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Bridgewater State Normal School

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During the school year we are constantly receiving calls for grade teachers. We are frequently unable to recommend such candidates as are wanted.

One Fee Registers in Both Offices. Send for Agency Manual.

110 Tremont Street, Boston.
169 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
EVER in the history of the school has an editorial board come into office amid such promising conditions as the present. We would extend to our predecessors as they retire our hearty congratulations for the success which has attended their efforts. As a result of their work, we take a paper whose size has been considerably increased and whose whole appearance has undergone a decided change for the better. We not only congratulate them because of the credit which the institution of this change reflects upon them personally, but we rejoice that this instrument by which we are known to our friends in other towns and states, and which is to a degree indicative of the standing of the school, has been raised to a higher standard. We are glad to be the first editorial board to start with this state of affairs, but in doing so it seems only meet to call the attention of the school to the fact, that to sustain this present standard, requires a corresponding increase in their efforts. The paper cannot, with justice to the school and to its readers, be compiled by the editorial board and their narrow circle of intimate friends. We desire it to be a reflection of the numerous and varied personalities of the whole school, among which the editor and his colleagues shall not be unduly apparent. Let us request your prompt and hearty cooperation, and if you are overlooked by those who are soliciting articles, we hope that you will show your loyalty to your alma mater by contributing voluntarily to help keep this exponent of her standing in a flourishing condition.

THURSDAY, Jan. 23, probably witnessed our last mid winter graduation. The sun shone in all the splendor with which it is accustomed to bless our Bridgewater commencements.

Assembly Hall was tastily decorated, the platform covered with tropical plants, the bookcases banked with evergreen, the chandeliers and busts neatl draped with the same.

The address by Mr. Hill was an intellectual
treat to us all, and especially was it a fitting close
to the course of the twelve who were about to
leave us, as a resume of educational theories
and a comprehensive view of the highest edu­
cation as the world sees it to-day in its relation
to the teacher, the child and humanity.

After the Principal's address of farewell Mr.
Murphy in behalf of the class presented to their
alma mater carbon portraits of the two noted
Florentines, Dante and Fra Bartolommeo, the
poet and painter.

Mr. Aldrich was present representing the
state board and made a brief speech to the
graduates. Summing up the thoughts expres­
sed by Mr. Hill and Mr. Boyden, he defined
the end of education as "that state in which a
person is capable of experiencing the largest
amount of personal happiness and of doing the
most good to others." With his usual good
word of commendation for the past and en­
couragement for the future he presented the
diplomas.

CURRENT HISTORY,
Resume' of Eastern Situation.

EVERY day brings to the world its train of
events, interesting, surprising, or horrifying
as the case may be; but years hence, as we
look backward over the past, we find that of
these events only a few have made sufficient
impression on the mind to be called up at will.
Most have been buried in the great tidal
of oblivion which has swept through the world
of the past, and as its waters come to rest, only
a few prove great enough of themselves to
rise above the surface. They alone stand out
against a dim background, and they alone find
a permanent place in the history of the world.

A natural query arising from this fact is—
can we, standing in their midst, tell which will
rise above the high-water mark, and be perpetu­
ated to posterity? The past few months have
ministered very freely to the wants of an ex­
citement-loving public, but the moving of
squadrons, imaginary intrigues, and other mom­
entous events implied in the flare heads of
our great dailies, will never be honored by a
resting place on the pages of history. But

when a train of events causes the eyes of all
nations to be fixed upon itself; when from all
parts of the civilized world one universal senti­
ment of indignation arises, calling forth all the
pent up energy of human beings in a storm of
eloquent appeal for the relief of a down-trod­
den people, and revenge on their oppressors, it
is strong evidence that the matter is one of
some moment.

It is the object of the Offering in this art­
cicle to give a brief resume' of the "Eastern
Question," which has been a problem to the
Christian world for the last twenty-five years.
The Ottoman Empire occupies the central
ground between Europe and the commercial
countries of Asia. It stretches over the table­
land of Asia Minor, across the Bosphorus to
the shores of the Adriatic, lying like a bomb
between two civilizations. The nations all
wish it out of the way. Each looks at it ask­
ance, then turns to his neighbor with a look of
appeal and refuses to be the first to move.
The Empire is populated for the most part by
an ignorant, bigoted, unprogressive people, the
degenerate descendents of a race who centu­
ries ago accepted the religion of Mohammed,
when the Arabs, under the influence of that
wonderful man bore the victorious crescent over
the East to the doors of Constantinople, and
westward over northern Africa until stopped by
the Christian prince in western Europe.

About 1875 young Abdul Hamid, who had
been reared as a debauché, but who had sud­
denly reformed and adopted a religious
life, was snatched from his seclusion and set
upon the throne of the Empire. The outlook
was indeed dark. Of his two immediate pre­
decessors, one had been murdered and the
other was in a mad house, the country was in
a turmoil, the treasury was empty, and he was
surrounded by disloyal leaders, who respected
no law but the power of the sword.

To the world he appeared an able man, for
from this chaos he restored order, with an iron
hand he overcame all opposition, established
his credit in Europe, and surrounded as he was
by craven pushas, by his own ingenuity and
bravery he saved Constantinople from Russian
invasion. But to the Armenian peasantry,
brought to the verge of starvation by excessive
taxation in order to fill the treasury and swell
the immense fortune of the Sultan, and to the
other victims of his unscrupulous measures, he appeared in a far different light. There is also another side to his power, for to every Moslem he is the "Centre of the Universe," the "Shadow of God on the Earth," demanding the highest reverence and most implicit obedience. He is the powerful descendent of a race, who for centuries have ruled with absolute despotism the countries which their swords have conquered and which their swords hold in subjection.

For a great many years Christian missionaries have labored among these people, but the only place in which their labors have been to any degree successful is in the stretch of country south of the Black Sea inhabited by the down-trodden Armenian peasantry, who feel most keenly the Turkish yoke. Here they were received with gladness as bearers of the only hope and comfort which they know. No sooner did Christianity and enlightenment make itself felt than the superstitious Sultan, fearful of everything new and sworn enemy to all religions besides his own, instituted the system of persecution which has continued at intervals for several years, culminating in the atrocities of the last few months. Within the memory of the present generation, the Bulgarian massacres have shocked the world. But in the treaty of Berlin after the Turko-Russian war, 1877-8, the Sultan promised protection to the Armenians and equal freedom to all religions. On the strength of this the peasants looked for the promised reforms—but in vain! Finally within a few months the demands of the powers became too urgent to be resisted, and after six months delay, the real defiance which existed under all the smooth promises of the Sultan manifested itself in the massacre of Trebizond.

This was the beginning of a definitely planned system of slaughter. Upon receiving an order from the Sultan, motley bands of savage Kurds, native Turks, and royal soldiery fresh from their noon-day prayers, sweep down on communities of defenseless Armenians (for they have not been allowed to hold arms for several generations) and slaughter right and left during the number of hours prescribed in royal order, leaving behind them a trail of smoking ruins and mangled dead. This program has been visited upon nearly every village, town and city throughout the Armenian provinces. The Moslem war cry of centuries ago "Islam, tribute, or the sword" has been changed by a degenerate posterity to "Islam, or death!"

Yet to the two European nations, England and Russia, whose place it is to take the initiative in forcing compliance with the treaty, the question of who shall be enriched by the conquered provinces is of more account than the cry of outraged humanity. Nor is this outrageous anachronism confined to Europe in its effects. In 1864 Turkey signed the International Red Cross Treaty, and in 1882 ratified the American amendment, allowing the Red Cross to enter any country in times of international disaster as well as in times of war. This treaty like all others has been ignored.

Well may Armenia turn in despair from the nations in Europe and appeal to United States, for here that noble crusade has been started by Clara Barton, from all sides rise the voice of the pulpit, and in our legislative halls the true old time American eloquence is heard in her behalf. Let us hope that United States will show the mother country and her powerful neighbors that she can rise above such selfish motives and take her place in the van of nations in such a cause!

THE TRUE STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON.

All are familiar with Whittier's tale of that strange ride of Skipper Ireson, through the streets of Marblehead; but this summer, while visiting this quaint old town, I learned the true story of the affair.

Late in the fall of 1808 the schooner Betty, commanded by Skipper Benjamin Ireson arrived in Marblehead from off the Grand Banks. Soon after the arrival, the crew reported the following story.

Two nights before they landed a sinking vessel had been sighted, which signalled for help. They said that to the amazement of every one Skipper Ireson had said that it was impossible for his vessel to stop and that no aid could be given to the unfortunate souls on board the wreck. In spite of these orders two boats
were manned by brave men who were determined to help if possible. But they were too late to be of any use.

This story aroused the indignation of the people, greatly, but they felt even more strongly when, suddenly, the captain of the wrecked vessel appeared and confirmed the story of the sailors. Without waiting to question the skipper himself, a band of powerful men, one moonlight night, seized the unsuspecting Ireson. Whittier tells us how he was tarred and feathered and carried through the streets. But it is believed that the allusion to the women in the poem, is wholly untrue. He was very silent throughout the ride but when they left him at his own door he said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for your ride but you will live to regret it."

The words were prophetic, for it was afterwards found that he was blameless and the true story was discovered. This is the story which is now believed to be the true one.

When the wrecked vessel had been sighted a terrible storm was raging. At the signal for consultation was held on board the Betty. The crew absolutely refused to go to the aid of the suffering ones, at the peril of their own lives. Skipper Ireson, it is believed, tried his best to help them. And even after the decision of his crew wished to stay near the wreck until daybreak, or until the storm should abate. But the sailors would not listen even to this, and insisted on hastening homeward.

At their arrival in Marblehead, fearful lest the truth should be discovered they had decided to lay the blame on the innocent Skipper. Whittier was informed of the true story and expressed his regret at having unwittingly done an injustice to an innocent man.

\* \* \*

**CONGRESS:**

*(As Macaulay would probably have seen it.)*

The last Congress of the school term was held on the evening of January 17, 1896 in the Assembly Hall of the Normal Building.

It was the Assembly Hall of the Normal School, the hall which has echoed and reechoed to the earnest sayings and words of wisdom from the lips of our Principal; the hall, which has witnessed the graduation of many noble men and women, who now serve our country in institutions of learning throughout our borders; the hall which the sparkling originality and soul-stirring eloquence of Henry T. Bailey has endeared to many hearts.

The doors were thrown open long before the hour appointed for the opening of the exercises. The ushers in their robes of authority hastened up and down the broad aisles to find seats for the large numbers who came. I cannot recall a time in the history of this legislative body when such an air of interest and expectancy characterized a gathering of this sort, nor when in its history such a multitude has crowded to its doors.

Every one seemed to feel the importance of this, the last meeting in the term. The first number on the program was awaited with breathless eagerness. At length a thrill of greater excitement ran thro' the midst as the Speaker of the House arose and called the Congress to order. The closest attention was given to the gentlemen who rose and confronted the House. Some in their eagerness to catch every word leaned forward in the aisles, all quickened their ears to hear. As the last words died away and the gentlemen returned to their seats, deafening applause arose, recalling them once, and yet again. A second recall was a most unusual demonstration and expressed fully the heart-felt appreciation of their efforts.

Thus it continued until the time arrived for electing the officers for the ensuing term. Two candidates were presented for the position of Speaker of the House and great excitement prevailed. Both were men of exceptional character standing high in the esteem of all. Four tellers were appointed. As the ballots were distributed among the members, they gazed at one another as if to say, "Which shall it be? Which?" When the Clerk read the names and each member walked forward to deposit his vote with the tellers, enthusiasm rose to a yet higher pitch. When the last vote was cast, a sigh of relief was heard. Then followed the anxious interval during which the votes were counted.

Whenever the Speaker approached the desk at which the tellers were seated, one felt the
quickening pulses, the catching of the breath, which betokened that the members were keenly alert to catch the first sign that a decision was reached.

At ten minutes past nine, the Speaker announced that the tellers required just a few moments more in which to recount the votes: the vote standing as then counted, an equal number for each candidate.

Twenty minutes later he reported a majority of one vote for successful candidate. The suspense was over, victory was declared. Yet so great was the respect felt for both men that no shouts of joy heralded the election.

L. B. C.

FOREIGN LETTER.

The readers of the Offering will all be glad to hear from their friend and former teacher who is now traveling and studying in Europe.

BERLIN, GERMANY, Jan. 15, 1896.

My Dear Friends:

During the past several days Berlin's school children and general public in different parts of the city have been paying homage to the memory of Pestalozzi by a festival celebrating his 150th birthday.

The expressions of appreciation even of reverence for his life work showed the people's acceptance of "Father" Pestalozzi as the founder of their public school system.

His work, his vagaries, his philosophy, his aspirations, his hardships were each presented to the people by a definite part of the program, and there was a genuine pride expressed in their claims of being the first people to eulogize Pestalozzi as a man of prophetic vision.

You will enjoy the program as a true supplement to the exercise we had at school last year at the presentation of the bust of Pestalozzi.

The "Feier" that I attended consisted of an address by the author of the eulogy which the school-children presented and a program of "tableaux-vivants" and music. The audience was numbered by thousands, of all ages and conditions apparently.

Herr Paul Risch, the author, in his address reviewed in general, the life and work of Pestalozzi, the influence of his aspirations upon the teachers' and children's work of today, emphasizing how much they owed to him. He pressed his eulogy with strong oratorical power, closing with "Nein, Pestalozzi's werk Kann niemals enden."

When he had finished the audience was so divided in its shouts of "Risch!" "Pestalozzi!" that the stranger might feel much doubt as to which was the real hero of the hour.

The living pictures that followed interspersed by the singing of the school-children, teachers' chorus and soloists, and orchestral music gave in narrative form the life of Pestalozzi.

The first picture was a home scene of Leonard and Gertrude teaching their children in their home, illustrative of Pestalozzi's methods.

The second picture showed the school of Pestalozzi among the mountains. P. is superstitious—influenced by every sign in nature—Pestalozzi lives close to the children—each child from the first calls him "Father Pestalozzi." But the country folks do not uphold him. Finally with all signs of resistance the people flock to Pestalozzi's home, denounce his methods—show their feeling by dictating a course to him:—"You should spin and earn honest gold and not warp our children's heads by your insane fee-faw-fums"—The children are all called away from his school and his teaching and Pestalozzi is obliged to yield to the people's demands—The children are grieved as they go singing:

"Den, du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillst,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquiekung füllst:
Ach, ich bin des Treibens mude,
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Susser Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!"

The third picture presented the accomplishment of his ideas in the establishment of a school by the aid of many classes of people—parents, merchants, cobblers, musicians, landfolk, etc, stand around him, ready to support him.

The fourth picture was an artistic combina-
tion of the expression of the acceptance of Pestalozzi’s ideas first by Prussia and the adoration that is still retained for Queen Louise of Prussia. This tableau of Queen Louise with the little sons, the crown Prince and Prince Wilhelm on each side of the mother while she read to them. Pestalozzi’s Leonard and Gertrude, was called for again and again by the audience with ringing shouts.

The tableaux closed with the picture of the German people paying homage to Pestalozzi. The bust of Pestalozzi was the center of the picture; all classes of people from the Emperor himself to the cobbler and children were represented as decked his from with flowers and emblems. The enthusiasm over this last picture was almost endless in the audience, and again shouts for the author and the hero were intermingled.

The second part of the program was memorial music rendered by songs and orchestra.

The hearts of the Germans in these days as in the past are full of appreciative sentiment of their national blessings and their expressions of loyalty to them are genuinely strong and true.

With greetings to you all, I am,

Sincerely,

Emily Fisher.

CHAPTER FROM THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

———

No. 789, Jan. 20, 1895.

I CANNOT forbear saying a little more about Haggert’s Pond for the reason that I spent a very pleasant holiday there. We drove out to my friend’s cottage and proceeded to get dinner. It is with some mortification that I state that, although there were only four of us, enough food was prepared for twelve, however, there was none left over. My friend is one of those men who have a kindly feeling for everyone. After dinner he remarked, “If there is anyone wants to wash these dishes I won’t stop him.”

Next to us was a party of young ladies from L——, and below them another camp of fellows. Early a decided tendency made itself manifest in the fellows from this camp to waste their time in dallying around with these young ladies. I observed with pleasure that my friends removed this temptation out of their way. I reflected on seeing the idle state of the other camp how, “though we all complain of the shortness of time yet we act as if we had more than we knew what to do with.”

There was no humor in my fellow-campers that I was inclined to wonder at than their hunger at meal time, though I should not want to state under oath that they were not hungry all the time. I remember one night, having decided to breakfast on buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, one fellow agreed to fry for the other three if two of them would wash dishes and the third fry for him. Well, if my memory serves me right, he turned off next morning something like thirty-eight cakes of say three inches in diameter, but still saw no signs of abated hunger, whereupon he began making them the full bigness of the spider. This it seemed to me was an unworthy practice tending to encourage deceit, for if one of us should mention that we had only a few buckwheat cakes for breakfast, the hearer not thinking of a cake ten inches across would naturally say, “you poor boy, come in and have a lunch with me, I can make elegant cocoa,” at least I observed this in regard to the next camp.

I cannot help remarking on this occasion that the man who started in to fry at last got a chance to eat. He sat at a corner of the cabin with a window just over his shoulder and another at his left hand with the new cook back to him at the stove. And now it will appear what a lean and despicable passion revenge is, for though I can assure you he was wonderfully hungry, yet about two cakes in every three he managed to throw out one or the other of the windows and kept his fellow cook frying until the air was blue with smoke from the fire and his patience clean gone.

R. E.

AN OBSERVING YOUTH.

Teacher—“Now, Willie Jenkins, how many seconds make a minute?”

Willie—“Male or female?”

T—“Male or female? What do you mean?”

W—“There’s a big difference. When Pa says he’ll be down in a minute it takes him sixty seconds, but Ma’s minutes are six hundred, ‘speciall when she’s puttin’ on her hat.”
OUR POCKET-BOOK OF TIME.

SOME of us are persons of system and method, planning our time as carefully as our money. We are to be congratulated. But there are others who need to hold the purse-strings of our time a little more carefully. That does not mean to be misers, but to plan for what we shall give our time and how much we shall give. What will one hour of time buy? That depends. Some of us may be hunting for bargains. But let us remember that the dearest things are the best in the end.

It has been suggested that we appropriate some time first of all for self-culture. If we leave that till the last; we may spend too much for things we see first and have nothing left for that. On the other hand, the plain necessities of life should be purchased while the pocket-book is in a good condition.

Most of us set aside a portion of our money for others, I wonder if the command, “Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,” includes time.

But to leave the figure—“Take hold quickly and let go quickly” is some good advice I read once. It is hard for most people to follow. Power to adapt one’s self readily to different conditions is implied. Professor Drummond emphasizes the fact that the higher in the scale of development an animal is, the better he can adapt himself to his environment. Ought not we, the most perfect of all beings, to be able to fit our minds to ever changing conditions? That we will these conditions to change makes it to be expected that we can adapt ourselves to them. There is a hymn which we used to hear, beginning, “Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.” This motto may be applicable to our minds, too.

Why is it that we feel more self-respect if we do work heartily? I pity the people who live in climes less suited to hard work than ours is. They must lose the enjoyment of having carried out a day’s order of work and of then being recreated by diversion and rest. Do we appreciate the power we have to execute our plans? Each of us can be legislative, executive, and judicial committee in one. We are likely to feel compelled to follow a plan to the letter. If anyone interrupts us we are thinking of that plan. Is this wise? If we knew in the beginning just what would come in to change our course of work we could plan for every detail. But we must yield gracefully, not letting the person know he is interrupting us.

Again, if we do not have something to change our plan, there is danger of our getting into ruts. The value of a plan seems to outweigh this tendency. With a wisely made plan, and one followed with common sense, much time may be economized.

B. F. P.

AMONG the Italian old masters there is none who appeals more strongly to the heart than Giotto Bondone. He is the pioneer, the discoverer, the hero, among the painters of the renaissance, and there is no lack of delightful romance about his career.

Giotto was born in Tespignano, a little village of Tuscany, near Florence, in 1276. His father was a simple peasant who worked in his master’s cornfidds and vineyards day after day, to be paid with just enough of the harvest of corn and wine to keep his family through the year. No inheritance of material wealth or advantage awaited the little boy born to this family, but he brought with him a heavenly gift of genius. Vasari tells us that when Giotto was very young, even when he could but just walk and talk, he showed such a bright and happy nature and such remarkable intelligence that he attracted the attention of all who saw him and became his father’s pet.

This could not have been due to any remarkable beauty in the child, for there are many allusions to his plainness, and in after years his friend Boccaccio speaks with alarming candor of the “flat curvishness” of Giotto’s face.

When Giotto was ten years of age he was thought to be old enough to assume some regular duties, so his father set him to tending sheep in the fields. This meant long silent days on the hills, thrilling with the warm sunshine, studying the branches of the trees overhead, and watching the shifting color on the
green valleys and tinted rocks. Perhaps no other training would have brought out that longing for expression which had taken its place so simply and beautifully in the heart of this Tuscan lad. Other shepherd boys had, no doubt, looked with awesome wonder, or perhaps with delight at these same rocks and trees and valleys, but Giotto felt that there was something to be done, to be said—he must tell the story as Nature was telling it to him. It is this desire which marks the great man, be he poet, priest, musician or artist.

A sharpened stone and a piece of rock served Giotto well as tools, and he soon began to trace the forms he saw about him. Then, one day, a wonderful thing happened. A celebrated artist, Cimabue by name, went on a journey through the hills of Tuscany, and as he was riding along he saw Father Bondone's sheep grazing at will by the roadside, while their young shepherd seemed intent on something he held in his hands. Cimabue rode up to him, looked over his shoulder, and saw that he was drawing one of the sheep. It would be very interesting to know all that Cimabue said to Giotto and all that Giotto said to Cimabue in that first interview, but all we know is that at the end of it, Giotto went with him to Florence and became his pupil.

Giotto must have profited well by Cimabue's teaching, for the next thing we hear from him is his reply to Pope Boniface VIII who had sent requests to all the famous artists of that day for specimens of their work. Giotto, in seeming disdain, took some paper and a piece of red chalk, and with one flourish of his hand drew a circle so exact in every part that it was a perfect triumph of skill. Boniface shrewdly guessed that a painter who could do this might do anything, and he appointed Giotto one of the decorators of St. Peter's. Out of this incident grew the proverb which the Italians have: "Tu sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto," ("You are rounder than Giotto's O.") they say, when they mean that you are very stupid or dull. For the word O in Italian means also stupid.

It is said of Giotto that he "breathed into painting the living soul which had till then been largely absent." Christian asceticism had not proved a genial soil for art to flourish in. Greek art had been so linked with Greek religion that it was impossible to banish one and keep the other, and so, little by little the knowledge of anatomy was lost, and all representations of nature came to be looked upon as profane. Painting was largely symbolical, a hand reaching down from the sky representing the Almighty, a dove for the spirit, a few blue lines pierced by some fishes for the sea, and so on. Mosaics took the place of wall paintings, and as straight lines were necessary in outlining these, the curve fell into disuse.

It was to such an art as this that Giotto came with his heart full of love for beauty and nature, and when we consider the point from which he started, we must acknowledge that his was the greatest stride in art ever made by one man.

All the works which Giotto did at Rome under the direction of Pope Boniface have been destroyed, with the exception or a fragment of a mosaic, and a few small panels in the sacristy of St. Peter's. One of his first recorded paintings is the portrait of Dante, of which a fine photograph was presented by the last graduating class. This portrait occurs in a painting on the wall of the Council Chamber of Florence. During the banishment of Dante the wall was plastered or whitewashed over, through the influence of his enemies, and the picture was hidden until 1840, when it was again brought to light. Many other famous people of that day were represented in the picture, which was called "Il Paradiso," (The Paradise) but only that of Dante has been restored. This portrait is altogether different from all later ones of that grim and wavy man, and presents the more companionable side of his nature, which, doubtless, was the one he showed to his artist friend.

At Assisi, Sienna, Padua, and Florence are many other works of Giotto, mostly of a religious nature, and painted with a devoutness that shows he was "no less a good Christian than an excellent painter." To the end of his life he kept his strong sympathy with nature, and never lost an opportunity to introduce pastoral life into his subjects.

It may seem to you as you look at the photographs of these paintings, that there is much crudity as you understand it, in the straight figures with their long hands and wooden feet. You may find errors in foreshortening and relics of the stiffness of the old symbolical
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painting. But those who look deeper, who look for the spirit of the painting below its superficial prettiness of even superficial correctness, find in Giotto a simple faith and fervor, an earnestness of originality, not to be found in those of a later and more accomplished generation—no, not in Leonardo, Michel Angelo, or Raphael.

Of course, the very best known of the works of Giotto is his campanile—"Giotto's Tower," as it is called. This was completed after his death, which occurred in 1337, by his pupil, Taddes Gaddi. Mr. Bailey, in his last lecture, gave us some idea of its beauty of proportion and arrangement. It is a tall, slender shaft of variegated marbles, so graceful, so perfect in detail, that it fills the eye, and seems to satisfy as well as delight. Longfellow calls it "The lily of Florence, blossoming in stone."

Probably no one has ever seen this campanile or even a picture of it, who has not thought of the singular fitness of such a monument for a man who stood, like his tower, alone in the ages, to lift men's thoughts higher, to teach "the divinity of the divine, the serenity of utmost strength, the single-heartedness of passion."

M. F. BOSWORTH.

PEDAGOGY IN THE WEST.

I HAD been engaged to teach a school seven seven miles from the city of T—. It was the first country school I taught.

I had promised to meet one of the school directors at a certain place, and was to drive out with him when he came in to bring his produce, and get his supplies.

I was ready at the appointed time, and climbing into the wagon, we were soon on the way. The first four miles was over a good country road through the Indian Reservation, with houses scattered here and there; and fairly good houses too, for many of these Indians are wealthy. The last three miles was through the woods, and part of the way over a corduroy road.

My companion was very inquisitive as to my home and myself. He wanted to know if "my folks left me out there to be married," and if I "didn't have Indian blood in my veins." He had no intention of offending me and asked the question in all seriousness.

We soon came in sight of his ranch, and driving over a rickety bridge under which a creek ran swiftly along, drew up in front of a log cabin.

Mrs. C., the wife of the director, and my landlady, met me with the words, "Well! You are a little bit of a thing, ain't you?" I had never been before been called small and I was a little inclined to feel offended, but I said nothing.

I was led into a room, into which opened three others. These were all the rooms the cabin contained and the two boys in the family slept in the barn.

In order to cover up the rough logs my room had been hung with bagging or burlap. I found when the winter rains came on that neither walls nor ceilings were water proof, for the burlap was always damp. The first night it rained hard, the roof began to leak, so the boys came in and hung up lard pails to catch the drops. I woke in the night and found the rain was dropping on the bed in all directions. I got my umbrella and opening it slept under it the rest of the night. After that the roof was mended.

Monday morning I started over a trail to the school house, a mile and a quarter distant. A frame school building had just been erected and furnished with the modern desks and chairs. The children came from distances varying from one-half to two miles. A brother and sister living the farthest away came on horseback. The number of scholars varied from three to sixteen, and were very well behaved. They must have been accustomed to large teachers, however, for one boy told his mother that he had a teacher, but she was a little bit of a thing and couldn't hurt him.

I found it was the proper thing for the teacher to spend the night with each of the pupils. So, on invitation, I went the rounds, usually some one of the family sleeping in the barn in order to make room, for nearly all lived in log houses. Sometimes I went on horseback, but usually on foot over a rough trail.

I began the term in June, and when the 4th
of July came, went with the rest of the family to a picnic. We started about nine o'clock and drove four miles to the shores of a small lake. Here a covered platform had been built, and after lunch, dancing began and continued all of the afternoon. For music we had two violins. It was a regular country dance and nearly all square dances. The changes were very funny and were partly sung by one of the musicians, sometimes accompanied by clapping of hands. About six o'clock horses were harnessed and we drove four miles more and danced till daylight, the babies being put to bed wherever a vacant place could be found.

We finally reached home about five o'clock and I concluded that it was a good thing 4th of July came but once a year.

I had commenced on the second term, but before the end had to give up and return to civilization, for a long walk through woods in a place where it rained most of the time in winter proved too much for my health.

LOCALS.

TRIGONOMETRY.

Instructor—If this end of the arc is called the origin or starting point, what is the other? Athletic Youth—The finish!

Did you notice the rhythm in the decorations, graduation morning?

Mr. W. C. French wishes to announce to the other members of the school that he succeeds Mr. Murphy as sole agent for the Wirt fountain pens. Twenty per cent discount on all orders!

Those in want of such an article are respectfully requested to give him a call.

Have you noticed the strong box labelled “Normal Offering” in the hallway?

The object of this is to furnish a receptacle for any articles or other matter for the paper, written by anyone who does not know the editor by sight, or has been accidentally overlooked in the editorial forays, or whose natural modesty stands in the way of voluntary contributions.

A word to the wise is sufficient!

To those of us who have reached the stage in life at which we study rhetoric and begin to tamper with big words the Offering would suggest one simple rule, which may serve as a standard in this matter of language,—

Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thronasional bombast, sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vandiloquent yapidity; shun double entendures, purient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent.

On Friday evening, January 18, the young men of the Hall held open house in the west wing. Elaborate preparations had been made by a committee consisting of Messrs. Bennett, Hurd and Daniels, and at seven o'clock twenty-nine sat down to the tastefully decorated table. Mr. Burke was the unanimous choice as toast-master, and after a few preliminary remarks introduced the Brechneider Male Quartette in their familiar topical song, “Way Up in the Sky.” Then followed the recitation of a poem written especially for the occasion by Mr. F. F. Smith. By special request Mr. Bentley sang his amusing minstrel ballad, “The Ostrich,” and despite the apparent discomfort of Mr. Morrill received a rousing encore. At this juncture the menus were read and the next hour spent over the most abundant spread ever given at Normal.

After the table had been cleared, toasts were in order. In response to the toast, “The Coming Teacher,” Mr. Ellis expounded some of his original views regarding the objective method of teaching the alphabet. Miscellaneous toasts were responded to by all present, but the speech of the evening was made by Mr. West who responded in a convulsing manner to the toast, “The Tricks of the Trade.” This very enjoyable affair closed with resolutions that Mrs. Newell receive a vote of thanks for her kindness in assisting the committee.

While all agreed that they had spent a delightful evening, every detail was carried out
with utmost propriety and only shows that the
young men of Normal do not deserve the ap­
pellation: 'The G—s of the West Wing.'

---MEN---

SOUP.

Mock Turtle.

FISH.
Salmon Steaks.

MEATS.
Dried Beef.
Beef Tongue.

ENTREES.
Roast Chicken.

VEGETABLES.
Saratoga Chips.
French Peas.

PASTRY.
Pies: Mince, Cranberry, Apple.
Washington Pie.

DESSERT.
Oranges.
Grapes.

Fig Bars.
Honey.
Fruit Cake.

Coffee.
Rolls.
Cocoa.

BRIDGEWATER NORMAL ASSOCIATION.

OF BANQUETS AND THE GIVING OF
FEASTS.

BANQUETS and feasts of divers kinds are
common enough and greatly varied in form
and quality, yet it seemeth that they all
fall into the general classes: the one class in
which the banquet ruleth the banqueters, and
of this class are very many; the second class in
which the banqueters rule the banquet to their
own good service, enjoyment, and mutual good
will.

Sensuous men love banquets and feasting but
for the mere tickling of the palate; cold, un­
friendly men contemn not such things and yet
are but guests in a half-hearted way, eating and
drinking in silence, watching their neighbors
with secret comment on their more heartsome
bodily appetite and mental satiation; wise men
attend not banquets over often and yet they
abstain not therefrom altogether: they feed
sparingly on the viands that others hasten to
devour, they glut themselves with sage private
observations on the soul that broods above the
board. They glory in the good fellowship of
man made more firm by flowing liquids,
elocution, good cheer; or they mourn at man's
dominion by brutish indulgence, by selfish
segregation over his own tidbits and potions.
The sensuous man goeth from the feast with
slow steps and heavy drawn breath. The un­
friendly man, according to which of our classes
of banquets he has attended, departeth filled
bodily with good things and mentally with evil
remembrances on his fellow feasters' conduct,
or with his body and mind both filled with un­
wonted but evanescent cheer, with a new
awakening as to the good parts of other men.
The wise man leaveth the board with body not
over loaded, with mind most richly surfeited:
he digesteth with pleasure the new food to his
soul, and ruleth the deeds of the next day with
greater knowledge of men and increased
wisdom; the sensuous man digesteth in pain
and on the morrow riseth with heavy head and
unmastered body.

F. F. SMITH.
with much pleasure.

After singing the familiar selection “Old Hundred,” the company broke up, regretting that the time for parting had arrived so soon.

N. 8. W.

THE NEW POET LAURATE.

To the majority of our readers who are admirers of Lord Tennyson, the recent appointment of Alfred Austin as poet laureate has been looked upon as a great mistake.

Far and wide among English speaking people the songs of the former poet have become familiar. Under his spell the noisy brook of our childhood becomes invested with music and poetry before unknown, and the very struggles of life awaken higher emotions and shine forth with a new and richer significance than ever before. To many, therefore, the news that one, hitherto almost unknown to the world in general, is to wear the “bays” which Tennyson has so honored was a great disappointment.

To us Americans, who in language and literature are still English at heart, the office of poet laureate appears as the highest honor which can be awarded to one who speaks our language—one in which we have an interest, and in our English pride we wish him to be the first literary man of the age. The keenness of our disappointment is in some degree mollified, however, as we learn that it is our association of the name of the former “wearer of the bays” with this office, which has given rise to an erroneous impression. The honor only signifies the royal choice of a literary man to adorn the menage of Her Majesty, and we cannot take it as a mark of declining literary taste in the English speaking people.

Many hard things have been said about Queen Victoria’s new favorite. Critics find in his works flaring weaknesses and mistakes which he criticises so unmercifully in his English contemporaries, together with an unpardonable lack of originality and genius. But as an English gentleman of unquestioned refinement whose writings are all so indicative of the patriotic Briton, he is undoubtedly fitted to grace the post in her circle, to which the Queen has appointed him.

A never welcome treat came to enliven the last week of the term in the form of a lecture by Mr. Bailey the state drawing agent. He is a great favorite here and the characteristic wit and apt blackboard illustrations with which he is always ready added greatly to the interest of his talk.

He gave several illustrations of the evolution in art, the one in which he traced the development from the lines seen in an eddy of the Nile centuries ago through their different applications in decoration, culminating in the artistic electoral designs of to-day was especially interesting. Under his leadership those lines of Emerson’s which always seemed so commonplace stand forth with a new dignity and beauty.

Mr. Bailey has the rare power of leaving his hearers with the feeling that they are in the midst of beautiful environments, in a world where Nature in its most humble manifestations presents nothing but beauty, if we only take the pains to look for it.

Our thanks are due to our predecessor for the letter from Miss Fisher, which arrived too late to go into his last issue. We hope to be able to print a foreign letter each month from the same author. The fact that we have known her here at Normal for so long will add double interest to the accounts of her travel and study abroad.

It is also our good fortune to be able to publish a series of five papers on the old Italian masters. The teaching of historic art in some of the grades of our public schools necessitates considerable knowledge on our part of those master pieces which have become immortal, and these papers will doubtless be interesting and as the same time instructive to our readers.

EXCHANGES.

Doubtless many of us will have our ingenuity put to the test in order to furnish suitable apparatus for use in our schools. The experience of a graduate from one of the New York normal schools as cited in the story of a “Struggle with the Metronome” may serve as a hint to confine our ingenuity to less complicated
pieces of machinery if we would preserve our
reputation as mechanics and sustain the dignity
of the class exercises. See January number of
the Oneontan.

In one of the last term's issues we spoke of
the prominence which systematic and scientific
child study was taking in the minds of thought­ful
people, and the frequent and interesting ar­ticles
in our leading magazines on that subject.
We are pleased to find through our exchanges,
that in Kansas steps have already been taken
toward the foundation of society for that
purpose, local divisions of which are to carry
on the work in the cities and towns.

We hope the step will be attended by success
and that the movement will meet with wide­spread adoption.

"Ah, parson! I wish I could carry my
gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor.
"It might melt," was the consoling answer.
—Ex.

These new electric wagons
And the safeties, so they say,
Will soon be universal,
And the horse has had its day.

But college men I fear me
Won't change at this late day;
They will all retain their "ponies,"
Which will trot them on their way.
—Ex.

How is it with Normals?

Prof. T. (to class at final recitation)—"I
hope you will all have a Merry Christmas, and
return to do better work next term."

Prep. (who means well)—"The same to
you, professor.—Ex.

EXPLAINED.
The boy upon the burning deck,
So far as we can learn,
Stood there in perfect safety, as
He was too green to burn.

PERSONAL.

'95. Mr. Henry Gardner of Hanover is
studying law evenings and is looking forward
to the next alumni game of base-ball.

'95. Miss Edith Poole is teaching an un­
graded school in Hanover.

'94. Miss Sadie Childs is in the office of
the Commonwealth shoe company at Whitman.
Mr. George Hill is in the employ of Fearing
& Co., Brockton.

'95. G. Alvin Grover has just recovered
from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

'95. Miss Fannie M. Clark of Section G,
is teaching in a primary grade of the Cedar
Grove Street School, New Bedford.

Miss Grace E. Lingham who graduated
in the class of '94 has returned for a more ad­
vanced course.

Miss Grace Ward who entered in February
'94 has returned to complete her course and
graduate with the class of June '96.

Miss Mary Baker of the February class of
'95 has returned for another course.

Mr. Charles E. Glover is principal of a
grammar school in Auburn R. I.

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