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# The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., AUGUST, 1886.

No. 1.

## NORMAL BOOKS!

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SAN JOSE, CAL.

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# The Normal Index.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1886.

No. 1.

## The Normal Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - - CALIFORNIA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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Single copies, ten cents.  
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Manager.

### EDITORIAL BOARD:

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Entered at the San Jose Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

McKEN BROS., Printers and Bookbinders, 45 to 51 South First Street.

THE INDEX now begins the issue of its second volume. After a happy year of successful growth, it steps out boldly on its first anniversary and sends greetings to its old friends and hopes to find many new ones during its future travels.

Looking back over its short existence, it remembers how, by the aid of friendly hands, it has been able to sail the stormy seas of the past. Relying on this help in the future, it feels strong and able to battle with the elements that may beset it.

Most of its old guardians have gone from the Normal; but they are not forgotten, and the INDEX sincerely hopes that they will keep their eyes on its future, and counsel and advise whenever opportunity offers.

With this issue five of the INDEX guardians make their initial bow. The old members of the Board simply smile, and renew their promises of fidelity to our cause.

The new members come without previous experience, but they sincerely hope that they will be cheerfully received, and that their efforts may receive the commendation of the many readers of the INDEX.

It HAS been said that the Americans are a newspaper-reading people. It is a reputation we should be proud of and should try to preserve, for it is a sign of progress. The early English Governor, who thanked God there were no printing presses in his colony, understood the value of a newspaper as a medium for exchange of thoughts.

The motive with which we read a paper controls the benefit derived from it. To get useful information should be our motive. When, through a newspaper, we can learn to-day what took place yesterday north and south, east and west of us, why confine our attention to the society notes? Our thoughts are already too apt to move in too small a circle. Especially in our school-days are we likely to live in a little world of our own, in an atmosphere of arithmetic, grammar and history. Then it seems difficult to find time for such reading, but it can and should be done.

To fill our places in the world we must not shut ourselves like the hermit crab in his shell, but we must know what is being thought, said and done.

### EDITORSHIP

Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quality of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the more writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else, and that, we know, is half the battle. But, we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, its aim, manliness, dignity and its propriety.—*Courier Journal*.

## SENIOR RESOLUTIONS.

We, the Seniors, recognizing the NORMAL INDEX as the child of our adoption, are in duty bound to do all in our power to make its life a success.

Be it therefore resolved: That, in the distribution of our patronage among the merchants of San Jose, we will trade only with those who advertise in the NORMAL INDEX, and that we will use all our influence in their favor.

In order that all may take fair warning, be it further resolved: That a copy of these resolutions, signed by our President and Secretary, be printed in the INDEX.

Adopted at a regular meeting of the Senior A class, held Aug. 25, 1886.

DUNCAN SPYRLING, President.  
ANNABEL TUTTLE, Secretary.

Adopted by the unanimous vote of the Senior B classes, August 25, 1886.

W. E. TERRE, President.  
T. T. KOENIG, Secretary.

## THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS.

EDITOR NORMAL INDEX:—As a member of the May Class of '86, I wish to enter a protest against the truth and spirit of an article appearing in the May number of the INDEX; the item referred to says: "The picture of the May Class of '86, taken by Mr. Wright, is very unsatisfactory to a majority of that class. The class was certainly very much disappointed in not getting a better class picture, and the few that purchased the class picture did so very reluctantly." It will be sufficient refutation to state the facts in the case.

When the class agreed to allow Mr. Wright to finish the pictures, it was with the express understanding that no picture need be accepted unless satisfactory. This rule was strictly adhered to by Mr. Wright, he going so far as to give some members five or six different sittings in order to insure a good picture. Later on, when the class picture was in preparation, Mr. Wright, as a matter of self-protection, requested that the class appoint a committee of six to decide whether the picture should be accepted by the class. In an open class-meeting this plan was adopted by an almost unanimous vote, the committee was appointed, and decided to accept the pictures. Under this agreement forty-five of the fifty-three members of the class purchased pictures; since then five or six more have been ordered from Mr. Wright.

As to the animus of the article, it is enough to say that it was inserted without the consent or knowledge of the majority of the editorial board; and we are led

to the inevitable conclusion that the writer erred from an unnecessary lack of information, or made use of the columns of the paper to parade his individual spite.

Very truly yours,

L. J. LATHWICK.

## THE Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

Since the commencement of school, the Y. M. N. D. Society has given three successful programmes. The society is in a flourishing condition, with a greatly increased membership.

The young men are awakening to the fact that the drill which they receive in parliamentary law, and the habit of addressing public bodies, is invaluable. The graduates who improved themselves by this opportunity say that they would not have missed it for any amount of money. Therefore, we hope the younger members of the school will feel they are to be greatly benefited if they make the most of their time while in the Society. Make an earnest endeavor while in the Junior, and then you will have accomplished a good deal before you graduate.

THE readers of the INDEX will note the appended correction to errors found in the article entitled "The Study of History," which appeared in the May issue.

Our correspondent is evidently not acquainted with the trials of a graduating editor or he would be more merciful in his criticism. We hope, however, that the correction will appear in time to save him from the "mortification" which he fears, were the errors accredited to him.

Errors: "The use of faults for fights, reposses for represses, depreciated for depraved, predominances for predomiances, correct for surest, and one or two other errors would reflect discredit upon a grammar grade pupil."

Character is largely formed by thinking, and our thought is under our control. Right thinking is the greatest factor in the formation of right character. Early in the history of our race the wise man said, under the influence of Divine inspiration, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thinking is like plowing. If done strong, deep and well, the harvest will be corresponding. Let a young man, a young woman, always think pure, elevated, strong, noble thoughts, and a pure, elevated, strong, noble character will be built by that young man or woman.—*Ex.*

Many young persons look upon education as something that will relieve them from labor. Teachers should see that this false idea is corrected. Education is a preparation for labor and not a relief from it.

## COLONEL PARKER.

On Monday last the Normal School had the pleasure of entertaining Colonel Francis W. Parker and his charming wife. These well-known educators, arriving early, spent the day in visiting the various classrooms for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the methods and teachers of our school.

At 3 o'clock p. m. Prof. Allen introduced to the school, and a fair delegation of the city teachers, Mrs. Parker, who entertained them for more than an hour with an account of the work being done in the Chicago Normal School (with which she is connected) in Del Sarte and voice-culture. The hints given in regard to the proper use of the voice were suggestive and valuable. While Mrs. Parker was explaining how many teachers refuse the assistance that should be rendered by the muscles about the waist, she could not fail to notice an attempt on the part of the young ladies to expand these muscles, and an expression of countenance that bespoke a resolve to burst the bands that enslaved them once and forever. The gymnastic exercise in Del Sarte, with which Mrs. Parker closed her remarks, was beautiful, and impressed us all with the thought that such grace of movement is well worth cultivating.

In the evening a large audience assembled to greet Colonel Parker and listen to whatever of truth he might have to teach on the subject: *Learn to do by doing*. Colonel Parker's oratory is characterized not so much by the grace of delivery and brilliancy as by the weight and force of his logic (!) and the earnestness of his delivery, for which a deep, intonatorial voice and a massive form render him peculiarly adapted.

We listened to the old tirade against technical grammar, to hints that Spelling, Geography, Algebra, etc., should be placed in the same category. The main part of the speaker's work was iconoclastic, overturning our present methods without giving anything practical to put in their place, and therefore on *Learning to do by Undoing*. In so far as this is true, the lecture was disappointing. A brief outline of the work actually done, either in Quincy or the Normal School, of which he has charge, would have been more satisfactory. Colonel Parker, however, emphasized the importance of the work of teaching, and by his earnestness conveyed the lesson that every teacher should be thoughtful, cognizant of the best methods, and unrelenting in doing individual work with his pupils, the secret of all success being love for one's work and love for others.

At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Parker recited two short Irish poems, "Katy's Answer," and "The Ride," giving the brogue in true Irish fashion, after which, by request, she repeated the gymnastic exercise before referred to.

Had Colonel Parker been heard to say that our lady teachers were the handsomest, and our professors the most profound and scholarly educators it had been his good fortune to meet, we should be pleased to chronicle his remark. What he *did* say, in the hearing of at least two reliable witnesses, is, that after having visited most of the schools in America, he is ready to say, that quite the finest appearance is presented by our well-appointed building and attractive grounds.

## WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN?

In company one evening, when the song, "Would I were a boy again," was called for, a gray-headed "old boy" discoursed thus:

A boy again? Who would be a boy, if he could? To have measles and mumps; to get scolded by older brothers; to stub toes; to do chores; to be made to stand up as the dunces for the amusement of the whole school, and be told how miserable, weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to have the teacher ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you; to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage plants and thin corn because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much; to be sent to school when you don't want to; to lose your marbles; to get hit in the eyes with apples and balls; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to be called a coward at school if you don't fight; to be punished at home if you do fight; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire crackers on the Fourth of July; to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the show when it comes to town and when all other boys go; to have the canker-mash, cat-schism, and stone bruises; to be called up to kiss old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own sister; to be told of a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington. *Why, who'd be a boy again?—Anonymous.*

"KNOWLEDGE is not what you learn, but what you remember. It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that makes you grow. It is not the money you handle, but that which you keep, that makes you rich. It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon, that makes you learned."

The teacher needs to be ready for every emergency. The best and most effective teaching is frequently done incidentally. An opportunity offers for enforcing a valuable lesson, and it must be taken account of, or the opportunity is forever lost.

## WHAT EDUCATION DOES FOR US.

The more complete and extensive a man's education the more able he is to accomplish whatever he undertakes. If he is naturally well endowed, and then thoroughly educated, failure can scarcely surprise him. Each power and part of man is educable. The educated hand is strong, steady, active, graceful and sensitive. The educated eye is alert, telescopic, microscopic, discriminating, capable of any tasks, accomplished in many social arts. The educated memory, comprehensive, unconfused, accurate, retentive, quick. The educated reason is ready, logical, tranquil, profound, laborious, masterly. The educated affections are tender, constant, vigilant to seek and do their office, beautiful, robust. The educated will is decisive, prompt, unswerving, immovable in its rest, irresistible in its god-like motion. An educated man is a grand conger of organs and forces, material and spiritual, working together in health and harmony, independent, mutually helpful, many in one, subordinate only to Him who is supreme. To educate a man is to give his hand, brain and heart, their maximum life, power and facility. "Know thyself," is the theoretical end of education; use thyself, is the practical end.

Practical education! it is not the knowledge of crafts, trades and professions. It is not that which confers skill in the use of this or that instrument, but that which confers upon man the right understanding and ready use of himself. That is a practical education, worthy of the name, which enable a person to maintain bodily health, strength and comeliness; to command his own muscles and nerves; to employ his organs of sense with accuracy and effect; to adapt himself to outward physical conditions; to subdue unruly appetites; to compel the material world to yield most benefits at least expense. That is practical education which enable a man to transact miscellaneous business with ease and dispatch; to preside with dignity at the called meeting; to perform the duty of trustee or guardian; to meet the requirement of family relations; to plan a house; to choose a book; to buy a picture; to derive profit or pleasure from travel. Practical education introduces a man to mankind, and acquaints him intimately with himself. That is practical education which assists one to rise above prejudices, bigotry, partisanship, superstition and conversational folly; to estimate himself and others with candor and correctness; to discern the significance of actions and the tendency of opinions and events; to sift the speech of the demagogue; to vote for the right man; to advocate the best measure. That is practical education which educates a human being to think his own way to conclusions with forcible accuracy; to ask and answer questions pertinent-

ly; to generalize without vagueness, and to specialize without triviality; to marshal his mental forces for an attack or defence in a sudden emergency, as an able commander marshals his regiments.

Yes, practical education should make of each man the most that the limits of his nature will admit. Education, like religion, offers a second birth to the soul. A good schooling regenerates the intellect, adding to the natural man an inestimable growth. Then will he remain a man, not dwindle to a manikin nor lapse into a brute. Then may he trust himself and be trusted by his fellows. Then may he master the art of living, having served his rigorous apprenticeship. Then may he confidently meet the years, clasping their friendly hands, as one by one they welcome him onward to success. For education helps to preserve body and soul from functional feebleness and decay. One of the sages of the Talmud declares that "As the wise grow old their minds become more substantiated." When boys and girls become restive in school, and over anxious to escape the discipline of study, they should be reminded that the acquisitiveness of eighteen may prove the most precious resource of eighty.—*Intelligencer*.

## WANTED! MAGNETIC, INFLUENTIAL TEACHERS.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, it is said when consulted by his daughter as to what studies she should pursue at school, replied pithily that "it made no difference what she studied; the question was with whom she studied." Here is contained a forcible truth, which teachers may well ponder. The influence of the teacher is far more important, far more lasting than his teaching. General Garfield once said that a log-cabin school house, with Dr. Hopkins in it, was college enough for him. The personality, the character, of the teacher, is of far more importance than the number of things he can teach.—*Ex*.

How often do we see the statement that one book read well is worth a dozen skimmed over. One of the best informed men of my acquaintance is not a constant reader, but he is a careful one. I think every young person should read Shakespeare. It may seem rather dry at first, but when you get a little acquainted with it, you will like it. I remember of reading of a young man from the south who entered a northern college. It was soon noticeable that in conversation he used only the purest English. His fellow students said he talked just like a book. On being asked how he acquired such a superior use of language, he replied that his reading material had consisted solely of the Bible and Shakespeare, and that by a constant companionship with such pure expressions he had gradually made them his own. The lesson from this is obvious.—*Ex*.

## SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

The witches get into my books, I know,  
 Or else it's fairy elves;  
 For when I study they plague me so,  
 I feel like one of themselves.  
 Often they whisper "Come and play,  
 The sun is shining bright!"  
 And when I fling my books away  
 They flutter with delight.  
 They dance among the stupid words,  
 And twist the rules awry;  
 And fly across the page like birds,  
 Though I can't see them fly.  
 They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,  
 They make me drowsy, too;  
 In fact, the more a fellow tries  
 To study, the worse they do.  
 They can't be heard, they can't be seen;  
 I know not how they look,  
 And yet they always lurk between  
 The leaves of a lesson-book.  
 Whatever they are, I cannot tell,  
 But this is plain as day—  
 I'll never be able to study well  
 As long as the book-elves stay.

## WORRY.

"Tis worry, not work, that's rust on the blade,"  
 How well this adage of Benjamin Franklin applies to  
 the Normal students.

We worry about to-morrow's lessons, the examinations to come, and those that are past. After an examination such questions are heard as, "Did you get the second example? I believe I had five per cent. instead of four. If I did, that makes one example that I have missed." Then we worry until the paper is returned. Let us spend the time studying instead of worrying, and the second example will not be missed in our next examination.

Does not this worry have such an influence over our minds that it prevents us from doing justice to our studies? The solving of a problem is much easier when the thoughts do not keep going to some other subject. And after we are once in the habit of allowing our thoughts to wander, it is much harder to center them on one subject for any length of time. It is said that memory is the daughter of attention: if we wish the daughter, we must court the mother. So if we only half think of the lesson we are trying to master, we cannot remember it from one day to the next, and on examination day we can answer but few of the questions.

How much more we find in life to enjoy if we are cheerful. Since worry tends to destroy all cheerfulness, let us do our best and be content with all results.

If we do not worry we will enjoy our lessons better, and perhaps when those years of work are over, we may sometime look back to them as the happiest period of our lives.

## PROFESSOR KRUISE.

Our Senior Classes had recently the rare pleasure of listening to an hour's lecture by Professor Kruse, of the Oswego Normal School. His talk was doubly interesting because of his close connection with Pestalozzi. Professor Kruse's father was for twenty years a leading and active teacher in the school of Pestalozzi, and for ten years father and son were engaged in teaching a Swiss government school for the training of teachers in Pestalozzian principles. Afterwards Professor Kruse taught several years in the Home and Colonial Institution, working out and adapting these methods to the English schools. Here it was that he first brought into use inventive drawing.

In this country he has for many years been a teacher in Normal Schools and a frequent speaker in Teachers' Institutes. For about twenty-five years now has he been connected with the Oswego Normal School as a teacher of pedagogics and other sciences.

In his speech he dwelt at length on the Pestalozzian principles and the necessity of guiding the child's activity. Give the child plenty to do, and then lead him in a pleasant and profitable manner. Remember always the principle: "Teach the child to do for himself." How much more interest will a child take in examining a butterfly he has had to chase to procure, than examining a dried specimen shown him on the table.

He also spoke of the value of drawing in schools; inventive drawing should receive a great deal of attention, especially when working with little children. But it should be so given as to lead up to object drawing, else its real value will be lost.

We would that he could have staid longer with us, for his speech was thoroughly instructive and replete with such helpful suggestions as only his experience could furnish.

## BRAINS AND WORK.

There are two ways of doing work, and these two ways we have daily illustrations in the man whom the world terms a "drudge," who seems only half alive, and plods on from day to day, not from any pride or interest he takes therein, but because he must work. The other man is keenly alive and active. There is scope for brain-work alongside of his manual toil, even in the lowest menial service, and he knows it. Now, those are the workers every vocation needs—men that aim to reach the highest attainable point in their department. Beware of grooves! They are excellent things to facilitate the movements of a piece of machinery, but when it comes to adjusting them to the human mechanism there should be righteous rebellion.—*Selected.*

## ALUMNI NOTES.

E. C. Cole, May '83, is teaching in Monterey county.  
 Miss Julia Crowley, May '86, has a school in Nevada.

Miss Grace Campbell, May '86, is teaching in Livermore.

Miss Adelaide Spafford, Dec. '85, is teaching at Alma.

Miss Lena Jones, May '86, has a school at Walnut Creek.

Fred. Canch, May '86, has a school in Los Angeles county.

Maggie R. Kottinger, May '85, is not teaching at present.

Miss Maggie Graham, Dec. '85, has a school in San Jose.

Miss Lisetta Megerle, May '78, has a school in Alameda.

Miss Meggie Robb, May '86, is teaching in Monterey county.

Miss Louise Grove, Dec. '85, is teaching in Alameda county.

Miss Mamie Bass, May '86, has a school near Pleasanton.

Miss Osee Ashley, May '86, has a school at her home, Milpitas.

W. H. Lyon, May '78, is principal of a large school in West Berkeley.

Miss Mary Roberts, May '84, is teaching at her home in Watsonville.

Mr. C. N. Mills, Dec. '84, has taught fourteen months since graduating.

Miss Hattie Cory, May '86, has a school in the southern part of the State.

Miss Etta Herrmann, Dec. '85, is teaching at Clay Station, Sacramento county.

Miss Edith Grainger, May '86, has secured a position at her home, Alvarado.

Miss Stella Bagnelle, May '85, has had ill health to contend with while teaching.

Miss Josephine Deuten, May '86, is teaching in the Fourth Ward school, San Jose.

Miss Jennie R. Bash, Dec. '85, has the Inlaw District school, Humboldt county.

John W. Stirling, May '83, is principal of the Gonzales schools, Monterey county.

Miss W. Rumer, Dec. '84, is still teaching the Jay-ante school at Dougherty's Mill.

W. O. Peck, May '86, is teaching the school at his home at Loyalton, Sierra county.

Miss Agnes Hamilton, May '86, has a school near Courtland, on the Sacramento river.

Miss May E. Lynch, May '86, has charge of the Live Oak district school, Sutter county.

Miss Minnie Gray, May '86, has secured a position in the mountains, near Camp Badger.

Miss Elinor D. Pratt, May '86, has a school near her home, Eureka, Humboldt county.

Miss Bessie J. Mayne, Dec. '85, has been re-elected principal of the Crescent City public school.

Miss Susie W. Rucker, May '86, is teaching in Hamilton District with Miss Agnes Pender.

Miss Nellie Stirling, May '84, is teaching the first grade department of the Salinas City school.

Miss Nettie C. Warring, Dec. '84, has the Temescal District school near Canoga, Ventura county.

L. J. Lathwesen, May '86, has a school at New Idria. He paid the Normal a visit last week.

Miss Carrie Brauer, May '86, has been elected teacher of the primary department at Anaheim.

W. D. Woodworth, May '86, is to teach the Gaither school, a few miles from his home in Sutter county.

Miss Aggie B. Nicholl, Xmas class '85, resumed her school at Brentwood, Contra Costa county, last week.

Miss Annie Lowels, May '78, has been elected teacher of the school at Pacheco, Contra Costa county.

M. Ruth Thompson, Dec. '85, has taught the Calaveras school, Santa Clara county, for a term of four months.

Anna M. Kullak, May '85, has taught in one school since graduating, at Wrights Station, Santa Clara county.

Miss Lottie J. Matthias, Dec. '84, has taught the Independence District school, Monterey county, since graduating.

Ione M. Cunningham, Dec. '84, has the Summit School near Patchen. Her permanent address is Soquel, Santa Cruz county.

Miss Julia Daubenbiss, Dec. '84, is teaching in the Branciforte school, Santa Cruz. Since graduating, she has taught one and one half years.

H. F. Clark, Xmas class '85, and an ex-editor of the INDEX, is to teach the Lincoln school, near his home in Sutter county, this term. His school opens next week.

Among our graduates, two were recently married: Evaline V. Aplin to Dr. W. D. Huntington, June 1, 1886; Fannie P. West, May '85, to Mr. W. W. Gillespie.

## ALL SORTS.

[Owing to the fact that the reporters for the various classes have not yet been elected, the All Sorts Department has been in the hands of a very busy Senior A; hence our readers are requested to bear patiently with our shortcomings.]

Class societies are reviving.

The Normal reopened on the 3d of August.

The Senior A's are trying to grind out poetry.

A certain Junior B young man has proven himself an expert at dish wiping.

The new students are being initiated into all the privileges of the Normalites.

The Senior A's are bravely struggling with the problems of the Training School.

A few brave Senior B's have volunteered to teach drawing in the Training School.

A slight earthquake shook the Normal one morning during the chanting of the Lord's Prayer.

Why are our local bicyclists the oldest students in school? Because they have lived through more falls.

The recent Junior spelling test brought many Seniors and Middlers to grief. And yet, "There's more to follow."

"San Jose Day" is a topic carefully avoided by the Normal scholars. The thermometer fell to zero in the Normal building on that day.

We suggest that the Zoology students practice some of Mrs. Parker's "baby haddings," in order to enable their tongues to twist around the long names.

The school is so full that a number of the students are seated on settees. More than the usual amount of merriment was indulged in this term over the marching of the new Juniors.

The Normal students have been especially favored this term by visits from noted persons. The lectures by Prof. Kraus and Col. and Mrs. Parker, furnished much material for future thought and action.

The Normal is unusually full this term, there being five hundred and fifty enrolled. There are one Senior A, two Senior B's, two Middle A's, three Middle B's, three Junior A's and four Junior B's.

The Middle A's are wrestling with their first essays. Their subject is "Colonel Parker." Doubtless the gentleman would be highly flattered if he were to hear some of the compliments bestowed upon him.

Several members of the May Class of '86 have visited the Normal this term. They are always welcome.

A new meaning for "etc." has been discovered. One of our city papers, in discussing the decorations on San Jose Day, said that the Normal building was handsomely decorated with flags, bunting, etc. As the students, with caps, sashes, and badges, formed the principal feature, we conclude they were the "etc."

Miss H—, of Senior A, while reciting geometry one morning in room 1, accidentally came in contact with the skeleton hanging on the wall. Quickly stepping backward, she brought up against some obstacle. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the face of Azou's model very near her own. With a sudden leap and a scream of terror, Miss H— fled to her seat amid a roar of laughter from the class.

On Saturday, August 27th, in response to a cordial invitation from Prof. and Mrs. Childs, the Senior classes assembled at the Normal and proceeded to the Professor's home on a melon picnic. To any one who knows our Vice-Principal and his wife it is unnecessary to say that a most delightful time was enjoyed. One hundred and forty-five of the Professor's melons were kindly disposed of by the crowd.

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies; but they can not be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness or the humility which gives it grace.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

The word salary comes from the Latin *salarium* literally salt money, from *sal*, salt, which was part of the pay of Roman soldiers. This will probably explain why certain young ladies regard young men who receive meager salaries as being entirely "too fresh."—*New Haven News.*

Let us nowhere be satisfied with imparting the mere mastery of practical processes, but teach pupils to think. The very word *man* signifies *thinker*, the root being akin to the verb *menso* and the noun *mind*. Do not make bright children mere calculating machines; make them think. And do not allow yourself to become a machine for dictation and inspection, but bring your active mind in contact with the mind of every pupil.—*Rev. J. A. Braden.*

A body of water, into which no stream is flowing, not only becomes stagnant, but soon dries up. So knowledge in a mind that is not accumulating soon becomes stagnant, and gradually evaporates, until nothing is left. This condition is bad enough in any one, but in the teacher it is absolutely intolerable. Just think of pupils coming to this stagnant, muddy pool to drink in knowledge. Is it any wonder that they should become mentally sick and disgusted?

## WHAT IS EDUCATION?

He who simply knows things may or may not be educated; and he who is simply developed or trained may or may not be educated. True education consists of a knowledge of the facts and forces with which a person may have to deal. All must begin early in life to deal in some sort of fashion with the practical problems that surround them; and the first step in a practical education should be governed by the knowledge, so far as it can be done, of the circumstances of the person to be trained. Education has been too much narrowed in its definition in the past. It depends entirely upon whom the person is; upon the question he is called upon to solve. He who is properly learned and trained for that position he is called to, is educated, no matter whether he has passed through a particular school or not; no matter how much there may be that he does not know.—*Ecc. What J. Savage.*

## THE PROGRESSIVE TEACHER.

This is an age of progressive ideas in education. Normal schools, county and state institutes, teachers' meetings and educational journals all combine to present better methods and to lead teachers to a higher standard of excellence in school room work. The progressive teacher catches the thought of the times and enters with enthusiasm into the spirit of improvement that pervades educational circles, and applies the experience of the successful workers to his or her own sphere of duty. The result is success.

A conundrum to be answered: How can a teacher, with all these aids at hand, plod on in the old, beaten, unnatural steps of former times—"as they used to do when I was at school"—seeing and learning so much that would naturally inspire one to higher aims and the use of better methods?

We give two answers, and ask for no more.

1. Such teachers are satisfied with themselves. They think they have ability, as undoubtedly they have, such as it is; but they prefer to use it in the rough rather than employ the more polished methods of others who have more ability than they. A teacher must not be self-sufficient, but willing to learn from others and to apply the lessons, or soon he will be an old fogey.

2. Other such teachers do not *desire* to improve. They lack ambition. They are content to be drones in a hive of busy bees. Either they don't expect to teach long, or they don't care to exert themselves to apply a new principle; and so—poor children! stunted in mental growth, dwarfed in the power of thought, because the teacher has no desire or ambition to learn and practice the methods that would more truly edu-

cate the growing mind. Teachers must have a burning desire to make their own those treasures which are gathered from the storehouse of others' experience, or they will be worse than useless in the teacher's profession.

A willingness and a desire to learn will enable work worth doing at all to be *well done*; but a self-satisfied or an indolent mind is stamped with a miserable failure.—*Selected.*

An exchange says, "It is common to hear the teacher of the ungraded school say, 'I appreciate the improvements of the new education, but I have not time to put such methods into practice.'" Well, this may be so, but we have been around among the teachers a good deal and have not yet heard any of them talk in this way. They usually have a better knowledge of what education is than this would indicate. When a teacher of an ungraded school, or, indeed, the teacher of any school, talks in this way of the "New Education," it is evident that he knows but little of education of any kind. Education is the same now that it always has been. The minds of the children now differ in no respect from the minds of the children one hundred or one thousand years ago, and can only be educated in the same way—by an exercise of their own powers. The processes employed to induce this exercise will differ—must differ with each individual teacher. No teacher can successfully employ the methods of another until he has modified them and made them his own. In this sense, methods are of necessity new for each teacher, but education remains the same, and cannot change while the human mind and the laws of its growth and development remain unchanged.—*Ecc.*

Every school board should have at least one intelligent woman in it, and there is no reason why an equal number of our directors should not be women. They would do much to elevate the standard aims of the direction of our public schools. Of course women do not "set up the boys" at the precinct saloons; they do not yell around the primaries; they do not organize ballot-thieves, nor do they run with the machines; but every citizen who has a daughter to educate should feel the necessity of intelligent fidelity and refinement in the management of our schools.—*Ecc.*

Intelligent sympathy, what a power it is! Sound a musical note in a room, and the mute string of the piano or harp will vibrate in response. First learn how men feel and what they need and then speak and act, and the word and deed will awaken an answering thrill. Jesus Christ moving about in the world and familiarizing himself with all ranges of human thought and emotion, has set the pattern for all those who work in his name.—*Atwood.*

## SPELLING

Pupils, by knowing the meaning of words, can remember their orthography better. The word suggests the idea and the spelling. Hence do not permit their spelling-lesson to contain words with the ideas of which they are not familiar. The same difficulty is found in reading as in spelling. To read is not simply to utter the words in a piece with their proper order and pronunciation. When pupils spell or read words that convey to their minds no ideas, these subjects become tiresome, and the interest is lost. Imagine your reading, or hearing read to you, extracts from some foreign tongue for several hours in the day. Can children be interested in that of which they have little idea!

If the object of reading be, as someone has said, "to bring out the sense" of the piece read, the pupils who do so more intelligently, other things being equal, will become better readers than those who do not.

Some have a mistaken idea that long words are hard ones, and therefore unfit for children. But not so. A child has as vivid an idea of the word *rhinoceros*, *grandmother* and *Elizabeth*, as of *hare*, *unt*, or *gay*. The difficulties of a word with a child, lie in the obscurity of the idea it conveys. We admit some words are too hard for the child's mind to comprehend, and we are not in favor of introducing such words too soon or too freely. Some words we use we do not fully understand ourselves. But if such words must be learned, will not a partial light as to their meaning be better than total darkness?

An eminent teacher says:

"There is, doubtless, to-day more time spent in trying to learn to read and spell than there is devoted to all other branches in common schools.

"If the pupils could understand the meaning of the words they use, words would then become to them ideas. Words should become simple as signs of ideas, and ideas should be had first, and the words afterwards. Then pupils could comprehend the word and the idea suggesting it. The familiar object—clock or horse, boot or hat—does not require thought to suggest the name. The thing imparts the idea, and the name then comes easily.

"We learn to spell thousands of words, and the words are as abstract and meaningless as the names of the Chinese people are to us. We remember when the word *ichthyology* was a power for spelling, and I do not know how many years elapsed after I mastered the spelling of the word with certainty before I learned its meaning. The word *phthisic*, and a few more of these meaningful words without any meaning, were test words, but the meaning of them was never vouchsafed. We had in Webster's spelling-book a few pages of words which had a definition of their meaning,

commencing, 'Ail, to be troubled; Ale, malt liquor;' and it was to the pupils the most interesting lesson in the book. Thus pupils spend the best part of their lives in learning to spell words, in great part, without learning their meaning, and though our method of spelling the English is crooked and difficult to the last degree, and unfortunately without any law or analogy, even the English language could be represented by a symbol, could have such symbol related to the word itself. If there could be a fish connected with the word *ichthyology*, and that was understood to mean the science of fishes, there would be some sense in learning to spell it.—*Kindergarten*.

## SAVE TIME

In arranging the programme of recitations, proper care should be taken to save time on certain branches to give to others. This is especially necessary in ungraded schools, where there seems to be twice as many lessons to hear as time permits. A little thought will show where much time can be saved that will make room for what looks like extra work, and without slighting any branch. To illustrate: A spelling class stands upon the floor—nineteen are idle while the twentieth spells. Why not have all write the word (the most natural method) at once? In oral spelling, each pupil spells four or five words at most; by writing you can give them twenty in one fourth the time, and they will learn ten times as much. Five minutes' writing is as good as half an hour spent in oral spelling.

In arithmetic frequently a whole class is idle while some pupil works an example on the board. Why not have all work the example on their slates, and call up one for the analysis. The work will be much more satisfactory.

In all branches, properly directed questions can do away with much unnecessary talk on useless details that can be devoted to real progress. If the teacher is prepared for the recitation before it begins, less time will produce more satisfactory results, and much more interest than if twice as much time were spent in the usual way.

These thoughts are merely suggestive, designed to lead the perplexed teacher to carry them out to their practical results, and, by making the school room a perfect bee-hive, find time for double the amount of work without slighting any branch.—*Ec*.

The text-book should be a helper to the teacher and not his master. The servile use of text-books has been the bane of our teaching. They have a high and important place in our system of education, but the teacher's place is still higher and more important. Let him understand this and use the text-book intelligently.

## CHIMES.

## I.

Honey-flowers to the honey-cumb  
And the honey-bees from home,  
A honey-cumb and a honey flower  
And the bee shall have his hour.  
A honeyed heart for the honey-cumb,  
And the humming bee flies home.  
A heavy heart in the honey flower,  
And the bee has had his hour.

## II.

Brown shall first for the butterfly  
And a bright wing by and by,  
Betterfly, good-bye to your shall,  
And, bright wings, speed you well.  
Bright lamplight for the butterfly  
And a burnt wing by and by.  
Betterfly, alas for your shall,  
And, bright wings, fare-you-well.

## THE LANDMARK.

Was that the landmark? What—the foolish well  
Whose wave, low down, I did not stoop to drink,  
But set and flung the pebbles from its brink  
In sport to send its imaged shies pell-mell,  
(And mine own image, had I noted well?)  
Was that my point of turning? I had thought  
The stations of my course should rise unsought,  
As after-stone or ensigned citadel.

But lo! the path is missed, I must go back,  
And thirst to drink when next I reach the spring  
Which once I stinied, which since may have grown black,  
Yet though no light be left nor hind to sing  
As here I turn, I'll thank God, hastening,  
That the same goal is still on the same track.

## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

The following good story is going the rounds: The master of a school in the Midlands told the boys of the third class to write a short essay upon Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. 'Then,' he said, 'I suppose you are the Niggers!' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it, we are discovered at last.'

## THINGS I HATE.

BY AN UNHAPPY SENIOR OF '85.

I hate to have a young man open a conversation with me by making some remark about the weather. I may be hovering on the ragged edge of old maidism, but my faculties are not impaired in the least, and I can take observations on meteorology for myself, without having any second-hand opinions thrust at me by any disciple of Wiggins. Besides, don't I subscribe for all the almanacs and keep posted on the varieties of weather?

I hate, when a young barbarian at the table formally helps himself with his digits, to hear some one remark soothingly: "Oh, fingers were made before forks, weren't they Johnny?" In all the three times 365 meals devoured by me every year during the cycles I have inhabited this earth with my presence, some one has perpetrated this stale aphorism upon such occasions, and invariably I shudder and grow faint.

Another so-considered requisite of table etiquette harrows up my soul when there happens to be cold tongue on the festal board. Some heartless wretch never fails to say: "Don't pass John any tongue, he has tongue enough already." This was a threadbare joke when Adam was a small boy, and always causes a thrill of anguish to convulse my feeble frame.

Another antediluvian witticism, which is always indulged in by romantic young people, causes the sweat of anguish to stand forth on my alabaster brow. It is when any one touches another's hand, and finding it cold, remarks: "Never mind, John, cold hands signify warm hearts." I have wept briny tears of misery over this exasperating ever-recurring form of idiosyncrasy.

I loathe with a scorn beyond words to hear some weak-minded individual observe, with an air of stereotyped wonderment, upon meeting some person just spoken of, the ejaculation: "Speak of angels and they are sure to appear." At such an ordeal it requires all my mighty will-power to keep from falling helplessly to the ground. Many a martyr has gone to "Kingdom come" with less torture than I then experience.

But the "most unkindest cut" that was ever inflicted on my sensibilities is when "one most villainous" assumes an insidious smile and says blandly: "What's your per cent.?" Maddened beyond endurance, I will some day seize a hairpin and, in my insanity, assassinate the miscreant who so humiliates me. I will then be avenged on humanity for all those ever-haunting phrases that have blasted my happiness.

## A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE IN JUNE.

We have often felt ashamed to say we have never been to Yosemite, though a Californian for more than a score of years. It is now an accomplished fact, and we propose to speak to our readers in plain unvarnished terms, and say some things that others have left unsaid. Only the beauties and grandeur of Yosemite have been portrayed, and as a rule, in the most extravagant words. It shall be our effort to call a spade a spade, and look upon "A Trip to Yosemite" with the eyes that Nature has vouchsafed us, and untrammelled by any favors from railroad or stage companies, or free lunches from any hotels in whose interest it might be to secure favorable mention. The first question that we propose to ask and answer is, "Does it pay? Is it a compensating trip?" This is quite difficult to answer without first premising the circumstances connected with it.

To go there alone, endure the hardships of the long, tedious stage-ride over a rough and dusty road, we entertain grave doubts when our balance-sheet is made out, which side of our loss and gain account will be the larger. If, however, a pleasant party should be made, composed of those in whom one feels a deep interest, all determined to make it agreeable to each other, we feel constrained to say it will pay. But the reader will ask, "Can we not go to some nearer resort, where the trip would be accomplished with greater ease and much less expense, if the pleasure is dependent upon the associations you take with you?"

My answer is, *you have not seen Yosemite*. When one crosses the dark river and enters the portals of bliss, there is a legend that says St. Peter asks all Californians, "Have you ever been to Yosemite?"

First, as to the route: We went via the Merced & Raymond, and returned by way of Milton and Stockton, and we unhesitatingly say the latter is the far better, more comfortable and cheaper route. There are a few miles more staging, but this is more than compensated, for by there being less dust, a smoother road (except the first miles at the Milton end), better and cheaper accommodations and meals along the line, and greater variety of scenery. In entering by the Raymond route, nearly all the beauties of the valley itself burst into view at once when you arrive at Inspiration Point. Here you see Bridal Veil Falls, El Capitan, North and South Domes, The Glacier, Eagle Rock, Cloud's Rest and many other lesser points of interest; by the Milton route, as you commence your descent into the valley, one after another of these interesting wonders is presented to the traveler's view, thus affording a better opportunity of observation and study, and making a more lasting impression upon the mind. The view of Bridal Veil Falls from this

route is one the tourist can get from no other point. When it is first seen you are above it, and the eye can trace the silvery stream far up into the mountain gorge where no foot of man has ever penetrated, being inaccessible on account of its craggy peaks and perpendicular, rocky walls.

As you descend this mountain grade the road winds around precipitous cliffs and on the brink of deep ravines that cause the more timid to shrink from the gaze, and hide their heads till these dangerous declivities are safely passed, while the more sturdy and stronger-nerved are feasting upon the wonders spread before them in panoramic views, marveling what could produce so powerful an internal commotion to throw up into the very clouds such mountains of rocks, and still further meditating what master mind could conceive and plan with such mathematical precision this great civil engineering scheme to conduct silvery streams to the very spots where they will fall hundreds and thousands of feet in a perpendicular depth, dashing upon the rocky bed at the foot of these stupendous cliffs, a foaming, seething mass of spray as white as the driven snow, from which the summer's sun has so recently changed as by a magician's wand into this watery sheet, and bid it lie on through its annual path to the proud Pacific's boundless expanse to purify the murky waters of old ocean's store-house, to be again caught up to the cloudy realms and there held in firm embrace till the receding sun sends the mercury down to its wintry home, where it falls again like soft and fleecy down upon the Sierra's lofty heads, a crown of jewels brighter and more glistening in the sun's rays than settings of diamonds, and more beautiful to the eye than garnets, rubies or emeralds. Then, as the vernal equinox welcomes the returning orb of day, it leaves its cloud-capped home on its journey to the sea; and thus it moves in its tireless circuit round after round till time shall be no more, undimmed, with bright and sparkling mein, a shining example to the mee of man.

As we pass the base of El Capitan we cast our eyes upward in a vertical course nearly one and a half miles to the summit of this huge levathan, the captain of the valley. We gaze with awe upon the magnitude and sublimity of the spectacle and wonder what would become of the poor sojourner of the valley should he turn over in his bed to rest his head on Cathedral Rock, which lies on the opposite side of the valley.

Let us hasten to the hotel for food and rest, for we are sorely tired from the long and tedious ride by stage, and gladly abate our pen until the morrow. Right here let us say that the best hotel in which to rest and feed your weary body is Barnard's, situated on the very bank of the beautiful waters of the Merced River, with a grove of overhanging trees casting

their refreshing shadows on the guests seated on the verandas, gazing at the great wonder from which the valley takes its name—Yosemite Falls—as from the hotel we have an excellent view of the falls.

We had supposed that the waters of the Merced River in the main ran over Yosemite Falls, but such is not the fact. It is Nevada and Vernal Falls, the overflow of Mirror Lake, together with other lesser tributaries, that make up this river—there is really scarcely any increase in its volume when the waters of the Yosemite joins the river in its march to the sea. In the morning at an early hour we are driven to Mirror Lake.

The great object of this trip in the early morn is to witness the rising sun as it peers over the lofty mountain tops and looks down into the clear waters of the lake.

Here we see reflected from its smooth surface all the prominent peaks and mountains which lift their heads to a sufficient height to look down into its crystal depths.

The sight here presented is hard to describe, but will be remembered. The reflected light can be looked upon with undazzled gaze; the divergent rays sent off from the center display all the colors of the rainbow, gradually fading to intensity until only the blue ethereal were discernible.

We next resume our drive, winding our way through shady groves, upon crossing streams on well constructed bridges, till we arrive at the trail leading to Nevada and Vernal Falls. Here we leave our carriages and enter the saddle, and by a very tortuous pathway, we clamber up the mountain side on our way to these two falls, which have so frequently been written up by a better pen than ours; we shall not enter into their description.

The most interesting, and by far the most comprehensive places to the visitor, are the Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome, from the latter of which can be seen at once nearly all the main points of interest, prominent among which may be mentioned: Cloud's Rest, North Dome, South Dome (called also Half Dome), Nevada Falls, Vernal Falls, Mount Star King, Cap of Liberty, Yosemite Falls, El Capitan, Eagle Rock, Cathedral Spires, Cathedral Rock, etc. By this it can be seen, that, if one's time is limited, this trip is the one of all others to make, and can be accomplished in one-half a day from the hotel, if necessary. The valley at every turn is awe inspiring; the giddy heights, to which one ascends to look down thousands of feet into the valley below or over some of the precipitous falls, is painful to behold, and causes even the boldest ones to shrink back in dismay at their near approach; and the projecting rocks, held in position only by a tender thread, overhanging the trail and pathways, is a constant dread to the timid

ones, but some of these more foolhardy than others, delight to go out on some of the approachable ones, where it looks as though a few pounds' weight might topple them over into the yawning abyss, which would convert a human being into a shapeless mass.

This valley is the property of the State and is leased to individuals, who are using it as a money-making scheme. It costs the tourists about eight dollars a day while in the valley. It is asserted, that, seldom, or never, does the stage-rober attack an outgoing stage from Yosemite, knowing full well that he who has visited the valley carries with him an empty purse. While many who have written on their trip to this valley have discoursed at length upon the beauties of the speckled trout and its superb flavor as an epicurean dish, of the quail, of the gray squirrel, and the larger game, the deer and the bear, there is one bird of plumage of which no one has ever written, and while his size is rather diminutive, he makes ample amends in multitude of numbers, and in his song, though not pitched to an agreeable key, he manifests a persistent and earnest desire to pay his best respects to all visitors, and the melody of his musical notes is vouchsafed to every ear. The name of this bird is the *canquito*. He seems to partake of the nature and imitate the example of the human species who live there, for he presents his bill at every turn we make.

As before remarked, the State, through a board of commissioners, holds the business management of all the affairs of the valley, and ordered the erection of a \$40,000 hotel. The contract has been let and work has already commenced; and by the terms of the contract it must be completed before the opening of the season in 1888. This will add much to the comfort of visitors. One thing greatly needed is a railroad to the valley; this will make it a far more acceptable pleasure resort. There is so much to be said we scarcely know where to stop; but we cannot lay aside our pen without first recording the impressions made upon us of the insignificance of a human being, as we look with awe upon the majesty and sublimity of the works of nature as shown to our feeble senses in this great store-house of her choicest wonders.

The busy art, engaged in the construction of its tiny mound for a home is of but little less importance in the great economy of nature than man, and he who would the "Lord of Creation" be could not be relegated to a more favored spot to realize the feebleness of his own power to comprehend the weakness of the foundation upon which he has built his structure, then here amidst the works carved by the hand of a sculptor, than which, the almost divine chisel of a Michael Angelo, dwarfs into nothingness. Here where the great laws governing the foundation of the universe seemed to have given an unbridled rein or entrusted to the whim of some fickle goddess, whose hand was bent on moulding such monumental rocks, as only a California could boast, with their heads lifted so high that they could kiss the silvery clouds of heaven; yea, even the trees in close proximity seem to partake of the inspiration permeating the very atmosphere round about here, and grow to such huge proportions that their long arms can reach up and hold in fond embrace the very angels sitting on the throne of paradise—such is Yosemite.—*Selected.*

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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A. M. GUIDINGER. LUCILLA H. BRYAN.  
LUTIE B. MORTON.

FAVOR makes its deepest impression when it is unexpectedly bestowed. As editors for the present term, we sincerely thank our respective classes for the favor they have shown us in choosing us to compile the literary contributions to the INDEX, from the Los Angeles Normal. While we thank our classmates for their confidence in our merit, we do so in a spirit of appreciation and humility, not of pride. Every well-meaning person takes deep gratification in knowing that he has made a favorable impression upon his acquaintances; and, in after times, a student will doubtless look back with pride to his school days if he knows he has made a good record, but especially if he feels sure that he had the respect, good will and confidence of his classmates.

In assuming the editorial duties of the Los Angeles Department, the editors beg leave to express their lack of ability and experience in this new line. The composition, selection, and rejection of material appropriate to be published in a State School paper, is a task which requires a nicety of discrimination which few possess. If, therefore, anything should appear in its columns which others may judge irrelevant or inappropriate to the sphere of the paper, let them attribute it to the inexperience or inability, rather than to wilful transgression. We shall do the little that lies in our power to help uphold and maintain the INDEX, and if we fail we shall be satisfied at least that it was not from want of good motives or lack of interest on our part.

It is a pleasant sight to see all the school together in the morning. Such a collection of happy faces, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, would arouse rejoicing thoughts even in a pessimist. Judging from their appearance, most of the students spent the vacation in profitable exercise and recreation. Some few bear evidence of overwork, either mental or physical, and such should be careful not to overtax their powers. Little remuneration attaches to knowledge obtained at the expense of health. A sound body and high spirits are conducive to school work, and no student can afford to endanger them, much less to lose them.

Now is the time for students to spend their spare shakels in trips to the country and to the beach. The continuous hot weather is rather enervating, and nothing is more refreshing than a day out in the country. It is better to spend a few dollars in this way occasionally than to suffer from mental depression or to pay it to a doctor. When the usual cool weather sets in, economy may forbear those simple pastimes.

THE Normal now numbers exactly one hundred graduates. About two-fifths of those were instrumental in establishing their department of the INDEX. They should not forsake its columns now, but should make them a means of communication to their former friends and classmates. Some of them could undoubtedly write something interesting about their debut in the field of literature. All of them can write articles which would be perused with pleasure by their acquaintances. Contributions from them will be thankfully received by the editors.

INEXPERIENCED students are cautioned against late hours and continuous application. The system can endure only a certain amount of labor, beyond which all is excess. Boys and girls who enter a school like this in their teens, too frequently make the sad mistake of trying to master too much at once. They see several years before them, each loaded with an incredible amount of work, which they must digest before they can appear on the stage in the role of graduates. Consequently they dig into the pile with more energy than a feeble frame can endure. It is safer and more judicious to take things easy in the beginning; custom soon enables one to stand more exertion; and by proper application the end is reached, with stronger eyes and more bodily vigor, and consequently more joy.

It is the unanimous verdict of the students that Prof. Kent is an excellent teacher of music. The confidence of his pupils is no small factor in the success of a teacher. Prof. Kent hails from Boston, where he took a thorough course in music. He has reputedly declared his intention to persevere in his chosen field, for which he appears to be naturally qualified. The thorough cultivation of music is a most precarious undertaking, and we admire the qualities of a young person who proposes to make it his life work, and surrenders not.

Senior A numbers twenty-one students—nineteen young ladies and two young gentlemen. Senior B, also, has only two young men.

Of all the familiar faces to be seen at the Normal, none seems more pleasant than that of the worthy Principal. May his genial supervision continue at the school for many years to come.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Field is also at San Pedro.

Miss Scott will teach in Santa Paula.

Mrs. Blake has a school at San Pedro.

Mr. Campbell has the Glendale school.

Miss Shrode will be engaged at Duarte.

Mr. Holladay has a school near Ontario.

Miss Henning is also in Ventura County.

Miss McInnoll has the school at Laguna.

Miss Gill will be engaged near Riverside.

Miss Pinkham will teach near Santa Ana.

Jos. D. Connor will teach near Compton.

The N. A. holds its first meeting August 3d.

Miss Gilbert has a school in Ventura county.

Miss Caleff is engaged in the Diamond District.

Miss Ella Bailey is teaching in San Diego county.

Miss Dryden will be occupied with the Ballona school.

W. H. Wright has a good school in Ventura County.

Miss Taft has a school near Santa Paula, Ventura county.

Miss Grunsky, No. 1 of her class, will teach near Stockton.

Emily Hamilton has a school near Santa Ana, in the Delhi district.

Mr. Foster, former Department editor, is out on a surveying expedition.

Prof. C. J. Platt has moved from the Wakara to 216 Los Angeles street.

Miss Good will teach in Lake County, and Miss King in San Bernardino County.

Miss Cushing has a school, but we have not been able to ascertain the name of the place.

Miss Louisa Williams has been promoted to teach higher mathematics in the San Gabriel school.

A few days ago the Misses Duncan, graduates of the San Jose Normal, paid our school a welcome visit.

John C. Mahar has the principalship of a school near Orange. Miss Hassler teaches in the same building with him.

Dick Haydock is winning golden opinions in Arunz School District. Dick is an old Ventura boy, a splendid curve pitcher, and a graduate of the Los Angeles Normal class of '85.—*Ventura Free Press*.

Logan Rivers is in Arizona, where he is supposed to be teaching.

Miss Emma Hall, who stayed out last term to teach in Ventura County, has returned to the Normal to finish her course.

Messrs. C. E. and W. F. Taylor have schools in Ventura county. E. E. Gerry, we are informed, will teach in that county also.

Miss Nellie Swan will soon be married to Mr. Wedgeworth, a carpenter of Los Angeles. Prosperity to all who enter the sacred state.

Miss Alice Smith has a school five miles from Pomona, her home. Miss Mattie Smith, her sister, has a position in a school in Pomona.

Ira More, Junior, has entered the Normal. He has a hard battle before him if, like the younger Pitt, he intends to put his father in the shade.

Professor Dozier comes back to us this term, looking brown and healthy from the beach, where he and his family enjoyed a short sojourn this summer.

Rumor says that Miss Jennie Mosher, formerly of the Normal, is about to enter the precarious field of matrimony. The writer throws his slipper of good luck at her.

Senior B regret that W. W. Collins has been forced to leave school on account of home duties. He was an industrious student and an active member of both of our societies.

"Lo, the poor Normalites," how they will suffer! Reason: Professor Platt is here making sharp remarks and preparing to rake them over the scorching coals of mathematics.

Our kind preceptress, Miss Hawks, and Mrs. Heath both appear to have derived benefit from their vacation, and they are working among us with their usual energy and gentleness.

Miss Monks commenced her school duties this term, after a trip to New York, and she seems just as liable as ever to overwhelm the unsuspecting Normalites with occasional delightful little written lessons.

The first regular meeting of the L. O. L. was held on the evening of the 27th. A large audience was present to listen to the following program: Instrumental solo, Miss Oliver; essay, J. Lawrence Walker; recitation, Miss Eckert; declamation, R. W. Jepson; reading, Miss Henderson; address, President A. M. Guidinger; debate, Messrs. Blake and Badham and Miss Iva Williams; remarks, Vice-Principal C. J. Platt; quartette, Misses Penman, Patten, Pennebaker and Richer. The audience seemed well pleased and, from all appearances, went home contented.

Miss Day will teach twenty-five miles from Santa Ana, among the mountains. She has an excellent school, which is located in a very picturesque place.

Henry A. Fisk expects to enter the University at Berkeley, where he will take the course of Letters and Political Science. F. R. Kellam left for Harvard on the 23rd ult., where he will take a regular college course. Success to those who successful would be.

The students were agreeably surprised on the morning of the 16th inst., when the Principal announced that, on account of the G. A. R. incursion, they should have a holiday. The day was one of general jollification for the people, and the school population came in for their share of enjoyment.

Miss Gertrude Taft will teach the Sciences School, which opens Monday. Miss Taft is a graduate of the Los Angeles Normal of the class of '86, and was one of the distinguished pupils, graduating at the very head of her class.—*Ventura Free Press*.

[While Miss Taft was very near the head of her class, the honor of having been No. 1 was carried off by Miss Clotilde Grunsky.—Ed.]

Quite a number of new books have been added to our already extensive library. The books have been arranged in a splendid manner this year, and the book-cases present quite an imposing appearance. A large number of reference-books have been placed on low shelves for the convenience of the searchers after truth, that haunt the library. We owe much, as a school, to our industrious and efficient librarian and teacher, Miss Dunn.

J. Lawrence Walker, of Senior A, spent a part of his vacation in Frisco, and came back with considerable metropolitan polish. He then went to San Bernardino, where he tried his hand at hunting and fishing. Jim is an enterprising young fellow, who knows how to enjoy life. The other young man of Senior A spent his vacation in the undertaking business. It is feared that his present undertaking will overtake his literary ability in its slow progress.

Students are advised to read Miss Monk's article on "Trap Door Spiders," which is published in the Proceedings of the Historical Society of Southern California. This would seem to be a very dry subject, but the writer displays a literary taste that makes it both interesting and instructive. Side by side with it, in the same serial, is an article on "The Glacial Period," by Prof. Ira More. Like all other things done by this unusual man, it speaks for itself.

THE human heart concerns us more than the pouring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomers.—*Emerson*.

## A DAY DREAM.

One afternoon last August, when the thermometer marked one hundred and two degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and when all the earth seemed dusty and white with the reflected heat of the sun, our class was in Room R, receiving instruction in Zoology.

The heat was oppressive, and a general air of drowsiness seemed to pervade the entire world. Through the partly open blind came the faintest suspicion of a sea-breeze, while on the table in a large yellow dish were a number of clams and sea urchins, together with a quantity of sea moss and a group of shells.

Looking at these, and enjoying the sea-breeze, so refreshing after the intense heat, I forgot the time and place, and in fancy wandered away to the blue Pacific bay, with its huge white-capped breakers rolling in with their boom, boom, boom, like the discharge of distant artillery.

The stentorian voice of the pupil reciting, with the breaks and stoppages, came to my ear like the sound of distant breakers.

I became a sea urchin, and, fastening myself to the rock, made my home among the sea anemones, near where the waves beat high against the rocks, but in a quiet little cove, where the breakers only came at high tide.

The cove was a secluded retreat, seldom visited except by the sea-birds living near on a rocky little island. Occasionally a fisherman rowed his boat to the entrance of the cove, or pleasure-seekers came in search of sea-moss or abalone shells during the summer; but in winter the place was entirely deserted, except by sea-gulls.

They were abroad on the most stormy days, and when the rain beat the hardest and the great waves came crashing against the rocks as if they would surely break the stones from their firm foundations and carry them away; the sea-gulls were flying about and darting in and out of the cove, uttering their peculiar cries.

When the waves came so high, and the wind and rain beat so furiously against the rock, it seemed as if we sea-urchins and sea anemones would surely be washed away.

The storms washed up large quantities of kelp and sea-weed, and in the spring the cove was filled by the moss brought by the storms during the winter.

But on the whole, a sea-urchin's life is a very quiet, uneventful affair, and mine was no exception to the rule, until one day I grew discontented and longed for a broader life. I had always lived in that small cove, and had seen no one but the sea anemones who were my next door neighbors, an occasional clam who had been washed into the cove by the tide, the sea-gulls, and now and then a boatman.

I felt myself much the superior of the clams I had seen, who seemed to have no ambition beyond that of remaining quietly at home and obtaining plenty to eat. "I would scorn to bumble ever like them," I thought to myself, and so determined the next high tide to let go my hold on the rock and float off to see the world.

Seeing a breaker coming I gave a jump and went splash into the water, only to sink and rise again. When I rose I looked back and saw my neighbors, the sea anemones, gazing in astonishment toward the place where I had vanished, while the whole dear, gossip, lazy little village of sea-urchinsville was bemoaning my fate with tears.

"Poor ignorant, misguided creatures," thought I, "you don't know what wonderful things I will see and hear in my journeyings about the world, while you are here in this out-of-the-way little cove, sleeping and eating your time away."

But just then I saw coming a wall of water which knocked me over, whirled me around and around, and finally let me down on a bed of sand, where there were many shells.

I thought to myself "If this is the way the world treats people, why, I don't think much of the world, that's all."

However, I was given no time for reflection, for a current from the opposite direction, which I had heard fishermen call the "undertow," caught me up and carried me out into the ocean before I had time to arrange my spikes in order, they having suffered much from my recent escapade.

By this current, I was carried far away from my old home, and I met with many strange experiences.

I looked down on the sand below, through the transparent water, and saw many beautiful shells. Some of them were tinted with pearly inside walls, and others were of the purest white. There were masses of delicate pink, and ribbons and streamers of green, mixed with masses of long, brown seaweed.

I saw many beautiful things in the sea, for I was tossed about on the water for many days, every day further from home, until I grew very weary of a sea-faring life and longed many, many times for the quiet little cove among the rocks, with its shallow pool and its happy, indolent life.

But my voyage came to an end when I washed up, one lovely summer morning, on a long, sandy beach.

There were houses on the cliff above, an avenue lined with eucalyptus trees, while on the beach were many tents.

People were walking up and down the beach, sitting in groups under their tent awnings or on the sand, and others were in the water pretending they were seagulls, I suppose.

I lay quietly in a mass of kelp afraid to move for

fear some one would see me. It was very hot up there, away from the water, with the sun beating down upon me. I thought of our cool, mossy little cove at home and sighed.

Finally, a troop of girls came near, more noisy than any of the people I had yet seen. They were poking about among the seaweed with sticks, gesticulating and talking wildly about "specimens," "zoology," "Miss Monks" and "sea-urchins."

I trembled as one of them came near where I was lying and commenced thrusting her stick into the mass of kelp. However, trembling was of no use, for her sharp eyes soon found me out, and I was unceremoniously dropped into a dark bag where there many shells and two chams.

I was knocked and squeezed about in that bag all day long, for the owner seemed never to have learned that truth in physics that "no two bodies of matter can occupy the same space at the same time," and continued to thrust her shells, clams and sea-urchins into her bag.

I heard the enthusiastic young thing say that she "thought something of boiling me to obtain the shell for Miss Monks," when I was suddenly awakened from my day dream by the voice of our teacher, who had doubtless discovered that I was not paying attention, saying: "Miss R., state the difference between a Lamellibranch and a Gasteropod."

A lively and interesting discussion took place the other day, between the Principal and the Senior A's. The class were reciting the substance of a few pages in Spencer, in which the author considers the "ornamental" and the "useful." One of the statements were to the effect that women dress more for ornament than men do. Of course the young ladies would not concur in this, and argued that the men tried to be just as ornamental as the women. "Well," rejoined the Professor, "we know at least that they are not very ornamental, whether they try to be or not. Men generally dress in good, substantial material which is void of loud colors." "Oh," replied one of the ladies "only the other day I saw a young man on the street dressed in green, with a red necktie." That settled the question.

The older students are pleased to see a large number of young aspirants enter the school at the beginning of each term. About fifty new pupils entered this time, some well matured, others young in years, also perhaps in knowledge and experience. When they get through the regular course of study, they will feel as if they were just taken from a new mould, — newly made and better fitted to meet the exigencies of life.

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