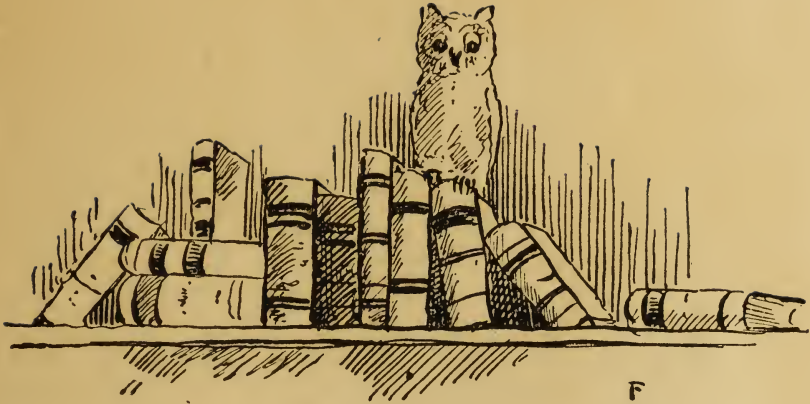
The image shows a decorative border on a light-colored background. The border consists of a double-line rectangular frame. Inside this frame, there are two stylized irises, one on the left and one on the right, facing each other. The irises have three petals each and long, narrow leaves. A thin, dark line connects the bases of the two irises at the bottom, forming a small knot or bow. In the center of the border, there is a rectangular area containing text. The text is arranged in two lines: the top line says "THE" and the bottom line says "NEW MOSAIC".

THE
NEW MOSAIC

S.N.S.
1904



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SALEM, MASS

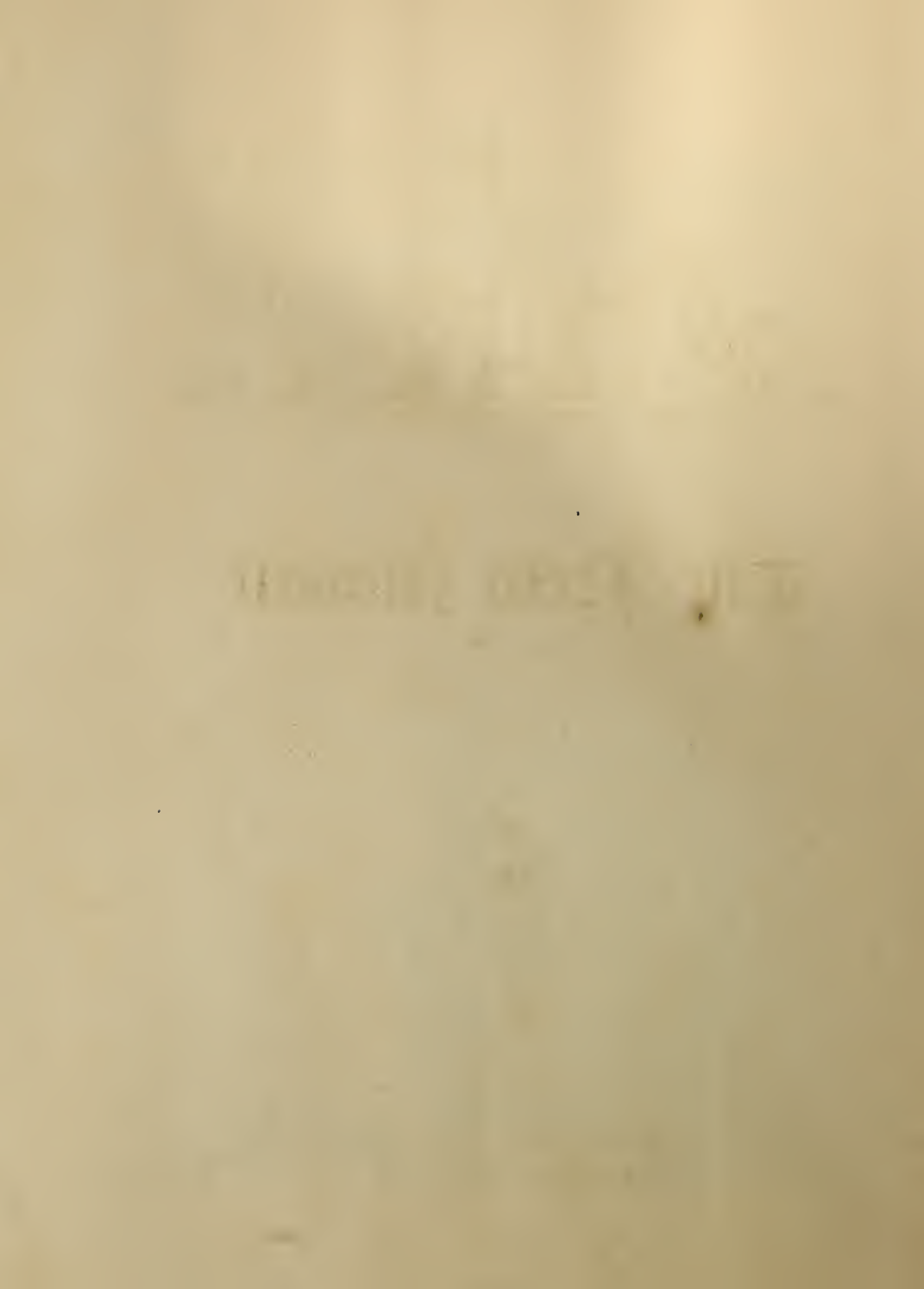


The New Mosaic

1904



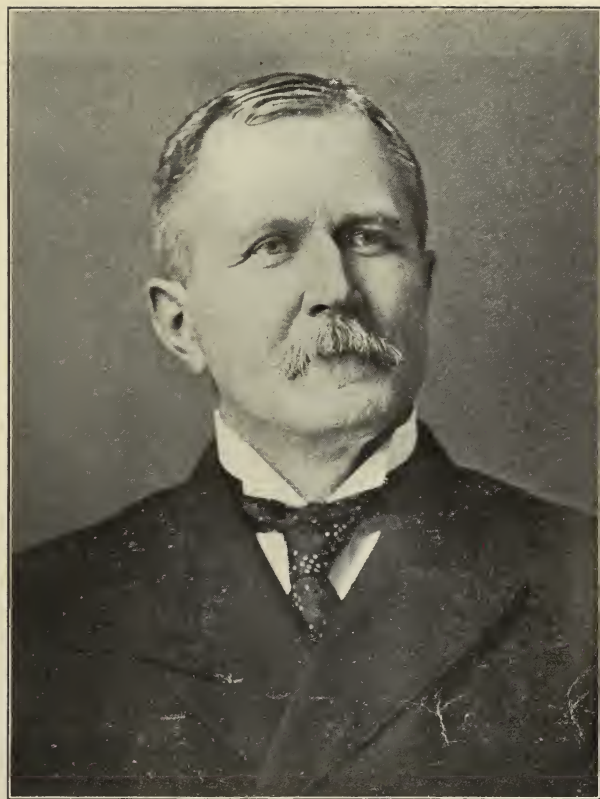
Published by the Senior Class
of Salem Normal School





A Tribute.

Now as we leave these last two years behind
 To start upon our chosen work, thoughts flow
 From out our minds of thee we've learned to know,
And who hast led the way where we were blind
And could not go unled. In thee we find
 That mild and happy jest that comes unbid
 To tell the undermeaning that lies hid.
We know the loyal soul that thou dost bind
So closely to thy work ; we know that ring
Of justice, worth and depth that answers true
In all thy friendliness. In everything
 We find in thee, there is that strength that makes
 Us thoughtful, and in quiet moments breaks
Upon us with that forceful power anew.



WALTER P. BECKWITH, PH. D.
PRINCIPAL



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Preface.

Long years ago, when the world was waking up, a clever and daring man was possessed with an idea. It was a good one, and if Columbus had lived to see its outcome, he would forget all the hardships, dangers and bewildering thoughts that he once had, in the glories of the present. He would say, "It is as I said."

A powerful government gave the word and set this idea into activity. Great excitement and tremendous expectations were the result. But in this excitement Columbus and what he stood for were soon forgotten. Other men arose with new ideas; people became more daring and the result of all this recklessness is seen in this wonderful land that we own as ours.

Who is this Columbus of the twentieth century that has been so daring as to present his theories of a possible new route to a land of mental wealth? If he be still alive we hope he may never realize that the book of reality is far from the book of his dreams.

The immediate result of such a rash and daring undertaking is contained between these two covers, the journey from one to the other ordinarily taking two years. But we have endeavored to take the trip within three months. We are glad to be the pioneers in this fascinating voyage even if our haste does bring distress to some of us.

With no fraternities, clubs or societies to record and give the proper life to the book, but an unwholesome existence to the class, the problem as to how we shall reach this "land of mental wealth" is a grave one. We have guides and charts to use on our way, but in neither guide nor chart do we find this land marked. So, with no maps to direct our course and with little knowledge of the unknown dreamland before us, we have entered a sea of myths, peopled with frightful sea-monsters swimming about in scalding, unfathomable depths. Columbus knew some things about the depths and the truth in these stories. He was looked upon as insane because of his ideas and hopes, but the realization of his dream came when the world awoke to the possibilities before it. We, knowing so little of the deep or the stories, expect to be looked upon as at least "unwise" because of our ideas and hopes; the realization of our dream will come when "the world" awakens to discover what pioneers can not, as yet, grasp. But the thought, that the foundations for this book of the future have been laid, justifies any belief that we may have placed in gossip, stories or legends.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for anything written here,—for how can one believe all he hears or reads? But the true and the fabulous are so interwoven that the task of separation is too great to undertake and the standards of truth differ so widely that the honest endeavor to draw the line is too taxing to burden our consciences.



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Since the class of 1904 entered the school there have been a few changes in the members of the faculty : " Miss Sawtelle," Miss Hobbs and Miss Elizabeth P. Knight have left their places to be filled by Miss Kyle and Mr. Archibald.

Entered Sept. 11, 1902.

Alexander, Agnes Arabel	Gloucester
Anthony, Alexa Maria	Lynn
Atkins, Florence Bertha	Somerville
Bailey, Ida Belle	Peacham, Vt.
Barry, May Josephine	Malden
Black, Florence Lillian	West Somerville
Bourne, Rose Marjorie	Salem
Bulfinch, Mildred Cora	Swampscott
Cahill, Katharine Frances	Lynn
Callahan, Mary Margaret	Lynn
Carey, Jennie Winslow	Swampscott
Carlson, Hattie Cecilia	Malden
Connelly, Alice Veronica	Cambridge
Connelly, Theresa Elizabeth	North Andover
Connor, Gertrude	Lynn
Crane, Mary Margaret	Salem
Cushing, Lena	Salem
Daley, Isabella Kelly	Lanesville
Davis, Bertha Ruby	Medford
Dean, Elizabeth Esther	Wakefield
Delay, Ellen Julia	Somerville
Eays, Bessie Estelle	Malden
Etheridge, Cathrine May	Melrose
Fellows, Irene Franklin	Ipswich
Finn, Mary Agnes	Lynn
Fogg, Elsie Louise	Chelsea
Frost, Sarah Beulah	Malden
Garland, Sally	Gloucester
Goodhue, Fanny Irene	North Andover Center
Goss, Eugenie	Lynn

Griffiths, Minnie	Danvers
Haff, Nettie Isabel	Cambridge
Hatfield, Alberta Frances	Lynn
Hicks, Etta Howe	Haverhill
Howard, Marion Louise	Malden
Huntington, Gertrude Augusta	Newburyport
Jackson, Frances Cupples	Malden
Jones, Harriet Mary	Arlington
Kemp, Nellie Alice	Revere
Lane, Goldie Theresa	Cambridge
Lawrence, Lena Blanche	Wakefield
Lee, Susan Elouise	Chelsea
Lenox, Marjorie Helen	Cambridge
Lewis, Lizzie Adelaide	Lynn
Lourie, Abraham Charles	Boston
Lourie, Dora Lena	Boston
Low, Eliza Procter	Beverly
Marshall, Winnifred Appleton	Gloucester
McConnell, Henrietta	Somerville
McDonough, Mary Beston	Salem
McKay, Ruth Alma	Beverly
McKenne, Blanche Velma	Middleton
Millea, Margaret Angela	Salem
Moffatt, Edith Marion	Walla Walla, Wash.
Morgan, Georgia Bernice	Groveland
Norton, Marion Louise	Chelsea
Paine, Blanche Lowell	Somerville
Perkins, Millicent Grace	North Beverly
Potter, Zulette	Marblehead
Pottle, Annie Cobb	Newburyport
Prentice, Cynthia May	Medford
Pryor, Louisa Isabelle	Portsmouth, N. H.
Rand, Ida Louise	Somerville
Reed, Sadie May	Lowell
Reynolds, Lucy	Peabody
Riley, Nellie Winifred	Melrose

Rowe, Madeline Sayward	Gloucester
Russell, Helen Louise	Somerville
Ryder, Lottie May	Lynn
Scally, Mary Cecilia	Stoneham
Scott, Eliza Lohra	Chelsea
Shatswell, Mary Elizabeth	Salem
Smith, Katharine Grey	Lynn
Smith, Lillian Frazier	Beverly
Southwick, Clara Alice	West Peabody
Stetson, Abbie Elizabeth	Danversport
Sweeney, Ellen Elizabeth	Arlington
Taylor, Martha Anna	Malden
Towle, Edna Gordon	Salem
True, Margaret Phillips	Marblehead
Turbett, Grace Anna	Salem
Walsh, Lucy Agnes	Stoneham
Webber, Edith May	Waltham
Wells, Charlotte Calhoun	Amesbury
Wheeler, Clara Emerson	Gloucester
Williams, Mary Veronica	Lynn
Wilson, Amy Florence	Pigeon Cove
Wilson, Marion Louise	Salem
Yeames, Constance Ethelwyn	Arlington

Entered September 11, 1902.

(Not now members of the School).

Baldwin, Lillian Henrietta	Somerville
Bancroft, Ida Elizabeth	Stoneham
Britton, Helen Florence	Hartland, Vt.
Butler, Mary Paula	Wakefield
Chamberlain, Lillian Jordan	Lynn
Derfus, Martha Sylvester	Somerville
Dickson, Jennie St. Claire	Cambridge
Driscoll, Margie Josephine	Peabody

Gerrish, Nellie May	Lynn
Goldsmith, Mildred	Marblehead
Harrison, Ruby Lillian	Somerville
Hart, Elizabeth Magdalene	Lynn
Kelly, Lena Marion	Amesbury
McGlauffin, Annie Margaret	Wenham
O'Connor, Alice Frances	Chelsea
Patch, Alice Woodbury	Wenham
Poland, Hilda	Nahant
Putnam, Fanny Flint	Danvers
Scannell, Mary Louise	Arlington
Southwick, Mary Ann	Hamilton
Wells, Mabel Eva Vaughn	Lynn

Entered September 10, 1903.

(Special Students).

Allen, Grace Amira	Westford, Vt.
Colbath, Ada Dora	Whitefield, N. H.
Frost, Jennie Clifton	Arlington
Gould, Ella Frances	Somerville
Henderson, Florence May	Salem
Keir, Jeanie Jeanette	Rochester, N. H.
Saunders, Elizabeth Gertrude	Newmarket, N. H.
White, Lucy Maria	Beverly
Wiley, Carrie Edna	Montpelier, Vt.

Entered the Class September 11, 1903.

Bourneuf, Mary Evangeline	Haverhill
Cragen, Agnes Veronica	Salem
Cunningham, Julia Laurretta	Lynn
Dearborn, Helen M.	Everett

Dresser, Bessie May	Salem
Fitzgerald, Elleanor Melvina	Malden
Lane, Alice Elizabeth	Peabody
Mahoney, Margaret Mary	East Cambridge
McCarthy, Annie Isabel	Peabody
McCusker, Gertrude Philomine	Cambridge
Pringle, Bertha Ellinor	North Reading
Rogers, Ida Helen	Arlington
Snow, Mary Gertrude	Cambridge
Sullivan, Mary Gertrude	Haverhill
Thompson, Irene Florence	Melrose
Walsh, Margaret Theresa	Peabody

Special Students 1902-1903.

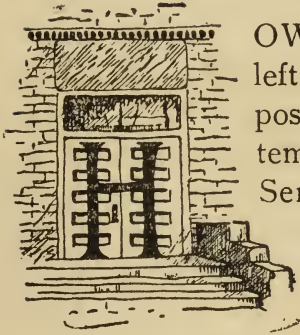
Browne, Ella Augusta	Haverhill
Drake, Alice Gardner	Kennebunkport, Me.
Ganey, Jeremiah Francis	Salem
Hilliard, Alice Mildred	Swampscott
Jackson, Martha Adeline	Gloucester
Macomber, Eva Marietta	Westford, Vt.
Mulliken, Mary Abby	Salem
Parker, Annie Lillian	Reading
Randall, Beatrice Asenath	Rochester, N. H.
Raymond, Daisy	Beverly
Woodman, Helen Stanton	Melrose



In Memoriam
ELIZABETH MAGDALENE HART

1882-1903

The "Life History" of 1904.



OW could the young ladies on the left side of the room appear so self-possessed on that morning of September 10, 1902. O yes, they were Seniors. But oh! on the right of that great "Main Hall" sat one hundred ten timid, fearful girls and one heroic youth, "our only one." There before us on the platform back of the "bar," in very dignified-looking, black leather chairs, sat a row of extraordinary "personalities." In the centre was a desk, the seat of the Chief Justice. On each side of him sat five associate justices and behind them several others. Shrinking back in our seats we felt like pleading "for clemency." We were very humble that first day of our course at the Normal School, but we soon found out that these "folks" on the platform were not people to fear but our would-be friends, our guides along the pathway of knowledge. After we became somewhat accustomed to our new surroundings, we ventured to look about a little and just as on the first day at the primary school, we smiled at one of our girl neighbors and thought, "I know I'll like that girl. Wonder what her name is?"

After we were assigned our regular seats we were

grouped into sections. Then there were many disappointed faces for high school chums were now separated. Little did some of these disappointed girls know of the life-long friendships that were to be formed with these strangers from all parts of the state. 'Twas not long before they said, "How glad I am that I am in Junior II that I may be with you!"

Now a normal school is a place for work, so it was not long before lessons began. In high school we had always looked forward to loitering away the first few days when sections were being formed and books given out. It was just the opposite at Normal School, however, for our principal has a hobby of having programs made out and everything in working order even before his classes come back to school, so within an hour of the opening exercises of that first day we had started work in earnest. It was strange yet very pleasant to sit around tables in such an informal way. We liked it. We went from recitation to recitation, meeting new teachers and liking them, too. Taking it all in all, that first morning was more or less of a strain upon every one of us. We felt somewhat relieved when it came noon and we were freed from our new duties. Hungry as only healthy young girls can be, we hastened down stairs. There was the lunch room with many little tables and that delicious smell of something to eat awaiting us. Then what a din! Juniors forgot their shyness and vied with Seniors in shouting for "fried fish" and "ice cream." When all were served and some degree of quiet prevailed, the girls had great fun talking over the morning with old chums and new.

Not all life can be one round of pleasure, so after lunch we poor little new-comers passed through a great ordeal—we entered the “Chamber of Horrors.” Frightened and trembling we entered, but came out fearless and triumphant and reassuringly whispered to those waiting to enter: “It isn’t very bad.” We had only to sing a scale and read a little music; and the guardian of the chamber wasn’t so terrible, now was she, girls?

Thus the first day passed and we survived to tell the tale. ’Twas not long before the class of 1904 became fairly familiar with the ways of the school and learned to know the teachers and fellow-students. That first year we learned to draw, to find color, violet if possible, in every conceivable object, even in the lustre of an iron ore. We painted twigs and handed in our results, sure that they would go to “Purgatory,” where we might find them among the “not passed.” Yet many times we were happily surprised when the next day we saw these self-same sketches exhibited before the class and heard that familiar voice say, “Isn’t that jolly!” We learned—nay—tried to learn “Significant Figures.” There were many puzzled faces at that time, but a patient teacher did his best to clear the cobwebs away. Mathematics, at which we had before looked through smoked glasses, now appeared as clear as crystal. We cheerfully learned theorems and took great pride in our meter cube. But the best fun was our field trips, when we shouldered our instruments and went “a-measuring.” The people in the cars might stare, we didn’t mind. Alas, how our hearts did beat when we went to a certain recitation and were told “to give the line of thought as

though nothing had been said." It wasn't so bad after all—when it was over. Then we learned to know the flowers and trees. Often we stood intently gazing up into a tree. The people thought that we were escaped inmates of the Danvers Asylum. We were only trying to discover how to tell that kind of a tree from all others, for we were learning that trees, as well as human beings, had that wonderful something called "personality." It was a warm spring day and at a near-by open window appeared a little maid of four or five years of age, looking with wondering eyes down upon us. She broke the spell which the personality of the tree was making upon us, by exclaiming, "What 'oo doin'?" Junior II literature class had rather a jolly time that year. You know its teacher. Once she remarked that she loved to be in the room with a rubber-plant; it was *so* sympathetic. The girls were bright, and wide-awake, but hard work was wearing upon them so that they began to think of sleep and rest. At the time they were reading Wordsworth's "To Sleep." Innocently enough the teacher asked, "Miss Finn, did you ever think of sleep in this way before?" The line ran thus:

"Come, blessed barrier between night and day."

"Well no, not exactly—that is—not until I came to this school," answered Finney. Yet this division felt envious at times, when they thought of the little, gentle lady who unlocked the hidden treasures and gave new thoughts to the other literature classes. She believed and taught, "He is never alone who has noble thoughts." All our classes, too, vied with each other for the honors of the gymnasium. It was all good-natured rivalry.

The first year was hard work, but we had a good many happy times, for several Saturday afternoons we had receptions—jolly good times they were, too. The first one, on October 25, was given to the Juniors by the Seniors to make us feel more at home. We were all surprised to find what real fun just girls could have. It was an informal party and we went home, feeling better acquainted, and really belonging to the school.

The next month passed, but little by little a shadow came creeping over the school, for one morning the Chief Justice sat at his desk, a note-book in hand on which was the label "Marks." A little word, but such terrors as it may bring! One by one we filed up, received our sentence and passed along. Some faces wore relieved expressions, some distressed; but the hearts of all did not cease to palpitate until on the home-bound train for the Thanksgiving recess. Refreshed and hopeful we came back, ready for work again. Now we gave lessons to our class, taught about buds and seedlings, told stories in history and began to feel a wee bit "teachery."

Two months more passed and on January 18 we Juniors entertained the Seniors and teachers. We had our gymnasium decorated with Japanese lanterns and laurel. It was a pretty sight. Then by way of a surprise, we had a hurdy-gurdy grind out our music. At first we flew, but little by little with suggestions from the girls, our little Italian organ grinder slowed her time and then everything was perfect. We tried to make our guests have a good time and they said they did.

Festivities were now on, and on February 22, the

Seniors gave a dance, but it was very select. "Only Seniors are to come," they said. But there were a few favored Juniors who came back and told the "left-outs" of the wonderful party. Would you believe it? They voted that it wasn't half so nice to have the "boys" as to have only girls. You may think this is not true. Just ask Mildred.

Now came Mr. Adams' entertainment all in the dark room. Sitting on the window benches, gleefully we watched the screen before us. Carriages, horses and cars went by upside down. The best of all, though, was to watch the girls on the opposite side of the street marching up and down, carrying the American flag. That lesson of inverted images, given in the dark room, is a memorable event of the year.

The greatest grief that has befallen our class during its career came during this spring term, when it lost one of its most popular and lovable classmates and friends, Miss Hart, of Lynn.

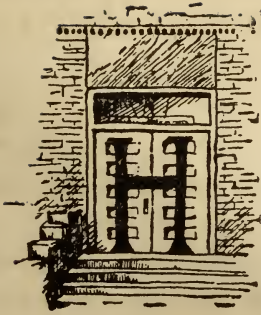
Now came the last term of the year and a busy one it was. Seniors getting ready to graduate, and Juniors ready to take their places. During the last few weeks we had basket ball games, exciting ones, too, when blue and red banners were flying from the balconies and girlish voices grew hoarse with yelling. There was a field day, and a class play, given by the Seniors. We were allowed to come and looked on with rapt expression. The play "The Rivals," was given May 9. We enjoyed it and determined we'd have one in our Senior year, but we haven't.

The last month of our Junior year was a busy one,

completing note-books in physics, etc. Every Friday morning music for graduation was practiced. One morning, was it a diamond we saw flashing on the ring finger of the left hand of our director? It was. Then the rumor was true. She was going to leave us. Poor us! How we should miss her, this guardian of the Chamber of Horrors!

¶ At last came graduation. The Seniors were Seniors no more. They were now full-fledged teachers and we—Juniors no longer—became Seniors, we girls and one boy.





OW ill at ease those poor Juniors look!" thought we. "Do you suppose we looked so scared last year?" "Of course not!"

We now sit on the left-hand side of the hall, perfectly calm and composed. We lead in the singing—are now indeed the ruling spirit of S. N. S.

It was good to meet old chums again. Arm in arm we walked through the rooms. There were new tints on the walls and ceilings and everything looked spick and span. Then there arose a discussion as to the appropriateness of the tints. Were they harmonious with the other colors in the room? Was there any underlying plan of having certain colors for certain teachers? The office was changed, but the people in it were the same. After admiring the new decorations and visiting all the rooms, we visited our teachers and friends. There was, also, a curiosity to see the new music teacher—a Man. Was he old or young? slim or stout? cross or good-natured looking? So went the questions. We were assured that he was "all right," and that's the way it has proved.

Seniors did I say we were? Yes, Seniors, the Class of 1904, now the most dignified and superior beings of the school, and only one short year had passed since we were humble little Juniors. We had been having theory that previous year. Now came practice. Our work was different and became daily more interesting, for

there was the work with the real children, in a real school, and soon we began to feel like real teachers and talk about "my school."

We elected our president, Miss Callahan, and her staff, and then began our class meetings. Now, we have many level-headed girls and one level-headed boy in our class. They won't be "bossed," so that's why our class meetings have such a reputation. We have quarrels to be sure, but the most bitter opponents in the meeting are seen walking the corridors arm in arm fifteen minutes after; so you see these quarrels are not really in earnest.

On October 25, 1903, our teachers entertained the Seniors and Juniors in the gymnasium. A daintier and more pleasing afternoon could not have been planned. Didn't we have a good laugh at Mr. Whitney's disks? The silhouettes of our teachers gave us a good chance to see if our mental pictures of them were correct. We could guess the men easily enough but it was hard to guess rightly as to the ladies, for we had forgotten how they did up their back hair. The whole afternoon was "just jolly." Next came our Senior reception to the Juniors. We'll let you into a secret. It has been said that we are a *very* original class. You may see if this is so. We gave our party on November 14 in a barn, that is, what had been a gymnasium in the morning became a barn in the afternoon. We had vegetables, jack o'lanterns, hay, and all sorts of farm implements all around. On the blackboard were several beautiful Jersey cows, peacefully eating their food from the manger; while at the end of the barn our family horse

stood, too excited, during the whole afternoon, to once neigh or eat any of the food we gave him. Country lasses in sunbonnets and pinafores and a lad in overalls and jumper received our guests and tried to give them a good time. When they got hungry we gave them doughnuts, peanuts, corn balls, molasses kisses and new sweet cider sucked thro' a straw. Did they have a good time? Ask them.

You have heard of gathering chestnuts of course, but have you ever heard of gathering caterpillars and earth worms? We do it at Salem. It was no uncommon sight a few months ago to see a crowd of students on Lafayette street, gathered around one of the girls who was holding a wonderful something in her hand that looked like a curled up leaf. "A Sphinx, girls!" she would cry exultantly. The rest would turn away with wistful faces, sigh and say, "O why didn't I see that lovely caterpillar!" We are not partial creatures, but are just as good to earthworms as to caterpillars. We collected a great many of these worms in a box of dirt. We watered them, we fed them, we tended them for hours until at last they grew to be nice, fat and healthy worms. Then, with hearts almost bursting with pride, we carried them to school and exhibited them to a group of envious girls.

Sleepy when Juniors, we are sleepy as Seniors. One day especially that feeling of drowsiness came over Senior I in Arithmetic class. Sally was asked to do a problem involving the laying of a carpet. She opened her exercise with the casual remark, "Now, I am going to er—stretch."

Seniors expecting to go out to teach should be able to address a large audience without embarrassment and with easy conversational tones. That is why we have had three minute talks. We know now what it means to lecture to an audience and most of us have fully made up our minds that we do not care to lecture for a living. Even though we do not like to do the lecturing ourselves, we do like to hear others, and our principal has several times invited professors or superintendents of neighboring towns to visit us and give us a little sound advice or entertainment, as the case may be.

Marks have come the same as usual, four times this year, but it was "passed" or "not passed" with us Seniors. We had no short breaths and quickenings of the heart. We like our work better every day. We can "visualize" now; we understand that "all things being equal - - - - -"; we've learned to teach rote songs, but even now there's a suggestion of a tremble in the voice; we are just getting able to look at a caller without seeing his internal organs; we know how to please our supervisors in drawing and can "evolve" any example in percentage and illustrate as we talk. Oh, yes! we are brim full of good ideas now and expect to be launched out into the world next September, when we may show the people what the Salem Normal School has done for us.

For many years the numbers of the morning hymns were written on the blackboard but when these boards were tinted, cards with numbers printed on them were hung on the wall. These cards looked very much out of place beside the beautiful decorations of the hall.

One of the Seniors, with the aid of our drawing master, designed and presented to the school a hymn board which is a very artistic addition. Shall we in years to come forget that April Fool's Day when there was no song numbered 178? No indeed.

We had intended to give a play this year, just as the previous year's class had done. The plan did not work, however, and we were obliged to give up the idea and postpone it for next year's class. We did not intend to leave school without doing or having something a little extra, so we decided to publish a class book, "The New Mosaic."

The Seniors this year gave a party on February 22, then all learned what it was to have a dance at Normal School with young ladies and gentlemen. The gentlemen invited remarked on their way home, "Salem Normal isn't so bad after all!" We should say not.

The Juniors gave us a good time several weeks ago when they had a Japanese afternoon. On April 30, Seniors and Juniors together gave a party to the teachers. The S. N. S. festivities of the class of 1904 end with their reception at Commencement.

During the last few weeks the girls are busy finding positions for next year. There have been scores of applications sent to superintendents. One young woman, two months before graduation wrote to a superintendent, "I *will* be graduated from the Salem Normal School in June." Another informed the person to whom she applied that she was prepared to teach any primary or grammar grade. A third, with possibly six months' experience, said her "specialty was the second grade."

A fourth, with confidence in her friends, gave the assurance that she could furnish the "best of recommendations." Some of our number did not have to practice writing to superintendents, but left us in April to become teachers. Marion Howard has gone to the Jacob Tome Institute in Maryland; Mollie Rowe is at Salisbury Plains; Annie Pottle went to Paxton, Mass.; Louise Pryor, to Melrose; Hattie Carlson, to Rowley; Edna Towle, to Beverly and Charlotte Wells to Amesbury. We miss them one and all, for the 1904 girls have a soft spot in their hearts for one another.

This June we bid farewell to school-girl life and go to take our stand in this work-a-day world. We are proud that we graduate in 1904, for we celebrate that year beside our Commencement, the Semi-Centennial of the school. It has been suggested by a member of Class I that they of '54 and we of '04 unite at a banquet. Then difference in ages will be forgotten, we'll be girls together, chatting and laughing over the pleasant memories of days spent at Normal School. Besides this distinction we are the 90th class, one of the biggest to graduate, and rumor says there are ninety of us who will receive diplomas.

M. C. B.

M. L. N.





There are places in these letters that have been omitted because of references to family affairs and opinions concerning school that are too personal to put in print. We are indebted to M. H. G. '05, for procuring so many of her letters for us.

SALEM, MASS., U. S. A., Sept. 29, 1903.

Dear Uncle Sam :—

After torturing me with frightful examinations the authorities have decided that I am a fit subject for the Normal School and already I have become a loyal one.

School begins at nine twenty and keeps on Saturdays. Doesn't that seem strange? We went to work about ten thirty on the first day and haven't stopped since.

If you found it warm in Manila, what would you have done if you had been in our chemical laboratory last week? Two or three dozen of us were shut up there to cut perfumery bottles by means of curling tongs, with twenty Bunsen burners lighted and the mercury high in the thermometer outside. Perhaps you would like to see one of my artistic efforts, which our instructor failed to accept, for some unknown reasons.



The other day we explored the beauties of a gravel hill. If we had seen all that we were expected to see we should be too wise to associate with common people. But never fear. We have also learned that we know granite is granite, because it looks like what we have been accustomed to call granite.

In literature we hotly discuss the virtues and vices of Tito and Savonarola ; and, oh, you should hear us fathoming the mysteries of mind and matter. In geometry we gravely cut out paper squares and triangles ! Two or three times we have been out on field trips to lay off triangles on the grass. We were so sorry to miss the recitation ! Our teacher in music is certainly an optimist. In the face of all the dreadful sounds we make in his classes he says that everyone can sing. You know one girl who can't, don't you ? In reading we do a little better. Once a week we entertain our long-suffering instructor with our accomplishments in that line.

The botany so far is appalling, at least to anyone who does not like it, and the Seniors comfort us by prophesying worse things. We have learned the names of a good many wild flowers and trees and have brought in costly bouquets consisting of wild asters, etc. It reminds me of * * * *

Twice a week we have gymnastics. You should see the wild rush for the gymnasium. (This is a very informal place). Today for the fourth or fifth time we reported progress in our gym suits. I have the *pattern!*

I must stop now to write up some chemistry experiments performed in the little laboratory away up in 'my head.

Nov. 26, 1903.

Dear Uncle Sam :—

We have had our preliminary marks. I passed in everything and had B in chemistry. Some of the girls have several B's. The Seniors say that these marks don't count much anyway, but we were rather anxious about them for all that.

The girls here are lovely. I wish you could see them, particularly one whom I call "Bess," now. You see the Davids are already finding their Jonathans. We all call each other by our first names. Oh, and

I must tell you that we have a boy! A boy is a rarity here. This one they say came armed with a paint brush. The other day we went on a trip to a beach near Marblehead. We listened to the grinding of the pebbles by the waves, saw how cliffs are worn away by the water and had our curly locks blown about by the breeze.

The gym suits, even mine, are all done now. There is a wild scramble gym days to get in and out of them. Most of us like to jump the horse best, although some of us find him a very strange creature to manage.

We are pretty well acquainted now; I know several Seniors. The faculty gave the school a reception some time ago. We had such a good time! We were divided into groups which moved around the room as the games went on. We played several games, among them blind man's bluff and a laughing game in which one-half had to keep sober while the other half laughed. But oh dear, when you ought to be sober you wanted to laugh and when you ought to laugh you felt as sober as a judge.

A few days ago the Seniors entertained us. We were received by Mary Ann Jenkins and Sarah Smith and other country lasses.

Mehitable Jones and Lizzy Jane Adams sang for us and we were treated to some luscious gingerbread. We wore just shirt waists and skirts.

JAN. 29, 1904.

Dear Uncle Sam:—

Did you ever hear of analytical chemistry? Language fails me when I try to describe it, but for those who have learned by experience it is unnecessary and for others it is entirely inadequate.

How we haunted that chemistry room from the first minute in the morning until the much-tried attendant sent us out at night. A day or two ago we returned the courtesy of the Seniors and gave them a reception. On the same day we got our marks. Some of the girls did better than at first. I didn't get any B's this time, but in the afternoon we almost forgot about marks, we were so excited over the reception. The girls came in the morning with strange, bulky parcels and there was the usual bustle at the last minute to get enough fans, strings and other necessary articles.

Then certain of our number repaired to the gymnasium and were transformed into Japanese ladies. In some cases their complexions were not quite what would have been expected in ladies of this nationality, but kimonas, fans and umbrellas did their best to atone for this slight deficiency. You can imagine how ceremoniously we ushered in our guests beneath those umbrellas and with what ardor we batted paper balls, gestured frantically at our opposite neighbors or appalled some poor victim into bewildered shrieks of gasping silence by the awful declaration, "C 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10." In a few days we are going to drop geometry and chemistry and take up algebra and physics instead.



I think I can say the minerals backwards in my sleep. I know that the second mineral in the fourth row has a finely crystalline structure and is hematite. But I must go and paint a landscape. Wouldn't you like to see it?

MARCH 28, 1904.

Dear Uncle Sam :—

Just a short letter this time. We are struggling with seedlings that either won't grow right or else grow too much before we are ready to use them. Otherwise we are well and happy. We have had significant figures which are far worse than measles, but are safely over them.

The work is very hard at present, but June and vacation will soon be here.

One of the girls of the class passed away a few weeks ago. She was a very quiet, pleasant girl. We all miss her.

As soon as it grows warm and pleasant I suppose we shall have some picnics and other good times. When I see you in June I shall have so much to tell you of what "the girls" did at school that you will beg for mercy. Until then, goodby.

Your loving niece,

Basket Ball.

MISS M. ALICE WARREN, Manager.

Team of '04.

MAY J. BARRY, Captain.

FORWARDS.

Bertha E. Pringle,
Grace A. Turbett,
Nettie I. Haff.

GUARDS.

Mary M. Callahan,
Marjorie H. Lenox,
Mary B. McDonough.

CENTERS.

Mary A. Finn,
Henrietta McConnell,
May J. Barry.

Team of '05.

DORRICE DOWNING, Captain.

FORWARDS.

Gladys C. Davis,
Nellie M. Quinn,
Florence E. Tadgell.

GUARDS.

Elizabeth E. Whitcomb,
Katharine M. Clarke,
May A. Arnold.

CENTERS.

Ethel S. Swett,
Margaret McCullough,
Dorrice Downing.



Now that woman's sphere of usefulness is constantly widening, and all fields of labor are opening their gates to her, she needs more than ever the physical strength to meet these ever-increasing demands, and not only does she need a strong physique, but physical and moral courage as well. Games are invaluable for women in that they bring out, as nothing else can, just these elements that women find necessary in their enlarged field of activities, and basket ball is the game above all others, that has proved of the greatest value to them.

It was a happy invention, this basket ball. It lends itself to the routine gymnasium work, develops physical and moral courage, self-reliance and self-control and the ability to meet success and defeat with dignity. Such, at least, are some of the results obtained at our school where basket ball is made a game of sterling qualities. Formerly the pupils had no such recreation, for in the old Normal School there was no gymnasium to afford opportunity. In the present school, however, every possible means of improvement was found. And with improvement came advancement. The game of basket ball was introduced into the school a few years after it was devised. It secured a strong hold at once and ever since interest and enthusiasm have never been lacking. It made a place for itself. About 1900, basket ball was at its height. The school had two excellent teams whose playing was exceedingly clever.

Three forwards, three guards and three centers, compose a team. With this number on each side a pretty game can be played with little or no fatigue. Those who play love sport for sport's sake, and the spirit of

competition, so deeply rooted in the average American, does not enter in to sacrifice the healthful and recreative side of our pastime. We do not play merely to win, hence there is none of the usual resulting roughness. We do not play with outside teams for many reasons, principally for lack of time.

The devotees of the game assemble in the gymnasium every Saturday afternoon, where, under the guidance of their faithful director, they throw themselves, heart and soul, into the work. The enjoyment and happiness of the time thus spent will always be such as to insure the popularity of the game.

Then there comes a day, a red-letter day in the history of the school year, when Seniors and Juniors are matched for a public game. On every available place in rooms, corridors and gymnasium, the colors of the teams are seen flying; yells and songs are prepared, and individuals distinguish themselves only secondarily in their endeavors for good scientific team work. And all this just for a good time!

M. J. B.



Class Gifts.

There is a pathetic phase to a graduation day, even to us who, through our endless trials, have looked upon it as a gala day of life. It is a bit gloomy to think that we, who through the first year of our existence within these walls, were the very embodiment of humility, and in the last year the very acme of perfection, are soon to be a thing of the past, remembered only in the printers' type.

Sisters and brother, can you believe that ere the sun rises due east again we shall have been recorded as the "Class of 1904" just as the scientist classifies his species with regard to the number of legs or the presence or absence of a backbone? Rather a gloomy thought to us who have deemed ourselves the honey to the bee! The same bell is to call others to duty and our chairs will be filled with newcomers who know naught of the reverence they owe each hallowed spot.

Can we not find something to leave as a memorial, something that will tell those who pass through these halls, of the glory that was once here?

Records show that it has been the custom to leave some work of art as an emblem of gratitude and as a memorial of trials and triumphs. The rooms appear as ancient cemeteries as we walk around and examine each tombstone showing the early history of those veterans. They have left these halls and are now

recorded as "married, deceased or still teaching." We examine each hall carefully and congratulate our early friends for their selections.

The first to feel the pangs which stir our bosoms was the class of 1857, and it responded to this call by presenting its appropriate token. This was followed by many others, for each succeeding class has paid its respects with a well-chosen gift.

And now our turn has come. Friends of 1904, what are we to leave? Will our gifts serve their two-fold missions, namely, adornment and utility, as we desire? Will the critics weave the story of our lives from seeing the picture of the Alhambra? They must understand that we, like Irving, found wondrous tales in the mighty structure. The picture of the Alcazar shows that we understand beauty, and the picture of Corot's "The Lake" explains that we abide in hope.

E. M. M.

A Fantasy.



R. Hall was smiling. Mr. Hall was always smiling. He smiled when he came in. He smiled when he went out. He smiled when business was brisk. He smiled when business was slow, for there was always a tomorrow. Today Mr. Hall had a special occasion for smiling. The doughnuts, yesterday's, today's and those intended for tomorrow were all gone. Still the crowd clamored for more. There were no more, but Mr. Hall was smiling.

On that very day there appeared several notices upon the bulletin boards. One hinted that the noise indulged in in the lunch room was unnecessary. The other requested the attendance of the members of the school at a mass meeting. "The Lunch Problem is to be discussed and acted upon."

At three o'clock the meeting was held. I have not the vocabulary with which to describe the meeting of more than two hundred thirty quiet, taciturn young ladies, and two loquacious young men. It is something better imagined than described. It is enough to say that the assembly listened and talked by turns. President Callahan wielded what stood for the gavel (a pencil), and held the meeting "well in hand." I can only hint at the enthusiastic and eloquent orations delivered. Even Miss Lewis cleared her throat and voiced opinion emphatically. Something was suggested. Something was seconded. Something was carried. Secrecy being enjoined, the meeting adjourned.

Noon of the next day found the sun smiling condescendingly from its high position in the heavens. The school building was bathed without and within by a smile. Indeed it seemed to indulge in one of its attractive, illusive smiles. It seemed to be filled with life, so much so that some noise of laughter and jollity escaped through doors and windows. The students were racing down stairs.

Mr. Hall was smiling. Mrs. Hall was smiling. Helen Hall was

smiling. The students said not a word. They were busy with packages of wholesome home-made lunches. Soon "Quaker Oats," "Force," "Grapenuts," bottles of milk, coffee, cocoa and weak tea were in evidence.

"May I borrow a spoon?" asked President Callahan.

Mr. Hall was solemn. Mrs. Hall was solemn. Helen Hall was at the ice chest.



"What does this mean?" gasped Mr. Hall.

President Callahan turned her head and waved her hand majestically.

"Let our nightingales burst forth," she commanded.

Up rose and forth skipped Messrs. Lourie and Sheehan. They bowed to the President. They bowed to the ladies present. They bowed to Mr. Hall, to Mrs. Hall and to Helen Hall. They rendered the following call on the brave and the fair with fine effect.

"Sign the pledge, sign the pledge,
Sign it, sons and daughters,
Renounce the lunch, the deadly lunch,
The lunch of the down-stair quarters.

"Eat the food, eat the food,
The food your mothers give you ;
Your health and wealth it will not impair,
And perhaps it will even save you.

CHORUS.

"The home-made lunch,
The home-made lunch,
That is the lunch for me,
The home-made lunch,
The home-made lunch,
That is the lunch for me."

Amid the thunderous applause of the listening multitude the nightingales subsided.

Mr. Hall opened his mouth.



“What is the matter?” said Mrs. Hall.

“Let our Herald, herald!” answered President Callahan.

Up rose and forth stepped Secretary Rowe. Her gait was graceful. She carried her head high. She approached the lunch counter. Mr. Hall withdrew. Mrs. Hall withdrew. Helen Hall was withdrawn. Miss Rowe smiled. She raised her voice in the most approved style.

“Hear ye, hear ye,” she said. “Know ye all that we the class of naughty four do declare that unless Mr. Hall, Mrs. Hall and Helen Hall do observe these, our observations, we shall abstain from what is catalogued as a wholesome substitute for a home-made lunch.

“Observation I. The elimination of screams, yells, pushes, and other indications of good appetite and high breeding is demanded.

“Observation II. We hold the lunch counter as one of the few places on this earth, where the high and the low are on equal footing. Therefore be ye circumspect in picking favorites.

“Observation III. The last shall be first and the first shall be last. Therefore be ye careful whom and when ye serve.

“Observation IV. Haste makes waste. Therefore be ye as slow as the tortoise.

“It is ordained by the President that Mr. Hall give his answer immediately.”

Miss Rowe ceased.

Mr. Hall was puzzled and looked at Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Hall was puzzled and looked at Mr. Hall. Helen Hall was at the ice-chest. The situation was evidently serious.

“Your answer!” said President Callahan.

Now Mr. Hall was an industrious reader of “Puck,” “Judge,”

“Punch” and sundry other mirth-provoking periodicals. An idea flashed through him. He turned his back on the assembly. He walked up to the blackboard. He inscribed this legend :

“3 ice creams for 10c.”

Three ice creams for ten cents! A sigh of surprise and longing arose from the students. There was an intense silence. Then the storm broke out. There was a mighty noise, a noise of rustling skirts, a noise of rushing and struggling. Screams pierced the air. “Ice cream!” “Ice cream!” was heard from all quarters.

The first to be served was President Callahan.

A. C. L.

3 for 10¢



Stories of the Artichoke.

So yer want a story do yer? How would ye like ter hear some 'bout the Artichoke? Where is it? It's on the left bank o' the Merrimac, the bound'ry line fer N'buryport an' Wes' Newbury, 'bout two mile up from Amesbury Ferry, an' opposite Pleasant Valley. (Anybody ought ter know where 'tis after that). The Indians called it "Artichoke" 'cause they us'ter dig so many wild artichokes out o' the bank. You don' know what Artichokes are? Wall! Wall! They look like little new pertaters, yer git 'em in the spring o' the year—yer eat 'em raw, some wash 'em and some don't. The old folks, like my father, ye know, called this river *Mill River*.

There was, is now fer that matter, a dam built acrost to keep the water back, so's they could run the wheel in the old mill that ground the corn inter yaller meal, that my mother us' ter make inter hasty puddin' an' bannock. Now this yer dam is a good deal different from most dams you've ever seen—fer when the tide in the Merrimac rises up 'bove the level o' the water in the Artichoke, the force of the water from the Merrimac will open th' gates of the dam. See? This is where the "Pointers" come—I mean by them the folks that live down on the shores of Salisbury Point. They come up here in their bo'ts—and th' minute th' tide gits high 'nough ter open th' gates—away they go up the river. But the pore ole souls that git there a leetle too late—fer there always is some that gits there too late yer know, jest like anythin' else—there is two chances fer them. First is: out of the bo't, drag her over the ro'd, and launch her in the other side o' the dam. Next is, if yer happen to have yer best girl with ye, an' she's got the nerve, and ain't got her best boots on, an' dares stan' on a six-inch rail, with the water runnin' over it—then you stan' on one side, and put her on t'other and call out "All tergether!" Over she goes and once more yer float.

There's no place under the blue sky so beautiful as that river, 'tis so

peaceful an' still, an' every tree on the bank shows up jest as perfect in the water! There ain't no place on earth that can beat that little river. If I was a poet, I could tell yer 'bout it better maybe, but I aint. Didn't I ever tell yer 'bout the picture a man painted o' that river? Wall, that's a good yarn.

I was a comin' down the Artichoke one day in October. I'd been up after ducks but hadn't had much luck, and I was sittin' back nice an' comfortable in my ole gunnin' flo't, jest enjoyin' the beauty lyin' all round me. I never see anythin' so lovely, nor a picture half as handsome in all my life. That river was something beautiful, every leaf and twig was quiet, and showed two, one on the tree, t'other in the water. The autumn leaves was in a blaze of glory—that sounds kinder poetical, don't it? There was one tree that was splendid, every leaf was red or crimson, and the reflection in the water, wall, I never see anythin' in my life that looked as fine as that did. Side of it in the water was a big chimney; that was all yer could see, just the chimney, the house was up on the hill, an' the trees hid it. But that big, old-fashioned chimney stretched acrost the river, and, honestly, I hated to spile it by goin' over it with my ol' flo't. Jest as I got round the bend I heard a man call out in kind of a squeaky voice, "Oh, mister, can yer stop jest five or ten minutes? If yer can, I can make one o' the purtiest pictures you ever see." Wall, I was certainly willin' ter stop half an hour to make "one o' the purtiest pictures I ever saw." The man said his picture would be perfect if he had some "life" in it and that I came 'long jest in time. I waited an' he painted like mad on th' bank. I wa'n't in any hurry so I tol' him ter take all the time he wanted, so he kinder eased up a bit. When he got through I says ter myself, "Guess I'll take a look at that picture." Wall, he was certainly a good artist, fer there was the river jest as natural as could be, an' my ol' gunnin' flo't and me, too. I says ter him, "Young feller, that's a purty good-lookin picture, best I ever see, but it don't half come up to nature!" When I see he was goin' ter thank me, I got back inter my flo't and paddled on.

Wall, I most forgot 'bout this, till one day I was lookin' at a Boston paper, an what did I see but a picture called "Autumn View on the Artichoke" had been sold for \$150—an' it went on an' described the

very picture that that there artist chap painted. I thought ter myself, when I see the price he got fer his picture, if that man had any honesty in him, or could appreciate a good thing, he ought ter send me some of that money fer my addition ter his picture, and I says, "If I'm wuth that much on canvas, what must I be wuth afloat?"

One day that same fall I was up there. I took the full tide ter go up. Don't yer know what that means? Wall, when the moon fulls, the tide is a good deal higher, an' the higher the tide the better we go through th' gates. See? After pullin' through, there is a certain little "cut off" that yer always leave to yer partner to say what yer will do—take the "cut off" goin' up an' th' bend comin' back, or t'other way roun', th' bend goin' up an' the "cut-off" comin' back. This "cut off" business is a good deal like the man that went ter the Beach years ago. He, bein' a stranger, asked one o' the natives the way to git to Salisbury Beach. He says, "The best way is this,—if ye take th' plank ro'd ye'll wish ye'd taken th' ol' ro'd, and if we take the ol' ro'd, yer'll wish yer'd taken th' plank ro'd."

This time I took the "cut-off" an' jest as soon as I got through, I stopped an' looked an' looked. There ahead of me was a great, red mass of cardinal flowers, the most beautiful wild flowers that grow. I gathered a big bunch of 'em, put some pepper-grass with 'em an' took 'em down ter Deer Island, ter Harriet Prescott Spofford—you've heard of her, course. When I give 'em ter her, she exclaimed, "Oh, the cardinal flower! the handsomest flower that God ever put into this world." Wall, I've forgotten jest how she said it, but that's what she meant.

Comin' up 'round second bend, I saw a lot of pads, so I thought I'd go up an' see if I could find a lily, fer all 'twas so late. But I did, I found three, an' they was fairer than any flower that ever bloomed in the garden of Eden.

Fishin' on this river is great, 'specially pickerel fishin'. I met a friend o' mine, Capt. Morrill, up there one day, when I was fishin', and he give me the hail, "How yer doin'?" "Doin'?" I said, "why we was never doin' any better, fishin' all the mornin' an' ain't had a bite, but we expect one every minute."

That reminds me of one day I was comin' up Ipswich River in my flo't,

'bout half-way up from Swallow Banks ter Stone Bridge. They call this place "Swallow Banks" cause lots o' swallows uster build their homes in the bank. Right along there is a long stretch o' meader that looks as if 'twould be a dandy place fer shore birds—plover, an' snipe, an' yaller-legs, ye know—but no one ever saw one stop there. I don't know why, but the birds think it is a God-forsaken country. As I was comin' up there, I met two sporty-looking chaps—they were all togged out, shootin' jacket an' a dog apiece; they looked as if they had just rolled out of some gunner's bazaar—what would a gunner's bazaar be like? Don't think I ever heard of one—wall, anyway, they looked purty nice. When they caught sight of me, one of 'em hailed me: "Mister, is this a good place for huntin'?" I called back, "Never was better." The chap says ter his friend, "There, Bill, what did I tell yer?" an' then hollers ter me, "What for?" an' I hollered back, "Why yer can *hunt* all day an' ye won't find anything." That's why they could "hunt." See?

Ain't it 'bout time fer us ter be pullin' fer home? The sun's bout ready ter drop down behind them hills. So yer liked my story? No, don't thank me, I'm glad yer did, an' next fall, when the leaves are turnin', Ill take yer up ter th' Artichoke, an' yer can see th' country fer yerself.

C. C. W.

“Quot Homines, tot Sententiae.”

Within the last few years, a theory has come into prominence which bids fair to influence profoundly people of the scientific class; namely, that advanced by Darwin in 1859 and aggressively promulgated by Huxley—the Theory of Evolution. While there are an increasing number of people in the civilized world who can never accept this theory, finding it incompatible with teachings more firmly established, there are, nevertheless, some learned and thoughtful persons who hold to Darwin's principles very sincerely, and a still larger number who accept them passively. There are others who endeavor in a spirit of laudable meekness to effect a compromise. It is this latter class which is in danger of finding itself in the position of *Æsop's* bat—neither bird nor beast. Since it is an established fact that the opinions of men have been at variance from time immemorial, and that those opinions are to be respected of all men, it is not purposed in this article to condemn hastily the judgment of famous scientists. However, it seems necessary that we who say we do not accept Darwin's theory in its entirety should state the reasons for our difference of opinion. We who do not accept the scientist's arguments do not say that his reasoning is illogical. On the contrary we admit it to be most excellent but for one detail. The detail in question is this—the premises are fallacious.

Darwin claims that man, in common with all the members of the animal kingdom, has evolved through countless ages from a unicellular form of life, without soul, and, indeed, without even a material brain. We who presume to contradict this theory claim that man is a separate creation. For proof of this we offer, (1) our absolute and individual knowledge that man has a soul, a thing separate and distinct from brute intelligence, and (2) the testimony of the great minds of all the ages as contained in a book which has stood the test of four thousand years, the Bible. Furthermore, aside from the testimony of men, we

offer a theory of the Origin of Man in opposition to Darwin's Theory, which is quite as probable and more logical—there being no breaks in the chain of evidence.

Because of the many differing opinions of men in regard to matters religious, it is wiser for us to neglect the testimony of the Bible in this discussion and to confine ourselves to those points which appeal to the reason alone. In this connection two questions may be asked of the Evolutionist: 1. If man has evolved from a unicellular form of life, what is the origin of that form itself? 2. If the ape, considered as the link between the lower forms and man, has no soul (i. e. intellect) as even scientists admit, where did the soul which we know to be existent in man originate? In this discussion we use the word soul as synonymous with the word intellect, meaning that intellect which is the cause of civilization. In answer to our first question, even the most rabid followers of Huxley admit that a superior power must exist which created protoplasm. If we are so magnanimous as to admit that this power can create an amoeba, can it not create at the same time fishes, felines, birds, apes, and man?

The capability of some power to create man, as separate from the brutes, is, we may say, admitted. But the question further is—*Was* man created or *has* he evolved?

Let us consider the relation of man to the brutes. Physically, man is, indeed, a finely constructed animal. True, that "missing link" for which scientists have been lying in wait for some years has not been found. But we may even concede that a monkey-man *may* exist without endangering our case. But let us compare man with animals, from a mental and moral standpoint as well as physical. There are many scientists, devoutly holding the Theory of Evolution, who are engaged in constant wrangling as to whether animals reason. If we were Evolutionists, we should admit at once that all animals must reason, in an imperfect way, or we should find ourselves inconsistent. Man, undoubtedly reasons. There is doubt as to whether animals reason or not. Where, then, in the process of Evolution did this mental growth begin? The brain, with its power of memory and sense perception is found in animals far down in the scale, but the higher faculty of reason seems lacking. It seems, probable, therefore, that man, created physically

perfect, was created also with those higher powers which we find existent in him and lacking in the lower animals. It is possible that man's body was created as it is now. It is very probable that his mental powers were given him at that time. It is absolutely certain that man's powers of moral discernment belong to no other creature. There is no class of animal possessing the high qualities of mercy, forbearance. There is no class of animal that exhibits self-control when the passions, such as anger, are aroused. Among animals, the law of "The survival of the fittest" undoubtedly holds good. Among men, it is universally acknowledged that there are higher laws than this. Even if one believes that man's physical form developed from some animal, one finds that many psychological things are unaccounted for. Man cannot have developed mind and soul from creatures possessing limited brain-power and *no* soul.

We find, therefore, that we must formulate some other theory of the Origin of Man; and we can find no better than the old story, so long credited, that man was made a distinct creation, being given a soul, in itself a spark of that divine creative power, concerning the exact nature of which men have questioned for centuries. In no other way can we account for man's power to overcome evil and attain the highest good, as some have done. Surely, Plato's remote ancestors were not a variety of monkey. Both Caesar's power of mind and action and Saint Paul's clear-voiced thought are derived from something infinitely higher than the blind gropings of a brute intelligence. We may not credit the exact account found in Genesis, as to the creation of man, but we cannot fail to give ear to the story as we find it in the annals of every primitive people. Races far apart as the poles, geographically, have repeated the same legend. In old times, the Jews, the most moral people of antiquity, held it as their first principle; the Greeks, philosophers never surpassed, credited it; and in later days, the Church, which even our most self-sufficient scientists and students admit has brought civilization out of barbarism, still teaches that man is originally of God, thus holding out a glorious hope that even the most degraded may, in due time, attain their lost perfection. Such concurrence of testimony as this is surely of greater worth than the testimony of a theory so imperfectly founded as the Theory of Evolution,

which offers no hope, but which would make us plastic in the hands of fate. Through all ages men have sought Truth. Darwin and Huxley have expressed that which they thought to be the truth. We admit their sincerity, their learning, their almost-convincing argument. But we are forced to deny their assertions, having for our defence a surer Belief, which more nearly satisfies Reason and in addition gives us opportunity for the higher Evolution—that of the soul. E. L. S.

The Abstract Cat Tale.

I.

'Tis I that am so much abused,—
I, the abstract cat,
For when I patter on my pads,
O'er nerve paths clogged with gen'ral fads
I'm met with concrete complements
Of how I look, of acts, and whence
My abstract family and spats
That burn in hearts of abstract cats.

II.

'Tis I who stand a martyr here —
I, the abstract cat,
For I would wish for harmony
To aid the observation by
My heartfelt efforts and support.
Cooperation isn't sport
As preached by minds of acrobats
And practised by well-meaning cats.

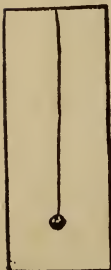
III.

'Tis I who crept out from a bag
I, the abstract cat (?)
And wander through the thoughtful throng
And sing my abstract minor song,—
Recalling personal things they said,
The rude and pointed things they did
That call for concrete treatment at
The paws of me, your concrete cat.

Excelsior.



The sands of time were falling fast
 As through an empty class-room passed
 A youth who bore on face and dress
 A look that could not but express—
 Just up from the Gym.



His brow was sad ; his eye of gloom
 Flashed anxious glances round the room ;
 While, like a silver clarion cries
 The bell to close the exercise—
 Just up from the Gym.



“ Oh, look ! ” the maiden said, “ and you
 Will see a sorry sight to view.”
 A tear stood in his dark brown eye
 But still he answered with a sigh
 “ Just up from the Gym.”



As all had through the doorway passed
 The patient Lady spoke, at last,
 And gave the oft-repeated prayer
 For weary ones to come with care
 Just up from the Gym.



A struggling band of pilgrims, tried
 By thirst and clothing, then replied,—
 As if to cover all their crime,
 And give account for loss of time,
 “ Just up from the Gym.”



A Few Remarks on Evolution.

As our understanding and reasoning powers develop we are more and more inclined to search for and demand reasons for existing conditions. Especially is this true regarding the origin of man. We question the traditions of the Bible and we doubt that all things were created at one time. We see and recognize more clearly the relationship between all things. We study the continual changes in phenomena, their causes and effects, and in studying causes and effects we arrive at the conclusion that the present is but the result of the past and that on the present and past depends the future.

Two theories attempt to answer the question of man's origin, the theory of creation and the theory of evolution, the former being chiefly supported by theologians, while the latter is championed by the world of science. Both theories agree in one point, namely, that there is an infinite power which creates life; but while upholders of the creation theory believe that man had a special creation, evolutionists claim that man was evolved after countless ages, from the animal life already in existence. So profound an impression have the arguments of such men as Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Romanes made in the world and so convincing have they been, that many famous theologians, recognizing the conclusive proofs offered, have attempted to reconcile that theory with the traditions of the Bible.

It is now universally believed that the cell is the unit of life and is made up principally of protoplasm or living substance. The very simplest cells show a slight approach to dissimilarity of parts, since enclosed in the protoplasm is a darker, denser portion called the nucleus, the principal point of activity. The advancement from the amoeba to the paramoecium is shown by the appearance in the latter of a distinct mouth and of cilia which enable it to swim about. The vorticella reproduces not only by simple cell division but also by conjugation, thus giving the first hint of sexual reproduction. Sponges show multiplicity

and differentiation of cells and later the polyps are found showing the two primary cell layers arranged in outer and inner walls. Finally the hydra, the first animal to show the three primary layers, appears. It is sufficient to state that these layers are exactly the same as those found in the development of the human germ and that the outer layer of cells gives rise to the skin, nervous system and organs of sense, the inner layers to the intestinal canal and appendages, and the middle layer to the general skeleton, the heart, muscles, and other important organs. Admitting that man developed from the simple cell, how does it happen that cells differentiate and that animals differ so greatly? In the first place, animals have gradually evolved from the cells, differing from each other because of their adaptations to their environment. Heredity repeats these differences and these changes may then serve as the basis for further variations in future generations.

Let us now consider briefly the embryological proofs of evolution. From the beginning of the nineteenth century it has been known that higher animals pass through stages in development which correspond to the permanent form of lower animals. If this be true of the higher animals, it must be true of man. The embryo of man is in its earliest form a simple cell. At first the heart of man is two-chambered, as in the fish, then it becomes three-chambered as in the reptile, and finally the permanent four-chambered organ is developed. In the embryo of man there are indications of gill slits upon the sides of the neck, some what similar to those of the frog. Later, however, the gill slits close up, except the first one which continues as the Eustachian tube. After a time distinct mammalian features appear and the embryo of man resembles very closely that of a dog. Later this resemblance ceases and the embryo appears more nearly like that of a monkey. At one stage there is a true tail extending beyond the legs, and the great toe, instead of being parallel to and slightly longer than the other toes, is shorter and extends at right angles to the axis of the foot as it does in the foot of the ape. Later on in the development the embryo loses the above resemblances to the ape and develops the characteristics peculiar to man. We have now traced the development of the human germ, noticing its relationship to the lower forms.

The fact that man has in his body about seventy organs whose uses

are unknown may be used as part of the proof of evolution. There is the Eustachian tube which has already been mentioned. There are the three, four, and sometimes five vertebræ forming the coccyx or the rudimentary tail. Nothing but the theory of evolution can account for the hair found on man. Perhaps the most familiar of the useless organs is the vermiform appendix. In some of the lower animals this organ is very large and is used in digestion, but in man it is not only useless but often proves a very menace to his life.

The attempt to classify animals has resulted in another argument for the theory of evolution. It has been exceedingly difficult to classify organisms into species, orders and families, because organisms are so closely connected with each other. The tree-like classification used by Lamarck is now believed to have solved the difficulty and is evidence that organisms have descended in divergent lines from some common ancestor.

Hitherto we have considered the physical evolution of man; let us now consider the development of his mind. The power to respond to external stimuli is irritability, an attribute of all living things. Variations occur as results of the method and degree of the response to stimuli. There can be no motion unless there be also a response to the nervous cells. The mind or consciousness of man is but the outgrowth of the irritability of the lower animals, through a series of successive differentiations. Man's mental ability and man's physical organs have come from the same source. Romanes and Lubbock have given us many interesting and convincing proofs that animals reason. There is nothing in man besides his power of articulation and his spiritual nature which we cannot find in a less developed form in animals.

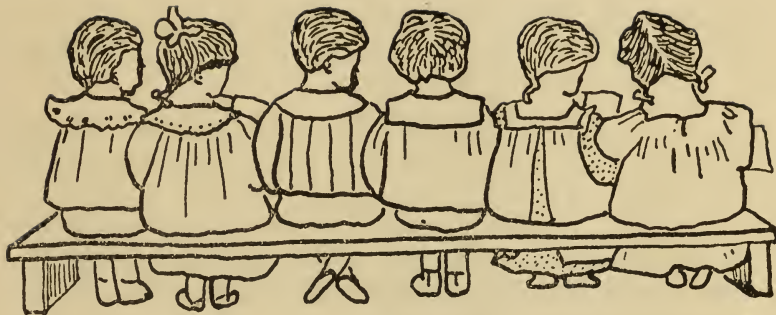
The proofs, so far, have been those presented by Biology. It remains now to be seen what Geology has to offer. We know that stratified rocks have been laid down as deposits at the bottom of bodies of water. The objects found between the layers must therefore be of the same age as the deposits, while of the two layers the lower is the older. By studying these rocks and the fossil remains found in them we can trace the main features of the life of the previous world. The series of life as shown by the rocks is not continuous throughout, since there are many forms of life which do not possess the bony structure necessary

for fossilization. So far, however, as the geological record goes, it agrees entirely with the theory of evolution. Not only are we able to trace the various species, but we are able even to trace the entire life history of the horse, the rhinoceros, the crocodile, and many other animals. While the proofs offered by Geology are not complete, yet in the last twenty years traces have been found of innumerable unknown types of animals which have existed in the past ages. It is worth while noting that not one of these forms opposes the theory of evolution. In fact, they really emphasize the truths of that theory.

Our studies in Botany, Zoology and Geology should have shown us that the progress has been along certain useful and beneficial lines, that the useless forms of life have had to give way to the useful ones, which are constantly changing and improving. It is not difficult for us to imagine that there has been a wonderful and powerful force which has controlled and directed the various changes. The theory of evolution, far from making us disbelieve in a Divine Power, only strengthens our belief in a Deity and gives us wonderful promise that in the future, man's life will be far brighter and life itself be far better worth living than even now.

D. L. L.





UP FROM THE MODEL SCHOOL

These answers, definitions and “unique” sayings have been heard among the children this year. They will doubtless recall many things to us who have worked in the Model School.

“The crab has a soft shell and it sheds its shell every year. When the crab sheds its shell it goes behind a rock so none of the insects won’t see him.”

Definition of a wizard: “A wizard is a witch that was a man.”

“Why do soldiers carry quinine when out camping?”

“Because the soldiers have only one suit of clothes.”

Teacher—“Explain the word *Expand* by using some illustration.”

Sarah (who is large for her years)—“Once I was a baby, but see now I have expanded.”

The problem was to select from two given lists words which might be combined to form compound words in common use. The compounds thus formed were to be used in sentences. Answer: “A worm-eaten text-book lay in the glass-eyed doll’s lap.”

Teacher—"Use word *disfiguring* in a sentence."

Pupil (who dimly associates the word with figures)—"That disfiguring on the board is meant to be arithmetic."

Definition of malaria: "A little thing, called a microbe; flies into your blood and then it splits up and the next day it splits up and one day you are sick and one day you are well."

"What prevented Europeans from passing through the Black Sea and made it necessary to find a new route to India?"

"The turkeys stopped up the strait."

Parts of the verb be: "Present—be; past—better."

Quotation from the Idylls of the King:

"From out the silken curtain-folds
Barefooted and bare-headed three fair girls
In gilt and rosy 'remnants' came."

(Raiments)

"What made the spirits of Columbus' crew rise again?"

"A heron and a duck."

"Celia Thaxter's father was a light house-keeper."

"Where is your book, John?"

"I am at home reading it."

"What difference would it have made if the Green Mountain boys had been defeated at the Battle of Bennington?"

"Molly Stark would have been a widow."

"Name some reason why Arnold betrayed his country."

"He got married and needed the money."

Teacher—"Give a sentence using the word bisected."

Pupil—"The little girl was bisected in the hospital."

A description of a church was asked for.

"As you go in the altar is facing you and there comes over you a sinful feeling."

“ A magnet has the power to attract the attention of iron.”

The lesson is in paragraph 6-15 *exclusive*.

A martyr is a man who is punished for doing right.

The word “ stalking ” occurred in the reading and the teacher asked,
“ What does stalking mean? ”

Pupil—“ I know but I can't tell.”

Teacher—“ Can you give me a sentence using the word? ”

Pupil—“ Yes. Don't put any stock in me.”

Who?

I.

Who is it that winds up the clock?
Who keeps us so warm thro' the cold?
Who gives us fresh air for the old?
Who?—Mr. Webb.

II.

Who is it that's here at day-break?
Who lets unobstructed light pass
Through the shine of the sheets of plate glass?
Who?—Charles.

III.

Who is it that cleanliness shows?
Who dusts all the microbes away?
Who gives us clean towels each day?
Who?—Hattie.

IV.

Who is it that generates heat?
Who keeps the green grass at its best?
Who clears away scraps from the West?
Who?—Mr. Walden.

Billy's Helpfulness.

It was Friday, and a rainy Friday at that! It had rained steadily all the day before, and now, Friday, it was raining again! The children of the fourth grade were in perfect sympathy with the weather. Only one face smiled back at the teacher's "Good morning," and that was Billy's. Yes, out of that whole class Billy alone remained unaffected by his environment. Something must be done and the teacher realized that that something must, like Billy, contrast with the weather. They always had music first, so why not sing something cheerful and gay? Surely that would rouse the class. And was not their new song, the one they learned yesterday, the very thing? It seemed so to the teacher. It was about "lovely spring" and if it was not lovely out-of-doors—never mind—it was spring just the same, so she said:

"Children, let us sit up straight and sing our new song, 'Come, oh come, dear maiden spring.'"

The children sang it, that was all. Considering the day and the weather, that was all that might reasonably be expected. The teacher thought she would try a different plan. The children usually liked to come before the class and sing their new songs. Why not try this now?

"Children, who would like to sing before the class?" Not a hand was raised.

"Come, children, why *don't* you raise your hands?"

At this appeal up went two or three hands and among them, Billy's. To tell the truth, Billy did not know why he was raising his hand. Throwing paper balls at the head of the boy two seats in front of him was, of course, much more important than listening to what the teacher might be saying. Just as he had accomplished this praiseworthy feat he heard the words,

"Why *don't* you raise your hands?"

He was conscious from the tones of his dear teacher's voice that she was becoming desperate and needed help. Why should he not help

her? All she wanted was for them to raise their hands and so—Billy helped her.

“That is better! David, Arthur, Herbert, and”—the teacher was looking for more boys to sing, “and—Billy, may come and sing for us. We’ll have a quartette, the David-Billy quartette.”

To see Billy’s hand raised, was to say the least, unusual, for Billy was generally sufficient unto himself and hardly knew what the others were doing.

From an aesthetic standpoint the singing was a failure, but for rousing the class and producing excitement it was very effective. Billy marched up and took his place with the others before the class, smiling in a superior way at his less distinguished fellow-students. They would never know, they would not even suspect that he was only bluffing. When the song was started he could easily find out what it was and sing with the others. He assumed a bold front. The others began to sing. He listened for his clue, but he heard it not. Instead, as he stood there, he began to realize that he had made a terrible mistake. He did not know the song. He saw all the other children looking expectantly at him. Then he saw his teacher. She had looked so pleased when he had raised his hand, but now? How disappointed she would be! He loved his teacher so! He did so want to help her today when the other children were dull and gloomy! How mean he felt standing there! O, why had he not learned the song the day before! Why had he wasted his time in pricking the arm of the girl beside him with his pen! He knew in his secret heart that the teacher had been surprised to see his hand, but now! He looked around the room and frowned. Such a frown!

The children were taken by surprise. To see Billy’s face, usually so sunny, twisted into such a frown, was simply ludicrous. Never before had he seemed so moved. Even when his plans were baffled he had stood with undaunted courage, braving all disaster. Where was his *sang-froid* now? One of the boys in the back seats giggled. Billy turned on him a direful look such as would quell a stouter heart and which might portend a meeting in some secluded spot. To see Billy, the rogue of the school, darkly frowning at his dearest friend was too much for the rest of the class. The boy was silenced, but not

they. How they did laugh and the more Billy frowned at them the more they laughed. The other singers struggled bravely and manfully on, but what school-boy is there who can stand before a class of laughing children and not laugh also. Just what was the matter Billy did not know. He couldn't see anything to laugh at for he could not see his own frown. He looked at the teacher. Was she laughing too? She surely was. It must be funny if she was laughing. And Billy was not one to stay silent. If there was a joke why shouldn't he laugh, too?

The teacher realized that if the song was not effective in rousing the class the good laugh they were having would accomplish this end. She knew that Billy's feelings could never be hurt by having the joke on him. And Billy! He realized that his offer of help had been a miserable failure, but he did not know, nor will his teacher ever tell him, that he helped her more by that frown than if he had sung twenty songs correctly.

"For thus men do their greatest deeds without any realization of their helpfulness."

H. M. J.





Reminiscences.

“The New Mosaic” follows in the footsteps of the former “Mosaic,” so we thought it fitting to devote a part of our paper to Alumni notes. The Alumni have been most kind in furnishing material, but on account of a great lack of space we have had to cut everything down. Please excuse us.

Members of Class I feel old only when they go to Triennials and see their younger sisters. They had as hard times getting positions as we do now, on account of youth. This was the argument against one member of that class: “I tell you she is too young. I want an old teacher who won’t want to go sleighing with the boys after school.”

Class III passes along this problem propounded to them during their discussion of motion and kindred topics by the chairman of the Board of Visitors: “If an irresistible force be brought to bear upon an immovable body, what will be the result?”

Class VI will never forget the stormy accompaniment to its graduation essays. Neither will it forget gentle Abbie Ober who, patient, conscientious, well-fitted for promotion, was just one month later called up higher.

Class VIII was the first to begin a course under Prof. Crosby’s

leadership. Every year they have appreciated more his character, his learning and broad views. His was always a helping hand.

Class X. Such suppressed excitement as there was that day when on coming into the hall the members of the Senior class found on their desks a card, when, contrary to all known lotteries, blanks meant prizes and the others—!

Class XIV's recollections of S. N. S. are connected with the early days of the Civil War. They were ready to do and dare anything. As a result classes were shortened, sewing machines were brought in and the girls delved and toiled making shirts—how successfully we do not know, but we do know that the boys wore them as they paraded in front of the school and serenaded the girls as they left for the seat of war.

Class XXV. How do we stand with our Bond—particularly its closing phrase?

Class L. A real, live princess deigned to visit Class L, Princess Koltzoff Massalsky, "Dora d'Istria." What a plain, unassuming little lady the real princess was! Not even clad in royal purple and ermine! Just an earnest, warm-hearted woman somewhat of the type of Queen Victoria.

Class LI. The class of June, 1881, instead of contributing to the decorations of the building, fired with missionary spirit, sent their class gift to aid the struggling students in the South, for they were confident that the good State of Massachusetts would always minister to the needs of its students.

Class LVIII. Can you not see Prof. Hagar, as we gave such an excited account of our adventure on the train, smile his dry little smile and remark quietly, "Did it hurt the cow any?"

Class LXI. A member of this class gave away in a most poetic effusion, the whole story of your little escapade riding on an engine after you had visited "the biggest ship that was ever in Salem harbor." Do you remember her and her poem?

Class LXVI. Arithmetic and Chemistry. 'Twas when Mr. Adams first came here to teach and his class once pleaded failure on account of too many lessons. He thought if his pupils couldn't give one-fifth of

their study to chemistry surely they might give one-fourth or one-third. Why not one-half?

Class LXXXII, the smallest entering class in the history of the school, the last class which entered the middle of the year and the first class to graduate from the new building. The last fact is the one upon which this class rests its claim to distinction.

Class LXXXVI.

“ 'Tis well, 'tis well, yes Low(w)ell,
As into the basket we sa(i)l 'em, Sa(i)l 'em.”

This yell led 'oo to victory in basket ball.

Class LXXXVII. “The boats from the ‘Topsfield Navy Yard’ sail through Hoosac Tunnel.” (?)

Class LXXXIX. The first class to have three-minute talks. How much they enjoyed them!



Class Song, 1904.



Fresh in her youth blooms a young rose so tender,
Smiling with soft rosy light;
Bidding farewell to the bud she is leaving,—
Her future is hopeful and bright.

Gladly she sings as she looks to the morrow,
Laden with promises fair;
Hoping to prove all the worth of the lessons,
Learned through the bud's loving care.

Thankful's her song for the bud's loving shelter;
Sad, for the theme is "farewell";
Hopeful, since youth's rosy joy is her portion;
Praises and love doth it tell.

Ne'er will the rosebud forget the fair hours
Spent in the home of her youth;
E'er will its influence breathe with sweet fragrance—
Loyalty, Helpfulness, Truth.

M. A. M.

Specimens.

(Each specimen is thoroughly dressed.)

Their wisdom—an A in their aims.

Their folly—a D in their desks.

A rare case in the first section shows no evil effects from alcoholic drinks.

Several parts of speech in the second section labelled “jokes” owing to the limitations of the specimens have been disposed of.

The May Queen, outside of the case, is what she is because of her past experiences, is she not?

The chair and its contents, near the third section, are *two*—science is debating what *one* is and what is the length of the rope wound around the contents of the chair.

A “regular fight” and “an aching void” have been preserved and are placed on the shelf in section one.



SECTION II.

9.30—12.30	Sleep
12.30—1.30	Meals
1.30—2.10	Recreation
2.10—3.00	Rest

Admission free except on Tuesdays.

From 9.20 until 3.00 the sections in the building are supplied occasionally with living specimens. The red notice on the second division is subject to change without notice.

The report from the Arctic explorers will be ready on June 23. The result of the investigations as to day and night and as to the kind of bark used for building purposes will also be handed in. At the same time reports upon the sphericity of the earth will be given, illustrated by pictures of Italy.

In the third section is the gun used by Lars Porsena in shooting Horatius at the Bridge.

With the aid of powerful lenses, the earth's shadow was made obvious on May the sixth. It is now placed in the case after 7 P. M., and removed at 4 A. M.

The Personality of the Digits.

ONE is quite penniless,
Lanky and cold,
A lover of loneliness
Boastful and bold.



TWO gives us pleasure
As an even measure;
Framed,—its form furls
Its Medusa-like curls.

THREE is the hypocrite
Tricky and sly,
A snare and delusion
An oddity, dry.





FOUR is the king
Triumphant and bold ;
A "square" on the whole
And good to behold.

FIVE is an odd one,
The "middleman" too,
Performing contortions,
He laughs at you.



SIX is a sickly one,
Pale, damp and gray,
Uppish, satirical,
She whines time away.

SEVEN lived in Salem
In witch days of old ;
A mystic enchantress,
Wierd and cold.



EIGHT is a "solid,"
Composite, compact,
A little too heavy,
Without much tact.

NINE's knightly by nature
Armed for a fight,
A moody old Norman,
The symbol of night.



Our Fictitious Library.

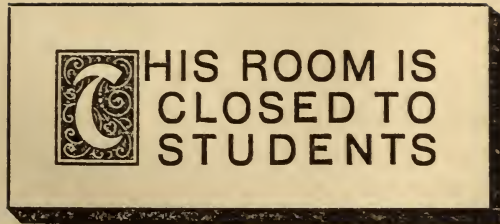
A. A. A.	An Innocent Abroad
A. M. A.	Heart of Lynn
M. J. B.	Resolution and Independence
F. L. B.	What's in a Name
R. M. B.	One of Ourselves
M. E. B.	Something Left Undone
M. C. B.	Hymns
K. F. C.	A New England Nun
M. M. C.	Her Majesty
J. W. C.	New Waggings of Old Tales
H. C. C.	The Pearl of the Realm
T. E. C.	Sister Theresa
A. V. C.	Jolly Fellowship
J. L. C.	As It Was Written
L. C.	A Mental Struggle
H. M. D.	Patience Wins
E. J. D.	Nellie's Memories
B. M. D.	One Little Maid
B. E. E.	Our Bessie
I. F. F.	The Babbling Brook
M. A. F.	The Last of the Giant-killers
E. M. F.	With the Best Intentions
E. L. F.	By Way of Explanation
S. B. F.	A Fountain Sealed
S. G.	Charming Sally
F. I. G.	An Old-Fashioned Girl
E. G.	Jeanie's Quiet Life
M. G.	The Individual
N. I. H.	A Child of Light
A. F. H.	What She Said and What She Meant

E. H. H.	Happy-Go-Lucky
M. L. H.	A Cure for the Blues
E. M. H.	The Lady's Smile
G. A. H.	Slow but Sure
F. C. J.	The World Went Very Well
H. M. J.	In the Clouds
N. A. K.	Because of Conscience
A. E. L.	Who Was My Quiet Friend?
S. E. L.	A Quiet Life
M. H. L.	Much Ado About Nothing
L. A. L.	Honest and Earnest
A. C. L.	That Boy—Who Shall Have Him?
D. L. L.	If I Were a Man
E. P. L.	The Cheerful American
M. M. M.	Twice Told Tales
W. A. M.	A Matter-of-Fact Girl
A. I. McC.	Cobwebs and Cables
H. McC.	An Open-Eyed Conspiracy
G. P. McC.	From the Ranks
R. A. McK.	A School-Girl
B. V. McK.	The Magic of a Voice
M. A. M.	The Unappreciated Shakespeare
E. M. M.	Madam How and Lady Why
G. B. M.	Faith and Faithfulness
M. L. N.	Our Mutual Friend
B. L. P.	By Still Waters
Z. P.	Fair Maid of Marblehead
A. C. P.	The Little Candle
C. M. P.	Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood
B. E. P.	From Out of the Past
L. I. P.	Deep Down
I. L. R.	A Girl of This Century
L. R.	Dotty Dimple
N. W. R.	Major and Minor
I. H. R.	Looking Around
M. S. R.	Great Expectations

H. L. R.	Short Story Writing
L. M. R.	I Say No !
M. C. S.	Forward March !
E. L. S.	Literary Sense
M. E. S.	Conquering and to Conquer
K. G. S.	Equal to the Occasion
L. F. S.	A Fair Puritan
M. G. S.	Look Before You Leap
C. A. S.	Far From the Madding Crowd
A. E. S.	The Dumb Philosopher
M. G. S.	The Master of Silence
E. E. S.	Inside Our Gate
I. F. T.	Confidence
E. G. T.	A Law Unto Herself
M. P. T.	The Doctor's Daughter
G. A. T.	Ye Little Salem Maide
L. A. W.	Melody
M. T. W.	She
E. M. W.	Tanglewood Tales
C. C. W.	Well,—After All (Moore)
C. E. W.	In Change Unchanged
M. V. W.	What Might Have Been Expected
M. L. W.	No Saint
C. E. Y.	Little Queen of Hearts

EDITIONS DE LUXE.

G. A. A.	Real Gold
A. D. C.	When My Ship Comes In
J. C. F.	Bound to Rise
E. F. G.	The Chaperone
F. M. H.	Premiums Paid to Experience
J. J. K.	Looking Further Forward
E. G. S.	The Solitary
L. M. W.	Wise and Otherwise
C. E. W.	The Professor



What causes the intense quiet that reigns in the Main Hall? Where are the studious figures who are always bending over the desks during the Saturday afternoon study-hour? Why is there no grave Senior doing duty on the platform? Even in the corridors, the library and the other rooms is the same quiet.

* * * * *

Suddenly a noise is heard in the Librarian's room. What is this that pops suddenly from the shelf? It is a book and slowly from between its covers a shadowy form emerges. It is evidently the book's spirit. Other pops are heard in different parts of the room and the spirits appearing from other books join the first.

They leave the room and flit noiselessly along the corridor. At the third door they halt and in a moment are joined by spirits which come from various parts of the building. Are they going in there? Yes, into this room with its tersely worded placard, a flock of ghostly figures dare to enter, unaccompanied by any of the Faculty. A stranger-looking group it would be hard to find! They all have a certain rectangular resemblance and each has a card hung around his neck. But some look weightier than others and some have very dainty exteriors which fail to suggest what profound truths may be hidden beneath them.

Each takes a seat at one of the desks which are placed around the room. At the desk nearest the door the President of this meeting, a keen-eyed man with strength in every line, takes his place. He is

dressed in scholarly garb and has a green card with black lettering. The words are small and unostentatious, but full of meaning, "The Method of the Recitation." Surely this must be a learned personage!

The seats rapidly fill and soon the President rises and raps on his desk. At this instant the door opens and a spirit glancing smilingly at them all quickly enters the room. She has a pile of note-books under her arm and her symbols are the Metric System and the Pythagorean Theorem. Now everyone is seated and the President again calls the meeting to order, and with a kindly smile, and a twinkle in his eye begins in a deep voice:—

"Fellows, as the young ladies—and gentlemen—are entertaining the Faculty at a frivolous gathering in the gymnasium, this afternoon, it seemed an opportune time to hold the annual meeting of the Text-book Association. This room was chosen because here we are less likely to be disturbed, for you know this room is practically sound-proof except for the small register near the ceiling, and our presence will never be suspected. (Chuckle.)

"I have heard from several of our members that they are misused, kept from their places a long time, and on the other hand sometimes neglected and really laid on the shelf by those Fiction Books who are in great demand. Even our cousins the Magazines feel the same way, for World's Work and Journal of Pedagogy tell me that Ladies' Home Journal is much more popular than they.

"So all things considered I think we would better devote this meeting to the hearing of some of these complaints. Let me hear from each one of you."

As soon as he is seated a lady in brown rises. She is Miss Psychology of Number and begins to speak rapidly: "My complaint is, that the use I am receiving is not that which I was intended to receive. Instead of furnishing ideas for a text-book and helping the seniors in their work, I have been of no use at all. They are all at sixes and sevens and have worked out no scheme of their own nor showed any originality. They have merely fallen back upon ideas received in the class-room.

"But, aside from this complaint, did you ever think of the personality of the figures? Just let me tell you some of the things I think of

when I see them. *One* is uninteresting, nothing to it, although it is the foundation of the other numbers. *Three, five* and *nine* are also unattractive, but *four* is jolly, good company, friendly, makes you think of a good time and all that sort of thing. *Seven* is fine, it is so mystical, deep, full of meaning,—seven signs, seven angels with the seven vials, seven camels in a caravan. I might talk about this for a long time but it is a digression.”

“Now that is queer,” interrupts a man sitting near the speaker. “After all my careful instruction—in significant figures last year,—I can not see—why they do not do better for you. I told the young ladies repeatedly—that their knowledge of the subject—would be of great use in the future,—but evidently they did not realize the truth in my advice.”

The third speaker now rises at the right of the President. She resembles the plates in the “Human Body.” “I am so tired of being locked up in that case without half enough oxygen to fill my lungs and I’m just pining to see something of the world. Unless one has happy thoughts and a healthy body, harmony, which is the essential element in life, is lacking. How can one have either of these, cooped up as I am? Other Books don’t suffer as I do. I have seen any number of those Fictions returned only to be taken out again immediately for another journey.” The voice of this spirit is clear and well modulated and this with her decided manner produces a great impression upon her hearers.

During this rapid fire of complaints a slight lady with a calm, thoughtful face corroborated every remark with a quick, snappy nod.

Hardly was the last complaint finished when a lady very near the President on the left arose and began her tale. She wore a queer, green gown. The way in which the seams came together resembled the veins of a leaf and the ruffles and bottom of the skirt had serrated edges. Beside her sat her friend, a young lady whose gown of delicate pink and gray resembles a card catalog.

“I have a complaint to make for my assistant, Great World’s Farm,” she begins. “She is frequently taken out by the Juniors and on her return tells me of the many weary hours she has lain in a dark desk until a slip of paper is dropped in to keep her company. Then with

hardly having been opened she is hurried back to her home. This sort of thing must stop," she appeals to the President.

"It is for that purpose we are here," he replied gravely.

Then she continues, "I can not understand how anybody who has had an ordinary high school education can use such bad English. My head really aches sometimes after hearing the conversation of a group of girls who have come to look up some rule in syntax. They might consult my dear friend Dictionary now and then without a bit of harm. Generally they appear too much rushed to bother with the correct pronunciation of *detail*, *story* or some other such simple word."

A young lady at the farther end of the room near the "physiological member," appears very much interested in this talk. She has been taking notes during the entire meeting, but now stops long enough to say a few words. Her chair differs from the rest and is nothing more nor less than a pile of Histories—Fiske being the prevailing author.

"The last remarks particularly appealed to me and I agree to all that was said. I wish to add that pupils will still fail to 'dispose' of words properly." She then sits and begins to take notes again as a gentleman rises and begins to sing:—

"My complaint might be entitled 'Misuse.' The voice is continually left to work as it pleases; evidently daily vocal practice is a thing of the past. Exercises are not looked at until the last minute and I hear pupils say, Must I take that old Music Reader into class! Brains are not used in working out the technicalities of this branch. In fact the proper use of everything is forgotten."

Hardly has he finished when another spirit begins:—

"I have the same trouble in reading. The relation of the voice to the spiritual education is forgotten, especially. I have not many complaints to make, however, for as a whole my treatment is very satisfactory."

A gentleman now comes forward from his seat near the door. He has loads of paint boxes and a bunch of paint brushes of all sorts and conditions.

"I have no sympathy with the complaints under discussion but just want you to see the atrocious condition of these paint boxes." He shows them some that have never been used; others used a little, long,

long ago, but the paints are dried and cracked now ; still others which a liberal supply of clean water would not hurt. Then he picks up a few which he has kept separately. "Aren't these jolly? Couldn't have kept them better myself. And look at some of the work that has come from these very boxes. Isn't it exquisite?" He then distributes among the members some paintings of Japanese lanterns, crabs and landscapes that were certainly works of art. "Really," he said as he gathered up his belongings, "I am discouraged, for they were one of my best Junior classes."

"Ha, ha," laughs a jolly personage labelled Quotations, "I believe I can tell you certain girls who might have owned those boxes or painted those pictures." She has been looking demure up to this time but now her spontaneous laughter rings through the room in a truly unspiritual manner.

Who is this man who comes forward and is so peculiarly dressed? His costume is a combination of contour lines, slope lines, and other map symbols on shaded cloth. He talks about local geography, geographical significance and the relation of the earth to the life of man. Then he pulls out a pamphlet from the folds of his gown and says, "This is the only text-book that fits my needs. But some do not yet know its worth for they do not learn its words nor have the line of thought clearly in mind." While he has been talking, the lady with the pile of note-books has been carefully labelling and marking them but she has been noticeably delighted with his words.

A young lady with a grave, rather stern face sits near the note-taker. She is dressed in a gown having a metallic lustre and she has a bag of specimens in her hand. During the entire meeting she has now and then whispered remarks into the ear of her friend. They were evidently very funny for the effort the note-taker has to make to control her laughter has made her face a rosy color.

Now a gentle, little figure at the farther end of the room begins to speak, and all look at her reverently. She says in a poetical way (resembling Bryant), that it seems strange that such a good class as she found it last year should be the cause of all these complaints. But since it is so, why not choose a committee to lay the matter before the Faculty and doubtless things will be straightened out immediately.

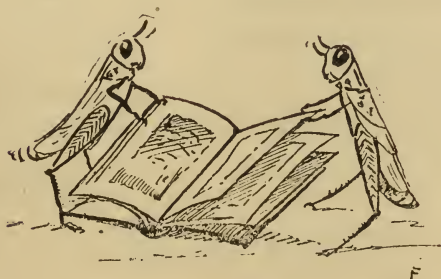
The Geography Spirit now rises again and says, "Let us leave on the bulletin board a note which will state our complaints to the Faculty."

This they did, but what that note contained only the Faculty know, and, of course, they won't tell.

* * * * *

There is silence again throughout the building. Every book is in its proper place in the library and the only evidence to tell of this meeting is the note on the bulletin board and the disorderly arrangement of chairs in the Sanctum Sanctorum.

E. G.



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