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Bridgewater State Normal School

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

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State Normal School,
BRIDGEWATER.

This Institution is one of the six State Normal Schools under the direction of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and is open to gentlemen not less than seventeen years of age, and ladies not less than sixteen, who desire to prepare for teaching in Common or High Schools.

It has two courses of study, one for two years, and one for four years.

TUITION IS FREE
to all who intend to teach in the schools of Massachusetts. Entrance examinations, Wednesday, September 6, 1893. Fall term begins Thursday, morning, September 7, 1893.

For circular apply to
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ALBERT G. BOYDEN, Principal.
OUR boys have opened the ball season well, by taking the first two games. And there seems to be a hearty interest shown in the sport by the townspeople as well as by the scholars of the school. Outside of one or two weak places which will undoubtedly be strengthened, the team is as strong as the one of '92, and it looks as though this nine would do as good work as previous nines. The new suits look very well and are a great improvement over anything they have had in past years.

THERE has been a deep interest awakened in the different lines of science work, in the school this spring. Most of the pupils are pursuing some special line of work for which they spend much of their spare time in collecting specimens.

Zoology has its followers who carry their cages in their pockets for cases of emergency. Some will probably have very interesting note books on the early birds of Bridgewater and surrounding country. They may often be seen taking over-land sprints in their pursuit of hornets, moths and would be(es).

Mineralogy and Geology are receiving much attention. Those who are studying in these lines are marked by boxes and wonderful powers of endurance according to the reports of Geology trips. You can find boxes in their rooms containing boulders that's all your life's worth to handle, to precious arrow heads, of which one of the Juniors has a very fine specimen lately received from home.

Botany is probably receiving the most attention at present by a large number of pupils who are met on the streets and the fields examining trees,
rocks, fences, and old buildings for specimens or on their way home, refreshed in spirit by their searching which shows itself in a cheerful countenance, with their hands and baskets filled with the treasures they sought.

**

THE long cold winter has gone and all nature is awakening from its long sleep, while the warm sun thrills our whole nature and renews the life of the plants and animals whose beauty and friendship we have missed for almost six months.

As we are greeted with Spring it brings to us one of the saddest and yet one of the most beautiful days of the year; one which sel the thread of patriotism to vibrating in the heart of every true American; one which stirs the feelings of this mighty people from east to west and from north to south and makes them one people as they simultaneously mark the graves of the soldiers who died that this nation should stand united and—

“Leave not a grave in the gray of the twilight
Barren of roses, o'er a hero at rest;
His was the gift of a life full of promise
Small is the gift we may bring, at the best.”

A day when the vacant chair in many a home will recall the parting scene of father, husband, brother or son never to return again; but to fall on the field of battle and fill one of the many unknown graves in the South.

“But ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found
Graves of the precious ‘missing,’ where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. Oh, how flows
And yearns our thoughts to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till Eternity disclose
Its sign.”

A day when our fathers in memory will travel over southern fields and roads and recall some farm yards which supplied them with a good day's ration or lying behind some fortification waiting for what only God knew or confined in some prison where death would have been a welcome friend. A day when mothers and wives will recall one of the darkest periods of their lives; expecting to hear the death of their loved ones at any time; when all that the world held dear to them was within reach of the cannon.

Memorial Day is a time to us to reflect and see what it means. To many of us our fathers and kindred have been spared but to many more it recalls the death of dear ones. It recalls our growth from a period of strife which threatened this nation with destruction to one of the strongest and most progressive people of the world. It commemorates the making of our strong central government and the settlement forever of the secession question. Our people have been drawn closer together and stirred with new life and greater possibilities. They have taken one step forward in making all men equal in their natural rights and opened a new era in history.

Are the benefits worth the three billions of dollars it is costing in money and the blood of twelve hundred thousand men, who gave their lives that posterity should be a free and united people? We are grateful for the blessings which are bestowed upon us and our hearts and sympathy go with our brave guardians and preservers of the Union as they on this day mark the graves of their comrades with the first fruits of the floral world.

“To the soldier dear who fought for the red and white and blue,
We would now a grateful, loving tribute pay;
We would wreathe the lowly mounds where they rest,
The brave and true,
As we come with gifts of love and roses today.”

The gifts of flowers will be placed on many a known grave in the North; and if we could go to Gettysburg, Antietam and Arlington we would see the same honor paid to the memory of many thousand unknown soldiers.

“Bring them the gifts of the beautiful flowers,
Emblems of love, that their spirits may know
Hearts do yet burn when their deeds are recounted;
Hands are yet ready devotion to show.”

As we see the G. A. R. on this day marching through our streets can we help having stirred within us this spirit of patriotism which led them through the hardships and suffering of your long years? As we see their eyes fill with tears, as they are moved by the address of the day, which carries them back to some dark scene of army life, do we find it hard to check that feeling which seems as though it would choke us and we would like to give them some word of cheer for what they have done for us. We feel grateful for what our fathers and grandfathers have done to make this country what it is and to surround us with so many blessings.
They have fought with the sword and carried the country through its critical periods and now as they are, one by one, being called home they leave us in command of all that they have established. We are taking up our work day by day and if we are led by the same patriotism there need be no fear for the future of the United States.

"O country dear, whose record full of glory
Brings tears of gladness into watching eyes,
Whose deeds of heroes, handed down in story
Thrill human hearts with wonder and surprise
We pledge to thee our service and devotion,
To keep the rights by honored soldiers won,
Long as thy shores are washed by either ocean,
Thou fairest, greatest land beneath the sun."

Our patriotism will lead us to support and extend what good has already been done and to purify what is not at present in the best condition. There is more fighting to be done than ever today both in the world without and the world within, and we can best show our gratitude for what has been done for us by doing the best we can for others. By awakening the true spirit of patriotism in the minds of the boys and girls of the present and future generations. We will thus raise a fortification which no power from without or within will be able to overthrow.

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country: and may this country, by the blessing of God, become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty upon which the world shall gaze with admiration forever."

JOTTINGS FROM JAMAICA.

The visitor to Jamaica sees much that is externally beautiful and historically interesting before the ship which carries him to that fair island is anchored alongside one of the wharves which line the northern shore of Kingston harbour. From the time when the Blue Mountain range comes in view and the steamer passes the Morant Point lighthouse, the traveller within two weeks of snow and damp and warm overcoats and fur-lined gloves, can lounge on deck and feast his eyes on a succession of scenes as picturesque and as dazzling in their beauty and varied charms as are to be seen anywhere in or out of the tropics.

There are the rock-bound shore, the level beach, plains running down to the sea, gloomy lagoons and thick jungles of vegetable growth, broken here and there by river courses or dry ravines, while in the background are to be seen mountains and hills differing in height from the modest hill round by the beach to the stately Blue Mountain Peak in the distant centre of the island, the whole covered either with careful cultivation or with the reckless luxuriance of tropical life. Passing Morant Bay, the traveller catches a glimpse of sugar estates, notably among which is that of Albion—where is made the far-famed Albion sugar—with its waving sugar canes, its feathery palms, its little Coolie colony; of the quaintly-shaped Sugar Loaf Hill whence a pilot is wont to come on board; of the remains of an old Spanish fortification, after which he soon reaches the narrow neck of land which runs for some four or five miles parallel to the shore on which stands the city of Kingston and which makes the Kingston harbour one of the safest and most splendid in the world.

About midway on that neck of land—called the Palisades or Palisadoes—is Plumb Point lighthouse and at the western extremity stands the town of Port Royal of which more anon. Rounding Port Royal, the steamer sails across the harbour and pulls up alongside its wharf in Kingston.

The city is constructed after the chess-board fashion of modern American cities, the streets and lanes being parallel to each other or at right angles. In the centre of the city is the Kingston Parade Garden, a square of ten acres, neatly laid out with shade and ornamental trees also flowers and shrubs of all description. Many of the trees are valuable and curious and of interest to the students of Botany. The Garden contains fountains and tanks, etc., where may be seen the goldfish, choice specimens of waterlilies and other aquatic plants. The Garden is supplied with beautiful seats. It is under the management of the Department of Public Gardens and Plantations, Mr. Fawcett the extremely efficient and popular Director of that department is always directing his subordinates to use the pruning knife extensively to the trees in order that the public may be supplied with flowers and shrubs from the
garden. The houses of Kingston are well built. In Hanover street is to be seen the Mico Institution. It consists of a handsome and substantial block of buildings, containing a Training College for upwards of 80 resident (male) students in preparation for the profession of schoolmasters and a day school for 300 pupils. There is the Court House in Harbam street.

The Kingston markets are well worth a visit. There may be seen turtle, rich and luscious enough to make an Alderman forget his ambition to become Lord Mayor—meat, poultry, fish, many of which are remarkable for the startling beauty of their colour, together with heaps of tropical fruits and vegetables brought down both day and night from distant parts of the island. The noise, the bustle, the clatter of tongues, the seeming confusion, the spontaneous out-flow of good nature all combine to make a visit to a Kingston market, especially on Saturday morning a sight which will not readily be forgotten. Of the two Kingston markets, the Victoria market is situated at the southern end of King street, and may be reached by tram from any part of the city. It is a handsome and spacious building conveniently arranged both for purchasers and for sellers, within a few yards of the public landing-place on the northern shore of the harbour, and therefore exposed to the refreshing sea breeze which cools the heated town. The other Kingston market is in the central part of Orange street.

Kingston, W. I.

A SKETCH.

Far, far removed from the cares and perplexities of civilized life, in an old house nestled peacefully among the hills of Unquety, there lives a recluse. Yet in spite of his hermit-tendencies he is always glad to see visitors; and one fine spring day my friend and I were among the number.

We found the hermit ploughing his fields, but he quickly left his horses and came toward us; his fine setter bounding before with barks of delight. The man, somewhat past middle life, was so negligently attired that we instinctively felt a mental recoil; his long unkempt locks and shaggy beard framed a face that might have been attrac-tive in the fire and hope of youth; but now it was pitiful to behold,—the light had long since died out from the eyes, and left, what is far more pathetic than an expression of despair or cynicism—a human face without expression. His faithful canine friend also bore traces of their hermit life. His brown eyes had an unnatural reddish gleam, and seemed to express a half concealed distrust of us who came from the outside world.

After our horse was unharnessed we took a survey of the place. Naturally the hermit's themes of conversation were limited,—confined chiefly to his garden and animals. We discoursed on cabbages, pigs, etc. with a zest equalled only by our ignorance. Yet no effort was needed on our part, to keep up the conversation; for merely a question would start the man into a long and detailed account of his affairs.

He strenuously insisted upon our coming into his house, an old low building very picturesque from the outside. He had been cleaning house, he told us in a matter of fact tone, and from his description of the operation I should judge that it must be quite as painful a metamorphosis as the kind that women (bless them!) cause to be periodically undergone. The hermit's apartments were furnished with only the bare necessities of life. Everything from the clothless dining-table to the accumulated pile of old newspapers, bespoke the absence of woman's influence. A few books with which a kind woman kept him supplied served to furnish his only means of recreation. It was pathetic in the extreme; and we could but wonder what circumstances would lead a man thus to deliberately kill his better nature. Of such a man as Thoreau, hermit-life could not dwarf the character; but for the average person it would surely be unwise.

Yet there is no more delightful spot in the world to spend a summer in. There are no signs of human habitation except your own little house;—nothing mars the effect of Nature, and it is Nature on a grand scale. Each new day among those hills must be a revelation. The single day that we were there will ever be one of my sweetest memories. The earth rested peacefully in the warm rays of the sun, the sky was of a deep satisfying blue, and the very air seemed to link heaven and earth.
I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms that make the season suit the mind,
An' seem to match the doublin' bluebird's notes—
Half vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you uncurl,
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl.—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
The robble frosts 'II try to drive 'em in;
For half our May's so awfully like May n't,
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind 0' haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full 0' blossoms, leaves an' birds:
Thet 's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt
But when it doos git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out!
Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin in tall trees,
An' settin' things in windy Congresses—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef all on 'em don't head aginst the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then grey hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer 'n a baby's be at three days old:
Thet 's robin redbreast's almanick; he knows
Thet arter this ther' 's only blossom-snows;
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin, his adobe house.
Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams
Heaped-up with ice that dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin, in one gret slope 0' shedderin' foam,
Jes' so our Spring gits every thin' in tune
An' gives one leap from April into June:
Then all comes crowdin' in ; afore you think,
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink;
The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud;
The orchards turn to heaps o' roxy cloud;
Red-cedars blossom ta, though few folks know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks 0' shade
And draws'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
In ellum-shrouds the Rashin' hangbird clings
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings."

James Russell Lowell.

WHEN graduation is over, the good-byes said, and you are on your way home with a carful of strangers, you are likely to indulge in speculation concerning your future. Shall I succeed? Where shall I teach? How shall I get a place? These and a thousand other half-formed queries arise in your mind. Happily, fortune-tellers do not traffic on the cars and your future must reveal itself.

Those of my friends who are known as "hustlers," I have always regarded with a mild interest, and sometimes, for the moment, envied them. Yet envy and discontent get little hold on one who is, in any degree, a fatalist. The reader will, therefore feel no surprise when I confess that while looking for a place, more time was spent in wondering what and where it would be, than in bestirring myself to obtain it. Nevertheless I searched fitfully for work and discovered that the quest was always interesting and sometimes amusing.

Once I wrote a dozen beseeching letters to as many superintendents, enclosing in each a picture of the landing of Columbus. In my dreams, I was continually watched by an army of superintendents, each wearing a pair of Mr. Titbottom's spectacles, but they troubled me very little when I was awake. Soon an agency took me in charge. Several wished to do so. I felt sad to think that I could teach in but one place at a time, as so many places just to my liking could be had very soon.

At the instigation of my agents, I travelled, by easy stages about four hundred miles. It had very little effect on my health. When on these expeditions there was usually someone on the train whom I felt was a competitor. I always watched him very closely. One was so prepossessing in appearance that I lost heart in advance.

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However, I accosted him and used all my craft in drawing him out. He was an agent of a N. Y. superphosphate Co. The place however was obtained by a man who had gone an hour before.

"Instruction ends in the schoolroom, but education ends only with life. A child is given to the universe to educate."
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

There are some places in which it is a pleasure to seek employment. These never have less than nine men on the committee and all parts of the town are represented. Some of the contrasts one finds at such a time are amusing. Once I found and interviewed an English banker, an Irish blacksmith, a Swedish minister and the Yankee proprietor of a “Hair Vigor” establishment; all of whom did business on the same street. I did not obtain the situation. No doubt they thought me a foreigner, from my name.

To those of my friends who are interested I will say that I obtained at last a position as good as I could conscientiously ask for and have a flock of pupils for whom I feel that I cannot do enough. The most noticeable fact I have observed in my quest is the courtesy which I have received from all committees and superintendents. Trusting that my classmates and friends find a similar reception I close this egotistic letter.

R. P. I.

PURGATORY.

Do not be alarmed! For the writer does not intend to compete with Dante, in fact instead of setting forth the horrors of this place he will endeavor to show its beauties.

It is a glorious day in July, when we take a journey to this frequented place. We mount into a hay-wagon and after our gymnastic practice have little need of chairs for even “courtesy sitting position” is very comfortable. We leave a beautiful country village, and after a shady ride through “Lover’s Lane,” which indeed is very enjoyable but of short duration, we pass out into the hot burning sun. A steep hill fully a mile long is descended, and, notwithstanding that it leads directly into Purgatory, a sigh of relief is uttered by one and all as the foot is reached and we pass under the large sign “Purgatory.”

The eye is immediately attracted by the winding brook on one side and the high rock covered with Nature’s pretty carpet on the other. We cross the brook and enter a thick pine grove where you may stop to rest on the numerous seats, but our party is to eager to see “The Falls,” “The Devil’s Foot-print,” and “Bean Pot.”

We found the “Bean Pot” to be a deep cavity in a large bowlder, which we judged from our training in Physics was formed by the action of water causing the revolution of a rock upon this bowlder.

Looking over the rocks does not satisfy our desire so we pursue our course by a circuitous path, and by the aid of stairs reach the deep abyss below. As we look up, forty feet to the high rocks and forests on our left and right to the gushing falls in front, and behind us to the brook winding its way over the stumps of old trees, and the rocks, we realize the awfulness of the place, but feel no inclination to move for as Ruskin says these lines of Nature furnish music for our eyes, melody to our hearts whose truth is known only by its sweetness. But only the sound of distant thunder wakes us from our dreams and warns us to hasten home.

But we find the way out of Purgatory more difficult than we had supposed for we are obliged to ascend the steep hill on foot, and, although hungry and quite fatigued ere we reach home, we are glad we have visited this beautiful place and know what Purgatory in New Hampshire means.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

“Nothing in the world is lawless, except a slave.”

“Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others.”

“A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.”

“A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides,—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.”

“They who have to educate children, should keep in mind that boys are to become men, and that girls are to become women. The neglect of this momentous consideration gives us a race of moral hermaphrodites.”

Duty is measured by chance, and yet the essential idea of duty is never weakened. I am bound to do less than you, but I am just as surely bound to do my little as you are to do your much.

Brooks.
"A mother and a teacher should give their children a superabundance of enthusiasm to the end that, after they have lost all they are sure to lose in mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions."

As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

Memory is a net; one finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook; but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

O. W. Holmes.

ONE WAY TO CROSS A RIVER.

Some years ago I spent part of my Summer vacation in the mountains of Western North Carolina. One day I went riding with a friend, and during the ride we crossed the Davidson River, a bold mountain stream about thirty feet wide and two feet deep at the place we crossed. I noticed on each side of the river a pile of long stilts, and asked my friend what they were for. He said he would willingly tell me, but he saw a man coming who would show me why the stilts were there.

Sure enough, there came a typical mountaineer down the road towards us. When he reached the water, he went to the pile of stilts, selected a pair and without any hesitation mounted them and waded across the stream. Having reached the opposite side, he deposited his stilts with the others on that side and went on his way dry shod.

I did not try this mode of crossing a river myself, but my friend told me it was the usual way for pedestrians to cross the smaller mountain streams, and that he had tried it. He got along well until he reached the middle of the stream when one of his stilts struck a stone, and down he came in the almost ice-cold mountain water. He waded out, and had never cared to use stilts for practical purposes since.

Bs in Boston.

The Bridgewater Bs of '90 after a year's honey gathering met at the Parker House, Saturday, May 13. They were all there and in excellent condition. No broken wings, lost legs or faint buzzings—not a drone. Wings spreading and shining, eyes very bright, good crop of honey.

A business meeting was held at 12 M. and dinner followed at 1 P. M. After the best kind of a dinner imaginable, there was a short entertainment.

Mr. Gurney in true B fashion (sharp and pointed) gave the swarm a short history of each B since leaving the old hive. Mr. Kirmayer entertained by a finely rendered violin solo. Miss Snow recited in her usual charming manner.

Miss Prince, one of the former directors of the Bs line of thought (10 x b, 10 b, 10 b) sang "Bantry Bay." All the Bs were pleased to have Miss Prince with them once more. Miss Chapman read Eugene Field's "Conversazzhony" which ended the program. Thus ended the second reunion of the Bs. May the third be just as enjoyable.

COUNCIL OF NORMAL SCHOOL PRINCIPALS.

Dr. E. A. Sheldon of Oswego, Dr. T. H. Stowell of Potsdam, Dr. J. M. Cassidy of Buffalo, Dr. J. F. Cheney of Cortland, Dr. John M. Milne of Geneseo, Dr. James M. Milne of Oneonta, Dr. Chas. McLean of Brockport, Dr. F. B. Palmer of Fredonia, Dr. F. C. Capen of New Paltz, Dr. E. M. Jones of Plattsburg who constitute the Council of New York State Normal School Principals, held their semi-annual meeting with us May 17 and 18. They expressed themselves as being very favorably impressed with the work done here in the school, especially in the science departments.

PLATFORM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIALISTS.

The Socialist Labor Party of Massachusetts, in a convention held in Fitchburg, adopted a platform, interesting because of its attack upon the present system of political economy, and the stand it takes on the question of labor and capital.

First, their general beliefs are stated: that increase of social production under the present system of wages, is likely to endanger the rights of
citizenship by making the many dependent on the few, and under the dominion of “plutocratic rulers”; that this is to be averted only be the people collectively owning all resources of production, and operating them for use, not profit; that the downfall of the competitive labor system is inevitable under existing conditions.

In view of this they resolve that it is their duty to rouse people to appreciate the advantages of what they propose, which is, the establishment of the cooperative commonwealth. The important things which they now demand are briefly: (1) that the nation shall control all means of public transportation and communication, and the municipalities all local industries connected with the same; (2) reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the increase of productive power, and abolition of the contract-system on public works; (3) employment by commonwealth of the unemployed, and the abolition of convict-labor; (4) equalization of wages of men and women, where equal service is performed, also (5) universal and equal suffrage; (6) free administration of justice, and (7) above all, free education of children, extended to universities.

They realize that the only way to get a hold on public opinion is to have political power, hence their organization into a party. Although now in such minority, may they not in the near future, through the decline of one of the great political parties, attain majority and power, and thus bring about a new era in the history of economics?

EXCHANGES.

“To be successful in any line of work or to bring about favorable results we must have an accurate and definite knowledge of the subject and the ability to use that knowledge. Then ‘knowledge is power’.” The Phoenix.

All great literature, science, and art, yea all good government, and all true religion are the results of men striving to reach lofty ideals. No people has ever accomplished or ever will accomplish anything worthy without high ideals. The Vidette.

It is easy to live in the world after the world’s opinion. It is easy to live in solitude after our own. But the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character. Argus.

Cultivate everything in your mind that is beautiful, lovely, gentle, generous and good, knowing that these beautiful thought pictures of today will be a world of beautiful pictures tomorrow—that what you sow today you will reap a harvest of by and by. House & Home Argus.


DEPARTMENTS.

BOTANY.

The course in this subject has been arranged on the general plan of the other science work, extending now through the term, two recitations weekly, instead of occupying a half term as formerly.

Work in Cryptogamic Botany has been introduced, including Fungi, Lichens, Mosses, and Ferns. Typical genera are selected for study, and their characteristic structure, life history, adaptations of structure to function, and related forms, are noted.

In Phaenogamic Botany the course includes the organs of the plant in detail; growth from seeds and buds; description and analysis in a few leading orders; the principles of classification; vital processes.

The study of trees, evergreen and deciduous, is made prominent. Bark, wood, buds, bud-scales, and leaves, are mounted, and careful drawings made of various parts.

Pupils are led to observe, compare, infer, and express. Collections are made, as far as possible, in all the lines considered. The aim of the course is to give the general familiarity with plants needed in giving elementary lessons, and to awaken an interest which will insure such lessons being given, even though they may not be required.

The kind cooperation of the department of Drawing, and the excellent work of the first class under the new departure, are gratefully acknowledged.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

BASEBALL.

THE B. S. N. S. ball club commenced the season by defeating a picked nine from the town by a score of 5 to 1. The features of the game were the base stealing of Gardner and Reynolds, the fielding of Hutchings and good work of Parker and Jordan on first. The score:

B. S. N. S.

PICKED NINE.

Drizzling rain with the Boston Latin School.

The second game of the season was played in a drizzling rain with the Boston Latin School. The B. S. N. S. were the victors with a score of 14 to 6. The B. L. S. were without their regular pitcher Rand, and Rogers the plucky catcher was suffering with a broken finger. The features of the game were the fielding of Hutchings, battery work of Gardner and Carroll, work of Beale and Boodro on bases, and batting of Beale and Marshall. The score:

NOTES.

Keep a sliding Joel.

Good steal home, Carroll.

Tucker is a good out-fielder.

Parker's first slide was a good one.

Four balls good as a base hit, Carroll.

Parker is putting up a good game at first.

Reynolds is just hustling around those bases.

Hutchings is getting in his good work at short.

A game was arranged with the Rovers of Middleboro' for May 13, but owing to the storm the game was postponed. The game for the 20th is with the Brookline High School team.

"If a man has been properly skilled, he goes into the world with the idea that he is a necessary part, but not the whole thing."  The Academy.
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PERSONALS.

—'93. Miss McGoerty is teaching in North Abington, Mass.
—'91. Miss Annie Gallup has a school in Whitman, Mass.
—'92. Miss May Evelyn Barker is teaching in Brookline, Mass.
—'88. Miss Grace Russell teaches in the 5th grade, Rockland, Mass.
—'93. Mr. Samuel B. Paul is teaching in the High school of Pembroke, Mass.
—Miss Zillah Prophett has resigned her position as teacher in the High school at Abington, Mass.
—Miss Cora B. Goodwin has taken Miss Prophett's place in the High school at Abington, Mass.
—'92. Miss Abbey E. Allen has left Fall River, and is teaching in the Huntington school, Brockton, Mass.
—'93. Miss Louise H. Gormley of Abington teaches in District No. 3 school at South Hanover, Mass.
—Mr. Dickenson visited the school, April 26, and gave a short talk on the kind of work which should be done in Normal Schools.
—The work in reading is now being continued, with Miss Eddy as teacher. She will take Miss Horne's place the remainder of the term.
—'78. Miss Carrie Follett Spear has been elected supervisor of music in schools of Avon. She now holds that position in the three adjoining towns of Braintree, Holbrook and Avon.
—'92. Mr. Howard C. Leonard has resigned his position as principal of the South Dartmouth High school, and is now assistant instructor in the Normal department of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.
—Among the visitors have been noticed, Mr. Dickenson, Secretary of State Board of Education, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells of the State Board of Education, Mr. Skidmore of the Philadelphia Normal School, Mr. Purington, Principal of the State Normal School at Farmington, Maine, Mrs. Parker, Miss Hart, Miss Mildred Hunter, Miss Smith and Miss Jackson of Wellesley College, Mr. Tupper, Principal of Stoughton High school, and Miss Whitney.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Why is Normal Hall like the Industrial Laboratory?
—From a Junior's note book: I put some salt water on a bit of tin and heated it gently. I observed the appearance of what forms on the tin, and also its taste. It tastes hot.
—Tommy: "Say, paw."
Mr. Figg: "Well?"
Tommy: "Is a slipknot a knot that will slip not, or is it a knot that will not slip not.
—Miss B. (who does not understand French): "What is the meaning of 'Je ne sais pas'?
Miss K.: "I don't know."
Miss B.: "Well, you ought to, you study French."
—In round numbers there are in the United States 250 schools of all grades and conditions, training in some way 30,000 young men and women to be teachers. There are 353,000 teaching positions. The students devote, on an aver-
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful of your manners, they indicate your breeding.
Be careful of your thoughts for they form your life.
Be careful of your actions for they reveal your character.
Be careful of your associations, you are judged by your company.
Be careful of your health, it is a blessing that can never be too highly valued.
Be careful of your money, spend it economically.
Be careful in buying your clothing, buy only that which is becoming in style and fit.
Be careful that you are not persuaded to purchase your Spring Overcoat and Suit before looking at
HOWARD & CALDWELLS, 134 to 140 Main St., Brockton.

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—Italy expends every year $96,000,000 for her soldiers and less than $4,000,000 for schools. It costs Spain $100,000,000 to maintain the army, and only $1,500,000 to educate the children.
Germany spends $185,000,000 on her army and $12,000,000 for educational purposes. It costs France $151,000,000 to support an army while $21,000,000 is used for school interests. The United States expends $115,000,000 for public schools, and $54,000,000 for both army and navy.

—A boy, 14 years old, handed the following in as a composition on “Breathing.” "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn’t for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits, that squeezes the diagram. Girls can’t holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I’d rather be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram.”

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