

# The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 3.

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SAN JOSE, CAL.

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THE NORMAL INDEX.

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# The Normal Index.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 8.

## The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA

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

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WE are pleased to note that, since our last slight allusion to the wearers of "chestnut" bells, there has been a noticeable decrease in the number heard rattling in the Normal halls. There are yet, however, a few who still persist in making themselves conspicuous by this means. It has long been the custom among fools, fops and other persons not fully endowed with common sense, to adopt various strange methods of distinguishing themselves from their more fortunate fellow creatures. Under certain circumstances this might be considered a kindness on their part. But in a school like this it is wholly unnecessary, for the pupils are fully capable of exercising their own judgment in such matters. If it is indeed necessary, would not a placard convey the information just as fully, and not be open to the objection of being noisy? It may be claimed that this is not their only use. Bells are used to call people to public worship; but it will be a long time before our enlightened race can be situated up to the point of worshipping these poor

individuals. The use of alarm bells has long been appreciated; but truly the public is not alarmed at seeing one of these demented persons, for they are known to be entirely harmless. Herd bells are known to be very useful, and if these creatures have wandered from their fold, it is high time their keepers were looking after them. If they have not been called for by our next issue, we will consider it our solemn duty to notify the officers at the "Home for the Feeble Minded" that they should attend to these poor things.

SOCIABILITY seems to be the law of nature. In the bright spring days the flowers greet each other with merry smiles, and the green leaves whisper of their gladness. In the cold, dark days of winter the trees, with their naked branches, bend and sigh in sympathy with the dying year. Only man refuses sympathy and chooses to live apart from his fellows. Persecution has taught him distrust, or he has been driven to such a life by the poverty of his social surroundings.

In some of our country places there is just such poverty. Here is work for the teacher out of school, to bring together the young folks and to give them an object of common interest. Help them to fill up the embarrassing pause that usually follows an inquiry about the crops or the weather.

WHEN we entered upon our duties as editors, we imagined a glorious path lay before us. Visions of offerings of gorgeous bouquets, choice fruits, mammoth watermelons and huge slices of wedding cake danced before our eyes. Prospective invitations to societies and parties, free tickets to lectures and concerts loomed up on the horizon. Delightful ideas of unlimited influence abounded. We longed for the time when we should be an oracle in the land. *This* was the *ideal*. Alas! how different the *reality*—no flowers, no fruit, no cake, not even a five-cent watermelon has brightened our dreary path. We have been respectfully bidden to no festivities; lectures and concert managers ignore us. We are trying to frame a resignation.

## MAKING OUR MARKS.

There are few persons in this life who do not try to make their mark. But alas! how many grievous mistakes they make in the attempt.

Instead of climbing the ladder round by round, they try to pass three or four rounds at one step; and how many fall through and strike the hard pavement below!

A great many aspire too high, and if they fail to reach the place they seek, they become discouraged and say, "There is no use trying; I never was lucky." They forget that "Success lies not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

After having climbed two or three peaks, when one is ascending the Alps, he becomes weary, and is inclined to turn back. But when he reaches the top, he wonders how he could have been so foolish as to succumb to gloomy forebodings because he slipped a few times.

The same feeling is experienced by a man climbing the ladder of success. Every time he slips he is disheartened and thinks there is no use trying to reach the upper round. But even while he is slipping he is building up a character, with Patience as his teacher. Though her lessons are hard, when well learned they become our safeguard through life.

When we look back and see how many of our great men had this same ladder to climb, we should take heart and remember, though poor and unknown, we can make our mark as well as those above us in life.

We have our work to perform in this life, whether we are great or small, rich or poor. And if we cheerfully labor, we shall receive as great a reward at last as those who have become famous in their work.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

"How rapidly we are drifting away from the old landmarks! There was a time when the maxim held, 'Lickin' and larnin' go together.' Tasks must be assigned, and tasks must be performed. Memory was the only faculty cultivated, and the boy who refused or failed to 'larn' must take the 'lickin.' We remember the stereotyped question that met the boy as he reached his home in the evening, 'Well, how many lickin's to-day?' It was, indeed, a case of 'no lickin', no larnin'." The belief was general that the boy who wasn't smart enough to earn a thrashing and get it, too, wasn't making very much progress. As to the teacher, the first qualification, and most essential, was the ability to master the school by brute force. And all this, too, within the last forty years. It seems like a dream, and we feel like asking the question, Were people only partially civilized in those days?"

## LAUGHTER.

Friends, Americans, School-fellows, lend me your ears. I come here to talk. Ye know not well enough the importance of a good, hearty laugh.

An old adage says, "Laugh and grow fat," and there is no better way to keep in good health than by allowing yourself to laugh. Laughter aids in digestion and warms up the whole body by sending the blood full of fresh vigor through the whole of it.

And, friends, do you know that a good laugh will make you more beautiful? I do not mean to imitate that any one in the Normal School could become more handsome; for when perfection is reached, it is useless to try to go beyond that point,—my remarks referred to the people of San Jose and vicinity. If some of these good people only knew that laughter would improve their looks, they would laugh so much that they would become regular nuisances. The "lean and hungry Casius!" I can see him, in my mind's eye, with never a smile on his sunken face. Why, he might have been alive to-day—I mean he might have lived to a good old age—if, instead of envying his superiors and cultivating his jealousy, he had been pleasant and full of good, genial laughter, looking on the bright instead of the gloomy side of things.

Laughter leads to happiness. It smooths away many rough wrinkles, and care vanishes before it. "Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, and every grin so merry draws one out," so let us laugh whenever we may.

As teachers it is our duty to encourage laughter. Tell your pupils to laugh, and when they do, don't tell Mary she laughs too loud, nor John that he acts like a wild Indian; but let them enjoy it. A laugh, to be free, hearty and unaffected, must not be checked.

Some doctors advise laughter as a cure for many of the ills of mankind; but they know well enough, that their advice, as a general thing, goes in at one ear, and out at the other. Why, what would become of the poor doctors if every one were to follow their advice.

Laughter is a great help to Christianity. Many people, who think that their faith is measured by the length of their faces, are working great harm to their cause. Young people naturally turn from religion, thinking that they would rather be happy in this world. A merry Christian would do such people more good than would a world of sermons.

Let us see. We have found that laughter makes us healthier, prettier, happier, and better Christians. Considering all these points, will you not say with me, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I shall laugh, laugh, laugh!"

## THE Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

The evening of Oct. 8th is a memorable one in the history of this society. It was election night in the fullest sense of the word. Canvassing for some time previous had been carried on, in and out of school, with the skill and persistency that would have made a politician envious; which goes to show the true spirit felt by the members towards the society.

On the night in question the supporters of each candidate had come with the intention of seeing their man elected, and with this purpose in view bestirred themselves among their neighbors until the tap of the gavel called the society to order. This being a night of special business, the literary part of the programme was necessarily short. Mr. Fox and Mr. Caye each gave a reading, Mr. Albee recited the address of "Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua," and Messrs. Tebbe and Wilson sang several duets.

The election followed. Messrs. W. E. Tebbe, L. Geary, and T. A. Guthrie were nominated as candidates for the office of President. Mr. Tebbe came out with flying colors, and bravely responded to the cries of "Speech." The next in order were nominations for Vice-President. Though an office but second in importance, yet it aroused a wilder enthusiasm than did the first, causing much balloting before a satisfactory result could be obtained. Of the three candidates Adam Alvarez, Thos. Hardy and Milo Baker, the last named carried off the victory. Strange as it may seem, the excitement grew as the offices descended in the scale of importance. The names of Jas. Graham, A. C. Abshire and Thos. Hardy were placed in nomination for Secretary. After the usual delay resulting from stuffing the ballot-box and "no majority," Mr. Graham was declared elected to the delectation of the "shaved-heads." Geo. Taylor was unanimously elected to the position of Treasurer. Enthusiasm reached a white heat in the election of Sergeant-at-Arms. The names of R. D. Williams, Chas. Nett, and Jas. Black were engulfed with a spirit. It was only after a protracted struggle that Mr. Black's friends were able to bear him away in triumph. An election of an assistant Sergeant-at-Arms closed the programme. The names of Archie Griffith, Oliver Webb, and Adam Alvarez were proposed, with the usual laudatory remarks. Ballot after ballot followed, until Mr. Alvarez luckily won a majority, when his election was declared.

The progress of a society largely depends on the character of its officers. It was felt an imperative duty that only responsible and conscientious candidates should be elected to fill the various offices, and it is fully believed that this resolve has been carried out in the recent choice of officers. What a reform in politics there would be if such a law was observed inviolate!

## THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

By M. E. B.

Wind on gracefully,  
Cheerfully along,  
Little blue rivulet,  
Keep time to our song,  
While songs we are trying,  
Others are sighing,  
Some are now dying,  
While our song we prolong.

So sang the Shepherd boy  
By the stream's side,  
Watching the rivulet  
Through the leafy glade.  
As a bird bringing  
Other birds singing,  
As they are flinging  
Sprays o'er the tide.

"Stay," cries the shepherd boy,  
"Gentle stream, stay;  
Linger, sweet rivulet,  
Linger a day."  
But vain was his pleading,  
Past him, unheeding,  
The rivulet, onward speeding,  
Glided away.

So, in our youthful days,  
Joy and hope shone;  
So, while we gazed on them,  
Fast they passed on.  
Like bright flowers declining,  
As still they are twining,  
Now they are shining,  
Now they are gone.

"A desire to teach does not always indicate the ability; and no special training can give the ability which will insure success, unless the heart as well as the intellect responds to and reaches out to embrace all that teaching in its profoundest sense implies. The sympathetic spirit, the willing hand, the patient endurance,—in one word, the ardent love for the profession which will make one jealous for its reputation, sensible of its solemn responsibilities, and ever on the alert to protect it from slander and abuse. A nobler profession does not exist, nor one which enrolls a more earnest, self-sacrificing, devoted membership."

Be not of those who "break the will" of children. The children have not half the willfulness that you think. They have weak willness, which thoughtless people style willfulness, and it needs strengthening, development, not breaking. They lack the skill to exercise the will in the best choices; they lack the will to do what they know they should do. They set their will crookedly because they know not what else to do. It lacks the pliability to do as the intellect dictates. It must be specially trained, not broken.—*American Teacher.*

## FRIDAY NIGHTS AND MONDAY MORNINGS.

There are two important periods in a school week; namely, Friday nights and Monday mornings. How great is the difference between them!

I am sure that we girls greet Friday night with much pleasanter feelings than we do Monday mornings, and I suppose the boys will condescend to agree with us in this particular. What a sense of pleasure comes over us when we put away our books, and reflect that we have two whole days and three nights to spend before returning to listen to lectures on hygiene, chemistry, zoology, rhetoric, pedagogy, and a number of other subjects equally fascinating. This evening of all evenings, is the favored one for parties, theatres, and concerts; or, as if sometimes preferable, quiet evenings in the parlor when two are company and three a crowd.

Some people can find enjoyment in an interesting book, but for my part, I think that books of all descriptions ought to remain closed on this evening and some other form of amusement indulged in.

Five nights in a week are enough to spend with books, (supposing we always go to church on Sunday nights and don't read them, much less study.) I am sure I never saw a girl yet that could not amuse herself in some manner on this evening, but the ways are too numerous to mention, so we will leave the girls and turn our attention to the boys—a most unusual proceeding surely.

I know some boys like Friday nights and I suppose they all do, at least they should, for then they can call on their girls, or if too bashful for a tete a tete, take them out among other young people. Or they may find enjoyment with friends of their own sex, and let the poor girls do the best they can without them—I meant to say give the happy girls a chance to breathe prayers of joy that those "horrid boys" didn't come to-night.

But like all pleasant things, Friday nights must have an end, so we will leave this subject and take a look at Monday mornings. What a change from the bright panorama of Friday night! Now arise visions of poor lessons, cross teachers and noisy scoldings. Until school, however, it is very pleasant, especially among the girls. After the usual embraces, what secrets are poured into the ears of interested friends—stories of what he did Friday night, what Harry said out in the moonlight after the party, and how mad Sally Smith was when she saw you with him—and oh—what secrets I could tell, but I have revealed enough already.

Among the boys much the same style of conversation is carried on. Harry comes to school looking most woe-begone and when pressed by Will to reveal the

cause of his gloominess confides to him the sad story of when he called on his adored Minnie, as the little sister who answered the bell told him Minnie was out in the country, he saw the fair object of his misplaced affections, run hastily across the back yard into a neighbor's. Or, perhaps he was shown into the parlor only to find his rival had preceded him. Will, who has "been there" but lived through it, consoles him by saying there are plenty of other girls in the world. This is not so very consoling, but as Shakespeare says:

"It is not the worst so long as we can say,  
"This is the worst."

At last the bell rings and confidences are at an end. Now what tortures begin! Failures are usually the chief thing on the programme, and woe to the luckless scholar who finds an examination in his path. It is best to draw a veil over his feelings. We have all experienced it; we know too well how he feels.

Oh scholars! sages! men of genius! there is left you still one great problem. Can you solve it, Normalities! I place it in your hands, I hope you may succeed.

It is——How to make a school week all Fridays! Premium offered for best discourse on the subject. Answers acceptable any time before or after graduation.

H. A. M.

Bean bags have become dangerous weapons in the hands of the muscular Senior A's. A few days ago, after the usual recess exercises, a young man was nearly beaten to death by these ferocious beings. As he was quietly ascending the steps, the assault began with terrific suddenness. The bean bags flew thick and fast, and in his dismay the youth fled to one of the vacant rooms. The enemy pursued, and for a few moments the atmosphere was thick with girls and bean-bags. Had it not been for the timely arrival of one of the professors, what sad fate might have been his is only conjecture.

The sensation felt on singing one's first solo is described as follows: Your feeling is just such as you have when you dream that you are falling over a precipice. When the piano starts, your feet begin to slip; and, as the sweet melody of your own voice breaks in upon your ear, you begin that long descent. The flight is smooth till suddenly your knees knock violently together. In your dream you have struck a projecting rock and owing to the violence of the shock, your voice takes a sudden force, which, in your own ear, sounds like the whoop of a wild Indian. This is repeated many times. At last the piano ceases, and you awake from your dream to realize that you have gone through the terrible ordeal of singing a solo.

## ALL SORTS

Ah there, my crystal!

Who said that Dolly might!

The Senior A's have seen Feld spar.

Geometrical conceptions are at a premium.

Senior A now boasts of thirty-two members.

There is a rumor of a coming reception to Senior B.

Honorary students are at a premium in Middle B.

Gold and purple are the colors of the coming motto.

Middle A boasts of the most loving couple in school.

Wanted—on Tuesday afternoons, a machine to sing bass fluently.

The Zoology classes are tireless in their searches for specimens.

Senior B has been formed into a drill corps, under the leadership of Prof. Allen.

There was an interesting calisthenic drill by the Training School pupils last Friday.

Wanted—by Middle A's, "Some one to write speeches with an agreeable voice and a pleasant delivery."

The following discovery has been made: Senior A should be for Senior Angela, Senior B for Senior Babies.

The recent spelling examinations played sad havoc with some of the members of the Middle and Senior classes.

The sound of the "chestnut" bell is still heard in the Normal halls. We suggest that the owners be expelled.

Premium offered—For the most bashful youngman in the Normal, fifty dollars. Each applicant fixed five dollars.

The Senior A's are now scratching rocks for a record. They have found that they can not make their mark on quartz.

The Y. M. N. D. S. will soon have another open meeting. Go and encourage the boys. Their efforts are worthy of praise.

It has been found that our young men, being so scarce, are very conspicuous, and therefore make excellent targets for bean-bags.

Song of the Normal student:

"Hours may come, and hours may go,  
But lessons go on forever."

All are invited to the literary conversations to be held at various times in Room E. These conversations are becoming renowned because of the profound thought and great wit displayed in them.

Wanted—To know why a Normal girl can always be known as such. We suggest one of our debating societies undertake to solve the problem.

A blue ribbon, an abalone shell and a toothpick pinned on to a Normal School pupil. It is not a new craze—they have been to Monterey, that's all.

Some of the Senior A's think that shaking the Training School children is as good exercise as playing bean-bags, and the effects much more apparent.

Junior B's is evidently aspiring to fame. Not contented with being the champion marchers, they excelled in attendance, being perfect for ten weeks.

The Senior singing class are having their usual tussle with the minor scales. Any one less good natured than Prof. E. would be driven crazy by the questions asked.

The new students have learned the significance of the various H's, C's and P's, which, with their various modifications, have from time to time adorned their papers.

Lost—A disabled bean-bag, with a yellow star on the face; marked with a crop and swallow fork on the upper ear, and branded S. N. S. on the north-east hip. Return to Middle Bean-Bag Storehouse.

If a thoughtful looking student be seen busily scrubbing among the gravel which now abounds on our sidewalks, do not imagine him or her to be searching for a lost diamond. It is only a geology student.

A match game of baseball was played on the University grounds last Saturday afternoon between the Normal Baseball Club and the second nine of the University. The following is the score: Universities, 15; Normalites, 16. The victory for the Normalites was partly owing to the admirable playing of the catcher Brown. This is the second victory for the Normalites.

Senior A, being the thirty-first class, desires to graduate with thirty-one members, but is unwilling to lose one of its present number. To settle this difficulty, the young ladies have decided to make two of the members one. It is rumored the victims selected are the president and one of the brightest of the lady members. If they add them, the result will be a Sterling watch.

A young gentleman hands us the following:

"The attempt of any young man of the Normal to monopolize more than one girl at a time will be considered by others of the male sex as an unfriendly act." Considering that there are about six girls to every young man among our students, we would like to know what the five other girls would do if this should be carried out.

## UNGRADED SCHOOLS

The task requiring more tact and more administrative ability than any other task in the teacher's profession, is to teach an ungraded country school. Teacher, if you can do this well, you are master of your profession. You need fear no comparison with the city principal or superintendent, or with the college professor. Although moving in an humbler sphere, and attracting less attention, you are performing a more difficult work.

The city principal or superintendent has appliances of many kinds, which are denied to you. He has a beaten path to travel, with guide posts at every turning point, and lights and resting places all along the road. You must, to a great extent, mark out your own track and rely upon your own judgment. Some help has been given you from the experience of others, but most of those who have recorded their experience have aimed at a more ambitious mark than the country school. You can find information and full guidance for the management and instruction of the graded course, but when modern writers touch the ungraded country school they become vague, general, and unsatisfactory. Let us tell you why. It is not so much the fault of the writers. It is the difficulty of the subject. A system of ungraded schools is not a good system. It is not easy to solve your practical difficulties. They are real difficulties, and theorists do not like to tackle them.

The college professor, the learned theorist, can well afford to dispense with a knowledge of human nature, because he is dealing with matured minds, and needs only to present his subject. The visions of poetic beauty, which float before his imagination, the rich stores of information accumulated in a life of special study, the lucid reasoning, the deep conclusion, are imparted to intellects equal to his own. It is not so with you. You are supporting the tottering footsteps of those just learning to walk. You must train, stimulate, develop, govern. You need a knowledge of human nature, especially of child nature. You can no more substitute brute force for this than you can make a vine grow by pulling it.

You need tact, you need order, system, governing power, miscellaneous information, patience, ingenuity, perseverance, charity, sympathy. You have less to guide you, more to mislead you, more miscellaneous work, less pay, less support, than the teacher in any other sphere. But when you succeed, you have one thing far more abundantly than any other teacher—the undivided love and gratitude of your pupils.—*Selected.*

"There is more profit in a small amount well done than in a great deal skimmed over."

## IN MEMORIAM.

The hand of Death has once more visited our school, and taken from our midst one of our most earnest and faithful students.

A few weeks ago our kind and loving classmate, Katie MacDonald, was silently called to that distant home, from whence no traveler ever returns.

She was a member of the Senior B class, though her labors had long been with the Senior A's. She was quiet and gentle in her manners, and had always been a hard and faithful student. While we miss her, we know that she is not lost to us, but merely gone before.

To her quiet home at Mountain View came the loving angels that took her faithful spirit to the home where all is light and cares are unknown. Her body was brought to Santa Clara, and, after the usual rites, interred in the cemetery near that place. Her form of clay was followed to its last resting place by the members of the Senior classes and several of the Faculty, while the Normal bell tolled the sad intelligence to the people of San Jose. After her dust had been consigned to dust and her grave closed forever, the little mound was covered with floral offerings, and amid their fragrance we left her to the care of Him who gathers the weary in from their toil.

At a meeting held shortly after the sad news of her death reached us, the following was adopted by the Senior classes:

"Again one of our number has been summoned to that high school,

"Where Christ himself doth rule,

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion

By guardian angels led.

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives, whom we call dead."

Wherefore, much as we miss her, and lovely as her life has been among us, we will not mourn her. We offer to all who loved her the most cordial sympathy, and trust that they may be sustained by the same immortal hope."

"Children existed before a theory of teaching was devised, and it would be more sensible to adapt the theory to the wants and capacities of the children than to attempt to conform the children to the theory."

"School discipline may have a great many different meanings. To one it carries the idea of absolute, unquestioning obedience; to another an influence that goes out without authority, and leads the pupils to do right through motives. The fact is, there is no discipline without authority; but it is also true, that there is no good discipline when this authority is used as a principal means to promote obedience. It is there, but it is kept in the back, or rather under ground."

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Delia Watkins, May '86, is Vice-Principal of the school at Sutter Creek.

Miss Frances Murray, Dec., '85, has a position in the Lincoln School, Oakland.

Miss May Griffin, May '86, is teaching at Riverside, San Bernardino county.

Miss Fannie L. McKean, Dec., '85, has a school in Corralitas, Santa Cruz County.

Miss Mary Griffin, May, '86, is teaching at Riverside. School commenced Oct. 4.

Miss Fannie S. Lyons, Dec. '85, is teaching at Rottier's Station, Sacramento county.

Miss Minnie Ward, Dec. '85, has been studying music in San Jose since graduating.

Miss Alice J. Hodge, May '84, has changed her name. She is now Mrs. Fred A. Gray.

Miss Livia M. Cox, Dec. '85, is still teaching the Oak Grove school in Contra Costa county.

Miss Emily M. Pwinton, May '85, is now Mrs. H. H. McCloskey, of Merced, Merced county.

Miss Ella A. Ferry, May '85, is teaching in Oakland. Her address is 1317 Jackson Street.

Miss Annie L. Taylor, May '85, opened school on the 13th of Sept. in Meridian, Sutter county.

Miss Emily L. Wright, May '82, is now Mrs. J. G. Bisinger, of Lompoc, Santa Barbara county.

Miss Ella F. Murphy, —, '81, is now teaching in Los Berros District, San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Mary E. Meek, May '82, is teaching in Oakland. She has taught there forty-six months.

Miss Julia L. Hanek, class of '75, is teaching English in a private seminary, Dresden, Germany.

Miss Maggie Gillespie, of the May class of '83, is teaching in the First Ward school of San Jose.

Miss Hattie Cory, of the May class of '86, is teaching in Eden Plains district, Contra Costa county.

Miss Annie Orr, Dec., '85, is teaching in San Luis Obispo County. Her school is near San Miguel.

Mr. C. P. Evans, May, '83, has taught two years since graduation. He is not teaching at present.

Miss Annie L. Wells, Xmas, '84, has a school of thirty-two pupils at Howland Flat, Sierra County.

Miss Henrietta T. Ellerhoest, Dec. '83, is teaching the Braunau school in that district, Sacramento Co.

Miss Ella Starling, of the May class of '82, is teaching in the public schools of Carson City, Nevada.

W. H. Sumner, '85, is teaching his third term in the Braly district, which is about six miles from San Jose.

Miss Myra Parks, May '86, an ex-assistant editor of the INDEX, is teaching in Lako district of Lassen county.

Miss Mattie M. Patterson, Dec. '83, now Mrs. D. B. Frazer, taught two years and one-half after graduating.

Mr. S. A. Brown, March '77, is now a physician in Portland, Oregon. He taught eighteen months after his graduation.

Miss Hattie M. Keating, of December class of '83, is teaching in the public schools of Stockton, San Joaquin county.

Miss Carrie M. Gardner, Dec. '84, is the Assistant Principal of the first grammar department of the Chico public schools.

Miss Lizze Keaton, Xmas '85, is teaching her second term since graduation, in the Oasis District, near San Antonio, Monterey county.

Miss Fannie Hall, May '86, has taught three months since graduation. Her school is six miles west of Santa Ana, Los Angeles county.

Miss Flora Hanziker, May '86, is the first assistant in the Cloverdale, Sonoma county, public school. She commenced teaching last August.

Miss Ida Locke, June, '81, is now Mrs. W. H. Pascoe, of Redwood City, San Mateo County. She taught about fourteen months after graduating.

Miss Augusta M. Phelps, March '72, is at her home in South Hero, Vermont. She held the office of City Superintendent of Schools of that city for a term.

Frank M. Graham, May class of '85, has re-opened his school at Hopeton, Merced county. He has just finished a term's work at Yankee Hill, Butte county.

Miss Kate Sexton, May class of '83, is teaching at Moss Landing, Monterey county. She has taught the same school for several terms, and is well liked by her patrons.

Miss Mollie McLaren, our former pianist and a member of the Christmas class of '85, is teaching in the Alviso public schools. Her smiling face is often seen in the Normal halls.

Lewis R. Wilson, class of '78, is principal of the Alviso schools. He has held this position for several terms. He has taught almost continually since graduating, and has met with good success.

“The fool is abroad—the yawping, noisy, tedious, feeble and offensive fool—and he wears the ‘‘chestnut’’ bell.”

## MANNER.

Manner is one of the principal external graces of character. It is the ornament of action, and often makes the commonest offices beautiful by the way in which it performs them. It is a happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life, and contributing to render it, as a whole, agreeable and pleasant.

Manner is not so frivolous or unimportant as some may think it to be; for it tends greatly to facilitate the business of life, as well as to sweeten and soften social intercourse. "Virtue itself," says Bishop Middleton, "offends, when coupled with a forbidding manner."

Manner has a good deal to do with the estimation in which men are held by the world; and it has often more influence in the government of others than qualities of much greater depth and substance. A manner at once gracious and cordial, is among the greatest aids to success, and many there are who fail for want of it; for a great deal depends upon first impressions, and these are usually favorable or otherwise, according to a man's courteousness and civility.

While rudeness and gruffness bar doors and shut hearts, kindness and propriety of behavior, in which good manners consist, act as an "open sesame" everywhere. Doors unbar before them, and they are a passport to the hearts of everybody, young and old.

—*Smiles*.

## A FABLE.

M. LUDIA ADAMS.

One Summer's day,  
As I've heard say,  
A fox did meet a crow,  
As he no food had tasted,  
He looked both lean and wasted,  
When he did meet this crow.

Now Mrs. Crow,  
Who, you must know,  
Had very lately dined,  
Held in her bill a sirloin,  
Which she had chanced to purloin  
From an old farmer, kind.

High in a tree,  
Happy and free,  
She now alit to roost.  
The while the fox below her,  
By actions plain did show her  
That he knew what was best.

"Ah now," thought he,  
"Some fun we'll see,  
I'll talk to Mrs. Crow;  
Her confidence I'll capture,  
Then fill her heart with rapture,  
And get that meat, you know.

And Mrs. Crow  
Need never know  
But that I mean it all."  
So Mr. Fox sat down there,  
And without aowl or frown, there  
Prepared his charming call.

"Oh, did I ever,  
Indeed, I never  
Have seen the likes of thee.  
With thy sweet voice and tender,  
Wilt thou not kindly render  
One little song for me?"

Four silly crew,  
She did not know  
How she was being sold.  
Thought she, "I can't refuse him,  
My sweetest song I'll choose him,  
E'en though I have a cold."

With head aside,  
Mouth opened wide,  
To sing she now began.  
The meat down quickly tumbled,  
He seized it while she mumbled,  
And straightway off he ran.

The crow looked round,  
But heard no sound  
Of well-deserved praise.  
The fox was far beyond her,  
And she was left to ponder  
His winning, wicked ways.

Where'er you be,  
It seems to me,  
You'll meet "a fox; you know!"  
Some scheming politician,  
Who wants a good position,  
And takes you for a crow.

And now with me  
You'll all agree,  
Yourselves you must defend  
Against evil minds, no matter  
How they may try to flatter,  
And gain a selfish end.

She (sentimentally): I wish I were a bird and could soar away.

He (struggling with a knotty problem): I wish you were (significantly).

They speak no more.

The young ladies of the Senior B are very careful about the young men of the class. While the gentlemen of the editorial staff were pondering over the duties of their office, they were agreeably surprised by a visit from the ladies. Although the young men were thoroughly unprepared for the call, their visitors received a cordial welcome. During their stay the office was livened up as it never has been before; and when they took their leave, they received a hearty invitation to call again. Our life is not all cloudy.

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Nothing seems to please some students more than to "catch" a teacher. You can always tell when the attempt is to be made. When such a pupil thinks he can win a point, his glow with the fire of unexcelled genius, his countenance glows with an eager, confidential smile, and every muscle is in a state of extreme excitement. A teacher is not supposed to know everything, and it is no more than what might be expected of a student to be able to make a correction once in a while.

The editors are surprised to find that only one of the former editors of the INDEX is now a subscriber of the paper. There is considerable expense attached to the editing of this serial, and no capital to back it. The graduates of the school, especially those who were formerly directly or indirectly connected with the paper, should, at least, subscribe for it. The usefulness of the paper may be increased, but this can be done only through the combined effort of students and Alumni. Most of the Senior A's now take the paper, and we trust that when they graduate the remainder will also subscribe for it.

The students of the school are noted for their courtesy to pupils who are strangers here, as well as to teachers. This is as it should be. It would be superfluous to speak of the attractions of Southern California for invalids all the world over. Many young persons are driven hither by the rigor of foreign climates. Some of them join our classes, with low spirits and weak constitutions. They find themselves in an unfamiliar institution, among strange people, in a distant land. Such stand much in need of the encouragement and cordiality of fellow students. Treating them as friends will have much to do with removing or alleviating their mental and physical afflictions.

Several persons appeared at the Normal, this term, to organize classes in the study of foreign languages. Saying nothing of the well-nigh impossibility for students to devote any time to other studies than those required by the school, it seems that those teachers do not fully comprehend the object of their calling. They expatiate on the merits of being proficient in

the merits of other languages, and talk at random of the amount of information that may be derived from them and not from the English.

The object of all education is to enable us to *think*; the benefit obtained therefrom is two-fold: *knowledge*, and *discipline of the mind*. Of the two, the latter is vastly the more important. The chief value which attaches to the study of foreign or dead languages, lies in the discipline of the mind. When teachers limit themselves to the knowledge that may be gained through them, they seem to overlook the better feature of their accomplishment. There is not a thought in any dead or foreign language that has not been translated again and again, both directly and indirectly, into English. If we would master these thoughts, we had better study them in our own language, for in that we can best understand them.

The elocution teacher, too, gives us an occasional call. The press has long since subordinated the rostrum. People in our day get their ideas from newspapers, journals, and magazines, not from the orator. We are essentially a people of silent readers; we read comparatively little to others.

Despite this, we must not underrate the importance of elocution. It behooves us all to heed the maxim, that knowledge is of but little value to us unless we have organized it into faculty and can wield it like a weapon, and that we know little else than what we can communicate to others. One of the best things we can do in order to develop both these faculties, is to study the science of elocution. It is an end to be strived for by everybody to be a good conversationalist. We can best impress others with our ideas when we can express them properly and intelligently. Teachers are called upon to do considerable reading, and a good many occupy most of their school hours in talking. Elocution has considerable to do with common conversation, and hence the importance attached to it, even in our day.

But, from some cause or other, teachers of elocution have met with little success in organizing classes. Most of the students are taxed sufficiently with their other studies, and it is probably well for them not to pay attention to other things for the present.

The following, clipped from a criticism by the *Evening Express*, may be of interest to students of "flowery language."

The American party, which was launched by Hon. P. D. Wigginton at Moreod, a short time ago, and which was cordially adopted by Frank M. Pixley in his Fourth of July oration, does not seem to shoot up to the empyrean with all the splendor and impulse which its father and sponsor hoped for.

Here the "American party" is called a ship, a child, and a sky-rocket—a happy combination of metaphors seldom excelled in the space of nine lines.

SENIOR A has two or three lady poets, and several of the other classes seem to teem with embryonic bards. The editors are flooded with a current of poems whose chief characteristics consist of a pause at the end of each line, and the expression of unimportant thought through belabored rhyme.

For most people, poetry is a very poor art to cultivate. It seldom pays one per cent. on the investment. Not one tenth of the poetry that has ever been written is worthy of publication.

Poetry and music are "near of kin." Anybody may master the theory of music, but not many persons are gifted with the natural aptitude necessary to become proficient in the science. A large majority of those who spend much time in thumping the piano or cultivating the voice, throw just so much time away. And so it is with poetry. We may all learn its ground-plan, and attain the degree of culture necessary to appreciate it. But in order to write poetry well, one must be born a poet. A good step toward the composition of musical verse is the writing of excellent prose. Good prose can be written only after long experience has worn off the roughness and incorrectness common in youth. Unless one is "a poet born," it is not wise for him to spend much time in the composition of rhyme until he is able to write, with ease and grace, a grammatical, smooth, and well constructed piece of prose. Even then he cannot expect to gain such prominence in a line to which nature has not adapted him. We have not yet fully outgrown the habit of cultivating the "ornamental" before the "useful." Poetry is the ornamental of language, prose the useful. It is generally considered a kindness to a young person to discourage any attempt at courting the muse. So we shall endeavor to be kind, and publish but little home spun poetry. Give us prose, scientific, descriptive, narrative, imaginary, humorous—any kind you please; and allow the editors to pursue their prosaic, sombre course, themselves not forced to the scanning of verse, the Department unadorned with the flowers of poesy.

#### ALUMNI NOTES

W. A. Foster is still surveying.

W. H. McDaniel is in Los Angeles.

Lucy B. Huie has secured a school.

Joe D. Connor is at home.

Spurgeon Riley has been re-engaged in the Rosedale school.

Miss Gower, of the San Jose Normal, is teaching at Cumpston, Los Angeles county.

T. C. Gower is now at home. He does not intend to teach, but will go either north or to Arizona.

#### SCHOOL ITEMS.

A wag has made the following translation: "L. O. L."—Lovers of Ladies.

Miss Desmond has gone east, and Miss Quennell teaches in her place in the training school.

Owing to a mistake, the editors did not send the necessary amount of material for the last issue.

One of the young men has originated a new way of making "mashes." He is going to have it patented.

Miss Ava K. Way, who left the Normal a few terms ago, has been occupied with teaching ever since. She is now engaged at La Puente.

Senior B's have engendered a dislike for their finger nails, and attribute the coloring to the laboratory. Do they always go to the laboratory?

Evidently the Normal teachers are doing their share of institute work. Prof. More was in Ventura several days, and Prof. Platt was a week in Santa Barbara.

Students are requested to look over the Los Angeles advertisements, and patronize the respective parties as much as possible, in preference to other business houses.

"When I entered school, I thought I was pretty smart; but O my! how the starch was taken out of me the first week!" ejaculated a student who has outgrown his pedantic ideas.

One day, while proving a proposition in geometry, one of the pupils was asked how she knew a certain statement to be true. "Why," she said, "I can see it is so." Evidently that lady has a geometrical eye.

Training school did not open till the 11th of October. Senior B's, prepare for the work. You will be given a few days to "observe" at the expense of the Senior A's. Then they may observe awhile at your expense.

One of the students owns a dog that is a member of the L. O. L. He attends the meetings regularly, claims the floor, and argues in a manner that defies opposition. He kept the floor so long at one meeting, that the Marshal had to compel him to take his seat.

For the first time in its history, the L. O. L. has decided to have a lady President, and Miss Iva Williams, of Senior B, is the worthy lady to claim the honor. In their connection with the teaching force of the country, ladies are making themselves felt with continually increasing power; at school they generally make the young men take the back seat, and in literary societies they seem to be gradually overthrowing the reins of supremacy. Boys, are you going to stand by and breathe the air of contentment and inferiority? Awake, and spur your intellects.

While on his way to school one morning, one of the boys found a large doll. Thinking some lady pupil had lost it, he took it to school, hung it to the black-board, and advertised it "Found." It was claimed at once, and judging from their size, several of the girls may yet be young enough to hanker for dolls.

"Miss P." said the Professor, "give us a syllogism."

Miss P., humorously: "No man is handsome; you are a man, therefore you are not handsome."

After a jolly laugh, in which the Professor was by no means behind time, he said that he questioned the truth of her major proposition, and consequently her conclusion might be wrong.

The "Normal Gazette" is the name of a monthly paper read before the L. O. L. As a rule, it is interesting and appreciable. But it is generally too long for the attenuated patience of the audience. Then, too, the readers do not read distinct enough. A loud, firm tone, with distinct articulation, is more essential in reading than in speaking, in order to make one's self heard.

Our Senior A's seem to fare better this time than the San Jose students, in literature. They have a full twenty weeks' course. The lives of several authors have been studied, "King Lear" has been digested, and "Paradise Lost" is undergoing mastication. The latter could not have been more appropriately named. Everybody gets lost in it, and frequently he feels that there is no earthly paradise, at least not in school.

Senior A's lately discussed the prospects of country boarding. Country food is generally as good as can be had in the city. There is very little room for complaint. But a person is liable to find a place in which he has to be contented with heavy bread, ship biscuit, butter where strength exceeds that of Solomon, pork vessels sailing on oceans of fat, and "lag oranges," useful in all kinds of warfare; or "pork and beans for breakfast, beans and pork for dinner, and beans about the pork for supper." Happily, such places, if they exist at all, are "few and far between."

Miss Jennie Whitcomb, of Senior A, has been compelled to leave school on account of ill health. She had been seriously ill for several weeks, when, feeling quite well, she returned to her lessons. But a few days convinced her that she was unable to stand the hard work, whereupon she left school for the term. With the conviction that she will be able to return in January to finish the course of study, her friends and classmates bade her a sad farewell. Miss Whitcomb was a member of the present Senior A class since she entered school, and the thought of having to leave them on the verge of their graduation bore heavily on the unfortunate lady.

It was proposed to change election day for some other day as a holiday, but since a unanimous vote could not be had in favor of it, the change was not made. Several of the ladies voted against it, so we shall expect to find them within a hundred feet of the polls, seated behind a table and expatiating upon the merits of their respective tickets.

J. Lawrence Walker has been elected President of the N. A. This is a somewhat peculiar organization. The boys congregate early in the evening, have a cordial shake, interchange wit and sarcasm, have a short programme, do everything with little or no preparation, and retire to an early bed. The debates occasion many a hearty laugh. One evening, while discussing the question as to whether virtue always insures happiness, a speaker on the negative said, "I can not believe it; look at me, for example." Another argued that virtue was indirectly conducive to a good appetite, but incidentally remarked that his own appetite was not very good. No doubt the Normal boys could not spend the evening in a better way.

#### DOUBLE ENTRY.

Of every transaction recorded in the great Ledger, Life, two entries are made. Some one is debited, another credited.

In our personal accounts it seems that the entries made on the debtor side must outnumber the credits ten to one. Items are daily being entered there. We are indebted to our friends for their many acts of kindness; to great literary men for their words, the source of many of our best acts, and to some one for a kind word spoken at a time when encouragement was necessary to prevent our falling by the way.

We daily find more and more for which we are indebted. What are we doing to balance the account?

Every item, no matter how small, is entered. Every word counts on one side or the other. If we speak a kind word, we receive all the credit due; and a kind word counts, not for the amount of exertion it takes to say it; not for the value the world would place upon it, but for the kindness of heart that prompted its utterance, for the good effect upon the hearer, and the lasting kind feelings caused by it.

To show the value of words, I will quote from a favorite song:

"Words are things of little cost,  
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;  
We forget them, but they stand  
Witnesses at God's right hand,  
And their testimony hear  
For us or against us there."

A cup of cold water given to a tramp, or a look of sorrow, is of more value on the account than a great service rendered a prince: for the first is done because

we are truly sorry for the condition of a fellow being; the second because of the higher position of the one aided.

As we toil on in sorrow, worn by the rough road over which we are compelled to pass, striving to lighten the burdens of others, though our own may be nearly unbearable, it often seems that we receive no compensation for our work—that others step in ahead and are credited for that which we have done.

But let us remember that the one who keeps our books never makes mistakes, that He knows to whom the item should be credited; no matter how difficult it may be to decide the question, it will be decided right.

We may think the entry has been made against us, and so everything may indicate for a time; but let us go on boldly, trusting in a wiser power.

The world may sneer at us for being debtor for that amount. What does that matter? No one should care much for the opinions of the world, for it is certain to commit errors; and when the books are balanced, then we shall know our true standing.

Yes; for every one comes a time for balancing accounts—a time when every one must know his true standing before the Judge of all.

Zero is then the value He places on the opinion of the world. Years and years of his life would he give to erase entries made to gain the applause of the world, and which he knows condemn him.

But no erasure is possible; anything once entered, remains, and all we can hope to do is to make the credit side so large as to overbalance the debtor side; and happy will we be if we succeed in doing this.

#### CULLINGS FROM LITERATURE.

Religion is the mother of the drama.

Henry Howard was the earliest writer of blank verse.

John Dryden died of the effects of gout in one of his toes.

Wycliffe was the first translator of the Bible into English.

The origin of novels is traceable to the writing of love letters.

Pope and Thomson furnish the best examples of *onomatopœia*.

Ben Jonson was buried in Westminster Abbey, in an upright position.

Burke opened the case of the impeachment of Warren Hastings with a four day's speech, and closed his argument with an address that lasted ten consecutive days.

The "History of Troy" was the first English book that came from any press.

Francis Bacon died of the effects of stuffing a fowl with snow, an inductive experiment.

"Pilgrim's Progress," a book second only to the Bible, was written within prison walls.

Sir Isaac Newton was aroused to study by a violent kick in the stomach, from a class-mate.

Macaulay is the only man whom England ever made a lord on account of literary ability.

Thomas Moore died on the scaffold and his head was fixed on the spikes of London Bridge.

Sir John de Maundeville was the first writer of English prose whose work has descended to our day.

More maxims and aphorisms can be culled from the pages of Fuller's books than from the writings of any other author.

Steele wrote some four hundred love letters to the lady whom he afterwards made his second wife—and he died a beggar.

At the age of fifty-five, Sir Walter Scott undertook to write off a debt of about \$500,000, and nearly completed the task.

The court of Charles II was the most corrupt in the history of England. Hence the low tone of the writings of that day.

England has had twenty-four poets laureate, including Tennyson, men who are paid the people's money for doing as they please.

Milton ranks first among epic poets; Shakespeare, among dramatists; Bunyan, among allegorists; and Butler, among writers of burlesque.

William Tyndale, a translator of the New Testament, was strangled at the stake, and his body was burned to ashes. His dying words were, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

Professor: "Do you believe that there is a direct ratio between the strength of the brain, and the size and strength of the body?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

Professor: "Very well. As a rule, men are longer and stronger than women. Accordingly, you argue that they are smarter, also."

"No! no! no!" cried nineteen voices.

While we do not escape hard work ourselves, we sympathize with the teachers for the extra amount of labor that examinations always impose on them. We know from experience that they are often compelled to decipher the contents of papers which have more the appearance of a superannuated pettifogger's will than that of a legible English manuscript.

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