



1893

The Normal Offering, Vol. 13, No. 2, Mar. 1893

Bridgewater State Normal School

Recommended Citation

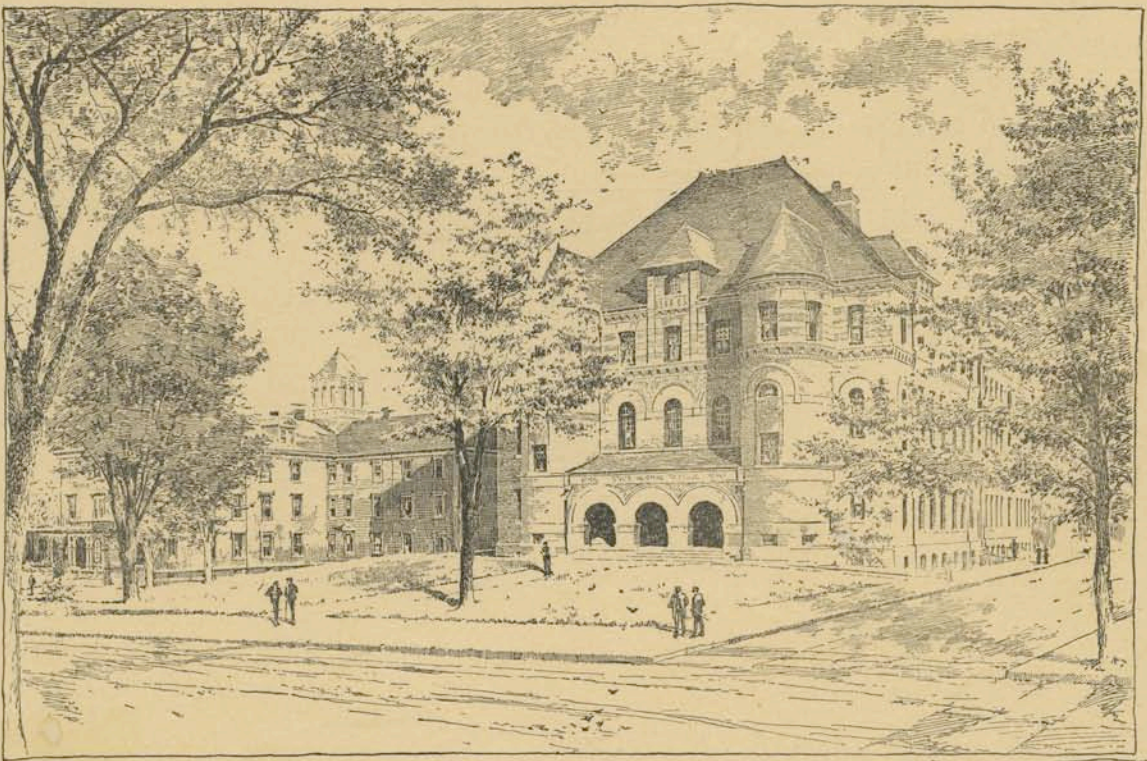
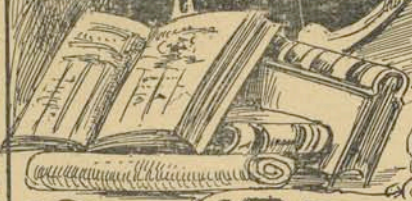
Bridgewater State Normal School (1893). *The Normal Offering, Vol. 13, No. 2, Mar. 1893*. Retrieved from http://vc.bridgew.edu/normal_off/37

This item is available as part of Virtual Commons, the open-access institutional repository of Bridgewater State University, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.



NORMAL OFFERING

A SCHOOL MONTHLY



MARCH 1893

THE NORMAL OFFERING.

THE BRIDGE TEACHERS' AGENCY.

BRIDGE & SCOTT, Proprietors. Boston and Chicago.

One fee registers in both offices.

Agency Manual free to any address.

We have secured a large number of positions for Bridgewater graduates, to whom we shall be glad to refer you for their opinion of the efficacy of our work.

Offices, 110 Tremont Street, Boston.

211 Wabash Ave. Chicago.

105 MAIN STREET, 105
BROCKTON.

STATIONERY, PICTURES,
AND
PICTURE FRAMES.

The finest writing papers for correspondent's use in the market, always on hand.

Pictures of all kinds, framed and unframed, at all prices.

Pictures framed to order.

BERNARD SAXTON.

WILLIAM H. REISER,

HAIR DRESSER,

Central Square, Bridgewater.

Agent for Chadwick's Celebrated Steam Laundry.

State Normal School,
BRIDGEWATER.

This Institution is one of the six State Normal Schools under the direction of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and is open to gentlemen not less than seventeen years of age, and ladies not less than sixteen, who desire to prepare for teaching in Common or High Schools.

It has two courses of study, one for two years, and one for four years.

TUITION IS FREE

to all who intend to teach in the schools of Massachusetts. Entrance examinations, Wednesday, September 6, 1893. Fall term begins Thursday, morning, September 7, 1893.

For circular apply to

ALBERT G. BOYDEN, Principal.

Davis & Dow

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS,

352 Washington St. Boston.

Elected Class Photographer for Class of '92

We invite your attention to our work of the class, and will guarantee our work to be up to the standard of '92.

HOOPER & CO.,

GROCERS,

CENTRAL SQUARE, BRIDGEWATER.

FINE CHOCOLATE GOODS AND CONFECTIONERY

Plain and Fancy Crackers. Fruit in its season.

W. M. DONOVAN,

Dealer in

Men's Ladies', Misses' and Children's
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

A full line constantly on hand. Repairing neatly done.

MAIN STREET,

BRIDGEWATER.

CHOICE STATIONERY.

*Blank Books, Blocks, Tablets, Indelible
Ink, Tooth Brushes, Confectionery,
Pure Drugs and Medicines,
Homeopathics, Etc.*

LARGEST STOCK IN TOWN.

Prices right. Give us a Call. Prices right.

COLE'S PHARMACY.

A. I. SIMMONS' MARKET.

Headquarters for foreign fruits, Canned and
Bottled goods.

CORNER OF MAIN AND BROAD STREETS,

NORMAL OFFERING

Vol. XIII.

State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., March, 1893.

No. 2.

VIRTUS EST COMES SAPIENTIAE.

The Normal Offering.

Published monthly during the School Year, by the Lyceum of the
Bridgewater State Normal School

EDITORIAL BOARD.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, GEORGE H. SMART.
ASSISTANT EDITORS.
General Assistant, WILLIAM F. BABCOCK.
MARY M. SOUTHER. L. EVELINE MERRITT.
M. MAUD VANSTON.
Business Manager, CHARLES D. HART,
Assistant Business Manager, GEORGE E. MURPHY.

**Terms: 75 cents per year, payable in advance; Single
Copies 10 cents.**

(Entered at the Post Office as second class mail matter.)

CONTENTS.

Editorials - - - - -	13
Lyceum - - - - -	14
Building for Others. POEM - - - - -	15
Days. POEM - - - - -	15
Impressions of the German Schools - - - - -	15
What is Our Aim? - - - - -	17
Soul-Food - - - - -	18
Gems of Thought - - - - -	19
Our Manual Training Department - - - - -	19
A Day on the Coast of Maine - - - - -	19
The Love of Poetry - - - - -	20
Baseball Benefit - - - - -	21
Exchanges - - - - -	21
Personals - - - - -	22
Flotsam and Jetsam - - - - -	23

WASHINGTON'S Birthday was passed pleasantly here and the spirit shown is well worth fostering. It is the memory of such occasions as these that will make the reminiscences of our school life so pleasant in later years.

* * *

OUR April number will contain a cut and the autograph of our Principal, Mr. Albert G. Boyden. It will be mounted on good paper and make a very neat picture to frame. One picture will be given with each paper. All desiring extra copies please inform the Business Manager so that he may know how many to have printed.

* * *

THE N. A. A. has taken a step forward by voting to hold their Field Day in the Spring. We hope they will push the matter and make some changes in the program by introducing some new features instead of having the same sports that have made up the exercises for the last three or four years.

* * *

WE think the June class made a good choice in having Messrs. Davis & Howard as their class photographers. Their work for last June's class was quite satisfactory. We understand their advertisement in the NORMAL OFFERING had considerable weight with the committee in deciding whom they would recommend to the class. We like to see this support given to our advertisers.

* * *

IF it is a spirit of thoughtlessness that leads some person or persons to mutilate our papers and carry them from the reading room, we hope they will stop and consider before they do it again. You should bear in mind that there are

about two hundred in the Hall, many of whom would like to see these papers. They cannot see them if you carry them to your room. We try to keep these papers so that all may have a chance to use them. They are left in the reading room long enough for this purpose. When taken from the reading room they are kept and if wanted by anybody can be had by speaking to the editor of the OFFERING. Please leave the papers in the reading room where all may have a chance to see them.

* * *

AS there is only about a month left before the out-door sports can be begun we think that this time could be spent to good advantage in the gymnasium in preparation for the work in baseball the coming season. It is only by systematic training with some special end in view that will give the desired results. It ought also to be daily work and not once or twice a week.

There is no reason why this cannot be done. Our teacher in gymnastics is willing and ready to do anything in his power to help you to help yourself. There are those among us interested in athletic matters, who with the advice of our teacher can do everything necessary to put the boys into good condition for the coming season. Why not try it and see if the results are not worth the time and energy spent for them.

We have a good record for our last year's work and why not keep it up. It will require work but the kind is what is needed by our boys.

With a record of seven out of eight games in baseball, breaking of several records on Field Day, and winning five out of six games in football we can go into our sports with hope and courage for a better year in this line than ever.

There is one thing that should be borne in mind by all, that is, you all cannot be leaders. You must have one head and recognize him as such by doing what he thinks is best for your training. It is for his interest and yours also that he does his best.

LYCEUM.

FORTY-EIGHT members responded to the roll-call at the meeting of the Lyceum held Feb. 17. We were glad to welcome at this meeting those who had lately come among us. Four-

teen of these new members of the school have availed themselves of the opportunity given to join the Lyceum, and we hope that they may enter heartily into the work.

After the usual business and reports of the committees of the past term, a short program was given by members of the school. The Lyceum tenders its thanks to Mr. Allen, Jr., for so kindly favoring us with a clarinet solo.

The question debated was, Resolved: That Hawaii should not be annexed to the U. S.

Messrs. Hart and Fitzpatrick spoke in the affirmative and Messrs. Bowen and Soule in the negative. Three gentlemen took part in the general debate. Two votes were taken. The one on the merits of the argument stood sixteen to thirteen in favor of the affirmative; the other on the merits of the question was five affirmative and thirty-eight negative.

At the Lyceum held March 3, seventy members were present. The entertainment was enjoyed by all, "The Sleigh-ride duett" being quite a novel feature. The debate, Resolved: That immigration should be further restricted, was quite spirited. The regular disputants were Messrs. Swan, Tibbetts, Murphy, and Babcock. Some very good points were made by all. Only one ventured to speak in general debate. The resolution was not adopted, the vote standing twenty-eight to thirty-five.

Criticism in our debates should only be mentioning in a kindly manner the good and bad features of a speaker so that it may benefit both parties in the future; and should never be understood to mean the careless picking out of little mistakes. The last-named carries no conviction with it, but only lowers the standard of the criticism and lessens the force of what the critic may say. It is better not to criticize previous speakers in our arguments.

Questions for debate:

1. Resolved: That the Tiger came out and not the Lady. (Stockton's story: The Tiger or The Lady.)
2. Should a boy intending to learn a trade graduate from the High school?
3. Is it right to give money to street beggars?
4. Do inventions improve the conditions of the laboring classes?

BUILDING FOR OTHERS.

What if I build for others
 And the building shelters me not.
 And within the home I have builded
 I shall have no part or lot.
 And the dwellers who have their homes there
 Through all time shall know me not?
 Yet when the years shall have faded,
 And beneath the roof tree's shade,
 The children of generations
 In their childish days have played,
 And have passed from under the roof tree
 And vanished into the shade;
 Some dweller beneath the roof tree,
 Thinking of when it was new,
 May say as his thoughts turn backward,
 Keeping its age in view,
 "The builder who built this building
 Builded better than he knew."
 And I, though I have passed onward,
 Hearing the Master's call,
 May know, though it may not matter
 To me what the building befall.
 It is better to have builded for others
 Than not to have built at all.—*Sel.*

DAYS.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
 Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
 And marching single in an endless file,
 Bring diadems and fagots in their hands;
 To each they offer gifts after his will,
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
 I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn. *Emerson.*

'Tis the privilege of Art
 Thus to play its cheerful part,
 Man on earth to acclimate,
 And bend the exile to his fate,
 And, moulded with one element
 With the days and firmament,
 Teach him on these as stairs to climb,
 And live on even terms with Time. *Emerson.*

Ever the words of the gods resound;
 But the porches of man's ear
 Seldom in this low life's round
 Are unsealed, that he may hear. *Emerson.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
 The youth replies, *I can.* *Emerson.*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GERMAN SCHOOLS.

Dear Friends,—

I wonder if you were in Germany, if you would be as curious as I was to know what went on within the four walls of those plain, substantial-looking buildings whose use couldn't be mistaken. As I saw the little ones trudging along to school, before eight o'clock in the morning last winter in Munich, with what looked like knapsacks on their backs, I felt an irresistible impulse to follow the little pilgrims and find out for myself. But I should have been stopped at the door, and asked in a strange tongue what I wanted, and where my permit was, had I followed out my impulse. So, I had to be content for a while to see the boys and girls take their gymnastic exercises warm days out in the school-yard, sometimes running back and forth by twos, sometimes standing in a circle while each one took his turn kicking a football, and enjoying other livelier exercises.

One day when the language seemed no longer so strange to me, I bearded the lion in his den, the formal city Superintendent and obtained the long desired permit. The document was an important looking manuscript made out by one of the Superintendent's numerous secretaries and signed by that august personage himself. This paper permitted me to visit two schools which contained the grades corresponding to our primary and grammar.

The next morning I entered the large, gray building I had so often curiously stared at. The principal received me most courteously, and made out a plan by which I could see a variety of work in all the grades.

I went into the lowest grade first and found the regulation Boston number, fifty-six in the room. The children were all over six years of age, for none are allowed to enter younger, and even then should a child show his inability to take up regular grade work, the teacher may send him home or back to the kindergarten to stay a while longer.

The room was airy and well lighted, but there were no pictures on the wall, and no plants in the windows, nothing to brighten the room except the sun. Yes, there was one attractive object, that was a large numeral frame, with its hundred gaily painted balls. The little ones were having a les-

son on the number twelve and fifty six serious little faces were turned toward the frame to see what the teacher would do next. The teacher in this as in the other grades, always teaches the whole class at once, and as the lesson was half an hour long, I could not help pitying the little ones as they went over and over the facts of the number twelve. There was no appeal made to the children's imagination. I heard nothing about twelve soldiers or twelve guns, only twelve balls. It was all, see and remember. The children's faces lacked a happy, interested look, and seemed to belong more to little old men and women than children. Possibly this was partly because many of them came from such poor homes, and had already begun to feel the stern realities of life, and possibly because the teacher herself, although patient, had no sunshine in her own face.

Reading in the lowest grade is taught by the phonetic method, which in German is a consistent one, as spelling, the German primary teachers may be thankful, has a closer connection with pronunciation in that language than in English. This method besides being easy has the added value of correcting in a measure the dialect which is so noticeable in the children's speech.

The reading in the higher grades was remarkable for its good enunciation, accent and inflection, but the chief aim of the teacher in the reading exercises seemed to be to have the pupils get the thought. After each paragraph the pupils were questioned about what they had read, and were asked to relate the substance of the paragraph in their own words. The reading lesson was an hour long, as all the exercises in the five highest grades are, but only one selection was read. The motto seemed to be, quality not quantity.

One of the teachers showed me her written plan of work for the year, and it was worked out so in detail, that it contained even the titles of the selections in reading for each day. These I noticed were chosen with reference to a definite plan. In fact it seemed to me, these German teachers never did anything without a definite reason. But is it to be wondered at? They were all Normal graduates. Each teacher was master of the subjects he taught, and understood their true relation to other subjects. I did not see a text book, excepting a reader, in a teacher's hand; and the skilful

way in which the teachers led the pupils from the known to the unknown by questions was admirable.

The first hour every morning in the five upper grades is devoted to arithmetic; and most of that time to mental arithmetic. The German boys and girls do not use slate and pencil as much as the American. As a result of this mental drill, the pupils have a capacity for carrying numbers in their minds which is almost phenomenal. The memory seems to receive more cultivation than any other power.

In geography, for instance, the pupils have no text-book, only an atlas, but they are expected to remember about as many facts as our ordinary descriptive geographies contain. I heard a lesson on Asia Minor. A map had been drawn on the blackboard. The teacher first indicated the physical features of the country, marked out the political boundaries, located by dots, without names attached, fifteen different cities, told something interesting in connection with each one, including the stories of Cræsus, Alexander the Great, Diogenes, and others, gave a short historical sketch of the Jewish people, spoke of the character of the people dwelling in that country at the present time, etc. As the teacher presented the subject, he stopped now and then, and questioned to see if the pupils were attentive to all he said. At the close he recapitulated. Then came the pupils' work. They were required to give back to the teacher all he had said, and as his talk was about a half hour in length, this seemed to me rather a severe test. If any forgot the least detail of the description, he was chided for being inattentive. Strange to say that, although this was the first time the subject had been presented, the pupils made but few failures. This does not seem so strange, however, when one thinks of the training these pupils have from the lowest grade up, to receive directly from the teacher. They have few text-books to consult over after they are presented, so get in the habit of remembering facts when first told them. As a result, the capacity of the average German for remembering details is something marvellous.

I was curious to know how much geography of America was taught, and found to my surprise, that their atlas contained only a small map of N.

America upon which were located not more cities than in Asia Minor. The teacher said that America was not of great importance to the Germans. And naturally enough but little is taught the German boys and girls about the "Land of the Free," for they want to keep all their future soldiers and housekeepers at home.

I have said so much about the cultivation of the memory but do not think this is at the expense of the reasoning powers. I never heard the question why asked so many times in a schoolroom. Someone has said there is more thinking done to the square inch in Germany than in any other country. One doesn't wonder at this when he sees the kind of training every German receives for at least eight years of his life.

But if memory and reason are cultivated, and the powers of observation are carefully trained by nature lessons from the lowest grade to the highest, yet the power which brightens life, the power which enables us to form high ideals and urges us to go forward to their realization, the crowning power of the imagination is almost wholly neglected. If ambition is growing to be the besetting sin in America, it certainly is not in Germany. Everywhere, even in the schoolroom you feel the strong, repressing hand of the government. To us Americans it seems rather ridiculous, that boys sixteen or seventeen years old must obtain permission from the teacher or director of the school, if they wish to attend a concert or the theater, or be absent from the city over night.

I am quite certain bright American boys and girls would find it irksome to be subjected to the strict discipline and constant drill which their German brothers and sisters undergo. I doubt, too, if any American teacher would wish to exchange places with a German, for all their pensions and vested power of government. Yet I think every teacher would find a visit to the schools of Germany, pleasant and full of suggestions, as did their friend. AN EX-NORMAL.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him. *Plato.*

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is health. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery but the friction. *H. W. Beecher.*

WHAT IS OUR AIM?

WE all know that the actual amount of real knowledge acquired by even the best scholar in one year of school life is not very great. Too many children drink from the fountain of knowledge only as the cup is passed to them by their teacher. That each cup may be filled to the brim with that which will create a thirst for more, and which will most enrich the life of the child in after years should be the aim of every true teacher. This is no mean ideal.

That the most may be accomplished the teacher should have in mind a certain result to be attained and a definite plan by which this is to be accomplished. No exact outline of work can be followed, but there should be a plan for the work of each day, and a general plan into which the work of each day shall fit.

No one would recognize as the true architect the man who builds a house with no plan for its construction, but builds one room, then another, and another, letting them come together as they may. No one can recognize as the true teacher the one who goes about her work with little thought for her pupils beyond the work of the day. Clay in the hands of the potter is not more susceptible to outside influences than is the child during the part of his life spent in the schoolroom. It is the work of the teacher to mould these plastic minds aright, to put before the child a goal that shall be worth the winning.

At no other time will the listless, aimless life of one person so affect the lives of others as when that person undertakes the training of children. Life's sea is full of mariners without chart or compass, mariners who are tossed hither and thither by every wave of opinion. It is not for lack of ability that so few are comparatively successful, but because the mind is not concentrated upon one thing. Emerson says: "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil, dissipation." Shall we not all strive to "have in place of aimless reverie a resolute aim," and with all our might try to accomplish our purpose? M. E. V.

He who knows the rules of wisdom without conforming to them in his life is like a man who labored in his fields but did not sow. *Saadi.*

SOUL-FOOD.

“AND let your soul delight itself in fatness.” This word of the old Hebrew seer has been playing hide-and-peek in my mind all day. He seems to think a fat soul desirable. I wonder what foods produce fat souls! Surely not the “much goods laid up for many years” that the rich man congratulated his soul upon, for he was pronounced a fool, by one who spoke with authority. Those who think they are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing are often the wretched ones, pitiable and poor and blind and naked. He who has a fat pocket-book often has a lean soul. As the old darkey said: “You ken tell how little de Lord tinks ob money by de sort ob folks he gibes it to.” But I know people with fat souls. They must have discovered the true soul-food.

One is a carpenter. He seems to be wholly absorbed with the work in hand, and yet a calm, clear light shines from his keen eyes, his lips smile and move and murmur something while he pushes the plane or drives the saw. Fitting the fragments together you get

“Thine was the prophet’s vision, thine
The exaltation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or, what it cannot find creates!”

Another is a day-laborer. Rain or shine, snow or blow he whistles and sings. I met him laboring through the drifts this very day, with its tumultuous northeaster,—but he was whistling the Pastoral Symphony! His soul rode calm and happy and careless in that storm-beaten, laboring body.

I remember a widow who had brought up a family of six children, working early and late to feed and clothe them and give them an education. Over her wash-tub I heard her say, “He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life.”

Now that I begin to recall them, how many there are! A school superintendent, who after his day’s work watches the sunset; another who rides over his country district reading Emerson’s

poems; a teacher who always has a dainty little bouquet on her desk, in the old rickety school-house full of poor French-Canadian children. I have an Irish friend who goes mossing summers, and watches the flush of the dawn, the ascending of the morning, the moon walking in brightness on the tossing waves; and then in the winter while his fellow mossers drink and gamble away their earnings he paints pictures of the summer sea. Then there is another who while haying on the marshes thought out a theory of spiritual evolution, and wrote it out for me on a brown paper bag in the barn loft while stowing hay!

The wealthy souls of such live in cheerful content, healthful and happy, knowing no leanness, no poverty, no famine. They find springs in the desert, and food in the wilderness.

“Whatever things are true, whatever things are venerable, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report,”—these things they think upon,—these their souls feed upon daily.

O, for a fat soul! I will prize Language, for then I can feast with Homer and Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe and Emerson; I will prize Music, for my ears will be opened to celestial symphonies. Drawing shall open my blind eyes, and Color shall sharpen my dull vision; the Sciences will open new worlds wherein my soul shall feed in green pastures and beside still waters.

How this poor earth with its prosaic load may be transformed!

Others may see in the mists of its valleys only fog and malaria; you may see the opalescent cloud of incense rising each morning to him who says Let there be light. Others may see only dampness and discomfort in the morning dew; you may see the grass blades jewelled with innumerable diamonds flashing the colors of the New Jerusalem. Others may see in the birds only a target; you may see in them the choirs of God, clothed with marvellous beauty, praising him who cares for you. The farmer may curse the downy everlasting which shortens his pasturage and the daisies which spoil his hay; but you may see that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the humblest flower that blows. The historian may ignore “the common people” and write only of

princes and kings; the politician may talk of the "heard" and buy and sell them like slaves; but you may see in every coarse and brutal face, in every sad and longing one, the blurred image of God, which you may help restore.

You may shovel dirt all your days if you must, or tend a tyrannous machine, or be doomed to wash dishes or sew or cook for life, or to teach a hard school at starvation wages; but you need not starve your soul, or blind your immortal spirit and bind *that* to grind in the prison house.

HENRY T. BAILEY.

Washington's Birthday, 1893.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not. *Cudworth.*

Many new years you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. This virtue, honor and knowledge alone can merit, alone can produce. *Chesterfield.*

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our actions and words all of a color. *Seneca.*

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the better your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself. *Brooks.*

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will be because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. *Longfellow.*

All thoughts that mould the age, begin
Deep down within the primitive soul;
And from the many, slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.

J. R. Lowell.

The fairest flower in the garden of Creation is the young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.

Sir J. E. Smith.

OUR MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

MANUAL training in its recent and technical sense is strictly educative in its aim. It is thoughtful use of the hands in finding the qualities of bodies, in manipulating apparatus in the study of the physical forces, and in the expression of ideas by drawing and constructing. Hence, manual training is a prominent element in all objective study and teaching.

The following principles determine the selection and arrangement of our course in wood-working.

1. The work shop, tools and work should be such as to impress the pupil with the meaning and value of skilled manual labor.

2. The objects constructed should be of practical value and be the property of the pupil.

3. The objects should be constructed from working drawings made by the pupil from the model or by invention.

4. The objects should be typical in respect to material, operations, and purpose; and should be graded according to difficulty in making them.

The order of work is as follows:

1. Study of the model,—later, the invention of the idea of the thing to be made.

2. Accurate working drawing of the model.

3. Study of the materials and tools to be used in reproducing the object.

4. Construction of the object at the bench from the drawing.

The things constructed are for the most part appliances to be used by the pupil in his school work.

The boys in the eighth grade of the Model school have begun with much enthusiasm their second term in the work shop.

A DAY ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

NOT many summers ago, I made a very delightful visit to the eastern part of Maine. Having decided to return by the day boat, I ascertained on inquiry that the boat for Portland, on the Machias line of steamers, left Machias Port at four o'clock in the morning, so I deemed it advisable to go on board in the evening, which I did, and enjoyed a comfortable night.

With the earliest dawn came certain ominous sounds; creakings, shouting of orders and blowing of whistles, by which I inferred that we were "clearing."

As the air was not very mild, few passengers found their way on deck before nine o'clock. Still something was seen of the small ports at which we stopped to take on numerous boxes of herring. I could hardly realize that no railroad connected these places with centers of trade and that, to the inhabitants of these towns the arrival of the steamer was doubly important.

After touching at Jonesport and Gouldsborough we came into a little bay literally dotted with sails. There rose before us a mountain covered with trees whose foliage was of varying shades of green. At the base of this mountain was a village beautifully laid out, having many wide streets and imposing buildings,—some of which were hotels and others private residences. The wharf was a scene of lively confusion. Many parts of the United States and Canada were represented there. I hardly needed to consult my guide-book to learn that this place was Bar Harbor.

The sun, having shone reluctantly all the morning, now withdrew entirely behind the clouds and the chill sea-breeze obliged the passengers to leave the decks.

I had brought David Copperfield with me intending to make the acquaintance of Dickens whom I had previously failed to appreciate. Poor Davie's trials and troubles so engrossed my attention that the steamer had come to a full stop before I noticed that we were at one of those pretty little harbors known as South East Harbor. The sun shone brightly and I carried away a pleasing picture of the town, the surrounding level country, fresh and green, the homely plank wharf and harmonizing all, the purpling tints of the gray old ocean.

Our course lay to the south-west, sometimes near the shore and sometimes far from it, while a sandy beach was followed by a well wooded projection of land and this in turn was succeeded by rocky cliffs. I was impressed by the sleepy quietness and picturesqueness of the places passed.

One more place arrests our attention. This is the venerable town of Castine. The steamer moves up the bay. On our left the land rises

slowly and is finally crowned by the beautiful village. The setting sun gives an added richness to the verdure and we cast lingering glances on its receding beauties as our good ship steers for Rockland.

"But the shades of night were falling fast," so we thought it best to say good-bye to the remaining attractive scenes and seek a much needed rest, trusting to the skilfulness of the pilot to bring us safe to Portland harbor. M. M. B.

THE LOVE OF POETRY.

HOW comparatively few people there are who have a love for poetry! And yet it possesses the rarest kind of beauty. It is the expression of those thoughts which the Creator has in some measure put into every human mind; and few are they to whom he has given the power to express those thoughts fittingly. Truly it bears the impress of the place whence it comes. The word poetry has beauty in its very sound. It comes from the soft southern language, and seems hardly a part of our hard Anglo-Saxon speech.

The ancient Romans had one god, Apollo, who presided over music, art and poetry. They seem to have associated each of these with the other. They were right, for in poetry there is picturing by words, in poetry there is music, and in music there is poetry.

Shakspeare has said some very bitter things about the man who has no music in his soul. Such a person is surely not what a human being should be. Everyone can, to some extent, appreciate the scene in a fine painting, though the artist's thought may not be evident. Here lies the difference between poetry and the others. It is not easily understood. It is full of hidden meaning that one must search long for, before he can find it. And that is why we do not appreciate and love the highest poetry.

The average business man will tell you that he has no time for such things; the woman of fashion has social duties to occupy her time; the busy housewife cannot think of such a thing as sparing time to read poetry. Some young people, it is true, have a love for it but they do not constitute a majority; the school-boy and school-girl tell you with an air of superiority that they do not care for

poetry. Many an individual would much rather pore over a mathematical puzzle than spend the same time with his book of poems. He will tell you that the mathematics are easier, that there is some satisfaction in the working out of a problem. But when you have puzzled out the meaning of a poem what does it amount to anyway? It is of no practical value. Ah! it were better that he had never seen a poem, than that he should gain such an opinion of poetry.

This example shows that another element must enter the love of poetry. We must have a little of the poetic spirit. Some people are blessed with this gift. Into some natures the beauties of poetry sink without effort. Such persons, though they may not be poets have the true poetic temperament. Of course to love poetry implies an understanding of it, and an understanding of it implies education to some extent.

Now it is evident that those who late in life do not appreciate poetry were not trained in this respect in their youth. The young people who assume so much superiority are not being properly trained. Let us examine ourselves in this respect. Do the majority of us love poetry? No. And have we not education enough to understand it? We will hardly admit that. The schools lack culture, we are told, and we are to carry it to them. And by instilling into the mind of the child the beauties of poetry we are helping to make him cultured and refined. If we do not love poetry ourselves, how are we to teach our pupils to love it? Impossible! How are we to acquire this love? I wish that we might all know intimately a true poet. His influence could not, I am sure, fail to inspire us with a love for poetry. Since this cannot be we must take all practical means of acquiring this boon. We must study poetry carefully; we must seek out its beauties; we must get help from those who see more clearly. For those of us who have not the poetic insight it will be hard; but if we cannot get the full draught ourselves we can, at least, love it for the pleasure it gives others.

M. E. S.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. *Jeremy Taylor.*

March 31, 1893.

NORMAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINMENT.

Citizens and Normals.

Give us your ears (and \$.35).

The N. A. A., has completed arrangements for an entertainment in the interest of the Base Ball Nine. It will be held in Assembly Hall on the evening of the above date. Entire satisfaction is guaranteed to all who attend.

The following artists have agreed to be present:

MR. EDGAR P. HOWARD,	BROCKTON
Cartoonist and Character Artist.	
MR. CARL MERRILL,	SOMERVILLE
Cornet.	
MISS EDITH MONROE,	SOMERVILLE
Contralto.	
MISS GENIE C. FULLER,	TOPSFIELD
Soprano.	
MR. GEORGE BASS,	BRIDGEWATER
Trombone.	
MISS LENA BLANCHE BLAIKIE,	SOMERVILLE
Pianist.	

NORMAL ORCHESTRA.

Tickets may be had for \$.25 and \$.35, on application to the Committee, Messrs. Carroll, Babcock, Thompson, Glover, and Swan; and at O. B. Cole's Drug Store.

EXCHANGES.

Read and study Macauley if you would learn to express yourself with strength; and Washington Irving, if you would express yourself simply and logically. *Newton High School Review.*

"Whenever I am sincerely pleased I am nourished," says Emerson. This is the concentrated philosophy of amusement; for pleasure is as potent a factor in building up a symmetrical human life as food. *High School Aegis.*

T. S. BAILEY & CO. MARK DOWN SALE.

Every Overcoat and Ulster at COST. We will make prices on suits that will please you.

We always have the LATEST STYLE HATS in stock.

T. S. BAILEY & CO.,

160 Main St., Cor. Elm, Brockton.

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown,
Or grant an honest fame, or grant me none.

The Standard.

It is intelligent humanity that is solving the problems of the ages, in elevating man, through increased knowledge, to higher planes of usefulness, of honor and happiness. *Argus.*

Michael Angelo was once explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing to a statue since his previous visit. I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, etc. "But these are trifles," remarked his friend. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." *The Academian.*

No one, who has his eyes open, can fail to notice the power wielded by the wand of fashion, how millions are under its sway. Reasonable or unreasonable, as its masters may be, they are obeyed. If fashion demands a part of the body diminished or augmented, behold, it is done. Health and modesty are secondary to fashion. The philosophy of the matter may, in a few words, be stated thus; The wisdom of the creature excels that of the Creator. *High School World.*

In order that girls should keep the health and vigor which is attained in the "gym" or by outdoor exercise, it is necessary to make numerous changes in her attire, and as a result of these changes, many girls are arrayed in dresses which are healthful and comfortable, if not always beautiful; and yet beauty should be a necessary part of her dress. One writer says that beauty, health and comfort are the three essentials in dress, but that beauty does not consist in puffs, ruffles and a wilderness of ornaments. *Old Hughes.*

Our feelings and our thoughts have for their basis our nervous system. Every time you entertain a feeling, there is an activity of the nervous system. The oftener you entertain a feeling, the more readily you entertain it, because there is a habit formed in the very nerves that are in action when the feeling is experienced.

You see, then, that gradually as we form our characters, we, at the same time, form a certain modification of the nervous system. It is that change that makes it so difficult in after years to change your habits. It makes a serious difference to us as to what habits we are forming. A man's character becomes chiseled on his face in age; we cannot keep from other people certain things we have done. The thing carves itself on the face, and everyone knows we have done it at some time. If you are suspicious, your face, your voice, your manners are set, and men will not trust you. Our character is engraved on our faces, on the very muscles of our bodies. *The Academy.*

Other exchanges received: *The Rugbians. Acadia Athenaeum. Academy Monthly. The High School Record. Jabberwock. Central College Gem. The Oracle.*

PERSONALS.

—We hope that Miss Howe will soon be able to resume her work with us.

—'90. Miss Mary Emma Vining is teaching in South Braintree, Mass.

—Sections B, H, K and I, have had their pictures taken in the Gymnasium.

—'92. Miss May Evelyn Barker is teaching in the training school, Manchester, N. H.

—'93. Miss Sarah E. Bailey is teaching in Pottersville, Mass., in the grammar school.

—Miss Effie Luther of the Senior Class, has been ill, and is not yet able to attend school.

—'91. Miss May Cobb has been obliged to give up teaching, and has gone South for her health.

—'92. Miss Mabel Padelford has been obliged to give up teaching on account of having the measles.

—At a concert given Feb. 25th in the town hall, Miss C. C. Prince sang, Misses Doten and Upton played a violin duett, and the Normal Orchestra gave selections.

HINTS ON DRESSING.

TO be well dressed is to be dressed precisely as the occasion, place, weather, your height, figure, position, age, and your means require. It is to be clothed without peculiarity, pretension, or eccentricity, without violent colors, elaborate ornaments, or senseless fashion. Good dressing requires a man to be scrupulously neat, clean and fresh, and to carry his clothes as if he did not give them a thought. We have on hand at all times a very large assortment of Clothing Ready Made suitable for every kind of wear, adapted to men of every shape and size, and in styles that cannot be found in small houses where their assortment is limited, and we are confident that visitors to our store can find clothing upon our counters that will fully meet their requirements. We earnestly solicit you to call upon

HOWARD & CALDWELL, 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.

—Miss Emily Kate Herron, who took a special course here, 1891-92, is now teaching in Hampton, Virginia.

—Mr. Robert O'Brien has been appointed Executive Clerk at the White House, by President Cleveland.

—The engagement of Miss Elmira Curtis Mayo '91 to Mr. Dudley of Whitonville, Mass., has been announced.

—'93. Miss Annie G. Farrar has been substituting in the primary grades of the school at Bridgewater Iron Works.

—'91. Miss Louise Keith has been at her home in East Bridgewater two weeks, not being able to teach on account of having the mumps.

—We are glad to know that Mrs. A. G. Boyden is recovering her strength, and hope that the spring weather will do much to restore her to her former health.

—March 7th the class of '93 held a meeting, at which it was decided that Davis and Howard should be class-photographer. All desiring tickets for photographs at class rates, apply to Miss Starret, Secretary.

—Among the visitors this month have been noticed Miss Abbie Weston, Miss DeNormandie, Miss Gains, the Misses Holmes, Miss Lizzie Hammett of the Fall River Training School, Miss Alice Hammett of Newport, and Misses Robinson and Wood, teachers in the Rhode Island Normal School.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

IN GEOMETRY.

Gin a straight line meet a straight line,
In geometry;
Gin those two lines make an angle,
Is that aught to me?
Every straight line is a straight line—
That is plain to see—
And where on earth's the use of proving
What we know must be?
Gin some planes do meet together
In this world of woe,
And make a polyhedral angle—
Faith, it may be so—
But when 'tis put to a poor Junior
How and why to show,
'Tis hard lines—tho' it seems so plain
To all who chance to know.

—The man with a long head is rarely headlong.

—The first college paper was published at Dartmouth college with Daniel Webster as editor. *Ex.*

—Quotation selected from Hamlet by a Junior:
"Throw Physics to the dogs: We'll have none of it."

—"I call that setting me a bad example," said the school-boy when his teacher told him to divide 7-19 by 6-47.

—Teacher: "For what is Switzerland noted?"

Pupil (after a pause): "Sweitzer kase."

"Yes, but for something much more grand, awe inspiring and majestic. Try again."

(Making another effort). "Limburger."

The Fisk Teachers' Agencies.

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors.

PRESIDENT, Everett O. Fisk, 4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. *MANAGERS*, W. B. Herrick, 4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.
H. E. Crocker, 70 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y. B. F. Clark, 106 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill. I. C. Hicks, 132 1-2 First St., Portland, Oregon.
C. C. Boynton, 120 1-2 South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GO to the
BRIDGEWATER BAKERY,
Fresh Cakes. Coconut Cakes. Pickled
Pies. Macaroons. Fine Chocolate. Limes.
FRIEND & CRONK.
Proprietors.

WE
Make
a
Specialty of
Fancy Goods and Stationery
Give us a call.

D. L. BODFISH,
CENTRAL SQUARE, BRIDGEWATER.

R. J. CASEY,
PRACTICAL HAIR CUTTER.
LADIES' HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING.
BROAD ST., BRIDGEWATER, MASS.
AG'T FOR TAUNTON STEAM LAUNDRY.

Anyone wishing views of
the School Buildings,
can find them at my Studio.

L. H. HARLOW, Photographer.
BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Artists' Materials.

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Drafting Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS

FINE COLORS, BRUSHES, DRAWING PAPERS,
CANVAS, EASELS, PANELS,
SKETCH BOXES, ETC.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND, & CO.,

82 and 84 Washington St., Boston. 263, 265 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
Special rates to Teachers and Academies.

FROST & ADAMS,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers In
Artists' Materials,
37 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Drawing Materials,
Mathematical Instruments,
Art Novelties, Etc.

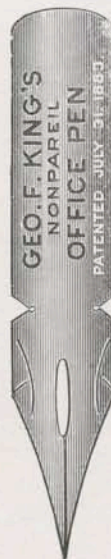
Picture framing a Specialty.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and mention this paper
Special rates to Teachers and Academies.

Bridgewater and
Normal School,
SOUVENIR SPOONS.

— AT —

H. A. CLARK'S,
Central Square, Bridgewater.



Use King's Nonpareil PENS.

9 DIFFERENT STYLES
Superior to all others.

Price, \$1.00 per Gross. 11 Gross for \$10.
Mailed Free of Postage.

¼ gross, assorted, of our many grades
sent on receipt of 25 cents as samples.

Office of Hinman's Business College, 424
Main st., Worcester, Mass., Feb. 9, 1886.

GEO. F. KING.—Dear Sir:

Your "Nonpareil Office Pen" is one of the
best for business writing that I have ever used.

During twenty years as a professional pen-
man I have been very particular in the choice
of pens, and I regard your "Nonpareil" as
meriting special praise. Yours, A.H.HINMAN

Geo. F. King and Merrill,
29 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

THE NORMAL OFFERING.

Eastern Teachers' Agency.

50 Bromfield Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

Bridgewater Graduates wanted for good positions. E. F. Foster, Manager.

CALL AT

CRANE
&
BURRILL'S

when you are in want of FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY,
NUTS, FIGS, DATES ETC. 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,

A Complete Line of musical merchandise
and latest publications always in stock.

PIANOS, ORGANS,
AND
STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

For sale and to rent.

107 MAIN ST. BROCKTON.

CLARK'S BLOCK

84

MAIN STREET.

Beals & Orcutt

RETAIL
SHOE
DEALERS.

We will make a 10 per cent discount
To Normal Teachers and Scholars.

DR. C. J. MERCER,
DENTIST.

Office: Mitchell's Block, Central Square,
BRIDGEWATER.

Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5.



A full line of
Ladies' and Gent's Gymnasium
Shoes in Stock.
Adopted shoe of the
Boston Athletic Association.
R. FERGUSON.



A Pound of Candy Free

For the best advertisement of our goods adapted
to the wants of Normal Students, to fill this space

Let Every Student Compete.

WILCOX BROS., Pharmacists.

F. S. Faxon, D. D. S. C. E. Perkins, D. M. D.

DRS. FAXON & PERKINS,

Dental Parlors,

147 MAIN STREET,
BROCKTON, - - MASS.

MacDonnells

STAINLESS

BLACK

STOCKINGS

AT

29^c

Are the best value in
BOSTON.

Mending Cotton Free.

TRY A PAIR.

MacDonnell's

Glove Store,

86 Tremont Street,
BOSTON.

Mailed FREE on receipt of price.