

The Normal Index.

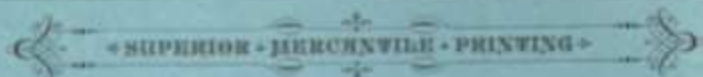
Vol. IV. SAN JOSE, CAL., DECEMBER 18, 1888. No. 3.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

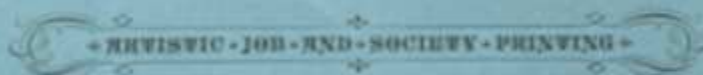
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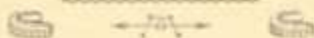
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The Normal Index.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER 18,

No. 3.

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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.

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

PRINTED AT THE MERCURY JOB OFFICE, 247 1/2 CLARK STREET, SAN JOSE, CALIF.

THE editor's pen of the INDEX has once more completed its term's work, and must again be placed in the rack, ready for the hand of our successor; and while now a farewell is about to be extended to our readers and this journal, yet it is only officially, for the work of a term has fastened in the heart of the paper a filial affection, which will by no means be severed with the present management. During the past term we have found the work both pleasant and profitable; though at times cumbered with care and anxiety. Many kindly remarks from the appreciative heart have been tendered the paper, and in return we offer our most sincere thanks. If we have offended you with our quill, before giving vent to your wrath, consult your conscience and base your convictions upon what it tells you, and not upon the corrupt judgments of circumstances. Facts should not offend.

In the future, when we shall have gone from this "temple of learning" to wrestle with the world, in distant lands, the INDEX will ever be a welcome visitor. We have learned to appreciate its columns as the best available medium of communication between students and alumni, and also to bestow just encomiums upon its poor unfortunate editor, who, like a jay in a colony of owls, sacrifices his good reputation and bemoans his crystalline intellect in trying to please the multitude of listeners.

The business manager, Mr. Cosgrave, and his assistant, Mr. Barthell, deserve special credit for the able manner in which they have handled the financial affairs of the paper. In a short time many changes will have been wrought. Each class will take a step onward. From Junior to Senior, a complete metamorphosis; from the stripling school boy to the proud and pompous pedagogue. New faces will appear at the head of our societies; but, most important of all, another staff will step on the editorial stage, to be gazed at by that most superfluous practical man, Mr. Critic, while the present staff, with a wave of the hand, will pass behind the scenes of journalistic life to appear again under more favorable circumstances.

To our successors we say, let your work be such that even the most cynical shall be forced to exclaim, "The likes of such an editorial staff was never known before, even in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth."

ABOUT seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5th, little groups of Normalites might have been seen hurriedly treading the streets from all parts of San Jose, with their faces all turned toward one point, the residence of Prof. Allen, for that was the evening of the annual reception given to the Senior A's, by the Professor and his family. Light, warmth, and good cheer made the house beautiful and cozy, and the kind welcome of the host and hostess soon put every one in the right spirit to enter into full enjoyment of the evening.

An informal programme was carried out (7) which consisted of vocal and instrumental solos, and duets and recitations. Delicious refreshments were served to the guests as they sat chatting here and there in merry groups. Pleasant games and gay conversation made the hours fly swiftly by, and when the time for leave-taking came, more than one felt regret that so an enjoyable an evening should pass so quickly. Hats and wraps were donned, "good nights" given and received, and soon all were wending their way homeward, with hearts full of kindly and thankful feeling towards the genial Professor and his pleasant family. This reception will long be to each member of the December class of '88 one of the pleasantest memories of Normal days. The Senior A's draught of social pleasure was destined to be a deep one after their hard work of the preceding weeks, for on Friday evening, December, 7th, they were tendered another reception at the Normal by the Senior B's. A large number were present, among whom were several members of the Faculty.

The first part of the evening was spent in the Assembly Hall, listening to an excellent programme, which was opened by a witty address, in verse, delivered by Mr. Barthell. Then followed Miss Spring's well applauded recitation, which gave way to Miss Adam's charming vocal solo. This was so well liked that she responded to the hearty encore of the audience with another sweet song. The next exercise was a dumb bell drill by eight young ladies under the guidance of Miss Jessie DeLanester. This was the feature of the evening. The natural and graceful movements of the performers, together with their charming white costumes produced a very attractive effect. Misses Forsythe, Layson, and Thatcher then played a very fine instrumental trio. The attention of the audience was next directed to the highly amusing remarks upon woman's rights, made by Miss Edith Whitehurst. Several good charades added spice to the programme.

When these exercises were concluded the guests descended to the lower halls, where, after partaking of refreshments in Room K, they engaged in dancing, games and pleasant chatter. Every face wore its brightest and happiest look, and all too soon the warning sound of the gong betokened the approach of the hour when all Normalites must "hie them to their homes." Each guest carried away as a souvenir of the occasion, a tiny sachet bag made of ribbons of the Senior A class colors. The Senior B's well deserve the grateful feelings of all the Senior A's for having afforded them such a pleasant time. One characteristic of the entertainment was the fact that the company

was composed exclusively of Normalites, as it should be at these school receptions.

Such entertainments as these do much to strengthen the ties of good feeling and affection that bind the heart of every graduate to the Normal and its associations.

WE congratulate the Senior B and the Middle A classes on their excellent judgment in choosing Mr. Spinks to act as Editor-in-Chief of the Index for the following term. Mr. Spinks has always taken an active interest in the welfare and posterity of our paper. He has contributed freely to its columns in the past, and, at the present, is occupying a prominent position on the staff. He is an energetic worker, a good writer, a clear thinker, and deserves well the high office that he is soon to hold. May his reign be crowned with success.

JUST before going to press we received the mournful news of the death of Jennie C. Ostrom, a member of the Xmas class '87. After being graduated, she returned to her home in Oleta, Amador county, where she taught a term of four months. During the vacation she was stricken down with brain fever, and for six weeks lay breathing in the twilight of her eternal home. The Good Father thought it best that she should quit her mission here on this earth of toil and trouble, and go to the land of peace and sunshine. The most beautiful flowers of human kind are plucked only to add grandeur to themselves, and to give pleasure to Him, their Maker. Quick consumption followed the fearful fever, and on the 24 of October all that was left of a kind and affectionate daughter, a sweet and amiable friend, and a true and noble woman, passed from the gaze of mortal eyes into the realms of immortality.

LETTER FROM MRS. GEORGE

Continued.

Stark of Nebraska, Aug. 1, 1888.

1600 miles N. E. of N. Y.

that is exercise. We had quite a fine concert with original poems and such like, in the cabin. No second-rate music allowed. Some of the sleepy looking bundles that lay on deck proved to be prima donnas.

They say that the storm was magnificent, sweeping the decks from stern to stern, the huge waves foaming and rearing their crests like mountains

of destruction. I did not see them, but the ship writhed and rocked and rolled and pitched and groaned and creaked in her agony, while now and then she would be tossed like a toy from the waves, and the huge screw turning in air, made her tremble and palpitate like some monster of the deep cast out upon the straud. I thought somewhat curiously of the depths below us, but was not at all afraid.

We are in the extreme northern route off Labrador, sailing in a silent sea. Nothing living seems to be here, not a fish, whale or gull, or even a sail to relieve the monotony. You would have laughed to see our preparations for sea-sickness. Bella dona plasters, mustard plasters, foolscap paper, chloroform, bromide of sodium, pills, gum, hot water bags, and so forth. Something helped us, but to our dying day we shall never know what, so that no one can benefit by our experience.

Aug. 5, 1888.

We are sailing along the north coast of "wild Ireland" and I have been out gazing at the shore where they "catch the wild ones," just this minute. Land never looked so good to me before. We expect to land shortly after lunch. It will seem so strange to be really in Europe. The anticipation of everything seems more real than the reality. I think of home a great deal. Calculate the difference of time, which is eight hours, and then think of you as eating, sleeping, or riding.

GLASGOW.

I cannot describe to you the beauty of our sail through the western isles of Scotland and up the Firth of Clyde; it beggars description. After I stopped writing to you I remained on deck until we came to anchor off Greenock, in the Clyde.

This is the greatest country I ever saw, and as we sailed among the hundreds of islands, some rugged and precipitous, some cultivated to the water's edge, it seemed like fairy land. Ailsa Craig and Arran were the prettiest; and just on the other side of the firth are the "Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon." But as we lay at anchor before the old walled town, with its quaint stone houses, I felt as if it were a picture and I myself a wraith. It was so like some of the old paintings we see; the broad promenade walled up from the water's edge; the rows of villas running back up the hills, which here and there showed the turrets of some lordly castle.

But the advent of the Customs House officers interrupted all day-dreams, and we spent two hours watching them open baggage. It was no shame, either, for they went to the bottom of everything. When we were duly chucked, we were taken on a steamer and conveyed to a leisurely train, where a

leisurely horse transferred the baggage of over a hundred persons in a small cart. We waited, and waited, penned up in a station for nearly three hours, getting into Glasgow at dark.

It would take a letter to describe their railroads alone, they are so queer. We took our first and last ride in a first-class car that night, but we go third-class now, and address each other as "my dear third-class friend." The only difference in the compartment is in the quality of the upholstery; one car frequently having first, second and third and baggage compartments. We like the third rather better, because the seats are not divided by arms, and one can lie at full length and sleep with perfect comfort.

Sunday law is kept here with a will. Only a few trains are allowed to run, and cars get double fare. They would not allow but one horse for our baggage on that account.

Every restaurant is closed, and you can't get a bite for love or money. So you can imagine us sitting that Sunday evening in the underground station, cold, hungry, and without a cent that would pass. The purser having given out all English money before our turn came; but we soon found apartments, and persuaded the landlady to break the Sabbath enough to make us some tea, and lend us money to pay the hackman. Every hotel was full on account of the Exhibition, and we fared better than any other of the passengers of whom we heard.

We have the nicest English landlady. She has fine old china and thin old teaspoons of the most aristocratic kind; our table is as dainty as possible. (We only breakfast here.) Such a multitude of plates as they use, but no napkins. At the restaurants they bring you your bread buttered, put the cream and sugar in your tea and on your berries, and treat you as a child, generally. We don't fancy it. The first morning we asked the landlady where the stores were. "Beg your pardon" said she; we repeated, and finally she said she thought there were some stores at the station, but was not sure. Finally, upon our explaining that we wanted to buy some veils, she exclaimed, "Is it warehouses you mean?" "We don't sell things in stores; they are to put grain and such things in. We sell things in warehouses and shops."

Glasgow has a population of a million, and is a great business center. We had not anticipated much, but found a great deal to interest us. The exhibition is on a grand scale, and we have looked at a few things. It tires one to walk through one department. The great features are a loan collection of paintings from the Queen and nobility,

which are not usually exhibited; all of the Queens Jubilee presents, even the five hundred pound cake; the most complete collection of Scotch antiquities, (including a great many relics of the Stuarts) ever collected under one roof, and a complete exhibit of hand lace-making. The music was the finest I ever heard, and we attended every concert while in the building. The "Band of the Belgian Guides" has sixty pieces, and every member is a leader on his instrument. Their rendering of "Rob Roy" fairly took the audience from their feet. We did not spend much time at the exhibition, for we want to put all our time on Paris next year.

We saw a great deal in Glasgow that I shall not be able to mention even. It is so large, so enterprising, and so old, that there are no end of lions.

We went down to the "Land of Burns," on Wednesday. Left the train at Ayr, and walked all day. The country is lovely and the manners and parks were new to us. Every once in a while a carriage with a coachman and footmen would dash by, or a party of riders with grooms, or children in pony phaetons with the smart lackey behind. It was all so much like the descriptions we read in novels, that I am not yet sure that I did not dream it. We wandered along the "bonny Doon" and "gurgling Ayr," gathered the wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowers" and became thoroughly saturated with the Burn's fever. We had studied his poems on shipboard, and so were quite ready to enjoy everything.

On "Tam o' Shanter's" bridge we saw the very spot where the old nurse lost her tail, and then peeped into the windows of auld "Alloway Kirk," half shivering.

An old Scotchman recited the whole poem to us, on the bridge, for a penny. It was worth a dollar to see him. I will send you a little bunch of flowers gathered on "Ye hanks and braes." The Scotch bluebells have faded, but you can see the shape. The daisies are everywhere, and there is a thistle and hawthorn spray. I shall never forget Ayr.

EXETER, ENGLAND.

Here we are after a trip through the Highlands, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, the Trossachs and Stirling. All the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake." We have seen "Ellen's Isle" and the "Silvery Strand," Ben Venue and Ben Aon, the cottage where Helen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife was born, and the Boderick Dhu rock, where he said "Come one, come all etc."

It is marvelous to see the absolute accuracy of Scott's description. There is not a tree or rock

that cannot be identified. I think it must be the accuracy which makes it so vivid and impressive. I have a six penny copy of the *Lady of the Lake* which I carry round with me. I do not know how to describe the Highlands. Do you remember that fern canyon in Santa Cruz. The whole country is like that in low places, with lovely lakes on every side that mirror the rugged peaks above. The higher peaks are covered with heather and barren. A beautiful country, but it rains every day, and has a climate on the coast about like San Francisco.

The country is a net work of lines of railroads, and steamers, so that we can start out on foot any time and walk a few miles, get on a train and ride a few miles, take a coach and so on. We did that all day Wednesday. The trains run almost as often as street cars.

Stirling Castle is one of our pet subjects. We spent two days there. It is one of the oldest towns we expect to see in Great Britain. As we stood on the battlement and looked over the Vale of Monieith way off to the Grampian Hills, I thought of Santa Clara Valley. They say it is the loveliest view in the world. The Forth links are something remarkable; the valley seems braided o'er with a silver cord and you can not believe that it is all one river.

In the Castle Mary was married to Darnley, and in the Chapel near by, she was crowned. So far as we have learned there used to be three people in Scotland, Queen Mary, a man named Scott, and a man named Burns. These people were in the habit of moving about once a day into a new house to which tourists are now admitted for a shilling, or if they happen to remain a week, one shilling. Whenever you see an old painting you are to roll up your eyes, clasp your hands and say "lovely queen Mary." Whenever you see an old paper scribbled over with faded ink, you are to enthuse over the original manuscript of Tam o' Shanter; and whenever you see a house with a bust over the door, you are to weep over the spot where once lived Scott, the Wined of the North. We do these things to perfection now and really enjoy being duped. But the poverty is beyond description. In Glasgow the poor women are bare headed, bare footed, sore-eyed and filthy. While we were shivering in our warm clothes, we saw hundreds of young women with babies slung over their shoulders, both mother and child being nearly naked. It makes me sick at heart sometimes.

Edinburgh is called the Athens of the modern world, and there are surely many points of re-

semblance. In the first place, like Athens it clusters around a central hill, the Castle, then its hundreds of monuments, art-galleries, universities and public buildings make it a very Athens in elegance and in culture. It has a population of about three hundred and twenty-five thousand, but does not seem an active business place.

We spent yesterday at Holyrood Palace, and saw Queen Mary's apartments just as she occupied them; the bedding fairly dropping to pieces.

They were more befitting a queen than some of the little cupboards that have been shown us at other places. We peered into the secret stairway and wondered how she ever got those ruffs through them, and shivered over the spot where we imagined we saw the stains of Rizzio's blood.

It is a very wicked history to study, and one realizes it when studying on the spot. We made our way up the canongate and High Street, afterwards. The old palaces which line the way are swarming with wretched humanity, and the dirty little children caught our dresses as we passed, and gave us great trouble to get through.

The "Heart of Midlothian" in the pavement marks the site of the old prison of that name, immortalized by Scott. They cherish every historical association, and mark every spot, so that they are easily found.

Our last country trip was to Rosslyn Chapel, and the Glen of the Eek. We traveled all day mostly on foot. The waterfalls and ferns were enough to make me forget weariness, while Rosslyn Chapel is a dream of beauty in stone. I am keeping a full journal, for I found it was necessary. We see so much that it will not stay unless recorded.

"CUT YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO YOUR CLOTH."

There is no new thing under the sun," Solomon hath said, but could that wise monarch have looked down the avenue of centuries, into the Garden City, and have seen our electric-motor cars, he would never have made that statement. That these are a new thing under the sun none can deny. And the railroad company means to keep them so, for they are taken off on rainy days.

Some folks object to new things, and, as Robert J. Bordette says, are always sighing for the "good old times." For my part, I believe in taking all the good that comes, new or old; we shall not get any too much.

There is no use in hurling the wisdoms of a race long since passed away, at the heads of a

people just as wise as they were, and much more enlightened.

But it is well to be guided through the future by the experience of the past, whether it be our own or somebody's else. And when the voice of some dead sage comes echoing down the aisle of years, we cheat ourselves if we turn a deaf ear, for these proverbs, like condensed beef, have a great deal of strength in a small compass.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth." Before my mental vision passes a procession of coats such as I have seen at various times and in divers places. First in the line, its front besmeared with molasses, and its sleeves converted into mirrors by frequent applications to the nasal organ of the owner, is the infantile round-about, under the sweet bosom of which throbs the heart of probably a future president.

Number two in the procession is the coat of the lazy, lounging boy. Its inmate, like the lobster, has grown too large for his shell, and, with long, lean arms dangling to the front, and neck craned forward, appears to be straining every muscle to split down the back and escape his uncomfortable environments. This coat calls to mind the following dialogue:

Pat (to Mike, whose coat is too small for him): Mike, where did yer get that coat?

Mike (indignantly): Got it where they grew.

Pat: Bedad, and yer pulled it too soon.

Coat number three I recognize to be one that caused considerable amusement at school one morning. An extremely stupid and blustering boy, who usually went coatless, and always shoeless, and who possessed all the ingredients necessary to perfect a prize fighter, marched into the schoolhouse, enveloped literally, and figure (atively) too in a huge coat of shining black. The front of the coat was cut low to show the shirt, and had very much the effect of a horse-collar hung round his neck. It was a swallow-tailed coat. Solid tails formed a back-ground for his weather-beaten legs, having evidently signed a contract with his heels to keep the mud wiped off. The boy's lordly air increased our desire to giggle. So curious were we to know where he got the coat, that we could hardly wait for recess to come. When it did come, we learned that the boy was displaying in pride his father's wedding coat!

Next in order follows the dadish Seymour, the sombre clerical gown, the brave looking military coat, the great coat buttoned from chin to toe, and, last of all, comes Joseph's coat of many colors. I have never seen this one before, but I've read about it; and, as it appears, a new idea comes

with it. Probably it was with this coat that the proverb originated. Jamsh's favorite son must have a coat. We are told that the grand old patriarch made it himself and that it was made of many colors. Perhaps he did not have enough material of one color, and so decided to cut the coat according to his cloth.

But that was long ago; and the present generation loves the good things of this life too well to give much heed to the proverb's warning voice.

Take for example, the average young man of to-day. He is evidently imbued with the idea that the coat does, in the opinion of the young ladies, make the man, after all.

So the salaried clerk, when off duty, wears the coat of the millionaire, twirls a very slender cane, gets a very dreamy look in his eye, writes very blank verse, and thinks he has done well; but his tailor will show him better if he does not pay his bill.

Not to matters of dress alone, but to all the affairs of life, does this proverb apply. We read of noble lives, we dream day-dreams of the great things we should like to do, to make our lives noble. And while dreaming of doing impossible things, we let the chances for doing those things that are possible, slip past us. Herein we fail to do the good that presents itself. Herein we fail to cut our coat according to our cloth. We forget

"We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mannered of good or of gain,
By the pride deposited, the passions slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet."

Is not ignoring reason's voice the cause of much of the world's misery? Has it not desolated homes, broken hearts and driven thousands to desperation? And yet people will say with such an air of piety, "Providence in its infinite wisdom has brought about this suffering for some good purpose, unknown to us." Why will intelligent men and women persist in blaming Providence for the result of their own imbecilities?

But people are awaking to numberless truths—it may be because pedagogy is being taught in our schools—and prominent among these is the truth that "he who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock."

Then why not put forth our efforts in another and worthier direction? Why not strive for rich fabrics of learning with which to robe our minds, and sparkling diamonds of purest thought to ornament our intellect?

We would seek companionship. Here stand gentle manners and cultured intellect in homely guise; there coarseness and stupidity, in rich array. Which shall we choose? Ah, who would

hesitate for an instant? Let the dress be ever so costly, if the wearer lack the flash and fire of a well trained intellect, and the charm of gentle courtesy, he is as the wrecks of humanity seen at insane asylums; the rudder of the soul gone, nothing left but the useless hull, decked in flags and streamers.

Then let us wear the shabby coat if we cannot afford a better one. "A man's a man for a' that," and let us do that which our hands find to do, even if we have not grand intellects or superabundant genius, remembering always that he who cuts his coat according to his cloth can never be counted a failure, but of him it may be said, "He hath done what he could."

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—Revised.

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term onward,
All in the Middle Class,
Struggled two-handed.
This the true "light brigade,"
Fought through the land to spread,
And—most the words be said?
Some slightly light in head,
Lighting two-handed.

"Can on," to right of them,
After on, those "left" of them,
"Will on," said most of them,
O, how they blundered!
Knew (?) what they couldn't tell,
Struggled along pell-mell,
Up from a Junior death,
Out of the mouth of—well,
That's a word I can't spell—
Right on for Senior B
Hundred two-handed.

"Forward the light brigade,
"Go to the front," they said;
How the chalk thundered!
Flashed ciphers high in air;
Figures flew every-where;
All worked "like Tartars" them,
Making—but zero—while
Nobody wondered.

Plunged in the corpse smoke,
With many a drop-axe stroke,
All the four sides they took.
Axiom or principle,
Not one did they brook,
All wisely wondered,
Then, when the time was spent,
Back to their seats they went;
Sighs every bosom rent;
Few were the "hundreds."

Marched down the "long long aisle,"
Sometimes in—single file;
Frequent the bright "sing smile,"
Thoughtful ones pondered.

Into the music hall.
 "Do! do!" each one did hawl.
 "Fa (r) from the tune," then the
 Professor thundered.
 "Sing in time," is the cry,
 "Sing out loud and up high,"
 Slow, "squanky" tones reply,
 Some, "peaceful"—slumbered.

Nest, in the room of light
 Shut they the blinds all tight,
 Looked for, with all their sight,
 An image inverted,
 Prism, polariscope,
 Mirror, and microscope;
 Also the telescope,
 And the small spectroscope
 Drew they; and were, we hope,
 Aply diverted.

When they go forth in might,
 May their refracted light
 Fall on the world's dim sight,
 Bright'ning and Beauteous;
 May it fall soft and warm,
 Colors, rich, free from harm,
 Glowing with power to charm
 Into lives dateous.

Still on in firm array,
 Decked in their aprons gay,
 These many dyed that day,
 Working for HP's;
 Dyed for their—several' good,
 Dyed—calico and wool.
 As at their posts they stood
 Faithful 'vas leeches."

When shall their dyeing fade!
 Some (few) mistakes they made,
 C, though the price they paid;
 Some "dropped" low numbered.
 Honor the "light brigade";
 And, when reports are made,
 May they all rise a grade;
 Be it of not one said,
 "Careless, he blundered."

BOB KILLTIRE.

"THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

One of the most interesting literary men of the day is Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scotchman, son of a noted lighthouse builder. By some of his friends he is called "The New Wizard of the North." Born in 1850 he was graduated from Edinburgh University, where, in obedience to his father's wishes he studied civil engineering; but was allowed at the age of twenty-one to take a law course. In appearance he is tall and fair, with light-brown flowing hair, a broad, high forehead, a long, thin face, and large, dark, wide-set eyes. While in conversation he is animated and cheery,

and delights his friends with humorous Scotch stories.

His home is in the soft air and among the heath and pines of Bournemouth, in the south-west of England. From the largest of a cluster of rocks on the west coast of Scotland he has named it *Skerryvore*.

"For love of lovely words and for the sake
 Of those my kinsmen and my countrymen,
 Who early and late in the windy ocean toiled
 To plant a star for seamen."

Here, after years of wandering, he has established his *Larns* and *Penates*, but has not burned his bridges, for is he not at this moment sailing on the blue Pacific?—but Bournemouth suits him best, and here he has fixed his headquarters.

Mr. Stevenson is constitutionally delicate. His life has been one long struggle against disease, yet he has been called the most humorous and volatile and optimistic of living English writers. On this last point we beg leave to differ. Propped up in bed or reclining on an invalid's couch, he writes patiently and perseveringly and in a tone so cheerful and courageous that one is lost in admiration and envy of the man's indomitable spirit.

His persistent travel in search of health has made him acquainted with many lands. His first trip to this country was made in 1879. Here, in California, he met the lady who afterwards became his wife; and during their honeymoon, a part of which was spent in a deserted mining-camp near Calistoga, he gathered the material for his "*Silverado Squatters*" a book abounding in pictures of California scenery.

His friends who have seen and known him and those who have learned to love him unseen, heard with delight of his arrival in New York in September of last year. His evident need of rest and quiet led him away from the busy world to the seclusion of a mountain home on the shores of Lake Saranac in the dry air of the Adirondacks. There he spent the winter arriving in San Francisco in June. Here his friends put at his service a yacht in which he is now cruising among the South Sea Islands, hopeful that his sojourn there and in this country will do much to increase his strength and prolong his life.

Mr. Stevenson's first contribution to literature was written while he was an under-graduate, and appeared in a college monthly of which he was one of the editors. The scope and character and amount of his work since then make his career in literature remarkable.

He tells us that although in his boyhood and youth he was taunted with the name of "idles,"

he was always busy at one thing and that was the mastery of the art of composition.

To accomplish this he formed the habit of writing descriptions of what he saw, and in his reading whenever any passage impressed him strongly, he at once began to imitate it. Thus by imitating many writers of different types, he acquired the style which is now his own. In speaking of books that have influenced him he places Shakespeare first, and says "few living friends have had upon me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet and Roméo." Next in the list is *Purgatorio*, of whom he speaks thus, "I know not a more human soul, nor, in his way, a finer. Then follows the *Pilgrim's Progress*, 'a book that breathes of every beautiful and valuable emotion.' The next book in order of time to influence him, was the New Testament and in particular the Gospel of Matthew. Of works of art he says "Their influence is profound and silent, like the influence of nature; they mould by contact we drink them up like water and are bettered yet know not how.

Among the incidents and experiences that have furnished him with some of his best characters he mentions his dreams. He says on one occasion he was hard up for money and felt that he had to do something. He tried hard to think of a subject about which to write. He fell asleep and the wonderful story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" fashioned itself in his brain. From beginning to end this weird narrative holds the reader spellbound in a state of dumb horror, while at every step he cannot fail to see the moral purpose of the author.

It begins with a description of one of three college friends, Mr. Utterson a lawyer, who is much perplexed over the strange will made by Dr. Jekyll in which "in case of his disappearance," he leaves his large fortune to one Hyde, a man unknown to Mr. Utterson as also to Dr. Lanyon, the third in the trio of friends. Mr. Utterson meets Mr. Hyde and learns that he is little better than a fiend. He remonstrates with Dr. Jekyll, but to no purpose. Dr. Lanyon quarrels with Dr. Jekyll on account of his mystical views concerning the possible effects of a certain drug.

A horrible murder is committed and traced to Hyde. He disappears. Then, for about a year the three friends are as inseparable as in the old days. Suddenly Dr. Jekyll refuses to see Mr. Utterson. Mr. Utterson seeks Dr. Lanyon whom he finds at the point of death. Dr. Lanyon tells him he has had a terrible shock and forbids the mention of the name of Dr. Jekyll, their former friend. Mr. Utterson writes to Dr. Jekyll; re-

ceives a reply, pathetic and darkly mysterious, in which he begs Mr. Utterson not to doubt his friendship and hints at some terrible influence in his life with which he has to struggle. Dr. Lanyon dies and leaves a paper for Mr. Utterson marked "not to be opened until the disappearance of Dr. Jekyll."

Late one stormy night Dr. Jekyll's butler sends for Mr. Utterson. They go to his cabinet when he has shut himself up for over a week. He refuses to see them. They force their way in. They hear an unearthly shriek. The door yields and the cabinet lies open before them. In the midst with an empty vial in his hand lies the body of Hyde twitching in its death agony. Dr. Jekyll cannot be found. On his desk is a note asking Mr. Utterson to read the accompanying "Confession" and the paper given him by Dr. Lanyon. In these Mr. Utterson learns that by the use of a powerful drug Dr. Jekyll could liberate the evil of his nature and give it a form and countenance expressing the baser elements in his soul; that this demon to which he gave the name of Hyde went about wreaking his evil passions and gloating over his wickedness without the inconvenience of subsequent remorse, all he had to do was to take a certain infusion of salt and become the good Dr. Jekyll again; that the hideous mal-formed incarnation of all malevolence lying before him was all that remained to him of his once happy trusted friend.

By this parable the author teaches a great moral principle. By supposing two selves in each human being—a moral self and an immoral self—he demonstrates that yielding to evil brings forth man's quality; that indulgence causes evil to strip and dominate over the good until, as in the case of Dr. Jekyll, it gets beyond his control and eventually destroys him.

This wonderful psychological study reveals the gift of realism as clearly as conception discloses the author's powerful imagination. The scene in the heart of Dr. Jekyll as he debates his choice of nature is brought before the mind of the reader as forcibly as a physical landscape.

Not less graphical are Mr. Stevenson's characters. A few crisp, clear strokes, a touch here and there, and the figure of Mr. Utterson stands before us as if fresh from the pencil of Mr. Schöck.

Of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Stoddard speaks thus: "If there is any writer about whom the critics of England and America substantially agree it is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. There is something in his work, precisely what, it is not easy to say, which engages and fixes the attention from the first page to the last, which shapes itself before

the mind's eye while reading, and which refuses to be forgotten long after the book which revealed it has been closed and put away. The quality by which Mr. Stevenson is chiefly distinguished and which differentiates his writing from the story writing of the period is imagination—the power of creating characters which are as real as creatures of flesh and blood, and of devising and shaping events which are as inevitable as fate."

In speaking of Mr. Stevenson's many-sided talent some one has likened him to a "goldfish in his twinkling incalculability," so from the sea of fiction we find him darting to that of verse. His second book of poems, *Underwoods*, is dedicated to physicians "who have brought me help and comfort" and among others is the name of Dr. Willey of San Francisco, "whose kindness to a stranger it must be as grateful to him as it is touching to me to remember." The march of civilization in America furnish the poet with this smile:

"As when the Indian to Dakota comes,
On farthest Iñcho, and where he dwelt,
He with his clan, a humming city finds;
Thereon awhile, amazed, he stares, and then
To right and leftward, like a questing dog,
Seeks first the ancestral altars, then the hearth
Long cold with rains, and where old terror lodged,
And where the dead. So there, undying Hope,
With all her pack, hunts screaming through the years;
Here, there, thou fleest; but not here nor there
The pleasant Gods abide, the glory dwells."

One cannot but rejoice in Mr. Stevenson's humorous touches as when he says, "You must pay for being a Scotchman as for any other advantage. You have to learn the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism." And when he speaks of the heat at Sulphur Springs, "however early I get up the thermometer is up before me;" and of the happiness of a party on a holiday trip "nods and smiles went round like refreshments."

It has been said that "giving quotations from Mr. Stevenson is like the drinking of drams; one leads to another." We shall give one more and then take the pledge.

To be convinced of his power of description listen to his record of the phenomenon of a California sea fog. "I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless changing color, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright like a moonlight cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was

died in every sort of color—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own luster that there was no appearance of that flat star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the bellow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this the hills and rugged treetops stood out redly dark.

And now if not in "bottled poetry"—none the less sincerely—we drink the health of Mr. Stevenson and pledge with him a happy voyage and a glad return.

THE OPEN MEETING.

Last Monday evening one of the grandest and most successful entertainments ever given by our school, was held under the auspices of the Y. M. N. D., and Nortonian Societies. The programme was opened with a selection by the Normal orchestra, which was followed by the deep roaring tones of L. F. Pater, as he shouted, "I am King over land and sea." *Moonlight Will Come Again*, by Misses Rias and Britton, and Messrs. Spinks and Glen, was artistically executed, and touched well the muse of the musical. No sooner than the melodious tones of the singers faded in their own echoes, Miss Ingersoll stepped gracefully before the audience and charmingly delivered an excellent recitation. Next the Euterpean Quintette with their beautiful strains brought down the house, and responded to a hearty encore which ended the first part of the programme. The second part opened with an irresistibly amusing comedy entitled, "To Oblige Benson," of which the following is the cast of character:

Mr. Benson; (a Barrister).....	L. F. Pater.
Mr. Trotter Southdown, (his friend).....	Irving Glen.
Mr. Merridith, (Benson's student).....	J. G. Jury.
Mrs. Benson.....	Miss Haddie Baggett.
Mrs. Southdown.....	Miss Fannie Hinds.

Each and all of the actors deserve much praise, especially Mr. Glen. The evening's entertainment was concluded with an illustrated poem, "*Cadet Caille*," read by Miss F. M. Estabrook. The young ladies with their quaint and beautiful costumes, dancing and frolicking in sweet pleasure, looked handsome indeed—a delicious sight for our eyes to feast upon.

Arithmetic classes, here's a problem for you. Three boys having respectively ten, twenty, and fifty apples, went out to sell them, which they did for the same price, and returned each having the same amount of money; for how much pence did they each sell their apples?

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

[Among the Indians of Minnesota, there is a story of a young woman, the wife of a chief, who committed suicide. When her husband, according to a custom, brought home a second wife, she resented the indignity so deeply that she entered a boat and allowed herself to be whirled over the rapids. Tradition says the winds bore her song over the water as she went down to her death.]

Where the rapid Minnesota,
Swift as warriors send their arrows,
Foams o'er rocks and over ledges,
There the woman Alfaratta
Fishes for her lord and master,
Fishes for the young Kawasind.
At the water looks she sadly,
Finds a type of all her feelings;
For her heart burns fierce within her,
At the wrong Kawasind does her.
She has been his wife a twelvemonth;
She obeyed him, loved him, trusted,
To his lodge he brings another,
Thus has he her love rewarded,
Thus hath he her faith regarded.
As she broods, her pain grows keener,
Till in sudden phrensy cries she,
"In his lodge, I was the chiefest,
In his love, my heart so happy,
Sang as bird from morn till even,
Can I share them with another?
Why return unto Kawasind?
I want not a heart divided;
I will leave him to the stranger,
I will leave him and forever!"
And her biermen bark she enters,
Down the stream she slowly paddles,
Till the darkling, curling rapids
Seize the boat of Alfaratta,
O'er the water sounds are dying.
Hark! a mournful song she's singing.
"Our true love the tender dove hath,
Our dear mate, the faithful eagle,
I am like the dove so tender,
I am like the eagle faithful."

In the lodge of young Kawasind,
Ever sits the shade of sorrow,
In the seat of Alfaratta,
Ever moaning, weeping, wailing,
By the rilling Minnesota.

EVEL OWENS.

ALL SORTS.

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Christmas Presents

And Holiday goods.

What is a seed, Murphy?

"See Katrina on the stairs!"

Self-reliance is the key to greatness.

The INDEX should be handled with gloves.

What is good for a cold? Ask Taylor.

"Katie, dear, are you fond of potatoes?"

"Keep your tickets, boys, you might need them."

Remember, Lawrence, "he who laughs last, laughs loudest."

"Can't you find something better to do than to talk to him?"

Well, (he) is a *green* man that gets left Sunday evenings at church.

The Scientific Department mourns the loss of the late John G. Jary.

Is ice cream a better diet for Senior B rhetoricians than turkey?

Why is Elmer so jealous of the young man in Middle B? Ask Cave.

Sad Tidings—All the Senior B young ladies have dyed—their ribbons.

Our editor-in-chief evidently does not believe in love at "first sight."

Ask a certain young lady of Middle B what would happen if ice never melted.

Who were they that painted a neighboring town red on the eve of Thanksgiving?

Warning—A rule whereby nine young men may be divided into "six equal parts."

The Senior B's are the banner class. They know how to entertain, and no mistake.

The Senior A's should not be tied, as they are doing a great deal of "sitting" lately.

Too much of a good thing—a young man at the Carnival with five angelic beauties to entertain him.

Common conversation: "That is a shame; people ought to know it is, so I'll put it in the INDEX!"

Our highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Glen, is talking about taking a pleasure trip to Stockton. Why?

Warning—In a spelling game do not put an extra "d" in "studied" for the sake of getting rid of it.

The Senior B's have about concluded that observation is the level, not only of all knowledge, but also of Senior A.

Where does Mr. P. of Sen. A spend his spare time? Oh! that's easy; why, on Third street. Ask something hard.

In the hygiene class: "What are the warmth-producing foods?" Reply—"Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."

Why would it be a rash proceeding to court the girl of a certain INDEX officer? Answer—*Cas grave* would be the result.

If someone wants to be kind and give an object lesson, just take one of our "Senior A boys" and introduce him to the restroom.

Unfortunately there are a few young ladies in our school who don't know it is wrong to meddle with other people's business.

It was remarked of a Normal young man, of great personal magnetism, that he was sadder when he sang, and so were all his neighbors.

List.—A return (never) ticket up Salt River. If found please hand to Mr. T. of the Senior and receive Cleveland's badge as a reward.

The "grab bags" at the Carnival are very good places to spend one's nickles, especially if one gets a valuable "time-piece." "What time is it?"

Rhetoric Teacher—"How will you recognize an idiomatic expression?" Absent-minded pupil (just from chemistry)—"Test it with litmus paper."

One of the teachers in the school at Hampden, Va., recently asked one of the Indians what his stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

Last week a young lady of Senior A received a letter of such mammoth dimensions that a day was necessary to convey the somewhat overgrown epistle to her abode.

One of our "brilliant" boys, on passing his plate for the fourth time to be helped to turkey, remarked: "That turkey picked me once, and I'm bound to get even on him."

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

If things keep on at the present rate, when the Juniors become Seniors, should they wish to walk home after graduation, they will have to have a "class meeting" to see about it.

The Middle A Reading Classes have a very nice programme for the closing week. They are going to spend the week in debating the leading characters in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Fred Arbogast paid his old friends and schoolmates a flying visit last week. Fred has been teaching in Nevada Co., and is out now on a short vacation. He returns to resume his work next week.

James Mahan and Verne McGeorge, two young gentlemen from the noted Hamblin Co., have lately become members of the Robbers' Roost, and intend to enter the Normal on the beginning of next term.

George—"What's the matter with Harrison?"

Fred—"He's all right."

George—"What's the matter with Cleveland?"

Fred—"He's all left."

The Faculty have been very generous this term. They have decided that the Democrats are *blue* enough; so they are going to deal all the *Blue* cards this term to the Republicans. None but good Republicans need apply.

Conversation overheard at the Carnival: She—"Who is that important-looking person with the silk hat?" He—"Oh, that's one of the *to be graduates*. Why?" She—"Oh, nothing; only I thought he must be of some importance by the way he looks." He—"He is?"

"The Gods give no great good without labor," is an old proverb, and a true one; the hardest labor is not always that which is best paid however. To those in search of light, pleasant and profitable employment, we say *adieu* to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

Normalites should remember that F. E. Smith has a complete line of Christmas goods in every department. If you do not want to purchase, call in and look at the novelties.

In a contest between two most worthy prevaricators in regard to their flexibility to economize veracity, each stretched, to the utmost, his capacity to vary from the truth; and great was the stretching thereof. But when one of the ramblers ejaculated the following, the other instantly handed over the palm: "One day last month, while I was wandering at the end of the hull leaning on my horn conscience, I saw one goodly person actually smile as he read the 'All Sorts.'" The shook. Tableau.

What we want to know:

If you will exchange pictures with me?

Why we don't have some warm weather for a change?

What is your graduating dress?

Why some others of our girls do not come out in each other's dresses?

If this paper does not stand as a good recommendation for the editor-in-chief?

What in the world shall we do about our excorts?

If there are any hopes of the class reporters recovering from their severe attack of omni?

Why the "deaf" Juniors don't get an ear trumpet?

If an "ice cream cat in the dead of winter" would prove too much?

Which have it, the eyes (eyns) or noses (nose)? Neither. They are unanimous.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Cora Somers enjoys teaching at Clipper Gap.

Miss Irene Bailey, class of May '88, is engaged at Iowa Hill.

Miss Belle Rankhead, May class of '88 has the Rocklin School.

Miss Lizzie Sinclair, Dec., '87, has begun her first school, in Eldorado Co.

J. W. Graham, Dec., '87, is teaching his first term in the Yokohl School, Talbot Co.

Miss Lizzie Davis, Dec., class of '87, is teaching her second term at Juaine, Monterey Co.

Miss Hattie Ishister, Dec., '87, is satisfactorily settled in the Lane Star Dist. near Ashburn.

Miss Lillian Berger, Dec., '87, still occupies the position she held last year in Colusa Co.

Miss Agnes Stowell, Dec., class of '87, is teaching the eighth grade in the San Rafael School.

Miss Ada Barlow, Dec., '87, is teaching her second term in the Whisman school near Mt. View.

Miss Nellie Wyckoff, Dec., '87, is justly engaged at the Spring Lake Dist., near Woodland, Yuba Co.

Miss Mahel McKay, Dec., '86, reports favorably of her school in the Consolidated District, Placer Co.

Miss Mary E. Healey, Xmas '87, will complete her second term in the Halle Valley School, Santa Clara Co.

Miss Neulhammer, '85, did not accept the position in the New Castle School as was stated in the last "Index."

Miss Marion E. True, Xmas '85, was married to W. H. Edwards in June '88. She is now living in Los Angeles.

Miss Annie E. Cook, May class, '88, is encouraged by her success with the school at Arima Hot Springs, Napa, Ca.

Miss Martha Brailley, class of '85, has been teaching for two years, in a double session primary school, Nevada City.

Miss Eula Anderson, class of May, '88, is engaged at the Hayck Dist., seven miles from San Jose, on the Mt. Hamilton road.

R. D. Williams, Dec., '86, is well pleased with his school at Tassajara, Contra Costa Co. His patrons appreciate his work.

Miss Belle Gleason, Dec. class of '86, has closed her school in Castro Valley. She hopes to obtain a position in the Oakland schools.

Miss Mamie Coughlin, class of Dec., '87, is busy at Altamont. She is trying hard to convince the parents that Kindergarten work is good for their children.

Miss Jennie R. Bush is just recovering from a severe accident received while on her way to the county institute. She hopes soon to continue her work in Larimer, Humboldt Co.

If those not communicative to this department, will give the name of the county as well as of the district, they will save the one in charge of the department a great deal of trouble.

H. G. Squier, Xmas '85, is employed in the Grammar Depart. of the Quincey School, Plumas Co. There are only four Normal graduates in that county, but they all hold good positions.

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

Before attempting to answer this question, let us first consider what voting means. Then, with a fuller and clearer understanding of the question, taking our position knowledgeably, we shall be prepared to defend it reasonably and justly.

First, then, voting is exercising political power; taking part in, influencing or controlling the affairs of government.

For, as all political power belongs to the people, and is wielded through the ballot box, the voter is the soul of this power; and, to secure control of government, it is only necessary to secure a majority of votes. This applies equally to the general government, and to the respective governments of states, counties, cities, and districts. The question then becomes, shall the classes above named have the right to control our government affairs, general or particular; shall they, through combinations of circumstances not uncommon, have the power to subject to their wills the intelligent, patriotic, law-abiding citizens of the land or of any portion of it? This seems to be the true meaning of the question as stated. With this understanding, therefore, let us examine some of the points, upon the elucidation of which our answer depends. First, what is the true end of government? It is, in the language of the nation's founders, "to establish justice,

insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to posterity." This, taken in its broadest sense, certainly includes all that may be accomplished by government.

Our next query is, how may these be best brought about? Shall we trust to ignorance, prejudice, and crime, or to intelligence, justice, and morality? May we best secure domestic tranquillity by giving governmental control into the hands of aliens? Who would entrust the general welfare to the care of the ignoramus, the drunkard, the jail-bird; or who expect liberty and freedom—true liberty and freedom—to be preserved by those already the slaves of false and degrading ideas, of dark and cruel superstitions, and of ungoverned passions? Where such men rule, we should look to see license and debauchery, anarchy and despotism. Hating and fearing justice, reveling in discord and turbulence, battling against the common defense, enemies to its general welfare, these men know not the nature or uses of liberty. Is it, then, right that they should influence or control a government founded solely in the interests of liberty and progress? Shall the thief make laws for the punishment of crime; the anarchist and socialist decide upon the rights of property; or the robber and murderer sit in judgment? As a man *is*, so will he vote and talk, so will he live, and so will his whole influence be exerted. If he is one of liberal education, high morality, and Christian life, his vote, his words, his acts, his all will be thrown into the scale for education, toleration, morality, and Christian purity; but, if he is without proper education, filled with prejudices, devoid of high principles, and a scoffer at the higher virtues, his influence will inevitably be exerted in favor of what is degrading and criminal; and opposed to all that is progressive, elevating, and ennobling.

But, it may be said, that many of the poorly educated, even ignorant people of the land are devout Christians; charitable, honest, straightforward, and always in favor of right and justice. It is also said that many really deserving ex-convicts are, by social ostracism, compelled to continue their lives of crime. Granted. But is this a proof that ignorance should be encouraged? Would not these people, if stimulated by law to obtain a higher education, gain with it a clearer conception of right and justice, a higher standard of honor, and a broader charity? Again, is it just to allow the law-breaker to enjoy all the privileges of the good citizen? This, it seems, would be almost putting a premium on crime. Admitting that all laws should aim at reform, we claim that they should primarily aim to prevent crime, and, further, that the only truly preventive laws are those whose punishments are lasting and inevitable.

We do not say that ignorance is a crime, that all ignorant people are criminals, nor that all criminals are irreclaimable. Nor do we say that all foreigners are ignorant of our laws nor that all such are anarchists. But we do claim that ignorance, as a cause and an alibi of crime, should be thrust by the law; and that, every criminal should be made fully to realize that his unlawful act must and will bring its just reward. Furthermore, we maintain that the anarchist and socialistic associations of the land, originating among those who are ignorant of our laws, are recruited principally from persons of foreign birth. Should these men, knowing nothing of government and seeking only to destroy it, be given the power to control it? BOW KILLING.

Continued.

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