

The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 7.



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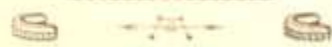
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THIS number contains a part of a well written essay entitled "Poet and Princess." It was entirely too long to publish in full, so we have appropriated the first portion, which loses none of its merit, and makes a good essay in itself.

It is a settled fact that the Senior A's lack class spirit to a lamentable degree. Let the call be ever so urgent, very little heed is given it by the majority of the class, and the result, which must inevitably follow, is, that nothing is ever accomplished. This same thing has occurred so often that it is becoming notoriously stale. What does it mean? Have we not all a common interest to look after? Must we disregard those important matters which always accompany the last term's work, and go blundering along, because some members of the class are so foolishly stupid as to feel no interest in such things? These indifferent ones must indeed have peculiar ideas concerning the necessities and importance of their position, or they must be veritable traitors to the cause of Senior and Seniorism. Read this, ye guilty, and act accordingly.

THE Y. M. N. D. is the most important society connected with the Normal. Debate is its principal feature, and it is this that makes the Society such a valuable one. But some of its members are so prone to overlook this fact that, while apparently deriving good, they are in reality gaining nothing, simply because they fail to realize that it takes effort—self-reliant, energetic effort—to secure the benefits offered. At every meeting a certain class drop in directly after roll-call and quotations, remaining until the debate opens or until the question is open to the house, and then leave to avoid being called upon to speak. The world is full of such persons, who retard progress rather than advance it, who are never identified with reforms, discoveries, or great schemes of any kind. Boys, if you would learn anything, or be something, you must do something. Attend the Society as often as you can. Interest yourself in all its departments, especially in the debate. This should receive some attention beforehand, so that when you are called upon, you will have something to say and a way of saying it that will be both edifying to you and creditable to the subject discussed. Such a course is certain to lead to improvement.

SOME of our college journals are agitating the question of organizing a California Press Association. After due consideration, we deem the plan a good one, and well worthy the attention of all parties interested. College journalism is an outgrowth of educational progress, and is a creditable representative of practical education. To-day the college journal is a valued addition to the curriculum, its comparative worth placing it far above some branches of learning made much of, but which, in fact, are as useless to the student as they are difficult; whose only redeeming feature is, that they have been college hobbies from the time of Adam. Believing, then, that the project merits complete success, we offer our assistance willingly. A time and place of meeting must be settled upon. Some one propose.

IN this number of the INDEX we publish the circular recently issued by the Alumni Association, containing an outline of the plans of the reading circle organized at the December meeting. Reading circles cut quite a figure in education now-a-days. Their practicability is established beyond dispute. They have a peculiar mission to perform, which goes beyond the pale of college influence. The "Normal Reading Circle" looks to the graduates of the Normal for its main support; but undergraduates are accorded the same privileges, and it is hoped that they will avail themselves of this opportunity to join an organization which aims at special improvement, and whose work can be attended to outside of school with little inconvenience. The INDEX will report any change or new plans made from time to time, so that those particularly interested in the matter may expect to find some news for them in any number.

SOME morning, as the various classes march from the Assembly Hall, note the physique of our students. We may boast of superior mental culture, but may we claim superior physical development also? Our young men possess a fair amount of well-developed muscles, but our young women, we are sorry to say, lack that strong, healthy physique which should be theirs. Since the morning recess has been spent in out-door play, a marked improvement is noticeable. Much of the time spent on the grounds is occupied to little advantage because of the lack of organized effort on the part of the classes. The majority of the pupils may be seen slowly promenading the walks and drives; very little is gained by this kind of exercise. We must arouse ourselves, and by an earnest, united effort, make our play-times profitable as our study-time.

Far more out-door exercise is taken by the girls in European countries than by those in our own. The peasant girls in all other countries are trained to active labor from childhood. We have no peasantry in our country; but the working classes would be much better fitted to come off victors in the strife if aided by as strong a physique as that possessed by the English, Scotch, Irish or French.

In Russian female seminaries, the girls of the noblest families are being trained by Ling's system of calisthenics, and, it is said, such an array of girlish health and beauty was never beheld before. The English girl has horsemanship and pedestrianism, in which their ordinary feats seem incredible to our girls.

One merit of out-door sports is to be found in the fact that they afford the surest means of cementing

friendships. Such associations outlive all others. It will be pleasant to encounter in the longer contests of manhood and womanhood those whom one first met at foot-ball, on the archery-ground, on the ice, or on some merry ramble in the forest. Perchance, these old friends will be hard and worldly; but when they meet on the street, visions of spring flowers, flutes, willow-whistles, foot-balls, and all the pleasures which bound their hearts so firmly in their childhood will rise before them.

We hope to see, on the part of our young ladies, a more earnest effort in the direction of physical development. Each class should have its plan of play and seek to stand first among the happy assembly of health-seekers on the play-ground. In this way, the various members of each class would feel a stronger class spirit than that excited by any other means.

NEVER before has the study of the history and the Constitution of our country been so popular as at the present day. Nor have methods in teaching those subjects been more varied. Of the two methods principally employed, the topical and memoriter, the former is by far the better, and is so pronounced by the foremost educationalists. Many books have been prepared on the plan of topical recitation in the above subjects, but the fault common to most of them is, that they take up the subject-matter too much in detail or in a manner too indefinite and awkward to be of much use. Two books recently prepared by Prof. Childs seem to be free from these objections. Each work shows painstaking care in the selection of points and in their arrangement. Each chapter is furnished with ample references, and, in many cases a number of "review and search" questions are added. Each section of the Constitution is marked with a large black figure used for reference. A number of specially interesting points are given not included in other books of like nature. Both books are well bound, and are printed in clear type on good paper. Already many flattering criticisms from prominent teachers have been received, which speak volumes for the success of the new books.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword; neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come not too near them.—*Cervantes*.

Genius is a fragile and delicate plant, and is easily beaten to the ground by the winds and rains of harsh and ungenerous criticism.—*G. P. Morris*.

TENNYSON.

[An extract from an essay entitled "Poet and Politician,"]

Every man is in some measure the mirror of his times, and perhaps no one reflects the Victorian age more beautifully or more perfectly than does her Poet Laureate. In the choice of subject-matter for his poems, and in the point of view from which he treats his themes, we find Tennyson most heartily in sympathy with his age.

Let us glance for a moment at the environment from which he has drawn his conceptions of human life and progress. The English are a comfortable, common-sense people, opposed by nature to all innovations that tend to disturb the even tenor of their ways. The growth of comprehension, the discovery of ideas, is difficult to this careful, methodical race. Their mistrust of new ideas is greater by far than their aptitude for them. Whatever tends in any way to injure practical morality or established law is distasteful to them. They are anti-revolutionary, and as such Tennyson faithfully represents them. His world is not the world of ideas in which dwell Bacon, Milton, Burke and Carlyle. They are the men that rise up when a great change is to be made in human affairs, and by the irresistible strength of their own convictions, mould men's minds until they are fitted to the change, until the current of ideas will flow that way. Their political faith is of the kind that will move mountains. Tennyson is no such forerunner of human progress; he is simply a perfect reflector of his times. He represents

"A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent,
And he doubts not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

While he thus recognizes a slowly advancing progress, he reveres established law and precedent, and can cry out with George Eliot, "If the Past fails to bind us, where can duty lie?"

A true appreciation of Tennyson's poems depends chiefly upon a person's type of mind. To the liberal conservative, the man with well-balanced mind and well-balanced moral nature, to him who delights in all that is nobly ordered, who has a profound reverence for law, Tennyson appeals with wonderful effect. To such a man he is a guide and helper. On the other hand, to the transcendentalist, the man that has ever before him an ideal, something perfect, divine, unattainable; to him who is ever seeking the highest good this

life can yield; to the man that believes it "a noble thing to make precedents than simply to follow them," there is something wanting in Tennyson's poems. Although they are national, human, Christian, they fail to satisfy the longings of a thirsty soul. They do not inspire us with that honest enthusiasm for the right, and the bitter hatred for all wrong and injustice that stirs us when, for instance, we read Whittier, the poet of free America. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that the soul-stirring strains are born amid great throes in the heart of the writer as well as of the nation, and Tennyson's soul seems never to have been stirred to its depths. From its beginning his career has been a most fortunate one. He has lived for more than forty years the secluded life of a poet, writing when the spirit moved him and not by force of circumstances. He has raised by easy steps from his first simple lyrics, perfect of their kind, to the rank of a genius. The reaction that usually follows such unbroken prosperity has not yet come, but a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, announces it. The future will decide the world's verdict.

Reviewing for a moment the peculiar characteristics of Tennyson's poems before attempting an outline of his master-piece, "The Princess," we praise in brief their imaginative completeness, their artistic perfectness; the concentrated, yet clear, compact, yet fluent style. Every phrase is joy-giving; perhaps, however, not to so great an extent in "The Princess" as in some of his minor poems. What seems to us at first affected in his style, grows pleasing as we study him. His keen "sense of the eternal fitness of things" is everywhere portrayed, and his newly-coined and queerly-used words appear to us upon investigation the most appropriate vesture for his thoughts. His ability to paint character in a unique and masterly manner excites our admiration, while as a descriptive poet he has no peer. The great singers of the early part of the Nineteenth Century have long since joined the Immortals, yet their influence is traceable in Tennyson's poetry; he owes a debt to such of his predecessors as Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Barry, Cornwall and Coleridge. It has been found an interesting study to note his obligations to his great prototype, Theocritus, "the Doric father of idyllic song."

Tennyson trusted not to his genius alone, but has ever been a careful, painstaking student, and we are grateful to him for his valuable additions to our literary art. Tennyson's method of writing may be considered composite or idyllic. He has been called the founder and master of the composite school of poets. In genius he has been fri-

quently surpassed, but as an artist it is generally conceded that he has not been equalled since the day of John Milton.

Turning now to a consideration of his longest and perhaps greatest work, "The Princess," we find it a narrative poem, composed in a pleasing and original form of blank verse. The poem proper is divided into seven parts and is interspersed with minor poems which form as a whole the most charming collection of ballads in our literature. An idyllic introduction accounts for all the adverse criticism to which the poem has been subjected. As in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and other of Shakespeare's comedies, the impossibilities of the story allure us into an ideal world, and render the poem attractive rather than otherwise. Tennyson's peculiar gift for bringing order out of chaos is here fully illustrated. He builds with seeming ease a beautiful structure from most incongruous materials, gathered from all parts of the world.

"The Princess" gives us a three-fold satisfaction. As we are an imaginative people whose cravings demand to be satisfied, we are very grateful to those who please us well with clever story-telling.

And this is indeed, a thrilling tale—

"A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments."

As we are a beauty-loving people, æsthetic in our tastes, we delight in the inspiration of melody and rhyme, and considered as a narrative poem, in which crude lines are unavoidable, the artistic perfection of this poem is incomparable. Where in the whole poetic realm can we find a more exquisite bit than the following?

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height the cold, and splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To guide a sunbeam by the blazed Pine,
To sit a star upon a sparkling spire;
And come, for love is of the valley, come
For love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him:

let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges to slope and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air;
So waste not thou; but come, for all the tales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice; but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moon of doves in immemorial clime,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

But more than all are we an earnest and progress-

ive people, and we give our hearts most readily to the tale that has most in it of the deeper Truth of Life. Who has ever thoughtfully read "The Princess" without finding there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, "woman's struggles, aspirations, and her proper sphere?" The soul of the poem lives in the philosophy that it involves—the whole philosophy of the woman question. Many critics in their search for the central truth of this poem have been led astray by their own ingenuity. Some have vainly tried to pronounce it a satire upon learned women, not remembering, as some great soul has said, that it is not a clever thing to insult the women for being what the men have made them.

"Convention beats them down.

It is but bringing up; no more than that;
You men have done it."

The poem opens with a prologue in which Tennyson gives an English landscape in the manner of a true artist. As we look at the picture, English life grows up before us.

"Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lands until the set of sun
Up to the people; thither flocked at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighboring borough with their Institute
Of which he was the patron.
No little tily-handed harroset he,
A great broad shouldered, genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons, and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, alder none;
Fair-haired and redder than a windy moon."

Again, in a passage closely following, as we read of the fountains, telescopes, the clock-work steam-er, the pretty railway, and the telegraph, we recognize the fulfillment of Wordsworth's prophecy that the future would bring into closer relations, poetry and science.

The origin of the plan of the poem is as follows: Somewhat removed from the garden stood a ruined Abbey, where a merry group had congregated. There were "Aunt Elizabeth and Lilia and lady-friends from neighboring seats" and seven students fresh from college. One of the boys read from a book of "her that drove her foes with slaughter from the walls, and much he praised her nobleness," and "where," he asked of Lilia, "lives there such a woman now?" She quickly answered: "There are thousands now such women," and wished that she were some great princess, that she might build far off from men a college like a man's, and teach the women all that men are taught. Then one said, smiling, "Pretty were the sight if our old halls could change their sex and haunt

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl graduates in their golden hair."

After this merry bantering the boys decided 'to forge a seven-fold tale' in which the ladies were invited to take parts at intervals by means of ballads or songs, in order, as one said, "to give us breathing space."

Z.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

F. B. G.

The icy clasp of Winter's cold
Fast yields to balmy breath of Spring;
Sweet May's soft touch bright buds unfold
And welcome treasure now doth bring.
Of all long-looked-for holidays
That sunshine bring to every face,
Whose praises live in old time lays,
The first of May takes foremost place.
From lonely cot and palace grand,
From every village, town and hall,
All hearts united, a joyous band,
To the forests go they free from thrall.
When evening shadows close the sky,
Gay songs of mirth the hours beguile,
Till rosy beams on hill tops lie
And morning greets sweet Nature's smile.
To brighter home and hall and bower,
Fresh boughs of hitches green they bring;
And hawthorne blossom, fairest flower,
That fragrance sheds in early spring.
With sound of tabor, pipe and horn,
The May-pole decked with blossoms rare,
Is now by stately omen drawn,
Their stout necks wreathed with garlands fair.
At home again the joyous throng
On grassy mound their May-pole place,
And all day long with mirth and song
Around they dance with airy grace.
The joy these simple pastimes yield
Lives fresh in every heart for aye.
It lightens care in labor's field,
And breathes a fragrance as sweet as May.
But honored custom must give way
To stiff-necked rule of modern age;
Thus "Merry England's" dear old day
Lives now alone on Memory's page.

Hope is like the wings of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living; these we would not exchange for the pleasures or bursts of revelry.—*W. Irving*.

BRYANT.

ROSE M. CLARK.

William Cullen Bryant was born in a secluded and romantic valley in the mountains of Western Massachusetts. Nature richly endowed him with a love for her visible forms. The free and happy surroundings of a rough country life gave him both physical and mental strength, while the varied and picturesque scenery of New England, with its hills and dales, woods and streams, familiarized him from childhood with Nature and all her forms. It was here that he learned "to hold communion with her visible forms," and in the rural springtime, in the genial summer, in the gorgeous autumn, in the bleak winter, to lend his ear to her "varied language." Thus it was under the shadows of "his native hills," and in the groves which were God's first temples, "that the spirit of the boy-poet was touched by the harmony of Nature."

Bryant was one of the greatest painters of Nature. The English language was his color, New England scenery his theme. As the greatest effects are produced in art by using black and white, so the purity and sweetness of Bryant's pictures depend upon the good Anglo-Saxon that he used. Not only do Bryant's words express his meaning clearly, but they express it with such grace and artlessness that the words and thoughts seem to have been born together. One of the greatest charms of his words is their simplicity.

Bryant began in early youth to sing to the muse. Among his earliest, and perhaps his best, poems is "Thanatopsis," a remarkable meditative poem on death, Nature's decay.

Richard Stoddard, in speaking of this poem, says: "If we did not know that 'Thanatopsis' was the work of a young man, we would never guess that such was the fact, it is so noble, so serious, so elevated." From Nature Bryant borrows a balm for all his sorrows. From the sadness of departing from earth, "unnoticed by the living," he turns with an "unfaltering trust" to our safe guide:—

"Approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Six months after "Thanatopsis" was published, his lines addressed "To a Water-fowl" were written, and next to "Thanatopsis," it is best known of all his poems. The poem was suggested to him on seeing a duck flying across a sky of remarkable beauty. This exquisite poem displays keen and accurate observation of Nature, sound philosophy and a lesson of faith and trust in God's all-embracing providence. The clearness and

strength of the poem depend upon the monosyllabic words used in it. So great was his love for Nature that he saw and made us see beauty even in the flight of a bird. Nothing more exquisite can be conceived than the picture it presents to the mental eye of the imaginative reader. In our mind's eye we see the solitary figure "float along" till, fading to a speck, it vanishes in the far-off heavens. Then comes the thought of God's all-embracing providence guiding it on its trackless way.

The yellow violet was made the theme of one of Bryant's simplest and most beautiful poems. On its musical rhythm is wafted a breath of balmy spring. As we read, we feel transported to where the "beechen buds are swelling," and the yellow violet is peeping from the "snow bank and last year's leaves." We read between the lines the beautiful lesson of constancy. As we should not forget the violet when nature is robed in all her glory, neither should prosperity make us forget the friends of adversity. Bryant's own life gives us a beautiful lesson of constancy.

The central figure of many of Bryant's poems is the red man and his tribe, for they are Nature's own children. The most striking of these poems is "The Monument Mountain." Of its origin Bryant says: "The mountain called by this name is a remarkable precipice in Great Barrington, overlooking the rich and picturesque valley of the Housatonic, in the western part of Massachusetts. At the southern extremity is, or was a few years ago, a conical pile of small stones, erected, according to the tradition of the surrounding country, by the Indians, in memory of a woman of the Stockbridge tribe, who killed herself by leaping from the edge of the precipice. An Indian girl of this tribe formed an attachment for a cousin, which, according to the customs of the tribe, was unlawful. This she preyed upon her mind that she resolved to destroy herself. In company with a friend she repaired to the mountain, decked out for the occasion in all her ornaments, and after passing the day on the summit in singing with her companion, she threw herself headlong from the rock, and was killed." Bryant has woven this pathetic story, with its picturesque surroundings, into a fitting and lasting monument for the poor Indian girl. The poem is written in blank verse, and the story gracefully told.

From the stately and stern blank verse of "Monument Mountain," the genius of the poet turned, and in Spenserian verse wrote "After a Tempest," a picture of our out-door life. Every line, every stanza, is full of suggestions of beau-

tiful pictures. It is in this poem that he calls the butterfly "a living blossom of the air." What higher tribute could be paid to the beautiful butterfly? It is Bryant's keen enjoyment of the varied aspect of Nature, and his power of accurately describing them, that gives so careful a finish to this line.

The poem, "A Forest Hymn," is not unlike "Thanatopsis" in its effect; and, as Stoddard says, "A gloom which is not painful settles upon us; we are surrounded by mystery and unseen energy." In thought, we stand in a forest; our "hearts are awed within us when we think of the great miracle that still goes on in silence round us." The hymns that are offered here are as acceptable to His ear, even if they are not gathered and rolled back "lofty vaults."

The odes to the stormy month of March, and "Autumn Woods" are full of brilliant colors, and so skillfully is the color used that the pictures stand out in bold relief.

In contrast to these pictures, is the "Death of the Flowers." It is a pensive autumn dirge, in which he has embalmed the memory of his sister. The expression of the poem is indeed musical. As we read it, which of us cannot see the "naked woods, and meadows brown and sere?" We hear the rustle of the autumn leaves as the wind stirs them in their "lonely bed," we note the loss of grandeur and feel we, too, must decay. What a change from a few months past, when the "yellow sunflower in autumn's beauty stood."

But of all his poems of Nature, the one that has charmed us most is "Robert of Lincoln." His merry note of "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink!" has sounded in our ears from childhood, but what pleasant association they bring to us!

Bryant has been said to be an imitator of Wordsworth; and it is true that his poems are characterized by the same "intense love of Nature, especially of mountains, forests and streams, the same contemplative mood, the same absence of gaudy and humor," which we find in the philosophical poet of England, but the Nature Bryant sang of was under America's sky.

Bryant was a keen observer of everything, as his descriptions show. His pages are overrun with vines, and fragrant with tropical flowers, from whose nectar cup the butterfly sips. He is never vague in his descriptions, but always marvelously exact. He has seen or felt all he describes. He has spared no pains on his lines, and so well are they finished that the reader seems to breathe the odor of pine woods, and to feel the sunny content

of New England landscape. Bryant thought as Shakespeare, that we:—

"Find tongues in trees, sermons in stones,
Books in the running brook, and good in everything."

THE Y. W. C. A. OF THE NORMAL.

About a year ago, the young ladies of the Senior class organized this society; its purpose being to develop the Christian character of its members and to interest others in the same work. It consists of associate and active members, the qualification for the latter being a membership of some church.

This organization had its origin in the S. N. S. of Illinois. It seems fitting that those who looked forward to the training of so many young souls should take the first step in this grand work. The rapidity of its growth speaks for the success of the Association. In three years, the number in the United States has increased to one hundred and eighteen. California boasts of three—one at Berkeley, one at the University of the Pacific, and ours of the State Normal School.

Last year, an International Convention was held in Wisconsin. It was a marked success, and did much to encourage the workers, and to arouse others to take an interest in the work.

The association is conducted on much the same plan as the young men's. One meeting a month is devoted to missionary work. On these occasions, the attractions are more than ordinary. The girls are aided in the carrying out of their plans by the Faculty. Often the lady-teachers conduct the meetings, and are always ready with words of encouragement and advice. The topics for the rest of this term have been assigned. For the next month they are as follows:

February 25th, "Results of Faith," Miss Avery;
March 4th, "China and Japan," Miss Hudson;
March 11th, "Temperance," Miss Walker; March 18th, "Divine Guidance," Miss Hyde.

The officers of the Association are: President, Miss Knox; Vice-President, Miss Morrison; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hinshaw; Recording Secretary, Miss McFarland; Treasurer, Mrs. Pool.

The meetings are held every Friday afternoon at the Normal. All the young ladies are cordially invited to attend.

It is next to impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it not.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ALL SORTS.

Why is the Drill Corps like yesterday?

The Color Sergeant of the Drill Corps is missing.

If you wish to have your heart examined, go to room 1.

A certain young man misses a Deal quite often of late.

It's are now at a premium in the Middle A Algebra class.

Who were left in seeing the Battle of Gettysburg last Saturday?

Rec.—would convince us that at least one of our professors is not a self-made man.

On the evening of February 12th, a pleasant social was held at the residence of the Misses McKay.

Some of the colors of Middle Baze Black, Gray and Brown. The rest are the various shades of Green.

The captain of our famous base-ball nine is developing a base-ball mustache. There out, side out, you know.

Why is the Senior class so cheerful? Reaching the lines of poetical fame has had the Wright effect. Marvel! Try, try, try.

In the Word-Analysis class one of the young men lately defined mileage as "what which one pays when he goes to court—ing."

Some of our young men have joined the Y. M. C. A. singing class under the leadership of our popular teacher of music, Prof. Elwood.

"Don't be a clam" contains letters from which over one thousand words can be found. Now please don't call this a fish story; it's a clam story.

"The Normal school does more in one year for the advancement of education than the State University does in twenty."—*Committee on Education.*

The Y. M. N. D. S. will soon give an open meeting. The boys have done well in the past; so do not fail to attend, and thus encourage them to do still better in the future.

Did you hear the "Silver Star" shot at the dead of night? If not, you missed a rare treat, for the talent displayed was superior even to that of the McGibney family.

Lost.—A cuff-button with a moonstone setting. The finder will please leave it at the office. MINOR A.

The property mentioned above was found at my front gate, Monday morning. JEROME A.

The Senior It's are using the First Reader, yet many fear they will not gain their promotions unless they take elocution lessons. They fully realize the meaning of that old saying, "The older you grow, the less you know."

The Committee on Education seem to be very much pleased with the school and its work, but there's something in the faces of the young ladies that makes the various members exceedingly uncomfortable and—*embarrassed.*

Programme of Study at Rolder's Room.—6 to 7, Training School work; 7 to 7:45, Drawing; 7:45 to 8:30, Geometry; 8:30 to 9:30, Literature; 9:30 to 11, Recreation and general reading; 11 to 11:15, coffee and lunch; 11:15 to 12, Vocal music. Drawing all day Saturday. All extra time devoted to the writing of poetry.

What has become of the plug?

How did you enjoy your vacation?

The Fair was paid a visit by the Botany classes.

Prof. Child's Topical Analysis of U. S. History can be gotten at any of the bookstores in town for sixty cents.

"Perfect obedience is perfect freedom." Evidently Prof. C. is endeavoring to secure this joyful state of affairs at the Normal.

Do you like good music? Then go to Prof. Elwood's conservatory of music on Saturday evenings when the Senior boys warble their do-re-mes to the tune of "Old Hundred."

Many of the students have visited the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. All were highly pleased with it and much valuable knowledge has been derived by the students of history.

Will some one inform us how to reach the purses of those students who are not subscribers to the INDEX; or better, how students that borrow papers to avoid paying for them can have any respect for themselves or for their fellow-associates.

The attendance of the Training department has so increased this term that several rooms in the basement of the school had to be fitted up to accommodate the extra classes. Under the able supervision of Miss Wilson this department has attained a high degree of efficiency and popularity.

The various class societies have organized into one called the "Noronian Society," in honor of Prof. Norton. Its purpose is to combine the talent of the school in order to accomplish what the old societies have failed to do. It meets Thursday afternoons. The officers are: President, W. H. Parker; Vice-President, L. Geary; Secretary, Miss Overacker; Treasurer, R. G. Cotter; Sergeant-at-Arms, Byron Carpenter.

The Senior A's are fully initiated into the mysteries of the Training department, and can now understand that a teacher must have eyes in the back of his head; else, while he is trying to make the little archin at the end of the class stop whispering "how is he to see the little girl in the middle of the class giving her seat-mate a loving pinch, or the naughty boy at the other end surreptitiously sharpening the wits of his neighbor with a pin?

Several additions have been made to the library during the past month. New cases have been placed in the reception room adjoining the library, which are now filled, and two hundred and fifty of the most valuable books we have hitherto lacked have been added, making the total number of books nearly twenty-three hundred. Well may we be proud of such a vast store of knowledge, and well may our kind and patient librarian, Miss Royce, bave a sigh of resignation.

There is a young man in Senior A
Who promised to call on a lady so gay;
But when the hour to call drew nigh,
The dark clouds had lowered in the sky,
The desire for penance was very great,
But this chap had grown tired of fate,
So all day he hovered about her,
Wondering if the lady angry would be.

Meanwhile, two other guys, less timid, more gay,
Decided to call on the lady that day;
They called, and then treated our men and fow,
And talked to every a surry, new paw,
When it was time for them to depart,
The young lady, with a bid, forgiving heart,
Found a paper, and sent to the Senior A—
All the stuff left from the possum that day.

If you wish to hear a fine debate or a sound discussion, go to Miss Walker's room when the class in Pedagogy recites.

Recently, the Normal has had the pleasure of receiving a visit from the Committee on Education from the Senate and the Assembly. The Chairman of the former Committee is an old student of the school, Senator Gesford. In both cases the visits were short, but the inspectors told us they had staid long enough to judge of the workings of the institution, and from their speeches we infer that our work meets their approval. During the last hour the pupils assembled in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of being exhibited and entertained. Each of the Honorable Gentlemen "took his turn and said his say."

Why is A Schamate like his shoes?

For instance, both a sole may lose;
Both have been tanned, and both made tight
By cobbler; both have left and tight;
Each need a mate to be complete;
And both were made to go on feet;
Both need heeling, and both get sold;
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes, the last is always first,
With men the first shall e'er be last.
When souls wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out, their men dead too,
Both have been trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath;
Both have their lies, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine.
And both peg out.

The Senior A's course of reading: (1) Memorize the library index as a general outline of the work. (2) Digest "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors" as a preparatory step to the study of authors. (3) Assimilate "Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature" to get at the rank of each writer. (4) Read and dissect all the marked articles in the magazines as a means of studying the authors of to-day. (5) Absorb "Percy's Reliques," Disraeli's "Curiosities of English Literature," "Bede's History," "Anglo-Saxon Chronicles," More's "Utopia," and such like books, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the infancy of English Literature. (6) Read Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Chaucer, Dryden, Milton, Pope, Lamb, Addison, and the other literary giants, in order to obtain a general knowledge of the whole subject. (7) In all this work don't fail to read such histories as Green's, Hallam's, Robertson's and Macaulay's as a lubrication for all the above.

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. A. Price is at his home in Humboldt county.

Miss Lillie Kimball is now with her parents in Marion county.

Mr. James E. Addicott is teaching near Alturas, Modoc county.

Miss Olive Wilson, a former student, is teaching near her home in Winters.

Mr. James E. Addicott will return to his *Alma Mater* next August.

The smiling face of Miss Jennie Duncan is occasionally seen in the Normal halls.

Mr. W. H. Hunsaker, formerly a member of the present Senior A class, is now a tiller of the soil in Contra Costa county.

Fred. Arbogast took a flying visit to San Francisco on Washington's birthday.

Miss Caddie Doyle is acting as teacher in one of the ungraded country schools of Lassen county.

Miss Emma Befesen, once a much esteemed member of this school, is now engaged in teaching in Merced county.

We miss Mr. Sherman Hays and his sister Belle this term. They were called home by the severe illness of their sister.

Miss Texie Hawkins, who became ill a few weeks ago, is now with her parents in Fresno City. She will return to school next August.

The friends and acquaintances of Miss Lillian Miller, who was forced to discontinue her course on account of ill health, are glad to see her in San Jose once again.

We regret to hear that Mr. Milo Baker lost his books in the late fire at Anderson. Text books can be replaced, but never the note books over which so many sleepless nights are spent.

It is with pleasure that we see Miss Isbister back this term. What the present Senior A's lost by her leaving last term is the Senior B's gain this term. Miss Isbister is a most faithful student.

Our *Alma Mater* is well represented in the Faculty. Prof. Childs, the Vice-Principal, was a student of the Normal when it was situated in San Francisco. The Misses Hudson and Thompson are both Normalines. After attending the Ann Arbor University both returned to the Normal as teachers. This term one more has been added to the number—Miss Murray of Placer. Miss Hammond of the Training Department, and Mrs. Hollenbeck of the Preparatory are also old graduates.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Lizzie Cottle, May Class of '84, is teaching in San Miguel District, Monterey Co.

Miss Carrie M. Gardner, Dec., '84, is teaching in Chico-Butte county.

Miss Lily Love, May, '85, has charge of the third and fourth grades in the Los Gatos school.

Miss Lizzie C. Monaghan, Xmas, '85, has been teaching in the Hester school, Santa Clara county, for the last ten months.

Miss Flora E. Lacy, May, '85, is teaching at Helix, San Diego county.

Miss Alice Camp, Xmas, '84, is engaged to teach the Doyle District school, Santa Clara county.

Miss Louise Grove, Xmas, '85, is still teaching in Lockwood District, Alameda county.

Miss Mary Simmons, May, '86, has been teaching a writing in Arcata with great success.

W. D. Woodworth, May, '86, is teaching the Central District school near Yuba City.

Miss Nellie Stirling, May, '84, has charge of the first grade in the Salinas City schools.

Miss Agnes Hamilton, May, '86, has been since August in Richland, Sacramento county. She reports as being well pleased with her school and surroundings.

Miss Lillie Harris, May, '85, has a school of seventy in Pleasanton.

Miss May Griffin, May, '86, is teaching in Riverside, "in the very center of the orange groves."

Frank H. Herbert, Xmas, '86, has been engaged to teach the Jolon school in Monterey county.

Miss Lida Hatch, Xmas, '86, has a position in Graves District, Monterey county.

Richard D. Williams, Xmas, '86, is to teach the school near his home at Pleasanton, Alameda county.

Duncan Stirling, Xmas, '86, is at present engaged in farming at his home near Castroville.

Miss Agnes M. Parson, May, '86, is teaching in Caliente, Kern county.

Miss Belle Gleason, Xmas, '86, has a school in Caster Valley, near Haywards, Alameda county.

Wm. W. Locker, May, '85, has been teaching in San Joaquin county since graduating.

Miss Dora McKenzie, May, '86, is teaching her first school in San Rafael.

Miss Nellie Shine, May, '84, has charge of the Primary school at Columbia, Tuslamme county.

Miss Lucy Howes, May, '86, is teaching a class of eight, near Artesia, Los Angeles county.

Daniel Crough, '77, is teaching in Milton District, Inyo county, and is a member of the County Board of Education.

Miss Kate Montgomery, May, '84, is engaged in teaching the eighth grade in the Peialuma school.

Miss Mary Brunhouse, May, '83, is at present teaching in Coulterville, Mariposa county.

P. H. Griffin, May, '82, is teaching at Angel's, Calaveras county.

Geo. H. Gordon, May, '84, is still teaching at Jackson, Amador county.

Miss Ida E. Clark, May, '85, is principal of the Bay View school in Santa Cruz.

Miss Elmer D. Platt, May, '86, has been engaged to teach the third grade in the Eureka Grammar school, Humboldt county.

Miss Bella R. Cassin, of the same class, reports her last term's work as successful, and a re-engagement for the coming term. Her address is Watsonville, Santa Cruz county.

NORMAL READING CIRCLE.

The following circular has been issued by the Alumni Association. Another circular is soon to follow, which will likewise be published in the INDEX:

Realizing the great necessity for constant and systematic improvement, both general and professional, the Alumni Association of the State Normal School at San Jose, California, has decided to organize a reading circle, to be called the Normal Reading Circle.

OBJECTS.

The advantages of such a circle will be:

1. That it will offer a systematic plan for study.
2. That this plan will be carried out under supervision and guidance.
3. That by furnishing to all graduates who may choose to adopt it, the same work, with the same purpose, it will be both an incentive to study and a strong bond of union between the graduates.

When the plan is fully inaugurated, it is proposed to issue certificates at regular intervals, showing the amount of the course completed by individual members, and on the completion of a course to be prescribed, a diploma is contemplated.

MEMBERSHIP.

The conditions of membership in the Normal Reading Circle will be as follows:

1. All members of the Alumni Association whose dues are paid may become members of the Reading Circle, without additional fees, by sending their names to the Corresponding Secretary. Members of the Alumni Association will not be considered members of the Reading Circle until they have signified their wish to become members.

2. Any graduate of the school, not already a member of the Alumni Association, may become a member of the Reading Circle by paying one dollar initiation fee and fifty cents per year, dues. This payment will entitle such graduates to membership in the Alumni Association also, upon signing the constitution, which may be done by application to the Secretary, or at any meeting of the Alumni.

3. Any person not a graduate of the school may become a member of the Reading Circle by being recommended by some graduate and paying the required fees.

COURSE OF READING.

As very little history, except that of the United States, is taught in the public schools of California or in the Normal School, it is thought best to make historical reading an important part of the course. This, with one professional work, will make up the first year's course.

The books adopted for 1887 are as follows:

History { The Story of Chaldeas, } Books lately published by
 { The Story of Egypt, } G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.
 { The Story of the Jews, }

Historical novels connected with the above:

The Egyptian Princess, by George Ebers.

Ben-Hur, by Lew Wallace.

Professional—Payne's Lectures on Education.

Books recommended, but not required:

Hypatia, by Charles Kingsley.

Uarda, by George Ebers.

It is proposed to make an arrangement with the publishers by which the books can be had at reduced rates, through some book firm in California. The set of books required will cost about five dollars.

GENERAL.

To accomplish the course laid out for 1887 it will be necessary to begin work at once. Those who wish to join should send in their names, with fees, *immediately*, that we may know what number of books will be required.

As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, a second circular will be sent to the members of the Circle, laying out definitely the amount of reading to be done each month, and telling where and how the books may be obtained. It is hoped that the Circle may begin full operation by the close of the present month.

Those who join the Circle are requested to send the post-office address through which they may always be reached.

Money should be sent by express, postoffice order, or by registered letter.

Address all communications to Ruth Royce, State Normal School, San Jose, Cal.

RUTH ROYCE,
Corresponding Secretary.

San Jose, January 1, 1887.

ANSWER IF YOU CAN.

A prize will be given to the student first sending in a full list of answers to the following questions.

What king became a cook?

What is the "fool's gold"?

What are the seven Bibles?

What is the familiar story of Sysla and a king?

What was the first of the expression "Almighty Dollar"?

Where is the "poor man's region"?

What are "Rock China"?

What animal never sleeps?

What General has two graves?

What birds are used by the Chinese for fishing?

Who became king by first seeing the sun rise?

What is the most curious book in the world?

What is the origin of the phrase, "Kicking the bucket"?

Who was the "sleeping philosopher"?

Who killed one fourth of all the people on the earth?

What was "the tune of which the cow died"?

What is the Achilles Puzzle?

When was Adam born?

From what legend did Swift devise his model of *Gulliver's Travels*?

Upon what fact is Goldsmith's, *She Straps to Conquer*, based?

What king was crowned on the field of battle?

What is the oldest fable on record?

When was idleness punished with as much severity as murder?

What is meant by Godwin's oath?

When did actresses first appear on the stage?

What country has never been conquered?

When was the first newspaper issued?

What are the "Seven Senses"?

When was the first Thanksgiving?

What was the most destructive earthquake?

When was the first naval battle?

What is the oldest poem in existence?

When did women vote?

Where is there a "floating town"?

Why do not stoves burn as well as wood?

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

EDITORIAL BOARD:

J. I. WILLIAMS,
CLARA HUGHTON, LILLIAN LAUBERSHEIMER.

THE question of the day seems to be, When will it stop raining? Although the rain was at first welcomed by all, the feeling seems to prevail that there is danger of our having too much of a good thing before we are through. At first, but few of the scholars remained at home on account of the weather, but when the rain continued from one week into another, the vacant seats became more numerous. It was observable that the students of the older classes seem to have become hardened to all circumstances, and it takes more than a rain to stop them, while many of the members of the younger classes do not venture out save in pleasant weather.

The bad weather seems to exert a doleful influence over all, and the darkness of the days seems to be reflected in the faces of the students, making it seem entirely out of place to smile aloud during study hour.

All will be glad when wet feet, an overflowing river, thunder storms, and whistling winds have become things of the past for this year, and when green hills, sunshiny days, and breezes from the ocean, rather than from the beautiful but snow-capped mountains, are things to contemplate.

Although we are so frustrated by a little stormy weather, yet we are none of us sorry for it, and only enjoy it the more for being allowed to complain.

THE students of the L. A. Normal School will look back to the days on which the visits of the Legislative Committees were made, as red-letter days. They heartily enjoyed the pleasant and witty speeches fraught with sound advice, addressed to them, and will remember them longer and think of them oftener than many would give them credit for doing.

"Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought,
Is thoughts we know not, and may never know."

Natural abilities are like natural plants; they need pruning by study.—Lord Bacon.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

(IMAGINARY.)

We who have never traveled in foreign countries, and whose reading has been by no means extensive, can not form, in detail, an accurate conception of the customs and modes of thought of the people. But with the cultivated traits and innate peculiarities of our own fellows as a basis for comparison, together with whatever of historical matter we have at command, we may create a picture, strongly supported by conjecture and possible sequence, of at least a few of the habits of people whom we have never seen.

Even if highly cultivated, so as to be at once powerful, vivid, and subtle, the imagination, like other faculties, may become over-excited and unable to produce a harmonious whole out of a mass of useful material. If, then, the following picture of the old English wayside inn is incongruous, exaggerated, or built upon poor support, yet let not that delude the gentle reader into the belief that it is the product of an imagination void of fecundity; but rather that of one belabored into a state of fervid description by protracted thought.

Since it has been recorded that some of England's greatest bards derived much of their cheer and fiery glow from "spirit waters," it is not to be supposed that the inn was always a hotel where congregated none but the rabble. Forsooth these cultivators of the Muse must needs travel to the country, if they lived in town; else where could they get their excellent ground plans of rustic scenery? And if in the country they had their abode, then surely the inn was the most convenient place to get speedy note of such deeds as might happen in town, whereupon to found sonnet or ode or epic. Besides, before the Puritan purity began to cut channels deep and wide through Cavalier hilarity, nobody thought ill of poet or monger or merchant, who indulged in sack or champagne, Burgundy or Port, at nobody's expense but his own, till he felt as well able to turn topsy-turvy as to stand bolt upright. Then the inn may have been the embodiment at once of filth and fame, of bad words from fair men, and free drink for lusty loungers; of couriers who came to diffuse idle news, and lazy old men and termagant women, who loved the latest gossip little less than the palatable wine.

Thither, too, the minstrel, as in our day we call him, was driven by hunger and thirst. For the strength of his wind or the subtlety of his fingers could draw naught of sustenance from the air. But the strains that he forced from stretched "cat-

gut", or blew from the end of his pipe, drew many a shilling from half-tipsy bard, generous beggar, or note-loving rabble. Then to the note of the bard we may add the note of his companion of the hour, and to them both the confusion resulting from want of harmony; any of which, or all three at once, might be heard according to the application of the auricular sense.

Every community has its proportion of little big men, who are proficient in the art of legerdemain. But man in his soberer sense will none of their empty deceit. Toward the inn, then, they, too, find their way, to wager with those made superstitious or artless by drink, as to whether or not they are endowed with supernal power.

Men are not always what they pretend to be, and this was most certainly true of the Mendicant Friars. While some could be measured by no less than their claim, many fell below high standard. These latter, like the former, taught by both precept and example; but in example they taught in a very different way, having learned that part of their trade at the inn, where they also practiced it. Sadly true it is that those who diffuse among others the sacred rays of religion, oft infuse into themselves many a potation of wine. So it may now and then have come to pass, that one of these disciples, abandoning for the time being his much better occupation, mingled at the inn with poet and courier, sluggard and shrew and craftsman, and many more too numerous to mention.

What a motley crew! And where stow them away when strength is gone and nature begs for repose? Verily the inn must have been in size like a castle, with skylights and wings and porticos scattered pell-mell about the building. So much for the external; but who can depict the internal? The division, the rooms, and the furniture; the filth, the food, and—well the atmosphere in general? Truly it must have been a place fit only for barbaric abode and carousal.

COMPETITION.

MARY F. KING.

In a square foot of soil from the uncultivated land upon our hillsides, or in our valleys, can sometimes be counted a dozen different plants. Side by side they struggle for existence, till one, harder than the rest, attains a vigorous growth, leaving no room for those of the weaker sort. In the animal world the principle of selection, or survival of the fittest, illustrates the operation of the same law.

But competition is not peculiar to the lower creation. It exerts its power over the actions of men. In all occupations in life, in all pleasures, wherever man is, we find him struggling for superiority. In all ranks of life, from the ambitious school boy, who learns his lesson that he may go above his next higher neighbor, to the society belle, who, by her elaborate toilet, aims to strike awe into the hearts of her rivals, are manifestations of a desire to excel.

Business men find competition one of the chief elements with which they have to contend. In commercial affairs there is so close a relationship between the various branches of business that the extreme success of one individual must detract somewhat from the success of another. Each man wishes to be prosperous, and computes his success, not upon the excellence of his work, but upon the degree in which it advances him above those around him.

As in business we find competition for gain, so in society we find competition for honor. Spencer says that monarchies and kingdoms are supplanted by certain other unacknowledged governments growing up in every circle, in which every man or woman strives to be king or queen. Mere excellence is not at all satisfactory—superiority is the end in view. Scholars, literary men, artists, though their attainments may approach perfection, are not content until they have eclipsed all of their class. To surpass and excel others is the universal struggle, in which the chief and best energies of man's life seem to be expended.

Competition, being so widespread, has a marked effect upon the commercial and social activities of a country. If we note the manner in which the various industries were carried on years ago, we can appreciate this effect. Note how manufacturing was done in early days. The labor was performed exclusively by man and beast. Nature's forces were put to no use; and hours of toil showed but little result. But the spirit of emulation among workmen led to a gradual change. Attempts to produce plans superior to the old ones were constantly made, and the successful ones going into effect, we have reached a system in which time and labor are economized to a high degree.

Commercial and social affairs are regulated by a series of restraints produced by competition. Where the arrangement and management of business under the control of one individual, no restrictions could be placed upon him. In the early days of California men were required to pay enormous prices for every article they purchased, even for the necessities of life. The reason for this was plainly a lack of competition. Each branch

of business had but one or two representatives. They could set their own prices, and the people were obliged to accept them. But when the country grew, and others came in to compete with these, business was regulated more to suit the needs of the people.

To the person who withstands it, competition is of intrinsic value. Under the seething fire of opposition all his powers are brought out to their best advantage. As the sea captain does not know the value of his ship until it has withstood the storm, so the individual does not know his strength until he has resisted competition. He is inspired with a confidence in himself. Diffidence has prevented many persons of rare abilities from setting them forth, and many characters which might have shone brightly on the pages of history have burnt out in obscurity. But, while confidence is gained, prudence and foresight are also acquired; and, while an excess of one would be injurious, their combined strength is productive of the best results. Under the criticising eye of our adversary, our best work is accomplished. Every plan is carefully weighed, every action previously deliberated upon, for the knowledge that the first display of weakness will be taken advantage of, induces caution and exactness. Habits of excellence are thus attained, which continue after the opposition has been removed.

With these advantages attendant upon competition, it seems strange that we constantly shrink from it. But the choicest blessings of life come to us in disguise, and under the repulsive garb of competition we fail to recognize the kindly person of a friend.

THE EXPLORERS.

A. G. VAN GORDEL.

A few years ago, though concerning the exact time there is no need to be precise, the good ship Aas cast anchor in the harbor of Middle Bay, which is a seaport of the country of Chemistry.

After a few months spent in preparation for an inland trip of exploration, three travelers Determination, Courage and Hope, repaired to the palace of Queen Knowledge for directions. This personage was rather short in stature, her hair was slightly tinged, with gray and smiles seemed always to be chasing each other across her fine features as shadows flit across the meadows on a summer's day.

Having received the desired information, Determination and Courage started on the trip with Hope a little in advance.

They had not proceeded far when they were overtaken by a storm so fierce that one element could not be distinguished from another. Hope was the only one who seemed to mind the wetting. Next day he seemed to be weak and very pale. Determination thought that the fatigue of the journey together with the effects of the storm, was what had occasioned his sickness.

It being night, they decided to stop at a house situated at the foot of Mt. Reaction, which was now only a little way off. Here every attention was given the sick man, but he still grew worse, and by midnight was delirious and had a burning fever. The burden of his mind seemed to be the difficulties connected with climbing Mt. Reaction.

All the medical aid the place afforded was called in, but to no avail.

He seemed to sink right away, and when the morning sun rose from behind the mountains, Hope was no more.

Our friends lingered only long enough to perform the sad rites in honor of the departed, and then began the ascent of Mt. Reaction.

After a few hours they reached what had seemed from the foot to be the summit, but what was their chagrin on finding a still greater ascent in front of them.

Tired and exhausted, they sat down in the shade of some mountain oaks by the side of a little stream to eat their lunch. A party of natives came ostensibly for water, but in reality to view the strangers.

Some of them were jumping around, screaming and fighting. To Determination they seemed crazy and possessed of the strength of ordinary men.

No sooner did they see the travelers than a deadly combat ensued in which Courage was killed outright. Determination eluded their grasp and made a rush down the mountain with the natives screaming at his heels.

He took refuge in an old hut until it was safe to venture out. When he proceeded more leisurely to the border land, content to remain in ignorance of Chemistry.

THE N. A. SOCIETY.

The Normal Adelpian Society meets this term as usual, and is doing well. It is composed of young gentlemen of the school, and has a membership of about twenty. Several of the new pupils have become regular members.

The programs are generally well rendered, and all are willing to take part in the exercises. We find that the debates, extemporaneous speeches

and recitations help in our school work, and are of very great benefit to us, helping us to think for ourselves and to express our thoughts in good language. The regular meetings are held every two weeks on Friday evening. The Society generally honors the graduating class with an open meeting just before the close of the term.

E. E. W.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Belle McFadden, of Xmas class of '86, is teaching at Piacentia, near Anaheim.

Miss Fannie Harrow, of the May class of the same year, is teaching near San Diego.

Also, Miss Lucy Grant of the last class is teaching near San Diego.

Miss Mammie Swan is acting as substitute for Miss Pinkham in her school at Modena.

Miss Franc Crowley of the last class is teaching at Ravenna.

Miss Hattie Taylor is teaching near San Bernardino.

Miss Lizzie Henderson has returned to her home at San Diego.

Miss Josephine Ellis has a school at Newbury Park, Ventura county.

Mr. Fred. Taylor is teaching in Arizona Ter.

Miss Hazlip has gone east on a visit to friends in Virginia.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

The recent heavy rains seem to have confirmed our Professor's theory that some of the young ladies of the Normal are made of either sugar or salt, judging from the number of absentees; but Junior B took the lead—one day, there being eleven vacant places. But this was not entirely due to the weather, for there are several out in each class with the measles, which seem to be prevalent just now. It is not very pleasant to go to school in rainy weather, but one young lady from East Los Angeles did not seem to mind it, for she walked across the East Los Angeles bridge when it was unsafe for the street car to cross, thereby running the risk of the bridge being washed away during the day and her not being able to return home. This young lady evidently thinks more of school than most young ladies.

Valentines are scarce; like everything else, this is laid to the bad weather.

Junior B has been denominated "The Mensly Class."

The students of the Normal, do hereby announce that they are ready to accept any and all surplus money that the public may have on hand to invest in a good business; but they would warn the public that they are instructed, and can tell a counterfeit at first sight; therefore, beware!

Teacher to training-school pupil recently from the capital: "And Paul, what kind of climate do they have in Sacramento?"

Paul—"They don't have any of them up there."

We hope San Jose is not laboring under the same difficulty.

It is evident that the children of Southern California are early taught that this country is noted for the variety of its fruits; for one "young idea," when told to name five fruits of California, mentioned people, oranges, trees, cows and turnips.

THE ORIGINAL DRAFT.

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular

The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular.

On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating,

This little quadruped likewise was there a gullivating.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary,

Which to every rule and precedent was reckless contrary.

Immediately whereupon the pedagogue superior,

Exasperated, did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary, on beholding such performance arbitrary,

Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called lachrymary,

And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious,

And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars ask the teacher,

He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature.

"Oh, pecus amorem Mary habet omnia temporum."

"Thanks, teacher dear, the scholars cried, and are crept darkly o're 'em.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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