The Normal Offering, Vol. 15, No. 5, June 1894

Bridgewater State Normal School

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

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

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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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Once more the Bridgewater Normal School is about to send from its doors a number of young people to join the army of teachers. Eager as they may seem to enter upon the work for which they have been preparing so long, there must be in every heart a tinge of sadness at the thought of leaving the dear old place where so many happy and instructive hours have been spent. The Offering extends to all its heartiest wishes for their success.

With this issue of the Offering, the duties of the present Editorial Board come to an end. We can all say that the work on the paper this term has been both pleasant and profitable. There has been material enough to work with and many hands have been willing to help. The slumbering fires of literary genius, nowhere more existent, need only a little coaxing to cause them to burst into flame. We would ask that you give the same support and encouragement to the new Board.

The "Normal Ollapodrida" has been on sale for some time. As the first production of its kind ever seen here, this little book presented a very creditable appearance and at once created a favorable impression upon those members of the graduating class who like to see their names in print.

The Biennial Meeting of the Normal Association will be held in Assembly Hall, Wednesday, June 27. All graduates who have not visited the school since the last "Biennial" held here will rejoice with Mr. Boyden over the many improvements made since that time and those to be made this summer.

Base Ball is over for the year '94. When again the sportive Normal returns the gentle game of foot ball will demand his time and strength.

Members of the Graduating Class of June '94.

"The end crowns all."
IN MEMORIAM.

EUGENE E. SOULE.

ON May 24 Eugene E. Soule died of pneumonia at his post of duty in Centreville, R. I. after only one short week of sickness. The news of his sudden death was received with great sorrow by his many friends in the Normal school. It seemed hard to believe that this strong, robust young man—with us till last June as, a schoolmate—had so suddenly passed away in what seemed the beginning of his usefulness.

His funeral on Sunday was attended by about thirty Normal students and teachers. The large number of floral tributes attested the esteem of many relatives, friends, schoolmates, and pupils.

VACATION AT MOUNTAINS OR SEASHORE—WHICH?

THE pleasures of a summer in the mountains! Compared with the pictures and associations which memory recalls all words seem tame.

Who can forget the rides in the early morning, or at sunset along quiet country roads, the berry picking parties, the picnics in the woods, the excursions for water lilies on one of the many beautiful ponds scattered here and there, the hours spent in following a tiny brook accompanied by a fishpole, or in a hammock in the pine woods, reading, or idly listening to the whispers of the pines.

One is constantly delighted with the mountain flowers, so abundant and so much more beautiful than their sisters of the plain, and with the birds whose morning and evening concerts are so freely given.

The air of the hills, what words can describe it! Always fresh and invigorating, laden with woody odors. Its health-giving properties alone would have repaid us for coming.

The beautiful scenery constantly charmed us. The colors of the morning and evening sky and the effects produced by the reflected light upon the mountains are unparallelled. Ruskin says, "In some sense, a person who has never seen the rose colored rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away can hardly be said to know what tenderness means. This combination of the beauty of the meadows and woodlands with the majesty and grandeur of the mountains gave an ever varying, ever pleasing view.

How we loved the grand, faithful mountains, which strengthened us physically and spiritually, and ever pointed us upward to their Maker. As we watched them we reverently said "Thy righteousness is like the grand mountains." We seemed held on high close to the heart of the Grand Eternal.

THERE is nothing more restful for the mind and body of a hard-worked teacher, than a vacation spent by the seaside.

One never tires looking at the beautiful picture made by the sky and the constantly changing ocean, so broad, so wonderful, so mysterious and fascinating.

Sea baths, sails, drives and walks on the sands, all these are possible at the seaside.

No progressive teacher who is interested in her work but wishes for opportunities to continue her Nature study; and the seaside is the best place for seeing nature in her most varied forms.

What interesting specimens one can get in geology, zoology and botany.

In psychology, we learn; next to the study of nature comes the study of man. The seaside is a much better place for the study of the "genus homo" than the mountains.

Why are most of the Summer schools established at the seaside? Because the majority of teachers think it is the pleasantest and most profitable place for a summer vacation.

"ENJOYING yourself out here all alone?" asks one of the cottagers strolling along the beach. Yes, I have come out here to be away from the cottages, away from the people; but I am not alone. The waves as they break on the shore, and dash against that great rock make music for me. The sea is calm this morning, and the waves, in unruffled mood, sing of peaceful happy times down under the ocean.

How like man the sea is, subject to moods, today quiet and happy, tomorrow impatient, restless, again wild with glee, and then roaring in anger, and madly breaking on the shore.
The bay is dotted with sails, how pure and white they stand out against the deep green foliage of the islands.

There is a study in color furnished by the shades and tints of green on that point of land running into the sea at my left.

The clouds overhead do not lack stories, and what a long tale do those great rocks, and the tiny pebbles and grains of sand at my feet tell me.

I have been watching the waves again. There is an exquisite coloring of green just below the crest. You can catch it only for an instant before the wave breaks.

God is a wonderful Creator, and God is here.

Which shall it be, the seashore, or the mountains? What a difference of opinion there is about it. "The seashore," says one, "with the restless, ever-moving ocean, characteristic of the enterprise and unrest of the American people,—susceptible to the slightest change, now wreathed in smiles, now lowering and frowning like an impressionable child."

But what different avenues are opened for us at the mountains; their sublimity mingled with beauty, touches a different string in our natures and sets it vibrating.

"the mount, the gracious Sun perceives First, when he visits, lasts, too, when he leaves The world:"

Such pure and bracing air we never breathed before, such pleasant drives and rambles we can take nowhere else save here, such sights and scenes reveal themselves to us for the first time—now if ever we can truly "look through nature, up to nature's God."

Who does not enjoy a morning walk over the sandy beach, a bath in the salt spray and an invigorating pull across the harbor? Would you rather lie sleepily in a shady hammock with your novel?

The rarified mountain air will not inspire you more than the generous, saline seabreezes.

It is not for science study that you go to the mountains; for zoology, botany, and geology are much better represented at the shore. Is not the sight of the white-capped waves with their dotting of sails, the smoke-streak of a distant steamer, and the throng of gay bathers on the beach far more pleasing than the scene of a silent and dusky outline of a barren mountain peak?

Forgetting the sentiments of those time-honored words "There is no place like home," and considering this question my desires are almost immediately turned to the mountains. These, abounding in their woods, dells and shady nooks, surpass in my mind, the broad expanse of seashore covered with rough rock or burning sand.

My inclinations tend in this direction because of the unsurpassed beauty of the varied landscapes, and, in all, of the superb natural scenery to be witnessed among the mountains. What is more beautiful than to witness the crystal spring issue from some rock crevice in the mountain side, and wend its way to the valley below? Or again, what is more grand than to stand on the edge of a huge rock and look perpendicularly downward for thousands of feet? Viewed, too, from the physical standpoint—no better means can be found to relieve one from the mental strain incurred by the year's work, than an opportunity to inhale the bracing atmosphere of a mountainous region for a brief period.

Select a rather wild and rocky shore, with few people, if you wish to enjoy your summer vacation in quiet. The one great advantage of such a place, aside from the pleasures of the ordinary sandy beach is simply the water itself; but to one who really cares for it, "simply watching" the water means a great deal.

To sit out on the rocks alone, on a moonlight night, as the waves roll in one after another, dashing against the cliffs and breaking into spray which reaches you far above, is enough to fill you with thoughts and feelings impossible to express; and when you finally decide to go in for the night, it is quite regardless of the fact (if you are one of the unfortunates not blessed with "natural" cuffs), that your hair is perfectly straight; while your feeling for the hilarious whist players in the house is one of profound pity.

One may spend a whole summer at such a shore, the water is never twice the same, while a storm once seen there, is never to be forgotten.

Section A.
WHAT a luxury is a summer among the mountains! There are the great hills standing in bold relief against the azure sky, a sight which fills one with admiration, and the clear mountain air which is so refreshing. Then there is the pleasure of mountain climbing and perhaps a picnic near a bubbling spring. Surely a delightful vacation may be spent here.

But let us go the seaside and look out upon the broad expanse of waters with their never ceasing motion. Here is the beach with its fine soft sand. Here the rowing and sailing parties and best of all the baths which so invigorate one and fill him with new life.

Perhaps we might rank the mountains and seashore about equal if it were not for this luxury of bathing but, considering this, a summer at the seashore is much to be preferred.

I'd go, vacations, to the sea, for that is where I like to be. Where the air is cool and bracing, too, and nothing but sea and sky is blue. Where the seaweed drifts upon the beach, brought by the tide, just within our reach. Where the mosquito sings its little song and you are happy all day long. Where the water is moving from morn to night, calming your restlessness by its might. For all these reasons, I would be, down by the sea, the beautiful sea.

You will answer this question in only two ways. If you are fond of mountain scenery you will prefer to visit the mountains. If, on the other hand, you are lover of the ocean, the beach and the delights which the seashore affords, your vacation will probably find you at Bar Harbor, Nantasket or Long Branch.

To me, the seashore offers a greater variety of scene and pleasure than the mountains. The latter are, indeed, sublime and beautiful in their towering heights, but after a time we tire of their stern outline and long for something to break the monotony of their scenery.

But there is another kind of pleasure which to some of us is more charming than all else, to sit under the shelter of some overhanging cliff whence only the ocean is seen, only the vast expanse of the waters, mighty and awful in their strength. To watch the billows roll and tumble and toss about the white, white spray, to see the sun rise out of its liquid depths, or to see it go down bathed in a flood of grandeur, these are sights which can never be forgotten. They are full of beauty which brings inspiration and resolve to everyone who truly sees them.

Let us go to the seashore in our coming vacation, and return happier and stronger for a touch of the "free, mighty, music-haunted sea." JUN.

REBECCA OF "IVANHOE."

IT is not generally known that the original of the heroine Rebecca in Scott's "Ivanhoe" was a Jewess, Rebecca Gratz, who lived in Philadelphia. One of the papers of that city recently published an account of her life, giving some interesting facts.

Her parents died when she was young, but the family mansion was still kept open by the daughter, who presided over it with much grace. She was very beautiful in face and figure, and in addition to these attractions, possessed charming manners.

One of the most intimate friends of her brother was Washington Irving, who was then at the beginning of his literary career, and a strong friendship was established between the author and Miss Gratz. Irving's betrothed, Miss Matilda Hoffman, was also Rebecca's dearest friend, many visits being made between the two families.

Scott and Irving met for the first time in 1817, the latter visiting Sir Walter with a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell. During one of their conversations, Irving spoke of his friend, Miss Gratz, and described her beauty, strong religious faith, and generous character in the most glowing terms.

Scott was so deeply impressed by the description, that he conceived the idea of embodying her character in one of his novels. He was working on the story of "Ivanhoe" at the time, so decided to introduce a Jewish character, on the strength of Irving's vivid account.

This novel was composed by Scott during moments of great pain, yet at times he would become so interested in the character of Rebecca, that he would rise from his couch, and begin to walk up and down the room, continuing all the while to dictate to his amanuensis.
The book was finished in 1819, and the first copy was sent to Irving. The great resemblance of the character of Rebecca to Miss Gratz was noticed by all her friends. In the letter to Irving which accompanied the book, Scott asked, "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?"

Miss Gratz knew that she was the original of the character, but never would speak about it very much, because she disliked the publicity of it. She never married, but devoted herself to benevolent objects, and when she died in 1869, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, was widely regretted.

A. C. F.

CLASS PROPHECY—SEC. K.

When the science of horoscopy was first introduced as a regular branch of study in the public schools of Massachusetts, of course it was necessary to have teachers specially instructed in the branch that it might be taught properly. The Bridgewater State Normal School, being a most progressive institution, naturally took the lead in this matter.

It was in the spring of 1894 that the subject was first agitated; and students of Astronomy in the four years' course were the pioneers in this new and delightful region. There were at that time no text books intended particularly for this study,—so that, with the assistance of the instructor in Astronomy and what books they were possessed of, the class proceeded to compile its own data. This may seem a very simple matter to the uninitiated. But those who have time after time carefully worked out the right ascension, declination, azimuth distance, parallax and refraction of a star for a certain by-gone date, only to find that a mistake of five minutes in time of birth of the person whose fate was to be foretold, made the computation entirely incorrect,—they alone can understand the despair and gloom which enveloped the section during that spring term.

There is a rule of world-wide application, that no patient labor is ever entirely lost. It seemed to the editors of the present treatise that such valuable information as was gathered by Section K should not fall into utter oblivion. But in looking over the data, they were impressed with the fact that certain details, unimportant in the extreme, had crept in; and that certain other valuable correlative points had been omitted. Also the information was not in a form likely to catch the popular eye.

For instance under one name they found these notes: Venus ascendant: moon in apogee: right ascension of Venus 36°; declination 28°; allowance for refraction 59', and so forth, which certainly is not of vital interest to the casual reader.

The editors solicit the indulgence of their readers in their attempt to combine and rearrange the subject matter, as well as in regard to the notes and additions they have seen fit to make. They have named this treatise, appropriately or otherwise, "The Art of Fortelling Future Events by Observation of the Stars and Planets," or "A Primer of Horoscopy."

One more point to which they would call attention,—the rearrangement without alphabetical order, an innovation which they are very anxious to introduce into all the text books used in the public schools; since the present method is simply arbitrary and not natural.

With these preliminary notes, the following articles will undoubtedly be thoroughly understood.

S

Saturn threw o'er our broad earth the shade of his rings,
His light fell alike upon beggars and kings:
But brightest and longest this planet did shed
O'er the house of a sawyer his radiance so red.
The maid who dwelt there grew in wisdom each year
Till in knowledge and learning she had not a peer.
Although in all lines for her work she's renowned,
'Tis in pronunciation her pleasure is found.
The subtle distinctions between path and paths,
Truth and truths, death and deaths, wreath and wreathes,
Lath and laths,
Now hold her attention, naught else will she do
But work hard on the project she holdeth in view;
To compile for the use of all scholars a key
A vast dictionary in which there will be
Of the art of pronouncing all methods and ways,
All distinctions, in facts, which will o'er meet the gaze.
'Tis a boon to the user and all men attest
That this dictionary of all is the best.

D

Uranus floated through unclouded skies,
The new moon's young crescent hung low 'fore our eyes,
When a Doten, a maiden, the fourth of that line
Raised her voice and of life gave most vigorous sign;
Gave sign too of powers that ever shall be
A joy and a blessing in this Land 'o the Free.
For we, who have heard as she raised a loud shout
From the ball stand when foemen had just been put out,
Cannot but feel that her talent was meant
To give hope to the fainting, to give strength was sent.
The stars say to her but a few words of might:
"Take heed to the ball game and all shall go right:
The scores shall thou keep for all teams in the land.
One warning we give thee, in mind let it stand,—
Make no mistakes in thy scores, as of old.
The people are fickle, their favour'll grow cold.
If thou makest errors, then be very sure
Thy 'tune of office' will not long endure.
Despair not, fair maiden, and all will be well,
We give thee our blessing, and power to yell.

C
Queen Catherine next, quiet, meek, and demure;
Hid away in a cloister we find her secure.
Vega rose at her birth in that part of the sky
Which told that of men she would ever be shy.
Thro' her school life she proved this was true beyond doubt,
And in shades of a convent we now seek her out.
We find her removed far from noise and strife,
In her girlhood she never was touched by Love's darts,
But there's many a wound in brave, ardent young hearts:
And the Russell of leaves at the casement ope'd wide
Brings a murmur of longing from those who must bide
Shut out from the light of her presence so sweet;
For 'tis sure from the cloister she ne'er will retreat.
By nature she's fitted right well for her sphere,
Her shyness and diffidence 'twas, drove her here.
The walls of the chambers bear this legend blest.
"Mark the bright, busy bee;
Work away at your task and success you will see."
The walls of the chambers bear this legend blest,
"After work of the day it is right to take rest."
But the dining hall shows us the best of the three:
"Eat on, oh Eat on, for 'tis this brings to thee
The strength and the courage the future to breast
And perform all thy duties with vigor and zest."

J
And as for fair John, O so timid and shy
That he fled like a deer from a glance of the eye.—
When he lay in cradle the earth was perplexed
By visions of horror, and comets; and vexed
By stars that shot madly from heavens to earth
And threatened to end up the world at his birth.
What star in ascendant? This records do lack
For sages were frightened at omens so black;
They forgot to write records or give any name
To the bright star then beaming—Alas! what a shame!
Those comets however do wonder portend
The great gods his fortune their comtemonance lend.
Great preacher he shall be with sermons no end:
For him in post haste shall all parishes send.
We know with what dignity, charm and rich grace
He will kindly and gently slip into his place;
What struggles with shy John he'll have to go thru'
End different worth will give him his due.
But once in the spot where fate wills him to be,
The great things he'll do can no wisdom foresee.

I
I introduce our bright Isabelle;
In reading Macbeth she was wont to excel.
The sleep-walking scene was her favorite part
And she rendered it all with the highest of art.
When her eyes first beheld the soft light of the stars
Her infant gaze rested on bright, lurid Mars.
One future all others in fame will surpass.
The people are fickle, their favor'll grow cold.
To turn many hours of darkness to day,
To banish repose until late in the night,
And sometimes not sleep until morning's first light.
But in later years she, doth the horoscope toll:
Ponsaketh the stage where she used to excel.
And the subject with growing delight
In the patriarchs' lives she is known as a sage
But 'tis Jacob doth most her attention engage.

E
If futures be brilliant for all in this class,
One future all others in fame will surpass.
On the birthday of Etta a total eclipse
Made all people murmur with deadly white lips,
"Is it the end of the world now? O say!
Is the earth plunged in darkness forever and aye?"
Little they knew that this same shadowed day
Portended the coming of one whose bright way
Should indeed put in shade mediocrity's van,
For she shall do that which no other one can.
She shall find it too tiresome always to walk
And so shall set at it, with no extra talk.
To find out a way to fly up to the moon—
The way is so easy she'll find it out soon—;
With one and one only strong magnetic field,
To her wise arts the other will very soon yield.
She'll give to the wide world its greatest invention
To fly to the stars nor regard right ascension.
For machines made for flying take care of themselves,
Your part is to sit upon one of the shelves
That runs round the car, and then you may fly
As far as you wish to and almost as high.
Then thanks to the woman, the wise and the sage.
Who gave this the greatest of arts to the age.

T
Takes us on to the Twins o'er whose way
Both Castor and Pollux shed favoring ray.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

Through their life undivided, their pathways are bright;
They both from the platform now speak every night.
The multitudes cluster; each speech is a gem;
"Woman's Rights," tell A. G.; speaks of "Temperance," A. M.
To their standards flock crowds; sure of victory are they,
And they march on in triumph where fate points the way.
To the White House at last does fair destiny speed
And we find for our nation
That with Venus ascendant on day of his birth
That of women 'twill take two to equal one man.
That political women must now have their day,
The multitudes cluster; each speech is a gem;
To their standards flock crowds; sure of vict'ry are
And in their wise ruling there's nothing to blame.

A Young Allen is here, modest, graceful and gay,
An author of note in our class there is found.

H

B

By the open fire plans she her writings, well known,
Withdrawn far from others, remote and alone.
Man has ceased to propose, but no loneliness fear,
For her favorite cats do her solitude cheer.
She lacks but a parrot to serve as a mate
And then naught would she change for a more blissful fate.

It was Jupiter, star of the morning, they say,
That burned bright in the sky on sweet Myrtle's birthday.
To the East will she travel, to India's strand
And make stylish kowtows, the best in the land.
All will seek for her services, all will desire
Themselves in her beautiful robes to attire.
Her skill at this labor,—oh, deem it not strange
For when at the Normal it lay in her range
Of studies, this cutting and sewing by hand;
She was chairman and head of the Zemana Band.

And what of our darling, our baby, our pride;
When the short-lived electric no radiance would show,
And then taking a book she is soon far away
Where bright fancy reigneth forever and aye.
But oh, Marvel not at the book she doth choose;
No other 'tis said, she so oft doth peruse:
"A Bachelor's Reveries," that is its name,—
A book that is surely not unknown to fame.

And when old Tormal he used once to play.
Oh he was a punster of fame and renown;
"Woman's Rights," tell A. G.; speaks of "Temperance," A. M.

A book that is surely not unknown to fame.

Some day she may be pointed to as the best in the land.

Moneys are at hand, but no such was e'er heard in the town.
Such was his skill with the sweet clarinet,
And such was his grace in the grave minuet
That with Venus ascendant on day of his birth
That of women 'twill take two to equal one man.
That political women must now have their day,
The multitudes cluster; each speech is a gem;
To their standards flock crowds; sure of vict'ry are
And in their wise ruling there's nothing to blame.

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And then taking a book she is soon far away
Where bright fancy reigneth forever and aye.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

Is to while away time in the dance and the game.
Society called her and marked her for aye;
She joined in the dancing with motion so Reet
And cut pigeon wings with her dear little feet.

'Twas Polaris that high in the heavens did burn.
To this central star since their omens all tended,
Their path for four years all together they wended.
Then over the world, as Polaris doth show,
Scattered far from each other the members must go.
Over land and o'er ocean their banner's unfurled
Till it covers each cranny and nook of the world.

Then farewell to Harriet,—to "Trigie," good by.
This letter stands for the whole class of twelve
Who in the rich mines of learning would delve.
When in '90 they all to the Normal did turn
'Twas Polaris that high in the heavens did burn.
To this central star since their omens all tended.
Their path for four years all together they wended.
Then over the world, as Polaris doth show,
Scattered far from each other the members must go.
Over land and o'er ocean their banner's unfurled
Till it covers each cranny and nook of the world.

But though from the Normal afar they may roam
Each year will behold one and all coming home.
At the annual reunions there's no one away
For each returns gladly to old Section.

The editors are aware that upon the leaders of
great reform movements the world often turns a
cold shoulder. They are aware too, that the in­
troduction of such a primer as this to the public
will probably cause a strong manifestation of some
kind. That it and its sponsors will have a warm
reception they do not doubt; but let the public
remember that moderation, even in the adoption
of a reform in a much-to-be-desired thing, and that
the editors deprecate any exhibition of the great
enthusiasm which this work can but arouse.

SENIORS OF JUNE '94.

One morning bright, in Normal town,
Across the campus, looking down,
Four members of class ninety-four,
Strolled slowly toward the entrance door.

Full twenty years had come and gone,
Since they with classmates true and strong,
Had left those dear familiar halls,
And answered unto Dilty's calls.

They found their way to room fourteen,
The place of many a Psyche scene,
For a score of years will make great change.
They gazed on the walls, no longer bare;
Then thought of those who once were there:
Thus for a time they sat and mused.

Then one of the party, who had spent many
years in studying law, but had only recently won
his first case, broke the silence—"I surely thought
Mr. Babcock would be here today." "Oh! tell
us where he is," cried fair Helen, who had left
the footlights of the stage, and the applause of
the world, and was about to teach a promising
school of one. "I have a letter in my pocket
from him"; and the lawyer then told of how Mr.
Babcock began his career in a village situated in
the middle of a Louisiana swamp, at five dollars
per week. The first day the scholars locked him
out, the next day they put him out, on the third
got out. Discouraged he abandoned his chosen
pursuit for his hobbies, stamps and hens.

"The town girls do not have so great a distance
to come," suggested the Turtle. "Why!" exclaimed the philosopher, "didn't you know that
Pinky is living on the side of Mt. Tom? She has
one scholar. When the child is ready to leave for
home Matilda says 'See your brains before you
go.' And Helen Mitchell is teaching gymnastics
in a kindergarten where the children call her 'soldier lady.' Miss Monk is one of her overseers."

"I am quite anxious to know about the gentle­
man from Worcester County," said the Turtle.
"Haven't you heard of his invention, the electric
flying-machine? You remember he was interested
in electricity when at Normal. He went to the
Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Finishing
his course he took all the degrees possible so
that there are none left for future aspirants."

"And," continued Cygnus, "that makes me think
of what I heard about Miss Prescott. She pur­
chased the first of Mr. Davis's machines which
was placed on the market. When last seen she
was on her way to analyze the rings of Saturn.
Let us return to terra firma. Has anyone heard
concerning Miss Blodgett?" "Oh yes," spake
the young lady from Brooklyn city. "It was
some time ago that I visited her school. She was
about to punish one of her little urchins. 'This
is Peat,' she said addressing me. 'Now Pete I
will give you three seconds to think of what you
have done, and then you must apologize or be
punished.' Pete then uttered the following, in one
of Miss Honeywell's stage whispers—

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett
She's going to strike me;
And I'm going to dodge it!"

"I found, when I went west, a building with
Parker Conservatory' over the door. Ethel and
Mazie may be found within, giving the most ad-
vanced instruction in the Tonic Sol-Fa System.
If you could only see them as they stand before
their classes—

'Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the swinging of the ball.'

And Miss Carrie Parker has become a hairdresser. She developed this art combing the tangled locks of her pupils. She is now on a crusade the object of which is to improve manners on the base ball ground." "Speaking of base ball reminds me of our marble-headed gentleman. He had quite a ludicrous yet serious accident. This is the reaction $\text{CaCO}_3 + \text{H}_2\text{O}$ (containing $\text{O}_2$) + (heat) $\rightarrow \text{CaO} + 2\text{CO}_2 +$. In this condition he will undoubtedly make his mark somewhere if only on freight boxes on Fall River steamers."

"What has become of Miss Creighton?" inquired the Sophist. "Well," answered Mr. S. "All that I have heard is that she has cultivated a taste for potatoes, but prefers to prepare them by moonlight." "By the law of contrast Miss Day's name is suggested. She became a Jack-at-all-trades that she might decide which one she liked best. What one do you suppose she decided upon? A beer manufacturer, i.e. Root Beer. She tried music first, but people could not appreciate her talents. She next became an elo­cutionary critic. Among other things she served as Matron of Normal Hall, securing her position on the condition that she would boil no eggs for Nantasket lunches."

"Didn't Miss Kennedy go on the trip to Nantasket?" asked Helen. "Yes, and here is a letter I received from her which I will read you," quoth the Turtle.

Julesburg, Colorado, June 2, 1914.

Dear Old Classmates:
Now the nineteenth year approaches
Since that great eventful day,
Since our Normal graduation
In that old, but much loved town.
What has happened since then, tell me,
In the state of Massachusetts,
In the quaint old Boston city,
In the city of the bean-pot?
What has happened in New Hampshire?
What in Maine, has since transpired?
To you merry men, and maidens,
With your many airs and graces,
With your fountain pens, and notebooks,
With your love of human nature,
With your love of law and order,
With your love of writing specials.
Who that day did say good bye,
If of me you'd know a little,
I will answer,—I will tell you
From the wilds of Colorado.
From the mountains and the canions,
I've been teaching pedagogy,
Not a few other minor things,
Teaching how ideas come and go,
Teaching then the natural order,
With the Colorado beetle—the illustration,—
Teaching the child to say "I know,"
And to lose "I think," "I guess,"
Taught the child to gain possession
Of himself,—himself alone—
How to stand upon their feet and think;
Where to look to see the sun rise,
Where to look to see it set,
"Why" these things are as they are.
These of whom I've now been speaking,
All are ages to sixteen,
Likewise they have all abilities
From a Bacon to a Lamb.
One who 'cross my path has trod,
On a wedding journey westward,
You would never, never guess.
It was he whose mental states
Could no lady understand,
He, who said that woman's memory
But light and circumstantial was.
Now who was he, do you know?
And another friend I've seen—
One whose hobby is a safety,
One who makes the dust and stones fly,
One whose muscular development
Was accomplished "à la Normal."
On her wheel are boxes tied,
On her boxes, labels seen,
Graham crackers these do say.
I have told you what I'm doing
In this Colorado wilderness.
I'm observing, then inferring,
And my thoughts are not distracted
From my work on pedagogy.
But I fear the Bay State maidens
Have allowed their thoughts distraction,
For their names have changed a deal,
And obedience is the rule
Which some of them are teaching.
Though this June I cannot meet you
Since our paths so far and wide
Keep me from that greatest pleasure,
From you friends of Massachusetts,
From the city of the bean-pot,
Single life, girls, is a blessing,
And this message, my classmates hear.
Teach, oh teach girls, all your lives!
Have, oh have my dearest wishes!
Classmates one and all remember.
For I can no longer tarry,
And farewell must quickly come.
Farewell, classmates, duty calls me.
Good luck to all—once more farewell.

H. A. K.

“Miss Sprague like Miss Day gave up teaching. She felt that she was cut out for a census-taker, knowing she would be able to air her hobby. When the census for 1900 was taken she found employment. Fortunately she was assigned the city which she considered the best in the world. She succeeded as far as she went, but when she came to the fifth B she got tangled up among the s’s and t’s.”

“How about our ‘sleeping beauty’?”

“Well, she has reached a planet 12,000 miles distant from B. N. S. where she lies dormant during the summer and winter, and each evening in the spring and autumn he is sung to sleep by the selection ‘Sleep, Baby, Sleep,’ rendered by his favorite musician.”

“Miss Reed has gone half that distance on the earth, at this time being far far away in China applying Normal methods. It might be remarked that all the youths admire her.”

“Miss Manter is another one who has settled in a distant city. During her last year at Normal she became much interested in German. Later on she went abroad to extend her knowledge. This like a question led her on to seek some object she had not.”

“Miss Norton has added to her course in Physiology an extended treatment of the ‘Evils of Gum Chewing.’ She intends to publish it in book form. It will be dedicated to the Bridgewater stone-crusher.”

“Miss Drury has cultivated her sense of taste to the extent that she is able to decide the distinguishing qualities of the various kinds of teas—that is, vegetable, mental, physical.”

The Wareham maiden continued. “While in Boston, where I found Miss Drury, I attended one of the theatres one evening where I saw Miss Cushing play the part of Juliet.”

The Brooklyn ‘extra’ then came out. “Miss Davol ‘blesses the man who first invented sleep.’ She thinks it a foul practice to rise with the birds, so has gone into business with Street & Walker, whose work she may do at any time of day. You all remember Miss Billings no doubt. She comes from a remarkable family and is as remarkable a person. It is a very interesting circumstance, for I had an invitation to her wedding, although a very private affair. The necessary and universal question was asked her—‘will you love, honor, and obey.’ She hesitated over the last word but finally agreed to it when put thus—‘will you love, honor, and be gay.’ I have also visited Miss Cobb, whom I saw teaching a colony of children to draw a stone wall. I heard that she was a crank on drawing. On reaching her school I was much interested to find that the first thing she did was to have her pupils recite in concert a short sketch of the incident, in the reign of Edward I, of Stonewall Jackson’s eating watermelon when his parents were away. This I understand is repeated every morning.”

“Miss Lingham has taken a different line of work from her classmates. I am sure she is neither a wheelwright nor a right wheel, but I am sure I am right when I say that she is a right good writer on the right side of Women’s Rights.”

“How about her roommate?” “Who, Miss Susie Grace?” “Yes.” “All that I know of her is that she applied for entrance to Mr. Emerson’s school, but was refused admission as she could not meet all the requirements. Since then she has been publishing cook-books. Her friend ‘Sweet Marie’ is in Iceland, where she has perpetual winter (all the skating one could ask for). She has taught the natives to play tennis. Rumor says she marks the courts out according to longitudinal and latitudinal lines.”

“Let me tell you about our spring poet and comic artist.” “Whom do you mean?” “Why Miss Honeywell.” “Oh yes.” “I met her one day on the south side of the main street in Leipsic, eating pears. She gave me a pleasant smile. ‘That smile will ever haunt me, haunt me to my dying day. It will console and help me upon my lonely (?) way.’ She was a ‘49er. Among her characteristics was her compassion for lonely young men. She was not conceited, but prided herself on the fact that she always left off with a good appetite, and also that she could always find the point to Mr. Swan’s stories. We have finished the catalogue of our classmates, have we not?” “Yes.” “Just a moment, you referred to Mr. Emerson’s school. What kind of an institution is it?”
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

"I am glad you asked, for it is quite an interesting one to us. It is a Ladies Seminary of which he is principal. Allow me to quote from the catalogue—"Only qualifications necessary for admission are small hands and small feet, and a capacity for deep thought."—"Note: Soundings taken once a week."

These tales were heard with interest keen, As each one told what he had seen Or heard in all those twenty years, In which much hope o'er balanced fears— A silence fell upon the four, Each busy with his thoughts of yore. And now that day was at its close. Each slowly from his place arose It now was time to say good-by, For to the train they each must go. Sweet strains of music from below Float in upon them as they go. "Farewell!" the honest lawyer cried. "Farewell!" the other three replied.

LYCEUM.

May 25, 1894. By a vote of the Lyceum, the meeting occurring regularly upon this evening was made a Musical. It consisted of a Piano Recital by Mr. Arthur J. Bassett of Worcester, assisted by Miss Alden, Contralto Soloist, of Middleboro.

The program was very select and classical and was rendered with excellent taste.

June 8, 1894. The last Lyceum of the term was held this evening. The President, according to the custom, made a few remarks at the close; calling to mind in a brief manner the history of the Lyceum and the extended influence it has had upon its members in aiding them to better themselves in literary lines.

PROGRAM.

Song, Miss Elise Pratt.
Reading, Miss Blodgett.
Banjo Solo, Miss Maguire.
Song, Mr. Swan.
Reading, Miss Sprague.
Selection, Normal Orchestra.
Debate—Resolved, "That arbitration will take place of war." 1st affirm, Mr. Eaton. 2d affirm, Mr. Hunt. 1st neg, Mr. Ellis. 2d neg, Mr. Kallom. Vote on the question, affirm, 25; neg, 4.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE LYCEUM.

UPON THE DEATH OF MR. SOULE.

Whereas, through the death of Eugene E. Soule the Bridgewater Normal Lyceum suffers the loss of one of its recent active and valued members:
Resolved, that we, the members of the Lyceum, do hereby express our deep sorrow in this event, and our warm regard for the friend whose loss we mourn.

Resolved, that we, the members of the Lyceum convey to the afflicted family a high sense of the worth of our departed friend, and our sympathy in their bereavement.

BASE BALL.

Bridgewater, May 19, 1894. The game today with the Brockton Y. M. C. A. team was the most interesting one of the season and it was doubtful who would win until the last man was put out on a fly to Baker in the last inning.

For the Normals, Hutchings played his old-time game, making two difficult catches in left centre. Morrill and Reynolds were on hand every time and Parker's three-bagger attracted attention. For the Brocktons, Willis and Stonefield excelled in fielding and Parks in batting.

The score:

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

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SCORER—A. R. Winter.

BRIDGEWATER, May 26, 1894. To-day's game resulted in a tie, the visitors being obliged to leave at the end of the ninth inning to catch a train.

The noticeable features were the batting of Sears and Nickerson, the fielding of the visitors and the base running of Webster.

The score:

NORMALS.

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BRIDGEWATER, JUNE 2, 1894. Again the Normals and the Grey’s Hall team crossed bats to strive for the mastery on the diamond. The visitors evidently intended to win, for they brought with them players of some reputation. They did not win, however, and to Nickerson, more than to anyone else the Normals owe their victory. He not only pitched a splendid game but led his side in batting. The score:

NORMALS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>AB</th>
<th>R</th>
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<th>BI</th>
<th>TB</th>
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GREY'S HALL.

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The Biennial Meeting of the Bridgewater Normal Association will be held at Bridgewater, Wednesday, June 27, 1894. Address, "The Normal School of the Future," by Rev. A. E. Winship, Editor of Journal of Education.
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DEPARTMENTS.

GEOGRAPHY.

During the term considerable material has been added to the school for use in the study of Geography. The additions may be summed up as follows: 500 pictures, model of Massachusetts, 50 maps of typical features of relief of the United States, one nine sheet map of the United States, two one sheet maps of the United States, two commercial world maps, (Mercator) world series of maps, three stencils 4 x 5 feet of world maps, Massachusetts series of maps —drainage, township and population, also specimens illustrating rope-making, chair-making, box-making, etc.

—Dr. Sargent, of the Harvard gymnasium, has devised a new game called "battle ball," which combines some of the features of bowling, base ball, cricket, tennis, and foot ball.

President Eliot, of Harvard, who has become so conspicuous before the college world of late, especially on account of his attitude toward athletics, is credited with the following utterance:

"The Greeks, who knew more about athletics than we shall learn in a hundred years, held their Olympic games once in four years, while to-day the college students want at least four contests every year."—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

Dr. Sargent, of the Harvard gymnasium, has devised a new game called "battle ball," which combines some of the features of bowling, base ball, cricket, tennis, and foot ball.

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Vice-President, Mr. Brenelle Hunt.
Secretary, Miss Brown.
Treasurer, Mr. Murphy.
Auditor, Miss Kinney.
Prudential Committee,
Mr. West, Miss Crowell, Miss Webster.
Ushers, Mr. Kallom, Mr. Nickerson.
Editorial Board of Normal Offering.
Editor-in-Chief, Mr. F. H. Kirmayer.
General Assistant, Mr. Hayward.
Assistants,
Miss Alger, Miss Safford, Miss Jones.
Assistant Business Manager, Mr. Winter.
Owing to the resignation of Mr. Brown the office of Business Manager of the Offering will not be be filled until next term.

—Miss Barnes and the teachers of the Model school took Monday, June 4th, for visiting day.

CALENDAR FOR 1894-5.

1894.
June 26—Summer graduation, Tuesday.
June 27—Meeting of Bridgewater Normal Association.
June 29—Entrance examination, Friday.
Sept. 5—Entrance examination, Wednesday.
Sept. 6—Fall term begins Thursday Morning.
Nov. 28—Dec. 3, inclusive—Recess, Thanksgiving.
Dec. 22-26, inclusive—Recess, Christmas.

1895.
Jan. 23—Winter graduation, Wednesday.
Feb. 7—Spring term begins Thursday morning.
April 13-22—Spring recess.
June 26—Summer graduation, Wednesday.
June 27—Entrance examination, Thursday.
Sept. 4—Entrance examination, Wednesday.

—Miss Mary Dean and Miss Gertrude Dean have been observing in the lower grades of the Model school.
PERSONALS.

-'93. Miss Grace Dailey has the school at Prattown.

-'92. Mr. H. C. Leonard has resigned his position in the Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., and has gone to Germany for further study.

-Miss Nellie I. Sabin, Somerville, was the guest of Miss Eddy recently.

-Several members of the class in Cryptogamic Botany, accompanied by Mr. Jackson, visited Middlesex Fells with Prof. Seymour of Harvard College on Saturday, June 2d.

-C. Burleigh Collins has left his position in Rockland for one in the Phillips school, Boston.

-'94. Miss Grace N. Bramhall is now in the Beaver primary school in East Bridgewater.

-A tennis tournament of mixed doubles was played on the morning of May 30th. Twenty-eight entries were made. The first prizes were won by Mr. Baker and Miss Landers, the second by Mr. Parker and Miss Lincoln.

-The class of January '95 at a meeting recently held elected the following officers: President, Mr. Tibbetts; Vice-President, Miss Lena Holmes; Treasurer, Miss Brown; Secretary, Miss Turner.

-Miss E. A. Sawyer has resigned her position as assistant in the Bridgewater High school.

-A number of the Seniors enjoyed a Geology trip to Nantasket on Saturday, June 9th.

-The following members of the graduating class have accepted positions: Miss Leach, 8th and 9th grades, East Hampden; Miss Parker, 1st and 5th grades, East Bridgewater; Miss Sprague, 3rd and 4th grades, Dedham; Miss Cobb, Attleboro; Miss Kempton, Medford; Miss Day, Dedham.

-Among the visitors this month have been Mr. Bowen, Mr. Thompson, Miss Grace Fickett, Mr. Fuller, Miss Grace Dailey, Mr. Riley, Mr. W. Crocker, Mr. M. C. Leonard, Mr. H. C. Leonard, Mr. Sears, Mr. Leonard Sanborn, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Miss Etta Allen, Miss Lottie Smith, Mr. Billings.

-The Exercises of Graduation will take place in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday, June 26, beginning at 10 o'clock, a. m. The address will be given by Rev. Alexander MacKenzie, D. D. of Cambridge.
Dental Notice.

It is a pleasant duty to convey to my patrons of the Normal School, sincere thanks for their extended and increasing patronage.

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For

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