Miss Ettie Logan and Miss Annie Lindsey.

The officers for the past twenty weeks have been: President, Miss Gregory; Vice-President, Miss Rosendahl, Secretary, Miss Murphy, Treasurer, Miss Hocken.

ALPHA RHO.

A little less than a year ago the existence of a new sorority in the school became public. Organized for the purpose, not only of promoting love and good fellowship among its members, but also of establishing a warmer feeling of congenialty with other members of the school, Alpha Rho has in acquiring new members sought for kindliness and "integrity, rather than ostentation and rapidity. The organization has never become an important factor in society chiefly because not founded with such an end in view. However, when it has entertained, its efforts have been more than successful, and the social gatherings of the members only have been both numerous and pleasant.

The initiation has been very amusing yet tinged with seriousness, and why not? When one travels through an unknown country by the narrow and preciptious path of uninitiated darkness, such an event cannot but be serious. What countless lurking foes and direful dangers may not beset the weary traveler, and how shall she know if the reward be satisfaction in the end. The officers of Alpha Rho are:

May Graham, H. I. P.
Evelyn McEnerney, S. M. R.
Helen Mignon, G. T.
Sadie Holmes, G. B.
Neva Hager, G. W.
Norine Conolley, G. R. R.
Narcissa Hale, S. R. Q.



DEBATING TEAM.

Chico-San Jose Interscholastic Debate.

The first debate between the teams of the Chico and the San Jose Normals, took place in Chico on June 1. Over a thousand people attended the debate and the enthusiasm for Chico ran high. Professors Van Liew and Dailey presided. The debaters for Chico were Misses Gretta Peterson, Cora Woods and Anna Reynolds. San Jose was represented by Alexander Sheriffs, Frank M. Carr and Gussie Wright. The judges were Dr. H. K. Babcock of Berkeley, J. H. Pond, Sacramento H. School principal, and G. H. Stokes, Marysville H. School principal.

Dr. Van Liew, in calling the meeting to order, said that San Jose had defeated Chico in two exhibitions of football, and that this contest was held to determine which school was superior in brain power. The debate was: "Resolved, That Municipalities should own and



EMANON SOCIETY.

operate their public utilities.'' Alex. Sheriffs opened the debate and in a forcible manner demonstrated that municipal ownership was a proper function of government, and that it should be a gradual and tentative policy to be pursued under the regulations of civil service. Such ownership, he claimed, would eradicate many evils of the legislative, judicial and executive departments of the city and state governments, would make the whole community a better unit for good government, and would aid the city in the performance of its existing functions. Miss Gretta Peterson followed and presented a fine political argument from the negative standpoint. The second speaker for San Jose was Frank M. Carr, and in a brilliant and well delivered argument, which the negative was unable to answer, he showed that municipal ownership is an economic advantage because it prevents economic waste; because such incidental profits as may accrue will be devoted, not to private, but to public good; because better service is rendered to the public; and because, without reducing the wage of labor the price is lessened to the consumer. Miss Cora Woods presented a strong and well delivered argument from an economic standpoint for Chico.

Miss Gussie Wright followed for San Jose and in an able manner showed the social benefits resulting from municipal ownership, in that such a policy would raise the standard of life, improve the conditions for public safety, remove degenerating influences in government, and lessen class differences.

Miss Anna Reynolds, the last speaker for Chico, ably responded to the affirmative's arguments.

Miss Gretta Peterson made a fine closing speech for Chico, refuting several of San Jose's points.

Alex. Sheriffs closed the debate for the evening, and in a ringing address, full of wit and sarcasm, conclusively proved that the arguments of the negative were based upon exceptional cases and not upon general principles or conditions. The judges decided unanimously for San Jose.

Chico team, although defeated, put up a fine debate and presented their arguments in an able and forcible manner. The judges especially complimented the San Jose team upon its fine arrangement and logical development of argument.

John Bolin.

ATHLETICS

The San Jose Normal may rightfully boast of her prowess in any kind of contest, whether it be a contest where a forceful argument is necessary to convince the judges of the worthiness of a cause, or a contest where muscle and science win.

The truth of this statement has been demonstrated in the great number of contests into which we have entered during the past three years. But of all these events the ones that have probably done most to bring our school into greater prominence, and give it prestige among other schools of its class, and also with the universities, have been the athletic events.

Before 1899, there had been no football team for several years. There was a fine baseball team, which was content to play with small, secondary schools, and even with picked teams. Upon the entrance of such men as Martin, Meese, Heston, Cuthbertson and Estes into the school, a new impetus was given to athletics, with the result that we have gradually risen from the class of secondary schools to the class of the largest universities in the west.

Last year we competed only with the universities, with the exception of the two games of football with Chico, both in football and baseball, and in such a manner that praise was showered not only upon the team, but also upon the school.

It will be interesting to give the personnel of the football and baseball teams of the last three years and also the games played, and the results of the games.

The teams of 1899, which were entered in the Academic Athletic League, were as follows:

FOOTBALL.		BASEBALL.	
Rickabaugh	c.	Martin (Capt.)	p.
Heston	l. g.	Estes	c.
H. Frazer	r. g.	Meese	f. b.
Benson	l. t.	Ulrici	s. b.
Martin	r. t.	Rickabaugh	s. s.
Estes (Capt.)	r. h.	Smith	t. b.
Meese	l. h.	Mouron	l. f.
Palmer	f. b.	Wright	c. f.
Carr	q.	Carr	r. f.
Ulrici	l. e.		
McKay	r. e.		

In football Normal won from Oakland High, Stockton High, and Alameda High; was beaten by Lowell High, and played a tie game with San Jose High.



SAPPHO CLUB.

In baseball, Normal won three games from San Jose High and was beaten two games by S. C. College and one game by Stanford.

Teams of 1900:

FOOTBALL.		BASEBALL.	
Carter	c.	Martin	p.
Belz	l. g.	Estes	c.
Hogan	r. g.	Meese	f, b.
Martin	l. t	Mathews (Capt.)	s. b
Cuthbertson	r t.	Ulrici	s. s.
Meese	r. h.	Smith	t. b.
Heston (Capt.)	l. h.	Mouron	l. f.
Palmer	f. b.	Hanlon	c. f.
Mathews	q.	Carr & Frasier	r. f.
Reynolds	l. c.		
Carr	r. e.		

In football, Normal won from St. Mathews. Palo Alto High, Hoyt's Academy, Santa Clara High and University of Pacific; was beaten by University Nevada and University of California, and played a tie game with Santa Clara College.

In baseball, Normal won from St. Mathews and University of Pacific, and lost to Santa Clara College.

Teams of 1901:

FOOTBALL.		BASEBALL.	
Carter	c.	Earl	c.
Belz	l. g.	Martin	p.
Gaspar	r. g.	Mathews	f. b.
Cuthbertson	l. t.	Meese	s. b.
Sylvia	r. t.	Boyce	s. s.
Heston	l. h.	Emerson	t. b.
Meese (Capt.)	r. h.	Hanlon (Capt.)	l. f.
Palmer	f. b.	Carr	c. f.
Martin	l. e.	Fraser	r. f.
Hogan	r. e.		
Mathews	q.		

Games played—football—Stanford 18, Normal 0; Stanford 12, Normal 0; University of Nevada v. s. Normal, tie; University of California, second team, 0, Normal 18; University of California varsity 5, Normal 0; Chico 0, Normal 5; Chico 0, Normal 12.

NEWS

ALUMNI NOTES.

During the last few weeks many graduates have visited their Alma Mater Most of them report a most successful year of teaching. The following is a brief personnel of our visitors:

Gertrude McCloskey of the January Class of 1901, has been teaching in San Benito Co.

A. Shepardson, June, 1899, is in Fresno Co.

M. Duff of January, 1900, has taught in Vacaville.

Maud Burnett, June, '99, has been teaching in Fresno Co.

Isabella Clark, November, 1900, is teaching in Siskyou Co.

Anna Polson, June, 1900, has been traveling in the East.

Gertrude Steele of the November Class, 1900, has been teaching in El Dorado Co.

Gertrude Noe, June, '98, is in Yolo Co.

L. Minnie Rathbone, January, 1900, teaches in Alameda County.

Mabel Simon, June, 1900, teaches in Placer Co.

Theresa Burtscher, June, '99, has been attending Stanford.

Erma Simon, June, 1900, has taught the Boulder Creek School.

Ella Roll, June, 1900, has been teaching in the Millikin School, Santa Clara Co.

Lillian Preston, November, 1900, has a school in Arizona.

Cornelia Perdue, January, 1900, is teaching in Colusa Co.

Laura Aull, June, 1900, is in Stanislaus Co.

Edwin Palmer, March, 1901, has taught in Tulare Co.

Edith Edwards, January, '99, is in the Ben Lomond school, Santa Cruz Co.

Arthur Smith, February, 1901, has taught the Everett school in San Joaquin Co.

Helene Shultz of January, '99, has a school at Peachtree Monterey county.

Maude Wilber, June '99, is in San Luis Obispo Co.

Georgia Rattan has been attending Berkeley.

Will Donlon has been teaching the Pala school, Santa Clara county.

Mr. Reynolds has been principal of the Irvington school.

Beatrice French of June, 1900, has been teaching near Alviso.

Mrs. Smith, known to us as Alice Connelly, was seen on the rostrum some weeks ago.

Winnie King has been teaching in the southern part of the State.

The engagements have been announced of two of the members of last year's class, Anna Hardy and Laura Vestal.

Harry McKanney of June, '99, has been teaching in Siskiyou county.

Mr. Estes, June, 1900, is teaching in Marin county.

Ilma Schevreyer, Gertrude Peckham and Helen Carlotts have been seen at several meetings of the Pedagogical Club.

NORMAL NEWS NOTES.

The Y. M. N. D., the first organized society in the Normal, held its regular annual open meeting in Normal hall, Wednesday, June 19. The debate was on the question: Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs Walter Frost and John Brennan, and the negative by Messrs John Bolin and Casper Ornbaumn. The society held its annual banquet at the Lamolle House, and many members of the society's alumni were present. This society has done more than any other society in the school in training debaters.

The Sappho club entertained its friends in Normal hall, Saturday, June 8, in honor of the graduation of eleven of its members, Misses Cecile Osborne, Olive McMahon, Beatrice Johnson, Clifton Swisher, Elsie Ruhl, Emma Blanchard, Genevieve McBride, Pansy Abbott, Ina Baker, Maud Wallace and Mary Cortner. The features of the program were a farce and promenade concert. Those who participated in the farce were Ned B. Gould, Ethelwyn Caldwell, Lillian Raney, Cora Ripley, Beatrice Johnson, Clifton Swisher and Leona Huffman.

A delightful reception was given by the Allenians on Friday evening, June 14, the occasion being the graduation of two of their members, Hazeltine Hayden and Pearl Rigden. The young ladies have both been earnest workers in the society, and it is with genuine regret that their fellow members realize that they must lose them. The Normal corridors were artistically decorated for the occasion. The entertainment for the evening consisted of a musical program assisted by D'Ablaing's orchestra, and a promenade.

On Saturday evening, June 15, the Browning club gave a reception to its friends in honor of its graduates, Ethel Murdoch, Sadie Gilmore, Sadie Holmes, Narcissa Hale, Norine Connelly, B. Johnson, May Graham, Elsie Ruhl, Lulu Schoof, M. Ward, A. Sheriffs, M. Matthews.

The Browning is a progressive society which has the rare genius of combining business with pleasure. This society was organized about two years ago and is greatly indebted to Prof. H. M. Bland, who has given his valuable time and assistance in the way of helpful suggestions and criticisms. The program for the evening was as follows.

President's Address -	Rose Sunderer
Instrumental Solo - -	Helen Mignon
Recitation - - -	Nell Flanders
Duet { Mandolin - - -	Sadie Gilmore
Duet { Guitar - - -	Ralph Mathews
Oration - - - -	Alex Sheriffs
Vocal Solo - - - -	Rose Sundener
Short Talk - - -	Miss Feidler
Vocal Solo - - - -	Miss Blasdel
Presentation of Diplomas -	Prof. Bland

The program for class night was a decided success, and showed the hard work and ability of those who participated. The program contained the following numbers:

Piano Solo -	Joseph Reardon
Class History {	Sadie McGrath
Class History {	Anita Tomasini
Vocal Solo - -	Ralph Mathews
Class Poem -	A. M. Sylvia
Song - - -	Mabel Childs
Class Prophecy - {	May Hayward
Class Prophecy - {	Beatrice Johnson
Song - -	Normal Male Quartette

On Friday evening, June 21, the Senior B's held a reception in the Normal in honor of the June Class of 1901. The corridors and Primary hall were beautifully decorated. Everything possible had been done to insure a successful evening, and the 4 B's certainly proved themselves excellent entertainers. The evening was spent in dancing, and everyone present reported a good time.

The June Class farce, given on Saturday evening, June 22, was a perfect success. Much credit was due to the committee who had the management of the program in their hands, and also to Miss Nicholson who assisted in making the presentation of the farce a success. The program was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. Program:

Selection -	San Jose High School Orchestra
Song -	Normal Male Quartette
Selection -	High School Mandolin and Guitar Club
Song -	Miss Alice Gussfeld
Farce -	"My Lord in Livery."



SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Characters.

Sybil (Daughter of Sir Geo. Amberly) - - - - - - - - - Rose Fleisig
Rose } friends of Sybil - - - Agnes Mason
Laura } friends of Sybil - - - Evelyn McEnerney
Spiggott (an old family butler) - Joseph E. Frye
Hopkins (a postman) - - Leonard Nelson
Lord Thirlmere (H. M. S. Phlegethon - - - - - - - - - - Alex Sheriffs

The graduating class will give a reception in the Normal, Wednesday evening, June 26. The corridors and Primary Hall will be decorated in pink, the class color. We insure our friends a hearty good time.

The Erosophian, chaperoned by Miss Cory, went on a picnic to Alum Rock, Saturday, June 8. After tramping around and enjoying the scenery of the park, the members were refrehed by a dainty luncheon. Every one reported a good time.

Much credit is due toMr. A. H. Suzzallo, principa l of the Longfellow school of Alameda, who sacrificed his time in coming to San Jose to coach our debating team. Mr. Suzzallo last year coached our team which won the debate against the University of the Pacific. He worked hard and enthusiastically for the team which this year was successful against the Chico Normal. The school sincerely thanks Mr. Suzzallo for his earnest efforts to promote the welfare of our institution.

We are delighted in being able to report that so many almuni have visited their Alma Mater during the past few weeks.

The San Jose Normal has made an excellednt showing during the past year. They have been successful in all of their football and baseball games, of which they have played a goodly number. They have lately added another victory to their credit, and have maintained their reputation of being able to produce the best debaters of any secondary school in the State.

The many friends of Mrs. C. L. Place will be pleased to know of her success in the business world. She is now engaged in the insurance business, and is also selling oil stock for a California company in Minneapolis and St. Paul. [Her present address is 508-9, N. Y. Life Bl'd'g., Minneapolis.]

C. J. C. Bennett, former teacher in our school, is now studying in the University of Chicago. He is taking courses with Prof. Dewey that will be of special value to him in his Normal work

The Y. M. C. A. sent two delegates to the Summer Conference in Capitola the last week in May. These young ladies were Alice Chalfant, president, and Grace Ring. The former remained during the entire Conference.

Miss Ara Gass, an alumni of our school was recently married to Mr. P. W. Walsh of this city.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Otto Mouron is pursuing a course in pharmacy an the University of Berkeley, and that Mr. Arthur Caldwell is pursuing the law course at Stanford University.

Las Amigas club spent a very enjoyable day Saturday, June 15, at Congress Springs. The Amigas, with Miss Cory as chaperone, organized in September, 1900, and are proud of their successful experiment. Many good times have been spent at the club. It is the verdict of the girls that nothing can beat the "club,"

Not to be outdone by the girls, the boys have formed the Delta Omega Nu fraternity. This is the first fraternity in the Normal.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

I have been requested by the editor of the souvenir number of the Normal *Pennant* to write "something about the Alumni Association of the San Jose Normal School." This is certainly a compliment, and a privilege which I am glad to be able to take advantage of. Although not having had any experience in literary pursuits, I shall be glad, indeed, to say a few words in the interest of our beloved organization.

For many years past our Alma Mater has had an Alumni Association. There have been times in its history when the friends of the Normal School could point to it with pride, and rejoice at the constantly increasing influence it was bringing to bear upon the educational policies of this State.

Many of the sessions have been interesting and well attended by energetic and progressive graduates. Questions of vast importance have been dealt with in our annual gatherings and have been far reaching in their effect.

Then there have been periods of depression, due to one cause or another, when it was difficult to induce a sufficient number of members to pay dues necessary to liquidate the expences of the session.

We have just emerged from one of these periods and the outlook for this session is exceedingly bright; indeed, a meeting which has never been surpassed either in attendance or interest, is prophesied by all.

It is a deplorable fact that many of our graduates soon loose those feelings of cordiality and professional sympathy which should exist among teachers who graduate from the same school.

One of the purposes of this associatiou then is to develop in a high degree a spirit of fraternity among the members, and of loyalty to our Alma Mater.

This can be accomplished in no better way than by coming together once a year, to meet the younger graduates, review schoolday experiences and meet again our teachers and classmates of former years.

We owe it to ourselves and to the generous people of California who have made it possible for us to have an Alumni Association; to assemble with other educated men and women for professional improvement; to organize for more effective work so that a common interest may be awakened in the many problems that confront the educators of our State, which will lead to their final and satisfactory solution.

In conclusion I desire to say that the program which has been prepared by the Executive committee for the June session is a very interesting and instructive one. All who are interested and can attend should avail themselves of the opportunity.

As the executive head of the association, I extend cordial welcome to all graduates of the Normal school to join, and especially to the members of the graduating class, upon whom will rest, to a very considerable degree, the future welfare of the Alumni Association..

J. E. Hancock.



Y. M. N. D.

THE NORMAL PENNANT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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The Students of the State Normal School at San Jose

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - - JUNE, 1901

This is the largest class that has graduated from the Normal for some time, there being over ninety members on the roll. It is doubtful whether there will ever be such a large one again, owing to the fact that grammar school pupils are not admissible. Still we hope that the classes will be large enough to enjoy the pleasure of "lots of company."

Many firm friendships have been formed among the members of the class, and it is with a feeling akin to sorrow that we bid adieu to each other, hardly knowing whether or not we shall meet again. This feeling will soon leave us, for what is there that really does depress a young person very long? But in after years there will come a feeling of longing for our "Alma Mater" and "the girls." Some of us will satisfy that longing by coming back to dear old Normal. But what of those who are far away in other lands? Have they anything to satisfy them? Why yes! What of that treasure box with the pink sunbonnet, the June *Pennant*, and that commencement program. Would not these, with all their pleasant memories, satisfy them? I think it would; so, fellow students, it is my advice to you, cherish all these little keepsakes, hoard them as you would your precious earnings, for in the uncertain future they may act as little rays of sunshine in your weary and uneventful life.

The June class is certainly very fortunate to have Dr. John Dewey of the Chicago University address them on graduation day, June 26.

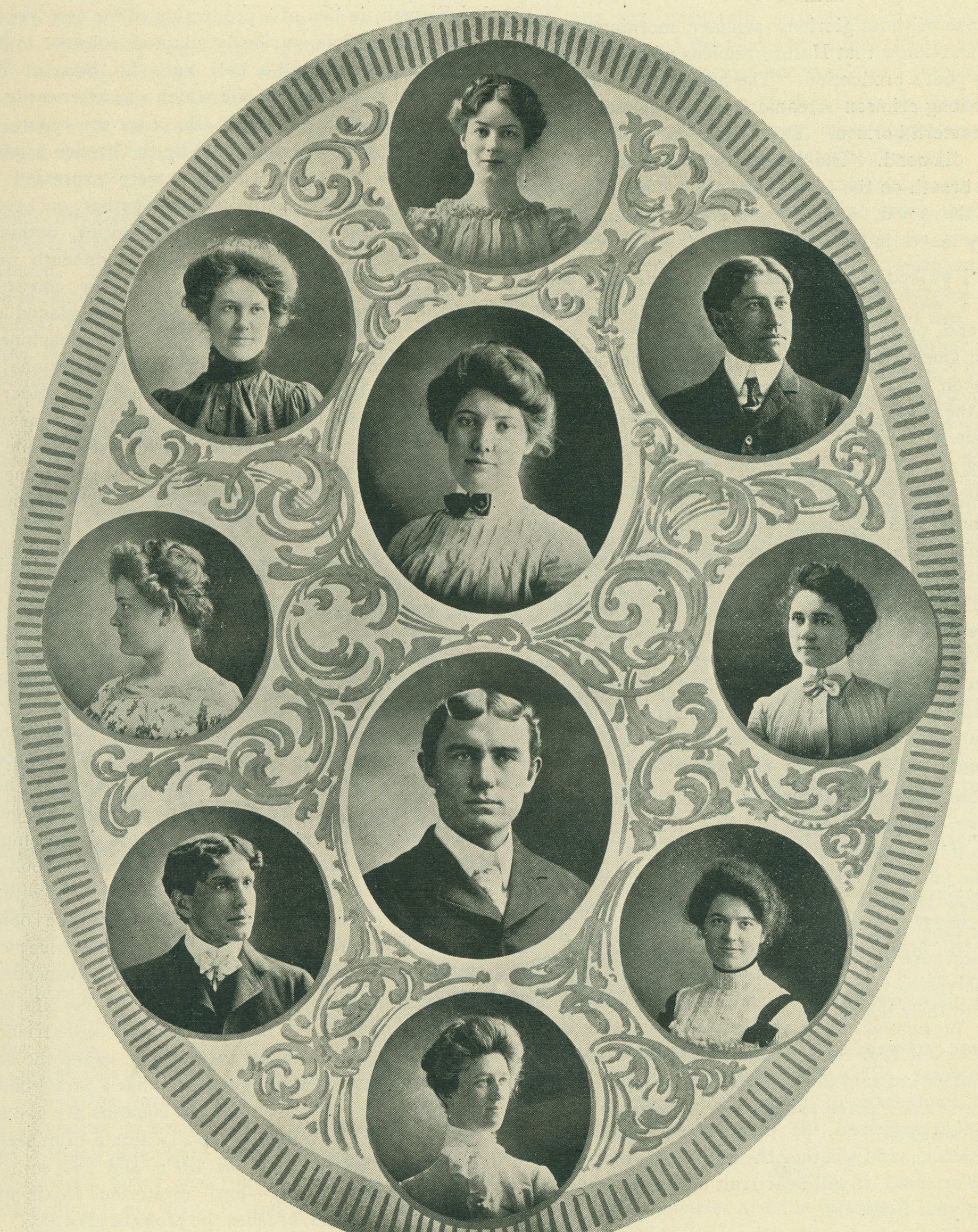
Dr. Dewey is conceded to be the leading educator, not only of the United States but of the whole educational world today. He is an educator in a different sense from Rosseau, Comenius and other educators of a century or two ago. Dr. Dewey has conducted successfully an experimental school in Chicago. This institution is based on the principle that school is not a preparation for life for the child, but is a part of life. The industrial training is at the center of all lines of work in the school. From this we understand what makes Dr. Dewey a great educator. It is the fact that he writes from his own experience of theories he has worked out and proved.

Our school is at last to be placed on the High School basis. For a long time we have endeavored to raise the standard of the school, but until this year nothing practical has been accomplished. After June the Normal will be open only to High School graduates, or to those who have credentials showing the equivalent of a High School training.

"You can have only four dances a year." Such were the words that greeted our ears when in the early fall we asked to have a dance. The faculty put its foot down and all our pleadings were in vain. "If you were graduating"—but then we wern't, so no use to talk any more. We had to resort to something else. As promenades were very popular in the East, it was suggested that we try one. The lead was taken by the Sappho Club, and afterwards followed by the Allenians. From all reports the "Prom." was just the right substitute for the dance. We hope to have many more in the future.

Under the able management of Mr. Fraser, the *Pennant* is in a flourishing condition. Mr. Mathews, the former editor, has always issued papers which reflect credit on his work as an editor. He wrote the athletic notes for the present number.

The placing of the class list toward the latter part of the book was a matter of necessity owing to the fact that it could not be obtained in time for the first form.



PENNANT EDITORIAL STAFF.

Cobwebs.

It was one of those glorious summer mornings when you feel and know that Nature rejoices without reading it in some poet's production. The heralds of the sun, with their long crimson streamers, were just appearing over the eastern horizon. Each blade of grass wore a sparkling diamond. The flowers gently exhaled their perfumed breath on the pure morning air; and the great trees of the wood, under which I was walking, shook their dewy leaves in the balmy breeze.

Calmly I walked along, thinking of no danger, when suddenly I was enveloped in a net, cold and damp. Tearing and pulling at the delicate meshes, I looked around for Queen Mab and a band of mischievous fairies; but soon found that those seemingly delicate meshes were like the silken chain with which the gods bound the troublesome wolf, Fenris, and which, though soft as silk, was strong as iron. So, finding my efforts to free myself all vain, in sheer vexation I sat down under a tree.

Everything had changed. Those diamonds on the grass-blades were nothing more than dew-drops, and being as wet as dew-drops usually are, they proceeded to spread themselves out, draggling my dress sadly. Those flowers with the perfumed breath were only thistle blossoms armed with horrid prickles. The mocking birds behaved in a manner characterized most admirably by their name, mocking me saucily from the boughs of those great trees which shook down drops of water from their dripping leaves upon my new garden-hat.

Yes, those cobwebs I became entangled in had entirely altered the morning's aspect. You may smile, but sometime, if you have not been there ere this, you may be in a like position; then you will know what exasperating things cobwebs are. They arrange themselves over your face, making sure to establish strong lines around your nose and across your eyes and mouth, making themselves so very promiscuous that you are forced to submit to their bonds.

But these cobwebs have their place in the great plan of the universe. This little account has, I fear, given you a bad impression of them. But from a situation similar to that described, the cobwebs may teach a lesson of patience; and whether their influence be good or bad, great or small, it will bear fruit and will leave an impress on your lives.

You have all watched the little spider at his work, admired it when finished, and marveled at the workmanship. The web of silken thread seems the result of simplest actions of the simplest apparatus; yet when we view the perfect cobweb we cannot conceive the delicacy which the crude machines men use—the fruits of highest human intelligence, practice, and experience—must attain to produce anything of like nature.

So man, in lieu of a production of his own like that of the spider, has variously adapted cobwebs to his use. About a century and a half ago, Le Bon, of France, obtained from spiders, silk which was afterwards woven into gloves and stockings. But after the report of one of his countrymen appointed by the French academy to investigate the matter, in which were expressed doubts that the spiders could be reared together, on account of their cannibal and rapacious proclivities, nothing was done until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a Spaniard, taking a different view, constructed a sort of stocks in which the spider was placed and the silk wound from his spinnerets by a little machine. Evidently nothing came of it further than additional proof of the possibility of procuring and utilizing spider's silk. One of our own countrymen also made experiments as to the utility of cobwebs for textile fabrics, and made important observations concerning their strength and luster and concerning the quality of silk produced by different spiders.

Cobwebs have long been held in high repute for staunching wounds; and many a poor mortal's life has hung on a slender cobweb.

Long years ago—you heard the story when you were a child—an old woman, taking with her a broom, went in a basket to sweep the cobwebs from the sky; and when asked by a man for permission to go with her, she put him off with "bye and bye." We suppose that nothing came of her attempt, for no account of her success is extant, and for a long time the heavens were just as obscure as before. Then a man, not attempting to fly "ninety times as high as the moon," took a little cobweb, and with its minute threads for wires, constructed a micrometer. Thus, one of the obnoxious cobwebs has aided greatly in clearing the blue heavens, in the study of which man has rapidly advanced.

Many, many times in the epoch of my life, which I am just closing, I have longed for some friendly old woman to come with her broom and sweep the cobwebs from my brain. Poor woman! what a task would have been hers! But sometimes the cobwebs are swept aside by the breath of a thought and I catch a faint perception of some great problem of life; and just so it will be until the end of life—until mysterious Death with one sweep of his hand, brushes the cobwebs all away. Then, and not till then, will we know and understand.

Mrs. Brown, the other day, went to call on her dear friend, Mrs. Clement Algernon Jones; and we can imagine the rapterous joy each expressed on beholding the other, their elevating conversation concerning their friend, Mrs. Smith, then their affectionate farewell.

Mrs. Brown then called on her friend, Mrs. Smith, and their discourse turned on their mutual friend, Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Brown had seen cobwebs in the parlor and hall of the latter! What an exceedingly poor manager she must be! Now my servants —— etc, etc., and I myself —— etc, etc. O little cobwebs, full of dust, microbes and vexation, what an interesting and highly beneficial conversation ensued and all through thy inspiration! Not yet will we call thee entirely evil!

In ancient literature we find the cobweb has a place. In the Bible it is taken as a representation of the hope of the wicked. As the cobweb is easily broken and torn away, so is the confidence of the wicked uncertain and their artifices not enduring. Who has not read among the myths of the Ancients the story of Arachne, pitied her presumption, and learned a lesson from her fate? Since that time, her story has been woven by poets into their writings, and the cobweb is a part of modern literature.

Men have studied the design of the cobweb, and copied it in some architectural production; or have woven the design into some fairy-like lace. Man's relation to the little spider and his web is very close.

A short time ago I read of a man: "He sat motionless at his desk like a big spider for whom time has no meaning." It set me thinking. What a concise, yet comprehensive character sketch! Here sat the speculator in his office, now here, now there tightening his grasp on the corner, and complacently waiting for his victims to cease their struggles somewhat, so that he might seize them; just as you have often seen a great spider sit at the edge of his web, watching with his bright eyes the fainter-growing struggles of some poor fly-victims.

We human beings are much like our humbler associates; which fact is fully expounded in Thackery's "Newcombs." Fond mamas and dutiful daughters—is it always the mamas and daughters!—spin delicate webs all around some charming, eligible young man, until their victim, either unconsciously, or weary of battling with adverse fates, yields. All ends unhappily more often than happily, and the rest of the human spiders sit around and applaud. Often the world sees no more of the affair than the charming exterior that is maintained. But many, many times underneath the fair outward appearance, lie blasted hopes and ruined lives. Sometimes this outward show is not kept up, and the sad mistake is exposed to the harsh criticism of a cold, unfeeling world, which so recently was giving its approval to such a delightful match. "Fame, the great ill from small beginnings grows;" and so each day the little tragedy is enlarged by gossips, until, although the actors may not yet be ruined, the ruin will soon be accomplished, and every tie which bound them together broken forever.

Ah, life has sorrows enough, my friends, and unless your neighbor really needs your help in his weaving, and you are positively certain you can aid him, leave him alone; and the God who taught the spider to spin, will teach him to unravel the tangle and start anew.

How many little Miss Muffets there are in this world! An obstacle comes in our way, often no greater than the spider which frightened little Miss Muffet away. But the little undertaking we have been fostering looks so small, and the effort to go on with it so great, that we, like that same little Miss, ran away, when we should look the obstruction squarely in the face, surmount it and pass on. If, after one—perhaps after several efforts—our object is not gained, we leave it and take up something else, only to leave it as we did the other. We do not hold fast to one "enduring purpose," but forget that, as the very next blow on the great block of granite may divide it, true to the maak the workman was striking; so the very next effort may obtain the longed-for result of our labors. Little Miss Muffet lost only curds and whey; we lose golden opportunities of a lifetime.

This lesson most needed by man is taught by the indomitable and persevering little spider himself. Robert Bruce imbibed this lesson. He saw a spider try six times to attach a web, and fail each time; but the seventh time it succeeded. Bruce had failed six times; but taking this lesson to himself, tried again, was successful, and never again sustained defeat—because of the influence of this truth on his actions.

Thus it is with our lives. We are each one weaving our own destiny of light and shade. Misfortunes tear the thread and destroy portions of our work; but we must catch the thread, repair and re-attach it, and weave on, widening and deepening our webs; or otherwise, when the threads are all cut by the relentless Atropos, the web will be an unsolvable tangle. So let us give due respect to the little spider and not despise him and shudder at his approach; and let us learn from the spider and his web, as Wordsworth did from the common wayside flowers, the great lessons of life; so that our webs when finished, we may leave behind to tell the story of our defeats and glorious victories, and so be an inspiration to others of earth's weavers.

Addalene Walker.

The canaries and the thrushes
Were long ago astir;
And the mellow morning blushes
For she knows they sing to her.
But the wind is softly sighing
As it comes across the lea,
And for you I am almost dying
So come, dear May to me. A. M. S.

The Legend of the Arrow.

The sun was struggling vainly with the cold, purple mists that crown the great crags and domes of Yosemite valley. Down by the river the shadows gathered unmolested over the little village of wigwams, but among the spires of the stony cathedrals, night and day waged battle royal.

Standing on the brink of the snow-fed Hetchhetchy where its glistening waters tumble unfailingly into the canyon beneath, two dusky figures in the semi-twilight watched the contest with the reverential love known only to the Indian.

"Truly the day hath been full of gladness, Yohoma," siad the girl with a happy look in her dark and splendid eyes. "Would that it could last forever."

Yohoma pushed a great boulder over the falls before responding.

"They will all be beautiful days to us, Juanita," he finally answered, "because we shall always be together. See yon wood-doves playing. The shadows make no odds to them for they know not parting. Happy are they living in the smiles of the Great Spirit, like the souls of two lovers returned to earth again. So shall we, Juanita, when we go down the dell beyond the setting sun, often return to this our former home. But the shades have fallen and night has come. Let us away to thy father's dwelling. Tomorrow I go to kill the deer, but at night I shall return for Tenaya's blessing."

Tenaya was the honored chief of the Po-ho-nee-chees. Long had the mantle of leadership passed among his ancestors, and he ruled the people with wisdom and justice worthy his royal calling. Juanita was his only child and it was with the view of choosing the noblest and most able chief for his people, as well as making glad the heart of his daughter that he sanctioned her love for Yohoma. Seeing his children together the old man's heart grew young again. Was not Juanita the fairest of the maidens? Yohoma the bravest of the tribe? And in his two-fold pleasure Tenaya spared no thought to add to the enjoyment of his loved ones.

With the breaking of the day just closing, they had gone to bear a message to the neighboring tribe of Monos, and had paused above the great To-arch-a-wah-to Falls for rest when the words of the gentle Juanita had broken the almost sublime silence.

When the deep and thrilling tones of Yohoma's voice had ceased, Juanita faintly smiled, but was silent. Yohoma had not understood that her regret for the lapsing day of pleasure had been accompanied with a measure of premonition for the future. Why should she tell her half-born fears to her lover, or oppress him with her burdensome fancies? Dear light-hearted Yohoma! He might think her weak or whimsical. Catching the look of inquiry in her companions eyes, Juanita laughed merrily, and with a gay challenge, easily distanced him in a race to camp.

In the morning Yohoma started on his quest for the customary deer to grace the wedding feast. With Juanita's parting kiss upon his lips, and Juanita's welcome waiting him, Yonoma's heart was light and hopeful. From morn 'till noon, and then 'till night Juanita watched for his return, but Yohoma's steps came not. At evening her light awaited him in vain. Morning dawned and day drew again to its close, but her lover still was absent. The dark forebodings of the walk by the falls haunted Juanita, and her heart grew heavy with dread. Surely harm had overtaken her loved Yohoma. The braves sent out by Tenaya on the new day to seek the hunter were likewise missing when night fell. Juanita could wait no longer. Going to her father she told him she must seek Yohoma.

"I hear him calling me," she pleaded. "I hear his voice in the wailing of the winds, and in the notes of the wood-doves. The murmur of falling water, and the sighing pines bid me come to him. Let me answer his call, father, for of all the earth none other can find him out."

Tenaya read the eager wish within her eyes. He heard the rapid beating of her heart, and saw the quick heaving of her breast. Her anguish spoke in every tone. Juanita must see Yohoma.

Tenaya thought of the gold diggers who were daily nearing the wonderful valley. Could it be they had harmed Yohoma?

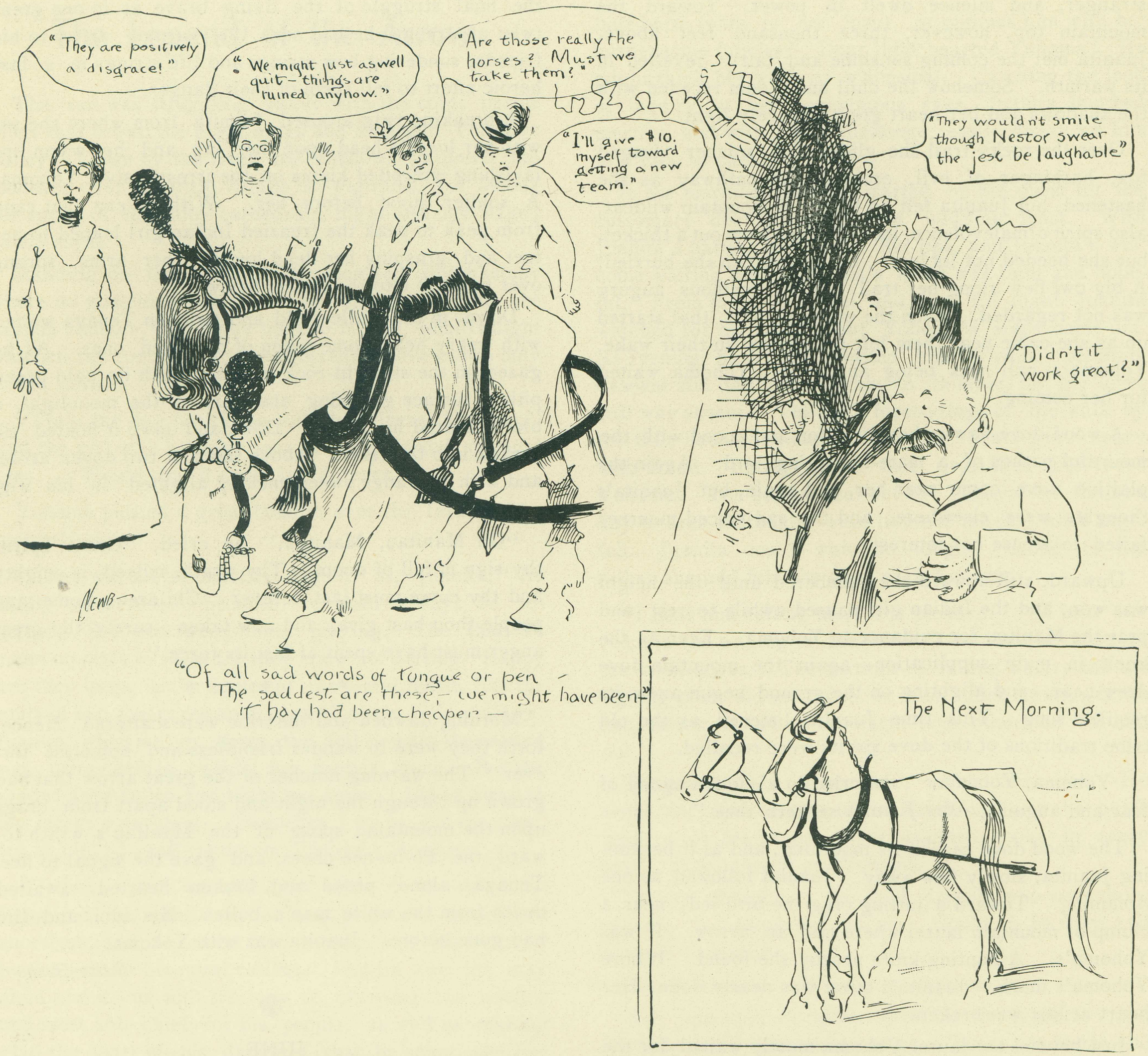
Finally he said, "We will go together."

But Juanita's thoughts were for her father. "No, no," she said, "you must not go. Tenaya is feeble and weary, but Juanita is young and strong. Juanita alone must go. She is not afraid. Her step is sure and her eye is keen. Let Juanita prove herself thy daughter.

Proudly and tenderly the old chief looked upon his daughter. Memories of his youth and fearless spirit came over him. Then his head dropped. "Go," he said," and the blessing of the Maniton go with you."

Up the winding cliff trail, clinging closely to the shaggy bush-grown sides of the mighty Capitan, the Indian maiden swiftly made her way. Juanita knew not whither Yohoma sought his quarry the fateful morning he had left her with her blessing in his heart, but she knew that he had taken El Capitan trail, and thither she would seek him.

Deep in the valley she had left; the day was still a



APROPOS OF "THAT FLOAT."

By Chas. A. Miller

Mr. Reader, although you have heard a great deal of the magnificence and grandeur of the Normal Float, although you may know something of the trials and tribulations borne by *some* members of the faculty in its preparations and construction, yet you have missed the best part of the whole affair if you did not experience, with Professors Dailey and Wilson, the *joy* of seeing *tears* roll down the cheeks of some other members of the faculty—tears made to flow by a practical joke. And if the victims of the two above-named professors will excuse the writer for bringing to press those sorrowful yet laughable experiences and incidents, you will know something of the undercurrent of that "river of tears" which at present you probably know nothing of.

The faculty was surely having one of its general "mix up" meetings when it appointed "Profs." Dailey and Wilson on a committee to see about getting "four fine, big white horses to pull the float—horses that were to weigh

fifteen hundred pounds each. All was excitement and interest! Miss Vivian moved that the horses must conform to the color scheme of the float. Miss Kenny seconded it and the motion was carried unanimously.

At the very next meeting the "Profs." were ready to give a report about the horses—but, take notice, the report was only partial. Professor Dailey said that they had spoken to a man about a team. The man, honestly of course, told Mr. Dailey that he had a suitable team and would be glad of a chance to attach it to such an elaborate float as he knew the Normal float would be. Mr. Wilson reported that they had not seen the team but that he knew it would be all right as the man they got the team from belonged to the same lodge they did. This was the non-x-ray report given by the professors. Just like women, the lady members of the faculty became curious and anxious about that team. So they began to ask questions and wonder if it could be possible that the team would not be suitable. And right here is where those two "Profs." played their part well. When before the members of the faculty they would assume an attitude of uneasinees, would look at eaeh other in doubt, wondering as to whether or not the team was what it "was cracked up to be." But when alone they laughed themselves sick to think that they were carrying out the joke so perfectly.

Finally the anxiety about that team became almost unbearable to the victims of the joke. In vain did the two professors try to allay the nervousness of the ladies by telling them that the horses would be all right, that their manes would be combed out, and their tails, although a little short and scraggy, would be fixed up for the occasion.

"Yes, just like them," says Miss Vivian, "they go and get four old skates they havn't seen, paying twelve dollars for them while everybody else pays forty for theirs."

The other members agreed with Miss Vivian that those "jokers" had little foresight and poor judgment, and that the economic instinct was dedeloped at the expense of the artistic. But the two gentlemen were having barrels of fun at the expense of the ladies. And so well did the two actors play their part that the ladies demanded that they should show those horses, the elegance of which was in doubt, that all might be certain they would be worthy of a "prize float."

The "Profs." were equal to the emergency. They went down on the street and picked out a span of the boniest looking horses that could be found anywhere. Even the accompanying cut flatters them. They then hired a man to lead the horses up to the Normal to place them on exhibition before the ladies that they might be fully convinced that the horses were—bones, not horses. The hired man, of course, was first given instructions by the professors as to what to do and say.

Mr. Reader, the horses were brought. The members of the faculty came from the building one by one to set their eyes on those "big, fine, white horses." The incident so memorable by its features of horror and dismay, and so picturesque in its very nature, furnished the text for the accompanying cut. And if ever the ladies of the faculty were to be pitied, it was when they gazed upon those bewildered, unfed equines.

When Miss Vivian sufficiently recovered, she made a sortie toward the man holding the team.

"Those horses won't do," says she, "we simply *won't* have them."

The gentleman was an ideal for the situation. "Madam," he cooly replied, "you will *have* to take them. They were hired several days ago. They don't look so bad: what they lack in beauty is more than made up for in spirit." At this the man led his horses, about—one with gunny sack tied round its knees and hoof, —to show their spirit. If they had any "spirits" they must have drank it before coming on the grounds. Soon Miss Vivian backed off about fifteen feet, then said with a sigh, "we might just as well quit, things are ruined anyhow."

Perhaps Miss Howe took a different view of the matter. She did not realize the situation until she got midway between the horses and the building. All at once she stopped, threw up her head, her arms dropped limply at her side. There she posed all alone. Several seconds elapsed before she could find words to express her disgust. Said she, "*They are positively a disgrace.*"

The teamster was trying in vain to make his horses show some of their pent up spirit, when out of the door came Miss Kenney, with a hopeful face, and Miss Thompson, with a business-like expression on her countenance. Well, you should have seen the sudden change that came over their faces And at about this time you should have also seen Professors Dailey and Wilson. At a safe distance away they were laughing as they had never laughed before.

"Didn't we fool 'em? said Mr. Wilson.

With a burst of laughter Mr. Dailey replied, "It worked great."

But to gaze at the ladies presented a very different aspect. Miss Kenney, wiping the tears out of her eyes, inquired of the teamster in a trembling voice, "Are those *really* the horses? *Must* we take them?"

Oh that hard-hearted man! Without the least compassion he calmly replied, "Such is the case, madam, as you can see their manes and tails are especially prepared for the float."

At the conclusion of this remark, Miss Thompson displayed her elocutionary power in just one sentence: *"I'll give ten dollars myself toward getting a decent team,."*

Just at this time Professor Bullock came out with the harness. He put it on the horses and 'twas about four feet too long. Of course it was the harness for the horses that were to be.

There stood that little group suffering untold miseries! They had spent nights and days in thought and labor planning and constructing that "prize float," and when at the last moment they were compelled to gaze upon such a spectacle as those horses—horses that were to pull that beautifnl design, can you wonder that the blow was almost fatal? There they stood gathered around the grave of all their hopes and aspirations! what to do they were at a loss to know! To sum up in as few words as possible: Miss Howe—scowled; Miss Kenney—cried; Mis Vivian—had palpitation of the heart; Miss Thompson—sobbed; Miss English, who appeared on the scene later—had nervons prostration; did'nt sleep for two nights; Miss Fiedler—also tardy—had what Mrs. George would call a psychological combination of all the above complaints.

The ladies soon hunted up the two professors to convince them that *that* team was simply out of the question. Of course the "Prof's." were a little surprised that the team was no better than it was, but declared that it would be all right by the morrow as it would be washed up and given plenty of fresh air. And to show you what the ladies know about horses, the gentlemen made them believe that the near horse in the cut would be suitable when rested up, so they agreed to take it. But this was not enough. The ladies were told that the cost for having those "skeletons" brought up to the Normal was fifty cents—a part of the general expense—and that they would have to help bear it. Even yet the ladies did not clearly understand the situation, nor see the joke. Miss Kenney gave that horse committee ten cents; Miss Vivian, twenty cents; Mrs. George, one cent; Miss Royce, five cents.

So besides having gone through all that mental torture at the hands of the two "Prof's.," the ladies were convinced that they must also bear the financial part of the joke.

Besides aching sides from laughter, it cost Professors Dailey and Wilson just seven cents each. The cost to the ladies is inestimable.

However, when the time came "four fine big horses" conforming to the color scheme of the float, appeared on the grounds What sort of phinomenon occurred that such a change could have been wrought so quickly, the reader will have to inquire of Professors Dailey and Wilson.

The Y. M. N. D. Society.

In view of the fact that this society is so well known, but little space need be occupied to tell of its doings. Although debating is the principal work of the society, development along other lines, such as impromptu speaking, reading, singing, and an occasional "squabble," has not been lost sight of.

For the past few months the Y. M. N. D. has been unusually active, with the result that a very successful open meeting was held in the assembly hall on the evening of the 19th. The program rendered is as follows:

Address	President C. A. Miller
Biography	R. Woelful
Solo	A Cuthbertson
Three Minute Speech	G. Shedd
Song	Quartet

Debate---Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people.

Affirmative---W. Frost, J. Brennan. Negative---J. Bolin, C. A. Ornbaum.

Presentation of diplomas---Prof. Holway.

On Monday night, the 24th, the annual banquet will be held in honor of the Alumni Association. President Hancock of the Alumni Association assures us that the attendance at the banquet this year will be unusually large.

On Tuesday evening of the 25th, co-operating with the Alumni Association, the society will give a grand reception at the Vendome hotel.

Although the club will lose, this graduation, some of its most active members---Messrs. Shed, Wash, Miller and Sheriffs---there will be those who can fill the vacated places; and that the society will continue to be one of the most flourishing in school, there is no doubt.

President	C. A. Miller
Vice-President	C. Martin
Secretary	A. Cuthbertson
Treasurer	I. Fox

WHAT THE X-RAY SAYS OF THE SENIORS

NAME	DISPOSITION	APPEARANCE	FAILING	LIKES MOST	AMBITION	QUOTATION
Pansy Abbott	Reliable	Reserved	None	A quiet time	To be a true woman	A sweet and thoughtful maiden
Ina Baker	Quiet	Dignified	Size	Antioch	To graduate	A dignity as moveless as the center
Kathrine Bell	Ordinary	Serious	Height	To study	To be a chemistry teacher	Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
Ada Bistorious	Queer	Unaffected	Crimps	Teaching	To get that Latin lesson	Prompt in duty
Emma Blanchard	Sunny	Childish	Too Young	Children	To have good recitations	To know her was to love her
Fanny Brinkman	Medium	Slim	Plaid waists	Literature	To grow	With shoulders bent
Francis Caldwell	Variable	Pleasing	"Splints"	To live at the Club House	To use her right arm	A maid of grace
Roberta Caldwell	Egotistical	Languid	Science	Teaching	To be a Chem. Prof at Harvard	We could not teach her holy things
Mabel Childs	Pensive	Artless	Boys	Boys	To get married	Is she kind as she is fair?
Norine Connelly	Sweet	Demure	Whispering	To move	To get taller	Blessed with that charm—the certainty to please
Alex Sherriffs	Moody	Senatorial	Conceit	To win debates	To rescind motions	I am fearfully and wonderfully made
Elsie Ruhl	Touchy	Springy	Blushing	High collars	To make a stump speech	A generous friendship
Joseph Riordan	None	A would-be swell	Cracking Jokes	Girls	To get a girl	An oyster may be crossed in love
Dorothy Kirk	Explosive	"Great"	Sass	To have her own way	To get records	Leave the world for me to bustle in
Frank Carr	Cynical	Ludicrous	Nerve	To blow	To be admired	The devil can cite Scripture for his own purpose
Sadie Gilmore	Odd	Slim	Falling in love	To be a belle	To have a fellow on the string	You should be ruled and led, by some discretion, that discerns your state better than yourself
Joseph Frye	Freakish	Elongated	Small feet ! ?	5, 10 and 15c shows	To be a stage manager	I will leave large footprints on the sands of time
Anthony Sylvia	Gloomy	Unto an owl	Blushing	Unanimous votes	To rival W. D. Howells	Nature has found strange fellows in her time
Clifton Swisher	Unruffled	Stately	A good time	Kodaks	To wear "vertabrae"	Her peerless feature approves her fit for none but a king
Beatrice Johnson	Winning	Coquettish	"Frats"	The latest "hose"	To marry Ned and Emma	Some think their little set mankind
May Graham	Good natured	Smiling	Laughing	Fun	To steer clear of Miss Royce	Her hair was not more sunny than her heart
Nell Fiske	Perfect	Medative	Dimples	To ride horseback	To marry *that* astronomer	She wins our hearts—to her our thoughts incline
Mabel Arques	Mild	Stylish	Parasols	Everything "swell"	To go to college	Most excellent accomplished lady
Elsie Lee	Quiet	Cute	Ties of all kinds	Dick	To get that Monterey School	Your eyes are so sweet
Hazel Hadyn	Fiery	"Look at me"	Splurging	To talk	To "hold" the floor	For "get you gone" she does not mean away
Nellie Patterson	Bashful	Don't care	Getting bruised	To ride a wheel	To be a new woman	Up with the woman
Charlie Townsend	Rather Cynical	Oh I don't know	Specks	Mumps	To be Pres. of June class	They never crowned him
Sadie Holmes	Spiteful	Meek	Not being loyal to class	P. S.	To get married	I would choose to have my past as it is and to let my future come as it will
George Shedd	Studious	Cynical	Frowns	Girls	To be a ladies' man	Behold me and admire
Lulu Schoof	Generous	Bright	Hard to find	Dancing	To be a milliner	So popular and without conceit
Emma Powell	Obliging ?	Old-fashioned	Impudence	To sport	To out-do everyone	Parting is such sweet sorrow
Mary Storer	Lovable	Angelic	Pious	Her best friend	To rescue would-be sinners	Her part had not been words, but deeds
Nellie Thompson	Quiet	Quiet	Bright colors	Miss Marble	To graduate	Genius in unlimited capacity for digging
Anita Tomasini	Sociable	Spready	Slang	Overskirts	To be a "blue-stocking"	Read my little fable
Addalene Walker	Impulsive	Sprightly	None	Writing	To be an authoress	She excels each mortal thing upon the dull earth dwelling
Maud Wallace	Affable	Pleasing	Pink bonnets	To lead the yells	Drum-major S.N.S. Orchestra	And when she is good she is very very good
Marion Ward	Passive	Up in the clouds	Color	An athlete	To be an angel	Where lives the saint ?
Sam Wash	Finniky	Insignificant	His mustache	Himself	To talk in Student Body	The bellows of his lungs begin to swell
May Wells	Shy	Microscopic	Studying	To read in the library	To have a private school	As fair and frail as May's first life in a Northern vale
Mabel Wing	Peaceable	Lazy	Late drives	Moonlight nights	To meet—?	I have my cares
Nettie White	Unknown	Sawed off	Shortness	Satchels	To take something besides literature	What a funny little duffer
Lillian Andrus	Amiable	Slow	Watch chains	Mr. L.	To invent a flying machine	Knowledge is gold
Ada Bagley	Decided	Intellectual	Undiscovered	A joke	Perfection	She went not with the crowd
Annie Basile	Kindly	Unique	"Pink"	"Stripes"	To out do the faculty	Slow of foot and swift of wheel
Lillian Buller	Stubborn	Nice	Kindness	Music	To live in single blessedness	Her own shall bless her
Adaline Cadman	Calm	Not 2:40	Inactivity	A diploma	To be an alumna	Gentle of speech
Mary Cortner	Lovable	Striking	Love !	The Sigma Theta	To go to Vassar	Like patience on a monument
Oma Crocker	Unknown	Passable	Gum	To sleep	To be a dancing teacher	Thus let me live—unseen, unknown
Florence Cunningham	Freakish	Snub nosed	Asking questions	Physical geog.	To explore all the world	I am not that which I seem
Frances Eby	Gentle	Not so demure as she looks	Geometry	Drawing	To compose	Whose little body lodged a mighty mind
Stella Eby	Quiet	Docile	Talking	Frances	To go to Napa to teach	Good grows with her
Mary Fablinger	Lazy	Could be greatly improved	Ancestry	Prof. Rattan	To be a florist	"God may forgive sins," he said, "but awkwardness has no forgiveness on heaven or earth"
Mary Farney	Mild	Indolent	Digging	Discussions	To dam that creek	I would be quiet
Rose Fleisig	Politic	Interesting	"Frat pins"	Lit. Meth. ?	To be an actress	My clothes are my food
Edith Frost	Determined	Capable	Picnics	Singing	To be a music teacher	A woman in her woman's sphere
Ella Galbreath	Friendly	Business-like	Cutting	Sewing	To be a dress maker	A guardian
Jean Gates	Genial	A la Mrs. Goodell	L. C. Multiple	To laugh	To have a good time	And witty to talk with
Cosa George	Inquisitive	Learned	Great	Red waists	Another red waist	My life is one continual grind
Narcissa Hale	Trustworthy	Calm	"Swipeing"	Tomales	The highest	There is a deal of deviltry beneath her mild exterior
M. Hankenson	Changeable	Coy	Undiscovered	Fun	To have white hands	Upon my soul the girl is spoiled already
Maud Hansen	Touchy	Oriental	Quotations	History	Can't be found	It were a fatal thing to be too small
Jessie Harrel	Ladylike	Dainty	Voice	Quiet	(?)	She was good as she was fair
May Hayward	Loyal	Genial	Too insignificant to mention	Entertainment	An author's fame	Wearing all that nicety of learning lightly like a flower
Mary Hite	Shy	Petite	Wanting	Romances	The best	Too fair for praise; too modest to believe it
Amy Hobson	Friendly	Solid	Hard to find	Her friends	A brilliant career	Quiet, just and unassuming
Mabel Holloway	Bustling	Jovial	Dancing	Jolly times	Anything	She trips the light fantastic toe
Maud Johnson	Unruffled	Serene	None	Phys. Geog.	To know it all	To all she was polite without parade
Mabel Kimball	Studious	Healthy	Unnoticeable	School	Outshine her class-mates	Look then into thine heart and write
Annie Lindsey	Unknown	Tall and slim	Not on record	Walking	To get there	Neat in dress, not gaudy
Ettie Logan	Good	Unassuming	Studiousness	Picnicing	To be on top	Learning is the road to fame
Ralph Matthews	Indescribable	Gallant	Too microscopic for an X Ray	Athletics	He won't tell	Young and tall and very handsome
Jessica Longmire	Fickle	Above reproach	Unknown	Good times	Something sweet	Vivacity is the gift of women
Genevieve McBride	Reserved	Nice	(?)	Club life	To live a life of ease	Quiet, just and unassuming
Sadie McGrath	Good	Intellectual	Spirits (?) of a certain kind	Miss Howe	To teach history	Gently to hear, kindly to judge
Olive McMahon	Pensive	Attractive	None in evidence	Sappho Club	To surpass Patti	Sent to calm our feverish brow
Chas. Miller	Obliging	Self-satisfied	Very small	Skylarking	To get more ads.	He tells you flatly what his mind is
Almeida McMillin	Dauntless	Immaculate	None	To practice yells	The best there is	A constant woman
Jeanie Milne	Sweet	Unassuming	Quiet	Duty	To be a missionary	Her youth—Oh!
Ethel Murdock	Advising	Kind	Smelling salts	Measles	To be a 2d Carrie Nation	Patience! You're sure to succeed
Harriet Murphy	Ready to please	Ninnyfied	Herself	Marysville	Unknown	Smile at the claims of long descent
Kate Nye Murphy	Oh so good	Unapproachable	Too nice to touch	To have people listen while she reads	To be a second Melba	I wish that parsons ne'er forgot to heed their pious teachings
Jessie Nichols	Unruffled	Always the same	Undiscovered	Solitude	To be one of the first	Thou, the graceful tact the Christian art
Cecil Orborne	Dreamy	Demure	To do good work	Olive	To do the next thing	A still, small voice
Pearl Rigden	Blameless	Sombre	Kindheartedness	To help others	We don't know	Purified, strengthened, protected and rendered more worthy of heaven
Lottie Sargent	Unknown	Wabbly	Recitations	Red cheeks	To take up Moody's work	You little girl !
Ruth Sitton	Mild	Tame	Gossiping	Pinoche	Absolutely none	But hope the charmer lingered sill behind
Rowena Smith	Pleasant	Inoffensive	Books	School-mams	To get zeros	Books and heart must never part
Gertrude Snyder	Talkative	Old maidish	Writing notes	Peanuts	To be good	I can't keep the world from going round
Etta Hunt	Childish	Winning	Dimples	Black	To take a journey	With step as light as summer air
Julia Jones	Cranky	Frowning	"Nuts"	Solitude	Sacking	Little beauty
Mabel Drewry	Self assertive	Marble-like	Getting into trouble	Hard to find	To have her own way	That you may be loved—be amiable

Miss Vivian (inquiringly)- "What do you call those people who cheer for the game, roasters?

Miss Nicholson (hastily)— "No, roosters. Ask Miss Bradley, she is authority."

Miss Bradley (emphatically)-'Fowls'

For the Nature Study students—
All persons wishing for information on peppers, please call on Alex Sheriffs.

Miss Andrus—"the trade of sea-faring vessels--"

Miss Howe (crossly)--"Well I'd like to know what other kind of vessel you would have besides sea-faring ones.

Miss Andrus--"Why you might have river-faring ones."

They say Prof. Bullock has been making "goo-goo" eyes for his class, and has also shown them the mysteries of sheep's "eyes."

Teacher--"That Mr. Shedd is a regular book worm."

Bright student—"From the interest he takes in geometry, I should call him an angle worm."

Prof. Wilson--"In a water meter there is a water motor; in an ammeter there is a little electric motor."

Ralph Mathews—"Then in a gas meter there must be a little gas engine.

Miss Swisher would be a candidate good for a mile walk judging from the artistic stepping she did at the "Faculty-Senior" game.

After the "Faculty-Senior" game Prof. Addicott published a phamphlet of 50 volumes on "What I Know About Baseball."

Frank M. Carr says, "Success is won by grit, intelligence, perseverance, honesty, and labor." I wonder how he found out.

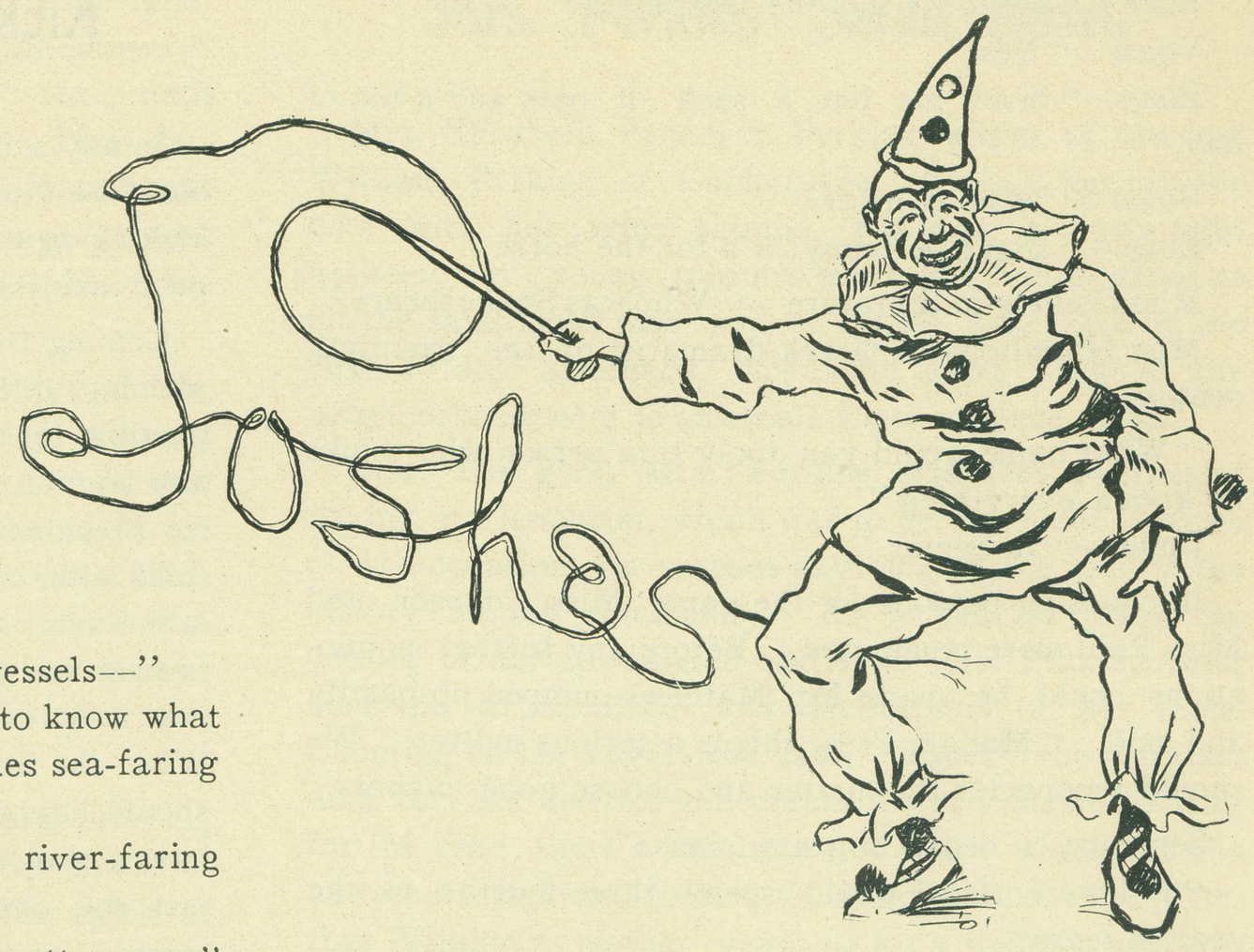
May Graham says a meteoroligist is "a man who studies meteors."

Prof. W. in physics class:—We must be very careful to get the cart before the horse."

Prof. B--"You must have a clock in your head when you work my problems," but this "does not necessarily mean you must have wheels in your head." Evidently Prof. Baker has invented a new clock.

Because of earnest solicitations, bribes, and threats we have refrained from joshing Prof. Holway until the day when the June *Pennant* goes to print.

Prof. Holway has a young lady's heart. Please call instantly or it will be turned over to the preceptress.



A breaker is a "swell" that rolls over on the shore.
Prof. Holway.

At the Browning banquet "drop the handkerchief" was the game which all enjoyed. After Prof. Bland had taken a fall while playing, some one remarked, "It seems that Mr. Bland can't stand "Drop the handkerchief."

At one of the June Class meetings there was a lively discussion regarding the wearing of pique skirts. In the midst of it Mr. Wash said very entreatingly, "Oh, madam president, *please* may I leave the room?

Prof. Dailey—advertising lecturer—"Why, his stereoptican is fine, reaches clear back to the door."

Mr. Schemmel, while drilling a class on "Angels of Jesus," said: "Sing softly, angels." We evidently appear better in the eyes of the new teacher.

Features of the "Amen Corner" in Phys. Geog.:
Tales of frog and fish rains.
Told in an interesting manner by Misses Holmes and Graham. Their explanation given by B. Johnson.

Among the secret organizations in this school none has caused more amusement than the "Amen Corner." Since only those who were exceedingly intelligent and capable of appreciating *frog* and snake shows were admitted, very few members were initiated into the secret order. The members are Pansy Abbott, Sadie Holmes, May Graham, Beatrice Johnson, Norine Connelly, Nell Fiske and Stella Thompson. *P. A.*

It is rumored that a conversation something like the following took place over the 'phone between Elsie Ruhl and the feed store:

Elsie—"Hello, is this the feed store?"

Voice—"Yes."

Elsie—"Send me out a sack of oats and a ton of hay."

Voice—"Who is it for?"

Elsie—"Don't be funny, it's for the horse."

Miss Daniels in literature—"Who was Shakespeare?"

Miss Hamilton—A Greek dramatist of the twentieth century."

"What name would you apply to a person who thinks he knows everything?"

Junior—"A Senior."

In choosing persons for the game Miss Johnson and Miss Ruhl were nominated. Before any further nominations could be made Mr. Mathews jumped up hastily and said: "Madam Pres. this is a serious matter. We should reconsider the matter and choose good players."

Sentence on board in gram. class:

"If I were rich I would spend three-fourths of the year in tears."

Miss Nich.—"Yes, that is in the subjunctive mode. It is a supposition contrary to fact."

Student (to herself)—Well, she needn't have bawled me out like that.

Just before the game:

Little girl in Tr. School—I want the Seniors to win because all my teachers are Seniors.

2nd liitle girl—I wan't the Faculty to win because you know they are old and the poor things can't run fast.

LAUGH ON THE TEACHER.

As an experiment in psychology the professor said he would write a word on the board and then let one of the students tell instantly what impression was made upon her mind. He called upon one of the students to be ready to think quickly and tell exactly what her first thought was after she saw the word which he was about to write. He stood close to the board, so that the word was hidden by his shoulders until he turned. He wrote the word "pig" and all of the class saw it except the girl who was standing ready to make reply. When he turned he didn't get out of her way and she couldn't see the word. In reply to his sharp, quick question: "Now, what do you see?" she replied naively, "I see you." And the class laughed.

"You may find a balm for a lover crossed
Or a candidate defeated,
But the only balm for a ball game lost
Is to swear the umpire cheated."

Ex.

Kicking Against the Pricks.

In any school, and especially in one so large as the San Jose Normal, there is bound to be a good deal of kicking against the pricks, and there are sure to be a good many pricks to kick against.

Coming from different homes as we do, with different training, different ideas, and different ideals, it is impossible for six hundred people to work together without any friction. For instance, in a Student Body election for President, a certain faction of people who happen to think alike are thoroughly convinced that a certain man is the man, and the only man for the place. Another faction are just as positive that this particular person is positively incapable of filling such an important position. Why, the Student Body would simply fall through if he should happen to be elected. On the other hand, they have a man who is a splendid financier, a fine fellow, just the one for the position. Of course somebody is elected, and the defeated faction is pricked. Now begins the kicking.

Again, when May Day comes, a most beautiful *rainy* day, just the thing for a picnic, and we have planned for it with a great deal of pleasure, lo and behold, our faculty come down upon us and say that we have had too many holidays already, and are presumptious to ask for another. Then the poor little Freshmen, who have dreamed about it so long, to the neglect of their studies, are pricked pretty hard, and there is more kicking.

When we are Freshmen, the pricks are the sharpest, at least we take them more to heart. We are coming into a new school with a new kind of management, a new discipline, different from any thing we have ever had to do with before. The faculty are different from any teachers we have been under before. They expect more of us than has ever been expected before. And even our fellow students are different perhaps, from what we had expected. They go about with a seriousness and determination of purpose and an independence that we have not been accustomed to before.

But we make up our minds that we are going to be just as big, and carry our heads just as high, as anybody, and so we start out. But our high ideas are soon crushed, for as some one has said, "If you think you know it all, the Normal is the place to go to find out that you do not." The girls are always getting caught talking in the halls. Some one sees the boys coming up the faculty steps and highly offends their dignity by informing them that they must never be seen coming up those steps again until they are alumnae. Side and basement doors are good enough for Freshmen. But we resolve to shine in the class room if we can't anywhere

else, when to our dismay we are met with, "State your authority," "Talk to the point," "Stick to the subject," "Make your observations more carefully," etc., until we are perfectly willing to take a back seat. Thus getting pricked on all sides, we feel as if we were about full of pricks by the end of ten weeks, and a great deal of suppressed kicking is going on generated by the lively Freshmen.

As we grow more accustomed to the ways of the school and come more in touch and harmony with its aims and ideals, the pricks become fewer and farther between until, when we become Seniors, you might expect everything to be going on smoothly, without a hitch any where. But it is not to be so, for even the all wise Senior gets pricked some times. Seniors do not always agree any better than other people and some one is sure to suffer for it.

But after all, what does this kicking and pricking amount to? It is merely an outgrowth of that spirit of rivalry that we find every where today. The spirit of rivalry is a good thing for any school. It helps to raise the standard of the school from the standpoint of education, morals, athletics, sociability and many other points of view. It is a good thing for us to become acquainted with this spirit and know how to meet it, for we shall have to sooner or later in our career.

Then, too, we must have some kicking for variety's sake, as I once heard a school boy say, and as long as it does not become very serious, it does no harm for we forget it as soon as it has passed by.

When we were Freshmen, our highest ambition was to hold our diplomas in our hands. But now, as the day of graduation draws near and we realize that school days are practically ended for many of us, a feeling of regret comes over us. We shall not have a chance to kick against the pricks any more for we are men and women now and must meet the pricks as such, and not as boys and girls.

But as we look back over our school days it is not the pricks that impress themselves upon our minds, but the more pleasant memories. We are prone to forget the little discouragements and disagreements and go out into the world remembering our school days as the happiest and best days of our lives.

Mabel E. Kimball, 1901.

I arose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

Mrs. Perkins' Salad Bowl.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prudence Perkins, widow of the late William Perkins of Gubburville, stood in her kitchen door with her arms akimbo, watching a lively fight between two young roosters which she had destined to fill the salad bowl that was to grace her table on the next Friday afternoon, when the good ladies of the neighborhood were to assemble there to piece quilts.

Now, the good Mrs. Perkins was very desirous of having her luncheon, which was to be the chief feature of the occasion, far surpass anything of the kind in the history of the community. As a general plans the details of an anticipated battle, so Mrs. Perkins dwelt upon the various dishes and decorations of her table. Counting on her fingers she said, "There's the cut-glass dish for the berries and cream, there's the silver tray for the cake, there's the decorated china plate for the buttered bread, and there's the hand painted blue plate, that William's mother gave us for a wedding present, for the tarts. Now, if Sally hands the tea around, Mrs. Dr. Snyder won't see my handsome silver tea pot, so I'll pour the tea myself. But in what shall I put that chicken salad? That flowered bowl is too small, and the square platter is nicked. I know, I'll buy a bowl."

So that afternoon Mrs. Perkins counted out into a market basket two dozen and a half eggs, and sent Sally with them to Higgins' store to be exchanged for a pretty new bowl. Sally got the prettiest and largest one she could for the value of the eggs, and took it home at once. Mrs. Perkins declared that the bowl was entirely too small, and determined to go herself and exchange it for a larger one. As she left, Sally called after her, "The larger bowls are ten cents extra." Briskly walking up to Mr. Higgins' head clerk and placing her bowl, unwrapped, upon the counter, Mrs. Perkins said, "Please show me all the bowls you have of this kind. This one is too small." The clerk obediently placed upon the counter all the bowls in the store, without regard to size or shape. Mrs. Perkins' comments ran something like this, as she examined the bowls, one by one, "This one is pretty, but too small. This one is large enough but I don't like the shape. This would do if it were not cracked." Finally, picking up from among the bowls the very same one she had brought back, she exclaimed, "How pretty! This is the very thing I need, and it is large enough, too." The clerk said, "Do you wish to take that one, Mrs. Perkins?" Replying in the affirmative and giving him ten cents for the supposed extra size, she took her bowl and departed, entirely satisfied. The clerk smiled knowingly as he muttered, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Mabel Holloway

The Unexpected in Zoology.

A few years ago, when a freshman at school, the study of zoology took up a great part of my leisure, especially Saturday afternoon. Then, if the weather was pleasant, I would go out in the garden, and, for hours, patiently collect zoological specimens for class-work. On one particular Saturday afternoon, when insects were exceptionally scarce around the garden I determined to try my luck in the grain field, which was a more secluded spot, and more apt to contain a greater variety of insects than the frequented garden, where people passed continually throughout the day.

I had not been in this grain field for many years; but that did not cause any hesitancy on my part, because the many pleasant associations linked with it were still fresh in my mind and made me all the more eager to go --associations of days in the past when my brother and I caught butterflies merely for the sake of catching them, when chloroforming, pinning, and struggling had not yet become a part of the sport.

So, with a net in one hand, and a cyanide jar in the other, I started out. The field looked very inviting from a distance, and, from all appearances, it seemed as though I were going to have a good outing as well as a jar full of specimens. After a little difficulty in finding an entrance, I landed safely within, and started to walk across the field, when, on looking up, I discovered that I was not the sole occupant in the place as I had anticipated, but instead, a short distance off, three cows were staring at me as though they considered my entrance an intrusion, They were total strangers to me in so far as personal acquaintance is concerned, and their incessant stare gave me such an uncomfortable feeling that I hesitated to go on. But as they did got move, and as their reputation was good--good in so far as I had never heard any thing to the contrary--I concluded they were merely curious, and dismissed them from my mind.

Insects here, as in the garden, were scarce, and I was deeply engaged in thinking where next to go, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a peculiar sound behind me. Half frightened, I looked around. The cows were galloping toward me at full speed. Impulsively I turned, ran, screamed. There was no one in sight; there was no place to go for protection. A fence was near by, but it was made of pickets, too high to climb over, and too close to slip between. The sound of the hoofs came nearer and nearer. My knees were becoming weak and my breath short, but I kept on unconscious of where I was going, or what I should do when I could go no farther. At last I reached the fence and was just in the act of giving up, when to my great surprise and delight, I discovered a board nailed midway between a few pickets, presumably far the purpose of keeping them together. Toward this board I bent my course, and, putting one foot on it and my hands on the rail, which I soon learned had barbed wire strung across, I fell over, rather than climbed over, the fence in spite of the barbed wire's desire to keep me midway between--just as the cows, snorting and apparently much disappointed, came up.

My first impulse was to throw my cyanide bottle, to which I had unconsciously clung all the while, at them as a boquet for their kind consideration in coming just a half minute late, but on further thought, feared they would not appreciate the value of the gift, so used a more familiar object--an act which was promptly acknowledged by one of them with a violent shaking of her head.

That evening, when I related my afternoon's experience, all maintained that the cows were perfectly harmless and merely wanted to make my acquaintance Whatever their object, they have cut a deep channel between two cells of my brain, and cows and zoology are from that time on always associated together in my mind.

Elsie Ruhl.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM THE LIBRARY

"Step up to the desk."

"This isn't the place for conversational talks."

"You young ladies will please change your seats."

"It takes some of you a long time to get settled."

"Those people at the farther table---"

"There are other places where you can talk."

"Don't take a book without registering on desk sheet."

"Who has taken 'Aristotle' from the desk?"

FROM THE ROSTRUM.

"We are delighted to have with us this morning---"

"What would visitors think?"

"Stop at the desk for your cards, please,"

"Miss ——, Miss —— will please stop on their way out."

"I want the halls clear."

"It is not a debatable question---it must be."

"Several cards at the desk---from last week, I should judge."

"We will have four measures played for a prelude."

A PAGE FROM A SENIOR'S REGISTER

RECORD OF ATTENDANCE AND MONTHLY SUMMARY.

SENIORS, '01

Teacher.

NAMES OF PUPILS. | GRADE OR YEAR OF PUPIL .....

NAMES OF PUPILS.	GRADE OR YEAR OF PUPIL	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Present	Absent	Tardy
Addicott, James										v v	v v			T			T		T		T	15	4	
Baker, Willie						v v																18	1	
Bradley, Caroline								v v	v v					v v				T				15½	½	
Blasdell, Elizabeth								v v	v v	v v	v v											15	4	
Beal, Flora																						19		
Bland, Henry								T	v v					v v v								16½	2½	
Bullock, Newell			T			v v							T							v v		17	2	2
Cory, Harriet																v v	v v	v v	v v	L VV	R	14		
Dailey, Morris							v v	v v	T							v v	v v	v v	v v	L VV		11		1
Daniels, Chloe									v v	v v	v v				T							15½	3½	
English, Rebecca				v v	v v																	17	2	
Feidler, Caroline				v v	v v																	17	2	
George, Mary							v v	v v	v v	v v	v v		R	v v	v v							12	2	
Goodell, Margaret P				v v	v v		v v	v v			v v		L									6	6	
Holway, Ruliff																						19		
Howe, Agnes							v v	v v	v v	v v	v v		R									14		
Kinney, Enid						v v					v v					v v					v v	15	4	
Kinney, Etta		v v					v v										v v					16	3	
Nicholson, Annie						T				T					T		v v		T			17½	1½	3
Payne, Gertrude														v v v								17	2	
Reibsom, Henriett																						19		
Rousseau, Lida						T			T				v v									16	3	
Royce, Ruth																						19		
Rattan, Volney						T			v v		T		v v			T	v v	v v	v v	v v	L VV	12	2	3
Smith, Maud																						19		
Thompson, Jane						T	v v										v v		T			16½	2½	
Vivian, Calthea																								
Wilson, Louie			T					v v					T					T	T		T	17½	1½	4
Zellerbach, Rose					T	T		T		T				T		v v	T		T	T	v v	15½	3½	5

Holiday

On looking over the attendance register this page seemed so overwhelmingly covered with marks that the Seniors thought it advisable to look over the filed excuses to see if our Faculty was justified for such a monthly attendance Many of the excuses were torn and crumpled, hence it was almost impossible to read them. However, what we could make out was so interesting to us that we thought that many others of the Faculty would be interested.

James Addicott was absent Thursday and Friday because the football boys needed their coach at the Chico game. His other absences were also due to the interest he had in the finest football team in the world.

On the day of Willie Baker's one absence, Willie was at institute lecturing on "Practical Applications of Processes."

We were more than willing to excuse Carrie Bradley's absence for two days as, on her attempting to ride a wheel to Alum Rock, she fell and sprained her ankle. Other absences were unexcused.

Elizabeth Blasdell also had a very good excuse as she caught measels from one of the Senior girls.

Both of Henry Bland's excuses were on file. The first absence was in interest of domestic affairs; the other two days were spent in S. F., trying to persuade Miss Schallenberger to address the Pedagogical Club.

No excuses from N. Bullock were found. We have been wholly unable to learn why he persists in being tardy occasionally, but were more fortunate in his absence of Friday. A young lady called to see him Friday night, so nervous troubles kept him at home all the following day. This we heard on good authority.

Of course Harriet Cory had to attend the Annual Internation of Sunday School Convention at Reno.

Morris Dailey had an excuse from the State Board of Education, showing that he had been in attendance at its regular meeting in Sacramento. The excuse for his later absence he said was to be found in Luke XIV:20 We looked and found this—"I have married a wife and therefore cannot come."

Chloe Daniels had gone with the "Would Be Swells" of the class of Naughty One to Mt. Hamilton, and on the return trip played the part of nurse so faithfully that she needed a nurse herself for the next few days.

Caroline Fiedler and Rebecca English spent two days in Berkeley trying to institute reforms in the Pedagogical department of the University.

Mary George and Gertrude Payne went to San Francisco together to see Mrs. Huff leave for the East.

Margaret Goodell had been sick so much of the term that she left school to go to the coast.

The County Teachers Institute of Siskiyou County needed a brilliant address, so Miss Howe was called upon. As for the Kinny girls, Enid remained at home every Friday to help with the sweeping, and Etta remained every Monday to see that *their* wash day had some system to it.

Miss Nicholson's absence of Monday was accounted for by the fact that on the preceding day she had eaten too much canned goods at Los Gatos. The other marks against Annie were due to "late to bed, hence late to rise."

On all of Mrs. Rousseau's absences she was invariably found to be hunting "skippers."

Volney Rattan was interested in finding new species of mushroons for Ruliff and Louie. His weeks absence was spent in hunting float flowers.

New dresses being more to Jayne than school work, she sacrificed several days of the latter to procure a new silk dress for the Senior reception.

Agents for posters and art collections were always beseiging Calthea so we were not surprised at her frequent tardinesses.

Louie Wilson spent a week trying to catch a trout. He was more successful with suckers, but returned the same "dear, jolly, old fellow."

Rosie Zellerbach's speckeled record lies wholly on the elevator. She either had to wait for it to come, or for it to finish the rest of the journey. It invariably wanted a rest on the way. The records of Flora Teale, Ruliff Holway, Henrietta Riebsam, Ruth Royce, and Maude Smith need no comment; they speak for themselves. With his record, Ruliff can indeed expound learnedly on attendance—he practices what he preaches. However, the credit does not lie entirely with him, as the little Mrs. at home sees that those flapjacks are always ready on time.

YOSEMITE.

O thou old valley, grand old Nature's home,
With walls of massive rocks that tower so high
They meet the unmeasured ceiling of the sky,
Thou art too lofty for this earth to own.
From broad El Capitan to yon South Dome,
The manuscript of Titan glaciers lie
To tell the tale of ages long gone by
When these great icy giants there did roam-
Now quiet reigns, and struggle is no more.
We wander 'mongst tall pines and trample fern;
We view thy scenes beyond description blest;
Peace now dwells here and stands with open door,
To welcome us from duty, sad and stern.
A Paradise where Nature is at rest.

Genevieve Nicholson.

BLAKE.

Oh poet, born of fancy, free and wild
Untrammeled is thy art with formal thought.
No rules confine Imagination's child,
Nor bound the heights by thy mad genius sought—
The other poets climb Parnassus' hill,
And deem the summit gained a lofty height;
But thou with graceful exercise of will,
Can scale the peaks within a single flight.
The lark that scorns the thrawls of lowly earth,
Is not more free in its rapt heavenward song,
Than thou, when spurred by thoughts of beauteous birth,
Thou speeds't thy soul in splendid verse along.
Thus poet of the fancy, wild and free,
I bend my knee in awe to rever'nce thee.

Daisy M. Bush.

First Impressions of Walt Whitman.

I suppose it is true that there is nothing new under the sun, but, in reading Walt Whitman's poems, I have found something in poetry that, to me at least, is entirely new.

In the first place, there are new words—foreign words, and words whose meaning I cannot find in any dictionary. In several poems there are lines with any number of syllables from seven to thirty-seven. There are some of the verses that I can not scan at all, and there are some that contain two or three kinds of feet. In no poem can one expect to find the same meter throughout. I really think that it is very extraordinary poetry.

I do not consider Whitman's poems very rhythmical. If they were written in prose,—and it seems to me they might quite as well be written so—one would call them very rhythmic prose, but in rhythmic prose one does not expect to find anything like the regularity and uniformity of rhythm that one expects in poetry.

There is a ruggedness in Whitman's poems that I cannot describe, but Whitman explains it admirably. He accounts for it by saying that he has communed with the spirit that formed some canon with its turbulent streams and tumbled rock-piles. The lack of any uniform rhythm would, in itself, give the poems a somewhat rugged character; but, added to this, there is the haphazard way in which Whitman puts his thoughts together. In the longer poems this last is especially noticeable. One thought is added to another and so on and on until, it seems to me, he forms a confused mass, and not a well-rounded whole.

There are several of these little things about Whitman's poems that I do not like, but I think that the good points more than counterbalance the bad. Even the ruggedness that I have just mentioned gives to his poetry a certain strength and boldness that I really like.

If Whitman describes a scene, he makes us see it. Any emotion of his is expressed with such evident sincerity that we can not help but have that emotion ourselves. This, I think, is an excellent quality in all literature, for it seems important that an author should gain the sympathy of his reader.

All of Whitman's figures, thoughts and expressions are extremely beautiful. The oftener one reads his poems, the more these good and beautiful qualities come to the foreground, and the less noticeable become the unpleasant things that first impress one. Now, after having read Whitman's poems two or three times, I like them much better than I did after having read them only once. They certainly improve on better acquaintance

REFLECTION.

When the evening shadows lengthen
And the song bird seeks its nest,
When the burnished gold and silver
Mingle in the distant west,
When in yonder leafy maple
Plays the green with flecks of gold
Borrowed from the glowing sunset,
Gleaming over hill and wold,
I would fain forget the clangor
And the din and daily strife;
I would fain attune my spirit,
All my being, all my life,
With the sweet-toned harp of nature,
With its soft, pure tones of peace.
In its tender, brooding spirit
I would know a sweet release.

Eleanor Bradford.

When in the hush of some deserted place
My inmost thoughts turn to the "Thee in me,"
And I remember that my soul is free,
Even though my body here must for a space
Conform to earthly laws with doubtful grace.
And even though my eyes are not to see
The noblest motives in the human race,
Or see their beauty in the highest degree,—
I wonder that my soul will be content
To dwell among the trivial things of life;
That it does not arise to higher things,
It does not soar above the idle lament
That this broad world is full of pain and strife,
And gladly take the peace that charity brings.

B. E. Bunney.

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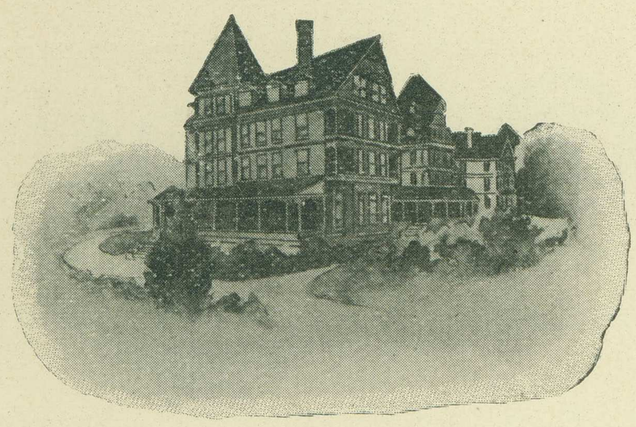
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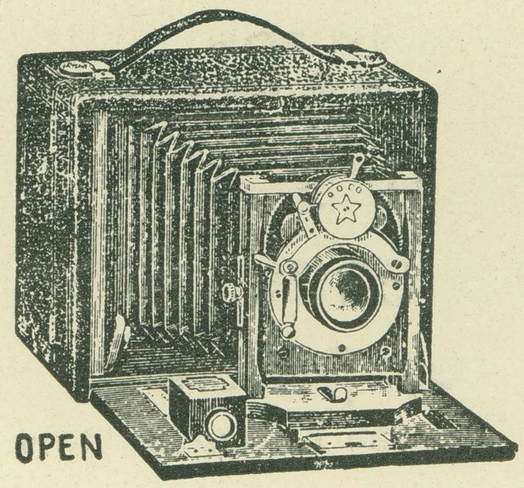
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