

The Normal Index.

Vol. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 1.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	PAGES.		PAGES.
EDITORIALS.....	1-2	Sonnets.....	9
Sonnets.....	2	V. M. C. A.	9
The Allegory.....	2-4	A Short Address.....	9-10
Shorts.....	4-5	Christmas Class of '86.....	10
A Family.....	5	V. W. C. A.	11
A Character Study.....	5-7	ALL SORTS.....	11-12
The Junior B's.....	7	ALUMNI NOTES.....	12
Hypatia.....	7-9		

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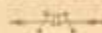
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Terms: Seventy-five cents per year; fifty cents per term.
Single copies, ten cents.
Subscribers not receiving the Index will please notify the Business
Manager.
Contributions from the Alumni are respectfully solicited.

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

PRINTED AT THE HENRIKSON JOB OFFICE, SANTA CLARA STREET, SAN JOSE, CALIF.

IT is with a feeling of deep responsibility that we assume the duty of conducting the Index for the next five months. We fully realize that the work will be arduous and often perplexing, but we also hope to find it both pleasant and profitable. That many mistakes will be made is to be expected, that there will be many things to cause dissatisfaction is more than likely, but we trust that all errors and imperfections will be attributed to inexperience rather than any lack of earnest desire to faithfully discharge the duties devolving upon us. We can only say that whatever patience, perseverance and industry can do, will be done by us to make the Index in the future, as it has been in the past, an honor to the State Normal School.

The Index is published by the Senior classes, but not for their benefit alone, but for the benefit of all those who are, or have been, connected with the Normal. We therefore invite all those who are interested in the work here, to give us their hearty co-operation in our work of making the paper of interest to all.

AS was announced in the May number, we elected the officers of the Index some time before the close of last term, so that they might become somewhat familiar with the work before assuming the entire responsibility. At the beginning of this term we found that Mr. Lane, Editor-in-Chief, was among the missing, and it was more than a week before anything was done about electing some one to fill his place. This, in connection with the extra work in getting out the first number, and the press of work at the printing office, has caused some delay, but we hope in the future to have the paper out on time.

UNDER Sec. 1492 of the laws relating to Normal Schools, the first joint meeting of the three Normal School Boards was held in San Jose, August 5.

The San Jose Board held a meeting during the day to transact business concerning the school especially under its charge. And in the evening the joint Board convened to consider matters relating to the three Normal Schools.

Governor Bartlett was elected by acclamation as President, Mr. Duncan was chosen Vice-President, and Prof. C. H. Allen was unanimously elected Secretary.

The joint Board has power to decide on a uniform course of study, and time and standard of graduation from the Normal Schools. These matters being put into the hands of a committee, the question of having a post-graduate course was discussed. It was decided to grant a diploma to graduates of the schools who complete the post-graduate course, either at one of the Normal Schools or by studying at home and passing a satisfactory examination. By taking this course, teachers will be fitted to take Grammar School course certificates or to enter the scientific department of the State University.

After the consideration of some other matters the Board adjourned to meet in Los Angeles the second Tuesday in April.

WE all remember that story in our old Fourth Reader, which tells us, "If there is one habit which should be avoided more than another it is that of being behind time."

It would be well if more of the Normalites heeded this warning. There is no doubt that the greater number of those who are tardy in the morning are so from personal negligence only. The fact that it generally the same ones that are the offenders vouches for the truth of this statement.

In pursuing this course, they not only do themselves an injustice by not making the most of their time, but they also disregard the rights of others. They annoy their classmates by constantly pulling down the rank of the class, and disappoint the Faculty by detracting from the general appearance of the school.

An individual offense does not seem grave, but multiply the one by five hundred and you have an idea of the disturbance liable to be caused.

We hope the time is close at hand when we may proudly listen to our report: Present, five hundred and thirty-one. Total: Five hundred and thirty-one.

THE sphere of a teacher's usefulness and influence is not bounded by the walls of the school room.

The character of a good teacher affects a whole community, and makes both young and old happier and better for having had their lives brought in contact with hers.

In the work in Church, Sunday-school, or in general society, some accomplishment is needed to make the labor attractive and effective.

Of all arts, music has been found to act most powerfully on the mental and moral faculties and to give the most pleasure to the greatest number. As it is charming and graceful, so is it to a certain extent, easily acquired. Ole Bull, the famous violinist, said that solitude and perseverance are the two things necessary to the mastery of music. When we consider how often it has been that "only a song" has turned the current of a whole life, we may well be impressed with the importance and value of music, especially in our schools.

The public is rapidly appreciating the fact that music is one of a teacher's necessary requirements. We are told by our Principal that applications for teachers are generally followed by a request for those having a knowledge of instrumental music. This one thing may decide the gaining or losing of a fine position for which the teacher may be otherwise well fitted.

The Normal students will find it to their pecuniary advantage, as well as to their personal pleasure, to give this subject their earnest attention, to profit by the music taught in school and, if possible, to devote a portion of their leisure time to the study of instrumental music. It may occasion an added effort, but that which is accomplished under difficulties is the thing most highly prized.

Out of this "harmony divine" will come rest, sympathy, and pleasure for those who give and those who receive.

TO LAURA.

Dear friend, within your dainty fingers lie
What charms to summon memories of the past!
Some spirit subject to thy will thou hast
That ever and anon breathes forth sweet sighs,
And e'en before their lingering sweetness dies
Recalls me from the realm of fancy vast,
And to the earth again my soul binds fast
By strains that dry the unshed tears in eyes
That long had been without so sweet a guest,
Then by sweet songs of hope, and faith, and love,
My life of all vain longings is divest;
And I am led to thoughts of Heaven above
Where life is endless, boundless, perfect love
And praise in God alone, eternal rest.

THE ALLEGORY.

HATTIE E. BRISTOL.

I have chosen to prove to you the consistency of the allegory of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Perhaps, as we have not discussed in the class the nature of the allegory, a little explanation will be useful in the beginning. I find it defined as fiction in which virtues, vices and difficulties are personified; also, as a narrative with a figurative meaning, designed to convey instruction of a moral character. Characters in allegory may have names of abstract qualities or not. Its effectiveness does not depend upon the names of the character, but rather upon the characters themselves. It differs from fable in dealing with qualities, rather than with things, and from parable, in that the parable is short, while the allegory may be sustained for a considerable length of time.

Allegories are seldom written now, which is not surprising, since we have learned that the early writings of a nation are necessarily figurative, and that abstract or literal statement belongs to an advanced stage of civilization.

There are many fine specimens of allegory extant. This form of writing is common in Oriental literature. The Germans have several beautiful allegories, and the English literature has Spenser.

ser's "Ferie Queen," Johnson's "Rasselas," and the greatest of all allegories, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Next to the Bible, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the most widely read of books. Taine gives as a reason for this fact that the basis of Protestantism is the doctrine of salvation by grace, and that no writer has equalled Bunyan in making this doctrine understood. He takes up the different stages of Christian development, and by the use of allegory, shows us the dangers and difficulties that beset the path of him who strives to reach the Holy City and to obtain eternal life.

Bunyan's religious experience was long and varied, and thus was he able to tell what might, in all probability, occur to anyone; he had doubts; he was in despair; he struggled with temptation, but in the end he rejoiced in victory. He passed through a great deal that seems unnecessary, but he lived when Puritanism was at its height, and that stern, cold religion had a peculiar effect on his imagination.

The allegory was written to while away the weary hours of his imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained twelve years on account of his religious views. It was published a little over two hundred years ago.

Now, in order that the allegory may be consistent, the characters must be life-like; the action must be vigorous. The author must give himself up to the narrative and let it convey its own meaning. This is hard to accomplish, because, as you must see, it requires a great deal of imagination.

Bunyan's biographers tell us that even as a lad he possessed a powerful imagination, or rather was possessed by it; he was haunted by religious terrors, and had fits of remorse and despair. For a time he was in the British army, and the pomp and glitter of war made a lasting impression upon him. The reading of such works as Fox's *Book of Martyrs* could not but have their effect on an already morbid imagination. Macaulay says: "The mind of Bunyan was so imaginative, that the personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities in his dream has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays." In Taine's book I find this: "The imaginary objects seem to rise of themselves in him. They are hallucinations as clear, complete and sound as ordinary preceptions. Events and speeches seem to grow and dispose themselves within him independently of his will."

In writing about the Christian's progress, being quick to see resemblances and make comparisons,

he thought of the Christian as a pilgrim, and immediately his mind pictured to him sloughs of despond, doubting castle, steep hills, pleasant valleys, and through it all a straight path leading to the Shining Gate. This was put together in his leisure moments, and lo! he had an allegory.

Bunyan, being uneducated, he could not grasp an argument until it was reduced to mental pictures, and, of course, he could not communicate his arguments, except by the use of figurative language; hence, he chanced almost unconsciously upon the allegory as his instrument.

As it was his necessary mode of expression, does it seem likely that he would wander very far from it? No; it does not, nor have I, by reading, been able to discover any inconsistency.

I do not find any attempt on his part to interpret the meaning of his book for us. That is left for the reader. I could find no authority differing from me upon this point.

Again, according to the definition, the action must be life-like. By that, is meant, the events and scenes must follow each other rapidly, and they must be true to nature. Here, Bunyan's habit of close observation and his wide knowledge of men and their motives did him good service. He carried every scene out into its minutest details. As we read the book we are surprised at the amount of interest excited. How anxiously we read to see if the pilgrims get out of Doubting Castle! We are actually excited while reading of the trial and execution of Faithful. The description of the welcoming of the angels is so vivid, that with Bunyan, we almost look through the open gate into the Beautiful City.

I have chosen a little bit of the allegory to read to you, for if any of you have not read it I am sure you would like to hear it so as to be better able to judge of my statements. Notice the naturalness of the scene:

"Now, at the farther side of that plain was a little hill, called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going to near the brim of the pit, the ground, being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain; some, also, had been maimed there and could not to their dying day be their own men again."

"Then I saw in my dream that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas (gentleman-like) to call passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellow: Ho! turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing.

What thing so deserving as to turn us out of the way to see it?

Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure; if you will come, with a little pains you may nicely provide for yourselves.

Then said Hopeful, let us go and see. Not I, said Christian; I have heard of this place before now, and how many there have been slain; and, besides, the treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage. Then Christian called to Demas, saying: Is not this place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?

Not very dangerous, except to those that are careless; but withal he blushed as he spoke.

Then said Christian to Hopeful: Let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way."

This is not, perhaps, as good an illustration as I might have found, but it will give you a general idea of the manner in which it is written.

Thus we have learned what a few others wrote on this subject; we have exercised our own judgment and have found that Bunyan's imagination was strong enough to bring the scenes in the allegory before him; his experience and habit of close observation enabled him to carry out these scenes in their minutest details and to make the action life-like and vigorous, thus fulfilling the conditions of the definition.

SHOES.

"I am a shoe. Though old and worn, still I have a tongue. This I have used to good advantage many times, and I can use it now when occasion calls for it.

"Tell you the history of my race?" Well, why not? My ancestors were whole-souled men, far different from the half-souled generation of the present day.

Our family name was, at first, not Shoe, but Sandal. I am proud to say that I am a descendant of Alcibiades Sandal, Cretan Sandal and Persian Sandal, all of whom were noted in their day.

In Rome, my ancestors were the Calcei lunati, the Calceamenta and Cothurni. Imagine yourself addressing one of us in these days as Calcei lunati; you would be thought to be a lunatic yourself.

These ancestors of my family associated with the chief men of Rome. But those of their descendants who had migrated to England, spoiled by their high distinctions, took to dressing in an extravagant manner. They wore dyed skins, ornamenting themselves with the paws and heads of animals, with cameos and other precious stones; and disdaining to associate with anything so low, they left all toes exposed to the inclemency of the

weather. It was at this time that the family name was changed to 'Shoe.'

During the ninth and tenth centuries there was dissension in the Shoe family—the masculine and feminine representatives refusing to dress alike. Alas! there were then no true "Shumatos." The dainty feminine, wishing to show her superiority, was always trying to find out something new. But the stern masculine was not to be outdone. Finally they both came to have such prying natures that their noses had to be chained to keep them from other people's affairs. Then Mrs. Shoe turned her attention to painting. Being of a pious turn of mind, on her nose she displayed a church. Mr. Shoe followed her example. Some men of the present have this habit, and their noses are signs for corner groceries and saloons.

In the fifteenth century the law said to the Shoe family: "From henceforth your noses must be no longer than two inches." In their common sorrow, the estranged ones became friends and laid their heads together to see what could be done. If they could not be long, they would be wide. Wider and wider they grew until the law again interposed, saying: "You must be no wider than six inches."

Now poor Mr. Shoe became discouraged, "for," said he, "Who nose more trouble than we?" Mrs. Shoe said calmly: "Let us buckle on our armor and be happy, come what may." Her spirit prevailed. So many buckles were manufactured as to keep hundreds of people in employment. The effort was very happy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

One branch of the family, Ladies' Shoe, during the eighteenth century, expended so much in extravagant dress that the family has had to dress plainly ever since. But Chinese Ladies' Shoe was stingy and starved herself so that she became only four or five inches long. Sorrowing afterwards, or, perhaps envious of her sister's superior charms, she dressed in silk, embroidered with gold and silver. One branch of my family, having learned a lesson from the extravagance of the others, dresses in wood, another in tapestry, another in calfskin, until now each branch of the family is known by its dress.

I would not have you think that I am in any way related to the family of Shoes that furnishes employment for horse-shoers, fly-shoers, chicken-shoers, or even gun chasers. I belong to the Langtry Tips, no doubt called "Tips," not because we are used to tipping waiters, but because we have tipped toes all our life.

Talking tires me; I must rest." So saying, she

closed her eyes, her sole departed from her body,
and her tongue was forever silenced.

ALICE M. LARATIER, May, '87.

A PARODY.

LUNA SHATTUCK.

In far distant years of the Crescent, they'll say,
'Twas a society formed in a logical way,
And lasted a hundred years to a day;
And then of a sudden it—Ah, but stay—
I'll tell you what happened without delay.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one,
Garfield's term had just begun—
Ohio's noblest Republican son,

In forming a society, I tell you what,
There's always *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In prudence, sagacity, truth, or dell,
In knowledge, judgment,—lurking still;
Find it somewhere, you must and will,
And that's a reason, beyond a doubt,
A society breaks down; for its members wear out.

But the Crescent swore, (as Crescents do,
With an "Oh dear me," or an "I tell you,")
That they would form one to beat the schools,
Would found the same on the best of rules,
"Mutual improvement, mutual enjoyment," they said,
Is the motto by which we all shall be led.

So the Crescents pondered, and thought must deep,
Of a constitution which they could keep,
And whose harvest the coming members should reap.
They thought of speakers and motion and drill;
Hoped by clearness of laws disputes to still;
The preamble was wise, from firm intellects;
Simple, it is true, but why complex

To cause confusion and members perplex.
The articles each were drawn with concision,
Clearness, distinctness, simplicity, precision.
President, Vice, and Secretary, too,
Could always know just what to do.
Certain provisions, they also did name,
For Treasurer, Editor, and Chaplain,
That was the way they put it through,
"Now," said each Crescent, "I guess 'twill do."

Dot! I tell you I rather guess
It was a wonder, and nothing less!
Freshmen grew senior, heads turned grey,
Crescent after Crescent passed away,
Professors and students, where were they?
But still that constitution lay,
And the society prospered day by day.

Nineteen hundred, it came and found
The Crescent society strong and sound.
Nineteen hundred increased by ten,
"Normal stand by," they called it then.
Nineteen hundred and forty came,
Working as usual, much the same.
Fifty, sixty and seventy come,
And then, eighty and eighty-one.
Little of all we value here,
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year

Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it! You're welcome! No extra charge!)

First of September, eighty-one,
The evening of re-opening did come.
Now small boys, get out of the hall,
For the mighty Normalites require it all.
Each president suddenly begins to quiver,
For soon it is his a speech to deliver.
First a shiver and then a thrill,
And then a moment, oh, so still,
For just as soon as the bell did sound
There came a message, most profound,
"Not a Crescent is able to be found
Either in Normal or country round."
You see, of course, if you're not a dance,
How it went in pieces all at once—
All at once, and no part first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of parody of "One Horse Shay."
A parody is a parody, that's all I say.

—Selected.

A CHARACTER STUDY—ROBERT FALCONER, AND ITS SOURCE.

The scene of this story, as in all of George McDonald's best works, is laid in Scotland. Amid no other scenes can we feel the real spirit of the writer, and into no other characters, than those in which he may write their highest thoughts in the Scottish dialect, does he so truly breathe into them the breath of life, and make us feel that they are the offsprings not only of his brain, but of his soul.

The frame work of the story is a favorite one with him—the growth of a lad to manhood and to a knowledge of the Creator of All.

Robert Falconer is, when we first meet him, a lad about fourteen years of age, living with his grandmother, a very stern Scotch woman of the old school, and her ancient serving-maiden, whom he rules as occasion requires, by threatening to divulge her age. Of his mother he remembered nothing, for she had died when he was an infant; and of his father, he could call to mind a stranger that had stayed over night at the house, and that was all.

Little by little he gains more knowledge of his mother, and, learning of his father's mispent, wayward life, dreams of finding him some day, and of having a father, some one on whom to lavish the wealth of his affectionate heart, and some one to love and caress him; for Robert's life seemed bare of this divine influence. True, his grandmother loved him in her fashion, but, as she never translated it to his understanding by means of caresses, it was to him as if it were not.

But Robert's feeling did have one outlet, thanks to his great-grandfather's violin, and to Doobie Sanny, the shoemaker, who taught him how to play without his grandmother's knowledge, until one awful day when she found the "bonny leddy," as Robert called the violin, and burned it. Then Heaven opened another gate to him. Miss St. John, an English lady who lived close by, and from whose house opened a door into his grandmother's garret, gave him piano lessons, and permitted him to use the garret door, so that his grandmother might not know of his new-found joys, and intend what seemed to her such a sinful amusement.

We sympathize with the boy in his love for music, and for Mary St. John; and, when one day he seeks to enter through the garret door, and finds it walled up by his grandmother's orders, and himself shut out of Paradise, I think we feel more enraged than did Robert, for he loved his grandmother, a sentiment in which the reader cannot fully sympathize, for her heart seems so enwrapped in the ceremonies of a sectarian theology that we cannot see her with Robert's loving, though fearing eyes. Here his childhood ended. The closed door shut him within himself, and we see the human soul in its agony, endeavoring to prove by means of finite faculties the existence of an Infinite Being.

The portion of the book devoted to his youth takes us with him to college, where, by the help of a relative, Dr. Anderson, he partly maintains himself, and finds time to do a great deal for others. As Dr. Anderson said, "He seemed to make a vortex of good about him into which whoever came near it was drawn, seeming at the same time quite unaware of anything worthy in his conduct. The good he did sprang from some inward necessity; with just enough of the salt of choice to keep it from losing its savor."

We here make the acquaintance of Eric Ericson, a poor student, the inner workings of whose soul we are allowed to see, through many weird, though lovely poems which he permits Robert to read. On Robert's returning home for his vacation, he went with him, as his way lay in that direction, and spent a week in Rothieden. During the journey, they met Mary St. John, whose beautiful, calm soul seemed like a beacon light of peace to the tempest-tossed heart of Eric Ericson. Nor was she less impressed by him, on the altar of whose soul burned a sacred fire, whose flashes it would seem, must needs reveal to him the path that leads to truth. On his way back to college, he stopped again in Rothieden and was taken ill, so Robert was obliged to return to college alone. In a few

weeks Robert was recalled in time to see his friend before he died, and to learn that Mary St. John, whom he had loved so long, loved Ericson. Here ends his youth. He is now a man not embittered, but saddened by his past.

His kinsman, Dr. Anderson, having given him to understand that he wished to supply him with whatever money he could use, Robert asked his permission to go abroad. Where, he did not know, but just as fancy should lead him.

The next four years he spent traveling and studying, after which he returned to Scotland, studied medicine, and then went to London where he practiced among the poor, never forgetting the purpose of his childhood—to find his father.

From these labors he is recalled by a letter to Dr. Anderson, who, dying leaves him his fortune, saying that it is better to endow a good man than a hospital.

Robert's work among the poor, to which on his return to London he devoted his entire time and his fortune, was unique. We go with him among the lowliest of London's poor, and we see him, not indiscriminately trying to lift masses to some higher plane, but, with kindly hand helping individuals to help themselves and in nature's way—in God's way—doing a noble work. By the instrumentality of those whom he had benefited, he at last found his father, and with a thankful heart devoted himself to the sacred duty of leading him back to the path of flight.

To one who is in harmony with George MacDonald, as everyone who thoughtfully peruses his books must be, the death of Robert Falconer casts no gloom over the page. We simply feel that the soul that so long sought to know God, and at last through ministering to his fellow men and loving them whom he had seen, knew and learned to love the God whom he had not seen, had gone to claim the Christian's heritage—an eternity of love.

Such is the framework of the story, and we now ask ourselves that all-important question, "Is it true—true to the motives, the impulses, the principles that shape the life of actual men and women? As Howells says, 'This truth, which necessarily includes the highest morality and the highest artistry—this truth given, the book *cannot* be wicked and cannot be weak.' * * * In the whole range of fiction we know of no truer picture of life—that is, of human nature—which is not also a masterpiece of literature, full of divine and natural beauty. We may have no touch or tint of this special civilization or of that; it had better have the local color well ascertained; but the truth is deeper and finer than aspects, and if the book is true to what men and women know of one another—

er's soul, it will be true enough, and it will be great and beautiful."

Although the book lacks some of the outward signs of the realistic school of fiction, dare we say that it is not realistic? Does the valet of some great poet, because he can describe the physical characteristics of the man, know his master better than do we to whom his ennobling words have been our daily inspiration? It is necessary for realism that the author describe the peculiarities and foibles of the sex in order to picture a man or a woman? How much clearer our idea is of Mary St. John by knowing simply of her influence over those around her, than had the pages been cumbered with the recital of her petty ephemeral faults and foibles!

Could we not rightfully claim for the book that high position in literature that is awarded to truth, were we to base our claim simply on the influence exerted by the book? Can we gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, that a noble impulse can be traced to any thing contrary to nature, hence wrong?

This truth conceded, and turning our thoughts to the glorious heights to which this author takes us, can we conceive of his infinitudes other than

"Not for an age, but for all time."

and accord to this book a place elsewhere than among the immortal works of literature?

AGNES STOWELL.

THE JUNIOR B's.

School has opened once more, and after about two weeks of confusion we have been assigned to our places.

As a rule, we Junior B's have a hard time getting settled, and no one seems to know one room from another. It is an amusing spectacle to watch different ones, as they walk up and down the long halls, now and then opening a door and asking the teacher if they know where such and such a class is, at such and such an hour. When the gong strikes everyone runs or hurries hither and thither. Sometimes you will see a few stragglers asking everyone they meet if they have seen such and such a class and which way they went.

We are now in the third week of school and everything is in order. Everyone knows where he should be when the gong strikes and you will not find any stragglers in the halls either.

It looks like a very long and tiresome journey before the Junior B's of this term will be Senior A's, but as we meet some of the Seniors in the halls, they tell us that their journey through the different classes has been very pleasant, and the time has passed rapidly. We Junior B's as a class, sincerely hope that our journey will be the same.

VIOLA LEIGH.

HYPATIA.

BY MARY S. MURPHY.

The book Hypatia is of unflagging interest to the reader, opening to him unfathomable depths of thought. It has treasures for minds of every bent.

The Historian will be gladdened by meeting, once again, those whose lives have been to him sources of deep study, and whose deeds have made him thrill with admiration or contempt. He will hail with joy the pure Hypatia and the good Synesius. With a feeling akin to pity, he will watch the actions of the deceitful, vacillating Orestes—seemingly almost void of character. The injustice of the cruelly ambitious Cyril, cannot fail to provoke in him a feeling of resentment 'till, in dismay he exclaims—O Religion! Religion! How many crimes are committed in thy name!

Throughout the whole, there is delight for the lover of antiquity; whether he be near the lonely Laura, where everything is silence and desolation, or with our young Philammon floating down the mighty Nile, or in Alexandria, that centre of Philosophy and art.

In the desert where our story opens, there are the cavernous tombs, the obelisks, the half-cut pillars—"graves of a dead nation in a dying land." On the river he sees the gay buildings and busy quays. In the city, his imagination is dizzy from thinking of the wonders he beholds. The massive columns, the breathing statues, the divine architecture—all these marvels of cunning workmanship inspire him with thoughts beyond the reach of words.

For the student of human nature, the beauties are as perfectly portrayed as for the lover of art. Characters good and evil, great and lowly, are presented. Their personal traits, their modes of life, all the influences which shaped their career, are discussed with such nicety that unconsciously we live with them in that time of strife when the old and the new were each struggling for precedence.

The logician also finds abundant food for his brain. The conversations between Hypatia, "that fountain of wisdom," and her adoring pupil, Philammon, together with the soliloquies of Raphael, seem specially intended for this profound thinker, and can be fully appreciated by him alone.

The subject most exhaustively discussed is Theology. We see how these old philosophers regarded that All-ruling Power which must exist in the universe; and, from their different views we read their different characters. The opinions of the Pagan and the Christian are placed impartially before us, and we cannot fail to see that they sought the same grand truth, though by widely different

paths. We are led on 'till our weak human intellects can no longer grasp these great mysterious thoughts; and we, like all who have gone before us, lay aside unsolved the great world problem—Given self: to find God.

The thoughts, the ambitions, the joys and sorrows that swayed the people of the fifth century, we conclude, as we follow the story, are much the same as those that control the present generation.

In considering the question we must remember the peculiar crisis which was then at hand, and the causes that led to it. Is it strange that man, who, from his earliest existence as an organized being capable of self government, had always lived in accordance with his own ideas, could not and did not, on the appearance of a conflicting law, immediately cut himself loose from his ancient moorings?

That Power which commanded this and which we know to be the Omnipotent One, was to him but a marjoring one.

It is of this struggle between the imaginary and the poetic of the Pagan's belief, and the real living faith of the Christian that our book treats. We see the champions of both doctrines forgetting their love of the Divine in their hatred of those who are their earthly opponents.

The Christian in his fanaticism sees nothing elevating, nothing pardonable, in the worship of those heathen deities, and predicts for the worshippers only the wrath and everlasting punishment of God. The Pagan cannot discover anything but blasphemy in the thought of a God who is subject to earthly laws—who suffers and dies. It is with the most withering contempt that Hypatia speaks of "the low-born Deity of the Christians—the crucified son of a carpenter."

With a feeling of sadness we note the endless cruelties of these great workers, all so wrong yet all so earnest, and with a sigh of relief we realize that we know, more truly, "Him Who is the Light that Lighteth every man which cometh into the world."

The horrors of this dark period bring out the strong and the weak points of the characters discussed, as nothing else could. Just such an age and just such influences are necessary to develop a Miriam. This weird creature, the midnight character of the book, has an indelible power over all who come in contact with her. She haunts the philosopher, the politician, and the monk. There is no secret of state, no private enterprise of which she does not know. There is no place sacred or vile that she does not enter. Her greed for wealth and power lead her to toil, hoard and intrigue 'till she seems almost without human virtues.

But what of him for whose sake this evil-eyed old Jewess thus wages war against her fellow beings? Raphael, unconscious of the tie that binds him to her, wonders at her many kindnesses to him, her rich gifts, and her timely warnings. It is not till on the night of her death when she reveals to him the secret she has guarded so jealously, that he understands the past. He then sees in the sin of her ill-spent life the utterance of her mother-love, and the proofs of her unbounded pride in him. Old Miriam is cut down in her guilt, but she feels no remorse. She dies contented with her lot. Her one desire is accomplished. The son for whom her life was sacrificed is the richest Jew in Africa, and he has called her mother.

The character directly opposed to this embittered woman is Hypatia, whose purpose is to struggle against what she terms "the new and vulgar superstitions of a rotting age." She is as pure as the sunlight, ever struggling to rise to the rank of the immortal gods and vanish in the glory of the Nameless and Absolute One. Hypatia stands firm, but she sees the great tide of Christianity roll on and sweep from her, one by one, her followers, till at last she is left almost alone to stem the current.

The career of her pupil, Raphael, engrosses much of our attention. First we see him a sceptic of the darkest, most despairing type. In this state of mind he goes out into the world in search of a man. After numerous difficulties he returns to Hypatia with the news that he has found not only a man, but a God—"that crucified One." In this "prodigal," we see an earnest, noble Christian, endeavoring as best he can to correct the follies of his early life.

How different is the life of the monk Philamon! When first we see him he is an innocent of the desert, craving for knowledge of the great world. We watch him intently as he goes forth to gratify his wish. We are not surprised at his horror when he discovers the wickedness of his brother monks, and stung by their cruel injustice leaves them. His thirst for knowledge maddens him, and in despair, he appeals to Hypatia. She guides him on telling him about the old sages, and enabling him to think great thoughts.

The time thus spent, is the happiest period of his life. It is while he is wrestling with his own doubts that he learns of the existence of his sister. This sister is Pelagia—"that prettiest and naughtiest of humanities." No one has ever told her about right and wrong. She has lived like the birds, for pleasure and sunshine. In his attempts to save her from her life of sinfulness, we fully

realize how brave Philammon is, and of what deep, true love he is capable.

When the beloved friend and teacher, Hygias, has been ruthlessly torn by the Christian mob, and the great rude Amal has met his death, Pelagia and Philammon go up into the desert to repent and pray, and wait for that summons that will call them from this life of sin, into that other world—into the presence of Him who died for them.

A picture of the fifth century is painful to the reader of to-day. "It represents a very hideous, though a very great age—one of those critical and cardinal eras of the human race, when vice and virtue manifest themselves, side by side, with the most startling openness."

In the life of the world, the same as in the life of man, there must be some dark days. Let us then not think too sadly of these bitter periods, but be comforted by the bright days that come, ever remembering that "All must pass through Gethsemane."

TO

When first I saw thee I could only gaze
At those dear eyes so soft and clear and bright,
And at thy face with feeling all alight;
But now they are to me but as a vase
That holds within itself soft, pure white rays;
[Methinks they are, of truth, a guide to right,
For clearer now has to my earthly sight
Come the dear form of Him in whose own ways
Our faltering steps we know thy faint would guide.]
And dearest to me now is the sweet soul
That naught from love eternal can divide
And e'en though countless ages passing roll,
In love and hope and faith will ever abide
Content to find in God the perfect whole.

SEGNA.

Y. M. C. A.

To our knowledge—never having been invited to the Y. M. C. A. social, sex prelude—the social held Friday evening, the 19th, was the most delightful and sociable social of all the socials ever held at the Normal under the auspices of any society.

The hosts, the young men of the Christian Association, and their friends spent the evening in pleasant conversation and in listening to some well-selected and beautifully rendered music. During the evening the Rev. Mr. Minton, in his own cordial way, welcomed the new students, as a citizen of San Jose, and in the name of the clergy, to the Churches of the various denominations.

With the energetic and enthusiastic membership, which the Association has, it cannot fail to be in the future what it has been in the past—a complete success.

A SHORT ADDRESS TO THE NORTONIAN SOCIETY, AUGUST 26, 1887.

Until the last two terms each class had its individual society, and no other class had any right to its advantages. Last term the students of this school after careful consideration, and with the consent of the Faculty, concluded to join as one body and have a society to which each student had as much right to belong as had those that organized it.

A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution stating the full purpose of the organization; which purpose, I, as one of the committee, wish to state to you this afternoon. "This society is organized for the purpose of assistance and improvement in the literary work that we, as students, do in the school. It is for improvement, and not for mere pastime. It is true that advancement is more rapid if we are entertained to a certain extent, but *entertainment alone* is not the ambition of the Normal student."

What to name the society was a much discussed question. The name of Prof. Norton was proposed, and after some discussion it was decided to call it "The Nortonian Society." Having received so pure a name it remains for us to keep it untarnished by any act of ours that he would not consider for the best welfare of his fellow creatures.

It has been said that the society is under the rule of a "clique," a most untrue and unjust accusation. As I said before, each and every student has as much right to join the society as those who organized it. We must remember that those who made the constitution, and the officers afterward elected, were merely representatives of over five hundred students. Every organization must have a starting point.

A former graduate gave me the following as a synopsis of their weekly work: "Some author was selected; quotations; an essay on his life and works; selections from his best productions; original poems; and sometimes, to keep themselves in practice, a recitation in French or German. These essays and poems were criticized by one of the teachers, an approved not only for material, but for style, diction, and rhetoric. Thus their time was profitably spent, and their minds were given something to feed upon during their leisure moments."

As Prof. Randall said in the Physics class last Friday, "A teacher should know everything," i. e., should continually seek to broaden his mind. What better opportunity have we to train our

mind than this one hour so kindly granted to us by the Faculty.

Not one only, but many of the students will not join us because our programmes are not what we proposed to have them. Just here, let me say to those who are already members and to those who would join if the society were properly conducted, to come and help us in this noble and much needed work. Your support is needed, and it is to the interest and advancement of each one who may take part.

I leave this question to you, my fellow students, to answer as best you may. But let us be Normalian in spirit and in truth, or let us be nothing.

ORETA CALHOUN.

CHRISTMAS CLASS OF '86.

Reunion at Pacific Grove.

Of all the jolly times had by the members of the Christmas Class of '86—and they were many—the reunion held at Pacific Grove was, to those who were able to attend, the jolliest.

At one of their last meetings held at the Normal the subject of reunion was brought up, and by a unanimous vote, Pacific Grove, near Monterey, was decided upon as the place. A more beautiful and interesting place for such a gathering would be hard to find. The last week in June was first decided upon as the time, but later it appearing that as several who earnestly desired to attend would thus be deprived of the pleasure, the time was changed to the week after the Fourth of July, beginning July 5th and continuing until the Saturday following.

Tuesday, July 5th, will long be a memorable day to those who first reached the scene of that week's pleasure. With the first train on Tuesday, began to collect those class-mates firmly bound together by many pleasant memories and pretty class-pins. Though but five of the members presented themselves on the first day, yet the number kept increasing until the week had spread its wings and flown.

Among our first arrivals were our President and Secretary, Misses Gallimore, Adams, Field, Oliver, Young, Struve, Cox, and Mr. Herbert. In the evening, after suitable accommodations had been secured, and the inner cravings satisfied, the little army proceeded to "Lover's Point" to lay plans for the week's siege. A lovelier night was never seen. The air cool, clear, and bracing, the full moon shedding her soft, mellow light through the lofty pines, the rocks rising high in their solemn grandeur, the wild rushing of the mad sea waves as they chased one another into the many nooks

and crevices—these united to form the scenery for our first act. Amid this variety of nature we discussed past, present and future. The evening star had set long before we thought of seeking our rest, and when we finally wended our ways up the quiet avenues, the night owl uttered his solemn warning that late hours were contrary to the laws of Nature.

Wednesday morning our formal meeting was called to order by the President. The spot selected was a little beach surrounded by walls of granite. The sentinels were armed with sand, rocks, and a written document forbidding trespassers. Roll was called by the Secretary, and, after the preliminary business was gone through with, the subject of our next reunion was brought up. Yosemite Valley, Lake Tahoe and the North Pole were proposed. It was finally decided that if suitable arrangements can be made, the next gathering will be in the Yosemite Valley, in the months of June and July. For farther and more definite arrangements the Class will meet at the Normal on Wednesday, December 21, 1887.

After the meeting adjourned, all cases were laid aside, and the remainder of the forenoon spent in wandering among the rocks in search of wild animals. In the afternoon, a walk to Monterey, and from thence an exploration of the ruins and grounds of the famous Hotel Del Monte, was "done up" in true pedestrian style. From Del Monte we went to the train to receive tardy classmates, and then to the wharf to bid farewell to our President who sailed for Los Angeles that evening. As the ship sailed out of the harbor we turned our course toward the Grove, ready for another evening on the beach.

Thursday, a dip in the briny deep and a trip to the reservoir passed the forenoon. The afternoon was spent on the beach. On this day, five of the May Class, '86, met for their reunion. In the evening both classes met in the parlor for a talk on the days that are gone.

Friday was spent on the beautiful seventeen-mile drive. The beauties of this pleasant drive have to be seen to be appreciated. In the evening a walk to and from the lighthouse finished the day's programme.

Saturday was the day of departure, though some few remained to longer enjoy the pleasures of this beautiful place.

May our next, and all subsequent reunions, be as enjoyable as our first.

ONE OF THEM.

It is not always certain that a good scholar will do good teaching. But it is always certain that a poor scholar will do poor teaching.

Y. W. C. A.

The Normal Parlors on the evening of Friday the 26th, were the scene of one of the most enjoyable socials ever held at the School. It was given by the Young Women's Christian Association to welcome the new students in the beginning of their career as Normalists. Well did the hostesses succeed, judging from the happy faces of the assembled guests, for the "homely" spirit of the entertainment needed no "You are Welcome" to make the stranger feel that indeed she was in the midst of friends.

The guests with the entertainers, about one hundred and fifty in number, assembled between the hours of seven and eight in the pleasant parlors which were prettily decorated for the evening. The hypothetical ice—which is supposed to exist on such occasions, but of which no trace could be found otherwise than in the daintily served lemonade—was broken by games which showed the historical talent of the guests. The rest of the evening was spent in enjoyable conversation and listening to a most delightful musical and literary programme.

It was with feelings of regret that the young ladies made their adieux to their kind entertainers, and with best wishes for the success of the Y. W. C. A., which had given such a pleasant commencement to their school life, they wended their way homeward in merry groups, unattended by any other man than the kindly old gentleman that lives in the moon.

C. S.

ALL SORTS.

Give the date of Iliad's birth.

What are John Smith's principles?

A certain Junior has gotten his Lime-Back.

We are awfully lonesome without our Canary.

Adam knows how to keep cool this warm weather.

New version of examinations—"Written reviews."

Report of Seniors A.—"All that are here are present."

A certain young man of Seniors B has returned to Russia.

A new receipt for sauce.—Apply to Mr. G., of Senior B 2.

Middle B young gentlemen—"My Bonnie lives over the way."

Mr. S. says: "Teaching school ain't what it cracked up to be."

Junior A 1 and Senior B 1 can boast of at least one good solid man in their class.

The Normal is preparing an excellent workshop for its students.

The famous book agent of Humboldt Creek says: "Of all colors, I adore A. Brown."

The Junior A's are waging war against butterflies and grasshoppers.

Mr. E. the champion heavy-weight has surrendered his claims to Mr. G.

Everybody misses Mark Antony this term. He was the greatest reader of psychology in his day.

Most of the last graduating class have been successful in getting schools.

The smiling face of Miss Lubeck is seen once again among the students of the Normal.

Miss Adams has been engaged to take the place of Miss Hammond in the Training School.

When the evening for criticism comes, "Thanne longen Senior A's to gen on pilgrimages!"

Query—Why does Middle A 2 stick together so well?
Answer—Because they have a solid Anker with them.

Miss Girdner has charge of the Primary Department in the Training School during the illness of Miss Sargent.

One of the Middle A girls was heard to remark: "I think it is awfully mean for all the boys to be put into Middle A 2."

It is astonishing to note the familiarity and celerity with which the Senior B 2 boys handle their laboratory aprons.

The Middle B's are of the opinion that Webster sustained serious injury in attempting to pronounce botanical names.

The old pupils must carry themselves pretty straight this term. If they do not they will be named by some of the new Juniors.

A walk to East San Jose seems to be the chief delight of a Junior A. We think he is either going to speculate in corner lots or take elocution lessons.

The members of the Middle B classes attended the Fair, one morning last week, for the purpose of taking advantage of the free lemonade.

Miss Lynch has been here visiting friends for some weeks and has had charge of some of the Junior classes during that time.

As the school at Los Angeles opens the 6th of September, we have nothing for that department in this issue of the INDEX.

Some of the young ladies of Senior A complain that their classes are struck by the boom. In no other way can they account for the restless activity of the urchins.

The members of the last graduating class express their sincere thanks to Mr. Rucker for the use of the curtains on Graduation Day.

The proposed change of graduating but one class a year instead of two, as heretofore, already causes much dissatisfaction in the Middle A classes.

The grounds of the Normal are much improved this term, probably due largely to the persistent efforts of the gardeners to induce the pupils to "keep off the grass."

The boom recently struck the Middle A 2 class in the form of a rhetoric lesson. Moral: Don't depend on study hour to get all of your lessons.

The Middle A class has already written its first essay; subject: Blumark. Doubtless the old gentleman would feel highly flattered to hear some of the comments passed on him.

Miss Frances Sunol, May, '84, is conducting a very successful school near her home at Sunol Glen. Our assistant manager had the pleasure of calling on her during vacation.

Prof. Elwood introduced a new departure in the Thursday afternoon singing exercises in the way of marching. Some of the Juniors evidently thought it was a departure.

A number of the boys went out to Prof. Child's ranch last Saturday. They had a very pleasant time. The programme of the day being as follows: Singing by the choir; lunch; after lunch, "Peaches? Peaches? Got no time!"

Entrance examination.—Question: For what is the Thirtieth of May celebrated? Answer: It is a day set apart for the purpose of decorating the graves of the dead soldiers; the living soldiers of course have no graves, the people wait till they're dead.

A contest between the Normal Base Ball Club and a picked nine took place Saturday last. The score was 15 to 1 in favor of the Normalites. It is rumored that they are soon to play a match game with the Damians of San Francisco. That's right, boys. Go ahead. You have our hearty approval.

On Thursday afternoons the Neotomian Society holds its weekly meetings. The officers deserve great credit for the efficiency of their work. The programmes are excellent, and the conduct of the members testifies that they come there for gain, and not for mere pastime.

A call meeting of the young men was held last Wednesday for the purpose of organizing a Normal Base Ball club. Officers were elected as follows: Captain, J. Van Eaton; Secretary, Mr. Murray. The first game will be played on Saturday September 30, at Recreation Park, against the University.

THE SONS OF THE SERICE A's.

Part I.

The laboratory we've left below,

The others there will have to go;

In geometry now we take our ease,

Prof. K. will teach the B's.

We look at each other with delight,

For we know the B's are in a plight;

They leave their lessons and down they go,

To enjoy the scent of S 2 O.

But let me make this one remark,

For fear you might be in the dark,

'Tis S O 2, not S 2 O,

Yos B's will soon have this to know.

Our lines and angles we must work,

Our lessons long we must not shirk,

While you with phosphorus burning bright

Observe the fumes with face of fright.

We now have ruffled up your fears,

Get out your towels and dry your tears;

You've many a lesson yet to learn,

Ere from that door you upward turn.

To be Continued.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Normal Primary, Los Angeles.

Miss Helen G. Mackenzie, May, '87, is teaching at Pentz, Butte county.

Miss Olive M. Knox, May, '87, is to teach at Jolon, Monterey county.

Miss Amelia G. McKay, May, '87, will begin her teaching in Placer county.

Miss Leticie Armstrong, May, '87, will open school at San Simon, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Lena C. Jones, May, '86, has been teaching at Walnut Creek, Contra Costa county, ever since her graduation.

MARRIED.—At Ripon, San Joaquin county, James Stuart Moulton to Edith Dow Vaple, May, '85.

Theodore T. Koenig, May, '87, has a position in Santa Clara county, near San Jose.

Miss Lizzie M. Morrill, May, '87, has been engaged to teach in Ventura county.

Miss Mabel N. McKay, Xmas, '86, is to teach in Placer county the coming term.

Miss Carrie L. Avery, May, '87, is teaching in the Coyote District, Santa Clara county.

Miss Annie E. Durkee, May, '87, reports sixty-eight pupils on her roll in the Primary Department at Warm Springs.

Miss Livia M. Cox, Xmas, '85, has had the Oak Grove school, Contra Costa county, ever since graduating.

Miss Nellie G. Van Housen, May, '87, has been engaged to teach in Union District, Butte county.

Miss Daisy C. Schutte, May, '85, was recently married in Honolulu, to Mr. Robert I. Lillie.

Miss Mary S. Smith, May, '83, is teaching in Gleason District, Tehama county.

H. G. Spicers, Xmas, '85, and Miss Annie Taylor, May, '85, were married in San Francisco, May 19th. Their home is in Quincy, Plumas county.

H. R. Bailey, May, '85, who has been teaching at Tomales Marin county since his graduation, has been appointed a member of the Board of Education of that county.

C. E. Markham, May, '72, who was Superintendent of Schools and President of the Board of Education for seven years in El Dorado county, is now engaged in literary work in San Francisco.

H. F. Clark and Miss Aggie B. Nicholl, both of the Xmas class of '85, were married July 27th. They are now located in Brentwood, where Mr. Clark resumes his position as principal of the schools.

We are glad to welcome the old graduates who visited us at the beginning of the term. Among them were the Misses Mary E. Lynch, Isabel Grummet, and Lena Barkly, May, '86; Annie F. Conlin and Winnie S. Sledge, Xmas, '85; Lillie S. Schoen, May, '82; Cecilia A. Williams, Dec., '83; Celia Daniels, Nellie Rickard, Olive M. Knox, May, '87; and W. W. Locke, and Mrs. F. A. Wilcox, nee Orley, May, '85.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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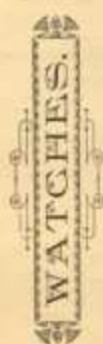
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