JUNE, 1892.

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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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.

This number completes the eleventh volume of the Offering and the work of the present board of editors. Other hands will continue the work and we here express our hope that our successors will enjoy it and that the school will do their part in making the Offering the success that it will undoubtedly prove to be. Let the new editors enter upon their duties with courage; we can assure them that they will gain a profitable experience.

The editor wishes to express his gratitude for the hearty support which he has received at the hands of his assistants, who have from the first taken an active interest and worked untiringly in their respective departments. To them is due, in a great degree, whatever of success the present volume has attained. Our work has been pleasant in many ways, and we shall watch with earnest interest the progress of the paper in the future, trusting that, if all will but try to do what they can, it will keep pace with the progress of the school, and rank among the foremost of the papers of its kind.

We have endeavored in this volume to secure a large share of the articles for publication from the pupils and teachers of the school. Whether or not this has met with approval we know not; but it seemed to us that our paper would be a little more homelike and not less interesting to our readers if run on this plan. Graduates like to know just what is going on here; they take the paper as much for the purpose of recalling "old times" and of finding out where schoolmates are and what they are doing as anything. Still articles from them should not be ignored, nor have they been.

The professional side of the paper has not been lost sight of. The "Departments" give graduates an opportunity to keep themselves informed of the changes made in the different subjects and of whatever else is of interest and value to them in particular.

We sometimes cut upon the locals rather from convenience than from policy.

The importance of Personals has been before emphasized. They are somewhat difficult to obtain as the Alumni do not take the pains to keep us informed as to themselves, so everything is left to the diligence of the editor of the Personals. Members of the school have occasion to know of many personal items through their correspondence, and if some plan could be devised by which those items could be made known to the editors the number of Personals would be increased.
ONE of the hardest things the editors are obliged to meet is the sharp spirit of criticism so prevalent in the school. Now we all know that what pleases one may not please another, and that those who criticize the most, are very naturally the ones who are willing to do the least; further that those most active in the interest of the paper and consequently the ones who subject themselves to the same spirit of criticism, are pretty apt to hold their tongues. In conclusion we would say to the critics,—"write;" to future editors we submit the following advice,—Study what your readers want and then try to supply that want; as to other things do as you please.

It has been the custom of many to attend the Lyceum through the musical program and then retire. The spirit of those who persist in doing this is very manifest. The debate, the most interesting and valuable part of the program, is lost sight of and those who are to speak, experience the disappointment of seeing a large share of the audience leaving. If all would have the kindness to give the debaters the honor and pleasure of their audience the result would be exceedingly gratifying.

Is there any way to prevent this custom? It seems to us that if the music and speaking were run together a little it would do something towards stopping it.

We hope that the plans proposed by the committee appointed for the purpose of seeing what measures could be taken to secure more and better articles from the school, will be well considered. There has not been in the school a feeling of individual responsibility nor a feeling of freedom to contribute. Our idea is that if more opportunities are given the members of the school to write, more articles will be received from them.

THE orchestra has been much appreciated and as the term is drawing to its close, it suggests the thought whether the loss of its leader and the long vacation will tend to estrange its members, so that it will be a thing of the past next term. We hope otherwise.

A NOther term has come to its close and another class goes out, each member to take his or her place in the world of strife. The Offering wishes them Godspeed.

The ball team is putting in some good work this summer.

A novel prophecy this time.

Biennial, June 30th.

CLASSMATES '92.

As when a traveler, climbing the rugged and steep inclination Formed by the rocky sides of the pyramids ancient of Egypt, Wearied with heat and the exertion with which he has just gained a footing, Pauses and looks for a moment on what he is leaving behind him, Pauses and looks from his eminence back on his fellow-companions Ere he looks forward again, so we who go forth from among you Climbing the pathway of life, which is somewhat rough and uneven, Cease to look forward awhile and cast a lingering look backward. What are we leaving? O places well-known and faces familiar! Only a moment ago we greeted and now we are parting; Only a moment, we say; it seems so short to look back at Places that seemed as our own, O ye classrooms and echoing hallways! Where we have waited and listened, but no longer shall listen; Echo the sound of our footsteps now for the last time retreating; Never again shall our feet climb the winding and sinuous staircase; We shall no longer be here to go in and out at the portals Under the archways of brick and beneath the official inscription; Ye shall always be here and stand as a monument ever And in your grandeur ye seem to implore our tribute in parting. What shall we say? Alas, are verses better than silence? "Silence is golden" we read and truly "tis said, for within it Often are wrapped those feelings which lose their strength when we speak them, Often unfolded those thoughts which come from our deepest emotions; Often is silence an answer and oftener praised than regretted.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

Yet it so happens that, sometimes, even a homely expression spoken to those we are leaving and showing the spirit that prompts it, awakens a pleasanter feeling than doubtful, ambiguous silence.

Schoolmates, and teachers, and friends with whom we shall mingle no longer, strew not our path of departure with amaranth, purple and cypress; we have not finished our labor, we go forth now to continue. Think of us not as departed and lost and almost forgotten; we are not lost nor transformed into other and different persons; many a branch that grows by itself, although torn by the whirlwind, bravely survives the tempest and brings forth its fruit in its season.

Classmates, at last we have reached the goal we so often have wished for; opportunities golden have fled, improved or neglected never again to return for now their time has expired; chances at once are accepted or else they're forever neglected. But we have ended the race, and 'tis something at last to have finished. Almost all of us here who formed the class when we entered. And should we cease to look backward and for a moment look forward through all our separate wanderings and far away to the future, what could present itself to our sight as a more pleasing picture than that we all again in one class should be gathered together under the banner of victory waving o'er us superbly bearing in purple folds the golden inscription—"classmates"?

WITH A RAYMOND EXCURSION.

On the evening of a dull cold day in January, a long train of cars pulled out of the Fitchburg depot in Boston with a Raymond excursion party bound for Mexico and California. Snow and rain, with ice and cold followed them, through all their southward journey, even in New Orleans, where the school children had been dismissed to see the snow, so rare was its coming. The palms and bananas of Galveston had been blasted by the frost, of this exceptional season, and so, all along we carried the chill with us as it were, till we landed on the table-land of Mexico. At Zaceticas, the clouds lifted and sunshine favored us without exception all the three weeks that we journeyed through the land.

Mexico has been generally pictured in a very demoralized condition, with people ill-fed, dirty and gypsy like, and whose government is revolutionary, weak and uncertain. With me there had been a strange mixture of the fascinating stories of Prescott, and the unpronounceable names of the Geographies: a veil of myth and uncertainty surrounded it all. This was soon dispelled when the clouds lifted, and Zaceticas in a veil of silver light lay rosy and beautiful in the little ravine among the mountains, 8000 feet above the sea.

Here were mountains on every side that had been mined and countermined for hundreds of years for their rich silver ore. Here were the low adobe houses clustered together in long narrow streets, with the cathedral spires shooting out above them, and the bells, the silver bells of Mexico. The natives in their red serapes, stood around the station like statues, by the hour, and gazed at us as curiously as we at them. As we descended into the city we found it narrow, dirty, and full of disease. A little way from the city is Gaudalupe, a shrine for pilgrims and connected with Zaceticas by a tramway run by gravity at a violent rate downward and drawn back most painfully by mules. Here was an orphan asylum where more than one thousand poor little waifs are cared for and educated. To our astonishment we found the people peaceable and nicely governed, and just asserting themselves among the nations of the world through the firm just policy of their President Diez. In exchanging our money for Mexican, they kindly gave us thirty-five cents premium on every American greenback, but absolutely refused our silver. Possibly our politicians might explain!

After arming ourselves with this all important equipment, we found no trouble whatever while tourists in the country. The markets are unique, and the various produce is displayed on the ground in open squares guarded by umbrellas or sheds, and the continuous babble of buyer and seller is creating a noise that can be heard far away. The water carriers, men and women, can be seen everywhere reminding you of the Holy Land. They get the water at the large basins or fountains, in their jars and carry them on their backs or shoulders for their own use or for sale. The baths in Mexico are famous, hardly a city
being without them and they arc in excellent order.

The next day brings us to Aqua Calientes the fashionable Hot Springs of Mexico, where hot water is brought several miles to the beautiful bath houses. The fragrance of English violets filled the air, and tall cacti and palms were all around us. Everything connected with the baths was spotless and the bath itself, after two weeks journeying on a train, something delicious.

But the quaintest of all cities is Guanajuato. Stopping at Silao to drop our baggage, a powerful engine drew us up over the cliffs of a very steep mountain side to Marfil. Taking a tram at that point we journeyed several miles farther over a very dusty ascending road to the centre of this strange city. It is seemingly on the top of a volcanic mountain with the strangely shaped peaks all around it. The sites of many of the buildings are cut out of the mountain side so closely do they enfold it, and the narrow steep streets are almost impossible to climb. Still the walls of the little gardens are covered with flowers, and here and there you get glimpses of a little inner court with its fountain.

The market is on terraces and it requires the closest attention to keep your footing, and the water carriers are the most picturesque of all, carrying on their backs large jars four or five feet in length weighing one hundred and fifty pounds; but this is a common thing to see. The men and women here are simply beasts of burden, and you render thanks hourly that you were not born a Mexican. Some of our party stopped the cars and became the proud possessors of the water jars at two and three dollars apiece, only alas to regret it, when passing the ordeal of the customs at El Paso on our return.

We visited one of the oldest silver mines in the city and saw them extracting the metal from the ore. They ignore machinery and mix the amalgam by treading it under the feet of mules which are blinded, and then doomed to go around and around in this fearful treadmill till they drop and die. No society here with the long name, and mercy is a word unknown. From the time you enter till you leave the country, you are pained and shocked with scenes of cruelty that you could hardly believe if you did not see them.

They do not know the use of wagons, and the little barros are overloaded and driven instead. But a new day is surely dawning for them, through the advent of railroads and enlightened people.

The sad fate of Carlotta, and Maximilian is remembered as we stop at the city of Queretar where the latter was executed. Again in this city we hear the sweet toned bells, so superior to those in our own country, and here also see the countless opals that are found around here. They are sold by the handful almost and some are very beautiful.

And now we are on our way to the capital of the country, the city of Montezuma, the ancient Tenochtitlan, whose centre was the site of the present cathedral.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

few harbors, and therefore not being able to make any comparison.

Our Englishwoman lands with the other passengers, and takes a carriage to Myrtle Bank, which is beautifully situated. It is built near the ocean, and on one side is a small bay surrounded by shady palm trees, under which are comfortable seats. She sits up as late as propriety will allow, and finally rises to go to her room. A native is in attendance, and of her she vainly seeks information about those cruel mosquitos. In answer to the question “Are there many mosquitos here?” she hears “I didn’t hear,” meaning “I did not hear.” She repeats her question speaking more distinctly and gets the answer—“No Maam, them not very bad.” She thinks this cannot be true—Possibly the native is thick-skinned and therefore not very sensitive to the sharp sting of a mosquito. Very cautiously she lifts the net, and succeeds, successfully she thinks, in getting to bed without letting in a single mosquito. This is a mistake—One has got in, perhaps through a small hole in the net, and seems determined to be heard. After several unsuccessful attempts at taking his life by sending her handkerchief at him she succeeds. She knows nothing more until six o’clock next morning, and is obliged to admit that the mosquitos were not so bad after all.

These are some of the erroneous ideas which were held concerning the Island of Jamaica some thirty years ago, before it was what it is now. But even at the present time there are people who have queer notions of a country which they have never visited. I remember being told by a lady a year or two ago, that the first night she spent in Jamaica, she slept with a pair of old kid gloves on to keep the mosquitos off. A gentleman said he expected to feel one or more earthquakes soon after his arrival there; and my opinion is that he was somewhat disappointed that during a long stay on the island he did not have one earthquake, though he heard a great deal of that of 1792 which destroyed Port Royal, and led to the rise of the present capital. Port Royal has been again built up and is now one of the principal camps of the soldiers. Looked upon from a vessel at some distance, it seems nothing more than a very narrow strip of land, jutting far out into the ocean, and covered with a luxuriant growth of cocoanut palm, with here and there a building. Jamaica certainly has its disadvantages, among these are occasional slight shocks of earthquakes, and mosquitos; but any one who has visited the island will tell you that these are not very bad after all, and further that the roses, the wild flowers, the hundreds of varieties of ferns, the orchids, the rich evergreen foliage, the oranges, the healthful climate, and the picturesque mountain scenery more than compensate for these evils.

EMMA E. ROBERTS.

INFLUENCE.

Of the many opportunities which are especially open to a teacher, there is no one so far-reaching in its effects as that of the conscious or unconscious influence which she has over those who come under her control in the school-room, especially if they are in the lower classes.

We all know how quickly children take up things they hear and often retain them longer than we wish they would. It is not only in things heard but also in things seen. Think of the many habits that boys and girls acquire by just seeing older people do them. During these younger years when the mind is being developed, all depends upon the fitness and way in which the material for development is used, and especially the influences which are associated with it. How often a scholar is heard to say, “I don’t like that teacher or that study,” which in many cases is the influence of the study over the pupil, which begets a personal dislike for the teacher; or the influence of the teacher over the pupil, often awakens a dislike for that study, while under another the same scholar would do good work.

We all exert an influence over those with whom we come in contact; but as we grow older and our habits of living become more firmly established we are not as easily influenced. Our habits have been formed by the influences which have been brought to bear upon us directly or indirectly by our elders both in school and out. We should bear in mind the responsibility which is fast coming to us and aim to make our influence such as shall quicken those who come under it to higher aims and endeavors in life.

GEO. H. SMART.
A Pathetic Legend Solemnly Recounted by the Lady Members to the Gentlemen Members of the "Band of Prophetic Souls," One Morning, recently.

After midnight hour most dreary, as we pondered weak and weary
Searching for quaint and curious legends of the class of "'92,"
While we pondered most despairing, suddenly in manner scaring—
In demeanor very daring—
there upon our bedpost grew,
What we thought was spook or phantom—chills through all our bodies flew.

After ten do you recall, we have no gas at Normal Hall—
Nothing but a glimmering candle down behind the closet door.
Eagerly we wished the morrow, vainly had we sought to borrow
Light from that poor flick'ring candle, down upon the closet floor,
Which but showed the phantom's shadow wav'ring on our chamber floor.
Simply this and nothing more.

"Prophet," said we, "thing of evil, prophet still, if spook or devil"—
While from fright we nearly fell from out our chairs upon the floor—
"How came you upon that bedpost, here upon that Normal bedpost
Like a horrid sheeted night ghost? Tell us truly, we implore.
Tell us, do you bode us evil—tell us truly we implore."

"Prophet am I, but no devil; phantom, but no thing of evil.
Listen, if you'd know the future of the class of '92."

Then the spectre thus beguiling all our sad souls into smiling,
Told us what we wished to know of the class of "92;"
Things which never otherwise would we dare to dream of you—
Of our class of "92."

The Phantom in an attitude of "Slink Falling Position" on the bedpost began in low soothing cadence as though poetry were his "calling":
Four demure young ladies came daily on the train,
Would you know what they are doing in th' educational domain?
In a far off valley, in a schoolhouse quaint and low,
They are leading bright young intellects in the "way that they should go."
Miss Burke's the honored principal, by nature and taste a trainer,
Her assistants, those bright young ladies, Misses Curtis, Roche and Gayner.

Among the Indian jungles, where the Ganges' waters play,
Behold three more fair Normals, on their work intent each day.
In the name of the Zenana, they left for the land of spice—
The Misses Minnie Webster, Hattie and Edith Rice.

Who is this artist leaning on his easel as he gazes
Pondly at the object of his study, odd and rare?
Mr. Packard is the artist, an hydraulic ram the study,
But a Hunter in the distance is the object of his care.

Hark! Strains of heavenly music assail my listening ear,
Which louder grows and sweeter, as quickly I draw near
And perceive a band of maidens, Fisher maidens they were called.

But now, bright radiant "angels," who at nothing are ap-Prayed.
Fourteen were they in number who answered to the roll,
Read by Quincy's gentle maiden, with "dreamily melodious" strain:
Misses Billings, Bean, Hall, Lumburg, Lovell, Doane, and Foster,
Cobb, Townsend, Weston, Marchant, Howes, Paterson, and Wheeler.

With parted lips and lustrous eyes, how pure and good they seem
Bathed in a flood of glory, and crowned in glorious sheen
Full long and sweetly sang they, as inspired from above,
Of the "natural affections" and beautiful "moral love";
But as I looked and listened, while my thoughts were all in heaven,
Loud from a neighboring church spire, chimed out the hour of seven.
At the last stroke from the belfry, in silence I stand alone—
For the angels' wings had opened, and Woodward they have flown.

A seminary toward the skies
Its walls of whitest marble threw;
To heaven, its columns pure and bright,
Aspired to realms of learning new.
Within these walls, without a peer,
Is she whom "92" holds dear.
She's still adorned with every grace,
Which through her kindness is revealed;
She works the weal of the human race
Her teaching with wisdom and goodness is sealed.
(We knew twould be so with our Miss Shaw.)

"Now quit your fooling, Tom," said John
To the "Zulu Chief," him tantalizing—
For not holding to baseball and "lawn"
But being forever Germanizing.
"You care for nothing but drawing and gymns
Which you learned among the Zulus wild:
You'll sing alone your evening hymns,
Never from care by love beguiled!"
Thus spake John, the win of the class,
The other acknowledged himself outdone.
And arm in arm, as of yore, they pass
Together up tho' the streets of the town.
Together they entered the courthouse fine;
Together abode till the court there came—
For John as a lawyer now doth shine,
And Tom is a newspaper man of fame.

Landed by lands across the sea,
English, German, and French, all three
Attend the pet of Section A;
Calm and candid, like rose of May
Hallowing the President's mansion is she.

In Greek mythology you've heard,
How Orpheus the beasts had stirred
With music rich and rare:
A future race will love to tell,
How a son of Marshfield broke the spell
With his harmonica's air.

How Frank, who once played all alone,
Now plays in his own "Home Sweet Home"—
What Normal boys once stood.
That air's so soft, so sweet to hear,
That even the Moritz lend an ear
And they've pronounced it—good.

Miss Warner and Miss Williams, now
Teach in a growing western town.
Their self control has great renown;
Reading is their specialty—
"To control their risibles," 'tis seen
They learned with you in room 15.
For fun, they go on a tennis racket,
Their whole vacation oft is spent,
In playing in a tournament.

Among the lakes of Scotland Agnes dwells,
And still in Natural Science excels,
In which she loves to train the Scottish mind;
Leaving home, beloved kindred,—all behind.
Her former thought and brightness she reveals,
When for "Woman's Rights" and future she appeals.

A man of renown, so people say,
Is the smartest member of "Section A."
The Normal mail bag he used to bear,
While around him crowded all the fair.
A vast collection of gems he's found,
For which he's known the world around.
But of all the stones that him delight,
Most he adores the Ruby bright.

I've heard that at the Normal School,
They talk and eat and sleep by rule,
And the grand result of this is shown
In Sadie M.—so widely known.
A dress reformer now is she,
Who abhors all style and gaudery.
She planned at first to join the law,
But the evils of that course she saw,
Hence, you find her on the stage—
A Jennie Miller—all the rage.

Mabel, little Mabel with her face against the pane,
Still trims the beacon light, which trembles in the rain.
Her husband,—now the keeper of the light on Thompson's Isle,—
Does for little Mabel, the weary hours beguile.

Angie loves not the Berkshire hills,
Since now she's seen the ocean;
A "Sunbeam" still her light heart thrills,
Unused is "sunburn lotion."
And now and then she's heard, as when
A gay and laughing maid,
In "old folks' bonnet" twixt 9 and 10
She once did masquerade.

"Zwei Madchens" speak in a kindly way
Of the work on Stoneham's Flora:
The author's discoveries surpass they say
The wonders of the aurora.
A Newhall of "Italian marble," will show
The height to which her fame doth go.

At Vassar College, a teacher you'll find,
From B. N. S. a ranger.
On bar and ring, with jump and swing
She moves—no fear of danger.
A gymnast is she after Nils Posse;
The fame is worthy of your May B.

The apparition, that had already showed signs of weariness because of his long continued "statistical activity" upon the bedpost, now rose to his full height; a knowing smile lighted up his countenance; and, enraptured, he broke forth in these soothing refrains never before heard by man.

A Piercing way, a constant smile,
Long waving hair arranged in style,
A "Pussy cat" her time to while,
Has Little Ida Lewis.

The "Pussy cat," though, owns a mine;
Rare sparkling diamonds round him shine;
And he will build a mansion fine
For Little Ida Lewis.

Far away beyond the glamour of your city and its strife,
In a quiet little homestead by the sea,
There your Abbie Etta Allen is now the charming wife
Of the so called other half of "Section D."

This author, evidently having refreshed him he resumed his former position, and proceeded less connectedly than before.

"Tell us, Oh tell us where is she,
The lonely member of "Section D,"
Who in her jests would never smile
But made us laugh through, all the while?"
A second Browning now is she
And wields her pen most faithfully.
For depth of thought, her works excel
The one whom England loved so well.

The minds of Misses Welch and Boyd
Have turned to elocution;
In Kansas City, Kansas state,
You'll find their institution.
"Visible Speech" compiled by Bell
Is their cause of triumphs unnumbered;
They always follow the principle
"Talk to at least five hundred."

A harmless monomaniac
Next comes to my attention;
Can this be little Willy Bates,
The talented musician?
Alas, 'tis true, yes, "Da's a fact."
He flies off like a vulture
To study Worcester's Dictionary
As a means of "general culture."
But music still can sway his mind
To "right activity."
He still looks out for number one
As ever formerly.
He makes a fortune every day
By the turning of his hand,

For he's lead with great success for years
An organ grinder's band.

And what I'm going to tell you now
Is "Oh, so romantic!"
Your little Grace, your old time friend,
Has made strides most gigantic
From a country choir,
Still higher and higher,
Till she's queen of the musical stage;
Even petted by persons pedantic,
And admired by all the age.

Go ye to the distant city,
And behind the foot-light's glare,
See a tall not Graceless figure
Murmuring, "Swear, Hamlet, swear!"
You may wonder at this calling
To which his mind is bent,
But still you needs must recognize
Your honored President.

I see a picture of delight—
A Hunter gleams upon my sight;
A noble heart, and blithe and free,
Contentment, calm, in her I see.
Of reason strong, how nobly planned
To guide, to cheer, but to command!

To tell again of H. H. II,
I will not try to plan it,
For he has never changed his way
Since here he first B. Gannett.

Oh joy, that in your number
Is she who well doth live;
Whose goodness does not slumber,
But is ready to forgive.
Oh, well for the primary school
Of Taunton's prosperous city,
That knows the kindly rule
Of your bright little Kitty.

And now I see another,
A Cambridge maid is she;
A teacher in the Annex
Of the dread Astronomy.
But if I do hear rightly,
Great honor she has won
By recently discovering
New "Spots" upon the sun.

How better 'twere like Lettice now to be,
Who in her home bears ever gentle rule
And in her moments spare
Teaches a cooking-school.

As an oratorical star, did Minnie rise,
But only so remained a little day.
What shut her off so soon from public eyes?
The appeal of starving Ireland, so they say.
A dark bearded man goes alone to the fair.
What fair?
Why the fair which honors ’92—
Will you be there?
This amiable man of slippers shy,
Is George of “Tremont fame.”
At the fair he’ll open a Model School,
In yours, he got his name.

Another lives in Melbourne,
In Australia’s sunny land.
The ladies look forlorn,
For they can not gain his hand.
He cares not for the fair,
Yet lives with grand display—
Your George, the millionaire,
No more does right field play.
Magnus fortuna est ei.

And that we had all the seeming of those who’ve been dreaming,
But the sunlight o’er us streaming quick our thoughts to duty turned—
It was morning, we were Normals, and our “Psy-chy” was not learned.
FINIS.

(Nota) — If any of the members of the graduating class choose to consider themselves grieved, and feel righteous indignation swelling within their breasts and a desire to take summary vengeance tingling their finger tips, be it known unto them that the two male members of the “Band of Prophetic Souls” have taken upon themselves the responsibility of furnishing satisfaction. Social interviews will be held every evening in Grotto 67, Normal Hall between the hours of 7:30 and 8:30 o’clock during which time all remonstrants must appear and state their cases or “be forever silent.”

We sign ourselves with fear and trembling,

Hattie B. Shaw, Chaperon.
Agnes E. Gorman, Critic.
Angie M. Sayles, Inspirer.
T. J. Barry, Editor.
J. F. McGrath, Thinker.

LEONARD BROTHERS,
Language and Philosophy.

This shingle hangs upon the wall
Of a far, far western town,
In which these brothers wise and grave
Have quietly settled down.

Upon one end of this modest sign,
Shows a miniature pitch-pine tree,
Which every Normalite must know
Stands for philosophy.

And all the walls of their office drear,
Are hung with “facts worth taking.”
The “pony mitt” is laid at rest;
The “battery” knows no waking.
Dead languages stare you in the face;
High German there is free;
And lengthy outlines lie about
For their “Leonardology.”

But the horse and buggy still are left,
For C.U.O. eyes to see,
Where Normal maidens once did ride,
No two successively.

Ceased the spectre, here upstarting, and the silence at his parting—
Was so thick and overpowering, that we fell from out our chairs—
From out our chairs upon the floor.
We awoke! to find, unwitting, there all night we had been sitting,
While the candle in the closet down to nothing now had burned,

SINCE the organization of the “school flag movement,” which is now nearing the fourth year of its duration, scores upon scores of school-houses throughout our own Commonwealth and in fact every other state in the Union have been adorned with our national emblem.

Undoubtedly in every case this addition has proved not only a beautiful and appropriate decoration, but as well a source of impressed patriotism and historical influence.

The interest with which the various schools entered into the plan of securing flags has been very marked. They were obtained in many different ways. In some cases the schools were presented with them and still many others secured them by subscription from the scholars, thus showing what a direct interest each had in the matter.

With the arrival of Oct. 12, our nation will have a celebration which will hold a prominent place in our country’s history. This day will be made memorable as a day of great national celebration, as it unites and draws to a close four centuries of American life. On that day will be the dedication of the World’s Columbian exposi-
tion grounds at Chicago, but the centres of local celebration all over the country will be the public schools. The day has been set aside as a school holiday and as a part of their celebration it has been suggested that as far as possible those schools which have not as yet been provided with a flag should by some means obtain one and raise it on that day.

As it was stated in an editorial of the last issue of the Offering that this school should make it a "Red Letter Day" in its history, the writer would be strongly in accordance with the plan and suggests that one feature in its pursuance be that of securing and having erected in a suitable place, a pole on which to raise the school flag.

The teachers and students should all be interested in this day and make it one long to be remembered in the history of this institution. What could be more effective in the memory of all and more appropriate to the day and to the school as well, than the plan suggested above, of raising the stars and stripes over our own school building. If the suggestion should meet the general approval it would be well to take action as soon as possible towards securing the funds which would be required to meet the necessary expenses.

G. E. Murphy.

Electors of Officers.

President, Mr. Ireland; Vice President, Mr. Crocker; Secretary, Miss Alger; Treasurer, Mr. Glover; Auditor, Mr. Bowen; Ushers, Mr. Carroll, Mr. Cholerton; Prudential Committee, Mr. Goddard, Miss Des Jardins, Miss Flora Townsend.

Normal Offering: Editor, Mr. Allen; General Assistant, Mr. Fitzpatrick; Assistants, Miss Beal, Miss Gannett, Miss Hunnewell; Business Manager, Mr. Riley; Assistant Business Manager, Mr. Hart.

Graduating Class, June '92.

Four Years' Course.

Robert S. Atkins, Provincetown.
William F. Eldredge, New Bedford.
George A. Fallon, Bridgewater.
Rebecca M. Howes, Yarmouthport.
Mildred L. Hunter, Bridgewater.

Howard C. Leonard, Bridgewater.
Merton C. Leonard, Bridgewater.
Luthera M. Leach, East Bridgewater.
John F. McGrath, Natick.
Catherine T. Meagher, Milton.
Florence A. Newhall, Stoneham.
Herbert S. Packard, West Bridgewater.
Janet G. Paterson, Quincy.
Ida L. Pierce, Middleborough.
Angie M. Sayles, Adams.

Two Years' Course.

Abbie E. Allen, Dartmouth.
May E. Barker, Bridgewater.
May J. Bean, Fall River.
Flora E. Billings, Canton.
Helen I. Boyd, Newton Highlands.
Lucy A. Burke, Brockton.
Mary L. Cobb, Plymouth.
Lettie J. Cole, East Orleans.
Ella S. Curtis, Rockland.
Delia S. Doane, Hawley.
Alice A. Estes, Cambridge.
Josephine C. Foster, Brattleborough, Vt.
Lillian A. Gayner, Brockton.
Agnes E. Gorman, Hingham.
Katherine E. Hourahan, South Raynham.
Mary E. Lovell, Wayland.
Emma S. Lundberg, Brattleborough, Vt.
Agnes Marchant, West Yarmouth.
Mabel E. Padelford, Kingston.
Edith A. Rice, Northborough.
Hattie L. Rice, Northborough.
Minnie C. Ritter, Middleborough.
Ellen L. Roche, South Weymouth.
Bessie A. Townsend, Plymouth.
Mary L. Warner, Bridgewater.
Myra D. Webster, Biddeford, Me.
Anna G. Welch, Stoneham.
Abbie U. Weston, Plymouth.
Clara M. Wheeler, Temple, N. H.
AN APPLICATION FOR HISTORY.

We have every year cast upon our shores 500,000 people, or thereabouts, from foreign lands. They represent both sexes and all degrees of civilization. Many come from countries where free schools are unknown; nearly all are unacquainted with the first principles of republican government. The children of these parents are strangers to our customs, our language and to American history; yet in a few years the rights of an American citizen are theirs by law.

Is there any danger in this? Can people born and brought up under the royal flag, come to love the stars and stripes that were so proudly unfurled to the breeze at Yorktown, were rent in the fearful conflict of Gettysburg? We cannot say no; for many a man, foreign born, sacrificed his blood, and nobly too, for the purpose of cementing together the broken fragments of a severed union.

Yet it is fair to say that not all become so loyal to our flag as those who have lived under its protection from the cradle up; not all are so well prepared to use with discretion the franchise which is the pride of every American, as those who have grown up under this custom. Few are as well acquainted with Adams, Hamilton, Webster, and Lincoln and the things associated with those names, as the American boy, who has studied American history and roused himself to love of country by admiration for her great men and institutions.

Public schools are provided for children of whatever nationality, and one of the first things in point of importance to be done, is to Americanize them, lead out the qualities which go to make up a peaceable, honest, loyal citizen. What better way is there to accomplish this purpose, than to acquaint them with U. S. History, the teacher applying it as every Normal is taught to apply it?

DEPARTMENTS.

ASTRONOMY.

One of the lines of progress in this department is the making by the students, of individual sets of apparatus for the illustration of the relative positions and motions of the heavenly bodies. In the study of planets, for illustration, each member of the class makes a set of hoops and balls from card-board and worsted, and works out these intricate relations, alone, in the private study. This makes the student independent in his work.

In line with similar work in the other departments, special topics are assigned weeks beforehand for investigation, and everything bearing upon the subject is gathered from text-books and books of reference, the Smithsonian reports of progress in the science, the weekly and monthly magazines, the daily papers, and all other sources of information. This kind of work gives practice in original, thorough and comprehensive investigation and presentation, and also results in a more complete knowledge of the subject in all its phases.

The topics have been printed in full the past year, and give explicit directions for making in an easy and inexpensive way the apparatus which is so needful in fixing in mind the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies.

LATIN.

A still further subdivision of the classes has been made, those who have previously read the author under consideration being placed in a section by themselves and carrying on advance work, coming in to hear the review read once a week. This gives an excellent opportunity for these advanced students to take charge of the regular class, as they are far enough ahead in the subject to make them actual leaders.

Special maximum work is being done by several students in the more difficult Latin works.

LANGUAGE IN OUR MIDST.

CONVERSATION occupies much of our daily intercourse and fills a large part of our life. The one who talks and the one who listens show equally good-breeding, courtesy and dignity; both the conversationalist and the real listener show a reserved power.

There is a certain degree of embarrassment that always comes from preaching and never practising or praying—"O, would the gift the Gifftie gie us to see ourselves as others see us," but the writer has now and again noted some of the expressions prevalent in our midst, which have been overheard from time to time. Some of them are:

"The fruit is healthy,—The mystery is unravelled,
The Normal Offering.

—He is good-looking.—Can I ask you for the bread.—Will you be liable to go!—Try and read it,—Hadn't we better go?—That's a fact or you know attend or subtend every statement of a few One was overheard to thank another for the evening's pleasure with, "I have enjoyed myself very much."

Dr. Peabody has said, "If you would be good talkers form and fix early the habits of correct expression; shun all the vulgarisms that are often heard but which never fail to grate harshly on a well-tuned ear.

Nearly akin to offences against good expression is the practice of the use of exaggerated forms of speech. There are persons whose representation of facts always needs translation or correction and so have lost their reputation for veracity.

Amusement in its time and place is a great good and there is no amusement so refined, so worthy an intellectual being as the conversation that recreates and violates no principles of brotherly love.

Speech gives definiteness and permanence to your thoughts and feelings."

BASE BALL.

On May 30th the Athletics of Randolph came to Bridgewater and were defeated by the Normals 20 to 3. Errors were numerous on the visitors' side while the home nine played a steady game. Hutchings led in batting and McGrath, Carroll and Eldredge did some lively base running. McGrath made two good catches in left field after hard runs. Guttermuth pitched a good game considering the miserable support given him. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B. N. S.</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>E.</th>
<th>B.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eldridge, cf.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harriman, p.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hutchings, s.s.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gardner, c.</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>McGrath, Lf.</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carroll, 2b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cholerton, 3b.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Fallon, r.f.</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Packard, t.b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>6</td>
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Athletics:

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<th>A.B.</th>
<th>E.</th>
<th>B.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Capen, rh.</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>Well, cf. s.s.</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nye, Lf.</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>O'Malley, c.</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Guttermuth, p.</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mallory, s.s. c.f.</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reisert, 2b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cotle, r.f.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cole, 3b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 9

Athletics: 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 3

*McGrath and Eldridge hit by batted ball.


June 4th owing to the non arrival of the Somerville High School team a game was played with a strong picked nine, whom the B. N. S. defeated 6 to 3. At times the game was very exciting. Both pitchers did excellent work. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B. N. S.</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paul, cf.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>Harriman, p.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
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<td>McGrath, Lf.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Carroll, 2b.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cholerton, 3b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fitzpatrick, r.f.</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>Packard, t.b.</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Fallon, rh.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>6</td>
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Picked nine:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>King, rh.</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>15</td>
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<tr>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshall, c.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilcox, 2b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thompson, 3b, s.s.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barry, Lf.</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Carroll, r.f.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carr, c.f.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 9

B. N. S.: 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6

Picked nine: 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3
THE NORMAL OFFERING.


June 11th the B. N. S. defeated the Melrose High School nine in one of the most interesting games of the season. Up to the ninth inning the visitors played a very close game, when they lost control of the ball and allowed the home nine to make five runs. The features of the game were the pitching of Paul, only four hits being made off his delivery; the batting and playing of Hutchings, Cholerton, and McGrath, the latter making a phenomenal throw from deep left catching a man at the plate, Packard’s errorless game at first, Carroll at second and Gardner behind the bat.

For the visitors Harris, Sanford, Barker and Dempsey played a very good game.

Twenty-six bases were stolen, twenty by the Normals and six by Melrose. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<td>4</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packard, lb</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>6</td>
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NOTES.

- Packard is covering first well.
- Hutchings keeps up his great work.
- The team has thus far lost one game.
- Five out of six is a record to be proud of.
- Gardner is catching in fine form, his throwing is perfect.
- Fitzpatrick will make a most valuable man for the team next year. He is a very heavy hitter.
- Harriman will not be able to pitch again till the 25th, owing to a torn ankle. The boys will miss his work.
- Four of the players have a record of over 300 in batting. They are Hutchings—520, Paul—391, McGrath—333, Harriman—307.

By a most unfortunate accident Capt. Gormley’s leg was broken three weeks ago and he will be unable to play again this season. He has the sympathy of the whole school and all are glad to see him back to his work once more.

PERSONALS.

- June 10th the Lyceum gave a musicale.
- ’93. We are glad to see Mr. Gormley with us again.
- Mr. Winthrop Crocker’s school in Bondville has closed.
- ’91. Miss Schuyler has been offered a school in Brockton.
- Mr. Kenelm Winslow is principal of a Grammar School in Warren, Mass.
- The engagement of Miss Mattie Healey and Mr. Harlan Page Shaw is announced.
- The Model School opened June 13th, after having been closed three weeks.
- ’90. Mr. Irving Beal has been teaching in the Weymouth Evening School in addition to his regular work.
- Mr. Coffin, who has been teaching in a Seminary for boys in Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, is observing with us.
- June 3rd Mr. A. G. Boydien spoke to the graduating class of the Robertson Female Seminary, Exeter, N. H.
- The N. T. C. voted to have a tournament May 30th, but as it rained that day, it was played after school during the next week. Mr. Parker and Miss White won the first prizes and Mr. McGrath and Miss McAllister the second.
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—'93. Miss Florence Clark has been called home to Andover, N. H. on account of sickness and will not return this term.

—'92. Mr. Chas. A. Jenney has the school in Sandwich formerly taught by Mr. Bodfish. Mr. Bodfish is teaching in Cotuit.

—June 10th Rev. A. E. Winship of the **Journal of Education** gave a talk to the school on the subject, "Is Teaching a Profession?"

—'91. Mr. A. F. King is teaching in Natick, Mass. Mr. R. W. Fuller '92 has the position in Natick, R. I., left vacant by Mr. King.

—June 1st the Principals of the Normal Schools of Massachusetts were called to Boston to consult with Mr. Dickinson concerning the World's Fair.

—'91. Mr. O. M. Farnham will return next year to the Cathedral School of St Paul, Garden City, L. I., where he will have charge of drawing and United States History.

—Two very enjoyable trips have been taken by the geology class under the direction of Mr. A. C. Boyden; one, May 28th to Abington and Brockton and the second to Nantasket Beach.

—Among the visitors for the past month we have noticed Mr. Russell, Brockton; Miss Jameson, Dir. of Music, Milton; Miss Fisher, Norwood; Miss Hall and Miss Schuyler, Walpole; Miss Lahey and Miss Curtis, Stoneham; Mr. Robinson, Wollaston; Mr. Jenney, Sandwich; Miss Brasil, Quincy; Miss Nickerson, Harwich; Mrs. Greenough, Roxbury; Miss Choate, New Bedford; Mrs. Schuyler and Mr. Sanderson, Bridgewater; Mr. Churchill, E. Bridgewater.

**LOCALS.**

—Wanted. A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope.

—Zeal means spirit. I went into a graveyard and saw a zeal.

—Wanted. A set of artificial teeth for the mouth of the Mississippi.

—Found: A boat near the island at Carver's, which the catcher of the Normals can have by proving property and paying for this ad.

—The Geography class have discovered that, if they keep on the right side of the buoys, and steer clear of the rocks, they will get into deep water.

—Interested friend of education to small boy: "Your school represents all the nineteenth century improvements, I suppose."

Small boy: "Yessir, that's what everybody says."

Interested friend: "Well, what are they?"

Small boy: "'O everythin'. Freehand drawin', music 'n' bacteriology, spectrum analysis, 'n' sewin' on buttons, 'n' agricultural chemistry 'n' washin' dishes 'n' everythin'."

A New-Fashioned Girl.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a normal college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics, very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges, and the knowledge of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology, and geology, o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscan, the Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the heroes whom they land.

She'd discuss, the learned charmer, the theology of Brahma; and the scandals of the Vandals and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science; all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, nor get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.
Hints on Dressing.

To be well dressed is to be dressed precisely as the occasion, place, weather, your height, figure, position, age, and your means require. It is to be clothed without peculiarity, pretension, or eccentricity, without violent colors, elaborate ornaments, or senseless fashion. Good dressing requires a man to be scrupulously neat, clean and fresh, and to carry his clothes as if he did not give them a thought. We have on hand at all times a very large assortment of Clothing Ready Made suitable for every kind of wear, adapted to men of every shape and size, and in styles that cannot be found in small houses where their assortment is limited, and we are confident that visitors to our store can find clothing upon our counters that will fully meet their requirements. We earnestly solicit you to call upon

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