

The Normal Index.

Vol. 1.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MAY, 1886.

No. 8.

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The Normal Index.

VOL. 1.

MAY, 1886.

No. 8

The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, . . . CALIFORNIA.

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

TERMS: Seventy-five cents per year; 10 cents per copy.
Advertising Rates furnished on application.
Subscribers not receiving The Index regularly will please notify the
Business Manager.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

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Entered at the San Jose Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

McKEN BROS., Printers and Bookbinders, 82 to 84 South First Street.

WITH this issue of the INDEX, five members of the present Editorial Board bid farewell to the sanctum. No one regrets more than we that the time has come for us to leave the dear old Normal. Pleasant remembrances of loved teachers and class-mates will ever cluster around that name so dear to each of us who have toiled and won within its halls, "labor's crown."

Our connection with the INDEX, during the past term, has been of the most pleasant nature. The many kind and encouraging words spoken to us by teachers, pupils, and members of the Alumni, in praise of our efforts to build up and maintain a meritorious journal at the Normal School, has been fully appreciated. In response to a general demand for more space in our columns, it was found necessary to have the INDEX printed in smaller type than was used in printing the Initiatory numbers, and again the same demand compels us to enlarge our May number.

The recent report of our Business Managers shows that the INDEX is also a financial success. San Jose and Los Angeles business men, judging from the ease

with which "ads" can now be obtained, have found it a source of profit to advertise in the NORMAL INDEX. Thanking the Faculty, students and Alumni for their aid and encouragement, we earnestly bespeak for our worthy successors the same consideration.

THE two Senior classes met in room K, May 9th, for the purpose of electing an Editorial Board, to take charge of the INDEX during the ensuing term. Class President D. Sterling, Senior A, was unanimously elected Editor-in-Chief. Misses Margaret A. Hanson and Ellita Mott, Senior A, and Misses Lora Scudmore and Ella Learned, of Senior B, were elected Assistant Editors. Mr. W. H. Parker, Senior A, was elected Business Manager, and Mr. D. A. Wilson, Senior B, was elected Assistant Business Manager. We congratulate the Senior classes for having re-elected Miss Hanson Assistant Editor. During the past term she has done her work so well that we feel that whatever we may say in recognition of her services, would be but small compensation for the valuable assistance she has rendered the Editorial Department of the INDEX.

ANOTHER term's work is done, and another class lingers with reluctant footsteps on the threshold of the Normal. Their work here is finished, and they pass out to engage in their chosen professions. Other pupils will soon fill their vacant places; yet amid our toil, we shall miss the familiar faces and helpful, friendly words and smiles. As they go forth from us, they are followed by our love and earnest good wishes for their success and happiness. We, who take up the work they have just laid down, say to them, "God speed!" and assure each and every one a hearty welcome when they revisit their Alma Mater.

SUBSCRIBERS and others wishing any information pertaining to the business management of the INDEX, will please address W. H. Parker, Watsonville. Back numbers of the INDEX can also be obtained of Mr. Parker.

In this wild world, the fondest and best are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.—Cobbles.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Graduation of the May Class of 1886.

"VICTORY, LABOR'S CROWN."

As early as 9 o'clock on May 20th, hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, interested in the cause of popular education, were moving toward that common center of attraction, the State Normal School. At 10 o'clock the spacious Assembly Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity by an appreciative audience, composed largely of the parents and friends of the graduating class of '86. The platform upon which sat the youthful heroes and heroines of the occasion was prettily adorned by flowers in bouquet, nosegay and various fanciful designs, and was surmounted by the flag of our country and the class motto, "Victory, Labor's Crown." The young ladies were handsomely and becomingly attired, but in no instance was there a display of that extravagance in costume which has recently, in other localities, engendered so much adverse criticism.

AS AN INTRODUCTORY,

The anthem, "Praise and Magnify the Lord," was rendered by the choir, under the leadership of Prof. Elwood, the musical director. The vocal music was excellent, and with its admirable instrument accompaniment constituted one of the most enjoyable features of the entertainment. Prof. A. H. Randall offered prayer, in which he eloquently returned thanks for the grand results so far achieved, and expressed the hope that the Divine Giver might, in His wisdom, so direct the future as to ensure the growth and usefulness of the Normal in common with all other institutions, alike educational factors in the true sense of the term. A glee, "Soft Glides the Sea," was a charming bit of melody, and the rapturous applause of the audience abundantly testified to its appreciation. Louis J. Lathwesen delivered an oration entitled, "General and Special Education." The subject was intelligently handled, and both in its composition and delivery reflected credit upon the young aspirant for forensic honors. The argument was a plea for the new and progressive ideas connected with practical education. The theory of training the hand as well as the mind was advocated as, to the idea of the speaker, such a course would remove the tendency, now so common among parents, to take the child away from school and prematurely compel its acquirement of a trade at the expense of a finished mental training. Instead of adding to the tasks imposed, the one system would, thought the

speaker, act as a foil to the other, varying the monotony and imparting, through variety, an added zest to the desire for self-improvement. An essay, "The Philosophy of Manners," by Lena C. Jones, abounded in telling points, and bore witness to the careful discrimination and

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT

Of the fair graduate. Miss Jones deprecated the too prevalent idea that etiquette and the constituents of true politeness were monopolized by any set and changeless code, and only to be acquired through a consultation of the, for the time being, recognized forms. Good manners, in the best sense, might be conserved by adhering closely to the precepts of the Golden Rule. In our daily intercourse with one another there was an instinctive prompting by our better nature that, if heeded, would prove eminently satisfactory to all concerned. The quartet and chorus, "Honor the Teacher's Noble Cause," was given in a style befitting the excellent sentiment of the composition. Miss Carrie Brauer read an essay upon

"THE MISSION OF MUSIC,"

Setting forth in pleasing form the many refining and elevating influences of a harmony of sweet sounds upon the mental and moral organization of those who come under its spell. The young lady's enunciation was clear and distinct, and long before she had finished her pleasant task it was apparent that her heart was in the undertaking, and her mental forces marshaled in full array for an effective support of her theories. One of the most powerful presentations of the programme was embodied in an essay entitled, "The Relation of the Public School to Society," offered by Miss Marie Johnston. This effort entailed an elaborate review of the constituent properties of the school and society in their cosmopolitan character and most extended scope. The two were then analytically compared and contrasted, refined society and popular education, and the inevitable conclusion drawn that each was largely dependent upon the other, and in both their harmonious relations conducive to the best interests of humanity. "Hark, the Evening Bells," a responsive chorus, lent agreeable diversification to the intellectual feast provided and elicited, as it richly deserved, the unanimous plaudits of the delighted listeners. Willard D. Woodworth commanded the undivided attention of his auditors by his masterly rendition of an oration for which he had selected the suggestive title of "The Old and the New." The advantages and disadvantages of ancient and modern systems of philosophy were successively

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE,

And the former declared to be wanting in those attributes which are admittedly essential to the formation of an enduring and honorable fame. "Perseverance,"

an essay by Miss L. Maria Ingemannsen, most appropriately concluded the list of exercises by the graduates. The paper was one of unusual merit and conveyed in forcible terms a clear and succinct idea of that prime requisite in all pursuits, perseverance. The thoughts expressed were in perfect unison with that alleged motto of the redoubtable Crockett's, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." A memorable hymn in honor of the lamented friend and teacher, Prof. Norton, was sung by the full chorus, and many a sad and tender memory it revived in the minds of all present who knew the kindly and devoted instructor.

Prof. Allen presented diplomas of graduation to the students who comprised the May Class of '86, as follows: George E. Arnold, Santa Clara county; Osee E. Ashley, Santa Clara county; Hugh L. Backlund, Placer county; Lena Barkley, Butte county; Mamie Bass, Alameda county; Mamie T. Beckman, Nevada county; Carrie Brauer, San Francisco; Annie P. Buckley, Placer county; Grace Campbell, Alameda county; Mrs. Almira L. Carey, Santa Clara county; Della R. Cassin, Santa Cruz county; Fred. L. Caneel, Santa Barbara county; Hattie Cory, Santa Clara county; Julia A. Crowley, Gold Hill, Nev.; Josephine Denton, Nevada county; Rachel S. Gilmore, Humboldt county; Edith A. Granger, Alameda county; Albert M. Gray, Tulare county; Minnie Gray, Tulare county; A. May Griffin, Contra Costa county; Isabel Grummett, Butte county; Fannie Hall, Alameda county; Agnes S. Hamilton, Alameda county; Florence M. Hays, Shasta county; Helen P. Hodges, Santa Cruz county; John M. Holmes, Fresno county; Kate F. Howard, Contra Costa county; Lucy A. Howes, Santa Clara county; Flora Hunziker, Sonoma county; Minnie M. Hyatt, San Francisco; L. Maria Ingemannsen, Napa county; Marie Jahnsten, Humboldt county; Lena C. Jones, Contra Costa county; Lizzie Keenan, Nevada county; Ada V. Kelly, Santa Cruz county; Rebecca F. Kennedy, Amador county; Louis J. Lathwesen, Santa Clara county; Martin H. Lawson, Santa Clara county; M. Lily Love, Santa Clara county; Maggie Lowden, Alameda county; Mary E. Lynch, Yuba county; Julia A. Manchester, Merced county; Mary Mott, Sacramento county; Myra A. Parks, Lassen county; William O. Peck, Sierra county; L. Carrie Peckham, Santa Clara county; Elinor D. Pratt, Humboldt county; Maggie L. Robb, Santa Clara county; Essie W. Rucker, Santa Clara county; Mary A. Simmons, Humboldt county; Mary J. Stewart, Santa Clara county; Della M. Watkins, Amador county; Willard D. Woodworth, Sutter county.

That long familiar, always pleasing scene attending the conferring of diplomas upon the graduates prefaced the address to the class by State Superintendent W.

T. Welcker, who, alternately complimenting and advising the successful students, manifested his earnest devotion to the cause of popular education. Following a class song, the audience was dismissed, when the graduates with their parents and friends and the faculty of the school, repaired to an adjacent room where willing hands, prompted by loving hearts, had arranged

THE BEAUTIFUL TOKENS

Contributed for the honored ones. The scene that greeted the visitors as they entered the room where the gifts were bestowed, was well calculated to astonish and delight. Flowers of the choicest varieties were piled high upon the school desks, on benches and on floor, many of them wrought into brilliant yet tasteful forms demanding skill and patience in their preparation on the part of the donors. Some of the presents comprised valuable books and costly souvenirs of varied description, and none of the members of the class were overlooked in the bestowal. In the library a finely executed and greatly admired portrait in pastel of Prof. Norton by Miss Mamie Mantz attracted universal attention and commendation. To the Faculty the commencement exercises of the thirtieth graduating class must have been satisfactory, and they were creditable to all concerned.

In the evening the graduating class held a farewell social and banquet in the Assembly rooms, when, joyment reigned supreme until a late hour.—*San Jose Daily Mercury*.

The picture of the May Class of '86, taken by Mr. Wright, is very unsatisfactory to the majority of that class. The class was certainly very much disappointed in not getting a better class picture, and the few that purchased the class picture did so very reluctantly.

The May Class of '86 decided to hold its first class reunion at Pacific Grove, Monterey, Cal., during the time the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle holds its eighth annual assembly at that place in July, 1887. Those wishing any information pertaining to the class reunion will please address the class Secretary, Miss Hattie Cory, San Jose, Cal.

The *San Jose Mercury* of May 23d contains a review of the growth of the Normal up to the present time, a brief history of the Normal teachers, and other topics concerning the Normal School which is not only interesting to the general reader, but particularly so to our students and Alumni. Each student should obtain a copy of Sunday's *Mercury*. Also a copy of the "Illustrated Grand Army Edition of the *Mercury*," which will contain an extensive review of the resources, soil, climate, etc., of the Santa Clara valley.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Emma Votaw, May '85, is teaching at Oleta.

Miss Mary E. Sally, May '78, is teaching at San Jacinto, San Diego county.

Miss Laura Duncan, May '83, is teaching near Tres Pinos, San Benito county.

Miss Marina Day, May '82, is teaching a private school at Tototla Chiapas, Mexico.

Wm. O. Blodgett, May '85, has been teaching since graduating, in Shasta county.

Miss Bessie Overpelt, Xmas '83, is teaching in the Palo District not far from San Jose.

Miss Annie Cochrane, Xmas '84, has been teaching the past term at Lundy, Mono county.

Mr. Horace Bacon, Xmas '85, is principal of the public school at Alamo, Contra Costa county.

Miss Mary E. Norton, Xmas '84, began teaching April 5th, in the public schools of San Rafael.

Mr. E. Sullivan, May '79, and Mr. J. W. Sullivan, May '84, are teaching near Nicholas, Sutter county.

Miss Kate Montgomery has a class of seventy-five in the primary department of the Petaluma public school.

Mr. E. E. Brownell, May '84, is teaching in the San Miguel District, Monterey county. His address is Salinas.

Miss Mattie J. Peckham, May '72, holds the position of principal in the schools of Bonville, Mendocino county.

Mrs. T. A. King, (Bessie Woodward,) May '83, has been teaching until recently at New Hope, San Joaquin county.

Mr. C. P. Evans, May '83, has been teaching since August '84, in the village of Guadalupe, Santa Barbara county.

Miss Angus B. Nicholl, Xmas '85, has been teaching the past three months near Brentwood, Contra Costa county.

Miss Alfaretta Wood is not teaching at present, but expects to resume her work in the fall. Her address is Riverside.

Miss Lizzie T. Mahoney, Xmas '85, has been teaching since February in the school at Fresno Plata, Fresno county.

Miss Lera Schilling, May '82, has been teaching in the Fourth Ward School of San Jose for the past three and a half years. She is one of the most successful teachers we have in Santa Clara county.

Miss Susie Cory, May '84, has been teaching during the past school year in the fifth grade of the Reed Street School, San Jose.

Miss Katie Doyle, May '84, is teaching in the public schools of Santa Clara. She has held the position for the past year.

Miss M. E. Browning has been teaching since March 1st in the Palo District, Monterey county. Her address is Monterey.

Miss Annie Gishner, has been teaching until recently in Orland, Colusa county. She is spending her vacation in San Jose.

Miss M. E. Kelsey, May '85, is teaching in Comstock, Douglas county, Oregon, and reports her work successful and satisfactory.

Miss Hattie V. Martin, Xmas '84, is teaching at Clay Station, Sacramento county. She has held the position for the past year.

Miss Ida S. Hall, May '82, has taught in the Morgan District, Contra Costa county, for the past two years. Her address is Alamo.

Miss Ella Coleman, May '85, has been teaching, since February, in the Carreros District, Monterey county. Her address is Watsonville.

Miss Julia Daubenhis, Xmas '84, is engaged in teaching near Aptos, Santa Cruz county. She has taught continuously since graduating.

Miss Callie Neel, Xmas '84, is teaching in the Comstock District, near Gilroy, Santa Clara county. She has held the position for a year and a half.

Miss Flora E. Lacy, May '85, is teaching in Chollas Valley, in the midst of the Orange Grove District, near San Diego. Her school closes on the last of July.

Mr. C. C. Adams, the athlete of the Xmas class of '85, is assisting his father on his farm near Galt. He is also pursuing advanced studies as occasion offers.

Mr. W. W. Locks, May '85, has been teaching during the past year at Lockeford, San Joaquin county. He reports himself well pleased with the school and work.

Miss Nellie Page, May '85, has been teaching in a primary school in Mariposa county for the past eight months. Her address is La Grange, Stanislaus county.

Miss Edith M. Joy is teaching a school about six miles from Hanolzburg. She is a very conscientious and thorough teacher. Her address is Hanolzburg, Sonoma county.

Miss Maggie E. Carr, May '85, is teaching in the primary department of the public school at Bolinasville, Humboldt county. She has taught continuously since graduation.

Class President, Wm. O. Peck, May '86, will, we understand, teach during the coming year, the Loyalton School, in Sierra county. "Will" has evidently avoided "a peck of trouble" by securing a school so early in the season.

Class President E. K. Hitchcock, May '82, is teaching the Warm Spring School, Alameda county. Mr. Hitchcock has had exceptionally good success and has been continuously employed in the school-rooms since graduation.

Miss Winnie Sledge, who had the honor of being the thousandth graduate of the Normal has taught three months since graduating with the Xmas class of '85. Sickness at home has prevented her from teaching more.

Mrs. Mattie A. Wilkinson, May '80, is teaching the primary department in the Hamilton School, Santa Clara county. Mrs. Wilkinson has taught almost constantly since graduation. She is an excellent primary teacher, giving good satisfaction wherever she teaches.

Miss Theodora M. Hawxhurst, May '85, is teaching an ungraded school at San Ramon, Contra Costa county. She says: "The work of my little ones is satisfactory, but my big boys are trials. I have five boys over seventeen years of age, two of them over six feet tall. I much prefer little boys—for teaching."

Mr. H. F. Clark, Xmas '85, recently visited the Normal. He reports being well pleased with his chosen profession; and, judging from the fine recommendation given to him by the Clerk of the Pennington school, Sutter county, we conclude that Mr. Clark has thoroughly convinced the patrons of that school he *can* teach.

Miss Laura E. Bride, May '85, is teaching in the Fairmont School, San Francisco. She writes: "Teaching in the city is not half so dull as one might think. My heart and soul is with my fifty little rag-a-muffins. As they all come from vegetable gardens, I found it expedient to turn a hose on them every morning, but after that they are the cutest, most affectionate, and lovable little tots in town."

Mr. H. G. Squiers, Xmas '85, will begin teaching the school at Johnville, Sierra county, on July 5th. The patrons of that school may well be congratulated upon securing so worthy and energetic a young man to teach their school. Mr. Squiers is remembered at the Normal as being the favorite Captain of the Normal Drill Corps and the energetic and enterprising Business Manager of the INDEX. It was owing to the energy of Mr. Squiers and Editor-in-Chief, H. F. Clark, that the INDEX was started. Mr. Squiers has the best wishes of the present Editorial Board.

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

Of all the great speakers in the English Parliament, it is said that Gladstone alone can be eloquent in figures. We do not refer to figures of speech, the elaptrap of cheap orators, to hide poverty of thought, but rather to those other figures that are said not to lie. "Why" queried our genial Principal, lately, as he came upon a group of students animatedly discussing a problem in algebra, "why is this a pleasing study! Because it abounds in figurative language of course."

There is something attractive to the human mind in round numbers. A man is worth \$10,000 or \$50,000 or a million; but when he begins to count up the digits separately and writes it \$87,253.65, we feel there is something wrong with him; he is to be watched; he is withal a very small man that would "stickle" on thirteen thousand. We even like to have our bank cashiers, when they must deal, deal good round sums. Let us carry this thought a step further. One of the most affecting sights I have lately seen was a tramp, out at knees and elbow, and presenting signs of general dilapidation, reading the sumptuous bill of fare hung up before a restaurant on Thanksgiving Day. There is a like pathos in casting up columns of figures for some one else to own. In the absence of wealth of our own we like to tell how much some other person has.

In dealing with the revenue derived directly from the Normal School and accruing to the benefit of San Jose and the surrounding region, we have been careful in every instance to under rather than over estimate the real sum. Most citizens are aware that the presence of six hundred students effects trade here very materially. Few comprehend its real magnitude.

There were in the school at the close of last term, more than six hundred students; four hundred thirty of these were in the Normal proper, i. e., outside the Training School. At least three hundred of these last do not live in San Jose or its immediate vicinity. reckoning the board of these scholars at \$15 per month—about three dollars below the average—we have \$4,500.00 per month, or \$45,000.00 for the year of ten school months. The expenses for books, ink, and stationery, can not be less than \$20.00 per year. The six hundred Normal students spend more than \$12,000.00 at the four leading book-stores in town.

If any one thinks our estimate high let him take up a catalogue, keeping in mind that note books, both for "rough" work and for the final revised notes, together with scratch blocks, etc., cost more in the aggregate than the text books.

The incidental expenses of each student are not less than five dollars per month. Multiplying this by three hundred, the number of non-residents, we have \$15,000.00. Many of those who live at a distance

from any large city, make their yearly purchases of clothing, hats, boots and shoes, etc., in San Jose.

It should be borne in mind that the presence of the Normal is, in itself, a great inducement for people to settle here. Not less than fifty of the four hundred and thirty families represented, come here for the express purpose of enjoying the benefits of the Normal. Reckoning the average income of these families at \$1,000.00 per year, we have \$50,000.00 from this source spent every year in San Jose or invested in the vicinity.

It would be tiresome to go into further details. To preserve the "roundness" of the figures, the Normal School brings every year to San Jose a direct revenue of \$123,000.00 from the expenses of the students alone. If we add to this the salaries of the eighteen teachers, the gardeners, and others employed around the building, it will be seen why shopkeepers remark of the quiet times when school is not in session.

Things are great or small only by comparison. To measure this annual revenue let us take the wages of the average mechanic as a standard. The average wages of the skilled workman are \$800.00 a year. His family will consist of about five persons. The Normal School is worth as much to San Jose as a railroad shop employing two hundred and ninety skilled workmen, and supports the equivalent of fourteen hundred fifty men, women, and children.

It is unnecessary to pursue the subject further. We give the facts, the reader may embellish them to suit his fancy. A sermon might be preached and much eloquence wasted on the intellectual gain to the community, the increased mental activity and good citizenship that must follow its presence here. We have considered it merely from a practical point of view,—one that will appeal to every business man in the community.

MANY teachers fail to accomplish desired results because they do not draw near enough to their pupils. Children love sympathy and they always know whether their teacher sympathizes with them or not. Let those teachers who have sworn never to smile in the school-room, try for just one day to enjoy the side-long glances of the mischievous boys, and to join heartily in a laugh at some ridiculous blunder, then note the difference in the conduct of the class. The children feel at once the relaxation; the order becomes better and the results of the day's labor is far more satisfactory.

One of the members of the class in Household Science, while experimenting in photography, discovered that the negative she used was that of a Senior A young gentleman. The result was, that at noon the astonished young man was confronted by half a dozen Senior B young ladies, each armed with a proof for his inspection.

ALL SORTS.

The semi-annual examination in music is now a thing of the past.

The Middlers are rejoicing over the completion of their herbariums.

The Junior B's are looking anxiously forward to their first promotion.

Senior B, in the opinion of its class teacher, is the most social class in school.

The Senior B's are groaning over the fact that they are obliged to become spring poets.

"I'm tired to death," is the hyperbole now in universal use among the Normal students.

The graduating class are echoing the refrain, "What can we do without the dear old Normal!"

Query.—Have the members of the Y. M. N. D. S. sworn allegiance to the rules of Grammar?

The students claim that the Faculty have set them a bad example in having the new chairs "painted red."

"Poor, tired Senior A's! they had April 30th for a holiday." Yes, and they stayed at home all day and wrote essays.

"What makes plastering crack?" asked the Professor of Household Science. "Family jars," audibly whispered a pupil.

The Senior B's are ambitious. When the Senior A's had a vacation, the monitor of the B's reported for the Senior Class.

Owing to the absence of Professor Allen, the reception to be tendered Senior A by Senior B was postponed till May 14th.

Judging from their conduct when they are given a vacation, the young men of Senior A are very much attached to the Normal.

The Kazoo Band will make their final appearance at the next open meeting of the Y. M. N. D. S. Don't fail to hear them.

The Middle B society deserves great credit for the work it has accomplished this term. It has proved to be the most successful of our class societies.

Test for a High Senior girl.—Follow the suspected person for one-thousandth of a second. If, during that time, she says nothing about "my graduating dress," she is not a Senior A.

Mr. H—, of the Friday Morning Manners and Morals Class, thinks that "hanging on gates is very improper." We agree with the young man that it is a very bad habit, and advise him to shun it.

THE EXPLANATION.

Professor, can you in the class explain
 Why Will, a "nice young man," is called a dud?
 Oh, yes. Because he is a fop whose brain
 Has fallen into innocuous desuetude.

OUR MONITOR.

She smiles as the monitor enters,
 He is just coming up with the sail;
 She beckons him; he sees the smile,
 And quickly responds to the hail.
 He shuffles over the letters,
 Then looks up much perplexed,
 "Not me!" "Not me!"—He dodges a blow
 And passes on to the next.

DEDICATED (T) TO PROF. E.

If you enter this school, 'tis better by far,
 Your music to study when Juniors you are;
 'Twould be possible then, if talent you show,
 To wiggle you through by a credit or two.

But now you are Seniors and know so much more,
 In fact, are clock-full of all kinds of lore,
 Beware of the voice that whispers to you,
 "He'll wiggle you through on a credit or two."

The following is a specimen of the poetry written
 by the Senior B Rhetoric Class:

The weary, worn-out Normalite
 Toils by day and toils by night,
 Her only prayer is, "Let me through,
 And I will do my best for you."

She prays in a voice that is soft and low,
 But it is not heard by the teachers below;
 They sit and talk their records o'er,
 That girl must take the work once more.

The scholars were greatly surprised one morning to
 see, as they supposed, a new janitor *twisting* at the
 clock hands; but the soon saw their mistake, and the
 boys gave him a hearty cheer as a compensation for
 his lost beard.

"What would we have to do if we wished to have
 a post-office established out where I live?" asked Prof.
 C. in Constitution. "Send a petition to the Faculty,"
 dreamily responded a Senior B, pondering upon the
 coming reception.

The Senior B girls who have been told that their
 pet expressions, "Oh dear," "Goodness," "Dear me,"
 etc., are swear words, have substituted in their stead,
 "Myoderma Aceti," "Tarula Corevisian," and "Sae-
 charomyces Reesii."

Secrets of the confessional: "Is it a sin," asks a
 fashionable of her spiritual director, "for me to feel
 pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?"
 "It is, my daughter," he replied gravely, "we should
 never delight in falsehood!"—*French Fan*.

SHOTT OR NOTT SHOT.

It is amusing oftentimes in a story—and somewhat
 confusing too—to see the proper and common nouns
 wrestling with each other, or the names and verbs
 mixed up, in the effort of the writer to be understood.
 Harper's *Bazar* gives a funny illustration of this con-
 fusion in the following account of a duel, sent to them
 from a Southern correspondent: A duel was lately
 fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S.
 Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this
 case it was better to be Shott than Nott. There
 was a rumor that Nott was not shot and Shott
 avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the
 shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was
 shot not withstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may
 be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot
 shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent,
 it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott
 himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into
 its original elements, and Shott would be shot and
 Nott would be not. We think, however, that the
 shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway,
 it is hard to tell who was shot.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY ADOPTED BY THE
MAY CLASS OF '86.

WHEREAS, Our class-mate, Miss Florence M. Hays,
 has been called to her home by the death of a be-
 loved parent, be it

Resolved, That we, her class-mates of the Senior A
 Class of the S. N. S., extend to her our heart-felt
 sympathy in this hour of her bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent
 Miss Hays, and be published in the NORMAL INDEX.

L. J. LATHWESER,
 W. D. WOODWORTH,
 MARIE JOHNSTON,
 MARY E. LYNCH,
 JULIA CROWLEY,
 Committee.

THE "tests" are over, and the averages made known.
 Vacation has come. Now are the nights of the Nor-
 mal student peaceful once again. No more do visions
 of mighty H's, C's and P's, with their accompanying
 train of +s, and -s, and interrogation points,
 haunt his waking hours, and hold nightly revelry
 upon his pillow. Now may he enjoy himself without
 the consciousness that he'll have to suffer for it after,
 ward. Yet, in spite of all this, when the time comes—
 he will hasten back to the dear old Normal with will-
 ing steps, and clad in bright, new armor, enter the
 lists for another year.

Y. M. N. D. S.

The Y. M. N. D. S. held its second open meeting in the Assembly Hall on the evening of the 18th of May. The society was greatly encouraged by the large audience present, there being many more than at the previous meeting.

At 8 o'clock the society opened by calling the roll. The members responded with quotations from Emerson. These quotations were well chosen, and show us what gems of knowledge may be acquired in a short time by adding week by week to their store.

One of the many excellent quotations was the following, given by Mr. Woodworth: "Fine behavior is the finest of arts."

The programme was as follows:

Sketch of Emerson's Life.....	H. C. CLARK.
Declamation.....	THOMAS HARDY.
Quartet—"Beneath the Palms".....	
Messrs. WOODWORTH, NOTT, ADDICOTT, WILLIAMS.	
Reading—"Roger and I".....	GEO. TERRE.
Comedians.....	JOHN M. HOLMES.
Declamation.....	MILO BAKER.
Harmonica Solo.....	FRED ARBAGAST.
Song.....	SENIOR B CLASS.

Recess.

Debate—"Resolved, that all labor organizations, except the Anti-Chinese League, are detrimental to the working men."

Affirmative—A. M. GRAY, DUNCAN STERLING.

Negative—C. F. BAILEY, J. W. GRAHAM.

Chorus—"Parting Song"..... SENIOR B's.

The sketch of Emerson's life, given by Mr. Clark, was bright and entertaining. The quartet, "Beneath the Palms," was encored, and in response "Simple Simon" was sung. The paper on Comedians was witty and interesting. "Johnny" is always ready to amuse his friends by his droll words and actions. The harmonica solo was heartily encored, and the young gentleman favored the listeners with a second one, no less pleasing than the first. Fred bids fair to become a noted musician. The Senior B's sang the song prepared for the Senior A's reception, which was omitted for want of time. The lively debate aroused the interest of all those concerned in the labor question, and showed that the young men are gaining strength in expressing their thoughts. The parting song, by the young men of the society, was beautiful, and the singing was highly creditable. Before the close of the meeting Prof. Kloeberger, Mr. John Sullivan and Mr. Van Eaton made some appropriate remarks. We wish them success and hope they will continue to hold open meetings.

There were nine gentlemen and fifty-four ladies in the May Class of '86.

KIND WORDS.

How pleasant are those words which greet the ear,
Laden with love, the beavers of good will.
Their music wakes the longing sense to share
Their harmony with joy the heart to fill.

It costs but little, sister, brother, dear,
To speak in words of graciousness and love.
They heal bruised hearts, the grieved spirits cheer,
Oh follow pilgrims to the home above.

On kindly words the Master put his seal.
Though oft reviled, in kindness ever spake;
To follow where he leads is but to feel
A firm repose earth's troubles cannot shake.

Then let us strive each day due guard to raise
Against all words that lacerate and blight,
Choose words of good report to blame or praise,
For this is pleasant in the Master's sight.

Not long, dear friends have we on earth to stay;
So let us leave sweet memories behind,
Or, when upon the dead, we look, may say,
"Neighbor to thee, I never was unkind."

SENIOR A RECEPTION.

The following is the programme prepared by the Senior B's for the Senior A Reception:

1. Duet—Violin and Piano.....
MISS AVERY and MR. BONDHILL.
2. 1st Tomb Scene from Romeo and Juliet.
3. Wand Drill, by the following young ladies:
Misses TUTTLE, RICHARDSON, MOTT, GALLIMORE,
OLIVER, COX, GILLESPIE, HANSON.
4. Tableau—Queen Esther.
5. Trios—"O Balm of Sleep," "Summer Fancies,"
Misses RICHARDSON, STRUVE, AVERY, MCKAY,
HARRIS, HATCH.
6. Duet—Violin and Piano.
7. Tableau—St. Cecilia.
8. Charade—"Boycott," tableau.
9. Tableau—Pygmalion and Galatea.
10. Class Song.

Unfortunately, we are so crowded for space that it is impossible to publish a full account of the Senior A Reception.

On Friday, April 30th, the members of the Senior A classes spent a most delightful evening at the home of Mrs. Hirsch, No. 104 South First Street. Social games, music and dancing, pleasantly relieved by a toothsome little repast of ice cream and cake, caused the time to fly swiftly, until eleven o'clock warned that all Normalites should be at home, when, in couples, trios, and quartettes, the merry company regretfully departed.

Several of the students indulged in pleasure trips on the first of May.

THAT BUGBEAR—MY COMPOSITION.

Once, upon a Monday morning, without sign or word of warning

To betray the coming conflict, conflict worse than e'er before,
—Senior B's were sadly sighing, post souls seemed slowly dying.

Sad relapse from lofty flying into realism of mystic lore,—
Solemn voices said, "Your next essays must be wrote from your own store."

Only this, and nothing more.

Judging by the blank looks of the class, one would imagine there are no such things as ideas, but we soon rally. As my modest desire is to excel everybody else, I begin at once to make a mental note of desirable subjects. I feel that I can write remarkably well on any subject, but for the sake of the many less-gifted ones, I determine not to do my best.

I proceed to jot my gleaming thoughts upon imperishable paper, and find—O, ye shades of Milton! they fill one half a page. Think not I am discouraged! No, I merely consult books to find a theme which has inspired philosophers, poets, orators, and newspaper men. High and low, far and near, through books and papers, I search, but all that I should like to say, I find somebody else has said in exactly my way. When, at last, I seek my peaceful couch, my imagination wars aloft on the wings of darkness, until the god of slumber proves more than a match for me. In my sleep, a motley array of strange half-human shapes passes before me, each bearing on its forehead a name. Amongst these, I read, "Friendship," "Power-of-Hab-it," "Evil Associations," "Nature," "Intemperance," "Youth," "Happiness," "Spring," and kindred titles. Each of these grotesque apparitions begs to become the conspicuous character in the celebrated essay, that is to be. But I refuse.

Next morning, the Herculean task of finding a subject worthy of my genius is resumed. I finally decide to interest and instruct the world by presenting to it an essay entitled "A Walk on Main Street—What I Heard and Saw."

Note-book and pencil in hand, I now copy three or four pages of quotations, look through many poetical works making selections, glean considerable from prose writings, pump Miss Bennett, haunt Miss Royce, way-lay Miss Thompson in the stairs, visit Miss Wright and Miss Walker, talk science with Professor Klembe-ger, history with Professor Childs, and, at last, have what I consider a very creditable stock of original ideas.

I now forsake the world, and in a lonely nook far from the haunts of man (no other spot than my own spare bedroom), where, surrounded by piles of brown and legal-cup paper, Shakespeares, Byron, the Dictionary, Tompion, Macaulay, the Thesaurus, Scott, the Bible, Crabb's Synonyms, Holmes, Bryant, Long-

fellow, an almanac, and the INDEX, I begin the work which is to immortalize my name. My abstract, where is it! I have entirely forgotten to make one,—but never mind.

Ever and anon, as I proceed, I read with a thrill of ecstasy what I have written. Any of the illustrious books near me would gladly welcome it inside their covers. I can not help feeling sorry for the poor girls who can not write without assistance.

I come to a place where the thought doesn't fit the word. I endeavor to regulate matters by industriously listing the end of my penholder, but fail to make an amiable adjustment. Finally, I throw out both word and idea and go on. My pen begins to need a little pushing. I don't pity others quite so much, as I thoughtfully run my hand through my hair and read my last sentences—"This incident well illustrates the value of kindness. Never should we speak harshly, but all our words should be—" "O, go off. You are the bother of my life. Can't you see I am busy!" The last remark is caused by an interruption in the form of my little brother. I give him a box on the ear for emphasis, and go to my mother with complaints for allowing me to be disturbed. She gently hints that I had better practice what I preach.

I return to my studies, but now my work drags.
What was easy before, now is me, how it lags;
All my bright inspirations, they're surely in vain.
For I fear, sadly fear, they will ne'er come again.

My literary friend seems not at all impressed with the excellence of my production, but talks about far-fetched ideas, trite expressions, crude thoughts and lack of uniformity.

Thoroughly discouraged by this, after much worrying, some crying, and considerable fault-finding, I determine to try another tack. I search for a new subject, but find it no easy matter. The thermometer of conceit falls to zero, and I, at last, am forced to accept the unwelcome thought—I am no genius.

As I can not be a Socrates, I conclude not to be a Xantippe. So I smooths my wrinkled visage and smooke the pipe of peace with my brother.

When my "umble" composition is brought to an "umble" close, my literary friend treats me to a lecture, in which she says that the only way for me, or anybody else to produce a meritorious essay is not to work for the sake of being ahead of other folks, but to have something worth saying, and then to hit the nail on the head every time. She consolingly remarks at the close, "Josh Billings says, 'To be wise, we must be foolish first.'" MYRA A. PARKS.

The Junior B's recently had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting lecture on Yellowstone Park, delivered by Professor Briggs, of Boston, a former instructor of Miss Norton.

DEDICATED TO THE SENIOR A'S OF MAY, '86.

Backward, through three long years, let memory turn,
Till 'gain midst old familiar scenes you stand.
Scenes long endeared and unforgetten still,
Your childhood's home; your own dear native land.
Spring, with its opening buds and cloudless sky,
Had passed, and summer came to reign,
To reign awhile in golden light and beds of flowers,
Its highest, noblest beauty to attain.
But now, e'en summer, too, was passing by.
But one bright month of all remained to bring
Man's sunniest days, man's happiest hours,
And glad delight through all the nation's ring.
Twas August. And e'er land and distant seas
A day of golden splendor dawning on high;
While every flower and living thing on earth
Seemed to have caught the brightness of the sky.
Close to the edge of a sunny, sparkling bay,
A ship has anchored now in state and pride,
While a group of sailors gathered on the deck,
Stand there embarked for lands beyond the tide.
The parting hours are over. Here they pause
To picture in their minds these sights so dear—
Each cherished scene; each sacred childhood spot,
To cheer and comfort them through future years.
There on the left the city "Pleasure" stands,
With grand majestic buildings towering high,
While brilliant scenes, days once bright now passed away,
Flash as a panorama, by.
Here, village "Peace" lies nestling midst the trees,
Its rural path aglow with dewy flowers.
Its modest rivulet now winding on.
Whose vibrant banks had claimed their childhood's hours.
But, hark! A wave of music, gentle, pure and low,
Floats on the air in accents soft, yet clear.
And, hark! These chanted words, so sweet,
Fall on the anxious listener's ear:
"Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone."
The vessel trembles, starts, then moves,
And the friends and watchers are left alone.
Slowly that vessel has made its way
Through varying scenes on that sunny bay,
Through quiet waters, through tossing tides,
Through starry nightfalls, through darkness days,
The waters are smooth as the ship sails on,
And idly, though tedious, the hours wear by.
While a rainbow, the symbol of love and peace,
Brightens the dome of the heavenly sky.
The sunlight plays o'er the waters bright,
Which smiles "neath a blue, unclouded sky;
While the dancing waves break in silver sprays,
And catch the bright tints that through them fly.
Thus swiftly the good ship speeds along,
Their sky unclouded by danger or fear,
Till an emerald isle from the water looms—
Vacation hours, bringing with tidings dear,
A few short hours midst enchanting scenes,
A few hours' rest after toiling days,
And the ship with its precious crew set sail
For the middle course of "Knowledge Bay."
"Ye must work, brave sailors," the captain cried,
"Ye have hidden rocks and breakers here."

But the sailors smiled, for they'd tried their strength,
In the "Junior Channel," the preceding year.
They sailed in triumph through breakers high,
And scorned the rocks as they hidden lay.
They worked till the clouds all smiling broke,
And the morning hours changed to evening play.

And, when again, as the year rolls by,
And another emerald isle appears,
With glad thanksgiving they pause to rest,
But know not that sorrow awaits them here.

But, alas! 'tis so. And the Reaper comes
And gathers the dearest sheaf of all.
For a brave, true captain of "Norma Ship"
Hears and responds to the Reaper's call.
In a quiet spot they lay him to rest,
And return with heavy, tear-dimmed eyes.
But the lost one's deeds are not forgot,
And his bright examples dispel all sighs.

"Courage, comrades," the captain cries,
As the vessel moves, from its ropes released,
Work while for those who are left,
To our brave, good leader, reward and peace.
And thus, through another year of toil,
With resolute hearts the ship they guide,
Steering from rocks that oft appeared,
Passing safe through all storms and tides.

That year is ended; and soon on our sight
A vision fair and bright will appear.
And a song of thanksgiving, be it of joy!
Shall float o'er the waters from far and near.
Tis the ship, brave "Norma," which anchored, now stands
On the verge of the faithless "Ocean of Life."
Whose mystical waters, calm in appearance,
Are mingled with phantoms and sorrow and strife.
We gaze on its beauty in deep adoration,
And notice the life boats attached to its side.
Waiting to bear our brave comrades in triumph
Out from this bay to strange foreign tides.

A calm wave of music floats softly around us,
The sky e'en grows brighter, the waters are still,
As a band of brave sailors assemble together,
Their three years of labor so nobly fulfilled.
The words of farewell have at last been spoken.
The worn leader, now standing, surveys his band,
And knowing them, feels that the life boats awaiting
Will safe glide the waters 'neath such a command.
Proud "Norma!" Well may ye boast of your sailors,
Trained under the light of your bright floating mast.
Ye look to the future, and give to the ocean
Those loyal and firm "neath your care in the past.

Behold, this, the picture which shows the vision!
Fond "Norma," the anchor, stands brightly arrayed,
While stretching it, now on the still, peaceful billows,
Are the boats and our comrades, gliding out from the bay.
'Tis the morning of life; and the soft music arising,
Gleams brightly with colors, lit by the sun's rays,
Not golden, nor crimson, but all unmingled,
And those swiftest over with silvered white sprays.
Suspended from out the blue dome of Heaven,
O'er "Norma's" brave crew smiles the rainbow of Peace,
While the waters throw back each rose-tinted color,
Now sparkling midst waves from gray twilight released.
We watch till the vision grows fainter and fainter,
And when but the outlines are left to our sight,
A shroud of voices burst forth with good wishes,
And wait o'er the life-boats, on the waters so bright.
Good cheer and kind words for "Norma's" brave children,
Who've loyally passed through three years' care and strife.
We, who remain, bid you good speed, dear comrades,
May no life-boat be wrecked in the "Ocean of Life."

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

The intelligence of a country is determined, not by the fact that it has brilliant statesmen, or profound philosophers, but by the *education of the masses*. We, the American people, lack the breadth of view that comes with reflection, the dignity that flows from full and rounded culture.

By culture I do not mean simply the education of the intellect, but that broader and deeper training that embraces within itself the twin forces of education—the intellectual and manual. Flood the land not only with common schools and universities, but with industrial schools, and the question, "What shall we do with our boys and girls?" will no longer be asked. Educate the hand as well as the brain—as the Roman of old wrought out both body and mental culture.

This is no attack upon our system of education, otherwise than as it calls for an addition to it to meet the urgent demands of increasing population.

The supply of unskilled labor is in excess of the demand, resulting in enforced idleness. The step from want to vice is easily taken. Educated idleness is more destructive to morals, more prolific of crime, more ruinous to the State than is trained and unoccupied illiteracy. We want neither. Idleness breeds vice, while illiteracy leaves us in the rut of the past and of the worn out. Train idleness to work, and educate illiteracy through conscientious and intelligent action. Begin early to link hand work with brain work, earnestly, systematically and scientifically, and our youth will receive a practical demonstration of the nobility that will be lasting in its effects, for labor will be guided by education and identified with culture.

History chronicles the fact that in the countries where industrial schools abound the people are elevated and their material prosperity advanced. In 1851, at the Paris Exposition, England bore away the prize in nearly all the grand departments. France, Belgium and Austria at once entered upon a system of technical education, and when the next exposition was held in 1867, England stood first in but ten of the ninety departments.

It was an electric shock to that proud commonwealth, and a parliamentary commission of investigation was at once organized. Professor Tyndall, in his report to the commission, confessed: "I have long entertained the opinion that in virtue of the better education provided by continental nations, England must one day, and that no distant one, find herself outstripped by those countries, both in the art of peace and war."

Mr. Hurch struck the key-note when he said: "The workmen of other countries have a far superior educa-

tion to our own, many of whom have none whatever. Their productions show clearly that it is not there a machine working a machine, but brains sit at the loom, and intelligence stands at the spinning wheel."

Labor of *hand and brain* is the capital of a country. Educate it to the fullest extent. In proportion as you give it widest culture and dignity of social standing, you diminish crime, multiply and diversify the energies and stimulate the progress of a contented and happy people.

Between the so-called theoretical and practical branches of educational development there exists no bar of opposition, but, rather, the tie of absolute kinship. They stand on the plane of culture, though cutting it at different angles. The aim of each is to advance humanity. The one is subjective, looking to the elevation of man as an individual. The other, objective, looking to the performance of his duties as a citizen. Neither is nor can be complete without the other. The upright columns form the sides of an arch through which a people march to conquest.

The key-note that binds the arch is *labor*. As there can be no more formidable foe to society than idleness, so there is no more insidious enemy to education than dilatoriness.

Education acquired with no fixed idea of usefulness, no definite purpose of work, but simply as an adjunct to selfish leisure, creates a product as devoid of honor as abortive of good—the elegant trifler with great responsibilities, the drone in the great hive of human usefulness, a curse to the community and a disgrace to his Alma Mater. No one can over-estimate the value of *labor*—constant and unremitting—as an element of success. Be somebody, do something, and be alive about it. It is wonderful the amount of magnetism possessed by undaunted and insistent energy over what Julian Hawthorne calls "the neutral tinted masses of humanity." You may fail. Others have; but that is no reason why the effort should not be made. While you daily with opportunity the golden moment may pass. However small the effort, strongly made, the general average of humanity will be increased. Even if failure does come, who can say but that the wind of your action has fanned and stimulated the intellectual inquiry of your times.

Lean on no other man's staff. It will become a spear and pierce your side, in time of need. Rely upon your own energy and courage. Carve out for yourself a home in the public domain of *thought and action*, and under no law, human nor divine, can you be disappointed. Human life teaches no truer lesson.

It is between the walls of infinite work that the balances of eternal rest are swung.

The estimated population of China is 405,213,152, or 263 souls per square mile throughout China proper.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT.

BRANCH NORMAL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL'F.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

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MRS. M. E. BLAKE, News Editor.

MISS M. A. CLARK, Solicitor and Alumni Editor.

As this is the last number to be issued during the present school term, we hereby dedicate the INDEX to our successors and wish them unbounded success in all their efforts to make it a model magazine. We are confident in saying that the paper will continue to improve during the coming years. We know it will, for it is the *Index of the Normal*; and, as the Normal is a pronounced success, its INDEX will, as long as it is in good working order, point toward success.

As school draws toward the close, we find the pupils counting over the hours between now and the commencement exercises, which is, of course the grand "wind up" for the term. From that hour the pupils begin to scatter in all directions; some who have been away from home all the term are full of pleasant anticipations of their return and yet seem reluctant to bid farewell to their school mates; also those living near the school, though they heartily welcome a summer of rest and recreation, are indisposed to bid farewell to their special friends. So that, taking all together, we see a mingled expression of joy and sadness. Although the joyous sentiment usually predominates, it is sometimes beclouded by the approaching final examinations. This condition of affairs however, is but ephemeral, and its departure leaves lighter and merrier hearts. But to crown it all, the verdict of "come up higher."

The obtaining of first grade certificates upon Normal diplomas, is a subject which generally interests all the Normal pupils. They, of course, hold that much importance should be attached to the fact that the diplomas are acknowledgments from the State of the pupils' having finished that course of instruction, which is given by the State, to fit them for teaching in the public schools. They have in support of this opinion that of the State Superintendents, a majority of the County Superintendents, and possibly, most of the people.

The encouragement given by many of the County Superintendents certainly speaks well for the Normals, and the fact that almost all the graduates are teaching successfully, inspires a confidence in their behalf. As Tulare County has a private Normal, whose diplomas cannot be recognized by the State, she will not, of

course, give any privilege to the State schools which are not given to her own. San Benito, Kern, and Tehama counties also do not yet grant certificates without examination. From good authority we have the statement that hardly any of the Normal trained teachers but would do well if they were universally required throughout the State; so that it would make little difference with the school whether certificates were granted upon the diplomas or not.

THIS AND THAT.

"How far can the method of natural punishments be carried?" Answer—"About one-third."

Prof. Moss is sending blanks to all the graduates upon which to report to him on the first of June.

The L. O. L. Society will hold an open meeting in honor of the graduating class, on the evening of the 25th inst.

N. B. For sale: a share in the INDEX. This is stock paying a large interest on principal invested. Terms liberal.

"Yes, we girls will all go to the country to teach, where we stand a better show. There are plenty of nice young men there."

The class about to leave school will swell the number of graduates from this school to one hundred, an average of forty per year.

We were glad to see so large a number of the graduates back to the institute. It shows that a large per cent. of them are at work in this county.

As this paper is going to the press, the Senior A's are preparing for a grand "jollification" in the shape of a soap bubble party and so forth. That is one way of keeping the track to make things slip along smoothly.

Prof. Platt met with a serious accident a short time ago. He collided with a team, on one of the crowded city streets, and came out of the skirmish with a bruised arm and broken finger, which he now carries in a sling.

One of our natural philosophy students was heard drowsily soliloquizing as follows: "Not one particle of matter in this whole creation has been destroyed for this long time! How economical the people are getting."

A meeting of the State Board of Education is called for the 19th of this month. Among other things the subject of establishing a Post-graduate Course will probably be brought up, and if passed will be recommended to the next legislature. It is to be introduced into one or both of the Normals, and will consist of one year's course, for the graduates only.

E. R. Kellam goes to Harvard College next winter.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise.

The following ludicrous comparison was given in class the other day, upon some side issue. "A woman walking on high narrow heels reminds me of a hen tip-toeing it across the road in a high wind." We mark that down as one more tally for him, for we would have, not only this fashion, but all such *faux* proceedings, consigned to "innocuous desuetude."

A most plausible explanation of the reason why the Normans did not introduce their language into France, was given the other day in class. "The fact that the Normans did not take their wives along would be sufficient reason for their losing their own language, and it is well known that the French wives, which they took, could out-talk the Normans, and thus the French language is always uppermost."

The following is the most remarkable sentence in any language: *Salvo arripo tenet opera rotas.*

It reads the same from right to left as from left to right. There are many words as there are letters in each word. Taking the first letter of each word successively, the first word of the sentence will be formed; taking the second letter of each, in the same way and the second word will be formed and so on through the sentence. The same is true if you commence at the other end of the sentence. The central word is spelled the same both ways. The sentence freely translated reads: "God pervades or fills the entire universe and has complete control of all its movements."

SCHOOL JOURNALS.

Every organization of man is the outgrowth of some imperious want, whether it be international, national or local and, likewise, every action taken by such organization is supposed to have a salutary effect upon its preservation. Every poem, dissertation, colloquy, oration, or literary work of whatever character that commands the respect of mankind, must be frequent with those principles and ideas which are worthy of his attention.

And so it is in nature; it is the foundation principle of the entire universe, that nothing exists without a preceding *sine qua non*.

The INDEX, however insignificant it may appear when compared with the great journals of the political world, bears the same relations to our school as do those organs to the great national associations.

Each one may contribute to its maintenance in a manner both agreeable and profitable to himself and fellow Normalite, and thereby assist in one of the most valuable features of our school. R. R. H.

THE L. A. SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the N. A. Society, which took place in the Library of the Normal School; April 30th, was unusually well attended, and the programme was very well rendered.

The meeting was opened with a farewell address by President Foster. He thanked the members for their kind attention and valuable assistance, which, he said, had been maintained throughout his administration, and assured the members that they were working very successfully, and had a society of which they might be justly proud.

The new President, W. H. McIlmoil, then took the chair and addressed the members in a few well-chosen words. He thanked the Society for the honor shown him by his election, and hoped that the present administration would be such as would meet with their approval, and be of benefit to all concerned. He spoke of the progress of the extemporaneous speaking, mentioning the beneficial effects which would eventually result therefrom.

After this, followed the prepared debate, which was very interesting and instructive, the question being: "Resolved, That the mental capacities of the sexes are unequal." The question was unanimously decided in favor of the affirmative, as would be expected of a boy's society.

Embodied in the Constitution, by which this Society is governed, is a clause, to the effect that any member failing to fulfill the duty assigned by the programme committee, unless excused by the President, shall be subject to a fine which shall not be more than fifteen nor less than five cents.

It has never been found necessary to apply this rule until the meeting before last, when about twenty of the quotations from Spenser, which were required, were lacking. The treasury was somewhat enriched, as the President imposed a fine of ten cents on each member who failed to perform his duty, although the minds and pockets of the young gentlemen concerned suffered. It is needless to say that all of the quotations at the next meeting were forthcoming.

The programme closed by a quartette by Messrs. Foster, Walker, Niper, and Shirley. It was then decided that the next meeting should be held May 21st, and that invitations be issued. The critic, A. M. Gundinger, then read his report, after which the Society adjourned. W. W. C. Sec'y.

So deeply interested is R. J. in the analysis of flowers, that he has been trying for the last week to analyze the roses on a young lady's cheeks. We understand that he has succeeded in getting the *order* and *genus* and was now trying to get her into his family.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

There is, without doubt, no study which plays such an important part in our lives and the value of which is so little appreciated as the study of history. Those who are most ignorant of its intrinsic value, look upon it as they would upon the study of French or Greek—as an embellishment to an education. Little do they realize that upon this more than any other single study, depends the happiness of the nation, yea, of the civilized world. This assertion may seem a little broad, but history is a most comprehensive study, and it must be borne in mind that many of its fundamental benefits are so insensibly acquired, that we are almost ignorant of their origin. I will attempt to elucidate my ideas on the subject under the following heads.

First. Its effect upon the constitution of the mind, and its aid in all our judgments.

In training the reflective faculties, history has no equal; in the development of a strong, healthy, unbiased mind, one that is worthy of passing judgment upon the affairs of man, it is invaluable.

As we read the transactions of our predecessors, we breathe their breath of freedom, of slavery, or of exile; we enter their faults full of animation, we tremble at the fearful power of some cruel despot, or express with fervent devotion our homage to those whose generosity bequeathed to us a land of prosperity and happiness; in short, we are transported to another age. All this time, we are weighing evidence which decides the welfare of a nation and which exacts the utmost care in rendering a decision.

Every popular and impractical historian usually gives his judgment as to the relative merits and demerits of all sides to a question, and it is quite interesting after drawing your own conclusions, to see how nearly they coincide with the authors.

Second. Removes the influence of prejudice.

There are engrafted in the minds of every individual more or less prejudicial, which can only be removed through education, and then only with great difficulty.

These ideas are not the results of careful reasonings, but are mainly acquired in early childhood and are in nine cases out of ten the results of misjudgments on the parents' part which have found their way to the child. How often, during political campaigns, do we see men shouting themselves hoarse for this or that candidate, and applying invidious epithets to their opponents and extolling the virtues of "their own candidates," when they do not know the first "plank" in the platform of either party. That such ideas should prey upon the mind, blinding it to the truth and rendering it incapable of justice, is to be deprecated. History I believe to be one of the most effectual instruments in rooting out this evil. The

most remarkable instances of its pernicious effects may be found in the ecclesiastical controversies of the middle ages.

Third. Reposes hasty actions.

In all our transactions, a quick conception is desirable, but a hasty judgment should be carefully avoided. Here again history furnishes us with multitudes of examples in which whole nations have suffered from the rashness of an individual, and teaches us to "look before we leap." Take as an instance, the sedition of the city Thessalonica during the reign of the Emperor Theodosius. The populace, having become exasperated at Botheric, commander of the legion of that city, inhumanly murdered him.

When Theodosius heard of the violence, he flew into a violent passion and gave orders for the immediate massacre of its inhabitants. As soon as he was sufficiently calmed, he tried to recall the fatal order, but it was too late; and ere peace was restored, ten thousand persons, many of them innocent, had been sacrificed! victims to an uncontrollable temper.

Fourth. Fortifies us with ready decisions and useful precedents.

To be prepared with some expedient in case of emergency, is one of the surest means of obtaining success. If we are armed with the knowledge of what has been successfully applied to produce a certain effect in the past we will not be at a loss to know what to do in a similar case, should it occur. This readiness with just measures, begets a respect which may be easily converted into a mighty power.

Fifth. Its effect on our political and religious views.

True political or religious opinions are the results of careful decisions rendered by the careful balancing of the different political and religious theories. Hence it will be readily seen that these characteristics are largely the results of historical knowledge. In history we are permitted to view each theory in all its phases, and are thus informed as to what has been and what is likely to be the result of the predominance of either theory.

Sixth. Its value in training the memory.

For the training of the memory history is without an equal. Certainly a subject which is so valuable in the development of the reflective faculties must necessarily train the memory. History is a systematic account of events, and to retain a clear comprehension of these, we must arrange them in the mind in their proper order, so that whenever we wish to use them, they will occur in their natural succession. When once this habit is fully acquired, it will be an invaluable aid in collecting and retaining any kind of knowledge.

Seventh. Its value as an accomplishment.

History furnishes an inexhaustible field for literary

work, and for pleasant and instructive conversation. Many of the cleverest plays, ablest essays, grandest orations, and sublimest poems of our literature, have been drawn from it.

The following will be found an excellent course of historical reading for every student. It pursues a direct line of the utmost interest to us from the foundation of the Roman Empire (753 B. C.) to the present time. Beginning with Mommies, which extends to the Christian era, and from there Gibbons Decline and Fall of Rome, completes the Roman history. Hume has written a complete and impartial account of the English people, which extends to the reign of Charles II, when the annals of our own country claim our attention.

If Mommie, Gibbons and Hume should be found to be too extensive, they may be substituted by "Liddell's Student's Rome," and Green's Shorter History of England."

R. R. HAYDOCK.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADELPHIAN MESSENGER.

"I've run a piece of wood in my finger," said a dude to a lady friend. "Ah!" she sneered, "you must have been scratching your head."

A Tucson Citizen assures its readers that there is no place where a fellow can find warmer friends than in Arizona, especially in summer.

A man on marrying his sixth wife handed the minister a very small fee, with the comfortable reply, "that is what I have been id the habit of paying."

"Always pay as you go," said an old uncle to his nephew. "But uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with." "Then don't go," replied the old man.

A little boy after coming home from the first circus that he ever saw, was asked by his mother what he had seen, "an elephant, mamma," said he, "that gobbles lay with his front tail."

One of our young gentleman friends went to see a young lady the other evening, and he had a white standing collar on, which was something new for him. As she didn't seem to notice his new collar, he remarked, "how do you like my new collar?" "Ah," said she, "it looks like a whitened fence around an insane asylum."

The volume of the Mississippi exceeds that of all the noted rivers of Europe combined. Ninety trillion cubic feet of rain water fall in its valley every year, sufficient to form a lake of 750 miles long, 1,000 miles wide and fifty feet deep. Only one-fourth of this vast volume reaches the Gulf, the balance being taken up by evaporation, absorption, etc.

VARIOUS.

Have no friends you dare not bring home.

A man that hath an virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others.—*Bacon*.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

One of the Senior B's was giving an object lesson on the silk-worm. She asked, "What is silk used for?" A pupil answered, "Ladies, when they get married make awful pretty dresses of it."

The fashionable people are running to buttons. A New York correspondent describes a dress recently finished for a Fifth avenue lady which carries 1,800 buttons, and required the constant labor of a seamstress for ten days to sew them on.

"Observation Week," as it is called in the Normal School, has furnished some amazing incidents. Great stress is laid upon the manner in which the Normal School pupils question the scholars visited. At one school an "observer" was trying to formulate a query rather unsuccessfully, when she was relieved by seeing a hand shoot up. The owner of the hand followed it, saying: "I know what you want to find out, but that question won't fetch it!"—*Boston Record*.

Some street-car nuisances:—

Men who smoke.

The small boy who on muddy days, insists on kneeling on the seat.

The lady who has just been doing a little shopping and bought out the town.

The woman who stops the car and takes five minutes to say good-bye.

Men who chew.

The awful masher.

Men who whistle.

The botany classes have become so engrossed in their study, that they can think of little else. One young lady met a quack corn doctor the other day and the following conversation ensued:

Dr.—"Have you any corns or bunions?"

Pupil (who has flowers in her hand).—"No, but I have Scrophulariaceaeacordy lanthus."

Dr.—"Why-why-what is it like?"

Pupil.—"Like they always are, I guess."

Dr.—"Oh yes, I used to doctor them but I don't any more."

Pupil.—"What is a sirocco? Why a big bird of course." Tableau.

GLADSTONE'S POLITICAL INTEGRITY.

Without doubt, William Edward Gladstone, now for the third time Prime Minister of the British Sovereign, presents the most varied, and, at the same time, the most complete personality of this age. So complete all around is he, that he has made his mark in every department of public and literary effort, and in departments generally considered opposed to each other. Great as orator and debater, as financier and administrator, as classical scholar and English critic, as expositor of industrial art and ecclesiastical dogma, as mauler of men and feller of trees, the Grand Old Man, as he is commonly called, must be denominated the finest personality that this age has produced. Above all this he deserves such eulogy, because he has learned to make conscience his guide, duty his master, and the sacrifice of self for his country, for the people and for the empire, the law of his life.

He has been called hypocrite, because he has never failed to show, unconsciously and as naturally as the tree produces its fruit, the most vital principles of the Christian faith. His integrity has been called in question, because, *forsooth*, his middle and later manhood disagree with his youthful and cruder self.

To get at the spring, the fountain head of Gladstone's life and conduct, requires a close study of the political world of the last five decades or more. Those who speak most venomously and vilify most scurrilously, are those who have not followed the course of events, have not read Gladstone's own writings, and those of his contemporaries, or even any good account of the progress of the British nation during the last fifty years or so. Of course, there are those who are perfectly incapable of understanding such a noble character, who cannot comprehend any one who carries the principles of right and justice into politics.

Gladstone started in his political career as a Tory. George Canning, the great political light and leading Tory of the last generation, had much to do with the formation of Gladstone's early political bias. At an age when the youthful mind is most susceptible to hero-worship, Gladstone enjoyed close intercourse with Canning, and from him imbibed Tory principles. Like Canning, he has offended his sovereign rather than compromise duty, and like him, too, he has given up place rather than sacrifice principle. It is an open secret that Gladstone is no favorite of Queen Victoria, and the reason is not far to seek. No man can be a Sovereign's favorite who dares to lead and educate the people up to their lawful claims of right and justice.

No doubt he imbibed some of the prejudices of that party on whose traditions his boyhood and early manhood were fed. But every year he has been working himself out of those traditional principles in which

his youth was steeped. Seeing that Gladstone was educated in the ranks of the Tory party, which had inherited all the foets and prejudices against democracy which had been engendered by the frightful outbursts of the French Revolution, is it not a marvel that he has been able to free himself from all the trammels and fetters due to education and early associations?

Gladstone, in his writings and speeches, has let the world know something of the workings of his mind, and the effect of his education and early companionships. In a speech to the students of the Glasgow University, he said: "I did not learn when I was at Oxford that which I have learned since—to set a due value on the imperishable and inestimable principles of human liberty," and further on, returning to the same topic, he said: "I have learned to set the true value upon human liberty, and in whatever I have changed, there, and there only, has been the explanation of the change."

Within a few years after entering the arena of politics he had gained name and position as a leader, nay, as the leader of the Tory party, for Macaulay in his criticism of Gladstone's first published work, introduced his subject by speaking of Gladstone as "the rising hope of those unbending Tories, who follow reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor." Thus early we see him in the transition stage—not able to break away from the Tories, but trying to drag them on to his platform. Whatever expectations the Tories had built on "the rising hope" vanished by slow degrees. In the face of the consideration that a renegade has nothing to expect from the party or sect that he leaves, and is nearly always received into an opposing body with suspicion, Gladstone's own words deserve to be carefully weighed: "I was driven from the Tory ranks by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction." Who, then, dare, and on what grounds, call him disloyal? Leaving a great party when he had already gained rank as a leader, he thus sacrificed his prospects of soon gaining the very highest place attainable in the field of politics.

Thenceforward we see him advancing until he stands in the forefront as the leader of the people, and, keeping pace with public opinion, ever ready to execute the mandate of the constituencies. It is the inevitable tendency of all civilized nations to substitute a self-governing nation for a nation to be governed. Gladstone sees in the British a liberty-loving people, and he knows, therefore, that a British minister must, after all, take his policy from the people, and show his genius by the skill with which he embodies the public demands.

The worst fault he has as a statesman, is his impulsiveness; this variable and incalculable element results from the very earnestness of his nature, and the sensitiveness of his conscience. He has been charged by a respected member of his own party with a habit of "turning round and firing his revolver in the face of his followers," because, on occasion, his very love of justice has put him into attitudes which astonished even his allies. In any case, we cannot but admire the purity of his motives, although at times we may disagree with him. Are we unprepared to find so fair and generous a mind disagreeing with his earlier and cruder self? Nay. For, if he has reached the position of the foremost statesman of the age, it is because he has marched, and is marching, with the age which he interprets and guides. C. CAMPBELL.

IN MEMORIAM.

For the first time in the history of the Branch Normal School, death has stricken one of our number, taking from our midst our beloved friend and schoolmate, Miss Hattie M. West.

She entered the school on the 13th of June, 1885, and was a regular attendant and faithful student until her last sickness. Many hearts were won by her unvarying gentleness and kindness. By teachers and scholars she was universally admired. She was the idol of a kind uncle and aunt, who had adopted her when quite young, she being an orphan.

After a very brief illness she died from typhoid fever on the evening of the 21st of April. Her death was the beautiful and soul-inspiring one of a devoted Christian.

About half past twelve, on the morning of the 21st, she came out of her delirium and called for her uncle and aunt. After talking with her adopted parents a few minutes, she said, "Let us pray." In a steady, clear voice she made one of the most beautiful prayers that ever arose from a human heart. She prayed for her relatives, each by name, for her friends, for her classmates (asking God that each might meet her in heaven), and then for herself. She prayed for strength and courage to cross the dark flood on whose brink she was then trembling. After this she chanted the Lord's prayer, just as it is sung at the morning services in the Assembly Hall.

She seemed to be exhausted by these exertions, and lay as if asleep for a short time. A little after three, she started up and seemed to be gazing at something afar off, and sang in a clear, sweet, ringing voice, "Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly." In a few minutes after this she breathed her last. The pure, white soul was with its Maker.

It was a great shock to all at school when the sad news was brought to us. All signs of love and re-

spect were shown the memory of our departed friend. The flag of the school was placed at half-mast to tell its mournful tale. Her sorrowing class (Middle B) decorated her desk in flowers, white crepe and ribbons.

On Friday, the school sessions were suspended to allow the members to attend the funeral. The impressive funeral services were held at the Baptist church, to which the teachers and scholars marched in a body. The music for the occasion was rendered by a choir composed of members of the school. Professor More delivered a brief, but touching, eulogy on the student life of our departed friend. Rev. Mr. Dorsey preached a short sermon, taking for his text: "The dandel is not dead, but sleepeth." Mark 5, 39.

Our friend was laid to rest in Rosedale Cemetery. Flowers were in profusion at the grave, which was completely covered by floral tributes of love. Among these was a pillow of white rosebuds, in the center of which, wrought in blue violets, was the word, "Rest." This was from her class. Another design was a beautiful lyre of white flowers from the L. O. L. Society.

The pall-bearers were Henry Shirley, Matthew Pendleton, Andrew Niper, and Earnest Washburn, of Middle B; Ralph Jepson, of Middle A, and Sherman Roberts, of Junine A. Appropriate resolutions were passed by her class and the L. O. L. Society.

LESLIE B. MORRIS.

SUPERINTENDENT W. T. WELCKER.

The Branch Normal School has just enjoyed the pleasure and the honor of a two days' visit from Supt. Welcker. We regret that his visits have not been more frequent and of longer duration; but we realize that our remoteness from the capital is a sufficient excuse for the contrary. We think that the Supt's last visit was both mutually profitable and productive of mutually good impressions.

The State office will realize more fully the earnestness with which we are at work here, and the growth that marks our history from term to term; and the school is very sensibly and very agreeably impressed with the personal dignity, and intelligence, and the earnest sympathy of the present incumbent.

At the close of his second day's visit, Supt. Welcker made an address to the assembled school, which was not only marked by great vigor of expression, but was replete with serious and practical thought, and full of wholesome advice. The Branch School will not soon forget the manly form nor the sympathetic countenance of Supt. Welcker.

One of the Junior A's when asked to relate the anecdote of Achilles, said that his mother took him by the heel, and dipped him in the river Styx to make him invulnerable.

ALUMNI NOTES

Sophia J. Giechriest is in Santa Barbara.
 W. R. Chandler is teaching in Tustin.
 Elise Reed is trying Arizona climate.
 Laura Barkla is teaching in Ventura county.
 Miss May Plank is teaching in Ventura county.
 Miss Anna Morrison is teaching near Compton.
 Miss Jessie Gill, Xmas '83, is teaching near Riverside.
 Miss Ray Good is teaching at Middletown, Lake county.
 Miss Alice E. Smith, Xmas '83, is at home in Pomona.
 Miss Olivia Day is teaching a select school in Los Angeles.
 Miss Mary Foy is teaching Alameda District, near Downey.
 Misses Bailey and Downing are teaching at Wilmington.
 Miss Lizzie Hitchens, May '83, is teaching in San Francisco.
 Mr. A. T. Salins Voight, of May '84, is in the city at present.
 Miss Nora Diamond, of May '83, is attending school at Santa Clara.
 Mr. J. C. Mahar, of May '85, is teaching in San Diego county.
 Spurgeon Riley has the principalship of the Rosedale school.
 Miss Cora King, Xmas '85, is teaching at Borstow, San Bernardino county.
 Miss Carrie Atkinson is teaching at San Tergonin, San Bernardino county.
 Ellsworth E. Gerry is teaching in Santa Clara District, Ventura county.

W. Fred. Taylor is teaching in Pleasant Valley District, Ventura county.

Misses Jessup and Lazard of May '84, are married and living in Los Angeles.

Mr. Haydock, Xmas '85, pleased the school and Faculty by calling this week.

Mr. Fiak, Xmas '85, called a short time ago. He is studying law in the city.

Miss Leonora Hassler, Xmas '85, is teaching in the Olive district near Orange.

Miss Louisa Williamson is teaching at San Gabriel District, Los Angeles county.

Mrs. Ida Bailey and Marge Downing, Xmas '85, are teaching at Wilmington.

W. H. Wright, of May '85, is teaching in the Willows district, Ventura county.

Miss Jessie Grow, Xmas '85, is teaching the Little Lake School, Los Angeles county.

Elma Ball is having a rest from teaching, while her sister Hannah, has entered the matrimonial state.

Miss Ida E. Clark, May '83, is teaching at Carril-tus, Santa Cruz county. She has held the position since Jan. '84.

SUBJECTS FOR COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME FOR MAY 27, 1886.

ELLA M. BAILEY,	- - - - -	Class Prophecy
PETER C. CAMPBELL,	- - - - -	Political Integrity of Gladstone
CLOVELER GREENSKY,	- - - - -	The Arithmetic of Life
FRANCES V. HARROW,	- - - - -	The Stone and Its Setting
MAY J. HENNING,	- - - - -	Sowing and Reaping
LUCY I. McILBOIL,	- - - - -	Class History
WM. H. McILBOIL,	- - - - -	Popularity and Fame
M. LILLIAN PINKHAM,	- - - - -	Great Cities
VIOLA SHERRILL,	- - - - -	Without Sound of Hammer
GERTRUDE TART,	- - - - -	A Maker of History

The exercises will be enlivened by a large chorus and the Heine Quartette.

SCHUMMEL & DENIKE,

—Keep the Largest—

STOCK OF SHEET MUSIC,

PFISTER BLOCK, 72 E. SANTA CLARA ST., SAN JOSE.

Agents for Steck, Schwechten and Estey Pianos, and Smith American Organs.

Tuning and Repairing of Pianos and Organs our specialty.

THE NORMAL INDEX.



—*— **TRUE** —*—
ALTHOUGH STARTLING!



CANCER and skin diseases are increasing with alarming rapidity, in both this country and Great Britain. In New York City especially, the number of afflicted is large, and it is estimated that fully 15,000 new cases of skin diseases appear there annually. In 1869 there were 304 deaths from cancer in New York, being a little one per hundred deaths from all causes; in 1879 there were 572 deaths, or a little over two per hundred of all deaths—that is, in ten years the proportion of deaths from cancer had nearly doubled, one death out of every fifty being from this dreadful disease. In 1880 there were 659 deaths from cancer, or 2.06 per cent. of all deaths. In this latter year the cancer actually caused more deaths than scarlet fever, this being a very light year, with 618 deaths from the latter disease. In 1882 the city's mortality tables showed 731 deaths from cancer, or more than two daily. During these fourteen years 6,843 persons died of cancer in New York City.

RED CLOVER CURES AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILS.

The following is from a lady in San Jose, who has given the Clover a faithful trial.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, May 17th, 1884.

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