

The Normal Index.

Vol. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MAY 1888.

No. 9.



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VOL III

MAY, 1888.

NO. 9.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by dangers many
Brothers ever let us be.
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate befalls us,
Brethren of the hazard are we.

Comrades known by fate the clearest
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound are we by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be.
And if spared and growing older
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,
Clinson, whiz, and sturty banner,
By baptism of the banner,
Children of one Church are we.
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Still, whatever fate befalls us,
Children of the flag are we!

DONNA SANCHEZ.

In the springtime of 1847, many families in the city of Mexico looked longingly toward their native land across the water. Among them was a family consisting of Juan Sanchez, his wife, Carlotta, and two children, Carlos and Inez. Carlotta belonged to a noble Spanish family, but she had left her home in the beautiful Land of Olives to accompany her young husband to the strange land, about which so many golden stories had been told. They had spent fifteen years in this western land, and, though he did not find the streets paved with gold, Juan had by means of thrift and industry accumulated enough wealth to realize the dreams of returning to Seville a rich man.

Many were the pictures which Carlotta's happy fancy painted for Carlos, a lad of twelve summers, with a face like Guido's Italian boy. Inez was a large-eyed, solemn-faced little creature, always

puzzling her mother with questions that a philosopher could not answer.

There were no railroads in those days, and people traveled by means of a carreta, a cart-like vehicle, with two large wheels cut from a round log, and a top covered by cloth to protect the riders from sun and rain. This odd looking vehicle was drawn by a yoke of oxen, who were urged on by a goad.

Early one March morning Juan and his family, with all their belongings and provisions enough to last during the two months' journey, set forth for the distant port of Vera Cruz, where they were to take ship for Barcelona. For days they traveled through the wild country, seeing no sign of human life; through mountain gorges, where, perchance, their path lay along a limpid stream on which fell the black shadows of rugged cliffs that loomed up toward the cloudless sky. Now and then they passed through a village, where every tongue was repeating exaggerated stories of the approaching American troops which had but lately landed at Vera Cruz. Many a Mexican curse fell on the invaders, as, with set teeth and clenched hands, they repeated the flying rumors of lands seized, cattle slaughtered, and women and children hiding among the rocks and canons; while the hand of every listener grasped the deadly weapon in his belt.

Juan looked with growing apprehension on these signs of hostility, and only shook his head when Carlotta questioned him about them.

One gloomy day little Inez refused to join her brother in his play, and lay quietly in her mother's arms; she had taken one of the malignant fevers which are Mexico's curse. One sultry night, when the moon shone like a copper disc in the sky, she died. They laid her in a lonely spot and placed a slab-like stone over it, on which Juan carved in rude letters,

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Atlantic Quarterly Journal.

Reprinted in Part.

While Carlotta stood by and prayed fervently for the soul of the little one that no padre had shrived, Carlos covered the grave with brilliant flowers; the delicate instinct of the child knew best how to comfort the heart-broken mother.

A weary month had passed; and Carlotta was cheered with the hope of soon seeing the ocean that should bear them away from the land that had grown so terrible to her. Carlos looked wise when they told him that beyond the mountains lay the blue sea; he reddened with anger as his father repeated some talk of the hated Americans, to whose troops they were daily approaching nearer.

One day a company of Mexicans rode past the little family. On questioning them Juan learned that they were hastening to a wild pass where the Mexicans under Santa Ana were mustering to meet the advancing enemy. Juan listened intently, while his eyes sparkled as the Mexicans told their plan of hiding in the pass through which the enemy must come. Though the Americans outnumbered the Mexicans, the latter had every advantage of position and felt sure of success.

Juan looked longingly at the horsemen. Carlotta saw the look and trembled.

"If I could only put a bullet through the heart of one of these robbers," said he.

"Why not," said one of the company, "hide the woman and child in a place of safety and turn back with us?"

Juan looked to Carlotta, who, prompted by all the fire of a fierce nature, bade him join the others in helping to rid the land of the thieving strangers. The men directed him to a place near by where the mother and child would be safely sheltered, and with a kiss to Carlotta and a parting admonition to Carlos to obey his mother, Juan rode away.

Carlos drank in every word of the conversation, and as his father disappeared he broke forth in childish rage, "Mother! why can I not fight? See, I am strong!" and he doubled up his puny arm and struck his heaving breast; "and I hate them, the wicked strangers!"

The mother could but admire the spirit of the boy as he stood there in the fair sunshine so defiant; his head tossed back, his eyes flashing, and his nostrils dilated; but she bade him join her in a prayer to the saints for his father's safety. Alas! Carlos was in no mood for praying, and the clatter of approaching horses only deepened his excitement.

"Let me look at them," he pleaded.

"No, no! they might murder you," she replied.

"Let me climb that tree; its leaves will hide me. Oh, mother! I must go!"

Before she could answer he had dashed off toward the tree, and in an instant was among its branches.

"Juan, Carlos, Inez, have you all forsaken me?" she cried.

Just then the dreaded troops, marching in regular lines to the rolling of drums, came in sight, and the trembling woman concealed herself behind a rock. Suddenly a curious creaking sound, a thud! Springing from her hiding place she saw a group of soldiers gathered about something of interest, and forgetting everything in her anxiety, she ran toward them. They separated and she saw Carlos, bruised and breathless, in the arms of an officer. Like a tigress she sprang forward, crying, "You shall not have him! he is mine—my beautiful boy."

The surgeon who had come up put her aside while he made an examination. His bearded face wore a troubled look and his eyes grew tender when he discovered the dark spot on the left temple. Her mother's heart caught the significance of the look, and pressing her hands to her head she bent an agonized look on the dead child. "Who did this? Who killed my boy? His cheek that is white as a snow drop now was red as new wine before you came to draw it. Juan will pay you for this!"

"Where is this Juan she raves about?" said the commander, who was none other than General Scott.

"He is there," she said, pointing in the direction from which the Americans had just come, "with hundreds of brave Mexicans who will revenge my Carlos."

Poor Carlotta! In her eagerness to hasten the enemy to their ruin she had outstripped herself.

"You are lying," said the General; "every path has been watched so far, and your Mexicans are not the men to willingly face an open encounter."

The stalwart General looked very determined as he turned to his aid and said, "It is as I feared. The Mexicans are intrenched at Cerro Gordo. We must prepare to meet them as they deserve."

The men fell into line and at the word of command marched on, leaving Carlotta Sanchez alone with her dead. Scouts were sent ahead to reconnoiter, and in the course of half an hour returned with the tidings that the desperate Mexicans were lying in wait for the Americans. In a moment the General had formed his plan of action. A detachment was sent out to test the strength of the enemy. It meant almost certain death for these few. Silently they advanced, every man thinking of the distant home he might see no more. Just so the unnatural stillness that precedes the thun-

der burst. A thick smoke, an echoing report of a hundred muskets, a whistling of balls as if a blizzard were let loose. The hearts that were heavy a moment before were buoyed up by that strange excitement which comes to men on the battle field; but when the smoke cleared every American was either dead or wounded. The Mexican force advanced to complete their bloody work. But see, yonder is a cloud of dust. Watching, they are a body of troops outnumbering their own by five to one, advancing with drums beating and colors flying.

Juan has only time to send up a prayer for his wife and child when the mad frenzy of the fight overtakes him and his self-consciousness is gone.

The Americans made quick work of subduing the enemy, who, finding themselves surrounded, surrender, while Santa Ana with his reserve troops retreats to Jalapa.

"Who is the man," said one American, more curious than the rest, "that left a woman and a child on the road below?"

"Juan Sanchez," said a Mexican sullenly; "that is he lying quietly there."

"Poor woman," said the General, "we have been very hard on her."

He appointed some of his staff to return the body to the wife. * * * * * As they approached the spot where Carlotta broods over her Carlos, she looks up. Seeing their burden she comes forward with outstretched hands, saying, "You are kind—you have brought Juan back. Juan and Carlos seem very tired. They shall rest here, and I shall watch them. Ah, me! I too am weary."

With a little sobbing sigh she sinks on the grass beside them, while overhead a lonely dove mourns for its absent mate, and a butterfly wings its upward flight. S. C. R.

AT YOSEMITE.

Amid many kind and cheering words, mingled with tender regrets; many encouragements, mingled with many entreaties to take care of ourselves, and to keep off draughts and damps while sleeping in the open air, a party of five, including two Eastern people and myself, started for the Yosemite.

On the twenty-first day of June, after eight days' hard travel from Modesto, we galloped out of the forests, dismounted, stood upon the rocky precipice of Inspiration Point, and looked down on Yosemite as one from the top of the Court House into the Santa Clara Valley. In the dis-

tance were snow-streaked mountains, right under us was the narrow, winding basin of meadow, grove, and shining river, shut in by granite walls, so steep that an expert cragsman can climb out of the valley at only three or four points.

Flinging a pebble from the rock upon which we stood and looking over the brink, I saw it fall more than half a mile before striking. Turning toward the upper end of the valley, I beheld a half dome of rock about one mile high, and on its summit a solitary, gigantic cedar looking like the merest twig.

After riding for two hours down among sharp rocks and dizzy zig-zags, where we ladies found it difficult to keep our saddles and narrowly escaped being pitched over our horses' heads, we at last were in the valley.

The rock mountains are the great features; indeed, they are Yosemite. The nine granite walls are the most striking examples of the masonry of nature. Their dimensions are so vast that I can hardly describe them. One might as well be told of a wall, upright like the sides of a house for ten thousand miles, as for two-thirds of one mile. When we speak of a giant twenty-five feet high it conveys some definite impression; but to tell of one three thousand feet high would only bewilder.

El Capitan is grandest of all. No tuft of beard shades or fringes its closely shaven face. No tenacious vine can ever fasten its tendrils to climb that smooth, seamless, stupendous wall. There it will stand in all its grandeur until the elements melt with fervent heat.

Yet Yosemite is the loftiest waterfall in the world. Think of a cataract or cascade of half a mile with only a single break. It must be sixteen times higher than Niagara. We did not climb to the rapids and the foot of the Upper Fall; that is difficult and exhausting. Nor did we go to the extreme summit, but we spent most of our time at the base of the Lower Fall, shut in by towering walls of dark granite.

Much of the water turns to mist before reaching the bottom; yet looking up from under it the volume seems great. Six hundred feet above, it rushes over the brink and comes down in a slender column, swayed to and fro by the wind like a long strand of lace. For three hundred feet the descent is unruddled; then striking a broad, inclining rock like the roof of a house, the water spreads over it a thin, shining, transparent apron fringed with delicate gauze, and glides swiftly to the bottom. By moonlight the whole looks like a long white ribbon.

Vernal Fall is the full swelling torrent of the Merced. Rainbows of dazzling brightness shine

at its base. In the afternoon sun, I stood upon a rock near the base of the fall. There were two brilliant rainbows of the usual form, the crescent, the bow proper. But while I looked the two horns of the inner or lower crescent suddenly lengthened, extending on each side to my feet, an entire circle, perfect as a finger ring. Very soon it passed away, shrinking to the first dimensions. A few minutes later it formed again, but as suddenly disappeared. I never looked upon any other scene in nature so beautiful.

Climbing a high rock wall by crazy wooden ladders we continued up the canon to Nevada Fall. In summer when Bridal Veil and Yosemite dwarf, Nevada Fall is always as white as a snow drift in the Sierras.

These names are peculiarly fitting. The Bridal Veil indeed looks like a veil of lace.

The Yosemite is height; the Vernal is volume; the Bridal Veil is softness; but I think the Nevada is height, volume and softness combined.

On our way home, while we were talking about our pleasant visit, our Eastern companions agreed with us that their scenery was by no means half so grand as ours. And it is so. Unless the unexplored Himalayas hide some rival, there is no spot, the wide world over, of such varied beauty.

ROSE S. VOOR.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Editor of Index:—In the pages of your paper, give me space to tell you an adventure I had in Washington hall-room. I am a stranger in this country, being a native of China. I am the son of Whang Lo, an uncle of the present emperor. When I was quite young, my father placed me under an American tutor, so that I received a good English education.

It was from my tutor that I heard of the pleasant social customs of America, and I longed to come and enjoy them myself. So last winter found me in Washington. While there, I received an invitation to a ball given by one of the leading society ladies of the city. I accepted the invitation. In my country we do not have dancing and therefore everything would be new to me.

When I entered the ball room I was amazed at the scene before me. The parlors were beautifully decorated and were filled with ladies and gentlemen. Many of the ladies would have been beautiful if their eyes had been more oblique, and they had had the beautiful olive complexion of the lovely Yum Hi. But their dress puzzled me. As I am a judge of such matters, I knew the silk was good,

but the ladies did not have enough to finish their dresses, so they left them without sleeves. Their feet showed that they were naturally barbarous; perhaps it is because I am a Chinaman, that I did not understand it, for in my country the ladies have sleeves in their dresses.

Hardly had I recovered from my first surprise, when I was again startled. Some musicians began to play on some strange instruments, while a man stood before them and threatened to beat them with a stick when they went too slow. The ladies and gentlemen then began moving about the room in a queer manner. They took each other's hands and walked across the room, but they seemed to have forgotten something and went back. Sometimes they went forward, then backward, then around and around, two-by-two, in a circle. Then they stopped—to rest I suppose—I am sure they seemed to need it. Soon the music began again; it grew faster and faster. The ladies and gentlemen all got up again. A gentleman would go up to a lady and take her hand, and in a moment they would be flying around and around the room, as fast as they could go. I am sure I never saw such actions before. There were hundreds of couples whirling around and around, up and down the long hall. I was much surprised to see ladies acting in so undignified a manner. But then, I was not in China—this was America, to be sure. Although I had been astonished at everything in general, there was one thing that shocked me. It was this—the gentlemen put their arms around the young ladies when they whirled around over the floor. I thought it a queer custom, but as I had sat quietly looking on all the evening, I thought it time to take my place with the rest; so I approached a young lady standing alone by a window, politely placed my arm around her, and started to cross the room with her. But she screamed, and a gentleman rushed at me, took me by the arm, and led me to the door. It all happened so quickly that before I had recovered myself, he pushed me out of the house, with the direction that if I did not go off quietly I should be locked up.

I am sorry I offended the young lady; I really had no intentions of doing so. I simply followed the example of the American gentlemen.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you, or any of the readers of the *Index* will show me in what way I did wrong, you will do me a great favor. In the meantime, I think I have seen enough of an American ball room. Chinamen are not cordially received, so the next time I receive an invitation to a ball I shall decline.

FUN SEE.

THE NAVY YARD.

A person wishing to visit the U. S. Navy Yard, situated at Mare Island, could most conveniently do so by leaving Vallejo on the steamer Ellen, or, if he belongs to the aristocracy, on one of the government launches. On leaving Vallejo, if he remains on the deck of the vessel, his attention will probably first be attracted by some half a dozen forsaken looking old hulks in the northern part of the bay. These old vessels have been condemned or put out of commission by the government authorities and constitute what is known as the "Rotten Row." Among the most noticeable ones are the Monitor, which was built in New York and sent out to San Francisco in pieces during the Civil War to defend that harbor; and the Hartford, which was Admiral Farragut's flag-ship during that same war. The Hartford, you remember, was used by the Unionists in the capture of New Orleans.

Though it is true that to repair the Hartford it would cost but little less than it would cost to construct a new vessel, yet, considering how valuable she has been to the nation, it seems a shame to allow her to end her days in "Rotten Row." The Appropriation Committee of Congress delated for a long time whether or not the vessel should be repaired, until finally a bill was passed allowing the required sum to be appropriated.

To the right of the Yard Landing is the new "Monadnock," which was built mostly on Vallejo shore. The building of this vessel has occupied about fifteen years, and now, though not yet completed, it is said to be almost worthless as a man-of-war. To the left of the Landing is the Receiving Ship Independence, where the sailors who are not needed on other vessels live until positions are found for them. It is from this vessel that the "9 o'clock gun" is fired as a signal for all lights to be extinguished and for all sailors and mariners to be in their bunks. After this time the sentries' "All's Well" may be heard, and woe to the straggler who cannot give the counter-sign, for a night in the dungeon is sure to be his fate.

Facing the Landing are the large brick workshops. In one of these, over the door of which is the sign "Clothing and Provisions," are kept barrels upon barrels of the "hard tack" or sea biscuit, and "salt horse," so necessary on board ship.

The spaces between the shops are filled with old anchors, boilers, conical piles of cannon balls, large guns and cannon, "knees" of old "men-of-war," and two guns from the Kearsarge, the ship that sunk the Alabama.

Back of these large work shops is another, though much smaller one, called the stone shed. This place is quite interesting, for here the stones which line the great Dry Dock, the largest in the United States, were dressed. The dock looks like a great pit with a flood gate. By the action of pumps the flood gate or caisson is caused to sink, while the vessel to be repaired is floated in; then the water is pumped out of the caisson, which rises to shut in the vessel. The pumps now empty the dock, thus leaving the vessel in a dry basin. After the vessel has been repaired the caisson sinks, thus filling the dock; after this the vessel is floated out, the caisson is emptied and rises, and the dock is pumped dry.

To an observer the island presents quite a lively appearance. At times, the playing of the Independence Band in the Park, the foot-foots of the whistles of the steam launches, the ferry-boat "Ellen," the tug "Monterey," and the freight boat "Modoc," the half-hourly ringing of the yard-bells; the click, click, of the stone-cutters' chisels; the buzz of the saw mills and the ringing of the anvils, almost deafens one.

Passing down the cement walk through the Park to the Officers' Quarters, the oxen teams drawing their heavy burdens attract the visitor's attention; and the cannon and cannon balls, and the sentinel in front of the Commandant's house, would lead one to infer that trouble was apprehended.

At the south end of the island are the barracks, in front of which the Marine Corps is drilled; the Hospital, almost hidden by shrubs and trees; the Magazine, where all military stores are kept; and the Light House, which guides the mariner through the rough Carquinez Straits. L. J. J.

A DREAM.

One day while in the laboratory, I was startled by this remark of our genial Professor's, "On Monday, please come prepared to die." Though I had often imagined my last hour at hand, when called upon to draw my conclusions from an experiment in chemistry, never before had I imagined that the Professor had blood-thirsty intentions regarding us. I went home that evening with my mind filled with the most direful forebodings. Seeking a quiet corner, I sat down to think the matter over, and to decide upon some course of action. Suddenly I felt myself falling. Before I could get my breath, I was standing on the deck of a vessel, sailing out through the far-famed Golden Gate.

Looking about me, I saw many familiar faces;

in fact I soon discovered that not one of these enlisted under the banner of dear old Senior B was missing. From the longest to the shortest, the fattest to the thinnest, the list was complete. Instantly I thought: Monday has come and gone, we are dead, and now we are starting on that unknown voyage. I was a little surprised at the direction we were taking, but as every one else seemed satisfied I thought there was no need of worry. Our life on shipboard seemed strange; but we soon became accustomed to it, and floated on over the dark blue waters, lazy and almost happy.

I will not tell you what we did; suffice it to say that for ones in our lives we had absolutely no work to do. Do you know, we grew tired of this; and I am ashamed to tell it, but we organized a debating society to finish some of the arguments of school life. We were quiet about it too. Even if we could have been heard, no one would have taken us for a party of escaped lunatics, like some debating societies I have heard.

Many weeks had elapsed, when one evening a huge black cloud loomed up in the west, at first edged with a silvery hue, but soon changing to an angry gray, overshadowing the heavens with a black pall, while the crash of nature's artillery added to our terror. The passengers were ordered below, and the hatches were fastened down.

Crouching there in fear, we awaited our doom. Near midnight, we were thrown from our seats by a heavy shock. The boys seized axes, hatchets, anything they could find and cut through the deck. We rushed on deck to find a scene of the wildest confusion. The vessel had struck an unknown rock and was churning up and down. The water was rushing over the deck, the darkness almost smothered us, and above the roar of the storm we could hear the shrieks and prayers of agonized Senior B's boys and girls. Reader, have you ever witnessed a war of the elements, seen the clouds, as they swept together, throw their spears of jagged lightning, heard the clashing of their mighty shields? If so, you can appreciate our situation. I can never forget that terrible time nor how grateful we were when the long night wore away, and by the faint light of dawn we saw an island close at hand. We still had one of the ship's boats, and were enabled to push through the blinding billows and reach the shore. Exhausted, we sank into a deep sleep. On awakening, we found the tide had receded and our vessel lay in still water. At roll-call a hearty "here" responded to every name.

A plan of work was soon arranged. The sailors, under the able supervision of the Captain, went

to carrying in the ship's stores, while the boys and girls were making a temporary shelter out of the snails and spars. In a few days, nothing remained of our gallant ship but the bare timbers. With so large a party our provisions were rapidly diminishing. A band of goats were grazing in the distance and foraging parties were sent out, which returned in the evening loaded with bananas, coconuts, bread-fruit and a number of half-grown kids. No human being had been seen, so we came to the conclusion that the island was uninhabited. The fact that no large timber was to be seen, gave evidence that the island was swept by hurricanes. Winter was approaching and we saw the necessity of erecting a refuge.

Now was the time to practically apply some of the knowledge we had tried to store away while in the laboratory.

A bed of limestone lay under our feet, and on the opposite side of the island was plenty of white clay. While one division were building an egg-shaped kiln in which to "burn" the limestone, another part took sand and clay mixed them with water, molded into shape dried and "burned" the material, turning out good quality of white bricks. By the time the lime was ready, the bricks were finished. Mixing one part of lime to four parts of sand into a thin paste we had our mortar. With so many willing hands, but a short time elapsed before our house was erected, some goats' hair mixed with mortar prepared our plaster, to which we gave a hard finish by the aid of slacked lime and plaster of Paris, thinned to a milky consistency. The plaster of Paris we obtained by heating gypsum, until the water of crystallization was driven off, and then powdering. The wood work was of ebony. Now the house was complete except for windows. But here a difficulty arose. No one could remember the ingredients of glass, and work ceased. One day when we were sitting in a disconsolate row on the sand, a small speck was seen floating upon the waters. This speck, as though impelled by an unseen hand, came sailing into harbor. The president rushed forward, seized and opened the package, waved it aloft and cried, "We are saved."

It was a note-book. Now we remembered that lime, white sand and sal-soda fused were what we needed to produce glass. The evening before the housewarming to our well merited rest, but we were awakened by the low rumbling roar of an earthquake. Our house had tumbled into ruins. In the horror of the moment, I awoke, and found myself sitting in a most uncomfortable position, while all of our past labor was but a dream.

A. L. P.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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IT is a natural thing, in these degenerate days of books and schools, to consider that everything has been said that is worth saying, so what is the use of trying to say anything new? At least this appears to be the opinion of some of our students, who spend hours in the library preparing an elaborate compilation of others' thoughts, which they call an essay, not realizing that in such an attempt one idea of their own is worth a hundred borrowed ones. It is the original man who succeeds everywhere. No one cares for old dinners re-hashed and served up cold. In essay work choose a subject which gives room for some opinions and observations of one's own, instead of trawling to books. If we could away with all books and begin to furnish the world with a new literature, what a race of thinkers would spring up! Although we cannot do this, we can make the most of what originality is left us, and not pillage the library of its thoughts to supply empty heads.

THERE are many things for us, as prospective teachers, to consider pertaining to the general subject of education. We stand as the guardians of a great and sacred truth; we are to go out on the highways and byways of the State, identifying ourselves with the great and important work of educating the youth of our land to a sense of a higher intellectual and moral attainment. As students it is our duty to thoroughly familiarize ourselves with the implements of intellectual advancement; as teachers we must thoroughly acquaint ourselves with the physical and intellectual nature of the being we are to teach. Not only should we understand the child's physi-

cal nature, its laws and requirements, but also the laws of the mind, that complicated and mysterious something in its "plastic formation and growing stages." It is with this latter that the teacher's work is most closely related. Many have failed because they did not know the natural order of education. Thoughtful Nature has wisely arranged this order, and as conscientious teachers it is our duty to search for the hidden path along which the immature mind must be guided in order to receive a healthy, vigorous development. L. A.

NOW that the Spring season is well advanced, and the country around San Jose is looking its fairest, is it not time for the various classes to be making preparations for picnics? Considering the local advantages, it is surprising that so manifest an apathy towards class picnics is displayed by our students, the Middle A class being the only one that has displayed any class spirit. Saratoga, Steven's Creek, Alum Rock, Smith's Creek, Blackberry Farm, and New Almaden are fine picnicking resorts. Do you require proof of the stimulus to study that is gained from a day in the open air? If you wish, devote part of the day to geologizing, geologizing or botanizing, but by all means picnic. When entered into in the right spirit, picnics afford an excellent means for strengthening the friendly feelings that should prevail among classes. Pleasures in our school course are too rare for any class to allow this term to pass without at least one red-letter day. Few other pleasures can be obtained at so trifling a cost. Members of classes when spoken to on this subject plead the well known excuse of, "essays to write," or "drawings to finish." But if less time were spent in idle talk in the Normal halls after school hours; if the half hour before criticism on each Wednesday afternoon were utilized by the Senior A's; if study meant what it should mean, not five minutes study and twenty minutes dawdling, idle talk upon per cents, fashions and baseball, more opportunities for recreation would be gained. If each pupil would exert his influence in behalf of the picnic movement, we should see fewer pale faces, and hear less complaining of tired eyes, and head aches and back aches.

Life at the Normal should not be weary drudgery, breaking down the health of its members. We are in duty bound to our prospective pupils, to take to our chosen work strong bodies and vigorous minds. A good workman keeps his tools in perfect condition, and in no better way can we keep those valuable tools—the mind and the body, in repair than by dispatching our work and spending as much time as possible in needed recreation.

HOW POTTERY IS MADE.

Pottery is one of the oldest arts of mankind. It is said that if its history could be written, it would be as old as the history of man. Rude forms of pottery constitute a great and valuable part of the relics left of men of prehistoric ages. The pottery of Egypt is neat in order of antiquity; pieces have been dug from the mud of the Nile, bearing the names of rulers who reigned 4000 years before Christ. Rude pictures of the process of manufacturing pottery are found on many of the old Egyptian monuments; the Assyrians, Phoenicians, Romans, Greeks, and many other ancient people also practiced the art, and left many interesting relics.

Pottery is of high importance as an historic art; it illustrates the taste, education and comparative civilization of those who made it, for the ruder the ware and its ornamentation, the lower the degree of civilization and the less refined the taste of the people. On the other hand, the more perfect the form and artistic the ornamentation, the higher the culture. The inhabitants of ancient Babylon and Nineveh recorded historical events and even the little transactions of their daily lives on clay tablets. They impressed their coneiform characters on the moist clay, and then the pieces were baked, thus making of the most imperishable of records. By means of these records men of later days have gained valuable information of these and other ancient races.

All the pottery of prehistoric times is hand-made, and some of it shows great skill. The potter's wheel came into use later in the history of the art. The clay was mixed with sand by kneading it with the hands, or tramping with the feet. The process of manufacturing pottery was very imperfect, but as the world grew older, modifications and improvements were made, until the present mode was adopted.

It is an account of two important qualities of clay that the art has been so universal. These qualities are its plasticity when wet, which makes it possible to mold it in any desired shape, and its firmness and hardness after baking, which gives it great durability. Its plasticity depends upon its formation. The fat or long clays, which are spongy, are plastic and shrink greatly when heated, an account of the amount of water they contain. The lean or short clays contain a great deal of free silica, and hence do not shrink. They are harder to mould, however. Clays are also either refractory or fusible. The first are *porcel*, and from them is made fine porcelain; the last are used in making common pottery.

The process of manufacture is essentially the same for porcelain as for pottery. In making common pottery, the clay which is more or less impure from the presence of lime and oxides of iron, is ground and then mixed with sand and water in large vats until it is of a thin, pulpy consistency. The clay is then pumped from the vats and dried. The drying may be done by simple exposure to the air, but when this is impracticable it is dried on layers of gypsum or "burnt" lime, or by pressure in a screw or lever press. But even then it still contains some water and bubbles of air. It must be worked into a perfectly homogeneous mass, or else in baking, it will crack on account of unequal expansion. The kneading also serves to make it more plastic. The clay is then ready to be molded. All except the ruder and more primitive forms are molded or thrown on the potter's wheel. The beauty of this process is often alluded to in ancient poetry. Homer compared the rhythmic measure of the dance to the regular spin of the potter's wheel. One of the "sweet singers" of our own day has

made the potter and his wheel the subject of a beautiful poem. He speaks of

"Wondering more and more to see
That shapless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey."

When the ware has been molded, whether by hand, the wheel, or in plaster of Paris molds, it is thoroughly air-dried and then glazed. This is most commonly done by immersing the articles in a bath of the glaze which has been mixed to the consistency of cream, and then setting them away to dry. Glazing may also be done by dusting the article with lead glaze, by pouring the glaze on the surface of the articles, or by substituting it in an alkaline compound in the furnace where the articles are "burned." In all cases, the glazed ware is air-dried and put into the baking furnace. The glaze is evenly fused over the surface, and, by reaction with the clay, forms a glassy coating. In the process of baking, the pottery is subjected to intense heat, sometimes as high as 3000 or 4000 degrees. It remains in the furnace four or five days to bake, and must be left several days more to cool. After that the pieces that have baked successfully are ready for market. When common pottery is ornamented, the figures or flowers are molded by hand, because the plaster of Paris molds do not give enough sharpness of outline to the design.

The most essential difference between pottery and porcelain is that the former is glazed on the surface only, and is, therefore, opaque, while the latter is glassy throughout and consequently translucent. Porcelain is also harder, whiter and less fusible than common pottery. The clay used in making porcelain is rendered almost perfectly pure by washing it free of all foreign substances. The white color is retained on heating. To diminish the contraction that the clay undergoes in baking, it is necessary to mix with it fine white sand. This mixture when heated alone becomes porous, but a glass of finely powdered feldspar is added, and this, penetrating the pores of the ware, results in the formation of a beautiful, translucent porcelain. Porcelain ware is ornamented chiefly by painting and gilding. The pigments, mixed with a flux, are applied to the previously glazed surface, and again baked. One way of gilding is by applying with a pencil brush gold powder mixed with sugar or honey. Baking is resorted to, after which the gilded piece is burnished.

Midway between pottery and porcelain stands stoneware, familiar examples of which are dishes, and pickle and preserve jars. It is dense and opaque like common pottery, but differs from it in being made of pure clay, and hence it is less fusible. It is more fusible than porcelain, which it resembles in all of its physical characteristics except translucency. The purer grades of stoneware are often used as a substitute for porcelain, as they are so much more easily baked. A good example of unglazed stoneware is the Spanish "cooling vessel."

In the art of pottery, as in all other arts, there stand out names of men, the story of whose lives is inseparably connected with the story of the growth of the art. Such men are Larcia della Robbia, Bernhard Pallas, and Wedgwood. The accounts of their lives form an interesting part of the study of the manufacture of pottery.

L. W. J.

At a recent meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees a course of study was adopted which is still to be modified by the local board. It will appear in our next issue.

ALL SORTS.

May-day.

Indications of rain.

Goggles are all the fashion.

It cost her a dime to send them.

How, when and why, did who do what?

What is a favorite drink at a certain boarding house?

Coffee.

I wonder why Modelists talk on their tip-toes and walk in a whisper

What is the old-fashioned way of raising water melons?
By moon-light.

New publications—"The Rise and Fall of the Pampadour,"
edited by the Normal Boys.

The Senior A's are saved from being *Juniors* again, by
graduating the last day of May.

Ask the "Quintette" if P. P. L. A. T. stands for "Patience,
Peace, and Love Always Triumph."

If any one wishes to hear some fine essays, just stop into
room O, any day during the fourth hour.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.—A white linen cuff, No. 9. Please
return to Senior K's and receive reward.

Extract from a Junior spelling examination. "The man
thoroughly *mattered* his food." "He told many amusing
anecdotes."

In the Normal, we may truly say, that the very walls have
eyes. Some of the pupils cultivate their powers of observation
in the wrong direction.

When we move a muscle an action similar to that of ex-
ploding dynamite takes place. We are all bomb shells
therefore, *be wary!*

Why are many of the Normalites, like one just getting over
the effect of rough practical jokes? They are just recovering
from the *mis-elfs*.

Junior girls! Do not take the Senior B young ladies as
your criterion. Every one of them wore paint (black) on their
faces last week.

The observers of the Modelists find much pleasure in
watching their *fair-field*, strewn with many *Grac(ful)* flowers,
not one of which ever *Wills*.

A pupil coming out from one of the recitation rooms, was
heard to remark, "I am going to stick my head into an ash
kopper." Why? To get some of the *grease* out of it.

Frank E. Smith, has an elegant stock of gold and silver
waives, suitable for graduating souvenirs. Normalites
should not fail to look at them, and make their selection.

It is truly amusing to see the Senior B's, opening doors,
turning over papers, looking through books, and scratching
their heads in vain endeavor to catch a poetical thought.

Junior girl, (soon to be promoted). "Miss Flake, do you
see that colored woman over there? Well, her parents are
White!" Astonished Easterner, (producing *near* book).
"Do tell, now! Effects of the climate?" Junior girl
(jubilantly) "Oh no! White only in name though."

The figurative language of the Senior B class would make
a Dr Quincey turn green with envy, while as to elegance,
Emerson might have profited by their productions. The
class will soon give Mark Twain some ideas.

Sacred to the Memory of the Senior B class who died in
Laboratory of the State Normal School, Friday, April 27, 1888.
Peace be to their ashes, and may their varnish stick.

REWARD.—I will pay ten Yankee Dimes to any person who
will give me information in regard to a certain bouquet which
came to my door one evening last week, without a tag, and
in the possession of a small boy.

Mr. Jones—"Miss Smith, you must remain off the streets
after the electric road is finished."

Miss Smith—"Now, Mr Jones, I am not so attractive as all
that."

Mr. Jones—"Oh no! They might mistake you for a
dummy!"

A very p(h)unny recitation in Physics. Professor—"Miss
Vale, see that the current is now read after the cell has been
in the liquid a *week*." Miss Y—"If *now* all see that you
weaken the current by leaving the cell a *week* so the liquid."
Professor—"Your *quandiment* should be *seven* for this un-
pardonable play a *few* words."

It has been a custom with the fair sex, each year, to count
one hundred white horses, chickens, or hats, the point being,
that the first young man with whom they shake hands, after
having counted the required number, is their charm. We
notice several of our bashful young men, (ye editor among
the rest), are the wearers of new white hats; as it is leap year,
we may suppose that each one is hoping he will be the
Hundredth Man.

Scene—Assembly Hall.

First young lady (kissing friend), "Good morning! You
sweet angel!"

Second young lady, "Oh you sweet seraphic darling!
You lump of refined sugar!" (shower of kisses) "How lovely
your bangs look!"

First young lady, "Do they, cunning? So do yours."
They walk away with arms around each other, kissing every
few steps.

Young Gentleman, (hauried from the East) "And this is
California's boasted Normal School!"

Did you ever see a young man trying to ride the bicycle for
the first time? If not, you should have happened along on
the corner of Ninth and San Carlos streets, one evening not
long ago. One of our Normal boys coming across an iron
horse standing untied, by a tree, took the opportunity of
displaying his horsemanship. He placed the bicycle up near
a fence and mounted, but the steed had advanced not more
than six feet when it became possessed of a sudden notion
to kick up, and the stalwart Normal took a header, landing on
his nose. Embarrassed? Oh, no! No one but his sisters
were looking. He mounted again, but the steed rolled over
on its side, carrying the rider with it. By this time the peals
of laughter from the young ladies, had called a half dozen or
more persons to look on and admire the wonderful skill and
grace of the unfortunate boy. Keeping the old maxim
"Time will bring its own reward. Try, try again," before
him, he repeated the act again and again, furnishing unlimited
amusement to the bystanders. He left a print of his coat
pinned to a tree, and a mould of himself on the sidewalk.

Algebra silliness. " x is equal to θ or to c . Will it be more skillful in elimination to θ or to c ? O, those horrid c 's of trouble! They c all my energies, and now me c it is impossible to θ c , though I did hope to c and θ .

SONG OF THE MODEL CLASS.

"Oh, those horrid Senior B's,
A'ways coming just to tease;
Assuming such an important air,
As they sit so laughingly there,
When we make a bad mistake,
Long and broad the smiles they make.
If they could but shake and shiver,
And have their lips quiver, quiver,
Oh, what joy to us 'would bring,
Happy then, the song we'd sing."

REVENGE IS SWEET.

Oh, well do I remember a night not long ago.
We asked two lovely maidens, if they'd consent to go,
When darkness spread its raven wing, and covered all the land
To a certain entertainment given by the Reed St. Band.
The smiling little damozels so willingly complied;
And back to our lodgings, with all due haste we hied.
Donned our pale blue satin neckties, and shiny broadcloth suits.
Plastered down our sunny locks; polished up our Sunday boots
Walked nice blocks, through dust and blackness only to find
Our pretty little best girls had quickly changed their mind.
They'd no heart for mirth or laughter, stifling mums and music loud,
But much preferred the starlight, to the pushing crowd.
Much preferred the moon-illumined path to any other walk;
Much preferred a "solemn stillness," and a confidential talk.
But oft times the fates decay, and some one sayeth nay.
So we deemed it most expedient to "happen on their way"
And we left the little maidens by the narrow garden gate.
Were to meet them clandestinely, when the town bell tolled out night.
Deep within our manly bosoms blazed the fire of discontent.
And the music of the "Reed St.," a strong incentive lent
To stir up deep complainings, 'gainst our undeserved fate.
And we vowed "we would get even," for our love had changed to hate,
So we left the little maidens, on the moon illumined path
While we smoked a sweet Havana to settle down our wrath,
The star looking down in silence, two daisy figures showed
Hurrying homeward through the darkness to the place of their abode.

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

THE NEW TEXT-BOOKS.

It will be settled soon, however, and will appear in our next issue. The three-term course, with but one admission and one graduation a year, has been adopted, with the following books:

LANGUAGE: State Series of Readers, Spellers and Grammars; Swinon's Word-Analysis; Chittenden's English Composition; Keillogg's Rhetoric; Shaw-Buckus English Literature.

MATHEMATICS: State Series Arithmetic; Wentworth's Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry; Child's Essentials of Book-keeping.

SCIENCE: Harper's Geography; Appleton's Physical Geography; Gage's Physics; Mead's Chemical Primer; State Series Physiology; Rattan's Botany and Gray's Lessons; LeComte's Compendium of Geology; Cotton's Zoology; Crosby's Common Rocks and Minerals in Mineralogy; Rolfe and Gillet's Astronomy.

MISCELLANEOUS: State Series History; Child's Typical Analysis on Civil Government; Pedagogy—Swift, for one work, the other, original with the faculty; Rosencrans in Psychology; Laughlin's Political Economy; Garin's Drawing; Payson and Dutton's Penmanship; Harkness' Latin.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

About a month ago a small number of our more enthusiastic students met in room L, and, acting upon the suggestion of Miss Washburn, organized a lawn tennis club with the following officers: President, J. J. Jary; Treasurer, Miss Martin; Secretary, Miss Fitzwater; Captain, Mr. Hoog.

Although few in numbers, the club is thoroughly organized and equipped, having bought a lawn tennis set and secured grounds on the lawn. As a few of the members have had some experience in the game, it will be but a short time before those who are new to the interesting pastime will have become efficient players. Under the management of Mr. Hoog, their captain, we hope to see the club grow in numbers and in enthusiasm. The gardener has kindly allowed the Club to lay out their grounds on the lawn, and were it not for their being exposed to the rays of a hot afternoon sun, we would say that they have indeed been fortunate in securing such good grounds.

Our students are sadly in need of exercise, and where it is possible for them to engage in this game, we should advise them to think twice before rejecting the invitations to become members. The club meets Saturday afternoon for its regular practice games, and usually after school on Friday, also. The club is organized for the benefit of the students of the Normal, and all are cordially invited to become members; this they may do by signing the constitution and paying a small admission fee.

It is to be hoped that the students will awaken to the importance of physical exercise in their school work and give to the lawn tennis club the encouragement that it justly deserves.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Lizzie Kerman, May, '86, is still teaching in Pleasant Valley, Nevada county.

Wm. W. Locke, May, '85, is at Exeter, New Hampshire, preparing for college.

Miss Phoebe L. Parker, May, '84, has been teaching near Livermore since last June.

Theodore M. Hawahurst, May, '85, is teaching at Lafayette, Contra Costa county.

Miss Mary Brunhouse, May, '83, is at present teaching the Coulterville school in Mariposa county.

Miss Mary E. Norton, Dec., '84, is teaching in the Fourth street school, San Rafael, Marin county.

Miss Mary E. Healey, Dec., '87, has taught three months in Hall's Valley district school.

Miss Agnes Stowell, Dec., '87, is teaching her first school in Mammoth Rock district, Camacho.

Miss Julia Harrington, May, '83, is still teaching in the Jefferson district, Santa Clara county.

Miss Marianna Day, May, '82, is teaching at Lewiston, Trinity county. This is her fourth year of teaching.

Miss Mamie Conghlin, Dec., '87, has not been teaching since her graduation, and is at her home, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Miss Lizzie Knaton, Dec., '85, is teaching her second term in the Glorio district, near Tonzales, Monterey county.

Miss Mary T. Nenehammer, May, '85, has nearly completed her second term at Loomis, Placer county.

Miss Mariah Rowan, May, '83, has a very pleasant school in New Hope district, Santa Ana, just six miles from the coast.

Miss Belle Conn, May, '82, is teaching in one of the city schools of Los Angeles, having taught steadily since graduation.

Mrs. F. A. Wilcox, *nee* Mary L. Oriley, May, '85, is at her home in Santa Clara, enjoying the occupation of housekeeping.

John C. Hughes, May, '87, has not taught since graduation except in other business occupations. His address is Sierra City.

Miss Mabel S. Clarke, Dec., '87, is teaching a school of twenty-eight pupils in Fairview district, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Sallie Finley, May, '78, is still teaching at Westminster, Los Angeles county, where she has been for the past four years.

Miss Rebecca Kennedy, May, '86, is teaching her second term in the first intermediate department of a graded school in Amador.

Miss Christine Struve, Dec., '86, finds her new school, near Salinas City, much more desirable than the one she has just resigned.

Miss May DeLamater, Dec., '87, is now enjoying a pleasant trip through the Eastern States, and when last heard from was in Paris, Missouri.

Miss Etta Ellerhorst, Dec., '83, is at present teaching in the Hay's district, which consists of a portion of the hills back of Oakland, Alameda county.

Lewis Goble, Dec., '85, has begun teaching the Spring term of the Petrolia school, Humboldt county, with an attendance of fifty-five pupils.

Miss Alice L. Joslin, May, '87, substituted for a four months term in the Hot Springs school in Contra Costa county. As yet, she has not obtained another school.

Miss Frances S. Conn, Dec., '85, is still teaching the primary department of the school at North San Juan, Nevada county. After April her address will be Fresno City.

Miss Myra Parks, May, '86, has been chosen to fill the position of teacher at Jameville, Lassen county, on her return from the Teachers' Association at Berkeley.

Miss Julia Daubenbiss, 84, is teaching in the Branciforte school, Santa Cruz county. Her permanent postoffice address is Soquel, Santa Cruz county.

Miss Laura J. Berry, May, '83, has been teaching the past year in Talara county, and as there seems to be undivided satisfaction, will take the same school again next year.

Miss Kittie McGowan, May, '87, after closing her school in Humboldt county, sailed for Honolulu, with which place she is delighted, and feels much benefited by the change.

Miss Mandilla Gingsrey, May, '87 substituted part of last term in the primary school of Jones district, near Arcata, and has been appointed to fill the position a second term.

Miss Ida Gray, Dec., '87, has been fortunate enough to secure a school already, and is teaching in Nicolaus, Butte county, almost eighteen miles from Marysville.

Miss Florence M. Hays, May, '86, is now at home enjoying a vacation and good health. She has the promise of the school in Barney Valley, Shasta county, for the next school year.

Miss Susie M. Brown, May, '87, has reopened her school in Ocala district, Monterey county. Her first month has been very successful, and she has received the offer of the school for the fall term.

Miss Martha E. Cifer, Dec., '87, has now been teaching about three months in the Visadero school, near Los Gatos. The school being but half a mile from her home, makes it very pleasant for her.

Mrs. S. C. Baker, *nee* Miss Cary, May '84, has just accepted a school in San Luis Obispo. She has taught for twenty years, having been a member of the second class which the Normal School graduated.

Mrs. T. M. Stark, *nee* Kittie Shaw, Dec., '87, was married a month after graduation and is now living in Portland, Oregon. She has applied for a position as teacher in the Sellwood school and hopes to be elected to fill that position in the fall when school commences.

Miss Maria Ingemannsen, '86, has now charge of the school at Soquel, Santa Cruz county. Previous to this she taught at Ruthford in the same county. Her prospects for hard work are very flattering, most of her pupils being in the primary grade, and four of them are Portuguese who cannot speak English.

John W. Sullivan, May, '84, has been admitted to the bar, and is with the law firm of Hunsaker, Britt & Sumner of San Diego. He has not entirely forsaken the profession of teaching, however, and thinks that perchance, in the future, the little country school may be a source of both pleasure and profit to him.

Miss Gertrude E. Thompson, Dec., '84, is now engaged in teaching the Excelsior school in San Luis Obispo county. She reports that the same believes the school, for it has the reputation of being the worst school in the county. She feels, however, that she has brought about a great change and finds the teachings of the Normal invaluable in her work.

Miss Belle R. Cassin, May, '86, has been teaching constantly since graduation. She resigned her first position, the Aptos school, in order to take the Casserly school, nearer her home in Santa Cruz county. A case of small-pox having been reported in the neighborhood the trustees have decided to close the school for a short time.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

A LESSON FROM THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

"Next to the love of God ranks the love of country," says a prominent preacher on our coast. If this is true, and most of us will admit it, the child should be taught patriotism. His spiritual education is attended to at home, at the Sunday school, and at church; but in this busy world there is danger of our neglecting the training necessary to make him patriotic.

Perhaps some one will ask "How can we teach patriotism?" This question can be answered easily, though, perhaps, not so wisely; for there is more than one way of accomplishing it: but if all the plans carried out, and all the methods suggested, the "Old South" plan, originated by a Boston woman, seems the best. Comparatively few know what this plan is; and as she is very modest and does not wish to have the world talking about her (although they may admire her good deeds) little is known of the woman. Suffice it to say she is deeply interested in all that tends to promote the best interests of our country, and equally has she at heart the welfare of her fellow creatures; more than one institution for elevating the lower and down-trodden classes, and making happier homes in our land, acknowledge her as their patron. Among these are the Girl's Cooking Schools, connected with the public schools of Boston, and the Sewing schools of that city, where one thousand girls last year completed the course and were granted diplomas.

A few years ago, this lady, while traveling in Italy, visited battle grounds, buildings where important events had taken place, and museums where were collected mementos of departed heroes. She noted that these helped to keep in the minds and hearts of the people what their country's heroes had wrought. She observed, too, what a true hero-worship the American traveler is, and thought why not establish something in America to give due prominence to our own patriots, whose deeds were even more heroic than those of the early hero at whose shrine our pilgrim abroad bows in reverence and honor; why not develop some means for teaching our children more efficiently concerning the lives and the deeds of the American heroes, and thus promote a greater love for their own country?

This thought grew in her mind and when, on her return to Boston, she heard the people talking about the old "South Church"—some wanting to sell it, others to tear it down—this patriotic woman saw her chance and soon decided the question by organizing a society which purchased the building, embodying in their constitution that this should hereafter be a center for patriotic instruction in American history.

What more fitting than that this old and revered monument of the Revolutionary days; these walls that sheltered the ardent patriots in their stormy "town meetings" that gazed with grim satisfaction on that enthusiastic but orderly "mob-party;" that echoed to the thrilling words of Warren on the 8th anniversary of the Boston Massacre—what more fitting than that this should become the center of a movement, which we would fain see widen and strengthen until it shall embrace this beloved land!

In pursuance of this plan the "Old South" was fitted up as a lecture room, and here mementos and pictures of our departed heroes were collected. During the summer months lectures are given once a week on American history; the lecturers are the very best—John Fiske, Professor Hammer, and

Edward Everett Hale being among the number. These lectures, free to children, are open to all on payment of the small admission fee of twenty-five cents.

Here, on some Wednesday afternoon, go with me and see the bright, happy faces of seven hundred children in the gallery; note the quiet and attention as the lecturer reviews for them the life of the "Father of his Country." Now examine with me the tasteful, chaste floral decorations—all the gift of our fair patron—and listen to the chorus of children's voices as they join heartily in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," assisted by the standing audience below as they take up the National Hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." You will almost fancy that the heroes themselves are singing, as they look down upon you from their stations on the wall. The lecture over, you may wander about and examine the relics, of which the glass cases around the room hold many; but first we must study that life size portrait on the easel by the platform, for here is a fine portrait of George Washington, one of the two famous ones painted by Peale. But do not miss seeing the animated faces of the children as they leave the hall with their floral burdens; each receiving as he passes through the door a small pamphlet, carefully prepared by the committee and containing references for extended reading and study on the subject of the lecture just listened to.

Now the children of Boston have seen many times in their lives the "Old South Church" and "Bunker Hill." If it was necessary to establish some way of teaching patriotism to the children of Boston and vicinity, where are so many reminders of our early heroes and of what they endured, then much more the children of the Western States, who get their knowledge of the past only through books, should have some such instruction given them as the plan we have just described provides for.

Patriotism benefits not only the nation at large, but the individual also; the man who gives up his own interests for the good of his country unconsciously makes for himself a grand and noble character.

As teachers we can do much in this work. Far better, instead of giving the child pages of history describing the maneuvers of a certain campaign, to tell him of a noted event or of a great man, and refer him to good books where he may read of these for himself; or, better still, show him pictures of men and places noted in history, such as the soldiers clad in rags encamped at Valley Forge, and explain to him how bravely and faithfully they bore their sufferings that their country might be free from foreign rule. And, too, it might be easily planned to have every Friday afternoon a lesson on patriotism. Take a few moments to show them pictures of places and men distinguished in American history. Have them learn patriotic poems. Tell them that all of our great American writers were patriotic men. At the morning exercises have occasionally, instead of the usual anthem or glee, a national hymn. For those pupils who are old enough to understand it, let one of the pupils read a good stirring speech, such as Warren's on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. These exercises will awaken in the child all his better feelings; he will be determined to do something for his country, and in the fulness of his heart he will re-echo the sentiments of our beloved Longfellow:

"Then, too, tell us, O Ship of State,
Tell us, O Union, strong and great!
Hemmed with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

GERTRUDE THATCHER.

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