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## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>EDITORIAL</td>
<td>71, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR B RECEPTION</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A REVELATION</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOW WHALING SHIPS WINTER IN ARCTIC SEA</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALL SORRY</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE MAN IN THE MOON</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLD AND NEW</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A NOTE</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALUMNI NOTES</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A BIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Political Brevity</strong></td>
<td>77, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Los Angeles Department</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>This and That</strong></td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REFLECTION</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DANGER AND PROTECTION IN CITIES</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO-OPERATION</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VARIOUS</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPARKS OF WISDOM AND HUMOR</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAS JULIUS CAESAR A TRUE FRIEND OF HOME?</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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THE NORMAL INDEX.

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The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

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

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Editorial Office, 11 South First Street.

It is about time the Senior classes were beginning to make some arrangement for having their graduating essays published. Hereafter, the essays have been published either in the shape of a class paper, or, in pamphlet form. As we have a Senior paper, the Index, why not enlarge our May number, so that a department of twelve or fourteen pages could be had, in which to publish the graduating essays, a list of those who graduate with title of their graduating essays, President's address, class exercises, etc. As the incidental expenses connected with graduation amount to no small sum (many of the Senior A's are, undoubtedly, learning this by experience), would it not be advisable to adopt the plan that would give as the cheapest and best class paper?

Many San Jose and Los Angeles business men would willingly advertise in the enlarged edition of the Index, and, thus, the expense to the individual members of the class would be materially lessened. We could have a good title page, use a better quality of paper than we now do, and have for a very small additional expense, a paper that the May Class of '86 could justly feel proud of. No doubt, if the matter is decided at once, every member of the Editorial Board will endeavor to make the enlarged edition of the Index one of the fairest class papers that has ever been issued at the State Normal School.

Those wishing to procure copies of the Norton Memorial Fund Pamphlet should do so at once. The book is sold at so reasonable a price, and the money realized from its sales applied to so worthy an object, namely, the educating of Professor Norton's minor children, that we feel none should lose this opportunity of purchasing the Memorial Volume.

It is issued in two forms, as follows: In cloth covers, with engraved portrait, $1.25; in half morocco covers, with photograph or engraved portrait and autograph, $2.50. Students wishing to purchase can do so by applying to Miss Ruth Royer, our Librarian. Those sending for the volumes should state the number of copies desired, kind of binding, adding in full, and whether they wish the pamphlet sent by mail or express. Address all communications to Prof. C. H. Allen, State Normal School, San Jose, Cal.

We take pleasure in publishing this number of the Index, the essay, "Political Rectitude," written by H. F. Clark, of Ohio class, '85.

"Futurity Reflections," an article from the pen of Mr. Clark, published in our February number, was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by our readers.

It was owing to the energy and ability of Mr. Clark that the Index was established, and made, as it now is, a leading school journal. "Harry," we believe, had a fairness for the sanctum, for well did he perform the duties of Editor-in-Chief. Mr. Clark's many friends and acquaintances at the Normal will be pleased to learn that he is teaching at North Beach, Sutter Co., California. "Harry" has the best wishes of the present Editorial Board.

There are eight million piano players in this country. We have much to be thankful for, it might be ten million or even more. — Donelle Bevins.
The English language will never stand on the top rung of perfection until it contains a gentle word that will mean all that "horse-raggin'" implies. — Norris-town Herald.

"Variety is the very spice of life;" therefore, the citizens of San Jose and vicinity ought to consider themselves especially happy. Sunshine and rain are so delightfully intermingled that it is impossible to decide whether to start to church with umbrella and gossamer, or with fan and parasol.

Those who have not read Prof. W. G. Raymond's essay, "The Work of a Manual Training School," should get and read the February and March numbers of the Index. Prof. Raymond read the essay at the State Teachers' Association, and it was one of the best papers we had the pleasure of listening to during the session.

Be cheerful. A bright, happy disposition is an inestimable gift. We are always glad to welcome a friend whose face shines with this feeling. Unconsciously we are lifted to a sunnier atmosphere, and given new strength for our work. They will find some good where others see none, and they know that "behind the clouds the sun's still shining." We who have not this great virtue, for virtue it is, should strive to gain it, for, as teachers, it is one of our best allies.

When once the book of nature is opened we long to keep it open forever. One who knows nothing of the habits of the birds and beasts, sees nothing to enjoy in the flowers and rocks, nor cares to watch the fishes gambolling in the sea, is living a life void of much pleasure. Even though we are but slightly acquainted with the works of nature, a morning walk is much more enjoyable for this slight acquaintance. If we are able to tell something of the pebbles at our feet, to hear with intelligence the songs of the birds, and to note the variety of colors, forms and perfumes of the flower; a walk along any wayside path will reveal interesting facts. In nature we have a friend who never forsakes. Whether in the frozen north, the barren desert or the luxuriant forest, she is there to soothe our sorrows and banish our loneliness. Her mysterious store is ever teeming with new delights; and if we but take the trouble to search them out, we shall find lessons full of truth and simplicity. How dull is life to one who has never been led to examine nature's tints abounding among the flowers, the plumage of the birds, and fishes of the sea. Children should be led to enjoy and study the grand harmony of our universe. Let their minds and hearts expand in the fields of nature; then less selfishness will exist and they will be better fitted to take up their life work.

SENIOR B RECEPTION.

On the evening of March 26th was held as pleasant an entertainment as was ever given in the Normal building. The occasion was a reception tendered by the members of the Senior A class to the Senior B's. A pleasant time had long been anticipated, and, at last, the wished for evening came.

Shortly before eight o'clock the guests began to arrive, and consigned themselves to the guardianship of the reception committee. They were ushered into one of the lunch rooms in the basement, but hardly recognized it as such. Fans, pictures, Chinese lanterns, flowers and palms, under the artistic hands of the decorators, had transformed the room into a perfect bower of beauty. After a short time allowed for introductions, the programme opened with an original poem by Miss Lynch, introducing in turn each member of the Senior A. The poem was excellent, and contained many good hits.

It concluded with a song of greeting, by the same author, and sung by the entire class.

"Trust Her Not, She's Fooling Thee," was admirably rendered by a double quartet, consisting of Misses Granger, Jones, Hanziker and Cory; and Messrs. Peck, Cauch, Bankhead and Woodward.

Next on the programme was a humorous recitation by Miss Grace Campbell. The selection was excellent, and gave full scope to the young lady's well-trained eloquently powers. The point of the story was illustrated by a representation of the "half length portrait," which ruffled forth much applause.

Then the audience were entertained by the Senior Orchestra, composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Lathuizen, Peck, Woodworth, Lawson, Cauch, Arnold, Gray, Bankhead and Holmes. This band, though of comparatively recent organization, has already won great fame, and it was with intense interest that the Senior B's eyed the magnificent instruments and listened to their exquisite melody. Truly none but a normal Senior, whose mental faculties have been thoroughly developed, could invent such a musical novelty. It is needless to say that they were obliged to respond to an encore.

A short recess followed, during which the company were entertained with taffy, both literal and figurative.

Then came the principal feature of the evening, an opera, entitled "Friday Night, or the Guardian Angel." Among all the products of our Normal talent, the Senior opera stands foremost. It is founded on the Normalite's observance of Friday night—what he ought to do, and what he does. The representations were excellent and very striking to the initiated. Too much praise cannot be given to the Opera as a whole,
the parts being carried out in a manner which would have been highly creditable to a professional company.

Mr. Lathavoson personated an unfortunate Normalist who couldn’t sing. Mr. Peck and Miss Granger as the preceptor and preceptors, and Mr. Woodworth and Miss Jones as the typical Normal boy and girl, deserve special mention. At last “the little list” was finished, and the curtain fell. Between the acts of the Opera, the audience were treated to two beautiful tableaux: “The Angel of Twilight” and “The Queen.” Owing to the scarcity of lights, the latter was scarcely seen, which was the only thing to mar an otherwise perfect programme.

More taffy followed, and a genuine good time seemed to be the next in order. After a delightful time spent in social conversation, the band again appeared, and rendered “Home, Sweet Home.” Then reluctantly the Seniors turned their faces home-ward, and the memorable evening was over.

The Senior A’s have every reason to be proud of their entertainment, which was undoubtedly the best ever given at the Normal. The Senior B’s were so well pleased with their entertainers, that, as expressed by the enthusiastic young ladies of their class: “We just fell in love with the whole Senior A.”

A Kansas man points with pride to the phenomenal fact that his wife has worn one coat twenty-two years. She must be blind or else she never goes out of the house.—N. Y. Journal.

No sooner had the Senior A’s commenced talking about their picnic, than the sky began to thicken. The damp cloudy weather so chilled the picnic element, that they decided to postpone the affair to some more agreeable time.

If teachers wish to leave a notable impress upon the schools in which they are now working, we know of no way more suitable than doing something to improve the generally bleak and unattractive appearance of school buildings and school yards.—Educational Weekly.

China demands indemnity for the killing of her people and loss of property in Wyoming and Oregon. Should it be refused, the Americans in China will be expelled and the indemnity collected there. The President denies the justice of the demand in a message to the Senate.

“In two particulars,” says the Harvard Crimson, “Harvard may unquestionably claim superiority over all other colleges in America, in her library and in her gymnasm. Yet, strange to say, of no two things do Harvard men seem less appreciative. The gymnasm and library are both used by a large number of men, but not by as many men as ought to use them.”

---

A REVELATION.

I sat and gazed into the sky,
As oft I'd done in days gone by;
But something more I seemed to see
Than o'er before appeared to me;
Those clouds were but piles of fleece,
Hung now as messengers of peace.

Their fleeting forms so calm and white,
Sent down soft rays of heavenly light,
And filled my mind with thoughts of those
Who, long ago, sought sweet repose
In Nature's charms, and found that rest
Revealed to them their King's beloved.

Those white-winged messengers on high,
Fit admirable frame the sky,
Revealed to me my King's command;
He bids us labor, heart and hand,
To guide little children's feet
On paths of knowledge rough and steep.

Those clouds kept fading from my sight,
But in my soul they left a light
To guide me on in duty's road,
And help me bear each heavy load.
I thought how grand if all could see
A vision in the mists of sea.

HOW WHALING SHIPS WINTER IN THE
ARCTIC SEA.

In the fall, just before it gets so cold that the ice forms, the ships huddle together, and each puts down two anchors, one at the bow and one at the stern, and these hold them from striking against the shore or one another, until the ice forms around them, and freezes them solidly. Then the anchors and rudders are taken up, and, with bumber which they have brought from home, the whalers build a substantial house over the ship. Then they get the Esquima to build a sort of snow-house over the wooden house; and so, with all this covering to protect them, they manage to keep warm and comfortable with a very little fire, however cold it may be out of doors. Sometimes they put in double windows, the inside ones of glass, as usual, and the outside made of slabs of ice—like the curious windows of the igloos. The white men do not live in these temporary houses built on top of the ships, but in the cabin and forecastle, just as if they were cruising out to sea. The house is simply put over the ship to keep the real place warm, and right well it does its work. This house, however, is very useful as a place for taking exercise, for ship-carpenning work, and for small jobs that may be necessary. The Esquima also congregate there, especially about meal-time; when generous whalers treat them with ‘sea bread and weak tea’ sweetened with molasses.—Frederick Schuster, in St. Nicholas.
ALL Sorts.

What ails the Utile Dulci Society?

Class picnics are beginning to be fashionable.
The latest query:—"Did you wiggle through?"
The Senior A's have caught the photographic craze.

Conditions are at a premium in the Senior singing class.

April Fool's Day passed very quietly at the Normal.
The Senior B girls are greatly interested in callatheneics.

"How merry the life of a Senior must be," sighs an envious Junior.

What do the boys of Senior B mean when they say "Sarah neighed!"

Wanted: A cheap boy with a good watch, to regulate the Normal clock.

Why do our boys look so scared when they come into the Hall late in the morning?

Senior B's greeting for reception, "You dear sweet thing, I haven't seen you this evening."

At the rate at which the Botany classes are working, our wild flowers will soon all be gone.

The Senior B's are rejoicing over the fact that another young gentleman has entered the class.

By "special request," the Middle A's were allowed to attend the final rehearsal of the Senior Opera.

The Normal boys are adorning their button-holes with flowers enough to stock a small flower show.

An embryo teacher wishes to know if Mr. G.—of Senior A, believes in governing his pupils "by love."

One of the members of Junior A I, is having a hard time in Arithmetic, because he is unable to get into the rut.

Query:—On the night of the reception did the Seniors take advantage of the "hour and a half" in which to reach home?

Some of the members of the class in Household Science seem to have become experts in dyeing, and manufacturing inks and soaps.

"It's just the loveliest class," was the verdict rendered by the Senior B's in favor of their entertainers, the morning after the reception.

"When two quantities are in proportion, they are in proportion by decomposition," was a theorem given in the geometry class lately. This may be true in geology, but we draw the line at geometry.

The Senior B's received their average for the first ten weeks, in the Normal laboratory; probably that ammonia might be near at hand.

Prof. E. looks very savage and marks very low on Monday evenings. The Seniors are petitioning to have their music put off to some other day.

An excellent programme is promised for the open meeting of the Y. M. N. D. S. The boys seem determined to show the girls what they can do unaided.

A Middle A young lady, half way to school one morning, suddenly discovered that her lock hair was still in curl papers. Her feelings can be better imagined than described.

Some of the Senior A's who object to having the Senior B's criticise their Training School work, kindly promise to allow the B's the "privilege of conducting the class for five minutes."

The Senior A boys are so afraid every young lady in the class won't get one of their pictures, that they call at the gallery every night with, "Haven't you one more of my pictures finished?"

The ten week's examination is now a thing of the past, and the anxious look begins to fade from the face of the Normal student, while "what did you get?" is but an echo reverberating in dying waves along memory's hall.

The gardener of the Normal grounds is completely overwhelmed by the young ladies of the Botany class. These fair Botanists number about one hundred and twenty, and apply to him daily for Botanical specimens, vowing with each other in their captivating speeches.

Scene in the Method class in music.
Pupil stands with raised baton,
Waits a moment (voice all gone)
Thanks he'll fail
Sings the scale,
Has the class repeat the scale.
Sings it up and sings it down,
Tells himself he's "done it brown."
Smiles now
Thanks he's through.
Aska, "Professor, what did that?"

Training school. Subject, Writing.
The pupil-teacher, while inspecting copy-books, notices many blots upon one. He requires the owner to turn the leaves, and, as each blot appears, plies the question: "How did that blot come there, Henry?" pointing to the spot with a stylographic pen upon which a drop of ink is quickly collecting. Henry is frightened, and finds no way to answer the questions, when the drop of ink from the teacher's pen falls on the new leaf. The boy looks up in surprise and ejaculates, "How did that drop come there! The teacher passes on to the next pupil.
THE NORMAL INDEX.

The following lines from one of the old masters contains twenty-one words. The remarkable thing about them is that the initial letters of the words are the initial letters of the Presidents, in regular order:

"Wisdom and justice many men admire; Jarring vices harm truth's pure trembling fire; Pray be loyal, just, go! highest good acquire."

It is needless to say that the following is from the pen of a Senior A:

"If our geometry teachers are looking around for something real hard for examination, the following is suggested:

Given, the Senior Class, 3. Prove that it (the pin) shines for all (six sides). Prove that we, the Senior Class, do things on the square, (the faces of a cube are rectangles), and are very straight; (a triangle is a plane surface bounded by straight lines). Prove that the two divisions perfectly balance each other. (In an isosceles triangle, equal angles are opposite equal sides). Prove that our class is very sharp. (Non-parallel lines meet at a point). Prove that our friendships will last forever. (The circumference of a circle is said to have no end).

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

In the early German legends,
May be found the simple tale
Of how a laborer went to gather
Wood to warm his children frail.
Now this day, it chanced was Sunday,
And, while coming down the lane,
The old man met his pious neighbors,
Slowly moving to the lane.
Eyeing each his woody burden,
Scornful turned they from his way;
For they would not speak to him that
Thus had broke the Sabbath day.
Soon approached a handsome stranger,
Who, unlike the rest be'd met,
Did stop and ask the fagot bearer,
"Do you not know your duty yet?"
"Is this a time to gather wood,
When God, our Heavenly Father, 'screed,
Upon this day thou shalt not work,
Sometimes before do what thou need?"
Whereupon the old wood cutter
"I care not if 't be Sun or Moon day;
Stand aside and let me by."
The stranger said: "You will repent
These lousy words you've spoke to me,
For now you'll have to bear your load
A Moon-day for eternity."
Instantly the stranger vanished,
And, in time almost as soon,
The fagot bearer was, with fuel,
Lifted upward to the moon.
You who do not believe this story,
Watch the moon some clear, bright night,
For there, with sticks across his shoulders,
Stands the old man plain to sight.

NOTICE.

The family of Professor Norton desire, as far as possible, to collect and preserve his written and spoken words. Friends and former pupils who have preserved letters of general interest, or notes of lectures, or printed reports of lectures, or sermons, of which they are willing to have copies taken, will confer a great favor by forwarding them to Miss Mary E. B. Norton, at the Normal School, San Jose. All such matter will be returned if desired.

OLD AND NEW.

Politeness is the science of civility.

"Bad taste is a species of bad morals."—Beowee.

Every man’s life is a plan of God.—Horace Bushnell.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.—Fuller.

"Ungratefulness is the very poison of mankind."—Sir Philip Sidney.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—Daniel O’Connell.

"Some men have the key of knowledge, and never enter in."—La Bruyere.

The surface of the moon, at the lunar noon, is above the temperature of boiling water.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.—Goethe.

Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it.—J. J. Jacob.

"Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human; the latter is divine."—Honest Ballou.

The power of choosing right or wrong makes man a moral agent; his actually choosing wrong makes him a sinner.—Lyman Beecher.

Wordsworth once remarked to Lamb, "There is an immunity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote, and people are taken by it. If I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare." "So," said Lamb, "it is only the mind that is wanting."

Prof. Tyni dual says: "The first marshalling of atoms on which all subsequent action depends, baffles a kine power than that of the microscope. Through pure excess of complexity, and long before the microscope can have any voice in the matter, the most refined and disciplined imagination retires in bewilderment in contemplation of the problem."
THE NORMAL INDEX.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Livia M. Cos, May '83, is teaching near San Ramon.

Miss Nannie Calhoun, May '85, is teaching near Windsor.

Miss Sarah Chambard, May '84, is teaching near Healdsburg.

Geo. A. Gordon, May '84, is teaching near Jackson, Amador county.

Miss Lillie Harris is teaching in the public schools of Pleasanton.

Lewis Godle, Xmas '83, is teaching near Ferndale, Humboldt county.

Miss Julia A. Donovran is teaching near Folsom, El Dorado county.

Miss Charlotte Silvers is teaching at Mowry's Landing, Alameda county.

Miss Annie L. Taylor, May '85, is teaching in Meridian, Sutter county.

Miss Isla M. Thomas has been teaching since July '85, near Mountain View.

Miss Emilie Aniser, May '78, is teaching in the public schools of Napa City.

Jno. W. Sterling, May '83, is teaching his second term of school at Gonzales.

Miss Virginia Calhoun, May '84, is teaching in the Hester school, near San Jose.

Miss Mary L. Ortley, May '85, is teaching the Jefferson school in Santa Clara.

Miss Sallie Finley, May '78, is teaching at Westminster, Los Angeles county.

Mary M. Osborne, June '82, is teaching in Tulare county. Her P. O. address is Cramer.

Miss Beccia Mayne, Xmas '83, is teaching at Crescent City, holding the position of principal.

Miss Hattie Beckus, May '85, is living at Hollister. She has not taught since last November.

Miss Lottie J. Matthis, Xmas '84, is teaching in Monterey county. Her address is San Miguel.

Miss Laura J. Berry, May '83, is teaching in the Vineyard district near Los Gatos, Santa Clara county.

Miss Joan Schenley, who has been teaching for some time past at Eidsvold, W. T., both in the public schools and a private academy, was married on the 31st ult., to Mr. John R. Davidson, of the same place.

Miss Angelina Chambard, Xmas '83, is teaching near Santa Rosa. She has held the same position since graduating.

Miss Nellie Sine, May '84, is teaching in the primary department of the public school in Columbia, Tuolumne county.

Miss Kate C. Wambold has been teaching since last July in the public schools of San Simeon, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Lizzie A. Parker, May '85, has been teaching since August '83, in the schools of Oakland. Her address is Berkeley.

Miss Annie F. Zane, Xmas '83, is teaching in Hydesville, Humboldt county, and reports herself pleased with the work.

Elmer E. Carey, May '89, is principal of the public schools at Saratoga, Santa Clara county. He has taught constantly since graduating.

Miss Kate M. Gartelman, May '83, is teaching in the Collins district, near Santa Clara. She has held the position for more than two years.

Miss Frances Greierson, May '85, is teaching at Oakdale, Stanislaus county, in an ungraded school, the pupils ranging in age from five to eighteen.

C. E. Farnham, May 75, is at present instructor in anatomy, in the Cooper Medical College, San Francisco. The name is now written Dr. Farnham.

Miss Bessie E. Gibbons, May '85, is teaching at a mountain district school, lying partly in Napa and partly in Solano county. Her address is Napa City.

D. S. Soundages, Xmas '83, is principal of the public schools in Fresno City. With an enrollment of 500, he says the work moves along smoothly and satisfactorily.

Henry R. Bailey, May '85, is teaching near Upper Lake, Lake county. Mr. Bailey is now styled "Prof." and is happy in the possession of a son and heir, born Feb. 22d, last.

Mr. H. F. Clark, Xmas '83, the first Editor-in-Chief of the Index, is teaching in Sutter county. He reports having good success in a school somewhat difficult of management.

Mr. Frank B. Abele, Xmas '83, is teaching in San Juan. His work is evidently successful, as he is enthusiastic over the foundation of a school library, cabinet of minerals, and school work in general.

Miss Martha Trimingham, May '85, is teaching at Smool Glen, Alameda county. She writes: "The work is very pleasant, in spite of the fact that my school numbers fifty-five and is ungraded."
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I am not a native of this country. I came from a far distant land, accompanied by twenty-five relatives many long years ago. During those years we have been scattered into every part. Sometimes I am alone; again one of those dear ones will be beside me; then, again, I'll be between two of them, and so we are. But, alas! some of them I have never joined and worse still, never can. Now you will be thinking I am very old, but strange to say, I am still in youth and could not, though I tried ever so hard, find myself in womanhood—much less as old age. I have been in traveling parties of various kinds, and found myself in Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and Egypt; but never in Rome, Vienna or America, yet I was twice in every street of the other cities of the world, and perhaps oftener in some of them.

At last, I find myself for the third time in Market street. There would be no Normalites without me, yet I have never been in the Normal School. I do not always appear in the same way. Generally, I am taller and thinner than most of my old companions, and you could scarcely tell my head from my feet, only that I have but one foot, and my arms are extended so as to show that all above them is my head. My foot is turned up at the toes so that it points to my head. Then for a change, my arms are on the top of my head, and my hands bent at the wrists; I have two feet this time, but they are very short, and they are placed heels together and toes pointing in opposite directions in a straight line that a boy, who studied geometry, once called a horizontal line. I am sometimes in other people's tongues, but never in my own. I am never in peace and never in war, but I am in every trial and trouble that crushes the human heart, for I am in the very heart itself. I have a name sake who occupies more space in the world than I do, and who does many useful services for those that like her. Wherever there is a temperance society you will find me, and I am never in prohibition. By this time you must be tired of hearing about me, for I always begin in talk and end in chat. You may not know me, and it will take too long to have you guess, so I will tell you who I am—I am the letter "T," the twentieth letter of the alphabet.

A NORMALITE.

Punctuation.—Previous to 1520 there were no stopps in books, and all languages, whether printed or in manuscript, were like the Hebrew without punctuation. The colon was introduced in 1598, and the semicolon in 1599. In letters and other documents they were never used, because a single dot misplaced, may alter the intended sense of an instrument, and result in a lawsuit.—No.

POLITICAL RECTITUDE.

But little more than a century ago, an embryo republic was struggling for existence. The reinflating fire of the rusty old first books of Concord and Lexington first illuminated the darkness. The mists of uncertainty and the clouds of oppression parted and there issued forth, sparkling and radiant as a summer's noon, the "gorgeous ensign of a republic." A land of freedom was brought into existence.

Under the same patriotic minds and hands that severed the bonds of oppression, the infant nation struggled onward and upward. But the heroic patriots of '76 could not always guide the bark of their country, and as they passed away, their dying prayer was for that republic whose life had been their life, and whose interests they had so jealously guarded. The "Ship of State" sailed on under a new crew, but one loyal and resolute, one strongly determined to guard their sacred trust.

Our country is sacred. It has been bequeathed to us by the bravest, truest people that ever existed. Is it not then evident that the greatest care should be taken to preserve inviolate that sacred trust, to protect from pollution that noble ensign?

Let us come now to the present and view for a moment some of the developments that a century has wrought in our civil government and the political system by which it is maintained.

The view is anything but pleasing. From every quarter of our vast republic comes the cry that the sacred precepts have been disregarded, that the designated course of our union has been perverted; that political intrigue, scheming rings and underhanded systems are supplanting the government instituted by our forefathers. Before we denounce such outrages as the idle complaint of a restless, grumbling babble, let us see for a moment if there is not some truth in the clamor.

Our system of choosing legislators has first led to many grievous errors. As no man ever held power without being in some danger of abusing it, those alone who are defended against venality by personal integrity and honor, should be trusted with places of authority. As a fact, the moral worth of a candidate is the last quality inquired for, and the absence of which the least circumstance that will prevent his election. Instead of being a statesman, proclaiming the best interests of his country, the candidate is often compelled by his constituents to stand idly—the mere figure-head of his party, speaking only under directions from its leaders. He is not allowed to have a will of his own. His opinions are shaped by his supporters, and in all things he must realize that he can be successful only by conforming to the straight-
jacket, machine regulations of the bosses and managers.

It is surprising how successful many schemes have been in hoodwinking the public in regard to the true nature of politics. Political tricksters have sought by means of fine sounding terms and skillfully guarded maneuvers, to cover their own ignominious proceedings. The public have been taught to believe that politicians are exempt from the rules that control social and private life. "All is fair in politics" is a false political maxim, a flagrant outrage on rectitude and honor, originated and circulated by men devoid of official dignity. In private life you must "love your neighbor as yourself." You must be kind and considerate, just and magnanimous in all your actions. But "all is fair in politics." If this same neighbor is in the field as a candidate, you are at liberty to violate every principle of ethics. Of his good name, the dearest property a man has on earth, you may rob him without mercy. You must not turn from your door a man who has a just claim upon you arising out of business transactions. In matters of debt and credit you must be an honest man, an honorable man; but "all is fair in politics."

There are no epithets in our language which you cannot apply to a man who holds a coveted position. As a simple member of society you must be sincere and ingenuous, but as a politician you may be as hollow-hearted a hypocrite as any whose record has ever polluted the pages of history. "Our country, right or wrong," is another doctrine most corrupt and destructive. In the name of that gorgeous ensign of stars and stripes, deeds have been committed which the ever faithful Columbia would blush to own. We never halt to consider the merit of a policy, but, carried away with enthusiasm, spurred onward by a false patriotic zeal, we follow the stars and stripes to any eternity. "Our country, right or wrong?" Was that the principle that separated the colonies from the mother country? Was that the maxim that prompted the declaration of independence?

Our noble fathers, thanks to God, never uttered such a doctrine. They never acted on such a principle. Our efforts at independence would have met the contempt of the world. Our republic would have died in its cradle. Right or wrong! The very announcement infames a confounding of moral distinctions, an abandonment of justice and equity, and the adoption of the code of robbers and thieves.

Government in its true nature is parental. What ever be the designation—King, Autocrat, Emperor, Congress or Parliament, a sovereign power is right and good only in proportion as it partakes of the nature of a father. Can a government bearing such a character ever use intrigue? Can it hoard itself money belonging to any portion of its own family? Can it misuse propriety? Can it pull down the worthy and set up the wicked? We, the people of this great nation, have a right to demand from our Government all that would come from the heart of a father.

A very apparent evil has resulted from our characteristic spirit of restlessness and desire for the new and untried. I refer to the frequent changing of public officers, with their varying platforms. With our insatiable thirst for novelty, we fly from one extreme to another, reversing with nearly every administration the whole governmental policy. Every interest of the government suffers from this radical changing. Is it surprising, then, that honest and law-abiding citizens begin to complain? Is it to be wondered at that among our more thoughtful people there is a growing distrust for our boasted land of freedom? A steady and permanent policy of an honest and honorable government would reflect prosperity and power throughout the breadth of the country. Under such an efficient and righteous authority, every citizen finding his rights respected, his interests encouraged, his home in peace, his life secure, would turn to bless the government from which this good was obtained.

The evils we have enumerated, and many others we might mention, are not more evident than is their remedy. When the youth of our land, through the agency of its conductor, the teacher, are acquainted with the principles of a true government, when the people throughout our vast nation are aroused to a proper sense of their rights, duties and privileges, when, through that popular educator, the public press, they are made aware of the nefarious proceedings by which their rights are perverted, when the press itself shall be independent, unbiased and unprejudiced, then the stains upon our government shall be removed. Then shall the infamous platform brawler and the administering politician hold their tongues. Then shall our nation shine forth with its original lustre; then shall all socialistic, communistic, and nihilistic thoughts be remedied to the realm of factioned monstrosities, with their bloody history of oppressive and barbaric dynasties. They shall be out of harmony with our new atmosphere, antagonistic in a land where the gentle zephyrs waft the incense of liberty to every nook and corner of the commonwealth.

H. P. Clark, Xmas class, '85.

Skill to handle the concrete from an appreciation of the abstract—i.e., to use effectively what the child does and says, for the development of power to do and say better things, in a more perfect way, from a higher motive, is the aim of the inspiring teacher.—American Teacher.
LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT.
BRANCH NORMAL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL' A.

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Mrs. M. E. Blake, News Editor.
Miss M. A. Clark, Solicitor and Alumni Editor.

THIS AND THAT.

Telephone: Hallie, Orchester, where are you?
A petrifed clock has been found in Rome. Another indication of hard times.

We are going to have a fine granite wall that will turn any "fence breaking cow."

C. A. Sanders, formerly of the Normal, is engaged in the real estate business in San Francisco.

Messrs. Daugher, Metcalf and Cloud have quit school for the present, and gone to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Conversation in the "East." "Father, let me have a quarter?" "What for, my son?" "To take a bath."
"What, in winter?"

The Senior B's were made happy at last by being placed in the midst of the Training school work, for which they had long been working and wishing.

All but three members of the last graduating class are now teaching. This is doing extremely well for a class starting out in mid-winter.

One of the young ladies of Senior A is found to be a true prophet. Any one wishing the weather indications or any other valuable information may obtain the same on application.

The all-engrossing topic of "what shall we wear?" is agitating the Senior A's at present. It takes more time and thought than does Herbert Spencer's Mural Culture. (Timely suggestion—green dress and blue stockings.)

The work on the grounds around the Normal is being pushed forward rapidly; and, while everything is now in a chaotic condition, we are looking forward to the time when the appearance of the hill will be very much improved.

We understand that the literary societies adjourned for want of a sufficient amount of gas. There are several members who are natural gas wells, and could illuminate the whole building if they would blow through the chandeliers, instead of wasting their breath in the open air.

REPRESSION.

In school and in class work, we hear much about developing the power of expression—that pupils must be taught to tell readily all they know. If it is meant, that pupils should be able to express thoughts in appropriate and concise language, no one will object. Perhaps nature requires less aid, in giving the ability to talk, than in most other accomplishments; certainly there is a large class of pupils who need in this direction, instead of stimulation, repression.

The head is divided into two chambers, a machine shop, and a store room. In early education, the shop is chiefly engaged in gathering ideas which are placed in the store room. By and by, there comes a time when the shop is not wholly engaged in collecting facts, but begins to work over those in the store house; then if the facts have not been laid away in a methodical manner, or have been covered with rubbish, the good servant, money, will fail to find them, and the machinery in the shop will run empty, and make much noise. If the store house chances to be empty, the noise of the machinery will resound louder. Have you never heard the rattle when such people talk?

Unfortunately there is a class of pupils who never lay away any facts, and their store house is an empty chamber, but still their machine shop keeps running, and you hear the rattle through their mouths. Evidently, what such pupils require is repression.

You have heard of the "still water that runs deep," and of the "babbling brook." Now repress that babbling brook, and in time you may have a reservoir of deep water, which when the drouth comes can be drawn upon with confidence.

Give me the quiet person, quiet in voice and action, self-contained, who reserves his force, and stores away his knowledge to meet occasions. If a difficult problem is to be solved or a hard question answered, make sure the teacher will always call on such a pupil.

Self repression gives self control, and refines manners. The self expressed man is like the compressed spring, always ready for effective action. However quiet you may be, the community in which you more will soon learn whether you possess a reserved store of knowledge and force on which it may call in emergencies.

Corollary: A talkative person is like a pumping wind mill. Both, run by wind, and the more wind, the faster they go. Both go round and round and never reach a conclusion.

When ideas give out, or the water is exhausted, still faster they go, though naught is heard but clatter, clatter. This do not constructive, noisy, talkative class of pupils needs repression.
DANGER AND PROTECTION IN CITIES.

It is truly wonderful that the daily record of accidental deaths in cities is not larger than it is.

Go down the street some afternoon and watch the busy, thronging crowd. Street-cars, omnibuses, heavy loaded teams, are all crowded together in such confusion that the sight fairly makes your head swim. Now and then there is a collision; someone's horse runs away. But the vast crowd stops only a moment. It has no time to waste over trivialities, and is soon rushing on as madly as before, thinking not of the terrible cloud of sorrow which has been cast over some home, all because someone was careless.

An American seems always to be in a hurry. He never has a leisure moment. His face is clouded by business cares, and he is sometimes so preoccupied that he jalts his best friend in the street and knows it not. It is the cromic state of the average American.

If we would take time to consider that good old proverb, "Haste makes waste," we might extract some benefit from it. A man can accomplish only a certain amount of work in a life-time, no matter how much he hurries, and if, knowing this, we could be persuaded to work at a reasonable rate, a great many of those accidents which are the result of careless hurry, might be avoided.

The thief confines his operations mostly to the city. Why he does this is a mystery, for he is liable to be interrupted at any moment by a burly member of the police force, whom he is nowise desirous of meeting, and carried to a place which does not present such a good field for action. In the country he might have proceeded uninterrupted until he had reaped a bountiful harvest for his pains.

In cities there is constant danger from fire. The crowded blocks, many stories high, are liable to take fire any moment and the result, when such is the case, is appalling. The close proximity of the buildings makes it possible for fire to be communicated by a spark; and the fire companies no sooner get it under control in one spot than it breaks out with redoubled fury in another. But with what disastrous results is a fire in the country attended! With no facilities for checking the fire, a few people stand terror-stricken and watch the destruction of their home. No one who has not experienced it can conceive of the awful feeling of despair which attends the burning of one's home. Hope lies buried in the ashes and life loses half its sunshine, for the new home is never like the old. The old familiar nooks and corners can never be counterfeited, the toys we played with in infancy and which we meant to keep are gone, and even the recollections of childhood seem to have been destroyed with the toys which kept those recollections so fresh in our memory.

Let us not forget, then, that the fire company is not one of the least of our blessings, and that the work which it does is of inestimable value to property owners in the large cities.

L. M. Bzsnz.

CO-OPERATION.

Whatever one's calling, he always needs the cooperation of the world. He must have the helping hand and sympathizing heart of some fellow creature to strengthen him in the despondency which frequently overtakes him. If he must fight against public opinion, his progress will be slow and his success uncertain; but, when the world is enlisted on his side, success smiles triumphantly upon him, and, with sweeping strides he soon reaches the desired goal.

In the profession of teaching, one of the first things to be done is to secure the cooperation of the parents. When parents are opposed to the teacher, it is hard to arrive at any good results with the children; for most of the teacher's labor is spent in trying to counteract the teaching of the parents, and there is not much time left for progress in the studies. When both parent and teacher unite in educating a child, it is evident that success will crown their efforts.

Co-operation in the home is one of the means of promoting the greatest happiness. Each member of the family tries to make it pleasant for the others, and thus co-operating, the happiness of all is the result. And so it should be in society. It should be like a large, well regulated family, no disputes and arguments that cause so much ill-feeling; all peace and goodness.

If each person acted without reference to anyone but himself, what a confusion there would be. There would be no laws, no government; all the world would be a chaos.

The nation would become much more powerful if the people would co-operate in trying to do that which is most productive of good to the country. Most of the civil troubles of a nation are due to the want of this spirit of co-operation among the people. "United we stand, divided we fall," is a very familiar quotation from one of America's patriots. If it is true of our Union, it is equally true in any other instance where people are united in any enterprise.

Nature shows the result of the co-operation of her forces. Sometimes she seems quite contradictory, but if one will watch and wait for the result, he will usually find that all is working together in perfect harmony.
THE NORMAL INDEX. 81

Sometimes in the colder climates, when autumn is there in all her glory, the trees are gorgeous in red and gold, autumn flowers are blooming among the dry grass, and perhaps some fruit, lingering on the tree, is slowly ripening in the sun. There comes a night when the flowers close their petals and fall asleep dreaming of the morrow, but their eyes will never open to morning light; for in the darkness comes the great “Frost King,” with his ice and snow. The flowers drop and die beneath his cruel blow; the trees become clothed in pure white snow, and the fruit, ripening so leisurely in the autumn sun, is frozen.

“Ah!” you would say: “Are not nature’s ways conflicting? After nurturing the fruit and flowers so long, they are ruthlessly destroyed.”

But the wisdom of God is far greater than that of man. The snow is needed to moisten the earth, and without moisture there would be no trees and no flowers. So you see that Nature’s agents are in cooperation, even though apparently interfering with each other’s duties.

M. BRAVAX.

SPARKS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

Why is the letter “E” like London?
It is the capital of England.

Teacher.—“Oh! I beg your pardon Miss B.”
Miss B.—“Certainly! Certainly!”

A tramp, when arrested, gave his residence as “all over.”

A little boy, on seeing a bright star near the moon, exclaimed: “Oh, papa, the moon has laid an egg.”

Since General Butler distinguished himself at New Orleans, he has been a bitter opponent of silver.—Vendela Delta.

The drawing class have improved in spelling. Instead of “quatrefoil” they have “cat foil,” for “angle,” “angel.”

How many reasons can you give that the fly belongs to the class Insecta?
One. It belongs to no other.
A little girl was seated opposite a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing for some time at him she exclaimed: “My kitty has smokers, too.”

A lady wanted to buy a half ticket for her boy on the plea that he was blind in one eye, and it would take him twice as long to see the performance.

Speaking of Shakespeare’s hard death, one of the boys in the Literature class said that he died so hard he had to draw his last breath on earth with a corkscrew.

Grocer: “Half a pound of tea! Will you take black or green?”
Servant: “Sure, ather will do. Its for an old woman that’s nearly blind.”—Chicago Times.

Little Bess to a gentleman caller: “You ain’t black are you, Mr. M.—I’?”
Mr. M.: “Black, child! Why, no, I should hope not. What made you think I was?”
Bess: “O, nothin’, ’cept pa said you was so awful niggarly.

“Pa, I’m not going to learn any more geography lessons.”
“Why, have you been excused from them?”
“No, but—”
“I suppose your teacher has got tired of such a pupil.”

“Teacher, nothing. I’m the one that’s tired. I read in the paper the geography of over half the globe would be changed by future explorations, and I am going to get it straight before I put in so much hard work.”—Normal Adventist Messenger.
WAS JULIUS CAESAR A TRUE FRIEND TO ROME?

One of the grandest men known to history is that grand old Roman, Caesar, that subtle politician and brilliant scholar, that most renowned of Roman warriors, remarkable for his indomitable spirit and for his original tactics, but not less noted as an orator and statesman, that was of whom Shakespeare says:

"His life was brave, and the elements
So next to him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man."

He was of that sturdy, inflexible material of which warriors are made. When he determined upon a course, he pursued it faithfully, and knew no such word as fail.

Let us follow him as he ascends the hill of fame and see for what he is climbing. Is he gaining the toponest rock to get a view of the state of affairs with the intention of directing the course of his people towards freedom and prosperity? Or is he scrambling up, treading recklessly on his friends, and straining every nerve to gain a footing where he can write his name above all competition? As we read his life, the thought is continually forced upon us that he was striving after all the glory that the people were able to bestow upon an individual.

We next inquire about his integrity. Was he true to his country while struggling for its honors? Was he a friend to the Romans while they were almost immorally him! If not, to whom was he a friend? To those whose cause he tried to advance, you answer. If he was working for his people, he was their friend; if for himself, he was a friend to himself.

Let us not be hasty to call him selfish, who led his people on from victory to victory, and who used his genius and forethought in influencing the future course of history.

Suppose that he did not sacrifice all things else to ambition, and that Caius Julius was not the only one to whom he was a true friend; then let us prove that he was a true friend to any other party.

Could we not expect him to be faithful to his first wife—that beautiful little heiress? If he would sacrifice her to his ambition, what would he not do? Yet he divorced her in order to marry the daughter of Morsus and thus connect himself with the popular political party. We cannot call him true to his wives even, when he married them for policy.

Because he used a little stratagem in gaining public office, he was not necessarily mean and selfish, for that only put him in a position to use his influence for the good of the nation. While in these offices he used every means to please the multitude, by spreading bountiful feasts, distributing money to the poor, and by instituting many forms of amusement for their pleasure, but to what end! He had an ox to grind and wanted them to turn the crank.

In expelling Cassius and Pompey it would at first seem that he did a commendable act, but he did it only to unite them with himself. He left Cassius no opportunity for advancement, although the tenor was toward the mutual demise, and he afterwards hunted Pompey to his death. We are led to think that this union was only another scheme of his to forward his own cause; yet, to strengthen this alliance, he married Calpurnia and gave his daughter to Pompey.

Follow him if you will through Gaul, as well as through Egypt, Africa, and Spain, and inquire why he took those eight hundred cities, conquered three hundred nations, fought battles with three million men, captured a third of that number, and left another third bleeding upon the field; then tell us if this was for any good which it would do the Romans, or was it only to gain that honor which is due a great conqueror.

Upon returning, at last, in peace to Rome, he held grand triumphs to impress upon the people what great things Caesar had done, and what the Roman army had accomplished.

If we have not yet found an instance in which Caesar was a friend to Rome, the reason may be that he was too actively engaged in war to work for his country's interests as he would have liked to, so let us observe him after his return, while he sits at the head of the government as a sovereign, and we may be able to judge better of his motives.

So sooner is he secure in his place than he sets his engineers at work constructing roadways and waterways, and making other improvements in and about Rome. He also reforms the Senate, making it more representative of the people. But all such work as this should be expected, for it was no more than his duty. He reconstructed the calendar, encouraged the arts and sciences, and did to-day what good deeds, but "he was ambitious." It was ambition that prompted him not to be the "second man in Rome." It was this ambition by which he succeeded in being appointed Dictator for life, and which caused him to try on the crown, in both cases offending against the laws of the country.

This rewarding course could be checked only by the daggers of his conspirators, and at last he found that "the path of glory led but to the grave." M. A. G.

Mrs. C. H. Beets (Florence Bough, Xmas '84) is teaching in the primary department of the public school at Puyiti. She has held the position nearly two years.

Miss Alton M. Felker, May '85, is teaching her second term of school in the Gloria district, near Gonzales, Monterey county.
THE NORMAL INDEX.

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