

The Normal Index.

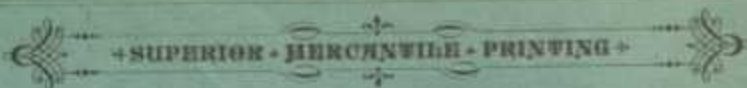
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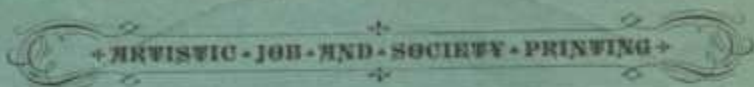
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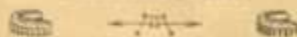
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The Normal Index.

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OUR first editorial effort is like that of a child taking its first steps. No doubt there will be a degree of uncertainty and anxiety attending each new effort, but there are friendly hands outstretched to help and guide us, and we are sure it will be our own fault if we fail to gain strength and confidence as we go on.

THE present Senior A class is very small, numbering less than thirty, and therefore it has become necessary that one division of the Senior B class should teach in the Training school to make up the required number of pupil-teachers. As a new feature of Training school work, it is intended that each prospective graduate shall have the opportunity of proving his or her disciplinary

powers, by taking charge of one of the four departments during the children's study hour, for two or three weeks. The Faculty recognize the fact that many teachers fail to give satisfaction in the public schools solely because they are lacking in power to discipline, and henceforth no one is to be recommended for graduation who fails to show ability to control pupils.

THE ceremonies with which we celebrate the anniversary of any great event are designed to impress upon the minds of the people not only the event itself, but the reason for its having occurred. No one wishes for the noise of cannon and the brilliancy of pyrotechnical display on Christmas day, nor does he expect quiet, solid comfort on the "Glorious Fourth." Reasoning on the same line, it seems almost absurd to expect young men and women who have spent some time fitting themselves for work in hard places, to celebrate their entrance upon their field of labor as if they were coming out like society butterflies from a finishing school. They ought rather to sally out like bees with strong wings and a purpose made evident.

The graduating class of last June proved that it is possible and profitable to celebrate commencement day as if it were one day in a series and not as a time of general release from toil. The programme of exercises which was briefly and clearly outlined in the May number of the Index was very successfully carried out. Visitors made their appearance in gratifying numbers and manifested much interest in the exhibition of Training school work.

In his farewell remarks to the graduates, Prof. Childs called attention to the fact that theirs was the largest class ever sent out from the school and that the entire number of teachers it has graduated amounts to over eighteen hundred. Of this number about seven hundred are engaged in teaching on this Coast. This statement brings

to mind the old question concerning plus, "What in the world becomes of them?"

Editor ROCHESTER JOHNSON, as the hero of one of his own stories, recalls the time when the boys of his native town enjoyed two "Fourth of July" in one year. It will be with considerably less pleasure that the majority of our students will remember the two holidays of this month, since it means the crowding of ten weeks' hard work into nine actual weeks.

As a rule both teachers and pupils dread the day or two following a short vacation. In some country districts even a "day off" is objected to by parents as well as children. In such cases a brighter spirit of patriotism may be kindled by arranging for a few suitable exercises in the school-room, than by dismissing the unwilling girls and boys for a day's vacation which will probably be filled by the performance of tasks set to "keep them out of mischief."

LECTURES.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 17th inst., among the visitors on the rostrum, was a very distinguished-looking gentleman, who, after the singing was over, was led up to the reading-desk, by Professor Childs. The stranger seemed to grope for the stand, and then much to our surprise, but not less to our gratification, he proceeded, without the assistance of the Bible before him, to recite in a most impressive manner, the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

After the chant, Professor Childs introduced the visitor as the present chaplain of the House of Representatives, the Rev. W. H. Milburn, who proceeded to give a short talk to the school.

He commenced his address by speaking of the great pleasure he derived from being in the presence of so large a body of young people, preparing themselves, as he expressed it, "for the highest vocation in life."

With great pathos he made known the already half-way suspected fact of his blindness, this condition rendering impossible any responsive glance to the gaze of the many hundred eyes fixed upon him.

Thinking we might be both interested in and benefited by hearing his experience, he related the facts regarding his blindness. At the early age of five years, he met with an accident which

caused an almost total loss of sight in his left eye. Later, surgical operations succeeded in totally depriving him of the use of the injured eye, and rendered very poor the sight of the other; so that when he left the room in which he had been a prisoner for two years, the remaining eye was scarcely sensitive to a ray of light.

In order to obtain what is commonly called an education, he was obliged, while studying, to wear a shade, and in other ways screen the eye as much as possible; then, by holding the book close to his nose, he was enabled to distinguish one letter at a time, and so spelled his way through an academic and collegiate course.

After he completed his school labors, he became totally blind, and for thirty years no ray of light has pierced the utter darkness by which he is surrounded. What a price to pay for an education!

Mr. Milburn proceeded to say that young people often become discouraged and say to themselves, "What is the use of all this work?" He said he was here to tell us that the result was worth the effort, or to use his own words "Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward."

He charged us against being led off by the allurements which beset us in our path through life, saying that they are in reality devils in what appears to be angels clothing.

He tried to impress upon us the fact that true education is what we gain, not by skimming lightly over the pages of a book, or trusting to memory of words merely, but through our own efforts and hard work, for do we not always know better what we have been obliged to cudgel our brains in order to find out?

That we must know before we can teach, and teach in order to learn was impressed upon us in his conclusion.

These and a few more such thoughts were summed up in his recital of two beautiful poems, one by Longfellow and the other by Emerson, both poets having been old friends of the speaker's.

A few points regarding Mr. Milburn's life work might not be amiss here. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823 and has held the position of Chaplain in the House of Representatives, off and on for thirty-four years. He has published several works, among which are "Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags" (1857); "Ten Years of Preacher Life" (1859); and "Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley" (1860).

Because of his impressive delivery he has been

styled the "Blind Man Eloquent," and many of his lectures are widely known, especially the one entitled "What a Blind Man Saw in Europe."

EMILIE V. SUTTON.

On the 18th inst., Miss Tarr, International Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., addressed the assembled school on the subject, Young Womanhood of Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow. It is to be regretted that the lecture cannot be reproduced word for word in the columns of the INDEX, but it is impossible to give anything more than the main points. Miss Tarr said: "I wish I might lead you up to a high platform from whence you could behold the young womanhood of the world in all its needs. Then you would be aroused from your indifference and inspired to make the most of your opportunities. There is no subject more interesting than the study of the social and ancestral influences bearing upon young womanhood of the past and present. Let us go back fifty years. In those days there were less than forty cities in the United States, having a population of over 10,000. The chief occupation was cultivation of the soil. While husband and brothers labored in the fields mothers and sisters were engaged also in health giving toil from morning till night. If we might sit at the feet of some silver crowned woman as she talked of these early times it would seem like listening to a fairy tale.

I do not wish to over-estimate the influence of the pious, industrious mothers of by-gone days, but I ask you to consider for a moment what the world owes them. The men of yesterday were the sons of those mothers. The greatest thinkers, the most renowned scholars, and the holiest ministers of the Gospel whose names are recorded in the history of civilization, have been what their mothers made them by direct influence. Daniel Webster said, "Mothers are the effective and affectionate moulders of nations." Abraham paid a noble tribute to his mother's memory in the words "All that I have been, all that I am, and all that I hope to be I owe to my mother."

A lady once said to Sargent G. Prentiss "I envy your mother, who can say 'Thank God for such a son!'" "Madam," was the reply, "rather, it is for me to say, 'Thank God for such a mother.'" These are the voluntary testimonies of great men. Though the influence of a good woman is strong and great, it is also true that a woman's influence for evil may be far-reaching and wide. The criminal records show that the posterity of

one bad woman in six generations cost our government no less than \$1,308,000.

I see America as a magnificent picture upheld by a cord which seems to the observer too slender and frail by far, to sustain its weight; but the one who hung the picture knows the strength of the fine metal strands so closely woven. So ought the young womanhood of the land to be woven into one strong cord that will support the nation.

The salvation of the nation lies in the hands of its young women, but that they may effect their purpose they must have strong physical constitutions, genuine social culture, rare intellectual power and more than all, the spiritual nature must be developed. God has given us bodies, minds, desires and ambitions, but above all he has given us *souls*.

Let me tell you that in this country there are 12,000,000 young women. In order that you may realize this number, suppose these should start on a pilgrimage from the coast at the far south. The first young woman begins her march, holding out one hand to be clasped by the next fair pilgrim. The second extends her hand to the third and so on, as they march westward to the Pacific north along the line of its coast, turn at the northern boundary, pass to the great lakes, on to the Atlantic, and southward along its border until the leader of the line clasps hands with the young woman at the end of the line, who has at that moment begun her march and there they stand in a monstrous circle encompassing nearly the whole United States.

You might each read your Bible through twelve times each year for thirteen and one-half years and each word you have read during that time would represent a young woman of America.

You who think it hard to do the work required of you in school and complain that you have many useless studies should remember that your opportunities are given to not more than one young woman in a hundred. Fit yourselves earnestly to fill the places that rightfully belong to you. You are the queens of society. Cultivate the graces of queens. What you are *now* you will be *forever*. I am going down the line a little to speak of the young women who earn their own living. About half of the young womanhood of the United States is self-supporting.

Not many years ago there were but four lines in which a woman could work, but now there are five hundred. It has been said that in the large cities the ranks of sin and crime are largely re-

cruited from the working classes of young women, but this is not true. Their wages and their environments are bad, and certainly on this account their virtue is more commendable. I saw girls, virtuous girls, in Poughkeepsie, New York, making shirts at fifty cents per dozen, and if one shirt was spoiled in the making the *price of a whole dozen was withheld*. Women are universally poorly paid. It is true, there are women engaged in higher lines of work who receive fairly good salaries. There are women doctors, divines, and lawyers, but the average yearly income of the American workingwomen, above necessary expenses amounts to \$9.30. Think of that!

Now coming still further down the line we find the young women who think there is nothing required of them because their fathers are rich. It is this class which gives American girls the names of invalids. It is from this class that the newspapers draw these items of crime and scandal and from which the lawyers receive large portions of their incomes. What is the cause? Nothing but idleness.

This spring I visited the mammoth cave, and when we entered a certain chamber the lights were put out. I am not ashamed to confess that I found myself in tears. I did not know there could be such blackness. To the idle young woman the future looks just as black. Of the young woman of to-morrow, I can only say that they will be what the women of to-day make them. One is the sequence of the other. We must all help. There must be no half-heartedness and above all, we must have the strong sustaining Arm to help us in the work."

SCIENTIFIC

THE SILK-WORM.

The silk-worm is improperly called a worm, it being really a caterpillar, just as much a caterpillar, as the butterfly larva is. We know that it is a caterpillar from its distinct thorax, and from its having thoracic and abdominal legs.

The thorax of the silk-worm is quite distinct from the other parts of the body, for the skin on it is wrinkled, and there are three pair of legs. The abdomen is composed of eight segments, on which there are five pair of legs, called the pro-legs, because they do not remain after the caterpillar changes into a moth.

I have observed the worm very carefully, and

find that it moves by a contraction and relaxation of the segments of its body, the legs seeming to serve only as a support. When the body contracts, the edge of the back segments pushes under the one just in front of it, and the one next to the thorax pushes under the thorax; thus the body is shortened one third of its length.

The mouth of the silk-worm is cut perpendicular to the body, for which reason the worm prefers eating from the edge of the leaf. If, however, there are so many worms that each one cannot get a place on the edge of the leaf, they prefer eating from the under side, rather than from the upper. This is probably because the leaf is not smooth, and it is easier for them to get a start. The worms seem to like the tender leaves from the ends of the branches. When they are quite young, they do not eat all of a tough leaf, but leave the skeleton. In eating, the black mandibles are worked from side to side, and the labium, or upper lip, pushes the head downward in such a manner that a circular hole is made, instead of a straight one.

The worms molted four times before they spun. The first molting took place when they were ten days old or ten days after they were hatched from the tiny yellow eggs. For two or three days before they molted, the worms are drowsy and do not eat. It seems to be better then, to let them be quiet on the old leaf for they fasten themselves with threads of silk; and if you remove them, it is very hard for them to throw the old skin off, there being nothing to hold it while the worm crawls out. The skin begins to come off at the anterior end, or head, and rolls back until it reaches the last segment, when the worm crawls out. At the same time that they shed their skin, they shed their eyes, the new ones being much larger than the old ones.

After the worms molted the second time, they were large enough so that I could examine them more closely, and on the sides of the worm, I found some little black spots, which proved to be spiracles. There is one pair on each segment of both the abdomen and the thorax.

The worms were thirty days old when they molted the fourth time. In ten days more they began to act sleepy and drowsy again. This was because they were going to "cocoon." When they were ready to spin, they began crawling around to find a suitable place in which to hang themselves in the cocoon state. This found I noticed it was always a place where there were three corners, if such a place were available.

They now begin to spin, and fasten a thread, first in one corner and then in another, until there is a perfect web, not very unlike that of the spider. I was now curious to see what the worm was going to do next, when to my great surprise, it drew itself up, and suspended itself in the web. After this, it began to spin around itself a cocoon, about two thirds as long as the worm itself. These cocoons were all pure white at first, but after a few days they all turned yellow, some of them a very dark yellow. I could not tell whether this change in color was a result of exposure to the light, or whether it was because, after the worm had spun awhile, the wall around itself was thicker.

The length of time that the caterpillar remains in the pupa state varies, the time being not less than ten days. At the end of this time or later, a beautiful pure white moth appears, which deposits its eggs, and in a few days dies.

B. P.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

TO THE SPELLING CLASS.

Stand up, ye spellers, now, and spell:
Spell phenakistoscope and knelt;
Or take some simple word as chilly,
Or ganger, or the garden lily,
To spell such words as syllabium
And lachrymose and synchronism,
And pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocrypha and irulandine,
Lactiferous and ecclity,
Jejune and homeopathy,
Paralysis and chloroform,
Rhinoeros and pachyderm,
Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque,
Is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamachaka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and sassafras
Infallible and pyralism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And cataclysm and belaguer,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And hosts of other words are found
On English and on classic ground,
Thou Behring Straits and Michaelmas,
Thermopylae, Cordillera,
Suite, hemorrhage, jalap, Havana,
Cinquennial and ipsecaanthia,
And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
And Schuykill, and a thousand more,
Are words some prime good spellers miss
In dictionary lands like this;
Nor need one think himself a scryer
If some of these his efforts foil,
Nor deem himself undone forever
To miss the name of either river,
The Danube, Seine, or Guadalquivir.

—[Exchange.]

MANUAL TRAINING.

When we attended the public schools, we learned reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, etc., but the subject of manual training was then almost unthought of as a part of school work. Now, it has found a place in a great many of our schools.

Some people who have never looked very thoroughly into this subject think that it is the object of the school to teach pupils a trade, or at any rate to do no more than to develop the physical powers. This idea, however, is false. Although manual training is physical exercise, it is not alone for the development of the body that it is taught. It helps us in many other subjects. In the planning of an object which is to be made, our reasoning powers and judgment are developed. When a plan has been decided upon, the object is made. It is in the making of the object that physical powers are brought into use. The eye training which we receive at this stage of the work, is valuable to us in many other things.

Another valuable thing about manual training is that we start the pupils at the beginning of a thing, and direct them through to the end—this is helpful in the forming of character.

There are many different kinds of manual training which can be used very effectively in our schools—carpenter work, clay modeling, wood-carving, stick and ring laying, sewing, etc.

Perhaps the carpenter work that can be done will be but little, but if it is only to teach children to drive a nail and to saw a board, the time spent in this will not be lost.

The exercise that we can give the most attention to is clay modeling, as the materials are easily obtained. The object of clay modeling is to give pupils an intimate knowledge of the forms surrounding them. To become acquainted with forms will require the use of the observation powers. In the modeling a great amount of hand skill can be acquired. A course of instruction in clay modeling can be arranged by the teacher, which will give pupils work for the eight years of public school life. At the end of this time, it will be seen that the time spent in clay modeling has not been lost, as the eye and hand training will be useful in many of the business pursuits of life.

Stick and ring laying is fast becoming popular as a method of manual training, and especially for young pupils. In this, besides using the faculties that have been mentioned, children learn

orderly arrangements. Their inventive genius is also brought out.

Wood-carving and paper-cutting bring about the same results, and are also popular methods of teaching manual training.

Who would neglect to teach manual training in his school, or put it aside with the excuse that there is no time for it, when the benefits derived from it are so many? A great deal can be accomplished if but fifteen minutes a day is given to the subject. It will be found that the subjects from which these fifteen minutes are taken will not suffer but the pupils will progress all the more rapidly in them from having taken manual training. Let us all resolve to make this one of the regular subjects in our schools.

SPELLING MATCHES.

INTRODUCTION.

(From Miss Schallenberger's book of lessons.)

Sounds which address the ear are lost and die
In one short hour; but that which strikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind; the faithful sight
Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light.

PROV. E. V. DE GRAPY.

As a rule, spelling matches are failures. If a teacher comes into her class-room and says, "We are going to have a spelling match to-day," then has two children "choose sides" and each child sits down and is "out of the game" as soon as he misses, the only good that I can see is that some of the best spellers in the class receive an oral drill and review and perhaps those who have to sit down at the first or second round are slightly ashamed, and resolve to study their spelling lessons better in the future. It is more than probable, however, that those who sit will become restless and inattentive and the oral drill and review that the good scholars receive is neither thorough nor necessary.

The spelling match can be made to serve a good purpose if rightly conducted. Its special office is getting up a little excitement and enthusiasm among all the members of a class in order to get them to specially study review words. Announce a few days beforehand that there is to be a spelling-match. Write all the words on the blackboard that children are to study, or if they have their words in books, have the children study from their books. Place the girls against the boys, or allow two children to choose sides right then, i. e., a few days before the match is to come off. This arouses a spirit of friendly rivalry, and both

sides will give, gladly and willingly, extra study to all of the *practising words learned*.

If it is to be an oral spelling match, let the sides stand in two lines. When a child *misses*, the word is passed to the other side, and after it has been spelled correctly some very good speller, or the teacher herself, writes the word on the board with the name or initial of the child who missed it placed after the word; or the name of all children could previously have been placed on blackboard with a brace after each. After the brace can be placed the words the child misses after they have been correctly spelled.

In order to determine which side wins, count the number of words each side has missed. If a word has been missed by several children, it is placed after each child's name. No child sits down. All the children receive drill. All know what words they have missed. It is well to stop the match a few minutes before the close of the recitation, find out which side has won, and spend the few minutes drilling the poor spellers upon mis-spelled words. The other members may be excused (those who have not missed any words).

Another method, after having "chosen sides" and aroused special interest some time before the expected match), is to allow the children to choose the words to be given them, each side choosing the words for the opposite side. Let each child select, and write upon a piece of paper five or ten of what he thinks are the hardest words the class have studied, and hand them to the teacher. As these words are the ones the teacher is to pronounce to the opposite "side," of course, the child does select what he considers the hardest words, and in selecting and writing receives, or rather gives, himself a drill.

Often many of the same words are chosen by both sides. This works well, too, for sometimes the word will be pronounced to a child that he has had difficulty with, and has put in to puzzle some one else, he is proud that he can now spell it.

When boys and girls are equally divided in a class, spelling matches are capable of doing much good. This spelling may be either written or oral. The side missing the fewest words winning.

"The Board of Education in Columbus, O., has decided that hereafter there shall be no difference in the salaries paid to men and women who are teachers in the public schools."

LITERARY.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

In nature there is always harmony. The sombre colors and mournful sound of a rainy day are as perfectly in accord as the bright tints and joyous notes of a June morning, because the same great hand unites all the elements of a day into a perfect whole. No bird ever breaks the harmony of the woodland choir with a song of its own composing but each is content with what nature has given it to sing. It is only in men's lives that discords occur. Yet occasionally there appears in the world one great enough to live in harmony with nature, or, as Emerson says, to "obey the impulses of the soul, to have dominion over all things to the end of virtue."

Such a man was Ralph Waldo Emerson himself. His was a youth of purest, fiery aspirations, a manhood devoted to the eloquent exposition in word and act of moral truths, an old age of serene benevolence. No discrepancy existed between his written words and the record of his life. He was born in Boston in 1803, and died in 1882. This made him witness of a stirring period in the history of our country, yet he passed a serene, uneventful life in Concord and Boston, where he formed strong friendships with many of the greatest literary men of his time. He was descended from a line of clergymen, from whom he inherited strong religious inclinations. After his graduation from Harvard, he taught school for a few years, then became a Unitarian clergyman, in which profession he rapidly rose to distinction. But he soon withdrew from his position on account of a difference of opinion between himself and his congregation in regard to the Lord's Supper. His next work was in the lecture field, and he became one of the most prominent lecturers in America. Those who heard him speak have pictured him with a calm dignity of bearing, directness and simplicity of manner, and a face that "wore a sunbeam in it," giving out royal truths to his audiences, in a sweet, serious voice that won all listeners.

Emerson's first visit to Europe, made when a young man of thirty, was mainly for the purpose of seeing three or four great men, one of whom was Carlyle. This was the beginning of the intimacy between two men of so widely differing temperaments and habits as to be a source of wonder to Emerson's friends. The correspond-

ence between them is the sincere outpouring of two hearts united in sympathy. Emerson's letters are not great literary productions, but they are full of encouragement to a noble brother who was struggling, amid trials and disappointments, to make the world better for his having existed.

Although he is best known as an essayist, Emerson holds a high place among poets. His poems are different from those of any other writer, both in form and subject matter. Some have doubted his right to a place among poets, but Lowell has said that his prose alone proves him essentially a poet, and Mr. Sanborn asserts that, instead of its being settled that he could not write poetry, it is settled he could write nothing else. Though thoroughly imbued with the beauty of nature, his poems are not descriptive, but philosophical. The "Humble-bee" is one of his sweetest. The following characteristic lines show the spirit of the piece,—

"Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen."
"Wiser far than human seer
Yellow breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair
Sipping only what is sweet.

"Threnody" was written after the death of a lovely little son, and the deep, manly tone of sorrow in it is exceedingly touching. These lines toward the close show the author's spiritual elevation of thought.

"What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts loves remain."

Heaven, he says, is not built of "adamant and gold," but is

"Built of tears and sacred flames
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

The subjects of Emerson's essays are various, and in each is shown a brave spirit fighting against vice and error, not by scolding, as Carlyle does, but by making truth and virtue loved. His first essay, on "Nature," was published in 1836. It was a new departure in literature, and was severely criticised by many; but a few recognized its merits and liked it. In it is shown the author's passion for the beauties of nature, and his recognition of the good derived from close contact with it. He says, "It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object," and again, "Nature is loved by what is best in us." He

shows his great reverence for the human soul in the lines, "If there were good men, there would never be this rapture in Nature. If the king is in the palace, nobody looks at the walls." In all of Emerson's essays is seen his high ideal of life. What he describes as friendship requires natures so rare that it can seldom be realized. The elements that go to make up friendship, he says, are two, "One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud." The other element of friendship is tenderness. "Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness?" His poet Emerson send away from people and cities to live in groves and meadows, that he may know only the muse. He will see beauties denied to most eyes, because "Nature enhances her beauty to the eyes of loving men, from her belief that the poet is beholding her shows at the same time." Solitude he considers a necessity, in order to become acquainted with one's own thoughts. In the essay on "Manners" is the suggestive line, "No one can be perfectly sincere in heart and a little affected in manners." In "Spiritual Laws," he talks of the wonderful simplicity of the universe, and the need that men's lives should become simpler and more spontaneous.

If any one of his essays may be said to be more interesting than another, perhaps it is the one on "Composition," which is a sermon on the laws of eternal justice. He had heard an orthodox sermon in which the preacher "assumed that judgment is not executed in this world, that the wicked are successful, that the good are miserable;" but Emerson shows the blindness of the speaker in his low estimate of what constitutes a manly success. For "Every act brings its own reward," it would be impossible to disturb the equal balance in nature. "Every excess causes a defect, every defect, an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure, has an equal penalty put on its abuse." Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just." But "There is no tax on the good of virtue; for that is the incoming of God, or absolute existence, without any compensation. Material good has its tax. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and head allow."

Emerson's genius is ahead of his literary accomplishments. His essays are richer in thought than in expression, but his style is clear, natural, and forcible. Bronson Alcott says, "Emerson's

compositions affect us not as logic linked in syllogisms, but as voluntaries rather—as preludes, in which one is not tied to any design of air, but may vary his key or not at pleasure, as if improvised without any particular scope or argument." He speaks to the inner man, and so develops the best qualities in the soul of him who reads his works. If he makes one feel small and sad at times, he does not stop there, but imparts some of his own faith, hope, and joy.

His power was not that of analysis, but the power to see with a "spiritual vision things beyond him." Emerson is being more and more read and recognized as a great man. Matthew Arnold considers his work the most important done in prose in the nineteenth century. It is impossible to calculate the worth of one who has enlarged and made more beautiful the thoughts of a busy world. Truly it may be said of him,

"His was the task, and his the lordly gift,
Our eyes, our hearts, bent earthward, to uplift."

ENID KINNEY.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Politics and literature went hand in hand during the age of Anne—the "Augustan Age of English literature," the one greatly influencing the other. Strong party feeling between the Whigs and the Tories characterized this age and led to the production of some of the finest English prose. Literary men were forced to ally themselves with either party, and to use their pens in its defense. It was certainly a prose era, in that it produced an unusually large quantity of strong, well-finished prose.

At the commencement of Anne's reign there were very few newspapers, and the only way to reach the masses was by means of pamphlets, the profusion of which was one characteristic of that age. The coffee houses also became prominent; these were the resort of the literary men of the day, who met, as is customary now with our clubs and literary societies, to discuss the topics of the time. Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, and Jonathan Swift, "the wits of Queen Anne's time" often formed a single group in one of these houses. All were strong writers; but by far the greatest, and the strongest of the three was Jonathan Swift, whose character was as peculiar as it was strong.

His early surroundings were uncongenial to his tastes. He was born in Ireland; a fact he lamented all his life, for his parents were English,

and he hated—yes, detested—being called an Irishman. "I happened," he said, "by a perfect accident to be born here, and thus I was a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please to call me." Speaking again of his birth-place he says, "I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and to my sorrow did not die before I came back to it." His birth-day, he always spent in sadness, and never neglected to read the "Third Book of Job" upon that day. His mother was poor, but he was educated by his uncle. While at college, he distinguished himself more by violation and defiance of authority than by good scholarship. He refused to study philosophy and metaphysics, claiming he could reason as well without them.

After obtaining his degree at Dublin college, he placed himself under the patronage of Sir Wm. Temple, a relative of his mother's, and a favorite of the king. Swift was sadly disappointed in his patron, who treated him as an inferior, for he did not realize how great were the powers of his dependant. In the words of Macaulay, "Little did Sir Wm. Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius equally suited to politics and letters, a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of multitudes, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language. It was not until the reign of Anne that he gained renown either as a politician or as a man of letters.

His life was a very sad one; and his character was distinctly his own. He disliked music; and, though his wit made all his readers and hearers laugh heartily, we are told that Jonathan Swift never smiled. He was frequently, almost always, we might say, disappointed in his expectations and ambitions. His life presents one continual round of disappointments. "I remember," he said in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, "when I was a little boy I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost to the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I consider it a type of all my future disappointments." His frequent disappointments tended to make his proud, independent spirit vindictive, revengeful and disgusted with humanity. We have his own words to this effect, for he says, "I find myself every year disposed to be more angry and revengeful, and my rage is so ignoble that it descends even to resent the folly and vices of the enslaved people among whom I live.

Excess of emotion and of passion was characteristic of the man. Swift was violent in everything, and was often taken for a mad man. His excesses were visible in his countenance, for we are told he had a "tragic face and terrible wan eyes." When quite young he was afflicted with mild attacks of insanity; and he realized his condition on recovering, for one day he exclaimed rather prophetically while looking at a tree that was dead at the top, "I shall be like that tree, die first at the top." Only too true was his prophecy, for twenty years later he died insane. His last words were "I am mad."

Should we expect a man forever haunted by such thoughts to be happy or cheerful? Oh, no! Swift has been styled "the most unhappy man in history." Are we surprised to find that he produced such severe, harsh, unsympathetic, biting satire and sarcasm? There is little that is spiritual or elevating in any of his works. This was largely the result of the violence of that age. Morality stepped aside to make way for party strife. True, there was much in this age that deserved to be ridiculed and to be satirized. Questions were of such vital importance and party strife ran so high, that all the genius there was in men was bound to come forth. And Swift's genius gave birth to the best English satire. He lived during an age that was best calculated to develop this peculiar genius.

His first works were political pamphlets in defense of the Whigs. Swift was so strong a writer that he was eagerly sought by both parties. Becoming dissatisfied with the measures of the Whigs, he joined the Tories, and, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "He turned the stream of popularity against the Whigs, and for a time dictated the opinions of England." We can hardly judge of his real greatness, or of the extensive influence he exercised through his writings upon the age in which he lived. He was far greater, far more influential than his writings intimate. He was courted, sought after, and admired. Addison says, "He was the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.

Many of his works are political satires written in allegorical form. Swift has been called "our greatest master of English satire, and the most efficient libeler that has ever employed the trade." Francis Jeffrey says, "In humor, in satire, in rivalry, in irony, and in the talent of debasing what he hated, we join with the world in thinking the 'Dean of St. Patrick's' without a rival."

Originality and individuality characterize the works of Johnathan Swift. He wrote not to gain power, or to gain literary renown, but because he had something to say, and he had to say it. Many of his best works were published anonymously, and were thrown upon the public to be recognized by their own merits. His character is revealed in almost every line that he wrote.

His style, clear, forcible, and idiomatic, well exhibits the wealth of the English language, for he uses few foreign words, and yet seems never at loss for a word to fitly express his meaning. His words are well suited to his thoughts. The works of Swift are almost devoid of imagery, yet we occasionally find a few figures; but these are used rather for clearness or for strength, than for ornament. He had contempt for ornament, and for fine finish. Though his sentences are often long, they are always well formed and are never complicated in structure. We may say that the style of Johnathan Swift is a model of clearness, simplicity, purity, propriety, and precision.

His first political pamphlet "Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," gained for him instant renown, as it showed his wide acquaintance with classical literature, and his wonderful originality. The "Tale of a Tub," that famous allegory which Harlam calls Swift's masterpiece, was written in 1696, and so careless was the author of his literary renown that he did not publish it till 1704, when it appeared with "The Battle of the Books," another allegory written a year later. Swift wrote essays also, and some poems. His "Essay on Polite Conversation," and "Thoughts on Various subjects, Moral and Diverting," reveal his philosophical turn of mind, and show how carefully he observed the little things of life. The "Meditation Upon a Broomstick" is exceedingly humorous, and philosophical as well. But his poems are poetical in form only, and on reading them we are forced to say with Dryden, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet."

But by far Swift's representative and most widely read production is Gulliver's Travels, published in 1726. The author had then lost some of his influence; his mind had become deranged also. The plan of the book was not original with Swift. It had been often tried before, but had never been so well executed. It is an allegorical satire upon the politics of the day, in the form of fictitious travels; but it is so skillfully executed, and so fanciful that we read in it a fascinating tale without obtaining any of the

deep political discussions that pervade it. What genius it must have required to produce a work so fanciful and so entertaining that it was read with eagerness by school-boys, and yet so full of deep thoughts upon the questions of the day, that it was carefully studied by the politicians of the time!

As we begin to read this book, we are first interested, then fascinated; but as we proceed with our story, our interest degenerates into weariness and disgust, for as we near the end, it develops into a terrible satire upon humanity, almost deepening into misanthropy. And we close the book to pity, and to drop a tear for the man who saw in humanity so much to satirize, so little that was good, and so much that was evil. It was the excessive emotional nature of the author, combined with the diseased state of his mind, that makes his satire so severe. Swift never *dislikes*; he *hates*; he *despises*; he *detests*; he *loathes*. Nothing, not even religion is too sacred to escape his ridicule. Would that he had had a little more sympathy! In Gulliver's Travels he brings forth the worst characteristics of the things he would ridicule. He puts before our eyes images from which we shrink in disgust, and with which no one possessing a sound mind would acquaint us.

Though there are many immoral passages in this allegory, yet it contains many moral truths well worth considering. Its purpose and the intentions of the author were good. The last book, which is the most severe, warns men of the condition into which they fall when they allow their brute instincts to control them.

While we pity Johnathan Swift, we cannot but admire the man who could combine so much fancy with so much deep thought, so much moral teaching with so much immorality, and out of it all form so fascinating an allegory. And as we leave this great genius, well may we say with Taine, "A palace is beautiful even on fire."

MARY W. TYRRELL

"Who wouldn't be a lecturer? Major Pond pays Stanley \$50,000 for fifty lectures, the largest sum ever paid a lecturer, I believe. Last winter, so he tells me, he paid George Kennan \$20,000 and his expenses for two hundred lectures, and Max O'Rell, who lectured for fifty nights, sailed home with 11,000 good American dollars in his pocket. It certainly pays to be successful."

—[Brunswick.]

ALL SORTS.

No news is bad news—to editors.

Beau K—s for button holes is the cry from Tenth street.

Wanted—By a zoology pupil a heart with a windpipe attached.

Wanted—A Junior to teach a certain Senior how to do long division.

What is the attraction on Tenth Street? The Geni(c)al atmosphere.

What is the difference between a turkey with one wing and one with two wings?

This much of the INDEX is late because the editors were "all out of sorts."

What geometric figure does the Middle class contain? Ans.—A cone (Cohn.)

A Senior's syllogism:—A dog has four feet. A dog is a quadruped. All animals are quadrupeds.

If you wish to be well informed take a paper—even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

Prof. S. states that the water of the mineral spring at Niles tastes like "eggs disgusted with the world."

"Marriage is like a bird cage in a garden; those who are in, want to get out; and those who are out want to get in."

Newspaper Teacher:—Who was Cardinal Newman? Brilliant Middle—Oh! he was a Cardinal in England,—and he died.

The Independent Senior B who set up "bach" in the laboratory has at last found a partner to halve his work and *double* his cares.

Senior A, (giving a picture lesson,) You have told me all about the calf, and now what do you see behind it? Training school tot (excitedly)—A tail.

Teacher—Tell me something about Sir Walter Raleigh.

Pupil (with great certainty) He married Pocahontas.

What caused a certain young lady of the Senior B to utter the desire "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be—a Crain?"

Teacher of Spelling:—"Spell *propaganda*." Pupil—P-r-o-p-i-g-a-n-d-a. Teacher—O, no, not that kind of a gander! (Joke appreciated by teacher as well as pupils.)

In the Physics class:—Prof.—Why do we suppose there is ether between the sun and earth? Pupil—Because we see it. Prof.—Where do we see it? Pupil—Why at the dentists' he has it in bottles.

The Normal has curiosities and natural objects of interest sufficient in number to start a dime museum. This includes a singing Cave, a sparkling Fountain, a Brook, a fine bit of Ivory, a very tall (Tot) man, all of Holland, and a very lively Waltz which may be heard five days in the week.

Professor—Now, what kind of figure is that? Junior A (confidently)—A frustrated cone.

Small Philosopher in Training Department—A cow gives two kinds of meat—beefsteak and a leg of mutton.

The Senior B's who are having Arithmetic reviews will probably learn to "corroborate" their answers under Mr. B's supervision.

Prof. S. wishes it distinctly understood that he does not give instruction in clay modeling for the sake of cultivating language.

Sunday school teacher (telling the story of the prodigal son.) Finally he was almost starved—

Small boy (shrilly)—Why didn't he eat a pig?

Teacher—Why—why the pigs were so poor they had to lean against the fences. They were not fit to eat. (Fact.)

A sample of Johnny's composition work—Some little frogs were playing one day and an ox stepped on their brother and mashed him and they told their mother and she said how big was it as big as this and she swelled up awful and they said if you do that again you'll bust and the old fule she done it again and she busted.

Moral—Don't be a fule. *Harper's Bazaar.*

Although we have to see pale blue,
Yet it is by far too sadly true.
That when we see it on our card,
We shed great tears by the square yard.
But when our card is nice and pink
With our grade all nicely traced in ink,
Then, we forget our every trial,
And our face lights up with a pleasant smile.

TID-BITS.

"As our lamp lights another our grows less,
So nobleness enkindles nobleness."

"Death is an angel with two faces.
To us he turns
A face of terror, blighting all things fair;
The other turns
With glory of the stars, and love is there;
And angels see that face in heavenly plains."

Let nothing disturb thee
Nothing affright thee,
All things are passing;
God never changeeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things.
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting.
Alone, God Suffereth. [LONGFELLOW]

"When you hear a man complaining that this world is a cold one, and that there are few who seem to love him as they ought to, you will be justified in thinking that the real trouble in his case is his unkindly feeling toward others with the consequent return to him of the judgment wherewith he judges his fellows. He who lacks love from others, is he who lacks love for others."

"Pointing thoughts or pointing speech is somewhat like pointing a pencil. Not many persons can do it without hacking the way up to it and when it seems in a fair way to be reached, the end snaps and is gone.

UNDER THE FOAM.

"Lightness and laughter are with such as he:
Only the surf upon the soul's deep sea;
Passions of time put forth the upper main,
While far beneath eternal passions reign."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mrs. L. H. Graves, Jan. '90, is teaching at Lakeport, Lake County.

Mr. Frank M. May, Jan. '90, is now teaching at Byron, Contra Costa county.

Miss Madge Clayes, May '87, is teaching at Irving Institute, San Francisco.

Miss Julia L. Bellingall, June '89, has been teaching at Apricot, Monterey county.

Mrs. S. Scott, nee Fannie M. Hite, has not been teaching for the last year.

Miss May L. Corbett, June '90, has charge of a school in the Hunter District, Vallejo.

Miss Bertha Feibush, June '90, has charge of the Shasta Valley District School.

Miss Franklin K. Barthel, June '89, has opened school in Naples, Santa Barbara county.

Miss Lizzie West, Jan. '90, is teaching in Geronimo District, about eight miles from San Rafael.

Miss Eva G. Senf, June '90, is teaching in the Lower Polar Star District, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Addie E. Howard, Jan. '90, has been teaching since graduation at Los Berris, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Ada F. Madden, May '88, has the Principalship of the public school of Caldwell, Idaho, for the coming year.

Miss Ida M. Love, June '90, is teaching at Towles, Placer county. She has an attendance of nearly sixty pupils.

Miss Ruth Benson, Jan. '90, and Miss Mamie Gaffney, June '89, are among the teachers of San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Margaret Wales, Jan. '90, has been busily engaged in teaching the lower department of the Newark School since July.

Since graduation, Miss Mary H. Post, June '89, has been teaching in the Jefferson District, Santa Clara county.

Mr. Frank M. Rutherford, June '90, has secured a school at Palermo, Palermo District. His school opened this month.

On the first Monday in October, Miss Katie L. Cull, June '90, will be numbered among the teachers of Fresno county. She expects to have from fifteen to twenty pupils.

Miss Kate M. McKean, June '90, began teaching September 1st, in the Court Street School of Astoria, Oregon. It is a graded school having eight teachers.

Miss Gertrude Simpson, Jan. '90, has charge of the Soda Springs School, eight miles from Madrone. She has fairly commenced her second term's work there, and has ten ten pupils.

Miss Fannie Cooper, Jan. '90, is teaching at Newberry Park, Ventura county. The school is situated in a beautiful valley called the Canajo, of which she has been dubbed "the belle."

NOTES.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

"Timidity is an evidence of weakness, in a military campaign. Why not in an educational campaign?"

Our watchword should not be destruction, but construction. We should not tear down without knowing how to build up. Anybody can destroy, few can build.

Some teachers puzzle their heads over the "problem of promotion and grading." We advise all such to let it alone and go to teaching.

School Journal.

Six scholarships have been established in the Missouri Botanic Garden to provide six years' courses of theoretical and practical instruction for young men desirous of becoming gardeners.

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has been translated into the tongue of the Hindu race by Sri Dhara. It is almost line-for-line translation, and preserves nearly all the ideas of the original.

Stanley wrote his book, "Through Darkest Africa," in Cairo, beginning on the 25th of January, 1890, and accomplished the whole task in fifty days. The manuscript filled nearly a thousand foolscap pages.

Children need to be taught *how to mature*, middle aged people *how to grow old wisely*, and the old *how to die gracefully*. Maturity, wisdom, grace, this is all. What can be more?

School Journal.

WARNING HIM.

"The safest way to kill a man," said facetious Chollic, "is to bore him to death."

"Well, you want to be careful. You're just the sort of fellow to do that sort of thing."

Some of the New Jersey teachers, when giving language lessons to small pupils, have successfully employed the system of taking an American poet, as Whit-tier, and selecting gems of thought from his works, one for each week of the school year. By securing the attention of the children and pointing out the thought as carefully as possible, they became familiar with the purest and most beautiful ideas of the poet, and accustomed to a perfect diction.

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