The Normal Offering, Vol. 15, No. 4, May 1894

Bridgewater State Normal School

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

THE BRIDGE TEACHERS' AGENCY.

C. A. SCOTT & CO., Proprietors, Boston and Chicago.

One fee registers in both offices.

We have secured a large number of positions for Bridgewater graduates, to whom we shall be glad to refer you for their opinion of the efficacy of our work.

Agency Manual free to any address.

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A Stylish Light Stiff HAT.
Or a Nobby Straw HAT.

A PAIR OF NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.
Collars, Cuffs, Sash or Belt.

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We invite your attention to our work at the class, and will guarantee our work to be up to the standard of '92.

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 examination, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 4 and 5, 1894. Fall term begins Thursday, morning, September 6, 1894.

For circular apply to

ALBERT G. BOYDEN, Principal.
A SHORT time ago, in one of our daily papers the subject of “Final Examinations in the Public Schools” was discussed by some of the leading educators in and about Boston. One of them quoted Prof. Huxley as saying “The educational abomination of desolation of the present day is the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations.” The consensus of opinion was that final examinations are a needless burden.
OUR morning exercises have revealed to us with what careless eyes we see. What numberless familiar objects do we pass daily, thinking we see them? We realize how superficial and devoid of thought that seeing has been, when we attempt detailed and accurate description.

This habit of inattention prepares us to ignore new and wonderful objects as well as the old familiar sights and sounds. Everyday, in Nature, is something new. How much we lose of the beauty of this wonderful world if we go through with inobservant eyes!

Wake up! open your eyes! and when they are open, use them to some purpose! The habit of observation is an infinitely valuable one, and what better time than youth and springtime to begin its cultivation?

**

DOES the approaching holiday mean to us merely a period of immunity from school work, a day for rest and recreation, a period of idle enjoyment? Do we fail to grasp the tenderer, subtler significance that it commemorates?

To our elders, associations are not wanting of the days when our strong and powerful country, then shaken by internal influences and divided against her own best interests, brought to the front, as a last desperate sacrifice, her chosen sons, the fathers of her children, the hope of her loving hearts.

Of the struggle and pain and bitterness our fathers knew, we cannot conceive; but we can reverence their memory and aid in the perpetuation of the principles for which they bled and died.

Throughout our broad and prosperous land, on Memorial Day, we remember them, and remembering, the heart of man reconsecrates itself anew to his country, the land of freedom and union, “Now and forever, one and inseparable.”

LECTURE ON HAMLET.

[Brief Resume of Mr. Henry A. Clapp’s Lecture upon Shakspere’s Hamlet.]

HAMLET is the first play of Shakspere in which he shows an acquaintance with grief. Mr. Clapp’s argument is based mainly upon those of Goethe and Schlegel. He terms Hamlet the work of art of all the arts.

ACT I. Hamlet the Chosen Avenger of his father.

The duty of detecting crime and punishing the offenders. Statement of the story of the play. The rhythm and influence of the language are most impressive, august and magnificent. An interval of time between the two acts of from five to twelve days.

ACT II. Hamlet the Miserable Man.

Hamlet has done nothing, planned nothing to avenge the death of his father. Hamlet is dangerously attentive to Ophelia. Hamlet feigns madness, extremely nervous but reason never displaced. Three months have passed and no attempt has been made to do the duty which is paramount. Hamlet has repulsion and distrust for uncle. Devotion and tenderness for the personality of his father is expressed in the famous soliloquy, “O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I, etc.” In his doubt caused by reaction from the confidence in his vision of the ghost, Hamlet plans the play to test his uncle.

ACT III. Hamlet the Falterer.

With the duty comes the opportunity always. (see poem Opportunity, by Edward Sill in another column).

An opportunity is given Hamlet by the proof of his uncle’s guilt displayed in the play. Hamlet has one great lack an achieving will; his power is all for thought and none for deed. Many a person, like Hamlet, has to account not for active achieving wickedness, but slow achieving virtue.

ACT IV. Hamlet the Molar Inciter of action in others.

Hamlet is personally in favor with the people, but the king is not. Laertes is an ordinary, common place man, without the spiritual qualities of Hamlet, yet responds immediately in avenging the death of his father.

Ophelia’s nature is shown to be strong in her capacity for loving. No other one of Shakspere’s heroines could have loved such a man as Hamlet. Tribute to Ophelia. (Mrs. Jameson’s Women of Shakspere.)

ACT V. Hamlet the Procrastinator.

Hamlet has achieved nothing since he took his oath. Hamlet is sent to England but by accident
returns and his duty confronts him. Only when personally attacked is he aroused to action.

The play closes with disgrace. Dynasty of a III has been destroyed and a powerful intellect without an achieving will.

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream; There spread a cloud of dust along a plain, And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged A furious battle and men yelled, and swords Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner Wavered; then staggered backward, hemmed by foes. A craven hung along the battle's edge, And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel— That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this Blunt thing!"—he snapped and flung it from his hand And lowering crept away and left the field. Then came the king's son—wounded, sore bestead And weaponless—and saw the broken sword. Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand, And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout Lifted afresh he hewed the enemy down And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill.

COLLEGE HAZING.

Of course everybody has a general idea of what has happened to the newspaper-advertised college student who has been "cruelly" hazed and there are many "true stories of college life" that picture the struggles of the fresh American boy at the hands of his wise young mates.

Few who have not had the experience can appreciate the cruelty of the torture inflicted by these irresponsible college boys. The inhuman pranks that are sanctioned by "college custom" and are covered up by "class feeling" and "college honor" are purposeless travesties on the horrors of Torquemada and his Spanish Inquisitors.

To understand how such wanton interference with personal rights as the Tufts College Stacking Case can be tolerated by intelligent young men requires special training. The barbarous murders at Cornell are looked on more as unfortunate accidents than premeditated crimes by the great body of undergraduate students. Why are these things so?

Let us look at some of the practices in an actual college experience. A young man enters college. He has dreaded for many months the trying ordeal of those examinations he must pass to enter. There is a great rising of spirits as he receives that welcome certificate of admission. The exultation of success abides with him to the day that the hackman deposits him at the door of his new home. He has heard from his friends glowing accounts of the athletic prowess of his new associates and loves to be a part of them. But not at once.

He is one of a large class, unfamiliar, in most part, with the events that are to make up his new life but expectant, now that those dreaded examinations are over, that everyone will be glad to meet him half way in cordial help.

Soon he is alone with his new life. A fellow classmate drops in. He has heard rumors of what the class above him proposes to do. Exaggerated tales of evils prepared for these unlucky novices are spread about. These are talked over and the pleasing prospect clouds. A day or two passes. Some member of the new class appears with a cane, or becomes conspicuous for wearing a silk hat or a bright red necktie. It is made a class matter, perhaps, and the new class is called on to try physical strength with the class above it. A "rush" takes place. Both sides always claim the victory. Nothing is settled finally. The upper class takes the matter into its own hands and begins individual treatment of the offenders.

Watch, now, newcomer. Your enemy will be upon you when you least think upon it. He is daily armed and hourly in wait for a victim. Your new hat or your fresh linen he will ruin by emptying a water-jar or so on your head as you pass beneath a hostile window. Watch for ropes stretched across stairways. A shining list of petty annoyances will keep reminding you that you are young in your school.

Soon the hour comes for hazing. What is it that makes hazing so dreaded? It is the knowledge that you will be made an object of ridicule; that your experiences will cause others to laugh at you because you will appear ridiculous.

What is going to happen?

Our young friend rooms alone. About ten o'clock in the evening he is awakened by a knock.
on his door. A familiar voice asks for a glass of water or some small accommodation. The door is opened to admit the supposed friends. A dozen or twenty rush in and take possession of the room. Notice, hazing lacks manliness or courage for there are always overpowering numbers for the invaders.

Two courses are open to our friend as soon as he has been asked to stand on his head and sing a duet. He can attempt to comply or refuse. If he refuse, he must submit to further personal indignities unless he threaten with some dangerous weapon. There are ten chances of his doing the thing that will result in future discomfort to himself, if he refuses to “perform” for his tormentors.

Our friend stands on his head and tries to give White Wings. The blood rushes to his head. He is in a ludicrous condition. He at length drops down to the floor amid the approving shouts of his visitors.

The wash-basin is produced. It is filled with water and our young friend is compelled to sit down in it and accept a pair of toothpicks with which he is bidden to “pull for the shore.” How funny it is, for the spectators!

But rowing soon palls on the taste. The remainder of the water is turned down our young friend’s back, completing his discomfort. If he play on a musical instrument this must be produced and he must give them a tune. Our friend sings and is compelled to stand on his table and sing “Three Blind Mice.” The ornaments he has placed around his room are discharged at him as he sings. He is in luck if his ink bottle or shoe polish be out of sight—Lucky, too, is he if his box of books is unpacked or in another room.

Next he is made to repeat sentences which reflect on his intelligence and are not polite to his classmates; he must extoll his persecutors. Our friend is bidden to say, “Freshies want their Ma.”

He says, instead, “Sophs, Sophs, want their Ma.” The crowd that, up to this moment has been good natured, suddenly turns.

Rough hands seize our young friend and pull off his clothes. The blacking brush or ink bottle is brought into use. Our friend no longer has a white back.

He is taken up in the arms of his new acquaintances, who, before leaving, take down his bed, put sulphur flowers into his stove and empty ashes over the floor and borne to the nearest pump. A cold stream of water is turned upon him till the victim shivers with cold. Scantily clad he hastens to his room. His thoughtful friends have poured a pail of water upon his bed. It is soaked through. The fumes of sulphur fill his room. He spends an uncomfortable night. It is several days before he recovers from these attentions.

What is he to do? Grin and bear it. “College Sentiment” backs up these practices. Members of the faculty, even, say that these little inconveniences will help make a man of the victim. Perhaps they do. They are, nevertheless, cruel and unjust.

These experiences are a part of the memory of one who endured them not without protest. He did not invoke the law, because the law dares not interfere in such matters. A watchman at Phillips Academy at Andover who was thought meddlesome in these affairs some years ago was incontinently dragged to Andover Great Pond and cooled off under its fleecy waves. He did not report it to the faculty, because he felt it would be dishonorable to “give away” any of “the boys.” His protest, was made to the members of his own class and a vote was gained to omit hazing the following year.

There is no remedy against these practices so long as college faculties give a semi-acquiescence in these things. A few years ago, young Choate, the son of the well-known criminal lawyer of New York, was visited in his room by a number of undergraduates and treated to such indignities as described. In addition to this, a mock prayer meeting was held; he was lectured on hell and told that nothing could save him from that place. Insanity was the result and he left college for an asylum. It is not many years since young Floyd contracted typhoid fever from his unexpected bath under the pump of Amherst College hazers and died as a result of his experiences.

Public opinion has been another factor in continuing the life of these practices. They have been explained by those who say: “boys will be boys” and condoned far too much.

The strong college sentiment that covers up and hides these matters needs a change.
The Cornell affair, the Dartmouth disturbances and the Tufts college riots deserve attention from all and especially from those who have the education of youth in their care. There should be a concerted effort towards making this cruel corner of boyish human nature a useless organ.

HERRICK.

BY THE OPEN FIRE.

YOU may talk as much as you like about the mind's increasing activity: but I will insist that sometimes it seems to me as if that unceasing activity were doubled—nay! even tripled. One of these periods is when one is sitting by an open fire.

By the phrase “open fire” I do not mean one of those miserable, starved-looking little contrivances carefully cooped up in a grate, as if it could not be trusted to burn for itself. I mean two or three large hard sticks roaring away behind a pair of ancient andirons, and finally fairly roaring themselves out—into a beautiful, brilliant glow.

Ah! that is the time for dreams. In the first place there are the andirons! old ones they must be, you know, or the charm will not work. Those old balls! how many hands have polished them. If you lean forward you can see yourself in their polished surface: nor are you the only one whose face has been mirrored in them. There is your grandmother: they showed her when she was young and rosy cheeked. There! if you look, you can see her short-waisted cretonne gown, her dainty buckled shoes, and powdered hair. Why grandma was a very pretty girl once, wasn't she? and a bit coquettish too, I fancy; see that little patch and the rose in her kerchief.

And who is that beside her? The andiron is bright; if you look sharp perhaps you can recognize him. A young man! with powdered queue, knee-breeches, and a perfect shower of snowy shirt-frills. Well, I fancy he's no stranger: you'll find his very counterpart in the old portraits in the hall.—grandpa! sure enough! Perhaps by and by your granddaughter will see your picture in the brasses:—will it be as pretty as your grandma's, I wonder?

But why look forward? Open fires are retrospective. Turn to the glowing coals. The blaze is all gone now. Far back in that tiny cavern, a snake darts his wicked forked-tongue in and out and hisses.

Over there is a tiny grave with a little headstone—perhaps it is Little Nell's. And just beside it rise “snowy summits old in story.” Kenilworth? yes, possibly; and here in this chamber poor Amy Robsart lived and down that stairway fell—but no! that is too horrible.

Here in this hollow lie the Niebelungen treasures with the serpent coiled around them: his cold eyes fairly glisten, as we look upon him.

Just at our feet yawns a chasm; it looks like—yes it is! the very one which opened in Rome and closed again above the head of her bravest youth.

And in the centre rise the turrets of our Castle in Spain. See those mighty towers and battlements, and those gardens scattered around it, pleasure parks and woodlands. And through the open portal, halls of stately beauty are seen stretching away to infinite perspective. Oh those castles, and the hours on hours wasted in their building!

With a low sigh the fire falls apart; down topple those insecure battlements and the castle is no more. With a sigh we too awake, and hold our hands to the dying fire. Farewell beautiful castle, and farewell to dreams and dreamers!

H.

BASE BALL.

BRIDGEWATER, APRIL 28, 1894. The regular ball season was opened today by a game with the Boston English High School team of the Inter-scholastic League.

The visitors put up a very fair game except in the fourth inning when their infield got “rattled.” The Normals on the other hand could not seem to stop or catch a ball, the outfield especially playing as if they were tired.

Ward and Nagle played their positions well and Ward led his side at bat. For the home team the batting of Reynolds and Morrill were the only features which put life into the game and gave encouragement to the spectators.

Parker, Carroll and Hutchings are very far from last year's standing but will probably improve. The score:
BRIDGEWATER, May 5, 1894. After sending to several of the adjoining towns for a game today our manager succeeded in getting the Titicuts, who furnished us with the most interesting game of the season thus far.

The Normals seemed to have come to life again and succeeded in making only two errors, both in the second inning, while their hits and their opponents' errors came at the right time.

The visitors strength was in their batting and their pitcher, who was the main stay of the whole team. With three men on bases in the sixth inning he ran out of his box twice and caught one of the men each time.

Lavender showed great improvement over last week and Reynolds played his usual star game, while for the visitors Murphy and O'Donnell excelled in the field and Cushman at the bat.

The score:

**Normals**

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Totals: 34 6 12 17 21 22 10

Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9


*Carroll out for not touching first base.

BRIDGEWATER, May 12, 1894. The Normals had no difficulty today in defeating the Newton High School in a "Comedy of Errors."

Fitz, the regular Newton pitcher was playing in the Harvard tennis tournament and therefore unable to be present. As he is the person who struck out nineteen men in the game with Brookline High a closer score might have resulted with him in the box.

Lyons was an easy mark for the Normals and was given poor support by his team. Nickerson on the other hand proved a stumbling block and after the fifth inning struck out six men, allowing only one hit and no runs.
The fielding of both teams was not what it should have been, Reynolds being the only one who played ball as it should be played.

The score:

**NORMALS.**

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**NEWTON HIGH.**

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*Nickerson declared out in the eighth inning.

**AN OLD TOPIC.**

FOR some months the pages of our magazines, the editorial sheets of our newspapers and even our recent novels have been filled with the discussion of what one well-known publication calls the "Woman Question." The phase of it which has aroused most interest in the East is that of suffrage, the declaration of its unconstitutionality by the Supreme Court of the state and the circulation of petitions requesting that the word "male" used as a qualification for voting be stricken from the constitution. Old arguments have been reanswered, new ones have been brought forward and there has come a realization of the strong and rapidly growing public sentiment in favor of giving women the right to vote.

The attitude of the majority of women toward the suffrage question has been subjected to a considerable degree of misapprehension. It is not a wild desire to purify politics, nor to bring about an immediate Utopia by female legislation, neither is it a sense of unbearable oppression that leads to this demand for the right to vote.

In business, in the professions, in all departments of labor women are subject to the same laws as men with the same rights of property and business transaction, and accorded the same recognition under the law. The law protects them, educates them and demands from them obedience, but refuses to grant them a share in the legislation to which they must conform.

Such conditions have come many times in the course of history and have always been met in the same way. There is but one difference, that of sex. Under such circumstances, there can be no question of the right of women to vote; that is undoubted. But the question most mooted at present is, can this right be exercised without danger to the government.

Those answering in the negative affirm that to give the ballot to women is to produce a large class of "sentimental voters." These will, they say, in their desire for purer politics and better legislation overthrow institutions, upset theories and end by becoming the easy prey of wily politicians.

To this there seems to be but one answer. The day of the woman whose knowledge of life is gained from weakly sentimental novels, whose ideas range no farther than her own immediate surroundings and the petty gossip of the neighborhood, the day of the woman ignorant of life and its meaning has passed away. This is the time of the woman educated physically, mentally and morally, who steps into the world side by side with her brother to face under similar conditions the same problems of life.

In every department of work she must meet the same questions he meets, answer them much as he answers them and learn as he learns to re-
produce theories to practical rules of life. The cure for sentimentality is realities and these the nineteenth century woman faces as constituents of her daily life. Practical knowledge and power is the first essential to her success.

Will woman living day after day in the world of labor make no use of their manifold experiences, no account of the lessons life has taught them when they confront political questions? Will women coming through experiences of life differing not widely from those of men, living under the same political conditions give answers to political questions less practical than theirs?

The question is being even now answered in the negative by many of our legislators. The progress of the movement through the storm of ridicule which greeted its beginning, through the period of discussion has been sure and steady. The acceptance of its principles has already taken place in some parts of our country and is near at hand in many others.

What will be the changes, if any, slowly brought about in politics and legislation after the ballot has been given to women, it is impossible to know. But of one thing we may be assured, it is not by the vote of women that government "of the people, for the people and by the people," shall be destroyed upon the earth.

E. F. A.

COINCIDENCE.

THERE is a strange coincidence which comes, time after time, into our lives. One often hears a remark to this effect. "Wasn't it strange, I had been thinking and pondering about something one morning, and later in the day I came across an article upon the very same thing," or, instead of an article, "someone else had been thinking about it too and spoke to me about it."

In whatever manner this happening is expressed, I am sure you have all experienced the same thing. Perhaps you have been thinking upon a certain thing for a long time. It is certain that the same thought will come to you again from a different source. When it comes, shall you not feel how closely we are bound to one another in daily life? It almost seems as if some kindred spirit had communed with yours, and, after finding out the secret doubts and perplexities, leaves to express somewhere and in some way the answer.

Perhaps you have not understood an explanation which has been made, and you keep it in mind for days, pondering over the meaning. Sometime, by some inadvertent remark the whole thing will become as clear as day, and it is impressed upon the mind never to be forgotten.

Ever since the world began men have had this experience. Men separated by half the globe and living amidst entirely different scenes and surroundings, have produced the same thoughts simultaneously. Men have produced the same inventions and made the same discoveries at the same time.

Look wherever we may, we find this fact of simultaneous repetition of thought. Our thoughts are nothing but the thoughts of Adam and Eve rolled up in the accumulation of ages, and coming to us bit by bit.

We are bound closely to our neighbors, closely to those from whom we are separated by space, closely to those from whom we are separated by time.

There is nothing new under the sun. Even our first fathers made nothing new, nothing was original, not even sin, for the fallen Angels had sinned before them.

There is said to be a duplicate of every person in the world. Certain it is that, although we may never come across our double, we have found parts of ourselves, our thoughts, and all our possessions duplicated around us.

One day when an illustration came to me of the double in thought, causing me to wonder what the mystic something was which caused the coincidence, this remark was found from the pen of O. W. Holmes: "There are about as many twins in the births of thought as of children. For the first time in your lives you learn some fact or come across some idea. Within an hour, a day, a week that same fact or idea strikes you from another quarter. It seems as if it had passed into space, and bounded back upon you, as an echo from the blank walls that shut in the world of thought. Yet no possible connection exists between the two chambers by which the thought or fact arrived.

E. S. P.
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LYCEUM.

MAY 11, 1894. The regular meeting of the Lyceum was held this evening. In the Secretary's report special mention was made of the admirable and scholarly manner in which Mr. Clapp treated his lecture on Hamlet. Following the Secretary's report the Prudential Committee submitted its report for the next Lyceum.

This being the last meeting but two in the term, a committee was elected to make nominations of officers for the ensuing term. The following were elected to serve upon that committee: Miss Comstock, Mr. Babcock, Mr. Hayward, Miss Drew, Miss Sawyer, Mr. Brown, Mr. Winter.

Debate—Resolved "That the American newspaper is the best educator." Affirm, 1st, Mr. Brown, 2d, Mr. Burke. Neg, 1st, Mr. Carroll, 2d, Mr. Grover. General debate, Mr. Swan. The resolution was not adopted, the vote standing six in the affirmative, and twelve in the negative.

ENLARGEMENT.

THE Legislature has passed a bill appropriating $75,000. for the extension of the Normal school building to provide suitable accommodations for the manual training department, the kindergarten, and the different grades of the model school. These additional accommodations had become a necessity from the growth of the model school, the introduction of kindergarten training, and the need of a suitable industrial laboratory, which has thus far been located in the basement of Woodward Hall. Some of the rooms in the Normal department are crowded and require larger accommodations.

The work of enlargement will be begun as soon as the working plans can be completed. The extension will be on the south end of the building and will not interfere with the regular work of the school. The public appreciation of Normal schools is a matter for congratulation.

PERSONALS.

'92. Miss Catherine T. Meagher is teaching in a private school in Philadelphia.

'94. Miss Mary J. Drew has an ungraded school in Plympton.

'92. Miss Hattie B. Shaw has a position in East Dedham.

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The audience then listened to the following program; the prevalence of encores during which, indicated the audience's appreciation of the efforts of those who took part.

PROGRAM.

Piano Solo, Miss Sears
Duett, Cornet and Trombone, Messrs. Ferguson and Bass
Reading, Miss Evans
Song, Mr. Hersey
Reading, Miss Kendrick
Piano Duett, Misses Richards and Allen

Before the debate the President made mention of the tendency on the part of members to leave the Lyceum at the conclusion of the musical part of the program, stating that this was not only discourteous to those taking part in the debate, but also tends to lessen the interest in this very instructive part of the program. It is to be hoped that the members will remain during the entire program.
193. Miss Edith Packard now teaches in the North Grammar school in Hanson.
193. Miss Lillian Worth has a school in East Longmeadow, Mass.
193. Mr. George A. Keith has resigned his position as principal of a grammar school in Natick.

Miss Carrie Parker, of the graduating class, substituted in Middleboro during vacation.

Mr. I. A. Herrick has left us, and is now in charge of a Teachers’ Agency in connection with the magazine Education.

Mr. W. F. Babcock substituted for Miss Vaughan in the Prospect school, Bridgewater, during vacation.

193. Miss Henerietta Starrett is teaching in the first grade in Nashua, N. H.
193. Miss Bessie A. Townsend is in the second grade of the Russell Street school, Plymouth.
194. Miss Alice Higgins is substituting in Prattown.

Miss Annie Gallup is at her home in Groton, Conn., prevented by poor health from teaching.

193. Mr. Charles E. Glover is teaching in Pawtuxet, R. I.

Miss Albee, Lexington, Me., is observing here.


A Word to Inexperienced Teachers.

If you have decided to teach and are well certified in character and scholarship to instruct youth, there is a place for you. Heredity, social standing, opportunities and personality are the important qualities in the teacher. The young teacher is not to forget that experience is as much a part of training as school education. A small salary at first—one of the laws under which nature acts. We desire as members of this Agency those alone who are promising candidates for positions. Address all communications to Education Teachers’ Agency, 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. Room 21.

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