

# THE SENIOR QUILL









HENRY WHITTEMORE  
PRINCIPAL

# THE SENIOR QUILL

ISSUED ANNUALLY, IN JUNE  
BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF  
THE FRAMINGHAM NORMAL  
SCHOOL, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.



NUMBER 3

JUNE, 1910



To Miss Davis, one who has given  
to us a worthy example of combined  
cheeriness and dignity this book is  
lovingly dedicated. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴







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SENIOR CLASS—1910

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TO MR. WHITTEMORE AND TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY:

We, the class of 1910 submit this, our Senior Class book. We have striven to show in its pages some of the affection and gratitude which we feel toward you, and toward the Framingham Normal School.

We feel that whatever we have gained in growth of mind or in strength of body, we owe to you, because of your unfaltering help and sound wisdom. Now we must leave you and fare forward on our own paths. But the memory of all that you have done and been to us shall be ever present in our minds and hearts.

We wish to express our hearty thanks to the two classes preceding us for aid given by the class books of '08 and '09 respectively, and also to those who have been so responsive in the matter of contribution, both literary and financial.

As the years go by, we hope that each class may take this little book and make of it more than we have been able to in the early stages of its growth, so that those classes, which follow us may through its pages, convey to you, our honored faculty, some of the thanks and appreciation, which is your due.

## Editorials

**WE** submit to you this, the third issue of the Senior Quill. We hope that its pages may contain something of interest to everyone. To the faculty, our class officers and the school, we make our best courtesy and extend a hand of greeting.

**SUPPORT** your class organization with loyalty. As far as you are able, attend its meetings, not only because you will "encourage" your officers, but because you honor your class and are proud to be a member of it—because *you* will help to create and cultivate that quality known as "class spirit." This unswerving loyalty on your part will help to bind your class into a working unit.

**YOU** will observe that we have changed the manner of our dedication. This was not because we could not find any more good qualities to attribute to our honored principal, but because we wish to show our appreciation of the remainder of our faculty. We hope that our successors will carry out our intention.

**DID** you ever hear this, in platform exercises? "Many of you have been to B—, but I am sure few of you have ever seen," etc. Do we not all need a little more variety in our sentences? It is very easy to form our thought, as those preceding us have done, but let us strive to be ourselves, to express our own thoughts in our own way. Again, have you not found that the speakers in whose talks you have felt the most interest are those who tell us about their own experiences? It is the charm of the personal element which we enjoy. Think of this, all those who desire the growth of the platform exercises.

**TO** the teacher, who, during her short stay has won a warm place in our hearts—to her who has helped us over so many difficulties and inspired us to efficient work, we, of the Household Arts Department, wish to extend our sincere gratitude and appreciation. As she takes leave of us, our best wishes for her future success go with her. We also wish to express our thanks to her, the co-worker who has helped us so patiently and efficiently during the illness of our beloved teacher.

**WE**, of the Household Arts Department, are glad to welcome one who has been absent from us. During her illness, our sympathy and good wishes have ever been with her. We have learned to appreciate her untiring efforts in our behalf, as she holds before us high ideals of life and right principles of teaching.

As our good wishes have been with her in the past, so, in the future, we hope for her increasing health and strength, as she resumes her work among us.

**JUNIORS**—We are glad to have had your friendship and your companionship, during the year, which has passed. We wish you the best of success, as you take our places as seniors. We have gradually been led to understand the high standard of our school and have tried to live up to it, as far as we have been able. We hope that you will strive to live up to its high ideals, with better success than ours. It is the helping hand of each individual, which raises the class to its highest standard. You have our sincere good wishes that the class of 1911 may be one of which our principal may well be proud.

**WE** are of the opinion that many do not understand the importance of the secretary's office. While the president of the senior class holds her office for one year only, the secretary's office is for life. Upon her rests the responsibility of keeping the class together and in close touch with the school. She cannot do this, unless the *members of the class* do their share.



A blaze of color, a dash of gold,  
 Reflected beauty of power untold;—  
 A deepening glow, then darkening hills  
 The day is done,—'tis as God wills.

—L. P.



## Auld Lang Syne

YEARS have passed and here I am again in dear old Framingham. I have visited the school where I spent two happy years, finding few changes and now for a stroll along the favorite paths! Which way shall I go? As I look around trying to decide, the old temple, or as we used to call it, "The Parthenon," looms up in view. So I slowly wander toward it, visiting on the way the nooks where we used to spend hour after hour watching the birds, when we were not reading or busily engaged in talking.

Spring is certainly here, for as I wend my way up among the pines the air is sweet and here and there in the warm sunny spots I see tiny faces of familiar flowers.

As I near the summit of the hill I hear a great moaning and sighing. It can not be the pines for the wind is not here to-day! What *can* it be? It seems to come from the very top of the hill. Perhaps someone is in the temple. When I reach the top, no one is in sight, but at last the mystery is solved. The Parthenon itself is talking and as I listen it says:

"Many a sermon has been delivered from my platform, many have danced over my smooth floor, and few are there who have not carved their initials on my pillars. What pleasant memories I have when I think of them all! But there are *some* things which do not bring back pleasant memories. Certain people called Normalites used to come. At first it was a pleasure to me for they all read beautiful selections from Shakespeare. I soon knew portions by heart and longed for their coming, that I might hear them. But one day, all my feelings changed. No sooner had they begun, as usual, when Bang—Stamp—Bang—and I shook from head to foot! Shrill loud voices followed, then deep hurried tones, as if the speaker was angry. All that had seemed beautiful now was changed, for at almost every word I now received blows on my pillars from some fair but heavy hand and stamps from some small but determined foot. And so it went on from day to day. Nothing but bruises by day, and all my nights spent in doctoring my bruised timbers, but the black and blue marks still remained as well as my injured feelings.

One day when I was feeling quite blue they came and acted as usual. In the midst of the loud voices someone fell. I thought she had fainted and so forgot my own bruises, caused by her fall, to listen. I heard, "*Et tu Brute.*" Alas no use to sympathize!

Another day after receiving an extra hard blow on one of my pillars, the maiden, who dealt the blow, attempted to hug it. I thought she was apologizing for the deed and listened to what she was saying: "*Sweet, my coz, be merry.*" Not a single thought for me!

As I stand spellbound, listening to all this, the words gradually become indistinct and die away and all that I can hear is the sighing of the pine trees.

On descending the hill it occurs to me that once more I can cross Wiggly Bridge. What delight it is! Pass over half way—for if you get that far you are safe—and then tetter up and down. Why was there any need of our wasting time in gymnasium classes trying to perform numerous graceless movements much to the dismay of our teacher, when we could go to Wiggly? Grace?—my friends always compared me to a crow on a telephone wire. Balance?—not one movement we were taught is omitted if you do it correctly. Good exercise?—Just go over to the other side and see how you feel. Shaky?—Oh, no! The sensations are the same as in former years and I feel just as nervous and uncertain as I ever did.

Wiggly reminds me of Gordon's Bridge and there I must go, for how often we used to lean on the railing and look over into the dark and swiftly moving Sudbury. The same flowers are appearing there and perhaps it may be the same family of frogs as of yore, that are peeping and singing to me from their home over in the rushes. Yonder at the bend of the stream two little heads appear. Yes, I do believe the little water people know I have come back again and wish me to see them. The birds sing their merriest song as if to keep me there, and willingly would I stay but that I wish to walk along the Willow Road e'er I must depart.

Who of us did not love the Willow Road? Just now the trees are budding and over all appears that green halo, which blends so well with the gray of the bark. Tiny flowerets are peeping up along the roadside, which remind me to look in the old secluded corners where I always could find my earliest favorites. Then I come to the frog pool. Big frogs, little frogs and medium sized frogs are singing to their heart's content, and I can not resist the temptation of doing as I used to do. So I find a small stone and throw it into the pool, and where all had been singing before, now silence reigns. I wait, as I did years ago, for I know the frogs, and in a minute one old bull-frog croaks and then, one by one, big frogs, little frogs and medium sized frogs begin to sing. And so I could wander on and on but the sun is setting and I must turn homeward.

E. F.

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## Howe Can We Leave?

Oh, Howe can we part from here,  
 We grow to love it, Moore and Moore,  
 Since underneath its sheltering Roof,  
 We much have learned beside book lore.

As Elder does this Young class grow—  
 We'll study more and Reid,  
 And though, perhaps, we may Doolittle,  
 'Twill be our best in thought and deed.

L. K. P.



## Records of the Original Model School

THERE are certain books in the possession of the School which contain the records of the original "Model School" as it was called in the beginning. These books were presented to the School in 1894 by Nathaniel T. Allen who was principal of the Model School in 1848, when the Normal School was at West Newton. On the very first pages of book No. 1, is found a record of attendance. This record was opened May 4, 1840. At the top of the page are headings as follows:

Time of Entrance; Names; Lessons; Absent; Late; Conduct; Remarks; Time of Leaving.

No record is here made of the ages of pupils.

This record of attendance was carried out for two years in this book, 1840-1841. There were enrolled the first term twenty-seven pupils.

We wonder if this record is the beginning of the modern school register.

Sometimes, one thinks, as he hears the teacher of today complaining of bad boys, that all bad, indolent, lazy boys came tumbling along into this generation: and to hear the industrialists talk, one must believe that the manual training that the old-time boys got at home on the farm or otherwise, cured them all of all idle and vicious tendencies. But when we read against a boy's name "Indolent, but sometimes interested and quite capable," of another "Idle boy and cares nothing about learning," and of still another, "Very inattentive to what is told him"—our faith is shaken, and we are led to believe that human nature is the same in all generations.

The evident custom was, in the management of the Model School, to have a superintendent with assistants, for the records open as follows:—

The term commenced this day, May 4, 1840, with twenty-seven pupils. The forenoon was occupied in examining several new scholars, making remarks, and assigning lessons; afternoon as usual. The superintendent for this month is Miss L. A. Stowe, assistants Misses Spurrell, Rogers, Woodman and Pennell.

This record is signed "H. Peirce," "Mother Peirce." I take down my Catalogue of Teachers and Alumnae, and find under the caption—"The first class includes all who were honorably graduated previously to May 1841"—the following entry—"Lydia A. Stowe, Dedham. Entered July 8, 1839: left March 24, 1841." "Mrs. Robert Adams, Fall River" and the names of all the assistants to Miss Stowe may be found in the honored list of the immortal "first class."

While Miss Stowe was the superintendent, under the records of May 25, it is stated that the school was visited by the Hon. Horace Mann, and after it is found this rather pathetic entry, "The children have not been as orderly as I wish." What live children ever were as orderly "as I wish."

But her good heart must have recovered its wonted beat when, after the school had been visited by two gentlemen, she wrote, "The scholars have behaved very well," with the very underlined.

The records are absorbing from page to page. They are written for the most part, in the fine hand which obtained in those days, and for the greater part of the superintendent. We find quite frequently a record made by Mother Peirce, and, occasionally, one made in the bold masculine hand of Father Peirce. Space forbids the copying of much from the records. Under July 24th, note the date, are found many items of interest. It says—"Owing to the unpleasantness of the weather several scholars were absent." "School visited by Mr. Tillinghast, teacher of mathematics in the Normal School at Barre." "Afternoon session closed at two o'clock that the teachers might have an opportunity to attend the examination of the district school taught by Miss Stodder."

As far as can be determined, school was in session on Saturday, and six days in the week; at least for the first year. And school was in session for the year until August 7th. Under date of Sept. 14, 1840 we read, "This day a new term commences."

In one entry made by Father Peirce in which he gives an account of the examination of the Model School, the kind of an examination the older people can remember, he closes with this remark—"The Normalites attended."

Almost the last entry in this book was made by Father Peirce at the opening of the fall term, Sept. 14, 1841. It is as follows:

"School opened at 1-4 of 9 A. M. Present 29 pupils. After religious exercises, made some remarks to the pupils appropriate to the commencement of a term. Spent the remainder of the forenoon assigning lessons and hearing recitations. P. M. school came together at 1-2 past 1. Attended to writing and reading. But there was a Training in the neighborhood and the children were indulged with an early dismissal. Order and recitation of qualified character, much like what is common at the beginning of a new term. C. Peirce."

H. W.





## Podunk, District No. 11

THE Schoolma'am at Podunk, district No. 11, looked up from the book which she was reading. The clock pointed with relentless fingers to 8.30. Going out into the hall, she took from a nail by the door, a well worn jacket and a black hat, whose roses were sadly drooping.

"It was not thus, when I was at Framingham," mused Miss Wade, with a half smile, quickly followed by a sigh, as she impaled upon a hat-pin the smallest and most drooping rose-bud. Outside two unkempt children were quarreling over the possession of a top. She looked at them and thought wearily of their untidiness, their daily disputes and worst of all the distasteful food, which every day she was obliged to eat.

Before long she was in the school-room, raking out the ashes of yesterday and laying the fire anew. Scarcely had a feeble blaze arisen from the green logs, when the scholars came pouring, or rather tumbling in. They were of various ages and sizes, but resembled each other in the fact that all were of an equally frouzly and neglected appearance. Through the noise and confusion of the day, she guided stubby fingers and patiently explained to inattentive and noisy youngsters that  $2+2=4$ , not 6, or 5 but 4!

At length the day was done. The pupils departed, without as much as a gruff goodnight. The last rays of the September sun, looking inquiringly through the broken window pane found Miss Wade, gazing about the school-room. Here was the stove, which had so persistently refused to burn properly, there also the rows of little marred seats and the cracked blackboards, with their sprawling childish letters. Her thoughts went back to a little town not many miles away, to her mother, and since there was no one to see, she buried her face among a pile of uncorrected papers and burst into tears. It could not have been more than a minute after-

ward that she straightened herself. An old motto of her childhood came back to her, so plainly that it seemed as though it must be a human voice saying:

"In Life's earnest battle  
They only prevail,  
Who daily march onward,  
And never say fail."

"I will not say fail," she said, as though in answer to that unseen voice. "What would our principal think of me. Here I am at Podunk, district No. 11, and instead of looking on the bright side, I am dissolved in tears!"

It was a very courageous little schoolma'am, who later mounted the hill toward her humble abode, firmly resolved to do her duty, but hoping against hope that for once Mrs. Hopkins had forgotten to dip into the salt pork barrel for their evening meal.

It was the last day of school. The little low ceilinged room was fairly flooded with sunshine. Miss Wade placed a vase of flowers upon her desk, then stopped a moment to look about her. A sudden wave of thankfulness came over her. "Oh, can this be the same school-room that first greeted my eyes a few short months ago?" she exclaimed. There were the same worn blackboards and tiny seats, to be sure, but they had come to spell home to her. In the midst of her reflections the door gave a preparatory squeak, then opened to admit the scholars.

"Goodmornin', Miss Wade," they cried as one man.

"Goodmornin'," came from a shy little girl behind.

The bell rang and school began. How still it seemed! The children knew that Miss Wade was going to the city the next year. She had told them so only the day before and had said that she did not wish to leave them, but must earn more money, so that she might send her little sister through school.

"Scratch, scratch," went the pencils.

"Tick tock," solemnly said the old clock, "tick tock." He seemed to know all about it and said, as his pendulum swung:

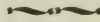
"Going away, last day."

The hours passed rapidly and soon school was over. The children thronged about Miss Wade to say goodbye. As she talked with them she noted the brushed hair, the neatly, if awkwardly arranged neckties and above all the clean aprons. Clean aprons would have been a miracle at Podunk, nine short months ago—day after day, week after week, she had followed the increase of neatness among the children—their evident desire for better things. How proud she was of them. They had brought her gifts, fished from the depths of well laden trousers' pockets, or hoarded in the secret pockets of gingham dresses. One little fellow gave her a bunch of yellow feathery bloom "Jest the color of teacher's hair." And looking upon the rough little faces of the girls and boys, whom she had helped to make happy, a sudden mist came over her eyes and the "Goodbye, Miss Wade," sounded faint and far away. They followed her out of

the school-house even as the children of a by-gone time had wandered after the Pied Piper. Their childish laughter and bright faces seemed a fitting part of the June day. At the bottom of the hill they parted, each with backward looks.

When Miss Wade reached the tall pine at the top of the hill she turned, gazing down into the valley below. Her hands were full to overflowing with sticky little treasures, her arms laden with a bunch of wild flowers the color of her hair. There stood the little school house with its brave new flag floating above it and there was the river lazily flowing by it. This was all dear and familiar to her. What was to come in the future, she could not tell, but as she leaned against the rough pine she said softly to herself:

“In Life’s earnest battle  
They only prevail,  
Who daily march onward,  
And never say fail.”



## A La Doner

“Heads up, feet flat,  
Your curves don’t slight,  
One, two, one two,  
Think, as you write.

Back straight, wrist up,  
By work you grow  
One, two, one, two,  
Right slant, you know

Lines light, lines light,  
Please make no sound,  
Good curves, that’s right,  
Round, round, round.

Write, seniors, write,  
The minutes fly,  
And ’twill be luncheon,  
By and by.

But teach the youth,  
Of this broad land,  
To neatly write,  
In a business hand.

## An H. A. Field Day

**I**F any one had been going by the foot of State Street about eight o'clock in the morning on November 18, 1909, they would have wondered what that crowd of girls were waiting there for. Upon inquiry they would have found that they were on their way to Boston to visit the Sunshine Biscuit Factory, Walker Gordon Laboratory, and Walker Gordon Farm at Charles River Village.

We left on the eight o'clock car and arrived in Boston soon after nine, going straight to the office of the factory, at the corner of Canal and Washington Streets, where we met Mr. Howe who was in charge of the trip.

After removing our wraps, we were divided into two groups of about twelve. The first group went through the factory with a guide to explain all the processes of manufacture; the second started five minutes later with a guide and Mr. Howe. We were the lucky group as was discovered afterwards.

The first room that we visited was the room where the doughs were mixed. Large, wooden, oval tubs were used for this, into which was poured the proper amount of flour and water (the latter measured by meter.) Then these tubs were pushed under a machine which had three mixers, like an ice cream dasher, that revolved by electricity. After being mixed the tubs were pushed into an adjoining room where they were covered with cloths and left to rise for varying lengths of time.

From this room we passed through a hallway into the big room where the rolling machine and ovens were. Here we saw and had explained to us the machines for rolling out and cutting the dough for the different crackers, such as animal, graham, soda biscuit and butter thins. We watched the bakers fill the sheets of the ferris wheel in the oven with their wooden shovels. They worked rapidly, neatly, skillfully and precisely. We were told in the beginning that we could help ourselves to anything we saw if it was not in a weighed tin, and thereby hangs a tale.

From here we went to the sorting and packing rooms. The sheets of crackers taken from the oven were put on an endless chain elevator and lowered to this room where they slid over a rotating surface the "sorters" rapidly selecting and packing the perfect ones and putting them in boxes.

In a neighboring room we saw some of the fancy crackers being dipped in chocolate and other frostings, drained and then put on large carriers and taken to the drying rooms. We also saw the way the cocoanuts were tapped, paired and shredded, the latter done by a machine similar to a meat chopper.

Next we watched the boxes being weighed, sealed, wrapped and sealed again. Also the opening of the boxes of stale crackers and the process of grinding them into powder to be used as chicken feed and in dog bread.

In still another room we watched in operation the machine for nailing up the wooden boxes. We saw another for cleaning the old tin boxes so that they looked almost new, and still another for cutting out the paste board for the boxes used for packing some of the fancy crackers.

In the next room we had explained to us the way the designs for store windows were made. Some very artistic ones were shown us and many in the process of being finished stood around the room.

At the very last we were shown the engine room, a fascinating place, where the engineer explained how all the electricity needed in the entire building was made by these machines. He also showed us their small ice machine, and explained the process of ice making.

After this we returned to the office and prepared to go to luncheon. I think we all were impressed by two things: first the skill, rapidity, neatness and personal appearance of the workmen; second the generosity shown us in helping ourselves to *all* the crackers we wanted but perhaps to the latter the other group will not agree.

We had our lunch hour from one to two after which time we met Mr. Howe at the Walker Gordon Laboratory on Boylston Street, this being the next place that we were to visit. Here we were shown the room where the prescriptions for the milk were put up and the methods of filling them. These prescriptions are filled out by a doctor who has diagnosed the child's case, then taken to the laboratory where they are very carefully filled.

The milk mixture made from them is put in bottles that hold one feeding. These are sealed and then placed in cases ready for shipment. When these bottles arrive at their destination all that has to be done is to heat the contents and give it to the child. The prescription not only tells the amount of each of the nine milk constituents but also at what temperature the milk should be given, how often the feeding should be and the amount of each feeding.

Here also the special milks for particular purposes are for sale such as lactic acid, fat free, raw pasturized, and sterilized. Some of these we sampled.

We were also shown the room where the bottles were washed and steamed and the refrigerating room where the prescriptions were put after they were filled prior to their delivery.

In the office itself all the different styles of baskets for delivering the milk were shown and explained to us. Some were expensive, others inexpensive.

When we were through here we went to the Back Bay Station and took a train to Charles River Village. The station Charles River Village consists of the Walker Gordon Farm alone. The buildings are a large model cow barn, a milk house, a barn where the younger stock is kept, and a barn for the hay and grain.

The model barn has a cement floor with windows near together all around the sides. The roof is high and permits a good circulation of air. There is a supply of running water and a trolley arrangement whereby the food may be brought, distributed and the refuse carried away. The

cows stand facing each other in their stanchions in two long rows, with a wide aisle between and behind them. Between each cow is an iron basin filled with running water; overhead hang records of each cow's birth, breed, name, age and food prescription. Each cow is kept closely clipped around her udder and well up her sides. She is brushed and wiped before each milking and is so hitched that she cannot lie down. Her milk is kept separate from that of other cows and weighed after it is milked, then sent immediately to the milk house. In the barn where the younger stock were kept we saw the head of the herd, who, from the noise he made, rather resented our intrusion.

The milk is taken to the milk house immediately after milking. We were shown and had explained to us the cooling and separating machines. We saw the bottling and sealing of the milk bottles and the arrangement for keeping them until delivery.

Such care is taken of this milk in every way that although no guarantee is given, if sealed one can safely say that it will keep four weeks with little trouble and it has been known to keep for ten.

The milk is supplied especially for babies but we were told that many of the officers in the fleet who went around the world took a supply with them, and that the big liners sailing across the ocean carried a supply to use after their ordinary milk and cream had spoiled.

After a very generous sampling of this truly clean milk we took a train to Newton Highlands and from there came home on the electrics, each one concluding that an enjoyable and profitable day had been spent even if a few bones did ache.

L. G. P.

## A New Tale of An Old Rhyme

“Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them  
Leave them alone and they'll come home  
Dragging their tails behind them.”

I never realized the significance of these familiar lines, until I studied the subject of sheep, in detail, and then the mystery solved itself. Asia is the home of many “queer” things but, to my mind the “queerest” of all is the so-called fat-tailed sheep. As the name suggests these sheep have huge tails, weighing from fifty to eighty pounds. The tail is considered a choice article of food. In order not to injure it, the natives make sleds and in some way fasten them to the shoulders of the sheep, so that each sheep may drag his own tail. What a picture a herd of these sled-ders would make. Authorities say this kind of sheep is the basis for the nursery rhyme because if the sheep dragged their tails behind them since the tail is the most important part of the body, the rest of the body need not be mentioned, which is the case in the rhyme. Therefore, when you read the old rhyme again, I trust you will pause at the word *drag* long enough to make a mental picture of a kindly looking sheep, pulling his tail after him on a low sled and slowly wending his way homeward.

K. L. K.







THE WALK THROUGH THE GROVE

## The Battle of the Lend-a-Hands

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

It was an Autumn evening,  
 The senior's work was done,  
 And she, on Normal wooden steps  
 Was sitting in the sun.  
 Before her gambled on the green  
 Two jolly junior girls, I ween.

She saw one child take something  
 Quite small, and hard, and clear,  
 Which she beside an elm tree  
 Had found in playing near.  
 She came to ask what she had found  
 That was so clear and almost round.

The senior took it from the child  
 Who stood expectant by,  
 And with a heavy shake of head  
 And very heavy sigh—  
 "The emblem of the Lend-a-Hand,  
 A cruel, awful, robber band."

"Now, tell us all about the band  
 And why they call it Lend-a-Hand?"  
 "Oh, that I cannot tell," said she,  
 "It was a perfect mystery."  
 "But, do tell us a little more,  
 And what they ever robbed you for."

"It was a number of the girls  
 Who put us all to rout,  
 But what they ever did it for,  
 I could not well find out.  
 But this I can tell you," said she,  
 "They won a perfect victory."

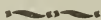
"They charged ten cents for manicure  
 And fifteen for shampoo.  
 Took your laundry for a cent,  
 For three, brushed black your shoe.  
 One girl who lost a frat. seal pin,  
 Must pay five cents for it again."

One winds your clock when you are gone,  
 Then asks a cent a night.  
 One asks a cent to see her dress,  
 (It was a perfect sight)  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 To ever win a victory.

They washed your stocks for you,  
 You gave them more, and yet,  
 You never found for several days  
 How much you were in debt.  
 They even held a rummage sale  
 Of everything in their avail.

I was dead broke in a short while,  
 And yet I owed still more and more;  
 My only consolation was  
 Just what they used the money for.  
 They made poor babies some warm clothes,  
 And worked, themselves, the buttonholes.

Was ever such a crafty lot!  
 We gave what we were meant  
 To give, for manicure, shampoo; and all.  
 Our senses left us with our cents.  
 You'll do the same, and it will be  
 To you as big a mystery."



## Poetical Geography

CURIOSITY led me, recently to purchase "The Poetical Geography designed to accompany outline maps or school atlases." The book was published at Cincinnati in 1852. I wished to see how geography could be put into a poetical pill so as to please the taste of the average learner.

I have had my curiosity satisfied. It has a dedication, a lengthy preface, and an "Introduction."

In reading the preface one is struck by the significance of the following statement, not only for the statement in itself, but also for its relation to the Introduction. "Geography is a branch that is studied by nearly all, but how few among the vast number who spend years in acquiring a knowledge of it ever retain or remember it. But the deficit is not to be attributed to the works studied but to the poverty of memory." The "Introduction" is quoted in full at the end of this communication, because it is the spiritual and literary gem of the whole collection. It shows how the "poverty of memory" is to be overcome.

On one of the first pages, before the learner begins upon his easy method of acquiring his geographical knowledge, are two very interesting wood cuts. One shows San Francisco in 1848, the other San Francisco in 1849. At the time of the publication of the book, California was the most attractive portion of our country. When the States are taken up, there is given under California a wood cut of men at work on the land, and under it is—"Gold digging in California."

These are some of the poetical arrangements.

#### GEOGRAPHY

The surface of the Earth, with all its tribes  
Of Sea and Land, Geography describes.

#### CONTINENTS

A continent is a vast extent of land  
Where rivers run and boundless plains expand.  
Where mountains rise, where towns and cities grow,  
Where nations live and all their cares bestow.

#### THE OCEAN

An ocean is a vast extent of brine  
Or salt water, boundless and sublime.

#### A MAP

A map's a picture, of the whole or part  
Of the earth's surface, to be learned by heart.  
The top is North, while South points to your breast.  
The right hand's East, the left hand's always West.  
More maps than one bound for school or college  
Is called an Atlas and contains much knowledge.

At the bottom of a page not far advanced in the book, we find this very helpful statement—"Questions are not inserted in this work from the fact that it was deemed superfluous. All the teacher has to do to form a question, is to read over any sentence and prefix the interrogatives "What is" or "Where is" etc. and it becomes a question. He turns to page seven, for instance, and glances his eye upon the word "Geography" in full faced letters over the poetry that defines geography and asks the question, "What is Geography?" Then, "What is the Earth?" and, to answer the question, the pupil repeats the poetry, and, in his own language gives the sum and substance of the prose. The teacher in all instances should explain the licensed poetic phrases to juvenile classes."

Who dares to say that there is no royal road to learning?  
Would that these halcyon days were with us now!

## INTRODUCTION

Away into a grove young Alva strayed,  
 His task to learn beneath the cooling shade;  
 Before him lay an atlas open wide,  
 Where towns and mountains stood on every side;  
 Long on its page his studious mind was placed,  
 But dark Forgetfulness each name defaced;  
 At length discouraged sorrow o'er him pressed,  
 And a deep sigh came from his laboring breast,  
 When lo! a seraph stood before his face,  
 And beamed with radiance of celestial grace;  
 In his right hand a golden lyre he held,  
 And 'mid ambrosial clouds poised o'er the field;  
 The astonished boy could scarce his presence brook,  
 While the fair Spirit thus his errand spoke:  
 "I am a traveller, on my aerial way;  
 Across the gulf of vast immensity  
 I speed my course, and in a moment pass,  
 From star to star, from world to universe.  
 Creation's furthest skirts I have beheld,  
 And marshalled o'er her wide unbounded field;  
 And when I winged the vast profound of space,  
 This world remote reared up her clayey face;  
 With rapid flight upon extended oars  
 I came and circled round her terrene shores  
 All I beheld, but ere I passed away  
 To other worlds, I cast mine eyes on thee.  
 I saw a tear roll from thy sparkling eye,  
 And why it rolled, I need not ask thee why;  
 I've come, my boy, to wipe the falling tears,  
 And give an opiate for thy grief and fears;  
 The towns and mountains which beneath me stood,  
 And rivers rolling to the dark blue flood,  
 And isles and lakes as they were spread to me  
 I'll sing and bind upon thy memory:  
 Harsh sounds in smooth, unbroken lines shall glide,  
 As free and easy as the sparkling tide.  
 When first I launched me down the ethereal sky,  
 Columbia's shores were spread before mine eye  
 In dusky features, for the orb of day  
 Blazed on the antipodes, the other way,  
 And the pale moon, fair empress of the night,  
 Sat veiled in glory, on her chariot bright.  
 And now of that which lay beneath my wing,  
 Harp, raise thine airs, and aid me as I sing."  
 Thus having said, he struck his heavenly lyre  
 And sang in accents of celestial fire.

H. W.

## The Joys of Saturday

Awake! awake ye Normalites,  
 For Saturday is here,  
 And brings along its own delights,  
 Of dusting and good cheer.

Get ready now to sweep the room,  
 With a smile of great content.  
 Take the furniture outside,  
 We are in our element.

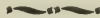
Open all the windows wide,  
 Take broom, with courage gay;  
 We'll make the room all clean inside,  
 For it is sweeping day.

The "kitties" that once decked the floor,  
 'Neath bed and bureau lay,  
 Alas! poor things they are no more,  
 For this is Saturday.

Now to the laundry we shall go,  
 To make our linen white,  
 For starching shirt waists, we all know;  
 Is our extreme delight.

But, ah, these joys of work-a-day,  
 That do our muscles strain,  
 Shall end, for Monday comes our way,  
 With lesson-books again.

M. I. and G. B.



## The Personality of the Teacher

COLERIDGE says that personality is individuality existing in itself, but with a nature as a background. Behind each teacher's individuality there must be a background of human nature, a great store of sympathy for children and of understanding of their needs.

This she must have in order that she with them, may explore all the wonderful highways and byways that lead to knowledge, and to right liv-

ing, and to good citizenship. It is the *teacher* who, by her daily contact with the child, is to lead him to better things—with her personality rests a great responsibility.

There is little doubt that in untold cases the love and sympathy and thought that a teacher has shown for a child has influenced his whole life, making it brighter, better, and happier, and perhaps keeping him from wrong-doing and disgrace. "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea."

Personality has also been defined as a conscious endeavor by the teacher to make socially serviceable all the material and spiritual stores which she possesses.

As the most direct expression of her personality, too much emphasis cannot be placed on the teacher's personal appearance. Her dress should be made becomingly, regardless of the latest fashion; the colors should harmonize with each other and with the hair and eyes of the person wearing them. Children notice every detail, and we must remember that "their whole vocation is endless imitation." Unconsciously they will learn to love harmony of color and know good taste in dress. In this way we can help them much.

#### TEACHER'S GOWN

"When teacher wears her old gray gown,  
I just hate education,  
Her pretty face puts on a frown,  
Her voice is all vexation,  
And oh dear me, I feel so glad  
'Cause next week is vacation.

When teacher wears her new blue gown,  
I just love education,  
Her smiles go dimpling up and down,  
I learn my mult'plication—  
And oh dear me, I feel so bad  
'Cause next week is vacation."

Absolute cleanliness of person is of the greatest importance—we must teach the children to be careful of face and hands, hair and nails—and who is to be the example?—the teacher. If the teacher is loved and respected, the child's greatest ambition is to "be like teacher, and do as teacher does."

The ornaments and decorations of the school room should be in keeping with the place, well chosen and well arranged; the room itself as neat and clean as the hands of the teacher and children can make it. The books should be carefully kept and a love and respect for them should be bred in our children. These and other things are an important part of the



teacher's self. As they increase and prosper, so her influence extends, and she is looked upon as a person of ability, and a power for good in the community where she lives.

In addition to these material things are the intellectual and emotional constituents of the teacher. These include a thorough mastery of all subject matter to be taught; power of development; an effective means of presentation, guidance and control; a sympathy with, and love for children; and a wide knowledge of all that will tend to cultivate the child.

These characteristics, aesthetic and intellectual and moral, grow out of the teacher's self-activity, her efforts in behalf of the children and the other people about her. A teacher may have great acquirements, but if she uses her knowledge to no purpose, she can not be said to have personality.

If, however, she is known here for one good deed, and there for another, if her friends and her pupils receive from her a helping hand, if her children have dry and uninteresting book-lore made fascinating and interesting—such a teacher may be said to have personality.

John Henry Newman says that "personality" (real knowledge, *personal* intellectual culture, enlargement, illumination—he uses all these terms) "is the action of a formative power reducing to order and *meaning* the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own.

A teacher may have a certain schedule, definite plans of work to follow, from superintendent and supervisors. They are like sign boards on the road, pointing to the end, and giving directions how to get there, but in themselves they are no guarantee that any action will be taken to reach the end. A force, an individuality, must be behind it all if the desired goal is to be reached.

A teacher with personality cannot be a tool or a machine. Emerson, in *The American Scholar*, makes a distinction between the *thinker* (of other men's thoughts) and *man thinking*; between the worker and man working. The teacher's individuality shows itself in the originality which she uses in presenting the different subjects in the common school curriculum, in thinking of little devices for helping the children to remember in making dry subjects more interesting and facts more real, in the decoration and ventilation of the school-room, in games or plays for the children; in all these and in many other ways the teacher's originality may be shown. She must deal in a loving and sympathetic manner with little children, each child requiring unique treatment. The stronger her personality, the better she is able to do this. Personality is not inertness and impassiveness; it is work, energy, and efficiency being used for the benefit of others.

There is always room for a forceful teacher. School teachers are a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. Emerson says, "A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms." Just so the able teacher sees the possibilities in each child and in the work at hand, uses every little thing that can help her to attain her end, makes use of every opportunity, makes "of every occasion a great occasion."

The following lines by Wordsworth express his idea of an ideal woman—they are mine of an ideal teacher.

“The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.  
A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

L. H. S.



## Recollections of a C Senior

I remember, I remember  
That first September morn,  
How all we little juniors  
Looked lonesome and forlorn.

I remember, I remember  
The physic, chem, and all,  
The little book in minerals  
That was our sad downfall.

I remember, I remember  
No study hours had we,  
While we little juniors  
Were as happy as could be.

I remember, I remember  
When seniors we became,  
That special history topics  
Did add to our great fame.

I remember, I remember  
That some good girl did say,  
“The reason we liked to study,  
Was to pass the time away.”

I remember, I remember,  
Book knowledge we desired.  
In algebra and decimals,  
We seemed to be inspired.

As I sit and wonder,  
And past hours before me rise,  
I hope when we come to teaching,  
We'll prove to be as wise.

A. G. S.

## Some European Schools I Have Visited

ONE day when leaving the beautiful ruin of "St. John the Divine," in Chester, England, we saw what appeared to be a new school house and thought we would see what the interior was like. Just inside the door we found the janitor who introduced us to a teacher who was conducting a sewing lesson. The children were given the articles which they made in this class. One girl was crocheting edging while others worked upon aprons and flannel undershirts. The children were apparently from the lower class and were not as bright and quick as those of our schools where all classes of society are represented. The pictures on the walls were very old, one representing Julius Caesar trying to land on the coast of England but driven back by the Britons. The teacher said the school was connected with the church but helped by the government and that there was constant friction between them "yet in spite of that," she said, "we are a great improvement upon previous years." We then went to the second floor and saw the kitchen in which the girls have their cooking lessons and the teacher told us that this instruction is of great benefit to that class of children. We heard some of the children sing and saw them all file out of the building. The Primary Department was on the third floor which is quite the opposite of our method.

In Sherburne, England, we visited a school consisting of one room in which there had been no change during the past fifty years. There were wooden benches without backs, for the children to sit on. A fire place was the only means of heating, the maps were as old as the building and there was not a whole book. This school was for the children of the working class. An English lady said to me, "It is very strange but some people even wish to teach these children music." The clergyman who showed us this school said it was a disgrace to the nation and that there were many like it. In this same town there is one of the finest boys' schools in the kingdom, with splendid stone buildings, courts and cloisters. It is a very old school for King Alfred and his brothers studied here. In Brompton, England, we visited the Dowse School founded in the sixteenth century by a Thomas Dowse, ancestor of the Thomas Dowse who endowed a school in Sherborn, Massachusetts. We were interested to visit this school because its founder was one of our ancestors.

Heidelburg, Germany, furnished one of the most interesting kindergartens, as one would expect in the home of Froebel. The children in the kindergarten looked bright and clean and wore long dark aprons which were kept in the room. The teacher had one young lady assistant and both seemed much pleased to have us come to visit them. We heard the children sing, saw them work with blocks and play a game all standing in a large circle. In Munich we often passed a large, handsome school building and one day thought we would go in, but just as we entered the

hall and turned toward a flight of stairs a door above opened and a crowd of children rushed down and with them came the vile air of an unventilated school-room, and we beat a hasty retreat.

It is said that Geneva has the best school houses in Europe; the buildings are new and up to date. There is more money spent on education in Switzerland in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other country. We were taken about in one new building and shown adjustable seats and desks, fine black boards, and light green walls; and in the first room heard the little children give their French reading lesson in unison. The children of Switzerland are usually busy when out of school. We spent August and September in Geneva and the boys never seemed to play or have games; if they came to the parks they might often be seen knitting and they wore their black aprons ready for work. When returning from school which each child is obliged to attend they might be seen stopping in the park to compare notes; most of the books were covered with cloth; each child having his books in a pack on his back.

When in Leyden, Holland, we saw some children going into a school and as one of the masters was at the iron gate to let them in we made him understand we should like to enter, but he shook his head, locked the gate and went away, soon returning with two other masters who looked at us and wished to know, in broken English, if our children were there at school. We told them what we wished to do but they said it was impossible for us to go into the building without permission from some ruling authority. Later we saw the *Dominie* of John Robinson's church and he told us strangers were never allowed in their schools.

One morning after having been to the Castle at Assisi in Italy, we came down a narrow street and heard through some grated windows just above our heads the sound of children's voices and the clattering of dishes. We went into a dark cellar-like entrance and on our left looked into a large room where there was an immense copper-boiler which gave forth pleasant odors and was presided over by a man wearing a white cap and apron. This man motioned to a door opposite where we found a hundred or more children seated at long, low tables, each having a bowl of vegetable soup and a large currant bun. This is furnished by the government and when the teacher standing nearest us brought a sample of the soup it seemed palatable. A priest of Rome told us that there is a law in Italy that every child shall go to school, but by many of the peasants it is not obeyed.

English, French and German are taught in most of the schools on the continent and many children speak three or four languages.

E. D. C.



## That Car

WHEN asked the question, "What do you find hardest at the Normal School?" is there a girl who would not answer, "Catching cars." How trying it is in the morning to have to glance at the clock so often! Then thinking you have plenty of time, leisurely you gather your books and in the midst of this you are informed that the car is coming! Hat, coat and bag are seized and thus burdened you run for the car. After the first few months, experience has taught you to take ample time in the morning, and the gymnasium practice has made you more nimble, so that invariably you arrive on time.

You enter the car and as you begin to recover from your exhaustion, the conductor calls, "Home for the Aged and Normal School." Wearily you follow in the wake of the other girls, sighing, "If only there were a spur track up Normal Hill." Toiling up that hill which does seem so steep in the early morning, you arrive at school and congratulate yourself upon attaining your goal, which is regarded as a reward for your hurried efforts.

After school there is a scramble for lockers, and a succession of exclamations, "I must catch that car." Woe to the damsel who goes leisurely strolling down the stairs at this time. With difficulty she maintains her footing as the girls fly past her, and before she has time to collect her thoughts, the girls are half way to the car.

In the morning when only a few minutes remain before nine o'clock, and it is only school that is to be attained, we seldom see the girls scurrying and hurrying to arrive on time, but when a car is in view, what a different story is to be told.

Just one minute left to go down the hill! How much faster you can run when the walks are slippery, but what a waste of time it is to fall when you have to catch that car. It takes but a second to recover from your fall and you start again as bravely as before and arrive at the corner just before the car. You signal for it to stop and think how fortunate you are to be there, and then the car passes by as if no one signalled it. In amazement you stare after it and there looms up before you in bright letters "LIMITED."

Let us now unite and send the following petition to the Boston and Worcester Street Railway Co.

We, the undersigned, do hereby petition the Boston & Worcester Street Railway Co., to lay a spur track to the State Normal School at Framingham, Massachusetts, and to run cars according to the students' schedule.

Signed,

A sympathetic sister, N. A. C.

## Household Arts Reminiscences

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,  
 Make me a Normal girl just for to-night.  
 Give me house plans and chemistry now,  
 Which I worked over, once, with a why and a How(e).

Shall I ever forget how to make button holes,  
 Or the best method to fold Parker House rolls?  
 What a time we did have, those dresses to fit,  
 It took all of our patience and Miss Penniman's wit.

In the Household Arts' kitchen we never were missed—  
 We wiped and stoned raisins and verified lists—  
 At Household Arts' dinner we always did shine,  
 Our soups and our salads were thought very fine.

We had practice school trials along with the rest,  
 And took trips to Europe with "Mademoiselle S—."  
 Our baskets and woodwork, it was always agreed,  
 Were excellent models, since we made them with Reid.

Miss Nicholass took us to town on Field Day,  
 At each corner she counted us, lest us should stray.  
 We carried our purses with the greatest of care,  
 For pick-pockets were sure to be loitering there.

There's Dr. Lambert, I remember him well,  
 For wonderful stories to us did he tell.  
 When we saw him begin we chuckled with glee,  
 For stories were better than lessons, you see.

Our well-loved principal, n'er shall I forget,  
 His words of sound advice linger with me yet.  
 Happy were the hours spent 'neath his gentle rule.  
 I long again for those dear days at Normal School.

E. H. and F. S.

## Seat Work

**S**EAT work, or as it is sometimes called, busy work, is an important factor in the child's life during his first two years at school, and as such is given special place on the program.

Many teachers conclude that if a child seems busy, and is not actively engaged in mischief making, he is working; but this is not always the case, as the child may be drawing pictures or wasting time in idle dreaming. First and foremost, seat work should interest the child and arouse his ambition. Without being interested, the child works against his will, if he works at all, and accomplishes little; and though he may be interested at first, his enthusiasm will diminish, if the work is intricate and long drawn out, so that he cannot in his mind's eye see a finished piece of work. On the other hand the seat work should not be of a too simple nature, for a piece of work of this kind arouses neither interest nor enthusiasm. To be really beneficial, seat work should not only keep the child occupied, and out of mischief, but should also train his hand and mind, and in this way be a means of development.

There are many varieties of seat work, and often material for the work prepared by the teacher herself is more adaptable and useful than that furnished by the school. In nearly all primary schools we find parquetry blocks, wooden beads, materials for weaving and boxes containing numbers, words and letters.

With the parquetry blocks the child can form various figures upon his desk, when directed by the teacher. For instance, the teacher might draw upon the black-board a diamond shaped figure representing four blocks using a green block for the top, a yellow one underneath, a blue one at the right and a red block at the left. The children could have perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes and make as many figures of this kind as possible upon their desks. This sort of seat work gives the child training in several ways. In the first place, he must be able to recognize the colors blue, green, yellow and red, secondly, he must use his ingenuity in putting them together to form a diamond, and not any other sort of figure, then the colors must be arranged in the same order as in the teacher's design, and finally he must exert patience and control in order to repeat the figure.

Using the beads, the teacher might have the children string two red beads, four green ones, three yellows, etc., or string all the reds, all the oranges, all the yellows, and so on down through the colors of the spectrum. These schemes give practice in recognizing color and counting.

The wooden pegs may be used in several ways: pegs representing different numbers may be arranged, figures may be made, and the tables may be represented. Pegs may also be used as an aid to counting. The child may place one peg upon the desk, under that he may place two, under the two, three, etc.

Weaving gives valuable training in color, as the teacher should choose colors which harmonize. Besides this the child must think continually in order to go over and under just the correct number of strips to form the pattern. This work interests the child greatly, and also arouses his ambition because almost from the first he can conceive of the finished piece of work and is anxious to obtain it.

Let us now consider the material that the teacher can make to use as seat work. Every one will admit, undoubtedly, that envelopes containing words which may be formed into the sentences, or rhymes written on the outside of the envelope, are useful and helpful. These words may be written in script or printed and may be used advantageously in connection with the reading.

Circles, squares, triangles and other geometrical figures of cardboard can be easily made by the teacher. The child can trace around the figures, color them with wax crayons as directed by the teacher, and it may be understood that only those which are made well may be cut out later and taken home. In tracing around a figure the child gains hand training. In coloring it he has further training, for he must keep within the boundary of the figure if he is to be allowed to cut it out. In the final step the child gains practice in paper cutting.

Besides these figures the children can trace, color, and cut out in the same way leaves, simple flowers, fruit, fish and butterflies, etc. Maple leaves are especially interesting to the child as they have so many different colors. These leaves might be used in the fall when he might have a real maple leaf before him, from which to take his colors. In coloring I should have the child use crayons as nearly like the original color as possible, and as often as convenient have the object which is being drawn and colored brought into the class room. We should never allow a child to color an apple blue, a butterfly green or a lilac leaf red as it gives him a wrong impression and lessens the value of the work.

These are only a few typical examples of the numerous kinds of seat work which may be used profitably in the primary grades; but they bring out the fact that any piece of work, which excites interest and ambition, and at the same time trains the brain and hand may be used as seat work.

A. F.





## “Teacher”

'Twas a little bit of a note,  
 Dirty, and mostly tear,  
 But, I have kept it, for some-one wrote,  
 “I love you,” there.

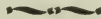
'Twas a little bit of a boy,  
 With a fat little freckled face,  
 And eyes very full of the world's great joy,  
 And most always in disgrace.

I scolded him often and often  
 Saying, “Sonny, why *do* you do so?”  
 And often and often he answered,  
 “Why, teacher, I dun know.”

'Twas Valentine's day that I found it,  
 'Mid hearts of most dazzling hue,  
 The dear, little crumpled letter;  
 From the bit of a boy I knew.

And then—he went in the nighttime,  
 With no prying eyes to stare,  
 And no mother-arms to enfold him,  
 As he stumbled in awkward prayer.

God keep thee, my childish sweetheart,  
 And give me more of thy grace,  
 As I look at the note, and think often,  
 Of your dear, little, freckled face.



## Question and Answer

“**W**AS he black like me, Miss Hill,” little Archie, the only colored child in the room of forty-eight children, wistfully asked the teacher.

“Yes, Archie, he was,” she answered.

Then a happy light came into Archie's eyes for here at last was a great hero, not like George Washington, of course, for there never could be one just like him, the child supposed,—but he was a hero, none the less, and he was “black like me.” “Black like me,” the child kept saying to himself, “the hero was a giant, and he was black like me!” He could

scarcely believe it, it seemed so good, but teacher had said that he was, so it must be true.

What a simple answer Miss Hill had made to the little colored boy's question, and yet what happiness it gave to the child!

She had been telling a story about two giants to the little scholars before her, forty-seven of whom were white, as I have said, and little Archie the only black sheep in the fold.

One of the giants was wicked, and the other good. The good giant punished the wicked one, and brought back to her home the little white princess whom the bad giant had stolen. It was quite thrilling; that good giant was so big, and so brave, the children thought, and they said so, too.

Archie listened to his little schoolmates as they praised this good giant. He looked around upon them, and a wave of feeling that he was not like the other children came over him, as it did so many times when he listened to stories of their heroes, all white like themselves, he knew.

Suddenly a thought came to him, a happy thought. Perhaps this good giant might be black like him! Then doubt came. That was too good to be true, he mused. Then, almost hoping against hope he decided to ask Teacher, and out came the wistful question from the childish lips.

"Was he black like me, Miss Hill?" and Miss Hill's loving, tactful, joy giving answer,

"Yes, Archie,—he was."

This little incident, a true one, is only typical of the tact a teacher should have, and how she should use it. It is typical, too, of a condition in the public schools in this part of the country, where negro and white children are in the same room, and with the same teacher, the negroes always in the minority, and always conscious if not so sensitive about it as little Archie, that they are somehow apart, and "not like" the other children.

The race problem is a great one, and is yet to be solved, if solved it ever be. Booker Washington says that it will not be solved in our day, but will work itself out in the process of the evolution of the race. However, that does not concern the present, nor the condition of things as regards negro and white children in our schools today.

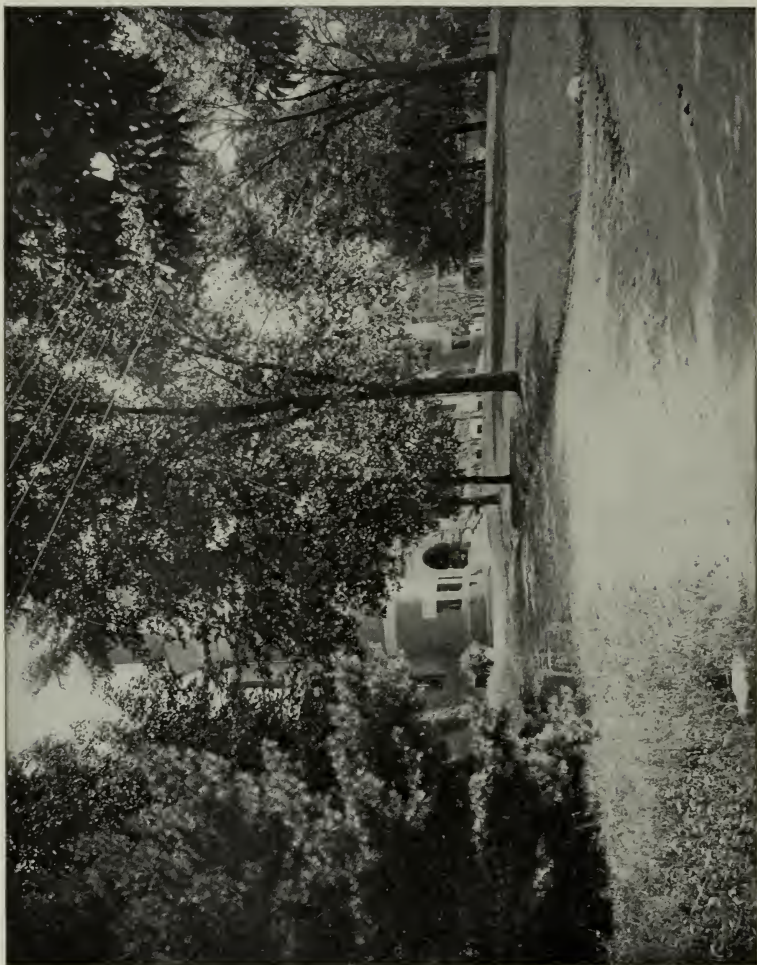
They are there, and it is the teacher's task and problem to make them happy in their school life, regardless, as far as feeling goes, of the difference in color. She must not only teach them the three R's, but also the Christian doctrine that we are all brothers. There must be no feeling in her class that one is better than the other.

She has many hard problems brought to her because of this race difference, and they must be met. If she really is a true lover of her little ones, God's little ones, she will find the most graceful and tactful way to meet these difficulties, even as Miss Hill did that morning when little Archie's question was asked.

"Was he black like me, Miss Hill?" and the answer given,

"Yes, Archie, he was."





VIEW IN GROUNDS—MAY HALL

## Athletics

THE athletic department of our school has, this past year, suffered a great loss in the absence of our regular gymnasium teacher, Miss Bennett, yet we heartily tender to her our wish that she may spend a most restful and enjoyable year abroad and return to Framingham to resume her duties with renewed vigor and health.

During Miss Bennett's absence her place has been adequately and agreeably filled by Miss Marion Baxter.

In our junior year, under Miss Bennett, we took up out-of-door sports, which consisted of tennis and field hockey, and gymnasium work, consisting of floor work, apparatus work, dancing, games, and teaching. The floor work consisted of gymnastics and marching.

Our first attempts at apparatus work were very funny. Many were the silent laughs we enjoyed when watching our classmates dangling gloomily from the boom and endeavoring to the best of their ability to hitch along from one end to the other or wiggling wormily through the horizontal ladder or sliding, far too hurriedly for their courage, down the fire-escape rope. However, "he laughs best who laughs last," so the adage says, and when our turns came we were fittingly and heartily laughed at. We finally became quite efficient on the apparatus, however.

(A warning: Beware of one who may some night silently steal to the gymnasium with an axe and split into kindling wood the apparatus, so removing many pleasures and also many lame muscles.)

The games learned were games which would be suitable for use in the grades.

The days on which we had dancing were days of pleasure. We learned many pretty folk-dances and some aesthetic dancing. An exhibition of these dances was given in the Assembly hall to which guests were invited.

The most unappreciated portion of the gymnasium work was the teaching of day's orders. How frightened we were and how we did mix things up. I am sure we all appreciated the quick interpretation by the class of some of our wild orders and their quick perception of what we desired regardless of what we said.

When spring came we spent our gymnasium periods out of doors again. We played tennis some and learned base-ball.

## TENNIS

Our school has two very fine dirt courts and the demand for them is great. A tournament was played in which anyone might compete. The Misses Spaulding were the victors.

## HOCKEY

Many afternoons we girls would put on our gymnasium suits, take our hockey sticks and go down to the hockey field. Our intentions were to play hockey but it took so much time for us to remember our positions and the rules that we never gained much ability in this game.

## BASE-BALL

Base-ball was the game which we all enjoyed as much as any game we learned. It was one which everyone could play well, for the ball is so large that if you couldn't hit it, it was almost sure to hit the bat. There was great excitement over a home run or over a ball "caught on the fly" but these things did not occur very often.

## BASKET-BALL

Basket-ball was the most popular winter sport and it was played a great deal. Each division had a team and these teams played match games.

The college games were the most interesting. Each team would choose some college and wear the chosen colors around their arms. The friends of each team would decorate the gymnasium with banners and during the game would sing the songs and give the cheers of their chosen college. Harvard was beaten by Yale and Dartmouth at these games.

A few match games were played with the High School girls' teams and the Normal School found them pretty good opponents.

## ATHLETIC MEET.

In March, 1909, was held an Athletic meet in the gymnasium. The competitors were chosen from each division by the members of the divisions. The events taken up were floor work and apparatus work. Each competitor was numbered and when chosen as doing any certain thing best her number was put down. The first choice won two points and the second choice one point. The judges were gymnasium instructors from other towns.

Miss Marion Spaulding, a Household Arts middle junior, won the greatest number of points and was awarded the prize letter.

1910.

The work with Miss Baxter has been very interesting and enjoyable. In the fall we had base-ball on pleasant days and floor work in the gymnasium on stormy days.

The work in the gymnasium this winter has been about the same as it was during our junior year.

Nearly every other day has been given up to dancing. This department is liked much better than the more strenuous ones.

The teaching of day's orders is dreaded just as much as it was last year and the same funny mistakes are made as before.

## HARVARD VS. YALE BASKET-BALL

On the 20th of November, while the great foot-ball question was being settled at the Harvard Stadium, was held in our gymnasium a basket-ball game. The players were chosen from Crocker and Normal halls and the two teams were Harvard and Yale.

The gymnasium was decorated with banners, one side Yale, the other side Harvard. The Yales were first in the field so took possession of the piano side, leaving to the Harvards the horizontal ladder side.

The umpires were Misses Mary Caunt and Marion Ritchie.

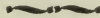
It was a good game, the opposing sides being well matched. The final score was 1-1.

The cheering and singing added greatly to the excitement and interest. The Yales had the advantage of having the piano but the Harvard side was well led by Miss Gladys Stimson.

I have the privilege of announcing that we may look forward to some very interesting times this spring. We have planned for us an out-of-doors track meet, an in-door meet and inter-class meets in basket-ball and base-ball. With these things to look forward to we shall all have to try our hardest so they will be a great success.

The many hours spent in the gymnasium will be greatly missed when we are no longer pupils here but the pleasure derived from them will ever be in our memories.

F. I. H.



## An Appeal to Prospective Teachers

WHEN a boy continually spells the same word incorrectly, the teacher grows impatient and her first thought is to have him write that word several times. The value of such a punishment can be rated from the following anecdote:

A boy continually spelled *gone*, *g-o-r-n*, so his teacher told him to write the word one hundred times. While he was laboriously fulfilling his task, his teacher went to visit another teacher, and had not returned, when he had completed the work. When she came back, John had gone, but had left the paper on her desk, with *gone* spelled one hundred times, and at the end had written the message, "I have *gorn* home."

## Lament of the Lame

APOLOGIES TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Should you ask me, whence these groanings?  
 Whence these long emitted moanings,  
 Issuing from the lips of maidens,  
 From the hearts and souls of maidens,  
 As of sorrow cast upon them,  
 As of great distress and anguish,  
 I should answer, I should tell you:  
 They have had to take gymnastics,  
 Exercise for health and hygiene,  
 For developing their muscles,  
 Strengthening their lungs and sinews.  
 So unwont are they to such things,  
 So unused, these tender maidens,  
 That their muscles and their sinews  
 Stiffened are, and when expanded,  
 From necessity expanded,  
 Straightway follow lamentations,  
 Great distress and many groanings;  
 And the melancholy aspect  
 Of these downcast, youthful maidens,  
 Fills the hearts of those who hear them  
 With unutterable sorrow,  
 With compassion for their lameness.

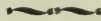
At the ringing of the hour bell.  
 Scurrying to the lower regions,  
 To the dressing rooms and lockers,  
 May be heard the gentle patter  
 Of the feet of many maidens.  
 There midst heat, 'most suffocating,  
 They must hustle, they must hurry  
 To be ready for the roll-call,  
 Ready to begin gymnastics.  
 Many things they're taught and drilled on,  
 How to march and how to run well,  
 How to dance with grace and beauty,  
 Dance with motions as a young reed,  
 As a reed, wind blown and graceful.  
 Ah! but when the morning cometh,  
 Peeping o'er the hills and forests,



Waking all who deeply slumber,  
 All who quiet lie and peaceful;  
 Then begin the gentle wailings,  
 Moanings, groanings, lamentations.  
 Of these tender, modest maidens,  
 These dear maidens, young and fair.  
 And there comes a far off murmur  
 Wafted on the air of morning,  
 On the crystal air of morning,  
 This lament from all the lame ones.  
 From the dancers, the swift runners;  
 "We are lame, oh, fellow creatures,  
 Do not hurry us in walking,  
 Do not make us stoop to conquer,  
 Stoop to win in life's great struggle,  
 For we're lame and we are stiffened,  
 All our muscles ache and pain us,  
 And we're sad and melancholy  
 After taking our gymnastics."  
 Thus this legend, sad and mournful,  
 This, a legend filled with sorrow,  
 Ends with this, the lamentation  
 Of these lame and mournful maidens.

I would say, O, coming students,  
 You, the generations coming  
 To replace your elder sisters  
 In this school, this place of knowledge,  
 That this legend you will find true,  
 Sadly true from your experience,  
 From the aches and pains and lameness,  
 You acquire from your gymnastics.

F. I. H.



### SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER.

"I must know the lesson I teach.  
 I must do some reading outside.  
 I must take an interest in my individual scholars.  
 I must keep myself strong and happy and well.  
 These are essentials."

Be a leader, not a driver of your flock—Hyde.  
 Put yourselves unreservedly, without stint of measure into the lives  
 of your scholars.

## Musical Afternoons

ON Monday afternoons it has been our pleasure to listen to programs given by the students and outside talent. These programs, under Mr. Archibald's supervision, have been arranged by a committee composed of the following: H A's, Misses Hunt and Parker; A's, Misses Fair and Davitt; B's, Misses Maxwell and Hicks; C's, Misses Helen Shaw and Simons. As far as possible we have tried to give programs of the modern composers, adding to these some miscellaneous programs.

A great deal of credit is due the girls who have so willingly and efficiently helped us make these programs a success.

Once a month we have had programs by outside talent which have been very enjoyable. The students have paid for these entertainments, with the help of Mr. Whittemore, for to every ten dollars raised by the students, Mr. Whittemore has generously added ten dollars.

The Glee Club has added much to the entertainments. They have sung for us a number of tunes with Mr. Archibald as conductor. The members of the club are as follows:

*First Soprano*—Misses Bonny, McFarland, Montgomery, Ring, Stone, Travers.

*Second Soprano*—Misses Buck, Howe, MacCully, Oldham, Stimson, Williams.

*First Alto*—Misses Bartlett, Davenport, Harris, Pendleton, Rose.

*Second Alto*—Misses Clark, Harding, McGill, Manning, Miller, Parker.

One afternoon the eighth grade sang for us. This gave us an idea of what can be done in the grades with regard to musical programs.

One of the outside programs was as follows:

- I. Trio, in B flat major—Beethoven,  
Allegro cambio  
Adagio,  
Terna con variazioni,
- II. Clarinet, Intermezzo—Gade,  
Romanza—Gade,  
Impromptu—Gade,

MR. MONT AREY.

- III. Piano, Gavotte and Musette—Downer-Eaton,  
Poem Eratique—Grieg,  
Le Papillon—Lavallée,  
Calirrhoe—Chaminade,

MRS. JESSIE DOWNER EATON

IV. Cello, Wiegenlied—Schubert,  
Gavotte—Hadley,  
MR. LOUIS DALBECK.

V. Trios, Serenade de Mileiska—Block,  
Adagio—Bohm,  
Scherzo—Rubenstein.

Among the programs given by the students was the following:

I. Solo—  
When the Heart is Young—D. Buck  
MISS MAXWELL

II. Piano Solo—  
Polonaise Brillante—Wilson  
MISS CUNNINGHAM

III. Solo—  
Two Grenadiers—Schuman  
To the Sunshine—Schuman  
MR. ARCHIBALD

IV. Duet—  
Always Merry—Robinson  
MISSSES BOYNTON AND CUTLER

V. Solo—  
Farewell  
Stars with their Little Golden Sandals  
In the Dreamy Woods I Wander—Robert Frazut.  
MR. ARCHIBALD

VI. Solo—  
Drink to me only with Thine Eyes—Stephen Townsend  
Thy Beaming Eyes—Macdowell  
Gypsy John—Flelay  
MR. ARCHIBALD

Miss Winnifred Archibald—accompanist

The program given by the Raymond Trio was delightful, the participants were Marietta Sherman Raymond, violinist; Katherine Beresford Halliday, violoncellist; Margaret Gorham, pianist; assisted by Mrs. H. Carleton Slack, Soprano.

#### PROGRAM

Trio (D moll)—A. Arensky  
(a) Elegra—Adagio  
(b) Scherzo—Allegro Molto

Songs  
(a) Elegin ('Cello obligato) Massenet  
(b) Wanderleid—Von Koss

Trio—Alexander Fesca

(a) Allegro con Spirito

(b) Barcarolle

(c) Scherzo

Song—The Swallows—Cower

Trio—African Melodies—S. Coleridge Taylor

M. W. S.

The Glee Club gave us a concert, on March 14. They were assisted by Mrs. Clara W. Jackson, soprano; Carl Webster, violoncello; Mrs. Florida M. Chamberlain, accompanist.

PROGRAM

1. Waken Lords and Ladies Gay—H. Alexander Mathews

GLEE CLUB

2. Solo

MR. WEBSTER

3. Springs Welcome—Dudley Buck

Sanctus—Dudley Buck

GLEE CLUB

4. Solo

MRS. JACKSON

5. Beam from Yonder Star—Bullard

GLEE CLUB

6. Solo

MR. WEBSTER

7. Wyken, Blyken, and Nod—Nevin Wynken.

GLEE CLUB WITH SOLO BY MRS. JACKSON

8. Cantata—"The Lady of Shalott"—Bendall

GLEE CLUB WITH SOLO BY MRS. JACKSON

APRIL 6, 1910.

Simply hearing the date, April 6, excites a senior and you immediately ask her for what it stands. She will tell you it reminds her of a concert, given by the Colby College Musical Clubs, with a program as follows:—

PROGRAM

The Passing Regiment (a)—Macy

Medley (b)—G. A. Gould, '08

GLEE CLUB

Tenor Solo, My Dreams—Tosti

MR. J. C. RICHARDSON

Moonlight on the Lake—White

QUARTET

Reading, Trick vs. Trick—John Seymour Wood

MR. JAMES PERRY

Doan Ye Cry, Ma Honey—A. W. Noll

QUARTET

Sword of Ferrara—Bullard

GLEE CLUB

Bass Solo, Sweet Miss Mary—Neidlinger

MR. NATHAN H. GARRICK

The Gay Collegian—L. O. Merrill, '09

MANDOLIN QUINTET

My Wild Irish Rose—Chauncey Olcott

QUARTET

Violin Solo, Gavotte—Carl Bohm

MR. DONALD WHITE

Stars and Stripes Forever—Sousa

GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

A most entertaining program to all of the audience but there was in each number some signal charm which especially appealed to the student and gave it a holiday tone beside the classical concerts she listened to this winter and also enjoyed in a different way.

But as the saying has it, what touches our pocket-books, touches ourselves most deeply, and the senior does not fail to suggest the financial success also which made the class of 1910 wealthier by a good many dollars.

Taking everything into consideration, the senior feels that this new feature introduced into this year's pleasure certainly paid her for all the effort and energy she put into it.

M. D.

## School Notes

1908-1909

October 10.—When one has reached the dignity of a senior it is hard to understand the peculiar quakings and tremblings which one felt as a junior, when one attended one's first faculty reception. On Friday afternoon, October 10, a very delightful reception was given to the students by the faculty. The older students and our kind instructors soon put us at our ease, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

November 13.—The middle junior and senior class gave us a very pleasant afternoon on November 13, at a reception and dance. Though still juniors, we had gained a little courage and entered into the entertainment with eagerness. We were each given a numbered card as we entered the hall, and soon some kind senior, having a number corresponding to our own, took us under her protection, and gave us a very happy time.

January 15.—It was a momentous occasion (at least for us), when we invited the seniors to a reception and dance in May hall. How eager we were to have it a success! What excitement we felt when January 15 arrived! The hall was very prettily decorated with red poinsettias, and there was, strung directly across the hall, two red-bound wires, which caused some curiosity among the seniors. There was still more interest when each girl was given a round ball of confetti. At a signal from the orchestra each girl threw her ball over one of the wires, and what a fairy-land of bright colored streamers we had to dance among!

October 2.—On a bright October afternoon we were all invited to attend exercises in front of May hall, where, by order of the Governor, our state flag was unfurled. We, who have received so much from this State Normal School must feel, I think, especial love and reverence for the flag of Massachusetts.

January 14.—Mr. G. G. O'Dwyer gave us a very interesting talk on "The Education of the Blind."

January 15.—We were all much interested in a debate among the Household Arts seniors. The question was, Resolved: that a non-meat eating diet is more beneficial than a meat eating diet. Miss Kenway and Miss Moulton both did very well on the negative side, but Miss Fiske and Miss Ritch won the affirmative after quite an exciting debate.

January 21.—Robert H. Levett, one of Boston's foremost specialists on treatment of the feet, gave us a very practical talk on "The Care of the Feet." I know that many of us left the hall with resolutions for sensible foot-wear in the future.

January 27.—Mrs. A. L. Sargent of West Medford gave us an unusually enjoyable afternoon when she read Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House." So deep an impression did it make upon the minds of

many of us, that when the play was given in Boston, we made an especial effort to see it.

February 10.—On this day we celebrated the centennary of Lincoln's birth. Several of the seniors gave interesting talks on the great President's life.

March 15.—Mrs. L. T. Meade gave an address on Patriotism and Internationalism.

March 29.—Prof. Maynadier of Harvard spoke on "Spenser as the Representative of the Elizabethan Era."

### 1909-1910

September 24.—In order that we might the more thoroughly appreciate the importance of fresh air, we were given a lecture on the subject by Mrs. Van Helden, on September 24. We, who will probably have many little children in our charge each day, need especially to understand the value of good ventilation.

October 1.—On this day our good faculty gave a reception to all the students. There were so many new faces that even we seniors felt in a strange land at first. We were very much interested on meeting the new juniors, and the afternoon passed very pleasantly with our old and new acquaintances.

November 12.—On this day we took our turn in entertaining, and had as our guests the faculty and the juniors. The hall was prettily decorated with crêpe paper which was stamped with bright colored autumn leaves. A reception was held first at which Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Nicholass, Miss Davis and our president and secretary presided. This was followed by a "grand march" which proved very popular with all. The rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing, and according to both, juniors and seniors, the party was a very happy one.

February 4.—After many weeks of anticipation the night of the senior dance arrived. The halls were one buzz of excitement. Neatly attired little French maids tripped up stairs and down, receiving directions here and there as to their duties. Each senior had her maid, who dutifully attired and admired her. When the door bell began its series of rings, excitement reached its height. Flowers and cards were hurried to the different rooms, followed by exclamations of delight. Then the seniors were escorted in all their glory to May hall. The juniors had surely outdone themselves, for the building never looked so pretty. The stairways were decorated with poinsettias which were wound in and out of the banisters. The cozy corners were most inviting. Harvard had the place of honor in the upper hallway and in the "rest room," Dartmouth held sway. "Boston Tech" was well represented in the reading room, where demure middlers served punch. May hall was best of all. Over the stage, 1910 blazed forth in bright electric lights. The chandeliers were trimmed with large yellow flowers, and the rest of the hall was tastefully decorated with black and yellow. The dignified seniors were resplendent in their dainty gowns and gay hair ornaments. Intermission was made unusually pleasant

by the white-gowned middle juniors, who made most perfect waitresses. The evening was a great success, and it was a merry crowd which said goodnight, the only regret being that the evening had been too short.

February 24.—One of the most delightful lectures which it has been our fortune to hear at the Normal school, was given February 24, by Miss Lindsay. Her subject, "Story Telling," was of special interest to most of us. We sat breathless while she repeated to us some of her charming children's stories. She showed clearly the value and importance of the story in the child's education, for to her mind it was a most important factor in the forming of a taste for good literature in children. It would certainly be well worth our while to learn to judge good stories, and to learn to tell them well.

April 15.—On this day the juniors entertained the senior class and they certainly gave us a delightful time. The entertainment opened with a charming little farce called "Mr. Bob." The cast of characters was as follows:

Philip Royson . . . . .	Ruth Staples
Robert Brown, Clerk of Benson and Benson . . . . .	Marian Ritchie
Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's Butler . . . . .	Delight Standish
Rebecca Luke, a Maiden Lady . . . . .	Rebeccah Newcomb
Katherine Rogers, her Niece . . . . .	Olive Ring
Marian Bryant, Katherine's Friend . . . . .	Florence Gould
Patty, Miss Rebecca's Maid . . . . .	Gladys Simpson

We quite lost our hearts to the charming Philip Royson, while Robert Brown kept the audience in continuous laughter. Patty and Jenkins were especially good, and we thoroughly enjoyed Patty's pranks. Aunt Becky had our sympathy, even though she was a trifle partial to cats, and it is needless to say that Katherine and her friend, Mr. Bob, were splendid. With much laughter and fun the curtain went down after the last act and the hall was cleared for dancing. At this point the juniors sang their class song which was composed by Rozetta McFarland. The song was well written and well rendered by the class. The entertainment was a complete success, and we are indebted to the junior class for the remembrance of a very happy afternoon.



"Smile awhile; and when you smile  
 Another smiles  
 And soon there's miles and miles of smiles  
 And Life's worth while  
 Because you smile."



## Crocker Hall Notes

WE must go back to last June, when we start in with our Crocker hall notes, as it was then that we chose our house president, pro tem. It seemed best that we have someone to take charge of things when we gathered the following September, in order that we might give the juniors a better welcome, and organize more quickly. For this position we chose Edith Childs, and to her we owe our thanks for all that she did.

The first social event for the Hall was the dinner party on September 13th. In order that the newcomers might feel more at home, and all of us become better acquainted, little dinner parties were arranged at each table. It was so planned that each of the "old" girls in the hall look after one of the "new," and see that for that evening, at least, she did not have an instant's time to feel lonely or homesick.

### INITIATION

September 16 was the date fixed for our initiation rites and welcome. Not only were the juniors included in this, but all new comers to the Hall, as well. A general invitation was given at dinner, that evening, to meet over in the gymnasium at 8.30, for a "Family Meeting," and it was quite important that all should attend. And everyone did attend as they would not have missed it for the world.

A delightful program had been previously arranged, by a committee in charge of Agnes Scully. We all know Miss Scully's ability along that line, so knew it would be well worth while. Each newcomer had a chance to "star," and almost without exception they made the most of their opportunity.

### PROGRAM FOR ENTERTAINMENT

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| I. Address of Welcome.....                     | Miss Davenport                |
| II. "I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid".....     | Miss M. Clarke                |
| III. Love Affairs As I Have Known Them.....    | Miss Stimpson                 |
| IV. Cake Walk .....                            | { Miss Parsons<br>Miss Jones  |
| V. My Impressions of F. N. S.....              | Miss McChlerie                |
| VI. Duet—"My Bonnie".....                      | { Miss Kirkley<br>Miss Hough  |
| VII. Blueberry Pie .....                       | Miss Simons                   |
| VIII. Song—Origin of Crocker Hall Sausage..... | Miss Scott                    |
| IX. A Trip With My Young Man.....              | Miss Holmes                   |
| X. Tripping the Light Fantastic.....           | { Miss Bennet<br>Miss Breitze |

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| XI. One Act Play.....  | { | Miss Benton<br>Miss Ritchie<br>Miss Whitney<br>Miss Rogers<br>Miss Newton              |
| XII. Presentation of a Bluff.....  |   | Miss Trask   |
| XIII. Circus .....   | { | Miss G. Mathewson<br>Miss Morgan<br>Miss Coffey<br>Miss Cunningham<br>Miss Lombard     |
| XIV. Proposal and Acceptance.....  | { | Miss McDermont<br>Miss Allen   |
| XV. Ideal Man.....   |   | Miss Buffington  |
| XVI. Division Z in Pose, Greeting, Proposal,<br>Refusal, Acceptance, Parting ..... | { | Miss Fisk<br>Miss Gulliver<br>Miss Graves<br>Miss Moore<br>Miss Hunt<br>Miss Seagraves |
| XVII. Demonstration of Fakir at Palmer Fair.....                                   |   | Miss Rice  |
| XVIII. Appreciation of Evening's Program.....                                      |   | Miss Ryder   |

If you are acquainted with the girls, in the above list, you will realize the wisdom used in the arrangement of the program. It was surely enjoyed by all. At the close of it we all adjourned to Crocker hall, and were served with light refreshments.

Early in October, Miss Childs felt it necessary to resign from her position as house president, and called a meeting to elect another to fill that office, and also the office of treasurer. Mary Thrall was made house president, and Ilma Howe, secretary and treasurer. They served us well throughout the year, and we very much appreciate all that our house president did to make it pleasant for us.

As regards entertainments the same general plan was followed as of last year. We voted to have various entertainments on alternate Saturday nights, the other Saturday evenings being given up to whist or impromptu fun. Our president nominated the chairmen for the committees in charge of the entertainments, and they chose their own assistants.

The first party was given on October 23, in the gymnasium, and was very much enjoyed. For this affair the juniors had been requested to come as babies, the middle juniors as nurses, and the seniors as grandmothers. Many of the representations were clever, and we still remember some of the tiny grandmothers, and sizable babies.

On October 30, the girls enjoyed an impromptu candy-pull, down in the laundry, and various Hallowe'en stunts were also carried on. The Hallowe'en party, given by Normal hall to Crocker, had to be postponed

until November 5, but it was well worth waiting for. Every Crockerite voted that party the biggest success ever, and it certainly was.

The gymnasium, on November 6, was the scene of a Man-Dance, so-called. The men were of various types, and all of them unusually nice. Preceding the dancing, illustrated songs were sung, and from the success of the performance one would judge that those taking part had had excellent training. The songs given were the following:

"Honey Boy."

"How Can I Leave Thee?"

"I Wonder Who is Kissing Him Now."

On November 20 a Masquerade party was given, dancing being the main part of the entertainment. The costumes were many and varied, and we hardly knew our best friends. November 20, being the day of the Harvard and Yale game, that was duly celebrated, too. In the afternoon there was a Harvard and Yale basket ball game in the gymnasium, followed by the usual dinner parties. We all know what fun those are, and about the good natured rivalry between Harvard and Yale enthusiasts.

The time between Thanksgiving and Christmas was too filled up to allow for many entertainments, but we had our usual Christmas frolic on the evening of the 23d. We assembled in the parlor, and were there given slips of paper on which were instructions as to where to find other slips of paper with more instructions. After following these up, going upstairs and downstairs, and into the most unheard-of places, we finally found our gifts. Then we assembled in the parlor again, where we had to open our packages and read the enclosed verses. Of course, we enjoyed most of the jokes on other people, but we took our own in good part. After that, last but not least, came the refreshments.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments of all took place on February 5, and was called a Swap-party. That was a dancing party, too, and at intermission the "swapping" took place. The articles swapped were of every kind and description, and not only were they swapped, but re-swapped, again and again. The valuable mineralogy specimen seemed to be most unappreciated of all, while the beautiful grass bouquet was carefully treasured and carried throughout the remainder of the dance.

In speaking of Crocker hall events we must not forget to mention the many and elaborate dinner-parties, which were enjoyed by all. The "North-Pole," the "Hallowe'en," and the "Man-Dance," were among the most clever, while the Colonial Costume party was one of the most elaborate. There were several Thanksgiving and Christmas parties, the "whole family" having a Christmas party one night. At that party the baby, attended by her nurse, was very much appreciated by the whole dining room.

And last of all, although by no means the least important, are the spreads given in the girls' rooms, the afternoon "Teas," and the much talked-of sleigh rides.

L. K. P.

## Normal Hall Notes

SOON after our return to Normal, Miss Dawson called a meeting of all the girls to elect a temporary house president. Lillian Shaw was elected and not long after, her office was made a permanent one. At a house meeting, early in the fall, it was voted to have entertainments once a month through the winter. The chairmen were chosen from the floor as follows: Helen Lockwood, Gladys Blickhahn, Marion Spaulding, Edna Coffin and Ruth Staples. The committees were chosen by lot.

### INITIATION

On the evening of September 22, most of the girls were quietly studying, when about 8.30, there was a scramble of feet, a rush and almost immediately the "new girls" were blindfolded by the "old girls" and were led upstairs, downstairs, outdoors and all around. Finally, after much noise and laughter, the bandages were removed in Room 8. Here each girl was required to make a three minute speech and do some stunt. The speeches, which were applicable to the speaker, and the stunts were doled out by Helen Lockwood, who fulfilled her duties admirably.

Introduction to the Festive Occasion.....	Miss Pollard
Discourse on Curly Hair.....	Miss Fuller
Why Curiosity Killed a Cat.....	Miss Taylor
The Advantages of Tenting in Rainy Weather.....	Miss Hall
Why are you planning to leave us every Friday?.....	Miss Adams
Ticks (wood or feather).....	Miss M. Spaulding
Why do you feel nervous in study hour?.....	Miss Brooks
Confidential Talk on the Advantages of Being Engaged.....	Miss A. Spaulding, Miss Gould
A Funny Story in Monotone.....	Miss Staples
Why did Addie Choose me for a Roommate?.....	Miss Caunt
Woman's Rights.....	Miss Blood
Discourse on Love.....	Miss Wells
An Honest Opinion of Normal Hall.....	Miss Coffin
An Introduction to "Jimmy".....	Miss Lufkin
The Advantages of Keeping Silent.....	Miss Sanborn
Farewell Speech.....	Miss Sawyer

As for the stunts, I am sure Amy would give you a demonstration of a somersault and Marie would gladly show you how to run. Marion Spaulding's love-making to the waste basket was so well done, we all think she must have had experience. When the seventeen "new girls" had been gathered into the fold, we enjoyed lemonade, corncakes and candy, and then went to our rooms, feeling that the welcome had been a jolly one.

## HALLOWE'EN PARTY

This year Normal hall entertained Crocker with a Hallowe'en party, November 6. A paper stuffed man, with a pumpkin head was the first to greet our visitors as he sat on the piazza. A man! Horrors! The Crockerites were met at the door by ghosts who ushered them through darkened rooms on the third floor. Green and red tissue paper dulled the lights so that everything had a weird appearance. A sign on the door of the first room entered, read, "Who Enters Here Leaves Hope Behind." This proved to be a graveyard, with pinetrees and tombstones. Suddenly a skeleton jumped out of the closet and rolled a chain across the floor. Such screaming! *Well, no wonder*, it was truly horrible.

"Seek Ye the Fate of All Crushes," thus read the sign on the second door which, when opened, revealed a pretty girl lying on her couch. She had actually faded away from so many attentions. About her were strewn flowers, candy boxes, pictures and sofa pillows. In the third room was a mummy and a corpse, while in the fourth were Blue Beard's Wives. These were ghastly indeed. "Meow s-s-s, Enter." Four black cats ran toward the door when it was opened and jumped at the girls as they were about to enter. Three fierce witches were around a caldron in the next room. Green flames issued from the caldron and occasionally the spectators were spattered with water. Last, but not least, were the red devils who were so lively they could not be confined to their room but persisted in chasing Mr. Whittemore down the corridor.

When the "horrors" were over the guests were led through the sub-way to May hall. On the way, devils and cats appeared from all corners, chains rattled and signs, such as these, were seen: "Road to Hades," "Beware, Devils Ahead," "Haste, Ye Are Followed," and "Listen, Oh, Horrors, Bones."

A caldron was placed in the centre of the assembly hall floor and around it was given the Witch's scene in Macbeth. At first, the only light in the hall came from the green flames in the caldron. Cats and devils ran from the corners to the centre of the room and together danced about the caldron. After this, an orchestra, composed of cats, devils and ghosts, playing on combs, clappers, tambourines, piano, violin and drum, furnished the music for dancing. The director, a devil, stood on a box, using a long fork for a baton and a dust pan, supported on three brooms, for a music rack. The footlights on the steps were black cat silhouettes. The orchestra was a great feature of the occasion and the dancing was enjoyed by all. Cider, doughnuts, apples and peanut brittle were supplied in abundance and we had a jolly time.

If the Crocker girls had half the fun we had in preparing for the entertainment, our hopes were realized. Just ask a Crockerite if she had a good time and see what she says.

## HARVARD AND YALE DINNER PARTY

On November 20, when these two colleges were having their annual struggle for foot-ball honor, we had a dinner party and decorated the din-

ing room with crimson and blue streamers and banners. The Harvard girls sang "Fair Harvard," in spite of the fact that the score was against them.

#### CHRISTMAS PARTY

We began our Christmas celebration with a dinner party, December 23. The dining room was decorated with evergreens and Christmas bells and the place cards were cardboard Christmas trees.

After dinner we gathered in the parlor to see if Santa Claus would remember us this year. Indeed, he did, for soon we heard the jingle of his sleigh bells and in he came, the same jolly Santa as ever. After greeting us in his merry way, he distributed the gifts which were on the Christmas tree in the corner. Oh, the meaning behind those gifts! Trumpets prevailed, for several girls have difficulty in being heard. The gifts afforded much merriment to all, for not one in Normal hall was forgotten. It was too bad Edna could not be with us, but some say she was helping Santa Claus. After a bountiful supply of corncakes and apples, the party broke up.

At the dinner party, December 16, the dining room was tastefully decorated in pink. The tables were moved together to make one large one, and at each place was a dainty hand-painted box of Christmas candy with a verse pertaining to its owner. These verses were read aloud in turn and received with much applause because of their significance. We had a jolly time and we wish to thank Miss Dawson and Miss Winslow for their kindness, as it was to them we owed our pleasure.

#### ST. VALENTINE'S DINNER PARTY

On the night of February 14, we were surprised when we entered the dining room to find it decorated with red crêpe paper and hearts. The place cards were elephants bearing the verse:

"I wish I were an elephant,  
And you a bale of hay,  
I'd tuck you in my rubber trunk,  
And carry you away."

We can all say we had at least one valentine this year.

#### SATURDAY EVENINGS

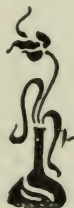
We have appreciated our Saturday evening frolics this year. The first one came on November 20, when we were all invited down to the parlor "to leave our cares behind us." Whether or not we left them, we soon forgot them in the excitement of potato racing and other games, in which everyone joined. Children's characters in books were pinned on our backs for everyone to guess and our baby pictures were hung about the room. No one enjoyed this feature of the evening more than Mr. Whittemore. Cocoa, crackers and apples were served and everyone agreed that the evening had been a jolly one.

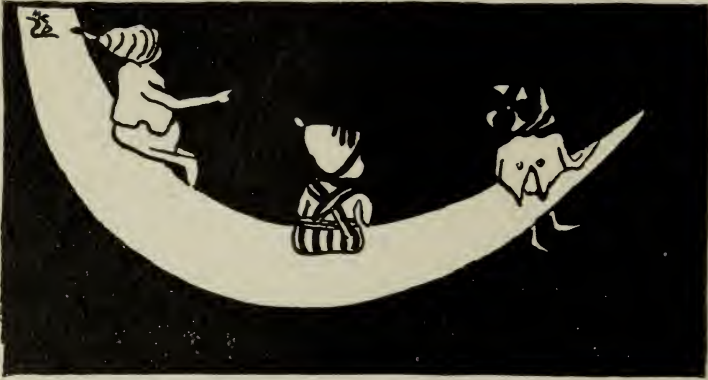
The evening of January 8 was beautiful with snow on the ground, just right for sleighing, so all Normal hall went for a sleigh-ride—Holliston being the destination. As the sleigh was intended to hold only twenty-five, every square inch was occupied. We had a jolly evening, as everyone was in the best of spirits. In Holliston, we drank hot chocolate, under difficulties, as there were only five cups for the whole crowd. We arrived home about 12 o'clock, wishing that the evening could have been a longer one.

February 19, we were invited down to Mrs. Whittemore's parlor to have a jolly time. We were entertained first by a short play, "These Old Sweethearts of Mine." It was very good and we all enjoyed it. After this, we had punch and crackers and then followed games, in which everyone joined. The evening was a pleasant one for all.

#### COLONIAL PARTY

The 22nd of February being an unexpected holiday for us, we had to do something to celebrate, so a Colonial party was decided upon. The day was spent in preparation and such a bustling as went on! Everyone borrowed of everyone else, and as half the girls were to appear, as men, we had to call on "outside friends" for certain articles of apparel. At the dinner the tables were prettily decorated and arranged in the form of a W. A large flag and picture of George Washington were in prominent places and we had little hatchets for place cards. At the party were James and Dolly Madison, Gov. and Mrs. Carver, Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, John Alden and Priscilla, Nancy Stair, Janice Meredith and many others. After dinner we went over to the gymnasium where we danced all the old square dances. All the girls looked quaint and pretty and the men were particularly fascinating. We had a very pretty party and a jolly good time.





## Senior Clippings

There's so much good in the worst of us  
 And so much bad in the best of us  
 That how the faculty can talk of us,  
 And know the truth about any of us,  
 Is a marvel great to all of us.

Mr. D.—“I think that the letter *i* is not necessary here. Therefore do this exercise and (speaking very firmly) “*Do not make any i's.*”

Do you recognize this:

“Young ladies, this is the cat so hungry and fierce that catches the early bird that eats the pests that devours the grain that feeds the cattle that produce the beef that the people eat—hence the high cost of living. Death to the cat!”

Warning to the A Seniors!  
 Do not be late to drawing class.  
 Remember Mr. K.'s threat!

Mr. W., (speaking to the senior class)—“This man lived long, long ago. Why, girls, as long ago, as when *Adam* went into the ark! O, Mr. W!

If we lend-a-hand, do *you* pay for it?

### A FAR-FETCHED OPINION

Mr. H.—“Which is the warmest color, white or black?”

Miss Hav'l'd—“White.”

Mr. H.—“what makes you think so?”

Miss Hav'l'd—“Because polar bears have white fur.”



Heard in Geography.

"We have some moors (Moore's) around here, did you know it?"

Mr. Don-r (after flourish)—"What do you think of that?" Miss Sc-l'y, with enthusiasm, "Fine!"

Food for thought: "Cracker Hill."

Mr. A.—"How do you girls get along without hymns over Sunday?"  
Student (meekly)—"We *have* to."

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,"  
But M. McD'rm'tt, a new heaven has found,  
It floats above us 'mong myriads of stars,  
And is known to mortals by the name of Mars.

Mr. Whittemore (with serious look)—"What is the principal instrument which you will use in teaching?"

Miss Br-ks, (with her usual sweet smile)—"My tongue."

Mr. W. (in methods)—"What are you going to do when you face your class, for the first time.

Miss C.—"Have devotional exercises."

Mr. W.—"Let us pray."

In Physiology.

Miss M. (removing the stomach from the mannikin)—"What organ is this?"

Total silence in the class. Miss H. (seized with an inspiration)—  
"The gizzard."

Let us learn from the children, let us give heed to the gentle admonitions of their lives, to the silent demands of their minds. Let us live with our children, then will the life of our children bring us peace and joy, then shall we begin to grow wise, to be wise.—Froebel's "Education of Man."

Teacher to C. Seniors:

"When do you go into practice school?"

Student—"The Ides of March."

Teacher—"Well, beware."

In Dietetics.

Ques.—What effect does a hot bath have on you?

Ans.—It causes expansion.

To give firmness to the will, to quicken it, and to make it pure, strong and enduring, in a life of pure humanity is the chief concern, the main object in the guidance of the boy, in instruction and the school.—Froebel.

Stimuli is the very latest. Discard your other verbal fads, pepper your phrases with stimuli, and you'll be a pedagogic wonder.

Examiner—"In developing the word *wind* in a first-term class, would this be a good question to ask: "What is it that howls around the school building supposing it to be a windy morning?"

Candidate.—N-n-no, it wouldn't.

E.—"Why not?"

C.—"Er—It might be the principal."

Psychology teaches us the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum. By tweedledee we learn how to govern children, develop their minds and get them into the habit of inhibitory processes. By tweedledum we learn the value of the expressions contained in the works of eminent psychologists. In either case you must be profound; if you are not profound, you are not a psychologist; and if you are not a psychologist, God help you!—Life.

Teacher—"What is the feminine of lord?"

Pupil looks puzzled.

Teacher—"What do we call the wife of a lord."

Pupils (looking even more perplexed)—"The Lord hasn't any wife."

"HOW MANY SEE?"

REID.

Trudy—Her sweet smile haunts me still.

"How doth that little candle throw its beams!"—A senior saying in Crocker hall, after 10.30.

Inquiring student, desiring material for practice school—"What can you tell me about decimals, Lillian"

Lillian—(going to her "school suit-case," extracting the fifth notebook and opening to page 25)—"Why, yes, here is the whole subject."

Say, Polly, have those double boilers come?

Mr. H.'s favorites.

1. Who's the doctor, you or I?
2. Are you asking me?

A Symphony in F, Report Card.

Normal School pupil, giving current events,—"The new president of Harvard college is a fine man. His hair is slightly *singed* with grey..

There was a terrible earthquake in I—. For a whole week a family of seven subsided on a pint of oil!

At Normal hall.

Miss D. (in family meeting, speaking impressively)—“That hat-rack is not for use, it does very well for gentlemen’s hats!”

One of the seniors had drawn a representation of the chambered nautilus upon the black-board. A new class had come in. “Of what is this a drawing?” asked the instructor. One hand alone waved wildly in the air. The instructor nodded at the owner of the hand.

“I-I think it is a-a nasturtium,” she said.

*Found.*

In the drawing room, fragments of wood and tin. What could they have been? Perhaps the parts of an unfortunate pitch-pipe which an enthusiastic senior had blown to pieces.

It has recently come to our notice that one of the guests of the celebrated “man dance,” having lost his way in the metropolis (?) of Framingham, was obliged to consult a *directory!*

An Example in Addition.

Miss D.—“How many were in your class?”

Miss B.—“There were twenty-seven; thirteen girls and twelve boys. *Mathmetical Senior!*

Mlle. Skoort, garment drafting and dress-making. Garments warranted not to shrink the wrong way.

Teacher (In literature)—“I will read this morning from Thackeray’s ‘Contributions to Punch,’ and what is punch, Miss C?”

Miss C. (awakening from a day dream)—“Punch? Why it’s a sort of drink.”

The seniors are anxiously awaiting their first sight of the gymnasiums (a new kind of geraniums, which Dr. Lambert and the junior class in Botany are to plant).

Heard in Dietetics—“I don’t exactly see How(e). What presumption these H. A. seniors have.”

Is there anything new under the sun in morning hymns? Still do the bright “*morning-faced*” maidens sing “Paradise, O, Paradise, how do I long for Thee!” Still, do they tell us, with fervency “there’s a secret sorrow in my lonely breast.”

A girl sat on Crocker steps  
 Enjoying the evening air,  
 A man appeared, “May I come, too?”  
 She gave him a vacant stare!

"A girl of seventeen came into the library and asked for Prometheus, 'by a man named Kelley or Sheets, or something like that.'

"'Oh,' said the librarian, 'Shelley's Prometheus Unbound?'

"'Yes,' replied the girl, 'that's it. But if you please I'd rather have it bound. It's so easy to lose the pages, you know, if it isn't.'"

"Joy and woe are woven fine,  
A clothing for the soul divine  
Under every grief and pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine."

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,  
—Tennyson

The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight  
But they, while their companions slept  
Were towering upward in the night.  
Longfellow.

A scene in the life of a newly married H. A.

Mr. N. M., as he sat down at table—"What's this?"

Mrs. N. M.—"It's a pie, made out of my recipe book."

Mr. N. M.—"Huh! I thought so, did you use the covers by mistake?"



## Faculty Sayings

"We have to build up our own individuality before we have any."—Miss Ordway.

"A new outlook is a new inlook."—Miss Anna Moore.

"Never dislike the offender, but dislike the offence."—Miss Anna Moore.

"We are useful in the world according to the work we can do."—Miss Mary Moore.

"Any true interest leads to God."—Miss Ordway.

"No man or woman grows, unless the effort is for someone else."—Mr. Whittemore.

"No man liveth unto himself alone; no man dieth unto himself alone."—Miss Ordway.

"Successful teaching depends largely on the earnestness, the enthusiasm and the spirit of the teacher."—Mr. Doner.

"Everything is beautiful if we look for the beauty in it."—Miss Davis.

"The broader view you have of life, the more acceptable to life you are."—Mr. Whittemore.

"Whatever happiness comes to you, whatever you enjoy, gives me happiness."—Mr. Whittemore.

"Share and share alike."—Miss Nicholass.



## FACULTY QUOTATIONS

"Learn to like good literature—it is worth while."—Dr. Avery E. Lambert.

"Have an opinion of your own, don't take too much for granted."—Mr. Howe.

"What the world needs is careful workers."—Miss L. A. Nicholass.

"Your eyes are so sharpe that you cannot only looke through a millstone but cleane through the minde." (Chaucer)—Dr. Lambert.

"They're only truly great who are truly good."—Miss Anna Moore.

"So wise, so young they say do ne'er live long."—Miss Young.

"Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honour."—Miss Davis.

"His heart and hand both open and both free;  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows  
Yet gives he not, till judgment guide his bounty."

—Mr. Whittemore.

"Seldom he smiles and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at anything."

—Mr. Reid.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—  
Miss Mary Moore.

"I do but sing because I must, and pipe but as the linnets sing."—Mr.  
Archibald.

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, writing an  
exact man."—Mr. Doner.

"She seemeth glad to be alive."—Miss Baxter.

"I am nothing, if not critical."—Mr. Howe.

"I'll warrant her heart-whole."—Miss Haviland.

"She was such an inspiration, we were ready to try our fortune to  
the last man."—Miss Ireson.

"Gay good humor in her looks  
And in her mind the wisest books."

—Miss Ordway.

"She is the very pink of courtesy."—Miss Stevens.

"She hath great skill with the needle."—Miss Penniman.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."—Miss Nicholass.



## OUR STUDIES

"Not ours to do and die, ours but to *reason why!*"—(apologies)  
Physics.

"A very ancient and fish-like smell."—Zoology Specimens.

"Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs upon a slimy sea."—Biology.

"I thank you for your voices, thank you for your most sweet  
voices."—In Music.

"After serious matters let us indulge in a little season of sport(?)"—  
Gymnastics.

"True ease in writing comes from *Art*, not chance."—Penmanship.

"And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance  
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance!"

—Dancing in Gymnasium.

## Junior Department

### JUNIOR RIPPLES

How doth the little Junior lass  
 Improve her free hours here  
 By gathering in assembly hall  
 To talk with class-mates dear.

How doth her dulcet voice arise  
 Above the mingled sounds  
 As heedless of the classes near  
 She fashion plates expounds.

*Exactly!*

Mr. H.—“If the chimney caught fire, what would you do?”

H. A. Junior—“If there were any hose in the house I'd get that.”

Mr. H.—“It would depend on what kind of hose it was.”

Difficult proposition in geometry—Bisect a line into one equal part.

The juniors think Mr. Howe's name should be “Mr. Why.”

The M. juniors are particularly fond of salt flavoring, as they have been known to use it exclusively in cocoa and cookies.

Every once in a while it is well for us to recall the words of the ready rhymster:

“A wise, old owl lived in an oak;  
 The more he saw the less he spoke;  
 The less he spoke the more he heard.  
 Why can't we all be like that bird?”

“A point it is a funny thing  
 It's neither long nor wide  
 It has no base, it is not thick  
 It has no other side.  
 It isn't there, and yet it is.  
 It has no limb or joint.  
 So do not think you're dumb because  
 You cannot see the point.”

There was a , cal gent  
 On ? able business bent,  
 With a — he was gone  
 To the town of :  
 And there a long . spent

Little grains of sawdust.  
 Little strips of wood,  
 Treated scientifically  
 Make our breakfast food."

Advice to the Juniors.

Next year you had better write your jokes on tissue paper, so that the editors can see through them.

In Junior H. A.

Miss E. (holding up a glass jar)—"This will look very well, when covered with reed. I must ask Mr. R—d to show me how to cover it." Sighing, "I never *did* know how to manage reed!"

Inquisitive junior—"What are you having in algebra now?"

Senior—"Graphs" (grafts).

Junior—"I wish we took algebra."

The midnight alarm. A one-act farce. Time, midnight. Gould's alarm clock—Brrrrrrr. Time for father to cut down the bread.

T. Ho—gh's motto—"I've studied and studied and studied!"

Startling physiological discovery by H. Whitney. A bar of iron is an enzymé, a secretion by a rather large animal.

Mr. H.—"You should have an opinion of your own."

Miss F.—"We try to, but our opinions *never* coincide with yours."

Senior (with an offhand air)—"I don't care what happens, it's *imitation* to me."

Two new definitions.

A doughnut is made up of a hole and the material.—Al—n.

A liquid is anything that runs.—Dal-in-g'r.

It happened in junior A (class of 1910). A teaching lesson was being given in the gymnasium.

Student teacher—"Right knee raise—stretch! Left knee raise—stretch!" (With a sudden burst of enthusiasm)—"Both knees raise—stretch!"



"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—Senior Dramatics.

Exam—  
Cram,  
Flunk  
Trunk!

—Exams.

But, who can count the stars of Heaven, who sing their influence on this lower world?"—Astronomy.

"The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."—H2. S.

"They have been at a great feast of language and stolen the scraps."—English.

Two "F—s"—"Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south."—Old Testament.

"A beggarly account of empty boxes."—The Quill boxes.



## To the Seniors of the Framingham Normal School

The senior girls of the F. N. S.  
Are perfectly lovely, and I guess,  
We juniors feel, that in some way,  
Our gratitude we wish to pay;  
So now I write, in black and white,  
Thanks to the senior, our bright light.

Many thanks to her, who leads the fun.  
Many thanks to each, for what each has done,  
And thanks to her, who brightens the way,  
For a homesick heart on a Saturday.  
Many thanks to her, who cares for the ill,  
They each and all have a junior's good will.

C. C.

## “In Union There Is Strength”

Junior A and Junior B,  
Household Arts, and Junior C  
List the rhyme I write to thee.

Kindred spirits you and I,  
Side by side our work we ply,  
And we'll do, or we will die.

You your subjects think are fine,  
And would never change for mine  
And I would not wish for thine.

Studies drift us far apart,  
True school spirit warms the heart,  
Binds us closely from the start.

Loyalty to school shall be,  
Clasping hands for you and me,  
Love and help to all we see.

We must scorn what others say,  
Give school spirit right of way,  
Of our lives give what we may.

Give to school that which we owe,  
Helping hand to friend or foe,  
Love and cheer to all we know.

“A JUNIOR.”



F. N. S.

I sing but one song along the road,  
That leads to home and my abode.  
'Tis not very long, nor yet very bright,  
It is, “Oh, for my little bed to-night!  
And a rest from a weary load.”

Nov. '09.





V I E W I N G R O U N D S - L U C R E T I A C R O C K E R H A L L

## Auction !

MIDDLE JUNIOR LABORATORY  
TUESDAY THE FIFTEENTH  
AT THREE O'CLOCK.

ALL SORTS OF APPARATUS  
TO BE SOLD.

HOUGH & STAPLES  
AUCTIONEERS.

Tea served. Candy on sale.

SUCH were the invitations, received by the Middle Junior Class on St. Valentine's Day. In spite of continued threats and warnings of two members of the class to keep the chemistry apparatus under lock and key, enough valuable stock was collected, so that it was possible to have an auction. So on the following day, we saw a red flag, or in other words, a red sweater, outside of the chemistry door, announcing that business had begun.

As we entered we were greeted by our two inseparable classmates, who were advertising their home-made confectionery. One auctioneer, Ruth Staples, had just uttered the words, "I wish everybody would come," when in walked Mr. Howe. Ruth ascended the platform, holding the first article in her hand.

"What am I offered for this perfectly good Walker-Gordon milk bottle?"

"One cent," began Mr. Howe.

"Put something in it and I will give five cents," said Mr. Whittemore.

So in went a few pieces of candy and Mr. Howe triumphantly carried off his long-lost possession at seven cents. The enthusiasm increased as Kjildahl flasks, crucibles, dissectors and other apparatus were disposed of at remarkable prices. The redeemed articles, bringing back fond recollections of many hours spent in the laboratory, were again restored to their original resting places.

After the auction "rooshian" tea was served in the latest and most unique style. Each one furnished their drinking cup (beaker) and spoon (stirring rod) while Miss Hough poured the tea from wash bottles. Lump sugar was served on watch glasses, with acid eaten tongs and there were delicious home-made cakes and sandwiches. According to the latest fashion all was served in the absence of a table cloth, on our immaculately clean and polished chemistry benches. This proved to be a novel and successful class gathering, since we were all so interested in the charitable object.

## Junior Class Song

As the years pass swiftly onward  
 And we follow Duty's call,  
 'Twill be with a touch of sadness,  
 As we leave here, one and all.  
 But the thought of friends and teachers  
 And the school upon the hill,  
 Fill our hearts with new desires  
 And an earnestness of will.

### CHORUS.

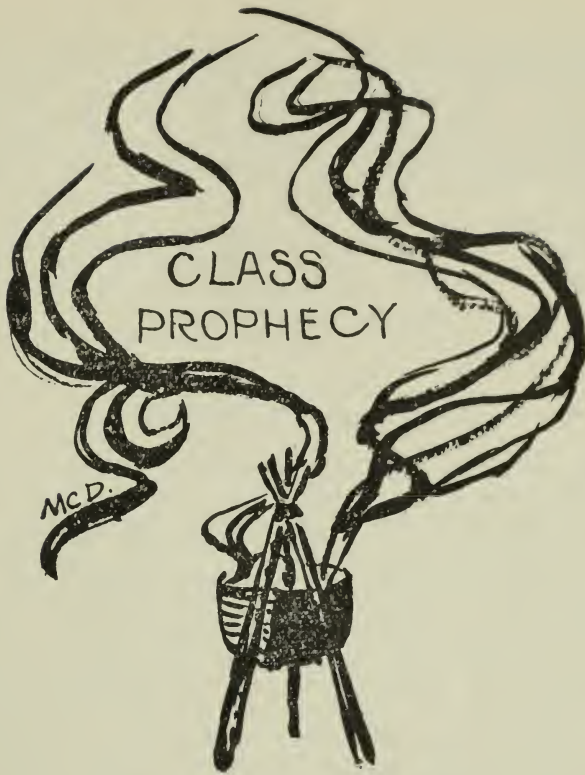
Then give three cheers for F. N. S.  
 As we gather here to-day  
 And to our friends and teachers dear,  
 We've just this much to say,  
 Framingham! Framingham! Framingham!

We all have one great aim in life,  
 To do the best we can  
 And the thought, "responsibility,"  
 Must come in, now and then.  
 We also must keep well in sight,  
 Our ideals in honor still,  
 And all such thoughts brought to our minds  
 At the school upon the hill.

### CHO.

All our life is now before us  
 And each path is well marked out.  
 It may lead thro' pain and sorrow,  
 Or the land sometimes called "Doubt."  
 But whatever path we traverse,  
 We must not forget the drill  
 And the excellent instruction,  
 Of the school upon the hill.

### CHO.



A SENIOR DIVISION

TEN years hence. What a joy to ride in an aeroplane! It was my first experience. I had been sailing along over and through the light Cirrus clouds which dotted the sky like patches of creamy white. I had been watching the land below. It was a beautiful sight; now a stretch of farmland with streams running through it like silver threads, now a dark forest or the open sea. I felt that I was in a dream world, when I heard my driver say, "There's a heavy bank of clouds ahead and I think it best that we rise and go above it." I nodded an assent, and before I knew it, we were plunged into an impenetrable darkness. I trembled with fear and hardly dared say anything until his voice again broke the silence. "A faint light ahead. Do you see it?" I did. It looked like a huge circle as we neared it. On we went. It grew by turn, lighter and darker. We were surrounded on all sides with a most wonderful cloud formation. We rode along slowly and as I watched the clouds of charming beauty, I saw familiar faces and forms.

First, there appeared in a slowly rising cloud a crowded hall. Standing on the platform, addressing the audience, was the fair haired champion of a well recognized cause. Marjorie Davenport was speaking at the Middlesex County Convention. Her subject was, "More Pay for

Elementary School Teachers." As I gazed at her, she was framing the familiar words, "What are you going to do about it?"

The scene slowly faded away and there next appeared the interior of a laboratory. Seated before a microscope was Mary Caunt, pursuing an advanced study of Zoölogy. She was devoting all her time to the nervous system of molluscs and at present, was endeavoring to locate the optic nerve of an oyster.

By her side was a huge book. I could not keep my eyes from it. As luck had it, the book was open to the title page and from it I read:—

## GREEK DERIVATIVES

BY

FLOY FRENCH

Professor of Greek in Columbia University.

I should like to have read further about this authority on Greek, but the scene was slowly fading away.

I wanted to ask the driver if he saw these wonderful sights, but I was checked, for there appeared a most charming scene. Nellie Condon was seated on the side of a hill, apparently studying nature. But, stretched across her lap was an immense piece of score paper; and on close examination, I found that she was writing musical signs and notes. She looked about her many times as if to get a new thought. Most of her attention seemed centered on "A. Wood" close by. To think that Nellie should have become a composer! But, why wonder at it? Did she not have remarkable success in composing songs for Miss Ireson?

The clouds entirely changed and Martha Connelly appeared standing with a huge manuscript in her hand. It was a petition to the Boston and Worcester Street Railway Co. to change the time in order to make it more convenient for those who had any distance to walk to get a car. It seemed very natural indeed, for I remember distinctly how badly Martha's time and that of the street railway company's connected.

The next familiar face was that of Edith Chadwick, who stood before a group of medical students, endeavoring to convince them of the medicinal properties of Nobscot Spring water.

The motion of the aeroplane changed the form of the clouds. This time I saw the interior of a crowded church. A bridal procession wended its way down the aisle. Flower-girls, bridesmaids and ushers had no charm for me. All my attention was centered on the bride, blushing and smiling. I immediately recognized in her Gertrude Brooks. Of course, I could not fail to remember that smile!

The church now changed to a scene entirely different. A small island appeared on which stood a large gray stone light house. Seated on the steps, surrounded by a group of children was Elizabeth Coolidge. She was doing this missionary work during the summer months.

Next appears Nina Bailey, awaiting admittance to a hospital, in order to have her dislocated shoulder treated. She had in her hand a box on whose cover I read, "Bailey's Elastic Support for Dislocated Shoulders."



Nina had experienced so many mishaps that in sheer desperation she invented this to relieve her own suffering if not that of others. And in addition to all this, she proved an excellent demonstrator.

The interior of the hospital appeared and there I saw Beth Wentworth. She had trained for a nurse, after her graduation from Framingham Normal school, was very successful in her profession and in fact was considered invaluable by one doctor.

A sudden gust of wind blew the clouds, and a new formation appeared; the interior of a workshop. The room was filled with many large pieces of furniture made by the owner. Clad in a heavy apron and with plane in hand, stood Annie Dodd. She was just finishing a desk to complete the set, she began during her course in sloyd with Mr. Reid.

In an instant the workshop was gone and a newspaper article came before my eyes. It was written out of the experience of the writer, Margaret Bond, and was entitled "How to Manage Husbands."

Now a gymnasium lay before me where Lillian Shaw was instructing a class in Folk-Dancing. The students were experts, like their teacher. She was not only successful in this, but in all branches of gymnastics.

There was a break in the clouds, and now a bookstore appeared. Displayed in the window was a set of books for children. Thinking perhaps it was one of the celebrated Miss Lindsey's publications, I took great care to read the author's name. Behold! it was Edna Coffin. Well, this was good news! How glad I was to learn that Edna had collected all her miscellaneous stories and put them in book form.

But the bookstore was gone, and a copy of the Ladies' Home Journal appeared. What an artistic cover! I must learn the artist's name. Ah! here it is at the bottom, F. M. Davitt. But now the wind blew the journal open to the needle work department. Here are the illustrated directions for making simple and useful crocheted articles, by Ethel Fair. Not at all surprising! Did not Ethel improve all her spare moments, while at Normal, crocheting?

Now the aeroplane turned and I saw before me Anna Ford, the celebrated opera singer. She had world-wide reputation for her wonderful power of expression. If I remember correctly her famous career began in singing a rote song for Mr. Archibald.

The clouds appeared much lighter and on a snow white landscape appeared Marion Cook, on snow shoes. Under her arm was a large note-book, which contained a plan for teaching common and decimal fractions. Marion must have been on her way to school, but I did not have time to find out for I was startled by my driver's voice: "Guess I can make my way out. I believe we passed through the densest cloud formation ever known." Perhaps we had, but we were in clear air once more. Slowly we drifted down to earth. Though the clouds had faded, the scenes which had appeared in them remained clearly in my mind.

#### B DIVISION

One warm sunny day in June, a day too close and muggy for any work, one of those days that make you feel as if to move would be im-

possible, I took my book and leisurely wandered out from the town, across the field to a shady hillside. Near a little brook, which tumbles over the stones, down the side, I seated myself on the cool moss beneath a wide oak tree. In this cool, secluded spot, I meant to enjoy my book. After reading awhile, my eyes strayed from the pages, to the tiny rivulet rushing on its journey. I lazily watched the water from the time it appeared over the ledge at the top of the hill, down the side, until it disappeared around the bend at the foot. Sometimes I seemed to hear familiar voices, and see familiar faces.

Suddenly there came to my ear the distinct word "Whoa," and what should I see but a coach and four, with a woman dressed in white, holding the ribbons. Seated by her side was a fierce English bull dog. Something about the manner of the woman made me look again and whom do you suppose she was? None other than my beloved classmate, Rosalie Lewis, who told me that she had won many blue ribbons at the horseshow. She said that she earned her livelihood by raising thoroughbred animals. "By the way," said Rosie, "Do you ever hear from Katherine Kelly?" I replied that I had not heard a word. "Nor I," returned Rosie, as she gathered up the reins and drove off, not allowing me another word.

Naturally my thoughts turned to the subject of our conversation and with another rush of the water over the stones there appeared a little red school house which seemed to have been dropped in the middle of the wood. Through the open door I saw Katherine. She seemed to be trying to put wraps and rubbers on a little fellow who persisted in talking and making gestures all the while. From this sight I concluded that Katherine still remained true to her vocation.

As suddenly as it appeared the scene changed. This time I saw in the stream a company of strangely dressed people gathered around a motherly woman, who was reading from a book. At once I knew the crowd to be Fiji Islanders, while something about the central figure seemed familiar. To be sure, my old chum, Louise Dean, teaching aerial navigation in the islands of the Pacific. Just think, Lou, a missionary.

For some time I gazed into the noisy stream without recognizing anybody, when there danced right out of the water and came toward me a lovely fairy-like creature. When she reached me she courtesied and seated herself by my side. She exclaimed, "How do you do?" It was no wonder I didn't know Zora Maxwell, in spite of her words of greeting. She told me that she had won remarkable success in the role of Babbling Bess, which part she had played in all the prominent theatres of the world. After a short chat she bade me good-bye and with a wave and a flutter dropped from view in the water.

Not long after this my eye chanced to follow along the brook to a place where the water in its downward rush tumbles over a small pile of stones. Here I beheld a tall, dignified teacher standing before a class of young women. She seemed to be delivering an oration, saying, "My friends on the right, and my friends on the left," and pointing them out with fitting gestures. The class repeated this after her. The elocution

teacher proved to be Alma Jones, another girl to remain true to her profession.

With the onrush of the water this scene was swept away, and in its place I saw a small white cottage with a group of little children playing about the door. Soon the door opened and a woman came out. At once the little folk left their play and ran to meet her, all trying to tell her at once what had happened in their game. Very lovingly she gathered them about her and heard their story. During the conversation I recognized the woman as Jessie Gullifer. It seemed that she had married a professor and had become a true loving mother of six boys and girls.

Again the picture changed. This time I saw an office room with this inscription on the door:

MOORE & HALL,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

From the office boy I learned that Helen Moore, after leaving the Normal school, had studied law, been admitted to the bar, and had become a lawyer with much practice. So much, in fact, that she had to have a helper. Isabel Hall, a friend of Helen's had been induced by the glories of the latter's fame to enter the profession. As a firm they had been more than successful, having won every case that they pleaded.

For a time nothing could be seen in the stream, so supposing my luck had changed, I returned to my book. Suddenly and distinctly these words fell on my ears, "Shut the door, I feel a draft." Looking up I saw in the water a large hall crowded with people. On the platform, standing beside a desk, which was elaborately decorated with roses, a woman seemed to be speaking. The remark which I overheard was intended for someone to close a window at the rear of the room. After thinking a moment I recalled the speaker. She was Marian Ilsley, who had become an ardent suffragette and had lectured all over the civilized world. Just now she was agitating the proposition, "Should not women be soldiers." She claimed they would be cooler headed than man, at the front. At the close of her lecture she tearfully begged the audience to give bountifully, when the collection-box was passed, to help bail out from jail one of her best followers, who, she said, had been arrested for drilling her volunteer women soldiers on a main street, and blocking the passage. The people cried, "Her name! "Her name!" Sobbing, Marian replied, "Poor, dear Ilma Howe." While the money was being collected another woman rushed into the hall. She seemed to be writing in a note-book as she hurried down the aisle to the desk. After asking a few questions, scribbling all the while, this energetic person pushed her way out of the building. Somebody at the door said that she was the famous Ella Greenwood of the editorial staff of the ——— Daily paper. I learned that Ella had unearthed the political graft of a certain large city, and had told it to the world in the columns of her daily. Just think of our Ella, rushing all over the city in search of news.

As I sat thinking over what had been seen, I began to wonder what other friends would come to visit my haunt, when over the hill came the sound of a clear, high soprano voice. Naturally I looked in the direction whence came those dulcet notes. On the stage, in a crowded auditorium, stood a small, graceful woman, singing like a bird. At one glance I knew Mary McDermott, who had become a soprano singer. Every evening thousands of people sat spell-bound with the magic of her voice.

As this sight was washed away by the on-coming water, another immediately came within my vision. This time it was a pleasant-faced woman with large gold-bowed glasses, who stood before a class of small children wildly rotating one arm. She turned to the blackboard, and with chalk covered it with circles from end to end. She said to the children, "This is the direct movement. Proceed to make such until the page is completed." One poor infant sighed, but she silenced him with a look through her glasses. She proved to be Nellie Gerrity, the banner writer of our division. They say writing teachers are always very stern, but Nellie must have been the exception which proves the rule.

With great slowness the next picture appeared, but I waited patiently, being positive it would come. It showed a brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue. At the door stood a carriage from which a footman was helping to alight, a lady, who was bundled in her fur wraps. She said, "I shall want you again in an hour." From that low quiet voice I recalled Clara Holmes, another classmate. What good fortune had befallen her, to be able to live in such style? I found from inquiry that Clara had been married happily to a multimillionaire from the maple sugar regions of Vermont.

It took me fully five minutes to decide which of my classmates it was, who came walking down the stream. She was attired in a short khaki skirt and jacket, heavy tan shoes, and a soft hat. Under each arm was a pile of heavy books and strapped around one shoulder was a large field glass. As she passed me she jerked out a curt "Good-morning." But I knew her, (Marjorie Haskell) and called her back. She came grudgingly, saying that she had only that day to read the books she carried. She announced that she had just discovered a new bird, which she had named the Red-winged Haskell. Nothing more about her could I learn, except that she was thinking of going to Chicago, to teach in a university. Chicago! I wonder why?

At the foot of a miniature falls a large factory arose from the water. In great letters on one side a sign read, "Munroe Rubber Ring Co." At the desk in the office sat a business-like woman writing in a ledger. It seemed that while Olive was at Framingham, she had invented and patented a rubber ring for use in cutting wisdom teeth. She very kindly told me to tell our girls that they might have rings for half-price for the sake of old times.

With the bubbling foam this was washed away and in its place I saw another office. On the door of this one read:

## PRIVATE

DR. HICKS, M. D.

The waiting room was crowded with crippled and bandaged patients. Isabel was just saying to a fine-looking young man as she handed him the prescription, "Take one teaspoonful every hour, for two days, then come again. Five dollars, please." A doctor, just what you would expect of a girl who did all the talking in physiology.

Another cottage rose before my eyes. This one was beside an ivy-clad stone chapel. In this I found Helen MacChlerie, writing a sermon at the dictation of the clergyman. It seems that Helen had become very enthusiastic over settlement work, had married a minister and was now living in a country parish.

For some time I watched the stream expectantly, but my luck had changed. I re-opened my book but could not get interested again. Finally I decided to go home and record what had been seen. In spite of the heat I hurried across the field back to the house and here is the story of what I saw in that pretty little rivulet.

## C DIVISION

While reading the paper, one evening, I remembered having been advised by the faculty to write a book. It was to be a personal observation of the heavenly bodies. The title of the book was to be "Stars With the Naked Eye." One thing, however, was necessary to my success. I had not seen a comet. Reading that one was reported seen in the western sky, I determined to get all my necessary material.

My watchfulness was repaid on the third night. As I gazed at the comet, its tail seemed to move backward and forward as if beckoning to me. Fascinated, I watched it intently, until suddenly there was a terrible explosion. Alas! the very thing that was expected happened. The earth and the new comet had collided.

That is all I remember until I found myself serenely floating through the air, seated on what I soon discovered to be Cassiopeia's chair. Passing the different constellations, I bowed to my old friends. They looked just as familiar as they did when in Room 15. The longer I floated about, on Cassiopeia's chair, the wiser I became.

A slight jarring of my chair aroused me from my thoughts of success. I found myself just in front of the pole star. Its brilliant rays almost blinded me. After becoming accustomed to the light I saw, written in large letters above it, the words, "The Mirror of Destiny." Holding firmly to the arms of my chair I leaned forward and looked into the mirror. This is what I read, "The Future of all Teachers."

Breathlessly I watched the words fade and in their place stood Elizabeth Oldham. She was a member of the faculty and carried a book called, "What I Don't See." This book was a great help to both faculty and students, for by using it, recitations in all subjects would go smoothly.

The picture then faded. While still looking into the mirror, I saw that opera singing would become a part of the public school course. Hattie Trask was the leader in this movement, her special opera being, "I'm a Beautiful Red Red Drum."

Quick as a flash, Ethel Moulton appeared, carrying in her hand a Tiffany chart on "Rice" growing. Ethel had specialized in this subject.

Following this I beheld a street in Ashland, where a teachers' convention was in session. Two celebrated speakers, Katherine Shaughnessy and Sophia Mague, were debating on "Concrete Examples in Ethics." No other subject was treated, however, owing to the lack of time.

The street faded into a school. It was just twilight and through the window I saw a teacher, her head bowed over numerous books and papers. Just then she looked up. I was not surprised to see that it was Norma Fiske.

At sight of Norma, my thoughts turned to Gertrude Mathewson. What was she doing? In answer to my thought, Gertrude appeared, seated before an easel. Gazing over her shoulder I saw that she was completing her famous pictures for children. They were studies in "Brown."

The scene changes and once more my eyes behold dear old Framingham. Opening exercises had begun where several girls rushed into the assembly hall. They were stopped by the voice of the teacher, who was conducting the exercises in Mr. Whittemore's absence. "Why are you girls late?" Their answer that "the cars were late," was accepted by the teacher, whom I saw was Marguerite Porter. In her younger days this was always her excuse.

Seated on the platform behind Marguerite was a face that looked familiar. Why, yes! It was May Warren, who talked during the first period on proper dress for school teachers.

I was about to gaze at the remaining members of the faculty when the hall was replaced by a room in the practice school. The teacher was Helen Shaw. She was considered unjust by all her pupils, whom she punished for things they did not do, namely, their lessons.

A school in district No. 11, Podunk, succeeded the school room. Here Mary Cunningham was in charge. What a complete change had taken place in the district. The forlorn and lonesome aspect had disappeared, owing to Mary's good influence.

The school house faded into a picture of the sun-burned country of Mexico. Out there Mildred Simons is doing her life work among the children. She often tells them of the time "when I taught school in New Hampshire."

While thinking of Mildred's experiences another picture came before me. It was an old-fashioned house, bearing the sign, "Kindergarten." A glance at the interior showed me that this was no ordinary kindergarten. How could it be, for the teacher was Mary Coughlin.

Quickly Nellie O'Brien appeared, addressing a number of superintendents on the advantages of having lessons in practical writing combining form study and movement as taught in the public school. Nellie won her

argument by giving her own difficulties in mastering the subject at Normal school.

The superintendents then talked over the great improvement in the carriage and grace of school children. They said that it was due to the course of study in dancing prescribed by Annie McCully.

Among the number present, I recognized Katherine Harrington, who approved of the above statements. Evidently Katherine remembered her old friends and how she happened to be a member of this august assembly. Her thanks are due to Margaret Hamilton of the school board at Concord. Margaret is a teacher and looks out for the welfare of Normal graduates.

Can it be possible that all of the girls are still teaching? In answer to my question Elizabeth Morgan appeared. After a few years of teaching she had married and moved to Framingham, where she took a kind interest in school affairs.

Just then I saw myself in the mirror. Leaning forward, I awoke. I had been sleeping, seated in the rocker, after reading of the new comet and what might happen if it collided with the earth.

## HOUSEHOLD ARTS, CLASS OF 1910.

BOSTON 1915 EXPOSITION

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

O, yes, that exposition that I had seen so widely advertised. While waiting for the time to arrive when I could purchase a ticket for a rush seat to Ben Hur, I squandered a quarter and entered.

FRAMINGHAM NORMAL SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1910.

The Most Wonderfully Brilliant Class Ever Graduated  
from that Institution, on Exhibition for one week only.

COME IN. YOU'LL NOT REGRET IT.

Imagine my astonishment when I saw a placard bearing the above inscription over one of the doors. It was not an exaggerated statement to be sure. I well remembered what an exceptional class it was, and as I went into the room and looked about me, I saw that they had not changed any. They bore the admiration and wonder of the vast crowds of people, who flocked to see them, with that same modesty with which they had always borne the honors showered upon them at Framingham. I mingled with them, listening to scraps of conversation, and gaining what inspiration I could from the magnetic presence of so many intellectual beings.

"— teacher of reed work in the technical high school. Why, Springfield, of course! And you, Vesta?"

(O, yes, certainly, Florence Carpenter. I thought that sounded familiar—Springfield, you know)

"Well," answered Vesta, "Linda Preston and I went out to Avesof, just after we graduated, and started a new school there. We started with two pupils, but we have got up to seven now. We give them everything, you know, from rules for —."

"— and I don't know how I am going to carry it all," Edith Badger was saying, "I am teaching bacteriology, physics, chemistry, French, ancient Greek and Assyrian history, gymnastics and geometry, and only last week the superintendent was in and wanted me to find time to teach —."

Well, how stupid of me! What on earth! Red silkateen! Marjorie Corey was crocheting a red silk necktie, such as I have often seen in gentlemen's furnishing stores. While I was disentangling myself from her silk which she had dropped to the floor, she told me of her work. She and Edith Childs had gone to Merell, Montana, soon after graduating, and had established a valentine factory there. They had built up a large and prosperous business in an incredibly short space of time.

I could hardly believe my eyes, but it really was Myrtle Brooks, sewing on a magnificent gown. She had started in quite humbly as a dress-maker, and in the course of a year and a half her gowns rivalled those of Worth. She told me confidentially that the secret of her success had been due to the fact that she never cut her garments lengthwise of the cloth, but always crosswise.

"Of course," she said, "I have to allow for shrinkage, but after I had made a gown or two, I knew just how to take care of that. And I always draft my own patterns, too."

Mrs. Hastings Orling—Florence Stebbins, looking hale and hearty as ever—told me, "You know I deceived them all the time into thinking I wanted to teach, and really, I had no intention of it. Hastings and I were married as soon as I got through school and I would not exchange places with any of them, not even Eleanor Wells.

Eleanor? O, she is teaching "The Psychology of the Child's Mind," in Schauteunfestelbaum University, Schreptenheitergen, Germany, and they say she has gained a wonderful mastery over the German language.

Nella Whitney was talking to Gladys Blickhahn, chief editor of the Question Box department of the Saturday Evening Post, "Of course, I had my ups and downs, but I persevered, my ambitions were realized, and I see myself electrifying vast audiences, the foremost grand opera singer of my time."

Maud Hewins, they told me, has been in the jungle in Africa, teaching the natives the best scientific methods of catching and taming lions and elephants. "First," she said, "you throw salt on their tails, then you —."

I was just about to inquire for Elizabeth Creedan, when I saw her hustling around as of old. "I can't stop," said she, "I'm in a great hurry. I have got to see about that last carload of steers, which have just come on from the West." She was agent for John P. Squire and had exclusive charge of his Boston office.



I had a long talk with Laura Parker, about her work as dietitian, in an endowed school for the insane at Bloomingboro, and with Jane Palson. Jane has become one of the most eminent authorities on natural history and has written a book, "Fish that I have Known." Jane's fish stories have gained a world-wide reputation.

Esther Huntington, Helen Taylor and Elizabeth Dean were comparing notes on farming. Esther keeps a donkey farm. She gathers in all the broken down, weather-beaten donkeys, for miles around, and gives them good food and shelter. She has made a special study of them, but it took her such a long time to learn that there are no bones in a donkey's ears. Elizabeth Dean keeps a chicken farm. She said, "I tried teaching for a while, but I was so homesick for my chickens that I just had to give it up." Helen Taylor is sole owner of one of the largest farms anywhere around. It covers at least an acre and a half.

Fanny Hall was there embroidering butterflies in the corner of a handkerchief. She has been matron of a model home for children in Tustahoegee, Alabama.

Marion Pollard showed me the book which has made her famous, "Cocoa Recipes—Manufactured, Discovered and Invented by Marion Pollard." She demonstrates, also, if desired.

While I was looking this over I heard the most beautiful music. Marion Spaulding, who plays first violin in the Grand Opera orchestra, was playing an accompaniment for Corinne Hall, who was practicing the music lesson which she intended to give her pupils when she returned to Hong Kong. At the same time, Corinne was planing boards for a model loom, which she was making for her sloyd class.

I wondered what made Molly Thrall look so strange, until she told me that she had set up a hairdressing parlor, and had been practicing on herself.

Grace Porter had such a pre-occupied air that she drew my attention, and upon inquiry I learned that she had just returned from a lecturing tour around the world, and she was now busy collecting her lectures and arranging them in book form, preparatory to sending them to the publishers.

Beatrice Hunt is sole manager of the Eastern Telephone Union. She has established a system whereby the utmost secrecy and privacy may be obtained in telephoning.

It had taken me considerable time to gather all this information. A glance at my watch warned me that I must go if I wished a front seat at the performance, so with a hurried good-bye I hastened away.

The Prophets	{	FRANCES DAVITT,
		NELLIE FAY,
		AGNES SCULLY,
		FANNIE HALL.

## Society Notes---Cupid Given a Chance

*Youths Flock to Shrines of their Affinities. "Fine Dance," says Principal, "Only Girls Will Wear Half-Shoes."*

Framingham, Feb. 4.—A very charming dance was given here last evening by the members of the Senior class. Being commissioned by the Framingham Quill to report on the same, we found ourselves at the appointed time, among the gay throng of happy maidens and their immaculately clad escorts. The serious faces of the faculty lent an impressive aspect to the scene, and gave a balance to what would otherwise have been a frivolous occasion. Wondering about the attitude the sages took, we approached a few of the most prominent, to ascertain their feelings on the subject.

When Mr. W—— was accosted, he said emphatically: "It's a fine thing, a *fine* thing, and they're good girls, good girls, but they don't know how to take care of themselves. Look at them now, they are all in half shoes, this cold winter night; half shoes and thin dresses, while on their hands, which are always bare in the house, they have gloves. Yet they're good girls, they're good girls."

Doctor L——, an esteemed member of the faculty, in conventional evening suit, with the combination of black vest and tie, on being approached as to his impressions of the dance, put his hands in his pockets, and resting his weight on one foot, and half shutting his eyes, began: "Well, on the whole, it's a pretty good thing for the class. They need education in this as well as in other branches. But what I object to most, is the fact that they are not taught here the proper way of conducting a dance. They carry it on as they have been accustomed to carry on a high school hop. I think I may safely say that I feel the loss of convention more than anyone else here, coming as I do from a college renowned for its etiquette." A crowd of dancers coming in at that time bore us asunder, and we regret to say that much as we tried, we were unable to ascertain the professor's approved idea of conducting dances.

Mr. R—— we regret to say was not present, for we should have liked to consult with him about the harmony of the pink gowns of the weaker sex, and the auburn hair of their escorts. Visiting him the first of the following week, we found he had volunteered to arrange the pillows around the hall, to harmonize in color suitable to the occasion.

Mr. H——, when first approached, refused to give any opinion. He had been so often misquoted, he said, that he had made it a rule to give frank opinions only in the private of conference hour. During intermission, however, he relaxed his rule to the extent of remarking that the majority of people present were never considering results in eating so much ice cream. "I'll warrant you," he said, "that precious few people here

are eating because they are really hungry." It was called to his attention that he himself was partaking of the dainty repast.

"Are we led to infer that you abstain from dinner to enjoy the refreshments of the evening?"

"Exactly," he said, and walked off.

At this point in our reportorial duties we were suddenly and unexpectedly invited to dance, and we glided off into the midst of the gay throng, as care free as any of the others.



## Our Mount Olympus

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL POETS.)

Upon a mountain as I strayed,  
Far up within a forest glade,  
I found of gods the home.  
Attempting to cast fear aside,  
I looked around me far and wide,  
To see where gods do roam,  
Drawn in a glided battle car  
Was Ketchum—fierce, great god of war.

Hercules, doing each great deed,  
Bore likeness strange to mighty Reid.  
High up on Jupiter's throne—  
As thunderbolts of wrath he hurls  
At the poor, trembling junior girls—  
Sat our principal alone.  
Miss Ordway, with accustomed smile,  
As wise Minerva posed the while.

I next beheld of muses, four;  
Miss Moore, wise in poetic lore.  
Miss Ireson seen afar,  
Was Thalia, charming with her fun.  
Miss Davis had her laurels won,  
By knowing every star.  
A. Moore revealed the mystery  
Of Cleo, muse of history.

Miss Penniman, I could not leave,  
For like Arackne she did weave.

Vulcan did now appear,  
With awful smells and frightful noise,  
Of chemicals and such like toys,

He filled my heart with fear.  
Beneath a tree I saw Orpheus,  
Archibald, he was called by us.

Miss Young, goddess, with rosy cheek,  
Was cup bearer, demure and meek.

The goddess of home fire—  
How like Miss Nicholass she looked,  
As by the hearth she stood and cooked!—

With dainties soothed Jove's ire.  
Miss Haviland, by Love hard pressed,  
Was Psyche. Perhaps you had guessed?

For Atlanta's apples golden,  
To Miss Baxter I was beholden.

Waving Neptune's trident,  
Dr. Lambert—that must be he—  
Revealed the secrets of the sea,

In accents loud and strident.  
Mr. Doner, with solemn air,  
Wrote of gods and goddesses fair.

Miss Stevens, one of Graces three,  
Taught all the charms of courtesy,

How to both, high and low—  
With gracious offices that bind,  
And many acts of friendship kind—

We could politeness show.  
I turned to learn what more I could,  
But faded fast the magic wood.

All things were blotted from my sight,  
Wrapped in the somber cloak of night,

And I was whisked away.  
But still, somehow, I seem to see  
The faces that appeared to me.

And e'en unto this day  
The visions very real do seem,  
As though they had not been a dream.

V. F. H.

## What We Owe Our School

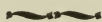
**E**ACH soul has its own needs; every heart has its own yearnings. Fortunate is the person who finds food for these needs and yearnings. That person owes a debt of gratitude, which cannot be expressed in words, to the institutions or to the persons who have revealed to her the ways of knowledge, wisdom, and truth. Such a debt as this we owe our school for help given collectively and individually, the debt being one whose value the individual alone can estimate.

All are benefited by lectures, musicals, talks, social events, the free library and picture exhibits. In the class room our present knowledge is broadened, becomes of real value in that we are led to apply it to our daily lives. Once used, this knowledge is always ours and cannot be forgotten. We learn to crave those books and pleasures which elevate our thoughts and make us more sympathetic with our fellowmen. More than this, the daily association with our faculty, people of such refinement, wisdom, and kindness as theirs, keeps before us a high ideal of living which can never cease to unconsciously influence us.

"Everything is beautiful if we look for the beauty in it." Each one in this school must have had revealed to her the beauty and holiness of the homely things of life. Especially does she learn to look upon little children, dirty, ragged and forlorn, with a longing to help them become able and good, knowing that she is following in the steps of Him who "took them up in His arms and blessed them."

Can we repay our debt? We can most nearly do so by leading a life which lives what we have learned, and by giving generously to others of what we have received.

I. R. H.



## A Little Song

O Framingham, to us thou'rt dear  
 We strive to sing thy praise,  
 And grieve indeed that we have reached,  
 The parting of the ways.

And, as on voyage "outward bound"  
 Our way alone we take,  
 We'll cast a loving look behind  
 "For auld acquaintance sake."



# State Normal School, Framingham

## THE FACULTY

### ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

Mr. Henry Whittemore.....	Framingham
Mr. Frederick W. Archibald.....	Greenwood Ave., Waltham
Miss Amelia Davis.....	25 River St., West Newton
Mr. Frederick W. Howe.....	Elm St., Framingham
Miss Helen E. Young.....	395 Chestnut St., Clinton
Miss Jessica Haviland.....	27 Green Ave., Norwich, Conn.
Miss Jane E. Ireson, "The Lenox" corner Boylston & Exeter St., Boston	
Mr. Edmund Ketchum.....	100 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury
Dr. Avery E. Lambert.....	Pleasant St., Framingham
Miss Louisa A. Nicholass.....	Framingham
Miss Lillian A. Ordway.....	Linden St., South Framingham
Miss Annie B. Penniman.....	488 Broadway, Lawrence
Miss Anna L. Moore.....	Framingham
Miss Mary C. Moore.....	Framingham
Miss Mary H. Stevens.....	109 Union Ave., South Framingham
Miss Mary E. Bennett, Framingham or Westport, Conn., (summer address)	
Mr. Charles E. Doner.....	Beverly
Mr. Frederick W. Reid.....	51 Copeland St., Roxbury
Miss Marion E. Baxter.....	83 Cypress St., Brookline
substitute for Miss Bennett.	

### PRACTICE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Miss Antoinette Roof.....	56 Prospect St., Waltham
Miss Susan M. Emerson.....	Chelmsford
Miss Anna M. Rochefort.....	3 State St., Framingham
Miss Louie G. Ramsdell.....	129 Union Ave., South Framingham
Miss Nellie A. Dale.....	Milford
Miss Gertrude K. Pratt.....	Buskirks, New York
Miss Alice V. Winslow.....	Framingham
Miss Katherine Whitman.....	99 Shawmut Ave., Marlboro
Miss Elizabeth Malloy.....	14 Wellington St., Waltham
Miss Maude A. Doolittle.....	Princeton
Miss Alice Appleton.....	Framingham

## THE CLASS

Badger, Edith	222 Pleasant St., Milton
Bailey, Inez	212 Maple St., Marlboro
Blickhahn, Gladys	1155 Union Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.
Bond, Margaret A.	434 North Main St., North Natick
Brooks, Gertrude	Winter St., Norwell
Brooks, Myrtle	Merriam St., Weston
Carpenter, Florence E.	129 Orleans St., Springfield
Caunt, Mary	Brown St., Wellesley R. F. D.
Chadwick, Edith	Framingham
Childs, Edith Marion	215 Windsor Rd., Waban
Coffin, Edna C.	Edgartown, M. V.
Condon, Nellie A.	Wood St., Hopkinton
Connelly, Martha	Washington Ave., Natick
Cook, Marion H.	South Natick
Coolidge, Elizabeth Dowse	Sherborn
Corey, Marjorie M.	Northborough
Coughlin, Mary	68 Commonwealth Ave., Concord Jct.
Creedan, Elizabeth A.	Hopkinton
Cunningham, Mary Philomena	14 Spring St., Holliston
Davenport, Marjorie H.	53 Madison St., West Medford
Davitt, Frances	Maple St., Cochituate
Dean, Louise	34 West St., Westboro
Dean, Elizabeth	Millis
Dodd, Annie	Union St., Ashland
Fair, Ethel	Framingham
Fay, Nellie S.	Westboro
Fisk, Norma M.	Upton
Ford, Anna	Cochituate
French, Floy	42 Wadsworth Ave., Waltham
Gerrity, Nellie J.	20 Highland St., South Framingham
Greenwood, Eleanor	Clark Ave., Walpole
Gullifer, Jessie	57 Grove St., Belmont
Hall, Connie	16 Linden Terrace, Newton
Hall, Fanny	Marlboro
Hall, Isabel Marcia	6 Dennison Ave., South Framingham
Hamilton, Margaret	4 Highland St., Concord Jct.
Harrington, Kathryn A.	Hopedale
Haskell, Marjorie B.	Northboro
Hewins, Maud I.	Harvard
Hicks, Isabel F.	11 Parkman St., Natick
Holmes, Clara A.	Becket
Howard, Vesta F.	292 Howard St., Montello
Howe, Ilma	Box 76, Westboro
Hunt, Beatrice	10 Church St., Marlboro
Huntington, Esther	24 Pleasant St., Newton Centre
Ilsley, Marian	15 Eustis St., Chelsea



Jones, Alma	1380 Main St., Waltham
Kelley, Kathryn	46 Cemetery Ave., Newton Centre
Lewis, Rosalie	25 Winona St., Auburndale
MacChlerie, Helen	Oakley Club, Watertown
MacCully, Annie	7 Bridle Point Rd., Wayland
Mague, Sophia C.	8 Mague Ave., West Newton
Martin, Ida	19 Fruit St., Milford
Mathewson, Gertrude M.	391 Middle St., Fall River
Maxwell, Zora P.	Northboro
McDermott, Mary	50 Stetson St., Fall River
Moore, Helen Julia	South Sudbury
Morgan, Elizabeth Calla	14 Burton St., Brighton
Moulton, Ethel	415 North Main St., Natick
Munroe, Olive	25 Lowell St., Waltham
O'Brien, Nellie T.	11 School St., Natick
Oldham, Elizabeth	260 Pleasant St., Norwood
Palson, Jennie Tracy	1 Alpine Ct., Gloucester
Parker, Laura Grosvenor	5 Morgan Terrace, New Bedford
Pollard, Marion Louise	14 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands
Porter, Grace Eunice	Box 143, Leeds
Porter, Marguerite E.	434 Huron Ave., Cambridge
Preston, Linda K.	267 Bay St., Springfield
Scully, Agnes	1280 Dwight St., Holyoke
Shaughnessy, Katherine	Ashland
Shaw, Helen	55 Pacific St., Rockland
Shaw, Lillian Harlowe	322 Belmont Ave., Fall River
Simons, Mildred Whitney	Riverdale, N. H.
Spaulding, Marion	138 Lincoln St., Newton Highlands
Stebbins, Florence	Deerfield
Taylor, Helen	Quincy Place, Holliston
Thrall, Mary	33 Pleasant St., Leicester
Trask, Hattie Marion	Kendall Green
Warren, May	15 Oak St., Newton Upper Falls
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