

The Normal Index.

Vol. 1.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MARCH, 1886.

No. 6.

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VOL. 1.

MARCH, 1886.

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The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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

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TEACHERS, decorate your school-rooms. Two-thirds of the child's life from the time he is six years old until he is sixteen is spent in the school-room. The child is an admirer of beauty. He takes delight in gathering around him things that are beautiful; and would, where possible, make his home a place of beauty. Teachers, try your best to make your school-room attractive, get your pupils to help you and see what the result of your labor will be—better attendance—better harmony among the pupils—better lessons. As soon as the child finds that he has a pleasant place in which to study, he will improve his time to the best of his ability. If his school-room is neat and tidy, his books will be kept so. He will be anxious to attend school every day, because his school will be as pleasant, if not more so, than his home. Pleasantness dispels anger. The love of the beautiful promotes peace. Your pupils will be less liable to quarrel and your labor to keep peace in that direction will be lightened. Teachers, try it!

Class pins and class pictures are subjects that receive much attention from the Senior A's.

OWING to an error which occurred in "making up" the "forms" for this issue of the INDEX, the material for the San Jose and Los Angeles departments has not been arranged, as it otherwise could have been, had not the mistake been made.

WE HAVE been pleased to notice at recess and noon the number of pupils who seem to fully enjoy and appreciate the papers, magazines, and books to be found in the Library. In regard to our regular school work, it is necessary for us to be well informed in the studies we are pursuing, exclusive of the knowledge condensed in our text-books. As teachers we can never know too much, provided we also know how much of our knowledge to impart.

Like the trees and the flowers, the Normal building now rejoices in a new spring dress. The wood work has been repainted, and the library, office, reception room, and room of the Preceptress, are quite dazzling in the beauty of their paper hangings. Now is all the beauty confined to the building. Additional shade trees have been planted, and other work is being done. In a few more years, the State Normal School will be one of the most attractive, as it now is one of the best, places of instruction on the Pacific Coast.

CULTIVATING a proper respect for the rights of others is a duty that is often neglected, especially by pupils. So trifling are the usurpations that the teacher fails to notice them, and thus the child goes on forming a habit that, in after life, becomes one of utter selfishness. One pupil asks another to help him in his lesson, which, by a little effort on his own part, could be learned without assistance. He whispers, annoying every one around him; he holds up his hand while another is trying to think. All these things are not done through wilfulness, but because the child has never been made to realize that he is trespassing upon the rights of others. How much less would be the amount of selfishness if these little acts were restrained, not by commands and threats, but by awakening in the child a feeling of true regard for the rights of those around him.

THE WORK OF A MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

BY PROF. H. G. RAYMOND, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

In the shop the boy takes his place on the bench with the others and listens and watches while the instructor executes the lesson for the day, which may consist merely of the making of a small square frame with mitre joints. The boy must make a sketch; that is, a working drawing, and then proceed to his work bench where he is provided with all necessary shop tools and material, (he furnishes his own pocket tools, overalls, apron, etc.) and attempts to execute the lesson. At the close of the two hours, he brings his work to the instructor who examines and marks it. It is not necessary that he finish the lesson, only that he begin it properly and have it reasonably well along.

After some weeks spent in this work he learns the names and uses of the different tools and how to keep these tools in order, how to "saw to a line," to plane, to make a good mortise and tenon, dovetail, blind dovetail and other joints, and he then takes up turning. At first he is given but one tool, a large gouge, with which he learns to "rough out;" that is, to get a square piece roughly round for further work. From this he proceeds, being given but one tool at a time, a smaller gouge and the various chisels, until at the end of a few weeks he is able to produce as beautiful articles as perhaps any of you have seen. In this shop also he learns the principles of pattern making.

This work completes his first or Junior year.

A few weeks of vacation intervene, and the second or middle year begins, and we find our boys' school-room work progressing much as before; his new studies being Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Elements of Mechanics, Rhetoric and English History.

In the drawing room he learns the methods of line shading, tinting, machine work and the elements of descriptive Geometry.

For shopwork he now goes into the blacksmith shop and here learns to draw, to upset, to bend, punch, weld and temper, and in the moulding room he learns to mould, to cast, to solder and to brase. In the blacksmith shop, as in the carpenter shop, he watches while the instructor executes the lesson for the day, which may simply be the making of a square lead in a bar of iron. Our boy takes a bar of lead for his first trial, since hot iron will not wait for the novice to decide what to do, and lead sets much the same as hot iron except that it will wait. Each lesson is thus first executed in lead; and when it can be well done in this metal, a bar of iron is given the boy, and he heats it in his forge, and goes through with the same work.

In this shop he also learns the all important point, "how to manage his fire." Here he makes a part of the tools that he will use next year in the machine shop—diamond points, square nose, center punch, inside tool and so on.

After enjoying his scarcely needed summer vacation, we see him again at work. I say *scarcely needed*, because the manual training school boy is not tired and worn out at the close of the year. The variety of his work, the even distribution of his time between the purely intellectual and the manual work has kept his mind bright and clear, and each night's rest has sufficiently invigorated him for the succeeding day. No long nights spent in poring over abstractions in mathematics, or hazy truths of physics. In his blacksmith shop he finds that iron is ductile, that it is elastic, that it expands on the application of heat. In the casting room he learns, by seeing, the difference between the volume of a pound of melted iron and of the same pound when cooled. He learns practically of weights and measures, and is ready always to explain and illustrate his text books to much better advantage than is his teacher, unless the latter be exceptionally bright, wide awake and competent to make, at any moment, a free hand sketch on the board of any ordinary piece of apparatus.

In his third year we find our boy in the class room, taking up the new studies of Plain Trigonometry and Mensuration, Ethics and Political Economy, Physiology, Elements of Chemistry, and Book-keeping.

His time in the drawing room is used in machine and architectural work, in making shop drawings, and all the drawings necessary for the construction of a complete machine—which constructed machine constitutes a "project" necessary to graduation, and takes the place of the ordinary college thesis.

In the machine shop, our boy is put to work at the bench, chipping, filing and fitting; and at the lathe, turning and screw cutting. At the planer he learns to plane, and at the drill press he learns to drill the holes he had punched at the forge. Here he also makes a study of the steam engine, learns to take and interpret indicator cards, and at times accompanies his instructor when he goes to make boiler and engine trials in the different manufactories in the city. The construction of his project completes his course, and he receives his diploma and goes out into the world to battle for himself with a knowledge of "forces and things, both physical and spiritual" that will enable him, in whatever pursuit he may engage, to grapple, with sound judgment and without fear, whatever problems may present themselves to him for solution.

Instead of going directly into practical life, he may, and many boys do, take a course in some one of the industrial departments of our Universities. He may

become a mining, a civil, or a mechanical engineer, or a chemist, and may we not be certain that the foundation he has laid in the training school will enable him the more readily to march on toward the head of his profession, by qualifying him to solve in the most practical manner the many problems that come before him?

He has been taught only to do his work well. He has not been taught to slight it for a profit. He is acquainted only with *honest* work.

I think that, had many of our public works, notoriously poorly built, drained and ventilated, been designed and erected by a manual training school boy, we should have found them comfortable, convenient, healthful and solid.

We should have found him so accustomed to correctly determine the relation of cause to effect, and to thoroughly study his problem in all its bearings, leaving no possible force or cause unconsidered, that he would be entirely competent to execute the work in the most satisfactory manner, and would be not only competent, but also so educated in his moral sense that his own ideas of right and wrong, of straightforward work, and his abhorrence of anything less would be so clear and keen that slighting here, and shaveng there, for extra profit, would be a moral impossibility.

I think we are beginning to recognize the need of more *honest* as well as more skilled workmen. Men who have had the mental training to show them the true relation between capital and labor, men who discriminate strikes and organized obstructions of industry; who will not deny to any man his right to work for himself, and for his wife and his children, who will not keep the family of the honest mechanic crying and starving, because, forsooth, he is not a member of their labor organization.

We of California have seen more forcibly, perhaps, than the people of any other State in the Union, what a rule of uneducated and conscienceless fanaticism means. Col. Jacobson of Chicago put the need most forcibly when he said, "The alternative before you is more and better education at great expense, or a still greater amount of money wasted on soldiers and policemen, destruction of property and stoppage of social machinery. The money which the training would cost would be spent in any event. It would have been money in the pocket of Pittsburgh if she could have caught her rioters of July 1877, at an early period of their career, and trained them, at any expense, just a little beyond the point at which men are likely to burn things promiscuously. It is wiser and better and cheaper, to spend our money in training good citizens than in shooting bad ones."

Is it impossible that a school that will give this training should be established on this coast, and perhaps not one but several?

I would suggest two possible, and I think practicable, schemes for the organization of such schools.

First. Establish the school, in a separate building, perhaps, in connection with the high schools in our cities. Make the course optional. Make the intellectual course that shall be given to those who take the shop work slightly different, but not much changed, from the present English course.

This scheme is entirely practical. Should it be undertaken in the proper way, I have no doubt that fully fifty per cent. more students would take the High School course. The cost would not be great, and as Col. Jacobson has said, the money would be well spent.

Second. Let the school be established by the State in connection with its University. It would not be altogether of the nature of a fitting school, while still preparing students for the higher technical courses in that institution; for let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, the boy who keeps his place in the training school is not to be classed with the boy who merely spends a few hours of the day in a preparatory school of the ordinary kind.

I say is not to be classed, and yet you will allow me to *compete* them.

In St. Louis in connection with Washington University, there are two preparatory schools, each having at the same time its own complete course. Both are thoroughly equipped for their respective duties. One is a Classical Academy, and the other the Training School.

From these two schools the University draws the larger portion of its students, and those from the Training School are more than double those from the Academy. Not only so, but the moral tone, the manly bearing of the Training School boys is far superior, to my mind, to that of the Academy boys.

Under ordinary circumstances, the proper place for such a school is in the city, where manufacturing establishments are near by; but in this case, could such a school be established in Berkeley—we are very near the city—it would result in drawing into the University greater numbers, and men better prepared to appreciate their work, men who would leave those halls with a far firmer hold upon what we attempt to give them than it is now possible to attain. The men whom we should send out, might then be men whose judgment could be worth something at the start. Not only at Berkeley, but also at Los Angeles, and perhaps in the northern part of the State, might such schools be conducted, that all might have the opportunity for this valuable training.

Let me give you in conclusion, a brief statement as to what becomes of the boys who take this course in St. Louis. I have the record of the first two classes.

those of '83 and '84. The occupations so far as can be ascertained are as follows:

Farmers,.....	2	Student in Classical	
Journeymen,.....	6	Courses,.....	1
Real Estate,.....	1	Printer,.....	1
Draughtsmen and Pattern		Student of Architecture	
Makers,.....	4	in Architect's office,.....	1
Inspector Gas Works,.....	1	Student's Course not	
Clerks in R. R. and other		given,.....	2
Offices,.....	8	Unemployed or Occupa-	
Brick Layer,.....	1	tion not known,.....	3
Teaching in home or other		Foreman of Lead and Oil	
Training Schools,.....	2	Works,.....	1
Medical Student,.....	1	Students in University	
Blacksmith,.....	1	Courses,.....	23

Thus we see that, out of sixty students accounted for, over thirty-eight per cent. enter the higher schools to study some one of the industrial professions, while something over forty-six per cent. are pursuing higher studies.

Of these, probably half of these in a University course, were induced to go there by their connection with the Training School.

When the boy arrives at that age, when he wants to leave school and do something practical, wants to go into a shop or elsewhere, then let him leave the ordinary school, and send him to a Manual Training School. Here his craving for doing something with his hands, for studying that which has the semblance of the practical, will be satisfied, and if he has any ambition whatever—and most boys have—by the time he has completed his Training School course, he will have formed a strong determination to know more and to enter some one of the polytechnic schools open to him.

Let us then provide for these critical years of the boy's life, by giving him that training which will make of him a man and not a rioter.

“There's millions in it”—Vanderbilt's will.

A sound instructor—A music teacher.—*The Lumbee.*

Russia has 33,400 doctors, of whom 389 are women.

Christopher Columbus teaches school in Tabor, Iowa.—*San Jose Mercury.*

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.—*Hot Springs News.*

Interesting Discovery.—From an abstract given in a recent number of the journal of the Chemical Society, it appears that “some supposed pentanitrodimethylamine has been shown to be trinitroethylnitramine. The substance in question has been obtained from naphthyldisethanidophenylaliphone and diphenyldisethanidophenylaliphone.” *Just so.*—*Popular Monthly.*

ALL SORTS.

Bottle green and silver!

Our tenors are rapidly distinguishing themselves.

“I'm dying to hear the Senior orchestra,” wails a young lady.

Senior B motto, taken from Rhetoric examination, “What I want is common sense.”

The members of Senior A are studying perspective. Look out for a Michael Angelo.

“My graduating dress,” is fast becoming a topic of interest to the Senior young ladies.

“Say, what did you get on your paper?” has been hourly echoing through the halls.

The Botany classes will soon make raids into the surrounding country in search of specimens.

During the past few days, the mountains near San Jose have been partially covered with snow.

The young men of the Botany and Geology classes recently spent a pleasant day at Alum Rock.

Owing to the great social powers of the Senior A's, the B's anticipate having a pleasant time at the coming reception.

Greatly to the delight of the Juniors, some of the pupils of the higher classes are occasionally detected out of step while marching.

Some of the students are longing to invent an Arithmetic, by which the Faculty may be guided in making out their averages.

A smart little Training School boy during a lesson on volcanoes, perplexed his pupil teacher by asking, “Who lit the fire down there?”

During the rainy weather the boys made considerable sport of the young ladies' gussamers. If they can invent anything better, the young ladies will surely patronize them.

Since they have to recite on Tuesday afternoon, the Senior B's claim that Prof. K. has debarr'd them from one of their greatest pleasures—appearing at singing in their chemistry aprons.

The thirty-one Senior B girls realizing that they have only three boys left in their class, have decided to exercise a strict surveillance over them. Young ladies of other classes please take notice.

The Middle A's, having lost four of their boys this term, are thinking seriously of adopting some plan by which the few remaining gentlemen will be induced to remain at school. The Middle A girls say it is so convenient to have the boys sharpen their pencils.

Prof. H.—seems to be very busy this term inventing new methods of torture for his singing classes. His latest specialties are quartets.

The pupils of one of the Senior Rhetoric classes, during a recent lesson on slang, showed themselves remarkably ignorant of that mode of expression.

Recently a long dark hair was found on the coat of Mr. A—, of Senior A². The other young gentlemen of the class are anxious to find out how it came there.

Teacher of Book-keeping:—"When a debtor fails to pay a promissory note, what is done?" "I'd sue him for breach of promise," was the quick reply of a young lady.

The members of the Middle A classes have organized a society, the "Utile Dulce." As the call for a class meeting was responded to by only the gentlemen, they fill all of the offices.

It is reported that one of the Middle B young ladies is so enthusiastic over the study of History, that she even muffs the door-bell on Friday evenings, in order that she may not be disturbed.

It has been rumored that a certain young gentleman who did not return this term, has fallen a victim to Hymen. The young ladies of his class are speculating as to the truth of the report.

One Senior A to another, as they tread with measured step their way to the Training School:

"Why looks thy pensive face
So lean, and lank, and worn?"

A certain Senior A¹ young lady, seems much interested in household science. Not long ago, she asked a friend the price of coal, and soon after was heard murmuring something about W—dw—th.

"They never returned," the girls are sighing. "Our class will never *Al-las* right again, for we no more shall feel the presence of the pleasant Webb which often caused us to pause by our favorite Lane."

The Senior B is the smallest class in school, numbering but thirty-four.—SECTION A.

But we make up in good looks and ability what we lack in number—SECTION B.

A decidedly practical young man in the Senior Drawing class, thinks it would be a good plan to decorate carpets with representations of busts of great men. "It will have an educating effect on the children," he says.

Junior class.—Professor: "Report, please, Moni-tor," (who appears to be greatly interested in a Senior A) "Miss C— is absent," naming another fair Senior as he gazes out of the nearest window with a dreamy expression.

If, during certain hours of the day, the Normal walls tremble, then away with mighty effort, take no alarm, 'tis not an earthquake, 'tis only the rapid motions of some unfortunate boy within the grasp of a daring pupil teacher.

"How do you like your teacher this term?" was the question asked a training school pupil. "Pretty well," she answered, "but one of them has his hair go back so funny that it makes us giggle all the time." Boys, do comb your hair in a sensible style.

Prof. C—, who is an enthusiastic agriculturist, has offered a prize in the form of a water-melon feast, to those who receive "H" in History. A few of the girls have already made apportion for the occasion. It is needless to say that he will have a large crowd.

Scene, Ward Analysis Class—Teacher: "Give me a word from the root finis, the end." Pupil (who has not studied her lesson)—"Financial; when a man has financial trouble he has reached the end of his limit."

On a recent Rhetoric examination, the sentence was given, "Swift said, 'I solemnly declare that I have not wilfully made the least mistake.'" One of the young ladies, probably overcome by nervousness interpreted *Swift* as an adverb, and corrected the sentence as follows: "Quickly said, 'I solemnly etc.'"

CURIOUS FUNERAL RITES.

Mohammedans bury without a coffin of any kind. Greenlanders bury with a child, a dog to guide it in the other world, saying, "A dog can find his way anywhere." The music continuously kept up at the Irish wakes used to be for the purpose of warding off evil spirits. Russians place in the hand of the corpse a paper certificate of the character of the deceased, to be shown to Peter at the gate of heaven. In India the devoted wife formerly ascended her husband's funeral pyre and perished in the flames. Australians tie the hands of a corpse and extract the finger nails, that the dead may not scratch his way out of the grave. North American Indians buried with the corpse a kettle of provisions, bow and arrows and moccasins, with pieces of deerskin and sinews of deer for the purpose of patching the moccasins. Chinese scatter paper counterfeits of money on the way to the grave, that the evil spirit following the corpse may, by delaying to gather them, remain in ignorance of the locality of the grave. They also scatter in the wind, above the grave, paper images of the sedan-bearers and other servants, that they may overtake the soul and act in its service. Greeks sometimes buried and sometimes burned their dead. In the Roman empire the body was invariably burned.—*Admets.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mollie E. Walsh, May '83, is teaching near Placerville.

Mrs. S. E. Hilyer, Xmas '83, is teaching at Oleta, Amador county.

Miss Lizzie M. Clark, May '83, is teaching at Ione; Amador county.

Miss Chaudis Tompkins, May '84, is teaching in Madison, Yolo county.

Miss Anna A. King, May '83, is teaching in the schools of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Kate M. Wells (Miss Kate More, May '77,) is living at Kohala, Hawaii.

Mrs. Flora Covington (Flora Wood Xmas '83,) is teaching in San Bernardino.

Miss Mary Deunhouse, May '83, is teaching at Coltonville, Mariposa county.

Jennie E. Greer, '85, is teaching in the Valencia Grammar School, San Francisco.

Helen M. Pennington, '76, is teaching in the Grove Street Grammar School, Oakland.

Miss Nellie Crittenden, '82, is teaching her third term at Placerville, Merced county.

Miss Bieda E. Stoddard, Xmas '84, is teaching in the public schools of San Francisco.

Rose A. Everett, May '80, has been teaching for more than a year past at San Buenaventura.

Miss Ella Kelly, Xmas '83, has been teaching the past two years near Marysville, Yuba county.

Miss Jennie L. Gress, May '83, is at her home in Sacramento. She is not teaching at present.

Miss Louise Smith is reported as teaching in Santa Cruz district, near Soquel, Santa Cruz county.

Miss Mary G. Harriman, Xmas '84, has been teaching the past term in Alta, Placer county.

Miss Maggie Williams, Xmas '83, is teaching in the primary department of the Antioch public schools.

Miss Etta H. Jackson, Xmas '84, is teaching the fourth and fifth grades in the public schools of Alameda.

Miss Belle Phelps, Xmas '83, has taught for the two past terms in the Sierra district, Santa Clara county.

F. G. Tyrrell, Xmas '83, writes from Ferndale: "I am at present conducting a select Normal class of twenty-five pupils, many of whom are teachers. My school near Ferndale re-opens in the early spring. I wish the INDEX complete success."

Henry A. Clayton, May '83, holds the position of Principal of the school at Clayton, Contra Costa county.

Miss Susie Dana is teaching at La Fayette, Contra Costa county. Her address is 1656 Webster street, Oakland.

Miss Annie C. Henning, Xmas '84, presides over the schools at Seminary Park. Her address is West Oakland.

Miss Martha B. Thompson, May '83, has been teaching since October 5th, in Old River district, Kern county.

Miss Georgina Gordon, May '83, expects to begin teaching at Salinas in April. At present she is living in Monterey.

Miss Mary Stern, May '83, is teaching in the public school at Seminary Park. She has held the position for two years.

Miss Nellie Sterling, May '84, has a class of forty in the intermediate department of the Castroville public schools.

Miss Belle Chickering, May '84, is teaching her second term in the Cold Water district. Her address is Santa Monica.

Miss Emma Votaw, May '85, lately finished a four month's term of school at Oleta. She will resume teaching in April.

Miss Lizzie Cottle, May '84, has been teaching the past year in the schools of Milpitas. The spring term opened February 8th.

May A. Stephens, May '83, has a school near San Miguel, San Luis Obispo Co., she has taught two years since graduating.

Miss Minnie F. Komer, Xmas '83, began teaching February 15th at the Union district school, near Los Gatos, Santa Clara county.

Herman G. Squier, Xmas '83, formerly assistant manager of the Iuxux, is at his home in Gilmanville, Sierra county. He is at present engaged in mining.

The smiling face of Miss Laura Bride, of the May class of '85, was lately seen amongst us. Old students are always welcomed with joy by the Normalites.

J. W. Sullivan, May '84, is teaching at Nodoun, Sutter county, the scene of the recent uprising against the Chinese. Mr. Sullivan was, at one time, reading law in San Jose.

F. M. Graham, May '83, well known to all members of the Y. M. N. D. and Philomathean societies, is teaching at Hopeton, Merced county. He reports himself as well pleased with the work of pedagogy.

PROFESSOR ALLEN'S RECEPTION.

At an early hour on the evening of the eleventh, the Senior A class assembled at the Allen house, whither they had been summoned, to celebrate their Principal's birthday.

After the usual time spent in becoming acquainted, the evening's program was opened with a selection from "Il Trecento" by the Senior Orchestra. Next followed a pretty little birthday poem by Miss Carrie Brauer. Though short and simple—on account of the short time to prepare it,—it was none the less expressive of the feelings of the class toward their kind friend and teacher.

The Orchestra again delighted their auditors by drawing sweet sounds from a variety of instruments not usually classed as musical. After they had responded to a second encore, Miss Neddie Van Hensen stepped gracefully forward, and presented the leader, Mr. Lathewen, with an immense cake. To show his appreciation of the gift, each member of the Orchestra wore a fragment of "that much injured flower," on the lapel of his coat during the remainder of the evening. That old time song, "Aloha, Aloha," was next enjoyed by the audience. It was sung as a solo and chorus by Prof. and Mrs. Allen, Miss Walker, and Mrs. Pascoe. For an encore, the Professor sang pathetically, sorrowful of the man who couldn't "make a scolding woman hold her tongue."

Refreshments were served about half past nine, the company sitting on chairs, sofas, the floor, and even on some of the wonderful instruments of the houseforth "Cabbage Band."

When the program was resumed, Miss Walker played and sang an old ballad which everyone enjoyed. A quartette by Misses Granger and Boss, and Messrs. Woodworth and Canby followed; after which, the Band's rendering of "Home Sweet Home" reminded the merry-makers "twice since to be tripping away." Though they will never celebrate the day again, as a class, the Senior A's wish their Principal many, many happy returns of the eleventh of February.

A party of students and teachers, including Prof. Kloeberger, Misses Wright, Walker and Wilson, went to Monterey on the 15th ult., in search of Zoological, Geological, and Botanical specimens.

The Smithsonian Institution contains the small nugget of gold, a little larger than a pea, that first met the eyes of James Marshall in the new mill race at Sacramento, and was the beginning of those discoveries in California that have added nearly one thousand five hundred million dollars to the world's stock of precious metals. The nugget is kept in a glass case, and is an object of curiosity to all visitors. —*Chicago Herald.*

MONTEREY.

"A fruit-jar, egg-knife, and unalloyed enthusiasm;
A gossamer, rebbers, and much prudence."

Such was the equipment jointly prescribed by the associate leaders of the Monterey excursion, Prof. Kloeberger and Miss Wright, and thus prepared to do battle with Science and Old Ocean, a merry party of forty-seven Normalites, left the Fourth Street station, on Friday noon, February nineteenth.

The ride through fields of emerald green with an occasional blaze of eschscholtzias or faint radiance of buttercups, was most delightful. Even the factious train-bey, who industriously went back and forth crying, "Normal oranges," "San Jose figs," "Pacific Grove lozenges," failed to attract more than momentary attention.

Arrived at Monterey, Superintendent Johnson cordially welcomed us, and we were soon speeding over the smooth road, with the lovely blue bay, its surface rippling into waves before the keen breeze, stretching to our right.

"Ah! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes the fresh breeze,

While through my being seems to flow

The breath of a new life, the healing of the soul."

Those who visit Pacific Grove only in summer, do not know half its beauties, was the general verdict, when after a very few minutes spent in settling, our eager zoologists issued from the cottages, ready for the beach. A late dinner and a half hour on the Point watching the moonlit waves, brought to an end the first day. But the lull was only temporary, for we seemed hardly to have closed our eyes before a gentle tap on each door along the hall announced "low tide." When at eight, all had returned, it would have filled the heart of an Agassiz with delight to have viewed the treasures displayed in various basins and pans on the porches. Crabs, anemones, chitons, sea-urchins, star-fish, tunicates, and even a huge squid, were gazed upon by groups of admirers, while the Professor discoursed on their structure and habits.

By ten, the whole party were off again, some riding, some walking, through the fragrant pines, bound for Moss Beach. Emerging, at last, from the hills of snow-white sand, we saw before us the grand billows of the Pacific, "Boundless, endless, and sublime." For hours we wandered along the shore in almost silent enjoyment, and then returned to the Grove, laden with bouquets of the blue ceanothos and sunset-pointed cup which grew in abundance near the beach.

In the evening, a general rustle and bustle in the cottages, finally took form in a procession to the hospitable home of Superintendent Johnson, who had very thoughtfully invited us to a "candy pull."

Assisted by the Miss Lloyds, our host and hostess provided a most pleasing entertainment, consisting of music, recitations, games, and candy of course. The evening passed away all too quickly, and was one of our most enjoyable experiences.

A quiet Sabbath followed, many of the party riding to Del Monte after the church services in the parlor.

Long before daylight, on Monday morning, our indefatigable zoologists, headed by Prof. Kleeberger and Mr. Gray, each in a pair of immense rubber boots, started for Organ Point. As they stood in the gloom of early morning, a maiden exclaimed, "Ugh, how cold! we shan't have any daylight to work by!" A familiar voice replied, "But we shall have plenty of *Normalite*." (Query, whose voice?)

It was not until the last minute, that the ardent scientists desisted from their labors, and laden with spoils, turned reluctantly toward San Jose, a very happy, though somewhat tired party.

"EL DORADO."

RENO, NEVADA, March 8, 1886.

EDITOR INDEX.—The last copy of the INDEX reached me, and I was much interested with its contents, and pleased to see that it is progressing. There was among the Alumni notes a personal for me. As it contained a slight error, may I not ask for a correction? It stated that I have been engaged in teaching near the border-line of California and Nevada almost constantly since graduating. I have taught almost constantly since graduating, and for three years, have taught near the border-line, teaching two summers at Boca, Nevada Co., Cal., then a short term in Emeralds Co., Nevada, and then here. But previous to this, I taught among the foot-hills of El Dorado and Placer counties. It was there I gained my first experience after graduating, the very first being in the school-house of my native town; the school-house in which the years of my early school life had been spent; the self same, old brown school-house, standing on its modest eminence, overlooking the town through the dark green pines encircling it. In that old house I learned my first lesson as a school-girl; there, nine years later, I taught lessons to others to whom school life was an untried path. I review both experiences with fondness and pride; the little victories associated with the place, seem greater than those achieved later in life. The memories and experiences fill a place in the heart not to be usurped by those of other countries and climes.

"El Dorado," the golden land, has a charm in its very name. How the time-worn 'dier will brighten up at the mere mention of those early days, when

people first came there in the mad chase for gold! How they delight in listening to, and talking of incidents of '49 and '50. And the generation following imbibed their fathers' enthusiasm, and associated an attraction with the place, "which seek through the world is not met with elsewhere." Those foot-hills have a beauty all their own; it is the grandeur of the majestic Sierras subdued—the happy medium between the monotonous, treeless, scorching wastes below them, and the varying sublimity of the snowy peaks above them, standing like sentinels, above the surrounding creation. The suns of the foot-hills glimmer not with the haziness of the valleys, nor do they dazzle with the brilliance of the sunshine in mountain regions.

"The picture must not be over bright,

Yet all in the gracious and golden light.

Of a cloud when the summer sun is down."

And everything else in the Sierra foot hills is peculiarly their own; the pine trees, the oaks, the chaparral, the poison oak, and the wild flowers.

The piles of tailings, the scarred gulch, the unmistakable signs of the miners' shovel and pick, are everywhere to be seen, and picture to the mind those days when the pan, and rocker and long-toss awake echoes among the hills of the wild, unexplored country; the days when men hunted, sweat and bled for gold, under the scorching rays of the sun, and died, many of them, in the search, and were laid in unknown graves, without even a slab to mark their place of rest,—there to sleep until the land and the sea give up their dead. While in a far away, eastern home, or a sunny southern home, loved ones watched and waited for the dear one who had wandered away to a foreign land.

Oh, those stories of early days in California have, for me, an irresistible charm! We usually regard the pioneers as rude, rough men, and the early days as times of violence and crime; but the bravest, the truest, the truest constituted a large portion of the adventures; circumstances conspired to obscure their finer and better nature, and to bring out the coarser elements of their being; there was nothing to purify, elevate and refine them in the wilds to which they had come; every noble thought and motive was crowded out in the eager race for riches; but under a rough exterior beat the manly heart of somebody's father, somebody's son, somebody's brother; and through their toils and hardships, we have inherited a home in the "Golden West," and we feel a just pride in the flourishing towns, the great city by the bay, our public schools, our gold fields, our wheat fields, our orchards and our forests.

The rocks and tailings, the canons and ravines, which we see at every turn in the foot-hills, stand as the monuments of the days that were, as the foundation stones of our present and future prosperity.

SELINA BURNETT, May, 78.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT.

BRANCH NORMAL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL'A.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

W. A. FORTER, Department Editor.

Mrs. M. E. BLAKE, News Editor.

Miss M. A. CLARK, Solicitor and Alumni Editor.

We very much regret that we cannot give our readers a cut of the L. A. Normal in this number. We will, however, give a short and comprehensive picture, which is the best we can do under the circumstances.

We have the promise of a new cut of our school, one which will do it credit, to be made as soon as the proposed improvements are completed. The yard is, as you saw in the last number, to undergo a great change; at present it appears at rather a disadvantage, being deprived of almost all attractions, except the school itself.

The disinfecting process under which the orange orchard suffered not long since left but little verdure in the yard. The patient preparation with which the trees were washed not only cooked the cottony cushion scale, but also the bark they were on; but the trees are now reviving, and putting forth a new growth, and "casting their humble slough to appear fresh again."

THE LOS ANGELES NORMAL.

In the western part of our sunny city of flowers and orange groves, where Fifth street meets Charity and then passes on to ever sustaining Hope, stands our Los Angeles Normal.

The building, including the basement, is a four-story brick, built on a plan somewhat similar to that of the San Jose Normal, being, however, much smaller, but we are confident not excelled by its northern sister in beauty.

Coming in by the main entrance, on the right are the offices and Proceptror's rooms; on the left is the reception room, and library.

What Normalite will ever be guilty of forgetting this library! The shelves full of interesting books, and the long table covered with the latest and best papers and magazines. The kind Librarian, Miss Dunn, adds not a little to the pleasantness of the whole.

On this floor are also to be found five recitation rooms, and a large dressing room. The recitation room on the left is a part of the training school, presided over by the energetic Miss Knapp. We first

entered this room with fear and trembling, but before the allotted six weeks of practicing in teaching had passed, we had learned to love and trust this ever busy little woman.

The story above contains four recitation rooms, two dressing rooms, and the assembly hall. We all know what an assembly hall is for, and we to the tardy pupil who is not in his seat by the time the second bell strikes; our worthy Principal has the faculty of making all such, feel most exceedingly small. All again assemble here when the work of the day is done, and the monitors now give their reports. Junior A has the honor of being the largest class in school; it is the only one having two divisions. United they number sixty-five.

Senior A can boast of being the smallest class, as it has but twenty members.

The museum and gymnasium are in the fourth story. Our museum possesses an small degree of interest. Lately great improvements have been made by having new cases and cabinets.

The basement is by no means the least important part of the building. There is a certain room in this, furnished with black desks, high stools, yellow basins, and long rows of bottles bearing names most frightful to the young chemist. This is the laboratory, over which jolly little Miss Moak reigns supreme.

Many are the pleasant times spent in this chemical region. Every one busy with test tubes and alcohol lamp, is eager to see the result of his experiment. An occasional explosion, or the delightful (?) odor of H₂S, which completely overpowers the perfume from the orange orchard, will bring a smile to the faces of the more experienced Seniors, and they would say: "The chemistry class are at work in the laboratory."

Yes, we are proud of our school. But why shouldn't we be! Our teachers are all good and kind, and delight to help us in any way; while we, on our part, are grateful for the advantages given us, and try to do our work honestly and well, remembering that as we

"Build to-day, then, strong and true,

With a firm and ample base;

And ascending and secure

Shall to-morrow find us plain."

The meeting of the L. O. L. society of February 12, was an unusually good one for an ordinary meeting. Officers for the ensuing term were installed; for President, E. B. Kellam; for Secretary, Miss Mary Baker. The new President delivered a short address, containing some excellent advice, which, it is to be hoped, the members will take into serious consideration. Miss Baker of the Senior B, we have reason to believe, will make an excellent Secretary. With the co-operation of all, the society will have a season of unusual prosperity.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

A History of the Work of the Present "Senior B's."

As on this page of spotless white,
For the INDEX these lines I write;
(A pleasant task, but least inclined
For one of more poetic mind.)
My thoughts go backward to the days,
"When first we met," (is that the phrase?)
When in the ranks of "Junior B,"
A merry little company,
We tried to catch, by courage high,
The ball of Science "on the fly."
Excuse the language for to-night,
I feel my spirits very light.
For, looking back on snafus and smuts,
And being called "the Junior crew-a,"
And Grammar, and Geography,
And Algebra, and "find it,"
I call down blessings on the day
When we passed into "Junior A."
Just think of that Philosophy,
Arithmetic and zoology—
That might have easily been worse,
It gave no chance for "lots" of verse;
(Lambic stanzas, rhyming "cranks.")
With "poem," and with Lamellibranch's.)
Think of the drawings we displayed—
Fearfully, wonderfully made—
The squares that tilted to the side,
And curves, stiff-backed but not with pride.
Turn your thoughts backward to the books
Of cherished Day, and Ledger books;
To object lessons to the class,
On baskets, pencils, chalk and glass,
With Principal More so grave and wise,
Waiting each act to criticize;
And wonder, were we glad when they
Gave place to things of "Middle A?"
In "Middle A," we paused, looked back
Over our toilsome, weary task,
Thought, "after what we did endure,
The worst must now be over, sure."
Oh! classmates, little did we guess,
Our work instead of growing less,
Would grow the other way, the while
We struggled with the increasing pile
And hoped, that in a future day,
We'd see the end of "Middle A."
The time is over, some weeks passed,
Of that loved class we saw the last,
And now, as "Seniors," proudly look
Over each just completed book,
And grumble over Chemistry,
How very hard it seems to be,
How often we, to days gone by,
Have dined on Philosophic pie,
And how we hope they'll catch it light,
Our poor successors, in their flight,
Listen! "No cause you have for gloe
Wait, 'till you finish "Senior B."
The composition marks you gain,
Prospectus, renders all in vain,
Algebra, is enough each day

To turn one's head an iron gray,
And, what the future holds for us—
Oh well, no use to make a fuss,
What is to happen, well, and so
I'd better close this tale of woe
And get to study, lest I be,
Another year in "Senior B."

—MARY BAKER.

THE GREAT GLACIER OF ALASKA.

The glacier is said to be moving at the rate of a quarter of a mile per annum. The front presents a wall of ice five hundred feet in thickness; its breadth varies from three to ten miles; and its length is about one hundred and fifty miles. Almost every half hour hundreds of tons of ice, in large blocks, fall into the sea, which they agitate in a most violent manner. The waves are said to be such as to toss the largest vessels which approach the glacier as if they were small boats. The ice is extremely pure and dazzling; it has tints of the lightest blue as well as of the deepest indigo. The top is very rough and broken, forming small hills and even chains of mountains in miniature. This immense mass of ice said to be more than a thousand feet thick, on an average, advances daily toward the sea.—*American Teacher.*

Mr. Brewer of the Middle A, and Mr. Pliny Weaver of the Junior A have both left school.

At the last election of the L. O. L. society, a young lady was one of the foremost candidates for the office of president. "The world moves" and at the next election the much abused broomstick will become the banner of office.

The Thinket Training Academy at Ft. Wrangel, Alaska, is prospering, as the following note from the *Gleaner* will show: "Our boys of the Training School killed last year for the use of the institution, 120 deer, 11 seals, 1 bear, about 150 wild geese, over 300 ducks, and numerous grouse, porcupines, marmots, snakes, etc. Besides this, they caught all the salmon, halibut, codfish, trout, herring, flounders, crabs, clams, etc., needed. The above constituting our supply of animal food for the year.—*American Teacher.*"

A very pleasant exercise was planned and carried out by Miss Ellis in her school near Squada, on Washington's birthday, in which the whole school participated. The black-board had a flag drawn on one side, and a liberty bell on the other, while in the center was a map of Princeton and vicinity. The exercises consisted of songs, recitations, a paper. A young lady of the school stepped to the black-board, and pointing out Princeton and Trenton, gave a good account of these battles. The music was especially fine.

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

One bright morning I seated myself at my window to read a very interesting book, but, before opening it, I chanced to look out. One glance compelled me to take another, and, charmed by the lovely view, I could not refrain from continuing to gaze on the scene.

Far away, and in some places but dimly seen, rose the mountains, making a dark, but grand background to the view before me.

Coming closer, my eyes rested on a number of orchards and vineyards, intermingled with houses. This was all I could see of Hoyle Heights; and, although this was very fair, especially at this season of the year, no one could rightly judge of the beauty of that section of the city by such a limited view. At the foot of these heights ran the Los Angeles river, its course distinctly marked by a line of dark green trees and shrubs along its banks.

Nearer yet and more distinctly seen, were Fort and Hill streets, with their lovely residences, gardens, and flowers. As I looked I turned my attention more to the right, and, looking through the trees, I found that I could see portions of Olive and Charity streets, with all of their beauty; and coming and going along them were horse-cars, carriages, and travelers on foot.

Tired of aimless gazing on the trees and flowers before me, I turned my attention to the people who were passing along the street near my window. All ages, classes and nationalities went by.

One face impressed me very much. It was that of a middle-aged lady, evidently poor and hard-working, but her face, though marked by care, showed distinctly that her's was a heart that found more enjoyment in helping to make others happy than in pleasing herself. She passed, but I shall not soon forget her.

Others came and went, and on some faces were stamped the marks of kind hearts; on others, unkindness and cruelty; and on some, fickleness and falsity.

The morning had passed, and I left my window feeling that I had lost nothing by spending the time as I had.

Again I was at my window. It was evening then, and I found the view doubly beautiful. There were lights in hundreds of houses, glittering among the trees and looking like so many stars. The moon cast a soft, dusky light over all, lighting up the hills, and giving everything the appearance of a dream; for it seemed too beautiful to be true.

It was a scene that I can never forget; and as I left the window to get my lesson, I did so with a sigh, for all in my room seemed so prosaic and matter-of-fact, while without was the very poetry of existence.

M. CLARK.

CHOICE OF AN OCCUPATION.

Agassiz, while still a boy, delighted in examining flowers, rocks, and all else in nature, and in making interesting collections of minerals, shells, and botanical and zoological specimens. His interest in so doing never lessened, and while he gathered his treasures, his taste for natural history developed. As he grew older his knowledge in this branch increased until he became a great naturalist. Had he been forced to become a lawyer or a doctor, he would probably have been much less successful; and the world would have lost one of her greatest educators.

The habits of children should be carefully observed, and their talents brought out; then those professions can be chosen to which they seem well adapted.

Often the son, with little forethought on the part of the parents, is educated for the occupation of his father; for what seems more natural than that he should follow in the footsteps of his sire? As the poet says:

"For we are the same that our fathers have been;

We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;

We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,

We run the same course that our fathers have run."

But it is not right that a person should be brought up for an occupation which he dislikes; for we can generally do best that which we like best.

When children possess decided ability for a certain pursuit, and manifest a preference for it, it is but just that they should be allowed some choice in the matter.

In choosing our life work, it is our duty to consider for what we are best fitted, what place in the world we are best able to fill. We should also consider in what occupation we can accomplish the most good, not only for ourselves but for others as well.

External occurrences frequently bring forth latent ability and aid us in determining upon the course we shall pursue. Ferguson had ample time at night to complete the heavens, while he led the humble life of a shepherd. It was but by chance that Agassiz became interested in ichthyology.

But having once determined upon a profession, as our attendance at the Normal School shows that we have done, it is right that the interim, before our work begins, should be spent in careful preparation. We can not approach our task too well equipped. Our influence will soon extend over a broad field; many flexible minds will be entrusted to our training; and under our guidance many will set out upon the journey of life. The responsibilities of this great and noble profession can scarcely be over-estimated. In it there is scope for the action of our loftiest powers.

On Washington's birthday the Normal took a holiday, which was enjoyed by all.

VARIOUS.

How can the school get along without its Weaver and Brewer?

A pupil informed the Zoology class that "the cells of the porifera are lined with *silex*."

Labor is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Certainly Normal students should improve rapidly.

Why was John Milton well bred.

Answer. Because he was born and reared on bread. (Broad street.)

One of the Junior A girls was heard to say, "I am awful glad Washington was born, for we might not have had a holiday if he hadn't been."

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the income of the Czar of Russia?"

District school-master. "No, but I have often wondered what the Czar would do if he had mine."

A little California girl, visiting in one of our Eastern States, was aroused one night by a thunder-storm, and upon seeing a brilliant flash of lightning, said, "Oh, mamma, the wind just blew up the sun, sure."

We all missed our valentine this term. To console us, Prof. Kent has consented to entertain us two or three afternoons of each week. He does this admirably, by having us sing, smile and whistle all at once.

As one of our Seniors was drawing the map of California by dictation, of his class in the Training School, he was directed to draw Point Consumption. This must be the point where so many health seekers get wrecked on this coast.

In the civil government class, the teacher, after calling attention to the fact that no one who had taken an oath to support the constitution, and afterwards taken part in any insurrection against it, could hold any government office, asked to whom this referred. He received in answer: "The Democrats."

Two of the young ladies discussing the battle of Bennington.

One said that "the officer who was determined to beat the "Redcoats" or leave a widow was a great uncle of mine."

The other replied: "Well I have a cousin in the English navy."

First young lady. "A cousin!"

Second. "Well—he was of the same name any how."

A new mode of corporal punishment was lately practiced by a Vermont school-master, who is now under \$1500 bonds for shooting his pupil. He resorted to this method of punishing the pupil who tried to raise insubordination and expel the master. We hope the courts will not uphold such an action.

Even the Normal boys may take heart when they remember that Benjamin D'Itraceli's first effort in the House of Commons was such a failure as would have killed an ordinary man. The wisceroes shook their double chins at him, but he simply replied: "The day will come when you will be glad to hear me." A prophecy which his critics have seen amply fulfilled in the person of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Ava Way is still teaching in this county.

Miss May Plant, Xmas '85, is teaching in Ventura county.

Miss Gilechrist, May '84, is teaching at Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Smith, Xmas '85, is teaching at Pomona.

Miss Lizzie Hitchcock, May '85, is teaching at San Francisco.

Miss Louisa Williamson, Xmas '85, is teaching at San Gabriel.

Miss Nora Desmond, May '85, is at Santa Clara attending school.

Miss Devin and Mr. Chaudier, May '84, are teaching in this county.

Leonora Haasler, Xmas '85, is teaching in the Olive district, near Orange.

E. E. Gerry, Xmas class '85, is teaching in the Santa Clara district, Ventura county.

W. F. Taylor, Xmas class '85, is teaching in Pleasant Valley district, Ventura county.

Misses Fannie Wright, Kate Broussena, Clara Stoltenberg, and Adeline Verhave, all of the "First Class," May '84, are teaching in the city schools.

Miss Nellie Fitzmier, is teaching at Long Beach, Miss Quessel at Sepulveda, Miss Olmstead at Spadra, Miss Barkla in Ventura county, and Miss Reel in Arizona, May '84.

Mrs. Foindexter and Mrs. Lewis, formerly Emma Jessup and Jeannette Lazard, are "married and settled," and living in this city. They are graduates of the Xmas class '84.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

J. C. STOUT, M. D.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

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