

The Normal Index.

Vol. IV.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MARCH 25, 1889.

No. 6.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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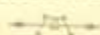
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MARCH 25,

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AT last the wave of manual education has reached our own school, and we are to see some of its practical results. The trustees have secured the services of a competent mechanic, who with the aid and direction of Professor Schoof will give instructions in practical tool work.

Classes of volunteers from among the Seniors have been organized and so arranged as to give their respective study hours to the work. The shop, for the time, becomes the recitation room, governed by the ordinary school rules, except, as might be expected, more than the regulation noise is allowed. To those enrolled in the classes, attendance is compulsory three days in the week and optional two days.

The aim, at present, is to give pupils the power to use and keep in order a few of the simplest, most necessary tools, and to enable them to im-

part to others the knowledge thus gained. It is also intended to have each one make a few simple articles, either for private use or for future school use. The ultimate aim, when the work becomes established as a part of the regular course of study, is to have each pupil make a set of models and apparatus for use in teaching. The members of the classes have expressed themselves as well pleased with the work. They leave the shop rested and refreshed, ready to take hold with renewed vigor on the succeeding lesson. They do not find that the hour spent with hammer and saw, plane and lathe is lost in any sense. There is an agreeable change from the continual mental strain, a relaxation of the powers most used. To the majority, the exercise alone is well worth the time.

There is, of course, novelty and excitement, which in time may wear away, leaving a lack of interest. This remains to be seen. As far as it has now been carried, the experiment—for such it is as yet—has been a success; and there seems to be good reason to hope that, in time, hand-training and tool-work shall become a valuable part of the course of study.

DON'T be cross. If there is anything, short of small-pox, more pestiferous than a cross teacher, I don't know it. Crossness puts a damper on all ardor and interest—kills where there should be quickening, stifles where there should be air. I have known worthy and able teachers who seemed to regard it as part of their bounden duty to maintain as severe an aspect as possible.

No question but their duty was well done; but how much better had they not been so cross. The school room is no place for a bear; and if you feel bearish habits creeping upon you, take to some cave and hibernate. If I dared, in so dignified a journal, to quote from so frivolous a thing as a comic opera, I would say with Koko, 'You never will be missed.' There is not much danger, however, if you love your work, and are interested in your pupils and your own professional advancement."

THE first half of the twenty-four weeks is drawing to a close. Our mid-term vacation with its welcome rest is near at hand. But shall we therefore relax our efforts? As we have often been told, it is the latter end of the race which is of the greatest importance. In our great twelve-week "go as you please," it is the plodding, persistent walker who wins. Brilliant trials of speed may do to amuse spectators, but they do not win the "gate receipts." We cannot afford to give two months of hard work and then fail for lack of one last effort.

When our burden seems heavy, let us but remember that there is but one moment's work to do at once, and that there is always a moment in which to do it.

DUNCAN Stirling, ex-editor, writes: Yours notifying me of the expiration of my subscription is just received. Our "little school paper" and I have been friends and companions through too much weal and woe to think of parting company now. So please send it right along. It rejoices my heart to see the *Index* live and flourish. Put me down as a life subscriber, and accept my congratulations.

This has the true Normal ring in it. Would that every graduate could feel the same toward the representative of his Alma Mater. —*Ed.*

WHERE are our class picnics and excursions? We have not yet heard even a whisper of them among the Seniors. The time is at hand when country rumbles and hill-side luncheons are in order. We need them to restore our flagging energies after the long term of indoor work. Not that they should be allowed to interfere with school and its work, but should rather add to our power of working. They make us better acquainted, give us health, and lighten the burdens of study. Who will take the lead, and arrange some real pleasant, sociable picnics?

STATE Superintendent Hoitt and Hon. Ralph Lowe have been visiting our school, and inquiring into its workings, wants, and wishes. They express themselves as well pleased with what they see, and have many words of encouragement for pupils and teachers. To see Professor Hoitt and listen to his kindly, earnest words is an inspiration to all. For his hearty interest in teachers and their work, he carries with him the gratitude of every student.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk in life has its peculiar temptations. —*Macaulay.*

THE PIG.

The pig was one of the first animals domesticated; and, having been long in man's company, undoubtedly owes many of his peculiar characteristics to the latter. He is often mentioned in history, both sacred and profane, and always in such wise as to indicate his good judgment. For instance, we read that upon one occasion sundry devils were compelled to take up their quarters in sundry pigs, who thereupon, to show their disapproval of the transaction and their knowledge of the nature and qualities, likes and dislikes of their new tenants, plunged headlong into the sea.

The pig family should be very grateful to Moses; for, had it not been for that great reformer and his laws, unnumbered thousands of pigs would have been sacrificed to satisfy the cravings of Hungry Hebrews. By the way, that reminds us that the Prodigal Son must have been either a Hebrew or a very poor provider—which a Hebrew never is;—for, though living with pigs and hungering even for husks, he seems never to have thought of eating roast pig.

Pigs are of various kinds; there's the Irish pig, the Berkshire pig, the China pig, the pigment and pig iron. (This is not meant to be ironical). There is also the human pig, with his twin brother the pig-headed human. These two, claimed by some to be only varieties of one species, differ from other members of the pig family in that their haunts are different, and their tastes are more "educated." They usually partake freely of alcohol and tobacco (which no other pig will do), and may nearly always be distinguished by a strange odor, said to be due to their peculiar "food." They are frequently seen in the church and the lecture room, on the street car and the railway train; and it is reported on good authority that they have been found even in parlors. Though differing, as above stated, from other species, they retain the most distinctive characteristic of the genus, that of caring nothing for the rights and feelings of others.

Pig Iron, as we all know, was for years a delicate little animal unable to endure the frosts of European competition. Now, however, through the careful fostering of Uncle Sam, he is a full grown hog,—in fact, he wants to "hog it all." We would suggest that, as he has outgrown his baby name, a bill should be passed by Congress changing it to Hog Iron.

The Irish pig has long been a favorite theme for the funny poet and a great helper to the Irish poet. In fact, Pat always regards his pig as "a broth of a boy."

One of the world's great men, Prince Bismarck,

once tried to suppress the American pig by refusing to sup on him; but the press brought such a pressure to bear upon the Prince that he finally came to terms—and pork. He took the American pig and now seems to want—Samoa.

Some pigs have tails, others, such as the Guineas pig have not. We don't know why. It may be that the naughty sailors who bring these little creatures across the sea cut the tails off. We have known of these sailors chewing "pig tail," and have heard them ask with the greatest coolness—though they certainly never could have read the "Canterbury Tales"—for a "chaw sit."

Some people say that a pig will eat anything. We don't know. It might be hard to prove that he would or that he wouldn't. A buzz saw in good running condition might worry him; and he might have trouble in swallowing the report of an average prison director. Such reports have been swallowed by animals less voracious than the pig, however. But we must leave this subject, though, before so doing, we should like to impress upon the minds of all the importance of the pig. He has been the friend of man from time immemorial; he is found from world's end to world's end; he has been a great factor in American growth. Where would be our pork-and-beans, our sausages and our head-cheese, our crullers, our pie-crusts and our dough nuts if it were not for the pig? What would the hardy pioneer on western prairie or in southern swamp do without him? He was found—in the soldiers' knapsacks—on every field of our great Civil War. He has engaged the attention of our wisest men—to keep him out of their back yards. He enters into our every-day life—through a hole in our neighbor's fence. Then hurrah for the pig!—when he stays at home. "May his shadow never grow less!"

SHIGOLE FATTA.

THOUGHTS ON CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer is called the "Father of English poetry," "the Morning Star of song." No other poet has ever held such full and free communion with the world and his fellow men. He stood in the presence of kings and nobles; and became versed in the lore of chivalry, its principles, and its fashions. He went forth from the pexop of the court to do a soldier's service; and, in the season of peace, to muse in the fields, to look with loving eyes upon the flowers, to sympathize with the simple hearts of children and of peasants, to honor womanhood alike in humble or in high estate. He traveled into foreign lands, as an envoy and an exile, happy in listening to words

from the living lips of Italy's great poets, Petrarch and Boccaccio; and from Froissart's own tongue, he must have heard graphic accounts of court scenes and battle's strife.

Chaucer's poems are as varied as they are lengthy; rich in original material and in that which, drawn from foreign sources, bears in the translation the glory of a great poet's invention. What most distinguishes the genius of Chaucer is the comprehensiveness and variety of his powers. We look at him in his gay mood, and it is so genial that it seems to be his very nature, an overflowing comic power—humor—in its finest estate. We turn to another phase of his genius, and with something of wonder, and more of delight, we find it shining with a light, natural and beautiful, into the deeper places of the human soul—its woes, its anguish, and its strength of suffering and of heroism. In this harmonious blending of true tragic and comic powers, Chaucer and Shakespeare stand alone in our literature. This places these two above all other great poets of our language, for such combination is thought to be the highest endowment of poetic genius.

In that other characteristic of poetic spirit, love of nature, the genius of Chaucer is also manifested,—in the love of "earth, air, ocean and the starry sky." All nature is to him alive with a fresh and active life. The cool and fragrant breezes of which he sings seem to fan the reader's cheek; his birds pour forth notes the most thrilling and soothing.

The fame of Chaucer rests, however, chiefly on the great work of his later years, the "Canterbury Tales."

The design of this poem is one of the most delightful ever originated in a poet's mind. A lightful ever originated in a poet's mind. A company of pilgrims, on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury, pass the night at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, where they make the acquaintance of our poet. While at supper, they agree to travel together toward Canterbury; and, in order to relieve the tediousness of the journey, each person, at the suggestion of their host, is to tell two stories in going, and two their host, is to tell two stories in going, and two others in returning; and so we have, with its large variety, the collection of the "Canterbury Tales." Its general plan may be learned in a great measure, from the "Prologue," which also describes the characters of the pilgrims with unsurpassed simplicity and grace. The "Prologue" is interesting as representing the freedom and ease of intercourse between the pilgrims, coming as they did, from different ranks of society. We find here a little social drama, as it were, bearing strongly the

stamp of reality, and the parties are unreservedly communicating with each other—riding, talking, laughing and eating. Here is the Knight, "a vorray perflight gentil kight," lately returned from his adventures, and modest with the memories of many a battle on sea and land, fought with the foes of the faithful in distant lands. With him comes his son, the Squire, full of gayety and gallantry, "wakeful as a nightingale with his amorous ditties." The rest of the company is made up of a demure prioress, a monk, a friar and other ecclesiastical personages; a merchant, a franklin, a sea-captain, the Doctor of Physic, whose "studie was but litel on the Bible," the Man of Law, a very busy man, yet seeming "benier than he was;" the Parson, drawing mankind to heaven by gentleness; the Miller, crafty in cheating his customers; the Ploughman, a good, constant laboring man, living in peace and charity, working hard, and cheerfully paying his dues to the church; with many others from the common walks of life. There is the frolicsome Wife of Bath; and a very different character, not to be forgotten, the Oxford student, either silent or sententious, thoughtful and thin from hard study.

From this poem, a truer and livelier conception of the state of society in England, five hundred years ago, can be drawn than from all other sources of information. It makes us more at home there in the distant years; carries us more into the spirit of the age; lets us see the men and women of those times, be among them and know their ways of life, their manners and dress far better than any mere record of history can do. The torch of a poet's imagination is held on high, and forthwith a light is thrown on the whole region round, and we see many objects which else would be lost in the distance or the darkness.

This poem of Chaucer's is full of testimony—testimony on a momentous subject—the condition of the church in those ages, when its abuses, looseness and luxury roused the indignation of the first of the great reformers. Nor was the poet's bold satire on the corruptions which had crept into the church the sarcasm of an irreverent temper, for he has handed down to succeeding generations, a portrait of the pure clerical character, which as an imaginative picture of holy life, of Christian piety, zeal, meekness, and self-sacrifice, still stands unequalled in English Literature. K. B.

When a teacher thinks he knows all there is to know about teaching, and is willing to rest satisfied with present attainments, it is time for him to seek other employment. He is no longer qualified to teach.

LETTER FROM NEVADA'S STATE UNIVERSITY.

RENO, NEVADA, Feb. 28, 1889.

Editor San Jose Normal Index:

We seldom see in your columns any mention of Nevada's educational advantages. Possibly we have thus far been so quiet that the people of our sister state think this side of the Sierras still uninhabited. Admitting that our state is yet young, and realizing the disadvantages of this youthfulness, we still hope in time to show to you "across the mountains" that, though brought up in this land of sage-brush, we are no idlers, but are pushing steadily forward, climbing, as it were, a lofty mountain whose summit is dimly seen in the distance.

The State University has been located here for nearly three years. Many who have passed through Reno will recall the town nestled in a small green valley, watered by the swift Truckee River, and surrounded by the rugged and beautiful Sierras, many of whose peaks are covered with perpetual snow. The Truckee, gurgling, laughing and dancing over beds of everlasting rock, finds its way from the fresh, sweet waters of Lake Tahoe, high up in the mountains, to the brackish waters of Pyramid Lake in the basin region.

On a hill north of town stands the State University. Here we are trying the experiment of a Normal School. This is the second year since its organization; but is really only the first of Normal training, and the progress made has surprised even its warmest friends. There are now thirty-two students taking this course; and, as far as we know, this is the only university which has a training school in connection with its Normal department.

All the academic work done here is under the direction of the professors in charge of the different branches.

Up to the present time the needs of the state have been such as to require an extensive preparatory department, which is of great value to the Normal department.

Miss Tupper, a lady well known as teacher and writer, has charge of the Normal work.

I would mention also our advantages for physical training. In addition to the ordinary appliances for the purpose, we have now organized, under an efficient teacher of military tactics, a drill corps. Having adopted a uniform, the young ladies, as well as the young men, derive great benefit from the drill, and already show its good effects in their erect bearing and firm step. They challenge any school to produce a more hygienic

dress than the one now worn by them. To counteract the rigidity of the military drill and give grace, we have the *Del Sarte* System of calisthenics; for, while our young ladies are emulous to possess as fine physiques as any, they are not desirous of being known as the "Amazons of the Sierras."

In our upward climb, we desire the sympathy of our sister state; we wish to become acquainted with her educational institutions, hoping thereby to profit by the examples of older schools, which twenty years ago were where we are now.

FRANCIS A. FRET.

THE ENGRAVER'S ART.

When we look for the beginning of the art of engraving, we find it enveloped in the mists of tradition. The Chinese, the Egyptians, and the Assyrians engraved upon metal plates hundreds of years before Christ, and all nations that have attained any considerable degree of civilization have practiced engraving on stones, or gems; but, up to the beginning of the fifteenth century after Christ, no one had thought of filling the depressions with ink and transferring the design to paper. About this time, in Europe, the process was discovered, probably by accident; but traditions disagree both as to the man and the nation to whom the honor of the discovery is due.

The simplest form of engraving is the steel, or line engraving in which the lines are cut into a metal plate with a sharp instrument, the lights and shades being obtained by the width and depth of the lines. Great skill is required in order that the lines cut with so much difficulty may not be stiff or ungraceful. This form of engraving is considered best adapted to representations of the human face and form.

Etching, though to a superficial observer apparently quite easy, requires no small degree of skill and patience. Copper plates covered with wax are prepared to receive the design. In this yielding material lines are drawn with comparative ease and rigidity cutting down to, but never into, the copper plate beneath. Then the plate is immersed in an acid bath, and the metal is eaten out by the acid along the uncovered line; but, as the lights and shades of the picture depend to a great extent upon the depths of the lines, it must remain in the first bath only until the lines have the least depth that is required in any place. Then it is taken out; and, where the lines are deep enough, it is covered with a varnish that is impervious to the acid, and returned to the bath, this process being repeated until the desired

shades are obtained. The irregular, ragged line produced by the action of the acid is in sharp contrast with the smooth, even line produced by steel engraving, and is much prized for its picturesque effect.

There is another method of engraving on metal plates, which to the uninitiated seems quite incomprehensible. The plate is first roughened until the surface is covered with a burr like the pile of velvet, and the requisite lights are produced by scraping or shaving away the pile. When printed, the picture contains no lines, but appears to be made up of innumerable minute dots.

Only the first few prints from an engraved plate have any artistic value, as the lines become worn by use, and the picture loses its expression. For this reason, various devices are employed to distinguish these from later copies. Upon the first few copies, either the artist's *remarque* or his autograph appears, but never the name of the subject. The next grade have the name in script; then it appears in printed letters formed of double lines, and finally in ordinary print.

From the time of its discovery in the early part of the fifteenth century, engraving advanced rapidly toward perfection. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were prolific of great artists, some of whom, like Rembrandt and Durer, devoted themselves entirely to engraving, while others, like Raphael and Michael Angelo, were painters themselves, but employed engravers to multiply copies of their works.

But with the death of Rembrandt, etching, and not long after the other forms of engraving, fell into disuse, and it is only within the last fifteen years that etching has again become popular. At the present day, England, France and America have each a school of engravers. Although the French school is the recognized leader, the names of English artists are deservedly more familiar to us, for their influence has done much to popularize engraving, and especially etching in this country.

When we read of artists who, undaunted by poverty, by scorn, or by failure, have given their lives to their work, and have even toiled for years upon one picture, we wonder what motive prompted, what thought inspired them. How does this art differ from others, that it should awaken such extraordinary devotion in its followers? A carpenter or a house-painter knows that, when he is dead, his work will not go undone; but the artist knows that that which he would do is something that no one else can do, that his finished picture will be unique, something new under the sun. He is inspired and uplifted by the joy of

erecting. As God made man in his own image, so the artist puts himself into his work; and, as in nature we see God, so in the picture we find the artist.

A. E. H.

THE ECLIPSE.

In ages, now but ashes of the past,
From Athlon's darksome oaks, with golden scythes,
The white-robed Druid reaped the mistletoe,
Which unto him 's told the great events.
Eclipses of the sun and moon forebode
Disasters, evils, nature's chaos wild,
Is dread, with fearful hearts, the Britons stood
To face destruction when the mighty "King"
Should hide behind the fair, pale "Queen of Night."
But science wavered, and gazed through gases of glass
Unto the pathless, boundless Universe,
Until he fathomed many mysteries,
And evidenced the wise designs of God.
The last eclipse the world rejoiced to see.
No fearfulness among the mass of men
Who stood in wait, this wonder to behold.
The holy Year had scarcely breathed his last,
His death groans mingled with the natal chimes
Of this our glad New Year of eighty-nine,
When, robed in splendid garb, the "King of Day"
Sent light unto the sleeping world below—
Majestic he higher, higher rose,
Then light began to fade, and cross his face
An object dark as night appeared; and, as
It larger grew, the thousands watched the rays
Grow soft, and yet more soft, until the light
Of day did sink into the twilight cleft.
The gathering shadow fell upon the earth;
It crept o'er mountain top and plain, and yet
The darkness deeper, deeper grew, until
The mighty "King" his vast domain released;
And creatures, e'er obeying nature's laws,
Sought rest in evening solitude of night.
Then Venus, star of eve, appeared in heaven,
And lights of men from many windows gleamed.
The solemn hush, as that of death, was broke
By sobbing, moaning of the restless deep;
While men upon the scene of grandeur gazed
In awesome silence, thoughts too deep for words.
Scarcely had the darkness mantled all the world
When lo! the sun his trailing garments flung
From heaven to earth again; defari reigned
Supreme in God's dominion, while each soul
Was filled with awe and reverence sublime;
For deep God's countless words sank in each heart,
Inspiring lessons, teaching us that naught
Can hide for aye the happiness he sends,
Though shadows may a little while eclipse
The hopes whose rays light up our paths through life.

M. L. T.

HE WINS WHO BRINGS THE RAREST GIFTS.

"Who shall marry the Princess Beatrice?" was the momentous question agitating a fairy kingdom. Sages shook their heads, the King and Queen thought deeply, and at length passed a decision leaving to the princess herself the choice between two handsome foreign princes. Princess Beatrice said wisely: "He wins who brings the rarest gifts."

Prince Henry sought diligently in every land for riches. Prince Thule set out upon his journey to the land of mortals, disguised as a moonbeam.

He would journey thus seeking gifts, and upon his return, he would of his journeyings a tale unfold. Through the lattice of a window stole the little moonbeam, flitted about the face of a lovely blonde child clothed in a shroud, snipped from the silken curls a tiny lock, and slipped softly out into the night. Over the casement of a mansion window, and through the heavy lace and tapestry hangings, the moonbeam threaded his way into the apartments of a society belle. A regretful thought on the wasted life of this beauty, a hasty glance at the fair sleeping face, at the shimmering folds of the discarded garments, at the costly appointments of the room sufficed; and, snatching from the rosy lips a kiss, the moonbeam sped on his journey. Ere long he found himself amidst the dead and the dying on a battle field. A dying soldier snatched from his own lips the last drop of water to give to a thirsting comrade, and sank back bleeding. From the ruby stream, the moonbeam dipped a tiny drop of the blood of self-sacrifice, and thankfully went on. Softly waited out on the night air were the words, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." Forcing his way through the window pane of a humble dwelling from whence issued the sounds, the moonbeam beheld a weeping mother at the bedside of a suffering child, from whose lips rose the words of the hymn. Gazing pityingly on the scene, the moonbeam clasped softly a sigh as it floated upward from the weeping mother, and bore it away. Strains of lively music, bursts of song drew the beam to the open door of a saloon, where timidly he gazed upon the scene of debauchery within. "There is nothing here that is worthy of my Princess," thought the moonbeam. But yes, yon dark-eyed child urges the drunken father to come home. From the lips of the child the moonbeam caught a pleading smile, and, rejoicing, carried it away. Into the room of an aged bard the moonbeam went, plucked from the poet's beard a silken thread, and reverently carried it with him. Next through the grating of a prison cell he stole, creeping close to the side of a kneeling criminal. From the lips of the latter rose on high a prayer for mercy, while the moonbeam caught in a golden chalice a tear of repentance, then sped with his gifts back to fairy land. At the feet of Beatrice, Prince Henry laid his gifts, rubies, diamonds, pearls and gold. Prince Thule brought his rare gifts—a silken curl, a kiss, a drop of blood, a sigh, a pleading smile, a silver thread, a tear within a golden cup. Silently the Princess gazed on all the gifts; then, approaching Prince Thule, she laid her hand in his and said: "He wins who brings the rarest gifts."

AN OUTLOOK

The question of giving the ballot to woman has been the subject of much thought and discussion for many years. Formerly, a woman who cared for more rights, and who dared go forth to see something of the outside world, was considered untrue to her sex. If she attempted such a bold thing as practicing medicine, she was set down as "one of them female doctors," and called "strange-minded." Even in this enlightened age, Dr. Dix, of New York, tells us that woman's greatest charm is submission, and thinks it shocking that, when women write articles for publication, they, actually, are bold enough to have their full names printed in the newspapers, as men do.

But, thank God! there are not many such weak-minded men in America. The old idea of woman's intellectual inferiority is rapidly dying out. May it be buried so deeply it can never be resurrected! Woman's prospect was never so bright as to-day. The mass of the people are growing to realize that her usefulness may extend outside of the four walls of her cottage, and that it is sheer nonsense to talk any longer about keeping her in her "sphere." Maria Mitchell says, "A sphere is composed of an infinite number of circles; hence, to say that woman's sphere is composed of the home circle alone is a mathematical absurdity." As mathematics is the "science of certainty," have we not reason to believe that, although the circles are added slowly, the sphere will some day be complete?

We believe the majority think that women will some day be given political rights. The question that now arises in the minds of many is, "Will woman be benefited by the right of suffrage?" It is true that many intelligent women who have happy homes say that, although they would vote if they could, they do not care to do so. Their minds and their time are taken up now, and they think voting would not do them any good. There are many others, however, who do care for more power. How is it with the tax-paying women? Did you ever hear a woman who owns many houses and lots say, "It will not do me any good to vote?" No; they say, "It is unjust to tax us when we have no voice in deciding how we shall be taxed." You say, "But the taxes are levied justly and uniformly. Women could not better affairs." Admitting that, we still claim it unfair, and there is, in the very blood of every true American something that rebels at the thought of tyranny. We are proud of our independence of spirit. We encourage it even in the school boy. Why discourage it in woman? It reminds us of a remark a trustee once made to

the pupils on the last day of school. He said, "Boys, never be satisfied. Always aim higher, and maybe you'll be President some day—never be satisfied." Then, turning to the girls, "Well, girls, I don't know what to say to you. Ahem—ah—yes. Girls, always be satisfied. Never grumble about your lot. Make the best of everything. Always be satisfied." And so the women who long for more liberty are told, "Always be satisfied." Is it just? The political leaders say, "A grand country! Sixty millions free!" Ah, no; only thirty millions truly free. Should it be so? Should we not have learned from our nation's past that the grandest mortals are not the meekly submissive, but the gloriously free? You all know of our forefathers' refusing to pay the tax on tea. Why? Was the tea too dear? No; it was cheaper than before; but they said, "We will not be taxed when we have no voice in Parliament." How we honor them! And taxation without representation is tyranny in 1888 as truly as it was in 1775.

Perhaps you think this matter of woman's suffrage of but little importance when compared with that of the tyranny of England, as this affects but one class, while that affected the destiny of a nation. Would no other class of women be benefitted by the ballot? Let us consider the condition of our working women in our large cities. Many persons believe that nearly all women have happy homes and kind husbands to support them. Statistics prove the falsity of this idea. Mrs. Deveraux-Blake says, "In all civilized countries, one-third of the adult female population is single. In this state of New York, we have over 400,000 unmarried women over twenty-one years of age. The greater proportion of them are maintaining themselves, while among these wage-workers who have achieved the "success" of matrimony, the wife is almost as often an earner as the husband. Mr. Peck asserts that, in New York city there are 200,000 women working for their livelihood, which is, of course, an immense majority of the whole number. If there are 200,000 of these poor souls in New York city alone, what multitudes there must be in the whole United States! Not that we pity them because they have to earn their own bread—far from it! But we do pity them on account of the miserable pittance they receive for their toil. Their wages are only from one-half to two-thirds as great as those of men who do the same work. In type-writing, where women excel on account of their quicker eyes and fingers, they are paid only 25 cents per M. the men 35 cents. In telegraphy, book-binding, tailoring, and all other kinds of work, where men and women work

side by side, there is the same inequality of wages. It is said that the average pay of the man who works in a shop is \$11 per week; of the woman, \$4. Think of it! All day long, from Monday morning till Saturday night, they work in dark, dreary, often underground shops, for the princely sum of \$4 a week. When night comes, they go with weary limbs and aching hearts to cold, dismal attics; no prospect before them but that of going over the same dull routine week after week, year after year until their weary hands are at rest forever. Is it any wonder so many die of weariness and broken hearts? Any wonder so many grow tired of life and seek rest in the dark, deep waters? Any wonder so many who might have been true, noble women are every hour selling their hopes of heaven for paltry gold? In New York city alone, 25,000 fallen women! Think of that, you mothers; for these girls that are now in Satan's clutches were once sweet babes in their mother's arms. You say, "We are very sorry for them, but what has that to do with voting?" Much. To whom do political speakers address most of their remarks? The working men. And why? Because the balance of power lies in their hands, two-thirds of all the voters being working men. How the politician explains his party's platform! Every clause in it has an eye to the working man's interest, of course. How eloquently he tells that his party's candidate, once a miner, or a farmer, or an iron-worker, is now the staunch friend of every man that carries a dinner pail, and if elected, will do all in his power to promote their welfare. What lesson should this teach us in regard to the working-women? Simply this—if they could vote, their importance as voters would be immediately recognized. Their wages would consequently be raised, their employers would be kind and respectful to them, they would feel their own importance, form labor organizations, thus get acquainted with each other, and work to promote one another's welfare. As they grow to feel their work honorable, they will love it; as their money increases, they will be able to have better homes; and as their minds become occupied by pleasant thoughts, they will feel that life is worth living, and many will turn from the path of degradation and ruin. Are not these things worth working for?

Many, who see that voting would benefit the shopwomen, still fear that it would demoralize the mass of woman. They claim that men and women would mingle too indiscriminately in public, and woman be lowered by it. Were not the same arguments formerly offered against co-education? Mothers were shocked at the thought of sending their daughters to mixed schools. It was

believed that both sexes would be demoralized by mingling in the schoolroom. Even Agassiz thought that if he had been sent to a mixed school at eighteen, he should not have been able to study well. Now that time has proved co-education a benefit to both sexes, how foolish such arguments seem. If boys and girls are made better by each other's influence in school life, can mature men and women be demoralized by mingling in public life? Probably the ones who think so are very sorry the old custom of making the men sit on one side of the church, and the women on the other, has been outlived. If you ever come across a religious paper printed in the early days of California, read the church notices. You will see, "Class meetings for males, Tuesday evening; class meetings for females, Thursday evenings." The church has since learned that the best results are obtained when men and women pull together; yet the world cannot apply the lesson and see that political work would be better done by men and women together. Demoralizing! Is it any worse for women to go to political meetings than to theatres, skating rinks, and public balls? True; not all women go to such places, but many of the so-called best women in society go constantly; and, while there, they are thinking of how they look, whether the men are admiring them, or not, and so on. In political meetings, men and women would meet as earnest co-workers for the good of the country, with all foolish thoughts laid aside. It is often said that the Prohibition conventions are unusually orderly, on account of the lady delegates—no loud talking, no low jesting, no vile smoking. In one locality in Massachusetts, when women were allowed to vote, smoking was forbidden at the polls. Was the influence good or bad? Still, it is claimed that if women constantly spoke to large audiences, they would become bold; if they ran for office, they would sell their honor for votes. Surely, those who believe so cannot have much faith in womanhood. Where will you find a sweeter-faced, gentler-voiced, more womanly woman than Lillie Devereaux-Blake? Have constant work in public, and speaking to large, mixed audiences lowered her? Think of that best of all good Christian temperance women—Frances E. Willard. Actively engaged for half a lifetime in public work, elected for the tenth time the president of the national W. C. T. U., listened to night after night, for year after year, by eager audiences of both sexes and all classes—has she, in all her earnestness to win soldiers for the grand cause, ever, for a moment, stepped down from her throne of pure womanhood?

M. A. G.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

The value of character is without estimate. In its noblest embodiments it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms; for it exhibits in mankind, the principles of excellence, honesty of purpose, the appreciation of the lofty, the love of truth, honor and benevolence.

Character is above wealth; a man may have no other possessions, except his industry, his integrity, his genuine goodness, and yet stand high in the rank of true manhood.

Intellectual capacity and mental culture may have no necessary relation to purity or excellence of character. A person may be accomplished in science, art and literature; and yet lack virtue, truthfulness and delicacy of manner, the only things that can make him esteemed and honored.

A good character is truly invaluable. Without it we must despise ourselves, and be despised and scorned by others. It cannot be regained when injured nor redeemed when lost; without it "the world's wealth is trash," station is without dignity, age is without reverence, and beauty possesses no charm; all our arts, treasures and accomplishments iniquitish us.

"The wretch without it is under perpetual quarantine; no friends to greet, no home to harbor him, the voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril, and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, he loses on the surge a buoyant gentleness."

What a divine legacy is a spotless character! What a rich inheritance it bequeaths! What a glorious example it embodies! How pure and precious the hope that it inspires!

Character is the product of home influences, early associations and self-culture. It is the nobility of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of mankind; and they who invest in it,—though they may not become rich in this world's goods,—will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won. It gives a man a just estimate of himself; gives him strength and support; and forms a mainspring of vigorous action to enable him to pursue with undeviating firmness and independence any calling in life, under any circumstances.

"It nerves the patriot to defend his country. It lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man."

Let the foundation of character be laid, where alone it can be well laid, in religion. Religion itself is inspiring and inspiring; and a religious character is one that breathes a heavenly atmosphere; it is the result of piety influences, permeating and taking possession of the whole being, molding every thought, shaping every endeavor and influencing every act.

With the light of great examples to guide us, it should be our aim to reach the highest standard of character; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honor; not the most intellectual but the most virtuous; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful and conscientious.

Yet with what cruelty and injustice may slander deprive the innocent, not of his character itself, but of that which presents his character to the world,—his reputation. "Calumny hath no pity but virtue, no incentive but malice." "He who plunders my property takes from me what industry and time may retrieve, but what can repair a ruined reputation? He

who maims my person injures that which medicine may remedy, but what balm is there for the wounds of slander?" What power can restore the sullied purity of reputation? There can be no injury more deadly, there can be no crime more cruel, than to filch from its possessor that inestimable treasure.

"Mark how the good man unsuspecting travels,
No evil machinations nor evil thoughts;
The base assassin from their covert starts,
And shoots the dagger in his bleeding heart,
Or stabs with arrows, winged by base mischief,
With deadly aim at the defenceless back.
So smites the slanderer with his poisoned tongue:
The man—his neighbor—who has done no wrong:
Thus like he smite who gold cannot replace,
And like a coward darts not those who fear,
A bruise ere that smacks along the track
Awaits his fate, then springs upon his back."

Therefore with what caution should we tread the dangerous pathways of life; and, since behind every bush lurks a demon ready to throw his poisoned dart, what an invulnerable armor should we wear, not like Achilles's with one weak point, but sound and whole without one flaw for our enemy to detect.

And how important it is that the seeds of virtue be sown in the hearts of the young, and that these seeds be daily watered and nourished by good teachings and good examples; that there may spring up a tender plant, and that this, tended and trained with watchful care, may develop into a perfectly formed character, and blossom with the rare and beautiful flowers of a spotless reputation.

Who, after the parents, can reach the hearts of children more effectually than we as teachers? We by our counsel, guidance and example can do much toward the molding of their characters. And, since so much is in our power, let us put our minds and whole hearts into our work, and do our part in training the minds of the rising generation. A. G. S.

READING.

Good reading alone seems almost to have become a lost art. It is one of the things that can be obtained only by practice,—by doing.

People, generally, are surprised that the children in our public schools are such poor readers. The reason is that their reading is a mechanical exercise in word-calling, rather than an endeavor to obtain and impart the thought. Then, not enough time is devoted to actual reading in the excitement, the preliminary drill and questioning often occupying too much time. Then the teacher fails to have the child obtain vivid conception of what he reads.

We read for one of two things, to get the thought ourselves, or to impart it to others. As most of the reading we do is for our own instruction or amusement, we should be able, first, to get the thought. This fact receives little attention from some teachers. If silent reading in the class, reproducing in their own words what they have read, pupils gain strength in this direction.

After having learned to grasp the thought readily, the work of imparting it will be the next thing to learn. Some educators question the use of any readers above the Second, but say, if used at all, they should be supplemented by magazines, newspapers, and other books as much as possible. Every pupil in the class will have read every story in his reader before he has had it a week. But if richer sources supply the material for the lessons, and he has never seen the selection before, his interest is aroused, his attention held, and his eye trained to read so that others may understand him.

A carefully prepared lesson from the reader, with regard to definitions, pronunciation, inflection, and emphasis is a valuable exercise, but, unless varied, will give neither strength in recognizing words nor practice in the kind of reading the pupil will have to do after he leaves school.

ALIBI NOTES.

Miss Ida M. Thomas is managing the Evergreen School, Santa Clara Co.

Among the teachers of Yuba City, Sutter Co., is Miss Lizzie A. Rensie, Xmas '84.

Feb. 19, 1886, Miss Laura E. Biele, May, '85, became Mrs. W. H. Powers.

Miss Grace E. Ward, May, '88, has a pleasant school at Roseville, Placer Co.

Mrs. L. Conn, nee Miller, May '82, is teaching in Walla Walla, Washington Ty.

Miss Mary T. Mounsey, Dec. '83, has a position in the Urban School, San Francisco.

F. M. Lane, May, '88, is busily engaged with a class of fifty in Watt's Valley, Fresno Co.

Good work has been done in the Deer Park District, Fresno Co., by A. D. Alvarez, May, '88.

Miss Mattie Trimble, Xmas, '84, is instructing the Orchard District School, Santa Clara County.

At Smith's Flat, El Dorado Co., Miss Lucy Plunade, Xmas, '87, is giving satisfaction.

J. M. Holmes, May, '86, is teaching a second term in the Spaw Valley District, Fresno County.

The Franklin School, Santa Clara Co., is under the supervision of Miss Kate C. Devine, Xmas, '86.

Mrs. Katie West nee Mitchell, March '76, is teaching in the school for foreign children in Honolulu.

The Eden District school, Merced Co., is under the guidance of Miss Maggie Kettinger, May, '85.

Miss Era M. Moody, May, '88, has finished a four month's term at Vinland District, Santa Clara Co.

For the past five months, Geo. A. Telbe, May, '88, has been working energetically near Yuba, Siskiyou Co.

The Avenales District, S. L. O. Co., is under the instruction of Mrs. G. T. Epperly, nee Thomas, Xmas, '84.

Duncan Stirling, Dec., '86, has closed his school at Meridian, Sutter Co., sickness having broken out in school.

The teachers of Clark District, Humboldt County, have engaged Miss Alice M. Laxton, May, '87 for another term.

Miss Celia Williamson — has resumed her work in the Fresno City school after an eight months leave of absence.

Miss Berrie Fowler, May '88, is hard at work in the Primary Department of the Cloverdale School, she having eighty pupils.

Mr. C. L. Edgerison, May, '88, has taught seven months since graduation. His second term's work commences at Rowley Creek, April 1st. He is also one of Del Norte's members of the Board of Education.

L. F. Pater, Dec. '88, is teaching near Foresta, Humboldt Co.

Notice has been received that Miss Lizzie Browning, Xmas, '88, is hard at work trying to subdue the Valley View School, Placer County.

After teaching one year, B. A. Herrington, Xmas, '87, has entered the Real Estate and Law Business, San Miguel, San Luis Obispo Co.

Miss Annie M. Soullen, May, '88, is teaching the Monte zuma District School, Tuolumne Co. She has a pleasant school and is delighted with her work.

Miss Ellen McFarland, Xmas, '88, is teaching the Intermediate Department of the Mission San Jose School, Alameda Co. Her efforts are meeting with great success.

The first assistant in the Half Moon Bay School, San Mateo County, is Miss Petra Johnston, Xmas '83. The fact that Miss Johnston has taught in the school for several years gives evidence of her excellent work.

The Solon District School, San Diego Co., has enjoyed the service of Miss Harrie Angier, May, '88, for several months. The school house is in the town of Del Mar, near the place described in the poem, "The Paso Del Mar."

Richard G. Carter, May, '88, has commenced a second term in the Wahtuke District, Fresno Co. He writes as follows: "There seems to be a demand for Normal teachers in this county. At present, there are about thirty graduates here, ten of whom are from the class of May, '88."

Miss Adeline Turner, May, '88, is much pleased with her school in Redwood District, Monterey Co. Of the locality she writes, "This is a wild, but grandly beautiful place. Men who have visited Yosemite Valley say that the falls discovered here about a year ago are not surpassed in beauty by any in the world."

ALL SORTS.

"Sweet violets—sweeter than roses!"

This is the month for good Marching.

What is the shape of a kiss? Elliptical.

Palmer's prefaces at The Nation Store.

It stands for history, but not so with Physics.

The Senior B 1 still leads the school in music.

The most successful man of letters is the post-man.

The Physics class are looking for "light on the subject."

What do we often catch, yet never see? A passing remark.

Why does a man sweat three times? Because he cannot help it.

What confecton did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs.

Why ought meat to be only half cooked? Because what's done cannot be helped.

Girls, don't forget your green ribbons on "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

It is prophesied that the *methodical* Middle A's will make good teachers.

Spencerian Pens and Stationery at The Notion Store.

We are glad that we receive our standings before the first of April—some of us like serious jokes.

The Notion Store makes a specialty of Ladies Furnishing Goods.

How do the young men measure their mustaches of late? It can be answered by the girls.

Advice to Normalites:—Do not forget the words of Boncher: "It is not work that kills men, it is worry."

Ladies and gents' Kid Gloves at The Notion Store.

Our thanks are extended to the Senators for the articles of apparel found in the Monitor's chair.

The oldest woman in the world is Mississippi, and the oldest maids are Idaho and Minnesota.

Try a pair of the Notion Store guaranteed Stainless Black Hose, 25c.

The popular salutation among the Normal students:—"What do you know this morning?"

It is asked whether or not the Tennis Club has survived the winter. We sincerely hope for the best.

Ward Analysis class: Please analyze and define literally the word *transmagnificandekantentiality*.

It will not always do to say what you think, but be careful to think what you say (especially during an examination).

Don't despair, sister school-mates! Even though you do not know your multiplication table you can figure in society.

We are glad to see that the Middle A's have left off those most original phrases "is marked" and "is a well-known fact."

Why should the Senior B's be the most peaceful and pleasant class in the school? Because it has both Woods and Glens.

Bad habits once formed are not easily corrected; it is better to learn one thing rightly and thoroughly than many things wrongly or imperfectly.

The day after the Del Sarte lecture: "It's no use to try, girls. I twisted and turned before a six-foot mirror all night, and am quite as awkward and stiff as ever."

Three year old, "Mama, who made you?"
Mama, "God."

Three year old, "Well, how did you feel 'fore he put your head on?"

"Words truly spoken are apples of gold in pitchers of silver." There is a time, then, when words should not be left unsaid. How many are there who go through life heart-hungry, because their nearest friends leave unsaid the good words they have in mind.

Who thinks Junior One possesses no wit? A few days ago a Midler was bewailing her fate because of a suppression of P's in U. S. History. The modest little Junior remarked wistfully, "Is P's there's nothing so becoming a man as modest stillness and humility."

Zoology. Mr. C.—"The bulk opposite should be removed." The mol-stirring answer was, "Very sorry; impossible for so small a thing as I to remove it." But he was mistaken, for there is nothing small about him.

Although painting is a difficult art to learn, most artists paint easily (easy y).

In Russia our "shell" is rendered *Lynkaufkhranouchki*. No hope for the telephone there.

Of late the Junior Ones have a hobby; it is a constant demand for "fresh air," especially on the part of the girls in zoology.

Zoology Teacher:—Wherein does the skeleton of a chicken most resemble the human skeleton?"

Pupil:—"In the tars."

Warning to Juniors and Midlers:—Room K is the exclusive property of the Seniors. "All trespassers will be promptly prosecuted."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday any more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted the small boy.

The Senior B's have been manufacturing gas. From what we have heard of their talking ability, we should consider this unnecessary.

Teacher:—"In later life what will you always think of in connection with the Normal School?"

Pupils, in chorus, "Examinations."

"One of the saddest things in human nature is that a man may guide others in the path of virtue without walking in it himself."

"Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth.

More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the blanchiments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue."

Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland or Scotland? Because the rose will fade, the lily will droop, the shamrock will wither, the thistle will die; but the stars are eternal.

A learned young lady recently astonished the company by asking the loan of a diminutive, argentine, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical undulations. She wanted a thimble.

"Well, I'm an orphan said the teacher, seeking an illustration which would not reveal too much.

At this a hand popped up, and its owner exclaimed, "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

One would infer from Professor K's remarks that the Senior B's are expecting to be cast away on some desert island, and that by their lessons in chemistry now, they are preparing for that important epoch in their lives.

"Oh Conscience! Conscience! Man's most faithful friend,

How can'st thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend!

But if he will thy friendly checks flog,

Thou art, oh woe for me! his deadliest foe."

Normal graduates, wishing to teach, may obtain schools by applying to the Pacific Coast Bureau of Education, 300 Post Street, San Francisco, which makes a business of placing teachers. Send for circular and registration blank.

If you have noticed a slightly higher stepping, a more exact carriage in some members of the Middle A's, count them; if they number four, I can give you a crew. You will find their names on the bus, new, elaborately designed tables in the boys' dressing rooms. Immortalized!

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher. Nobody seemed to know.

Arizona's capital is no longer Prescott. It was recently changed to Phoenix.

Where is that cruel girl who said Mr. T. is the best-looking young man in Middle A 2?

There is not a Christian motive which can touch one who has sunk below his own respect.—*J. G. Holland.*

Why is the tolling of the Normal bell like the prayers of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

Men rarely succeed in changing the world; but one accident fails of success if he lets the world alone, and makes the best of it.—*Rabner.*

We ought never to believe evil of anyone till we are certain of it. We ought not even to joke, to say anything that is rude and displeasing.

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks in the year?" "Forty-two and a half, sir." "Why, how do you make that out?" "The other six and a half are Lent, sir."

History Class. Professor: "What important personage was confined on the island of St. Helena?"

Pupil: "Robinson Crusoe."

Drawing Teacher: "Where in the animal kingdom do we recognize the apron?"

Thoughtful student: "In the pig's tail."

Such as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice are like a harp which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible to the music.

Professor E.:—"Can you tell me where the lesson is?"

Middle A (just from a harrowing recitation in Word Analysis): "All the roots in G from page 100 to the end of the book."

"What a world of gossip would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults."

Lord, coarse men and women have no place in the school room. Even force of character and ability will not make up for the lack of a refined and cultivated manner.

'Tis beauty that doth make women proud;

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;

'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.—*Shakespeare.*

One Monday, while the members of some of the Junior classes were studying in the hall, "A Stranger" ("Settling") suddenly appeared and created a great deal of excitement.

Not long ago, one of the Normal boys, wishing to be witty, questioned an old junk man in this wise: "You take all sorts of 'old trumpery' in your cart, don't you?" "Yes; jump in, jump in."

There are some questions that should never be asked. We sympathize deeply with, and commend the ready wit of the lady, who upon being asked at what age she was married, replied, "The passage, of course."

Pupil teacher: "Johnny, what are your boots made of?"

Johnny (sotto voce):—"Leather." Pupil teacher: "Where does the leather come from?"

Johnny:—"From the hide of an ox." Pupil teacher: "Then what animal supplied you with leather?"

Johnny (sotto voce):—"My father did; and he's dead 'cause I wear 'em out so fast."

The oldest paintings in England are portraits of Chaucer and Henry IV. The portrait of the former is on a panel, and was executed about 1380; that of the latter was painted in 1405.

A new version of an old song:—

"O, 'tis sweet I do declare,

To hear those Juniors singing,
Climbing up the Normal stairs."

Why is giving praise to Training School children like opium?

It is laudanum.

Why are accompaniments "half-headed music?" Because they haven't any, sir.

Senior A (ludely):—"We are learning new things every day. Did you know that inanimate objects often seem to have feeling, and evince the strongest proofs of dislike?" Junior (admiringly):—"No." Senior:—"A chair, for example, dislikes you when it cannot bear you!" Exit Junior in disgust.

Now that the rush of the summer work is somewhat over, we desire to call attention to some matters looking forward to profitable work for the fall months, and through the winter. Write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do a grand work, which can be made a permanent thing.

The heart is a winter garden

In a dreary waste of snow.

The soil must be warm and rich and deep

Ere a single flower may blow.

O! what watchful care is needed

To keep the fires alight;

For the plants are all exotic,

And the lilies are first to blight.

The light of that winter garden

Is that from up above,

And the frail, sweet flowers that open there

Are the flowers of faith and love.

MRS. ADSIT'S LECTURES.

LAST month our pupils were given a real treat in Mrs. Adsit's two talks to the assembled school on the subject of engraving. In these she emphasized the different kinds of engraving, the mechanical labor necessary in preparing them, and their artistic value. To illustrate the better what she had told, and to give us a taste of what is best in this art, she displayed before the school some thirty of the best modern etchings from the various French, English and American schools.

The field to us was an entirely new one; it is safe to forecast that in future years, as our experience widens and our observation becomes more extended, we shall better appreciate Mrs. Adsit's talks and the rare privilege that was ours; her kindness we gratefully acknowledge to-day.

The ready and abundant knowledge of her subject, and the personal enthusiasm of the lecturer, was an inspiration to every one who sincerely desires to worthily fill his own place in the years to come.

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