

The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 4.

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NOVEMBER, 1886.

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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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Last month an innocent little editorial appeared in the INDEX which has since been the cause of much commotion. The first fruits of its bearing were two complimentary tickets which were bestowed upon a member of the staff. For the second, words fail to express our gratitude, but we will endeavor to do the donors justice.

On a recent morning we were much surprised at receiving a large box addressed to the Editorial Board in care of the editor-in-chief. On being opened, the first things to meet our gaze were a copy of the editorial, an invitation to an entertainment held two years ago, and a sweet little bouquet for each one of us. The ladies of the Board claimed all the bouquets as typical of themselves, but the gentlemen ungallantly dissented and insisted on all sharing alike. Next came the toothsome dainties, and during their disposal we proceeded to discuss their hidden meanings. Of the first came nuts; chestnuts as reminders of the banished bells, ordinary nuts being hard shelled, hinting that the INDEX jokes should be easier to crack; peppers indicating that the all sorts editors need more spice; onions to aid the pathetic editor; raisins (rather small) indicating that the missing(s) of

the editors' brains were somewhat small and dry; shrimps, for brain food; figs to indicate that the paper was rather weedy; and taffy to heal the wounds caused by the discovery of the meaning of the aforesaid objects.

The catables were quickly disposed of, the invitation accepted, the remaining articles laid carefully away among our choicest possessions, and a vote of sincerest thanks extended to our good Samaritan.

The practical and the ideal are not so far apart in our lives as we sometimes think. The ideal is really the source of the practical. The miser denies himself the comfort of life that he may amass fortune, and the larger grows his pile of gold the greater his ideal; the spendthrift spends all he has for enjoyment, but is never as happy as he expects to be. The scholar is never as wise, the artist is never as famous, and the inventor is never as successful as he is going to be. Even Mr. Gradgrind has his ideal; that is, a school of facts. "Facts, sir." "Nothing but facts."

We idolize our friends and sometimes even ourselves. The greater our self-esteem the greater our humiliation when we see ourselves as we are. Such humiliations are excruciating because they show us in what respect we are deficient. Knowing our faults, by earnest endeavors we may improve. After a few such experiences we shall be apt to take for our ideal what we ought to be rather than what we think we are.

When we think how much our ideals influence our whole life we can see the importance of forming high ideals.

The teachers and the pupils of the Normal have at last awakened to the fact that pupils cannot be educated exclusively in one direction without evil, if not disastrous results. For a long time the physical development of our students has been wholly neglected, and as a result we have quite a number leaving school every term on account of their physical health. The recent move in favor

of out-door exercise is highly commendable; and it is to be hoped that the Faculty will continue to manifest their interest in the movement, and not allow the enthusiasm of the pupils to die out as has been the case in former similar movements. The Trustees, too, should lend their aid and provide some means of sustaining the interest. It is indeed pleasing to note the change of expression that comes over the faces of the students as they emerge from the hall doors. The careworn gloomy countenance changes to one of sunny smiles, and loud merry laughter takes the place of the low, half-anxious tone which formerly held sway during our short recesses. Such a change is certainly cheering. "Bean bags," the first rage, has given way to marching, and several of the classes have already become so skilled in their maneuvers that they might well excite the jealousy of even Company B. We have noticed, however, that of late some of the pupils do not manifest the same interest in marching that they did at first, and we would suggest to our enthusiasts that there be more variety introduced on the grounds. Have marching two or three days in the week, and some other amusements for the other days. Older persons, like children, soon become tired of things they do or see every day. Novelty is the prick to enthusiasm.

It is a deplorable fact that our Alumni do not avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the columns of the INDEX. One of the objects in view, when the paper was established, was to furnish a means of keeping the graduates informed as to the whereabouts and doings of one another. We occasionally hear, incidentally, of the grand success of some of them, but they seldom take the trouble of sending us even a note. With us most all is theory and we would gladly record the success of those who are doing the real. Give us your experience, a description of your school, or the surroundings; in fact anything that will be interesting to us or your classmates. If you get married, send us a piece of wedding cake and let us know the circumstances. We have received numerous letters commending us for the value and general appearance of the paper, but very few have thought it worth their while to lend their aid in making it interesting. We, who have the paper in charge, labor earnestly to make our paper worthy of the school, but our ideas are necessarily crude as we lack experience. If the voice of experience could be heard in our columns, it would necessarily increase the value of the paper. Shall it be heard? Do not be afraid that you will crowd us, for we are fully prepared to increase the size of the paper when necessary.

THE *National Educator* says: If you think that your pronunciation is perfect, try the following words. Pronounce them and then look them up in Webster's dictionary. It is likely you have mispronounced half of them. Do not take it by guess. Look for the pronunciation of each word.

Err, coffee, courtesy, exrise, vendue, off, humor, Philemon, docile, Italian, dumfounded, vagary, vicar, era, caret, construe, exhale, vary, okri, lyceum, double-quick, eh, amateur, ere, turbine, communist, exhanst, courier, decorous, valet, indissoluble, went (custom), drama, eighteen, millionaire, extant, carbine, courtier, exit, coarant, usarp, eyrie, probity, ornate, ducent, bronchitis, complaisance, coadjutor, gladiolus, courteous, errata, mistletoe, culture, piquant, Uranus, exquisite, squaler, divert, formidable, dumb-waiter, leisure.

THE DISTRIKT SKOOLMASTER.

There is one man in this basement world that I always look upon with mixed feelings of pity and respect.

Pity and respect, as a general mixtur, don't mix well.

You will find them both travlin' around among folks, but not often growin' on the same bush.

I had rather a man hit me on the side of the head than tow pity me.

But there is one man in this world to whom I always take oph mi hat, and remain uncovered until he gets safely bi, and that is the distrikt skool-master.

He leads a more lonesome and single life than an old bachelor, and a more anxious one than an old maid.

He is remembered just about as long and affectionately as a gide hord is by a traveling pack pedler.

If he undertakes to make his skolars luv him, the chances are he will neglect their larning.

The skool committee make him work for half the money a boot-black gits, and board him around the neighborhood.

Any man who has kept a distrikt skool for ten years, and boarded around the neighborhood, ought tew be made a mayor-general, and have a penashun for the rest of his natural days, and a horse and wagon tew do his going around in.

I had rather burn a cole pit, or keep the flys out of a butcher's shop in the month of August, than meddle with the distrikt skool bizzness.

—JOHN BILLINGS.

THE LINKS OF '86 IN THE CIRCLE OF GOLD.

Dedicated to the Senior Christmas Class of '86.

There's a wonderful fountain of crystal,
Where the sunlight of day dispels night;
In the region of brightness it standeth,
Veiled softly by wonderful light.

Suspended above its pure waters
Hangs a wreath of immortal flowers,
Which, catching the sunlight of Heaven,
Reflects back its radiant powers.

Not a weed or a thorn grows around it;
Not a cloud overshadows its sky;
But an echo of angels singing
Floats o'er it in soft reply.

Deep down in this wonderful fountain,
Whose beauties tell daily unfold,
There, implanted in its waters of crystal,
Is a bright shining circle of gold.

Each link, joined by gems pure and costly,
Bears the name of a circle we love,
Traced in letters of diamonds, now glistening
'Neath the height, radiant source above.

This emblem, in pure consecration,
Is chosen, dear comrades, for you:
The region of brightness, your lives are;
The fountain, your hearts pure and true.

The wreath of immortal brightness
Which gleams o'er the fountain so bright,
Your aspirations, which reaching,
Their virtue your pathways will light.

The circle complete, your dear classmates,
Which each form a link fair to me,
Joined by a jewel more precious than all—
By the bond of sweet sympathy.

But, lo! As we linger, this vision
Clouds other visions from view.
'Tis a circle of classmates assembled
On the deck of "Brave Norma" true.

And soft as a far distant echo,
Falling lightly on those soon to part,
Comes the murmur of friendly wishes
From many a friendly heart.

A song of farewell floats around us;
The sun floats in glory on high,
And falls as a benediction
From the heavenly dome of the sky.

At the captain's command, Norma's children
Seek the life-boats attached to her side,
And, unmooring them, start for fair regions
Out on the billowy tide.

"O, white silvered sails, speed ye onward!"
We cry from the mystic shore,
But our voices are drowned with the music
Of the sound of the dipping oars.

A PLEA FOR TRAINED TEACHERS.

HEMAN G. SQUIRE.

"For the distant still thou yearnest,
And behold, the good is near!
If to use the good thou earnest,
Thou wilt surely find it here."

At last we have reached an era in the history of our beloved republic in which we are called upon to consider seriously the merits and demerits of our present educational systems. It is but a few years since it was conceded by the American people that any one, having even a limited knowledge of a few of the common studies, was fully qualified to take charge of a school. But now, public sentiment in regard to the need of special preparation for teaching is rapidly changing from indifference on the subject to an active desire to further the interests of all institutions designed especially for the training of teachers.

In Europe, the three most prominent nations, England, Germany and France, recognize teaching as a profession. The fruits of a liberal endorsement of Normal School work are plainly seen in the advancement made by Germany during the last quarter of a century. In our own country, the people have become aware of the fact that trained teachers are a necessity, and, in the recognition of a universal demand, we now have in nearly every State of the Union from one to ten Normal Schools. Besides these, there are a great many other normal classes receiving instruction in the different cities, and within a few years chairs of pedagogy have been established in many of the universities of the land.

The press has daily been advocating our cause, for, in upholding the principles that underlie a good civil service they have upheld the principles of our much needed educational reform. Hence, in the achievement of the one we have but paved the way for the successful development of the other.

Some conservative people still cling to the old doctrine "that teachers, like poets, are born, not made." In so far as natural ability aids greatly in securing professional success, this is true. It is not true, however, that anyone, having but little ability, cannot become a good teacher by undergoing a careful preparation for the profession; it is certainly true that, by being conversant with the principles that underlie this noble work, he would achieve far greater success. Then, too, the absurdity of this doctrine, "born, not made." The work of a teacher, ignorant of the true principles of his profession, must surely be of an experimental nature. You would not allow an unskilled phy-

sician to experiment upon your child's body; much less than should you be willing to entrust to an untrained teacher the welfare of his immortal mind. The teacher that is naturally endowed with great intellectual strength is the very man that needs the severest training; for he is dangerous because of his strength. Such a teacher in the school room, working upon the delicate minds of his pupils, is like a bull in a china shop. He pushes his way along, regardless of the damage he works to the frail obstacles that are in his path-way.

Admitting then, from the facts and absurdities that I have laid before you, that every teacher should undergo a certain amount of preparatory training before being recognized as a member of the profession, let us next consider a few of the many things that should receive special attention in this training.

The thoroughly trained teacher is one in whom we ought to find combined the three elements: ability, knowledge, and experience. He may be endowed with a good supply of natural ability, or by careful study and preparation, he may have acquired an amount sufficient to enable him to perform his functions as a teacher. Be this as it may, he must have ability in order to become a successful teacher.

In preparing for his profession, the teacher should acquire a thorough knowledge, not only of the subjects he is to teach, but also of the many different methods of imparting this knowledge. Last, but not least, he should acquire an understanding of the development of the human mind. A person may be a good scholar and possess only the first of the requirements; but in order to be a good teacher, he must not only possess, but comprehend all three—the subject he is to teach, the best methods of teaching it, and the nature of the mind upon which he is to work. In his training, the teacher's knowledge should be made to extend far beyond that acquired by the scholar; for the scholar sees the subject from but one point of view, while the teacher must see it from many different points, or, in other words, he must understand the subject he essays to teach in all its relations.

In a Normal School careful attention is paid to the development of a great many things that contribute incidentally to a teacher's success, such as a good disposition, a pleasing manner, a good voice, a quick eye, and a sympathetic nature. Although these, in themselves, are but parts, yet they are the bricks which, when connected with ability, knowledge and experience, form the solid

wall. Every teacher thus trained will deem it his duty, even after having left his Alma Mater, to keep up with the times, abreast of the best thought of the age. He will also pursue his favorite bent in some specific line of thought and study, thus thwarting the inevitable tendency to become pedantic or one-sided. How essential this training when we consider the grave responsibility a teacher assumes on taking charge of a school. If he be a man of great moral strength, of high intellectual attainments, and of broad spiritual culture, such you may expect his pupils to become; while on the other hand, if he be lacking in any of these essentials, untrue to himself, he will neglect the sacred duty he owes to his pupils; untrue to his country, he will undermine the dykes that shut out an ocean of evils; and untrue to his God, he will imbue the minds of his youth with false principles.

The trained teacher is like the skilled navigator, who, no matter through what severe storms and hurricanes his ship must pass, understands his work so completely that not an unnecessary order is given, and in due time safely lands his cargo of human souls in the haven of rest. Thus it is with the trained teacher who holds the rudder of the ship of State in his hands, and directs the movements of his crew so that they can sail safely across the rough and turbid waters of the ocean of life, and land at last in that spiritual home, that home not built with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Of old, it has been said that in every voice in infancy there is a tone which can be made to pour a sweeter melody into the symphonies of angels, or thunder a harsher discord through the blasphemies of demons. Which shall it be? The answer to this question must in a great measure be answered by the teachers of the land.

“REMEMBER, teacher, when you lay down a vigorous rule you virtually put a chip on your shoulder, and dare anybody to knock it off. The brightest and boldest pupil will be the first to except the challenge. The chip is nothing, the dare is everything. Few persons with even ordinary pluck, would be able to let slip the glorious opportunity you have foolishly offered of becoming a hero. Now come at it from the other side. Instead of exciting all the pluck and heroism of your school against you, skillfully guide their energies into healthy and honorable channels. Dare your pupils to solve this example; bid that they cannot reach such a mark in study, and you will find they are just as unwilling to take a dare in a good as in a bad direction.”

ALL SORTS.

Senior A autograph albums and photos fill the air.

Senior A and B expect to hold a joint reception soon.

Senior A boasts of not having had any class quarrels.

A certain young man of Middle B has anchored in Junior B.

A Senior heard a Junior sigh, "O, how I wish that I were Nye."

"Who are the great authors of Junior A?" Byron and the Long-fellow.

"My Bonnie is in the Senior," is the favorite song of a Senior young man.

The recent rains somewhat dampened the ardor of the geological students.

Methods of teaching singing are the awful specters that now haunt the Senior A's.

Middle A now enjoys the distinction of being the banner class of the Normal.

"Say, what color is your graduating dress?" is now the Senior A salutation.

The Middle A method classes are experimenting with some of the Training School pupils.

A number of the pupils went home to eat their Thanksgiving turkeys, mince pies, etc.

"To (Senior) B or not to B" is now an important question with the members of Middle A.

The students are now anxiously counting the days which must elapse before the holidays set in.

A Junior young lady regrets the departure of the graduating class, because then she will lose her Bert.

During a recent baseball match between the Preparatory nine and the Normal nine, the latter were defeated.

The last number of the INDEX seems to have effectually killed either all the chestnut bells or their owners.

"Why do some of the Normal boys feel down in the mouth?" Because their down is not long enough to be seen.

Mumps have been playing havoc in the Primary Department, even attacking the teacher of that department. During her absence one of her pupils wrote on a language paper, "I heard Miss — got a mump."

Now they are to graduate, the most desirable thing to be obtained by the Senior A's are graduating watches.

"Why might a certain young lady in the Junior class be called a trap?" Because, it is said, she has caught a sly Fox.

The Senior B's have been observing the pupil teachers in the Training school, much to the dissatisfaction of the latter.

Prof. K. confessed to one of his classes that he "always powders." Some of the students evidently follow in his footsteps.

The loving couple always found within the Normal walls seem to be on the increase. The Junior has some fine specimens.

Mr. G., of Middle A, thinks that going with young ladies is good for a young man's morals. He evidently speaks from experience.

One of our self-boarders becoming wearied of bachelor's fare, is trying to engage the services of a Cook at a Penny per week.

The cold weather seems to have frozen out the "All Sorts" reporters, as but one of them has been heard from this month.

One of the Senior B young men seems sorry to have school close, although the students then will *Abbe* free to go to their *Hobbes*.

Bent bags are still in fashion. Some of the drill corps reflect great credit upon their persevering members and energetic commanders.

The Senior B's are learning how to take photos. One of the questions among the Senior A's now is "how to take them without paying for them."

The Senior A's are rejoicing over the fact that they have written their last essays. Some of the members of other classes wish they could say as much.

The fearful odor of H. S. has been pervading the Normal halls, causing stalwart Seniors to turn pale by such a strong reminder of their earlier days.

"What do the Hindoos raise so many poppies for?" questioned the teacher. A bright little fellow replied by asking, "Don't they use them to make that stuff you put on your face?"

"Do you know how to make PbO?" asked a Professor of a group of ex-bro chemists. One of the young ladies glibly rattled off Prof. Kismethod, but Prof. A. objected. "Take some Pb in your fingers and hold in the flame of your lamp, when it gets hot, it will be Pb-Oh!"

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for a hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown—
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lover
Who shares love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit-comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and toils
And lost that are wasted here.

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

A FANATIC.

It was class-day exercises at Brown University, last spring; during the rendition of college songs, my eye fell upon an odd-looking figure standing near the singers, and conspicuously apart from the rest of the audience. The day was warm, and our stranger, apparently affected by the heat, had removed his hat, which he held in one hand, while with the other he waved slowly back and forth a large black fan.

Something in the general appearance of the stranger arrested my attention, and I gazed at him curiously in an endeavor to define the vague something that marked him from others of his class. He was, apparently, a dignified, elderly gentleman, well dressed, and in the enjoyment of good health, and in stature a trifle below the average. His face, which was tanned by much exposure, to sun and wind, was crowned by a remarkably low, broad forehead; beneath peered forth a pair of small, restless eyes; while about the mouth and chin were tense, hard lines that bespoke a strength

of purpose amounting almost to dogged resolution. The whole expression of the face seemed at once to unite, yet defy criticism; and this I thought, together with the easy attitude, the graceful handling of the fan, and the peculiar mode of wearing the hair, which was straight and black and reached to the shoulders, was probably what served to distinguish him from his companions.

Soon I became aware that others about me were also glancing in the same direction; and, turning to inquire of a friend, I was informed that this personage was noted throughout the United States as a fanatic on the subject of woman-suffrage and dress reform; that it was, in fact, not one of the male sex at all, but a woman who chooses to dress in the garb of a man. Her name is Dr. Mary Walker, doubtless very familiar to you. This woman, possessed of a good education and fine natural abilities, has unfortunately exerted them in the wrong direction. While quite young she was graduated from a medical school, and has ever since practiced more or less as a physician. Then she has at times held government positions at Washington. But it is her career as a lecturer that has won for her her great notoriety.

She believes in the absolute equality of man and woman, in exercising freedom of dress as well as of action, and regards woman's present cumbersome apparel as the chief cause of the helpless and degraded condition of women. Under such conviction, she has several times figured in petitions to Congress for various reforms, has delivered lectures in all of our largest cities, and for almost thirty years has persisted in wearing her present style of costume, even at the risk of arrest and public ridicule. Indeed, she has been before the courts more than once; but she appears nothing daunted thereby; rather the contrary. She seems to love to catch the eye of the people. At public entertainments the writer has seen her rise, about the middle of the evening, from the conspicuous seat she always chooses, take her tall silk hat from the floor beneath the seat in front, and with her hands behind her back, slowly saunter out, "the observed of all observers."

Yet in spite of all this, she has a most benevolent disposition, her many charities being well-known; and her private character is unsullied, though, naturally, almost lost sight of in the garishness of her fanaticism.

Undoubtedly she acts according to the dictates of her conscience; but there are few who do not deem her judgment amiss, and few who will not agree that however much the dress of the sexes should resemble each other, there are very many considerations that require them to be obviously distinguished from each other.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Mary E. Kelsey has a school at Comstock, Douglas county, Oregon.

Miss Minnie Gray, May, '88 has the Harmony District school, near Woodville.

Miss Frances Greierson, May, '85, is not engaged in teaching at present.

Miss Lilla B. Grove, Class of '79, is now Mrs. W. H. Marshall, of San Francisco.

Miss Belle Cohn, May, '82, is again teaching the Garfield school, Fresno county.

Miss Mollie E. Walsh has the First Intermediate grade in the Placerville schools.

Miss Julia Manchester, May, '86, has the school in Pioneer District, Merced county.

Miss Isabel Grunmut, May, '86, has the school at her home, Oregon City, Butte county.

Miss Edith D. Yaple, May, '85, has the River school at Ripon, San Joaquin county.

Miss Stella M. Herndon, May, '85, is still teaching the Laguna school, Santa Clara county.

Miss Nettie C. Sharp, Xmas '85, has a school of five boys at Ragtown, Churchill county, Nevada.

Miss Carrie Peckham, May, '86, has not taught so far. Her address is San Jose, Santa Clara county.

Miss Etta Ellerhorst has the school on Beaman Island. Her address is Rio Vista, Solano county.

Miss Annie F. Conlin has a position in the public schools of Grass Valley. She has forty-two pupils.

Miss Minnie E. Lorigan, Xmas, '85, is teaching in the primary school of Felton, Santa Cruz county.

Miss Mimmie Bass, May, '86, has the Rosedale school, five miles from Sunol Glen, Alameda county.

Miss Frances S. Cornu, Xmas '85, is at present teaching the North San Juan primary school, Nevada county.

Miss Lillie Harvis, May, '85, is teaching the Eighth grade in the schools of Pleasanton. She has taught two terms.

Miss Mollie McLaren, Xmas, '85, has been teaching in Alviso, Santa Clara county. The age of the oldest of her scholars is eleven years.

Miss Edith L. Parinton, Dec., '85, has taught four months since graduating. She is now in the Charleston District, Merced county.

Miss Mary L. Brown has a school in Los Angeles city.

Miss Lizzie A. Rennie, Xmas, '84, is teaching in Birmingham, Solano county. She taught one year in Sutter county when she first graduated.

Miss Mary B. Green, May, '84, has taught three years in the same school, that of Los Banos, Merced county.

Miss Minnie Galindo, May, '85, has charge of the Primary Department of the Mission school. She has taught one year in Sunol.

Miss Claudia M. Tompkins, May, '84, is not teaching at present. She taught in Gordon District, Yolo county, sixteen months.

Miss Agnes Rpatz is teaching the Lincoln District school, Alameda county. She has taught in all eighteen months.

Miss Kate McGiven has the school in Bradford district, Del Norte county. Before this school she had the one in Redwood District, same county.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tuesday morning, November 24, the sad intelligence reached us that Annie Downing, daughter of James Downing, had crossed the river of death. Miss Downing was a member of and faithful worker in the South Methodist Church of Salinas city.

She early made up her mind to devote her life to the educational cause; she taught on a county certificate sometime in Arroyo Seco District. Feeling the need of a Normal School education, she entered the Normal at San Jose, where she was loved and respected by teachers and students. In December, 1884, she was graduated from the Normal, and soon after she resumed her work in Arroyo Seco District. A disease of the throat compelled her to give up her school. It was with a feeling of regret that she left the profession.

Miss Downing was a noble-minded girl, who fully believed and carried out the thought, "The value of a person's life is measured by the amount of good she does." The hand of death leaves but poor consolation to mourning friends, but the example of her life will be a lasting comfort to the dear ones at home and her many friends.

Our dear fellow Normalist
Is free from pain and at rest,
Now safe in the home of light
With the pure, true and blest.

Dearest daughter, companion,
Kind sister, teacher and friend,
Thou art gone to that region
Where joy and peace do not end.

A. M. F.

SALINAS, November 2, 1886.

—Salinas Index.

LOVE'S POWER.

CARRIE SOMERS.

From a land far o'er the ocean,
Comes this legend, quaint and old,
From a realm where art and music
All their beauties rich unfold,
'Tis a legend of a palace,
Great and beautiful and strong,
Wrought of marble, set with diamonds,
Jewels that to kings belong.
Fragrant flowers, rich in color,
Rose in graceful form around,
Many an old and rugged cypress
Towered heavenward from the ground.
From clear fountains, drops of crystal
Fell o'er grass and trees and flowers,
Bliss of color like the rainbow
Darted lightly 'mong the flowers.
Tones of music as from angels,
Floated softly on the air—
Rose in streams of wildest passion,
Then grew soft as if in prayer.
Guarding o'er this costly palace
Was a wall of strongest steel,
Carved in forms so fine and fluy,
To rich lace 'twere almost end,
Now this wall is strong and lasting,
Entered was by silver gate,
And how mortal might undo it,
Many sought both soon and late.
All who chanced that way craved entrance,
And were loth to turn away,
While the wander calmly watched them,
Unmoved by their deep dismay.
Beauty at this gate full often,
Sought admittance, but in vain,
Science tried to win its secrets;
Ain the mastery to gain.
Wealth and learning sought admission,
Through the power of gold and love,
Music sweet, to charm the keeper,
There its richest treasures bore.
In the gloaming, while the shadows
Softly fell o'er all the earth,
Slowly came a youth and maiden,
With bright smiles and words of mirth.
Walking in advance was Cupid,
With his happy, sunny smile,
Eyes of blue and hair all golden,
Quivering all thought of guile.
Gliding on he neared the gateway,
With its brightly-gleaming hands,
And with quick, glad assurance,
Cupid touched it with his hand.
Lo! the gate that had resisted,
Strongest effort, so it seemed,
At his touch, both light and gentle,
Melted into bright sunbeams.

The paradise of love thus opened,
Open is to all mankind;
In pure love, the heart else joyless,
Its true happiness doth find.

Deeds unselfish, helpful, kindly,
Love of human hearts deserve,
And their memory through the ages
Grateful nations will preserve.

We take the liberty and pleasure of printing the following letter which will be of interest not only to classmates but to all Normalites. Such testimony is cheering.

RENO, NEVADA, NOVEMBER 2, 1886.

Editor Normal Index:

I have been very much pleased with the INDEX, and would not be without it for far away off here is the Sage-brush State, it seems to be a link binding me to the long vanished Normal days, and prevents my losing entirely the whereabouts of old classmates and friends. Since writing last, I have enjoyed a trip over the mountains, and a nine weeks' sojourn among the hills and valleys and near the coast of my native State. The rare and unexpected pleasure of meeting with a number of the old class was afforded me. Several former teachers also greeted me from over the Sierra, among whom were Prof. Allen, and teachers of my earliest childhood.

Our Reno schools re-opened August 30. I am teaching the same grade that I taught last year. My work seems even pleasanter than before. I have a class of forty-seven very earnest workers. Never before in my experience have I had a class so thoroughly thoughtful and obedient and earnest. I boast of having the cleanest and best class in the school; and as I have not yet been disproven in my assertion, I still claim the right to assert that boast.

SELINA BRAYTON,
May, '78.

MIXED METAPHORS.

Ireland has long been looked upon as the home of mixed metaphor, but the following specimens from Germany show that the Green Isle has a competitor in the art of mixing figures of speech. In the troublesome times of 1848, Justice Minister Hye, addressing the Vienna students, declared: "The chariot of the revolution is rolling along, and knocking its teeth as it rolls." On the other side a Democrat came very near to this success by announcing that: "We will burn all our ships, and with every mill unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom."

I was known in the address by the mayor of a Rhineland corporation, spoken to the Emperor William, shortly after he was crowned at Versailles.

"No Austria no Prussia?" said the mayor, "only one Germany! Such are the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye."

Essentially German is a sentence from a learned criticism on a book of lyrics which carries the signature of Professor Johannes Sheer. "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems," says the professor, "the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks."

A song with a pearl in its beak would be a great attraction in the programme of a popular concert.—*Yonk's Companion*.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

OLIVE M. KNOX.

When we consider Hawthorne's earlier and later productions, we are impressed by their gradual growth in power and scope. His "Note-books" reveal him as an artist in letters. The every day incidents of life, the trees, flowers, in fact, all things were suggestive to him. The fine tracings of his pen draw pictures true to nature and to humanity. "Young Goodman Brown" and "The Artist of the Beautiful" are full of promise and reserve force. Many books which win approval do so, not because they are great works, but because the originality and force which the author displays make us feel that he is capable of producing great works.

Of all Hawthorne's productions, the "Scarlet Letter," perhaps, makes the deepest and most lasting impression. We see throughout the work an unconscious genius shining forth. The beautiful flower is unconscious of its beauty, the giants of the forest do not know their full strength, so Hawthorne did not realize the genius which created this masterpiece. It stands like a massive column in the temple, upholding the arched ceiling, and crowned with the beauty and delicacy of its carved vines and flowers.

The mode of punishment by the "Scarlet Letter" is a fact in the history of the Puritans. The date of the story is about the middle of the seventeenth century. We see the band of pioneers in the eastern part of this new land, living in the vast forests and amidst privation and want. In their minds and hearts we find superstition, prejudice, memories of their far-off English home, and a bitter hatred of sin in any form. Against such a background, the figures of the story stand in bold relief. The scarlet letter, while not essential to the story, is the symbol of the early history of the heroine and uplifts the work by giving free course to our imagination.

Let us consider how much of the author we find in this book. Hawthorne was very quiet and retiring, living almost entirely within himself. No one would have known how great was the mind and spirit within him if he had not breathed his life and soul into his works.

We meet Hester, the heroine, as she comes from her prison, bearing her child in her arms and wearing the scarlet letter upon her bosom. The author deals with the effect of sin, not with that which leads to it. We learn a person's true character by studying the effect of his evil deeds upon himself. His sorrow or joy over what he has done tells us

all. The story unfolds gradually and naturally as a plant develops. The incidents are few but serve their purpose in giving us a good understanding of the character.

Dimmesdale is admirably drawn. Young, fine-looking, and highly intellectual, he must be to satisfy us. He is possessed of "nervous sensibility and a vast power of restraint." Beneath his high, pure qualities lies hidden a tempest of passion, which, at times moves and aways him. He is selfish, but it is of that delicate, refined sort which seldom receives the correct name. He loves reputation more than he loves honor, joy, peace, or even his own soul.

In the portraiture of Pearl, we recognize the hand of genius. Full of life and activity, with her childish beauty, her fantastic attire and her ever-varying moods, she fits in and out tyrannizing over every one she meets.

Roger Chillingworth is entirely unconventional. We give him no sympathy, although he has been wronged. Revenge, pure and simple, is his sole aim. With remarkable coldness and cruelty he seeks to be revenged in every possible way. He considers that he has a right to be revenged, and worships his aim instead of his God.

The purpose of the story is to show the different methods of punishing sin in this world and the results of these methods. Society turns her back on those convicted of sin and welcomes those who, by their hypocrisy, bury their sin from the eyes of the world. The sinner may take up arms against himself and inflict punishment without measure, but all to no purpose. Those who have been wronged by the sinner may seek to be revenged, but they will find that the lion intended for the offender will bury itself in their own souls. Hawthorne has shown that all these methods are of no avail. How a soul may be reclaimed from sin and uplifted to the life-giving air is a problem which must be solved if future generations are to be higher, purer, and more noble than those which have preceded them.

LITERARY SOBRIQUETS.

"Morning Star of Our English Reformation," John Wycliffe; "Humorous Poets," Ben Jonson; "Father of English Poetry," Chaucer; "Father of the English Press," William Caxton; "Samuel's Nightingale," Raleigh; "The Well-Langued Daniel," Samuel Daniels; "Poet Among Preachers," Jeremy Taylor; "The Blue Poet," Thomas Shadwell; "Poet Squab," Dryden; "Sweet Swan of Avon," Shakespeare; "Water Poet," John Taylor; "Count Poet," Spenser.

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SINCE OUR next number may arrive somewhat late, we take occasion now to advise the classes to elect our successors before school closes. The present editors were not chosen till a few weeks after school opened. Consequently the first issue was considerably delayed. We would strongly advocate the appointment of a business manager. The correspondence between the Departments, and the soliciting of advertisements, occupy enough of any student's time. Their work, together with doing most of the editorial labor, usually devolve upon the principal editor. It is too much for one student to do, and some remedy should be found.

It is probably true, that students of the highest standing are not always the brightest of their class. There are persons in every occupation who do not attain the proficiency which might be secured by more energy. Many students do not apply themselves to their school work with the energy they are well able to afford. While overwork should be discouraged as a grave fault, the opposite extreme, which consists in lack of sufficient application, is equally erroneous. A pupil who knows he could do better if he would, but does not try because he does not see any immediate reward in it, is laying the foundation of a very bad habit. Before the three years of school work is over, the habit will have become so inveterate as to follow him to his school room. While being initiated into the teaching profession, a number of discouraging and unexpected incidents will occur. If at such a time the old temptation to seek his leisure and overlook his duty arises, which it will in all probability, he is placed in a very unfavorable position. If the habit is continued in school it will inevitably prevent success.

Nor will he succeed better in any other vocation. Since every occupation has its burdens and disadvantages, no matter what he undertakes to do he will not find it so perfectly agreeable as to create in him that delight in work which is necessary to overcome his negligent habit. Competition has already assumed such an extent that all except those who are ever striving "to get to the top" will be eventually eclipsed in the race for success. But competition is becoming more and more ex-

acting; so that if it is already necessary to work hard for success, it will be much more so in the future. Like other professional men, the teacher should be of a progressive spirit. The teacher of twenty years ago would not be tolerated to-day; likewise the teacher of to-day may not be the best twenty years hence. Teachers have always been accused of becoming and remaining old fogies, and the accusation is true to a considerable extent. A large majority of those who have acquired lazy, slovenly habits during their school days, are pretty sure to remain stationary, intellectually, after graduating. The successful teacher must take delight in his work, read extensively, and keep up with the progress of scientific teaching.

THERE is considerable discussion and conjecture, as to which of the six school terms imposes the most work. As a rule, beginners find the first one or two terms the easiest. The work they then have to perform is more or less familiar to them.

The two middle and the Senior B terms are composed of studies which are nearly all new, and which are probably also the most difficult. Senior A is comparatively easy. Geometry is not hard, and literature is interesting. The other subjects, which are taken up in the form of lectures, are easily understood. We would not convey the idea that there is any term which does not require work enough, but there seems to be a slight difference between the terms.

THERE can be no question that among school trustees there is a growing tendency to select Normal graduates in preference to other teachers.

The principal has had several calls for graduates, but could not furnish one in every case because the supply fell short. "Ladies preferred" is generally inserted. It seems to be harder to start the gentlemen, but after a little experience they are generally required as principals of schools. From all appearances, there is no danger of turning out too many graduates. There are a number of excellent self-made teachers throughout the country, but most of those who have not graduated at a Normal school, are of nomadic tendency, moving from place to place and giving little or no satisfaction anywhere. People are becoming tired of this class of teachers, and naturally prefer those who have been specially trained for the profession. The people have established State schools for the express purpose of preparing persons to teach the children. It is no more than just, that when these persons have come up to all the requirements, they should be given the positions for which they have been prepared.

The propriety of using "big words" is a much disputed point. If a person has a few dozen unusual words at command, and uses them occasionally, he is frequently called a "walking dictionary," an "encyclopedia," and other significant names are applied to him.

There is undoubtedly an increasing tendency toward the use of simple words and a corresponding decrease in the use of difficult ones. The study of Latin and Greek, from which languages most of our large words are derived, is not so common now as it was formerly. The time will probably come when they will be entirely dropped, and then no more words will be drawn from that source. But the words of Latin and Greek derivation already ingrafted into our language will remain in use as long as the ideas which they represent are retained, or until other words are used to represent them. While Anglo-Saxon words form a large and increasing proportion of the language of common people, newspapers, and books, our educated classes and our better writers still continue to strengthen their language with recruits from the "Latin legion and the Greek phalanx." Especially in writings relating to science, so many difficult words are used as partially to hide the thought from those whose vocabulary is limited to ordinary words. It may be wiser and better to use simple words, but it is well to understand the derivation, definition, and use of the more difficult ones, in order to understand and appreciate our good authors.

The best way to learn these difficult words is to incorporate them into our vocabulary, and use them frequently until they become familiar. Familiarity with these words will not only enable us to understand better the thoughts expressed in books and papers, but will also enable us to write with much more facility. Nor should the study of words end here. They should be grouped as synonyms, and then studied as to their technical meaning and use. Nothing can aid us more than this in the accurate conveyance of thought. It may, however, be contended that it is a too complicated task, and that the practical utility of the information obtained does not fully compensate for the amount of labor required. But anyone who takes an interest in the words of our language, will find it much easier than may be supposed. When one has become a little accustomed to the work, it is found to be easy, interesting, and valuable, instead of difficult, dry and superfluous.

Miss Murdock resigned her position in the training school, and Miss Stoltenberg, of the first Normal class, has been given the position.

The progress of the school in music is very noticeable. Music is probably more difficult to teach than any other science. In order to become successful in that vocation a person must be born with a peculiar talent, and this must be cultivated through many years at a considerable expense. Few persons are gifted with that talent, and not all of those who are give it the proper attention. While all teachers should be cheerful, it is true especially of the music teacher. A petulant mood and a sour face are inconsistent with music. The teacher must be pleasant himself, and must endeavor to make his pupils pleasant also, for most songs are essentially the voicing of natural joy, and can be sung best when in a good mood. Besides being born with a peculiar talent for music, he must also be born with a natural aptitude to teach. These qualifications are so seldom found in the same individual that a good music teacher is very rare, and when had he should be retained if possible.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

A standing nuisance—a standing collar.

"The sun rises in East Los Angeles, and sets in West Los Angeles."—Training school pupil.

Mr. Field, formerly of the Normal, left for a six months' tour through Germany.

"Well, Mr. C., how do you stand in your class?"

"I, sir, stand conditioned in physical geography."

Owing to the fact that we must send our material up a few weeks before publication, our news is generally somewhat stale.

The present Senior A has been ground down from thirty-seven in Junior A to twenty. The Normal course gets away with a good many.

"Miss C.," said the Professor, "what are holidays?"

Miss C.: "Days on which a teacher does not have to teach."

One of the teachers in the training school, when asking for the material produce of the earth, received the following reply: "Oysters, butter, cheese and milk."

Soon another compound phiz will adorn the walls of the library, and twenty more trunks will be made sacred as the containers of twenty manuscripts, neatly written, rolled up and tied with choice ribbon—lasting memorials of three years' arduous toil and an imposing occasion.

The two young men of *Senior A* have concluded not to have their pictures taken till the photographer gets through with the ladies, for fear they would break the instrument.

While teaching in the training school one day, one of the *Senior A's* drew a picture of a man instead of writing the word in a sentence. The object looked so shabby that one of the urdines expressed the opinion that it must be meant for an Indian.

One day, while teaching in the training school, one of the young men asked a little girl to put the word *queen* in a sentence. Assuming at once an unusually erect position, the witty little girl answered, with a domineering, dignified air, "Did you ever see a queen?" The room rang loud with a hearty laugh, for children are often provokingly cute.

There are undoubtedly some students in school whose chief object in studying hard, is to maintain a high standard in the class. They worry and work till their very labor sets them back. Those who study because they find pleasure in knowledge, reap much better results, even if their standing is comparatively low. Students should endeavor to make the acquirement of knowledge congenial instead of irksome and oppressive.

After much discussion, the *Senior A's* adopted a fan as the design of the class pin. No two classes have yet accepted the same design. It occurs to us that it would be nice if a regular class pin could be adopted by the school, so that a Normal graduate would always be known by his pin. We would advise that when the present *Senior B's* adopt a design, they meet with the *Middle A's* and select one which will suit both classes.

Some time ago it was noticed that one of the ladies kept a bottle of shoe-blackening in the building, and gave her shoes an occasional shine during the day. The other ladies did not wish to be outdone in their neatness, got hold of the bottle and used it all up in one round. With a most delectable smile they marched into the assembly hall, in single file, their dresses drawn slightly backward to exhibit their ingenious polish.

A card has been received from E. B. Kellman, of Harvard. He sent his love to be freely distributed among the ladies. When love comes to one from clear across the continent, from an institution like Harvard, and from an *inamorato* like Mr. Kellman, it must be something extraordinary. Mr. Kellman also sent us an article concerning his journey, but we are sorry to say that it was too long to be published in this issue.

Several of the ladies have recently had occasion to complain of having their lunches meddled with. The habit is by no means confined to the ladies. Boys have gone hungry for want of a lunch time and again. It is extremely annoying to think that one cannot take a bunch of grapes, an orange, or an apple to school without having it "hooked." Some students may do these things for fun, but it is a joke of which no thoughtful lady or gentleman will be guilty.

Senior A has a dandy Baker, a capacious Crowleg, a generous Grant, a kindly King, a plausible Pallett, a tolerable Taylor, a sarcastic Swan and a wonderful Walker. *Senior B* has a bounteous Bowler, a human Hall, a lustrous Lightner, a heroic Hawks, a modest Moody, an optable Oliver, a precarious Penman, a Way of wisdom, a wily Wolfe and a wrong Wright. The faculty has More Platt Hawks than Monks, and a Dozier who is seldom done dozing by the Heath near the "Pierian spring."

An idea of how much some lady pupils learn of housekeeping may be formed from what was recently brought to light concerning one of the *Senior A's*. On arriving home one evening, she found her mother boiling something white on the stove. Her mother stepped out of the kitchen for a moment, but she had no sooner done so than the young lady, thinking the contents of the vessel to be sugar, thrust a spoonful of the compound into her mouth. It seems she had forgotten what she learned in natural philosophy, of the communication of heat to a colder body by a warmer one, when they came in contact, and for several days she went about with an unusually tender tongue and palate. The substance proved to be a mixture of coal oil and starch.

Said a chum to us the other day: "I well remember, when I entered school, how the young ladies of our class used to go out during study hour, and come in with their aprons full of half-matured oranges, which often served as sauce to a dry lunch. According to the law, that action and reaction are equal and opposite in effect, these ladies must have been considerably sweeter after digesting the sour fruit. I am almost induced to doubt the truth of the law, for, notwithstanding the scarcity of green oranges at present, resulting partly from the destruction of some of the trees in the improvement of the grounds, the girls seem to grow continually more pleasant and affable." The apparent defection in the law might be better accounted for in the fickle disposition of the young man.

DEMISE OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

The most ingenious imagination could not fancy a system of laws and regulations more wonderful in their operations than those of nature. While nothing could seem more inconsistent to the superficial observer, the minute inquirer, although often confounded with fathomless mysteries, is constantly astonished with the perfect harmony of all things in nature; and the longer he searches, the more he finds it verified, that "all things have been ordained for the good." The apparently useless animals of the sea, the myriads of destructive insects of tropical regions, the poisonous winds that run at random over the country, like destructive varlets, and the continual commotion and war of the elements may all have a utility which remains for brighter intellects to reveal to future generations. Even bodily pain is now considered a boon to humanity.

But despite all that nature can array on her side in corroboration of the proverb, that all things have been made for the best, it would seem cruel to assume that even death is no exception, but that it is a benefit to its victim. Still more so does it seem when a number of the noblest men of a country are suddenly laid to eternal repose, and a whole people left to suffer the pangs of bereavement,—to mourn the death of those who had proved themselves worthy of the most sacred trusts, and who had bled in battles fought for freedom. But when we shall have found a home in a happy kingdom that far exceeds Utopia's fairness and luxury, and which death alone can unlock to us, may we not be surprised at the tenacity with which men are wont to cling to life? May we not then regard funeral wailings and mourning as ever impressive evidence of human frailty and a sure sign of one's inability to realize the grandeur of a future in which all is perfection?

Be that as it may, certain it is that high and low must share alike the inevitable fate. This has been verified again and again during the last few years by the death of great men. In this country, at least, there seems to be something peculiar connected with the death of eminent men. One great man is no sooner laid to rest, than several of his colleagues, as if unable to stand the shock, follow hard in his footsteps. The first exemplification of this occurred in 1825, when two of America's truest patriots passed from among the living. This was followed by a still more striking example during 1850-52, at which time several able and eminent Americans gave up the struggle for life to retire to the "land of the dead." A score of years added to the past, and again the death of a num-

ber of prominent men marked an epoch in American history. Public officers, generals, educators, naval commanders, inventors, politicians, editors and judges, alike able, eminent, and popular, were successively called from the scene of our earthly labors.

Then followed another term of peaceful prosperity, only to be again interrupted by the death of a number of our most illustrious citizens. Some rich, some poor; others, gray-haired, sires who embarked on the political sea while yet the innocence and expectation of youth flushed to their cheeks in crimson hue.

Notwithstanding these sudden jars, the world only stops to heave an individual sigh, and then moves on as before. It would be folly to predict at the time of their death who are to take the place of great men. The world never produced more than one Shakespeare, and may never produce another. Places made vacant by the hand of death may always remain vacant. So it was in ages gone by, and so it may be at present. Many of our deceased literati may forever beggar a successor. Then, too, the choice is between too many. The country swarms with embryonic *servants*, for "many are called, but few are chosen." Many a young man is suddenly thrust into a high position and remains only long enough to expose his incompetency, while another, apparently much his inferior, may be called to fill his place. Then let us not betray our pedantic nature by making foolish predictions, but reveal our wisdom, if with any we be blessed, by acting our part as mute spectators.

The N. A. boys had better be careful, or the girls may boycott them. At a recent meeting they discussed the question as to whether associating considerably with the ladies is detrimental, mentally, morally, and physically. After a long and laughable debate, the leader on the affirmative closed the arguments, and hit "his" opponents home when he said, "Was not Adam tempted by Eve?" A gentleman visitor, who lingers on the border line between youth and bachelorhood, and who seemed to think he had a special privilege from the society to come and go when he pleases, was riled by the pithy remarks of some of the boys, and after being given permission, ran all over the floor with his feet and all over Asia, Europe and America with his brain. He resurrected all the love legends from the time of King Arthur to the present day, and stretched his finger along the side of his nose whenever he thought he was making a good point. But no use, the boys would not have it that way, whereupon the unsuccessful admirer of the fair sex picked himself up and left.

THE NORMAL INDEX.

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