

The Normal Index.

Vol. V.

SAN JOSE, CAL., OCT. 25, 1889.

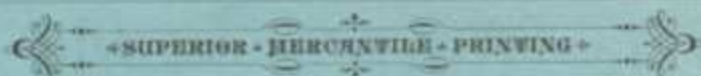
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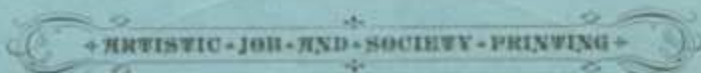
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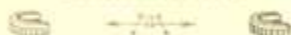


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**EAST SANTA CLARA STREET
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The Normal Index.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 25

No. 2

The * Normal * Index.

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WE are not of those who feel "the burden of a dignified leisure;" let us not be of those who know not what leisure is. The busier we are, the greater the demands made upon us by our daily life, the more imperative it becomes that there should be a time of rest. No nobler, wiser thing has been done by the human race than the setting apart of one day in seven for rest. It seems an act of more than human wisdom. What wonder that its origin is obscured by legendary clouds behind which we see the hand of God writing upon the tables of stone! Yet how little do we appreciate the gift! How few, even of those who cherish it most feel at its close that it has been a day of rest, of leisure, of freedom from "duties!"

Never since the first Sabbath was a rest day needed more than in this age of haste and waste—haste to be rich, to be learned,—waste of health

and of life. It is notable, too, that just at this time, as never before, people are awakening to the fact that their Sabbath, not only as a day of religious worship, but also as a day of quiet and repose, is slipping away from them; and the International Convention recently held in Paris for the discussion of the question of Sunday observance shows that some effort is being made to retain it. But how to get what one considers one's own rights without interfering with what other people consider to be theirs is often a difficult problem, and those who solve it easily usually do so upon the basis of their own rights alone, entirely overlooking the other no less important condition.

Many people, however, having both the desire and the opportunity for rest on the seventh day find that six days of work is but a poor preparation for it. Work has become a habit, and they are uneasy without it, like the woman who could rest so much better if she could only be knitting. This brings us to consider what rest is, what leisure is. The completest rest, either physical or mental, is often but a change of occupation, and leisure is freedom from enforced employment, that is, the liberty to do what one likes. This being the case, our rest need never be, should never be enforced idleness, but some pleasurable, and it may be, profitable employment as different from our work as it is possible to make it; so, from our "golden leasures," be they days, hours, or minutes, we shall reap rich harvests of health, courage, and cheerfulness.

NO time to read! So much of this is heard, and from people who have time for everything else, that I begin to realize how much untruth lies hidden in the statement. Perhaps the more charitable construction is to believe them careless in their use of terms; they mean to say they have no inclination. But in these days of pseudo-culture it needs some heroism to say that there other things to claim and demand one's attention. I have no quarrel with the professional man whose nervous energy is unpaid by the hard, intellectual effort of

the day; nor with the weary teacher whose vitality has been consumed in giving others light; nor with the man or woman to whom life is a glorious thing, teeming with possibilities of action and endeavors, who is willing and joyed to contribute to the general good; with none of these would I quarrel, because they do not give this limping inane sentence as a defense.

We have it on excellent authority (Pope said it long ago) that "half our knowledge we must snatch not take;" therefore leisure is not essential to the culture that most of us can hope to have. It is not a matter of time and opportunity; it is a religious duty that we owe to ourselves, and as all such duties are performed irrespective of circumstances, so should this one of reading. There are people of very fine culture whose reading has been for the most part desultory. In trains, on ferry-boats, at stations, even at the book stalls, with the hard eye of the dealer on them, they "snatch a fearful joy," and then pass on.—SELECTED.

Manual training has been somewhat of an experiment in the Normal School, but it is now become a permanent feature of our course of study. A suitable room has been fitted up and additional tools purchased so that a class of eighteen can now be accommodated. Mr. J. P. Naas, one of the finest mechanics in the State, has been engaged to devote himself entirely to this work, which will now be required of students the same as any other branch. It comes in the middle year and continues through a term of twenty weeks.

In the first lessons the following named tools are taken up in order, their use explained theoretically and taught practically:—hammer, square, level, saw, chisel, gauge, mallet, plane, brace and bit, draw-knife and spoke-shave. After a little familiarity with the use of tools is acquired, the following problems will be presented to the class: Making a joint, making a square corner, making an oblique corner, miter cutting and fitting, dado cutting and fitting, mortise and tenon making, and dovetailing.

These problems form part of an absolutely necessary preparation for any wood-worker, and are in daily use by carpenters, joiners, cabinet-makers, etc.

Following this, students will be asked to make for their own use or that of the school such articles as drawers for tools, table-shelves, or benches, or they may be allowed to exercise their own choice in making something for themselves, either useful or ornamental.

Modelling is very successfully taught in the

Training School by Miss Schallenberger who has fitted herself for her work under one of the best sculptors in California. In the Normal proper, modelling is taught only in the Senior class and is optional with them. In the Junior classes paper-cutting and the making of articles from cardboard form parts of the regular work. Wood-carving is also to be a feature of Training School work.

It is believed that no education is complete which does not take into consideration the physical side of those to be educated, and manual training is taught to show students its value as an educational factor. They are not expected to become experts in the use even of ordinary tools, but they are expected to obtain such a knowledge of tools and their uses as will enable them later on, when opportunity offers, to take the lead in, and show the way to a systematic manual training.

FROM 11:45 to 12 each day, the entire school, assembled in the various class-rooms, discusses current events.

This exercise aims, not simply to encourage newspaper-reading in general, but to teach that careful selection and rejection without which newspaper reading becomes mere dissipation, and to awaken an intelligent interest in the causes, the effects, and the significance of events. But the work begun here will be continued by Normal teachers in all parts of the State, cultivating the intelligence and forming the tastes of all who come within its influence. More than this, an educated public opinion will react upon the press itself, for the newspapers but mirror the tastes, the fancies, and even the whims of the people who read them and upon whom they depend for support.

IN the death of Mr. Gerritt Bremen, who for several years past has had charge of the grounds surrounding the building, we have lost a faithful and untiring servant. His interest and pride in the beauty of the Normal Square could hardly have been greater if it had belonged to him, and the recent improvement in its appearance is due to his care and skill.

As the funeral took place on a school day, the students and most of the faculty were prevented from attending, but in accordance with the suggestions of Prof. Childs, students from each class gathered flowers from the grounds and carried them to the house. On the day following, the sum of \$175 was raised and presented to his family. This sum was the aggregate of contributions, large and small, from both the Normal proper and the Training School.

Mr. Bremen's faithful services will long be remembered and both teachers and students extend their sympathy to the afflicted family.

ONE of the events of last month was the visit of Prof. Jas. Ferguson the "lightning calculator." After giving an exhibition of his skill before the Senior classes, multiplying without partial products, and adding four columns of figures at a time as some averred "without even looking at them," he had no difficulty in forming a class of fifty, whom he agreed to put in possession of the entire secret for the paltry sum of fifty cents.

He not only fulfilled his promise, but also, though perhaps unconsciously, impressed upon his pupils some general truths. Rome was not built in a day. There is no royal road to learning. Labor conquers all things—these are some of the lessons he taught, using for his text a few short methods in the fundamental rules, and by way of illustration, exhibiting his own patiently acquired, but no less wonderful skill. At the close of the lesson he said, "You know now all that I know; I am just five years ahead of you." Five years of daily practice! Even with the aid of "lightning" methods nothing less could achieve such marvelous results.

SCOLDING is not wise criticism. Consequently it is not educational. Scolding is not stimulating; on the contrary, it is discouraging. Scolding does not promote sympathy of ideas; it widens the gap. An unmerited scolding is not always wiped out by a subsequent pat on the back. For much even of adverse criticism finally produces a reaction which neutralizes its effect.

The worse culprit has a right to be heard in self-defense before judgment is passed.

The pupil has as much right as the teacher to have his feelings respected.

Faithfulness and trustworthiness are more valuable than intelligence, for they are very much harder to find.

You can't frighten intelligences into anybody.

When you put a responsibility on the shoulders of anybody don't take it away at the first mistake.

A person isn't stupid by preference; hence, a dull comprehension is one's misfortune, not his fault.

Have system and enforce discipline, but remember that you can overdo both. Too much of the former becomes red tape, and discipline disproportionate to the work in hand reduces pupils to mere machines.

SELECTED.

LECTURES.

For several weeks we have been looking forward to our promised course of lectures on scenes and incidents in foreign countries, the whole of which were to constitute a "trip around the world." But now our tour is fairly begun, and under the most favorable, though somewhat novel circumstances. For example, whenever we choose, we are perfectly oblivious of the intervening space, which other travelers suffer so much discomfort in getting over. Accordingly, during the first lecture, we gazed upon the wonders of the Alps without giving a thought to the raging ocean that lay between us, much less taking the trouble to cross it. But last Thursday, being in a different mood, for the pure pleasure of the thing, we crossed the Atlantic in mid-winter, and took steerage passage besides.

The merest chance will decide what we shall do next or where we shall go, but we are all sworn to take not one step without a guide, whether on the slippery side of Mont Blanc, or along the most peaceful English lane.

AMONG THE ALPS.

The first lecture of the course was given October 11th, by Miss Wright, who has just returned from her European tour and has all her experiences fresh in her mind. The following extracts give a very inadequate idea of the absorbing interest of the lecture, or rather, "talk," as she preferred to have it called.

From Geneva, our party went to Chillon—a place, not made famous, but brought to our notice by Byron's poem. There we visited the prison and saw the dark cells, the heavy chains, and the floor worn by the feet of prisoners.

From Chillon we went to the Chamois valley by diligence. A diligence is a sort of three-story carriage—below is the place for the baggage, above sits the driver, and on top of all are the passengers' seats. Our road lay in the valley of the Arve and through the province of Savoy. Here the close cultivation of the land attracted our attention,—fields were laid out so regularly that they reminded us of pieces of needlework. The peasants were cutting aftermath, the second crop of grass, and women were carrying it in huge bundles upon their heads. The severe physical labor to which these peasants are compelled must be held to some extent responsible for their afflictions. Idiocy is common, and we saw a woman with a goitre as large as her head. This disease is usually attributed to the drinking of glacier water.

The scene before us was wild beyond description—a maze of mountains, canyons, gorges, and behind all, Mont Blanc, over all, the glistening snow, and below, the river, white almost like milk, laden with the grindings of the glacier mills above. But in the afternoon when we entered the Chamouni valley, and came closer to the mountains, and stood beneath the very shadow of their majesty, the scene was almost overpowering in its strange newness and awfulness.

In this valley we staid for some time. From our room at the hotel we could see the great Glacier de Bossons, which reaches farther down into the valley than any of the others. We saw it at sunrise, in the full light of noon, at sunset, by moonlight, and even in the darkest night it gleamed forth upon us until it seemed a living thing, and one could hardly be sure whether it was friendly or not. During our stay we crossed this glacier 1,930 feet from the foot. We climbed up on to it by ladders and by steps cut in the ice. The surface of a glacier is not level, but is diversified by hills, valleys and streams, of quite respectable size, while the roar of the torrent underneath is incessant. There are also great cracks or crevasses in the ice, sometimes a thousand feet deep, into which it would, of course, be death to fall. After crossing the glacier, we did not return by the way we came, but climbed the moraine on the other side, and on the way home, crossed three roaring mountain torrents from other glaciers far above.

From the keeper of the hotel where we stayed, who had been a guide in his younger days, and who had taken many travelers up Mont Blanc, we learned some interesting incidents. He was once taking up a party of five,—number is limited to five by law,—consisting of a personal friend, a young English Captain, two porters and himself. As is usual, they were tied together by ropes so that if one should slip the others might keep him from falling. The ascent was made in safety and with no unusual events for a considerable distance, but, suddenly, a noise like distant thunder betokened danger. The guide knew it for the dreaded avalanche, and planting his pike in the snow, threw himself down in front of it, and called to the others to do the same. Whether they did or not was never known; for when the avalanche had passed over, the rope was broken, and the guide, bruised and stunned, was alone. The bodies of three of the others were afterward taken from a crevasse and buried in the valley below, but the body of the Captain was never found.

Another strange incident was connected with the Glacier de Bossons. A dark object imbedded in the ice near the end of the glacier attracted at-

tention. The ice was cut away and it was taken out, and was recognized by friends as the body of a man who was lost in the upper snow-fields of Mont Blanc *forty-one* years before. The body was perfectly preserved, the flesh being firm and natural, and the clothing uninjured.

LITERARY.

REVERIE.

In sylvan shade, in dewy glen,

Each grassy blade, beyond our ken,

Gives to its Maker silent praise,

Whose beauty crowns its fleeting days.

In rippling rill, in passing stream,

The tiny tribe, like sunlight's beam,

Dart flashing thro' the depths, calm, clear,

To thank their God for life and care.

The lark, the thrush, the robin red,

In woody dell, from God's hand fed,

Do warble sweetly songs of joy,

Their little throats for praise employ.

In pasture fair o'er hill, o'er vale,

The lambskins, tender, weak, and frail,

Are types of innocence and love;

Their'n guarded by His hand above.

Yet men, who in God's image fair,

Was like Him made, kept by His care,

Scorn like some puppet, young and vain,

And dare His holy name profane.

Learn we a lesson from the birds,

The grass, the lamb, that skip in herds,

O'er meadows fair in summer days;

Call on God's name only in praise.

L. G.

PEN PICTURES FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

The scenery of the Scottish border land, says one, can lay claim to little grandeur. The hills are too bare to be beautiful, and too low to be very impressive. Still the wild tracts of black moor, the gray swells of moor rising into brown hills, with here and there a stately cliff of sterner aspect, and the green pastures of the quiet glens, are not without their charm. Of them, Scott has said, "It may be pertinacity, but to my eye, these gray hills and all this wild Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves."

The rocks and hills and crags of Scotland, were to him the best instruments of poetic inspiration. He touched them with a pencil so light and graceful and true, that the very names are made forever full of romantic interest; while his faithful love for the scenes he describes fills his poetry with a

fine, gentle spirit of humanity. This is beautifully shown in these lines:

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my aires! what martial band
Can e'er ensue the illal band
That knits me to thy rugged strand."

His characters, too, have a clear, well-defined individuality about them that makes them seem to live and breathe before us. Some have an air of mystery clinging about them, that often gives the picture much vivid coloring.

Of these, Lady Branksome is one of the best. With a few bold strokes and delicate touches here and there throughout the poem, he has given us the striking picture. We see her, now vowing vengeance on the murderer of her husband, defying the influence of the spirits over her daughter's marriage, and dispatching her trustiest follower for the magical book to assist her in her designs; now cheering and helping the warriors to make ready for battle, and forcing back for the sacred honor of friendship, the motherly feelings, roused at the danger of her little son. But, at last, she submits to the hand of Fate, giving up her daughter to the once hated Cranstoun. As a last use of her mysterious power, she wreath her spirit on the goblin page, and then renounces magic forever.

Through the whole story, she is the stern, brave, revengeful character that Scott conceived her to have been in reality.

But the fair picture of womanhood that Scott has painted in Margaret Branksome, stands as one of the first of his character sketches. Here is a picture full of soft coloring and delicate tints. To his own beautiful mountain rose and tender violet he has likened her. And how delicately he has drawn the comparison!

"And lovelier than the rose at end,
And paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teindale."

"And where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare?"

In natural description, Scott is in his element. He was once heard to say, "Give me a battle ground or any old castle, and I will at once people it with forms in the actions and costumes of that period."

First among these descriptions is the ancient monastery of Melrose, whose ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which Scotland can boast. To Scott's description of it by moonlight, nothing can be added.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aigh,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to faint the rosy gray."

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted o'rid glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shew,
Screams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem fanned in elon and ivory,
When silver edges the lanquary,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to roar,
And the wicket to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Those view it. Deird's ruined pile;
And home returning, woeckly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

From all the soft moonlit beauty of this ancient architecture, he turns now to a scene, the very atmosphere of which seems crowded with strange sounds and spectral shapes. The withered and bent form of the monk, guiding the warrior through the long, dim aisles, the bold moss-trooper in his clanging armor, the red cross throwing its bloody stain on the place of the tomb, the finding of the wizard "as if he had not been dead a day," and the breaking forth of the supernatural light, which "streamed upward to the channel roof and through the galleries far aloof," are factors, that, taken together, make the scene of the opening of the tomb awful indeed.

With the attributes of the true artist, Scott could paint a quiet, peaceful scene with soft touches of sunlight on trees and flowers, with as much ability as he could the awe-inspiring scene of midnight shadows and ugly phantoms. In "sweet Teviot" we find the former scene, only to it are added those delicate glimpses of human feeling which so beautify his creations. To this river Scott pays one of his sweetest tributes.

"Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide
The glancing lake first burn no more,
No longer circled with warlike side
Along the wild and willowed shore;
Wherever thou wander by dale and hill
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves since time was born
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's cry,
Now wafted at the hagle horn.
Ullie the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest sorrow was doomed to know,
And darker as it downward flows,
Is stained with past and present woe."

The vigor, freshness and exquisite melody which characterize this poem are found in all of Scott's writings; and there is the same variety in the thoughts and actions described, as there is in the expression. A person could no more be harmed by reading Scott than he could by listening to the ripple of a mountain brook, or the low sighing of the pines on some hill top. How well it would be if every writer could on his death bed, say with Scott, "I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to

think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith,—
to corrupt no man's principle." M. B.

THE MUSIC IN THE SQUARE.

The stars above in azure sky
Their warnings give that day must die.
While we lament the sun's decline,
The moon in glory bright dash shine
Illuminating all the square;
The youths who love to wander there
Do listen to the music's peal
Which softly on the ear hath steal,
Borne by the gentle evening breeze,
That floats so pensive through the trees.
"From whence this music?" did you say?
Have you not heard at close of day
Melodious sounds from 'neath the logs,
And looked to find 'twas but the frogs?

N. E. S.

A TRIP TO SITKA.

Aug. 1.—About 12 o'clock last night we quietly left Victoria, and all day to-day the island of Vancouver has been on our left and the mountains of British Columbia on our right.

Aug. 2.—What a long island Vancouver is! We have seen no open sea as yet, but have been sailing through straits and channels, among the green, wooded islands of the Georgian Gulf. This morning we passed the Indian village of Bella Bella, on one of the islands, right at the water's edge. The houses were neat frame buildings, perhaps two dozen in number, surrounding a little chapel and surrounded by the primeval forests. This chapel was built by Bella Bella Jim, a wealthy Indian, who was converted to Christianity at Westminster.

Aug. 3.—This morning, in the Greenville channel, we passed half a dozen canoes of Indians going toward Victoria, probably to get work during the hop-picking season. Toward evening we stopped at Fort Simpson and spent an hour getting acquainted with the place. At the landing were several intelligent-looking, well dressed Indians loading canoes with flour and other freight. Here we first saw totem poles—long poles, supporting grotesque figures carved in wood. An Indian explained that they were erected in memory of deceased chiefs and other noted persons, and that each figure had some significance to those learned in such lore. On the top of one was what the Indian called a wolf, but to me it looked as much like a frog.

Aug. 5.—Yesterday we left some lumber for boxes at a cannery port, and to-day we stopped at Fort Wrangell. Some Indians were selling gar-

nets, which are found there. Here we saw our first glaciers, gorges filled with ice, and above them the mountains clad in their mantles of white, and veiled in mist from which, occasionally, a snowy peak would peer out.

Aug. 6.—This morning we visited a gold mine on Douglas Island, opposite the Alaskan port of Juneau. The separation of the gold from the ore was more interesting than the mining. There we passed through the mill when the quartz was being crushed with a deafening noise, and we saw vats of chlorine water containing gold in solution.

Aug. 7.—To-day we have passed several glaciers and many mountains with tops so high that they could scarcely be distinguished from clouds, one of which was Mt. Fairweather, 15,500 feet high, and now we are sailing past floating icebergs toward Glacier Bay.

Aug. 8.—To day we have been under the very shadow of the Muir glacier. The end of it looks like a huge, white marble wall, and is higher than the ship. The echo from the whistle was perfect, and when the cannon was fired, what a crash there was! Afterward we landed and climbed up on the glacier, and saw many things that we had seen only in imagination before, a moraine, miniature caves and ice palaces, and great fissures, at the bottom of which a stone splashed in the water far below.

Aug. 9.—We landed at Sitka this morning at 6 o'clock by our time, which was just one hour too fast.

The town is situated on a beautiful harbor, dotted with green islands, and at the foot of high, forest-clad mountains. After rambling in the woods awhile and gathering wild berries, we visited the Presbyterian Mission. Although it was vacation, they assembled the Indian children and we heard them sing and read and spell. They delight in singing and have fine voices.

We also visited the Greek church, a most interesting relic of Russian times. It was like a Catholic church in its furnishings, and it boasts one thousand Indian members. There is also an old Russian castle on an eminence overlooking the town, said to be haunted by a maiden who was killed by her jealous lover.

The people of Sitka told us that in June they could see to do housework at midnight without artificial light, and the Superintendent of the Treadwell mine said he had often seen boys playing marbles at one o'clock in the morning.

After a stay of twenty-four hours in Sitka, we turned our faces homeward; feeling delighted with our visit, and greatly interested in Alaska.

a part of which we had now seen with our own eyes.

FRANCIS H. JONES.

NARCISSUS.

From forest dark, through overhanging boughs,
The gentle youth, Narcissus, came and gazed
Upon the lucid, rippling brook that played
Beneath his feet. Behold an image there he saw
Of one he fondly loved to look upon.
He called, "Sweet one, arise and come with me!"
And knew not 'twas himself. The image smiled,
But answered naught. And still Narcissus staid
To gaze and love and plead that he might win
This lovely one; day after day passed by.
The youth, he thinner grew and slowly pined
Away, forgetting friend and life for love.
When his companions found him cold in death,
With one accord they all prepared for him
A funeral pile. But 'twas the place where lies
He stood knew him no more; but, on that spot,
A little flower looked sweetly up and smiled.
In memory,—"Narcissus" sweet 'twas called.

SIENIFIC DEPARTMENT.

ALUMINUM.

According to those who are interested in the subject of metals, the aluminum age is not far distant. Probably in the time of which Edward Bellamy writes, aluminum bridges will span the rivers, and ships of that metal will sail the seas. Let us hope that long before the year 2000 this metal may be put to practical use.

Aluminum is found in nearly every clay-bank and rock in existence and yet is one of the most precious of the metals. This statement may appear absurd, but the reason that the metal is so costly is because the processes by which it is obtained free of impurities have, so far, been too expensive to be practical. Hence the great problem is how to obtain aluminum cheaply. Perhaps fame is awaiting some Normalite, whose love for the science of chemistry will lead him to search deeper into the mysteries of the laboratory.

Enthusiasts on this subject will tell you that aluminum is to take the place of iron entirely; that, on account of its lightness, and because it is not easily corroded, it is especially adapted to ship-building; furthermore, it is just the thing for telegraph wires since it is such a good conductor of electricity and can be drawn into such fine wires. In fact, if aluminum could be obtained cheaply, it could be used for every purpose that iron, steel and wood are now used.

In appearance, it is of a very pretty bluish white color; its specific gravity is about 2.6; it can be hammered into sheets as thin as gold leaf, or can be drawn into the finest wire. It is not easily tarnished, not being oxidized by air or water, and it resists all attacks of nitric or sulphuric acid. From a knowledge of these facts, one must infer that aluminum would be very useful in the commercial world.

Its lightness makes it one of the best metals of which to make delicate instruments such as are used by opticians, surveyors, and astronomers.

This metal was first discovered by Professor Wohler, in 1828, while analyzing clay. Since then considerable attention has been paid to the subject, and its importance is gradually but surely rising.

Only very small quantities could be obtained at first, and its only use was for jewelry, carved in very pretty designs. The first article made was a baby's rattle for royalty to play with. Since then, however, its ambition has grown, and the day is not far distant when aluminum will take the place of iron in more ways than one.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

LEONARD AND GERTRUDE.

It is only within the last few years, when educational questions are employing the minds of so many eminent men and women, that the work and writings of Pestalozzi have begun to be duly appreciated. He is now recognized, not only as the self-sacrificing teacher and ambitious dreamer of Newhof, but also as a writer whose books rank first as aids in the great educational reform that has swept Europe and America with its refreshing breath. Although he wrote "The Evening Hours of a Hermit," "Christopher and Eliza," "Leonard and Gertrude," "Figures from my Spelling Book," and many others, all of which are distinguished for originality and thought, and inspired by philanthropy, not one has had the popularity, nor made so great an impression as "Leonard and Gertrude." In this book, he deals with some of the great social and political questions that have been agitating the civilized world for ages; while in his introduction he thus states his intentions,—"I take no part in the disputes of men about opinions; but I consider that everything that tends to make men good, true and faithful, which cherishes love toward God and our neighbors, and brings blessings and peace into our dwellings, should be implanted in the hearts of all."

"Leonard and Gertrude" is an educational

treatise, clothed in the garments of a tale of the Swiss hamlet of Bonnal.

It is a vivid picture of peasant life such as could be found in any of the beautiful valleys of Switzerland. It is valuable chiefly for its studies of character, its pictures of village life and customs, and the opinions and theories it contains on educational topics.

The principal characters are Gertrude, the Bailiff, Arner, Ghilphi and the Pastor. In Gertrude, we find the loving wife and mother, the brave, earnest woman, whose methods of teaching her own children are taken as the plan for the new school; whose words are the "key words" that are listened for by the men that are trying to lift the people to a higher and better life. Through her, Pestalozzi demonstrates to the world how a tender care for the rights of others, and a love and reverence for God and his laws, should begin in the home, under the gentle guidance of a wise, upright mother. In fact, the character of Gertrude throughout the book shows the vital influence exerted by the mother upon the education of the child; and that upon her, more than on anyone else, depends his future welfare. We doubt not that Gertrude was Pestalozzi's ideal woman.

In Bailiff Hummel, we find a man made cruel and dishonest by having too much power, and bigoted by ignorance. He whines and cringes before his superiors, but frightens and persecutes the helpless creatures in his power, like the cur that he is. Hummel is Pestalozzi's representative of the men that were governing the poor, ignorant peasants in the small towns and provinces in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and against whom he so fearlessly lifted up his voice.

The power that at last brought the Bailiff to a realizing sense of his own wickedness, was the kind, ever-watchful care of Arner, the magistrate and "father of the people." It was his wise judgment, vigilant eye, and benevolent heart that brought order out of chaos in the affairs of Bonnal, soon ushering in thrift and industry instead of poverty, and honesty and ambition in the place of evil and despair.

Arner's plan, at last, drew the attention of the Duke to what might be done for the regeneration of his whole realm.

Among the minor characters, are represented all the phases of human nature, the fool, the sot, the gossip, the hypocrite, the intriguing woman from the court, the quack doctor, sentenced to dig the graves of those he kills, and many others.

Pestalozzi's "Leonard and Gertrude," in the original, consists of five large volumes, but in the

different English editions, it has been greatly abridged, thus leaving out parts that added much to the quaint simplicity of the original story. The dialogues are best preserved, especially, those between Gertrude and her children, they being the most valuable from an educational point of view. These scenes are the most charming in the book. They are beautiful, ideal pictures of home love and home instruction that Pestalozzi longed to have realized at every fireside in his beloved country. In the picture of the death of Rudi's mother, there is much tenderness and pathos.

The scene of Hummel's trial and the execution of his sentence is very impressive. There is much solemn sadness and awe in the prayer of Hummel's wife before her death, for forgiveness to those she had wronged and then her farewell. Hummel's sentence, the public hangman's tree, and the assembling of the people in public council under the Linden, show the customs of a primitive village among the Swiss mountains over one hundred years ago. The pursuit of Hummel by the Devil was thoroughly humorous.

The story is told in a manner, that, to the reader of more modern literature, is somewhat tiresome. The figures that Pestalozzi draws upon his canvas are many and often more or less confused by much coloring, like those in some ancient Dutch paintings. There are many small incidents too, that make it tedious, and if one does not read it for the sound common sense, the deep thought, the high moral lessons, and the object it aims to reach as an educational work, he may as well lay it down for he will be unable to appreciate it.

Pestalozzi's style is quaint and simple. In all his writings he has shown deep thought, much originality; and rare insight into human nature.

The popularity of "Leonard and Gertrude" at the time it was published was very great. The Government of Berne, at once awarded him a gold medal, but, like other unfortunate writers; the pecuniary returns for the book were very small. He says, "the highest encouragement I received from influential person was this—'If there were many mothers like Gertrude, many school-masters like Ghilphi, many magistrates like Arner, the world would be in a better condition.'"

In a translation, the words of the author are more or less stamped with the individuality of the translators, but this has not so largely been the case in the English translations of Pestalozzi's works, and we can, therefore, judge quite fairly. He uses plain, simple, house-hold, words that reflect his pure, earnest thoughts. Simple, not only because he was so himself, but also because

he was writing for the peasants as well as the rich and scholarly.

Everywhere in his writings, we find the footprints of fancy. He was ever living in an ideal world, and being brought down to realities by experiences, sharp and bitter. His figures in "Leonard and Gertrude" are strong and forcible, but with little grace or elegance about them. The whole story might be called a huge metaphor. Bonnal represents the world, Bailiff Hummel, intemperance and sin, generally; the peasants, the examples of the influence of evil; Arner, the great, watchful eye, caring for all; and Gertrude, the Good Teacher, saving the world through truth, if there is a possibility of its being saved. Occasionally too, we catch glimpses of a quiet humor in his dialogues, especially in the story of Hummel and the Devil.

The reader of "Leonard and Gertrude" is soon aware that this is not a simple tale of Switzerland without a purpose, but one whose aim lifts it far above the plane of mere art. Pestalozzi's first thought was to write something that would be read by the public, but, on touching on the influence of the mothers on education, his subject seemed to grow and expand until, throwing his whole heart into the theme and drawing largely from the treasures of his experience, he produced this immortal book. He wrote much and on many subjects, but this was the story he had to tell, and he told it with all his heart. In it he takes up no disputed questions with bare hands, but handles them all in the shape of an interesting story, with a purpose as high as the stars above.

This book represents the culmination of Pestalozzi's influence. Royal personages came to see him and gave him presents. "Herbert, Fichte, Proebel, and many others lit their torches at the fire he had kindled." "Leonard and Gertrude" should be read with the utmost care by all earnest teachers and students. Its mission is great, and the thought impressed on the reader's mind as he lays it down, is a great admiration and reverence of the author, a wish that his works were more widely known and appreciated, and a desire to help on the great movement to which Pestalozzi gave fortune, health, and a lifetime of labor and love.

M. B.

When you feel your honor grip let that eye be your border.—*Burns*.

"Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains."

MANUAL TRAINING.

"Manual training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the thing he must handle for a living afterwards. It is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books. But, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book-knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let him go to the workroom for an hour and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar—nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbor—and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a better and a brighter boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planing the board that does him good, it is planing the board in the presence of other boys who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part—nay, without any—of the valuable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who in mental attainments may be his superiors."

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

DEVICES FOR TEACHING SPELLING.

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

Prof. E. V. De Graft.

1.—Write many words on the board in a line. Give each child a card with one word upon it and let him find it by comparison.

2.—Words are alive and do the most unexpected things. Sometimes they stand in a line on one side of a fence and jump over. Children pronounce them quickly before they jump and then spell them. Sometimes the words are up in a tree like birds and fly away. Sometimes they roll down hill and when they reach the bottom they may be supposed to tell stories like the following:—I am a ball. I am round. I can roll down hill."

3.—Teacher whispers a word in each pupil's ear. By the time the teacher has finished whispering words the first pupil is ready to pronounce and spell his word and use it in a sentence. Do not accept (unless the child is very young and timid) such sentences as: I saw a horse, or I have a book.

4.—For a review let children stand in a ring. The one who misses has to go inside the ring into the "mush-pot." When another misses the first one can come out if he can spell the missed word correctly; if not, the two must remain within the ring.

You cannot hope too much, but you can easily despond too much.—*Becher*.

SOCIETY DOES.

Y. W. C. A.

October 10th the following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS: Our beloved friend and leader, Miss Myrtle C. Hudson, has been called by the Master to labor in another part of His field; and

WHEREAS: We realize that a purely unselfish motive prompted her to leave her native land, and the work she was doing here, to brave the dangers and difficulties of life in China, therefore be it

Resolved: That in the removal of Miss Hudson from our midst, we have lost our most efficient worker and helper. Also be it

Resolved: That while we sadly miss her presence and cheer, we do heartily commend her course, and wish her God Speed in her work.

ALL SORTS.

Chestnuts—Tebbe, or not Tebbe.

Patronize the INDEX advertisers.

Query:—What is "innocent whispering?"

When is a Cave not a cave? When it is a boy.

Senior B2 Class Song—"Hand me down a bicent."

A Sharp (e) edge is better than a dull one, isn't it, Fred?

Miss Wright is impressed with the fact that her pupils "on't think."

Of interest to the Alumni: The INDEX needs your subscriptions.

Normal Girl—"Tom is too nice a name for a cat, let's name it Tabby (Tebbe.)"

Accidentally overheard—"Hass't he got a heavenly pompadour?"

Examinations? Not a bit of it! Nothing but written interviews now-a-days.

Junior boys that go bog-hunting must beware of dogs, when invading vineyards.

Teb be Eve (r) Sharp (e) scurries deep thinking on the part of some young gentlemen.

A "good fellow" is one who drinks to the health of his friends until he ruins his own.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of pied?" Pupil—"A pied is a man that looks like a different colored bird."

IMPORTANT Cablegram—The great great grandson of the 8th cousin of the Shah of Persia has the colic.

Many are the hearts that have been pierced by a charming young lady in the Middle Class.

Normal girl to her brother (r) at the gate.—Is it seven o'clock yet? Well, give me my handkerchief and let me go.

Teaching school is one of the easiest things in the world to talk about, but when it comes to a stern reality, O, my!!

A certain young lady although very strongly opposed to the use of tobacco, says that she does not mind taking a Chew.

Prof. S.—to the Senior A's: "O yes, you could draw as well as the Juniors, I am sure, if you would give your time to it."

The young lady in the Senior class who says "weirds" when she means "arterioles," must be of a musical turn of mind.

"A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy."

Physiology Teacher—"What is the effect of bending over desks to study?" Young Lady—"It makes pupils scooped (stupid)."

A Card—The Senior and Middle classes take this opportunity of thanking the Juniors for the concert given by them on a recent Tuesday.

Some of the Normalists have very fastidious appetites. One young gentleman is constantly clamoring for scrambled tit-tens and for park-saddles on toast.

Birds, fowls, poultry, anything in this line to be had in the Junior B classes—a Drake, a Raven, a Crow, and, doubtless, other Darling chicks.

Rhetoric Teacher—What is the difference between keep and preserve? Senior—Keep means to take care of while preserve means to keep in alcohol.

The Senior B1 is not really the noisiest class in school, it is merely the Echo, sweetly resounding throughout the halls, that makes it appear so.

Why do not the Middle B4's need gossamers and umbrellas for the coming winter? Because they are well sheltered by a House and a Church.

Have we heard the last of our Newtonian Society? Will out some of our enterprising Seniors take hold and convince us that it has been but sleeping?

Wanted—Two good looking young gentlemen who can lead a class successfully. For further particulars, apply to Prof. Elwood or the INDEX office.

Junior B1 claims the palm for the amount of learning it represents, Misses Titus, Walker and Royce being ably represented by pupils worthy of their names.

We miss from our number one of our liveliest companions, Miss Charlotte Bowser, who left on the 2d instant for Chicago where she intends to remain.

Prof. H. must have made Geometry very absorbing this year. One young man was seen to describe one or two acts, while coming down the stairs of a church.

Some bright morning will find the librarian's chair, the gift of the class of June '96, decorated with a tidy bearing this inscription: "Students, keep out."

X. Y. Z. June '96.

Mrs. Dinwiddie, ex-president of the Woman's Polytechnic Institute of New York, and now a resident of San Jose, visited the Senior A class in Modelling, on Friday, the 11th inst. and conducted the lesson.

Training School Pupil on Volcanoes—Why don't the fellers get together with buckets and pour water into them volcanoes and put 'em out? That's what I want to know.

The reporter of Junior Bg recently electrified the editors of "All Stars" by handing in her items a day ahead of time, without being requested for them. May heaven's richest blessings ever follow her.

The study of literature is fast corrupting the morals of the Senior A's. At first they took a chew, sir, (Chaucer) with a great deal of remonstrance, but they can now take a dram(s) without even thinking of the moralities.

A photograph of two young men, one of them with a cigar in his mouth, could have been seen one day last week pinned up in the library over the following notice: *Owner wanted*—No smoking allowed in the library.

Normal graduates wishing to teach may obtain schools by applying to the Pacific Coast Bureau of Education, 300 Post street, San Francisco, which makes a business of placing teachers. Send for circular and registration blank.

The Senior A's think that we Senior A's are very "sol-machully" on account of the Graves in our class. Whenever they want to play any of their hilarious games we are ready to give them Adair.

The following literary gems are taken from papers found in the possession of a Senior A "Cork is usual for many things," "Vaseline is noted for its streets being water instead of ground," "Bly respects marble, pictures and churches."

The young man (buy rather) who called on a young lady in the vicinity of Ninth and San Fernando evidently hasn't a very clear idea of the etiquette of calling. Owing to youth and inexperience, the matter will be over looked this time.

The "lax" that forbids the girls walking clasped together is the usual school-girl fashion is wearing on the constitutions of the new students, and they feel impelled to embrace with extra warmth when permitted the privacy of their boarding houses.

A letter addressed to the editor of the *NORMAL INDEX*, reads as follows: Please send us a short sketch of your life and a few of your best poems." It will be referred to the literary editors as they are the only ones that "drop into poetry."

Senior A Study Program—Geometry, 7 to 7:45; Geology, 7:45 to 8:15; Literature, 8:15 to 9:15; Training School, 9:15 to 10; Pedagogy, 10 to 10:45; Poetry Writing, 10:45 to 11:45; Poems and Lemonade, 11:45 to 12. All spare time devoted to verse-writing and to writing of poetry.

In one of the newspaper readings, the pupils gave the following as the news of the day:—A man sick in New York, a "tiger" found dead in the interior of Africa, and a Chinese woman probably scared to death. What has that to do with the International Congress?

In a certain boarding-house in this city, the students are offered from the necessity of watching the clock, in order to leave when study hours begin. They simply linger about the windows until they hear the gate click, and the words "Good night," in a mazy tone, followed by the sweet response, "Good night, F—," then they know that seven o'clock has struck, and all is well.

The days are getting brief,
And the falling of the leaf
Reminds us that we too, sometime, must fall;
So let us do our part,
And have more grace than art,
For love and truth and right should prompt us all.

The flowers that come and go
Speak to us, and we know
That their breath and ours shall linger but a day;
So let us be about,
And never have a doubt
In leading youths, so apt to go astray.

RULING ON THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

This wonderful man has just come to the West,
And so to the Normal he came, as a guest;
Excepting his tables, he magic had none,
He came without charts, and he came all alone.
So true was his creed, and so quick was his way,
We all thought the system would certainly pay.

He stayed for a day, and we learned all his rules,
So now we are fitted to teach country schools;
And since his departure he took from our gain,
The Seniors can add at a terrible rate,
To multiply millions is now simply fun,
And division by thousands is easily done.

"Some men steal and others forget. Persuasion steals away the hearts of the one class, time of the other."

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud —
E. B. Browning.

"The teacher whose mind shall not become a desert must drink daily from the fountain of his calling. Forty eager pupils cannot quench their thirst for learning by looking at an empty vessel."

"Before we can judge others correctly, we must be able to judge ourselves correctly. A man who does not know in himself what unselfish devotion to any cause is, cannot judge what it is in another."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Cane, Xmas '96, is principal of the Selma school.
Miss Anna Leland, '96, has a school at Graham, Yolo Co.
Lillian M. Julien, June '96 has a good position in Shasta Co.

Miss Alice Lassner, May '97, has taught in Humboldt Co. since graduation.

Miss Mollie McLellan, May '96 is now in New York City, and intends taking a prolonged tour through the Eastern States.

Miss Ollie Jarvis, June '96, has a pleasant school a few miles out of Santa Clara.

Miss Emma Patton, Xmas '88, is the teacher of the Salsbad school.

Miss Annie E. Anglin, Dec., '88, is teaching at Pinn, Placer county.

Miss Tertha Hall, May '88, is one of the efficient teachers of Placer Co.

Miss Nora Marbut, Xmas '88, is one of the teachers of San Luis Obispo Co.

Miss Stella Machelet, May '88, has a school at Clipper Gap, Placer Co.

Miss Ella Anderson, May '88, is teaching a school near Mt. Hamilton.

The Jefferson District school is taught by Miss Mamie Post, June '89.

Miss Eva Bennett, Xmas '87, is numbered among the San Jose teachers.

Miss Mattie Trimmingsham, May '88, is the principal of Sunol School, Alameda Co.

Mr. Fred Arbogast, May '88, is teaching at Columbia Hill, Nevada County.

Miss Mary D. Scott, Dec. '87, has begun her second term at Dixon, Shasta County.

Miss Nannie T. Starlock, Dec. '88, is teaching at Centon, San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Allen Humphrey, May '79, is one of the Santa Clara Street school-teachers.

Miss Ida Humphrey, May '82, has a position in the Reed St. School, San Jose.

The principalship of the Berryessa School is filled by Miss Anna Rose, May, '88.

Miss Nina Cowden, Dec., '87, has charge of the Primary school at Downsville.

Mr. W. E. Tobbe, May, '87, is Principal of the Elma school, Siskiyou county.

Miss Emma Martin, June, '89, is teaching successfully at Lincoln, Placer county.

The Parkview school of Tehama Co. is very ably taught by Miss Anna F. Buckley.

Miss Mary Sullivan, June '89, is numbered among Monterey County's teachers.

Miss Ida Campbell, May '87, is teaching the Pleasant Valley school in Solano Co.

Miss Esther Brown, June '86, has charge of the Estrella school, San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Annie Wiseman, June '89, is teaching at Coyote Station, Santa Clara County.

Miss Mamie Gaffney, June '89, is the teacher of a school six miles from Paso Robles.

Miss Carolyn B. Doyle, Dec. '88, was married July 3d, to Mr. Irvin A. Ball of San Jose.

Miss Mabel Patterson, June '89, has commenced teaching at San Jacinto, San Diego County.

Miss Fannie Schallenberger, June '89, has charge of the Live Oak school, one mile from San Jose.

Miss Mary Hyde, Xmas '88, is not teaching at present. She is at her home in Santa Clara.

Miss Amy A. Davis, June, '89, has a school of seven pupils in Coyote District, about six miles from Madrone.

Miss Hattie Angers, May, '88, has recently been appointed a teacher in the San Diego City schools.

The Wise School, Santa Barbara county, is under the instruction of Mr. Franklin Barthel, June, '89.

Miss Mattie Bradley, May, '88, is teaching in the Primary Department of the Temple Street School, Los Angeles.

Mr. George M. Steele, June, '89, is well satisfied with his school near Lompoc, Santa Barbara county.

Mr. J. W. Graham, Dec., '87, has begun his second term at the Woodville school, Talbot county.

Mr. William Greenwell, Dec. '88, has begun his second term as Principal of the Mendocino City school.

Mr. E. L. Spicks and his sister, Mrs. Orpha Campbell, are teaching on a sugar plantation, Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. George H. Scott (see Laura Patterson), class of '84, is teaching at Fall Brook, San Diego County.

Miss Amanda Hinshaw enjoys teaching. So she has begun her third term at Pleasant Hill, Sonoma County.

Miss Minnie McKay, June '89, is teaching in Monterey Co. She is very fond of her work and says she has a delightful school.

Since Oct., '88, Miss Anna Richardson, of Dec., '86, has been teaching the A First Grade in the Grant School of Oakland.

Mr. O. H. Grybbs, Dec., '88, is teaching a school of thirty-two pupils in Bridgeport Joint-District, counties of Amador and El Dorado.

Miss Mariona Retzold, June, '89, is first assistant in the Martine Grammar School. She has twenty-nine pupils in two grades—first and second.

Mr. C. L. Edgerton, May '88, is one of Del Norte's best teachers. He is President of the Board of Education, and is often consulted in regard to methods of teaching.

Miss Sue Hickman, Dec., '88, has charge of a school of twenty pupils in the Oak Flat District, about four miles from Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Nell B. Day, Dec., '87, is Principal of the Heath school, Spokane Falls, W. She writes thus:—"Our city is in ashes, but there is a wonderful determination shown on every side to build again better than before."

"The teacher must know how to enter into the hidden recesses of the youthful mind, and from that point work outward and upward. The pupil is like a treasure in the sea, and the teacher like a diver who goes to the bottom to bring it up. If you do not descend and ascertain first exactly where the child's mind is, you will not bring him up where you are. The descent of the teacher is necessary to the ascent of the pupil."

THE NORMAL INDEX

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