

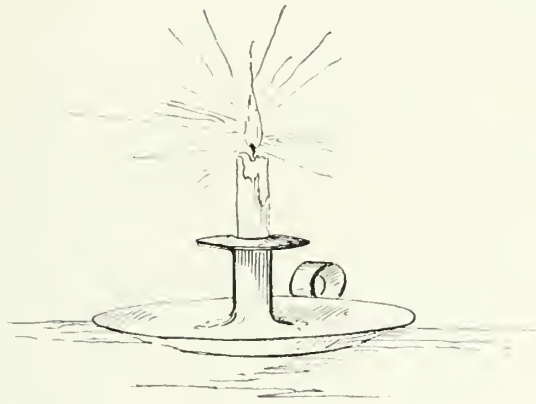
YEAR BOOK



SALEM STATE
NORMAL SCHOOL

The Year Book

1918



Published by the Senior Class
Salem State Normal School

We dedicate our book to
him whose sympathy and
great heartedness are our
unending inspiration,
Dr. Archibald



THE STAFF



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Our Year Book goes the way of all books today—the way of the war. We have no desire to glorify war; we do not want to emphasize its hideousness, nor are we dazzled by any fascinating glamour it may present. But the war is our business at present; it affects our happiness, our beliefs, our whole lives. We cannot ignore a thing which is so essentially a part of us; rather, we must know it well, and reckon with it. For that reason, we remind you of our classmates and alumni who are in the midst of the war, and we publish a list of war literature which we hope may be a means of bringing all of us in closer sympathy with them and with the ideals for which they stand. In other ways, also, the war atmosphere pervades our book. We would not have it otherwise.

The members of the Year Book Staff express their appreciation and gratitude to all the faculty members, classmates, and undergraduates who have helped to make possible the success of the year book of 1918.

M. A. H.

Spring
Is coming.
Hark!
'Tis the voice of the lark.
Singing because Winter's gone,
Singing because it is morn,
Singing because Spring is born.
Hark!
'Tis the voice of the lark.
Spring
Is coming.

G. E. F.

Ode to the Salem Normal School

Salem Normal, fair, we hail thee!
We, thy children,—gathered here;
For our schooldays now are ended
And the time of parting's near.
Many lessons we have learned here
As we daily came to thee,—
Many lessons with our pleasures,
That will live in memory.

Salem Normal, fair, we thank thee!
For thy blessing and thy care,
For the knowledge we have gained here,
For the friendships that we share,
All the hopes that flood our future,
All the victories we attain;
For the fruits of earnest labor
We have garnered in thy name.

Salem Normal, dear, we leave thee—
For 'tis time to say farewell,
But we never shall forget thee,
Tho' Time weave his mystic spell;
And no matter where we wander,
Or where'er our lot is cast,
All our hearts will turn to Salem,
And our friendships of the past.

M. I. A.

Class Officers



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PRESIDENT



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SECRETARY



GERTRUDE O'DONNELL
TREASURER

The History of the Class of 1918

1915—1916

On one bright morning in the early part of September, the ninth day of the month, to be specific,—and “specificness” is a desirable thing, as we have learned from sad experience,—twenty-two young women and men, almost all strangers to one another, arrived in a strange land. Who were these young people? They were no less reputed persons than the pioneers of the class of nineteen eighteen, and the place of their arrival was no other than the State Normal School at Salem, Massachusetts.

Emerson says: “Go where he will, the wise man is at home.” Although we hold Emerson in the highest esteem, when we, who were among those strangers, first greeted the Salem Normal School, we were inclined to disagree with him slightly on this point, for our wisdom had always been unquestionable, at least in our own minds, and still most of us felt far from “at home.” We were not alone in our misfortune, however, for that year three new members were added to the faculty—Miss Flanders, as assistant in geography; Miss Terrill, in charge of the history department; and Miss Inglis, as assistant in English and history. It was evident from their actions that they were quite as much at sea as we were. Happily, though, we had all heard the maxim, “In Rome, do as the Romans do,” and we used it to advantage—so successfully, indeed, that we were sometimes mistaken for seniors.

After the newness of the place had worn off, we began to think about governing ourselves, and, on the twentieth of October, with much noise and tumult, we elected our class officers. The class of which we formed a small part was large and jolly; we did not feel isolated during our first year.

The year was one of great social as well as mental activity. Junior One set the ball rolling with their Hallowe'en party. In quick succession followed the Senior-Junior reception, held on the twelfth day of November, at which we all had a delightful time. During the year, each of the five divisions of the class had the customary number of parties, ranging in variety from the more plebeian type of amusement, a cabaret party, to the more refined and high sounding diversion, a Robin Hood Tea.

One event of the year which interested the school at large was the girls' basketball game played between the seniors and the juniors on April seventeenth. Everything was done to make the best of this game. The Main Hall was decorated with red and white for the seniors, and with green and white for the juniors. The seniors wore red boleros and the juniors wore green capes. The only thing about it that was a little disconcerting to us, was that the seniors were victorious, and unfortunately, since basketball has been given up, we have not had an opportunity since to retrieve our reputation.

Another event of general interest was the Glee Club Concert with the Framingham Glee Club, which was followed at a later date by an equally enjoyable one with the Glee Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the course of the year, we had the pleasure of two visits from Mr. Hubbard, a great favorite at the Salem Normal School, who delighted us with “Jewels of the Madonna” and “The Mastersingers.”

We went on the usual field trips to the gravel pit, the glacial region, Forest River, and Devereux Beach, where we listened to the poem “I am the rock,” as our predecessors had done for years before, and as our successors will do for generations to

come. Of the numerous lectures which were delivered at the school during the year, it would be impossible to give any detailed account. It is sufficient for us to say that all were instructive and interesting, especially when they took the place of a recitation period,—not that we wanted to skip a recitation, oh no! but just for variety's sake!

The time sped rapidly, and, almost before we realized it, June had come, and with it the closing of school, which was not altogether unwelcome. At this time, Miss Morse and Miss Johnson resigned their positions to be married, and Mr. Sproul of the commercial department accepted a position on the Pacific Coast.

1916—1917.

September was not long in returning, and, on one extremely unpleasant day, the seventh of the month, our group of twenty-two wended our way with more or less alacrity to the Salem Normal School to resume our preparation for teaching. We were now isolated from the class to which we belonged to become "intermediates", and we settled down for a two years' stay. The rest of the class joyfully began their last year. As this portion of the class does not form a part of the Class of 1918, we shall have nothing more to say about them, except that they often annoyed us by their superior airs, as if to make us feel that we were incapable of "finishing" in two years.

On the opening day, a hundred and forty fresh young damsels—and no men—entered the school, and they were to graduate at the same time that we did—the faculty willing. These new strangers arrived with their spirits somewhat dampened by the drizzling rain, the unfamiliar aspect of the building, and the turbulent gayety of those who were greeting their friends from whom they had been long separated. Another teacher had been added to the faculty, Miss Ayer, as assistant in reading and arithmetic.

The first important social event of the school year was the Senior-Junior reception, which was a source of great pleasure to us all.

During the year we were fortunate enough to have Mr. Hubbard with us twice. On December eighth, he gave "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and on February second, "André Chénier." Both of these concerts were received by all with enthusiasm. Early in the year, Dr. P. P. Claxton, the United States Commissioner of Education, spoke to us on "Professional Service." His address was one of the most helpful and inspiring to which we have ever listened at the normal school.

On February ninth we entertained the senior class at a reception. Books and lessons sank into temporary oblivion, and we all gave ourselves up to the thorough enjoyment of a delightful afternoon. In the evening the Glee Club gave a concert which furnished an appropriate finale for an enjoyable day.

A short time after this, "Junior Two," who still clung to their "baby" name, manifested their social propensities by giving an entertainment of varied program to the whole school.

At the very beginning of our history course Miss Inglis had acquainted us with Professor Johnson of Columbia College, and had inspired in us greatest admiration for him, and filled us with curiosity concerning him. On May twenty-first, the much esteemed Professor Johnson visited our school. He spoke to us on the Webster-Hayne Debate, and, after hearing him, we ceased to wonder why Miss Inglis and Miss Terrill "raved" about him so incessantly.

Division parties, charity balls, and basketball games occupied the attention of those of us who were most socially inclined, and supplied the much needed variety in our otherwise studious life. Toward the end of the school year we had an enter-

taining exhibition of English dancing given by Miss Lily Roberts of Stratford-on-Avon, England. She and her companions did Morris dances, country dances, and sword dances.

Like the previous one, this year fled at a rapid rate and soon,—much to our chagrin, of course,—graduation came, and with it, the closing of school. At the graduation exercises, we had an excellent address on "The Element of the Individual," delivered by Dr. Payson Smith, the State Commissioner of Education. After the exercises, we took leave of the normal school for a short time.

1917—1918.

September sixth, the opening day of the next school year, dawned, a bright, blue day, and brought us back for our final draught at the fountain of knowledge. This year we were all seniors, entirely familiar with our surroundings, with the laws and precedents of the school, and entitled to the respect of all around us. We smiled to our heart's content at the dazed faces of the unsophisticated juniors, forgetting altogether our own perplexity on our initial day.

This year there were several changes in the faculty. Miss Ayer had resigned to be married, and Miss Sperry of Amesbury had come to fill her place. Miss Terrill and Miss Inglis had also submitted their resignations to take other positions. Mr. Roth had taken a part of the history work, and Miss Fitzhugh was taking Miss Inglis's place. Mr. Allen had charge of the psychology department in the normal school. Mr. Wallace had become director of the training school. Miss Knobel had left the eighth grade to accept a position in Montana, and Miss Richardson, who had once before been one of the faculty, returned to fill her place. Miss Childs gave up the domestic science to return to Boston, and Miss Breitzke assumed charge of that department. Miss Walker of Lynn, a graduate of the Salem Normal School, came to take a special class; and Miss Marion Knowlton, also a graduate, came to assist Miss James and Miss Perham.

The Senior-Junior reception held on November first was the first noteworthy social event of the year. A very interesting program, which complied in every respect with the spirit of economy now prevalent, was carried out, and every one had a jolly time.

At Christmas time we had an entertainment which our principal pronounced one of the finest ever given in the school. Everybody endorsed his statement. There was a solo by Mr. Archibald, and the Glee Club and the eighth grade pupils of the training school sang carols. A group of girls gave a Christmas masque, "St. George and the Dragon," which was intensely exciting.

Things in general went on in the same way as they had in the two preceding years with division parties, basket-ball games, and lectures relieving the monotony of daily life. Mr. Roth gave short weekly talks on current events to the whole school every Friday morning before the chorus period, and, in accordance with the spirit of the times, lectures have been given at intervals on food conservation.

Conspicuous in the annals of the Salem Normal stands out the raising of the service flag bearing twenty-one stars in honor of the twenty-one Salem Normal men who have responded to the summons of their country. The exercises which attended the raising of the flag were simple and effective, and the event will always be remembered by those who were present.

A joint concert of the Salem Normal Glee Club and the Framingham Glee Club was held on March fifteenth, and another took place with the Glee Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Both concerts were excellent and were enjoyed by all who attended them.

The Junior-Senior reception was given on April fifth—a little late, to be sure.

Although it had been deferred again and again, we all had the usual merry time.

The days of our stay at the normal school went swiftly by and we had to say, "good-bye" for the last time, but with reluctance, for although these days were filled with duties, they were not devoid of pleasure; although our tasks were sometimes numerous and difficult, our work was lightened by the companionship and the sympathy of all around us. We felt that we were working together for a common end of unquestionable worth. Then there were numerous times when we could forget our duties as prospective teachers and enjoy ourselves together as children. On the whole, our days were supremely happy ones, and we shall always look back with fond recollections to the hours spent at the Salem Normal School.

A. T. S.

FAREWELL

As the days of our stay at the Normal School
Fewer and fewer grow,
And the time is fast approaching
When from its doors we go,
We begin indeed to ponder
On the days that we have spent
With our dear old Alma Mater
And the joys those days have meant.

For although we have oft been weary,
And, at certain times, have thought
That the most unfortunate duties
Fall always to our lot,
In our saner, brighter moments,
We fully realize
It was well worth all our efforts
To capture such a prize.

For it is indeed a privilege,
Which no one can disdain,
To be allowed to help e'en one
Some worthy thought to gain,
To make the lives around us
More noble and more bright,
And to give unto the groping mind
The wisdom which is light.

A. T. S.

Who's Who in the Class of 1918

Elementary Seniors



GERTRUDE MARY AGNEW

GERT

377 Chestnut St., East Lynn

May 8

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Gert seems so serious! We all know her better than that, however; it's the classroom atmosphere. "Speak for yourself, Gert."

Special Aid



HILDA A. ANDERSON

HILDA

176 Green St., Cambridge

Oct. 19

*"She teaches us that in life's walk
'Tis better to let others talk."*

Hilda has never been accused of being noisy or out of order. She should have been christened "Silence." It is a pity she lets her lessons slide so!

Special Aid



MADELINE INGEGARD ANDERSON

MADELINE

22 Hanover St., Lynn

Nov. 17

"I speak in a monstrous little voice."

The prodigy of Senior One! How Madeline can be so learned none of us can see, for she never does any work and never takes any notes in class.— Her note-book is only ten by twelve!

Associate Editor of Year Book

Special Aid



MARJORIE JOHNSON BEERS

MARJORIE

201 School St., Somerville

May 10

*"She's always busy at a number of things.
She studies and works, and works and sings."*

Marjorie does everything well, and has a lot of pluck and ambition. She is sure to forge ahead.

Associate Editor of Year Book.

Special Aid

JENNIE EDITH BINSKY

JENNIE

130 Congress Ave., Chelsea

Dec. 22

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

Jennie certainly can talk. Many times in science we have breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. Whitman called unexpectedly. "Miss Binsky."

Glee Club 1917-18

Special Aid



ELEANOR SMITH BOOMHOVER

BROOMSTICK

2 Mt. Vernon St., Middleton

Nov. 22

"Who says little, has little to answer for."

Although Eleanor is usually so quiet, we listen attentively when she begins to speak.

Pitman Citizenship Club

Special Aid



HELEN DOROTHY BOWER

BOWSER

32 Stevens St., Methuen

Aug. 15

*"Look, she's winding up the watch of her wit;
By and by it will strike."*

What would the class ever have done without "Bowser"? "All is quiet along the Potomac," when suddenly, just at the psychological moment, Helen thinks of something funny—and says it.

Special Aid



AGNES THERESA BRESNAHAN

AGNES

110 Essex St., Lynn

Aug. 30

"A maid of grace and complete majesty."

Miss Warren apparently thinks so, Agnes. Why tremble so before recitations? That disarming smile will get you by anywhere.

Special Aid



DOROTHY HAZEL BROWN

D. HAZEL

10 Blynman Ave., Gloucester

May 30

*"And many strokes though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak."*

Hazel must be congratulated on her work in the special fourth. We are convinced that fish is brain food, since Hazel comes from Gloucester.

Special Aid





HELEN F. BROWN

SVE

48 High St., Methuen

Aug. 11

"Crawling like a snail unwillingly to school."

As far as we know, Helen is always looking forward to the next week end, when she can shake the dust of Salem from her feet. She is always full of fun, and "preparedness" is her motto.

Special Aid



MAUDE BROWN

MAUDE

54 Oliver St., Malden

Feb. 5

"Exhausting thought and living wisdom with each studious hour."

Maude has formed a habit of losing her voice. We hope that some day, when she finds it, that she will "hang on" to it, for we miss her learned remarks.

Art Club 1917

Cooking Class 1918

Bird Club 1917

Special Aid



PATIENCE F. BROWNE

BROWNIE

26 Manning St., Medford

Aug. 22

*"Her laughing eyes and curly hair,
Make her a favorite everywhere."*

Every one loves Patience on account of her name. She is one of the great "bouncers" down in the gym.

Glee Club 1917-18

Special Aid



VILMA BRYANT

VILMA

54 Albano St., Roslindale

May 7

*"Yet a little more slumber, a little more sleep, a little more folding
of the hands to rest."*

Recitations mean nothing in Vilma's young life. If she feels like a nap, a nap she takes. We beseech the faculty to remember her early rising and forgive her slumber periods.

Special Aid



ISABELLE R. CARR

ISABELLE

79 Elm St., Charlestown

Aug. 3

"Cudgel thy brains no more about it."

Isabelle is always ready to give this advice, but we notice that her "brains" are "cudgeled" all right when nobody is looking.

Senior Reception Committee 1917

Special Aid

GRACE C. CAVANAUGH

GRACE

13 Cedar St., Lynn

July 24

"It is well to be merry and wise."

We suspect that Grace is somewhat of a grind, but we like her none the less. The bits of information which she has cheerfully and unsuspectingly offered us have saved us from many a D!

Special Aid



MARY FRANCES CHERBUY

MARY

54 Wyman St., Lynn

Feb. 10

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

Mary is an all-round good companion. If every cloud has a silver lining, we are sure that we have seen only the linings of Mary's clouds.

Senior Civic Club

Special Aid

Associate Editor of Year Book



ELSA TOWNSHEND CHRISTIAN

ELSIE

41 North Franklin St., Lynn

March 3

*"Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy."*

Elsie knows all about authors. Ask her anything concerning Horatio Alger. Her power for argument is not measured by her size.

Special Aid



LILLIAN BURT COX

LILLIAN

51 Clifton Park, Melrose Highlands

May 21

"We are charmed by thy neatness of person."

Lillian is the pride of the training school. Why shouldn't she be? Her personality and her "schoolma'am" abilities make her popular. Probably that is why she "gets by" so easily.

Cooking Class 1918

Special Aid



FLORENCE LOUISE CRAIG

FLORABELLE

18 Relay St., Lynn

Jan. 10

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe."*

Florence is "some" optimist. But even Florence grows pessimistic as she sees another dime vanish every Monday morning. It is even reported that her studies have been neglected in an attempt to discover where those dimes go.

Special Aid

Tennis Club 1917





MARY GERTRUDE DAVEY

MARY

28 Bow St., Salem

May 14

*"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"*

Mary is the girl who is absolutely independent of notebooks. She succeeds once in a while in sandwiching in a little pleasure, but she must be classed as one of our grinds.

Cooking Class 1918

Special Aid



GRACE K. DOWLING

GRACIOUS

20 Lyman St., Beverly

Dec. 25

"One may smile and smile and yet be a villain."

9.29 A. M.—A big noise! Oh! it's only Grace; she allows not more than one minute to land in her seat before roll call.

Assistant Librarian of Glee Club 1918

Special Aid

Pitman Citizenship Club 1918



MARION H. DOW

MARION

12 Parker St., Newburyport

July 30

"God made the country and man made the town."

Too bad he made the town quite so far from the country, wasn't it, Marion? Especially during those cold spells when you were "snowed in."

Art Club 1917

Special Aid



MARY ELIZABETH ELLIS

MULLIE

8 Stevens St., Peabody

July 21

"Good sense and good humor are ever joined."

Perhaps Mary is not responsible for the continual smiles which wreath her face, but surely she must have some share in the amount of tact which she carried to the training school.

Special Aid

Basket Ball Team 1917



M. MILDRED ERWIN

MIL

45 Warner St., Gloucester

Sept. 24

"When a great thought strikes along her brain it blushes all her cheek."

A little country lass, well educated in agriculture, and famed for her A's in nature study. Hold on to them, Mil; they are rare gems that may sparkle sometime.

Special Aid

MARY C. FOX

MARY

28 Linden St., Somerville

Oct. 29

"Ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary."

Therefore, Mary, stop poring over time tables and hoping that school will "let out" in time for you to get an early train.

Special Aid



GRACE ETHELYN FULLER

ETH

45 South Main St., Middleton

Feb. 23

*"A child's among ye, taking notes
And faith, some day she'll print them."*

Ethelyn is especially noted for her orderly note-book.—Shuffle! Shuffle! "I can't find that paper, but I know it's here," is Eth's daily remark.

Glee Club 1917-18

Pitman Citizenship Club

Special Aid



FRANCES MARY GARVEY

FLAN

6 Parker Court, Gloucester

May 11

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed
the midnight oil?"*

We do not need to see Frances's notebook in order to prove that she does her lessons. By the questions she asks us before school, we are all sure that she will entertain us in class.

Member of Ring Committee 1918

Special Aid

Vice-President of Junior Class.



LUCIE ISABEL GLASS

LUCIE EYE GLASS

115 Chatham St., East Lynn

July 11

"Such joy ambition finds."

We shall have to hand Lucie a medal for ambition. And such joy! Why, we hear that she is glad even when vacation comes, but this is unofficial.

Special Aid



GRACE PACKARD GLIDDEN

GRACE

20 Highland Ave., Beverly

May 27

*"I am no orator as Brutus is;
I only talk right on."*

Besides giving talks on "bees and their ways," Grace usually sets the styles for the year in regard to clothes.

Cooking Class 1918

Special Aid





ANNA LILLIAN GOLD

ANNA

46 Leach St., Salem

July 29

"Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought."

Anna should have a regular "hot-house" of flowers at this rate. She would take the "booby" prize at any "silence" contest. Never mind, Anna, with all your faults, we'd love you *still*.

Glee Club 1917-18

Special Aid



DEBORAH GOLDMAN

DEB

57 Almont St., Malden

March 1

"Thrice armed is he who hath a quarrel just."

What would our history lessons have been if "Deb" hadn't been there, armed with some new point of view? And she could carry a point home, too.

Pitman Citizenship Club

Special Aid



MARGARET TERESA GRIFFIN

MARGARET

80 Bridge St., Salem

April 16

"Silence as deep as eternity."

No, Margaret isn't taciturn; she just believes in being silent, and then glories in astonishing the literature class by coming out with a gory, revolutionary remark. Many a time quiet Margaret has caused us to gasp and stare!

Special Aid



MARGARET L. HEWITT

MARDIE

55 Capitol St., Watertown

Oct. 29

"Well-cursed in the art of self-excuse."

There is a girl in our class

Who's late 'most every day

But her excuse is always good:

"I was blocked in the new subway."

Glee Club 1916-18

Special Aid



GRACE E. HOWARD

SALLY

10 Perley St., West Lynn

Sept. 26

"As headstrong as an alligator on the banks of the Nile."

"I don't see why." This is Sally's old story. Neither do we see why she persists in walking into showers with her skirt on.

Special Aid

RUTH A. HUMPHREY

RUTH

4 Bristol St., Salem

March 23

*"The end and the beginning vex
Her reason, many things perplex
With motions, checks, and counter checks."*

We have many times thanked our lucky stars, Ruth, for your inquiring mind, especially when we have come into class, not exactly unprepared, but perhaps not quite sure—for example, upon the evolution question!

Art Club

Student Council

Secretary Senior Civics Club

Special Aid



ANNIE M. KELLEHER

ANNE

74 Center St., Malden

March 7

*"If it were done, when 'tis done,
Then 'twere well it were done quickly."*

Annie has always been a mystery to us all. She has her lessons done so far ahead that she is in danger of forgetting them before they become due.

Special Aid



MARGARET V. LAMB

MARGARET

34 Crescent St., Somerville

July 4

*"With executive ability
And amiable civility,
She manages us all."*

Of all the "all round" girls, Margaret is the best. She is always good-natured and as a money collector she is a wonder to us all. Her "train-luncheons" are famous on the "B and M."

Class Secretary 1918

Glee Club 1917-18



ANNA C. LAWLOR

ANNA

60 Purchase St., Danvers

Jan. 24

"Cheerful at all times."

Anna is sometimes a trifle late about getting home from school o' nights. Rumor has it that she has not been studying all the time, but of course she has been.

Special Aid



NORA H. LEARY

12 Woodland St., Newburyport

Aug. 26

*"And still they gazed
And still the wonder grew
That one small head
Could carry all she knew."*

Nora puzzles the school by apparently doing nothing, yet always knowing everything. We wish Nora would give us a few hints on how she does it.

Special Aid

Associate Editor of Year Book





ALICE A. LIBBEY

ALICE

20 Chandler St., Somerville

Aug. 30

*"One could mark her merry nature
By the twinkle in her eye."*

Not only the twinkle, but the becoming blush is evident. How valuable are her opinions in the literature class!

Senior Nominating Committee

Special Aid

Associate Editor of Year Book



DOROTHY S. LOVEWELL

DOT

9 Bartlett Ave., Arlington

June 1

"Come day, go day, God send Friday."

Dot usually loses all her lovely "grace" on Friday because this is "Arlington day." Dot is noted for her dignity; but where was your dignity, Dot, the night the mouse paid you the visit?

Glee Club 1917-18

Special Aid



MARION HANNAN MACK

MARION

12 Barr St., Salem

Aug. 7

*"She looks as clear
As morning roses newly
Washed with dew."*

Marion shines in "gym", but when it comes to explaining reflex cameras in science, her chances are slim.

Associate Editor of Year Book Executive Board of Special Aid

Member of Ring Committee 1918



IRENE WHITE MACLEAN

IRENE

11 Mill St. Place, Revere

June 15

"Youth must have its fling, so tra-la-la!"

Another burner of the midnight oil, another fanatic poring feverishly over her text-books! Scorn not thus all worldly pleasures, Irene,—spare a moment now and then for a bit of recreation.

Special Aid



MARY TERESA McCARTY

M. T.

246 School St., Somerville

Aug. 2

*"Carefree, gay and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung."*

Even into the small, still hours of early morning one can see a bright light gleaming from Mary's window. Inside Mary, Mary the grind, is poring over her books,—perhaps!

Executive Board Special Aid 1918

MAUDE AGNES McDONALD

AGNES

Goodale St., West Peabody

Dec. 17

"Would that I had a chance to tell all that I know!"

Although Maud is often heard complaining, this fault is offset by her dry humor.

Special Aid



ROSE B. McKENNA

ROSE

14 May St., Salem

July 15

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Rose doesn't waste any words. We often wonder of what (or whom) she may be thinking.

Special Aid



ALICE C. McLAUGHLIN

ALICE

16 Everett Ave., Somerville

July 7

*"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses."*

It would be easy to pretend the class were children if all could be as childlike as Alice.

Special Aid



MARY AGNES McLAUGHLIN

MARY

70 Reed Ave., Everett

Feb. 12

*"For if she will she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."*

What should we ever do if we didn't have Mary to ask the whys and wherefores? She knows all there is to know about science, and nature study is pure delight to her. Don't be so noisy, Mary!

Special Aid



GRACE HENDERSON MITCHELL

GRACE

108 Essex St., Lynn

Nov. 6

"Though gentle yet not dull."

Grace, you have been one of our stand-bys. When our own thought and ingenuity were not sufficient to understand an English assignment, to whom did we go?

Special Aid





GLADYS LILLIAN MITCHELL

GLADYS

48 Lowell St., Lynn

Feb. 22

*"And her modest answer and pleasant air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*

Gladys is "one of us." In spite of her A's, she's human; proof.—she is always nice about helping her more stupid classmates.

Special Aid



DORIS E. NEALE

DORIS

10 Tuttle St., Cliftondale

June 12

"I am nothing if not critical."

Doris is a typical "school ma'am," for her statements are always precise. Remember, Doris, when you are dealing with children that Shakespeare never repeats.

Cooking Class 1918

Student Council 1917



EMMA CECELIA NELSON

EMMA

18 Myrtle St., Beverly

Jan. 12

"She tells you flatly what her mind is."

When you want an authority on science, see Emma. We understand that she is to take up nursing after graduation. We wish her all success!

Glee Club 1916-18

Ring Committee 1917

Special Aid



FLORENCE T. NEWMAN

FLORENCE

36 Forrester St., Salem

Sept. 13

*"And as soon as one dance has come to a close,
Another begins and each merrily goes."*

We all think that Florence was a Spanish dancer in her previous incarnation. She is still wondering why some of the tall children in the training school write so small: "They ought to write large to be consistent with their height."

Glee Club 1916-18

Special Aid



FRANCES IRENE NORIE

FRANCES

61 Norwood Ave., Manchester

June 12

"Perchance she hath a lofty mind, a gift of genius rare."

What with corresponding with people in France, Ayer, and Manchester, Frances is kept busy. Other things are secondary.

Cooking Class 1918

Special Aid

GERTRUDE O'DONNELL

DEARIE

65 Mall St., Lynn

Nov. 7

"She does nothing in particular and does it well."

We all know that there must be something the matter when Gertrude stops laughing. Nevertheless she uses her mirth to good advantage by singing in the "Glee Club" and keeping in all of its concerts. Keep on laughing, "Dearie," we all like it.

Senior Class Treasurer
Tennis Champion 1917

Glee Club 1916-18
Special Aid



AGNES G. ORDWAY

AGNES

4 Story Ave., Beverly

Apr. 7

"While there's life there's hope."

Agnes just loves to leave home in the morning and start off for school. All the way over she dreams happily of the joyous day before her, and when the short, gay day is ended, she murmurs, "Ah, it was even better than my fondest hopes!"

Special Aid



BEATRICE WOODBURY PEDRICK

BEE

Bay Road, Rowley

June 10

"Little we see in Nature that is ours."

Not so with Beatrice. Talk of bees and she has watched the hive at work. Talk of birds and they feed from her hand every morning. There is even a rumor that she is a forty-ninth cousin of Mother Nature.

Special Aid



ANGELA M. PERRON

"ANGIE"

29 Crocker St., Somerville

Jan. 2

*"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity."*

Angie is heard long before she can be seen, but how we love her! She sees a joke in everything. She has also executive ability, and therefore she is on every committee.

Vice-President of Special Aid
Associate Editor of Year Book

Tennis Club 1917
Senior Nominating Committee



SADIE E. PERRY

"BROWNIE"

18 Franklin Place, Revere

Apr. 27

"To bed! to bed!" says Sleepy-head."

Sadie manages, between playing the piano and taking cat naps, to exert her hypnotic influence on unsuspecting subjects.

Glee Club 1916-18

Cooking Class 1918

Special Aid





LAURA I. PORTER

LAURA

5 Netherton Ave., Beverly

April 14

"Then she will talk—ye gods, how she will talk!"

Laura is one of the conspicuous members of Senior Four. When the recitations lack sufficient information, she is sure to have plenty to give away.

Special Aid

Senior Reception Committee 1917

Vice-President of Pitman Citizenship Club Tennis Club 1917-18



EVELYN TERESA RAFFERTY

EVELYN

21 Childs St., Lynn

May 12

"I have studied men rather than books."

Evelyn has no prejudice against studying,—in fact, she rather enjoys it, now and then; but one has so many outside interests, don't you know?

Special aid

ALICE F. ROBINSON

AL

Garden St., West Newbury

May 10

*"And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk fast who have the most to say."*

When Alice talks we know she is going to say something worth while. She uses not only her mouth, but her eye-brows, her hands, and all the rest of her anatomy.

Pitman Civics Club

Junior Reception Committee

Associate Editor of Year Book

Executive Board Special Aid 1917



ESTHER E. RYAN

ESTHER

7 Green St., Everett

April 18

"A merry laugh and a jolly way."

Esther, here's to you! You're the real thing, the kind of girl we all love. We wonder not at the admiring glances cast your way by the lads of M. I. T.

Special Aid

Treasurer of Pitman Citizenship Club

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH SAUNDERS

GERTRUDE

6 Summit St., Gloucester

Mar. 21

"All who talk are not orators."

Gertrude has the power for talking fast and arguing. The class is indebted to her for introducing such important arguments in pedagogy, as "How can whispering be stopped in the public schools?"

Glee Club 1916-18

Cooking Class 1918

Special Aid

CATHERINE ELIZABETH SCOTT

CATHERINE

80 Newbury St., West Somerville

May 20

*"For I've got my own opinions,
And I guess I'll keep them, too."*

Managing "non-English" speaking children is Catherine's favorite pastime. Her nature study notebooks are full of knowledge.

Special Aid



ANNA T. SHEA

ANNA

41 Royal Ave., Cambridge

Jan. 16

*"Who climbs the grammar tree distinctly knows
Where noun and verb and participle grows."*

Anna is one of the bright lights in Senior Four. How she does shine in English! For further information of her method, consult her.

Special Aid



BERTHA THEODORA SJOBERG

BERTHA

37 Stuart St., Everett

April 29

*"Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence."*

Miss Sjoberg was a "providence" to some of us when she came back to S. N. S. No matter how busy she might be, she was always ready to give a poor, ignorant, "would-be" school teacher a little help.

Special Aid



MARJORIE G. STEUTERMANN

MARJORIE

7 Buxton Road, Danvers Highlands

Aug. 26

"Tall and most divinely fair."

A brilliant future is predicted for Marjorie as a Christmas tree or a librarian. She is always prompt about returning books.

Special Aid

Cooking Class 1918



E. FLORENCE STROMDAHL

FLORENCE

65 Bay View Ave., Lynn

March 23

"Calm as a moonbeam on a frozen brook."

Florence is so dignified and stately that we are sure she will make an excellent teacher; but what a pity she goes out so much evenings, and lets her work slide so!

Special Aid

Glee Club 1916-18



ALICE AUGUSTA TASSINARI

ALICE

94 Beacon St., Somerville

Nov. 8

*"Dark and petite, always in style,
A little flirtatious all the while."*

We wonder why Alice bothers to wear such nifty hats and stunning coats on the train. Can it be—but no, perish the thought! Surely no college chap, be he ever so fair, could interest a prospective school teacher.

Senior Junior Reception

Special Aid

Glee Club 1917-18



EVELYN MARGARET TWOHIG

EVELYN

28 Holmes St., Cambridge

Nov. 16

"Good things come in small packages."

The reason why Evelyn is so small is probably because she spends so much time studying that she hasn't strength enough left in which to grow. She has gained a reputation as an expert "shuffler."

Special Aid



FLORENCE MARIE WELCH

FLOSSIE

9 North Pine St., Salem

Nov. 15

"Her flow of language was copious."

All Flossie's pride is in that little two by four inch note-book which she always carries. If Flossie ever lost that, all her valuable knowledge would be gone. What a dead silence would prevail in Senior Four!

Special Aid

Pitman Citizenship Club



MARGARET M. WILLIAMS

MARGARET

13 Williams St., Salem

Oct. 31

"Contentment is better than riches."

Margaret does not believe in wasting breath, and many times we wish she would let us enjoy the thoughts which lie behind those facial expressions of hers.

Special Aid



EDITH MAY BROWN

EDITH

198 Washington St., Gloucester

March 22

"Let the world slide, I'll not budge an inch."

Edith is certainly a woman of the world. When she is requested to leave the class, she rises as nonchalantly as though the bell for passing had merely rung, and strolls out of the room with the most supreme indifference.

Special Aid

GRACE HILDA COTTLE

GRACE

20 School St., Salem

May 12

"Such a child-like innocence!"

Grace is the only one of us who knew just what she would do that first morning in the 'T. S., when she stood for the first time before a class of real children. She knew she would blush—and she did!

Special Aid

Tennis Club 1917

RUTH ELIZABETH DONOVAN

RUTH

12 Broad St., Salem

Nov. 30

*"Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime."*

A demure, pretty child! Yet blessed withal with great strength of mind, or how could she endure the strenuous life at S. N. S.?

Special Aid

Special Students

FRANCIS G. LEE

235 No. Beacon St., Brighton

Feb. 20

MC NASTY

"He toys with the bow, but hits the white."

Mc Nasty is an A. B. That accounts for his knowing everything, including where creosote comes from.

Fen Club



WILLIAM JOSEPH McCARTHY

75½ High St., Charlestown

Nov. 22

CUPID

"He wears the roses of youth upon him."

Not a line remains upon his countenance to tell of what he has experienced—B. C., commuter's trials, K. A. P. initiation, and all the rest.

Fen Club

K. A. P.

Basketball 1918



HELEN LEE

"She acts as if she knew."

Miss Lee is thoroughly acquainted with S. N. S.—she's been here before. She is noted for her firmness and her experienced air.

Fen Club

Commercial Seniors

EVELYN CAROLYN SILVA

9 Davis St., E. Gloucester

Oct. 22



EVELYN

"Oh, that she were not here, or that there were twenty or thirty more like her." - Faculty opinion of our Evelyn.

Fen Club.

Shorthand Editor of Budget 1916-18

Dramatic Club 1917

Class Treasurer 1917

Secretary Special Aid 1917; President 1918

*Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."*

The Senior Commercial Class of 1918 "might have been", if the Board of Education had not decreed it otherwise. They said that commercial teachers should teach not only from theory, but from experience, and so those who would have been in this year's senior class were sent out to work in business offices so that they might also be graduates of the school of experience.

The work being done by these students is greatly varied, and will be invaluable to them as teachers who are to train boys and girls for business positions. Some are employed as stenographers; others, as bookkeepers in industrial establishments such as lumber, candy, and dry goods houses. A few are working in national banks; one is an accountant in a manufacturing concern; and another is a secretary at an educational institution. Several are yeomen in the United States navy.

A number of these students have visited the normal school during the year, and although they are enjoying their present positions—especially on pay day—they are all anxious to return to the Salem Normal School.

Senior Commercials are but a name
Except for one fair maid.
Evelyn keeps their memory green
Nor lets their laurels fade.

Intermediate Seniors

NELLIE REBECCA BARNES

19 Trask St., Gloucester

Sept. 15

NELLIE

*"Rare compound of jollity, frolic, and fun,
Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun."*

Evidently Nellie's motto is "Variety is the spice of life," because she has the faculty of weeping over her English exercises one minute, and rejoicing over her literature marks the next. She also has a dreadful time living up to her reputation.

Art Club 1916-1917 Dramatic Club 1917 Special Aid
Intermediate Senior Civics Club



HAZEL EMMA BARSTOW

184 Lowell St., Wakefield

March 21

H. E. B.

"A lady of notebook fame."

Hazel doesn't believe in working. She comes to school at ten or twelve o'clock, and dashes away again the minute the last class ends. While she doesn't love history less, she does love geography more; proof: the notebooks decorated with red ink.

Art Club 1916-17 Tennis Club Special Aid
Intermediate Senior Civics Club



ALICE M. BUCKLEY

149 High St., Danvers

May 24

ALICE

"A noble type of good heroic womanhood."

Alice is always ready to help. With a kind word on her lips for every one and a cheerful bit of advice, she keeps our spirits up. We surmise that she uses the same methods on the army.

Intermediate Senior Civics Club Special Aid



ESTHER STANISLAUS CARROLL

77 Summer St., Manchester

May 20

ONE OF THE ESTHERS

*"She is wisely silent in her own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
for others to be so."*

Esther is silent, 'tis true, but behind that silence we know she's keeping up a "powerful think." We have one wish for her future: that she may never be separated from her beloved Esther Crawford.

Intermediate Senior Civics Club Special Aid



BEATRICE LATHAM COOK

42 Collins St., Danvers

August 30

BEE

*"There is no use arguing with the inevitable. The only argument
available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."*

You may as well leave off where you begin as to try to bring your point to a head when talking to Bee. It can't be done.

Art Club Intermediate Senior Civics Club Special Aid





ESTHER ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

78 Bowers Ave., Malden

April 21

THE OTHER ESTHER

"What think you, sirs, of killing time?"

In these days of conservation, conserve your energy. Esther; don't waste your time on work. When you go to Porto Rico, pray take Esther Carroll with you.

Glee Club 1916-1918

Special Aid

Intermediate Senior Civics Club

JAMES ANTHONY CRONIN

11 Phillips Court, Beverly

June 10

JIM

*"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."*

Jim came to the right school. Knowing him as we do now, we understand why he chose S. N. S.

Football, baseball, and basketball teams 1916-18

Manager Basketball 1917 Advisory council Athletic Asso., 1917-18

President Middle Year Class '17 Vice President Senior Class '18

K. A. P. Vice President 1917; Acting President 1918



EDNA ALMIRA FOGG

11 Shillington Ave., West Lynn

May 22

MYRA

"She herself is sweeter than the sweetest thing she knows."

Every one loves Myra. Is it because you're pondering over the answer to the question, "Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?" that we see so little of you at school?

Art Club 1916-17 Glee Club 1916-18 Dramatic Club 1917

Intermediate Senior Civics Club Special Aid



JAMES E. GILMORE

59 Endicott St., Peabody

July 16

JIM

"His gaunt frame is worn with toil."

Poor Jim, how he has toiled! English plans, literature plans, and even plans for the future.

Football 1916-17 Baseball 1916-17 Basketball 1916-18

Athletic Association 1916-18 K. A. P. Special Aid

Intermediate Senior Civics Club



MARGARET A. HANLEY

13 Greenwood St., Amesbury

Jan. 21

MARNIE

"One who's not afraid to say her say."

She enjoys saying it, too, especially in the history class. When she likes, she loves, but when she hates—! Oh, but you mustn't, Marnie, it's naughty to hate!

Intermediate Senior Civics Club

Special Aid

Student Council 1918

Editor-in-Chief of Year Book



ELLEN S. HARLOW

22 Orchard St., Salem

April 1

ELLEN

*"I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me."*

Wanted, for next year, a position for two teachers who will work as one, but who desire salary for two. For further information, see Ellen and Vi. Intermediate Senior Civics Club Special Aid



ELIZA BELLE MARSH

660 Boston St., Lynn

December 19

LYDA

*"To hear her sing, to hear her sing,
Is to hear the birds of spring."*

It is a mystery to us how the Glee Club will get along without Lyda. For three long years she has reached all the high notes. Alas! Alack! Glee Club 1917-18 Special Aid Intermediate Senior Civics Club



HELEN JOSEPHINE MULLANE

4 Whitman St., Dorchester

Jan. 29

HELEN

"Here's to the girl with the great big heart."

Besides ably filling all her offices, Helen has time to shine in classes and love all of us. Capability is her specialty. We hope she'll write a volume for our benefit on "How to Get Along on Twenty-four Hours a Day."

Junior Pres. 1916 Student Council 1916-1918 Senior Pres. 1918 Art Club 1916-17 Tennis Club 1916-18 Special Aid Chairman Ring Committee and Senior-Junior Reception Committee Business Manager of Year Book President Int. Senior Civics Club



ROSA LILLIAN PILLSBURY

779 Salem St., Malden

Aug. 19

ROSA

"Waste not, want not, is a maxim I would teach."

Economy and Love are Rosa's specialties—what a happy combination! She shines in art, too. Shades of Corot!—what trees she paints.

Tennis Club 1916-18 Glee Club 1917-18 Librarian 1918 Intermediate Senior Civics Club Special Aid



FRANCES MARIE QUINLAN

40 Putnam St., Danvers

June 1

FRANCES

"Among them, but not of them."

Frances missed her vocation by coming to S. N. S. For a person of such originality, a hair-dressing establishment would be so much more lucrative, don't you know.

Glee Club 1916-18 Special Aid Intermediate Senior Civics Club





155 Boston St., Salem

VIOLET P. REID

April 8

VI

"A faultless body and a blameless mind."

Violet is true to her name, modest and retiring. We hope that she will settle near a bountiful water supply sometime and satisfy that tremendous thirst.

Art Club 1916-17

Special Aid

Intermediate Senior Civics Club Senior-Junior Reception Com.



23 Day St., West Somerville

MARY ELINOR RITCHIE

June 15

MARY

"Tell me, too!"

What better gift could Mary leave to the school than her English papers, if they could serve future classes as they have present ones? Mary isn't curious at all; "Tell me, too?" is just a habit.

Intermediate Senior Civics Club

Special Aid

JOSEPH P. DEVANEY

31 Tufts St., Medford

Aug. 21

DEV

"If 't were done, 't were well it were done quickly."

Dev likes to have things over quickly—Training School, for instance. And the war? WELL he's attending to that now, and we'll wait for his verdict.

In Service

JOHN T. DOYLE

5 Warren St. Extension, Peabody

March 18

JOCK

"He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age."

Jock is nothing if not scientific. We hope that his ability is getting chance for free play in the Medical Department.

In Service

THOMAS F. FLYNN

95 Mason St., Salem

Dec. 22

TOM

"We miss the brightness of your smile."

Our loss is the rookies' gain. We hope that they appreciate it. Good luck to you and your grin, Corporal!

In Service

JOHN P. McGLONE

68 Midway St., Peabody

March 31

JACK

"Why should life all labor be!"

Who said Jack was afraid of work? 'Tis false! He ignores it utterly, and knows no fear.

In Service

LEO R. McKINNON

22 Richardson St., Woburn

Sept. 25

MAC

"The most innocent of Innocents Abroad."

Since Mac joined the colors, we have been looking for his book on the war. We know it's going to be away ahead of all the others. Where is it, Mac?

In Service

STALLING.

Junior:

"Stalling." oh, "stalling," oh!

What can it be?

Surely there's some one to explain it to me.

Some one has told me that

Some people—"stall."

Who is it? what is it?

Please tell me all.

Senior:

Somewhere at S. N. S.—

There it is found.

But who it is, what it is—

To silence we're bound.

Recent Books on the War

The book entitled "The Hilltop on the Marne" consists of a series of letters written by Mildred Aldrich between the dates of June 3 and September 8, 1914. In these letters Miss Aldrich first describes her new home on the hilltop, and then tells of the opening of the war in which she finds herself surrounded by soldiers.

As the author describes her daily attempts to do her bit, the reader feels vividly the suspense and excitement of the battle of the Marne.

B. T. S.

"On the Edge of the War Zone by Mildred Aldrich, continues the story of the "Hilltop on the Marne." It gives the thrilling experiences of the author, who is an American. The book is written with a quiet humor, and is interesting.

F. L. C.

"Carry On" by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson is a book of personal experience written in a Somme dug-out by a soldier who is also a writer. The book is made up of letters to the author's family, and shows the great courage and cheerfulness of the men who are enduring the hardships of the war.

G. O.

"Over the Top" by Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, is a vivid, thrilling, and interesting first-hand account of the soldier's life on the battlefield.

G. K. D.

"The First Hundred Thousand" and its sequel "All In It," by Ian Hay, give a complete account of the experiences of the author while fighting in the Kiltie Regiment from the time he enlisted in England until he was sent home unfit for further service. These books hold a special place in our regard because the regiment whose experiences they chronicle, was not only the first volunteer regiment to be sent from England, and composed of men of the very finest calibre the country possessed, but it was also one of the regiments which kept Germany in check during the first year of the war. The books are peculiarly interesting because, while they depict all sorts of scenes of horror, they are rich in humor.

B. W. P.

“My Home on the Field of Honor” is an account of the first days of the war written by Frances Wilson Huard. It gives a realistic picture of the flight of the Belgians through France, and later of the flight of the French people, including the author, to the southern part of the country. Baroness Huard stands for the highest type of heroine who is helping our brave men.

F. M. W.

“My Home on the Field of Mercy” by Frances Wilson Huard. A chateau near the firing line in France is the center of interest of this war story. The chateau was once a beautiful, comfortable home, but the Germans occupied it during their drive on Paris, and destroyed all the conveniences. In spite of this handicap, Madame Huard offered her chateau to the government for a hospital. The story is written entertainingly.

N. H. L.

“The Worn Doorstep” by Margaret Sherwood is a war book written in diary form. In it the author addresses her husband who has been killed in action. She tells him of the flight into England of the persecuted Belgians, and of the home she has opened for them. It was the threshold to this home that was the worn doorstep.

I. R. C.

“Fighting for Peace,” by Henry Van Dyke, contains a clear statement of the feeling of the people of Europe towards world peace before the Great War. It is well worth reading, as it portrays what Germany’s attitude was towards a peace conference and how she provoked this war, in spite of her protests that she did not.

M. M. W.

“The Dark Forest,” by Hugh Walpole. Many of the books written on the present war give one an idea of sufferings endured, but for awful gruesomeness, “The Dark Forest” stands out alone. No glories of war are pictured; only the horrible sufferings of the wounded behind the lines. The gloom is enhanced by having Russia as a setting. The person is indeed hard-hearted, who can read this book without being moved.

M. F. C.

Two War Poets

ALAN SEEGER

Alan Seeger stands in the foremost rank of war poets: a brilliant, versatile genius sacrificed to the god of war.

He was born in New York City in 1888. His father and mother belonged to old New England families. He was educated at the Horace Mann School, and at Harvard College. Soon after his graduation he studied in Paris. In the spring of 1914 he went to London to find a publisher for his book *Juvenilia*, a collection of verses, most of which were written in France.

As soon as it became evident that the European War was inevitable, he returned to Paris. The war was not three weeks old, when with forty or fifty of his fellow countrymen, he enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France. Alan Seeger fought in the battle of Champagne. During a period of rest after the battle, he wrote a poem, "Champagne 1914-1915." On July 4, 1916, his squad was caught in the fire of some machine-guns. Seeger was wounded and died in a few hours.

Perhaps the poem which expresses his feeling toward the war more than any other was written shortly before his death:—

"But I've a rendezvous with Death,
At midnight in some flaming town;
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

H. J. M.

RUPERT BROOKE

Of all the poets of the war, Rupert Brooke is the one whose fame is sure to be lasting. The fineness, the simple sincerity, the passion for life, and the love of country shown in his poetry will all help to perpetuate his name; and to those who know little of his poetry, the tale of his glowing young life, so tragically cut off, will endear him.

He was born at Rugby, England, in 1877. He went to college at Cambridge and later travelled through the United States and Canada. When the war came, his decision was made in these words, "Well, if Armageddon's on, I suppose one ought to be there." He sailed with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces in 1915. He was stricken on the voyage and died on board a hospital ship in the Aegean Sea. They buried him at night by the light of a flaring torch in an olive grove on the island of Skyros. John Masefield, Moray Dalton, and others have written poems in his memory, but the very best memorial is his own poem, "The Soldier":

If I should die, think only this of me:
"That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.
And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

M. A. H.

Two Books of Permanent Interest

REMINISCENCES OF CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

One of the interesting recent war books is "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." This book consists of the reminiscences and letters of Catherine Breshkovsky, edited by Alice Stone Blackwell.

In the first part of the book, the story of her early life is given. Her parents were well educated people belonging to the nobility, and Catherine was brought up to have a strict idea of honesty and right. Even as a small child, Catherine was very eccentric, never wanting to do as the other children did, and she was a serious problem to her mother. She was always more interested in living things than in playthings, and she always wanted to help some one. Even when a little girl, she often threw herself at her father's feet to beg pardon for some peasant culprit.

Madame Breshkovsky's public life began early when she tried to interpret new laws to groups of peasants on her father's estate. Not content with this, she joined the Revolutionists, and started to tour the country, often in disguise, to distribute revolutionary pamphlets, to make the peasants realize their oppression, to persuade them to read, and to excite them to the overthrow of tyranny, which later followed. During these journeys, she made many warm friends, but often had to suffer many hardships, finally being put into prison and exiled to Siberia, but in spite of all privations, she was always cheerful and always spreading her doctrine, that the land must be owned by the people and that the government of the Czar must be overthrown.

To further her plans, in 1903, Madame Breshkovsky went abroad, coming to the United States in 1904. Here she was received with much enthusiasm and demonstration, making many lasting friends, such as Alice Stone Blackwell, Jane Adams, Ellen Starr, Helena Dudley, and others.

The second part of the book contains letters written for the most part while Madame Breshkovsky was in prison. They show with what courage, patience, and cheerfulness she bore almost unbelievable horrors and suffering, until in 1917 the Provisional Government of Russia was established, and Madame Breshkovsky took her place beside Kerensky, happy and almost young again in the thought that her dream had come true—the government of the Czar had been overthrown.

E. C. S.

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER.

One of the books of the year of permanent value is Hamlin Garland's autobiography, "A Son of the Middle Border." It reveals the conditions of pioneer life during and after the Civil War in Wisconsin and Iowa. Hamlin Garland was conscious of the wild beauty and glory of it and also of the ugliness, squalor, and misery of it. The beauty of the Middle West has been pictured in both prose and poetry, but never before has the narrow life on isolated farms been so vividly presented.

The reader lives with the people who endured this pioneer life. Hamlin Garland's father believed that success would come by his moving continually westward.

Herein was his mistake, for he did not stay long enough in one place to gain a foothold and therefore he made little progress. His wife, faithful and seemingly contented, followed her husband patiently in all his wild plans. The reader lives with Hamlin Garland and his brother through their childhood and through all their trials and difficulties in getting an education. He travels with them in search of knowledge from their home to the East and back again.

After repeated journeys between the East and the West, now working and studying, now visiting his rapidly aging parents, Hamlin Garland returned to the East and began in earnest to write. He came from a literary family and was born with a love of books. While he was struggling to increase his knowledge and to express some of his own thoughts in public speech and in print, a prominent literary man of the times asked him why he did not write novels. Although he had always desired to write, he had not thought of putting his ideals into narrative form. He made his first entrance into print through periodicals, but afterwards his stories were published in book form.

He chose to write about the lonely, sordid life on the ranches of the West. He was criticised for emphasizing the disagreeable side of life. His answer was firm: "I'm not writing about what people want, but about what I have seen and lived and what people ought to know."

B. L. C.

HOW TO KNOW THE POETS.

"Oh, to know a poet, to see
as only he can see,
To feel as he feels!"
To hear as he hears.

This quotation is fulfilled by means of a series of books called, "The Poets and How to Know Them." The series has been recently published and introduces you to a number of the great poets and writers of the different ages and brings you into close touch with them.

There are seventeen volumes in the series, including such writers as Wordsworth, Arnold, Browning, Burns, Dante, Dickens, Tennyson, Lowell, Stevenson, and others. Each volume in the series is written by a different writer or professor, such men having been chosen as William L. Phelps, W. A. Neilson, C. T. Winchester, and other men of great learning and note, who have made a careful study of the life of a particular poet, and written the result of their observation and reading for the enjoyment and enlightenment of others.

One volume of the series "Wordsworth, How to Know Him," deserves special mention. In this volume the author tries to make you become acquainted with William Wordsworth, the great nature poet. He takes you back in spirit to the time when the poet lived. He lets you walk beside him through the green valley, down by the quiet lake, and leads you up the winding road to Ambleside, until you see "the peaks of Langdale keeping solemn watch over the secluded vale." You walk hand in hand with the boy, Wordsworth, all through his boyhood days, seeing as he sees the great wonders and joys of nature, and feeling with him the "spiritual power and mystery of the world around you."

You grow up with the boy, Wordsworth, leaving the "giddy bliss of the out-of-door life," to enter the solitary, thoughtful realm of the great poet. Here you sit with him and meditate on the great truths of life, realizing why it was that Wordsworth's poems seem so deep and far above your plane, for he took little interest in a subject unless he felt it to be vitally related to the inner life of men.

The other volumes are as beautiful and instructive as this one, and in reading them you live again in the land of the poet's birth. You truly know him as he was,—seeing as he sees, feeling as he feels,—loving as only he can love.

A. C. M.

OUR BIT

THE WORK OF THE ART DEPARTMENT.

Under the leadership of Mr. Whitney, the art classes have made comfort kits for the soldiers and sailors. These kits have been sent to graduates, to former students, and to relatives and friends of those at school now. The durability of the kits is insured by the strong blue or khaki material of which they are made, and by the raffia binding. Thread, darning cotton, needles, pins, scissors, and toilet articles insure their usefulness. The training school children have also made many kits. Letters received from the boys show that the kits are a useful and welcome part of their equipment.

As the number of our men in the service grew, our thoughts turned naturally to a service flag, but it remained with Mr. Whitney to take the initiative. The training school children secured funds, cut and made the flag, and stencilled the stars. The day set for its unfurling was Friday, January eleventh. The day will long stand out in the memory of those who were present at the exercises. The members of the school marched out to the courtyard in front of the school. Mr. Pitman spoke briefly of the present situation. Then Miss Peet read an impressive poem called "America." The flag was pulled out on a pole extending from the art room. As it slowly unfurled, there was absolute silence in the yard below. A few more seconds of intense silence, and then as the twenty stars came into view, there came a spontaneous burst of applause.

The latest gift to our boys is a booklet of Mr. Whitney's design and compilation, containing cheerful and inspirational quotations. May its little flames illumine their path of glory and spur us on to continue our work.

N. H. L., M. J. B.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AND FRATERNITY.

The fraternity early decided to do what they could for the men from the school who had enlisted in the service. A plan was put into effect, whereby each man was to receive a letter from some member of the school every two weeks. They also sent Christmas boxes. With the help of the Athletic Association and the co-operation of the rest of the school, money and material were secured for nineteen boxes. The pupils of the training school made the boxes in the manual arts department. They were filled with articles useful for toilet purposes and amusement.

THE COOKING CLASS.

The Cooking Class was not organized until late in the year, and the membership was small because of the difficulty in arranging hours to suit every one. The class has done some practical work in food conservation, and has gained a great deal of information from Miss Breitzke's talks on the subject. Although short, the course has been profitable and thoroughly enjoyable.

THE PITMAN CITIZENSHIP CLUB.

The club was formed October 29, 1917, soon after Miss Mabel Hill's talk on community civics had aroused much interest in the formation of clubs. Starting with a membership of twelve from the elementary senior class, the club was finally opened to all members of the class. Regular meetings were held on Mondays, and were first devoted to discussion of problems of food conservation and distribution. Much helpful printed material was supplied by the Food Administration Bureau of Boston. Pressing school work and practice teaching greatly interrupted the meetings, but toward the last part of the year, the club pushed the sale of War Saving Stamps and planned further study along the line of community civics.

THE INTERMEDIATE SENIOR CIVICS CLUB.

In the early part of the school year, Arthur W. Dunn, Special Agent in Civic Education for the Massachusetts Board of Education, urged the members of the school to take a greater interest in civic affairs. He said that this interest might be greatly aroused through the formation of civics clubs in the school. As a result of his inspirational talk, the Intermediate Senior Class formed a club.

Through the efforts of the faculty advisors, Mr. Roth and Mr. Cushing, the club has had great success. Its first real work was a Christmas sale of candies and fancy articles. The receipts were given to Mr. Pitman at the Christmas entertainment to further the war work being done in the school.

Another valuable undertaking accomplished by the club was the selling of Thrift Stamps to the students. The Pitman Citizenship Club assisted in this work. Seventy dollars was secured by the first of April. The last large achievement of the club was its participation in the "Thrift Stamp Drive" during the last week of March, in which it was very successful.

H. J. M.

SPECIAL AID SOCIETY.

A branch of the Special Aid Society was formed in this school in the winter of 1917. Mrs. Johnson, a member of the Salem branch of the Society, spoke before the school and outlined the work that might be done during the year. The students responded to the call and made all sorts of knitted articles for the army and navy. Every member of the school enrolled in the society. Twenty-five dollars was presented to our branch by the Salem branch to further the war work of the school. Wool was purchased with the money and more knitted articles were made. As a result of the year's work, all the normal school students who have entered the service have received some sort of knitted garment. Assisted by Miss Rollinson, a member of the faculty, the Special Aid Society of the normal school has been very successful in all its work.

A. M. P.

Roll of Honor



SERGEANT WILLIAM F. BARRETT, 1915
3d Company, Officers' School, Camp Devens, Massachusetts

LENNART A. W. BJORKMAN, 1917
Draftsman Navy Department, Lynn, Massachusetts

CORPORAL DAVID H. BRESEE, 1916
Company H, 301st Infantry, Camp Devens, Massachusetts

EVERETT M. BROWN, undergraduate
First Class Yeoman, Naval Aviation Detachment, Akron, Ohio

PRIVATE JOSEPH P. DEVANEY, undergraduate
Battery A, 101st Regiment, Field Artillery, A. E. F., France

PRIVATE JOHN J. DOYLE, undergraduate
Medical Department, Base Hospital, Camp Green, Charlotte, North Carolina

CORPORAL THOMAS F. FLYNN, undergraduate
76th Field Artillery, United States Regulars, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi

SERGEANT CHARLES E. HOGAN, 1916
Headquarters Company, 102d Regiment, Field Artillery, A. E. F., France

SERGEANT MYRON R. HUTCHINSON, 1914
Sanitary Department, 102d Regiment, Field Artillery, 51st Brigade, 26th Division, A. E. F., France

SERGEANT FRED J. LONG, 1913
Battery F, 301st Regiment, Field Artillery, Camp Devens, Massachusetts

JOSEPH D. MAWHINNEY, undergraduate
Chief Petty Officer, Charlestown Navy Yard, Charlestown, Massachusetts

PRIVATE LEO R. MCKINNON, undergraduate
Company G, 101st Infantry, A. E. F., France

LESLIE C. MILLARD, 1916
23d Squadron, Aviation Section, Camp McArthur, Texas

SININS J. NELSON, 1916
Squadron A, United States Aviation Field, Unit 1, Fairfield, Ohio

C. PHILIP O'ROUKE, 1915
1st Artillery, Observation School, A. E. F., France

WALTER E. PARKS, 1916
United States Navy, Intelligence Department, Halifax, Nova Scotia

AUSTIN M. RANKIN, 1914
Barracks 6, Base Hospital, Camp Devens, Massachusetts

LIEUTENANT EDMUND F. RICHARDS, 1914
301st Regiment Infantry, Camp Devens, Massachusetts

JOHN CLIFFORD RONAN, 1917
Yeoman at Fore River Shipyards, Quincy, Massachusetts

GILBERT W. TURNER, undergraduate
United States Steamship Cythera

LIEUTENANT RICHARD J. WHITE, 1916
Kelly Field, Barracks 34, San Antonio, Texas

CADET FRANK W. WOODLOCK, 1906
United States Military Aeronautics, Columbus, Ohio

Note. These statistics were on file April 6, 1918.



NOW AMERICA

America,
The war is now your care,
In your hands alone lies freedom fair;
The war will now be won or lost
By you, America.
Will you disprove the trust?

America,
Internal strife must cease;
The thing to strive for now is peace.
The fight will now be lost or gained
By you, America.
Will your name be stained?

America,
You've sent your men to fight
For country, freedom, truth, and right.
Alone they cannot win the strife.
America and Americans,
Our work must give them life.

R. L. P.

Data

CLUBS

THE MUSICAL CLUBS

The Glee Club and Orchestra have had an enjoyable and successful season.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Archibald, met as usual once a week on Thursday. Early in the season the following officers were elected: Marjorie Buffum, Secretary; Hazel D. Varina, Treasurer; Rosa L. Pillsbury, Librarian; Grace K. Dowling, Assistant Librarian. Miss Buffum left school and her place was taken by Alice A. Tassinari. Sadie E. Perry served as accompanist. The club had a membership of forty. The orchestra, numbering six, with Frances Menkes as leader, also held a weekly rehearsal on Friday.

During the year two successful concerts were given by the clubs; on March 15, a joint concert with the musical clubs of the Framingham Normal School, and on May 12, a joint concert with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The committee in charge of both concerts consisted of Margaret V. Lamb, Florence T. Newman, Gertrude O'Donnell, and Mr. B. Holmes Wallace, director of the Training School, as business manager. Besides giving the concerts, the clubs assisted at the Christmas entertainment and the commencement exercises.

G. O.

THE FEN CLUB

The Fen Club is one of the few school clubs that has been able to survive the war program of the school. There are three degrees of membership in this club. Commercial students in the middle year class who obtain a rank of at least C in all studies are eligible for degree membership; students in the senior commercial class who have a speed of at least one hundred words a minute in shorthand and maintain a C standing in all classes may become second degree members; and all alumni may be third degree members.

The Fen Club has three purposes: first, to make its members more efficient in taking shorthand dictation, by devoting one of the bi-monthly meetings to this kind of work; secondly, to get information in regard to any commercial or professional subjects, obtained through outside lectures; and thirdly, to form a connecting link between members of the school and the alumni, by sending out a quarterly multi-graphed budget.

During this year, the members of the club have given a dramatization of "A Saturday Morning in an Office," "Business Charades," a Mock Trial, and a Christmas party; they have had a meeting on Parliamentary Laws, entertained the Haverhill Fen Club, and had lectures by outside speakers on business topics.

E. C. S.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Athletic Association includes in its membership all the men in the school, and its general function is to promote physical and mental activity among the men. This year more than any preceding year, it has not been able to carry out its purpose satisfactorily, for many of the men have entered the service of their country.

Football had to be abandoned, but a basket ball team was finally organized. James A. Toner, the manager, arranged a schedule of eight games, six in the school gymnasium. Salem won from Charlestown, Marblehead, Reading, and the Alumni, and lost to Reading, Boston College, Gloucester, and Reading. The following men made up the team during the season: James E. Gilmore, James J. Toner, Walter H. Donahue, James A. Cronin, William J. McCarthy, Maurice A. Twomey, Richard A. McCarthy, Frederick T. Callaghan, Francis G. Lee.

The Association was fortunate in securing Mr. Roth, of the faculty, to coach the team. Heretofore the men had not been able to afford a coach. Mr. Roth was well acquainted with the game, for he had played on the team at Colgate College. The students greatly appreciate the services rendered by Mr. Roth.

KAPPA DELTA PHI BETA CHAPTER

Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

JAMES A. CRONIN	WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY
JOSEPH P. DEVANEY	JOHN P. MCGLONE
JAMES E. GILMORE	LEO R. MCKINNON

Nineteen Hundred Nineteen

ALBERT J. HIGGINS	JOHN J. MCCARTHY
JOSEPH D. MAWHINNEY	C. HAROLD STRILEY
MAURICE A. TWOMEY	

Nineteen Hundred Twenty

FREDERICK T. CALLAGHAN	WALTER H. DONAHUE
ARTHUR J. CONNERNY	RICHARD A. MCCARTHY
JAMES J. TONER	

When school opened in the autumn, three of the officers chosen during the preceding year had enlisted in the army; hence the following acting officers were elected: President, James A. Cronin; Vice-President, Frederick T. Callaghan; Secretary, Richard A. McCarthy; Treasurer, C. Harold Striley; Acting Chairman of Executive Committee, Arthur J. Connerny.

Anywhere in America

It was Saturday and twilight in a small New England town. At the door of a little gray cottage a dark-haired young girl stood looking down the wide village street. It was spring and as the girl stood in the doorway, a lilting breeze played merrily over her face. It seemed to invite her to step outside and enjoy the beauty of the early evening. The girl, however, remained motionless, and the sad look did not leave her dark eyes.

"I wish he would come! I am so lonely and sad without him," she said wistfully, as she gazed longingly down the street. But no one appeared, and so after a last look the girl stepped inside. She went sorrowfully up the stairway to her room, and closing the door behind her, she flung herself on the bed. Then she began to cry, not loudly, but deep and hard, as if her heart would break.

"Oh, how I hate everything!" she cried. "I hate this house because Robert is not here, I hate myself, I hate the world, and I hate, hate, hate being alive!" And she sobbed on and on, clenching her hands tightly together. Then she heard some one moving about in the room beneath, and she sat up on the bed, trying to stop.

"Lois! Lois!" called a woman's voice from the lower hall. "Supper is ready. Aren't you coming?"

"Yes, in a moment," she answered, trying to sound as if nothing were the matter. She jumped from the bed, and after bathing her eyes and smoothing her hair, she went slowly down the stairs.

A stout, gray-haired woman with a kind face was already seated at the table when Lois entered the dining-room. She looked anxiously at the girl, but Lois did not look at her.

"I am so sorry, Lois, that your brother didn't come," she said gently. "I heard Mr. Lee say that none of the boys from Camp Norman Prince were given leave of absence this week; so that explains it."

"Please don't talk about it. If he had come, I should have had the bitterness of seeing him go away again tomorrow night; so I suppose it doesn't matter," said Lois in a dry, strained voice.

She ate very little. She thought it would choke her. At the end of the meal she pushed back her chair and said, still in a strained, unnatural way, "Mrs. Landford, I am going right to bed. I—I have a headache."

"Very well, dear," answered Mrs. Landford, and she watched Lois go heavily up the stairs. "And she used to be so happy and run upstairs so lightly and gaily!" she continued sadly. "Poor child, if she would only look at it differently. She has been grieving like this ever since her brother went to camp, two weeks ago, and it is hard that he didn't come tonight, as she expected. But then, she would have been bitter and unhappy again when the time came for him to go back. If only she were not so bitter! Her grief and bitterness have sent poor Robert away unhappy, too, and he is grieving there at camp because she is so unhappy over his enlisting. If she would only talk about it she might feel better, and perhaps I could help her a bit. But she shuts herself up in her room, and broods so!"

With a deep sigh the kindly housekeeper packed up the dishes and cleared the table. She had lived with the brother and sister ever since the death of their parents, seven years before, and both Robert and Lois considered her as one of them. Lois was eleven when the accident came to her parents, and Robert, a manly fellow of sixteen. The two, always devoted to each other, were inseparable after the death of their parents. Robert thought there was no one like his little sister, and

she simply worshipped her tall, splendid brother. When the war came and he enlisted, as a fellow was bound to do, it seemed to Lois as if she should die.

"Robert, how can you go and leave me?" she had cried passionately to him just before he left.

"Why, Lois, a fellow situated as I am just has to go," Robert had told her, as he had told her so many times before. "It isn't as if we were poor—of course I would stay in that case—but as it is,—well, I'm not good at explaining things, you know, and I'm not strong for speeches full of love of mankind and all that—but France and Belgium are calling me, and I must go. Please don't make it so hard for me, Lois," he begged. "Can't you understand?"

Lois could only shake her head. She bade him good-bye quickly, and he had told her he would ask for a night's leave of absence in two weeks; then he had gone, and she had mounted the stairs to her room, where she had shut herself in, only coming down when Mrs. Landford summoned her to meals.

"How awful it has been without him!" she cried to herself on this Saturday evening as she sat before an open window of her room, looking out into the spring night.

"I did so hope he would come to-night. I thought perhaps he would be sorry when he saw how I had missed him, and stay with me—but he didn't come and I want him here with me." She began to sob again. How lonely and unhappy she was! He was her only brother, you see, and she was only a young girl. At last, tired and weary from crying, she put her head on the cushioned window-sill and fell asleep.

Outside her window a little brook was babbling and singing to the soft night wind of the spring. Far away in the woods a thrush was singing his last evening song. The moon was climbing over the fir trees, in the distance, and opposite her window and over everything was the pathetic beauty of a spring night.

Suddenly Lois stirred. She opened her eyes, and looked out into the night.

"How beautiful it is!" she murmured. "How beautiful, but how sad!"

The music of the little brook rippling over the rocks came up to her, and she looked down at it, at the little brook on which she had sailed boats when a child, with Robert always near, to see that she did not wet her feet. As she looked at it and all the beauty of the quiet night came home to her, she happened to think of some things of which her bitterness and self-pity had not let her think before;—she thought of little places like this, across the water, in Belgium and along the French border. It would be spring there, too, but it would not be peaceful like this.

The moon by now had climbed high up over the firs, and was smiling down at the little brook. The wood thrush was singing, full throated and solemn.

Lois leaned out,—then suddenly her dark eyes widened and she sprang to her feet.

"Why, what a beast I have been!" she cried. "I feel as though I had been asleep, and had just now awakened. Somehow this night has made me see things in a different way. I am not bitter any more because Robert has gone. He had to go. As long as beautiful things like this evening are given to us, fellows like Robert must give themselves for suffering people. I will write to Robert at once and tell him so."

As she ended the letter that was to make her brother so glad and happy, she said to herself, "It is not that I miss Robert any the less, or have got over longing for him to be with me—it is just that I realize what called him, and I am proud and glad because he has heard and answered the call."

A. F. R.

Joan of Arc

Adapted for children.

We have all heard many stories of heroes and heroines, but no story arouses such interest as that of Joan of Arc, the great patriot of France. On the 6th of January, 1421, Jeanne d'Arc, or, as we call her, Joan of Arc, was born at Domremy, a little village on the left bank of the Meuse, on land belonging to the French crown. Until the age of thirteen, she played about with her brothers and sisters. She was a pretty girl, with dark hair, dark eyes, and olive skin. One day her mother told her that now she must take some of the responsibilities of the household, and to that end she must be taught to spin and cook. She was a willing worker, and after her spinning and cooking were over, she went into the fields and helped her brothers with the harvest.

At night, after a hard day's work, she used to sit on the steps and tell the children stories. She told them of her dreams. Wonderful dreams they were, too, of St. Michael clad in shining silver, gazing at her, but saying nothing. When she woke, she could still see his eyes. One never-to-be-forgotten day, however, when she lay at rest on the grass, St. Michael appeared before her with two figures. They were St. Catherine and St. Margaret. She rose from the grass and slowly went in doors, but she did not breathe the secret of her vision to any one. And then, one night, the vision of St. Michael came again and told her that the Kingdom of France lay in his care, that the King of France and all his people were in danger, and that she must prepare herself to go to the King's aid, for it was through her that France was to be delivered. He bade her not to be afraid, but to prepare herself for the good work that she was to do. He promised that St. Catherine and St. Margaret would be near her always and would direct and strengthen her.

A night or two later the village priest came for a chat with James of Arc, Joan's father. The two men talked of the war and of the French and English kings. Joan sat by the window listening. Finally she heard her father say:

"These are bad times; what with a weak king and the greedy English, we French folk are like so many cattle, waiting for the slaughter."

The priest spoke. "There has been a prophecy in France for many years that France shall be ruled by a woman and peace be restored by a maid from the borders of Lorraine. This woman we know to be King Charles's mother, Madame Isabeau of Bavaria. But where is the maid?"

Joan heard a voice speaking to her, saying, "Thou art the Maid! Thou wast born to save France!" But she said nothing. Since outwardly she was like all other girls of her age, no one ever dreamed of the great work she was one day to accomplish.

So the years passed. The summer Joan was sixteen, the English and the soldiers of Burgundy swept down on Lorraine, and the people of Domremy, peasant folk who were always at the mercy of the troops, left their homes and drove their cattle seven miles south to the walled town of Neufchateau. Joan, now a tall, strong girl, pretty with her black hair and eyes, went with her family to the walled city. Here, safe within the walls, she helped the other girls in tending the animals and caring for the housework. She heard wild tales of the terrible things the enemy soldiers were doing in the country, and she prayed that her family and friends might not fall into their hands.

Again the vision of St. Michael appeared to her and told her that the time was not far distant when she must set out on her great mission. The enemy soldiers soon left that part of the country, and James of Arc and his family returned to their home.

They found the village burned, the church a pile of ruins, only the stone walls of the houses standing, the household goods carried away, and the crops destroyed. Joan now understood that what had happened there, was happening all over France, and began to realize that God had called her to the wonderful work of saving her countrymen.

In the autumn of 1428, the fate of the city of Orleans, and with it the fate of France, seemed trembling in the balance. The English army had just laid siege to that city, and if Orleans fell, France was lost. The sovereign of France, Charles VII, was a weakling; in the eyes of many French people he was not really their king because, although heir to the throne, he had not yet been crowned and consecrated. For this reason he was called the Dauphin.

It was then that the voices seemed to speak again to Joan, they gave her two commands; first, to save Orleans from the English, and second, to lead the Dauphin to Rheims, in order that he might be crowned there. The task seemed impossible to Joan; she pleaded that she could not ride, and that she had never been out of the Valley of the Meuse. The voices told her that she would be guided safely. She did not want to go. She longed to return to the simple folk of Domremy and to her mother, but the voices kept saying, "Go, child of God! Go forth and save France!"

Accordingly, she went before the Dauphin and begged him to listen to her. In answer to his questions, she told him how she had been directed to lead his army to the aid of Orleans. The Dauphin was impressed, and ordered that she be cared for at the castle. The story of her voices spread like wildfire among the peasant folk of Lorraine. They were convinced because they were by nature superstitious, and they found no difficulty in believing the marvellous stories that now began to be told about Joan. Finally Charles VII himself, weak and disappointed king as he was, decided that Joan at least could do his cause no harm and might do it good, and he gave his consent to her request.

The peasant maid of Domremy, only seventeen years old, was put at the head of the French army and drove north to raise the siege of Orleans. Clad in full white armor, astride a white charger, sword at her side, she carried a banner which had been described to her by the mystic voices. By great fortune, Joan's army was able to enter the city of Orleans. There the Maid was received with the utmost reverence and greeted as a deliverer sent by God. She waited a short time and then, taking counsel with her generals, planned an attack on the English outside the wall. The French were victorious and the enemy was forced to retreat.

Joan's first task was done. After an interval she set out upon the second,—to crown the Dauphin in the city of Rheims. This meant marching through a part of France held by the enemy. Joan accomplished the work, and the day came when Charles, the Dauphin, and the Maid of Orleans, as she was now called, entered the great cathedral of Rheims, and here Joan heard the prince proclaimed King of France. She had given her country new hope and strength, and a king to lead them.

Joan had now completed the two tasks for which she had left Domremy. Her voices had spoken truly to her and she had done what they had commanded. She wanted to go home and share the simple life of her family and friends, but this was not to be. The French persuaded her to stay with the royal army and wage battle after battle against the English. For a time, victory was hers, but one day she was cut off from her men, surrounded by the enemy, and taken prisoner. She was put in prison at Rouen, tried for witchcraft, and condemned to death. On May 30, 1431, at the age of nineteen, she was burned at the stake.

France has made her a national heroine. In all history there is hardly to be found so marvellous a story as that of the simple girl of Domremy, Joan of Arc, called Maid of Orleans.

PUT SOME SOUL INTO IT GIRLS!!!!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS!!!



Lest We Forget



RIGHT !!!
BULLY FOR YOU MY BOY.



Oh where has our Mr. Whitney gone?
Oh where, oh where is he?
With his hair cut short
And his beard cut long,
Oh where, oh where can he be?



Intermediate Senior Sidelights

J. C.

Politeness is a virtue,
To that we'll all agree;
But when it's thrust upon him
It's hard for Jim to see.

M. E. R.

Mary, Mary, why so airy?
Just because you're a Scot?
I've just come in on the 9.15—
To me that means a lot.

R. L. P.

Rosa, Rosa
Counted her beaux—a
And said as she wrinkled her brow,
"I'll give them all the mitten
So that I can do my bit," an'—
She's faithful to a sailor boy now!!

B. L. C.

When Beatrice gets a letter
She passes it around;
Where else, O my classmates!
Was such kindness ever found?

V. R.

I'll tell you a story;
Don't let your mind wander,
Violet Reid———
Can't grow any longer.

J. C.

How would you like to be all alone,
All alone with the girls?
Gee! but it's great to have to "bone,"
When you're alone with the girls.

How would you like to be all alone
When the question arises,
Whether or not a woman should vote?
Wouldn't you think it a crisis?

H. E. B.

A diller a dollar
A nigh perfect scholar!
She blinked and blinked her eyes.
But why should we complain of that
If it gave her the "power to organize?"

E. C.—E. C.

Two young ladies
With the same first name,
Sit always together
In sunshine or rain.
What's the attraction?
Sh-sh! Not a sound;
They're only "cribbing"
To cover the ground.

N. R. B.

There is a young lady named Nell,
Who likes little Fords very well.
When asked for a spin,
She says, "Yes", and hops in.
Where she goes and with whom, she'll not tell.

We have a history teacher,
A patriot he would be,
And he discourses at great length
Of wicked Germany.

Some students sorely vexed him;
To crush them was his wish;
And so he rose up grandly,
And called them all—baked fish!

He uttered it in German
Alack! and well-a-day!
If we knew how to spell it
We'd print it, too, that way.

M. A. H.

“ME AND ADAM.”

They say that we are living in a time of new ideas,
But unfortunately we all know that with the passing years
They've gathered facts and facts and facts, which, in the midst of fears,
We realize we must make our own or forfeit our careers.

Now of “natural selection” Adam never had to think,
He never had to work his brain about the “missing link,”
He never heard of Agassiz, of Darwin, or of Loeb,
You see there really wasn't much that could his life disturb.

Now Eve was of a different sort; she wanted to know more,
And when she saw the apple tree, her face a bright look wore,
But when she ate that apple—oh, she learned, ah! yes, she learned,—
And never to that care-free life has man since then returned.

So now it's up to me to learn of fifty different birds,
And learn the definitions of a thousand different words,
And study Shakespeare—learn to say, “To be, or not to be”,—
Oh! Adam was an awfully lucky man compared with me!

Of course, I like to study, but it's hard to make folks see
That when I finish hygiene I must do geography,
And then there's science, nature study, civics, history,—
Oh! Adam was an awfully lucky man compared with me!

A. A. L.

SENIOR FOUR SIDE-LIGHTS.

M. E.	Not very tall, Not very fat, A game sport For all of that.	P. B.	Comes from Medford, Not a grind,— But always there, Never behind.
G. O.	Perfect dancer, Cunning feet; Take her for all, She can't be beat.	N. L.	Question asked, Class all glum; Up jumps Nora, Victory won.
A. S.	Rather tall. Knows a lot, No place for me, Better be shot!	A. P.	Dutch collar, Face all grins; Doesn't grind, Always wins.
J. B.	Dark skin, Eyes of gray,— “I settled that,” End of the fray.	M. W.	Red hair, Blue eyes,— Nothing to do, Home she flies.
M. H.	Pretty short, Ready to bluff, Curly hair,— That's enough.	L. P.	Rather short, Rather Stout, Life's great aim Ever to “spout.”



ANECDOTES

Mr. A. (after the Glee Club has rendered "Only a Song, But O That Song Was Love"): "Girls, you haven't had the experience to make you sing that well!"
Rosa: "Oh, but I have!"

Teacher: "What three words are used most in school?"
Miss O'Donnell (innocently): "I don't know."
Teacher: "Correct."

A student from S. N. S. went into a store and said to the clerk, "I want one of those fly traps, please."
The clerk was slow in wrapping up the parcel and the girl exclaimed impatiently, "Hurry, please, I want to catch a train."

Miss Peet: "The review is to be very short."
Miss Craig: "Then it needn't be long, need it?"

"Tommy" gazed thoughtfully at the front of the room while Miss Learoyd, with slips of paper in hand, was explaining an exercise in English. When she paused for an answer to a question, Tommy looked up above her head with the air of one who has made a great discovery.

Miss Learoyd nodded at him expectantly.
"You haven't torn off your calendar," he said innocently.

Mr. C— "What are the best places on a lake for cities to flourish?"
Jim: "At the head and at the bottom."
Mr. C— "Oh, submarine cities?"

Miss M—: “Where is that copy of Buck’s Expository Writing which I returned this morning for Miss H—?” One of Esther’s sister has diphtheria, and Mr. Pitman says it is safer to have the book destroyed.”

Miss L—: “What a pity to lose another book!”

Int. Sen. (reciting): “When Oglethorpe founded Savannah, he went up the river eighteen miles to find a bluff.”

Comment (from rear): “We don’t have to go that far to find a bluff.”

Madeline Anderson is getting near-sighted. Proof: Madeline with a worried, distraught look turned to Marion Mack and said, “Isn’t Miss Mack here today?”

What is meant by “complete equipment?” Well, we should suggest Nellie’s assortment of jars, forks, and spoons as a concrete example.

Student: “I never can find you when I want you, Mr. Whitney.”

Mr. Whitney: “Well, I’m always here. You never saw me here when I wasn’t, did you?”

After a study of the “digestive system,” Miss Warren surprised several of Senior Two with the amazing statement that we have no “crops.” (And many of the girls had so nearly convinced themselves that they were “chickens!”)

Mr. Whitman: “Have we settled about the stove yet?”

Miss Binsky: “Yes, don’t you remember I settled that last time?”

Whenever you work hard at night,
And come to school next day
To hear the teacher scold the class
For fooling time away,
Don’t sit and stare at teacher’s face
And scowl the period long,
Because you feel you’re not to blame
And have done nothing wrong.
Just smile and listen patiently
Wherever you may be,
And think, “I will not wear a coat
I know does not fit me.”

J. B.



WHAT'S THE USE?

A lesson-plan for English
 And one for hygiene, too;
 A nature study outline
 That simply glancing through
 Makes my head ache,—add to that
 Writing,—a page or two.
 A cover design for drawing
 All finished—"No excuse!"
 And to crown it all, a show in town!
 Oh, dear! What is the use!

N. H. L.

Problems, problems, everywhere,
 And all the class did shrink;
 Problems, problems, everywhere
 But not a head did think.

There was a man in our school,
 And he was wondrous wise.
 He joined the aviation corps,
 And now he's in the skies.

We laugh at teachers' jokes
 No matter if we don't quite see:
 It's not because they're funny,
 But because it's policy.

I have a great big note-book
 If I should be deprived of it,
 That I carry 'round with me;
 I'd never get a "B."

CAUGHT.

One day as Mildred Erwin
Strolled down the vacant hall,
Two fine felt hats she did espy
That hung upon the wall.

She looked around. No one in sight!
A bright thought she did think.
"I'll change these hats," she murmured low, I cannot learn my history,
And then away I'll slink."

A clapping sound rang through the hall;
Poor Mildred's heart sank low.
"Whatever are you doing, child?"
Her tears began to flow.

Alone in the office she did sit
And think how to atone;
And now Miss Erwin's motto is
"Let hanging hats alone!"

F. W.

Earlier to bed and earlier to rise
Is the latest way to Hooverize.
School at dawn and home at noon
Garden till dark unless there's a moon.
Follow this plan until the snow flies,
And you'll all be healthy, happy, and wise.

Lucy caught a little cold
One stormy winter's day;
No matter how she doctored it,
The cold was sure to stay.

It followed her to school one day,
What a very lucky thing!
We heard the music teacher say,
"Miss Glass, you need not sing."

"We're afraid," said some soldier recruits,
When told what would be their new duties.
"Of the Huns or the guns?" asked Corporal Munns;
"Neither," they said, "it's the cooties."

Adrien, six years old, had been "acting silly" all the morning and he wore a silly grin on his face.

Teacher: Adrien, I want you to do your work and wipe that silly smile from your face.

Whereupon Adrien seriously put up his two little hands and attempted vainly to wipe the smile away.

THE JUNIORS

Verdant little Juniors
Running to and fro!
Whither, little Juniors,
Are you bound to go?

I'm looking for my classroom,
I've lost my English book,
For there is no quiet nook.

The Seniors look so cross,
They scare me most to death;
The Middle-years, oh, they stare so,
They take away my breath.

I'm afraid of ———
Oh dear! somehow or other,
It's such an awful mix-up,
I want—I want—my—Mother.

A. M. K.

A man at Fort Sill invented a pill,
And it took him a long time to make it.
But he says without doubt,
'Twill put the Germans to rout
If he can only get them to take it.



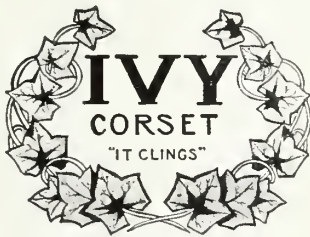
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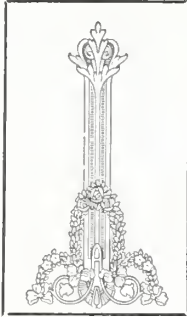
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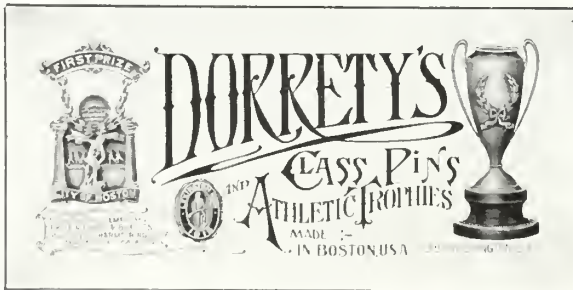
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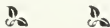
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