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Bridgewater State Normal School

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

ONE FEE REGISTERS IN BOTH OFFICES.
SEND FOR AGENCY MANUAL.

110 Tremont St., Boston. 211 Wabash Ave, Chicago.
secretly thinking to himself that it is about as hard to leave the old school as it was to come two, three, or four years ago. Every one recalls the horrors of Examination day, his tendency toward gloomy first impressions, and his agitated feelings in regard to the church-yard opposite, as to whether or not it was a necessary part of the grounds of this institution. Time however has dispelled these feelings, which seem very insignificant now compared with the fact that Normal life is ended. There is much work to be done with the Massachusetts "light infantry," and those leaving us have our best wishes for success. Let them remember that we are always glad to see old faces, and that they will always be welcomed here.

Graduation time has again arrived with its usual mixture of gladness and sorrow. All who are to leave us, must feel a sense of pleasure that they are about to enter upon their chosen work, while at the same time each one probably is
In this Maine town, through some blunder in town meeting, there were two men who, after the meeting, claimed to be members of the school board, but whom the other members failed to recognize as such. One of these men proclaimed himself Superintendent of schools and immediately became the rival of another man who considered that position his. Each proceeded to hire his own teachers, in consequence of which when the schools came to be opened, there were two very surprised young ladies for each of the little district schoolhouses. In some cases these ladies divided their pedagogical work, while in others each looked upon her rival as very much out of place. One unfortunate was obliged to sit on the school steps during a whole forenoon, because unable to obtain her key to the building. The case is now in court. The situations of these teachers are somewhat ludicrous to read of, but possibly to one placed in such a position, matters appear in another light, and “forewarned is forearmed.”

THE work of the present editorial board ends with this issue of OFFERING. We therefore take this opportunity to thank those who have very kindly aided us by their contributions during the past term. Our work on the paper has been very pleasant, but the same thing which has been said so many times needs repeating. There is a decided lack of school-spirit in regard to this paper; there should be each month, in a school of this size, an abundance of material from which to choose, while this is certainly not the state of affairs. A very able set of persons is to have charge of the OFFERING next term, and we ask now that all who have aided us will continue the good work, and that others will join them in helping the new board.

FAMIIAR QUOTATIONS—APPLIED.
(SECTION G, '95.)

“Fools are my theme; let satire be my song.”
“As proper men as ever trod upon neat’s leather.”
“He was a veray partit gentil knight.”—F. H. K.
“Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.”
F. E. G.

“That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to”—every rush that came.
W. H. H., C. R.
“He wears the rose of youth upon him.”—E. W.C.
“The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of”—Gloucester.—W. V. H.
“Here’s metal more attractive.”
“Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.”—L. W. J.
“The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive, she.”
F. M. C.
“A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns
And sweet as (Plymouth) air could make her.”—D. H.
“There’s a woman like a dew-drop.
She’s so pure than the purest.”—L. G. D.
“Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth.”—F. P. T.
“Wearing all that weight of learning like a flower”—E. F. A.
“Here are a few of the unpleasant’st words
That ever blotted paper.”
“A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.”—E. F. A.
“Thou say’st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.—F. H. K.
“Be good, sweet maid, and all who will be clever.”
F. P. T.
“If I laugh at any mortal thing,
It is that I may not weep.”—L. W. J.
“Much of a muchness.”—F. E. G.
“There was never yet fair woman but she made
mouths in the glass.”—E. M. C.
“I am Sir Oracle: when I ope my lips
Let no dog bark.”—W. V. H.
“All Nature wears one universal grin.”—F. W. C.
“The lady doth protest too much.—L. G. D.
“All is not gospel which thou dost speak.”
W. H. H.
“Might tempt the saintship of an anchorite.”
D. H.
“We once did hold it a baseness to write fair.”
“Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but
organically I am incapable of a tune.”
F. W. C.
“Ex to my princerples, 1 glory in hevin’ nothin’
of the sort.”—W. V. H.
“Conceit in weakest minds strongest works.
E. F. A.
"His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation."—F. H. K.
"Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind."—F. M. C.
"With a smile that was child-like and bland."—L. G. D.
"I would the gods had made thee poetical."—F. E. G.
"I am nothing if not critical."—F. P. T.
"Bright gem instinct with music—vocal spark."—W. H. H.
"I have important longings in me."—L. W. J.
"There lies more peril in thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords."—D. H.
"Come kiss me, sweet and twenty."—D. H.
"I was not always a man of woe."—F. H. K.
"In her face excuse came prologue,
And apology too prompt."—F. M. C.
"All our geese are swans."—G's opinion.
"They have a plentiful lack of wit."—Faculty's opinion.
"Dogs, ye have had your day."—Under-graduates' opinion.
"For many are called but few are chosen."—(Superintendents' visits.)
"The fortuitous or casual concourse of atoms."—(Class meetings.)
"And when you stick on conversation's burrs
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs."—F. W. C.
"Illustrious predecessors."—F. H. K.
"If there be or ever were one (other) such,
It's past the size of dreaming."—E. F. A.
"A harmless, necessary, cat."—(Recollections of No. 11.)
"On its last legs."—(The manikin.)
"How blessings brighten as they take their flight."—(Psychic.)
"Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us."—(Costs in reading.)
One who will never follow anything,
That other men begin."—F. P. T.
"I am all the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers too.—L. G. D.
"Man is not a happy animal; his taste for sweets
is too enormous."—F. E. G.
"Now we see through a glass, darkly."—(Astronomy observations.)
"Time elaborately thrown away."—Whence?
"How sad and mad and bad it was,
But O, how it was sweet!"—What?
"Ah, why should life all labour be!"—W. H. H.
"A woman's at best a contradiction still."—L. W. J.
"Although I am a pious man, I am none the less a man."—W. V. H.
"I stood among them, but not of them, in a shroud of thoughts which were not their thoughts."—(Before a Model School class.)
"One thorn of experience is worth a wilderness of warning."—(Our conclusion.)
"These are the times that try men's souls."—(Class-assessments.)
"So shaken are we, so wan with care."—(Present.)
"On horror's head horrors accumulate."—(September.)
"There's a gude time comin'"—perhaps. —(Future.)
"This goin' ware glory waits ye, hain't one agreeable featur."
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."—What is writ, is writ;
Would it were worthier!"
"The rest is silence."

REMINISCENCES.

At a certain indefinite time, at least a few years prior to the New Zealander's sketching the ruins of St. Paul, a party of tourists were travelling through the Hartz Mountains one day, when they were suddenly overtaken by a violent thunderstorm which obliged them to take refuge in a ruined old castle near by, until it passed over. This venerable place was said to be haunted by several generations of ghosts, and indeed it did have an uncanny look that dark, lonesome afternoon.

The leader of the party suggested that each one should tell some facts or experiences in his travels which had particularly impressed him, and in this way, pass the time pleasantly. The plan was adopted and carried out, but too much credit must not be given to the various accounts which followed, because it is barely possible that their imaginations were a little affected by the weird and ghostly influence of the place in spite of their honesty and good intentions.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

One day as I was walking along the broad and lonely avenues in the shopping district of Modern Athens, out to the suburbs, I met a large number of children just coming home from school. I was much impressed by their erect, easy bearing and healthy appearance, and noticed the same things wherever I went. On inquiring the reason for such excellent physical development, I was told it was all due to the work of one lady, Professor Clotrety, state superintendent of physical education.

After studying the old Spartan system in Greece and spending several years in Sweden, she returned home to apply a combination of the two methods with admirable success. The children could learn much more easily than before, because their erect positions allowed knowledge to enter quickly along the lines of least resistance, so their instructor affirmed. In this way a great impediment to learning was removed, and all Massachusetts praised its benefactor.

The company waited, expecting to hear a new story begin, but heard instead the familiar tale, “I didn’t know we were going to have this today, I am not prepared for it.” He was forthwith excused, and another went on.

In the quaint and classic old city of Padua, there might have been seen one day, in the English Art Room at the Museum, a young lady of American appearance intently gazing at Reynold’s much admired “Age of Innocence.”

Nothing more was seen or heard of her until a little while later, when the whole artistic circle of the city was much excited over a beautiful landscape, called “Worcester Willows,” which appeared at the exhibition. The artist was unknown, but soon it was found to be the work of the young stranger. Her chief artistic merit was her coloring, which they declared to be faultless. And over all, the moral lessons conveyed in her pictures were very tender and true. Her principal pictures are “We Two,” “Jackson Park,” “Come into the Garden, Maud,” and “The Fisher Maiden.”

Little was known of the gifted artist personally, except that her ancestors belonged to the King’s borough in a distant country, and she herself was named for one of England’s proudest queens.

Furthermore it was rumored that a strong attachment existed between her and a Certain Charming Prince, but this was sacrificed to her desire to try her skill in other fields and dales where Hope encouraged it. And sure enough, very soon the University of Padua induced her to accept the chair of Fine Arts which she filled with much success and honor.

The next speaker in turn asserted that he knew a very interesting story to tell only he could not remember any of it, though he had it all in his note-book. As the said book was several hundred miles away, they decided not to wait, so the next one continued.

III.

In a pretty place near Bassett’s Knoll, is founded a grand institution which is the center and source of all teachings, in its particular line for the whole nation. It occupies the site of a once thriving town which long ago ceased to exist. As one walks about the spacious grounds or reclines under the fine grove of chestnut trees which afford a delightful summer retreat, he may notice many evidences of modern spirit such as a Trilby dormitory, analogous harmony in the color of the buildings, and a hospital for the care of heroes who have fought on the football field.

Among the distinguished members of the faculty is one who is well adapted by her native staying qualities to fill the position of Principal of the Sub-Primary department. This institution was also the scene of her former worries and pleasures as a student, and it happened when the time came to say good-bye to her school days in this place, that although she had known many farewells before, yet she found this one so very delightful that she decided to have the sorrow of parting postponed indefinitely, and so remained with her alma mater.

Of the various departments, that of the Kindergarten is most attractive and instructive, the pretty play and charming merry Pratt-le of the children interesting everyone, so that a visit to it will be well repaid. As we were coming away, one little child was asked how he liked his work, and one word was his reply—“Dandy,” which
made his teacher smile mournfully, and with that remembrance, we came away.

IV.

While travelling in America, our attention was much attracted by the fame of a lady who had just been made president of the American Scientific Association in recognition of her services in that line. We were invited to call upon her personally, so a little later we made our way to a quaint old mansion with a piazza on the roof, having the hospitable name of “Dew Drop Inn.” Here our hostess lived with an amiable friend, a schoolmate, high in the esteem of all.

The house was surrounded by brown fields on which were many trees, especially whilacs, otherwise known as white lilacs. But a recent tempest had unfortunately injured many.

We were met at the door by a little man, who ushered us in. While waiting, we heard a little kittenish sneeze, and soon found ourselves in the presence of a black-eyed lady who greeted us cordially. During our conversation, she explained very lucidly some of her discoveries and appliances.

She also showed us some medals that had been given her, one of which had the image of a sea-girt isle, life-size, with pollywogs floating around it on one side, and on the other an umbrella and a straw hat.

Soon we were refreshed by many tempting things, particularly some honey which the mother of one of her friends had made, some Sheldon pears, and wafers made from Pillsbury’s best.

The gifts which this lady made to her island home, of a suspension bridge connecting it with the cape, and an observatory on one of the high hills there, show her public spirit and generosity.

But these brilliant ideas and acts were not anything compared with what she is contemplating, and will show to the world later on.

V.

One evening in Elbertstein, Germany, a grand concert was given in aid of teachers who governed by moral suasion. It was largely attended, chiefly because of the popularity of one of the singers, whose performance more than justified their expectations.

This young lady whom Fate tried to conceal in the same way that she did Dr. Smith, but as signalled failed, was the subject of much prose and poetry. Many ardent young poets immortalized her as Sweet Marie, “Molly, my Love,” etc., in original productions.

On this particular occasion her first song was “Ulysses leads the Van,” which won her almost as much applause as her second song, “Old Normal Days.” Whenever she was in Boston, it was always noticed that she preferred to sing in Keith’s Theatre, if possible, for obvious reasons.

She was accompanied on the piano by a young lady who had often accompanied her on other journeys in realms of study as well as song, and still oftener on yet more material journeys back and forth in search of ideas and methods. She always wore jessamine whenever she took part in a concert, and was so generous, that one-half the proceeds received for her performances was given to various homes and institutions for charitable purposes. One of her peculiar characteristics was that she admired fine-looking teeth, and although dental extractions and manipulations of all sorts are terrifying to most people, yet for her they had only agreeable associations and sensations.

These two ladies were on a concert tour abroad, but intended soon to return to their native country, where they will be heard from again, no doubt.

When the last speaker finished, some one remarked how all the experiences related seemed to refer to educational matters, teachings, and similar pedantic affairs. Another member of the company declared in a tragic tone, that he could explain it all, beyond the possibility of a doubt, so he began:

Once upon a time not very long ago, a young lady began teaching in the backwoods of Maine where with her big spectacles and green cotton umbrella she frightened away both man and beast from her little log cabin. After a while she died of starvation while boarding around, although her normal constitution adapted her to endure almost any privation. After dissolution her ghost assumed the form of a Salem witch because of her flying and jumping propensities when mortal, which continuing in her second existence, made
her very volatile, so that she floated over to this old castle. Here she is seen every night imploring people to ameliorate her condition, if they can possibly afford it, and it is her presence tonight which has influenced us. Because in life her desire was to grow thin, she was fated in her ghostly state to be so thin that Ichabod Crane would smile in derision and the Skeleton freaks would throw up their positions in despair, if they saw her. Her jaws, too, are constantly moving up and down in memory of the gum she used to chew, but which is now denied her. All the seers in every port have tried to exorcise her spirit, but in vain, so that now she has grown so pugnacious that it is almost death to look upon her— I believe I hear her coming!

In an instant the castle was deserted and still, and everything was bright and beautiful outside.

A LETTER FROM BrH₂.

June 25, 1905.

To the Editor of the Offering:

Ten years have passed since the class of which I was a member graduated from the Normal School, and during these years I have been an appreciative reader of your worthy paper.

A few months since, I received an invitation from Mrs. Ruggles nee Boutwell, B. N. S. '95, to spend the coming holidays at her home in Hopedale. Mrs. Ruggles in September, '95 began her career as a teacher in Hopedale, but soon after abandoned this vocation to sacrifice herself on Hymen’s altar to become the wife of the eminent inventor and scholar, Professor Ruggles, whose name is now before the public in connection with photography.

During my visit I became very much interested in some experiments which the Professor had been making with an invention of his, which he claimed combined all the advantages of the ancient oracles and prophets.

One evening the Professor informed us that the machine was ready for the first trial, and to enhance our interest, he suggested that he use the photographs of the Class of '95. He declined to explain the working of the machine further than to say, that when a photograph was placed within, the reflection cast on the screen at the end of the room showed the person and his surroundings at the present time.

The Professor took a photograph, on the back of which was inscribed the legend, “Nannie Slocum Allen,” and placed it in the instrument. Immediately there appeared on the screen a long, dusky corridor, out of the shadows of which glided a small figure with a look of grim determination on her face, similar to that worn in her Junior term when ascending the platform for a geometry exercise. She moved to one of the many doors, applied her eye to the key-hole, and entered the room: in an instant she emerged with two culprits whom she marshalled to the room opposite, shut and locked the door and quickly disappeared down the stairs.

As the picture faded from the screen Mrs. Ruggles was heard to murmur “Who would ever have guessed that Nannie would be preceptress in a boarding school!”

The next picture thrown on the screen was of a court-room where the most prominent figure was a very tall young woman, gesticulating wildly. In the background the audience was leaning forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, (position of intense eagerness). We readily recognized our old friend, Miss Bennett, and could imagine her winning judge, jury, and even the opposing counsel, as we remembered her great success as “Portia” in the Senior reading class.

The Professor continued to slip the photographs of familiar young faces, one by one, into the mysterious machine, and the pictures of mature looking men and women flitted across the screen.

The next picture showed a typical studio in which there were three young women busily working at their easels. The first of the figures was very plain and it recalled our artistic friend, Grace, but the other two though as much in the foreground were very indistinct.

The Professor, greatly agitated at this phenomenon, adjusted and readjusted his instrument, but with no success and as if to cover this blunder, quickly inserted another photograph.

We next beheld a crowded hall, on the platform of which stood a lady lecturer exhibiting in the most pleasing manner rocks of all sizes, and semi-occasionally referring to a set of highly colored
charts which adorned the wall behind her. "Do you not remember Miss Smithick, the star of the Senior Geology class?" inquired Mrs. Ruggles. "For years she has been enlarging these charts and now uses them in the geology lectures, which have made her famous in the scientific world. One of the geology text-books now used at Normal is 'Smithick's Elements of Geology.'"

We now saw a room in the Emerson College of Oratory in which was seated a class. Before them stood a woman whose lips were vigorously moving with particular freedom of the lower jaw, apparently reading some thrilling selection from a book which she held in one hand, while she gesticulated in all planes with the other. We were not able to recognize this teacher of elocution until we looked on the back of the photograph and read "Zorada Frances Briggs." I have since learned that Miss Briggs occupies the Chair of Projection and Waist Support, which has recently been established there.

With the following change the same studio which we had seen but a short time since, reappeared and as before, only one figure distinct, this time Miss Sears. This reminded me that Miss Sheldon was also associated with our other two friends in their studio at Rome; so the Professor, acting on my suggestion inserted the three photographs at once, and much to our surprise and his gratification the picture was distinct and complete.

"Now, by way of variety," remarked the Professor dryly, "let us turn our attention to one of the gentlemen," and immediately there appeared a boat in which sat a man intent on his fishing, regardless of the manner in which he was being tossed about. This picture accorded most nearly with the expectations raised in the Normal days, for even then Mr. Nickerson showed great inclination toward being a Fisherman.

The Professor was very desirous of repeating the experiment so successfully made in the case of our three artists, so he anxiously inquired if there were no others of our class associated in their work. We suggested Misses Bowles and Webster, and straightway their pictures were produced. There appeared before us the interior of a roomy office upon whose walls hung maps of various sorts and sizes; in all available places were cabinets containing piles of pictures, while globes of all sizes adorned the desks and tables. At the two desks sat our friends revising their last geography outline, which, by the way, had been on the market but one month.

Even the Professor, who seldom ventures out of the Inventor's World, had heard of the fame of these two ladies and informed us that Murdock's Geography Outline has been entirely superseded by that of these former pupils of his.

The Professor highly gratified at this last success, hastily reached for another picture. The reflection of this one showed a schoolroom, the most striking thing in which was a series of long blackboards completely covered with drawings and sketches. On the board directly in front was a brilliant mass of color, which, from a short description written beneath we found was supposed to be a map of North America, although it looked more like a panorama of the World's Fair, to an unpredjudiced eye. The other drawings were doubtless very fine, but our knowledge was not great enough to enable us to appreciate their artistic merit.

The smiling face of the teacher, an interpreter of these works, recalled to our minds our old friend, Clara Hathaway, who, as I have been told is possessed of the astonishing idea that she can draw, and insists in inflicting the products of her artistic genius on the poor children placed in her charge. This talent has been entirely developed since leaving Normal.

This bit of analagous discord was succeeded by an out of door scene,—a large and beautiful lawn where several men were busily working under the direction of a very business-like woman walking about among them. We felt that she was the one in whom our interest was centered, but unfortunately her face was entirely eclipsed by a large shade hat. Our curiosity was soon satisfied however when an express wagon appeared on the scene, conspicuously lettered "M. J. Ambrose, Landscape Gardener." Mrs. Ruggles and I gazed at each other in blank amazement. We well remembered how in our Normal days Margie spent fully half her time wandering up and down the Woodward corridor trying to find a patch of sunlight in which to place a wilted petunia and a sickly looking geranium, but we never suspected
that this habit would develop to such an alarming degree.

Our minds reverted to the old saying "The unexpected always happens," and the next picture confirmed the fact beyond the possibility of a doubt.

A concert hall, crowded to its utmost capacity, was seen, every face wearing a look of intense expectation, and as a graceful figure appeared on the platform, showers of bouquet greeted her. Of course we could not hear the music that she sang, but on the cover of the sheet held in her hand we read the title "Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy." The beautiful singer was no other than Vina Landers, greatly changed since the time when she was called the basket ball champion of '95.

As the hall faded from sight it was replaced by a rural scene where the prominent feature was a small schoolhouse much resembling the district schoolhouses we heard so much of in the study of School Laws.

In front of the building the pupils were arranged ready to have their pictures taken. The teacher stood in the background, and though years have not left her unchanged we recognized Miss Pierce. It was a great surprise to find her thus situated, for she had often expressed her opinion of country schools during Psychology recesses. Mrs. Ruggles says however, that a peculiarity of Miss Pierce at the present time, is that she absolutely declines to accept a city school and prefers to remain in the country.

This lodge in a vast wilderness was followed by a very literary looking office; ink bottles, papers, magazines, books, dictionaries, and encyclopedias were piled in grand confusion around the room. In the midst of this array was seated our friend, Miss Baker, intent on her writing. We had read at various times sharp criticisms of popular novels containing such familiar expressions as "As far as my experience goes," and "This is not in accordance with what I read," bearing the signature "A. H. B.", but had never before associated them with the incorrigible critic of the Class of '95.

By a peculiar coincidence the next picture was Miss Safford's, and the same room reappeared. We at once replaced the likeness of Miss Baker, and two figures were now seen; but what a change had taken place in Helen's once beaming countenance! It now appeared gloomy and serious as beffited the author of an extended series of Anti-Humor papers now appearing in a leading magazine. Such is the effect of always looking on the dark side of life.

It may appear to the ordinary observer that few of the class follow their chosen vocation of teaching, but a series of pictures now claimed our attention which shows that whatever this line lacks in quantity, it fully makes up in quality.

Miss Byron and Miss Dunham we found in charge of a training school in Brockton, which was established a year or two ago through their earnest endeavors. They put into practice all the Normal methods and before any student is allowed to receive a diploma he is required to repeat verbatim the twenty-three principles of education derived from the Educational Study of Man.

Miss Bray is honoring her Alma Mater as a Boston supervisor of schools, and it is astonishing to note what marked improvements have been made since she was persuaded to accept this position.

Miss Fuller is cultivating the artistic tastes of the rising generation of Cambridge by instructing them according to the principles of color, form, and arrangement. She ably fills the position of Supervisor of Drawing.

But Miss Ryder has reached the most influential position of all, for she is the honored principal of the Hyannis Normal School. She is remarkable as a teacher in many ways, but her best known characteristic is the strictness with which she requires her Psychology class to give all statements of definitions and principles "verbatim et literatim."

Miss Ryder's early aspirations were toward missionary life, but another was destined to be the missionary of the class. In the next scene we beheld one standing under a cocoanut tree, a long pointer in hand with which she occasionally indicated certain figures relating to trigonometry, drawn on a blackboard fastened to the trunk of a tree, meanwhile addressing an interested class of little Siamese. Accounts of the wonderful success of Miss Lane's use of Normal methods with
children in Siam, often appear in the missionary magazines. This shows the results which may be obtained when children are instructed from the beginning of their education by true teachers; for these children of ten or twelve years, although descended from a race of savages are equal in knowledge and power to High School graduates of our own country.

We almost regretted leaving this scene of successful toil and returning to Massachusetts, but we forgot our regrets when our attention was called to a pleasant household picture. In the dining room of a vine-clad cottage there bustled about a happy housewife who could be no other than our old classmate Miss Brooks. Yet not Miss Brooks, for she was laying the table for two and from this we guessed that she had deserted school teaching for a more congenial employment.

A sad contrast to this picture was that of a lonely cottage, in the cottage a menagerie consisting of cats, pug dogs, canary birds and parrots; presiding over all this a solitary woman, whose face however, did not indicate the slightest disposition to mourn over her hard lot. Miss Lucas has changed her views entirely since Normal days, and is now perfectly happy living alone in the midst of her pets.

It may be interesting to note in connection with this, that in the Psychie class Miss Lucas was always ready with a recipe for cheerfulness.

We had always believed that Miss Philips was especially adapted to kindergarten work and we found that our suppositions had been correct, when we presently saw her in a large, sunny room, surrounded by dozens of happy children who were evidently enjoying their work as well as the teacher did hers.

The ever shifting panorama on the screen next showed us a portion of a court room. The most interesting picture to us, was that of a lady reporter who was taking notes according to the Spencerian system with such lightning-like rapidity, that not a word was lost, and yet each letter was perfectly formed. It took us some time to convince ourselves that this swift worker was Miss MacNeil, but her face had changed so little that we were forced to believe it.

We had begun to grow rather dizzy from watching this phenomenon of speed, when the Professor changed the picture for one of a large room with a big pencil sharpener in the center. A familiar figure in an apron, which called up visions of the chemical laboratory, was presiding over the machine, sharpening pencils at the rate of one hundred per minute.

Could it be that Miss Haire had so far developed her fondness for this occupation as to devote her whole life to it? Just then our eyes alighted on the sign, "Josephine Haire, Repairer and Sharpener of Pencils. Model School Pencils a Specialty."

A quiet little home scene followed, the central figure was one, whom in our Normal days we called Miss Wardwell, but who is now known by another name. A year after she graduated, the town where she had so successfully worked was robbed of a valuable teacher, and now our sister is in charge of a Small kindergarten of her own.

The next pictures showed two of the industrial arts which are indispensable to the happiness of at least feminine life. In the first we found a dressmaker's establishment in charge of Miss Gore, who in consideration of the fact that she has in her apartment all the modern improvements, also the artistic taste necessary to a person of her calling, is named "The American Worth."

The second was a reception room in the suite occupied by Miss Gilmore, the fashionable milliner. Among the elegantly dressed ladies who were awaiting an interview with this great artist were many who were representatives of New York's Four Hundred.

This picture vanished as one of the few male members of the class appeared as the leader of a popular orchestra. In spite of its popularity this orchestra is never encored, for the public has found by bitter experience that Mr. Hayward always responds in person, with that lackadaisical selection "Wait 'til the Clouds roll by, Jennie." But notwithstanding this slight drawback, the graduating classes at Bridgewater never have any trouble in selecting an orchestra, for Mr. Hayward is always willing to furnish his best music at lowest rates.

We found Miss Crowell distinguishing herself in a little different line, as a very Smart teacher of languages, but making a specialty of French.
While at Bridgewater we thought she was developing decided inclinations toward this direction, and these tendencies have increased so far that she now devotes her whole attention to a class of one member.

At the next moment we almost fancied ourselves in Bridgewater, for Assembly Hall was before us. Yet of all the company gathered there only one face was familiar. On the platform stood a lady delivering a lecture; it was surely Gertrude Hastings, but what she could be doing in that place was a mystery, until we remembered that she is now one of the greatest travelers and explorers, returning to Bridgewater at least once a year to delight the ears of scholars and teachers with the glowing accounts of the wonders of the North Pole, the horrors of the jungles of Africa, or the beauties of the interior of Alaska.

An equally useful if not as romantic an employment engaged the whole attention of Miss Hunt, whom we found laboring for the good of her fellow beings, by managing a soup kitchen in the slums of New York.

She started to teach in one of the less attractive parts of that city, but soon decided that her half-starved pupils must be fed before she could expect to secure the right activity of their minds; accordingly she established a soup kitchen, which project afterwards expanded until she found herself at the head of a great philanthropic establishment which is doing wonders towards improving the physical, mental, and moral condition of the poor wretches in which the place abounds.

We found another of our members presiding over a busy sewing circle. For industry it almost rivaled the Zenana Band, and the conversation seemed to be even more animated.

"For pity's sake, if that isn't Jennie Bucknam!" ejaculated Mrs. Ruggles. "Life as the wife of a Methodist minister hasn't worn on her much, but it reminds me of the time, when, if asked what her ambitions were, Jennie would say 'Anything but a Methodist minister's wife'"

The Professor involuntarily reached for another picture but the box was empty. "What! so few? No more?" I exclaimed in surprise. "So it appears" said the Professor, as he began to cover his precious machine, which is now the greatest wonder of the age. But the Professor modestly says, that in a short time some newer invention will claim that honor, for,—

"Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."
CHORUS RECITAL.

A very pleasant recital was held in Assembly Hall at 4:30 on the afternoon of June 6. It was given by the chorus composed of about fifty young ladies of the school, who have been practicing all winter under the able direction of Miss Prince.

The chorus was well balanced and sang with good expression, the last selection especially, being given with much spirit.

The solos, duet, and trio were very well rendered and Miss West received much applause for her difficult piano solo.

OFFICERS OF CONGRESS.

The officers of the Congress for the next term are: Speaker, Pierce D. Brown; Vice-speaker, Henry T. Burr; Clerk, Miss W. W. Sears; Assistant clerk, Miss Mary Hooper; Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Timbie, Mr. Buck; Executive Committee, Mr. Reynolds, Miss Louise Fisher, Miss Bartlett. Editorial Board: Editor-in-chief, Mr. Robert E. Burke; General assistant, Mr. B. Hunt; Assistants, Miss Connor, Miss Robinson; Business Manager, Mr. C. L. West; Assistant Business Manager, Mr. Sampson; Auditor, Mr. Holmes.

ATHLETICS.

The game with the Alumni base ball team May 25th, was both interesting and surprising. Owing to the non-appearance of three of the visiting club who had expressed a willingness to come but at the last moment were wanting, Normalites were selected to take their places. The last mentioned players did very well, but nearly the whole credit of winning belongs to the Alumni who were manly enough to appear after giving their word to do so.

The game was a hard fought one as the score will testify. It was nip and tuck from first to last. Probably no two persons present at the game would give the same reason why the Alumni won and the Normals lost. Gardner was not hit to any degree, nor could Nickerson be pounded. The base running on both sides was about even. The leading features of the game were Churbuck's phenomenal catch of a high liner that saved at least two runs, and Reynolds' catch of a high foul fly in the rear of third base.

![Innings](image)

The ball team visited New Bedford on May 30th and defeated a team, supposed to be the local high school team, by a score of 10 to 6. The team as a whole played good ball although there was little to do outside the battery. Reynolds had the home team at his mercy, striking out eleven and allowing but six scattered hits. An unlucky combination of errors and hits in the sixth and eighth innings gave the high school team their only runs. Nolan improved wonderfully in his throwing and caught an excellent game. Morrill at second played well. Shanks played the best game for the New Bedford team. Although a pitcher who had not been in the high school for some years and other outside men were drafted into service, our boys did the best batting of the season, most of the hits being clean and timely. We enjoyed a fine ride to Taunton and return and spent our spare time in New Bedford very pleasantly in visiting several whaling vessels.

![Innings](image)

The game of June 9th with the Somerville High School was hardly a success from our standpoint. Although at times our team played brilliantly, yet the work as a whole was poor. Nickerson started to pitch but was very wild, and Reynolds took his place in the fifth inning. After this things went smoothly until the ninth inning when a series of misplays gave the High School team four runs. Morrill made some pretty catches and Nolan saved Nickerson several wild pitches by good stops. For the visitors Joslin played the best game. The fielding of the visitors was very poor, ten errors being scored against them.
Summer Weather Clothing.

- Children's Washable Suits, 75 cents, $1.00, and $1.50. Summer weather clothing. Lowest prices ever quoted.
- Men's Business Suits, $6.50, $7.00, $7.50, and $10.00. Warranted all wool and fast colors. Bicycle suits, sweaters and caps. Sole agent for Peerless bicycle pants. Finest assortment of outing shirts in this city. Duck pants, yacht caps, leather belts, trunks and bags in all makes. Leaders in low prices. If not satisfactory money back.

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PERSONALS.

- '95. Miss Deborah Howland has accepted a position in the Bellingham high school.
- Miss Marion Winkley, who entered with the class of June '95, has the first four grades in Bellingham, Mass.
- '95. Miss Jessie L. Holmes has the first four grades in one of the schools in Raynham, Mass.
- '95. Miss May Dunham has the first four grades in a Raynham school.
- '94. Miss Martha B. Davol is acting as assistant in a Taunton school.
- '95. Miss M. L. Webster has accepted a position in the Williams School, Chelsea, Mass. She has the sixth grade, and departmental work in geography.

Hot Rolls and Hot Coffee
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- Mr. Ryder of the Special Course has accepted a position as principal of the Hopedale high school.
- '95. Mr. C. L. Hayward is to be principal of the North Easton grammar school.
- '95. Miss Harriette Ryder has a position in the Carter School of Chelsea. She has the sixth grade and departmental work in language and science.
- The engagement of Miss Minnie Schuyler, a graduate of this school, to Mr. Robert Merrick of Walpole, is announced.
- Visitors: Mr. Hine of Dedham, Mr. Boyden and Mr. Sherman of Taunton, Mrs. Wood of Rockport, Miss Kendall of Athol, Miss Nellie Drury, Miss Helen Malley, Miss Ethel Parker, Miss Mollie Noyes, and Miss Etta Barnes.

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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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BRONZE MEDAL, Washington 1891.
GOLD MEDAL, Boston, 1892.
SILVER MEDAL, Chicago, 1893.

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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, Thursday, June 27 and Wednesday, September 4, 1895. Fall term begins Thursday, morning, September 5, 1895.
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Ten teachers have been elected from this Bureau, the current year, in one New England city, viz: Grammar (male), $2000; Grammar (male), $2000; Grammar (male), $2000; three Manual Training (males), $3000; Sciences (male), $1600; Elocution and Physical Culture (female), $600; Primary (female), $900; Kindergarten Critic (female), $750; Domestic Sciences (female), $1100. Aggregate salaries = $11,950.

Dr. Orcutt, Fairhaven, Mass., Sept. 19, 1894.
I desire to express to you the gratitude of our committee for your success in selecting and engaging the four teachers you have sent us. Your judgment is unerring; each teacher so eminently fills the requirement. We made no mistake in placing the matter—carte blanche—in your hands; and for the success of the past we shall be only too glad to ask your assistance in the future, assured that your selections will not disappoint us. Cordially yours,
C. C. Cundall, M. D., Chairman.

Another Call.

My Dear Dr. Orcutt:—
You see I come again for another teacher, which proves conclusively that we are pleased and satisfied with the others you sent us. All four of them are exceptionally good, and doing work worthy of the commendation they receive from both the superintendent and committee.
I enclose signed contract for another teacher. Engage the teacher you are satisfied with for me, and fill the name blank, and I SHALL THEN KNOW just the teacher I want is coming. Cordially yours,
C. C. Cundall, M. D., Chairman School Committee.

We have had twenty-five such calls this season.

Teachers seeking positions or promotion should register at once. No charge to school officers for services rendered. Forms and circulars free. Address or call upon

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