

The Normal Index.

Vol. IV.

SAN JOSE, CAL. OCTOBER 2, 1888.

No. 1.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	Pages.		Pages.
Editorial.....	1-4	Song of the Senior W.....	8
The Senior's Poem.....	5-7	SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT—	
A Right (poem).....	3	Transmutation of Metals.....	11-12
V. W. C. A. Reception.....	3-4	ALL SORTS.....	13-14
The Right Side of Human Ignorance.....	4-5	ALGEBRA NOTES.....	15
George Eliot and Her Friends.....	5-6	EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT—	
Are We Justified in Voting Against Election.....	6-7-8	Practical Education.....	12

+ SUPERIOR + MERCANTILE + PRINTING +

MERCURY

Job • Printing • Company

+ ARTISTIC • JOB • AND • SOCIETY • PRINTING +

FOUND!

On North First Street, between Wells, Fargo & Co's and St. John St., by all the NORMAL STUDENTS who wish the best goods at the most reasonable rates, the best place to buy

Toilet Articles, Tooth Brushes and Hair Brushes,

Soaps, Patent Medicines, Chemical Apparatus, Etc.

IS THE FINEST PERFUMERY LINE IN THE CITY.

N. B.—It is to your interest to see our assortment and learn our prices before purchasing.

S. H. WAGENER,
Drug Cash Store.

H. A. KELLEY.

E. E. WALK.

W. E. WORTH.

ONLY WHITE LABOR EMPLOYED.

SAN JOSE LAUNDRY ASSOCIATION,

— OFFICES —

Bath House, Lightstone Alley.

Collins' Drug Store, South First St.

P. A. Bernal's Barber Shop.

Tony Munoz's Barber Shop, E. Santa Clara St.

Location Of Laundry, Tenth and St. James Streets,

SAN JOSE, CALA.

BOSTON SHOE BAZAAR

Dealer in Fine Boots and Shoes.

The Only ONE PRICE SHOE STORE in the County.

126 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.

M^CCABE, J^r



THE HATTER

Auxiliary House,
Importer and Manufacturer
of

HATS & CAPS,

KEEPS THE

Largest and Finest Stock of Hats and Caps South of San Francisco, and
Sells at per cent Lower than any House in San Jose.

B. STRAUB,

MANUFACTURER OF

Home-Made, Plain and Fine Candies,

Arctic Soda and Ice Cream,

118 South First St., San Jose.

SAN JOSE HAIR DRESSING SALOON

STEAM BRUSH.

15 El Dorado Street, San Jose, Cal.

G. EARGONE, Proprietor.

Shaving, 15 cents. Shaving, including Steam Brush, 25 cents.
Hair Cutting, including Steam Brush, 25 cents. Shampoos,
including Steam Brush, 25 cents. Hair Cutting of young ladies
a specialty.

NEW YORK BAKERY,

174 SOUTH FIRST STREET.

Between San Antonio and San Fernando.

SAN JOSE.

CHARLES DOERR, Proprietor.

MRS. CHAPPEL,

DRESS & MAKER.

60 South Second St., San Jose, Cal.

SPAW & WHIPPLE,

DENTISTS



Safe Deposit Building, Southeast Corner
First and Santa Clara Sts.,

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

FALL AND WINTER OPENING

AT THE

Philadelphia Cloak and Suit House.

Just arrived, the largest and most complete assortment of
Ladies' Dresses and Children's Garments ever shown in San
Jose. It will pay you to call before buying a new one. Cloaks
and Suits made to order. A perfect fit guaranteed.

MRS. A. HORSTMANN.

222 South First Street.

Between San Antonio and San Carlos Sts., E. of New York Bldg.

SMITH'S

Men's Furnishing Store,

No. 10 South First Street, San Jose.

953 Broadway, Oakland. 444 J St., Sacramento.

The Largest and Best Selected Stock of

PIANOS, ORGANS

And Musical Instruments ever offered the public just opened at

LAURILLIARD'S WAREROOMS,

60 West Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

A. LAURILLIARD.

SHOULD YOU WANT

FINE CROCKERY

GO TO

Oscar Promis, - The Boss Grocer,

71-SOUTH FIRST STREET-71

THE ARCADE,

A. & J. MARTEN,

LEADERS OF LOW PRICES.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions, Zephyrs, Etc.

13 EAST SANTA CLARA ST. and 12 to 16 SOUTH FIRST ST.

Agents for Pacific Silk Factory, San Jose, Cal.

THE PIONEER BOOK STORE.
GEORGE W. WELCH,
Bookseller, Stationer and Music Dealer,

A Complete
ASSORTMENT
OF ALL
BOOKS

USED
IN THE NORMAL

Kept Constantly
on hand.

—♦—
Largest Stock

SHEET MUSIC

Outside S. F.



State Normal School,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

—ALSO—
Standard and
Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

Students' NOTE BOOKS,

Writing Tablets,

Fine + Stationary,

GOLD PENS,

CUTLERY,

AND

General News Ag't.

New Music Received
Direct from Publishers.

44 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.

T. W. HOBSON & CO.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

SUITS • MADE • TO • ORDER,

\$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00.

We have a full Stock of all the Latest patterns in Ready-Made
Goods for Fall and Winter; also a complete Stock of
Underwear, Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, Etc., Etc.

DON'T FORGET OUR HAT DEPARTMENT

The Largest in the County

44 to 54 West Santa Clara Street, • • SAN JOSE, CAL.

The Normal Index.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER 2.

No. 1.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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

Terms: Seventy-five cents per year; fifty cents per term.
Single copies ten cents.
Subscribers not receiving the Index will please notify the Business Manager.
Contributions from the Alumni are respectfully solicited.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

LAWRENCE F. PUTER, Editor-in-Chief.
LITERARY.

CAROLYN DOYLE, LILLIAN M. JULIEN,

MARY CARR,

ALBION.

ESTIE OWENS,

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

J. G. JURY,

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

E. L. SPINKS,

ALL ARTS.

MAUD L. WELCH,

GEO. STEELE.

GEO. CONGRAVE, Business Manager.

FRANKLIN BARTHELL, Assistant Manager.

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

PRINTED AT THE MERCURY JOB OFFICE, SANTA CLARA STREET, SAN JOSE, CALIF.

ON returning to school after enjoying a long, pleasant vacation, we were much surprised to find that we were called upon to shoulder the responsibility of editor-in-chief of the Index for the ensuing term; Mr. Taylor, editor-elect, being unable, on account of poor health, to perform the duties of this office. With no little amount of timidity and embarrassment do we take up the pen of our skilled predecessor to do the work that he has done so ably and faithfully.

Under its excellent guidance of its past directors, the Index has gained a wide reputation as a college paper. We will do all in our power to broaden this reputation and to raise its character above the common level of student journalism, so that in the future it will rank with other literary journals of the land. This Normal journal, of the students, for the students, and by the students,

will give outsiders an insight to the progress and workings of our school, and to student life in general such as they can get in no other way. The hints and suggestions found from time to time in our columns will prove to the prospective students of great value when they come to join us in this temple of learning.

Like those who have run the gauntlet before us, we will bear the wounds inflicted by the hostile eyes of the few cynical critics we encounter without a murmur. All we ask of them in criticizing us is to follow the great law of kindness and charity; to attribute errors and imperfections to the absence of journalistic skill, and to remember that,

Even the smallest streams that flow,

May to the mightiest rivers grow.

Upon the attitude taken by the students at large depends the success of college journalism. If our journal is to represent our school, we must have in it not the work of a few directors, but of the many who are represented by it, and who should take an interest in its prosperity. We are always thankful to receive contributions and sincerely hope that each and all of you will contribute in the future as you have done in the past. We will guarantee that your favors receive due attention, providing that we are not drowned in a sea of items and correspondence.

A SHORT time ago, Professor Baldwin, President of the Texas Normal, gave our students an intensely interesting talk on education. His remarks were clear cut and sparkled with enthusiasm. The elegant situation of our school—rising its noble form from the middle of a vast flower garden—with the "inspiration" of the surrounding mountains, beautiful valleys, and salubrious climate has so seriously charmed the venerable educator that, though he worships his home in Texas and thinks it very near heaven, he is in love with our home in California and thinks it still nearer heaven.

In the course of his remarks he stated that if he were to select a home for himself and family, it

would be in this Eden of America, within sight of the world's grandest monument of science and learning—the Lick Observatory.

I fear that some of us do not appreciate the splendid advantage we enjoy. It is our duty to abide by all school rules, which, necessarily, requires the forfeiture of certain privileges. But what of this? For the advantages gained, by far, over-balance the privileges lost. In this golden State we dwell ever in an atmosphere freighted with all the opportunities education and learning are heir to; and what more do we want?

Professor Baldwin also said that in the near future students, instead of going to the Orient to perfect their educations, will come here; and that before many years roll by the native sons and daughters of the golden West can boast of having the finest, the grandest, and the noblest educational institution on God's footstool.

WHAT is the matter with our Normal society? is asked us almost every day. Why do we allow organizations to sink to nothing, or, at least to lose their efficiency, which, if properly conducted, would give us that social part of our education so essential to our professional welfare in the future. Is it because we are wrapped up in the special part of our educational work as entirely to forget the minor, though none the less essential part? or is it because we do not realize the importance to teachers of cultivated social qualities? Surely not the latter; for we all know too well the teacher's social relations in the community in which he teaches not to recognize the important interests which depend upon his ability to fill well his place in society. No! it is simply because we forget that we have the opportunity to acquire such valuable training. Like the influence of the atmosphere, these opportunities are afforded us gratuitously; and because they cost us nothing we fail to appreciate them and often forget that they exist.

Again, there is a little lesson of duty to be drawn from this. If a person joins an organization, he gives his bond to render his support thereto; and if he does not render such support, he has not done his duty; and further, if we do not improve the opportunities we have in our school to cultivate ourselves, we have not performed our duty to ourselves; and therefore not to those whom we are in the future to elevate by virtue of our higher training. Whatever we can do here in school toward self-development is a step on the ladder which we are to climb in order to be able properly to fill our places in society.

It is not necessary here to speak of the special training we receive in our societies, nor of the very commendable social tone they give the school; with these things we are already familiar. But let the spirit of this, fellow students, be to urge upon you the desirability of giving closer attention to our societies and the important part they should take in our educational work.

A short time ago Mr. Petray was called suddenly and successfully from his studies to join his family in their bitter bereavement—to mourn the death of a younger brother. We anticipated his immediate return to resume his school work, but such was not the case, for shortly after reaching his home in Sonoma he was stricken down with the typhoid fever, and now the life of one whose whole soul and manly graces have made him a favorite among us, lies balancing at the mercy of the dreaded angel. The thought makes us shudder, and silently do we hope for the best.

THE SENIORS' PICNIC.

One week ago last Saturday, after the dial registered half-past nine, three carryalls loaded with happy Senior A's drove gayly out of Normal Square and rolled off in the direction of Prof. Child's farm. It was a delightful morning—with an Italian sky overhead, through which the king of day poured his refulgent rays upon earth, adorned with Nature's finest garments. Our gleeful party, now splitting the serene atmosphere with their silvery voices, now smiling orally at some blushing comrade, hurried on to the field of action, which was to be in near proximity to Prof. C.'s pump-kin orchard.

On arriving at the desired place we leaped out of the conveyances and were courteously greeted by Prof. and Mrs. Childs—the former wearing his best smile. The programme for the day was as follows: 1st, Geologizing; 2nd, Melonizing; 3d, Luncheon; 4th, Concert; 5th, Stomping of the Vine.

Before starting on our geologizing tour Prof. Childs invited us into his parlors to rest a little and prepare ourselves for climbing the rugged mountain sides. A few pleasant minutes being spent with Mrs. Childs we started off for the wilds, the Prof. leading, to see what in the line of prehistoric relics we might chance to discover.

About an hour was passed in exploring the rocks and crevices of the neighboring hills and cañons, the result of which was the locating and bagging of several rare specimens of flint, marble, chert, etc. On our return, two of our sci-

tists came near having a serious trouble, both being of a fiery bent. The wrangle grew out of a difference of opinion in regard to the naming of a certain specimen which they found. One of them claimed by all she knew to be good that the said specimen was a flower; the other claimed by all the intricate workings of the elements that the specimen under consideration was a rare species of bug; and so they argued. The disagreement, however, was amicably settled and our geologists with their rare rocks and ravenous appetites, having satisfied their geological propensities, retraced their steps hurriedly, in order to appease their hunger. At the melon feast each and all of us indulged freely and enthusiastically in melonizing. Oh, how those melons disappeared!

Twelve-thirty o'clock found us seated under the shade of a tall sycamore tree ready for luncheon. The table was abundantly supplied with delicious oysters and plenty of black coffee, direct from Brazil. You may well suppose that no sweeter repast was ever partaken of.

After lunch we retired once more to the parlors of our genial host, where we were entertained by the following impromptu programme: Miss Colby favored us with a well executed piano solo, which was followed by a chorus accompanied by Miss Clift. Next we were treated to an irresistibly amusing recitation on melons rendered by Miss Baggett; and a vocal trio by Messrs. Greenwell, Grubbs, and Puter was highly appreciated, after which a medley chorus accompanied by Miss Julien. This ended the literary exercises of the day, and with gay spirits we proceeded to carry out the last part of the day's programme, the storming of the vineyard.

Having sampled many choice varieties of grapes, both as to taste and capacity to impart energy, the latter being ascertained through the strategy of jocund war, in which Miss D. played a prominent part, our mirthful but fatigued picnicers were ready to draw the curtain of this ever-to-be-remembered day of enjoyment. Many thanks tendered to Prof. and Mrs. Childs for their generous hospitality, good-byes said, and we were off for our homes in San Jose. On the road home we paid a meteoric visit to Prof. Schoof, who treated us to some delicious fruit. We arrived in the Normal Square a little after 5 p. m., thence to our respective homes with a feeling that each was repaid doubly for his day's sacrifice.

Would that barb fences were used to divide opinions, then not so many individuals would be on the fence, and consequently, —the fence would last longer.

A REGRET.

The merriest days I have ever seen
Since the Normal held me fast,
Were those jolly days at Jive,
But they're over now and past.

Two maidens sit and weep alone
For a good time far away,
Another fondly dreams of home,
When she's going to stay.

One teaches school in Clarendale,
Wrestling with problems deep,
There's one whose virtues never fail,
(May a just reward she reap).

A Junior lives beside the slough,
Keeping Hick'ry for her mate,
In planning mischief ever now,
That I dare not now relate.

Another yet a Senior is,
We all shall hate to lose her,
A rich, sweet prize will ease her bid,
The one who comes to choose her.

The last of all—the merriest,
A little school ma'am sweet,
Whose face was always cheerful,
She seldom now we meet.

Alas, for those fleeting pleasures!
Alas, for that festive Fall!
If time drags out just measure
He will compensate us all.

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

Last Friday evening the Y. W. C. A. gave its usual reception to the new students of the school. The members of this Society, remembering that feeling of strangeness that one experiences on entering such a large school as the Normal, take this means of making the new students feel more at home among us, and also of making known to them the existence and work of the Young Women's Christian Association.

At an early hour Friday evening the halls near the reception parlors began to fill with bright, happy faces of both old and new members of the school. For the time, thoughts of study were thrown aside and each seemed bent on enjoying the hour to the utmost. Owing to the large number present, it would have been impossible to introduce each new pupil to all, so a novel and pleasing mode of introduction was used. The reception committee stood in waiting, and as the new pupils came in, stepped forward and spoke a few friendly words of greeting, politely asking the name of each, then pinning the same (which had previously been written on a slip of paper) to the left shoulder of the person. Each of the old stu-

dents wore his name in a like manner, so old and new felt free to converse with each other.

In the early part of the evening all assembled in the reception parlors, where we were pleasantly entertained by the following: Solo, Miss Hattie Cory; recitation, Miss Ingersoll; Solo, Miss Keltus; recitation, Mr. Addicott; vocal duet, Mrs. Elwood and Miss Bethel; Solo, Miss Bowles.

The pleasure seekers then repaired to the halls where lemonade was served and social games played until the hour-hand pointed to ten, when the familiar sounds of the gong reminded us that 'twas time for good-nights to be said. Soon each was directing his footsteps homeward, feeling happier for having spent a social hour with school-mates and teachers.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMAN IGNORANCE.

I shall talk to you on a subject that we all (perhaps unfortunately for Normal students, of whom considerable knowledge and little ignorance is expected) know a great deal about—The Bright Side of Human Ignorance.

Perhaps, when you are bringing all your powers to bear upon some difficult problem in Algebra, or when the proper result is not obtained from an experiment in Physics, or when you are endeavoring to master the principles of clear writing, you think that if you know everything you would be a very happy person. However, I shall try to show you that there is a bright side of ignorance.

You must all acknowledge that ignorance is our natural state. When we enter this world we know nothing (some of us do not know much more when we leave it). Can a natural condition be altogether an unhappy one? Some say, "Yes, if the devil is the master of us." But I think none of us will own such a master. It really seems to me that a natural condition, in which we are born, must have a bright side.

Many of our amusements are based on ignorance. If we knew we were to be defeated we should not enjoy the anticipation of a game. Should you enjoy the prospect of a game of base-ball if you knew your opponents would win? You may say that one may as well be prepared for defeat as to play and be disappointed. But, in that case, you would play the game with rather sad countenances and sadder spirits.

Some one has given as a definition of man, "He is the only animal that loves a riddle." Why do we like riddles? Is it not for the reason that there is something in them of which we are ignorant? For most people solving a riddle is a keen pleas-

ure, just as for Priscilla Lammeter "conquering butter" was a pleasure. I remember that when I was a child, I was fond of riddles; and when I had guessed one, I felt that I had accomplished as much as does an astronomer when he discovers a planet.

I suppose you enjoyed the first sleight-of-hand performance you attended. As the magician burned a handkerchief and then restored it, as he took dozens of eggs from an apparently empty hat, as he made plants grow and blossom before your very eyes, as he did these tricks and many others, did you not sit dumb-founded at his skill? You knew there was some artifice about it all, but if you had known just how the performer did his tricks, should you have been entertained, or would the magician's skill have been so much admired?

There is still another pleasure that depends largely on uncertainty, the pleasure of novel-reading. We shall not discuss whether or not novel-reading is beneficial. That the large majority of people read novels is a fact. Why do we enjoy a good novel so much? Is it not because we are seeking for something of which we are ignorant?

For, if we know the end of the story before we read it, it will not have the charm for us that it otherwise would have. Although the book is not specially attractive to us, we commence to read. Presently we begin to feel interested; we form our opinion of the different characters; we wonder what is to become of our favorites; we are fascinated; we cannot lay the book down. With breathless interest we read on and on, until it all ends in the sound of wedding bells.

Often, when a man is lifted from a condition of ignorance to one of knowledge, the result is anything but satisfactory. Take, for example, Robert Burns. Brought up on a Highland farm, he had little education and no knowledge of the great world; but he had genius, which was soon recognized. He left his peaceful home and went to Edinburgh. Here he met the great men of his day, and had all the advantages of city life; but he had also many temptations, and at last became a victim of strong drink. It would have been better for Robert Burns to have spent his life in ignorance, in a quiet country home, rather than to have sought for knowledge in the crowded city.

An old poet has said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Thinking our own everyday experiences we find the maxim to be a true one. We know that people speak ill of us, that we are criticized for nearly all our actions. But so long as we are ignorant of what is said the criticisms do not hurt us. Suppose you have a new suit. You wear it out some fine evening, fondly believing it

is pretty and becoming. People may criticize your costume, saying it is cheap and unbecoming, or they may say dozens of other disagreeable things; but so long as you know nothing of what they say, your feelings are not hurt. But just hear some one say, "I don't like that dress. Do you?" Would't it make you feel uncomfortable? Had you not heard the remark, you would have been blissfully ignorant, and correspondingly blissfully happy. So far as unkind criticisms are concerned, I fully believe ignorance to be bliss.

Suppose you are invited to dine out. You are at dinner; some dish, new to you, is brought on the table. You are ignorant of what it is, but would not appear so for the world. You taste of the dish, like it, and eat it with great relish. But, unfortunately, you afterwards learn that it was made of something you would not willingly eat. Often we eat food, whose ingredients had we known, and how it was prepared, we would not touch. If we are ignorant of these facts we enjoy the food and are happy, and what more is needed.

We are ignorant of our future trials and hardships. This ignorance seems to be a wise provision of our Maker. Our trials are hard enough to bear when they come without any previous knowledge to worry us. "They will come when they will come." I think that had we known how hard our Middle A work was to be for us, we should not have spent so happy a summer vacation. As it was we knew nothing about the work in store for us; enjoyed ourselves in blissful ignorance, and came back rested and ready for work. I confess that when we were fairly settled down to study the work rather amazed me. I suppose many of my classmates had a similar experience. But if we work and persevere we shall be rewarded.

In conclusion I would advise you not to be discouraged over your ignorance—think of the brightness of the question, and remember "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER FRIENDS.

There may be some who think that those who have enriched the world with their thoughts and fine creations, might be best content to rest unmarked "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," leaving as little work for the literary executor, as did Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, and some others,—names the world will not willingly let die. But this is a stoic's doctrine, and not to be thought of for an instant. If this idea had been carried out, how much would we have known about the private life of George Eliot? For it is

only from her letters that we find the key to unlock her inner self. She led the life of a studious recluse with little of the bustle, variety and large communication of the outer world, and this is why we know so little about her.

George Eliot's large-hearted, deep-souled benevolence took in all human kind, and it was this wide sympathy, this understanding of so many points of character, that gained for her the passionate devotion not only of personal friends, but also of literary admirers, from the most widely scattered sections of society. Probably few people have ever received so many intimate confidences from friends of such diverse habits of thought.

With George Eliot, acquaintance ripened slowly into friendship in spite of her warm human sympathies, and the keenness of her desire to enter into the feelings of others. But there is an outpouring of ardent feeling for her friends, sobering down as life goes on into a crowning kindness, affectionate and honest.

She had a great love for her brother, and when a little child of four years, she was always at his heels, insisting on doing everything that he did. It is this period that is referred to in the "Brother and Sister Sonnet,"

"But were another childhood's world my share;
I would be born a little sister there."

Mr. Isaac Evans' chief recollection of this time is the delight of the little sister at his home-coming for holidays, and her anxiety to know all that he had been doing and learning.

In her girlhood, the friendship formed at school with the devout Miss Lewis, had a great influence for years on her life. It was from this association that she received her strong Methodist ideas, which we afterward find embodying themselves in the characters of "Adam Bede."

After she and her father moved nearer London she made the acquaintance of the trio that influenced her life, more or less powerfully, ever after. They were Mr. and Mrs. Bray and Miss Sara Hemell, and were for years the centre of her affections. To Miss Hemell it is that Miss Evans mainly turns for intellectual sympathy; to Mrs. Bray, she appeals when in pain or trouble, and wants affectionate companionship; with Mr. Bray she quarrels, and the humorous side of her character is brought out. Every good story goes to him with a certainty that it will be appreciated. It was a beautiful and consistent friendship, running like a golden thread through the woof of a companionship of thirty-eight years.

In 1849, while living at Geneva, she made the acquaintance of M. d'Albert Durade and his wife,

who were very kind to her and of whom she grew very fond. Her biography says, "George Eliot retained a warm admiration and love for M. d'Albret Durand to the end of her life;" and it seems fitting here to mention that he still lives, carrying well the weight of eighty winters. He published in 1883 a French translation of the "Scenes of Clerical Life," having already previously published translations of "Adam Bede," "Felix Holt," "Silas Marner," and "Romola."

Miss Evans' literary work in London, where she made her permanent home after her father's death, brought about an acquaintance and friendship with some of the more remarkable minds of that time. There she met a large circle of literary and scientific men of the "ultra-liberal radical school," those who looked upon themselves as the more advanced thinkers of the age, whose aims were to destroy belief in supernaturalism and inspiration, among whom were John Stuart Mills, Herbert Spencer, Froude, G. W. Lewes and Harriet Martineau. Herbert Spencer was an intimate friend for many years, and it was through him that George Eliot first met Mr. Lewes.

The relation between George Eliot and Blackwood, the publisher, who was the first person after Mr. Lewes to recognize her genius, is one of the pleasant illustrations in literary history of the "friendships of authors and publishers." It was like that of Scott and Constable. Mr. Blackwood was her confidant and counselor, and she was always anxious for his judgment of her work.

In 1859 she met Mrs. Richard Congreve, who became one of her most intimate friends as long as she lived. George Eliot says long after: "Her friendship had the same date as the success of 'Adam Bede,' two good things in my lot that ought to have made me less sad."

Her delight in old friends is told in one of her letters to Madame Bodichon, one of her most devoted friends, in these words: "How unspeakably the lengthening of memories in common endears our old friends! The new are comparatively foreigners, with whom one's talk is hampered in by mutual ignorance. The one can express, the other can derive."

In one of her letters to Miss Humell she writes, "It is worth while to forget a friend for a week or ten days, just for the sake of the agreeable kind of startle it gives one to be reminded that one has such a treasure in reserve,—the same sort of pleasure, I suppose, that a poor body feels who happens to lay his hands on an undreamed-of expense that had sunk to the corner of his pocket." And I think we can all echo this sentiment, "The unfinished friendships of this life are, at once, its

dearest experiences and most glorious hopes." No healthy heart, without the pervasion of the intellect, accepts interrupted relations as final facts.

The "Story without an End" runs on, and she whose great personality drew to itself the depths and heights of human fellowship, must live, despite her gloomy creed, in the hearts of all who knew and loved her, and in the brilliant creations she has left to posterity.

ARE WE JUSTIFIED IN RAILING AGAINST FASHION?

N. A. A.

I have always had a desire to write about the evils men are addicted to; such as drinking, gambling, smoking, etc., but as I am anxious to retain the good will of my classmates among them, I have decided to attack the follies of women. I searched long and almost in vain for some reason for upbraidng them. At last I thought of their love for dress, and I was happy. I suppose the young men will be glad to have the tables turned, for a change, but I advise them not to become too jubilant.

When this subject presented itself to my mind the first question I asked was, "How do fashions originate?" Dress is a physical necessity, its secondary object being beauty; as our general wants and tastes change, so also should our style of dress. If we read the history of some of our garments we are surprised at the numberless changes our forefathers and mothers have made in them, without any apparent reasons. The absurdly long-pointed shoes (often two feet in length) were invented by Henry Plantagenet to cover a very large excrescence he had upon one of his feet. The "abomination of wigs" was first adopted by the Duke of Anjou to conceal a personal defect.

The evil influences of fashion are many. The extravagant dress of American women is said to be exerting a baneful influence upon society. It is now queerly conceded as a fact that the cost of a fashionable lady's wardrobe is so great that the average income will not suffice for it. I have read of men that were driven to desperation and crime because their wives were not satisfied with their already too costly wardrobes. "Dress," says Susan Hayes Ward, "should be suited to the station and wealth of its wearer. A rich woman can and should dress more expensively than her poorer neighbor, and it is snobbish in the poor to feel aggrieved at, or to imitate the dress of their richer neighbors. Velvets, satins, and silks are luxuries becoming to fine houses, to state occasions, to par-

ties, and to high teas, but are incongruous when they find their way to the street through the basement door, or when worn by the woman whose husband barely earns his twelve dollars a week. In my city Sunday-school class, (made up of young women, rich and poor) the most extravagantly dressed, were always the factory girls. I never dreamed of wearing clothes so fine as theirs. But what money had they laid aside for books, for lectures, for home comforts, for charity and for the rainy day that is sure to come. Like Johnny in the Scotch ballad:

"The hale w' their pucks
They hae now on their backs."

All their energies outside of the workroom were spent in the vain effort to appear other than they were; to seem not to be." Here is a bit of advice Polonius gave Laertes at parting:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy, rich, not gaudy;
To the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Fashion not only persuades us to buy more expensive garments than we can afford, but it also requires us to lay them aside long before they are worn out. So we can truthfully say that "Fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

We are said to be slaves of fashion, and slaves we are indeed, if we use no judgement or taste in following fashion. We have seen pictures in old magazines of women with hoopskirts on large enough to reach from one side of our modern sidewalk to the other. There surely was more room and more cloth in the world than there has ever been since, for not many years ago both women and men were so economical that their garments allowed but few and unvaried movements. Have you heard of the young couple that called a waiter to pick up the lady's handkerchief? There has been a great deal of unintentional cruelty practiced by parents in following fashion in the dress of their children. I read an account of a little girl three years old, whose tender body, encased in stiff starched and embroidered petticoats and gown, could scarcely bend. A rich, ruby plush coat was drawn over all. The poor baby's arms stuck out straight from her body like the arms of a windmill. When a childish toy was placed in one of the tiny gloved hands, the little girl, defrauded of all liberty of motion, dropped the toy, puckered up her face most pitifully and began to cry. Surely the most abused of mortals were the young dandies in the time of George IV., when buckskin breeches were considered an indispensable, fashionable morning garment. The article was made to fit the person so closely that the maker and a few assistants were usually required

to aid at the ceremony of trying it on. In some cases the garment was actually suspended from the ceiling by machinery and the wearer descended into it. To walk in such breeches was torture; but the dandy submitted to all with the devotion of a new-made saint and the firmness of a martyr.

Fashion

"Though they be never so ridiculous
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed."

Some one has said that *stylish* is, of all the words in the English language, the most deadly. Although this is a bold statement, I can imagine how a man whose wife and daughters are victims of fashion, can feel that it is a true statement. Everything is subjected to the test, "Is it stylish?" The victims give all their time, thought and efforts to fashion, thus dispelling all thoughts of kindness, charity, and even of Christianity. That such a course promotes vanity, selfishness and ill-feeling toward others, especially toward rivals in dress, is easily seen.

Of all the influences of fashion its detriment to health is perhaps the most evil. Comfort is one of the essentials of dress, but how often comfort is entirely disregarded and beauty alone considered. How agreeable it would be to us if comfort and beauty went hand in hand. We cannot change the laws of health and comfort; why not change our ideas of beauty? Does it not seem more reasonable that a person neatly and comfortably dressed should be more pleasing to look upon than one whose garments make him feel miserable? Sometimes we are not comfortable, but our pride makes us believe that we are. Put on a close-fitting shoe and look at it. While your mind is on the smoothness of the leather and the form of the foot, you do not feel the pressure, but dismiss the appearance of the shoe from your mind and notice how quickly you are reminded that your foot might have more freedom of motion. Our physical organs have no such stimulus as pride, and therefore suffer the full penalty of the violation. Hygiene tells us that the clothing should be loose, so that the circulation of the blood be not impeded. Unfortunately it is fashionable to have garments fit snugly, and of course we must be in style whether the blood can circulate or not. Eighty years ago Tom Moore sang

"Ladies wear a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
That not a chance of beauty's mould
Permeates to stay where Nature placed it."

Strange when doctors, artists, and poets have united to condemn this torturing of the body out of shape, that the practice should still prevail so widely. A large woman feels it her duty to culti-

vate a small foot and hand. Men, also, are given to wearing tight shoes; some lace their robes as Lesbia did; and I am not quite sure but that the buckskin breeches (made with the buckskin left out) are still worn. Hygiene further tells us that the body should be protected by enough under-clothing which should of itself be sufficient to keep us warm. We can find no fault with men as to their underwear, but over fifty per cent. of the women select their underwear with reference to ornament rather than to comfort. All of the body except the head should be uniformly protected by clothing. The feet are often protected by very thin hose, and shoes with soles almost as thin as paper, while the head is covered with a sealakin cap, and the neck with a large fur collar. Children often go shivering with cold. It is cruel to leave their limbs unprotected. Dr. Warren has been heard to say: "Boston sacrifices hundreds of babies every year by not clothing their arms." We have had so many long talks with our Physiology teacher on the subject of clothing, that I do not deem it necessary to explain the effect upon our systems of not wearing the right kind of dress.

Fashion arises from a desire for beauty, and changes with our idea of what is beautiful. Although some of our costumes are far from beautiful, we must admit that many of them are very pleasing to the eye, and that their changes are also agreeable. In China and other Eastern countries dress is regulated by sumptuary laws, and the fashions of attire remain from generation to generation, with little or no change. I am sure we should not like such laws, for where there is no change there can be no progress. Compare our modern costumes with those of long ago and you will notice that, although there has been a tendency to work in circles, still fashion has become more and more reasonable. We cannot credit the rulers of fashion with this improvement, but we must give the credit rather to those persons, who in their wisdom, have been constantly censuring inhgienic practice.

I have endeavored to prove that fashion, while it offers agreeable changes of dress, and is aiming to beautify our costumes, leads to folly, to extravagance, to much ill-health, and sometimes to crime and even to death. What shall we do? To shun fashion altogether is superlative folly. We can follow Priscilla Lammetter's advice, and stop a little on this side of fashion. When a fashion is introduced that is likely to prevail, we should modify it according to our figure, size, age, rank, fortune, and by all means according to the laws of health.

I claim that because fashion is far from being

what it should be, we are justified in railing against it.

SONG OF THE SENIOR B.

Ye old friends of the Junior Class adieu.
Come rhetoric, geometry and others not a few;
Pedagogy, geology, astronomy, psychology,
Verbosity, tautology we'll try ten weeks of you.
Come chemistry to help us now, our physics far to do;
Come algebra to aid us in arithmetic review;
Come Training School with criticism,
Come literature with solerism,
And bring a slice of heroism;
"We, doing, learn to do."
Come photograph and autograph—when!
Come writing on the Index staff—so blue;
Come choosing pins—without alteration;
Come every aid to education.
Last, though not least, come—graduation,
With motto—something new.

CHORUS

Hurrah for the Senior Class!
A jolly crowd are we,
For there are none so happy, light and gay
As the present Senior B. E. L. S.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

"Men are the sport of circumstances,
When circumstances seem to be the sport of men."
—Byron.

Impressive and mysterious above all else have ever been the questions relating to our being. From the time when man first felt the firm earth beneath him, since first he peered into the starry depths above, he has been haunted with the questions "What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" Some, it is true, have said that for them these questions have been answered, but the fact still remains that of the numberless generations that have peopled the earth the vast majority have sunk into their graves with these questions still upon their lips. Realizing, then, that the radical or essential nature of the soul involves intricate and disputed questions we gladly relegate such conundrums to those who are accustomed to ponder them; but with the manifestations of soul, as involving virtues and qualities and our relations thereto, we may more safely deal. Our subject, then, relates not to the origin of souls; we postulate their existence and build upon that foundation.

A belief has probably dawned upon the reader ere this that here, indeed, is a disciple of Brahmin. But, no; we have borrowed the Hindoo phrase

merely to express the transformation sustained by human souls in their relations to either vice or virtue. A man of great nobility in constant communion with a coward will lower his own standard of virtue and heighten the standard of virtue in the other. In other words, one changes ability for cowardice, the other cowardice for nobility. So, for convenience, we say that a part of the soul of each has transmigrated. Some may think "transmigration" is not the word; it may not be, but—we are not writing what others think.

The Hindoo doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into the bodies of beasts so enslaved the pious Brahmin that he was almost afraid to breathe lest he should destroy some invisible animalcule in which was embodied the spirit of some venerated ancestor. Throughout all the cycles of existence in the bodies of lower animals the Brahmin believes that the soul retains its personal identity. This doctrine is essentially one whose law is Retrogression; viz: from man through beasts, birds, reptiles, insects, etc., to annihilation. The true transmigration is one of parts rather than of wholes. One, in the light of which, personality is regarded as gleaned from diverse sources, modified, influenced, and moulded by environment rather than retaining an unchangeable personality throughout its experiences. Its law, instead of being Retrogression is Evolution—that law which crowns the strong, urges on the weak, and cuts down the weakest. The true transmigration deals with the living as well as with the dead, as contradistinguished from the Brahminic idea, in which death is regarded as an essential antecedent.

From four great primary sources, it may be said, transmigrate the qualities and characteristics that compose the soul of every man. Of these, the first in the order of time and importance is heredity. The source from which Nature furnishes each of us with a diamond whose brightness varies inversely as the quantity of rubbish in which it is imbedded. The law of heredity is as yet imperfectly understood, but that parents transmit to their children latent traits and powers that determine to a great extent their physical, intellectual and moral standing in after life are facts well authenticated. In their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness men are free and equal, but in their relations to these the law of heredity teaches unmistakably the inequality of man. These inequalities and imperfections among men are surely not for man's discipline, for true discipline heaps not defeat upon defeat on the unfortunate, nor success after success upon the successful; neither does it trample on the fallen that it

may bolster up the strong. Man's condition when starting in life can not be justly attributed to any system of discipline, but is determined by the inevitable law, in obedience to whose dictates the souls of the weak transmigrate into and blight their offspring, and the souls of the strong travel through and animate their generations.

After man has donned his involuntary armor—a life nucleus, whatever its traits and tendencies—he is ready for the battle of life. Strange, indeed, that a man should be given no choice of weapons in a fight with the world—an antagonist skilled in the use of all. Being equipped by nature, henceforth, man treads paths apparently of his own choosing. Before long his soul cries for nutriment. Varied, indeed, is the feast prepared by man and nature for the upbuilding or the destruction of his soul. It is a deplorable fact that most men, because of a defective, inherited appetite, fare ill at this table of diversity. Some taste indiscriminately its joys and sorrows, while only a few fare wisely. The wise few, as a rule, arise from the ranks of the well-born and bred; only now and then do we hear of one

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And boasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star," J. G. J.
To be continued.

A lie is born easily but is reared with difficulty.

Louis Bailey, of May class '87, and also a charter member of the Robber's Roost paid us a flying visit last week. Lou's smiling countenance recalled to many pleasant thoughts of the joyful past.

Senior A's, after having studied Chaucer a few weeks, declare they can't spell their own names without a feeling of uncertainty. This little uneasiness can be remedied by consulting your Family Bibles.

Scientific men have discovered that the human brain while busily at work generates enough power to drive an electric motor through the intervention of the thermopile. If at present each member of the geometry classes should wear a thermopile in his or her hat, enough energy could be generated to run the electric street cars, and each of the Seniors, on condition that he should think hard, would have a pass to and from Santa Clara. Judging from the expression occasionally seen on the Professor's face, we conclude that some of the anglers would have to walk part of the way, for it "hurts to think."

ALL SORTS.

Grass blades—Sickles.

What is a "general cut?"

"Look at my innocent pin!"

Fancies are angel's thoughts in bloom.

Why have we not heard of an open meeting?

Coffee, like any other seat, should be sat on.

How to make a slow horse *fast*—don't feed him.

Ask Mr. G. of Senior A2 what a "small poet" is?

Mother, Home, and Heaven—three sublime words.

Character can never suffer a stain without some loss.

Juniors, choose your graduating essays immediately.

It is the watermelon that should be called the *pumpkin*.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

Merrily conferring happiness upon others secures it to ourselves.

The library looks more homelike since Miss Keyser has returned.

It is much regretted that Mr. Clark, of Senior A, has not returned.

Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume on the heart.

Revenge is sweet; but it takes a half a barrel of sugar to make it so.

Prof. C. kindly consents to treat his students with "all possible leniency."

If you want to see types of the beautiful, meander down South Third street.

All who are interested in the education of women, join the Ramakoi Circle.

The Rubik's Room mourns the loss of its most honorary member, Mack Lane.

The "Baby" has finally decided that pink becomes his style of beauty better than blue.

A young man in Middle A regrets that he "regrets the shows of love to his teacher."

We are glad to see the familiar face of Miss Jennie Shyer again in the Normal halls.

Man is the best interpretation of the universe with all its grand uses and sublime beauty.

An absent-minded Senior being asked his favorite piece of music replied, "Solome Wahi."

George says he has no grave enough to lament, for another is mourning his *Good Ship*.

A pirate is generally spoken of as not being very musical; nevertheless, he is a high Calypso.

Advice to artists: Make some distinction between the drawing of a "cut" and a "clam shell."

— S. Third Street is a safe place for Normal boarders, since there is a *House* within a *House*.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

A good word is an easy obligation; but *not* to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

Mere politicians wish the country to do something for their true patriots desire to do something for their country.

How many girls does it take to escort a young gentleman of the Senior A1 from the depot to his boarding-house?

A bright little boy overhearing a gentlemen remark that a friend was killed by the enemy said, "I'll be the enemy."

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

A Senior A goes into his Training School class confident of what he *knows*, but returns confident of what he *doesn't* know.

Rosy cheeks and bright eyes are abundant this term. Evidently our long vacation has done much towards improving health.

Some of the members of the school have come to the conclusion that serenading on Wednesday evenings is not just the thing.

We sincerely hope every monitor will become personally acquainted with his class, so as to enable him to give his report in the morning.

Juniors and Middlemen! Don't believe the dreadful report you hear of the trials of the Training School. It's just a ruse—after you get used to it.

"Spare the rod, and spoil the child," should be written, "Spare the switch, and spoil the young lady." If you doubt this, ask any one in Middle A2.

All of the class of May '88, who so desired, have secured schools. There must be some mistake about the Normal turning out more teachers than are needed.

Overboard conversation. Junior—"Just look at that absurd hat. Why it's as tall as a steepie." Senior—"What's odd about that? Isn't there a bell (or) under it?"

The boy that has no fire in him, when a man may have imagination enough to grease a wheelbarrow, but he will not own one or have money enough to buy the grease.

The monitor's report is somewhat different from that of last year. When the report of the last class comes, "Junior" falls upon the ear, instead of the familiar "Junior 2."

At a boarding house on South Third street a beautiful work of art is on exhibition, entitled "By the Salt Sea Waves." It is rumored that it will be entered in the County Fair.

At a class meeting of the Senior A's, a few days ago, W. James Black was elected President. We congratulate him on his success, and believe that a better choice could not have been made.

Girls! Why don't you play lawn-tennis? Why don't you take hold of our sleepy literary society with a verve and wile it up? Insuff a little life into its sluggish system. Buck it and have some style about you!

Teachers during vacation, farmers' sons when work is slack on the farm, and any others not fully and profitably employed can learn something to their advantage by applying to R. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

There is a large class of Juniors this term— nearly two hundred being admitted on examination.

Mr. Percy was gladly welcomed by his classmates on his unexpected return to school last week. In his absence we, as friends and fellow students, extended to him our silent but earnest sympathy for the great sorrow that is his.

We are sorry to announce that Mr. Taylor, who was chosen Editor-in-Chief of the *Ostrux*, for this term, was compelled to resign on account of ill health. Good judgment was shown, however, in the selection of Mr. Puter to fill the vacancy. We wish him success in his new enterprise.

On visiting one of the recitation rooms in the basement, one excellent example of modeling may be seen. It is the work of Miss Maggie Shallenberger, who, during the vacation was under the instruction of a noted sculptor, that she might be able to give her pupils the benefit of her knowledge on her return.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Richard Comer, May, '88, is teaching in Fresno county.

Miss Mary O'Rourke, May, '88, is engaged near Alum Rock.

Miss Bella Bagnelle, May, '85, is working hard at Modesto, Cal.

George Allen, May, '87, has a principalship in Sierra county.

A wedding card has been received from Miss Lizzie Judson, Xmas, '83.

Niece graduation Miss Mary E. Mansfield, Dec., has taught twelve months.

Miss Frances Feely, May, '87, is engaged in teaching at Napa Junction.

Miss Agnes Gillespie, May, '87, is teaching her second year at Park City, Utah.

Miss Martha E. Calker, Dec., '87, is teaching 33 Shenandoah, forty miles from Fresno.

Miss Ruth Thompson, Dec., '82, finds it very pleasant at the Santa Clara school.

Lawrence J. Geary, May, '88, finds plenty to do in his school in Contra Costa county.

Miss May E. Kennedy, Dec., '87, has been elected to the Substitute Class in San Francisco.

Miss Alice Lasser, May, '87, is teaching her second term at Bear River, Humboldt county.

Miss Fannie M. Hise, May, '87, is giving satisfaction in the Chico Valley school, Napa county.

Miss Lizzie M. Soucks, Xmas, '87, has begun her second term at Pacheco, Contra Costa county.

Miss Emily Gallinger, Dec., '87, is teaching an ungraded school on the North Fork of Mad River.

Miss Gertrude Thompson is well pleased with her school at Paris, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Cecelia Henry, Dec., '87, reports favorably from the Eden-Plains District, Contra Costa county.

Miss Eliza Mott, Dec., '86, has just commenced to teach the Jouts' Public school, Humboldt county.

Miss Mary S. Smith, '83, has completed her second year at the Gleason District school, Tehama county.

Miss Carrie L. Avery, May, '87, is teaching six pupils at Coyote District, Madrone, Santa Clara county.

Miss Frances Young, Dec., '86, has consented to take charge of the Highland school for a second term.

Miss Annie F. Lane, Xmas, '85, is teaching her fifth term in the Primary Department of the Eureka schools.

Miss Macla Ingemundsen, May, '86, has charge of the second and third grades in the Napa Public Schools.

Miss Maggie Carr, May, '84, is teaching in the new district, Senia, Humboldt county. She has thirty-nine pupils.

Miss Lillian Church is writing to being under out of chaos in the Jefferson District school, San Joaquin county.

Lewis Goble, Dec., '86, has resigned the position of Principal in the Petrolia school. He will not teach again for one year.

Miss Charlotte Gleason has forty pupils at Redwood Canyon. Her postoffice address is San Leandro, Alameda county.

Miss Fannie Cutler, May, '87, is teaching in Merced county, near Huillat. She likes the work, but would prefer English children.

Miss Lucina Kelvey, May, '83, and George B. Richardson, were married July 12th, 1888. Her address is Lincoln, Placer county.

Notice has been received that Miss Fannie Low, May, '83 and Arthur Thacher were married June 24th at Kohala, Hawaii, H. I.

Miss Anne M. Nicholson, Xmas, '84, says that she likes teaching "better and better." She has been engaged for a second term at Modesto.

Miss Carrie Somers, Dec., '86, having taught one term in the Auburn Public School, has been engaged again. She is well pleased with teaching.

Miss Flora Hansaker, May, '86, after teaching for two years in the public schools, has taken one pupil for life. Her present name is Mrs. E. A. Cooley.

Last June, after five years of work in the schoolroom, Miss Ida Miller, May, '83, became the wife of J. J. Rice. Although she enjoyed teaching she has no desire to return to it.

Chas. T. Bondahu, May, '87, has finished a term in the Crescent City school, where he acted as Principal. He says what he learned in Room K has been of great service.

Miss Cora Angell, Dec., '87, has a school in Aurora, Nev. She has found, as many others have, that teaching in a country school is far different from working in the Training School.

Miss Margaret Hanson, Dec., '86, is the first Normal graduate who has taught in the Calaveras school, Santa Cruz county. There are six normalities represented in the school.

Having taught one year in the Primary Department of the Virginia City public school, Miss Julia Crowley, May, '86, has been chosen Assistant Principal of the High School of that city.

George H. Baker, Xmas, '87, has finished his first term in the Butte District, Modoc county, and has accepted the position of Principal in the New Castle school, Placer county. Miss Seabrook, '85, will be his assistant.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

In the great business world of to-day nine-tenths of the failures are directly traceable to three general causes: mistakes in choosing vocations, miscomprehension of the true end of those chosen, and lack of practical training for the work. The first two are largely the result of the last.

Men without natural talent and taste for some branch of business are extremely rare, while those equally well fitted for all branches are almost unknown. That is to say that every one is by nature adapted to certain work, and his best success depends upon his choosing some trade or profession corresponding to this natural fitness. But, according to the good old, way children were brought up as if all were born either blackheads or Shakespeares, and as if nothing but accident could distinguish the one from the other. The same amount and kind of mental cramming was thought suitable and sufficient for all; and so, as if in defiance of nature's stamp of individuality, each eager, active little soul was crowded into the conventional mold of school routine, and fed upon the dry stuff of text-book facts and dogmas. When a profession was to be chosen, it was usually done arbitrarily, and aside from all knowledge and consideration of the child's natural inclinations and endowments. The result has been to crowd all avenues of advancement with those who attempt to fill positions for which nature never intended them, and for which they have no liking. Many a good mechanic has thus been spoiled to make a hopeless barometer, a medical quack, or a pulpit palpitator. The greatest vocations have been achieved by those who chose their own vocations from natural liking. This is one of the reasons why our well-educated men see, as a rule, surprise in college graduates.

Again, how many men and women are to-day working in the different professions without *one* conception—often without thought of the end to be attained. This tendency largely from laziness for the work; and many a man is now making life a task, and his only aim the means of obtaining the necessities of life, when he might have made it a labor of love, with an inspiring goal ahead and gratifying memories behind. If the mechanic should go on, day after day, and year after year, doing certain things in certain ways, without calculating results or inquiring why, but simply because others had done them so, how long should we wait for a Watt, a Fulton, or an Edison? Yet this is exactly what a large number of the people are doing, especially in the schools, that place in which, more than any other, is needed a love for the work and a thorough appreciation of the ends sought. Lack of training, general and special, is in a great measure the cause of this condition of things.

Our present system of education has two cardinal defects—it is not practical and it is not sufficiently moral; it does not fit people for the every day struggles of life. It does not deal sufficiently with realities, and it tends to give a love of license rather than of true liberty. Why is it that so many people show so little regard for the rights or feelings of others, and carry a point by any means at hand without considering the right and wrong of the case? Why is it that so many are kept within bounds by compulsion instead of by their own sense of reason and justice? Simply because they have been accustomed to being governed by rules and regulations rather than by con-

science; because they have been taught to respect and allowed more than ought, and have habitually asked, "Is it possible?" instead of "Is it right?"

On the other hand, why do so many of those in active life fail in the details? Why do we not have more really systematic business men? Because their training in school has not been calculated to fit them for real life; because they have no adequate training for the work in hand. Should we expect a blacksmith's apprentice to do a fine piece of work in iron? Would we entrust the life of a diseased man to one without medical skill and experience? And yet, we set every day doing things fully as unreasonable. We wonder that men fail in business, when they enter it almost entirely without preparation—we expect financial success of those who have never learned the value of money; and we entrust our children, body and soul, to those who have never studied childhood, who recognize no art or science of teaching, and who neither care about nor know anything of the true end of education, but teach solely with a view to getting over the required text-book ground, and drawing the allotted money. This accounts for the lamentable ignorance of *so-called* facts and principles, and the great display of patent learning and utterly useless practical knowledge shown by many public school children. Of what importance is it to the butcher's apprentice to be able to give him memory the exact latitude and longitude of Timbuctoo or Mount Popocatepetl, or the number of cents of fish reported from a given shore during a given year? When, in actual business, will he have occasion to solve a complicated problem in cube root, or diagram one of Macaulay's longest periods? What will be of use to him, and to every one in business, is the power to express his thoughts concisely, a knowledge of the great questions of the day, and the ability to handle skillfully the simple common-house problems of everyday life. What will be of more importance is a clear acquaintance with, and habitual practice of, the common laws of health—the power to prevent disease. And what will be of far greater importance still is a regard for the simple, homely laws of right and justice, respect for the rights, privileges and feelings of others—in short, fair, upright, manly habits of life.

We should try to teach our children these things, and set before them those examples that will enable and induce them to live healthily, happily and more useful lives; and, as future teachers, we should strive to discriminate between this new and useful knowledge and the great mass of *obscure* matter which comes to us as the refuse of former ages and methods.

We need in our schools progressive, energetic, enthusiastic men and women; those who have chosen their profession knowingly, and for love of it; who have thorough training in its practical workings, and who fully understand the grand end and aim of their work.

E. L. S.

The next issue of the *Index* will contain an interesting letter from Miss Wright, our absent correspondent, who is traveling, at present, through Europe.

"Is a good boy, Johnny," said the minister, and study hard. You may be the President of the United States some day."

"Well, I guess not."

"Why, Johnny, I am surprised at you. Don't you want to be President?"

"No, sir; it's bad enough to write compositions to suit the school master. When it comes to working over half essays that will suit a whole country full of kickers—excuse me."

THE NORMAL INDEX

Light and Fancy Goods Suitable for Graduation.

NICE LINE OF FANS, GLOVES AND MITS

AT

THE TRADE PALACE.

STULL & SONICKSEN,

40 SOUTH FIRST STREET. - - SAN JOSE, CAL.

✦ A WORD TO THE WISE. ✦

Suits to Order from Twenty Dollars Upward.

Pants to Order from Six Dollars Upward.

Good Business Suits, Ready-made, from Ten Dollars.

Fine Dress Suits from Fifteen Dollars Upward.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

CLOTHING, FURNISHING, GOODS, HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES IN THE COUNTY.

You can Save Five Dollars on Every Twenty You Spend, by Purchasing Your Goods at

T. W. SPRING'S GREAT AMERICAN STORE,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

877-1000. CARILL.

FRANK E. SMITH,

✦ FINE JEWELRY, ✦

WATCHES & DIAMONDS,

✦ OPTICAL GOODS. ✦

98 South First Street, Under Lick House, - SAN JOSE, CAL.

D. QUILTY, ✦

Rare Novelties in Every Shade.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Graduating Suits from \$25 Upwards.

✦ THE LEADING TAILOR, ✦

Is Now Opening an Immense Stock of Fall and Winter Goods.

Most Fastidious can not Fail to be Satisfied.

48 South First St., San Jose.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

GEO. W. RYDER, JEWELER.

American Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods.

FINE DISPLAY OF HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

WATCHES.

SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING,
No. 8 SOUTH FIRST STREET.

W. E. NYE with H. L. ARGALL,
DENTIST.

Special Attention paid to the Preservation
of the Natural Teeth.

OFFICE:--Room 2, Stone's Building,
Over Larrillard's Music Store,
Corner of Santa Clara and Lightston Streets.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE BATH HOUSE,
61 North First Street.

A WHETSTONE, - - - - - Proprietor.

THE FINEST IN THE CITY.

CLEAN AND WELL FURNISHED. HOT WATER
ALWAYS ON HAND.

GOLDEN RULE BOOK STORE,

156 South First Street, San Jose, Cal., Near the Normal School.

E. J. GILLESPIE,

DEALER IN

CARDS,

Stationary

— AND —

BOOKS.



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

Beautiful Line of Papateries.

A Full Stock of

Normal School

TEXT BOOKS

A New and Beautiful
Line of

BLANK BOOKS.

J. B. JOHNSON, Photographer

First-Class Work at Reasonable Rates

~ ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ~

58 SOUTH FIRST STREET, - - - SAN JOSE, CAL.

LEVY BROS.

Makers of Men's and Boys' **CLOTHING**

Suits Made to Order, \$15, \$20 and \$25.

74 & 76 SOUTH FIRST STREET,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

"RECORD."
LORVEA BROS.
 Longmont's
 Photographs
 and Children's
 Portraits
 and Children's
 Portraits
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.
 22 South First Street, SAN JOSE, CAL.

THE LIBRARY BOOK STORE.
 54 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose
 A SELECTED STOCK OF
 School Supplies, Books and Stationery.
 Copies with the Latest Designs in Stationery.
 L. H. COLE, Proprietor.

THE SAN JOSE DRUG STORE

Drugs and Medicines.

J. M. BEAUMONT & CO.
 12 & 14 West Santa Clara Street.
 KNOX BLOCK. SAN JOSE, CAL.

← **RICH & BLUMENTHAL**, →
Clothing
 AND MERCHANT TAILORING
 51 South First Street, Phelan Block.
 SAN JOSE, CAL.
 Spring Overalls. Silk Linen, Silk Frock, Very Cheap.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE BARBER SHOP.
 51 North First Street.
 EDWARD DESCHAMPEL, Proprietor.
 Shaving, 15 Cts. Hair Cutting, 25 Cts.
 47 Beard Shave's Free Wash without extra charge.
 47 Face-Clean Wash 1000, 50.
 Ladies' Hair Cutting and Bangs, Latest Style, only 25 cts.

MRS. M. MAY.
 Elegant - **MILLINERY** - Parlors.
 56 South First St.
 Carrying the most complete line of English Millinery to be found in San Jose.

A. B. FARWELL & CO.
 MERCHANT TAILORS.
 106 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.
 A FIT GUARANTEED.

DESIGNING AND MANUFACTURING OF FINE JEWELRY TO ORDER.

KOCHER & BLAUER.

Jewelers and Opticians,

15 South First Street, San Jose.

IF THE ADJUSTMENT OF FINE WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

E. B. LEWIS, NEWSDEALER
AND STATIONER.

12 SOUTH FIRST ST. THIRD FLOOR SIXTH
OF SANTA CLARA ST.

FINE STATIONERY, GOLD PENS, GIFT BOOKS,
VISITING CARDS, WRITTEN OR PRINTED.

E. J. WILCOX, IMPORTER OF
AND DEALER IN

✱ **BOOTS and SHOES.** ✱

Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

95 First Street, South, San Jose, Cal.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. G. F. NEVIUS, D. D. S.

✱
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
✱

Dental Parlors.

10 SPRUCE STREET, - - NEW YORK CITY.

37 East Santa Clara Street, Rooms 3, 4 and 5,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

HOLLY & SMITH, DEALERS IN

First-Class Boots and Shoes,

11 East Santa Clara Street.

Under the City Clock.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

"CITY OF SAN JOSE"

DRY GOODS — AND — FANCY GOODS.

Best Assortment. Lowest Prices.

LOEB & ETCHEBARNE,

N. E. Cor. First and Fountain Sts., SAN JOSE.