

The Normal Index.

Vol. 1.

SAN JOSE, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 5.

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The Normal Index.

VOL. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 3.

The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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

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The public school system of California has attained a high standard of excellence. "Progress and perfection" have ever been the aim of those able educators who have been instrumental in building up and perfecting our system of education. The common school, very properly called the "People's University," is essentially American, and has found its complete development in this State.

The methods of instruction have been constantly improving, until the present high state of excellence has been attained. Experience has demonstrated the falsity and absurdity of the old idea, that the rod is an essential factor in the education of the youth. The rod has given way to more advanced and humane methods of enforcing obedience and industry. By a systematic, well regulated course of simple object lessons, calisthenic exercises, songs, etc., the pupils become interested in their work, and learning is made easy, as well as pleasant. The present flourishing condition of our schools is due chiefly to the employment of professionally trained teachers, who apply the latest and best methods of instruction.

The patrons of our public schools seeing the necessity for, and advisability of having trained teachers to instruct their boys and girls, so established and now generously maintain two Normal Schools, where professional instruction and training can be had. Financially speaking, this State invests no part of its money for educational purposes so wisely as that which is paid for educating its teachers. Possibly the present educational system of California, contrasted with that good old system of "lickin' and learnin'," quite forcibly illustrates the saying, "That which costs nothing, is worth nothing."

It has several times been said that Normal students are among the chief promoters of the use of slang. That this complaint should be made against the pupils of such an institution as a Normal School, where the young ladies and gentlemen of a State are assembled for the purpose of learning how, in their turn, to perform the holy work of developing and training the young mind, is a subject entitled to serious consideration. - It is easy to see how students coming from various parts of the State, each bringing with him some of the slang expressions hitherto confined to his home, naturally increase their slang vocabulary by coming in contact with each other. This may be urged by the guilty as an excuse, but it is an extremely poor one. What if each pupil should bring with him to the school, all the worst habits of his town or city? Would they long be tolerated here? Yet many seem to feel a peculiar pride in outwitting their schoolmates with a bit of new slang.

Setting aside the great damage done to the English language, let us consider the evils of slang as shown in its effects on ourselves. Most of the slang expressions, though they may not actually convey a vulgar idea, are of low and vulgar origin. We would be horrified if persons should attempt to converse with us of the places in which many of these expressions originate, yet we calmly listen to their slang phrases, and even take them upon our own lips. Constant contact with vulgar associations

tends to blunt our moral natures, and there are very few people who can come out of such an ordeal wholly unscathed. Every time we use a bit of slang it leaves a deeper impress on us. Consider the result in our teaching. Shall we enjoy hearing that our pupils are learning slang from us? Answer this, each Normal student. We are slaves to our habits, and a bad habit, though easily acquired, may prove the stumbling-block of our lives. So it is urgent that we should consider this matter, and endeavor to free ourselves from such an influence. Remember, "each teacher should be what he would have his pupils become."

THE people of San Jose have been enjoying a literary treat in the form of Shakespeare recitations by Locke Richardson. The remarkable talent of the speaker brings the living characters from the cruel, scheming Jew, Shylock, to the pretty waiting maid, Nerissa, vividly before the audience, while the facial expression is at all times perfectly in keeping with the personation. "King Lear," "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth," were presented, and in spite of severe storms, each recitation was greeted by a large audience.

PROF. W. E. RAYMOND, Instructor in Civil Engineering at the State University, has, by special request, given us for publication his essay, "The Work of a Manual Training School," which was read at the State Teachers' Association. The paper contains a very interesting and complete account of the present system of industrial training. The February and March numbers of THE INDEX will contain the complete essay.

MISS HANSON, who represents Senior B on the editorial staff, deserves the compliments of both her class and her associate editors for having performed her duty so well. Judging from what we know of the Senior B's, they possess energy, ability, and good looks just in the right proportion to entitle them to be called the model class of the Normal—excepting, of course, the Senior A's.

MR. WOODWORTH, of Senior A 1, has been appointed Assistant Manager of THE INDEX. The appointment is a good one, and meets with the approval of all connected with the paper. No doubt the financial part of THE INDEX, under the new management, will be a complete success.

MISS ENTAMBORE, of the California School of Oratory, has given us the privilege of publishing her poem, "Teachers' Welcome," which was read at the State Teachers' Association.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS.

How often do we have occasion to note the force with which many peculiar traits of character are illustrated by natural phenomenon. Nature is full of allegories. Almost every mechanical operation or combination of forces has a significance aside from that which merely attracts the attention to the immediate material effect produced. To any one who is not so blindly engrossed with the practical affairs of life as to be entirely oblivious to finer thoughts and feelings, nature "speaks a various language." She is always eloquent; always clothed with a subtle, beautiful meaning, the most common-place occurrences.

Having occasion one morning to make a fire in a large, open fireplace, I procured for the purpose an arduous lot of light, dry wood, and was soon sitting in front of a bright, sparkling fire, but one which, from its sudden and intermittent flashes of light and warmth, breathes unmistakable impress of a short-lived, transient value. Soon, very soon, the blaze diminished in brilliancy—became fainter and fainter, until a puff of wind, coming from a suddenly opened door whipped it out entirely, and there was left but little more than a pile of dreary ashes and a few flickering coals, whose feeble scintillations were but faintly indicative of the cheerful blaze from which they had descended. I fell to meditating. I have known many persons whose dispositions were ably characterized by that fire. So long as their bark glided smoothly on; so long as every influence was favorable and they encountered no obstruction; so long as their private inclinations, fancies, and desires were not perverted by the cold, rough hand of fate, they were radiant with cheerfulness, all aglow with kindness, generosity, amiability, and every desirable quality. But this warmth, this kindly sympathy, was transient. It was consumed by its own brilliancy. It lacked permanence in not being composed of the right material. It flashed and died, leaving the cold, dreary ashes of doubt, suspicion, pride, and irritability.

I arose somewhat melancholy from my reflections, and brought in another arduous lot of wood, this time selecting material with a firmer consistency and more durable composition. The fire did not now flash up so suddenly as before, but the flame rose steadily and surely, and in a few moments a permanent glow of genial warmth radiated throughout the room, dispelling every chilly or gloomy thought.

So it is, I mused, with other dispositions. Instead of being fitful and changeable, there is a steady and permanent scintillation of friendly warmth coming from a deep and highly sympathetic nature. There are but few of such dispositions, but how a person is unconsciously drawn toward such a one. And as a cheerful fire will drive away all chilly, gloomy thoughts, so will the continual exercise of a kindly sympathy and unselfishness do much, not only to those who possess them, but among all who come under their influence, to smooth over care and trouble, petty strife, foolish notions, false pride, and to strew along the pathway of life the sweetest roses, making the journey as it should be—a ceaseless pleasure.

H. F. CLARK.

THE WORK OF A MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

BY PROF. W. G. RAYMOND, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

This subject, upon which I have been asked to speak to you for a few moments, is one which has interested me deeply; and my only regret in accepting the invitation is, that I may fail to bring you to feel, as strongly as I have felt, the necessity of manual training.

It is not my purpose to speak to you in favor of technical instruction as against classical training, for both are necessary to the cultured and practically educated man; but I wish to bring distinctively to your minds the "Manual Training School," as distinguished from others which I shall name.

The "Manual Training School" is one of the expressions of, one form of expression for, the greater and more comprehensive thought of industrial education; a thought which, in one form or another, is occupying—more than any other—the attention of educators at the present time.

Other forms of expression are found in the "Trade School," "The Work School," "School of Mechanic Arts," "The Industrial School," and so on.

As the term is usually accepted, the "Trade School" is a school in which are taught the various mechanical trades—a school in which a boy may learn carpentry or blacksmithing, machine work or moulding, and casting, or some other mechanical trade.

The "Work School," as it has been suggested for this State, is a school in which all trades should be taught, and which should be open to girls and boys alike.

The "School of Mechanic Arts" does not differ materially in its scheme from the "Trade School," though the text book work may be of a somewhat higher grade.

The "Industrial School" is found in the recent, but now almost obsolete, method of our better State Agricultural Colleges. In these colleges the boys were taught practically to clean the stable, hold the plow, manage the cultivator, etc.—the very things that they could learn at home; while things of a scientific nature, which could not be learned on the farm, were neglected in order to put the boy behind the plow or the fork. Our own Agricultural College is managed on the later and far better principle, to give the boy the essentials of a thorough education, together with those practical sciences which he could never learn in the field, and leave it to the farm to teach him whatever of rough work is then to be learned.

From all these schools that I have named and briefly defined, the "Manual Training School" differs in a marked degree. It is not a "Trade School," a

"School of Industrial Art," a "Work School," nor a "School of Mechanic Arts," as I have defined them, and at the same time it partakes of the nature of all. The name which I have given it best expresses its object—the symmetrical training of the boy; the training of his hand as well as his brain; the result of this training being, as expressed by the motto of the St. Louis school,

"The cultured mind,
The skillful hand."

It is a school not intended to teach a particular trade—not to teach the boy to be a carpenter, a blacksmith, a founder, or a machinist, and nothing else, but it is designed to teach him the elements of all these trades, to the end that he may be enabled to do with his hands whatever he may find necessary to do; just as his training in our common schools and universities is to enable him to do with his brain what he may find necessary for it to do.

It seems that educators in this country have failed, until late years, to see the necessity for this training of the hands of our boys; and even now there is much bitter argument against it, a deal of which grows out of this mistaken idea, so prevalent, that a Manual Training School is a Trade School, and that its friends look upon the learning of a trade, in addition to the ordinary studies for mental training, as necessary to asymmetrical development.

We admit, in our kindergarten, the necessity of this sort of education for young children. We recognize, in our laboratory work and in our field practice for the young beginner, the necessity of teaching our young men manipulation. Why, then, should we say, give to the boy between the kindergarten age and manhood no training of his executive faculties, only stuff his receptive faculties till they are ready to burst with ideas which he cannot put into execution, either from lack of ability to do so or from the impracticability of the ideas themselves—both of which barriers would be burned away in a Manual Training School forge.

In this school, which is for the symmetrical training of the boy—the training of his mind and hand equally—*nothing is made for sale*. This is a prominent point of difference between the Training School and the Trade School, the theory being to advance the boy from one operation to another as soon as he has learned to do the first well.

This is very different from the plan of the Trade Schools. In these institutions the boy goes into the shop along with skilled laborers, and helps to make a machine which is put upon the market to compete with those turned out of the regular manufactories. To perform such work as will not suffer in this competition, the boy must be trained in each branch beyond the point of doing well. He must be kept at one thing not only until he can do it well, but until he has actually made a machine or a part of one, before which time he can not take up a new operation.

This is contrary to the principle of the Training School, which aims not only at excellence, but also versatility in execution. As the able and distinguished director of the St. Louis Manual Training School has well said:

"In a Manual Training School everything is for the benefit of the boy. He is the most important thing in the shop. *He is the only article to be put upon the market.*"

The model school of this kind, and, I may say, the first successful one in this country, is this school in St. Louis, in connection with Washington University. This school is directed by the gentleman to whom I have referred, Prof. C. M. Woodward, a man of untiring energy, to whose clear mind and keen insight into the needs of our youth of to-day we are mainly indebted for the success of this great and growing system.

Since the value of its place in our educational system has been demonstrated by the success of this school, other schools on the same plan have been established in other parts of the country. One exceedingly well equipped in Chicago, established by an association of gentlemen of the Commercial Club of that city; another in connection with the High School in Toledo, Ohio; another connected with the High School in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and several others that I could mention.

But to return to the St. Louis school. We find here every facility for giving to the boys a thorough, broad, liberal training of mind and hand. A corps of able instructors numbering twelve persons, five of whom are directly concerned with the intellectual work of the school, if we may thus designate the class-room work, five directly concerned with the shop work and drawing, and two who take part in both.

The equipment of the school is excellent. A commodious brick building, well lighted and ventilated, having thirteen rooms and a basement, six rooms devoted to the intellectual, and seven to the manual work of the school.

The furniture of the school-rooms is about the same as we find in any well-furnished High School. In the drawing rooms are the ordinary drawing tables, with lockers and drawers.

The carpenter shop, occupying two rooms, is equipped with forty-eight benches, vises, lathes, and sets of tools for use in common, besides one hundred and forty-four sets of edge tools for individual use, two power grindstones, and the requisite number of clamps, glue pots, etc., and a double circular, or "buzz" saw. Each pupil has a separate set of cutting tools, which he keeps in a locked drawer.

The moulding, bracing and soldering shops contain twenty-four benches and sets of tools, flasks, etc. for moulding, a small gas furnace for melting alloys, and tables for castings.

The blacksmith, or forging shop, has a complete equipment of twenty-two forges, anvils, tuls, and sets of ordinary hand tools; eleven sets of heavy tools, such as sledge hammers, etc., suffice for twenty-two pupils, as they can work as smith or as helper. The blast is supplied with a power blower, and a large exhaust fan keeps the shop well freed from smoke and gas. There is a hand bellows connected with one forge for use when the engine is not running.

The machine shop is equipped with twelve engine lathes and four speed lathes, a post drill, a large planer, small hand planer, a force neck drill, a sharper, two grindstones and a double emery grinder, ten vises and benches, forty drawers, and a large sixty H. P. Corlies engine.

In the boiler room is a battery of three large steel boilers of about five feet diameter, which not only furnish steam for the engine, but also for heating the entire group of university buildings. This group consists of the main university building, chemistry building, gymnasium, manual training school, a preparatory academy, and a large art museum.

With such an equipment the school is capable of turning out men with a good knowledge of tool and machine work.

The schedule for daily work shows the same quality of division between intellectual and manual work as is shown in the classification of teachers and rooms. The day consists of six hours, three of which are given to the class-room work, one to drawing, and two to shop work.

The course extends over three years, in which time the boys cover about the ground usually covered by the English courses of our best High Schools, and besides pass successively through the carpenter and pattern shop, the blacksmith and moulding shops, and the machine shop.

To see in the most ready way the methods employed, let us follow a boy in his course from class to class.

To begin with, our boy must be fourteen years old before he is allowed to enter, and he must pass a satisfactory examination in arithmetic, geography, spelling and penmanship, and the writing of good English. Having passed his examinations satisfactorily he has open to him five parallel courses of study, all of which he must take, and in their proper order. I quote the catalogue: "Three purely intellectual, and two both intellectual and manual."

First—A course of pure mathematics, including arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and plane trigonometry.

Second—A course in science and applied mathematics, including physical geography, botany, natural philosophy, chemistry, mechanics, mensuration, and book keeping.

Third—A course in language and literature, including English grammar, spelling, composition, literature, history, and the elements of political science and economy. (Latin and French are introduced as electives with English and science.)

Fourth—A course in penmanship, freehand, and mechanical drawing.

Fifth—A course in tool instruction, including carpentry, wood turning, moulding, brazing, soldering, forging, and bench and machine work in metals.

The course in drawing embraces three general divisions:

1. FREE HAND DRAWING.—Designed to educate the sense of form and proportion; to teach the eye to observe accurately, and to train the hand to rapidly delineate the forms either of existing objects or of ideals in the mind.

2. MECHANICAL DRAWING.—Including the use of instruments, geometric construction, the arrangement of projections, elevations, plans, and sections, also the various methods of representing shades and shadows with pen and brush.

3. TECHNICAL DRAWING AND DRAUGHTING.—Illustrating conventional colors and signs, systems of architectural or shop drawings, and at the same time familiarizing the pupil with the proportions and details of various classes of machines and structures.

Our boy has no option in any of these studies except in the matter of Latin and French.

He then begins his junior year with the study of arithmetic and algebra, English language, drawing and penmanship; is introduced to science, begins and completes physical geography and botany, and studies also carpentry and joinery, wood carving, wood turning and pattern making.

[Continued in our next issue.]

HEALTH OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor has been making some investigations respecting the health of young ladies, while attending a course of study in college, and after graduation. Out of seven hundred persons from whom reports were obtained, it was found that 78 per cent. of the women graduates were in the enjoyment of good health. At the beginning of the college course, 29 per cent. were suffering from ill health. At its close only 17 per cent. were ill, showing an improvement of health to the amount of 3 per cent. during the college course. This certainly does not indicate that hard and continuous study is detrimental to young women. —*Good Health.*

Owing to the limited number obtainable at the time, some of our subscribers did not get the cut of Prof. Norton with the January INDEX. They will be sent with the present issue.

ALL SORTS.

Class societies are springing up again.

Quotations from "Mikado" are now the rage.

The bookstores have reaped their semi-annual harvest.

The Senior B's are wrestling with mental philosophy.

The new Senior B Class numbers fifty-six.

Miss Mollie McLeran, our former pianist, visited the school lately.

The Normal girls are known as "little maids from school."

An important question now is: "Which one of the Normal boys shall be designated as 'the dude'?"

Landlady (who keeps Normal boarders).—"What kind of an eater are you, anyway?" Boarder (with eagermost appetite).—"A kill-em-eater."

The classes in English Literature are beginning to appreciate the beauties of Chaucerian verse.

The Senior B's are one. Farewell to all class quarrels.

Where is the kazoo band? Banished forever!

Who does not pity the pupil that has to sing alone for the first time?

The Normal students are becoming interested in Shakespeare, judging from the number that attended the recent readings.

The new Junior classes are endeavoring to learn how to march out of the hall in the morning as gracefully as their elders.

One of the first questions asked by the young ladies during the opening week, was: "Have we any new boys?"

It has been found so difficult to renovate the "manners and morals" of the hardened Seniors, that that study has been transferred to the Junior classes.

Each student undergoes forty-five minutes of torture and suspense once a week—"do, re, mi—I can't sing, Professor, I shake."

The departure of Arthur Braly, of Middle A, has been much regretted by the young ladies, with whom he was a general favorite.

One of the bright boys of Senior A 2 threatens to write a book. He has already chosen the subject, and says he "only needs somethin' or other to fill her up."

A certain young gentleman in a First street dry goods store seems to be authority on chemistry aprons. We advise the coming Senior B's to consult him. For particulars inquire of C. F. B., at the laboratory.

Some of the Seniors are trying to organize a *bona fide* orchestra. So worthy an undertaking is to be commended.

Normal students, particularly the Senior A's, are becoming so literary that Miss Royce declares if the mania continues an assistant librarian will be an absolute necessity.

If the nights are dark and cloudy now, the Middle A's can boast of having at least one fair Knight.

The Senior A's are now fully initiated into the Training School.

The Middle B Society, formerly known as the Junior A Society, met January 14th and elected new officers. We hope it will prosper under the guardianship of Mr. Addicot, Misses Gialinger and Davis.

SEVERAL of the members of the Senior classes are anxiously awaiting a report from our business manager upon the financial condition of our paper. We should have, as a matter of justice to all concerned, a full and complete report each month.

The Senior A's have at present the privilege of showing how well they can teach drawing. The class is divided into groups of five, and, under the leadership of Prof. Schoof, conduct recitations in drawing in the Training School every Tuesday and Thursday. The Seniors enjoy this work very much.

During the recent storm one of the large window panes in the geometry room fell in with a fearful crash. The pane, by folding on a diagonal through its opposite corners, attempted to prove that the diagonal divides a parallelogram into two equal triangles. The theorem was demonstrated with such force that the whole class saw through it.

The storm on Wednesday, January 20th, was the severest that has visited Santa Clara Valley for several years. At the Normal, the glass in two doors and two windows was broken, a number of shade trees were blown over, and the covering of the large tank in the northeastern part of the square blown off. Those who were in the south wing of the building at the time, say that it shook as in an earthquake. The classes in Room N and the laboratory were badly frightened.

BEFORE his departure for Berkeley, Prof. Simonds paid a brief visit to the Normal, where he was gladly welcomed. Prof. Simonds is a graduate of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. In 1882 he took his place among the San Jose teachers as Vice-Principal of the High School. A year later he was promoted to the Principalship of the same school, which position he has lately resigned. During his residence in San Jose, Prof. Simonds has not only enjoyed the love and most perfect confidence of his pupils, but also the respect and good will of the community. His many friends and former pupils wish Prof. Simonds and family success and happiness in their new home.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Daniel Mahoney, Xmas '84, is teaching at French Corral.

Miss Eliza G. Miles has been teaching the past term near San Jose.

Louie Taylor, May '83, is teaching in Westminster, Los Angeles county.

Miss S. H. Snook, Xmas '84, is teaching at Oakland, in the Cole School.

Miss Electra Runney, Xmas '84, is teaching in the schools of San Diego.

Miss Frances A. Banol, Xmas '84, has been teaching at Lacoste the past term.

Miss Essie Woodward, May '83, is teaching at New Hope, San Joaquin county.

Miss Agnes Spatz, Xmas '84, reports the close of a successful term's work at East Oakland.

C. A. Mills, Xmas '84, has been teaching for the past year at Eureka Mills, Plumas county.

Miss Fannie P. West, May '83, is teaching the primary department of the Nevada City schools.

Miss Mary L. Jones, May '83, is teaching in the Adamsville school, near Ceres, Stanislaus county.

Miss Alice Camp, Xmas '84, is teaching in the primary grade of the Pacific Mills public schools.

Miss Zephia F. Hayford, Xmas '82, is teaching at Yunkoo Jim's. She has held the position for over a year, and reports herself as pleased with the work.

Miss Eva Hasty, Xmas '84, reports having a class of thirty-five in the intermediate department of the public school at Gridley, Butte county.

Miss Grace E. Leonard, May '84, is teaching at Santa Susana, near San Fernando, Los Angeles county. Her address is San Fernando.

Miss Mary R. De Zaldo, May '84, is teaching the Union School, near San Jose. She has had the position since last August.

Miss Emily F. Knott, May '85, has been teaching the past term in Muniz district, Sonoma county. Her address is Markham.

Miss Belle Chickering, May '84, is teaching in the Cold Water district, Los Angeles county. Her address is Los Angeles.

Miss Angelina Chamblaud, Xmas '83, has been teaching, since graduation, at the Mt. Jackson district, Santa Rosa.

Miss Lizzie B. Monaghan, Xmas '85, is teaching in the intermediate department of the Hester School, near San Jose.

Miss M. E. McIntosh, Xmas '84, closed a nine months term of school at Boca, December 31st. She expects to begin teaching shortly at Reno, Nevada.

Miss Lela Claves, Xmas '84, is teaching at Ceres, Stanislaus county.

Miss Eliza F. Higgins, Xmas '83, is teaching in the Mt. Pleasant district, near San Jose.

Miss Amy Steves, May '83, has been teaching for the past four months at Hornitos, Mariposa county. She holds the position of Principal.

Miss Maggie E. Robertson, Xmas '84, has been teaching for the past eight months in Redwood district, Monterey county. Her P. O. address is Julian.

Miss Kate Sexton, May '83, is teaching at Moss Landing district, Monterey county.

H. C. Petrov, May '83, expects to begin teaching shortly in Guerneville. In the meantime he is reading law at Santa Rosa.

Albina Sniley, May '84, is teaching in River district, Butte county. He has held the position for the past two years.

Miss Dora B. Washburn, May '83, has a class of seventy-five in the primary department of the school at Murphy's Camp, near San Andreas.

E. K. Hitchcock, May '82, commenced teaching the Warm Springs School, Alameda county, February 8th. Mr. Hitchcock has been teaching in the public schools of Alameda county for the past two years.

A. W. Fisher, May '82, is doing a flourishing fruit and grocery business at the corner of Fourth and Santa Clara streets, San Jose. Normal students and others wanting anything in his line will find it to their advantage to give him a call. See advertisement of Stonier & Fisher, in this number of THE INDEX.

George E. Larky, May '83, is teaching at Pacheco, Contra Costa county. He has held the position of Principal of the school for the past two years, and is one of the best teachers in that county. The specimens on exhibition at the State Teachers' Association from the Pacheco school, show that excellent work is done in that school.

Richard J. Sinnott, May '83, is at present teaching a private school at Gilbeville. Since graduation Mr. Sinnott has been teaching almost constantly in the public schools of Sierra county. Last fall he was chosen a member of the Sierra County Board of Education. It is rumored that "Dick," of May '83, has entered the political arena, and will, no doubt, be the Democratic candidate for County Superintendent this summer. Mr. Sinnott writes to the Editor-in-Chief as follows: "You can scarcely imagine the great delight your INDEX brings with it. To know of one's friends and classmates is an inward satisfaction impossible to describe. THE INDEX is a new departure in literary work in our beloved school, and I think it an admirable one."

Selma Burston, May '78, is teaching at present in the Grammar department of the Reno, Nevada, public schools. Miss Burston has been teaching near the border line of California and Nevada almost constantly since her graduation at the Normal.

Miss Lena Schilling, May '82, has been teaching in the Fourth Ward School of San Jose for the past three years. The examination papers exhibited at the State Teachers' Association from Miss Schilling's department, deserve special mention.

TEACHERS' WELCOME.

BY MISS E. F. ESTABROOK, OF THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF EDUCATION AND ORATORY.

Teachers, from the fruitful valley, where the Sacramento flows,
From the bold white-robed Sierras, from old "Shasta,"
Crowned with snows,
From bold Mendocino's headlands, from the coast lines, points
and coves,
From the City of the Angels, seated mid her orange groves;
From the San Joaquin's broad valley, stretching southward
far away,
From the marts of trade and commerce, seated on the
"Frisco" Bay,
Santa Clara, through her teachers, filled with pleasure and
delight,
Open-hearted, open-handed, bids you welcome here to-night.
Greets you here, around this fountain, whence the streams of
knowledge flow,
Whence we gather inspiration strength to guide through weal
or woe,
Where our cherished Alma Mater toiling early, toiling late,
Helps you plant the Tree of Knowledge o'er all the Golden
State.

Since in Union strength is strengthened, thought joins
thought, faint hearts grow bold,
And the bonds of love are lengthened, binding all within the
fold,
So their annual reunions, welding thoughts and strength'ning
wills,
Serve to make the teacher's calling grand, like California's
hills.

Grand in thought, and grand in action, grand in toil and
grand in zeal,
Ever sowing grand results, with hearts of love and nerves of
steel,
Wile though be the field of labor, faint at times the human
heart,
Union makes each teacher neighbor, though a thousand miles
apart.

Tell us not the teacher's path is but a rugged rude highway,
When the worried, wearied spirit hopeless struggles day by
day,
For their lagging upturned faces, writhed in smiles and
decked in bloom,
Tell us, if there are such cases, surely none are in the room.

As in all the fields of labor, so in school-rooms mark the
same,
Paths are what we choose to make them, rough or smooth, as
suited the aim,
As in battle, so in school-rooms, so with fathers, so with
mothers,
He or she succeeds the best who has the tact to handle others.

Glad to meet so many teachers from so many points away,
We of Santa Clara Valley feel so very proud to-day
That we fain would banish sadness, banish all but pure
delight,
Let the mirth, Joy and Gladness, lead us through these walks
to-night.

But the Great Departed's shadow, Fancy pictures on these
walls,
And we feel the mighty Presence striding through these
stately halls;
And our aching hearts still linger round that hallowed grave
afar;
Cruel Death! why hast thou taken him who was our guiding
star?

That lone tomb upon the mountain, chosen by his own behest,
When the tired brain and body take their everlasting rest,
Answers through the misty curtain round old Loma's summit
drear,
"In the spirit he is with you, though the body resteth here."

Oh, that mournful summer morning when the Great Destroy-
er's blow
In that pleasant home at Skyland laid the noble Norton low!
What a fall was that, O Teachers! like the earthquake's
waves;
The fatal shock went booming onward from that lonely
mountain grave.

Onward, o'er the vast Sierras, o'er the Rocky Mountain
chain,
Onward o'er the wild Savanahas, onward to the Kansas
plain;
And the answer, whirling westward, to the head Pacific flew,
"Not alone, O California! Kansas sheds her tears with you!"

He is dead, the friend of learning, friend of man and nature
too,
But the spirit of his teachings lies in all that's good and
true;
And the impulse given learning by his tireless master hand,
Shall in future be like leaven, working good in all the land.

May you, then, from his example, learn how grand a thing is
study;
Guided in the right direction 'tis a power that all must feel.
In your chosen field of labor, leaders of the tender thought,
Sleeping on the post of Duty, let no sentinel be caught.

All the future's full of promise—Faith and Hope walk hand
in hand;
While you plant the germs of knowledge o'er all this golden
land,
May you, as the wish impels you, that your deeds and wants
be great.

As the famous poet tells us—"Learn to labor and to wait."
SAN JOSE, December 28, 1885.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

During the early history of our State, a few promi-
nent educational men made a movement towards the
establishment of a Normal School. Among these men
may be mentioned A. J. Moulter, at that time State
Superintendent of Schools, John Swett, successor to
the former, and Henry R. Jaynes, City Supt. of the
San Francisco Schools. As a result of their combined
efforts, a city normal school was established in San
Francisco in 1857. Sessions were held once a week—
on Monday evenings—and the attendance of the city
teachers was made compulsory.

Five years later, the first steps were taken by the
State Legislature for establishing a State Normal
School. An appropriation of \$30,000 was made, provid-
ing for a five month's session. The first class,
consisting of 31 pupils, assembled in the old High
School building in San Francisco, July 23, 1862. The
first corps of instructors numbered three, Ahira
Holmes being the first Principal. Appropriations
were made from time to time to carry on the work,
until, in 1870, a bill was passed providing for the
erection of a State Normal School building. A short
time previous to the passage of the bill the city of San
Jose had proposed to donate to the State an enclosure

of 28 acres, known as Washington Square, as a site
for a Normal School building.

After some debate the proposition was accepted,
and the erection of the first Normal building was be-
gun in 1870, and completed in 1876. While the new
edifice was in process of erection, the school held its
sessions in rooms provided by the San Jose city board
of education. During the first two years of its exist-
ence in San Jose, from 1871 to 1873, the school was
under the Principalship of William T. Lucky; since
then, Chas. H. Allen has presided over the school.

On the seventh of July, 1872, the school was re-
moved to the yet unfinished building. This structure
had a north, an east, a south, and a west entrance,
and possessed a fine outward appearance, as well as a
large and commodious interior. The building was
entirely of wood, but being painted and sanded, re-
sembled stone. On the tenth of February, 1880, this
superb structure, together with many valuable books,
maps, and charts, and nearly all of the costly apparatus,
was burned to the ground. The specimens of the
cabinet, museum, and herbarium, whose collection and
arranging had required years of patient labor, together
with the scientific works, gathered as adjuncts to these
collections, were all destroyed. The general library
and a very small portion of the furniture was all that
was saved from destruction. At the time of the fire
the school had, perhaps, the most complete collection
of shells and minerals in the State, together with many
miscellaneous objects of interest. Numerous rumors
were soon afloat regarding the origin of the fire. Some
contending that it was the work of an incendiary; but,
after careful deliberation the final conclusion was, that
it arose from defects in a large chute, used for ejecting
ashes and other refuse.

With one accord the citizens arose, and through
their efforts, the work of the school was delayed but
a single day. The High School building and a number
of other city school houses were vacated and turned
over to the Normal School for its use. A mass meet-
ing of the people was held February 11th, in the city
market hall, on which occasion addresses were made
by Mayor Archer, Professors H. B. Norton, Chas. H.
Allen, Hon. C. T. Ryland, and Judge David Beldin.
The sentiment of the whole meeting was fully expressed
in the following remark made on the grounds at the
time of the fire, and credited to Dr. Ben. Cory: "We
must keep the Normal School here, and something
must be done immediately." A memorial was sent to
the Legislature, then in session, and through the efforts
of the leading citizens and the members from this
county, a bill was passed appropriating \$100,000
from the general fund, for the construction of another
building. Oakland, Redding, Chico, Los Angeles, and
Santa Rosa were all anxious to have the school, some
even offering to donate buildings and ground. How-
ever, San Jose came off victorious, and soon witnessed
the beginning of work upon the present building.

The corner stone of the old building was laid Oct.
20th, 1870, under the auspices of the F. & A. M., of
San Jose. After the fire the leaden casket placed in
it was removed, and its contents found to be intact.
July 31, 1880, the casket was opened by Professor
Allen, several documents and records added, and all
placed in the corner stone of the new building August
18th, 1880, in the presence of Professors Allen and
Norton, and a few of the students.

Work was begun on the new edifice May 24, 1880, and in less than a year the building was occupied by the school. The supt. of construction was L. H. Kent, the architect, Levi Goodrich, but the early completion of this building was largely due to the untiring efforts of the Principal, C. H. Allen, who was appointed executive agent of the board. The building is a splendid brick structure, having but little outward ornamentation. It is surmounted by a bell tower

rising one hundred and thirty-five feet above the ground. This tower contains a bell weighing about 3000 pounds, and rising above all is a flag staff forty feet high. The dome is twenty feet higher than that of the Court House. The building covers 4000 or 5000 superficial feet more than the old one. The basement is divided into lunch, janitor, and store-rooms, also rooms for the heating apparatus, and a chemical laboratory.

In the attic are two large tanks, situated one over the north wing, the other over the south wing of the building. These tanks have a capacity of about 50,000 gallons, and are filled from an artesian well located in the southern part of the square.

The first story contains eight class rooms, two large rooms for the training school, eight recitation rooms, two cabinet and apparatus rooms, four private rooms for teachers, a commodious library and reception room, the proctor's room, the main office, and four toilet rooms. There are six flights of stairs leading to the basement and second story, and three front entrances. The second story contains ten large class rooms, the assembly hall, four tu-

let rooms, and eight private rooms for teachers. The museum occupies the whole of the third floor.

The building is heated by Harvey's hot-water system. The floor is kept by a system of electric bells connecting with each room. The present edifice is better adapted to the needs of the school than the former one, and, compared with the normal schools of the east, ranks second to none. It is strongly built, being bound together by iron straps built into the

brick work, and extending entirely around the building in one continuous band; thus preventing any damage from earthquakes.

The grounds around the building are very tastefully laid out in flower beds and lawns. Three artesian wells furnish a bountiful supply of water, and two gardeners are kept constantly at work. Roads are already laid out, and in time they will become fine



Old Structure, Burned February 10, 1880.

drives. Rapid improvement is being made in the appearance of the grounds, and not many years hence a more lovely retreat will not be found in San Jose than the Normal Square.

The school employs eighteen teachers. Twenty-eight classes have been graduated. The smallest class

ever graduated was that of May, 1863, it having four members. The largest class consisted of 85, and graduated in May, 1883. The total number graduated, exclusive of the Christmas class of 1885, is 993. These graduates have made their influence felt over every part of the State, and although the school has had a hard struggle, it has triumphantly developed into an institution of which the people of California may justly be proud.



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT.

BRANCH NORMAL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL'F.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

W. A. FORTER, Department Editor.

MRS. M. E. BLAKE, News Editor.

MISS M. A. CLARK, Solicitor and Alumni Editor.

VARIOUS restraints have been brought to bear to delay this department of *THE INDEX* this month; the most prominent of which is, the severing of communication between the two departments. We hope this may yet reach the publishers in time, and not be farther delayed by the interpositions of the floods. Sometimes nature interferes with our business to give us a rest. When she does, we must submit to the delay. During this delay we have not been idle, but have been reviewing our reserve force and replenishing its ranks, to fit it for future engagements.

A MAN of experience says "that too much editorial matter is weakening," meaning by this that were an editor too often filtered through long editorials, he would be unrecognizably diluted. We will take advantage of this thought and not exhaust ourselves too often in these columns. Aaron's beard would not have come down to us in history, had he shown the Israelites what he could shave from his chin day by day.

MANY of our Normal students (girls), we fear, sit up too late and get up too early. A great many are killed by alarm-clocks. The best wakeners are sunlight and twittering of birds. They are trying to follow the example of Napoleon and others who are said to sleep but four or five hours in the twenty-four. This was done only on special occasions, and the time given does not include the many cat-naps taken in the day-time. Time taken out of eight hours' sleep, our teacher tells us, is worse than wasted. We may cheat ourselves but cannot cheat nature, for nature is a banker who will see us into insolvency of mind and body.

ONE of the classes has just found out that the hands of clocks turn towards the west, and thought it perfectly fitting and proper that the time-piece, one of civilization's grandest products, should thus beckon us on in that direction, for the tide of civilization has ever been toward the west. It has moved on through the old countries of Asia and Europe, and is now consummating in America. It must, in obedience to this law, eventually move farther west. But west to where? To China? Possibly so. Time alone will tell.

This beckoning of the hands of the clock may have given rise to the expression, which is sometimes given as advice, "Go west, young man, go west." Keep up with time and you'll not get "left."

"How easily he writes!" exclaimed a young lady, as she laid down one of Irving's works. Had she said how easy it is to read his books, they who know something of "easy writing" might sympathize with her. It is slow and hard thinking that makes rapid and easy writing. You will remember that "Base, though a mild and pleasant damsel, has a terribly rough old father."

It is for us to decide whether we will lay up abundant store of knowledge before we begin our professional life, adding daily to their sum, or to intellectually live from hand to mouth. Do we not, at least many of us, cram for each occasion like a turkey stuffed for Thanksgiving, and starve all the rest of the year?

VARIOUS.

Machine teaching is ground out only by a crank.

Being dead, the Latin language is most suitable for tombstone inscriptions.

The Los Angeles Normal enjoys the proud pre-eminence of having More principle (pal) than any other Normal in the United States.

Archimides said: "Give me a standing place and I will move the world." Goethe has changed this into the precept: "Make good thy standing place and move the world."

Can any one inform us why the Muddle B girls, who have just finished physiology, are so often seen walking around on their toes? It is doubtless a new fashion imported from France.

As I entered a store the other day I heard the proprietor ask a lady who was just passing out: "Did you get attention?" "Yes," she said, "and that's about all I did get, too."

Lost—Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden arrows, set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered; they are gone forever.—HORACE MANN.

It is said that when J. C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his intense application to study. He replied: "Why, sir, I am forced to make the most of my time here, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed: "Do you doubt it? I assure you if I was not convinced of my ability to reach the national capitol, as a representative, in the next three years, I would leave college this very day."

The Senior A's have been wrestling with this question in social science: "Does it follow, because the Indians of Southern California were the most degraded in America, that the whites of this section will follow in their footsteps and become the most degraded of their race?" There is a very earnest desire to give a negative answer.

Friday evening—"There is nothing sure to happen but the unforeseen," she began, but he would not wait for further explanation. He turned on his heel and walked off, for he saw unmistakably that he was about to be left again, which would make the third time that evening. He wisely concluded to go to the L. O. L. alone.

THE LOS ANGELES RIVER.

The placid little stream which was wont to flow so quietly through our flourishing city, resenting jeering remarks of Eastern people, this winter resolved to show what it could do.

Its temper was roused; it became a rushing, roaring river.

Monday night, calling in the help of its brother rivulets and of its father, the rain, it planned its work of destruction.

Thus reinforced, it sputtered along, dealing heavy blows to right and left.

As it maddly pursued its course it swept away bridges and all else that was unfortunate enough to attempt resistance.

Houses and fences, trees and people were alike unable to withstand its fury.

So, not satisfied with the destruction of property, it did not cease its thunderous roar until its appetite had been satiated by the lives of five victims.

When at last its rage had somewhat abated, there might be seen on its yet heaving bosom a conglomeration of all sorts of articles.

The many people thus left houseless are now sheltered in the Tabernacle, where their immediate wants have been supplied by their more fortunate friends.

The last graduating class presented a very fine piece of workmanship to the Faculty in the shape of a class picture. It looked most serene and beautiful as it hung upon the library wall, until the other morning, when we noticed there had been a fracture in the harmony which had apparently been prevailing. Some, one had made a bad break, for which no excuse could be given, except that it was a characteristic of that class. We suppose the little group had formed such a habit of disagreeing that it became second nature even to their shadows. They had another class meeting, we understand, the reason two of the most peaceful ones were left standing on one ear. It is feared the faculty will have to straighten the matter as the members are unable to right it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Cora E. King, of Xmas class '85, has been engaged to teach the Waterman school, San Bernardino county.

Miss Jessie Gill, Xmas class '85, opened school near Riverside the next Monday after graduation.

W. H. Wright, of May '85, has persuaded his worthy patrons to build him a new one thousand dollar school-house in the Willows district, Ventura county.

Miss Jessie Crow, Xmas '85, will teach the Little Lake primary department, Los Angeles county.

Miss Lulu Williams will continue teaching during the ensuing term in Los Nietos school, Los Angeles county.

Miss Mary E. Foy, Xmas '85, has been engaged to teach in the Alameda school, Los Angeles county.

J. C. Mahar, May '85, will continue in the Glencone school, San Diego county.

Miss Ida M. Bailey, Xmas '85, is teaching in the public schools of Wilmington, Los Angeles county.

Miss Marge C. Downing, Xmas '85, is also teaching in Wilmington.

Miss Lily Day, Xmas '85, is teaching a select school on Temple street, Los Angeles.

We clip the following from the *Los Angeles Times* of January 26th:

IMPROVEMENTS UPON THE NORMAL SCHOOL GROUNDS.

At the last meeting of the Normal School Board of Education, held in San Jose, plans for improvements upon the school grounds in Los Angeles were submitted and discussed. Those designed by W. R. Norton were accepted. The following is a brief outline: The east and north will be inclosed with a granite wall, surmounted with iron fencing. The roads, main passage, etc., will have freestone walls on each side. The main entrance is at the head of and in line with Fifth street, is twenty feet wide, and leads to the front of the school. This entrance is surmounted with emblematic panels and figures. The side drive is north of the building. Two concrete walks will accommodate the scholars on the east and north. These improvements, at an estimated cost of \$10,000, are to be put into execution without delay, and when finished will present the most attractive and extensively proportioned grounds in Los Angeles.

Thoreau had published one thousand copies of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." Seven hundred of these could not be sold and were returned to him. The circumstance occasioned the following note in his diary: "I have a library of 900 volumes, 700 of which I wrote myself."

A MOUNTAIN HOME.

The place that I shall endeavor to describe to you is many miles north of our fair "City of the Angels," situated about midway in a deep ravine that winds around among the peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, apparently to suit the wishes of an unruly mountain torrent that rushes headlong down the mountain side, through the valley, pausing for a moment to reflect nature's image in a little lake, then on again over precipice, rocks, and fallen trees, and at last, in a terrible state of agitation, one mass of froth and foam, it pours its turbulent waters into the tranquil bosom of old Mono.

On the borders of the lake the little town of May Lady is built; so named after one of the daughters of the first resident in the place.

True there is no Opera House, no Court House, no Normal School, no, nor any fine residences; but on entering one of these little log cabins we find the inmates quite as happy and contented with their surroundings, in spite of high altitude, lack of society, and isolation from the fashionable world, as we in our southern homes, where the thermometer reaches 112 degrees in the summer.

Have you ever been away from home and experienced those feelings which separation from friends and relatives, and absence from home surroundings occasions?

You feel as if you would willingly give all you possessed to be back in your accustomed place, playing the same games, surrounded by the same persons, and hearing the same voices that may then have seemed harsh occasionally, but to the homesick girl or boy memory recalls nothing but the faintest sounds of music.

As the sunlight slowly melts away, and night prepares to spread her protecting wing over mother earth, these symptoms are always the worst. At such times I have leaned against the balusters of the back veranda and gazed unconsciously on the picturesque beauty and grandeur of the scene before me, but it left the impression on the negative mind, and I will ink it over that you may see it more closely.

The lake lies to my left, and below me, about 50 feet. What's that I see that looks so like a floating island? An immense raft; no, not exactly, for it is made to move over the surface of the water by mechanical means. It is brilliantly lighted up. There are a number of persons on it who are earnestly endeavoring to keep time to the music of the land. Several smaller boats are to be seen dodging in and out from the sides of the monster.

The merry sounds of laughter are wafted up to me by the evening breeze.

Off at an angle from this is the sawmill. The big wheels begin to slow in their motion. Presently the whistle sounds. The men stop their work, with the exception of the two men who are still clinging to the idea that in time those tired oxen will bring the log into the desired position.

Glancing up the rugged mountain I perceive that the last pack-train is coming down for the night, and that one poor mule has fallen asleep by the wayside; but a shower of stones rains down upon his back from the trail above, and he decides that it is too stormy for repose, and reluctantly passes on.

The side of the mountain is almost perpendicular, so of course it would be impossible to come straight down, for this reason: the path is zigzag, or like the tacking of a sail boat.

Each of the mules is loaded with a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds of ore, from one of the richest mines in the locality.

After crossing the stream and entering the canal, the mules are relieved of their burden. From here the ore is transferred to the mill by means of a hand-car. The uniform motion of the stamps of the mill produced a sound like that of the roller coaster.

The eye searches for something new as the hunted fawn for some secluded place, but in vain; there are the same trees, rocks, and mountains.

The smoke of the coal-pit is easily distinguished from that of the miners' camp fire. The sound of running water from the sighing of the pine trees; the frequent blasts from the rumbling of an earthquake or a clap of thunder, only by habit; the cataract from the snowy background, by the spray it sends out.

As the shades of night grow deeper and more dense, the scene gradually fades from my sight, and at length "night holds illimitable sway."

Where but a single hour ago
The orange and chamois, high and low,
Resplendent shone with day.

EMMA.

TO BEGINNERS IN LITERATURE.

Soon you will have such delicacies as *Dry* for breakfast, *Barn* for lunch, and *Lamb* for tea; but *Cham*, *cer*, *Scif*ly while you run, for fear some one may *Steal* them from you, place them in some *Dry* den, or else under *Loole* and *key*, where they may get many hard *Know*; and although your soul *Burns* to devour them, you may see them no *Moore*.

After describing at length the work of volcanoes, one of the professors asked the class why, when there was a volcano at sea, the water did not rush in and fill the crater! He was startled at the reply that the earth was full already.

THE PECULIARITIES OF THE LAKE POETS.

BY MISS MARY E. POT, OF THE XMAS CLASS OF '86.

"Gather a nosegay of beautiful mountain and field flowers; a handful of poppies, blood red and white, and a fragrant carnation rose. The blending of the colors, the diffusion of the odors, make a harmonious whole of totally unlike odors.

Not less unlike are the three poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey.

The poppy holds in its chalice a thousand delicious dreams, more beautiful than its own satin petals. The rose breathes odors sweet enough to have been caught from a burnt offering to joy or romance. The wild flowers and even the weeds hold lessons of beauty and of truth in every leaf and stem.

To Wordsworth they revealed their deepest thought; into his soul they poured their sweetest melody. And he imprisoned the music and the supernatural beauty of the thought in mystic poetry.

Coleridge took deep draughts of the intoxicating juice of the poppy, and he dreamed dreams sweet, weird and wild; but so swiftly did they course through his brain that he could not catch them all nor picture them in the full glory and magnificence of their form and coloring.

That rose of Spain whispered many secrets to Southey's willing ear of love, romance and poetry. Southey's genius is not so lofty as that of Wordsworth or Coleridge, and yet to-day he is the most popular. Just what it is in his verse that pleases us is hard to define.

Grand and deep as his great religious epics may be, there are doubtless many lacking the knowledge necessary to their appreciation who do not read them, so the popular element must be looked for in his minor poems.

Behind picturesque legends we see pictures of ourselves as we are, and we laugh with the rest at our transparent follies, but feel that the man who pictured them was in sympathy with man.

It is hard to realize that these three who lived and wrote among the Quantock hills and beside the waters of Gessumers and Windermere were first called the "Lake Poets" in scorn and ridicule.

Though Dr. Quincey and Kit North recognized the new poets upon the first publication of "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Ancient Mariner," it is evident that their literary colleagues, able critics though they were, long considered the sure confidence of genius but a manifestation of common conceit.

Tis natural, perhaps, that Wordsworth should draw forth this censure; "A man who expresses himself very decidedly and meets any opposition with positive rudeness must expect his neighbors to agree in despising him."

In Southey this unpleasant element was probably found in his reviews, in which his own private opinions were too dogmatically expressed.

Could we but know our favorite poets how unlike the ideals we have imagined would we find them.

Before reading the biography of Coleridge, we have no desire to have seen and known him. But all who came within the influence of his silver tongue longed to come again and again, to drink deep of the ever flowing fountain of his wisdom and fancy.

Southey's type is not uncommon, though seldom perfected. With a true sense of his own dignity, genial and polite at home and abroad, with a mind well stored with interesting matter from varied reading and extended travel, he is an example of what all men might be.

Wordsworth is the sweetest, purest writer. We do not believe all that he says, we cannot always fathom his meaning, but we reverence the man who has taught us to reverence and love the great book of nature.

The difference between these poets is nowhere more evident than in the various sources whence their inspirations come. Impressions received during a walk, a row upon the lake, an excursion; thoughts awakened by the commonest things in nature—wild woods and twisted roots—even beggars on the street, furnish Wordsworth with material for a sonnet or a poem of unsurpassable beauty. Coleridge looks into his mind; takes what he finds prepared. Sometimes a poem of strange witcheries or furies; sometimes a dream or a lingering recollection of another's work.

How natural that Southey, with his admiration for all that was picturesque in ancient mythology and religion, should receive inspiration for his greatest poems therefrom, and that with a life too busy for sweet reflection, his simple poems should be intensely objective.

All book lovers are familiar with the characteristic way in which these three handled their books, and have perhaps contrasted Southey's handsomely bound, clean cut, dust free volumes with their own, or have been thankful that Wordsworth, that bear among books, could reach any of their treasures.

Or they may have felt that their books would have been increased in value a thousand fold if Coleridge could have borrowed and read them.

The vagaries of genius in the humdrum matter of self-support find a striking exemplification in Coleridge, weak and vacillating, leaving his family to the tender care of Southey, the earnest, steadfast worker.

When we turn from him to Wordsworth we ask, Did Wordsworth lead a charmed life, never to feel the need of exertion, and ever as new necessity for wealth arose to find his wants supplied by unexpected legacies and offices?

If it be true that great minds concentrate the best of all learning, art and beauty, only to return it in a brighter, steadier stream of light and happiness, how greatly is the world indebted to Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, the lake poets.

A SLEIGH RIDE.

"Snow!" At the mere mention of the name you native Californians shudder and point to the snow-capped mountains with a decided expression of "distance lends enchantment" on your faces.

I think that a person who has never encountered a genuine snow-storm; had the pleasure of gliding away over the *ice* on skates, or, enveloped in warm furs, seated in a comfortable sleigh which is drawn by fleet horses, jingling with bells over the smooth, icy roads, does not know what true pleasure is.

How well I remember a sleigh ride that I took, now almost two years ago.

One warm afternoon in January, as I was returning from school, I met a friend who proposed a sleigh ride, and said that we would drive up to Fountain City, a small town situated among the bluffs which lie along the Mississippi river about ten miles from Winona, Minnesota.

The afternoon was very warm for January in Minnesota, and the snow was melting fast, so we concluded to improve the opportunity, and soon we were speeding away over the gleamy river to the jingle of merry bells and the accompaniment of our own pleasant thoughts.

The road wound in and out among the bluffs skirted the river.

It will be impossible for me to tell you of the beautiful effect produced by the canopy of snow covering bluff, trees, river, everything, and everywhere.

After driving a few miles we noticed that snow clouds were beginning to gather, and soon the fast descending flakes warned us that we were to encounter a genuine Minnesota snow storm. But as Minnesota and its snow storms were both well known to us, we concluded that we might as well go on, for, should we turn back, we should have to face the storm, and to any one who has ever tried it, I need not say that this is no desirable thing to do.

In the course of an hour we arrived at our destination, creating almost as much of a wonder as did Columbus on landing in America; for we were so completely enveloped in the fast-descending down, that it was impossible for our friends to tell what we were, much less who. After shaking some of the snow from our wraps we succeeded in convincing them that we were not beings from another world, but Winonians out for a sleigh ride, and that we should be glad of an opportunity to seat ourselves by their fireside and enjoy a little of its warmth while waiting for the storm to cease before starting on our homeward route.

Soon we were seated by a blazing fire, heartily enjoying its warmth, which was, perhaps, enhanced by the snow which was still descending outside.

About six o'clock in the afternoon the snow ceased falling, and after taking a cup of coffee to guard against the cold, and saying adieu to our host and hostess, we started for home.

As we awoke over the white snow gleaming in the moonlight, these words from a favorite poem came into my mind:

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And, busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Every shrub, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an ost; *and*
And the tiniest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

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