

# The Normal Index.

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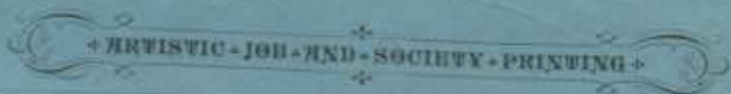
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VOL. IV.

JANUARY 25,

No. 4.

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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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TODAY, with heartiest good will, the INDEX greets its friends again, wishing to all a happy year of good success.

Standing at the open door of the now empty sanctum, that place of unknown trials, the incoming staff, realizing that before them lie great responsibilities and a hard term's work, hope to gain from them both profit and pleasure.

Through the earnest and well-directed efforts of our predecessors, the INDEX has gained a place among the best of American school journals. To maintain it in this high position, we most sincerely ask the help of all—pupils, faculty, graduates, friends. If you can give us nothing more, give us a good word; and, in your criticisms—helpful not hurtful—remember that "to do" is not so easy as "to know what were good to do."

It were well if all readers of the INDEX could

realize the influence it is exerting, and the significance it bears outside of school. Few of our pupils or graduates fully understand the fact that, by many, we are being judged through the paper. But this is true, whether we would have it so or not. People, naturally enough, look upon the work in the INDEX as a fair representation of the ability of our graduates, and judge the latter accordingly.

So every one—every pupil, whether high or low in the school, should feel a particular personal interest in our little sheet. In its news, its finances, its literary excellence. No one can afford to see it languish; so let all join hands to make it what it should be, a true index of the school and its work; and let each aid in giving to the world a paper of which all may be proud.

Follow this course and, when you come to reap the harvest of your sowing here, you will find that the time given to the INDEX will prove to be seed cast upon good ground.

WE are this time called upon to chronicle the retirement from our midst of two of the Normal's most highly esteemed teachers, Miss M. E. R. Norton and Miss Jessica B. Thompson. Their pleasant faces and kindly smiles will be sadly missed by all who knew them here; and, as we make our rounds of greeting and hand shaking at this commencement of the term's work, the rooms they have gladdened will, for a time at least, seem less home-like, and, to all, there will be a something lacking to fill up the cup of friendship.

With gratitude shall we always remember the busy, happy hours spent in rooms E and F; and we hope that the lessons there learned—lessons not of mere knowledge only, but of something higher and better—may never be erased from our minds and hearts.

Of the good work done by these teachers in the school we need not speak. The results speak for us. From many a wild mountain district, lone valley neighborhood, and busy, bustling, ward

school, come daily benedictions upon the heads of our retiring teachers.

Though their outward connection with the school is severed, in our minds they will always be associated with it, and no thought of the Normal will be complete without them. We hope to hear often of their future work, and to be favored by their presence among us at their every opportunity.

The Index wishes them God speed. May their paths lie in pleasant places; may the harvests they gather in new fields of labor be golden; and may their lives "have just enough shadow to temper the glare of the sun."

SOME months since the Normal trustees decided to graduate but one class yearly, and to divide the school year into three short terms instead of two long ones. The latter part of this decision went into effect at the beginning of last term, but the former part was so far modified, or postponed as to allow the then Senior A, and Middle A classes to receive their diplomas at Christmas, though still denying them formal graduations.

Under this ruling, the class of Dec. '88 left us very quietly, with little of the show and preparation, the extra expense, and the general wear and tear upon pupil and teacher usually attending graduation. But, though devoid of pomp and parade, the exercises were not without a due share of impressiveness; and lack of formality was amply repaid by simplicity, and by absence of fatigue and expense.

For our part, we shall hail the day when all graduations are conducted with the same simplicity and dignity. It will be a blessing to the overstrained nerves and weary brains of all concerned.

ON Thursday morning, Dec. 20th, the school assembled for the last day of the term just as upon other days, with only a few friends present to indicate that anything out of the ordinary run of events was at hand. After the usual opening exercises and a few fitting words spoken by Professor Allen to the outgoing classes, the graduates marched forward to the Vice Principal's desk, received their diplomas, and returned to their seats. All then marched to their respective class rooms, received their standings, and were dismissed for the day and term.

The class exercises were held in the evening in Normal Hall. Of the programme, which appears in this number of the Index, we shall only say that it afforded ample amusement and instruction to a

large and appreciative audience of school friends. At the conclusion, all repaired to the halls below, and spent the remainder of the evening in friendly sociability. An excellent band discoursed sweet music; the pleasant hum of conversation filled up the pauses; hand-shaking and Christmas wishes went round; and all seemed as happy as "children just let loose from school."

All in all, the evening was a most enjoyable one. May the Christmas class of '88 have many such.

## TWISTED

I wandered through an autumn wood,  
Where dark green glances traced their covert;  
Like sentinels on guard they stood,  
To welcome Nature's loosing guests.

Straight, arrow-like, the tall pine tried  
To touch with pointed tips the clouds,  
Who, laughing, caught their skirts aside,  
And scurried off in fleecy clouds.

The silver oak and red maple  
Here spread their graceful branches out,  
But near the path one tree had thrown  
A graceful trunk—all scattered about.

With branches twisted like a rope—  
Misshapen and grotesque it stood.  
It faced this tree when it would cope  
With sturdier beauties of the wood.

For in its youth some careless hand  
Had twisted the tender shoot away,  
And now among its neighbors grand  
It sank, misshapen, with groan and sigh.

This would my story illust. &c.—  
Who'd teach the young idea to show,  
Most careful be to keep it straight,  
Nor twist aside the frail young shoot. S. C. R.

## CLASS PROPHECY.

### PART I.

Yes, I am Anthony Rose. How familiar the dear old place looks! I can scarcely realize that fifteen long years have elapsed since I thought I carried the whole weight of the Normal on my shoulders. My head aches even now when I think of those knotty problems, those dreaded criticisms, and that last twenty page essay.

What am I doing, and how did I happen to come back? Well, about five years ago, I received an offer of a lucrative position with Newman & Levison. Thoughts of the golden ducats that would line my pockets tempted me to turn my back on pedagogical institutions and take to "the road." Last week I took passage on the stage running between Lompoc and Los Angeles. I noticed that the driver gave me a peculiar look,

but thought nothing more of the matter until we arrived at the foot of the hill. "Cachee" then leaned over and called out, "Rose, you will have to walk!" The eyes and the voice were familiar, but not the face nor the form. In vain I racked my brain. Not until he told me his name did I recognize our old friend, Grubbs. He has grown so stout that he covers the whole of the front seat. This stoutness he tells me is his one trouble, for it deprives him of the driver's prerogative—the company of the prettiest lady, to whom he might point out the scenery. We were soon busy painting word pictures of the past. As a result of our conversation, you find me here.

Grubbs told me that many of the class of '88 have become famous. About two weeks before we met, on entering a physician's office in San Francisco, he had found Annie Kolder. She was especially successful with women and children, but she discovered one thing in her practice, that filled her with amusement. Every man that comes to her for treatment has palpitation of the heart. No matter what organic ill this phase is present. The thought never seemed to enter her mind that when she lays her fair hand upon a man's pulse, palpitation must necessarily ensue.

Miss Shultsberg, Mr. Grubbs says, is living in Southern California. She has established a school of design for Swedish children and is eminently successful.

Of course I had heard of the great discovery Branhouse made. In fact, I have used his instrument, the "telephone," in connection with the telephone, to enjoy an evening with Bosh. Although fifty miles from San Francisco, I could see the faces and hear the voices of the actors and audience distinctly.

Miss Mallock's book "On Bess," has created quite a sensation in the scientific world. Little did she think when working with the A class that she would revolutionize bee culture. What a curious idea that was to employ the theory of "ecolution" to raise the bee in the scale of animal life and thus do away with the sting!

Miss Devine is a Sister of Charity, you say. Well! Well! Who would have thought our merry Kate willing to leave the social world and to devote herself to a life of sacrifice? Yet I used to think there were depths of courage and endurance behind those dark eyes that, when roused, would prove bottomless.

Have you heard about Abeline? I think the whole story so ridiculous that you must have it. You remember how enthusiastic he was on the subject of Cleveland about the time school closed. He used to wear half a dozen Democratic badges,

and all we could get him to say was, "Cleveland's all right. Of course he's all right." Not long ago, I was away up in the Sierras and I lost my bearings. After wandering about for several hours, I espied, down in a hollow, a little log school house. On driving up to the door, who should appear but our old friend. He was still electioneering for Cleveland and did not know, until I told him, that three Presidents had served and the fourth was serving, since his candidate went to Europe.

I saw by the morning papers that Miss Griffin who was so active in securing the enfranchisement of women and their recognized right to enter any profession for which they are qualified, has deserted her colors and is actually married. Her sister workers, however, are proving the value of her services.

The Misses Bailey and Talmadge have made a success of their fruit farm. On their premises only women are employed, and I have heard it affirmed that the fruit is of the same first-class quality from the top to the bottom of the box.

The Training School of Huskins and Durham is an innovation, but we Americans are proud of it. To train girls to be home-makers is a work worthy of the tender womanliness of Miss Durham and the originality and inventive genius of Miss Hawkins. Many husbands in our land have cause to thank these noble women for their happy homes. No pie with a wuggy bottom crust, no sour bread, no burned potatoes are cooked by the graduates of this school.

I was told a short time ago that Miss Foley has been for years studying the problem of a safe and sure method of extracting corks from empty bottles. At last, she has become successful. As a result of long and deep pondering, she has become so thin that she can crawl into the bottle and push the cork out.

Miss Hyde, as business manager of the leading Santa Clara paper, has shown wonderful executive ability.

The Misses Smith and Patton are taking a trip to Europe in a flying machine. This aerial monster is an invention of Miss Nicholls. The motive power is electricity stored in storage batteries. The cost is a mere trifle, since she has utilized the force of the sound of Niagara to generate the electricity.

Mr. Taylor is an auctioneer, and is the possessor of one of the prettiest homes in San Joaquin valley. If you should chance that way some evening when the setting sun is bathing the plains with a mellow light, you might recognize the face that looks out of the door to welcome George home.



That is a terrible affair of Miss Anglon's. You have not heard of it? Why, the papers have written of little else this week. You see, she invented a machine for corporal punishment, a most successful affair. All you had to do was to place the child in the machine, and the necessary work was done, without any call upon the traditional slipper. Unluckily, she one day forgot the combination, and—well Miss Anglon is to be sent to Folsom. The jury decided that the offence was unpremeditated and made the punishment as light as possible.

Miss Vandervost is a real estate agent. Rumor says that before many years her bank account will rival that of Flood!

Miss Clift is a leading society lady in San Francisco. She is married to a banker. I saw her last week, but she had forgotten me.

Miss Ball, you say, is manufacturing clocks for the use of Normal students, with a mechanism so wonderful, that let the possessor study ever so late, the hands will not pass beyond that fatal limit, ten thirty, P. M. Oh! if I had been the happy possessor of such a treasure, the number of my interviews with the Faculty would have been greatly decreased.

The Misses Welsh and Benson are practicing law in San Jose, and have just won a suit for Miss Page. You see, she discovered a cheap method for refining aluminum. The various, and in fact innumerable, uses to which this metal is applied caused some one to infringe on her patent. The energetic law firm, however, has settled the matter satisfactorily.

Miss Macpherson, that used to be, is living in Oakland. She took pity on a young man traveling alone the weary way of life, and is now trying to discover if "marriage is a failure."

Caroline Doyle has devoted her life to the discovery of a new species of angle worm. She is confident that it exists, but always when she is on the verge of success, she finds the same old species of earth-worm she discovered so many years ago at the Normal.

Why, Miss Remmel, how delighted I am to see you! Principal of the Training Department! Well, the old days come thronging back at sight of your familiar face.

Murray in business here! Oh, then I must leave you to see if he will remember the Rose that bloomed by his side for so many years.

Oh, I almost forgot our old friend Pater. I saw him last week. The frost work of old King Time is beginning to show upon his temples. As I left him, I heard him mutter to a diminutive Lawrence, "Infinitesimal biped, send thy footsteps hither

that thy paternal parent may elucidate to thee how multifarious are the vicissitudes of existence on this mundane sphere." A. L. P.

## DAY DREAMS

When summer sunshine fills the air  
With warmth and brightness in its ray,  
And birds around their choruses sing  
From morning until close of day—  
We sit and dream of hours long past,  
Of happy days that are to come.  
The earth, a perfect Eden seems,  
And all our hearts overflow with song.

We dream of love, of joy, of rest,  
And all that makes life fair and bright;  
Our thoughts are only of the day,  
With not a shadow of the night.  
'Tis human for our minds to stray  
Far from the beaten track of life,  
And wander through the fields of hope,  
Leaving all thoughts of worldly strife.

The clouds that float above our heads  
Are lined with silver, clear and bright,  
And those that once looked dark and drear  
Now seem to be of purest white.  
Castles we build of balmy air,  
With battlements and glassy dower,  
Upon the sides of which, at will,  
The dazzling sunbeams gently pour.

At last we wake from our dreams  
With castles fallen to the ground,  
Endymion's weary eyes are closed,  
And twilight shadows are falling round.  
The brilliant clouds have turned to gray,  
And lost all of their color bright.  
Our thoughts return to duties near  
And all our dreams are put to flight.

So, in our youth, we dream of fame,  
And high our aspirations rise.  
At first, our path is clear and smooth  
As onward, toward the end we strive;  
But soon the way grows rough and drear,  
Yet faint and worn we struggle on,  
And strive to gain the resting place,  
For which our hearts have yearned so long.

But just before we reach the goal,  
Our feet are turned from out the way  
That leads to the appointed end,  
And new paths are left to stray.  
What pain and longing till our soul  
When our high hopes are dashed aside!  
And we are left alone behind  
To float by mindless, in the tide.

So, when our aspirations fail,  
And we a lonely path must climb,  
We'll not despair, but onward strive,  
And make what's ours to do, sublime.  
For how much nobler, grander far,  
May be the end that we shall reach,  
Although by lower paths we tread,  
By doing the duty nearest each.



## CLASS PROPHECY.

## PART II.

DECEMBER, 1888.—“Good morning, sir. I wish to have an advertisement inserted in your paper for rooms suitable for light housekeeping.” So spoke a corpulent, middle aged man as he entered the office of the leading newspaper in San Jose, one cold and rainy morning. The editor, a man of medium stature, with a long, flowing beard, brisk, business-like manner, but with a “Murray” twinkle in his eye, arose from his pleasant seat before the fire and faced the speaker. He saw before him a sad, care-worn man that prompted him to ask kindly, “Large family?”

“No, just my wife and myself.”

“Ahem! name, please?”

“Gray, Walter Gray.”

“Well, well, is it possible,” said the editor, putting down his pen, “don’t you remember your old friend Murray of the class of ‘88?”

Instantly the two old friends had clasped hands and soon were seated before that blazing fire to relate the incidents of the past fifteen years.

“Tell you all about myself,” said Murray, “well that is easily and quickly done. What you see is what I am and what I have been for the past ten years. I have taken the world as it has taken me, and so far as I can see, neither of us has astonished the other. But I expect great things of you, old boy, and of the rest of the class to make up for my short-comings, so all ears for your tale.”

“The years since my graduation have been spent in the great field of education,” began Mr. Gray. “For many years I was Principal of a country school in the Sierras, but, owing to ill health, I had to resign and take a lighter school in the salubrious climate of Los Angeles, where, with the care of my assistant teacher, Miss Effie Deal, I soon regained my health. I have not confined myself very closely to one place, but have traveled over pretty much all of the State, and have at last wandered back to San Jose to accept the Principalship of the High School here. Since becoming so rheumatic, I am content to settle down here for good, and that is the object of my visit here this morning, so do all you can, old fellow, to get us some nice, sunny rooms.”

“There goes the bell,” remarked the editor, “it really seems too bad we cannot be uninterrupted for a little while. Amuse yourself while I am out, by looking through the papers.”

Gray picked up one of the papers, but his eye was caught by a hand bill lying on the table, and immediately all his boyish love for circus re-

turned, and he read, “Wonderful circus to be in San Jose on the 14th. The tallest man in the world, measures ten feet, to be on exhibition from nine until three! Admission \$2.50.” “Well, thought Gray, “he charges according to his size! I wonder what it is like.” Just then Murray re-entered the room accompanied by a tall, dark gentleman with an intellectual forehead reaching almost to the back of his neck, and introduced him as Anthony Rose. Thus the three old friends were brought together unexpectedly; and, naturally, they proceeded to unearth the names of their other classmates, many of which were already covered with fame.

“By the way, Murray,” said Gray, “I have just been reading about the tall man, and I see the papers are full of him. What do you say about going, boys?”

“Well! well! don’t you know that tall man is our old friend Jim Black? Just after graduating, he taught, but he kept growing so tall that he found it would bring him in a better income to travel with a circus than to teach. He has been engaged with this troupe for nearly ten years. Rumor says he has not attained his full growth yet.”

“Well, who would have thought that of Jim?”

“What has become of Will Greenwell, do you know, Murray?”

“Why, four years ago, you know, Greenwell and Annie Hall ran for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Annie Hall was the successful candidate. She was always a young lady of strong principle; and, feeling sorry over his defeat, stuck to her motto, “*Doc ye neste thyngs*,” and appointed Will State Instructor of Institutes. I had a very pleasant call from him the other day, on his way home from the Chico Normal. That Institution is in a flourishing condition, by the way, and a great deal of their systematic work is attributed to their Preceptress, our classmate, Hattie Allen, who has perfectly revolutionized things. She has made use of the modern telephone; and, by having one attached to each boarding house, she has come away with the trouble of reports, and is a blessing to all families.”

“I hear,” said Mr. Rose, “that Miss Browning and Miss Marlet are the proprietors of a very successful school here in San Jose, known as the ‘Re-adjuster.’”

“Oh yes,” said Mr. Murray, “this school is a sort of annex to the Normal, as pupils who are dropped from the State Institution fall into the ‘Re-adjuster,’ and are prepared for the next class.”

“How many of our class you have kept in mind, Murray,” said Gray. “Last week I took a hor-

ried trip through the San Joaquin valley, and my wife urged me to stop at one of the little interior towns and look up her old chum, (you remember her as Lela Sanford.) I had some difficulty in finding her home, from the many beautiful ones I saw, but at last, discovered her, seated in her cosy little sitting room darning the last of three wee pairs of stockings. Her bright face was perfectly aglow with happiness; and, as I looked around upon her beautiful home and children, I thought how applicable was that verse, 'Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.' From her, I learned that Allura Parker, who has made such a success as a lecturer, has written some very valuable topics on education, which are to be published in the journals. While I was in Trinity County, I heard her deliver a fine lecture upon the adoption of the Unabridged Dictionary into our schools as a text book."

"Speaking of journals," said Mr. Murray, "I have just received some of my exchanges, and foremost among them is the 'Strong Minded Journal,' a weekly, edited by Adelaide Pollock. This journal is a power in the land, and it was mainly through its influence that the Constitution was amended so that all persons, without regard to race, color or previous servitude, who can read and write the English language may vote."

I see also by the *London Times*, that the two American travelers, Miss Smoot and Miss Redman, who are making a tour of Europe on foot, are being received with a great deal of attention wherever they go. They are at present in Norway and will take in Germany next.

I suppose you have heard of Miss Fitzwater's success? No? Why soon after she was graduated, she devoted her time to the study of the cottony cushion scale, and has at last found that the dye can be most successfully utilized. Ah! yes! that has made quite a stir, and people are now planting orchards mainly for the cultivation and support of the cottony cushion scale."

"What has become of Miss Phillips, does either of you know?" asked Mr. Murray.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rowe, "one day about a month ago I was driving through one of the prettiest valleys in Ventura, and I came to an imposing brick edifice almost hidden in a forest of lovely trees. I stopped to inquire as to what it was and immediately recognized Miss Phillips. She told me it was a home for tired and sick teachers to come to and rest. She felt it her duty, having had some money left her, to benefit those to whom she felt bound in sympathy, so founded this home,

She is assisted in her duties by Miss May Blackford, Miss Jennie Crofton and Miss Dollie Rockefeller, whose chief work, however, is to furnish the teachers in the Training School with variety work. What surprised me most was that, although these various ladies are kept busy, they had at one time gotten enough variety to supply the wants of the Training Department one week."

"Why," said Mr. Gray, "I was under the impression that May Blackford went to India as a missionary."

"Oh no, you are thinking of Huldie Baggett," said Mr. Murray. "Our bright, happy little Huldie has gone to India to work in the name of the Pandita Ramabai, and very good work has she done there, for her soul is in her task. And Miss Hickman, you remember, has been trying to reform the spelling here for the past ten years. She has at last taken the advice our dear old Prof. Allen used to give, 'If you want to cure a disease, go to the root of the evil,' so she is now traveling through England, meeting with slow but sure success."

Kind hearted Miss Bradshaw is at last reaping the fruits of her life long labor.

"What has she done? Why, she has been trying to discover some cheap, but nourishing diet by means of which the poorer class in Ireland and the South may be supplied with abundant food. She has at last discovered that from kelp a most nourishing and palatable article of food can be compounded, and with little expense. It is worth a fortune to her, and the papers are full of its praises."

"Has either you or Rose been on Mt. Hamilton, yet, Gray?" said Murray. No? Well, when you go, ask for Miss Colby, she is an assistant astronomer there. You will find that she has changed very little, possibly grown a little stouter, but has that same lovable face, and queenly carriage that become the dignity of her position."

It is not very long since I was up there and I saw also, Miss Anchor. She told me that for many years she has been testing rocks to find one suitable for curbstones. A few months ago she was successful in finding the rock, and moreover, a large quarry of it on Mt. Hamilton. The Town trustees have consented to try it, and inside of a month they will begin the tearing up of the streets to try the Anchor stone."

"Well boys," said Gray, "I wondered what looked so strange about San Jose, and now have found out, it will seem quite like old times to see the streets torn up, won't it?"

"You know all about the literary current of the

day, Murray, what is this Righter's Club that is making such a sensation in the magazines?"

"Why, the name explains itself, be careful to spell it Righter's. It consists of three of our old classmates, Miss McFarland, Miss Julien and Miss Owens, who are considered the present stars in our literary world. They have done great work in the direction of 'The enfranchisement of the Indian, and also of the readoption of text books into our schools. Their last work is agitating the subject of men's rights. They hold that, as we are all created equal, men should have an equal right to become teachers, cooks, seamstresses and even housekeepers. It seems strange for me to say so, but I think they are right, boys, and also, that it will be a matter of only a few years before the tables will be turned on us."

"Well, boys, as we look over the roll of the class of '88, we have reason to feel proud of every member. Although diminished in numbers, many having tied the Hymeneal knot, it is still a strong class; and, looking over the records we have left behind us, we can see our prophecy fulfilled, for we have, indeed, been a power in the land."

ANNIE KOHLER.

### TRUE POLITENESS.

"Do not always lobed in broadcloth,  
Glossy silk, or silken gown;  
O! the man in faultless crimson  
Proves himself the wisest clown.

"Be not always fair and graceful,  
Slave of tongue and soft of hand;  
How a rugged boy it grieves—  
Here a tilley of the land.

Prompting little acts of kindness,  
Words of hope from lip to lip,  
Falling soft as dews from Heaven  
On the crushed and bleeding heart.

Rags and spurs it exalts,  
Leads to poverty a grace;  
Dignifies the humblest peasant,  
Beautifies the plainer face.

From the germs of love it springs  
In the kindly heart and true,  
And its mission? Flowers and sunshine  
O'er life's shady side to strew.

In your daily walks display it;  
Cultivate it round your home;  
New its pure rejoicing presence  
Bride and hatred never come.

In the country extended  
Equally to want and wealth,  
Indulgence and promptest generosity—  
Nature's gentle man stands forth.

### A LETTER FROM THE PUNDIT.

S. S. O'NEAL, Dec. 18, 1890.

MISS M. BERNAL,

Pres. "B Circle."

Dear Friend—Your kind note of Nov. 24th came to hand on the 27th, the day before I started for India. I was very sorry not to be able to answer it directly, for I was overwhelmed with work, and had to make my preparations for the long voyage in forty-eight hours.

Many thanks for your kind and loving wishes. I had hoped to go to San Jose once more before my departure, but there were so many duties to be attended to that I could not find time to get the pleasure.

I am very glad indeed to know you have such a large circle in the Normal School. The San Jose friends have done a great deal more than any other people in California, except those in San Francisco. So I am very proud of my Normal School friends. If your circle keeps up its present number of members, we shall have a girl supported in my school, and the Scholarship will be named after you. I scarcely know how to express my gratitude for your kindness and the assistance you are giving me in my undertaking. I carry many pleasant recollections of my friends from America, and shall consider it my greatest pleasure and duty to tell of you and your wonderful institutions to my country people, and thereby arouse in their hearts an interest in women's education.

I hope you are all well. Please give my loving regards to my friends in San Jose, especially at the Normal School.

With best wishes for the coming year, believe me sincerely your friend,  
REMI.

### THE RECEPTION.

On Friday the 18th, the Y. W. C. A. tendered the new pupils of the school a reception.

At 7:30 o'clock the pupils were ushered into the Library, where the following impromptu programme was carried out: Instrumental duet, Misses Forsythe and Layson; address, President; recitation, Irving Glen; song, Miss Walker. The remainder of the evening was spent very pleasantly in playing various games. At ten o'clock the gong sounded, as a signal to depart, upon which the merry scholars wended their way home, feeling very grateful to the members of the Y. W. C. A.

Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge. It is thinking, makes what we read ours.



## CLASS SONG.

Within a peaceful harbor  
Together we've been sailing,  
Without a fear of danger  
From storms that were prevailing;  
But now our barques apart must ride,  
Alone we'll stem the ocean's tide.

With Faith's bright sails above us,  
Our anchor, Hope, beside us,  
With Truth to guide us safely  
Through storms that may betide us,  
In spite of rock and tempest's rage,  
We fair would test our untried power.

But long we must not linger,  
Our duty lies before us,  
And ere we weigh our anchor,  
We'll swell one joyful chorus:  
Our motto ring out glad and free—  
"Doe ye next things," whate'er it be.

F. B. S.

## SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

## TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

*Continued.*

There's nothing old, nor nothing new,  
Fitting forms alone, we view.

"There is no new thing under the sun." Things appearing to us as new, are only new forms, new combinations and new phases of things that have ever existed. Science, and Shakespeare assert that,

"Imperial Caesar, dead and buried in clay,  
Might sweep a hole to keep the wind away."

And who without the eye of science is not blinded to the reality? Who, without its aid, can recognize the one in the other? Nature never creates, yet she is never the same; every instant marks a readjustment of the universe. Before our very eyes, structures are erected and dissolved, yet so mysteriously, that men long believed that some spirit created and annihilated, when, in reality, it was simply the work of nature, building up and tearing down, evolving and dissolving. The savage, at first sight, views the locomotive as though it were some monster just called into being. Spencer views it as "a solidified mechanical theorem." The theorem and every part of the locomotive always existed, yet it required a genius to put the parts together and work out the theorem. Thus it is that the potency of the past and the promise of the future lie in the forces that can re-combine and mould the material into new forms.

The human soul, like a machine, is the result of a combination, not, however, of wood and iron, but of experiences. These experiences that aid

in the building of the soul, we, for convenience, consider as springing from four sources. Of these heredity has been noted. The three remaining are: first, the direct influence of man; second, the influence of books; third, the influence of nature.

As enemy or friend, every individual has a wonderful influence on those around him. Especially powerful, in moulding character, are the friends of childhood. Early companionships, formed while the soul is most passive and plastic, are generally brought about by chance, and the character of these chance companions is an index, often, to the character of future friends, for, during the period of companionship, gradually, insensibly, irresistibly, does the weaker person imbibes the spirit—virtuous or corrupt—that animates the stronger. It is natural for the spirit thus elevated or contaminated to draw to itself, in after life, associates of its own nature.

A person of decision, whether good or bad, will either antagonize or deeply impress those with whom he comes in contact. An antagonism will occur when proud firmness in one belief collides with a similar spirit in an opposite belief, while a deep and favorable impression will be made when sincere and forcible conviction meets its like, or, when it encounters indecision and ignorance. A love of truth and a loftiness of soul are often revealed in men, who, enemies in belief, still maintain friendship in spirit. History sparkles with the names of men whose one immovable purpose coupled with greatness of character made them revered and feared even in death. What grander testimony to the power and fixedness of Caesar could be given than the words uttered by Brutus on the field of Philippi?—

"O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails."

There is a second class of friends with whom we are all familiar, namely—books. The more select, the more valuable, because they represent not only the best and truest thoughts of the best and truest men of every age, but because these thoughts are clothed in the most select language and are ever available. Aristocracies of wealth and society are numerous in this age of the world, but none can monopolize the friendship of the towering geniuses of mankind. In the mansion by the roadside, may assemble the ephemeral elite of a city; in the humble cottage by its side, the immortals of a world. The occupant of the one listens to the thoughts that perish with the speaking, the occupant of the other catches the voices that are as eternal as time itself.

The influence of books in the formation of character is incalculable. How many destinies have been determined by the pursuit of a book or a certain class of books, will never be known. There was published in one of our magazines, a short time ago, a series of articles entitled, "Books that have influenced me." (Many prominent eastern men contributed, and the reader of the article cannot help feeling that each has betrayed, in part, some traits of his mind and character by giving a list of the works he has read.

A book is a soul, breathing and transmitting the spirit—virtuous or vicious—that animated its author. Fortunately, however, only the best works survive, while the book with two titles and a yellow cover lives all too long if it succeeds in firing the five-year-old with a determination to exterminate all the Indians and buffaloes on the continent.

Nature, that of which all things else are but appendages, when made an intimate acquaintance, plays an important part in the formation of character. In the lives of such men as Shelley, Bryant and Thoreau, the influence of the spirit of nature is plainly noticeable. The deeper meaning of this great and varied volume, this profound and versatile friend, is unfolded to the majority through the medium of books, which may be termed pieces of classified nature. Only a few are capable of hearing the still small voice that speaks of sublimity, serenity and tenderness from ocean, mountain and valley. Year by year does nature become more eloquent, age after age fills the earth with sweeter symphonies that sway the hearts and minds of men, and who knows but "the harmony in immortal souls" and "the song of the smallest orb of heaven" may yet find their places in the march of time.

J. G. J.

Applause, when it is hearty and spontaneous, is very grateful to a public performer, be he veteran or tyro; and, when he merits it, is his just due. Nevertheless when a tumultuous storm of applause is accorded every speaker, without regard to ability or eloquence, when the tiniest flash of humor from the platform is provocative of much clapping, when everybody is applauded on every possible occasion, applause has lost its inherent virtue, and is become a sort of plentiful flattery, too common to be much desired.

It would be well for our students, while they should not seem unappreciative, to exercise a nice discrimination in this matter. Then applause will mean something, and the speaker who has won it will appreciate it, knowing that he has been appreciated. — *Exchanging.*

Perhaps our students may find food for reflection in the above. — *Ed.*

## THE WAILS OF THE JUNIOR SIX.

I met a little Normal girl,  
She was just nineteen, she said,  
Her hair seemed straight, yet many a curl  
Adorned the back of her head,  
She had a studious, thoughtful look,  
And she heaved the deepest sigh;  
Her nose they were filled with many a load,  
And a tear drop filled her eye.

"Why this sad face, my little maid,  
Oh, tell your woes to me."  
A moment then her steps she stayed,  
And thus she spoke to me:

"I once was a happy Junior B,  
With never a thought or care,  
And did the work laid out for me,  
With a heart as light as air.

Alas! One sad and fearful day,  
My heart is tearing woe,  
As I heard a siver classmate say,  
"The Junior B's are dropped!"

Oh, sad, sad fate, it could not be,  
There's nothing here to fear,  
But at last I heard the Professor say,  
"You are dropped for half a year."

Since that sad day I remained long,  
And programmes I did read;  
But now I'm last of all the throng,  
I'm only a Junior six.

In vain our sworn loves we knit,  
In vain on money call;  
Down in the corner we're made to sit,  
Behind the Juniors all.

I may become a Senior A,  
In ten or fifteen years;  
But my path thus far along the way,  
Has been hedged with tears."

We parted then, she went her way,  
And to myself I said,  
"The path that leads to Senior A,  
Is surely hard to tread."

ETHEL, a Junior A.

The Senior B's were unexpectedly called together on the first Friday of the term for the purpose of electing class officers.

Mr. Banyan Sanford was the choice for President. Mr. Sanford has been a member of the school for about two years, and he has ever taken a great interest in his classmates, and we have no doubt that he will continue to act in their behalf for the few months yet to come.

The minor offices were filled by Miss Geneva Hensell, as Vice President; Miss Edwina Daffey, as Secretary, and Miss Hattie Cathbertson, as Treasurer.

## ALL SORTS.

Wedding bells?

It is all sent down.—And,

Glen is getting "Good" in the Training School halls.

Why is a defeated army like wood?—Because it is *wound*.

Why will the Middle A 1 never be a failure?—Because it has no face.

A girl in the Senior Class wants to know how to develop the word *goat*.

"Another new song?" It is going to be a *chestnut*. So say we, all of us.

When is a gun like a *disgruntled servant*?—When it is dis-charged and goes off.

When three letters change a Normal girl into an old woman?—A g + (age).

Geography Class Teacher.—"What is *most*? Aspiring Junior.—"Local pencils."

Why are paper handbags?—Because the *hose* are more shame, (*metachasmus*).

The by-gone "Familiar Janies" have changed their name to the "No Name Series."

What are the names of two of the inhabitants of the moon?—Lunapines and Moonflowers.

Why is a man who looks like wife like a thoroughbred horse?—He is a perfect horse.

The *diver* saluquy, at present, is "Zabbe (to be) or not Zabbe (to be); that is the question."

What is the difference between the North and the South Pole?—All the difference in the world.

Do not bother Senior A's in the morning before school. They are anxious to study at that time.

Who hit that snail the startling answer to a question in Zoology?—"Never mind, we're young!"

Mr. "Mac of the Roast" says that the Normal is almost empty now that all of *Evie* has withdrawn.

Why does not light dawn upon the faces of Middle A 4's? Because the class will arrive in a *thunder* soon.

Why is the Middle A 3 a famous class?—Because it has always *After* and can *Call* the sweetest flowers.

Query.—Why did Mr. M. of the Roast wear his light shoes at the reception. Ans.—He expected a "waltz."

Ratherfish, what time did you get home last Friday? Oh, I got home very early. You see I am a Day late now.

Professor C.—says, "It is impossible to get into the Normal; the trouble is to get out in a creditable manner."

Quinn Sissy.—Hello Canning! Where are you going? Home. All right, come on, let's go. All right, said Tommy.

"Bosny's Pilgrims Progress" has ceased to head toward Geneva, and is now heading toward the "Spring" of the Sen.

"The melancholy days are come; the sadness of the year," echoes dubiously through the halls for examinations, now are here.

Mr. H.—of Senior A should go into the *analysis* business. The *lousid whole Tenor* does not seem to attract him in the least.

A young lady of Senior B 2, was heard to remark to some friends last Friday night, "Well, you need excuse me for a while now, I must take care of *Male*."

The Pinkerton School, Pleyto, Monmouth County, has engaged the services of Miss Nettie Leonard, Mag. 30, for another term.

"How can I persuade Professor B.—to let me drop Algebra?" "Just keep pegging away at him," answers a Middle A 4, who has had some experience in the art.

"You dear, lovely honey, (kiss) honey honey, (kiss again) sugar plum, sweetheart, (kiss again), but you'll come back again after vacation, won't you sweet?" And she did.

The Middle A 3 Class is like a gallant sea facing ship.—To its *Lee* coast the bounding Maine(s), and the placid Jordan, and at its bow glides one of its beautiful *La-dare* elects.

SHORTHAND.—Best system in use taught here to teachers who would like to learn the art for the purpose of teaching it. For first lesson, address Elias Langley, Los Angeles, Cal.

The first Juniors wish to announce that they, at a great expense, have secured an *ear trumpet* for a few days, and are patiently waiting for the Seniors to make some witty remarks.

Fine Lunch Party. Meets at 12:45, in the north end of the basement, to the right of the north-eastern entrance. Excellent rationes served. Only twenty-five cents to become a member, and enjoy yourself.

When shall we win? Why, when we live,

Straight to the mark, and never tire;

When we hold fast as we've begun,

And will work on till all is done.

Do you study National Philosophy? asked a young lady of one of our Normalites. "Yes, at rather Channery," replied the student. "Well, do tell me what Civil Service Reform is, then," rejoined lady number one.

Normal graduates wishing to teach may obtain schools by applying to the Pacific Coast Bureau of Education, 700 Post Street, San Francisco, which makes a business of placing teachers. Send for circular and registration blank.

Anxious Normalite.—"If the people with whom we board do not go to church on Sunday night, may we go with their relations?"

Philosophy.—"It depends on who the relations are."

Shakespeare must have had in mind a poor victim of examinations when he wrote—

"And with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat, like Patience on a monument

Smiling at grief.

It has been suggested that the flowers around the Normal grounds are in mourning at the departure of her who loved them so dearly, who could so well appreciate their varied beauties, and by her own enthusiasm, could inspire the senses dulled with a lively sense of their wonderful construction.

The pink is the east of perfection;

The blue causes many a tear;

But, if it is white,

Then, you must take flight,

And wait a while year. O dear.



There is nothing you require of your agents but what is just and reasonable and strictly in accordance with business principles." That's the sort of testimony any house can be proud of, and it is the testimony of hundreds of men who are profitably employed by R. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Write for full particulars.

Out upon thee, boond Hymen!  
You're a bold, audacious creature  
To invade our peaceful Naemid  
And tear off our much-bev'd teacher.  
But we'll hope she may be happy,  
And her quiet inglexible  
Prove a change of pleasant welcome  
From our school her former jailer.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Zader Kley, Dec., '87, is teaching in the Garfield Dist., Fresno Co.

Chas. L. Edgeman, May, '88 is employed in Bradford Dist., Del Norte.

Miss Annie Kubler, Dec. '88, has taken a school at Independence, Inyo Co.

Miss Jennie G. Pausel, Dec., '88, is principal of the school at Fowler, Fresno Co.

Miss Mahet S. Clarke, Dec. '87 is working earnestly at Niles, San Luis Obispo Co.

Miss Hattie E. Ishlizer, Dec., '87, has been teaching in the Lone Star District, Placer Co.

Miss Belle Bankhead, May, '88, is well pleased with her school at Rocklin, Placer Co.

Anthony Rose, Xmas, '88, enjoys the principalship of the Newark school, Santa Clara Co.

Miss Lizzie Keaton, Xmas, '85, is teaching her first term in the Mountain View public school.

Miss Emily Stetson, May, '88, is encouraged by her success in Highland Dist., Santa Cruz Co.

Miss G. May DeLamater, being well rested after her Eastern trip, is now looking for a school.

In February, Miss Millie P. Mayey, May, '88, begins her second term's work in Laguna District.

Miss Lillian E. Pardy, May, '88, is deeply interested in her school at Big Trees, Calaveras County.

In December, Miss S. Helen Snook completed her third year's work in the Cole School, Oakland.

On Dec. 19, 1888, Thelma W. Hankhurst, May, '85, became Mrs. Frederick E. Glass, Antioch.

Miss Mary E. Thurwachter, Dec., '87, reports excellent success in the Branch School, Wacameille.

Miss Ida M. Coyle, May, '88, has been teaching a class of ten in the New Hope District, Fresno Co.

Miss Emma M. Stevens, May, '88, will continue to teach at San Marcos District, San Luis Obispo County.

The public school of Colorado, San Diego Co., has among its teachers Miss Lizzie Armstrong, May, '87.

Miss Nellie Mallory, May, '88, has met with success in teaching the Lockwood School, Alameda Co.

Miss Corn L. Angell, Xmas, '87, has been offered the school at Aurora, Nevada, for a second term.

The Fruit Pleasant school at Franklin, Sacramento Co., is taught by Miss Rose Marie Clark, Dec., '87.

The Third Grade of the Putney School, San Francisco, is well taught by Miss Bleda E. Stoddard, Xmas '84.

Since August, Miss Mary J. O'Rourke, May, '88, has been teaching in Mt. Pleasant District, Santa Clara County.

The Primary Grade, of Washington District, Fresno Co., is under the charge of Miss Agnes B. Gillespie, May, '88.

During the past year the Elen Plain School, Contra Costa Co., has been taught by Miss Cecelia M. Henry, Dec., '87.

The Mountain View public school is well instructed by Mrs. D. T. Bateman, nee Josephine A. Gaband, May, '84.

Miss Mary E. Browning, Xmas, '85, has been engaged at Monoie Dist., near Selma, Fresno county, since September.

Carrie F. Donnelly, Xmas '84, is engaged at New Almaden. She finds it slow and difficult work teaching Spanish children.

Nest Marsh, Miss Amanda Hinchaw, Xmas, '87, resumes her duties in the Pleasant Hill Dist., Blountfield, Sonoma Co.

The Grammar Grade of the Fresno Colony school, Fresno Co., is in charge of Miss Gerrie F. Rowell, class of May, '88.

Miss Nina Cowden, Dec., '87, is teaching in an English settlement at Bellota, San Diego Co. She reports having a war.

Miss Esther Summers, Dec., '86, reports in a favorable manner of her school in Oak Grove Dist., eight miles from San Jose.

A short, but delightful experience in teaching, is reported by Miss Charlotte Gleason, Dec., '87. Her school is in Redwood Canon.

Miss Cassie Beckwith, May, '85, declares it pleasant but hard to manage her class of forty boys in the Washington Grammar School, San Francisco.

Miss Mary J. Stewart, May '85 has been teaching five terms in the Livingston District, Alameda, Santa Clara Co. She enjoys the use of a library containing over three hundred volumes.

Nine men do of pleasant and profitable work at La Porte, is reported by Miss Katie L. Mullin, Dec. '87. Last September she became a member of the Plumas Co., Board of Education.

With the conveniences of a good library and good apparatus, Miss Charlotte A. Pinnon, May, '88 has found a delightful, though not easy task in teaching at Elise District, Sonoma County.

Miss M. L. Whelan, Xmas, '87, has just ended a very successful term in Mendocino Co. It required a term's work to convince the teachers that the Normal methods possess great merit.

Miss Winona Kaufman, May, '88, enjoys the distinction of being the first Normal graduate who has taught the Columbia School, Auburn, Placer Co. The patrons of the school are pleased with her methods.

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

### Should Pardoned Criminals, Ignorant People, and Foreigners, Unacquainted with Our Laws be Allowed to Vote?

*Continued.*

Look for a moment at some of the most crying evils resulting from ignorant and alien voting. All good citizens deplore the rule of bosses, the power of demagogues, and the corruption of the ballot. But where do these blood suckers thrive? Where does the demagogue find his largest audience, and the boss reap his richest harvest? In the homes of ignorance and crime; in the byways and alleys of our great cities, where foreign paupers, communists, and criminals gather like vultures in herds; where the beer barrel, the leaden bottle, and the whiskey jug are more familiar than the student's lamp; where soap and towels are regarded superfluities, and bath rooms cashmere; where cards are more thumbed than Bibles; and where the rattle of dice drowns the chatter of children. Here Tweed gained power, and Kearney gained notoriety; here crimes are planned, and riots fermented; and here political bribery and corruption flourish in all their most offensiveness, creating a foul stench to poison the political atmosphere, and drive away, in disgust, our best and noblest men.

To illustrate. A young man of good family and liberal education, with high ideas of the duties of citizenship, became a candidate for a city office in one of the interior towns of our state. Chancing on election day to stand near a group of men discussing his opponent, he overheard the following: Said one, "I vote for Colonel B——, because he's the poor man's friend. He's none of your goody, goody, book-learned sort; he's satisfied to read his newspaper and make his mark. At his bar, a poor man, as long as he's not a 'drum,' is as welcome as anybody; and the boys all like the Colonel, too, 'cause he ain't afraid to eat his friends."

"Yes," chimed in a second, "and he's a good authority on 'dogs, the Colonel is; and he won't waste the city's money 'on libraries and museums and health laws and such non-sense."

"No," said a third approvingly, "he won't. The Colonel's 'what I call a 'square' man. He believes in paying for what he gets. He made my vote worth five dollars, and"—

"O, that's just my luck," groaned a fourth, "*if I get only three.*"

Wishing to hear no more, our candidate turned away with a feeling of contempt. He lost the election, because he was "book-learned," was not an "authority on dogs," and might "waste money on libraries;" in short, because he was too high, mentally and morally, for the majority of voters.

This is, perhaps, a sufficient comment on our present election laws, which allow the sot in the gutter and the swelling squire of the gas palace a voice in the affairs of government, while the noble mother, denied the right to step between her erring son and ruin, must remain helpless at home.

Is this as it should be? In this age of enlightenment and this land of education and intelligence, should men be de-

feated for examing the spirit of progress and improvement? Should intellectual and moral excellence be fettered on account of a simple accident of sex; and stupidity and baseness given the reins of power? Surely not! But what remedy is at hand? How are these abuses to be corrected? It now seems apparent that these evils result largely from giving political and civil power to those utterly unfit to use it, and withholding it from those entirely capable of its proper exercise. The cure, therefore, consists in equalizing these conditions. To purify politics we must remove the objectionable members from the body politic. The political tree must be trimmed of its bitter fruited branches, and grafted with new and healthy twigs, bearing the fruits of good order, truth, temperance, and morality. Before demagogues can be silenced, and bosses put down, the sources of their power must be cut off. Before men learn fully to prize the privilege of citizenship, it must be made worthy of honor. Honest effort must be required to gain it, and an upright life to retain it. That which costs nothing, and which it is not necessary to guard, is held but lightly. "Come easy, go easy," applies to all things in this life.

We claim, therefore, that the time has come when the great privileges of American citizenship should be conferred only upon those who are worthy; that a qualification of knowledge, intelligence, patriotism, and morality—and of these only—should be required of all voters; that none should be allowed to vote without it, and none be denied who fulfill its requirements. Such a qualification, carefully and honestly carried out, would almost unquestionably tend to promote the best interests of free government in America. The boss and the demagogue, being shorn of power, would soon be known only as evils of the past; education would be stimulated; a knowledge and appreciation of our laws and institutions diffused; and a higher morality encouraged. Political bribery and corruption would lose their great power for harm; and politics, instead of being a weight to drag the race down into the slime of error and depravity, would become a lever to raise it up, and add in placing it upon the firm rock of truth and right. BOB KELLING.

One of the fundamental principles of teaching is that instruction must be adapted to the capacity, or ability of the pupil; that is, the matter must be within his comprehension and the methods must call into activity the faculties capable of being exercised. Manifestly it would be wrong to teach a child definitions of things he had never seen or could not imagine and it would be equally unwise to attempt to make a child reason upon subjects when the only powers developed are perceptive and conceptive faculties."

The growth of education in England presents some interesting statistics. It is stated on high authority that the school accommodation in 1857 was five and one-quarter millions against two millions in 1873. In 1870 four per cent of the population were at school; in 1887, sixteen per cent. The annual government grant in 1833 was about £20,000; in 1887, £5,648,000.

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