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Bridgewater State Normal School

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NORMAL OFFERING
A SCHOOL MONTHLY

December, 1895.
During the school year we are constantly receiving calls for grade teachers. We are frequently unable to recommend such candidates as are wanted.

One fee registers in both offices.

Send for agency manual.

110 Tremont Street, Boston.
169 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
THE Offering extends the best wishes of the season to all its readers. After the bustle and animation attendant upon a good time at this season of the year, a return to our regular life at school will be appreciated by all.

On November 16, 1895 died in Boston a man, the product of whose genius has become the love and pride of a whole nation. Rev. Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston in 1808, graduated from the Boston Latin School and Harvard College, and fitted for the ministry at Andover. It was at the last named place, in 1832, that he wrote the hymn which made him famous, and which is now sung in every school in the land. Aside from being a distinguished theologian Dr. Smith was a great linguist being conversant with at least fifteen languages. The numerous eulogies of his character are but so many tributes to the memory of one loved by all.

The inflammatory speeches and articles of some of our legislators and newspapers throughout the country are just at present attracting considerable attention, but at the same time, we doubt very much if the spirit shown in these is shared by any considerable portion of the people. The political efforts of the "jingo" statesmen in the lower house are too apparent in their purpose to deserve any attention. While the intention of the President may have been of the best, still, in view of the coming election in 1896, we cannot help imputing certain personal motives to his action on the Venezuelan question. The tendency of the great mass of the American people is towards impulsive action, and the slow delibe-
ration of our cooler-headed citizens is essential in affairs like the present one.

Mr. Hugh Chisholm, writing for the Fortnightly Review, leaves some valuable thoughts on the class of literature known as the "Penny Dreadful" or "Yellow Backs." He says: "The best way to counteract the "penny dreadful" is to provide an equally attractive substitute, and the teachers should do a great deal by seeing that the young folk should have access to a good supply of healthy fiction.

"There are, surely, ways too of supplying the multitude with good fiction as cheaply as with bad. When the schoolboy can get the 'Prisoner of Zenda' for a penny he will not be obliged to buy the only thing that modest sum will now procure in the market, some choice morsel like 'Sweeney Todd' or 'Jem Bludspe.' Some day, when, as Sir Walter Besant has told us, readers will be counted by tens of millions, the authors and publishers will have no business to sell their wares at the prices still current. Popular authors of ephemeral fiction now make a great deal more money than their labors are really worth, compared with the equal or greater efforts of workers and artists in other lines. But when the inevitable reaction comes they will be glad to reduce their prices and make their profit by means of an enormous cheap circulation. Besides, as copyrights run out, the dead hand will compete with the living, and the enormous mass of readable fiction published in the last fifty years will of necessity bring the new authors into proper perspective. With Penny Populists like Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, the two Kingleys, Maury, Whyte, Melville, Lytton, G. P. R. James, Wilkie Collins, Grant (how I loved the 'Romance of war' when I was a schoolboy!), and all the rest of them including Stevenson, Rider Haggard, and Sir Walter Besant himself, the well-directed young glutton for fiction in the next century will have the very best chances of neglecting the rubbish heap of badly written and clumsy sensationalism to which the protection of better literature by the Copyright act has resulted in confining the larger number of poor in our own day."

THE FUNNY BOY.

The American boy has been the subject of many magazine articles, many a teacher's thought, and many an anxious parent's solicitude. Probably nothing wonderfully new will be developed from a reconsideration of this threadbare subject. That he is not what he should be is conceded by his friends; that he lacks the good behavior of the boys of the preceding generation is alleged by his grandfather; and that the country "will go to the dogs" two or three generations hence is the positive conclusion of middle aged people who have no boys of their own.

What ails the boy, anyway? What is his environment? What is to be done for him?

To the first query we can scarcely say, "He's all right!" To the second some observation may be noted; while to the third we modestly allow some one else to answer.

When three or four years old you call at the home of his parents. He is very quiet for five or ten minutes—he's taking your latitude and longitude. After sizing you up he begins to crave attention. He makes short excursions from his mother's side, coming back with a bang and a look at you over his shoulder.

Your suspect she wishes you to give him some attention. Just then he grabs your hat and puts it on. His mother remonstrates. This is your opportunity, and you quietly say, "Oh, never mind, he won't hurt it," congratulating yourself that you have pleased the mother and child at one stroke. She doesn't wish to be rude to you, so she allows him to keep the hat. He shows his appreciation of your kindness by taking it off and putting it sidewise, drawing down the corners and bulging out the sides. You feel bound to smile, she feels bound to respect your approval, and he feels bound to proceed, the little darling! He runs straight at you, throwing himself against you rudely and denting your derby. Thus you encourage him to perform for you. You do it out of politeness to the household; the mother allows it out of politeness to you; and when you are gone and she tells him he was naughty and that the gentleman does not like such actions, he replies, "Why, he laughed at it!"
Yes, we laugh at the darling’s pranks, and allow him to hector his sister and plague the cat.

When he visits us we allow him to do many things his parents would disapprove, because we do not wish to cross him and do wish to show that we can “get along” with him peacefully. His father does not correct him for fear of “breaking his will.” He is excused by everybody because he is a boy. Gentleness, good manners, and kindred qualities belong to girls.

When he gets into the street his aggressiveness attracts general attention, which inspires him to out-do himself. Teamsters and electric car men smile on him, that he may throw his snow-balls at some one else. If he chances to be at rest when a funeral procession is coming along the street, he will snatch his companion’s hat and “show off” by tearing down the sidewalk and between carriages of the passing train, whether he is pursued or not.

We have him in our school, and when he goes to college, (as he sometimes does), his actions, if committed elsewhere, would deserve imprisonment. And through it all he acts under the mistaken impression that he is exceedingly funny and entertaining.

This is a phase of education worth considering. How much of such teaching are we responsible for by encouraging in one way or another such development?

W. F. S.

THE WOOING OF ILFELIKIS.

In times far gone by a maiden,
Fairest she of all her people,
Of the maidens of the Northland,
Daughter of a far-famed hostess,
Hrekar, the ancient hostess,
Of those far-off Northland peoples
Love best abode a virgin.

But a hundred heroes vainly
For her hand had striven madly;
In the stables of the hostess
All their fire-breathing stallions
Tethered were to rings of copper,
And of copper were the mangers,
While beneath the painted rafters
Hrekar, the hostess mother,
Watched the hundred suitors pleading
And her unmoved virgin daughter
Idly toying with her ringlets.

But in Kalevala’s fastness
Then abode the mighty hero
Ilfeliikis, magic warrior,
Ilfeliikis, hero-queuer,
Ilfeliikis, e’er undaunted.
High the hero’s god-like stature,
Broad and terrible his shoulders;
But unmarried dwelt the hero,
Though wistful of pleasant visage:
Blue his eyes, of piercing fierceness,
Kind in times of weakening peace-truce;
Loud and clear his voice in battle,
Sweet as woman’s yet in singing.

Long had warred this mighty hero,
Tired was he of gory conflict,
Of the blue sword’s fierce war-glancing
Hundred warriors had he fought with,
Them had slain and many others;
Now the hero tired of slaying
Hung his birch bow from the rafters—
All his weapons did he hang there,
Swords and spears and battle-axes,
From the roof tree’s painted branches,
Of his low ancestral dwelling.

Long considered Ilfeliikis:—
“None in battle dared withstand me,
Now what other fields to conquer?
Sick is my right arm of slaying
Now my battle-axe is blunted,
Sword edge dull and spear point shattered;
Yet is peace time lonely for me,
Yet hath war time no allurement.
For whose hands bring home the war-spoil?
Who to welcome me returning
From the dismal fields of conflict?
Who to weep if Ukko father,
From his home in high Jumala
Me should sink in blackest whirlpool,
In the surging Hisi waters?
Ukko omnipotent avenger!

O how happy—happy—blessed—
Had I now a faithful consort
Of my life in these great dangers
In these wars and in these peace times!
I will in that far-off Northland
For a fitting Bride of Beauty,
For my Heaven-appointed consort,
Seek with all my hero fierceness:
Seek and woo and wed and bear off.
NORMAL OFFERING.

To this my ancestral dwelling,
Happy she in such a husband
Happy I her hero husband."

Forthwith called then Ilfelikis,
And the servants, quick obeying,
Bring now forth the noble courser:
Well adjusted golden bridle,
Carefully the saddle laid on,
Silver buckles neatly fastened.
Now upon the eager war-steed
Leaps the hero Ilfelikis,
For his dismal journey northward,
To the realms of Sariola,
To the portals of the hostess,
Ilrekar, the well-known mother
Of the lovely Bride of Beanty:

Ilrekar far-off alllistening
Hears the rapid sound approaching,
Wakes the daughter lightly napping,
Sets the table now in order,
Bids the servants greet the stranger,
Bids them take the fiery courser
And his silver buckles loosen,
Feed him in a copper manger.

Now descends the mighty hero
Enters, stooping low, the dwelling;
Most hospitable his reception
In the outer hall of honor;
Speak the mighty hero-speller,
Now accosts the listening mother;
"From the distant vales impatient
Hitherward has Ukko led me—
He, beneficent all-giver,
Knowest well whereof I lacking
Hundreds slaughter uncontented,
Nothing lack that conquest giveth,
Nothing in my house is lacking
Save alone—I have abundance
Of the choicest silver, copper,
Articles and tools domestic,
Servants have I in great number;—
For my household, gracious hostess,
Therefore have I come a suitor
For the hand of thy fair daughter."

Him had heard the gracious matron,
Spake she now in fitting accents:
"Mighty hero of the Southlands
Honored highly by thy address
Have we heard thy present statement;
What poor realm my heartless country
Mayst again attempt as suitor."

Now there strides forth Ilfelikis,
Silently his courser saddles,
Gallops 'gainst the gathering darkness
To his home in Kalevala.
Thence the next day rode he southward,
Rode the next from morn till evening,
Rode the third day without ceasing;
For three moons or more to southward
Held his journey Ilfelikis,
Found a land of stranger people
Where the birch tree gave no rooftops
Where of white stone houses built were.
There the peoples gazed upon him,
Thronged about yet did not harm him,
Thronged about yet did not harm him;
Found at last a man majestic
Who addressed him in kind accents
In the tongue of Kalevala.
With this kind friend and protector
For four long years Ilfelikis
Studied deep of things the reason,
Pondered much and discourse daily
With this wise and new-found counsellor,—
Till his wisdom far exceeded
Wisest men of all the Northlands.

Now again to Sariola
Rode the hero Ilfelikis,
Now was slow his speech with wisdom,
Carefully his thoughts were uttered,
Gone the firelight from his blue eye,
All his weapons now forgotten;
Slow his lagging courser's footsteps,
But the way was safely followed.

Soon within the well known court yard
Leaps from off his steed the hero,
Opens again the swinging door plank,
Stands within the ancient dwelling.
Greets him thus in accents worthy,
Ilrekar the hostess mother:
"Now again our home is honored"
By thy presence, mighty hero.
Yet what cause hath brought thee hither?"

"Then spake Ilfelikis slowly:
"Now know I of things the causes,
Long have studied, much have pondered;
Give me now thy lovely daughter,
Worthy am I now to wed her."

Thus spake the hostess mother:
"Would that such reward to offer
Were I able,—yet hath Ukko,
Great creator,—all-wise ruler,—
Otherwise in past time ordered.
While in distant lands of wisdom
Thou of all things learned the reasons,
Spent long years in pondering wisely,
Sought the hand of my fair daughter:
He, the mighty, sweet-voiced singer
He, the graceful Hisi-dancer,
Charmed her with his artful presence;
They dwell now four suns to westward."

Ilfelikis, old-time hero
Feels his soul o'errun by sorrow,
In the stable finds his counselor,
Silently the war-steed saddles,—
Lost in depths of utter anguish.
Through the dark glades of the Northland
To his home alone he speedeth.

Then to Ukko, mighty father,
Maledictions, imprecations
Poured upon the Hisi-dancer
Inconceivable Ilfelikis!
And till four score years had Ukko
Fed the soul of Ilfelikis,
Dwelt he wise but sad among men.

Daily spake he words of wisdom,
Young men hearkened to his counsel,
Old men listened acquiescent.
He who once ruled all in battle
Now ruled wider far by wisdom;
Great in conflict, great in counsel,
Thus lived last-born of the heroes!
He the newest, bravest, wisest,
Kindest, noblest, yet the saddest,
Of the Southland's thousand heroes,
Dwelt alone enthroned in glory
All-excelling King of Wisdom!

When in destined time of ripeness
Called the ever-sleepless Ukko
For the waiting vital spirit
For the soul of Ilfelikis.

Gladly to the heavenly mandate,
Yielded him the wisest hero,
To be wafted to Jumala:
There in glory all-transcendent
May he search with deathless longing
For the lovely Bride of Beauty.

Thus began in Kalevala
The decline of all her glory,
But the far-famed hero's wooing
Told through countless generations,
Faithfully transmitted to us,
Lives to eternal earnest
Of the dear cost of all wisdom,
And yet of its deathless value.

F. F. Smith.

Our Flag.

In the year 1894, an enabling act was passed
by the Congress of the United States for
the admission of Utah, which will probably
take place some time in 1896. This is the
last of the territories, and its admission will
necessitate the addition of the forty-fifth star to
our flag, thus making the number complete.

In view of this fact, many congressmen have
expressed themselves in favor of some per­
manent and suggestive arrangement of the
stars. Although "Freedom has set the stars
of glory" in her azure field, she has failed to
set them very artistically.

Thus far two plans have met with the ap­
proval of different sections. The first—that of
a heraldic sign, as the protecting shield of the
U mon, standing for shelter, invulnerability,
and place.

The second plan was embodied in a bill re­
cently presented in Congress, which speci­fies
that the "field shall hold the outline of a pansy
with a true pansy center which shall represent
the capital or central government; that the white
stars representing the several states, shall be set
within the white outline of the pansy."

One argument made for this plan is, that the
flower which Shakespeare makes emblematic of
thought would be the fitting sign of a nation
whose future we hope will be peace, and whose
history the history of great thoughts.

Another argument is based on an incident
related of the ship Empress from New York,
which sailed into the harbor of Canton one morning with a large American flag at its peak. News was at once spread abroad among the Chinese that a ship bearing a flag as beautiful as a flower had arrived from the other end of the world. Crowds flocked to see the "flowery flag ship" and the name "flowery flag country" has become fixed in the Chinese language when speaking of Americans.

Let us hope, whatever the design shall be, that it will be emblematic of the stand which our nation takes in the advancement of civilization, knowledge, and peace.

B. H.

THE EFFECT OF TOO MANY BOOKS.

WHEN one spends six or eight hours each day in a large library, there are many odd minutes that can be, used in reading. Unless one has a course of reading in mind and keeps steadily to that course, the temptation to pick up any book that looks interesting is too strong. New books in all their freshness, the latest book about which everyone is talking, the magazines as they appear in turn, are all very tempting. It is almost impossible to withstand them, and it is made the more difficult, because one who is in the library knows that he can have more freedom in taking books away from the library, than the general public enjoys. Suppose that a young person fond of reading is placed among books under these circumstances. In a little while he has acquired the power to "skim" books at a phenomenal rate. The number of books that a young man in the employ of the Worcester Public Library reads in one week, would hardly be believed.

One soon loses the power to read anything that requires close attention. A book of over two or three hundred pages long seems formid­able to him. And shorter books whose subjects demand hard thought he quickly lays aside and takes others that ask little of the mind beyond the mere act of using the eyes. The effect of reading in this way is to make one shallow and superficial. He has a habit which he does not recognize as a bad one until the necessity arises for him to concentrate his mind, and, to his dismay, he makes the unpleasant discovery that he cannot do it. Then must follow a patient undoing of the harm. In my experience the quickest way to do this is to stop reading almost entirely for a time; confine one's self to the books that require absolute concentration if they are to be understood; and absolutely forbid one's self the pleasure of skimming.

M. A. P.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

WE live here in a little world of our own. Our daily tasks absorb all our interest, and for the most part we have little inclination to bother our minds with the interests of the world around us. We know in a vague sort of way that there is some trouble in Turkey which does not affect us much, we realize rather indefinitely that there is some sort of agitation on foot concerning the next presidential election, but we are not very much interested. If our fathers are Republicans we shall be very anxious when the time comes that Mr. Reed or Mr. Morton or Mr. McKinley, as it may be, will be elected, but we shall be totally at a loss for any reason for preferring these to any other.

There seems to be no special reason why we should take any particular interest in these things. The world goes on just the same. There we are wrong. Indifference is the curse of this country today. And to no one is there greater reason for keeping abreast of the times than to the teacher. What can we do? Read the headings of almost any daily paper, and then sit down and think of what you have read. If your experience is like mine you will come to the conclusion that you must have made a mistake and instead of the daily paper have gotten hold of a copy of the criminal record. Murders and suicides, defalcations and corruption, riots and rebellions, public and private infamy of all kinds are presented to us on every page. Of course the worst side of life is exag­gerated in the news-papers, because people seem to enjoy best that sort of reading, but everything there printed has its foundation in fact.
The country is in a very critical condition today. Our governments from the lowest to the highest are tainted with corruption. There is hardly a city in this country today that is not a hot-bed of vice and crime, not only unchecked, but actually cherished by the local government and its ally, the police force. That these things are so in Boston some of us know by personal observation. That the same conditions have prevailed, and to a large extent do prevail in New York, we know from the disclosures of the past two years and the storm of abuse that has followed the efforts of one honest man to carry out the law. So it is in other cities to a greater or less degree. And the public has been for years, and in most cities still is supremely indifferent to these things which are so transparent that a man has but to look and see. And yet this municipal corruption is the rotting of the foundation stones of the whole edifice of our government. Time and again we have seen this exemplified in the past, and yet we sit, calmly waiting for it all to fall about our ears, hoping to get as much as possible in the general grab while there is yet time.

And it is not only in connection with crime that corruption is manifest. Time and again have corporations like the West End Railroad controlled our state legislature. But a short time ago the highest legislative body in our land, and, as we like to think, in the world, obeyed the dictates of the sugar trust. It is entirely safe, I think, to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred contracts given out by city or state are a source of profit to the committee in charge. Let me cite an instance. As we know, there are a number of new normal schools to be built in this state. It has come to my knowledge that a certain architect was approached some time ago by a man who said, “Mr.——, I can secure for you one of these normal schools if you care to make it an object for me to do so,” naming the sum to be paid,—a number of hundred dollars. Although this architect did not accept the proposition it seems safe to assume that some other architect did. But I might write all day upon this topic without exhausting it. Corruption, bribery, extortion, blackmail are at work everywhere, hydra-like, springing up two fold when crushed.

Not only our politics, but our business methods are selfish, unjust, and, in many cases thoroughly dishonest. Perfectly honest and reliable men in home relations pass off all responsibility in their dealings by that saying which is so common. “Oh, well, that is business, you know.” Business seems to be a very curious institution in which the ordinary laws of truth and morality are null and void. Religion is an excellent thing in church and on Sunday, but to carry it into business dealings would be fatal. Morality is a thing to be insisted upon at home, but it is rather a nuisance in business.

The atmosphere of social life is not so pure and elevating as it should be. In many cases social life has become a meaningless formula which must be worked out, wearisome though it be. The innocent gatherings and pleasant meetings which characterized our social life in the earlier days of our independence have become unfashionable. The young men of our day attend social gatherings often as a duty and a bore. Then their pleasure is sought elsewhere. Few of us, I think, realize the terrible significance of this fact, that the young men of today go outside of their homes to find their pleasure. None of us excepting those who have been in the midst of it can understand the temptations which beset the young man in the city today. And few of us realize how many of the young men whom we respect and love are tainted by contact with things which defile in the world of pleasure. They are only sowing their wild oats and in ten years will settle down as good respectable Christian men. Yes, but never were wild oats sown that did not take root and come up to be reaped, if not by the sower, by some unfortunate victim.

But what has this to do with us? Everything. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow. That boy’s character is placed in our hands to be moulded. That boy’s head is filled with new-born ideas. Some of these must be fostered and developed, some must be crushed in their incipiency. Our great task is not to cram his young brain with history, geography and the like, but to so develop him that he is fit to go out into the world to do honest battle for the right, a task for which some of us will go forth as unprepared as when we were ourselves children. And if we fail it will be because in cramming our heads with the know-
ledge of our text books we have not had time for the study of character and a full comprehen­sion of the meaning of life in this world of ours. Let us remember, then, that the future of this country is in our hands, and let us so prepare ourselves that when the time comes for action we shall not be found wanting.

H. T. B.

"NATURE DISPLAYED."

WILE rummaging about the library last week, I happened to find an old volume, published in 1804 at Philadelphia. The title page ran as follows:

NATURE DISPLAYED,
IN HER MODE
OF
TEACHING LANGUAGE TO MAN;
OR,
A NEW AND INFALLIBLE METHOD
OF
ACQUIRING A LANGUAGE IN THE SHORTEST TIME POSSIBLE, DEDUCED FROM THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN MIND,
AND
Consequently Suited to Every Capacity.
ADAPTED TO THE FRENCH.

The interior of the book did not belie the title. The form of the subject matter was that of a conversation between master and scholar in which, contrary to present custom, the scholar did the questioning and the master the answering. This custom, by the way, might be followed today with advantage in many instances. Here is a fair sample of one of these dialogues; compare the ideas expressed with your own and see if they agree:

SCHOLAR—What are words?
MASTER—The signs of our ideas and thoughts, that is to say, they serve to represent our ideas and thoughts.

SCHOLAR—What do you call an idea?
MASTER—The image or representation of an object or quality in the mind.

One could accept most of this as strictly in accord with our own modern interpretations, but how about this one?

SCHOLAR—What is an adverb?
MASTER—It is a word which serves to modify the quality interwoven with the very existance of the verb, or separate from it when the generating verb to be is used.

SCHOLAR—What do you mean by the expression to modify the quality?
MASTER—I mean to express that the quality with the help of this new word, undergoes a change in its primitive acceptation, and is thereby fitted to represent the light in which it is instantly viewed by the mind.

To this last the scholar replies; I believe I shall understand you better if you have recourse to an example; and I could not help sympathizing with him. The adverb must have been a terrible infliction.

Here is still another:

SCHOLAR—What is the meaning of Syntax?
MASTER—Syntax is the right ordering of words united to express thoughts, and is founded on the polite custom of the language of which it treats.

At the end of the book, in accordance with the customs of the times, was a long list of the names of the subscribers, headed rather ostentatiously by this:

THOMAS JEFFERSON,
President of the United States of America,
6 copies, thus bearing out the statement that "there is nothing new under the sun," and that testimonials and signatures were procured in much the same way then as they are now, namely: by presentation copies. Then come the names of a number of editors to whom volumes were given in order to secure a good "puff," and finally the names of the general reading public.

I cannot close without leaving with you the ideas pertaining to the sources of nouns.

The conversation on this point is as follows:—
Scholar—Can you trace... nouns to their original source?

Master—I will endeavour to do so. In the dawn of Society, when the family of mankind was but small, man strongly felt the necessity of living in a state of union, as well to shield himself from the attack of the ferocious animal that roamed for prey through the wilderness, as to assist by social intercourse in procuring the necessities of life, and providing against the cravings of hunger and other imperious wants. He, therefore, had recourse to every means in his power, to form the social compact, by an interchange of kind offices and communications upon which his safety and well-being so much depended. Endowed with flexible arms, it was natural that he should exercise them in order to point out such objects as he was desirous of obtaining, expressing, at the same time, by the various attitudes of the body, and quick intelligence communicable by the eye, the degree of his wants and the ideas conceived of those objects. Experience, however, ere long, made him sensible how inadequate the language of the eye only was to the complete expression of his sentiments and ideas, which would be more forcibly experienced in the hour of danger, when enveloped in the gloom of night. A substitute now anxiously sought after, for signs made invisible by the profound darkness of night, was readily discovered in the power of speech, that wonderful gift conferred by the Creator of man!

Alive to the feelings of pain and pleasure, man had observed that cries never failed to succeed certain sensations: these, frequently repeated, became associated expressions and vocal signs of such sensation; and when he wanted to give an account of the sufferings witnessed in his fellow creature, he had only to imitate the cries of the sufferers, and, by making certain gestures necessary to unfold circumstances relative thereto, he was instantly understood.

Having proceeded thus far in his observations, in order to give names to those visible objects which were the most interesting to him, he was led by Nature, that had assisted him in his cries, to the expression of the most lively sensations. The organ of speech, rendered flexible by constant and repeated exercise, supplied him with a sufficient variety of articulate sounds, which, connected into words, were always equal to the expression of his wants; and different sounds were, of course, imposed to signify different objects.

The habit of giving names to visible objects becoming familiar to mankind, a name was bestowed on whatever was useful to be known, or worthy to be remembered; but in the course of this distribution, they discovered a great similarity between some objects. For instance; having called an object connected with the earth by an number of small parts extending into it, uniting into a common trunk, and from thence ascending and variously ramifying, Tree, (which was at first meant to express a solitary and particular object,) and observing many others exactly corresponding to this description, (so natural is it for man to generalize), he soon gave the same name to all those large vegetables consisting of branches growing from a common trunk, which was termed a noun common of kind. Not confined to certain appearances common to all trees, on account of their special properties, it became necessary to arrange them into distinct classes. Hence proceeds the noun common of species, such as apple-tree, pear-tree, etc.

The narrow province of the human memory, the boundaries fixed by an Almighty hand to the human understanding, will not permit us to retain a proper name for every object, nor is material we should; thus, our incapacity, not to mention the inutility of distinguishing by a different name what in the nature of things may be considered a mere shade of difference has necessarily introduced into language nouns common both of kind and species.

The names that have invariably remained proper are those of particular persons, countries, cities, rivers, mountains, etc., besides the following two, which denote in every language, two objects alone in their species, i. e. the sacred name of God, and that of his glorious work, the Sun.
Among our November exchanges we notice the familiar appearance of old friends. Among the number are The Normalia, Vidette, Institute Journal, Emporia Normal Monthly, McGraw Gleaner, Normal News, Oneontan, B. L. S. Register, Plainfield Reformatory, Pennsylvanian, Student's Salute, Academy Weekly. We are always glad to hear from our contemporaries, and we recognize the fact that much valuable criticism can be received from them.

The Normal News of Cortland, N. Y. contains an excellent contribution on "School Discipline." The author in closing, leaves this valuable thought with us:—"Tact! Tact! Fellow teacher, if you have no tact, change your profession; for the most important element in the make up of the successful teacher is tact."

FRIEND—"Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations. Does he write for money?"
FATHER, (feelingly)—"Unceasingly."—Ex.

The November Vidette is an especially interesting number. An article on "The Normal’s Ethical Man," being an argument or plea for the abolition of supervising at examinations is well worth reading.

We received our first number of the E. H. S. Record this month. It revived memories of the time when we, too, shared in the glories of the blue and blue, but our colors then were black and white. A change in color is no change in spirit however, and we hope to see our esteemed contemporary again.

While Moses was no college man,
And never played foot-ball,
In rushes he is said to be,
The first one of them all.

A speaker in the English parliament in a tumult of patriotic enthusiasm once said: "Sir, I would give up half, yes, the whole, of the constitution to save the other half." Another speaker in the same place once said: "Sir, I stand prostrate at the feet of my sovereign."

It may be interesting to note that J. Von Liebig is the man who was most instrumental in introducing the laboratory method of teaching chemistry. This fact alone, aside from the beef-extract which bears his name, is sufficient to make him famous.

Herbert Spencer contributes another to his list of Professional Institutions now running in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. This time it is "The Teacher." While not generally applicable to us in America, the article will well repay the reading.

In the same magazine James Sully continues his "Studies of Childhood," valuable reading for us all.
Department.

Geography.

B. N. S. was given its accustomed recognition at the geographical conference held in Boston on the seventh of this month. A part of the apparatus with which this school has been so completely equipped through the untiring efforts of Mr. Murdock, was exhibited there, a section being especially set apart for it. A paper was also read by Mr. A. C. Boyden on the relation of Nature Study to Geography.

Zoology.

The collection of butterflies, referred to in our last number, which has recently been added to the Zoology department, deserves notice as a new and decidedly original scheme for the mounting of specimens. It contains a specimen from every genus in New England.

Each specimen is mounted in a square box, with a glass top filled with plaster of Paris, which holds the specimen firmly in place against the under side of the glass, in a position most advantageous for studying all the different parts, or any particular marks peculiar to the genus. This method of mounting allows free handling without danger to the specimen, and will dispense with the replenishing so often found necessary before.

The material for this novel method of mounting a collection can be obtained at Denton Bros., Wellesley; and with a little expenditure of time and ingenuity, we can turn our collection, formerly of interest only to ourselves, into a group of ornaments which will be of interest to all, and still lose none of its scientific value.

Mineralogy.

Several new additions have just been made to the collections used in the study of science, among which is a box of fine tourmaline in granite for the Mineralogy department, also a lot of rocks from the Berkshire Hills to be used in the study of Historical Geology.

Locals.

There has been a great increase in the interest in basket-ball, and as a result five teams have been formed by the young ladies of the school.

The skating, though of short duration, was greatly enjoyed by the Normals.

A Dickens party was given by some of the young ladies on the afternoon of Dec. 7. The characters were well represented and afforded much amusement.

The lectures given by Rev. Mr. Gutterson, formerly a missionary to India, created much interest and the Normals were greatly pleased at the opportunity given them to hear him during the morning exercises.

Not What She Expected.

Miss Antique (schoolteacher)—What does w-h-i-t-e spell?

Class—No answer.

Miss Antique—What is the color of my skin?

Class (in chorus)—Yellow!—Tit-Bits.

Preparations for the celebration of Christmas are being made in the Kindergarten. The little ones are much interested in the work.

There has been considerable conjecture as to whether or not there will be a reception at the approaching graduation. The Senior class will give a reception and promenade concert. (No fancy dancing allowed during the marching.)
Personals.

Miss Elizabeth Wheeler is teaching History and Literature in the Taunton High School.

'95. Mr. Charles E. Gaffney is principal of a grammar school in Whitman.

'95. Miss Mabel Turner has accepted a position in Brockton.

'94. Miss Lida Boyce has been teaching in Brockton since Thanksgiving.

'95. Miss Zorada Briggs has an ungraded school in Plymouth.

'95. Miss Lucy Whitney Brown has the second grade in the Washington School, Quincy.

'95. Miss Nellie Clorety is substituting in the fifth and sixth grades at Sandwich.

Miss Bessie Day is teaching the third and fourth grades in Rochdale.

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Miss Lucy Ivers, who entered in September '94, has removed to Roxbury and is attending the Boston Normal School.

'95. Miss Hannah P. Waterman teaches in Taunton.

'95. Miss Katherine Evans is a teacher in Mendon.

'95. Miss Mary White has a school in Brookline.

Miss Clara Coffin, a former member of the class of June '95, who has been teaching since last April, will resume her course here after the spring recess.

'94. Miss Harriet Day has accepted a position in Quincy and will begin her duties the first of January.

Miss Grace M. Ward intends to return in February to complete her course.

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PRACTICAL TALKS ON COOKING.

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II. Ethical Considerations.—Apparatus and its Proper Care.

The culinary art is verily like unto the double-visaged Janus of that Golden Age when the newsboy spoke better Latin to the legionario blue coated guardian of the peace patrolling the Forum Magnum then your humble scribe employs in laying down the law to his roommate.

It has both a destructive and a constructive aspect, and the conjugal victim's chances for health, happiness, and continued existence vary according to the preponderance of the one or other guiding principle. Under favorable circumstances, with the constructive tendency ascendant, he may live many years. It may be well to note in this connection that unless his better half succeeds in the little understood and obscure process of concocting ambrosial nectar, (the Olympian brand was formerly the best known, but is out of style now), his mortal existence must be terminated, sooner or later, whatever system of cookery he lives under.

The goodwife should keep the constructive tendency in tally with the sense of obligation, and will to cook in accordance therewith: in which instance the product of the cooking will be morally good, and should be eaten if practicable, or otherwise disposed of, but without reflection or comment, (except favorable or congratulatory), and, unless the eating be very painful, a pleasant smile should envelop such features of the eater as are not actively engaged in the gustatory process.

If the sense of obligation, the constructive tendency, the material objects and physical operations involved are all in harmony, and the lady of the house or her deputy cooks in accordance therewith, the product of the cooking will be really good, and the appropriate smile will appear upon the face of the eater without direct action of the will.

But as willing in regard to matters culinary depends primarily upon knowing, the ethical considerations involved can well be discussed later, while our present attention is to be directed toward obtaining knowledge of facts and of principles.

In the acquisition of knowledge in regard to affairs of the cuisine, the subject of apparatus first claims attention and indeed is of prime importance as all processes are conditioned upon apparatus and its skilful manipulation.

As introductory to our general study of apparatus it might be well for the unskilled practitioner in the domestic art to take note that all apparatus should be kept scrupulously clean. An invaluable instrument for this purpose is known in the vulgar parlance of the culinary laboratory as a 'dish-cloth.'

The article or vessel to be cleaned is placed in a larger containing vessel of any convenient form or material. Next water (of ordinary purity, though distilled, if readily at hand, is preferable), is introduced until it attains a minimum depth corresponding approximately to the maximum altitude of the article to be cleansed. The so-called "dish-cloth" is then placed in the liquid and well impregnated throughout with the aqueous fluid. It is then by more or less rapid circumduction brought in successive contact with the several polluted portions of the external and internal surfaces of the vessel to be cleansed.

The circumductive operation is continued until the desired degree of cleanliness is attained. The lengths of time required for treatment of different vessels vary directly as the superficial areas of the vessels, and directly as the square roots of the respective variations of the vessels from a condition of absolute cleanliness, and inversely as the squares of the amounts of skill employed.

(Continued.)

P. S.—An incident at our frugal morning repast has suggested to the writer the idea that soap may well be employed in cleansing the various pieces of apparatus, but that an excess should always be avoided.

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