

THE SENIOR QUILL





HENRY WHITTEMORE
PRINCIPAL

THE SENIOR QUILL

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



NUMBER 2

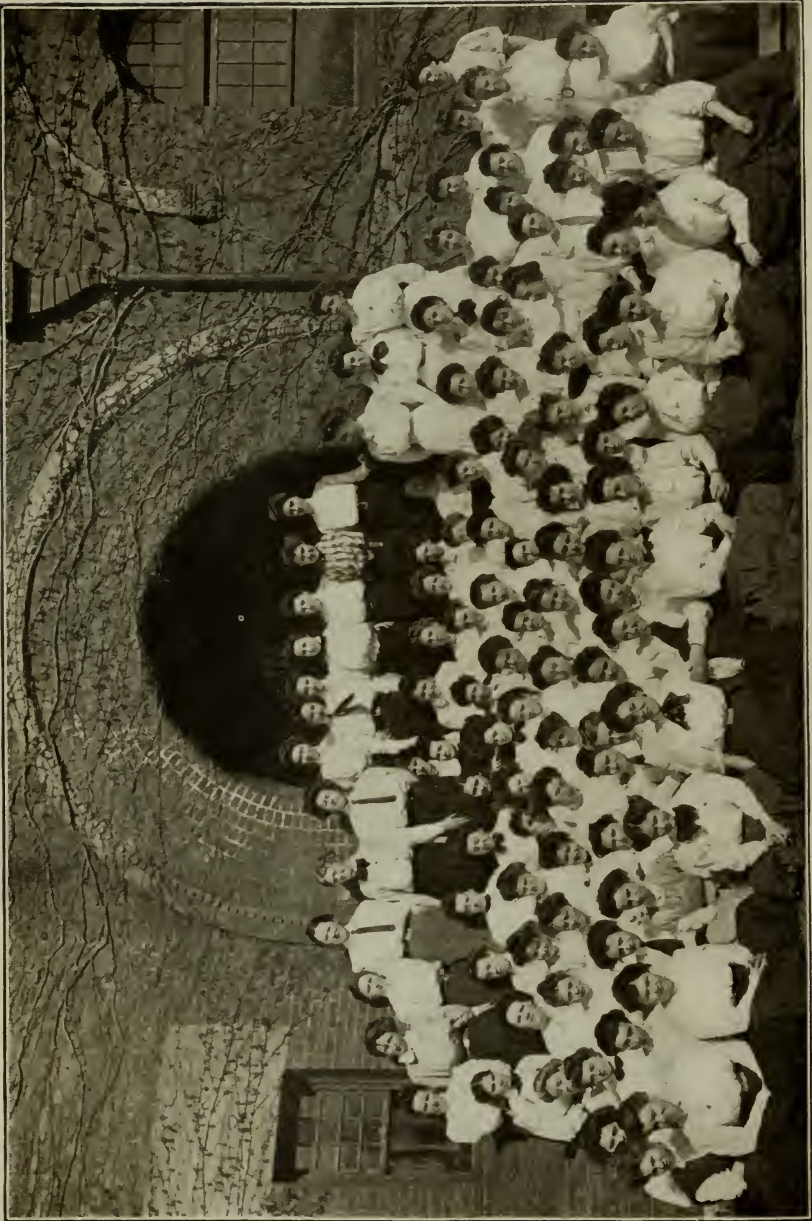
JUNE, 1909



To Mr. Whittemore, the kind friend whose hearty encouragement and never failing help has been ours throughout the years we have spent in the Framingham Normal School, this book is affectionately dedicated.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014



SENIOR CLASS—1909

Editorial Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BERTA BURNETT

ASSISTANT EDITORS

ANNIE LEE

LOUISE ORTON

GRACE WALLIS

BUSINESS MANAGER

K. EMILY MURRAY

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

MABEL WHITE

ATHLETICS

LOUISE RUTH

SCHOOL NOTES

CORA FLEMING

ADVERTISEMENTS

ISABEL ADAMS

HALL REPORTERS

Crocker

SARAH KEHOE

Normal

EVELYN COUSENS

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

We, of the Senior Class submit this book. Established by last year's graduating class it is, today, only in its infancy; and surely a word of preface must again introduce a work so young and immature.

We are indebted to those who preceded us for leaving with us an instrument by means of which we can try and we hope, succeed to give expression, to some slight degree, of all the Framingham Normal School has been to us and all that it has done for us.

We know, however, that we cannot express to you, our dear and honored principal, and to you, the members of our well-loved faculty, the gratitude that is in our hearts. The appreciation of your untiring devotion to us, your earnest endeavor in our behalf, is there. We think we can speak of it but when we would, the realization of the great fundamental life truths learned here, and of the broadened plane of understanding to which you have led us, holds us silent; and we know that only weak can be our thanks beside the work which has been yours.

As our appreciation is in proportion to our understanding, so that appreciation of our indebtedness to you will broaden and deepen as we, ourselves, become true, earnest teachers, and the truths sown by you grow in our larger comprehension.

So we hope that our book which offers us this opportunity, may suggest to you what is in our hearts, and that those who come after us may make it their own and more ably prepare it to meet the purpose for which it is intended.

Editorials

IN one of our morning talks, Mr. Whittemore said to us :
"You have to teach every day in the week."

It set us to thinking, as what Mr. Whittemore says is sure to do.

It is not tomorrow or next week that the important lesson is coming and that the things worth while will happen, but today, in each homely little duty, the teacher is building for that which will count. It will not appear in a week or a month, and often it is only the successor who will see the results of our earnest efforts. Those results, however, have grown through the constant fulfillment of homely tasks and the working out of every day problems.

As we grow in wisdom and experience we must surely see the glory that so many of us associate with the anticipated things in life, in the little happenings that come each day, and, with enthusiasm, use what lies at hand to teach the lessons of each day in the week.

TO the teacher who has become so dear to us all, whose council has cleared away troubles and perplexities that have beset us and whose bright smile and cheery words have lifted many a mist of despondency, we want to say: "We have missed you." The phrase can mean little and it can mean much. We are sure that you, whom we have grown to know and love, will understand all that is in our hearts that has here been left unsaid.

Our deepest sympathy has been with you in your illness; to-day, we are rejoicing in your recovery. The love and good wishes of the class of '09 are extended to you.

EARLY in the year Mr. Whittemore suggested that the Senior Class institute a new custom—that of having a Class Day. With the beautiful grounds with which we are favored, it seems most fitting that Framingham should have a Class Day, and we are glad to announce that the class decided to adopt Mr. Whittemore's suggestion. Arrangements for the program are in the hands of a committee and we are looking forward to a most delightful day.

THE class of 1909 extends its greetings and the hand of good fellowship to the class of 1910.

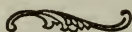
As you take our place as Seniors, let us assure you that the

path which looks difficult and hard to climb is made pleasant by a splendid unity of purpose in hopeful preparation for our life work. We leave with you our heartiest good wishes.

THE public is calling today for teachers who "can do things." The question is not—"What does she know," but, "What can she do?"

An accumulation of subject-matter is necessary—to some degree that can be obtained from books; but the ability to do, to guide and direct and train the child, is the teacher's power, and it can come only through her own development, mental, moral and physical.

Framingham has led us to a realization of this fact. She has given us subject-matter, surely, but beyond and above this, she has sought to train us to become true women to understand the situation and able teachers to control it.



“Live to the Truth”

“Live to the Truth,”—’tis for that
We’ve studied and worked and striven,
And may it be for that to us,
That power and help be given.

May we be guided in each deed
By the motto of our youth,
May we learn always in such need
To just—“Live to the truth.”

Now we alone must run our race
And reach desired goals
But may the words “Live to the truth”
Be ’graven on our souls.

L. O.

Our Trees and Shrubs

I DOUBT if many of us have ever stopped to consider whence came the many beautiful trees with which our grounds are so profusely studded. Can we for a minute imagine these grounds without the trees and shrubs which some kind hand has placed here for our enjoyment? Surely our beautiful evergreens, elms, and maples were not thirty or twenty years ago what they are today. I am sure a great many of us would be surprised at the change that has taken place in the past fifty years on Normal Hill.

When the Normal School was transferred to Framingham in 1853, the site chosen was a large orchard on Bare Hill, now known as Normal Hill. We all love orchards as such, but there are very few people who would admire an orchard as a setting for a State institution of this kind. So from time to time the orchard trees gradually disappeared, until now the only remnant of the orchard is the large Baldwin apple tree in front of Crocker Hall.

In my search for a little knowledge concerning the present trees and shrubs on our grounds, I found that Miss Annie E. Johnson, principal of the school from 1866 to 1875, and Miss Ellen Hyde, principal from 1875 to 1898, were the chief gardeners, while several classes from 1890 to the present day have contributed many valuable trees to the collection.

The maple trees which are on the grounds were planted when the first school building was erected, as was also a fine cork bark elm given by George B. Emerson, author of "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," a very valuable book. This elm was destroyed when May Hall was erected, but in front of Wells Hall we have a new cork bark elm given by the class of 1904. The remaining elm trees on the grounds were planted by Miss Johnson. It is probable that the early budding plants were favorites of Miss Johnson, for she also planted the horse chestnut tree in front of Crocker Hall, the sweet briar and honeysuckle at the south end of Crocker Hall, and the honeysuckle at the south end of Normal Hall.

For the cluster of beautiful evergreens, the one green spot the whole year round, we are indebted to Miss Hyde. Around Normal Hall we find a great deal of her beautiful work. The crab apple tree, the lilacs behind Normal Hall, the hemlocks, the silvery birches, the barberry bushes, and the sweet scented pineapple bush are all of Miss Hyde's selection. Just at the south end of Normal Hall is a pink Deutzia given to Miss Hyde by Miss Johnson's mother. Another beautiful cluster which Miss Hyde

has given us is the group of *Rugosa* rose trees north of Normal Hall, and in front of May Hall we have the Tartarean honeysuckle.

As for the classes and the Practice School, they have done not a little towards beautifying our grounds. When Miss J. Angelina Smith taught in the Practice School one of her classes planted the linden tree on the plot in front of May Hall, and the same class also planted the *Spiraea* bush near Miss Roof's office window. The chestnut and beech trees in front of May Hall were planted by two classes graduated under Miss Hyde. Just in front of Crocker Hall is a square of four trees with a fifth in the centre. The largest of the five trees is a Russian mulberry, given to the school by Mr. William Hurd. In this same group is a flowering dogwood, given by the class of 1906, a white hawthorne, planted by the class of 1905, and a young beech tree, planted by Mr. Whittemore. Southwest of Normal Hall is a blue spruce, contributed by the class of 1906, and a beautiful tulip tree, planted by Mr. Whittemore, who also planted the apple orchard beyond the street tennis court. The class of 1908 planted a *Catalpa* tree in front of May Hall as an addition to our already fine collection of trees.

Thus far I have not spoken of the vines, but they are in a class by themselves. Most of the woodbine at Normal Hall was planted by Miss Hyde, and it is pleasing to note that some of it came from the woods of Framingham. Miss Johnson and Mr. Whittemore also planted some of the vines. At the south end of Crocker Hall is an *Akebia* from Maryland, presented to Miss Hyde by Miss Tatnall of the class of 1890. The creeping ivy on May Hall, of which we are all so proud, was planted by the class of 1890. That on the south end of May Hall and on Wells Hall was planted by Mr. Whittemore, as were also the crimson ramblers on the tennis court fence.

Perhaps one would think that the planting of trees was tiresome and uninteresting work, but if I were to tell of some of the tree day exercises one might think differently. For instance, after the class of 1895 had planted their Cornell tree they saw the chance to have a little amusement. It was a beautiful June evening, and after study hour, the girls, dressed in sheets and pillow cases, joined hands around their tree, danced, sang songs, and then planted a border of violets by moonlight. When the class of 1904 planted their tree, the program was very different. The class marched from the Hall singing a hymn and made a circle around the tree. A bottle with the names of all the girls in the class was planted with the tree, and a speech given by the president. Then the trowel was handed over to the Junior president. "It is not always May" was read by one of the girls, and then a song, written by two members of the class, finished the exercises.

John Keats has said:

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.”

So it is with our trees and shrubs. They are always a source of enjoyment to us, and we are grateful to those whose love of the beautiful has led them to make our grounds so attractive. And let us hope that as the years roll on the graduates of our school will add their share and not forget that

“The trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple’s self.”

K. E. M.



Father Peirce’s Bible

WE do not say one of Father Peirce’s Bibles, for he undoubtedly had more than one, yet we speak as if he had but one.

There is in the possession of the school a Bible, published in 1816. Please note the date. It is a copy of Collins’ Stereotype edition and is illustrated. Turn over one page and you come upon a blank white page. At the top is written with a pencil in a clear, bold hand — “Cyrus Peirce.” It is the handwriting of Father Peirce.

As one turns over the pages, examining the illustrations with a great deal of interest, he comes upon pages near the middle of the book which mark distinctly a family Bible for there is the “Family Record.” On the first page are spaces given to “Marriages.” And on this page we find this record in ink — “Cyrus Peirce and Harriet Coffin married April 1st, 1816, at Nantucket.” Hence the significance of the date 1816. Turn over this page and the family record continues. Now, “Births” is the heading. And here we find the following record written in a beautiful hand, probably that of Mother Peirce, “Cyrus Peirce born Aug. 15th, 1790,” and, under it, “Harriet Coffin born June 26th, 1794.”

There is no further record. This Bible was presented to the School by the Hon. C. F. Stone of Waltham, who is the son of Elizabeth Brown Stone. She is a niece of Father Peirce. She graduated from the school, August, 1845. Her home is in Waltham, Mass.

H. W.

Study Hours in the Early Days of the School

IT may be of interest to those who sometimes question, although in the slightest degree, the conditions which now govern "study hour," to know the conditions as they were in the early days of the school.

We quote from the earliest statement of "Conditions of Entrance," "Study Hours," etc. "It is expected, as a matter of course, that the young ladies will conform to the general order and usage of the families in which they reside. Where it can be done conveniently, it is desirable that they should breakfast about one hour after rising, dine at a quarter past two o'clock, and sup from six to six and a half o'clock. The hours for rising, studying, etc., will vary somewhat with the season of the year. For the winter and autumn terms, the pupils will rise at six o'clock and study one hour before or after breakfast, as may suit the custom of the family. In the summer time, they will rise at five o'clock and study two hours. In the afternoon, they will study from four till five and a half o'clock. Evening study hours for the winter and autumn terms commence at seven o'clock and continue two hours with a short recess; for the summer term, evening study hours commence at eight o'clock and continue one hour. All study hours are to be spent in perfect quietness. At all seasons of the year pupils are to retire at ten o'clock. Every light must be extinguished at half past ten at the utmost." H. W.



Abraham Lincoln

CHRIST, the persecuted, the harassed, was arrested and brought before Pilate, who, seeing him, was impressed by his noble mien and exclaimed, "This is the man!" I believe these words express more than surprise alone, but the whole power of the noble, heavenly beauty of character and bearing which Christ possessed.

Is it wrong for us to apply these words to Abraham Lincoln, who, in spite of everything, became the leader we know?

He has been compared to Gladstone, that distinguished statesman so well known. Gladstone started with inherited ability and culture, with every advantage which Mr. Lincoln lacked. He

never knew the meagreness of childhood which would have overwhelmed anyone with a soul less noble and inspiring than Mr. Lincoln's. He was educated in one of the great universities of the world, but he gained not the true value from that education which the other received, educated in the University of Life.

One of the characteristics of Mr. Lincoln was his wonderful simplicity. Many of us seek to cover up our true feelings and motives with a false manner and evading words. Not so with him. Perhaps this is due to some extent to his surroundings in early life. Each morning he awoke to see the sun rise over the rolling prairies; each night it set below them; each night the stars gleamed in the azure above them. When he looked abroad it was only to see the monotony of the plains stretching away, away to their meeting with the sky. If this simplicity of landscape did make his nature so simple and direct, it certainly did not destroy that noble sentiment drawn from close communion of his soul with Nature and with God.

When he was working hard and earning little as a lawyer, he was offered a case which promised to bring him a big fee, but which he felt was lacking in a foundation of truth. He refused the case, saying that he feared he should cry out before the court, "I am a liar," and that the jury could not help but see the lie in his face. This love of truth, this fine sense of discriminating between right and wrong characterized his entire life.

When before his great tribunal he stood the test nobly. The force of his personality, of what he represented in the truest sense, of his will and character, won the confidence of the majority, and he proved how worthy he was of that confidence.

We know of his career as President, of his wonderful tact and insight into the heart of things. He brought forward Mr. Chase and Mr. Seward, each more polished and better educated than he, and each believing in his inmost heart that he would guide and help the new President. When, however, they grew to know Mr. Lincoln, they submitted all questions to his superior mind and his knowledge of men and affairs.

The memory of Seward and Chase and other men of the same type, and of their great work in time of need, will pass away, but the words of Abraham Lincoln in such speeches as the Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural Address will remain with us, because through them shines the glory of his great genius.

Of his sad death you all know the circumstances. When we review those who, in every age and land, have stood first in the affairs of men, Abraham Lincoln, whose heart was large enough to love a whole nation, the noble, martyred President of the United States, stands first; he, who loved his neighbor as himself, who sacrificed his life that his fellow men might be free.

A. E. E.

Our Visit to Lowell Textile School

THE first week in March we were told that a visit to Lowell Textile School had been planned for us, and on Friday morning of that week, the twenty-eight Household Arts Seniors started, headed by Mr. Howe, and accompanied by Miss Nicholass and Mr. Whittemore. We left Framingham on the 7.42 train and reached the school about half past nine.

The Lowell Textile School is situated on the banks of the Merrimac river, and the buildings, of which there are three, are of brick, all connected, and are mill construction throughout. The stairs are all self-supporting, arched slightly, enough to support them without pillars. All the rooms and corridors in the buildings are fitted out with automatic sprinklers in case of fire, and in the spinning and weave rooms are humidifiers, which spray moisture in the air constantly when the machinery is in operation, thus keeping down the dust and lint.

When we reached the buildings we were shown into the office, where we were asked to register in the guest book. After this, we went into the Principal's office, where we left our coats, and there we were divided into three groups, Mr. Howe going with one, Miss Nicholass with one, and Mr. Whittemore with one. An instructor went with each group to explain everything, and Mr. Eames, the Principal, as well as Mr. Mackay, instructor in hand loom weaving, went with Mr. Howe's group, of which I was a member.

We first visited the mechanical and machine drawing room, where the students have mechanical drawing, mill construction and so on, and machine drawing; and where we learned what a "cam" was.

Then we went to the cotton manufacturing room and visited first, the section where the knitting machines were, and where we saw hosiery and underwear in the process of manufacture. The machines were circular in shape and the threads were put in very swiftly, from left to right. Open work was made by dropping stitches at the desired intervals.

After this, we went through the cotton yarn department, beginning with the raw cotton, and visiting each machine in turn till we reached the finished thread.

The first machines were the gins, which removed the seeds from the raw cotton. Of these there were two varieties, the saw and the roller gins. We were told that they did not handle much raw cotton, but had some and the machines, that the students might learn the principles.

Next, the cotton went through the opening and picking, in which the fibres were loosened and blown by air currents up into a box overhead, while the dirt and foreign matter dropped down.

The next machines were the cards, where by means of cylindrical rollers set with flexible wire teeth, the cotton fibres were straightened out and made to lie all in the same direction. The cotton came from this machine in broad thin ribbons, and in this condition goes through the processes of drawing and combing, the object being still to straighten and condense the fibres into long narrow strips. These strips are called "slivers," and in the process of drawing, two of the slivers are put together and come out as one. The slivers go into the roving machines, where they are condensed still more and made into long soft threads, which are very easily broken, having as yet no twist nor firmness.

These slivers are wound on spindles and put on the spinning machine, where two are twisted together many times with very great rapidity, and the thread which is produced is wound on spindles. This thread is the final product of the spinning room. There was one machine which wound the thread in skeins instead of on spools.

From the spinning room we went into the weave room, which was filled with looms of all kinds, from the simple two harness loom to the complicated Jacquard. We first examined the loom which wove plain unbleached cotton cloth. This had two harnesses and one shuttle, and the cloth was woven by the simple "one up and one down" process. From this we went to the looms weaving cloth with patterns of checks or stripes. These had as many harnesses as there were colors in the warp, and the different colors for the filling were on different bobbins held in "boxes" on the sides. By a system of cogs and wheels these boxes were so regulated that when it was time for a certain colored filling thread to go in, the box containing that shuttle would come up and the shuttle shoot through. The looms were all regulated so that when a thread broke or ran out, the machinery would stop, thus preventing the making of an imperfection in the cloth. One kind of looms, made by the Draper Company of Hopedale, was made with a rack for full bobbins on one side, and when a bobbin became empty it would be discharged by the machinery and a full one take its place.

The largest and most complicated looms were the Jacquard, where every thread is governed independently. These were weaving tapestries of intricate design; one was weaving a design in silk which was so fine that there were hundreds of threads to the square inch.

After the cotton we went to the wool departments. We first went to the room where they received the raw material, the pelts, just as they were taken from the sheep, full of oil and foreign

matter of all sorts. There they first sort and grade, according to quality, or sort and blend. The wool is then scoured with strong soap solution and caustic soda to remove the dirt and oil, and dried in a centrifugal machine.

Then the cleansed wool is put into the carbonizing machine, the purpose of which is to remove all foreign vegetable matter as cotton, or burrs which have become entangled in the wool. In this machine sulphuric acid is used, which does not affect the wool, but which will take other elements from the vegetable matter and leave the carbon, which is blown out in the form of dust. The pure wool is washed and the acid neutralized with an alkali, then the wool is dried.

This cleaned fibre is mixed to make it of even grade, or if a mixture of wool and cotton is desired, it is mixed at this point. The fibre is next oiled with olive oil, lard, or something of that nature, to prevent the electricity in the wool from making it difficult to handle.

The fibre is now taken to the carding room and prepared for spinning. First, the fibres are somewhat straightened out by the card, and the long fibres which are to be used for worsted are separated from the short wool fibres. The true difference between woolen and worsted yarns is that for worsted the longer, straighter fibres are used, and they are all laid parallel by the machinery, while for woolen yarns the short fibres are used, and they are criss crossed or not combed into any regular position in the yarn. The result is that worsted yarn is softer and lighter, while wool is harsher and harder to the touch. Different machinery is required to make the two.

We next examined the machinery used in the worsted process. The worsted fibres go through various processes of carding, combing, gilling and drawing, all of which have the same object — to straighten the fibre, make them lie parallel and in long ribbons or slivers. These slivers are put into the roving, where they are drawn out still more and condensed and rubbed into small strips about a quarter of an inch wide. This roving is wound on spindles and is ready to be spun.

In the French system of spinning, which was most highly recommended by the instructors, a self-acting spinning mule is used. In this, two of the rovings are twisted together to make the thread. The rack which held the spindles would move away from the rest of the machine, twisting and drawing out the thread as it went. Then it would move toward the machine, the spindles revolving and winding up the spun thread.

Wool yarn does not go through so many processes as worsted. It is simply picked and carded and drawn into long slivers similar to the worsted and cotton, except that the fibres are left in nearly

their originally twisted condition. Then these slivers are condensed and spun, the mules being used as in the worsted.

The instructor explained to us that "woolen" blankets which can be bought for seventy-five cents are not wool, but are cotton fibres which have been put through the wool processes of carding and spinning.

The wool and worsted yarn we saw being woven into carpets and tapestries on Jacquard looms.

After the wool departments we visited the hand loom weaving department. This room was filled with hand looms which were like the power looms in miniature, having varying numbers of "harnesses" and "boxes," some of them being hand Jacquards.

The work in this room is part of the first year, when by use of the hand loom, which can be operated more slowly, the student can become thoroughly acquainted with the steps in weaving.

We stayed but a short time in this room, going next to the finishing room, where the cloth is taken to be looked over and sponged and pressed. There were also machines in this room for putting nap onto cloth. These were called nappers and were of two kinds. In one the burrs of the teazle were used and in the other metal hooks set in canvas. By these means the nap is picked on formerly smooth cloth. In one corner of this room was a large rack and table, at which cloth is examined, and any imperfection, such as a dropped stitch, remedied by hand.

When we had been through this room, we found that it was 12.30, so we had lunch in the school lunch room and rested a few minutes afterward in the library before starting out on our afternoon trip.

In the afternoon, neither Mr. Eames nor Mr. Mackay were able to go with us, but Mr. Ferguson, instructor in fabric analysis and fabric costs, took their place.

Mr. Ferguson took us, first, through the chemical laboratories, general, qualitative and quantitative, and the balance room, which reminded us forcibly of many quiet hours last year when we were middle juniors. The laboratories were large and well equipped, and the lecture room, which Mr. Ferguson said was commonly called the "Chamber of Horrors," was particularly good, the chairs being arranged in tiers, and with a stereopticon lamp in the centre.

From this we went to the dyeing department. The instructor there showed us some sample books which the students had worked out, showing the results of experiments with dye stuffs, showing whether certain colors were fast or not, and the effects of soap, sunlight, acid, alkali, and so on, on them. There were also experiment books on work the students had done in analyzing cloth, such as plaids, where a number of colors were used and where they were required to match these colors with dyes of their own making.

In the experimental dyeing laboratory we were shown vats for the making of dyes and the dyeing of yarn, and closets in which to hang the dyed material to dry. We were also shown a small printing machine with apparatus for printing dots and stripes on finished cloth, and the machine for the mercerizing of thread.

The last department we visited was that of freehand drawing and design. Here the students make the drawings for the design for their cloth and transfer it to point paper. This is paper which is checked off by fine lines into sixteenth inch squares, with a heavy line every eight squares, to facilitate counting. The lines going one way represent the warp, and those going the other way, the filling threads, and by this means the students are enabled to represent on paper their design as it would be woven. When a warp thread is to be on top, the square is darkened or filled in with the color of the thread, and so on.

In these rooms were samples of cloths and carpets designed and woven by the students, some of them very beautiful. There were also pictures woven of black and white silk, so finely, that they very closely resembled etchings. Mr. Ferguson told us that the students were in the habit of making the cloth for the suits they were to wear for graduation, doing every step themselves, designing, dyeing, spinning and weaving.

When we came from the designing room, we found that it was after four, so we went back to the office and got our coats and said "good-bye" to Mr. Eames, thanking him and the others for their courtesy. We walked from the school to the station, about a mile, arriving there in time for the 5.22 train home, getting back about half past six, all feeling that we had had a delightful and instructive trip.

H. E. Y.





THE WALK THROUGH THE GROVE

Dr. Lambert's Ode to the H. A. Seniors

(After Milton's *Lycidas*)

ELEGY TO FRIENDS NOW LOST IN THE WORLD'S GREAT VORTEX

Yet once more, oh my Seniors, and once more,
 My noble class, with thoughts profoundly sad
 I cease my busy ticking on the keys
 And, taking up my pen,
 Am moved to tell to all the world
 What rash things I did then.
 Bitter lament and sad contrition now
 Compel me to relate them.

For now that class is gone, gone far away!
 That noble group, those workers all so dear!
 Who would not mourn their loss? They knew
 Both how to work and how to play.
 They must not wander out into the world
 Unwept, and toil all unforgotten there.
 To sing their worth, my task.

Your aid, oh muse! I do not need.
 Quite equal am I to this mournful task,
 For now my grief I will not try to mask;
 Away with all my one-time pretence when,
 With lowering brows and grim,
 I told them that cocksureness was of all
 Their most besetting sin.

For they were full of fun and they were frank,
 But were inclined in here to many a prank;
 Quite sternly then, with voice most deep and grave,
 I would to them relate what consequences dire
 To mind, to morals, and to all their marks
 Would follow if, their concentration gone,
 They joked on thus and tired my patience long.

But, oh! how sad the change, now they are gone,
 Now they are gone, and never will return!
 The very walls grow mute with deep felt grief
 As now no longer they'll catch up and hurl
 From room to room, from floor to floor,
 The sound of their speeding feet.
 But, oh! for me the change is sadder still.
 Please, Muse, come now and guide my quill!
 I cannot, if I would, tell how I'll miss them!

The Victory

TAMAR was born and brought up in a village. All her life she had been to the public eye a free, easy, big-hearted girl, and had won her way into the hearts of the townspeople. Her playmates loved her and admired her, for she was leader of the "crowd." But a "crowd" in a village is not always understood. Perhaps ten or fifteen boys and girls from ages varying three or four years would constitute a "crowd." They come from any and all of the families; play together; go to school together, and often have clubs. What the leader thinks and does, the crowd do. Here is often the root of trouble.

Tamar was leader in her village. She had about seven devoted followers, some boys and some girls. Then there were about six stragglers who followed at their will. Of course, Tamar realized her power. If any boy or girl went contrary to the unwritten law or betrayed a secret or played mean, then Tamar would be missed and the culprit, too. No one said a word. Everyone knew that they were together thrashing out the trouble and the straggler would come back, forgiven. Tamar never lost a follower and she never lost her lead. The power to win seemed born in her. A picnic, sleigh-ride, entertainment, camping party or any such capers were always carried on by Tamar.

There she stands, a big, stalwart girl, strong enough and violent enough to shake any backslider into working order even if "moral suasion" failed. They feared her temper and admired her strength.

But these conditions can not last forever. Tamar has graduated from high school, a young lady, and ready for what?

A stranger says: "Why do you all love her so much? I don't feel particularly attracted to her." "That's because you don't know her," is the ever ready answer. A newcomer sees how, when a sleigh ride is suggested, the crowd comes together around Tamar. She makes the plans. No one says, "Let's see Tamar." It is understood. The drawing power is the last tie of the crowd spirit that is soon to be shut up in the hearts and among the treasures of their childhood days. The day has come when Tamar says "good-bye" and goes to Normal School.

Now things have changed. Think of such a girl living in a dormitory with sixty girls!

One afternoon in the first term, Tamar came rushing into her room and threw herself on her couch. "Myra, Miss Sims told me I ought to go to the Tea. She said that it was my duty to go. I

don't think so. I hate teas. Do you think I ought to go?" she said in one breath.

"They are not so bad after you get there, as you imagine. Go with me now," said Myra quietly.

"Oh, I can't, I have got one hundred and one things to do, and then I want to practise basket ball. That's just as much my duty."

"Oh, all right," said Myra. Thus Tamar excused herself by trying to think that basket ball was her duty. It was, but it was the duty she enjoyed, and was the easiest for her.

So she went on through the first year. She did what was right in the big things, but in little homely duties she did her own way.

She had won a few friends, but she missed the unchanging loyalty of her "crowd." No one supported her now. Alas! her power was broken. She felt it and it cut her to the heart. Her spirit fought and struggled. She would never yield. But why fight? Yes, why? when there was nothing to fight on but rank wilful selfishness. She never saw it in that light before. But Self said, "Keep on. Regain your power. You can. Don't give it up." Ah, but one year in the Normal School had taught her a new truth:—"To live for self is foolery; to serve is the only worthy life."

But what had she for a foundation? A strong body and a keen mind, but no clear-cut sense of honor. She and the "crowd" had determined their own right and wrong. Her morals were made for the occasion. To be sure she had the sense of square deal and a mighty sense of class loyalty. But for the little things? Today's duty, today! Failing to do the ever present duty because the will was lacking. Ah, that is where she failed. She felt her weakness, yes, she knew it. She fought to overcome it. Day in and day out she fought. No one knew what a constant struggle she made. It was present even in her recreation hours; never ceasing. As she passed the Reservoir, she noticed the mighty rushing of the water, falling, falling, and flowing on, on. She saw the upper layers of water blown and tossed as spray. How like herself! The outward nature, blown and tossed by the world, but the inward, the lower water, ah, it kept its power, ever onward. It gave her a new hope and a new courage. She felt victory in her innermost soul.

A year later; almost the end of her training at "dear old Fram."

"The party leaves to-morrow, about ten o'clock. Be sure and be on hand, Tamar. You know, a picnic at the Reservoir, No. 3, means loads of fun," called Lora as she ran across the lawn. "Guess I do," answered Tamar. "Won't it be fun though? Whee!" she said, and chuckled to herself in contemplation of the trip.

That morning, about nine o'clock, Tamar ran to Lora's room and said quietly, "Can I help you get ready? Got all your supplies from the village?"

"Yes, thank you, Tamar. Just pack that box and make a bundle of these pillows and couch covers."

"Good," as if in approval. "Of course, you are all ready." "I'm sorry, but I can't go today, never mind, but I simply must stay here."

"Can't go, why? I'd like to know. You are a great one to back out at this late hour."

"I am not backing out because I want to, Lora. I know you will have slews of fun, but I must stay here today. I have asked Corinne to go in my place. Don't say anything more, please." Myra knew when Tamar spoke that way, it was useless to tease.

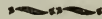
Just then the party gathered and the girls set off. Tamar slipped away in the excitement. She wasn't missed until the party were off the hill. "Where's Tamar?" said Meg, looking around. "Why! She was with us in your room, Lora." "Where is she?" said another, and several voices called, "Yes, where?"

Lora said, "She isn't coming. I don't know why. She simply said that she couldn't." "Well, I'll bet she is staying at home with Esther. You know she planned to go and was sick this morning. That's just like her. Isn't Tamar a 'prune'?"

"You may be sure if she decided not to come, there was something worth staying at home for," said Meg. "She is a girl worth knowing, I think."

The girls surmised correctly. Tamar did stay to keep Esther company, and yet Esther didn't know that was the reason.

Tamar had won in her fight and had learned the lesson. Now she is not a leader but a server, and a nobler server because she knows how to lead.



Rhyme of the C. Seniors

A is for Anna, which one never mind—
To live as old maids they all are resigned.

B is for Bertha, so jolly and prim;
As study hour closes she'll douse the glim.

C is for Connolly, Mary and Martha,
Whenever you see them they're full of laughter.

D is for Daniels and also for Dwyer,
With studying hard they never tire.

E is for Edith, Emily, Ethel and Eva,
When math'matics is coming, they never shiver.

F is for Fallon, from Concord is she;
The three from that town long remembered will be.

G stands for our two chummy Graces.
On our hearts and our minds they'll leave their good traces.

H is for L. Hanson and M. Hopkins, too.
They're sewing, you see, that's not all they do.

I is for industry, it's present in all;
We all of us answer to duties' clear call.

J is for Juniors, which once did mean us,
But to Seniors we've risen with a great deal of fuss.

K is for Kittie, our real pet is she;
L is for Laura, bewitching in glee.

M is for Margaret, with musical ear.
She'll be prima donna in just one more year.

N is for neatness in all of our work;
I'm sure you'd not say we ever do shirk.

O is for organs, their names we have learned,
And now we hope that the text-books are burned.

P is for Plummer, her virtues spread
Like butter on hot ginger bread.

Q is for query, which one in our class
Seems to consider herself a poetical lass.

R is for Reardon and also for Ruth,
Twin actresses they are in very truth.

S is for Sanborn's and Sinclair's tricky hand.
The ball in the basket they're sure to land.

T is for Truth, our motto you see,
And true to it, we ever will be.

U is for union, that's why we feel strong
In the battle waged between right and wrong.

V is for vigor and also for vim,
That's what makes us look so terribly slim.

W is for Wallis, Winter and White,
Three little misses who weigh very slight.

X is for Xtacy,—Zoology's coming!
Don't sit there in the window, sunning.

Y is for youth, which all of us boast;
Z is for zeal of the C. Senior host.

Napoleon

NOT very long ago, in one of our class-rooms, the following statement was made, "Beethoven dedicated his third symphony to Napoleon, but later in life said that he was sorry that he had dedicated his work to such a man."

Almost instantly my thoughts wandered back to certain pictures and busts that I have great affection for, and I said to myself, "Should Beethoven have been sorry that he dedicated his work to such a man?" No! for as Gladstone said, "He was the greatest administrator that ever lived."

Just permit me to state some of the accusations made against Napoleon, and let me present to you some statements in his favor.

The principal accusation against Napoleon is, that he was the cause of many wars in Europe, in fact that he was the incarnation of war. The day after his inauguration as First Consul, Dec. 25, 1799, Napoleon addressed a letter to the King of England, written in his own hand, saying, "The war which for eight years has ravaged the forequarters of the world, must it be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding?" Farther on in this same letter he says, "How is it that they (the English and French) do not feel that peace is of the first necessity as well as of the first glory?" The man who wrote that letter certainly wished for peace. What was the reply? None from the King to whom he wrote, but in Professor Goodrich's "Select British Eloquence," we have a speech entitled, "Mr. Pitt on his refusal to negotiate with Bonaparte," and it is in this speech that we have the reply of the British government.

"It was the most elaborate oration delivered by Mr. Pitt," says Professor Goodrich, and he also goes on to say, "It presents a vivid and horrible picture of the miseries inflicted upon Europe by revolutionary France, while the provocations of her enemies are thrown entirely into the background. Mr. Pitt showed great dexterity in treating this government as merely a new phase of the Revolution, and thus bringing all the atrocities of the past to bear on the question before the House. His speech was admirably adapted to a people like the English, jealous of France as their hereditary rival, conscious of their resources, and prepared to consider a continuation of the contest, as the safest means of defending their liberties, their laws, and their most holy religion." In another part of his speech, he speaks of restoring the French king, "In a manner equally suitable to the rights of sovereigns," which plainly shows that the people were not to be considered, for

the Tory government of England allied with the privileged classes of Europe wished no man of Napoleon's stamp, for he was a man of the people. Their hatred of him could not be more plainly shown than by the words of Pitt, "He is the child and champion of democracy." The allies took good care to misrepresent the character of Bonaparte. The history of this man has often been written by his enemies, and therefore produced in the minds of the people a wrong view of the sterling qualities "of the greatest general that the world has ever known." If you read a true history of Napoleon, you will find that he was an advocator of peace.

It is said that Napoleon was ambitious. To be sure he was ambitious, but who can object to this? Every man is, or ought to be ambitious to a certain degree; why was it not justifiable in Napoleon? He was confident in himself, for he knew what his powers were. Everything that he did was done for the benefit of France, the country that he loved so dearly.

That he usurped the sovereignty of France is another accusation. "France was at that time torn by parties, oppressed by the unprincipled rapacity of some, excited by priests, surrounded by irreconcilable enemies to the new state of things, and impoverished by the long interruption of commerce and industry. The Consul found almost all social ties dissolved; the administration corrupt; religion abolished; justice insecure; the laws disregarded; violence and weakness everywhere coupled together; factions intriguing against each other; Jacobins, Royalists, Constitutionalists, adherents to the Directory (the Directory itself having been divided), opposed to each other—in one word, a state of anarchy which disgusted the people at large, and which led to the most daring attempts upon the person of the chief magistrate. Such was the state of France when Bonaparte took the reins into his hand. He directed his attention to every branch of government. The law, the finances, prisons, education, arts, industry, even the fashions of the ladies, which had become highly indecorous, every subject of general interest attracted his attention." Thus we read from the *Encyclopædia Americana*. It can be seen from the foregoing statement that Napoleon was forced to do many acts for which he was much blamed.

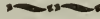
He was called tyrant by some, but the love that the French people bore him is sufficient proof of the unreasonableness of such an accusation. Just think of Napoleon leaving the island of Elba, marching through France, and being received all along the route with acclamation of praise and delight. Could a tyrant ever be received in such a manner or was a tyrant ever received in such a manner? The march of Napoleon from the island of Elba to the heart of France has never been equalled. This same France, which some historians claim considered Bonaparte a tyrant, demanded of his executioners—for they were his executioners—his beloved

remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has placed over them such a mausoleum as honors the grave of no other mortal. This honor to a tyrant? Never!

And France has reason to be proud of Napoleon, for Lamartine declares him to be "The greatest of the creations of God." Even his bitterest enemies are compelled to do homage to the universality and the grandeur of his genius. Sir Archibald Alison says, "Never were talents of the highest genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being. It would require the observation of a Thucydides, directing the pencil of a Tacitus, to portray, by a few touches, such a character; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievement, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed, at the same time, the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Cæsar."

Should Beethoven have been sorry?

'09.



To the Flag

Oh glorious flag which we honor today,
And our fathers fought to save,
Float far and wide o'er our beautiful land
Where their lives so freely they gave.

You were not bought with glittering coin,
But the life-blood of a nation.
You hold first place in the people's hearts
They fought for your salvation.

You float o'er the grand procession.
You deck the soldier's grave.
You've seen the victor laurel crowned,
And the fall of the hero brave.

The soldiers where our servants true;
They loved and honor thee.
We render homage due to them,
Who made this country free.

When in the schools of this free land,
We each a place may find,
We purpose to teach youth to honor you,
And their duty to mankind.

M. T. Q.

With Apologies to H. W. Longfellow

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 Of these sacred halls of study,
 Of these noble corridors of thought,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 Of their wild reverberations
 Caused by groups of merry maidens
 Who, departing, left behind them
 Notes of warning, admonition,
 Gentle hints and words of humor?
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of one who knew.
 Should you ask me where the wise one
 Found these words so fraught with wisdom,
 Found these legends and traditions?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 "From the shades of other maidens
 Singing 'round the mists of Crocker,
 In the haunted rooms of Normal,
 Where they cultivated minds."
 If still further you should ask me
 Of these legends and traditions,
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway, in such words as follows:
 "In the noble halls of Crocker,
 In those rooms of meditation;
 In the cultured halls of Normal,
 Dwelt some maidens fond of fun.
 Now, the rules were hard and stony,
 And the matron's heart was hard.
 First of all, you must be quiet,
 Very, very, very quiet;
 Never even gig a giggle,
 When the lights have once gone out.
 You must study, study, study,
 To cultivate the mind, you know;
 Figure out the Walter method
 That the youth of men might prosper,
 That we might advance in knowledge.
 When between meals you grow hungry,
 Very, very, very hungry,
 Down to Maker's you must journey,

There a "Weiner" to devour,
 Nice and hot and very steamy.
 Swashed in mustard, you will find them,
 And they'll cost you just five cents.
 Early, early in the morning,
 Long before the light is dawning,
 You will hear a far-off bell,
 But you'll think you're dreaming, dreaming,
 That it's just a funeral knell.
 Very soon you'll hear another
 And you'll know your dream is past,
 And you'll have to hurry, hurry,
 If you wish to break your fast.
 Should you study dietetics
 And grow learned in that lore,
 You will understand the value
 Of the pickles with the ice cream,
 Sausages and corn bread, also,
 That are always served to you.
 Should you then with Dr. Lambert
 Grow more wise in Nature's Lore,
 You will always know a clam-shell
 When you find it on the shore.
 Then, the heavens you will study,
 Learn to know each separate star,
 Wonder if the Great Bear travelled
 Up there in a motor car.
 Then, alas! you come to sewing,
 When you learn to baste and snip;
 And ere long you also realize
 That as ye sew so shall ye rip!
 Many, many other stories,
 Other tales, the Wise One told me,
 But 'twould never do to write them,
 Or to our friends the stories tell;
 But ye who love a school's traditions,
 Of the Quill buy first editions;
 Pause by some neglected class room,
 For a while to muse and ponder;
 Then around the building wander
 And more memories will come to you.

L. O.

Gardening

THIRTY thousand dollars is set aside each year for the expenses of a certain estate in Massachusetts, and a large portion of the money is spent for the care of the greenhouses and garden.

There are four greenhouses, three sets of frames, an Italian garden, and a Japanese lily tank. A superintendent has charge of all the work, three men are always in the houses, and six men outside.

Two houses have the hardy varieties of plants, and one is given up almost entirely to tropical plants. A wing built on to the middle house is devoted to orchids.

In one of the small houses, called the lower house, are hardy flowering plants. These plants do not flower until spring, and at this time of the year the tiny buds are just beginning to appear.

In this house there are also some Chinese primroses (*primula sinensis*). This is one of the most beautiful species of primroses. The first portion of the seed is sown in March and other sowings are made in April, May and June. The seeds are sown in shallow boxes in light soil composed chiefly of leaf mould with a little loam and sand, and the boxes are kept in a warm, shaded frame. The young plants are left in the seed boxes until ready to pot off singly. A cold frame is then the best place, because the plants have to be kept near the light and have plenty of air while growing to insure a compact, sturdy growth. When the soil in the small pots becomes filled with roots, the plants are put into five inch pots. For this final potting an open and rather rich soil is used, consisting of two parts loam to one each of well-decayed manure and leaf mould. They require a good deal of water in the summer, but in the autumn and winter great care has to be given to the watering. When the plants are in flower in the autumn, they have to be kept near the glass, and so they are put up on shelves. A temperature of from fifty to fifty-five degrees is best at the flowering period and this house is always kept about fifty-five degrees.

The next small house is called the forcing house. It is never less than seventy degrees and the heat of the sun often makes it eighty-five or ninety degrees. There are a great many interesting plants in this house.

Here, I saw a pine apple plant for the first time and three stages of the plant. A full grown plant which last year bore fruit, two crowns of last year's fruits which are just beginning to send out leaves, and a plant which was coming from a seed. These plants

are Black Jamaica. The leaves are long and very finely serrated. They are dark green on the edges, getting lighter towards the middle and tinged with red. It is tall and erect and makes a beautiful plant.

The Anthurium, a large tropical plant, with peculiar flowers—bright red cylindrical forms densely covered with little blossoms—and the very large leaves stand out prominently.

Among the large plants here are the Panandus, a native of the Malayan Archipelago, which is very often sent to the Horticultural Exhibits in Boston, the Aralia Veitchi and the Helconia, a native of the tropics of America, which is a very rarely grown plant. None of these plants are in blossom now.

All the asparagus plants and some young rubber plants are also in this house.

In addition to these all the plants that, for any reason, have to be forced, are put in here.

The aquatic house, the third small house, was once used to grow water lilies and has a large tank in the middle for that purpose. Now vines have grown up on the inside of the glass and so shaded the place that lilies can no longer be grown here.

The only thing in flower now in this house is the jasmine. The flowers are pale yellow and are very fragrant. The jasmine is propagated from cuttings of firm wood. Cuttings are portions of a plant, usually the shoots, that are used for propagation. The firm wood cuttings of jasmine require a steady temperature to form roots.

The azaleas, of which there is a very large collection, are kept here, and also some young Chinese white pines and some cedars.

The big middle house is the largest house and it is divided into two apartments. In the first room there are shelves along the sides, as in the other houses, and in the middle there is tier upon tier of shelves for potted plants. This house has a dome shaped roof and so has more room for the high shelves.

Some of the plants here are the Jerusalem cherries, begonia, ferns, several kinds of primroses and cyclamen.

The cyclamen is a charming plant with beautiful foliage and rich-colored fragrant flowers. The Persian cyclamen (*cyclamen Persicum*) in this house has no odor and is pure white with a bright claret purple blotch at the base. The flower looks as if the petals were turned back.

The cyclamen is raised from seed, and the best time for sowing is when the seeds are freshly gathered in the autumn. The pots are filled with light, loose, sandy soil; the seed placed thinly over the surface and then pressed in and slightly covered. A temperature of fifty-five degrees is enough for germination. When the seedlings appear they are raised near the light, and as soon as large enough, pricked off—several in a five inch pot—and kept

like this until Spring. They are then placed in three inch pots, and grown in the frames during the summer, with plenty of air and also shading from the bright sunshine. In July most of the pots are filled with roots, and the plants are then put in five or six inch pots, in which they flower.

In the second room of the middle house are the chrysanthemums, Easter lilies, hyacinths, mignonette, paper white narcissus, which cannot be grown outside, violets and some primroses.

About one hundred different varieties of chrysanthemums were grown this year and most of them were sent to the show. These were all grown from cuttings which were inserted in November and December. When the cuttings are rooted, they are potted off and receive no check until they have flowered.

Chrysanthemums require enormous quantities of water, but the soil must not be water clogged. The surface of the pots are mulched over to protect the roots from the heat. Good, heavy, loam is used with rotten cow manure. A little soot is put in and it tends to give the leaves a dark green color. Crushed bones are used to give the phosphorus which the plant requires. The house of chrysanthemums in bloom is a most beautiful sight.

“And here I hymn the praise and sing the fame
Of a fair victor from the sunrise lands,—
The gracious mother of a peaceful craft,
A conqueror of men’s hearts,—the flaunting flower,
Star-like and of innumerable hues,
Whose sunny home amid the ancient East
Is the ancestral isles of far Japan.

And of all flowers that spring from mother earth,
None is more fair than this from far Japan.
It is the queenly victor of all hearts;
And since all nations are its willing slaves,
A conqueror than Semiramis more great,
Fair fortune to this fair flower from the East.”

Connecting this large house with the orchid house is a room, glass covered, where the palms and largest plants are kept. These palms are used chiefly for groups in the show. One tree in this room was in flower. It was the red camelia, sometimes called the Japanese rose.

In the orchid houses, the plants stand over a water-tank formed beneath the woodwork staging. There are a great many species of orchids, but the only two in blossom now, the *Cypripedium*, represented by the “Lady’s Slipper,” and one of the *Cattleyas*.

The “Lady’s Slipper” is widely distributed over the tropical regions of both hemispheres. It is one of the most interesting of

the whole orchid family. The flowers of this group are characterized by the remarkable pouch. The pouch has a good deal to do with the fertilization of the flower.

The opening into the slipper is small and partly closed by the stigma and the shield-like body which lies between the two anthers. This makes the opening into the slipper have a horseshoe-like form, and bees or other insects which enter the slipper have a hard time to get out, and so, in trying to get out, they come in contact with the stigma. The easiest way out is at one of the ends of the horseshoe, and here the insect touches the anther and carries off the pollen, carrying it to fertilize another flower.

All the houses are heated by hot water. There is a boiler in the cellar of each one and the pipes run up and along the sides under the shelves.

The fires are started about four o'clock and there is a man on duty every night to watch the fires. In the winter, the man frequently has to stay up until midnight and a second man come on duty at three or four o'clock, in order to keep the houses at the right temperature.

The garden is on the top of the hill. It is enclosed on three sides by a thick hedge of evergreen and on the fourth side is a stone wall. In the center is a fountain from which rises a statue of Neptune. Four paths go out from this and the beds are arranged on the sides of the paths. The walks are covered with trellises bearing grape vines.

In the garden, nothing is in bloom until about June. In June, the beds of marguerites, iris, roses, candy-tuft, pansies and fox-glove with the borders of alyssum, forget-me-nots and marigolds are all flowering.

The roses extend the whole length of the garden and occupy all the room between two paths. They are very seldom out before the last of June. Last year they were all in bloom by June twenty-four, but the year before there was hardly one opened at that time.

In July, the gladii are in flower and make a very bright patch in their part of the garden. The asters and dahlias are the flowers of August and September.

All the annuals like the asters and petunias are sown in the early spring. Annuals are plants which spring from the seed, flower and die within the year.

Asters will thrive in any ordinary soil, petunias require about two parts loam to one part manure. The iris succeed best in a light, rich sandy soil and have to be fully exposed to the sun. The roses require a very rich soil and plenty of manure has to be added when the ground is being prepared, and an annual top-dressing of manure is necessary.

At the front entrance to the estate is a large bed of rhodo-

dendrons which, when in flower in early June, make a fine appearance. Leaf soil is best for these plants and every year great piles of leaves are raked into the bed and allowed to decay there.

The peonies are just outside the garden. Peonies prefer a rich soil which has to be well trenched previous to the planting and have a good deal of manure. A top dressing of manure has to be given each year and manure water used during the summer.

In the autumn, the bulbs are put in the ground all over the top of the hill outside of the garden, and the crocuses, tulips and narcissus are the first flowers of the spring.

Pots are among the most essential of garden utensils and a great deal of the success with plants depends on the potting. The pots are made of clay and the sizes are known by inches, as five inch, three inch and so on. Five inch pot means that the diameter of the top is five inches. All pots are made wider at the top than the bottom. For all the different kinds of plants numerous sizes are indispensable on the place.

Ordinary pots are always provided with a hole at the bottom, for the escape of water; in some of the larger sizes, two or three, in addition, are made at the side near the bottom.

Potting forms a most important part of the routine work of gardening, because it has to be practised almost every day. The pots have to be clean and dry when used and so every one has to be washed. The soil has to be moist when put into the pots. Wet soil cannot be worked in around the roots, and plants never succeed so well when placed in it, while a soil too dry cannot be rightly solidified in potting and it is difficult to moisten through afterwards by watering.

A strong-potting-bench is always necessary for good work upon it. Unless the bench is firm, potting on it is unsatisfactory, because the soil cannot be pressed unless the pot rest upon a solid base.

A great many sizes of watering-pots are necessary. For shrubs and outside garden crops, the ordinary kind with coarse rose, is best, but the use of the rose is not always necessary. A pot holding from twelve to fifteen quarts is as large as a man can manage.

Pots of smaller sizes are necessary for indoor plants and these have to have the spouts longer to reach the plants which are some distance from the men. For watering beds and boxes where small seeds have been sown, a very fine rose is necessary and it has to fit the spout so that there will be no dripping.

Watering-pots are usually painted red or green or galvanized inside and out to prevent rusting.

On this place tools of all descriptions are purchased. The averruncator is a hooked blade, fixed into the end handle. To the hooked blade another blade with a semi-circular cutting edge is

attached ; this has a lever, with a cord tied to the end, so that, when the cord is pulled from below, the two blades close and sever branches. With this tool a man can stand on the ground and prune branches fifteen or sixteen feet above him.

Bill-hooks are used for sharpening stakes and for cutting down high hedges and shrubs.

Hoes are used for many purposes, as breaking up the surface of the ground, hoeing gardens, cutting up small weeds and drawing drills for seeds.

Forks are very necessary and are used a good deal for digging, transplanting trees, turning and spreading leaf mould and manure and for loading leaves.

Both wooden and iron rakes have to be used in the garden, for levelling ground and for cleaning refuse.

There are several kinds of shears, those used for grass-edging, hedge-trimming, and pruning.

Garden trowels are indispensable for lifting and replanting such things as carry earth with their roots. For bedding-out in May and June, trowels are in constant demand, and at all seasons use is generally found for them.

For outdoor work, sweeping lawns, walks and so forth, birch brooms are used. These brooms are made in wet days when the man cannot work outside. The birch rods are gathered somewhere in the country. Two men go out two or three times in the fall and bring in a load each time, and they are kept in an open shed. For cleaning the floors of the greenhouses a long-handled broom such as we have in houses is used.

M. L. G.



A. B. C. of the Household Arts Seniors

A is for Alice and Agnes you know,
Who's recitations in chemistry, makes others seem slow.

B stands for Marion Bryant so meek,
Who scoots for home at the end of the week.

C is Collins who's power is her voice,
Also for Cousins, who is Eleanor's choice.

D is for the many dishes we have made ;
Also for the many dues we have paid.

E is enough which we have all had,
And now it's the end it doesn't seem bad.

F is for Fisher or Julia we call her,
And for Marie Fiske, our star sink washer,

G's for the good things that we've done,
They will remain when our course is run.

H stands for Haviland, in art is her skill,
She can draw all the faculty in class at her will.

K stands for Kehoe, the curler so fine.
Then Kenway, Killelea, Kingsbury in alphabetical line.

L is Loring and Lyman you know,
One cares for poetry, the other for dough.

M stands for Marian Bullard we see,
"The Dennison" mentioned, she laughs with glee.

N is for Niven. She'd "think it a shame"
Should I say Effie Gladys were her given name.

O is for Osgood, so tiny and small.
She says she could do more if she were tall.

P is for Preble, who stands so high
To reach her on Field Day in vain we try.

Q stands for quizzes we have received,
And when they are over we'll be relieved.

R is for Mabel Ritch, so haughty and tall,
Yet very good at the game Basket Ball.

S is for Shaw so wise, and Stoughton so sedate,
And likewise for Swasey, who's usually late.

T stands for trials that are now past,
Thank goodness the pleasant things only will last.

U stands for unity said in our class
To be what we should work for, Alack and Alas!

V is for Miss Vibberts, who'll make her way
If "Dan Cupid" does not interfere some day.

W is for Welch, Helen by name,
Also for White of no little fame.

X stands for a mark which sometimes appears
On Mr. Howe's papers that are in arrears.

Y is for Helen, the last on the call
But in style or argument first on the roll.

Z stands for all of our Zeal.
May we be as true to the school as steel.

Carnation Growing

CARNATION growing as an industry is very different from carnation growing as seen by the casual buyer who says, "What beautiful work! How you must love being among the flowers!" I am going to try to give you an idea of what carnation growing really is.

To begin at the beginning:—The best growers intend to house their plants between the first and tenth of July. All the old plants which have furnished blossoms during the winter are pulled out and thrown away. Then all the loam is taken out of the benches and they are refilled with fresh loam which has been prepared in this way: The previous fall a piece of sod-ground was ploughed, and one-fourth as much dressing put on as the amount of loam required. This was left during the winter for the frost to act on. Early the next spring Canada field peas, or something of that nature, was planted for a nitrogen trap. While these were in bloom they were ploughed under and left three or four weeks to decompose. At the end of this time the necessary amount of loam was ricked up, the big stones taken out of it, (but not by screening because that would take out the essential roots and fibres), and this is the loam which is put into the greenhouses. If this is not moist enough after it is gotten into the benches it must be sprinkled. Then bone-meal is sowed on until it looks like a light fall of snow, after which it must be worked down into the earth two inches or so. For doing this nothing is quite so good as the hands.

Now the benches are ready for the plants. If it is hot, as it probably will be in July, the houses must be shaded. The best way to accomplish this seems to be by applying a coat of white-wash made with air-slaked lime to the glass. The plants are set near together or far apart according to the variety. The "Maceo" does not have a very heavy foliage and can be set very close together—about six by seven inches. The "Boston Market," "Enchantress," "Lawson," and "Windsor," have a heavier growth, and must be set perhaps as far apart as ten by twelve inches. Care must be taken in planting not to cramp the roots, nor must they be planted deeper than they were in the field where they were taken from or they will rot off at the top of the ground. Only a few plants can be set before watering. If they are in more than fifteen minutes or so before sprinkling they will wilt, and if that happens they are not good for much. The water must be applied in a spray like a rainstorm, and it must be done without making the beds too wet for fear of rotting the plants. When they are first set out

they must be syringed at least twice a day. For the first two weeks the ventilators have to be kept almost closed, that they may not dry out too rapidly, for the air as well as the beds must not be too dry.

It would seem now as if there would be a lull in the work for a while at least, but as a matter of fact there is no time of year when the florist has not all he can do. A great many florists root, and grow in the field, more plants of some varieties than they want in their own houses. They make this fact known, and all during the early fall they are filling the orders which come in for them. This means packing the roots in damp moss and crating the plants to express.

After the carnations have been in for two weeks they may be given more air, gradually, and the whitewash may be rubbed off the glass to let the sun shine in onto them.

The plants should not have been in long before fumigating is begun. Of course under hothouse conditions they are almost certain to become infected with *Aphis* (green-fly), Thrip, etc. To guard against this and to remedy it the houses have to be fumigated once a week. Different florists use different things for this. Tobacco stems, tobacco dust, tobacco paper and liquid nicotine are among the more common. Whatever is used is set to burning at night and left to smoulder until morning. Besides this the plants have to be syringed every fair morning if red-spider gets onto them as fumigating has no effect on this pest.

At the end of the first two weeks it is time to go through the houses and very carefully pick off the dead "grass" as the florists call the leaves of the carnations. By now too, it is time to rake over the ground and bury the tiny weeds which will already have sprung up. Also, the sooner disbudding is commenced the better. Disbudding consists in taking off every little side bud so as to leave one main bud on each stem, that that may receive all the nourishment and be bigger and more perfect than it could otherwise be. This disbudding, of course, has to be kept up all winter.

About as soon as convenient the plants have to be "strung up." That is, two wires are put up between each two rows of plants running lengthwise of the bed about seven inches from the top of the loam; then two strings are woven across the wires between each two rows of plants running widthwise of the beds, to keep the plants apart and allow the sun to reach them all.

After this there is more disbudding, more weeding, cutting and marketing of flowers; and the watering and so forth to be kept up all the time; and then a second "deck" of strings about six inches above the first, to provide for the taller growth. Then the same things again and finally a third "deck."

About the first of October, the fires have to be started up a little nights. Daytimes they are "banked," that is, covered over

with wet ashes or something of the sort, so to barely keep them along till night.

By now, the propagating-house should be prepared. This house should be close and cool. The beds may be filled with sand, charcoal or ashes, but a fine grade of sifted sand is about as clean and satisfactory as anything. The cuttings are the little slips which grow on the lower part of the stem of the flower. They are broken off and the tips of the leaves or "grass" cut off, then they are set out in the sand quite close together and kept damp, *not wet*, for a month. Then the rooted cuttings are taken out and put into pots or shallow wooden boxes called flats, holding about one hundred cuttings. These flats are kept in a cool, sunny place till the tiny plants in them are planted out in the field.

Early in the spring, however, the florist must not forget to have the peas sown in the field, from which he is going to take his loam in the summer.

During April, the first little plants can be put out. Slight frost will do them no harm. They must be attended to; a hand cultivator run through them after every rain to keep the weeds down, they must be hoed, and the buds must be broken off, that they may not blossom during the summer, but let all the nourishment go to the plant itself rather than to flowers.

At some time during the winter, the florist has probably done a little experimenting on his own account. Florists are always fertilizing one flower with another, allowing them to go to seed, and hoping for great results. As a matter of fact, the results are extremely uncertain. From a red pink fertilized by a white one will come red, white, yellow, pink, variegated, in fact every color pink there is, but every one is apt to be either single, or burst, or weak stemmed, or ugly, or in some other way impossible. It is very seldom that a carnation which is any good develops, and even then it takes years to perfect it.

I have now given you a sketch of the year's work in carnation growing. The planting out, cultivating, hoeing, and the disbudding, weeding, cutting and marketing of flowers keep up till it is time to pull out the old plants, take out the old loam, put in the new and begin again where I started.

Flower growing has beautiful results, but it is work, and not merely a recreation as the onlooker who sees the results only, is sometimes fain to believe.

T. E. L.

The Fletcherites

Amid the maids at "Crocker Hall,"
 A sudden frenzy spread,
 "We do not chew our food at all,"
 Each zealous maiden said.

They chewed, and chewed, with all their might,
 Till jaws felt strangely sore.
 Who would not be a Fletcherite?
 'Twas sin to ask for more!

Milk chewed they, and pudding, too,
 No time had they to lose.
 They slowly ate their Irish stew,
 Remembering, "Thirty chews."

Breakfasts now were of the past.
 Their friends with horror viewed
 Their pallid looks—their silent past,
 But still they chewed and chewed.

One day to lunch they were quite late;
 An H. A. pie was there.
 Five minutes left, oh awful fate!
 They wept and tore their hair!

Said one, "To be a Fletcherite,
 No longer shall I try.
 I have put up a sturdy fight,
 But I want a piece of pie."

Ah! all at once those zealous souls
 "Fell to," with greatest haste,
 Gone was the pie and gone the rolls.
 Oh, nothing ran to waste.

Where are these hungry people now,
 Do they still roam around,
 With anxious looks upon each brow,
 And eyes cast on the ground?

Where are these fervent Fletcherites
 That chewed with greatest care;
 Whose meal consisted of two bites?
 And Echo answers, "Where?"

Music in F. N. S.---1909

GLEE CLUB—1896-1909

IN the school records we find that a glee club was first formed in the year 1896. At that time there was no musical director of the school. The idea of the club originated with a few musical girls.

The club, at the beginning, consisted of twenty members. Mr. W. F. Heard was invited to direct them and a constitution and by-laws were drawn up. In the constitution we find: "This club to be a permanent institution if the hopes of the founders are realized."

We note that the club gave a concert in the year 1896 under Mr. Heard's direction. In 1897 Miss Carrie Spear was appointed director of music in the school, and, therefore, of the glee club. She held office for only a year on account of ill health. Mr. Archibald became director Sept. 7, 1898. Under his direction the club has given an annual concert, besides helping in other affairs of the school.

Certainly "the hopes of the founders are realized" today. The present glee club consists of twenty-five members, who meet every Monday afternoon. These meetings are very enjoyable as well as helpful. The best music is studied and the best results obtained under Mr. Archibald's inspiring direction. This year an exceptionally fine concert was prepared and given March 1.

NORMAL SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

Assisted by

MRS. H. BURNHAM, Soprano.

MR. NELSON RAYMOND, Baritone.

MISS MARIAN SPAULDING, Violinist.

MISS AMY SPAULDING, Piano Accompanist.

MISS M. ELIZ. JAMES, Piano Accompanist.

PROGRAM.

- I. (a) "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind,"
- (b) "Under the Greenwood Tree,"

Old English—Dr. Arne, 1710-1778.

- II. "The Sword of Ferrara,"
MR. RAYMOND.
- III. "Sweet and Low."
GLEE CLUB.
- IV. "Mazur,"
MISS M. SPAULDING.
- V. (a) "Thou Art to Me"—Chadwick,
(b) "I Do Not Ask"—Neidlinger,
(c) "Spring"—Mackenzie,
MRS. BURNHAM.
- VI. "Serenade to Juanita,"
GLEE CLUB.
- VII. (a) "Mother O'Mine"—Jours,
(b) "Obstination"—Fontenailles,
(c) "Dennis Lightheart"—Sterndale Bennet,
MR. RAYMOND.
- VIII. "Forsaken"—Koschat,
GLEE CLUB.
- IX. (a) "Still wie die Nacht"—Bohm,
(b) "Ecstasy"—Beach,
MRS. BURNHAM.
- X. "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry"—Campion,
GLEE CLUB, with solo by MRS. BURNHAM.
- XI. Cantata—"A Legend of Granada"—Music by Henry Hadley,
GLEE CLUB. Solos by MRS. BURNHAM and MR. RAYMOND.

MEMBERS OF CLUB—1909.

PIANIST—Miss Spaulding.

FIRST SOPRANO—Misses Underwood, Huntington, Hunt, MacIntosh, Maxwell, Gould, Burke.

SECOND SOPRANO—Misses Childs, Ritchie, Howe, Shaw, Ritch, Richards.

FIRST ALTO—Misses Fanny Hall, Tracy, Powers, Davenport, Walford, MacCully.

SECOND ALTO—Misses Walker, Green, Staples, Blickhahn, Scott, Parker.

Outside of the glee club we have had very interesting musical afternoons. Beginning Dec. 14, we have listened, during the weekly musical period, to the works of the well-known composers. We began with the earliest composers, Handel, Hayn and Bach, passed on to Mendelssohn and Beethoven, and concluded with Schubert and Schumann. It has been our pleasure and privilege

to hear many enjoyable programs. Among them, for instance, was the following, given at the time we were studying Mendelssohn :

- I. Song Without Words—No. 172,
MISS H. WHITE.
- II. "Lord God of Abraham"—Elijah,
MR. ARCHIBALD.
- III, "Oh, Rest in the Lord"—Elijah,
MISS L. PARKER.
- IV. "It Is Enough"—Elijah,
MR. ARCHIBALD.
- V. "The Lord is Mindful of His Own"—St. Paul,
MR. ARCHIBALD.
- VI. Piano Selections—McDowell.
 - (a) "To a Wild Rose."
 - (b) "Sea Pictures."
 - (c) "To a Water Lily."

MRS. BARTLETT

On Feb. 29 we listened to exercises given by the eighth grade of the practice school. The program consisted of Mendelssohn music in chorus, duet and trio rendering, and sketches of parts of the life of the composer. The exercises were very enjoyable and led us to an appreciation of how well the children in the grades can work with the songs of the great composers.

K. A. P.



A Parting Word

On the hill of knowledge, daily,
 In the great Red-stone building
 Sits the H. A. Senior Class :
 They, the art of life deciding,
 They, the art of correct living,
 Sit erect, and talk to no one,
 Think of all the steps before them,
 And of those that are behind them.
 Some have made a false impression ;
 Some have ruined cakes and cookies ;
 Some still linger for the ice cream ;
 Others wait for lunch room duties.

But their guide, the generous one,
 The creator of all good things,
 Looks upon them with compassion,
 With parental love and pity ;
 Looks and sees upon their faces
 Expressions, for which there are no guesses.
 Knows them one by one.—
 Faces which have strived for three years,
 And now they know the strife has just begun.

Over them a hand she stretches,
 To allay their fixed expressions,
 Speaks to them with voice majestic ;
 As the sounds of nearing waters
 Tumbling over rock-strewn places ;
 Warning, guiding, spake in this wise :—

“Oh my children, my weary children,
 Listen to the words of wisdom,
 Listen to the words of warning
 From the lips of one who knows you ;
 Speaking as the whole school knows you.
 We have given you books to study in,
 From chemistry to ones in hygiene ;
 We cannot give you all we would
 But take this as a parting word :—
 Always strive for the best, from youth
 And follow our motto, ‘Live to the Truth.’ ”

M. E. M.

The Gymnasium

WE look back upon our work in the gymnasium with a feeling of happiness, for many were the pleasing incidents and refreshing exercises that occurred there.

Oftentimes it seemed impossible for us to perform the exercises which Miss Bennett outlined for us; now we remember with satisfaction how we came to move with precision at the various orders given to us. And how with confidence we moved over the balance beam.

We went to the gymnasium when the cold weather had put an end to our outdoor sports. First we were taught floor work and some of us were far from graceful in our movements, or active in following commands. We became more interested and put forth greater exertions, when we took up the exercises on the apparatus. We were taught to swing on ropes, pass through the vertical and horizontal ladders, walk on the balance beams, perform the spring jump and use the boom. In these exercises there was a wide variance in the accomplishments of the pupils. Slim, lithe girls generally outdid their stouter classmates, and some of the outlined exercises were never realized by many gymnasts.

We began to feel that we were well along in the course, when in the last few months of our Junior year we were all allowed to teach a day's order or a game. But we realized our deficiencies when we skipped commands and created disorder in the ranks. We continued on the same line of exercises when school reopened in September. During the winter many days were given up to dancing.

Last of all we took up emergencies which the girls adopted with much enthusiasm. We had many volunteer patients for drowning accidents and as many on-lookers ready to resuscitate them. In this way the work was made as real as possible. Emergencies which are liable to occur in the school-room, such as fainting, fits, bruises, or cuts, are considered. Instructions are given, showing the best methods for meeting the emergency.

The hours spent in the gymnasium were very pleasant and beneficial.

FIELD HOCKEY.

No small amount of attention has been given by our class to this game. A great many members went out two or three afternoons a week for practise. The hockey field is just south of the school, on the opposite side of the street.

We wielded the hockey stick with the same zeal that our brothers at home did, and finally steadied down to play a game good to look at. Late in the season the players were chosen by the captain of the team to play in the game on Field Day against the Household Arts Juniors. The teams were well matched, and and there was much interest aroused for the outcome. The game ended with a victory for the Regular Juniors with a score of 1—0.

INDOOR ATHLETIC MEET.

The indoor athletic meet held in the gymnasium April, 1908, was a true test of the athletic ability of the girls. We had then been about six months in that department, a sufficiently long time, for each girl to be fairly well developed in one of the several divisions of the work. The events at the meet included floor-work, vaulting, the horizontal ladders, the balance beams, stall bars, and the rib stools. The girl best in any event had two points to her credit; second place was awarded one point. The girls worked in groups of six and were judged by gymnastic instructors from out of town. When the points were counted, Marion Spaulding had the greatest number and was awarded the letter F. Many of the girls did well in the contests, but none of us were disappointed, as Miss Spaulding clearly excelled. It is a certainty that these indoor meets will ever be popular at Framingham. In March of our Senior year Miss Spaulding again vanquished all competitors and was a second time awarded the letter.

BASEBALL

Baseball bids well to become the most popular game at the school. It has the advantages to be played out-of-doors and in the most beautiful season of the year. Baseball is something of a novelty at Framingham, as we are only the second class to be represented by ball nines. The baseball diamond is behind Normal Hall. We use the regulation sized bat and a good sized ball, which will hit the bat, if the girl at the plate is not careful. But with all the variations from the national game, we developed strong teams and had some lively games. We did not try any out-curves of the ball, but we did knock some "flies," and made home-runs. Early in the season, the captains were chosen from the B. and C. divisions, the A section being then in Practice School. Several match games took place before the baseball season was over.

TENNIS

The school possesses two fine tennis-courts and the girls are always eager to make the most of them. Every day when playing is permissible both courts are occupied.

We have some girls who are expert at the game, others "play," and there are a great many beginners. While the beginner's game is indeed interesting and in a class of fun by itself, the tournament games which are being played all the Fall take much of the attention as they are in the way of deciding who shall play in the final game on Field Day.

In the semi-finals this year, Mabel Ritch was defeated by Amy Spaulding, and Louise Ruth by Marian Spaulding. The deciding match game is still to be played.

BASKET-BALL

Basket-ball is essentially the winter sport of the school. Soon after Field Day, the basket-ball practises begin and the season lasts until it is warm enough to take up some outdoor game. Nearly every division in the school has its basket-ball team, so many match games are possible. All of the games are well attended, but the games where the teams are evenly matched are the big games of the season, and draw the largest crowds. Beside division games we have our "college games." The best players of the school are chosen to play on the college team that they favor, and so we have our Yale-Harvard, and Harvard-Dartmouth games. Last year (at Framingham), Yale beat Harvard and Dartmouth beat Harvard. Many games have also been played between the local High School teams and our own.

During our Junior year we had more time to indulge in basket-ball. In our Senior year, between Practice School and harder academic work, we have less time to practise basket-ball, and consequently have played fewer games.



School Notes 1907-1908

On Friday afternoon, October 11, we Juniors witnessed a transformation scene in May Hall, when all the students were invited to a reception given by the Faculty. It was a curious class of Juniors that waited in the corridor near Dr. Lambert's room, at three o'clock. We were ushered into the hall by Miss Anna Moore and Mr. Howe, where we were received by Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Kate Gannet Wells, Miss Davis, Miss Dale, Miss Nicholass, and Mr. Ketchum. Many involuntary "oh's" escaped from our mouths as we gazed around. Could this be the room where that very morning we had so wearily tried to study physics? Cozy seats were arranged invitingly around the room while ferns and palms on the platform made a pretty background for the Italian trio who furnished music during the afternoon. Ice cream was served by Miss Ordway, Miss Stevens and Miss Winslow. Miss Mary Moore and Miss Emerson poured coffee. A delightful afternoon was spent by all, but especially by us Juniors to whom it formed a pleasing introduction to the school.



On November 8, 1907, we were entertained by the Seniors. Several of the Seniors (for in those early days we knew very few names, so all were classed under the awesome name, "Seniors") acted as ushers. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Dr. and Mrs. Lambert, Miss French, Miss Ordway, Miss Lamson, the Senior President and Miss Phillips, the Senior Secretary. Dancing followed the reception for two hours, during which we became acquainted with the charming girls with whom we had such pleasant associations and whose departure in June we looked upon with much regret.



After the Senior reception, it was our turn to plot and plan for the time was not far off, when it was to be our privilege to entertain the Seniors. What should we do? What would the Seniors enjoy most? Finally a Japanese tea and dance was decided upon. How we anticipated and how anxious we were for everything to be carried out successfully. We had hoped that the weatherman would prove our friend, but alas! on January 28, 1908, he sent a blizzard. We were optimistic Juniors, however, and did our best to make May Hall a cheerful contrast to the storm outside. The decorations were cherry blossoms, Japanese lanterns

and fans. The dance orders were Japanese in design and several of the Juniors were in Japanese costume. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Bennett, Mr. Howe and our class officers, Miss Blickhahn and Miss Lee received. On the platform which had been arranged as a Japanese interior, the Japanese ceremony of receiving the bride into the bridegroom's family was enacted by several Juniors in Japanese costume. Tea and rice cakes were served for refreshments.



January 13, we were invited to our first pianola party given to the school by Mr. Whittemore. Evidently, none of us were superstitious for although it was "the thirteenth," we all had an enjoyable time and danced until five o'clock.



February 7, Mr. Whittemore invited the school to a Pianola Peanut Party, the most enjoyable of our informal parties. We knew what a pianola party was but what a pianola peanut party was we could only guess. When we entered the Assembly Hall, we saw bowls of salted peanuts along the platform with the printed cards "TAKE SOME" stuck in them. The invitation looked like such a cordial one that we accepted it without the least hesitation. Mr. Whittemore played the pianola and we danced and ate salted peanuts until the intermission. Mr. Whittemore then announced "in behalf of the management," that the guests would find bags of sweets, of which they were invited to partake, in room 15, the teachers' room and various other rooms. Immediately there was a grand rush downstairs and we returned with striped bags of peanut taffy. Most of us got two bags, but some of us were fortunate enough to discover four or five. Dancing was then continued until five o'clock.



October 2, 1907, Mr. F. L. Burnham, the state agent for drawing addressed the school.



October 21, 1907, Mr. George H. Martin, Secretary of the State Board of Education, spoke to the school on methods.



January 14, Mr. Kempton gave a stereopticon lecture on "Hiawatha" to the students of the Normal Department and the Practice School. The beautifully colored slides made the poem seem very realistic.

December 11, Miss Emily Poullson gave a delightful talk on the child and his difficulties in the world of adults. It brought us into sympathy with the little one whose motives are so easily misunderstood, and made us resolve that when we were teachers we would look for the motive behind the child's act.



December 17, the centennary of Whittier's birth was celebrated, the program being prepared by the C. division of the Senior class under the direction of Miss Mary Moore.



January 30, Miss Jane Brownlee talked to the school on "Moral Training in the Schools." Her method is to have the children learn first the care of the body, thinking of it as their servant. The idea of having a servant appeals to the child, and by making his body an obedient servant the child learns his first lesson in self-control. He is then given a new thought for each month as obedience or truth. The new subject is talked about and the children try their best to live up to the new thought. Mrs. Brownlee does not believe in prizes but teaches that "virtue is its own reward."



May 1, the students were invited to an English May Day Fair, arranged by the Faculty. At three o'clock, when we were all assembled, two minstrels (whom we recognized as H. A. Juniors) entered and bade us draw up our chairs and join in the merry-making. Charades followed in which both teachers and pupils participated. None of us will ever forget the way Mr. Whittemore and Mr. Archibald represented the second syllable of the word "hydraulics," nor the way in which Mr. Howe represented the whole word. After the charades, the Glee Club sang, "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" and some of the Seniors danced the May Pole dance. Dancing followed and refreshments were served by Household Art Juniors dressed as English country girls.



May 14, Mr. Prince, agent of the State Board of Education, spoke to the school on "Educational Processes."

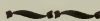


May 18, Peace Day was celebrated by the school. Several students read and spoke. The program was arranged by Miss Anna Moore.



May 19, Edward H. Forbush, State Ornithologist, gave a lecture to the school on "The Care and Protection of Birds." The lecture was made very interesting by the colored slides.

June 3, the Juniors held an open meeting to which the rest of the school was invited. Songs were sung by Miss Florence Lucey and a quartet from the Glee Club, composed of Juniors. A former graduate of the school gave readings from Dickens and Mark Twain. Class songs, written by members of the Junior Class, were sung. Refreshments were served by members of the Household Arts Junior Class.



1908-1909

October 10, the students were entertained at a reception and tea given by the Faculty in May Hall at three o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Wells, Miss Nicholass, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Roof, Miss Pratt and Miss Doolittle received the Juniors. The hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion. Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Ketchum, Mrs. Archibald and Miss Ruggles poured. The afternoon was enjoyed by the Juniors in making new friends and by the Seniors in renewing old acquaintances.



November 13, the Seniors gave a reception and dance for the Juniors in May Hall. The hall was decorated with autumn leaves. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Wells, Miss Davis, Miss Ordway, Miss French and the class officers, Miss Orton and Miss Bemis. Upon entering the hall, the Juniors were given little slips of paper with numbers on them, the Seniors having corresponding numbers. After partners were found by means of the numbers, dancing followed until five o'clock.



January 15, the Juniors entertained at a reception and dance for the Seniors. The hall had been very prettily decorated for the occasion by the members of the Junior class. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Anna Moore and Miss Penniman received. Dancing was enjoyed from three o'clock until five.



October 2, by order of the Governor, the State flag was displayed. The following exercises were held in the hall to celebrate the event :

Governor Guild's Order—Mr. Whittemore.

History and Description of the Flag of State—Miss Anna Moore.

"To the Flag," written for the occasion by a member of the Senior Class—Read by Miss Mary Moore.

Daniel Webster's Tribute to Massachusetts—Miss Hunter.

Letter from Governor Guild—Read by Mr. Whittemore.

Raising of the flag and singing of last stanza of "America" by the school.



October 9, Mrs. Wells addressed the school.



October 30, Mrs. Kate T. Conlyon gave a lecture to the school on "Moliere."



January 14, Mr. G. G. O'Dwyer spoke to the school on "The Education of the Blind." Mr. O'Dwyer spoke of the work done by blind people and tried to show us that this work was not "wonderful," as we are accustomed to call it, and that blind people are not as handicapped as we think.



January 15, debate under direction of Household Arts Seniors. Question: Resolved, that a non-meat eating diet is more beneficial than a meat eating one.

Affirmative—Miss Fiske and Miss Ritch.

Negative—Miss Kenway and Miss Moulton.

Decision in favor of affirmative side.



January 21, Robert H. Lovett gave a lecture on "The Care of the Feet."



January 27, Mrs. R. L. Sargent of West Medford read "The Servant in the House" to the school, in May Hall.



February 4, Mr. Clarke spoke to the Seniors on "Penmanship."



February 10, the centenary of Lincoln's birth was celebrated. Readings from the writings of Lincoln were given by members of the Senior class. Miss Berta Burnett introduced the speakers. The program was as follows:

Letters to General Hooker and Lieutenant General Grant—Miss Cahill.

Selection from addresses delivered before the Library Association of Springfield, Ill.—Miss Burgess.

Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address—Miss Plummer.

Letter to Mrs. Bixby of Boston—Miss Burke.

Speech at Gettysburg—Miss Fleming.



February 19, exercises in celebration of Washington's Birthday were given by members of the Senior class. The program was entirely under the direction of the Seniors.



On the evening of February 19, the Senior Dance was held in the Assembly Hall. The hall and a few smaller rooms were tastefully decorated and arranged by the Junior class. The Seniors and their guests reported a most delightful evening.



March 2, Mrs. John Prince spoke to the school on "A School for Saleswomen."



March 5, debate under the direction of the Lincoln Debating Club. Resolved, that it is advantageous to the peace of the United States to have a larger navy.

Affirmative—Miss Cahill and Miss Howe.

Negative—Miss Esten and Miss Mague.

Vote taken by entire school.

1. For merits of the question, in favor of the negative.
2. For merits of the debaters, in favor of the affirmative.



March 15, Mrs. L. T. Meade addressed the school on "Patriotism and Internationalism." Mrs. Meade spoke of the interdependence of the nations and the substitution of arbitration for war, which must take place.



March 29, Prof. Maynadier of Harvard spoke on "Spencer as the Representative Poet of the Elizabethan Era."

Crocker Hall Notes

DURING the first two weeks after our return to Crocker, all the girls assembled in the parlor, and with Miss Stanley as Chairman, elected Miss Haviland as House President, and Miss Marie Brown, Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Haviland was chosen for her capability in management and for her profound dignity. Who can doubt, or who would hesitate to say that Jessica is anything but dignified, (having known her this whole year)? Miss Brown being a very trustworthy person was allowed to keep in her possession the wealth of Crocker Hall.

Miss Haviland called a meeting very soon afterwards, and the girls decided to hold entertainments every two weeks, on Saturday evenings, up to Christmas. It was agreed upon then that Miss Haviland should select the chairmen for the several committees and they in turn should draw the names of the girls for their committees. The President chose Misses Louise Orton, Mildred Moulton, Myrtle Brooks, Julia Fisher, Jessie Lowe and Sally Kehoe as chairmen. Each chairman drew a date and then the different committees decided the form of entertainment they should give. This they kept for a surprise to the rest of the girls.

All the other Saturday evenings were spent in playing whist.

INITIATION

When our class attained the dignity of Seniors one of the first duties (?) we set about to perform was that of the initiation of the undergraduates. As the number of Juniors was very small we thought it a good plan to include every one who had not had that pleasant experience,

"The best laid plans . . . oft go astray." We had in mind the usual hair raising stunts of former years, when a rumor reached us that a ban had been placed on such proceedings. Our Principal did not approve. Now for a worthy substitute!

We Seniors, from our keen observation of the new girls discovered that there were many geniuses among them and we decided to give them the opportunity of their young lives to become famous.

"Attention! All new girls living in Crocker Hall are invited to assemble at 9 o'clock sharp, on the stairs under the clock on the second floor. All bring tumblers." Thus read the notice on the Bulletin Board one Thursday evening.

Curiosity, fear, anticipation, who can imagine what thoughts

filled the minds of the Juniors! Nevertheless, responding to the invitation, all appeared at the appointed time and place.

Each in turn was called upon by the chairman to help carry out the following program.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Opening Hymn | Miss Howe |
| 2. Address of Welcome to Old Girls | Miss Wallace |
| 3. Toe Dancing | Miss F. Hall |
| 4. Essay on the Evolution of Man | Miss Plummer |
| 5. Cake Walk | Miss Mathewson |
| 6. One Act Play | { Miss Childs
Miss Huntington
Miss Stebbins |
| 7. Representation of the Faculty as called for | Miss Bateman |
| 8. Essay on Height or the Advantages of Being Tall | Miss H. Shaw |
| 9. The Latest Song of the Day | Miss Hanson |
| 10. A Humorous Speech | Miss Elizabeth Smith |
| 11. Demonstration of Puff Making Without Removing the
Ostemoor | { Miss Lowe
Miss Esten |
| 12. The Processes Involved in the Manufacture of Fish Glue | Miss S. Fisher |
| 13. Proposal as Given in 1908 | Miss Sanborn |
| 14. Demonstration of an Omelet | Miss Hawks |
| 15. Speech of Thanksgiving and Farewell Benediction | Miss Badger |

You can see at a glance that positively no one else could be chosen for any other part. The program went off beautifully, but for one flaw. Now girls, who, would you tell me, is without a little bit of humor? It was simply deplorable to find one maiden who stubbornly refused to make one witty remark. However, as the saying goes, "Let the Dead Past Bury Its Dead."

It might be well to add that in the midst of the performance, Miss Stanley and Miss Roof came upon the scene of action, and were amazed at the talent displayed.

The girls as they were told, appeared with tumblers which up to this time seemed useless. Now all were invited to the third floor where light refreshments were served, and all made merry until 9.45, when we scrambled to our rooms to prepare for the night.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

"All ye who enter here
Leave hope behind."

In spite of this gruesome sign the people on Normal Hill were still anxious to enter. Instead of finding the familiar Assembly Hall which we all expected, we found ourselves in a dimly lighted corn field from which came the strains of a funeral march. Scarcely had the mournful sound reached our ears when a ghost appeared and ushered each in turn up to a most grotesque receiving

line. With much misgiving, the first two ghosts were passed, but the third, oh horrors! When you felt that clammy hand clasp yours, what shrieks were heard!

If your courage still held out, you were taken through a dark passage way where all sorts of apparitions and weird noises greeted you on every side. On your journey back to the corn field you were accosted by an old witch who presented you with a blank piece of paper which, when it was heated, proved to be your fortune.

After we began to breathe more freely, three witches appeared, riding among the corn stalks, and gave a weird dance. Two ghosts then brought in a big basket of apples and the witches inveigled all into sampling their doughnuts, corn cakes, and cider. Next came a merry dance among the corn stalks and then a rush to get out of such a spooky place before the lights should go out.

SANTA VISITS CROCKER

Early in December, the girls decided that they would like a change from the usual Christmas tree. After a few days' thought it was decided that the Christmas entertainment should be a Stocking Hanging Party.

The slips with the girls' names were sent around in a bag as in former years. Then by a special device the gifts and stockings of every girl were collected by a few girls.

Some of the stockings were very queer. A few of our faculty presented stockings which we knew at a glance were not the ones used in their usual attire. Although the stockings varied in size, we managed to fill every one of them with the help of paper and peanuts.

Right after study hour, the girls came together and had the plan revealed to them. While this lengthy account was going on, the girls who had collected the stockings were busy hanging them about in all the rooms on the second and third floors. When they had finished they rang a bell. What a rush! Teachers, matron, girls, all made one mad rush up the stairs.

At the end of ten minutes the gong was struck and every one came back to the parlor. The stockings were emptied and there was a general good time.

The sound of bells, a pounding on the back piazza, a knock at the window! Some one went to the window and there was "St. Nick." We let him in and after he had talked to us a while he presented each with a fine box of candy. His candy was splendid, but when he asked each one to read her verse and show her gift in return for the candy, there were some sighs. Nevertheless each one read and enjoyed her joke or we did for her. Dear old "St. Nick" was called away and so the party ended.

OTHER SATURDAY EVENING FROLICS

The entertainment given November 21 was in the form of a dinner party and dance. It was the day of the Harvard-Yale football game and the Crocker girls are always very enthusiastic about this game. The dining room was arranged very attractively with banners and posters. Some of the tables were arranged to form an H and others formed the letter Y. The girls sat at either table, according to their preference. The dinner cards were very attractive, and all the girls cheered and made merry to the best of their ability.

After dinner we all went over to the Gymnasium, where we danced the time away. In our party were several young men of all types. There was a charming young cadet whose partner we all wished to be. Some of the young men were in evening dress while others simply came in their very best suits. A few sailors were in our midst and these danced as they never did before. It was indeed a very elaborate affair, beginning with a Grand March. Refreshments were served and the party ended at 9.30 P. M.

Another one of these entertainments that afforded a great deal of amusement was given in the Gymnasium, where several games were played. During the first part of the evening Medicine Ball held the attention of all. After this strenuous exercise, we enjoyed the more restful game of a Peanut Race. This game afforded a great deal of amusement, but was not quite as exciting as the former, or the next, Going to Jerusalem. We laughed so much during this that when refreshments were announced we were relieved and thankful. After this intermission, we danced until 9.30, when we went to our rooms for the night.

We always looked forward with pleasure to the Saturday evening entertainments. On this particular evening, we had presented to us a Country School. The children were very queer and interesting, and the teacher was of course, charming, as all who select such a profession should be.

The "Fish and the Kite" was another one of the celebrated performances given by the girls of Crocker Hall. The affair was a pantomime, and was followed by a play entitled "Wanted, a Wife." The productions took place in the front parlors of Crocker Hall. Refreshments were served to the assembled guests and the excitement was tense during the auction of posters.

Again, one Saturday evening, Crocker dining room was filled with ever so many merry little boys and girls. After a jolly dinner they all raced over to the gymnasium, where they played the games always delightful to very youthful spirits and were supplied with animal crackers from baskets big enough to satisfy any childish heart.

Another enjoyable entertainment was a Saturday evening mu-

sical. Violin selections were rendered by Miss Marian Spaulding, piano solos by Miss Amy Spaulding, and readings by Miss Alice Spaulding. The closing feature of the evening, a visit from "The Pygmies of Africa" produced much merriment for all.

In telling you of the many happy hours we Seniors have spent at Crocker, I feel obliged to mention the good "spreads" we have all attended. Along with these I must not neglect the fashionable teas given by the smart set. The gowns worn by the hostesses might well have excited the envy of the greatest lady of the land. They were of the latest fashion and were selected with excellent taste.



Normal Hall Notes

THE NORMAL GIRLS INITIATE

ON the morning of September 23 the inevitable skull and cross-bones appeared on the time worn and pin pierced bulletin board, while during the day half whispered rumors of "crossing Wigglely Bridge blindfolded," and "crossing the top of Gordon's Bridge" escaped from the lips of the secretive and supreme Seniors. The Juniors said they didn't believe it—we trust they didn't.

At half after eight that night the Juniors were seized, blindfolded and led about the building, and at last brought to Room 8, where the blindfolds were removed. Here they were made to do stunts. It was amusing to see Laura Parker "rustle like a petticoat" and Helen Lockwood "scramble like an egg." Speeches were also required. Laura Daniels discussed at length on her love affairs and was pleading Rube's cause with great fervor when a terrible mishap took place and she left the room amid wild applause. After the stunts were over a social time was enjoyed, during which orangeade, crackers, candy and salted peanuts were served. The newcomers were not treated too badly (we thought) and the time was enjoyed by all.

Early in October a meeting of the Seniors and Middle Juniors was held and Mabel White was elected House President for the school year. She has made a good one and we have not regretted our choice.

TWO HALLOWE'EN PARTIES FOR NORMAL

We enjoyed a fine time on Friday night, October 30, when

Crocker entertained us at a Hallowe'en party. Things were carried out splendidly and the party was a great success.

On the next night Miss Dawson gave us a pretty party in Normal Hall. The dining room was tastefully decorated and the place cards ornamented with pumpkins. After dinner we enjoyed the characteristic Hallowe'en stunts in the laundry. It was great fun and we appreciated Miss Dawson's kindness.

NORMAL CELEBRATES THE HARVARD-YALE GAME

On the night of November twenty-first the dining room was decorated in the suitable blue and red. One side of the room was ornamented with Harvard banners and posters of all descriptions, and the other side was similarly decorated with the Yale blue. The table decorations were particularly attractive. Long strips of crepe paper were fastened overhead, above the centres of the tables, and were twisted and brought down to each individual place at the tables. The place cards were likewise appropriate.

The game was discussed during dinner and, of course, the Harvard defenders smiled supremely at the less fortunate Yale enthusiasts.

THE FACULTY PARTY

Perhaps the funniest entertainment of the year given by the Normal Hall girls was the Faculty Party on the evening of November twenty-first.

Miss Dawson, in the lower hall, made a wild attempt to capture the different members of the faculty as he or she descended the stairs, and those who were captured and could not get away were led in to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, who readily recognized in them the ones they were impersonating. After breathless escapes they arrived in Dr. Lambert's laboratory, which was the dressing room for the occasion. The seats arranged in the Assembly Hall were being rapidly filled and the smothered laughter from Dr. Lambert's laboratory increased the expectancy of the audience.

Soon the door was opened and Mr. Whittemore (?) entered, walked up on the platform, arranged the shades, and took his accustomed place at the desk.

Then followed the other members of the faculty in turn. The dignified and awe-inspiring attitude which they assumed was kept up with difficulty amid the uproarious laughter and vigorous applause from the audience.

Mr. Whittemore presided at the opening exercises and after the reading a song was sung. Mr. Whittemore strongly encourages the singing of new songs in the morning, and, accordingly,

the faculty rendered "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" in a most touching and creditable manner. After this, the principal spoke long and vigorously against the use of "half shoes" in winter, encouraged the wearing of rubbers, spoke of the necessity of breakfasts, etc., and at last assured the school that this was not a scolding, it was simply an appeal. The bell was then rung for dismissal, but immediately the little bell on the desk was heard, calling the attention of the school, and Mr. Whittemore read a notice which announced that the H. A. Seniors would have basketry from 9.10 A. M. until 6 P. M., and that they were to bring their lunches in their oval lunch baskets.

After this the school was dismissed and the faculty filed down from the platform to one corner of the Assembly Hall, where they received, Dr. Lambert, Mr. Ketchum and Mr. Howe doing the honors as ushers.

After the Faculty Party a dwarf dance took place. It was marvelous and mysterious, for the girls who took part in it could not have been, apparently, more than two feet tall. Then the dwarfs grew up, the Faculty mingled with the audience, and the prelude of a waltz was heard from the region of the piano. Everyone joined in the dancing, refreshing herself occasionally (?) with the cider and corn cakes which were at the disposal of all on the table at one side. Few of us have forgotten that cider.

The dancing continued for the rest of the evening, and when it was time to leave, all agreed that it had been one of the "best times ever."

The committee was in charge of Eleanor Preble, and those who participated in the entertainment were Theo Littlefield, Beth Wentworth, Millie Osgood, Mabel Ritch, Mildred Gaillac, Lillian Shaw, Laura Daniels and Evelyn Cousens, and in the wharf dance Helen Lockwood, Vesta Howard, Mabel White, Jane Palson, Alice Bemis and Marion Ilsley.

SANTA CLAUS COMES TO NORMAL

Our annual note from Santa Claus arrived the week before vacation and specified the night of December seventeenth as the proposed time for his intended visit. Almost all of us had seen Santa at Normal before, and we knew just what a good time was in store for us. All day long curious and mysterious looking packages were brought in, under coats or in muffs, and cautiously dropped into the big basket on the third floor. At eight-thirty we assembled in the parlor and it certainly seemed as if Santa Claus was fond of the girls in Normal Hall, for he had made the Xmas tree most attractive. But Santa himself was not to be seen. However, we knew how tired he must be after hanging all those gifts on the tree, and we supposed he must be taking a short nap. Our talk

and laughter was not conducive to slumber and soon we heard his footsteps and in he came—the same old Santa. From his face and figure we could not see that he had changed a particle since last year. After a hearty greeting, he began at once distributing the numerous gifts on the tree. The gifts were costly and grand. One young lady was even favored with an immense ocean liner to run between New York and Porto Rico. We all envied her the trip she will enjoy on it this summer. Santa Claus' gifts were in the latest style and the puffs and other hair ornaments showed him to be a most observing man. He was evidently interested in gymnasium work, for one girl who was sadly in need of exercise to increase her strength became the proud possessor of a set of tools and a most attractive egg beater, which she is fondly cherishing for—who knows what? There were many other gifts, such as dolls and toys of all kinds, each of which was particularly suitable for the owner. Mr. Whittemore received a pair of rubbers and we found that Santa Claus had brought a perfect fit. After the gifts had been passed around and the verses which they contained had been read, we opened our bags of Christmas candy and ate corn cakes until the bell rang for us to bid Santa Claus good-night.

Gladys was not able to be with us, as she had already started home, but we didn't forget her and we appreciated the thoughtfulness which prompted her to send each of us a little remembrance.

A HUSKING BEE FOR NORMAL AND CROCKER

Our grand good time on the night of January eighth was entirely due to Mr. Whittemore's kindness. A husking bee was something of a novelty and everyone entered into it heartily, as the queer costumes showed. There were farmers and country people of all descriptions and everything savored of the farm. The corn was piled in heaps on the floor in the basement of May Hall and there the fun began. Great excitement prevailed when the red ears were discovered and it was hinted that some of the red ears did double duty.

After the corn was husked the characteristic good things to eat were produced, and we partook generously of the doughnuts, and coffee, and corn cakes, and peanut candy, which Mr. Whittemore had provided.

After this we all went up to the Assembly Hall and had a fine time dancing, the rest of the evening.

The Virginia Reel seemed to be the most popular dance of the evening and was entered into with great spirit. Mr. Whittemore played the pianola for the dancing all the evening and when it was over we all felt grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore for one of the best times of the school year.

VALENTINE PARTY AT NORMAL

At the sound of the dinner bell, we assembled on Valentine's night in the lower hall, awaiting the opening of the "barred doors." The suspense was not long and as the doors were opened there were exclamations from all sides, for the dining room had been transformed into a most delightful place, where hearts crossed the room from many places, and cupids floated quietly about, while the red shades about the lights gave a soft touch to it all. The place cards were cupids and the whole scheme of color and decoration was daintily carried out in everything. After dinner a big valentine box was opened in the parlor and each one received a valentine which she was obliged to show to the others. Some hesitated before reading their verses but they were attacked on all sides and forced to read them. At the sound of the study hour bell we went to our rooms, each one trying to find out who the sender of her valentine could have been.

VAUDEVILLE SHOW

The Normal Hall Stock Company presented its first show of the season to the Crocker Hall, and "outside" girls, on the evening of January twenty-third. The manager was gratified by a full house on the first appearance of his company in this city. Talents long extinct (so it seemed), were brought to life and the applause from the audience showed them appreciative of the ability and skill of the artists. Mlle. Poor scored a great success in her sweet and gentle rendering of "Are You Sincere?" after the "Princess" style. It could not have helped but touch the hearts of all present. Another vocal hit was "Three Blind Mice," by the three well known singers whose voices blended so well and whose appearance as a trio was so attractive.

The program was as follows:—

A. PRELUDE.

Mlle. BROTHERS.

B. LATEST SONGS.

"Shine On, Harvest Moon,"

BROTHERS AND POOR.

"In Her Little Cottage Pudding by the Sea,"

M. POOR.

C. WOODLOCK, THE TALE TELLER,

"His Eye Was Stern and Wild."

D. Mlle. POOR.

"Are You Sincere?" (A la Princess.)

E. REMINISCENCES OF 1948.

F. THREE BUDDING ARTISTS FROM EUROPE.

(Three Blind Mice.)

G. ELECTOGRAPH.

Modern and Mediæval Ballad of Mary Jane acted out in Pantomime.

The remaining time was spent in dancing. Punch and fancy crackers were served as refreshments.

Those who took part in the vaudeville show were Evelyn Cousens, Mabel Ritch, Helen Lockwood, Mildred Gaillac, Theo Littlefield, Beth Wentworth, Eleanor Preble, Millie Osgood, Helen Welch, Laura Parker, Mabel White and Laura Daniels. Annie Lee was chairman of the committee for the entertainment.

THE NORMAL GIRLS PULL CANDY

The sign on the bulletin board read "All come to the laundry Saturday night, March 27. Wear 'gym.' suits and bring an apron and a glass." We assembled promptly in the laundry at the appointed time and the candy was put on the stove to cook. Then two long tables were arranged and "Up Jenkins" held sway for some time.

It was great fun and we kept it up until the candy was ready to pull.

Then difficulties began. Some pulled theirs quickly into condition to be cut, but others labored hard with theirs and looked as if they were pulling it with their faces as well as their hands.

Beth was not quite as successful as some, and she was heard to remark desperately that it "sticketh closer than a brother." It needed but one glance at her to prove the truth of the statement.

When all the candy was pulled, we cut it, and when it was cool, we ate as much as we could of it, with fancy crackers and corn cakes. The remainder we took to our rooms on plates, and most of us put the plates out on the fire escape to keep the candy hard over night. However, it rained unexpectedly that night.

The committee was in charge of Lillian Shaw. She gave us a grand good time and we were all sorry that she was unable to join in with us in the fun.

Clippings

Lives of zoologists all remind us
 We may find, collect and mount
 And departing leave behind us
 Bugs and worms without a count.

* * *

In sewing class: "Of what use is a bag when the top is sewed up, Sue?"

* * *

Teacher: "Johnny, what figure of speech is, 'I love my teacher?'"

Johnny: "Sarcasm."

* * *

"Jin," a M. Jr. to a Reg.: "Should I starch my clothes before or after I wash them?"

* * *

If you have plenty of good points about you, the faculty won't sit down on you very hard.

* * *

A pupil-teacher was giving an explanation of the hectograph. In conclusion, she said: "Are there any questions?" "Is it all clear?"

Miss R.: "I don't understand where to put the ink. Do you put it on the paper or on the pan?"

* * *

Heard in Food and Dietetics Class.

Mr. H.—"When is the food oxidized?"

F. (deliberately with a wise air)—"The food is oxidized when—when it meets the oxygen."

* * *

What does R. S. V. P. mean? Rat shows very plainly.

* * *

Teacher (in literature)—"What did Milton write in his old age?"

Student (suddenly awaking from her day dreams)—"Paradise Alley."

The geography class was studying the different kinds of soil.
Miss S. (reciting about sand).

"Did you ever look at a sand bank, Miss S.?"

"No, Miss O., I never did."

"Why! where do you live?"

"In Ashland."

* * *

1912—First classmate—"What is our friend 'Kezi' White doing now?"

Second classmate—"Working for the city in the street department. You know she was always considered a first-class 'crusher,' but I hear the position is soon to be given to Annie Lee."

* * *

Shriek at the Corner Table!

"What's the matter?" "Another one of 'Kinks' jokes?"

"Any point to it?"

"Of course not, that's the joke."

* * *

Who is drafting a waist for Venus de Milo?

* * *

Miss S.—"Do you enjoy your French, Miss W.?"

Miss W.—"Whee! Mademoiselle."

* * *

Heard in the Junior Chemistry.

"What do we call an element which may exist in two forms?"

Miss B't-m'n (awakening from a reverie)—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

* * *

The Junior Household Arts Department should excel previous classes because they have a French cook who can make Coffee with little Delay.

* * *

Witty Junior—"If you change that it will make it different."

* * *

Instructor—"Who were the Amazons?"

Bright Junior—"The first women suffragists."

“A child that of its own accord and of its own free will seeks out flowers, cares for them, and protects them, so that in due time he can weave a garland or make a nosegay with them for his parents, or his teacher, can never become a bad child, a wicked man.”—*Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel.*

* * *

The class in geography was studying the cow and the products which we get from her. The young lady reciting had given, hides from which leather is made, milk, and cream ; but she could go no farther. “Can’t you tell us what else we get from the cow?” Still the girl couldn’t answer. After a few moments she said, “Oh, yes, from the cow we get butter, cheese and eggs.”

* * *

Why should a gentleman caller break up a “spread” at Crocker Hall?

* * *

All is not hay that is red top,
All is not grass that is green,
And one would hope for the Seniors,
That things are not what they seem.

* * *

A C. Senior took home her report card. The marks were mostly “Fair.” “Say, Dad, what do you think of my card?” “Well, I think it is very fair, it couldn’t have been much fairer.”

* * *

“The true teacher is an inspirer of men. The teacher of a philosophy or an art, becomes that which he teaches and really imparts himself to his work.

The more unselfishly a teacher gives his knowledge the more abundantly is it added unto him.

There is no profession more abused than the profession of teaching ; there is no profession, which, from the view point of the money standard, is so poorly paid, and there is no profession which requires so rare a quality of tact and culture as teaching.”

—Grace M. Brown.

QUOTATIONS AND SAYINGS OF OUR FACULTY

Fill your mind full of beautiful thoughts for they are treasures for sickness and for health. You can get them by travel, by reading and through meditation.—Miss Amelia Davis.

* * *

Life is largely what we make it.—Miss Mary Moore.

* * *

Pray that you may see the other man's point of view.
—Miss Lillian Ordway.

* * *

Say what you say, do what you do, according to your ability.
—Miss Anna Moore.

* * *

There is no fun in living if you have not been tempted. You must know how other people feel when they are tempted, that you may have sympathy with and sympathy for them.
—Miss Lillian Ordway.

* * *

Don't have things all cut and dried. Have some originality in what you do.—Mr. Whittemore.

* * *

Strive to love the unlovely and you will not see its unloveliness any more. Learn to see great possibilities in the ragged, dirty-faced little boy, or the boy who seems to you to be so dull.
—Miss Anna Moore.

Class Prophecy

A. SENIOR DIVISION

In the midst of the South Pacific Ocean, there rises a small island but recently known to the civilized world. It rises above the waves in numerous terraces, whose slopes are a waste of volcanic ashes, through which the dauntless vegetation is only beginning to struggle. Above these are marvellous volcanic springs, whose blue waters are displaced and muddy, but the disaster of one shock could not rob them of their mystery and beauty. A volcanic crust, sometimes thin enough to be trodden through, separates the foot from a seething mass of sulphur, gas, and boiling water, which finds strange vents in hot streams, warm lakes, geysers and clouds of vapor. The streams ripple hot and crystalline over many colored rocks or through green, mossy dells; the warm lakes sleep embedded in soft, weedy banks; the geysers, in odd moments, spout huge volumes of boiling water into the air. With all these wonders spread before me, I sit on one of the pink terraces and await the spouting of a certain large geyser. In the meantime clouds of white vapor break amidst flowering bushes, and invest the region with a weird terror, and an inconceivable charm. Before long, however, this charm increases, for, as I watch the ever-changing forms, I see there familiar faces.

First, there appears, in the slowly rising cloud, a stone building in a large city, bearing this inscription over the entrance, "Private Kindergarten." Within, Bessie Cahill is seated before a class of small children whose oratorical and debating abilities are remarkably developed.

This building changes to a small wooden station, where May Carr is standing on the platform. She is travelling from place to place by trolley and is having a great deal of trouble about her baggage, particularly a small black hand-bag.

Now, the interior of a large observatory appears. Constance Andrews, seated before a gigantic telescope, is patiently awaiting the appearance of the superior planet, "Saturn," which she discovered during her course in astronomy at the Framingham Normal School.

This building in turn changes to Thetford Academy. The principal, Isabel Adams, seated before her classes, refrains from reprimanding her pupils as she thinks of the good times that she had with their fathers.

Now another school appears and here Gertrude Clark is teaching a very enthusiastic class. Among their greatest attainments are æsthetic dancing and dramatics.

At this moment an open rock vomits forth sulphur and steam, thus entirely changing the cloud of vapor before me. As a result, I see Blanche Crowell, following in the footsteps of Webster, lecturing before a large audience. Her subject is "Art in Embroidery."

Scenery appears upon the platform and standing very near the center of it, is May Lou Drake, the prima donna of a leading opera company. The orchestra plays, and her clear, strong voice holds every listener spellbound till the end, when she leaves the stage amid great applause.

The next familiar face is that of Susie Deering, who is the manager of a theatrical company. The play which she is now presenting is a copyrighted representation of "The Falcon."

Again one vision disappears and another appears. This time Elsie Esten is standing at the lecturer's desk expounding to a gathering of medical students the "Causes, Effects, and Treatment of Paralysis."

A soft gentle breeze blows across the island and the vapor clouds assume new shapes and forms. Here is Irene Mathewson, seated before a table on which one small lamp is burning. She is busy writing a long lyric, entitled "Love," which is dedicated to her classmates at the Normal School.

Now Helena Lyons appears to me. She is sitting before a large office desk beside her husband, who is helping her to write a comprehensive encyclopedia, in pocket edition.

The following picture shows Cora Fleming, a young lady of medium height, hastily answering numerous letters. This is not social but business correspondence, for Cora has improvised a method by which one can add five inches to his height without endangering his health.

Immediately another form becomes perceptible and I recognize Stella Sanborn. She is walking in the fields, and as she advances she frequently glances about on all sides, for she is ever in search of wells, whether at home or abroad. She left the profession for which she trained, very early, in order to devote herself entirely to one which was more favourable to her.

The entire mass of vapor changes now, and thus the picture before me changes. This time I see Marie Brown, who never taught school and who is known among her friends as a singer, living happily in a little cottage near the sea.

Then comes Margaret Burgess, who is decorating, by hand, the interior of a small cottage, of her own design. Here she lives a solitary life with her big black cat.

This humble dwelling becomes a large gymnasium where

Berta Burnett is instructing a class in apparatus work. Special attention is given to the face vault, with the result that many students, like their teacher, are experts at this particular feature.

Next appears a class room where Kathryn Burke is teaching a class in "Etiquette on the trolley cars." So completely has she thrown herself into the work that she has become exceedingly slim, much to her sorrow.

This room slowly becomes one of an agricultural school. The pupils are taught certain subjects by Annie Lee, A. B., M. A., whose information has been acquired through actual personal experience.

A sudden gust of wind from off the nearby ocean blows the entire mass of vapor from before me. This is but a short interruption however, for the steam, slowly rising from the hot spring, begins to form a new cloud.

At first, I see a small white card upon which the following is printed: "Mademoiselle Sara Drennan—Facial Massage—Rouge and Creams prepared under personal direction."

Then I see a large store window containing many hats of a style unheard of in the days of The Normal. On the brass plate below the window is, "Mademoiselle Julie Delé, Parisian Millinery."

The vapor cloud is of such proportions now that I see, therein, the interior of a large department store. A well dressed woman enters the trunk department and wishes to see one suitable for travelling. She demands this particular kind for she is about to make a trip from one city to another delivering a lecture before public school superintendents. After purchasing a trunk she turns to go and I see that it is Mary Flynn, and that the pamphlet under her arm is entitled "Common-sense Discipline the Basis of Success."

After a few changes, this store appears as an art museum. Laura Daniels, wearing a large apron, is standing, pallet in hand, before her canvas, making a copy of one of the paintings on the wall. The name of it is, "The End of Day," and her reproduction is the result of careful and constant study.

The principal's office in a large city school is next revealed. In the chair at the desk is Edith Blood, quietly waiting for the bells to announce that it is time for school to commence. The moment that they do sound she looks at her watch, says "Yes, so it is," and goes to meet her first class.

This room is enlarged, the walls have blackboards placed upon them, and the one large chair is changed into many small ones. Thus Edith's office is transformed into a kindergarten, where I see Julia Drummy teaching a rote song. This tells the story of Little Boy Blue, and at the end of each verse all the children call, "Tut, tut, tut."

A sudden rush of steam from an opening in a rock nearby increases the size of the cloudy mass before me. What is that? Yes, the interior of a church! The pews are occupied and the minister is standing before the altar, as a bridal procession enters. The flower girls, bridesmaids, ushers, and maid of honor are all unknown to me, but the bride is none other than Ruth Clark. She passes up the aisle to the chancel and the service begins, but I see no more, for at this instant the huge geyser spouts forth a stream of boiling water eighty feet in the air. This destroys the vapors overhanging the numerous pools and the mysterious pictures which they have revealed.

B DIVISION

After having graduated from Normal School, the scribe was chosen by the class to proceed immediately to Europe to the famous Delphian Oracle in Greece to learn from the illustrious sibyl the fate of each of her classmates. They told me that my report was to be ready to be read at the Alumnae Meeting in 1911. After a long and tedious journey across the ocean, over hills, through valleys, over streams, I finally arrived at my destination. As I approached the dwelling of the august sibyl, whither so many feet, down through the ages, had trod, a feeling of great awe and mystery possessed me. As I came nearer the dark cave, I could see a dim light burning far away in the recesses of the ancient abode. Hesitating a moment on the threshold of the cave, what was my wonder to behold a form clad in white come close to me and beckon me in! Reluctantly, I obeyed. Soon another white robed figure stepped up and demanded my mission. By this time I began to see scores of mystic forms moving to and fro. However, as they seemed to pay no attention to me, I finally told my guide that I had come to the oracle to find out the fate of my classmates. She chuckled an odd little laugh when I told her and pointed with her long, bony fingers to the altar fire burning in the distance. She escorted me to the altar and then left me. When I was beginning to feel quite beside myself with fright at being left alone in that horrible blackness, out of the darkness stepped a form so radiant with shining beauty that the whole interior of the inner recess of the cave was lighted by her splendor. I was spellbound. Soon, however, she began to sing in a most bewitching voice, all the while heaping upon the altar sticks of burning wood. Finally she placed on the red-hot grate a lovely snow-white lamb to be consumed for a sacrifice. She told me that as soon as the offering had ceased to burn and I could no longer hear her sing, I was immediately to prepare myself to write down with a burning flame the words which she should utter. I sat beside the altar for a long time listening to her sweet voice as she turned

and stirred the sacrifice on the grate. Gradually a deathly stillness set in, with nothing to break it save the occasional crackle of the bones on the altar and the gentle rustle of the wind in the cave. The sibyl now took a stick and, sitting down before the grate, began to stir the remains of the poor lamb. It seemed to me, watching her, as if I had waited ages in one position, not daring to stir a muscle lest I break the spell. Eventually she began to speak in most unintelligible sounds. At last, however, the sounds became plainer and I began to write as quickly as I could make my fingers move. The following is an exact copy of the words of the oracle, and if some of my classmates are disappointed with their fate, I hope that some day they may be able to go to the land of Ancient Greece and settle the whole matter there. Of course, it will be impossible for any one to escape the fate marked out for them by the unfaltering sibyl, to whom so many poor souls, some wrung with anxiety and distress, others radiant with joy and hope have gone.

To the Classmates and Friends of the B Section, Class of 1909:

Be it hereby decreed, that—

“Our president, Louise, shall be Matron of Honor at the Alumnæ Meeting in 1911.

‘Teddy’ Littlefield shall, in the course of ten years, be promoted to the position of ‘janitress’ in the new North Abington High School. It would be impossible for her not to succeed in keeping all the rooms evenly heated, as it was her delight while at Normal to regularly turn off the heat when it became too oppressive.”

Whose name is this I see before me? I can scarce make it out. What! Can it be? Why, to be sure, it is Emma. “For years she and her husband will have great success with their dancing school. All the most famous dancers will be graduates of the Natick School of Aesthetic Dancers and each one will be under the direct supervision of Emma’s unfaltering skill!

Ada Green and ‘Skippy’ Russell will at last achieve their ambition and become real carpenters! They will be partners and the sign over their office door will read, ‘Green Russell Construction Co.’ If any of the classmates so desire, special rates will be offered to all who choose to risk their money with the ‘Green Russell Co.’”

Although we shall have among our members many women distinguished for their great skill in literary, financial, educational, and religious matters, “Dorothy will achieve the highest honors in the educational line, for her fame will travel even into foreign lands,” and it will be with a feeling of great pride that we, her classmates,

will hear of her appointment to the President's Chair of one of the foremost Women's Colleges in Germany.

"As Jessie never did intend to teach school, she will be engaged by a minister to assist him in his settlement work in the slums of New York."

What was my surprise to have the sibyl say that "Ruth Lunt will go as a missionary to Japan and do a wonderful work among the heathen," but then I always knew that Ruth would do something worth while.

Anna and "Angey," of course, could never be separated and, sure enough, the oracle announced that "they will both be successful business women, being proprietors of the concern, 'Barry, Gately Co. Ladies' Hair Dressers.'"

Will not "Frankie" be surprised when she knows what her fate will be? "She will go into the Nurses' Red Cross Society and, strange as it may seem, she will have one or two patients recover under the influence of her winning smile and sympathetic presence."

When the sibyl spoke again, she ceased stirring the ashes and said, "Ah! here is a girl who will be an honor to the class and an inspiration to those who will come after." I asked her who the girl was and what she was to do and the oracle replied, "Marguerite will teach school all her life and will be very successful in doing it."

Mary always did shine in Miss Ireson's classes and after graduating from Emerson's School of Oratory will succeed in amassing quite a fortune by her character delineations. On the day of the Reunion she will entertain us all with her vivid recital of the 'Merchant of Venice' and will remind us of Mrs. Kidder, whom we so liked to hear in the good old days.

"Mildred will become a 'Plumber's' apprentice. She will make this her life work, but to while away spare moments she will search in her laboratory to discover the wonderful effects of an 'Herb' which she has found.

A second Rosa Bonheur you shall have among your classmates in Louise Robbins. She will complete a series of pictures which will adorn the walls of the Assembly Hall. In originality of outline and beauty of color the painting will be remarkable."

We always knew that "Mae" would make a mark for herself as a teacher. The sibyl tells me "that she will like nothing better in her work than to ceaselessly ask the questions 'How and Why.'"

Mrs. McKeen will secure great success on the stage as an opera singer. She will accept a position as understudy to Mme. Patti, and she cordially invites all her classmates to come and hear her when she makes her first appearance in the New Opera House in Boston in 1920.

As 'Winnie' always did like to pose, she will eventually be-

come an artist's model, and, strange to relate, her pictures will sell quite readily.

Mary Gibbons will spend many fruitful years as a Sister of Charity. She will be able to reach and comfort thousands of helpless souls.

Edith Johnson, I'm sure you'll all be pleased to know, after hard study and careful preparation, "will fill the position of Chief Instructor in Music in the Schools of Grafton and vicinity." They say that the sweet melody of her voice will do wonders for the children who will have the privilege of studying under her.

"Bertha Hinckley and Mary Hurley will set up a dressmaking establishment" and by the fit and style of their garments, I should think the '09 girls would do well to patronize their old classmates.

One girl we have among our number who will represent us in the Suffrage Movement. "Mary Matthews, five years after graduating, will go to St. Louis to act in the capacity of President of the Woman's International Suffrage Union

Katherine will publish the first up-to-date Pronouncing Cyclopedia of Proper Names. She will be inspired to this great masterpiece by the difficulty of her acquaintances to pronounce her name correctly."

You never will believe it, but "Margaret is destined to invent the most approved type of modern aeroplanes. Margaret is a firm believer in rapid transit."

When the last vestige of ash and bone had been removed from the altar and the sibyl was about to abandon her place by it, I heard her murmur something about "Father Whittimore." I cannot imagine what she intended to say, unless perhaps that he is still to remain in his present position as instructor and guide to so many young women, but I was unable to determine exactly, as she soon came out of her trance and placed me in charge of her assistant, who conducted me to the threshold of the outer world. I was indeed glad to breathe again the fresh air and to see once more the blue sky. It was with a light heart that I journeyed homeward and made all possible haste to present to you the results of my errand.

I almost forgot (purposely perhaps) to tell you what fate the oracle has marked out for me. I suppose, since I have been so faithful in recording so accurately your fates, that you really are curious to know mine. Well, I am to become a recording secretary in the Bureau of Salaries and Pensions for Teachers. I assure you, girls, I shall do my utmost in behalf of all my classmates.

C DIVISION

"Will you ever stop yawning! I guess you had better leave those bugs alone. You look all tired out." I looked up from my

work just as my sister was disappearing from the room. What an unfortunate time for her to interrupt me, just when I was in the midst of a most interesting examination! Yet, what she had said was true. All day, I had been examining the ear of a grasshopper and I had accomplished almost nothing. I almost wished I had never seen a microscope. The day was fast drawing to a close and I had no time to waste, so with another yawn I resumed my work. I had just discovered a long looked for feature, when suddenly everything became dark. Away off in the distance, a faint glimmer of light, which seemed to be moving toward me, appeared. Gradually, it grew brighter and brighter until it was most dazzling. Then, I heard a voice which said, "Come, follow me," and looking up, I saw a most beautiful figure clad in a long flowing white robe. Full of amazement, I arose and followed. On and on, we went in silence. Suddenly, I felt as though I were being lifted from the ground. Up, up, we went higher and higher until we were among the clouds. I was so frightened I could scarcely breathe. The next minute I lost consciousness.

When I recovered, I found myself in a most wonderful place. At length my white robed guide broke the silence and said, "You are now on the planet Mars. I am here to do your bidding. What is your pleasure?" Almost without thinking I replied, "A telescope." Hardly had I uttered the word, when I found myself seated before a most wonderful instrument. It was so powerful that by simply adjusting a tiny screw, one could gaze into all the nooks and corners of the earth beneath. "Look, quickly," said my guide, and gazing into the instrument, what do you suppose I saw? Why, the Framingham Normal School. It was only ten years since I had been graduated there, but I never should have known it. What changes can take place in ten years! As I looked upon the dear old place, I thought of all my classmates and I wondered where they were and what they were doing.

What a wonderful instrument! It really must have known my thoughts, for there before me, I saw the pictures of two of my classmates. The pictures were hanging in the Hall of Fame. Over the pictures I read, "The greatest artists the world has ever known." Think of it, Eva Norris and Grace Wallis so famous. But remembering the beautiful astronomy drawings they had made at school, I could not do otherwise than to say, "They deserve it." As I looked upon their countenances, I noticed that their features seemed to grow more and more indistinct and finally they were lost to view.

A new scene lay before me. It was the interior of a church. There was a large congregation present and all seemed to be looking with eager eyes toward the pulpit. The preacher was ascending the pulpit and in her I recognized Theresa Quackenbush. Surely she was in her element for she was preaching. Her face was

turned from me and I could not tell what she was saying. Just as I was about to adjust the telescope to a new field, Theresa turned and I saw her lips form these words, "When I was visiting schools." She was entertaining her hearers with that thread bare tale. I groaned and hastily shifted the instrument.

The scene had changed entirely; this time I saw the interior of a theatre. Every available space in the house was occupied; people were even sitting on the footlights. On the stage sat kings, queens, emperors and royal families. There were people from every place in the world. Suddenly, the entire audience rose and bouquet after bouquet was thrown upon the stage. Imagine my surprise to see Edith Plumber, bowing and smiling, walk forth upon the stage. A great calm now spread over the audience. What under the sun was she going to do! Ah! the orchestra was playing. She was going to sing! Was this really Edith! Well, well, this was indeed a great success for her. I could have gazed on that scene forever, but Fate decided otherwise and Edith in all her glory faded from me.

The main street of a large city now loomed up before me. The street was lined with vehicles of every sort and all were full of books. Crowds of people were pouring from a large book-store and each one was weighed down with books. "Why such a demand for books?" I thought. Focusing the telescope on the store window I saw this sign, "'Bees and How to Know Them,' by Margaret Fallon. Preface, 'Phantasmia Hopkinsii,' by Mary Hopkins, Chief of the General Information Bureau for the whole world." Who would ever have thought it! If I remember, I think Margaret began that book a great many years ago and she wrote one-quarter of it in one night. Great things are often done in a short time. I was not to have the pleasure of thinking longer about these two friends for a new picture took up my attention.

I now beheld a beautiful country estate. Everything about it showed wealth. A carriage was drawn up in front of the large colonial house. The coachman seemed very impatient and the horses were eager to be off. Still no one came. At last, the door opened, and a young woman came down the steps. It was Anna Dwyer. As usual, she was on time. I adjusted the telescope and with my eye followed the carriage. It soon drew up before a factory bearing the name, Brown Dwyer & Co., successors to Clarke Co. The coachman entered the factory and soon came back with a large heavy box. Half aloud I said, "I'll bet it's Clarke's Salve," and looking more closely I saw that it was. Along they sped to a hospital where this wonderful remedy was gladly seized by the sufferers. What a great work she was doing, but I was not surprised for she was always kind and helpful. As I thought of the dear old school days and the first famous jar of salve, I sighed. Surely she had a Living stone to her memory. Almost

as quickly as she came, she disappeared from me and a little red schoolhouse appeared before me. I peered in the window and if there wasn't Anna Bruce. She was one faithful soul to redeem our class. Slowly the schoolhouse seemed to change form and in its place was a hill and there was May Connolly walking along with a very peaceful look on her face. She wore glasses and had her hair fixed in a very severe style. Every few minutes I would lose sight of her and every time she appeared there was (the) Hill. At last she stopped at the little red schoolhouse which came into view again. I declare if she wasn't teacher of sewing. I could not do otherwise than to say in the words of May, "Well of all things."

At this point, my attendant muttered something about the flight of time and reluctantly I turned the screw. Far out before me, now, stretched the ocean. A ship was coming into sight. As it drew near, I recognized among its passengers Mildred White. She was writing, and taking a peek at her book, I saw that the subject was, "The International Date Line." I concluded that she was going to cross the "line," so that when she taught it, she could "relate it to life." Fainter and fainter grew the ship, until it was a mere speck on the horizon.

The horizon itself now became a flaming bill board. There, in large letters, I saw these words, "Ask Miss Ruth, she knows." What was it all about? Reading on, it all became clear. Louise was a famous debater. Her pet subject in which she took the affirmative side was, "Resolved that the turtle is a vegetarian." I was not surprised; Louise was always ready to talk fluently on any subject, even at a moment's notice. I tried to read more of the placards, but the letters had grown so small that they were illegible.

A work shop succeeded the bill board. I scanned the face of each of the workers, thinking that perhaps I might find another '09 friend here. Seated on one of the benches, I recognized Grace Sullivan. She had just invented a pair of field glasses which automatically suited the needs of the eye using them. Certainly this was a great boon to star gazers. On the last bench in the back of the room, I saw the sign, "Instructor's bench." Seated at this bench, with her head bowed down in sleep, I saw Lena Hanson. Rubbing my eyes to make sure I had not followed suit, I was ready for another glimpse.

A railroad station lay before me (perhaps I should have said an apology for a station). A train, which was going at the rate of four miles an hour, was approaching the station. It was bound for Squeedunck. Yes, this was Squeedunck, and a more forsaken looking place I never saw. The only passenger of the train alighted. She carried a suit case bearing the initials B. W. R. "Why, those are Bertha Richards' initials," I said, and looking

into her face I knew her at once. She walked up the hill and turned into the school yard. School was in session and the clock said eleven, but what of that? This was Monday morning and Bertha was just getting back. How unusual! Will wonders ever cease? Bertha Richards teaching for ten years!

At this point, my attendant bent over me and whispered, "Hasten," and obediently I turned the screw. A very imposing structure now presented itself to view. The sign on the front of the building interested me. O'Connor, Powers & Co., editors of the Daily Telegram. At last, here was a clew to these two precious classmates. This was the most fitting occupation they could have chosen, for they were always looking for news when younger. Glancing down from the sign, I saw a bulletin hanging in the large front window. The following items were of vital interest to me. There in large type was a notice of the marriage of a famous Esperantist. I did not need to read any more, for I knew in a minute it was May Sanborn. The next line read, "Do not forget to read the poem, 'Crossing Brooks,' written by Chief Editor A. O'C. by special request, also her advice to parents on the use of family medicines and her 'Pretty Girl Papers.'"

Attention was called in the next line to articles written out of the experience of two of the most famous writers of the day, Laura Thresher and Lillian Reardon. Laura's article was entitled "Woman as an Acrobat" and Lillian's bore the title "Advice to the Lovelorn."

Another item in which I was interested, read, "Echoes from the Farm"—Creamery notes a specialty by Ethel Phillips. Farther along, I saw that Emily Murray contributed articles to the paper, among which was her famous "Ascent of Man." After her name, I saw the letters H. Q. B. "What!" I thought, "has she a degree?" Suddenly, the meaning of the letters flashed through my mind. H. Q. B.—Human Question Box. Oh, yes, she always had that degree. Well, this certainly was a newspaper. I was eagerly devouring the next item, hoping for more information, when that horrid old attendant made known his presence and attempted to remove the instrument. I pleaded and pleaded for more time, but at first he was firm. "Only five minutes!" I cried. "Five minutes, then, and not a second longer," he muttered.

Nervously and trembling, I looked again, but the bulletin of the Daily Telegram was nowhere to be seen. I now looked out upon the main street of a small town. An electric car was just ready to start. It was a B. & W. I looked inside to see if by chance I might discover any other members of our famous division. No, not a face was familiar. But, who was that who wore the badge marked B. & W. Agent? Why, it was Anna Traill, and she was just as accommodating as ever. She was agent for the Normal scholars' tickets. As I turned from Anna, an advertisement,

covering about one-third of the car space used for that purpose, caught my eye. It was a very attractive poster showing a gyro-car marked Concord. The car contained many passengers, all of whom were girls. Out of the mouth of the man guiding the machine came this, "All aboard for Framingham." Below was the notice, "For information apply to Julia Gleason, General Manager." What a blessing for Concord girls who were attending Normal School! At last they had found relief, for now they could get a gyro-car every five minutes. How much energy Julia would have saved if the gyro-car had been in existence when she was at Normal, particularly on Mondays after singing. In a small space directly opposite to this advertisement I noticed another which read something like this, "School of Oratory for Young Women, Address all particulars to Marion Sinclair." This made me smile as it brought back to my mind the Junior Dramatics and Marion as Mrs. Ruggles.

Just at this point a tall thin woman and a little child entered the car. There was something about the woman's face that looked familiar and after staring at her for a minute I finally recognized her as Blanche Winter. I had no idea where she was living or anything about her, but I could guess for the hand bag which she carried bore the monogram B. N. C.

It seemed as though I had caught only one glimpse of Blanche when she, telescope, attendant and everything vanished from my sight and all was dark. I felt myself gradually sinking and then I heard a crash as of falling glass. "What under the sun are you trying to do at this time of night?" said a familiar voice. "I thought the ceiling was coming through." I rubbed my eyes and looked around; I was in my own room. The clock said half past eight. I had been asleep two hours. No trace of a telescope remained except perhaps the remains of the microscope which lay on the floor. It was all a dream. As I picked up the splinters of the microscope, I could only exclaim, "How stupid!



AN EVENING RECEPTION OF THE HOUSEHOLD ARTISTS OF 1909
ON THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX

The House-boat on the Styx, which has been chronicled so veraciously by John Henrich Bangs, had become popular as a place of social resort among the most exclusive set of Hades. Adam, Noah, Nero, Dr. Johnson, P. T. Barnum, Baron Munchausen, and others of the Illuminate, still frequented its hospitable deck on special occasions. As the members of the Household Arts department of the class of '09 were well known to these illustrious shades, no trouble was met in obtaining the boat for the annual reunion. In fact, the Governing Committee of the Boat reported that they considered the request "an honor of unusual magnitude."

So, on the evening of the event, Charon, having finished his daily labors as General Transportation Agent of the river Styx, tied his shallop to the painter of the Boat, of which he was janitor, in virtue of his peculiar nautical experience. The class had assembled and were arguing, with great energy, the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. A former instructor was acting as judge. Charon caught the last words uttered by that gentleman in a convincing tone of voice. "Now just stop and think—why I had a case like that myself just this last week." The debate had reached its climax as Marion Shaw was explaining a point, with emphasis, to Florine Vibberts, the late Editress of the Question and Answer column of the Ladies' Home Journal,—“who didn't quite understand,” when Nero stepped in and remarked that he was composing some music for his flute, in the next room, and did not wish to be disturbed. Margaret Loring signed, for she at once perceived that her rendering of "I dream't that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" would have to be postponed.

The dinner progressed with great hilarity. Above the din could be heard scraps of conversation. "Well, Alice, I hear you did not teach long." "No, after the first year, I met John, and, well, with John and the children, my life has been one long study of Domestic Science."

"No, all the teaching I did was in the Practice School. After that the hospital, and when I saw Sister Kenway, Matron of the Children's Hospital, on my calling cards, I reached the height of my ambition."

Evelyn Cousins, an instructor in the Lowell Textile School, of the new science, Atomic Affinity, was heard to say, "No! I never regret those hours spent in the drawing class. They are invaluable to me." Baron Munchausen who was listening at an open window, turned and left.

"I tried practical domestic science under the name of Jones and later continued the study under the name of Smith, and, finally, allied myself with the suffragettes," said Milly Osgood.

"Mildred Moulton and I," said Sadie Kehoe, "devoted our lives to experimental dietetics under the direction of Professor Wiley. For instance, we lived six months on the diet of 'fudge' and 'penuchi,' finally convincing the world of their great calory value. So that they were adopted as the standard rations of most armies, navies, and college girls."

Miss Kehoe's face was that of an enthusiast as she described the results of those remarkable experiments. "Ladies," she said, "if these truths had been learned earlier, the whole character of mankind would have been changed. The first sin would never have come to the world. For if there had been a plate of fudge in the garden, Eve would never have been tempted by *that* apple. In fact—" Just at this point, a shade was heard rushing up the stairs and a breathless voice cried, "G-Girls, G-G-Girls, this noise is outrageous! Mr. Whittemore would never give his permission to such a disturbance!" But as the hands of the clock were pointing to 9.30 P. M., Miss Stanley was persuaded to join the group and soon was the noisiest one there.

Some wonder was expressed when it was noticed that one of the class, Margaret Loring, had disappeared, but the surprise passed away as soon as it was remembered that it was Friday, and Margaret had probably taked the first boat home to mother.

One of the number had, finally, become, during her mundane existence, a great opera singer. While Mabel rendered some of her former triumphs, the ladies gossiped rapidly.

In one corner, Gladys Nevin, who had become Miss Nicholass' assistant, was worrying and fussing over a speech she was expected to deliver.

Louise Kingsbury and Julia Fisher were discussing the difficulty they had in taming their natural exuberance of spirits to the sobriety necessary to clergymen's wives, and how, when they found this too depressing, they cheered themselves by teaching basketry to the infants of the parish.

Meanwhile, the girls who had found success in life, as matrons of Crocker and Normal Halls, were proudly telling all who would listen, how conditions had improved under their care. "We gave them hash only once a day and prunes four times a week," Ethel Merritt responded; "and pickles every other ice cream night," Helen Welch added.

The din was so great that some of the reports on their former life were disjointed, such as Phyllis Swazey, "Heroic work—assistant Dr. Grenfell—Laborador."

And Harriet Collins, "Matrimony—three times—happy—happier—happiest.

Tessie Killelea reported to have had a continually successful life in her chosed work, hospital dietetics.

Bustling in and out of the groups of girls, with her hands on her hips and a broad smile, or a look of profound gravity on her face, helping one girl, dropping a hint to another, was the shade of the good Mrs. Rogers, the girl's stand-by in time of trouble, in Hades, as well as the other world.

Suddenly, the room became absolutely dark, and an expectant silence fell on all. They realized that one of their number, who was still alive and energetic in the upper world, was to communicate with them. Telepathy had, now, been put on a sure commercial basis. Soon a ghastly violet ray was seen and then a meek, small voice was heard. "Dear friends! I envy you down there in your easy tropical life, while I am still up here playing "chop-choo" with my great-grandchildren. As to my past, Agnes Follensby and I started a matrimonial bureau together, and, with my usual "cock-sureness," I registered myself, my first customer." At this point, someone coughed, and, with a groan of agony, the light and voice departed. For a minute, all was silent, then Jessica's room-mate sighed and began her story.

Her natural talents had received adequate recognition, and she became the editress of the needle-work department of a domestic science journal. Later, she became acquainted with a Professor, who, in some personal research work, discovered in her a latent talent for domestic life and persuaded her to develop it under his guidance. Marie, in conclusion, gave a short speech on "Sinks, as I have known them—Time and method of cleaning." She expressed her indebtedness for certain of the data to Margaret Loring, and, especially, to Emily W. Stanley.

Much was added to the enjoyment of the evening, when Ruth Stoughton, who had become the rival of Miss Farmer in public demonstration, delivered an address on "Reminiscences of happy days at Framingham when making eight hundred menus."

This speech was followed by one by Helen Lyman, the world-renowned professor of Chemistry at Clark University.

Mabel White, as head dietitian of the Zoological Department of Central Park, told from her experiences of the deleterious effect of feeding raw starch grains to baby elephants.

One of the girls had become noted through the invention of the celebrated Bullard Soap for laundry purposes. Made of such a combination of harmless fats and alkalies that when added to water produced such an effervescence that it amounted almost to ebullition, keeping the clothes in constant stir, thus doing away with all need of rubbing.

Marion Bryant, according to prediction, had become instructor of sewing in Framingham, and, finally, ended her career in that line by marrying a widower with six children.

Mrs. Bowdenheimer, once Betty Young, told of her experiences in infant feeding, as practised on her own children. "I first used the modified milk which was then in vogue. Later, my husband invented the tabloid system, which represented the highest food efficiency in the smallest bulk. My children grew wonderfully and were used as public examples of the tabloid method. My husband did not know, as I did, that the children helped themselves liberally from the pantry every day. Theoretically, it is well for husband and wife to tell each other everything, but practically——" here Betty shrugged her shoulders expressively.

None of the tales aroused as much enthusiasm as did Eleanor Preble's, as she told of her invention of the dirigible-balloon-baby-carriage, which allowed the infantile population with their attending nurses to float about in the sunlight above the germ-laden atmosphere of thousands of cities and towns. This invention had made Eleanor immortal.

Marion Shaw made the final speech, which bears repeating:—"Ladies of the Household Arts department of the class of 1909, it is hardly necessary for me to allude to the fact that the distinction which Framingham has reached in the world was largely due to the distinguished characters of the individuals of the class of 1909. The fact is known, so it is unnecessary for me to mention it.

Our teachers held us up to the classes coming after, as ideals to be followed. They simply tried to imitate us with varying degrees of success. But could it be otherwise with such teachers and such material? What do we not owe to Dr. Lambert for his unflinching appreciation of us? How our grey matter was stimulated by Mr. Howe's Socratic method! How we were cheered by the benignant smile of Mr. Whittemore! And how great our debt to Miss Nicholass for her unflinching watchfulness over our health—mental, moral, and physical! Our distinguished lives are their reward!"

The reunion is now over. The girls have departed. The lights on the old boat-house have gone out, one by one. Darkness and silence have fallen on the river. Occasionally in the distance, can be heard the muffled oar of some barge crossing from one shore to the other. Soon all sounds cease and peace and restfulness reign supreme on the shores of the River Styx.

The Prophets:—

MARGARET BURGESS,
MILDRED GAILLAC,
MARGARET ROURKE,
MARGARET LORING.

Christmas Work in the Public Schools

CHRISTMAS work in the public schools, when carefully graded, may be divided into three parts—stories in connection with the season, the singing of hymns and the making of Christmas gifts.

Great care should be taken in regard to the Christmas stories told or read. There are two kinds of such stories—those that deal with the spiritual side and those that deal with the material side of the season. It does not seem well to me to take one side to the exclusion of the other, that is, not all the stories should be about Santa Claus and presents, neither should all be about the Bible story. I would rather make a point of the latter than the former, in fact, I would often repeat or read the beautiful description of the Nativity from the Bible. Such stories tend to elevate and ennoble the children. They may be used for devotional exercises and in connection with the language work, while they give the children real pleasure. On the other hand, Santa Claus stories in excess make the children forget the great event which Christmas commemorates; make them think only of material things, and unless handled skilfully, will make them selfish. Therefore, while I would tell both kinds, I would lay more stress on the Bible stories than on the Santa Claus stories.

Singing is always enjoyable to children, and especially it should be so at Christmas-time, when their hearts are filled with joy. It seems to me on this account that the singing of Christmas hymns should form a part of the month's work. This may be connected with the stories—a selection from the Bible may be read while the same day a Santa Claus song may be sung and vice versa.

There are many good hymns that the children in the higher grades can sing, as "O, Little Town of Bethlehem," "It came upon the midnight clear," "We three kings of Orient are," while the little children can sing simple rote songs as "I heard the bells on Christmas Day."

Not only does this singing give the children themselves pleasure, but incidentally it may give great pleasure to others. In many families there is no Christmas music at home. Think of the great pleasure the children may give the poor, tired mother, for instance, by singing to her some of the beautiful Christmas hymns or carols which they know. Thus the children bring delight to others and begin to think of other people.

This spirit should be carried into the making of gifts, which

is a very serious question at this time of the year. The making of gifts is helpful to the children when it is done with the right spirit—the spirit that we make gifts because Christ was a gift to us or because we want to make somebody happy who might not have a pleasant Christmas otherwise. We, as teachers, must teach the children that it is not so much the value of the gift that gives happiness, but it is the thought that some one remembered us and did something for us that required sacrifice. It is a great delight to poor children who cannot buy presents to be able to make a present for mother, father or some one they love. Even those who have plenty like to make these gifts, as it gives them something to do with their hands and, as they express it, “make something all themselves.” These articles should, as far as possible, be useful.

This question has its bad aspects also. When the spirit of “give and take” comes into this work, it hurts the children more than it helps them. So many people think they must give a present of the same value as the one they receive, that the spirit of sacrifice is fast going out. We may teach the children that it is better to give presents to those who cannot have them or to the sick, and that by doing so they give much pleasure.

Christmas work should not be taken up to the exclusion of everything else. I believe in letting the children have a good time making little articles, but I do not think that all other studies should be neglected. Neither do I think it is right for the teacher to work hard and tire herself out on these gifts, which are supposed to be the work of the children. Even if one child cannot make as good a basket, for instance, as another child, let him make it as well as he can, and he will be pleased because it will be all his own work.

I do not think I would favor the receiving of gifts from the children by the teacher. Those who can afford it give these presents, while those who cannot afford it feel badly and are made wretched. The teacher may, however, give her children, rich and poor alike, great pleasure by sharing her gifts with them.

In the schoolroom, there should be a festive Christmas atmosphere, carefully nurtured and directed into the best channels for the children by the teacher. Thus she can make somebody else happy at that joyous season and, as a result, be truly happy herself.

M. V. M.

The Old Hermit's Message

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, a little old man lived in a hut in the midst of a large forest. He lived all alone, and yet he was not lonely, for he had the birds and beasts of the forest for companions. Now this old man had been very gay when he was young and had seen very much of life. But he grew old and discontented and finally, tiring of the world and its troubles, he retired into the solitude of the woods.

One day this old man was picking berries when a thought came to him. He dropped his basket and stood with bent head and clasped hands, saying: "Shall I? Shall I?" A voice within seemed to say, "Do it. Do it." He walked about, and all the birds, and all the flowers, and all the trees, seemed to say: "Do it. Be of some use to the world." Finally the old man said, "I will."

Hitherto our friend had thought that he would soon die, but now he felt his blood leap within him and youth seemed to have returned. He hastened to his hut and, after he had donned his best attire, he set out for the court of the king of the land in which he lived. When he had arrived at the palace he had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the king, for the king was curious to know what had brought the hermit to his court. Burning with a desire to help his fellow-men, the hermit told the king the reason he had come. But, alas! the king laughed at him with scorn and dismissed him. Dismayed by his failure, the old man resolved to return to his hut, muttering all the while, "No use. No use." Still that voice seemed to say, "Tell the nobles. Tell the nobles."

So the poor old man told the nobles, only to be treated by them as by the king. The voice, it seemed louder now, said: "Tell the people. Tell the people." And so he told the people, only to meet with the same result. Discouraged and angry, he was about to return to his hut, when the voice said: "Fool, the world is big. See if there is not somebody who will listen to you." And the old man travelled from nation to nation, from kingdom to kingdom, and from house to house, but nowhere could he find anybody to follow his teachings. The old man has never died, for that voice has ever been urging him on. He has been wandering through all these centuries, but he has found no one who would follow his teachings.

Now I know you are curious to know what this old man has to tell. He has visited you, I am sure, and will visit you time and again. This is his teaching: "Learn from the Experience of Others."

M. C. H.

State Normal School, Framingham

THE FACULTY.

Mr. Henry Whittemore.....	Framingham
Mr. Frederick W. Archibald.....	Greenwood Ave., Waltham
Miss Mary Bennett.....	Framingham or Westport, Conn., (summer address.)
Miss Amelia Davis.....	25 River St., West Newton
Miss Lucile French.....	43 Electric Ave., West Somerville
Mr. Frederic W. Howe.....	Elm St., Framingham
Miss Jane E. Ireson.....	"The Lenox" corner Boylston & Exeter St., Boston
Mr. Edmund Ketchum.....	100 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury
Dr. Avery E. Lambert.....	5 Melrose St., South Framingham
Miss Louisa A. Nicholass.....	Framingham
Miss Lillian A. Ordway.....	Linden St., South Framingham
Miss Annie B. Penniman.....	488 Broadway, Lawrence
Miss Anna L. Moore.....	Framingham
Miss Mary C. Moore.....	Framingham
Miss Mary H. Stevens.....	109 Union Ave., South Framingham

THE CLASS.

Adams, Isabel Mason.....	Post Mills, Vt.
Andrews, Constance Veronica.....	Railroad St., Ashland
Barry, Anna H.....	110 Washington St., Marlborough
Bemis, Alice Louise.....	41 Pleasant St., Spencer
Blood, Edith V.....	Pleasant St., Medfield
Brown, Emilie Marie.....	73 Gleason St., Thomaston, Me.
Bruce, Anna Inez.....	Adams St., West Medway
Bryant, Marion A.....	70 Walker St., Newtonville
Bullard, Marian.....	10 Alexander St., South Framingham
Burgess, Margaret Goulding.....	23 Eden Ave., West Newton
Burke, Kathryn Clifford.....	18 Water St., Milford
Burnett, Berta Marshall.....	Millis
Burnett, Frances Alice.....	Sudbury
Burr, Nina Marion.....	Mendon
Cahill, Elizabeth Margaret.....	Montague City
Carr, Mary Elizabeth.....	Grafton
Clark, Gertrude Livermore.....	Village St., Medway
Clark, Ruth P.....	Indian Orchard, Springfield
Collins, Harriet M.....	57 E. Central St., Natick
Connolly, Mary F.....	166 Fremont St., Worcester
Coolidge, Elizabeth Dowse.....	Sherborn
Cousens, Grace Evelyn.....	12 Thurston St., Somerville

Crowell, Blanche Weston.....	51 Church St., Rockland
Daniels, Laura Antoinette.....	Foxborough
Deering, Susie Kennedy.....	Winslow's Mills, Me.
Delay, Julia Mary.....	32 Line St., Somerville
Drake, Mary Louisa.....	61 1-2 Summer St., Natick
Drennan, Sara A.....	116 Adams St., Newton
Drummy, Julia I.....	82 Munroe St., Norwood
Dwyer, Anna Mary.....	West Upton
Esten, Agnes Elsie.....	145 Elm St., Amesbury
Fallon, Margaret Mary.....	Concord
Fisher, Julia A.....	199 Washington St., Gloucester
Fiske, Marie Elizabeth.....	20 Winnemay St., Natick
Fleming, Cora E.....	25 Barclay St., Worcester
Flynn, Mary Gertrude.....	11 South St., Marlborough
Follensby, Agnes Harriet.....	Cordaville
Frost, Emma Travis.....	16 High St., Natick
Gaillac, Flora Mildred.....	113 Blossom St., Chelsea
Garaway, Frances S.....	153 River St., Waltham
Gately, Angela Frances.....	62 South St., Marlborough
Gibbons, Mary Louise.....	Warren St., Brookline
Gleason, Julia Frances.....	5 Thoreau St., Concord
Glennon, Kathryn Marguerite.....	8 Bacon St., Milford
Green, Ada G.....	130 South St., Westborough
Hanson, Magdalene B.....	664 Main St., Winchester
Hastings, Julia F.....	43 Franklin St., Clinton
Haviland, Jessica.....	27 Greene Ave., Norwich, Conn.
Hill, Dorothy M.....	6 Loker St., Natick
Hinkley, Bertha E.....	74 Washington St., Holliston
Hopkins, Mary Cecelia.....	3 Grant St., Concord
Hunter, Mary Lincoln.....	11 Putnam St., West Newton
Hurley, Mary M.....	70 Bolton St., Marlborough
Johnson, Edith Caroline.....	North Grafton
Kehoe, Sara L.....	6044 Main St., Worcester
Kelley, Winifred A.....	Grafton
Kenway, Florence Louise.....	85 Lombard St., Newton
Killelea, Teresa Bernadine.....	44 King St., Worcester
Kingsbury, Louise.....	62 Lincoln St., South Framingham
Kirkley, Edith Dean.....	784 South Main St., Hebronville
Koppman, Mildred L.....	478 East St., Dedham
Lee, Annie E.....	Greenwood Ave., Greenwood
Littlefield, Theo Ethel.....	423 Adams St., No. Abington
Loring, Margaret.....	19 Crescent Ave., Newton Center
Lowe, Jessie Mildred.....	147 Granite Ave., East Milton
Lunt, Ruth.....	North Uxbridge
Lyman, Helen.....	22 Florence St., Hudson
Lyons, Helena.....	23 Sedgwick St., Jamaica Plain
Mathewson, Beatrice Irene.....	391 Middle St., Fall River
Mathews, Mary Frances.....	23 Willow St., Westborough

McKeen, Nina M.....	28 Central St., Saxonville
McKennelly, Katherine F.....	81 Walcott St., Hopkinton
McNeil, Margaret Gilchrist.....	Walpole
Merchant, Mary V.....	12 Elm St., Westborough
Merritt, Ethel E.....	Bridgewater
Moulton, Mildred E.....	51 Washington St., Hudson
Murray, Katherine Emily.....	788 Main St., Winchester
Niven, E. Gladys.....	419 Main St., Concord Junction
Norris, Eva Salter.....	10 Princeton St., Worcester
O'Connor, Annie.....	1187 N. Union St., Rockland
Orton, Louise.....	18 Palmer St., Waltham
Osgood, Millie E.....	7 Oak St., Greenfield
Phillips, Ethel Maude.....	Worthington Road, Huntington
Plummer, Edith Almira.....	1 South Park St., Hanover, N. H.
Powers, Katherine Anastatia.....	Concord
Preble, Eleanor Chapman.....	55 Tennyson St., Somerville
Quackenbush, Mary Teresa.....	57 East Central St., Natick
Reardon, Lillian Margaret.....	Moody St., Waltham
Richards, Bertha Wood.....	18 Grand View Ave., Somerville
Ritch, Mabel.....	So. Woodstock, Ct.
Robbins, Marguerita Louise.....	109 Prince St., West Newton
Rourke, Margaret Christina.....	110 Whipple St., Fall River
Russell, Ethelyn Josephine.....	Kendal Green
Ruth, Louise Agnes.....	120 Olive St., New Haven, Conn.
Sanborn, May.....	1 Belvidere Ave., So. Framingham
Sanborn, Stella Veasey.....	Patten's Hill, Amesbury
Shaw, Marion Bartlett.....	36 Maple Ave., Bridgewater
Sinclair, Marion E.....	Homer Ave., Ashland
Stoughton, Ruth.....	Montague
Sullivan, Grace Lillian.....	Foxborough
Swasey, E. Phyllis.....	12 Norwood St., Winchester
Thrasher, Laura Fairbanks.....	Millis
Trail, Annie H.....	299 Pleasant St., Marlborough
Vibberts, Florine C.....	50 Main St., Manchester, Conn.
Wallis, Grace Eugenia.....	19 Howard St., Waltham
Welch, Helen C.....	11 Foster St., Somerville
Wentworth, Elizabeth Lord.....	91 Tudor St., Chelsea
White, Mabel Frances.....	4 Mechanic St., Spencer
White, Mildred Emery.....	19 Church St., Milford
Winter, Blanche Natalie.....	11 Blake St., Westborough
Young, Helen Elizabeth.....	395 Chestnut St., Clinton

Advertising Section



W. J. SANBORN & CO.

Successors to CLIFFORD FOLGER & CO.

Department Store

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

The Latest and Best in Ladies' and Little Women's Cloaks and Suits, Princess Dresses, Silk and Net Waists

New Designs in LINGERIE WAISTS, \$1.00 up to \$8.50 each. Tailored Made WAISTS, KID and FABRIC GLOVES. All lengths in FINE KID GLOVES and all the leading shades. VEILINGS, NECKWEAR, RUCHING, FINE HOSIERY and MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

ROBERT E. KERWIN

AGENCY FOR

Regal Shoes

Twenty-four Styles for Women's Wear, New York Patterns
Six widths. Quarter sizes. Patent, Kid and Calf Skins.

ROBERT E. KERWIN

CONCORD BUILDING, - SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

Our Aim

To make each portrait a true likeness regardless of price. Our ever-increasing patronage warrants us to assume we have done so for others.

Are you one of those? If not, why not try us next time? We wish to thank the students of F. N. S. for all past favors and solicit a share of your future patronage.

Visitors always welcome to the studio.

THE COKELL STUDIO

CONCORD BUILDING - SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

*No More Darning
of Stockings*

Ladies' "Holeproof" Hose



ARE GUARANTEED
TO WEAR
WITHOUT A HOLE FOR
SIX MONTHS

A. T. Wood & Co.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

WE CALL A FULL LINE
OF
School and Office Supplies

ALSO A FULL LINE

OF

High Grade Stationery

AGENT FOR

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

J. F. EBER

South Framingham, Mass.

PHIPPS,
Photographer.



*A Practical Man either
on View or Portrait
Photography*

Porter Building,

South Framingham.

*Estimates and
Samples Furnished
for class or seal pins*



David Robertson,
Jeweler, Optician, Stationer
SOUTH FRAMINGHAM



*All Kinds of
Repairing Done*

PURCHASE YOUR
Medicines, Toilet Articles,
Ice Cream, etc.
OF
TRAVIS & CUNNINGHAM
Pharmacists

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

They appreciate our trade

Eastman's Kodaks
and Supplies

DEVELOPING
AND
PRINTING

THEO F. RICE
Druggist

24 Concord St.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM,
MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1869

F. B. HORNE

Apothecary



A Full Line of Stationery

INCLUDING

Normal School Paper,

35c. a box

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

RICE & SHANNON

Druggists

Manson Building, - Concord Street

Our Pharmacy is one of the best and most fully equipped in Middlesex County.

Especial Attention is given to Prescription Work. We solicit your patronage.

In Excellence of Service our constellation soda fountain cannot be surpassed.

We serve Howe's Ice Cream and our Sundries and College Ices cannot be excelled in town.

F. R. Glover & Son

ESTEY BLOCK

*Choice
Family Groceries
and
Provisions*

Glass and Hardware

*Seeds for Farm and
Garden.*

COMPLIMENTS

OF THE

Trolley Air Line

**Boston & Worcester Street
Railway Company**



SCHOOL PINS

Mounted on Gold or Silver MEDALIONS
with Silk Fobs or Leather Straps

WM. C. DORRETY,

Gold and Silversmith

387 WASHINGTON STREET, - - - BOSTON

Maker of Framingham Normal Pins, 1908 and 1909

S. J. GODDARD Florist

Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs

FANCY CARNATIONS A SPECIALTY

Framingham, Mass.



