

The Normal Index.

Vol. VI

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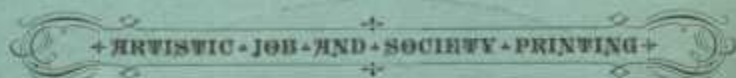
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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	PAGES.		PAGES.
NATURAL.....	12-14	"Mother Earth".....	15-18
SCIENTIFIC.....		George Elliot.....	19-20
Flint.....	14-15	Charles Lamb.....	20-21
Five Telescope Owners.....	15	Clay Modeling.....	21-22
A Remarkable Railway.....	15	Harvard Correspondence.....	22
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT—		SOCIETY NOTES—	
Manual Training under Difficulties.....	12-17	Y. M. N. D. Society.....	23-25
The Use of Obstacles.....	18	ALL SORTS.....	25-26
LITERARY—		ALUMNI NOTES.....	26
Influence (Poem).....	18		



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VOL. V.

OCTOBER 25.

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IN another column will be found an interesting letter written for the *Occident* by a graduate of the State University. Many of our exchanges contain articles well worth repeating, but this one seems all aglow with the spirit of the Golden West, and we do not feel like hiding it under a bushel—of periodicals and pamphlets.

LAST term Prof. Childs made a remark to the effect that his cherries ripened only for the June classes, but he hoped to have some fine vegetables, such as potatoes and turnips, stored up for the delectation of the next Senior class. In spite of the fact that these are hardly palatable in a raw state, when we received a cordial invitation to spend a day at his home, it was gladly accepted. The vegetables proved to be melons

of goodly size and flavor, the store of which was considerably lessened in a short time.

The party with our host as guide explored a large fruit drying establishment, and scaled a high bluff, from which a fine view of a portion of the Santa Clara valley was obtained. After a lunch served picnic-wise under the trees, a pleasant hour was spent indoors with music and conversation. When the time came for return the visiting students agreed that they were indebted to Prof. Childs and his wife for a most delightful holiday, which will long be remembered as an oasis in the Sahara of school life.

WE understand that the members of the Young Men's Normal Debating Society have decided to invite some of the ablest young women of the Senior classes to take part in a debate. If the plan is carried out the contest will certainly be an interesting one, and it is to be hoped that the whole school may be permitted to witness it.

This has been called the century of Women's Rights, but in spite of our boasted progress, it is stated that the women of England are far more prompt than their American sisters in availing themselves of the privileges accorded them of public speaking and participation in public affairs. Lord Derby in a recent speech before the House of Commons, said that the most thoughtful and irrefutable speech he ever heard was made by a woman. He referred to Mrs. Fawcett who is a most accomplished student of political economy and civil government. It was her daughter Miss Philippa Fawcett, who carried off the highest honors at Cambridge University in June.

However, we are inclined to think a mistake has been made in asserting that American women rank second as public speakers; perhaps the truth of the matter is, that they have no Lord Derby to tell them when they have done well.

THE lectures for this month consist of a series upon the eye, the lecturer being Dr. Simonton of this city. To use his own words, he "began at the beginning," with the laws of refraction, the uses of lenses, and the structure of the eye.

Doubtless present and prospective physiology students will derive much benefit from these lectures, as the speaker is well provided with excellent diagrams and charts, and evidently intends to leave no point of the subject untouched.

SCIENTIFIC.

FLINT.

Not many years ago, when a modern Robinson Crusoe was cast off on that "Desert Island" so often referred to by one of the Normal Professors, a number of arrow-shaped stones were found, which on examination proved to be flint.

Though flint is a common mineral, its origin is not familiar to many. It is generally found in nodules in chalky limestone. Chalk is made up of minute shells of carbonate of lime and shells of diatoms composed of silica, the material of flint. These silicious shells are dissolved when water containing an alkali comes in contact with them. Organic matter is decomposed by this solution and the silica is deposited in the place of the organic matter, forming flint nodules. The important fact about flint is that it is a deposit of silica resulting from the life and decay of organic matter.

The Indians used flint for all their implements; arrow-heads, needles, fish-hooks, knives, and many utensils were made of this important mineral. Flint is very hard, and when broken forms sharp edges. From the fact of its breaking to form conchoidal surfaces and sharp knife edges, the substance is identified. One wonders how the implements were so well shaped in a day when manual training was unknown. It took a skilled workman to be able to form an arrow-head or a fish-hook by simply hitting the nodule with a harder material. There are few men today who could do the work creditably.

About the year 1840, by finding flint weapons of all styles in the gravel beds of France and England, great excitement was caused. What did this mean? That in some past ages human beings had been at work; but the main question was, "When did they do their work?" or in other words, "How many years ago did these people live?" On this point the opinions of our best

geologists differ. It is generally agreed that the "gravel beds" were deposited just at the close of the Glacial Age; and Sir Charles Lyell intimates that this was about eight hundred thousand years ago. John Lubbock thinks this too long, and suggests two hundred thousand. Mr. Evans says, "The mind is almost lost in amazement at the vista of antiquity displayed." Other geologists think it was not so many years ago, for the report of M. Boucher de Perthes states that he found in the "drift" other traces of human art than the implements described. He tells us he found "symbolical" flints, shaped to represent men and animals, and others carved into representations of the human head. He even alleges that the human type represented belongs to the Caucasian race. This, if it be true, is a strong argument for the recent date of the remains found in the river-gravel.

The custom of placing flint implements in graves, seems to have been universal. We encounter it in all parts of Europe, in Africa, in Asia, and in America. There is all over the world a marked resemblance in the size and shape of the implements used. Prof. Nilsson remarked, "The great resemblance which exists among stone implements of nations of different tribes, during very different periods and in most different countries, is remarkable." He tells us of the similarity between the implements from Scania and those from Pennsylvania, and mentions particularly the small heart-shaped arrow-heads of flint from Scania and from Tierra del Fuego, "which are, with regard to shape and mode of construction, even in the most minute detail and when closely viewed with the microscope, surprisingly similar; as if they had been made by the same hand and on the same day."

Many ideas have been awakened as to the cause of this similarity, but "the belief has been almost universal that the stone celts are thunderbolts." In some places they still have attributed to them medicinal virtues. In one community, flint arrows are said to purify the water, in another to cure diseased cattle, in another to protect against lightning. Enough has been said to show that it is not strange these implements should have gone into the graves of the barbarous nations.

Inside of three weeks, at the Chaleux Factory in Belgium, thirty thousand flints, such as hatchets, knives, daggers, scrapers, and scratchers, were gathered. In addressing the British Association, in 1859, Sir Charles Lyell said, "Now

than a thousand of them (flint fossils) have already been met with in the last ten years in the valley of the Somme, in an area of fifteen miles in length. I infer that a tribe of savages, to whom the use of iron was unknown, made a long sojourn in this region; and I am reminded of a large Indian mound which I saw in St. Simond's (or Simon's) Island, in Georgia, a mound ten acres in area, and having an average height of five feet, chiefly composed of castaway oyster-shells, throughout which arrow-heads, stone axes, and Indian pottery are dispersed."

Flint is found in nearly all parts of the world and it almost seems as if the flint arrows, knives, and wedges were as often found. Even in "The Willows" flint arrow-heads are gathered. The Senior A's while out at Prof. Childs' on a picnic, found specimens of flint; and I am told that under a tree near the old creek bed, arrow-heads can be found.

Think of the history a small piece of flint is capable of telling us; surely it is an important chapter in our Book of Nature. So, even if we are cast off on that "Desert Island," we shall have an interesting story to read—the story of nature and its wonders, told by the rocks themselves.

J. D. D.

FOR TELESCOPE OWNERS.

Venus is evening star during the month and is very conspicuous, its greatest brilliancy being attained the morning of the 29th of October. It may be plainly seen in the day time during the month if one has good eyesight and knows where to look for it.

Mars may be seen in the west at evening.

Jupiter is still visible in the western sky.

Saturn is now far enough from the sun to be easily seen. It rises about 2 A. M. on October 31. Its course will be eastward about three degrees during the month.

Uranus will not be visible until it moves farther away from the sun.

Neptune may be seen between the Pleiades and Hyades.

H. M. K.

A REMARKABLE RAILWAY.

The most remarkable short line of railway in the world is probably the submerged railway at Onton near Bilbao. It runs down an evenly sloping shore in double line to a distance of 650 feet, and it has been constructed by a Spanish engineer for the sole purpose of facilitating the ship-

ment of iron ores. The only car is a massive iron tower on wheels, in the shape of a pyramid, rising seventy feet from the track. Upon the platform of the tower the ores are placed, and thus they are conveyed to the vessel; the pyramidal car, whose wheels are always under water, returning automatically as soon as its cargo has been mechanically shot into the ship's hold.

Science News.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

MANUAL TRAINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The constant cry of the day is for advancement; and we, who are preparing ourselves to be educators, cannot afford to lose track of any new ideas abroad. Among those in our particular line that are attracting the most attention, perhaps that of Manual Training has interested us the most. But appreciating as we may the good effects resulting from this union of brain and hand work, yet to many of us comes the discouraging thought: "This is all well enough at the Normal School, where there is a work-shop filled with tools; but what are we going to do when we get off in some little country school with no available material?" To all such, perhaps the following account of what was done by one teacher under just such discouraging circumstances, may serve to keep up their drooping spirits.

The class was composed of quite young pupils, and as they had neither the strength, tools, nor lumber with which to make anything very large, they made toys. This did not call for the same degree of muscular power, but it gave the same hand and eye training. The results were really wonderful. Little sets of "dolls' furniture" were designed and then constructed, little tables, chairs, cupboards, wash-benches, and even bed-stands. These last could be taken apart and put together again, quite as easily as could their models.

One little man undertook a wagon, and became so interested that much of the work on it was done at home, where he could study more carefully each part of the real wagon. The result was surprising. The proportion of bar and crosspiece was the same as in the original, and all parts were duly smoothed and rounded off.

But what was all this done with? The "lumber" was old cigar and crayon boxes, castaway shingles and shakes. The "nails" were tacks, together with some wire nails gathered from old fruit boxes. As for the tools, at first the child-

ren in their excess of zeal, brought all the contents of their little tool chests; little tin saws that would hardly make a dent in the wood, and planes, which, if the plain truth be told, utterly refused to plane; but in every case they proved almost useless. The available material consisted of the boys' jack-knives, together with an old gimlet and a broken key-hole saw, which somebody kindly donated. To further meet the absolute needs of the case, the teacher also invested in a small amount of glue.

This was the sole stock, and of course the results were not such as might have been produced had the supplies been of a more various character, but a start, at least, was made; and it is safe to say that many formed habits of noticing and remembering many a thing which otherwise would have been passed by unobserved.

We must constantly bear in mind, however, that it is not at all likely that a part of our reward will come in the shape of the approval of the fathers and mothers of the children. In fact, the principal comment made by the parents upon the exhibition on the last day of school was: "Wall! Just see here, how that teacher has been a-wastin' Johnnie's time just a-makin' him *whittle*."

G. S.

THE USE OF OBSTACLES.

"The teacher should realize and should teach his pupils to realize that a prominent element in education is the meeting and overcoming of obstacles; that it not only is not a misfortune but a positive blessing to have obstacles and to have them multiplied, until, through the discipline of conquest, strength is developed. It is sometimes said that teachers are the most easily discouraged and demoralized by opposition of any class of educated people. There may be some truth in this. If so, it is important that the teacher of youth should at once master the philosophy and acquire the experience of discipline through the overcoming of obstacles.

We do teach this as far as it relates to arithmetic and algebra, but do we apply it to the affairs of real life? There is an education for success that is not to be found in books, and teachers should realize this and avail themselves of the use of obstacles. Success in every sense, in the higher as well as in the lower, comes from the development of effort and energy, patience and perseverance. To attain the opportunities for this, we should welcome obstacles and conquer

them every time, being checked by them never. There is a proverb with one of the native tribes of Africa, to the effect that the strength of the foe we subdue is absorbed by us and passes into ourselves. There is no strength that comes to us that is equal to that which comes from overpowering the things that get in our way. The teacher who is to grow and develop, who is to teach his pupils so that they will be greater and better men, should teach them to welcome obstacles, hindrances, and unfavorable circumstances."

Journal of Education.

"Pestalozzi never uttered a truer sentiment than when he said, 'I would go so far as to lay it down as a rule, that whenever children are inattentive, or apparently take no interest in a lesson, the teacher should always look first to himself for a reason.'"

School Journal.

LITERARY.

INFELICE.

There is no country however fair
But has some ancient ruin there—
Some ruined castle, old and gray,
To haunt the traveler; where visions of glory
And splendor that have passed away
Seem to tell with sadness the story
Of the time when the castle was filled with life,
When music and laughter rang through the halls,
Or the clang of armor told of strife
Among the inmates of those walls.

Every life, if the truth were known,
Conceals some ruin of its own—
Some buried hope, some false ideals—
To show what reveals time doth keep
And what of hope and joy he steals
As the coursing seasons onward sweep.
Skyward rising through the past
Are the castles built in childhood years,
Their glittering walls too fair to last—
We see them still thro' mist and tears.

E. K.

"MOTHER EARTH."

"Language," says some one, "is fossil poetry." And among those condensed expressions that form so large a part of our every-day vocabulary, few are richer in poetical suggestions than that common saying "mother earth." What a poem is wrapt up in these two little words! Some half savage perhaps, whose heart beat in sympathy with nature but who was forbidden by a barbaric tongue to express all delicate shades of

meaning, first spoke those words, summing up in them the wealth of all his thought and feeling. Let us think again his thoughts, analyzing what to him was scarce revealed, and we shall find indeed a living poem.

How bounteously Nature has provided for man's welfare. Land and water teem with life that supplies him food fit for the gods. For his shelter the forests give their oak and pine, and the mountains, their granite and marble. Bird and beast lend him their raiment; and, as if this were not enough, ocean yields her pearls, rich mines their gold and silver, rubies and diamonds, to still further adorn Earth's petted child.

Though free and exhaustless are her resources for food, clothing and shelter, yet she provides that only through his own efforts man shall obtain her bounty. "Work," says the poet, "is its own best earthly need;" and, that none may entirely lose this blessing, it has been wisely ordered that our absolute necessities can by work alone be obtained.

But not for our physical welfare alone does our kind mother provide. For our mental and moral natures she also cares. In her great stone book are written tales more wondrous than the glowing imagination of the Orient ever produced, and more beautiful than the polished pen of Hesiod ever wrote. On the skies are painted dream pictures, lovelier by far than those the brush of Raphael or of Titian ever wrought. Compare Beethoven's grandest strains with the music of nature—the deep sea roar, the joyous woodland chorus, the mournful sigh of the wind as it talks with the mountain stream, and all the mingled echoes that wake the hill. Indeed, it seems to me that all science, all art, all learning is but an imitation of nature; and to this human attainments must ever be limited, though hardly limit it should be called for the realms of nature are the realms of infinity.

The true scientist must walk hand in hand with her, or, as Longfellow says of Agassiz, he must

"Wander away and away,
With Nature the dear old Nurse,
Who will sing to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

The artisan must study her, for it is from such lowly things as spiders' webs that he, like Scotland's famous king, learns his most valuable lessons.

To nature the artist ever goes for his inspiration. Indeed, the perfection of art is so to conceal itself that we believe 'tis nature; or, as Spencer quaintly says,

"And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place."

The soul of art, it is but a reflection caught from the soul of nature and imprisoned for a time in sculptor's marble, musician's note, or poet's song.

But of all Nature's teachings, her moral lessons are deepest and sweetest. As in all best moral teaching, she but rarely presents the hideousness of evil. Barren deserts and windswept plains are found but here and there; only now and then fierce tempests or violent floods devastate the land. She lavishes all around us what is good and true and fair, thus furnishing the material for high, refined thoughts that should bear fruit in noble lives.

Watch the seasons come and go, and see how Nature ever strives with man. Spring, veiled in mists of tender green and laden with buds of promise, tries with all her innocent coquettishness to draw us near to her. Summer, gay and wreathed in smiles seeks in vain to lift us from sordid pleasures. Autumn, gorgeous in her rich apparel offers us her treasures—We take the "kindly fruit of the earth" but refuse her better gifts. A quiver of despondency runs through Nature. Leaves wither and fall; flowers die; even the sunlight on the hills smiles sadly, and the wind moans desolately through the bare branches. Then fall Heaven's pitying tears on the weary earth, and, like a child lulled and soothed to rest, she slumbers to awaken with the Spring.

Well has Lowell said,

"Not only against our infancy,
Does Heaven with all its splendor lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinners climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies,
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
Its arms outstretched the druid wood
Waits with its benediction;
And to our Age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea."

But Nature does far more than chide or bless. In some mysterious way she enters into all our life, our joys and sorrows. Bryant sings to our very souls in these lines,

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible form, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Their sharpness 'ere he is aware."

Who has not looked on sky and hill and plain and felt these were "but the solemn decorations

all of the great tomb of man? And who, thrilled with gladness, has not once more gazed on that same landscape when the sunshine seemed to quiver with happiness, the waters to dimple with joy; when every bird sang ecstatically and every passing zephyr whispered sweet words of hope? And, when he has watched the stars shining in the deep blue sky with a clear and holy light that seems to burn into his very soul, separating the dross from the gold, who has not felt with Oliver Wendell Holmes

"Build thou more stately mansions, Oh my soul;
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell life's unresting sea!"

Or perhaps, standing by the angry ocean on a stormy night, you have felt that the huge waves restlessly tossing to and fro, and beating so pitilessly against the barren rocks, were not more merciless or uncontrolled than the waves of hatred, unbelief and remorse that surged across your own soul; and that the black sky that frowned above was not blacker than the clouds and gloom that had gathered thick and fast about your own life. And perchance when morning dawned, some of her sunshine and gladness crept into your heart, comforting and consoling you, and shedding scattered rays of light on the gloom that wrapped you like a shroud.

For such tender care how well our earth deserves the title "mother." "Out of the dust of the ground the Lord God formed Adam" says the old record of Genesis. Through life she nourishes, protects him; and when Death's Angel stills the throbbing heart and the spirit returns to its Maker, she receives the worn-out body and gives it an eternal resting place where violets and lilies deck the sod and the pines chant low sweet requiems.

M. K. D. A.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Near the home of Shakespeare, in Warwickshire, England, in the year 1819, was born a woman whose works were destined to fill a high rank in literature. She is known to us by the name of George Eliot.

Her parents belonged to that respectable middle class of English people, which we find so well described in many of her own books. They were financially well-to-do, and she grew up sur-

rounded by comfort and even luxury. She was left motherless at an early age, and being the youngest of several children, she lived in an unusually intimate companionship with her father.

She was sent to a school near home, and though not considered a particularly bright child, made good progress in her studies. In 1841, her father removed to Coventry, and here she became a great student. She mastered several languages, among them Hebrew and Greek, and paid especial attention to music. In after life it was said that she was the finest amateur musician in England.

During her earlier years she was intensely religious. When she was nineteen, she wrote "May the Lord give me such an insight into what is truly good that I may not rest contented with making Christianity a mere addendum to my pursuits, or with tacking it as a mere fringe to my garments! May I seek to be sanctified wholly!" But, later, she left all her solicitude in this matter behind, and came to regard Christianity with indifference and then contempt.

After her father's death, she went to London, and became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*.

It was here she took that false step which is so great a blot on her fair name—that of consenting to live unmarried with Mr. Lewes. Though her action in this matter is defended, and passed over lightly by critics generally, it was certainly wrong. Their union lasted for twenty-five years, and was terminated only by his death.

Mr. Lewes was a great help to her in her literary work. She had the utmost confidence in his judgment, and consulted him at every step. She was not hopeful in regard to her writings; whenever she finished a book, she would think she could never write another, but his sympathy and appreciation gave her the needed encouragement, and influenced her to continue her work. He never allowed her to read adverse criticisms on her works, for fear of the ill effect it would have.

Mr. Lewes died in 1878, and for months she secluded herself, thinking of nothing but her grief, but shortly afterwards, to the great surprise of all, she married Mr. Cross, who had been for many years a devoted friend of both Mr. Lewes and herself. A few months later her own death occurred.

From Mr. Cross' "Life of George Eliot," we get a truer insight into her character than from anything else that has been written on the subject.

George Eliot began her literary career, at about the age of twenty-five, by a translation of "Straus' Life of Jesus." This work was a great success, and she was highly complimented on it by Straus himself. This was followed by other translations.

Her writings for the *Westminster Review* comprise essays on a large range of subjects, and continued for a number of years.

Her first novel, "Scenes from Clerical Life," was written in 1857, and published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the name by which she is now so well known. The book elicited great applause from the literary public, and many were the speculations in regard to the author. Two years later, when "Adam Bede" appeared, curiosity was roused to its highest pitch, and soon afterwards George Eliot made herself known.

She has written poetry and essays, but she is best known to us through her novels. The meter and rhythm of her poetry is almost perfect, but there is something lacking to it. There seems to be labored effort, and the author is out of her true element in writing it. Nevertheless, there are many striking passages to be found in these poems. The following, which seems to express her own views on immortality, is a good example:—

"Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search,
To vaster issues."

Her essays were well received when published, but it is not to them she owes her fame.

Her style is fresh and original. We find humorous passages here and there, but this is not a prominent characteristic of her works. She is a most faithful delineator of character, and though herself an unbeliever, is especially successful in portraying religious feelings.

In "Adam Bede" the life of Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher, is one of great beauty. The sermon put into her mouth is a grand one, and her language is such that the simple people who hear her, comprehend her fully. "Ah! dear friends we are in sad want of good news about God; and what does other good news signify if we haven't that? For everything else comes to an end, and when we die we leave it all. But God lasts when everything else is gone. What

shall we do if he is not our friend?" The character of Adam Bede himself is strongly drawn. How bravely he bears his great sorrow, and how nobly he lives through it. The story of poor little Hetty, whose vanity and beauty led her to ruin, is related with the most affecting pathos. Mrs. Poyser is a quaint, original woman, whose humorous expressions are sometimes very amusing, but at the same time, full of good common sense.

In "Silas Marner," an injured man has lost all faith in humanity, and shut up his heart against his fellow creatures. "He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship towards the strangers he had come amongst; and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him." In this condition of mind, his heart became wrapped up in the gold he earned, and when it was taken from him, he was in utter despair. But a little child wandered into his home, and remaining, twined itself around his heart, so that his gold was forgotten, and his trust in his fellow-creatures returned.

"Middlemarch" is a story of provincial life in England. George Eliot excels in descriptions of this kind. It is thought that her characters of Dorothea and Celia represent herself and her sister. Two persons could scarcely be more unlike than these sisters. Always together, and under the same influences, they have nothing in common. Dorothea dreams of a life where she may find a world of large ideas. She thinks she has reached this ideal, but finds her life one of bitterness and full of mistakes. Celia is contented with her life as she finds it, and dreams of nothing higher.

The only book in which George Eliot departed from English scenes is "Romola." It is a historical novel of Italian life, and is considered by some to be the author's best work. Romola is one of George Eliot's best characters. All through her life, she sacrifices her own happiness to the cause of right. In Tito, the author has shown vividly how a character, naturally amiable, having no thought at first of wrong-doing, sinks deeper and deeper in sin, from weakness of will-power.

George Eliot ranks high as a novelist. It has been said that if we arranged our dead authors since Scott in the order of their merit, three only would be placed in the first class, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. She possesses that power of which Goethe speaks when he

says, "The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say, as if it had not been said before."

CORA M. POAGE.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, born in London, Feb. 10, 1775, was the youngest of a family of seven children whose parents were in humble circumstances. Poverty, however, did not keep the boy from school, and at the age of eight he had acquired the rudiments of an education in a dingy apartment in the crowded part of London. Immediately upon leaving this school, he was enabled through the kindness of a friend, to enter Christ's Hospital, where he studied during the next seven years. Here he made rapid advancement and at the age of fifteen, had studied Greek and Latin and the higher mathematics.

Owing to an impediment in his speech, he was debarred from entering the University; so upon leaving the Hospital, he obtained a clerkship in the office of the East India Company, at a salary of £70 per year. In the employ of this company he continued the remainder of his working days, all the while contributing to the support of his father's family.

The trials through which he passed were many. There was a taint of hereditary insanity in the family, and this misfortune was the cause of the tragedy of his life. His sister Mary, who had inherited the weakness, in a fit of madness one day stabbed fatally her mother, whom she loved dearly and had tenderly cared for. The father, under his load of trouble, soon broke down; and, five of the children having died, Charles and Mary were left alone in the world to battle with life's hardships.

Charles now felt called upon to give his life to the care of his sister, and faithfully he performed his duty. For her he gave up all thoughts of love and marriage, and watched over her with a devotion that has given us one of the most heroic examples of self-sacrifice in the records of human affection.

The burden he carried was probably too great for him; and to drown his troubles, he sought refuge in the fatal cup. Gradually he sank until he became conscious that "the waters had gone over him." How earnestly he tried to resist temptation, and how much he suffered in the unsuccessful attempt, are piteously told in his "Con-

fessions of a Drunkard," and his "Farewell to Tobacco."

Where can we find a better temperance lesson than may be gleaned from his essay on drunkenness? "Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins;—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebleness and feebleness outcries to be delivered;—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em to suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em."

O, that every youth of our nation might read that essay! The thought of the agony he suffered would melt a heart of stone.

But his struggle with sorrow imparted a tenderness to his writings that is seldom found in other authors. Although he frequently displays an abundance of humor, yet through all are plainly visible his tender heart and unselfishness of disposition. This is as noticeable in his formal writings as in his letters.

The brother and sister lived together thirty-eight years after the death of their mother, and the hours when Mary was sane were not unprofitably spent. During these intervals she and Charles busied themselves writing children's stories, for which their simplicity of expression was so well adapted. Among these works are "Mrs. Leicester's School," and "Tales from Shakespeare," which are among our standard juvenile works.

One of Lamb's works was "Rosamund Gray." Next to his "Essays of Elia" this is probably the best known of his writings. The idea of the story is simple, but it has a charm for all who read it. Shelley has said, "How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature is in it!" Certainly all who have read it will agree that it contains a life picture of exquisite perfection.

The "Essays of Elia" are mostly a reproduction of the experiences of the author's life. Two of the number have attained a celebrity not unmerited—his "Dissertation on Roast Pig," and "Imperfect Sympathies." The first of these displays a quiet humor that is indeed charming. In the second is the famous analysis of the Scotch character. Taking into consideration the fine observation and the choice phraseology, the last mentioned is considered by some to be the cleverest passage in the whole of Lamb's writing. All of these essays were contributed by him to the different magazines of that day; and were then, as they are now, famous for their humor, taste, penetration, and vivacity.

Lamb's humorous style is worthy of special mention. It takes the most varied forms. His fondness for an absurd use of familiar quotations is noticeable; and many striking effects are produced thereby. In his "Dissertation on Roast Pig" is an instance of this. He calls into play his "Epitaph to an Infant" to justify the killing of the "innocent suckling" before it should "grow up to the grossness and indolence which too often accompany maturer swinehood."

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came with timely care."

He frequently amused his companions with puns, but we are led to believe that his was not the "senseless pun" of to-day.

Of his style in general we may say it is varied, ranging from the fanciful to the grave and didactic. His humor is unique, his pathos tender and delicate beyond expression.

As a man, Lamb was beloved by all who knew him. George W. Curtis says of him, "If ever a good, great man walked the earth—good and great in the profoundest and noblest sense—full of that simple human charity and utter renunciation of self which is the fulfilling of the highest law and the holiest instinct, it was that man with a face full of 'quivering sweetness,' nervous, tremulous, so slight of frame that he looked only fit for the most placid fortune, but who conquered poverty and hereditary madness, and won an imperishable name in English literature and a sacred place in every heart—all in silence, and with a smile."

So vividly is his character mirrored in his works that in them "His memory will retain its fragrance as long as the best spice that ever was expended upon one of the Pharaohs."

M. EMILIE BERGEN.

CLAY MODELING.

Clay Modeling is a mixture of one part fun and three parts work. There is all the fun of making mud pies, and all the work of doing as the teacher says, and not just as you would like to do.

We were called to our drawing room one day, and told by our teacher to be prepared for a lesson in Clay Modeling the next Friday. We were told to have a large apron, a flannel cloth about one foot square, and a little sponge. I looked forward with some pleasure to the first lesson, when I should understand the mysteries of this new art. There was some little excitement when we went down to the room in the basement, and took our places at the tables. Then we were given boards and told to pass around, one after another, to receive the clay from a box in the corner. After I had received my clay, the first thing I did was to take hold of it, as I had seen the little ones in the Training School do. But I couldn't let go of it all again; the more I tried to get it off my hands the stickier it seemed. Then my neighbors had to compare hands with me, and we found so many important things to say to one another, that we forgot to listen to instructions, until recalled by Professor's voice and his rappings on the table at the other side of the room. It is queer how many things we have to say in the modeling room which we would never think of saying at any other time. But even when I haven't anything to say to my neighbors, I find the work very interesting.

I can imagine a teacher introducing it into a country school, where such things have never before been taught. The parents of the pupils, thinking it all a waste of time, give the teacher to understand that their children can make mud pies enough at home, and are sent to school to learn something, not to "fool away the time."

Although Clay Modeling seems a waste of time, it brings useful results. It gives the pupils skill of hand, increases the power of observation, and aids the memory. A child will be sure to remember what he becomes interested in, and if he remembers one thing, he will be led by curiosity to find out other things.

These small ways of learning things are slow but sure. A house cannot be built of a nail, or a great many nails; yet the nails are the things which hold the house together; so not all knowledge can be gotten from Manual Training, yet

the small things we learn here may help to hold the larger facts together. A JUNIOR.

HARVARD CORRESPONDENCE

[From the Berkeley Graduate.]

Freshmen! Freshmen! Freshmen! four hundred and twenty-five entering Harvard. One might weary of them—as I've no doubt the secretary does—but that they are scarcely distinguishable from Seniors—for Seniors, in fact everybody, looks bashful here. They—everybody—move about lightly, never talking above a *sovere*, scarce daring to laugh for fear of an echo. Old friends don't meet with a hearty greeting, with a "Hello, Frank, old boy!" but with a straight-lined stereotyped "How-do-you-do James; I'm *real* glad to see you back." Reminds one of the way a Berkeley co-ed greets you on your return from summer vacation: you don't know whether it is all sincere or not. No one would dare to accost another, at least a Bostonian, without an introduction. It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette and brings upon you the anathema of impudence. Even if you have sat beside a man at the table day-in-and-day-out, occasionally having nudged him for the butter, or joined him in complaining of the tardiness of your waiter, he will not know you outside. I am at a loss to know what to lay this to, unless to an inbred timidity, or extreme caution and lack of confidence in each other. The Western frankness and openness draws together the Western boys, and gives the only relief to the monotony of New England reserve and formality. There are over forty Californians here, most of them in the Law and Graduate Schools. A California Club is in contemplation. Oh! pardon me; the boys did make a little noise Monday night. They had a rush; at least that's what they called it. It was on "Bloody Monday" night; and the fellows locked arms and bumped into each other, somewhat the fashion of our mortar-board rush, and kept bumping until the fear that the noise of it would get too loud stopped them; and the Freshies went home to wear their caps and carry their plug hats *ad libitum*. They had had their initiation and were become men, indeed. A Freshman a man! Just think of it!

Now, of course, you will see that all I have said is about Harvard's intellectual side. There is a financial side; a side of quite complex organization. The first introduction to it is quite startling; in fact, astounding to one who has been accustomed to California's liberality and munificence.

You are informed when you first reach here that you are expected to furnish your own room, bed-clothes, towels *et cetera* included. Drain on purse No. 1. Next: if you do not wish to place your friends under the burden of being bondsmen to the extent of \$400, you must put up \$50 to secure the University against your own unreliable self, and in addition pay one-third tuition in advance. One hundred and fifty dollars gone already. Drain No. 2. Your clothes will get dirty and you don't want to carry a bundle of sheets and pillow cases and under-clothes and linenware to the laundry station. Present another two hundred dollar bond or fifty dollars deposit, and the laundry wagon will kindly call at your home. Drain No. 3. Dining Hall Association requires five dollars weekly until January, when the surplus is returned to you. Shall I tell you of any more drains? No, I weary you already; but believe me, I do it for your sakes. Some day you may want to come to Harvard, and you ought to be posted and not make the mistake of coming with a small pocket-book. A friend remarked to me that I would find nothing done on a small scale here. You will readily see that he is right—on one score, at least.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Last month the Y. W. C. A. of the Normal School pledged fifteen dollars to aid in the work on the Pacific coast. When the individual pledges were called in, it was found that the various sums subscribed amounted to twenty-five dollars. Besides this, the members of the Association have agreed to give five dollars toward a building for the Y. M. C. A. of San Jose.

The regular Friday afternoon devotional meetings of the Association have always been held in room I until lately. That room is now occupied by pupils after school hours, and hereafter the meetings will be held in room Q.

Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

The Normal has had many literary societies, all of them excellent in the training they afforded their members; but like many kindred organizations, they have broken up and are no more.

An exception will have to be made however, in the case of the Y. M. N. D. S. The failures of the others have but given it renewed life; and although not having so large a roll of members as formerly, owing to the decreased attendance

of young men at the school, there is still that unflagging enthusiasm evinced that characterized the society in its earlier years.

The young ladies out-number us ten to one. Among so many there surely are a few sufficiently skilled in the forensic art to cope with any argument the members of the society could advance.

Accordingly, at the last meeting, a resolution was adopted, and a committee was appointed to confer with the Faculty, and the young ladies as to the advisability of arranging for a literary contest between the young ladies of the Normal, and the members of the Y. M. N. D. Society.

It is hoped that such a meeting may take place, as it possibly might be the cause of the organization of a Y. W. N. D. S. Every one, regardless of sex, preparing for the profession of teaching should have practice in addressing assemblies. In no better way can one gain that perfect self control, so necessary to every teacher.

J. H. C.

ALL SORTS.

Why was Junior B₃ given all the *Laws*?

The Senior boys' long felt want—a white plug hat.

Warranted, bait for mice; furnished upon application to Prof. K.

Teacher—Define *hazardous*. Pupil—A hazardous is a feminine hazard.

Who is the young gentleman that thinks *grav* is all that he needs to be a man?

The pupils of the Junior B classes are growing to feel that having eyes, they see not.

Who is it in the Method Class that thinks children have "ketchel" a great many flies?

Though the Middlers have no special time for Delarte, yet they decompose in reading methods.

"I saw a cigarette going down the street, with a little fire on one end, and a little fool on the other."

Six-year-old looking over death column, "O well, no body but old folks dead, so I don't care."

Some of the oratorical young ladies do not see why they can not organize a Y. M. N. D. S.

How did the Y. M. N. D. S. enjoy the serenades with which they were favored two Friday nights?

The Junior B₃'s are planning a fishing excursion; why not, since they have such excellent bait.

"We call you green Juniors," was the patronizing remark which caused a Junior B girl to gasp for breath.

Proud father (showing off his boy before company): "My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little son (after meditation): "I'd rather be Edison." "Yes, why?" "Cause he ain't dead."

What would the "Father of our country" have said, if he had seen his namesake fishing for "wigglers"?

"John," said his landlady, "are you into them sweetmeats again?" "No mum. Them sweetmeats is into me."

Middler to Senior while at the telescope party—"Can you see anything green?" Senior—"No; you are behind me."

Who is the solemn looking black-robed figure that trends the stone walks of the laboratory? Echo answers "who?"

According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

Teacher (to Training School pupil) Do you know what this is? (pointing to a specimen of the genus homo.) Pupil—No, sir.

A Senior B thinks he has found the origin of Manual Training in Dicken's description of the Methods employed in Squeer's school.

Conundrum announced by a Junior B₃ girl in the Arithmetic class:—How far apart are two boys when they meet? Report answer when solved.

We have often heard of young gentlemen losing their appetites over some young lady; but there is in Ogden one, who has lost his over a Man (son).

First Normal student to classmate in the basement—"Jennie, is Ada there?" Second Normal Student—"Yes, I guess she must be there, for she is not here."

The physiologies tell us that people obtain the component parts of their sustenance, C. O. H. N., in small particles, but the Middle B classes take theirs in bulk.

"A man having a cock that was much given to crowing by night as well as by day, gave him the name of Robinson. The reason why? Because Robinson Crusoe."

Into the vast, and (to him) vacant Normal

With his music stride he forward,

"Farewell!" said he, "Menehaha!

Farewell, O my Laughing Water!"

Within the last month we have been honored by several distinguished visitors; among the number may be mentioned a certain "Miss Talby," who assisted at the Senior singing class one Thursday morning having been graciously received by Prof. K.

Miss K—thinks that she has at last discovered the secret of rather remarkable brain work on the part of her small Physiology pupils. A few days ago he suddenly announced that since learning that the same blood went to both the brain and stomach, he had been doing his thinking with his stomach.

And still they came:—The Senior B₂ class was interrupted one afternoon during Reviews, by a persistent scratching at the class-room door.

"Tis an intruder," some one muttered, "scratching at our class-room door!"

We let him scratch—'twas nothing more.

"Never mind, he soon will leave us, as other dogs have left before."

'Twas but a dog, and nothing more.

A scholar in a country school was asked: "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person and stands for Mary!" "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

THE NORMAL DUDES.

They have dudes at the Normal they say,
Who compare well with those of the day,
Oh, don't they look sweet,
As they walk down the street,
All dressed in bright colors so gay.
There's Roberts and Cagney and Jones,
The darlings and pets of their homes.
They are ever on hand,
On sea or on land,
They are yours at command.
There's Brooks with his numerous looks,
Wise remarks, and his armful of books.
There's Tommy, the dude Senior A,
Who teaches the babies their letters to say.
And Macbeth and Langdon and Crain,
Whose idea of red seems just the same.
There's Walsh with his numerous blushes and curls,
The well-known favorite of all pretty girls.
And Hughes, the blonde Junior B,
Who is just as sweet as sweet can be.
The prides of Junior B; are gullants Lewis and Carson.
And there's Smith and Stonyier and Drake,
Who with the ladies always take.
There's our Preston of Middle B,
Who solves the problems in geometry.
And Berryessa and Holland and Cave,
The latter always so silent and grave.
And Trabon and Edgar and Cohn,
The three as is very well known,
Who are singers of high repute,
And wonderful performers on the flute.
Ah, there's the captain of Company B,
And his brother as well-known as he.
All of these with others
Are worthy of mention,
As they always attract their share of attention.
Yes, indeed, the dudes at the Normal are sweet,
As with their plug hats, they travel our streets.
But pedagogues, indeed, are they?
And that is enough for me to say.

"AN OBERKVER."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Jessie Sharon, June '89, was seen in our halls last week.

Miss Lillian M. Julian, Dec., '88, is teaching at Ager, California.

Miss Nettie J. Leonard, May, '88, is teaching near Parkfield, Monterey county.

Miss Helen M. Sprague, June, '90, is teaching in the Union School near Hollister.

Miss Kate Black, June '90, is teaching in Buena Vista. She is charmed with her school work.

Mr. Thomas Leland, June '90, is teaching at Merced.

Miss Ella Kennedy, June, '90, has a school at Dougherty's Mill, Boulder Creek.

Miss Rebecca Fox, June '90, is teaching in Firebaugh's District, Fresno county.

Mrs K. M. Stark, (now Kittie Sims,) Dec., '87, has been teaching since graduation, at Portland, Oregon.

Miss Carrie Gilmore, June '90, has charge of a primary grade of ninety little ones, in Arcata, Humboldt county.

Miss Annie M. Ward, January, '90, has completed her fifth month of teaching at Blue Canyon, Placer county.

Miss Maude Henley, June '90, is teaching in Lassen county. She is enjoying teaching and country life most heartily.

Miss Fannie Hines, June, '90, is teaching a primary class in the Academy of Eureka. She also has a class in elocution.

Miss Nellie Breyfogel, Dec., '86, is still at Madera, Fresno county, where she has been teaching in the primary department, for the last three years.

Miss Alice Dougherty, June, '89, is teaching in a Grammar Grade school, Merced county. She has a class of over twenty pupils.

Miss Edith E. Woods, Jan., '90, writes that she has a very pleasant school, in the valley of the Carmel River, about eight miles from Monterey.

Miss Mary A. Gafney, June, '89, writes, "I have introduced card board sewing, stick laying, and paper cutting, and the children are delighted with it."

Miss Carrie E. Lee, June, '89, is now teaching in Prairie District, Sutter county. She has taught for the past five months in San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Jennie Madden, Jan., '90, is at present teaching her first school, in Cambrian District, Santa Clara county, the term having commenced in August.

Miss Mary J. Grey, Jan., '90, is teaching near New Jerusalem, Ventura county. She has commenced her second term's work, with an enrollment of twenty nine pupils.

Mr. Geo. Boke, Dec., '87, has withdrawn from the profession of teaching for a time, and entered the University of California to pursue a course in Letters and Political Science.

Since graduation, Miss Ella C. Heintz has been teaching near Nicolaus, Sutter County. She says that the longer she teaches, the more fully she realizes the value of Normal training.

We learn through a letter, of the marriage of Mr. Alva Hill, formerly of the Normal, and Miss Sana Anker, of the class of Dec., '88.

They are both teaching in San Luis Obispo county.

Miss May Gregory, June '90, has charge of a school at Devils' Gate District, Eureka, Nevada. She has twelve pupils, nearly all foreigners. She writes, "I intend to do my best for them, even if there are porcupines, badgers, wild-cats, and rattlesnakes, besides other animals, here."

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