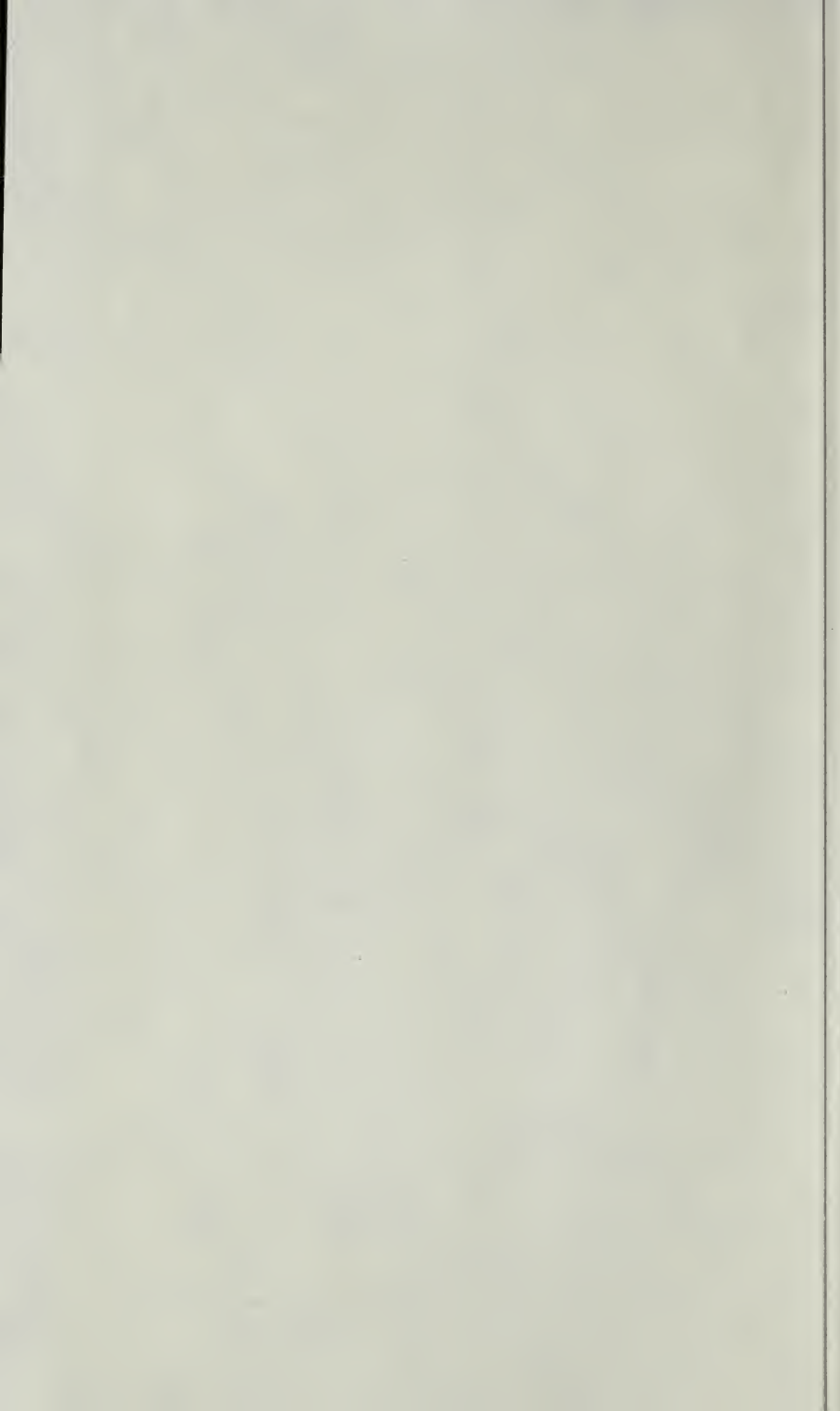




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HENRY WHITTEMORE
PRINCIPAL

THE SENIOR QUILL

Issued Annually, in June

by the

Senior Class

of the

Framingham Normal School

Framingham, Mass.



NUMBER FOUR

JUNE, 1911



Framingham State College
Framingham, Massachusetts

Dedication

TO OUR TEACHER OF ENGLISH, MISS
MARY MOORE, A TRIBUTE OF AFFEC-
TION AND GRATITUDE FOR HER MOTH-
ERLY KINDNESS AND GRACIOUS HELP-
FULNESS.

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MR. WHITTEMORE AND THE MEMBERS OF OUR FACULTY:

To you, our teachers and helpers, we, the Senior Class of 1911, submit this, the fourth edition of the Senior Quill.

We have tried to make our book interesting and instructive. We have endeavored to show herein some of the gratitude which we feel for the hearty co-operation with which you have entered into all of our work and play, making the years we have spent at Framingham happy years.

We believe that the Senior Quill can be made much more useful and we hope that succeeding classes will improve on our work.

To the classes which have preceded us in publishing the Senior Quill, we wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the helpful suggestions, which we have striven to carry out.

Editorials

JUNIORS—We hope you will greatly improve on our Senior Quill when you publish your book. Make the Quill an essential feature of the school work. Give it literary value. And, above all, be as original as possible. All these things are necessary to the existence of a paper, without them the paper cannot prosper.

SENIORS—We all remember that sweetly solemn day last spring when Mr. Whittemore announced that there would be no roll of honor in the school. We were all happy, some of us because we knew our names would never be placed there, others because we feared we would not attain to it. But I wonder how many of us now, so near our graduation, ever think of the conditions necessary for a place on that honor roll, and how many of them each of us has fulfilled. It is worth thinking about.

IT is hoped that the article, herein printed, concerning the art collections in the reading room, will stimulate an interest in those exhibits.

WE are glad that Mr. Whittemore doesn't go South every week,—but then it isn't quite so lonely when he "sends his love to the school."

MUCH discussion has arisen lately concerning a three-years' course for the regular department. In general, it seems to be the girls' opinion that such a course would be a good thing. Many reasons are given for this opinion, but these three seem to be the most sound. First, there is too much work to be done in two years, and, consequently, the girls get tired and run-down. Secondly, since so much manual and industrial work has been introduced in the grades, the teacher must have a knowledge of this work and how to teach it, in addition to the other subjects—not in place of them. Third, more time could be devoted to the important work in the practice school.

On the other hand, it has been suggested that many girls could not afford to come three years. But, if we stop to consider, I think, it will be seen that as better equipped and more efficient teachers we would soon be repaid. However, it is a point for discussion.

Again it has been said that a three years' course might be instituted for those who desired to teach the higher grades, seventh, eighth, and ninth. But I think a three years' course is just as necessary as a preparation for the lower grades as the higher, for it is in the lower grades that the children are given such work as will enable them to decide on a life occupation, and does not the teacher need a broad knowledge to lead these little children to choose, in the sixth grade, whether they will henceforth attend a commercial, industrial, or classical grammar school?

This is a question soon to be dealt with and acted upon.

WE wish to express our deepest sympathy to those who have had sorrow come into their homes. May their lives be made bigger and sweeter by their afflictions.

A hearty welcome is extended to those members of our faculty who have returned after a year's leave of absence.

GIRLS—don't ever forget to "get after the children, or they'll get after you."

IN reading the prophecies the editor has been led to question the value of such an article in connection with a professional school like ours. What do our readers think about it?



Exit Agent

MISS MIRANDA HIGGS sat in her little living room and millinery shop combined, in scornful meditation. Her stern features were drawn into rigid lines, and disdain was written on every feature of her countenance. Miss Sarah Tink stood opposite, leaning against the door. A look of submission mingled with mild apology overshadowed her face. She looked like a child caught in some prank which it acknowledges, but for which it is only half sorry.

Miss Miranda broke the silence very grimly. "I must admit as I'd never ha' thought it of even you, Sarah Tink. If anybody'd told me, I'd either thought they was makin' fun o' you, or else didn't have good sense. I never heard o' the like."

The speech ended with one of Miss Miranda's withering looks at which Sarah giggled feebly and attentively twisted her apron round her hand. "Why, Miranda," she said mildly, "I don't see no harm in it."

Sarah was still busily engaged with her apron and so lost the expressive gaze which her companion bent upon her.

"As I said, I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes. I was disgusted with that feller when he come here. When he stopped that glaring machine in front o' my house an' come hopping up my steps, I didn't like the looks of him. An' when he let on as he was goin' around advertisin' a dish washin' machine in a automobile, I don't conceal as I was clean disgusted. I told him in tones as I don't believe he's forgot yet, I told him that if women didn't have to be bothered so much with agents they'd have time to wash their own dishes and a little to spare. He didn't get inside my house. An' then, Sarah, I see him hustle that machine across the street to your door. I see him go in your house, and—" after an impressive pause—"how long do you suppose he was in your house, Sarah Tink?"

"Well, really, Miranda," giggled Sarah, "he got to talkin' an' I couldn't stop him an' then he insisted on tryin'—"

"One hour and twenty-seven minutes!" declared Miranda, answering her own question. "No, you needn't say nothin'. I ain't done myself yet. Knowin' you for so many years as I have, Sarah, I wan't so surprised at that, but the next day when he come bringin' you home from down town in that red automobile o' his'n, when I see him help you out an' go in your house an' stay an hour an' a half more, I allow as I can't express my feelin's."

Realizing the utter inability of words to convey her opinion of her neighbor's conduct, Miss Miranda lapsed into a grim silence.

"Well," said Sarah, unwinding her apron and carefully smoothing it out, "I must be going. And," she added with more decision than she had ever before shown, "if you don't want a washin' machine, Miranda, you know you don't have to take one, I ain't so sure but I shall."

Sarah Tink went out, shut the door, and hastened fearfully across the street. She almost expected Miranda to come after her, but that lady sat staring before her, with the hat she had been trimming fallen idly to the floor.

"The idea!" she said when she could speak. "The idea of her talking that way to me! I always thought Sarah wan't burdened with any too many brains, but I never expected she'd make quite such a fool of herself." The withering glance which Miss Miranda bestowed upon the innocent hat made the trimming look a little more stiff and rigid than before.

Miss Miranda did not consider herself curious. She never thought of such a thing. She considered it her right and duty to know everything that went on around her, especially all that concerned Sarah Tink. Miranda did not watch her neighbor's house or spy upon her affairs, but when seated in the straight backed chair trimming hats or making patchwork, she could command a good view of the house across the street and Miranda's eyes were very sharp.

At about two o'clock that afternoon, Miss Miranda, making patchwork, saw Sarah come out and walk briskly down the street. She had a red ribbon tie on and her hat was tilted coquettishly to one side.

Miss Miranda sniffed, "I should think she'd be ashamed," she said. "An' her thirty years old last spring, an' tryin' to flirt with a dish washin' machine agent."

An hour later the red auto whirled up street and stopped at Sarah's with a grand flourish. Miss Tink's smile as she alighted was more bland than usual. She went into the house followed by the agent, carrying a large package.

A look of grim determination overspread Miss Miranda's face as she watched the scene. She rose and carefully and deliberately folded the patchwork and placed it in the right hand corner of the drawer beneath the counter. "If folks can't use no common sense, somebody else'll have to use it for 'em," she said crisply as she took out her shawl and pinned it round her shoulders. Crossing the street she went up Sarah's walk and gave a decided rap on the door. Sarah opened it and when she saw Miss Miranda she giggled nervously. "Won't you come in, Miranda?" she finally inquired.

"I intended to, or I shouldn't have come over," announced Miranda icily. She followed the hesitating Sarah into the little dining room, where upon the table was the dish washing machine in all its splendor. The spruce looking young man was just completing arrangements for a final

demonstration. He looked up at Miss Miranda's entrance, and seeing that lady's glance bent full upon him, he gave a nervous cough and said,

"Your friend has decided to take one of these machines of such inestimable worth. Couldn't we persuade you"—

But Miss Miranda paid no attention to him beyond that first annihilating glance, "Sarah Tink," she scornfully began, "if you've washed dishes upwards of twenty years and now don't know how to do 'em without a machine, I'll come over any day an' teach you. Now, addressing herself to the astonished agent, you pack up your dish washer an' take it where they ain't got any more sense'n some folks I know. The women in this town don't want you insultin' 'em by makin' out they haven't got brains enough to wash their own dishes."

"But, Miranda," weakly protested Sarah, "I've—"

"She's bought the machine", put in the agent shifting uneasily under Miranda's glance. "One dollar down and a dollar a week for two months. I—believe you were just about to give me the dollar, Miss Tink."

Miss Miranda drew her tall figure to its full height. She presented a striking appearance. One long arm pointed straight toward the door. The plaid shawl hung loosely about her like the robe of an Oriental. Not a muscle of her rigid figure moved. The peculiar gaze of her piercing eyes was bent full upon the man before her. The look, the attitude, the significant gesture, all said, "Go!" in language plainer than any words.

The agent squirmed under Miranda's gaze and fingered his machine nervously. "Well, Miss Tink," he began hesitatingly.

But Sarah was not permitted to speak. "Miss Tink's got no more to say about it," announced Miss Miranda decisively as she dropped her extended arm and sat stiffly upon the edge of a chair. "You can stay here all night or you can leave your machine if you want to, but not one red cent o' Sarah Tink's money will you ever get."

"Now see here," began the agent.

But Sarah interrupted him. "I guess you better take your machine," she said with a little giggle. "I hadn't exactly said I'd keep it, an' anyhow Miranda won't let me pay you nothing."

With a smothered exclamation under his breath the agent rattled his machine together, and a look of grim triumph overspread the face of Miranda Higgs. She rose and hospitably opened the door, and without a word the agent gathered up his dish washing machine and banged toward it.

Sarah arose with a sigh. "I hope you'll call"—she began, but the slam of the door cut short her remark.

Miss Miranda readjusted her shawl. "Now, Sarah," she began, as the auto snorted angrily down the street, "now, Sarah Tink, I've settled up this affair, and don't you ever let me know of you're actin' this way again. You better get off your red tie an' take them flowers off your dress an' do some o' the work you've been neglectin' these three days."

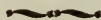
"Well, Miranda," began Sarah, "I don't see why"—

"Some folks," interrupted Miss Miranda, "remind me of the story about the little boy his father told to keep quiet so's folks wouldn't know he wan't bright."

Miss Miranda opened the door, and Sarah, who never bore ill will against her neighbor, said pleasantly, "Come in again when you can."

"Most probably I shan't come when I can't," rejoined Miranda. "I don't know's she's so much to blame," she mused as she crossed the street. "Folks that didn't have any too many brains to start with ain't exactly responsible after the little they did have's been evaporatin' for thirty years." With this remark Miss Miranda entered her house, took off her shawl and resumed her patchwork sewing.

G. M. R.



Archie and I

When I was a naughty girl,
About so high,
Mama took a little "Reid"
And made me cry.

Archibald, from sympathy.
Tears came down like hail.
Mother ran to "Ketchum"
In a wooden pail.

"Howe" she ever did it,
Is "Moore" than I can tell,
For little Archie shed enough
To fill a dried-up well.

M. P. K.

Home Geography

OF all forms of geography there is, I think, none of more importance than home geography. There are two reasons why this is true. First, in order that the children may grow up citizens of the most useful kind, it is really necessary for them to have a knowledge of the history, development and economic conditions of the town in which they live. To lead to this understanding, the study of the geography which has so much influence on the life of the town, is very important.

But the second great value of home geography is equal to the first. Home geography is the best basis for the study of the geography of the rest of the world. The children need to know about the relations which bind the countries of the earth together, and make each part dependent on the other parts.

Perhaps the best way to show the value of home geography, and how its two purposes may be secured, is to study the town of Framingham and see how the geography of this town could be taught to children. The physical geography of the town has many interesting features, and in the several sections varied occupations are carried on; so there are many subjects to deal with in connection with Framingham, and its relation to the outside world.

These subjects may be classified thus; first, those relating to physical geography; and second, those relating to industrial geography.

In the making of the physical features of the town, the glacier played a very important part. The story of the glacier would be told in the fifth or sixth grade. After the teacher had explained what the physical features, due to the passage of a glacier, are, they would recognize whatever of these features they had seen. As an example take the story of the formation of sand plains, which the teacher could tell in this way.

“When the glacier spread all over this part of North America where we live, there were streams of water flowing on the ice. Sometimes these rivers would come to a place where the ice had melted to form hollows, and there they would spread out and form lakes. In their course these streams had collected sand and gravel, and as they spread out in the lakes, they could not flow so rapidly, and could not carry so heavy a load. So when they flowed into the lakes, they dropped some of the gravel, and the nearer they got to the center, the more sand they spread over the lake floor. They kept on doing this until the glacier melted, and when the lakes had disappeared, the layers of sand they left behind settled onto the ground, and we have named them sand plains.”

Then the teacher would ask where in this town there is fine white sand and what this place is called. One of these sand plains made it possible

for Mr. Nicholson to build his greenhouses where they are, and the children should be led to see this present day result of the glacier that was here so long ago.

Following the same method the formation of Bare Hill and Nobscot Mt., of the eskers in the cemetery, and of the kames and kettleholes, from the tiny one on the side of Bare Hill to Learned's Pond, would be taken up. All of these formations are important as reasons why certain things in this town are as they are. The cemetery was made among the eskers and kames because of their picturesqueness; there are no houses on the east side of Bare Hill, because the glacier made it too steep. A comparison of this hill with Indianhead and the mountain, shows their shapes to be very similar, so we know they were made in the same way. We have the glacier largely to thank for the beauty of our towns; the hills all around, the lakes, ponds and undulating cup-and-saucer regions were given us by the glacier, in part or wholly. Our rocky pastures and the big boulder on the Fenton place remind us of the ice-sheet.

But there have been other places affected by the glacier. Long Island, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket were made by it, and the prairies where our wheat grows, were covered with thick rich soil when the glacier passed over them. Somewhere today there are glaciers too, over Greenland, and in the Alps, Himalayas and Rockies. So the glacier not only explains some of the features of our town, but it leads to the study of the great mountain ranges of the world, and of the western prairies.

In the same way the Sudbury river may be studied. The children know about it, they have seen its slow winding course, the falls at Saxonville, and have watched it overflow its banks each year. To have seen the flood-plain of the Sudbury makes that of the Mississippi or Nile far more real. The land in the flood-plain of the Sudbury is very fertile so it is in all flood-plains, and this makes it easy to raise food in flood-plains; now the children can see why the Nile is a great wheat-growing agent, and why there are so many, many people in the Ganges valley. So throughout the study of the drainage of the town comparison and contrast with other drainage systems may be carried on.

One interesting place to visit in connection with physical geography is the stone-quarry. The children will see and learn many things, and will get a better idea of this industry than they could from books.

Some of the peat and tripoli from the Badger farm would afford a good basis for a lesson in geography. From the peat of Framingham could be taught the story of the formation of coal; and the description of how peat is obtained and used in Ireland and Scotland.

There are several maps which can be put on the board, or made by the children. After the study of the glaciation of the continent, make a map showing the hills, eskers, kames and kettleholes. After the study of drainage add the rivers, lakes, brooks and ponds, showing the reservoirs and the falls at Saxonville. Another very good map shows Framingham and the adjoining towns, with the highways and railroads, connecting our town with the rest of the state.

This leads to industrial geography. Another way to connect physical with industrial geography is through the collection of the soils found in the town. After the children have brought the kinds to school study the uses of each and their distribution in this and other countries. Learn how it is that soils determine occupations, and what occupations the different soils favor.

Many interesting geography lessons may be learned from the grocery and dry-goods stores of the town. The children know what they can buy in these stores, and they also know that most of the articles in them did not come from Framingham. But probably they have not known much about the places or people from which these things have come to Framingham; now is the time to show how dependent we are on people away off in strange lands. Where did the tea, the raisins, the flour and cocoa in a grocery store come from? Who sent us the silk and linen and cotton in our dry-goods stores? How did these things get here? The answers to these questions come from the study of countries on the other side of the world or in other parts of our own land.

But what is Framingham doing for people in other cities and countries? The study of the great manufacturing plants in South Framingham and Saxonville tells us this. Trains are carrying away every day the things made in these factories to people who live in distant countries.

Our stores and factories are the best things in the town to teach the relations of all the parts of our nation, and the relation of all the parts of the world to one another. Framingham is just a very small part of a great whole, but it has its place and its work to do. Try to have the children realize this.

I believe that when home geography is taught so that children have the beginning of an understanding of their home town, and the knowledge of the close relationship of the town to all the rest of the world, the time spent in the study of home geography is well worth while.

R. E. T.



Pass It On

The College President—

Such rawness in a student is a shame,
But lack of preparation is to blame.

The High School Principal—

Good Heav'ns, what crudity! The boy's a fool.
The fault, of course, is with the grammar school.

The Grammar Principal—

O, that from such a dunce I might be spared!
They send them up to me so unprepared.

The Primary Principal—

Poor kindergarten blockhead! And they call
That preparation worse than none at all!

The Kindergarten Teacher—

Never such lack of training did I see,
What sort of person can the mother be!

The Mother—

You stupid child! But then, you're not to blame;
Your father's family are all the same.

A noted exception to this rule
Is a Massachusetts Normal School.

The Yellowstone Park

THERE has been a collection of pictures of the Yellowstone National Park hanging in the Reading Room recently, containing some of the finest views I have ever seen of the Park wonders.

The pictures of the Yellowstone Falls, both Upper and Lower, are particularly good, yet no picture or words could ever describe their true grandeur. The Lower Falls of the Yellowstone are three hundred and ten feet high, about twice as high as the more familiar Falls of Niagara. In the sunlight, a rainbow spans the silvery mists that fall, and to see them by moonlight is a sight that one can never forget.

The Canyon, as shown in this collection, gives a good idea of the formation, but loses its real beauty in the absence of any color. It is the gorgeous coloring that makes this Canyon of the Yellowstone so wonderful to look at. I shall never forget the morning I stood on the brink of this vast chasm, and looked down into its depths for a distance of twelve hundred feet. At the very bottom, rushes and tumbles the green river with its white foaming rapids, so far below you that not a sound is audible. All around is an array of the most wonderful harmony of color, red and yellow predominating, while all gradations of brown, gray, and pink seem to cover every rock. Huge turrets of dark red stone rise like ancient castles here and there, and on the very top of these crags, the eagles have built their nests. The scene seems to affect all people alike, namely, that they do not wish to talk.

There are no words to express one's thoughts, but, overwhelmed with mingled awe and wonder, one finds himself unconsciously repeating, "When I consider Thy heavens, the works of Thy fingers, What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" It is very impressive. A horseback ride to the other side displays more wonders, and the more adventurous take the narrow trail down the steep sides to enjoy the view from the level of the river.

The picture of Yellowstone Lake shows only a small portion of this body of water, for it is about twenty miles long, and at a higher altitude than any other lake in North America. On the shore of its western arm is the Fish Pot, a pool of boiling hot water, where the angler, catching a trout in the Lake, without changing his position, can cook the fish in a very short time.

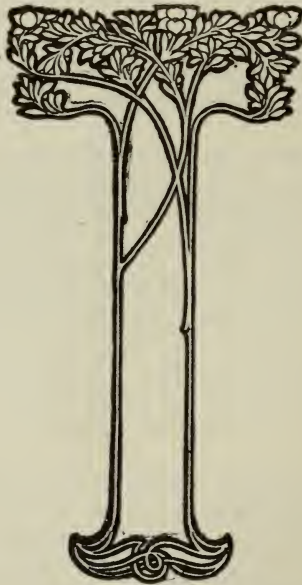
Then there are the geysers, playing at all intervals and heights. Old Faithful is the pet of all the tourists, because it is so regular in its eruptions. Throwing its columns of steam and boiling water one hundred and fifty feet into the air, it looks very majestic, and at night when the colored lights from the Inn are turned upon it in full eruption, it is indeed beautiful. The geysers sometimes boil furiously and emit strong fumes of sulphur, which

makes one feel a trifle uncanny. The pools never erupt but remain very peaceful, exquisite in their coloring due to mineral deposits. The paint pots are another phenomena. These boil and seethe, having the consistency of mud, and a grayish color. Some of the rooms of the hotels in the Park have been painted with the liquid, proving that the pots are useful as well as ornamental.

I noticed a few pictures of the bears. Everybody goes out to see the bears for they are interesting to watch. They do not appear until about dusk, when they come down to feed on the refuse from the hotels. They are mostly black and brown, except the gray grizzlies, but these do not come out until it is very dark, as a rule. They do not appear to be very wild, although guides and "Dangerous" signs prevent people from going too near, as old Bruin is not always in a good disposition.

And so I could write on of the wonders of The Yellowstone National Park. It has been called the "Wonderland of America" and it is rightly named, and when you plan your Western trip, do not fail to pay a visit to this charming spot.

GLADYS STIMSON.



George Ade's Yarn on the Microbe

A lovelorn microbe met by chance
 At a swagger bacteroidal dance
 A proud bacillian belle, and she
 Was first of the animal culae
 Of organism saccharine.
 She was the protoplasmic queen
 The microscopical pride and pet
 Of the biological smartest set.
 And so this infinitesimal swain
 Evoled a pleading low refrain:
 "O lovely metamorphic germ
 What futile scientific term
 Can well describe your many charms?
 Come to these embryonic arms.
 Then hie away to my cellular home,
 And be my little diatom!"
 His epithelium burned with love,
 He swore by molecules above
 She'd be his own gregarious mate,
 Or else he would disintegrate.
 This amorous mite of a parasite
 Pursued the germ both day and night
 And 'neath her window often played
 This Darwin-Huxley serenade—
 He'd warble to her every day
 This rhizopolical roundelay.
 "O most primordial type of spore,
 I never met your like before.
 And though a microbe has no heart,
 From you, sweet germ, I'll never part.
 We'll sit beneath some fungus growth
 Till dissolution claims us both."



The Kindergarten

THE word "Kindergarten" means, literally, a child-garden. What does the word "garden" suggest to us? A sheltered spot, guarded from rough winds, and open to the sunshine; rich, fruitful earth; carefully trained vines; blooming flowers; abundance of air, and dew, and rain; and everywhere freshness, fragrance, and loveliness.

And what of the gardener? What are his duties? It is he who lays out the garden; who prepares the earth; who sets out the plants in favorable locations, according to their kind; who uproots the weeds; destroys noxious insects; prunes and trains; protects the tender seedlings from the glare of the sun; and provides water when the skies will not.

He does all these things wisely and carefully, and he knows that flower, tree, vine, and grass-blade must do their own growing, and that neither dew nor rain, air nor sunshine, are his to give.

Just as the gardener knows that the miraculous life principles exist in everything he sows, and will develop under proper conditions, so Froebel believed that in every child there exists the possibility of a perfect man; and that it is the task of the educator to provide conditions which will develop that possibility.

It is that portion of Froebel's philosophy which relates to the training of children below the school age, and it is his insistence upon the importance of this period, that furnishes one of his distinctive contributions to educational ideas.

The kindergarten was the product of the lifelong thought, study, and experience of a profound observer and child-lover; a man rich in native insight and well versed in the knowledge of the schools.

True it is that the kindergarten provides for the young human plant the proper conditions for growth and development; suitable climate, soil, and exposure; careful nurture, happy occupation for activities of soul, mind, and body; and opportunities for the learning of those relationships which bind man to his fellow creatures, to Nature, and to God.

The aim in discipline is to help make the child self-governing, and at the same time to teach him his responsibility toward and dependence upon the community of which he is a part.

It is believed that kindergarten principles when rightly applied in the training of American children, will prove of the greatest efficiency in correcting the faults to which they seem peculiarly subject.

Whatever is the cause, many American children are markedly nervous, undeveloped, and precocious and are somewhat difficult to manage.

Though we may admire their superior quickness and vivacity, still we would dread to think how easily these may degenerate into positive faults.

But do we ever find in such children any failings which a just, reasonable, firm, though gentle government, appropriate to their needs and years, might have corrected, had they been subjected to it from the beginning? If so, then we may well recommend the application of discipline according to the ideas of Froebel,—satisfied that such discipline will bring poise, calmness, self-control, self-forgetfulness, and helpfulness; and that therefore the kindergarten is especially well fitted for the coming citizen of a republic.

Not only is the kindergarten a school of citizenship, but it is a school of patriotism also, for it trains the child from the beginning in the history of his country, so far as his undeveloped powers are able to receive it, and places before him in the national hero-stories, an ideal toward which he may struggle in the future.

It is a great principle of the kindergarten that labor is not the curse but the blessing of mankind; that all development and all highest enjoyment of life comes to each person through what he can do to express his own mind.

So the children are set "to learn by doing," and the idea of industry in their education has its relation not directly to the work which they may do in mature years, but to the desire and intention of enabling them to think each for himself.

K. M.

"Whoso loves a child loves not himself but God, whoso delights a child, labors with God in his workshop of the world of hearts. Whoso helps a child brings the Kingdom of God. Whoso saves a child from the fingers of evil sits in the seat with the builders of cities and the procurers of peace."



The Poetry and Prose of Courses of Study

There came into the school not long ago a bulletin from one of the western normal schools. The western normal schools are wide-awake institutions. This bulletin was upon "Courses of Study for the Training Department." The statements concerning each course was opened, almost always, with some quotation concerning the subject to be treated. They are so good that we are giving some for your future consideration.

GEOGRAPHY.

Step by step the conviction dawns upon the learner that, to attain to even an elementary conception of what goes on in his parish, he must know something about the universe.

Huxley.

HISTORY.

We as we read must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner, must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing.

Emerson.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Wadsworth.

READING AND LITERATURE.

Literature is the embodiment of ideal beauty in human speech.

Crawshaw.

LANGUAGE AND GRAMMAR.

Language is the armory of the human mind and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future conquests.

ARITHMETIC.

The science of Arithmetic is one of the purest products of human thought.

Brooks.
H. W.



If I Knew You

If I knew you and you knew me,
'Tis seldom we would disagree.
But, never having yet clasped hands,
Both often fail to understand
That each intends to do what's right
And trust each other "honor bright."
How little to complain there'd be
If I knew you, and you knew me.

Whene'er I'm rude, just by mistake,
Or in recitation some error make,
From imitation we'd be free,
If I knew you, and you knew me.
Or when my papers are not on time
And, sometimes I write "nary a line,"
You'd wait without anxiety,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Or when some papers you hand back
Or "make a kick" on this or that
We'd take it in good part, you see
If I knew you and you knew me.
With teachers numbering twenty strong
Occasionally things do go wrong—
Sometimes our fault,—sometimes theirs—
Forbearance would decrease all cares.
Kind friend, how pleasant things would be
If I knew you and you knew me.

K. L. M.

An Abandoned Mill

SOME little distance from the road is situated the old Joel Leonard Mill. Its days of usefulness have passed, but it impels one to stop and examine its ruin.

By its side runs a brook, splashing over rocks and forming little whirlpools while it wends its way from the pond to the river.

The old dam has long since broken away except its very foundations.

Occasionally there are stretches of grass covered banks, a dense growth of alders and clumps of fern by the side of the brook; and in the deep, cool pools the speckled trout is hiding.

The walls of the mill are weather beaten and decayed, and the roof has partially fallen in. The old water wheel is also decayed, with great patches of moss and fern growing on it. Once it was busy, and untiringly gave power day after day, but its present useless and inanimate condition brings a feeling of pity to the on-looker.

The whole exterior, with its surroundings of the dense growth of bushes, trees and ferns, and the brook, presents an impressive picture. Then a feeling of restfulness comes over one, and we think of the past—its usefulness and the men who labored amongst the now rusted machinery.

Sitting amongst the fragrant ferns by the old crumbling mill, we seem to hear the waters of the brook say, "For men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever."

M. J. W.



To the Standpipe

Curse upon thee, thou green receptacle!
Structure of steel with tar well-interlined,
How often emptied, wilt thou leave behind
Stinging potations, our poors mouths to fill?

Oft would a drink from Sethe's stream delight
When our fare savors strong of creosote
Making it all a nauseous antidote
To cure the sharpness of our appetite.

More than one day, a money-minded lass
Frequented well and spring both far and near,
Filled her small pitcher with the liquid clear
And sold the treasure at a cent a glass.

And perchance thou art working for the best,
Oh dumb cupbearer, municipal slave!
Dost thou not teach the populace to crave
Pure sparkling water fresh from nature's breast.

A. M. G.

The Lost Road

IT was a glorious morning in September and the air had that sharp tinge in it which speaks of frost and falling leaves. The clouds in the east were beginning to assume a faint rose color, which, as I looked, grew brighter with the promise of a beautiful sunrise.

My horse seemed to feel the zest which the light breeze brought, he was restless and eager to quicken his pace. When we were well outside the still-sleeping village, I, leaning low in the saddle, gave him free rein, away we went along the level road, which curved like a black snake between the high wall of rock that the great river, perhaps ages ago, had cut its channel through, and the cornfields of the rich bottom lands.

The road was higher than the cornfields which sloped to the river bank. Looking across the corn, there was the reddish-brown water of the Cumberland flowing lazily on, the light green and white color of the fields on either bank, in strong contrast.

Having now had a good run, my horse was ready to slacken his pace somewhat. The mist was just rising from the low hills on the opposite bank and, as we sped along, now and then a white-washed cabin, with a strip of dark green near it, was visible. The dark green might mean water-melon vines and I thought of a fine juicy melon that I had eaten the previous day.

Preoccupied with my thoughts and the beauty of the scene before me, I reined into one of the narrow, rough roads that led from the main river road up into the low foot-hills of Kuttawa mountain. As the road grew rougher and steeper, the horse slowed down to a walk, turning slightly in the saddle, I watched the sunrise over the distant hills. Ahead, in the West, tiny clouds, like heralds in purple and gold, were telling the world over there, that "Lord Sun" was coming, but almost before they had finished their message, their color faded, for there was the "Lord Sun," himself, with his cloud-courtiers in wonderful rainbow suits. "Lord-Sun" had risen!

The silence which had pervaded everything before sun-rise began to give place to the sounds of birds and cattle lowing in the distance. The soil here was no longer black as it had been near the river but was a dull-red. The thorn trees were more numerous and the grass thinner. Coming to a cross-road, I took the trail going West. The trail was very muddy from recent rains. Since leaving the river road I had seen no sign of human habitation and I began to wonder just where I was, but not having any wish to return I decided that it did not matter yet. Just ahead, to my surprised gaze, the thorn trees and hanging mosses seemed to end the road

but, no, there was room enough for a single horse and rider to pass. It was quite evidently a road used very little. The trees on either side now prevented me from seeing the surrounding country except that immediately in front.

A wider trail crossed this one and I turned into it, glad to be able to sit straight again. Suddenly several stifled grunts issued from the ground apparently under the horse's feet. My horse being "to the manner born" merely moved one ear and went on. The grunts proceeded from a large black hog who had partly buried himself in the cool mud of the road. Other black "snouts" were raised lazily from the mud ahead as if in hopes it might be a "false alarm." What a waste of energy to get up when there was nothing to eat in sight! Nothing but a horse and rider! No! of course they were not going to get up and they subsided, back into the mud, without further interest. Now, I knew that I was not far from human residents.

About a mile further, after meeting more hogs and stray hens, there stood a cabin in a sort of clearing where the trees had been cut down and their stumps left. The cabin was made, in the usual way, of split logs with the smoothest side in; these logs were fixed onto posts, set at the four corners, with wooden pins. The roof was also made of logs, somewhat smaller and fastened to a long beam at the top in a slight pitch. The chinks between the logs were filled with clay and the whole had evidently once been white-washed. On the side nearest me was a chimney built on the outside of the cabin. It was made of rough rocks cemented together, some of which had fallen out leaving holes, through which smoke was making its way instead of going to the top.

Around the cabin's open doorway lounged some ten children of assorted sizes, indifferently dressed, evidently just up for the day, near them were five or six rather lively little black pigs. It was indeed hard to tell which were the dirtier, children or pigs. Neither seemed much interested as to their outward state but all seemed expectant of something to fill the emptiness within. In the meantime I had reined my horse to look down on them from the slight rise, unobserved I now rode on. As the approach of a horse was heard the yard became a scene of rapid movement. Everybody rushed for the road, pigs, too, evidently, very much against their wills, carried by the impetus of the children. One child in his great haste, knocking down an innocent looking old hen, and falling flat on a little pig. Both of whom were much more perturbed than he, for picking himself up he ran pell-mell after the others with never a cry.

Arrived at the edge of the road, they stood mouths agape, eyes literally wide open, and stared at the newcomer, too out of breath, and frightened at their own audacity to do otherwise. I halted before them. The tallest of the girls found her tongue suddenly and proffered the customary "Howdy." When I returned the salutation, her face fairly beamed with pride of having been first to speak. They all seemed too much interested in my saddle, horse, and the distance I had come, to say

anything about themselves. I asked for water, whereupon they all immediately bethought themselves that "maw" and "paw" had not heard the stranger come and all but one took to their heels to inform "maw" of the great event. The remaining one continued to stare and vouchsafed nothing except to answer a direct question, then he drawled out, "Yas, I reckon." Soon the family appeared, a gaunt looking woman and a tall, loose-jointed man. The woman greeted me warmly and the man seconded her invitation to "stop a bit."

When I had finished drinking from the gourd, the woman asked for news from E—, not having been to "taown" for more than a year and not going anywhere else except to a neighbor's house for church when the "circuit rider" happened along, about once every month or two. My store of news exhausted, and finding myself some twenty miles from home by the shortest way, I bade them good bye and promised to come again sometime. I left in the opposite direction and after changing roads at cross-roads two or three times, I found the road which the cabin woman had directed me to and arrived home after lunch time, hungry and dusty, but glad of the morning's experiences.

Many times in the years that followed, I thought of the wistful faces in the lonely, far away cabin in the hills, but although I went in search of it when I had leisure time I never found it. Many times I took trails leading West from the river road but none of them ever turned into the "lost road."

M. J.



Coming

The How (e) and why Sisters.

GREAT WILD EAST SHOW.

June 10, 1910.

SUCH were the notices posted on all the bulletin boards and great was the excitement, tickets selling at an astonishing rate. The middle Juniors had charge of the affair; the proceeds, to establish an experimental kitchen fund.

If you came early enough, you would have heard the animals, fierce and ferocious, making themselves known, by their barks and howls, behind the scenes.

The one ring tent was pitched on the Assembly Hall platform, and the inspiration of the circus had an honor seat, very near the front, while other noted personages were crowded on the grand stand.

“Pink Lemonade,
Sold in the shade,
By an old maid!”

cried Mr. Whittemore, as the audience assembled. This enticing call drew many to the refreshment counter, where our kind junior friends served them to the brilliant beverage.

At last the curtain was drawn and a hush fell over the audience as the ring master appeared, clad in a striking riding suit and high boots. His pleasing manner, and musical voice, as it floated over his long, black mustache and goatee, was sufficient to calm the wildest beast. After a short and dramatic speech, the opening feature was announced. It proved to be Herr Batonky and his famous German band, who, in alarming costumes, rendered many gems of music, some of the gems being seen but not heard.

Next, after a loud applause and several encores, Jocko, the three handed monkey rode in, seated in his automobile. His feats in his machine were most wonderful, but his appearance was the most overwhelming.

Squeaketa, the charming little mouse, next danced for us, in a gray gown and bonnet, her pirouettes were most effective when encircled by her long and graceful tail.

After this, a bull frog sang in a sweet soprano voice, and danced with Squeaketa, but grace never was for bull frogs.

Two H. A. cats next appeared, entertaining the company by a sewing demonstration of the advantages of the so-called sampler system as such, even to the picking up of the threads and the, "Cats, please give me *their* attention."

An overgrown inch worm crawled across the stage to the inspiring strains of "Narcissus." His special forte in life being to measure bread sticks and drafting patterns.

Mohammet and Mountain, two trained dogs, next appeared, who were most entertaining, for their actions coincided with that motto so many times quoted.

Then a musical hen danced, keeping perfect time, flapping her wings, and daintily placing her "palm-leaf-fanned" feet. A most exciting tragedy was enacted, when "Teddy" killed the ferocious lion, and Kermit snapped a picture of the "dee-lighted" expression.

The freaks were many and varied, the first being, the strong lady, Mme. Bicuspidia, who bit the H. A. breadstick, and pulled the fifty-pound block.

At each and every occasion, two fascinating clowns appeared, who caused much laughter by their comical actions. All were charmed to meet "Mme. S.", the short lady, only two feet, eleven inches high, who chattered glibly in that familiar tongue, and who "est arrive a la destination."

The Siamese twins fried tender (?) doughnuts in peanut oil, and the two clowns followed, pinned together with a huge safety pin. Many other alarming and interesting features followed, and finally appeared Big 10, the ten legged elephant, greeted by a shout from the audience. He marched and two-stepped daintily, managing his many feet with remarkable skill.

Lastly, came the five Brownies, who sang the farewell song, and performed the remarkable feat of standing on their heads, and waving their toes between the verses.



Brownie's Song

The gay circus ladies named Why and How(e)
 Have now made for you their final bow,
 They all wish to say to their namesake here,
 That his terrible questions they no longer fear.
 "O, why, Miss Jones, are you asking *me*?"
 Go look it up in the dictionary,
 Suppose little Willie or sister Sue
 Should ask you that question, pray what would you do?

We're all glad to see Mr. Whittemore,
 The brownies know him on every shore,
 When he was in Waltham we all did know
 That his school affairs were run, just so.
 "Don't buy stale crackers at Harry Winch's,
 And don't you dare wear a shoe that pinches,
 You're all good girls, and I like all of you,
 If you'll build me a laboratory or two."

Now all the rest of the Wild East Band
 Extend to you a parting hand,
 Though you travel far East, or you travel far West,
 I'm sure that you all will find our circus best.
 So hip and hurrah for the faculty,
 They are just as nice as they ever can be,
 Now the sisters "How(e)," and the sisters "Why,"
 Will bid you all a jolly "good bye."

My Legacy

When I get rich as Croesus
 From teaching school, you see,
 I'm going to leave to F. N. S.
 A little legacy.

A moving sidewalk, I'll provide
 So without puff and wheeze
 The tired girls on Sunday nights
 Can ride the hill at ease.

No heavy suit case tugging
 And faces cross as bears.
 They take the moving sidewalk
 And bless me unawares.

Then there will be a fund, I'm sure
 And instead of that "brass band"
 Down in the cold gymnasium
 I'll put a "Baby Grand."

And the experimental kitchen
 Must surely have a share.
 Then when you fry your doughnuts
 People will not tear their hair.

And last of all, a fountain
 Which will be seen from afar,
 And best of all, the water
 Won't contain a drop of "tar."

All this is what I'm planning
 May they go without a hitch.
 And I'm sure that some are wishing
 I would very soon get rich.

What the Birds Thought About It

WHEAT ch-e-e-r! Wheat ch-e-e-r! Wheat-a! Wheat-a! Wheat-a!" whistled the rose-breasted grosbeak, in a thicket at the edge of the woods.

His clamorous, resonant tones echoed through the leafy forest and rang out over the nearby fields and marsh at the foot of the hill.

"How happy you are this morning! What has happened to make you so gay? Chick-chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" called the chickadees as he flitted about among the twigs of a young birch.

"On the contrary, I am far from cheerful," answered the grosbeak, "I am whistling merely to keep up my courage."

"Quank! Quank! Quank! What's the matter," inquired the nuthatch in his deep tones as he clambered along the under side of a branch.

"Tseem! Ts-e-e-e-em." cried the brown creeper, scurrying up the trunk of a maple sapling, "Do tell us what has gone wrong."

"Yes, tell us! Tell us!" chimed in the song sparrow, the downy woodpecker and all the other birds.

"Matter enough! It would be easier to tell what has gone right; everything has gone wrong!" snapped the gros-beak impatiently.

He was so desperate that he hammered a flower into bits with his thick bill.

"Look at that man down there in the field! He's digging up all the bushes on that sunshiny slope which I have made my home for so many years. It's a mean shame, a mean shame!"

"Yes, indeed, it certainly is a mean shame," whistled the peabody bird, "My wife and I just finished a nice little nest in that thicket yesterday and now that wicked man is cutting down all the bushes. Oh! Oh! He has almost reached our nest now!"

"That is just what troubles me," remarked the gros-beak, "I have a nest there, too, with two eggs in it. He will dig up every single bush and spoil our home. Oh how horrid men are anyway! They cut down our homes, rob our nests, and shoot us. Why, we could live well enough without them, but what would they do if we should all go away, Oh wheat cheer! Wheat-a! Wheat-a!"

"Chack! Chack! Chack!" said the red-winged blackbird. "If the farmers cut down all the thickets, how can they expect us to kill the worms and insects which destroy the vegetables, the cutworms which injure the corn and tobacco, and the grubs which bore holes in the trees and—"

"Yes, indeed," interrupted the summer yellow bird, "I ate thousands of the insects myself last summer."

"Twir-li-lee, twinkle, twinkle, tw-e-e-e, me-ow, tw-e-e-e!" sang the catbird in his full tones, as he perched gracefully on a twig. "They claim they can not pay taxes on waste land, as they call it. Just look at all the fields Farmer Black has! He might leave that one clump for us. And how can he expect us to protect his crops if we have no refuge from our enemies, the owls and hawks and bad boys who shoot us."

"I think," said the indigo bird, who looked like a patch of the bluest sky, "I think that every farm should contain a patch or two of bushes and underbrush for us to make our nests in and rear our—"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" broke in the myrtle warbler, "That heartless man has chopped down my nest. Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

The announcement caused great consternation among our little feathered friends, and they flew off to hold an indignation meeting deeper in the forest.

G. L. B.



The Twentieth Century School "Marm"

SHE must know more, do more, be more and endure more than another bread-winner. She must know everything in heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth.

She receives no special credit for knowing them, but woe to her if she knows them not.

She must teach the "three R's" as in the olden times, but mark the additions.

She must teach physiology with all skill of a physician, but without his opportunity for hiding his mistakes.

She must teach civics with all the learning of a lawyer, but without his library.

She must teach virtue and goodness with all the zeal of a minister, but without his Bible or his sectarian bias.

Under the title of "Nature Lessons" she must teach the elements of all sciences known to man, but, unlike her sister in the high school, she must do it without a text book.

She must teach music, drawing, penmanship and physical culture with the ability of a specialist, but must give the supervisor all the credit for the success attained.

She must teach business forms, business usage, short cuts and brief methods with all the knowledge of a bookkeeper, or the schools are impractical. She must at her own expense attend institutes and associations, listen to long-winded theorists, dry-as-dust professors, sentimental idiots, enthusiastic promoters, visionary reformers, shrewd self-advisers, persistent hobby-riders and educational mountebanks only to attend the next meeting and hear a new crop of theorists with a job lot of contradictions, a series of orders and counter orders which would bewilder the most astute philosopher—*Samuel B. Todd*.

* * * *

"Sally Ratus," who is teaching in one of the southern states, was telling her pupils about mining, one day.

A little colored boy raised his hand.

"Well, 'Rastus, what is it?" inquired Miss Sally.

"A' has a brudder what am in de mining business on' west," said 'Rastus.

"What kind of mining—gold, silver, or copper?" asked the teacher.

"O, no! Miss, none o' those; he am kalsomining," 'Rastus proudly replied.

* * * *

The following was taken from the Boston Herald of Feb. 13. Professor Rose graduated from the H. A. Department in 1903.

Miss Flora Rose, instructor of domestic science at Cornell University, scored a big hit with the Long Island farmers at Riverhead, L. I., yesterday when she turned out fudge and doughnuts for them. During the past week she has been teaching the farmers' wives and daughters how to make hash, etc.

Things at the agricultural school being a bit slow yesterday, the boys, old and young, hied themselves to the county court house, where they invaded the realms of domestic science without invitation. After the cooking class Miss Rose invited the farmer students into her kitchen and rewarded them with delicious fudge and doughnuts which set them all sucking their thumbs and wishing for more.

* * * *

There is a maid in our class,
Her name my memory slips—
Who made a pot of gravy brown
Quite fit for Juno's lips.

And when we asked how it was done,
With all her might and main,
She laughed and cried, "The secret's lost,
It can't be done again."

* * * *

ARM MOVEMENT.

DEDICATED TO C. E. D.

Little drops of ink here,
Little pens of steel,
With a little movement
Accomplish quite a deal.

Never mind the pages
Written with such care!
Just use the movement,
And you'll soon get there.

Sacrifice the form now
Don't sit still and pine,
"Get a good free movement
And a smoother line!"

Then, and not until then,
(After we are gone)
"Sacrifice the movement
And look forward to the form."

M. P. K.

* * * *

Juniors!

Keep on wondering what "a a a a a c e e e f g h i j l m m m m n o r r r r s t t t t u u u u y" means, (You'll find it on the west board in Room 15). Perhaps next year Miss Davis will enlighten you.

* * * *

I don't know anything better for us as teachers than what Abraham Lincoln has said as given below:

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; exercise; go slow and easily. Maybe there are other things your special case requires, but these, my friend, will give you a good lift.



Songs of the Gondoliers

The still canals, the high buildings, the splendor of the moon, the deep shadows, the ghost-like appearance of the few black gondolas gliding up an down, added to the peculiar character of the scene, and amid all these circumstances it was not difficult to discover the significance of this wonderful singing.

It is completely adapted to a leisurely, solitary waterman, who, stretched out in his boat, lies on these quiet canals awaiting his master or customers, humming something to himself to pass the time and falling back on the poems he knows by heart as a burden to his song. Sometimes he will pipe forth his air as loudly as possible and his melody will float over the still mirror. All around him is hushed. In the midst of a great populous town he is in solitude. No rattle of carriages, no bustle of foot passengers reaches him; only a silent gondola hovers past him, the splash of whose oars he hardly hears.

In the distance another waterman, perhaps an entire stranger, catches his strain. The melody and poem weave ties of communication between the two men who were otherwise unknown to each other. The second man becomes the echo of the first, and he, too, now exerts himself to grow audible to the man who awakened response in him. Convention directs them to proceed in turn verse by verse. The singing may last through whole nights. They entertain without wearying each other. The listener, moving between both, takes interest in the performance, while the two singers are intent on each other.

The singing sounds with an unspeakable charm in the far distance, for only in the distance is it in harmony with its purpose. It sounds like a lament purified of sadness, and you can hardly listen to it without tears. My companion, a man of no very fine organization, said quite spontaneously "It is strange how affecting such singing is."—Goethe's "Travels in Italy."



When the nation bows and points with pride
 To him who's won praise on every side
 The teacher, calm, serene, sublime,
 May softly whisper "this was mine."

Daily Schedule

6:30 a. m. Rising bell—"I wish that bell would never ring. I'm so sleepy and it's the coldest morning."

7:15 a. m. Breakfast bell—"Our clock must be slow. Fasten my waist! Where's a pin. Hang that in the closet, will you?"

At table—"Will you excuse me, please? I have to study hard because I have Mr. H— and Dr. L— today."

9:00 a. m. Chapel—"Oh! I'm all out of breath. Hand me a song book, please. What's the page? Did I get any mail?"

9:10 School begins—"I don't know a single lesson. I am frightened to death."

12:10 m. "Hurrah! I got through alright. Didn't get called on after all! Come on to lunch. I'm so hungry!"

1:00 p. m. Afternoon session—"I don't want to go back to school this afternoon. Am tired out and don't get through until late. Wish I were home. Have 'gym' of *all* things and I hate it."

5:45 p. m. Dinner—"How did you get through today? Going home this week?"

6:35. After dinner—"I wish the mail would come. Have to study hard tonight." (Upon receiving a letter) "Thank you, Miss D—. It's the very letter I wanted. Hurrah!"

7:10 p. m. During study hour—A shriek of laughter from upper southwest corner of hall. (A gentle tap at door.) "Girls! you will have to be more quiet. What are you doing in this room, S—? Did I give you permission to have a conference?"

10:10 p. m. "It's time for you to be in bed. 'Tis after ten o'clock. No more talking please."

10:30 p. m. Silence??

Ode to the Laundry Class

I.

Little rows of Seniors
 With blocks and blocks of paper
 First they come to take their notes
 But never cut a caper.

II.

Now with chambray aprons
 Bringing bits of cloth
 To the laun-der-y they go
 Where they learn to wash.

III.

Soaking little flannel squares
 In some fairy suds
 Never known to pull or shrink
 For they were not scrubbed.

IV.

Little drops of bluing
 Little dabs of starch
 Stiffened the cotton fibers
 And gladdened every heart.

V.

Socks and ties and kerchiefs
 So many things they brought
 To scrub and press and sprinkle
 They scarcely ever stopped.

VI.

Then comes the trip on Field Day
 To see the Sunshine Laundry
 (Men's bosom shirts are done up there)
 They loved it all, so fondly.

“After the Ball”

Feb. 24th, 1911 was indeed a “Red Letter Day” for the Seniors of '11. Why? Why—because that was the day of the Senior Party. I will not go into details about said party for some would argue with me over its greatness. I fully agree it was great, but the purpose of this is to put before you the picture of the after affects.

Could we have seen the Seniors Saturday morning, some scrubbing briskly having taken their cold H²O plunge to make themselves awake; others going about blinking to see if they were awake, and some, the large majority, not thinking at all about waking, but slumbering on leaving us to guess of what they dreamed.

However, one who attended the Senior Party and who belonged to this large majority has here boldly volunteered to conscientiously tell us what her dream was. I will give it to you in her own words.

“First, I was in a crowd madly searching for a man to escort me to the party. Then I saw a throng rushing into an already crowded house. Before I found connections as to whereabouts I was standing among an admiring group at the ‘Man Dance.’ I saw a stout practice school teacher; I saw a very tall teacher; I saw teachers in dress suits; I saw teachers in every corner; my glorious vision of the dances had passed and I woke up calling; O, oh, shall I pass? Shall I pass?”



School Clippings

"You should always laugh at teachers' jokes;
No matter how bad they be,
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because it's policy."



Query: If Mr. H.—advises his students not to lose their heads at a fire and save their toothbrushes instead, why should he go to the Senior Party without his dance order?



Fierce lessons,
Late hours,
Unexpected company,
Not prepared,
Kicked out.—Jr?



Junior (drawing a potato)—I can't make the eyes in the potato.
Mr. Ketchum—I'll show you how to make eyes.



Miss Davis (in algebra)—Supposing that Miss B. had eight cents and Miss St—e hadn't any cents, that is Miss St—e has no cents (sense)—.



Senior poetry

The wind was up, the sun was low,
A calm was on the sea,
For, on the land the wind did blow,
And took up every tree.
Marvelous! !



Overheard by a Senior.

1st Junior—Oh! I'd rather go to the gallows than go to Physics.

2nd Junior—But he's a cinch compared with Dr. Lambert.

A Senior (very enthusiastic over a lesson in positive and negative quantities) proceeded to give a teaching lesson to her little brother. While developing the subject she asked: "If I have 0 cents and you owe 10 cents, what is your financial condition as compared with mine?" "10 below zero," was the prompt reply.



Miss H—, while sewing on samplers one afternoon with Miss M— remarked "My room-mate and I are reading the Book of Job, and we are finding it very interesting."

Miss M—(thoughtfully) "Let's see, did Jane Austen write that?"



Miss P. in Music—"Call me dough-do.



Miss R—to Mr. Archibald—"Which way are you going, up or down?"



Senior C Reading in Julius Caesar.

C. G. P.—Hold my hand!

Miss Ireson—What does that mean Miss P.?

Zoology Senior C.

M. W.—I can't remember all those classical names.



Written in Grade 6 of the Practise School.

"A fraction is a part of a hole."



Scene the first night of school on the dark piazza of Normal Hall.

Senior—"Good evening, are you a Junior?"

M. L. H.—"Oh! mercy no! I'm nothing but a Freshman."



H. A. Jr., Physics.

Mr. H.—What is a pendulum?

Miss Mc-I-t-e—Any weight with a string tied on to it.

Mr. H.—If you saw a little dog going along the street with a string tied to him, would that be a good example? (Roar of Laughter.)

Heard on the train.

Gentleman to conductor—"Has this train any regular scheduled time?" Note—This was *not* on the B. & A. line.



C. Senior Penmanship.

Miss W.—"I hope you don't think I'm that kind of a girl!" Query: What kind?



Too bad we need extra beefsteak in preparation for music just at this time. Living is high!



Miss D—(in astronomy)—To illustrate—Miss A is the earth, Miss B is the moon, and *I* am a star." True, to be sure.



Visitor—"What does H. A. stand for?"

By-stander—Why don't you know?

It means Hash Artist?"



In Arithmetic.

Miss McF. (teaching dimensions of surfaces)—"Now, class, how long is Miss DeLoura's face?"



Teacher—What is the nature of magnetism?

Brilliant Junior—It has an attractive nature.



Heard in Glee Club.

Mr. A.—"Now as she was wed, there's where all the trouble begins."



Query—what is becoming of Florene's anatomy? For a long time we have known her heart was missing, but not until recently did she make the startling announcement in class that she thought she had just thirteen ribs! And since two or more of these are already floating—well, I give it up.

Hillibus icibus,
 No ruborum,
 Feetibus slipibus,
 Cocoanut sorum.

JR?



Student discussing English grammar with her room-mate.

"Say! what is a compliment anyway? In this sentence "The girl is pretty," there isn't a compliment is there?"

"Why yes! I should consider that very much of a compliment."



Adapted from Psychology—

In sewing—samplers, the minuteness of detail makes what should be beneficial.

Hand and eye training
 Patience and eye straining.



Does this sound familiar to C. Seniors?

"And now on a clear night you can see it up in the sky."



Miss Ja—en,—I'm going to talk about the end of the world.

Miss M. M.—re,—Which end, Miss Ja—en.



It is-a Bridge of Sighs but not a Bridge of Size.

Moral—Do not "Bunch up."



New animals discovered in Zoology Senior C.

Snea—sails.

Pear—boring animals.



In Middle Jr. Drafting class.

Miss Penniman—On what is this system basted?

Query.

If "started out," "huge," and "interesting," were suddenly taken from our vocabularies what would become of the platform exercises?



H. A. Junior Physics.

Mr. H.—You see we have three names for the same thing—gravitation, specific gravity, and capillary action. You have three names have you not, Miss B-g-s?

Miss B. (very quickly responded)—Yes, gravitation, specific gravity and capillary action.



Miss L—(in English)—"Wanted, a young man from sixteen to twenty-one years of age."

Miss Moore—"That sounds very interesting."



Danger! Never use the Quill box in Wells Hall. For years it has contained nothing but H^2S and we are not responsible for accidents caused by the contact of a joke.



Monday Afternoon Musicals

THIS year the musicals on Monday afternoons consisted for the most part of songs from the old Minstrelsy of England, Ireland and Scotland.

The songs were selected with reference to their literary value, and with the assistance of Mr. Archibald were rendered in a delightful manner by groups of girls from the Senior and Middle Junior classes.

The program from the Minstrelsy of Scotland which was rendered by division A of the Regular Senior Class, was a very enjoyable one, and was as follows:

- I. Reading "The Minstrelsy of Scotland"

ALICE GRAVES

- II. Chorus—"A Highland Lad My Love was Born"

ROBERT BURNS

- III. Solo—"Dear, Dear are the Highlands"—(John Campbell)

MISS COFFEY

- IV. "Flora McDonald's Lament"

- V. Solo—"Jack-o'-Hazeldean"—(Sir Walter Scott)

MR. ARCHIBALD

- VI. Chorus,— "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon"—(Robert Burns)

- VII. Solo—"Wi' a Hundred Pipers"—(Lady Naine)

MR. ARCHIBALD

- VIII. Chorus—"Auld Robin Gray"—(Lady Anne Lindsey)

- IX. Chorus—"The Campbells are Comin' "—

One concert a month was given by talent from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

A most entertaining program was that furnished by Miss Sardoni, accompanied by Miss Walford. Miss Sardoni is making a specialty of singing songs for children, and many of her songs turned our thoughts back to our childhood days. Especially familiar was her first selection, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat."

Other concerts were given by a stringed quartette, by the Ridley Sisters Trio, by the Misses Durrell and by Mr. Bishop.

Our public concert this year was given by the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Archibald, and assisted by Miss Elizabeth McNamara, soprano soloist, and Mr. Carl Webster, violin-cellist.

This concert was, without a doubt, the finest concert ever given at the school. The work of the Glee Club was most praise-worthy.

Mr. Carl Webster, who is no stranger to us, rendered his fine selections in his usual pleasing manner, which was shown by the hearty applause from the audience.

Miss McNamara, who is a graduate of our school, was most charming. She is the possessor of a beautiful voice, which was very evident in her first selection, "Ali! Fors e Lui," from Traviata. This selection is a favorite of Sembrich's, and the murmur "An equal of Sembrich" passing through the audience is evidence of the high quality of Miss McNamara's voice.

The proceeds of this concert are to be used to help pay the expenses of Class Day.

The program of the concert consisted of the following selections:

- I. (a) "To Heliadora"—Chadwick
- (b) "O Heart of Mine"—Leighter

GLEE CLUB

- II. "Le Desir"—Servais

MR. WEBSTER.

- III. (a) "My Heart's in the Highland"—Penschel
- (b) "Lullaby"—Chadwick

GLEE CLUB

- IV. "Ali! Fors e Lui"—from La Traviata

MISS McNAMARA.

- V. (a) "Barcarolle"—Offenbach
- (b) "Ma Pale-Brown Lady Sue"—Bartlett

GLEE CLUB

- VI. (a) "Tarantelle"—Goens
 (b) "Waldesruhe"—Dvorak
 (c) "Elfentanz"—Popper

MR. WEBSTER.

- VII. "Softly Sleep"—Linders

GLEE CLUB

- VIII. (a) "Songs My Mother Taught Me"—Dvorak
 (b) "Time's Roses"—Barry
 (c) "Serenade"—Neidlinger

MISS MCNAMARA.

- IX. "In Springtime" (Cycle)—Mabel L. Daniels
 (a) "The Awakening"
 (b) "Apple Blossoms"
 (c) "The West Wind and the May"
 (d) "Spring Heralds"

GLEE CLUB WITH SOLOS BY MISS MCNAMARA AND MISS CLARK

- X. Cantata—"The Rose of Avontown"—Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

GLEE CLUB WITH SOLOS BY MISS MCNAMARA



Art

IT seems a pity that the different collections of pictures displayed from time to time in our Reading Room do not receive more attention. Girls fly in and out, look at the newspapers, or gather in groups to chat, without so much as a glance at the interesting gallery so near. This neglect is partly due to the overwhelming number of pictures, for, doubtless, if the most attractive example of each collection were hung alone it would be the center of much comment and criticism. But the very characteristic of the collections which makes them helpful, is the fact that they endeavor to represent, in a more complete way than is often met with in papers or even books, every possible phase of the subject illustrated. The accompanying notes also are replete with interesting points and often present a life of the artist.

Perhaps an idea of the variety of subjects and their value would be best obtained by a review of the different groups shown up to this time.

The first of the year the walls were hung with reproductions of Turner's paintings. It was a drawback in the case of this artist, especially, not to have his lurid and dynamic coloring; but careful study would have been repaid with the ability to recognize the originals. One of these originals, which is very near to us in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is the "Slave Ship" which Ruskin so admired and of which it has been said, "It is a poetical picture and no simple rendering of nature, but a passionate expression of the devilish horrors of the slave trade."

Everyone has a warm place at heart for Pere Corot and the extensive representation of his paintings which next appeared was very satisfying. Here, at least, is an art which needs no education to appreciate. The misty beauty of his landscapes, with their ethereal foliage and minute dancing figures, calls forth unstinted approval.

The Japanese art exhibit was one to wonder at rather than admire. What an expenditure of energy was necessary to accomplish such stupendous effects, and how the grotesque dominates!

A few weeks later we were admitted to the wonderland of the fairy story in the pictures of Walter Crane. There we trembled at the atrocities of Bluebeard or rejoiced with Goody Two-Shoes. The painstaking detail of costume and poster-like execution make these of supreme interest to children. It is well to know the possibilities of this greatest of children's artists.

From the fairyland of pictures we turned to the fairyland of nature—Yellowstone Park. Those of us who have never beheld its wonders were

fired with a desire to see with our own eyes the marvels depicted in the photographs while those who have been there must have had pleasure in the recognition of many familiar places.

Next came work in charcoal, crayon and pastel, from the pencil and brush of Jean Francois Millet, that rugged champion of the peasant. To a gourd critic who alluded to Millet's figures as course, came the angry answer, "My God, man, what is nobler than a man wresting and wringing his bread from the stubborn soil, by the sweat of his brow and the break of his back, for his wife and children?" From many cruder sketches stood out that lovely pastel, "La fermiere". In a narrow garden beside a cottage, a stooping peasant woman, with child on shoulder, is feeding the chickens, running at her feet; while through an opening in the wall beyond, comes a glimpse of the summer landscape.

"Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal."



LIFE.*

Life is not to be measured by course Time,
But flows, ever fresh and beautiful,
Forth from the Eternal Heart
And bears us on its bosom far and high;
And moments are as years and years as moments;
And birth and death and all things grow to be
A thin cloak which would cover but may not hide
The Eternal Soul.

—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

*From "A Book of Meditations."

Athletics

MISS BENNETT returned this year after a leave of absence to resume her duties as physical instructor in this school, and we all join in giving her a hearty welcome with best wishes for health and success.

Miss Marion Baxter, who filled Miss Bennett's place, has recently joined the matrimonial ranks. While only here for one year, she won the admiration of all by her charming personality and pleasing ways. She conducted an aesthetic dancing class and—will you ever forget the "Mercury?"—we enjoyed it very much. At the end of the term of lessons, Miss Baxter had a German in the gymnasium. The favors were very pretty and it was a great success, both before and "after."

Baseball flourished under her instruction, and we played a good deal in the Spring, although I dare say some didn't know whether it was baseball or football.

Some of the teaching lessons were excellent, and once in a while a command, such as;—

Right knee—*upward, raise;*

Left knee—*upward, raise;*

Both knees—*upward, raise;*

would proceed from some inexperienced gymnast.

The last day that Miss Baxter was here was a sorrowful one for many, and we appreciate all that she did for us and wish her much happiness.



Athletic Meet

Under Miss Bennett, the athletics took on more phases in preparation for the meet which occurred on Monday, Nov. 7, in the Athletic Field, below the Normal School. This meet was between the different classes of the school, and consisted of the finals in tennis, dashes, hockey, baseball, hurdles and shot-put.

It was a very cold day, but the excitement kept every one warm. The first event was the dash, the one hundred and fifty yard being won by Lillian Harris and Irene Horgan respectively. Hazel Taft won the shot-

put, the Regulars won over the Household Arts in hockey, and the Household Arts over the Regular Juniors in baseball. Delight Standish '12 and Beth Clark '12 played the finals in tennis, Miss Clark winning with a score of 6-4—6-3.

The Middle Juniors, ever thinking of their "Experimental Kitchen," stenciled arm bands for the different classes, at five cents per, and realized quite a little sum for their fund, as well as giving every spectator a chance to show her loyalty.

Hot cocoa was served in the basement to the participants and guests.

Previous to the finals, entries had been made from all the classes and the trial games were very interesting. The tennis was a close match and both played a good game, but Miss Clark finally captured the monogram. The other victors were awarded a letter F.

Some of the faculty indulged in tennis during the fall in a few match games. Dr. Lambert and Mr. Reid played a very good game. Mr. Reid winning; Mr. Howe also played against Mr. Reid and came out victor.



Basket Ball

On November 19th, when the great game between Harvard and Yale was being played at the Harvard Stadium, a Basket ball game was held in the gymnasium. The gymnasium was festooned with banners and pennants, partial to both sides, and the girls sat under their colors and cheered and sang to spur on the players. The game was a little one sided. Yale winning 25-9, but when the score at the Stadium was reported 1-1, the excitement was intense. The dining hall presented a beautiful picture in the evening; the red crimson ramblers of the Harvard girls in contrast to the blue and white chrysanthemums of the Yales.

The Basket Ball season has opened—the H. A. Juniors have already played the Regular Seniors

Jr. 20 Sr. 10

the H. A. Jrs., and the H. A. Middle Jrs.,

Jrs. 23 H. A. Jrs., 7

the H. A. Middle Jrs., and Reg. Jrs.,

H. A. M. Jrs., 9 Reg. Jrs., 21

At the time of the press, other games are in order and they are very much enjoyed by the onlookers.

We are looking forward to another Meet in the Spring and then, our gymnastics will be more out-door work. In the years to come, I am sure we will all look back on our days in Framingham as very happy ones.

G. S.

Did You Ever?

Did you ever see a Senior looking white
 When she had three hundred lines of Cæsar to recite?
 And beside this she must cram
 On the anatomy of a clam,
 If she wanted to get through the year all right.
 Oh never! Hardly ever!

Did you ever see a Senior looking blue
 When asked to sing chromatics through with "loo?"
 From her larynx came no sound
 And her heart began to bound,
 For she hardly knew what she'd been asked to do.
 Oh never! Hardly ever!

Did you ever see a Senior looking pink
 When she felt so scared and sick she couldn't think?
 She must tell what she had thought
 About the sun and its dark spot,—
 And through the floor she wished that she might sink.
 Oh never! Hardly ever!

Did you ever see a Senior looking pale
 When she feared in Physiology she'd fail?
 When the manikin she took apart
 To observe the spleen and heart
 And the other organs all came down like hale.
 Oh never! Hardly ever!

Did you ever see a Senior looking sad
 When the marks upon her card were rather bad?
 And her head was feeling queer
 For she had a little fear
 That her dad would be, perhaps, a trifle mad.
 Oh never! Hardly ever!

With Our Faculty

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

—*Miss Stevens.*



O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

—*Miss Davis.*



A lion among the ladies is a most dreadful thing.

—*Mr. Reid.*



He doth nothing but talk of his horse.

—*Dr. Lambert.*



Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in
women.

—*Miss Mary Moore.*



School Notes

1910-1911

September 16.—As the first wish of the Senior Class is always to get acquainted with their new friends, the Juniors, a pianola party was arranged for this date for that purpose. No two "old girls" could dance together under penalty of presenting Mr. Whittemore with a box of fudge. A most merry afternoon was spent, and although rather hard on Mr. Whittemore, there was no talk afterward of fudge-making.

October 18.—Every bit of information concerning the conditions which confront the teacher, are, of course, invaluable to us who are so soon to go out in that capacity. The lecture by Dr. Snedden on this subject was most concise and helpful, and gave us much to think about.

October 20.—Mr. Beard, who has been in educational work in China for many years, favored us with a very interesting account of the schools in that land.. It was full of striking facts about the progress the Chinese are making and the skilful teachers they are requiring. We all wished we might have heard more.

November 11.—A most delightful stereopticon lecture was given by Mr. Baineson the subject of "Animals and their Habits." He is eminently fitted to speak on this subject having devoted his life to the study of all kinds of animals both in their homes and his, for he has even brought home baby bears, coons, and skunks (to say nothing of the many birds he has been a close friend to) in order that he might study them more closely. The pictures were beautiful and it must have taken great patience to procure them. Both the pictures of "Sprite," the beautiful tame fox, and her lovely but pathetic story are things to be remembered.

November 16.—The eclipse of the moon which came on this date was made a great deal more interesting to us by Miss Davis' explanation of that phenomenon. Until then very few of us had any idea of how such a thing occurred.

November 30.—Part of the mystery of railroad switches was explained by Dr. Lambert's talk of this day. It was quite to the point to give us girls an insight into the workings of the railroad for it does not seem uncommon to find a girl now and then who actually believes that the engineer steers the engine.

December 6.—On this day our class entertained the faculty and the juniors. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Davis, Miss Roof, Miss Nicholas and our president and secretary received. The afternoon was given to dancing. The hall was prettily decorated with an overhead lattice of green crepe paper caught to the walls with pink and yellow chrysanthemums.

As the gathering was too large to admit of all dancing at once the following scheme was carried out;—as each one came in she was presented with a chrysanthemum, the first with a yellow, the next with a pink, and during the afternoon the color of the dances alternated first pink and then yellow. While one color was dancing, the other color was being entertained in the library and reading room. The afternoon seemed to pass very pleasantly for all concerned.

January 4.—Miss Ordway shared with us her knowledge of antique furniture by telling us something about old style tables and cabinets, and illustrating her talk by pictures thrown upon the screen.

A student organization has been formed to give a course of five lectures for Home-makers, by Mr. Frederick Howe.

The first lecture was held on Jan. 6. The subject was "Cookery of Foods." It took up the object of cooking. Application and effect of heat on constituents of foods. Various ways of cooking meats, vegetables, and fish, and principles involved. Advantages of slow cooking, Alladin Ovens, Fireless cooker were considered.

It was well attended by the students of both the regular and Household Arts departments, and a number from outside the school. The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed and much practical knowledge gained.

These lectures will be given at the school at 3.00 o'clock on the first Friday in each month except April, and on the last Friday in March. The cost of the course of lectures was One Dollar (fifty cents for students). Cost of a single lecture twenty-five cents (fifteen cents for students.)

The program for the remaining lectures is as follows:—

LECTURE II. FEBRUARY 3.

Value and Use of Fruits in the Dietary.

Sugar of Fruits. Flavor. Effects of cooking. Digestibility and nutritive value. Preserving. This will include an illustrated lecture on bananas, and demonstrations in banana cookery.

LECTURE III. MARCH 3.

Economy in the Kitchen. I.

Trying out and clarifying of fats. Shallow pan and deep fat frying. Substitutes for lard. Peanut oil. Cottonseed oil. Cottolene. Substitutes for butter. Olemargarine. Renovated butter. Cooking butter.

LECTURE IV. MARCH 31.

Economy in the Kitchen. II.

Extracts. How to make them at home. Baking powders, tartrate, phosphate, alum. How to make at home. Bread from cheap flours. Processes of Milling. Grades of flour. Judging.

LECTURE V. MAY 5.

How the public is protected by the Pure Food Laws.

Adulteration of foods. Preservatives used in canned meats and vegetables. Necessity for intelligent reading and understanding of labels. Caution in use of patent medicines and drinks such as Moxie, Cocoa-Cola, etc.

January 11.—Miss Ordway completed her talk on furniture. The styles shown by the pictures were the old Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheratan styles of chairs and cabinets.

January 25.—“The four greatest artists of the World.” These four, Mr. Reid told us were Leonards di Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian. The pictures of these men together with copies of some of their paintings were thrown upon the screen, making the general exercise period a most delightful and profitable one.

January 27.—A pianola party was well attended and the usual good time was enjoyed. Between the dances the graphophone was a new and much appreciated feature.

February 1.—As Dr. Lambert had occasionally told us some stories about his summer camp we were, of course, much entertained by the stereopticon lecture “Life in a girl’s camp.” The many pictures, bringing so vividly to us the breeze from the lake and the woody odors coupled with such splendid out-of-door life, were all that could be desired.

February 16.—Mr. Dean of New York State was most unique in his paper on “The Schools of Yesterday and To-morrow. It held forth his ideal of schools in the future principally in connection with health. Full of kindly feeling for humanity and the bettering of humanity it offered an “a la carte” programme rather than a “table d’hote.” This clever metaphor was amusingly followed out and we feel that Mr. Dean was very wrong in thinking we might find his reading “dry” as it was altogether too full of earnest enthusiasm, sincerity and interest to put it into that category.

February 24.—On that Friday afternoon all of the Senior girls were politely invited to leave May Hall to the Juniors. Why? Because they were to decorate for our Senior Party. How they ever accomplished such a surprise for us is not for me to tell. This much I know, when we arrived at the south entrance to the assembly hall, no chairs and rows of desks stared us in the face; instead, we seemed transported to a bit of dream-land. Along the platform was a garden of ferns. But where was Diana? Oh yes! There she was in the corner, presiding like a goddess, behind Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Ordway, our class president and secretary, who, as you may guess, were welcoming us to our Senior Party. The dark green walls, brightened by the red of the poinsettias, made a most pleasing background for the evening dresses of lighter hues. The greetings over, we began our first waltz. An onlooker might have imagined a rainbow unfurled, so varied were the mingling colors displayed.

During the short intervals between the dances, some wandered to the Dartmouth corner and some to the reading room—ah no, I made a mistake, there was no reading room; it had vanished, leaving in its place a part of Japan. Even the characteristic wisteria blossoms and cherry boughs were there, and beneath a huge Japanese umbrella, were two Japanese maids who served us with delicious orange frappe. The round of dances continued until at 11.15, the last waltz was announced. During the next ten minutes we danced, or bade good night to the members of the receiving line; and at 11.25 (although Mr. Whittemore was not there to remind us) we had deserted the hall.



A Reverie

My heart oft grows weary
Of the dull concerns of earth,
And my mind reverts in fancy
To days when life was full of mirth.

To the dear old town of Framingham,
To the crest of Normal Hill,
Where stands a great, red school-house,
Austere,—forbidding,—still.

Framingham, oh Framingham,
Beneath thy arched roofs,
Full many an hour have I laboured
With theories,—methods,—proofs.

Under the careful guidance
Of thy teachers all so dear,
The truths of life were taught me,
Which strengthen year by year.

Ever verdant in my mem'y,
Braving the roughest gale
Remain the myriad friendships,
Formed within thy pale.

Wherefore dear Alma Mater,
Ever of wisdom the mart,
Grant that I may always find
A welcome in thy heart.

J. McC.

Normal Hall Notes

Sept. 7th. All the Normalites arrived in great excitement, trunks were much in evidence, and everyone seemed glad to be here.

Sept. 23d, 26. Initiation.

Each new girl gave up every hope,
When she received her envelope,
Each page within bore at its head
A skull, or flaming torch of red,
Beneath the skull, an order lay,
A command none dared to disobey.

At early dawn, what greets our ears?
A comb so softly played,
Miss Winslow, from her balcony,
Lists to the serenade
And Helen Hobbs, with watchful eye,
Stands 'neath the balustrade.

O Mr. Whittemore, why do you wear
That buttonhole boquet?
And Zetta, how can you afford
A fresh one, every day?

And Mildred, why when you go to call
Do you take a palm leaf fan?
And why does Ruth go berrying
Whatever time she can?

Poor Harriet has grown so weak
Her books she cannot bear,
But notice how carefully she saves,
For each H. A. senior her chair.

Hazel, serene, walks round the egg,
A blue apron round her tied,
And Lucy, why do you sit there,
Meek and adoring by her side?

Mrs. Whittemore's table has fresh flowers,
 And drawn is Miss Dawson's chair,
 At dinner Gladys Brown appears,
 A green ribbon on her braided hair.

Lena wears a sunbonnet to school,
 While Violet meek and bowed,
 Sits with her doll upon the steps
 Amid the laughing crowd.

O Mr. Howe, where did you get
 That juicy, blooming peach?
 And how did quiet Eva dare
 To make that funny speech?

The judges sat, on Thursday eve
 While each one her report did give,
 They were accepted, one and all
 Into the circle of Normal Hall.

Oct. 7th. Florene Gould cleaned her room.

Nov. 19th. The excitement at New Haven scarcely equalled that at Normal Hall, after the Harvard-Yale battle. A dinner party was held, where the Harvard ladies and gentlemen sang to the occasion, and were echoed by the Yale girls. The dining-room looked its best in a rivalry of red and blue, but Yale thought the event was crowned by their dessert, which proved to be blue grapes.

In the evening, with Tosca Wochler as stage manager, several interesting pantomimes were presented. Lillian made a most energetic housewife and Hazel Goff's pranks were greatly appreciated by the audience.

Dec. 1st. Violet Taft was late to breakfast.

Dec. 21st. The whole family gathered in the parlors for a Christmas party. Santa Claus was among the guests, and opened a large mail box, which contained a package for everyone. Some liked theirs, while others "couldn't see the point." Many of the points, however, were quite visible.

Jan. 21st. Katy surprised us all by announcing the fact that she was going to be married! Such an occasion must be treated accordingly, so we surprised her with a tin shower. In return she gave us each a piece of her wedding cake, which we all slept on, but no dreams have yet proved true.

Feb. 14th. The Middle Juniors entertained the Crocker middle juniors, and as I am a senior, I can't say what happened, but judging from

the sounds they had a good time, and from the crumbs I tasted, they had a good spread.

At dinner, the dining room was gaily decorated, and we each had a valentine place-card, the gift of Miss Dawson. Then other valentines were received and read, the verses pertaining to the receiver.

Feb. 19th. Marion Colburn danced the "bull dog" for the benefit of the Hall.

Feb. 22d. A colonial party was given after dinner, in the gymnasium, and most charming ladies and gentlemen were present. In the receiving line were George and Martha Washington, and Gov. and Mistress Winthrop, while the Marquis de Lafayette, and John Hancock ushered. Frappe was served at intermission, and we all hated to stop dancing at nine thirty.

One of the things we enjoyed the most, this year, was the Hallowe'en party, given to us by the Crocker girls. Never were there more horrible sights, or more frightened people, but we have all recovered, and cannot say enough to thank our hostesses for the splendid time they gave us.



The Merry-Go-Round

IN September 1910, it was suggested by one of the faculty, that an organization be formed among all the girls rooming and boarding outside the halls. The purpose of this organization was merely for social gatherings and entertainments. It is the custom of the girls living in the halls to organize choosing a President and Secretary, and they entertain the school or a portion of the school at parties on Saturday evenings, and holidays, but the girls outside the halls were not always included in these affairs, so this was to serve as a house organization.

Early in October all the girls living outside the halls were invited to meet in one of the class-rooms. Alice Moore as chairman told the purpose of the meeting, and Hazelle Cate was elected to serve as president, and Mabel Crosby as secretary who very efficiently collected the dues. How often we girls remember that fair-haired Miss reminding us of our unpaid dues, and although "not of much importance", (as was announced in one of the meetings), she proved very helpful and was much appreciated by the president as well as the other girls.

The first party was held at Mrs. Dunn's on November 19. As this was the date of the annual Harvard and Yale game, the rooms were decorated with crimson and blue streamers and banners. Fortunes were told, games played, and during the evening popular songs were originally illustrated by the guests. A spread was served in one room which was prettily decorated with the crimson and blue. An effective centerpiece had been arranged with a foot ball filled with flowers on a gridiron with a crimson and blue goal at either end of the table. During the evening "The Merry-Go-Round" was chosen as a fitting name for the organization. The party came to an end at a seasonable hour, and everyone voted that the first gathering had been a successful as well as pleasant affair.

On the evening of December 17 "The Merry-Go-Round" entertained at a "Man-Dance." Each of the so-called men invited one fair guest from the halls, and during the evening they proved themselves very attentive and amusing gentlemen.

The Gymnasium was prettily decorated with banners and pennants, while cozy corners were arranged about the room. These were in great demand by the Middle Juniors. After the Grand March a well arranged order of dances was carried out. Punch and fancy crackers were served during the evening.

January 21, 1911, we were entertained by Emma Eastman, one of our members, at a "Children's Party"—After all the guests had arrived, games as "London's Bridge" "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Three

Deep", were played led by "Buster Brown" and "Mary Jane" who were with us all evening. Early in the evening flashlights were taken of the children. A bounteous lunch was served by Buster and Mary Jane; after this a short business meeting was held. We departed at an early hour, thanking the hostess for the evening's pleasure.

In this short account I have tried to outline our Saturday evening entertainments held so far. We all hope that the "Merry-Go-Round" will continue to exist thru the coming classes, and that its new members will enjoy and look forward to these entertainments as we have.



Crocker Hall Notes

SCHOOL opened for us on September 7th, that is to say that was the day of our arrival in Crocker Hall. The ceaseless round of the expressman between the station and the hall prophesied a full house by night. What a treat it was to see the girls again and to hear about their experiences during the summer! We deemed it necessary to assist each one in the unpacking of her trunk and to get a glimpse incidentally of any new acquisitions contained therein. And what a host of new girls to greet! We wondered if it would take long to know them all. Our first duty was to settle our rooms,—a task accomplished with great celerity. Banners and pictures soon adorned the naked walls, couch-covers and pillows hid the modest little beds, and in short all the bare chambers were transformed into cheerful, cozy living-rooms. The bells began their daily program and once more we were started out upon the regular life of a boarding-hall. What is this jingle which comes to me?

A Day at Crocker

“Awaken all ye maidens gay;”

The rising bell is warning,—

“You must in bed no longer stay
Or you’ll be late this morning.”

How very faintly sounds the knell

‘Twill never shake our slumber

Our matron gets another bell

To rouse her sleepy number.

“Awake, awake, you must not dream

That you have time a-plenty.

Remember breakfast’s seven-fifteen

And not at seven-twenty.”

Soon after breakfast we all plan

To make our beds up white

And also get some time to cram

On lessons left last night.

At 9.00 o’clock to school we go

To spend the morning-session

And time is apt to go quite slow

If we know not our lesson.

A sudden din, a strange uproar

What causes this commotion?

The girls are rushing for the door

For it is time for luncheon.

Who’s going to serve the meat and sauce?

It really doesn’t matter.

Why should it be esteemed a cross

To dish food from a platter?

But lulled is all the noise and clatter

Which was so rife erstwhile

And drowned is all the merry chatter

As back to school we file.

When school is over we must go

Outdoors for exercise;

An hour a day, as we all know,

Will make us strong and wise.

From three to five our calls we pay

And sit upon the floor,

And telling tales o’er tea cups gay

Enjoy the beverage more.

At six-o'clock dressed in our best
 We sit and dine sedately
 And if perchance we have a guest,
 A party spices greatly.

Our matron then with piles of mail
 Begins to make announcements,
 We indistinctly hear the tale
 Our minds fixed on the parchments.

The lucky ones in corners rush
 To read in secrecy
 While others sit, and dance, and "crush,"
 With wonted gaiety.

Then to their rooms the maidens trip
 To make a record true;
 H. A.'s have samplers to rip
 And R's have plans to do.

We study hard for two hours long
 And then comes a reaction,—
 Outpeals the laughter and the song
 Of youth's spontaneous action.

But now it's ten and all is still
 Save for some ghostly wight
 Who may be laboring with the quill.
 Lights out,—good night, good night."

But I must cease this idle rhyming and go about my business. What means this much-crumpled note?



Initiation

O, rarest joy to feelings sore:
To acquaint another with what we bore.

At the first stroke of the nine-o'clock bell, each of us assailed a "newly-entered," clapped her blind with a handkerchief and led her into the grove. Here we wandered through a perfect labyrinth of paths, baffling any sense of direction which might exist in the mind of our victim. From this cool retreat, we entered the power-house. Down, down we went, up, up rose the temperature, until we stopped for effect on front of the fiery furnaces. Imagine yourself gripped as with the iron hand of fate, approach such regions! From there we walked the car-track past the coal-bins, out into the corridors until finally we reached the gymnasium.

Here the customary entertainment was rendered by the newly-entered. "The Address of Welcome" quite over-powered Helen Dempsey. Floppy was somewhat abashed at the subject of her essay, "Why I am so fond of Clarence." But Floppy is quite an orator and her reasons were manifold. Julia McCarthy and Marion Dix argued upon the ponderous question,— "Resolved that a cow should have three legs." In regard to kicking, we were all convinced that all bovines should be legless. Our hearts went out to Trude Philbrick, as she gave the pros and cons of two roommates. We also enjoyed several athletic performances. The class in aesthetic dancing under the direction of Miss Harwood met with much applause, and who will be able to forget our dignified Louise scrambling like an egg. Perhaps the most spectacular of all the evening's program was a scene from "Mother Goose," entitled "Jack Spratt and his Wife." Huckins in overalls, accompanied by his wife Elizabeth Pope, certainly licked the platter clean. At the conclusion of the entertainment, refreshments were served on the second floor of Crocker Hall. How soon the wounded spirits were revived by the delicious lemonade! Some toasts were drunk, and we all united with a cheer and a song for the school upon the hill."

Note No. 2.

HALLOWE'EN

The ghosts appear, the shackles grate,—
The Normalites must learn their fate.

It was our turn, this year, to give the girls in Normal Hall a Hallowe'en Party and we determined upon a real "spooky" one. The unfinished attic and the cellar offered the most desirable habitats. Who can forget the Chamber of Horrors? What ghastly sights, what cruel tortures!

The boorish hangman and his pale victim, the executioner and the dainty neck "which all the while ran blood," the hectoring imps, the wriggling spiders, all make me shiver to recall them.

The regions below were scarcely more desirable. We descended flights of stairs whose existence heretofore was unknown. It was as dark as Pluto's realm and the shovelling of coal fell reverberantly upon the ear. Hovering about a flame of blue fire were the shades, sighing like the evening wind. Hobgoblins flitted to and fro with convulsive shrieks and here and there popped into view elves of frightful description. In his den, sat the devil and a skeleton playing cards.

But enough of awesome sights! Now for a frolic. We escorted our guests to May Hall where a dainty dance was given by ten tiny witches with pointed hats and streaming hair. Then everybody danced and the mingling of the weird costumes gave a motely appearance to the whole party. Farmer Ritchie, assisted by his wife and child served cider, apples and doughnuts. At ten o'clock we returned to our rooms with hopes that we had atoned for the abusive treatment earlier in the evening.

THE HARVARD AND YALE DINNER PARTY.

For Harvard fair, some cheer;
Some, Eli Yale hold dear;
But both are celebrated here
By a dinner-party once a year.

Enthusiasm was so rife about November nineteenth, that we deemed it advisable to celebrate the Harvard-Yale game with a dinner-party. The front parlor was dubbed Yale and the back parlor, Harvard and at a quarter to six, the girls assembled in either room according to their personal likings. The two parlors teemed with cheers. Soon Eli's followers marched into the dining-room singing "Yale-a-Boola." How pretty they looked in white waists and skirts with Yale-blue sleeve-bands on their arms! No less comely appeared the "Fair Harvard" singers likewise in white with crimson neckties and hair-bands. The hall was a blaze of red and blue. On one side of the room twined the crimson Rambler over wall and pillar while the other side was decked in white and blue chrysanthemums. A large red banner with the score 0-0, hung in the alcove, and over the fire-place hung "Yale" in white chrysanthemums upon a blue background. Toasts and songs made our hearts merry and the loud cheering caused hoarseness for many a day.

A NOTE FROM SANTA TO CROCKER HALL

My dear Miss Stanley:—

Tell the girls I can't be there
To hand them all a gift this year
But I have sent some presents nice
Accompanied with good advice.

Yours truly, S. C.

The gifts arrived two nights before we went home for the Christmas holidays and what do you think,—they were hidden all over Crocker Hall. A slip was given to each of us however which directed us to a place wherein to look for our present. In a second we arrived at the prescribed spot, but lo! another slip appeared in place of the gift. We started out again and met with the same result, and again and again until at last we fell nearly exhausted upon our treasure. Then we needs must hurry to the parlor for no present might be opened until all should have assembled there. It was torture to hold the hard earned package and not to be allowed to open it. The time came however when we enjoyed that privilege. I have not room or memory to record all the donations, but here are some of them,—a rubber band to mend a certain giggling-string, a pair of rubbers in case of slush, a megaphone for voice-culture, and a telephone to call up “home.” Each present was supplemented with good advice and although sometimes the meaning was rather occult, yet judging from the effect upon the recipient, it must have been very essential. Santa sent our matron a brass ink-stand which completed her desk-set. Popcorn-cakes, apples and candy constituted the refreshments. We retired about ten o’clock with a “Merry Christmas” to one and all.

THE THIRD FLOOR MINSTREL SHOW.

As dormant lies genius until aroused at the knock of opportunity, so unrevealed remained the talent of the third floor up to the night of the Minstrel Show. All the girls in the halls or village were invited to this performance which took place Saturday evening, March eleventh, in the Assembly Hall. At a toot from the zobo, twenty-one girls clad in the zenith of darkey fashion trooped in. The very flower of the colored minstrelsy was present, that is if one might infer from such names as Appleblossom, Tarbox, Dina Crocus and Geranium Pink. The roll was responded to in the most original way. Only Sunbower White was missing and she rushed in a few minutes later. From her fluffy hair-ornament (the idea of which she received from the Senior Party) to the yellow bows on her slippers, she was a dream of darkey loveliness. What she had not seen upon the car was not worth mentioning. Songs, jokes, cakewalks and dancing followed. Tulip Brown whistled “Dixie Land” like a patriotic nigger. The inspired zobo-solo by Chocolate Sadie was encored twice. The second floor, of course, was the butt of most of the jokes. You may ask anybody why the second floor is like a cemetery, or who is the one doing charity-work, or why Marjorie Rose and unless they are “like the frosted glass” they will tell you. The parodies were enjoyed perhaps more than anything else. “Whoop er up” sung by Forget-me-not Berry was very clever. “Impressions of the Man-Dance” set to the music of Yip-ay-Yaddy was received with much applause. Here is the parody on Nobody:—

When we do scream with deafening roar
 And laugh until our sides are sore,—
 Who wants to room on the second floor?
 Nobody.

When after summer comes the fall
 And back to school comes one and all,—
 Who says "I'd rather room in Normal Hall."
 Nobody.

When I am tired with aching head
 And don't see how I'm going to be fed,—
 Who brings my breakfast up to bed?
 Nobody.

When I begin my trunk to pack
 No more my brains I'll have to rack,—
 Who says, "We'll be glad to see you back."
 Nobody.

When we on Lend-a-Hand are bent
 And always to each meeting went,—
 Who says, "I'll sweep and not charge a cent."
 Nobody.

When I am over in Chemistry
 And oh I wish that I were free,—
 Who says, "My dear, you may go at three."
 Nobody.

After the entertainment, dancing was enjoyed. The music was furnished by the piano and zobo. The whole affair was a great success and congratulations are to be extended to the girls of the third floor.

Thus might I chronicle the Saturday night entertainments, perhaps not so elaborate but just as good fun as those already mentioned. These parties have occurred every fortnight. As girls delight in "dressing up" many of these have been costume parties. The Masquerade, the Mother Goose, the Vice-a-Versa, and the Poverty parties offered favorable opportunities for a great variety of costumes. But I have written enough.

Thus is the life at Crocker, typical no doubt of any boarding hall where girls live together as one large family. The innocent frolics, the regulations, sometimes a bit irksome but always beneficial, the daily contact of so many girls,—all tend to broaden the interest, deepen the sympathy and make life sweet and wholesome.

Class Prophecy

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
O'er the fortunes of my classmates, wondering where they all might be;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, and I looked up sleepily
No one answered, so I muttered, "Twas a dream that haunted me."

Soon, however, came a rapping, came a longer, louder tapping
And I rose, though filled with terror and I opened wide the door.
There it stood, a ghost or spirit? and I could not help but fear it,
There it stood in all the darkness, just this shadow, nothing more
Looking very tall and spectral in the snow-white robes it wore.

And before I lit a taper, suddenly a roll of paper
Sealed, and very mystifying, was thrust in my outstretched hands;
And the stranger, disappearing, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming, and yet looking at the paper in my hands
Wondering still if this a shadow, or a myth from distant lands.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning
I unrolled the mystic paper—this must be a sign from Heaven;
But by light of dying embers, I could recognize the members,
And my eyes fell on this headline:—
READ! THE FATES OF NINETEEN ELEVEN!

A DIVISION.

Alice Graves, who was the honored and efficient president of the class of 1911 is speaker of the House of Representatives, and is loudly and wildly applauded, when she proclaims in her ringing voice—"TIS A VOTE—"

The first woman elected to Congress was Katherine Acton. It was she who proposed a bill, by which unmarried women teachers were to receive the minimum salary of ten thousand dollars a year. This bill was bitterly opposed by the great orator and lady senator, formerly Anna Brophy, but now the wife of a lawyer of great renown. She no longer teaches school and so did not wish her less fortunate sisters to profit by the terms of the bill. Notwithstanding, the bill passed the senate, but the president of the United States, the Hon. Mr. L——, who had married Anastacia Kelley, urged on by his wife vetoed it, and sent it back to the house with his objections. His main objection was—that all teachers

should marry, (if they could) and of course if they did this (Stacia must have whispered these wise words to her husband) they would not need the money. This aroused the members of both the house and senate and they again passed the bill and it became a law without the president's signature.

Out in far off Germany, Gertrude Cuff, (now a very stout woman, weighing more than three hundred pounds) teaches Zoology in a German Seminary for young women. She assigns for each day's lesson, one volume in Zoology. Gertrude always recommends the series of Zoology books written by Miss Lena Loker, A. B., B. C., B. S., S. G., Ph. D., X. Y. Z. etc. Lena has devoted her life to research work in Zoology since the day she left Normal.

Gladys Fairbanks, the artist of great renown, drew all the illustrations for Lena's books.

Kathleen McGill, the leader of all the pranks in F. N. S. has at last settled down long enough to be married. Kathleen is married to Count Joseph De-Du-Des-S-c-L-n, and lives abroad the whole year round. But though Kathleen is a Countess, she is still the Kathleen of old.

Teaching school far out west, in a little town, "five miles from nowhere," is Gladys Brown. Each year she introduces new Framingham schemes and ideas into her school and is considered the best teacher in the state.

In the largest, most important, and best city in New England—BOSTON, Miss Florence Butler, M. D., a graduate of Tufts Medical School, is practicing medicine. She is a well-known and able doctor and bids fair to rise to the position of head physician in the R— Hospital.

Unable to resist the lure of the footlights, Mary Gallagher, became a Grand Opera singer, but did not keep her title of prima donna, long for she is now the wife of the Governor of New York. Mary sings, now, only for charity.

Gladys Dean and Helen Ward are successful lawyers. In a large building they have rooms, where a sign,

DEAN & WARD,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

appears conspicuously. They only handle large cases such as—the F. N. S. students vs. B. & W. S. R. R. Co. In this case, Lawyers Dean & Ward sued the company for not running cars into the students' yards and not awaiting their convenience before beginning their journey towards Normal Hill.

Eleanor Mars and Isa Buffington are president and treasurer respectively of the "Get Rich Quick Co-operative Bank." All the shares were bought by graduates of the class of 1911.

Bessie Lynch is teacher of English in the B—— State Normal School. She has for years been hard at work trying to find out whether M-a-r-i-a is pronounced Maria or Marîa. All her time is devoted in studying and investigating important questions of this same kind.

In the orient—— at China, Miss Julia McCarthy is hard at work as president of the "Chin—— Ho College." One of the most important things she has done for the Chinese besides translating zoology, astronomy, geography, etc., into fifty-six languages, was the introduction of the Special Topic System in China. The Emperor of China has set apart a day, during the year in which the people celebrate the coming of Julia. She is fairly worshipped by the little Chinese children who are obliged to learn the special topics. A medal was struck in her honor and presented to her, when she returned to America, after doing her noble work abroad.

After teaching one year, May Coffey married a graduate of Harvard University, who was elected Mayor of Fall River. May is very much in the public eye on account of her social position and recently went abroad with her husband. While abroad they met Esther Cunningham, the private secretary of P. Morgan. Esther is a capable business woman and understands all the questions of frenzied finance. Her facility for remembering long tables of fractions and equivalent percents in the arithmetic department at Normal was one of the reasons why Esther consented to accept the position.

Helena Coleman is a member of a professional team of basket ball and plays jumping centre. The team is called the "Invincibles," due to the fact that Helena is a member. She does all in her power to get the ball over to her side and is known, in cases, to have snatched it out of the hands of her opponents.

Ellen Cochrane is a physical culture teacher in the B—— University. After graduating from F. N. S. she attended the S———famous physical culture school. She excels in teaching aesthetic dancing and is also considered the best lecturer on methods of teaching Swedish gymnastics in the State. She especially objects to the command, "Heels lift!"

Elizabeth Delay is a successful teacher of penmanship in the middle west. Her training under the able professor Doner, at the Normal School made her well fitted for the position.

In a first grade, near B—— Miss Sara Sparhawk, is teaching the young citizens of the future generation. Her best work (as she considers it) being in teaching rote songs.

Clara Parmenter became quite notorious the year following her graduation. It was then, that a sensational story was printed of her secret marriage while at school. Clara was always worrying during her course and no doubt, it was this secret which was preying on her mind. It was a great surprise to her many friends who thought that Clara, at least, would be true to her profession.

When I'd read the A Division, to my mind there came a vision
Of our school days, altogether, on the hill, so long ago.
After all the knowledge swallowed,
Mark the different paths we followed,
But I still resumed my reading, with the embers burning low.

B DIVISION

Abia Stone is living in Kennebunkport, where she keeps an old ladies' home. Fannie Cutler has made a great success of stenography for she can talk much faster with her fingers than she can with her tongue. The billboards flaunt the name of Dora Giblin, the greatest Operatic singer of the age. Madame Giblin has been called the "Jenny Lind" of America, and the crowds still flock to hear her wonderful voice. Mr. Archibald is delighted, for he thinks perhaps she will consent to sing at his next Glee Club concert. Ruth Taylor is at present the principal of a "School for Boys." This school is for boys of all ages, and upon inquiry as to why she preferred a school of this kind, smilingly answered, "Wasn't I always fond of bringing up the mails?"

Eva Boynton has lately won the world's championship in tennis. She finds it as easy to play "Love Games" on the tennis court, as in South Framingham. Helena McCarty and Margaret Towle conduct a fashionable school on the Hudson. Often they speak of the happy hours spent together in the little town of the same name back in Massachusetts. If, perchance, any one should wish to know the latest mode of hair dressing, only consult Irene Hogan. Over the parlours is a conspicuous sign, reading, "All the latest improvements and methods in hairdressing. Give me a trial."

While summering in the White Mountains, Alice Ray met her affinity and now she lives there happily, in the shadow of the hills. Have you heard about the latest novel? Critics have given it much commendation. It is entitled "A Mysterious Disappearance" dealing with an exciting episode on the athletic field, and written by Grace D. Rowland. Eva Fay has become an ornithologist. Parrots are her special study, and she reports that in speaking, monosyllables are quite difficult to pronounce, but that they find little trouble with polysyllables. That well-kept poultry farm in Medfield is carried on by Minnie Greenleaf and Addie Blood. When asked where they first got the idea of keeping hens, they looked at each other and said, "Oh! in the Framingham Normal School." Elizabeth Connors has become the leader of the Woman Suffrage Movement in Watertown. In ringing tones she cries from the stump, "Why shouldn't women vote?"

Marguerite Deary is appearing in many afternoon concerts among the elite of Newtonville. She is a violinist of great ability and it is a great treat to listen to her. Ruth Mansfield, the belle of Sherborn, has written for a popular magazine on articles dealing with "Forestry." Marion Williams has become a daring woman "Aviator." Her high ideas helped a great deal in the success of her undertaking. Recently she made application to the Aerial Bureau for a permit to establish an Air Line between South Framingham and Central Square. It is hoped that she will meet with success.

Madame Dorothy Haviland is the creator of exquisitely embroidered evening gowns. While her customers are waiting, she entertains them by talking on "The Joys of having an Ancestor."

Natick people have reason to be proud of May Donovan and Mary Gregg for they went to China to teach astronomy in an endowed school there. Lena Kennedy travels from town to town offering her "Arithmetic with Special Helps on Mensuration" for sale. She has found it to be quite profitable as she can explain the latter in a most fascinating manner. Lena Deloura is teaching the "infant population" in Cordaville. The children like her so well because she can tell such lovely "Fish" stories. Do you wonder, coming from Edgartown? Mary Finn has succeeded in teaching aesthetic dancing to her credit. It comes as easy for her to pironette now, as it does for her to breathe. Etta McLean at last, is a minister's wife and has settled in the West.

Gladys Stimson at last has fulfilled the desires and longings of her youth. She is the leader of a gay band of minstrels, and the whole country rings with praises of her songs and dances, and of her wonderful renderings of gems of music on her cornet.

Here again I stopped to ponder, for it surely was a wonder.
 How the mystifying stranger had come into my abode,
 Would he come again to take it?
 Or would he, perhaps, forsake it?
 So I hastened on to finish reading this uncanny code.

C DIVISION

Many members of this division of the Class 1911, after teaching a few years, found they had missed their callings, so entered other fields of work.

Olive Ring has become an actress of great ability and is now in London starring in K. Lyman's latest play "The Fourth Dimension."

Since Captain Ball has taken the place of both Foot Ball and Base Ball, man has given up athletics and woman reigns supreme in all sports. Effie Adams, who developed a strong liking for Captain Ball while at Normal is manager of the most famous team in United States. They are called the "Ever Readies" and have won every game this season.

Margaret Kingsbury's new book, "How to Study Orion" is in great demand by students of astronomy. She has made a thorough study of astronomical facts the past few years and written many articles on different constellations.

Marion Dix has established an out door school for boys. She conducts all her classes in a very lovely grove near her home and when the youths become unruly she makes them climb up in the trees to think over their misdemeanor.

Marion Colburn, who is the world's champion tennis player, has introduced this game in Labrador where it is greatly enjoyed by the Esquimaux, not only as a game but as a physical exercise. The Esquimaux are glad to find a way to keep warm.

Marion Jeannette Clark, the distinguished prima donna is giving a

series of concerts in Symphony Hall, Nobscot. Her programmes are always well augmented by encores as she is most generous in responding to the requests of her audiences.

Louise Morrison Syl-Vanus, a most charming young widow, is doing settlement work thus making many souls happy and in so doing, she alleviates her own recent sorrow.

Louise Macurdy after teaching successfully a number of years has become supervisor of the Framingham Practice School. Lousie has tried a new plan whereby the Normal girls observe for three months in the Practice School instead of teaching. As a result two hundred robust girls graduate from Normal each year.

Ethel Sawyer married a young Harvard professor the year following graduation and has proven an able wife as she corrects all examination papers from her husband's classes. Few students have flunked the course since this method was adopted.

Ruth Burgess's love for the South made her seek a position in that part of United States. She has established a weather bureau at the thirty-fifth meridian in North Carolina, in order to find out more about the trade winds.

Marion Harney is one of the few who has been true to her profession. She is a very successful teacher in New York City and has done much towards wiping out slang from the conversation of the boys and girls in her charge.

The most famous aviator of the day is Bessie Carroll, famous because she is always sure of landing at any place she wishes to. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that she makes careful calculations before she starts, solving all problems by algebra.

The Normal School for boys in Ashland founded by Alice Travers is over crowded and others are being built in different parts of the state. Alice deemed it necessary to have a Boys' Normal School in order to make better disciplinarians for the teaching profession. She says she has other reasons too but refuses to state them.

Marion Watts was obliged to give up teaching on account of annual nervous breakdowns. In one school the children wiggled around so much that Marion became quite distracted, in another school the pupils called her "Shorty" and in her third school she had four boys, each having the name of Lester. She was continually getting them mixed up and there seemed to be great confusion whenever she called on them to recite, so she gave up her chosen profession and is now studying art.

The new superintendent of Newton Schools is Edna Walford. She is the second woman in United States to be given this honor.

Gertrude Rockwell Z—— is leading a happy married life and is president of the Mother's Club in the town where she resides. Her elopement with a young Dartmouth chap on the same day of her graduation from Normal was rather a surprise to her friends and family but her classmates remembered that she had been called a "flighty young creature" by one of the faculty and perhaps Gertrude wanted the game as well as the name.

Nettie Jacobs is giving lessons in "Facial Expression." The first lesson is "How to make the corners of the mouth turn up and not down." This is new work which she has just begun and people are anxiously awaiting results.

Mildred Jones and Dorothy Holden are touring England presenting many of the Shakespearean plays. Mildred takes the leading parts while Dorothy represents the rest of the cast.

Jennie Cline teaches practical astronomy in Podunk University. She uses an orange for the celestial sphere, hard boiled eggs for planets and many other wonderful illustrations which seem simple after one has thought them out.

Mildred Buck decided to become a designer of evening gowns for she found that she could make enough money by designing gowns for the annual Senior Party to live comfortably the rest of the year.

Ellen Rooney conducts parties abroad and makes herself very agreeable by letting each member of the party do as he wishes. Sometimes she brings them all safely home but often a few get lost in gay Paris or charming London.

Mary DePasquale has invented an instrument by means of which the heart can be adjusted to any environment. Statistics show that teachers who undergo this treatment are now able to teach twenty years instead of three, before contemplating matrimony.

Sighing, I turned o'er the paper, and I went and lit a taper
 For the firelight scarce was burning, and more there was to learn about
 As the taper was extinguished
 I had just the last words finished
 And I pondered in the darkness, as the firelight had died out.

H. A. DIVISION

Florence Gould taught successfully for one term, but then decided that her talents lay in another direction. She is now the manager of a matrimonial bureau, and her magazine, "Wedding Bells," is known all over the country. Her business house is in Worcester, you know.

Elsie Seagrave started in by teaching laundry methods to coal workers' wives, her dainty standards being a model to all. But her attention became deviated, and she now manufactures laundry tubs, and soapstone sinks.

Mary Walker and Helen Ryder did go to Winnipeg, but their restaurant runs itself, while they devote their time to teaching sewing in the slums, serving bomb glace and crême frête to the poorly nourished children, It is said they make \$2000.00 per month per capita, including running expenses and dressmakers' bills.

Tillie Hough couldn't stay away from Framingham, so after studying, and studying, she assists Miss Penniman, especially in teaching "soap making." She lectures every year to the school on "The House Fly, and its Relative Importance."

Gertrude and Agnes make a great specialty of manufacturing "Beef Juice." Their plant is in Milford, as they grew so fond of that town while seniors.

Shirley Fisher, after teaching ten years, gave up the work, and started a chocolate factory, so she could have plenty of it for her own use. Her spare time she spends in making tea mats and using them.

Marion Ritchie wished a position near home, so she accepted the opportunity of being Miss Nicholass' assistant. She corrects the outlines, has general charge of the office, and dictates the basketry notes.

Hazel Whitney assisted Dr. Lambert for a year, and then decided to work elsewhere. She taught in San Francisco, and in Fayville, then retired, and has benefited the universe with her bulletin, "Owls I have Known."

Annie Kinsley was married within a year of her graduation. It is said she was in love all during her course at Framingham, but knew the art of keeping a secret.

Marie Fuller got her farm at last, and only had to wait eleven years for it. She saved her money in a co-operative bank, and is now teaching three afternoons a week, to save more money for antique furniture for her house.

Grace Rogers built a house on the hill, beside the standpipe, taking great care to hew down the forest before deciding on the lot.

Helen Lockwood became a noted authoress, writing numerous text books. Her "Notes, and How to Keep Them," "Scientific Cookery for the Human Race," and "Hints to Teachers," are most valuable.

Beatrice Underwood gave lectures for awhile on "Ideas and Considerations of Methods of Lecturing."

Edith Ward teaches cooking, and fancy dancing in a western city, curing appendicitis, and related diseases by her superior methods.

Adelaide Scott taught seven years, and now has taken full charge of the "Letter Column" in the "Ladies' Home Journal." She gives suggestions on "How to write letters, and how to read them."

Ruth Staples is touring the country giving lectures on "Race Suicide." Her manner is earnest and she holds forth the cause in an admirable manner.

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Prophets



When we teach a child to read, our primary aim is not to enable it to decipher a way-bill or a receipt, but to kindle its imagination, enlarge its vision and open for it the avenues of knowledge.

Charles W. Eliot.

State Normal School, Framingham

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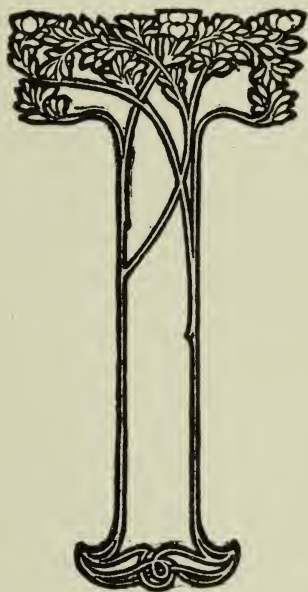
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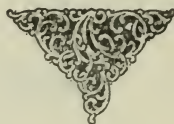
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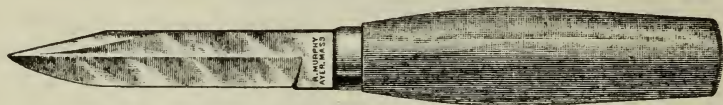
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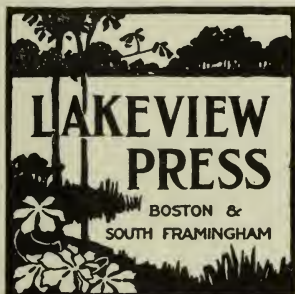


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