

Nov. 1885

The Normal Index.

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THE NORMAL INDEX.

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*Normal Students are appreciating the advantages by purchasing at my store, and
are availing themselves of my prices in all articles needed by them.*

{ 17 EAST SANTA CLARA STREET,
Three doors from the Bank of San Jose.

GEO. W. WELCH.

The Normal Index.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

NO. 2.

The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

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

Terms: seventy-five cents per year, 10 cents per copy.
Advertising Rates furnished on application.
Subscribers not receiving THE INDEX regularly will please
notify the Assistant Manager.

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SOON, very soon, will this term be over, and the present Senior A's will leave the Normal, never to enter it again as pupils. With every member of the class is a feeling of gladness that the several years of toil are soon to meet with their reward, yet with the joy is mingled sorrow, with the sweet the bitter. For when they depart from the Normal halls, they leave behind them many kind friends and pleasant memories. Is it strange they should feel sad, knowing that ere long they must part, "it may be for years and it may be forever," from the school-mates that have shared together the sorrows and the joys, the failures and successes of school life?

Their work as pupils is almost finished, and they will soon enter upon a new field of labor—that of the teacher. In this new work let each strive not only to increase his pupils' store of knowledge, but also to make of them worthy men and women.

TOO much cannot be said of the evil that is fastening itself upon our youth throughout the nation, that of the purchase and eager perusal

of vast quantities of cheap flashy literature with which the market is flooded. Hardly a month passes in which we do not hear of some youthful adventurer running away from home to ape the heroes of such books as "The Trail of the White Viper," "Red River Rovers," "Revolver Billy," "Nebraska Charley," etc.

Since we cannot stop the publication of such vile trash, let us do the next best thing, prevent their perusal. Here is a work in which the teacher may do much; when each instructor does all in his or her power to arouse in the pupil a hatred for all reading that is bad, vile, and degrading, and a love for that which is good, pure, and elevating, then will trashy literature cease to be so dangerous.

PERHAPS the foremost of college customs throughout the country is that of class distinctions in the way of some insignia adopted and worn by the students. This practice when accompanied by no antagonistic spirit is perfectly laudable and proper. The University Senior sports his "plug," the pupil of an academic institution parades a class pin and now the Senior A's of the Normal are identified by their artistic badges of blue and gold. While not so conspicuous, perhaps, as the more pretentious plug hat, the Senior bow excels in being adaptable to the fair sex, who constitute a large majority of the students at the Normal.

A cheerful, sunny disposition is one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon man. Not only is it a duty to endeavor to acquire this disposition, but to succeed. How often do we hear the remark, "It is not the work that hurts me, but the worry." This should not be. One ought to stand up manfully against all trouble and, "By opposing, end it." We unconsciously foster the habit of fretting by allowing little pin-pricks to render our skin so sensitive that the attack finds us an easy victim. The great Ruler of the universe, has prescribed certain fixed laws which govern mortal man, and no amount of rebellion against these laws is going to alter them.

It would be much wiser for us to submit gracefully to the inevitable, than to be assuring ourselves continually, and trying to convince other people, that affairs are in a very bad condition, and the only possible change will be for the worse.

"All weakness falters, fumes, is full of jars,
While Power and Peace oft times are reconciled;
Foul rivulets fret! Earth, whirled amid the stars,
Wakes not a nestled bird or slumbering child."

THE initial number of THE INDEX has received about the amount of promiscuous criticism that usually greets the first appearance of such journals. We solicit criticism for it is largely by listening to, and profiting by the advice of others that any one can improve. It would be strange indeed if all criticisms were just. It would not be at all surprising if among all our readers, some one should misinterpret our opinions and misrepresent us. We can make a full allowance for misinterpretations for they are inevitable. We can ignore all silly ridicule, and treat with silent contempt, all malicious criticism; for such things are better answered if left unnoticed. But we cannot overlook the downright falsehood that represented us as making a statement an idea of which we never entertained. Our readers will remember that in our last issue in discussing "class spirit", we said that it is perfectly right and proper for a Senior to "wear any insignia of his rank that he chooses." Now a youthful editor so far disregards the truth as to say that THE INDEX "advises the Normalites not to wear 'plugs', like the ducky who said he wouldn't be a white man if he could". Perhaps the editor was so intent upon nailing his simile that he felt justified in compromising with the truth. Now this is seemingly a very small matter. Concerning the mere facts of the case, it is. But the young editor, if he does not know already had better learn now that the magnitude of such an offense is not proportional to the importance of the facts concerned.

A strict adherence to the truth is one of the first requisites in editorial as well as other work.

THAT an institution of so much importance and having so many students as the Normal, should pay so little attention to literary societies and athletic sports, has been a source of surprise to many. A few years ago the Philomathean and Varbel societies were recognised institutions of the Normal, but they are now matters of the past. The suppression of these for various reasons has left the school without any regular public society. True there are three class societies besides the Young Men's Normal Debating Club, but these are in no wise representa-

tive of the whole school. The absence of representative societies is not attributable to any lack of talent but rather to the increasing thoroughness of the school work and the scarcity of spare time among the students.

WHEN the great Carlyle was a young man engaged in the profession of teaching, it is said his cruelty and tyranny produced upon his pupils such an effect that not all the well-deserved fame of the author in after years could efface from the memory of those pupils his injustice; nor could the merits of his productions inspire in their hearts any other feeling than one of dislike for the man, talented though he might be, who ruthlessly trampled upon the trust and innocence of childhood.

OUR readers have noticed, no doubt, that the haircut very short, and reached back, is growing in favor with the young men. Some, tired we suppose, of combing their hair, shear it so close to the head that the scalp is plainly visible; this may be very cool and labor saving, but strange as it may seem, is unsafe. We imagine we hear you say, as you complacently rub your hand over your clipped crop, "How ridiculous! Short hair dangerous! Pooh!" But listen until I tell you wherein the danger lies. The Evangelist, speaking of cropping the hair close to the head, says, "It is injurious as well as disfiguring. The hair is a conductor of electricity to the brain, and should never be less than two inches in length. Unless the facts of the case are taught in the schools so that the boys are warned, in a few more generations, there will be a general softening of the brain among our masculine population."

Now boys, do take warning and allow your hair to grow to a reasonable length. We do not wish softening of the brain to increase among the young men. There is quite a plenty affected with it now, if one can judge by the increasing number of dudes.

THE spice of every teacher's work is originality. He may read all the educational journals extant, and may try to execute the plans laid down therein; but if he lacks the power to vary the plans to suit the wants of his school, his work will fail to accomplish the desired end.

THE second number of THE INDEX is presented in an enlarged and improved form. Four pages of reading matter have been added, and the combination of gold and black has been replaced by the present colors. Other improvements will be made from time to time when deemed advisable.

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.

Miss Nannie Calloun, May '85, is teaching at Windsor, Cal.

Miss Nannie E. Tuttle, May '85, is teaching at Watsville, Cal.

Miss Dora A. Peery, Xmas '84, is teaching at Sulan, Solano Co.

Miss Nettie Murray, Xmas '84, is teaching at Benton, Mono Co.

Miss Mollie Walsh, May '83, is teaching at Coon Hollow, Eldorado Co.

Miss Kate Wambold, May '85, is at San Simon, San Luis Obispo Co.

Miss Nina F. Williams, Xmas '84, is teaching at San Juan, San Benito Co.

At last accounts, W. W. Locke, May '85, was at Lockeford, San Joaquin Co.

Miss Minnie Galindo May '85, is teaching in Smol district, Alameda Co., Cal.

H. C. Petray, May '83, is principal of the Guerneville school, Sonoma Co.

Miss Margaret Richmond, May '85, is teaching at Upper Matolie, Humboldt Co.

Miss Annie L. Taylor, May '85, is engaged in teaching at Meridan, Sutter Co., Cal.

Miss Kittie S. Ogilvie has just taken charge of the school at Wildflower, Fresno Co.

Miss Mamie Murray, Xmas '84, is engaged in teaching the schools of Port Wine, Sierra Co.

Miss Julia Daubenbia, Xmas '84, is teaching in Valencia school district, Aptos, Santa Cruz County.

Misses Kate and Jennie McCarthy are engaged in teaching schools at Cape Town, California.

Mr. Frank R. Cane, May '85, began his first term of school at Cedarville, Modoc County, October 5th.

Miss Cora Wyckoff, May '85, is teaching at Pfeiffer district, 30 miles south of Monterey, Monterey Co.

Mr. T. J. McGrath, Xmas '84, has been engaged in teaching the public school at his old home St. Louis, Sierra Co.

Wm. Ozzi Blodgett, May '85, is at present engaged in teaching school about fifteen miles from Millville, Shasta Co.

Miss G. Annie Girdner, Xmas '84, is teaching in the primary department of the public school of Orland, Colusa Co., and reports being well pleased with her school and surroundings.

THE MODERN TURK.

[WRITTEN FOR "THE INDEX."]

In August at his boarding place,
A Midler, dreaming of the hour
When he should fill a Senior's space
And glory in his power,
Dreamed that through hall and street he wore
The badges of a conqueror;
In dreams he shone in Training School,
He sat upon the platform high,
Ate candy when no one was nigh,
Resigned his pupils with a sigh,
He'd governed by the Golden Rule.
The term past on, our Midler woke,
That bright dream was his last.
He woke to hear the Seniors cry,
Prepare! they come! the test is nigh!
Go get your pen—don't spill the ink—
Put on your thinking cap, and think!
Tis merit only that will tell;
We wish you victory. Fare you well."
All woke to hear their teachers say,
Write—for this must be done to-day;
Write—we must finish algebra;
Write—for the honor of Middle A
Hygiene and chemistry."
They wrote like heroes long and well;
They piled the desk with papers high,
Some conquered, but one dreamer fell
To rise no more and try.
His proud surviving comrades saw
His sickly smile when rang their proud hurrah,
But their hard work's begun;
For now they march in Senior A,
And sometimes laughingly they say,
"We left him chewing gum."

It is not easy to be funny upon call, but here is a recipe warranted to make a jolly humorist every time:

Take a pedagogue with an infinitesimal quantity of brain, eyes as blind as a fish from Mammoth Cave, entice as thick as the iron-clad monitor's, and hands as numerous as the suckers of an octopus, add forty thousand cubic inches of patience and an equal amount of endurance, with sixty hours to each square minute of the day. Immerse all in a seething cauldron of four hundred and fifty Normalites, and allow to boil for ten weeks; then add four hundred and fifty gallons of salt water and a sprinkling of public fault-finding. Serve hot.

ALL SORTS.

The zoology classes are planning an excursion to Monterey in the near future.

Students of household science lie awake nights trying to recall some original experiments.

The Senior B's are having their manners and morals revolutionized at the rate of one hour per week.

Why is a Senior youth like a telescope? Because he is so easily drawn out, seen through, and shut up.

A new way to write a character sketch: Begin with a funny story, end with "glittering generalities," and fill in with quotations.

The Senior A's take long journeys out in the country to practice the inflections and gestures for their prospective graduating parts.

Some of the Senior A's substitute a "shaking exercise" for the prescribed fifteen minutes' walk before breakfast. The primaries seriously object to the innovation.

Professor Allen has distributed cards (presumably "rewards of merit") among the Senior B's. The latter are trying to decipher the hieroglyphics with which the cards are covered.

Teacher in oral instruction (developing the term "transparency")—"You see, class, anything we can see through is transparent. Now, Johnny, give me an example of something that is transparent." Johnny—"The crack of a door."

In the hurry of getting up the first number of THE INDEX the copy of the "ad" of Messrs. Spaw & Whipple, was mislaid, and no time given to verify that written from memory. Thus the printed copy was not the same as the original.

From all appearance, the Alpha Beta Society is to be a thing of the past. Bows were sold at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$1.75. Some of the Junior young men must intend to enjoy themselves the balance of this term judging from the number of croquet sets they carried home last Friday evening. Possibly they were for their lady friends.

The Senior B2's are making wonderful revelations in logic. One member of the class, somewhat brighter than the others, has proved that the young men of the class are the model young men of the school. She should take care not to disclose her premises, else the young men of other classes may be treated in the same way.

At a recent meeting of the Normal Drill Corps the following members were elected officers to serve for the ensuing ten weeks: Captain, W. O. Peck, of the Senior Class; First Lieutenant, A. E. Shumate, of the Middle Class; Second Lieutenant, J. J. Holmes, of the Senior Class; H. G. Squier was appointed First Sergeant.

The Junior A classes can now boast of a society. It was organized several weeks ago, but did not get fairly to work until last week, when a constitution was adopted. The advantages of class societies can hardly be over-estimated, and it is hoped that this one will prove a success. The officers are: President, Mr. Elliott; Vice President, Miss Mathis; Secretary, Miss Schultzburg.

Two new book-cases have been added to the Normal library, each filled with a choice collection of books. How many of the alumni, teaching in the far-off districts, would like to spend their spare hours in the dear old library! Many of us now wander idly about the halls; but the day will soon come when we, too, shall wish for this golden opportunity which now lies within our grasp.

The Senior B's now observe the regular teachers of the Training Department. Each day some one is called upon to conduct a class through a five-minute exercise. Only those who have tried it can tell with what fear and trembling the poor Senior advances to face, not only a small class of children, but fifteen classmate observers and a Training School teacher besides. He who can go calmly through such an ordeal ought to be awarded a medal.

Senior A's, Miss Walker offers a prize to any that can guess the following before the publication of the answers in the next issue:

When is the child nature seen in its most natural light?

Why did the Senior B classes have reason to expect a Spanish entertainment at your reception?

Why does the Normal need an Orpheus or a modern Esculapius occasionally on Thursday mornings?

The Junior A2's are fully initiated into the work of zoology. Some of the numbers are so apt as to be able to distinguish an ornithomimus platypus from ferminifera with pseudopodia.

It is said that the enthusiasm of a few of the young ladies is so ardent that they even comb their hair in such a manner as to represent certain animals.

They have also learned that a bee or wasp can be safely handled with *care*, but better with a pair of *tongs*.

THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

THE reception of the Senior A's in honor of the B's came off on Friday, October 16th, and was a most enjoyable affair throughout. The basement of the main building had been extensively and tastefully decorated for the occasion. The "boys" had, with much labor, carried the piano from the assembly hall down two flights of stairs and had carefully deposited it in one corner. A temporary stage was arranged at one end of the hall, Prof. E's portable blackboard was pressed into service, while sundry bottles of chemicals marked "Poison" kept guard over the whole. Soon after seven the vanguard appeared and from that time until long past eight, constant additions were made to the assemblage. Social talks and games were in order until the bell rang for the curtain, when the following program was rendered:

Class Song.....	Senior A's
Ensemble, "Normal Culture".....	Miss McLaran, Mr. Adams
"Jamboree".....	Miss McLaran, Mr. Adams
"Milkmaids".....	Miss Spafford, Mr. Clark, Mr. Baum
Instrumental Trio.....	Mr. Spafford, Mr. Clark, Miss McLaran
"Fairy".....	Miss Cox
Character Song.....	Miss Cox
Miss Crutcher, Mr. Baum, Mr. Atkinson, Miss Galloway	
"Wherever in Coneyland".....	Miss McKinnon, Miss Steig
Duets—And she lifted up her eyes and loved him.....	Miss Green, Mr. Adams
"Capitol".....	Miss Green, Mr. Adams
Scapino's Solilo.....	Mr. Spafford
Mr. Spafford, Miss Cox, Miss Spafford, Miss Spafford, Miss Spafford	
Quartet.....	Miss Spafford, Miss Spafford, Miss Spafford, Miss Spafford
"Home, Sweet Home".....	Miss McLaran, H. G. Spiller

Owing to the illness of Miss Parsons the quartette "Good Night," was omitted.

Space forbids our following out the program in detail; but the hearty applause, the frequent encores demanded, and the satisfied expression on the faces of all present testified to the universal enjoyment. And as the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home," called the students to their respective homes there was heard the universal sentiment that occasions of friendly converse and fraternal greeting are the sweet bonds that unite the Low and the High.

Several members of the Faculty graced the occasion with their presence.

"Pshaw! I thought we were going to have something to eat," murmured one of the B's disconsolately.

On the way home: She—"Would there were more of them at the Normal?" He—"What, socials?" She—"No; young men."

The light at the rear of the stage acted like a magic lantern in throwing the figures of those behind the scenes on the semi-transparent curtains. The audience was thus favored with several sets not down on the program.

Coal was in great demand to replenish empty

candy boxes. At the invitation of one of the young ladies, Mr. G. tested the quality, and declared, as he punctuated his sentence with several acrobatic exclamation points, that it was not "bite-two-minutes."

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

(THE "NORMAL INDEX")

EVERY fold has its black sheep and many families have their one bad boy. This incorrigible wretch always occupies an important position in the social affairs of the nation. For his benefit, the number of reform schools throughout our land is instituted. To him is attributed the origin of the "hoodlum" element which flourishes in our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is he who plays "hooky," who goes fishing on Sunday, and who forms, for the teacher, a problem incapable of solution. Whether or not his reputation is an enviable one is doubtless questionable, and while I never perhaps enjoyed the name of being an ideal bad boy, I have tasted many of the pleasures in which he is said to revel.

My great delight was in listening to my older brother as he read of the exploits of Tom Sawyer. This wayward youth was, in my way of thinking, a hero worthy of the closest imitation, but it seemed that fate always conspired against me in my attempt to follow his footsteps. I could never run away from home without being sent back by the neighbors. No mysterious robber's cave with hidden booty awaited my exploration. I found ample field for enjoying mischief at home, however, and many were the times I heard myself mentioned as a suitable subject for the reform school.

Never having been to school I had an instinctive dread of the schoolroom and all that appertained thereto. The master I had supposed to be a kind of an educated ogre whose sole function was to torture small boys. This opinion was confirmed when one day visiting the school that my brother was attending, I saw one boy dextrously spanked, another sent into the corner with spring clothes-pins on his ears, and worse than all, my brother himself, for innocently attempting to imprison a fly in a crack in his desk, sent across the room and compelled to sit between two girls (who probably were as much punished as he).

"The wish is father to the thought," and as the prisoner by day after day longing for a reversal of his sentence, comes to think that he will be liberated, so did I finally begin to think the greatest affliction that ever crosses the path of boyhood, being sent to school, would in some way never befall me. I was doomed to disap-

pointment, however, for me one day when the best tree in the orchard had been hacked down in true Washington style; when two cats, after being tied together by the tails, were hung over a clothes-line and left to mutilate each other; when my younger brother's hair had all been cut off in a pugilistic fashion, and his eye nearly put out from personating Albert in the play of William Tell; when my sister had been nearly frightened to death by a representative King Philip in war paint and feathers, with tomahawk and scalping knife, and I had been accused as the author of all the mischief, my father, in whose absence the misdeeds had been committed, declared that I could no longer be tolerated and must be sent to school.

Never did a prisoner at the bar receive his sentence with a more sinking heart than I did I hear this declaration of my father. Visions of the school-master's tall form and eagle eyes confronted me, I could already feel the merciless "whack," of the ferule. The many cruelties I had seen and especially my brother's punishment were still fresh in my mind. I shudder even now at the recollection of the night preceding my first school-day, how in my dreams a great green-eyed ogre was pulling my ears and beating me with a birch rod, how this evil visaged monster was prodding me with an ox-goad and subjecting me to all the torments of Satan. But let us draw a curtain over the harrowing scene. Suffice it to say that I awoke next morning safe and sound and ready to meet my fate. It is probable that I derived much consolation from the fact that I was to be with my big brother, whom I thought able to protect me from any great danger.

After receiving the parental injunctions "to be a good boy and learn all I could," I trudged along to school holding tightly the hand of my protector and besieging him with questions about what they did with boys when they first went to school. Upon entering the school-room, my brother showed me to a seat and the master, observing a stranger, came forward to meet me. My first impulse to fly from his presence was arrested by a cheery "Good morning, my little lad; so you are coming to school, are you? Glad to see you," etc. I received no initiatory flogging, neither did the great ruler impale me with an ox-goad. No, he simply asked me a few questions, expressed his surprise that I had been taught to read so well at home, gave me some directions about my lessons, and sent me out upon the play ground. The long breath of relief I drew, I shall never forget. The terrors of the school-room were gone, and at the ringing of the bell, I marched back to my seat fearlessly and resolutely.

That evening I walked home fully convinced that the school-room was not such a terrible place or the master such a frightful monster as I had supposed; although the above episode occurred fourteen years ago, the circumstances attending it are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened but yesterday and to my dying day I shall remember my first day at school. —H.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

FOR YOUNG LADIES ENTERING THE LAST YEAR OF KNOWLEDGE.

ALGEBRA.

Solve the following equation:

$$x \text{ plus } y \text{ equals } z.$$

$$\{ x \text{ equals a summer at Newport.}$$

$$\{ y \text{ equals a designing mamma.}$$

Find the square of a crazy-quilt.

ARITHMETIC.

If Susie has one new dress, and Clara has two new dresses, how many more euffers will Clara have during an evening?

If Arabella likes Claude, and Claude likes somebody else, what does Arabella think of somebody else?

RHETORIC.

Solve the following syllogisms:

"I must have a new bonnet, John."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because."

"I hate those Smith girls."

"Everybody seems to like them."

"I don't; they're horrid."

GEOMETRY.

Problem.—To construct a brown-stone front and establishment on the base of a nine-hundred-dollar salary.

Square a milliner's bill.

Find the cube root of sassafras.

SURVEYING.

Take Broadway as a base line for shopping.

Departure—9:30 A. M.

The distance—five blocks.

State the time required to buy a spool of cotton and return home so as to arrive before six o'clock dinner.

ASTRONOMY.

State whether a star or a crescent is the more appropriate setting for diamonds.

State the reason for the son's declination to take the hint concerning a moonlight drive.

NATURAL HISTORY.

What bird is most appropriate for a walking-hat?

State why the nose of the pug is *retrousse*?

—L. R. Collin in *Puck*.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

For every life there is a summit. Happy are they who gain it, and sad the lot of those who faint and fail in the struggle. Short or long to the top, it can only be scaled by persistent climbing. There must be ambition to do and dare or the prize will not be secured.

Have you in the vigor of youth begun the journey? Already are you tired and weary? Are you resting in slothful indolence hoping for wings or sails to bear you aloft without effort? Long before manhood's prime you will miss the top and go down hill. Arouse for another effort. At the base is the thorn, at the summit the crown. There is no escape from the one or the other in the life journey. Which will you have, wealth or poverty, comfort or squalor? Decide in the dew of morning.

At high noon stand out a man on the peak of endeavor, wearing your own crown.—*Exchange*

DID it ever occur to you that a boy ought to like school as well as he does haling woodchucks? You say: "Certainly, a liking for what he has no capacity for liking, a voluntary following of what he doesn't wish to follow, these are truly impossible; but that he may have just as great a desire to go to school as he has for going fishing or running a race, is not only within the bounds of possibility, but great probability. A real school is a place where all the child's activities are brought into voluntary exercise. The Creator has made activity a law of every animal's necessities. In His great school all the lower species are trained to exercise their fullest freedom. They get what little education they do get, by experience, and in this manner their highest possible development is attained. The same law applies to man, for he is in kind not different from other animals. The difference is in degree and capacity. He grows by exercise along certain fixed lines. This growth is pleasurable when natural, and only repellent when unnatural. The means of their development is voluntary, pleasurable exercise. Now, when a pupil finds more joy out of school than in it, it proves that the necessary elements of his growth are not found there. He must get his food some where else. His whole nature demands it; he must have it or grow up starved and unnatural. The first and last questions the true teacher asks are: What do my pupils want? How can I give it to them? They must have healthy growth by voluntary joyous exercise. I must provide this for them. Whatever else I may not do, this I must do. They must be made to love the school, with all that pertains

to it, more than any other place excepting home. If they do not, there is a fault somewhere, and it is my duty to find out where it is.—*The School Journal*.

WHY should the teacher, especially the lady teacher, look so sad? Enter the school-room and see if you do not find her with a face that is easily coaxed into a frown. Is it a good thing for her to permit herself to wear a cross face? Will it attract the pupils towards their school work. President Hunter tells the teacher she must smile, and that quite frequently, if she would make the government of her class an easy thing. The sad-looking face will probably be explained on the ground of troublesome pupils. But a man in a school-room does not, as a rule, look cross. Please think over this matter; look in the glass, ladies, and see if you are getting wrinkles in the school-room.—*Exchange*.

It is right to be contented with what we have but not with what we are.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it the least.

In diving to the bottom for pleasure, we bring up more gravel than pearls.

Hell gate is blown up but the proprietor is still doing business at the old stand.—*Burlington Free Press*.

The seat of knowledge is in the head, of wisdom in the heart. We are sure to judge wrongly if we do not feel right.

Professor—"Name an oxide." Student—"Leather." Professor—"Oxide of what?" Student—"Oxide of beef."—*Boston Beacon*.

Freshman Professor (holding up a written exercise)—"I perceive this one was copied from outside helps, the student who handed it in will remain." Half a dozen remained.—*Fate Review*.

If you meet a student with a careworn face and abstract air, from whose lips issue unintelligible sounds resembling "rill" "hill" "still" and who occasionally utters something that sounds suspiciously like "meet her", do not think he is an escaped lunatic or a desperate lover contemplating elopement. He is simply a Senior B, frantically endeavoring to be able to convince Miss Bennett that a Shakespeare still lives.

The poem at the end of the obituary of Miss Parsons, is from Longfellow, and should be enclosed with quotation marks. In the hurry of correcting the proof, we overlooked it.

VOICE OF OUR EXCHANGES.

THE NORMAL INDEX is the name of a creditable monthly paper started by the Senior class in the State Normal School at San Jose.—*S. F. Daily Report*.

We have received the initial number of the NORMAL INDEX, published by the Senior Class of the Normal. The literary and local parts of the INDEX are a credit to the class and their school, but the editorials are rather flighty and "fine."—*The Epoch*.

The first number of THE NORMAL INDEX, a monthly paper published by the Senior classes of the State Normal School, is a highly creditable product. * * * The enterprise deserves encouragement, not only because of its brightness, the modesty of the editors and the originality and ability shown in the contributed pieces, but also for the reason that it is in itself a good educator and is an exponent of the work accomplished at the school. In the latter sense it reflects unusually high credit on the school, as it shows that thorough training in the use of the English language that is so rare in the schools and that is so essential to an education. The importance of this truth should not be overlooked. Writing is the test of scholarship. Viewed in this light, with the work in this little paper as a test, the Normal School is evidently accomplishing a great deal in education and is an honor to the State.—*San Jose Daily Herald*.

HIDDEN ROCKS.

"FOR THE INDEX."

A youth astride a silv'ry wheel,
Went whirling down the street;
The "silent steed" responsive met,
The pressure of his feet.

And thus the level dustless road,
The cyclist glided o'er;
Unmindful of the awful fate,
That for him was in store.

In common with this rushing world,
The cyclist's aim was high;
Too high, it seemed, for true success:
"To pass a team or die."

In striving hard to gain his end,
But heeding not the ground;
The cyclist landed on his head,
(A hidden rock was found).

The moral to this simple rhyme,
Is plain to all. It shocks!
You, who in life would sail so high,
Look out for hidden rocks.

—H.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. E. R. Sill, who is coming so prominently before the literary world, has an excellent article in the November *American Monthly*, entitled "Principles of Criticism."

An article in the November number of the *Oregon Monthly* by A. A. Sargent on "The Wyoming Anti-Chinese Riot," is worthy of careful study to any who would become informed upon the subject from an unprejudiced standpoint.

Lord Tennyson's next volume, says the *London World*, will be a miscellaneous gathering mostly made up of lyrics, not all new work. There will be an echo of "Poverty, Poverty, Poverty," in another dialect; a reprint of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and "Hands all Round," also of "Early Spring," a poem written for the *American Youth's Companion*; the address composed in honor of the recently wedded royal pair; a series of epitaphs on departed great and good men, besides other gleanings of rare and transient merit. The general title of the volume has not yet been decided, but I understand that it will be issued in time for Christmas.

IN MEMORIAM.

Death has brought sorrow to our midst.

On the 8th day of October, at eight o'clock P. M. at his home in Milleville, Shasta County, George W. Martin passed quietly from this life to the one beyond. He was a graduate of the State Normal School, a member of the May class of '85.

On his return to school, last January after the holiday vacation, his health gradually failed, and late in February he was attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs, after which he was, for a time confined to his room. He rallied a little from the attack, but soon became so weak that he was unfit for school duties. On the 5th day of March, he bade his many friends in San Jose farewell, and went to his mountain home. His condition seemed unchanged for a time, but the dread disease, consumption, soon developed itself and, though his friends and relatives did all in their power to save him, death at last released him from his earthly troubles. He passed away without a struggle, ready for the master's call, which he realized had come.

Though compelled to leave school before time for graduation, so well had he performed his labors here that he was awarded the diploma he had so fairly earned.

As a pupil, he was attentive and industrious, doing good work, and so conducting himself as to win the respect and love of his teachers and the esteem of his fellow students. He was warm hearted and true, ever anxious to promote the welfare of his fellows. As a son, he was loving and dutiful, an example worthy of imitation.

He was an upright, Christian gentleman, imbued

with a love of purity and integrity, that made his life one of usefulness; and those who knew him best, feel, in his death, the loss of a trustworthy friend.

Mr. Martin was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and as a Mason was a "true and faithful brother among us." His mourning brethren laid his remains to rest, in their beautiful and impressive burial services paying their last and tribute to their beloved dead, leaving him to sleep the sleep of peace, till time shall be no more.

MISS C. EVA PARSONS.

Again, we are called upon to chronicle the death of a beloved companion. In this city, on October 22nd, 1885, Miss Eva Parsons, aged eighteen years, was called to her celestial home. Miss Parsons was at the time of her death, one of the most promising students of the State Normal School, and a member of the Xmas class of '85. She entered the school in 1883, and by her untiring labors and her ever helpful spirit gained the respect and esteem of all who knew her. As a testimonial to the love and respect felt for Miss Parsons, the school after holding appropriate services, closed for the day. The desk which she had occupied in the assembly hall was covered with a bed of white roses, the name "Eva" being prettily wrought in heliotrope, across the top. The Senior A class of which she was a member, adopted resolutions expressive of love and respect for their departed classmate.

The first of the disease that was to terminate fatally, manifested itself on the previous Friday evening, when she was in attendance at a class social. At first the attack was not considered dangerous, but the disease gradually developed until, after a brief illness of but five days, grim Death stepped in and claimed his victim. The remains were followed to the train by her grief-stricken friends and classmates; thence to be conveyed to her former home, Oakdale, Stanislaus County.

As a friend, she was one to whom any one would go for advice or assistance in time of trouble, one who was ever ready to minister to the wants of others. Her chief desire in life was to better the lives of those with whom she associated. As a daughter, she was faithful and true to her trust. As a student, she did her work so well as to win and hold the love and respect of all her teachers. As a woman, she was upright and just, ever showing forth all womanly virtues. Her many friends deeply mourn her untimely death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

We will be patient, and control that feeling
We may not wholly stay;

By silence, sanctifying, and concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Resolutions of love and respect, by the Senior A class of the State Normal School, in memory of C. Eva Parsons.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His wisdom to call from us our dearly beloved friend and classmate, Eva Parsons; and,

WHEREAS, There is lost to us a faithful classmate, a devoted friend, a loving companion; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, her classmates, while we bow to the will of Divine Providence, deplore that we are deprived of one whose life was a lesson, whose example was so worthy of imitation, who was, in all ways, so fit to live.

Resolved, That we offer to her bereaved parents and relatives, our most heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the daily papers of San Jose, in the NORMAL INDEX, in the Oakdale Wheatgrocer of Stanislaus County, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to her bereaved parents.

MARGARET GRAHAM,

CHAR. C. ADAMS,

MAY COOK,

HEMAN G. SQUIRE,

LILLIAN A. CHOWS,

Committee.

State Normal School, San Jose, Cal., Oct. 22, 1885.

A DAY IN FLORENCE.

(FOR "THE INDEX.")

TO the lover of art Rome is the only city in Italy, the land of art and of artists, that can compare with Florence. For the historian, it is filled with places of interest and importance, and for the novelist, it abounds in old houses and ancient palaces which he can people with creatures of his imagination, and with ruins and churches, descriptions of which would be worthy of a Scott or an Irving. From the heights of Fresco, northeast of Florence, can be seen the whole valley of the Arno gradually sloping towards the sea, and, "as a water-lily rests on the mirror of the lake, so rests on this lovely ground, the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting works and its inexhaustible riches."

Florence is situated on both sides of the River Arno, which, though an insignificant stream during the summer months, in the winter, fed by the mountain rivulets, swells to a yellow torrent rushing toward the sea, threatening to carry with it the strong stone walls that form its banks.

As in all other Italian cities, the streets of Florence are paved with large flat blocks of stone and are so narrow (and the houses so high) that in many of them the sun shines for but a short time during the day.

The banks of the Arno are connected by eight bridges, the most curious of which, though not the oldest, is the Ponte Vecchio, or "Old Bridge."

said to have existed as early as the Roman period. Both sides of the bridge are lined with antiquated jewelry shops, presenting a very unattractive appearance from the outside, but within, filled with turquoises, fairy-like slagree silver, strings of pearls, and beautiful Florentine mosaics. The view of the river from some of these windows is beyond description, especially at night when the lamps along the river are lighted, and, with the moon, are reflected on the surface of the water.

In about the center of the city is the Duomo, or Cathedral, which is made entirely of blocks of colored marble surmounted by a huge dome, from the top of which one can have an extensive view of the whole valley of the Arno.

Beside the Cathedral stands Giotto's Campanile or Bell-tower, which is considered the finest tower in existence. Like the Cathedral, it is built of blocks of colored marble, the lower story of the exterior being adorned with statues and bas-reliefs. A winding stair-case of four hundred and fourteen steps leads to the top where the view is almost as fine as from the dome of the Cathedral. The topmost story contains several large bells, to whose deep tones, Dante, Aristotle, and Savonarola have so often listened.

Opposite the Cathedral, stands the Baptistery of St. John, where for the last seven centuries the babes of Florence have been baptized. It is octagonal in structure, and is supposed to be built on the site of a temple to Mars. The celebrated bronze door of Ghiberti, faces the Cathedral. It represents, in bas-relief, ten scenes from the Bible, and is in truth a work of art, each figure being a miniature statue, while the border is worthy a master-hand, completing a whole which Michael Angelo considered worthy to be the gate of Paradise. The Uffizi Gallery is situated on one side of the Arno, the Pitti Gallery on the other, the two being connected by a covered passage way over the "Old Bridge." In the Uffizi we find the statue of Venus de' Medici, the Greek ideal of feminine grace and beauty, many paintings by Rubens, Van Dyke, and other northern painters, also some of the best works of Titian, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. The Pitti Gallery contains a greater number of master-pieces than any other collection in Italy, and comparatively fewer works of inferior merit. From her massive gilded frame Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," looks down with her lovely eyes and saintly smile, while she holds close to her heart with all a mother's love and devotion, the little Christ Child who clings to her with a child's loving trust and confidence.

The most delightful place in or about Florence, is the Cascine, or Park, which lies just out-

side the city along the north bank of the Arno. Here the tourist wearied with sight-seeing, may find rest and quiet, or study the character and customs of the Italian people. It is beautifully laid out in delightful walks and drives, which every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon are filled with the wealth and fashion of Florence. Here is a gay young officer in his gaudy uniform, mounted on a fine charger, into whose flanks he now and then strikes his spurs, causing the animal to arch his glossy neck and prance in order to attract admiring glances from the bright eyes of the fair signorinas, who pass by in their carriages, guarded by a chaperon, a veritable she-wolf in lamb's attire.

But the great attraction arrives about four o'clock, in the shape of the "Crazy American" and his horses. To a large English vehicle are attached twenty fine blooded horses that toss their heads and clasp their bits, as if waiting for an opportunity to rush through the driveway and dash in pieces the withered little piece of humanity who strapped on the box, holds in his hands the twenty red, white, and blue reins. Near the entrance to the park is a large rockery surrounded by a broad driveway. As the horses near the open space, they grow restive, and at a word from their driver, start into a brisk trot round and round the rockery, while he shouts to them from his high perch, seeming to guide them more by his voice than by the reins. For this pleasure, our "Crazy American" pays a goodly number of American dollars into the treasury of Florence. His horses are of the finest stock, and are given the best care, while he and his family have barely the necessities of life.

Although Rome is richer in art, and Venice has had more political power, and Pisa has had a more extended and varied history than Florence, still, "the events, through which she has worked her way, and the men whom she has produced, raise her fame above that of the whole of Italy, and place Florence as the younger sister by the side of Athens." But Athens is no more, and but little more than a heap of ruins is left to tell us of her past greatness, while Florence still lives. The marks of time rest lightly on her treasures, and in the words of another, "like a flower, which when fully blown, instead of withering on its stalk turned as it were into stone."

LOE GROVE.

Christine Nilsson has finally determined to settle in England, and is sumptuously decorating a house in Kensington Court, though at one time she strongly meditated making her residence in this country when she retired from the stage.

PERSEVERANCE.

[FOR "THE INDEX,"]

It is good to have ambition, but ambition without perseverance is worth but little.

Spasmodic exertion will accomplish nothing. It is only continued effort that deserves reward.

On the road to success there are many obstacles to surmount, and it is well that it is so; for who values highly that which is easily won? Every time we overcome a difficulty we gain strength to overcome the next. No such obstacle surmounted is a monument raised to our honor.

The consciousness of added strength and duty done is of itself a reward well worth having.

Place your ideal high, but never despair if you do not quite reach it; for "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

SUPPLICATION.

[WRITTEN FOR "THE INDEX,"]

O SAVIOUR, in my youth,
Teach me to learn thy truth
Through Nature great;

Let me forever see,
Whether in grief or gloe,
That thou art Fate.

And when my path in life,
Seems naught but present strife

And future care;
When I of health am shorn
And strength seems too far worn
My load to bear,

When trusted friends prove vain,
And bitterness keeps rein,

Within my breast,
When blighted hopes impel
My sad soul to rebel
At thy behest,

Oh, turn thou not away,
But, in thy mercy, stay
The storm's wild beat,
And, with its force subdued,
In penitential mood
Bring to thy feet,

And teach me to control
My tempest-shaken soul
Against Fate's frown;
Make me bear patiently
The cross thou givest me
And wait the crown.

—MARGARET GRAHAM.

Before the publication of our first issue, many speculations were afloat regarding our possible success. The fact that over three hundred copies were disposed of in the Normal alone, speaks volumes for our enterprise.

ALMOST every one is familiar with the proverb, "Those who live in glass houses should never throw stones," and perhaps it would be interesting to many to know its origin. The following is taken from *The Youth's Companion*. It is said to date back to the time when James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England. London was full of Scotchmen who had followed their royal master to the metropolis in hope of receiving from him place and profit.

The notorious George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, was the favorite of James, and he hated the Scotch with the hatred that comes from jealousy. Among other expedients which he devised to vex them, was the organization of nightly parties to smash their windows. The Scotch, discovering who was the leader of these disturbances, determined on revenge. A party of them went one night to Villiers's residence, which from its many windows, was known as the "Glass House," and broke every pane of glass therein. Villiers was angry, and appealed to the king for redress. His Majesty heard his complaint, and then replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they sling stones."

THE NORMAL LIBRARY.

During the last session of the Legislature, an appropriation of \$500 a year for two years was voted for the purpose of making additions to the library of the San Jose Normal School. Some of the books sent for have already arrived, and others are expected soon. For the reception of the new books, the library has been re-arranged, new cases have been added, old books taken down and re-catalogued—a labor involving much time and attention. We publish a list of some of the books received, among which will be found many of special interest to students in their school work.

REFERENCE.

Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language.

Dictionary of the Bible, Schaff, 3d ed. 1885.

The Dickens Dictionary, Pierce & Wheeler.

Allibone's Quotations and Authors, set of 3 vols.

Allibone's Dictionary of Literature and Authors.

Latin Eng. and Eng.-Latin Dictionary, Anthon.

Practical Cyclopædia of Quotations.

Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems, Furness.

LITERATURE.

Studies in German Literature, B. Taylor.

Best Reading, T. B. Perkins, 1st and 2d series.

Yesterdays with Authors, Fields.

The Spelling Reform, Gladstone.

Welch's English Literature, 2 vols.

Craig's English of Shakespeare.

Modern French Writers, Masson.

Hints on Home Reading, E. E. Hale and others.

Literature Primers, 10 numbers.

Introduction to Literature of Europe, Hallam 2 vols.

Graham's Synonyms.
History of English Literature, Spalding.
Three Centuries of English Literature, Yonge.
The Verbalist, Ayers.
Landmarks of English Literature, Nicoll.
Development of English Literature, Agaris.
Young People of Shakespeare's Dramas, Barr.
Handbook of Universal Literature, Botts.
How to Write Clearly, Abbott.
How to Parse, Abbott.
How to Tell the Parts of Speech, Abbott.
The Subjection of Hamlet, Leighton.
Famous Books, Adams.
Reading as a Fine Art, Legouve.
Everyday English, Richard Grant White.
Essays and Reviews, Whipple.
Chaucer's Prologue and Knight's Tale, Morris.

POETRY.

Dante's Inferno, translation by Longfellow.
The Earthly Paradise, Morris, popular edition.
Poems of Whittier, Bryant, Spenser, Milton,
Chaucer, Geo. Herbert, Matthew Arnold, Robert
Browning 2 vols., Mrs. Whitney, Alice and Phoebe
Cary, Miss Mulock, Adelaide Proctor, Tennyson,
Longfellow, Lowell, Robert Buchanan, and Bulwer
Lytton.

HISTORY.

History of England, Loeving.
Age of Chivalry, Halliwell.
Old English History, Freeman.
Nineteenth Century, Mackenzie.
America, Mackenzie.
Book of Golden Deeds, Yonge.
History Primers—Europe, Old Greek Life, Roman
Antiquity, France, and Medieval Civilization.
Russia under the Czars, Stepniak.
Underground Russia, Stepniak.
Middle Ages, Hallam, 2 vols.
Constitutional Hist. of England, Hallam, 2 vols.
Jesuits in North America, Parkman.
Youth's History of the Civil War, Champlin.
Famous Indians, Eggleston, 6 vols.
Marion and his Men, Weems.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Self Culture, John Stuart Blackie.
Back Log Studies, Warner.
Tales from Shakespeare, Lamb.
Sweet's Etymology.
Little Fables, Miss Stowe.
On the Threshold, Manger.
Wealth of Nations, Adam Smith.
Mixed Essays, Matthew Arnold.
Excursions in Field and Forest, Thoreau.
The Blind, translation by Bryant.
The Odyssey, translation by Bryant.
Longfellow's Prose Works, 2 vols.
The Manliness of Christ, Hughes.
Student's Mythology, White.
Popular Handbooks—Conversation, Punctuation,
Insects, and Water Analysis.
Century, vols. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.
St. Nicholas, as far back as bound volumes can
be had.
Literary Criticisms, DeQuincey.
Getting on in the World.

FICTION.

Blithedale Romance, Hawthorne.
The Early Dawn, Mrs. Charles.
The Last of the Barons, Bulwer.
Ramona, Helen Hunt Jackson.
The Fair God, Lew Wallace.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. Stowe.
Pearl of Orr's Island, Mrs. Stowe.
Faith Gartney's Girlhood, Mrs. Whitney.
Patience Strong's Outings, Mrs. Whitney.
The Other Girls, Mrs. Whitney.
Guardian Angel, Holmes.
Elsie Venner, Holmes.
Their Wedding Journey, Howells.
The Shadow of the Swoon, Robert Buchanan.
Robert Falconer, McDonald.
Sir Gibbie, MacDonald.
Malcolm, MacDonald.
Marquis of Lossie.
Pride of Lammermoor, Scott.
The Silent Partner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Gates Ajar, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Arthur Bonycastle, Holland.
Sevenoaks, Holland.
Septimus Felton, Hawthorne.
Wide, Wide, World, Warner.
Old Fashioned Girl, Alcott.
Little Men, Alcott.
Work, Alcott.
Landford and Merton, Day.
Ten Times One is Ten, E. E. Hale.
In His Name, E. E. Hale.
Off the Skelley, Jenn Ingelow.
Don John, Ingelow.

SCIENCE.

What Our Girls Ought to Know, Studley.
Goodale's Vegetable Histology and Physiology,
forming 2d vol. of Gray's Revised Botany Series.
Wonders of Plant Life, Herrick.
Our Native Ferns and their Allies, Underwood.
Marine Algae of New England, Farlow.
Flowers and their Pedigree, Grant Allen.
The Forms of Water, Tyndall.
British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects.
Colors of Flowers, Grant Allen.
Science Primers—Chemistry, Physics, Physical
Geography, Geology, Physiology, Astronomy, Botany,
Logic, Political Economy, Nat. Resources U.S.
Life and Her Children, Arabella Buckley.
Hygiene for Girls, Davis.
Facts and Phases of Animal Life, Norwood.
Geological Excursions, Winchell.
The Heavens Above, Gillet & Rolfe.

PROFESSIONAL.

Methods in Teaching, Fitch.
Outlines of Psychology, Sully.
The World at Home Readers, Nos. I and II.
Meths. Teaching Geography, Lucretia Crocker.
True Order of Studies, T. Hill.
Education as a Science, Baine.
Meths. of Teaching and Studying History, Hall.
Teaching and Teachers, Trumbull.
Education in Relation to Manual Ind., MacArthur.
Principles of Education, Sewell.
Physical Education, Oswald.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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