The Normal Offering, Vol. 10, No. 4, May 1897

Bridgewater State Normal School

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State Normal School.

BRIDGEWATER.

This institution is one of the seven State Normal Schools under the direction of the Mass. Board of Education, and is open to young men not less than seventeen years of age and young women not less than sixteen, who desire to prepare for teaching in the public schools of the State.

It has a two years' course of study, a four years' course, an intermediate course which includes the two years course and elective studies, and special course for graduates of normal schools and colleges.

Tuition is free to all who intend to teach in the schools of Massachusetts. Entrance examinations for 1897, Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, Tuesday and Wednesday Sept. 7-8. Applicants must be present both days of the examination. For circulars address:

ALBERT G. BOYDEN,
Principal.
We should be pleased if our readers would send us any personals they may happen to know of. If graduates of the school would take pains to keep us informed as to their whereabouts it would be a source of gratification to their many school friends, for we like to keep in touch with one another after we have left the school, and to know how our former classmates and schoolmates are getting on. If each of our readers would help with his "mite," the "Personal" column could be made exceedingly interesting.

It seems fitting at this time that mention should be made of Memorial Day, which is now so close at hand; the day set apart in memory of the men who died fighting for their country.

It is hard to realize now what it meant to those men to leave home and friends for the distant battlefield, from which as they realized, they would, perhaps never return; the boy of eighteen marching over the dusty roads of the South, climbing the mountains of Tennessee, or struggling through the swamps of Virginia, standing side by side with the man of forty and sharing equally with him the dangers of bullet, shell, and fever.

When we hear an old sailor tell of the fight at Hampton Roads; how the Minnesota ran aground, and the Congress was burned to the
water's edge; how the gallant Cumberland with her flag still flying at the peak went to the bottom, firing a last broadside as she went down; how it seemed that the iron monster would destroy the whole fleet; when just at dusk in steamed the little monitor which was to turn the tide of the battle on the next day; when we hear this told by one who was in the battle, we realize a little more fully what dangers were braved by the boys who exchanged the garb of a citizen for the uniform of a soldier.

And it is in memory of those who gave their lives in the struggle that we set aside the 30th of May as a 'day by itself.'

The idea of a "Memorial Day" originated with General Logan, a few years after the close of the war. It was taken up by the different states and spread rapidly over the union. At first different dates were chosen by the various states for the day, but custom finally settled upon May 30, which is now a legal holiday in most of the states. Memorial Day is at present observed both in the North and South.

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**Pickett’s Charge.**

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down. Without disgrace,
They leaped to ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
In smiles on Glory's bloody face.

They fell, who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand.
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium.

Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for freedom's battlement.

Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentle purpose runs.

A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

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**Dust From The Wheel.**

Miss Cogswell lived in a quiet New England town where all activity and interest centered about the great university situated in its midst. Ever since she could remember, college men had been her constant attendants, and now at the mature age of twenty-one she could still enjoy their society. Her admirers belonged to all ranks of importance and age, from the dignified professor who found a keen delight in listening to her well-expressed but fantastic views on his favorite hobby, down to the youngest freshman, just from the country, who in the depths of his little heart regarded her as a living wonder and foolishly expressed his admiration; for which boldness he received a deserved reprimand that warned him in future to keep such thoughts to himself.

Foremost among her admirers was Mr. Barlow, a tall, light-haired youth, who wore glasses and delighted in Browning. His home was in a little village on the Massachusetts coast which perhaps accounted for his great love of old clothes and the ocean. "How can she bear having him around so much," was the comment of her girl friends who put on a great show of indifference to conceal their jealousy whenever they saw Mr. Barlow giving himself a holiday by taking Miss Cogswell for a canoe trip up the river. Mr. Curtis was another who chose to regard himself as Miss Cogswell's particular
property, and his devotion excited twice as much envy as did that of Mr. Barlow, because the former lived in New York, was "awfully swell." Both men were quite well aware of the estimation in which they were held, and valued themselves accordingly—never higher than when wheeling down the avenue in their "stunning" golf suits.

Each had offered many times to show Miss Cogswell how to ride and at last, one afternoon Mr. Barlow found himself accompanying her to an unfrequented country road where he was confident he could teach her the enviable art in a very few minutes; but they found it necessary to keep up a vigorous practice for an hour or more, when considerably discouraged and wearied they were glad to rest in the shade of a friendly oak tree. Mr. Barlow began at once on his favorite Browning, but was soon interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Curtis who had been watching the others from afar and concluded it was now time he joined them. The conversation which followed was decidedly labored for each man persistently ignored the pretention of the other, addressed all his remarks to Miss Cogswell, and was happy only in proportion to his success in gaining her attention to the discomfiture of the other fellow. This state of things went on for some time, and Miss Cogswell's list of subjects which were calculated to interest both hearers while still keeping the peace was about exhausted when she discovered a thunder storm was coming up.

This changed the question of her riding from possibility to necessity, so after being put on her wheel she started toward home at a furious pace. All went merrily for about two rods when with no apparent reason her bicycle suddenly lurched to the right and came to a standstill beside a stone wall, after upsetting Mr. Curtis who had been riding near. Considerably hurt as to pride Miss Cogswell started again but with like results only this time she swerved abruptly to the left, and had Mr. Barlow not interrupted her course, a brook would have been her resting place.

These two trials demonstrated conclusively if not geometrically, that Miss Cogswell would never reach home unaided, so Mr. Curtis thought he could ride on one side and balance her wheel by holding the handle bars if Mr. Barlow would ride behind and push. Just how the experiment was going to succeed Mr. Barlow did not see, as the afternoon's experience had taught him that Miss Cogswell's movements on a wheel were exceedingly difficult to control; still as the approaching shower allowed no time to think of a better plan, he consented to do his best. The problem of getting started was solved after several ludicrous attempts by Miss Cogswell herself who suggested that she hold herself on by some one's front gate while the others mounted a short distance behind, whence they could ride up to her and get their positions without dismounting. At last off they went, Miss Cogswell swaying helplessly to and fro, while each man congratulated himself that the other fellow was having the worst of it. Under these happy circumstances they reached home, but too late to escape the shower.

During the weeks which followed Miss Cogswell and her wheel were inseparable and in a short time the little steed at first so willful and unmanageable became obedient to her slightest touch.

One day, after she had gained the mastery, it chanced that she was invited to join a house-party at a friend's home some few miles out in the country. The guests were to go together by train, but when Miss Cogswell awoke on the morning appointed for the journey, she decided that the day was far too delightful to be spent in any stuffy old cars when the trip could be made just as well in the clear bright air by
means of the beloved wheel. She would start early, all by herself, and when the others stepped out of the warm, uncomfortable train—Miss Cogswell saw herself gliding gracefully up to where the group was standing—the envy of all. How grand she would feel! It made her smile to think of it. With such thoughts as these she whiled away the hours until it was time to start.

Such a lovely day, and such beautiful roads! The wheel never went so easily, and never was the motion so exhilarating. The slight rises no longer troubled her for she thought only of the coast on the other side. She was far out in the country where the houses were few, when in pedalling up a steep hill, something snapped and off she went with more speed than elegance. There on the ground lay one of the pedals; she picked it up but being unable to repair the break she determined to continue the journey by the use of the one pedal which remained whole.

This rendered progress slow and tiresome, and she had not gone far when she was glad to hear familiar voices approaching. Messrs Barlow and Curtis, who were doing a century run, soon overtook her, and when they saw what a predicament their friend was in, they at once offered their assistance. The broken pedal obstinately refused to be mended however, so Mr. Barlow volunteered to go to a house a short distance away and see if he could find any way out of the difficulty. In a few minutes he returned with a smile of triumph on his face and twenty or thirty feet of clothline under his arm. With a mysterious air he proceeded to tie the middle of the rope to the head of Miss Cogswell's bicycle, and then he made fast the ends—one to the saddle post of his own wheel and the other to that of his companion. Miss Cogswell watched him with mingled feelings of consternation and amusement as she thought that for once the order of things was to be reversed and she was to learn what it was to be "on the string" herself.

When all was ready, the three mounted and away they went, the men pushing along to make up lost time and Miss Cogswell flying behind inwardly wondering if each moment was not her last. Soon she became used to the novel situation and then the ludicrous side of the adventure presented itself. "What a ridiculous figure," thought she. No one was in sight and she sincerely hoped that state of things would continue; but a sudden turn brought the trio in sight of the station and a glance at the clock told her that the train was already due. A retreat was impossible so on they went reaching the platform just after her friends had arrived and had turned to watch the approaching procession.

Amid the laughter which greeted her, Miss Cogswell made a silent resolution that never again would she attempt to make an impression when riding a wheel. And she never did.

—M. F.

Another View of It.

"The world's a stage”—as Shakespeare said one day:
The stage a world, was what he meant to say.
The outside world's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here,
Here every foundling finds its lost mamma;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
One after one the troubles all are past
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last.
When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,
Join hands, so happy at the curtain’s fall,
—Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always came to grief,
—When the lorn damsel with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
NORMAL OFFERING.

Cries "Help kind Heaven!" and drops upon her knees
On the green-baize,—beneath the (canvas) trees,—
See to her side avenging Valor fly:—
"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now Territorials, yield or die!"
When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, "My Boy! My Boy!! MY BOY!!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Twelve Great Paintings of the World.
(Continued.)

"THE HOLY NIGHT." (CORREGGIO).

This is one of the gems of the Dresden Gallery. Its distinguishing beauty is the illumination of the entire scene, by the light radiating from the celestial child.

Viardot says of the painting: "We see here the manger in which the holy infant was laid; it is night and the scene is only rendered visible by a supernatural light which spreads from the body of the child lying on the straw. The light illumines the face of the virgin mother as she bends over her first-born, and dazzles a shepherdess who has hastened in on hearing the glad tidings. It extends to Joseph who is seen leading the ass to the back of the stable; it also lights up the angels hovering in the air, who seem rather to have descended from heaven than to have been created by the hand of man.

"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS." (VOLTERRA).

The walls of the church of San Trinita De Monta, Rome, were once decorated by this world famous painting, but because of age and injury it has been removed to the sacristy of the church, and the visitor sees only an oil copy.

Lanzi says of the painting; "We might almost fancy ourselves spectators of the mournful scene; the Redeemer while being removed from the cross gradually sinks down with all that utter relaxation of limb, and utter helplessness which belongs to a dead body. The assistants are engaged in their various duties and thrown into different and contrasted attitudes, and are intently engaged with the sacred remains which they so reverently gaze upon. The mother of our Lord has fallen in a swoon among her afflicted companions. The disciple whom he loved is standing with outstretched arms absorbed in contemplating the mysterious spectacle. The crown of thorns has been taken from the dead brow, and rests on the end of one of the ladders.

"PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE CENCI." (G. RENI.)

Reni's "Beatrice" is in the Barbeaini collection at Rome. It is a work with which all suppose themselves familiar through the copies constantly brought to this country, but Radcliffe says: "The truth is that no copy which we are likely to see conveys any idea of the pathetic expression of the original." Hawthorne describes it thus, in his Marble Faun: "The picture of Beatrice Cenci represents simply a female head, a very youthful, girlish and perfectly beautiful face enveloped in white drapery beneath which strays a lock or two of what seems a rich, though hidden luxuriance of auburn hair. The eyes are large and brown, and meet those of the spectator with a strange ineffectual effort to escape. There is a little redness about the eyes very slightly indicated so that you would question whether or not the girl had been weeping. The whole face is very quiet; the is no distortion or disturbance of any single feature, nor is it easy to see why the expression is not cheerful, or why a single touch of the artist's pencil should not brighten it into joyousness. But in fact it is the very saddest picture ever painted. It involves an
unfathomable depth of sorrow, the sense of which comes to the observer by a sort of intuition. It is a sorrow that removes this beautiful girl out of the sphere of humanity, and sets her in a far off region, the remoteness of which, while yet her face is so close before us, makes us shiver as at a spectre.

"THE AURORA." (GUIDO RENI.)

This is one of the most beautiful and best preserved frescoes in Italy. It is easy of access and its inspection facilitated by a mirror placed beneath it which reflects the whole picture. The fresco is airy and brilliant and unfaded by time. Morghen’s fine engraving gives us some idea of the design and composition.

The hours, which hand in hand encircle the car of Phoebus, advance with rapid pace. The paler, milder forms of those gentle sisters who rule over declining day, and the glowing glance of those who bask in the meridian blaze, are of no mortal grace and beauty, but they are eclipsed by Aurora herself, who sails on the golden clouds before them, shedding showers of roses on the earth. Over all hovers the morning star in the form of a heavenly cherub bearing his flaming torch. A wonderful thing in this composition is the motion of the whole; the smooth rapid step of the encircling hours and fiery steeds, the whirling wheels of the chariots; the torch blown back by the advance, and the form of Aurora borne through the air until you almost fear she will float from you—all these combine to form such an illusion that you seem really admitted to the world of fancy.

"THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN." (TITIAN)

In the academy of fine arts in Venice, in a room named in its honor “The Hall of the Assumption” we find this picture. It is Titian’s best and is especially noticeable for its gorgeous coloring and the inspired features of the mature virgin.

The picture was painted for an altar piece in the church of Santa Maria. The Monks undervalued the picture until a minister of Chas. V. offered a much larger sum for the picture than they had given.

The powerful figure is caught up into heaven where an angel by direction of the Father waits to place a crown upon the head. Charming groups of boy angels surround her, while below the amazed apostles exhibit the most varied emotions and longings. The size and maturity of the virgin distinguish it from those of all the other painters.

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION." (MURILLO.)

This painting adorns the Salon Carre of the Louvre and represents the Virgin Mary pure, young and lovely, standing in the clouds and worshipped by little angels, who float around in heavenly innocence.

An early Spanish authority describes it thus: “Our Lady is painted in the flower of her age with grave sweet eyes, and golden brown hair; a nose and eyes of the most perfect form and rosy cheeks.

The mantling sun is in bright golden light behind the figure; the pedestal moon is a crescent with upward pointing horns. Her celestial attendants are among the loveliest cherubs that ever bloomed on canvas. Hovering in the sunny air, resting on clouds or sporting among their silvery folds, these ministering shapes give life and greater merit to the picture, and relieve the virgin’s statue-like repose.

"THE LAST SUPPER." (L. DA VINCI.)

Leonardo Da Vinci is said to have excelled in every attainment except politics and commerce. He excelled in painting in that he was first to recognize and use perspective, light and shade, optics, and physiology of the eye. Their wonderful effect is a striking
The ru"ins of this painting now hang upon the damp walls of the Santa\nMaria Della Grazzia, Milan, in which Napoleon stabled his horses\nduring the wars with Italy.

It represents the eucharist, at the moment when Christ announces his coming betrayal, and each disciple starts forward to express his grief and horror, and rebuff any implied accusation. Judas lifts both hands, and looks toward the Savior. Saint Peter beckons to John to ask the Lord of whom he spake. Philip lays his hand on his heart. Bartholomew at the head of the table rises in agitation from his seat. We notice here especially the expression of the hands, as well as of the faces and figures, then pass on to consider the head of the Christ, which has passed almost into a type of divinity, and is the only instance in which any painter has been able to combine in the features of the Redeemer dignity, solemnity, and majesty with sweetness, resignation and gentleness.

M. O. L.

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A Winter Camp.

Every summer brings to lake or sea-shore a goodly number of people who are weary of society and its demands and long for the free camp life, but few of these know how those same camps look when everything about them is ice or snow bound.

It was my good fortune to be in Maine a few years ago with some friends who owned a cottage on one of the large ponds of that region, and who suggested a trip to camp as a thing to be enjoyed.

About ten o'clock on a bright frosty morning in February, a large sleigh drove up to the door and our party, consisting of three ladies and two gentlemen, were soon skimming over the smooth road between fields white and glistening in the sunshine.

We were nearly an hour on the road which was enlivened by two other sleighs bound for the same destination, each containing a merry quartette, and nonsense and repartee flew from one party to another.

Arrived at the lake, we left the main road for one across the ice, because the wood road used in summer was quite impassable.

We were the last to arrive, a fact which caused much good natured chaff at our expense from those who had distanced us on the road.

Glad indeed were we to see the big fireplace, piled with logs, which roared and crackled a royal welcome, and we were soon ready to enjoy all that offered.

The house consisted of a main building with an ell or kitchen in the rear. The whole lower story of the cottage was given up to a living room. This large room had four windows and a door leading out upon a broad piazza. A winding staircase led to the chambers above.

It was a restful sort of room tastefully furnished in rustic fashion and over all was the glow from the black cavern of the chimney, which extended into the room and made a very convenient resting place for pipes and tobacco of all sorts and conditions.

The gentlemen immediately arranged their fishing tackle, which was a mystery to the uninitiated. Through a hole in the ice a line was dropped, surmounted by a bob and a stick with a red flag attached.

After setting it, the “lords of creation” come into the house and watch eagerly for the bobbing of the red flag, a sure sign that one poor victim, at least was "in quarantine." Then such excitement, ending perhaps in a poor little fish too small to keep.
The day was spent very happily in games, candy making, and cooking the big turkey for dinner, which never could have tasted so good elsewhere.

After dinner and the inevitable dishes, we gathered about the fire ready for a long happy evening.

Our party were all old friends and they had many stories to tell in which one or the other of them posed as hero or heroine.

There was the usual interesting pair who preferred the shadowy corners; the clown and minstrel who furnished fun for the party; and in sharp contrast, the quiet man who performed equally well, the duties of stoker and smoker.

We had a botanist, too, whose memory for Latin names and forgetfulness of common ones was always a source of amusement to the light minded of the party.

Our musician proper was also our most enthusiastic fisherman. He had only one fault; when there was wood or water to bring the lines always needed his attention. There were also the “Mother” of the party and “Little Sunshine” whose names are a sufficient introduction.

We roasted chestnuts and apples, sang old songs, and talked as people will who yield themselves to the charm of novelty and good companionship.

All good times must have an end, and our evening passed into morning before we thought of retiring.

Before going to my room, I wrapped myself in a fur coat and went out upon the piazza to enjoy the night. There was no moon but the stars seemed trying to make up for the lack, aided by the Northern Lights. I looked over the white expanse of snow and ice, which the pines on the opposite shore sharply defined, and a feeling of unutterable rest come over me. Besides the distant barking of a fox and the sighing of the pines there was nothing to break this breathless silence.

Suddenly the whole sky was lighted up and what appeared a golden curtain with golden fringe hung fold on fold from the sky, which was glowing and quivering with violet and rose colored flame.

We stood in silence, my friend and I, until the glory had faded; then with hushed voices we said good night, our hearts too full of the vision for more words.

Sagacity.

As for subtle cunning can there be a better example than in the philosopher Thales’ mule? who, when fording a river, laden with salt, and by accident tumbling there, so that the sacks he carried were all wet, perceiving that by the melting of the salt his burden was something lighter, he never failed, so often as he came to any river, to lie down with his load; till his master, discovering the knavery, ordered that he should be laden with wood; wherein, finding himself mistaken, he ceased to practice that device.

The ants bring abroad into the sun their grain and seed, to air, refresh and dry them when they perceive them to mould and grow musty, lest they should decay and rot. But the caution and prevention they use in gnawing their grains of wheat surpass all imagination of human prudence; for by reason that the wheat does not always continue sound and dry, but grows soft, thaws, and dissolves as if it were steeped in milk, whilst hasting to germination; for fear it should shoot and lose the nature and property of a magazine for their subsistence, they nibble off the end by which it should shoot and sprout.
The Somerset Y or the Young Women’s Christian Temperance Union in Schools and Colleges.

“To the young women in school and college to whom we are looking to gather the bright web of the White Ribbon work out of our weary and ere long nerveless hands, and to extend and brighten its already radiant fabric,” writes Miss Frances Willard, “I would send forth a trumpet call; I would bid them haste to the rescue; I would call upon them to despise the pessimism that among the cultured so largely characterizes the closing of the present century, and to saturate their thinking with the optimism of Christianity. In the words of the Christian heroes who stood before the Roman emperor at the gladiatorial games, I say to you, young women, for those veteran reformers, ‘We who are about to die, salute you.’ ”

The above is found on the title page of a little pamphlet addressed by Frances J. Barnes, General Secretary Y Branch National W. C. T. U. to the young women in schools and colleges.

Mrs. Barnes herself writes, “Dear Young People; We must all agree that whatever prevents education, good government, business prosperity, and physical health, whatever stands in the way of happy home life, and is a barrier to Christianity, should claim our consideration. Uncontroverted facts and statistics affirm that in our own and other lands to-day, intemperance is the greatest preventative of the above conditions; hence we appeal to you to give some time to this subject among the many others claiming your attention during your busy student life.

“We are assured that an arrest of thought upon so important a question will very soon lead to further thought and definite action. The heads of schools, colleges and universities of the United States have been addressed by a letter from Miss Frances E. Willard, Lady Henry Somerset and Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, from which we make the following quotation:

‘We know that the effective temperance work of the future will be undertaken by those who, in their youth, learned its methods, whose enthusiasm was aroused by its spirit, and who were trained to understand its rationale during the formative years of their career.

For this reason we earnestly desire to introduce into the schools of higher education where young women are being disciplined, as many branches as possible of the Young Women’s Christian Temperance Union. The plans of this society have been carefully formulated; it has a literature of its own, a place in the ‘Union Signal’ and a ‘Song Book of the Y’s,’ many of whose songs and choruses have been sung in America and England with impressive effect upon audiences both great and small. The Society is a school of patriotism and active Christian work, and the young women who come under its influence are likely to be better wives and mothers and more helpful members of society.

Desiring a simple form of organization adapted to the limited time and funds of students, the name and constitution for a Somerset Y have been approved as a means of enlisting in a general membership the young people in schools and colleges. Only a few of the lines of work taken up by the regular Young Women’s Christian Temperance Unions are suggested. Affiliation fees, representation at conventions, etc., should be regulated by writing to the officers of the State W. C. T. U.”

The amount of good possible for a school Y to do cannot be estimated. Students come from all parts of the country, and if they get thoroughly interested in temperance work they want to keep on with their work when they re.
turn to their homes, and thus the seed is scattered far and near.

The object of the Somerset Y is "to plan and carry forward measures which will result, with the blessing of God, in the promotion of total abstinence." The Departments of Work are 1st. Distribution of Temperance Literature—placing "The Union Signal" in Reading Rooms and endeavoring to secure the best temperance books for School Libraries. 2nd. Educational,—introducing temperance programs into Literary Societies and Rhetoricals; study of the lives of temperance workers, and of such topics as the following: "What alcohol is," as shown by Chemistry, "What it will do to those who drink it," as shown by Pathology; "What it will make them do," as shown by Sociology. 3rd. Flower Mission—botany classes and others can join in the Flower Mission work by collecting flowers and sending them, with Scripture texts attached, to hospitals and similar institutions. Among the colleges having unions are Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. Miss Willard and Anna Gordon are to speak at the latter college ere long.

Those who intend to teach will find much material in temperance work for physiology lessons.

The seventh temperance "Round the World Missionary" is a young Y, Miss Clara Parrish of Illinois. She is now in Japan.

Spain and South Africa boast of College Y's. The one in South Africa is in the Huguenot Seminary, founded by Andrew Murray. Miss Anna Cummings, a young woman from Vermont, a graduate from Mt. Holyoke, and a teacher in the Seminary mentioned above, is the Sec. of Y work in South Africa, and one of the editors of a charming little paper, "Wise and otherwise," which can also be spelled "Y's and Other Y's."

**Walks about Bridgewater.**

"At least one hour of exercise in the open air is required each day, weather and health permitting."

Think of the number of days in the school year and you will be surprised to find the number of walks for which you have time. Think again, and you will perceive that you rarely go anywhere else than to Carver's Pond, or a little way on Main St., Broad St., South St., or Bedford St., always the same way, and always the same thoughts, your school work. In such walks as these the spirit of recreation is entirely wanting. Variety is just as necessary in rest as in work. That you may get the spirit of investigation and enthusiasm in your exercise we here direct your attention to a few of the walks about Bridgewater.

1. Follow Summer St. as far as the watering trough, cross the railroad, and proceed along Water St. This is a walk of left turns, for you must keep taking the first turn to the left until you arrive on Plymouth St. So much for directions.

There are very few houses between the railroad and Plymouth St. Much of the way is through pine woods. The pines are especially pretty where they form an arch over the road. Water St. is well named, for there are several swampy places near it, and if rain has been recent, we advise rubbers. Two or three pretty streams are passed on the way, and inviting cart paths lead off from the road. This is an interesting trip for our enthusiastic botanists. Lichens and fungus are plentiful. Pussy willows abound in their season. A little later anemones appear, and many different flowers grow by the roadside. In the fall, red berries brighten the landscape, and when little else is alive and growing, the trees, ground-pine, and checkerberries are worth visiting.

2. A walk which is very pleasant even in
early spring, and which offers greater attractions later is from Worcester St., through the woods to Bedford St. Leaving Normal Hall we went down Summer to Snell St., through Snell to Worcester. We turned to the left, and passed one house. Separating the grounds of this house from a clover field on the left, is a low stone wall, and beside this on the side of the clover field, a path leading toward the woods. This field in itself is a beautiful sight in June, when it is dotted everywhere with clover and yellow daisies. Following this path through a small pine grove and into the woods, we found the path broadening to a cut road which emerges on Bedford St. Anemones, violets, checkerberries, various kinds of mosses and lichens, ferns, marsh marigolds, and swamp pinks have been gathered on this road, and many other things may be found by those who look for them.

Athletics.

Of course the only thing of interest in this department just now is baseball, and it would be too much like ancient history to make a very extended account of the game. The team has played four games at the time of writing this, and has won three. Of these the first was by far the most interesting for it was anybody’s game up to the last of the ninth inning. A two base hit by Winter and another by Maguire saved the game for Normal, with a margin of one run. The batting so far has been excellent, the score book showing that Winter, W. C. French, and Churbuck lead in hitting. Winter out of twenty times at the bat has four singles, six two baggers and one strike out to his credit. Churbuck with the same number of chances has two singles, four two baggers and two three base hits. French has played three games with fifteen times at bat; his record shows three singles, two doubles, two triples, and two strike outs.

As to fielding, the out field has had seventeen chances in all and has only five errors against them. The in-field is weak somewhere; while the figures are not at hand an exact statement of their work is impossible, but nineteen errors in four games is too many, no matter how many chances they have had. The difficulty seems to be in their inability to field ground balls. The best team we have met this year, “Tech” ’99 had twenty-five put outs and eighteen assists from the in-field. It is hardly necessary to say that our work needs improvement there.

The season promises to be a very interesting one, and if our weak place can be strengthened we ought to have a team equal to the best of the inter-scholastic teams.

Congress.

The present session has perhaps been one of the best that the Congress has enjoyed for some time. There have been enough good bills for discussion, and the debates have been lively and interesting. The entertainment committee has provided us with some very enjoyable programs.

The debates would be still more interesting if more of the ladies would take part. We are aware that many refrain from speaking because they feel that they know very little about the subjects under debate. But to tell the truth none of us have a very alarming amount of knowledge; to be sure we talk as if we had been familiar with the principles of international law from our infancy, and had had unlimited experience in all departments of government, but don’t let that frighten you; we don’t label a man a statesman nowadays simply because he talks on free silver or protective
After all the main end of the Congress is to give one confidence in himself as a speaker and to cultivate the power to think while standing before an audience—and there are many of us who can testify of the good we have received from the Bridgewater Normal Congress.

Personals.

Miss Florence Merigold, Jan. '94, has been teaching in the Briggs school, West Mansfield. She has recently accepted a position in East Mansfield.

Miss Anna Rochefort, June '96, who has been teaching in Waterbury, Vt., accepted a position at Ludlow, Mass., last April.

We hear that Miss Annie Nickerson was married in March.

Miss Grace Soule, June '96, is an assistant in the primary school in Whitman.

Miss Nannie L. Westgate, June '96, left her position in Fall River to accept a position in No. 9 school, Bridgewater.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Nellie Drury to Mr. Lewis Tilston of Whitman.

Miss Laura Hutchinson, who was teaching in South Tamworth, N. H., is doing fourth grade work in South Groveland, just out of Haverhill, Mass.


Mr. Bennet has the position formerly held by Mr. McKendrick at North Raynham, Mass.

Mr. McKendrick is teaching down on the cape at Osterville (not Oysterville.)

Teacher—"What is the derivation of the word dissolve?"

Student—"It is from the Greek luo, meaning to love."

Not a Fancy Breakfast.

(Pickwick Papers.)

As the enthusiasm in Count Smol'tork's favour ran very high, his praises might have been sung until the end of the festivities, if the four somethingean singers had not ranged themselves in front of a small apple tree, to look picturesque, and commenced singing their national songs, which appeared by no means difficult of execution, inasmuch as the grand secret seemed to be, that three of the something-ean singers should grunt, while the fourth howled. This interesting performance having concluded amidst the loud plaudits of the whole company, a boy forthwith proceeded to entangle himself with the rails of a chair, and to jump over it, and crawl under it, and fall down with it, and do everything but sit upon it, and then to make a cravat of his legs, and tie them round his neck, and then to illustrate the ease with which a human being can be made to look like a magnified toad—all which feats yielded high delight and satisfaction to the assembled spectators. After which the voice of Mrs. Pott was heard to chirp faintly forth, something which courtesy interpreted into a song, which was all very classical, and strictly in character, because Apollo was himself a composer, and composers can very seldom sing their own music or anybody else's either. This was succeeded by Mrs. Leo Hunter's recitation of her far famed ode to a Expiring Frog, which was encored once and would have been encored twice, if the major part of the guests, who thought it was high time to get something to eat, had not said that it was perfectly shameful to take advantage of Mrs. Hunter's good nature. So although Mrs. Leo Hunter professed her entire willingness to recite the ode again, her kind and consider
ate friends wouldn't hear of it on any account; and the refreshment room being thrown open, all the people who had ever been there before scrambled in with all possible despatch: Mrs. Leo Hunter's usual course of proceeding being to issue cards for a hundred, and breakfast for fifty, or in other words to feed only the very particular lions, and let the smaller animals take care of themselves.

Ollapodrida.

A Weighty Question.—"What is the number of the first page?"
The following is the latest rendering of Chaucer's words. "For in his male he hadde a pilwebeer;" "For in his satchel he carried a bottle of beer."

We learn from a senior that a new flower pot is the best thing in which to form salt crystals.

"Say! do you know "Bemis Pierce"?
"Who? the Carlisle foot-ball player?"
"No, last years Normal guard."
"Oh, yes! wasn't he a "daisy"?"

Question—"What is better than home?"
Answer—"Holmes."

The lovely month of May has brought to our view a rare "Sweet William." The species found here promises to be the "knight" of all other flowers.

Would you have some rich amusement, Some amusement, rare at Normal, Showing traits perverse, surprising?
Go, then, with the man who carries In his hand a pocket kodak.
Watch a certain Normal maiden As she sees him coming toward her. See how, being all unconscious, She, the dark haired Normal maiden, Muses as she saunters homeward. Watch the change of her expression As she first perceives that kodak, As that kodak ready loaded Dawns on her astonished vision.

With alarm and consternation At this sight unthought, undreamed of, Our her head she quickly losses That which kept the cruel winter Winds and snows from off her shoulders, Covers thus her head completely; Cries with pathos, "Oh! how dare you!"

Then that baffled kodak owner Soon retires, still declaring That her picture he has taken, And that maiden inconsistent Telling it to some companion Hopes he has but fears he didn't, But she wouldn't have him think so.

Ye with kodaks in your keeping, If to please is any object, Know that with the most resistant Often is the least objection.

Pupil—What does $K_2CrO_4$ stand for?
Prof.—Crow.
The question is settled; "ducks are not roosters."

"Take care, my washbowl is leaking over the top."
The Worthy Ambition of a Normal Girl.—
To be cremated and put in an urn, that future generations may say, "She umed her ashes if not her salt."

We hear that Fall River is a great place for actual facts.

Query—What is the latest fashion of chewing adopted by cows?
Teacher—"What is a missionary?"
Bright boy—"A missionary is a chief of police."

Some people persist in labeling things which are not their own with their names, and blaming other for it.

"Miss —, why don't you have B. N. S. on your cap?"
"Because you can see it too easily in the dark."
I'm the same BURRELL that made that Photograph of your friend which you liked so well. I can make just as good a one of you. You've seen some samples at our entrance. Well, call up stairs, and we'll be pleased to show you lots that are not there. Everything in Photographs Crayons, etc. All the Latest Styles at the Lowest Prices.

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