

The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., APRIL, 1887.

No. 9.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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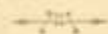
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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA

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A WELL-EDUCATED gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the pedigree of words; he knows the true descent and ancient blood at a glance from words of modern *canaille*; remembers all their ancestry—their intermarriages, most distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted and offices they held among the national noblesse of words at any time and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages and talk them all and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own." Thus has Ruskin defined the difference between the well-educated and the uneducated. We so often hear it said that we should use only "pure English." What does this term "pure English" mean? Many who constantly use the term would be somewhat perplexed if asked to explain. Languages, and particularly our modern languages, have, like some ancient homesteads, been torn

down in some places and remodeled in others, until it is difficult to form a picture in one's mind of the original building. Our language stands an incongruous mass of gables, turrets, and bay-windows, with an occasional glimpse of a stone-capped battlement rising above the structures, ancient and modern. Within, we are often surprised at the arrangement of the rooms, and the crude, grotesque, or beautiful furniture they contain; and often we stand enchanted by the beauty of the light streaming through the bright-colored glass of some window which carries us far into remote ages to the people who set it in its place. These changes have been going on since language began, and will continue as long as language exists.

THERE is some talk of uniting the Nortonian and Debating societies in an entertainment to be given near the end of the term. The purpose of this is to raise money to pay for the piano so kindly furnished the societies by Prof. Allen. We do not see why such an attempt should not prove a success, for the Y. M. N. D. S. has the reputation of being able to please on all occasions, and the Nortonian Society can boast of some of the best talent of the school. Certainly it should not be a failure from a financial point of view, if the students will but come forth generously as they have done on previous occasions. You, then, who never talk, think, or dream aught else than of text-books, and you who regard the nickel as a thing to be saved not spent, attend this entertainment, and prove to the world that you are capable of performing at least one noteworthy deed where a record or a fortune is not at stake.

OUR Journal has met with unprecedented success this term. Its subscription list has grown considerably, and advertisers have been exceedingly accommodating. Our Business Manager assures us that the paper has a good financial basis. This fact justifies us in adding two extra pages of reading matter. When we consider the

cold reception accorded the INDEX at its birth, and the indifferent treatment given it for sometime afterwards, then, and not till then, can we fully realize, to any great extent, the favorable conditions now surrounding it. The interest lately manifested in the welfare of the INDEX tends not only to prolong its life but to make it one of the most important institutions connected with the Normal. We hope this spirit will continue to live and grow; for once allow it to become apathetic, and the journal takes a somersault to the rear. If those who are to follow us are good workers, such an event will never take place.

THE present Senior B and Middle A classes are to be commended for the interest they take in the welfare of the INDEX. Heretofore, matters concerning the paper were left unnoticed by such classes until the end of the term; consequently the officers elected knew little or nothing of their business, but were required to learn by experience—a very questionable practice, to say the least. It became apparent that some change was needed, and the above classes saw fit to take the initiative. On the 13th inst., they met in joint session and elected, for next term, F. M. Lane editor-in-chief, Geo. A. Tebbe business manager, and A. Shumate assistant manager. The other officers are to be elected at a later day. This method will give the newly-elected officers an opportunity to get acquainted with the machinery of the paper before sharing its responsibilities. We would advise classes following to adopt the same plan.

AT the last meeting of the Normal School Board of Trustees, some very important changes were made in the course of study, which will effect, to some extent, the interests of a great many students and also those persons who are now preparing themselves to enter next term. The Board felt that the present course is graded below the proper standard, and has sought to raise it. The preparatory department will be abolished. The Junior B division will also be dropped, and the five months now devoted to this first part of the course will be distributed throughout the higher classes. The course will still include three years' work, but some of the branches will be taken up more in detail, and the students will be allowed to work more leisurely. Admission free of examination will be granted only to those holding county grammar-school diplomas. A model class will be introduced as a new feature. This will afford the Seniors an opportunity to observe the best methods put into practice under the direction of the best teachers that can be found for the work.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

What have I done worth the doing?
What gained that was worth the pursuing?
Has any one's load been made lighter?
Has the day been made to seem brighter
To any poor shorn-beaten soul?

What ray has been cast full of beauty,
To lighten the pathway of duty?
What impress to show life as "good"
When God is with us understood?
What aid toward reaching the goal?

Each day, let me strive to mount higher,
Each day, with a purer desire,
Let me labor with love in my heart,
Strewing blessings and doing my part,
In everything noble and good.

And then when the shadows grow longer,
My faith, hope, and love, shall grow stronger,
I'll have lived then with honest intent,
And been partly the thing that I meant,
In grateful and right acquiescence.

Z

CREMATION.

BELLE FRAYER.

"What shall we do with our dead?" Among the many important issues of the day this question comes up for consideration. That this is a subject of vital importance cannot, after careful investigation, be doubted. And yet there is probably no question that we acknowledge with more reluctance.

Since the beginning of Christianity, inhumation has been one form of disposing of the dead. The associations of ages have made this the most sacred of our customs, and any innovation which will do away with this hallowed rite will be accepted with extreme reluctance.

About these "silent cities of our dead" linger the most tender emotions. We all have an interest in "God's Acre.

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fissure howsoever defended
But has one vacant chair!"

We each turn to some corner and call it ours, and, with comfort and peace inexpressible, bring freshly-gathered flowers to lay on some dear one's grave. The distance that divides seems to lessen here, and we feel that the perfume from our flowers can, as an incense, speak our weary longings to the one above.

Is it a wonder, then, that cremation is held by the masses in such disfavor? It is always more or less hard to give up the old way and take the new, and in all cases we must be convinced that the

new way is best before it is universally accepted.

Science is ever advancing, and with the hand of assurance he opens the door to our inner closets. Nothing is sacred; all must submit to his judgment, and in his march of progress, whatever strikes him as material for his grand work, Improvement, is monopolized without a single, "By your leave." It is his hand that has lifted the veil of poetry and sentiment from the "narrow house," and revealed to us the work going on below in Nature's Laboratory—the gradual decomposition, the process by which that which was once so lovely, the home of an immortal soul, returns to the dust from whence it came; a process so revolting that, undescribed, we would leave it to the silent chemistry of nature, were it not that developments have been made that make it necessary for all to investigate.

There is no more prolific cause of sickness and death than decaying animal matter. The great plague of Cairo, Egypt, has been traced to the fact that a canal running through the city was made the receptacle of carrion and refuse. From the putrefaction of this decayed matter, hundreds of victims were swept away.

In large cities, the cemeteries are over-crowded. In many instances, the paupers who die in such large numbers are not properly buried; especially is this the case in times of an epidemic.

It has been proved beyond a doubt that graveyards are vast poison reservoirs. A body in a state of decomposition gives off a large quantity of carbonic acid gas. When the air contains twenty per cent. of this gas, it can no longer sustain life. Countless epidemics have arisen from the poisonous gases generated in the graves. When the ground becomes so saturated that it can absorb no more, these gases pass up and laden the air with germs of disease and death. These dread germs are carried by another seemingly innocent agent, water, which, sparkling and clear, has often, in stealing by these silent haunts, caught and carried the taints of typhoid and other malignant diseases. When we realize all this, we can not think it strange that the cry has been given, "Something must be done."

We can, then, in justice, but acknowledge that cremation is no innovation, but a welcome escape from an alarming evil.

Contrasted with the slow and revolting process of decomposition inevitably attached to inhumation, cremation shines in a light of purity. It has been called burning, but only in the sense that decaying in the ground might be called burning. In a few hours it effectually performs the work of years.

Though yet in its infancy, cremation is steadily growing in favor, and in time it will be one of our established customs. When it has ceased to be a novelty, and its sanitary effects are more thoroughly realized, it must undoubtedly be recognized as the one sensible form of disposing of the dead.

Our own state, ever in advance, has with its usual promptness taken steps in this important matter, and has already established two crematoria, one at Los Angeles, the other at Stockton, while arrangements are being made for another in San Francisco.

One of our first crematoria was erected at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Built of brick, it resembles in size and shape a country meeting house. A small reception room leads into the auditorium, where the visitors congregate. From this room three doors open, one into the preparing room, the others into two retort rooms. The body is taken to the preparing room. At a given signal, the door leading to this room is opened, and the preparing table is moved into the auditorium, bearing its sacred burden enveloped in a heavy black cloth. This cloth is next removed, and the body is wrapped in a white sheet saturated in alum water.

The door of the retort is now swung open, and the light from two thousand two hundred degrees of heat fills the auditorium. Some one has described it as "a bath in a rose-tinted atmosphere, as fascinating as it is awe-inspiring." Neither fire nor flame is visible, only the rosy light reflected from the intense heat of the bricks composing the retort. The iron cradle on which reposes the body is noiselessly rolled from the table through the door and disappears in the light within. At the end of half an hour, during which time the gases are being consumed and dispelled, a small knob in the wall is pressed, and an opening two inches in diameter is made, from which the incineration is visible. The cradle may be seen, and resting on it the body enveloped in the pure white sheet. One could fancy the form rests in sleep, so calm and peaceful it all appears. The gases are now all dispelled and no odor of any kind can be detected. The opening is closed, and for several hours the body is left. When again the knob is pressed, and looking through the opening, we find the intense brightness changed to a mellow glow, dreamy as the moon-light. The cradle may still be seen and apparently the silent form sleeps on, unharmed by the fire which has raged beneath the retort for hours. The slightest zephyr would destroy the filmy covering, but so long as the large iron door remains closed, the sleeping illusion will

remain unchanged. This door is not to be opened until the following morning. When this is done nothing remains but a small heap of white ashes. These are carefully removed and placed in a six-inch metal case.

All is now over. It has been performed noiselessly and reverentially. No sound of cled falling upon the coffin lid to make our hearts faint with despair.

Much has been said, and it is to be admitted with truth, against the practice of treasuring the remains of loved ones in costly urns.

A mother might find comfort in ashes of a loved child, but in time that mother will pass away, and what was once so dear to her is liable to be left to the care of strangers. The remains of a household might in time prove quite an embarrassing accumulation. But is this practice a necessary consequence of cremation?

Why not have attached to our crematorium a burying ground, and here with religious rites, dispose of the ashes of the dead. "The soul to return to the God who gave it," and the ashes again to mingle with the elements, to bloom afresh in spring-time violets and starry daisies.

LAKE TAHOE AND SURROUNDINGS

California embraces within its borders some of the grandest scenery in the United States. Where is there another "Tahoe" with its crystal waters, or a "Yosemite" with its frowning rocks and sparkling streams? As Yosemite is one of the most picturesque of valleys, so Tahoe is one of the most beautiful of lakes. And it is the latter which I will try to describe to you. This lake was named by the Washoe Indians, who, when they saw it, exclaimed in their amazement and wonder, "Tahoe," which, in their language, means "ocean" or "big water."

A favorite route to the lake is by way of Carson City. From this place you take the stage and cross the eastern Sierras to Tahoe. The first mountain scenery you see after leaving Carson City is in Carson Valley. As you look down the valley, you see two snow-capped peaks, which, in the clear mountain air, look to be but a few miles distant, yet they are more than twenty. From this valley the road turns up Clear Creek Canon, through which runs the Twenty-one Mile (v-shaped) flume, which carries lumber from the summit of the Sierras to Carson City. Along the sides of this Canon are ferns and beautiful wild-flowers, gigantic rocks of many weird and fantastic shapes, and stately pines, which have stood the mountain storms for centuries.

Leaving this Canon, the road passes through a depression in the eastern Sierras. The view from here is far too limited to gratify the traveler. Below him lies Tahoe, girt with everlasting pine-clad hills that mingle their many colors with the dark deep blue of the sleeping water at their base. This beautiful body of water is fifteen miles wide, thirty miles long, and has an elevation of about six thousand six hundred feet. The water in the lake is as clear as crystal, and, when taken from a considerable depth, the temperature is down nearly to freezing point; even on the surface, in summer time, the water is so cold that people rarely bathe in it. It is almost impossible to swim in the lake, on account of the strong, cold under-current, which sometimes draws people under, and they are never heard of again. Many curious stories have been told about things that are in the lake. As the following was told by a minister of the Gospel, of course it must be true. The story runs thus: "We were out on the lake in a rowboat, about two miles from shore, when we saw some dark object moving about at quite a depth. As it came nearer the surface, we could see distinctly that it was a large fish, nearly as large as our boat." Whether this clergyman dreamed this fish story or not, I am not prepared to say. But when you go to Tahoe, I would advise you not to spend too much time looking for this big fish, or you may regret it.

Glenbrook, the principal town on the lake, has a floating population of five or six hundred. At this place will be found one or more of the five steamers that ply the lake. Three of the five are employed by the mills to tow logs; the other two carry passengers around the lake. The first object of interest as you leave Glenbrook is Cave Rock. After passing the rock and looking back, it resembles the Great South Dome of the Yosemite, split in two. The cavern in this rock is about thirty feet long and one hundred feet from the ground. Leaving Cave Rock, we come to Zephyr's Cove. Around this cove are green meadows and pretty gardens. It being on the east side, the earliest vegetables on the lake are raised here. Fourteen miles from Glenbrook, at the head of the lake, and on the old Placerville road, is Rowlands, the most popular place of resort on the lake.

As we leave this place, a beautiful valley, partially covered with tall pines, appears in the distance. This valley is six miles wide and fourteen miles long, and has in it some of the best grazing land in the State. From here, looking across the lake, the summits of the eastern Sierras do not entirely shut out the country beyond, for Carson Valley and much of Nevada are in sight.

Passing on for a few miles, the steamers come to Emerald Bay—a gem of beauty. The entrance to the bay is shallow, but the bay itself is deep. It is two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. Near the head of the bay it is a little granite island, on which are a few small trees and shrubs and the unfilled tomb of an eccentric tar, Captain Dick. He prepared the place for his mausoleum, in which he intended to place himself at the approach of death; but his body became food for the fishes, and a lonely cross marks the spot intended as his last resting place.

Bidding Emerald Bay adieu, we next come to McKinney's, where there are twenty or twenty-five neat little cottages with pretty surroundings. Continuing north, we pass Blackwood Creek, where the black rocks tower far above the tall pines growing at their base. As we round a point, we see Tahoe City, which is next in importance to Glenbrook. In this little city we find the largest hotel in the Sierras, the "Grand Central." This hotel is capable of entertaining about one hundred and sixty guests. Leaving Tahoe City two miles behind, we come to Island Farm. This is a very pretty spot with its green meadows and pebbly beach. It is a favorite resort for California clergyman needing rest.

Passing around the north end of the lake, we come to Observatory Point, where it was expected that the great Lick Telescope would be placed. A little beyond here is Carnelian Bay and Carnelian Beach, so called from the fine specimens of chalcedony found here. Beyond this is Agate Bay and Campbell's Hot Springs, ten miles from Glenbrook, and on the side opposite the town from which we started. Boundary Point and a few more objects of interest are passed, and you have been around Lake Tahoe.

This lake is fast becoming a fashionable summer resort; and we look forward to the time when persons will be as anxious to see Tahoe as they are to see the Yosemite Valley.

RURAL LIFE IN LEXON, SWEDEN.

J. P. S.

Situated in one of the beautiful valleys of the mountain range separating Norway and Sweden, is the quaint little village of Lexon. On one side of it flows the Dalelvin, one of the longest rivers in the kingdom of Sweden; on the other side, towering above the rest of the peaks, is "Granula Karing Berg," which translated into English means "Old Woman's Mountain."

Each house in the village is built of large square

logs laid one on top of the other in about the same way as log cabins are built in the United States. The cracks between the logs are filled with moss, and the whole is painted a copperish color. The paint is made by mixing the earth from a copper mine with water, and is applied to the house just as white wash is applied here to chicken-houses and back fences.

The old stone church built in 1600, and having a capacity of seven thousand, is the most prominent building in the village.

Let us now glance at the home life of the inhabitants of Lexon. As the preparation for the long cold winter is the most important work of the year, we will begin with that.

From October to Christmas, no one dares to be idle, for the empty store-house must be filled with food enough to last until the next autumn. The men are at work threshing the grain; the women salt and smoke meat, and prepare the grain for food.

Part of the time is spent in the annual fall bake. For in this northern land, bread is baked but twice a year. The dough is generally made of rye flour, as but few can afford the luxury of wheat flour. The loaves are rolled out very thin into a round shape, about a foot in diameter, and with a hole in the middle. When baked, they are hung up, by means of a pole put through the hole, in the rafters to dry. The bread, when quite hard, is taken down and stored away.

When Christmas week arrives, everybody is ready to enjoy the festivities of the coming holidays. The hardest part of the winter work is completed, and the store-houses are filled almost overflowing:

Christmas eve, the Yule log is lighted in the great fire-place; the big dinner of rice and fish is eaten, the Christmas games are played, and the Christmas songs are sung.

But Christmas morning, we see the peasants, some walking and some riding in sleighs, coming from all directions to attend the early service held at four o'clock A. M. Each peasant carries a lighted pine-knot to enable him to find his way through the deep snow. He is also guided by the many lighted candles arranged in each window, generally in the form of the letter V turned upside down; and by the big bon-fire kindled just outside of the church-yard.

The remainder of the dreary winter is spent in knitting, weaving cloth, and sewing the clothes needed for the next year.

At last the glad, leafy midsummer fall of blossoms and the song of the birds takes the place of winter with its snow and ice. St. John has taken

the flowers and festival of beathen Balder. The day is, however, still celebrated in the same way as it was in those heathen times.

On the evening of the twenty-third of June, old and young assemble at the largest open space in the village, and begin to decorate a May-pole, from one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height, with flowers, leaves and ribbons. The pole is raised before midnight, and, as the clock is striking the hour, all join hands and dance around it, ushering in Midsummer-day with songs.

While the people are resting, let us glance at their dress by the aid of sunlight after twelve o'clock at night. Near the May-pole are some children at play. We notice that all are dressed alike in long loose garments of black, white, and red striped homespun, reaching to the ankles. They wear low shoes fastened with a silver buckle. Until the children are nine years of age, the only difference between the dress of a girl and boy is in the size of the caps they wear. The girls caps are a little larger than the boys.

Sitting on the ground yonder, are some young folks. What a pretty picture they make in their bright-colored clothes! The young maidens are all dressed alike in short black or blue skirts, with a band of white linen about three inches wide sewed on the edge; in white linen underwaists with very full sleeves gathered into a band at the wrist; a bodice of bright red woollen goods, laced up the front with some gay colored ribbon, and with straps over the shoulders. They also wear a short apron of red, black, and white striped woollen; red stockings, buckled shoes, and a peculiar head-dress, all made of red and white woollen, except a narrow band of linen over the forehead. The hood covers the hair and ears and is tied under the chin by strings of white linen.

The dress of the man is no less picturesque than that of the women. They wear knee-breeches made of goat skin, tied at the knee by a bow of bright ribbon, white stockings, and buckled shoes. Their coats are made of black or blue homespun and resemble a clergyman's vest with sleeves. A high hat trimmed with ribbons and a tassel finishes the outfit of the men.

The married ladies wear a white bodice instead of red, and also wear white hoods.

The festivities continue until three or four o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fourth, then the weary peasants return home to take up again the routine of their daily life.

Human reason is like a drunken man on horseback: set it up on one side and it tumbles over on the other. — *Luther*.

ONE OF THE ODD ONES.

HELEN G. MACKENZIE.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him there,
But his old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches and all that
Are so queer."

California, of all the States of the Union, furnishes the greatest variety of character. We have a cosmopolitan element gathered from the four corners of the earth, and one who is blessed with a sense of humor will find here abundant and keen amusement.

Among the few really original specimens of the genus homo it has been my good fortune to meet, was one found in the southern part of this State, in a quaint little Rip Van Winkle village, around which still linger suggestions of the Spain of long ago. There, under the shadow of the grand old mission of San Luis, the village smotherly stands. Within these dingy walls, beside his glowing forge, either chanting a psalm tune or earnestly arguing some knotty Biblical point, may be found our worthy blacksmith.

In form he is a very Hercules. Deep lines seam the rugged face, and deep-set eyes twinkle beneath bushy brows. The immense Roman nose is surmounted by a pair of bone-rimmed spectacles. The mouth is something wonderful in its generosity of extension. Over the deeply furrowed brow falls a mass of iron-grey hair.

From the face I turn to the feet, but I despair of ever bringing before your eyes their immensity. They always suggest to me those familiar old lines, "How firm a foundation." And after becoming acquainted with the good honest man to whom they belong, you would not hesitate to add, "Ye Saints of the Lord."

How vivid is the picture of the first Sunday morning when I saw him coming up the road, with his well-worn Bible under his arm. Our friend was not only deacon of the church, but also teacher of the Bible class. This class met before service in the modest little school-house nestled under the tall palms that play "hide and seek" with their shadows in the sleepy spring.

I can but smile even now, as I think of the small hat on the back of the bushy head, the short roundabout coat, the buggy corduroy trousers, and the thick cow-hide boots.

At the school-house steps Brother Freeman is introduced to me, "the new school-marm." With kindness and good-will beaming from his face, he welcomes me with a hearty grasp of the hand,

saying, "I'm powerful glad to see ye. Hope you'll git along here, and if the youngsters don't mind, lick 'em. They'll take a powerful sight of watchin'." I hear you know a right smart chance about teachin'. Well, I believe in education, and I'm agoin' to give my Almerine a chance. You'll find that Almerine a tart, and you'll have to keep a tight rein on him, school-marm." Then with a cordial invitation to join his Bible class, he turns to greet his friends and neighbors. On every side could be heard his customary greetings, "How do you come around?" and "How's the crops?"

When the Sunday-school opened, I found myself in company with several of the older members, in Brother Freeman's class. I offered to share the song book with him, but no, he "allowed" he "hadn't any use for those new fangled books, with little knobs stuck on endwise all over the page." He wanted the good old tunes they had when he was a boy.

Before the morning was past, one could but be impressed in more ways than one. Brother Freeman's knowledge and judgment concerning Biblical questions was really surprising. In his quaint, straight-forward way, he put forth questions that would puzzle many an earnest student of "The Book."

Perhaps, after all, more good is done by just such simple, earnest followers of "the Master," than by many who are more pretentious.

MT. HAMILTON.

Just before the close of the holiday vacation, we boys—Will, Milo, Dave, Walter, and George—having nothing special to do, resolved to take a trip to Mt. Hamilton, a distance of about twenty-five miles from San Jose. Accordingly, one Friday morning, about one o'clock, we met by appointment fully equipped with provisions and firearms and a reasonable amount of "touristic" anticipations. Leaving town by Key street, we struck boldly into the hills lying to the east of the city. On we went, leaving the city enveloped in fog behind us, and losing ourselves in the black shadows of the hills around us. The wind grew sharper, and King Frost spread his mantle over the shivering earth in silence, while the night-owl added to the weirdness of the situation by making the hollows reverberate with the echoes of its ghostly call. We passed a house where the dogs yelped so noisily that the inmates arose, thinking that burglars were come upon them. After a toilsome march over this difficult route, we finally fell in with the road and followed it the rest of the way. As night began to pale, the scenery around

us gradually revealed itself. Off to the south we could see turrets, towers, and battlements, over which hovered fragments of fog torn by the rushing wind; to the west, the Santa Clara Valley lay in a sea of fog; to the east, Mt. Hamilton reared its distinguished head above all its neighbors, as if eager to be the first to receive the day's benediction of glorious sunlight; and from all the innumerable canyons arose the black shadows to accompany Night on her exile, and after them the merry revaile of the quail swelled till the hills gave back the echo. Such a scene had never met our eyes before, and it is one that will not soon be forgotten. Continuing our course, we reached Smith's Creek, at the foot of Mt. Hamilton, just as the sun threw its first beams on the dome, which can be seen so plainly from San Jose. Breakfast was quickly disposed of, and the party separated for a hunt in the neighborhood. About noon we began the ascent of the mountain. We took a direct course to the top—but what climbing! Poor Walter gave out half way up, and it took many a rest and much encouragement to get him to finish the journey. Reaching the top, we were shown about the buildings, and the various instruments were explained most thoroughly. The scenery seen from this place was most gorgeous, it is inability alone that prevents our entering upon a description of it. Returning to Smith's Creek, we put up for the night at the hotel, where we enjoyed a most refreshing sleep after our arduous labors of the day. Early next morning we began our return to the city. While two of the party followed the road home, the other three struck across the country and found some very good hunting on the way. And thus ended our first and only trip to Mt. Hamilton.

OUR MUSEUM.

Every institution of learning, from the time of the Alexandrian Academy, has had a museum connected with it. Formerly an institution of this kind was devoted more especially to artecollections, but, at the present time, it is made a repository of Natural Science and historical specimens, containing the valuable cuzons, and wonderful works of nature. Our own museum will compare favorably with any of its size. To the student of zoology, geology, or mineralogy, it presents a wide field for deep and careful study. In the mineral and wood collections are found rare specimens from nearly every State in the Union, and from various parts of the world. Beautiful specimens of Radiates and Crustaceans fill the shelves of the zoological cases, inviting the attention of the curious and interested observer.

There is also a valuable collection of foreign and native shells,—some of delicate structure and beautiful coloring; others of less beauty but serving their purpose equally well. A case of California shells is being prepared to show their value in the arts. An extensive industry has grown out of their utility in the manufacture of surgical instruments and artistic articles.

Under the miscellanies we find several objects of special interest to Californians; namely, the first silk reeled in the State, and a cast of the first gold nugget found in '48.

But few of the important specimens have been mentioned, for to give an account of them all, would fill volumes. A leisure hour cannot be more delightfully or profitably spent than in the museum, and the one so spending an hour will feel amply repaid. The classes in Natural Science should be particularly interested and make good use of the opportunities presented in this line of work.

Mrs. Bosh, the curator, is a lady of extensive knowledge, and is always ready to give information to visitors and students.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Mrs. Maggie Reed, *nee* Williams, a graduate of the Class of December, 1883, died at her home in Antioch, Contra Costa Co., April 14, 1887, aged twenty-one years and three months. She was a native of South Wales, but at the age of eight years came to Somersville, California, where she resided until the time of her admission to the Normal School in 1880. As a student she was earnest and faithful, and by her womanly character and devotion to all good works she won the affection and friendship of many, both in school and in San Jose. She began her work as a teacher in February, 1884, in the primary grade of the Antioch school, which position she held until the time of her death. Esteemed and loved by all, she was especially dear to little children, with whom she was a universal favorite. She was married to Mr. Frank P. Reed, Nov. 6, 1886, but continued her work as a teacher. Besides her regular school duties, she was a teacher in the Sunday School, Secretary of a temperance lodge, and President of a branch of the W. C. T. U. In all of these positions she was an active and esteemed worker. To her mourning husband, relatives, and friends she leaves a precious legacy in the memory of a useful life.

Recollect every day the things seen, heard, or read, which make any addition to your understanding.—Watts.

ALL SORTS.

If you are Moody, go to Cooper.

What's the matter with baseball?

WANTED—A patented snail for the Assistant Manager.

The Normal School pays into San Jose over \$12,000 a month.

The Senior A's are getting very distant, and will soon be out of sight.

A certain Junior spots a plug. Wonder if this is his nearest approach to spicing a Senior.

A photographer recently attempted to take some of the Normal boys, but didn't succeed. Can you guess why?

The photograph of Junior A 3 is the most brilliant one of all, because there is a beautiful Diamond placed in the midst of it.

The gung failed to ring on the morning of April 1st. We all felt awfully sorry for the one who did the mischief after Prof. C's remark about him.

The Senior A's are in the same state of mind that the Irishman was when he said it wasn't the falling that hurt him, it was the stopping.

The Preparatories and many of the Junior B's appear much downcast in spirits since the news of the change in the program, which is to go into effect next term.

The other day the Method classes came to a startling but logical conclusion; viz., that the world is divided into two classes, villains and heathens.

The classes in Geology spent their recitation hour last Wednesday in gathering specimens from the gravel walks. They are now more thoroughly convinced than ever that Prof. K. is just too "perfectly."

Mrs. William Gaston, *nee* Miss Frankie Cheney, of Colusa county, paid us a visit last week. She was warmly welcomed by her old classmates of Senior B, who hope to see her often as San Jose is now her home.

The blue ribbons displayed by so many of the Normalites show how thoroughly Mr. Bosh's noble work has been appreciated. San Jose has seldom had the opportunity of listening to a course of lectures from such an eloquent speaker.

The newly organized V. M. C. A. is growing rapidly. The young men are showing a great deal of interest and those who helped to organize the Association feel very much encouraged. We should like to have the Association represented at the National Convention in San Francisco, in May.

The Normalian Society is constantly gaining in attendance and importance. At the meeting held April 21st, the leading feature was a debate into which the speakers entered with great enthusiasm. Prof. Childs kindly consented to take part. As usual, he had something to say well worth hearing. He received a vote of thanks from the Society.

The V. W. C. A. retains its vigor. Several members have been admitted since the visit of Mr. Wishard. For the next month the topics are: April 22, "A Firm Foundation," Miss McFarland; April 29, "The Bearing of Our Physical upon Our Moral Life," Miss Thompson; May 6, "India," Miss Washburn; May 13, "The Uses of Vacation," Miss Allen.

The school will take a vacation May 1st.

Picnics are all the rage with the Middlers just now.

The Senior A's expect to go on a geological trip in the near future.

Why is Mr. A. of Senior A like a circus? Why is Mr. T. of the same class like the term "owl"?

Many of the boys will turn book-agents the coming vacation. We mention this in order that the public may prepare for the emergency.

On Easter, Mr. B. and Mr. A., both of the Middle B class, disposed of something like three dozen eggs at one sitting. They have been cackling ever since.

The Business Manager wears a weary smile these last few months. Students and Alumni turn philanthropic, and send in seventy-five cents for which you will receive the INDEX, postage paid, for two terms.

The "Bazaar of the Centuries" and the lunches, both given at the California Theatre under the auspices of the ladies of the various Churches, were well patronized by the Normal students.

A Y. M. C. A. has been started in the Normal. This is the first one started in a Normal School this side of the Rocky Mountains. The officers are: President, Mr. E. Rich; Vice-President, Mr. L. Fox; Secretary, Mr. Chas. Bondshu; Treasurer, Mr. May.

The Juniors have apparently lost all interest in contributing to this department. It is either inability or carelessness, we do not know which, that prevents them from writing; if it is the former, they have our sympathy, if the latter, they deserve the severest reproof.

The Legislature has provided for an annual appropriation of \$1000 for the next two years for the purpose of building up our library. Heretofore the annual appropriation was but \$500. The library is a most important institution, and any legislation relating to its improvement is well directed. Valuable books can now be purchased, which are necessary, but which have been out of reach because of the lack of funds.

In certain conditions of life persons may be pardoned for a breach of politeness, but in a Normal School none can be excused for any offense of this kind. The majority of students go to the library for the purpose of reading, but there are several students—and what school is without them?—that go there for no other purpose than to chatter and snicker, and thus make themselves not only ridiculous but decidedly disrespectful to their fellow students. If these persons will but give the matter a thought, they will see at once the impropriety of such conduct, and, if they have any common-sense at all, will become manly.

The reception given by the Senior A's and B's proved to be a most enjoyable affair. By eight o'clock the reception rooms were crowded. The members of the Faculty and several friends of the students were present. A short program, consisting mostly of charades, was carried out. The well-chosen games afforded much amusement to all. "Ruth and Jacob" proved to be special favorites. Lemonade and candy constituted the refreshments for the evening, the lack of variety being made up by the excellence of quality. Much to the sorrow of the young folks, the merry-making ceased promptly at 10:30, and all returned home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Query: Who tied the bell April 1st?

The unfriendly Normalists are doing some high kicking over our notice of their Jackson masquerade, and some of them go so far as to discard the public attention to show that they do not care to be conspicuous, but simply pretty.—*Correct.*

Dun your glasses and look again; perhaps it was after four o'clock when you made your second observation, for no sane person would make such a mistake as that with his eyes open.

Are not our friends of the Normal School at Los Angeles, who are to graduate in June, a little early with their boast of being the first class to graduate from the State Normal School of Southern California? The law changing the title of the Branch Normal does not go into effect before July 1st, about a month after the present Senior A's graduate. Consequently, our friends will have to content themselves with the honor of being the last class to graduate from the Los Angeles Normal under its present title.

The *Naranjato*, a book of over one hundred pages, will soon be issued by the Seniors of the University of the Pacific. Besides the usual amount of College statistics, it will contain the class histories and other sketches humorously illustrated with numerous photo engravings. Fine engravings of President Stratton and Professor Martin will also appear. The book promises to be of interest to students generally, and may be secured at the nominal price of fifty cents, by addressing the *Naranjato* Publishing Company, San Jose, Cal.

On the evening of April 1st, the Y. M. N. D. Society gave an open meeting. The Assembly Hall was not quite filled, but then the audience was an especially appreciative one, and was just large enough to make things interesting. When the roll was called, the boys responded with well-selected quotations from Shakespeare. The president, R. G. Cotter, made a short address, which was followed by a musical treat from the Normal orchestra. Messrs. Bondshu, Telbe, Wambold, Turner, Rich, and Grubbs have practiced but little together, yet already they are attracting considerable attention. They were encored. George Albee gave a stirring recitation in a very creditable manner. He was followed by a quartet from Messrs. Nott, Wilson, Telbe, and Hardy, who responded to an encore. Then came D. C. Elliot, with a decidedly practical speech on the subject of Normal Schools. Jas. Black read a funny paper, which put everybody in the best of humor. A recess of a few minutes was then granted, after which came the debate. The question was, Resolved, that the statesman has done more for his country than the soldier. Lane and Edgerton took the affirmative, Taylor and Shamate the negative. Considering that several of the speakers had never before spoken in public, the debate was well supported. The program closed with a selection from the orchestra. On the whole the program was an exceptionally good one, probably the best ever given by the boys at an open meeting.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Lizzie T. Mills, May, '81, is teaching on Point Reyes.

Miss Sallie Finley, '78, is teaching in Westminster, Cal.

Miss Anna A. King, May, '82, is not teaching but is in San Jose.

Mr. Daniel Mahoney, Xmas, '83, expects to close his school at King's River about May 31st.

Miss Ione M. Cunningham, Dec., '84, is teaching at Summit District, Santa Clara county.

Miss Edith D. Vaple, May, '85, is teaching at Ripon, San Joaquin county.

Mrs. F. A. Wilcox, formerly Mary L. Orley, May, '85, is living in Santa Clara.

Miss Mary E. Norton, Dec., '84, is teaching in San Rafael, Marin county.

Miss Georgia A. Gordon, May, '85, opened her school at Jamesburg, on April 4th.

Mr. H. F. Clark, Dec., '85, is now located in the flourishing town of Brentwood, Contra Costa county.

C. P. Evans, May, '85, has been acting as principal of the Carpentaria school, Santa Barbara county, since January.

Frank H. Herbert, Dec., '85, reports that he is prospering with his school work at Julian, Monterey county.

Miss Mary M. Osborn, June, '85, is teaching in Hill's Valley District, Fresno county.

Miss Lizzie C. Cottle, May, '84, is engaged in teaching near Salinas City, Monterey county.

Miss Mary K. Stephens, June, '85, has charge of the Vineyard District school, Monterey county.

Miss Flora Hunziker, May, '86, has been teaching since graduation in the school at Cloverdale, Sonoma county.

Miss Lucina H. Kelsey, May, '85, has charge of the High Eighth Grade in the Salinas school, Monterey county.

Miss Lottie J. Matthis, Xmas, '84, is teaching near her old home, Black Canyon, Monterey county.

Mrs. Mary E. Thompson, *nee* Mary Hendrix, March, '73, is now living in Cornelius, Washington county, Oregon.

Miss M. Frances Young, Dec., '86, has charge of the school at Watsonville, Cal.

Miss Mattie Bradley, May, '85, has charge of the eighth grade in the Nevada City Primary School.

Miss Lizzie Deacon, Dec., '85, is teaching her first school in Sierra District, Santa Clara county.

Mrs. W. D. Hatch (*nee* Besant Overholt), Dec., '85, has charge of the Pala District school in this county.

Miss Mary McHerry, Dec., '85, is kept busy with a school of eight grades in Pinedale, Contra Costa county.

Miss Annie P. Buckley, May, '86, is teaching in Mariposa county. Her address is La Grange, Stanislaus county.

Miss Frances Goines, May, '85, is now teaching at present, but is at her home, Oakdale, Stanislaus county.

Miss Sarah Chamberlain, May, '84, and her sister, Angelina, Dec., '85, are engaged in teaching near Santa Rosa.

Thos. J. McGrath, Xmas, '84, is fulfilling the duties of teacher in the Howland Flat school, Sierra county.

Miss Luc J. Carver, May, '85, was obliged to resign her position in the Los Angeles city schools on account of failing eyesight.

Miss Julia Bailey, May, '85, has resigned her position in the Oak Ridge District school, and is in the City Clerk's office for the present.

Miss Amy E. O'Neal, May, '86, owing to poor health, has not been teaching this Spring and is at her home, Valley Springs, Calaveras county.

E. F. Knott, May, '85, is teaching at Markham, Sonoma county.

Miss Maggie R. Henry, May, '86, is teaching in Selma, Fresno county.

Miss Mary C. Robert, May, '84, has been teaching for the last three years in Watsonville.

Frank R. Caugh, May, '85, is still holding the fort at Lake City, Modoc county.

Miss Mamie Bass, May, '86, is teaching near Sunol Glen, Alameda county.

Miss Alfareta Wood, May, '78, is teaching at Riverside, San Bernardino county.

Miss S. Helen Snook, Dec., '85, has charge of the Sixth Grade in the Cole school, Oakland.

Mrs. L. M. Damswood, *nee* Mary E. Kelsey, May, '85, is teaching in Douglas county, Oregon.

Miss Charlotte J. Stivers, May, '84, is at her home in Irvington, Alameda county, and is not teaching.

Mrs. Walter S. Bailey, *nee* Harriet E. Van Eaton, June, '84, is teaching at her home in Wilmington, Los Angeles county.

Miss Allie M. Felker, May, '84, is still teaching in Salinas City. She has the grade formerly taught by Miss Fannie Low.

Miss Mabel N. McKay, Xmas, '86, has a position in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Her Normal friends wish her success in her work.

Miss Hattie V. Martin, Xmas, '84, has been teaching for the last year in the Pacific Heights Grammar School, San Francisco.

Miss Annabel Tuttle, Dec., '86, has a position in the city schools of Los Angeles. She reports being well pleased with her work.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION EXERCISES.

The literary exercises of the Alumni Association will be held on the evening of Commencement Day, May 26th, 1887, at 7:30. There will be a lecture on some subject connected with the work of the Reading Circle for the present year. Members of the Association and of the Reading Circle will receive tickets of admission, free of charge, on application to the Secretary. To others an admission fee will be charged.

At the close of the literary exercises the annual re-union of the Alumni will take place in the parlors.

The business meeting for the election of officers, and other matters connected with the work of the Association, will be held on the afternoon of the same day, at the close of the exercises of the graduating class. A large attendance is desired.

In preparation for this meeting, members are requested to send to the Secretary suggestions with reference to future work, reports of the work of local circles or of individual members, and any other items that they may think useful or interesting.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

L. L. WILLIAMS,

CLARA HOUGHTON, LILLIAN LAUBERSHEIMER.

WITH the Teachers' Institute come many of our old school-mates. We look closely at our traits of "school-marks" as yet. But we fail to discover any new idiosyncrasies, although many of them do seem more dignified than ordinarily. Some of them climb the hill to visit the school, which to them is the same and yet so changed; for even in a short time there are more new faces than familiar ones in the old places, and the former students can hardly realize that the seats occupied by the Senior classes are filled with the students who used to be called the "scrub Juniors."

Although our friends who have been teaching tell us that it is harder work to teach than to go to school, because there is so much responsibility, we can not help thinking that responsibility seems to agree with them, for they have lost none of their usual good looks, and we would say that they had greatly improved if we could be allowed for a moment to suggest that there was room for improvement in a Normal graduate.

THERE is nothing in this world, however great or small, but what was created for some purpose, and it is every person's duty to find out what he is fitted for, and then to adopt and follow that profession. If he undertakes anything else, his undertaking is apt to be a failure. Every man, no matter how rich he may be, should make a choice of some occupation which he could follow if necessary; for, although a man may be wealthy to-day, he knows not how poor he may be to-morrow. Furthermore, it is necessary for the good of the community in which he resides that a man should have regular work to do, for an idle man is always a despicable wretch and a detriment to any community. Unless a person makes a choice of a profession for which he feels he is well-fitted, he is sure to dislike his work and make a failure in life. Thus we see not only the necessity of some occupation in life, but also the need of choosing that vocation for which one is suited, and not to think one could do as well at some other trade, because some one else does and because it seems quite splendid.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Born in London in 1552, poor in money, Edmund Spenser was one of the richest persons in intellect of whom we have any record. He began his literary work when a boy, by translating Petrarch's sonnets and the Visions of Bellay. Living during the reign of Elizabeth, when all the men representing the genius and learning of England were gathered around the throne, it is not strange that he became an admired and welcome member of the court.

He did not stay in England long, owing to his having a great friendship for the Earl of Leicester. Lord Burleigh was opposed to Leicester, and soon persuaded the Queen to send Spenser to Ireland. What arguments he used we do not know, but they must have been weighty ones, or Elizabeth would have preferred retaining her delicate flatterers at court.

His life, spent among the wild scenes of Ireland, was greatly influenced by his beautiful surroundings, and some of his strongest descriptions, such as that of the Cave of Despair, are probably drawn from there. Most of his poems were written during his residence in Ireland. The romantic parts of the country quickened his imaginative faculties, and so beautifully does he describe occupations that he makes the prosaic life of a shepherd appear more than beautiful.

Throughout his many poems he freely uses beautiful figures of speech. In his "Prothalamion" he changes the Thames into a clear-running, flower-bordered, beautiful stream, with snowy swans floating peacefully on its waters, and with nymphs gathering flowers on its banks.

Spenser's wife was more than ordinarily blest in being given an unquestioning love. He praised her at all times, and in one place says, "Cupid mistakes her for Venus, his mother, and the Goddess of Beauty."

Spenser was always thoughtful, and sometimes sad and depressed. At one time he says:

"To live, I find it deadly dolorous,

For life draws care; and care, continual woe;

Therefore to die must needs be joyous,

And wishful thing this sad life to forgo."

Again, he describes some places as being so lovely that no one could wish for anything less than long life in them. For example, he says of a bower, it is "More sweet and wholesome than the hill of Rhodope;

"Or sweet Permess, the haunt of Muses fair,

Or Eden self, if sought with Eden mute compare."

This beautiful poet was very faithful to his friends. He loved Sidney during life, and mourned

the brave knight's death in his poems. He says of him:

"Knowledge her knight hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight;

Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight."

Although Sidney seems to have been Spenser's best-loved friend, yet he has dedicated sonnets to Raleigh and to two of his college friends. If he could not sufficiently praise his friends, he could speak sarcastically enough of those who were not his friends. In writing of Burleigh, he calls his wisdom less than that of Solomon, and says:

"O let the man of whom the muse is scorned,
Nor alive, nor dead, be of the muse adorned."

This, on account of Lord Burleigh's dislike for verse—writers.

It is a common failing to forget the faults of those who are dead; but if Spenser had many faults, he had also many virtues. Kind, affectionate, brilliant, when he died his place was not easily filled, and he will never be forgotten, for he spoke and wrote many wise and beautiful words.

He says, almost prophetically—

"For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise words taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye;
He may with storming showers be washed away,
No bitter-breathing winds with harmful blast,
Nor age nor envy shall them ever waste."

GOLDSMITH.

Wandering down the long dim aisles of Westminster Abbey, we come to a marble slab, upon which may be faintly traced the name, Oliver Goldsmith. Pausing awhile, let us look into the life and works of the man, to whom, although the place of his burial is unknown, the English people chose to erect a monument among the memories of its greatest men.

Goldsmith was born in Pallas, Ireland, 1728; and died in 1774. He was the son of a poor clergyman, and during his childhood displayed no indications of future greatness. As to personal appearance, he was naturally homely and an attack of small-pox during his childhood had left him more so. He went through the University at Dublin and partly paid his expenses by performing menial services for the institution. At the age of twenty-one he graduated and studied for the ministry. At the close of two years of hard study, gaily attired in scarlet velvet, he presented himself to the bishop, but but his great chagrin, was rejected. After this disappointment, his uncle gave him £500, with which to study law in Lon-

don. Unfortunately, however, on his way there, he met some of his wild companions; engaged in gambling until the whole sum was squandered; and reached London, penniless. He then studied medicine for about a year and a half, but soon grew tired of it, and resolved to travel over Europe on foot.

He first went to Leyden, where he spent a year, and then to Paris, where he attended chemical lectures. Taking parts of Germany and Switzerland in, on his way, he passed to Marseilles, and thence to Italy. In Italy, as his ballads were inferior to those of Italian writers, they were not received, and he was at a loss for means of support. In all the foreign Universities and convents there are held upon certain days, philosophical debates, for which, if the champion maintains with any degree of skill, he may claim a small sum of money and a night's lodging. By debating in this way, Goldsmith supported himself; but, prompted by his love for wandering, he soon went to Padua, then to Dover, and finally reached London penniless and friendless.

For two or three years after his return, his history is obscure; but he held the position of proof-reader, usher, and back-writer, successfully, but each a short time only. Being compelled to write in daily tasks wounded his pride, therefore he edited a paper of his own, which was so unpopular that he gave it up at the end of three weeks. He next began to write in volumes. The first was "The Present State of Literature in Europe." This after all his repeated failures was a success, and was received and read by the people. Next followed "The Citizen of the World," "The Traveller," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Good-Natured Man," "The Deserted Village," and the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

The "Vicar of Wakefield" was received with delight and found its way into every castle and hamlet of Europe. The "Deserted Village" is a poem written in praise of his native town, and is very much admired for its musical rhythm and tenderness of thought.

Goldsmith, as a man was wild, reckless, and a truant by nature. His restlessness caused him to long for a change, and when the change was made, he would sing of the fond recollections of the home he had left. But with all his faults and weakness, which he meekly owned, he was truly an amiable writer.

Thackeray in his tribute to Goldsmith calls him "the most beloved of English writers." He was tender, compassionate and humorous. His humor was always used to express sweet sympathy. We may think of him as reckless, thriftless, and vain

if we like, but always merciful, gentle, and generous; always full of love and pity. When we call him to mind, we always think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; the righteous hand who wrote his epitaph; and of the unanimous response of affection, with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.

CUSTOMS THAT NEED CHANGING AND WHY.

M. FORTER.

How broad this subject is, we individually cannot realize. Each person, in the calling of life which he has chosen, may see many customs which need changing; but he cannot know how many he might have found had he taken some other profession.

We, who expect soon to swell the ranks of teachers, should try to find some wrong custom in schools, which we might in time help to change. Many customs of the school-room have been changed since children sat on benches without backs, with their faces toward the wall and were feruled every time they moved; but there are still some, I think, with which we could part with impunity.

One custom especially, that of teaching children at the beginning of their school-work to read and spell the language as found in the common text-books. How could this system of teaching have other effect than to dwarf the intellect?

A child commences to learn to read; he is taught that m-a-n spells man. After man comes can, and, if the child is in the habit of thinking about things, he will form a theory in his small brain for pronouncing and spelling. The next lesson, alas! does not corroborate with the preceding ones; for b-a-l-l does not spell bal, as he would naturally suppose, but bawl. This spoils the pronunciation theory, and when his father asks him to spell "eight," and he spells it a-t, which is all wrong, the spelling theory must go also. Finding in everything about reading or spelling, that reasoning only leads him astray, he tries no longer to think how it should be, but simply learns by rote. There is little wonder that a child so taught fails to have very keenly developed reasoning faculties; for they have been blunted if not destroyed forever.

I remember once hearing a class of children between the ages of eight and ten years trying to spell the word "esquimaux." The word was given to each pupil, but no one spelled it correctly.

At last, a little fellow at the end of the line spelled it "e-a-q-u-a-u-m-a-b-u-x." Of course, the whole class laughed; but the boy, nothing daunted, said, "O you need not laugh; lots of the words are fuller of letters than that."

Many teachers have long seen the evil influences of the present system; but only in the last few years has a method been devised which would obviate the evil. The use of the phonic system does away with all the present difficulties. A great good will be accomplished by the introduction of the phonic books into our schools, for the boys so taught, and who knows but the girls, will be our law makers by-and-by, and when they remember the pleasure they had in always knowing a word when they saw it, and how to spell it when they heard it, they will make laws for the compulsory adoption of the phonic system of reading and spelling.

Then I say let us have the custom which dwarfs reason, superseded by the better one which stimulates and increases thoughts.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

The motto "no class pin" seems to be in vogue with the Senior A's of this term.

The latest definition of a brunette—A tall young lady. Given by a young gentleman of Middle B.

Miss Sterner, of Senior B, and Miss Rowan, of Middle A, have left school for the present; it is to be hoped that they will return before very long.

It is quite a rest to the weary student to spend an evening among the beautiful flowers and gay people at the Flower Festival, after a hard day's work.

The interest shown by the Normal students in the Teachers' Institute is quite remarkable. It is to be hoped that they will keep up this interest after leaving school.

Friday afternoon, the Botany class made its first excursion for wild-flowers, and as it was a warm day and the trip was a long one, some of the young ladies came home pretty well tired out.

When we hear that Mr. Kellam, now at Harvard, who graduated here a year ago, has the privilege of listening to lectures by Gray and Lowell, we cannot but envy while wishing him joy in his good fortune.

Senior A possesses at least one very fickle young man, who usually is devoted to a particular young lady, but so soon as said young lady is out of sight, she is also out of his mind, and he is immediately at the feet of some other young lady.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Ana Way is teaching at La Puente.

Miss Day has the school in Trabuco District.

Miss Williams is teaching near San Gabriel.

Mr. W. H. Wright is principal of the Santa Paula schools.

The Misses Smith, of the Xmas class of '85, are teaching near Pomona.

Miss Cora King, of the Xmas class of '85, is teaching in San Bernardino.

Miss Estelle Harrow, of the May class of '86, has a school at Del Mar, San Diego county.

Miss Miller, of the May class of '86, has been transferred from the country to the city schools.

Mr. Ed. Clark has entered into the blissful state of matrimony in company with a Miss Smith of Orangeflower.

Miss McMillan is teaching at Laguna, and Miss Pinkham, who had to give up her school at Modena on account of her health, is visiting her.

Miss Maggie Bryan, of the last class, who has been teaching in Ventura county, has a short vacation owing to the prevalence of the measles in her school.

Mr. Haydock has returned to his school at Santa, Ventura county. It is reported that he was greatly wanted in Inyo county, on account of his lame-hall abilities.

NORMAL READING CIRCLE

WORK FOR SECOND TERM, 1887.

MAY—	Topical Review of "Chaldean,"
JUNE—	"Story of Egypt," to page 64.
JULY—	" " " " " " 179.
AUGUST—	" " " " " " 298.
SEPTEMBER—	" " " " " " end.

Historical Novels—"Egyptian Princess" (required), "Uarda" (recommended). Those who read both novels should take "Uarda" first, as it belongs to an earlier period.

Best works of reference on Egypt—"Egypt under the Pharaohs" (H. Brugsch Bey), "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" (Sir J. G. Wilkinson), "Egypt" (H. Ebers), "Ancient Egypt" (Kewick).

Read the last fourteen chapters of Genesis and the first fifteen chapters of Exodus. Use a map constantly. If possible, have a good ancient map of surrounding countries.

As many of the members of the Reading Circle were not able to begin work with the first term, it is thought best to take a part of May for a topical review of "Chaldean."

The work for this term is purposely made light, so that

those who wish can arrange to complete their reading in three months, and have one month vacation.

TOPICAL REVIEW OF "CHALDEAN."

FORMATION OF NATIONS.—Stages of culture and resulting forms of government.—Nomadic life.—Pastoral life.—City-building and monarchical governments.—Migrations.—Their causes and effects.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF MESOPOTAMIA.—Relief.—Soil.—Climate.—Irrigation.—Floods.—"A nursery of nations."

ORIGIN AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE RACES.—Supposed Turanian origin of the Shemitic-Accads.—Cushite theory of the second invasion, or conquest.—Migrations of the Cushites.—Legend of Quana.—Probable date of the invasion.—Semitic Theory.—Title of the Hebrews.

EARLY HISTORICAL CHALDEAN.—Comparative political and social standing of invaders and Shemitic-Accads.—Political condition.—Fusion of the two nations.—Language.—Priesthood.—Temples.—Government a theocracy.

SHARRUKIN OF AGADE (SARGON I.).—Probable date.—Legend of his birth.—Expeditions and campaigns.—Literary work.—Founding of library.

URUK, KING OF UR, and his son Dungi.—Probable date.—Great temple-builders.—City of Ur.

ELAMITE CONQUEST OF CHALDEAN AND VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.—Capture of Lot and rescue of Abraham.—Effects of Conquest as shown in literature.

HAMMURABI OF BABYLON.—Elamites driven out.—His glorious reign.—The great canal.

BUILDING.—Material.—Methods of construction.—Temples.—Ziggurats.—Palaces.—Interior finish and ornamentation.—Uses and objects.—Process of destruction.—Monuments now existing.—How burned.

MODES OF BURIAL.

BOOKS.—Materials.—How written.—Tablets and cylinders.—How preserved.—Library of Nineveh.—Subjects of Books.—Work of George Smith.

RELIGION.—Outline of Religion of Shemitic-Accads.—First stage.—Second stage.—Influence of second colonization on religion.—Astrology.—Incantation.—Divination.—Remains in astrology of present day.—Characteristics of the Hebrew religion as distinguished from the Chaldean.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS.—Comparison with book of Genesis.—Creation.—Temptation and fall.—Tree of life.—Paradise.—Tower of Babel.—Probable meaning of the great Chaldean Epic.

SCIENCE.—Astronomy and mathematics.—Adaptability of climate and character of people to study astronomy.—Discoveries handed down to present time.

MODERN EXPLORERS.—Names.—Methods of excavating.—Difficulties.—Results.—Important effects upon historical knowledge within a few years.

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