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Bridgewater State Normal School

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THE NORMAL OFFERING.

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IT is undoubtedly a great pleasure to our worthy principal to congratulate this June the largest class by twenty-three that has ever graduated from the school. And we who remain for a short time longer congratulate you on having completed your course here and now go out to help others. You will find plenty to do but few to help you as you have been helped here.

WITH this number the present Editorial board closes its service for the Offering and wishes to tender its sincere thanks to all those who have aided in any way to make the paper what it has been. While there has been very little done directly by the students the board feels especially indebted to our teachers and past graduates, whose contributions have been very acceptable. It also wishes to thank the printer for what he has done to make the paper so neat and attractive.

THE Base Ball season has been quite successful in most respects and enjoyed by most of the audiences. But one very unpleasant feature of almost every game has been the unnecessary fault-finding and discourteous remarks that were made on the field. Much of this comes from those who should have kept quiet as the captains in every case were capable of deciding all controversies and from some of the town's visitors to the games. We were glad to see the outsiders at the games but there were those who made themselves very prominent by their worse than useless talk and remarks. They know all there is to know about baseball in general and the Normal club in particular. This hoodlum element causes many to go away from the game with a little ill feeling.
towards baseball in general and especially towards the school team. We cannot afford to foster this and we should guard against it in the future.

**OFFICERS OF LYCEUM.**

The following were elected officers for next term:
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- Prudential Committee,
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Officers for the ensuing term are as follows:
- President, W. F. Babcock.
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**SELF CONTROL.**

"Tattycoram, my poor dear child, count five and twenty, count five and twenty!"

How many times have we said these words of Mr. Meagles, sometimes with laughter at their simplicity, sometimes with admiration for their wisdom. Yet the older we grow we find the lesson of self-control in which poor Tattycoram failed such a very hard one that we are grateful for even so simple a rule as the one Dickens has given us in his story. All our life the lesson awaits us and often old age comes without our ever having learned to say, "count five and twenty."

How can we best make pupils feel the necessity of self-control? We can show them that we ourselves recognize its importance by being what we wish them to be, and that will be a powerful factor in the hard problem we are working out, but we can go farther than that. We can talk to them of, and influence them to read the lives of strong men and women. Strong partly, though not wholly, through this same spirit of self-control. Help them to see that mastery of self is an important step in the character building going on day by day; that strength to conquer comes with practice. Interest them in valiant deeds done by brave men. All the boys and girls will tell you that they know Columbus. They can give the supposed date of birth; they are quite positive as to day of death, and they realize fully, especially since the famous twenty-first of October, that he did indeed discover America, but talk to them of him as a man; of the characteristics that made him what he was, and many, too many, maintain a sphynx-like silence. Then show them how he studied and successfully learned the hard lesson on which we are stumbling with such faltering feet. Let them know him as Sydney Lanier describes him—calm, self contained amidst threats, malediction, even curses.

Make them friends with Wellington and let them admire what there is to admire in Napoleon. Teach them to see to what effect Grant and Lincoln learned this mastery over self. Future presidents from among the boys of our schools will not in all probability be many—even though such an inducement is held out to every American lad. Neither will there be in the natural course of events, many famous generals, but there can be good and true men, strong to conquer self and able and willing to help the brother across the way.

After the importance of the lesson has been realized, and acknowledged, the next question that comes is, How can it best be learned? And the answer is simple; just in the little things; watching the little foxes of envy and quick temper, that spoil the vines, that is all; crowding back the unkind words, pushing down the evil thought, that is the beginning: until by and by, greater power and strength come just through faithfulness over the little things.
THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of Nature, fair Imagination calls,
To charm the enlivened soul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
'- The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tributes from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasures, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herself harmonious; wont so long
In outward things so long to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight, her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A cìster, milder, more attractive mein.
But if to ampler prospects—if to gaze
On Nature's form where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundations—if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the Eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God Himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Mark Akenside.

SPRING IN WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

Gradually but steadily the vegetation has been changing its aspect. Ten weeks ago the grass began to grow, the frogs began to peep, the birds began to sing. So, in place of the "Hail gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, hail!" which is going the round of the current Northern papers, we say:

De mockin'-bird sings fro' de magnolya tree,
Dem bees dey iz a hummin';
De hot daze seems to be a cummin' right fast,
An' de woodpeckers am a drummin'.

Innocence, bird-foot violet, flowering dogwood, cinquefoil and the like are in their prime; while such early flowers as shepherd's-purse and dandelion are going to seed. Every tree is green with leaves or is fast becoming so.

The condition of things in the valley yonder down beside the creek is well portrayed in the following lines:

"De dog'oods er bloom in' ; blowin' mighty white,
Gwine ter throw line in, try 'em fer a bite.
Look at de blue-cat swimmin' in de branch,
Gwine ter nab 'im up ef I git half a chance.
Blue jay er sittin' on er red rose bush,
Flingin' o' his sass at de little brown thrush;
Little brown thrush in de cotten 'ood tree
Flingin' on de sass at de marsh kill-dee."

Many crops have already begun to grow and some early vegetables have been in the market three weeks or more. The weather is pleasant, the air bracing, and a cool, stiff breeze blows from the west nearly every day. For weeks we have been having weather fully as enjoyable as any we ever have in New England in September. So, just at this season, with a clear, soft-blue sky overhead, and a hard, clay road beneath, it is most delightful to drive into the surrounding country, where every distant wooded hillside presents a "dominant harmony" of all the tints and shades of green, where every valley has its brook which
we must cross in passing, where the wayside is brightened here and there with moss-pinks, bluets and violets.

Such were the conditions in the midst of which we found ourselves last Saturday morning as we drove westward facing a cool, refreshing breeze. We were soon beyond the city limits, and, after passing one or two outlying factories, we saw hills and valleys, woodland and pastures, vineyards and cotton-fields, single-ox teams and mules, log-cabins and their contents.

Unlike the Berkshire hills, those of central North Carolina are rarely rocky, and in most cases have gentle slopes and evenly rounded summits. On nearly every hillside we find the little spring—the home of the crawfish. Comparatively few of the hills are wooded and so a large part are tilled, and thus reveal at this time the true color of the soil, which is remarkably, and perhaps significantly, red.

Our pleasant drive soon brought us where, on an eminence, we could view, for miles, a landscape in which the foreground of newly-ploughed hilltops was red enough to produce a "complementary harmony" with the greens upon the distant hills which formed the background.

Looking toward the south, we saw several large vineyards, which appear very much like large gardens of pole-beans. Each vine has its seven-foot stake to climb. These stakes are placed in rows about eight feet apart thus rendering cultivation easy.

On reaching the top of the next hill, it was our good fortune to pass a cotton field where several men were at work planting cotton seed. The seed is planted in rows from a seed planter drawn by a mule. The drill is made, the seed is dropped and covered as the machine moves on. The boy with the bag of cotton seed at the end of the row cheerfully gave us several handfuls of the seed "upon application."

Very soon we met a team—a single-ox team, and as that opaque driver turned out (to the left of course) and gave us a generous half of the road, he touched his hat with that grace and politeness which one expects from those reared with the offspring of chivalry. But a single-ox team in the old Tar State is an object not to be passed by so lightly. It is a relic of a past age,—an object well calculated to stir up the imagination, create laughter, and invite philosophical speculation.

A sixty-five cent load of eight-foot wood balanced across the axletree of a two-wheeled, bottomless, unpainted, rickety-jointed, waddle-wheeled,—drawn by a sleepy-headed, cud-chewing, far-scenting, thick-hided, corniferous, tardigrade ox, which is hitched to that "something" by means of an inverted, U shaped bow, and a pair of straight, parallel, bean-pole-like thills. The ox is driven, guided, or held in by one, single, solitary, long, rusty-colored, clothesline-oid, hemp rope which is attached to the horns so as to produce a poorly developed suggestion of woebegone unilateral symmetry.

The whole concern, and more especially the driver, seems to be endowed with a kind of plantationistic eloquence, and we wonder if this is a case of the "survival of the fittest." If it be so, we can't wonder at the fate of things less fit.

But here and there along the way, we found log cabins in clusters, usually near some hill-top, while on the summit is the mansion or its ruins. Every corner of the plantation can be seen from the site of the mansion. It is pleasing yet touching to drive through the grounds around a deserted mansion. The central building is a tall, two-story house with a large, flat chimney at each end. At one side and a little to the rear stands the stable—the former home of the horses kept for the fox hunt. Half way down the hill is the spring-house all in ruins.

A few paces from the stable stand the remains of the large, axial, wooden screw of the old time cotton press. Just beyond the driveway is a row of small log cabins. The chimney is at the end giving a fireplace privilege for the single room within. Passing along the driveway we saw "only a face in the doorway" at one hut; at another, a mother with her little flock sitting in and around the doorway. Each of the eight or ten colored babes as happy as he could be. One little fellow, as fat as a toad, lying in the sun seemed to be so contented, so happy, so innocent, that he suggested the condition (and mental attitude, perhaps) of a puffed-up bullfrog sitting under a clump of huckleberry bushes in the edge of a mud-puddle.
We inquired of an “Uncle Tom” if there was another road by which we might return to the city, but he reckoned “it would be a right smart heap of a mess of trouble to git back” unless we retraced our steps.

Oak City, April 24.

M. C. L.

GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE ’93.

FOUR YEARS’ COURSE.


The well rounded man is the one who has been not only a thoughtful student of the text-book, but who has kept abreast with the times in all current topics and is conversant with the literature of all ages and nations. Phenix.
CLASS PROPHECY.

IN the quaint old city of Salem whither we had wended our way to enjoy a week's historical research on the subject of witch-craft, we were one day visited by a most peculiar specimen of the genus homo, a mysterious old woman attired in veritable witch's garb. The object of her visit was to sell us a set of books, nine in number, at a price which seemed fabulously large to us. On inquiry, we were informed that these were relics of a by-gone era which could make the future a living reality. As the examination of the books before purchase was not permitted, we refused most decidedly to confer longer with the old woman and sent her on her way. but not rejoicing. To our surprise and annoyance as well on the next day we received a second visit from the same personage who offered us but six of the mystic volumes at the same price which had seemed so enormous for the nine. Again we refused to purchase and again the woman went away only to return as before, but with only three works of prophetic lore, yet with the price undiminished. Then all at once there flashed across our minds the story of King Tarquin and the sibyl and remembering the principle that history repeats itself, we experienced a sudden and complete change of mind: we believed in the old woman and her books, and in a short time the books and the blessing of the sibyl were ours.

The volumes were as peculiar externally as they were said to be internally, being made of the bark of various kinds of trees which owing to our previous course in General Exercises we were immediately able to name. Within to our surprise and joy we found recorded in almost unintelligible hieroglyphics, data from which we gleaned facts as to the future of that most illustrious class, Section II, Class of '93. It is now our privilege to make known to the public these interesting facts in the following translation which though far from literal is none the less trustworthy.

Far away on the Dark Continent by the lake Kikonoscha, dwells a maiden whose song rivals that of the lark, and whose grace exceeds that of a certain aquatic fowl known to science as the Cygnus gibbus. Here amid the wild beauty of her surroundings, she pursues her investigations in support of the Darwinian theory and has well-nigh dissipated the ancient belief that the monkey's play of features is merely a gain, by clearly demonstrating it to be a most intelligent smile. Not far removed from our Jean-ial friend another classmate has located herself in pursuit of her life work. Desiring to civilize the degraded negroes of Africa she has found after much experimentation, observation, and inference that the most direct way of obtaining the desired effect is by subjecting the native children to a course in Swedish Gymnastics combined with an hour's vigorous exercise in tennis, daily. Her theory is that the performance of the gymnastics in the mind of the learner brings all his powers into perfect coördination, thus laying the foundation for all mental training. The practice so well accords with the theory that even now she has quite won the hearts of her pupils.

While we are yet abroad we may well visit the home of artists under the blue Italian sky. Even here we shall find a reminder of Auld Lang syne in the guise of a famous sculptor who has already made her mark by her fine productions for which our friend Miss A. K. McK. has always posed as a model. One peculiar mark of the statues is that they are mounted on pedestals of diabase which by a peculiar process has been found to take a polish of exceptional beauty. The art of sculpture is but a step removed from that of poetry and it is fitting that at this point we notice our friend Tucker who like Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous on account of his remarkable poem on Transcendentalism, the product of years of thought and study. It is also stated as a fact that during periods of the most profound abstraction, his current of thought has been in no wise interrupted by his continued perusal of the daily paper.

Lest we soar too far away from this mundane sphere on wings of art and poetry, a humbler though no less noble calling of several of our compers claims our attention. The Misses Vanston, Maxfield and Martin have established in a town not a thousand miles from Rochester, Mass., in a fine building designed by the Worthy architect from Nantucket Isle, a Home for aged spinsters, and are most enthusiastic in their devotion to this philanthropic labor, for which they seem
most peculiarly adapted. The matron of the house a former much beloved resident of Abington is proving herself of unexcelled proficiency in the art of cooking, her specialty being the most delectable of apple pies.

One of the weekly treats of the residents of this far-famed institution afforded them in the large hall connected with the Home, is a recital by several famous elocutionists of the day, under the leadership of one of our classmates, whose assumed name, Annie Laurie, is but a slight deviation from her true appellation. She has attained her present enviable position, by persistent practice of the well-known exercises: command the diaphragm, taking hold with waist muscles, etc.

One recital was rendered memorable to the aged residents of the Home by a visit from our bright-eyed friend from the White Mountain State who is now a famous singer especially noted for her perfect rendering of sacred music, and at their request sang most charmingly the soprano solo "O Cease my Wandering Soul on Restless Wings to Roam."

Another line in the musical world has been successfully opened by the exertions of Miss B. M. U., a teacher of Musical Gymnastics at Wellesley College. She has composed several pleasing and valuable musical selections to which all forms of gymnastics can be taken without violation of their natural rhythm and consequent loss of gymnastic value. To view the successful working of her system you need only to visit a certain primary school whose bright happy teacher keeps her little people continually on the alert by her many interesting ways as she teaches them to sing their pretty songs. Tyr-o-lee, Tyr-o-lee is acknowledged to be the prime favorite.

Referring again to our sibylline books one page immediately attracts our attention—a page of Spruce bark in the corner of whose otherwise perfect purity we behold a spot of inky blackness with suspicious traces of oxalic acid around. On investigation we find recorded hereupon the doings of our Lawrence friend. He is now the much valued Superintendent of Schools in his native city. In order to inculcate habits of neatness in the schools under his supervision, he has perfected an arrangement for the various schools by which the younger pupils receive a thorough cleansing of both faces and hands each morning by a simple pressure of an electric button at the hand of the teacher.

An interesting account of the workings in detail of the Lawrence schools has appeared in a recent issue of one of our popular daily papers, from the pen of its leading lady journalist from Fall River. One of the points in which the reporter seemed particularly interested was a military drill which closed by marching in perfect time to the tune of "When Johnny comes Marching home."

Our journalistic friend having much influence in editorial circles has been of great assistance to another of our number in presenting to the world the ably written and very comprehensive genealogy of the Smith family of which the author is a member. A translation of this work into the German has recently been made by a Plymouth lady whose natural aptitude for this language often appeared in a certain English branch of learning.

And what of the "little lad from Salem"? Surely the sibyl has something of the best in store for him. He is an able lawyer, whose dignity of bearing, wisdom in judgment and that fluency of tongue which does not always fall to the lot of the Essex County inhabitant, is due to the power acquired in Psychology debates, supplemented by the long desired course at the Harvard Law School.

On one page of Snow-y whiteness we read the following advertisement:

FREE. THE SOLON OF THE XXTH CENTURY. FREE.

Having spent several years in the thorough study of the workings of the human mind I now feel myself competent to dispense advice, free of charge, on any subject relative to the welfare of the race. Correspondence solicited. Please enclose five dollars and a two-cent stamp when writing as part payment of postage and other incidentals.

Address, Box 10, Brockton, Mass.

What a boon to over-worked teachers! Applications pour in from all sides. One comes from Miss C. M. R., now teacher of Book-keeping in Leominster, asking what she shall do in case of an emergency like the following: she has been sitting up several nights taking care of her landlady's children who are suffering from that wearisome pain which Shakespeare says 'e'en philosopher could not patiently endure. Reply comes
promptly. First she must harmonize her relations with the committeemen by an explanation of affairs, then turning her attention to the sufferers advocate a speedy visit to a prominent dentist of the day, Miss M. E. Sheridan, who has received a thorough course of instruction at the Medway Dental College whose able President is Miss A. L. Thompson.

It may be well to note here that a well-known lady of Provincetown has just been appointed Professor of Greek in a theological school of high repute where her friend Miss M. E. Wallace is now fitting for the ministry.

In Boston, teaching in one of the Grammar schools, a lady from Nantucket is proving herself such a teacher as not even critics criticise. Regarded as she is by her pupils as a being far superior to ordinary mortals, judge of the commotion excited by one daring youth who dared suggest a tale he had heard of the wonderful feats which "Teacher" used to execute with the useful appendages of her classmate's apron. Such a preposterous idea could not be harbored long and thenceforth the bearer of this fabulous story was regarded as a traitor. The progress of the class is especially marked in the subject of history and it is a well-known fact that our Mary might long ago have accepted a much more lucrative position as teacher of this branch in a leading university, had not her time been so fully devoted to a History of the English and American People which will soon be given to the public.

We now turn our attention to the worthy efforts of the Misses Lahey and Luther. These energetic young ladies a short time after completing their Normal School course, planned and partly executed a scheme for the circumnavigation of the globe in a northerly and southerly direction. After having arrived in the vicinity of the North Pole, and being very much impressed with the coolness of the climate they abandoned their former scheme in all its pristine originality of thought, and concocted another of superior grandeur; in short they determined to found here a Normal School on account of the advantages of the place, due to its comparative seclusion and facilities for original investigations. The teacher in Psychology in this school is a native of East Bridgewater, whose services were obtained only by the offer of a salary that to ordinary teachers seems princely in its munificence. Among the assistant teachers we notice the names of the Misses White, Clark, and Chamberlain, who are endeavoring to bring together enough of the native children to form a Model School.

Marvellous as this attempt may seem this is not the greatest feat to be accomplished by members of Section II. This remains for the gentleman from Wanesit, the greatest astronomer of this progressive age. By a series of mathematical calculations and experiments with an electrical apparatus of his own invention, our renowned classmate has succeeded beyond the possibility of a doubt in establishing a direct method of communication with our neighboring planet Mars. Having received the well earned legacy, left by a Connecticut woman to the person who should carry out this almost unconceivable plan, he will now devote his time and fortune to the education of the inhabitants of the ruddy planet especially in the line of tenor singing in which he takes a special interest.

Should there be any prospect of establishing a means of locomotion to the planet aforementioned the two remaining members of the class, have decided to migrate thither to accept positions as teachers in district schools there, as the Fates have decided that their respective talents lie in this direction alone.

Such have been the decrees of the sibyl; who can doubt her word? If there are any such, be comforted by the thought that none will bring aught but honor to the memory of Section II if the words of Byron be true, "The best of prophets of the future is the past."

Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence these prophecies, so mystic, With their oriental weirdness, With their figures, smooth and flowing? I should answer, I should tell you— From a dream I had at evening, As I pondered o'er my Psychie, Wondering if I should be called on To recite the coming lesson. Children of my dreams and fancies Trooped before me singing gayly, And their airy, fairy ballads, Tame and crude, in my translation, Tempered, 'till I—Shall I say it?— Laid aside my book and listened.
Far away across the ocean,  
'Mongst the gold strands of Australia,  
Stands a sign-board, at a cross road,  
Painted o'er in brilliant letters—  
" Half a mile in this direction  
Brings you to Australia's Normal:  
That renowned college, founded  
By Miss Alden, Misses Starrett,  
Boyce, and Kane, as her assistants,  
Algebra and Mathematics,  
And especially Gymnastics.  
Elocution, in solution,  
That it may be poured unnoticed  
In the craniums of the pupils."  
O, what deafening shrieks of music  
Greet my ear, as I proceed  
Piercing notes of high soprano  
Dull the sense to all beside,  
And a multitude of people  
Burst upon my startled gaze,  
Listening in an amphitheatre, to the latest opera.  
In a gown of dazzling beauty,  
Sadie Frost stood singing there—  
Now a famous Prima Donna—  
And she held within her hands,  
Covered o'er with rings and jewels,  
Music sheets some three yards square.  
As I left this scene exciting  
For the quiet woods and streamlets,  
Did I come upon a school-house,  
Low, and covered o'er with sunflowers.  
They were dusky Indian faces  
That looked up to mine on entering,  
And they turned with love and interest,  
Toward their teacher,—'twas Miss Hayward.  
Then a big chief in a blanket  
Entered, and set down a basket.  
"Tis my dinner," said Miss Hayward,  
"Every day he brings me berries  
And wild fruit from out the forest.  
Every day I cross the river  
In his graceful birch canoe."  
Well content and very happy  
Was she, in this Indian hamlet.  
Through the land before election  
Did our friend Fitzpatrick travel.  
He, the candidate for Governor,  
Thus he spake before the public—  
"Give me of your votes, O people!  
That I may obtain my office,  
Give me of your help, O township!  
That I may advance your interests."  
And so long he spoke thus wildly  
That he grew emaciated;  
And an old time friend who spied him  
Said, "Alas, I did not know you,  
Once so tall, so stout, so youthful,  
Now so lean, so lank, so long."  
"Am I lank?" he looked dismayed.  
"Am I lean?" and then he fainted  
With the grief his words portrayed.  
Now a vision bursts upon me  
Dressed for travel, mystic, wondrous,  
Dressed in deer skins and in bear furs,  
Richly wrought with quills and wampum,  
On her head a wreath of feathers,  
Round her waist a string of phials,  
Filled with weird and secret potions,  
This one, an antidote for anger,  
That, insures immortal beauty;  
And this fortune teller, Bertha,  
Reads with care the hidden meaning  
Of the palm, and by her fireside  
Softly mutters in her trances.  
Next I came upon a ladder  
Reaching up into the heavens,  
And the top, I could not see it,  
So I climbed its lofty steepness,  
And upon the topmost step there,  
Sat Miss Flynn with pails and paint brush,  
"Ah!" said I, "You have aspired  
Higher than your fellow-creatures."  
"Yes," said she, "I now am drawing  
Top views of some latest bonnets,  
They will form the colored background  
For a brilliant sunset scene,  
Which will be on exhibition  
Several evenings of this summer."  
And I saw, as I descended,  
Just mounting from the bottom,  
With her arms so full of papers  
That whene'er she moved she dropped one,  
Our Elsie, climbing upward  
To the Author's round of fame.  
Tho' she met with many a tumble,  
Never once she stopped nor faltered,  
And, just as I saw her enter,  
Turned and waved a proud adieu.  
Back I find myself at Normal,  
On a gala day it seemeth;  
For the hall is decked with flowers,  
Decked by hands of good sub-seniors;  
And the rooms are lined with blackboards  
Saying—"Handle not the specimens."  
And behold I see great changes  
Have transpired since my era.  
Wrinkled men and gray-haired matrons  
Clasp my hand and call me "Class-mate."  
And there rises to address them  
One, a woman of great wisdom,  
Who for thirty years has stood  
Upon the Board of Education.  
'Tis Miss Keith, full well she learned to  
Keep her neck firm and stay balanced,  
Else she never could have stood there  
On the board without a prop.
As it is she stands unquailing,
Needs no hand, no prop to cling to.
Listen pray;—There's festive music
In a hall in a great city;
There the people wait impatient
For the star, the famous actress;
Now she comes and lo! her power
Lies in those dramatic gestures,
In those graceful wrist freeing movements
In which, years ago at Normal,
Ruth excelled her fellow class-mates.
Thro' the Rocky Mountain caverns
Wound a file of wagons slowly,
Wagons piled both high and heavy,
Wagons each by four strong mules drawn,
And upon the first mule seated,
Was the owner of this triumph,
And, to my surprise, I found that
'Twas Miss Burke thus strangely traveling,
And each wagon white was labeled——
"For Miss Burke, the Western schoolma'am."
In the first cart were collected
Test-tube holders, botany-presses,
And the next held birds and insects,
And another one was heavy
With rare stones, from Nova Scotia,
While one cart, most closely guarded,
Bore a label, "Mars and Saturn
Packed away in alcohol."
All these wonders of creation
For Miss Burke, the Western schoolma'am.
You shall now hear why with banners
Wollaston is draped so gorgeous.
Why the bell is ringing gayly,
Tis the birthday of Miss Gannett,
The most skillful physician,
Which our country ever boasted;
And 'tis written that an expert
Was she in the art of making
And repairing brains of pupils.
And each one she mended did she
Warrant it to run a year.
But I've heard the most successful,
Most successful operation
Which her dainty fingers ever
Condescended to perform,
Was the dangerous extraction
Of a young man's heart, for which she
Soon did substitute her own.
And behold there came in those days
From the Easton part of the country,
Wise men, and among them one who
Knew the mystery of the heavens.
Vast and wondrous was his knowledge,
For he loved it with his whole Soul,
And his labor was rewarded
Ere ten moons had waxed and waned.
With his planisphere, 'tis written,
He found five new groups of circles;
And his name became immortal,
Handed down far through the ages,
For the great delight of teachers,
For the great torment of pupils.
In a Western town before the
Judgment seat of school committees
Stands the culprit, Alice Bourbeau,
Pleading a release from teaching.
And the ancient school committee
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Then he said, with awful frowning:
"Thus it is our schoolma'ams leave us,
Just as we have learned to trust them,
Just got used to their queer methods,
Comes a young man to the village,
With a prospect in a gold mine,
Smileth to the smartest schoolma'am,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving lessons for a lover!"
Forth into Miss Gerald's school-room
Strode the maddened Superintendent;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
These are just the words he uttered,
"When the people here did hire you,
Hire you with their hard-earned money,
They did think you'd teach their children,
Teach them reading, writing, spelling,
But you have deceived our people.
Broken is the trust they gave you,
For they say you ply the needle
When by rights, you should be teaching.
You do let our children wander,
Give no heed to what they're doing,
Letting them grow wild, unruly."
When he ceased, she made no answer,
Simply hung her head in silence.
So it was her teaching ended.
Far away in Afric lands,
Lands where there are many heathen;
Dwells a bright and fair young maiden,
Dwells she there among the heathen,
Dwells and rules them as their Queen.
And they love Queen Esther dearly,
Love her for the light she brought.
She has changed their yells to music,
Changed their war dance to a waltz.
Taught each one to play a banjo,
And for this they made her Queen.

Down upon the Cape at Yarmouth,
Down beside the Big-Sea-Water,
There upon the sandy beaches,
Strolls one of our mighty people,
One of this great tribe of teachers.
He who has not any heart,
Only has the name of Hart.
And 'tis strange, for as he saunters,
Saunters o'er the shining sand,
Straight he keeps his head before him,
Straight not bending toward his side;  
Toward his side where walks a maiden.  
And the reason,—can't you guess it?  
Not because he would not see her,  
Not because he would not woo her,  
But because,—ah, need I tell you?  
Stiff his neck is as a poker  
Stiff as any iron poker.  
Would that Kōbē-un,—the West Wind  
Never once had blown upon him.  
And there's one who is magnetic,  
One who draws all people to her,  
She who cures all peoples headaches,  
And is called by them, "Fair Helen."  
Now she does this work at Wellesley,  
And the young men of the village  
Come to her to cure their heart-aches.  
You may see beside the north pole,  
On a large and showy ice-cake,  
On a bright and shining ice-cake,  
Many, many, happy people,  
Happy are they playing leap-frog,  
Happy are they playing baseball.  
They have left their furs and ice-huts,  
They have left their means for warmth,  
For they're taught by Hattie Taylor,  
How to exercise for warmth.  
Here Miss Glidden teaches vaulting,  
Vaulting over shining ice-bergs.  
While Miss Bean instructs in running,  
Running round and round the north pole.  
Here Miss Chadwick and Miss Graves  
Give assistance in the art.  
Out upon the briny deep,  
Out upon the Big-Sea-Water,  
Sails one whom we know as Helen,  
One who came from Syrian lands,  
One who came ac'oss the ocean,  
Came and saw a sailor lad.  
Saw him, and in seeing, loved him,  
Now you'll find her sailing, sailing,  
Sailing round the world with Jack.  
Should you pass across Sahara,  
Should you cross that burning desert,  
You would find upon a green spot,  
On a fresh and shady green spot,  
You would find two women, pondering,  
Pondering o'er some vexing question.  
And these women,—why you know them,—  
They each have the name of Mary.  
Here they live, and when some people  
Chance to pass across the desert,  
Here they rest and listen gladly;  
Listen gladly to the wise words,  
To the wise words of these women.  
Happy is the noble Feejee,  
Happy is he, having with him  
Three such bright and active women  
To instruct and to enlighten.

Pauline Atkins did attract him  
With her robe so bright and blazing,  
With her robe so red and gaudy.  
And Miss Backus did allure him  
With her laugh so low and gentle,  
And Miss Clark did overcome him  
With her voice so penetrating,  
So it is that these three women  
Teach among the Feejee people.

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, "Where are all the people  
Noted as the 'Ts' at Normal?"  
I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as follow:—  
In a dark, a dismal forest,  
By a pool, so green and slimy,  
Stands a hut, a lonely dwelling,  
And within, a lonely mortal,  
Living here alone, a hermit,  
Shuns society forever.  
'Mong his boxes and his bottles,  
Sits he joyful, happy, ever.  
He is wont to woo the buglet,  
Feast upon the gay mosquito,  
Trap the beetle, fly, and snakelet,  
Hunt the grub, and dig the wormlet.  
On the diatom and desmid  
Spends he many precious moments;  
Hydrozoa, protozoa,  
These and many kindred others  
Are his pleasure and his hobby,  
By these things you know our brother  
Where or who was such another?  
In the lofty halls of Congress,  
Stands another of our brethren.  
He, it is, whose energetic,  
Faithful work in Ling Gymnastics,  
Gave him such a strong and mighty "Pull," among the city voters.  
Solid is he in the district,  
In the district in the city.  
Dreaded was he by reporters,  
The stenographers, recorders,  
For his rapid flowing accents  
Gave to them much pain and trouble;  
Now they use an automatic  
Phonograph, to catch the wisdom  
Pinning from his tongue of silver.  
But the lobby is his castle!  
Here he puts in work most telling;  
Has amassed a noble fortune  
In the service of his country.  
Still remembers Alma Mater,—  
He has pushed a bill through Congress,  
Which provides that Normal students  
Shall receive an ample pension,  
After one year's faithful service.  
Here's a maiden, tall and graceful,  
High she ranks in all gymnastic;
In the gym she reigneth,—
She it is who leads the others,
Shows her artless grace and talent.
All her movements are like music,
Music soft and free and flowing.
As an athlete, she's esthetic,
Simple, too, but still majestic.
As instructor, has no equal,
All her pupils are precocious.
She's authority on methods,
Theory as well as practice.
She eclipses all her rivals,
She can skip, and hop, and gambol,
Vault and jump, and run or amble,
Climb the ropes, or walk the ladders.
At the bar, she's on her mettle;
Not another so elastic
Found upon the list gymnastic.

In the Mercantile department
Of a large school in the city,
There presides a man of genius.
He's of Penmanship professor.
Blonde he is, with golden tresses,
Smooth and fair his face so classic.
When upon the board he places,
(With a most majestic flourish,
Or with gentle move or sweeping)
Script, of such artistic merit,
How the people all with rapture
Fill, and silent admiration.
Graceful loops, and curves, and dashes,
Spacings, slants, that are most perfect,
He can write a mile a minute
Forward, backward, he has done it.
Short-hand has gone out of fashion
Since his style became the passion.

Looking out upon the river,
Winding downward to the ocean,
Sits an author in his study,
In his lofty, lordly dwelling.
On his shelves are volumes many,
Many works of ancient story.
Short he is, as short as ever,
But has grown so round and ruddy!
"Slow, but sure," is still his motto,
Likewise, "Better late than never."
He's a most prolific writer,
On a score or more of topics.
Labor very hard at present
On two deep and weighty subjects.
Volumes that will bring him glory,
Bring him fame, and cash, and honor.
Oh! the titles! wouldn't you know them?
"The Misfortunes of a Student
Lost among the Hills of Quincy."
What's the other? You shall hear it.

"Physiology of Slumber"
(How to sleep at any moment)
Is the title of the other
Written by our famous brother.
In a distant southern city
There resides a gentle maiden
Wandered from her pleasant northern
Home, in town of fame historic.
You will know her as the singer
She whose soft, melodious accents,
Fell in cadence sweet and tuneful.
She can trill, and even warble
Tremulo and also yodel,
Climb the scale of major, minor,
Sing with ease the scale chromatic
Sing legato or staccato,
Animato, agitato
Sing piano, mezzo forte.
She is skilled in every method.—
Do, re, mi, or tonic sol-fa,
The Italian or the German.
Oratorio's her passion,
She excels in operatic
Sings in solo or duetto,
Moderato, allegretto,
Sings contralto or falsetto
Anything that is not basso.
Just at present she is teaching
In that sunny southern country
And declares she would not leave it
For the greatest sums of money.

Out upon the western prairie,
Lives among the wild Dacotahs,
He, who by his faithful labors
At 'Industrial,' and farming,
Gained a place among the redmen
As a government instructor.
Teaches now the wily savage
Eastern ways of cultivation,
How to plane, and saw, and hammer,
How to plough, and plant, and harrow.
Now the wigwam has departed;
In its place, a wooden mansion
Fashioned by the cunning Indian,
In a manner quite fantastic,
Under supervision careful
Of our brother Kei-ge-oh-nah.
Now the fertile western prairies
Are adorned with thrifty gardens,
Planted by the crafty savage,
After fashion, new and simple,
Just invented by our brother—
He the chief among the redmen,
He the stout and lusty woodman,
Called the 'Strong Arm' Kei-ge-oh-nah.
In a quiet little hamlet,
Not a hundred miles from Weymouth,
Lives another maid athletic.
She is famous as a rider,
As a tamer of the cycle,
She it is who broke the record,
Rode a mile in half a minute!
Rides e'en faster than the whirlwind,
Faster than Septentriones.
She can ride at pace terrific
From Atlantic to Pacific,—
From the Gulf to far Alaska,
(Raced with cyclone in Nebraska)
Crossed the ocean, climbed the mountains,
Coasted down the Alpine glacier;
She has ridden her pneumatic
Into countries Asiatic,
Northern Sea to Adriatic,
Crossed the desert of Sahara,
Crossed the sea to Demerara.
Now she has a situation
As instructor of the nation.
In a mansion of Old England
Dwells a gay and festi~e gallant;
Not a Briton, but an alien,
Wandered far across the waters,
From the granite hills of Quincy.
Secretary to his lordship
To his highness, Lord Lewellyn;
And Librarian to her highness,
To the Duchess, Lady Ellen.
In his school-days, aspirations
To succeed to Ward McAII'ster,
Now are realized so fully,
That he floats a plate of fashion,
On the upper crust of swelldom.
Now he's styled the modern Brummel,
And his cup is running over;
For he's reached the highest limit
Reached the goal of his ambition.
There we leave him in his glory
Rich with fruits of perseverance.
Reaching out into the ocean
Is a narrow arm of mainland;
Once a sand waste, now a garden,
Now a fair and beauteous garden.
Covered is this modern Eden
With a growth of richest verdure;
Plants from all most distant countries
Orchids rare and flowers exotic.
Round about this strip of mainland
Has been built a wall most lofty,
To exclude the gentle sea-breeze
Coming from the northern region
Detrimental to th' existence
Of these rare and choice exotics.
On the top of this most lofty
Barrier to Arctic zephyrs,
Is a row of iron pickets,
To prevent the winged song-birds
From committing depredations
On the rare and costly spore-fruits
Of the fungus, moss, and lichen.
One there was in our small section
Who could such as this accomplish.
Once he loved to rowe at pleasure
Through the world's wide wildernesses;
Now he roams about his garden
With a glad and happy count'nance,
Never caring to stray farther
Than the limits of his Eden.
On an island of the great sea
Is another of our number;
She of disposition charming,
Always faithful to her duty,
Never at her task found wanting;
So when she received her notice,
To proceed across the waters,
Thence, without a single murmur,
Wandered she from home and kindred,
Wandered from the town of Whitman,
Found her mission 'mong the natives
Of a far and barbarous country.
Now she teaches little coolies
In the ways of Kindergarten;
How to cut up bits of paper,
Teaches moulding of the clay-ball.
How to throw it round the schoolroom.
She is popular as ever,
And the natives idolize her.
There's a certain gay young brother,
Noted for his fickle nature;
Always variable, changing
As the winds in local regions.
Once he had a craze for music;
Once the cornet's soulful murm'ring
Echoed softly in the twilight,
Rose and fell in tuneful cadence
Thro' the corridors and hallways,
Making hearts most sad and weary,
Moved the listeners to madness.
Now he is a would-be poet
Spends his time in writing sonnets
Sings his lay at dewy morning
Sighs and sings at early evening
Makes his brother's life a burden.
Far across the deep blue ocean
Wandered thence another brother;
There pursued his artist studies
With that 'customed energetic
Way of his, so Normalistic.
Downward thro' the generations
Comes his name that's not forgotten,
Since the age of art best known in
Hist'ry, as 'Elizabethan.'
He's a painter, and a sculptor;
All the critics who are favored
With a glimpse of master pieces,
Are agreed he should be known as
Michael Angelo the Second.
This is as we all predicted,
When his love for the Pictorial,
Made him seem like one demented;
And he mourned that hours seemed minutes
If the 'Ram' his care demanded.

'Light and Shade' he quite delights in,
Charcoal is his greatest pleasure;
And in all his leisure moments
He with earnest toil and patience
Labors to complete his drawings.

Teaches too; for he is loyal
To his first profession chosen;
He is one of the great masters
There across the Atlantic Ocean.

So wherever you may wander
Over land or over ocean,
You will find some of our people,
Some of this great tribe of teachers,
Ever teaching and instructing,
Giving help to those around them.

Thus the world is made much better
By our class so strong and mighty.

And these lines are not to tell you,
Tell you of each brother's future,
But to hint where you'll find them,
Find them in the years to follow.

And the rest you can imagine.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

GRADUATION exercises, Wednesday, June 28, 1893, 10 A. M. Address by Rev. I. J. Lansing, D. D., of Boston. Report and Address to Graduating Class by the Principal. An exhibit illustrating the method and some of the products of the work of the school will be shown in the classrooms.

THE LITERATURE SPECIALIST.

That need so long felt among men, the need for division of labor, is the parent of today's call for the specialist. In answer to this call, the ambitious Normal student early begins preparation. He may be seen in the laboratory in season and out of season, bringing to bear those powers already strong for use and developing new powers as need, by earnest thought and careful study laying up for himself stores of scientific knowledge. He may be seen in the fields with trowel and flower-filled basket, or with butterfly net, or with rock hammer. But does Science claim all? Where is the literature specialist?

Undoubtedly there are those whose world is language. Why does not such an one cultivate his powers in this direction, and make as thorough preparation for future teaching as he of the scientific turn?

And how is he to fit himself for this? It is evident that first the course of training in the various lines of language, grammar, rhetoric, and literature, should be mastered. Books on the history and structure of the English language, obtained from the libraries, offer vast fields for research. As supplementary study to be carried along in direct connection with the daily work, a course of reading may be carefully planned, which may embrace history, biography, and exposition. After rigorous mental training of this kind, standard authors may be read; their lives, their works, much criticism from all available sources.

Remembering that "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man," the student should use every opportunity for public speaking and for careful writing. Countless are the ways and means that spring up before him.

Finally, as material results of this preparation, he finds that he has note-books wherein are valuable plans for teaching, brief extracts from books read, and other odd memoranda. A great scrap-book has also grown into existence, filled with clippings from magazines and papers, arranged in definite order, and more precious to its owner than he realizes. But greatest of all pleasure-giving and profit-giving possessions is the small library. Here are books bought at odd times, representing spare pence,—and some even recall a new coat that was not bought, or a pleasure trip that was not taken. The books have been selected with care. Here are the masters, although but few works of the same author are there. But the library is constantly growing, in volumes and in value, and among these friends the specialist keeps his mind "in the state of a running stream, as it ought to be, to form or feed other minds."

And behold, what a world of rich knowledge is lying before his unsealed eyes! It is bounded by no narrow lines. 'Tis the world of the heart, the mind, the soul. It embraces all men, all times, all realms. Truly the world of literature doth extend from everlasting to everlasting!

N. M. YOUNG.
"TIME FLIES!" How often does this phrase tremble on our lips. Yet how seldom do we profit by its implied admonition! Ever complaining, seldom doing. "We take no note of time but from its loss." Like the fleeting shadow of a cloud our childhood and youth are borne away amid sweet and innocent enjoyments.

We drink long draughts from the fountain of hope. We tread the tablelands of ambition and look forward to the realization of our dreams. Away on yonder heights stands the temple of fame. Dazzled by its splendor, we seek out one of the avenues leading to its shining portals, equip ourselves with the armor of industry, and press forward.

Now the scene changes. Hitherto we have been gliding over the smooth and tranquil waters of the stream of time. Now disregarding the rocky shoals and lowering sky we launch out on the ocean of life.

The time has come for action. The battle of life must be fought. We wish for success. Are we willing to pay its price? Whatever course we pursue we shall meet difficulties and obstacles; and as one obstacle is overcome, another still more formidable will arise. Whether we make a successful voyage or become a wreck depends upon our own action: our destiny lies within us.

As Bacon says, "Favor, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue; but chiefly the mold of a man's fortune is in his own hands." There are difficulties to combat which is to live, to overcome them is to live nobly.

As we learn to walk only by walking, to leap only by leaping so we can learn to act nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion that is presented to us. If we shirk the first trial we shall be so much the weaker for the second. We must make each trial an opportunity to gain strength or we lose our chance.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Omitt all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat And we must take the current when it serves Or lose our ventures."

Prompt action is necessary for success. Especially is this true in the marts of trade where the merchant who acts promptly, secures the top of the tide and wins success; while he who waits till half tide soon finds himself on the flats. Every opportunity must be grasped as it is presented, or failure is inevitable.

Most men desire success, gladly would they be rich or learned could they become so without effort; but the application and toil appall them. They spend their time in idle dreaming; they wish and wait for something to turn up; they have not the energy to go and turn it up themselves, so the golden opportunity slips by while they languish in obscurity. The man of energy seizes the opportunity, and finds a way to success or makes one.

During the Rebellion General Grant resolved to go to Richmond, and he made his way there through the Rebel army. He had no grand chance, yet he made one, taking advantage of every small opportunity.

The falling of an apple was the opportunity seized by Newton to solve the secret of the skies.

When Columbus was searching for the New World, the ship's crew was about to mutiny, seaweed drifting by the vessel was the chance seized by Columbus to quell the disturbance, and arouse new hope in the sailors.

Turning-points, critical moments come to all, and these are merely occasions which sum up or bring to result past attainments. Accidental chances are worth nothing to one who has not prepared for them. A man makes a decision at a certain time which determines the whole course of his life, and people say of him on such an occasion he made a wise or foolish decision, when the fact was that he was all his previous life preparing for that decision.

School, college, business, friendship, accidents, deaths, are turning-points in every man's life. A book may set one to thinking in such a manner as to change the whole tenor of his way intellectually and morally. A word, a thought from a chance acquaintance may determine one to fix upon a certain line of work for life.

A great occasion is worth to one just what his past life has made it worth to him. All the greatest and best men achieved success not by the opportunities that were thrown in their way, but by
the opportunities which they made, or the slender opportunities which they made much of.

Columbus, Watt, Fulton, Franklin, Clay, Burke, great names in the world's history, all won success by making the most of little things. Burke has been called a genius, yet it was not by his genius that he became an orator, but by days of toil. He labored and waited his opportunity. It came; he rose in the political sky like a sudden light.

Continually opportunities are coming to us to show what stuff we are made of, opportunities that are turning-points in our life for good or evil. If we grasp these opportunities, take the current when it serves, we rise to higher planes of usefulness and of enjoyment. If we let an opportunity go by, we have taken a step downward, we are weaker than before, and are not fitted for the greater opportunity that shall come afterwards.

It is this grasping of opportunities that determines the career of all. One should make his opportunities turning-points for better things. Slender opportunity! Says the croaker. Nay, truly, the opportunity is golden, let golden aims and efforts seize upon success.

A SALT MINE.

Ten miles from New Iberia, on a little island known as Avery's Island, Louisiana, is situated a salt mine of considerable importance and interest.

A little over twenty-five years ago this mine was unknown. The presence of salt in the water of a small spring led someone to dig near the spot, and at a depth of nearly sixteen feet below the surface of the earth solid salt was struck. In stripping away the soil for further investigation several articles of human workmanship were discovered, among them some stone implements and a basket exactly such as those woven to-day by the Attakapas Indians. This basket found at a depth of sixteen feet lay upon salt rock, and was in perfect preservation. Half of it can now be seen at the Smithsonian Institute.

The ascertained area of the mine is several acres, the depth of the deposit is as yet unknown. A shaft was first sunk one hundred feet, below this a shaft of seventy feet fails to find any limit to the salt, and after drilling for fourteen hundred feet they have not drilled through it.

Descending, the visitor enters vast cathedral like chambers. The walls of solid salt sparkle with crystals, the floor is of salt, the roof of salt is supported by pillars of salt from forty to sixty feet in diameter. When the whole is lighted by dynamite the effect is magnificent and weird in the extreme.

The salt is blasted by dynamite, drawn in cars to the elevator, hoisted and distributed into crushers, from the crushers it is packed immediately in bags ready for shipment, no bleaching or cleansing process being necessary as the salt is almost absolutely pure. Indeed so transparent is it that a newspaper can easily be read through large blocks of it.

The mine is connected by rail with the main line of the Southern Pacific Railway, at New Iberia.

L. W. B.

FUNCTION AND SCOPE OF DISCIPLINE.

PROPER discipline is education, an education given or received through systematic training, and for the purpose of developing certain powers. The training may be mental, moral, or physical, or it may be that which develops all the powers and faculties of an individual, thus forming that which within the reach of man is most desirable, a noble and unselfish character.

Neither advantages nor circumstances wholly make any one. A certain amount of discipline is necessary to bring out the highest good in any person. No one ever accomplished any great or even ordinary work by the simple gratification of his desires or the removal of all difficulties. It is they who master the difficulties and use the advantages who form the strength of any family, community, or nation.

Some one has said, "All mind is the same, it is training and culture that make the difference in people." We believe the elements of true character are the same in every one, but in some they have been brought under proper discipline, while in others they have either been neglected or misdirected. Few, indeed, are they who, by their own force of will, can rise above their early training. The formation of almost every character is the result of the work of a few persons.
There are three great forces which act as disciplinarians of our people, the home, the school, and the associations in the world, either in business life, or in society. In the home are made the earliest and most lasting impressions. There is an old saying: "As the parents train a child they have him." Teachers know that in most cases that is a mistake, for as a rule, they have much of the child with his six or more years' training.

What a complexity of subjects in a school of forty or fifty pupils! good, bad, and indifferent; yet the teacher must find a way to bring each one to know and to keep his place. How this is to be done each teacher must decide for herself. She is the one to say here. And as long as her manner of discipline is reasonable, no one should be allowed to interfere with her authority. Controlling is like teaching, the methods used must be suited to the objects under one's care.

Other things, however, than to be invested with authority to control are necessary to good discipline. Compayre places qualifications to teach as the first essential. A teacher who is always ready with her work means something to a school. Ability to present a subject so that it is within the comprehension of the pupils, seldom fails to gain the attention and excite the interest of a class, and this is a first step towards good order in a school, and self-control in pupils.

A clear knowledge of her duties and an effort to perform them under any circumstances add much to a teacher's influence in a schoolroom. Justice to all; treating all as pupils; making due allowance for failures when a proper effort has been put forth to do the assigned work; commending as well as censuring when a proper occasion arises; consistency outside the schoolroom and in all work done; all these things have their places in aiding one to govern those given into her care. Strength of character and self-control are developed by strength of character and self-control.

Many children learn their first lesson in unselfishness when they enter the schoolroom; here the rights of each one are respected; it is through effort and self-activity that the best place is obtained; there are no favorites here, he who works wins. The more thoroughly these lessons are impressed upon the child the better is he prepared for work in life.

There is no work more noble than the training one to think and to act for himself, and the highest aim of the school should be to teach those in it to discipline and to control themselves, for upon this their success in the world largely depends.

How great then is the responsibility of the teacher! Hers is not work for the school-day, or the school year, but for time and eternity.

### BASEBALL

**BRIDGEWATER, MAY 27, 1893.** The Cambridge High School team defeated the B. S. N. S. today in a one-sided game. The batting of the C. H. S. boys was heavy, that of the B. S. N. S. being very weak. Clarkson pitched a fine game striking out fifteen men. The fielding on both sides was marred by many inexcusable errors. The leading features of the game were the playing and batting of Clarkson for C. H. S., and the playing of Tucker on second base for B. S. N. S. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C. H. S.</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
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Totals: 47 16 15 20 27 25 7

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Totals: 35 4 4 4 27 14 12

Innings: 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

C. H. S.: 1 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 5

B. S. N. S.: 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 4

Wilde pitches—Clarkson, Gardner. Struck out—by Clarkson, 14; by Gardner, 4. Time of game—2 h. to min. Umpires—Duckworth and Moore.

Newton Centre, May 30, 1893. Another defeat, even worse than that of May 27, was suffered by B. S. N. S. today. The home team played with a snap and vim that was pleasing to see, while the Normals appeared as though they had lost all knowledge of the game. Perhaps they were a little nervous because of playing on strange grounds, and perhaps lack of practice may explain such miserable playing. At the end of seven innings, with the score 18 to 6 in favor of the Newtons, the visitors had to leave to catch the train. The features of the game were the batting of Thayer and Rising and the work of Stacy behind the bat. The score:

**NEWTONS.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
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**B. S. N. S.**

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Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 3 9


Bridgewater, June 10, 1893. The Newtons and the home team played a very interesting game today. It was thought that the former would win again easily, but the Normals really showed that they could play ball, at least on their own grounds. At the end of the seventh inning with the score 12 to 10 in favor of the Normals, the visitors had to leave to catch the train. The principal features of the game were the base running of the Normals, that of Gardner being especially fine, and the batting and playing of Stacy for the Newtons. The score:
SPRING OPENING.
OVERCOATS, SUITS, HATS, FURNISHINGS.
Our Spring Goods are in stock and we have put more style and finish into them than is usually found in Ready-made Clothing.
All the Latest Style Hats. We will not be undersold. T. S. Bailey & Co. 160 Main St. Brockton

<table>
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<tr>
<th>B. S. N. S.</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
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Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
B. S. N. S 4 2 0 0 0 2 1-12
Newtons 5 0 1 4 0 0 0-10


SLIDES.
Reynolds is an all-round player.
Gardner leads the team in batting.
Where are the heavy hitters this year?
Lost—in left field, on a slippery day, a fly ball.
No record players on the team. Try for everything, boys!
Only two games lost thus far. Not such a bad record, that.
Southworth's two fine catches in succession were a surprise.
Base running has won many a game for the Normals; both last year and this.

There is chance for improvement in the throwing of the outfielders to home plate.
Parker takes anything within a radius of ten feet. His handling of high thrown balls is superb.
The boys practised every night the week before the Newtons came to Bridgewater. Result—The Normals won. Moral—Practice without fail every chance you have.

Question. Whence that huge cloud of dust rising from the campus, obscuring everything from view? Answer. Oh, that's only Gardner sliding for second base.

PERSONALS.

-'92. Miss Agnes E. Gorman of Hingham is teaching in Newport, R. I.
-'93. Miss Nettie Norris is teaching and studying at the Methodist Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.
-Rev. 1. J. Lansing, D. D. of the Park St. Church, Boston, will deliver the address on Graduation Day.
-Mr. Robert L. Thompson and Miss Bertha M. Gould of Beverly, were married Sunday evening, June 4th.
-It is said that in the Exhibit of Nature Studies in Boston, the Bridgewater Normal School took the lead.
-The marriage of Miss Ida L. Pierce ('92) and Mr. Emil Posselt took place last Thursday, June 8, in Middleboro, Mass.
-On the evening of May 29th, the members of Section I were entertained at the home of Mr. Geo. Keith on Summer St.
-'93. Miss Mary Atkins of the present Senior Class has accepted a position in Amherst, Mass. She has the eighth grammar grade.
-Miss Mary M. Souther has accepted a position as teacher of singing and drawing in the Winthrop Normal College, Columbia, South Carolina.
Be Careful.

Be careful of your manners, they indicate your breeding.
Be careful of your thoughts for they form your life.
Be careful of your actions for they reveal your character.
Be careful of your associations, you are judged by your company.
Be careful of your health, it is a blessing that can never be too highly valued.
Be careful of your money, spend it economically.
Be careful in buying your clothing, buy only that which is becoming in style and fit.
Be careful that you are not persuaded to purchase your Spring Overcoat and Suit before looking at HOWARD & CALDWELLS, 134 to 140 Main St., Brockton.

Do you want to teach? If so, register in the
TEACHERS' CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF NEW ENGLAND.
Good positions always open for progressive teachers. Bridgewater students especially in demand.

SPaulding & Merrill, Manager, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Eastern Teachers' Agency.
Normal graduates should register now. Write for terms.
50 Bromfield St., Boston.

If you want the
Correct Styles in Negligee Shirts, Straw Hats, Collars, Cuffs, and Neckwear, go to Tolman Bros., Washburn's Block, Brockton.

Imitation Steel Plate.
If you want any Visiting or Address cards printed on first quality wedding bristol stock in a script which is an exact imitation of steel plate, call at Walter King's Hydraulic Power Print, near Hotel, Bridgewater.

Russet Bluchers
Kid Oxfords
Russet Oxfords
Low shoes are the proper thing this season.
Largest stock in the County.

104 Main Street, Brockton.
THE NORMAL OFFERING.

CALL AT
CRANE & BURRILL'S
when you are in want of FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY,
NUTS, FIGS, DATES ET C., Kennedy's Fancy Crackers.

People's Boot and Shoe Store.

Call and see the best line of Ladies' and Gent's Boots and Shoes in town. Manufactured and warranted by best makers.

Repairing a specialty.

S. J. DONAHUE, PROP.

A. C. CHANDLER,
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