

The Normal Index.

Vol. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., APRIL 1888.

No. 8.



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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	PAGES.		PAGES.
An Indian Fable	27-28	An Hour in the Normal	95
The Story of Nature	28-30	The New Course of Study	95-96
Teaching in the Oregon Woods	30-31	New Officers	96
A Tour of Mt. Hamilton	31-32	ALL SORTS	96-97
In the New Work Shop	32	ALUMNI NOTES	97-98
Entertainers	32-34	New Apparatus	98
An Excursion to Hawaii	34-35		

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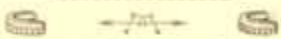
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The Normal Index.

VOL III

APRIL, 1888.

No. 8.

AN INDIAN FABLE.

Where the Ganges flows on to the sea,
And silently glides day by day,
'Mid the leaves of the fair Banyan tree
Passed the time of my youth away.

Where are mountains, the home of the snow,
High reaching to heaven's blue foot,
And oceans send up from below
Their ceaseless and musical roar.

Where the lotus lifts up its white face,
And the poppy soft rocks to and fro;
And the cotton blooms, crimson, we trace
Clustering near where the river doth flow.

The fair river that steals as it flows,
When the lying in her beauty's at hand,
The sweet scent from the dense Mango groves
That blossom so rare in that land.

The Asoka buds, wet with the dew,
The soft air with their perfumes have hid,
And the sun paints each day brighter here
In their gold and orange and red.

We had many a game that we played,
My lost sister so lovely, and I;
Each with passing Zephyr we stayed
And whispered a song for his sigh.

We touched the gay wing of the Sun-bird,
Or the plume of the Myna less bright;
The soft coo of the blue doves we heard,
And the Bulbul, that sings in the night.

When the dusky duck maidens came near
Her frail craft to outstep on the wave,
A glad cry we hearkened to hear
If the water and winds it could leave.

For each maid with her lover in mind,
Who flows by the Ganges will learn
That love's mother, fair Raii, is kind
If her light o'er the water shall burn.

In this land by the Ganges, one day
A good Brahmin of highest degree,
Came forth his devotions to pay
As he solemnly bowed the knee.

Saw a sunbeam of soft golden light
For a moment fell glittering where
On his brow gleamed the tilka so bright,
An emblem of Veda-land fair.

And I saw, as he humbly knelt there,
And as some of the water he drank,
E'en before he had finished his prayer
By the side of the river's green bank.

A tiny gray mouse soft and small
Flew out of some wee hidden nook,
In the hope that kind fate would reveal
The morsel for which it did hark.

But while listlessly watching him there,
I heard on a sudden a sound,
And over my head in the air
Was a hawk whirling rapidly round.

This timid wee mouse saw it too,
And an instant stood still in its track,
Then quicker than thought flew to you
It hid in the sleeves of the weaver.

The good Brahmin decreed to the mouse,
"Because of the faith shown in me,
Thou shalt live verminous in my house,
And a cat for a time shalt thou be."

And yet sooner had the change taken place
When a fierce angry dog bounded near,
But gray puss only looked in its face
Without trace of anger or fear.

To the lips of the priest came a smile,
And he placed his dark hand on her head,
"Once again has thy faith had a trial
A dog I shall make thee," he said.

But as under our branches they passed,
Methought as I saw them depart,
"Could the Brahmin of most noble name
But change in the mouse his faint heart.

For each impure we yield to custom,
Is a thread in the fabric we weave;
And how dazzling 'twould be in its sheen
Did it only no dark lines weave!

For the vine will remain still a vine,
And a leaf I forever shall be,
Though by chance e'er so high it may twine,
Though by chance e'er so nigh I may be."

Now the Spring and the Summer had sped,
But the sun as we hung in our places
Had soft painted, so golden and red
And the wind with soft wanton caresses

Had carried full many a score
Of my heartless sisters away,
Where in little soft heaps on the shore,
Blowing hither and thither, they lay.

Sell often at dawning of day,
Or again in the fair even-tide,
The good Brahmin doth pass on his way,
And a tiger plays c'er at his side.

And quite gentle it was till these came
A few friends of the Brahmin humane;
When they asked how that beast he could tame,
What else could he do save explain?

Then the tiger grew wrathful and sore,
For he felt him degraded for aye,
And an oath in his anger he swore
That ere sunset the pest he would slay.

"For I never can act well any part,
Though a tiger so fierce I appear,
Twice a mouse am I still in my heart
Just as long as the Brahmin I fear."

So at closing of day, I've in mind
The good man walking slowly ahead,
With the treacherous tiger behind,
While each leaf of an rustled with dread.

But just as the beast crouched to spring
The Brahmin threw back his proud head,
And the magical word forth did ring,
When before us a mouse shrinks instead.

Then dimly a hawk did I trace
Sailing up in that blue sunny sky,
And I turned me to look on the face
Of the priest standing silently by.

With the sternness it first had expressed,
Lines of sorrow and grief there were blended
For the baseness of one he had blessed,
And so freely and kindly befriended.

But silently on the stream flowed,
The leaves faded down soft as dew,
While the clouds in the western sky glowed
With soft shadings of many a hue.

E. ELLA STANBURY.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

As time rolls on the whirl of life is becoming more violent, and increasing complexity is seen to be the common march. Thought, not years, becomes the measure of life. The ancient patriarchs, living hundreds of years, experienced and thought less than the moderns in as many tens of years. Modern activity in all fields of research and improvement has led the way to so many new sciences, and has so increased the profundity of the older ones, that he, who has no definite aim in his study soon learns that superficial knowledge, like gold leaf, may be seen, but not touched; and that concentration is the jewel that is lacking. There is also danger in going to the other extreme by supposing *absolute* concen-

tration to be the plan of the best architects. Alty structures of height are as ephemeral as those having only breadth. We should build like the pyramid high enough to pierce the clouds; broad enough to stand secure. Every line of the structure leading to the apex of ambition; every new stone of achievement bringing us nearer the goal, and at the same time giving a deeper sense of stability. When we speak of "studying nature" we do so in a sense that aims to build symmetrical structures. We advocate the study of no special course, taking it for granted that each has chosen for himself a course, in which his choice itself is a real success, if there be any success in him. Our purpose is rather to show that one in spirit should be firm and fearless in the advocacy of honest deductions; honest enough not only to accept, but to act upon, that which is clearly proved; magnanimous and tolerant with regard to opinions of others, remembering always that it is the nature of active mortals to disagree. With such noble qualities of heart and mind worth is invariably linked.

In point of inspiration nothing is so overwhelming as the study of the universe of life which envelops us. Its inspiration consists in gradually revealing to us the unity of all; bringing man down from the heights to which he in his selfishness had arisen, and planting him upon his true level—the level of all. Such revelations may seem at first to be contrary to growth, but then we should remember that however exalted a false belief may be, it must nevertheless fall; and the higher it is the more sure will be its annihilation. It is, in truth, a growth; a throwing off of the shroud of superstition for the garment of the truth-seeker; an elevation of the whole man from the plane of deplorable self-complacency to the nobler heights of thought and action.

The study of nature broadens the horizon of vision and thereby gradually instils within one a sense of humility and awe; teaches him his imperfections by blinding him with its infinity; and as glory and grandeur unfold the once mighty earth becomes his little island home, lost in the galaxy of space. Although our knowledge of boundlessly varied nature will ever be very limited in extent, yet notwithstanding this truth it would be the height of folly to do nothing, because we cannot do everything, and thus, half dead, allow the tide of life to engulf us.

"Blind matter," how often do we hear the phrase; "inert nature," another expression that carries with it the betrayal, involuntary thought it may be, of man's limited perceptions or probably, refusal to interpret that which is seen.

Before judging of the wonders around, above, and beneath us it would probably be advisable to forget, for a period, the supposed perfection of man in point of bodily construction; indeed such a state of mind is absolutely necessary, if we wish to judge nature fairly. The structure of man does not allow him to drink in the fullness of the glories of which he is a part, any more than the soul of a cow can be inspired by the music of a Mozart or the eloquence of a Webster. The forests hum with a life we know not of; rivers tune multifarious chorals to a pitch that is inaudible to our dull ears; even the rocks are filled with harmonies known only to omniscience; and the air is burdened with tidings from unknown worlds, messages caried faithfully, through an ocean filled with the ever-flashing heralds, each unchecked and unflinching, bearing its wondrous story to its destination. Some of these messages, it is true, have yielded up their enchanting stores, and have thereby become the harbingers of the better state of man. Nature is indeed alive; and if its symphonies of sound and inherent glories pass by us unnoticed it can be attributed to the fact that we hold no greatly isolated place in the realm of being, but are bound by the same laws; limited by the same conditions; a part of the same universal whole as the bird or the bee; possessing, however, manifest faculties of a more refined character, but as we have reason to believe, of the same nature. This state of refined being, as is natural in imperfection, resulted in man considering himself a being endowed with magnified favors and privileges, peculiar only to himself, and eventually led to delusions, that have been and ever will be—so long as the soul of man is swayed by the mysterious—the greatest enemies of his nature. Such a state of mind soon led to the belief that man is a creature aloof from nature; that he holds first mortgage, for that reason, on all things else, animate and inanimate; that for him and his, everything is and was; and that he alone, is the one great object of creation. Although nothing is so natural as delusion, and, while men are not to be blamed for holding beliefs that from lack of evidence appear reasonable, yet when any belief is made the food of selfishness and egotism, it then partakes unmistakably of the nature of vice. We are victims of evidence, surrounded by events and manifestations, that force their own conclusions; our environment not only sustains our bodies, but also feeds our minds. The world is full of men, each with a creed for the future, and a solution of the mysteries of the present; ready at any time to give a philosophical justification of his position. True, the man may be the victim

of base delusions, but insanity is not a crime. Tenets may clash, and creeds may fight, but if they are the outgrowth of honesty, whether true or false, the responsibility lies in the evidence, not in the men. That which is presented with unanswerable proof, we cannot help believing; and it certainly is not an act of virtue to do that which we cannot refrain from doing; nor is it a vice to reject anything—even the truth—on the ground of insufficient proof.

Along with the subject of proof there is another fact that rightly considered will lead to tolerance; namely, the individualities of men. We are so imperfect in our nature, that a series of events will impress a conclusion on one, directly opposite to the conclusion reached, by another, in observing the same phenomena. The understanding colors every object in a manner suited to the nature of the man; no two in viewing a landscape or a statue see them exactly the same, although both may be refined, critical and intelligent. How can we account for this fact? Certainly, the object viewed does not radically change its nature for every observer; for then an object would have one or more inherent natures for each observer, to suppose which is absurd. But can we determine the real nature of the object? Since we all have different natures, and experience teaches us that our most evident intuitions may be false; that man is eminently a fallible being; that the senses are, to speak accurately, delusive; is it not probable—it certainly is possible—that we do not see anything as it really is?

If then, there are such difficulties attending human knowledge, and barriers that make the path of the truth-seeker doubly intricate; it may be asked, of what use is the study of anything? Intricacies should not down a man, nor obstacles check his course, and a stab of indifference carries with it a far greater evil in itself. Experience has demonstrated that the greatest successes have crowned the people who have striven most faithfully to know nature, whether or not time crowns their efforts. Success is measured by the standard of the dignity of thought, rather than by ducats or by dollars. A search for truth for truth's sake is a nobler aim than a search in which wealth is the guiding star. Appreciation of science for practical ends is of incalculable value in this era of commercial activity, but there is a nobler and far more inspiring use for knowledge in shaping the soul, and extending the realm of mind farther and farther into the confines of the infinite.

JOHN G. JURY.

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TEACHING IN THE OREGON WOODS.

A motherless girl, for many years, I reigned supreme in our little home, situated on the green bank of the Willamette.

Here, protected by my father and teased by my brothers, the life I led was calm and uneventful. In the summer of 188—, thinking I had a mission, I decided to go into the wilderness of the bunch-grass regions; and to carry the lantern of learning to the neglected people of that locality. A change in our family affairs made my project feasible. Forwarding my "goods and chattels" to some kind relatives, I bravely turned my back on the land of the web-footed blue-jays and red apples. With exaggerated self esteem, not a doubt of my success did I entertain. An old lady friend, in parting, gave me some motherly advice and a package. This package, she told me was to be my guide. With well concealed pity for her lack of confidence in my ability, I thanked her, and promised that in case I ever was in need I should apply to her gift.

A three days trip, I arrived at the stock ranch of my Aunt. For a short time, I was happy exploring the nooks and dells of the Blue mountains, and in making the acquaintance of the "festive cowboy," coyote, and jack-rabbit; but these affairs became monotonous and I longed to be at work.

My Uncle was the "Squire" and by his good offices, I was enabled to secure a school and begin my self-appointed task.

For ten days before appearing in the august presence of the "deiatric" committee, I examined persistently. The following question is a sample of those asked me:

"If a ball is suspended from the ceiling so that it can fall half way to the floor, how long will it require to reach the floor if it falls half way the first second."

It is needless to say I passed the examination with flying colors. The committee informed me "that they did not believe in a highfalutin education; all they had was the three R's, and what was good enough for them was good enough for their younguns." Believing here was a field where I could expend all my superfluous energy; I agreed to the demands of the committee, and promised to teach the Lone Pine school, for three months, for the compensation of one hundred dollars and board. I rose to take my departure somewhat elated at my success; but my ardor was almost quenched by a remark of the chairman. He said, "he hoped I would have no trouble, but that I had better look out for Pete Bloodwood." I had not heard of Peter before, but on inquiry was in-

formed that through an idea that he was insulted by a remark of his teacher he had taken a couple of shots at my predecessor, which incident closed the school without the usual literary exercises.

As I knew the value of favorable first impressions I had spent several hours in memorizing my initial speech. I went to my school on that eventful Monday morning, with my head throbbing high with hope. As I neared the school, the uproar was hushed by the cry, "school-mam's comin." My courage left me when I found the majority of my pupils were older than I was. My schoolhouse was a primitive affair, built of logs, the cracks closed with mud, furnished with a few rude benches, a stove, a barrel to serve as teacher's desk, and the walls were papered with alternate sheets of the *Christian Advocate* and *Police Gazette*. Not having a bell, I performed a tattoo on the barrel with my riding-whip to call the school to order. Twenty pairs of staring eyes took away from me all recollection of my well-conned speech and I stumbled, stammered, and stuttered through a few unintelligible sentences. A smile upon the impassive face of one whom I imagined to be Pete Bloodwood roused me to declare my desire to keep the school, peaceably if I could, but that I intended to keep it.

I found upon examination that my most advanced class were reading in the fifth reader, just commencing fractions and had no idea of grammar or geography. I put them to work and called up the six five-year-olds and we grappled with the alphabet. I had commenced with my alphabet and I taught in the same good old way (I will tell you in confidence that at the end of the term some of the babies did know their letters). How I longed for noon! When that hour came, I went out and—well, what would you have done in my place. When I went back into the building, I found my riding-whip placarded, "The left handed director." How the conceit that possessed me vanished before the multiplicity of duties that beset me that day. The only friend I knew I possessed was the boy who smiled, for he staked out my pony in nourishing grass, and then rode ten miles to my Uncle's to get my package containing my Guide, of which I stood sorely in need. Added to other terrors came the fact that the board furnished was to be taken in detail. In the nomenclature of the locality, I was to "board around." My first experience was at Deacon Gordon's, who, after ringing a large bell to call in the hired help, ranged us in two rows down a long pine table. The Deacon taking the head of the table pronounced an exaggerated blessing and passed a large dish of bacon swimming in grease.

some water-soaked potatoes and sour salt-riasing bread.

It was little I ate that evening. With relief, I welcomed the return of my messenger—my first friend—Pete Bloodwood. The dining-room was also the sitting room, carpetless and comfortless.

After clearing away the dishes, the deacon, his wife, sons and hired help all indulged in their favorite weed. The torture was augmented by a not over polite inquiry about my antecedents, my tastes, and the religion I professed. A timid knock announced visitors—three of my pupils who came to exhibit their musical ability and to entertain the "schoolmam." They had an accordion, a fiddle, and a jewsharp; and stated they played "Money Musk" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." I could not distinguish any particular tune, but possibly that was due to the fact that I was not educated up to their musical standard. At eight o'clock the deacon said it was bed-time.

The boys solemnly shook hands all round and disappeared into the darkness. I was shown to my room under the sloping roof and given a three-inch tallow dip. Turning the button to fasten my door, I opened the package and found my guide to be a copy of Webster's Dictionary and "De Graff's School-room Guide." Conning their pages o'er, I realized I had indeed found a friend. I read until exhausted nature complained, and then sought my ornamented pillow—I say ornamented, because the case had printed upon it in bright green letters this cabalistic mark: XXX Baker's Extra Family Flour, Umatilla Mills.

In the morning, I arose, drank my coffee, made of burned bread crumbs, and started to pursue my duties with renewed vigor.

Apprehended difficulties vanished, and my greatest real trouble was a seven-year-old boy. It is my impression that boy will always remember me, but his father gave me the following recommendation at the end of my term:

"March 16, 188—

this is to certify that miss ——— has taught the lone pine School and given intire Satisfaction."

E.

A TOUR TO MT. HAMILTON.

BY THE FOOT AND WALKER ROUTE.

Soon after Eudymion had kissed Selene into sleep, just as the stars began to twinkle into sight, four good-looking young gentlemen and myself, too, added with all the necessary equipment of the typical camper, i. e., edibles, cooking utensils, rifles, shotguns, pistols, and other defensive fluids, including fishing tackle and chest-

nut jokes, left our busy homes in San Jose to pass a few pleasant days in climbing among the surrounding mountains.

Mt. Hamilton being chosen—I suppose on account of its variety—as the place of recreation, we proceeded with considerable energy and an enormous amount of conceit to gain said height. After trudging for an hour or so along the dusty road which leads from San Jose to the foothills, we found ourselves face to face with a series of steep, rugged hills of smiling green, piled up one behind the other, guarded here and there by the huge rugged rocks centuries old, crowned by the naked, sturdy old oak and the impenetrable chaparral, whose pointed branches bow to the velvety earth tinged with wild Spring flowers.

Up these inviting slopes and down the gentle declivities, where the ground-squirrel unscared does dig his hole, where the hare leaps thither and thither unmolested by the hunter, and where the pure silvery waters creep from under the moss-covered rock and trickle down the sides of the mountain to the torrent below, we, under the serene rays of that "Orbed Maiden," who watches over all good people—moonlight nights; guided by the North Star—the only star in the firmament to be trusted, wended our weary way.

Nothing broke the solemnity of the occasion, save the chirping of an enthusiastic cricket as he hopped from bramble to bramble, the shrieking of that wise old chap, the owl, as he fanned the cool air in his solitary flight down the sleepy glen, or the warbling of a musical coyote as he sat upon some distant hilltop planning his midnight marauding tour. By the way, if by chance you should happen to see the latter, this deserted outcast, lying upon the side of a hill, just point a gun at him, and you will observe a singular phenomenon. First, there will be a blur, then a long streak of dingy yellow up the hillside, a vanish—and you are left to dilate over this meteoric action.

During the greater part of the night everything progressed pleasantly except an experiment performed by Mr. Murray. In order to ascertain whether his Allen revolver was loaded or not, he placed one of his fingers over the muzzle and pulled the trigger; consequently he lost a goodly part of said tentacle. Although the sense of touch is a surer means of determining whether a weapon is loaded or not, yet I candidly believe that the sense of sight will do just as well, and I know it will lead to results much more comfortable.

The latter part of the night was passed in resting our weary frames upon the cold, damp ground

in front of a well locked barn filled with nice warm hay. Nature's exhilarating mattresses being not very attractive, we arose early in the morning, ate immeasurably, and continued our journey, amusing ourselves by shooting squirrels and other small game which were unfortunate enough to come within the range of our deadly weapons. With such deadly effect was this done that all the squirrel family turned out to look at us, and one veteran winked at us. We arrived at Smith's Creek at 10 o'clock. We remained there the rest of the day and all night. After having a good night's sleep and being well rested, we started for Mt. Hamilton, two miles away, just as the invigorating rays of the sun began to paint the hilltops. This towering peak, one of the highest points in our Coast Range, we reached, after tugging an hour or so with might and main, aided now and then by some accommodating shrub or vine; and ten o'clock we stood on the highest rock, feasting our eyes upon the surrounding scenery, which lay spread out before us like a great panorama—one of Nature's grandest paintings. To the east, as far as the eye could reach, lay the grassy mantled mountain peaks, the wild deep canyons, and the picturesque ravines. To the west, the beautiful Santa Clara valley, filled to overflowing with clouds of different hues, making us hungry for mush and milk.

What attracted our attention most was the mammoth telescope—one of Education's greatest monuments. This large astronomical instrument was constructed at a cost of \$150,000. The objective lense is thirty-six inches,—larger than any other of its kind. The next in size is the one at Pulkowa, Russia. The length of the telescope tube is sixty feet, its diameter four feet. The instrument is balanced on an axle and its obliquity is made to vary by means of intricate machinery. In the dome, the floor which is seventy feet in diameter, is raised and lowered as the end of the tube which we look through is moved up and down. Hydraulic power is employed in adjusting the floor and also in turning the dome. The slot through which the telescope projects is covered during rainy weather to prevent accidents caused by a raindrop magnified four thousand diameters, falling upon the observer's eye—star gazers are often dropped upon, you know.

Mr. Cosgrove and Mr. Taylor supplied us with plenty of game;—the one shot one quail, and the other shot his thumb. How Mr. Gray made a serious attack upon a barbed fence, the latter being left in possession of most of the goods; how Mr. Murray and myself swept down upon the

finny tribes which inhabit Smith's Creek, capturing some thirty-five or forty of them; and how we peeped at the sun through the little twelve-inch glass,—of these I shall say nothing, as I consider these little incidents as unimportant to my sketch.

At 2 o'clock I took the stage for home, leaving the rest of the campers to enjoy themselves by walking up and down those precipitous canyons, ground out by glaciers of old, and polished by the swift-running, icy-cold waters. These canyons made a deep, indelible impression upon my soul,—an impression that will serve as a memento of one of the grandest feats ever accomplished by
Yours truly,
L. F. PUTER.

IN THE NEW WORK-SHOP.

If one of the Alumni of the Normal should happen to pass through the basement hall of his Alma Mater, he would be attracted by the sound of saws and hammers to our new work-shop. Upon entering, he would be greeted by our genial professor of drawing and designing, and shown around the room to the various work benches. Here he would see many of the healthiest and best looking of the Normal girls busily at work, learning to keep from sawing or hammering their lovely fingers. He will find that they not only avoid sawing and striking their fingers, but also are really becoming proficient in the handling of various tools found in a first class work shop.

During this trip of observation around the room, the Alumnus is informed that this is only an experiment in manual training. About six months ago, the faculty of the school determined to see what could be done toward satisfying the demand for manual training in our schools. Accordingly this shop was fitted up in the most approved style and different teachers put in charge of the room during their study hours. As this training is not in the regular course of study, it has to be done during the study hours of the different classes or after school.

Here the pupil in Physics has an opportunity to make all the apparatus used in his class, the drawing classes make their own designs and then come down here and put them to practical use. Although there is at present comparatively but a small portion of the school that can spare the time every day to work down here, yet every member of the school should feel that he has not done his work until he has spent a few hours a week in this profitable employment. For to be well educated one must train the hand, the eye and the ear,—the most direct paths to the brain.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

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A STEP in the right direction, was what everybody said when they saw the notice for the organization of a lawn tennis club. The interest in athletics has been almost at a stand-still for a long time, and it is with pleasure that we note a disposition toward progress in this respect. The young ladies have also shown their desire for physical culture in the proposed gymnasium class, which we sincerely hope will prove a success. Several of them have spoke of engaging a suitable instructor and taking lessons, the fee being small, and the benefits to be acquired very great. They should remember, however, that more than half the term has gone, and nothing has been done yet. As for the boys, they seem to have collapsed with the base-ball nine, for we have heard of nothing in the way of athletics that they have done this term. Wake up, boys! Make the most of your chances, for by-and-by these opportunities will be gone forever. Do something to keep up the credit of the largest State Normal School in the United States.

THE recent action in reserving one hundred seats, at reduced prices, for Normal students, is certainly commendable. It also reflects credit upon the school that the offer was so generally taken advantage of. It shows that students are eager to avail themselves of all possible opportunities to see and hear National celebrities; that they realize the culture to be gained therefrom. It is deplorable that Booth and Barrett did not play in San Jose during their recent engagement in this State, but as they were playing in San

Francisco during our vacation, many Normal pupils were enabled to hear them. But nearly as many wished to see them play, who, having no friends in the city with whom they could stay, were compelled to lose the opportunity. It seems as if this might be remedied; why cannot the pupils form theatre parties for such special occasions, and under the chaperonage of some reliable person go over to San Francisco on a Friday or Saturday night, attend the theatre, and return in the morning? The cost would be nominal. It is unfortunate that for lack of something of this kind so many of the pupils should be deprived of the pleasure and benefit to be gained from seeing such actors as Booth and Barrett present Shakespeare's best dramas.

A VERY short time indeed, Senior, remains if you mean to have any social life this term. When you have been graduated, you will look back with regret to the time when you were so "wrapped up in your studies" that you were unable to spare the time to become acquainted with your classmates. You have put this off term after term, possibly caring only to "get through" in your studies, bringing your lives down to a dull, monotonous grind, which has driven every spark of gayety and animation out of you; or perhaps you belong to the people who are easily bored, and cannot put up with the conversation of those who are not bright and witty as you are. Arouse yourselves, stop the endless discussions in class meeting, and expend some of the surplus energy in social improvement. Show the school that the Senior class has spirit enough to get up receptions and quiet social gatherings.

WHEN we enter the busy halls of our Normal day after day, how few of us pause to think that in but a few years this throng of happy faces will be dispersed, these friendly ties perchance be broken, and these with whom we are climbing the ladder of knowledge scattered far and wide throughout our State, in fact throughout the whole country. Is there no common bond by which we may be held together to a certain extent? Yes, there is at least one, and that is by means of the Alumni Association. When we come back to our old Alma Mater after long separation, how comforting to feel the hearty grasp of an old school-fellow. The Alumni social meetings established this friendship more firmly, and we feel that all are pulling the same oar, with the same mainland in view; viz: that of making true, noble citizens of those under our charge. Not only are the members of the association af-

fect, but the influence of the Normal School is strengthened to a great degree. To come back to its own interests, we can speak of its aid in procuring positions for its members, as each takes an interest in the welfare of the others.

Especially should the members of the present Senior A class become acquainted with the benefits of the Alumni Association, for they are soon to enter upon a new field of labor, and, excluding all other reasons, they at least desire the society of those in the same employment as themselves, and some means by which old associations may still linger. Another inducement is the Reading circle in connection with the association. It lays out a very thorough and interesting course of reading for its members.

But let us say in conclusion, that this very paper you are reading, the *NORMAL INDEX*, is the key to the benefits of the above-mentioned association, and every member of that association should subscribe for it. Each month are published notes in regard to the ex-graduate, and by reading the paper, much information may be received by all who feel an interest in the school and its members, both present and past.

Senior A's do not let your interest in this paper cease, when you are no longer Senior A's. Let the list of subscribers be as full when you become members of the Alumni Association, as it has been during your last term in the Normal School, and you will show your loyalty as a member in no better way.

AN EXCURSION TO RUSSIA.

A company of Normalites including some members of the Faculty and several of their friends, took a flying trip to the "Unknown Empire," Russia, Monday afternoon, March 12th.

We had scarcely time to give the Nihilists of to-day a few frightened glances before we found ourselves at the rivulet which separates Germany from Russia. On one side were sleek, well-fed, Germans, on the other, dreary, hungry Russians. Here a dignitary with a brass number on his cap demanded our passports, opened our trunks and tossed their contents about most mercilessly. He even intercepted and read telegrams which came to members of our party; so much for being in a country where a Czar's precious head is a target for Nihilism. Calls from the "inner man" for refreshments by this time became long and loud. Close at hand, we found a hotel possessing good accommodations. In one part of the dining-room stood a bar tended by a young woman. Polite, active waiters served a dinner which consisted of

mainly of soups and black and rye bread—very beneficial to the teeth, the Russians say. Our poultry was carved before serving. Toasts or snacks nicely browned but not burned were served with our tea, in which there was no cream but which was well sweetened with cube sugar. The poorest peasants use cube sugar, but they are very economical with it, holding it between their teeth while they drink their tea.

Ding, dong dell—the train! we rushed to our places, congratulated ourselves that we were not "left," looked around to see if all were on board and wondered why we did not feel the accustomed jostle; we kept on wondering. For a long half hour that train stood still! Finally there was a second bell, then a third. The guard blew his whistle, the conductor blew his, the brakeman blew his, the engine bell struck three times and away we went through low, flat Poland; then through the wooded hills of Russia and still where the ground is again low, flat, and cultivated in patches. Three days' and three nights' traveling brought us in sight of the Capital, named after its founder, Peter the Great. At first, we were struck by the colossal edifices, afterwards by the uniformity of the houses. Many occupy an entire block. They are built in flats which are rented out to several families. No house can be built until the plan has been subjected to the City Architect and it is to this that the remarkable uniformity of design is due.

St. Petersburg has long, broad, straight streets. The beautiful Neva River, lined on both sides by quays and crossed by substantial bridges, runs through the middle of the City. St. Petersburg is noted for its large, open squares. On every hand are to be seen officers and men. We witnessed a review of eight thousand troops in one of the squares, and were told that such scenes are not unusual in the Russian Capital. To be sure we visited the Winter Palace of the Czar, large enough to hold His Imperial Majesty and five thousand of his retainers.

Moscow! Napoleon! O history, you are vivid as we look at these nine brass cannon stamped with the letter N—once the weapons of the mighty dead. Who can describe the electrical thrill we felt as we stood beneath the Great Bell—24 feet in diameter? Neither is it an ever day occurrence to visit the Old Palace, see the throne where Peter the Great and his ancestors once sat; to walk through the rooms where they walked and talked and slept. We visited also, the New Palace with its modern grandeur, its costly furnishings, its ceilings studded with diamonds and other gems.

The Russians are very sociable. Very politely they will ask a stranger, "Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going? What is your name? What is your business? Your income? Married or single?" etc. The wealthier and poorer classes associate very freely. The Russians are generally deceitful, all are shrewd hands at making a bargain. They are great church-goers and ritualists, but in morals they are lax. The women smoke cigarettes, the men are given to drunkenness. At feasts, the principal beverage is wine unmixed with water. Among the many customs of these people is that of sending into the parlor of a newly married couple, two geese and two ganders, decorated with colored ribbons. The eternal fitness—Gong! Where are we? In room L. listening to Mr. Pudens, where he has telling us about his fourteen years in Russia. We can not report all he said; you should have been there to hear.

M. E. E. G.

AN HOUR IN THE NORMAL.

Under the Normal arch I passed,

And wended my way along a Lane

Till so sweet a strain as ne'er can last,

Fell upon my ear, I could not refrain

From seeking its source; and felt like one

Reward'd, for "Singing Leaves" 'twas not:

But an oak that weighed near the Edgemoor

Which shaded a rose, from the rays so hot,

In faith one may say, his eyes do deceive;

For nature so rare is everywhere,

Here a Park, or a grove it is, I believe

Where we Reed Pined signs of a Cotter's home there,

There the sparkling Brooks and a lovely Glenn,

A tall Black Cliff, where sweet Williams grow,

Seethers a Martin which sings of whom

He'll Berry his heart, and Hyde his woe.

In that Sharp Gray range of lowering peaks,

Are hurrying forth, from a heated tower,

A thousand Bashheads, so to speak,

From proud Mt. Geary's noble cover,

And still is found, that left and right,

These eruptions as mostly in their outward fit,

Rival volcanoes that know not night.

Way Vesuvius himself is no Marche for (i) t.

Here a Cooper, a Taylor, and a Cook do dwell.

And do you still ask why nature does lead

The way to drink from wisdom's Green well.

And Cusgraves are few, joy is the seed,

A Hayer seems to pass before my eyes;

As I Steel from the Halls in a Moody mind,

From K, still echoes the well-known cries,

"The motion was reconsidered, you'll find."

Our Educational Department is omitted in this issue, on account of the illness of the editor.

THE NEW COURSE OF STUDY.

(COMMUNICATED.)

All Normalites anxiously await the action of the Joint Board of Trustees, relative to the proposed change of time of graduation, length of terms, and course of study. A committee consisting of State Superintendent Hoyt, Prof. Denman, and Ralph Lowe met here a few days ago to consider the course of study, but there was so wide a difference between the recommendations of the Faculties of the two schools, that no action was taken.

For three years the Trustees have been contemplating a change from two graduations to one a year.

Our Faculty preferred the present plan, but from all indications the change is likely to be made. Pupils could be admitted but once a year, while conditioned pupils would be subjected to the hardship of being excluded from school for the remainder of the year.

Our laboratory facilities are scarcely adequate to meet the present demands, and the duplicating of the number of classes in science would either necessitate more room or result in less efficient work. The change would serve to raise the grade, but there is too much demand for Normal trained teachers to warrant the loss and inconvenience.

The three-term course, as recommended by the Los Angeles school, though very undesirable, would make little difference if the time of graduation is changed. The terms would then be of sixteen and twelve weeks respectively, similar to the present year.

The Faculty of the San Jose Normal have recommended the following course of study:—Junior B, —Arithmetic, 20 weeks; grammar, 20 weeks; zoology, 20 weeks; geography, 20 weeks; drawing and spelling each ten weeks.

Junior A—Arithmetic, 16 weeks; arithmetic methods, 4 weeks; grammar, 20 weeks; botany, 20 weeks; reading, 20 weeks; penmanship methods, 5 weeks; morals and manners, 5 weeks; spelling, 10 weeks.

Middle B—Bookkeeping, Algebra, Word Analysis, Methods in Reading and Language, Manual Training, Physics, Reading, and Drawing, each ten weeks; School Law, eight weeks; and Physiology, twelve weeks.

Middle A—Algebra, Composition, and Physics, each twenty weeks; U. S. History and Constitution, twenty weeks; Drawing and Reading, each ten weeks.

Senior B—Geometry, Rhetoric, Chemistry, and Methods and Reviews, each twenty weeks; Psy-

biology and Training Department, each ten weeks.

Senior A.—Geometry, Drawing, Chemistry and Mineralogy, Physical Geography, Methods and Pedagogy, each ten weeks; Literature, twenty weeks; Training School, twenty weeks.

Post Graduate—Algebra, General History, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Literary Master-pieces, each twenty weeks; Geometry, Trigonometry, Political Economy and Civil Government, Geology, Philosophy of Education, Astronomy and Methods, each ten weeks; Latin, forty weeks.

Physical Geography, the intelligent study of which requires a knowledge of most of the sciences, is placed in the Senior year. Botany and Zoology are placed in the Junior year to develop the perceptive faculties and to make the students feel an interest in our Junior work.

The Los Angeles school propose to drop Chemistry and Manual Training in the regular course, and insert Latin in their stead. Spelling continues throughout the course.

It is believed the Board will adopt the course as prepared by the San Jose Faculty, but it may, as a compromise, adopt the three-term plan. The post-graduate course is to prepare students to teach High schools.

The Boards of the three Normal schools meet in Los Angeles, April 9, at which time the whole matter will be settled.

H. C. CLARK.

NEW OFFICERS.

The newly elected officers for the Normal Societies are as follows:

Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.—President W. W. Murray; Vice President, E. L. Spinks; Secretary, H. Miller; Corresponding Secretary, F. Tebbe; Sarg. Arms, Mr. Hoog; Assistant Sarg. Arms, L. F. Puter.

NORTONIAN SOCIETY.—President, F. L. Arbogast; Vice President, Edith S. Smoot; Secretary, Hattie Baggett; Treasurer, F. Barthol; Sarg. Arms, J. J. Jury, L. F. Puter.

Y. W. C. A.—President, Emily Stetson; Vice President, Melvina Durham; Recording Secretary, Mamie Post; Corresponding Secretary, Oreta Calhoun; Treasurer, S. Ellen McFarland.

Y. M. C. A.—President, L. J. Geary; Vice President, Mr. May; Recording Secretary, B. S. Martin; Treasurer J. J. Jury.

Prof. James Denman, in his recent visit, expressed himself as highly pleased with the Normal. Mr. Denman has lately returned from a visit to the East, and he says we are ahead of any Normal school he has visited.

ALL SORTS.

"Stop thieves! Stop thieves!"

Will Prof. C. eliminate Jesus?

Why was last Sunday night so cold?

How did you spend your vacation?

The synonyms for "propose" are "propose" and "kick."

What is light employment? Building castles in the air.

Prof. Childs announces the funeral of delinquent seniors.

Mr. Spoonendyke would call this a "measly" school's present.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the center.

Why is Middle A3 the dullest class in the school? Because it is so *Hay*.

The Senior classes sincerely regret the enforced absence of Prof. Allen.

Why does Mr. A. like to visit the Model class? Because one of the pupils is so *Sharp*.

Twenty cents for each smile seen on your face while reading the All Sorts column.

The Senior Bt class is made conspicuous by the way they *Swift*. The Senior A's have to *Hrett*.

Cornelia has the measles. I wonder what George has? A *heavy Hart*. It bends but never breaks.

The May class of '88, swamped in a sea of literature, but for its motto, "O Food, where shall we find?"

Composition Class Pupil—"After I said that about Shakespeare I went back and finished him up."

"I never pass here without casting envious glances on those white lilacs." *Abem!*

Middle B's ought to see, well judging from the number of C's in the Arithmetic reports.

"Walking down hill is a continual falling; walking up hill is a continual hauling."—Mr. Hamilton survivor.

What is the second law of motion? A woman talking, keeps talking, unless out-talked by some man.

Query.—Why is it that after vacation all the young ladies of a certain boarding house gave quotations on *love*.

Absent-mindedness does not always result seriously, but when on a picnic and near water—*Beware!*

The vacation campaign shows its results in the wounded and sick, whose vacant seats are seen everywhere.

A young lady in the Senior is very anxious to know who sent the flowers by the express boy in the striped waistcoat.

We missed the patron saint of the Emerald Isle this year. Some of his devotees were seen wearing his colors, however.

We are pleased to see the bright face of Miss Fannie Schallenger among her former classmates, the members of the present Senior Bt.

On last Monday morning we were visited by Superintendent Riet, who gave us one of his usual happy and instructive talks.

Also, for those who defied the threats of that fierce old Warden! Some of the boldest of the Seniors have fallen into his clutches.

Senior A (gladly over the coming examination)—"How many sharps in the key of C?" Intelligent Junior (very much amused)—"None."

Board on the train. He—"That large building is our Normal School." She (from the East)—"Is it really? I thought it was an insane Asylum."

Girls, have pity on the Normal boys! As Prof. James says, "Don't strike the mustache when it's down." The boys resemble geese in this one respect.

We were pleased to see the familiar faces of Miss Annie Penbrook and Miss Lizzie Johnson, of the May class of '86, again in the Normal halls.

A young lady in the Chemistry class on being asked if there was another way to get gas out of wood than by heating it, promptly replied "By squeezing it."

There was a big excitement at a certain boarding-house last week, caused by one of the young ladies, who visited the mail-box after seven o'clock, committing "sewer-rhyme."

A few of the "scrubs," hoping to be classed among the *dis*, spent a part of their vacation at Saratoga. They had an enjoyable time, and all but one came back preserved on paper.

Several supposed tramps were seen at Mt. Hamilton last week, who, when asked if they desired employment, replied with much dignity, "We are Seniors of the State Normal School."

Teacher of Grammar—"Johnny, give an example of a conjunction." Johnny (In high treble)—"There's one on the road to Alum Rock." Teacher becomes interested in the view outside the window.

There is a society or club in New York which awards a prize to the person who can sleep the longest. If some of the Normal students would enter the contest on a Friday or a Saturday night, one of them would certainly win the prize.

The lack of interest shown by the class reporters would fill a ten-gallon jug, with enough over to give a good start next term. The names and photos of the delinquents will appear shortly, with comments on the character of each, by our most avowed editor.

The Normal Schools of California have engaged two large portions of the Palace Hotel as headquarters during the National Teachers' Convention, soon to be held in San Francisco. All graduates, students and friends of the schools will be cordially received.

CHARACTERS REVISED—"A penny saved is a penny to squander."

"A barking dog never sleeps."

"Of two evils, try to be but one."

"How much is a bird in the hand worth? Its market value."

"It is an ill-wind that blows your hat off."

"An ounce of prevention is generally sold at a profit of ten per cent."

"What said is soonest disavowed."

"Where should a friend in need go? To the almshouse."

It seems strange not to see the teachers in their accustomed places. Prof. Childs' genial countenance beams from behind the desk in Room I, while in Room Nine hear Prof. Kitchener's pleasant voice; and Miss Washburn now occupies Room J. The change was made to accommodate the science teachers.

A number of pictures by Nant, the famous caricaturist, adorned the Normal halls a short time ago. They included portraits of Nobody and the artist, and were a reward of merit to the Normalites who filled the front rows of the gallery (at reduced rates), when the lecture was delivered.

Two Seniorites while studying for the examination in Composition, came across the question, "How may partnerships be dissolved?" They studied for some time, when one of them exclaimed, "Why, they go with the magistrates and dissolve it in whiskey, of course."

Down in a green and shady *Lane*,
A modest *ivy* grew;
Its stalks were bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.
And yet it was a lovely plant,
Its leaves were green and fair;
So it went to grace the tall gray *Woods*,
Instead of staying there.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Lizzie Davis, Dec., '87, commenced her first teaching at John, Monrosey Co., the 13th. of February.

Miss Mary Stephens, May, '81, resumed her school in the Franklin district, John, Monterey County.

Miss Jennie Snook, May, '87, is teaching the Lockwood school at Seminary Park, Alameda County.

N. B. Green, May, '84, is now teaching a second term in San Miguel district, Monterey Co.

Miss Annie Gray, Dec., '83, has been teaching in Reed St. School, San Jose, but recently opened school in Napa Co.

Miss May E. Mansfield, Dec., '86, is teaching the Shaw's Flat school. Her post-office address is Columbia, Tuolumne Co.

Miss Julia Crowley, May '86, began her work as a teacher on the first of last September, in the public school of Virginia City, Nevada.

Miss Sarah Chamberland, May, '84, has been teaching three years since graduation. She resumed her school at Mark West Springs, the first Monday of this month.

Miss Jennie Allen, May, '87, is teaching a small school at Pismo, Mendocino Co., and has not found school-teaching as hard work as she supposed.

Miss Amanda Hinchaw, Dec., '87, has assumed charge of the Pleasanton Hill school, near Schampard, Sonoma County. She was employed as teacher of this school before entering the Normal, which she attended two years and feels herself much benefited by the instruction received there.

C. F. Bonsho, May, '97 has been elected to the principalship of the Crescent City School. He has been teaching since graduation in Del Norte county.

Miss Angelina Chamberland, Dec., '94, is teaching in the Public school of Santa Rosa. This term will make four and one half years experience for her since graduation.

Jon W. Stirling, May, '93, gave up his school last Spring and is now holding a position as warehouse keeper of the Grangers' Bank at Castroville.

Mrs. E. E. Carey, May, '96, has not taught since receiving her full diploma. Mr. Carey, May, '96, is now one of the proprietors of the Argosy Hotel in Santa Clara.

Miss Olive M. Know, May, '97, taught one term in Pleasant View District, Monterey county, and has now been appointed teacher in the Heaver school, near San Jose.

Miss Jennie Smock, May, '97, is at present not teaching. Since graduation she has taught two months in the Cole school, Oakland, and two months at Berryessa.

Miss Lillie Harris, May, '97, who met with quite a serious accident, while alighting from a buggy, has recovered and is again teaching the primary department of Pleasanton school.

Miss Minnie M. Gray, May, '96, expects to teach the Stone Corral school, near Visalia, until the middle of March, at which time she will go to the mountains to finish the term.

Miss Lena Buckley, May, '96, expects to resign her school near Chico at the end of this, her second term. Her poor health requires her to seek another climate.

Miss Anna Richardson, Dec., '96, taught eight months in Palo Colorado District, Monterey county, but since November last, she has been teaching in the Primary Department of the Pacific Grove school.

Miss Lida Hatch, Dec., '96, has returned to her school at Salinas, Monterey Co., after her winter vacation. She paid the Normal a hasty visit not long since, and all her friends welcomed her back.

Miss Nellie M. Rickard, May, '97, taught one term in Indian Valley district, Monterey Co., but resigned to accept the situation she now holds as teacher of the Marland school of Los Gatos Co.

Miss Mamie Bass, May '96, has been teaching very steadily since her graduation. She substituted for Miss Harris at Pleasanton for several weeks, but is now teaching the May school, four miles above Livermore.

Miss Lizzie Sinclair, May, '97, is not teaching at present, as she did not receive her diploma until two months since. She is at her home at Warm Springs, Alameda County, putting her Household Science into practice.

Miss Eva Bennett, May, '97, taught three months in the Alamo school, and would have returned for a second term, had she not been offered a situation in the Santa Clara St. School San Jose, where she is teaching at present.

Miss Kate Montgomery, May, '94, has been teaching for two years in the Petaluma Public school. She was granted leave of absence on account of ill health and is now "home-teaching" in Fresno county. The change is proving beneficial to her health, and she expects to return to Petaluma at the commencement of the new school year.

Mr. Duncan Stirling, Dec., '96, has been obliged to give up his school at McPherson, Los Angeles county, having had a severe attack of rheumatism. He is at present at his home near Castroville, Monterey county.

NOTICE—If any members of the A2 division of the Xmas Class of '97, have changed their address since it was last given to the Secretary, it is desired that they should send the new address as soon as possible to Mamie Coughlin, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Miss Anabel Tuttle, Dec., '96, is still teaching the Fifth Grade of Hellman St. School in Los Angeles. She reports a vast increase in the school census, 140 teachers being employed in that city. Great preparations are being made there for the National Teachers' Association next summer, and large and interested delegation may be expected from that county.

NEW APPARATUS.

At the meeting of the Normal school Trustees last Spring, \$2500 were allowed with which to purchase additional apparatus. A large workshop has been furnished with complete sets of tools, where the students may gain some experience in handcraft, as well as make much of the apparatus for class use. Other furniture has been received, which will add greatly to the efficiency of the work of chemistry, physics, astronomy and other of the natural sciences. Among the recent receipts are the following: heliostat, solar microscope, hydraulic ram, dynamo, radiometer, gyser, and ruby tubes and microscopes. Many pieces were imported from France and are of the most serviceable kind. By the use of the dynamo, the teachers hope to run the lathes, scroll saws and other machinery in the shop.

While elaborate apparatus is not essential to good results, the present equipage of the Normal is a valuable aid to mastery of the great principles of natural science. Our facilities compare favorably with any institution in the State, and we may well be proud of our school and of its results.

The funeral of Millie, daughter of Prof. Brady, took place from the residence of Dr. Cory last Saturday. She was the second daughter Prof. Brady has lost within the past year. He was a teacher in the San Jose Normal, but is now located in San Diego.

The Normans Society has recently adopted a new course of work. The members have chosen slides and are now to give a competition programme once in each month. This is a wise action, and if it does not establish that enthusiasm, which should exist in a society bearing the name of so honorable a man as Prof. Norton, no one can say what will.

THE NORMAL INDEX

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