

The Normal Index.

Vol. IV.

SAN JOSE, CAL. JUNE 25, 1889.

No. 9.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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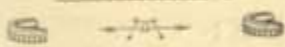
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JUNE 25.

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FOLLOWING a time-honored custom, we who have had the oversight of INDEX affairs for the past term, must say a few words of farewell. 'Tis not without regret that we lay down the editorial "stab" and depart from the "sanctum." With its little burden of work and worry, it brought us also a full share of profit and pleasure. And so we say "fare well" to our school and school paper. This change is but a type of life's changes: all play their parts on the world's great stage, then pass behind the scenes to make room for "those who in their turn shall follow them."

Tendering to all our best thanks for the hearty good will and cheerful aid accorded in the past, we bespeak for the INDEX and its future directors a continuance of the same. Though we now go out into the hard world of actual business, our help and support shall always be given to our paper, as to our Alma Mater. As the months roll

round and bring to us the little blue-covered journal, our thoughts will ever run back to the Normal, to the busy, happy days, to the bright faces and cheerful smiles of schoolmates and teachers, and the INDEX will be the tie that binds us to old times and tried friends.

IN all things pertaining to the school, the teacher is the model, in morals, in personal habits and in methods of work. He should, therefore, never conduct himself in a manner he would be sorry to see his pupils imitate. He should be neat in his personal appearance, and teach his pupils to be the same; he should cultivate a taste and love for the beautiful by decorating his school room with pictures and flowers, and by having everything about the premises kept with neatness and order; and, above all, he should require all school work to be done thoroughly and in the neatest possible manner.—Selected.

PROFESSOR KNOWLTON'S LAST LECTURE.

An audience full of appreciation greeted Professor Knowlton on May 24, at the second of his excellent free "talks" in Normal Hall. After a few introductory remarks, the professor proceeded to put his hearers in the best of good humors by means of a "very polyglot" version of "Mary's Little Lamb." He then disavowed all intention of giving a formal lecture, expressed his dislike for formality as such, and invited all to be "at home"—figuratively—and enjoy themselves in a sociable manner.

"Judd Browning's Account of Rubenstein's Playing" carried us through all the ranges of feeling from grave to gay. The speaker painted word—and action—pictures of great variety and intense reality. One had hardly time to draw his breath after a bit of laughter, ere he felt, with Judd, so "all-fired patriotic" he could—in his mind—whip a regiment, or so tender hearted—he wanted so bad to hear him won to love he didn't know what he was." Longfellow's "Resignation"

and selections from "Evangeline" had hardly quieted the last waves of mirth, when the "Anticremationist" stirred our risibles to their depths; and we were almost ready to cry enough of fun, when "Rural Life in Sweden" threw such a glamour over us we could almost feel the crimson glow of the midnight sun and hear the gay chatter of the May-day dancers.

Stopping to give a few thoughts on the beauty of this "prose poem," a little advice on naturalness in reading, and one or two criticisms on well known styles of reading, the professor once more proceeded to wake the echoes and rouse our tired laughter by "Voices of the Night"—not by Longfellow, *perhaps* by Shortfellow. The aforesaid voices were too numerous and various to mention; but, if the speaker then gave, during his waking moments, a fair sample of his abilities during his sleeping ones, deliver us from his neighborhood after bed-time!

The "Launching of the Ship" had just raised the audience to the height of patriotism, and made them feel like "real live Yankees," when the "Icy Spot," or "How to Apologize" completely floored them, as it were, leaving all rolling in an agony of mirth.

It was amusing in the extreme to note the different effects produced by the wit and humor; to see the open-mouthed stare and the silent, side-shaking laugh; to hear the too! hee! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! echo and re-echo around the room, in all varieties from the timid bird-trill to the broad guffaw, the real old horse laugh. They were all there in their infinite melody and harmony, in all their variety and unity; the deep bass at the right accompanied by the shrill treble at the left, and anon the puff and snort, the gurgle and grunt and growl, the whoops and whistle and whine, coming in to fill up the sweet silence between. It was, in short, a regular German brass-band of laughter, with a buzz-saw accompaniment and steam-whistle attachment.

In conclusion, Professor Knowlton said, "In reading, avoid all affectation and constraint; do not 'handbox' your reading. Above all, be natural, enter into the spirit of your reading, give yourself up to it, feel it, live it." The importance of good reading, especially to teachers, the uses that may be made of it, and how to get the most from it, were briefly told. The evening was full of enjoyment for all. May Professor Knowlton's genial face often be seen at the Normal.

A BIT OF GOSSIP.

We all went early—and we're glad of it, because we had a good time all the while, and the

more of that the better. Wasn't that what we went for? And didn't everybody seem to say, "O, but you must enjoy yourself, you can't get out of it?" And we couldn't, don't you see; that was the joke. Why, enjoyment was compulsory! You don't object to enjoyment! In season? O, well! we didn't stay after hours, as you needn't worry. And then it was just like being at home, anyhow, —only "a little more so." So we talked and talked. What about, you say? Well now, that's hard to say. Oh, about news and weather, science and—nonsense. Yes, we did. Maybe you think we can't talk nonsense. No? Yes? Well, if we can, we're not compelled to. It's our recreation. Some people live by it. But that wasn't all, bless you! Only the beginning. Just as the buzz and hum and titter and giggle were assuming Normal proportions, music and games and nuts and ice-cream were introduced. Well received? Well, yes, they seemed to be appreciated. But then, after all, the chief thing was the sociability. Why I got filled up with it, right up to the chin; and sh! don't say a word!—I've had some ever since. And now mind! never say I said it, but I've noticed others having some too. But say, you needn't think we were in bad company. Why, the teachers and professors were there, and they did just as we did. Yes, Professor C—but hold a bit, I won't mention names. This is only a friendly gossip. But, at any rate, he was laughing just as if it was all right. And it was in Professor Allen's house, and he was there and so was Mrs. Allen; so you may tell it if you wish. We don't have to report it, anyhow. Well, to satisfy your curiosity, I will tell you. It occurred on June 6th. What? ha! ha! Why, of course. It was the reception to the Senior A's.

TRIP TO MT. HAMILTON.

On the morning of June 11th, it was evident from the excited looks of the Senior A's and the great amount of luncheon stored in the dressing-rooms that "something was going to happen," and, on the following morning, from the drowsy eyes, gaping mouths, and listless faces, everyone understood that "something had happened."

About half-past eleven, A. M., Tuesday, the first carryall load of Seniors started for the far-famed Mt. Hamilton. The whole party numbered more than sixty, including eight members of the Faculty.

A more delightful day could not have been chosen for the trip. Songs, stories, and puns innumerable made the long ride pass very pleasantly and rapidly. Stopping at Smith's Creek Hotel for

dinner, we started for the observatory, reaching it in time to witness a grand sunset. The view was magnificent. The fog was rolling in over the bay, which was lit up by the last rays of the setting sun. The orb of day, crimson with glory, sank slowly below the horizon until, just as the edge was visible, it seemed like a great city on fire. The sky was tinted with the most beautiful shades of crimson, green and blue, all delicately blending into one another. The clouds above, silvery at first, then pink, finally took on darker hues as the shades of night fell, and the moon shone out brightly.

We then went into the observatory, registered, and spent some time in looking through the buildings. As we stood before the great telescope under which lies the body of James Lick, the thought came to each one, "How much grander such a monument than a shaft of stone." The telescope is fifty-seven feet long and the diameter of the glass is thirty-six inches. We had the privilege of looking through this telescope and also through a twelve-inch glass.

We first viewed Saturn. Surrounded by its bands, it is a most beautiful sight. Five of its satellites were visible. Next the glasses were turned upon the moon.

Through the smaller telescope, the craters of Copernicus and Ticho could be seen. The moon was so nearly full, however, that the light was very dazzling. Through the larger telescope, on account of its greater magnifying power, a smaller portion was visible, and the light was not so strong.

Later in the evening, Jupiter was high enough in the heavens to be seen. Although not so striking in appearance as Saturn, it was a wonderful sight. We could see its cloudy belts and three of its moons. The professors explained with the greatest patience and courtesy all that would make the evening an interesting and profitable one.

About eleven thirty, the last carryall started for home. Although it made its way around the three hundred and seventy-five turns in the road with the greatest rapidity, only a few hours remained for sleep that night.

The trip altogether was a most delightful one, and will leave a lasting memory in the minds of all those who enjoyed its privileges.

In acknowledgment of the kindness which was shown us, the following resolutions were adopted at the last meeting of the Senior A class:

Whereas, At a recent visit of the members of the Faculty and Senior A Class of the State Normal School to the Lick Observatory, every facility was given and every attention extended by Pro-

fessor Holden and Associates to render the visit profitable and enjoyable,

Resolved:—That we, the officers and members of the Senior A Class of the State Normal School, tender to Professor Holden and Associates a unanimous vote of thanks, and,

Resolved:—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Professor Holden, and that they be published in the "Index."

SONG OF THE SENIOR PICKICKERS.

Tune—Batter By Dads.

O, the best picnic yet, so they say,
Was the one that we had Saturday;
'Twas on June twenty-second,
If rightly I've reckoned,
In honor of Class Senior A.

CHORUS:—Out on the Almaden Road,
Gaily we rattled, how every one pointed;
Boys and girls, loud after loud. [glowed.]
How the eyes sparkled, and how the cheeks
It was then we met Professor C——,
Just as jolly as ever was he;
Mrs. C—— was so pleasant
That every one present
Had nothing more joyful could be.

CHORUS:—Welcome was given to all
As they alighted, so one there was slightest
Welcome they heartily did call,
Welcome to each, young or old, short or tall.
Well, we had just the jolliest time:
Polite! I'll not try to tell it in rhyme;
It would be "vain and useless,"
And leave me quite motionless,
For the joy with slow verse wouldn't chime.

CHORUS:—But here let us remark,
If you'd have pleasure beyond every measure,
Go on a Senior A tour,
And get home in the evening just after dark.

THE NEW COURSE.

At a recent meeting of the trustees of the Normal, several important changes were made in the school course. It was decided to return to the old school year of two twenty-week terms, arranging studies on a basis of twenty, fifteen, ten or five weeks each. Pupils will be admitted at the beginning of each twenty weeks, in Feb. and Sept., and two graduations yearly will in all probability be necessary. There will be but four regular daily recitations in each class. De Sarte work, Manual Training and General News will extend throughout the course. The Post Graduate course has been definitely arranged, and will probably be begun in September.

The following is an outline of the course of study as now prepared:

Junior Year:—Methods of study six weeks; Morals and Manners four; Number and Geography Methods each five; Word Analysis and Composition each ten; Literary Reading twenty; Arithmetic and Book-keeping each ten; Drawing twenty; Zoology fifteen; General Physiology five; Reading and Geography each ten; Drawing twenty; Music, and Spelling with Penmanship twice a week; Methods of Teaching with all academical studies.

Middle Year:—Pedagogy and Observation ten weeks; Reading twenty; Language Methods four; Rhetoric sixteen; Geometry and Algebra each twenty; Human Physiology ten, Physics twenty; Drawing ten; History twenty; Constitution and Reviews each five; Methods as in Junior Year.

Senior Year:—Observation and Pedagogy ten weeks; Teaching in Training School twenty; Pedagogy ten; Methods, School Law, and School Government ten; Literature ten; Grammar twenty; Geometry ten; Arithmetic twenty; Chemistry twenty; Physics and Physical Geography each ten; Drawing ten; Methods as before.

Post Graduate Year:—Latin* forty weeks; English Masterpieces ten; Algebra* twenty; Geometry, Trigonometry, Geology, Astronomy, General History,* Directed Reading,* Political Economy each ten; Vocal Music forty; Psychology twenty; Philosophy of Education and Higher Methods each ten.

All subjects marked with a star may be studied out of school. Where one subject is named twice in one year's course, it indicates that it is taken up at two different times in that year. The course is still liable to minor changes, but as a whole will remain substantially as given above.

AN EVENING OF ENJOYMENT.

As the term draws to its close, and we near the end of our Normal pilgrimage, our paths lie among pleasant places. It is as if the "Lord of the road" had built for us arbors of rest and refreshment, wherein to lay down our burdens, and taste the sparkling waters of innocent amusement and recreation. Of these not one has been more welcome than the Senior B Reception, Friday evening, June 14. A circle of smiling faces at the door, an excellent program well rendered, delicate refreshments tastefully served, halls not overfilled with chattering groups and playful rings of friends and acquaintances, combined to fill the evening with enjoyment.

Though among good things it is sometimes hard to select the best, all are willing to concede that the feature of the program was the "Sundowner

Chorna." Nobody doubts that; for if he should, he would certainly be considered "out of style," unless he should merely say that "Darius Green and his Flying Machine" deserved to be called one of the features.

Each guest carried away as a souvenir an elegant paper-napkin bearing in clear letters, "Senior Reception, June 14, 1889." But better reminder than this will be the memories carried in the heart.

Then hurrah for the Senior Reception!
 'Twas an elegant one in conception;
 May its sunflowers bloom
 In full many a room;
 Be they always in style,
 Never withered by gloom—
 All we wish with no whit of deception.

CENTENNIAL EXERCISES

April 30th, 1889.

TILGHMAN'S RIDE FROM YORKTOWN TO PHILADELPHIA.

From day to day came a heavy roar,
 Like the boom of the surf on a distant shore,
 Or the rumble of thunder far away—
 An ominous sound from day to day,
 To the South, where York and Gloucester lay;
 And from night to night
 Hung a lurid light,
 Now smouldering deep, now glowing bright,
 Staining the black sky off to the south
 With a smear of red, like a blench from the mouth
 Of the pit; while the rumble and roar came clear
 Through the hush of the night to the listening ear,
 From over by Yorktown, far below—
 That assumes a hundred years ago,
 But the heavy booming from day to day
 Suddenly ceased, and a silence lay
 Where just before
 Was the muffled roar

That beat on the ear like the surf on the shore.
 'Twas as if the pulse of the air had stopped,
 And a death-like silence had swiftly dropped
 On the beaten beat of that pulse instead.
 Then the listening folk to each other said,
 With many a shuddering shake of the head:
 "Now what has happened at York below?
 Is it peril to friend, or peril to foe?"
 While the scowling Tories gathered about
 And swore, "The Yankees are put to rout,
 As they often were put to rout before."
 Up the road comes the sound of the beat
 And the regular rhythm of galloping feet.
 As a horseman, tiding with whip and goad
 Leaves a dusty trail behind on the road
 Away to the south. Each muscle and rein
 Of his charger knots with the nervous strain
 As, with head stretched forward and streaming mane,
 It lends to the pace, its nostrils red,
 And fluffs of foam on its breast and head,

Galloping fern, with the ringing sound
Of the iron hoofs on the solid ground,
As they flash like a bull past the eager crowd,
The horseman rises and shouts aloud—
While the Tories cower and shrink away—
"Cornwallis is taken at York to day!"
From north to south, from east to west,
From the dewy dale to the mountain crest,
Like the fire that spreads through the crackling sedge,
In the autumn time by the river's edge,
So the news is carried from village to town,
Over the windy hill-tops, down
Through the valleys. It spreads as the breeze blow—
Cornwallis is taken in York below:
Through the pallid light of the early morn,
When the air is fresh of the day newborn,
Through the dewy incense, cool and light,
That breathes from the east where the sky grows bright
A lovely rider galloping fast,
Along the stretch of the high-road passed,
By the tavern he rides, by the farm-house, down
Through stony streets of a sleeping town,
Clashing, clattering loudly, out
To the country again that lies about,
Without a stop on the broad highway,
So on and on through the brightening day
Till the sun leaps up on his pathless way,
By noon, by night,
Through the early light
Of the misty morning, fresh and bright—
He gallops by night, he gallops by day,
To Philadelphia, far away;
For he brings the news of joy and of cheer
To the Congress of States assembled there.
A hush like death in the silent street;
Not a sound is heard but the lonely beat
Of the queer old watchman, up and down
Through the silence of Philadelphia town.
Like a gloomy pall hang the folds of night,
Save here and there where a glow of light
From a corner lamp casts a misty mark
Of brightness around on the pavement dark:
'Tis the heart of the night, from which is hush
The fluttering breath of the early morn.
Like the solemn shade which the midnight brings,
Like the blackness from which the morning springs,
Was the gloom that hung like a heavy blight
On the cause of freedom, the cause of right;
For up and down through the breadth of the land
Were riot and disaster on every hand.
We fought with a stern, and stubborn will
The redcoats, Indians, Tories; till,
Fighting each foot, we were driven back,
Like the stag at bay with the hounds on his track.
But the quiet old town lay fast asleep,
All wrapped around with a silence deep;
Only the watch, with his lantern and bell,
Sings as he walks the streets all still,
And gives, with a quavering, sing-song call,
The hours: " 'Tis two o' the clock, and all
Is well in the morning." The voice rings near
And loud in the silence; then, faint and clear,
Another voice like an echo fell:
" 'Tis two o' the clock and all is well
In the morning." Another, another, till

They die in the distance, and all is still,
And the watchman resumes his lonely beat
With swaying light down the silent street.
Then suddenly falls another sound
On the heavy silence that hounds around,
Of galloping feet on the stony ground,
With a clatter of iron hoofs, and a spark
Struck now and then from a stone in the dark,
Past the gleam of the corner light,
He rides, with a flash thro' the shadows of night—
Of steel and buckle and saber hight.
The President's house stood grim and black,
Where the rider leaped from the horse's back,
And with a hitch of the strap or rein
He knocked at the door, and he shinned upstairs
With so loud a knock and so loud a shout
That the watch came crowding around about
And thought to arrest him out and out
For a tipsy rake on a drunken bout.
But the voices without and the noise and din
Through the still night wakes the sleepers within.
The door is opened, a stream of light
Throws a sudden glare on the ink night
That shines on the watch and a stranger there
All stained with dust in the flickering glare,
While their looks go up on the frosty air.
Then he tells his news, in the ruddy glow
"Cornwallis is taken at York below."
When the watchmen have heard the news, they cry
It out with the hours, and far and high
It is taken up, until, one by one,
They carry it out thro' the sleeping town:
"There o' the clock, and all is well.
Oh, hear the news that I have to tell:
Cornwallis is taken. The news to-day
Was brought from Yorktown, far away."
At first 'twas the gleam of a single light
That flickered across the dusk of night,
Then presently others began to flash:
Then came the sound of a rising watch,
And then of voices asking for more
Of the news; then the sound of a hanging door,
And footsteps hurrying here and there
Then a cheer rung out on the frosty air.
It is taken up, and around about
It is echoed again with lusty shout.
Then the seal of silence is broken, and out
Where the empty night was just before
Breaks the post-up life with a mighty roar.
Then, calling down thro' the darkness, tell
The deep-toned bay of the State-house bell
With a clash and a loud vibrating tone
That speaks of a joy, and, one by one,
The others join in a swell of sound
Of exultation that runs around:
While bonfires, blazing up and down
Thro' the length and breadth of the shouting town,
Throw a ruddy light, that gleams high
To meet the light of the summer sky.
The valleys of cannon at break of day
With their loud concussion seem to say,
"We greet you at Yorktown, far away."
And so, as the dawn of the day grew bright,
Was the news that followed that dreary night
Of trouble and war and gloom and fear

That looks at last to a mourning chest,
The first bright news of the coming day,
Brought by Tithman, over away
From Yorktown and Gloucester, far below
To the south, a hundred years ago.

THE IDYLS OF THE KING.

The author of this work is considered one of the greatest of living poets. Poe even stating that he is "the noblest poet that ever lived." Bayne says of him, "There is no other poet who has produced in me so keen and deep a feeling of pleasure," and Stedman declares that he is an independent genius, the representative poet of his time.

He is the third of Rev. George Clayton Tennyson's twelve gifted children. When a mere boy, story-telling was his delight; thus, even then, his inherent greatness began to assert itself. Seventy-nine summers have turned his locks to silver, and now he resides at his quiet home on the Isle of Wight. Here he leads a retired life with very little company, for he repels the most cultivated visitors with his cold receptions of them.

Tennyson's works are, to me, the most easily understood and the most fascinating of all the poetry I have ever read; and "The Idyls of the King" are fair samples. This epic was published in parts, the first four cantos appearing in 1842, and the last ones but a few years ago.

At the time when the first of these were published, their author was just gaining his worldwide reputation. As the fashions of thought and feeling were changing, the moment was favorable to the success of the "Idyls," and the people welcomed, with cordially extended hands, the writer whose poems were so entirely different from anything then known.

This poem was written to show the ideal times when flourished chivalry, and the Knights of the Round Table were

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as models for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

King Arthur is supposed to have reigned over the Isle of Britain in the sixth century, though many doubt that he ever lived. The society was of the highest character, as represented in this poem, for the King says of the knights—

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence their King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To lead sweet lives in purest charity,
To love one maiden only, chosen to love,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they were laid."

However, the example set by Guinevere and Lancelot was followed till the "leathsome opposition" of "purest charity" filled the kingdom with

There are eight of these "Idyls," but space forbids my giving the outline of any but the four best, "The Coming of Arthur," "Elaine," "Guinevere," and "The Passing of Arthur." In the first mentioned, two stories are told relating to Arthur's descent, one of which runs thus: He was the child of King Uther and Egerne, the widow of Garlois, who, after her husband's death, was forced to wed Uther. Through Merlin's influence, it was not known that the king had an heir until, by a miracle, Arthur became King. The other story states that he was a foundling of Merlin's cast ashore by a storm. Shortly after, he was made King. Arthur gained the consent of Guinevere's father to wed her, and sent Sir Lancelot to bring her to him. The ceremony was solemnized upon her arrival at court. In "Elaine," we see Sir Lancelot on his way to the jousts; but, missing his road, he came to Elaine's home. At once the "lily maid" loved him—him, the queen's favorite admirer—with that "love which was her doom." After he had won the prize at the tournament and was sorely wounded, Elaine took the diamond in him, and nursed him back to life. To reward her, Lancelot asked her dearest wish; but when he found that nothing short of his love would satisfy that wish, he refused to grant it; and Elaine died of a broken heart. Like a fire in the grass, the story of Elaine's love for Lancelot spread through the court; it reached the queen's ears and madened her with jealousy. She scorned his hard won diamonds, eye, threw them into the river. Then Lancelot turned round and forgave her. In "Guinevere," they were caught saying good-by forever; their dreadful sin was exposed, and the country rent with civil war. While the king was following up this war with Lancelot, Arthur's nephew Modred, announced his uncle's death and usurped the throne. About this time Arthur visited Guinevere in the convent to which she had fled; he poured out the feeling in his great heart, forgave her dark sin, and then left her forever. Filled with remorse, she became a nun and then Abbess, holding that position until her death. "The Passing of Arthur" tells of the terrible battle with Modred, in which all but one of the king's knights were slain, and himself fatally wounded. After flinging Arthur's sword into the mere, the knight carried the wounded King to the barge waiting to take him to Avalon. The barge sailed away, and the knight was left alone.

The knight

"Who reverenced his conscience as his King,
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong,
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one maiden only and who clare is left."

What shall we say of him? Is he not brave, courteous, good? That Round Table consisted of knights of this character, all were good, until,—they fell. Kind, brave, conscientious and truthful, never doing wrong, Arthur does indeed seem "faultless." He loved "one maiden only," but what was his reward? He trusted her, and she deceived him. How much he loved her is shown here—

"O! I forgive thee as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest,
But how to take last leave of all I loved!
O golden hair with which I used to play,
Not knowing! O imperial moulded form
And beauty such as never woman wore
Until it became a kingdom's curse with thee!
Mine own flesh,
Hast looking down on thine own polluted eyes
'I loathe thee,' yet not less, O Guinevere,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought unto my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still,
Let no man dream but what I love thee still."

Of his hope that, if she leaned upon Christ, in heaven, they two would meet, and she would claim him here, he then spoke. Then he went away.

Guinevere was weak, fond of admiration, passionate, and proud; but after her dark sin, she was penitent and good. The warmth of Arthur's love seemed to have been lost in traversing the space between them, and so Guinevere did not feel it. She was charmed by Lancelot's mellow voice, his stately bearing, his valor, and his devotion to her; before she was aware, what was at first but a fancy grew into that overpowering love which led her into the sin that destroyed the purity of the society, the happiness of the King, and even the kingdom itself. When she realized the depth of Arthur's feelings for her, the tide of her love rolled out toward him when it was too late, and she cried in bitterness—

"What hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mocked me when he spoke of hope;
His hope he called by; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fane of little hearts,
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That, in mine own hour, I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the here
Before high God."

Is there none
Will tell the King I love him thus? so late?"

Lancelot, the favorite knight of the Round Table, was loved and trusted by the King as was no other knight in the kingdom. He realized his sin and struggled against it with all his might, and yet he could not overcome his love for her whom he had no right to love. He was brave and powerful, yet gentle and kind. How he could deceive the trustful King, and still feel worthy of his regard is a mystery. In leading astray the queen, Lancelot struck a fatal blow at the happiness of his King; but strike at his life he would not.

If the stately queen was won by the attractions of Lancelot, is it any wonder that Elaine, the simple maid, unused to the grace of court, should love him so well? Her love for the battle-scarred knight was deep and pure, too pure to feel the pangs of jealousy. Elaine was far from being proud, else, how could she die for one who never had loved her, nor led her to think he did? She cherished the love, brooding over it till the one thought that without him she must die filled her soul. How beautiful is the figure Tennyson uses in showing her state of mind:

"Then as a helpless, innocent bird
That has but one passage of a few notes
Will sing that simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the eve
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating 'Must I die?'"

There is something so sweet and so about this little maid that one is charmed by her.

I think this figure describing Lancelot conducting Guinevere to the King, is very beautiful. They

"Rode under groves that looked a paradise
Of blossoms, over sheets of hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upheaving through the earth."

The diction is strong, every word counting, not one too many nor too few, and every one the best for its place. The greater part of the words are Anglo-Saxon, and they give the power that characterizes Tennyson's works. To suit the occasion, he often uses compound adjectives, strong and beautiful in the thoughts they convey. Not a few obsolete words are scattered through the poem like the dead leaves from last year's growth.

The writer's individuality pervades the story like the perfume of violets on the balmy air of spring time. Any one who has read Tennyson and enjoyed the fruits of his brain can scarcely fail to detect the presence of the masterhand, painting pen-pictures for us to admire.

And now what do I think of "The Idyls of the King?" I admire them, and heartily agree with Bayne in thinking that Tennyson possesses the quality of charm. In almost every line some beautiful figure or thought carries the mind of the reader to higher realms. His characters are finely painted. Where is there a character more pure and beautiful than Elaine? Where is another so grand and good as Arthur? Guinevere, though not so good as Elaine, is a stranger character; she was a woman who, though erring, repented of her sins and died a holy nun. Vivien, too, is well pictured in her wickedness and folly.

What a lesson it teaches! What evils fall upon the whole kingdom because of the fall of its queen! Even after laying aside the well worn book, visions of stately Guinevere and sweet Elaine flit through my brain; and then I fancy Lancelot

seeks her who died for love of him, while Arthur claims his queen—in heaven. I sighed to think these golden days of the story were merely the fruits of legends handed down from the long ago.

The knowledge of the legends gained from reading this work is well worth the time and worry of having to write an essay upon it. It gives not only knowledge, but also pleasure, as well as literary culture; and I'm thankful to have read it. One's thoughts must be beautiful if he follows the author's imagination in its flights to realms unknown.

Stedman evidently admires the "Idyls of the King," for he asks, "If this be not the greatest narrative poem since 'Paradise Lost,' what other English poem can you name in its place?" He thinks "Morte d'Arthur" is grander than any other canto except "Guinevere," and "Vivien" is a closer study of character than Tennyson usually makes. "Guinevere" is his favorite of the "Idyls," filled, as it is, with dramatic power. Bayne says all the Laureates' poetry is sweet and beautiful, and that Tennyson has combined the most studious elaboration of thought with a warmth and depth of human feeling and a power of interesting readers comparable to Scott.

And now we must leave the days of chivalry to dream of them in the darkness of the night.

H. T.

HOW EASY IT IS

How easy it is to spoil a day!

The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day,

By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws make the vessel weak;
The careless waste of a white-winged hour
That held the blessings we long had sought;
The sudden failure of wealth or power,
And lo! the day is with ill overwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—

And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the hour of grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
The peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go, the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to spoil like this;
If only the prelude, it may be sweet;
Let's bind together the threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers about our feet.

"The Watchman."

PORTIA'S SUITORS.

If we think over all the distinguished women of history, or of literature, we shall hardly find one to be compared with Portia. Beautiful, gifted, intellectual, we find in her all the characteristics of a true woman, such a one as other women love and men admire. Shakespeare has presented to us many women, but if we consider them all, I think we must give to Portia the first rank, as uniting all the most lovable and noble qualities that are ever met with in one person.

Heiress of a noble name and countless wealth, with trains of servants at her command, she has been accustomed from infancy to all the culture, the refinement which such a life gives. We find in her great grace mingled with penetrating wisdom and sweet tenderness. She is full of wit, too, sparkling, bright, ever delightful—as illustrated by her description of those suitors who have not met with her favor.

Though Portia in the opening scene at Belmont seems to lament her dead father's decree, which made it necessary for her lovers to decide by the choice of the caskets, yet she places such implicit faith in his judgment that she compels herself to abide by it. Indeed, as Nerissa, the maid says, the worth of the lover is decided by the choice of the casket. Little feeling does Portia exhibit for the suitors named by Nerissa, though each she treats with courtesy.

How gentle her treatment of the Prince Morocco, when she tells him he is as fair to her as "any comer for her affection." Yet little would he hope from her remark, did he know her expressed opinion of the others. How natural the Prince should choose as he does, thinking only the golden casket with its inscription, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire," fit to contain the portrait of the incomparable Portia. His words tell plainly in what esteem the fair lady is held when he says, "From the four corners of the earth they come, to kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint." Like Portia, we exclaim to ourselves, "A gentle riddance," when he has departed, for our sympathies are all with Bassanio, for whom Portia, herself, has a secret liking. There is a

mutual passion between Bassanio and Portia, which, though unacknowledged to each other, makes us hope that he will be the successful suitor.

But after the departure of the Morocco prince, and before the arrival of Bassanio, another suitor, the Prince of Arragon, makes his choice. How assuming he is to choose the silver casket, on which are wrought the words, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." Surely, he must rate himself far above ordinary mortals if he thinks this noble woman, with all her princely possessions, but his just deserts. How his hopes must vanish as he sees in the casket but the portrait of a blinking idiot; and yet we feel for him some sorrow as he disappears, much though we may hope that the next in order, Bassanio, will be more successful.

Our interest in him is heightened by the fact that Portia, herself, regards him with such favor. With what charming frankness she begs him,

"Tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company."

But Bassanio is only the more anxious to choose at once, having all the wilful impetuosity of a true lover.

It is in the Casket Scene with Bassanio that Portia's lovable qualities shine forth. With what a buoyant, confident feeling she waits for his choice, hoping, almost knowing he must select aright—yet, also for a moment fearing he will not succeed. Only for an instant does she let this fear possess her. Then, with a revulsion of feeling comes the hope that he may choose aright, and she whispers to herself,

"But he may win;
And what is music then? then music is,
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch."

And lastly, with bated breath, she breathes the words, "I stand for sacrifice." Her delight at his success proves to us what would have been her despair had he failed.

How sweet to her lover's ears must have been her exclamation "I feel too much thy blessing, make it less for fear I surfeit." With all the tenderness of a devoted woman, blended with all the dignity of the heiress of Belmont, she surrenders herself and her vast possessions to her lover. In Portia's confusion there is no passionate abandonment, no artless simplicity, but a fine seriousness approaching to solemnity.

Because Portia is imbued with great intellectual powers, she does not feel the less, but the more. Because she knows the value of all she yields, the surrendering is not made with less devotion, less confidence in the truth of her lover. With what serious self-possession she says,

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled (twenty times myself)
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed accounts; but the full sum of me
Is sum of—something, which in term is gross,
Is an unbrim'd girl, unacadem'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happier of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted."

Many women have possessed many of those qualities which render Portia so delightful, but few have possessed them all. Where else shall we find a woman whom we so love for her sweet womanliness, so respect for her intellectual greatness, so revere for her noble goodness?

The Ancient Pedagogue or the Fate of Number Three.

It is an ancient pedagogue,
And he calleth number three;
"By thy white moustache and glittering eye,
Now wherefore call'st thou me?"

"My record book is opened wide,
Your number first I see."
The trembling pupil slowly rose,
Almost his book dropped he.

His classmates wear a look of woe;
They can not choose but hear;
He sang our weak and squeaky note.
It grated on each ear.

"I fear thee Ancient Pedagogue,
I fear thy zero round;
And when thy eye is on me fixed,
I can not make a sound.

"Go on," the Pedagogue did say,
And in the saying forward;
Once more the pupil vainly tried,
And made a dismal sound.

And up and down, and low and high,
His voice did rise and fall;
In vain to get the time he tried;
Loud smiles went round the hall.

Then many different times he tried,
At last he sat him down;
And in that ancient record book,
A zero was put down.

He singeth best who studieth,
His lessons great and small;
If he does not, his peers shall have—
Like this poor youth's—a fall.

EVAN.

SHOULD PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE LIQUORS AND OPIATES?

What is the mission of the physician? It is to prolong life, and increase physical health and comfort, to prevent disease, as well as to cure it, to warn and guard against unhealthful habits, and teach healthful ones; in short, to do all in his power to render men, individuals and communities, physically better and stronger. Therefore, as the clergyman, our doctor of morals, should "practice what he preaches," so should the physician, as well in his professional as in his private life, set for his patients an example of good habits. In so far as he fails to do this, he fails to do his duty, and degrades his high profession.

Next to the clergyman, even more than he in many cases, the physician enjoys the trust and confidence of the community. In matters of health and disease his word is law; that which receives his sanction is accepted as good. Even those who do not follow his advice are ever ready to quote his opinions. "The Doctor's" example is copied by many; and, we regret to say, is in not a few cases used as a shield for bad habits. We every day hear people say in excuse for these habits, "Well, Dr. A— does the same, and he certainly knows what's good for him," or, "Dr. B— allows his patients to use this or that, and I guess he wouldn't give them anything to hurt them." Such expressions are familiar to us all. So we see that the physician wields a mighty power for good or evil. Can he be too careful in directing it on the side of good?

It were idle to argue the injuriousness of the habitual use, especially in large quantities, of either liquors or opiates. The question is, does prescribing these poisons to invalids lead to their habitual use? In giving them to his patients, is the physician paving the way for future temptations? Let us see. Every habit must have a beginning. Every evil taste must be cultivated. Under what conditions may these be more effectually fastened upon one than under those of weakness and pain, and with the sanction of the physician? What will reconcile one to evil more quickly or more surely than satisfying an intense craving or quieting a sharp, racking pain by the use of the evil? The sick man has the most intense cravings, the sharpest pains, and the least power of self-control and resistance to temptation. He takes a little brandy, and loses his craving, is cheered momentarily, and apparently warmed, strengthened; he takes a little opium, and is lulled into a sleep of forgetfulness, his pain unfelt. With the return of the pain or unrest, he repeats

the dose, and again gets relief. "Surely," he says, "these things are good. I know they are. I have felt their good effects." But, as his health and strength return, he finds it necessary to increase the quantity of the poison each time; until when his sickness is gone, he finds that these, at first the most agreeable and obliging of servants, have become the most exacting of masters. Perhaps he compromises, procrastinates, "breaks off a little at a time," and is lost. But, if he has strength to say "I will," and breaks off immediately, when pain and trouble come again, how easy to go back to the old false comforters! He says, "They helped me once; and, when their work was done, I gave them up." He has become accustomed to their use. All shrinking from them is gone; and he is fully open to temptation. His will has been weakened. He has lost his desire to resist. Happy indeed is he, and strong beyond expectation if, with the repeated return of temptation, he fall not.

Listen to some of the world's leading physicians. Dr. Munroe of England says, "I believe I have made many drunkards by recommending drink."

Dr. Laycock, an eminent London surgeon, avers, "No doubt many persons of education and refinement have become irrecoverable wretches through physicians' prescriptions."

The London *Lancet*, the organ of surgery in the world's metropolis, prints the following: "Doctors' prescriptions are largely to blame for the drunkenness and debauchery of our times," and again, "More than two-hundred-fifty of England's best physicians, together with many in the United States and Canada, have signed a paper which states that the use of alcohol in medicine is doing great harm."

"But," says one, "the use of alcohol and opium is frequently necessary to save life." For answer to this we again turn to some of the best medical authorities. Dr. Kane, of San Francisco, a man who has made a cool, careful, scientific, human study of the subject, and of poisons in general, during many years of successful practice, says, "In a vast majority of cases in which whiskey and opium are used, the patients would be much better without either. Physicians frequently prescribe these poisons recklessly as the easiest way out of difficulty. In extreme cases their use is allowable, even necessary; but I believe that the evils resulting from their use in medicine far exceed the good."

In the *New York Health Journal*, Dr. Manson writes, "Better that the patient endure a little personal discomfort and pain than become a slave

to benumbing, debasing, brutalizing habit. It is almost a safe rule in medicine to say, 'Give no stimulants or narcotics except in hopeless cases; and give them then only as alleviators of suffering.'"

A London physician of sixty year's practice gives as his opinion, "I firmly believe that no life was ever saved by alcohol which might not have been better saved otherwise; and thousands upon thousands have been hurried into early graves by its use as medicine. Strong language; but Dr. Hinkie, the celebrated health reformer of Lock, England, is even more emphatic. His words are, "If every drop of alcoholic liquor were done away with to-morrow, we could treat disease infinitely better without it."

This array of evidence from many of those best fitted to speak authoritatively on the subject, from men whose lives have been given to its study and investigation, should leave no doubt as to the answer to our question. Prescribing alcohol and opiates does lead to their habitual use. The evil that this implies we all know, at least in part.

We see, therefore, two classes of results from these prescriptions. It remains only to balance them. On the one hand, we have the temporary alleviation of suffering, relief from pain or unrest. On the other, the man permanently weakened and degraded; the awful and everlasting effects of drunkenness and debauchery; the ruined home; the blighted life; the body bloated and bloated; the intellect obscured; the passions inflamed, debased, brutalized; and the whole man changed from the image of his Maker to that of a demon. But this is not all, not half, it is but the beginning of evil. Look at the helpless wife and innocent children. The former, compelled to struggle from day to day, on short allowances of poor food, cooped up in poorly-lighted, poorly-ventilated, unwarmed rooms, forced to labor incessantly for her support and the support of her babes, without comfort, without hope, she clings to life only for the sake of her children; and, at last, when overwork, poverty, neglect, and abuse loosen her hold, she sinks into death the merest wreck of her former self, the veriest caricature of the beautiful, happy woman she "might have been." But it is upon the children that the greatest curse falls. Over them hangs the dread sword of hereditary taste for liquor. Beginning life amid the revolting scenes of a drunkard's home, having all their finer sensibilities blunted and deadened by "daily contact with the things I loath," with an inborn, inbred craving for liquors, if they are saved from the downward path before them, it is nearly akin

to the miraculous. It is written that sin shall follow the sinner and his children "even unto the third and fourth generations." All experience proves this to be true of the drunkard. He leaves to "his children and his children's children" a legacy of unnatural, insatiable craving, of idiosyncrasy and lunacy whose effects may never be calculated or eradicated. They must go on forever.

Have we struck a fair balance? Is the good equal to the evil? Shall the physician, to give his patient temporary ease, risk ruining him and those who come after him soul and body? It seems that there can be but one answer. Except in extreme cases, physicians should not prescribe liquors or opiates.

BON KILLUM.

HOPE

Is the fair fresh morning lung ago,

When the world was good to see,

When the earth seemed a little heaven below

And youth was a joy to me;

When friends were real and love was true,

And life was sweet to the core,

And beautiful morning glories grew,

At my mother's cottage door;

I felt that home so fair and bright,

And came at a friendly call,

To begin a life of toil and night,

As I entered the Normal Hall.

How bright and happy all things seem'd,

When I was without a care,

But now methinks I must have dream'd,

That life was bright and fair.

It cannot be that I'm so changed,

By knowing sorrow, grief and pain,

It is not true my lot's arranged,

To bring me naught but grief again.

Far in the distance, dim as yet,

Gleams there a star so wondrous bright

That in its splendor deep is set

The pledge of love, of life, of light.

GERTRUDE I. HAYES.

RAMONA.

It would seem almost impossible for one to read this beautiful story without having his curiosity aroused as to the life and character of its interesting author. Although the initials "H. H.," and the sonnets and poems that appear above them are familiar to many of us, the writer to whom they belong is known to but few. It is but proper, therefore, to give some idea of the author before commenting upon what she has written.

Helen Hunt Jackson was born in the little town of Amherst in 1831. She received an excellent education, attending first a young ladies' seminary and afterwards a private school in New York. She made special preparation for her literary ca-

rear by a critical study of the best authors. In describing her, one writer says,

"I can not find her type; in her were blended
Each varied and each fortunate element
Which such combine with something all their own;
Sadness and mirthfulness, a shrouded strain,
The tender heart, the keen and searching brain."

After the death of her husband and her son, though then more than thirty years of age, she turned her attention to literature. She seemed to have a natural instinct for literary structure and style, together with a wonderful genius for giving apt and characteristic titles to her productions.

Many critics say that the poetry of Mrs. Jackson unquestionably takes rank above that of any other English or American woman except Mrs. Browning; and Emerson rated it above that of almost all American men. But, though her poems are very pleasing and interesting, her two most important prose works—"A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona"—are more closely connected with what is familiar to us. Having, apparently, a common aim, and treating of a common subject, "Indian wrongs," these books are very similar in many respects.

Mrs. Jackson's sympathy for the Indian race was first aroused in 1879, when she heard two noted chiefs lecture in Boston; and it was increased by subsequent travel and observation. Afterwards she spent much of her time in Colorado, where she was brought in contact with the Redman's life in all its phases. Her "Century of Dishonor" made such an impression upon the minds of the many Congressmen who read it that, through their influence, she was appointed to examine the condition of the California Mission Indians, and to report upon the same. The lives of those Indians suggested the characters for her novel, "Ramona." This book was written at a white heat, and with a burning desire to secure redress for the Indian; but there is no evidence of haste in the carefully drawn characters or in the beautiful descriptions.

The story opens by giving us a glimpse of the large sheep ranch of the Senora Moreno, and introducing us to her son Felipe, lying upon a sick bed. Of the Senora it is said, "So quiet, so reserved, so gentle an exterior was never before known to veil so passionate a nature." The scene of the sick room is followed by the busy sheep-shearing, in which Ramona, the heroine, and Alessandro, the hero, are brought together. The latter was a Temecula Indian who, having inherited a taste and talent for the old Mission music, had received an education far superior to that of the average of his race. Ramona, the adopted

daughter of the Senora Moreno, had a gentle, sunny nature and a face and manner which gave no indication that she had ever experienced sorrow or care.

The story continues by describing the wanderings and sufferings of the Temecula Indians, and the courtship and marriage of Ramona and Alessandro. A graphic picture of the privations undergone by these two, as they are driven from place to place by the encroachments of the whites, is drawn by the author. These privations are finally brought to a close by the murder of Alessandro for some petty offense. Ramona afterwards marries her foster-brother and ever ardent admirer Felipe; and, to be free from the United States government, they emigrate to Mexico.

The excellencies of the style lie in the frequent use of metaphors and similes, which add much beauty, and in the use of local coloring, which adds strength to the already beautiful descriptions. Where could we find a prettier picture than that upon which the Franciscan Father casts his gaze after his long journey from Los Angeles? "The almonds had bloomed, and the blossoms had fallen; the apricots also, and the peaches and pears; on all the orchards of these fruits had come a filmy tint of green, so light it was hardly more than a shadow in gray. The willows were a vivid light green, and the orange groves looked dark and glossy like laurel. The billowy hills on either side were covered with verdure and bloom—myriads of low, blossoming plants so close to the earth that their tints lapped and overlapped on each other and on the green of the grass as feathers in a fine plumage overlap and blend into a changeable color."

The excellencies of this book as a whole lie in the simple plot, intricate motive, carefully outlined characters, and graphic descriptions. The work contains many moral lessons; and the simple manner in which the tale is told, together with the apt and just comparisons, furnish much food for thought and reflection. We especially enjoy this story, because it is thoroughly Californian in thought and detail.

Though there are many men of many minds, these many men seem to have but one mind when giving opinions of "Ramona" and its author.

Charles Dudley Warner says, "Ramona" is strong in plot, ardent in purpose, beautiful in detail. In all of Mrs. Jackson's prose writings there is an excellence of execution that is always strong, clear, forcible and spirited."

Emerson says, "The people did not believe or may not have believed in Ramona or Alessandro, but they did believe in the whole scenery; in the

fading sentiment of Spanish life; and in the romance and faith of the old Missions. The author has done for this region what Scott did for the Highlands of Scotland."

Many critics lament that Mrs. Jackson did not live to taste her own fame, but her wish is expressed in the "Last Prayer:"

"In the outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me.
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Let me, repentant, work for thee," M. C. C.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

When looking over his childhood days, no incidents are more strongly marked, to one reared in the country, than those connected with his school life. The first day, which brought the new teacher and all kinds of possibilities for the future, is one he long remembers. His varied successes and failures during the term were more keenly felt than the greater ones in after life. But clearest of all, to his mind, are the closing scenes of the term; for not only has he an opportunity of showing off before the neighborhood, but beyond it all lies that delightful vacation time with its coveted freedom.

Through memory's eye, I see to-day a little whitewashed schoolhouse built upon a mound. From the road, one can look through the building, in at the front door and out through the back, at the pump surrounded by an immense mud-pond. This mud is most dangerous to the polished boots and shoes put on to celebrate the occasion—the "last day."

Presently, there appears in the doorway a calm, patient little woman ringing a bell, in response to which assemble, not only the children, but also the parents, who never visit the school except on the "last day." Inside the building, there is an air of refinement. The desks and floor are spotless; the faded window curtains have been freshly laundered; the walls are gayly decorated with locust blossoms, wild flowers and evergreens. Back of the platform hangs the motto, "Excelsior," tastefully woven out of cypress twigs. This is the work of that pale girl whose earnest face attracts your attention from the midst of the bright and smiling groups about her. She is one of the three who are to read essays—one of the happy three who are to graduate. When the exercises are finished, the graduates come forward; and one of the trustees tells them, in his homely way, of that broader life into which they will pass as they leave the old schoolhouse. After singing "Beautiful Home," the audience is dismissed.

Later in the evening, long after all the others have left the building, the teacher and the graduates linger on the doorstep—loath to leave the place that mutual labor has made dear to them. Many are the kind words of parting. One of the three graduates is to move into another state; one is happy in the thought that she will have the opportunity of attending a higher school; but the pale girl is to stay with mother and father. As she sits there, the setting sun slightly coloring her snowy cheeks, and giving her glossy hair a tint of gold, she is indeed a fit subject for a Raphael's brush. Again, and for the last time, the good-byes are said.

But a few short months have passed; and, in the little schoolhouse, there hangs the same motto; the same song is sung; many of the same people assemble; the same teacher is there; but, of the graduates, there is only one. The pale cheeks have paler grown. The flower-straw coffin now unfolds all that is left of the bright, sweet nature. The angels said "She can no longer stay with mother and father," and they bore her overflowing soul to her heavenly home.

When the mourners had departed, the motto, "Excelsior," was taken down, and laid tenderly away in a neatly covered box. If you should visit the place to-day, you would see the same little box carefully preserved. If you should ask what it contains, some one would lift the cover and say, "Our Marion's Motto."

M. A. P.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ANT.—Primary Lessons in Oral Instruction.

The following is an outline of a lesson in Oral Instruction given to a class, the average age of the members being about eight years. The object of the lesson was to guide the child in an active exercise of his perceptive powers; to interest him in the further pursuit of knowledge by stimulating his imagination; to encourage original expression of thought; and, in fact, to lead him one step ahead on the great road of Education. The basis of the lesson was the child's general knowledge of insects acquired from his own experience and from lessons preceding the one here given.

Teacher:—"You have each brought a little vial to see me this morning? I shall be very glad to be introduced to each quiet, well-behaved little folk, so bold up the strangers for me to look at."

(Each child raises a piece of square cardboard on which is placed an ant that has previously been dipped in alcohol.)

"Now let us examine our ants with the needles, and see if we can find out whether they belong to the insect family or not."

Most of the children quickly discover that the specimens are insects, "because," they say, "we have learned that every bug with a head, a thorax, and an abdomen is an insect."

Some, however, cannot tell which end is the head and which is the abdomen.

The teacher requests the children who think they know to explain how they are able to tell. This soon brings out the statement that the larger end of the *bee* was the *abdomen*, and the smaller end was the *head*, so it is probably the same with the ant. After considerable "looking" it is finally decided "which is which."

The ant's eyes are then spoken of—how they differ from our eyes; whether they are exactly like those of the bee, etc. The strong jaws furnish an interesting topic of conversation, and wonderful stories are told by the children regarding the loads they have seen the ants carry with these jaws. The comparative size of the abdomen and the length and attachment of the six legs are then noted, and, after a general verbal of experience connected with the subject of ants, the following "story" is prepared to be written in the Oral Composition Books, by way of summary to the lesson:

A NEW MEMBER OF THE INSECT FAMILY.

Do you know that the busy little ant is a cousin to the busy little bee? I will tell you why it is so. Our little new friend, the ant, just like our old friend, the bee, lives in a small town, or hive of ants. This little village has a queen, who lays the ant eggs and rules over the ant people. Then, there are the busy female workers of the village, and the busy male ants just like the drone bees. The ant folks look very much like their cousins, the bee people, only the ant is more slender than his fat cousin, Mr. Bee.

The ants live in beautiful little palaces built in sand or wood. In these lovely homes the baby ants are raised, first from the eggs to the tiny larvae, or worm-like bodies, and then from the larvae to the real grown up ants.

Have you ever stubbed your toe against an ant hill and seen the hurrying workers rush, as soon as the alarm was given, to pick up a small grain of rice? I wonder if you know that these wee, white objects were the tiny, well-mannered baby ants, all wrapped up in their long white clothes and fast asleep.

So you see the life of Mr. Ant shows us plainly that he is also a near relative of beautiful Miss Butterfly. Yes, all these wonderful little creatures with a head, a thorax and an abdomen, belong to the same great family of insects, you know.

Would you like to be a tiny larva, and feed on bread crumbs, sugar, and little spiders and bugs? I should not, because sometimes the big red warrior ants make battle on the others, and carry off the poor baby ants, and make them grow up to be the warriors' slaves.

HABITS.

The force of habit is something of which we hear much, but never properly realize until we try to overcome it. Every act we perform creates within us a tendency to do the same thing again. The strengthened tendency becomes at length a habit—a part of ourselves, determining more than anything else what we are to become in life. A recognized principle of education states that nothing is really ours until it has become habitual to us. It is of course just as easy to form a good habit as a bad one, but in forming a good one we have often to break a bad one, which is twofold more difficult. To the teacher, whose example weighs more than his words, how all important it is to have good habits—of the mind as well as the body. Habits of truthfulness, thorough-

ness and courtesy; of promptness, industry and punctuality; these are things, which, to become habits, must be constantly exercised. Youth, then, is the time to form our habits; he who would control the tree in its growth must begin while it is yet a sapling.

How to Get up an Interesting and Instructive Temperance Programme in School.

California, with its beautiful flowers, its sunny valleys, its snow-capped Nevada, its hidden veins of gold, is fit for a fairy kingdom. But beautiful as nature makes our State, it is cursed by a terrible dragon that robs once happy homes of their peace and purity, that turns the helpless and innocent out upon the streets to beg, to grow up in ignorance and vice. Strong men are bound captives by this monster, and die in the miserable fetters of debauchery. To rid our land of this curse, teachers, one and all, must gird on the armor of knowledge, and like the Red Cross Knight, must strike a blow to end the ravages of this fierce dragon.

Through the influence of earnest and faithful workers, the Legislature of California has passed a law compelling the teachers of the public schools to give instruction upon the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system. How to make this instruction beneficial and interesting, is the hard problem that we, as teachers, must solve. "If in its way as easy as to know what were good to do," our task in this would not be so great. These temperance lessons should be given once a week at least. The time for giving them may be varied. One week it would be well to have an exercise on Friday afternoon. Another time, take ten or fifteen minutes when the pupils seem tired or dull or when a restless spirit seems to pervade the schoolroom. A pleasant exercise that is interesting, will be instructive to the pupils, and will banish the noisy spirit from the room. Both teacher and pupils will be better prepared for the remaining duties of the day. If the school is opened with morning exercises, one morning this temperance lesson might be substituted for the regular exercises.

The thoughtful teacher can, with the aid of temperance literature, secure many devices to help in giving these lessons. The teacher may read a story or relate an anecdote that will impress upon their minds the evil effects and the sorrow caused by intemperance. This, simple as it may seem, may make an impression on the child that will remain while life shall last, and may be the means of keeping him from falling when tempted to take the first taste. A little exercise that might aid in making a deep impression upon their young minds is this. One day the teacher may begin a talk upon some poison—it may be strychnine. Do not tell them the name of the poison, but tell them how and where it is obtained, and the terrible effects if taken into the human system. Then tell the name of the poison. Take up alcohol in the same way, and impress upon them the effect it has on the stomach and mind; and, when ready to give them the name of this poison, uncover the word *alcohol* which has been written in large letters and flaming colors, upon the blackboard. Under the word place arrows leading downward.

Distribute temperance maxims among the pupils. Let them learn and recite them at the weekly lesson. Then all decide upon one to be placed upon the board for a week. If no lesson has been given for a week, it would be well to devote an hour Friday afternoon to this exercise. Arrange for all the pupils to take part in the programme. Assign to the boys

pepils temperance subjects for essays and debates. The small pepils may recite selections bearing upon temperance. Besides, a banner drill while singing temperance marching songs would be a pretty exercise. With all this, have temperance songs by the whole school. The song books "Ripples of Song," "Marching Songs" and the "Glorious Cause" will be found very useful in this work. "The Juvenile Temperance Reciter" contains selections suitable for the younger children.

These exercises may be varied in many ways, and with the help of the "Temperance Manual," "The Temperance Arithmetic," and the temperance papers, the "Oak and the Ivy Leaf" and the "Young Crusader," one cannot fail to make these lessons interesting. "The Teacher's Manual," the "Oak and Ivy Leaf," the "Glorious Cause," the book of "Marching Songs," and the "Young Crusader" are published by the W. C. T. U. Publishing Association, Chicago. The number is 164 La Salle St. The other books may be obtained from the National Temperance Society and Publishing House, 38 Beale St., New York. In addition to all these suggestions, an incident may furnish a topic for a lesson. Never neglect the opportunity of giving a practical temperance lesson. We, as teachers, must be faithful to this great work. We must know what our duty is and we must perform it conscientiously. We must warn the rising generations of this terrible evil that destroys both the body and soul of its victims.

M. L. T.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Minnie Joslin, Xmas, '87, has not taught since graduation.

Miss Arline L. Bailey, May, '88, is teaching in Pomona, Los Angeles Co.

Anthony Rose, Xmas, '88, is still teaching the Newark Public School, Alameda Co.

Miss Belle McMullan, May, '87, has given satisfaction at Rhinehart District, Modesto, Stanislaus Co.

Miss Lillian M. Julien, Xmas, '88, has charge of the school in Mountain View District, Siskiyou Co.

For the past year, Miss Francis Murray, Xmas, '85, has been teaching in San Diego.

Miss Lucy W. Keeley, May, '87, is busily engaged at the Columbus School, Esmeralda Co., Nevada.

Miss Zader Eley, Xmas, '87, has just closed an eight-month term in Fresno, Fresno Co.

Miss Magie Cox, May, '87, teaches the primary class of the Lindley School, Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co.

Miss Clara B. Williams, May, '87, is not teaching now. Her present occupation is fruit raising.

Miss Edith H. Nichols, May, '87, is teaching the Orchard District School near Soledad, Monterey Co.

Very enthusiastically, Miss Mary L. Jones, May, '83, writes from her field of labor in the Laredo District, Stanislaus Co.

Miss Julia Deubenbie, Xmas, '84, is engaged in teaching the evening class at Besenichete, in the Santa Cruz District.

The Primary Department of the Bay View District, Santa Cruz, enjoys the services of Miss G. M. De Lamater, Xmas, '87.

W. W. Cooper, May, '88, is now principal in Alvin District, Alameda Co.

Miss Kate E. Johnson, May, '83, is now at work in Artesia, Los Angeles Co.

Among the teachers of Los Angeles City, is Miss Mary S. Murphy, Xmas, '87.

Miss Sadie Garner, May, '88, is doing well in Bartlett District, San Benito Co.

Miss Francis L. Conn, Xmas, '85, is teaching in Central Colony, near Fresno City, Fresno Co.

Miss Amy E. O'Neal, May, '80, is teaching the Valley Springs School, Calaveras Co.

The Fourth St. School, San Rafael, is under the care of Miss Mary E. Norton, Xmas, '87.

On the substitute list of Oakland may be found the name of Miss Sadie P. Willard, May, '88.

The school in the Salvador District, Napa Co., is under the instruction of Miss Ella Stanbury, May, '88.

The Clement Grammar School, San Francisco, has among its teachers, Miss Kate Manderville, June, '82.

Miss Mamie C. Kelly, Xmas, '87, writes encouragingly from Easterly Ranch District, Fresno Co.

Miss Cora L. Angell, Xmas, '87, holds a responsible position in the schools of Silver City, Lyon Co., Nevada.

The principal of the Greensburg School, Woodside, San Mateo Co., is Miss Margaret Hanson, Xmas, '86.

Seven weeks ago, Miss Emily E. Galinger, Xmas, '87, began her second term at North Fork, Humboldt Co.

Miss Mabel Livingstone, May, '88, is teaching her second term in Jackson District, two miles from San Jose.

Very successfully has Miss Ella E. Nichols, Xmas, '78, labored in San Simon District, San Luis Obispo Co.

The school in Liberty District, San Joaquin Co., is under the skillful management of Miss Ella M. Leland, May, '87.

W. W. Reed, May, '88, is in the service of Wells, Fargo & Co., as express messenger between San Jose and San Francisco.

Miss Julia A. Crowley, May, '86, still occupies the position of assistant principal in the Virginia City High School, Nevada.

The fine positions offered Laurens Sears, May, '87, attest the high regard in which he is held by the people of Tulare county.

With surroundings in every respect pleasant, Miss Fannie E. Short, May, '88, finds her work at Reno, Nevada, very delightful.

W. D. Woodworth, May, '86, has closed his school in Central District, Sutter Co. He has accepted the school for another term.

A. C. Ashbire, Dec., '88, finds much enjoyment in teaching a school of thirteen boys and girls in Timber Cove District, Sonoma Co.

H. T. Clark, Xmas, '85, has given up the profession of teaching, and is engaged in what he terms "that most independent of all vocations, farming." His address is Safford, Ventura Co.

George A. Tebbe, '88, is keeping books at present. After vacation, he will resume his duties in the same school he taught last term.

With a school of bright, well-mannered pupils, Miss Ida Gray, Christmas, '87, finds her duties at Marysville, Yuba Co., not at all arduous.

In Lincoln District, San Luis Obispo Co., Miss Nora J. Marbut, Xmas, '88, presides over a pleasant school having an enrollment of forty pupils.

Among the many Normal graduates teaching in Placer Co., is Miss Mabel McKay, Xmas, '86. She has just ended her second term in the Consolidated District.

The patrons and trustees of the Pleasant Valley School District, San Luis Obispo Co., have expressed themselves well satisfied with the work of Miss Flora B. Smith, Xmas, '88.

Miss Nettie Falconer, May, '87, who has taught in Marin Co. for the past two terms, writes, "To be a San Jose Normal graduate is a high recommendation in this section of country."

Miss Cornelia Richards, May, '88, is now teaching near Mono Lake. She has had many pleasing and novel experiences in that locality; and writes, "During the winter months, I became familiar with the beauty of snow crystals; had the pleasure of walking across Grant Lake, a distance of one mile, on ice four feet thick; visited a mine; crashed the rocks; and panned out several grains of gold."

ALL SORTS.

If the shaft of disappointment,
Strikes as like a poisoned dart,
Patience is the sovereign ointment
That can heal the wounded heart.

What time of day was Adam created? Just before Eve.

It is said that people living in stone houses should not throw glasses.

Bunyan seems to be a familiar writer with a certain Senior Bit young lady.

What country does a crying baby sigh for? Layland or More-rock-oh!

The reason time and tide wait for no man is because some men are so exceedingly slow.

Students, which color do you propose to adopt for the coming vacation, pink, blue, or white?

What noise is louder than a toper's? Volcanoes, Bush are louder by the east (h)er.

What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding syllables to them? *Quick and short.*

How do young ladies show their dislike to mustaches? By setting their faces against them.

Question.—Did the young man of Middle A4 who inquired at 419 find the young ladies at 412 San Fernando Street?

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little the right has away.

What's the difference between a bee hive and a bad potato? None; a bee-hive is a bee-holder; a beholder is a spectator; a specked tatur is a bad potato. Q. E. D.

Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

A Middle A3 wishes to know the authors of Plutarch's "Lives," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Pope's "Essay on Man."

Zoology Teaches—"Mary, describe the star-fish's mouth." Mary—"It is long and thin, and extends to the end of each one of the points."

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A seat in the rear of the Assembly Hall. Pleasant location, good air, and excellent facilities for whispering or writing notes.

It has been developed within a few days that Mr. R—— has a twin brother in the Normal. Every one is curious to catch a glimpse of the young man.

Encouragement for the Senior B's—You will not be without a Butler, a Miller, and a Cooper when you are cast off as a desert island.

Whispers from the Archery Club: "I am going to practice every spare moment. I have; so that when I graduate I may be able to shoot my dart just where I want it to go. Our bows (beams) are strong, stiff, and stubborn, but we will soon make them bend to us." One of the boys was heard to remark, "What a terrible calamity it would be if all beams were handled as roughly as those."

It is said:

An Irishman is never at peace unless he is quarreling.

An Englishman never seems satisfied unless he is grumbling.

A Scotchman is never "at home" but when he is abroad, and

An American is never happy except when he is abroad, grumbling and quarreling.

Shows his ancestry.

Come I to speak in honor of ice cream—

We like it, so we can't desert from it;

But still we must be very careful;

And ice cream is an honorable dish.

It hath brought many school girls to O'Brien's,

Whose dimes and quarters rattled in the till,

Did this in O'Brien seem ambitious?

When that we had it not, we cried for it;

Appetite should be quenched with better stuff.

Yet mama says it is injurious;

And ice cream is an honorable dish.

You all did notice that in the freezer

The dasher often turned around inside—

Now to this side, now to that, but always right.

But we are told it is injurious;

And sure it is an honorable dish.

I speak not to disprove what we've been told,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all do love it now, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to have some more?

O, Ice Cream, thou art fed to lovely girls,

The freezer has its contents! Bear with me:

My heart is in the freezer with the ice cream.

And I must pause till it come back to me.

THE NORMAL INDEX

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