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The Normal Index.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1885.

NO. 3.

The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

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

Terms: Seventy-five cents per post; 10 cents per copy.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
Subscribers not receiving THE INDEX regularly will please
notify the Assistant Manager.

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JUNGHEN & TUPPER, PRINTERS, WASHINGTON BLOCK, SAN JOSE.

WITH this issue of THE INDEX, three of the editorial staff bid farewell to the sanctum. We shall leave the dear old Normal never to enter it again as pupils. Our connection with THE INDEX has been of the most pleasant nature and we relinquish with reluctance our position as editors. We sincerely thank the Faculty, students and Alumni for their kind aid and encouragement and earnestly bespeak for our successors the same consideration. Our mistakes, which doubtless have been many, have met with a kind forbearance equalled only by the praise of our successes.

Although guided by inexperienced hands, THE INDEX has demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt, the practicability of a Normal paper, and the many letters we are receiving from all parts of the State, indicate in strong terms, the appreciation with which our enterprise is greeted by the teachers and former pupils of the Normal.

ON the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of December, the California State Teachers' Association holds its annual session, in the Normal School building, in San Jose. It is presumed there will be a large attendance, as the exercises bid fair to be of more than ordinary interest.

Among those who will address the association are Professors Holden, Sprague, Welcker, Swett, Dentman, and More.

In the forenoons the subjects of Ungraded Grammar and Primary Schools will be considered in different rooms. In the afternoons the Association will meet as a body in the assembly hall and discuss general topics relative to teaching. A social reunion of the teachers will be held on Monday evening and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Profs. Holden and Sprague will lecture.

There will be a business meeting of the Alumni for the transaction of important business. The President, Professor Childs, desires as large an attendance as possible.

SOME of our students who were members of the old Philomathean Society have made arrangements to hold a reunion in their old hall on the 16th instant. The intention is to extend an invitation to all Normal students. The program will shortly appear.

SKILL in his work, with the teacher, covers embarrassment, management covers many petty disorders; but cheerfulness covers all these and a multitude of sins besides.

RIDICULE, with many other very unpleasant things, has its use, a use that could be but poorly supplied by any thing more gentle. But when the barbed wire is turned from its legitimate mark, as it often is, and directed toward the good, or toward some deformity either of

mind or body, its sting is cruel and wicked in the greatest degree. Any person who, voluntarily, even though it be in jest, so misrepresents a truly meritorious deed as to bring ridicule on its author, deserves nothing better than to be treated with scorn by all his associates.

AT the present time there is little excuse for ignorance even among the poorest. Every city and town affords a free reading room, and cheap editions of the best works may be found in every book store. Never before has there been a better chance for the poor children than to-day. The school-rooms are no longer a terror to the children. The beautifully bound books and the pictures within draw the child toward them as the fragrant blossom draws the honey bee. For small children, simple tales from the standard authors, and travels through all parts of the world are written in charming styles.

RARELY do the students receive such a treat as the music to which they listened on the afternoon of the 25th ult. The Jordan children so justly celebrated for their musical talent, paid the Normal a visit and held the assembled students and teachers spellbound by a matchless rendition of several airs on the violin and piano. The young lady who played the violin was specially deserving of mention. Her execution was remarkable, the skill of a master guided every movement. The soft inspiring notes of a violin when directed by such a hand, are, we think, surpassed in richness by no other musical instrument.

WE take pleasure in announcing for the January number of THE INDEX a steel engraving of our late Vice Principal, Professor Norton. The first intention was to issue the engraving with the December number, but as its appearance at this time might interfere with the sale of the Memorial pamphlet, we have decided to hold it over until January. Our readers will readily understand that no paper of our limited means and circulation could, unaided, undertake such an enterprise. Through the courtesy of Professor Allen we are enabled to offer our subscribers a gift which we know each will appreciate, but none so much as those who have personally come in contact with Professor Norton, or have listened to his teachings in the classroom.

Each regular subscriber will receive the engraving gratis. Extra copies of THE INDEX with the engraving will be sold at fifteen cents. No engraving will be sold separately. Those desiring extra copies will please notify the canvassing agent of their class as soon as possible.

FOR many years a battle has been raging between the trained and the untrained teachers. That the former are fast gaining ground is shown in the rapid progress made in the schools within the past few years. Most of the large districts and many of the smaller ones are now beginning to recognize the superior worth of discipline.

Upon the public schools hinges the welfare of the nation. How important then that these schools should be conducted by well trained teachers! There is a wide field and plenty of work for every graduate, if he faithfully performs his duty.

EVERY one should possess self-control, but especially should the teacher be complete master of himself. It is worse than folly for one to attempt the training of others until he has himself well in hand; for if he cannot control himself, how can he hope to govern children? One who has a hasty temper without the power to control it, is as decidedly out of place in a school-room, as a chicken is in a duck pond—one would probably make about as much progress as the other. Hewett says, "No one is fit to govern others till he can govern himself,—nor is there any other victory of government so hard to win." Therefore, put forward vigorous efforts each day to win that victory.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

A Christian is the highest style of man.—*Pope.*

Fine manners are the mantles of fair minds.—*Alcott.*

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—*Montaigne.*

Nothing is more like an honest man than a rogue.—*French.*

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.—*Lord Bacon.*

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.—*Leicester.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man.—*Lord Bacon.*

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—*Socrates.*

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*Smiles.*

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.—*Leicester.*

SARTOR RESARTUS.

[FOR "THE INDEX"]

THOMAS CARLYLE, the author of *Sartor Resartus*, was an English classic possessed of a strongly marked individuality. It was said Carlyle thought in German, and after carefully reading *Sartor Resartus* we are led to believe that from the leading German writers his thoughts caught their deepest coloring, and his style some of its most startling qualities.

He seems to have laid aside the conventional forms of English speech for those of the German language, thinking possibly, that regularity, order, and connection were restraints, too powerful upon his bold and fertile imagination. Carlyle fully illustrated the weird richness of his imagination and the grotesqueness of his style, in *Sartor Resartus* which professes to be a review of a German work on dress, but is in reality a philosophical essay on "Things in General." In this treatise, Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh is the imaginary mouth-piece through which Carlyle inveighs against the old clothes of falsehood and conventionalism that smother and conceal a "divine" idea lying wrapped in the center of our human life.

It is apparent to any one who carefully follows the plan of this work that Professor Teufelsdröckh never existed and that *Sartor Resartus* is the original and only treatise that has ever been written upon the "Philosophy of Clothes." The accounts of the origin of this pretended and highly colored story of the great veneration produced throughout Germany is, to say the least, a mere figment of the mind.

The German village where the author is said to have passed his youth, and Weissbichten, the city where the work is supposed to have been printed, are equally foreign to our geography.

The names of the personages are no less singular than those of the places. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, has our sympathy for having to carry through life that strange and unpleasant title. In short, my opinion is that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a "Professor of Things in General," etc., has about as much foundation in truth as the various accounts of the discoveries in the moon.

Fiction of this kind is, however, not uncommon, and ought not perhaps, to be condemned too severely; but we cannot refrain from severely criticizing the author for trying to mislead the public, as to the substance of this book and its alleged German origin. Although there are many practical hints throughout the work in a half serious, half comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality, a treatise upon the science of "Things in General," which Teufelsdröckh is

supposed to have professed at the German University. To those advanced in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, the real subject of the work would be more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community which constitutes everywhere the great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance.

The author appeals especially to the young to buy his book, and in the chapter on "Dandies," he strongly intimates that he considers any mode of dressing "Those clothes wearing alienated monstrosities" of their property in keeping with the sanctimonious views held by pious Diogenes Teufelsdröckh.

Carlyle evidently took a malicious pleasure in deceiving the "Dandies," however the only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German, is the quaint and burlesque style, in which the author delights to dress his thoughts and the sportive sprinkling of its pages with German idioms.

Before "elucidating" further upon the "Grundgrinders catch," I will justify the production of *Sartor Resartus* by saying, possibly amusement was at first, the sole aim of the author's inquiries. Proceeding from one particular to another, the subject grew under his hands; and it was far advanced before the thought "struck" him that his private meditations might be especially useful to the "Dandies of the Mortiferous Age." To prove that my theory of "gravitation" is not only correct in substance but logical, I will ask my readers why did the author devote chapter ten instead of chapter one to the amelioration of the "clandial bodies?" Does the sun not rise in the East, and did not Carlyle have an ethereal weakness for the "Brave Cleopatras?" Certainly!

Laying all pleasanties aside, I think Carlyle should stand first in the long and brilliant roll of British writers.

Surely no English writer has ever excelled him in painting with the color of truth, fictitious events. He seemed almost to have had the power of physically imparting to its pages the most delicate perfumes of the azalea, so minutely were his mental pictures painted upon the unfolding canvass. He unrolls in gorgeous panorama before the eye the leading events of his time; and stamps them upon the reader's mind with startling vividness.

The author exhibits in the most just and novel light the present aspect of politics, literature, arts and social life. Underlying all his gaiety is an earnest meaning and an intelligent insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human

nature. The philosophy and purity of his moral sentiment will find their way to the heart of every true lover of virtue.

The English call Carlyle a great thinker, and pay homage to him, their great philosopher and author, by pointing with pride to the beauty of his language and the rich quaintness of his humor, which to them possesses so many attractions.

We, as earnest students of English literature cannot fail to recognize in the writings of Carlyle, the richness of language, and the occasional eccentricities of great genius.

History informs us that it was this latter quality of style that gave Carlyle rank among the leading classics of his time. Everything is treated in a contrary manner. Impossibilities are set forth as real principles; common sense takes the form of absurdity.

Speaking of the setting sun at North Cape he writes: "Silence as of death; for midnight, even in the Arctic latitude has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy tinged, the peaceful gurgle of the slow-heaving Polar ocean over which in the utmost North the great sun hangs low and hazy, as if it too were sleeping." Such splendor he sees whenever he is face to face with nature.

Immediately following such obscurity, he tells us man is a despoiled animal, and society his clothes for its foundation. No sooner do you become interested in searching out what the author has to say about the "omnivorous hippos," when he suddenly calls your attention to the diet of the "Gorda Cow" or to the "migration of the herrings."

Seemingly the writings of an author, so apparently abandoned to imaginative follies would have a tendency to disgust and dishearten the reader; but Carlyle makes ample amends for this peculiarity.

Who like Carlyle could have ignored every principle of conventional art, and yet have done such noble execution in the literary field?

Thomas Carlyle was indeed, himself a literary Cromwell, waging sternest war with all the forces of an earnest soul, against modern humbug, untruth, and noisy pretension. No wonder that this soldier of the pen among the stanchest of our century, looking back across two hundred years of history, should have recognized natural loyalty in the craggy brow, solid frame, and iron soul of a Huntington farmer who could lead armies to certain triumph and dissolve a senate with the stamping of his foot. An electric sympathy linked the two. True manhood sharpened Cromwell's sword and true manhood guided Carlyle's pen.

M. H. LAWSON.

ADIEU.

DEDICATED TO THE GRAD CLASSES OF '85.

You're about to part, dear comrades,
Part from old accustomed scenes;
And ambition's star you're seeking
Welcomes you with cheering beams.

Points with rays of sparkling splendor,
To the broad and rip'ning field,
In which you'll soon take places,
Each your own bright scepter wield.

You have toiled with patient ferrow,
Through the years which passed away,
Resting from your work at midnight,
Taking up the march by day.

Sunshine has not always blessed you,
But twilight shades must come to all;
Weary hearts and battle-sown spirits
Borne by both the great and small.

In every pathway sorrow meets us,
Which seems to cloud all hope and mirth;
And weighs our burdened spirits downward,
With the encumbering dust of earth.

But again hope comes to our rescue,
And our faith which was growing dim,
Is fanned into lighter radiance;
And we labor, then wait and win.

You count o'er your chosen number,
And your hand is banded, you find;
For one has gone on before you,
And you are left in the line.

Left to complete these school labors,
Left to finish school days,
Left to fulfill each year's calling,
In the future's widened ways.

For o'er you the dawn is breaking,
From the top of "Old Knowledge Hill,"
And your hearts are light with pleasure,
But by memory, lashed and stilled.

For you're leaving far in the distance,
Far many an old time scene;
While soon from your misty pathways,
But the spires of the school will gleam.

Yes, many a sweet recollection,
In the future days will appear;
As fondly your thoughts turn backward,
To these pleasant three school years.

You've found them in early morning,
And at sultry noonday's heat;
And even in dim grey twilight,
Their mission of love repeat.

And oft when your hearts are saddest,
In the future day and night,
They'll throw on the clouds around you,
A rainbow pure and bright.

And soon you'll turn to leave us,
Our blessings shall go with you,
And hope that success crown your labors,
While we are still toiling at school.

—A JUNIOR B.

ALL SORTS.

The kazoo is the coming musical instrument.

The Senior A class pins are quite conspicuous.

The young men are discussing the formation of a foot-ball team.

Extensive discussions on the plays of Shakespeare are the newest wrinkles in Rhetoric.

The most dangerous question to put to a student after examination papers have been returned, "What's your per cent?"

So anxious are some of the young ladies to see their names in print that it is suggested that an extra catalogue be published.

On account of an increasing amount of school work the Junior A society has discontinued its meetings until after the holidays.

The Junior singing class has sustained its reputation. They did so well at the recent examination that Prof. E. feels guilty at not being able to condition anyone.

The B's are humming in their hive. Soon they'll swarm. May those that rise to fill the vacant hive find as rich fields as the swarm that vacates it for higher altitudes.

The members of the Y. M. D. S. expect to have an interesting meeting next Friday evening. A breach of promise suit will be tried. The promising young attorneys Messrs. Powers and Whitten, have been engaged. Refreshments served.

The Senior B's are happy. Every Friday evening they practice calisthenics under the direction of Miss Wilson. The girls, particularly, are pleased with the program, as they now have a chance to run without compromising their dignity either as Seniors or as model young ladies.

Class in Oral Instruction—Subject, dragonfly: The teacher has been telling them various things about the dragon-fly, among others, that it remains in the pupa state about a year.

Teacher to little girl who has evidently been dreaming:—“Dora, how long does the dragonfly remain in the pupa state?”

Dora (with some hesitation):—“About an inch.”

Last Thursday morning, a round of applause greeted the ears of those in the Normal Assembly Hall, and looking up to the rostrum, the familiar form of Supt. Welcker explained the cause. At the close of the morning exercises, the teachers and students were entertained for a

few minutes by many instructing remarks from the gentleman.

The following are answers to the conundrums propounded to the Senior A's in our last issue:

When is the child native seen in its most natural light? When viewed by the Normal(ite), of course.

Why did the Senior B classes have reason to expect a Spanish entertainment at your reception? Because it was given by the Senior(s).

Why does the Normal need an Orpheus or an Esculapine on Thursday mornings? To rouse the dead and cure the poor muse sick.

MONTEREY EXCURSION.

(FOR “THE INDEX.”)

“H O, for Monterey!” was the exclamation that greeted the ears of the zoology class as they congregated at the Normal building on Friday morning, Nov. 27th. The weather was superb and the students were jubilant over the anticipation of an instructive holiday frolic. At one o'clock our party of twenty-five boarded the train and were soon whirling towards the sea. Arriving at Pacific Grove in the evening we made preparation for a general slaughter of the unwary ophiurians, entomostracans, and cephalopods that might be caught napping.

The evening was pleasantly spent in games and songs, and at a late hour each sought his respective room there to repose in peaceful slumber and dream of the morrow; but our peaceful reveries were soon harshly interrupted by a piercing scream emanating from the young ladies' quarters and one of the fair sex might have been seen running about with one foot shoeless and carrying at arm's length a species of *canoe pygmaea*. Upon investigation it was found that a crab (heartless thing) had crawled (t) into a shoe.

At early morn'g, out upon the rocky shore were seen a charming couple gazing upon the briny deep and “listening to what the wild waves were saying.” By nine o'clock the tide was at its ebb, and our party headed by our fustianous leader, were climbing over the rocks eagerly seeking the wonders of the sea. In spite of the earnest admonition of our guide, not a few chased the treacherous waves too far upon the sandy beach and were soon thoroughly drenched. The more agile and ambitious were soon on their way to the light house. From this point a good view of the sea and bay may be had. Our search was not fruitless and ere the sun had disappeared in the horizon, we were wearily retracing our steps to camp, each bearing evidence of an enthusiastic zoologist. One landlady with whom

some of the girls boarded, in recognition of their faithfulness, kindly provided a sumptuous repast of mince and other dainties.

On Sunday afternoon, we were driven through Monterey, viewing the old historical buildings, and out to Del Monte and grounds. Surely no part of the Union can boast of a more beautiful spot than this.

But all pleasure must have its attendant toil, and reluctantly we returned to San Jose the next morning, to enter school with renewed vigor. We were a sorry looking crowd as we marched up the Normal steps, but we were happy and felt much better for our trip. Truthfully we may say "O how lovely."

As "EXCURSIONER."

Our readers will all be interested in a biography of Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H.") in the *December Century*.

"Is Modern Science Pantheistic?" is the title of an interesting essay in the December number of *The Overland Monthly*. The article is deserving of careful perusal for the subject is one that is agitating the greatest minds of the day.

The *Atlantic Monthly* promises contributions in 1886, from James Russell Lowell, John Fiske, T. B. Aldrich, P. G. Hamerton, Henry James, C. E. Craddock, W. H. Bishop, "and scores besides." Craddock's serial will be called "In the Clouds," which would seem to imply that the scene will be laid in the Tennessee Mountains, which her pen has made so interesting. "The Golden Justice" will be the title of Mr. Bishop's story. Mr. James' "Princess Cammasina" will run until August.

GUINIVERE.

[N Tennyson's *Idylls*, we have four distinctly marked types of women.

"The Lily Maid of Astolat, who,
Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"

Forms truly a perfect picture of childish innocence and artlessness; while in the background, somewhat hidden by other virtues, are seen the glimpses of courage and womanly devotion.

Strangely contrasting with Elaine, is Vivien, the fatally beautiful, almost fiendish plotter, who, having fallen herself, finds solace in pulling others down:

"A worthless woman! more cold clay
As all false-hearted women are! but so fair
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unawares."

In Enid shine out brightly all womanly virtues. The poet might truly say of her:

"A noble woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

"Leodgran, the king of Camelard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child,
And she was dearest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere."

In the guilty Queen we find much to admire, much to pity, and much to condemn. Her early life was certainly not one of ease and quiet, surrounded on all sides by warlike tribes, whose pastime was in plundering and laying waste the territory of their neighbors, surely her father's home did not furnish the soil where gentleness, purity, self-control, and other womanly traits so essential to happiness, could obtain a firm root and the necessary nourishment to make her young life blossom and bear, in later years, the fruit of perfect womanhood.

From being an inexperienced, indulged, and only child of a semi-barbarous father, Guinevere was called to assume the duties of a queen, ruling over the richest court then existing. Surrounded by luxury and ease, trusted implicitly by a husband she could not appreciate, constantly at war with her love for another knight, flattered, bowed down to, yes, almost worshiped, by the knights and ladies of her court, would it not have required firmly-grounded principles, aided by a keen sense of right and wrong to have resisted temptation? Guinevere was weak, she lacked the power to resist temptation. She did not wilfully and deliberately sin from choice, nor did she select the rough and narrow way; she simply glided along with the current as do so many women of the present day. The trial of her strength was severe—no more so than that of many others, like some she fell, while others stand firm. Her lack of character was shown in another way. Not for what she was but for what she seemed, or was considered to be, she cared. Mrs. Grundy was her god. A thorough woman of the world, until the blow fell, then she awoke. At first, benumbed, she felt blindly about, and the world, laid the blame on others, but finally, as the burden of sin grew upon her, she knew that in herself lay the blame; and from that time lived a truly pure, useful, and holy life.

The Queen's guilt was the key which unlocked the gates of indulgence, sin, and death. The Holy Grail could not be seen by knight whose soul was not spotless; and who, save Arthur, Galahad, and Percival, could claim stainless integrity of purpose and purity of mind? So perished the golden days of chivalry.

How numerous are the Guineveres of to-day! Beautiful, yet characterless women gliding resistlessly along on the smooth waters of society, heedless of threatening storms until, when too late, they find themselves engulfed in the vortex of sin, and no one to blame but themselves. When they keep up appearances for the sake of

Mrs. Grundy, rain too often comes to their homes, a curse upon their children, their sex and their country. The life of a nation depends upon the home training of her children. What will a government become if mothers turn to Guineveres?

But the number of the fallen is few compared to that of the strong, so why should we condemn in place of trying to lift up? Let us not be too hasty in our judgment considering our own weakness, and remembering the words of One far better fitted to judge than we:

"When from out the distant city

With great upsur and much din,
They brought to Him in pious anger

A woman—taken in her sin,

They would have Him judge her harshly,

Stoned ought she to be thought they;

But our Saviour, full of mercy,

Sentence on her would not lay.

Then stooping wrote He on the sand,

And turning said in gentlest tone,

"Let him who is without a sin

Be first to cast at her the stone."

AGNES S. HAMILTON.

NORMAL DIPLOMAS.

(FOR "THE INDEX.")

EVER since the power of granting certificates was taken from the State Board of Education, some of our enlightened and progressive County Boards of Education, in order to show their newly acquired power and to protect "home talent," have refused to grant first-grade certificates on Normal School Diplomas. They say that holders of Normal Diplomas have taken their examinations and failed to get the number of credits required to entitle them to a first-grade certificate, and in some instances, have failed altogether to get a certificate of any grade; therefore, they assert, "It would be dangerous to the welfare of our schools to grant these Normal graduates certificates without first testing them as to their book-learning."

Let us see how this protects home talent. Suppose a young man, or woman, residing in one of these counties where Normal diplomas are not recognized, concludes to make the profession of teaching a means of livelihood. We will suppose he is a conscientious man and desires to be properly prepared before offering his services as a teacher. He looks around him for the means of so preparing himself and concludes that the Normal school offers apparently the desired facilities. It is an institution supported by the State and has for its special object the educating of teachers. The county in which our friend resides pays her share toward supporting the Normal, therefore he reasons, it is but just

she should have her reward in trained teachers. He goes to the Normal, studies diligently, and in due time, receives his reward in the shape of a Normal School Diploma. During his school life, he has passed numerous examinations in all his studies under the eyes of the best educators in our State, his work has been carefully criticized and his every mistake corrected. Instruction has constantly been given him in the best methods of imparting knowledge to the young; lastly, he is required to demonstrate his ability to teach children by months of practice in the Training Department.

His work at the Normal has been a series of lessons, tests and criticisms. Many of his comrades have fallen during the process of forging, through necessity by the State to produce the perfect metal. He goes home triumphant and presents his diploma to the county superintendent, who blandly informs him that the Board has decided not to give him any certificate, until they have tested (if his knowledge by an examination. Would it be strange if our young friend turned on his heel and walked out of the office, resolved to go to some county where his hard earned credentials are honored?

This is how these Hon. Boards protect home talent. The real reason, in nine cases out of ten, for this anxiety about "home talent" is, that the "home talent" which composes the County Board of Education holds all the best paying schools in the county, and it is certainly a wise thing for them to protect "home talent," but the county is the loser by this protection (1) and the members of the Board the gainers. Besides of what value is a "home talent" which cannot stand competition with the rest of the State?

The above also explains the reason why Normal graduates sometimes fail when examined by one of these "home talent" Boards of Education. The questions are often made out apparently with the express purpose of having none pass for first-grade certificates, and are such that were the members of the Board required to pass the same examination, without having time to "look up the questions," we doubt not but they would make a poorer showing than the Normal graduates, who, they say, have failed. We have in mind a county Board, that practiced this plan so successfully that for over two years not a first-grade certificate was granted in the county. The members of the Board philosophically remarking, "We have enough first-grade teachers to fill our schools, and these should have the first chance."

The question of recognizing Normal Diplomas is one that should be taken up by the Legislature. If the State is to support an expensive

institution to train teachers for our public schools, each county should be entitled to the full benefit arising from it, and the rights of the people should not be interfered with by a petty County Board of Education, who, from purely selfish motives, try to cast a slur on one of the grandest institutions in our State. If these few county Boards are right, then the Normal school is a costly and useless ornament and should at once be closed or changed into some other kind of factory, which would bring the state some return for its generous outlay.

The question of who is right, we will leave for an uninterested and intelligent public to decide, believing the time to be not far distant, when some decisive action will be taken one way or the other.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The editor of this department desires the active co-operation of alumni and under-graduates in collecting material for notices in this column. Contributors will please state class, occupation, residence, and anything else of interest to alumni and under-graduates.

TO OUR GRADUATES.—I have many times resolved, and several times attempted to send an autograph answer to all reports from graduates of the Normal School. The work is, however, too burdensome, and hereafter, all reports for the month of issue, will be condensed in the Alumni Notes, in THE INDEX. I hope all the Alumni of the school will become subscribers, and they will be able, through this column, to know the whereabouts of schoolmates and classmates.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, Principal.

Mildred Hanson, Xmas '84, is teaching near Visalia, Tulare Co.

Miss Anna Black, Xmas '83, is teaching near Gilroy, Santa Clara Co.

Miss Mary E. Norton, Xmas '84, is teaching at Tomales, Marin Co.

Miss Lily A. Addicott, Xmas '83, is teaching in the Fresno city schools.

Miss Lizzie A. Rennie, Xmas '84, is teaching in Sutter County near Yuba City.

Miss Mamey Murray has been teaching since graduating, at Port Wine, Sierra Co.

Miss Celia Williams, Xmas '83, is engaged in teaching in the Fresno public schools.

Miss Nellie Kenton is reported as teaching in the Belpassi district, near Modesto.

Miss Kate Bromley is teaching her second term in Union district near Oroville, Butte Co.

Miss Lillie Harris is at her home, at Pleasanton, but expects to resume teaching in January.

Miss Mary McIlhenny, Xmas '83, has been teaching until lately in the school at Port Costa.

Miss Daisy C. Shutte, May '85, has been teaching at Ravenna, Los Angeles County since Aug. 17th.

J. G. Beatty holds the position of Principal of the public school at Moore's station, Butte County.

Miss Stella Bagnella, May '85, has been teaching since August in the Berryessa district near San Jose.

Miss Nettie C. Warring, Xmas '84, is teaching a school of twenty "all Spanish" at Cienega, Ventura Co.

Miss Annie L. Wells has been teaching for the past year at Elk Horn district, near Castroville, Monterey Co.

Miss Edith D. Yaple, May '85, has been teaching for the past two months near her home, Ripon, San Joaquin Co.

Miss Agnes Pender, May '83, has had charge of the Hamilton district school near San Jose, for the last five terms.

Miss Anna H. Dowling, Xmas '84, is not teaching, but is pursuing advanced studies at her home in Grass Valley.

Miss Nellie Page, May '85, has taught a primary school in Mariposa Co. for the past term. Her post-office address is La Grange, Stanislaus County.

Miss Julia Bodley, May '85, has been teaching since Nov. 1st, in the Calaveras district. Her post-office address is Milpitas, Santa Clara County.

Miss Edith C. Smith is teaching in Folsom, Sacramento County. The school, she says, "includes everything between the third and fourth reader classes."

Miss Bessie Mayne, Xmas '83, has for the past year held the position of Principal of the Crescent City school, Del Norte County. She is not teaching at present.

Miss Ida C. Nichols, May '85, expects to begin teaching in the spring, and in the meantime is devoting her time to advanced studies. Her address is Freestone, Sonoma Co.

Members of the May class of '83, will be glad to learn that the class valedictorian Miss Ida M. Jones, is recovering her health and expects to resume teaching shortly.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT.

[Hereafter a department of *THE INDEX* will be allotted to the Branch Normal School at Los Angeles. Working under the same course of instruction and for the same end, there is a strong feeling of sympathy linking together the two institutions. Our readers in the Garden City will doubtless be interested in what is occurring at the sister Normal, and several articles in their department this month will strike a sympathetic chord in the breasts of many of our students.]

Judging from the merit of many of the contributions, we infer that the Branch Normal is doing a great work in instructing the students in the art of composition as essential to a thorough education. — *Ens.*

INTRODUCTION.

[N contributing, for the first time to *THE INDEX*, we make no apology for what may appear in our columns, but respectfully submit the work to the reader for his perusal.]

While we do not feel flattered in the least at what we have done, we do feel that we have made a beginning which, as experience dictates, it is to be hoped will prove of lasting benefit to all concerned in its welfare.

DRIFTING.

DELLA FRANK.

O I have grown so weary
Of rowing against the stream;
I long to lay down the oars,
And drift in an idle dream.

Carried on by the current
Without a thought or care,
Lulled by the breath of lilies
That floats on the evening air.

Drifting, idly drifting,
Out to the summer sea;
Careless of toil and endeavor,
Oh, if it could but be!

But I turn with a sigh to my compass,
And my course lies against the tide;
And the channel is rough and narrow,
Which enters the harbor wide.

So I turn again to my rowing,
And with firm hand grasp the oar,
For I see the gleam from the lighthouse
Shine out from the other shore.

And I know if I gain the harbor,
I must pull against the stream,
With earnest heart and purpose,
That will leave no time to dream.

THE NEED OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

(FROM "THE DOCTOR.")

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Three shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

THE lack of general information is painfully apparent among us.

Webster says, "*Education* comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." Few of us realize what that word implies.

We travel blindly along the paths of learning, imagining that we are imbibing all that lies around us. We study hard and fondly dream that we are becoming thoroughly educated men and women. Some of us are what is called by the less fortunate, the smart ones of the class. Of course we are smart. Don't we stand the highest in our class? Don't we always know our lessons? Certainly, we answer the simple questions put to us by our trusting teachers, but what would be the result, if such questions as the following were asked: Will you tell me who the Secretary of State is at the present time? *Wisecore* hasn't the least idea, but can tell Washington's cabinet off glibly as his A, B, C's. Please tell me the reason of the war that is going on between Serbia and Bulgaria? *Wisecore* does not know, but could give a full account of Queen Anne's war without tripping. Now this is a too common fault among the delving students of our schools and we are often brought up rather sharply for it too, when some practical friend puts one of those posers to us. We are too apt to have a superficial knowledge of the old and almost forgotten lore, while not taking the least interest in our own times.

We read too little. Perhaps some may be astonished at this statement when conscious of studying from four to five hours a day. Then again, we do not think enough of what we do read. I would not presume, with my experience, to give a lecture on the arts of reading and thinking, as others more competent have already exhausted the subject, but it would be well to caution you to think what each sentence means as you read. Above all things, do not pass a word without learning its definition; then, to impress it on your memories, it would be a good plan to use it in a correct sentence at your earliest opportunity. It is surprising to find how few of us can read more than a page of some well written article without coming up against the blank

wall of some unfamiliar word. The study of words is a fascinating subject when they are thoroughly understood, and are made our obedient servants.

We are preparing ourselves to be teachers, to go out and instruct the young. Many of us think we are doing our whole duty as students when we learn the lessons assigned to us each day. Fine teachers we will make if we are satisfied with that alone. With the vast amount of good literature, which is so easily obtained, we could hardly be excused if one of our scholars should ask us our opinion of some standard author, and we could not give it, having no knowledge of the subject. This is not the worst of this lack of reading good works. They give tone and culture to our tastes in that line, and broaden our views. Then there are books bearing on our studies. How many of us consult them? How many of us in fact, look deeper than the mere surface that our school books can furnish us on the subject in their limited space? Are we not apt to take everything for granted we read or our school teachers tell us without questioning its truth? Yes, we often fail to realize the fact that there could be two opinions on one subject, and forget that we are individuals with reasoning powers and not mere absorbing machines. Montaigne says, "We take other men's knowledge and opinions upon truth, which is an idle and superficial learning; we must make it our own."

How interesting it is for our teacher to vary the monotony of the recitation by relating some anecdote bearing on the lesson. Does it not impress the point more deeply on our minds, while it tends to enliven us for the rest of the day? It is doubtful if said anecdote was found in a school book with its set lessons.

School books are excellent affairs in their place but do not think that they contain all the knowledge necessary to make good teachers of us, and certainly that is what we desire to be. Our lesson books make firm and lasting foundations for the structures we are raising but the beauty and symmetry of form is given by the education we must obtain from good general reading, everywhere so abundant, from our keen observing powers, and the experience derived from the whole.

We must learn what will be useful to us in our future capacities as teachers, for "He that does not know those things which are of use and a necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man whatever he may know besides, and happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

LEVIN B. MORRIS, Junior A.

SQUIRES.

There is a lack in the Middle A that will never be (Wright)—for John E. has left school, this time for good.

"Wait till the *Clouds* roll by" has become exceedingly popular among the young ladies of Junior B, No. 1.

The greeting between the girls of the graduating class is not "How is your health?" but "How is your dress?"

The Normalites are beginning to talk of their examinations and will soon be assuming their most woe-begone expressions.

Miss Rose Carver, a member of the Xmas Class of '84, has been obliged to give up her school on account of her father's illness.

The program committee of the L. O. L. society has prepared an elaborate program, to be rendered in honor of the graduating class.

Miss Mollie Chapin, of San Jose, has been visiting her friends, the Misses Wise, on Fifth Street, and with other friends paid the Normal a short visit.

It is said that Professor More's dog is very much dissatisfied with his photo which was taken with the Faculty, and it will not be safe for the artist to take in the Normal on his next visit to Los Angeles.

It seems a pity that, although there are nearly two hundred young ladies in the Normal School, the young men cannot make a choice without wandering down the hill to the Young Ladies Boarding School.

And still they go! Miss Jennette Lazard, after a year's experience, has decided that teaching fifty or sixty young ideas how to shoot is hard work, and that a school of one is more to her taste. Congratulations will soon be in order.

The Senior B's are just getting interested in their training school work. They have spent one hour per week for the past four weeks, in this department. This hour is divided between several teachers so that each has from fifteen to thirty minutes drill.

The following remark of a young lady of the graduating class may be a good warning to the young ladies of future graduating classes: "I'll tell you what, girls, I wouldn't graduate again for all the world." "Why?" asked another. "Well, I couldn't survive the ordeal of having another graduating dress made."

Miss Jennie Vallee, of Junior A, has been obliged to leave school on account of failing health. Miss Vallee will be greatly missed by her many friends and classmates.

An amusing incident occurred at the last meeting of the N. A. which greatly surprised one of our members at least. The program committee placed a mock trial on the program for the next meeting. The president selected a culprit and drew up a warrant for his arrest and appearance for trial at the meeting. The prisoner was charged with stealing a rotten apple from Mr. More's barn, and, as the marshal read aloud the warrant for his arrest to the prisoner, there was but one sober member in the room.

As I lay *Flott* beneath the shade of a large *Heath*, I grew somewhat tired, and, when I was about to *Doz*, *ter* large cat startled me out of my slumbers in an endeavor to save her kitten from the clutches of several large *Hawks*, which now and then swooped down upon them. Like the *Monks* of old, I was too fond of my sleep to be thus cheated, and sooner *Duan* than said I was once *More* in the land of dreams; but was soon aroused from my *Knapp* by a familiar voice saying, "There is a *Valentine* in the assembly hall for you."

A bicycle club, composed of graduates of the Los Angeles Normal, has been organized. Messrs. Riley, Clark, and Rivins are the charter members and it is reported that one or two of the Summer class '85 propose joining soon. During last winter vacation the members took a trip on their steeds to San Diego, and from there across the line into Mexico. Although gone but a couple of weeks, they travelled several hundred miles and returned highly delighted with their trip. An excursion to the Yosemite is proposed for next summer.

THE L. O. L. SOCIETY.

A SHORT description of the L. O. L. Society may prove an item of interest to such readers of THE INDEX as are interested in literary pursuits.

The name L. O. L. was suggested by one of the early members of the society and signifies Lovers of Literature. The society was organized in 1882. The object was the mutual improvement of all connected with it in social intercourse, and the further advancement of education, and was composed of members of the school. The meetings are held every other Friday evening in the assembly hall of the Normal

building. Unless by special invitation, persons not belonging to the society are not allowed to be present except at the open meetings given at the close of the term, when the friends of the society are cordially invited to attend.

The Faculty of the school are honorary members, and one teacher is usually present. Now and then Professor More speaks words of encouragement and praise, which are always thankfully accepted by the members.

On the evening of the 17th of December the L. O. L. will give a meeting in honor of the Christmas class of '85. It is thought that this meeting will be an exceptionally good one as the program has been prepared with special care. All friends are cordially invited to attend. The exercises consist of readings, recitations, debates, essays, music, and short plays.

The society edits a paper called the *L. O. L. Gazette*, which is read at the regular meetings once in four weeks.

Thus far the society has been very successful. As the classes leave the Normal, their places are filled by the new pupils and on these the L. O. L. depends for its support.

NORMAL ADELPHIAE.

THIS society is still increasing in size and interest. The last more lively than usual on account of a National Democratic Convention which was held after a short literary program. The convention exhibited all that lively, energetic interest which is characteristic of such meetings. After six ballots it succeeded in nominating W. S. Hancock as the next candidate for the Presidency.

The society elected its officers for the ensuing term, selecting Mr. Gerry as President.

Some amusement was caused by the Marshal's serving a warrant on one of the members, who will receive a jury trial at the next meeting.

The Adelphean Society was organized about the middle of last term. It is composed only of male members of the school, who meet bi-weekly in the school library and drill themselves in parliamentary rules and impromptu speaking.

It is encouraging to note that in attendance and general interest the society could not be improved upon.

It is an organization of which its members are all justly proud, for it is an honor both to themselves and to the school.

True to its name, the utmost harmony has existed, thus enabling all of its members to work pleasantly together.

The mutual improvement of its active members is very marked, which is conclusive evidence of the success of the society.

EFFECTS OF CHEMISTRY UPON THE MIND.

HAUTE TAILOR.

One night I took my chemistry
And scanned its pages o'er,
Endeavouring latest truths
Of science to explore.
I pondered deep, I pondered long
Reactions bold to write;
But every point seemed so obscure,
I felt discouraged quite.

Down in the laboratory grim,
That day we'd labored long,
Starch into sugar to convert
By using acids strong.
But instead, we burned our fingers sore,
And broke our test tubes three;
And O! that sugar was as sour
As vinegar should be.

And so I felt downcast and sad,
And tried and tried in vain,
The tedious process to recall
Of curing sugar cane.
But as the process step by step
I tried to memorize,
The letters a resemblance bore
To bottles full of dyes.

At last I threw my book aside,
And tried to dream it out,
Why time is put with sugar cane
To take the acids out.
When all at once I heard a sound
Like that of flickering flames,
And, to my nose, the stifling smell
Of calcic chloride came.

Lo! there a monstrous spirit lamp
Stood near me all aglow;
And over it a gallon flask
Kept leaping high and low.
A large gem bottle there appeared,
So sober and sedate,
And in that flask its contents poured
Of ammonium nitrate.

An explosion, loud, terrific,
Then caused a deafening shock;
And chairs and floor and ground beneath
Seemed up and down to rock.
While flasks, retorts, and spirit lamps
Containing liquids bright,
Seemed in a war dance to engage;—
It was a dreadful sight.

They galloped, trotted, stumbled, reeled,
And made a lively dash,
Until a score of lamps and flasks
Collided with a crash.
Then acids, alkalies, and salts,
In quantities profuse,
Began to burn and effervesce
And change their brilliant hues.

Then on my face and head and hands
An acid sharp I felt,
And broken flasks and bits of glass

Into my face were dealt.
Then I awoke with such a start,
But was relieved to find
That it was just a vision caused
By excitement of the mind.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. C. Mahar, May '85, is engaged at Campo, San Diego Co.

Miss Rosa Carver, Xmas '84, has been teaching in Kern Co.

T. C. Gower, May '85, is teaching at Pinacate, San Diego Co.

Miss Eugenie Hobbs is assisting Mr. Riley in the Rosedale district.

Miss Mary Walker, May '85, is teaching at Poway, San Diego Co.

Miss Georgia Freeman, May '85, is teaching at Ranchito, Los Angeles Co.

Miss Helen Swan, May '85, is teaching at Hermosa, San Bernardino Co.

Mr. William Wright, May '85, is teaching at Willow Grove, Ventura Co.

Miss Amelia Drango, May '85, is teaching at Oak Grove district, San Diego Co.

Miss Alberta Whitney, Xmas '84, has been engaged at San Pedro, Los Angeles Co.

Miss Abby Barrows, May '85, has charge of the Cucamonga school, San Bernardino Co.

Miss Florence Ellis, May '85, has been engaged to teach the Spadra school, Los Angeles Co.

Spurgeon Riley, first class, May '84, is principal of the Rosedale school Los Angeles Co.

Chas. E. Taylor, May '85, who acted as janitor while at school, is teaching in Fresno Co.

Miss Ellen Huie, May '85, is presiding over the schools of Etiwanda, San Bernardino Co.

Miss Cora Lamb, May '84, is at present engaged in the schools of National City, San Diego Co.

Miss Lulu B. Scott, May '85, who was for some time our pianist, is teaching at Sepe, Ventura Co.

Edwin Clark, May '84, "Oysters on the half shell" has been engaged in teaching the Anaheim school for some time.

Mr. Logan Rivers, "the only" young man of the Xmas class '84, is teaching near Downey, Los Angeles Co.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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