

The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., JANUARY, 1887.

No. 6



Published by the Senior Class of the State Normal School.

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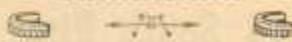
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AS editors of the INDEX for the present term, it is not to our purpose to give a lengthy introduction of ourselves or our plans. That we owe a heavy debt to those who have chosen us to fill our present position is a fact admitted most conscientiously; that there is a probability of our being unable to give entire satisfaction, as far as excellence of work is concerned, is not without reason; but that we lack earnestness of effort or incentives to do the most and best for the success of the INDEX, as far as it lies within our power to do so, we wish to deny most emphatically. Our actions will refute or confirm this.

The INDEX is the students' paper, published by the students, and for the students. At the same time its columns are open to all who desire to communicate through it on proper subjects and in a proper manner.

One object in publishing the INDEX is declared to be, "To keep alive and strengthen the bond of sympathy and fellowship among those who are or have been connected with the Normal by cherishing a common interest in *Alma Mater*, its Faculty, its students and Alumni." This is the object that

will be kept constantly in view, and we ask the kind co-operation of all interested towards the accomplishing of such a worthy purpose.

STUDENTS of the Normal School, we greet you. A Happy New Year to all! We are glad to welcome you after your much needed vacation. Many familiar faces which greeted us last term have gone from us to join the ranks of those who are engaged in educating the youth of California. Long life and a happy one to them! Thrice welcome to those who, for the first time, appear among our number of older, graver students. With us you will find a busy home. Your feet will soon have to tread the devious ways of a Normal student's life with a firmer step, and, when you are care-worn Seniors, you will look with sympathy upon those who will then be passing the trying ordeal of entering the school. Many of us have spent our last vacation as pupils. When again we bid good-by to the Normal halls it will be as teachers, not as pupils.

AS IT is about the time that class societies are forming, a few words on the subject of societies will have an appropriate application. Much has been thought, said, and written concerning the matter, convincing testimony of its importance. The aim of a society, plan of work, duties of members, even whether societies should be tolerated, fall under the hammer of discussion, and receive able exposition. On general points conclusions seldom differ; for there are certain fundamental truths which few attempt to dispute. That societies are a good thing is one of the points generally conceded. We are not to condemn a thing because of its abuse merely; for then would text-books be discarded, the jury system be done away with. Parliamentary law is of unquestionable value to the teacher. This knowledge becomes familiar only through practice; this practice can be gotten from societies, the best possible source available to the student. The discipline debate gives us alone repays for the maintenance of

a society. A larger vocabulary, a better delivery, clearer and more logical conceptions are the results of such a discipline, properly applied. In a literary way we may derive much culture from a study of authors and from work in original composition—in other words, we lay a foundation for the literary work in the advanced classes, and thus is this Hydra robbed of many of its terrors when at last met with in the class.

But these results can be obtained only through a proper appreciation of the end to be sought, and through an intelligent comprehension of the means to reach that end. Alas, how few of the many organizations, literary societies so-called, embrace such a plan! Or if the plan is there, what a failure in its working! Most of these meetings are mere names only—nothing more—doing positive injury, if they do anything. In the name of common sense, then, we say, let loose reform. Time and labor are too precious to be lost altogether. It is our candid opinion that there are those in the school who can introduce such a change, with solid material to build from and enthusiasm to cement the whole. By all means, then, let them come forward, and let the good work begin.

CHRISTMAS with its merry bells, its happy reunions, and its glad tidings of "peace, goodwill toward men," has come and gone once more. We welcome the New Year with all its promises of peace, happiness and labor crowned with success. The past and all its memories are behind us, and the ever-present now gladdens our hearts. While making your resolutions for the New Year, do not forget that you owe a duty to the INDEX. During its short life it has served you well. As it is gathering strength for still graver responsibilities in the future do all you can to clear the path for its onward march. Send in your subscription, get your friend to do the same, and patronize the business men who advertise in its columns. Do this and you have become a benefactor in a good cause.

THE ATTENDANCE of the Normal this term is something less than six hundred. This is a large increase over that of the last two terms; it is, in fact, the largest gathering known in the school's history. Ever since its origin, the Normal has had a marvelous run of success. A popular school it is in every sense of the word, for its children represent nearly all the counties of the state and all grades of society. Its graduates are winning encomiums from all quarters, gladdening the hearts of those who are to follow. Trustees of the I-would-rather-walk-than-ride style, who have

heretofore refused our attentions, are rubbing their eyes and waking up to find themselves behind the times. With this to show as a record of but a few years, and with the broad future before her, the Normal is assured of an enviable position among her sister institutions.

OUR BOAST.

VIDA.

Atlantic laves an ice-bound coast,
Where Nature seems to rest content.
There rave the Storm-winds, there the Ghost
Of Arctic terrors spreads his tent.
Look to the West. Pacific's roar
Is echoed back from walls of blue;
Old Sol slips in at open door,
Where laugh the breezes all day through.
The rose displays as fresh a bloom
As ever tinged a maiden's cheek;
The orange colors in the moon,
Disguise the dew to luscious sweet;
The shaggy pine spreads like a shield
O'er budding hush and greening sod;
The hare and fox seek wood and field,
The joyous robin sings abroad;
A glorious land! Well may we boast
Of sweetest clime and richest loam!
By word of mouth, by wire, by post,
The news is sped from home to home.
O, Paradise of Earth! more great,
Far richer than a hundred Romes!
May God e'er guide thy precious freight
Of lives, of fortunes, and of homes!

NOT ALL CHANGE IS PROGRESS.

M. LUDIA ADAMS.

When we contrast the manners and customs of fifty years ago with those of to-day, we cannot fail to notice the changes that have taken place. To dress, to walk, to talk, as people dressed, walked, talked, half a century ago, would be not merely old-fashioned, but queer. But why are the imported silks, satins or velvets better than the serviceable homespun of our grandmothers? or why is the rude, brusque "Hello" of to-day better than the more stately and dignified greeting of a generation ago? Is not change often as largely due to a feeling of restlessness and discontent as to the discovery of really better ways of doing things? That we are a restless people is evident to any one. The Maine or New Hampshire farmer, not content to earn his bread from a sterile and rocky land, sells his home and goes west, perhaps to Kansas. Here he has a rich, almost virgin soil, and can do large things in an agricultural way. But his ambition grows. He

aces greater possibilities before him and he comes to the "Land of Gold," where perhaps he must begin again at the foot of the ladder. Doubtless he would once more "westward take his way," if there were anything but the broad Pacific before him. As it is he must confine himself to rushing from one place to another whenever a new "boom" is announced. The capitalist, rolling in wealth, the owner of real estate, bank stock, and railroads, is not satisfied; he invests more and more widely, becomes richer, or perhaps loses all.

Nowhere is change more apparent than in modern conveniences and modern ways of living. What middle-aged man or woman does not remember with a quickening pulse the old apple butter stirrings, the quilting, sewing, and husking bees! The spinning wheel, once so necessary, no longer finds a place in the household, unless it be in that of some supernesthetic collector of bric-a-brac. The tallow dip has been supplanted by kerosene; that by gas; and this in time bids fair to give place to the electric light.

An education that did not keep pace with the changes of the age would soon be considered old; so with the advance in other things has come the New Education. It has its strong points. It differs from the old in spirit, purpose, and methods. The chief aim of the old was learning. The chief method the memorizing of abstract truths by the repetition of words. The child was a machine, and, by turning the crank, sometimes with the assistance of Dr. Birch, the teacher ground out A B C's, rules, definitions, statistics. The aim of the new education is to give culture: culture of the head, with its results of intelligence, power of continuous attention, close and discriminating observation, sound reason and good judgment; culture of the heart, resulting in strong and sound moral character; and culture of the body, with a view to its proper care and proper use. The new education aims at natural development, mental, moral and physical. Not so much stress is put on the number of facts crammed into the head as on the strength and discipline to be derived from acquiring these facts in a natural and harmonious order.

Fröbel, the father of the Kindergarten, compares the child to a plant; as the plant has a natural order of development, so has the child. No gardener who understands his business would think of hoeing around corn which has not yet sprouted, and neglecting the peas and beans which are above ground. Yet in the old education, the child was compelled to spend his time on things he did not in the least understand, while his mind was alive to all the phenomena of nature around him, and

when he might easily have been taught to observe and store up facts which would have been a source of profit and pleasure to him all his life.

The new education uses much time that was formerly wasted. The teacher's admonition: "Keep still and study your lesson," given to the restless little being who held a Webster's Spelling-book, and repeated mechanically, a-b, ab, e-b, eb, i-b, ib, o-b, ob, while his mind wandered aimlessly, or reverted to the presents Uncle Jim had brought him, is entirely out of place. To-day that little child's whole soul is in his drawing, weaving, designing with blocks, splints or card-board, or modeling in clay.

Could the ghost of one of those old pedagogues revisit the scene of its former labors, it would be horrified almost into shrieking at the change.

Where once were sad-faced and silent, or restless and mischievous children, who had "crept like snails unwillingly to school"—where the maxim, "No lickin' no lurnin'," was believed in and acted upon—it would see bright, happy faces, a teacher who is a friend as well as an instructor, and a process of harmonious and natural development.

The very atmosphere of the school-room is changed. On a boy's return from school, the first question with which he used to be greeted was, "Well, how many lickins to-day, Tommie?" A boy who wasn't smart enough to receive two or three a day didn't "amount to much" in the estimation of those people. To-day the pupil's sense of honor is appealed to, and he is led to do a thing because it is right, rather than from fear of a punishment.

Yet with all the good in these new methods is there not danger that we may lose what is valuable? If each subject presented to the child is to be made so simple that no deep thought or logical reasoning is required will the mind acquire its full strength and development? If from Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, Physics, no discipline is to be gotten will coming generations have the deep minds of Spencer, or Bain, or Mrs. Somerville, the inventive genius of Edison or Morse, the versatility of Holmes or Lowell, the statesmanship of Webster or Lincoln?

Is there not danger that changes will be made out of mere restlessness and desire for novelty? Is there not danger that the real object to be attained will be lost sight of, or that necessary work will be crowded out by new and popular crazes? A few years ago object lessons were carried to such an excess that instead of observations and expression being cultivated the mind was literally laden with facts which could not be remembered,

much less used. Drawing is even now often carried to excess, when the hand might be as well trained by necessary map-drawing and penmanship.

The "craze" for Manual Training is likely to crowd out much that is wholly necessary in harmonious development.

Yet we must concede that the world ought to improve. Who respects gray hairs when the head contains all a boy's folly and crudeness of judgment and opinion. Each generation should advance in education as in social culture and civilization, yet we should "make haste slowly." We should "prove all things," and "when we are sure we are right, then, and not till then, go ahead." We should not be

"——— the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

MT. AUBURN.

AMELIA G. MCKAY.

Next to Greenwood Cemetery, there is, perhaps, no more beautiful burial place in the United States than Mt. Auburn, in Cambridge, Mass. This cemetery is the final resting-place of some of America's most illustrious and best-loved sons; and, held sacred by every loyal American heart, it has become a second Mecca, where the traveler comes to do reverence to the memory of the great. No one visits Boston, from which it is distant but an hour's ride, without going to Mt. Auburn.

Taking a street car from the western part of the city, we cross the Charles river on the bridge immortalized by Longfellow's poem, pass through Cambridge with its massive pile of Harvard buildings and old Washington Elm,—under which, in 1775, Washington first took command of the American forces,—on into a broad, shady avenue whose great trees meet in a vaulted arch overhead, and along which are comfortable, old-fashioned homesteads, their fences overran with vines, and their walks overgrown with grass,—still on past the old, historical residence of Mr. Lowell and the Longfellow; through fields of new-mown hay, until at last we are at the cemetery itself.

The cemetery covers about 125 acres of land. Its surface is dotted with knolls, upon whose summits and sides and in the shady dells between lie hundreds of graves. Everywhere verdure and beauty meet the eye. In addition to a vigorous growth of forest trees, there is a great variety of ornamental shrubs; underfoot is one broad extent of green moss and grass, broken only by fine drives and pretty foot-paths, or here and there by a quiet

pond bearing modest lilies on its surface. Arches and grottoes invitingly offer shade and rest to the weary. The sunshine lies bright on the dark mounds,—the comforting smile of God, lighting up with hopeful promise the darkest and bitterest paths of life. A hallowed silence fills the air, and it is with steps grown slow and reverent that one moves about among the graves: Here and there we recognize a name; here, on a quiet hillside, alone in its lot, rests all that is mortal of Rufus Choate. The tomb, partly hidden by a dense growth of jessamine, is of substantial brown stone; the design is simple, and nothing but the name is inscribed; the lot is enclosed by an iron chain and posts, grown rusty with age. At a little distance Charlotte Cushman's grave, marked by a plain marble slab. Edward Everett's name we find on a handsome monument of Quincy granite, in a well-kept family lot; and high up on a slope of the look-out tower stands a slender monument bearing the name of Louis Agassiz. The view from here is one of the finest in the cemetery, including as it does, Boston and its suburbs, and the Charles river, a mile distant. Near the beautiful burial chapel with stone turrets overhung with ivy, there lies the grave of Fannie Fern, hedged about with cedar, planted with clover and fern, and marked by a marble monument entwined with ferns. The inscription is simple: "To the memory of Fanny Fern, from a Friend." Not far from the chapel is the resting place of the well-loved poet, Mr. Longfellow. This lot forms the summit of a picturesque knoll, overlooking the greater part of the cemetery. It is enclosed by a low marble rail, and is thickly overgrown with clover and grass. The tomb is in the centre of the lot, and is built of Italian marbles, red and brown; there is no attempt at ornament, the severe plainness of the block being relieved only by the narrow mouldings forming the crown and base at top and bottom. The front bears the name, "Henry W. Longfellow." At one end there is a short Latin inscription, and at the other the date, March 24, 1882.

On the evening of Dec. 30th the class of '78 held a reunion at the Normal. Quite a number of the old graduates were present, among whom were two of our Normal teachers, Miss Hudson and Miss Hammond. A very select program was carried out, both literary and gustatory, and each vied with the other in being the most sociable.

The cut of the Normal which sets off the front page of the INDEX so smartly, is the creditable work of Chamberlain & Ingalls, 219 Bush St., San Francisco.

ALL SORTS.

Where are the Middlers?

Dockery can't be found! Don't tell Jane.

Mr. P—is found of rats. He declares there is nothing in a name.

Second thoughts are always best: woman was an after-thought of creation.

The present Senior salutation of the Senior A's is, "How does your class behave?"

One of the young men of Junior B is thinking seriously of quitting school and going to Victoria.

What is necessary that Ryan may knock a Rich Miller out in ten Rounds? Two Hands.

The latest collars are so high that the dukes have to stand on tiptoe to see over them.

Of all the angled angles that ever were angled, the angelical geometry classes are angling the angeliest.

The Junior classes are larger than usual this time. The A's have four divisions and the B's have three.

The Seniors A's are rejoicing over the fact that they are full-fledged spring poets as well as dignified pedagogues.

Why do the Senior A boys look so pale and heavy-eyed of late? They have been taking turns in sitting up with their plugs.

"Metals are more active," concluded the professor whose wife had hastened his exit that morning with a flat-iron.

It is said that when Prof. Childs chose the monitors for the coming term, he took into consideration their ability—to "melonize."

Wanted—By the Anti-Quicktempered-Pro-Common Sense Society:—Someone with a mind sufficiently liberal to enable him to take an innocent joke.

The literature class was vividly reminded of Patrick Henry's eloquence when Mr. A—repeated, "She was the son of" in the most convincing manner possible.

Mr. P—is noted for his fine taste in decorating. He and Anna have decided to paper the various rooms of their house with chronos, all of the same design.

Why would it be dangerous for a Black Bird to go near a Junior B? Because it might get a Chase from a Child, and run so Close to a Pool as to come pretty Nye getting drowned.

As there are four Taylors in the New York Legislature, there will probably be some new measures taken about the clothes of this session concerning breeches of the peace.

The Seniors have taught but one week, yet they all agree with Col. Welcker in his belief that a school-teacher should receive a good liberal pension.

The Legislative Committee on Education visited the Normal last week. Senator Gesford, the chairman of the Committee, is an old graduate of the Normal.

The would-be poets truly sympathize with the man who said he had no difficulty whatever in writing the first line of a poem, but he never could write the rest of it.

Some of the young ladies in the chemistry class have made their mark—on the ceiling. Had they remembered, "Test your hydrogen twice after you know it's pure," that never would have happened.

The number in attendance this term is 585. Judging from the beseeching glance with which the broom is accompanied in the morning, the janitor would delight in subtracting 305 from the number and dividing by 140.

The Alumni Association of the State Normal School held their semi-annual meeting at the Normal Dec. 30th. The Association decided to organize a reading circle, to be called the Normal Reading Circle. Circulars have been issued, which may be had of Miss Royce, *Corresponding Secretary*.

As we passed down the hall a few days ago, our attention was attracted by the most woe-begone face we have seen since the display of national colors at the close of last term. Thinking the young lady was in trouble, we were about to speak to her, when suddenly she rolled up her eyes, clasped her hands as if in agony, and with a sigh that lifted her off the floor exclaimed, "I have it!" "Have what?" we cried in one breath. "A verse for my poem," was the excited reply.

Our friends express themselves as highly pleased with the engraving of the Normal building presented to them last month. The engraving is from a photo-view taken by Mr. A. Harker, the artist, at 66 South First street. He has nearly five hundred views of private residences and public buildings, taken during the past year, all of which are highly meritorious, and so pronounced by critics. Persons desiring views should call at his rooms and see some of his fine specimens.

THE OTHER SIDE.

S. ANELAIDE HARRIS.

An old legend tells us of two knights who had each seen a shield, one side of which was gold and the other silver. One remarked on the beauty and costliness of this golden shield; the other declared it was not gold but silver. The dispute ran high and blood would soon have flowed had not a third knight persuaded them to return and examine the shield, when they found that they had both been right, in part, and both wrong.

This story illustrates the natural tendency of human nature to be satisfied with a view of one side only of a question. Prejudice and conventional ideas of things are obstacles in the way of our knowing the whole truth. We get into mental ruts, and there we stay until some intellectual or moral pioneer opens out another path, and even then we are slow to admit that the new one is advisable or safe.

The faith and obedience of Abraham are often referred to, and in thinking of these we are prone to lose sight of the almost equally prominent lessons to be derived from a study of the character of Isaac, who, not as a child but as a full grown man, allowed himself to be placed, without a remonstrance, upon the sacrificial altar. In the "hatchet" story, the truthfulness of the little George is brought prominently before us, with never an allusion to the father, who inspired his son with a confidence and love which made it easy for him to confess a fault.

We should "remember Lot's wife" more charitably, if we did not forget that she was fleeing from her native city, and leaving her only daughter behind her. "Mrs. Job" is a woman very much misunderstood. Who thinks of her with her patient, suffering, enduring love for her husband? Through all his misfortune—his loss of property, children and health, when all others had forsaken him—she was near, sharing all his afflictions, uncomplainingly, until at last, driven to despair, she advised him to renounce a religion which she believed, in some way, had caused his trouble. And even then, she does not think of forsaking him.

Mary and Martha, the sisters at whose home Christ was ever a welcome guest, are regarded as typical women: Mary the spiritually minded and Martha, the one "careful and troubled about many things." But had Martha been, like Mary, entirely unconcerned about household affairs, would the entertainment have been such as their home should have afforded? That Martha did not neglect the "one thing needful" is evident from

her great love for the Master, shown by the manner in which she received his rebuke, and by her being the first to meet him after the death of her brother Lazarus, with the exclamation, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." What would the Church, the world, do to-day without its energetic, practical Marthas?

Carlyle, always spoken of as selfish, irritable, dyspeptic, has another, and a golden side to his character. Would a confirmed misanthrope make a hearty laugh the criterion of human worth? This Carlyle did and often indulged in laughter himself even immoderately. Yet the deep feeling and untiring earnestness which characterize his writings made them a power in the reformation of many of the evils of his day. No one else more fully believed than he that we "learn to do by doing." The "gospel of work" was his favorite theme.

When we look upon the attainments of the eminently successful, we seldom, if ever, think of the weary hours of toil, the many failures and disappointments that have led up to this success.

As the Jews looked upon the beautiful and costly temple, never thinking of the many strokes by which each block was cut and polished down in the taper-lighted quarry, so we read our favorite authors, conscious of the felicity of language, the strength and beauty of thought, but comprehending little the infinite labor and care by which they were produced. "The harder the work behind the curtain the less trace there is of it before." It has been said that "easy writing makes hard reading." The converse is equally true. Most great writers have been great workers, severely patient and untiring in their attention to details. Pope worked days over a single couplet; Goldsmith sometimes considered four lines a good day's work; Charlotte Brontë often occupied an hour deciding upon a single word; Tennyson re-wrote some of his poems fifty times; Bret Harte often spends weeks upon a short poem or story before he is willing the world shall see it.

Added to this painstaking labor are the sufferings of Milton, to whose blindness we owe that immortal poem, "Paradise Lost," which the world holds priceless. To Bunyan's twelve years in the narrow bounds of a prison cell is due that matchless allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," a book which has been pronounced second only to the Bible. Paul's epistles, some of Luther's writings, and De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" were written within prison walls.

Although inventions in the scientific world have often been founded upon discoveries accidentally made, yet their elaboration and adaptation to prac-

tical purposes have taken the self-denying, patient labor of a Newton, a Watt, a Fuller, a Franklin, or an Edison; and we have "entered into the fruits of their labor" without fully appreciating the cost.

It is George Elliot who said, "Could we follow people home, and see them in the 'privacy of their own chambers, when the green curtains are down, we should see much anguish that is carefully hid from the world." Within a "brown stone front" often live the most unhappy of earth; while in the humblest cottage happiness abounds, the happiness of such homes to be appreciated must, like a cathedral window, be viewed from the inside. We are often too much inclined to look upon the dark side when it would take little effort to get a view of the sunny side. If on a bright spring morning we look at the ridges of a newly ploughed field from their northern side, our eyes catching only the shadowed furrows, we see an expanse of white, the unmelted remains of the night's frost; looking on their southern side, how different the scene; the rich brown soil swells in the sunshine, warm with promise, and cheered here and there by a green blade of grass bursting through its surface. Both pictures are true to the facts of nature. So in our estimation of human character; if we persist in looking upon the north side of people's natures, we shall see only their imperfections, but from the other side we can see the rich brown soil, with here and there good deeds bursting forth like fresh blades of grass. Some one has said that God has set his sign—manual, on even the lowest of his creatures—but how slow we are to recognize it. In the hereafter "we shall know as we are known." Trials which here seem so hard to bear, when viewed from the other side we shall find to have been beautifully adapted to building up a character for eternity, and thus fitting us for that higher and better life toward which we all aspire.

COMMUNICATED.

SAN JOSE, CAL., JAN. 26, 1887.

EDITOR NORMAL INDEX:—It was with the keenest regret that I learned of the entertainment given for the benefit of your paper only after it had taken place. Anything looking toward the welfare of the Normal must ever claim the sympathy and support of all its graduates. But it is with feelings of peculiar tenderness and pride that I have watched the growth of the school paper, from the first number that appeared in October, '85, up to the present time. Prof. Kleeberger well described the

progress of the paper and the good it has accomplished; but a large part of that history, what biographers are pleased to term *private history*, is known only to the few who did the active work on the first few issues. The moving spirit of the enterprise was Mr. Herman G. Squier, of the Xmas Class of '85, and the first captain of the Normal Drill Corps, since deceased. In season and out of season he used his personal influence, nor spared his time nor his money to set the machinery in motion. A meeting was called, a paper was resolved upon, and the sanction and countenance of the Faculty sought and obtained. "How long is it to last?" asked one of the teachers. "For all ages," responded the Chairman of the committee, whereupon the Principal inquired with mild sarcasm, what part of "all ages" five months might be.

Finally all the officers were chosen, the town was thoroughly canvassed for advertisements, and the first paper promised on a certain day. In a moment of unusual enthusiasm, the Business Manager and his assistant, determined to expedite matters by "kicking" a press themselves, but were persuaded to desist when they had effectually placed it on the sick list. At length by hard work all day Saturday the editor set up his own articles, and by encouraging the printers (by precept) on Sunday, the paper in a brilliant yellow cover made its appearance Monday morning.

Nor was this the end of the beginning. Yellow gave way to sky-blue, and the size of the paper was greatly enlarged. The three months' time allowed by the Faculty as the limit of the life of the paper was soon passed; in five months it did not seem prepared to die; and now the readers of the INDEX, as they admire its beautiful cover, and preserve it as a part of their school work, and a true exponent of the institution it represents, will agree with me that the paper fulfills the hope of its projectors and has created for itself an important place in the school. It has fairly earned the favor it enjoys, both of subscribers and Faculty. And though the work of editors and managers is often onerous and seemingly without appreciation, you have the cordial support of all the later graduates of the school, especially of those who from experience can judge of the duties connected with your responsible position.

Sincerely yours,

L. J. LATHWESEN, '86.

Miss Mary Tinsley, who started with the present Senior A's, has been teaching successfully for the past year and a half, and expects to return next summer.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Bonnie Oakley, Xmas, '86, obtained a position near Folsom two weeks after graduation.

J. C. Shipley, '87, is the present principal of the Healdsburg schools.

Miss Nellie Wyckoff, Dec., '85, is teaching in Monterey county.

Miss Annie Cochran, Dec., '84, is teaching in Coleville, Mono county.

Miss Mary T. Mooney, Dec., '83, is teaching at 1017 Hyde St., San Francisco.

Thos. J. McGrath, Dec., '84, is living at St. Louis, Sierra county, and is engaged in mining.

Miss Tillie M. Clark, Dec., '85, is teaching in Union District, Sutter county. Her address is Yuba City.

Jno. W. Sterling, May, '83, has entered upon his fourth term in the school at Gonzales, Monterey county.

W. O. Blodget, May, '85, has charge of the Grammar grade in a school near Chico, Butte county.

Frank B. Abbe, Xmas, '83, will continue teaching in San Juan, San Benito county, where he has been for two years.

Miss Birda E. Stoddard, Xmas, '84, is teaching a class of sixty-five in the Protrero School, San Francisco. Her home is at 426 Sutter St.

Miss Annie L. Murphy, May, '85, expects to continue teaching in the spring, in the Sand Mound District, Contra Costa county.

Miss Kate Bromley, May, '83, is teaching near Oroville, Butte county. She has held the position for the past three years.

PERSONELS.

O. M. D. Witt, a former student, is teaching in Lassen Co.

Miss Lizzie Webb, our *prima-donna*, is among the missing.

Miss Parsons after a half term's absence has returned to her post.

Mr. Wambold's shining countenance again brightens the Normal Halls.

Mr. Jacob Arbogast has left school. Girls, you must be good to his little brother. Freddy will be so lonesome.

Miss Nellie Bearden and Miss Flora Smith have come back and are enrolled in Middle B.

Miss Matthis' health has so far improved as to permit her to continue her work at the Normal.

Mr. Edgerton is with us once again. He reports himself as feeling "lost" since his arrival.

The Middle A's miss the smiling face of their classmate Lily Kimball. Miss Lily will probably return next term.

Mr. Jerome Dockery, the champion debater, has turned farmer. Washington Ty. is the scene of his labors.

Miss Edith Smoote has been teaching the little ones the "tejus meanin' of the alphabet" in a district near her home in Sacramento Co.

Senior B misses from its ranks the Misses Parker, Dunstone and Tucker. It is reported that all will resume their work in the near future.

Mr. Schumate has been running a race with the Wandering Jew for the past year, but he now anticipates the more pleasant task of marching bravely on with the Senior B's. There are rumors that he sees visions or rather dreams dreams of a great big H.

The many friends of Mr. Baker congratulate him on his success at the Teachers' Examination, held recently in Santa Clara County. Milo holds a first grade certificate and is anxious to utilize it at once. We hope he will be as successful a pedagogue as he was a student.

Among the old pupils that have returned is Mr. Lane, apparently none the less popular for his long absence. We hear he has been devoting himself to literary pursuits, and that after long and prayerful meditation he is firmly convinced that McCauley is, and ever will be, his favorite author.

On assembling together at the first of the term, the Editorial Staff missed from their circle their esteemed brother Theodor A. Guthrie, whom duty had called elsewhere. Sadly, nay bitterly, they said:

"There is no Editorial Staff howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

But aimless sorrow is not the lot of Seniors. With Spartan valor they looked about to find the worthiest one they knew, to take the place of the absent one. The choice fell to F. M. Lane, and with due ceremonies he entered upon the duties of his new position.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

L. L. WILLIAMS,
CLARA HUGHTON, LILLIAN LAUBERSHEIMER.

IN SPITE of the word of warning given the classes in one of the editorials of the November number of this paper, they failed to elect editors at the close of last term; thus giving us but little time for preparing articles for this number. Nevertheless, we will do what we can this time, and endeavor to show our classmates that we appreciate their confidence in our capabilities by our work in the future.

Although we have had little or no experience in this work which our respective classes have seen fit to trust in our hands, yet we shall work diligently to keep up to the standard developed by our predecessors in their work in the INDEX. Perhaps we would not be so sanguine as we are were it not for the undeveloped talent and embryo wisdom which we know our classmates to possess, and which we feel assured will blossom forth and be seen in their literary efforts; for they are to do the most of the writing for the Los Angeles Department of this paper, leaving the editors that other, and perhaps more difficult task, of deciding among the various contributions, the old question, Which shall it be? Which shall it be?

FOR the student of human nature, where can be found a better field than a Normal School? His course of study extends from the little child in the chart class to the sedate professor who, to the child, knows everything. In the training school, he may observe the nature and characteristics of "the fathers of men." It is an old saying that children are the same the world over. Yes, they are the same; the same in that they are not old in years, and that the world is before them; but oh! how different in all other things the teacher can surely tell. Otherwise, how easy it would be for the teacher to direct the path which the mind of every pupil is to take! After even a three years' course in this work the student of children could hardly be able to say that he understands all children perfectly.

But let us briefly follow him through his study of the grown up children. He looks into the face of each, and to himself imagines the circumstances and teachings that have influenced the life, and thus the looks of each person. In each face he

sees something which distinguishes him from all others. Although it has been said that few persons are "interesting looking" yet, if we could know the life and thoughts of each person, it would be hard to decide who are the interesting and who the uninteresting looking ones. But we must hurry on with our friend, the student of human nature, while he studies the teachers, who, with minds more mature, are capable of leading the thoughts of the scholars in their care into deeper channels and explaining that which to them is so confusing.

We will suppose that our student has now finished his course of study from the youngest to the oldest, and what has he learned during these long years devoted exclusively to the study of human nature? Simply that which he must needs have learned had he labored with all these people adding and encouraging them at their work while faithfully performing his own. Emerson expresses it thus: "It is but little we can do for each other. We accompany the youth with sympathy and manifold old sayings of the wise to the gate of the arena, but it is certain that not by strength of ours, or by the old sayings, but only on strength of his own, unknown to us or to say, he must stand or fall."

WE are hardly able, looking up Fifth street, to identify our school-ground as they now appear, as the same that we saw here two years ago. Now, the yard is surrounded by a granite wall. A fine circular drive, also walled up with granite, leads up to the building and around it. A nice walk (the joy of our hearts) has replaced the board one of a year and a half ago. In front of the building is an elliptical grass plot, which, with the few orange and yucca trees in the yard, gives a good effect.

Certainly the members of the classes entering in the future have reason for congratulating themselves on the improvements they will enjoy.

THUS far, our library and museum have received little or no mention in the columns of the INDEX; but we think they deserve attention.

The library numbers about twelve hundred volumes of the choicest works; consisting of the best works of fiction, histories, travels, essays, and such volumes as Percy's Reliques, Tennyson's, Longfellow's and Lowell's poems; in fact the works of about all of our standard writers. On the table in the library are all of the choice magazines, monthly and weekly papers, educational journals, and the like. The room is in one of the pleasantest parts of the building, and under the

watchful eyes of our worthy Principal, being just across the hall from his office.

The museum contains specimens of birds, flowers, ores, various kinds of wood, and many other curiosities. This is the special domain of Miss Monks, and many a pleasant visit do we pay to it.

Long may our library and museum continue to prosper!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

MAGGIE H. BRYAN.

Life is so varied with its lights and shadows that we seem to dwell in two worlds. In one, romance sheds her mellow rays over all, softening and beautifying whatever is unpleasant and casting a halo of glory around the most commonplace life.

In the other, reality robs every object of the flattering colors in which our fancy loves to paint it, and discloses all its imperfections.

Though these two worlds seem so opposed to each other they are not antagonistic. They blend together, one gradually fading into the other until it is difficult to distinguish between them. One's early life is passed largely in the world of romance, but as he grows older these worlds grow farther apart, and with the dreams of youth romance sinks into the misty depths of the past, and the real world remains with its care; for

"By the vision splendid"

The youth "is on his way attended;

At length the men perceive it die away,

And fade into the light of common day."

Byron says that romance is the "parent of gold-en dreams," and many of our happiest hours are spent in dreaming. How often one whose surroundings are inharmonious with his better nature, brightens his dreary life with a sweet day-dream. In fancy he wanders away from the real and harks in the glowing warmth of imagination. Here all is beautiful; no clouds of doubt ever darken the blue sky; no storms ever chill his hope; all is light and gladness.

The twilight hour always seems to bring us to the border land of romance. As it darkens into night the "creeps that infest the day fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away," leaving us to the enjoyment of these pleasant dreams.

In the shadowy past, romance has its origin, and through the dust of centuries brings back departed scenes pictured in all the loveliness that imagination can bestow. How much pleasanter we find it thus to turn our eyes backward where beauty awaits our gaze than to view the stern to-day

with its host of unperformed duties, or to look forward to the cares and sorrows awaiting us in the unknown future!

Still, though these glimpses of a romantic past may be very beautiful, they may be very mistaken ones, for romance does not set things in their true light. This is the province of reality, which demolishes many castles in the air erected with the confiding trust of youth, crushing fairy hopes beneath the ruins like the tender violet beneath the tread of a chance passer-by. One misses his castles for a time and mourns for his departed hope, but he learns to see the importance of reality, and to be content with brief glimpses into the land of romance. All have some such glimpses. No life, however humble, but has some romantic part. It may not be known to the world, for people do not unfold their inner lives to the rude gaze and comment of an unsympathizing public; still the romance is there and brightens many a darkened life.

Some people like to glide down the river of time listening to sweet strains of music floating softly around them, and with never a thought of the helm or the direction in which their bark should be guided. They idly fold their hands, content to pass their lives in beautiful dreams. But what is a life spent in day-dreaming in comparison with one passed on the battle-field of life fighting bravely for the welfare of one's fellowmen? Beauty fades and dreams vanish like dew before the morning sun, but reality is as the everlasting hills.

Discreet articulation might be more prevalent in the school than it is. Students often ask or answer questions in such a way that only those adjacent to them can understand what they say. Others have a habit of being carelessly noisy when they rise to speak. Some ladies frequently make a noise with their dresses similar to that made by a swarm of bees when their hive has been suddenly invaded. If to this noise be added careless pronunciation the members of the class who sit furthest away fail to catch the words. Scholars should form the habit of pronouncing words clearly and distinctly in all kinds of oral discourse.

Instead of saying "money makes the mare go," we might substitute for it the Bostonese expression, conveying the same idea; namely, "pecuniary agencies accelerate the velocity of the female horse."

We are able to say that of the last class almost all of the members have secured schools, although this is generally considered a hard time of year to obtain positions as teachers.

NATURE IN AMERICAN POETRY.

MARY M. BAKER.

In our daily life of humdrum cares and duties, of business and society, we are too apt to forget that other existence, exempt from public haunt, where we may

—"In the love of Nature,
Hold communion with her visible forms,"

and listen as she calls to us in the voices of bird and tree and wind and laughing brook. For we Americans are proverbially a busy people. Wrapped up in our schemes for gaining extended influence and increased wealth, we forget the aesthetics of life. We forget the beauties stored up for our enjoyment by One who gives lovely flowers as well as useful grains, and delicate fruits as well as homely necessary vegetables. To recall, then, these forgotten blessings, to awaken the slumbering love of beauty in the hearts of men till now too busy to recognize it, is pre-eminently the mission of the American poet.

Of the poet's two great subjects, Man and Nature, the former is so much nearer the heart, and so much more suggestive to the imagination, that the other is often left untouched for lack of a will- and skillful hand to do it justice. But ever since American poetry has existed it has drawn its inspiration largely from Nature. Whatever the mood of our poets, whatever question presented itself, they found its solution in the vast volume spread open for all who can to read. Storm and sunshine in man and nature are counterparts, and so in American poetry we can trace downward the influence at work in American history.

In the darker days of our second struggle with Great Britain, and the misery that followed, Nature showed the poet her sterner side. He saw, in thunder and tempest the storm then almost overwhelming the land, but in the gleam of the sunburst which followed, an omen which inspired him to renewed efforts to hasten the return of peace. Then Bryant painted the majesty of the storm, the grand rush of ocean surges and the tempestuous night of the hurricane, or gathered from quieter scenes the lofty themes of *Thanatopsis*.

Then came a calmer time, a time of peace. The poet says:

"The unslept springs came spouting up to light,
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
And woods long dumb awake with hymnings sweet;"

and he sings the crowded growing of spring and the richer enjoyment of summer. Through his eyes we see the happy, foolish little stream sparkling over its pebbles and listening with coy delight

to the dainty wooings of the fickle breeze. We hear the wind laughing along the green banks of the Merrimack, and see cornflower and violet smile up at the blue sky above them—

"And all is lovely as a summer's day."

But not for long. It is soon hidden and overpowered by the dark cloud of oppression and wrong that is rising in the south. Among the few who now feel its baleful influence is one of our noblest poets, Whittier. To this period we owe his glorious mountain pictures of Monadnock and Wachusett, a blast of Freedom's northern wind, blown clear and strong from his native hill-tops. His voice is a representation of what is presented to his consciousness, and in his voice we can hear the deep refrain of Nature, and of Nature chanting her moral ideal. Truly, this troublous time brings glorious ending. In the rough clay of language of Lowell's *Biglow* papers we may find many a perfect diamond of thought, for the poet says of himself,—

"Nature shows all her perfect heart
To me who loves her as a woman,
There's scarce a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my being human."

The same spirit too may be seen in Bryant's *Lines to a Waterfowl*, and Dr. Holmes' poem, *The Chambered Nautilus*, one of the gems of all English literature.

When the storm of civil war burst upon us, all peaceful thoughts were crowded out of the minds of the people, for their hearts were with the soldiers. Rarely now do we find poems of aught but the camp, the march, the battle. One only pauses in the general dismay to say, "All's Well."

"The clouds that rise with thunder slake
Our thirsty soils with rain,
The blow most dreaded fails to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man, but make
The love of God more plain.
So, from the twilight depths of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleam of war and depth of blue
The glaring sunlight never knew."

The time of blight passes at last, and peace comes again, bringing with it abundance of rhyme. The beautiful sea-pieces of Celia Thaxter, the Goodale children's bunch of "Apple Blossoms," and many other dainty scraps for a Nature's Album, are among the products of the last twenty-five years of our history. But charming as are the verses of many of our later poets, we miss in them that deep sympathy with the moods of Dame Nature that satisfies us in their predecessors. But may we not hope from the growth of such writings in other lands and tongues, that the spring time of our country's literary growth may be the spring

time of a school of poetry coming as truly from the heart of the great Mother as do her flowers and grasses when,—

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

The Black Death of London—the death of all of the colored people of that place.

About sixty new pupils entered this term, and more seats must be put in the Assembly Hall.

Miss Budlong and Miss MacLay of Senior B, have not returned to school this term on account of bad health.

Mrs. Heath has so far recovered from her attack of sickness at the first of the term as to be able to resume her place in school again.

The many sleepy looking eyes and unlearned lessons of last Friday, were readily accounted for. Madame Patti sang in Los Angeles the 20th inst.

One of the young training school teachers recently propounded this difficult question to her geography class: On what street is the Spring St. school? We trust she obtained a satisfactory answer.

Among the many faces to be seen this term, so many of which are new to us, we are glad to see the familiar ones of Miss Whitcombe of Senior A, and Miss Montague of Senior B, both of whom were compelled to leave school last term on account of sickness.

A special meeting of the L. O. L. Society was called Friday afternoon. But few young gentlemen were present, and the young ladies elected officers and transacted other business, all in about fifteen minutes. The secret of it was, they knew what they wanted (strange to say) before they began.

We look with astonishment when we see a young gentleman of the Normal School, with an apron rolled up under his arm (not a pretty apron either); but we erase the exclamation point from our countenances, when we remember that we, too, wore ugly looking aprons, when we were infants, and when—we studied Chemistry.

We are convinced that position in life is everything. One of our Professor's recently remarked that he touches his hat to Senior B's, lifts it to Senior A's, and—"You lift your foot to the rest,"

comes from a middle A pupil during the interval the Prof. has allotted for the comprehension of his remarks by his audience before finishing his statement. He has not yet finished it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Baker is teaching in Pasadena.

Miss Vickrey is visiting in San Francisco.

Miss Baird is also teaching in Pasadena.

Miss Bryan is teaching in Ventura county.

Miss Grant has a school in San Diego county.

Miss Henderson is learning stenography in Los Angeles.

Miss Taylor is teaching in San Bernardino county.

Mr. J. D. Connor is teaching at Lang's Station near San Fernando.

Miss Tombes is employed at copying here in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Blake has a school at San Pedro, and Miss Field is her assistant.

Miss Josephine Dryden has the school at Green Meadow.

Mr. Walker has a school about twelve miles from Los Angeles.

Mr. J. A. T. Voigt has started a Preparatory school in San Diego.

Mrs. Baker, who was Miss Whitney when attending the Normal, is teaching in East Los Angeles.

One fine day, sometime ago, a certain Junior B resolved to have a "taffy pull on his own hook." Having purchased a gallon of molasses, he started to carry it home in a pail. Feeling the weight of his burden, he put a stick through the handle, and hung the pail over his shoulder tramp fashion. Jogging along in an abstract mood he spied a pin in the road, and being of a frugal disposition he stooped to pick it up. This seemed to the imprisoned molasses to be as good a chance as it could get, so it promptly stepped out of the pail and crawled through the hair and over the back of the Junior B. "Great stickers!" gasped the young man, as he struggled to his feet and reviewed the scene of devastation, "a gallon of molasses for a pin."

Professor in Pedagogy—"Which is more sensitive, seeing or feeling?"

Student—"Feeling." "Why?" "Because my chum can feel his moustache when no one can see it." (Prolonged applause.)

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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