

J. H. Elwood

The Normal Index.

Vol. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 2.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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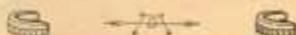
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

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.

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

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

OWING to some delay in electing an editor-in-chief at the Los Angeles Normal they sent word that it would be impossible for them to get their MSS. here in time for this issue of the paper. In the subsequent numbers, we hope to have that school as ably represented as it has been in the past.

THE method of studying the natural sciences has undergone a great change within the last few years. The day when everything was to be learned just as it was found in the text-books is past. Now we use our eyes and our judgment instead of crowding our memories with a mass of dry, half digested facts. We study chemistry by performing the experiments and noting the results, botany by observing and dissecting the plants themselves, and zoology by collecting, studying, and comparing the various specimens of animal life.

Recognizing the importance of having the children become familiar with the latter subject, the

State Legislature has passed a law requiring that practical zoology be taught in our public schools. In consideration of this, and also of the good to be derived from the study, it has been deemed advisable to extend the course here at the Normal to twenty weeks instead of ten weeks as heretofore. The work can be made more thorough, and more time can be given to the study of natural specimens than was possible when the time was so limited. Though at present, to the zoology classes, the work of collecting, mounting and sketching the specimens may seem to take the time needed for other school work, yet it is certain that the care, close observation, patience, and exactness necessary in studying from the objects themselves, will be of great benefit to them personally, as well as invaluable in their future work as teachers.

THE subject of mutual help during school life has received, deservedly, much attention. It is during this time that the character of the student is fixed. Whether good or evil, in most cases it remains unchanged after he has entered upon the more active pursuits of life. With this thought in view, the student can not exert too great self-control in order to make his personal influence what it should be. His every word and act has its bearing on those around him, and particularly on those whose wills are weaker than his own.

The opportunities of working for the good of others are many. In this "naughty world" all are assailed by temptations, and the person who feels a great responsibility lifted, as the student invariably does, is prone to give way to his inclinations. Can he not at all times show that he is earnest in his desire to live well, and will not his "actions speak louder than his words?" Undoubtedly his every day life is the "choicest field" for his labor of self-control, but his school duties also open the way for his good influence. His recitations may in some measure become a factor in his good work. They may speak of his careful thought and conscientious endeavor to do what is his duty.

The habit of working together which, in many instances is hurtful, may become a source of great benefit if each one will but do his part. Thoughts which are difficult for one to handle are often by this method unraveled, and instead of being an irksome duty the work becomes a pleasure. The societies which exist in all well ordered schools are invaluable to the students. Here they are obliged to depend on their own energy for success and, in most cases the end in view is achieved. He also learns to express his thoughts and, indeed, to value them correctly. His mind is awakened to the true use of knowledge, and he feels that it is a thing to be used, not to be stored. He forgets for a time his note books, makes friends with his fellow students, and unconsciously becomes broader in his views.

It is impossible to enumerate the many ways of improving one's self during school life, but each one knows his own needs best and it is to be hoped that, supplying them as best he can, he will become a noble soldier in "the world's broad field of battle."

INFLUENCE.

Throw a pebble in the stream,
See the widening circle gleam,
Each one clasps a sunny beam.

Do a kindly deed, and shining
Influence opens round it, twining
In each curve a heavenly lining.

As a rose in gently living
To the air its sweetness giving
Does not feel its whole achieving.

So, heart of love, thy faithful clinging
Knows not how its fragrance winging
Wakes the desert into singing.

SILENT TEACHINGS.

MADGE CLAYES.

In yonder grove of mighty pines, two trees, but yesterday lifting their heads above those of their fellows, lie prone upon the ground, majestic even in their fall. As time passes, one lies buried in the drift; the other to the air exposed, decays and disappears. Scientists have asked: "Why does one remain a monument in all its majesty, a tree embalmed, while the other loses all shape and substance?" They searched, watched, experimented, ere they discovered Nature's silent workers. At length they understood how the tiny helpers break up and carry off the fibers of the buried tree, in whose place they lay particles of quartz,

until the whole, a lasting copy of the pine, becomes preserved for coming generations. The other, they discover, is seized upon by minute living organisms, small—beyond our conception of smallness; these, feeding on our fallen monarch, grow, then sub-divide, till the few make many, and the many swell to countless numbers; meanwhile the tree loses substance and is changed to dust.

Now, look beyond the grove to the graceful outline of the mountains, lifting high their peaks into the clouds. From his dazzling chariot, Phoebus lets down golden baskets and draws on Neptung's vast domains, suspending, as silken threads, his fleecy mists above our earth. But as he drove along in happy consciousness of duty done, Cold, his old enemy, severed the threads and down upon the furrowed face of earth came the teardrops of Mother Ocean, brighter for their visit up on high. And hastening to their mother's bosom, they carried all within their reach, and so shaped Earth's wrinkles and her barren pointing peaks.

On these same peaks we find the emblem of the everlasting—granite. But yet a little while, and it, too, disappears—washed down by these same rains. But not granite—for the same gas that we inhale flies into yonder heights on light, airy wings, and now, resting on yon boulder, calls on the misty air to help; and soon, in place of stately granite we have soft and yielding clay which finds its way to the river-beds in the valleys below.

Meanwhile, Phoebus, angry at the triumph of his arch foe, Cold, drives at full speed, and crossing the ocean in the west, he disappears. But ere from sight he passes, half relenting—half sorry at leaving us in darkness—he tosses back a shower of light, which, glittering, glimmering through the tiny mirrors of the air, light up in the western sky in red and gold, and all the heavenly mists turn 'round to show their linings, rosy-hued, and

"What the heavens displayed the liquid deep,
Repeated, but with a sweeter gleam."

But lo! the darkness closed 'round us—she came with stately step across the distant mountains in the east; and Phoebus' rays dropped quietly to earth and hid in fear, leaving the sky a steely-gray, save here and there a jewel flashing like an angel's crown; while the clouds, their wanton, fleecy-white resumings, seem like huge snowflakes caught and held in their downward way.

But when the Day-god visits us again, and all is life and light, come learn a lesson from sweet, quiet Nature. In this rude, rough stone we'll find beauty incomparable. In Egypt's plains no pyra-

mid exists so perfect in its form as there. By water borne from the outer world into this silent chamber, each particle was placed with care, and thus with shining crystals this rock's heart was filled. So, Nature says unto her children: "Judge not by outward signs." The man we see, all rough and rude in manners, may have a heart—a soul of purest crystal—may, when our Father comes to judge, enter above his fair-appearing brother in that pure world to come.

But in the silent way that nature works—silent but well—may we, too, do our duty. Much there is which cannot e'en be uttered. Thoughts we have of which words but tell the grosser part, leaving unuttered its finer, softer shades of feeling. Take Nature's tiny child, a flower, and does it not suggest more meaning to the heart than its botanic structure can imply—in picking leaf from leaf, or part from part—in naming this or that? Look in the daisy's heart, pulsating, throbbing in its gentle way, and feel your's keeping company. Take the sweet violet's eyes, and while gazing into their depths of blue let your soul hold sweet communion with your Maker. Take any of these gems of His, and with Wordsworth you will say:

"To me the mearest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often tie too deep for tears."

As Nature thus speaks to our soul, so we, to every little child, sweet emblem of innocence and purity, can speak—will speak—do speak, through voice and face and deed. But as every thought is stamped upon our face, and every stamp upon that face is used but to impress the scene on those around us, then to keep white and pure those precious crystals in the human soul entrusted to our care, we must be pure and white as snow—must push from us all thoughts of ill, all thoughts we would not have them hold.

Utilize the activities of the child and they at once become the source of satisfaction and success.

There is no royal road to success in teaching, unless real, honest, earnest, solid work, is such a road.

What a man *can* do in this world is largely decided by what a man is determined that he *will* do in this world. A tallow candle can be driven through an oak plank, if only a fair charge of powder is back of it in the rifle-barrel.

The best teacher is he who arouses his pupils and gives them high aims and lofty aspirations; who makes them think and teaches them to organize into living and useful forms the knowledge which he has helped them to win.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Shadowed by the wing of mystery, were ushered into the literary world, these, not the least creations of the world's great genius. In the light of such meagre and unreliable information as can be obtained regarding the life of Shakespeare, coming as it does, through the channels of tradition mainly, we seek in these mystical gems of poetry—which beguile us with their plausible statements of facts, yet again, quite confound us with their unexpected, impossible presentations—to come upon the inmost secrets of the poet's heart, and read there such records of his soul's experience as have been denied us by his ablest biographers.

Authorities fail to agree as to the period during which the Sonnets were written, but in the year 1598, we learn that Meres makes mention of some of them as "sugared sonnets" among his private friends. It seems, however, certain that they were written between Shakespeare's thirtieth and fortieth year. In conformity with the obscure subject and purpose of these poems, Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, leaves us entirely uninformed and greatly perplexed as to their origin, in his strangely worded dedication, reading thus: "To the only Begetter of these Ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H. all Happiness, and that Eternity Promised by our Ever-living Poet, wisheth the Well-wishing Adventurer in Setting Forth." The identity of the "Begetter," by which term we understand is meant the one who inspired the Sonnets, commentators have failed to discover. Many, such as Drake, Gervinus, and others, conclude that the Earl of Southampton, one of Shakespeare's patrons, was the personage referred to; others, of whom are Hallam and A. and H. Brown, consider the Earl of Pembroke, another patron of the poet's, the "Begetter" mysterious; while a third class of wise ones believes that Mr. W. H. was the individual who collected the Sonnets for publication. We fear this question will be forever categorized with the many other insoluble literary problems, nor shall we enjoy the Sonnets less for having our curiosity unsatisfied on this point.

In number, they are a hundred and fifty-four, and have been variously classified by the many critical students of Shakespeare. With the critics, Hallam and Gervinus, we have the opinion of the poets Victor Hugo and Ulrichs, to the effect that they form an entire poem, rather than a collection of sonnets, because, although each has its proper unity, there is observed a thread of thought connecting a large number, especially the first one hundred and twenty-six. Hallam has resolved

them into several series according to their subjects, and considers that they refer to one period in the poet's life, when he was guilty of a strong attachment for some dark female, but which attachment sank into insignificance in contrast with the extravagant love he bore his friend, who supplanted him in her affections. Armitage Brown's arrangement of the Sonnets is in six poems, bearing a likeness to the sonnet-stanza form of Spencer's "Visions of Petrarch." According to his interpretation, the poem containing the first twenty-six is addressed to this beloved friend urging him to marry, and he argues:

"Nature called thee for her seal and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more nor let that copy die."

The second poem addresses his friend forgiving him for having betrayed friendship and stolen away the affections of his mistress; the third complains of his friend's coldness; the fourth is a further complaint to his friend that he prefers another poet's praise; the fifth excuses himself to his friend that he has been so long silent; while the sixth and last addresses itself to the dark temptress, charging her with infidelity. As an offset to this charge against Shakespeare's character, implied in the fact of accepting them as referring to his personal experiences, come Gerald Massey's views, as contained in the largest work on the Sonnets. He declares that there is discoverable in them a secret history, easily to be read by those who will but see. It is that in 1592, Shakespeare began to address sonnets to his patron, Southampton, who became so charmed with them as to engage the poet to write for him love sonnets addressed to Elizabeth Vernon. Later, that the Earl of Pembroke, also appreciating their beauty, requested for his purposes the dark woman series, to suit his unlawful love for the unhappy Lady Rich. This theory of Massey's, if established, would clear the poet's name of all disgrace in this connection, a result which would indeed delight all lovers of Shakespeare; but, unfortunately, it, like all other views set forth upon this mooted question, is based upon nothing but the critic's faith in his own opinions, unless, indeed, it be what the Sonnets themselves argue. Another class of students, of which Delius is a representative, views them as mere fanciful productions, "the free outcome of a poetic imagination," and observes in these a sequence to other poetical works of Shakespeare; those in which a beautiful youth is urged to perpetuate himself in progeny, may have been an offset from "Venus and Adonis;" those in which a passion is declared for a dark complexioned woman, may be another version of "Love's Labor Lost," and so on. All the critics seem to concur in the opinion that a few,

as the CX and the CXI, may refer to circumstances of Shakespeare's life. In these last mentioned, the poet expresses his distaste for his life as a player, for the tawdriness of the stage, for the temptations to loose manners and green-room adventures, and says:

"Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
God's mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of the affection new.
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely, but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confined,
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most loving breast.
O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than publick means, which publick manners breed,
Thence comes it that my name received a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the Dyer's hand."

If, with the majority of the critics, we accept the plausible meaning of the Sonnets, then, there were in the life of Shakespeare bitter, yet fruitful experiences growing out of the unfaithfulness of his fair, youthful, and much-loved friend, together with other sad lessons, the outcome of his sinful indulgences, which have left to appreciative generations these, the artist's finished productions, which charm all with their mingled serenity and tenderness, their strength and striking beauty. They plainly express the poet's extremes of emotion, varying from the deepest dejection, the most despairing of moods, to heavenly transports of happiness; sensitive to every change of surroundings, more deeply suffering, and more intensely enjoying than others of mankind, living in a world of impassioned creatures, either divinely attributed, or of natures widely the reverse. We observe some of these extremes of feeling in sonnets XXIX, LXXIII and LXXI, which lack of space forbids our quoting. We further observe in them, if considered autobiographical, three noble attributes in the great heart of Shakespeare. They show that he was capable of feeling for those he held most dear a devotion that could transcend the shocks of wounded trust, and when suffering such wrongs he could nobly forgive, though possessed of a nature sensitive to the degree of anguish when disappointed in the love he so yearned to possess. With Richard Grant White we agree, that the

more closely we study these interesting offsprings of genius, the more determinedly do the alluring lines lock up the poet's secret regarding their purpose, and we only know we are left with the impression of a touching story of noble friendship and illicit love, both bestowed upon faithless though bewitching subject; and we are made to realize fully the wretchedness resulting from this unwise lavishness of both friendship's love and sins wanton passion. Nothing can be found upon which to establish a certainty of belief regarding the personal applications of the Sonnets, except what they themselves teach us; and whether they be autobiographical, or composed in an assumed character at the suggestion of the author's most intimate friends, or whether merely "the exhibition of Shakespeare's universal genius," it is not difficult to believe with Rolfe and Dowden, that many of them express the poet's real and intense heart promptings; or as Wordsworth has expressed it:

"With this key,
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

This love the poet bears his friend is of such an exaggerated, ardent nature as to require the use of the most extravagant phrases in its expression, and thereby to throw an unaccountable mystery over the entire work. Yet, when it is remembered that in both the poetry and fiction of the sixteenth century the tone of friendship is more ardent and rapturous than modern pen makes use of, this idolatrous admiration, this expression of unbounded love, can be in part accounted for. Then, too, have we not examples of this same desire to do homage in verse to the beauty and worth of friends in the poem of Michael Angelo to his friend, Tommaso Cavaliero, of John Milton to his departed friend Lycidas, and in that matchless tribute, "In Memoriam," in which the Laureate sings the praises of his lost friend, Arthur Hallam, whose passing was that of "the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes?"

An example of the expression of noble tribute paid to friendship we have in Sonnet XXX, which tells of thoughts of past griefs and losses that can be quite banished, as memories of the friend so dearly loved steal in upon sorrow's musings:

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste,
Then can I drown an eye, unmas'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight,
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And hector from woe to woe till a'er

The sad account of fore-bemoan'd men,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end."

In the passage just given, the expression of thought is made more musical by the alliteration with which the verse abounds. Note in the XXXIII the painted imagery, the inimitable touches of poetic fancy, the sheer and delicate garment of the poet's thought:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the frownland world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace,
Ere so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! Alack! He was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now;
Yes him for this my love no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun doth seth."

Here he tells us of friendship's abiding love and free forgiveness throughout the dark and chill effects, cast by the cloud of unfaithfulness, upon the bright warm confidence previously enjoyed. For further examples of delicate imagery we have the personification of youth and age in Summer and Winter, in Sonnets V and VI, while in the VII, the same figure is to be observed in the personification of Morning and Evening:

"Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty; etc."

With lavish spread of metaphor the poet admits, in Sonnet CXVI, his wanderings from his friend, but declares true love unalterable, constant above all the errors man may be guilty of, hence his love withstands the seeming estrangement:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his heights be taken,
ken,
* * * * *

In contrast to these many rhetorical beauties what faulty examples can we cite? For expressions in which the thought is obscure our search might indeed be fruitful, but with our standard of rhetorical excellence so different from that of the age in which Shakespeare wrote, we feel the task beyond us.

His muse seems to have repeated herself in the poet's plays and sonnets, for we frequently find thoughts in the two, running parallel, though in slightly different garbs. From "Romeo and Juliet" we have the Montague's words:

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

while in Sonnet XXVII, appears the same thought set in the frame of these words:

"Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautiful and her old face new."

Again, in "Love's Labors Lost," Biron says:

"O, who can give an oath? Where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty duth beauty lack
If that she learn not of her eye to look;
No face is fair, that is not full so black."

referring to the fact that during the chivalric ages no one, however beautiful, was acknowledged as a beauty if she were of the dark type. This thought is repeated in the sonnet in which the poet says:

"In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now it black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard shame."

In characteristic phrases, or Shakespearianisms, the sonnets teem, as examples of a few we have, "sullied night," "devouring Time," "the edge of doom," "Winter's ragged hand," "proud pied April," "Death's eternal cold," and unnumbered more.

As we detect a kinship of thought in plays and sonnets, would the conjecture be too wild to stretch this relation from the dark woman of these poems to his Cleopatra, Egypt's queen, who was of character as dark as was her type of feature? Just as many plays were attributed to Shakespeare's pen that we feel sure were not his work, so, some of the most objectionable of these Sonnets may have been gathered up by the collector and ascribed to the poet, who perhaps never knew of their existence.

Taking them as a whole, the Sonnets rank next to Shakespeare's dramas, abounding as they do in rich thought, vivified by touches of the most delicate imagery, and deserving well their claim for the second place in the Sonnets of English literature; admitting no rival, except perhaps, those of the deep and majestic Milton; standing side by side with those of Wordsworth, which speak to us of Nature in sweet and touching strains; fathering those of Mrs. Browning, which bear to them a strong resemblance in richness and beauty of thought. Would that we could fathom the mys-

teries they bury from us, but as some poet has well said:

These living stones hide most mysterious dust,
The curse and blessing that to guard his grave
Seem flashing, somehow, from their blinding light.
Let what he willed lie in the heart of night;
Dig out for deathly things of love or lust
Beneath the deathless beauty that they bare."

LUCRA BETHELL.

ECHO TO SONG OF THE SENIOR A's.

The laboratory you're left below,
You couldn't remove it, that all know;
As for geometry and the ease you take,
From all appearance there's some mistake.

Since the thought that all's just makes you glad,
What a time you must have had!
First learn this lesson, you hasty elf,
Don't judge others by yourself.

But let us make this one remark,
For fear some A is in the dark,
If you don't like the S O 2
Don't smell of it, that's what we do.

"To trace your lines of age do show,
And angular frames must work quite slow;
Comparing our days with your days of fright,
You forget we've seen many such a sight."

You see in vain you've ruffled fear,
Although to you it may seem queer;
There's many a lesson yet to learn
After away from this school you turn.

Do Parents or Teachers Exercise the Greater Influence in Forming the Characters of the Young.

We all know the necessity of having the character of the young men and the young women of our country raised to as high a standard as possible. How is the standard of character to be raised? What forms the character of a human being? It is chiefly, the influence under which he is brought in early life. Speaking of a person's early life, we naturally think of parents and of teachers. While I realize the great influence teachers have over the young, and by no means wish to weaken your faith in this respect, still I believe that parents should never for one moment forget that their power is by far the greater. Now it would be strange if there were not some here that think the teacher does more for the pupil, and who therefore exclaim in the language of the logical Touchstone: "Instance! Instance!"

I will begin by calling your attention to a few facts which we all know but do not always remember. Children learn from us, chiefly by imitation. All they do is what they have seen us do. I real-

ly believe that if an infant should never hear a word spoken, he would not attempt to speak; indeed, we can take for example the deaf-mute.

The tendency of young children to become like those around them whom they love, is one of the most powerful facts on which the formation of character depends. Some one has beautifully and truthfully said, "Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it." How plainly this shows us that parents should take great care that their girls and boys see and form attachments to no immoral or unprincipled persons, and how above all they should themselves be as pure and noble as they would have their children become. Do you think the mother, telling falsehoods in the presence of her little daughter, expects her to become untruthful? Do you think irritable parents, quarreling with each other, think of the example they are setting their offspring? Do you think the father, smoking, drinking, and swearing in the presence of his son, remembers that the boy wishes to be a man just like his papa? My friends, if all parents realized these things there would be less deception, rioting, cursing, etc., in the world. Children, aside from wishing to be like their parents, have in some cases inherited traits of character, and therefore are fated to become on the one hand, great and good men, on the other, felons and murderers.

Now let us think of school life and its influences. One of the first things an opponent would say is, "Education makes the man," meaning, by education book knowledge, "and because the school educates the boy, it makes the man." What is education? Literally defining it, I should say, it is the leading forth of all the powers and of all the faculties of a child. What right have we to exclude the physical and moral, and think only of the intellectual training when we speak of education? Therefore, it is not alone the school, but also the home and other influences under which the boy is brought, that conjointly make the man.

While it is true that much time is spent in the schoolroom, and that the ambitious teacher can do much to raise the moral, as well as the intellectual standard of youth, still it is not true that, as I have heard several say lately, more time is spent at school than at home. Allowing ten months to the school year, five days to the week, and six hours to the day out of every twelve hours, we find children spend a little over one third of the year at school. There are parents that send their children to school very little. Is it not true that the intellectual training depends indirectly, but chiefly on the parent, because it is he that does or does not send the child to school.

A truly serious argument in my opponent's favor is the fact that, owing to previous influences, some parents have little or no power to govern their children. Such children will sometimes be governed by the rigid rules of a school, and the value of a good teacher then, is very great. The most to be said of such cases is, that a child, brought up in this manner will not have the reverence that he ought to have for his parents and his home. Usually, teachers do not have enough authority over pupils. The parent has the greater power to govern, because of the great love existing between child and parent, which it is not natural for the teacher and the pupil to feel for each other, and because of his unquestioned authority.

Let us now take, for example, two children, one of intellectual, refined, Christian parents, and the other of ignorant, coarse parents, possessing loose religious principles. Both children are sent to the same school, and are under the influence of a good teacher. The former has already learned much at home; as, a tolerably correct use of language, good manners, and will show his good breeding in many ways. His parents will take an interest in his progress at school, and will encourage him to submit to the teacher's authority, as he has always done to that of his parents. His teachings at home and at school will be in perfect accord, and he will surely gain intellectually and morally. The latter child will probably use poor language, have coarse ways, and no religious sentiments. He will be under the same teachings at school as the first child, but will not find them in accord with what he sees at home. The moral instructions may greatly impress him but they are not practiced at home, and finally he will begin to look upon them as being not practical, but simply theoretical, and thereby his faith in all good teachings will be weakened. Comparing the two cases, we can safely state that the character of the first child is on a solid basis, for he has learned good principles and can carry them out, while the second child has but a vague idea of what good principles are, and is therefore entirely unprepared for the battle of life. Both children having been under the influence of the same good teacher, can we doubt what has caused this difference?

Once more my opponent presents his views. We hear of cases in which children, in spite of being of good parentage and having apparently had the best of training, prove to be a disgrace to the family. We also hear of self-made men and self-made women that have had no advantages, and whose parents and homes have always been a drawback to them. These cases cited, because they are rare exceptions, only prove the rule.

I will now briefly recall the points in my argument. Children inherit traits of character from parents; they are under the parents care from infancy, when nature is the most susceptible; they wish to be like their parents whose judgment they think is infallible; whether the child is to be well educated or not depends chiefly upon the parents; parents have the greatest authority; the effect of the teacher's instructions depends greatly upon the co-operation of parents and teacher, and upon the teachings at home. These points, the two examples, and the two exceptions cited, help to prove that parents exercise a greater influence than do teachers in forming the character of the young.

NANA ASKER.

THE SENIOR A's.

About thirty members of the Senior A class assembled in front of the Normal building early on the morning of September 18th. Two carryalls were comfortably filled and were soon on the way to the home of Prof. Childs. When but a short distance had been passed over, they were hailed by the cry of "Take some watermelons to your picnic." With a laugh at the expense of the erier the merry party sped on till they reached their destination, where "Millions" were found, both water and mush.

The first attraction for all, and to say, was the scales. Some few were surprised to find that they had gained much more in avoirdupois since returning to school, than they had gained in knowledge.

After partaking of a few (?) of the choicest melons, many of the party started up the mountain to view the surrounding country. It was not long before the weary travelers returned ready for the bountiful lunch which was soon spread. After lunch, a third carryall arrived bringing the studious six. Melons they came for, and melons they had! The rest of the afternoon was spent in displaying the musical talent of the class, and with a parting song of "Home, Sweet Home," the happy party made ready for their journey.

Thanking the Professor and his amiable wife for their hospitality and kindness, and with a rousing three cheers, they were borne to their homes, which they reached as the sun was sinking behind the western hills.

No greater fallacy exists than that a teacher who is barely in advance of his pupils can give them good instruction. A mind of no cultivation is not the one that can stimulate pupils. It has no stock of powers to meet emergencies.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

Miss Malock, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826. It was not until she was thirty years old that she produced this, the favorite of all her books. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to manhood of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman.

The story is founded upon events that occurred in England during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The war with France was at this time occupying the attention of the great men of the nation, while at home the affairs were in a confused state. As a consequence of the war, famine was rife in the land and there was no one to impede its onward march, for between the rich and the poor was a breach that no one had the courage to bridge.

The hero is introduced to us as a ragged, homeless urchin, taking shelter from the rain in an alley of the little town Norton Bury. It is here that Abel Fletcher, the owner of the tannery, first sees the boy. Recognizing the lad's honesty, and learning that he is anxious to obtain work, Abel Fletcher gives him a position as driver of the cart of skins collected from the farmers around Norton Bury. From this low position, John Halifax gradually works his way up until he becomes a partner in the tannery. He marries an admirable young lady, Ursula March. With the aid of his noble wife, John Halifax so grows in prosperity and influence that at his death he is the wealthiest man in the county, and leaves as a legacy to his children a large fortune, as well as a stainless name.

In John Halifax we recognize a man who was not content to dream away his life, but who believed in being "up and doing, with a heart for any fate." With his brave "I will" upon his lips, he took up his burden day after day and went boldly forward, breaking down the barriers that obstructed his path. His determination to gain riches and influence, aided by his trust in Providence, carried him safely through the long struggle with poverty, and enabled John Halifax, tanner, to become John Halifax, gentleman, of Beechwood Hall. When young, he had hoped to achieve great things before attaining his forty-fifth year, but after the death of his dear little daughter, Muriel, the desire faded. In commenting upon this change, his friend, Phineas Fletcher, says that he knows not if it was right for the father to allow the death of his child to affect him so, but that in the heart of John Halifax, who loved as few men love, and remembered as few men remember, such

a wound could never be thoroughly healed, and "that calm as had flowed his outer existence in which was omitted not one actual duty, still, all the higher aims which make the glory and charm of life, as duties make its strength; all the active energies and noble ambitions which especially belong to the prime of life, in him had been not dead, perhaps, but sleeping—sleeping beyond the power of any human voice to waken them, under the daisies of a child's grave at Enderly."

Although John Halifax loved each one of his children with a love that amounted almost to a passion, yet above all the rest he loved his blind daughter Muriel. No one ever heard an angry word from her lips, and no one ever addressed her except in loving tones. If sometimes her mother's voice became sharp it would immediately soften when Muriel entered the room, and if John came home jaded and worn his brow would clear at the first touch of his little daughter's gentle fingers. Whether gliding about the house with a foot-fall as silent as snow, or sitting listening to the others talking, Muriel was always the same. It seemed as if the dark calm in which she lived was to holy to be desecrated by the cares of the outer world. But the parents did not have this blessing with them long. Day by day they saw her fading, and nothing they could do would coax the little spirit to linger awhile longer.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, when but one went in."

Ursula Halifax was in every sense of the word John Halifax's "helpmate." She aided her husband in every scheme, encouraged him with cheerful words when his expectations were not fully realized, and gloried in all his successes. This husband and wife so closely united in life, even death could not separate, for but a few hours elapsed before Ursula's spirit went to join that of her husband.

Abel Fletcher, the owner of the Norton Bury tannery, was a Quaker with very strict ideas of justice. With him a fault was a fault, and the one who fell under his displeasure was either innocent or guilty. One of the most touching scenes in the book is the one in which the grave old Quaker lays his hand upon the baby-breast of John Halifax's blind daughter and utters the solemn words: "God bless this little one! Aye, and she shall be blessed!" This little incident makes a strong impression upon the reader when a few pages further on he sees an account of the old man's sudden death.

Each one of John Halifax's children is an inter-

esting study. Guy, the oldest son, was his mother's favorite. Though handsome, fascinating, and proud, he showed himself lacking in self-control. Very different from Guy was Edwin, the practical one of the family, who takes upon his young shoulders a large part of the responsibility that his father had to bear. Maud, the youngest, was a sweet, innocent girl. She filled in some respects the gap made by the death of Muriel.

In the two families, the Brithwoods and the Jessops, we have a direct contrast. The Brithwoods, members of the highest circles of society, have everything that wealth can procure, yet they lead miserable lives; while good Doctor Jessop and his wife, who have but a small share of this world's goods, are happy in their little vine-covered cottage.

Throughout the novel the plot is well sustained. Everything is centered on John Halifax, and every incident narrated bears directly upon his life. The conversations are interesting, never wearying the reader by being of undue length or depth. Miss Mulock, unlike many authors, does not represent her young ideals as conversing like men and women of forty, to make the reader feel as if his education has been neglected.

The novel is written in a natural and easy style, with great variety in sentence construction. The beautiful descriptions and figures of speech, and the few well chosen quotations add to the charm of the book. The fascination is largely due to the simplicity of the plot and the gradual increase of interest. We see John Halifax when he is a "youth to fortune and to fame unknown," and with the keenest interest watch his victories and failures, as he battles bravely with the hardships of life. It is with gladness that we see success crown his efforts, and as we close the book, leaving our hero wrapped in "the sleep that knows no waking," we involuntarily recall Shakespeare's words:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

The author's mission is to show how the joys and sorrows of this world either develop or wither the character; how continued disobedience of the laws of God and man surely leads to ruin; and how adherence to those laws leads to success and happiness. In carrying out this moral purpose, Miss Mulock displays eloquence, pathos, a subdued but genial humor, and happy delineation of character.

When "John Halifax, Gentleman," was launched upon the sea of literature, apparently with no captain to steer it to a safe harbor, Mrs. Granville

Whyte attempted to take command, but she was obliged to leave her post when Miss Mulock substantiated her claims to the book. The critics united in praising the novel, all acknowledging that it is "conceived with a high spirit," and written with greater ability than any other book of its deservedly successful author.

STELLA MACHEBERT.

BALLADE OF DEAD POETS.

Where be they that once would sing,
Poets passed from wood and dale?
Faintly now we touch the string,
Faithless now we seek the Grail:
Shakespeare, Spenser, sought avail,
Herrick, England's Oberon,
Sidney smitten through his mail,
Souls of poets dead and gone!

Rossard's roses blossoming
Long are faded, long are fall,
Gathered to the heart of Spring
He that sang the honey ball,
Ah! could player at all prevail,
These should shine where once they shone,
These should 'scape the shadowy pale—
Souls of poets dead and gone!

What clear air feels Dante's wing?
What new seas doth Homer sail?
By what waters wandering
Tells Theocritus his tale?
Still when cries the nightingale
Singing, sobbing, on and on,
Her brown feathers seem to veil
Souls of poets dead and gone!

ENVOY.

Charon, when my ghost doth hail
O'er Cocytus' waters wail,
Lend me where no storms assail
Souls of poets dead and gone!

G. R. T.

Allowance for Personal equation: "Now, children," said the teacher, "suppose I had two squash pies, and divided one of them into ten pieces, and the other into one hundred pieces, which would you rather have, a piece of the pie that was divided into ten pieces, or of that cut into a hundred pieces?" There was an absolute hush for a moment; and one little girl answered, timidly, "One of the hundred pieces." "Why?" "Well, please ma'am, I don't like squash pie."

A chemist says that a cigar contains ascefic, formic, butyric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, crocote, carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, and rubidine, to say nothing of the cabbageine and burdockie acid.

OBITUARY.

The death of Miss Mary Simmons, Class of May, '86, which occurred near this town on Tuesday, September 13th, was very sad. Born and raised in this county, the young lady, by her polished manners and amiable disposition was the center of a large circle of devoted friends both among the old and young.

The funeral took place from the Presbyterian Church at 2 P. M., on Thursday. Rev. Mr. Todd delivered a touching discourse, paying a high tribute to the life and character of the deceased, holding her up as a model for the little girls who were battling for educational honors. Every seat in the church was filled, one side of the building being set apart for the children, the schools having been dismissed to enable the little folks to pay a last sad token of love to their former teacher and friend.

[Extract from the *Arcata Union*.]

ALL SORTS.

A lie is now called an embellishment.

Mr. H.—"Everybody knows it," no proof needed.

The "petted baby" of Junior B is still surviving.

The "Sexton" of Junior B is very quiet lately.

Why do the young ladies eat doughnuts between acts.

The Junior is quite a "promising class" this year.

Mr. B. of Middle A is cast down since he lost his labrum pulpi.

Mr. T. of Middle A 2 says, "A peaked object will roll up hill."

"Holland" is not so far away as Harper tries to make us believe.

In playing croquet, who is Teb-be Na, t, and who is Teb-be No, 2? Ida knows.

WANTED—Some chemical compound to make Mr. A. of Senior B 2 smile.

Our Signior Shu's whole soul is in Bear River District, Humboldt county.

The Junior B 2 will never be cold, for the class is provided with "Coats."

It is not customary to run from ghosts now, but on the contrary, to chase them.

Do not forget that we have an open meeting at the end of the first ten weeks.

The mornings must be quite cold lately for the first Algebra class may be seen shivering as they approach Room D.

The editorial staff, like Senior A's, find their work always in the beginning.

LOST—On an Eighth Street fence, a small piece of coat "male." Finder please return to the Metallic young man of Middle A.

Mr. X., one of the pupil teachers, wants a sure cure for heroism—a cure that is proof against all chance company.

A party of six jolly Normal boys visited Almaden, Friday the 16th. Mt. Hamilton will be the next objective point.

Those who are "big" and fail to set a good example to the smaller ones have to take the blame—in the singing class.

At present the chief aim of the Senior B 2 class seems to be to get the plot of their essays into the least possible space.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," Prof. E. has prescribed a twenty minute treatment for some of the Senior A's.

If you want to hear a "post solo" wander down South Second Street any evening. Messrs. A. and C. will accommodate you.

A young lady of the Senior music class desires that an annotation be provided to point out the notes on the chart for Prof. E.

One of the Alumni writes: "I would not be without the INDEX. Indeed, our paper is the tie that binds us to one another, and to our *Alma Mater*."

The persons who are deliberately stealing hat-pins from the young ladies' hats had better desist unless they wish their conduct exposed.

One of the young ladies of Senior B 2 contemplates entering into the employ of the Gas Company. She will look for leaks with a lantern.

The Normal Base Ball Club is gradually coming to the front. The members have their uniforms and are going to play a match game with the First nine of the University.

The Word Analysis work in Room E is especially interesting this term. In some measure the Composition work has been combined with the W. A. and the result is highly pleasing.

All those who wish to hear able and eloquent speeches on the most prominent political and educational topics of the day, should not fail to visit Room E during the second hour in the morning.

The Senior A's give evidence of their progressive spirit by having chosen a young lady as class president, expressed their desire to discontinue the practice of Commencement essays, and by having chosen the most aesthetic of class colors—green and yellow.

In spite of the warning given to the Senior B's in our last issue, they have learned one of the "many lessons" and have made a "high" mark. Though we were not there to observe "the face of fright," we presume the rest of the prophecy was fulfilled. Moral—Don't mistake K C I O J for K N O J when you wish to make H N O J. Our brave, *solid* Senior B said that it would take more than gas to blow him up.

On the afternoon and evening of September 22nd, the Y. M. C. A. and V. W. C. A. met together in Room O. Mr. Voorhis, the inter-collegiate secretary of California, leading the meetings. He spoke of the significance and value of this work that has been called "The Gigantic Movement of the Nineteenth Century," and briefly stated the history of the Association. Its importance to the student was discussed at length in the afternoon, and in the evening, "The Temptations of College Life" was the subject of an interesting and profitable discourse, after which there was a short meeting for the young men only.

THE ANSWER BY THE SENIOR B'S.
Part II.

We B's went downward with anxious fears,
And some few were almost moved to tears,
As we thought of the marks we'd get each day,
For such stories we'd heard of Prof. E.

In that corner room such sights met our gaze
Of grease and dirt left by the A's;
The pans were rusty and the bottles were old,
The latter we found couldn't water hold.

He called us to order with truthful praise,
Said we were handsomer far than the A's.
He told us to get for our aprons new
A garment long, any color would do.

"Not forty-four buttons"—we all look heed,
"A string and one button is all you need
To fasten them on. In addition to this,
Soap, sponges, and towels, will not be amiss."

We're ready for work and we hope to do well,
And to our successors a story tell,
Of work deftly done, and of marks very high,
To encourage them all ere their fortune they try.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Agnes M. Patten, May, '84, is now teaching in Fresno City.

Miss Madge Clayes, May, '87, is teaching at Pentz, Butte county.

Miss Annie Peensycook, May, '87, will teach in Yuba county this winter.

Anna A. King, May, '83, was married to Chas. L. Morrill, June 7th, in San Jose.

Miss Mary T. Doyle, May, '84, has the school at Barnett District, Santa Clara county.

Mrs. Edward North, *nee* Young, June, '82, is teaching at San Antonio, Monterey county.

Miss Esther Jepson, May, '87, is teaching in one of the town schools of Napa.

Geo. E. Arnold, May, '86, has taken charge of the Loyaltown school.

Miss Carrie F. Dannelly, Xmas, '84, is not teaching, on account of ill-health.

Miss Maggie L. Robb, May, '86, is teaching in the Empire Street school, San Jose.

Miss Susie M. Brown, May, '87, reports success of her school in Oasis District, Monterey county.

Miss Nettie C. Sharpe, Dec., '85, has an ungraded school in Washoe City, Nevada.

Miss Adelaide C. Spafford, Dec., '85, has begun her second term in the Eureka Academy.

Miss Mary Mott, May, '86, is principal of the Island District school, Humboldt county.

Miss Jennie Snook, May, '87, has been teaching in the Oakland Department during the time in which her sister, Miss Helen Snook, has taken a trip to Mt. Shasta for her health.

Mary L. Teel, June, '81, is teaching in Napa.

Miss Amy Whatmore, May, '83, is teaching in San Diego.

Duncan Scirling, Xmas, '86, is teaching at Santa Ana, Los Angeles county.

Miss Carrie Mellen, Dec., '86, is teaching in Monterey county.

Miss Miriam Kosser, Xmas, '85, is teaching in East Los Angeles.

Miss M. Ruth Thompson, Dec., '85, is still teaching in the Collins District, Santa Clara county.

Miss Gertrude Thompson, Xmas, '84, is now teaching in the Buckley Camp school, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Ellita Mott, Dec., '86, has not taught since her graduation. Her address is 3820 Clay St., San Francisco.

Miss Lizzie Judson, Dec., '85, is not teaching at present, but has taught in the same school since her graduation.

Mrs. Milton H. Kingsbury, *nee* Ladd, May, '85, is living at 322 Fremont St., Stockton.

Mr. Herbert F. Coma, and Miss S. Lizzie Miller, May, '82, were married June 25, 1887.

Miss Clara K. Wyrkoff, May, '85, is still teaching in East Main Seminary, Hawaiian Island.

Miss Katie C. O'Brien, June '82, is teaching in Manila District, Sonoma county.

Miss Mary Griffin, May, '86, is teaching in Alhambra District, near her home in Contra Costa county.

W. O. Peck, May, '86, has been elected Trustee in Loyalton District, Sierra county. He is not teaching at present.

Miss Belle M. Duncan, June, '85, is principal of the Mayfield school, Santa Clara county.

Miss Mary E. Holmes, Dec., '86, has taught in Summit District, Alameda county, since her graduation.

Miss Nettie E. Warring, Dec., '84, is teaching her second term in Saticoy District, Ventura county.

W. D. Woodworth has begun his second term near his old home in Sutter county. He is much pleased with teaching.

Miss Celia Daniels, May, '87, is one of the five teachers employed in the Concord school, Contra Costa county.

Miss Georgietta W. Congdon, Dec., '84, has a position in the San Juan Capistrano District, Los Angeles county.

Miss Annie C. Hemmings, Dec., '84, is teaching in West Oakland with Miss Louise Grove, Dec., '85, as assistant.

Miss Henrietta E. Kingdon, Dec., '84, is engaged in the Scales District school, Sierra county.

Miss Marion E. True, Dec., '85, is teaching in Junction school, Millard. She reports success in that district.

Miss Annie Rasmussen, Dec., '86, is engaged to teach in Eaglesville District, Modoc county.

Miss Mamie R. Beckman, May, '86, has begun her second term in Willow Valley District, near Nevada City.

Miss Anna M. Nicholson, Dec., '84, has been appointed principal of the Malhera school, Fresno. Miss Estella M. Bagnelle, May, '85, and Miss Nellie M. Breyogle, Dec., '86, will be her assistants.

Miss Abbie McKee, May, '85, is not teaching at present.

Mrs. Isabel Campbell, *nee* Merrill, March, '73, is teaching in Tulare.

William A. Sumner, May, '83, is not teaching at present. His address is 421 N. First St., San Jose.

Miss Ella M. Leavitt, May, '87, has a school in San Benito county.

Miss Fannie O'Hanlon, May, '81, has been engaged to teach in one of the city schools of Los Angeles.

Miss Lucy A. Howes, May, '86, will begin teaching in San Tomas District, near Los Gatos.

Miss G. Annie Girdner, Xmas, '84, will commence teaching at Marysville the 1st of September.

Miss Carrie Beckwith, May, '85, has begun her third term in the Table Bluff school, Humboldt county.

Miss Emeline Carmichael, May, '83, is teaching in Briones Valley District, Contra Costa county.

Miss Cora Lee, May, '86, is teaching in the Bernabe District, Monterey county.

Miss Mary B. Jones, class of '84, has taught three years in San Joaquin valley, but is now teaching in Salinas, near her home.

Our "thousandth" graduate, Miss Winnie S. Sledge, who was with us a few weeks ago, will resume teaching in Fresno City.

Miss Lois A. Peckham, May, '79, has taught constantly since graduating, and is now engaged in Reed St., school, San Jose.

Miss Christine Struve, Dec., '86, has been teaching in Deep Well District, Monterey county, and will teach in the same school the coming term.

Geo. J. Hachernell, Xmas, '85, has been teaching at Lowell, Nevada county, for the past two years, and is engaged to teach at Columbia Hill, in the same county.

Miss Sabie E. Morey, May, '75, has been teaching ever since her graduation. She is teaching in Tehama Primary school, San Francisco.

Miss Nellie B. Richardson, Dec., '84, is teaching in the Lyndon District school, Santa Barbara county. This place will be her home in the future.

Miss Ada Stevens, May, '79, is now teaching in the school at Conser Gold, Fresno county, but she is soon to take the principalship of the Hornsby school, Mariposa county.

The teacher who is satisfied with present attainment, and lacks the desire or the energy to study, soon becomes from contact with those of less mental power dull indeed, and woe to the pupils who are so unfortunate as to be under charge of such a one.

As a rule the more educational papers a teacher takes the better will his salary be, and justly so. He is worth more, and should get more than others who do not read up and keep up with the profession. How would lawyers, doctors and ministers succeed if they did not keep posted in regard to their work?

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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