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Bridgewater State Normal School

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OCTOBER, 1890.

NORMAL OFFERING.

A SCHOOL MONTHLY.

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Edited and Published monthly during the School Year, by the Lyceum of the
Bridgewater State Normal School.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

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MAIN STREET, BRIDGEWATER.
A PARABLE.

Where tangled ferns a fairy bower twine,
Beneath a lofty oak tree's spreading shade
Nature brings forth, all daintily arrayed
In green, an ivy vine.

The sun and dew are sponsors at its birth,
But not content, it longs for strength to breast
The storms that beat upon the oak's proud crest,
And mourns in humble worth.

A tempest breaks, that leaves the oak tree fair
A blot upon the beauty of the glade;
'Twere better far the lightning's stroke had laid
The giant prostrate there.

But lo! where all is ruin and decay
Kind nature stretches forth her bounteous hand,
And decked anew, the forest monarch stands
Crowned with an ivy spray.

Good Housekeeping.

SKETCHING.

MRS. E. F. BOWLER.

The ability to make a good sketch of any object, or of any bit of landscape that we see, is craved by all, and we involuntarily give honor to those who have the skill, and wish that we were gifted in like manner. But it is not so much of a gift after all, and I have heard it said that this very wish to do anything, is sure evidence that we have the power to do it, if we try. This is certainly true with regard to sketching; it is only another manner of speaking or writing, and though all cannot do it as pleasingly, and there will be a great difference in the handwriting, still all can do something that is very intelligible, nevertheless, and practice makes perfect.

Sketching generally suggests picture making, though truly it means a representation, in a simple manner, of anything we please to record. We make a sketch of a machine that we afterwards draw to scale. We sketch the plan of a house before proceeding to make a working drawing, and the artist as distinguished from the draughtsman makes a sketch of some lovely bit of scenery, before making his finished picture.

Again, sketches are made in different mediums, pencil, pentelk charcoal, water color, oil, and clay. Some artists combine these in sketches. It has been said of Turner, the great English landscape painter, that he combined pencil, pen, color, and even clay, in order to get certain effects.

Sometimes we have sketches that are very slight, then others that are like finished pictures, and which you must compare with such in order to decide whether they are, or not. "How shall we judge then?" you ask, "and what must we do, if we would make an attempt?" It must be understood at the outset, that the mind of an artist, and the power of his hand to express his conceptions, are as plainly seen in a mere outline drawing, however roughly executed and in whatever medium, as in his most finished productions, and the galleries of Europe give a large space to accommodate the sketches of the great masters, thus emphasizing their educational value, and giving them honor.

Every artist will have his own way of telling a story, and will go no farther than is necessary, to express what he wishes; another will tell the same story, but so differently that we would hardly know them to be the same, still both may have the underlying principles correct, and the story true. One artist has said most truly that a simple sketch is a naked, unadorned truth, bearing witness to the skill or its opposite, of the hand which produced it. But it may have many sides and be expressed in many ways, all having their peculiar excellences.

I saw in the Fine Arts Museum, a few weeks ago, a picture and a sketch by Messonier, the great modern French painter. The little picture is only about six inches by eight, and cost the Museum $14,000. The peculiarity of this artist's style is in his exquisite finish of small miniature-like pictures, with the light and shade, chiaroscuro, and drawing, wonderfully accurate. In the next room was a sketch by the same artist in Sepia, the main part of the picture finished ex-
quisitely with the pen, the other parts very slightly, but all the life and beauty carefully given, everywhere. Comparing the two, the same masters hand was evident, and also the vast difference between the sketch and picture.

In the same Museum hangs a picture by Millet, the painter of the Angelus, whose characteristic was great simplicity in composition and color, and many of his sketches in the adjoining room are much simpler than the painting. The contrast between these two artists is very great, yet they are both acknowledged great masters, and the world is content to read each ones story, and call both beautiful. Sometimes one master may appear very different at different times. Raphael was said to have had three styles of work. Nature herself sometimes paints her sunsets with the most brilliant colors, and again with quiet gray, according to her moods, still we accept both, and read her story of sunshine and storm, content, for each is true.

When the beginner goes to try his hand, let him remember this,—to tell his truth in his own way. If in outline only, then in the fewest possible lines, only those that mean something; if in light and shade, then simply, giving all the breadth and only such detail as he needs, to make it intelligible. Never try to imitate this one or that one, any more than you try to imitate your friend’s handwriting. It is thought you wish to express, it is the thought we look for in a picture, and an honest clear expression of it, will be always recognized and admired.

A TRIP TO MT. MONADNOCK.
A. F. KING, JR.

EARLY on the morning of a beautiful July day a merry parts of us set out for an all day’s ramble upon Mt. Monadnock. After a drive of twelve miles over dustless roads, winding through rich, thick woods, we arrive at a farm house at the foot of the mountain.

We leave our horses here and each taking a staff, to aid in climbing, begins the ascent. We have before us three miles of hard travelling over rocks and brush and occasionally a fallen tree, but by frequent rest and refreshment from the cool springs along our path, gain new strength and finally reach the top.

We are now on the highest peak in the southern part of New Hampshire and have within our vision all the natural points of interest in this half of the state. We can also see a part of Vermont and Massachusetts.

The view is, indeed, remarkable. As far as the eye can reach we see a vast stretch of country made up of mountain peaks, huge rocky glens, fertile fields and level tracts of grass land; over forty beautiful lakes and many pretty villages. This vast picture with its rich green shading, contoured by the delicate blue haze of the horizon fills us, incapable appreciators of God’s handiwork as we know ourselves to be, with a feeling of reverence which is beyond our power to describe.

Among the prominent peaks are Kearsarge, Cardigan, Crotchet, Peterborough, Temple, and Bald; among the lakes, the most beautiful is Dublin at the foot of Mt. Monadnock, a lake as clear as crystal with its smooth, white sandy bottom.

Having feasted our eyes upon the expanse before us, we sit down on a smooth grass plot, sheltered from the wind by overhanging rocks and eat our lunch. Now, we are ready to explore the mountain itself.

The rocks on the summit are covered with glacier marks which look like Egyptian hieroglyphics; many of these rocks contain garnets, tourmaline and quantities of mica. On the south side of the mountain is a huge gulley, probably made by a glacier slide.

While searching for minerals, we find a large cave, which looks to be a substantial shelter from storm for some Geological student, or other pleasure-seeker. It is evident that such has been the use made of it, by the heap of ashes and the blanket strap which we find here. Along the sides of the mountain we gather a few rare wild flowers, and add to our other collections of the day.

The afternoon is fast drawing to a close and we retrace our steps of the morning. This is much easier than the ascent and in a short time we find ourselves at the foot. In a few minutes, we are ready to start for home. Taking a different road through as beautiful a section of the country as the one through which we came, we
arrive home just as the sun is setting, feeling that we have spent our time in a very valuable as well as enjoyable way.

ON THE FIELD.

The morning of the 27th found its own unsettled state reflected in many faces, but with the generosity characteristic of young minds the sports were given “the benefit of the doubt,” and preparations were in order for the afternoon.

Shortly after dinner the campus began to present a lively appearance, and by the hour at which the sports were called the number of spectators was large enough to fix the “do or die” determination in every participant.

Promptly at two a certain well-known music was heard, and Field Marshall F. B. Thompson announced the first of the sports, the Sack Race.

Several took part in the race, and at the starter’s signal the enclosure looked like a sea of dust and burlap shreds with a school of human porpoises leaping in it. Fifty feet forward, a turn about, and fifty feet back is a trying trip when made in a bag, and some of the young men did “utterly fall” almost at the outset. The successful contestant was Mr. S. B. Paul, '93, who won the race in twelve seconds.

Next came the trial of Putting Shot which seemed to be made up in view of the “luck in odd numbers,” as there were seven men engaged, and each man was required to put the shot from a square seven feet on a side in which he stood until the shot left his hand. The weight thrown was thirteen pounds, the farthest distance, thirty-three feet, ten inches—the record gained by Mr. H. C. Leonard, '92.

In the Standing Broad Jump there were a number of good runners, and the race promised to be close, but the acknowledged winner was again Mr. H. C. Leonard, in twelve and three-quarters seconds, which is considered good time for a race on grass ground.

Of the four who took part in the Standing Broad Jump the successful one was Mr. Winslow, Section B, '94. The distance measured was ten feet, four inches, which showed a gain of eight inches over the record of last year.

There were a number of entries for the Running Broad Jump, but only two appeared to make the trial. Mr. H. C. Leonard won, jumping sixteen feet, eleven inches.

There is an old story of a kind of bird which has a wing on only one side, and for this reason it must find a mate with a wing on the opposite side to its own, with whom it may join forces for flight. Fine fables have but little charm for the modern Yankee mind, and perhaps that is why we find the above principle of mutual movement embodied in the practical form of a Three Legged Race. Six teams took part in this sport, running fifty feet forward turning the stake, and returning. The first result was a tie between Messrs. Leonard and McGrath in the one team and Messrs. Keith and Jones in the other. In the run between these two, Keith and Jones were the winners, reaching the goal in eight seconds.

Both the Standing High and the Running High Jumps were won by Mr. Winslow, the first, four feet two inches, the second, four feet ten.

The Potato Race was entered by four participants, each of whom had a coacher. The potatoes were placed two feet apart, twenty in a row, and the excitement was intensified by the vigorous coaching which made this one of the most interesting sports. The best record, one minute, twenty-eight and one-half seconds, was made by Mr. Hatch, Section G, '91.

There were five entries for the Three Standing Jumps, but when called, the event was only made to count by the work of Mr. Paul who jumped twenty-seven feet, four inches.

The Wheelbarrow Race was a novel feature, and the number of entries was large in proportion. Eleven men took part, each making the venture alone under these conditions: he must first be blindfolded, turn around with his wheelbarrow three times, and then start with it toward a stake set one hundred feet from the starting point. Most of the contestants spared neither man nor beast in their trip, but made wild encroachments on the domain of those looking on, and even dared an encounter with the quaint old cart horse as he dozed in the traces. The most successful attempt was made by Mr. K. W. Fuller, '92, who came within two feet, four inches of the stake.
The course of the Hurdle Race included ten hurdles, three feet high and twenty-five feet apart, and the prize was carried off by Mr. F. E. Sears, '91, in seventeen seconds.

The Pole Vault rivalry was confined to two, Mr. Packard, the winner, vaulting to a height of six feet, two inches.

The Quarter Mile Run was won by Mr. Paul in fifty-eight seconds, which is the best time recorded on the books of the Association.

In the Ball Throw Mr. Paul scored another success, throwing three hundred and seven feet and seven inches, a marked gain over last season's work.

The desert of the whole was the Bean Pot Race, in which there were nine men in groups of three, one bearing the blue, another the red, and the third, mixed colors—nile green, pink and garnet. The bean pot was placed near the park arch, where each in the first group took his place, color in hand, for the start. This team ran one third of the whole course to the point where the second three stood, each man ready to receive his chosen color, and continue the race the second third of the distance marked out. The men in the last team took their colors, and finished the race by returning to the starting point at the arch, where the mixed colors represented by Messrs. Paul, Winslow, and McGrath came in ahead.

According to custom, the evening following the sports found the students gathered about the bonfire near the campus, to chat, and sing college songs until the dying flames told that another Field Day was over.

It is much to the credit of the officers of the Athletic Association, as well as to those who had charge of affairs on the grounds, that persons of long connection with the school have pronounced this the best Field Day for a number of years.

A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE.
ELLA C. PACKARD.

"O no, Squire, not quite as bad as that, I hope. Remember the experiment is to be only for a few weeks, and very serious results cannot come of it in that time."

"Wal, I wash my hands o' the hull bizness. You've had yer own way, now git along the best way yer ken." And with these words the speaker drove off, leaving his companion to follow at his leisure.

The person who had given vent to his feelings in such forcible language, was Squire Edgerly, the most prominent man in Eddyville, and hitherto the autocrat of the village. Although unlettered and uncouth, he was blessed with a large portion of this world's goods, and was accordingly looked upon by the people, with a few exceptions, as an authority in their little world.

He was chairman of the school committee, and not only hired all the teachers, but even instructed them "How skewl orter be kep." They had always yielded submissively, and up to this time Eddyville school had been a copy of those of forty years before; but now a new teacher had come and had even dared to defy the Squire's authority by introducing more modern methods of teaching. None of the pupils complained, and every one else seemed well satisfied, but the Squire decided that such things should not be, and called a meeting of the committee to see what should be done.

Now, to the Squire's way of thinking, "These new idees of eddication, railroads, telegraphs and such wuz all works o' the evil one, and didn't make the world no better. What wuz good enough for my fathers is good enough for me'n mine." So when he went to that committee meeting, he was fully determined that Miss Anthony should teach his way or should leave. But something unusual occurred. Mr. Lane, the minister, and Mr. Early, the other members of the committee, both opposed him. Miss Anthony had won them to her side by a prettily-worded note, in which she requested the privilege of using her methods the remainder of the term. The Squire grumbled and fumed, but all to no purpose. The minister and Mr. Early were bound to have their way this time, and he was obliged to give in to them. His very disparaging remarks, with which
our story opens, were the result of this afternoon's meeting.

The weeks wore on and apparently matters ran smoothly at the school house. The Edgerlys, from Hiram, popularly called Hi, to little Rachel, father's pet, were evidently very fond of Miss Anthony, and the father received almost daily reports regarding the new teacher and her methods. Such remarks as, "Fractions is a good sight easier with the rulers," "O, pa, we had some dear little kitties to write about to-day," or "Say, dad, teacher told us about bees this mornin'," were constantly coming to him, to which he would reply only by a "Humph!" or a "Pooh!"

One evening a few weeks before the end of the term, the Squire remarked, "Wal, Hi, I guess yer needn't go ter skewl no more arter this week. I want yer on the farm." Hi's face fell instantly, and he made haste to reply, "O, dad, can't I go to school the rest of the term? I'll help yer mornin's and nights." Dad's eyes opened wide in astonishment. As much as his boy disliked work, school had been still more distasteful, and any excuse to leave had been welcome, but now he was begging not to be taken out. However, after a few moments' thought, he rather grudgingly gave his consent to Hi's remaining.

Two weeks later, on the last day of the term, Squire Edgerly donned his best clothes and went down to the school house to do his duty as chairman of the committee.

This was a gala day for the scholars, and they had transformed the grim old school house into a bower of evergreens and wild flowers. At the desks were children with bright, eager faces, and at the back and sides of the room were ranged the visitors, for almost all Eddyville went down to the school house on the last day of school. Miss Anthony, with her fresh, sweet face, was not the least attraction in the scene, and the Squire admitted to himself that he did not see how the children could help liking her.

The children contributed songs, recitations, and a few compositions, and then the Squire arose to speak. There is not time to tell you all he said, but after words of advice and commendation to the children, he remarked:

"I'm free ter say, I didn't want no teacher here with new-fangled notions. I thought the old ways wuz good enough, but when my boys and gals come ter skewl without grumbling and when my boy Hi wanted ter stay out the term, I thought sumthin' wuz the matter, and I'm free ter admit I don' know but I've been asleep all these years and praps some o' the new ways is the best after all, and I ken tell you one thing, I'll vote to hev Miss Anthony back next term. Now Mr. Lane'll talk ter yer a little, and that'll close the exercises."

The Squire sat down roundly applauded, and Mr. Lane arose.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad our Squire has got his eyes opened. At last he's found out that 'The world do move,' as the colored preacher said, and now I predict great things for our Eddyville school. Who knows but what some of you boys will be going off to college yet and make great men? But before I sit down, I want to say that we all ought to thank Miss Anthony for her interest in our school. She knew there was a better way of teaching than we had, and she had courage to put it into practice, even against opposition. Sometime you scholars will look back and find that Miss Anthony lead you to think for yourselves."

Mr. Lane then stepped down from the platform and the gathering dispersed, but before going to their homes, the boys stopped in the yard to cheer Miss Anthony and the committee.

All this happened five years ago, and it is long since I have been at Eddyville, but a friend has just written me that they are to have a new school house, for which Squire Edgerly has contributed bountifully, and that he declares his children shall have all the education they want, so I think the Squire has waked up in earnest.

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Mr. William G. Rich has charge of the grammar school in Whitefield, N. H., for the fall and winter terms.

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Our visitors this month have been, Miss Jones, Mrs. Sweet, Miss Susie Turner, Miss Brown, Mr. Keyes, Miss Edna Leads, Miss Lula A. Miller, Miss Alice Simmons, Mrs. Bates, Miss Edna Shepard, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. John Larabee, Mr. Benj. Larabee, Mr. Knowlton, Mr. McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Buffum, Miss Fickett, Miss Starrett.
The Normal Offering.

Published monthly during the School Year, by the Lyceum of the Bridgewater State Normal School.

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The Offering is strictly a school paper, and all members of the school are requested to contribute. Ex-members and graduates of the school are requested to keep us informed of their whereabouts, and of any other items of interest. Articles for publication should be sent in before the 5th of the month. Address communications to "The Normal Offering", Normal Hall, Bridgewater, Mass. The Editors reserve the privilege of rejecting any articles which are not deemed satisfactory.

HENRY T. PRATT, Printer, Bridgewater, Mass.

In our September number, we asked each subscriber of the Offering to aid us in increasing the usefulness of the paper, and in making it interesting. One of the ways in which you may aid us is, by taking heed to the following request.

Ex-members and graduates of the school are requested to keep us informed of their whereabouts, and of any other items of interest.

This request is published in every number of the paper, but unfortunately is in a place to which little attention is given, namely, that part of the paper just above the first column of the editorials.

It seems to us that our column of "Personals" ought to be one of great interest to all, and especially to the graduates and older members of the school. Through this column many expect to gain information as to where their friends are teaching, and we desire that they might thus find out. But we can inform them, only as we receive the knowledge directly from you. We should be aided very much if there were a more general compliance with this request.

All items of interest, other than those for the column of "Personals," may be sent to the editor; those for that column, either to the editor, or to Miss E. A. Barbey, who has charge of that column.

We are glad to see the interest which the majority of the members of the Lyceum take in its meetings, and an addition of eighteen new members at the meeting on September 12th, is an encouraging sign. We believe that the Lyceum can be made of much more benefit than it now is. Some, we believe, when asked to do anything to contribute to the evening's programme, hold back from fear of adverse criticism. The only ones we have noticed, who find fault, are those who take no part themselves. Those who are interested, and do what they can to promote the interests of the Lyceum, look to find the good side in all that is done.

Some one in the school evidently has the same thought that we have, as the article found elsewhere shows.

We would say to every member of the Lyceum, do not be afraid of what others may say. If you do something that is not wrong in itself, and do the best that you can, you will find that the second time is easier than the first, and that you have more power to do, from having done. Let each one enter heartily into the work of the Lyceum, and we can have some very helpful meetings.

The following article is so good, and expresses our own belief in the matter so much better than we could express it, that we give it just as we found it.—ED.

The debating club is a greater educator than the lecture, since the first presents all sides of the question, while the latter is often a one-sided affair. 'In no way is ignorance on any subject so fully realized as in the attempt to explain or discuss it, hence the teacher, and debater, must study, investigate, and prepare. No two minds run in the same channel; thoughts and reflections are influenced by the accidents of temperament and opportunity. No better school of thought, culture, and progress exists than the Lyceum, conducted by those who desire improvement. Men-
tual conflicts, brain-developers, thought-generators, vastly outweigh, in importance to the individual and the community, the base-ball, cricket, and boating clubs and the leading sensations of the day. When once the mind pushes out into the realms of investigation its growth commences; expression of thoughts by pen or tongue begets succession of thoughts; once aroused to activity, once incited to competition with other minds, the brain strengthens in proportion to the demands upon it. In the friction and jostle of conflicting thought new light flashes on the participants. The lyceum is more comprehensive than the study, for a student ever so profound may hug some delusive fancy, around which, in the secluded quiet of his library, he may weave a self-satisfying fabric of ingenuity and skill, which, exposed to the stirring intellectual combat of the lyceum platform, would be torn into shreds of fallacious reasoning. Pride of opinion often receives a healthy shock from the batteries of other minds.

The young man who decides to spend a part of his leisure in preparing for and attendance on the lyceum, thereupon stamps his character and future with the distinguishing signs of manhood and elevated purpose; he rises at once above the average of inactive, thoughtless, aimless humanity; he receives the first rays of inspiration that ensure success, reward, and greatness. He not only gains increased range, power, and discipline, over his own thoughts, but also stores his mind with the experiences and statements of his associates. Life is too short to depend solely upon the deductions of isolated, individual thought; pages from the best works of our fellow members of society, form valuable additions to our own book of life, when translated in the language of our own convictions and adapted to our own surroundings. Young men cannot safely estimate their own capacities until some stimulating cause is presented; ability remains unrecognized without something to call it out. Few orators, debaters, or leading minds, were recognized as such, even by themselves, in their early years; diffidence and modesty are often the early companions of brilliant thought and eloquent speech. The first attempt at debate is a decided step in advance, because it at once indicates the necessity of previous thought and preparation.

A host of pertinent matters that never would be developed by single-handed home thought and practice, while at the same time the hunting up of authorities, the earnest discussion, the knowledge of the rules of debate, will enable all, and especially the young, to become more valuable members of society and better fitted to fill any station in life, from the humblest town officer to the honored national representative.

WE WERE disappointed, "Field Day," in not seeing some of our friends who usually come to visit us on that day. The rain of the day before, and the threatening weather of the morning of Sept. 27, probably kept them away. We were glad to see those who did come, however, and believe that they were not disappointed in what they saw.

The clearing weather of the morning, determined the executive committee, and the events were prepared for.

Every race down on the programme was carried out, and although there were not as many contestants in some of the races as there would have been, had the day been pleasant, yet on the whole, it was one of the most successful "Field Days" which we have ever held. An account of the day's proceedings may be found in another place.

WE found the following article in our mailbox last month, with the request that we insert it. It is to this article that we refer elsewhere.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business; but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—Robert West.

CURRENT ARTICLES ON EDUCATION.

IN THE October number of the New England Magazine, Pres. Henry H. Goodell has an article on "The Massachusetts Agricultural College," and James Knapp Reeve writes about "Agricultural Education."


The *Forum* contains an interesting article on "Climate and the Gulf Stream," by Jacques W. Redway, and Prof. Arthur W. Wright contributes "The Zodiacal Light."

In the *Century Magazine*, Mr. G. H. Darwin has an article on "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems."

**EXCHANGES.**

The *High School Times* again heads our list of exchanges. We would say that it is just as bright and interesting as ever.

The *Alpha* is one of our largest and best exchanges. Its many well-filled pages reflect great credit on its editorial board.

The *Premier* is again at hand. We notice that it still heads a column "Sense and Nonsense." Perhaps the rest of us should do likewise, only be sure that no other articles get out of place.

We notice that the *Washburn Reporter* devotes a great deal of space to personals and locals. It is well to let the readers know what is going on.

**HELPS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.**

**HENRY II, 1154–1189.**
First of Plantagenets, now Henry reigns,
Famed for his power and his large domains;
A priest imperious vexed him all his life,
His sons proved rebels, and a shrew, his wife.

**RICHARD I, 1189–1199.**
Richard, for boisterous courage chiefly known,
Wasted his years in countries not his own:
A prisoner long, at length untimely slain,
England had small advantage from his reign.

**JOHN, 1199–1216.**
John’s reign was full of troubles and tumults
From his bad conduct and from priestly wiles.
England’s great charter, by the barons won,
He gave, but to the pope he resigned his crown.

**HENRY III, 1216–1272.**
This king chief note in history doth gain,
From civil discord and protracted reign;
Fickle and weak, he saw his crown just gone,
Yet dying, left it to his warlike son.

**EDWARD I, 1272–1307.**
Far distant when acknowledged, Edward came,
Assumed the crown and ruled with matchless fame:
Welch, Scots, he conquered, made and un-made
kings,
Reformed the laws, and clipped the clergy’s wings.

**EDWARD II, 1307–1327.**
Poor Edward’s reign the brightest prospect hails,
The Welsh proclaimed him,—he was born in
Wales;
But by his Queen and Mortimer dishonored,
Opposed by murderers poor Caernavoc groaned.

**EDWARD III, 1327–1377.**
Triumphant, the Black Prince’s sire,
In peace and war, we honor and admire.
France conquered, Scots subdued, preserved
his name,
But his last days eclipsed his former fame.

**RICHARD II, 1377–1399.**
Richard from valiant sire and grandsire sprung,
Proved weak, perverse, and rash, for he was
young,
Yet brave; from rebels did defend the throne
And, when deposed, lost not his life alone.

**THE ZEPHYR AND THE WATER LILY.**

The zephyr had scarcely moved all that long summer day, but had sullenly refused to lift the head of any of the parched and withering flowers; and tired with the heat as evening came on, she
thought—as she glanced at the pure water lily—how refreshing a night's rest would be in its dainty cup.

So she approached the lily very softly and whispered; "Lily, dear may I sleep in your beautiful cup?"

The pink and green leaves quivered and then the snow-white petals parted, and the lily's sweet voice said; "Welcome." The zephyr crept down into the lily's golden heart and the white leaves closed overhead. She slept very sweetly that night, and when she left her golden bed in the early morning, the lily said; "Come to me to-night, but come happy."

As the zephyr skimmed lightly over the lake, she wondered what she could do to be happy that she might sleep again in her soft bed. "I will do all that I can to everything," she thought; "and perhaps if I tell Lily I have been good, she will let me sleep in her cup again, even if I should not be happy."

She flew lightly through the woods singing softly among the leaves of the trees, and spying a poor little flower that had been trodden under foot, she lifted it gently on her light wings and kissed its face.

At noon she reached the children's play-ground, and fanned with her cool breath the heated faces of the tired children; and, as she passed on her way, she made music in the leaves of the maple by the window of the poor invalid who listened.

At night, as she moved over the surface of the lake, she was full of joy, and whispered as she sank to rest under the snowy folds of the lily: "I shall never be sad again."

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

She stood on the high school platform
In her sweet white muslin dress,
From her essay a ribbon fluttered,
And it dealt with "Happiness."

"It is what we do for others,"
She said, "that must bring us bliss;
The highest delight the selfish
Can never fail to miss.

"Just in giving there is gaining.
He who stops to count the cost
Loses all the good he might get.
If the thought of self were lost."

And her mother heard the essay,
But her thoughts seemed bound to roam
From its subject; and she pondered,
For she'd seen the girl at home.

PROGRESS ON THE NEW BUILDING.

EVERY day now we can get a more definite idea of the appearance of our new building.
The progress since we returned to school has been steady, and the walls, with the well designed interlaying of buff brick, are fast assuming a massive and pleasing appearance.

The carpenters have nearly finished the attic floor and the masons have reached the windowsills of the third story, where they are laying a very tasteful coping of buff brick. The outer wall will go up straight ten feet beyond this band, where the roof will begin.

Owing to the delay in May, caused by the non arrival of the water-struck brick, the masons are about one story behind but they expect to get the roof on before winter so that the work of finishing inside may be pushed rapidly.

One of the employees said the other day, "That will be a model building when it is finished."
This is what we all think. It will be finished inside with oak, ash, and white-wood.

Probably it will not be done April 1st as contracted, but will be ready for occupancy next summer.

DEPARTMENTS.

MISS E. M. KEITH.

LYCEUM.

The first Lyceum of the term met Sept. 12. The subject of the debate was, Resolved: That the emigration of the Chinese to the United States should be allowed. Mr. Janvrin was the first speaker in the affirmative. He referred to the condition of California forty years ago, and stated that the Chinese are thrifty, industrious, people.

Mr. Drake opened the debate on the negative side, with the argument that the Chinese do not come here to make citizens, and that, if they were ambitious they would make something of their
own country. Mr. Burke, the second gentleman in the negative, said that their labor is servile, they displace other laborers, and send their money out of the country; there is also peril of an overflowing immigration of the Chinese.

Mr. Paul, the second speaker in the affirmative, closed the debate with these ideas: Did the United States set one class of slaves free to import another? If we would do our duty toward God, we must educate these poor people. The resolution was adopted, nineteen voting in the affirmative and twelve in the negative.

Mr. Nishimura spoke in general debate. He asked us to pity these poor people, who cannot govern themselves because they are a conquered nation. Mr. Pingree of the Junior class, and Messrs. Ireland, Eldredge, Hatch, and Leonard also spoke in general debate.

It was voted by the Lyceum of September 12 to indefinitely postpone the debate which would regularly occur September 26, that an illustrated lecture, entitled "Lights and Shadows of London," might be given by Rev. E. S. Ufford under the auspices of the Lyceum.

After giving an idea of life on an ocean steamer, Rev. Mr. Ufford took his audience on a tour through London, visiting not only the House of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the Royal Palaces, and other noted buildings, but the White-chapel district in the East End of London. Among the illustrations were views of Dr. Parker, Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon, and the Prince of Wales.

The new optical invention called the bi-opticon, was used in this entertainment.

GYMNASTICS.

The first set of gymnastics is being taught by Miss B. E. Hunter and Miss E. M. Keith. Mr. Bates is Mr. Moore's successor at the piano.

The next set will be taught by Mr. C. E. Reed, June '90 and Mr. J. S. Hayes, Jan. '90. The exercises this term are to consist wholly of arm movements.

PSYCHOLOGY.

MR. BOYDEN being absent Oct. 1, the senior class spent the hours for psychology recitation in the School of Observation.

Special attention was given to What was taught, How it was taught, and Effect on the children. A report addressed to Mr. Boyden was prepared by each member of the class.

DRAWING.

MRS. BOWLER is preparing an outline for the first nine years' work in drawing. It will be printed with the alternate pages blank, for the addition of illustrations.

Blackboard work figures in the class exercises in drawing, more than formerly. This affords each pupil an opportunity of seeing his classmates work, which is especially helpful in training the eye of the embryo teacher, and the whole class is benefited by Mrs. Bowler's criticism. Another great advantage in this work is, that it tends to overcome the habit of making lines by inches.

It is a very important exercise, in all grades. In model drawing, the model is drawn in the book under the teacher's direction, then a sketch of the same model is made in the sketch book, followed by a drawing from memory on the blackboard.

Some of the large models have been painted, for the purpose of teaching the perspective of ornament. On the cone and cylinder, alternate bands of black and white; on the faces of the cube, simple designs in a circle and square.

The study of drawing is to cultivate an appreciation for the beautiful, and many useful facts can be found in Lessons on Decorative Design, by Frank Jackson. This is an elementary textbook of principles, which underlie all decoration. The book contains thirty-four plates which illustrate the application of these principles, and furnish designs composed of straight lines, and elaborate patterns with forms derived from nature.

Another good textbook in design is that of Lewis F. Day.

PERSONALS.

MISS E. A. BARBEY.

-'89. Miss May Cole teaches in Somerset.

-Mr. Meizar Homer Jackson has accepted the principalship of the Tewkesbury High School.

-Mr. Albert Candlin is connected with the Boston University instead of Boston College.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

90. Miss Mary J. Doyle teaches in North Adams.
90. Miss Mary Hadley is teaching in Royalston.
90. Mr. A. E. Vinton is teaching in Rockland, Mass.
Mr. Edward Atkinson is studying Theology at Harvard.
90. Miss Clara M. Silver is teaching in North Adams.
90. Miss Louise S. Russell is teaching in New Ashburn.
89. Miss Julia Donovan is teaching in North Attleborough.
89. Mr. Chester H. Wilbur resumes teaching in Hyannis this month.
89. Mr. Fred Atkinson is teacher of Sciences in the Westfield High School.
90. Miss Grace Parker is teaching a grammar school in East Walpole.
90. Mr. Edgar Farwell is principal of a grammar school in Osterville.
89. Mr. Albert S. Ames and Mr. Julian L. Noyes are teaching in Grafton, Mass.
89. Mr. Arthur O. Burke has accepted the principalship of the Norwell High School.
90. Miss Rose E. Ryan has accepted the position of assistant in the Hingham High School.
William L. Phinney, of the class of '90, is teaching in Natick, R. I., where he has been elected principal of the grammar school.
81. Mr. Preston Smith, formerly principal of the high school, Scituate, has accepted the position of sub-master of the Leominster High School.
Miss Anna W., daughter of Dr. Edward Sawyer of Bridgewater, was married to Mr. Frank I. Cooper of Pittsburg, Pa., on the afternoon of Oct. 16, in the Unitarian church. Mrs. Cooper was a member of the Class of June, '88.
A number of friends and pupils were with us Field Day. We note the names of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Misses Helen Cutter, Alice Hamblett, Margaret Orr, Grace Parker, Etta Chapman, M. P. C. Tucker, Jennie Soloman, Sheba Berry, Lucelia Knowles, Francis Plimpton, Erminnie French, Mrs. Hunnewell, Messrs. Hiram Francis, John E. Frenning, Edward Parker, William Hutchinson, Edward Delano, Frank Speare.

LOCALS.

MISS M. W. SCHUYLER.

—Class in Zoology, discussing the structure of the sponge.
Teacher. "Of what is the sponge made?"
Promising Pupil. "The sponge is made of holes."
—New developments in Zoology.
Teacher. "Let us compare the voices of the horse and the cow."
Pupil. "The horse neighs while the cow meows." (moos.)
—Ancient History.
"What were the great branches of the human race?" After being told the Aryan and Semitic, the teacher asked the name of the third. A brilliant youth, whose mind evidently dwelt with his Mineralogy, replied, "Hematite."
—Class in penmanship.
"We shall now notice some letters having the same stroke as i. Miss — may mention some such letters."
Scholar. "The letter s and the letter c."
Teacher, stepping to the board, remarks, "Letter c," (Let us see).
—An original way of obtaining a definition.
Teacher. "What is rhyme?"
Pupil. "I don't know."
Teacher. "Do you know it when you see it?"
Pupil. "Yes."
Teacher. "What do you know when you see it?"
Pupil then defined rhyme.
—A very trying circumstance in the Psychology class. The continual change in the body was the topic under consideration. Teacher after questioning young lady, remarked, "You are now Miss —. You have always been Miss —. How long do you expect to remain Miss —?" The maiden sat down quite overcome with this personal interrogation as to her future.
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