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Bridgewater State Normal School

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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 Street, Boston.
One thing comes very forcibly to mind at this time which holds a strong relation to our life at this school. As a usual thing Normal Schools are well supplied with literary societies, debating clubs, Greek letter societies, and many other congregations which contribute to the intellectual and social elements of school. This is noticeably the fact in the schools of New York and the West. Bridgewater, however, differs materially from these other institutions in having but one distinctively literary society outside of its regular courses. We refer here to our Congress, which, emanating from the old Lyceum, is expected to represent our literary and elocutionary development. Naturally, those outside of the school look towards this Congress as being the acme of perfection in all that it attempts to attain, and we cannot blame them for so thinking, because it is the only outside interest of that nature we possess. What a mistake! For, far from coming up to its standard, the Congress falls far below it. Meeting after meeting goes by with a small attendance and with the debate confined to a few members. Meetings have been postponed because so few were willing to appear.

Those most interested in the welfare of the school are the ones who feel this state of affairs most keenly. They are the few who are always ready to help and work. To those this article is not intended to apply. But we do mean that it shall apply to those who are willing to stand back, who are ever ready to shift responsibility on to the shoulders of others, to those in truth who are indifferent to the success of themselves and of the institution which honors them by receiving them as members. We are not pessimistic; in fact, we are decidedly otherwise,
but we cannot help noticing this general degeneration of spirit and interest. You may say that you have no time. But you have, and you may perhaps have noticed that the ones who do most for the Congress are really the ones who have less time to spare than you have.

It must be admitted that these things are true, and while they are allowed to continue our school cannot occupy its proper place with other schools. A duty devolves upon you therefore to exert your best influences in behalf of your school and in behalf of the Congress which represents it. You cannot deny it, and the sooner the truth of this is realized, the nearer we shall be to our proper sphere. What is needed, then, is a determination to help, a resolve to accept some of the responsibility of the work, and finally your presence at the meetings. Let us have all this and we shall have sure success.

AROUND THE CHIMNEY,

In the days when stoves were unknown, and instead, people gathered about the cheerful open fireplaces, there was in one of the old New England schoolhouses a large chimney built out into the middle of the room that all parts might be heated. It is about this chimney that my tale centres.

On rainy days the old chimney was a source of great enjoyment to the boys, who became skilled in dodging around it. The master was a type of the old fashioned school teacher; spectacled and keen for the slightest breach of discipline, he ruled by the frequent use of the ferule.

One afternoon he noted one of his pupils who needed attention. As he was then busy with a recitation he sent the boy to the platform to remain until he could be attended to.

Finally, his class over, the master strode to his desk with a stern, decided air, and taking out the dreaded ruler, put out his hand to grasp the unruly urchin. To his amazement, and the boy's also, he found that he had grasped nothing more substantial than air. With an expression meaning a little more than determination, he put out his hand again to seize the culprit; but the boy, emboldened by his first success, again evaded him. This was too much to be borne, and the master began to make hasty strides after the boy, who in his turn had begun to run. And so they went up and down the aisles, around the room and back again, the master steadily gaining.

As the boy was about to give up the race in despair, a happy thought struck him. He was near the chimney, and he thought to himself, 'If I can only reach that I am saved.' He succeeded in reaching it in safety, just as his follower had thought he could put out his hand and seize the culprit. Round and round the chimney they went, the scholars looking on in open-eyed wonder at the unprecedented event.

Suddenly it dawned on the mind of the boy that if his pursuer should stop and turn about, he would be thrown a victim into the master's arms. So at the next turn when he was hidden from view, he shot off at a tangent and slid into one of the seats near by.

The teacher unsuspectingly kept up the chase, round and round the chimney, when finally he stopped, and, smiling triumphantly, held out his arms to catch his victim as he should come around. But he waited; and the smile gradually faded as the pupils, first daring to titter a little, at last broke into peals of laughter.

The poor master, dazed and fatigued, looked about the room utterly at a loss. When he could recover his breath enough to speak, he said: "I don't remember which one of you I was chasing, but if he will step forward and own up, I will excuse the offence, this time, without further punishment."

REFLECTIONS OF A CYNIC.

Because of the precedence naturally given to that which is intellectual at Normal we are apt to overlook certain other advantages most beneficial to us. To one of thoughtful temperament a training here means much more than the mere acquisition of knowledge. What exceptional opportunities we have to study the character of those about us—in the class rooms, at the boarding hall, about the town, and particularly in the dining hall. Persons who do not have such advantages meet
only a comparatively few acquaintances, and these under such conditions that an accurate study of them is rarely possible. On the other hand we intermingle during our course with individuals of most varied qualities and dispositions in all circumstances—unfavorable as well as favorable.

We meet certain ones who are "built on the heavenly plan," if the expression may be quoted. Unintentionally they are so absorbed in their efforts to bear the terrible responsibility of righteousness that they lapse into a narrowness, in which they often disagreeably impress their schoolmates.

In suggestive contrast we note others, who show us by their everyday lives and acts a force of character that we cannot fail to appreciate. They are not cast down by trifles nor do they make life miserable by their verbal goodness. Instead, their constancy, thoughtfulness, and dignity of mien are ever an example and inspiration to us.

Then, too, there are the proverbial "Grinds." They are few—tired, worried and pale—but a few too many. Completely engrossed in their studies, they think little of anything else, and even neglect exercise continually to accomplish what they consider a duty. Experience has shown, however, that such persons seldom retain health throughout the year, and consequently achieve less than those who spend only the required time upon their lessons.

Occasionally we find those whom care seems to shun in terror. Nothing troubles them—indeed they deem life too short for such fatiguing reflections. The last vibration of the seven o'clock bell dies out on their pathetic strain, "My Soul 'With Courage Wait," while "Romeo and Juliet" in a high falsetto evinces that half past nine has arrived. They never see why they should be blamed because "the spirit does not move when they trust to luck."

Some have had certain social advantages and experiences in life unknown to the majority of the pupils. As a rule these persons make few friends outside their own circle. This class is an especially interesting one to study, containing many representative characters.

Another type embraces the jolly jokers. They always see the ludicrous phase of even the most serious things. Brimming over with fun, they are ever on the alert for an eccentricity or unwitty action over which to raise a laugh. How often they try our patience with their inconsistent ways, but after all what would we do without them.

These are but a few of the many subjects for character study at our disposal, and a thoughtful consideration may show us objectively many desirable qualities that we should cultivate and others best eliminated from our personalities.

ECHOES FROM THE BRISTOL COUNTY TEACHER'S CONVENTION.

It was a little late when we arrived, but the hall was by no means crowded. Dr. Andrews of Brown College was in the midst of an address on "The Public School System as an Instrumentality for Social Advancement." He gave us his idea of the future school. The "Little Red Schoolhouse" of today is to be converted into a specimen of artistic architecture, esthetically finished inside, furnished with the most finished appliances, surrounded outside by a broad expanse of school park, with flowers, trees, walks and playgrounds; and all this to be presided over by a being just a little less than an angel, from whom shall emanate all manner of good influences. It was a high ideal and a worthy; but somehow it left our minds still somewhat hazy as to what we can do to hasten this grand millennium day of school history.

Supt. Maglathlin of North Easton gave some good advice on the matter of "Scientific Temperance Instruction." At intervals his remarks elicited considerable laughter. He would advise the removal from text books of views of bottles with serpents issuing from them. Such instances rouse his pity for the snake, and cause him to inquire for the avenging angel of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! He would have us discriminate carefully between facts and inferences, give no positive opinions on unsettled questions, and let not our zeal outrun our discretion. The basis for such teaching is a sacred regard for the human body, and the influence of the personality of the teacher is of vast importance.

Rev. Mr. Hale of Middleboro gave a very
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interesting explanation of what is meant by "University Extension." There are plenty of books afloat in the world now, but people are not interested to read them until they hear them talked about. There is not in the simple, written page the inspiration that there is in the human voice; otherwise our ministers might send down to church a type-written sermon and circulate it among the congregation, instead of appearing in person.

The plan of work is to give six lectures, of one hour each, followed or preceded by one hour of discussion. During the week intervening between lectures, papers are written by the students, corrected by the lecturers and returned. At the close of the six lectures, examinations are conducted by the officials of the University under whose auspices the lectures were given. A high standard is required, and certificates are issued. It is not claimed that this course of lectures covers the subjects considered. This claim was not maintained for his lectures even by "the old professor who lectured for twenty-two on the first chapter of Isaiah, and was then cruelly cut off by death before he had gotten well into the introduction!" But it is claimed that these six lectures do give an impetus to thought, and men and women should be "not simply taught, but inspired and led."

Taken as a whole, the papers were highly interesting, but it must be admitted that they were rather too strongly ideal to be of the greatest practical value to the ordinary teacher.

And I could not help comparing two things, Saturday afternoon in Taunton, Friday afternoon in Whitman—about fifty teachers present in Taunton, about five hundred in Whitman. This comparison may be an interesting one to those who would like to hold the Plymouth County Teacher's Convention on Saturday!

w. s.

RIDE IN A STAGE COACH.

To go from the little town of X by other than a private carriage, you are obliged to take the only public conveyance offered, the stage coach. This is the usual lumbering affair drawn by four horses.

If it is a pleasant morning, do not be deluded into sitting inside, where the rocking and jolting of the coach will keep you busy trying to retain both your hat and your seat. Instead, after heeding well the directions of the driver, climb up over the front wheel, and from there to the driver's seat. If you have a steady head, you may climb still higher to the seat at the back of the driver.

When all is ready the leaders spring forward at a crack of the whip, and the wheel horses are thus induced to start off with the burden at a good, round pace.

There is at first a delicious feeling of danger, and you grasp the seat with both hands. All this is forgotten as soon as the village is left behind, for you are brought at once among the beautiful hills of this region. You find yourself now riding on the side of the slope with a steep rise on one side and a valley below on the other, where you may look off and see hills rising one after another in the distance until they are merely a shadowy blue outline.

Half way to the end of your journey you have to descend a hill a mile in length. Again a feeling of terror comes, but the hill is so long that you become accustomed to the motion before the foot is reached. Here, too, the valley lies on one side, the steep slope on the other. Looking down into the wilderness of green, you see storm-twisted birches, and oaks which have stood for a hundred years. At the foot these are the graceful ferns, the whole giving a delicious sense of freshness and coolness.

The horses are watered at the foot of the hill, and they start off again at a sharp trot. The sun is well up by this time, and the glistening moisture on the leaves is beginning to disappear.

You point out hills of particular beauty to the driver. "Yes, I reckon they be handsome," he says, and then in a burst of frankness, "but do you know, I'd much rather see a good level bit of paster land." Poor man! his perception of the beauty around him had been dulled by much seeing, and his appreciation of it by his hilly, rocky farm, that a "good bit of level paster land" was the rarest and the most beautiful sight for him.

The journey is nearly at an end. Soon the cars are whirling you toward the level region of B, while you have only the memory of the beauty of the hills to write or think about.
FRACTICAL TALKS ON COOKING.

Adapted to the Intellect of the New Woman.

Too often we hear invidious remarks made about the New Woman. Now her ability to act as the ruling factor in the nursery is assailed, and by the term nursery in this connection I mean the household nursery, not the vulgar botanical nursery where trees are manufactured to order. But this might be pardoned in a being that could chat with her life consort in Greek at the breakfast table, provided, of course, that the last mentioned person understood that tongue. It might be pardoned in a being that would propound, instead of harmless conundrums, knotty questions in regard to differential calculus as the dear boy sipped his coffee.

All these things could the belittled successor of the old time "lord and master" endure, but what could he do if the culinary attainments of his better and more intellectual half were such as to cause the speedy demise of the loving pair by indigestion? While the writer is not concerned in regard to his own future, he feels a deep and tender solicitude for certain of his friends and even classmates, and prayeth earnestly that he, in his secure but cheerless bachelorhood, may not live to see them all depart before their time by the slow tortures of dyspepsia in its interesting Nineteenth Century forms.

He realizes that to rescue these friends a revolution in culinary methods is imperatively required. A new text book on the culinary art is the great desideratum, a manual written with due reference to the intellectual furnishers of the minds of its fin de siecle readers. This is to elevate the culinary art to its unalienable place of honor, the very pinnacle of achievement among the products of mind.

And lest there be any misconception as to the exact scope of the new created yet ever old science, a definition is now in order—it is the knowledge which is to have for its object the prolongation of the longevity of the human race by furnishing the individuals of the race with appropriate nutriment properly prepared.

The minds of the coming generations of housewifely cooks are already supplied with just the foundation necessary for grasping the principles of the new art. Chemical analysis, qualitative and quantitative, furnish knowledge as to the raw materials to be used and the reagents available for converting them into the edible products. Physics gives a practical insight into the operations to be performed. Mineralogy is especially valuable, and a good course in determinative mineralogy and lithology may aid the young hausfrau much in identifying the products of her skill.

The fond husband returning from his toil in office or class room would merely describe to his devoted spouse the particular elements of which the morning's toil had depleted him, and the relative amounts of each required to supply the deficiencies.

The loved one would represent these as the required products in a chemical equation, and after quickly clearing of fractions, etc., would turn to her logarithm tables and his new Handbook on Culinary Art. Deftly would she add reagents to the basic materials, perform the necessary physical operations, and, with radiant intellectual grace beaming in every feature, she would soon serve the product to supply the depleted portions of her breadwinner's anatomy.

This new text book should also contain certain standard rules for the making of some of the more common articles of diet; these could be especially used when the lady of the household intended to prepare a repast without consultation with the other member in the domestic partnership.

As an illustration of the plain, succinct, yet carefully detailed character of the rules to be desired for a work of this sort, we append the following lucid set of directions for making a most toothsome dish: such directions as could be easily followed by a graduate of any of our colleges.

1. Put into a culinary vessel of six litres capacity an aqueous solution of unfermented lactic acid made slightly saccharine by an admixture of grape sugar and containing a small amount of sodium chloride. (N. B. This solution may be obtained commercially and generally approximately pure from dealers in dairy products. It is obtained by them from female specimens of the genus Bos, order Ungulata; as a white, opaque, unstable compound, decomposing slowly, with oxidation and separation of a scum commonly called "cream" on ex-
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LIFE OF AN AMERICAN WHALEMAN.

It is a fact that although much has been written as to the manner of catching the whale, and necessary equipment of the vessel, little has been written as to the life of the whaler when he is in his floating home. It is the purpose of the writer in the space allotted to him by the editor, to give a brief outline of life of an average American whaler, or at least one phase of it; a little as to his accommodations, food, manner of passing idle moments, and something as to his duties.

One will find as the makeup of a crew of an average whaling ship men of different nationalities, such as Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, Portuguese, Swedes, Danes, Finns, Negroes, Gay Head Indians, West Indians and native born Americans. All these have different manners and customs, but in many respects they are alike.

The quarters of the crew are forward in the bows of the boat, in what is called the forecastle. This is entered by a hatchway in the deck above and a short ladder. The space enclosed here will hardly exceed twenty feet in length, and about twelve or fifteen feet in its widest part. About the side of this small, low room are arranged bunks, in three tiers. Each seaman furnishes his own bedclothing and mattress. The first man aboard has first choice of berth. When the seamen are all accommodated their sea chests are brought in and ranged around the room in front of their berths. These chests serve a double purpose, as a repository for their clothes and as seats, and also as a table, for no stools or chairs, or even tables, are seen in the forecastle. Here on his chest the seaman eats his meals.

The quarters of the captain and officers are much better, being situated in the stern of the boat, and consisting of large and airy apartments. They have a dining room fitted with a hanging table, lest some sudden lurch may destroy their meal. They have for sleeping apartments airy staterooms and lockers and drawers.

The duties of the foremost hands are to stand watch, both aloft and below, aloft when cruising for whales, below when returning home or entering port, to heave at the windlass while the blubber is being stripped from the whale.
They also aid in stowing away the blubber and in preparing trypots. After each cutting in the decks have to be scrubbed and cleaned. The forecastle hand has to do this. On inward trips the ship is generally painted and thoroughly cleaned, rigging examined and set up, sails mended, stove boats repaired and the vessel generally rendered shipshape.

When not occupied with any work the seaman has his time to himself. This he occupies in mending clothes, card playing, sleeping, reading, and a thousand other little things. Many take the time to make some little mementos and souvenirs to distribute to friends at home. The favorite pastime is the trimming of the “ditty box.” This is to the whaleman what the comfort bag was to the soldier of ’61. It is the pride of the seaman, his work-box. Here are kept his sewing materials, many mementos and knick-knacks from his mainland or island home, and it is his pride to keep it well trimmed and arranged, and much time is spent by him in arranging and rearranging. Some may be fortunate enough to receive letters and papers from some friends at their last port of entry. These are read and reread until everything contained therein is known by heart. There is generally a library aboard, access to which can be had at any time.

The supplies of a whaleship consist mainly of preserved meats, plenty of vegetables, such as potatoes and onions, hard tack, flour and the other things necessary to a pantry. The beet and pork are kept in what is called the “harness cask,” lashed securely to the deck. The contents are termed “salt horse,” or “junk,” to suit the quality of the meat and the fancy of the speaker. The hard tack is so called to distinguish it from the soft bread which is made on the ship. The bill of fare varies very little, salt beef and potatoes being the principal articles of food, with occasionally pea soup, baked beans or “plum duff.” This last is the pride of the cook, and woe to the man who crosses the cook during the process of making, for if unsuccessful the blame will be laid upon him. This dish is served on special occasions, and is simply a huge dumpling filled with cranberries, “plums,” and eaten with sauce. Nowhere but on shipboard is it possible to get a good taste of “plum duff.”

The food is prepared in a cook-house or galley, which is a small house placed on deck, near the mast, and firmly lashed down. It is furnished with a stove or range. The remaining room is broken up by a narrow bench, upon which sits the cook. The cook is monarch of all he surveys here, for this is his office. Here he can be found about meal time.

The hours for meals are breakfast at seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at five. The captain and mate mess together in the after cabin, the boat-steerers and harpooners in the steerage. The table here is furnished with glassware and china. The forecastle hands eat in the forecastle, or upon the deck forward of the forecastle, from common tinware, cleaning their own dishes and clearing up after each meal.

In this way the American whaleman of today eked out an existence upon shipboard. When in the pursuit of whales, everything is bustle and animation, with work for all, but there are days when time hangs heavily on his hands.

P. D. B.

A HOLIDAY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

It was a beautiful morning in the latter part of July when we boarded a train and left the pretty college town of Wolfville. On our right was a hilly country, on the left, extending for away to the east, were the green dykes, while beyond this was the Basin of Minas.

We soon arrived at Horton Landing, where our party with a hundred others left the train, wended our way to the pier, and went on board the little steamer Evangeline.

We glided away and soon were out upon the waters of Minas Basin. To the westward we saw two of the principal mountains of Nova Scotia, the North and the South, while between lay the Cornwallis Valley. Streams wound along through the valley and entered the Basin. The Dykes already presented a busy appearance, for the farmer had commenced his work. In one part there were haycocks so close as barely to allow a team to pass between; in another the loads of hay were all ready to be hauled to the barns; again there was the waving grass which would soon be cut down by the scythes of the mowing machines, whose merry clatter came to us over the quiet water.

“Away to northward Blomidon arose.”
Upon its summit clouds were formed and flew away over the water. As we passed the Cape they shut the sun out from us, but looking back we saw it shining brightly upon the water. After leaving Blomidon the weather became cooler and we were glad to put on our overcoats and wraps. A few more miles brought us to the spot selected for our picnic. Here we went ashore in small boats and landed at Indian Spring.

This part of the coast was very interesting. There were rocks in all directions, and bluffs of trap rock rose to the height of four hundred feet. At the foot of the bluff was the sparkling spring which gave the place its name. In some parts the growth of wood descended nearly to the shore. From crevices in the rock gay colored flowers were growing.

Soon persons were seen down upon their knees as if searching for something. I followed their example, for I had heard that this was one of the best spots on the coast for amethyst crystals. Now and then a joyous exclamation was heard; the searcher had been rewarded by finding some of the purple beauties. High up on the cliff was heard a continuous click! click! where some more ambitious than the others were cutting the best of crystals from the solid rock.

Our appetites, sharpened by the sea breezes, now made us resort to our lunch baskets. How good everything tasted in this cool retreat! We thought of those over in the valley, less than ten miles from us, who were trying to keep cool, while we with our wraps were only comfortable.

When dinner was eaten some were again eager to search for more amethysts, while others wished to explore the coast. I desired to climb the cliffs, and found a place where the task seemed comparatively easy. It was, however, a difficult undertaking; the stones rolled from beneath my feet, and I could proceed only by grasping the branches of the bushes and trees. Here and there I came to a place where there was a perpendicular face several feet high; here I had to draw myself upwards by overhanging branches. At last I was almost to the top. I thought my desire was to be fulfilled, when I came to a place which I could not scale, as there were no branches as before. I tried place after place, but was unable to reach the top, so I gave it up and turned to descend. This I found more difficult than the ascent, for it was not so easy to judge the distances. I sometimes lost the path by which I had ascended, and found myself on the verge of the cliff, when my steps had to be retraced until I knew myself to be on the right way. At last I once more reached my friends on the shore.

I rested awhile, then took a walk along the shore. On my right was the Bay of Fundy, on the left the mountain side. Occasionally a waterfall was seen tumbling to the rocks below. In some places the waves had worn away the rock so as to form a cave. The bluffs were of various colors and presented a novel appearance. I walked for about two miles and came to a sea-wall, some fifteen or twenty feet high and twenty-five feet through at the base. As I walked along the top I found it to be ten feet wide and almost flat. The wall, about an eighth of a mile long, seemed to have been made by man, but in reality it was the work of the sea, having been formed by the waves moving the rocks and stones backward upon the shore.

Time had been passing quickly, so I hurried back to the steamer where the boats were returning the passengers. When all were on board we left the pleasant spot and the homeward trip was taken in view of one of the most beautiful of sunsets.

C. L. W.

THROUGH POETS’ GLASSES.

As I have read standard writers in both poetry and prose, I have often jotted down what seemed to me to be a new thought or a beautiful or novel expression of an old one, gems which have dropped from the pen of someone who had “built better than he knew.”

From time to time I look over these selections as I would recall the faces of old friends, and it often occurs to me, that if all the beautiful “thoughts in rhyme,” relating to every phase of human life, could be gathered together in their proper sequence by some skillful hand, what a beautiful conception of life we should have.
One may say that this is a superficial and imaginary view of life, and that the mere expression of existing facts cannot change their significance; yet I think there are none of us who have not been inspired with hope, formed new resolutions, and looked about us on a brighter world, for having read something which sets an everyday fact before our eyes in a different light.

Rousseau, the great French reformer of the preceding century, when he said, “Men have been buried at the age of one hundred who died at the moment of their birth,” felt that those of whom he wrote knew only the bare facts of life, with no conception of their relation to each other and to themselves. To how many do people seem only ordinary morals, and the external world only the environments in which they are compelled to drag out a weary existence? With what a different feeling the poet gazes around him—

“For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings; For me, health gushes from a thousand springs; Sesta roll to waft me, suns to light me rise; My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.” —Pope.

He saw the why of it all—the relation of the environment to man. Longfellow catches up the strain and adds the true conception of the life of man.

“Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Just thou art, to dust returneth, Was not written of the soul.”

and Tennyson sees the element which links all lives together.

“And I doubt not through the ages One increasing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are widened With the process of the suns.” —Locksley Hall.

Nor have men made such sweeping statements without a cause. As they have turned the pages of history and contemplated its different characters, these philosophers of life have picked out the lessons which they contain. Nor have they immortalized alone in their verses the beacon lights of the ages, but they have picked up by the wayside of life those names which never adorned the pages of history, and by their art they have made real greatness stand forth in its true light. Literature teems with illustrations of the former class. Let us look at two of its humblest ideals.

“God’s eternal truth flies folded deep In all man’s lofty dreams,” certainly these have their place in the great evolution of mankind.

But the poets have been too close students of human nature to furnish it with these alone, important as they are. Each has added his practical suggestion full of inspiration to him who will read. From the scores which Emerson has given us we must take one or two.

“He who would be a great soul in the future Must be a great soul now.”

and “Without halting, without rest, Lifting better up to beat.”

We hardly know what to choose from Longfellow’s many gems of thought, but the following is certainly good advice:

“Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.” —Hyperion.

“He who would be a great soul in the future Must be a great soul now.”

and “If a man may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves, to higher things.”

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lonely earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round.
And so we might go through the list, appropriating the truths which each has to offer, but space forbids. A poet has grasped the essence of them all in the one stanza:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count life by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

B. H.

A RIDE.

ONE day while riding in the country I came to a region which was hilly. Some of the hills had steep slopes and others gradual. I found myself imagining the contour lines of those hills. But I was riding so fast that I could not get them definitely settled in my mind before my thoughts were turned in another direction.

The reason for this change was the sight of a little white cottage, with green blinds, nestling between two hills. On one side of the cottage was a babbling brook, on the other a pair of stately elms. I asked myself, "Is the emotion I feel one of beauty or picturesque-ness?" I immediately decided on the latter, and as I was well I did, for I was approaching the village. The first thing here that caught my eye was the sign, "Wayback Corporation Bank." Another and smaller sign I noticed, and it held my attention for an instant, as it brought back painful memories of an arithmetic class. It was this: "Dividend of five per cent declared."

I soon passed a man in a team shouting "Rags, old rags." I thought, "What fine waist support, good articulation and projection that man has!"

The next part of my ride lay through some woods, and here I saw some very strange birds. They seemed familiar, and I concluded that they had just left my Zoology note-book.

The musical tinkle of a bell was soon heard. I wondered what I should see next, when, lo, I awoke. It was the rising bell and I realized that I had been dreaming.

G. H. C.

THE MILCH GOAT OF M. SEQUIN.

[From the French of Alphouse Dandet, by E. E. Lawrence.]

(Conclusion.)

WHEN the white goat arrived on the mountain there was a general delight. Never had the old fir trees seen anything so beautiful. They received her as a little queen. The chestnut trees drooped to the ground to caress her with the tips of their branches. The whole mountain made a fête of her arrival.

You can judge if our little goat was not happy. No more cool, no more shades—nothing to hinder her from going about and browsing as she wished. And what grass! Savory, fine, delicious; made up of a thousand plants. The white goat, half glutted, wallowed in this grass; with her legs in the air she rolled the length of the slope pell-mell with the fallen leaves and chestnuts. Once, on approaching the edge of a precipice to bite at a flower growing there, she saw down there, way down there in the plain, the house of M. Sequin with the inclosure behind. This made her laugh till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Ah! but how little it is," said she; "how did I ever live down there?" Poor little thing! from being perched up there so high she thought she was at least as large and great as the world.

All of a sudden the wind freshened. The mountain turned violet color; it was night—"Already!" cried the poor little goat; and she stopped short, in a nervous tremor.

Down below, the fields turned dark. The inclosure of M. Sequin disappeared in the gathering gloom, and of the cottage one could see nothing but the chimney and a little smoke curling from it. She listened to the hoof beats of a herd returning home and her heart was sad within her. The noise of wings startled her; she trembled. Before long a prolonged howl re-echoed through the mountain side: "Hou! Hou!" She thought of the wolf for the first time in her folly. At the same moment a trumpet call resounded in the valley. It was the good M. Sequin who was making a last effort to recall her.

"Hou! Hou!" went the wolf.
"Come back! come back!" cried the trumpet.
Blanquette wished for a moment to go back; but she remembered the stake, the cord, the grass of the enclosure, and thought that she could not again endure that life; that she was better off where she was.
The trumpet sounded no more.
The goat heard something behind her among the leaves. She turned around and saw in the shadow two short ears, upright, with two glistening eyes which shot fire. It was the wolf.
Enormous, silent, seated on his haunches, he was there, regarding the little white goat and digesting her beforehand. Knowing well that he would devour her, the wolf took his time and did not press her; only, when she turned around, he began to laugh wickedly, "Ha! ha! the little goat of M. Sequin!" and he licked his thin chops with his great red tongue.
Blanquette felt herself lost. One moment, in remembering the history of the old Reynaude, how she had fought all night only to be eaten in the morning, she felt it might be best to give up without a struggle, but quickly recovering herself she fell on guard, with her head lowered and her horns in advance, like the brave goat of M. Sequin that she was; not that she hoped to kill the wolf—for goats do not kill wolves—but only to see if she could hold out as long as Reynaude.
The monster advanced, and the little horns commenced the dance. Ah! the brave little goat! With what good heart she fought! More than ten times—I do not lie—she forced the wolf to retire for breath. During these short rests the little gourmand culled again mouthfuls of her beloved grass and returned again to the combat while eating. "Oh, if I can only last till sunrise!" said she.
One after the other the stars went out and the goat redoubled the strokes of her horns, the wolf the striking of his teeth. A pale light stole over the mountain side and the crow of a cock mounted to the field of battle. Suddenly the sun burst forth in all its glory. "At last!" cried the poor beast, who only waited for day to die, and she threw herself down on the earth with her beautiful white hair all clotted with blood.

Then the wolf threw himself upon the poor little goat and ate her.

[THE END.]

LETTER FROM MR. F. F. HODGE.

Mr. Hodge writes from Deland a description of that part of Florida:
The country here is as sandy as the seashore, but still the grass grows very well and there are many flowers. There are no stones large enough to throw at a cat, and mud is entirely unknown. The principal native trees are pines, which grow very tall and have needles a foot in length. There are live oaks that no one would suspect of being oaks were it not for an occasional acorn, and palmettos that look quite tropical. The leaves remain on the trees all the year and flowers bloom from one end of the year to the other.
Six miles away are the famous DeLeon springs, where the famous explorer thought that he had found the object of his search. It is an artesian spring and has practically an unlimited supply of water. Artesian water is used throughout this region. At the spring is a vast deposit of shells, principally quahogs. These are used almost universally in the paving of streets. The roads that are not paved are very heavy, and the wheels sink easily into the loose sand. When quahogs are not to be had, a covering of pine needles is often used. This is a great help in many cases.
The principal birds are the mocking-bird, the mourning dove and the buzzard. The mocking-bird sings almost everything and wakes me every morning with his song. The mourning dove takes its name from its note, which is a deep, resonant moan. The buzzards are seen everywhere. They have wide-spread wings, and I think, fly very gracefully, but when on foot they are awkward enough and resemble turkeys. They are scavengers, and the killing of one is punishable by fine.
Orange groves are very numerous around here, but the trees were all killed by the "freeze" last year. There will be no oranges from this section this year and very few next year.
You may like to know that I am enjoying my situation very much.
DEPARTMENTS.

GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Murdock has taken the Topographical Atlas of Massachusetts, issued in 54 sheets and has cut it into 350 pieces. Each piece represents some topographical feature of Massachusetts. The pieces are grouped into three classes, representing relief, drainage and coastline, and are graded from the simple to the complex, the easy to the difficult. These maps, following the use of the sand and plaster models described in the last issue, furnish an excellent drill in reading contours, besides possessing the additional value of teaching the topography of Massachusetts.

Questions upon the backs of the cards direct the pupil in his work and furnish a basis for recitation. Individual work is required in the study of the cards.

With the end of the half term, changes have come as usual. Section A has left the work in the Model School and the Senior class has taken its place.

Two attempts have been made by the Geology class to take a trip to Quincy and Nantasket, but have been postponed both times on account of the inclement weather.

"For me one hope in life I trace,"
A Senior said. "'Tis this:
That I may sometime find the place
Where ignorance is bliss." — [Ex.

A chorus composed of young ladies has again been organized under the able leadership of Miss Prince. Many have availed themselves of such an excellent opportunity for musical training and practice.

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Locals.

"Can I, Sadie?"

The Sub. Seniors have sadly closed their arithmetic books and are now reveling in bookkeeping.

Mr. F. Pratt Daniels has returned and is entirely recovered from his recent attack of malaria.

The young ladies of the gymnastic classes meet Miss Wells every Tuesday afternoon to practice kindergarten games.

Among our exchanges "The OneONTAN" is a bright, interesting paper. Its cover is especially neat and attractive.

Mr. Shaw and his Mineralogy classes have taken the first of a series of trips to the usual places, beginning with the Cottage street sandbank.

Among our recent visitors have been Misses Myra Baker, Lizzie Crowell, Helen Safford, Gertrude Hastings, Grace Crawford, Hattie Byram, Inez Lucus, Malvina Landers, Clara Hathaway, Mr. Tibbetts and Mr. Parker.

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This Institution is one of the seven State Normal Schools under the direction of the Mass. Board of Education, and is open to young men not less than seventeen years of age and young women not less than sixteen, who desire to prepare for teaching in the public schools of the State.

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TUITION IS FREE to all who intend to teach in the schools of Massachusetts. Entrance examinations for 1896, Thursday and Friday, June 25-26, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 8-9. Applicants must be present both days of the examination. For circulars address ALBERT G. BOYWEN, PRINCIPAL.
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Personals.

'91. O. M. Farnham of the Roxbury Latin School has leave of absence for a year. He is spending it at Harvard.

'94. Miss Florence Ferry is teaching in East Longmeadow, Mass.

'95. Miss Jennie Bucknam has a position in Deering, a suburb of Portland.

'95. Miss Lydia Jones is also teaching in Deering, which is her home.

'95. Miss Josephine Haire has the fourth and fifth grades in Athol.

'95. Mr. Clarence V. Nickerson has left school and accepted a position in Hull.

'95. Miss May Dunham and Miss Jessie Holmes are teaching in Raynham.

'95. Miss Martha Ambrose is a teacher in Revere.

Miss Grace M. Ward, who entered with the class of Feb. '96, has a position at her home, Foxcroft, Me.

Miss Grace Kellogg and Miss Bessie Edwards, former members of the class of June, '96, have schools in Orange.

Miss Hattie Gay, who took a special course here last year, is teaching in Revere.

'95. Miss Julia A. Bennett is one of the Bedford teachers.

Miss Mary Bayfield, who entered in February, '92, contemplates making a study of the brain with Prof. Horner of Berlin.

Misses Bertha and Clara Kinney are spending the winter at Southern Pines, N. C.

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