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The Farmington Normal

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Farmington State Normal School

University of Maine at Farmington

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# THE FARMINGTON NORMAL



Vol. 2 \* Nos. 3 and 4

FEB. AND MAR., 1903

Entered at Post-Office at Farmington, Maine,  
as Second-Class Mail Matter

# FARMINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

—❖❖❖—  
TEACHERS.

**Principal.**

GEORGE C. PURINGTON, A. M.  
Psychology, Didactics, Civics, School Laws.

**Assistants.**

WILBERT G. MALLETT, A. B.  
Natural Sciences, Trigonometry, Surveying, Moral Philosophy.

SARAH BAILEY PURINGTON.  
History, Latin, French, German, English Literature, Reading.

ELLA P. MERRILL, B. L.  
Geography, Rhetoric, Grammar, English Composition, Botany.

CAROLYN A. STONE.  
Arithmetic, Penmanship, Physiology, Calisthenics.

KATHARINE E. ABBOTT.  
Geometry, Drawing, Book-keeping.

MARY M. BICKFORD.  
Algebra.

HELEN M. MARCH.  
Vocal Music.

**Principal of the Training School.**

LILLIAN I. LINCOLN.  
Psychology and Methods.

**Assistants in the Training Schools.**

HELEN M. MARCH,—GRAMMAR GRADE.

G. LUELLA HAYDEN,—INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

MARGARET E. WATERHOUSE,—SECOND PRIMARY.

IRENE P. LADD,—FIRST PRIMARY.





FARMINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

# The Farmington Normal.

VOL. II.

FARMINGTON, MAINE, FEB. AND MARCH, 1903.

Nos. 3 AND 4.

## THE FARMINGTON NORMAL.

SIX NUMBERS A YEAR.  
(October, December, February, March, May and June.)

Published by the Teachers and Pupils of the Farmington State Normal School.

TERMS:  
ONE YEAR, \$1.00; SINGLE COPIES, 20 CTS.

Address all communications to  
PRIN. GEORGE C. PURINGTON.

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### EDITORIALS.

WE are confident that the establishment of another Normal School will prove to be a wise investment by the State. If the demand upon the other Normal Schools for trained teachers is as great as it is upon this school, there will be a call for more than the new school can send out.

We regard the location as a most excellent one. Aroostook County is developing very rapidly. From 1890 to 1900 its population increased over twenty per cent., and there are good reasons to believe that the increase during the present decade will be still greater.

Presque Isle is a beautiful town, and is not excelled in thrift and enterprise in the State. And, what is of first importance, there is no rural community in Maine that has better schools. The people of all that region will give the new school a most royal and hearty support. All hail to the Presque Isle State Normal School, the new star in our educational firmament!

### PURPOSE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

JUST now there is a great discussion on the age at which children should be sent to school. Much of it is absolutely senseless, and in most of it that which we consider of the most importance is entirely lost sight of. Not long ago we heard a teacher, who occupies a responsible place in a neighboring state, make the declaration that under no conditions should children be sent to school before they are eight years of age. They should be taken into the woods and fields, and there taught to see the beauties of nature! Who, pray, can do that? The fathers and mothers, that have all they can do to keep the "wolf from the door?" Or shall the state hire teachers and establish ambulatory schools? If the so-called book learning is all that the child is to get out of his first three years in school, perhaps it might be best to devise plans whereby he might be kept out-of-doors, and given a sort of pagan training in nature worship and an Indian training in wood-craft. But if he is to be trained into a free American citizen, give us the public schools with all their faults. The fact is, the all-important work of the first years of the child's school life is to give him the fundamental principles of social life, to teach him to live with other human beings in civil life, respecting their rights, learning what his own rights are and acquiring the courage to claim them, but especially learning what his duties are, and acquiring the power to perform them. All the studies in the school should be subsidiary to that. Respect for the rights of others is, and can be, taught only when children mingle in the freedom of school life. We do not overlook the value of home training



in that direction, but that is, and must of necessity be, partial, and is very often wholly neglected, or very poorly done.

In fact, unless children are in school, the great majority of them will be on the streets where they are apt to learn the very things that they ought not to learn. And until the average home is better than even a poor school, it will be found that the safest place for the child is in school as early as five years of age.

It is very desirable that teachers realize that their most important duty is in the proper adjustment of the child's social relations, and make all the work of the school contribute to that. It is also of prime importance to very carefully guard the children in their plays at intermissions and on the way to and from school. Let no teacher feel that he has done his full duty when he gives the best instruction in the studies of the course of which he is capable. Unless he does far more than that, he may be a great failure.

To be more definite, these are some of the ways in which he should strive to make the school a training place for future patriots. We say patriots because we are strongly impressed with the belief that a citizen can love and serve his country quite as effectively in peace as in war. First, he must create a friendly spirit in the school. Friendship is the basis of good social relations. It is the cement that holds society together. To do this he must have a friendly spirit, and he will spare no pains to show his friendliness.

Secondly, he will insist that children shall show the utmost respect for authority and the rights of others.

Thirdly, he will strive to cultivate a strong sense of justice in the children, and be very careful to be just in all his dealings with them. Friendliness, respect for the rights of others, and a keen sense of justice will make a pretty solid foundation for good citizenship.

### MORALS IN SCHOOLS.

"If I go over to the university and ask who received the highest honors of the Harvard College, 'Cum Laude Maxima,' I find just the same thing—that is, intellectual brightness to which the university gives its honors, and that virtually no inquiry is made as to the moral character of the person honored. When I was an overseer of the college a man was turned out of the college because he had stolen his neighbor's clothes. There was punishment for moral delinquency. When I inquired whether any effort had been made in the college to encourage him in keeping the eighth commandment of the decalog, I found that the efforts of Harvard University in that direction were confined to saying to him that if he chose to attend chapel for thirteen minutes every day he would have a certain chance to know what were God's commands; but he need not go unless he wanted to. And this was the whole of the moral training given to him.

"We may say what we choose in ridicule or contempt of the mechanical side of Puritan training, as it shows itself in the traditions. What you and I know is that enough of them lived to God's glory to give a moral element to the whole legislation of the infant state, and that the hopeful element that we now call public spirit was the dominant element. They say that we must not read the Sermon on the Mount in the public schools, for fear that it may shock the prejudices of a pupil just from Arabia who took the examination at the beginning of September. All the same it would be a pity if the Arabian, or the Bulgarian, or the Cappadocian should grow up in the public school, or any school, or in any schoolless home, without knowing what transpired in Palestine in those years when the well-beloved Son of God went about doing good. In Judd's novel, Margaret storms out her bitter indignation with her minister because he can tell her the story of the crucifixion without tears running from his eyes.

"You and I know how often these narratives, so home-like, so unaffected, are read as if Edison's phonograph were reading them. What you and I and our boys and girls need, what these young men and young women need, of whom my friend says 'they have not been

trained to duty,' is that they shall take home the great object lesson of the centuries, not to talk about, but to try it."

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale had the above to say in his address before the students of Yale on Sunday. It undoubtedly sounded very old-fashioned, but, then, Dr. Hale is an old man and, no doubt, very foolish. But, somehow, we are forced to believe that he has the right of it—the absolute, undeniable right. The decline in religious and moral instruction of these days is marked. The public schools have cut it out. Most of the colleges make it elective and even at that perfunctory. The Sunday School is no longer what it was in the days when the church was more commanding in its social and religious position than it is now. But little needs be added to Dr. Hale's warning. His warm interest in civic matters, his benevolent public spirit and his religious zeal all make his words authoritative. The moral element that our forefathers called public spirit—alas! To-day, even in small cities the boobler has usurped its place. Is it because the schools have ceased to teach the morals? Can algebra and botany take the place of the Golden Rule?—*Lewiston Journal*.

### GEOGRAPHY IN PRIMARY GRADES.

ONE reads much in articles on geography for the first three or four school years of the advisability of beginning with the home section and practically sticking to it for at least two years, in order that the child may be prepared for an intelligent study of the world outside his line of vision. We are told that he must map schoolroom and yard, district and town in these tender years so that he may comprehend maps in general; that he must exhaustively study conditions of land and water in the school-yard, consider his village as a center for the surrounding country, enter into fullest particulars of all occupations and products, if in the end he may hope to grasp the large facts of the great unit we wish him to know.

At the risk of heresy and stupidity I will here state that I do not believe such mapping should be introduced before the fourth year, or that the careful study of the child's section as a section should come earlier, and I hold that there are at least as good grounds for my

belief as I have seen advanced by the other side.

First, the child has little or no need of maps in order to grow in geographical knowledge or geographical power for a year or two. Secondly, though he may *become* interested in *anything* under skillful guidance, he has no natural interest at this age in maps, while later the mapping instinct crops out abundantly and should then be utilized. Thirdly, the child at this time has a marked interest in the world as a whole, "the great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world," and about it he anxiously awaits information that it is cruel to deny him, while stuffing him with facts about his little corner with which he already feels tolerably well acquainted. (I don't say he is acquainted with it, only that he feels so). He wants to know about the wonderful animals that come to his vision in a circus, sent by heaven occasionally, the wonderful plants so different from those he knows, the wonderful people so unlike his father and mother. Consider the subject for a moment and you will not be doubtful as to which any normal child in a primary school would prefer, to see the baby next door and watch it rocked in its cradle—or according to more modern ideas, unrocked, or to be taken to see a Chinese baby, or to an Indian camp to see the little pappoose rocked in the tree-top.

The other day I went to school, to meet a lot of excited children at the corner, one of whom was saying: "You needn't believe me unless you want to, but I saw him with my own eyes, and he is there, right by the post-office." "Whom did you see?" I inquired. "A Chinaman," he answered proudly, and a chorus of voices echoed, "A Chinaman." (They are rare in Farmington). I asked a question or two, and all at once, before I had realized their intention, they were off to see the wonder, shouting, "A Chinaman! A Chinaman! We are going to see the Chinaman." I have never dared look into it, for I fear they may not have been polite when they got there, but it was *interest*, genuine, unmistakable.

Nor is knowledge of the distant as unimportant relatively as many would have us think, who urge that study of geography shall always be mainly confined to our own country. In the last few years a person lacking knowledge of



Cuba, Porto Rico, Spain, the Philippines, China, South Africa, Hawaii, seems to have been at as great disadvantage as one who is partly ignorant of regions nearer at hand. Our life stretches out to include the world, and our knowledge should do so too while interest in the remote is paramount.

I would treat the geography of the first three grades under the story and nature work. The two should be closely correlated. The nature work should include lessons on plants, animals, minerals and natural phenomena, and for it we may find much material from the story work. The stories should treat of animal life, and of people, with their homes, food, occupations, means of communication, dependence upon one another. There should be stories of the life of the savage, the barbarous, the civilized, of the frigid, torrid and temperate regions, of the mountain, the valley, the prairies and the forests, of life on the ocean and near the ocean, of country and of city, of mines and of mills. In this way the child must needs get ideas of all the usual geographical topics.

The plan of the work may vary from a carefully prepared study of peoples, with information gathered from various sources and welded by the teacher, to simpler work founded upon such books as, "Seven Little Sisters" or "Each and All."

The more picturesque the people, the more suited to the lower grades. The presentation should be largely under the guise of childhood, since little people are always more interested in a child's relations than in grown people by themselves.

The people should be made real by unlimited use of the picture, enough being used so that the idea may become abstract. The pictures may be put on the chalk rails and left several days, a way that seems to me to produce better results than the passing of them around the class.

The stories may also be enlivened by objects taken into class. I am developing a great enthusiasm for the doll in national costume as a factor. All objects will be a help. The teacher can collect many, and the children will often supply deficiencies.

Drawings by the teacher possess certain advantages over any other pictures, and the children are usually not critical. Even I, who have

had the mortification of having my representation of a feather mistaken for a squirrel's tail, and my best chicken called an old hen, draw often for the classes with good results. A talk on the Indians for example, may be enlivened by drawings of bows, arrows, pipes, moccasins, tents, the baby in its cradle, all calling for very little skill. Miss Morton's little book, "Chalk Illustrations for Geography," is helpful for board work.

After the lesson let the children make drawings to illustrate it. Free cutting is also good, where they are given paper and scissors and cut whatever they like in connection with the story.

For his study of the world with its wonders the child must make strong drafts upon the world just about him, and so *informally*, he may become as well acquainted with it as if it had been the object of his special study. Nature's wonders must draw for explanation upon the knowledge of weathering rock, of the work of rain and frost, and the facts of evaporation, condensation and the like, that the child must gain from his observation and from simple schoolroom experiments. A study of cat and dog, of cow, and sheep and squirrel leads naturally to the lion and tiger, the wolf, the bear and the beaver, the camel and the elephant, their needs in the food line, their wonderful adaptation to life, the places where they may be found, their relation to man. The child works out logically why one child travels with dogs, another with camels, why one eats blubber, another fruits, why one wears seal-skin, another nothing.

The story of the child in the desert needs illumination by the dry, hot summer days, the little sandy stretch destitute of herbage, that our child knows, the awful desire for water that summer's heat and dust bring. I believe there is no thirst comparable to that of a child unless it may be that of the desert. These, with the memory of the insipid taste of water long drawn, all are necessary to bring home the feeling that the oasis must cause.

The story of the overflowing Nile and Mississippi call for observation of the overflowing brook or river that the child remembers, the spring freshet with huge cakes of ice tossed all around the river bank, the destruction of bridges, the sediment left wherever the over-

flow has been. He notices these things and to them he will surely turn unless hindered by the teacher, as he too often is.

I watched a lesson once, given by a young teacher, on the making of alluvial lands. The teacher wandered far afield and dwelt on some great, unknown river. An eager hand was raised, "This river down here overflowed late last spring, and I went down afterwards. There was a lot of earth left up on the grass." I listened with pleasure, for I myself had seen and remarked the same great patches. The teacher waved him aside. "Yes, yes, that's good, but we are talking about the Mississippi." The child subsided, but a little later as some additional fact was given, up rose another and, for a moment, would not be denied. "There's a brook right near us, and that overflowed and left more stuff." "That will do," said the teacher. "Very interesting and we'll talk about it sometime, but not now." Poor child, so eager to explain, not what he could not see, but what he had seen, if only he were allowed!

On the other hand by the larger outlook the child grasps more surely what he experiences. It is in no way possible to separate the home and the world.

At the beginning of the fourth year, we give a careful gathering up of the child's knowledge of the world as a whole, and a detailed study of town and state based on what he has already learned in connection with his general study. The work on the world includes lessons on form and motions of the earth, on direction, distance, bodies of land and water, forms of water, winds, climate, minerals, plants, animals and people. If the teaching has been systematic and thorough, the child already knows most of the main things, but it should all be gone over and put into logical shape.

I am not going to enter upon the problems connected with teaching the shape and motions of the earth. A teacher told me recently an amusing experience in teaching rotation. A child, in whose home she boarded, recited glibly on the subject in school. At home, as she said, he met her as an equal and argued it. "Do you think the earth really does turn round?" he asked. "Certainly, don't you?" "No, it can't, for Mr. Smith's house is right there every morning, and the railroad is right

there and so it can't turn round." She reasoned with him for an hour and put him to the test next day in class. He answered satisfactorily that it did turn round once in twenty-four hours. It did, in school, you see. I am often tempted to wonder how much the children really believe of what we so triumphantly teach them.

If the class has not already done enough of such work, considerable time should be spent in pointing north or east, etc., facing or walking in these directions, placing objects, including children, at given directions from others, in making weather-vanes by floor lines with children at the ends. The class should tell the direction of things in town from the school-house and from each other, and of various towns from the home town. A compass is necessary and if a boughten one is not at hand one may be made by running a magnetized knitting needle through a cork and suspending it by a silk thread so it will be free to move. The directions may be more easily fixed by settling in the child's mind some association. For example, in Farmington we have a North church so-called, in the northern part of the town, a South street at the south end, a West Farmington in the proper direction, and the children know approximately the place of the rising of the sun. We always suggest these things.

For distance they should be reviewed in measuring distances and on terms expressive of distance. They should also be practiced on stating distances between places they know and studying representations of these on maps. A help in judging is the time consumed in traveling, and there should be frequent comparisons of the time the children know to be used in travel between places, and the time necessary for accomplishing larger distances, such as from New York to San Francisco, New York to Europe.

In the study of the different bodies of land and water the order seems to be, the field lesson, the modeling and drawing with discussion, the picture and description, the map.

The field lesson is a very important part of geography work. It should occur frequently, not simply once a term. It may be given often from a high window in the school building, often from the top of a hill if one happens to be near by, in school-yard or immediate vicinity



during or directly after a storm, after a thaw in winter or the breaking up of the snow in spring, when often nearly every form may be seen. It should be at least once an excursion to brook or river, and at least once should be particularly for making of soil.

After all such lessons should be careful class discussion, including drawing and modeling in sand, or other material. If a more permanent model is desired, one may use flour and salt in equal quantities, mixed with water to a consistency soft enough to handle without sticking. The material may be kept ready for use for days by covering with a damp cloth or with a dish, and to such maps water color may be applied satisfactorily.

The children like to draw for any class. "I can't so easily describe it, but I'll show you on the board," is a frequent remark. The drawing is often easier and more effective than words and shows the child's idea to the teacher. Ask him to show you by drawings the different beaches and see if there is any mistaking his pebbles.

Then comes the picture. The child knows hill, plain, valley, perhaps mountain or sea. He needs to see represented and to talk about the representations of those things with which he is familiar. Often he makes less connection between the object and the picture than we think. A boy who read glibly of islands, and found them in pictures declared that he had never seen one. He had played by the river and—"Oh, yes," remembered perfectly those spots of land of varying size out in the water, but quite a conversation was needed to establish in his mind the connection between the picture and the real.

The study of representations of the things he *knows* leads to the forming of proper relations between the pictures furnished and the objects he has *not* seen. He should find over and over pictures of various natural forms and explain what they represent and how he knows.

When teaching mountain the room should be lined with mountain pictures that the child may not think of one particular appearance as that of the mountain. If pictures with accompanying names are given care should be taken that explanations are clear regarding the near and the distant, else the child pictures to himself

the White Mountains as higher and steeper than the Rockies. His usual picture makes them look so.

Fruitful sources of pictures are the magazines and illustrated papers. Many of them are worth mounting; those printed on poorer paper should be pinned on a curtain, unmounted. A picture in a book loses half its value for use in class. The best geography pictures that are easily accessible are the folders issued by railway and steamship lines. These may be had for the asking, or for a merely nominal price, and since their avowed purpose is to interest people in certain localities they can be put to no better use than ours. A set issued by the Boston and Maine R. R. furnished some of the best material for illustrating rivers, lakes, mountains and beaches of New England that I have seen. After the picture comes the map. It should never be omitted, since the difference between the object, the picture and the map representation is often too great for the child to compass.

The observation of forms of water has of course been going on ever since the child entered school. He has before this learned not to describe the day as a slippery or muddy one. He knows and can tell of the various forms from fog to hail, but he should now go over carefully considerable work on vapor and try many more experiments so dear, so very dear to the heart of the child. He must be trained to watch them for something. The pupil, who in the lower grades asks anxiously, "What was that to show us?" may at that stage tell you that "air is water that has fermented and been made into little particles," but will not in the High School think the moisture on the outside of a pitcher of ice-water "came through the pitcher."

He should get his knowledge of water forms into shape and firmly fastened to the earth, should be able to account for the simpler condition of clouds and fog, abundance and lack of rain, dew, snow and frost in various earth sections. He should have much outside reading to illustrate these conditions, and pictures, pictures still, and still more pictures to fix the facts.

The class should study hot and cold air by means of lighted candles held at the top and bottom of open doors, also by means of open

windows, by recollections of fires indoors and out, and in many such ways, learning in a very simple manner the causes of winds. They should have out-of-door experiments in ascertaining velocity and direction of winds. They should learn to know directions by effects, but they should also be trained in daily reading of weather-vanes. They should *make* vanes. They will do it very well. The maker of the best vane we have ever had brought in, proudly presented it to the school, and by abundant greasing it has worked well ever since.

The mineral work previously taken has dwelt strongly on soils. By observation and experiment the child has found the growth of seeds in varying soils with varying amounts of heat, water, and light. This has extended through weeks of observation. In his walks he has observed the weathering of rock, and he has brought home samples of it in all stages from that where the tiny moss and lichen are beginning to get a hold, to the condition where it is soil, really. He has seen the deposit left by the overflowing stream, has marked the different layers in soils in woods and in a cut, has seen how depth, organic matter, slope, position to north or south, etc., affect fertility. He has seen or read of it in all stages from extremely fertile to barren. He should now review logically what he has before taken a bit haphazardly. He should learn where in general he may expect certain conditions. He should reach the place where he will look the teacher serenely in the eye, and say in spite of opposition, "It is a river valley. It should be fertile."

His plant lessons have taught him the parts of plants and their value. They have told him, or should now be made to tell him, what the vegetation will naturally be in torrid, frigid and temperate regions. He should know the conditions necessary for growth of cotton, rice, wheat, corn, and all the staples, the regions of different trees, with classification of plants as those for food, clothing or building. It is helpful in this connection to model maps and stick in the productions of various sections, a work of which children rarely weary.

His animal work has made him so familiar with the different kinds that all that is needed now is for him to sum up the animals of the different belts as a whole, with their reasons for being.

I have seen lessons in my own school in the fourth grade, on the animals of certain regions, in which the class supplied practically the whole of the material, the sources of their information having been *only* the nature lesson, the school story and their home reading.

Through summing up of the results of the story work the child may now get a clear and well-formed type picture of the different races, and may locate them generally on the earth. By his home work his own needs are clearly in mind, and from these the needs of other people are worked out. Knowing the differences in soil, climate and productions of various regions of the earth, he sees the inability of any one person to get in any one place all he needs for comfort and pleasure. From these things the step is a short one to occupation—those necessary to get the raw materials, such as agriculture, lumbering,—those necessary to prepare them, manufacture—those necessary to exchange them, commerce. His story work has given him the various means of transportation. He will easily go on to the growth in favorable localities of manufacturing towns, centers of exchange, and all the things that follow.

As a preparation for the work needed through this year early in the fourth grade our children map school-room and house, school-yard, the square and the town. They represent these to various scales and do much from their own measurements. From this they are taken to pictured maps, and we endeavor to so teach them that they will not expect to find a line round their town or state, or even a fence, that they will not express a desire to live in a pink state, and soberly say that they should expect the ground to be pink there, a condition that we smile at, theoretically doubt, and yet, that exists more frequently than we think.

We do not consider it necessary to take a more thorough study of the child's little section as a section. He has made constant study of it through all this work, but after we have summed up his knowledge of the world as a whole we do take carefully a study of Maine with particular reference to New England and with general reference to the world.

The gathering up of the child's world knowledge and the study of the State take a year. During that year we supplement the regular



geography study by such science or nature lessons as will make the closest connection with the geography. We also use during a part of this year, a geographical reader, choosing "Our World" as the one best suited to help out the general work.

From the third to the sixth school year we have a period in the child's life in which he eagerly turns to the geography lesson. He is not able to grasp the larger, causal relations of the subject, but he thinks much, works out many connections that will always be helpful, memorizes what is needful, easily gets a good, broad view of things with enlarging desire to gain more, in short, what we must all regard as desirable, he works, he develops, he is happy.

*Lillian I. Lincoln.*

#### NEW BOOKS.

Interest and Education; De Garmo; Macmillan Co. An inspiring book for teachers. It contains a discussion of the subject of interest in general, its origin, object, and relation to the individual, with much on its connection with methods of teaching. Many valuable suggestions are given on questioning, oral presentation, etc.

First Book of Forestry; Roth; Ginn & Co. A very interesting book and helpful to the teacher in both nature study and geography. It covers such topics as effects of light, different soils, moisture and heat upon the woods, the necessary care, the uses, a study of different trees. Much is furnished regarding the forests existing in different localities, and the description of industries is particularly interesting. The illustrations are abundant and excellent.

The Guyot Geographical Reader; Pratt; American Book Co. A nice little book to add to the children's reference library. It gives short, general descriptions of the various sections of the earth, and contains, pleasingly arranged, much matter that is attractive to children.

The Art of Study; Hinsdale; American Book Co. One of the most helpful books for teachers both in inspiration and suggestions.

It treats in addition to other topics the kind of teaching necessary in the early years, the

child's first introduction to the book, the study-recitation, study-lesson and recitation-lesson, showing admirably certain lacks in much of our teaching and suggesting ways of improvement. Many of the things taken are new to young teachers, and will bear reviewing by older ones.

A careful treatment is given of the subject of attention, thoroughness, relation of feeling to learning.

The book is accompanied by a well-chosen bibliography.

Principles of Arithmetic; Sierfert; D. C. Heath. A manual for teachers and Normal students. It treats of common and decimal fractions, percentage, proportion, involution, evolution and mensuration.

The author considers the subjects entirely from the standpoint of the teacher and offers many excellent hints, gained through long observation and experience.

The teacher of arithmetic is sure to find the book helpful.

#### DOWN BY THE LAKE.

##### I.

Down by the lake at the close of day  
Where the evening shadows dance and play,  
'Tis ever there I love to stray,  
Down by the lake at the close of day.

##### II.

Down by the lake the wild birds sing  
And choose their mates in the early spring,  
As high on the topmost boughs they swing,  
Down by the lake where the wild birds sing.

##### III.

Down by the lake the daisies grow,  
And fields are white as winter's snow,  
'Tis there, oh there, I love to go,  
Down by the lake where the daisies grow.

##### IV.

Down by the lake the morning breeze  
Plays its softest tune among the leaves,  
An anthem sweet sing the old pine trees,  
Down by the lake in the morning breeze.

##### V.

Down by the lake the fireflies shine,  
And light their lamps 'neath the big old pine  
For the wood-nymphs' dance at even time,  
Down by the lake where the fireflies shine.

##### VI.

Down by the lake on the grass I lie  
Building castles fair up in the sky,  
And dreaming dreams of the by and by,  
As down by the lake on the grass I lie.

*Normal.*

#### MOTTOES.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.  
*Addison.*

What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support.  
*Milton.*

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe.  
*Shakespeare.*

Knowledge and timber should not be much  
used until they are seasoned.  
*Holmes.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied.  
*Shakespeare.*

O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill.  
*Tennyson.*

It's guid to be merry and wise,  
It's guid to be honest and true.  
*Burns.*

Bad literature of the sort called amusing is  
spiritual gin.  
*George Eliot.*

Manners are happy ways of doing things.  
*Emerson.*

Life is a leaf of paper white  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two—and then comes night.  
*Lowell.*

Govern thy lips  
As they were palace doors, the king within.  
*Edwin Arnold.*

#### A-WHEEL IN EUROPE.

##### VI.—Boulogne to Paris.

R. M. T. S. S. POTSDAM, ENGLISH CHANNEL,  
MONDAY EVENING, July 16, 10 o'clock.

THIS has been a wonderful day. It was foggy this morning, so we could not see the sunrise that we wanted so much to see, but by eight o'clock it was clear and has been fine all day. About eight o'clock we passed The Lizard and were cabled to America, "All right." And so we were. From that time on the coast of England has been in sight. It is more elevated than I supposed, and is beautiful in places. But the chief interest of the day has centered on the sea. I am sure that we saw more than two hundred sailing craft, all the way from fishing smacks to ocean liners, full-rigged ships and the largest battleships. Between ten and eleven o'clock we met forty English warships, —torpedo boats, transports, and battleships, all steering for the mouth of the channel. We

wondered where they were going. It is the tenth day since we have seen a daily paper, or heard from the wide, wide world. Many things have happened during that time that must be of interest to many of us on board. I wonder if they are bound to China. I have been very anxious to know the fate of our dear friend at Pao-ting-fu. The last news before we sailed from New York was that there were strong hopes that she had escaped the fury of the dreadful Boxers. I most devoutly hope so.

From two to three o'clock we passed twenty-two large French battleships maneuvering. It was a grand sight. Just think of it! The warships of two great naval powers in sight in one day.

But the finest thing we have seen was the sunset. As the sun sank towards the sea it seemed to become a perfect ellipse. And just before it reached the horizon, close by the base of a great bluff, the course of the steamer was changed just enough to make the sun appear to descend obliquely into the sea and behind the cliff, so that when it had nearly set it had the exact shape of a quarter of an ellipse. I wonder if anyone ever saw the like before? But that was not all. The clouds above the setting sun were brilliant in their coloring, and beautiful in form and position, while over the ships there was a slight shower that gave birth to a splendid rainbow on the dark clouds in the east, which, as the sun sank, was drawn up, as if by some mighty hand, from the horizon towards the zenith. It was wonderful and sublime.

Most of the passengers have been on their feet nearly all day going from one part of the ship to another, sometimes running like children. All are eager to land, and the officers say that we shall be in Boulogne to-morrow morning at three o'clock. And now for a little sleep. I am very thankful for such a pleasant voyage. It has been pleasant to be "Rocked in the cradle of the deep;" just rocked, mind, and not tossed about. To-morrow I shall set foot on the land of my Huguenot ancestors. Perhaps the first native I shall meet may be a far-off cousin. Well, our greetings will have to be very brief and formal, unless he, or she, can speak English much better than I can French. No more Dutch cooking. But after all it is not



so bad. I think I shall really forget that it was not as good as that of Farmington, Maine:

3 o'clock, July 17.

Here we are at anchor about two miles from Boulogne. We cannot get any nearer because it is ebb tide and the steamer has so great a draught that it does not go into the harbor even at flood tide. It is a beautiful, starry morning, and the lights in the city look like the Pleiades low down in the horizon. We are waiting for the small transfer steamer to come out for us. It is exceedingly interesting to hear our "adopted brothers" criticise the "Auld country ways" of doing things. A Yankee, who was surely born in Ireland, has just been telling me, that, if Boulogne were only Buffalo, they would build an iron pier out to deep water within a month. The steamer is coming for us, and now for land.

I find that I have not mentioned one of my new acquaintances in whom I have taken a great deal of interest. He goes by the name of the "Learned Shoemaker" of Buffalo, and surely deserves that title. He showed me the other day a carefully kept newspaper clipping in which his accomplishments are glowingly set forth. It seems that he can speak fluently ten different languages, and has a reading acquaintance with several others, including Greek and Latin. He is one of the few who can speak the ancient Irish language, and has been a companion of Charles F. Alexander in his stumping tours when he was a candidate for Congress. I made his acquaintance in an interesting way. One day I was talking with a party about the ease with which some men acquire languages, and made the assertion that I was acquainted with a man who, for more than 35 years, has learned to speak a new language every year. They all doubted it very emphatically. At this point the "Learned Shoemaker," who had been an interested listener, took up the cudgels in my behalf and gave one of the clearest synopses of the relation of languages that I ever heard. And in the illustration he recited selections from the poets in several foreign tongues. Of course he may have been fooling us, but I notice that he speaks with perfect ease with all the nations on board, to each in his native tongue, and I am sure that he is a fine Greek and Latin scholar. All this he had done while

at work at his bench. He has just said good-bye to me and I am genuinely sorry to part from him. It is an inspiration to meet such a man, for it gives one a new appreciation of the value of spare moments.

There is a perfect babel of tongues, and every passenger seems to be trying to speak in his own. Just for curiosity I enclose a list of names from the passenger list. I would not dare to try to pronounce half of them, and shall follow the spelling of the official list, though I have doubts as to its accuracy:

Altlex, Appelberg, Arniach, Beiter, Berolzheim, Bushong, Couchoud, Desparios, Deschynet, De Veze, Dienstbach, Dworzek, Eckhardt, Fraas, Haentsche, Hornschmeyer, Koepfele, Kresja, Levilian, Modispacher, Munchhaffen, Pfenniger, Rosengarten, Schindlapp, Schork, Wyngaarden, Wiesebrock, Wurr, Yerx, Yoes, Zazall. Try to pronounce all those for exercise. No Mayflower names there. But they are pretty good fellow sinners for all that.

LATER, 6.30 A. M.

The transfer steamer proved to be only big enough to take the baggage, and steerage passengers, and has just gone, leaving us to wait as patiently as we may. It is great fun to hear the fretting about the slowness of everything on this side. I begin to be more thankful than ever that I am to go on my wheel, for I am sure that I can "get there" on a pinch. I think fully half the growling is out of pure pleasure in finding fault, and a desire to show off. After all, it is a pretty good-natured crowd, especially considering the fact that we have not had any breakfast. I suppose we were called at three o'clock out of pure benevolence, lest we might get left to go on to Rotterdam. I am going to imitate the Duke of Wellington and take a nap. Some one got yesterday's Paris edition of the New York Herald. No news from China. I shall be very glad to get to Paris that I may hear from home. Have just given the steward five cents to call me at eight o'clock. Cheap enough. That is real Yankee, isn't it?

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, GRAND HOTEL DU LOUVRE,  
July 18, 1900.

It was a beautiful day yesterday. We got on shore and our baggage cared for by nine

o'clock. I found my wheel all right, and never had a better time putting it in shape. I feel a real affection for it, for we are to be constant companions for a long time. Four of us took a long trip in the afternoon out into the country. Beautiful! I never saw such fine roses, and yet the season of roses has nearly passed. We visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and explored the famous crypt which dates from the 12th century.

On our way to the Cathedral we met a party of peasant women, who were evidently in the city for a lark. I think they were the largest women I ever saw, and they were happy shouting to acquaintances that they happened to meet. They were dressed in black, and wore immense Norman hoods. This morning I went down into the fish-market to see the fishermen come in with their catches. Well, I prefer to look at the idealized pictures of that sort of thing. Such dreadful looking women I never saw, and hope I may never see again. They were dressed in the coarsest and scantiest clothing, bare-footed, bare-armed, and bare-headed. The market has large marble slabs for floor, and tables. The women sat on fish, held fish in their laps, dragged them around by the gills, tossed them to one another, cut them up for customers, and were, in short, as familiar with them as one might expect mermaids to be. But no one with a well-regulated imagination would ever associate them with mermaids from any resemblance in pictures.

This morning I took a long ride—ten miles alone—out towards Calais. Such fine roads I have never seen, but they say the roads on towards Paris are much finer. We shall see. The fields are beautiful, and much better cultivated than I expected. In fact, I fear that State of Maine farming is not quite up to the French standard. I had a race with five French cavalymen, and, as it was down hill, I managed to run away from them. On my way back I passed Napoleon's Column, a fine monument 172 feet high with a statue of the emperor of heroic size on the top. It was begun in 1804 to commemorate the proposed expedition against England. This column has a very interesting history. Designed for the purpose that I have already mentioned, and the corner stone laid in the

presence of the whole French army by Marshal Soult, its construction was abandoned when the "Little Corporal" was sent into exile. When Louis XVIII. came to the throne, he renewed the work on it to commemorate the restoration of the Bourbons. Neither he, nor his successor, Charles X., was able to complete the work, and it was left to Louis Philippe, who finished and dedicated it to its original purpose in 1841.

Several of us took a walk along the East Pier which extends 650 yards out into the sea. This is a favorite promenade, especially at high tide, which rises here 24 feet, practically the same height as at Eastport, Maine. It is really a continuation of the work begun by Napoleon with the purpose of making Boulogne a great maritime port, and it is surpassed now by only Marseilles, Le Havre, and Bordeaux among French ports. Here he collected that immense flotilla of over 2400 vessels of all kinds in which to transport his 200,000 troops to England. But the fleets that he was expecting from the Mediterranean, Cadiz, Antwerp, and Brest were prevented by the English admirals from joining him. This, coupled with Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, caused the undertaking to be abandoned. Thus Napoleon failed in the very thing in which Cæsar, his great prototype, was successful, for it was here, the ancient Gessoriacum of the Romans, that Cæsar built his fleet and sent it to the conquest of Britain. From this pier is a fine view of the ruined Tour d'Ordre, an old Roman beacon tower built on a high cliff, it is said, under Caligula about 40 A. D.

Boulogne is divided into the "new city" and the "old city." The latter is about four hundred yards square and enclosed by a huge wall about twenty feet high built in the 13th century and flanked with round towers fifty feet high. There are four gates, now, happily, always open, but still provided with the ancient portcullis and draw-bridge. What a splendid field for the imagination! How many knights and ladies have ridden through these narrow streets, and out through these grim gates! How many a brave knight has gone out never to come back again! And how many times has a trumpet blown without called those within to surrender, or summoned them to mortal combat! Here it is claimed Godfrey de Bouillon,



the leader of the first Crusade, was born, and from this old city set forth for the conquest of Jerusalem. A fine new city hall occupies the site of the old castle where it is said he was born. Outside the walls, and reaching entirely round the city, are most beautiful beds of flowers, now growing in no danger of being trodden down by a besieging army, or by Knights in tilt or tournament.

Boulogne is a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, and is famed for its schools and the manufacture of steel pens, which was introduced from England a little more than fifty years ago. It is also a great herring port, and it is a novel sight to some of us to see the great fleet of fishing boats with their black sails going out of the harbor.

What a clattering the wooden shoes make on the pavement! I wonder how American boys and girls would endure them. I am sure that I would much prefer to be a "Barefoot boy." In one of our excursions about town we saw a large crew of men unloading coal from a vessel into cars. It was all put into sacks and carried up painfully, it seemed to us, on the shoulders of the men. I wondered if it were due to a lack of progress, or is human muscle cheaper than machinery? Still there are worse ways.

I have read that in Japanese ports ships are coaled by young girls, who pass the coal along in bags and handle a great many tons in that way in a day.

But it is time to leave Boulogne and away for Paris. The road is monotonous, so our conductor says, to Amiens, so we will go thither by train.

AMIENS, July 18.

At 2.30 P. M. we bade farewell to the old Roman city and were off to Amiens. It was hot and dusty in the cars, but the views of the fields are beautiful. Every inch of ground is cultivated. All along the railroad close up to the tracks something is growing. There are no rough, unkempt places. We arrived at Amiens at 5 o'clock and received some attention from the small boy as we trundled our wheels along in solemn procession to the Hotel de l' Universe. It's a big name, and makes us feel that we are of the whole world.

Now for the Cathedral; that is what we came to see, and carry away with us if possible.

The guide-books tell us who planned it, when begun, how large it is, and much more. All that is good, but I don't care to read it now. I look, and look, and strive to feel its beauty and realize the spirit that prompted the building of such a magnificent structure. It will not surprise me to read that some magician had turned a grove of lofty pines to stone, and that the waves of sound from the anthem of praise at its dedication had become visible, and with the smoke rising among the branches from the first incense lighted on its altars together with mingled starlight, had been caught and changed to crystal to make the fretted roof. We found the beggar at the door as at the Gate Beautiful, and many who did not heed his appeal when they went in, did so when they came out. I was much interested in the people who came in. Many of them were poor, and I was thankful that all that beauty could be theirs. And there was more than beauty for them. After their simple devotions, and a few minutes of rest, they seemed quite other beings. There was a look of hope in their faces that they did not bring, and they went away with a quicker step. I was much interested in a woman dressed in the deepest of mourning and a small boy who lingered a long time before a shrine. I sat where I could see them, and I am quite sure it was sympathy rather than curiosity that prompted me to observe them. The woman had a beautiful face, but a very sad one. But when she went away it bore the seal of peace. The boy, a bright little fellow, nestled close to her, evidently wondering at the change in his companion, but sure of her sympathy and protection. How much hope and comfort goes out daily from this old Cathedral no one can tell, and that too without any word from priest or bishop. I wonder how the motto, "An open church," would sound or look, placed beside that old one that was once a rallying cry, "An open Bible."

You will want to know something of the size, so I copy from the guide book: "Length, 470 feet; length of transept, 213 feet; width of nave, 144 feet." That is, it is almost three times as long as the entire Normal building, one and one-third times as wide as the Normal is long. The highest spire, that over the transept, is 360 feet high, and the two uncom-

pleted towers of the west facade are 210 and 181 feet high.

The description of the west facade of the cathedral is so fine, that I am tempted to copy it from the guide-book. Besides it is the only way that I shall be able to give you any adequate description of it:

"The Facade contains three lofty recessed porches, richly adorned with reliefs and statues. In the tympanum above the door of the central porch is a relief of the Last Judgment; 150 statues in the vaulting represent the celestial hierarchy, while the large statues on each side are the Apostles and other holy personages. The doors of this central porch are separated by the *Beau Dieu d' Amiens*, an admirable figure of the Saviour, holding the Gospels in his left hand and bestowing a blessing with his right, while he tramples under foot a lion and a dragon. At the sides are the Wise and the Foolish Virgins, and beneath is a double row of medallions representing the virtues and vices, different handicrafts, etc.

"The right porch is ornamented in a similar way; above the doors, the Entombment and the Assumption of the Virgin, beneath, a figure of the Virgin, and still lower, Adam and Eve; at the sides, the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the Presentation, the Queen of Sheba, Solomon, the Magi, etc. The medallions below represent scenes in the life of the Virgin.

"The left porch is dedicated to Saint Firmin, the apostle of Picardy. In the tympanum, the Invention and Glorification of the relics of the saint; between the doors, a figure of Saint Firmin; at the sides, other saints of the district. The medallions represent the signs of the zodiac and employments suitable for each season.

"The portals are surmounted by beautiful gables, on the central one of which is a figure of St. Michel. Above are a handsome gallery, a row of niches containing twenty-two colossal statues of kings of Judah, a magnificent rose-window 38 feet in diameter, and (at the top) a gallery connecting the towers."

There was a short service while we were there, which I listened to very attentively, and while I could not understand a word of it, I could feel the spirit and understand the beautiful music.

Perhaps a word in regard to the interior, and here I prefer to trust the guide-book:

"The interior consists of nave, transept, aisles, and choir, all flanked with chapels. The fine nave rises to the very unusual height of 147 feet, being surpassed in this respect by the cathedral of Beauvais alone. The vaulting is borne by 126 remarkably bold columns, tapering towards the top, so that the vaulting seems actually wider than the pavement below."

It was twilight when we came out of the Cathedral and I took a trolley ride to think it over. There's quite a difference between a trolley car and a thirteenth century Cathedral. And there is much of interest in this old town besides this magnificent building. It was a good while ago that I first heard of it in those modest pages written by a certain Cæsar. It was the chief town of the Ambiani and was captured by him, as was about everything that came in his way. The trolley ride was pleasant, and there I scored a point on J. C., for he never rode on an electric car. Lightning was one thing he didn't meddle with. By signs I made the conductor understand that I wished to go to the end of the route and back. Here, too, people are classified, like Maine apples, into firsts and seconds. I rode out as second class, and by sitting on the other side of a partition and paying what I compute to be about one cent I came back first class. An easy way to purchase respectability.

BEAUVAIS, Thursday, July 19.

We left Amiens this morning in high spirits, for our wheel trip has now really begun. My cyclometer shows just thirty-nine miles as our day's work. What splendid roads! For miles we rode along Napoleon's great military road from Paris to Calais. It is wide enough for three teams to drive abreast, has sidewalks on both sides, and a row of trees on each side of each walk, thus giving four rows. Most of them are large and thrifty. Road-making is a fine art here. I have found how they do it. The earth is dug out for two or three feet in depth and the required width, and then filled in with coarse stones up to within a foot of the top, then comes a layer of finer stones, then a surface coating of six or eight inches of finely broken stone mixed with some tenacious earth—clay or chalky earth—rolled down with a ten



ton steam roller. It curves in the center just enough to let the water run off easily to the paved gutters on each side, and is carried by drain tile pipes, which are sometimes placed every two or three rods, under the sidewalk to a ditch which is constructed, not to *hold* the water, but to drain it off quickly. The surface of the road is as smooth as a floor, and the grades are very easy. It is not a level country that we have been over to-day by any means, but we have not been obliged to get off our wheels because of the grades. We have not seen a grade half as steep as the grade of Academy street in Farmington.

But the chief glory of the day has been the fields. The farming has been perfect. Hardly a weed to be seen for the entire ride. The people all live in villages six to eight miles apart, and go from their homes out to their work. Occasionally we have passed the home of some great landlord, the grounds about his house and barns securely walled in; but otherwise there are no buildings except in the villages. And such small, stone houses! And all huddled together, and a compost heap always in the front yard "smelling to heaven." Why don't they live out in the green fields? And those fields were a revelation. There was never a fence, and the long stretches of grass and grain and vegetables were a constant pleasure. The different crops, regularly sowed or planted in long narrow rectangles stretching far back from the road, and of many colors and shades, made a most glorious terrestrial patchwork. The yellow of the ripe wheat, the drab of the ripening grasses, the deep green of the turnips, the light green of the oats, the bronze green of the barley, the scarlet of the poppies growing in the wheat, the brown, red, and gray strips of newly plowed land, all blended, at the proper distance, into pictures more beautiful than any we are likely to see in the Louvre. With a little judicious help from man, Nature is a most effective artist.

We had a jolly dinner at Breteuil. The landlord was evidently one who desired, like Abou Ben Adhem, to be written down as "one who loves his kind," for his dinner taxed our wheels quite as much as our pocket-books. We were not out of the village before disaster befell us. "Aurora's" wheel broke down. It

developed what was charged to poor old John Roach's ships—"structural weakness." As a means of locomotion it is a great failure, but as a means of "saving grace" it has no superior among our wheels. Our ride to-day has been a perfect delight and the long coasts have made the party seem like skimming swallows. It has seemed to me at times as if I were really flying.

It is very delightful to see the care bestowed upon the domestic animals that we have seen. We met four immense carts filled with grain, each drawn by three pairs of white oxen. And they were white, spotlessly white. They looked as if they had been fed and groomed by the hands of affection. I haven't seen a mean-looking or scrubby horse, and most of the horses are large and handsome.

Beauvais is an interesting city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, and occupies the site of the ancient capital of the Bellovaci whom Cæsar conquered. Here the great Iulus, "sent down from heaven," as every classical school-boy knows, pitched his tent. It has had its share of fighting. In 1346 it was able to defy the attack of Edward III, but about 1420 it was treacherously placed in the hands of the English by its bishop, Pierre Cauchon, who afterwards appeared at Rouen to condemn Joan of Arc. In 1472 it gallantly resisted Charles the Bold and his army of eighty thousand men. It seems that the women took quite a prominent part in that battle, and in recognition of their gallantry, a bronze statue of Jeanne Hachette, who captured a banner with her own hands which is still preserved in the town hall, has been erected in the public square.

Of course we visited the cathedral. "The beauty of the Choir has given rise to the saying that 'the Choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims, and the towers of Chartres would together make the finest church in the world.'" I know this is so for I copied it verbatim from the Baedeker, and if I am not mistaken, Mr. Ruskin has somewhere spoken very highly of this cathedral.

We also saw the wonderful astronomical clock which is thirty-nine feet high, nineteen feet broad, and nine feet deep. It is composed of ninety thousand pieces, has fifty-two dials, and gives eighty distinct indications.

[NOTE. I was so much impressed with the fine farming that on my return home I looked up very carefully the statistics of agriculture in France. The population of France in round numbers is thirty-eight million five hundred thousand. The number of square miles of territory is two hundred four thousand ninety-two, thus giving an average population of almost a hundred eighty-nine persons to a square mile. It is interesting to compare this with that of Maine, which has a little more than twenty-two persons to a square mile. The population of France is about one-half that of the United States and yet we have seven times as many horses, ten times as many mules, three and a half times as many cattle, twice as many sheep, and six times as many pigs as France. Fully one-half the population is engaged directly or indirectly in agriculture. Two-thirteenths of the land is in forests, two-thirteenths in waste land and covered with water, which leaves nine-thirteenths devoted to crops. What a contrast that is to Maine! But in the raising of crops they greatly excel us in the amount raised per acre, notably in wheat, where they raise twenty and forty-seven-hundredths bushels per acre, to our twelve and three-tenths.]

PARIS, July 20.

It has been a day full of pleasant experiences. The country through which we have ridden is beautiful, the fields particularly fine, especially the wheat fields fringed with red poppies. There have been a score of delightful incidents along the road. Four or five of us stopped to rest at the foot of a long hill after a coast of four or five miles, where we saw a sight that I am sure we wouldn't see in Maine. A woman and two men came trudging down the hill. She was carrying a very heavy basket, chatting gaily and admiring the lazy louts who were carrying nothing but their sense of importance. How we wished that we could duck them in the river close by!

The ride through the forest of St. Germain was delightful and gave me my first glimpse of cultivated forest trees. For beauty, give me the woodlands of Franklin County.

The landlord at the hotel at St. Germain was not expecting us, and declared in his best French that he didn't see how in the world he

could feed so many. But our conductor assured him that he had no doubt there were provisions in the market, and that we could wait a reasonable time for dinner. We got it at last, and after getting the view from the grand terrace, we took the train for Paris. Here we are, at the Hotel Continental, on the Rue Rivoli, just opposite the Garden of the Tuilleries, and near the Exposition Grounds. Some of our party have the very rooms that were occupied by the American commissioners who negotiated the late treaty with Spain. It is hot. I wonder why. I have read that all good New Yorkers want to go to Paris when they die. It is all right. If it is always as warm as this, they will feel quite at home and might go farther and fare worse. For myself, I should prefer to be with Peary.

PARIS, Friday, July 27.

To-morrow morning we go by train to Besancon. I shall be glad to go, for it has been exceedingly hot. I have been here just a week to an hour, and it is a week that has been crowded full of sights and sounds and experiences. I wish it were possible to give a picture of the great Exposition. I do not feel like attempting it even. That must wait until I get home. I have spent three days there, three in the city, and one at Versailles. The visit to Versailles was made by carriage, about twenty of us going in a large barge by the way of St. Cloud.

This is all historic ground, connected with some of the most brilliant periods of French history, as well as with some of the saddest. St. Cloud owes its name to a monastery founded there by St. Clodoald, a grandson of Clovis. The palace, the famous old chateau, was the beginning of those extravagant expenditures by Louis XIV., which really laid the foundations for the horrors of the French Revolution. The park contains nearly a thousand acres, and has some magnificent fountains and noble trees.

When Louis XIV. tired of St. Cloud and St. Germain, he determined to build a town. It is said that he expended on the palace and park of Versailles 500 million francs, and employed, at one time, 36,000 men and 6,000 horses in making the terraces of the garden, leveling the park, constructing a road from Paris, and an aqueduct from Maintenon 31 miles away. With its completion began the decadence of the



power of Louis XIV. It was there in 1789 that the first steps were taken toward the Revolution, and later the palace was sacked by a Parisian mob. It was restored under Louis Philippe, and converted into a picture gallery. In 1870 it became the headquarters of the king of Prussia, and it was there that the Prussian monarch was first saluted as Emperor of Germany.

It seemed to me that I walked for miles along rows of magnificent pictures, all of historic interest. The gardens, with their park and lakes, are highly artificial. The fountains are the most splendid in France, and we had the good fortune to see all of them in play.

I spent nearly a day in the Louvre, where I should have been glad to spend a month. If I had seen nothing but the Venus de Milo and the paintings of Raphael, Titian and Leonardo da Vinci, I should have felt well repaid for a trip across.

I visited the Arch of Triumph, St. Chapelle, a structure of the purest Gothic with magnificent stained windows; the palace of Justice; the Museum Cluny, in the old palace of Francis I.; a manufactory of Gobelin tapestry; a Roman arena; the Pantheon; Luxembourg palace; the Madeleine; the Grand Opera House; and the Notre Dame.

One of the most interesting and suggestive places I visited was Napoleon's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides. When I visited it the place and hour were full of promptings to the imagination. It was late in the afternoon and a thunder-storm was coming up over the city of Paris. Within the splendid mausoleum is a dim blue light save on one side where a flood of golden light falls upon a crucifix. In a circular tomb of richest marble, sunk below the floor and surrounded by a marble balustrade, repose the ashes of the greatest of modern warriors,—on the cross a marble image of the Christ. Darkness down there, light up there. As visitors pass around the tomb, there flit over the polished surface of the marble sarcophagus dim shadows innumerable, as if the slain of a hundred battles were again in arms, or like avenging spirits, had come back to torment their slayer. Above, around the cross, there is a shimmering light, as if from the wings of those who had come up out of great tribulation.

Somewhere we hear a rustling sound. Are those old tattered flags down there moved by unseen color-guards, or is it the rustle of the redeemed up there? Without, the storm comes on apace. A crash of thunder! Down there it is the cannon of Marengo. Up there it dies away into the song the shepherds heard: "Peace on earth, good will towards men." There repose the mortal vestments of the spirit that rode on the wings of war, and left black desolation in his track. There the Prince of Peace who binds up the wounds of the afflicted, and changes the sounds of mourning into joy. Another thunder peal! It is Austerlitz and dying men down there. From the cross the echo of a Voice that says, "Peace, be still." Around that tomb, twelve marble sentinels. Around that cross, a legion of angels. From one sprang death and destruction. At the birth of the other the herald angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will towards men." When one raised his hand the thrones of Europe trembled. Before the other falls the earth in glad adoration. One for a brief day held certain kingdoms of this earth. The other holds forever the keys of the life eternal. *G. C. P.*

### A TRIP TO COLORADO.

WHERE shall we spend the summer? was the question asked by one of a group of Mendota College boys, who were seated under the trees on the campus. "I shall go home and help on the farm," said one. "So shall I," answered the second. "I should like to very much," said the third, "but it costs so much. I must get work somewhere around here if I expect to get back next year." "Let's go West; we can get good pay, and roughing it will just keep us in trim for next year's football." Ah! that has the sound of real life, and all other questions were put aside. We talked it over and over, showing the advantages and disadvantages till all had been convinced that their chances of getting back to college next year depended on their going.

Only three of the group were to try their fortunes in the West. One thought Nebraska would be a good place to stop. The other two were determined to see the mountains of Colorado.

The year could end none too soon for us.

We were eager to follow the setting sun. College closed, the boys went to the depot with us and as the train for Denver pulled in we grouped together saying the last good-byes and giving once more the college yells. The train started and we scrambled aboard with feelings such as you all have had when parting from classmates.

Soon we were speeding through farms and past villages, but these things had little attraction for us. We could talk only of the boys, and many a complimentary remark was passed, for there were some noble young men in the company we had just parted from. The bright day, the beauty and grandeur of the country through which we were passing soon gained our attention and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the scenes around us.

We were passing through the granary of our country. As we were carried on mile after mile, and saw the vast fields of growing grain stretching as far as the eye could see, we began to get a little idea of the vastness of this industry. Here and there, with their huge corn-cribs and cattle-sheds, were the homes of the farmers. Thousands of cattle and hogs were being raised and fattened for market. When night shut down the scene was but little changed. It was one vast field of grain dotted with houses of the owners. About one o'clock the next morning we entered Lincoln, Nebraska. Here we were to part with one of our company and were to spend a day visiting him in his new home. The day proved to be fine and we had a good opportunity to view the city of the plains. We visited the State capitol, spending some time in each of its many departments. Next we went to the court-house, where we met Sheriff Ress, who was a most courteous and entertaining gentleman. He showed us over the building from basement to attic, giving many interesting bits of history of the place. We climbed the many steps to the top of the dome, from which we had a most magnificent view of the surrounding country. Our stay in this pleasant city passed all too quickly. As night approached we found ourselves once more following the setting sun, whose golden beams seemed to tell us of fairer regions beyond.

The country was but little different. There were still great fields of grain, but more uncultivated land could be seen, which was used as

grazing land for great herds of cattle and horses. We awoke the next morning in time to see sunrise on the open plains. It was a beautiful sight, only surpassed by a sunrise at sea.

How different the scenery from what it was the day before! Instead of the great fields of waving grain dotted with pleasant homes, was a vast extent of open country covered but sparingly with short grass, sage bush and cactus. Not a human being to be seen, and hardly a trace of any animals except occasional colonies of prairie dogs, and the whitened bones of some animal. As we approached the mountains, pleasant farms were seen. The many ditches told us that we were in the irrigated district. Many of the houses were pleasant and showed signs of thrift and refinement.

The clouds on the mountains hid them from view, and it was not till after we had left Denver that we got a good view of them. Then as the train drew us slowly up the steep grades we had ample time to enjoy the scenery. From every point the picture spread out before us changed. Sometimes the view opened out so we could see numerous peaks towering high above us. At other times it closed in so all we could see were walls of rock. We passed along the banks of mountain streams. The water leaping over cliffs, tossing and foaming in whirlpools below formed pictures so grand that it is not in the power of pen or brush to describe them. Sometimes we were climbing the mountain by zig-zag route. Often the track over which we had just passed could be seen far below. At other times we were crossing deep gorges, going over high passes, and through long snow-sheds to emerge and descend into a valley below.

Just as evening was beginning to settle we reached our destination, tired from the long journey, but with our minds filled with grand pictures which would not soon pass away.

For one to get a correct idea of the country he must see it for himself. The scenery of Colorado is beyond description. Any temperature from hot to cold can be found in the state; the climate is healthful, and the soil, where water can be obtained, is very productive. These things, with its great wealth in minerals, speaks a glorious future.

*Moses B. Corliss.*



## Normal Notes.

### NORMAL CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

WINTER TERM OF 1902-3.

President—Percy J. Look.  
Vice-President—Harold E. Beane.  
Sec. and Treas.—Caro E. Jacobs.  
Executive Committee—Chas. H. Holman, Lucy M. Hayes, Angie Hunnewell, Mabelle Spear, Enoch A. Williamson.

#### TOPICS AND LEADERS.

Dec. 11. Topic Selected. Mr. Mallett  
Dec. 18. Confessing Christ. Matt. 10: 32-39. Chas. H. Holman  
Dec. 24. Our Gifts to Our King. Matt. 2: 1-2. Mabelle Spear  
Jan. 1. A Forward Look. Phil. 3: 13-14. Percy J. Look  
Jan. 8. Fruitful or Fruitless. John 15: 1-8, 16; Mark 11: 12-14. Edith Hatch  
Jan. 15. True Honor. John 5: 41-42. Miss Stone  
Jan. 22. What is God's Due. Luke 20: 19-26. Alice Lee  
Jan. 29. Unhesitating Confidence in Christ. 2 Tim. 1: 12. Angie Hunnewell  
Feb. 5. God's Covenant and Ours. Ex. 24: 3-8; Jer. 31: 31-34. Della Bemis  
Feb. 12. Worthless Excuses. Luke 14: 18-24. Percy Bruce  
Feb. 19. A Teacher's Influence. Matt. 28: 19-20; John 3: 2. Lena Dickinson  
Feb. 26. Topic Selected. Mr. Purington

#### OFFICERS—CLASS OF 1903.

President—Percy J. Look.  
Vice-President—Edith L. Strout.  
Secretary—Edith Pierce Bagley.  
Treasurer—Fred H. Bagley.  
Executive Committee—John W. H. Young, Ella H. Irish, Ada D. Davis, Lucy M. Reynolds, J. Ardelle Robinson, Nelson W. Brown, Harold E. Beane.

#### GRADUATION PARTS.

Salutatory, Fred H. Bagley  
Valedictory, Susan E. Porter

Essay, Lucelia E. Crockett  
Essay, Emma Demuth  
Essay, Abbie L. Conlogue  
Ode, Lucretia L. Brooks

#### ARBOR DAY PARTS.

Oration, Percy L. Bruce  
Essay, J. Ardelle Robinson  
Essay, Grace L. Griffith  
Poem, Annie A. Reed  
Ode, Susie B. Sherer

#### NAMES OF PUPILS ENTERING FOR THE WINTER TERM, 1902-3.

Mary Walker Abbott, Rumford  
Edna Rebecca Benner, Wilton Jr., Iowa  
Florence Moore Brown, China  
Myrtie May Brown, Palermo  
Emily A. Brown, Jackson  
Flossie Viola Calden, Wilton  
Mabel Caldwell, Starks  
Grace Imogen Carpenter, Welchville  
Addie Maude Carville, Webster  
Ethel Mae Chase, Monroe  
Adelaide Geneva Coffin, Harrington  
Florence Spaulding Coolidge, Farmington  
Mary Brewster Coy, Welchville  
William Henry Daisey, Wilton  
Ethel Maud Edwards, Brunswick  
Annie May Eldridge, Cumberland  
Florence Bessie Estes, West Palmyra  
May Farnham, Bangor  
Elsie Estella Furbish, Hartland  
Ethel Marion Gilmore, Brewer  
Bertha Mae Gray, Winthrop  
Maude E. Guimond, Frenchville  
Fannie Grace Harlow, Buckfield  
Hazel Kate Holway, No. Anson  
Austin Joyce, Atlantic  
Katherine Louise Lawlis, Houlton  
Annie Laurie Longley, No. Anson  
Grayce Goldye McCluskey, Brookton  
Louise Barrows Meeen, Phippsburg  
Georgie Delphine Merriam, Warren  
Zulietta Morse, Friendship  
Kate Augusta Nevers, Smyrna Mills  
Lillian Edwina Oliver, Georgetown  
Floss Ethel Perkins, Andover  
Harriott Louise Perry, Addison

Fostina Edna Purinton,  
Florence Matilda Richardson,  
Harriette Josephine Ricker,  
Harriet Eleanor Robinson,  
Mae Smith,  
Marion Frances Sprague,  
Rilla Staples,  
Vivian Ella Whittier,  
Rena H. Wiley,  
Jennie Maude Young,

No. Jay  
Paris  
Turner  
Nunda, N. Y.  
Dennysville  
No. Anson  
Atlantic  
Harmony  
St. George  
The Forks

The following secondary schools are represented by graduates among those whose names are given above:

Andover High School.  
Anson Academy.  
Bangor High School.  
Brunswick High School.  
Caratunk High School.  
Farmington High School.  
Frenchville High School.  
Jay High School.  
Leavitt Institute.  
Madison High School.  
Maine Central Institute.  
Ricker Classical Institute.  
Sabattus High School.  
So. Paris High School.  
St. George High School.  
Warren High School.  
Wilton Academy.  
Winthrop High School.  
Westbrook Seminary.

The Teachers' Convention of Franklin County was held November 7th and 8th, at Wilton, Maine. The programme was as follows:

#### FRIDAY FORENOON.

9.30 Singing.  
Prayer.  
Address of Welcome, Prin. D. T. Harthorn, Wilton  
Response, By the President  
10.00 What and how much should the pupil know at graduation from the Grammar school?  
Miss Mabel E. Hunter, Farmington  
10.10 What and how much should the pupil know upon entering the High School? Supt. S. S. Wright, Jay  
10.20 Discussion of above papers,  
Opened by Prin. A. B. Allen, Wilton  
10.30 Recess.  
10.40 Requirements in arithmetic for admission to High School and the amount to be taught during course,  
Prin. Leforest Wilkins, Kingfield

10.50 Discussion,  
Opened by Supt. P. D. Stubbs, Strong  
11.00 Does the High School get its brightest pupils from the district or from the graded schools?  
Miss Jane M. Cutts, Farmington

11.10 Discussion.  
11.20 Question Box, Supt. W. G. Mallett, Farmington

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

1.30 Music.  
1.35 Language in the Primary, Intermediate and Grammar Grades,  
Miss Lillian I. Lincoln, Normal School  
1.55 Discussion,  
Opened by Mrs. E. T. Sewall, Farmington  
2.05 Drawing, Miss C. E. Abbott, Normal School  
2.20 Discussion.  
2.30 Teacher's Discipline,  
Prin. George C. Purington, Normal School  
7.00 Lecture, The Eye,  
George McL. Presson, Farmington  
7.40 The popular literary works of our day,  
Dr. J. W. Perkins, Wilton

#### FRIDAY EVENING.

7.30 Music.  
Address, Pres. C. L. White

#### SATURDAY MORNING.

9.00 Music.  
9.10 Geography, Mrs. D. M. Worthley, Strong  
9.20 Teaching exercise in geography,  
Miss Blanche Calligan, E. Wilton  
9.40 Habit, Prin. Church, Little Blue  
10.00 Our Native Tongue,  
Prin. D. T. Harthorn, Wilton  
10.20 Busy Work, Miss Addie McLain, Strong  
10.35 How much Physics in the High School?  
Prin. Wiley, Phillips

#### C Sociable, Nov. 20, 1902.

1. Selection, Orchestra  
2. March.  
3. Boston Fancy.  
4. Singing, Glee Club  
5. Reading, Mr. Purington  
6. Plain Quadrille.  
7. Piano Solo, Miss McLeary  
8. Peanut Contest. ???  
9. New Portland Fancy.  
10. Musical Riddles.  
11. Lady of the Lake.  
12. Concealed Characters.  
13. Dance. (Your Choice).  
14. Farewell March.  
Committee: Susie B. Sherer, J. Ardelle Robinson, Percy L. Bruce.

#### Opening Sociable, Dec. 19, 1902.

Selection, Orchestra  
March and Circle.  
Reading, Miss Cooke



Lady of the Lake.

Plain Quadrille.

Solo,

Boston Fancy.

Piano Solo,

Lancers' Quadrille.

Good-Night March.

Committee: Miss Irish, Mr. Look, Miss Demuth, Mr. Holman, Miss Matthieu.

Mid-Term Sociable, Friday evening, Jan.

23, 1903.

1. March and Circle.

2. Lancers' Quadrille.

3. Duet,

4. Boston Fancy.

5. Normal Reel.

6. Reading,

7. Plain Quadrille.

8. New Portland Fancy.

9. Solo,

10. Lady of the Lake.

11. Home Sweet Home.

Committee: John W. H. Young, Mildred

Mason, Ella Irish.

"B Sociable," Thursday evening, February 26, 1903. Music by Alden's Orchestra.

Mr. Purington

Miss Ricker

Misses Ladd and March

Miss Houghton

Miss Norcross

Selection,  
German Solo,

DRAMA, "MR. BOB."—CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Philip Royson,  
Robert Brown,  
Jenkins, the Butler,  
Miss Rebecca,  
Katherine,  
Marion (Mr. Bob),  
Patty,  
Selection,

Mandolin-Guitar Club  
Emma Demuth

John W. H. Young  
Percy J. Look  
Nelson W. Brown  
Annie M. Adams  
Edith L. Strout  
Ella H. Irish  
Henrietta Douglas  
Mandolin-Guitar Club

PART II.

March and Circle.  
Plain Quadrille.  
Lady of the Lake.  
Normal Reel.  
Lancers' Quadrille.  
Boston Fancy.  
Virginia Reel.  
New Portland Fancy.  
Lady of the Lake.  
Plain Quadrille.  
Good-Night March.

Executive Committee: John W. H. Young,  
Ada D. Davis, Lucy M. Reynolds, Ella H.  
Irish, J. Ardelle Robinson, Nelson W. Brown,  
Harold E. Beane.

## Alumni Notes.

[It is very desirable that the graduates keep THE NORMAL informed of changes in address and occupation. A full and accurate record of the work of the graduates will add very much to the interest and value of the paper.]

1873.

Addie S. Berry-Remick,—New Sharon.

1877.

Amanda I. Bass-Vaughan,—moved to Belfast, where her husband has purchased a farm, having been obliged to give up his pastorate in New York on account of his health.

Alice C. Mansur-Jacobs,—moved to Farmington. Her husband has purchased the Samuel G. Craig place on the west side of the river.

1878.

Dr. J. W. Perkins,—member of the Committee on Education in the Legislature.

1884.

Alice M. Campbell-Gurney,—Chattanooga, Tenn.

Cora A. Jackson-Chipman,—10 Ware St., Lewiston.

1885.

Frank L. Davis,—104 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nettie G. Dolley,—has a large dressmaking establishment in Portland, Park St.

Carrie A. Whittier,—33 Leonard St., N. Attleboro, Mass.

1886.

Elizabeth D. Moore,—Monroe, Me.

Carrie I. Sullivan-Boardman,—Park and West Ave., Vineland, N. J.

1887.

Nellie F. Springer,—Principal of Highland Ave. Grammar School, Gardiner, 42 Plaisted Street.

Alice M. Whitney-Thomas,—1103 St. Francis St., Wichita, Kans.

1888.

Essie J. Hinkley-Earle,—has a son, born Feb. 20, 1903.

Henrietta M. Holmes,—348 4th St., Portland, Oregon.

Sadie J. Lothrop-Philbrook,—935 Winthrop Ave., Beachmont, Mass.

1889.

Martha O. Adams,—R. F. D. No. 3, Gardiner.

Lillian N. Brown,—39 Prospect St., Woodfords.

1890.

Ina M. Amback,—Principal of Grammar School, Lisbon.

Alice J. Swain,—287 Summer St., South Portland.

Carolyn S. Varney,—Principal of Grammar School, East Bridgewater, Mass.

Myra L. Wells,—teaching in Sanford.

1891.

Everett Peacock, A. B.,—Principal of Lindsay High School, Shapleigh.

Clara E. Doyen,—teaching ungraded school in Phippsburg.

Vira H. Barker,—died Dec. 28, 1902.

Olive A. Swift,—70 Bellingham St., Chelsea, Mass.

Katie B. White,—book-keeper, Portland. Address, 72 Ocean Ave., Woodfords.

1892.

Maude E. Goddard,—1205 East Duval St., Jacksonville, Fla.

M. Emma Gorden has resigned her position in the State Home and School, Providence, R. I.

1893.

Alice L. Randall-Doughty has a son, Randall Hubert, born Nov. 6, 1902.

Fannie T. Tolman-Folger,—returned from North Adams to her home at 44 Avon Hill St., Cambridge, Mass.

Adelia J. Webber,—teaching English in 8th and 9th grades in the Cummings School, Woburn, Mass.

1894.

Jessie M. Lockwood,—44 Marshall St., Somerville, Mass.

Jennie L. Oliver,—17 James St., Auburn. Teaching Primary School, North Jay.

Edith B. Pratt-Russell,—6 Sacramento St., Cambridge, Mass.

Mabel A. Sampson-Manock,—26 Boehm St., Lawrence, Mass.

Naomi E. Stevens,—5th grade, East Somerville, Mass.

1895.

Edith C. Chaney,—Principal of North Grammar School, Waterville, 33 Pleasant St.

1896.

Maude L. Smith,—teaching oratory and physical culture in Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton.

1897.

Mamie Bennett,—teaching an ungraded school at Gilbertville.

Martin H. Fowler,—had a New Year's present of a son, born Jan. 19, 1903.

Rose E. Randall-Clement,—teaching 7th grade, Foxcroft.

1898.

Amelia J. Bisbee,—10 Belknap St., Arlington, Mass.

Nellie F. Rockwood,—married April 3, 1903, to Lewis H. Millsbaugh, Winthrop Center.

Lottie M. Smith,—Principal of Grammar School, Bingham.

Mildred C. Sproul,—clerking in a store and post-office, New Harbor.

Levina L. Hutchins-Walker,—teaching 4th and 5th grades, Oakland.

1899.

Maud I. Carter has passed the Boston School examinations.

Geo. C. Erskine,—with F. William Brown, real estate agent, 15 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

Josie H. L. Fowle-Fels,—18 Sherman St., Everett, Mass., has a son, Karl Emil, born Jan. 19, 1903.

Ada M. Stilson,—married, Feb. 4, 1903, to Percy L. Sibley, Augusta.

Isabel M. Towle,—teaching 7th, 8th and 9th grades, Belfast.

Myrtie B. Whitehouse,—married, Dec. 31, 1902, to Joe P. Weston, Belgrade.

1900.

Winifred M. Beck,—studying stenography at the Gregg School, Boston. Address, 45 Bainbridge St.

Irving Heath,—taking a course in Sloyd in the North Bennett St. Industrial School, Boston, Mass.



## 1901.

Genieve R. Barrows,—teaching 3d grade, Stoughton, Mass., 48 Pleasant St.

Elizabeth R. Gillette,—sixth grade, Williams School, Chelsea, Mass.

Josephine M. Holman,—married, Jan. 7, 1903, to Laforest W. Norton, Farmington.

Laura E. Strout,—40 Stewart St., Providence, R. I.

## 1902.

Mae M. Clark,—teaching in Springvale.

Mildred F. Greenwood,—33 Mt. Vernon St., Malden, Mass.

Nellie E. Potter,—teaching Bolton Hill School, Augusta.

Grace M. Stone,—teaching 3d and 4th grades, East Hampton, Mass.

Olena V. Viles,—teaching 5th grade, Williams School, Augusta.

## MARRIAGES.

1898. Nellie F. Rockwood—Lewis H. Mills-paugh, April 3, 1903.

1899. Myrtie B. Whitehouse—Joe P. Weston, Dec. 31, 1902.

1899. Ada M. Stilson—Percy L. Sibley, Feb. 4, 1903.

1901. Josephine M. Holman—Laforest W. Norton, Jan. 7, 1903.

## NECROLOGY.

1891. Vira H. Barker, December 28, 1902.

## FARMINGTON STATE NORMAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The annual meeting of this association was held at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Feb. 7. The officers of this Association were:

President—Abner A. Badger, '87.

Vice-President—Louise D. Mayhew, '69.

Secretary—Elizabeth G. Melcher, '71.

Treasurer—Ruth G. Rich, '67.

Executive Committee—Charles G. Chick, '68, Herbert J. Keith, '80, Clarence H. Knowlton, '94, Inez A. Hunt, '91, Adelia J. Webber, '93.

The graduates and guests began to arrive soon after two o'clock, and had a very delightful time renewing old friendships and making new ones until nearly ten, when the last ones departed,

declaring it had been one of the brightest spots in life.

The following were present as guests of the Association: Mr. Arthur E. Barton, President of the Castine Alumni Association, and Mrs. Barton; Miss Josephine G. Simonton, President of the Gorham Alumni Association; Wallace C. Boyden, Head Master of the Boston Normal School, and Principal Geo. C. Purington.

The following guests of graduates were present:

|                      |               |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Florence G. Jones,   | Braintree     |
| Wm. R. Wood,         | Walpole       |
| A. W. Rogers,        | Chelsea       |
| Mrs. L. Moore,       | Cambridge     |
| Gertrude A. Boyd,    | Quincy        |
| Nathalie Toward,     | Jamaica Plain |
| Frank E. Stanley,    | Newton        |
| Mrs. F. E. Stanley,  | Newton        |
| Mrs. F. O. Stanley,  | Newton        |
| Mrs. Chas. G. Chick, | Hyde Park     |
| Mrs. H. E. Dunham,   | Amesbury      |

List of the graduates present:

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Geo. F. Stackpole, Riverhead, N. Y.,          | '66 |
| Mary O. Lord-Bailey, Pittsfield,              | '67 |
| Anna DeW. Pierce, Worcester,                  | '67 |
| Ruth G. Rich, Boston,                         | '67 |
| Charles G. Chick, Hyde Park,                  | '68 |
| Clara S. Stevens-Morrill, Needham,            | '69 |
| Elizabeth G. Melcher, Boston,                 | '71 |
| Freelan O. Stanley, Newton,                   | '71 |
| Lucy F. Luques, Watertown,                    | '81 |
| Hortense M. Merrill, Watertown,               | '81 |
| Ruth A. Norton-Toward, Jamaica Plain,         | '81 |
| Rose M. Tarbox-Robinson, Everett,             | '81 |
| Belle D. Curtis, M. D., Everett,              | '82 |
| Mae E. Fales-Gilbert, Cambridge,              | '82 |
| Lillian I. Lincoln, Farmington, Me.,          | '85 |
| Abner A. Badger, A. B., Walpole,              | '87 |
| Elgiva B. Luce, Everett,                      | '88 |
| Carrie H. Stevens, Cambridge,                 | '88 |
| Fred O. Small, A. B., Winchendon,             | '89 |
| Margaret F. Knowles-Small, A. B., Winchendon, | '89 |
| Clara F. Haigh-Ballantyne, Lowell,            | '90 |
| Edith M. Maxwell, Malden,                     | '90 |
| Cora J. Buker-Tarr, Somerville,               | '91 |
| Inez A. Hunt, Malden,                         | '91 |
| Alda A. Noble, Peabody,                       | '91 |

## UNDERGRADUATES.

'91 Nellie D. Clark, Cambridge  
'91 Ada L. Ramsay, Roxbury  
'92 At the business meeting the following officers were elected for the year 1903-4:  
'92 President—Fred O. Small, '89.  
'92 Vice-Pres.—Harriett P. Young-Keith, '81.  
'93 Treasurer—Ruth G. Rich, '67.  
'93 Secretary—Elizabeth G. Melcher, '71.  
'93 Executive-Committee—Abner A. Badger, '87; Ruth A. Norton-Toward, '81; Naomi E. Stevens, '94; Katherine E. Russell, '94; Charles G. Chick, '68.

'94 After-dinner speeches were made by Principal Boyden, Mr. Geo. F. Stackpole, '66, Miss Simonton, and Principal Purington, interspersed by some fine whistling solos by Miss Chamberlain of Cambridge.

'95 Every graduate that we know of who wishes to teach, has a school, and we could have found places for a hundred more, if they had been available. More than two hundred are teaching in Maine schools, many of them for a long time. Of the graduates from 1880 to 1889 there are 29 teaching in Maine. Since 1889 we give the number by classes:

|     |       |     |
|-----|-------|-----|
| '97 | 1890. | 6.  |
| '97 | 1891. | 6.  |
| '97 | 1892. | 8.  |
| '98 | 1893. | 3.  |
| '98 | 1894. | 11. |
| '98 | 1895. | 14. |
| '98 | 1896. | 15. |
| '98 | 1897. | 21. |
| '98 | 1898. | 21. |
| '98 | 1899. | 26. |
| '99 | 1900. | 29. |
| '99 | 1901. | 26. |
| '99 | 1902. | 41. |

## UNTRIDDEN WAYS.

'99 Where green trees wave beckoning branches  
'99 Whispering secrets through the days,  
'99 Gemmed with sweet-lipped, gracious flowerets  
'00 Lie obscure, untridden ways.  
'00 Will they keep their secret ever?  
'01 Only till with glad surprise  
'01 One astraying finds a promise  
'01 Dear to his responsive eyes.  
'01 Dear the paths our feet have wandered,  
'01 Yet, in far, unnumbered days,  
'01 Dearer yet beyond comparing  
'02 Linger life's untridden ways.

Marina Everett, '84.

Grace C. Perkins, Newton Highlands,  
Olive A. Swift, Chelsea,  
Katherine E. Abbott, Farmington,  
Daniel A. Maloney, M. D., Watertown,  
Caroline A. Reed-Badger, Walpole,  
Jennie M. Stetson, Burlington,  
Caro E. Wyman, East Douglas,  
Edda C. Locke, Newtonville,  
Lida H. Merrill-Waterhouse, Boston,  
Blanche S. Minot, Waverley,  
Adelia J. Webber, Roxbury,  
Jessie M. Lockwood, Somerville,  
Harry E. Dunham, A. B., Amesbury,  
Clarence H. Knowlton, A. B., Chelmsford,  
Naomi E. Stevens, Somerville,  
Frances E. Wilson, Waverley,  
Emma L. Brightman, Dorchester,  
Ruphelle E. Luce, Everett,  
M. Ella McCann, Everett,  
Anna Wood, Westford,  
Edith B. Corliss, Arlington,  
Augusta A. Jackson, East Lexington,  
Alice M. Lilly, Haverhill,  
Mary H. Nichols, Haverhill,  
Katherine E. Russell, Arlington,  
W. Stanwood Field, Dorchester,  
Marguerite M. Pierce, Millis,  
Ella M. Pinkham, Cambridge,  
Fannie T. Stewart, Foxboro,  
Amelia J. Bisbee, Arlington,  
Cora S. Burleigh, Boston,  
Annie B. Case, Haverhill,  
Elizabeth B. Thomas, Quincy,  
Susan F. Wiley, Arlington,  
Elizabeth M. Williams, Boston,  
Maud I. Carter, Braintree,  
George C. Erskine, Boston,  
Florence M. Look, Walpole,  
Maude E. Monroe, Malden,  
Mina F. Noble, Chelsea,  
Lillian T. Peaslee, Rockport,  
Flora A. Sterling, Hardwick,  
Bertha M. Bridges, South Acton,  
Gertrude A. Williams, Arlington,  
Vesta E. Chadwick, Everett,  
Harriett M. Davis, Everett,  
Eudora W. Gould, South Acton,  
Jennie A. Manter, Millis,  
Louise W. Richards, Medfield,  
Celestia C. Grover, Salem Depot, N. H.,



## Pleasantries.

### PROVED AN ALIBI.

"Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?"

"I dun know, mum. I ain't looked at it or teched it; an' if it's cracked it waz cracked afore I come here."—*New York Observer*.

### SHREWD NEGOTIATOR.

Little Girl: "How much is insect powder a pound?"

Druggist: "Five cents."

Little Girl: "How much is it for a half a pound?"

Druggist: "Three cents."

Little Girl: "I'll take the other half of the pound."—*Selected*.

A man wrote a poem, and submitted it to his wife before sending it out. "Why, Henry," she said, on looking it over, "you have made 'hundred' rhyme with 'onward.'" "That's all right," he replied, "Tennyson did it." "Yes," rejoined his wife, "Tennyson could do such a thing; but you can't, Henry."

The house in Portland in which Longfellow was born is now a tenement inhabited by Irish. A few years ago a teacher in Portland gave a talk about the poet, and later questioned her class. "Where was Longfellow born?" she asked. A small boy waved his hand vigorously. "In Patsy Magee's bedroom," was the reply; but nobody seemed surprised.

A gentleman known to the Argonaut once hired an artist to paint his portrait; but, when it was finished, he was not satisfied, and refused to pay. The painter sued him, and another artist was called to give an expert opinion. "Do you see that picture of my client?" asked the lawyer. "No," answered the witness, "I do not." "There it is," said the lawyer. "I don't call that a portrait of Mr. Jones," replied the expert. "I call that a map of him."

One of the farmers gathered at the village grocery read aloud from a newspaper which stated that oats had become so scarce on account of the swarming of emigrants toward the

West that the price had gone up two cents a bushel. "What's emigrants?" interrupted a farmer. After a significant silence the grocer, whose reputation as an oracle was at stake, spoke up: "I don't know 'zactly what these pesky em'grants is," explained that worthy man, "but I know they're powerful destructive on oats."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

A circuit court judge of Pennsylvania was systematically affronted by a lawyer, a political opponent. A friend asked him: "Why don't you squelch the fellow? He needs it." "Well," said the judge musingly, "up in my home town there's an ugly yaller dog that, whenever there is moonlight, sits on the stoop and howls until the town can't sleep, and generally keeps it up till daylight." He then resumed his dinner. The friend in amazement inquired, "Well, what of it?" "Well," said the judge slowly, "the moon keeps right on."

The race for the office of State senator in Portland, Ore., had been very close, and on the day after election one Irish citizen was questioning a friend about the result. "How is it, Mike," he said, "that in so many votes it should be neck and neck betune th' two min?" "Well, I'll tell ye," said Mike. "They're both very unpopiler min, and, if ye knowed wan, ye'd be sure to vote fur th' other; and both av thim are well known, do ye mind?" "I do," replied Pat, solemnly.—*New York Tribune*.

The Rochester papers tell of a minister's four-year-old daughter, who does not like to be left alone at night. "My little girl must be good and brave," said the mother one night. "There is nothing to be afraid of, and beautiful angels will watch over you." She left the room. "Beau-ti-ful an-gels! beau-ti-ful an-gels!" she heard the child say to herself. Then suddenly she heard the thump of two little feet on the floor, and Josephine rushed from the bedroom in post-haste with the remark: "It beats the dickens how scared I am with all those beautiful angels in there."

# Farmington State Normal School.

## PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL.

To give a professional preparation to the teachers of the public schools.

## CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION.

AGE.—Gentlemen must be seventeen years of age, ladies sixteen, before entering.

CHARACTER.—Candidates must bring a certificate of good moral character from some responsible person.

OBLIGATION.—Pupils admitted to the School are required to sign an obligation to faithfully observe all its regulations, and also to teach in the public schools of the State as long a time as they shall have been connected with the school, or pay tuition at the rate of \$10 per term.

SCHOLARSHIP.—To be admitted, candidates must pass a satisfactory examination in Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Physiology and Hygiene, and Algebra.

## ADMISSION WITHOUT EXAMINATION.

By vote of the Trustees, the following persons will be admitted without examination upon the presentation of the proper certificates:

1. College graduates.
2. Graduates of high schools, academies, seminaries, and other secondary schools, having courses of study covering four years and fitting for college.
3. All persons holding state certificates of any grade.

## THREE COURSES.

Course of Study for Two Years;

Advanced Course—Academic;

Advanced Course—Professional.

## EXPENSES, ETC.

Each pupil pays an incidental fee of \$1.50 at the beginning of each term.

Tuition is free to pupils of the required age who take the regular course of study and pledge themselves to teach in the public schools of Maine for as long a time as they remain connected with the Normal School. Others pay a tuition of \$10 per term.

TEXT-BOOKS ARE FREE for the first four terms, except those that are purely professional or literary. Each student should bring a Bible and a Dictionary, and for reference, any text-books that he may happen to have.

Board can be obtained from \$2.75 to \$3.00 per week. Table board, \$2.00 to \$2.25 per week. Furnished rooms, without board, at reasonable rates.

Rooms for self-boarding, each accommodating two persons, furnished with table, chairs, wash-stand, stove, bedstead, mattress, students furnishing other articles needed, can be obtained for \$1.00 per week.

Scholars, by clubbing together, doing their own work and having a part of their food sent from home, can largely reduce their expenses, frequently bringing their *total expenses in connection with the School* below \$25 per term.

The Principal will gladly make all arrangements for board or rooms.

For catalogue giving names of graduates and the positions they hold, for table showing order and arrangement of studies, or further information of any kind, write to the Principal,

GEO. C. PURINGTON.





## CALENDAR.

### FALL TERM, 1902.

Begins August 26, . . . . . Closes November 20.

### WINTER TERM, 1902-3.

Begins December 9, . . . . . Closes February 26.

### SPRING TERM, 1903.

Begins March 17, . . . . . Closes June 11.

### FALL TERM, 1903.

Begins August 25, . . . . . Closes November 19.