

The Normal Index.

Vol. V.

SAN JOSE, CAL., FEB. 25, 1890.

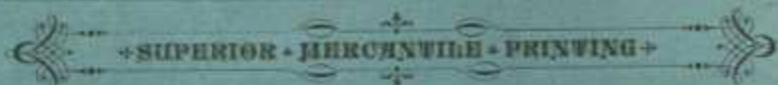
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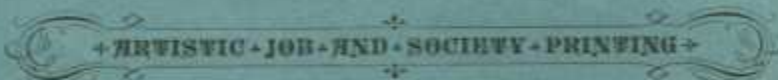
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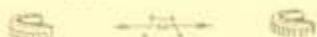
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The Normal Index.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 25.

No. 5.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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THANKING the members of the last staff for the kindly interest and consideration they have shown toward the new board, and for the excellent order in which they have left their work, we take possession of the editorial ink-well. To all but four of us this is our maiden effort. How many shortcomings may be thus excused is left to the charity of the reader. Knowing that this charity has never been wanting, we cheerfully begin our work, promising to do all in our power to keep the present satisfactory standard of the Index, and to aid its growth—that natural process of all living matter, from the pigmy fungus to the giant sequoia.

ANOTHER class has finished its work here, and gone out to join the already large corps of teachers representing our school. The gradu-

ating exercises were held on Friday morning, Jan. 31st. At 8:40, the students took their places in the Assembly Hall, and the usual morning exercises were gone through with. Then followed the presentation of diplomas by Prof. Childs, and the class song was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Denman, ex-principal of the Denman Grammar School of San Francisco, Mr. Swett, formerly State Superintendent, and Prof. Allen, were in turn introduced. Each gave the class valuable advice, valuable because it was the result of years of experience. Mr. Swett dwelt particularly upon the financial side of teaching, plainly showing that in order to be an independent teacher, there must be a bank account to draw upon. If a teacher feels he is dependent upon the school trustees for his daily living, human nature will make him cater to their ideas, even though he is sure that they are in the wrong.

In the name of the Faculty, Prof. Childs then bade the class good-bye, saying, "You have received the magic wand, which is to transform you from quiet citizens, to kings and queens of some little realm. I only wish I could tell each of you where that realm is to be." A pleasant reception was held in the evening, so happily ending their term of student life.

THE following article appeared not long since in one of the San Francisco papers: "Some months ago, the *Magazine of Poetry* opened to the world a prize contest for the best quatrain (subject, poetry). The committee, composed of well-known literati, selected by the magazine, has just awarded the first prize of fifty dollars to Mr. Charles Edwin Markham, of California. The significance of the victory will be better appreciated when it is known that in this contest there were nearly 500 competitors; every State and Territory in the Union being represented; also every province in the dominion of Canada; also England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France.

The following is Mr. Markham's quatrain:

POETRY.

She comes like the hush beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

Probably no more thought was ever expressed in fewer words. Condensation is the essential element of the true quatrain. Herein lies the extreme difficulty of this kind of verse.

As Mr. Markham is a graduate of our Normal School, we feel an additional interest in his success. The June number for last of year *The Author* a bright Boston magazine, contained the following sketch of his life:

Charles Edwin Markham, of San Jose, California, author of the fine poem, entitled "A Lyric of the Dawn," in the May *Scribner's*, is, perhaps, the most striking and original mind in the group of poets now on the Pacific Coast. His early life was full of trial and bitter grief; yet, even in boyhood, his thoughts were touched with ideal sentiments. His fine imaginative lyric in *Scribner's* proves that he still follows the vision. Our highest critical authority in poetry has said of his poems that "they are truly and exquisitely poetic." While Mr. Markham is not a confirmed sonneteer, still his work in this field is strong and original, as is witnessed by his "Cricket" and his "After Reading Shakespeare," both of which appeared in the *Century Magazine*. He is now engaged in preparing some poems for early publication, among which are "A Sermon to the Parson," and "A Song to Shelley."

We append the two sonnets referred to in the above article, and also a portion of "A Lyric of the Dawn," space not permitting it to be given in full.

THE CRICKET.

The twilight is the morning of his day.
While sleep drops seaward from the fading shore,
With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,
He cleaves the shadowed time with roundelay,
Until the dark-east softens into gray.
Now as the noisy hours are coming—hark!
His song dies gently—it is getting dark,
His night, with its one star, is on the way.
Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats—
Sleep, little hunter, sleep; I am asleep.
Lead thou the starlight nights with merry notes,
And I will lead the charming day with rhyme:
We worship song, and servants are of her—
I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time.

AFTER READING SHAKESPEARE.

Blithe Fancy lightly builds with airy hands,
Or, on the edges of the darkness peers,
Breathless and frightened at the voice she hears:

Imagination (let the sky expand)
Travels the blue arch and Cimmerian sands,
Homeless on earth, the pilgrim of the spheres,
The rush of light before the hurrying years,
The voice that cries in unfamiliar lands.

Men watch the moons that flood with eerie light
The dusky vales of Saturn—wood and stream:
But who shall follow on the awful sweep
Of Neptune through the dim and dreadful deep?
Onward he wanders in the unknown night,
And we are shadows moving in a dream.

A LYRIC OF THE DAWN.

Alone I list

In the leafy tress;

Silent the woodlands in their starry sleep—
Silent the phantom wood in waters deep:
No footfall of a wind along the pass
Startles a flower-bell—stirs a blade of grass,
Yonder the wandering weeds,
Enchanted in the light,
Stand in the gusty hollows, still and white;
Yonder are plump reeds,
Dusking the border of the clear lagoon;
Far off the silver cliffs
Hang in ethereal light below the moon;
Far off the ocean lifts,
Tossing its billows in the misty beam,
And shore-lines whiten, silent as a dream;
I hark for the bird, and all the hushed hills harken;
This is the valley; here the branches darken
The silver-lighted stream.

Hark—

* That rapture in the leafy dark!
Who is it mounts upon the bough awning,
Waking the upland, and the valley under?
What carols, like the blazon of a king,
Fill all the dawn with wonder?
Oh, hush,
It is the thrush,
In the deep and woody glen.
Ah, thus the gladness of the gods was sung,
When the old earth was young;
That rapture rang,
When the first morning on the mountains sprang
And now he shouts, and the world is young again.

We greatly regret that we are not able to give this poem in full, for it is one of wonderful beauty and strength. It, alone, would give Mr. Markham an unquestioned place among our poets.

LECTURES.

The last lecture of the term was delivered by the Rev. H. C. Minton, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, on the subject, "Education in China."

After a few introductory remarks, in which he stated that he thought it unnecessary to make an

apology for choosing the above subject, as it is one of great interest, the lecturer began a description of the schools and educational methods of the Chinese Empire.

In that land, he said, school boys are not required learn an alphabet, or to recite a multiplication table. Each word of the language—and there about 200,000—has a distant sign. A person with an average education is expected to be able to recognize and write no less than ten thousand of these. Mr. Minton stated that *morning* is represented by a horizontal line, (the horizon), above which the sun is shown as a circle with a dot in the center.

Before entering into any relations with the Chinese in their land, our lecturer, soon after his arrival, was given a new name, Min Hung Lee, which is as nearly as possible a translation of *Henry Minton* into Chinese. The resemblance in sound is easily detected, if we suppose *Hung Lee* to be Chinese for *Henry*, and *Min*, a contraction for *Minton*.

We were given an entertaining glimpse of a Chinese Mission school as it first appeared to Mr. Minton. Under the stern authority of a strict, unsympathetic looking teacher, a roomful of "little urchins" sit, energetically studying aloud, each trying to make more noise than any one of his comrades. The more noise a boy makes over his books, the greater is the degree of diligence he is supposed to exert. If one is unfortunate enough, while studying, to be detected in a meditative mood by the stern mentor, he is immediately called forth, "given some bamboo," as Mr. Minton expressed it, and sent to his seat disgraced.

The lecturer described the system of examination, by which men are chosen to fill public offices, for in China the controllers of the government are among the best educated in the land. Once in three years the examinations are held at Nankin, in a building covering sixteen acres of ground. This contains thousands of cells, each furnished with a plank, which fills the double office of bed and desk for the student. Carrying provisions with him, the candidate enters one of these cells, and for nine days writes on the theme given him, (always from Confucius' works, or commentaries on them.) But twice during this time is he allowed to leave his prison. If he dies from exhaustion, his body is dragged out through a trap-door in the floor.

29,000 men presented themselves to take the examinations while Mr. Minton was in Nankin. There are four degrees for which candidates are

examined, and at this time but one hundred and forty-six were conferred. Perhaps five out of a thousand candidates pass the first degree, and but few of these ever pass the third and fourth. The favored few who gain this last and highest degree are entitled to a salaried office under the government.

The examination papers, when finished, are given to a copyist, to prevent any favor being shown a candidate who may have some friend among the examiners. After they are copied, the grading is done by students or scholars chosen for this work; then the result of the examination is posted on a bulletin board for public inspection.

Mr. Minton told much more that is intensely interesting, as well as instructive, about these comparatively unknown people, whom we are, as he said, too ready to judge by the despised California coolies, the lowest class of Chinese society when at home. The lecturer concluded by expressing his belief that the great wall of Chinese superstition and isolation, which has so long remained unshaken in this age of progression must at last "give way to modern civilization, or crumble in the dust." N. B.

On Feb. 13th, we listened to a very interesting lecture by Prof. W. C. Sawyer, of the University of the Pacific. On account of ill health, the speaker regretted that he was prevented from delivering the lecture with the spirit he otherwise would. His subject was "Odin, God of the North." This god had many names, from one of which, Woden, our word Wednesday is derived. Odin was a descendant of the Frost Giants, and was one of the three slayers of Ymir, the giant from whose remains our earth was formed. He was the god of battles. Every victory was considered a gift of Odin. Valor and loyalty were the chief virtues, and these were practiced after death, as well as during life. Odin was the protector of his people, and the promoter of all good; and he was very wise—the myth recites that he gave one of his eyes for a drink from the fountain of wisdom. Fearing a battle with the giants, Odin sent his maiden messengers, the Valkyries, to bring his heroes to Valhalla, his palace. Here they led a life of feasting and fighting.

The speaker related in an interesting way, many other Scandinavian myths, pointing out similarities in Norse and Classic Mythology, and noting points of likeness between ancient mythology and modern theology.

In conclusion, Prof. Sawyer read from the poet Gray, "The Descent of Odin."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor "NORMAL INDEX":—Perhaps a few lines from the land of "reciprocity," a few words about this little island kingdom, may interest some of your readers, especially if these lines are penned by one familiar with the joys and sorrows of the Normalite,—the work and worry, the pleasant associations and busy delight of school life, the looking forward, the final triumph, and the vague wonderings, vain imaginings and vast plans for and about the wished-for district school. Of the many wonderful things to be noted by a stranger, but few can be mentioned in a short letter; therefore my endeavor shall be to confine myself to those which have especial interest for present or prospective teachers.

Seeing the Hawaiian Islands as a row of red dots in a great blank of azure-tinted paper marked "Pacific Ocean," one does not realize their extent and busy life; and remarking their position near the isotherm of 70 degrees, he almost entirely fails to apprehend the vast climatic differences here found. For these twelve islands, extending through four degrees of latitude and four of longitude, have a combined area of more than 6500 square miles, and a population of 80,000 souls; and, though bounded by the tropics and swept by a warm ocean current, can yet offer almost any variety of climate, from the hot, sheltered coast land, where tropic fruits and flowers flourish unsheltered, to the bare, bleak mountain top, where nothing but the hardy lichens can endure the perpetual frost; or from the parched, sandy desert, cut off from the rain-bearing winds, to the district of daily showers and never-drying mud.

With only "book" knowledge of the islands, having learned that here exist the greatest active and the greatest extinct volcano in the world, that here live the descendants of Captain Cook's savage murderers, and that here are found the conditions of tropic life, and, more than all else, hearing but vaguely and infrequently of us, one is liable, in looking through his atlas or newspaper, to forget that maps are but microscopic representations and that facts and even carefully compiled statistics, unless accompanied by detail, anecdote and illustration, are only imperfect, and often misleading generalizations. He then thinks of the islands only as far away and unimportant, but still mysterious, savage and dangerous; a place of jarring earthquakes, burning mountains and barren lava fields; wild jungles, wasting fevers and deadly pestilences; venomous reptiles, fierce beasts and barbarous men. No impression could be much further from the truth.

We live here, only from eight to seventeen days by steamer from San Francisco, much the same as in a California home,—sheltered by a substantial, neatly finished frame cottage, surrounded by many of the familiar objects of American life, eating food well known from childhood. Though there are reports and rumors of troubles past and to come, we have thus far pursued our school and home duties with perfect security to life and property.

The country immediately about us is a very marvel of evergreen tropic beauty. Sloping fields of light green, ever waving cane, changing in the thickly tasseled places to a delicate pink, and dotted with darker shade trees, white cottages and red mill stacks; deep gorges filled with groves and clumps of tropic trees, matted with climbing vines or laid out in terraces of little square garden spots; both backed by rough, rolling, wooded hills and blue mountains, and fronted by a broad expanse of bright blue sea; the whole checkered by ever-shifting sunshine and shadow, and overarched by a sky of blue and white—this is our home picture. It is almost daily, sometimes almost hourly, framed in rainbows, and morning and evening are nearly always brightened by floods of gold and crimson light.

We have felt no earthquakes during our residence (?) of three months, are but four days horse-back travel from an active volcano, and yet see no lava except that underlying, and occasionally jutting through the rich clayey soil. But for all that, *Haleakala*, the largest extinct crater in the world, lifts his ten thousand feet of ragged lava cliffs in plain view, only thirty-five miles away over a channel of blue water; and *Kilauea*, the largest active crater, is only sixty miles away, as the crow flies. The latter is at present in a very active state, and threatens to add one more to the many lava streams covering the south-eastern part of the island.

Jungles and fevers are here unknown. Our health has been exceptionally good; and those around us enjoy much of the same blessing. The climate is remarkably mild, agreeable and uniform, with an annual range in temperature of 30 degrees, from 60 degrees F. to 90 degrees F. The heat is never oppressive, and cold is never felt. The rainfall is from forty to eighty inches. Though there is no dry season, the rainiest time is from October to April.

Vegetation flourishes, and animals thrive without a struggle; but here are no deadly plants or reptiles, no frogs or snakes, no destructive beasts of prey, and only two or three slightly venomous insects, while savage men are things of the past.

But there are insects, and annoying, destructive armies of them, too; while the natives, though far removed from savagery, lack much of being civilized.

The insects and the destructive tendencies of the moist climate add much to the duties of the housekeeper. The means necessary for the preservation of provisions, clothing, papers, books and various metal implements, seem at first very troublesome to one just from the dry valleys of California. Even with nettings, swinging shelves, and air-tight cases, boxes and bottles, with tobacco leaves, bubble, camphor, strychnine and corrosive sublimate, one must always be on the watch for insect raids. Soda, salt, and even sugar become deliquescent if left unsealed; matches are worthless unless wrapped in flannel or oiled paper; and the knife in its case, the clock on the wall and the strings of the piano rust and tarnish. But with proper precautions, careful attention and a little experience one may make a very comfortable home. The advantages of a delightful climate and beautiful surroundings go far toward making one feel satisfied. We are told by residents, visitors and travelers that ours is one of the favored districts, having more of the agreeable and less of the disagreeable than almost any other place in the islands.

Kohala District is the north-west portion of Hawaii, the most south-easterly of the islands, and is in latitude about 20 degrees north and longitude about 155 degrees west. Its area is between four hundred and five hundred square miles, one eighth of the entire island. It is not like a California "district," but is more like a county. There are in Kohala twelve schools, twenty-four teachers, and over five hundred pupils. Of these, two schools, supported by the government, with seven teachers and two hundred fifty pupils, teach English; five government schools, with six teachers and one hundred ten pupils, teach Hawaiian; and five private schools, some in part supported by the government, with eleven teachers and about one hundred seventy pupils, teach English.

In the government schools there are seven Hawaiian (native) teachers and six Americans. One of the latter is from the Berkeley University, two are from one of the Massachusetts Normal Schools and three from the San Jose Normal. Five Eastern ladies teach in the private schools. So here we have a little American pedagogic colony of eleven, within five miles of one another. A series of teachers' meetings, in which some of the native teachers are to take part, has been planned. The first was held some days since, with seven pres-

ent, and was unanimously voted a success. Thus, you see, though far from the centers of learning, with our books, papers and journals, our consultations and discussions, and an occasional visit from the school agent or the inspector, we bid fair to maintain an educational spirit. Our worst difficulty is with the roads—not their roughness or poor general condition, but their extreme slipperiness. The bridges, cuts and grades would be considered excellent even in Santa Clara county, and they are remarkably free from rocks, ruts, mud and dust; but during rainy times, even moderately steep places are so slippery as to be quite impassable for wheeled vehicles. We, with one lady teacher in the Chinese Mission School about one hundred yards from ours, are then almost entirely isolated, our nearest neighbor being a mile away, and the other twenty white families of the district from three to ten miles distant. The whites form a class by themselves; and, therefore, though surrounded every where by natives and Chinese, often have but little society.

A great majority of the pupils are Hawaiians, with a few Portuguese, Chinese and half-castes. No white children, English or American, attend the public schools or associate in any way with other children. A few attend one of the private schools, maintained for them; some, generally the younger ones, are taught at home; but nearly all are sent to Honolulu or America.

Our school at present numbers one hundred ten, in three departments. By a system of compulsory laws, school police, fines, and reform schools, the attendance is kept well up. During the first quarter our average daily attendance was 95 per cent. This quarter, the weather being much worse, it will fall several per cent lower. The teacher in the intermediate department is a Hawaiian lady, educated on this island, and four years a teacher.

All the work is very elementary, especially in outlying districts. By the way, all districts outside of Hilo and Honolulu, the only towns on the islands, are outlying. It consists of teaching (practically) the English language, writing, the four rules, fractions and U. S. money in arithmetic, a little geography, music and drawing, and a few scientific facts and principles of a miscellaneous character. The highest class is at present reading in "Swinton's Second Reader," and just beginning fractions. We have made a beginning in mechanical drawing and manual training, and are using some kindergarten methods and materials. Of course much instruction in morals and manners is necessary. Little acts of politeness, proper positions in sitting, standing and walking,

and neatness of person, though not mentioned in the "Course of Study," are constantly drilled upon.

There is very great difficulty about books, materials and apparatus. Almost nothing but a few text books is to be obtained on the islands. We have sent to America for some things, but the expense is heavy, and delays are long. Our apparatus at present consists of two reading charts, a set of outline maps, and a small globe. School libraries are unknown, but we are promised a beginning in twelve books of illustrated children's stories. To those of the Faculty who so kindly supplied us with catalogues, book lists and pamphlets our best thanks are due. The catalogues especially have thus far proved a very mine of information to us and our neighbor teachers.

The buildings are generally neat and substantial, though lacking in furniture and conveniences. They are pleasantly and healthfully located; ample arrangements are made for water supply; and drainage is good. The desks are all home made, and in each room are of one size; but they are neatly painted, and hardly a mark or scratch is to be found upon them.

To enumerate the difficulties and advantages of teaching here, and to compare them with those of a California school would be a difficult task. They would be incomprehensible to teachers in enlightened American communities with their culture, conveniences and various appliances for educational work. Everything about the pupils is so totally different that no comparison can be made. In the first place we have to contend against absolute ignorance or very poor understanding of the language. Such mistakes as the following must be corrected scores of times daily:—"I am go to school yesterday." "Did you see some boy?" "Some girl eating a bread." etc. All in all, however, the work is very interesting, and not at all disagreeable. Many of those who have worked their way through the Normal are, we fear, much less pleasantly situated.

The term is nearly ended, and soon the holidays will bring us two weeks of rest and sight-seeing. May they bring to the Normal, to students and to teachers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BOB KILLMER.

SCIENTIFIC.

There is nothing that contributes so much to prove the theory of the igneous state of the interior of the earth as earthquakes and volcanoes. The

earthquakes experienced in countless numbers since man has been an inhabitant of this planet, are only external manifestations of the vast stores of energy shut up within the crust of the earth. As the interior cools and contracts, the crust brings an immense pressure upon itself, which must yield somewhere, and an upheaval follows, sometimes an ordinary mountain range and sometimes a volcano. Eruption will occur where conditions and circumstances most favor it, but when once located, the place will ever afterward be subject to earthquakes and volcanic disturbances. The fracture produces a tremor, the violence of which will depend upon the amount of force set free.

For over two thousand years, Stromboli has been a living witness to the truth of the igneous theory. And still further back, are recorded noted eruptions of Mount Etna.

The basin of the Mediterranean is unquestionably the result of a gigantic eruption in a remote geological period, and that region has suffered from terrible convulsions ever since.

The greatest catastrophes recorded in history, as the results of earthquakes, have been near the Mediterranean. No place has ever suffered more than the ancient city of Antioch. For a period of six centuries, Antioch alternated between prosperity and despair. In 587, A. D., it suffered a final overthrow, over thirty thousand people perishing in the ruins. The city has not since attained any considerable size, nor has it ever again been the center of a great convulsion. Every one is familiar with the awful fate which, in 79, A. D., befell Pompeii and Herculaneum. In 1456, Naples was laid in ruins, and forty thousand persons were killed by falling buildings.

The year 1755 is memorable for the destruction of Lisbon, the greatest calamity that ever visited a city. A noise like thunder was the first warning. This was followed by a series of shocks, which threw down the principal part of the city. The sea receded, leaving the bar dry, but returned shortly in a wave sixty feet high, engulfing the great marble quay, to which thousands of people had fled to escape the falling buildings. The number of lives lost was over sixty thousand. Two hundred years before, Lisbon had suffered a similar though much less severe disaster. During the same year of 1755, Etna belched forth volumes of heated water, which ran down the mountain, destroying vegetation, and for fourteen years nothing grew along its path.

It must not be inferred that there are not other places where earthquakes have been as numerous and violent as upon the borders of the Mediterranean. In Central America, are evidences of

tions that must have spread destruction far and wide. That the country has been submerged and again elevated, there can be no doubt. Remains of magnificent cities are found, which show evidences of having been under water; when and for how long can be a matter of conjecture only. The submergence was doubtless sudden and caused by subterranean disturbances.

In general, earthquakes are confined to the neighborhood of volcanoes. The Pacific is surrounded by volcanoes, and scarcely a city on its border has escaped the destructive work of earthquakes. Lima, Quito, Caracas, and Bogota have all, at some time, been shaken to the ground.

The only great loss California has sustained from an earthquake shock, was in October, 1868, when San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, and San Jose, all suffered to a greater or less extent. Perhaps in no other country are shocks more frequent than here, but they are, as a rule, light and hardly noticeable.

The opposite side of the Pacific has suffered greater disaster. The violence of the convulsions in south-eastern Asia and the adjacent islands in 1883, was almost unprecedented.

But earthquakes sometimes occur outside the region of volcanoes. That at Charleston, South Carolina, in September, 1886, was notable for the remoteness of the place from any volcanoes. It was the most severe ever felt in the United States, and its destructiveness was the result of its whirling motion rather than of its severity.

Earthquakes are exceedingly rare in the Arctic regions, though the most suitable places for Nature to expend her accumulating force would seem to be around the poles, as such action has apparently outlived its usefulness in all other parts of the world.

What can better illustrate man's helplessness, when brought in contact with the forces of nature, than an earthquake? Yet this great pent-up force, which, from time to time, by its sudden outbursts, has poured destruction upon mankind, is the same force that has made the earth fit for the habitation of man. Permanent elevations and depressions have been the result of its action. Water has gathered in the depressions, giving us our continents, islands, seas, and oceans, by which the wind and the rainfall are controlled, and each place receives its special climate, thus marking out the destinies of nations.

Where is the imagination that can picture the condition of mankind to-day, had the Mediterranean been an elevation instead of a depression? How seldom do we think that a cause like that

which made of Lisbon a mass of rubbish, turned the Colombia into the Pacific and guided the waters of the Yellowstone to the Atlantic? Thus we see nature's force is not always unkind.

LITERARY.

THE STORM.

The deep-toned thunder rumbled down the throat's arch of sky
Echoed from hill to hill till the valley rang with its roar,
Then a few great drops of rain on a sudden gust swept by,
To fall like a bullet spent on the highway's dusty floor.

Then a mighty wind arose and blew from the sunset land,
It blew till the tall trees bent like the slender stalks of grain,
Wildly their boughs were tossed by the self same tempest's hand,

That smote the cowering fields with the dashing drifts of rain.

But the wrath of the storm king waned, and silence came like a bourn;

The far horizon glowed with its golden-tipped amethyst bars,

And up the seas of night came sailing the mystic moon,
Her sapphire pathway strewn with thick silvery blossoms afar.

ELMER L. CAYE.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has had an exceptionally long, happy, and useful life. He celebrated his eightieth birthday last month. Born under the shade of Harvard, or shall I say within the charmed radius of its light, of a good old family, Holmes grew to manhood under the softening influence of love and happiness, and the ennobling influence of one of the best libraries in America. He was graduated from Harvard at twenty, and subsequently studied medicine in Paris. During his collegiate course, and for several years after, he wrote many poems, which abound in wit, vivacity, and humor.

At forty-eight, after twenty-one years of professional life, he began a new career. "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-table" was the first book of the period. This was followed by the "Professor" and the "Poet" at the same table. The last, being more serious, shows his peculiar mental speculations, and his fluent gossip on books and learning. His two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," are curious examples of what a learned and experienced man can do, in the afternoon of life, in romance writing. His various essays and themes help to place him above all other writers in analytic characterization, and dis-

cernment of man's individuality. There is no poet more free in style; and among his contemporaries, he is the only survivor of the good old style. In fact, he has a certain individuality, humor, touch that we shall never see again. I think I may safely say that he is the best beloved of our native authors.

Holmes claims that he wrote his novels for two classes of readers, of which the smaller includes the readers of the "morals" in *Æop*, and the preface-readers.

"The Guardian Angel" is original and definite in thought. It contains realistic drawings of various provincial types; in this it has been followed by the more finished, but less original, works of Howells; and it must be counted, with its companion, "Elain Venner," as a factor in the development of American Literature. It is considered "queer" by the larger class, but girls will skim through it just as they will through any other novel of the day. A learned professor said, "I have read it five times, and learned much in the fifth reading." Let me illustrate my mental impressions: I gaze upon a pretty design, following its graceful, but not elaborate, tracery with pleasure and interest. But why this growing pleasure, this keenness of interest? From whence comes this warmth and this light that brings the glow to my cheek, and dazzles my eyes? Is not this an ordinary screen? True, but it stands before a bright and glowing fire, which I could not see, at first, but whose influence reached me as I lingered. I said that the design was pretty, simple, and graceful. I can but hope to make it plain to you.

Myrtle Hazard's parents died when she was still a baby, and she was left to the care of an old Puritan aunt and uncle, who lived in a little New England village. They did not take to the child; they tried to break her will, to curb her natural tendencies with narrow religious restrictions, and succeeded in driving her to steal from her home at fifteen in search of freedom. She is found and brought back by a good old ex-professor, who is her friend through life. Conspicuous among Myrtle's ancestors were a saintly woman, who died a martyr at the stake, a famous and beautiful belle, and an Indian chief's daughter. For several years, she struggles with the spirits of her ancestors, which war within her for the supremacy. Now she is an ambitious coquette, now she raises her hand in savage fierceness against a schoolmate. But love works strange transformations; and her "Guardian Angel," as she is wont to call the saint ultimately rules supreme.

Holmes adapts this story to the debate on inher-

ited tendency, limit of human responsibility, and the freedom of the will. He claims that all who have lived long enough to see families grow up must believe in the successive development of inherited bodily aspects and habits, then why not believe that the mental and moral nature inherits by the same law.

In his double life as teacher and healer, he has had excellent opportunity for studying the nature of man; and in a careful reading of his works, we may reap the benefit of his experience. He would have us see that, owing to their ignorance of her nature, Myrtle's guardians force its savagery into unnatural growth, at the expense of its nobler and sweeter tendencies. He would teach us not to judge all men by the same standard. Can we measure the man whose forefathers were ignorant, their finer nature undeveloped, their sensibilities dulled; with the man who has been raised in an atmosphere which successive generations have purified by culture, refinement, and a perfect conception of right and wrong?

It is asked, "Would Holmes have us believe that God makes the murderers and rogues, or that only the poor and ignorant are such? I came across a few lines from Holmes' pen that, I think, will answer that question. "If we cannot follow the automatic machinery of nature into the mental and moral world where it plays its part as much as in the bodily functions, without being accused of laying all that we are evil in to a 'divine thrusting on, we had better return at once to our old demonology.'"

I gained my answer as I lingered. Its light has made many things clear to me—one is the story of the Master and his talents. I believe that God measures not man by man, but each man by the use to which he has put his talents.

Holmes' novels are characterized by a clear and vigorous handling of psychological and abstract themes. He has been called the "Jester," "Humorist," and "Man of feeling;" he is certainly a genius with a searching and analytical mind, and as mere laughing philosopher. Kennedy describes him as being under medium height, slight, quick, and nervous. When he talks he gives the impression of intense vitality, and in his merry moods his face lights up with a winning and kindly expression. "He likes to talk of himself, but does it so brightly that we do not mind it any more than one does the 'Autocrat.'"

His work as a physician bore good results. He writes concerning certain discoveries. "For the doing of which humble office, I desire to be thankful that I have lived, though nothing else good should ever come of my life." He succeeded, also.

in putting a check upon the excessive use of drugs in practice. He is a shining instance of one who has done good work as a practitioner and teacher, in spite of his literary success.

It was a day of small things, at Harvard, when he was born; but he was destined, by thirty-five years of excellent work there, to add greatly to its glory. Harvard can boast a natural songster as her laureate. He is a typical university poet; and besides giving us some of the best verse delivered in our day, he has excelled all others in delivery.

The beauty of his expression and illustration, and his power to analyze the deeper relations of human life and soul place him on a high plane. He is a progressive thinker, and little of our late literature contains scientific suggestions so relatively fresh as his. But Dr. Holmes' own individuality so affects his writing that it cannot be critically judged. He has been awarded the highest sectional praise, and his cleverness and versatility bewildered outside judges. His poetry relaxed the grimness of the Puritan character, and his prose satire did much towards liberalizing the clerical system.

There is Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden jar always full charged, from which fit
The electrical tingles of his after hit,
In long poems 'tis painful sometimes, and invites
A thought of the way the new Telegraph wires,
Which pricks down its sharp little sentences spitefully
As if you'd got more than you'd title to rightfully,
And you find yourself hoping its wild father, Lightning
Would flame in for a moment and give you a frig'ntening.
CARO LEE.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

The Presentative and Representative Faculties of the Human Mind.

It is highly important that we, as teachers, should have some insight into the workings of the human mind. It is not necessary that we have a full knowledge of Psychology; but to be successful teachers, we should be familiar with, at least, the underlying principles of that science. In our teachings, it is not so much the Physical as it is the Spiritual Child with which we have to deal. Only incidentally, do we deal with the Physical—in this particular, a healthy mind can reside in only a healthy body.

One draw-back in teaching successfully is that the results of mental discipline are not immediate; we must wait, perhaps for years, to see the full effect of to-day's training.

In this essay, we are to consider the powers of the mind, the order of their development, and their discipline. The powers of the mind are various, indeed, but Psychologists have found that they may be arranged, according to some distinguishing characteristic into three general classes, namely, the Presentative, the Representative, and the Reflective Faculties.

The Presentative Faculties are those in which the distinguishing characteristic is the presenting to the mind or soul whatever affects the organs of sense. They act at the moment the external stimulus comes in contact with the nerves, i. e., the mental action is simultaneous with the nerve action.

Let us see how these powers work. Some external object, a needle, for instance, comes in contact with the exposed gray matter at the end of a nerve of touch. The needle acts as a stimulus and, instantly a message is conveyed along the nerve-axis, as a conductor to the cells of the brain. In these cells, a change takes place; this much has been merely physical or physiological action, but now the physical part begins. In some unexplained manner, the message is communicated to the soul and it knows that something, the needle, is in contact with the body, and, moreover, it knows exactly the point of contact. The power of the soul to know of the contact is called Perception. Perception is the power of the soul "to know directly present material objects" if they stimulate the nerves. The product of all this action; i. e., the "knowing" is called a Percept.

Continuing our illustration—the eyes are directed toward the point of contact; light waves are reflected from the needle and form an image upon the retina of the eye, a large flattened nerve, very sensitive to light waves. Thus is the nerve stimulated; and the stimulus is conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, where a cellular change takes place. Again, all this is physical. Now the psychical action begins; and the soul perceives the needle, but, this time, by a different medium. The Presentative Power has been active, and another percept is formed. This kind of Presentative action is called sense-perception; we gain *percepts* by the aid of the *senses*.

The power of the soul to be cognizant of its own acts and states is another of the Presentative powers, and is called consciousness.

The Perception of an object being simultaneous with the nerve stimulation, it is evident that, were no provision made for action otherwise, as soon as the stimulus were removed, the percept would vanish. But the soul has the power to hold and to store away percepts once gained.

If a percept once received is to be recalled after having been stored away, this may be done by the action of some one of the *Representative* powers, the powers which enable the soul to recall and to represent to itself past experiences.

Re-presented percepts may or may not be recognized. In the latter case, the action is called Simple Representations if the percept be recognized, known, the phenomenon is called Memory. White's definition of Memory is easily comprehended: "The power of the soul to represent and reknow objects previously known or experienced."

Should the soul modify or recombine represented percepts, the phenomenon would be called Imagination. Continuing the illustration cited during the discussion of the Presentative faculties should the percept of the needle be presented, or rather represented, at some future time, the act would be Simple Representation. If recognized as having been previously conceived, the act would be Memory. Should the percept of the needle be represented and modified, for example, thought of as being much larger, with a dull point, and very flexible, the phenomena would be Imagination. Imagination in this phase is called Modified Imagination. Imagination is seen in two other phases the Constructive and the Creative. Were we to take ideas from some one's else mind and put them together as given us, we should form a whole, not out of our own Imagination, but constructed from our Imagination guided by the mind of another. This is the Constructive phase. An example would be a landscape imagined from one of the graphic descriptions of Sir Walter Scott. This phase is much used in school work. Pupils gain much of their knowledge from descriptions, oral and written; by the aid of their Imagination, they form new wholes from ideas given them by their teachers or by the author of some book.

Were a painter to sit at his easel with brushes and palette in hand and from percepts already in his mind, conceive of a landscape that he had never seen, his imagination would act in its Creative phase. He would create a landscape unlike any particular one, but, perhaps, embodying the characteristics of many. This phase of Imagination is used by the artist, the inventor, the poet, and the novelist.

The phenomena manifested in dreams are due to the action of the Representative powers when not under the control of the Will; they are spontaneous and involuntary, and occur when we are unconscious. This involuntary representation is called Phantasy; past experiences are represented but in capricious and inexplicable combination.

By comparing the different Representative fac-

ulties, the common characteristic is seen to be the Representation of past experiences. By comparing the Presentative and the Representative Faculties, we see that action of the former takes place at the time of nerve stimulation; action of the latter at a subsequent time.

But of what avail are the foregoing pages of labored composition? wherein lies the practical application? We, as teachers, are to train the minds of our pupils. The faculties discussed, being powers of the mind, are, therefore, to be trained; but how? The Presentative powers are called into action only through the senses; it follows, that to cultivate them, we must cultivate the senses. The impelling force of the Presentative powers is curiosity; therefore, to cultivate them, we should interest our pupils and excite their curiosity. Curiosity leads to examination, which is exercise of the senses, and examination or experience begets knowledge and mental strength. Manual training cultivates the Presentative powers; its mediums are the senses of sight and touch. Drawing, writing, number work, reading, and spelling cultivate the sense of sight. Music, phonetic analysis, pronunciation, and articulation excite the organs of hearing to keenness. Natural history lessons, on plants, on rocks, on animals, afford excellent opportunities for keen observation as to appearance, feeling, taste, and smell. But it is not to be inferred that only those faculties referred to are exercised and developed by the above studies, for this is not so; even a single sense-percept affords opportunity for the exercise of all the mental faculties. But each study has its own relative value. The successful teacher discovers this and profits thereby. The Presentative powers are most active in early childhood. It is highly important that they be well cultivated, for the power of accurate observation avails more than all else besides. Pestalozzi says: "Observation is the basis of all knowledge." Observation involves the activity of all the senses.

The period of greatest Representative activity comes some little time after that of greatest Presentative activity. By close observation, a teacher can tell when these powers are at their height and is enabled, thereby, to furnish appropriate exercise for securing their best development. Manual training and its counterpart, drawing, afford excellent exercise for these powers, so also do reading history, geography and composition; but it is only the *successful* teacher that knows when, how, why and how much is adapted to her different pupils. He watches nature as she develops the different faculties, and not superseding her seeks to aid her. The harmonious development of the

child's mind is brought about by the teacher's following the dictates of Nature.

R. A. L.

What graduate of the Normal does not go forth well equipped to educate, in the true sense of the word, the precious beings that he may have in charge; and, though he meets with many failures, his success is assured if he keep this ideal ever in view. Some few, to be sure, do not fulfill their agreement to teach; they should, then, be an inspiration to those with whom they associate. Inestimable in value are the lessons in morals and manners, and the moral training studied by the Senior pedagogy classes. The Normal teacher who lately remarked that she has striven to educate morally as well as mentally the pupils in her care, but had not settled in her mind whether or not she has been successful, may justly feel that she has done a noble work.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Y. M. N. D. SOCIETY.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. N. D. Society held January 14, the following officers were elected: Pres., Thos. B. Leland; Vice-Pres., Edwin E. Roberts; Rec. Sec., Ed. A. Nicholson; Cor. Sec., Ed. Hughes; Treasurer, V. A. McGeorge; Sergeant-at-arms, Bowlin Hiatt; Assistant Sergeant-at-arms, Orra J. Traber.

The election being over, the retiring president, Elmer L. Cave, passed the gavel to his successor, who has since continued to preside over the meetings of the Society with his usual dignity and severity.

The Society feels deeply the loss occasioned by the graduation and departure of a number of its ablest members. This, however, is a loss which occurs at every graduation, the older members passing out and leaving room for the younger ones, who, like our present Juniors, are fast assuming the duties of active members. The boys seem to realize this, and to recognize the benefits to be derived from taking part in our deliberations, and respond heartily to all calls of the society.

ALL SORTS.

When is pie like a poet? When it is Browning.
The official song of Utah—"Maryland, my Maryland."
Barbers make many friends but scrape more acquaintances.
Long hallways form pleasant promenades at the Normal asphyxia.

Teacher:—"Where is China?" Training school Pupil:—"In Australia."

An ad. in the *Index* would be of great assistance to a dentist. It will show for him.

Why was Adam the first in the market business? Because he had the first spare rib.

Teacher:—"For what was Cæsar noted?" Pupil:—"Oh, I know. He 'er to loose."

The old laws of Connecticut were "Blue Laws," but the Normal School has "Green-laws."

A bright pupil of this school defined crystallization as "the formation of particles of matter on a string."

Prof.:—"What are the characteristics of hydrogen?" Student:—"Well, it's a combustor, and—"

Teacher:—"What is the principal organ in the chest cavity?" Training School Pupil:—"The stomach."

Teacher:—"Besides the sodium-chloride that we have mentioned, what does sea-water contain?" Pupil:—"Fish."

Ball player, after a "slide":—"I've scraped my knee pretty off. I'll have have to go to Africa where the se goes."—*Ex.*

Prof. R.:—"What do magnets attract?" Pupil:—"Anything that's steel." Prof. R.:—"Do they attract anything that's stolen?"

Senior (confused):—"I have an idea, but I can't express it." "Well, if you can't express it, send it by freight. There's no hurry for it."

The Middle classes might establish a Notion Store with all the Goods they have on hand, among which are *Coffins, Buckles, Emery cushions and Cerebs*.

Irish Dutchman (to stranger who has stepped on his toe):—"Mine front, I know my feet was meant to be walked on, but dot hisridgels belongs to me."—*Ex.*

We once heard a man remark, in referring to his fatigue while wedged in a crowd at the door of a concert hall, "that he would rather walk fifty miles than stand five."

There is metre for him, dactyl for:

There is metre for laugh and for morn;

But the metre that's never grown,

Is the "metre for by moonlight alone."—*Ex.*

In *Physics*.—Teacher:—"Now, Mr. Newboy, if you should break that magnet in two, what would happen?" Mr. Newboy (who has had the pleasure of renewing some school property):—"Pay for it, I suppose."

Prof. of *Physics*:—"What is work?" Pupil (slightly confused):—"Oh—ah—I don't know—why, work is anything." Prof. (sarcasmically):—"Then I suppose that desk you're standing by is work." Pupil (prequid):—"Yes, sir, wood-work."

Street scene on the corner of Seventh and San Carlos. Time, 4:00 P. M. Enter.—Two Senior Normal girls and a red cow. Normal girls look at red cow. Red cow looks menacingly at Normal girls. One Normal girl watches red cow while other Normal girls guide footsteps of watcher. Very perceptible increase in speed on part of Normal girls after passing red cow.

A little girl hearing others speak of good resolves for the New Year, made several excellent ones herself. At night, on going to bed, she was asked if any had been broken. Looking earnestly into the questioner's face, she replied, "No I guess none of 'em's broken, but all of 'em's cracked."

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular. On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating, This little quadruped likewise was there a gallivanting.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary, Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly contrary. Immediately whereupon the pedagogue superior, Exasperated, did the lamb eject from the interior.

Then Mary on beholding such performance arbitrary, Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called lachry-mary.

And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious, And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

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

He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature. "Oh, pecus amorem Mary habet omnia temporum."

"Thanks, teacher dear," the scholars cried, and awe crept darkly o'er 'em.—*Ka.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

Anna L. Leland, June '89, is teaching at her home in Dunsmuir.

Miss Addie M. Lucy, June '89, is teaching at Damascus, Placer Co.

C. P. Evans, May '83, is winning laurels as a teacher in Carpinteria.

Miss Isabell Grummer, May '86, is teaching in the Golding school, Butte Co.

Miss Magy O'Donnell, June '89, has closed a six month's term at Sunny South.

Miss Kate C. Dwyne, Dec. '88, is teaching in the Franklin school, Santa Clara Co.

J. A. Black, Dec. '88, occupies a very desirable position in the Nevada City school.

Mr. John G. Jury, June '89, is teaching at Forest Hill. He has taught three months.

Miss Nettie Thelven, class of '89, is teaching in the Grammar school of Placerville.

Miss Mary Carr, June '89, has been teaching in the Redwood District, Monterey Co.

Annie E. Anglon, Dec. '88, is teaching the Smithville District School in Pina, Placer Co.

Miss Julia Harrington, May '83, is teaching in St. Joseph's school for boys at Santa Clara.

Miss Christine Struve, Xmas '86, has just completed her third year of work in Monterey Co.

Miss Gertrude Seane, Dec. '87, has begun her fourth term's work in the Sunset Glen school.

Kate B. Beckwith, May '82, is at present teaching in the Primary department in the Tulare school.

Miss Mary E. Holmes, Dec. '86, is assistant principal of the Gold Hill High School, Storey Co., Nevada.

Miss Gertrude L. Hayes, June '89, has charge of a school of ten pupils, in the Sand Creek District, Tulare Co.

Nettie M. Murray, Dec. '84, has begun her second year's work in Aslarn, as one of Placer county's teachers.

Miss Kate L. Devlin, Dec. '87, enjoys teaching the little ones of the Wan Lake school, Humboldt county.

Miss Mary R. Daly, May '88, is to be found in the Robert's school, Sacramento county. She has twenty pupils.

Miss Mabel Patterson, June '89, is employed in the Primary department of the San Jacinto school, San Diego Co.

Frank H. Herbert, Dec. '86, is still head book-keeper for the Southern Mill and Warehouse Company, Santa Barbara.

Miss Florence M. Hays, May '86, writes, "Again, I am teaching in the Clover Creek District, Millville, Shasta Co."

Helen C. Mackenzie, May '89, has charge of the second year class in the Middleton School of the city of San Diego.

Miss Fannie A. Fowler, June '89, has charge of about forty-five bright little boys and girls in the Michigan Bluff school.

Miss Jennie A. Allen, May '87, is Vice-Principal of the San Lorenzo school. She has two grades and thirty pupils in all.

M. Frances Young, Dec. '86, has been elected to a position in the Primary department of the Sequel school, Santa Cruz Co.

Miss Lillie Duncan, Dec. '84, has been teaching continuously since graduation. She is now in the Washington school, Pasadena.

Miss Nana Anker, Dec. '87, enjoys teaching at her home in Cloverdale. Miss Bessie Fowler, May '88, is teaching in the same school.

A. Bronson McKean, June '89, has closed a four month's term in the Erie school, San Benito Co. He will reopen school in March.

Miss J. Frances Schulenberg, Xmas '88, likes her school very much. She is teaching the Primary department of the Templeton school.

Wedding bells have rung again; Miss Sadie C. Ryan, June '89, was married Dec. 31st, at Independence, Cal. to Mr. I. B. Mulholland.

S. E. Holper, Dec. '83, is at present teaching in the Elbow Creek District, Tulare Co. His permanent address is 1,224, 8th Avenue, Oakland.

Wm. Locke, May '85, is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he hopes to graduate in two years as a Sanitary Engineer.

Miss Fannie E. Short, May '88, has begun her second year's work in the public school of Reno, Nev. She writes, "Out of a corps of thirteen teachers, six of us wear the S. N. S. badge."

Miss Mattie Phelps, Dec. '87, writes, "I'm training the intellectual tendencies of the rising generation in an all but submerged district, situated four miles west of the flourishing town of Maxwell, Colusa Co."

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