

The Normal Index.

Vol. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 3.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	PAGES.
EDITORIAL	25-26
Sonnet	26
Tennyson's "In Memoriam"	25-26
Sonnet	26
The Mission of Poetry and History Compared	26-30
A Letter from the Sandwich Islands	30-31
An Experience	31-32
ALL SORTS	32-34
ALUMNI NOTES	34

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT.

	PAGES.
EDITORIALS	34-35
The Adolphus's Debut	35
A Transformation	34
A Sonnet Caden	35-36
SCHOOL ITEMS	36
ALUMNI NOTES	36

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mercury Job Printing Company

HAS ESTABLISHED AN

ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT

Under the management of Mr. E. M. HAY, an experienced engraver, and are now ready to give estimates and show samples.

— ALL WORK GUARANTEED. —

Book, Job and Pamphlet Printing, in the Neatest Style.

FREE RIDES! NORMAL * FREE RIDES!
 * STUDENTS

CAN Save Their Car Fare by Trading at Most Complete Assortment of Perfumery, Soaps, etc., in Town. Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soaps, 15c per Cake, and all other articles in Proportion. Patent Medicines, Chemical Sets, etc., at Lowest Possible Rates. Prescriptions Compounded by a Thorough Chemist.

S. H. WAGENER, Contractor for Normal Chemicals, Beyond Wells, Fargo & Co's.

WM. FISCHER, * THE PEOPLE'S GROCER,

— DEALER IN —

✦ FAMILY GROCERIES. ✦

Goods Delivered Free of Charge to any part of the City.

UNDER THE ELECTRIC TOWER,

75 West Santa Clara Street. SAN JOSE, CAL.

BOSTON SHOE BAZAAR

Dealer in Fine Boots and Shoes,

The Only ONE PRICE SHOE STORE in the County.

126 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.

MCCABE,

THE HATTER
Auxiliary House,
Importer and Manufacturer of
HATS & CAPS,
KEEPS THE

Largest and Finest Stock of Hats and Caps South of San Francisco, and
Sells at per cent lower than any House in San Jose.

B. STRAUB,

MANUFACTURER OF

Home-Made, Plain and Fine Candles,

Arctic Soda and Ice Cream,

118 South First St. San Jose.

SAN JOSE HAIR DRESSING SALOON

STEAM BRUSH

15 El Dorado Street, San Jose, Cal.

O. ZANCONE, Proprietor.

Shaving, 15 cents. Shaving, including Steam Brush, 25 cents.
Hair Cutting, including Steam Brush, 25 cents. Shampooing,
including Steam Brush, 25 cents. Hair Cutting of young ladies
a specialty.

ENTERPRISE BAKERY,

339 SOUTH FIRST STREET.

G. F. FEIGION, - - - Propr.

BREAD DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE CITY.

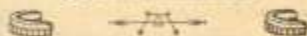
Confectionery Always on Hand; also, Made to Order on
Short Notice.

MRS. CHAPPEL,

DRESS MAKER,

60 South Second St., San Jose, Cal.

SPA W & WHIPPLE, DENTISTS



Safe Deposit Building, Southeast Corner
First and Santa Clara Sts.,

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

CHAS. NAVLET & CO., Florists and Decorations,

48 1/2 South First Street, opp. El Dorado,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Boquet and Cut Flowers always on hand. Decorations at-
tended to. Best of work at reasonable prices. Also, a
fine stock of Canary Birds, Bird Seed and Gold Fish.

SMITH'S Men's Furnishing Store,

No. 10 South First Street, San Jose.

953 Broadway, Oakland. 444 J St., Sacramento.

A. LAURILLIARD, 60 West Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal. Importer and Dealer in

PIANOS, ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC
And Musical Merchandise.

Pianos Tuned, Repaired and Polished.

RUDOLPH!

Keeps on hand a Fine Lot of

Fresh Home-Made Plain and Cream Candles,

47 North First Street,

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIF.

RALEY & SPENCER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FRUIT DEALERS,

KEEP THE FRESHEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK OF

Fruit, Canned Goods, Nuts, Riverside and Los Angeles Oranges, Limes, Sicily Lemons

THAT CAN BE HAD IN SAN JOSE.

CORNER THIRD AND SANTA CLARA STREETS.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

THE PIONEER BOOK STORE.
GEORGE W. WELCH,
Bookseller, Stationer and Music Dealer,

A Complete
ASSORTMENT
OF ALL
BOOKS

USED
IN THE NORMAL

Kept Constantly
on hand.

Largest Stock

SHEET MUSIC

Outside S. F.



ESTABLISHED BY E. B. GODDARD.
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

— ALSO, —
Standard and
Miscellaneous
BOOKS,
Students' NOTE BOOKS,
Writing Tablets,
Fine + Stationery,
GOLD PENS,
CUTLERY,
AND
General News Ag't.
New Music Received
Direct from Publishers.

44 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.

T. W. HOBSON & CO.,
STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

SUITS * MADE * TO * ORDER,
\$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00.

We have a full Stock of all the Latest patterns in Ready-Made
Goods for Fall and Winter; also a complete Stock of
Underwear, Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, Etc., Etc.

DONT FORGET OUR HAT DEPARTMENT.

The Largest in the County.

44 to 54 West Santa Clara Street, - SAN JOSE, CAL.

The Normal Index.

VOL III

NOVEMBER 1887.

No. 3.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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

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

EDITORIAL BOARD:

W. M. MASON, *Editor-in-Chief*,
MARY S. MURPHY, NELLIE DAY,
MELVINA L. DURHAM, M. WINONA KAUFMAN.
GEORGE A. TEBBE, *Business Manager*,
A. E. SHUMATE, *Assistant Manager*.

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

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

It is with pleasure that we welcome back the Los Angeles Department to a place in our paper. We can truly say that, judging from their first contribution, the present editors will cast no discredit on the school they represent.

It has long been the custom for the graduating class to leave some memento to the school, as the beautiful pictures adorning the walls of the library, and other presents, will testify. There is a subject at present being thought of by some of the Senior A's that is at least worthy of careful consideration; and one, which, if carried out will be a more lasting memento, and one which will do far more good than anything that has yet been the privilege of any class to leave to the school.

It has been proposed that the Xmas class of '87 start a fund for the purpose of endowing a scholarship, or something similar, to be dedicated to Prof. Norton, and to be called "the Norton Scholarship," for the purpose of aiding those who have talent and ability, but whose means are limited.

The first question that will naturally arise in the

mind of the reader is this: Will it do any good? We answer unhesitatingly, yes. There are many teachers throughout the State who feel the need of the training that a year and a half at the Normal would give them, but whose salary is not sufficient to permit of the idea being entertained for a moment. If these teachers, and also many young persons who would make first-class teachers by a little study of the best methods and their application, were given a chance to complete the course here, many an earnest, well equipped teacher would be furnished to help forward the work of education in the State.

But can it be done? And is it practical? Again, we answer, it can be done; and it is practical. It will only be necessary for the present graduating class to give, say, five or ten dollars after they have taught one year, and the fund is started. True, it is a small beginning, but it is something that is sure to receive the support and encouragement of all true friends of education. In speaking of this matter to the County Superintendent and other prominent educational men, we received their hearty approval, and were assured of their sympathy in a substantial manner. Then, too, many of the Alumni are wealthy and would be glad to aid the poor but talented young man or young woman, if the way were open for them to do so.

This is nothing new; much the same thing that we propose, has been done to a limited extent by private means, thus helping out those who, from accidents or unforeseen causes, would otherwise have been obliged to leave school. It is a well known fact some such system as this has been of incalculable benefit, to both school and pupils, in nearly all of our best Eastern colleges; and even now much the same thing is being proposed in our State University at Berkeley.

We only hope to lay the matter before you, and arouse your interest in a subject that will repay your careful attention. It depends upon the class soon to graduate, and upon those who graduate hereafter, to carry this project forward, but with a little effort on the part of each one

we may be able to leave a memento that shall cause many to remember the Xmas class of '87 with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

ONE of the chief characteristics of the age is the broadness and liberality shown by the people in their relations with one another. If this spirit is to become a part of the American character, it behooves the teachers of the land, who are responsible in a great measure, for the character of its citizens, to see that their own lives do not become stunted and contracted. The broad-minded, progressive teacher is the one who is alive to the breathing questions of the day, and who knows what his fellow men are thinking and doing. He does not find this out by living apart from them and becoming wrapped up in self, but by meeting people socially and exchanging views and ideas, he is led into different trains of thought, thus strengthening and expanding his mind. Many of the students, on entering the school, become so thoroughly wrapped up in themselves that they forget, for a time, the existence of the world around them. They work for three years, possibly a shorter time, forgetful of what is due to their schoolmates and to themselves. Ever before their minds is a picture of graduation, the diploma and—the end. It is true that much time cannot be taken from our studies for social matters, and that none can be spared for frivolous amusement. But the student owes it to himself, as well as to others, to take some part of the time for recreation. It is his duty to add to the happiness of those with whom they associate. If the time were used judiciously in meeting our schoolmates in a social way and sharing our enjoyments, what a change there would be in the school life at the Normal! Instead of the years spent here being looked upon as years of hard, patient toil only, they would be looked upon as the golden years of our lives, the years spent in gathering knowledge and in forming early and lasting friendships. Studies would receive new life and vigor, graduating day would not lie so far away, and a spirit of cheerfulness and happiness would surround everything.

I have within my heart a secret spot,
A hidden place from all the world apart.
Within its veil no human eye may dart
A searching glance, and thus behold the blot
Of a false nature that does crime and plot,
And ever tries with fenshish cunning art
To over-strew the ashes in my heart
With burning living coals of fire, begot
By the good angel that within me stirs;
So ever and anon I may forget
The secret that my soul to anguish drives,
And dream of days that know no drear regret.
O Truth, come hither and fulfill the dream,
And make me be what now I only seem.

TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM.

For four happy years Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson walked the earth together. Their friendship was something for poets to sing of, and men to dream of, so sweet was it, so holy, and infinitely tender.

In Arthur Hallam, the world saw a perfect type of all that was pure and noble. As his own father said of him, "He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit," and Tennyson, in speaking of him, said, "He was as near perfection as mortal man could be." With such a man for his friend, what wonder is it that those four short years were among the happiest in Tennyson's life! And, as if to make the union of hearts doubly dear, the beloved friend was soon to marry Tennyson's beautiful sister. She was hardly more than seven-teen, but

"When her life was yet in bud
He too foretold the perfect flower."

Yes, four, sweet happy years, but, before the fifth was well begun, "there sat the shadow feared of man."

Suddenly, silently, without a note of warning, came the summons. The father and son were traveling in Germany. Arthur was tired, and lay down to rest. The father passed softly out of the room, and, when he returned, found Arthur sleeping quietly. He felt his brow. It was cold. Arthur Hallam was dead. The pure soul, unsullied by its short sojourn on earth, had fled to its Maker, and sorrow, deep and holy and still, reigned in the heart of the friend. But, though the loved one had gone, the friendship was not broken; though the links that bound it were invisible to mortal eyes, it was destined to live on through death and change.

Tennyson breathed his sorrow into verse, and from his inmost soul flowed the words, *Years passed, and then he collected the poems, one hundred thirty one*

"Short swallow flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away,"

and gave to the world, that grandest elegiac poem, "*In Memoriam*."

Written as it was, not like Milton's "*Lycidas*," and Shelly's "*Adonais*," within a few weeks after the death of the friend, but during long years, we can see that it is a growth, from the blindness of sorrow, through vague theories of the great unknown, to a full belief in the immortality of the soul. It is a poem in which is embodied Tennyson's own personal grief, yet, each sorrowing one can take it to his own heart and say, "It is mine."

Though "In Memoriam" was not designed as one poem, yet there is a connection between the parts, a unity throughout the whole that is due to the growth of the soul that inspired it; indeed, as some one has forcibly and truly said, "In Memoriam is the record of a human soul."

With these thoughts in mind, we can readily see that the poem naturally divides itself into about three parts, corresponding with the different periods in which it was written.

In the first twenty-one pieces, Tennyson mourns, and the world mourns with him. Nature, even, puts on the garb of woe, and all the future looks dark and dreary. Passing from his own sad thoughts, the poet follows the ship across the sea from Italy's shore to English earth. He has penned in this connection one of the most exquisite poems in the whole collection, and, that you may observe the simple flowing of the verse, and because the poem itself is too beautiful to pass by, I will quote it:

Calm as the moon without a sound,
Calm as in suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chequer pattering to the ground.

Calm and deep peace on this high world,
And on these dens that drench the furze,
And all the silver gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

Calm and still light on your great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded ferns and luscious towers
To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that reddens in the fall;
And in my heart if calm at all;
If any calm a calm despair.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble bosom
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

As I read the last stanza, I see no mighty ship floating over the midnight waves, but a black draped barge like unto the one that carried the great King Arthur toward the East and out of sight.

Back to English earth, to the sunny old Court by the Severn, the "dusky barge" brings the "lost Arthur's loved remains," and these, where he used to play in his childhood, his body is consigned to its last resting place.

As delicately as one bit of pale blue sky merges into deeper tints, does the poem glide from present to past, and we have the second division of "In Memoriam."

It is full of meditations sweet, for day by day, with the mournful music of the Severn in his

ears, Tennyson sits by the grave of his friend and thinks sweetly solemn thoughts of the days gone forever.

The weary way winds onward and Christmas approaches,—the first Christmas since Arthur's death, but oh! what sadness its merry bells bring to many loving hearts! Dark clouds hang over the earth, winter winds sweep over the land, and

"Sadly falls our Christmas eve."

But, sad, lonely, desolate as his heart to-night, Tennyson can feel in all its truth,

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Again, we mark the delicate shading of the poem, for, passing from the tender songs of Christmas eve, the poet gives us two beautiful hymns that merge into thoughts of the life to come.

In this portion of the poem have been considered many sacred themes, and we cannot wholly pass them by.

Tennyson feels that his own life should teach him that there is a future life for the soul. Does any one believe in his inmost heart that there is no life beyond the grave? The poet answers: "If Death were seen at first as Death, Love had not been." There would be no love, no happiness, no friendship, but a dark overpowering gloom that would envelop all and crush the very heart from life.

In passing over the pages, we find a gleam of Panteism, which Tennyson sternly repudiates, by speaking of Nature as "red in tooth and claw," and then, he asks, "Are God and Nature then at strife?" This he does not attempt to answer, but trusts to what he feels is Lord of all.

The sorrow is still great in his heart, but he can feel that somehow good will be the final goal of ill. The world does not look so dark, long use has dried the tears, and "calmly falls this Christmas eve." Over all there is a "quiet sense of something lost," and the whole year following is one of peace.

The third Christmas approaches. In the meantime, the family have left the old home, and "strangely," but not sadly, "falls this Christmas eve."

It was the third Christmas after Arthur Hallam's death that inspired that poem we all know and love,

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let her die."

Arthur's birthday follows and it is celebrated with joy and gladness.

"The time admits not flowers and leaves
To deck the banquet," so

"Bring in great logs and let them lie
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by,"

The deep shadows have all fallen from Tennyson's heart, and over all rests a sweet resignation. The feeling that death might cause him to lose his friend, is gone, for, God and nature are not one; "Love is and was my Lord and King."

For Arthur in Heaven, he says:

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not love thee though I die."

The last stanza seems to sum up all that the sorrowing heart was in search of.

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves,"

A deep feeling of peace falls upon the heart of him, who reads the last of "In Memoriam," a feeling that he has been made better and stronger thereby.

To the heart stricken one, this poem comes with "healing on its wings," and brings him comfort and sympathy.

Wherever it is read, throughout the world, it must be received with love and admiration. I would let me add, there are two ways of reading the poem. One is to read it for the beauty of the structure and the music of the rhythm. To such a one, it would often appear long, cold, monotonous, and often too prettily arranged to come from the heart. These points are mainly those advocated by our fierce French critic. The second way to read the poem is to follow the soul of the writer,—to mourn when he mourns, to rejoice when he rejoices; in one, to appreciate this master piece, the soul of the reader must be in perfect accord with the soul of the author.

Though "In Memoriam" was not written for fame, yet it brought its author the glory and renown he deserved, and by it his reputation as a poet was established.

Tennyson, himself, does not consider this poem his masterpiece, giving, rather, the preference to "The Princess," but most critics concur in pronouncing it the best work of his genius.

Let us briefly compare in "In Memoriam" with Milton's "Lycidas," and Shelly's "Adonais," the latter, an elegy in memory of John Keats. As has been before stated, Tennyson wrote not so much of Arthur Hallam, as of his own sorrow.

On the contrary Milton and Shelley wrote expressly in honor of their friends, and in their poems mingled grief and eulogy. Milton's, written in blank verse, is stern, grand, and Puritanical. Shelley's, written in a light flowing style, is sweet, tender and musical. In neither is there the personality there is in Tennyson's. "In Memoriam" has been awarded the highest place. For if by the character of the sorrow, we can judge of the work of the friend, what more can we ask for an elegy?

Arthur Hallam died when he was only twenty-three years old, but early as was the age, he gave great promise of a brilliant future; yet, so great was his influence over Tennyson, that perhaps he is reaching more hearts to-day through the voice of the poet, than he would have reached, had he lived.

And when the first final summons comes to our loved Tennyson, let us not mourn, but, rather rejoice, for we shall know that the two souls so long separated will be together for all eternity in sweet communion than was ever afforded them on earth.

JENNIE A. OSTROM.

TO MY MUSE.

Something intended to be amusing. On having been obliged to write an essay in class.

Should Pegasus be harnessed to plow
And forced through arid plain a path to make,
No more mid starry heights his way to take,
To bear through azure sky some goddess vow?
Well know I gentle Muse no more should'st thou
Be forced to visit mortals for the sake
Of helping them the credits forth to rake.
Were you place mine, I'd make a precious row.
But no, for as the sun from Heaven as bright
Upon all men his radiance does pour,
So dost thou help out the poor Normalite,
And, coming sweetly through the open door,
Sitat down by him who longeth for thy light
And labors in thy service *"cum amore."*

RAIDA.

THE MISSION OF POETRY AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF HISTORY.

Through the long line of centuries that have passed away, bringing their many wonderful and important changes, poetry and history have come down to us in this, our modern days, laden with richest information. They have stood side by side in the great annals of our country, each, in its several way, an unsurpassed power, until to-day they burst forth upon us in the very prime and glory of their life.

However great and powerful a monarch may appear before the eyes of the world, it is he who

fulfills the noblest mission that touches the hearts of the mass of people and leaves its impress there. Thus it is with the two mighty powers of Poetry and History in the intellectual world; and it shall be my purpose to show wherein the mission of one is more noble than that of the other.

History! What is there in the word that sends a thrill through every frame? We breathe the word, and a shadowy vision of wars and tumult, of suffering and crime, rise before us. We hear the echoes now and then of a joyful note; but the gladness does not reach our hearts, for we know that it is the shout of victory. And mingled with the triumphal song, we seem to hear the despairing cry of the conquered, the groans of the dying, and the moans and lamentations from a thousand desolate homes. We see the gleam of some great success which adds to the progress of our rising nation; but the feeling of joy and pride is forgotten as we become absorbed in the contemplation of the grander successes and achievements that succeed them.

We plunge blindly forward, led by our ambitions, until we are suddenly arrested by the notes of a voice, clear, pure, and devoid of the harshness of our accustomed life. We pause; and lo, the voice proclaims, "I am poetry, and my mission is to show men that to feel nobly is to be great, and to urge, with a loftier eloquence and in a more impassioned strain, the importance and sacredness of truth, beauty and virtue." The voice dies away; but our lives are not what they were; our hearts have been touched, and they respond to the awakened feelings.

What are the essential attributes of the poet's art that causes him to be adorned with the noblest crown that human power can confer? What is it that gives to poetry a power greater than that of history, and makes the thrones of the kings of song more permanent than are those of the Pharaohs and the Caesars?

History speaks of the mighty kings who have ruled for ages, of the riches they have accumulated, and alas! also of the "Reaper of Death," who calls them even in the midst of their prosperity. We catch the glitter of their armor, we see the pomp and show that attends them even to the silent tomb; and then, as the body crumbles to dust, the name, and sometimes the last resting place, of the once great monarch is often forgotten.

Not so with the poet. There is nothing perishable with him but "this muddy vesture of decay which has so grossly cased him in," and restricted the flights of his ever aspiring spirit. His name

is immortal in his verse; it will be held ever in loving remembrance by the unnumbered thousands whose lives have been made purer and nobler by these out-pourings of his inmost soul.

Turn to any history or to any book giving to us the life of a nation, and tell me, is there one from which war or crime in some shape can be excluded? Do we feel inspired with noble, uplifting longings and desires as we close the book? Or has a shadow, we know not of what, crossed our lives and left its impress there? Be it of envy for the heroes, of bitter-hate for the enemy, of horror for the terrible deeds, or disdain and indignation for those who have robbed the helpless and turned the innocent from their homes—such feelings do not give us pure thoughts and high aspirations, but they only bind us more closely to this sinful world.

Turn then to the poetry of these same people:

We read, and some mysterious power
Our higher thoughts awakes;
And at the fount of truth and faith
Our hearts of life partake.

There is not a tribe, but at sometime has felt its sweet influence. Even the savage Indian grows gentler under the spell of those light, entrancing motions that form their poetry, and in which words would only give the grosser part of a mystical and beautiful conception. Saul, that war-like king of Israel, in fits of the greatest rage and despair, could be subdued by the sweet, tender, trustful songs of David. Compare such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the poems on slavery, by the noted poets, Whittier and Longfellow; the book "Ramona" with the songs of the fast fading race. It is true that the former awakens our sympathy, but there is a finer spirit and a more subtle pathos in those musical lines, which touch the inner chords of our heart.

Read from the soul-inspiring poet, Mrs. Browning; follow her in her quest after truth, for wherever she leads us, it is to make us better. Does she show us the poor whom we too often oppress? It is that we may know wherein we have erred, and that in the future our hands may be clean from the stain of oppression and cruelty. Does she sometimes apparently darken the spirit? It is only to make us reflect, and endeavor to see the way through the mysteries of life and nature up to God.

By history, we gain our knowledge of the constitution of society; of the reciprocal influence of national character, laws and government; of those causes and circumstances which have promoted the rise and fall of States and Empires. By poetry, we gain our knowledge of a purer life, of

the influences of that life on others, and of that which causes us to regard those lives as sacred—the temples of an immortal soul.

The historian searches for his information among the tragic haunts of life; he makes for his friends the great men of the day; he visits the noted cities and places of the world and writes in glowing terms, of their wonder and beauty; he discovers some new invention and hastens to proclaim it to the world. The poet searches also for the wonders and beauties of the universe that he may interpret it to others. He brings it to us from the humblest places and in the humblest guises; but his magic touch, while placing it before our vision, has glorified it and has shown us within, hidden beauties of whose existence we had never dreamed.

History converses with shadowy beings and effects us outwardly by varied means, but fails to reach the heart—the chords of our inner life which vibrates whenever awakened by the voice of the true singer. History carries us backward to the years whose thoughts and deeds have long since passed away.

Poetry is our guiding star, ever pointing onward into the mysterious future.

"Not where long-passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees;
In the future folded deep
Are its mystic harmonies.
All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind,
Eden with its ages bold,
Love and flowers and cool sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy."

The world applauds the historian's success as he brings forth the golden sheaves of his harvest; but when the poet takes those sheaves and weaves them into a shining wreath of noble thoughts and aspirations, by the life-giving touch of his genius, the world is ready with something better than its applause—its reverence and its love.

Ah! then no allegiance do we bear, or no fealty do we owe truer, than is due those who have touched into activity the secret springs of our life; toward those who have taught us the beautiful lesson of faith, and led us out of the narrow and selfish views which surround all earthly lives, into a nobler and purer sphere. For after all,

We live not here,
Within this hard and mystic school of life
We are but pilgrims.
Here we're left to learn
Those thoughts and things which fit us for our mansion home.
'Tis, therefore, he who dith these precepts teach
The nobler crown doth wear, our hearts have reached.

MAY F. BLACKFORD.

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(The following extract is a part of a letter from the Sandwich Islands).

* * * * *

Some time has elapsed since you wished me good speed on my journey and asked me to write.

We are rained in to-day, although our Japanese boy has gone with the goats to take a soaking with the goats in the best of spirits.

Two silky, white little kids are near the kitchen stove. You see we are quite primitive here, but they are such cunning little pets that I am sure no one could refuse them admittance. Father calls one of them Key's wife because he is so devoted to it, and I call it Baby.

I have been spending some time with friends in Honolulu, and was there during the "Revolution." The King proved harmless without his old minister, Gibson. To-morrow is the election under the new constitution. Foreign residents can vote now without forswearing allegiance to the mother country.

The natives feel that something is being taken away from them. The Reform party makes it a point to have the native appointments equal with those among the white residents. It seems to many that the pure native has not the intellectual power to grasp political economy. A number of half-castes have been in the employment of the King or government who were keen, wide-awake men, but who were, in many cases, dishonest.

The reform is reaching the school, and, now teachers are required to hold certificates before they can teach in the public schools.

As the "Yankee" says, I have no "hankering" for the public school here, although the dark little faces and flashing eyes amuse me. They are bare-footed, wiry-limbed, and have musical voices. Here is such a mixture of races. I have known one child to represent four different nationalities.

The favorite branches of study are mathematics and writing. Many of the teachers are English. The kindergarten methods receive but slight attention.

Here we have the winds, and so it is much cooler than at Honolulu. Kohala, the place where I am residing at present, is at the north end of the island. We are on green hills, I can look down and see the ocean, and across the channel is Mani with its Haleahala frowning at us, and by its side, almost under the shadow of its larger sister, is another smaller island. The view at sunset is particularly beautiful.

On top of most of the hills are bowl-like

craters. You would soon notice ridges, on the slopes, shaped like parallelograms. These enclose the old tarow patches of an extinct population.

From where we are, not a house is in sight. Kohala itself is waving canefields on the gentle slopes near the water's edge. It is a lovely place. There are six mills here now where there were but two when I was a child. The cane has crowded out the dear old woods, were we children loved so well to wander.

Many of the old friends are still here, and I have delightful visits, especially on the two grand, old plantations, were the gardens are like those we read of only in stories.

While at Honolulu I had the pleasure of attending a native feast or Suan. It was the occasion of a surprise given to a young friend who returned with the Queen's party from the jubilee. His father is an American, and his mother is one-fourth native.

The dinner was eaten on a back porch. We sat on rugs, and the table cloth was ti-leaves. The cooking was all done on hot rocks in the ground. Each couple was provided with a calabash of poi, a plate of roast pig and kukui nut. Besides, we had roast fish, duck and potatoes. There was a salad of salt salmon in tomato juice and onion. My escort laughingly told me that if he had known it he would have provided more dainties, which were, I suppose, raw meats in various forms. For dessert we had watermelon and a pudding of sweet potato and cocoa nut.

Some one accused me of using four fingers to eat the poi with. That was hardly fair. When I was a child, I learned the etiquette of using two fingers and keeping them nice and slick while eating poi.

The Chinamen make most of the poi for sale, and I have seen them flavoring it with the oil of perspiration. One does not care to eat poi unless he knows the manufacturer.

The marshy part of the city is laid out in tarow and rice beds. The tarow is roasted in ti-leaves on hot rocks, then peeled and pounded into pulp. The second day it is slightly tart, but the natives do not want it until it is old and sour.

I have seen but one leper, and that was at Oahu jail. He had the choice of being inoculated with the leper virus or of being hanged. He chose the former. There were but few evidences, as yet, of that terrible disease. He was bloated, and the palms of his hands were white. I do not care to see it in a more developed stage.

Come and see the islands yourself; you would not be disappointed in them. They are well

named, the Emerald Islands and the Rainbow Islands.

In the future I shall be haunted with the clear, clear air, sharp peaks, deep, green and sparkling water, but they cannot lure me from my chosen home—dear California.

I was sorry to miss our class re-union. Hoping soon to tread the Normal halls once more and greet old faces, I am

Yours respectfully,
FANNIE LOW. (May '83.)

AN EXPERIENCE.

If one were to suppose that zoology is an important study, we should agree with him only in certain ways. It is not important because it is very hard or difficult, or amounts to very much, in our estimation; but it is important in that it takes up so much of our time in preparing for recitations and collecting specimens that we sometimes become very unpleasantly aware that we slighted our other studies for this one, and consequently come up minus in some other class.

Of course this is not agreeable, and some have even gone so far as to raise silent objections; but since one of the principal things here taught is self-control, we overcome our emotions and swallow the dose—zoology, not including the specimens—with a good grace.

Our trips, for the purpose of procuring these specimens, often furnish us means for many serious afterthought that fills us with emotions, cheerful or forboding, as the case may be.

I will relate a few incidents that occurred in one of trips, in which I was a principal actor.

We, several others besides myself, set out one bright Saturday morning, for the zoologist's hunting grounds, commonly known as Coyote creek.

It was painfully evident from the start that everything was amused at the idea of our obtaining anything. The birds twitted us; the dragonfly buzzed right past us as if defying us, the cows and even the pigs grew hilarious and gave vent to their feelings in series of bellows or musical grunts.

But we cared not for earthly things, we were filled with a deep inspiration for bugs, and had resolved before starting to write our names higher upon the book of science than the highest yet recorded. And of course we wore a very grave and dignified aspect.

We journeyed quite a way without seeing anything upon which to exhibit our pent up zeal, which, by the way, was fast ebbing, for it was most unmercifully hot.

But suddenly I saw a butterfly. Oh! it was

beautiful. I would fain have allowed this thing of beauty to go unmolested, but the stern fact "that should I treat all insects in that manner my collection would, in all probability, be very small" staring me in the face, hardened my heart, and I made a brave dash at the unfortunate insect, which, by the way, the others had not noticed. As I was bringing around my net with much force, it was suddenly checked in its swift career and resisted all my efforts to persuade it to complete its course. I investigated and found that I had a larger specimen than I had any idea of catching—the end of a fence post.

Of course my feelings were much hurt, but I saw only that butterfly, and my arder was not one whit cooled, so I again made a most furious charge upon the yet unsuspecting insect, who, seeing my fierce demeanor, gave himself up for lost, and seemed to fall rather than fly into my net.

Well! I was very much elated. I caught him all right, but how was I going to get him out of my net? I cautiously put my hand inside, and seeing that he did not move, I grew bolder, and took him out without much trouble, when, horrors! it was nothing but a dried up leaf. I was sold.

I began to think I should be content to exhibit my name no higher than my predecessors, and that 'twas folly to be wise. I was disgusted, and made a proposal to go home; but no, the rest of the party would not hear of it, and promised to divide the spoils if I would stay. So I stayed.

Finally we saw a dragon fly, and all except myself gave chase. I was a little timid from my previous adventure, so I hesitated; but before long, I became so excited that I joined us heartily as the others. Soon the fly was captured, CAPTIVED, and the captor heartily cheered for his exploit.

This cheering of course excited him, and as he knelt, with mildly throbbing heart beside his captive, with the intention of extricating him from the entangling meshes of the net and consigning him to the sweet, sleep-producing apartment prepared for him. The fly, perceiving the unsettled condition of his mind and his too exuberant spirits, gave one vicious kick, and with one almost superhuman contortion of his spinal cord, slipped out of the captor's hand, and all that was left of him was the place where he had been. O! it was discouraging. I was the captor.

Surely if one were not possessed with exuberant and buoyant spirits, he could not recover from those shocks so easily as one might be lead to suppose; but my spirits were very buoyant, and I recovered even from this "most unkindest cut of all."

We still traveled onward resolved "to do or

die." Neither of which we did. But let me tell you, my gentle reader, what we did do. We tramped and tramped, grew furious and stormed, threatened and raged, and then as a last expedient, we became discouraged. It was moved and seconded and carried unanimously, that our resolution be revoked and we return home.

It surely might have been said of our spirits: "And great was the fall thereof."

Now no bird twitted as we passed, but in its stead we heard the plaintive cry of the festive Thomas cat. Now no dragon flies buzzed temptingly near, but in their stead the bats and the night hawks brushed quickly past our torn and tattered hats, beneath which, under ordinary circumstances, "would have shown the wealth of simple beauty and rustic health," but now nothing shone except the baleful gleam of our eyes as we pursued our weary way, with our shoes filled to their utmost capacity with the fluid, mingled with something more solid, from the creek, and planned revenge upon the one who first invented "hunting specimens."

IN MEMORIAM.

At the teachers' Institute, held in Humboldt county, October 12, 1887, the following resolution in regard to the death of Miss Mary Simmons, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the teachers of Humboldt county, mourn the loss of a noble woman, a faithful, conscientious teacher, whose best energies would ever be put forth in the best interest of her profession, feel that the children of this county have been deprived of a good and wise instructor, and the cause of education a firm and devoted friend. We will remember her as one who, through many trials, never murmured or swerved from the path of duty, and at last, with exceeding patience and sweetness, entered into Rest Eternal.

ALL SORTS.

A test for H.—An examination in Physics.

It is whispered that Senior A is not a model class.

F. L. Argall, Dentist, will give good terms to students. See advertisement.

The Senior Singing Class should remember that there is no such word as *an't*.

At the recent open meeting of the Y. M. N. D. and Nocturnian Societies, there were over four hundred present.

To what class of birds does B. S. M. of Senior B belong? To the class of Bee—Martins.

Of late one of the young men of Senior B2 seems to be spending his time "Waltzing."

Graceful bows are frequently and extemporaneously made by the various Shakespearean readers.

The Senior A's in their journey up the hill of knowledge, have reached the rocky road of Geology.

H. C. Petray, May, '83, paid a visit to his San Jose friends recently. He is now principal of the Santa Rosa school.

The Senior A's Shakespearean Club held its first meeting at the residence of Miss De Lameter, on Tenth Street.

No less than twenty members of the classes of '82 and '83 are teaching in and near the city of Los Angeles.

Mr. S. evidently believes in variety. According to the best authority, he never sings the same piece twice alike.

We surmise Mr. Petray is going into the fruit business. He has been inquiring for Galun—jars.

If knowledge increases with the number of teachers, the Junior B's are fortunate. They have had ten different teachers during the past ten weeks.

It would be as to get as statement as to the exact C to be encountered in passing from the known to the unknown. No new knowledge is required for the journey.

The leather medal offered to the monitor of a Junior B class recently must have excited the envy of his classmates, for they have since been regular in their attendance, thus keeping the prize from him.

The Physics teacher was vainly endeavoring to have a class see the difference between two pulleys, one fixed and the other movable. Turning to one of the pupils, he said, "Miss P—, how are your eyes?" "One fixed and the other movable," was the reply.

The last game between the Normal and the University nine was declared off on account of a misunderstanding between the respective nines, in regard to the rules. In a back number of the *Mercury* it was stated that the banner was won by the University by a score of 9 to 1. This was a misprint.

The following are the officers of the Nortonian Society for the second ten weeks of the present term: Miss Orita Calhoun, President; Mr. Fred. Arbogast, Vice-President; Miss Annie Hall, Secretary; Miss Emily Gallinger, Assistant Secretary, and Messrs. Geary, Gave and Rayburn, Sargeants-at-arms.

Why wails the geometry student? You may see numbers of them in the assembly hall, before class time in the morning, who are just certain that they understand every problem in the lesson. But lo! the scene changes. They are demonstrating a problem before the class while the Prof. looks calmly on. They go smoothly forward, and nothing indicates breakers ahead. Suddenly, like a vessel striking sunken rocks, they are brought up standing by that awful word, "ATTENTION," from the Prof.'s chair. After some little struggle they get clear of the obstruction and start again, but they are scarcely under headway before that appalling word, like a sub-marine earthquake, strands them more dangerously than before. The case is hopeless; the mental machinery, loosened by the severe shocks, is scattered about in the utmost confusion, while the trembling frame proclaims the fact that hope is almost gone. With one disparaging glance upon the sympathetic faces of their classmates, they sink in a collapsed condition, not into the black, chaotic depths of geometry, but into the nearest seat that presents itself.

The election of officers of the Y. M. N. D. society for the second ten weeks took place Friday evening, October 20. The President's chair is to be well filled by Mr. Edgerton, and we are afraid that Mr. W. Murray, the Vice-President, will have hard work to fill his place if he should be absent at any time. Mr. Glenn occupies the platform with the President in his duty as Secretary. Who says our officers are not solid men? Mr. Hans Miller is Assistant Secretary and Mr. Walter Gray is Treasurer. It was a long debated point between Mr. L. J. Geary and Mr. Van Eaton as to who should have the honor of acting as Sargeant-at-arms. It was finally decided, however, that Mr. Geary should be Sargeant-at-arms and Mr. Van Eaton should be his assistant.

Why are the Senior girls known by the company they keep? By the complexion of their "bows."

The Senior A's are happy; they are allowed the privilege of displaying their literary ability by writing two more essays this term, while the sorrowful faces of the Senior A's proclaim louder than words that they have been debarrd from inflicting the same persecution on the long suffering teachers.

The Senior A's are certainly a wide awake class. They have arranged for their class picture, are hard at work on their class pins and, as far as lies in their power, have chosen the speaker for the graduating exercises. And would you really believe it—but don't say anything, because they might hear of it—they have not, as far as we know, said a word about the all important topic—their graduating dresses.

The close of the first ten weeks of this term was celebrated by an open meeting, given by the Y. M. N. D. and the Nortonian Societies. The evening was a success in every respect—socially and financially. The small admission fee of ten cents was charged for the purpose of helping to defray the debt on the Society's piano. The Assembly Hall was well filled and each and every one seemed greatly to enjoy the programme. The Normal does not often give entertainments, but when it does, success crowns the effort. Among those who took part in the exercises was Prof. Childs. We are always glad to welcome him, and we all feel deeply grateful for his frequent presence among us, and for his aid in the work of the societies.

In the days of Yore, Nye to a Towne, a Miller was trying to catch a Black Martin. Some one standing by suggested that he baggett. "I Will," he said, "if you will tender me your help." They succeeded in catching the bird, and a Ladd was sent with it to the housekeeper to Warner against persons attempting to Steerle it. Just as they caught the bird, a Welch-man, coming up, said, "although I am too late to be of any service to you, I may enliven your spirits a little by telling you a Short story while you rest. Once upon a time a young Frenchman thought he would make a trip to Russia. On his way he saw a very deep Cave, which showed evidences of having existed during the time of Adam. This Cave was situated near a little Glenn, and the traveler being hungry, he stopped here to Cook some Bacon. It seemed Miles before he reached his destination, but he was favored with a Walta from a little Shaver whom he met; this helped him to make his journey pleasant. At one time he was so tired that he had to lean against a neighboring Banister for support. A Taylor passing by sold him a Nicoll's worth of Berryrs, which he found quite Good." No doubt you may think I am Hatching this story up, but I am Not. To be Frank, by the time you have Read this far, you will be ready to have the verdict of a Jury as to the writer's sanity.

Criticism is one of the most valuable aids in all literary work. Without it we are unable often to discover our own faults, and when they are pointed out to us by candid friends, we are able to avoid them, thus reaching a higher standard than we otherwise should be able to attain. Even rivals may thus be the means of aiding each other. We are particularly thankful for the criticism offered by the *Pharos*. Coming, as it does, from a paper whose long, brilliant, unclouded and unimpeded career, precludes the possibility of its being given with anything but the best of intentions, the *Pharos* has long been noted as a paper that is very sparing with its criticisms on those who should be its supporters, as well as on other school journals, and when offered, there was nothing that indicated a spirit of vindictiveness or senseless fault finding on the part of the paper. We will not attempt, in our humble capacity, to criticize a paper which is characterized by such profound scholarship as seen in the literary and other departments of the *Pharos*. We would humbly suggest, however, that articles be not repeated in the same number—people might recognize them, you know—but that some time elapse before they are repeated, and then we one would suspect that you were troubled for want of material to fill up the paper. Then, too, if those who write book reviews would take the trouble to give us something more than the plot of the novel, we should be in no danger of suspecting that they were unable to do so. Hoping that these suggestions will be kindly received, we will keep the others for some future time.

The heavy pressure on the minds of some of the Junior B reporters has had a disastrous effect on their contributions to this number of the INDEX. They have our heart-felt sympathy, and we hope that they will be sufficiently recovered to resume their duties in the near future.

If some of our reporters do not respond more promptly, we shall be under the painful necessity of diminishing their salary and suspending them from the honorable position until such time as they are ready for duty.

All who wish to become proficient teachers should apply to Mr. E. who is able to give them the latest improved, and most expeditious method of teaching. The ground that he covers is truly astonishing.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Carrie Somers, Dec. '86, is teaching at Auburn, Cal.

Miss Mary Nott, May '86, is teaching in Humboldt county.

Miss Cora Somers, May '87, is to teach at Vankee Jim, Placer county, Cal.

Miss Annie P. Buckley, May '86, is Principal of the Iowa Hill school, Placer county.

Miss Anna F. Albee, May '87, has charge of a school in Bernardo, San Diego county.

Miss Lydia Adams, December '86, is teaching at Frederickville, Alpine county.

Miss Carrie Millen, December '86, is teaching in Monterey county.

Miss Fannie L. McLean, December '85, is teaching in Daguerre, San Bernardino county.

Mrs. J. S. Monlon, nee Yagle, is teaching at Linden, San Joaquin county.

Miss Mabel Field, December '86, has not done any steady teaching since her graduation because of ill health.

R. D. Williams, December '86, is teaching near his home in Pleasanton, Alameda county.

Frank H. Herbert, December '86, has been engaged as bookkeeper by the San Jose Agricultural Works.

Miss Anna M. Kallah, May '85, is very pleasantly situated in San Simeon, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Sophie E. Litchfield, May '87, is Principal of the Sebastopol Grammar Department, Sonoma county.

H. C. Squire, Xmas '85, is teaching at Greenville, Plumas county. His wife, nee Taylor, May '85, is teaching in Johnsville.

Miss May Griffin, May, '86, is still teaching near her home in Contra Costa County. She is very much pleased with her work so far.

We have received a card announcing the wedding of Mr. William H. Murphy and Miss Christiana Braun, May, '82. We wish them much success.

Willis H. Packer, May, '87, gives good satisfaction in the Wise District School, where he has been teaching since his graduation.

Miss Mamie L. Calhoun, May, '85, is teaching in the Mark West District, Sonoma county. She has been very successful there.

Miss Selma Burston, May '88, writes, "I am now one of the teachers in the 'City of the Angels' I have a pleasant class of forty-two, and am in every way pleased with my surroundings."

Again we hear the joyful wedding bells. This time they tell us of the marriage of James E. Conner to Luc J. Carver, May, '83.

Mabel N. McKay, Xmas, '86, is teaching in Consolidated District, Placer county, and her sister Amelia, May, '87, is teaching in the same county.

Miss Gertrude E. Thomson, December, '84, has been quite ill, but is now much improved in health. Her post office address is Starkey, San Luis Obispo county.

Duncan Sterling, December, '86, has resigned his position at Santa Ana to take the Principalship in the Modena school. In accepting his resignation the trustees specially requested that he procure a substitute from the San Jose Normal school.

Miss Margaret Hanson, Xmas, '86, met with quite a misfortune last week. Her school house in Burnett District burned to the ground. She writes: "Lawrence Karr, who has proved himself a young hero during these past three days, broke the door, and with the aid of Mr. Frank Wright, saved the organ, the clock, my desk and the library books." This speaks well for the young men, for the building burned in about fifteen minutes.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

SHIRLEY PENDLETON, Editor-in-Chief.

WILMATTIE PORTER,

LULU SNOOKS.

HERETOFORE during this term the L. A. Department has failed to do its part in the work of editing the INDEX, owing to the delay in electing editors from this school. This neglect has caused much embarrassment in both departments. It was suggested by the former editors that the editors should be elected during the term previous to which they were to begin their work, thereby preventing confusion and delay in producing the first edition. We now fully realize the importance of so doing, and join them in advising early elections.

We undertake the duties as editors of this department of the paper through the importunities of our several classes, and trusting in the charity of those who may peruse its pages. We feel quite assured that there are others in our classes who could perform the office superior to ourselves, yet, we felt it our duty to respond to the earnest request of our classmates. The faults of the tyro in every proceeding in life are kindly overlooked; in the art of journalism therefore, tyroes ourselves, we hope our faults will be overlooked. With this hope, and with the apology given for starting in the journalistic line, we now begin our duties, trusting that our efforts will not be entirely destitute of interest.

WE sincerely regret the bother produced by our department in failing to send material for the last issue of the INDEX. However, thanks to the perseverance of the San Jose Department, it was a perfect success. One would scarcely have supposed that any of the matter had to be gotten up in haste, had not the editors so stated.

JUDGING from the robust appearance of the pupils, the unusually long vacation seemed to have fitted them for a term of diligent application. As usual, some of the former pupils failed to return, but their places are occupied by others, who are taking right hold of the work here. There are two hundred and twelve pupils in attendance at the present time.

THE ADELPHIANS DEFEAT.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
Adelphians members had gathered then.
Their elegance and eloquence, and bright the lights shone
o'er

This bevy of young men.

A dozen hearts beat nervously, and when
Music arose with its terrific clang,
Wild eyes looked into eyes which spake again,
And the halls resounded with the drums long, bang;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising swell.

Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind
Or a car rattling o'er the stony street.

On with the march, let joy be unconfined.

No sleep till morn when initiators meet

To chase their victims round with flying feet.

But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more

As if the walls its echo would repeat,

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.

Arm! arm! it is, it is the janitor at the door.

He sent one verbal volley, then quietly retreated.

But lo! the lights begin to wane, his victory is completed.

The moon shines in upon the scene,

The Adelphians are defeated.

A TRANSFORMATION.

Not long ago a party of Senior B's were having a social time in room nine during the noon hour. One of the young ladies who had at least her share of Mother Eve's curiosity, was intent on finding what was contained in a closed closet in the room. She was very much surprised on going near, to hear a small voice crying, "Let me out! Let me out!" Wonderingly she opened the door (which no one knew was there before) and a dryad stepped forth.

"Oh, it is so warm in there," said the lovely creature plaintively; and as she was very glad, she kissed each of the Senior B's. Now you know

when a dryad kisses a person he becomes ten years younger, both in looks and in knowledge, but owing to her long confinement, this one had lost half her power, and the B's although not changed in looks, were transformed, so far as knowledge was concerned, into a class of eight and nine year olds.

The Professor was much surprised at the deficiency, but the B's hope that under his thorough training, and with the use of counters and short methods, they will soon regain their lost knowledge.

Moral:—The kiss of a dryad is not desirable to a Normal student, hence closed closets should be avoided. We hope the Senior B class will take heed.

A STREET CORNER.

It was a cloudy day in early June, when, on account of a troublesome client, I was obliged to wait at the office of my father, for about three quarters of an hour. I had tried to interest myself in a land and water case, where "the said defendant conveyed to the said plaintiff a certain piece of land, in said section, of said county, of said State, for said amount" and said half a dozen other things that I couldn't see any meaning to; but failing to find anything amusing in "said," I finally took refuge at the window. Here a busy scene is presented to my eyes. The street is crowded and the people come hurrying round the corner as though it were a matter of life and death to everyone of them. Near the corner, an old peanut man has stationed his cart and is displaying his wares in a manner that seems very tempting to a couple of little boys that are debating whether or not they will invest. Three ragged little news boys are standing in a line on the edge of the curbing, each one trying to call his paper louder than the other two. Every now and then one darts into the hurrying crowd as he catches sight of some one he thinks will make a purchase. A little bootblack has just joined our three friends. He is a dirty faced, curly headed, bright-eyed little chap, and, notwithstanding his ragged clothes, he seems to be happy as the day is long. Fortune has evidently smiled on him today for he is indulging in a bag of peanuts. Near our four friends, stand two women that haven't moved for the last half hour—gossiping I'll warrant from the expression on their faces. I suppose "Mrs. Jones' Cynthia Ann has just gone to work and married the young man Mrs. Smith intended for her Mary Jane. Isn't it dreadful, etc., etc."

Well, this man looks as though he thought he owned the whole town. I guess he's a stranger here and has just been investing in corner lots. Such a bargain. This certainly is worth looking at. Here comes a "gentleman of color" that surely must of had some corner lots that sold for a good price. He and his wife are coming down the street arm in arm. He is resplendent in a suit of black clothes, a light gray overcoat, a silk hat, and held in his straw-colored gloved hand is an enormous gold-headed cane. His wife has on an elaborate blue silk dress, trimmed in white lace, while her head is adorned by a black velvet hat, trimmed in numerous white feathers. Such style is enough to make them look radiantly happy as they go strutting along the street. Here comes a woman rushing to the corner, she is making frantic gestures to the car driver, but he don't see her. One arm is just loaded with bundles and with the other she is dragging a poor little child along. Oh! that naughty baby has taken a notion that it don't want to ride on the cars, and succeeded in getting free and is now racing around in the middle of the street with its mother after it. The conductor has caught it at last and put it on the car and away they go.

At last that man has gone and I'm glad. I do believe that some people think their business is a good deal more important than anybody else's.

See.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

The boys of the N. A. Society are becoming very original. They disdain singing a song not composed by themselves.

The L. A. Normal, at present, supports four societies; two of them are composed solely of ladies, another, of the young men alone, while another consists of both young ladies and young gentlemen. All appear to be prospering.

Mr. G.—a young man of the middle B class, has of late been laboring under serious difficulties. Every morning for several days, he has carefully prepared a bouquet, with the hopes of placing it in the hand of Miss J.—, but, as yet, has been unsuccessful, owing to the publicity of their places of meeting. Strive on Mr. G.—, "Where there is life there is hope."

A few days ago the boys of the Senior A and Middle B classes might have been seen rushing about the school building, evidently upon some important matter. It was learned that the cause of the unusual stir was this: The boys of the re-

spective classes claimed that their class possessed the prettiest young ladies in school, whereupon the Senior boys declared that from their class possessed the prettiest young ladies in school, whereupon the Senior A boys declared that from their class, which has but eleven young ladies, they could produce six which would surpass in beauty any six the Middle B boys might select from a class of forty young ladies. However, the timidity of the young ladies prevented the test, to the great disgust of the boys of both classes.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Mary Penman is teaching the Pass school.

Miss McDonald is teaching in the city schools.

Miss Maggie Clark is teaching the Laguna school.

Miss Reeves is teaching in Laurel district, Los Angeles county.

Miss Walton, Miss Hall and Mr. Jepson are teaching in Ventura county.

Miss Irva Williams is teaching in Centralia district, Los Angeles county.

Occasionally one of the alumni grows tired of the monotonous school bell. The wedding bell is sought for variety. Miss Curtis of the Xmas

Miss Mollie Lightner has charge of the primary department of the Ranchito school. Miss Freeman of Map '85 is principal of the same school.

All the members of the last June class are teaching, so far as we can hear; and many of them pronounce it easier than being a student.

class of '84 was married to William True, Tuesday, October 10. May their life be one long honeymoon is the wish of the alumni editor.

The students of the Normal, on completing the Normal course, do not always feel that they have had enough of the student's life. Else why are Miss Taft and Miss Emily Hamilton at Berkley this year?

Miss Ada Barrows of the May class of '84 is spending a year in Europe. She is now at the gay fashion metropolis. We can scarcely help envying her opportunity of seeing the grand sights of the old world.

Fannie Morrow, Clotilde Grusky, Helen Field, Marian Blake, May '86, and Vesta Omstead, Nellie Fitzmier, Cora Gratchell of the May '84 together with Leonora Hassler of the Xmas class of '85, are all to teach this year in the city schools.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

DRY - GOODS - AND - FANCY - GOODS

AT

THE TRADE PALACE.

STULL & SONNIKSEN,

40 SOUTH FIRST STREET, - - SAN JOSE, CAL.

✦ **A WORD TO THE WISE.** ✦

Suits to Order from Twenty Dollars Upward.

Pants to Order from Six Dollars Upward.

Good Business Suits, Ready-made, from Ten Dollars.

Fine Dress Suits from Fifteen Dollars Upward.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

**CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS
BOOTS AND SHOES IN THE COUNTY.**

You can Save Five Dollars on Every Twenty You Spend, by Purchasing Your Goods at

T. W. SPRING'S GREAT AMERICAN STORE,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

SETERNA, CASH.

✦ **FRANK E. SMITH'S** ✦



JEWELRY • STORE,

No. 98 South First Street,

Under the Lick House.

Opp. Wilcox's Shoe Store.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

GEO. W. RYDER, JEWELER,

American Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods.

WATCHES.

SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING.
No. 8 SOUTH FIRST STREET.

W. E. NYE with F. L. ARGENTI,
DENTIST,

Special Attention paid to the Preservation
of the Natural Teeth.

OFFICE:--Room 2, Stone's Building,
Over Lancelhard's Music Store,
Corner of Santa Clara and Lightston Streets.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE BATH HOUSE,
91 North First Street.

A. GEISTMAYER, - - - - - Proprietor.

THE FINEST IN THE CITY.

CLEAN AND WELL FURNISHED. HOT WATER
ALWAYS ON HAND.

GOLDEN RULE BOOK STORE,

156 South First Street, San Jose, Cal., Near the Normal School.

E. J. GILLESPIE,

DEALER IN

CARDS,

Stationery

—AND—

BOOKS.

A Full Stock of

Normal School

TEXT BOOKS.

A New and Beautiful

Line of

BLANK BOOKS.



Published by E. J. GILLESPIE
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

Beautiful Line of Papateries.

J. B. JOHNSON, PHOTOGRAPHER

First-Class Work at Reasonable Rates.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

58 SOUTH FIRST STREET, - - - SAN JOSE, CAL.

J. L. REIDY, THE GENTS' FURNISHER
AND SHIRT MANUFACTURER.

HATS, TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

114 & 116 SOUTH FIRST STREET, - SAN JOSE, CAL.

"WESTERN."

"ARTIST."

LORVEA BROS.

Instantaneous
Photographs

Souvenir

and Children's
Portraits

OVERLAND RESTAURANT,

20 North First Street, San Jose, Cal.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.

N. GLUBETICH, Proprietor.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.

26 South First Street, SAN JOSE, CAL.

THE SAN JOSE DRUG STORE.

Drugs and Medicines.

J. M. BEAUMONT & CO.

13 & 15 West Santa Clara Street,
KING BLOCK, SAN JOSE, CAL.

**A. HARKER,
PHOTOGRAPHER,**

66 South First Street, SAN JOSE, CAL.

NEAT WORK. LOW PRICES.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE BARBER SHOP,

91 North First Street,

EUGENE FERRANDO, Proprietor.

Shaving, 15 Cts. Hair Cutting, 25 Cts.

82 Men's Face Wash without extra charge. 75

82 First Class Work from 75

Ladies' Hair Cutting and Bangs, Latest Style, only 25 cts.

GARDEN CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

H. B. WORCESTER, PRINCIPAL.

P. O. BOX 490.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

FIRST-CLASS, CENTRALLY LOCATED, WELL EQUIPPED.

FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS.

ALL BRANCHES BELONGING TO A MODERN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

E. B. LEWIS, NEWSDEALER
AND STATIONER.

12 SOUTH FIRST ST. THIRD FLOOR SOUTH
OF SANTA CLARA ST.

PHOTOGRAPH, CARD AND AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
GIFT BOOKS, LEAFLETS, BIRTHDAY CARDS, ETC.

E. J. WILCOX,

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

BOOTS & SHOES.

Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited. 95 First Street, South, San Jose, Cal.

LEVY Bros.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Men's & Boy's Clothing

SUITS TO ORDER, \$15, \$20 and \$25.

74 and 76 SOUTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE, CAL.

The "ARCADE"

A. & J. MARTEN,

Leaders in Low Prices.

DRY GOODS, AND NOTIONS,

HOSIERY, WORSTED AND FANCY GOODS.

10 E. Santa Clara St. and 12 S. First St., San Jose, California.

HOLLY & SMITH,

Dealers in First-Class Boots and Shoes.

11 East Santa Clara Street.

Under the Town Clock,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DRY GOODS.

FANCY GOODS.

"CITY OF SAN JOSE,"

LOEB & ETCHEBARNE,

N. E. Cor. First and Fountain Streets, SAN JOSE, CAL.