The Normal Offering, Vol. 18, No. 2, Oct. 1895

Bridgewater State Normal School

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

TEACHERS WANTED

Grammar and Primary Grades.
Both near Boston. To begin work
Winter Term.

Bridgewater Graduates
who are teaching and can be visited
in their schools preferred. Salaries
$550 - $650.

C. A. SCOTT & CO.,
110 TREMONT ST. BOSTON.
On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the school was deeply grieved by news of the death of Mrs. Boyden. After an illness of nearly five weeks, she passed to her rest at the age of 70 years and 22 days. She was the daughter of Thomas and Martha L. Clarke of East Newport, Maine, where she passed her childhood and youth. She graduated from the Bridgewater State Normal School and was a teacher of marked ability in Westerly, R. I., Hingham, Mass., and in the Wheaton Female Seminary at Norton.

She was the loving counsellor and companion of our principal for nearly forty-four years. She was the mother of three sons, two of whom are living, Arthur Clarke, vice-principal of our school, and Wallace Clarke, sub-master of the Boston Normal School.

Of a bright, keen and cultivated mind, inspired by a high moral and Christian purpose, warm-hearted and possessed of the courage of her convictions she was beloved by all. Her life was one of great usefulness in her home, in her connection with the school, the church and the community. She sought earnestly to do good quietly as the opportunity presented.

For twenty-three years Mrs. Boyden lived at the hall, where she supervised the household duties and assisted Mr. Boyden in keeping the accounts of the school. She was deeply interested in everything relating to the work of the school. The last two and one-half years were spent at her beautiful home on Summer St.

The funeral service at the home was conducted by Rev. E. S. Porter. The favorite hymns of the deceased were rendered by a choir led by Miss C. C. Prince. The interment took place at South Walpole, the early home of Mr. Boyden.

Our beloved principal's loss is shared by all who knew Mrs. Boyden. Her nature was one
that impressed itself as always kindly and appreciative. The sympathy of the whole school goes with Mr. Boyden in his bereavement. May the Master give him the courage and strength to bear his cross, and may the remaining years of his life be full of happiness and joy.

WITH the death of Mr. Leach, one of the best friends of the school has passed away. He was a man of upright character and sterling ability, and always ready to lend help when help was needed. His assistance to the school in the halls of the Legislature has been invaluable as an aid to the progress of Normal schools in this state. His work for us and his character as a man are things which will make his memory ever dear.

THE sixty-second annual convention of the Plymouth County Teachers' Association will be held in the First Congregational Church, Whitman, on Friday, October 25. The exercises commence at 9.30 a.m. with devotional exercises and an address of welcome. Talks will be given by Miss Etta L. Chapman on "Ungraded Schools;" Charles F. Dole on "Training in Citizenship;" Thomas M. Balliet on "Correlation of Studies;" Miss Sarah L. Arnold on Language.

In addition to the above, Mr. George H. Martin of Boston will deliver his excellent address on "The Artist and the Artisan," so well remembered by the faculty and older students of the school. To those who have not heard this, Mr. Martin's talk will be extremely interesting.

ONE DAY.

PROBABLY there is no person who has not had the trying experience of struggling through a day in which all circumstances seem to be united against him.

Such a day was endured and survived by a friend and myself in making the short journey from Portland to our home, not far from Boston.

Our starting place was Great Diamond Island, Casco Bay, time seven o'clock on Monday morning. The first thing to delight our souls on waking was to find the rain pouring in torrents, with no prospect of ceasing before the end of the month at least. With the resignation resulting from many like experiences with the weather, we gave up all hope of curts, patiently unlocked our already packed trunks, dragged out our water proofs from the depths, grasped the choicest specimens of the family umbrellas, and calmly sat down to await the arrival of the buck-board which was to bear us across the fields from the cottage to the steamboat landing. But our calmness began to disappear when a shrill whistle announced that the boat was approaching and our vehicle had not yet arrived. At the very moment when we had decided to succumb to the inevitable and give up all hopes of reaching home that day, a clatter at the back door and howls from the kitchen caused us to rush out of the house in a most undignified manner, to behold our buck-board. Farewells were necessarily brief and most of them shrieked back as we were driven rapidly across the fields.

In these frantic efforts to do the polite thing we neglected the care of our baggage and a satchel suddenly bounded out onto the wet field and rolled gayly down the hill. Out followed the driver in a similar manner to recover our property, while we with increasing anxiety watched the steady approach of the boat to the landing. The recovery of the satchel ended our mishaps on the island however, and we rushed upon the boat at the very last moment. We reached Portland in due season and hastened to the waiting room, bound to be on time, and waited an hour for friends, who, as we were forced to infer, knew enough to stay in when it rained.

Our time was not unlimited, so we started for the Custom House, from which place we had been instructed to take a car for the station. In the swift city of Portland cars run every fifteen minutes and we of course just missed one. Our minds, by this time enfeebled by the various happenings of the morning, next proceeded to confuse directions and we allowed the second car to pass. It seemed as though we were doomed to drip on those steps for fifteen minutes longer, but a charitable custom house official kindly invited us into his office. A few minutes' conversation disclosed the fact that we were not unknown to him, which excited us so much that we would doubtless have missed the third car had he not hustled
us and our baggage out. We arrived at the station in safety, in time for the train, but with none to spare for dinner, which of course was of minor importance.

Luckily there were no changes to be made between Portland and Boston, so we settled peacefully down for the afternoon and gave our shattered minds a chance to recover.

We had reckoned on five minutes in which to make connections in Boston, but unfortunately our train did not run according to the time-table, which instructive schedule failed to provide for a break-down at Somerville. This occurrence, which seemed to our perturbed minds entirely uncalled for, left us one minute instead of the expected five, and we arrived breathless in one end of the station as the last car of our train disappeared from the other. After the trying events of the day we were too exhausted at this last blow to say much, and our utterances were not loud, but deep and full of meaning.

There was nothing to do but wait an hour and a half, and at the end of that time we boarded one of those delightful accommodation trains for home. It was a slow ride, but when we did finally reach our destination, the rain had stopped, and when we stepped off the train we beheld in the west one of the most glorious sunsets of the season. This and the fact that we had reached home, made us blissfully unconscious of the trials which we had gone through to reach there. And though these experiences of one day are trifling in themselves, it seems to me that there is a little lesson, if we choose to see it, in their ending which will apply to the more serious matters of life.

A REVERIE OF A BACHELOR.

Est locus in silvis,
(Horresco nomen referre!) Et lacus amoenus,
Carveriensae aquae.

Psyllae erant duae;—
(Fasne mihi narranti
Famam vulgare vagam,
Innocentiumque multare ?)

Feminamur harum,
O ineunteabile dictu!
Fata perversa erant,
Errantium in lucro.

THE NORMAL OFFERING.

Nam Normalibus est mos,
Et fuit, et semper placitum,
Sine viris ambulare luctus
Feminis: sic semper traditum.

Nunc viri erant duo,
Illustrissimae sectionis,
Quorum scriptor alter fuit.
Et ejus amicus, alter.

Et hi tum in silvis
Amenoem circa lacum
Errabant per saltus
Juxta Carverienem ductum.

Et hi viserunt puellas
Innocentes, procedere silvis;
Viserunt formas notas
Pulcheriamas, ingredientes.

Dixit juvenis alter,
Compellavit feminas:
“Dicit—O soache—
Quae causa regit vias?”

Et his verbis tum
Responditur quaerenti:
“Res geographicae
Observandae sunt mihi.”

“Nobisne licet lilla,”
Quaerebat tum improbus,
Res observare novas.
Vobiscum evare per saltus)

Sed triste erat responsum,
Gravi cura viri afflicti:
“Nonne vobis in animo est
Quomodo observandum tibi.

Nam sic imperatum,
Sic, sic, vobis est praescriptum:
Singulis, non universis,
Res data est observanda.”

* * * * *

Ibant sola duae
Rem naturae ad visendam;
Ibant soli duo,
Dejecto capite, tristes.

F. F. SMITH.

LIEUTENANT PEARY.

The daily papers of the past two weeks have contained short accounts of Lieutenant Peary and his two years' stay in the Arctic regions. He has not been successful in finding the North Pole, but has returned with much valuable information concerning the land of ice and snow far to the north of us.
To one who has read Dr. Kane's two volumes describing his attempts to find an open polar sea, and who followed the story of De Long's gallant struggle, after the loss of the Jeannette, all that Peary has to tell is interesting.

To the casual reader, Peary's account of the life of the party during the long winter night, is enjoyable. Also his description of the Esquimo, who, he says, are real children; merry-hearted, amused with trifles, kind to one another. He speaks of the thermometer registering forty-four degrees below zero in the open air. But no one complained of being cold, for with suitable clothes, plenty of animal food, and a cheerful spirit the party defied the cold. Some privation and physical suffering were endured when making trips for scientific research across trackless fields of ice and snow.

To scientists, Lieutenant Peary's trip has been of great value. He has located the extreme coast-line of Northeast Greenland, extending the eastern coast northward more than two degrees. He has determined that the greater part of Northern Greenland is covered with an ice-cap thousands of feet in thickness. Glacial conditions were studied very carefully by the aid of photography. Yet the utilitarian asks, Why spend time, energy, even sacrifice life in the frozen regions of the North? And what will be gained when the North Pole is found? He must wait for the future to answer these questions.

M. A. P.

THE MILCH GOAT OF M. SEQUIN.

(From the French of Alphonse Daudet, by E. E. Lawrence.)

M. Sequin never had good luck with his goats. He lost them all in the same manner: some fine morning they broke their cord and went up onto the mountain and once there the wolf ate them. Neither the caress of their master, nor the fear of the wolf, nothing could restrain them. They must be wild goats, thought he, wishing at any price the free air and liberty.

The brave M. Sequin, who understood nothing of the character of these animals, was discouraged. Said he: It is done; the goats grow tired of me, I shall never succeed in keeping one.

But before he had reached this state of despondency, and after having lost six goats in the same manner, he had bought a seventh; only, this time, he took care to take a very young one in order that she might the easier become accustomed to living with him.

Ah! how beautiful she was, this dear little goat! Ah me! wasn't she pretty with her soft eyes, her little beard like a sub-officer's, her hoofs black and glistening, her striped horns and her long white hair like a greatcoat, and moreover so docile, so caressing that she allowed herself to be milked without budging, without putting her foot in the pail: a love of a little she-goat.

M. Sequin had behind his house a good sized field hedged in by white hawthorns. It was there that he placed his new boarder. He tied her to a stake, in the greenest corner of the meadow and was careful to allow her plenty of cord and came from time to time to see if she was all right. The goat found herself very happy and browsed in the rich grass with such good will that M. Sequin was ravished with delight. At last, thought the poor man, here is one that will not grow dissatisfied! M. Sequin deceived himself, his goat grew dissatisfied.

One day while looking at the mountain she said to herself: "How well off one would be up there! What happiness to gambol in the heather, without this confounded tether which barks ones neck! It is good for an ass or a cow to live in an enclosure, goats—they need the universe."

From this time on the grass in the meadow seemed tasteless; "Ennui" came. She grew thin; her milk became scarce. It was pitiful to see her straining all day long at her tether, her head turned towards the mountain, her nostrils open, and crying Ma-a-a so sadly.

M. Sequin saw at once that his goat was ailing but what was the trouble he could not tell. One morning, when he was milking her the goat turned round to him and said: "Listen, M. Sequin, I languish here, let me go up onto the mountain."

Ah! Mon Dieu! she also! cried M. Sequin, stupefied, letting fall the pail of milk from the shock. After regarding her for a moment he sat down on the grass beside her and began: "How is this, Blanquette, you wish to leave me?" "Yes, M. Sequin," replied Blanquette.

Have you not plenty of grass here?

Oh! yes, M. Sequin.
Perhaps the tether is too short and you wish me to lengthen the cord?
It is not worth the trouble, M. Sequin.
Then what is the trouble? What do you wish little one?
I wish to go up onto the mountain, M. Sequin.
But, unhappy one, do you not know that the wolf is on the mountain, what will you do when he comes?
I will give him blows with my horns, M. Sequin.
Bah! the wolf would make fun of your horns.
He has eaten goats of mine with larger horns than yours. You know old Reynaude who was here last year? a mother goat, strong and wicked as a buck. She fought the whole night with the wolf—but in the morning the wolf ate her.
Pécarié! Poor Reynaude! But this is nothing, M. Sequin, let me go up on the mountain.
By the goodness of Heaven! cried M. Sequin, what is it that possesses my goats? Still another one that the wolf will eat for me. Very well, we shall see. I will save thee, thou spoilt one, thou rascal, and for fear you will break your cord I will shut you up in the stable and you shall stay there always.
Upon this, M. Sequin carried the goat to a stable as dark as night, shut and double-locked the door. Unhappily he had forgotten the window, and no sooner had he turned his back than the little knave jumped out of it and was gone.

(To be concluded.)

JAMES CUSHING LEACH.

The death of the Hon. James Cushing Leach, which occurred at his home on Thursday night, Oct. 3, causes general sorrow and removes one who had long been prominent in the affairs of the town.

Mr. Leach was a son of Alpheus and Elizabeth C. (Mitchell) Leach, and was born in the village of Scotland, in Bridgewater, June 11, 1831. Receiving a common school education, he learned his trade as a carpenter under the late Ambrose Keith, continuing in his employ for several years. He was afterwards engaged at the cotton gin factory of J. E. Carver. In 1870 he began the manufacture of oil-proof paper and became agent for the sale of leather-board. He built up a prosperous business and accumulated a comfortable fortune. Mr. Leach was married in 1860, to Phebe, daughter of Marcus Conant, who survives her husband.

Mr. Leach possessed the unqualified confidence of his fellow-citizens. He has always encouraged ample appropriations for public improvement, and particularly that of education. He was connected with the Central Square society, and was a liberal contributor to the support of the church. In politics Mr. Leach was a staunch Republican, and did good work for that party. For many years he was chairman of the town committee. In 1892, he represented his district in the House of Representatives, being re-elected the following year. Last year he was elected senator from the Second Senatorial district, and would undoubtedly have been re-elected this fall. While in the Legislature, Mr. Leach was found on the side of truth and justice, and did much to win the confidence and esteem of his constituents. He gave close attention to all matters that came before him, whether involving local interests or those of other sections of the state. To Mr. Leach's influence and watchfulness, was largely due the passage of the bills providing for the extension of the Normal School building and the erection of the new dormitory and laundry.

He was chairman of the committee on Banks and Banking in each branch and a member of the Street Railways and other committees, and was recognized as a man of uncommon ability and judgment in all matters that came under his consideration. He was a member of the Home Market Club, the Mass. Republican Club, the Norfolk Club, the Plymouth County Club, and of other political and social organizations. For many years he was actively interested in the Plymouth County Agricultural Society and was a familiar figure at its fairs. He was a trustee of the Bridgewater Savings Bank, and of the Bridgewater Academy, and a director of the Brockton National Bank. He was a member of the Bay State Commandery of Knights Templar.

Mr. Leach was a high type of what is commonly known as a self-made man. Closely associated for many years with a wide circle of business and political friends, including a large number more
fortunate in their early advantages and more accomplished in their later training, he won for himself a position among them that bore tribute to the sturdy qualities of his mind and to the excellence of his personal character.

A NIGHT IN A LOGGING CAMP.

My friend Johnson had often given me very urgent invitations to visit him at his logging camp during the latter part of the autumn, but something had always happened to prevent my going until the fall of 1893. At that time, having a few days at my disposal, I eagerly made my way to the camp one chilly afternoon in November.

My eyes had never witnessed such a sight, and consequently every detail was noticed. A little hut, covered all over with shingles, stood among the trees about five hundred feet from the road. Its size would compare favorably with the tool shed in the rear of Normal Hall. How we four were to stay there overnight became a serious problem to me. At the right, was a shed large enough to hold three horses, but my attention was confined chiefly to the camp. From the roof I saw projecting a rusty stove pipe which served as a chimney, I thought, and on either side of the hut was a small window. A long bench outside was used to sit on, for furniture was scarce.

My question of how we were to pass the night in that diminutive specimen of a hut was solved upon entering. At the right stood a rusty stove. In the middle of the room was a table with just room enough to squeeze around it, for our beds extended so far into the room. How shall I describe our beds! They were arranged one above another similar to shelves, with hay sprinkled over them.

We stood around until a decent hour for retiring, and then we were put upon the shelf, so to speak, for the night. The wildness and weirdness of the situation then dawned upon me. The owls hooted in melancholy voices all about me. The pale moonlight cast a ghostly shadow over everything. The wind howled around the corners, at times shrieking as one in distress. Then it seemed as though the shrieks came nearer, even into the very room and below the shelf where I lay. At times, instead of a shriek, there burst forth upon the profound stillness such a groan that I clutched at the logs at my side, vainly hoping to crawl up and away from the creature that threatened my existence. As I lay listening, half asleep and half awake, my imagination burst its bounds, and ere long I found myself in the condition of Virgil of old, for “my hair stood on end and my voice stuck in my throat.”

The first peep of day was very welcome after a night spent in the manner I have described. At first I hardly dared to undertake the task of crawling off my shelf without assistance, for I expected to come face to face with the cause of all those groans which had now ceased, because, according to my reasoning, a worn-out body was the result, or a dead one for all I knew. For an hour, more or less, I still continued to quake. Then I turned my head to the left, then moved an arm, then a limb, finally I turned completely over on my left side and in a few minutes dared to open my eyes. Fortunately I had taken my clothes to bed with me in order to be sure some zephyr did not appropriate them while I slept. I quickly dressed, and looking neither to the right or left, leaped toward the door, went out, “perched” myself on the aforesaid bench and waited for my companions.

There they found me still quaking, with cold, however, this time. Of course they tried to explain those noises in various ways, but I shall never believe that it was snoring or leather flapping in the stove pipe.

As results of my night’s experience, my dentist tortured me for six months afterward fixing my abbreviated molars. My hair has never regained its former beauty, and besides losing its curl completely, it acquired from the horrors of that night a permanent twist in the upward direction.

Let no one be influenced by this tale to decline an invitation to spend a night in a logging camp, for it will furnish you one of the richest experiences of your life.

CONGRESS.

“T”HE second session of the Congress will please come to order.” (Speaker Brown.)

The auspicious opening which we predicted has come, and for the first meeting it was a very suc-
cessful one. We understand that the entering class has sent us a large delegation. Good for the Juniors!

The discussion on the bill to annex Cuba, which came up for its second reading, took up most of the time, and after a sharp debate it was ordered to its third reading.

O little insurgent maiden, how your heart will beat with expectation when you hear how the question of your coming nuptials is progressing, and methinks the kindly face of Uncle Sam lights up as he watches the labors of our Bridgewater Congressmen. In vain has he looked in times past to north and west for a bride and at last it seems as if the Bridgewater Normal Congress were going to settle the question for him by producing a tropical maiden ready for the match.

We were also glad to hear from one of our lady members, who bids fair to pilot her bill through the house in a most successful manner.

THE MUSICIAN'S WOOING.

It was a music teacher bold
Who loved a fair young maid,
And when to her his love he told
Something like this he said:
“Light of my soul! My life's bright re!
I love you near or far!"
The maiden turned her head away,
And gently murmured, “La!"
“Such flighty nonsense doesn’t go,
You’re not the man for me;
I want a man who has the do,
So you’re not in it, Si?”—Ex.

MINERALOGY NOTES.

A large assortment of minerals, consisting mainly of zeolites, iron ores, chaledony, and fibrous gypsum, obtained in Nova Scotia last August has been added to the school collections.

A set of wooden crystal models recently obtained makes the interpretation of natural crystals more simple and exact. We have now about one thousand representative natural crystals for individual use.

As an experiment each pupil has moulded a few typical forms in modelling clay or has cut them out of wood. This has proved an efficient means of obtaining a definite idea of the forms.

The topics in mineralogy have been entirely rewritten and enlarged in time for the use of the present classes. They can be obtained in bound form upon application for twenty-five cents per copy.

Prof. W. O. Crosby has recently rewritten and improved his excellent “Tables for the Determination of Minerals.” They can be obtained from the author (and publisher) for one dollar and twenty-five cents a copy. Address Institute of Technology, Boston.

DEPARTMENTS.

GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Murdock is at work upon an interesting set of models designed to teach contour lines. A map of a hill or elevation with its contours is drawn on paper. The paper is then placed upon a board and wire nails of different lengths are driven into the board along the contour lines, so that the shortest nails come on the lowest contour. For instance, the lowest line would have nails one inch in length. The line above that would have nails two inches long and so on to the highest line. The space between and around the nails is then filled in with plaster, and smoothed off till just the heads of the nails appear. After hardening, the whole is painted, and rivers and brooks outlined.

NATURE STUDY.

Mr. A. C. Boyden has prepared a leaflet on deciduous trees for use in the Model school. The leaflet gives the distinguishing marks of our more common deciduous trees, with some suggestions for lessons on these trees. This is followed by a page on “Application of Tree Study,” containing such points as value of trees to soil, evaporation of water by plants, purification of the air, etc.

ZOOLOGY.

The zoology collection has been enriched by the addition of fifty or sixty specimens of the butterflies and moths of New England. The insects are mounted in plaster and covered with a glass slide, making the whole specimen very easy of examination. Where the under side differs materially from the upper, two specimens are
Summer Weather Clothing.

Children's Washable Suits, 75 cents, $1.00, and $1.50. Fauntleroy Blouses, white or fancy trimmed, 50, 75 and $1.00.

Men's Business Suits, $6.50, $7.00, $7.75, $8.75, and $10.00. Warranted all wool and first 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.

T. S. BAILEY & CO., 156, 158 and 160 Main Street, Corner Elm. BROCKTON, MASS.

used, one giving a top view, the other presenting the under surface.

The collections and material for the Massachusetts room are being rapidly assorted and arranged.

FOOTBALL.

ANDOVER vs NORMALS.

The team went to Andover on Saturday, October 28. The general opinion seemed to be that Andover had a light-weight team, but before the game was finished, this opinion was changed. They were really much heavier than our men, and played through the line at ease, making many good gains between tackle and guard. In spite of the disadvantage of opposing weight, Bridgewater played a plucky game, keeping the score down to eighteen points. The line-up was as follows:

ANDOVER.

Newcomb (Young), r. e. ..................... L. e., Eaton
Porter, r. t. .................................... L. t., Nickerson
Durston, r. g. .................................... L. g., Kallom
Hildebrand (Barton), c. ......................... c., Brown
Allen, l. g. ........................................ r. g., Buck
Wickes, l. t. ....................................... r. t., Hamilton
Chadwell, l. e. ................................... r. c., Eaton
Quimby (Wentworth), q. b. ...................... q. b., Burke
Goodwin, h. b. ................................... h. b., Nickerson
Holman, h. b. ................................... h. b., Chubbuck
Butterworth (Sands) f. b. ......................... f. b., Winter


ENGLISH HIGH vs NORMALS.

The game with English High School on Oct. 12 was a farce upon our side. With the exception of two or three cases the playing of our men lacked utterly any spirit or dash. English High gained when they pleased through the line, and several runs around the ends netted good gains. Their playing was a marked contrast to that of the school, being full of snap and vim. Morand of E. H. S. distinguished himself by a long run for a touchdown, on the first down after Normal's kick-off. Following is the line-up:

ENGLISH HIGH.

Murphy (O'Reilly), L. e. ......................... L. e., Eaton
Purtell, L. t. ..................................... L. t., Hamilton (Bentley)
Smith, L. g. ......................................... r. g., Drew (Rand)
Callahan, c. ....................................... c., Shaw
Eaton, r. g. .......................................... L. g., Kallom
Fugit (Malish), r. t. .................................. A. Nickerson
Sherlock, q. b. ....................................... q. b., Burke (Reynolds)
Whittemore, h. b. ................................. h. b., McKendrick (Morrill)
Morand, h. b. ....................................... h. b., Nickerson
Ellsworth, f. b. ...................................... F. b., Winter


B. E. Jones & Co.

Corner Main and Center Streets, Brockton Mass.

Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Cotton Underwear, and Dress Goods.

NO FOOTBALL.

We are sorry to announce in this number the disbandment of the football team for 1895. The act is simply the outgrowth of the feeling which has existed all the year. At the opening of the season it was seen that but few of the old football men would play. Many had graduated, leaving important places to be filled. A few of the older men, upon their return to school showed a disposition to again put a team in the field for this season. Steps were immediately taken. A captain was chosen, regular practice was begun and it was thought that everything looked auspicious for a successful season.

Three games were played, the first resulting in a victory, one of the others being an ignominious defeat. Meanwhile the spirit of football had
been steadily decreasing, until it became hard
work to put eleven men on the field for practice
alone. A rally meeting stirred the men up for a
short time, but the effects were not lasting, and a
return to the old spirit of listlessness was manifest.
The feeling culminated on October 16 in a
meeting of the Athletic Association, when it was
voted to discontinue the team for the year. The
spirit shown at this meeting was clearly one of
disinterestedness, the only question affecting the
men being one of financial interest.

The question now comes as to the effects of
this action of disbanding. The objection was
made that it would injure the athletic standing of
the school in the eyes of other schools and ath­
etic associations. We fail to see it in this light,
however. No team at all is manifestly better than
a team which can do no better than to be defeated
at every turn, and it seems to us good policy to
withdraw while an opportunity is afforded. Al­
together, the action, viewed in the light of the
spirit shown by the men, was the only thing to be
done. The only pity is that it was not done sooner.

ATHLETICS.

Field Day, which was to occur on October 5,
was indefinitely postponed on account of the
death of Mrs. Boyden.
The football field has been marked out and
looks very well.

On Friday evening, Oct. 11, Signor Bosco, a
skillful and genial exponent of the art of legerde­
main, gave an exhibition in Assembly Hall.
There was a good attendance, and the Signor’s
clever tricks were well appreciated. He capti­
vated the audience by his ready wit and his in­
teresting personality. One-fourth of the proceeds
got to the Athletic Association.

PERSONALS.

—’94. Miss Alice Howard is assistant in Bee­
man Academy, Ct.
—’95. Miss Ruth K. Burrage is teaching in
Pepperell.
—’95. Miss Jennie C. Wardwell is teaching
the eighth and ninth grades in Berlin, N. H.
—’95. Miss Mary Brooks has a position in the
Wellington school, Cambridge.
—’95. Miss Della Lane is a teacher in Rock­
port, her home.
—’95. Miss Hattie Sears teaches in a primary
school in Dedham.
—’95. Miss Maud Johnson, who took a special
course here, is teaching in the grammar school in
East Bridgewater.

—Correction. Miss Angie S. Bowles has a
school in East Bridgewater, not Somerville as was
stated in the last number.
—’95. Miss Harriet C. MacNeil fills a posi­
tion in the high school in Concord.
—’95. Miss Grace Manter, Miss Margaret
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