

The Normal Index.

Vol. III.

SAN JOSE, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 6.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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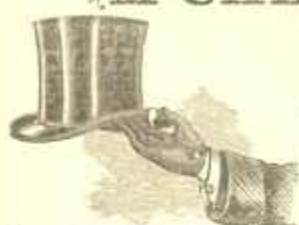
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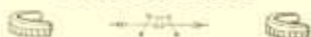
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SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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WITH this number we, the new management, make our bow to the public and respectfully ask for a continuance of its favor. Our aim is to build up, not a magazine of literature and art, but a popular and acceptable student paper. Not only the Senior class, but all the students, together with the faculty and alumni, have in the past given the journal their hearty support, and it is upon this support that the future of the paper depends. Unless all unite cordially in encouraging a school enterprise like this, their indifference will be a reflection upon themselves. Any institution is judged by its fruits. We believe that a school paper is as truly a product of school influence as its graduates are; and its appearance has more effect on public opinion than is generally supposed or admitted. Let us, then, put our shoulders to the wheel, bearing in mind that it is not the editorial staff alone, but the whole body of contributors, subscribers, agents—in fact everyone who has anything to do with the paper—that make it a success; and with your help the journal will, in time, become equal to any school paper on the coast.

THE dilatory conduct of one of the classes in regard to the election of a representative on the editorial staff brings forcibly to mind the apathy with which many of the students regard, not the school paper alone, but any matter of general interest to the class or to the school. The simple fact of the young men being in a minority should not make any difference; nor can the plea of "no time" be considered valid, when we see how much is wasted on the stairways and in the corridors. If the students wait until the last day of the Senior year to become acquainted with each other, they cannot expect to make lasting friendships. School enterprises will bring the pupils together and enable them to find congenial companions; but the shirkers, who will wriggle out of any duty that they possibly can, are too shortsighted to see that such a course is against their own self-interest, even if they have no higher motive.

WHEN the diplomas were given out at the recent graduating exercises, those gentlemen who belonged to the various young men's society's were heartily applauded by their fellow members, while the young ladies were passed by in silence. While we do not believe that a continual roar of applause is a necessary or desirable concomitant of the distribution of diplomas, we can see that the fault and its remedy lies in the hands of the injured sex. The young men of the school entirely support three societies, and do a great deal in a fourth. The young ladies, though outnumbering the gentlemen by a vast majority—a majority so great that it makes our visitors shudder—have only one society exclusively their own; and this has its particular mission, to which it subordinates social intercourse and literary culture—the usual aims of school societies. If the young ladies were satisfied with the same average attendance that the young men are, they could keep up twenty societies, and make the walkin' ring with applause for their graduating sisters.

A YEAR has passed away since the INDEX first urged the necessity of a gymnasium for the benefit of the boys. The Board of Trustees has very kindly given a work-room for hand-training, which gives but a partial substitute for the much needed exercise; beyond this nothing has been done. Now is the time for the boys to do something for themselves in the matter. Remember, boys, the old story of the lark and the farmer; do not leave to others what you want done, but do it yourselves. Let one of the societies take this matter up and push it vigorously; outside help will come of its own accord when you have made a good beginning.

AS a number of graduates have recently left the school, a few words on their choice of a profession may not be amiss. Any one who does not feel a great interest in children will not become a successful teacher. Every Normal student who is not naturally fond of children should exert himself to find in these "little men" and "little women" something worthy of study. No doubt some of these little ones are trying and uninteresting, yet each one possesses traits that cannot fail to interest the close observer. Many earnest workers have failed in this profession because they had no knowledge of child-life. They possessed intellectual ability, but not being in sympathy with the children, they were not able to carry on their work successfully.

LET those who sneer at school friendships give an example of self-sacrifice parable to that shown at one of our leading educational institutions recently, where two young men accompanied their friend to the hospital to nurse him through the dreaded disease which has invaded this coast. We may have friends in every walk of life; but how many of them would be willing to sacrifice their time, their comfort, their health, perhaps even their lives, for our sake? Certainly not a casual acquaintance, as college friends are sometimes represented to be. The depth of the friendship depends upon the depth of the nature which sustains it, and the time given to develop it; for

"Friendship is not a plant of hasty growth."

Those of us who are residents of other parts of the State feel the value of selecting suitable companions, from the necessity of an unwritten law which throws us together; and we should remember that the influence of a room-mate may have the greatest and most lasting effect on the formation of our own character.

LOWELL'S HOME AND FRIENDS.

Not far removed from the city of Cambridge, surrounded by the beautiful homes of many of America's shining lights of literature, is situated Elmwood, the attractive home of the poet, Lowell.

The house and the garden are secluded, yet near the high-road. The hum of life does not reach across the velvety lawns to the quaint old house. Only the music of nature is heard, such music as the songs and twitterings of birds; the rustling of leaves on the stately elms, the twisted oaks and the towering pines, as they stretch out their arms, as if imploring blessings on the loved friend. The grounds at Elmwood stand in simple beauty. Even the flowers betoken the poet, for here are found no fashionable flowers, no rare exotics, but on every side the twining myrtle, the fragrant lilac and the graceful lily lead the air with their delightful odor. In the rear of the house the golden ripples, playing hide-and-seek through the thick-set trunks of the rugged trees, fleck with sunshine the waving grass and shed round all their soft, mellow light. The wood-like stillness is broken only by the glad carolings of the birds, as they build their nests in the leafy branches of the trees; by the surging of the pines, and the babbling murmur of the brook—a restful, peaceful calm broods over all.

"'Tis a woodland enchanted!
By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes,
That whistle to cheer it,
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted."

"'Tis a woodland enchanted!
A vast silver willow,
I know not how planted,
(This wood is enchanted,
And full of surprises),
Stands steaming a hillow,
A motionless hillow
Of ankle-deep mosses."

The old yellow three-story house stands in the center of the grounds. The exterior is not attractive, but the interior may appropriately be called a study of the picturesque. The people of Cambridge may well point with pride to Elmwood, for here, sixty-eight years ago, Lowell was born. He has had the good fortune, rare for an American, of living all his life in his birth-place.

The family has been celebrated in every generation. His father was an eminent clergyman; his mother, a gifted woman, passionately fond of ancient songs and ballads. Nurtured with romances and minstrelsy, the old songs of poetic lore sung over his cradle, it is not strange that

to his mother Lowell should attribute much of his success as a poet.

In his boyhood, though not a great lover of books, he was devoted to nature. This early developed taste we recognize in his "Lines to the Dandelion:"

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree beside the door sang clearly all day long;
And I, secure in childish piety, listened as if I heard an angel sing.

With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers."

During his father's life Lowell occupied as a study the west front room in the upper story. This study contained about one thousand well-chosen standard works in various languages, including many plays and romances. Over the alcove was the legend, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." "Here beckoned the open door," and here such men as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Story, the sculptor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, with their genial host to complete the circle, might have been found on many a Sunday afternoon. Lowell may well be proud of his guests, for few people, even in this day, can gather in their homes so many of the most celebrated men of their day, and fewer still are able to speak of them as friends. What a delightful group it must have been! Longfellow, with his words of wisdom, speaking in language that was almost a poem; Holmes, enlivening the conversation with his witty, sparkling sayings; Story, with his anecdotes of queer sights enjoyed in Rome, Venice and other foreign places of interest; Emerson, the philosopher, grave and thoughtful; and Lowell, the polished man of the world, joining in the conversation in his bright and cheery manner, his whole face alive with intelligence, the most charming of entertainers—the genial and noble host. The view from the study window is panoramic. In the distance are seen portions of Brighton, Roxbury, Cambridge and

"Those hills my native village that embay,
In waves of dreamy purple roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the glimmering farms."

The nearer view includes the sluggish Charles and the shimmering marshes—scenery that he has so beautifully painted in "An Indian Summer Reverie."

"Below, the Charles—a silver circle like an inland pond—
Sweeps seaward silently through marshes purple and green,
Dear Marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various beauties share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare.

In spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet:
Here, yellow stripes track out the creek unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet."

In summer,

"O'er you gray knoll the pointed cedar shadows
Droove on the crisp, gray moss."

Where else but looking from his study window could he have written the lines:

"The flash of light may well be seen
Thrilling back o'er hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The littersip catches the sun in its chalice!"

Elmwood is full of birds, and with them Lowell has made a "Penn treaty." In his "Garden Acquaintance" he tells us, "All my birds look upon me as if I were a mere tenant at will and they were landlords." He knew the birds as one friend knows another, and they would often pursue a fly through the open window into his study. Often, for hours, he would watch, through the blinds of his study window, the little bird,

"As it sits at his door in the sun,
Aith like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets its flammered body o'erturn
With the deluge of summer it receives."

Lowell's married life has been "ideally beautiful"—not all sunshine—for

"Inn each life some rain must fall."

The grim reaper, Death, has taken from Lowell his dearly loved wife and his little twin daughters. Those friends admitted to his study remember the pair of baby shoes that hung over a picture frame. "From the shoes out through the window to the resting place of the of the dear little feet, on Mount Auburn, there was but a glance, a tender, mournful association, full of unavailing grief, but never expressed in words." Poems written at this time show the depth of the father's affection, especially those pathetic verses, "She Came and Went," and "The Changeling."

"As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unnoted,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;
I only know she came and went."

"She had been with us scarce a twelve month,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Sole my little daughter away."

His first wife was a poetess of more than ordinary merit. Some of her poems were published in Lowell's earlier editions. The day she died a child was born to Longfellow. As an expression of sympathy for his bereaved friend, Longfellow wrote that fine poem, "The Two Angels," in which he represents the Angel of Life as knocking at his own door and the Angel of Death as knocking at Lowell's door.

"'Twas at thy door, O, friend : and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Passing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like death."

With the exception of a few years passed traveling in Europe and as a Minister to the courts of England and of Spain, Lowell's life has been passed at Elmwood. Surrounded by those most dear to him, cheered by life-long friends, and engrossed in his favorite studies and pursuits, how sweetly the lessons of his life

"Teach the glad hours to scatter as they fly,
Soft, quiet, gentle love and endless joy."

IDA A. CAMPBELL.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better he ;
Or standing long on oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and bare :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Sid.*

HANDCRAFT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I have chosen the word "handcraft" in preference to "manual training" for the sake of its good old Saxon ring. In these days of progress we have as many new "isms" and "graphs" as our language can digest without satiety. "Handcraft" it is true is also employed in a narrow and technical sense, and it is in this sense that it may be applied to the trade schools.

Such schools exist in several of our large cities, notably in Chicago, Boston, at the Washington University in St. Louis, and the Cogswell School in San Francisco. At these special schools handskill is the attainment most sought after, and their graduates are fitted to enter trades immediately. The Indians at Carlisle have the benefit of similar training, and trial has shown this to be a most effective civilizer. If the same system were introduced into the South, in connection with the public schools, we should speedily see the mists of the negro question dissolve before the light of education and industry. These schools have proved so successful that some of our universities have given hand training a place in their curriculum. In our own state the University of California has courses in mechanics, civil engineering, and agriculture, while the Stanford University has received its magnificent en-

dowment of twenty million dollars for the express purpose of furnishing a practical education to its students.

In city schools the opportunities of applying hand training are very great, and the benefits can be seen immediately. Some school boards, in accordance with their customary policy of "penny wise and pound foolish," are reluctant to spend the necessary money. A workshop could be fitted up for a comparatively trifling cost where beginners could be taught modeling, drawing and designing, and the more advanced pupils wood and metal working, the latter being part of the high school course. The application of household arts, as soldering, glazing, wood repairing work, etc., should be made especially prominent. This course could be made preparatory for the polytechnic or trade schools, and at the same time be of direct benefit to all classes of pupils. In the country schools the necessity of reform is not so obvious and the means more difficult to obtain. Such a departure as this is would not have been thought of a century ago, for then every boy who wished to learn a trade was bound as an apprentice for a number of years; the result was skillful, but ignorant mechanics. Now the apprentice system has been done away with, but we have put nothing in its place; the result is strikers, tramps and criminals of every sort.

Even if a boy wishes to learn a trade he is given little encouragement. A boy with a tolerable education and a good knowledge of mechanical draughting wishes to learn the iron-worker's trade; he is set at sorting old iron for three years in a darkened room. Among the employees in a harness shop in San Francisco there are five boys to one man, but the boys never do any work except stitching. How can the people expect boys to learn trades if they are kept on one branch of the work? The greed of manufacturers and the jealousy of trade-unions keep the young men out of the trades, and many of them grow up to become a burden on society.

The social hive calls for workers, not drones; and our drones not only refuse to work, but they look down on those who do. Had we the spirit of the Talmud with us when it says: "He who teacheth not his son a trade teacheth him highway robbery," we should have fewer clerks at twenty dollars and more mechanics at two hundred dollars a month. If our men were not brought up to disdain overalls and to worship "stove-pipe" hats we should not have to import machinists from England. If our public school pupils had a proper respect for the accurate eye and the cunning hand that make a skillful me-

chanic we should not hear of boy burglars in our midst and there would be fewer young men in San Quentin. When our young men graduate they make much ado about choosing the part they are to take in life; and with good reason, too, for many and many a failure is no doubt due to a bad selection; many a poor minister may we see who might have been a master machinist; many a wretched day laborer who might have filled a judge's bench. If boys have any taste for tools let them find it out and foster it as a precious gift. If they have no talent in this direction they will have acquired a certain amount of mental and manual discipline and general knowledge which will always be of use to them.

The persons composing that stratum of society known to the enterprising as "allurians," have their usual forebodings. They fear that the time and attention given to acquiring handskill will detract from the other studies. The giant Antæus of old, wrestling with Hercules, returned to the conflict with redoubled strength whenever he touched his mother Earth. So our pupils struggling with their first strong opponents find renewed vigor in manipulating the products of nature with skilful hands. "Manual Training," says Col. Parker, "is at the bottom of all mental growth." Again, the aforesaid "fossils" claim that we have no time for hand training, but when well managed this form of culture becomes recreation, and can be substituted in part for the usual amusements. If necessary cut out some of the "ologies" and let the pupils learn common sense, unless it will injure their delicate brains.

The argus-eyed trade unions cry out against the overcrowding of particular trades. Let me ask that potent body, the Knights of Labor, "Gentlemen, do you expect to live forever in the prime of manhood? Do you believe that because your boys are taught to handle a saw, or your girls to drive a nail, that all the rising generation will become carpenters?" It seems plain enough that the use of one tool creates a longing to use another and yet another, and so it goes on.

If the plumbers for example, desiring to make such fabulous fortunes as are dreamed of by the newspaper humorist, should combine to pass a law preventing housewives from mending their own kettles, it would be about as ridiculous as the opposition of certain organizations to hand-training at the public expense. As for the teachers, they will come when they are wanted. If the state desires to have handskill taught, the State Normal School will prepare instructors, and those who are already teaching can qualify themselves according to sex and position in

school. The lack of teachers is a weak objection, for let the public school teachers be paid anything above starvation wages, and they will always stand by the best interests of education and the state.

Now you may ask, of what benefit will this instruction be to the pupil? It will give him an erect carriage, a steady eye, a firm hand, a clear brain. It will set each-nerve thread tingling and send the blood coursing through every tiny channel until his whole frame glows and quivers like Iroquois after the Derby. It will give him self-respect and its consequent honesty, in the consciousness that he is becoming a power in this busy world. It will give him habits of exactness, industry, application, that will surely stand by him in the walks of life.

In school such work would form a pleasing relief from the mental treadmill that characterizes the graded schools. The boys who drop out in increasing ratio from the lower grades up through the high school would remain, eager to acquire such practical training, and this would raise the intellectual and moral tone of our most useful class of citizens. Those students who will follow other branches of industry cannot fail to find use for their knowledge in many ways. Carlyle says: "Man is a tool using animal;" and so to be true to nature we must direct this inclination into its proper channels. The dreamer must be rudely awakened to a sense of his responsibility and placed before the anvil or the bench with the idea of producing something. He will be all the better for a taste of the practical and realistic; never fear but that he will thank you for it at some future time.

The physical degeneracy of our school children calls for prompt measures; as we can combine work with play and reap benefit in every direction, why should we delay this needed reform? Bring it to the attention of the legislative bodies; their sluggish waters need stirring with the long pole of Public Opinion. The teaching of hand-craft is necessary and practicable; what difference then will a few dollars more or less make in the plethora public purse, when such great interests as the happiness and prosperity of our working classes depend upon it? In the shop is the industrious and intelligent mechanic with his paper cup and leather apron, plying his hammer from morning till night; out on the corner stands the dissolute and dreaded hoodlum with his low-crowned hat and spotted shirt, diligently puffing an abominable cigarette. Which will make the better citizen? Which do you wish your boys to become?

W. W. COOPER.

CAPTURED BY THE APACHES.

[A TRUE STORY.]

APRIL 21, 1887.—We were on our way to Arizona and had reached a small place in New Mexico called the "Soldiers' Farewell," where my story begins. Just a short time before our arrival we heard to our dismay that Victoria's band was on the war path. Even to think of continuing our journey was madness, so we remained at the Fort for about a week, when a company of soldiers under Captain Faxon were ordered west to gather and protect the ranchmen and their families. As we could travel as fast as they we accompanied them. "We," consisted of Mr. J., his wife and two children, eight men and our family, making altogether seventeen.

MARCH 3, 1879.—We left the Fort early this morning and ever since ten o'clock it has been stifling. Not a breath of air is stirring. The sky is as black as night and it is only four o'clock. Is that smoke we see in the distance? Some say, "Yes," others, "No," but surely there must be a fire somewhere, for the wind that is rising scorches my face and the horses are acting so strangely. We will know, however, as soon as we reach the summit. Listen! Is it only the roar of thunder or the tramping of horses, we hear? "Indians!" comes from every mouth, but we are mistaken. It is only a solitary horseman riding as if his life was at stake. He reaches us, panting and unable to speak, but hurriedly hands a dispatch to the captain and the officer reads: "Help for God's sake! Station destroyed. Five men killed. Women taken prisoners. Hurry!" There is a hurried consultation and our little army leaves us. By this time it has grown pitch dark, and we are only enabled to see each other by the flashes of snake lightning in the distance. As luck will have it, however, we have reached the *acquia* just in time to camp for the night. Near by stand the ruins of an old adobe mansion, evidently destroyed by marauding bands of Indians, and this we proceed to occupy. All being tired and worn out, we are soon fast asleep. How long we slept I know not, but we are suddenly awakened by a terrific shock of thunder which seems to shake the very ground under us, and rushing out we see that the very heavens are ablaze. The howls of wild animals, combined with the thunder's roar, enhance the frightful scene. The men go out to quiet the horses, but the animals, wild with fright, break their staves and bound madly away. The fire rolls over the

mountain, sweeping everything before it. Like a great monster it stretches out its greedy arms and fairly dances toward its human victims. What shall we do? Our horses gone and we are choking to death. If the rain ever comes, will it fall on our charred bodies? The whole world seems full of hideous monsters, running, flying, lither, thither; everywhere!—In our very faces they seemed, must we be tortured by these? Is not that frightful roaring fire enough? Nearer, nearer, nearer it comes—. The long looked for rain now breaks forth with all the fury of a cyclone, lasting just long enough to extinguish the fire.

MARCH 5, 1879.—After the fire the other night none of us were able to sleep, so we sat in the darkness and talked and talked until about four o'clock, when all at once we heard the most horrible and unearthly yells that can be imagined, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were taken prisoners by the Indians. The men were tied so that they could move neither hand nor foot, and strapped to the backs of Indian horses. The women were made to walk. Mrs. J.'s two-year old child, frightened by the noise and confusion, began to scream and would not be quieted. All this seemed to annoy the leader, for he took the child away from its mother, fastened a lariat to one little baby foot, then threw the infant out among the century plants. The long, sharp thorns, piercing the baby flesh, very likely killed it instantly. The father, in his frantic endeavors to free himself, bit at the rope which bound his wrists until the blood flowed from hands and mouth. The horse to which he was tied, becoming frightened, reared, tried to throw his rider, then bounded away. One of the Indians seeing this, coolly lifted his government rifle and shot the man dead. After this all was quiet. The Indians were rapidly making their way to their mountain fastnesses, and, if they had succeeded in reaching this stronghold, they could have easily defied a thousand soldiers; but it so happened that our little army was in pursuit of this very band and they succeeded in overtaking us before night. A sharp fight ensued, during which three of our men were killed and several wounded. Ten of the Indians were slain, and the remainder were afterwards taken back to the reservation, the Government kindly supplying them with food, blankets, and rifles for their next year's raid.

MARCH 10, 1879.—We, have reached Fort Cummings in safety, escorted by the soldiers, and here, lying on the cool grass, under the shade of a sycamore, I'll bid you, dear Journal, "Good bye."

MALBIE T. LIVINGSTON.

OUR SOCIETIES.

One of the most prominent features in any school, besides its course of study, is society organizations. That they aid greatly in the work of the school needs no other proof than that societies find existence in every school where intellectual, social and moral advancement is the motive power. All educators unite in the encouragement of these promoters of social developments, and their efforts are never allowed to pass unrewarded, as is clearly shown in the past history of our own societies. The oldest and most prominent of which is the Y. M. N. D. Society. With pride it traces its history from the death of the old Philomathean, of which it was the outgrowth. Its history has been a not uneventful one, but notwithstanding the many obstacles that were thrown in its way, and the prediction of an early death, it has lived and prospered, and under the careful guidance of its ever-watchful president, we may predict for its future a record even better than the past.

But as the young men of the school are but a small minority and are, according to the young ladies, by no means the center of social and intellectual development, our fair friends decided to organize a society where they too could share in the benefits of its meetings. Out of this movement grew the present Nortonian Society, whose pleasing and well prepared programs have been listened to with profit by those who have any desire for social improvement.

Last but not least the Senior Literary and Scientific Association passes before our view. Although young in this world's experience we feel that we may justly claim that it has found the path to success in literary and scientific research. The members of these societies are to be congratulated upon their rich inheritance and commended for their unrelaxing interest and support.

The following is a list of the officers of the several societies:

Y. M. N. D.—G. A. Tebbe, President; J. J. Jury, Vice-President; James Petray, Recording Secretary; G. G. Taylor, Treasurer; F. Barthel, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Nortonian—Fred L. Arbogast, President; Miss M. Sullivan, Vice-President; Miss Bosworth, Secretary; Elmer Cave, Treasurer.

S. L. S. A.—L. J. Geary, President; H. G. Cotter, Vice-President; Wm. Greenwell, Recording Secretary; Wm. Murray, Corresponding Secretary; Walter Gray, Treasurer.

L. J. G.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Owing to some mistake an account of the entertainments given by the pupils of this school was omitted in the last issue of this paper. Hence the heading.

On the evening of December 2, 1887, a joint reception was given by the Senior class. During the first part of the evening a short musical and literary program was rendered, the most notable features of which were the farce of "Young Loochinvar" and the pantomime of "Mary Jane," both of which were well read and acted. The curtain having dropped for the last time, all descended to the lower hall, where games and dancing were indulged in. At a later hour ice-cream and cakes were partaken of, the drawing-room having been converted into a very suitable refreshment room. They seemed loath to leave this room, but as everything must come to an end, the familiar sound of the gong reminded all that it was not time to gather up books and proceed to the next class-room, but time to don wraps and turn face homeward, the universal sentiment being that the evening had been a pleasant one.

About two weeks later, just before the school closed for the holidays, the semi-annual of the Y. M. N. D. and Nortonian Societies took place. In honor of the occasion the following programs were rendered:

PART FIRST.

Duet.....	Misses Layson and Promis.
Recitation.....	Miss Ward.
Violin solo.....	Miss Paull.
Recitation.....	Miss Burgess.
Instrumental duet.....	Miss McLeran and Mr. Reed.
Medley recitation—Messrs. Black, Rayburn, and Barthel; Misses Baggett, Hinds, and Crane.	
Society paper.....	Edited by Miss Welch.

PART SECOND.

Operetta—Pauline, Belle of Saratoga.	
Tableau—Nydia.....	Miss Morrison.
Tableau—Rebecca at the Well—Miss Dimon and Miss Herrington.	

The paper read by Miss Maud Welch excited a great deal of amusement, though quite often it was at the expense of those who enjoyed it most. The operetta was deserving of special mention. Lord Lytton's blind girl was brought before us in such a manner as to almost make us imagine that the reality had assumed the flesh once more.

Miss Dimon and Mr. Herrington posed most admirably in "Rebecca at the Well." We should like to have witnessed this scene a little longer, however, especially as Mr. Herrington's face no

longer haunts the Normal halls. Space forbids any further comments, but we can say most truthfully that the entire programme showed great care and practice in its preparation. S. P. W.

PROFESSOR KELLOGG'S ADDRESS.

On the 12th ult. the students met in the Assembly Hall to listen to an address by Prof. E. L. Kellogg, of New York, a prominent educator. Professor Kellogg said that he has worked hard in the interests of education, and whatever success he has achieved he attributed to the Normal School. He began teaching when he was eighteen years old, but found that a knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, etc., was not sufficient to enable him to teach. After he had been teaching some months, he met a Normal graduate, and realizing how superior were the methods of this teacher, he resolved to become a student of the Normal School. He was obliged to borrow \$100 for the purpose. This sum of money, small as it seems, did an immense amount of good, and within a year after being borrowed was paid back in full.

The speaker congratulated the pupils upon their good fortune in being students of the Normal School. He said that here they gain a clear idea of what education is. During his attendance at the school, Professor Kellogg rid himself of the mistaken idea that it was only necessary to drill the pupils on cases, arithmetic, and parsing, and he learned that memorizing without application is contrary to nature, and is not in accordance with the laws of God. While in the Normal School, Professor Kellogg came to a realization of the fact that it is necessary to interest the pupil if you wish to develop the powers of his mind, and in order to interest your pupils you yourself must be interesting. The good teacher makes his school the center of interest in the district, while the unskillful pedagogue teaches day after day in a school that is dusty and forebore, and almost a tradition in the district.

The speaker closed his address by reminding the students that their work will continue long after he has returned to dust, and that a record will be kept above, and he charged them to be careful to have that record a fair one.

XMAS CLASS, '88.

On Dec. 27th, 1887, members of the Xmas Class of '86 met in the Normal building. The object of the meeting was to determine the time and place of the next annual reunion. After discussion, it was decided that it should take place in July '88, in San Francisco, at the time of the National Teachers' Association; when it is hoped there can be a full attendance of the class, and a pleasant and profitable reunion.

ALL SORTS.

What is upper C? Why C?—

Jack Frost has been about pinching noses.

"O, where has Fowl(er) flown?" is the Senior A.

Wanted—A mustache insigniator for the Normal boys.

Prof. K—— says a molecule is a thing that is immensely small.

What is the favorite gait of the Normalites? The front gait, of course.

Ask any young lady of Senior B for the technical name of Jury livery.

Senior logic: A parrot talks; a woman talks; therefore, a woman is a parrot.

Problem for Middle A's—(Junior A) $4\frac{1}{2}H$; (Middle B) $2\frac{1}{2}G$; (Middle A) $4\frac{1}{2}I$; (Senior B) $7\frac{1}{2}J$.

One of the Professors is trying to master the pronunciation of the French "brough."

"I'll keep order to-morrow if I don't do anything else" is the frequent remark of the Senior A's.

If Sarah, Sadie and Sara are one and the same girl, Mr. R—— wants to know who Sally is.

Why is it the Senior A class has the reputation of being the noisiest class in school? Because it is.

Ask Mr. M—— of Senior B how far it is from the swinging rings to the ground if your feet fail to touch.

Since the Junior A's have begun the study of zoological physiology the price of hearts has risen.

Since a premium of ten cents has been offered, we notice that the costage of the minutes has increased.

The Middle A Class expects to have an examination in algebra soon, "if the weather continues propitious."

How far is it from the top of an H generator to the ceiling? Light the jet before testing gas and find out.

A Senior A's thoughts on entering the Training Department are, "Present fears are less than horrible imaginings."

Write the reaction: Antimony sulphide $\frac{1}{2}$ $KClO_3 \frac{1}{2}$ ashure hair. Spontaneous combustion with unpleasant odor.

Two Normalites in conversation: SAR: "Mr. ——, do you live on the beach?" HE (indignantly): "No; I'm not a clam!"

A young lady recently promoted to the High Junior was heard to remark, "I'm sorry I was promoted; I would rather be a 'Lohman'."

During the cold snap it was noticed that a great number of the Normalites walked with a bubble. O, dear, what could the matter be?

Two young ladies of Middle B met with quite an accident one evening in the North Methodist Church. They were saved by a "miracle."

Miss Fannie R. Schallenberger, a highly esteemed member of Senior B class, was compelled by ill health to remain at home this term. Her friends deeply regret to part with one who has been identified with them so long, but sincerely hope to see her again next term.

Our Board is to be congratulated on securing the services of Prof. Holway, who has been until lately Principal of the San Jose High School.

The smiling face of L. Jennie Jones is again seen at the Normal. The class was bereft of much of its brightness while she was away.

Miss Edith Kinsey, one of the brightest of last term's Middle B, being detained at home by sickness, is sadly missed by her former classmates.

The Faculty having heretofore made it a rule to dispense with all male pupils, have this term allowed the girls of Junior A to adapt three small boys.

Problem in Household Sciences.—Why is it that the boys are being vaccinated on their right arm? Because the girls are being vaccinated on the left arm.

According to the theory of Mr. B. of Middle A, the pedal extremities of the immortal Shakespeare must have been wonderful to contemplate before he finished his career.

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Zoological specimens are said to be preserved by the Middle B's in *Beetles*, spiders being the special favorites. One young lady even went so far as to be enraptured with a *Worm*.

According to the theory of Mr. B., of Middle A, the pedal extremities of the immortal Shakespeare must have been wonderful to contemplate before he finished his career.

Junior A algebra pupil:—"Do two minus signs always produce a plus?" Professor (busy with papers):—"Yes, yes, always." Pupil (to friend):—"Now, you see, my standing will be C +."

Junior A Algebra Pupil:—"Do two minus signs always produce a plus?" Professor (busy with papers):—"Yes, yes, always." Pupil to friend:—"Now, you see, my standing will be C plus."

Why should Middle A be a successful class? It is well *fixed*, has a *jury* to decide knotty questions, has a *Good-man* to look after its interests, and possesses the only real *Good* of the school.

Miss B.—of Middle B2 is somewhat puzzled over the following: "If 20 per cent. of my sales is profit, what is my gain per cent.?" Perhaps some of the Seniors may be able to relieve her from the mental suspense she is now passing through.

The Normal School is like a monstrous hive. It is populous with many industrious workers, each busily engaged in garnering his store of knowledge. At regular intervals of twenty weeks the drones are cast out, hungrily realizing the loss of the sweets they have refused to cull from the bountiful harvest before them.

What different young-folks call their paternal ancestors: The baby—da da; the farmer boy—dad; the little girl—papa; the college swell—the gov'nor; the young tough—the old man; the dude—*mos jeev*; the "masher"—paw; the jolly school boy—pop; the jolly school girl—poppy; the little negro—fodder; the sensible girl and boy—father.

WANTED.—The straw that broke the camel's back: A lock of the man-in-the-moon's hair. To see a woman jump at a conclusion. To know the size of Father Time's sybil. To know how many steps in the ladder of fame. To know how many mats has the Ship of State.

Those who think that no one but an experienced teacher can impart Algebra are laboring under a very grave mistake. The Middle A2 and the Middle A3 class wish to inform those persons that a *Child's* ability to teach that subject is far superior to that of some older person.

Why is one of the Middle A classes like an English park? It has beautiful *Woods*, bubbling *Springs*, *Blue-Bellies*, *Myrtles*, *Roses*, *Daisies* and lovely *daisies*; and in the matter of statuary it has three *Graces* that are superior to any work of art, ancient or modern, while its natural freshness and verdancy is too well known to require comment.

The Senior boys are justly proud of their new society, its members may be known by the society badge of orange, blue and white ribbon. An artistic bulletin board hangs in the hall, upon which may be seen the programs of the various meetings. *Prose*, poetry and science alternate, affording an excellent field for study. The evening of February 4th will be devoted to astronomy. Prof. Kieberger will deliver a lecture. All the young men of the Normal are invited to attend this meeting. An excellent feature of this society is that its work pertains directly to the regular school course.

What is it ails the Normal girl?

What has been done to wound her?

For she's cold as ice, when she once was nice,

When you chance to come around her,

Why does she seem so gloomy and cross,

Resting her arm in a sling across?

If you touch her arm you do some harm,

For the tears in her sweet eyes spring.

You feel like a fool when she treats you cool,

And calls you a "mean, awkward thing."

It's at once considered the secret be solved,

And this is the way you begin:

Taking her hand in yours you say,

"What makes you feel so cross to-day?"

She begins to sob, but at last she'll shout

In words of disapprobation,

"I wish you'd go home and leave me alone,

"Tis my last week's vaccination."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a cooler will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's, he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never,
On a long winter evening when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, in one's dreaminess half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss S. C. Hurdly, Dec. '85, is teaching in Benton, Mono county.

Miss Nettie Sharpe, Dec. '85, is teaching in Washoe City, Nevada.

Miss Winnie Sledge, Dec. '85, is still teaching in the Fresno city school.

Miss Frances Murray, Dec. '85, is teaching in the Darwin school, Inyo county.

Miss Nannie E. Tuttle, May '85, is married and at present residing in Los Angeles.

Miss Frances Grierson, May '85, will not teach this term owing to her recent illness.

George B. Allen, May '87, taught five months in Hottelshaw district, Trinity county.

Miss Lou Grove, Dec. '86, is at present substituting in the Los Angeles school department.

Miss Mary T. Moorey, Dec. '85, is teaching in the Urban school, Hyde street, San Francisco.

J. J. Zellan, Dec. '85, holds the position of Vice-Principal of the Madras public school.

Miss Birdie E. Stoddard, Dec. '84, is still teaching in the Putnam primary school in San Francisco.

Miss Carrie F. Donnelly, Dec. '84, has not been enjoying very good health and is not teaching at present.

James B. Atchison, Dec. '85, is teaching in the primary department of the Forest City school, Sierra county.

Miss Adeline Spafford, Dec. '84, has resumed her position as teacher in the Academy at Eureka.

Miss Annie Peasycroft, May '87, has been teaching in one of the Vallejo schools since her graduation.

Louis C. Bailey, May '87, is now teaching his second term in Scott's Valley school, near Lakeport, Lake county.

Miss Nettie Falconer, May '87, is teaching in the Green Mountains district, Madison county.

Miss Midge Clayes, May '87, has resumed her second term's work at her school in Peats, Butte county.

Miss Annie McCauley, May '87, will open her school in the Lone Tree District, near Antioch, in March.

Miss Maggie Cox, May '87, is assistant teacher in the Lindley school district, Monterey county.

Miss Annschel Tuttle, Dec. '85, is now teaching in one of the Los Angeles city schools.

Miss A. Wakeman, May '84, has taught several terms in the Franklin school, East Oakland.

Miss Esther Jensen, May '87, has resumed her second term's work in one of the Napa city schools.

Miss Loua Jones, May '84, has taught in Contra Costa county ever since her graduation.

Miss Jennie McWilliams, May '87, taught three months in the Spring Valley school in San Diego county, but owing to the recent death of her father resigned her position in favor of Miss Armstrong, May '87.

Miss Carrie Somers, Dec. '86, is teaching in the Ashan public school and finds her work very pleasant.

Miss Helen Spafford, Dec. '87, has not taught since her graduation, and is at her home in San Francisco.

Miss Flora Hunriker, May '86, has taught steadily since her graduation, in the Cloverdale public school.

Doca A. Perry, Dec. '84, has been fortunate enough to be elected to a position in one of the Los Angeles city schools.

John F. Ogden, Dec. '85, has resumed his second term's work at Franklin district, Yuba City, Sutter county.

Miss Maggie Kottinger, May '85, has been engaged to teach another term in Hayeh district, Santa Clara county.

Minnie Ward, Dec. '85, has been engaged a second term as teacher of a school in Paradise, a small town near Oroville.

Miss Fannie A. Cottle, May '87, has not taught since her graduation, not having succeeded in procuring a school.

Miss Lena Barkley, May '86, has taught since her graduation, ten miles from Chico, which is her home.

Miss Flora E. Lacy, May '85, has charge of the sixth and seventh primary grades in the new Branchville school, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Graves, formerly a student of the Normal, has charge of the primary department of the Kelseyville school, Lake county.

Miss Agnes Gillespie, May '87, after passing an examination has assumed charge of an ungraded school at Park City, Utah.

Hilda C. Soderstrom, May '87, still holds her position as teacher in the San Antonio valley school in Santa Clara county.

Miss M. Rath Thompson, Dec. '85, commences her third term's work in Collin's district, Santa Clara county, next March.

Mrs. Hoyeh, nee Richardson, Dec. '84, since last November has resided in San Diego, having given up teaching for a while.

Miss Stella M. Herndon, May '85, has been teaching in Laguna district, Santa Clara county, ever since being graduated.

Miss Cora Somers, May '87, is teaching in the mining town of Yankee Jim's. Miss Zilla Hayford preceded her as teacher in that district.

Mrs. F. Glass, nee Cox, Dec. '85, taught two years in the Oak Grove district school with great success, and is now residing in Marinier.

F. L. Caugh, May '86, is teaching his second term at Carpenteria, Santa Barbara county. He expects to attend a dental college in the fall.

Miss Ella M. Larnard, May '87, has taught one term in Antelope district, San Benito county, and expects to teach the same school next term.

Miss Lydia Adams, Dec. '86, is teaching in the Fredericksburg school, Alpine county. She has been appointed a member of the Board of Education for Alpine county.

Miss Mary Holmes, Dec. '86, has completed her year as teacher in the Summit district, Altamont, Alameda county. She is not teaching at present.

Marion E. Truc, Dec. '85, has finished her second term as teacher of the Junction school, and is now at her home in Millford, Lassen county.

Miss Annie Albrecht, May '87, has completed her first term's work in the San Pascual school, six miles from Bernardino, San Diego county.

Miss Annie Cochran, Dec. '84, has begun her second term as teacher of the primary department of her school in Baile, Mono county.

Will E. Tebbe, May '87, was obliged to close his school near Chico last November, on account of diphtheria, but has reopened it with a small attendance.

Miss Beale Gibbons, May '85, will take charge of a school near her home in Alameda. She has finished her second term in the Mountain district school, Monterey county.

Miss Susie Harvey, Dec. '87, will commence her first teaching in the public school at Alvarado. Miss Edith Grainger, May '86, resigned in her favor.

Mrs. Dr. J. L. Liefkes, *new Rison*, May '82, is now residing at 1132 Kentucky street, San Francisco. She was married the 20th of last December at Lund.

Miss Ida C. Nichols, May '85, taught two terms successfully in the Spring Hill district, Sonoma county, and is now pursuing higher studies in Freestone, Sonoma county.

Tillie M. Clark, May '85, is still teaching in Union district, Sutter county. She presented the best methods of number work at the Institute, a joint one of Sutter and Yuba counties.

Miss Etta Herrman, Dec. '85, will begin her second term's work in Oak Grove district, Santa Clara county, some time next month. She is spending her vacation at her home in San Jose.

The Alumni Association of the State Normal School, held its meeting on the evening of December 2nd in the Assembly Hall of this school. The minutes of the last summer's meeting were read and the usual business was transacted. After a short explanation by Prof. Allen, of the work done in the Reading Circle, the names of those wishing to join the Circle, and the names of those desiring to become members of the Alumni, were taken. A social chat followed, in which former acquaintances were renewed, old faces bringing back old times.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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"SNOW-BOUND."

This poem of Whittier's, of which I will attempt to give an abstract in prose, was dedicated to the happy group which it describes, and the memory of their joyous but simple home life among the New England hills.

It was a bleak December day. The sun had not risen in his full splendor; even at noon the rays from his darkly encircled disc were little more brilliant than moonlight. The cold was so intense that even the thick homespun of the farmer boys could not keep it out. This peculiar, biting cold told plainly of an approaching snowstorm. Meantime, the boys of Whittier's household were busy doing their nightly chores and preparing for the storm. Wood was brought in, the animals were all safely housed, hay from the mow was raked down for the cattle, and the horse was given a liberal feed of corn. Night came on early; the sun faded from view before it set. Early in the evening the snow began to fall; soon the flakes were falling, not one by one, but by myriads, driven by the strong west wind. Before the early bed-time came, the white snow had gathered thick on the window-frame, and the clothes-line posts were transformed into sheeted spectres. All night the storm raged on. All the next day the snowflakes fell thick and fast. When the second morning dawned cold and gray, no familiar sights were to be seen; only a smooth mound of snow marked the place where the brush heap was. The pig-pen was a beautiful dome, and the well-curb had a Chinese roof.

Now that the storm had ceased the animals must be attended to at once, so the boys made a path from the house to the barn, and where the drifts were deepest they tunneled through.

They had read of Aladdin's Cave, and to their tunnel they gave his name. When the barn was reached they were greeted in animal language by the hungry prisoners there. The old horse put his head out and gravely gazed at them; the cock's salutations were audible. The oxen lashed their tails, and the horned patriarch of the sheep quietly shook his head and stamped his foot.

All day the north wind whirled the light snow. The sun shone dimly through the driving mists, and when it set the full moon rose, casting over the white and glistening snow a light which seemed to make the coldness visible. All familiar sounds were hushed; even the gurgling brooklet was frozen and still; only within were things unchanged. A bright fire burned in the hearth, and a happy group gathered around it.

The father lived again his happy life, and shared it with the others. He told of his life among the Indians, of hunting and fishing; then he repeated marvelous stories of witchcraft. The mother told how the Indians came down on Coheco scalping the white settlers. She, too, carried the children back to her childhood's home. Then she told, in tones more sober, of early Quaker perse-

entions. The uncle, learned only in the book of nature, told of his feats with rod and gun; how he trapped the mink and woodchuck, and how he got the eagle's eggs. Then there was the dear aunt; a sweet, loving and unselfish woman. She told of huskings, of sleigh-rides in winter, and boat-rides in summer. The two sisters were there also; the elder a noble, generous girl; the younger, sweet and confiding, the pet of the family. Both are now safe in immortality. The district school teacher was there that night. He teased the cat, sang songs, told tales of college life, and made himself entertaining. His father had been an industrious farmer, but being able to gain from the sterile northern soil only scant subsistence, the son early became self-supporting. He was not too proud to teach in lonely, lowland district schools, or even during vacation to peddle wares from town to town. He seemed a careless boy that night beside the fire; but behind his desk he was a wise and scholarly man, large-brained, clear-eyed—to such as he our country owes its liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of action, and freedom from cruel caste. One other of the family remains to be described. She was a visitor, half welcomed, not unfearful. From beneath her low brows her lustrous eyes flashed back the brilliant firelight. Since that night she has wandered far and long.

At last the great fire burned low, the watch hanging on the wall mutely pointed to the hour of nine. This signal broke up the happy party. The uncle knocked the ashes from his pipe, and tenderly laid it away. The mother laid her work aside, and paused a moment to express her grateful thanks for food and shelter, warmth and health, and to ask that none might lack for these blessings on that bitter night. Next morning all were awakened by the merry shouts of teamsters breaking the road. At each house they stopped to obtain recruits for the work. The next passer-by was the wise old doctor, who stopped to say that a sick neighbor would need the mother's aid that night.

The days went on; a week had passed since the snow had placed them in such a close blockade. The few books in the house were read and re-read; even the almanac had a due share of attention. At last the mail carrier brought to their door the weekly newspaper. This was hailed with delight. It told of the busy life of the town; of difficulties with the Indians; of vendue sales of articles stolen or lost; of deaths, marriages, and births. It had its love story, and its corner for the latest production of the rustic muse. This broke the long blockade, and all the world was theirs once more.

Clasp, angel of the past, thy book wherein are mingled pictures of joy and sorrow, where the green hills of life shade off to mournful cypresses! It was the author's earnest desire that this simple picture of home life might cause some busy, care-worn one in crowded cities to look back with love to their own childhood homes, and be refreshed by tender memories of days gone by.

To me, this poem is a good example of how much can be extracted from common, every day life by an educated and thoughtful person. Though we cannot all frame our thoughts in beautiful language for the benefit of the world, as Whittier does, we ought, nevertheless, to cultivate these thoughts for our own profit and enjoyment.

W. T. S.

THE CHOLIAN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Thursday evening, December 22, the Chollian Society held an open meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School. The programme was opened by an instrumental solo, rendered by Miss Annie Cohn. Then followed the Editors' Table, by Misses May King and Minnie Stout. They were by no means reserved in disclosing the special likings of the members of the society, which furnished many hearty laughs for the audience. The vocal solo, by Miss Florence Longly, was excellently rendered, and the audience was rather disappointed at having no response to the hearty encore. Miss Farnsworth's recitation was comical beyond description. In the "Ten Virgins," the beauty of the scene, together with the life-like manner in which it was conducted, almost compelled one to forget his situation, and believe himself to be witnessing the original scene.

This was followed by a beautiful tableau, "Blue Beard's Wives." An instrumental solo, by Miss Mabel Fitzgerald, was excellently rendered. Ten of the young ladies appeared in the short comedy, "Peek Sisters," which was a decided success. The recital of the Sisters' history, and the various musical selections, did ample justice to the little company.

The "Cholian Harmonic Band" was well deserving of the name; and if such harmony attends all the meetings of the society, no wonder they are successful. The tableau the "Three Graces," closed the entertainment. The programme was in all respects interesting and amusing.

The society consists solely of the young ladies of the present Middle B class, and though lately organized, bears all the distinctive marks of one of long standing.

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