The New Mosaic

1905

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SALEM, MASS.

The New Mosaic

Nineteen hundred and five

Published by the Senior Class of the
Salem Normal School


M.E.R.

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Editorials.

As this is the second volume of the "New Mosaic," perhaps it would be well to explain the name. Several years ago it was the custom for each graduating class to publish a book entitled the "Mosaic," because it was made up of a number of distinct pieces. Later the custom was changed, and each class presented a class-play. Last year the book was again published under the new title which this volume bears. Of course we think that our volume is better than any other, and we challenge the Juniors to improve on ours. We have received the hearty co-operation of teachers and classmates, and have gained profit and pleasure from the experience, in spite of its cares and responsibilities, so we should recommend the Juniors to accept our challenge, relying for aid and encouragement on the class of '05.

We are extremely grateful to Miss Dodge for the signal favor she has conferred upon the class by giving us her photograph for "the book."

Our class motto: "*Success is not without labor.*"

The principal of a well-known high school near here was the judge who selected Miss Gray's essay, "Mr. Peggoty," as the best of the ten submitted to him in the competition. We offer Miss Gray our hearty congratulations and hope she will greatly enjoy the book which was her reward.

One would think that, with all the work to be done during the two years at this school, there would be little time for the manifestation of class spirit, but besides the rivalry between different divisions in the studies, there are occasions when especial exhibitions of good-natured rivalry are seen. The basket-ball game is perhaps the most exciting of these. Then there are the receptions when each class tries to out-do the other and the teachers in giving the guests a pleasant afternoon.

The receptions this year have been particularly successful. Nothing could have been more enjoyable than the musical treat the teachers gave us, followed by the social hour in the gymnasium. Then came the Seniors' witch party, where every one seemed to enjoy himself, and last but not least, the Juniors' Auction. We congratulate the Juniors on the success of their party, and say once more that we all had a fine time.

We hope the Juniors, when they become Seniors, will do better than some of us have done in regard to speaking to the new Juniors. Every Senior ought to speak to every Junior, and learn the names of all the Juniors. We know how little time there is, and how hard it is to make a start along these lines, but we hope the next class will come nearer the ideal than we have.

The class of '05 has been exceedingly fortunate in their class-officers. Good officers are often "half the battle," and we hope the next class will be as happy in their choice.

This book would not be complete without a word as to our library. We have tested it thoroughly, and find that it amply justifies the statement concerning it in the school catalogue. Besides all the books of reference, the "story corner" acquaints us with the best authors and their books.

The class gift this year is a departure from the custom. Before, the present usually took the form of statues or pictures. We hope that the oak settle will be no less a work of art and an ornament than those.

Class Song.

School whose honor others cherished,
We have loved thee long and well;
In the far off days before us
Of thy glory we will tell.

Thou hast guided us serenely,
And in thee new hopes were born;
In our sorrow and our gladness
Thou hast cheer'd and helped us on.

Days with thee were short and fleeting,
And before we knew, were gone;
Still with clinging hearts we linger,
For thy hopes and ours are one.

Though today we leave thy portals
Still for thee we'll hope; and pray
That thy influence may be lasting,
Helping others on their way.

M. C. C.

ELLEN M. DODGE.

To Miss Dodge.

Breathing forth a gentle fragrance
  Like a dear sweetbrier rose,
Scattering its bit of sweetness
  On each passing breeze that blows.

Cheerful like the blessed sunshine
  Of an Indian summer noon,
Making troubles fade and vanish
  And the whole world seem in tune.

Brave and dauntless as the oak-tree
  Battling with the wind and storm;
Should one bow before the Storm-God
  Weakly yield to Pain the palm?

With a heart kept young and open
  To each human joy and fear,
In the shadowy realms of book-land
  Or the land of now and here.

Loving all things fair and holy,
  Striving that unseeing eyes
May be opened to the beauty
  That about them hidden lies.

Knowing with a certain knowledge
  That on one most glorious day
Wrong shall be forever conquered,
  Right take up her healing sway.

Such the gracious little woman
  Who has found a royal place
In the heart of every school-girl
  She has strengthened for life's race.

When that race seems long and weary,
  Rough the road and dim the goal,
Then fresh courage shall be gathered
  From the thought of this brave soul.

Philip.

It was a cold rainy day in the late fall. The wind was blowing furiously, and the men and women, as they hurried home after their day's work, were beaten about at the mercy of its cruel, cutting blast. The electric lights glimmered and flickered in the growing dusk.

A boyish figure, pitifully thin and wan, passed along the crowded thoroughfare. One hand clasped a battered and frayed violin-case, the other was thrust into his pocket, not for warmth, but in order that it might grasp the money, the precious money, that was to buy so many good things for Grandad, to make him well again. His childish heart grew sad as he thought of the patient sufferer lying so still, in the unfurnished desolate room he called home.

As the rain came down upon the upturned face of the child it mingled with bitter tears which told how hard was the struggle he was daily making.

Suddenly rousing himself from his revery he grasped the shabby case more tightly, pulled the tattered cap down farther on his head, and walked more swiftly. Threading his way through narrow streets overtopped by crowded tenement houses, along byways and alleys, he came at last to a door which he quietly opened. The room was cheerless and forlorn but the lad thought not of this; his only thought was of the figure lying on a rude couch in the corner. Rushing to the bed and kneeling down he asked, "Are you better, dear Grandad?" The weary eyes opened and rested with a look of deep love and tenderness on the boyish face. "Yes, Philip, much better;" then with a sigh of contentment—"Play."

Slowly the boy took the instrument from its case and pressing it lovingly against his cheek began to play. Strains of music, caressingly sweet and tender, filled the room. Unconscious of time or of his grandfather's presence the boy played on and on, soothed by the charm of his own melody, until he ceased and looked toward the couch for the smile which was his best reward. A twang from the instrument, a shriek from the boy, and he threw himself on the bed.

"O my Grandad, my dear Grandad, I love you; come back to your Philip." Sobs shook the frame of the lad. Slowly, and still more slowly the sobs came until at last the child was still. The fire went out, the room grew colder and colder, and the only sound was the beating of the rain against the window-pane, and the sighing of the wind.

G. A. B. '05.

Model Remarks by Model Children.

A magnet, if let loose, will turn north and south.

She had a diamond and it faltered in the sun.

There were so many pinnacles in the royal tower that in the distance it looked like many spikes on top of a rock.

An exclamatory sentence is a surprising sentence, that is, when you say it quickly.

Matter is a solid, liquid or gas which cannot occupy the same space at once.

The Disposition of New Ideas,—A Lesson in Pedagogy.

What happens to a new idea? That is, what is its experience when it makes its appearance in the mind of a human being? The answers to such questions have both interest and importance. They are interesting because they involve a careful observation of one's mental processes and often disclose the striking, not to say radical differences which exist in human minds. They are important, because upon the treatment accorded to new ideas depend the amount and the kind of movement which individuals make on the line of progress or retrogression. It thus affects, in the aggregate, the position of the race itself.

Our faculties of observation are constantly coming into intimate relations with the external universe. That universe reacts upon the faculties. Sensations and perceptions result. An idea which has hitherto been unknown makes its appearance and claims hospitality and even residence.

In the first place, one would endeavor to put such a stranger into his scheme of thought as it actually exists. He would try to interpret it in the terms of a language with which he is already familiar. If this attempt appears to succeed, the attempt would then be made to ascertain the relations which the new-comer sustains to ideas already possessed. This, of course, is merely to push the first attempt a little further; it operates both as an exploration and as a test; it is a continuation of the effort to find a common friend. The discovery of a mutual interest greatly promotes the progress of acquaintance when one meets a stranger. So, if any relation, friendly or otherwise, can be discovered between the new idea and some previous possession of the mind, the quality of strangeness is reduced, even if it is not altogether removed, and the pathway to future intimacy is opened.

Such an attempt may discover the family or class to which the stranger belongs. We may even find that it belongs to some family or class with which we are already acquainted. Thus its heredity, its relationships, its blood-kindred even, may be disclosed. A successful attempt of this sort will greatly increase our feeling of acquaintance with it.

Then comes our estimation of its value. We are already far past the field of perception proper and we feel that the mechanical portion of our work is completed. Men may agree up to this point and yet take widely differing paths thereafter. A lion is to all men a lion,—but when several men estimate the value of a lion, wide diversity is the only possible result. Bunker Hill monument is a towering pile of cut granite, whoever be the gazer, but the value of the shaft is one to an Englishman and quite another to an American. A forest yields the same rays of light to the gaze of an artist, a lumber-dealer, a shepherd, or a lover, but the estimates of its value will greatly vary.

What men are, as determined by all they have known and felt and done determines and explains their answers to the question, what is the value of this idea? It is worthless, indifferent, or valuable, according as it relates itself to our universe,—that universe which each constructs, interprets, and inhabits for and by himself.

The recognition of such a process, constantly going on in every human mind, explains many things that are more or less perplexing. It explains, for instance, the

varying opinions of men who grow up in the same community, apparently under almost identical influences, attending the same schools, equally responsive to the dictates of reason and conscience. No two men can have precisely identical experiences. So no idea means precisely the same thing to two men, however they may be apparently predisposed to think or act alike. At some point or another, there has been a divergence of interpretation, and when an angular difference has once been established, the actual interval, according to linear measure, tends constantly to increase. The story of a good deed, or of a bad deed, is heard and judged, in one way or in another, according to our previous conception of the person to whom it is attributed. Especially is this judgment affected by the harmony or disagreement between that person and ourselves in matters of religion, politics, social relations, occupation, and the like. The difficulties which schools sometimes find in the study of certain periods of history, when their pupils are from families of varying shades of political or religious belief, furnish excellent illustrations. The "open mind,"—and the open mind is not a merely empty mind,—which enables a man to seek only the truth, in whatsoever direction it may lead him, and to judge evidence according to its intrinsic value alone, is one of the rarest possessions of human beings. These matters, of course, go even further, and affecting men's opinions, determine their conduct also. The differences are not merely academic, but they are expressed in our acts, such as our adherence to this or that religious communion, our votes, our discharge of social obligations, our alms-giving, our treatment of associates of all ranks and conditions. So those who in childhood played together with the utmost community of feeling and interest, sometimes find themselves in middle life far removed from each other in sympathy and in opinion,—perhaps even bitterly antagonistic. It is always difficult to resume an interrupted friendship.

Again, the understanding of the process we have been discussing enables us to see the true value of so-called "forgotten knowledge." Because knowledge has apparently been forgotten,—that is, because it is not or perhaps cannot be recalled in the form in which it originally came to us, it does not follow that it has been lost, in any proper sense of that term. Our food does its work in allaying, for the time being, the craving of appetite, and then, subjected to the process of digestion, that which is useful is retained for assimilation, and that which is waste is removed from the body. An analogous process goes on in the disposition of new ideas. Some of them are adjudged worthless by the sifting activities of the mind to which they have presented themselves, and they leave practically no impress upon its nature or its life. The others are assimilated into its very being. They do not, perhaps, retain their identity, but they are worked into its fiber and become in very truth, a part of it. The body does not merely receive, select and transform its food; the food, in turn, becomes the body and periodically entirely renews it, although it remains the same body. So the mind has its experiences; it knows, feels and wills. These experiences, in their turn, are not simply phenomena of the mind,—they are ultimately, in their sum, the mind, which, however, like the body, preserves its identity. *W. P. Beckwith.*

Sober is a descriptive adjective in the comparative degree, thus compared—positive *sobe*, comparative *sober*, superlative *sobest*.

A True Story.

The College Man was a tall, broad-shouldered individual of prepossessing appearance and the grave mien of a Harvard Senior. He had finished his course at college and was now attending Normal School, from which place he was sent to the N— School to observe. Now it happened that at noon of his first day there the principal, an old friend of his, came to him in sore need of assistance. "The first grade teacher is absent. Will you take her place for the afternoon?" he asked. The College Man could not refuse; so after consenting to assume the responsibilities of instructor of these five-year-olds for the brief period of two hours, he proceeded, with all the gravity possible, to the room occupied by the primary grade.

As no plan was given him he began to recall his childhood days, and amidst the childish clatter and shuffle of many feet, he had faint remembrance of reading "Mary had a little lamb" and writing "I see a cat," besides singing numerous cradle songs.

Having decided upon his plan of action, and having sighted fifty-four anxious faces gazing at him from behind fifty-four tiny desks, the College Man decided to "attack" writing first. When the preliminary directions had been given he took a pen from his desk.

"What is this, children?" he asked in a most professional manner.

"A pen," piped fifty-four wee voices from fifty-four wee tots in front of him.

"Children, we're going to write the word 'pen'. Watch me as I write it."

"Pen" was straightway arrayed in white chalk on the blackboard.

"Now, children, you write this." And the College Man awaited the result.

Presently one little hand in the corner was raised; "I can't write that first letter!" wailed the distressed individual. The College Man proceeded to show her the necessary strokes, and turning to help another who was struggling with the same difficulty, he beheld fifty-two hands wildly waving in the air, and heard a chorus of —"I can't write that letter!" accompanied by, "My pen's broke!"

"Well, children," sighed the College Man, "I guess we won't write; we'll read. Take out your readers." Straightway fifty-four sets of writing materials were plunged into fifty-four desks and the same number of readers took their places.

"Turn to page ten; we'll read the lesson on the 'Bird's Nest.' Read the first line, Mary."

Mary arose and meekly began.

"T h e b i r d b u i l d s a n e s t o f s t r a w."

"Stop that noise!" commanded the College Man. "You read the first line, Samuel!"

Samuel, with all the dignity of a Wilkins—for that was his family name—arose and proceeded to sound as Mary had done, only in a much higher key.

"Stop that noise!" shouted the College Man, "I told you to read!"

Fifty-four grave faces beheld their gentleman (!) teacher and great was their fear. Yea, verily! Mary was crying already. One brave little boy in the back row now arose.

"Our other teacher always makes us read that way," he volunteered.

"O well," said the College Man, "That's all right; I guess we won't read any more this afternoon, children; we'll sing instead."

The truth was, he was in a hard place. It was only twenty minutes after two and he had already attacked and rejected two lessons, confused fifty-four little brains, and driven Mary Smith to tears.

Mary finally subsided, however, much to his relief, and a song was chosen. The children started to sing on fifty-four different pitches and discord reigned supreme. Could it be avoided? No! Because the College Man didn't remember the pitch or key of the "Butterfly Song." So, in the middle of the first strain, he arose with a puckered brow and exclaimed, "Don't sing any more, children, don't sing!" His musical ear could endure no more.

It was now half past two. How was he to keep these fifty-four noisy, restless children busy for an hour and a half more? His head reeled when he thought of it and his eyes blurred when he looked at the first grade reader. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him; he would try blackboard drawing. It proved to be a novelty and its effect was magical. After this he told them a fairy story he had once read, and so the afternoon dragged on. Never had he experienced such joy as thrilled him at the sound of the four o'clock bell.

After putting on fifty-four pairs of overshoes and the same number of coats and caps he locked the school-room door, thankful that the ordeal was over. What an afternoon he had spent! Slowly the College Man walked toward home, more tired than after a foot-ball game, but thankful in his heart that he was not a first-grade teacher.

C. L. M. '05.

A Sonnet.

'06

J is for Judgment Day when Junior marks come out,
U is for "Unity" which they'll soon learn about,
N is for Normal work, quite strenuous, no doubt;
I is for Ignorance, 'tis their first state of bliss,
O's for the wonder when they find what real work is!
R is for glaring Red which they so gaily flaunt,
S is for Science-room which they so sadly haunt.

'05

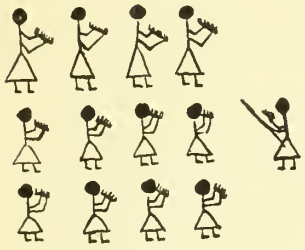
S is for Serious, it is the Seniors' mien,
E is for Eloquence, their ignorance to screen,
N is for Negligence, a common fault, I ween;
I is for Interest in education's themes,
O is their Outlook, and oft it misty seems;
R is the longed for Rest, a Senior's dream of bliss,
S is the Sadness felt at leaving S. N. S.

"Lest We Forget."

July 3, 1905.

Dear Class-mates of 1905—

I've had a most thrilling experience and am sitting down at the first opportunity to tell you all about it. I can't explain it, but hope you may be able to. On the night of the graduation reception I intended to leave the building with the rest of the girls, but whether I did or not remains a mystery, for, as the clock struck one, I became conscious that I was wandering along the west corridor in total darkness.



As I approached the geometry room I heard a terrible din. When I opened the door a strange spectacle met my eyes— a dozen girls equipped with combs were playing the most melodious music, while others were adding to the din by duelling with pointers. The ethereal music was frequently interruped by shrieks of laughter. I seemed to be invisible, for no one greeted me; and without weight, for I made no noise as I hastened away from this deafening place and fled up-stairs. "Will all the rooms of old S. N. S. prove as lively as this?" I wondered.

The science laboratory looked very familiar, for arrayed along the floor in perfect order, each occupying its proper place in the biological chain, were an amoeba, paramoecium, vorticella, earthworm, clam, fish, and cat, in fact all the animals from the amoeba to the manikin, who towered above them in all his majesty. Each animal in turn seemed to be analyzing himself and after each statement to be making a comparison between himself and man. It was very interesting, but fearing I should be drawn into the discussion, and feeling that I could not analyze even myself correctly, I slipped away into the next room.

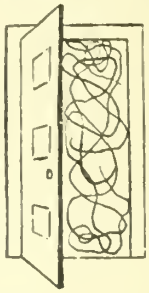
The first thing which met my eye was this notice in green chalk underlined with red on the blackboard: "Young ladies—please do not converse above a whisper. This is the nine-hundred and ninety-ninth time I've spoken of this to you. If you wish crucibles you will find them in this room or in the weighing room or in the science laboratory or in the lecture room. If you can't find them it is probably my fault; in some way I have not been explicit enough." Wasn't that natural, girls? You all know, as I know, that the author of that notice was too good for us wicked girls.

The physics room now demanded my attention, but as there was a class in progress I did not enter. Standing in the doorway I heard an intellectual looking member of the class remark, "It seems to me that what you have just said is contrary to the pedagogical law you taught us in chemistry." A look of mild surprise came over the face of the instructor who replied, "I never had a class tell me that before; however, I will make a note of it." Whereupon he slowly unbuttoned his coat, drew a small memorandum from his pocket, jotted down a note, replaced the book, and rebuttoned his coat. Could it be that those conscientious girls were worrying about a pedagogical law, or might it be that they,—well, no, I won't say it, for it couldn't be so anyway.

With a glance I took in the biology room which was a "perfect and harmonious whole," for law and order reigned supreme. Across the hall, however, everything was confusion, talking, laughing, and moving about, but all "perfectly jolly." Just as I was turning away I heard a voice say, "It occurred to me the other day that you folks think you can wind me round your little finger. Is it so?" A chorus of voices answered in a shocked tone, "Oh *no!* we never dreamed of such a thing!"

At the door of the language room I heard from within sounds of wailing and gnashing of teeth and a voice moaning, "O dear! my English! I shall have to study all summer to purify my contaminated English. Those girls have almost ruined it! What terrible mistakes they make every time they speak! Why last week I violated coherence twice,—Oh dear! Oh dear!!"

With deep mental reproach I hurried along the hall to the geography room. I had some difficulty in opening the door; the cause was most surprising. The room was full of a tangled line which had neither beginning nor end. What could it be? I was not long in doubt, for it surely was the "line of thought" left in this hopeless snarl by those heartless Seniors. "What a time the poor Juniors will have straightening it out next fall!" thought I, "I'm truly sorry for them."



LINE OF THOUGHT

Fearing I should be re-endowed with my natural body before my curiosity was satisfied, for I was becoming interested by this time, I hastened along. From the stairs I looked into the arithmetic room where sat swarms of girls diligently copying from well-filled boards. Each girl had an enormous bottle of ink and a box of pens before her. At regular intervals, that rhythm might not be destroyed, the weary beings straightened their shoulders and sighed, but only for a moment; for, if possible, the copying must be finished before the next centennial celebration.

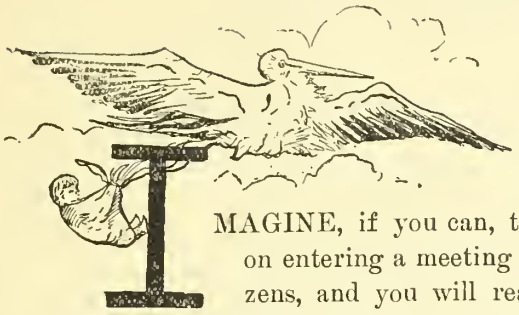
You can easily imagine what I saw in the history room,—dates, dates, dates! why there was not a nail in the floor that did not have a label on it, stating the "date" when it was made. At the desk, stately and dignified and adding to the learned atmosphere of the scene, sat a Fiske's history.

My attention was now directed to the Main Hall by strains of "Maryland, my Maryland"—a music lesson was surely in progress. As I opened the door the baton suddenly descended with several rapid taps and a voice thundered through a megaphone, "Look out there, you Juniors, or I'll send every one of you out of the room. You're not here to whisper, but to *sing!*" Why were the Seniors in the front seats smiling?

A happy thought now seized me and I proceeded to the reception room and placed my name in the visitors' book to prove the truth of this story to anyone who doubts my word. Here I sat down on the couch for a moment and must have fallen asleep for I was awakened in the morning by the tread of timid feet,—the incoming class had arrived for "exams."

E. E. G.

Juniors' Impressions of Seniors.



IMAGINE, if you can, the feelings Tom Thumb might experience on entering a meeting of our big, burly, intellectual American citizens, and you will realize, in part, the state of mind of us poor wee Juniors, on our first appearance at Normal School. One by one we entered the Main Hall, casting timid glances to right, then to left, in search of others who looked as ill-at-ease as we felt. On the right of the hall all was talking, laughing, hand-shaking, and embracing; this was surely not the place for us, but the domain of self-possessed and assured Seniors; on the left, however, were eighty or more constrained, uncomfortable looking individuals, undoubtedly our classmates-to-be, and so we found our places among them. When classes were called, we, on the right side of the room, stood dazed and wondering, not knowing where to turn next; our only course was to follow in the footsteps of the Seniors, those superior beings, whose familiarity with the intricacies of the vast edifice impressed us with an inexpressible awe. This launched us on the tide of imitation which was thenceforward to carry us relentlessly on its course. We poor, ignorant beings decided then and there that whatever the Seniors did *must* be correct and resolved to follow their example on every possible occasion.

The first opportunity offered us was when the Seniors decided that lunch without milk was unsatisfactory and sent an order to a certain milkman to have milk left every day. So every morning the Seniors received their milk *in bottles*. Immediately we Juniors found that our lunches lacked something. We decided that that something was milk, so we too had milk come in *bottles*. The Seniors soon found the noon-hour dull and so repaired to the gymnasium for dancing. Immediately the noon-hour seemed dull to us, and we likewise began to indulge in this pastime. But would a Junior dare to enter the "Gym" if she found it occupied by no one but Seniors? Try one and see. Thus we followed the example of the Seniors as a body, but refrained, much as we like cream-pie, from taking pattern from that Senior who had her cream-pie delivered at the *office*.

Although we resolved to follow the example of the Seniors, and although we accept as a matter of course the fact that they are our superiors, we resent having this unmistakable fact presented to us at every hour in the day. We go to the "Gym" and hear that the Seniors do *such* a jump, but of course we are not expected to do what *they* do. We hardly recover from our chagrin when, on going up-stairs to the main hall, we are told that the Seniors keep their desks neat and that it would be to our credit to do likewise. Is it because they have fewer books or more time? From the library comes the statement that Seniors return their books when they are due and Juniors are requested to do the same.

There are, however, incidents in the Seniors' life which we have no desire to experi-

ence. For, according to rumor, these dignified bodies went sedately into recitations, on certain occasions recently, and were forthwith calmly requested to withdraw from the respective rooms. To think that these model *Seniors* should be so ignominiously dismissed from recitations! Such a thing is scarcely conceivable to a Junior. We wonder what could have been the cause of such an extraordinary occurrence.

In this impressive body of worthy Seniors there are certain individuals who are deserving of special mention. The one foremost in my mind, as she is foremost in the class, is the one who presides over the meetings with such gentle dignity and sweet graciousness. Next is she who keeps the records, and whose opinion, once formed, is maintained through thick and thin. Then there is the young lady who possesses such fluency of speech and whose interest in "unity" and "coherence" is so great that she attends lectures for the express purpose of criticizing the speaker in these respects.

Let us not forget the one recently inspired by the "Muse of Poetry," which inspiration resulted in the class poem, and last of all the one lone brave *man* whose courage has been steadfast through two years of constant association with those of the opposite sex.

During the first week of school-life it is a surprise to a Junior to find Seniors affable and capable of other interests than the studies with the long names, and to find their conversation intelligible to even an ignorant mortal like a Junior. Although at first they seem so high above her, after a few weeks have passed, the tendency of that Junior to look up to them and to beam and glow for an hour after having been civilly greeted by one of their honorable body decreases. Then is the time when the Junior feels herself as one on the same height of the ladder of fame with the Seniors, rather than as one very near the bottom.

In spite of all this what would school be without the Seniors? The Juniors would deteriorate for want of a good example. May the class of '05 win many honors and set as good an example for their pupils as they have for members of the class of '06.

C. A. R. '06.

A LITTLE SACRIFICE I ONCE MADE.

I bought a bag of candy one day and my brother saw a lump under my coat and asked what it was. I said it was nothing particular, but he was curious to know what it was so he felt of it and it felt like paper. He had guessed what it was for he said "shout." I gave him half the candy and that was my sacrifice.

Soothsayer—Beware the ides of March.
Caesar—He is a drummer; let us leave him: pass.

Teacher:—What is your father's name, Henry?
Henry:—(blankly) I don't know.
Teacher:—What does your mother call him?
Henry:—Pa.

All About the Boycott!

Sing a song of boycott,
'Tis a tale of woe,
Tale of a rebellion,
Tale of overthrow.

Seniors sick of thin stew,
Juniors sick of ham,
All are sick of baker's bread,
Nothing but a sham.

Rolls are growing smaller,
Ice cream's no longer sweet,
Cocoa that's half water,
Surely can be beat.

Seniors get in bunches,
Say it shan't be so,
Juniors join the boycott,
Simply can't say " no."

Does a glance at cream-pie
Come from 'neath their locks?
No, for each one holds fast
A Uneeda Biscuit box.

Plan is quite successful,
At the next noontime,
From the depths of purses,
No nickel comes, no dime.

Straight the angry super,
With utensils all,
Leaves the nest of strikers,
Leaves old Normal Hall.

Now when empty Seniors,
Empty Juniors too,
Find an empty lunchroom
'Tis quite depressing, true.

But there's no din of voices,
No more the cry "fried fish,"
And all is peace and quiet,
What better could one wish!

There's a deal of comfort, too,
In doing as they like,
So munching peanut sandwiches,
They glory in the strike.

Mr. Peggotty.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

The characters of Dickens are interesting, not so much for what they do, fascinating though that is, as for what they are. They are so human and individual that they live on in our memories long after we have forgotten their places in the story.

Such a living reality is Mr. Peggotty. Awkward and at times child-like to the point of absurdity, he is yet a true nobleman. No knight of the Round Table ever better exemplified "utter hardihood, utter gentleness and loving, utter faithfulness in love."

A poor fisherman, our hero has little outward polish; but he has something far better, the courtesy of the heart. His home is ruled by a spirit of kindliness, and is thrown open to all comers with a cordial hospitality. Now and again, too, we catch glimpses in his character of a gentleness and delicacy of feeling worthy of the highest refinement. Hear him as he speaks to Emily, on that night when the soul of Barkis is going out with the tide: "It's such a loving 'art," he says, "that it can't abear the sorrer of this. Its nat'ral in young folk, when they're new to these here trials, and timid, like my little bird,—it's nat'ral."

As we watch him stroking her delicate head, we feel that no culture could teach him to deal more tenderly and considerately with her shrinking heart. Again, he feels as if Emily's little belongings "was her a'most." "I couldn't see one of 'em rough used a purpose,— not for the whole wureld," he says. As we listen, we can but feel the chivalry, amounting almost to reverence, awakened in his great heart by her gentleness and beauty.

Balancing and throwing into relief his gentleness are a wholesome cheerfulness and a steadfast strength. How well we know his cheery smile! How we love to join in his hearty laugh,— a laugh, perhaps, at his own expense, for being "a babby in the form of a great Sea Porkypine!" With what fortitude he sustains the sighs and tears of Mrs. Gummidge! How hopefully he looks toward the future when, almost an old man, he sets out with Emily for Australia! On that last visit to England, too, burdened though he is with his darling's broken spirit, how much he finds over which to be cheerful and even merry!

Underlying his cheerfulness is his strength. We feel it whenever we meet him. Quietly, as if it were a little thing, he takes up the burdens laid down by his brothers. Presently one of those whom he has befriended brings grief upon him. He shoulders this new burden as unhesitatingly as he has the others, planning, overcoming his prejudices, spending ungrudgingly, yet toiling on foot through summer heat and winter cold that he may save what he can for the lost one. Nor is he less noble when, suffering under the insults offered him at Steerforth's home, he restrains the passionate words which throb through his mind. We must notice here, too, the sturdy independence with which he refuses to use Steerforth's money, even for Emily's rescue.

But noble as are these traits, there is in Mr. Peggotty yet a finer, his utter self-forgetfulness in the joys and sorrows of others. When Mrs. Gummidge casts a gloom upon his otherwise cheerful home, his only feeling is a sincere sympathy for

what, to his charitable mind, is the result of longings for the departed "old 'un." In the home where Barkis lies dying, we find our friend supporting his sister, comforting Emily, counselling Ham. Even at the moment of starting on the sorrowful quest for his lost child, he has a thought for the loneliness of Mrs. Gummidge. Then, when he has ended his quest and is in the midst of preparations for departure, he makes careful provision for her and Ham and Peggotty. "He thought of everybody's claims and strivings but his own." That it was a hardship for a man of his years to leave home and begin life anew in a wild country seems never to have entered his mind.

A natural outcome of such a life for others is his modesty. If any of the family referred to his generosity, "he struck the table a heavy blow, and swore a dreadful oath that he would be 'gormed' if he did'n't cut and run for good if it was ever mentioned again." So on David's last visit to the old boat, he says, "Mrs. Gummidge has worked like a —I don't know what Mrs. Gummidge an't worked like;" but of Mr. Peggotty's work not a word.

Cheerfulness, courtesy, strength, sympathy,—such are the marked characteristics of this man. Yet, in saying this, we have spoken only of the leaves and branches of the tree. For this man's life is rooted and grounded in a love so gentle that he sympathizes with the suffering, even when they are disturbing his comfort, so strong that he bears heavy burdens for the sake of loved ones, and scarcely knows that they are burdens; so unselfish that he never broods for a moment upon his wrongs but rather strives to bless those who have wronged him. This love extends beyond the home circle. The traveller who crosses this good man's path recognizes it and is glad to journey with him; the little children feel it and flock about him; and afterward, when sorrow has tried and strengthened it, the once abhorred outcast, Martha, finds herself enfolded with it. Here, as always, it blossoms into deeds, prompting Mr. Peggotty to take the unhappy girl with him to the new home.

Surely this love "suffereth long and is kind; seeketh not her own; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Surely we are lifted a little higher above all that is unworthy and selfish, and brought to a better understanding of the perfect Love which never faileth, by companionship with this cheery, patient, sturdy fisherman, Mr. Peggotty.

M. H. G. '05.

Seniors' Impressions of the Teachers.

DR. BECKWITH.

"High thanks I owe thee who doth enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts."—
Emerson.

MISS WARREN.

"O Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"—*Scott.*

MISS MARTIN.

"And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."—*Goldsmith.*

MISS BECKWITH.

"I am all the sisters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too."

MISS BAKER.

"So well she acted all and every part
By turns—with vivacious versatility."—*Byron.*

MISS LEAROYD.

"One who prompt at Duty's call
Is free to urge her claims on all."—*Whittier.*

MISS DEANE.

"A sweet and gracious voice, the index of a sweet and gracious nature."—*Corson.*

MISS ROGERS.

. . . . . "Every thought and mood
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood."—*Shakespeare.*

MR. ARCHIBALD.

"He tossed us Schumann's sparkling airs;
* * * * * * *
The very roof with plaudits shook."—*Trowbridge.*

MISS DODGE.

"Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know."—*Lowell.*

MISS GOLDSMITH.

"A cheery lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."—*Shakespeare.*

MR. MOORE.

"He is the essence that inquires."—*Emerson.*

MR. WHITNEY.

"One who suffers every day from the want of perception of beauty in people."—*Emerson.*

MR. ADAMS.

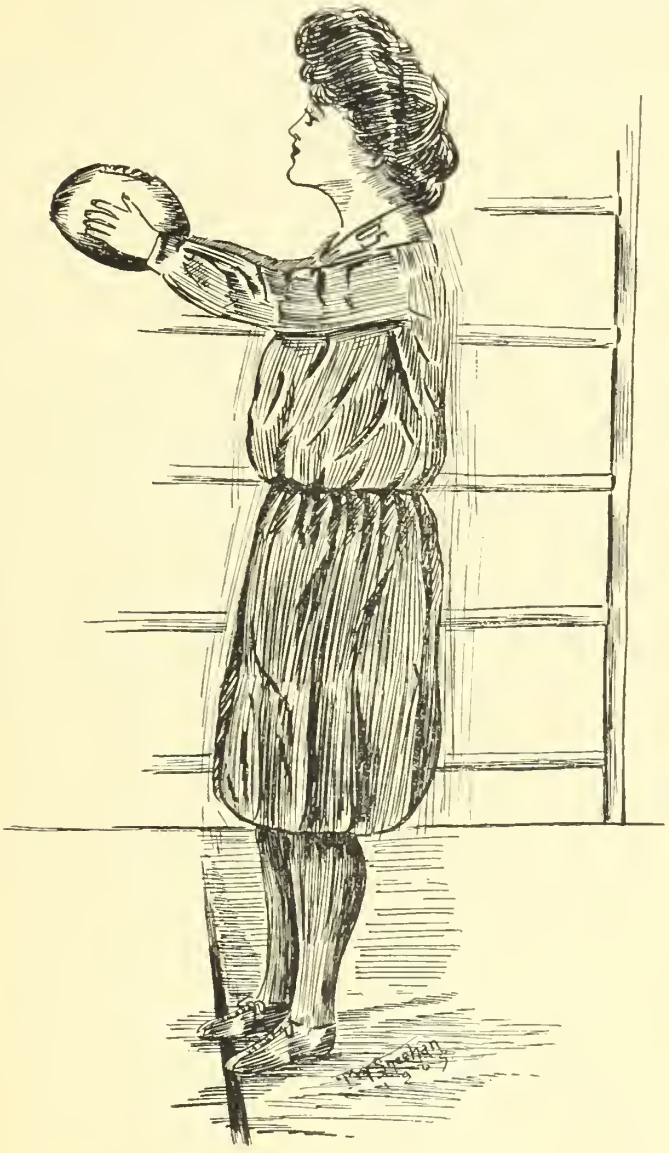
"The pattern of all patience."—*Shakespeare.*

MISS PAINE.

"O wise and upright judge,
We do pray for mercy."—*Shakespeare.*

Athletic Notes.

One of the most enjoyable features of our course in the Salem Normal School is the athletic or gymnastic work. We anticipate the two periods in the gymnasium each week as times of recreation and pleasure, and also regard this work as a great benefit to us from the physical standpoint. The gymnasium is large, spacious, and well-equipped with apparatus. An onlooker can always see much enthusiasm displayed by the pupils both in floor and apparatus work.



A Feature of S.N.S. Life
— A Trial from the Foul-line. —

Besides the regular periods in the gymnasium each week, many of the girls assemble there every Saturday afternoon for a good time. Here under the supervision of their willing leader, they enter into the game of basket-ball with energy and enthusiasm. Basket-ball is played here simply for recreation and pleasure, and it is seldom, if ever, that we play against an outside team. This year, however, we accepted an invitation from the Lowell Normal School team to a trial of skill, in which we were defeated.

The Senior-Junior game in our own gymnasium was the most exciting event of the basket-ball season. Upon that day class colors were everywhere in evidence, cheers were prepared, and the gymnasium was prettily decorated with red and green. The girls were assembled in the gymnasium at an early hour and upon the appearance of the opposing teams they cheered loudly and lustily. The Seniors immediately began to score; at the end of the first half the score was four to one, and at the end of the second half, ten to five in their favor. It is hoped, however, that the Juniors will redeem themselves by coming off victorious in the annual game next year.

Our campus affords a good chance for tennis playing. This sport is regularly indulged in by a number of the girls. Why wouldn't it be a good scheme to have an outfit for general use and make this exercise a greater feature in school life?

A Dream.

One Sunday night I had a dream,
And it was very queer,
'Twas of a class in Sunday School,
And '05 was the year.

The Deacon asked the questions,
For answers none did fail,
The lesson was that well-learned theme
Of "Jonah and the whale."

"A large fish swallowed Jonah,"
"What fish was it?" asked he;
"Professor Moore, please tell us now,
Did whales infest that sea?"

Professor answered straightway from
His geographic lore,
"It may have been a whale, I think:
I've thought of that before."

Miss Warren raised this argument,—
"To 'faze' I do not wish;
But let me tell you now, my friends,
A *whale* is not a *fish*."

"That fact is not *significant*
In our discussion here,"
The Deacon said, "So let it go;
We'll drop it for this year."

Professor Moore objection raised,
"But surely, we ought not;
For if we skip that point, you know,
We'll break the line of thought."

Miss Dodge then straightened matters out.
"It seems to me," said she,
"We should consider Bible truths
'Pon which we can agree."

"Yes!" said Miss Deane, "Now let's go on
And speak of Jonah's fate;
But first, please, Deacon, may I ask,
Do you know what was the *date*?"

Miss Goldsmith said, "Let's put that by,
Till more time we can find;
I really think I need to know
The *state* of Jonah's *mind*."

"We've lost the *rhythm* and the rhyme,
And can do nothing well,"
Miss Baker said, "For all I see,
We'll have to rest a spell."

"Miss Rogers, read the passage, please!"
The Deacon here exclaimed,
"For you express the thought so well
It need not be explained."

Assent was given by Miss Learoyd;
"With all of this confusion,
We've spent the time that we can spare,
And still reached no conclusion."

Then Dr. Beckwith did confess
In his own concise way,
"I cannot help you out of this,
But Mr. Whitney may."

The *jolly* artist gave consent;
And soon he did contrive
To draw a fish so very real
They thought it was alive.

No more discussion did perplex
The Deacon's placid mind,
For all his class had fled away,
To safer refuge find.

The superintendent struck the bell;
The room to order called,
And then I waked with wond'ring gasp,
'Twas—Mr. Archibald!

NOTE.—Miss Martin was not a member of this somewhat extraordinary class. She was detained at the library to see that Miss Beckwith kept her accounts *accurately* and in good *order*.

GRADUATING CLASS, SALEM NORMAL SCHOOL, 1905.

Prophecy.

(An Extract from the Diary of Dr. Haven.)

June 27, 1930.

To-day is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation from the dear old Salem Normal School, and the girls are scattered far and wide. How I should love to see them all! Four of us are here at the hospital, Dr. Gale and myself as surgeons and Alice Jones and Elizabeth Welsh as two of our most efficient nurses. But, there! I must stop these longings for knowledge of my other classmates and get a few hours of rest.

* * * * * *

It is twelve o'clock now, three hours since I wrote the first of this entry. Just as I closed the diary, I heard a slight rustle behind my chair, and turning saw a bent old lady who looked as if she had just returned from the seventeenth century. A lean, black cat rubbing against her feet and a broomstick in her bony hand convinced me that she was a witch. She informed me that she was Patience White of Salem and that this was the night on which she was allowed to entertain a mortal. With her supernatural power she had learned of my desire to see my classmates and had come to gratify it. "If you wish to see your old friends, mount my steed, for he can easily bear us both," she said, and as she spoke she pushed her broomstick invitingly toward me. My curiosity got the better of my New England conscience, and I mounted behind Mistress Patience. "To the Normal School, first," she said, and away we flew, until at last we dismounted at the schoolhouse door. We entered and saw on the wall of the vestibule a huge tablet on which were emblazoned the names of the faculty. First on the list were these familiar names: Mabel Gray, principal and teacher of pedagogy; Florence Tadgell, examiner of desks and distributor of red *D's*; and Marion Robbins, critic. As I read the first name, my guide chuckled and asked, "Did you ever hear this expression, 'It is impossible to overestimate the stupidity of the learner?'" We went to the lunch room and found it greatly changed. The tables were covered with snowy cloths and provided with sugar, salt and various other comforts of home, and in the center of each table was a tiny plant in a jardiniere made in the industrial laboratory. It was an ideal lunch room, run by Jennie Dickson, who never allowed a *corner* on anything. I found that the names of the model school teachers were all unfamiliar, except that of the "kindergartner," Maud Kenney. Has she forgotten her resolutions?

When we left the school, we went to Devereux Beach where Gladys Budgell still has her cottage, "A Day's Retreat." Here I found a merry party, Susie, Esther, Alona, and Grace Sneden. I told them where I had been and asked for the news. Our hostess now makes bows to her heart's content in Fernikee's and has an old friend in the floor walker, Amy Bradbury. Gladys also told me of Rebecca. She is a travelling companion and entertainer for an old lady of many aches and pains. Susie told me

about the Lynn girls. Laura Bailey has succeeded Johnny West, and no customer is ever told that she is "just out of Squirrel Brands, but will have some more next month." Nell Galvin still believes in the all-potency of sociability in the class-room and practices what she preaches. Bertha Fellows delivers semi-annual lectures on local geography to long-suffering S. N. S. seniors, and Mildred Graham speaks on "insignificant figures, their uses and abuses." Mary Perkins has given up teaching school and is keeping house for her beloved brother. Irena teaches music and gymnastics in a nearby school and boards with Mary. Sue herself followed her profession until she was gathered into a home's happy Foulds. (*U* and *s* don't talk, children).

Grace said she had just returned from Europe where she has been travelling as an advertisement of the wonders performed on an American voice by Hiram Corson's "Voice and Spiritual Education" bitters. While she was in England she visited Lady Dorrice, lady in title now, as well as in bearing and being. Grace told me also about Abbie and Katherine Enlind. She often visits Abbie, who, by her sweet face and gracious manners, has won everybody and everything, even the elements, the wind, snow and Hale. Katherine's little boys know nothing about "George," the "hatchet," and the "cherry tree," because their mother believes in telling only *true* stories. Alona had a great deal to tell me. She is in this state for a month for the purpose of lecturing on the college which she founded in the mountain region of Kentucky in answer to the piteous cries of the mountaineers. The missionary spirit was evidently strong in our class, for everyone on her staff is one of our members. Sadie Reed teaches drawing, Mollie Norton, gymnastics, Mary Gainard, language, Edna Ramsdell, botany, Mary McGrath, geography, that "science of the earth in its relation to the life of man," Lena Seitlen, arithmetic, Millicent Perkins, housekeeping, and Ethel Swett, P. M., mono-to-ny.

Esther, now known as the school-marm with the "arm that never tires," so assiduously does she wield the rod, is still talking of going west. She said that Elsie and Lulu are still unseparated, for they teach in adjoining rooms in her building in Groveland.

From Devereux we went to Boston, where, in a large publishing house, we found Bess Parker presiding over a body of reporters. Chief among these reporters was Jo Minard, who profiting by her work on "the book," has produced some new "kids" for the comic sheet of the Sunday paper, which are better than the "Katzenjammers" or even "Willie Westinghouse Edison Smith." Bess said that she often received accounts of Ida Bancroft, one of the typical new women, president of sixteen different clubs and societies, and independent in all things. She also showed me a clipping which described a large church wedding in which Gertrude Woolner was one of the "contracting parties." Gertrude now presides over a mansion in Maine and is noted for her delicious "spreads." Next door to Bessie's, Elizabeth Whitcomb has an office where she may be found at any time, fully qualified to answer all questions on love and sentiment.

The witch took me next to a city school which had not yet closed. In one room I saw Rena teaching the little tots to make aprons, pillow-slips and other useful and ornamental things. Standing outside the next door I could not hear a sound from within the room. It was Miss Hodgkins' room, the best disciplined in the state, and I learned that the secret of her success lay in her power to overawe unruly pupils by the

severity of her manner. From the next room came dire sounds. On entering, I saw Emma McKinley standing before her class flourishing a baton and saying, "Ready, now, begin!" "Ta-za-fa, ta-fa ta-fa-ta, twenty-three in-ches make one foot," rhythmically droned the class. Another surprise awaited me in the next room, for there was Gertrude Connor with prim dress, prim smile, primly parted hair, a sober, staid school-teacher, who never mentions the other sex except to say, "Ah-men!" I visited Miss Elkins' room but found that she was enjoying an excursion to Washington, as the most popular teacher in the city. On her desk, however, I discovered a book entitled "Systems of the Earth Worm, a Systematic Account of the Researches of the Class of 1905, of the Salem Normal School." The author of this famous book was Mabel Turner, teacher of biology at Loring Villa. So our labor was not for naught. It is well!

So there are several of the girls still teaching. Yes, and beside those I have mentioned, I saw Florence Atkins in a dear little country school, Ethel Flanders, a missionary teacher in that country where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," Miss Henderson, supervisor of drawing in Rio Janeiro, Mr. Sheehan, permanent substitute in Danvers, and May Arnold, coach for the S. N. S. basket ball teams. While not exactly a teacher, still closely connected with schools as a member of the state board of education, is Elizabeth Ferguson, now clothed in cap and gown, the stately president of Wellesley College. Among those to whom she has given degrees is Clara Clement. Elizabeth has established a new course of study in the college, and the students are required to devote at least five hours a week to acquiring the art of story-telling. Martha Taylor is at the head of this department, where she has made it the aim of her life-work to raise the negro folk-lore to its deserved place in literature. Another educational branch which we must not forget is graced by the presence of Bessie Bailey, our greatest scholar, and Isabel Bailey, upon whom has fallen the discarded mantle of Demosthenes. I wished to remain longer in the classic halls of Wellesley, but Dame Patience hurried me off.

We flew down to Manchester-by-the-Sea to view the beauties of the place described in Lena Jones's famous poems. On the way we stopped to hear a few strains of an opera composed by Miss Cutting and rendered at Essex by the orchestra which she conducts. Then a few blocks away I saw—what I could hardly credit if it had been told me—May McDonough as drummer in a Salvation Army corps. May was always so bashful and quiet! What strange change of character could have brought her to this? The musicians were playing a popular two-step, to which the other members of the corps sang the words of a hymn, and I watched expectantly to see May's feet keep time, but there was not a break in the steady march, and I could not help asking Dame Patience, "Is May afraid she is going to die?" The only answer I received was a chuckle as we flew on down to Manchester and thence to Lynn where I saw Maud Kennerson working on an arithmetic. She has already published one which goes far ahead of Nichols's. She charged me to send her all the impractical examples I could find.

On the way to New York, Dame Patience herself gave me some information. Mabel Carle is a professional story-teller, always prompt and ready with a story of any kind. Edith Gott retails original jokes at Minstrel shows, her favorite being, "If, in deep thinking, I should run my hand through my hair, and then discover a splinter in my finger, what should I naturally infer?"

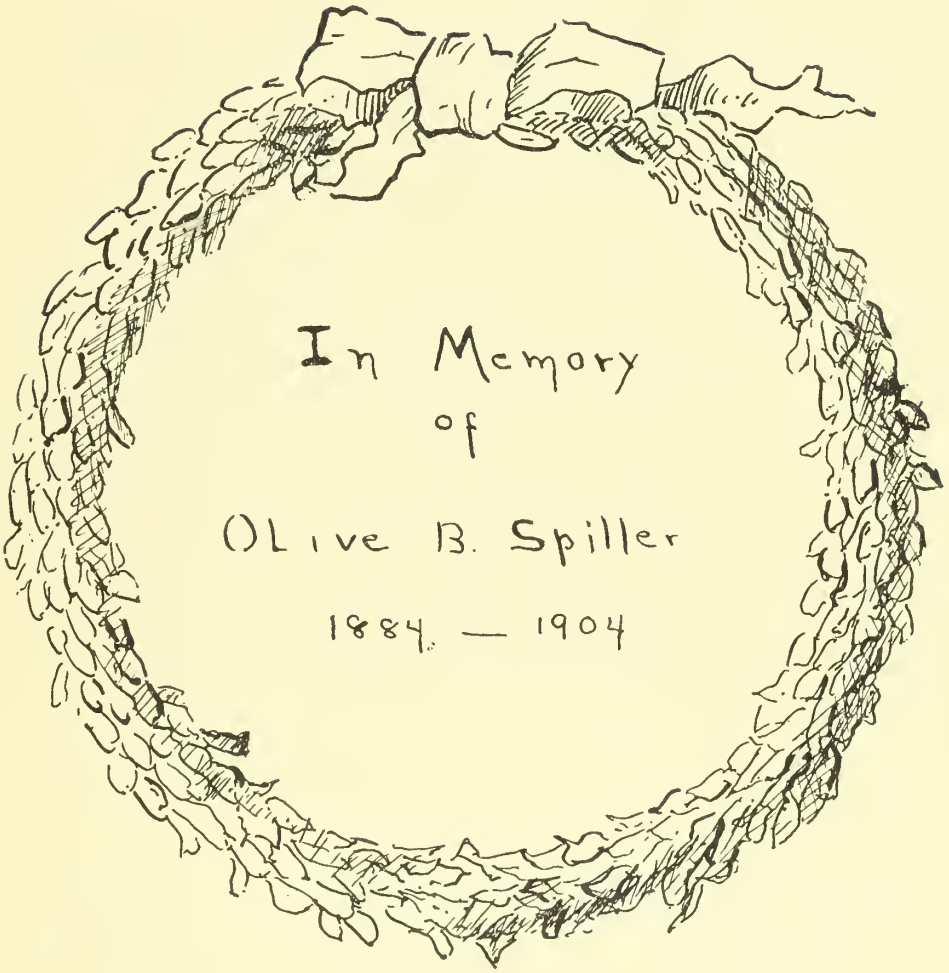
When we reached New York we went to the office of the inventress Anna Childs, and she allowed me to use her Atlantic "Audio-Cable" for the purpose of hearing Gladys Davis' talking machine which was running at terrific speed at its trial conversation before the King of England who had granted Gladys a patent on it. We looked over Miss Childs' office and talked with her awhile. We learned that through her efforts, benighted Henniker had been provided with the best electric-light plant in the state. Her partner, Cora Mulrey has succeeded in making a mirror which will not "cast reflections." Anna told me that two of our girls have gone to Henniker to live. Carrie Pease has set up a canning establishment and sugar refinery there, and receives her supplies from the fruit orchards and market garden of her neighbor, Ida Belle Bailey.

We flew on to Boston and Mistress Patience gave me some more information. I have already mentioned some who deprived the state of those three hundred dollars. Ada Moulton must be added to the list, as well as Grace Snow, for they both gave up making fifty five-year-olders happy for the purpose of making one fifty-five-year-older happy. Contrary to custom, Helen of Old Plymouth Towne was un-Tighed by the matrimonial knot. Both Amy and Edith Wilson shine in homes of their own. Sally Titcomb is the wife of a wealthy oil magnate, and one of Newport's four hundred. Amy Morrill presides over a cosy little white country parsonage, just as we expected. Kitty Clark is happily married to her former instructor, the dancing master. Carrie Johnson conducts very select whist parties at her happy home in Dorchester.

Arriving in Boston we visited Mollie Crane who keeps one of the largest restaurants in the city, next door to May Feeney's manicuring and hairdressing parlors. While I was talking to Mollie, in came Nell Quinn, collector for a large installment house, and Edna *Selman* Tutt, a book agent, whose motto is, "What if he doesn't want it!"

By this time my guide was beginning to get impatient, for she said that we had far to go; so we again mounted the broomstick and rode over land and sea until we came to the South Sea Isles. There we found the Cambridge Quintette, Misses Carmichael, McCullough, Bresnahan, Connelly and Glynn, who had been hired by the islanders to frighten away the monster which was endeavoring to swallow the moon. Their "Harvard, Harvard, rah! rah! rah!" has proved very effectual.

"Now," said the witch, "you have either seen or heard about every one of your classmates, so we must return home, for my time on earth for this year is up at twelve." Then we came flying through the air and I found myself here in my office chair just as the clock struck twelve.


In Memory
of
Olive B. Spiller
1884 — 1904

Devereux Beach.

A Purely Scientific Description.

ROTECTED on the west by the Swampseott eliffs, and stretehing toward Marblehead on the north-east, lies Devereux Beach, suggesting, both by the shape of its shore-line and the gradations in pebble-life along its bosom, that emblem of the Mohammedan Empire, the ever-inereasing, never-waning endless ereseent. South-east blasts from the cave of Aeolus warn the wavelets to adopt the protection of their woolly bonnets. High piled above the water, the eurving mound of pebbles glistens in the warm sunlight, pebbles of white, pebbles of brown, pebbles of blue, pebbles green, yellow, black, red and grey, pebbles born of the adjacent cliffs, pebbles borne away from the distant mountains of Alaska, pebbles slowly ereeping through the ages with some mighty iey sea, pebbles of many nationalities, of many tongues, yet, all as they sport in the spray, singing a harmoniously blended, never-to-be exeelled paean to the Most High God. Off-shore lie bare and roeky islands, one of them a beaeon, weleome to the straining eyes of the mariner. Once, perhaps, those isles clasped the mainland; oh ehange! change! evident in every state! then, methinks, the Red Man trod the paths I tread, loved the ocean as I love it!

The rounded roeks, growing smaller toward the east, tell me that they have often witnessed Neptune, pursued by the Wind-God, furiously driving his steeds.

Toward Swampscott we see the venerable progenitor of many pebbles, the jointeraeked cliff, composed of diorite, granite, and a grey porous roek with the feel of pumiee.

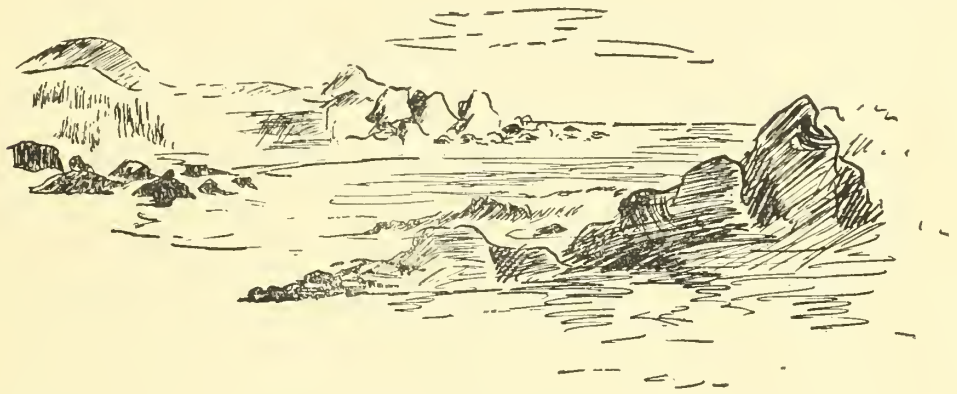
* * * * • • • • •

At intervals, cast up by ocean's lavish hands, we find "devil's aprons" smoother than the smoothest velvet, of beautiful red hue, and studded with pebble gems, some attached by nature's own green silk. Those gems have probably been brought from the deepest depths by the sea plant. Mayhap, should I listen, and eould I interpret its speech, the beautiful weed might tell me of cities under the sea, might repeat the songs of the Sirens or imitate the barking of Scylla's dogs.

From the great-grandfather cliff with brow furrowed by the storms of ages, from the grand-father, angular fragment, from the father, snb-angular, from chubby pebble children, from untold posterity of sand, we learn the history of the pebble raee through numberless generations, a race formed by its environment of weather, water, and ice, and enduring from everlasting to everlasting.

Thanks, oh Devereux! thou hast impressed a beautiful picture on my mind canvas, thou hast taught my brain a lesson, thou hast sung me an ennobling psalm, thou hast wafted my soul nearer its Maker.

I. L. D. '05.



The Professor's Problem.

Professor Dickson was regarding the latest applicant at the college bureau of self-help. "Mm," he mused, absent mindedly stroking his chin, "What's your name? and where were you born? and where do you live?"

"My name," replied the applicant "is John Simonds, and I was born—well, my father is a Methodist minister, and I was born all up and down the New England coast, and that's where I live."

The grave faced senior, in charge of the bureau, smiled, but the professor went on as seriously as before; "What course do you intend to pursue here at college?" The professor all the time watched the boy keenly, noting with approval, that, though his clothing was poor, it was immaculate, and that his lithe body and ruddy complexion bespoke a healtful active country life.

"Well, sir," replied the boy with youthful assurance, "I wish to make a study of sociology and economics—I must work my way through college and I came here to get something to do."

As Simonds spoke, the professor's face took on new interest and he rubbed his hands together with enthusiasm, saying, "I have it. I think you're just the man I want, I'm Professor Dickson, who teaches economics, and I'm sure you'll help me to solve a little problem I've had in mind for some time. Do you like children?"

Poor Simonds blushed and stammered, not so much at the suddenness of the question as at the fact that he was really face to face with Professor Dickson, of whom he had read so much.

"Have you any brothers and sisters?" questioned the professor.

"Yes, sir, nine. Born all up and down the New England"—but the professor cut him off with a string of mechanically put questions that kept Simonds in a state of thoughtful suspense for five minutes.

"Do you understand the care and amusement of children from one to five years of age? Do you know the amount and kind of exercise and moral instruction they should have? Would you know what to do in an emergency—er—that is, croup, for instance?" And the professor, feeling himself on unsafe ground, withdrew to firm land.

Simonds was puzzled, not knowing whether he was being examined for a position in an orphan asylum or an emergency hospital, but he proceeded to answer the questions.

"Oh, yes, sir, I think I could do all those things—that is, I know all mother's remedies for cuts, burns and bruises, and all the antidotes for poisons, and if children put beans up their no—"

"You'll do," interrupted the professor, "I want a nurse for my three boys, aged a year and a half, three, and five years. We've put up with incompetent servant girls too long, and I'm sure this scheme of mine will throw a great deal of light on the servant problem. Here is my address, and if you'll come to my house tomorrow morning, Mrs. Dickson will instruct you more fully as to your duties." The professor's hand wandered to his chin. He had not confided his plan to Mrs. Dickson! "But I'm sure she'll acquiesce," he thought, with all the buoyancy of a theorist.

The next day, Simonds, with some trepidation, made his way to the Dickson home. The profession of nursery-man was a hitherto untried one in the community and Simonds, even with his domestic experience, had his misgivings about its supreme success. But this might be his opportunity to get the coveted college course and he must not let it slip by. Mrs. Dickson, who proved to be a timed little woman, greeted Simonds cordially, and after gaining a brief history of his home life, explained to him that he was to have the care of the children during the evening and part of the day.

Another week found Simonds launched upon his unusual duties. The young Dicksons—Jack, Bob, and the baby—took him by storm, and it was not an unusual sight to see Simonds crawling about the lawn on all fours, while the youngsters clung to his back and relentlessly goaded the "elephant" on.

Because of his large frame and this frequent role the students began calling Simonds "Nurse Jumbo," and when the children adopted this name his title was assured. His lank figure became a familiar sight as he pushed the perambulator with one hand and held his Greek book in the other, reading aloud as he walked, while the baby cooed and gurgled at the strange combination of sounds. Nurse Jumbo had to dance and prance now and then, for passing under his arms was a pair of gay reins absurdly decorated with little jingling bells. Bob, as driver of this queer steed, was sufficiently amused and Jack capered beside the team barking like a dog.

Soon after Simonds' debut as nursery-man he and his queer little procession ventured on to the campus, where they were railed at more or less, and greeted with nonsense songs of the nursery-man.

On the evenings when the Dicksons were away, their home was the rendezvous of a jolly crowd of students, for Nurse Jumbo was a great favorite. It was both ludicrous and pathetic to see the big, patient fellow give the Dickson youngsters their good-night frolic and more ludicrous still when the students stole upstairs to stand in the nursery door and watch Nurse Jumbo's clumsy fingers struggle with the buttons and hooks and straps, that somehow always refused to unfasten.

Nurse Jumbo, in spite of awkardness, proved faithful to his trust. The professor

was greatly elated and wrote volumes of essays about household economics and the final solution of the servant-girl problem.

During the spring Mrs. Dickson went away for a brief stay, leaving Bob with Nurse Jumbo. The instructors looked surprised, but no one objected when he appeared in his accustomed place in the class room with the tractable Bob tucked away under his arm. Bob didn't object either, and was delighted with the novelty of the experience.

On the morning before Mrs. Dickson's return, the professor's chair was empty and Nurse Jumbo was seen rushing from one place to another, without Bob. It soon became noised about that Bob was lost and before noon the entire police force of the town was searching for him, and many of the students had organized themselves into search parties.

For one of the few days in his life the professor forgot economics; but like so many men of his temperament, he was powerless to act in trouble. He was not inclined to search outside of the house.

"Bob, I really don't see where Bob is," he said as he went into the nursery for the tenth time, and looked first into Bob's bed and then under it, as though he expected to find Bob there.

Early in the morning Nurse Jumbo had taken Bob down town, leaving him standing on the curbstone while he dashed into the shop to get the morning paper. When he came out, no Bob was in sight. All inquiries proved of no avail, Bob had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

All that long day Nurse Jumbo rushed hither and thither, hoping at every turn to see Bobby's stout little form running to meet him. He could not bear to go to the Dickson home and meet the professor's great reproachful eyes. He thought of Mrs. Dickson's return, and of her home coming without Bob's merry greeting.

Night came on and all the search parties reported no trace of Bob. Seven o'clock was his usual bed-time and a great lump rose in Nurse Jumbo's throat as he stood in the still, dark nursery beside Bob's empty bed and wondered what he should do next. Downstairs in the library Professor Dickson paced the floor, the great books on economics lying unopened, his thoughts filled with the emptiness of his heart and home.

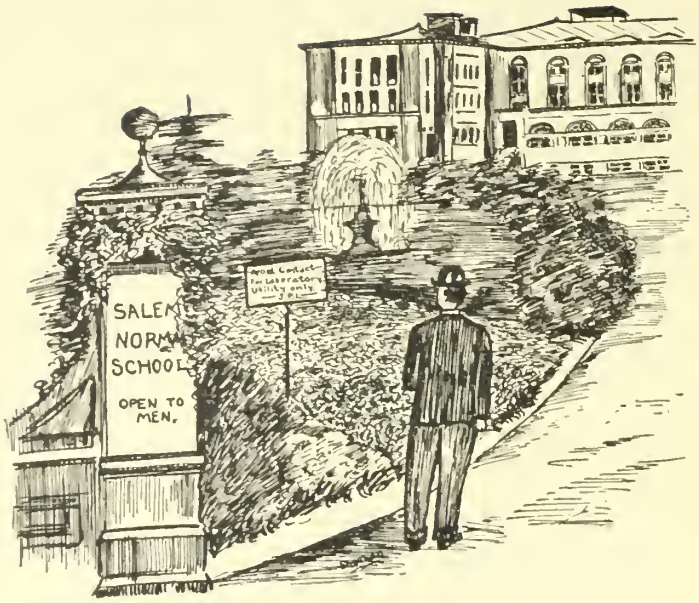
Every step was an added weight to Nurse Jumbo's heart. How long he stayed in the nursery he never knew, but it seemed hours after, when he was aroused by hurried foot steps and the loud ringing of the bell. Nurse Jumbo went down the stairs in four steps, in time to see two sorry looking sophomores half pushed and half dragged into the hall. When they saw Nurse Jumbo they both began talking at once and explaining in the most incoherent way, how they had come round the corner just as he left Bob, and how one of them had concealed Bob in an overcoat; tucked him under his arm; and carried him away to his room for the day.

They only did it to tease Nurse Jumbo and when they heard of the search parties they were incited by the spirit of adventure to keep Bob a little longer. They had been good to Bob. Wouldn't Nurse Jumbo forgive them?

And there in the arms of one of those delinquents lay Bobby, dirty, smiling and fast asleep—but still Bobby.

With a full heart Nurse Jumbo gathered him up and put him into his father's arms. A look of relief came into the professor's face followed quickly by the familiar expression of absent mindedness. He sank into a chair and scanned Bobby's face as he might have scanned the pages of a favorite book; while he murmured with something of his old hopefulness, "It *is* a great problem, Bob, and you and Nurse Jumbo have helped to solve it."

B. M. B. '05.



The Impressions of an Hour.

After a serious conflict, my ambition crying "budge," and my love of manly society crying "budge not," the former prevailed and I found myself bound for this institution.

Thinking to start even with myself, I essayed to walk up Lafayette street and thus save a nickel (having heard of the vast opportunities of the lunch-room through the lurid advertisements of the Salem Press.) The broad avenue with its two lines of substantial old homes, generously shaded by sentinel elms, never looked more tempting to a pedestrian. The vigor of the morning air drove my steps along rapidly, but I was soon obliged, by platoons of females grasping green bags, to take to the road, where, owing to the danger of colliding with north bound citizens, it was necessary to board a car.

As I sped on, I reflected on the Salem tax-payer ousted from his aristocratic and usually neglected sidewalk. In his cheerful acceptance of this broad highway I foresaw in him a dawn of democracy, but the conductor's cry of "N-o-r-m-a-l S-t-a-t-e S-c-h-o-o-l" rudely precipitated me from these heights of abstraction to the firm concrete path leading to a big block of a building.

In the days that followed I learned that Miss Martin and Mr. Whitney had strongly influenced the architect causing him to revise his plans which specified for a structure less angular in outline and an entrance less impressive in dignity.

In my lonesome progress along this educational boulevard, fragrant odors and inspiring texts greeted my senses. On my left was a glorious bed of nasturtiums, while from the center rose a sign bearing the inscription, "Avoid Contact—For laboratory utility *only*, J. P. L.," and on one corner of the building was displayed a placard bearing the following notice:

"Lectures on Caterpillarology and Ornithology at all hours of the day.
Visitors Cordially Welcomed.
M. Alice Warren."

Inspired by these indications of scholastic lore I made haste to enter this temple of learning. Gleaming from the sides of the vestibule in letters of gilt, were listed the different departments with their instructors. I slowly spelled out a few—

Pedagogy	W. P. Beckwith
Philology	E. M. Dodge
Paleontology	M. A. Warren

More highly stimulated yet by this trio of intelligence, I hastened to the office. The placard on the door,—

Please Ring,
For Everything,

touched me by its wide cordiality; I tested its gracious hint. The next instant my mental picture of Dr. Beckwith (a somewhat attenuated and clerical appearing seer), vanished. There could be no connection between the ethereal figure of my dream and the present dignitary obscuring the armchair. A hearty handshake, and a scrutinizing look from this gentleman assured me of my welcome—provided I attended to business. I was then presented to the Dean of the school, who, in turn, passed me over to a fair guide wearing on her sleeve the mysterious symbols, "K. S. E." As she led me out into the corridor I timidly inquired as to the meaning of these letters. "Oh," she modestly replied, "they call me the 'Kind School Exhibitor,' you make the nineteen hundred fifth man I've taken around this year."

So far I had seen but few of my future coworkers. I now discovered that they were scattered all over the building in small groups, rehearsing for the day. There could be heard the sweet notes of pitch-pipe assemblies; a-e-i-o-u concerts; recitals of lung troubles and heart affections to an agitated manikin, and from "the tin-boiler room," (the sound deepened, yet enriched by the heavy concealing tapestries) an anvil chorus of young craftsmen turning out their can-

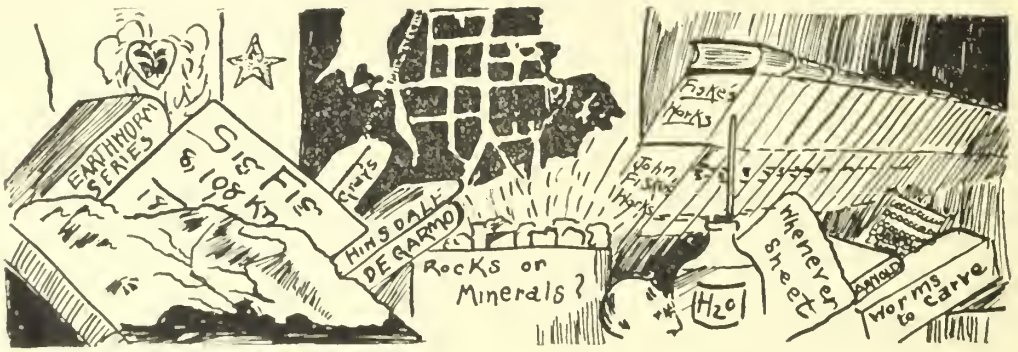
teens and tambourines;—and through these groups I distinctly heard the Marconic message, "The new boy is here."

A bell now tolled for morning exercises and I bade adieu to my travelled companion. In fact I felt I should never see her again, as her form was at once swallowed up in the voluminous uprising of two hundred fifty girls to sing the first hymn. We sang—

"Why doth the hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found—"

after which inspiring praise, I gave myself up to delicate speculations regarding the dark line of judges facing me from the platform—those superior beings who render such cruel decisions once a quarter without quarter.

The magic words, "Classes now," issuing from the supreme judge, set the machinery of the whole school in motion, and I found myself following in the footsteps of the girl in front of me, but,—behind me was a girl, too. *T. W. S., '05.*



Retaliation.

In marking the following test for the teachers, promptness will be taken into consideration. Any time within three months will be considered prompt; after six months nothing more will be said about the work.

1. Name the authors of the following works:—

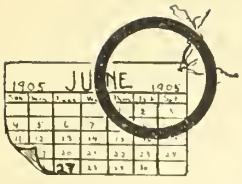
Alice in Wonderland.	The Rollo Books.
Swiss Family Robinson.	Parents' Assistant.
Goody Two-shoes.	The Death of Cock Robin.
Arabian Nights.	Echo and Narcissus.

2. How many teachers' conventions were held in the state last year, and where?
3. Why is a why like a why-why?

(Those answering question three are requested not to whisper to Mr. Moore.)

4. In what key is the famous classical song "Yankee Doodle" written, and who composed it?
5. What is meant by the "Old Lady of Thread-needle Street?"
6. What is the worst book you ever read?
7. Which character in fiction do you admire more, the March Hare, or the Hatter?
8. Which is the finer classical poem, "Mary had a Little Lamb," or "The Spider and the Fly?"
9. If time were money how rich would the Junior class be, if taken *en masse?*
10. Why are all classes crazy over history?
11. If you had a hundred thousand dollars, where would you spend your summer vacation?
12. Who invented significant figures and what is their use?

The Last Day.



F all queer days, both present and past,
The queerest is that which is called the last

Now last from today had yesterday's sun,
And day before that was last but one ;

But tomorrow's last will be today
And yesterday's last will fade away.

Yet Tuesday last was a week ago.
How can a body ever know—

Which one of these last days is meant,
And where that great day will be spent ?

Yet soon will come a day so great,
And so important its estate ;

It ever shall for us possess
The name, " Last Day at S. N. S."

It is a day of thoughts most glad,
And also one of feelings sad ;

A paradoxical day indeed,
As one who knows it must concede.

For all are sad to say goodbye,
But each is glad her powers to try.

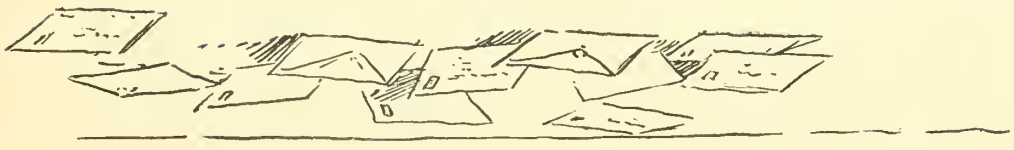
And cries are heard on every hand
Of, " You must write, now understand ! '

As if the class must keep its station
By letters after graduation.

Now days are last and days are first,
Days are best and days are worst.

May this last day be best of all,
And start us well for work next fall !

M. B. K. '01, '05.



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ALICE (SMALL) PARTRIDGE
1894

MRS. I. A. NEWHALL

PRISCILLA L. CUTTS
July 11, 1867

SARAH A. NEWHALL
1877-1879

BEULAH FROST
1904

A FRIEND

"ONE OF OURSELVES"
1904

"A LAW UNTO HERSELF"
1904

HANNAH HARRIS
1871

MISS ALICE L. BYRD
1900

MISS RAYMOND

MARY U. PARKER
1864—1866

ELIZABETH R. PRESTON
July 11, 1867

MRS. MARION KING PARKER
Jan., 1878

CORA J. JAQUITH
Jan., 1895

A FRIEND
1904

MAY BARRY
1904

SALLY GARLAND
1904

MILDRED BULFINCH
1904

MRS. CHAS. A. WHITE
Jan., 1877

MRS. FRANK C. FROST
Jan., 1877

MISS ANNIE E. FULTON
1901

LIZZIE PARKER WILMOT
1898

A FRIEND
1901

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