

The Normal Index.

Vol. IV.

SAN JOSE, CAL., JULY 25, 1889.

No. 40



Published by the Senior Class of the State Normal School.

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The Normal Index.

VOL. IV.

JULY 25.

No. 10

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, --- CALIFORNIA.

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THE June number of the Index was virtually the last for the school year, and completed the fourth volume; but the resignation of our beloved principal and the election to his place of the scarcely less beloved vice-principal, marking an epoch in the history of the school, and giving unusual interest to the graduating exercises of this, the last class that Professor Allen will send out,—these, and other events have seemed to demand that one number should be given to them alone.

We have therefore issued a vacation number, which will be sent free to all subscribers, and included in all subscriptions for the coming year. It is unfortunate for this extra number that with it, the new editorial board begin their work. It is still more unfortunate that it is prepared at a time when everybody—editors not excepted—is either

gone or in a feverish state of anxiety to be gone on his summer vacation.

For assistance in this emergency, thanks are due to members of the faculty and to the editor-in-chief and assistant manager of the retiring board.

Copies of this number of the Index can be had at any time by applying to Miss Ruth Royce, Librarian, and enclosing the usual price.

THE Young Men's Normal Debating Society and Senior Girls' Club held their open meeting on the evening of Tuesday, June 25. The program which we give below, was one of unusual excellence, and was far from being one of the least attractive features of commencement week.

An admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged as usual, and an amount was cleared sufficient to cover all expenses, pay sixty dollars on the piano, and leave a small balance in the treasury.

The programme was as follows: Trio, "Thou Heavens Blue and Bright," Misses Bias, Jaquith and Kelton; Parce, "Which is Which," "Bertha," Miss Guilbert, "Anne," Miss Markell, "Mrs. Miles," Miss Cuthbertson, "Copper" Mr. Barthel, "Paddles," Mr. Cave, "Gurgles," Mr. Sanford; vocal solo, selected, Irving Glen; specialty—medley recitation, Misses Dixon, Kelly, Wright and Moran, Members Cochrane, Addicot, Jury and Tebbe; trio, "Stars the Night Adorning," Misses Bias, Forsythe and Kelton; violin solo, selected, Ernest Machefert; sunflower chorus, Misses Martin, Morrison, Duffey, Dixon, Dietrich, Bowles, Markell, Borden, Cuthbertson, Soper and Bradley; vocal solo, selected, Miss Finch; farve, "Never say Die," "Simon Graylock," J. E. Addicot, "Bounce," Fred Tebbe, "Ball," Robert Lee, "Mrs. Graylock," Miss Etta French, "Alice," Miss Maul Henley, "Patty," Miss Carrie Beatty.

The Japanese government has instituted a college for women with English professors, and put it under the control of a committee of English women for six years.

THE JUNE CLASS OF '89.

On the twenty-seventh of June at 12:30 o'clock this, the thirty-sixth class of the California State Normal School at San Jose, received their diplomas. They have been outnumbered by only one other class; the class of May, '83. As usual, in this school, the young men were in the minority, there being only seven out of its seventy-one members. Its ranks represented twenty-five different counties of California, Nevada and Wisconsin.

As to their average weight, size, age, scholarship, wit and beauty, we are unable to give definite statistics; it is sufficient to say that youth and beauty and intellect were well represented.

The honors of the class were carried off by Edward L. Spinks of Merced County, who reached the highest rank in scholarship.

It seems fitting to say that in completing the prescribed course, this class has had certain advantages not possible to the previous classes. Their course in Drawing has been more complete; Clay-Modeling has been a feature of their work; they have done certain well defined lines of work in Manual Training; and have had practice in Delauneyan exercise.

Following a long established custom, they have left their class picture in room K, where hang pictures of the several classes since '73. But this one differs from the others in being more ambitious as to size and weight. To what extent this quality has emanated from their courage we are unable to say. They also leave in this Library a chair fittingly inscribed; a token of the pleasant hours spent within its walls. The following is the roll of the class:

Kara F. Allen, Santa Clara County; Grace L. Anderson, Santa Clara County; William R. Bankhead, Placer County; Lucy A. Barrett, Placer County; Franklin K. Barthel, Santa Clara County; Katie C. Bellew, Santa Clara County; Julia L. Bellingall, Santa Clara County; Mariana Bertola, Contra Costa County; Esther A. Brown, Santa Clara County; Mary C. Carr, Alameda County; Jennie A. Calker, Santa Clara County; Gertrude Connell, San Bernardino County; George Congrave, Calaveras County; Amy A. Davis, Loyd, Wisconsin; Jessie N. DeLamater, Santa Cruz County; Ella Jean Dimon, El Dorado County; Alice H. Dougherty, Alameda County; Fannie A. Fowler, Santa Clara County; Mamie A. Gufney, Santa Clara County; Theresa V. Gargan, San Mateo County; Mary A. Geo, Solano County; M. Edith Griswold, Santa Clara County; M. Frances Harte, Santa Clara County; Gertrude I. Hayes, Alameda County; Ella C. Heintz, Sacramento County; Belle

F. Higgins, Napa County; Genevieve M. Holden, Napa County; S. Marion Howell, Santa Clara County; Annie Hughes, Nevada County; Helen L. Jaeger, Santa Clara County; Ollie Jarvis, Alameda County; Maggie Jones, Santa Clara County; John G. Jury, Santa Clara County; Mollie J. Keller, Nevada County; Leoline C. Ladd, Santa Clara County; Carrie E. Lee, Santa Clara County; Annie L. Leland, Siakiyon County; Addie M. Lucy, Solano County; Minnie L. Mackay, Santa Clara County; Lizzie MacKinnon, Alameda County; Jennie R. Mangrum, Santa Clara County; Clara A. March, Yolo County; Emma T. Martin, San Francisco County; Alice M. McJunkin, Tulare County; A. Bronson McKean, Santa Cruz County; Luella Miles, Santa Clara County; Mary Mutschlachner, Sonoma County; Emmie H. Nichols, Santa Clara County; Margaret M. O'Donnell, Nevada County; Mabel Patterson, Santa Clara County; Mary H. Post, Santa Clara County; Mattie A. Powell, Yolo County; Lilian E. Purinton, Santa Clara County; Adeline Ross, Alameda County; Ida M. Rounds, Solano County; Mary Rumrill, Contra Costa County; Sadie C. Ryan, Alameda County; Fanny R. Schallenberger, Santa Clara County; Jennie R. Sherman, Reno, Nevada; Edward L. Spinks, Merced County; Alida G. Spring Sacramento County; George M. Steele, Santa Clara County; Mary E. Sullivan, Santa Clara County; Blanche Tarr, Amador County; Georgia Thatcher, Mendocino County; Nettie G. Theisen, El Dorado County; Laura L. Thomas, Santa Clara County; Mary L. Tinsley, Trinity County; Lilian E. Westfall, Tulare County; Tenah E. Wheeler, San Francisco County; Annie L. Wiseman, Santa Clara County. At ten o'clock promptly they marched upon the stage followed by the Faculty, the Board of Trustees, and several honored guests. Here were noticed State Superintendent, Ira G. Holt, President Kennedy of Cogswell Institute, Rev. J. B. Wakefield, Dr. Ben Cory—in former years a faithful member of the Board of Trustees—L. J. Chipman, the President of the Alumni Association, and others prominent in educational work. In the auditorium fully two thousand people were crowded, and in the rear of the room on raised seats were some three hundred and fifty students, these forming the choir for the day.

The parents, the brothers, the sisters and the friends of the class were there; the old man and the aged woman bent with the weight of years—Yes, and the infant was there—his voice, too, was heard in the land.

The stage, with its appropriate and tasteful decorations of palms and ivy and floral pieces complemented the bright and happy faces of the class.

In accordance with the custom in this school, no tricks, mock schemes, nor burlesques there were, at the expense of the Senior Class; instead, by general assent, the decorations on Commencement Day are the labor of love from the Middle Classes, a token of their kindly feeling and regard for those about to leave them. We should mention the pleasing combination of the class colors—apple green and deep cream—that were so gracefully draped about the clock, but all this was entirely eclipsed by the appearance of the class themselves. It was their day and they plainly showed how keenly they enjoyed it. The following programme was carried out, and the general comment is that the participants brought honor to themselves and to the school, both by their thoughtful production and their pleasing delivery: Anthem, Praise the Lord; Prayer, Rev. J. B. Wakefield, D. D.; Part Song, Come, Let's Sing a Merry Round; Oration, The Story of Liberty, George M. Steele; Essay, Trifles, Margaret O'Donnell; Glee, See Our Oars With Feathered Spray; Essay, Our Profession, Lizzie MacKinnon; Essay, The Craze for Change, Fannie Schallenger; Trio and Chorus, He Watched Over Israel; Essay, Special Education for Women, Mamie A. Gafney; Oration, The Teacher of the Civilized World, Edward L. Spinks; Waltz Song, O'er Blooming Meadows. The essays and orations we print in this number of the INDEX.

Under the direction of the deservedly popular leader, J. H. Elwood, the music was of the choicest solos and choruses; glees and sacred song were rendered exceptionally well. The soloists, Irving M. Glenn, basso, Flora Bias and Nellie Soper, soprano, and Pearl Kelton, contralto, proved to be great favorites.

The address to the graduating class by Professor C. H. Allen was among the many good things. We quote: "Young people, what each of you has done and endured in completing the course prescribed for this school—that is the price of your Diploma; it outweighs silver or gold. As you go forth, remember you are the representatives of this school; its reputation rests not upon its faculty, but upon you. It is in your hands to build it up or tear it down. You have chosen for your class motto, *Courage*, but you little realize how much courage it will take to stand alone and be true to your profession. As you go from us you pass beyond the control of a well-organized school, and you each become the center of a circle that shall revolve about you, obedient to the law of your own individuality.

The class then filed by and the diplomas were conferred by Pro. Allen's own hand.

The class song, always an interesting feature of the commencement exercises was made more attractive by its antiphonal form, the school responding to the class. The song was written by Blanche Tarr, a member of the class, and the music kindly composed by Prof. Elwood and dedicated to the class.

At one o'clock the class marched off the platform and down the corridor to room K where for an hour they received the congratulations of their friends. In this room, their own class home, each member passed to his desk on which had been placed the gifts from his friends. Among these were flowers, but we were glad to note books and things of value in the years to come.

So good bye to the June class of '89. May they have the courage to be true to their convictions, loyal to their Alma Mater, and zealous to elevate the standard of their profession!

SOUVENIRS.

It is customary in many institutions for the graduates, on their departure, to give costly presents to one or more of their teachers—a custom that is open to serious objection, and which formerly prevailed here also, but is now superseded by a more commendable practice. Each class at about the time of graduation, presents some token of their affection, some memorial of their existence as a class, not to one of their favorite teachers, but to the "dear old Normal" itself.

All over the building these gifts may be found, neatly inscribed with the name of the class that gave them. In the library, a fine engraving representing blind Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* to his daughters, calls to mind the class of '77, and hanging on either side are two bronze medallions in plush frames, memorials of the class of Dec. '83. The portraits of Prof. Norton and Prof. Allen, the gifts respectively of the two classes of '84, and a bust of Shakespeare, bearing the words "Class of '85," also adorn the library walls. In the assembly hall can be seen four beautiful banners, with the appropriate inscriptions, "Learn to do by doing, Dec. '86," "Deeds not words, May, '87," "Ending yet beginning, Dec. '87," and "Do noble deeds, not dream them, Dec. '88." Here, also, is the principal's chair, class of '82, the vice-principal's chair, class of '83, a clock, the gift of the class of Dec. '88, and occasionally a beautiful flag, presented by the class of '81.

The class of June '89 selected a gift that combines this most fitting tribute to the school with a thoughtful remembrance of their patient and ever-helpful friend, the Librarian.

Miss Royce's letter of thanks tells its own story:
To the Class of June, 1886.

MY GOOD FRIENDS:

There has appeared in the library this morning, as an offering to the Normal School, from the class of June, 1886, a beautiful and exceedingly comfortable chair, for the use of the Librarian; and as the present incumbent of that office, it becomes my pleasant duty to acknowledge your gift.

It is not only beautiful, but substantial; fitted for both work and rest; well chosen for the busy life upon which it must wait.

I need not add that the kindly thought which I am told lies back of the gift, is warmly appreciated. Work will be less wearisome and rest more frequent because of your thoughtfulness.

Accept, then, hearty thanks and best wishes for your future success, both from the Normal School, and from

Your sincere friend,
 RUTH ROYCE, Librarian.

CHANGES IN ADMINISTRATION.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door."

For some time it has been apparent that bodily strength and vigor were waning; that the way was growing toilsome. All this has at last culminated, and he who for sixteen years has served the interests of the school and State so faithfully and so well has been compelled to step aside from the busy throng and seek a resting place. On April 6th, the following letter was handed to Mr. Lowen, President of the Board of Trustees:

"My continued ill-health renders it impossible for me to discharge in a proper manner, the duties devolving upon the Principal of the Normal School. In the interest of the school, therefore, as well as in my own interest, I respectfully ask the Board of Trustees to accept my resignation of the position, to take effect at the close of the current school year. It is not without deep emotion that I thus sever my connection with an institution with which I have been so long connected and to which I have given the work of more than sixteen years of my life. I have lived in and for the Normal School in all its vicissitudes, my interest growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength.

In communicating my resignation to the Board over which you preside, be pleased to express to them and to the Executive Committee in particular, with whom I have had most to do, my profound gratitude for their cordial support, their leniency to my many shortcomings and for their personal friendship. With an ardent desire for the highest success of the Normal School and for the personal prosperity of the individual members of the Board of Trustees,

I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

Charles H. Allen.

Prof. Allen remained on duty until the close of

the year. Then at the annual meeting of the Board, held June twenty-fourth, his resignation was accepted. Desiring to mark so important a change with something of formality and to give proper expression to their appreciation of the man and his services, a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions and report the same at the afternoon session.

The following is a copy of the resolutions together with the preamble, as read by Mr. Lowen, chairman of that committee:

To the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School:

Your committee, to which was referred the resignation of Prof. Allen, beg leave to report as follows:

Among the customs or rules that a refined civilization has given us, none is imbued with more gravity than that which is devolved upon collective bodies, both public and private, of expressing upon the death or retirement of a fellow-member or employee, the regard and esteem in which he is held, and to which he is entitled by reason of his mental and moral worth and his faithful, valuable, and long-continued services.

This custom is sanctioned by the most elevated sentiments that find lodgment in the human breast; and the outward expression, while exhibiting the gratification of conscientious duty in a worthy personal cause, is yet tinged with the sorrow and regret of a personal loss.

The Board of Trustees of the State Normal School at San Jose are called upon to avail themselves of this custom, to discharge themselves of this trust.

We have made it our duty, pleasant in that which affects a knowledge of the past; unpleasant in that which looks towards the narrow line dividing the past from the future, and which shows a vacuum that can never be filled while old associates hold a place in our memories, to say for you all what individually we know you would say, and much better, for yourselves.

Professor Charles H. Allen is about to leave us. His connection with the school is soon to be closed. We have been compelled sorrowfully to accept his resignation on account of his continued ill health, a long abstinence from work being imperative. In a word, he asks us for his life; and, as physicians, who are his friends, we are obliged to present the only prescription that will meet his case. And we do this in the sincere and earnest hope that rest and relaxation may bring back the strength he has lost, and that his future days may be long and happy.

For seventeen years he has been connected with

the school, sixteen as Principal; seventeen years of faithful, conscientious, laborious work. His influence has been deep, strong, far-reaching. By his teaching, by his management, by his labors on the State Board of Education, by his personal advice and counsels, and by his example, he has shaped the destinies of hundreds of men and women, many of whom are now highly honored by the State and are the pillars of its present strength and the hope of its future prosperity. His guidance has ever been in the line of truth and right as well as purely intellectual application, and the power of his kindly Christian mind has been exerted upon all whose good fate has led them as seekers for knowledge within the portals of this grand educational edifice.

California, the whole coast in fact, owes him a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

In view of all these facts it is meet that this Board should give appropriate and emphatic expression of its sentiments; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the retirement on account of ill health of Professor Charles H. Allen, the State Normal School at San Jose is deprived of the services of a competent and faithful educator, a wise counselor and friend, a conscientious, painstaking and talented fellow-laborer, and an honest, large-hearted, Christian gentleman.

That we part with him in unfeigned sorrow and regret, not only on account of personal esteem and regard for his many able qualities, but also by reason of the vast scope, important and high moral and intellectual character of the work that he has accomplished during his connection with the school, the Board, and the educational affairs of the State generally.

That he goes from among us with our best wishes and deepest sympathies; and that the State ought not to forget, as it assuredly never will, one who has done such grand work in her moral and intellectual behalf.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be spread upon the records of this Board; and that an engrossed copy be prepared under the direction of the Executive Committee and presented to Professor Allen.

San Jose, California, June 24, 1889.

RALPH LOWE,
T. H. LAINE,
IRA G. HOYT.

Mr. Archer in a very neat speech stated that with pleasure mingled with sorrow he moved the adoption of the resolutions. He hoped the Board would be able to find a successor who would serve as faithfully and as well as had Professor Allen. The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Professor Allen then made an address, in which he said he thanked the Trustees for their flattering expressions in the resolutions. He had served the school for seventeen years, sixteen in the capacity of Principal, and if any success was due, the Board came in for a share. He thanked the Trustees for their uniform kindness and consideration and offered his services at any time the Board saw fit to accept them temporarily; or if they wished to profit by any experience he may have gleaned, as in the past, he would continue to work for the State Normal School.

It makes every pupil and graduate of our school feel prouder that the Trustees of this Institution have deemed it wise to elect, as Prof. Allen's successor, our popular Vice-Principal, C. W. Childs, an early graduate of our own school—Professor Childs being a member of the class of '67.

Prof. Childs, we welcome you as our Principal. May your administration be a long and happy one! And had the school been empowered to elect their own Vice Principal, the same and would have been realized. Prof. Kleeberger is too well known among us to need any introduction and too well known among our readers to need any words of commendation from us. We heartily congratulate him and thank the Trustees for their act.

Last Wednesday will ever be a memorable day to the students, teachers, and friends who assembled to engage for the last time in the regular morning exercises of the Normal School, with their beloved Principal, Prof. Allen.

What a significance there is in everything we do consciously for the last time! The face of him who was so soon to leave us seemed idealized, his voice never stronger nor clearer; and earnestly indeed, as we thought how peaceful and glad and abundant the past had been, and how uncertain the future must ever seem, did we join in that last song together, "Father, O hear us; thy mercy cheer us." Never did God's word seem to come home to each heart with more force and meaning than when Prof. Allen read, as his parting injunction, St. Paul's words to the Philippians, beginning, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say Rejoice." How could he better have expressed what was in his heart to say than in the beautiful benediction: "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." And how each heart stirred with new resolve when he came to the solemn closing of the passage: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are

lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

At ten-thirty, immediately following the announcements to the several classes of the promotions made by the Faculty, the entire school returned to the Assembly Hall. The Faculty were in their accustomed places on the platform, and Prof. Allen in the chair of the Principal, when John G. Jury of the graduating class, stepped forward and in a well-voiced speech expressed to Prof. Allen the esteem and love the pupils of this school entertain for him, their sorrow at parting with him, and their good wishes for a continued life of prosperity and usefulness.

Then uncovering a handsome French clock with black onyx case and ornaments of bronze, he presented it in the name of the school. Prof. Allen's response was in his own felicitous way, here a bit of humor, there a touch of pathos, and underlying all a tone of earnestness and sincerity. We quote—"The teacher's work is three-fold; of the head, of the hand and of the heart. The first two the State pays, and pays well for. The last often goes unrewarded and unappreciated; but in this token of your love and regard, I recognize something of that higher reward we all crave. I accept with a grateful heart this expression of good will, and thank the pupils, not so much for the beautiful clock, as for the love and the trust that prompted the gift." Then, characteristic to the last, he turned to the school saying, "This somewhat serious part of the program, with which I had nothing to do, being over, there is a little matter I wish to attend to. Let me introduce to you, young ladies and gentlemen, the new Principal, Prof. Childs." Prof. Childs arose amid a round of applause. His speech was brief, but he promised to speak further in September next. Prof. Allen then turned and said, "And there is another young man I wish you to know, the new Vice Principal, Prof. Kleeberger." And again the pupils gave proof that at the Normal we do nothing by halves.

The assembly now broke up, but the Faculty gathered down in the Principal's office in their accustomed place, for a last Faculty meeting with Prof. Allen.

Here the clock, which had been brought in, was flanked by two elegant bronze and onyx vases, which were made to complete its beauty. These vases, Miss Washburn speaking for all, presented to Mrs. Allen, assuring her that the faculty could never forget all she has done to keep them happy and united, and that they wished in that home she has so often cordially thrown open to them, ever

with some fresh touches of beauty, to leave some token of their appreciation. "When your tasteful hands," she said, "devise new floral arrangements, put an extra flower or two in these vases, as if a fresh blooming of the old feeling between us," and turning to Mr. Allen, she continued, as Prof. Kleeberger ushered in a handsome leather-covered stuffed chair, "And now Mr. Allen, since you will insist on taking a rest from the burden of this school, we want you not only, as the Irishman said, to 'be aisy', but to be 'as aisy as you can.' We hope you will find this chair a regular sleepy hollow of rest. The seller tried to explain to us that the reason it is so cushiony is that it is filled with some peculiar kind of horsehair; but the real fact is, that it is just stuffed with affection, which is the most comfortable thing I know of in this world, except what you bring to it yourself, a sense of rest well-earned." Mr. Allen then made a happy and earnest response and was left to enjoy the chair and to read at his leisure this letter in which the faculty had expressed their hearts a little more fully.

State Normal School,

San Jose, Cal. June 26, 1899

Dear Mr. Allen:

The Faculty of this School wish to give some expression, however inadequate, of their regret at your retirement from the Principalship. The personal pain that we feel at the severing of daily companionship is mingled with a sense of loss to the school. It was your good fortune to take direction at the inspiring moment when the growth of the new Pacific States, and the general educational advance throughout the Union, were great forces beginning to bear upon the development of the still young and plastic Normal School; and it was the good fortune of the school that it had in you one able to wield these forces vigorously, and to give a large, and wise, and noble direction to this development. You may leave the school, but your influence can never leave it; it is an integral part of its being. We are grateful that these seventeen years, covering the most critical period in the history of the school, have been under your leadership.

For ourselves personally, we have to thank you for all the kindness that has bound us to you and to each other. We have joyed together and mingled our tears. Some of us have been here for many years, and we have found you a friend and father in the truest sense of the words. You have inspired us to better work; and we have rested in your strong, wise, Christian character. We hope that relief from the burden of care will restore

you to vigorous health and keep you long near us; and so often as you can come, how gladly will you be welcomed home among us to the dear old school.

For the Faculty

Lucy M. Washburn,
Gloria F. Bennett,
Cornelia Walker,
R. S. Holway.

This last meeting of Prof. Allen with his Faculty was something to be stored up with treasured love blossoms and sacred memories.

Another feature of Prof. Allen's farewell, we would like to mention—it was the delivering up to the Board of Trustees of the keys of the Institution. On Commencement day, after conferring the Diplomas, Prof. Allen turned to the audience and said, "My friends, I have now discharged the last formal duty required at my hands as Principal of the Normal School, and you will bear with me, if, before laying down the burden, I give expression to some of the thoughts that crowd for utterance. I sever my connection with regret, and yet with a sense of satisfaction that only he can feel who after a long and tiresome day, lays down the burden at eventide. A brief review of how I have spent my forces in the interest of this school and in allegiance to the State may not seem out of place. In the pictures that come and go before me there are three vivid ones. The first is when, seventeen years ago, I was first assigned as a Professor in this school to the Natural Science Department, and ushered into a corner basement room; there lying in the corner, were what little unused and uncared for apparatus the Institution then possessed—and this was my field of labor.

The second is when at the expiration of my first year's service, in a small room in the basement, there were gathered the Board of Trustees and myself, and there were handed to me, as insignia of the office of Principal then bestowed upon me, the keys of the Institution.

The third is when on the morning of February 10th 1880, awakened by the clanging of fire-bells, I sprang out of my bed to see our beautiful building in flames. Of this you all know, but the meeting later, of a few anxious friends, a part of the Trustees and myself, as we gathered near the corner of the smoldering ruins at three o'clock in the morning in consultation, and decided that we must act, and act promptly, if we would save the Normal School to San Jose—of this you do not all know.

It is but just to my poor body that has served me so well, that I confess how much it has been

taxed by the added duties imposed upon me as these years have gone by. The class-room work, the office work, the duties growing out of membership on the State Board, the supervising of the building of the two Normal Schools—the one here and the one at Los Angeles—and of the third, in part, the making of State Text Books, all this has been too great a task for one man. It is impossible that all this should have been accomplished, with so many conflicting interests, and so many occasions when duty said no, and the inclination said yes, without some things being misunderstood, some things misinterpreted; but the record is made, and I stand before you with the conviction that in all this, I have done a man's work, and have done it in a manly way. These heavy tasks have proved too much for me and with regret, but from necessity, I turn over to you, Mr. Lowe, as President of the Board of Trustees, these keys handed me sixteen years ago, and with them return the trust then reposed in me."

President Lowe with fitting words reiterated the sentiment of the Trustees as expressed in their resolutions, and in heartfelt words expressed the sorrow of the Board and of all friends of the School at losing so valued a servant, then turning to the new Principal formally handed over to him the keys of the Institution. Principal Childs feelingly responded: "Prof. Allen has no longer any need for these keys; the latch string of this Institution will always hang out for him, and he will always find the easiest chair waiting him at the head of our family table.

Many were moved to tears by the words of the retiring Principal, and hearty applause followed the speeches of both the outgoing and the incoming Principals.

Prof. Allen then introduced State Sup't. Hoitt, who followed with enthusiastic remarks, befitting the occasion; and the administration had changed hands.

On so important an occasion as change in administration of an institution whose success so closely affects the well-being of the State, it seems fitting that the sentiment of the community be noticed, and as the press is their organ, we quote from the editorials of our city papers.

We clip the following from the editorial columns of the *Mercury* of June 26:

An important change has taken place in the management of the State Normal School in San Jose, but, happily, there is no danger that the institution will lose any of its many good features for which it is noted not only in California but abroad.

Professor Charles H. Allen, who for seventeen years managed the school in a most efficient manner, has retired, and

this fact is regretted by his many friends and pupils, who are to be found in every corner of the State, as sincerely as it is regretted that his failing health was the cause of that retirement; that it, in fact, demanded the sacrifice of his life or the position in which he has labored so long and so faithfully.

In the appointment of Professor C. W. Childs as principal of the school the trustees acted with good judgment and wisdom. Mr. Childs is an educator and a disciplinarian of acknowledged ability; his connection with the Normal school has been of such duration and of so active a character that it can be said with truth that he is familiar with every need and capable of dealing most efficiently with every detail of this great institution of learning. We congratulate Mr. Childs upon his appointment and at the same time desire to state that the people at large are to be congratulated that he is at the helm.

The editorial column of the *Times* for June 25, contains the following:

"GOOD BYE, SIR, AND GOD BLESS YOU."

Yesterday the trustees of the State Normal School added to their laurels by the wise selection of Prof. C. W. Childs as principal. Prof. Childs is an distinguished an educator as any who sought the honor and has exceptionally qualified himself by years of faithful service to the school and its interests. That much having been done we will leave the new Principal to carve out his own future;

And turn to that estimable, learned and honorable gentleman whose place it will be no easy task to fill. Many years has Prof. Allen stood at the pinnacle of scholastic fame; and it is with infinite tenderness and respect that we say good bye.

We extend a hearty hope for the welfare of the departing Principal and wish him restored health beneath the shades of a happy retirement from care and mental toil.

The following is the Faculty for the ensuing year:

C. W. Childs, Principal;
G. R. Kleiberger, Vice Principal;
MARY J. TITUS, Preceptress;
Mrs. Lizzie P. Wilson, Principal of the Training Department.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

A. H. Randall; R. S. Holway; Volney Batten;
Gerhard Schoof; Helen S. Wright;
Lucy M. Washburn;
Cornelia Walker; Glora F. Bennett;
Nettie C. Daniels; Myrtle C. Hudson;
Laura Bethell; Fannie M. Estabrook;
J. H. Elwood; Ruth Royce; Mrs. A. E. Bush.

TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

Kate Cozens; Mamie P. Adams;
Margaret E. Schallenberger; Nannie C. Gilday.

The following telegram was received on Commencement Day:

Principal Chas. H. Allen, Newark, N. Y. June 27.

Dear Sir,

Cordial greeting to Faculty and Alumni.

Mary E. B. Norton.

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS.

THE STORY OF FREEDOM.

Every man delights to tell again and again how he honorably made some valuable acquisition, but for other reasons is the Story of Freedom dear to the heart of every freeman. Our fathers fought and bled—aye even gave up their lives, till finally, the hour came, when despotism was forced to yield the scepter, and let freedom reign instead. Be it to the honor and glory of those who founded it, that reign has never ceased. The story is one that will ring down the ages and fall with ever-growing sweetness upon the listening ears of generations to come.

We care not when the first spark of freedom was struck. It is enough to know that the spirit grew, and, under the guidance of its advocates, culminated at certain points in the growth of the most glorious nations now in existence. Neither are we to consider the faint glimpses of liberty that can be obtained from a glance at the history of almost any nation. To those grand outbursts of freedom which were recognized, and whose power we feel to this day—to those only is homage due from every freeman, and not to those momentary blazes that flashed and died out with the nations that lighted them.

The first great monument to freedom rests on English soil. Like one who stands entranced before a work of the grand old masters, we gaze upon its crimson sides, and are carried back to the year 1215, there inscribed. We pass along the river Thames to the beautiful meadow of Runnymede, where the great barons were drawn up in stern array. Away to the right is Windsor Castle; within its palatial halls King John fumes and rages. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom!" he cries; but a thought strikes him, he calms himself, assumes a deceitful air of humility, and with schemes for revenge, and wrath in his heart betakes himself to his appointed task. No long parley ensues. The monarch takes the proffered pen, and the first blow to tyranny is struck by its most ardent lover. The Magna Charta is signed. The foundation principles of liberty are recognized by their bitterest enemy.

King John's furious attempts that followed left the force of the compact unbroken. The thunders of the Papacy fell harmless upon it; and, as we come back to the Nineteenth Century, we find the blessings of the great Charter resting upon us.

From that time forth, liberties increased throughout England. In the reigns immediately succeeding that of John, the Parliament of to-day

was established. A glance at the past centuries shows how power after power has been yielded up to that body, until to-day, it is supreme in England, and Royalty but a name.

In viewing the past, we recognize as the "fortress and tower" of liberty the freedom of the Press. Need I speak of it? As the most formidable enemy of kingcraft the press stands unrivaled; and, had its liberty been granted at the time of Gutenberg and Faust, fewer chapters in this story had been written in blood.

England is a grand example of a free country, but not the only one. Many and noble were the efforts made on the Continent to throw off the yoke of tyranny, there growing heavier with every day. The spirit of freedom grew as it had in England, till now we find that on the Continent, not only have many liberties been gained, but republics have sprung up and free cities been established. France, Holland, and Switzerland are independent. The story of each is essentially the same. When the arrogant King of Spain, thought to crush out independence in the Netherlands, he made a mistake that after years had no power to correct. Under the leadership of such a man as William the Silent, the people were ready to lay down their lives for the great cause. As Stephen Langton guided the English through the stormy times of John, as Milton strove for the freedom of the press, so William the Silent directed his chosen people, drove the Spaniards from the realm, crippled forever the powers of Spain, and established a Republic whose example has cheered all nations under the heel of tyranny.

The march of freedom has been steady and strong in Europe. Its results have been grand and inspiring, but to see liberty perfected, to see it at home, we must cross the waters to that nation whose starry flag floats to-day, an emblem of what the world holds dearest.

No better birthright could have been given a nation than when the Puritan Fathers, persecuted and oppressed, gathered round their camp-fires on the bleak coast of New England, and laid the reins of government in the hands of the Supreme Power; for never can a nation prosper—it cannot live after reverence for the Supreme Being is withered in its heart. History verifies this. Our own nation proves it. Her growth awakens pride in every patriotic heart. She is honored throughout the world, yet her story embodied in song and heralded in eloquence seems ever new.

Oratory has eulogized Washington, Adams, and Jefferson,—the champions of our liberty, until their names are household words throughout the land. The Ship of State has attained the seas of

of glory. To-day, America stands among the nations pre-eminent as a free country; and how forcibly this comes home to us as we watch the multitudes from the shores of despotism pour themselves into our loved land, welcomed by that magnificent statue in the New York harbor whose light shall guide them from the darkness of tyranny into the light of freedom.

GEO. M. STEELE.

OUR PROFESSION.

Not many years ago there were, in the popular mind, but three learned professions, law, theology and medicine. The rapid growth of normal instruction, the establishment of chairs of didactics in colleges and universities, the introduction of psychology as the central subject of study in the preparation of those who are to educate the mind, the devotion of specialists to the development of better systems of educational work, and more than all, the real advance that has been made in the art of instruction, have placed teaching with the professions; have made it worthy of the highest powers and of the severest training. Enlarged views of the importance of education, of its power to solve the perplexing problems of the day, to cure the ills of society, to right civil wrongs, have elevated the character and dignity of the work, and it now engages the attention of the foremost thinkers of the age.

To Louis Agassiz, a man who desired no higher honor than to be named Teacher, American Science owes much of its development. The summer schools that dot the continent owe their origin to that little gathering on Penikese Island, sixteen years ago; and teachers to-day catch the enthusiasm he instilled into all who came under his instruction. To day by voice, pen, and action, such earnest men as W. T. Harris, our psychologist, A. P. Marble, the vigorous wielder of opinions, Col. Parker, the reformer, Gen. Armstrong the educator of the race, and C. M. Woodard, whose success in his work has set the wheels of manual training in motion all over this land, these are bearing aloft the torch lighted by Pestalozzi at the beginning of this century, and kept burning by such distinguished men as Frederick Froebel, Dr. Arnold, Horace Mann and Joseph Payne.

Laborers in different parts of the field have contributed extensive and most valuable materials towards educational history and practice, and have thus created a Science of Education and an Art of Teaching based on the philosophy of human nature and human needs. The literature of the

profession is taking rank with the best of the age. The thought displayed in the journal on Pedagogy will bear comparison with that of any other periodical, and to-day the printing press is kept busy with the new works on psychology, history and methods of education.

In connection with Pedagogical Literature should be mentioned the name of Prof. Henry Barnard, whose life-work ended about a month ago—a man who devoted life and fortune to the cause of education, and whose reputation in his special work is world wide. The last twenty-seven years of his life he devoted to the Herculean task of completing his *Encyclopedia of Education*, thus giving to the world in thirty three volumes, the systems of all the great philosophies of education, the biographies of all distinguished educators, and minute descriptions of all the educational institutions in Europe and America. Men like him with sturdy hearts and honest souls are a power in the land, and it is through such as these that the profession of teaching has received the recognition it deserves.

Emerson says, "When nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it," and he adds, "Follow the great man and you will see what the world has at heart in these ages." But some one pertinently remarks that we are approaching an age when it will be necessary to follow the great woman as well as the great man to see what the world has at heart.

Follow the work of Mary Lyon, in its widespread influence, of Clara Conway in the South and Anna Brackett in New York, and see that when the age demanded a better education for girls, noble women were raised up to give it. The age required Kindergartens, and Elizabeth Peabody in the East and Sarah Cooper in the West, have carried on the work. But these are the acknowledged leaders—their fame is won; we are in the ranks, but the life of the humblest teacher may be as complete, as full of dignity and grandeur as that of the man who sways millions with his influence.

"You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine."

A work to which earnest and thoughtful men and women are willing to devote their lives must be in itself of high character and importance, but its rank among the professions can be best estimated by what it does for the individual.

The press fringes public sentiment, the physician cures the diseases of the community, the clergy give hope and cheer to that within which is immortal, but the teacher makes the community.

The responsibility that this involves may well

make the thoughtful teacher pause. Think of the host of educators in this land! Think of them animated with one impulse and fired with the determination to sweep from the land its crying evil! How long would the now seething questions of Labor and Capital, Temperance and Social Reform, exist to perplex the minds of those who have the nation's welfare at heart?

This is an era pre-eminent in progress, intelligence, prosperity; whether intellectual progress keep pace with the material depends largely upon the teacher.

It is said that when railways were first opened in Spain, peasants standing on the track were not unfrequently run over, and the blame fell on the engine driver for not stopping, rural experiences having yielded no conception of the momentum of a large mass moving at a high velocity. The teacher who enters upon his work with no conception of the fact that there is a professional momentum, which, instead of remaining constant, increases, will soon be left far behind in this day of competition, nor can blame fall on any but himself—he should here have caught the inspiration of laboratory and lecture room. Truly the world moves and the teacher must move with it, or be moved.

During one of the skirmishes preceding the battle of Waterloo, a highland piper was taken prisoner. Napoleon had heard much of the effect of the music of the pipes in the glens and hills of Scotland, and wishing to hear the music to which the Scots so often marched to victory, sent for the highlander and told him to play. After listening to several Scotch airs Napoleon said, "Play a march." The piper obeyed. "Play an advance," ordered the general. It was done. "Now a retreat," said Napoleon. The Highlander unstrapped his pipes. "Go on," thundered Napoleon. "Na, na Sir," said the indignant Scot. "I hae na'er learned a retreat." To the teacher retreat means defeat. Advance is sounding along the line, and yet seal without knowledge, wields a dangerous missile; he must ever follow the leadings of a healthy public sentiment. Conservatism ever characterizes the professions that have grown hoary with age and dignity.

The teacher must know his age—keep his finger on the pulse of its needs. Just now the popular demand is for manual training, and it is a wise one. He who goes out from this institution without resolving to be a pioneer in this work is recreant to his own interest and has failed to imbibe the spirit of the instruction here given.

In this day of specialties, when entire devotion is the price of eminence, it behooves the teacher

to choose carefully his line of work. Here he must run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. As our schools are constituted, he must know something about everything, but he falls behind the spirit of the age if he does not strive to know everything about something. In much of his work he must grow through the experience of others—in some one branch he must aim at originality, discovery, or at any rate to exercise independent thought. This means time and energy; it means persistent, faithful investigation in whatever direction he has focused his glass, until others are imbued with his own enthusiasm.

But there is one kind of knowledge which many teachers fail to take into account. Experience of men and affairs is necessary to character and social refinement. The teacher will be measured socially by his ability and desire to contribute to the well-being of society. He should fit into the social life of the world, touch humanity at all points, be the motive force of all that is good and great in the complex machinery of life, determining that example, both in the class room and out of it, shall take precedence of theory and precept.

A profession involves many duties, and unless we are willing to spend and be spent in its service, giving it our highest thought and most earnest effort, it should be left for others more worthy. A profession presupposes careful and thorough preparation in the first place, and in the second, a wide-reaching course of professional reading with accompanying experiment.

It is generally acknowledged that we owe certain duties to the family, to the community in which we live, and to the state; but there is as truly an allegiance due to the profession one follows. The power of society is in its spirit of mutual helpfulness. Loyalty to our profession demands that that we take up every burden, if burdens there be, and bear it bravely to the end; and that with enthusiasm for the past and boundless hope for the future we take the heritage bequeathed by those who have gone before, and standing far above the murky mist of ignorance and selfishness, far beyond the gods of worldly splendor, work, not for to-day nor to-morrow, nor for this generation nor the following, but for the on-rolling ages.

LUTZEN MACKENROS.

In the Women's Training College for Teachers, in Cambridge, England, recently, a school of scientific Carpentry has been started. One afternoon in the week the young ladies are trained in the use of tools. There is no attempt to teach a trade—only an effort to develop manual dexterity.

THE CRAZE FOR CHANGE

In this restless, fickle age
Crazed for change is all the rage;
Change of fashion and change of state,
Change of profession, change of mate,
Change in servants, science, art,
Change in residence, mind and heart,
Change of plan and change of base
Often with a political race;
Change of fortune changes friends,
Change of heart true beauty sends,
Change of mind is woman's right?
Change of age upsets her quite.
Change the teacher? What's the cause?
Ere you do this, pause, oh, pause!
At dress reform the cynics sneer;
Change in love is very queer,
Change awakes us, one and all,
Changes great and changes small,
There is a change that some call fate,
But change of name is out of date,
Says the "No!" of the modern madmen.

But why should we not change? Carlyle says, "To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change. How can our works, if they are to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change is indeed painful, yet ever needful, and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope."

Solomon could find "no new thing under the sun." Poor man! He could not be whirled in an hour from affairs of state to his favorite fishing pond. He could not mount his bicycle and take a refreshing spin across his dominion to escape the daily "contentions" of his seven hundred wives and their three hundred attendants. What a delightful change and what unspendable joy it would have given him to step into a balloon and feel the peace of solitude, when he thought, "It is better to live in a wilderness than with a contentious and brawling woman!" No wonder that at last he exclaimed in despair, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, people are the same, "yesterday, to-day and forever." The silurian mourns for the good old inconveniences, while the girl of the period, "tired, so tired" of everything, eagerly searches for different diversions.

In nature, the infinite variety of creations contributes to gratify man's craving for something new. The development of the glorious, golden-winged butterfly from the crawling, repulsive worm; the growth of the tiny seedling into the stately tree; the gradual fading of season into season; with what interest we watch them all!

"Autumn to winter, winter into spring,
Spring into summer, summer into fall,
So ends the changing year, and so we change."

Not on a sudden, but after many days does man's nature approach his ideal.

Our bodies, they say are changed every seven years. Sometimes it seems to take a woman al-

most as long to change her dress, but she can change her mind in less than seven seconds. When any base attempt is made to take from her this privilege, how jealously she guards it with the time-honored saying, "Wise men change their minds; fools, never!"

In her dress, woman has from time immemorial been counted "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," though we do not know that Abraham learned to recognize the change of seasons by Sarah's quarterly request for a new bonnet. Sir Roger de Coverly says, "My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk, as if they were in a go-cart." Why do we laugh in our loose, puffed sleeves, at the sleeves of a year ago which were so tight as to stop the circulation? Why sour the sash of to-day in this lofty, aspiring, butterfly fashion above its modest, drooping sister of yesterday? Simply because we must have novelty.

Although the gentlemen profess a lofty contempt for "style," yet we notice that, so far as in them lies, they conform to fashion's follies. Mark how the width of trousers varies! Do you not remember the misery of Mr. Barnes, who, suddenly deciding to accompany some friends to Europe, had no time to send for his trunk, and could vary his attire, during the whole trip only by a different arrangement of his necktie?

But many of the young "lords of creation," in the difficulty of choosing a profession, are in danger, like Dryden's hero, of becoming

"In the course of one revolving moon
A chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon."

Others are

"All for women, painting, drinking,
Besides ten thousand breaks that find in thinking;
Sweet madmen, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish for or enjoy."

Foremost among the sundry and manifold changes of this world are those changes in state called—divorces. They have become so common that wise lovers now sign a contract disposing of their property in case of a divorce, and, why would it not be a good plan to lay aside a little change each week during the honeymoon towards the lawyer's fee?

What housekeeper has not felt the pleasure of changing servants? As soon as Biddy has become a jocular part of the family machinery, she must needs get restless. Her successor, Ah Sin, soon gives place to sassy Dinah or stupid Huldah. If the servants are satisfied, the mistress is fickle. For a time, Marie is a perfect nursery maid, but anon the Russian girl with the impossible name and picturesque costume is considered more aristocratic.

It is this wandering spirit of unrest that during the summer vacation, drives whole families from cool, comfortable, capacious homes to small, stuffy attic rooms at some fashionable resort. They enjoy heat, flies, dust, mosquitoes, sour bread, stupid people, stale fruit, and crying babies,—anything to get away from home. "It is such a change!" they say. Verily there are more Josiah Allens than one, dragging their poor Samanthas about on "pleasure exertions."

Mrs. Cleveland no doubt enjoyed moving her sixteen trunks just as she had begun to feel at home in the White House, and Mrs. Harrison revels in her spring cleaning, while her good husband is still making the most of his valuable time by changing a few of the Post Office officials. In four years, another political campaign will interrupt the "even tenor of our way," and claim the attention and money of our nation. The wise debaters of the rising generation must decide whether it is best for this kind of change to occur so often, or not.

But really to be pitied are the families of itinerant ministers. What comfort in a life where, like little Joe, one is constantly requested to "Move on!" And think of the congregations! "Variety," we know, "is the spice of life"; but the variety these poor people get is often quite enough to give them mental and moral dyspepsia forever, since mince pie is not conducive to a healthy digestion.

In the New Education, children are made as happy as possible by means of pleasant surroundings, pictures, and any devices the teacher can invent to enliven their daily tasks. If the little ones enjoy buying a bunch of flowers from their teacher by spelling the name of every flower in the bunch, why not let them take this pleasure in their spelling lesson? And if, on the next day, the same lesson wears more interesting if the flowers array themselves as an army which the children are to conquer, where is the harm? The true teacher will make this variety work a means of training the child's imagination, and of cultivating in her pupils habits of cheerful application. She will use these devices as she uses a pleasant tone of voice, a happy interested countenance, an animated manner,—as a help, only, in making the sentence attractive and beneficial. Many new ideas are presented to the young teacher, but in the midst of her enthusiasm she should remember that not all change is progress, and to

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

She must not avoid all reforms, and so fall into ruts; on the other hand, she must guard against

the danger of superficiality, caused by too frequent changes. Do not handle every new idea with gloves; investigate it, test it, judge it, and if it be found worthy, use it for the best possible good. Like the pendulum to which an impetus has been given, let it have its long vibration; after that, its motion will be regular and reliable.

"All things must change;
To something new, to something strange."

But when the last great change shall come, when the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, when, like the slumbering chrysalis, we awake to try the wings of our new existence, well for us if we find them not torn or mangled by too much beating against the rough, hard, prison bars. FANNY SCHALLERBERGER.

THE SUM OF LIFE

During the time that Michael Angelo was engaged in perfecting one of his masterpieces, he was visited by a friend, who said: "You have made no progress in your work since I last visited you." The sculptor showed the man where he had made a line here, and rounded a corner there, ending with the remark, "Trifles make life (or perfection) but life (or perfection) is no trifle."

The sudden interposition of some trifling event, in thousands of cases, determines not only the destinies of individuals, but those of States. Matters of the highest moment are the product of others the most trivial, incidental, and capricious.

Through the *smallest* wound in the skin, a single germ of disease may enter the body, and by multiplication permeate and eventually destroy the whole system.

As the fall of an apple led to the sublime discoveries in science, so the slightest moral act may lead to events, which no scale, save one that graduates eternity, can estimate.

The first of a series of crimes, has often been a little thing—a slight deviation, by an almost imperceptible angle, from the path of rectitude, but, though deemed of trifling moment, it has led the mistaken wanderer, eternally astray.

Some secret stab in the affections, may convert a man who would otherwise have been contented and lovable, into a fanatic, a sour fanatic, or a rebel against society, as the case may be.

If Dante had been happy, or Shakespeare had met with no vicissitudes, if Byron had married Miss Chaworth, or Voltaire had met with no personal ill usage, their literary influence would have been very different.

History, as well as biography, is pointed to as confirming these views. Was not Rome saved by a goose and captured by a hare? Does not Pascal tell us that had the monk of Cloogura been shorter, Anthony might have saved the world? Was not the Treaty of Utrecht, which put an end to the bloody wars of the Spanish Succession, occasioned by a quarrel between the Duchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne over a pair of gloves? Are we not assured by historians that had not Louis VII. in obedience to the Bishops, cropped his head and shaved his beard and thus made himself disgusting to and shamed his beard and thus made himself disgusting to Queen Eleanor, she would never have been divorced from him and married to Anjou, who afterwards became Henry II. of England; and France would have been saved from the wars that ravaged her territory for three centuries.

Did not Cromwell come near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey?—a miserable ape, thus holding in his paws the destinies of two great nations, England and America.

The absence of a comma decided the violent death of the predecessor of Edward III.

A child plays with a pair of lenses, and lo! myriads of new suns and systems are discovered. Pascal hears a dinner plate ring and writes his treatise upon sound.

Thorewalden sees a boy in a striking attitude and models his "Mercury" drawing his sword after he has played Augus to sleep.

Victor Hugo says, "a few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon."

Did not Joan of Arc expel the British from France?—a poor weak maiden triumphed over fire that had baffled the ablest French generals.

And thus we see "what great events from little causes spring." The heights are cold and rocky; there is comfort in the pleasant firesides, happiness in the service of a cup of cold water.

The magnetic needle simply points, but it directs the commerce of the world; bolts and screws have a work and a place as surely as the shafts and the wheels.

Constantly we meet with examples of those, who in the eyes of the world, do nothing, but who really *achieve*, in their part of life's work. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

It is the intelligent eye of the careful observer, which gives value to the little things. "Nothing is trifling except to him who is so trivial as to be a trifle."

Practical persons would think a poet's life trifling. But listen to Emerson's plea:

"Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen,
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.
Tis not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook,
Each cloud that floats across the sky
Writes a letter in my book,
Clide me not, laborious hand
For the life flowers I brought,
Every aster in my hand
Goes home laden with a thought,
One harvest from the field,
Homeward brought the morn'g strong.
A second crop the morn'g yield,
Which I gather in my song."

—Margaret O'Donnell.

SPECIAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

A hundred years ago, a bright little girl read and spelled in a log school-house in the piney woods of Maine. The girls of her class had completed their arithmetic work, but she begged to go on with the boys and be initiated into the mysteries of the rule of three. Her wish is granted and she proves herself an apt pupil. Recitations have come, the pupils flock outdoors; and as our little girl appears we catch the cry, "Here comes the tumbler with her slate!" She was considered unwomanly because she asked for more learning. In the language of to-day she was "a cranky;" but we girls have reason to be thankful that she set rolling the ball that brought us our educational advantages.

Let us now look at a scene of to-day. It is in Baltimore.

People are thronging into a new building that lifts its head toward heaven. It is the new "Women's College of Baltimore." We go in, and ere long, are held spell bound by the manly words of President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University in the inaugural address. Listen, as he speaks of the aims of the school. He says, "What ought the scholars, here trained by a long course of study, to bear away with them as their diplomas? I answer—

Sound healthy bodies,
Good mental habits,
Stores of useful knowledge,
Love of literature, music and art,
Love of nature,
Aptitude for the work and the play of life,
Confirmation in idealism."

What a grand outlook for the maidens of the South! Fancy our dear little girl of a hundred years ago, with such beautiful plans unfolding for her. Our land no longer has out but thousands of "tomboys with their slates." There are, in American colleges to-day 35,000 women to 41,000 men. Besides the colleges for women only, Ann Arbor and Cornell receive them on equal footing with men; Harvard has her annex for girls; Columbia her special course; and so, one after another, the doors of our colleges swing open to admit our girls. But a college education aims at the perfect development of the individual; while the trend of thought to-day is the welfare of the masses. We aim at the best results, not for the individual, but for society; hence there is a constantly increasing demand that all men take special courses. Thoreau says, "When I can make one good lead pencil, it is time for me to stop making lead pencils and try something else," but the world answers back, "We want your pencils." The people are responding to the demand of the world, and every year we have more specialists. When a young man leaves college, the first questions asked are, "What is he going to be? What is his calling?" So we may safely say that it has come to be a recognized fact that every man should have a special trade or profession—but the world is ever behind hand in applying practical lessons to the training of her daughters. You say, "It is a girl's duty to stay with her parents until she marries." Admitting, for the present, that to be her duty if her parents are able to support her, what will you then do with the thousands who are obliged to earn their own bread, and with the one-third who, as the statistics of England tell us, never marry? Should not they be given a calling in life that they may be competent wage-earners?

Suppose the girl is not obliged to support herself—Will it be of use to her? It will make her energetic, practical, earnest and accurate; will give her what the majority of our girls most need—a definite aim in life; will give her what Pres. Gilman called "an aptitude for the work of life."

Developing her best gift will also develop a strong individuality. Perhaps she thinks she has no special talent; but, because she has not discovered it lying on the surface, is that proof that it does not exist deeper down? Frances Willard, in her book for girls, says, "The Great Artificer, in putting together your individual nature, did not forget to add this crowning gift any more than he forgot to add its own peculiar fragrance to the orchard, or its own song to the lark." Let the girl search for her gift, and having found it, cultivate it eagerly. Some one has said, "Whenever there is a gift there is a prophesy pointing to its use, and a silent command of God to use it." Then she who obeys this command

is making the most of life; is the most in harmony with God's plans for her; and no woman who is filling the plan she was created to fill can be "out of her sphere." Furthermore, if tricky Dame Fortune suddenly leave the girl penniless, she has in her skillful hands a ready weapon with which to keep the wolf from the door.

It will make her old before her time? Ah! Let the rosebud be a bud till Nature bids it bloom; but remember it must bloom some day. Active work will keep her happy and young; for as has aptly been said, "Business equals happiness."

But you say, "Already, many women have entered the trades and professions." True, many have; but they have not yet struck out boldly enough into new paths. There stretches before us the field of labor. In certain souls I see crowds of weary, toiling, struggling women, well-nigh fainting from overwork and despair; while, branching out in all directions, are beautiful though sometimes hidden paths where never woman set her foot. O ye footsore travelers, turn aside from your crowded highway, and choose the one to which nature is calling you. Thank God! here and there I do see a solitary woman brave enough to go forward in an unfrequented path, making the way smooth for more timid ones to follow.

We, the women of the Golden West, may well learn a lesson from Pundita Kamabai, the woman of the far East. She is doing a grand work, not only for India's girls, but for us—for all woman kind; she is showing what one small woman can do in spite of custom, in spite of all draw backs, if she clings to her special work, and puts her heart and soul into it.

First among the professions open to women, we note teaching which has been largely handed over to her. Even Grant Allen admits her fitness for the schoolroom. In the medical profession she is rapidly taking her place. Dentistry comes within her claims, and she is making for herself a name in the legal profession. Mrs. J. M. Kellogg, wife of L. B. Kellogg, the Attorney General of Missouri has been recently appointed Assistant Attorney General, and for eight years the firm sign has read, L. B. and J. M. Kellogg. This proves woman's possibilities in the legal profession. For journalism she seems specially fitted. Some recent writer puts it this way—"journalism needs her more than she needs journalism;" and, so long as the names of Little Devereaux, Blake Julia Ward Hows, and Frances E. Willard are known and loved, the door to the lecture platform will stand wide open for women to enter.

In handicraft, besides the branches in which woman's capability is universally acknowledged, she is successful in modeling, photography, the retouching of negatives, designing and sculpture. To the capability of women as a sculptor, Vinnie Ream and her statue of Lincoln in the rotunda of the national capitol bear testimony.

So the kinds of work for women are multiplying, and hundreds of America's fairest daughters are entering the doors that open before them. But we hear the cry, "The movement is threatening home life. Women in the trades and professions will not care to marry." Perhaps not; there may be fewer marriages, for women will not then be obliged to marry for a home—but the pessimist is groaning to-day because the world is popularizing tea fast. When we think of that, and of the thousands of women who are now struggling alone to support large families, we can but think we have nothing to fear from the lowering of the marriage rate. Nevertheless we do not think there will be any appreciable difference in the number of marriages, for, as some one has

said, "You can not educate the heart out of a woman." The more real culture she has the less fickle she is; the more capable she is of loving deeply, fervently and wisely. Her school days over, give her a calling and let her follow it, for a time at least. Margaret Fuller says, "No woman can give her hand with dignity, or her heart with loyalty, until she has learned to stand alone." When she has shown the world she can stand alone, then, if her heart prompts, let her step aside from the busy thoroughfare to the cottage by the wayside. A sacrifice? Listen to what Elizabeth Barrett Browning sings—

"What say'st for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darling! to feel all their arms round her throes
Cling, struggle a little, to bow by degrees,
And boulder the long column and seat little ones,
To dream and to die."

Though we believe in a special education for women, we do not urge all women to enter the professional or the commercial walks of life. Let them follow their own inclinations; and, if a woman has leisure hours but does not care for active business life, let her spend them in working for those less fortunate, in striving to prevent pauperism and crime, in helping others to find their mission in life. Truly is this work for others, she reaches the highest plane of living, and is in direct line with the command, *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.*

MAMIE A. GAFNEY.

THE TEACHER OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD

Westward the star of empire takes its way,
The first four acres already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's subtle offspring in the last."

Did the poet see with prophetic eye? Shall the prophecy be fulfilled? Placed by the hand of God in an independent position, away from dangers of jealous wars, given the best of climates and a bountiful soil, continents of forest, oceans of waving grain, mountains of iron, plateaus of coal; knit by countless miles of railroad and telegraph into one compact and massive whole; America with her freedom of thought, of speech, and of worship, and her land dotted with libraries, schools, and colleges, if she maintain her energy, intelligence, and morality, is destined to be the teacher of nations.

Already the force of her example,—and example it is that teaches—is felt far and near. In Mexico, in the republics of South America and Africa, in the islands of the Pacific, American ideas, firmly rooted, are growing and strengthening with the growth of the people. That liberty, a hardy plant, flourishes also in soil overrun by the weeds of class and of despotism. France, England, Italy, even Germany and Russia, all are clearing their lands of noxious weeds and planting the seeds of liberty. Japan and Corea, touched by the genius of the ever active, ever careful, ever progressive Yankee, are turning their faces also from the useless formalities and dark superstitions of ancient ages, to the practical influences, the refreshing breezes and bright sunshine of modern education. Without our example before them, would these nations now be what they are? What fired the patriots of Mexico more than the success of Washington? What fired a roused Japan but the mission of Commodore Perry? "A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump." Then, since upon little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, what are centered the hopes of liberty-loving millions, what responsibilities are ours? We were placed, as was Israel of old, to be a guide and instructor upon the earth. May we never be found wanting?

Our fitness will depend upon our own exertions. Difficulties must be overcome, dangers must be passed. From

without, the dim and distant possibility of war and subjugation, compared with the close and real danger threatening in the wave of mingled ignorance and brutality, atheism and rampant fanaticism, pouring into our land, sinks into nothing. Why allow these mental and moral bankrupts to overrun our fair heritage? Do we want more Haymarket riots, more dynamite demons, more socialist murderers? Surely not! Yet from these immigrants is recruited a large percentage of such criminals. Our duty, then, seems clear—to put some effective check upon such immigration. It has been well said that, "We need now not more, but better citizens."

But we must guard against disease from within, as well as against violence and contagion from without; must ally the fever of ambition and sentimental jealousy, rouse and relieve the congestion of dormant political energy, soothe the inflammation of socialism and anarchy, and purge away the poisonous taint of intemperance. In the rush for honors and the fierce greed of land grabbers at Oklahoma, in the Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis riots, in the hourly fall and flight of trusted officials, husbands and fathers, in the daily record of drunken devilishness, in our overcrowded prisons and asylums, are seen the symptoms of taint in national life. As in individuals, so in nations, the silent, slow-working disease is to be dreaded. What forces leveled Carthage to the dust, made Greece a province, and rent Rome asunder? War and conquest were only the vultures gorging upon the carrion left by intemperance and licentiousness. There, with our wider experience and higher education, let us avoid the rock upon which these nations were wrecked.

Since "Charity begins at home," and "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," the duties of America are first to herself and her own people. To enlighten ignorance, control and crush vice and anarchy; protect its wards; elevate woman to her rightful place; and give to the masses broader intelligence and higher morality—in short to make good citizens, is surely the nation's first and most important duty. For, upon the citizen, depends the security of the state. Of our duties to other peoples, to humanity, suffice it to say that the true course is to live our national life that other nations may be inspired to follow in our footsteps. To us individually, as citizens of America in the time of crises, the one duty that lies nearest and in the proper performance of which are included all others, is that of enlightening her people, and defending her institutions. Again, all of duty is in the word *now*. Nothing that speculates in virtue, now must duty ever cease or slacken its efforts.

Though America has a great future, though with her vast possessions and growing population she should reach the very pinnacle of power and glory, if the temple of her growth is not built upon the broad foundations of general intelligence and true morality, what shall it avail her? Her strength would be worse than weakness, her wealth worse than poverty. "The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins remorse from power." Then, while material growth is to be desired, the true hope of the nation is in the character of her people. She may be a teacher of the nations, a moulder of history for good and great ends, not alone by the rumble of her factories and the thunder of her cannon, but by the voice of her schools and her press, by the justice of her laws and by the seeds, and by the true dignity of all her sons and daughters.

Therefore, classmates, let us as teachers remember that, while the school is but a co-worker with society, the press, the church, and the home, it should rouse, stimulate and encourage them in the work of youthful character-building; let us not forget that the true end of all education is the ultimate perfection of the individual, that "men, high-minded men, cultivate the state"; and let us from our anxious fields of labor strive to send forth "men who their duties know, but know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain"; and thus we shall add our little mite toward making America truly free, and fitting her for her great mission as the teacher of the civilized world.

E. L. SEYMOUR.

ALUMNI REUNION.

The Normal School Alumni held their annual reunion Thursday evening at Normal Hall, with an unusually large attendance.

PROGRAMME.

Introductory Remarks, President of the Alumni Association; L. J. Chipman, March 73. Recitation, "Whistling in Heaven," Mrs. E. H. Conant, March, 77. Solo, "Till Her I Love Her So," Mary P. Adams, May, 79. Recitation, "Tom and Becky," Nellie Richard, May, 87. Solo, Selected, Marie Withrow, March, 79. Poem, "A Song to Shelley," C. E. Markham, March 74. Recitation, "Courtship Scene from Henry V.," Jessie I. Calhoun, May, 84. Solo, "The Spirit Song," Haydn. Marie Withrow, March, 79. Address, Prof. C. H. Allen.

BUSINESS MEETING.

During the evening a meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Room M, President Chipman and Secretary Jessie Williamson in their places. The minutes were read, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, L. B. Wilson, Principal of the San Jose High School; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Mary Elliot, R. W. Mants, H. G. Squire, L. Bruch, Miss Alice Humphrey; Treasurer, Miss Belle Bird; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ruth Royce; Recording Secretary, Jessie Williamson; Members Executive Committee—Mrs. Hattie Wylie Bookman and Mrs. Lizzie P. Wilson.

A SONG TO SHELLEY.

Read at the Alumni reunion.

How was it, Shelley, when they hush'd and heard
Death's one irrevocable word?
Did not the kind light of the Father's face
Shine on thee, full of grace?
We know not, but we know
Thou art beyond Earth's shadow and her woe.
I see thee in some island of the West
Among the souls enchanted and at rest;
I see thee with thy high-born kinsmen there,
In dream-like palace dim and delicious,
Mid towers and battlements that rose in light,
To Orphean music all one starry night,
A wondrous city silver bright in air.

Ah! to mount into that secret sphere
Where thou art moving on, a quiet star;
To hear—
Ah, God! to feel
The sphere melody beyond the jar
Of this world's maddening wheel;
To hear in upward flight
That music which, like rain to summer wood,
Sprinkles with joy the races hid in light,
And twined in the dewy breath of brotherhood;
That planetary song
That keeps them young forever—still and strong,
And loss of which burdensome
These men of Adam to the dust of vanity.
But no it cannot be—
This dream is not for me:
Chained to the Earth, I may not reach thy place—
Nor see the kind wild eyes, the rare seraphic face.

Yet oft in the deep and secret nights
I feel thy spirit touch me, light as is a dream;
I see the towers of crystalline aglens,
The airy mansions rood with many lights.
And then, oh then! I see thee higher yet,

Son of the star of morning;—see thee now,
A wreath upon thy brow,
Beyond all grief, all pitiless regret,
Beyond the fang
Of Time, the evil tongue—
Singing among the morning stars that sang
When the old heavens were young.
No grief can reach thee more—no traitor smite
Our England's sky-lark vanished into light:
Surely thou hast,
In some sweet world at last,
Thy fill of freedom, poetry, and mirth
That purge away the dross and memory of Earth.

But Earth is sad as when thy restless feet
Touched her dim orb, a vision fair and fleet;
And men are broken hearted
As in the days departed,
Yet the old beauties of the Earth remain,
A wreath upon the chain:
The wild oats tremble in the wind at noon,
The stars break nightly from their purple fold,
And frail wings come to wander in the moon;
The gnarled unlock
The treasures of the mountain haunts and old
And silver waters sparkle from the rock,
Filling the hollow hill with joyful sounds:
Hark! even now
A flock of birds, new-lighted on a bough,
In some green wood is singing,
And now upspringing.

With heart of silver notes, shake blossoms to the ground.

And thou, too, Shelley, thou too, wast on Earth,
And life has mine of wonder and of worth:
A spirit came and vanished in the blue,
Then suddenly men knew
A god had traveled with them for a day,
Who lit the sky up with a silver rain—
Thine warbling boughs across the beaten way.
It was so when Youth vanishes, the wreath
Drops from the chain,
And we are feeling on a fading heath,
It was as when Youth vanishes, save only
That a weird and rushing hand
Had touched with fire
Apollo's lyre.

And music wandered out into the world;
And this life's dream is yet a blossom faded,
Life's land
Is not so lonely.
A skill and eerie song
Rose like the startling beauty of the night,
And men on wild paths heard it and grew strong
Song of the prophet on the purple light;
Song of the lightning's light
Before the thunder rolls;
Song that in dead hearts fell as living coals,
To show what crime and wrath and time are worth;
Song that will be a lamp to many souls,
Whose coming feet are not yet heard on Earth.

C. E. MARKHAM.

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