

The Normal Index.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1885.

NO. 1

SALUTATORY.

In this, the initial copy of the *NORMAL INDEX*, we make our modest bow to the public. As the verdant, unpractised school boy advances timidly to make his maiden speech, we mount the rostrum and seek anxiously among the countenances before us for a friendly glance of sympathy and encouragement. While we do not expect to escape that cold, cynical gaze that is always leveled at those who embark in such enterprises, we humbly ask our critics to be as charitable as possible, and to remember that

*"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow" etc.*

In the publication of the *INDEX*, we are prompted by no ambitious desire to accomplish some great moral or political reform, or to illumine the journalistic firmament with the scintillations of our genius."

Our plans are as unobtrusive as our manifesto. Acting upon a suggestion arising from the oft repeated query that "with our Normal talent and large number of students, why have we not a college journal," the Senior classes concluded to establish a paper which should not only preserve the sayings and doings of our students, but should afford a medium of communication uniting with stronger bands the graduates, Alma Mater, and all those who are, or have been connected with the Normal.

Regarding our plans for the future, we have but little to say. Our success will depend largely upon the support we receive from those students and teachers among whom our journal will be circulated. We shall spare no means in our power to conduct a paper that will meet the approval of those interested, and we ask the hearty co-operation of the students and friends of the Normal in our undertaking.

CRITICISM.—'Tis a gentle word and yet what varied emotions it will stir in the hearts of our people. Many accept it kindly as it is given. Some are disheartened by it and a few regard criticism as cruel fault finding. We, in the midst of our active work, are constantly commit-

ting errors, which were it not for the timely utterances of some one kind enough to watch our individual progress, might never come beneath our ken.

"Yes," has been the answer, "we are willing to accept criticism from those, our appointed guides, our superiors in wisdom and experience; but when one of our fellow-students hands in two pages of his note-book upon which he has carefully noted our deficiencies of the past week, with a solitary good point,—the teacher's manner is pleasant, as a sort of a poultice to soothe the rest, it is hard." Truly we can all appreciate the feeling, but let us consider for a moment what criticism means in this school. We are one great family, working together for a time, with one common purpose. Is it not customary in all well regulated families, where the true spirit exists, to help one another over weak places, and point out obstacles that hinder progress or true development? It is even so among us, and our help given in the right way in the form of criticism is twice blessed, "It bleaseth him that gives and him that receives."

Let us then criticise with an aim at the highest good for all. Better not to criticise at all, than for the sake of showing your neighbor that you are alive to his faults and thereby give due notice. Let us be more charitable in giving and receiving.

MARRIAGE OF BEATRICE.

By Lord Alfred Tenyson, Poet Laureate.

Two suns of Love make day of human life,
Which else, with all its pains, and griefs, and deaths,
Were utter darkness: one the sun of dawn,
That brightens through the mother's tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakening world; and one
The later rising sun of spousal love,
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain. The child
Is happy ever in leaving her. But thou,
True daughter, whose all faithful blind eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
With neither quit the widowed crown, nor let
This later light of love have risen in vain,
But, moving through the mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Swayed by each love, and swaying to each love
Like some conch-shell planet in mid-heaven
Between two suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

CLOUD PICTURES.

[WRITTEN FOR "THE INDEX."]

After the toil and the strife of the day were over, came the calm, peaceful eventide. As I sat at my open window, the cool breeze fanning my face, a great fleecy white cloud slowly sailed across the blue sky. Why it is, I cannot say; but white clouds always bring to my mind a sense of rest and quiet; and this one seemed to waft downward a message of peace. I watched it as it sailed along, each moment noting some transfiguration of the white winged messenger. Once against the blue of the sky, it looked like a lily in a pond; then it broke into white waves, and the feathery sea-foam was driven onward by the evening breezes. Again its form changed, and I saw a mountain covered with glacial snows; and as the setting sun cast a halo around its hoary head, I thought of Goldsmith's lines:

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The mountain vanished; and—was it the work of fancy, or was there a master hand modeling beautiful images of pure alabaster? In the snowy bed of the clouds, I saw children's sweet faces peeping out and smiling a happy good-night.

Softly, silently, fell the gray twilight; and the white cloud was wafted to the harbor on yonder high mountain top. The last rays of life fled, and my cloud pictures faded—faded forever.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The editor of this department desires the active co-operation of alumni and teacher-graduates in collecting material for notices in this column. Contributors will please state class, occupation, residence, and anything else of interest to alumni and under-graduates.

Miss Claudia Tompkins, May '84, who so long presided at the piano in the assembly hall, is at present teaching in Madison, Yolo Co.

John Sterling, May '83, is principal of the Gonzales public school, Monterey Co.

Miss Mattie Bradley, May '85, is teaching at North Bloomfield, Nevada Co.

Miss Nellie Sterling, May '84, is principal of the Castroville school.

J. J. Zielian, Xmas '83, holds a position in the Modesto schools.

Miss Lizzie A. Parker, May '85, is teaching in the public schools of Oakland.

Miss Edith Ayer, May '85, is reported as having a class of forty in the primary department of the public schools of Milpitas, Santa Clara Co.

Miss Fannie Mooney, Xmas '82, is teaching in the public schools of San Francisco.

At last accounts, Geo. J. Hothersall, Xmas '83, was engaged in mining at his home in Nevada City. He expects to resume teaching shortly.

Miss Kate Johnson, May '83, is teaching at Rook River district, Colusa Co.

Mr. R. J. Sinnott, "The Noble Richard," is at present engaged in keeping books for a large mercantile firm at Gibsonville, Cal. All members of May '83 will recognize this name as belonging to the young man "who always bought his goods at Shively's."

Frances Grierson, May '85, is at present teaching in the public schools of Oakdale, Stanislaus Co.

D. S. Snodgrass, Xmas '83, holds a position as principal of the Fresno City school.

Miss Lily E. Addicott, of the same class, is one of his assistants.

Chas. N. Mills, Xmas '84, is engaged in teaching in the public schools of Johnsville, Plumas Co.

E. E. Brownell, May '84, is teaching at San Miguel, Monterey Co.

Miss Lottie Matthis, Xmas '84, is teaching in Monterey Co.

Marine Gage, May '84, is reported as teaching at Galt, Cal.

The ice-cave in the eastern side of one of the many lava-ridges in the northern part of California is a work of Nature's own hand. Many feet of earth and lava intervene between the ceiling of the cave and the surface above; through this the moisture sinks, and, as it drips from the ceiling is frozen by the cold east wind which enters the cave; thus forming countless icicles that look like "The downward point of many a spear;" but, as the process continues, the icicles become longer and broader, until one solid mass of ice is produced. The entrance being long and narrow, the ice melts but slowly, even in hot weather, and never melts away entirely.

LIFE'S WEST WINDOWS.

[WRITTEN FOR "THE INDEX."]

Look out of Life's west window,
There's a glorious light in the sky
For him who stands there at Even'
When the hour for the sunset draws nigh.

It throws a silver halo
Round the head of the weary old man,
He leans against the casement,
As he tries the horizon to scan.

The past is strangely vivid
In the beautiful evening of life,
He looks with love on faces—
Never seeing the care and the strife.

The friends of his early childhood,
Come to play with him now, and they bring
Under this western window
Short snatches of song which they sing.

The aged man is happy,
That the loved ones again he may greet
He tells to those around him,—
How this sunset of Life is so sweet.

The time is short! O father,
The lights soft and silvered have grown,
The sun will set,—and soon
You must pass to the far off "Unknown."

The old must die, they tell us;
And their lips must grow pallid and dumb,
But children of the Morning
From their bright Eastern Lattice will come.

And stand at these West Windows,
In the Evening of Life, just the same,
They will list to the voices of singers,
Just as sweet; but of different name.

We too, shall stand at even
And shall look from these windows west,
Perhaps we may be weary,
And be glad to sink down to our rest.

—*Adelaide C. Spafford.*

EASY BUT UNSAFE.

No ship drifts into harbor. The ocean of life has many a hidden current, many a sudden storm; and he who would win port at last must stand to his helm while his ship drives on through opposing currents and against contrary winds. The perils of the voyage are very real; the sailor sails on a sea that is strewn with wrecks. Here drifts a battered hulk which was once a gallant ship; but now, helm and compass lost, she is driven on by wind and waves to the

terrible shores, from whose cruel rocks and savage breakers she shall not escape. There float the spars and cordage of a richly laden bark—too richly laden—which has sunk into the depths in the very midst of her course. In this sea, nothing drifts except to the shores of destruction; and few ships come into port which have not battled long with angry head winds. Pleasant weather there may be in the voyage of life, but never weather so pleasant that the hand may leave the helm, or the eye the compass. Where there is least peril of storm, there may be most peril of being carried away from the right course by an unnoticed current. Keep, then, the eye upon the compass, the hand upon the rudder. That is the only sure way of arriving at the desired haven. To let go the helm and to allow the ship to drift before the winds and the waves, may seem to be the easiest, the most natural, even the most enjoyable, thing to do; but a voyage which is conducted on that mistaken principle is sure to, sooner or later, end on the cruel rocks, on the treacherous sands, or in the devouring sea.—*S. S. Times.*

Of all the sad sights that I have ever witnessed, the saddest is a Normalite passing an examination. He enters the class-room with reeling brain and quivering nerve, and falls into his seat like a doomed prisoner. He glances through the questions and dashes off half a page of foolscap; he then looks up and finds that he has misunderstood the directions; by this time his face is burning, his eyes seem bursting from their sockets, and his hair looks as if it had been acted upon by an electric battery; at the end of the seventh question (he has three more to answer) the gong peals out like a death knell, and the distracted pupil jumps half out of his seat, gives up his paper and passes out into the hall. Here he is greeted with such agonizing questions as these: "What answer did you get for the fourth?" "Wasn't that examination terrible?" "I know I'll get zero!" His slightest hope now vanishes into thin air. If the pupil is one of the sterner sex, his face lengthens, his eyes sink back, and his cheeks that once glowed with manly strength become pale and sunken; he pulls his hat over his downcast features, and looks neither right nor left, until he reaches the solitude of his chamber; here he nearly raises the roof with an explosion of opinion, and then relapses into an indignant silence; but let us draw a curtain over the harrowing scene. M.E.L.

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SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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The future course of THE INDEX can not be marked out; for like the little rill that rises far off among the hills, it will be compelled to battle the rugged edges of many rocks until it becomes powerful enough to sweep away these obstructions. Though rough be it's road, may it not perish as does many a mountain brook; but may the little streams of literature that now nourish it grow broader and deeper, until our paper shall become a mighty current in the college journalism of California.

The Normal students received much food for reflection from the lectures of Prof. Denman last week. The Professor is an enthusiast on the subject of education and his long experience as a teacher, has rendered him a fluent speaker upon his favorite theme. He expressed himself as well pleased with the work of the school and urged a thorough preparation on the part of the prospective teachers.

Proficiency in the fine arts, he said, had a greater significance than that of mere accomplishments. The Americans as a class have ignored this practical branch of education, and, as a result, are obliged to look abroad for their artists, engravers, draughtsmen, etc. The standard of American art should be raised and to accomplish this, the youth must be instructed in the principles of drawing, the elements of the beautiful, and all that pertains to an artistic education.

JUNIORS—How is the weather up there?
SENIORS—Speak louder; we can't hear you.
The Juniors are still looking up; the Seniors occasionally look down.—C. F. H. in *The Hatchet*.

The above and many similar squibs that have been paraded before the eyes of our students for some time, while apparently innocent, deserve comment. They not only show what peculiar forms a person's imagination may assume but are apt to be misleading to some of the parties mentioned. Such remarks might represent the class spirit in some of our eastern colleges where haughty and supercilious conduct of Seniors have become matters of history, but they are in no wise indicative of the sentiment existing among the Normal students. We note with pleasure that merit is here the only recognized passport.

Let the Senior be proud of his position. Let him wear any insignia that he chooses denoting his rank. This is all right. But we have no sympathy with that ridiculous spirit of lordly superiority that characterizes the Seniors of so many of our universities, and we suggest that it is not becoming for any Normal student to aid in establishing such a spirit.

The people of California begin to feel strongly the necessity of doing something to rid themselves of the pests that are destroying their orchards and vineyards. Think of the acres of young orchards in this State, that, unless something is done, will serve to fatten innumerable codlin moths, scale bugs and other similar pests.

Where can we find a more effectual destroyer to these ravagers than the instruction of the child concerning them? A large number of the pupils now in our public schools are the children of farmers and will, very likely, become farmers themselves. They will have to battle against the various pests that so annoy their fathers, causing trouble and many disappointments.

A good general, before he engages in a battle, tries to obtain all possible knowledge of the enemy; their position, strength, condition, and the best mode of attacking them. Just so should the child know all he can concerning the enemies against which he, both as a child and as a man, will have to cope. If entomology be taught in schools, the teacher can give instructions regarding these enemies; their habits, mode of attacks, and the most effectual weapons with which to fight them.

When pupils are well instructed in entomology there will be some hope of exterminating the pests of orchards and vineyards.

ALL SORTS.

FOR MAKING A HARVARD MAN.

Take a little egotism,
Add a little slice of skepticism,
Mix them well together with a "ventriloquist" Boston drawl,
Add a little Darwinism,
Just a smidgen of positivism,
And flavor with the essence of mutilated gull.

Zeros are at a premium in the Junior A arithmetic classes.

Mr. G. says that even the critic teachers will adopt his methods in time.

The monitor of Junior A1 seems to be growing thin under the burden of looking after fifty-one students.

If you see a student out catching bugs, or a professor chasing a butterfly with a mosquito-bar net, you may put him down as a Zoologist.

The Middle classes, under the guidance of Prof. R. are learning to make matches. The Seniors are learning the same thing without any guidance.

It is said that room D is a terror to the Junior A's; this may be true with regard to the A 1 class, but the proficiency of the other division was clearly shown by the brilliant recitations on Sept. 24th.

Mr. J. E. A. claims that the wheels of a buggy do not turn in the same direction that the buggy goes. He offered to prove his theory by taking one of the young ladies for a ride around the Normal grounds. The boys fully sympathize with him in his being refused.

One of the Seniors claims that our San Francisco visitors have not the monopoly on *drawing*. For proof he says he has drawn one of those elegant castors that "The Fair" is in the habit of giving its patrons. Mr. S., the lucky senior, was at first somewhat at a loss what to do with his prize, but a trip to San Francisco (ostensibly to visit the Mechanic's Institute) convinced him that household goods would soon be in requisition.

(Pupil teacher to one of the A primaries) "How do you like your last set of teachers?" (Ans.) "Pretty well, especially our teacher in oral instruction."

(Pupil teacher) Who is your teacher in oral instruction?" (Primary) "O the dude. (Pupil teacher) "What is his name?" (Primary) "I don't know. He wears a gray coat and a big ring and

parts his hair in the middle." (Pupil teacher) "O I know now."

"What must I do to pass?" said a green Junior to a Senior, referring to examinations. "You can pass any time, but if you have two bowlers and an ace, order it up."

Several members of the Junior Singing Class* had an opportunity to display their vocal talent at a recent exercise. Their pertinacity is commendable and even the stern Prof. Elwood could not refrain from saying they were the best class in school.

Since entertainments are in order, Prof. K. has cordially invited the Junior A's to room G at the second hour on each succeeding Friday, where they will be royally entertained by the Professor, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for what they may expect.

The following is an illustration of the average recitation in the Middle singing class: Prof. E.—"No. 7, sing the first tune on page 143." No. 7: "*Do, do, mi*." Prof., can't I sing the lower tune?" Prof. E., "Certainly." No. 7, "*Mi, mi, re, mi*," then No. 7 flops into her seat with a slap and a bang, and a "I say Jane, don't you think he's awful mean?"

The Senior A's are fully initiated into the mysteries of the Training Department, and they can now understand that a teacher must have eyes in the back of his head; else, while he is trying to make the little urchin at the end of the class stop whispering, how is he to see the little girl in the middle of the class giving her seat-mate a loving pinch, or the naughty boy at the other end surreptitiously sharpening the wits of his neighbor with a pin?

A few days ago as a Junior student approached the assembly hall during an intermission, he was startled by the distressing sounds that emanated therefrom, reminding one of the excruciating cries of a regiment of feline serenaders. Evidently a terrible calamity had befallen some one for no common occurrence could occasion such outbursts of woe. Quaking with fear, he slowly approached, nerving himself for the awful tidings. Groups of anxious faces were seen in all parts of the room, and girls were flitting about in all directions. Timidly inquiring the cause of these wailings, he was informed that a singing class was practicing. So great was the reaction, that the young man has been seriously ill ever since.

A good title for a blank book—"What I know about Pedagogy."

An engagement is predicted in the Junior A2. The favored one will get a good Deal.

The Preparatories are longing for the time to come when they, no longer "Preps," will promenade the halls as dignified Juniors.

At J. G. Gosbee's, 142 and 144 West Santa Clara St., you will find the largest and best selected stock of Pianos, Organs and all kinds of musical merchandise, sheet music and music books. Prices lower than any house in the State.

The Normal Drill Corps make a very imposing appearance in their maneuvers on the Normal grounds. It might seem out of harmony with the peaceable surroundings, but the boys are true patriots and evidently believe in the maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war."

Visitors who chance in the Assembly Hall between 2:30 and 3:15 p. m. on any school day except Friday, can hear delightful little solos from frightened students, who respond with beating hearts to a stentorian voice that unpityingly calls "No. 10, No. 12, No. 15" and so on.

Our genial professor of music, alike famous for his good nature and pleasing stories, claims another triumph, in having broken the record for a forty-yard dash. The course over which the feat was performed, stretches from the northwest corner of Fourth and San Antonio streets, at a point fifteen feet directly to the south of the A. M. E. Z. Church, to the iron gates of the Normal enclosure. The exact time we hesitate to give, lest our veracity should be questioned; enough to say, that our swiftest runner declared it astonishing. We never bet, but if we should, we'd "go our pile" on Prof. E.

Capt. Squier of the Normal Drill Corps, informs us that the boys under his command are progressing quite rapidly in infantry tactics, and that, instead of a waning of spirit, as some have intimated, the young men appear to take more and more interest in their work at each succeeding meeting. The company started with forty-eight active members and as yet, not one name has been taken from the roll. The boys expect soon to receive a supply of muskets, which will add much to the company's soldierly appearance.

The Y. M. N. D. Society had an interesting meeting on Friday, Sept. 25th. After the usual routine of business, the following program was rendered:

Recitation,	- - - - -	A. M. G.
Reading,	- - - - -	Mr. A. E. Shumate
Song,	- - - - -	Mr. D. C. Sterling
Recitation,	- - - - -	Mr. G. A. Albright

Then followed a spirited debate upon the following question: "Resolved, that all foreign immigration should be stopped." H. G. Squier and Geo. Tebbe led the affirmative, and H. Bacon and Fred Arbogast, the negative. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative, and that of the house, the negative. The critic then read a spicy report after which the society adjourned.

COMIC TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personæ—Humorous teachers of Institute, all women-folk except one. Class C, of Miss Sargent's room, and the presiding pupil teacher.

Scene—Room 26 of the Training Department. Action—Questioning by the teacher to ascertain whether they see everything in the picture on the blackboard before them (It is a drawing of Mrs. Mouse and Mrs. Rat—the former visiting the latter).

Teacher—"Now, class, look carefully and be able to tell me the name of anything I may point to. What is this? (indicating with a ruler a satchel which Mrs. Mouse holds in the hand resting on her hip). Homer, you may tell." Homer, with a sweet smile—"A bustle." Sudden and prolonged shrieks of listeners and hurried exit of a certain individual.

Curtain.

Several meritorious articles have been crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next.

Address all communications to the editors of the NORMAL INDEX, State Normal School, San Jose, Cal.

We have been working under many disadvantages in getting out our first issue. Our school duties have been unusually pressing, and we have consequently had but little time to devote to our paper. We hope, however, to be able to give more attention to the arrangement of material in our succeeding issues.

REFLECTIONS ON AN OLD SHOE.

[FOR "THE INDEX".]

No! It is not a very appropriate table ornament, yet, I have been sitting here gazing at it and allowing my fancy to run away with my thoughts until, really, that old shoe seems more potent than anything that has talked to me by suggestion for many a day. You see, I picked it up out yonder an hour since, being attracted by the peculiar pathos of the patches. You did not smile, for there *is* a pathos in patches. I found myself wondering who the author had been, and, before I knew it had begun to form theories concerning him and to try to read his story from the wrinkles of the old shoe, for they tell far more to me than doth lines in the palm.

Well! the December breezes were entirely too inquisitive to allow me to continue my reflections where I stood, and so, much to the amusement of my friends across the way, I took up the shoe and carried it to my room.

First there came up general reflections applicable to all shoes, but I found it likely to turn me too far from the text, and so did not follow them far; one, however I could not avoid and it runs something like this. According to any accepted system of morals or record of experience, this shoe and its mate were sometime planted at the famous forks of the road and were pointed, one down the broad, sinuous road of attractive vice and the other down the straight, narrow road of not always attractive virtue. How long were the shoes kept there?

That a sadly instructive book would be made if all the secret arguments of men who have stood at this point could be compiled. In the light of reason and self interest it seems incredible that so many should choose vice. But how many are guided by reason and self interest? Would—There, you see, I am out of sight of the shoe already. It was turned into one of these roads. Which? How much difference it makes even in the case of the old shoe, which road was chosen. How a knowledge of this might change the story. But I can't see that the old shoe will reveal the secret. The cuts and bruises may have come from the brambles and stones of the hard road of virtue, or from the flower-cloaked obstructions of the easier road of vice.

There are some points, however, on which we may have more light.

I conclude, for instance, that the wearer was a young man. The shoe bears the marks of treatment too vigorous for age. Then the heels are worn off at the back edge and this indicates a decided step, probably elastic, but certainly quick and firm and as if to convince us beyond a doubt, here are the marks of skate-clumps on the soles. He knew the need of economy, or we should not see so many patches—five on one shoe—yes! he was poor. Did he blush for it, I wonder? He certainly cared for appearances, for all the patches are "invisible," but when he had done the best he was able and had blacked and polished them into respectability, did he take care to sit in a dark corner of the room and to cover the poorer shoe with the better and imagine whenever anyone looked his way that the last patch on his shoes was the thing particularly observed?

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head as do't that."

Unfortunately there is. But where is the line to be drawn between becoming pride in appearance and unbecoming shame for honest poverty? To this the shoe gives no answer and we leave the question.

The shoes probably squeaked when new. Most shoes do, and there is a promising field for inventors. The man who will invent a process by which the squeak will be taken out of all shoes bearing a larger number than six, is sure of a fortune. A preacher is almost assured to any church-usher who will not feel it his sacred duty to conduct all squeaking shoes to the front pew. Just imagine our young man the first Sunday he put on these shoes innocently confiding himself to the care of an orthodox usher. I can see the the red of his cheek spreading over every feature and deepening in hue as he passes up the aisle until he finally turns into the front seat and the horse-fiddle accompaniment to his march is silent; it is plain that the preacher will have at least one unsympathetic hearer. You see, since the first question is undecided, I am at liberty to suppose that the original owner of the shoes went to church. I can't help wondering again how that first step was taken.

What a tale of suffering could be told by that promontory on the little-toe side of the shoe. The shoe was certainly too small and I warrant that the pangs of poverty weren't a circumstance compared to the pangs our shoe owner suffered the first half dozen times he wore this shoe, and why, in the name of the intelligent young men

of America, did he do it? Small feet! Wasn't he content to let nature manage the size of his frame? Why didn't he put his head into a vise, or have his ears clipped like a terrier's? I wonder if he was ignorant that by such a treatment of the feet, he forever robbed himself of the possibility of a graceful gait. Did you ever see a man who was wearing a No. 6 boot on a No. 9 foot, that did not proclaim the fact to the public every time he took a dozen steps? Vanities, vanitatum! When will the children of men learn common-sense?

That dent in the toe goes clear through the leather you notice. Perhaps it was made by kicking one of those diabolically prepared hats which the small boy loads with three bricks and places on the sidewalk where the first man of spunk will be sure to kick it and then wish he hadn't in very emphatic language. Perhaps—What? No! Dinner time? Why the shoe has not half told its story.

JESSICA B. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Custer, whose "Boots and Saddles" has enjoyed deserved popularity both here and in England, is to be the New York correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Many will hail with pleasure the appearance of the second volume of Blaine's historical work, which will be ready for the market in November. The first volume has shown the author to be a writer and historian of rare ability. His history is reliable and impartial on the subjects treated. Mr. Blaine is now engaged on the chapter of Grant's administration and is writing five chapters a day.

NORTON MEMORIAL.

On or about December 26, 1885, there will be issued a memorial pamphlet, containing the following matter:

1. A portrait of the late Professor Henry B. Norton. 2. The Memorial services held at the Normal School Building, San Jose, including a biographical sketch. 3. Extracts from the memorial services held at Gilroy, at Emporia, Kansas, and at the Chautauqua Assembly, Monterey. 4. The services at his burial on the Santa Cruz mountains. 5. Resolutions of various bodies. 6. Extracts from press notices. 7. Extracts from letters. This will constitute a pamphlet of about one hundred pages.

There has been an almost universal desire ex-

pressed by fellow-teachers, pupils, and other friends of Professor Norton, to do something in the way of indicating their appreciation of his beneficent work. A costly monument has been suggested; but in his will he expresses in very strong language his feeling regarding any expenditure of this kind. And while this indication of his wishes may be considered binding only upon members of the family, yet it clearly shows what were his tastes and inclinations. Respecting these, and believing that the desire to do something may be turned into a useful channel, it is thought that a way is now opened.

No one who devotes his life to the public, as Prof. Norton did, has time to acquire much of this world's goods. He left a family of five children, two of them yet quite young. Would not a fund raised to educate these children, be a fund more lasting and far more fitting, than one built of brass or marble?

MEMORIAL FUND.

Following out this thought, it has been decided to publish a large edition of the Memorial Pamphlet, and put the price at a sum that will realize a profit, with the full guarantee that every dollar received more than the actual cost of publication and delivery will be sacredly devoted to the above purpose.

The pamphlet will be issued in two forms, as follows:

In paper covers, with engraved portrait, 50cts.
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