

The Normal Index.

VOL. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MARCH, 1887.

No. 8.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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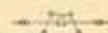
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IN these days of educational advancement, there is much said about manual training, but the theories advanced are seldom made practical. Why? Usually, the theory is too aerial or requires conditions not to be found in our present stage of human progress. The great trouble with most educational theorists is, that they are prone to look above and beyond what is around them for a means to an end; whereas, by the use of tact and good judgment, they might apply the materials about them towards at least a partial realization of what they plan for. An instance of this kind is furnished in the Normal. Before this term, experiments in physics were performed in the recitation room with bought apparatus, and, of course, on a limited scale. Prof. Randall repeatedly urged the trustees to adopt measures to provide for a more extended course of experimenting; but it is only within the last few months that these suggestions have been acted upon. A room in the basement of the building has been fitted up with tables for carpentering and experimenting, and shelves to hold the apparatus. Students are required to construct most of their

apparatus, and to perform all experiments. Additional improvements will be made from time to time. This course is in full accord with the educational principle, "Learn to do by doing," a principle that should be the foundation of every course in the curriculum.

A CIRCULAR has been received from the president of the National Educational Association, W. E. Sheldon, of Boston, setting forth the plans of the next meeting of the Association to be held in Chicago, July 12-16. Various important educational subjects will be taken up and discussed, and an exposition of all school products, school books, apparatus, and all appliances will be held ten days under the supervision of Hon. A. G. Lane, Superintendent of Public Schools of Cook county, Ill. The railroads will sell teachers and all school officers "round trip" tickets from the principal stations to Chicago and return for one fare plus two dollars to pay for a membership coupon. Tickets going are good from July 5 to 15, and return, to September 10, inclusive. To quote from the circular, "The officers of the National Association are doing all in their power to make the next meeting not only the largest assemblage of teachers and friends of education ever convened, but also one productive of permanent good to the cause of education and the profession of teaching."

WITHIN the last few weeks we have received into our Library 250 new volumes. Two very elegant cases have been placed in the rooms to contain the additional volumes. No department of the school is of more importance than the Library. A good library is the delight of an earnest student's heart. A true book-lover finds in a well-fitted book-case companions suited to his every need and mood. A man may be known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps; there is a companionship in books as well as in persons. Books form a bond of union between persons otherwise widely separated in thought and

feeling. They may think, feel, and sympathize with each other through their favorite author. The influence of books is lasting. Decision of character, ennobling aspiration, and proper standards of thought and action will be given us by communion with this vast company who have given their best thoughts to the printed page.

The majority of us, when we go from this school, will never have at our command so good a library as is now within our reach. We ought to form at least a slight acquaintance with some of these authors and their books. The teachers are ever ready to guide the students wisely and well in their course of reading. A person's knowledge is not measured so much by the number of books he reads as by the accuracy of his reading. A student going into the Library in search of information on some special topic is often completely at a loss to know how to find what he desires. Almost every book has an index. A wise use of this often saves valuable time.

The student should read those articles in the journals and periodicals which bear upon his studies. This is especially true in the studies of sciences. Advancement is being made constantly. A careful reading of the latest discoveries and opinions will awaken a spirit of independent thought and research, and the study will be pursued with added zest.

Many of our Normal classes neglect to read the educational journals until some special work in the method class compels them to turn their attention in that direction. With a noble object—that of becoming a teacher—ever in view, particular attention should be paid during the whole course to this part of the Library.

WHEN listening to the sound of saws and hammers at work upon a building, the metallic clink on the anvils in the shops, or the noisy whirl of the swift-revolving wheels of the threshing machine, the question naturally comes—Why all this labor? Each has a special end, that is, to better the condition of mankind. When watching the progress of the laborers in an educational institution, the same question as naturally presents itself. Has the average student a definite end in view? Many are working with illy-constructed plans and with vague ideas, if any, of the purpose of such work. Students of the Normal School have a work which requires earnest thought, carefully constructed plans, and a definite knowledge, not only of the end in view, but also of the different paths by which that end may be reached.

We have but span-long lives in which to acquire knowledge and ability. Before devoting

years to some course which fancy or custom may bring to mind, the worth of the results of such a course should be carefully weighed as compared with the worth of the results of various other courses which may be adopted. The student may accomplish the work of the school not from any desire to be a factor in the work of advancement but because he knew not what field of labor to enter upon, and took this as the one nearest at hand; or he may perform the work because a father and a mother desire him to, and thus be an honor to them; or with determined will and energetic faculties, he may choose the work with the definite aim of becoming one of the first teachers in the country. May we not take an invoice of the progress made? After centuries of experiment, discussion, and comparison, at least a few steps toward the goal have already been made good. We are better able to grasp the great purpose of education than were the preceding generations. The number of H's received cannot measure a student's ability to do the real work, which comes after the years of preparation in the school. While he should have a desire to receive a high standing, still he should realize that no record, however excellent, can insure success if he has no nobler aim.

THE recent passage of a bill for the establishment of a third Normal School in the northern part of the State, raises the question often mooted by the uninformed: Is there not an over-supply of Normal graduates?

The very fact that a majority of our representatives have deliberately made an appropriation for the training of a larger number of teachers goes to show that this is a subject needing closer inspection than most people give it before taking a stand upon it. The establishment of the first Normal School showed that public sentiment was awakening to the necessity of having trained teachers.

Any one who has looked into this matter at all must clearly see that, in order to make material progress in education, those persons, who, by a little enquiring of text-books facts, are able to pass an examination, and receive the County Superintendent's permission to ignorantly direct the minds of children, must be superseded by earnest, trained teachers. To do this there must be a sufficient number of Normal Schools established to train those who will supply the ever increasing demand for trained workers. Now arises the question: Are not the Normal Schools now graduating as many teachers as are needed?

In the first place, so long as the profession of

teaching is as poorly remunerated as it is, we cannot expect a very large per cent. of the annual one hundred or one hundred and fifty graduates to remain any great length of time in the profession. Again, taking from those remaining the number taken by marriage, death, and other fatalities, only a small portion of the original number remain to make teaching their life-work. In fact, of the four thousand or more teachers in the State, only onesixth are Normal graduates, and many of these are from other than the California Normals. The population of our State is rapidly increasing and will continue to do so for years to come, thus making a greater demand than ever for teachers. Public sentiment is steadily growing more critical, and the incompetent, non-progressive teacher cannot remain where he now is much longer. It is not improbable, in this state at least, that before many years none will be allowed to teach who have not had special training. In the light of these facts, can we question the wisdom of establishing a third Normal School and of making larger appropriations for the other two?

THE ORIGIN OF THE LILY.

FANNIE FOTTE.

Beneath the trees of the forest,
Where the flickering sunlight fell
On the sparkling river gliding,
And the birds their stories tell,
The King a garden had planted,
Had filled it with beautiful flowers,
That, swayed by the gentle breezes,
Breathed their joy through long, summer hours,
Oft in the early morning,
While the dew was fresh on each flower,
The King would visit His children—
A happy, happy hour—
And tell of His heavenly garden
Where the birds warbled all the day,
And fountains ever plashing
Over all sent a life-giving spray.
One morn as he talked thus with them,
Close clinging at his feet,
In a mossy bed half hidden,
He beheld a stranger sweet.
 stooping down he gently scanned it,
When a faint sigh caught his ear,
"My child, what is thy trouble?
Tell me, how camest thou here?"
Taking heart the stranger answered,
"My color is black as you see;
My name is Ebony. They tell me
That my home can never be
In that land beyond the river,
Where fair flowers transplanted have been;
I must ever remain in this garden,
For no dark blossom there enters in."

The King bending over the flower,
Sadly said, "What thou sayest is true,
In my garden just over the river,
Besprinkled with heavenly dew,
Enter none that lose me not truly;
And they who by earth stains are marred,
Though they much out with minute longing,
From the joys of that future are barred.

"There is danger that even the flowers,
Thinking much of their gaudy array,
May none of them be quite ready
When I come to take them away."

As sadly he gazed upon them,
In his loving eye a tear
Sparkled a moment, then rested
On the drooping head so near.

Lo! a wonderful transformation
In this flower of somber hue,
Before so shrouded with its color,
In a single instant grew
Pure and fair and tall and stately,
It stood on its delicate stem;
While the fragrant breath of its perfume,
Was wafted throughout the glen.

From the crown of the King reflected
On stamen fair and complete,
Fell drops of bright yellow splendor;
And on the mass at her feet
A gleam of gold most resplendent
Its soft mellow radiance flung,
While paused a wondering whisper
Her sweet companions among.

All through the long bright summer,
Of her changed aspect unaware,
The Ebony told those around her
Of the King and his home so fair.
She taught them to love Him dearly,
For His coming again so long;
And to strive to make themselves worthy
Of that land where all is song.

Unselfish, one eve she was pondering
Her Master's loving care,
When she heard a soft voice calling,
And, glancing up, saw in the air
The King, his face all glowing
With a joy no tongue can tell;
And he said, "My pure one, my Lily,
You have done your work full well."

With joy she bowed before him,
To his feet she would have crept;
But lifted with loving hand-clasp
Safe in his arms she slept.
And he carried her in his bosom
Away in his garden to dwell,
And there she is ever immortal,
With the flowers she loved so well.

Hope is a summerday whose morning is imagination; noon, enthusiasm; afternoon, disappointment; evening, memory; and to-morrow, immortality.—*Hopkins.*

OUR POET OF NATURE.

MARCEL S. CLARKE.

Bryant, our poet of nature, who ever reads thy works without feeling benefited and uplifted by them?

Living in one of the most beautiful and picturesque regions of this country, the New England States, was it strange that a love for the beautiful should be his second nature? How he loved to steal away to some quiet stream, or some forest glen, to study the beauties of nature and afterwards reproduce them for us to enjoy!

His name will be forever associated with the rivers, lakes and mountains of America. Irving says of him, "Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of that solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lovely lake, to the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland."

Born among the granite hills of Massachusetts, the poet breathed in from his earliest years the spirit of freedom; and this love of Freedom and of country strengthened and grew as he advanced toward manhood. His faith in the continuance of the freedom and unity of his country was unbounded. As we read some of his poems, we may trace the author's politics. In his poems "Not Yet," "Country's Call," "The Death of Slavery," one can see how his heart went out to those who were in bondage. Being an editor, he had opportunities of giving vent to his political sentiments; and as he was a true poet, he could not countenance oppression. When the question of slavery was talked about by statesmen and politicians, he used his pen in defence of the weak and down-trodden.

He was a philanthropist in the true sense of the word; for he loved all men, not for any particular goodness on their part, but because he could not find it in his kindly heart to dislike even the humblest of God's creatures. Yet, his philanthropy did not interfere with his patriotism; for though he loved his colored brother, and strove to break his fetters, yet, when the war-clouds hung over this land, did he not long for the hour when they should be dispelled, and Peace should come with her gentle messengers and reign once more? When people became discouraged, and could see no end to the terrible conflict, except the breaking up of the Union, the poet, with his far-seeing eyes of faith, looked beyond the scene of blood and saw his country at rest.

He saw in that quiet picture the country as it had once been—the thrifty villages, the smiling peaceful homes, the brooks and streams no longer tinged with the life-blood of their people, the

grand old forests no longer the scene of carnage and of strife, but calm and beautiful as the hand of Nature had left them.

In this spirit of faith the poet says,—

"Strike for this broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be."

As we read Bryant's poems, one cannot help but notice how he dwells on the subject of death; the thought seems to fascinate him. That mighty king, from whom people shrink, and from whom they pray that their loved ones may be spared, had no terror for him. His beautiful poem, "Thanatopsis," best expresses his thoughts on this subject.

In this, he endeavors to strengthen our wavering faith by telling us, that when thoughts of the last bitter hour come, to go forth under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings. He comforts us with the thought that, though we all must die, yet we but share the common destiny of man—a few short years of existence on this earth, and then the separation of the spirit from the body. He exhorts us to live an upright life in those matchless lines of his:

"Live so, that when thy summons come,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

"Thanatopsis" is a mixture of resignation and triumph; resignation is shown in the writer's willingness to die when his time comes; his triumph is seen in his picture of the calm, cheerful death that follows a pure and sincere life.

Another of Bryant's poems that contains the death thought is "The Flood of Years," written in his eighty-second year. The author here gives us a short but characteristic poem, which carries weight with it as it shows the reflections of an old man on the changeful nature of all things, and the hurrying tide of years that cover the past as with a flood of waters. In a manner that reminds us of "Thanatopsis," the poet reviews the life of man as the ridge of a wave ever hurrying to oblivion the forms that appear on its surface for a moment.

It is said that a person who had been in great trouble was so struck by the unquestioning faith in immortality expressed in the concluding lines of this poem that he wrote to the poet, asking if they expressed his own belief. Bryant answered him in the following note: "Certainly I believe all that is said in the lines you have quoted. If I had not,

I could not have written them. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be but an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here."

Bryant's faith upheld him through the trials of a long life; faith of life in death; faith of a future life. His was the Christian's faith, that as the little seed is buried in the earth, remains a while and finally sends forth a little plant which grows into a beautiful flower, so does the spirit of man, when this mortal body is laid to rest, leaves its dwelling of clay to seek other regions of usefulness.

Bryant's poetry overflows with natural religion; one has only to read his "Forest Hymn" to see his reverence for the Omnipotent. The central thought in his religiousness seems his perfect faith in Providence—a Providence that leads through vicissitudes up to a better life.

In his "Forest Hymn," he speaks of the groves and forests as being such solemn and beautiful places of worship; for better, he says, than the frail structures that men have raised. He lived until the end with this simple, trusting, unquestioning faith; faith in the power of a Being seen only in the beauty and perfection of his works. His trust is shown in those lines of his, "To a Water Fall."

"He who from zone to zone

Guides though the boundless way thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,

Will lead my steps aright."

WORDSWORTH.

LILLIAN WILLIAMS.

William Wordsworth, the founder of the Lake School of poetry, was born at Cockermouth in the north of England, in 1770. At the early age of fourteen he was an orphan, so he spent the remainder of his childhood with his mother's father at Penrith. Here he attended an inferior school, and here he met among his schoolmates the Mary Hutchinson whom he afterwards married. After attending several country schools, he was finally sent to Hawkshead, where he first was introduced to Nature. He, like any other healthy boy, enjoyed hunting, fishing, rowing, and skating; but, being more observant or more impressionable than most boys of his age, stored his mind with memories of the woods, lakes and streams near his early home. Thus his poetic talent, not yet awakened, was nurtured and strengthened; his character gained a hardy self-reliance; and his thoughts were tinged with an individuality that afterwards deepened almost into eccentricity. Lowell says, "It is here that Wordsworth learned that homely

humanity which gives such depth and sincerity to his poems. Travel, society, culture, nothing could obliterate the deep trace of that early training which enables him to speak directly to the primitive instincts of man."

In 1787, or when he was seventeen, he entered college at Cambridge, and the story of his life is preserved in his *Prelude*, a biographical poem. In this poem he speaks of himself as a "dedicated spirit":—

My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows

Were made for me, bond unknown to me

Was given that I should be, else sinning greatly,

A dedicated spirit.

This accounts, in a measure, for his intense devotion to his art.

His vacations he spent in traveling; many times he was accompanied by his sister Dorothy, who was his staff through all his life. None knew so well as she how to soften his sterner temperament, or how to bring out his finer feelings. When he was twenty he made a trip afoot on the Continent, and one year later, just after his graduation, he visited Wales and France. When he returned, he and his sister settled at Alfoxden, so as to be near Coleridge, who was a warm friend of theirs. The next year the trio traveled in Germany. To defray the expenses of this trip, Wordsworth and Coleridge published a joint volume entitled "Lyrical Ballads," which contained among other poems the latter's "Ancient Mariner", and the former's "We are seven" and "The Idiot Boy." On their return from this journey, the poet and his sister took a cottage at Grasmere, in the Lake District. This beautiful valley was also the home of Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey. The last mentioned, in his flowing and somewhat rambling style, has given us in "Literary Reminiscences" a delightful description of this place. This associating of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey gave rise to the appellation of "Lake School" which was ever after applied to the style that Wordsworth adopted. De Quincey claims that it is a mistake to class Southey with the Lake School, for Southey considered the principles of this school grounded in error. We know but little of Wordsworth's personal characteristics. De Quincey tells us that he was of indifferent form, with narrow, drooping shoulders; and that he had remarkably fine gray eyes. He was active in his habits, simple and frugal in his living, and dignified and kindly in his manner. It is true he had a very good opinion of his writings, but this was simply the result of his fixedly following out his original ideas of diction, and his independent mode of life, together with his constitutionally self-confident nature.

The most of his composing was done out of doors, where he seemed imbued with a deep poetic spirit.

He was the first to interpret Nature as she should be interpreted. He saw behind the material world a power—a Divine Power. He regarded Nature as a living whole, and the "common things that round us lie" as worthy our consideration.

His longest and perhaps his best work is his "Excursion". It is a part of an intended moral epic which treats of man's moral obligations, and discusses numerous questions pertaining to God and Nature. In passages this is sublime, yet in some parts it lapses almost into prosiness. If he had carried his plan out, and introduced characters of more dignity, this work would have been a shining star in the galaxy of poems. As it is, it is ennobling and uplifting in its influence and entitled to the reverence and respect which it has won.

But Wordsworth won the general ear more by his minor poems, which were unexceptionable in diction and sentiment. The most noted of these are "We are Seven" and "The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." Like Milton he wrote sonnets that were at once powerful and sweet.

After the stilted style of Dryden and of Pope, with what relief we turn to Wordsworth! And his simplicity, purity, and nobleness of thought form a decided contrast to Byron's style. In his earlier life he determined to write as the common people talked, and said that the diction of prose was proper for every style of verse. In his later life he deviated somewhat from these principles, which was but natural. We might characterize his style by saying that it is usually musical, logical and pure; but sometimes prosy and diffuse. If he had been a little less self-confident, perhaps he would have escaped this tediousness of style into which he sometimes drops; he did not seem to know when his spirit ceased to be uplifted and when his thoughts lapsed into the commonplace.

It has been hard for the critics to know just where to place Wordsworth among the poets. Of course, Coleridge and DeQuincey place him in the front rank, but they were his associates. In his day he was severely criticised, and what merits he had were entirely overlooked. Yet, under all criticism he bore up with a serene self-confidence that amounted almost to indifference. He seemed to realize that the leader of a reform had to be severely criticised before he could be appreciated. Finally, public opinion turned, the pendulum swung to the other extreme—then only his merits were noted. But in this age we have come to a more fair understanding of him.

Matthew Arnold, the noted English critic, places Wordsworth in the front rank. Other critics, while not according him quite so high a position, agree that he is a superior poet. He differs from Shakespeare in that his characters lack that reality, and his plots the passion that move human nature. While not equalling Milton he has somewhat of his style—philosophic and undramatic. He oversteps Chaucer in his interpretation of Nature; for he looks beyond the material to the Sovereign Mind which controls it.

His influence over the poetry of his age was most salutary. It needed an extremist to change the style, which was almost Euphuistic. O, that we had more such noble, elevating writers. None can study his works without an ever-increasing reverence for Nature and Nature's God. It has been said that no other poet except Shakespeare has given us so many household phrases. Some writer says, "If Pope has made current more epigrams of worldly wisdom, to Wordsworth belongs the nobler praise of having defined for us, and given us for daily possession, those faint and vague suggestions of other worldliness of whose baser nature the hurry and bustle of life scarcely ever allowed us to be conscious."

THE Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

Among the institutions of the Normal constantly growing into favor is one which certainly deserves the praise and approbation of those connected or in any way interested in the Normal of San Jose, and that is the Y. M. N. D. Society. In the first part of the year of 1884, the Philomathean Society—a society of some age—was in active operation. It was largely attended, especially by the young ladies. The programmes were not only well selected but carried out in a manner that did credit both to the members and to the school. For various charges preferred against the society, the Faculty deemed it best to prohibit evening meetings, which virtually broke up the society. There were no more societies that term, but the following August, when the school had opened, some of the members of the old Philomathean Society met and founded the present Y. M. N. D. Society. Among the charter members were W. E. Telbbe, Frank M. Graham, H. B. Hunsaker, Robert Adcock, John M. Holmes, and several others. The membership was at first small, but it rapidly increased until the names enrolled numbered twenty-five, enough for any progressive society. The main feature of the society then, as it is to-day, was debating, and the improvement of the young men was rapid in the ex-

trema, which was probably owing to the fact that the members were few, and that each took part at every meeting.

In a debating society there is, or at least should be, great enthusiasm evinced by the participants, and in a lesser degree by the audience, chiefly because of the rivalry existing between the opposing sides. One cannot listen without carefully thinking over the subject being debated, resolving it into all its possible phases, and penetrating and analyzing the argument presented by each speaker. One thus learns that every question has two sides; consequently, he becomes broad-minded in his views, consistent in his opinions and sentiments, and a thinker of more profundity.

The Normal youngmen should think of these general facts, and never lose an opportunity through sheer neglect to improve themselves as thinkers and debaters.

At present the Y. M. N. D. Society is in a most prosperous condition. It has over forty active members who are making rapid strides in acquiring proficiency in the art of oratory and of logic. Among its many regulations, the one just added will undoubtedly work a change in some of the members by arousing them from their semi-lethargic state into which they have apparently fallen. This is a system of graduation. All members that graduate from the Normal are entitled to a diploma of graduation from the Y. M. N. D. Society, provided they have been active members for a certain time, and have taken part in the programme at least twelve times a term. This last feature of the society is a very desirable one, since it will prove the means, as it is already beginning to show, of getting more individual work, and inculcating better preparation and effort on the part of each; all of which will result in much good to both members and society.

F. M. L.

A DRILL IN PRONUNCIATION.

A certain *orthoptist* who was a contributor to a leading magazine, and was not only an *indispensable* exponent of *orthoptics* but also of the science of botany, and could give a proper *nomenclature* to every species of flower or shrub, from the peculiarity of pistil, stamen, anther, *catagledon*, leaf or tendril, proved himself to be a formidable opponent to a person of *prebendary* habits and *despicable* nature who sought to *inundate* him by a flood of scorn and *contumely*, with charges of a plot to *defalcate* while in possession of a sum of money held in trust for a friend; but he was known to be so *indivulsiably* connected with all that was most *exemplary*, that such a course was not at all ex-

plicable, nor was the charge credited, and he received many letters of *condoleance* from those to whom he had been a friend and *conservator*, in times of trouble, while his calumniator was advised in such a *peremptory* way to *acclimate* himself in a more hospitable country, that he felt it to be *obligatory* that he accept the advice, without attempt to *recalcipitate* himself, or to obtain a *mansuetudo* from the servitude that such a course must imply.

An adept adult, with a robust compeer and his allies went to sojourn in a morass in order to ransack every resource to gain recourse to a verbose, prolix romance on basalt. An ally having canine features made an address at a vendue in a recess of large contour. The purport of the preface of his address was to harness the auctioneer by comment on the state of his finance. He received a blow that caused him to gyrate and turned his mind to the routine of research and the occult science of basalt.

A LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Makawao, Maui, Feb. 14, 1887.

DEAR NORMALITE:

During my stay in Hawaii nei, I have heard and seen many odd and wonderful things, and I shall try to tell you of one of the strange sights. It is the "Specter of the Broken." Last summer a large party made the ascent of Haleakala, the largest extinct crater in the world. We spent the night on the summit at an elevation of 10,000 feet, in order that we might see the sunset and sunrise, and look at the crater by both daylight and moonlight, with a possibility of seeing the Spectre. Well, wrapped in our blankets, we were sitting on some of the highest rocks watching the most gorgeous sunsets, when one of the party looked behind and gave an exclamation. Up we all jumped, and turning our backs upon the sun, looked at our own black shadows which were thrown upon the gray clouds as they rolled up out of the crater. Encircling our shadows was a complete rainbow, with another much larger and more brilliant one outside. This outer circle seemed to rest upon the very summit of the mountain. It all made a vivid and never-to-be-forgotten picture. To look around at it for the first time and to see one's own shadow up in clouds quite startles one. The name, I think, is very appropriate.

Yours truly,

AN EX-NORMALITE.

One may live a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man.—Webster.

ALL SORTS.

Splendid weather for picnics.

What's the matter with "Hannah"?

No wonder the Senior B's look mournful; they must all dye soon.

At least one half of the last graduated class are engaged in teaching.

Some of our young men were lately mistaken for members of the Salvation Army. Really, that's too bad.

It is rumored that J. J. was detained from school to take care of some of the valiant "soldiers" of Cal.

The Senior B's, under the direction of Prof. Kleiberger, paid a visit to the gas works a few days ago.

The Normal has an orchestra. Its members are Messrs. Tebbe, Bamsu, Grubbs, Wambald, and Turner.

Miss Amelia McKay, of the Senior A 2 class, is the only student that has passed in full answers to the series of questions given in the last Index.

Photographer Johnson is now doing a thriving business by representing Normal plugs on paper. Buy a picture, girls; you will lose the boys soon.

The young Junior B 2 so often seen walking through East San Jose seems to have forgotten that the Faculty desire all pupils to take their exercise in the sunlight.

We all sympathize with the young fellow that walked in from the University of the Pacific to hear Prof. Fowler lecture on Matrimony, and then learned that the lecture was to take place a week later.

Why is the Senior B the most moral class in school? Because it supports a Church, has an Angel at its head, and, though in truth much loath to do so, has taken leave of its short-Cummings.

We made a mistake in our last issue in calling the apartments of some of the young men "Robber's Roost." It is not Robber's Roost but *Robur's* Roost; and the Robins now roost at nine.

One glance at the expressive countenances of the care-worn pupils informs us that the long-looked-for day has come. Either a shade of joy or sorrow will rest upon them when the ten-weeks' report is read. Then the successful or the unsuccessful attempts will be recorded in the "big book."

The Y. M. N. D. Society elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, R. O. Cutler; Vice-President, Bert Martin; Secretary, William Matney; Treasurer, Mark Palmer; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. Edgerton; Assistant-Sergeant, D. C. Elliot.

At a recent class meeting the Senior A's chose two very pretty shades of green and yellow for their class colors; but the sight of the various shades of the maddening colors displayed by the students on St. Patrick's day has induced them to reconsider the matter.

Prof. K— has made the science of Chemistry especially interesting during the last two weeks. Evidently he believes in "variety." It might be well for the pupil-teachers to converse with him on the subject. By so doing they can avoid going abroad for a stock of news.

"Deeds, not Words" is the Senior A motto.

White and gold are the Senior A class colors.

WANTED—A number of good jokes for a funny paper. Report to Mr. B., of the Middle B class.

We are sorry to hear that Queen "Elizabeth" is buried in a "Cave." We fear the case has gone beyond rescue.

The Y. M. N. D. S. gives an open meeting shortly. The programme is especially good. Every student should make it a point to attend that night.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction paid us a visit the other day. He made a few sensible remarks, which were well appreciated by both teachers and students.

The Senior B's have just shaken hands with the Training Department. For the next ten weeks they will observe the methods of teaching there, so that when next term comes around, they will go to work feeling somewhat at home in the position of teacher.

The Senior A class pin has been decided upon, notwithstanding much contention in the part of a few students. It differs from the last class pin in that the small pin is a banner bearing the date, "May, '37." The main pin is identical with that of the Xmas class.

The Senior A class is to be commended for its enthusiastic attention to class meetings. Class colors, class pins, class poem, recitations, Commencement exercises, and a dozen other matters, are enough to require five-months' legislation from any State Legislature, with not a minute to spend in political jobbery either.

At the last meeting of the Nortonian Society, March 27th, the officers for the coming quarter were elected. As yet, every attempt of the Society has been successful. The programmes have all been interesting, and we feel that they will continue to be so. The outgoing officers have been true to their trust, and leave the Society and all business matters in good order. The new officers are: President, Mr. Geary; Vice-President, Mr. Edgerton; Secretary, Miss Cox; Treasurer, Mr. Lane; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Pearty.

Things the All-Sorter would like to know.

1. Where that chestnut is and who is to find it.
2. Which of the many St. Patrick badges was the most hideous.
3. The name of the cricket's social organs.
4. Where to find ten good reporters.
5. Who that tenor and bass are that serenade on Second St.
6. When the Seniors are to hold their reception.
7. Finally, how to make an H record from two C's.

The Library has undergone further changes. New books have been placed on each door of the book-cases, and several new tables have superseded the old long one. These changes all contribute to the general utility of this institution of the Normal. The excellent selection of books, which is being added to from time to time, the magazines and papers of the highest rank, and the admirable system of conducting the Library, has made it a popular resort at all hours during the session of school.

The young ladies of the Y. W. C. A. invited the young men of the school to attend the anniversary of their organization. The institution was gladly accepted by many, and the visitors passed a very pleasant hour. The members of this

Society are working faithfully. The topics for their meetings of the coming month are:

March 25th, "Little Things, Tests of Character," Miss Barnett.

April 1st, "Siam and Laos," Miss Calhoun.

April 8th, "God's Promises," Miss Bickford.

April 15th, "The Love of God," Miss Rummel.

PERSONALS.

W. T. Chipman has called upon us quite often of late.

Prof. Schoof was absent lately on a visit to San Francisco.

Jerome Dockery is still conductor of a gang-plow in Washington Territory.

Jacob Arbogast is attending Heald's Business College in San Francisco.

Geo. Green, once a member of the present Senior A 2 class, is farming near Salinas.

Miss Jennie Snook was recently absent for a few days on account of ill-health.

John Van Eaton, now teaching in San Luis Obispo county, expects to return to the Normal next term.

Miss Marion Kouse and Miss Susan Dunn have visited the scene of their former labors since our last issue.

The many friends of Mr. Harry Norton were pleased to see him in the Normal halls a few days ago.

Ed. S. Knight, once a member of the Senior A 2 class, expects to teach the Jenny Lind school, Calaveras county.

The many friends of Miss Lizzie Cummings are sorry to learn that her pleasant face will not be seen in the hall again this term.

Mr. Saunders, of the Senior B class, will be greatly missed. He was an earnest student and always took a great interest in the work of the school.

Miss Virginia Deal was absent from school for a few weeks on account of death visiting her family and taking away a little sister.

The Senior A class has lost a member in Miss Ely. Miss Ely left within a few weeks of graduation day, and thus forfeited her chance of graduating with her old class.

Miss Mamie Bass, a member of the class of '86, paid the Normal a flying visit last week. She seems much pleased with teaching, and will continue her work in Alameda county.

Mr. F. Bailey, a former student of the Normal, now attending the Oakland High School, paid us a short visit a few days ago. Come often, Mr. Bailey; we shall always give you a hearty welcome.

We regret that Miss Laura Thomas is no longer to be numbered in our ranks. She was obliged to leave on account of failing sight. We hope that her eyes will soon grow strong enough to permit her to return.

Prof. Allen attended the Stanislaus County Teachers' Institute, held last month at Modesto, where he gave a very able lecture on "Child Training." At present, the Professor is making a tour of the northern counties in search of a site for the new Normal.

Miss Ida M. Carpenter, a member of the best class that graduated from the new building, and now a teacher in the public schools of Napa City, was in San Jose for a short time a few days ago.

Mr. Calhoun, of Junior A 2, has left the paternal roof of the Normal, and returned to his home. We shall miss you, Edgar. Our sincere wish is that success may attend you wherever you go.

Miss Mabel McKay, of the last class graduated, is often seen about the Normal. Old students should visit their *Alma Mater* when opportunity offers. Teachers and student-acquaintances will always accord them a hearty welcome.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Mary Browning, Xmas, '85, is teaching in Marin county.

Miss May Stern, May, '85, has a school in Occidental District, Merced county.

N. C. Hanscum, '75, is teaching in the San Andreas school, Calaveras county.

Miss Edith Peerrington, May, '85, is engaged in the Charleston District, Merced county.

Miss Martha B. Thompson, May, '84, has been teaching in Bakersfield, Kern county, for the last three years.

D. S. Snodgrass, Xmas, '85, has held the position of Principal of the Fresno City schools since his graduation.

Mrs. Snodgrass, nee Lily Aldicott, has returned to her home from the Santa Cruz mountains much improved in health.

John W. Sullivan, May, '84, is principal of the school in San Fernando, Los Angeles county, where he has been teaching since October.

Two of our recent graduates, Mr. John Uter, Xmas, '85, and Miss Myra Parks, May, '86, now hold honorable positions as County Superintendents.

Heman G. Squier, Xmas, '85, has a school near Yuba City. About two months ago he received the appointment as a member of the Plumas county Board of Education.

Miss Mary E. DeZalzo, May, '84, has shown her enterprise by taking up 160 acres of land in San Luis Obispo county. She has charge of the school near San Miguel.

Miss Mollie McLerran, Dec., '85, has again assumed the reins of government in her school at Alviso. That success will crown her efforts is the sincere wish of the Normalites.

Miss Moggie L. Robb, May, '86, has commenced on a new term in the school in Cholame Valley. After a long vacation, she reports school days as being very welcome to both teacher and pupils.

Miss Anna Dowling, Xmas, '84, is teaching at Iowa Hill, Placer county. Her school is situated in a birch grove, but, fortunately for the pupils, she is not a "birch wielder of the birch and rule."

Mr. Horace Bacon, Xmas, '85, paid San Jose a short visit the first of the month. He returned to Alamo to assume the principalship of the Alamo school, where he has been creditably engaged in teaching since graduation.

Harry Clark, Xmas, '84, is teaching at Brentwood.

Miss Emma Griffiths, May, '86, is teaching in Grass Valley.

Miss Christine Stuve, of the last class, is teaching in Monterey county.

Mrs. S. E. Holmes, Xmas, '83, is teaching in Panoche, Fresno county.

Miss Florence Crichton, Xmas, '85, is spending her vacation in San Jose.

Miss Clara M. Grubbs, May, '84, is teaching near Lockford, San Joaquin county.

Miss Dora Thrust, Dec., '84, has not been teaching, and is at her home in Stockton.

Miss Iva Briggs, Xmas, '84, is visiting her parents at Lakeside, Santa Clara county.

Miss Nettie C. Sharpe, Dec., '85, has a school in Ragtown, Churchill county, Nevada.

Miss Flora E. Lacy, May, '85, has a school in Spring Valley District, San Diego county.

Elmer Brownell, May, '84, is principal of the school at Warm Spring, Alameda county.

Miss Mirmias F. Komer, Dec., '83, is teaching in Union District, eight miles from San Jose.

Miss Agnes M. Faxon, May, '84, is doing well in her school at Caliente, Kern county.

Elma K. Vance, May, '84, has been teaching since October, in Round Valley District, Inyo county.

Henry K. Bailey, May, '84, is at his home Tumalo, Marin county, and is not teaching at present.

Miss Anna J. Zane, Dec., '85, is teaching in Earika. She is well pleased with her school of sixty-four.

Miss Wilemina Kemer, Dec., '84, has been teaching since graduation at Dougherty's Mill, Santa Cruz county.

John M. Holmes, May, '86, is very pleasantly situated at Kingston, Fresno county, stimulating the minds of the young to vegetate.

Miss Laura J. Berry, May, '83, has been teaching in this county since graduation. Her school is about two miles east of San Jose.

Miss Florence H. Ottensmeyer, May, '82, is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. Her address is to: East Twenty-third street, New York City.

Miss Carrie Brauer, May, '86, has charge of the Primary Department in Audubon school. She has to direct the minds of ninety-six young pupils along the paths of knowledge.

Miss Annie L. Taylor, May, '85, closes her school in Meridian, Butte county this month after a successful term's work. Her address is 6314 Divisadero street., San Francisco.

Lewis Goldie, Dec., '85, expects to take charge of the Petrolia schools, Humboldt county, in April. He reports that the graduates of the Normal are doing good work in that county.

Miss Cora K. Wyckoff, May, '85, has been teaching in the East Main Seminary, Makawao, Maui, H. I., for the past year. Much teaching and life among the Hawaiians in their beautiful land is very delightful.

NORMAL READING CIRCLE.

SECOND CIRCULAR.

WORK FOR FIRST TERM, 1887.

February—Story of Chaldea, to page 118;

Payne's Lectures to page 75.

March—Story of Chaldea, to page 258;

Payne's Lectures to page 174.

April—Story of Chaldea, to end;

Payne's Lectures to end.

References—Very little upon the history of Chaldea is accessible. A few paragraphs can be found in most Ancient Histories and General Histories. The best special work is Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies—Chaldea. Read parts of Genesis referred to in the text book. If possible, obtain access to some ancient atlas. Lablerton's Historical Atlas (Price \$2.) is especially fine, and, to any who can afford to buy it, will be found very useful in the work of this and succeeding years.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Whenever two or more members can meet together at regular intervals, it is recommended that local circles be formed to hold meetings at least once in two weeks, for mutual assistance and inspiration. The Executive Committee at San Jose will be glad to have reports of the organization and work of such circles.

GENERAL.

The Committee purpose to send out, from time to time, topics and suggestions in connections with the books read.

Arrangements for reports of individual work, examination questions, and certificates of work accomplished have not yet been completed, but will be provided for and announced in due time.

RUTH ROYCE.

Corresponding Secretary.

A few days ago John E. Ward was quietly united in marriage with Miss Snowden, a teacher in the Modesta public school, without asking anybody's consent save that of the young lady directly interested. The Teacher's Institute, at a very informal session on the railroad last Friday, took revenge on the young banker by adopting the following:

WHEREAS, It has pleased one John Edward Ward to remove from our midst one of our "Sisters" in the person of the previous Miss Snowden; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That while we mourn our loss and heartily commiserate the unhappy fate of the said Ward in being "Snowed-in," we yet shall endeavor to comfort ourselves in a manner befitting the solemnity of the occasion, and shall await in faith and patience the time when we too shall be called to our re-Ward.—*Oakdale Graphic*.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven; the poetry of the Creator, written in beauty and fragrance.—*Chaffield*.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

I. I. WILLIAMS,
CLARA HOUGHTON, LILLIAN LAUBERSHEIMER.

SENIOR A's are observed to hold their heads a little elevated lately. This is not surprising for they will constitute the first class to graduate from the State Normal School of Southern California, as the other classes all graduated from the Branch State Normal School.

WE are not surprised when we read in the San Francisco papers, the exaggerated account of the small-pox in Los Angeles, for one of the young ladies of the Normal, who has always been considered a regular George Washington, was caught in the act of trying to repeat a story she had been told concerning the small-pox, but in giving the number of cases she merely doubled it. When accused of using a hyperbole to express her sentiments, she acknowledged her guilt, but said she didn't mean to do it.

AS was expected, the reason for the close of school has been given with many variations. Not half an hour after the dismissal of school the marvelous story was told on the streets that one of the Faculty was very sick with the small-pox, so school had been closed. The real truth was this: Miss Anna Holmes, of Middle A, had gone home the Friday before the closing of school feeling quite ill. As she had been exposed to the measles and had never had this disease, she now supposed that she had taken it. So Friday afternoon she went in a carriage to the home of her room-mate, Miss Caruthers, at Downey, where she was to remain until her recovery from the measles, her own home being at some distance from Los Angeles. On arriving at Downey the physician was called and he pronounced it a light case of varioloid. All due precautions were then taken for this disease, and Wednesday it was fully ascertained that it really was a case of varioloid. Although there was little danger of any one taking it from Miss Holmes while at school, yet, in order that there should be no more cases in school from this source, the school was closed for a vacation of two weeks.

It is not known where Miss Holmes was exposed to the small-pox, but it is thought that she may have been at Downey, as she was there visiting two

weeks before her sickness, and as there have been several cases in that neighborhood. Miss Caruthers being with Miss Holmes during her entire sickness, has not escaped it. But but of cases are reported light as are most of the cases here.

NO matter how smooth and undisturbed may be our school for one month we know not what changes may come to it the next. At the beginning of the small-pox scare several frightened students left school for their homes in the country. But for some time there were so few cases in town that it was not generally considered expedient to close school unless there should be a further development of the virulent disease. For awhile all was serene, but a case of varioloid having broken out in the school, it was closed March 16th to reopen April 4th.

Although it is thought by the principal physicians of the town, that no one was exposed at school by this case; yet, wishing to be on the safe side and to prevent all danger of the spreading of the disease at school, we were allotted this short vacation. All were sorry for the interruption in their work, yet we could not but feel that it was all for the best, considering the circumstances.

Most of us will enjoy our vacation since we have it, but will be glad to return to our work again.

INDUSTRIAL MIGRATION.

What a train of thought these words bring to our minds, and to what a host of mental pictures do they give rise!

In our imagination we see the long immigrant trains, with their white-topped wagons, moving slowly over the hills and through the valleys, and adown the long forests toward the setting sun.

Onward, ever onward, till at last they can go no further, the remotest western limit being reached.

We have read of the man who, hearing of the "golden west," started out to find it; and at each stage of his journey, was told to go a little further west. Tiring on, he came at last to his home, and found that he had made the circuit of the globe, and it was still "a little further west."

But notwithstanding all this, people migrate, ever anxious for something new and different.

They move to gain health or wealth, or to find a refuge from pestilence and a place where persecutions, to which they have been subjected, shall cease.

These causes and many, many others are incentives to migration. But of all these different motives which lead men to leave their native homes

and "away to pastures new," none are so strong as that of industrial migration.

Here we see some family carefully saving their small earnings until they shall have enough to journey to the far west and there make their dwelling in some peaceful, fertile valley, or perhaps hew out a home in some primeval forest.

At last the glad time comes, and one sunny morning they gather all their possessions together, and with a last long, loving look at their home in dear old Ohio or Vermont, or wherever it may chance to be, they start out into the great unknown world.

On their journey, this little family, stopping at night when the occasion offers itself 'neath the shelter of some spreading trees, where the horses, tired after their day's journey over hill and down dale, are tethered out to feed upon the fragrant grasses of the valley.

Soon a blazing camp-fire is roaring, and from a stake driven into the ground, the kettle is suspended and is soon bubbling as merrily as from the crane at home.

And now the supper is over. The cattle are lying peacefully on the grass, contentedly chewing their cuds.

The family are gathered round the slowly dying embers, talking of their future home. Down the good wife's cheek starts a tear, as she thinks of her aged father and mother left behind; but no one sees it, and her hopeful tone cheers the others if they were ever so disposed to be despondent. Ah, no one knows the struggle borne so bravely in another's heart.

Now these tired way-worn people are quietly sleeping. The good man is stretched beneath the wagon, the mother and little ones inside. The faithful watch-dog lies at his master's feet, and, ever and anon, raises his shaggy head as the grasses rustle in the evening breeze, or an owl hoots from the distant wood. But all night long no disturbing element comes to break in upon their rest, and ere the sun peeps over the tree-tops, this small company is again upon its way.

This day's journey is but a repetition of the one before, and so are many others, until, at last, they come to their journey's end; and upon the broad, fertile prairies of Oregon, they pitch their tent, until such time as they shall choose to erect their humble dwelling.

They progress towards prosperity slowly, and with many sorrows and great hindrances. Now their youngest child sickens and dies, and they lay him to rest beneath the long waving grasses, and water his grave plentifully with their tears.

Again they take up life's burden with heavy

hearts and tearful eyes. The little chair stands vacant, and the sorrowing mother must make a double effort to be cheerful. One gone from earth, but another link added binding her to heaven.

Then comes the terrible prairie fire which is so much dreaded in the west. They fight bravely for their lives and homes, and at last the conflict is ended and they are again in safety.

And so for years perhaps, they battle with grim want and sorrow, but little by little, their store increases. They build a large house. A little town springs up not far from them, destined some day to be a great city. Their orchards are bending with reddening fruit; their fields are yellow with ripening grain. Thus we leave them, in a pleasant anticipation of a visit soon to their old home, where father, mother and friends so dear shall see them once more, and sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ARITHMETIC.

Doubtless, a journey of eight weeks seems to us all an unendurable length of time to wander among strangers, and should I inquire if any of you had taken such a journey, I am quite confident I should hear but few answer in the affirmative. Although we, in person, have never been abroad, yet the minds of most of us have completed a journey of eight years.

Eight long years traveling through Arithmetic! Let us follow a traveler as he journeys through this strange land. To him, it seems as if his journey has no end; for, in the dim distance, he can see his friends, who started years before him, still traveling onward.

When a traveler starts out, a message is given him to deliver at each station by the way, but, alas! how often he loses some of these important messages, and is sent back to recover them. Thus, losing time and causing friends to await his return. Our traveler starts from Notation and Numeration and journeys over a vast plain with only such difficulty as accompanies those unused to traveling. The scenery here is beautiful, and the traveler is anxious to progress, for his curiosity is awakened to discover what is in the distance. A few weeks pass away and he comes to a huge mountain, called Mt. Addition. So steep is it, that, in scaling its side, our traveler is in such constant anxiety lest he shall never reach the top, that he loses several of his messages and is sent back by the Guard to find them. He reluctantly turns back, and travels the same ground over again, probably more than once. Many days pass away before

our traveler finds himself at the top of Mt. Addition, but here he has a fine view of this great country, Arithmetic. He looks back and sighs as he thinks of the time it has taken to pass over so short a distance. He looks forward and obtains a grand out-look of Test Problems, which mark his journey's end. They do not appear so very far away, and the traveler descends Mt. Addition at quite a rapid pace. Almost before he is aware he is traveling the great table-land of Subtraction. Here and there are large cities which are interesting to visit, and further on is a grand old forest, which, he is told, contains birds and flowers of every description. Knowing to some extent the country before him, the traveler goes bravely forward until he reaches the Valley of Multiplication, where he is almost overcome by numerous difficulties. Week after week, month after month, passes away ere the weary traveler reaches the last station before entering the cities of Division. At this station he must deliver all of his messages before he is allowed to pass on. The result is that he is sent back to the foot of Mt. Addition to gather up his lost messages. Back he goes, the most woe-begone looking traveler that one often sees. A year has already passed away since he was at this point for the first time, and before he again reaches the cities and towns of Division, another year has rolled away. The traveler is compelled to spend many weary months before he has safely delivered a message at each of the cities of Division. But when this is done he soon reaches the Forest of Fractions, and feels greatly delighted at having reached it, although he has been four long years on the way. However, he finds this forest to be a real South American one, and after having lost his way and wandered around for weeks, he comes out at the same place from which he started, and must commence anew. As he journeys on, the Bridge of Denominate Numbers meets his gaze. This bridge is so built that it reminds him of going up and down stairs, for he is obliged to ascend and descend many steps before he is allowed to enter Percentage Valley. When he enters this valley he meets many persons wishing to borrow certain sums of money, and willing to pay a large rate of interest. Other people urge him to buy their goods, while at a discount; and still others advise him to invest in stocks. Thus, he is greatly delayed. Having reasoned with them to the best of his ability, he bids them farewell and passes on to the country of Proportion. Here the people are forever comparing one thing with another, causing many quarrels and disagreements. Fortunately they do not disturb this dusty traveler, and he soon reaches Square and Cube Root. In the coun-

try called Square and Cube Root, he is compelled to build his own roads with blocks of wood found in different parts of the country. Moreover, they must be placed with great care in order to form perfect square and cubes, or he would not be able to pass over them. This requires a great deal of time and work, but after they are completed he finds himself at the gate of Test Problems. As this is the point toward which he has been traveling for eight long years, he enters the gate which leads into a beautiful park, rejoicing that the end is so nearly reached, and feeling that a hard lesson of perseverance has, necessarily, been learned.

A CAT-CLOCK.

The following curious incident is to be found in Hue's "Chinese Empire":—

"One day when we went to pay a visit to some families of Chinese Christian peasants; we met, near a farm, a young lad, who was taking a buffalo to graze along our path. We asked him carelessly, as we passed, whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun, but it was hidden behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there. 'The sky is so cloudy,' said he, 'but wait a moment!' and with these words he ran towards the farm, and came back a few minutes afterwards with a cat in his arms. 'Look here,' said he, 'it is not noon yet!' and he showed us the cat's eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands. We looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest; and the cat, though astonished, and not much pleased at the experiment on her eyes, behaved with most exemplary complaisance. 'Very well,' said we; 'thank you!' and he then let go the cat, who made her escape pretty quickly, and we continued our route.

To say the truth, we had not at all understood the proceeding; but we did not wish to question the little pagan, lest he should find out that we were Europeans by our ignorance. As soon as ever we reached the farm, however, we made haste to ask our Christians whether they could tell the clock by looking at the cat's eyes, and we related what had just taken place. That was all that was necessary; our complaisant neophytes immediately gave chase to all the cats in the neighborhood. They brought us three or four, and explained in what manner they might be made use of for watches. They pointed out that the pupil of their eyes went on constantly growing narrower until twelve o'clock when they became like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye, and after twelve the dilation recommenced.

When we had attentively examined the eyes of

all the cats at our disposal, we concluded that it was past noon, as all the eyes perfectly agreed upon the point. We have had some hesitation in speaking of this Chinese discovery, as it may, doubtless, tend to injure the interest of the clock-making trade, and interfere with the sale of watches; but all considerations must give way to the spirit of progress. All important discoveries tend in the first instance, to injure private interests, and we hope, nevertheless, that watches will continue to be made, because, among the number of persons who may wish to know the hour, there will most likely be some who will not give themselves the trouble to run after the cat, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers."

FATES OF THE FAMILIES OF ENGLISH POETS.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fate of other females of our greatest poets. Shakespeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakespeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child—a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died, unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls, dependant on the friendship of his friend Wilkes, the actor, who stood nobly by him while he lived. They had a small pension from the government, and having long out-lived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children—one of the two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue? The poet of the "Fairie Queen" lost a child when very young by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsay's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son, and of Shelley's son. Ben Johnson survived all his children. Some, and those amongst the greatest, died unmarried—Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thompson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, and Rogers, who lately died. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them. Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons

and a daughter. Ada's looks, in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle, womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips, whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.

IN MEMORIAM.

Again the death angel has knocked at the Normal door, and taken from us one of our most dearly loved members, Carrie L. Shaw. She died the first of this month after a brief illness. One of the many who had the measles, her case did not seem very serious, and she rapidly recovered. But Washington's birthday she went on the excursion to Monrovia; some accident delayed the train until about ten o'clock. Miss Shaw caught a severe cold which developed into diphtheria, and when a doctor was called it proved to be serious.

Her classmates lovingly decorated her desk and what little could be done was kindly done. Her body was taken to her home in Sycamore, Colusa county, for burial. We sorrow for her loss and sympathize with her parents and friends. But they have one more treasure in heaven; we, one more friend awaiting us there.

We have to record for the first time, in the history of our school, the death of one of its graduates. Mr. A. F. Julius Voight, of the Xmas Class of '84, left this weary world, where he had long been a faithful worker, the twenty-fifth of February. He had suffered from sickness for some time, but had shown the greatest patience and fortitude through it all. He was a native of Germany. Quite a frequent visitor at school since his graduation, his face had grown familiar to all of the students and will be missed by them as well as by the teachers and his more intimate acquaintances.

A Harvard Professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the U. S. for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it.

Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and slumbers into the cradle prepared for him, thence to be watched and cared for.—*Giles*.

The spirit of the world encloses four kinds of spirits diametrically opposed to charity—the spirit of resentment, spirit of aversion, spirit of jealousy, and the spirit of indifference.—*Boswell*.

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