

# The Normal Index.

VOL. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 4.



*Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.*

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OUR attention was called a short time ago, by Prof. Allen, to the fact that all educated people should know something of the contents of the Bible; that, no matter what the religious opinions of a person may be, he should be familiar with at least the narrative portions of the scriptures.

The reasons for this are obvious. You can read hardly a dozen pages from the works of the standard authors without finding allusions to some of the incidents recorded in the Bible. We all recognize the desirability of understanding the classical allusions as they occur in our reading; and we do not allow our belief or prejudices to influence us in the least in our study of mythology. If we raise no objections to the study of old heathen superstitions which no one believes to be true, why should we object to the reading of a book that is recognized by all as an authentic history of ages, and by many as the direct result of Divine Inspiration? Because we say that the Bible should be read and studied by all, we do not necessarily say that sectarian or even religious instruction, apart from lessons in morals, should be given in our pub-

lic schools; but we do say that such ignorance, in regard to such a book as the Bible, on the part of those who are otherwise well informed, as is found in some of the classes here at the Normal, is absolutely inexcusable.

Then, too, portions of the Bible are recognized by all our best educated men as the most pure, the most beautiful, as well as the most forcible specimen of the English language in existence, and if we read and study it for nothing else, we should study it for its lessons in language and to be able to understand the references to the narratives and teachings contained therein.

The importance of the subject, and the hope that more may be induced to profit by the morning lesson is our only excuse for again bringing this matter before you.

IN many of our higher institutions of learning, it is the custom for some of the teachers to give regular lectures on manners. As we have nothing of the kind here, perhaps a few suggestions will not be out of place.

During the time the classes are passing from one recitation room to another the stair-ways and halls are necessarily somewhat crowded, and much discomfort is caused at times by a few persons who seem to regard it as a favorable time for a friendly visit. Now, while we do not object to visiting, as a rule, we are inclined to be of the opinion that some, not personally interested and having their naturally very sweet temper irritated by the rude impact of the surging crowd impeded thereby, find it decidedly tedious. We therefore suggest that the aforesaid visits be deferred until some more fitting time.

It is a pleasant sight to see the young ladies walking so lovingly arm-in-arm through the streets of the city. We notice, however at times, a shade of annoyance pass over the usually beaming face of the passer-by as he meets four of them walking abreast—the sidewalks are not wide enough for five. He looks bewildered, as though he would like to think of something to say or do, but didn't

know how. He seems undecided whether to charge boldly at the center of the on-coming enemy, to coolly step over the neighboring fence, or to step into the adjoining gutter. The latter plan is usually the most feasible. He has not the courage to withstand the withering glances from the eyes of the fair ones should he choose the first; he has not practiced gymnastics enough to be sure of doing the second in a graceful manner, and so the last is the only alternative. But his face, as he performs the feat, particularly if it is rainy and the gutters furnish far from a firm foothold, is a study for a painter; while the ladies pass on all unconscious of the terrible commotion that they have been the means of causing in the mind of the unfortunate pedestrian. If we see any good fruits from the sage advice thus freely offered, we shall feel amply repaid for this expenditure of editorial breath.

WE do not suppose that anyone realizes more fully than does the Normal student that "each flying moment is a precious gem," especially as the recitation hour nigh; but many seem to forget that they are just as precious after school as before. Perhaps the students who usually spend an hour or two aimlessly meandering up and down the halls may be looking for the lost gems, but we have serious doubts as to the success of their search. We all know that knowledge is in the very air we breathe here at the Normal, yet we fear that it is not sufficiently potent to compensate for the immense amount of time that is lost daily by many of our pupils. If this time were only spent in vigorous exercise, they would be able to do their work in much less time than is now possible. This time, as is now spent, is neither study nor recreation. They are too tired to study, and yet they seem to feel that they have work that should be done; and so they compromise the matter by doing nothing. Much time is credited to the Normal that is really wasted in loitering around and in careless and unattentive work. If these pupils would spend this time in active out-door exercise, and then concentrate all their energy on their studies during the evening, we should see fewer heavy eyes and tired faces about the class rooms in the morning.

HITHERTO we have said little about the societies, not because they were unworthy of our notice, but because they did not need our support. It is only fair to them and to ourselves, to note their present prosperous condition and increasing interest. Rapid advancement is particularly marked in the Nortonian Society. At the be-

ginning of the term, it seemed doubtful whether the society would live or die. This is far from being their state at the present time. The interesting and instructive programmes and the large and attentive audiences are evidences that the society is a success.

The Y. M. N. D. Society, while the growth has not been so rapid as in the Nortonian Society, is in a no less prosperous condition. Only a short time ago, it was almost impossible to get the speakers from the house to use the hour allotted to them; while now, the time is frequently extended to an hour and a half and yet it is impossible for all to speak that wish to do so.

This lack of time in the Y. M. N. D. Society is one of the reasons for forming the new Senior Society. It is not in any sense antagonistic to the Y. M. N. D. Society, but rather supplementary and for the purpose of doing slightly different work. The Seniors often wish to discuss the authors and other literary questions that would not be suitable in a mixed society. In a select society of this kind, after having had the benefit of the previous training in the other society, it will be possible to pursue this advanced work with both pleasure and profit, while the friendly rivalry that would naturally exist between the two would do much to promote the interests of both societies.

#### MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

The cold, stern, argumentative spirit of the Reformation, like the withering, blighting frosts of autumn, had blighted and almost destroyed the brilliant and imaginative spirit of the Renaissance. The ardent, impassioned poetry of the Elizabethan period had given place to the severe, gloomy religion of the Puritans. It is with astonishment, therefore, that we see, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a poet, rising from the ranks of the Puritans themselves, who combines these two opposite sentiments into a perfect whole; who, in his poetry, unites the magnificence of Spenser with the religious enthusiasm of Calvin. The one gives him lofty conceptions and musical language; the other gives him strength and vigor. The one appeals to the emotions; the other to the reason; yet so delicate is the blending of the two that the most sensitive poetic ear will find nothing harsh; while the cold, logical reasoner will find nothing to condemn. It is this wonderful combination that gives to *Paradise Lost* its place as the grandest poem in the English language.

The one grand, ruling principle of Milton's life, and a key to his whole mental history, was to write



a great poem "to leave something so written to after time as they shall not willingly let it die." All the energy of his powerful mind was exerted to prepare himself for the noble work to which he aspired. No lawyer, physician, or statesman ever labored to fit himself for his profession harder than Milton strove to qualify himself for the vocation of a poet. Before he can make a poem he will make himself. "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem, \* \* \* not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that is praiseworthy."

At the age of thirty, we find him traveling in Southern Europe in order to finish his education and to become familiar with the Italian language and literature. Though sought after by all the princes and nobles of Europe, and surrounded by all the beauties of Italy, he freely left all to lift up his voice in a struggle in which his love of liberty gave him the highest interest, and where his learning and talent soon gave him a prominent place. For twenty years, it seemed as though he had forgotten the great purpose of his life; and it was not until he was overtaken by political misfortune, financial reverses, and loss of sight that he found leisure to redeem the promise of his youth; found time, in the solitude and undisturbed peace of his obscure home, to hold communion with his own spirit which had been gathering strength from worldly troubles, and with the great and awful spirit of truth which converted the splendid workings of his imagination into revelations of hidden glories; to arrange, in beautiful and perfect order, the vast and glorious assemblage of thought and vision that had long been growing and developing in his mind.

For many reasons, the Fall of Man was the only theme that was fitted in all respects to become the subject of his great work. Milton was restricted by the people for whom he was to write, and also by his own inclinations. He was to write in English, and for the English people. It was necessary for him, therefore, to choose something with which they were familiar, and with which they were in sympathy, and something that was also in sympathy with his own thoughts and feelings. The only subject fulfilling all of these conditions was the Temptation and the Fall of Man; it was the subject that his mind "in the spacious circlings of her musings" found large enough.

We have thus a subject, the most awful, mysterious, and sublime that ever human intellect attempted; but we have a mighty and superb mind,

and a wonderful imagination whose almost super-human power is well fitted for the task.

The poem opens with a description of the awakening of the rebel angels in hell after their expulsion from heaven; Satan and his chiefs consult as to how they can best carry on the war with God, and, if possible, regain their lost estate, or at least alleviate their present sufferings. Satan resolves to seek newly-created man and cause him to transgress. His journey, through the kingdom of Night and Chaos, to earth, the Garden of Eden, and Adam and Eve in all their innocence is next described. The next four books contain the Archangel Raphael's story of the war in heaven, the fall of Satan and the creation of the world. The last four books describe the Temptation and the Fall of Man, the vision shown by Michael to Adam, of the future condition of man on earth and the redemption by Christ; and the poem closes with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

In this poem, Milton takes the Bible story of the creation, and of the fall of man; he omits nothing, and he gives us nothing that in any way conflicts with the Bible narrative. He takes the story as told by Moses, and, without any change in the original thought, gives it a dress of wonderful richness and beauty from the inexhaustible wealth of his imagination.

We are impressed throughout the poem by the sincerity and deep religious feeling of the poet. His characters are real, living personages; he is not amusing his readers by displaying before their mind's eye an idle pageant of unreal images. He believes in them himself and expects his readers to do the same. Here, we must not misunderstand the poet. He is not giving us a theological discussion, a scientific treatise or the fanciful apparitions of a poet's dream; but is rather describing the wonderful visions revealed to him, during the solemn stillness of the midnight hours, by the Holy Spirit whose aid he invokes.

"And chiefly Thee, O Spirit; that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st \* \* \* \* \* What in  
me is dark

Illumine; what is low, raise and support  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to Man."

If we would appreciate the poem, we must not resist the poet; our imagination must accompany his; we must see what he sees, and feel what he feels. This is the more necessary as the scenes and the beings which he presents to us are immaterial. They can be only suggested by means of comparisons with material objects, leaving the imagination to do the rest. In this power of sug-

gesting, without actually describing, Milton is unequaled; his words are laden with meaning and rich with their wealth of association. But we must distinguish carefully between the material image, and the immaterial picture that the poet, himself, sees, and that he wishes us to see. If we do this, we shall see no religious and philosophical discussions in the Garden, no temporal kingdom with its civil strifes in heaven; but we shall look through the poet's eyes upon the grand and glorious visions of the Eternal World.

Like the subject with which he deals, the conceptions of Milton are vast and sublime; they are boundless, and they are indistinct because they are beyond our comprehension. They cannot be measured by human measures. In contrast with this, we have the conceptions of Dante, the only poet worthy, in sublimity and power, to be compared with Milton.

We have in Dante's Hell, a hall of tortures, cell below cell, descending to the lowest depths. They are large to be sure, but they are not boundless, are not beyond our comprehension; they can be measured by measures of earth. We accompany the poet as he journeys through the infernal regions; we climb the rugged heights, or descend into the gloomy depths; we hear the awful groans and cries of anguish, we see the sights of woe; but everything is conformable to human measures; we are not obliged to leave the earth behind us; we are not taken out of ourselves.

While in Milton, on the contrary, everything is shadowy and boundless, we leave earth and earthly measures behind; we visit the spiritual world. His hell is

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
No light but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes  
That comes to all."

The same difference is seen in the principal characters. In Dante's Satan, we have a mountain in human form, a monstrous horrible demon with three faces,

"Underneath such came forth two mighty wings  
Such as beating were so great a bird;  
Sails of the sea I never saw so large.  
No feathers had they, but as of a bat  
Their fashion was) \* \* \* \* \*  
With six eyes did he weep, and down three chins  
Trickled the tear-drops and bloody drivet.  
At every mouth he with his teeth was crumching  
A sinner in the manner of a snake,  
So that he three of them tormented thus."

While in Milton's Satan, we have a being who cannot be described, and a description is not at-

tempted. We are given material images as a comparison only, to aid in some degree our imagination.

" \* \* \* \* He above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness; nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and the excess  
Of glory obscure'd; as when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Short of his beams; \* \* \* \* \*  
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp  
What seem'd both spear and shield;

Though the outward forms of his personages are not distinct, the characters themselves are clearly defined, and of wonderful power, and in perfect harmony with his whole work. The central character, and the only one that we can consider at any length, is that of Satan. The steadfastness of his purpose, the deadly and all-consuming hatred are all portrayed as only Milton can portray. The scorching fires that burn in his own bosom are more terrible than all the tortures of hell. Awakened conscience, fear, envy, and despair, more dreadful than the mighty thunders of the Omnipotent, drive him on, and he drinks still deeper of the cup of Divine Wrath:

"So farewell, hope; and with hope farewell, fear;  
Farewell, remorse: all good to me is lost  
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least  
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign  
As man, ere long, and the new world shall know."

What whisp of scorpions can be compared to the lashings of awakened Conscience; what rending of demons can be compared to the throes of a soul in the grasp of Despair; what outward torture could have drawn from the lips of the fallen Archangel that awful, despairing cry—the cry of an immortal soul as it is forever abandoned, a prey to its own tortures.

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is Hell; myself an Hell,  
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opening wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a heaven  
O then at last relent: Is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left.

Where, in all the annals of literature, can we find another character equal to this? We search in vain, for none can be found. The horrible, disgusting, exaggerated demons of the Latin, Greek and Italian poets, pale, and sink into insignificance when compared with this god-like conception of Milton—grand and glorious, but Oh how fallen!

One of the secrets of Milton's power lay in his perfect mastery of the richness and beauty of the English language. "Milton's blank verse, both



for its rich and varied music and its exquisite adaptation, would in itself almost deserve to be styled poetry, without the words. Alone of our great poets, before or since, he has brought out the full capabilities of the language in that form of composition. Indeed, outside of the drama, he is still our only great blank verse writer; the only one who has the true organ tone which makes the music of this form of verse—either the grandeur or the sweetness."

The poem is majestic and sublime rather than beautiful, though the element of beauty is not wanting. When reading Spenser, we experience much the same emotions as in entering a stately and beautiful palace. On every side is warmth, richness and beauty. The sparkling ornaments, the sweet, entrancing sounds of music, the absence of everything disagreeable—all combine to give us a sense of delicious languor; we have left the cares and troubles of this world behind us, and allow our pleasant fancies to lead us where they will. If we turn to Milton, everything is changed. We are now entering a mammoth cathedral. It is beautiful, but it is a massive not a delicate and a fragile beauty. We are bewildered and overwhelmed, at first, by the mighty splendor; but as our minds become accustomed to the surroundings, we are stirred to our inmost soul by the majestic harmonies as the tones of the organ roll along the vaulted roof. The clouds of incense before the altar seem to part, and we catch a glimpse of the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell.

The poem has music for but few ears. It was written by one whose well trained mind was stored with the learning of ages, and in order to follow Milton, one should at least have tasted the same training through which he put himself. Like the music of the spheres, it can be heard only by the educated ear; but those whose ear can catch the strain, may with the poet, hear celestial music even while they are yet "closed about with this muddy vesture of decay."

The learning of ages, the opinions of the wisest men, the superstitions of the most benighted nations, the truths of philosophy and science, the most solemn mysteries of religion, were all explored by the great author, and, enriched and expanded by his imagination, are found in this wonderful poem. In it, all will find subjects for contemplation. The student, the poet, the scientist, the philosopher, and the theologian will find food for thought.

A poem, such as this, is not confined to one party, to one century or to one nation; but while ages roll on, it will remain as one of the grandest monuments of English poetry.

W. M. MASON.

## THE CANTATA.

The loud gong sounds the end of one day's work,  
Some students to their homes do quickly hie,  
And all about the school doth quiet lurk,  
Except for one wretched, dismal cry.

This cometh from the large room overhead,  
Where yells a crowd of thirty-five or more;  
They sing (?) until their brows are purple red,  
And all their throats are evidently sore.

The basses roar with all their lusty might,  
Sopranos try their best to fill the hall,  
But alas surely have reserved the right,  
To be the leading voices of them all.

And thus the tones float out upon the air,  
Sometimes embellished by a tenor squeak;  
The passer-by doth pause a step and glaze,  
And then walks on with thoughts to deep to speak.

The doleful sound reaches from the Glenn,  
And near at hand the Martin obeys his song;  
The Blackbird would have audience of men,  
Thank Heaven! that his voice is not o'er strong.

Cantata has been sung long in the past,  
But in its present revised Gear-y's is  
So odd that while they sing, stands Arghaghast,  
To hear such strange peculiar ditties.

While unwillingly I listen to that strain,  
For remembrance of those melancholy sounds,  
A vision comes before my troubled brain  
Of cheryzard dim and long neglected mounds.

Approaching near the broken moss-grown gate,  
I read these lines upon the arch above:

### EPITAPH.

Here rest their heads upon the lap of Earth,  
A crowd to Fortune and to Fame unknown,  
Of their notes discordant there was no search,  
But now into singing rhapsody they have grown.

## A VISIT TO AN UNDERGROUND MINE.

Early in the afternoon of a summer day, six girls, myself among them, might be seen walking over a hot, dusty road. We had several times planned a trip to a quartz mine, situated in the northern part of Nevada County; but something had each time before prevented our going. The long looked for day at last arrived.

We follow the custom of sending word that we will visit the mine, so, when we arrive, we find the father of one of our party waiting to receive us. It would not be wise to enter the mine at once, after our long walk, so we amuse ourselves by looking into it. A black hole, reaching down into darkness, is all that we can see. The prospect of a ride down there is not pleasant, I assure you. We all wish we were safe at home, but try to strengthen our falling courage, and watch the car as it comes rambling up the shaft, loaded with rock contain-

the "precious metal." We follow the quartz to an adjoining room where it is emptied into a kind of trough. It is there crushed into powder by ponderous stamps, and is then ready for the separating rooms where the gold is removed from the crushed mass of quartz.

Those of us who have neglected to bring gossamers and rubbers are taken to the miners' dressing room, and are left there with the advice, "You had better put on some of the garments you find here." We turn to look around. What a sight meets our eyes! Canvas hats, canvas coats, canvas shirts hang about promiscuously. With much talking and laughing, we manage to array ourselves, and our appearance as we rejoin the party is the occasion of much merriment. Each one is given a candle as she is helped to her seat on a long, flat car which stands waiting. The seats are narrow boards nailed across the car and extended about a foot beyond the sides of the car. Directions are given to put our feet on the seat in front of us, and an arm around the person who sits beside us. A miner at one end of the car is to look for danger, and one at the other end is to give needed directions.

The signal is given to the man above. A wide belt at our right turns slowly. Down, down we go into utter darkness. Huddled there together, with no thought of our discomfort, we sit in silence and in dread. Never before has the memory of sunshine seemed so sweet. Our speed gradually increases until we hear the cry "six hundred," when we come to a sudden stop. A man is peering at us from the mouth of a tunnel. His letting down a trap door has occasioned our stopping. The miners explain to us that this is called a section or level of the mine, from which tunnels are run in different directions. We hear the sound of the miners' hammers and picks echo and ring in the ghostly caverns; we see their lamps flicker and glare like so many fire-flies, some near, some very far away from us. The trap door is raised, and we go on. Almost before we realize that we have again started, the cry "eight hundred" is sounded. Scarcely has it died away, when we hear "nine hundred," and, lastly, "eleven hundred." Eleven hundred feet under ground! We can hardly realize it. Here we land and spend some time in walking through the tunnels. Water is dripping everywhere. It has collected on the ground in streams; these flow into a large pool, from which the water is constantly pumped. Pipes, containing air from above, are running on each side of the tunnel which we enter, walking on the narrow rails of a car-track. These often being under water, caution is necessary at every step. Our candles

grow dimmer and dimmer, and at last go out; but we press on to where we see a faint light in the distance. We find a man at work, picking quartz from the sides of the tunnel. He glances uneasily toward us as we chat, look, and wonder; and finally has to tell us that we are breathing the pure air of which there is a scanty supply, and without which he cannot work.

We retrace our steps hurriedly to the car, and find that in our absence it has brought a load of new timbers to replace the crushed and decayed ones that support the pressure of the earth above. In many places these timbers are fairly splintered by this enormous weight, and we start as they crack and snap about us.

We take our seats on the car and are pulled slowly upward. We reach the top, and with a cry of delight step out into the sunshine. We step once more on solid ground with a feeling of safety. With a new sense of pride in our State, which produces no noble a metal, and a feeling of real compassion for those who spend their days in darkness underground, we go home, six tired, thoughtful girls.

ANNE E. MEYER.

#### MY FIRESIDE REVERIE.

It is a cold winter evening. I sit before my glowing grate, gazing listlessly into the fire, which, like some gay, ethereal spirit of brightness dances and leaps in very joy at its own existence. My thoughts keep apace with the restless flame, dwelling first upon one subject, and then suddenly leaping to another, until my eyes rest upon a bit of coal, which, being lighted up by the glowing mass below, shows a vague resemblance to a leaf. Musing, I ask, "Is it possible that the hard, black coal, so essential to our prosperity and comfort, was once a living plant, or is the resemblance merely a freak of fancy?"

Unable to rid myself of this likeness, I turn again to the fire, when suddenly I am startled by a wee voice at my side. Looking around, I behold an elf-like figure attired in fairy-green, and wearing upon his head a tiny, leaf-like cap, which he doffs to me in gay salute and invites me to follow. Stepping before the fire, he waves a slender wand and, in obedience to the signal, three springs open, just back of the fire-place, a door through which we pass into a wonderful forest.

It is spring-time; and as we enter the ancient forest, this great Cathedral of Nature, we cannot but compare it with that magnificent temple of Solomon's, with every pillar standing like a sentinel to guard the sacred spot, and we earnestly repeat the words of Bryant, "Surely, the groves were



God's first temple." As we walk down the aisles of Nature's Cathedral, what can be more pleasant than the soft, yielding carpet of greenest verdure, "stealing all noises from the foot, and imbuing the mind with reverence and awe?" The trees, waving in the breeze are small and fern like in appearance, but here and there, we see one, seventy feet or more in height, blooming up above his dwarfed brothers, like a Goliath of old among the Israelites. Now and then, nestled at the base of a spreading palm, we see a graceful cluster of ferns; but oftentimes, not content to kneel at the feet of another tribe, some more ambitious fellow springs up in an uninhabited spot, and, ruling a kingdom of its own, earns the title of tree-fern. We have the same species of these tree-ferns growing to-day, but only in warm latitudes, thus clearly indicating the extreme warmth and humidity of that early climate.

We listen in vain for the voice of the birds in this woodland, for it is songless, the silence being broken only by the hum of insect life, or the occasional chirp of the grasshopper. We miss the odor of fragrant flowers, and, as we glance in among the leafy branches of the trees, see no signs of the luscious fruits which we now enjoy. We notice, in fact, the complete absence of modern types of plants and animals. It is like another world.

We can hardly compare this spot to the Garden of Eden, yet we are enraptured with the solitude and sublimity of the scene. But ah! This forest of beauty crumbles before us, for Nature has other powers than those of creating mere beauty, and she will sometime take back her gifts. We are startled by the rustle of the dead leaves beneath our tread, while the winds, in answer, mean a dismal refrain. A certain sadness steals o'er me, a sadness like that felt at the departure of some dear one. But my queer little companion cheers me with the thought that Nature has not reclaimed her gifts, those varied forms of vegetation—she has only put them to a better use; she has transformed them into coal for our fuel. The time required to bring about this result is indeed long, but after the lapse of many centuries, Nature's purpose is accomplished. With these words he disappears as suddenly as he came, and I awaken from my reverie to find my once glowing bed of coals but a heap of ashes.

So we see that coal, although classed in the mineral kingdom, is beyond a doubt, of vegetable origin. From a pile of rubbish near the shaft of a coal mine, it is impossible to take up a dozen specimens of the hardened, blue clay, called shale, without finding in some of them impressions of leaves. Even the most massive and perfect varieties of coal,

when cut into thin slices, and examined under the microscope, exhibit traces of vegetable structure. The most complex and delicate parts of the plant are preserved in their natural relations to each other; large fronds are spread out and pressed as if in a botanist's herbarium; and the finest venation, even of the most delicate leaves, is perfectly visible.

But let us visit our changed forest when it is but a peat-bog. The fallen leaves, and the fallen plants have accumulated in large quantities; and according to the law of Nature, have gradually decomposed, thus setting free some of their hydrocarbon gases. The blackened result of this slow decomposition forms what is called peat. This substance sometimes accumulates in beds many feet in thickness; and when covered up by layers of mud and clay, it decomposes still further; and as the peat becomes more compact, it forms lignite, or brown coal. This process of decomposition continues until the lignite becomes black, when it is called bituminous coal; and finally, on being subjected to very great pressure and heat, in the folding of rocks to form mountains, it gives off nearly all of its hydrocarbon gases, and the name, anthracite, is given to it.

Thus, this peculiar kind of decay, aided by the interior heat of the earth, has taken place, until the plants have gradually been converted into carbon. We conclude, therefore, that coal is the mummified remnant of an ancient flora. Further, this substance promises to be of vaster importance to us, of importance not merely as a fuel. Thomas A. Edison is studying and experimenting on a process for obtaining electricity directly from coal. Should this be a success and the enormous energy present in coal be converted into electricity by means of a simple apparatus, which accomplishes its results with reasonable economy, it is evident that the mechanical methods of the entire world would be revolutionized thereby and another stride in our progress would be taken; that progress, of which the nineteenth century so justly boasts.

SADIE P. WILLARD.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the San Rafael teachers, held Nov. 10, 1887, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom and love has called from our midst our beloved friend and schoolmate and earnest co-worker, Dora C. McKenzie; be it

Resolved, That we have sustained a great loss in one whose earnest efforts, patience, and cheerful disposition have endeared her to all.



*Resolved*, That we tender to the bereaved family this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed friend, and be printed in the San Rafael and San Jose papers, and in the Normal Index.

KATE C. BATCHELDER,  
MARY E. NORTON,  
L. DEBRUN,  
Committee on Resolutions.

## ALL SORTS.

Mr. Bacon spent his holidays at Tracy.

"Class exercises" are booming.

The Nostrian still draws a large audience.

Class colors are not so prominent as of yore.

Graduating slippers at Holly & Smith's.

We should like to know what a "Class" smile is.

There's nothing like a coat of petty to develop new clothes.

For new methods in Algebra—Apply to Mr. A. of Senior Bz.

Ash Mr. C., of Middle B, how he was sold Hallow E'en night.

Why is it that Holland is so very fond of a Lily with "two lips?"

The Senior B's have been giving the desk in the library a new coat of paint.

The latest athletic maneuver—hands folded in lap; head upon knees.

We girls should like to know who it was gazing so intently at our pictures last Saturday on First street.

If the Seniors have smiled out of place recently, attribute it to those "repeals."

There has been "Music" in the air of late. Mr. Fox has gone to Tulam.

The questions agitating the girls of Senior A are "What shall I wear?" and "Where shall I teach?"

The Teacher's Institute, which was held here, brought back many of our old friends.

Some of the Senior A's admit with tears that there is no music in their souls.

Mr. Shumate has at last found someone to whom he can carry all his griefs.

The Junior A's have been waging war against the humble earthworm with a persistency that is remarkable.

Mr. P. of Junior A<sub>2</sub> has resolutely determined upon not being so Hind(s), at any cost, in the matter of gallantry.

Mr. May, of the Juniors, spent his Thanksgiving holidays at his home in Alameda county.

One of the young ladies of Senior B carries a small clock, so she has been unanimously elected time keeper of her class.

Some of the Middle A's know how to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of the sanitarium.

Mr. Bacon wants to know if *swallowing* will not kill trichina in pork. We hope he does not contemplate trying it.

A young man of Senior Bz recently asked a young lady of the class the all-important question: "Why don't you change your name?"

Why is there so much squalling in the Assembly Hall during the last hour? Answer—Because the "Baby" is wide awake at that hour.

A Wood Analysis pupil's reflections: Demi means half; Cuius means government.—Then: Democracy must mean "half government."

Someone has asked the cause of all the weeping and wailing in one of the Junior classes. We answer—"Because we were afraid we would lose 'Our sham-benny.'"

The melodious tones of the Enochiah are frequently heard, reminding us of a South American forest, or of the inimitable studies of Patti.

At the entertainment of the S. J. S. D. C., the Normalists present were much distressed, for our noble Mr. Glenn was, upon that occasion, in imminent danger. How? Ask him.

The Senior Bz class was recently startled from its habitual self-composure by the exclamation of one of its young lady members: "A man! A man! My kingdom for a man!"

Salt was very plentiful in the vicinity of Eighth and Tenth Streets Hallow E'en night. This testifies to the former freshness of that neighborhood.

Eclamations of "Stamp Act, 1887," came from members of Middle B as one of its number marched out of the Assembly Hall with a stamp on his back, evidently posted to Senior B.

The practicing of various musical clubs in the Assembly Hall immediately after school hours, has become very disagreeable of late. Pupils are obliged either to wait for their books, or—take the consequences.

One of the young ladies of Junior Bz has lately been executing gymnastics in the class-room. As such things are against the "Rules and Regulations," we thought we would warn her in time.

XMAS CLASS OF '86.—All members who can make a convenient are requested to meet at the Normal on Wednesday, Dec. 21, '87. Subject for discussion: "Our next Reunion." Come all who can.

D. STIRLING, President.

Some of the singing teachers in the training school are of the opinion that a lively shaking is a good thing to improve the attention of the pupils. Perhaps Professor E. might try the same plan with good effect in some of the classes above.

On Friday evening, Nov. 18th, a reception was tendered the Senior A class by Prof. and Mrs. Allen, at their residence on South Third street. At an early hour the class assembled, and spent the evening in enjoying games, music, and social conversation. An important and pleasing feature of the evening was the tableaux, presented by the young ladies of the house. Some time was spent in partaking, in an informal manner, of the luscious fruits so bountifully displayed on the long dining table. Late in the evening the happy and favored participants returned to their homes, fully appreciating the kindness of their host and hostess.

Why is Junior Bz class a good mother? Answer—Because it has but one Child to look after.

Again we note the upward march of improvement. This time it has advanced in the direction of what has been, heretofore, the base ball grounds, with the intention of extending the lawn in that direction, much to the disgust of the base ball players.

#### HALLOW'EEN SPIRITS.

And first our universal shriek these rushed  
 Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash  
 Of broken dishes; and then all was hushed,  
 Saw the low moon, and the deep drawn sigh  
 Of "Perk's Bad Boy!" but at intervals their' gashed,  
 Accompanied by an out drawn swear,  
 A solitary shriek, of some half-drowned boy in his  
 agony.

As we have no exchange department, we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the many words of encouragement and praise that we have received from the Eastern school journals; and though we have no space in the present number to point out the many excellences of these journals, we can assure them that they are not wanting.

The young men of the Senior B and Middle A classes recently organized a club for mutual improvement, intellectually and socially. After this term its members are to consist wholly of the boys of the Senior class, admitted by ballot. The club hopes to be granted a room, to be fitted up for society purposes. Its meetings are to be held with closed doors, no visitors being admitted except on invitation.

Whenever the time rolls round for the INDEX to come out, it is really amusing to see the Junior reporters when they see one of the editors approaching. They at once give evidence of an uneasy conscience by the haunted and woe-begotten expressions of their faces as they slip behind someone else, or scud into an adjoining room, anywhere, rather than the accusing glance of the editor. Poor things! It is really too bad! but we wish some member of the class would capture them here. We might be able to say something to calm their troubled souls, and—don't tell them though, we might ask them for some items.

One of the pupil teachers related the following anecdote to his class, requesting them to reproduce it in their own words, and, if time hung heavily on their hands, to spend the remaining portion of their study hour (twenty minutes) in becoming familiar with the signs of the Zodiac: "After having my hide calveered I started at carpenter, with a reason on a trail noted for its adumity. I saw sinistral a purtress aduvised with a bob, and, as it was incalrescence, and I was jejune and troubled with achelation and hypy, while the center of possidibly fell within the base, I took some hydromel and found it iriguesous. Being in analation, I sought the obumbrancy of the Quercus vitrea, and while reasuptis, I saw the creep and discovered that it was protean. Then I proceeded to decollate, excoaricate and, finally, to deflagrate my laker. As the sun approached the horizon, I took my fardel of tod and started for home. On arising, I took some salmagundi, and then tried to lucubratre, but as my eyes insisted on sictating, I gave up the attempt, and was soon in the arms of Morphex."

As we stated in a previous issue, we were sure that the criticism offered by our esteemed contemporary, *The Phoros*, was given with the most benevolent intention possible, and

that—though indeed it was hard to make ourselves believe it—they meant to say nothing that would indicate a spirit of vindictive fault-finding. Even in this amicable frame of mind, we were somewhat astonished when, in a recent issue, he attempts to explain what he meant by "trash." He says that "We took occasion to point out a few of its more glaring deficiencies," and also, "the criticism, or rather suggestion, was offered in an entirely friendly spirit, and with a hope that it might prove of benefit, etc." That's what we said. We said that we were sure that he did not offer it with a thought of senseless fault finding. As for the suggestions, we confess that, notwithstanding our most strenuous efforts we could see no suggestions in "trash;" and, as a consequence, perhaps, of our unsuccessful search, we began to doubt even the friendliness of the spirit in which it was offered. But we must not doak! We *can not* doak! The criticism of the *Phoros* has ever been too kindly to admit of doubt.

#### OUR SOCIETY.

A Normal Hall in San Jose,  
 On an afternoon of an autumn day,  
 Was humming with its wonted noise  
 Of scores of mingled girls and boys.

Some few went strapping up their books,  
 And some glance round with anxious looks,  
 The President briskly rose to the floor,  
 And ordered the sergeant to lock the door.  
 "Members must occupy seats in the middle,"  
 This she thought would solve the riddle;  
 For strongly determined was she  
 That in that society order should be.

The minutes are read and accepted by all,  
 And "unfinished business" sings through the hall,  
 Amid death like (?) silence, the Treasurer stands  
 And explains how those twenty cents came to his hands.

The programme next in order came,  
 And wit and humor flowed again;  
 A male quartet is one on the board,  
 We shut our ears, for those four—how they roared!

Their pompousness pose, their faces grew black,  
 They made such a noise that the roof did crack.  
 "The Merchant of Venice" now takes the stage,  
 And howling and screeching are all the rage.  
 At last the President looks quite learned,  
 As she rises and says, "Society's Adjourned."

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Frances H. Jones, Dec., '86, is teaching in Butte Creek District, Colusa County.

Miss Edith Parinton, May, '85, has a position at Plainesberg, Merced County.

Miss Abbie F. Phillips, Dec., '86, is teaching a private school at Lewiston, Trinity County.

Miss Fannie Law, May, '85, is to remain at Kobala for a time. She enjoys her work there very much.

Miss Lizzie Armstrong, May, '87, has just closed her school at Cambria, San Luis Obispo County.

Miss S. Helen Snook, Dec., '85, is teaching in the Cole School, of the Oakland School Department.

Frank A. Betts, May, '86, is principal of the school at Quincy, Plumas County.

Miss Esther Summers, Dec., '86, has returned home after a seven month's term in Redwood District, Del Norte County.

Miss Minnie B. French, May, '87, has taught four weeks at Natoma, Sacramento County.

Miss Ethel C. Ayer, May, '87, is teaching at Capertino, Santa Clara County.

Miss Martha Trimmingham, May, '87, has taught five terms at the Sunol Glen school, Alameda County.

Miss Fannie Hall, May, '86, is teacher of the seventh grade in the Santa Ana school, Los Angeles County.

Miss May C. Gilliol, Dec., '86, has a position in the Greenville District, Fresno County.

Mrs. Ward Brown, nee Hayburn, May, '87, is residing at 861 Grove Street, San Francisco.

Miss S. Adelaide Harris, Dec., '86, has finished her second term in the Reno Public School, Nevada.

Miss Lottie J. Matthos, Xmas, '84, is teaching her fifth term in the Independence District, San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Mollie McLean, Dec., '86, is principal of the Alvisio school. Miss Eva Bennett, May, '87, is her assistant.

Miss Ella G. Miles, May, '84, was married to Mr. Francis M. Lewis, October 22.

Miss Rachel S. Gilmour, May, '86, is to spend her winter vacation in Eureka. She has been teaching in Clark District, Humboldt County.

Miss Belle Duncan, May, '83, has taken the position at Salinas which was made vacant by the recent illness of Miss Mamie Murray.

Miss Kate E. Johnson, May, '83, is teaching near Newville, Colusa County. She has taught five years since she was graduated.

Miss Jennie R. Bush, Dec., '83, is now at Inland District, Humboldt County, where she intends to remain for another school year.

Thos. J. McGrath, Dec., '84, was appointed member of the Board of Education of Sierra County. He expects to pay the Normal a visit soon.

Miss Lizzie M. Novell, May, '87, has gained the good will of the Spanish at Ventura, and is very much pleased with her work at that place.

Mr. David A. Wilson, May, '87, is principal of the Chechen school, Butte County. He has had no trouble with the school which was heretofore considered very hard to govern.

Janet M. Henderson, May, '78, and Mary A. Henderson, June, '82, are both teaching in the Los Angeles city schools, which positions they have held for the last two years.

Allie M. Felker, May, '84, has the low eighth grade of the Salinas city schools. She reports that the Normal and Normal methods are gaining power in that county rapidly.

Miss Mary E. Clark, daughter of Rev. J. B. Clark, of Butte City, Montana, and formerly a pupil of the State Normal School, was married in that city in September to Travers M. Ford, an English gentleman, at present at the head of the Bonner Mercantile Establishment in Butte City.

Miss Agnes Hamilton, May, '86, has had whooping-cough to contend with in her school at Richmond, Sacramento County; but the school is now gaining in attendance.

Miss Jennie Snook, May, '87, is substituting in the Berryessa school for Miss Allie Ballou, who will leave soon for the East, where she will attend the Boston Conservatory of Music.

WHITCHER-STIRLING—At the residence of the bride's parents, Castroville, Sept. 21, 1887, by the Rev. Geo. McCormick, of Salinas, assisted by Rev. A. N. Haggerty, of Castroville, Charles R. Whitchee, Jr., and Miss Nellie Stirling, late Assistant Principal in the Salinas City schools.

[The INDEX sends its felicitations to Mr. Whitchee and his worthy bride, and joins their many Salinas friends in wishing them a happy and prosperous voyage over the "Ocean of Years."]—*Salinas Index.*

## LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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### THE JUNIOR'S PICNIC.

One of the most enjoyable events that has ever transpired among the students of the L. A. Normal School was a picnic excursion of the Junior classes, accompanied by three of the Normal faculty and three Seniors, to the port of San Pedro, which is about 25 miles from Los Angeles. The idea of such a trip was suggested to them by the Middle B's, who went there two weeks before on a zoological expedition and had a most pleasant time. The Juniors determined to go just after examinations when their minds would feel freest from their studies.

A party of fifty six was formed, a car chartered, and boats were engaged to transport all to Rattle Snake Island and for those who desired, to row about upon the bay. All possible arrangements were made which would, in any way, add to the pleasure of the occasion.

At half past nine A. M. the waiting room of the Los Angeles depot was filled with a merry company, each one of which carried a suggestive looking bundle or basket.

The day was unusually warm, just the day for a seaside visit; but between the laughter, the singing, and flying popcorn and peanuts no one had time to think of the day being warm (especially the teachers, who, I am inclined to think were somewhat imposed upon). Though in reality the ride was long, all were surprised when the train



sacked and San Pedro was announced. After a short trudge through sand, we reached the boats which were awaiting our use.

Soon we were all upon Rattle Snake Island, which is but a short distance across the bay. This island is a long, narrow, sandy strip of land, and acts as a breakwater to the bay of San Pedro. Just across the island is the surf, which with the sloping shore and clean sand, furnishes an excellent bathing place. However, as no bathing suits could be procured, we had to give up the idea of bathing.

By the time we had all reached the island, it was a little past twelve o'clock, so it was then time for the performance of that part of the programme which is the most important of all such occasions—that is dinner.

The anticipation of eating soon had aroused new pleasure, but when the dinner was spread before us, we were doubly jubilant. The variety, quality, and quantity was enough to set any one with a normal appetite into ecstasies. We ate with a hearty good will, but in spite of all our efforts to prevent wasting any food or having to carry it back in baskets, we had to give up disgusted with ourselves; so we turned sorrowfully away, some walked along the beach, others sat in groups talking, while others were rowing upon the bay.

It is said that pleasure has the swiftest wing, indeed it seemed so with us on this occasion for apparently to us, we had been upon the island but a short time, when we were warned to start for the depot or we would be left by the train which was to hear us home.

While we were waiting for the cars to start, a good looking young man came in and seated himself in our car, not knowing it was especially for our company. Obedient to my duty, I informed the gentleman of his mistake. Of course he left immediately, but had fifty young men come into our car after that, I would not have told one he was in the wrong place. The looks of contempt and the expressions, "Why did you do that," "Shame on you," "You were jealous," and such like, from the young ladies in our company, was enough to annihilate a fellow of ordinary timidity.

Our ride home was even more pleasant than our going, for we had by that time become better acquainted. Many songs were sung, but none was rendered with the spirit and vigor equal to the singing of "Our Country." Almost every voice in the car joined in singing this song. The train sped none the slower for our merriment, and we soon found ourselves again standing at the Los Angeles depot. After a few parting words, each returned to his respective home, and I doubt not,

feeling happier and better fitted for the following ten weeks school work. Such occasions are soon passed but not soon forgotten. They remain fresh in our memories when the things called "important" are forgotten, and their memory is not worthless, for in the journey of life, the memory of happy times and pleasant friends do much to cheer us on the way.

Though not a member of either Junior class, I shall ever remember them in my happiest recollections, and feel grateful to them for placing in my mind such pleasing memories.

#### FAILURE.

Every failure rightly borne  
Helps to make the man;  
Then take heart and do not mourn;  
'Tis the better plan.

Greatest men oft make mistakes,  
But mistakes make greatest men;  
Seeming failure often makes  
Stepping-stones to higher gain.

Disappointment's hand must fall,  
If the life would be complete;  
Sorrow helps to soften all,  
As the dew makes roses sweet.

Full many a poem or gem of art,  
That bring our burdened soul relief,  
Are safety-valves to pent up hearts—  
Sweet blossoms blown from hidden grief.

Then take the talent God has given,  
And with its aid a grand life mold,  
That when returned to him in Heaven,  
It shall have gained a hundred-fold.

BELLE FRAZER.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Died, from typhoid fever, after a short illness, Miss Zoe Dexter, aged 19 years. Funeral takes place at M. E. Church, Boyle Heights, Nov. 20.

We learn with deep sorrow of the death of another of our schoolmates, the third one who has ever thus been called away from our number.

A few days ago, a note was received by Prof. More, stating that Miss Zoe Dexter was suffering from a severe cold and could not attend school until better. To-day we received the sad news of her death.

It is hard to realize that one who was so lately among us, bright and well, busy with her school duties, will be in our midst no more. The Middle classes will long remember the gentle manner of their earnest, loving classmate. Her's was a character which shed a lovely influence throughout the whole school, and sincerely shall her loss be mourned.

We extend our heartfelt sympathies to the be-

reaved relatives, and may they in their great sorrow be consoled by the thought that

There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mental breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

### SCHOOL ITEMS.

Examinations are just over and our pulses are beginning to beat at their normal rate.

A model address to an audience, as delivered by a debator in the N. A. Society: "Honorable judges, gentlemen, and ladies of the fair sex."

Mr. S—, of Junior B, has had considerable partiality shown him. He has been given a young lady seat-mate, while the other boys have to sit with each other.

Teacher in zoology (who was drilling the class on zoological names of birds, by holding out specimens:) "Mr. W—, what is this?" Mr. W—, (arousing himself from a slumber, just in time to hear the question,) "That is an owl."

Our school has been recently favored by a visit from Supt. Holt. His words of encouragement and advice were thankfully received by all. We hope his visit was as pleasant to him as it was to us, and that it will not be long ere we meet him again.

Prof. Dozier has just returned from San Diego, where he has been attending a teachers' institute held by the teachers of San Diego and San Bernardino counties. He brings the pleasant intelligence that our graduates have gained great favor in the southern counties, and they expressed their wish that the next class to graduate was a large one, for they expect to make a considerable call upon us for teachers next year.

The boys of Middle B excited the curiosity of one of the editors of the *Index*. He suddenly came upon them standing in a group, and the expression of their countenances at the unexpected appearance of the editor, showed that something of a would-be-secret and unusual character had transpired. On his nearer approach, they nudged each other, and were heard to say, "Look out for him, if he gets hold of this he will have it in the *Index*." However, he heard something that sounded like "car fare" and "she didn't like it a bit." I wonder what they were talking about?

The class in zoology, accompanied by their teacher, visited San Pedro a short time before examination, to obtain zoological specimens. As Battle Snake Island abounds with many valuable specimens, the party determined to cross the bay

to that island. Doubtless they would have had some difficulty in crossing over safely, had it not been for their teacher, who proved herself as efficient in the science of rowing as in many other sciences. After witnessing the fruitless attempt of the young men of the party to row across, she took the oars in hand, and speedily guided one boat load after another over the bay, until the whole party was safely landed on the island. They spent the greater part of the time in collecting specimens, of which each one obtained an abundance. Of course they paid their respects to the lanches which were prepared by the young ladies, for the occasion. On returning, they expressed themselves well pleased and abundantly repaid by the expedition.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Carrie Walton is teaching in Ventura.

Miss Marnie Perry is teaching at Cabranga, Los Angeles County.

Miss Fanny Harrow, of the May class, '85, is teaching at East Los Angeles.

Miss Minnie Walker, is teaching at Little Stoney, Colusa County, Cal.

Miss Mary Hazlip has just returned from an eastern tour, and is now residing in Los Angeles.

Mr. W. A. Foster, of May class, '87, is attending a school of civil engineering in San Francisco.

Miss Mary E. Cowan, of the Xmas class of '84, is teaching at the Spring St. School, Los Angeles.

Misses Ida Bailey and Margie Downing are teaching at Wilmington, and in the same school.

Miss Ella Morgan, of the last graduating class, is teaching at Sespere, Ventura County.

Miss Corn Lamb, a member of the first class that graduated at the Los Angeles Normal, is now teaching at National City, San Diego County.

Miss Amelia A. Dranger has, for a time, left off teaching and taken up valuable land in the vicinity of Fall Brook, San Diego County.

Misses Maggie Clark, Emma Granet, Fanny Houff and Mary H. Renny, all of the May class of '87, are teaching in San Diego County.

I wish to have corrected an error in the printing of the last *Index*, before we are arrested for slander, or some innocent person is charged with bigamy. Mr. William True did not marry the class of '84, as was stated in the last issue of the *Index*. He married no one but Miss Curtis, who was one of that class.

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