1911

The Normal Offering 1911

Bridgewater State Normal School

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Normal Offering
1911
NORMAL OFFERING
VOLUME XIII

A year book published by the students of the Bridgewater Normal School under the auspices of the Normal Club.

Price, - - - - One Dollar

Address N. Elliot Willis, Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

Printed by Arthur H. Willis, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.
To

Harlan Page Shaw

In appreciation of his services in behalf of the Normal School, this book is cordially dedicated.
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Bridgewater State Normal School, 1910-'11.

ALBERT GARDNER BOYDEN, A. M.,
Principal Emeritus.
Educational Study of Man.

ARTHUR CLARKE BOYDEN, A. M., Principal.
History Department.

FRANZ HEINRICH KIRMAYER, Ph. D., Classics and Modern Languages.
CHARLES PETER SINNOTT, B. S., Geology, Geography, Physiology.
HARLAN PAGE SHAW, Chemistry, Mineralogy.
FRANK ELLIS GURNEE, Mathematics, Astronomy, Bookkeeping.
CHARLES ELMER DONER, Supervisor of Penmanship.
CLARA COFFIN PRINCE, Vocal Music.
FANNY AMANDA COMSTOCK, Mathematics, English.
ELIZABETH FULTON GORDON, Supervisor in Physical Training.
RUTH FARNSWORTH ATKINSON, Assistant in Physical Training.
ALICE EMELINE DICKINSON, English.
FLORENCE INEZ DAVIS, Botany, Zoology, School Gardening.
ANNA WEST BROWN, Vocal Expression.
MABEL BROWNING SOPER, Supervisor of Manual Arts.
ELIN JONSEN, Manual Training.
MABEL LUCILE HOBBS, Supervisor of Training and Child Study.
ANNE MORGAN WELLS, Supervisor of Kindergarten-Primary Course.
Faculty Bridgewater Model School, 1910-'11.

BRENELLE HUNT, Principal, Grade IX.

Ethel P. Wheeler, Grade IX.  Jennie Bennett, Grade V.
Martha M. Burnell, Grade VIII.  Sarah V. Price, Grade IV.
Myra E. Hunt, Grade VII.  Sarah W. Turner, Grade III.
Bertha O. Metcalf, Grades VI-VII.  Neva I. Lockwood, Grade II.
Nellie M. Bennett, Grade V.  Flora M. Stuart, Grade I.

ANNE M. WELLS, Principal of Kindergarten.
FRANCES P. KEYES, Assistant in Kindergarten.
FLORENCE FORD WEBB, Kindergarten—Primary.

Faculty Notes.

As with Tennyson's knights, so with the Bridgewater Normal School Faculty, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The places made vacant by the departure of our former teachers have been filled by new teachers whom we now officially welcome.

Miss Lillian Anderson Hicks who has been Supervisor of Training for so many years at the school has had to give up the work because of ill health. Miss Mabel Lucile Hobbs, of Ossipee, N. H., has come to take charge of the Training and Child Study.

Miss Gretchen Osterhoudt has left our Gymnastic department to take up her work in a different sphere. Miss Ruth Farnsworth Atkinson of Beverly has come to the School to take the position as assistant in Gymnastics.

Miss Anne Morgan Wells who has been with us for many years in the Model School is now welcomed as Supervisor of the Kindergarten—Primary course of the Normal School Faculty. Miss Florence Ford Webb, of Newcastle, Me., has come to assist in the Kindergarten—Primary work.
NEW DORMITORY FOR WOMEN
NORMAL SCHOOL BRIDGEWATER
HARTWELL RICHARDSON & DRIVER
ARCHITECTS BOSTON
The New Dormitory.

OR the past few years the increasing popularity of the school and the consequent increase in the number of pupils has been a matter of considerable moment to Principal Boyden, and it has of late become a serious question to find accomodations for all of them. Then, too, the old wooden dormitories have been most unsatisfactory and have caused a great deal of anxiety to the authorities, both on account of possible fire, and on account of the lack of other suitable accomodations.

Last spring an appropriation of $175,000 was obtained from the Legislature for a new power plant to replace the old one, which had become inadequate to the needs of the school, and for a new dormitory for the women.

The new dormitory is 230 by 59 feet, with wings which will give it a frontage of 89 feet on Grove Street, and is three and one-half stories high with basement. It is constructed of brick, with Deer Island granite underpinning and Vermont marble trimmings. The foundation is of cement concrete, requiring twenty carloads of crushed stone and about 1,200 yards of sand besides the cement. The timbers are of hard pine with steel beams resting on brick piers in the basement. It will be heated from the main power plant, and lighted by electricity, also from the main plant. The building will contain 85 students' rooms, besides offices, reception rooms, etc., and will be equipped with all modern conveniences. The top story will be of wood and slate, and the deck roof in the center will be gravelled.

The purpose of the Board of Education has been to erect a simple, substantial building that can be economically managed. It is expected that the dormitory will be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the next school year, and that it will fully meet the requirements of the rapid growth of the school.
Commencement Week.

State Normal School, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Saturday, June 18. Alumni Day.
Business Meeting, Assembly Hall, 10 a. m.
Class Reunions, 10.30 a. m.
Luncheon, Gymnasium. Address by Dr. F. W. Hamilton, Pres. Tufts College Alumni Base Ball Game, South Field, 3.30 p. m.

Rev. H. G. Arnold, Unitarian Church, 10.30 a. m. Music by the Glee Club.

Monday, June 20. Faculty Reception.
Faculty Reception to the Graduating Classes. Groveside, 7.30-9.30 p. m.

Tuesday, June 21. Graduation of Ninth Grade.
Address by Supt. C. W. Humphrey, of Rochester. Assembly Hall, 2.30 p. m.
Gurney Prize Debate.
Assembly Hall, 7.45 p. m.

Wednesday, June 22. Graduation Exercises.
Address by Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education.
Presentation of Diplomas, Hon. Frederick P. Fish, Ch. Board of Education.
Ivy Exercises.
Normal Grove, 2 p. m.
Reception.
Given by advanced classes, Assembly Hall, 4 p. m.
Promenade Concert.
Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium, 8 p. m.

Thursday and Friday, June 23-24.
Entrance Examinations and Registration of certificated candidates.
The Faculty Reception.

No feature of our Commencement week in June brings back to the minds of us graduates more joy and happy remembrances than does the reception given by members of the Faculty at Groveside on Monday evening. Our Principal had given us his home for the evening, after having decorated it with roses and green foliage.

We tried to be “on time” and, as the long line of graduates approached the house, we could hear soft strains of music through the open window. We were received by our teachers—those who had helped and guided us during our student days at Normal, and as we met them together for the last time we could but feel in that handshaking a thrill of gratitude, and sorrow that we were soon to leave behind those happy associations and start upon our mission in life.

The gathering soon became informal and groups of girls and boys could be seen, each chatting with some one of the teachers, reviewing perhaps some amusing class-room experience of the past or talking of plans for the future. A dainty collation was served in the dining room and each guest was presented with a fire cracker whose fuse when extended proved to form a fan of red, white, and blue.

The hours passed all too quickly and we were soon walking back through the moonlight to Normal Hall. Here the class of 1910 formed a mighty circle and sang college songs as we had never sung them before. The “Alma Mater,” that song so dear to the hearts of all Normals ended that happy evening. Did anyone notice that some sad hearts were silent in the last refrain? Or that not a few tear drops glistened in the bright light from above?

These were merely signs of the passing of our school days and of the many pleasant memories crowded into that happiest period of our lives. Then with happy echoes of “good-night” the gathering scattered.

Undergraduates—may your Faculty Reception at Groveside be to each one of you what it was to each one of us—another binding link to that higher, nobler life,—the ideal of every true Normal student.

We wish to sincerely thank Mr. and Mrs. Boyden for their most genial hospitality.

M. M. G. ’10.
Graduation Exercises.

It was ten o'clock on that morning of June 22, 1910. A hush fell on the school and the audience. The graduates looked serious, a few of them even a bit tearful. Devotional exercises began the day.

In his address, Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education, gave to the ninety-four young people leaving the school words of commendation and encouragement, holding up before them high ideals toward which they should climb.

In behalf of the graduates Mr. Chapman of Class A presented the school with a picture "The Acropolis at Athens."

Mr. Boyden in his response to the gift gave a peculiar gratification to Class A when he owned to a particular interest in this class, as being the first to graduate which had been under his principalship for four years.

The diplomas were presented by the Hon. Frederick P. Fish, Chairman of the Board of Education.

The Vocal March from "Carmen" and "Daybreak" were sung by the school, and selections were given by the Glee Club. The singing of America by the audience and school closed the programme.

The Debate.

The annual competitive debate is gradually becoming inseparably linked with the commencement exercises. The interest manifest in this event was not less gratifying than the excellence of work displayed by both teams.

The Question:—Resolved—that the Federal Government should have power to impose an income tax not apportioned among the states according to population.


Judges:—William A. Barber, Dr. George W. Cutler, Charles F. Mann.

The judges decided in the negative.
The Meaning of the Ivy March.

Few of those who gaze each year at the Ivy March as it is given at the Bridgewater Normal School understand that it teems throughout with symbols of our human life.

At the appointed time, members of the Junior Class are seen forming on either side of the walk that leads to the school and with oak boughs in hand they form an arch which represents the living strength of the school. As the bugle sounds the call to life's duty, the graduating classes, marching two by two, pass to the Campus, the field of life. As they reach it, the double line changes to one of single file, illustrating the manner in which the individual life begins to count, for, as the comrades drop away, we must stand alone and face life's problems on our own merits.

The graduates, ivy garlands in hand, encircle the Campus Pond, which symbolizes, in the images of themselves which they see in its cool depths, the truth that all we do is reflected in life's mirror, to our credit or dishonor.

"For life is the mirror of king and slave;
It is just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."
As next they stand in the grove, and listen to the story of what has been and what is to be, there comes to the listeners the realization that the classroom of life is resplendent with opportunities, and they who stand on its threshold have prophetic promises, if they will but lay hold of them.

The march is then resumed that the sons and daughters of our beloved school may make their last bequest to those left behind. The ivy is planted, a symbol of love and affection for Alma Mater.

The Section Reception.

IMMEDIATELY following their Ivy Exercises, the Senior class escorted the members of the three and four year classes to the east side of “Old Normal.” Here, for the first time, the advanced classes planted ivy which they left as a symbol of their good-will, as an emblem that, in future years, will remain as a remembrance of the affection which they bear toward their Alma Mater. After the planting of the ivy, Mr. Chapman, president of Class A, presented the spade to Mr. Chase, president of Class B. May this be a precedent for future classes!

The remainder of the exercises were held in the assembly hall, where, for the first time, all the members of these classes appeared in caps and gowns. After a selection by the school orchestra, Miss Teague read an interesting class history. This was followed by Mr. Fox’s class prophecy, a humorous account of the fates of the graduates. Miss Garrity read the class will, which bequeathed to each member some gift as a reminder of his experiences during those three or four years in the Bridgewater Normal.

The farewell poem was recited by Miss Glennon, after which a short reception was given to the guests. F. D. W. ’10.
The Promenade.

THE gymnasium, green and spicy with hemlock and dizzily hot; lights and music and clicking fans; laughter and girls' voices and, this one night of all the year, an undercurrent of bass; a line of white gowns against black suits, two by two, up the middle and down the middle, around the hall and around the gallery; shifting color as the lines broke; a moment of cool night air and then lines reforming; a half silence, Alma Mater, a deeper silence; a weary stir and a tired press toward the doors:—that was Prom.

E. J. '10.
Alumni Section.

The Alumni Association.

Fiske says that the federal union is the one political contribution of America to the world. It is still in the process of achieving its fulness; it has moulded society through its federal growth into full recognition of the unit growth in every form of labor.

The business world is putting the form of its methods before the public with a definite purpose of establishing right relations between the workman, the capitalist and the consumer.

The individual in this age is not permitted as in the 17th century to develop his own consciousness exclusively; he is forced to live in the thought that sociality must be his ideal of growth, not individuality. Our Alumni Association has illustrated in its growth this principle. In the age that Dickens and Oliver Wendell Holmes portrayed the schoolmaster, he was the autocrat of learning, and all the mental attainments in the community. He was the worshiped one upon the pedestal of achievement to which no other could attain or even approach except by favoring accident.

Gradually as prospective teachers left this school, the spot of their first intensive thinking about their own individual relation to forces other than their own entities, the realization increased. An occasional coherent point of view would reinforce all efforts of broader work. Thus it came that this cumulative effect of many alumni realizing the
individual needs, the first convention of this Normal School was held Aug. 3, 1842. At that meeting there were 99 alumni present. Three years later a similar convention recommended the forming of an association, and it voted to form such an association. It was done. Their purpose is stated in the preamble thus: "The State Normal School at Bridgewater being now permanently established, it is desirable that the graduates and scholars of the institution should effect a more perfect organization than has hitherto existed. It is believed that an association, embracing the advantages of a 'Corresponding Society,' a 'Teachers' Institute,' and a 'Social Gathering,' of all who have been or may become members of this school would give permanence to the friendship here formed, would strengthen the attachment of its members to the duties of their calling; and in many ways be an important auxiliary to the cause of Common School Education. For the promotion of these objects, we, the graduates and scholars of the Normal School, in convention assembled, hereby form an association and agree to be governed by the following constitution.'"

The officers were James E. Leach, President; Albert Conant, Benjamin Burt, Jr., Edson G. French, Vice Presidents; John A. Goodwin, Hiram A. Pratt, Secretaries; Mertoun C. Bryant, Treasurer.

The meetings were held annually until 1858. From that date until 1882, they were held biennially; since then an intermediary winter meeting has been held in Boston.

Perhaps to the undergraduate has been the greatest value of the organization. As the alumni have gathered within the gates, personifying values in achievement and purposes of living, these observers have realized the value of life to the outside worker. For them it has portrayed the process of educating for earning a living, and for living, or it is best expressed in the recent words of Anatole France: "Après Esope, on nous donna Homère. J'étais avec Ulysse 'sur la mer violette!' Euripide m'ouvrit le monde enchanté, des héroes et des héroines." It has given them a view of their possible selves.

What this organization may have meant to the alumni in their meetings from 1842 to the present year the attendance varying from a gathering representative of the different classes to a meeting of 800 members who came to stand in the presence of our Principal Emeritus, Mr. Albert G. Boyden, will testify.
It is of significant value that this alumni gathering is the main commercial avenue, the promoter for the school. Through the meetings, the press, schools and society come to know of the Bridgewater Normal School.

What this association might do in its organization for the school can readily be assented to by all who believe that the teaching profession needs reinforcement from the choicest minds. As a unit it might unite with the Federal Bureau of Education in arousing throughout this State interest and definite activity in the ten subjects the Commissioner urges in his plan before Congress: school administration, industrial education, education for housekeeping, statistics and accounting, rural education, school hygiene, school architecture, commercial education, secondary education, wider use of school plants.

So this association closely allied with the trend of other activities, represents the constant and uninterrupted amalgamation of all forces into an organism which shall be a forceful personality for presenting the ideal in the form of enlarged requirements for our school.

EMILY CURTIS FISHER.

Biennial 1910.

The biennial gathering of the Bridgewater Alumni was held at Bridgewater, June 18, 1910. About five hundred attended. Once in the town, these home comers felt the thrill of association, and as they neared the buildings said, "It is good to be here this glorious June morning." The hum and chatter of the merry voices reached their ears; their faces brightened in eager anticipation; for let me assure you that be it ever so long between the date of your diploma and the present, if you just keep on coming to Biennial, you are always sure of seeing familiar faces.

The gathering opened with the business session, at which President Taylor presided. At this meeting the following officers were elected: President, Alonzo Meserve of Boston; vice-presidents, Luther F. Elliot of Watertown, Arthur A. Lincoln of Boston, Edgar M. Cope-
land of Lynn, Mrs. Anna L. Thompson of Worcester, and Miss Louise M. Fisher of New York; treasurer, Charles P. Sinnott of Bridgewater; secretary, Miss Myra E. Hunt of Bridgewater. After the business and the reading of the reports, this session adjourned.

A pleasant social hour followed, giving opportunity for short class reunions. The Association, being thus grouped by classes, marched to the gymnasium where a splendid dinner was served. At this time we were fortunate in having as speakers Principal A. C. Boyden, Dr. Frederick W. Hamilton of Tufts College, Warren T. Copeland and Mrs. Alice G. Teele of Boston, Alonzo Meserve, our new president, and Principal Emeritus Albert G. Boyden. The singing of Alma Mater brought this part of the gathering to a close.

During the remainder of the afternoon there was opportunity to visit the School Garden, to walk once more around the Campus, and to watch the ball game between the students and the alumni. As we left South Field, we endeavored to picture the new hall which we look forward to inspecting in 1912.

We remember with what pleasure we listened at the morning session to the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Prince; how expressive of love for our Alma Mater the evergreens were, so tastefully arranged to greet us at the gymnasium; and the music which added so much to the festivity of the dinner. The Alumni appreciate the kindness of the Faculty, the undergraduates, and all those at the Hall who, at a busy season, help to make these gatherings so delightful.

A. A. F., '05.

Normal Clubs.

The Bridgewater Club of New York and Vicinity.

This is an organization that could not help being. It represents a common interest in “the Bridgewater spirit” too strong to be crowded out by the pressure of other interests that New York presents. The reality of this drawing together is shown by the fact that we have not once had to consider the possibility of giving up the club, but have
devoted our energies to improving our organization, and planning
activities for the various meetings.

The first gathering was an afternoon social held at the home of a
family who could give three members to the club. This was more than
four years ago. Since then there have been two or three meetings
every year. Sometimes these have been social meetings “at home”
closing with the singing of “Alma Mater.” Lately we have found a
Saturday luncheon a satisfactory occasion of meeting.

In January, 1908, Mr. Albert G. Boyden came from Bridgewater
especially to be with us, and in March of the same year Miss Mary H.
Leonard, formerly a teacher in the school, was our guest.

Our constitution provides for a meeting the first Saturday in May,
and another the first Saturday in November. Any former student of
B. S. N. S. will find himself welcome, whether his stay in this vicinity
is for one day or for a series of years.

For information apply to Mrs. C. A. Seldon, Secretary, Plainfield,
N. J. (R. F. D. No. 1.)

Cambridge Alumni of B. S. N. S.

DURING the conversation of a few of the graduates of the Bridgewater State Normal School, the suggestion was made that an association might be formed in Cambridge, Mass., similar to the one in New York City; so a notice was sent to all the alumni living or teaching in Cambridge, Mass., asking them to meet at Mrs. Nathan Chevey’s. In spite of a severe storm on the evening of Jan. 24, 1908, about forty graduates met and the forming of a club was discussed with great enthusiasm. Mr. Arthur Boyden, the guest of the evening, said that he was very glad that we had met and then talked to us most interestingly about the school. He was followed with close attention by all present for he told of the splendid progress of our Alma Mater. Some music was enjoyed and then refreshments were served. So much interest was shown that a second meeting was called April 24 of the same year at Mrs. John Corcoran’s.

At this meeting a club, named “The Cambridge Alumni of the B.
S. N. S.” was formed, with officers and an executive committee. A
provisional constitution was discussed and its articles accepted after some minor amendments. It was agreed that any resident or teacher in Cambridge who had attended the B. S. N. S. whether a graduate or not, should be eligible for membership; it was also voted that students at Harvard or Radcliffe who had attended the B. S. N. S. should be honorary members. The object of the club was left to the executive committee to decide; so far in the club’s history, this has been to keep alive an interest in the school and a feeling of fellowship between the graduates who may be living near enough to each other to meet once or twice a year. A delightful musical program was listened to, after which a buffet lunch was served. By this time the members felt better acquainted with each other, much stiffness had worn off, and an easy sociability was very marked. Several letters, from graduates who could not be present, were read; these said that they regretted their absence and that they were glad the club had been organized.

The second annual meeting was held May 26, 1909, at the home of Miss Maude Hayward. A large number were present and during the first part of the evening a short business meeting was held, Mrs. Corcoran presiding. The reports of the secretary, treasurer, and nominating committee were read and officers for the ensuing year were elected. The club then listened with much pleasure and interest to an informal talk given by Mr. Jackson, a member of the faculty of the B. N. S. Afterwards music was enjoyed and refreshments served.

On May 25, 1910, the third annual meeting of the club was held at the home of Mr. Arthur Wadsworth, the president of the club. Mr. Sinnott, a member of the faculty at Bridgewater, talked to the club, informally, but very entertainingly. Then followed reminiscences from the president, music, and a business meeting. Everyone seemed to enjoy meeting the other members of the club.

MARY A. PERKINS, Sec’y.
Haverhill-Bridgewater Club.

"NUMBER?"
"1738."
"Hello?"
"Hello, Ro."
"Hello, Co. When do you go away?"
"In a few days. Will you come up some afternoon? I want to plan to have some of the girls together again before I go."
"That would be fine. I'll come up tomorrow."
"You know we might plan to go to Canobie or go down river, take our lunches and all that. We'll talk it over tomorrow, then. Come up early. Good-by."
"Good-by."

During the afternoon we discussed any number of schemes, one leading to another. To have an annual reunion seemed splendid—a Normal Alumni Club. Good! A list of the graduates promised a pleasant association. Why not include the girls at present in the school? Then, why not become acquainted with those who dream of future Normal days?

Early in September, 1908, seventeen girls, alumnae, undergraduates, and "to-be's", responded to the invitation to meet at my house. With Bridgewater as a mutual friend, we soon forgot some of us had never met before. A short business meeting resulted in the selection of "Haverhill–Bridgewater Club" for a name. Officers were elected with the power to call semi-annual meetings during the Christmas vacation and in the early fall. The air was soon filled with stories and anecdotes for the benefit of those soon to be there. The dear old school appeared in the rosiest tints. Some good pictures were taken as souvenirs of our first meeting.

Since then, several girls have entertained the club at the regular meetings. Each reunion has brought new faces or names until the enrollment is thirty-six. This includes a few from the neighboring cities or towns where there is no organization. The meetings have done much to enlarge our interests and retain the old friendships, as well. A loyal affection for the school is maintained. There is an interchange of thought which anticipates the welfare of all. The under-
graduates bring reports of the changes at school; they take away a longing to become a factor in this large world of experience. Each class finds some representatives of Haverhill. Our alumni is growing. As a result of our pleasant reunions, Bridgewater Normal will never become a memory of the past, for living in its present will be its Haverhill Alumni.

M. CORA M. MINER, '05.

Section B. Class of '90.

The members of Section B, the four years division of the Class of 1890, have held class reunions continuously since graduation twenty-one years ago, and their Class Letter is still going the rounds at least once a year. Thinking that this fact might be an incentive and encouragement to modern classes to keep close to each other and to our Alma Mater, the editor of the OFFERING has asked me to give a short history of the class along this special line of endeavor.

Upon graduation, June 1890, we were ten in number, Grace E. Andrews of Palmer, Etta L. Chapman of East Dennis, Eva E. Hall of Rockland, Me., Katharine D. Jones of Waltham, S. Gertrude Leonard of Bridgewater, Lehella M. Snow of Fairhaven, Frank E. Gurney of Brockton, Henry W. Kirmayer of Bridgewater, Darius M. Nickerson of Harwich, and Harlan P. Shaw of Berwick, Nova Scotia.

In the spring of 1891 the first reunion was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, with a full attendance. The affair was so successful that then and there an organization was effected, Frank E. Gurney being elected permanent President, and Katharine D. Jones, permanent Secretary and Treasurer, and it was voted that a reunion be held each year. The Class Letter was also started on its journey, which has already continued for twenty years, and is still traveling at as great speed as ever, being a most welcome visitor at its well known abiding places.

The reunions have taken place at all the leading hotels in Boston, at the members' homes, and at Bridgewater. At the present time, they are held every two years at Bridgewater during Biennial. Guests have been present at many of the meetings, including the Principal and Faculty of the School, the husbands and wives of the members,
and also the little B’s of whom there are now twenty-five. Several years ago, a Section B Scholarship Fund was started to assist worthy students at the Bridgewater Normal School in their endeavor to get a professional training, and it has even now been of service in this direction.

We are already anticipating our next reunion at good old Bridgewater, where we shall renew again the friendships of the past, and shall see once more our Alma Mater, dearer and even dearer to us all as the years roll on.

Etta L. Chapman, private tutor, East Dennis and Boston.
Eva E. (Hall) Weston, Island Creek.
Katharine D. Jones, Teacher, Waltham.
S. Gertrude (Leonard) Lamb, Taunton.
Lehella M. Snow, Teacher, High School, New York City.
Frank E. Gurney, Teacher, Bridgewater State Normal School.
Henry W. Kirmayer, Teacher, Rye, N. Y.
Darius M. Nickerson, deceased.
Harlan P. Shaw, Teacher, Bridgewater State Normal School.

FRANK ELLIS GURNEY, ’90.

The Boyden Club of Fall River.

THE Boyden Club was organized in September, 1909, by six members of the 1909 graduating class whose homes were in Fall River. They were Lena M. Davis, Sadie E. Jackson, Mary E. McDonald, Louise A. Power, Bertha E. Williston, and Edith F. Woodland. In deciding upon a name for the club we could think of none that stood for more or recalled the spirit of Normal better than that of the two men at the head of the school; so we chose Boyden Club as the name. The club regularly organized, having a constitution and by-laws. It meets in rotation at the homes of the various members on the first Tuesday of every month. The aim of the club, as the constitution puts it, is the “preservation of the friendships and spirit of the Bridgewater Normal School.” The meetings are of a social nature. The various happenings of Normal which reach us are exchanged and discussed.
A short time after our organization, Florence I. Davis of the Normal faculty was elected an honorary member. In September, 1910, four graduates of the class of 1910, Mildred G. Harrington, Elizabeth G. Hart, Cora A. McGowan, and Helen L. Thomas, were admitted to membership.

We have been pleasantly entertained by the Bridgewater Club of this city, and have entertained them in return.

We would be very pleased to exchange ideas of helpfulness and betterment with any other alumni organization. L. A. POWER.

A Suggestion.

As you go forth to take up the work for which Bridgewater has prepared you, with visions of an ideal school and great usefulness flitting through your mind, do not forget that your service will be best rendered if you get into close touch with the community in which you labor. Do not take this suggestion with the idea that you were born to reform this or that particular locality, but find out what you can do and where you are most needed and then do your part so well and so quietly that your patrons will recognize your worth and give you still greater opportunity.

Keep the fact that you are a teacher in the background. Be a man among men or a woman among women. This implies an up to date knowledge of what is going on outside the school room. Above all do not talk shop nor allow others to lead you to do so. Five days and evenings of the week belong to your school, the other two belong to you. Use them in getting acquainted with men and affairs. Be loyal to your school by being loyal to yourself.

ALLEN P. KEITH.
The Annual Play, 1911.

The fourth annual play of the Bridgewater Normal School was given on the evening of the last day of the term, January 27, 1911. Contrary to the usual custom of presenting a Shakespearian play, Maria Lovell’s adaptation of the four act comedy, Ingomar, the Barbarian, by Friedrich Halm was given, and proved to be one of our greatest successes. The success is due to the instructions of Miss Brown and her assistants, Miss Derby, ’11, and Miss Anthony, ’09, and to the stage manager, Mr. Lincoln, ’11. A musical program was furnished by the School Orchestra assisted by several musicians.

INGOMAR, THE BARBARIAN.
Adapted by Maria Lovell after the German of Friedrich Halm.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Person Represented</th>
<th>Actors</th>
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<tr>
<td>The Timarch of Massilia</td>
<td>Ella Cary Andrews</td>
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<tr>
<td>Polydor, a Merchant</td>
<td>Alice Rubena Lane</td>
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<tr>
<td>Myron, an Armorer</td>
<td>Lois Howard Llewellyn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neocles</td>
<td>Katie Muriel Hunt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amyntas, Citizens of Massilia</td>
<td>Madeline Howard Sears</td>
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<td>Elphenor</td>
<td>Marion Bancroft Hunt</td>
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<td>Lykon, a Fisherman</td>
<td>Charlotte Janet Williamson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ingomar, Leader of a Band of Alemanni</td>
<td>Nellie Alta Tower</td>
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<td>Alastor</td>
<td>Ethel White Derby</td>
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<td>Trinobantes</td>
<td>Margaret Mary Murrill</td>
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<td>Ambivai, Alemanni</td>
<td>Evelyn Searles Severance</td>
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<td>Novis</td>
<td>Catherine Agatha Faircloth</td>
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<td>Samo</td>
<td>Cornelia Beatrice Caldwell</td>
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<td>Artea, Myron’s Wife</td>
<td>Martha Depoyan</td>
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<td>Parthenia, her daughter</td>
<td>Gladys Felton Russell</td>
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<td>Theano, a Neighbor</td>
<td>Clara Ross</td>
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Citizens, Alemanni, Guards, Pages, Fishermen.

The scene is laid in Gaul, a century after the foundation of Massilia by the Phocaeans.
Special Class Play, 1910.

Not to be outdone by preceding classes along theatrical lines, the Specials of 1910 turned their thoughts drama-ward soon after the mid-year. Accordingly, after due deliberation by the committee in charge, "Pygmalion and Galatea," a mythological comedy, was chosen to be given in Assembly Hall on April 29.

The parts were taken as follows:

Mimos, Pygmalion's slave, Mr. Bagdoyan.
Agesimos, Chrysos' slave, Mr. Gomez.
Pygmalion, an Athenian sculptor, Mr. Heath.
Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife, Miss Christie.
Myrine, Pygmalion's sister, Miss Ward.
Leucippe, a soldier, Mr. Clarke.
Galatea, an animated statue, Miss Derby.
Daphne, Chrysos' wife, Miss Caryl.
Chrysos, Mr. Bentley.

The costumes, which were of the graceful Grecian style, were very attractive as was also the stage setting which was so well worked out under the supervision of Mr. Edward A. Lincoln.

The School Orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the audience by their selections during the evening.

Each one who took part seemed especially fitted for his or her part, and this fact together with the careful direction of Miss Anna W. Brown, who is to be thanked for her faithful work, caused the Special Class Play of 1910 to be pronounced a great success by all who heard it.
A Soliloquy.

ALBERT G. BOYDEN.

AM alone for a talk with myself about myself. What am I? What is the life I live? I live on this beautiful planet whirling through the sunshine of the day with its restless activity, and through the shadow of night with its balmy sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer." I am here to learn how to live in accord with the laws of my being. How shall I get the comprehension and extension of this life? How shall I learn to live it day by day? These are vital questions.

Who shall show me myself? I will look into this full length mirror before me for an answer. Just opposite, as far behind the mirror as I am in front, an image appears looking on me. I start back; it starts back: but, pleased, I return; "pleased it returns as soon, with answering looks of sympathy and love;" with me it comes and goes, surely I must be in that image. Here in this mirror I behold myself—that most mysterious union of matter and mind, body and soul, flesh and spirit. I cannot tell what either matter or mind is in its essence. I know each only by what it does.

How is my body built and nourished? I find that the permanent, invisible, automatic, selecting, and arranging nutritive life which begins with us and goes on with us to the end, builds and nourishes my body and keeps its identity amid its ever-changing material, leaving the mind free to perform its function.

What have I to do with the operation of this automatic nutritive life? Much every way, I must determine the quality and quantity of my food and drink, how, when, and how often it shall be taken; I must secure a constant supply of oxygen for the renovation of the blood, the physical exercise, the cheerful state of mind, the good sleep, and the removal of waste products. These things are essential to the health, strength, beauty, grace, and efficiency of the body. I must choose these things wisely that I may be well, I must be well that I may be good. This nutritive life is the first and lowest story of my life.
What is my body which is built by this nutritive life? It is composed of more than two hundred bones articulating freely, forming many joints, with more than five hundred muscles attached to this bony framework, and numberless nerves are distributed through all these muscles stimulating them to co-ordinate action.

My body is sensitive to every touch of the material world through the myriads of sensory nerve endings over all the surface of the skin; I have two feet on which I stand and walk erect; two hands for work; two eyes, each a perfect camera through which I take the most beautiful photographs on the retina; two ears, through which I take in the sweet melody of speech and song; one tongue, with which I talk, through whose nerves of taste I have pleasure in eating and drinking; and olfactory nerves which give me the pleasure of fragrant odors and warn me of the presence of noxious gases. Through all these organs of sense the external world affects the mind and I go through these gates to study the Master’s works over all the earth and sea below and in the heavens above.

My body is the highest handiwork of the Creator, perfect in its construction, a perfect instrument for communication with nature and men. This animal life of sensation and voluntary motion which puts the soul in active communication with the external world is the second story of my life. I must use it wisely in work and play. I must take great care to secure the highest well-being of my body as the temple of the soul, and to gain complete command of it as the instrument through which the soul makes all its manifestations. The abuse of my body is a sin.

What is the mind? The mind or soul is the I who thinks, feels, and wills all at once in one operation. To touch, to see, to hear, to smell, to taste, is to perceive, to acquire ideas through sensation. To think is to compare ideas to find their agreement or disagreement. To think is to observe, to remember, to imagine, to generalize, judge, reason, and systematize.

Why should I think? Everything in my life depends upon my thinking; my knowledge of self, of nature, of my fellowmen, of God. My feeling depends upon my thinking: My choosing depends upon my thinking and feeling. As I think so I am.

Of what should I think? Of myself, of the powers I have, of the
end for which I was made. Of the self which I am and the ideal self which I desire to be. Of my natural environment, this beautiful, glorious, wonderful world. Of my human environment, the men, women, and children whom I meet; of what they are, of what they have done for me, of what I should do for them, of how much my own personal development and their development depends upon the relations which we hold to one another. Of all the influences from God which have flowed in upon me, of the revelations he has made to me in his words of truth, promise, and love; of the Master, the highest ideal of humanity, the one perfect man. This intellectual life is the third story of my life.

I find I must feel as I think. What is the feeling which comes with thinking? It is the agreeable or disagreeable element in the mental state which the object of thought awakens in me. Every object known which affords me enjoyment must be thought good, and I am drawn towards it. And every object known which awakens in me a disagreeable feeling must be thought not good, and I am moved to turn away from it. If there were no good which appealed to me I should have nothing to choose, no motive to choice. This is the natural action of the mind. Then shall I not follow the agreeable and turn away from the disagreeable? I find it is not true that every object which affords me enjoyment is beneficial to me, I must learn whether the object which lures me is beneficial. There are lower and higher goods. The higher goods are the better goods. I have a sense of beauty which draws me toward the many beautiful objects in this world. I have sense of the ludicrous which moves to smiles and laughter as I perceive the incongruous; and a sense of humor which cheers and heartens my life.

I have appetites, cravings for food, drink, air, sleep, and sex which are for the well-being of the body. I have desires, cravings for continued existences, property, knowledge, power, esteem, which are for the well-being of the mind. I have affections, feelings which impel me to do good or to do harm to others as they affect me agreeably or disagreeably, which are for mutual benefit.

I have egoistic feelings which center in self; altruistic feelings which center in others; idealistic feelings which center in my ideals of truth, beauty, and goodness. All these feelings awakened by the
objects of which I think are motives, feelings which move to choice and action. They are natural impulses which impel me to act. They are in my life what steam is in the locomotive. This emotional life is the fourth story of my life.

It appears that these strong natural impulses were put into my con-stitution to impel me to seek the many things I need for my good; rightly controlled they secure my well-being, uncontrolled they urge me on to destruction. What have I to do with these natural impulses? Evidently I must control their action.

How shall I do it? I find that when I know one good to be higher in kind and more valuable than the other I must feel that I ought to choose the higher good. I am not obliged to choose it, but feel that I ought to choose it. And the same is true when of two ways of acting I judge one to be right and the other to be wrong, I feel that I ought to act in the right way. Here is my conscience, which is the mind judging which is the higher good, which is the right way, feeling obligation before the choice and approbation after the right choice, and guilt after the wrong choice. It appears that conscience was placed in my con-stitution to govern my natural impulses. Here two paths diverge before me, one is the path of self indulgence following the natural impulses and promising pleasure, and the other the path of duty,—follow con-science,—which gives the highest enjoyment. And right here is the fighting line between natural impulse and conscience. A choice either in accord with the sense of obligation or in opposition to it is a moral choice. This moral life is the fifth story of my life.

Who is to decide the battle between selfish inclination and con-sciences? I am to decide. I have the attributes of freedom and causa-tion. I choose and execute my choice. I am a spirit, "a fragment of the divine essence breathed into me by God." I decide which principle of action shall rule my life and this determines my character. This spiritual life is the sixth story of my life.

I live in the six stories of my nutritive, animal, intellectual, emo-tional, moral, and spiritual life. Each lower story is a condition for all the stories above it; with the addition of each story there is a transition to higher living. And the law of conduct is that I may follow the life of each story just so far as will best promote the life of the stories above it.
Just here I like to think of the story of Jacob, the father of the Hebrew nation, who fought his battle of life nearly four thousand years ago. A young man, he had deceived his father, robbed his twin brother Esau of his birthright and his father’s blessing, and he was fleeing for his life from his angry brother. Staff in hand, on foot, he fled. But God had a plan for his life. Weary and sad he lay upon the terraced hillside at Bethel with stones for his pillows and slept under the star-lit canopy of the sky. And there he had a vision “of a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of the Lord ascending and descending on it.” And the voice of Jehovah sounded from its summit, “I am the Lord thy God.” Then came the promise of the whole land to himself and his seed, and the assurance of the divine presence in his journey. When Jacob awoke he said, “This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!” Then he made a solemn vow with the Lord, in which he set up his stone pillow as a pledge of his covenant with God. And Jacob went on his way to his Uncle Laban, with whom he spent twenty years of hard toil—fourteen for his wives and six for his substance. Being deceived by his uncle and deceiving him in return, he could not agree with him, and gathering together his household and all his cattle, he turned his face toward his native house.

His brother Esau had become a mighty prince in the land of Edom, and Jacob sent a message to him to allay his anger and gain his good will. Esau set out to meet Jacob with four hundred armed men. Jacob filled with fear turned to God in prayer, and sent present after present in advance to win his brother’s heart. Then he rested for the night. During the night the angel of Jehovah met him, with whom Jacob wrestled till the dawn, saying, “I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.” And now he receives “a new name, Israel—prince of God—a sign that as he had prevailed with God, so he should prevail with man.” When the brother drew near, “Esau ran to meet Jacob and fell on his neck and kissed him. And they wept. Hatred had yielded to love; it was a baptism of tears!” They parted friends, and Jacob went on his way to the promised land. The battle of my life is to be won as Jacob won his battle, by the light of Infinite wisdom, the aid of Infinite power, the spirit of Infinite love.
An Indian Slumber Song.

PRIZE POEM.

EAR ye the Death-winds that moan in the haunted pines?
'Tis but the sorrow of Mother-Fear crying;
Crying for him who is fast held forever
In the great, still tree that smiles at her sighing.
'Tis nothing more, my brave, brown as the hazel bark,
Slumber in quietness; dread not the mystic dark,
Down from the boughs thy soft cradle I hang with care,
Swinging and swaying, sleep in the drowsy air.

Hear ye the sobbing waves all down the lonesome shore?
Weeping are they for the forest beyond them;
Crying for him who is fast held forever
In the great, still tree that smiles at her sighing.
'Tis nothing more, my brave, brown as the hazel bark,
Slumber in quietness; dread not the mystic dark,
Down from the boughs thy soft cradle I hang with care,
Swinging and swaying, sleep in the drowsy air.

Hear ye that shriek that doth startle the pregnant air?
Ah, tremble not! 'Tis the she-bear that howls.
Someone, mayhaps, led by evil or hunger,
Near to her new-born cubs stealthily prowls.
Deep in thy slumber, all heedless, rest, chieftain-child;
Thou art my own cub and I thy bear-mother wild;
Sleep in thy den till the time of thy calling;
I shall hold war with all mischief befalling.

Hear ye the whirlings of stars in the lofty skies?
Singing they are that strange Great Spirit Song.
Their is a murmur of worshipful wondering.
Watch!—In the distant vaults swiftly they throng.
Dream then in peace of the far distant Spirit land
Giving me thee from its powerful Father hand.
High on the clouds in thy cradle go drifting,
Stars, like mere dew drops, in playfulness sifting.

Hear ye these cries of the night in its mystery?
'Hear ye these great things? . . . Now hear ye the small!
List not to the pines, to the waves, to the she-bear;
Come from thy dreams with the Spirit of All.
Hear ye the love of thy mother, wee warrior.
Will o' the Wisp o' Mine! One more world's sufferer!
Sleep all content, my brave, home in the Mother-breast,
For of all cradles, chief, ever is this—the best.

HELEN A. MURPHY.
Things Not Counted in the School Report.

PRIZE ESSAY.

In our schools of to-day, many of the students strive for marks which will be written in their report. As the fallibility of such endeavors is understood by every intelligent being, I wish to bring before your mind another phase of the same subject, namely, the personal things which are acquired in school, but not counted in the report.

When students first enter an academy or college, they are new to the college. They do not know exactly what is required of them, or how they are supposed to meet the unexpected things. Consequently the work is at first discouraging; the students feel as heart sick as the college freshman who said that she was not going to study any more. Upon being asked why, she quickly threw back her head, and very pertly said, "What's the use? When I do study I never get anything right, so I might just as well take it easy and deserve the horrid marks."

Her chum had to reason with her about the importance of a failure, saying that with each failure we gain a little more will-power and a stronger determination to make the most of our God-given ability. We, like the freshman's chum, should think of the will-power gained, instead of the marks.

For a few moments, let us wander back to the first time you stood before your classmates as their teacher. Can't you see their merry but sympathetic faces as yours changes from white to crimson? Your knees feel so strange, and your heart beats so fast and hard that you almost have to hold it in place! You know that that was self-consciousness. After a few such experiences, you entirely forgot yourself in the desire to first help your pupils. The loss of self-consciousness, and the gain of confidence were priceless to you; yet they were not ranked in percentage.

So far, the student has gained confidence. What a remarkable ac-
complishment it is for him, nobody but himself can fully comprehend. Do you think he is satisfied? No indeed. He sees before him another great step which he must reach. Accordingly, he puts more time and more energy than ever before into his work, so that every day his soul corresponds more readily to his ambition. He feels that he must be a leader, before a teacher, so when there is opportunity to show leadership, he spurs himself on to take the initiative. At first there is a great inward struggle against this; but the will-power and confidence already gained come to his succor. Finally he is leader, even though the news is not written in black and white.

There are many trying, extremely difficult lessons which must be mastered. If you work by yourself, it will take at least two hours to do them, while it would take only one if you could work with somebody else. Therefore the agreement is made to work for one hour with a chosen companion; and at the appointed time you two are together. Kindly notice that I didn’t say studying, for that would be a falsehood. This is the way the hour passed: “Such and such a thing happened to day.”

‘No; is that so?’

“Yes; and by the way, so and so is going away tomorrow.”

“I declare!”

Every word added interest to the situation; so much so that before you realized it the hour was spent. With nothing accomplished then, you felt ashamed, grieved, and even determined to go and do it alone. Having thus wasted and abused such a precious hour, you humbly decided to depend upon yourself.

It was one lovely fall afternoon after school, and Ethel was sitting under one of the large, shady maples on the Campus. A book was in her lap, unheeded; there was a far-away look in her eyes, and her face looked sad. A group of athletic girls were standing close by when something attracted their attention. Upon looking, they saw sweet Ethel. After considering the advisability of playing a game of tennis, they decided to ask Ethel to join them. She readily consented, thus making the beginning of a lasting friendship.

Of course that is not the only way to make friends, because we are making them every day. People can be friends without being intimate; and in school, as well as in life, we unconsciously and continually are
making friends. Isn’t such a thing important, even though it be not counted?

In connection with friendships there is an important factor which we should consider: that is disposition. For this particular case, let us think of the scholar’s contact with her fellow students. At the beginning of her dormitory life she had a whiny voice, and a very pessimistic disposition. No matter what happened, Polly whined at it and made everybody around her feel provoked, yet sorry, for her unhappiness. The girls learned that the only way to stop her whining was to make fun of it, and help her to be optimistic. Accordingly, every little whine was mimicked until Polly had broken herself of the habit, and had also learned to be cheerful. To-day, she is very grateful to the girls for the unrecorded improvement in her disposition.

Again; Polly was extremely sarcastic. No matter what was said, she had a sarcastic reply. We all enjoy irony, but when we never have a question answered or information given without cutting, sarcastic remarks, like Polly’s, thrown at us, we resent it. We certainly did, at least, so we tried to help her get rid of such a habit. Through the kindness of the girls, and an intimate understanding of Polly, the sarcasm was gradually dropped until to-day only kind and witty remarks come from her. Weren’t the sweetening of her disposition and her optimistic attitude toward life far above value to her, even though they were not counted in her school report?

In conclusion, allow me to say that the character gained through will-power, confidence, optimistic attitude toward life, and taking the initiative, can never be estimated or counted in the school report, any more than can the friendships which are being formed daily.

ETTA M. JOHNSON.
The Complete Life.

HONORABLE MENTION.

We often hear that in Heaven each one of us will be awarded a golden harp which can produce celestial melody. This conception is certainly beautiful. But is it true? Such a gift shall, indeed, be ours, but we need not wait to possess it until we are in Heaven. Wonderful as it may seem, from the hour when we first began to have our individual being, the gift has been in our keeping.

We do not value it as we ought, because we know not how to call forth the hidden music which is the purpose of its creation. Our own groping fingers will never find the chords, silent until they vibrate in unison with something outside us and reveal the true self within. Do you remember the first time you really saw a beautiful sunset? Can you not still feel thrilling through you the response roused in your own heart?—the first vibration of a chord which can never again be entirely dumb? Your first sight of some great masterpiece of art,—what an appeal it was to the greatness which is a part of yourself. A noble deed compels your admiration. Why? Because you, too, are noble. So are sounded various tones which intime the perfect heavenly melody.

This we have never known. There are always some silences where there might be sound. This may be due to our environment. More probably, it is largely our own fault. For unless we listen rightly, we miss much of that which is meant to awaken us. How many people there are, for instance, who walk through a beautiful morning and hear not one of the many bird songs coming sweet from every direction, nor notice the joyous rustling and swaying of the leaves as the breeze stirs them. How much of the sweetness of life they miss!—sweetness that might be theirs, too; for if their attention were called to these things, they would find pleasure in them. Is it not a pity that in life as they know it, this chord is silent?
Why do we fall so short of what we might become if we would take into ourselves the beauty of life? Simply because we neglect it. We are thinking only of our own practical affairs, or possibly those of our neighbors. Let us ask ourselves seriously whether such subjects should always usurp the place of others just as essential to the right kind of living.

True, a life spent entirely in dreams and meditation would be most inefficient. We need to work, to spend our strength in tasks which, though ever so small, are part of the world’s movement and help our fellowmen. The truth is that most of us are practical. We need to think more of the other side of life simply because we generally do not give it its just proportion of our attention. Just as it is better for the body to have a good mind, so it really benefits the practical side of our life to give the other its just due. We shall work more broadly, less selfishly, and therefore more efficiently. The merely practical life is good, but it is not the complete life.

The world is full of wealth which we can make ours. There is beautiful scenery which we need only look to see. There are flowers at our feet. There are wonderful music and literature, by which men greater than we speak to us. Because we are so incomplete, because we do not look and listen and become like that which we perceive, we too seldom know to its full extent one of life’s sweetest gifts. Some souls, when brought together, produce harmony more beautiful than a single melody, one completing the other. Such a friendship is sometimes experienced. And was not Tennyson’s life truer and fuller because of his love for Arthur Hallam? But such a friendship cannot come to us if we are unworthy of it. It is founded on the truth of our own melodies. What a wonderful inheritance is ours, if we only knew it!

The present tendency in education seems to be toward emphasizing the industrial subjects, at the expense of the others, if need be. Much might be said in its favor. But think of the child whose innate love of the beautiful is so little aroused. He may seem to get along just as well in the world, but he cannot receive his full birthright. The wealth that is meant for him he will not make his, because he is unconscious of it.

On the other hand, suppose he has had some lessons in art, in
music, in Nature study, in literature. He has found delights of which he will never weary. And is that time wasted which teaches a child to see the beauty of a flower? He cannot but come in some degree like it. His actual work may be unattractive outwardly, but he will find in it many things which will vary its monotony and make it interesting and inspiring. It is not this in your own life which gives it its depth and sweetness?

My friend, let your soul sometimes expand beyond the cramped space of your room and go adventuring among the stars. Do not let the wonder of a perfect night go by and, for you, have no voice—no existence, even. It is possible to hear the songs of angels, if you desire them earnestly enough. Who can tell all that is deep in our own hearts? for man was made in the image of the Infinite.

We may fancy ourselves taking out our golden harps, perhaps, and softly sounding the chords that will answer to something which is safely hidden away in our memory. We grow weary in the hum-drums of life—the freshness of our inspiration vanishes—and we need some quiet hours alone when we can again listen to the melody which underlies the noise of our labor. We need sometimes to stand face to face with ourselves and know how nearly we approach the heavenly melody which lacks nothing,—which is perfect.

OLIVE E. WHITTIER.
Advice to an Undergraduate.

MARIAN GORDON.

(Honorable Mention.)

WEST MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
SEPTEMBER 14, 1911.

My Dear Sister:—

By this time you will have gotten settled in what is to be your home for the next school year. Several things have occurred to me that I would like to have you remember in this new relation. Let me offer my suggestions, please, impersonally, under the title, "Advice to an Undergraduate."

The dining-room is a sadly misunderstood room, at the first especially. It is not intended for a place to banquet in three times a day. What you get will be for the most part plain, wholesome dishes, sufficient for the nutritive life. Remember you eat to live and not live to eat. Like the dealer who inquired, "What you 'spect for fifty cents?" the cook has a right to ask "What do you expect for four dollars?"

And nine cases out of ten, the ones who do the most complaining are the ones of least breeding and who do not fare as well at home. Just be thankful that you get as good as you do and appear satisfied. At least, keep silent on the subject for the most part. There will be others who will appreciate and aid you in your effort.

There is to be a spread in the next room to yours, perhaps. You are bidden and you go. Very good! But night after night of this performance is what will tell in the long run. Late hours, over-loaded stomach, excitement at the wrong time of day and lessons not done. You will soon begin to feel ashamed that you cannot answer simple questions in class. Miss So-and-so, a dull girl, can. You begin to get studious again, but the foundation is lacking. A dissatisfied something possesses you. Take the right things at the right time and use some of the common sense Mother has instilled in you, lest you wake too late, to realize what you might have got while at Normal School. "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"
An exceedingly important point is your attitude toward your teachers. I see now, as I saw then (though not so clearly), certain mistakes in my own bearing. They are all competent or they would not be in Bridgewater Normal School, have faith in that. Give them credit with having all the knowledge which years and experience bring and believe that they are earnestly struggling to give you the best of whatever subject they are teaching. You may think you would do differently, were you in their places. We think we know it all! Yet in the face of that last statement, I do believe those of our age and thereabouts get a view point which they absolutely can not, with few exceptions. Neither can we get theirs wholly. Each of us then is strong in our own way. But spend your time getting all you can and not in criticising. Its a waste of time where, on the other hand, “no knowledge comes amiss.”

Child, I’ve found from my experience that if you slight a lesson, somehow or other it lacks interest. Therefore, to have interest, one’s preparation must be faithful. An idealist would take for granted that all lessons were prepared unquestioningly. But from the practical side, the average person prepares that which he enjoys and lets the rest slide. My point is this: do your level best to get what you can from each and every subject. You don’t know when you will be called upon for certain bits of knowledge in your teaching or elsewhere. Forewarned should be fore-armed.

Your roommate appears from your description to be an exceedingly sweet girl. Keep this same enthusiasm about her if you can. No one on earth is perfect and there will be times when your ideas and hers won’t jibe. Give in once in a while and let her, too. It won’t seem hard after once or twice. Think all the time of her good points and overlook the weak. By doing this, you both will be living happy Christian lives.

I can remember how exasperated we girls used to feel every Sunday morning to be waked from a pleasant sleep by banging doors and loud talking, with a grand finale of tramp, tramp down the stairs and then out into the morning air. Our sleep was thereby broken for that morning and the anticipated extra hour in bed was not as sweet as it had looked to be all through the week. This is just one instance of the lack of consideration for others which we, every one of us, are practic-
ing in our daily lives. Not one of those girls meant offence. Just mere thoughtlessness on their part. We all work little heedless inconsideratenesses. Let it be one of your objects to regard, as well as may be, others rights. Put yourself in the "other fellow's" place and see how it would seem from his stand point. You'll be surprised to see, sometimes, the narrowness of your own views when you profess broad-mindedness.

Go to church Sunday mornings. When the work is hardest and things are most discouraging, it will give you stimulus to meet the coming week with squared shoulders and firm chin. It will seem to fill you with a determination not to fail. The second year's work was much different to us from the first when we were Juniors and more or less irresponsible. Then, you will love it for its own worth in proportion to your own personal desires and needs.

Think continually of what Father and Mother are doing to send you there, a privilege you will not fully esteem until you are graduated and teaching, as I am. I have learned all this by experience. It's not always a pleasant way, though the surest. I am trying to save you a little of the unhappiness and heartache by telling you my viewpoint of it all. Don't give yourself the chance, in years to come, to say, "Oh, it might have been!"

Be loyal to your own ideals and to your Alma Mater.
Your loving sister, ALICE.

School Friendships.

HONORABLE MENTION.

The little old lady drew her chair up nearer to the fireplace where the logs were flaming cheerfully. She did not feel cold at all, for it was not yet chilly out of doors; she wanted to be near the blaze simply because it was cheerful. The little, old face wore a sad expression. Only two days ago, the old doctor of the town, who had been her closest friend for years, was buried in the little cemetery which she could see from her window.
He had been her father’s friend, then hers, and she had never known him to fail either herself or her father. Only last week he had talked to her of friendship. He had talked seriously and more solemnly than was his usual custom. He had said that people did not always know the value of true friendships.

Now as she sat watching the shadows in the fire she began to think about friendships she had known. As she gazed at the ruddy light she saw no longer shadows playing in the flames, but faces—faces of people who had been at some time in her life her friends.

Whose face was that with the large eyes, the sensitive, childish mouth, and the mop of yellow hair? Closing her eyes for a moment, she saw again a large field dotted with daisies, through which strayed two children. They were both making daisy chains and were talking gaily as they walked along. Here it was that she had first learned to love the bright-eyed child who had afterward become her sister. But she was gone, as were many others of the gay children who had been her playmates among the flowers.

She opened her eyes, but the faces in the firelight were changed. Now there came before her eyes a little crowd of children on their way to school. There was the girl who helped her with her sums, there the freckled-faced boy who used to bring her apples. These, in their time had all been her friends.

A sudden jar of the logs sent up new flames which brought new pictures, causing the old pictures to fade back into the dim Past from which they had sprung.

And now a large building rocked back and forth upon the glowing logs. A happy smile passed over the wrinkled old face; the little lady was living again her boarding-school days. Those had been happy days. There in the gold of the fire she saw again the happy countenances of the girls who had been her companions. There was her room-mate with the wealth of black hair and the lips that smiled so easily. Her hair must be gray now, she mused, and if the reports from across the ocean are true, even the smiling lips must have lost their power to smile. But in the old days she had known nothing of sorrow. Her ringing laugh was as natural to the long corridors as the bird-songs were to the woods.

She, it was, who had been her constant companion in those dark
days after her mother had died. But for her our lady could not have kept the little homestead, and if that had gone, what would the young brothers have done with no home to come to in the vacations? Yes, she had been a friend indeed. Our lady’s eyes grew sad as she thought of the faithful woman who was now suffering alone in a foreign country, too far away from the little old woman who longed to comfort her in her affliction.

There had been other friends at the school who had passed out of her life years ago. There was the crippled girl who had always encouraged and helped when everything seemed to go wrong. There was the cheerful girl with the ever ready smile and suggestion. Yes, they had all been friends; good, true, noble, faithful, friends.

Among her teachers, too, she counted some of the best friendships. She saw again the old German professor. How stupid she had been in his classes! But the professor never scolded, never grew impatient. He was always ready with a word of helpfulness, of encouragement.

There were also the other professors who had helped her in many ways. Her music teacher with his bright, Italian face, suddenly appeared in the fire. What better example of true friendship could she find in her life? To this foreigner she owed most of her success in her musical career. He, it was, who had inspired, suggested, who had brought out the very best that was in her. And he had not been content with making her one of the best women in her profession. He had made others feel and appreciate that which had been perfected through his untiring efforts. Yes, indeed, her wordly success she owed to him. But like the others, he was gone. He had died years ago in his homeland, but his memory would never die in the heart of his old pupil.

And now the building faded, the faces of the friends of her school days passed on, up, out of the blazing light of the fireplace.

New faces became visible. There were eager, young faces; pleasant, middle-aged faces, and faces old and wrinkled like her own. She recognized the friends of her after life. They had been many, she had cherished their memories, but she felt some of the tenderness of her school friendships die out of her heart.

Had not these later friends been as dear, as faithful as those of her early days? And now she began to ponder on this difference in feeling, and its cause. Perhaps her heart was more open, more trust-
ing in her school days. Perhaps she was at that stage in life when she could easily make friends of everybody. Perhaps she lacked the worldliness which had characterized some of her later friendships.

At any rate, the little lady realized that the sweetest, dearest, friendships she had known were those she had formed at school.

MARY SULLIVAN.

Drama.

MANY splendid articles have failed to gain the sympathy of their readers because of the obscurity of the point of view. Therefore I wish to state clearly, before I go any farther, just what it is I am trying to say on this subject “Drama.”

I do not intend to give you an essay on the law or technique of this great art, nor do I wish to give you a history of it, for that you can read in many good books written by those who have spent much time and labor to gain the facts. What I want to do is this:—as a lover of the drama in all its forms, I wish to say a few things concerning the stage of today, its plays and its players.

Fifty years ago, the stage was very different from what it is now. Plays were produced with an utter indifference to correctness of detail and a disregard of chronology. Many great actors and actresses made their appearance on unfurnished stages, and little attention was paid to the costumes. The one and only thought was the play, and spectacle was of little importance. As I carry my mind on to the plays of today, it seems that this feeling is being reversed. So much money and time is spent on dress and scenic effects that people are forgetting the value of the play, and are crowding to the theatre for the purpose of viewing spectacle.

The first blows against this deficiency were struck by Kemble and Macready, two of England’s finest tragedians, in the eighteenth century, but the real work was carried on by Charles Kean in the middle of the nineteenth century. His father Edmund Kean sent him to Eton,
and there he gained a splendid classical education, which he turned to
good account when he undertook the management of the Princess's
Theatre, London. He had also a very refined taste and a power of
selecting the right men to help him. He realized as Ellen Terry did
when she said, "I think that far from hampering the acting, a beauti-
ful and congruous background and harmonious costumes representing
accurately the spirit of the time in which the play is supposed to move
ought to help and inspire the actor." The great reform so finely begun
moved steadily onward until today we may dare to say that we have
reached the acme of perfection.

In great contrast, however, to the lack of scenic development was
the amount of labor and care spent on the acting itself. Today if an
average company has to rehearse four hours a day it is considered a
great hardship, and players must lunch and dine like other people. But
in those days rehearsals lasted all day, Sundays included, and, when
there was no play running at night, until four or five the next morning.
Even today, though, managers in the foremost ranks will rehearse
their companies nearly all day, and often until early morning.

Acting is indeed a wonderful art, and much time and money is
spent to bring success. And what is regarded as success? By a con-
scientious manager, an appreciation and understanding on the part of
the audience.

There is great evidence of the development of the modern audience
as is shown by the demand for plays which are built upon theme,—
problems which the people as a nation have to face. There is a crav-
ing throughout the world for education. Its influence, which is felt
everywhere to a great extent, is readily apparent in the theatre. The
act of telling a story by mummery is no longer considered. The author
must contend with the great minds of the world, and the actors must
bring out the thought. His greatest appeal must be not only to the
emotions of his audience, but also to their intelligence. They demand
a higher quality of workmanship, a more profound thought.

Many plays have been produced during the past few years, some
of which have been successful, and some of which, though good plays,
have failed miserably, and probably only because the author could not
make his problem evident and comprehensible to his audience. If we
consider a few of these plays, I think you will easily see what I mean.
The play which comes first to my mind is "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The scene is laid in the parlor of an old London mansion which has been converted into a boarding-house; and the cast is made up of a number of people whose characters are designated by such words as a Cheat, a Sloven, a Shrew, a Painted Lady, a Snob, a Bully, a Hussy, a Satyr, a Coward, a Rogue, and a Cad. Into this mingling of vices comes the Passer-By. Many people have said that he impersonates the Christ, but in my opinion it is not so. Many consider the play is monotonous and preachy; without plot, a series of scenes only. To this I can answer nothing except that plot or no plot, the play has been immensely popular both in England and in America. The Passer-By is human, but he is that spirit of our highest ideal which looks only for the good in man, and, passing by the bad, appeals to the remnants of his finer feeling, or breaks the bonds of his hardened heart and reveals what is strongest and best in his sordid soul. If you have seen a portrait of Johnston Forbes-Robertson, or read a criticism of his "Hamlet"—the greatest in the world—you find in him the beautiful, spiritual character which reveals his deep power of showing the nobility of the Passer-By.

Not very long ago, Messrs. Shubert brought out "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas. It is undoubtedly the finest play Mr. Thomas has ever written. He has taken for his motive the all-absorbing subject of telepathy and dynamic thought, and has woven it into a story that holds the attention of the playgoer from the very first line until the final drop of the curtain. It does not attempt to teach, but it overcomes certain prejudices that have been held for years and years, and shows clearly that preconceived ideas born of superstitious fancies have no logical foundation.

In the play, a young man tormented into temporary insanity by the sight of a cat's eye pin for which he has inherited an unreasoning terror, actually commits murder and is held to be legally irresponsible. The occult is used in the furtherance of a right, although the possibilities of its being used wrongly are continually being made plain.

Mr. Thomas does not furnish scientific evidence of the actuality of telepathic influence, nor does his play convince one that there is any such thought. It does, however, give one something to think about seriously, and persuades one that somewhere in the world of the
unknown, or in the subliminal, or the occult, or whatever one wants to call it, there are facts of which we have as yet just begun to dream.

There are many other plays with themes as deep, or deeper than these two, and Jane Addams in an article renames these according to the problems they offer:—

"'The Melting Pot' might be called 'The Value of Immigration;' 'The Man of the Hour' might be 'An Effort to Combat Municipal Corruptions;' 'The Lion and the Mouse,' 'The Ruthless Methods of a Big Business,' and 'The Third Degree,' 'The Sweating in the Police Courts Resulting in False Confession.'"

Besides these plays, however, there are many others written by men and women of ability, which are in a lighter vein, and serve as diversions for those who, weary of the various duties and worries of the day, seek to relax their minds by wholesome amusement.

There have been several very pretty fancy plays. Among these, the one which delighted English audiences a short time ago was "'Pinkie and the Fairies.'" This as a play delighted young and old. It is little else than exquisite scenery, dainty music, and bewitching verse, but it carried the audience away to Fairyland, and presented them to the Fairy Queen in the person of a little actress who impersonated the part to the life. Her artless genius and quaint manner enslaved her audience more than it amused them, and her marvellous dancing won for her the name Baby Genée. There were other clever children in the piece, and the older parts were played by such favorites as Ellen Terry, Marie Löhr, and Viola Tree.

Let us pass now from plays to players, and learn from the success of some of our finest actors and actresses a few essentials of good acting. One cannot fail to see that there is a break in the line of great players on the English-speaking stage. Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Kean, Booth, Warren, Barrett, Jefferson, Mansfield, and Irving,—all have passed on, and with the last has come the query, "Who will take his place?" In spite of all the fine acting we have now, it seems that there is no one capable of quite filling any of the places left vacant.

Consider William Warren. On his seventieth birthday he had appeared in five hundred and seventy-seven different characters, every one played correctly, and some of them wonderfully. This means enormous energy, active and wide intelligence, and great and varied
powers of interpretation. "He was a man of the size and capacity to inspire hero-worship. He was an actor of the quality to influence the stage greatly for good things, and to influence every department of the drama, for he played in all."* He did not confine himself to one character, but let his talents shine in many directions, and constantly presented a repertoire in which he could rise to large things and in which he could give that sense of scope and power without which no man wins homage from his fellows. He bred confidence, and inspired homage. This is his secret. That is why he influenced the stage and public of his day.

Mary Anderson (de Navarro) retired from the stage at the height of her power "the most essentially womanlike and splendidly tragical Juliet that the American stage had produced or has since produced," When the late King Edward saw her play "Hermione," he pronounced her proud, cold, and hard. Later he witnessed a performance of the same play with Miss Anderson as "Perdita," and was astounded. Her voice was clear and sweet, ranging through many moods. In the drama of the shepherds, she wove through the measures with a delightful grace and girlish abandon, and eyes, lips, and cheeks were aglow with the warmth of youth.

There have been some splendid moments in the acting of these great figures. William Winter says that once at a performance of Charlotte Cushman as "Queen Katherine," "so tremendous was the majesty of her presence, and so awful the mingled anguish, dignity, and passion in her countenance, that, with involuntary motion, I fairly shrank away to the rear of the box, overwhelmed, astounded, and quite oblivious that this was a dramatic performance, and not a reality. It must have been a great moment."

Richard Mansfield had wonderful power and strength of reserve, and there were moments of astonishing emotional poignancy. One such moment was "when as Richard III, he touched the soldier after the dream, slowly, tremulously, and then uttered a great cry of agonized relief at the reality his touch disclosed. Another was the death scene in 'Cyrano' wherein he excelled Coquelin—infinitely touching, noble, tragic. He could bring tears for the sentimental boyish parting

in 'Old Heidelberg;' he could bring shivers of horror at the lust and evil of 'Baron Chevrial' or 'Mr. Hyde;' he could inspire chuckles of purest joy at the sardonic humor of Shaw's 'Devil's Disciple' or Ibsen's 'Perr Gynt.' He was restless in ambition and achievement. His repertoire ranged the stages of all lands and ages. He was big. He was a leader. And his light went out so recently that it makes our present gloom the darker."

As a wonderful example of the great actor of the present day, there is E. H. Sothern, a worthy son of his father. It is impossible to identify him with any one part, for he is associated with thirty-one different characters. He stands today as the highest type of comedian on the stage; he is a romantic actor, and his Romeo and Shylock speak for his power of tragedy. His career has risen step by step through light comedy and juvenile lead, illustrating his marked versatility, to romance, to poetic drama, and to tragedy.

There are other cases like this, which prove that the great dramatic artists have not entirely disappeared, though they do not quite compare with those of old. It is not because great passions and sentiments have perished from the world. It is that they have perished from the drama, and great actors have perished with them. Until some authors are found to express these powers with dignity and true realism, they will not live again, because great actors are made by the expression of these great passions and sentiments. Once the dramatists get a good hold on the track they have already started, and find the depth, the nobility, and the large and ample things in the modern life they now represent, great players will once again flourish in numbers on the stage, and the good old times will come again.

LENA K. ARDEN.

The Normal Offering.

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With the Bridgewater Normal School every year is one of progress, and the past year has been no exception to the rule. Everywhere the growth is felt. The entering class of last September was the largest the school has ever had. To meet the constantly growing needs of the school, a new dormitory is being built; the natural science garden is being greatly improved; the study of Spanish has been introduced into the curriculum; the time of outside practice-teaching for the three- and four-year classes has been increased to twenty weeks; in brief, this year, as every year, the school has gone steadily forward meeting new demands and overcoming new difficulties quietly but surely.

Annually, as the time of Commencement approaches, the inquiry “When is the Normal Offering coming out?” is heard. Now the question has been answered for the thirteenth time. This year, to encourage contributions, two prizes of five dollars each were offered; one for the best piece of prose, the other for the best piece of verse, handed in for the pages of the Offering by a member of the school. Mr. Jackson, Miss Dickinson, Miss Comstock, and Miss Brown, who kindly consented to act as judges, gave their decision as follows:

Best poem: “An Indian Slumber Song;” Helen A. Murphy.


We congratulate the successful contestants, and we also wish to thank all the undergraduates who by trying for the prizes or by handing in drawings showed their willingness to help make the Offering a success.

Thanks are due and most heartily extended to the Alumni for their ready response with both literary and financial contributions; to Miss Soper, Miss Davis, and Mrs. Little, for help and criticism on the art work of the book; to Miss Dickinson, Miss Comstock, and Miss Hunt,
for their careful reading of manuscript and for their suggestions; and to the judges and all those who in any way helped make the OFFERING of 1911.


HISTORIES
HEN Class A returned to Bridgewater in September, the oldest class in school, our responsibility rested lightly upon us. One or two of us rejoiced because we were mistaken for Juniors. But after a remark or two from the Faculty about the "class which should set the standards for the school," we began to realize something of what was expected from us. Even then we were so busy hurrying from German to Psychology and thence to our rooms, to put one more forbidden tack "in last year’s hole," that we gave only a passing thought to our more weighty duties.
We were scattered sadly; the girls elected languages, while the men explored the jungle of science; we met with other classes in History of Education and Psychology. We hastened in awe-stricken groups of three and four to our assigned grades in the Model School.

The first teaching exercise in the Model School is a very vivid memory to each of us. Out of our inward fear and varying degrees of outward calm there was evolved in due time sufficient self-possession to teach at least fifteen minutes without violating a fundamental principle of pedagogy.

Much of our interest was centered in our Psychology class. Here we discovered many new and interesting things about ourselves. Among the most vivid memories of the class are: Mr. Mea's famous definition of consciousness "a state of mind all over the body;" Miss Waugh's welcome "In a book I read last week—" (at which we settled comfortably back in our chairs for fifteen minutes); and most vividly of all, we recollect the sensation along our spines when topics weren't assigned.

Far from remembering our "Psychie" class as a joke, we are going out to teach with its ideals before us, and the dear old topic papers, with their note-filled margins, never out of our reach.

In History of Education, we followed the wonderful story of the development of man's ideals of life and education. Our class, going out into the world's work, must become factors in the steady progress of education. May we fill our small places worthily!

Christmas time brought vacation and the loss of our president, Mr. Lane. No matter what the date of his graduation may be, we shall always consider him a member of our class. Out of our disappointment we congratulate the class which he is to join in the fall.

The change of term brought to most of us the new experience of outside teaching. The half-past-seven car became the destination of our morning walk. A few of us found a cross country run advisable early in the morning.

As June draws nearer, we look back on the four years behind us. In spite of our many mistakes, we have learned something of the great lessons of unselfishness, appreciation, and kindness. With every year has come a larger appreciation of our class, the Faculty, and the school. Day by day, too, our ideal of our profession has been raised. It is hard
indeed to say farewell to the School, but in June we shall be proud to be Bridgewater graduates, and for the rest of our lives to be Bridgewater alumni. May we never lose the Bridgewater spirit!

Class Roll.

Katherine Edith Cagney, Bridgewater
Bridgewater High School, '07; hockey, '09; basketball, '09; orchestra, '10; class secretary and treasurer, '10.

Sarah Gertrude Caplice, 109 Reed Street, Rockland
Rockland High School, '07; basketball, '09; editor-in-chief Normal Offering, '11.

Preston Leigh Chase, East Harwich
Chatham High School, '07; class president, '09-'10; treasurer Normal Club, '10-'11; secretary N. A. A., '10-'11; social committee Y. P. U., '10-'11; Tennis Club, '07-'11; postmaster, '10.

*Lester Malcom Lane, Spring Street, Hingham
Hingham High School, '06; advisory board N. A. A., '09-'10; basketball captain, '10; class president, '10; auditor Normal Club, '10-'11; chairman social committee, '10.

Edward Andrews Lincoln, North Raynham
Oliver Ames High School, '07; class president, '07-'08; editorial board Normal Offering, '07-'10; class treasurer, '10-'11; baseball, football, basketball captain, '09-'10; vice-president Normal Club, '10-'11; advisory board, '09-'10; social committee Normal Club, '08-'09; proprietor West Wing Restaurant, '10-'11; School Store, '09-'11; president Bachelor Club, '10-'11.

Eleanor Howe Matson, Whitman
Whitman High School, '07; class vice-president, '08; hockey team, '09; editorial board Normal Offering, '10-'11; class historian, '11.

Catherine Elinor McCormick, 15 Elliott Street, East Braintree
Class historian, '08; school play, '10; Tennis Club, '08-'11; secretary Y. P. U., '10; president Y. P. U., '11; basketball, '09; captain hockey team, '09; art editor Normal Offering, '11; Mission Study Class, '07-'11.

Thomas Lynch Mea, Rockland
Abington High School, '07; class president, '08-'09-'11; chairman executive committee Normal Club; vice-president, N. A. A., '10-'11.

Viola Louise Merrifield, 120 Temple Street, Boston
Needham High School, '07; basketball, '09-'10; hockey, '09; class vice-president, '11; new student committee Y. P. U.; Normal Club entertainment and literary committee; secretary Y. P. U.; aesthetic work entering classes.
Regina Randall, 26 Somerset Place, Brockton
Brockton High School, '07; basketball and hockey, '09; captain basketball, '10; class vice-president, '10; Tennis Club, '10; school play, '10; secretary Y. P. U., '11; president Y. P. U., '11; manager Junior II basketball, '11.

Carrie Elizabeth Stoddard, West Norwell
Norwell High School, '07; girls' hockey, '09; basketball, '10; class secretary and treasurer, '09; class historian, '10; secretary Normal Club, '11; chairman social committee Y. P. U., '11; class day historian.

Mary Lillian Walsh, Crescent Street, Bridgewater
Bridgewater High School, '07; hockey, '09; basketball, '09; class play, '10; class secretary, '11.

Edith Lucy Waugh, Campello
Brockton High School; class secretary and treasurer, '09.

Mary Emelia Williams, Easton
Oliver Ames High School, '07.

Nathan Elliot Willis, Bridgewater
Bridgewater High School, '07; orchestra, '07-'11; class historian, '07-'08; manager basketball, '11; literary and musical committee Normal Club, '10; musical committee Y. P. U., '10; social committee Normal Club, '11; vice-president Y. P. U., '11; assistant business manager Normal Offering, '10; business manager Normal Offering, '11.

*Present first term.
Joseph Michael McEvoy, President
Mary Lee, Vice-President
Lillian Emerson Luce, Secretary
Sara Louise Maloney, Treasurer
Mildred Rich Hager, Historian

Class Motto:—Step by step.

The History of Section 1.

"There are hours in one’s life that pass not with the shadows upon the dial, but remain an inseparable part of the present."

Thus will it be with our hours spent as members of Section I of 1911. Why we had to adopt that name as early as September, was a puzzle to us; but as our only choice lay between that and remaining nameless, we were destined to accept what lay awaiting us. After a year’s work as Class
C. It seemed only natural that we should have at least a taste of life as members of Class B. The decision came when we, the fourteen three-year people, were excluded from a meeting called for Class B. Consequently, Section I was organized to stand out clearly as one of the graduating classes of 1911.

Although this division of those who entered the school as Class D in 1908 was made, we had the pleasure of meeting in the class-room our old friends and companions in trouble. In English Literature were we united, each individual to contribute his small part (or was it volumes?) to make those hours memorable. Both sections of the class donated to the humor of the occasion, for we learned of the airship (heirship) of King Alfred, and when Miss Dickinson asked, "Who has the second volume?" Miss L—— volunteered, "I sought him in the flowering of the fields." With Chaucer, pilgrims were we all, "That toward Canterbury wolden ride," "To Canterbury with full devout courage." The study of King Arthur and his knights brought to light the latent talent of the public speakers in our midst.

Again in Room 23 were the scenes familiar. But the work! How strange for most of us! The talent that was awakened! True, there were no Shylocks and Portias among us, but there developed such characters as Greek citizens, pages, the Timarch, and "Oh, wretched Myron! Miserable that thou art!" Imagine the theatrical displays! It was in this class that we heard the startling announcement, "Miss H—— is just outside, looking into the Promised Land, Miss W——— has entered the land this year, and Miss C——— has one foot over. I don't know about Miss M———." The solution a mystery!

The work in the Gymnasium, very much the same as in previous years, will leave lasting memories. The originality of one member at least was made evident when the ranks received the puzzling command, "Backs forward--bend!" It had a ring of the familiar, but why the change?

In one class, and only one, were we alone as Section I, and consequently a most enjoyable class. The informal two-hour class each day held much of profit for us in the way of School Hygiene and Management, Child Study, and Educational Literature. The final essay calling for considerable research work sent us prowling about the dusty volumes of the Pedagogical Library. But our spirits were high for the
question, "How's your work going?" brought forth from one of our members the light-hearted reply, "It's coming."

Following this came the practical portion of our course,—the training in the grades. For ten weeks, two hours a day, we found ourselves endeavoring "to teach the young human being how to live." Who of us will forget the first attempt or the first "crit?"

With this thought comes the memory of those hours spent in discussion and argument in the Psychology class. Indeed that was the time when our ideals were lifted to greater heights, and our aspirations rose beyond our expectations. Surely our work as teachers ought to be the better for the noble thoughts and ideas that we acquired under the careful supervision of our Principal Emeritus.

All this work filled but our first term and left us free each one to take his place as an apprentice in a school of a near-by town for the rest of this, the third and last year of his life as a student of the Bridgewater Normal School. It is with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure that we approach this close: pain, when we think that the day is near at hand for bidding farewell to our Alma Mater; pleasure, in that it means at last a launching out into life's sea of workers, each one to undertake his share of responsibility.

"It matters not, if great or small,  
The task for which a soul is fit,  
The splendid duty placed on all  
Is that of nobly doing it."

Class Roll.

Ella Cary Andrews, 1155 Montello St., Brockton  
Brockton High School; class play '11.

Cecilia Mary Beattie, 343 Center St., Bridgewater  
Bridgewater High School; class play '11.

Catherine Agatha Faircloth, 95 Belmont St., Rockland  
Rockland High School; class historian '08-'09; class play '11.

Mildred Rich Hager, 27 Walter St., Somerville  
Somerville English High School; basketball team '10; treasurer Y. P. U. '10-'11; class play '11; literary and music committee Normal club '10-'11; class historian '10-'11.
Alice Jane Hall, 27 Ellsworth St., Brockton
Brockton High School.

Mary Lee, 32 Weetamoe St., Fall River
B. M. C. Durfee High School; class vice-president '10-'11; class play '11;
class prophet '11.

Lois Howard Llewellyn, 179 Vernon St., Rockland
Rockland High School; class play '11.

Lillian Emerson Luce, 21 Francesca Ave., West Somerville
Somerville English High School: art editor of Normal Offering '09-10; class
secretary '10-'11; class play '11; religious committee of Y. P. U. '10-'11.

Sara Louise Maloney, 108 High St., Taunton
Taunton High School; basketball '10; class treasurer '09-'10, '10-'11; class
play '11.

Helen Frances Norton, 32 Florence St., Augusta, Maine
Cony High School.

Ellen Margaret O’Neil, Bridgewater
West Bridgewater High School.

Mabel Haskell Shaw, 36 Maple Ave., Bridgewater
Bridgewater High School; Glee club '09-'11; basketball '10; class play '11.

James Louis Early, 123 Riverview St., Campello

Joseph Michael McEvoy,
North Brookfield
SENIORS

PRESIDENT—
NELLE C. LAMPHEAR

VICE-PRESIDENT—
ETTA M. JOHNSON

SECRETARY—
EDITH L. LAYCOCK

TREASURER—
LAURA M. BURRILL.

MOTTO—
Ex vita scolae, in
scolam vitae.
Senior Class History.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven—what remains of the original—has at last arrived at the time when its Normal days may be easily counted. For since that memorable day when we first presented ourselves for Faculty criticism almost two school years have passed.

Such history as we made in the first of these already has been ably recorded. It remains now for me, obeying Normal tradition, to take up the thread of that record and trace our career in the dignified role of Seniors.

All healthy school life—and surely ours has been healthy—is a mixture of work and play. Since too often, I fear, the work element has received tardy consideration from us, I mention it here first.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of this year's work was its practical turn. In the past all our experiments in teaching had been with class-mates. But last September the scene changed. While our trunks were still en route we were divided like classic Gaul into three parts and were assigned to six week campaigns with the genuine enfant terrible in our own Model School and in certain outside schools, which naturally we transformed into model schools also. Their names, however, are in modesty withheld.

In the interval between this practice and our five weeks of additional training in the spring, we made vigorous assaults upon the few fields of theoretical learning we had previously left unexplored. As a result, Science has been enriched by such thrilling discoveries as that the moon rises in the west at Ware, Mass., that the top of the earth is where the pole sticks out, that the elephant's hind leg is not attached to his body, and that each pebble — comes — from the place — where — the rock it broke off from, was. Literature has gained the motto "When in Buffalo do as the buffaloes do," and—well the suffragette movement got some comfort too. For surely it can count as two future recruits the young lady who was so jealous of her privileges that she voted both for and against the same measure, and that born debater of
the immortal "Well, this is my idea, I suppose, that perhaps, er—quite likely, it may possibly be so, but I don’t know."

Oddly enough this serious class-room work at times took a sentimental turn. For instance, one blushing maiden in the heart of a Psychology lesson frankly admitted that her mind was oft-times more on somebody else than on herself. Her room-mate, not to be out-done, confided to an appreciative "lit" class that her father highly approved of "Tech" men.

In the matter of play we haven’t changed greatly with the lapse of time. The same giggles and screams have made the days cheery and the nights hideous, and have brought upon us squelches unlimited. Fudge parties have lost none of their charm despite the lively competition of "hot dogs" and tonic. Ten thirty p. m. parties—but I can see a finger rising to the class lip and a warning glance forbidding the mention of a wealth of gay little incidents that made months seem like weeks here at Normal.

Just now we find ourselves at a halting moment, confronted for the first time with the full significance of our motto, "Out of school life into life’s school." While we cannot unveil the future, we face it with a sense of preparation, a new earnestness, and a confident trust that the spirit of combined idealism and efficiency, which belongs peculiarly to the Bridgewater Normal, will always inspire us to that endeavor which ensures success.

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Class Roll.

Alice Mabel Abbott, 124 Division Street, North Attleboro
Franklin High School; girls' basketball team, '09-'11; librarian Glee Club, '10-'11.

Gertrude Beatrice Andrews, 210 Pleasant Street, Whitman
Cambridge High School; hockey team, '10-'11; class prophet.

Marion Edith Andrews, 129 West Elm Street, Brockton
Melrose High School.

Louise Goodrich Badger, Leonard Street, Bridgewater
Bridgewater Academy.

Annie Riddell Birnie, 221 Whitwell Street, Quincy
Woodward Institute, Quincy.
Annie Weston Bonney, Washington Street, Hanover
Hanover High School.

Lucy Josselyn Bonney, Washington Street, Hanover
Hanover High School.

Catherine Burgess, Hingham Centre
Hingham High School.

Laura May Burrill, 154 Bowdoin Street, Winthrop
Winthrop High School; basketball team, '09-'11; treasurer of class, '10-'11.

Doris Catherine Burt, 178 Winthrop Street, Taunton
Taunton High School; hockey team, '10-'11.

Inez Idella Carder, Hope Avenue, East Milton
Milton High School; basketball team. '10-'11.

Marie Aurore Clement, Maplewood
Cambridge English High School; basketball, '10-'11; hockey team, '10.

Marguerite Agatha Connor, 19 Bates Avenue, East Weymouth
Weymouth High School; social committee Normal Club.

Ida May Cronin, 1050 Pleasant Street, East Weymouth
Weymouth High School; Offering board, '09-'10; Class Day historian.

Rosina Sophie Deeg, Mountain Street, Sharon
Sharon High School.

Alice May Doane, 65 Bowditch Street, Braintree
Thayer Academy.

Frances Badger Dodge, 61 Waverley Street, Roxbury
Girls' Latin School, Boston.

Hattie Mabel Dore, 28 Pleasant Street, North Andover
Johnson High School; Glee Club, '09-'11.

Lilla De Mar Downer, North Falmouth
Wheaton Seminary; hockey team, '09-'10; basketball, '09-'11; chairman Normal Club poster committee, '10-'11; class gift committee.

Catherine Helen Driscoll, 117 Quincy Street, Quincy
Quincy High School.

Ellen Gertrude Drislain, Rockland Street, Canton
Canton High School; Y. P. U. social committee, '10-'11; editorial board, '10-'11.

Muriel Alice Emerson, Pearl Street, Reading
Reading High School.

Katherine Anastasia Falvey, 42 Kent Street, Quincy
Woodward Institute, Quincy.
Annie Jane Flieger, 87 Fremont Street, Winthrop Winthrop High School; Glee Club, '09-'11.
Mabel Snow Freeman, Sawyer Street, Wareham Wareham High School.
Marian Gordon, 75 Warren Street, West Medford Medford High School; Offering editorial board, '09-'10; basketball team, '09-'11; Class Day orator.
Bertha Frances Gormley, 555 Plymouth Street, Abington Abington High School.
Harriet Pierce Hayford, 36 Parkman Street, Dorchester Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.
Susan Ann Hays, 461 Highland Avenue, Fall River B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River; basketball team, '10-'11.
Louise Hinks, 23 Adams Place, South Weymouth Weymouth High School.
Eleanor Jean Homer, 5 Winthrop Street, Winchester Winchester High School; secretary Class D, '08-'09; secretary Class C, '09-'10; Glee Club, '08-'11; ivy committee.
Mollie Canfield Jenney, Charles Neck, Marion Tabor Academy, Marion.
Etta Mabel Johnson, 29 Wintrop Street, Melrose Melrose High School; class historian, '09-'10; Glee Club, '09-'11; music committee Y. P. U., '10-'11; vice-president of class, '10-'11; writer of prize essay.
Helen Marguerite King, South Braintree Braintree High School.
Nelle Caroline Lanphear, Shannock, Rhode Island Westerly High School, Westerly, R. I.; class president, '10-'11.
Edith Lillian Laycock, Unionville Franklin High School; class secretary, '10-'11; captain basketball team, '09-'11; hockey team, '09-'10.
Janet Scott McDonald, South Elm Street, West Bridgewater Bridgewater Academy; Glee Club, '10-'11.
Elizabeth Margaret Mangan, Central Street, Abington Abington High School.
Helen Jane Margeson, 204 Lincoln Street, Winthrop Winthrop High School; president mission study class, '10-'11; ivy committee; hockey team, '09-'10.
Helena Ruth McCormick, 40 Gilman Street, Quincy Quincy High School.
Eugenia Augusta McCall, Niantic, Rhode Island
Westerly High School, Westerly, R. I.; Glee Club, '10-'11; basketball team, '09-'11.

Grace Emily McIntosh, 49 Gould Street, Stoneham
Somerville High School.

Anne Dennis Mendell, 40 Somerset Avenue, Taunton
Tabor Academy, Marion.

Agnes Elizabeth Murphy, 592 Conlon Street, Stoughton
Kimball High School, Stoughton; hockey team, '09-'10.

Helen Adelaide Murphy, 14 Bond Street, Boston
Girls’ High School, Boston; class poet; writer of prize poem.

Rita Clarke Page, 163 North Street, North Weymouth
Weymouth High School.

Jessie Lincoln Paine, Provincetown High School.
Provincetown

Hazel Estella Patterson, 97 Bryant Avenue, East Milton
Junior III play; class treasurer, '09-'10; secretary and treasurer Tennis Club, '10-'11; social committee Normal Club, '10-'11.

Elizabeth Margaret Powers, 44 Bigelow Street, Quincy
Quincy High School.

Lydia Bird Randall, Kingston
Kingston High School; basketball, '09-'10, '10-'11; Junior III play.

Mabel Dwight Reardon, 54 Common Street, West Quincy
Woodward Institute.

Delia Roby, Holmes Street, North Hanson
Whitman High School; class vice-president, '09-'10.

Rosa Margaret Seymour, 23 Agassiz Avenue, Waverly
Belmont High School; photograph editor Normal Offering, '11; new student committee, '10; editorial board, '10.

Alice May Sheehy, 1049 Commercial Street, East Weymouth
Weymouth High School.

Ellen Cecilia Shyne, 28 Barry Street, West Quincy
Quincy High School.

Doris Marguerite Smith, 80 Turner Street, Quincy
Quincy High School.

Helen Beatrice Snell, 265 Garden Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Fitchburg High School; Junior III play.

Marion Gertrude Staples, 57 Keith Avenue, Campello
Brockton High School.
Vesta Ellen Strickland,                      Weir Street, Hingham
               Hingham High School; hockey team, ’09-’10; basketball, ’09-’11.
Alice Mary Sullivan,                         328 Cedar Street, New Bedford
               Holy Family High School; Glee Club, ’09-’11; Junior III play.
Mary Sullivan,                              43 Cherry Street, Ware
               Ware High School; Class Day prophet; Junior III play.
Mary Emma Vinal,                            Main Street, North Scituate
               Scituate High School; Junior III play; Glee Club, ’10-’11.
Mary Evelyn Wheeler,                        137 Pearce Street, Fall River
               B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River; Junior III play.
Bessie Moser White,                          160 Main Street, Fairhaven
               Allentown High School, Allentown, Penn.
Ellen Till White,                            160 Main Street, Fairhaven
               Sayre High School, Sayre, Penn.
Mary Evelyn Wheeler,                         137 Pearce Street, Fall River
               B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River; Junior III play.
Bessie Moser White,                          160 Main Street, Fairhaven
               Allentown High School, Allentown, Penn.
Ellen Till White,                            160 Main Street, Fairhaven
               Sayre High School, Sayre, Penn.
Olive Elvira Whittier,                       Somerset
               B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River; class secretary, ’09-’10; Junior III play; Glee Club, ’10-’11; Class Day historian.
Ada Maud Williams,                           14 Barry Street, West Quincy
               Quincy High School.
Beulah Dodge Wood,                           Medfield
               Northfield Seminary; entertainment committee Normal Club, ’10-’11; Junior III play.
Alliene Branch Wright,                       888 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge
               Girls’ Latin School, Boston; Junior III play; Glee Club, ’09-’11; editorial board, ’10-’11; promenade committee, ’11.
THE SPECIALS

ARmenIA
mexico peru
turkey france
costa rica

1911

Galacion Gomez, President
Ethel W. Derby, Vice-President
Hazel B. Caryl, Secretary and Treasurer
Cornelia B. Caldwell, Historian
History of the Special Class.

"Nothing in the past is dead to the man who would know how the present came to be."—Tubbs.

What would be the condition of affairs if there were no history to read? If there were no history of our country, our nation, our Creator? It is to past records that we look for advice and instruction, and without such an agency we would make little improvement.

History is not a mere succession of dates, or of incidents. It is a record of progress or decline. This is true of both nations and individuals. The history of the Special Class of nineteen hundred and eleven will differ from that of nations in that it will be a record of advancement and not of retrogression. There might be made a burdensome list of dates and facts concerning our entrance into the Bridgewater Normal School, and our progress. Yet it would not be a real history of the class for all that.

We came from different parts of the world—all with the same lofty purpose, to dwell for a time within the walls of the palace of the Goddess Minerva, being interpreted Wisdom. Now this class, unlike any other, is made up of young men and women of several nationalities, and the amount and kind of knowledge of these members were varied. No two had had the same experiences in the art of teaching. Goddess Minerva undaunted by all these differences, straightway set each one on his way, and in each case it proved to be the way which brought him the greatest benefit. There were a few of our number to whom it seemed that the goddess was partial for they soon left the palace to go out to adjoining towns to "teach young minds to shoot." Still we remained a distinguished class.

In work and play, as one has said, "We've tried, and we've did our best." We have entered into all the duties of our Normal course with keenest enthusiasm. We triumphantly mastered the subject matter in the ponderous volumes which Goddess Minerva instructed her servants to entitle Psychology and History of Education. Under
the guidance and in the favor of the great goddess, we have moved on to the end, through all those days of labor. Now we stand at the close of our course. Before leaving we may well ask ourselves how our lives have been moulded and what have been the influences that have moulded them during this one, and in some cases two, vital years? Has the Bridgewater Normal School impressed upon us as she has upon numerous other classes, those lofty ideals which make for true manhood and womanhood? It may not be for the present historian to answer this question, yet she does not hesitate to answer in the affirmative. It is not for us to say whether success has attended our honest efforts, but we trust that we can bid farewell to the grand palace of Wisdom feeling that we have become wiser and truer men and women; with a fuller appreciation of what life means, and with an earnest desire in the heart of each member to do his part in solving those problems for the world which have long been awaiting our coming.

### Class Roll.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>School/Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marian Ames</td>
<td>Pepperell High School; teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Nancy Black</td>
<td>Cape Rozier, Maine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornelia Beatrice Caldwell</td>
<td>South Paris, Maine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazel Beatrice Caryl</td>
<td>Pearl Street, Bridgewater</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel White Derby</td>
<td>Park Terrace, Bridgewater</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Nerses Eyjian</td>
<td>6 Shaw Avenue, Middleboro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel May Flower</td>
<td>Rupert, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Elizabeth Goddard</td>
<td>1507 Mary Street, Campello</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julia M. Noyes</td>
<td>Haverhill</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Marian Ames, Pepperell High School; teacher.
- Gladys Nancy Black, Normal School, Castine, Maine; teacher.
- Cornelia Beatrice Caldwell, Colby College 1902, graduate; teacher: class historian.
- Hazel Beatrice Caryl, Mt. Holyoke College; class play, '10; class secretary and treasurer.
- Ethel White Derby, Mt. Holyoke College; class play, '10.
- Mary Nerses Eyjian, Central Turkey Girls' College.
- Ethel May Flower, Normal School, Castleton, Vermont; teacher.
- Mary Elizabeth Goddard, Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School, '08; teacher.
- Julia M. Noyes, Haverhill High School; teacher.
Euphemia Katharine Potts, 40 Billings Street, Atlantic
Hebron Academy, Maine; teacher; social committee Y. P. U.; editorial board Normal Offering, '10-'11.

Louella Reynolds, 305 Commonwealth Avenue, Chestnut Hill
Readsville, Pa. High School; teacher.

Ethel Medora Wells, Pepperell High School; teacher.

Alice Elizabeth Winters, Milford, New Hampshire
Milford, N. H., High School; teacher; Nashua Training School.

Edith May Alden, Willimansett
Conn. Agricultural Summer School; teacher; Summer School of Expression; Hyannis Summer School.

Mary Ann Carruthers, 16 Edison Street, Quincy
Quincy High School; teacher.

Sarkis Manoog Bagdoyan, 110 Harvard Street, Cambridge
Central Turkey College; class play, '10; basketball 2d.

Galacion Gomez, Mexico City, Mexico
Normal School of Mexico City; class play, '10; president of class, '10-'11; Tennis Club.

Alejandro Erasmo Guillen, Calle de Belen, Cuzco, Peru
Lima Normal School, Peru, '08.

Aram Hovhannes Khatchadoorian (Hatch), 1308 Washington St., Boston
Central Turkey College.

Avedis Kevork Sarrafian, 1308 Washington Street, Boston
Central Turkey College.

Arturo Torres, San Jose, Costa Rica
Normal School, Costa Rica.

Marcel Henri Joseph Auguste Vigneron De Régnancourt, 599 North Montello Street, Montello
University of Poitiers.
What! graduation almost here?
'Twill be the end of our third year;
Let us look back and count our gains,
Letting slip by our cares and pains.

We are so glad we chose K. P.,
For our course at school to be.
Altho 'twas hard our goal to reach,
It's been of countless worth to each.

At first, our class seemed rather lost;
From class to class about we tossed;
From Junior II to Junior I.
And to Class C we had to run.

Many lessons we learned that year,
But 'tis the next we hold most dear,
For then we came to be as one
Bound by friendship, work, and fun.

Above us all, to aid and guide
Was one who led us by her side;
She helped us o'er the rocky way,
And taught us how to work each day.

She guided us, that we might know,
The truth that Froebel did bestow,
We thank our guide, for it is she,
Who taught us what we ought to be.

In "Occupation," "Gift," and "Play"
She kindly led us on our way;
E'en while we taught she watched with care,
To keep from us a waiting snare.

Because our class was rather small,
We grew together each and all;
We stood as one, in school and out,
And jolly times we brought about.

We read together, sewed, and walked,
Had picnics, where we sang and talked.
Eating a part of picnic's claim,
Thus 'twas "We Eight" became our name.

'Tis sorrowful we say good-bye,
As we go out our wings to try;
We'll not forget, but keep in mind
Teachers and friends who've been so kind.
Class Roll.

Matilda E. Ford, Waltham
St. Joseph's High School; vice-president of class, '09; religious committee Y. P. U., '10; music committee Y. P. U., '10; librarian of Glee Club, '10; President Glee Club, '11.

Ruth Cassandria Gurdy, Rockland, Maine
President of Kindergarten-Primary; social committee Y. P. U., '10; new student committee, '11; basketball, '10; editorial board of Normal Offering, '11.

Edythe Pratt, Bridgewater
Bridgewater High School; basketball, '10.

Helen Caroline Sweet, Bridgewater

Helen Loring Thompson, Halifax
Bridgewater High School; promenade committee, '11.

Alice Mary Tully, Campello
Brockton High School.

Harriet Edna Whiting, Bridgewater
Bridgewater High School.

Nellie W. Emery, East Harwich
Isabel S. French, Salisbury
Josephine P. Upton, Flora S. Wheeler,
Stoneham Enfield, N. H.

Katherine B. Alger, West Bridgewater
C. Dorothea Bates, Bridgewater
Inez M. Hall, Dennis
Helen C. Howard, West Bridgewater
Alice V. Hulett, Abington
Genevieve S. Hunter, Lowell

Josephine Josey, Beaumont, Texas
Grace R. Pimer, Attleboro
Helen N. Richards, Attleboro
Alice D. Wales, North Abington
Ruth H. Wilkes, Abington

1912.

1913.
CLASS B

CLASS OFFICERS.

Harry C. Darling  President
Charlotte Williamson  Vice-President
Eileen Arnold  Secretary
Evelyn S. Severance  Treasurer
Esther M. Whiting  Historian

Without falling without rest,
Likiding better up to best.
History of Class B.

It befel in the days of King Arthur, the fourth year of his reign that he had ruled the realm after it had been delivered to him by his father, that there lived at the court thirteen knights and ladies who made fellowship at one Round Table. And already twice a twelvemonth had they dwelt at the court with other lords and ladies, and great was the good cheer. But now were all girt with great sorrow and cumbrance, for belefit they were by their companions.*

Each day they set out on quests to make ready for the final tournament which would come in two years. Betimes as in the search for the knowledge of writings, they made one again with their friends of days gone by. Queer were the adventures in their search. Spake one knight hight Sir McK- - - n on a day, "The old man’s wife tried to make love to him and he wouldn’t stand for it." Indeed, was Sir W- - - r a true knight of Arthur’s court, for spake he not the tale of the Holy Grail as Sir Percivale related it?

A space in each day they made search for all that tells of the cylinder, cone, sphere, and then the unknown quantity, until after many contests it was possible to make reckoning of "the probability and chance of being called upon." Then, too, one knight made comparison of \( n \) after it was increased, "It is larger." Pardon me, O knight, dost always prove a question by "supposition?"

Within this hour Lady M- - y and Milady Ch- - - t- - made mention of the deeds of the court and anthropometry.

And all the ladies and Sir D- - n and Sir D- l- n learned of beasts huge and small and of animals that fly and those that dwell in the sea and lo! "they became exceedingly interesting," forsooth when the pet cock who sang sweet songs accompanied Maid M- - - n.

After midday the knights and ladies spake in the tongue of other lands. And they learned of "stiffs" and "little kids" and such like. And verily they blasphemed with passing ease in most awful manner.

*Section I.
(damit). Anon they were joined by knights from countries afar off who were more learned in these speeches than they. Strange it is that the wizard of the tongue should so oft address to Lady Ei—n such questions, "Wie viele Bruder hat Joseph?" and "Wer begleitete Sie gestern Abend nach Hause?" and then after the Sabbath, "Um wieviel Uhr gingen Sie gestern Abend zu Bett?"

One night all the court was in an uproar. The ladies would give a pageant for which they had made ready during many moons. And it might be told how changed were all the damsels. The peaceful Lady Ev—n with rough hair and beard fought as a madman, and Milady Ch—t whose locks of a sudden turned to copper became idiotic beyond imagining. Others were aged by much laboring, and they made great dole of their ugly visages. And the court looked on and liked it all passing well. Yea, truly were the guerdons of praise won that night merited.

Then on a day was all changed. The knights and dames of the Round Table departed on quests of many kind. Some sought the knowledge of rocks and of all that is in the earth and the nature thereof; some damsels made study of the stars as they are wont to do; with liquids of strange properties and in discovering unknowns was much time spent by the knights. And all crafts of the hands which ladies should know did the damsels learn. Many things they wrought. Forthwithal the King himself a space sat at the Round Table and told them of days and peoples that have been. But anon full of woe were the thirteen, for their companions were ridden forth on the trial quest.

And wist ye what each knight bare on his shield, and by what symbol each lady was known? Lady Ei—n's was a mantle of white with a scarlet decked sleeve.* Lady M—y was recognized by those instruments which hight anthropometrical and of these she showed much knowledge. Those who have best friendship with Milady Ch—t are ware that she gave much thought to a green or red covered book about animals,—or rather to the author thereof. Lady Ev—n bare as her sign only a few figures, but skilful was her manner of using these. Maid M—n always carried a bauble, and forsooth she was the jester of the Round Table and therewithal the

*Otherwise, a sweater.
 wisest fool of all. Lady S - r - h’s symbol was a boat, for verily she was a fisher person and dwelt in that part of the land which hight the Cape. On Sir D - - - - g’s shield was graven a match, and he was a knight adventurous. Sir D - - n was the knight of the question mark; Sir D - l - n, the knight of many words. On Sir H - - s’s shield was blazoned a ball. This he would ofttimes pass with passing ease and cleverness. Others among them bare symbols befitting their degree.

And so the thirteen rode on more than a pace, and they continued daily their search for the Grail of knowledge that they might gain consent to enter the company of those successful in their chosen following.

Oh, knights and ladies, may ye ever remember the words of that minstrel who is to be: “Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King.”
There is a river flowing onward with a slow majestic sweep toward the goal of perfection. It is known as the river Normal. Far out on this stream is a stately vessel from whose mast-head floats a banner on which can be distinctly read "Class C." She is the government training and supply ship on which forty-four young persons, under the guidance of expert instructors, are being trained to take their places in the world as teachers.

We two from the crew of this ship herein undertake to give a brief account of some of the many interesting and amusing things which have occurred during this part of our voyage. You already know how we set sail on Sept. 9, 1909 in the good ship Class D, and after recovering from our first attack of homesickness, we became accustomed to our life on ship-board and worked long and diligently, with now and then a little recreation, until we landed on the beautiful isle known as Summer Vacation.

During the early part of last September we left this island and embarked on the stately vessel to which we have previously referred.
After greeting our shipmates and making a general survey of the craft we turned our attention to the program of studies and rejoiced to find that while we were on this ship an opportunity was given us to gain wisdom from a course of studies too numerous to mention; but our joy in the prospect before us was somewhat lessened by the discovery that the crew was to be divided into two sections; the first, consisting of the people who were to take the regular four period voyage, to be known as C¹, and the second, which was to be made up of those who would not embark on the ship "Class A," to be called C⁰. This separation caused no little consternation among the feminine members of the former section for the prospect of conducting class exercises "with those boys in our class" rather appalled them. However they found that the young men referred to did not prove to be so critical pupils as had been expected.

We first busied ourselves with Geology and Geography, and put in at different ports to view evidences of stratification, terminal moraines, and the like, learnedly talked of isotherms and isobars, were taught to consult the heavens to ascertain just where we were on earth, located Utopia more readily than New England, and acquired much information in matters pertaining to our sphere and its inhabitants.

There were French recitations in which we conversed fluently about the Trois Mousquetaires and freshened our memories at the conjugation of irregular verbs. 'Twas Mr. Newhall, I believe, who, after trying to give the negative interrogative of s'en aller, anxiously inquired, "Are there many demented Frenchmen?"

"Classes of Words Separately Studied" was the main theme of English II. At first there was some difficulty in recognizing old acquaintances under the name of copula and attribute, but still "we thought it then." The story of the singing bird was related in full, and marvelously adapted to illustrate various facts about grammatical construction. Many and long were the debates over these same constructions. Our instructor had only to say, "I usually expect a discussion about this point," and straightway we launched forth into arguments pro and con which varied in vigor and enthusiasm in proportion to the time remaining before the period was ended. Mr. Young and Mr. Churchill were our star debaters, and it was during one of their discussions that the teacher advocated her policy of gentle treat-
ment of the young.

After a course in drawing, Class C ladies are ready to give information at any time about color theory, conventionalized design, printing, tapestries, and even working drawings for a bird house, but they ask you not to question them too closely about color theory.

The periods spent in manual training were said to resemble meetings of a village sewing society owing to the extreme loquacity of the ladies, but they can show some marvelous hand-woven belts, to say nothing of moccasins, albums, and a variety of baskets, as proof that they could work and talk at the same time.

Reading, writing, and 'rithmetic have received due attention, and Phineas Graves must have had tasks as difficult as his name was solemn, being a member of twenty-four different firms doing "a general mercantile business" at the time C+ studied bookkeeping.

During the latter part of the voyage an English Club was organized. It was characterized by the impressiveness of the meetings and the weighty speeches by various members.

All the time we spent on ship-board has not been devoted to our studies. In January the crews of the Class C and Class B gave a play entitled "Ingomar" and much praise is due to the members of the former crew who so ably played the parts of five of the leading characters. There have been many social events which do not need mention here as they are doubtless recorded in the logs, otherwise known as "memory books" which most of the crew have kept.

And now as we are about to leave the Class C and go ashore on the island Summer Recess, we realize that the time is not far away when we shall reach the end of our voyage and leave the River to go our separate ways, some to grammar school, some to high school and some to college, wishing each other other in parting, "Bon Voyage!"
ON the morning of September eighth, nineteen hundred and ten, a host of green little bits of humanity stalked into the Assembly Hall of the Bridgewater State Normal School. The upper classmates passed remarks to the effect that "most of the dears belonged in Model School," but the entering class heard not, or at least cared not. They stared around them in perfect wonder, for just think, this was to be their future home for the next few years. In this room they were to spend many happy but busy hours. All was rush and excitement, and the seeming multitude of strange faces nearly turned the little ones' heads. With the help of the kind Seniors, these young Normalites arranged their schedule. "Only five study periods?" they asked in breathless anxiety. It was nearing quarter past nine, and a hush pervaded Assembly Hall. Why was all this? It was soon explained that, without any signal, the school must every morning come to order at that hour, quarter past nine. After the devotional exercises, Class D was sent to its work. All was new and interesting, and although the newness has worn off, the interest still remains.
The days passed by, and as sure as the sun rose in the east, some student was called upon to "teach." With the sympathy of his fellow classmates, he would pass to the front of the room, and pour out his heart in the exercise. Then back to his seat he would go, and await the criticism and verdict.

If you want to start conversation, say to anyone in Class D, "Outline of Animal Kingdom," and you will then hear the tale of the hours he has spent on this outline.

Through plane Geometry he has plodded, and even now is at a loss to know "which is the simpler, a triangle or a circle."

Every Tuesday afternoon, as faithful as little dogs, the pupils in this illustrious class gathered, with pen in hand, in Assembly Hall. For one hour they practised penmanship to the rhythmical sound of "push, pull, round round, heads up."

Many happy hours were spent in Manual Training, in spite of the difficulty encountered in learning to make nets.

Besides these functions of the school work, the entering Class D of 1910 attend to the social side of "Normal Life."

* * * * * * * *

It remains with us to uphold the honor of our school, to be loyal, and harbor school spirit above all else. In years to come, may we give all the glory and praise to our Alma Mater, and ever be willing and glad to cheer for our dear old B. N. S. with its corps of faithful and loving teachers.
Junior Class History.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things,  
Of shoes and ships, and ginger-bread,  
Of cabbages"—and Juniors.

LIKE the immortal Alice, we, too, have much to relate of marvelous adventure in our Wonderland of Junior Life. But unlike Alice, we entered our Wonderland with unabashed spirits. The new student committee found nothing to do, for we proved that we were fully qualified to take care of ourselves and them too, if necessary. We gave the one cab-man of the town immediate and constant employment, and in every way made ourselves completely at home. No wonder, upper class-men, that you looked upon us with amazement.

Full of class spirit, we immediately set about organizing ourselves into a body which should make itself well known in the annals of Bridgewater. Certainly we have made ourselves heard. With great political acumen and deliberation we chose our class officers, after three class meetings conducted—and adjourned—according to strictly parliamentary procedure.

After organization, we turned our thoughts to study. In physics we had both scientific experiments and transactions in finance, because some of us did not understand the principle of sucking soda through a straw. Why did Miss F - d - n refuse to have her soda paid for?
After a few weeks study in geometry we were fully satisfied that "Geometry is an exact science." We studied and knew so many ways of proving the Pythagorean problem that we could actually choose one way.

We spent much time fixing in our minds the subtle distinction between "shall" and "will." It seemed strange that the teacher should find it necessary to ask so many times, "Shall I?" Later we became so fond of "shall" that we wanted to use it often and in unexpected ways. A young lady from "Ahia," who was always desiring information that might be of use to her in later life, asked the English teacher to give her the answer which is given in the marriage ceremony. The teacher retorted, "Not having had the experience, I do not feel qualified to reply."

After months of hard toil in the complex study of music, we have finally discovered that there is a difference between a note and a tone and that a note cannot be shapred.

As for physical training, who is not thrilled by the sound of that glorious word, so well known within the gymnasium—ATTENTION! Although most of us felt that we had plenty of exercise in the gymnasium, there were some who believed strongly in the maxim—"To walk is good exercise."

And since there is an end to everything, there must be an end to our Junior chapter. But let us be ever eager to find more adventures next year in the pleasant Wonderland of Senior Life.
Normal Club.

Organized 1844 as the "Normal Lyceum," reorganized 1895 as the "Normal Congress," Nov. 4, 1898 as the "Normal Club."

Officers.

F. E. Gurney, E. H. Lincoln, Carrie E. Stoddard, P. L. Chase, L. M. Lane, . . . . . . President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer Auditor

Literary and Musical Committee.

Miss Clara C. Prince, Miss Alice E. Dickinson, Beulah D. Wood,
Viola L. Merrifield, Mildred R. Hager, Thomas L. Mea.

Social Committee.

N. Elliot Willis, Mildred D. Speare, Marguerite A. Connor,
Nelle C. Lanphear.

Normal Offering.
Published under the auspices of the Club.
Glee Club.

Officers.

Matilda Ford,                  President  
Etta Johnson,                  Secretary  
Alice Abbott,                  Librarian

Members.

First Sopranos.—Mildred Brownell, Gertrude Delaney, Annie Flieger, Marion Hunt, Etta Johnson, Madeline Kelley, Irene Rolley, Bulah Sturtevant.

Second Sopranos.—Alice Abbott, Isabel Buck, Eleanor Homer, Eugenia McColl, Grace Pimer, Lillian Turner, Josephine Upton, Katherine Webster; Alliene Wright.

First Altos.—Margaret Gifford, Helen Howard, Jennie MacDonald, Doris Paine, Helen Richards, Clara Ross, Elizabeth Sherwood, Emma Vinal, Esther Whiting.

Second Altos.—Cornelia Caldwell, Hattie Dore, Helen Dustan, Matilda Ford, Velma Henderson, Rubena Lane, Mabel Shaw, Alice Sullivan, Olive Whittier.
HE Glee Club is enjoying a most pleasant and successful year. Its membership of thirty-six is the largest since its organization and the attendance has been especially good. Miss Prince, as director, and Miss Boyden, as accompanist, are doing much for the success of the Club. Miss Matilda Ford is acting as president, Miss Etta Johnson as secretary, and Miss Alice Abbott as librarian. So far as possible the rehearsals are held every Tuesday evening.

Perhaps the finest feature of the Glee Club is that it is an organization which can and does share its enjoyment with the whole school; we have realized this more than ever this year. After we had gathered in the gaily-decked and brightly-lighted dining hall for our Christmas dinner, the Glee Club, which had remained in the reception room, sang, *I heard the Bells on Christmas Day*; and it sounded pretty, indeed, as it reached us. Later the Glee Club led the school in singing *Joy to the World*, which has become the customary grace for our Christmas dinner.

This year the Glee Club will furnish all the music for Commencement. This is an entirely new, and seems a very wise step.

The Glee Club Concert took place on the twelfth of May. This is one of the finest entertainments of the year, and one in which we are always extremely interested. The cantata, *The Rose of Avontown* by Mrs. Beach was one of the numbers and the solo work was carried by Miss Etta Johnson. Mr. Frederick Blair, cellist, of Boston, with Mrs. Spofford, of Brookline, as accompanist, gave several selections. Mr. Blair was here two years ago and we took great pleasure in his coming again.
Young People’s Union.

Executive Committee, First Term.

Katherine E. McCormick, . . . . . President
N. Elliot Willis, . . . . . Vice-President
Regina Randall, . . . . . Secretary
Mildred R. Hager, . . . . . Treasurer

Executive Committee, Second Term.

Regina Randall, . . . . . President
N. Elliot Willis, . . . . . Vice-President
Viola L. Merrifield, . . . . . Secretary
Mildred R. Hager, . . . . . Treasurer

Music Committee, Miss Matilda E. Ford, Miss Etta M. Johnson, Miss Annie J. Flieger, Miss Prince.

Religious Committee, Miss Neva I. Lockwood, Miss A. Rubena Lane, Mr. Howard Wilbur, Mr. James Early.

Social Committee, First Term, Mr. Lester M. Lane, Mr. Preston L. Chase, Miss Carrie E. Stoddard, Miss Ellen G. Drislain. Second Term, Miss Stoddard, Miss Drislain, Mr. Preston L. Chase, Miss Euphemia K. Potts.

New Student Committee, Miss Burnell, Miss A. Rubena Lane, Miss Jane W. Seaver, Mr. John J. O’Brien.

The Mission Study Class, now in its fourth year, has twenty members. The study of foreign missions, with “The Moslem World,” by Samuel M. Rwemer, as a text book, has been combined with some practical work both at home and abroad. The officers are: President, Helen J. Margeson; vice-president, Rosa M. Seymour; secretary, Olive E. Whittier; treasurer, Annie J. Flieger; librarian, Laura M. Burrill.
1st Violins, Orton C. Newhall, Marguerite Clarke,  
*Flute and Piccolo*, Howard Wilbur,  
Piano, Marion S. Lovell,  
2d Violins, Charlotte M. Fay, Alice D. Wales,  
Cornet, N. Elliot Willis,  
Director, N. Elliot Willis.
Wearers of the "N."

Everett Avery Churchill, '13, football.
Josiah Stearns Cushing, '14, basketball.
Harry Carlton Darling, '12, football.
James Edward Dolan, '12, mgr. football '11.
Valentine Francis Dunn, '12, baseball.
James Louis Early, '11, football, capt. baseball '11.
George Edward Hayes, '12, football, capt. basketball '11, baseball.
Harold David Hunt, '14, basketball.
Arthur Clarendon Jones, '13, mgr. baseball '11.
Lester Malcolm Lane, '11, capt. baseball '10.
Edward Andrews Lincoln, '11, football, capt. basketball '10, baseball.
Joseph Michael McEvoy, '11, football, baseball, basketball.
George Linus McKinnon, '12, football, baseball.
Bradford Elmer Swift, '13, football, basketball, baseball.
Nathan Elliot Willis, '11, mgr. basketball '11.
William Moore, honorary wearer of the "N."
HERE being no football games this year, greater interest than usual was centered in the basketball team.

The call for players, issued early in November, met with a quick response; that interest and ability still survive among the players was demonstrated by turning out one of the best all-round teams the school ever had.

The team was fortunate in having three veterans of last year. Others developed quickly, giving Normal one of the fastest teams in the State. The players showed their worth by defeating some of the best teams in the vicinity.

The Brown 2d game was particularly fast and exciting, Normal
Second Team.—Forwards, Dunn, McKinnon; center, Lane; guards, Young, Conlon, Bagdoyan.

throwing the winning basket just as the final whistle blew.

The Alumni game was also close. The Alumni team had in its line-up men selected from the best players who have graduated from the school. Normal won by four points.

Our old rival, Brockton, favored us with two games and with the small end of the score in each case.

The second team did exceptionally well, losing but one game in the entire season, and that to a fast team from Boston.

Girls' Basketball.

Senior Basketball.—Edith Laycock (capt.), Lilla Downer, Marian Gordon, Gene McColl, Lydia Randall, Vesta Strickland, Laura Burrill, Aurore Clement, Alice Abbott, Rosa Seymour, Inez Carder, Susan Hays.

Some promising players in the Junior Classes.—Gertrude Delaney, Margaret Gifford, Irene Rolley, Mildred Rheinhalter, Helen Richards, Ruth Wilkes, Helen Lydon, Dolly Nerney, Dorothy Newton, Cora Knolles.
Members of 1911 Team:

Pitchers,—Hayes, Young.
Catchers,—McEvoy, O'Brien.
Infielders,—Swift, Cushing, Early, McDonald.
Outfielders,—McKinnon, Blake, McCready, Lane, Dunn.
Manager,—Arthur C. Jones.
Assistant Manager,—Harry C. Darling.
Captain,—James L. Early.
BY WAY OF JEST
No rest for the weary at Normal Hall.

In a corner room in Normal Hall
Is heard a scratching in the wall.
The lights are out, the way is clear,
And one by one the mice appear.
They raid the basket by the bed,
They rattle papers, nothing said,
Till one of the Specials, though not afraid,
Declares she will end this serenade.
She gets out of bed in a gingerly way,
And clutches the basket where the the
mice are at play.
Into the hall it is pushed in a trice,
But that's not the end of the poor little
mice.

They assemble each night, they want to
be friends,
They flock to that room in sixes and tens;
Though with cheese they are tempted,
each mousie replies,
"If kill is your motive, take some one
your size.

We like in this room and here we remain;
You girls can move out if we drive you
insane;
If one of our number you manage to kill,
There are plenty others who his place will
fill."

A. W.

In what a funny place this D class seems to be
Everything's all twisted or "up a tree;"
The boys sing solos like little primary dears;
The girls must study physics like civil engineers;
That was bad enough, but the rest is just the limit,
All the other queer things really are not in it;
The girls sawed wood with saws that would not go,
And the boys, (would you believe it!), they soon began to sew;
The members of Class D are very proud of their two pieces of bright red coral.
Miss D—ck—n: "Miss B—n—ll, you may take whichever seat you prefer."
And she did.
'Twas jolly good fun to play cards in West Wing,
While we tried to find you and couldn't;
But the funniest fun the next morning did come,
When the excuse slips said what they shouldn't.

We all agree with Mr. J—k—n in wishing to have the "first day after vacation" eliminated.
Miss Pr—ce: "What experience in Haydn's life taught him more than any other?"
Mr. McC—thy: "His marriage."
We did not realize that Mr. Wh—l—r was in earnest when he said, "This is no place for a minister's son."

**Outside Teaching.**

Miss M—ts—n (developing a reproduction story): "Now what do you suppose the Goat said?"
Entire class: "Bää—a—"
In Physiology (lesson on muscles): "Why do you feel lame after football practice?"
Pupil: "You've been kicked so much!"
"When might you be glad that you could support your weight by your arms?"
Pupil: "When you were hanging anytime!"
Teacher (on parent's day): "What can you say of the commerce of Mexico?"
Pupil: "There isn't any."
Teacher: "Well, we shouldn't exactly say there isn't any."
Pupil (quickly), "There ain't any!"
Mr. Boyden: "The perfect man is the normal man."
Miss D.: "The girls in my class are as slow as the pickets on a fence."
Miss M.: "Sometimes the pickets on a fence get a gate on."

Heard in Class A: "Then he died—and so forth."
Normal Arithmetic For Beginners.
2 cuts equal no excuse.
o no excuse plus 1 failure equals 1 squelch.
2 squelches equal 1 flunk slip.
2 flunk-slips equal 1 review.
1 girl plus 1 boy equals 2 fussers.
1 evening plus 1 walk equals no lessons next day.
3 A plus 2C equals B plus.
2 D equals Danger.

Miss C - ldw - ll: "He was being trained up to the age of thirty to become what was called a man."

Mr. B - yd - n: "What good does it do a boy to study Trigonometry?"
Miss D - rby: "Well, if a boy can do Trig, he can do most anything.

Notice at Chapel Exercises.
Mr. B - yd - n: "Notice has been received that Julius Caesar has been lost."
Miss H - t: "I saw Julius Caesar in the biology room."

Our Course in School Gardening.
Miss H - t (in special exercise on Chinese history): "The Chinese considered the gall in the back part of the head."
Mr. B - yd - n: "Some people have theirs there now."

Mr. K - y - r (in German class): "What means this word, Miss M - ts - n?"
Miss M - ts - n (shaking her head hopelessly): "I don’t know."
Mr. K - y - r: "Heavenly bliss."
(Whisper from rear of class): "No wonder she didn’t know."

Notice at Chapel Exercises.
Mr. B - yd - n: "Notice has been received that Julius Caesar has been lost."
Miss H - t: "I saw Julius Caesar in the biology room."

A Senior's Farewell.

A line in the Senior Gym Class after the great hair-dressing reform.
It never rains but it pours.

Tears.

How weeps the homesick girl away
At boarding-school so dear!
She wetteth many a handkerchief
With many a sad, salt tear.
She weepeth on, and on, and on,
With sobs both loud and clear;
Red are her eyes, she loudly cries
For home and mother dear.
She thinks of what she doing was
At this time yester-week;
Her grief it rises in a flood,
She simply cannot speak.

Her room-mate's wrath descends upon
Her unprotected head,
As that young lady rushes in
And spies the unmade bed.
A sympathetic friend arrives,
And offers candy sweet;
The homesick maiden shakes her head,
And sighs, "I cannot eat."
And yet the chances are that too
(This may not be the rule),
That if she really were at home,
She'd wish she were at school.

Zoology Note Books Due Tomorrow.
The Geological Lava(r).

A wise young Normalite named Peat
With scientific tale
Took with Miss Pearl down Bedford street
A geologic walk.
A-gate so swift soon made them sigh
For milky quartz in vein,
And long to see a river bar
The pleasant little lane.
But shortly he did marc-a-site
Beneath a spreading beach
Where he and she might sid-erite
And chatter each to each.
But Cupid lurked behind that tree;
His arrow flu-orite;
Poor Peat with deadly wound smote he,
And made his heart (l)ignite.
Peat lacked the sand to esker then,—
Yet boulder grew and boulder;
His heart it smoulderad hot within:—
At length he up and told 'er.
He said beneath the tri-polite
As any you might see,
"O Love, of joy I'd di-a-rite,
If you my Pearl might be!
"O be-ryl gneiss and granite me
Your lav, a do implore;
For you I'd leave this shady tree
To wade the whole bog ore!"
The color flooded her plain face;
The tears kame to her eye
And wet her frontal apron's lace;—
She said with accent shy:—
"I hear the factory horn-blende
With your fond tale of love;
Our homeward way we'd better wend,
As best—os we can move!"
His apatite his love defied,
For they had walked tuf-a(r);
So, "AZ—u—rite," he quick replied,
"Let's go!" (--For so men are).
'Twas plain that they had their desert;
(Since that was all they had)
Their wishes they dared not assert,
Although it was too bad.
They dined on ocean current pie;
—And all called that py-rite!—
And every one was soon chalk full—
So much they did al-bite.

A Fragment of Mr. Boyden’s Correspondence.

BOSTON, MASS.; JUNE 1, 1911;

MR. A. C. BOYDEN, DEAR SIR:—

There has recently come into my possession a most interesting animal of the order Psitacii. After several days of apparent rumination, it suddenly broke out one morning at half-past nine into a volley of conversation. Certain remarks so roused my interest that I have endeavored to ascertain something of its previous career; and I am now led to the conclusion that this parrot is the mottled, stout, medium, climbing, feathered, winged, air-breathing, oviparous, vertebrate animal answering to the name of "Polly" which has been for years so familiar an object to the psychology classes of the Bridgewater Normal School. I infer that it visited other classes as well. Possibly the following remarks, which I quote verbatim, may assist in identifying it.

"Will you be very much disappointed if I take up most of the time today? I have something that I want to present to you. ———— I assume that you have acquainted yourself with this object. It becomes interesting, does it not? ———
Now let us think about this for a moment. ———— It's made right; it's tempered right. It ought to last you two weeks, with care. ———— That seems like too wild an assertion to be made this side of Taunton;—but it says so in the book. I want you to be at least as sure of this as you are of your own name. Would you dare
say so? State your case."

"And so forth!" (This is a favorite expression of the parrot's, useful upon all occasions and in any connection whatsoever.)

"W-e-ll, yes. Really, then—Do you begin to see how much there is in this question? There is no question about that, is there? Hold yourself to this line of thought. Is it? Does it? Have you been telling the truth? We'll go on. Next topic. That is very good work—a great improvement. I'll give you C plus on that. I-C-A-N'T-HEAR! To make the same mistake twice is not allowable. Yes, it was taken out like a fainting lady, I suppose. Sharp the tones!—what are you going to sharp them with? Pretty good. Is that so, class? Project the words. Throw your voice out of the window. The point is—Always look for the points of emphasis in the lesson. I am glad to see you happy. I recommend the loose-leaved note-books for this purpose—the kind with the college covers, you know. You can get them at the School Store. Can you just as well stay and finish this? We are excused.

If this parrot proves to be the property of the school, I shall be very glad to restore it to you for the benefit of future psychology students. I consider it a most valuable bird.

Very truly yours,                      JOHN DOE.

Involution.

Evolution.
Song of the Graduates.

Wanted—a school!
In a sunny, attractive location,
With playground, school-garden, and lawns
In the proper, esthetic relation.
A building brand new
That fits in as if grown there,
With a flag gayly waving on top,
To dispense a bright, cherry "Hello there."

If stainless, unthumbed they're cased up
For we want them at hand for much use.
Apparatus sufficient; supplies adequate;
And a janitor off'ring assistance profuse.
Now crown with a flock of children
Fresh-kissed by summer's sun
Clear-eyed, rose-cheeked,
Bestless, quick to mischief,
Ready both for work and fun.
Don't fail to send us twenty
Microscopic girls, sporting bows
Quite enormous in dimensions,
Bobbing 'bove an upturned nose.
Send us twenty boys with stubby-toes
And a polished, soap-suggesting face,
Sprinkled over well with freckles,
Hair plastered painfully in place.
Then give us time to get a start
And come see in a month or two;
You will find happy children
Deep-engrossed in all they do.  E. L. W.

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