

The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

SAN JOSE, CAL., DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 5.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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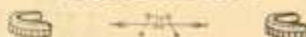
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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

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Once more a school term has slipped away and with it goes a number of the Editorial Board of the INDEX. During our short connection with the paper, we have become so attached to it that it is with a feeling of sadness that we give up our charge. The paper since its birth has steadily grown larger and stronger; and, with its large subscription list and a good advertising patronage, we have no fears for its future success. With this issue, we begin a series of improvements which we hope will be appreciated by our friends. The first cover page, which has heretofore been adorned with advertisements, will in future sport a large cut of our State Normal School. The improvement has been in our minds for some time but not until now has it become a reality. A few internal decorations are being designed, but they will not appear till sometime during the next term. A rising sun shines upon our paper.

Another class has gone out from the Normal, eager to take their places among the workers of the world, yet saddened by the thoughts of separation. Owing to the fact that it was such a small class, its members have had ample time in which

to become well acquainted and so learn to work in unison. That such has been the case is shown by the fact that the class-business has been conducted without the excited wrangling which usually arises on such occasions. Throughout the trying term just passed, the spirit of friendship and good will which has prevailed has been gratifying, not only to each individual member, but also to all interested in the welfare of the class. That the friendships which have been so strongly welded may not rust asunder, is our sincerest wish. New friends should not entirely supplant older and more distant ones, and a warm corner should be kept in each graduate's heart for one's classmates, with room for all other children of the loved Alma Mater. To the Christmas Class of '86 we say "Farewell, and may the same sweet spirit you have shown here brighten your path wherever you go."

On Tuesday Dec. 14th, the Senior A and Senior B classes held a joint meeting in Room K for the purpose of electing editors and managers to take charge of the INDEX for the coming term. Mr. David A. Wilson, our present efficient Assistant Manager, was unanimously elected to the office of Editor-in-Chief. Under his watchful eye the INDEX is assured of a continuance in its progress. Mr. W. H. Parker was re-elected to the position of Business Manager. During the past term Mr. Parker has demonstrated his fitness for the office and the classes are to be congratulated on securing his services for another term. T. A. Guthrie, of Senior B, was elected Assistant Manager. Miss Olive M. Knox and Miss Rickard were elected assistant editors from the Senior A, and Miss Nellie Day and Miss Mary Murphy from the Senior B. It is to be hoped that the school in general will take the cause to heart more than they have in the past and not throw all the responsibility upon the few editors.

Excellent photographs of the Normal building and grounds can be obtained at cost by applying to the Business Manager of the INDEX.

"The teacher should be a leader in the society of the district where he teaches." This is what the educational journal tells us, and what to a great extent we believe. But one finds to be such a leader his knowledge of the world must not be confined to that which is placed between paste-board covers. Yet what can a Normal graduate when he first enters the field of teachers know about social life? The Normal accepts girls and boys long before society thinks them a proper age to enter its ranks. When we have become a pupil of the Normal, we think there is time for nothing outside of school work. It may be said that by mingling together at school we gain a knowledge of society. Of what do we talk at such times? Studies and examinations are the principal themes of conversation. So at graduation day, we know very little more of society than when we entered school three years before.

When we leave the Normal, many of us are so discouraged by our lack of self-possession we decide that books are far more instructive and entertaining than society is. So we are deprived of many pleasures which we otherwise might have experienced.

Should we not avail ourselves of all the opportunities at the Normal? 'Tis true the greater part of our time is occupied by study, but we have the "delightful Friday evening." If all thoughts of school could be laid aside, this one evening of the week, and the time devoted to learning those things not found in books, we might not feel so embarrassed on our first appearance in society. Let us then devote Friday evenings to the cultivation of self-possession, and by so doing leave the Normal fitted, not only to reign in the school room, but also to lead in Society.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

This holiday was once celebrated in April or May; but by the order of Pope Julius I an investigation was made, and it was agreed to celebrate the twenty-fifth of December. It has always been not only a religious festival but also a day of merry-making. The custom of singing carols recalls the songs of the shepherds, and dates from the time when Latin ceased to be the language of the common people. The custom of having a Christmas tree is of German origin; and Santa Claus, introduced to us by the settlers of New York, takes the place of the German Knecht Rupert, the person chosen by the parents to deliver the presents. These were sent to him beforehand. Disguised with a mask, a white gown and a flaxen wig he went from house to house and called

for the children. He bestowed the presents according to the reports heard from the parents.

In England the nobles on Christmas entertained their tenants at the hall. Great fires of logs were made, and there was feasting and dancing. The custom of decorating houses and churches is derived from ancient Druid practices. The Puritans objected to these Christmas pastimes, so for a long time Christmas was not celebrated so much in New England as in the Middle and Southern States. To take the place of Christmas the Puritans established Thanksgiving.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

On the evening of the second of December, was held another of the pleasant Senior socials. Though only a day or two had been consumed in preparation, the affair was pronounced to be a perfect success. An impromptu programme was carried out, consisting of music, games and two beautiful tableaux prepared by Senior A. In Room 23 was held a "World's Fair," where curiosities ranging from the apple that tempted Eve, to Prof. K's chestnut bell were displayed under the charge of Mr. Williams and Misses Holmes and Hanson. Light refreshments were served, lemonade being sold for quotation and apples for puns. At the close of the Y. M. N. D. S. its members were invited to join in the festivities. The young men seemed at first to be shy of such dignified (?) persons as the Senior young ladies, but the ice was soon broken and class distinctions were forgotten. At a late hour the guests departed, carrying with them pleasant recollections of a joyous evening.

CLASS SONG.

SMAS, '96.

Our school work is ended and life's duties call,
Farewell, dear companions, farewell, one and all.
The chain that has bound us is severed to-day,
How precious it seems as its links break away.

As we turn from these scenes, ah, how bright they appear,
They shall live in our hearts, growing brighter each year,
In the journey of life, wherever we roam,
We shall think of our school as our once happy home.

CHORUS: Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

For teachers and schoolmates this wish we express:
May your joys be increased and your sorrows made less;
May your lives be made bright by pure friendship and love,
And at last may we meet in that "Sweet Home" above.

Chorus: Home, home &c.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

C. ELENORA OLIVER.

Within stern massive walls in Britain's wood,
In towers that had withstood for ages past
The wrath of storms that waged there most bold,
And sought to level all before their blast,
Within these walls, and covered o'er
With dust of centuries fall four,
A pile of legendary lore.

Concealed it lay and was forgotten quite,
While men engaged in thoughts of war and strife,
Long sought to buy the blessed freedom's light
With blood that cost, too dearly, life for life.
Concealed it lay, till on its face
Most careful reader scarce could trace
The reveal of another race.

One story, that of Cymeline, has stirred
Our hearts with tale of wily love most strong,
Another tells how doting father heard
From daughters' lips false words, and suffered wrong,
Until Cordelia loved most dear,
Chancing her father's woe to hear,
Straight hastened home to comfort Lear.

And of good Arthur, more than mortal king,
Who gathered to his Table Round wise peers,
Whose sword as wondrous in its power, should bring
To Britain fame through long succeeding years,
And there were tales of Merlin's schemes,
And substance since for Spenser's themes,
And food for Milton's youthful dreams.

Great monks, from tales told round the evening board,
Had gathered, one by one, traditions fair,
And chronicled by hand, the same had stored
Within their consecrated walls, and left them there,
Till one wise man now known to fame,
Godfrey of Monmouth he by name,
Searching the past across them came.

Within their parchment scrolls he found concealed,
The broken thread of history long lost,
And gathering up the tangled shreds, revealed
At price of time and labor—trifling cost,
How once on Albion's isle the Celt,
Secure in walled hut had dwelt
And what in savage breast he felt.

Of more than deeds of war and peace they teach,
A people's love for what is pure they show,
And what is good. We've briefly mentioned each
But Wordsworth's verses. Now on these bestow
Your thoughts, to follow their intent
In tale that tells of brothers, sent
To show what brothers' love then meant,

A king more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbodach, ruled not in his day,
And grateful Britain prospered for above
All neighboring cities through his righteous sway.
While paying gods his reverence due,
And building temples not a few,
Fields smiled, and towns and cities grew.

And when he died, the people long did mourn,
But grieved they more when Artegall, his son,
Who erst succeeded him, as eldest born,
Darkened with crime his hopeful reign begun.
From bad to worse, with deeds most dire—
Unworthy son of such a sire—
Roused he at length his subjects ire.

Leagued then the people's wrath with nobles' strength
To drive him from his kingdom, and instead
To place his brother on the throne. At length
Their plan succeeded; Elidure was head
Of all the maln and people, while
His brother wandered in exile
From land to land. With cunning wife

He sought in court and tent for warriors' aid,
That he by force his kingdom might regain,
But, disappointed oft, at length he laid
His wish aside, determined to remain—
Since lost to him was worldly gain—
Within the forest, with a scree,
Of men, there to forget he bore

The hated name of Artegall. From thence,
He sends to distant friends; and but requires
A simple store of food at their expense,
And shelter for his head—all the desires
Of this once proud and ruthless king.
Alas! that Fortune now should bring
Remorse to aid her with his sting.

While wandering forth one morn in search of bread—
For still he waits the issue of his quest—
He hears, afar, the voice of horns, and tread
Of horses' feet disturbs the forest's rest.
And soon he sees an scolding mound,
A hunter's train, with hawk and hound,
Advancing toward his chosen ground.

He turns to meet them, when upon his face
There shines a momentary gleam of love,
Then pain, as by the leader of the chase
He sees his royal banner borne above
His brother's head. And Elidure—
Reputed wise and good and pure—
Looks down—and stops—and is not ware

He sees before him Artegall. His gaze
Rests with a joy intense upon his brother's face,
"Methinks that I should know"—he mused in maze,
Then leaped upon the ground, in close embrace
He clasped his brother's form, and blessed
The gods that he was found—and pressed
Him to return at once—no rest

Until he wore again upon his head
His birthright's crown. "I wait but to restore
That which has long been held in trust," he said,
"Think not, O brother, willingly I bore
The name of king. Ill it became
Our father's son to hold in name
A kingdom which he could not claim."

Awile the astonished Artegall stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed, "To me of titles shewn
And stripped of power, me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn.
It is not meet that I should reign,

That right I forfeited, and deign
Not now, a virtuous life to feign."

Then long and well they argued, each his case,
Until selfish Elshere, at last,
Convinced his brother that his rightful place
Was on their father's throne; that past
For him were poverty and pain;
And that when on his throne again,
No thoughts but love, should guide his reign.

But what the people's will, and what the way
To make all sure, and bow the hate
Of enemies of Artega, they may
Overcome, they long discussed, and it was late
Before their plans complete, they went
Together to their lodge, and spent
The night in peace, each well content.

At first the land was wrath, but soon by dint
Of perseverance, Elshere had won
From all the peers, their full and free consent
To serve again Goulondin's first born son.
Long did he reign, by all held dear,
And when at length he died, the loss
Of grief bedewed his honored bier.

Thus brother by a brother's hand was wared,
Allure of pride and place was put aside;
The things for which so many men have braved,
Their nearest kin, have schemed, and fought and died.
But Elshere was true, was pure,
And for his deed shall e'er endure,
His title "Pious Elshere."

CHRISTMAS CLASS.

LEARN TO DO BY DOING.

The Assembly Hall of the State Normal School was crowded yesterday forenoon, Dec., 16th, to its full capacity by parents and friends of the students and other friends of the school, assembled to witness the commencement exercises of the Christmas Class of '86. "Learn to Do by Doing," the class motto, hung above the platform in handsome letters worked on satin, and floral and evergreen decorations barked the platform and beautified the walls. The Faculty of the school and the Trustees occupied seats on the platform.

The programme presented was an excellent one, the musical numbers being given under the conductorship of Professor Elwood, the efficient teacher of music in the school. A chorus, "Wake the Song of Jubilee," was first given, a prayer being then offered by the Rev. H. C. Minton. A duet and chorus, "Song of the Lark," was the next number.

"Mothers in Modern American Fiction" was the theme of Miss Susie Gullimore's essay. The essayist presented a sharp criticism of the work of certain American novelists, especially Howells and James, who hold up the American girl, as a mere

doll, and defend the sex from the characterization which it has received at the hands of such writers. The production was incisive and sensible.

Miss S. Adelaide Harris delivered an essay on "The Other Side," which held a number of Biblical and other events in a new light. Abraham has been lauded for his willingness to give up Isaac; but has anybody said a good word for Isaac, who went forth to be sacrificed? And so in many other instances, the world has looked upon only one side of the case when the other had much to invite favorable remark. The essay was an interesting one.

A glee song, "Fountain of Pleasure," was now sung, Duncan Stirling following with an oration on "Manual of Training." He held that physical training is necessary to the full development of man and that a well-balanced character can hardly be preserved without such exercise.

Miss Mabel J. Field's essay was on "Childhood in Poetry." She spoke of what had been written for children in ancient and modern times; and after a review of such literature referred to the place which children hold in the households and to their relation to the body of society. She dwelt upon the importance of proper culture when children are developing, and tenderly spoke of the great loss we feel when they go down to the grave. Their company, their teaching and their government were aptly referred to, the essay, on the whole, being comprehensive and well-conceived.

An essay on "Not All Change is Progress," was delivered by Miss Lydia Adams. In this Miss Adams took the ground that change is not always improvement, but frequently the result of a restless desire.

"How They Eat," an essay by Miss May E. Mansfield, dealt with the modes in which animals, vegetables and marine plants consume food.

A glee song, "The Merry Farmer Boy," was sung, and Principal Allen then delivered an address to the graduating class, in which he spoke of the responsibilities which the graduates were about to assume. Graduates, he said, owe three debts—the first to the State for their education; the second to the school, whose credit and character they should maintain; the third to their parents for the sacrifices which have been made by them in their behalf. Those debts should be fully discharged. Some of the graduates would succeed in their work, and others would fail; but all could try to succeed. He charged them to be true in all things. A class song was sung and the diplomas were conferred by State Superintendent Weekes.

Numerous floral gifts, some of them exceedingly handsome, were presented to the graduates. In

the evening a pleasing social reunion was held which was attended by the faculty and graduates.

San Jose Mercury.

CHILDHOOD IN POETRY.

MABEL J. FIELD.

Some of the sweetest lyrics since time began have been inspired by the loveliness of little children. Even old Homer lightened the savagery of his descriptions with the starry beauty of baby Asyanax, and amid the darkness of Roman barbarism, fair little Virginia,

"With her small tablets in her hand
Comes smiling from her home."

Never have the little folks been better appreciated than they are now, in these gentler times. The fancies of the poets have made all nature lovely for them, as has Hans Andersen in his unrhymed poems. Indeed, the pen of some great poet or happy rhymer is ever busy praising or amusing them. The kindergartners know how the childish ear delights in jingles. It never tires of the melodies of "Mother Goose," though just why the utter nonsense is so delightful is a riddle for metaphysicians. Many jingles are slyly didactic, and often a precious little ignoramus learns to count by remembering what happens "over in the meadow in the sand, in the sun," and the Horatian task of learning the letters is made easier by just knowing that

"E is for earnest young Edward,
Who never goes peaceably backward,"
"G is for gay little Gustave,
Who says that a monkey he must have,
But his mother thinks not,
For she says they have got
All the monkey they care for in Gustave."

What a contrast to the gawsonic rhymes of the old New England primer, in which youth was instructed, reproved and corrected in such lines as these:

Opposite A, "In Adam's fall we sinned all."
Opposite X, "Xerxes the Great did die,
And so must you and I."

But children have contributed more to literature than they claim from it. The poets are ever singing of their beauty and artless grace, which teaches better than DeSarte. Their loveliness is that of early morning or of opening buds. George Macdonald accounts for baby charms in couplets like these:

"When did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through,
Whence that thro' cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss."

Wordsworth thinks a little child is

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door,"
Lowell says of his little golden-haired girl:

"The light of the heaven she came from
Still lingers and gleams in her hair."

"The dear little dimpled darlings!" Yet I think we love them most because they are so helpless, and the way must be so rough before the

"Little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears."

But occasionally sympathy is needed in another quarter. An observer says that in spite of the cry that there is now no family government, he holds that there is just as much good discipline as in old Puritan days, but with this one change, the children do the governing. Little Polly belongs to an interesting type:

"Brown eyes, straight nose,
Dirt pies, crumpled clothes,
When it's time to go to bed
Scream awhile for what is said."

It is natural to paint the future of the little pilgrims in colors "soft and bright and free." In all Mrs. Mulock Craik's literary work she has never rivaled in artistic finish or lofty sentiment her "Philip, my king."

I gaze from thy sweet lips up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
Aye, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now
That may rise like a giant —
(Yes) Those, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gay;
Richels within thee, and lives without
Will watch at this crown; but go on, glorious
Martyr, yet monarch! All angels shout,
As thou sitest at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

But instead of fulfilling a mother's hopes many little visitants

"— have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their tiny feet,
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet."

The bereavement can never be told, but that
"Ancient cry of wild distress
The Rachel-mourning couplets"

is heard in many of the most exquisite poems of all literature.

Lowell cries:

"There's a narrow mound in the church yard,
Would scarce stay a child in its race,
Yet to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vagues of space."

Mrs. Jackson writes of a desolate home:

"They dare not look where the cradle is set;
They had the sunbeam that plays on the floor,
But will make the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone,
The prince is dead."

This is what the little discoverer knows who
"has sailed where the noiseless sargass roll";

"We might learn from the picking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part,
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years,
He knows perchance how spirits fare."

We always think of little children as a part of paradise. Little cherubs peep out from all the mystic old frescoes, and on how many a little

grave-stone are inscribed the words of our Lord,
 "Of such is the kingdom of God."

Tired, care-worn people find the merriment of
 childhood very restful. Tuto said hearts it steals
 "as sunbeams to shadows creep." Every father
 should, like Longfellow, have a children's hour in
 which he takes time to put his little sons and
 daughters into "the round tower of his heart."

Indeed, "A doleful place would be this earth
 Were there no little people in it.
 The song of life would lose its mirth
 Were there no children to begin it."

Hear what father Hans says:

"Ven I look on them leedle toes,
 Und saw dot funny leedle nose,
 Und heard der vay dot rouster crows,
 I smile like I was gray."

The poets have many discussions about what the
 baby thinks. Certain it is that

"He chuckles and crows and winks
 As if his head were as full of kinks
 And curious riddles as my Sphinx."

They question when he does his crowing, when
 he is most cunning, but of all songs none are more
 interesting than those which croon the babies off
 to slumberland. In a old Gaelic lullaby the
 mother sings:

"Hark! the waves are rolling in,
 White with foam, white with foam,
 Father toils amid the din
 But baby sleeps at home."

The German mother sings:

"Thy mother is shaking the dresden-land tree,
 A little dream falls down on thee."

This was poor little Hiawatha's weird lullaby:

"The wrinkled old Nokomis
 Rocked him in his hidden cradle,
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
 Stilled his fearful wail by saying,
 'Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!'"

These lullabies have never ceased since Mother
 Eve in wonder lulled the fretful little Cain. 'Tis
 always evening somewhere,

"Ever the dusk creeps over some sky,
 Ever floats upward some lullaby,
 A down the ages soft rolls the strain,
 Always at nightfall the same refrain."

But childhood is as evanescent as a flower—even
 while the babies sleep they grow older. A mother
 says, as she bends over a little bed at night:

"In your small, dreaming daisies of white,
 In the dark you will wander away,
 With less gold and more gloom in the hair,
 When the buds near have faded to flowers,
 Three faces will wake here as fair
 But older than yours are by hours!
 Good night then, but darlings of mine—
 I never shall see you again."

Miss Mary T. Doyle, May, '84, is teaching in
 Madrone, Santa Clara county. She has taught
 two and one-half school years since graduation.

Miss Susie M. Gilmore, May, '83, has a school
 at Orange Center, Fresno county. She taught
 there the term before this one also.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Cecelia Williams, Dec., '83, is teaching in
 the Fresno schools.

Miss Ella Miles, May, '84, is teaching at King's
 River, Fresno county.

Miss Mary F. Chase, May, '83, is teaching at
 Evergreen, Santa Clara county.

Miss M. Lewis, '75, has changed her name to
 Mrs. C. W. Brouson, of Alameda.

Miss Minnie Galindo, May, '85, has the school
 at Mission San Jose, Alameda county.

Miss Electra Ramsey, Dec., '84, is now Mrs.
 Dr. A. C. Sherwood, of San Diego.

Miss Petra Johnston, Dec., '83, has taught four
 terms in the same school at Half Moon Bay.

Miss Carrie Beckwith, May, '85, is teaching this
 term at Table Bluff, Humboldt county.

Mr. F. L. Canch, May, '86 will open school
 in January at Carpinteria, Santa Barbara
 county.

Miss Sarah V. Huxley, Dec., '85, has taught and
 is now teaching in the school of Benton,
 Mono county.

Miss Callie F. Neel, Dec., '84, is teaching in the
 Comstock District, Santa Clara and San Ben-
 ito counties.

Miss Eliza J. Stewart, '77, has taught in Al-
 ameda county constantly since her graduation.
 She is now resting.

Miss Florence Crichton, Dec., '85, has the
 school at Port Wine, Sierra county. She holds
 away over seventeen pupils.

Miss Manla Ingemundsen, May, '86, has been
 teaching in Rutherford. She opened school just
 eight weeks after graduation.

Miss Ella G. Billings, Dec., '83, has taught two
 and one-half years. She is now in Greensburg
 District, Woodside, San Mateo county.

Miss Stella Bagnelle, May, '85, is teaching at
 present in Granite District, Fresno county. Her
 school has been in session nine weeks.

Mr. Frank R. Canch, May, '85, is teaching in
 Lake City, Modoc county. He is also a member
 of the Board of Education for that county.

Miss Rachel S. Gilmore, May, '86, commenced
 to teach one month after graduating in Humboldt
 county, near Eureka. Her school is now closed
 for vacation.

ALL SORTS.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

The monitors are to be treated to an oyster supper by the principal.

"I want a school," is the cry of the newly fledged graduates.

Query—Why is it the Normal boys take a different girl to every entertainment?

The newly promoted Senior A's are advised to court the poetical muse during vacation.

The INDEX entertainment more than netted the required sum for which it was given.

A young gentleman belonging to the Middle Class has become rather "Maxie" lately.

Conundrum.—Who ordered the candy for the reception held by the graduating class?

An eastern paper, *Peoria Call*, wonders when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be stowed away.

The promoted Prep's are rejoicing over the fact that they are now true Normalites.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Ten Index Reporters. Return to the editor of All Sorts and receive reward.

The crying baby did not come to the graduating exercises as usual, for which the school returns thanks to the Board of Trustees.

All students remaining in town during the vacation should not fail to attend the State Teacher's Association to be held in this city.

"What do we call the people who live in Turkey?" questioned the pupil teacher. "Turkeys," promptly responded a bright little pupil.

Through the kindness of the County Superintendent the graduating class spent part of a pleasant afternoon on the Court House dome and in exploring the jail.

The rainy weather of the last few weeks seriously interfered with the out door sports. It is hoped that they will be resumed next term as soon as the weather permits.

The new motto is very handsome and something entirely new, being a royal purple velvet banner bordered by gold satin, and hand painted with gold. It is hung by means of a rod and brass rings.

One of the young gentlemen of the Senior considers "House and Furniture" the most important chapter in "Household Science." As he says he is not coming back next term, this looks rather suspicious.

Middle A still leads the school in regard to averages.

S. E. Smith has removed from his old place of business to No. 10, South First Street.

The "Call" figures that the cigar habit costs its devotees on this coast \$15,678,000 a year, an average of \$58 per head.

"Frank," said the pupil teacher, "tell me something that comes from Persia which ladies wear." The child hesitated; his face brightened, springing to his feet he answered, "False hair."

"Here," says the Prof., "is an animal having horns like an elk, a trunk like an elephant's, tusks like a rhinoceros, etc., what do we call such an animal." "A conglomerate," answered an enthusiastic geologist.

During the reading of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, one of our young men abruptly asked for the hand of one of the Indies. This was terrible; but when she gave him not only that but her heart too, she fainted away and has not yet recovered from the shock.

Time, geologically considered, proved quite interesting to the geology class. After hearing a further explanation of some of Prof. K's "short periods," some of the students decided they had hit on the chronology by which some people reckon their ages.

Professor, to foot of Botany Class: "Mention some of our common trees. Student: "Ash, maple, elm, larch, locust, spruce, pine, horse—(taken breath) (Professor, prompting) chestnut."

Student: "All right sir, if you've heard 'em before, I'll stop."

Wanted.

By a member of the
Anti-

Poking-Your-Nose-Into-Other-Peoples-Business
Society.

A person at the salary of \$500 a year, with a periodical increase to \$1000, to mind their own business, and let other people's business alone. Humboldt widows preferred.

The new class pins have been pronounced by all the prettiest ever adopted in the Normal. They consist of two scarf pins, connected by a fine gold chain. The larger pin is the monogram of the school, with the class motto engraved on the largest letter. The second pin has a diamond shaped head, bearing in raised gold of a light color, "86." From the diamond hangs a crescent engraved with "Xmas." The pins were furnished by Mr. Smith, of this city.

HOW THEY EAT.

BY MAY E. HANSFIELD.

This one little earth of ours, among the thousands of planets that dot the sky, how filled it is with strange and wonderful things! Wonderful things with wonderful ways! And not the least of these wonderful ways is the way in which different nations, animals or plants take their food. Whether it be the curious manner of some animals and plants, the question of the railroad traveler as to how he is to eat fifty cents' worth of lunch in five minutes, or the problem of the man who on Thanksgiving Day is supposed to eat chicken, turkey, pumpkin pie, mince pie, pound cake, fruit cake and plum pudding without killing himself. The latter questions shall be left to the doctors, while we consider the curious manner in which some plants and animals eat.

Look at the busy anemone down in the sea. He is nothing but a microscopic mass of jelly-like substance, without even the sign of a mouth, and how is he to eat any breakfast? When he feels hungry he stretches himself out around a dainty diatom or piece of seaweed, then, pulling himself together until he has quite enveloped it, he leisurely digests his simple meal.

The beautiful sea-anemone, looking, when its tentacles are spread open, like one of our pretty asters, must bring itself to the graceless act of eating. The many colored tentacles, forgetting their beauty, must grasp the food close around it and push it into the mouth which lies concealed at their base. And now, if you were to look at your beautiful sea-anemone, you would see nothing but a slimy sack-like object, not in the least attractive. Is not this a little like life among higher organisms? Some people who are lovely when nothing disagreeable is to be done, are the most unamiable when unpleasant duties are to be performed.

The starfish, although in eating it must perform the unpleasant task of pushing its stomach out through its mouth to get food, unlike its cousin, the anemone, is always beautiful. Learn a lesson from these pretty creatures.

You have all heard of tongues that hang in the middle and run at both ends, but did you ever hear of a tongue that is made of bands of cartilage moving up and down? Such is the tongue of the snail and his relatives. It is a curious contrivance, with its hook-like teeth, which point downward toward the stomach. These teeth sometimes number twenty-eight thousand. But these are not all; the stomach is lined with teeth. With those on the tongue Mr. Snail pulls his food into the stom-

ach, and with the stomach teeth he grinds it up. What an extensive business the dentist who cared for the teeth of the family would have!

If you observe animals carefully you will find that many of them resemble human beings in more ways than you imagine. It has just occurred to me that my sharp-tongued neighbor and the swordfish are very much alike. My neighbor can be picked out in a crowd by her sour-looking visage, while the swordfish is known by his extended upper jaw, which he uses to aid him in capturing his food.

We have been told that there is nothing else on the earth like the mouth of the sea-urchin. Surely it is an object of interest, with its five jaws opening and shutting just as the fingers and thumb of your hand spread out and come together. But let us leave our friends in the sea to call on some of our nearer neighbors. Here is the butterfly. At breakfast you will find it very difficult to get Miss Caterpillar, as she is known in the morning, to enter into any conversation with you; she seems to be entirely taken up with her breakfast of blossoms, seeds, and roots. At lunch, as Miss Chrysalis, she is altogether stupid; she ate so much breakfast she has been sleepy ever since, so you may as well give up any attempts at conversation until dinner. Then it is that Miss Butterfly comes out in the full glory of a dinner toilet; she is altogether bewitching in her exquisite dress, and between her delicate sips of water and honey she favors you with many an alluring smile and look. Scarcely less fascinating is Miss Hummingbird. Her musical voice and the dainty manner in which she sips sweet juices captivate you at once.

When you dine with the beetle, you will feel all the time that your jaws must be working in the wrong way, for the beetle's two pairs of jaws move sideways.

Our friend the frog is an eccentric old fellow; when he sits down to the table he remains so very quiet for some time that you begin to feel embarrassed, when suddenly he darts his tongue (which is long and has been kept turned back in his mouth) and snaps up something he likes. No effort on your part will induce him to speak, and so the meal is eaten in silence.

If you dare to sup with the snake, his table manners will remind you of some of your fellow-travelers at railroad stations. He does not attempt to masticate his food but swallows it whole.

As you go home through the meadow after your visits to the insects and reptiles, do not forget to observe that insect-eating plant, the Venus fly-trap. The trap is an appendage on the end of the leaf and opens and shuts as steel-traps do. When

an insect alights on the long bristles of the trap, the trap suddenly closes and holds the victim fast until from glands on the surface comes a secretion that carries on an apparent digestion of the food thus secured.

Another curious plant that feeds on animal life is the pitcher plant. The only thing lacking in this natural pitcher is the handle. What an addition to any child's play-kitchen would these pitcher plants be! In the bottom of each little pitcher is—the cream, I suppose the children would call it—but it is the sap and water, in which is caught the insect that by its decomposition is to give nourishment to the plant.

If the habits of these few animals and plants are but a sample of the thousands of curious things in the world, shall we not say with Bryant,

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me.
Be it ours to meditate,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

Miss Annie P. Buckley, May, '86, has a school of five pupils near La Grange, Stanislaus county. Her bell is a stick with which she raps the side of the house.

Mr. Charles M. Hodges, Dec., '83, will have taught one and one-half years at the close of this term. He is at the Park school, San Benito county.

Mr. John F. Utter, Dec., '83, has been Principal of the Pescadero public schools, in San Mateo county, nearly all the time since his graduation. At the last election he was elected County Superintendent of Schools.

"Talk of things, not of people."

Mr. Johnson, successor to Bacon Bros., is taking the Senior A pictures. The photos are pronounced to be the best ever taken, and there is no reason to show why the class picture also should not achieve that distinction.

A beautiful view of the Alum Rock Falls has been neatly sketched and painted by C. H. Harmon, and can be seen at his studio, 38 East Santa Clara Street. All who have an eye for the beautiful should call and see this picture.

"The experience and success of the teacher ought to be taken into account in the examination for a certificate. Al- most any examiner can ask questions that the best teachers will fail to answer, and if answered would tell little of the applicant's qualifications. Ordinary examinations, as they are usually conducted, are not a very accurate test of what a teacher can do in the school."

"Life without a purpose is like a ship at sea without a rudder."

"Words are intended to convey ideas, therefore be sure the language you use is understood. A recitation that the pupil is unable to give in other language than that used in the text-book is comparatively worthless."

"He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and examples, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one and pulls down with the other."

"No school has a right to complain of a teacher who is not paid a fair salary. You do not expect a low-priced article of any kind to be first-class, nor should a school that is unwilling to pay the price of a good teacher expect to have one."

"The teacher is not expected to know everything. If you are not able to answer a question, frankly tell your class that you are not. This is much better and more manly than to try to hide your ignorance under a cloak of meaningless words."

"Discipline has not accomplished its full work when it has only restrained the boy from doing wrong. It ought to induce him to choose the right not only while in school but in the presence of the teacher, but when out of school, everywhere and always."

"No one can succeed as a teacher who is not himself a student. Close and constant study, not only of the subjects to be taught but of others outside of and beyond these, is the price that every one must pay for real success in the school-room."

"To succeed, the teacher must be a regular reader of standard educational papers. Teaching is a science, and new and improved methods of doing school work are being discovered. The journals publish these and teachers must read and study them if they would keep up with the times."

The good teacher I regard as one who has a well defined purpose in all that he attempts to do; who not only leads his pupils to acquire useful knowledge, but helps to cultivate in them those powers of mind which will enable them to do well whatever they are called upon to do.

"Some one says that if horses were to become extinct, men would retrograde. They then would have to bear their own burdens and the physical man would increase at the expense of the intellectual, so that in time we would all go back to semi-savagism, as students of an athletic college do."

"The manner of learning and the facts learned so blend together in the early process of education as to form the habits of the mind, and give character to all its future operations. To successfully train pupils in the formation of right habits of acquiring knowledge, and to develop in them a correct taste for it, is one of the greatest triumphs of education. The possession of such habits and tastes is of far more value to the pupils than all the sciences that can be imparted to them in the school-room."

"The intellect is something more than a memorizing machine. It is the understanding, the thinking principle, the faculty of the mind, which originates, receives and comprehends ideas. The understanding relates to things done as well as to things said. The thinking principle works in minds that are constituted for such a purpose, much more actively in front of a machine or mechanical problem than it does over a text-book. Ideas relate to material matters as well as to mental propositions."

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

A. M. GUIDINGER,
LUTELLA H. BRYAN, LUTIE E. MORTON.

This issue winds up the editorial duties of the present Board. Although there is considerable labor attached to the editing of the Department, we cannot say that we have subjected ourselves to over-work. A task is always rendered easy by taking proper interest in it. The delight we have taken in the paper has made our duties easy and pleasant. Were it not for our confidence in the superior merit of our successors, it would be with reluctance and regret, rather than with complacency, that we sever the ties which bind us so closely to the INDEX.

In retiring from the chair, we bespeak for the paper increased success. People always manifest considerable delight in seeing themselves and their social incidents in print. Students find a strong inducement to cultivate their ability to write in the knowledge that their productions will be eagerly pursued by their schoolmates. So many avail themselves of this opportunity to improve their literary talent that the contributions to the paper more than suffice to fill its pages. Our subscription list has more than doubled itself during the present term. There can be no question that the success of the little school serial is insured by the prosperity and usefulness to which it has attained.

We are, however, sorry to state that in financial matters our Department is not yet what it should be. The students and graduates of the school should bear this in mind, and endeavor to increase the finances of the paper. We stand in need of an industrious business manager, who should make a strenuous effort to secure advertisements enough to fill a few pages in every issue. With a department in advertisements, as well as one in reading material, we may hope to defray a fair share of the expenses.

It has been intimated that the course of study should be extended to four years. Three years of school life, after a common school education, is probably as much as most students can afford, both physically and financially. During three years of fair labor a person should be able to prepare himself quite thoroughly for the profession of teaching. It occurs to us that applicants for

admission to other professions do not study any longer. There are certainly many studies on which more time might be spent to good advantage. It seems proper that every teacher should have a more or less extensive knowledge of general history. If a four years' course were adopted, this study would undoubtedly find a place in the catalogue. As it is, only a little information in that line is obtained through lectures. No study can well be exhausted in schools or colleges. A person might spend a score of years on many a branch of knowledge and then not know all about it. A fair introduction to the several studies is as much as most schools can give; and with a fair basis to build upon in after life, enterprising students may rise to distinction. So that a general knowledge of the underlying principles of the various sciences, rather than a complete mastery of them, should be one's aim while at school. If the present course of study will ever be changed, it might be better to raise it a term or two than to add another year to it.

Every writer should aim to be original. In literature no other transgression is so low as that of plagiarism. To purloin the fruits of the brains of others and appropriate them to the acquirement of popularity for ourselves is a contemptible crime. The dwarfs of the literary world frequently make use of every stratagem by which they may gain prominence. The productions of others are pilfered, and with slight changes are given to the public as their own. The contributions to newspapers often consist of articles taken word for word from other writers and signed by parties who would steal themselves into fame.

In order to escape the commission of this heinous offense in later life we should accustom ourselves to independent thought while young. The composition and essays of students should be, and generally are, the result of their individual thinking. They usually find it difficult to express themselves intelligently and with facility at first; but by long and careful practice this difficulty may be almost entirely overcome. By adhering to the rule to express our own thoughts in our own words we not only learn to write fluently but also develop our capacity to originate thought. The only way to increase the fecundity of this power is to exercise it in a proper way. By stealing the thoughts of others we decrease the fertility of our own mind, besides committing a barbarous offense.

It is, however, often difficult to determine where the division should be made between originality and plagiarism. The safest way is to be sure to keep on the right side of the dividing line. The

literature of our language is now so immense that it is quite difficult to become an extensive writer and not interdict to some extent the fields of thought already explored by others. But no person can expect to read all the books which have been written and thereby become familiar with the thoughts therein contained. For this reason it has been found necessary to divide thought into two kinds, namely: "original," and "with one's self." Thought which is original with one's self is such as has been already committed to books, but which is not known to the next writer. The successive originators of similar thoughts are entitled to as much credit as the first one is, the only difference being a matter of chronology. Many books are so faulty or incomplete that it is proper and creditable for other writers to correct and elaborate them. Even parts of the productions of others may be copied and worked into new form. But in these cases it is necessary to exercise an unusual nicety of discrimination in order to escape the commission of literary theft.

HOW TO STUDY.

When, where and how to study, "that's the question." Notwithstanding the immense amount of reading and studying done in our day, it may be safely said that we do not all fully understand the best way of applying the mind in order to develop it to the highest degree. This is a question of paramount importance to all students, for the greatest amount of knowledge can be acquired only when the mind has been developed to its maximum state of perfection. It is now generally conceded that the best way to develop an organ or a faculty is by exercising it in a judicious manner. A muscle will increase most in size and strength where it is required to perform the proper amount of work to which it is adapted, and it becomes weak and flabby again when allowed to relapse into a state of continual rest. And if exercised in an improper way, it becomes distorted and falls short of the development which might be brought about by better exercise. The case is similar with the mind, and the solution of the problem consists in being able to discriminate between proper and improper mental exercise.

Nobody should endeavor to study a lesson except when he is in a fair humor. A dissatisfied mood, a petulant temper, or a disinclination to mental labor, are injurious to the power of concentrating thought. When studying, the mind should be absorbed with the thoughts we read, not with those of our surroundings. A strong will properly directed will do much to overcome low spirits and aversion to study. The reading of

humorous extracts, also, is valuable in restoring the mind to a state of normal activity.

Absolute quiet and an agreeable place are conducive to good study. Those who have lived in climes where "sunshine and roses" is the exception rather than the rule, probably know how much one is induced to read and study by a bright blazing fire, of a cold winter evening, when all living things have retired for the night, and nothing disturbs the solemn quiet save the occasional squeak of a tree or whistle of the wind. The glow of the spirits, under such circumstances, preserves the energy of the mind so that it selects and assimilates the various ideas in a manner unknown to noisy surroundings. While in our clime the warping of the elements on fields of ice and snow can not usher us into a state of fervid enthusiasm, which makes study easy and agreeable, we may have the same state of affairs here, only in a somewhat mitigated form. All of us, perhaps, find study preferable to other employment, these cool evenings, by a bright fire in a quiet room. It is only in an absolutely quiet place that the mind which has been properly trained can enjoy study. The sudden intrusion of a noisy room-mate, or an unexpected uproar from an adjoining apartment, severely jars one's mental composure, and it requires some time to regain serenity. Those who believe they can study as well in the midst of noise as in the reign of absolute quiet have not had their minds properly trained, and have suffered them to become inured to a detrimental custom. The students of the Normal who are at or near the head of their class, and who have maintained that standard for several years, are seldom found studying; for they seek some quiet place where they will not be disturbed by others, and where they can study in a manner best fitted for the development of the mind and the acquirement of knowledge. There is prevalent among some of the lady students of the school, a very pernicious habit. During the noon and other intermissions several of them promenade up and down the halls, arm in arm, each with a book in her hand trying to study. A glance is taken at the book, then one into some room through an open door, then one at a passer-by; a question is asked about the lesson, then one about some social matter, then one about some student or another; a remark is passed on the lesson, another on a passer-by, and another on the teacher. With no evil intentions, and not cognizant of harm to themselves, such students generally fail to have excellent lessons, and naturally injure their power of concentration. That kind of study may be better than none at all, but it is evidently not the best kind.

Many of us confine ourselves too closely to our text books. School books are necessarily only a very curt, dry compilation of interesting facts. Reference works are exceedingly valuable, and should be consulted whenever it is possible. A study of the origin, discovery and history of facts impresses them indelibly on the mind. Instead of reading a lesson over half a dozen times, it is better to read it over only twice and devote the remainder of the time to reading limited articles on the subject, for which purpose many excellent books are always at command in school. For instance, a study of the manufacture and defects of the thermometer will aid one considerably in remembering its structure, form and application in ordinary life. By reading the various theories concerning the function of the spleen, a more correct idea of its form, location and connection with other parts of the body will be gained than by learning by rote the few dry statements in a school-book. A material aid in obtaining a thorough knowledge of a subject from a text-book, and in attaining a high rank in a class, is to read the book through as soon as possible, thus becoming familiar with the nature of the science; and then to study and keep a number of pages ahead of the class, always turning back to review the assigned lesson instead of learning it for the first time. The writer has tried this for some time, and has found it easy to keep ahead of the majority of his class with comparatively little study.

L. O. L.

As usual the above named society held a meeting in honor of the graduating class on the evening of the 22nd of December.

The following programme was rendered:

QUARTETTE	Misses Hawks, Rowan Clough, Arnold
ADDRESS	President
DECLARATION	Joe Moore
INST. SOLO	Miss Smith
ESSAY	Miss Holmes
RECITATION	Miss Farnsworth
VOCAL DUET	Misses Wright
RECITATION	Miss Campbell
	Reicks.
INST. DUET	Misses Oliver
	Charades conducted by Miss Clark.
ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASS	Mr. A. S. Niper
RESPONSE	Mr. A. M. Guidinger
QUARTETTE	Misses Hamilton, Starnes Pinebaker, Pennan

Miss Baker took the lead in the graduating class. She had always been noted for her industrious habits, and well deserves the honor.

CLASS SONG.

BY MISS VENIA KERCHEVAL.

O, soft as the light on the river,
And swift as the sails on its breast,
Are thoughts of the days gone forever,
When sunsets glow dim in the west,
We look to the morrow before us,
The crimson and gold of its dawn,
And oft as the memories steal o'er us,
We sigh for the days that are gone.

May darkness and sorrow be banished
From pathways that wait for our feet;
Though not as in days that are vanished,
O, comrades, again shall we meet.
And yet when the sleep that has bound us
Shall break at the trumpets deep blast,
May comrades and classmates be round us
Together once more at the last.

XMAS CLASS.

The commencement exercises were held, as usual in the Grand Opera House, Thursday afternoon, December, 23rd. The class consisted of twenty members, eighteen young ladies and two young gentlemen. Below we give the names of the graduates and their respective subjects. The first seven, given in the order of their rank, delivered their essays and orations. Miss Lucy M. Grant and J. Lawrence Walker, were chosen class historian and class prophet, respectively. Music was furnished by the Heine quartette.

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS.

MARY M. BAKER	Nature in American Poetry
A. M. GUIDINGER	Nobility of Toil
LIZZIE C. HENDERSON	Expression vs. Repression
MARY F. KING	Competition
MAGGIE H. BRYAN	Romance and Reality
MAMIE H. PERRY	The Teacher's Enthusiasm
DOCA C. VICKRY	Christmas Festivities
JOSEPHINE ELLIS	Genius
HATTIE TAYLOR	Science and Art
MARTHA L. FAULSTY	The Present
AURA C. TOMBS	Wheat and Chaff
J. LAWRENCE WALKER	Social Industry
BELLE MCFARLAND	Who are the Poor?
VENIA KERCHEVAL	A Leaf from the Holy Land
FRANK A. CROWLEY	Royalty and Bonds
MARY C. SWAN	Novelty and Familiarity
LILLIAN M. BAIRD	Historic Features of Ivanhoe
LUCY M. GRANT	What's in a Name
MARY E. HAZLEP	The True Patriot
LIZZIE E. REESE	Education

With the material for this issue, we send articles by E. R. Kellam and W. F. Taylor. We fear, however, that there will be no room for them. All unpublished articles will be left with our successors.

THE SPIRIT OF ROME.

VOKIA KERCHVAL.

It lead the bright glittering vanguard
Of armies that conquered a world;
It swayed with its breath that proud standard,
Wherever its folds were unfurled.

It perched on the conquering pinnacles
Of Rome's vengeful eagles that swept
The reach of the far faint dominions,
Earth's uttermost boundaries kept.

O'er conflict and conquest it brightened,
Still ever more fiercely, alas!
O'er bones of the conquered that whitened
In silence by mountain and pass.

The rays of the morning light, tender,
Flashed backward from armor and mail;
Before that swift vision of splendor
The lights of the Orient pale.

It gleamed where the squadrons now sunken
Passed bravely in splendid review;
O'er waters that long since have drunken
Both victor and vanquished, as due.

It broke the sweet silence that lingers
O'er lands of the lotos and vine;
It flashed from the phosphoric waters,
And followed their path as a sign.

Ah! well for the bondman and foeman,
They knew that in life's latest breath
The watchword and creed of the Roman
Who went forth was "victory or death!"

It flashed from the luminous jewel
That blazed on the Roman hand,
When the gibbous, signal, cruel,
Gave "death," o'er the blood crimsoned sand.

To one that faint gasping and wounded
Still dreamed of some far Thracian home,
While round him the wild cry resounded,
For life—for the pleasure of Rome.

A light leaps—yet caught by no painter—
And all—it is nothing to him;
The multitude's plaudits sound fainter,
Their far-away faces grow dim.

A circle, gray, crumbling and rotten,
The dim Coliseum now stands
Where those that were long since forgotten
Sprung up but in dreams from the sands.

As touched by the spells of some wizard,
And held as in the all by his wand,
It's vision to-day is the lizard,
That basks in the sun on the sand.

O'er distance the sunlight soft shimmers
The spell of the centuries waits;
On crevice and wall the light glimmers,
And pageants pass on through the gates.

And sounds from the far broken arches
Of haunts that have vanished from view,
And music, and far martial marches,
Fade faint in the distance blue.

The sword at Rome's summons extended
Long since was consumed by the rust;
Her tale is a carnival ended—
Patrician, plebeian are dust.

How broken lung siner is the spirit,
Whose passion once thrilled the long calms!
The children thy pride should inherit,
Now suppliant—begging for alms!

SCHOOL NEWS.

Wanted: A set of automatic erasers for some of the students.

Class motto: Spectemur agendo—"Let us be known by our deeds."

Mr. John Blake left school before the term closed on account of sickness.

It has been predicted that a certain young lady of Middle B is liable to become a little Riley.

Judging from the long drawn out notes some of the students would like to dwell on the Lord's prayer all day.

"Andromeda is a bright red star in Hades," said a geometry pupil, meaning of course, in the cluster Hyades.

"You draw some of your lines in shape like a dog's tail," said a Senior student to a training-school pupil while criticising his drawing.

Senior A's were highly pleased with their pictures. It must be because the artist flattered every one of them in their photographs.

"Well, Miss —, did you see those stars last night?" queried the Professor. "No, sir," said Miss —, "I could not see them without going a block or two." The height of industry.

Upon entering his recitation room one day, one of the professors found a young student waiting about his desk with a red shawl on in the presence of several ladies. The Professor seemed well pleased, and humorously asked whose colors they were.

A reward has been offered for the return of a small Normal boy, about the size of a man, who ran away barefooted with his father's shoes on. He carried on his back an empty bag containing two empty barrels of empty bungholes, and a small railroad tunnel. He was cross-eyed at the back of his neck, had his hair cut curly, and wore a mutton chop coat with bean soup lining. When last seen he was shoveling climate off the tower of the Normal, trying to make money enough to buy a copy of the INDEX.

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