

The Normal Index.

Vol. V.

SAN JOSE, CAL. JAN. 25, 1890.

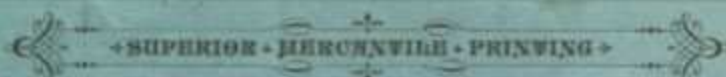
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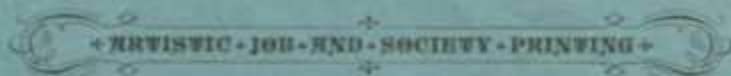
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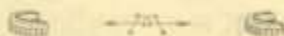


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The Normal Index.

VOL. V.

JANUARY 25.

No. 4.

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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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We plead the Christmas vacation extending from Dec. 20, to Jan. 7, as our excuse for the non-appearance of the Index last month, and as our justification the fact that we published the extra of last July which with this issue makes up the five numbers that are due from each class. We take this opportunity of saying farewell to the Index, and of formally laying aside a task that has brought both pleasure and profit—enough of either to make ample amends for its occasional encroachments upon regular school duties. With many thanks for the kind word and the helping hand which have never been wanting, we resign our work to our successors.

EVERYONE will be interested to hear that the long expected History of the Normal School at San Jose is now ready. For six years materials have

been collecting for this work, and much time and labor have been spent in preparing and arranging them, and even now the record is in a measure incomplete, owing to the large number of graduates scattered over so large a State, and, more especially, to the destruction of records by the burning of the Normal Building, but no pains have been spared to make the work a valuable addition to the educational history of California.

Beginning with the origin of the Normal school, its succeeding history is taken up year by year from 1862 to 1884 and each chapter enlivened by the personal reminiscences of a graduate of one of the classes of that year.

The historical sketch is supplemented by statistical tables showing the attendance and the number and percentage of graduates each year, the number of graduates who have taught, who have engaged in other pursuits, who have attended higher institutions, the number deceased, etc., etc.

The names of all teachers are given, both those connected with the school at present and those who have been, and the time of their connection with the school; the names and terms of office of the members of the successive boards of trustees, and also biographical sketches of all the Principals.

It contains also what will be of especial interest to the alumni, a record of all graduates from the time of graduation up to the present time, including their present address, and closes with a prospectus for the year of 1889-90.

The volume is put up in paper covers and in cloth binding; the former will be sold for forty cents and the latter for seventy-five. Every graduate is entitled to receive a copy upon remitting to the Principal twenty-five cents for the volume in paper, or fifty cents for the one in cloth.

Miss Daniels, teacher of English has been called to her home in Michigan by the death of her mother, and during her absence, her place is filled by Miss McKinnon of the class of June '89.

SAN JOSE, Dec. 16, '89.

EDITOR OF THE NORMAL INDEX:—I would like to bring before the readers of your valuable paper, a subject which has been rather neglected. How many of the graduates of the Normal School are members of the Alumni Association, and what per cent are reading with the circle? A reading circle was organized by the Alumni in January, 1887, and has a claim on every graduate of the school. The object of the circle is three-fold; first—to offer a systematic plan of reading, second—to aid, in some measure, graduates who wish to prepare themselves for post-graduate work, and third, to establish a stronger bond of union between the graduates.

As little history is taught in our public schools, it is thought desirable to make historical reading an important part in the course; but that the work may not prove laborious, novels connected with the history are taken up and a happy result follows, as both history and novel prove more interesting than when read separately. The historical works are selected from the admirable series, "The Story of the Nations." Besides the above work we have some literature and pedagogy.

Now comes the question, "Can we not read to more advantage out of the circle?" We voice the opinion of a number of tried teachers and readers, when we answer, most emphatically, "No." You may think you can please yourself better, but nine times out of ten the reader is offered such a variety of reading that he does not know what he wants and reading becomes fragmentary and ceases to lead to desirable results.

Our course is carefully prepared by a committee of five reading members, and is not tedious work. The fact is our most energetic readers are among the busiest teachers. One member says she devotes half an hour a day and has been able to read the entire course. It is a fact that forty minutes daily is all that is necessary. Try it and see what you can accomplish in ten months.

The work of the year is divided into three terms of four months each. Special circulars are sent to each member at the beginning of each term, laying out the work and giving suggestive topics.

Examination questions are sent out at the close of the term and certificates are issued to those who complete the work. Some twenty-five members received these certificates for 1888. Even with this encouragement we do not feel that the graduates are giving us the support they should, and urge them to take more interest and read at least part of the course, if they cannot take it all.

The dues are fifty cents a year, scarcely paying the printing bills; surely no teacher can claim that

he cannot afford to give this small sum. From the last class leaving the Normal, we have received but three members. We cannot believe that this is indifference, but rather a lack of knowledge of what the Association is trying to do.

We feel confident that if the INDEX gives its support, we shall have an increased membership to begin the year '90.

Graduates wishing to become members can leave their addresses with the Librarian or send directly to the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Belle Bird, and they will receive prompt attention.

ALBERT.

DEED.—At Cherokee, December 24, 1889, David S. Wilson, aged 27 years, 7 months and 3 days.

Mr. Wilson, a member of the May class of '87, proved a very able student; it was under his wise supervision that the INDEX made its greatest advancement.

After leaving the Normal he first filled the position of Principal of the Cherokee school. This was considered a hard school to manage, but Mr. Wilson's firm yet kind manner soon won respect on every hand. Toward the close of the term his health began to fail but during vacation he apparently regained his former strength and the following winter engaged to teach the Wyandotte school. Before the term was completed, however, sickness compelled him to resign his position. Hoping a change of climate might improve his health, he went south for several months but returned unbenefited and spent his remaining days at his home in Cherokee among his many friends, and there the Death Angel found him. We sorrow for him and extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

LECTURES.

On November 21st, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Pres. Horace Davis, of the State University, Berkeley. His subject was "The Relation of the Normal Graduate to the University." Pres. Davis is an interesting and magnetic talker. He said: "We are all soldiers in the glorious crusade against ignorance and illiteracy; but the University graduate has more breadth and power. I advise all who can spare the time to take the higher course. It will make you broader-minded men and women." With apt figures, he illustrated the difference between the teacher who has assimilated and mastered his knowledge, and can view his subject from all sides, and the teacher who knows little more than he attempts to teach.

He dwelt upon the value of higher education, the pleasure, discipline and power obtained from it. As a rule, it holds men from a dissipated life. They scorn all that is low and base.

"The Statistics show that a University diploma is somewhat of a life insurance policy." But, he adds, "I would rather live one year as a student, than a lifetime as a clod-hopper."

He explained why a graduate of the Normal cannot now enter the University without further preparation, and expressed the hope that sometime in the near future the curricula of the two institutions might be so arranged as to obviate that difficulty. He concluded by extending to one and all a cordial invitation to visit the University and become acquainted with its various departments and the work done in them.

One of the most delightful lectures of the course was presented to the students and visitors by Mrs. Florence E. Williams.

Mrs. Williams introduced her subject by saying she would not lecture but would tell us a story, one that she had chosen as being especially appropriate, the story of the beautiful Greek girl, Balaustian, who, 2,000 years ago, saved a party of her friends from a dreadful fate, through a talent faithfully cultivated.

The scene is laid in Greece. The times were troublous, and the States of Greece were at war with each other State against State, city against city. Athens and Sparta were, at the time, the most powerful, Athens standing foremost in literary pursuits, Sparta surpassing in military power. The little island of Rhodes, though the people were of Athenian descent, sided with Sparta. The Athenian army had been crushed almost out of existence, only a remnant remaining.

After the terrible defeat of their own people, a number of the inhabitants of Rhodes determined to go to Athens, the dearly loved home of their childhood. So escaping from Rhodes, they started across the blue waters to the mother country.

Among this company, was a young girl, dearly beloved by all, and called "Balaustian, the wild pomegranate flower."

They compared her, in her beauty and sweetness to the pomegranate blossoms that, on all the mountain sides of the island of Rhodes, lay fall in fragrant showers their scarlet petals.

They had no knowledge of the compass at that time, so they crept along the coast, depending on familiar head-lands for guidance. After sailing for some time, they miss their way; they know not their position on the wide waste of waters. In the

midst of the growing fear, they see high mountains in the distance. They strain their eyes for the familiar features of the Athenian coast, but in vain. Is it a friendly or hostile country, is the question in every mind. Suddenly in this moment of uncertainty a ship is seen and a shout goes up, "The pirate!" It is in hot pursuit. Something must be done! They at once decide to take refuge in the port in sight, be it friend or foe. The ship is an hundred-oared trireme, or galley, with fifty oars on each side. All depends now on the skill, courage, and endurance of these hundred men. The Captain reminds them of the deeds of their ancestors, of the bloody field of Marathon and the hot carnage of Salamis. But the pirate comes nearer; the grappling hooks are thrown, but do not fasten. All is despair. Suddenly the Captain calls Balaustian and she recites to them, with surpassing sweetness the grand songs that have roused Athenian hearts to deeds of valor on Persian battle fields. Hope revives; a warship is seen approaching from the harbor. Balaustian sings that grand old song of *Æschylus*. They make one more effort, and are—safe! No! It is a warship of Syracuse, that worst enemy of Greece, come to drive them from the harbor. They must sail on; no prayers will melt their hard hearts. But the Syracusans have heard of the new Grecian poet, Euripides, and some snatches from this new play of "*Alceste*," and wish to hear more. "Can any one on board give it to them?" Balaustian knows the whole play by heart, so they are allowed to come in. Thus came the full reward for a talent faithfully cultivated. Balaustian is taken to the steps of the great temple of *Hera* and commanded to begin. For the first time the Syracusans listen to the lines that not even a *Shakespeare* could surpass. The second day she repeats it to a larger crowd than before, and again the third day to a mighty throng; then she sinks exhausted by her long continued efforts. But money, honor, and praise are hers, their gratitude knows no bounds. The little ship is procured and the little company is sent on their way with blessings. Balaustian goes back to the obscurity from which she came, but not alone. She takes with her to Athens one warm heart, a lover captured from the enemy.

Then the speaker to the school—"Go thou and do likewise and be as happy, being sure your work is as well done as that of "Balaustian, the wild pomegranate flower." The story was taken from Robert Browning's poem "Balaustian's Adventure." Mrs. Williams' listeners were held spell-bound as long as she spoke, and from the expressions of

pleasure heard on every side her "talk" was highly appreciated by all. Mrs. Williams is a daughter of S. P. H. James, the English historian, and certainly inherits her father's talents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CALIFORNIA TO ANN ARBOR, MICH.

TO THE INDEX—During the latter part of September, one fine afternoon just before the sun had sent his last ray over the Golden West, our train moved out of Oakland and was soon thundering along on its way towards the Sierra Nevada. Our party, being composed of tourists from the same town, well acquainted with one another, passed the evening pleasantly in cracking jokes, telling stories, etc., until eleven o'clock, when we were tucked into our "sleepers" for the night. The next morning on having our eyes jerked open by a sudden starting of the cars—a trick the engineer, demon-like, delights to play upon the sound sleeper—we found that we had passed the summit of the Sierras and were rapidly descending the eastern slope. The appearance of the country soon told us we were in Nevada, for there were no trees, no grasses, no flowers, in fact, no forms of life to be seen anywhere; and we knew at once we were not in California. But there are plenty of rocks, a splendid crop of rocks, their growth unhindered by woods; and it only remains for some genius to develop a permanent and good price for these rocks, and all the farmers of Nevada will be millionaires.

Nearly a day was spent in crossing the Nevada desert, the home of Desolation, Starvation and Death. All one can see as far as the eye can reach is sun, sand, and sage-brush. Not a living creature dares wander over this unfriendly solitude lest his bones be laid to whiten on the plains. There is absolutely no sustenance for animal life, and if a jack rabbit owned all this part of Nevada, he would, most likely, kill himself travelling to make a living. The eastern part of the State is not so barren, there being some tolerably good farming land.

We found Utah a much more inviting State, and on reaching Salt Lake City we stopped over a day and amused ourselves in looking at the productions which the skill and ingenuity of this "much-married people" have wrought. The city is rather peculiarly laid out, the streets being nearly twice as wide as those of San Jose with a small stream of running water on either side of them, the evaporation of which cools the atmosphere and makes it pleasant on the streets during

the long warm summer days. We visited the Great Tabernacle and had the pleasure of whispering to each other at a distance of 250 feet. No whispering conversation can be carried on in this church during service, for any person in the church can hear the faintest whisper. Would that all other churches were built in like manner. Near the Tabernacle, a massive granite temple, whose corner stone was laid in 1836, is under construction, slowly as you will note, and this temple will cost \$5,000,000.

The city government is now under the control of the Gentiles and the suppression of Mormonism is going grandly on. In 1881 polygamy was prohibited by the laws of the United States, but nevertheless this barbarous practice continues at the present time, and the polygamists openly defy the law. The horrors of degradation, wretchedness, crime and vice that lurk around the Mormon home are far beyond description and if there is a place on this wide, wide world where missionaries are needed, it is among this deluded people. They have practically no school system and consequently are very ignorant. The Mormon religion is about all that is taught in their schools. Reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic are just touched upon, history being entirely ignored, for good reasons, doubtless. We asked a little boy of fourteen or fifteen summers, "Who is the President of the United States?" he answered promptly, "Joseph Smith." We asked many other simple questions and received, in every instance, just as ridiculous answers as the one given. It is a disgrace that our people, who boast of their grand educational facilities, should allow such base ignorance to flourish right here in their midst. We talk of living in a free country, but go to Utah and you will find thousands of slaves, all of whom are women, mothers of half-clad, half-witted, wretched children. A pitiable spectacle, a woeful condition of society!

The Salt Lake Baths are one of the chief attractions for the tourist. They are situated eighteen miles from Salt Lake City and are connected with it by a small railroad. The water is so heavy that when you jump into it, you pop out through the same hole that you went in at, as a cane does when tossed into the water. It is an odd sight to see one or two hundred persons, some smoking, others snoring, floating around in the lake like so many ducks with hats on, for all the bathers wear hats to keep the sun off.

Leaving Salt Lake we soon plunged into magnificent mountain scenery in the rugged, towering mountains of Colorado. In passing through "Black Canyon," the passengers rode in open cars

and although the rain poured in torrents, we stood entranced and gazed in wonder and admiration at the masterful works of nature. As each new marvel came into view, a hundred voices in exultation echoed from lofty cliff to cliff, from cavern to cavern, down this grand gorge, and blended with the silvery tones of the many laughing waterfalls.

Having passed through this beautiful canyon, we began to climb the Rocky mountains and in a short time were on the summit at Marshall Pass, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. We stopped long enough at Denver, the Jewel City of the West, surrounded by a setting of snow-capped mountain peaks, to find that it is a neat, wealthy and attractive city and contains many costly mansion-like homes. We changed cars here and came down the eastern slope of the mountains rapidly. While crossing Nebraska and Iowa we passed many great fields of yellow corn; but to our disappointment, no cyclones or blizzards crossed our path. On the morning of the fifth day, our train pulled in to Chicago, a city that has doubled its population in ten years. In 1880 its population was about 500,000 and now it claims a population of more than 1,000,000 people. Once more we boarded the train and in six hours were at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the end of our journey, the place where hundreds of students flock every year to begin their college life. Ann Arbor is a small city of 12,000 inhabitants. We found it in a small wilderness of beautiful maple trees whose branches were covered with a golden and crimson mantle of variegated autumn leaves. No sooner did the first frost pinch our noses than down tumbled these leaves in loose confusion, freighted the air with their brilliant forms like myriads of fluttering butterflies.

In the midst of this miniature forest stands the University of Michigan, whose tall spires and wide open doors invite the nations of the earth, regardless of color or caste, to come and drink at the "fountain of learning." The attendance at present is about 2,200, a greater number of students than attend any other college on the American continent. The University supports different departments; namely, the Literary, the Law, the Medical, the Pharmacy, the Dental, and the Engineering, each of which has its own building separate from the others. There are in connection with the medical department large and commodious hospitals and all persons who desire medical treatment are attended to without charge. There is also a library building, which is a massive structure elegantly designed, and contains a valuable collection of books, statuary and paintings. The

University has an observatory, a pocket edition of the great Lick Observatory, which does very well for the students to experiment with, but seems not large enough to accomplish anything in the way of science. There are more students in the Literary department than in any of the others. In the Medical department there are 380 students, and 500 in the Law; the former undoubtedly will do more for suffering humanity than the latter. We have in the Law department two young lady students and both of them handle the thorny subject well; they don't use gloves either.

The students have some queer expressions that they use; e. g., when a student is called upon to recite and fails, he has "flunked;" when he stays out of school to avoid reciting, he has "bolted;" when the Professor marks him zero, he is "plucked;" and when he stays at home to study for an examination, he is "boulting." Student life here is not so pleasant as it is in San Jose, there is altogether too much class distinction. A Senior will not notice a Junior, nor a Junior a Sophomore, nor a Sophomore a Freshman. The poor Freshman is sport for everybody, and as he stalks about with the grass growing out through his hat, the dignified Seniors whine at him with a nasal twang, "fresh, fresh," and he creeps off to his room and thinks of home.

Winter arrived more than a month ago and spread his mantle of snow over the shivering grasses and the rustling leaves. Icicles hang from every eave and the ponds and rivers are frozen over. The happy little boys and girls, wrapped up in warm furs are enthusiastically chasing each other on their pretty sleds along the sidewalks and down the steep hills; while the older ones are skating hither and thither on the icy river or flying over the snow and through the woods in sleighs drawn by dashing steeds, who seem to appreciate the general jollification. The atmosphere is full of fun. Sleighbells jingle everywhere and old and young are inspired with good-fellowship. With the mercury five degrees below zero, I remain,

Yours Respectfully,

L. F. PETER.

LETTERS FROM HAWAII.

THE following are extracts from letters from Mr. E. L. Spinks class of '90, and his sister, Mrs. Orpha Campbell, class of May '88, who are teaching on the island of Hawaii and whose experiences are therefore quite novel and interesting.

Mr. Spinks says—Time passes here so rapidly that one can hardly realize that nearly half a year has gone since graduation. But such is the fact,

and soon the schoolmates who so warmly congratulated us will be given "God speed" "by those who in their turn shall follow them." Well, you see, we reckon everything here by weeks, "mails" or months, not by days, hours and minutes as you do. So, as in countries where "quarters" and "halves" are the smallest change the dollars soon slip through the fingers, here, where weeks are the "chicken feed" of time, the months are soon spent. To most of those around us they are quite lost, but ours have thus far been fully, if not always profitably, invested. Life in general is taken very easily here, but there is so much ahead to do and know that to us the leisure moments seem given only to be made busy with study—either of books or of nature.

In these studies we often and often miss the library shelves—and, permit me to say, the sure directions to volume, page and paragraph. But the old song says, "We never miss the water till the well runs dry," and probably few students realize the value of half-spent hours till they need the knowledge they might then have gained.

The statement in the September *Index* that we are teaching on a sugar plantation, might convey a wrong impression; for though the country around is all cane fields, this is by no means a plantation school. It is maintained by the government, is in the midst of quite a village of natives and Chinese, and is half a mile from the nearest plantation house.

Our dwelling—a frame cottage also belonging to the Board of Education of the kingdom—is only one hundred yards from the school, and is in the same inclosure. Two or three hundred feet from our front gate, in a small fenced lot, stand the dwelling and school building of the teacher in the Chinese mission work. Nearly every school here has a dwelling attached. There has been so much difficulty about boarding places that the Board of Education and the Mission Boards have been compelled to erect buildings. But even now there is so much dissatisfaction that many teachers refuse to stay. It is not pleasant for one, especially a young lady, to live alone a mile or more from white neighbors and surrounded by natives and Chinese. But nearly all the white families absolutely refuse to take boarders, and those who receive teachers do so under protest. So some prefer solitude to living where their company (at \$30 00 a month) is allowed rather than desired, especially if they have to ride horseback to and from school in all weather. We are extremely fortunate in our home. The house, though furnished in part with rough tables and chairs of my make,—we could get no others—

is very comfortable; and the location is beautiful and healthful.

We like the work much better than we did at first, and are becoming more and more at home in it; but there is still much to be desired. The life and activity, the interchange of ideas, the vigor and culture—all that may be gained from pleasant and refined associations is lacking. All of the society there is here is very good; but people are so far apart, and traveling so difficult that we see but little of our neighbors.

The most trouble, however, is that one must keep entirely aloof from pupils and parents. All the whites, especially teachers, take great precautions against leprosy, though we are assured that with the present stringent laws and rigid examinations of schools there is little danger. Still we prefer not to come in contact with pupils or their belongings. We have our own crayons, erasers, pointers and books, which are not handled by the children. They are never invited into our houses, and we do not visit them. Schools are examined semi-annually by a competent and experienced physician. Police and health officers are always on the lookout for lepers, and sometimes find them in the most unheard of places; but very few are found now and none have been seen in this district for some months. Still we can not tell in whom the disease may be developing, and the above named precautions with many others are constantly used by all teachers.

Mrs. Campbell writes:

I have the Primary department, with forty-one little Hawaiians to train, not only in the elementary common-school branches, but in everything that pertains to the manners and morals of civilized beings. I get the crude materials to work with, children who have been accustomed to sit cross-legged on mats, to eat poi with their fingers, and have had little training even in common decency, to say nothing of politeness.

If a Hawaiian child can manage to worry through the neglect of his infancy, until able to wait upon himself, he leads a life of joyful freedom, until school age, roving about the woods for fruit, swimming in the surf, gathering flowers, and weaving *lei*; he is about as free a human being as the sun shine upon. What if he has but one tattered garment to wear? He needs but one, for the air is like balm, and he does not have to keep up appearances. If he is hungry he has half a dozen stopping-places that answer for homes; and he is frequently given away so often that we are unable to discover his real name or parents. I despaired of ever getting my register in order even with the assistance of our native teacher. The

children gave us their English names, their Hawaiian names, their parents' names, the names of their brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles or acquaintances. They put their first names last and their last names first, or took a piece out of either for a name. For instance, one Joseph Kalamuro could not be found for eight weeks, when I discovered that he had been in my room every day of the time, and had given his name as *Mama Joseph*. The Hawaiians have been accustomed to only one name until the last few years, and still address each other by given names—never as Mr. or Mrs.

The order and restraint of school is hard for these children to bear for a time. When the trust officer brings in a new one, I allow him to hide under the seats, sit on the floor, and lounge about in true Hawaiian style for the first few days. He soon falls into the ways of the school, sits on the high benches, and swings his brown feet quite contentedly. The desks are all of the same size here, and are not at all comfortable for the small children.

They are restless children in school, thoughtless, forgetful, indolent, but never stubborn. They like to loiter about and be supported by any and every object in reach of them, and to allow their minds to do likewise. Yet I sometimes feel conscience-smitten when I have one stand on the floor, (they *have* to stand) or punish him in any way, for he will seldom fail to offer me the *lei* from his neck, a guava, banana, or some toy treasure, with a shy, conciliatory smile through his tears. What can one do with such indolent and yet such forgiving little folks!

FABLES.

THE OAK LEAF AND THE LILY.

There was once a lily that grew at the foot of an oak tree. When summer came, the lily put forth many blossoms, and was much admired for its beauty and fragrance.

One of the oak leaves, hearing the praise given to the little flower, grew envious and said, "Of what use is this lily that grows at our feet? It is weak, and gives no assistance to anyone; but, when the first frost comes, it will die. I grow on an oak tree and afford shelter. Besides the wind or the frost cannot hurt me."

The lily heard what the oak leaf had said, but answered not a word.

In a few months, the leaf and its brothers arrayed themselves in more beautiful garments than they had worn before. Then they were still more

proud. But as soon as the wind began to blow, they fell one by one around the foot of the lily; and long ere the frost had visited this little flower, the oak leaf had fallen and was dead.

MORAL.—Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

A. O. E.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" sighed a little squirrel, "It is so late, the snow has come, and I have not a bit of food stored away for winter. What shall I do?"

"And why have you not?" asked a wise old owl in a tree near by.

"We have had such fine days, the sun has been so bright, I never thought of its turning."

So she went on moaning and sighing, but finding no one to pity her, until, one frosty morning she was found lying by a log—dead. The verdict in the squirrel world was "She died from 'no food.'"

MORAL.—Make hay while the sun shines.

A. O. E.

A hungry hawk was hovering over a barnyard, looking for a nice fat chicken with which to break his fast. Espying an old hen and a brood of chicks he darted down and was about to seize the poor hen, when she, hoping to arouse her mistress' attention and thus save her life, said, "I see that I must die; but before you kill me please sing a song for my little chicks. We have heard that you possess a splendid voice but have never had an opportunity to hear you sing; if you like I will join in the chorus." The hawk flattered at being called upon to sing immediately gave a terrible screech, to which the hen added her "cackle."

"There is a hawk after the chickens," said the farmer's wife and she rushed out with her broom and drove him off. "This serves me right," said the hawk as he flew away. "Hereafter I shall confine myself to my vocation and not attempt to play the musician."

T. L.

A rattle-snake lay coiled under a bush, when a little bird lighted above him and began to sing. The snake praised her song and entreated her to come nearer that he might gaze into the eyes of one whose notes had so thrilled his soul.

The bird had a natural horror of the snake, but, overcome by his flattery, she could not resist his request. So, dropping from her branch, she lighted near the snake and looked him in the eye. Poor silly creature! no sooner done than the snake

had her under his power. Then, pitifully did the songstress plead for mercy, but all in vain. The heartless monster closed his ears to her pleading cries and, in a short time, seized and devoured her.

MORAL.—Beware of the flatterer. P. H. T.

Once upon a time, some wood-choppers, who were greatly annoyed by the theft of their sugar, set a trap to catch the intruders, and then went to their work. When the men returned, they found that they had caught three "coons" and a rabbit. The rabbit pleaded innocence and begged pitiously for his life.

But the captors said, "You have been found in the company of rascals and you must share their fate." Thereupon they killed both the rabbit and the "coons."

MORAL.—One is known by the company he keeps.

W. G.

SCIENTIFIC.

CALCIUM CARBONATE.

As our minds expand and develop under the influence of education, we can say in the words of Shakespeare, that we "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Especially in the study of geology can we appreciate the significance of these words.

The ignorant man plods awkwardly along over the uncrushed gravel, ever and anon giving vent to his feelings regarding the bad condition of the thoroughfares. As he realizes the sad havoc played on leather, he comes to the conclusion that the city officials and the shoe makers are in league.

On the other hand, the man of science finds pleasure as well as profit while treading the self-same cobbles. The stones are living tongues to him, telling whole chapters of nature's wonderful story. Now and then he carefully examines some unpretentious little pebble, and with a few simple experiments determines its composition.

Beauty, however, will appeal to the higher nature of even the ignorant man, and it is with evident wonder, not unmixed with awe, that he contemplates the fairy-like interior of some cave sculptured into stalactite and stalagmite forms. Jack Frost, with all his ingenuity and ability as an architect, is not the only builder in nature. We can almost believe in the existence of fairies as we behold these exquisite and delicate pendants.

They are like the frozen tears of some unhappy earth bound spirit.

To sum it is pleasure enough to allow the eye to feast on the beauty of the crystal-hung cavern. Others must investigate further and find a cause for this beautiful phenomenon. To the latter class the world is indebted for its progress in scientific research and for its general enlightenment.

It is marvelous how quickly, and with what great simplicity nature goes about her work. In the formation of stalactites and stalagmites, this fact is well illustrated. Water, containing carbon di-oxide in solution is enabled to dissolve calcium carbonate from the beds of calcite or limestone which it passes over. As it sinks into the earth, and comes in contact with the roof of some subterranean passage, it begins to drip slowly through. Drop by drop it falls to the floor, but meanwhile the carbon di-oxide, because of some change in the temperature, begins to pass off, and then the calcium carbonate, which had been in solution, is either deposited as long pendant crystals or forms on the floor as stalagmites. In a similar manner the pretty crystals in the crevices of rocks are formed.

Limestone may be very unpretentious in appearance, but it is very useful, and is widely distributed, therefore it may be well to know something of its origin. The shells of animals are formed of carbonate of lime, and these shells with sand and clay, are what compose limestone. These constituents, compacted together, form fossiliferous limestone which, when subjected to heat, sufficient to cause all trace of shells to disappear, is termed non-fossiliferous limestone. This is generally dark in color due to the presence of carbon.

In the upheavals of the earth as in the formation of mountains, the beds of limestone were subjected to great pressure, and consequently were heated to a plastic condition, which, on cooling, became crystalline, or metamorphosed limestone.

It is very hard to associate the beautiful marbles of fine art with such ordinary material as limestone. The metamorphosis from the ugly caterpillar to the gorgeous butterfly is not more wonderful.

Let us hope that when man is educated so that he can appreciate the stones which he now crushes disdainfully under foot, his geological enthusiasm may not render him oblivious of the hard condition of our rocky roads.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress" has recently been published in the Chinese language of Amoy, which makes the thirty-eighth language in which this wonderful production of genius has appeared.

LITERARY.

THE LAST OF THE GRIFFINS.

In darksome depths of dreary wood,
 'Neath craggy mountain side,
 In dark ravine o'er shaded thick
 By forest branches wide,
 Where, in the turbid mountain stream,
 The trees no shadows cast,
 Here lived the griffin, monster hags,
 Of all his race the last.

Here lived; now left his hidden lair
 Till days and months rolled by;
 But when with storms of wind and rain
 The equinox drew nigh,
 He dragged him forth, by hunger pressed,
 And sought him human prey;
 Some peasant, or some peasant's child
 That chanced from home to stray.

But once a crow with crippled wing,
 Left by its clamorous flock,
 Fell flustering thro' the branches thick,
 And, resting on a rock,
 Told of the wonders he had seen,
 Far off, 'neath city wall;
 Told of a griffin carved in stone
 Above a gateway tall.

The griffin roused him from his lair,
 His huge wings opened wide,
 But vainly sought their form to trace
 In the innocent's madd'ning side.
 So he would away to the city wall
 And behold his beauty there,
 His matchless form, his dauntless mien,
 His many graces rare.

Away o'er forest and field and hill,
 O'er rivers and meadows all,
 To the great white wall of the city fair,
 To the gateway stately and tall.
 Then in its shadow he sat him down
 And waited till the light
 Revealed the woodrout carved stone
 Unto his ravished sight.

All day he gazed in ecstacy,
 At evening sat and sighed,
 At noon his eager eyes were fixed,
 Now ever turned aside.
 Thus weeks and months slow passing bring,
 The vernal equinox,
 But admiration holds him fast
 And pride at hunger macks.

Same rice and oat, moon wax and wane,
 The crows fly overhead,
 The meadows green grow sere and brown,
 The autumn leaves turn red;
 And night and day the griffin grim
 Sits by the city wall,
 As still and cold as the marble form
 Above the gateway tall.

A. E. H.

TRIBULATION.

Time when God loves oftentimes to chasten,
 As loving mother does an erring child;
 Perchance to test their faith and make them strong,
 In patience sweet, and love and charity.
 Altho' God loved his servant Job full well
 For his true faith and righteous life assigned
 Yet on him God did heap adversity,
 Bereft him of his wealth, his children all,
 And smote his body with a sore disease,
 Until his soul in anguish wailed and cried
 For freedom from his prison house of pain;
 Yet for His mercy, Job still blessed his God.
 Alas! his cup of sorrow did overflow,
 When friends, who came with sympathy and cheer,
 Reproached him bitterly for lack of faith;
 They hinted at some cause for this deep woe,
 And called it punishment for some past sin,
 But when His servants' heart was nigh to break,
 God spoke from out the whirlwind to His child,
 Showed him how great and wonderful are His works,
 How infinite His power and majesty,
 Until Job's heart was quieted and calm,
 Jehovah then in tenderness and love,
 Sent greater blessings and still greater wealth.
 Thus from this story we a moral glean;
 The sorrows sent by God, they make us strong,
 If borne in patience and with trusting heart.

F. C.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

The Y. M. N. D. Society not having been represented in the columns of the *Index*, and the members of said Society deeming it desirable that we be seen as well as heard, a scribe has been appointed to write a short history of the Society and its workings, and the good to be obtained therefrom.

In January 1884, the Philomathean Society, a Society of some years, was in active operation. It was well attended and seemed to be doing a good work, but for various charges preferred against it, the Faculty deemed it best to prohibit evening meetings, which virtually broke up the society, and doomed it to the realm of the past.

In August of the same year, '84, some of the members of the old Philomathean Society met and formed the present Y. M. N. D. Society. The membership was at first small, but rapidly increased until the names enrolled numbered twenty-five. The main feature of the Society was then, as it is to-day, debating; it was noticed that the young men improved rapidly, probably owing to the fact that the members were few, and each one took part at every meeting.

In a debating society, there is, or at least there should be, a lively enthusiasm evinced by the participants, and perhaps in a less degree, by the audience, chiefly because of the rivalry existing between the opposing sides. One cannot listen attentively without carefully thinking over the subject debated, resolving it into all its possible phases, and penetrating and analyzing the question as the argument proceeds; at the same time, he notes the inconsistencies and absurdities of each speech. One thus learns that every question has two sides; consequently, he becomes broader-minded, more consistent in his opinions and sentiments, and a much better thinker.

Any graduate of the Normal may be graduated from the Society by conforming to the following rules: First—he must take part in the regular programme three times during each term of sixteen weeks, and twice during each term of twelve weeks; Second—he must speak six times on debate from the house during each term of sixteen weeks, and four times during each term of twelve weeks.

The following young men of Senior A have been graduated and awarded their diplomas this term: J. B. Sanford, E. L. Cave, I. M. Glen, J. E. Addicott, H. J. Miller, F. M. May, B. C. Healey.

It is sincerely hoped that the boys will take a greater interest in the Society, and get all the benefit out of it possible, as we know that such training as our Society affords is just what the successful teacher must have in order to attain that self-mastery in public which all teachers should possess.

At present the Y. M. N. D. Society is in a very prosperous condition. It has over forty members who are learning Parliamentary law by actual practice, and making rapid strides in acquiring proficiency in the art of oratory and logic. The Society has also done exceedingly well financially, having bought and paid for a \$400 piano by giving "Open Meetings," and still has over fifty dollars in the treasury. At the last of these meetings, given on Friday evening, Jan. 10, 1890, the following programme was presented.

PART I.

Overture	Orchestra.
Violins, Prof. May and Kennedy; Flute, Harry Frank K. Barrett; Cornet, Harry Thos. B. W. Island; Trombone, Signor Rulo Hill; Piano, Miss Marie Carst.	
Wetley Recitation,	Selected.
Misses Gauden, Flumada, L'Olser, McKarman; Messrs. De Brooks, McRoberts and O'Doyle.	
Vocal Quartet,	Selected.
Messrs. Jacques Ab-Dikot, Bass; Miss Jacques Frentz, Tenor; Signorina Faria Kelm, Alto; Signorina Florentina Bias, Soprano.	
European Quadrille,	Selected.
Machollin, Signor Hill and Adell; Galtara, Herren Bartel, Von Jackson and Prof. Kennedy.	

Violin Solo,	Prof. F. Mauricio May.	Selected.
Farce,	A Mouse Trap	
Mrs. Somers,	Laurita La Frank,	
Willis Campbell,	Fritz Tebbe,	
Mrs. Roberts,	Victorie De Guilbert,	
Mrs. Bernis,	Hein Mackell,	
Mrs. Curwen,	Caroline Bradley,	
Mrs. Miller,	Henrietta Kuthberna,	
Janz,	Julie San-d'Ers,	
PART II.		
Recitation,	Miss. Francisca L. Hines.	Selected.
Vocal Solo,	Mons. I. Mackaye Glens.	Selected.
Wami Exercise,	Laurita La Frank, Maud Hanle, Echo L'Olser, Minnie Stephann, Jessie Doe D'Ahye.	
Vocal Solo,	Signorina Florentina Bias.	Selected.
Farce,		Selected.
Mr. Hugh De Brass,	I. Mackaye Glenn,	
Mr. Surplus, (a lawyer),	Jacques Ab-Dikot,	
Chas. Surplus (his nephew),	J. Bunyan De Sanford,	
Abel Quick (clerk to Surplus),	E. Lafayette Cayne,	
Smiler (Sheriff's officer),	E. E. McRoberts,	
Porter,	John Sanford,	
Mrs. Surplus,	Victorie De Guilbert,	
Emily,	Maud Hanle,	
Deborah Carter, (housekeeper),	Henrietta Kuthberna,	
Matilda Janz,	Gretchen Empson.	
BUNYAN SANFORD.		

ALL SORTS.

Psychology is raging in San Jose. Beware!

Was unto him who laughs at everything!

With the Senior B's the art of photography is a *thing* out.

One of our Any-able Juniors is an adept at roof-climbing.

Prof.—"Who was William III? Student.—"A Dutchman. Ee.

A cook ought to be at the head of a provisional government.

Why are book agents like marbles? Because they are always round.

Teacher—"What is manual training?" Pupil—"It is training men, isn't it?"

Why not playing cards like our Normal paper? Because they are in decks.

Miss Genevieve Holden, Jones, Esq., is teaching at Santa Springs, Napa Co.

Can you speak of water being healthy? No, but you can say well-water.

How hard it is for pupils to demonstrate in Geometry what they have "lost the jingle!"

After singing—(consoling.)—"They applauded to show their appreciation, Tumle."

Chemistry teacher—"What is a water bath?" Inattentive pupil—"Er—er—I don't know."

Miss Laura B. Everett, who was, last year, a member of the June class of '90, has charge of a pleasant little school near Butte City.

"What makes plastering crack?" asked the Prof. "Faulty join," was the reply.

Little girl—"Teacher, that boy rubbed out the comical comma at the end of the line."

Why are our local bicyclists older than the rest of us? Because they have lived through more falls.

The only conditions upon which excuses for absence are passed are "sickness and getting married."

Prof.—"What book of the Bible is in the form of an Allegory?" Student—"The one written by Milton.—Ex.

What is the difference between anhydride and leather? One is adaptable and the other, a hide dried.

Teacher—"What are the names of two statues of Venus?" Pupil—"Melici de Venus, and Milo of Meliot."

"How positively sweet he looks!" Speaking of the regiment captain, adorned with cap, white gloves and belt.

O, if we only had some snow now, wouldn't we have fun, for we have our toboggans (two Huggans) all ready!"

NORMAL SONGS:

"Hours may come, and hours may go,
But lessons go on forever."

Training School Teacher—"Why are the days longer in summer?" Pupil—"Because it is hotter and heat expands."

Pupil in back part of room—"We could not hear what was said." Teacher—"Please state what you did not hear."

A very thoughtful young lady of this city entered a bank, and when asked to identify herself, produced her photograph.

Teacher—"What is the cotton gin?" Pupil—"It is a kind of gin made from cotton seeds, and patented by Eli Whitney."

Senior girl—"The Crown Prince is weak, mentally and physically, or—well—that is, he is about like the average young man."

Prof.—"What is the difference between a sound and a tone?" Pupil—"I make a sound when I talk, but when I sing, its music."

Frank is plentiful among the rare and precious jewels of the Normal, but the Senior Br's alone can boast of possessing the Pearl of great price.

Botany Teacher—"Name the parts of the pistil." Pupil—"The ovary and stigma." Teacher (aside)—"We'd like to have a little style about it, too."

Prof.—"We have the camera, black-cloth, dark-box, and emulsion plates; now, what else is needed to complete the outfit." Pupil—"The photographer."

What sadder fate could befall a certain young man of the Senior class than that of having to teach country boys and girls how to sit, stand, and walk correctly?

WANTED—Contributors to the "All Sods" department of the Index. No restrictions as to age, color, or past or present condition of servitude.

Dynamic is rapidly superseding the dagger, and it is suggested that the play of "Julius Caesar" be readjusted, so as to give Brutus a chance to hold the old man with a bomb. In fact, sailing upward from the stage in quarter sections, and remarking, "Et tu, Brutus," would be quite unique and sensational.

N.B. Any one having a copy of the Nov. INDEX of '88 will confer a favor by sending it to the Normal school as said copy is needed to complete the school file.

Teacher—"Can anyone tell me where Wheatland is, the place where the geese were killed?" Miss S.—"Yes, ma'am, it is when I live." Miss S. thinks that our geese still lives.

WANTED—A sufficient quantity of humor to mix with a great deal of science and form an insoluble compound of well-balanced characters, with no affinity for books or other calculables. Sen. It's wise the reaction.

Prof. K.—"How do you spell *monoculous*?" Bright Senior—"M-o-n-o-c-u-l-o-u-s." The Prof. blandly remarked that that was a curious mistake, and advised the young lady not to make any *monoculous* mistakes like that.

If during certain hours of the day, the walls sometimes seem to tremble, take no alarm; 'tis not an earthquake, but is probably caused by the motions of some unfortunate boy in the grasp of an exasperated pupil-teacher.

Normal graduates wishing to teach may obtain schools by applying to the Pacific Coast Bureau of Education, 300 Post street, San Francisco, which makes a business of placing teachers. Send for circular and registration blank.

THE BEAUTIES OF EMPHASIS.

"Miss V. her lesson may prepare,"
The teacher said when all were there;
And Gertrude began with greatest state;
"Now ponder closely what I say,
And answer me in your nicest way;
Will you like to school with me to-day?"
"William may answer," said Miss V.,
The youth responded speedily,
"No, but I'll like to school with thee."
The method class will all be there,
Be the weather foul or fair;
They could not miss a scene so rare.

GEOMETRY.

Of all the useful studies that men will ever find,
Geometry's the finest for strengthening of the mind.
'Tis wonderful to witness a pupil learn and true,
Attempt to prove a theorem Pythagoras couldn't do.
But he goes lonesome at it, and makes you plainly see
That when A equals nothing, of course B equals C.
And when one begs to differ in accents mild and kind,
"My dear girl," says the pupil, "You surely must be blind!"
It is a fact quite certain, whichever way we look
At geometric figures, as plain as in the book.
And when in church on Sunday we wend our weary way,
And seat ourselves to listen to the preacher's read and pray;
Immediately before us, we see a human crew;
A trigon sure it smelteth, all around us'ry with blue.
The text we can't remember, this truth is fixed in mind,
Beyond the greater angle, the greater side you'll find.
We gaze upon a building with windows wide and high
They have a look familiar, and we murmur with a sigh—
"The area of a square is found in every case
By multiplying together the altitude and base."
Oh when can just be purchased for weary heart and brain
Geometry such harm as, oh, shall we go insane?
Have courage, fellow students! we'll conquer in the strife;
"Academic ad absurdum" these wits of Normal life!

ALMA.

FLUMMI NOTES.

J. W. Sullivan, May '84, is practicing law in San Diego.

Zader Eley is teaching at her home in Herndon, Fresno Co.

F. M. Sullivan, '79, is finishing his third term in Plumas Co.

One of Talbot County's teachers is Miss Lillian Westfall, June '89.

Miss Cora Somers, May '87, is teaching in the Reno public schools.

One of the teachers in the Sacramento city schools is Miss Jennie Crofton.

Miss Addie Lucy, June '89, read a delightful essay before the Placer Co. Institute.

Miss Emma Patton, Dec. '88, has finished teaching a four month school in Monterey Co.

The school at Oakville, Napa Co., is under the direction of Miss Belle Higgins, June '89.

A school of sixteen pupils in Martinez, Contra Costa Co., is taught by Miss Eva Griffin, Dec. '88.

Carrie E. Lee and Esther A. Brown, June '89, taught their first term in San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Mary Stephens, '83, who has been teaching in Monterey Co. is at her home in Santa Clara.

Miss Celia Daniels, May, '87, has a small but pleasant school in the Oregon District, Modoc County.

Miss N. Anker, Dec. '88, has been engaged to teach school at her home in Cloverdale the coming term.

Miss Jennie Mangrum, June '89, has been engaged to teach in Bear Creek District, Santa Cruz Co.

Pauline M. Page, Dec. '88, is at home for a vacation, her schoolhouse having been destroyed by fire.

Miss Frances Harle, June '89, has closed her four month's term of school at Panache, San Benito Co.

Miss Ollie Jarvis, June '89, has completed a four month's term in the Moreland District School, Santa Clara Co.

Mary E. Browning, Xmas '83, was married to Gen. W. Boyd, last July. Her address is Shonemo, Washington.

Miss C. M. Fitzwater, Dec. '88, has completed a term of nine months in the Emery District, San Luis Obispo Co.

Anthony Root, Xmas '88, has taught the Newark school for three terms. His permanent address is Newark, Cal.

Miss Nellie Malley, May, '88, is well engaged in teaching the advanced grade in the Lockwood school, Alameda Co.

Miss Ollie Jarvis, June '89, is to teach the Newark primary school, at her home in Newark, Alameda Co., the coming term.

Miss Lora Seidemann, May '88, has closed her school in Lake Co. and has been spending the last few weeks visiting friends in San Jose.

Miss Lenora Phillips, Dec. '88, is teaching her second term in Charleston District, Merced county. She has twenty-three pupils, and is very well pleased with her school.

Miss Gertrude Connell, June '89, is teaching in the public schools of Santa Ana, Orange Co.

Miss Lizzie C. Coffin, May '84, has charge of the primary department of the Evergreen school.

The Brimley Valley school, San Pablo, is under the supervision of Miss May Kennell, June '89.

Miss Fannie Matson, May '87, is busily engaged with her school at Sheridan, Placer County.

Miss Lucie Kerly, May '88, has a school of thirty-two pupils in Aurora, Esmeralda Co., Nevada.

Miss Nettie Waring, Dec. '84, has been teaching for the past two years near Salinas, Monterey County.

Miss May E. Mansfield, Dec. '86, is at present engaged in teaching in the Columbia school, Tuolumne Co.

Miss Nellie Breyfogle, Dec. '86, is still teaching in the Primary department of the Madrona school, Fresno Co.

Miss Lillian E. Purinton, June '89, has been engaged in teaching the Lakeside District school, Santa Clara Co.

Clara Benson, Dec. '88, is going to rest the coming term on account of ill health. Her address will be Almaden.

Miss Nettie Falcner, May '87, is teaching in Mariposa Co. There is only one other Normal graduate in that county.

Mr. E. D. Williams, Dec. '88, is engaged in teaching in Alameda Co. He intends taking the Post-Graduate course.

Miss Rachael M. Davis, May, '88, is engaged in teaching the Primary Department of the Bay District School, Alameda Co.

The Valley View school at Sheridan, Placer Co., is progressing finely under the supervision of Miss Lizzie M. Browning, Dec. '88.

Miss Gertrude Swane, Dec. '87, has completed her two terms work in the Sunol Glen school, and has been re-elected for the next term.

Minnie L. Machay, June '89, is to be one of the Santa Clara county teachers next term. She is to teach the Bealy school seven miles from San Jose.

Mr. William Bankhead, June '89, is well satisfied with his school in Long Valley, Placer county. It is a Grammar grade school of twenty-five pupils.

Miss Emily Gallagher, Dec. '87, is one of the teachers in the public schools of Arcata. She has charge of the primary department and has sixty-one pupils.

Lizzie M. Browning, Dec. '88, has gone to her home in Amador county for a two week's vacation, after which she will resume teaching in Placer Co. for the third term.

Miss Rebecca Bailey, Dec. '88, is teaching the Fourth Grade in the Livermore public schools. Miss Kate Davis, May '87, is teaching the Third Grade of the same school.

Mr. A. C. Ashburn, Dec. '88, has been appointed as principal at Windsor, Sonoma Co., with an increase of salary. Miss Amanda Hinchlaw is to be his assistant for the coming term.

Mr. George Albee, May '86, and Miss Edith Smoot, Dec. '88, were married in Sierra City, Sierra Co., in Dec. Mr. Albee is principal of the Sierra City school and Mrs. Albee is assistant teacher.

THE NORMAL INDEX

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