The Normal Index.

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Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
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THE INDEX for this month can hardly be called a holiday number, in spite of its date, but we can at least wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and express the hope that our fellow students may find the coming vacation a season of rest and refreshment.

WE miss the Thursday afternoon lectures. Last year we had the privilege of listening to a number of well known speakers whose thoughtful, inspiring words made lasting impressions upon our minds.

Some of the most interesting and instructive addresses were given by members of the Faculty, and it is greatly to be regretted that our teachers are so overburdened this term that they cannot spare the time to lecture to us from the platform.

THERE seems to be a marked improvement in the carriage of the students who have been for some time members of the various drill corps, meeting at recess and after school. Something of this kind is needed in the public schools, especially those in country districts. Teachers are learning that children need direction in their recreation as well as in their school work, and that the disorderly games in which they usually engage are the source of more trouble than is generally suspected.

PROF. Gayley of the State University made an all day visit to the Normal during the past week. In the afternoon he addressed the school, speaking in complimentary terms of the methods of instruction employed, and of the spirit of earnestness manifested by the pupils. He believes that the future greatness of our state depends upon the united labor of its students, and hopes that such arrangements will soon be made that Normal graduates may enter the University upon their diplomas.

Prof. Gayley stated that he has not been long in California, which fact, his manner of speaking of "The Far West" would alone have made evident.

THE writer of a brief article in a periodical for young people insists that it is the positive duty of every Christian to forget as well as forgive wrongs and injuries.

It seems strange that otherwise reasonable people will persist in advocating an impossibility and even attempt "to nail 't wi' scripture." The person who attributes to Solomon the proverb concerning the shorn lamb is not guilty of so great an absurdity as the one who asserts that the Scriptures enjoin the forgetting of anything.

No one having a well ordered mind can forget a wrong, though it will be found that he who has the keenest, truest memory is apt to forgive

most freely. It is well that we are not able to forget the short-comings of others or our own; our future is unfluenced by the past. As the traveler in a primeval forest finds his way by marking the trees, always looking back before advancing, lest he travel in a circle; so will our course be most direct and sure if we go on remembering all things, "forgiving all things."

SCIENTIFIC.

"REAL FAIRY FOLKS."

Mother Eve left a legacy of curiosity to each of her children, and it has not decreased any through the flight of ages. Parents wonder why their children read "dime novels," and "flash literature," and not good, sensible books. Why? Because children must have something, and good and sensible books have been few and far between." A treatise on any of the sciences is a greater mystery to them than the Chinese puzzle. But an effort is now being made to present scientific subjects in such a pleasing manner as to arouse and gratify their curiosity.

A child's book of Chemistry entitled "Real Fairy Folks," has recently been written by Lucy Rider Meyer, an author of whom little is known, but for whom much may be predicted, if her first book is a faithful index of her ability.

Most beautifully has she expressed her purpose for the children. "It is an honest effort to make them love the beautiful science of chemistry, and to lift their thoughts in trustful reverence to the One who holds in His hand the atoms as securely as He holds the worlds."

She says, "The book is true to chemical fact and principle," and people who are conversant with chemistry endorse her statement. The correctness of detail, and truthfulness in the statement of facts, make it one of the best imaginable books to put into the hands of children, because so much of the literature for children is inaccurate, a thin veneering of truth over a mass of untruth.

What a happy thought it was that induced the author to call the atoms fairies! An atom, to a learned professor, is perhaps a tangible thing, but to the mind of a child the word atom brings no idea whatever. Say "fairy" to him, and instantly his eyes sparkle, and he becomes an interrogation mark. Now he understands. What child has not listened to, and does not love, fairy tales!

The principal characters of the book are the professor, his nephew and niece. The children are in charge of their uncle for a few weeks, and in lieu of their usual school work are introduced to their uncle's labratory, and the fairies it contains. The first fairies are those "dressed in green," or Chlorine; the next are some "firms of fairies," including salt; mercury and chlorine, which unite to form calomel; hydrogen and chlorine, or muriatic acid; and gold and chlorine, which form gold chloride. Now the "fairies' cousins" come, then we have the "fairies in the candle." Tripping in behind are the "match fairies," and close on their heels come the "fairies in beautiful flames." Slowly, because they are tired; follow the "useful fairies," and last comes a "fairy mince pie." As the *Brooklyn Times* has expressed it, "The most mementous facts come skipping in with an elfin impertinence that is thoroughly enjoyable."

Some of the most beautiful of these tiny beings are the green fairies of chlorine, the purple fairies of iodine, and the yellow fairies of sodium. The most dangerous fairies are those of carbon dioxide, which the professor calls "the firm that might drown us," and illustrates by telling of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Some of the useful fairies the children know before, but the professor thinks a better acquaintance necessary, and so introduces gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and brass, to the children, and, after some discussion, the conclusion is reached that iron is more necessary than the other useful fairies.

The style of the author is charming. The language used is simple, vivid, and accurate. Her characters are true to nature; and in the dialogue—for the book is a continued dialogue—she represents the child, eager and curious, quite as naturally as the sedate and learned professor.

The benefit of science studies to the young is as yet scarcely appreciated. Children "learn to do by doing." In the study of Botany, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, there is much they may do, and in this doing their perceptive faculties are greatly stimulated. In Botany, when one flower has been analyzed, how eagerly do children search for and how quickly do they find the hidden secrets of the next. After flowers have been analyzed, a child must exercise the reflective faculties, in the arranging and classifying of them, in order to decide the genus and species to which they belong. As with Bot-

any, so with all other science studies; the perceptive faculties are stimulated, and the reflective are exercised.

Although "Real Fairy Folks" does not claim to be a text-book, yet a thoughtful student gains much valuable information from it, and probably comprehends it better than the ordinary text-book.

N. I. DE LA ROZA.

THE HISTORY OF A CANDLE.

The author's purpose in writing this book seems to have been to put before the public a scientific work that could be read understandingly, and might be interesting to children as well as their seniors.

To accomplish this, he has represented himself as lecturing to a group of children in the city of London. The lectures are a series of interesting experiments performed in a logical manner. They may be said to form a development lesson taught objectively. The conclusions drawn from these experiments are so evident that a child would not be puzzled over them.

The book treats of the candle, its burning, and the products of its burning. Water and carbon dioxide, the products are traced to their elements and the reader is shown how they are formed by the uniting of the hydrogen from the candle in the one, and the carbon in the other, with the oxygen in the air.

The style of the work is adapted to its purpose. It is not dry and technical, but simple, interesting, and attractive. So simple that a child can read it; so interesting that one becomes as absorbed in it as he would in a work of fiction; so attractive that one in glancing over it would read it before it left his hands, or would lay it away with the intention of finishing it soon.

The construction, on the whole, is grammatically correct, but in one case ("and we will set to work *and* try *and* burn the metal") he uses the conjunction *and* instead of the particle *to*, and in another he uses the auxiliary *will* for *shall*. The English spelling though was very unfamiliar to me.

This book would be of great value to the teacher of Chemistry, as the work is arranged so logically, that even the most severe critic would find nothing to complain of. Its accuracy can be depended on, as Mr. Faraday is one of the world's greatest chemists.

In conclusion the author says, "Indeed, all I can say to you at the end of these lectures is to express a wish that you may, in your generation, be fit to compare to a candle; that you may, like it, shine as lights among men, that in all your actions, you may justify the beauty of the taper by making your deeds honorable and effectual in the discharge of your duty to your fellow-men."

The author has more than carried out his purpose, as he has presented to the general public a comprehensive scientific work, that is both interesting and instructive. As a reference book in Chemistry I recommend it to all.

E. A. N.

The following is of great practical value and illustrates well the fact that what no one else will think of, a Yankee will. We quote it verbatim from *Truth*.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. "All watches," he replied, "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating IV to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating VIII to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibility I was ignorant of a thing that everyone else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I that eminent traveler whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance.

Amalfi is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as citizen.

The Mohammedan College at Cairo is the oldest college in the world. It was founded 1800 years before Oxford.

The number of American students reported as in attendance at the University of Berlin is 185, representing 71 of our colleges, and 29 of our states.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

THE STUDENT'S VISION.

Once upon an evening dreary, as a
  Normal student weary,
Pondered o'er a method lesson that had
  Taken two hours or more.
As she nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
  She heard a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping
  At her chamber door.
"'Tis my landlady," she muttered, "rapping
At my chamber door,
Only she, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly she remembered, that the
  Hours her clock had numbered,
Since the twilight hour of seven, had
  Been nothing less than four;
But, like many other students, she had
  Lost her wonted prudence,
And, as half-past ten drew nearer, turned
  The matter o'er and o'er,
And resolved to sit up later, which she'd
Seldom done before,
Only once, and nevermore.

Then the door she slowly opened, wondering
  What the call betokened,
But the being before her filled her
  Soul with awe and fear.
'Twas a strange, old-fashioned creature,
  One whose dress and every feature,
Bore resemblance to the portraits of a century before.
Such a queer and ghostly figure stood
Before her chamber door.
Stood and stared and nothing more.

Not one whit obeisance made he, but
  With step sedate and stately,
Moved he to the student's table, turned her
  Text-book o'er and o'er,
Till he found the New State Grammar,
  Which he seized in such a manner
That she knew 'twas what he searched for
Mid her study-table's store,
Only that, and nothing more.

Then he turned the pages over, after
  Studying the cover,
And his face grew dark with anger as he
  Further did explore.
Then he spoke unto the student, who
  Had stood, amazed and silent,
Wondering whence had come this figure,
  What forgotten name he bore,
Why, upon this winter evening, he had
Entered at her door,
Strange it was, if nothing more.

"Tell me," cried he, "studious maiden, is
  This book with nonsense laden,
The joint product of the master minds
  Upon this golden shore?
They our language all are changing, old
  Ideas disarranging.
In the past my rules of grammar were
  Accepted the world o'er.
I'm the shade of Lindley Murray, of a
Century before,
Come to walk the earth once more."

"Where are now my rules and cautions, my
  Long lists of violations
And my learned classifications, pupils
  Studied years before?
Nouns and pronouns and conjunctions,
  Adjectives and prepositions,
Seem to have new forms and meanings;
  Forms I've never seen before.
Will they never in the future, use my
Text-books, I implore?"
Quoth the maiden, "Nevermore."

On the floor he dropped her grammar,
  In a sad, dejected manner—
With a sudden start she wakened, found
  Her book upon the floor.
Woke to find that it was midnight, and
  The dim uncertain lamplight,
Shining o'er her drooping figure, cast
  Her shadow on the floor.
Woke to find that she'd been dreaming;
No one rapped upon her door.
'Twas a dream, and nothing more.

O. A. A.

THE RECITATION.

"Nearly all teachers make an effort to grade the work of their pupils. Too much attention has been given to the discussion of grading and too little to the points to be considered in estimating the value of the pupil's work. The pupil as well as the teacher should know what is demanded of him. The revelation of the possession of the fact by a pupil too generally satisfies a teacher. Now if the possession of a fact were the only object of school work, the test could easily be met. A simple fact in education is of no more value than a bit of undigested food in the alimentary canal.

While each subject has its specific point to be considered, there are some points that are common to all subjects. Among them may be mentioned: Accuracy as to facts; accuracy as to principle; readiness in the presentation of the subject matter, comprehension of the subject as a whole; confidence in positions taken and ability to support them; appropriateness of language used in expressing thought; interest shown in the work; attention to the recitations of fellow-pupils and to the work of the teacher; success in grasping and assimilating new thought; evidence of growth in thought power as well as in knowledge; disposition to seek and to profit by criticism; prompt-

ness in doing supplementary work assigned; on originality and invention; manner of sitting, standing, speaking, etc.; in written work, care in writing, punctuation, paragraphing, spelling, capitalization, neatness of manuscript, etc.

The noting of these points in criticising the essays which the pupils may present from time to time is not enough. The language and rhetoric classes are not the only classes where they should enter into the recitation estimates. Scholars are not made in any such manner. They are the product of intelligent effort in daily drill through a long series of years. Reliable, thoughtful, graceful scholarship is not born in a day. Its distinguishing characteristic is quality, not quantity.

The necessity of placing well defined ideas before the minds of pupils and of arousing continued efforts at their realization is nowhere more true than in the recitation. As fast as pupils are able to comprehend them, these points should be presented and required."—*School Journal.*

The marking system is all wrong when applied to human beings, whether they be teachers or pupils, and so is any system that tries to make compulsion take the place and do the work of sympathy. The "cherubs" are to be pitied when the "recording angels," as some one has called the teachers, put down bad marks against them, and so too is the "recording angel" herself to be pitied when the "St. Peter," who holds the key to her position, walks into her schoolroom, pulls out his little note-book, and without a word of sympathy or a tear of pity, destroys all the courage she has gathered for her work, by putting down a mysterious mark. Teachers and pupils both need personal encouragement, wise suggestions and private criticisms far more than they need marks.—*From the Ohio Teacher.*

A PLEA FOR RUTS.

Am I guilty of obstinacy when I say that I believe in ruts? Yes horror-stricken pedagogue with advanced ideas, I *do* believe in them.

Do you remember, O wise pedagogue, *your* first day of the first term in the first class you ever had? There was no rut then! Ah no; was it not delightful, the way things went clatter, clash, bump along the great high road to knowledge? Children talking, slates dropping, hands raised? No indeed, no sign of a rut; of a surety the soil was unbroken, even on the hands of the children.

But gradually, as the same road was gone over day after day, it began, somehow, to grow smoother. Then it was, O unsuspecting man, that you should have been on the alert; for a path was surely and steadily forming.

The obstacle of talking was surmounted. The hands lowered. The superfluity of earth removed. And behold! whether you knew it or not you were in a rut!

The rut of cleanliness and of having things done quietly and in order. And do you remember when you began to teach numbers, how you tried one system and then another, how much time you wasted and what a muddle our mind was in? How finally, after repeated trials you found the most satisfactory?

Not much taught that first term, was there? but there was a good deal learned by yourself.

And the following year, how plainly and smoothly the path stretched out before you; no quagmire or pit falls this time to turn you out of your course and compel a fresh start.

So we are all making our grooves and wearing them deeper and smoother every day; former mistakes are avoided; hills of difficulty lowered; our work becomes easier. But I say to you do not let it become monotonous; let it be full of vanity. If it is full of cheerful interest to yourself, it will be to your children.

While pursuing the beaten path which repeated trials have taught is the best, keep your eyes and ears wide open. Do not reject any idea that may brighten the footsteps of the children. In a word—keep to your rut if it is a good one, but fill in occasionally with fresh material; do not let it become so deep you cannot see over its walls.

Common School Education.

LITERARY.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

There is an innate tendency in the human heart to create ideals, to place together the good, the beautiful and the great. Whenever the light of a great mind attracts us, we instinctively turn to it, expecting there to find that perfect creation of which we dream. Often we are in a measure satisfied; lesser defects may be overlooked in the presence of many great qualities; but, now and then, a great light bursts upon the world, which dazzles yet disappoints us.

Such a light was Lord Byron. True, he was

endowed with marvelous powers, but fettered by a nature weak and dissolute. While his talents and his rank entitled him to one of the highest positions in England, his nature dragged him down, until, even before he reached his majority, he was debarred from good society.

As yet his extraordinary genius had not manifested itself. His first productions had been severely criticized by the public. Naturally proud and sensitive, the treatment of his countrymen angered and crushed him. Deeming the world his enemy, he turned against it with all the fierceness of his nature. The familiar scenes of his home became intolerable. With a feeling of utter loneliness and dejection, he sailed from England for the continent, caring little whither the tide might carry him, so it brought him not again to the shores of his native land.

But sorrow was not sent into the world purposeless. It is sorrow and not joy, disappointment and not success, that develops what is richest and best; what is really noblest, in the human heart. Had Byron left England in a happier mood, his poem, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, written during his stay on the continent, might not have been so replete with thought and fancy, nor so rich in feeling and experience. His sorrow turned his thoughts inward, and he read his own heart, finding there much that was dark and bitter, yet not unmixed with noble impulses and high aspirations.

Although the author calls his hero Childe Harold, and claims that it is a purely fictitious character, we are convinced, in spite of his denial, that Childe Harold is really Lord Byron, speaking to the world from his own point of view. A strange, unnatural personage is here presented, this Pilgrim who seeks to hide his real feelings from the world by a cloak of cynicism and cold indifference. But now and then an outburst of patriotism, or a mournful strain of penitence, shows that beneath this exterior still pulse the the hopes and affections of youth.

The Pilgrim first visits Spain and Portugal. He goes, seemingly, in quest of neither knowledge nor fame, but simply for a change of scene, something to help him forget the world and its bitterness. A young man of education, and naturally patriotic and chivalrous, he sees what is beautiful and classic, eulogizes the past glories of Spain, her warriors and their triumphs, and spurs her citizens on to the impending war. "Restless as the swallow on the wing," he traverses alike plain and mountain, hill and valley, admiring their beauties and seeming to lament the desire which ever urges him onward.

From this land of present strife, he embarks for Athens, "ancient of days, august Athena." Here, filled with the memories of her former greatness, to which the present condition presents so striking a contrast, his thoughts turn in another direction. The broken columns, shattered walls, and ruined grandeur seem to touch the very heart of the man. He holds up to striving nations this picture of fallen greatness, and laments that fame and power, however great, must yield to the ravages of time.

From Greece he travels to Smyrna, thence to Turkey, and onward to the Rhine. Determined to pass no place of interest unnoticed, he hurries from scene to scene in quick succession; across the battlefield of Waterloo, where the graves of dead are not fresh, along the castled banks of the Rhine, under the shadows of the mighty Alps, past crystal-faced Lake Leman, and down the swift-flowing Rhone, back to the shores of the Mediterranean.

After a short stay in Venice, he travels to Rome, the last place described in the poem. Here, in this city so rich in relics of the past, the bright fancy of the poet finds unlimited scope. He repeoples the ancient ruins, and the events of a thousand years ago pass before the eye of his readers. He visits the Coliseum in the evening, when its arches and walls are lit by the softening light of the rising moon. He sees the dying gladiator, and hears the shout of the inhuman crowd, and then as his thoughts come back to the present, the vast building seems doubly silent and desolate by the very contrast. Vividly he pictures the desolation:

"Here where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the plaything of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and falls the star's faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud"

The poet is much impressed by the softening and beautifying effects of time, and says,—

"There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath beat,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath lent
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

And then he turns to himself and to his own life, as he has been wont when deeply impressed, and beholds a ruin dreary and desolate, indeed, but

which may, by the influence of time, become beautiful and serene.

This description is but a fair example of the character of the poem. Every where the author shows his power to weave disconnected thoughts into a symmetrical whole; from the battlefield and the hero, he turns to the charms of nature, from nature to himself, and again to some ruin or half-forgotten myth; yet one thought glides into another so smoothly and gracefully that the reader is hardly aware of the transition. His style is free, clear, and unstudied, but always varied and elegant.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage is principally descriptive, yet the descriptions differ so essentially from each other that the reader never wearies. One expects a poet to be fanciful and imaginative, but besides these qualities we recognize in Byron a keen observation and a deep thoughtfulness. He sees in every place many things unknown to less observing men, while every view awakens a new train of thought, and every thought is brightened by a poet's brilliant fancy.

Like most poets, Byron was a lover of nature. The solitude of the woods, or the grandeur of the mountains, seemed to awaken his better self and make him for the time a truer man. Perhaps nowhere is this love more strikingly shown than in his apostrophe to the ocean, which is one of the master strokes in English literature. We quote,—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society, where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

One cannot read this poem without feeling that he has learned quite as much about Byron as about the scenes Byron describes, so rich is it in the meditations of his own heart. The shadows of cynicism and doubt, though they cloud, cannot effectually darken the poem; they serve but to make brighter the poet's high ideals of patriotism and courage, and to display attractively his admiration for the beautiful and the sublime.

RUBY A. ORDWAY.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

Among the social evils of city life, especially in large cities, there is one that cries for redress louder than all the rest; this is the utter neglect to which the poor are subjected. The author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," realizing how serious this evil was in London, resolved to do what he could to correct it. With this object in view, he traveled from one end to the other of that comparatively unknown part of the city called East London, in order to become more familiar with the manner of life and the needs of its people. Probably there is no other such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, unregarded city of East London. Here are two millions of people crowded together, occupying mean, uncared-for tenements.

We are introduced to our heroine, Angela, on the eve of her entrance into life's busy thoroughfare; on the morrow she is to bid adieu to college life, and be ushered into an entirely different sphere. Besides being highly accomplished, she has been educated in all the practical sciences. She knows all the theories for the advancement of the people, and all the statistics of the theorists; she now wishes to know the people themselves, that she may ascertain how far such theories can be made practical.

Angela is a girl on whom fortune has bestowed abundant gifts. Her wealth is almost beyond estimation, and her face is beautiful as the character within. She is conscious of the weight of responsibility accompanying her riches; they afford her no pleasure, while she can not use them to benefit others. She wishes to belong to the people; she thinks the best way to help them is first to make herself a part of this striving humanity for which she feels she has done nothing, but might do so much. It is to accomplish this purpose that she vanishes, as it were, from the society of the wealthy, and assumes the position of dressmaker at Whitechapel.

We meet the hero as he also reaches the turning point in his life. Harry has been brought up in ignorance of his parentage. The tastes and ideas of the aristocracy have become his, and he believes himself to belong to this class; it is true that in appearance he is far more aristocratic than many of his associates. Now, at the age of twenty-three, his real position is unexpectedly revealed to him. He has been under the impression all these years that his father was a commissioned officer in the army, and he learns only when grown to manhood, that his father was nothing more than a sergent in the regiment, and that he himself was but a boy of the multitude, picked out of the gutter, as he tells us, by Lord Jocelyn, and brought up like a gentleman.

No sooner has he discovered the social position he should occupy by reason of his birth, than he decides, contrary to the advice and wishes of his

guardian, to let every one know who he is. Indeed, he wishes to return to his own people, and work among them as a cabinet maker. He has always believed, he will now be able to prove, that are "All sorts and conditions of men," though his acquaintainces of the upper class hold that there is but one sort and one condition.

On arriving at Whitechapel, Harry takes up his abode at a house where are seven or eight other boarders, whose hearts he soon wins. Why not? He is kind, cheerful, handsome. But a few people with whom he becomes acquainted find it difficult to understand him. On the evening of a certain day he returns to his boarding house in a mood of profound dejection; he has been considering the people and their surroundings, and experiences a feeling of pity mingled with contempt. Entering the dining room, he observes a new arrival in the person of a woman, young and beautiful, having the carriage and manners of a lady, with great brown eyes that meet his own frankly and with a certain look of surprise which seems an answer to his own. This young lady is no other than Angela Marsden Messenger, to be known here as Miss Kennedy, the dressmaker.

Having left all the arrangements of her house and the procuring of her employes in the hands of Mr. Bunker, Miss Kennedy finds plenty of time to walk about and make herself acquainted with the place which she owns but has never before seen. While so occupied, a sense of the magnitude of her possessions, and a terrible weight of responsibility are forced upon her. Often during these walks is she joined by Harry. She finds his society pleasant, but asks herself what she can have in common with this workman. Harry is of the opinion that the people of East London need some of the pleasures of life; of work and money, he thinks they have enough, but of pleasure none. "If the richest heiress in England, as Miss Messenger is thought to be, desires to do any good for the people of these parts, she should build a Palace of Pleasure, establish at least half a dozen public schools, and founk a college of Art, where all accomplishments may be taught." Harry throws out these suggestions, and is happy in the thought of converting this dismal precinct into a home for refined and cultivated people.

All through their work, Harry makes the suggestions, Angela develops the ideas and supplies the money. The first project carried out is the Dressmaker's Association. It is at length fully established, and prosperous, contrary to all predictions made by the people of Stepney. While the association is progressing, Angela is planning for the building of the Palace of Delight. Her ambition is to teach the people how the "capacity for delight may be widened, how it may learn to throw out branches in the most unsuspected directions." She will place within their reach, at no cost to them, the same enjoyments that the rich must purchase. But as time goes on, and she sees her palace actually grow into existence, she becomes anxious about its success. Perhaps, when it is completed and thrown open for their use, the people will not desire any pleasure. In her conversations with Harry, who knows nothing of the beginning of the palace, she speaks of this fact; bvt his reply is always that "All sorts and conditions of men are alike, what moves one move all; all are led in the same way."

Harry has given up the idea of returning to the life of ease and comfort, which was his before he came to Whitechapel, and to which he may return when he grows tired of his present manner of living. There is a tie binding him to this life that he cannot break. Shall we ask what this tie is? Angela has accidentally come into possession of the secret of his past, through Lord Jocelyn, whom she, as Miss Messenger, has met at a party. What a sacrifice Harry has made, all for love of her! And what has she given in return? Nothing, as yet, but she decides that when the palace is ready to open its gates, her heart shall open to receive the love Harry is ready to give. Long before this has she realized that the society and counsel of this man are necessary to her; so on the morning of the day that the palace is to be opened, and Angela's great and noble dream is to become a reality, their hands as well as their hearts to shall be joined together.

The great day has arrived. Angela and Harry have been united in the little parish church at Stepney. Immediately after the ceremony Angela leaves her husband and the wedding party, telling them she will meet them in the porch of the palace at seven o'clock. She comes. In the morning she appeared in a plain white frock and bonnet suitable to a dressmaker, but now she is arrayed in white satin, with white veil and flowers, befitting "the richest heiress in England." The doors of the palace are thrown open and the procession enters. The opening speech is made by Angela; she tells the people that this palace,

which has been designed by her husband, is now theirs; she sincerely hopes it will be used worthily, for the joy and happiness of all. She next places the deed of gift in the hands of her husband, who is to keep it in trust for the people; and with this simple ceremony is the Palace of Delight thrown open to the world. What better beginning could it have than a wedding party?

The author has shown all through the work a wonderful vividness of presentation. At times we forget that the scenes are not really being enacted before and around us. The fine delineation of character is a marked feature of the book; we know the persons so well, having met them once or twice, that their words or doings are immediately recognized before we know their names. The details of the plot are delicately interwoven; each incident unfolds itself by degrees in the most natural and interesting manner, thus carrying us on till we come to the last chaper, when we experience a feeling of regret that we must bid adieu to the friends we have made in the book. Through all the interest of the story, the author does not allow us to lose sight of the lesson he wishes to convey. He brings it in on every appropriate occasion, and in so doing displays his skill, as the reader is unconscious, for the time being, of every thing save the pleasure derived, while the germs of a life-long lesson are taking root and will spring up after the book has been laid aside.

Here and there are touches of sparkling humor that render the work spicy. We have illustrations of this in the energy displayed by Lady Davenant in urging her supposed claim to the English title, and the contrast presented by the coolness with which Lord Davenant proceeds. We are amused by the Professor, particularly on the occasion of his proposal to Angela, and can not help rejoicing when Mr. Bunker at last appears in his true light.

We ask at the conclusion, "has the author's purpose been accomplished?" For answer, we have but to compare the condition of East London and its inhabitants to-day with their condition ten years ago. An English gentleman, after reading the book, was so impressed by the plans developed in it for the relief of the people of East London, that he furnished money to have a college built after the plans of the "Palace of Delight." When his college was completed he named it "The People's Palace;" at present it affords many advantages to the people. We may also trace to the same source the night schools that are accomplishing such grand results in East London, and have extended even into aristocratic West London. The people of both divisions of the great city are beginning to realize that "All sorts and conditions of men are alike."

M. A. P.

HAROLD.

To many, history is a dry, uninteresting subject. The accession of kings to thrones, the story of numerous wars with their almost numberless battles; of treaties with their long lists of stipulations, and agreements, and, above all, dry, abstract dates, are things the student finds anything but attractive. And perhaps he is justified if he does dislike the study, for there is a dreary sameness about nearly all history that even the enthusiast notices. But let a skillful writer take some tale, and with masterly hand weave around the historical framework a web of romance, and the aspect of the whole matter is changed. What before was prosy and dry, now sparkles with life and glows with interest.

The historical truths forming the foundation of the romance, are just prominent enough to give reality to the matter, while the superstructure of fiction creates a glowing interest and engages attention from the very first. If statements are accurate, it is apparent that the reader is deriving a double good, for while he is charmed by the fictitious part of the production, there is unconsciously growing upon him a knowledge of the history of the time.

As in "Rienzi," "Last Days of Pompeii," and other of his works, in writing "Harold" Lytton selected a period which, although within the range of authentic history, yet was so far back in the dimness of the past that the few existing records savor more of legend than of reality. Here was a coign of vantage, for actual facts would trammel the author but little and great scope would be allowed his inventive genius.

Although the work does not show the genius seen in "The Caxton's," "Rienzi," and other of Lytton's very best productions, "Harold" is an excellent book, and, from the fact that it was written in four weeks, a remarkable one.

One of the most prominent features of the work is the sharp contrast shown between Harold and Duke William. At the very beginning, a gulf yawns between the two, which widens as the story progresses. In all Saxon England, Harold was the one person fit to wear the crown of Ed-

ward the Confessor. Inheriting all the qualities of his father Godwin, and a veritable lion in war, adding to all this his influence over the people, who loved and revered him, Harold was the best leader the English could have had. Norman William was a wholly different person. While possessing fully as much military skill as his Saxon opponent, he did not command the affections of his people, as the Saxon did those of the English. William's throne was founded on fear and military power; Harold's, on love. William was crafty and ambitious; no means were too low, provided he gained the coveted end. Harold, while ambitious to a limited extent, and this more for the welfare of England than for personal advantage, was open, free and frank. No dishonor ever stained the spotless integrity of his character. He reciprocated the love his people bore him, and devoted his life to their advancement.

Nearly as marked as the dissimilarity between their two leaders, was the difference between the two nations, the Saxons and the Normans. The day of Christianity had fully begun in Normandy, and the people, as a unit, accepted the teachings of the Catholic Church. But the mists of northern superstition still hung heavily over a great portion of England, and the Christian religion was comparatively unknown. The faith of the common people was yet in the magic runes and incantations of the Valas, those mighty prophetesses of the weird Danish and Norse beliefs. Free, and having a voice in national affairs, the Saxons formed a marked contrast to the heavily yoked, degraded Norman people. In England the nobility were subordinated to the wishes or the good of the people. Quite the opposite was true in Normandy where the peasantry were humbled to mere animals, beneath the rule of the lordly nobility.

As shown in "Harold," Hytton's style is energetic, concise, and clear, although there are a few passages slightly ambiguous. Perhaps the best part of the work is the description of the battle of Hastings. The vivid portraiture works the interest of the reader up to the highest pitch, and leaves a lasting impression on his memory. In the extraordinary relations existing between Harold and Edith, the author shows his greatest strength, the power to delineate love. In this he is said to distance Scott, and rival Madame De Stael.

The work is especially valuable in portraying the social conditions of both England and Normandy at the time of the Conquest. The Welsh and Danish elements in Britian, are also dealt with exhaustively. So for a student of sociology, there is much of benefit to be derived from the work.

H. M. K.

The following extract from a private letter written by one of our late graduates, a young lady apparently gentle and timid in disposition, shows what pluck California girls gain by teaching school.

"The first thing is to tell you of the accident in our house yesterday. All the men were away and the women folks were in the sitting room doing fancy work. About eleven o'clock I went into my room for something and found a man standing by the bureau. We were both startled but I acted as if I were not and asked him what he was doing there. He stammered that the "madam" had sent him for some keys. I told him I knew he was stealing. Then locking the door and putting the key into my pocket, I commanded him to give me all he had. He declared he hadn't anything; but I looked into my purse and found my twenty-four dollars gone. Seeing this, he took seven dollars from his pockets and gave it to me declaring that was all he had. Telling him not to dare to move, I searched all his pockets and found he had taken about thirty dollars of my sister's and mine together. All the time he trembled like an aspen leaf and begged me not to call for help. When I had got everything, I unlocked the door and called my sister. Seeing her, he pushed open the door, ran down stairs and out of the front gate. The police are now looking for him.

He was a stranger that had been working here for his board a few days; probably that is the reason I was not more afraid of him, but my only thought was my money. Just think—I couldn't have bought any Christmas presents!"

ALL SORTS.

Spots on the face of the sun.—Freckles.

When is a boy not a boy? When he is a Cave.

Breeches of promise—Trousers bought on credit.

"Say Fred, have you a looking-glass? There, now are my bangs all right?"

"It's the easiest thing in the world to be quiet. All you have to do is to keep still."

We have at least one young lady in the school who is not ashamed of "America."

All contributions to the "All Sorts" department of the INDEX will be kindly received.

Passenger: "Are you the mate?" Cook: "No, sir, oim the man that cooks the mate."—*Ex.*

Some of our young men are to run for Congress in '92, they have become experts in filibustering.

Algebra Teacher—If Mr. H. can run twice as fast as I can, how long will it take him to catch me? Pupil—About half the time.

Why is a baker a most improvident person? He is continually selling that which he kneads himself.

Just out—"Then I won't see you to-night,——!"
"So you won't be over to-night——!"

What charm lies lies in the Fourth street railroad track for a certain Senior B young man?

To what cause may we ascribe the sad, forsaken style that characterizes the reading of the Junior B 4's.

Will some one suggest a means that will induce "All Sorts" reporters to be prompt in handing in items?

Lost.—All knowledge of the Jordan River. Finder please return to the Senior A Physical Geography class.

Botany Professor—What would be left after taking off the outside of a grain of wheat? Brilliant young lady—Oats.

Professor E—— thinks that the Senior B's need a little more sharping and flatting before they can pass in music.

Word Analysis student: "I have always had such an apathy to that young man." (We sympathize with him.)

What is the difference between a sculptor and a barber? One makes faces and busts, the other curls up and dyes.

A bright middler is under the impression that some ministers of the have queer "first names," especially, Canon Farrar.

Psychology teachers—What is the use of our imagination? Pupil, after considerable meditation—It aids us in forming idols.

"Pa, dear," srid a little boy at the circus, "if those Arabs should get their teeth knocked out, would they talk gum-arabic?"

Teacher—What is the difference between the arm and the ear? Answer—Why the ear is larger and hence occupies more space.

The Normal boys are becoming experts in the art of cycling. They sometimes make several fancy turns before they come to the ground.

A few Seniors were indulging in laughter, which attracted the attention of a Junior, who with a disgusted look remarked, "And Seniors, too!"

It is evident that considerable file marching must be done in several of the military companies—Company B for instance—before the rough edges can be smoothed off.

Californian in a Boston Restaurant—"Waiter!" "Yes, sir." Cal.—"What's this?" Waiter—"It's bean soup." Cal.—"I don't care what it has been, what is it now?"—*Ex.*

Have the Senior B's been able to print any those negatives yet? They may intend distributing them as Christmas gifts, as they are so silent on the subject of photographs.

Caution to girls: "Do not open your blinds after the lights are lit—if you do, you are liable to see flying in through the window any kind of a missile, ranging from a rock to a peanut.

A few bright Seniors are watching to see if they can not form an expression class for advanced pupils. They have three on the list already.

The Senior A's are imitating the historic people they are studying. Their laws are like those of the Medes and Persians—unchangeable.

How buoyantly five young ladies started to the East San Jose Church social! How crest-fallen they returned after hunting in vain for the desired dime for admission.

We are anxious to know who the young ladies were—"Seniors too!"—that by their indignified conduct so severely shocked a most sedate (?) young man of the Junior class.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for, when I'm going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I'm hollerin?"

Some time ago, a young lady of Senior B2 while giving a lesson on the effects of alcohol on the nerves, remarked, "I would first show the nerves taken from some animal in the class."

We have a few really good people left in the world. A young lady without being sent for kindly furnished music for the Junior's Calisthenic Drill. The teacher and pupils seemed quite electrified.

The boys of a certain Middle B class have not departed from the evil ways of their ancestor Adam. They lay all the blame on the girls, even in such (?) matters as putting the heel down first.

Several interested parties have been anxious as to the result of that visit to the dentist's, made a short time ago by two Normalites. One of the two was the sufferer; the other, the comforter.

The old proverb, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth," has been somewhat modified. The latest edition, as given by a Senior B is: "Never look a blind horse in the eye."

Trembling Senior A's—"We didn't understand we had to go to drill to-day, so we stayed away." Prof. K—"Three days in the guard house on bread and water, or ride the bicycles in the basement your next study hour."

"Where is the Island of Java situated?" asked a school teacher of a small and rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir; we borrows it from the next-door neighbor."

Little five-year-old to her mother who is teaching her not to be afraid in the dark: "I am never afraid any more, mamma; but the other night when I went to the pantry to get some cake, I was afraid there wouldn't be any there.

The Normal boy who goes to church,
With tuning fork in hand,
Has probably, instead of brains,
A head filled up with sand.
If eyes could speak, then he would know
The pity others feel;
And, safe to say, would hide away
Till his cracked skull could heal.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. W. O. Peck, May, '86, has been elected County Assessor of Sierra county.

Mr. J. W. Graham, Dec., '87, is teaching at Poplar, Tulare county.

Mr. Robert A. Lee, June, '90, is teaching in a Grammar Grade School, Fresno Flats, Fresno county.

Mr. F. J. McGrath, Dec., '84, has been elected Superintendent of Schools of Sierra county.

Mr. Elmer L. Cave, Jan., '90, is looking after the interests of the J. Dewing Company, in Fresno.

Miss Ella Jean Dimon, June, '89, has just completed a very successful term at Soquel Mills, Fresno Co.

Miss Katie R. Smith, June, '90, has fifteen pupils in the Storkes Valley District school, Tulare county.

Since graduation, Miss L. Georgia Bradshaw, Dec., '88, has been teaching the San Isabel school, Santa Clara Co.

Miss Victoria Guilbert, Jan., '90, has just completed her term's work in San Luis Obispo county, near Paso Robles.

Miss Gertie Simpson, Jan, '90, has completed her second term's teaching in the Soda Springs District, Santa Clara county.

Miss Eva E. Senf, June, '90, has just closed a term of four months in San Francisco. Her present address is Sacramento.

Miss Elizabeth Smead, June, '90, opened a school September 15th, in Wahtoke District, near Reedley, Fresno county.

Miss Anna Britton, Jan., '90, has taught seven weeks at West Butte, Sutter county, California. This is her first experience in teaching.

Miss May R. Coates, June, '90, is teaching in the Garfield school, Oakland. She has a primary grade, and enjoys her school very much.

Miss Mary R. A. Vore, June, '90, is teaching in the Loganville District, Sierra county. She reports the raising of a flag in November.

Mr. W. M. Mason, Dec., '87, sends recommendations from the Superintendent of Sacramento county, in which county he has been teaching for the last two years.

Mr. Lewis Goble, Dec., '85, is teaching in the Intermediate Department of the Ferndale School. His work keeps him very busy, as he has an enrollment of seventy-two pupils.

Miss Lilian M. Julian, Dec., '88, has taught the last three months near Ager, Siskiyou county. Her school is an ungraded one of twenty-four pupils. She writes that there are sixteen Normal graduates employed as teachers in that county.

Miss Lora Steadamore, May, '87, is now attending the University of Ann Arbor, Michigan. She writes, "I entered with enough advanced credit to enable me to graduate in three years instead of four." This she attributes to the thorough work done in the Normal.

In October, Miss Emnie Nichols, June, '89, closed a four month's term of school in Cayucos, San Luis Obispo county. She held the position of Principal, and writes that she enjoys advanced work very much.

Miss Nellie G. Cooly, Jan., '90, is at present teaching in the Intermediate Department of the Etna School, Etna Mills, Siskiyou county. Previous to this she taught as substitute at Klamath City, and Forks of Salmon, Siskiyou county.

Mr. Jas. E. Addicott, Jan., '90, is attending Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. He expects to finish the three years' course in Higher Mathematics and Manual Training in one year.

One of Mendocino county's most successful teachers is Mr. J. Bunyan Sanford, Jan., '90, who writes that he is fully satisfied with the profession of teaching. For the coming term he has been chosen principal of the Booneville School.

Mr. J. A. Black, Dec., '88, is teaching in Nevada City. His work is in the Grammar grades, in which he has entire charge of the Drawing and Music. He is devoting whatever spare time he may have to the study of Medicine and Pharmacy.

EXCHANGES.

Yale has a Japanese professor.

The Student, published at Portland, Oregon, is an interesting school journal.

Those interested in examination questions will find a set in the columns of *The Ohio Teacher*.

The Oak, Lily, and Ivy is a stranger on our exchange table. It comes from the Milford High School, Mass.

Gladstone has kept up his college studies through life. His library contains about twenty editions of Homer, and between thirty and forty translations.—[*Ex.*]

Columbia is the wealthiest American University, and Harvard comes next with property valued at $8,000,000, and an annual income amounting to $363,121.

The revision of definitions in the arts and sciences, for the new edition of Webster's dictionary, has been intrusted principally to Yale's professors.

A national University is to be established in New York City, modeled after the great institutions of Europe. It has already an endowment of $20,000,000.—[*Yankton Student.*]

We are always glad to see our old friends among our exchanges, and we give a friendly greeting to any new ones.