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FARMINGTON NORMAL



MARCH, 1916

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MARION C. RICKER, DIRECTOR OF HOUSEHOLD ARTS

FARMINGTON NORMAL

VOL. III.

FARMINGTON, MAINE, MARCH, 1916

No. 1

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OUR ALUMNI

THE first Alumni Association of this school was formed at Farmington in 1867, and has held many enjoyable reunions.

The second Alumni Association was founded by those graduates who were either teaching or engaged in some occupation in or near Boston. This association holds an annual banquet in Boston, when good comradeship is always in evidence. The association has accomplished some splendid things. A fine picture of the Sistine Madonna was presented to the school. Two young ladies of the Normal School were entertained as guests of the association in Boston for several days. The movement for presenting money to Mr. Purington to be used for a trip to Europe was started by members of the association. At the close of Mr. Purington's twenty-five years as principal of the Normal School, again a member started a gift for him, and two years later the association planned for the bronze tablet as a memorial to Mr. Purington.

The Portland association has been very helpful in a substantial way by giving money for victrola records and a picture for the new dormitory.

The last association to be formed is the one in New York. Though this is the youngest on the list, it is a vigorous body.

Several of the individual classes have had reunions at Farmington. The class of 1890 held one in the dormitory last August, which proved a most happy occasion.

The teachers and students heartily appreciate the help and encouragement given them by the many graduates of the school, and we trust they realize that a most cordial welcome is always ready for them at the Normal School.

EDITORIAL

SUBSCRIPTION blanks have been sent to various members of the Alumni, and an effort has been made to make the paper of special interest to them.

WE wish to express our thanks and appreciation of the hearty support given to our paper by the merchants and townspeople, without which we should have been unable to institute the practice of issuing two papers a year, and trust that the members of the school will be generous in their patronage of our advertisers while they remain in town.

THE present issue of FARMINGTON NORMAL is essentially a Domestic Arts number. Because of the new Annex it is desired to give special prominence to this department, particularly that the Alumni and friends may know that better working quarters are now provided the girls pursuing this course. The school is especially fortunate in numbering Miss Ricker — director of Household Arts for the State — among its faculty, and we feel sure that all friends of the school will welcome her photograph in this copy.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

IN looking over the activities of the year we are impressed with the splendid work the Christian Association is doing. Still remaining the democratic institution it has been in the past, students and teachers work together for a common purpose, regardless of religious preferences or creeds.

The devotional meetings — often including special music or other feature — are held from 4.30 to 5 each Thursday night, and have been well attended throughout the year. Various members of student body and faculty have led these meetings.

The Christian Association of F. S. N. S. has always been characterized by its energy and resourcefulness and this year has certainly been no exception. A large sum of money has been earned by means of recess sales of confections and at the Fair. The term dues also add to the fund.

Probably the greatest factor in inspiring this faithful, persistent work is the purpose for which it is done! The use of a reading table well stocked with current literature of various types is free to all members of the school, and is only one of the many worthy things done by this body of young ladies. They also take upon themselves the task of keeping a medicine chest supplied at both Normal building and dormitory, from whence the supplies for many minor ailments come.

At the close of each school year two delegates are selected to represent the association at the Silver Bay Conference — all expenses paid by the association.

One of the things held dear to the workers is the benevolences or charitable work they are able to carry on. While this work has always been large the amount given to it has

heretofore depended on the prosperity of the time, but it has now been decided that the receipts of the chocolate sales, held weekly, shall constitute a permanent fund for benevolences, this fund to be increased from other sources whenever possible. Fifty dollars have recently been sent for the aid of needy Belgians.

Judging by material results we know the Christian Association to be worthy of our heartiest support, but perhaps its greatest benefit falls to the share of those who so cheerfully accept the tasks and enthusiastically carry them to completion. For the training in coöperation, leadership and executive ability so obtained is of inestimable value, to say nothing of the inspiration to worthier and more unselfish lives, which must necessarily follow from such work.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BEE

ONE day a bee heavily loaded with pollen, lit on the back of a huge elephant to rest. The elephant reached around as if to seize the little bee in her trunk. "O great beast! Please spare me. I have many babies at home who are waiting for their supper. O please let me go!" The elephant took pity on the little bee and let it go home in peace.

Not long after this as the little bee was flying along she saw the elephant who had set her free; crashing through the forest behind her came a white man with a gun. Suddenly the man aimed the gun, but before he could fire the bee stung him on the hand, causing him to jump, and the bullet crashed harmlessly into a tree. *Edna Weather.*

(Ten years old.) (Model school.)

A SCHOOL HYMN

TUNE: TO THEE, O COUNTRY!

*O Mother Normal, for whose care
Our gratitude we bring,
With joy we sound thy name abroad,
With love thy praises sing.
Thou keepest watch with tender eyes
Wherever we may be,
And joy or grief that comes to us
Brings joy or grief to thee.*

*And as the years go fleeting by,
May we lend heart and hand,
Increase by love and loyalty,
Thy work throughout the land.
May he who heeds the sparrow's fall
And plans each victory,
Be mindful of thine every need
And blessings bring to thee.*

LILLIAN I. LINCOLN.



LITERARY

FRIEND JACK

DO you like dogs? If you do, I want you to meet my friend Jack, the kindest, jolliest, wisest dog that ever trotted through life in the company of a group of boys and girls, who petted him, and loved him, and treated him as if he were human, as indeed he almost seemed to be.

Jack was born on board a small vessel far away across the water. When he was a few months old the master of another vessel happened to see him and bought him because of his big, strong paws, which made him look queer and awkward at the time, but which his new master thought promised that he was going to make a fine, strong fellow when he should be grown.

He staid for the next few months on his new master's ship and was then taken home to live with his master's little boys. The little boys' mother heaved a long, long sigh when she saw him and thought, "What have I ever done that I should have to receive a dog as a member of my family?" But after a short time Jack had no more loyal friend than "Old Mistress," who soon found out that his worst fault was that he made a little extra work, and who grew to realize that he earned his keep by the pleasure he brought.

Do you want to know how he looked? He was half Newfoundland and was about two-thirds as large as a Newfoundland dog usually is. His big paws were streaked with brown, the color of the seal. He had soft, black

hair that curled in rings, except in the middle of his back, where, in a spot the size of your hand, it was wavy, only. He had himself to thank for this, for in a joking, puppyish way, while he was on board ship, he slipped in and helped himself to a plate of meat that a sailor had set down while he got his cup of coffee. The sailor threw the coffee at the naughty Jack and felt surprised and grieved when the hair and skin came off because of the burn. When the hair grew again it was wavy instead of curly.

A row of rings made a pretty little bang above his eyes, till he walked under a hot stove funnel one day and destroyed that mark of beauty. His body fell into graceful curves, no matter what position he took, and his tail usually waved proudly aloft. His eyes, his wonderful dog's eyes, were soft and brown. They gazed at you as if a soul looked out, and many a choice morsel, and many a pat and loving word were given him because of those friendly, asking eyes.

Everywhere the children went, except to school, Jack went as a matter of course. In these days he would have gone to school also, and little boys' hearts, always soft

beneath carelessly buttoned jackets, would have beat more happily because of his presence.

After a little he learned not to expect to go to school, but none knew better than he when home-coming time approached, and closed doors and windows served not to keep him in, when the signal came from far adown the street.

It was very difficult to make him understand that he must stay behind for any other reason. One day when Master, at home for one of his short visits, started for downtown, Jack joyously sprang up and asked in his dog fashion, "May I go too?" "Not to-day," said Master, and Jack turned sadly away. Three times on the way Master met Jack. You understand that the dog did not catch up with him but circled around and met him. Jack was headed for home, there could be no harm in going home. Each time he stopped and with eyes and tail asked again, "May I go too?" When the "No" was repeated he trotted away casually, with an "I just happened to be here. I was on my way home" air. The third time Master said, "All right, old chap, come along." So has many a child battered down dissent through persistency.

He was capable of resentment, however. Being refused one day in what he regarded as a reasonable request for permission to go with one member of the family, when next day he was approached with the question, "Want to go with me to-day, Jack?" "Wo," it sounded like "No," he grunted, and turned his nose upon his paws, disgustingly, settling for another nap.

He played whatever the other boys played. If the ice called, he pulled the sled, or rode upon it, raced back and forth, holding to a long pole, ran, slipped, slid, just as the rest did. In baseball he ran the bases, encouraged the team by his enthusiasm, often served as fielder, had the ball, at least his share of the time.

Hide and seek was one of his favorite games. Waiting patiently for the call that indicated when the hunt was to begin, he raced back and forth, around the house, upstairs and down, through parlor and kitchen, to the cellar or the roof, and exulted when he had found each one who had hidden. Very funny things he sometimes did in his excitement, and in very queer places he occasionally looked. Once he dashed madly into the living-room and peered eagerly into the open door of the coal-stove, apparently thinking that he might find the lost amid the glowing coals. Usually he looked in reasonable places.

The long, Saturday and summer-day tramps were his special delight. The lunch always included bones for Jack and he trudged importantly away from the house with his nose touching the basket. Of course he didn't keep in that position all the way, but *starting* was an important matter and he went soberly as if duly impressed.

Many a tale could he have told, of days in the woods or by the shore. He loved the water and was never happier than when playing in it. The boys used to pump a tub full and then drop in a stone and set Jack to bailing it out with his fore paws. What splashing, and what barking with delight! He would swim a mile beside the boat and would try to coax the boys to go in again when they had had their fill of swimming, which is saying a good deal, you know. They used, when in the water, to select one from their number and send Jack to bring him to land, and the boy always had to come. Usually it was with an arm over Jack's neck. Once when the little lad didn't "play up" as he should, Jack tried to get him by the hair, but since it was a summer cut and furnished scanty hold, he desisted and delicately nipped the ear, holding on till the boy swam ashore.

He was always willing to do his part. He even submitted patiently to the indignity of

being "dressed up." This was a favorite amusement for his friends. The door would open and Jack would enter with an escort, his hind legs thrust into an old pair of trousers which were buttoned above his back, his feet appearing through holes in the knees and the trousers' legs trailing behind. His fore legs were put into the arms of a jacket, also buttoned over his back. A scarf or a collar about his neck, and a cap set rakishly upon his head, completed the outfit. If, in addition, they had a piece of molasses candy for him to chew, the spectacle and their joy were complete. He always looked sheepish but never was cross about it. His glance seemed to say, "I know they are making a fool of me, but they are only children you see, and must have their fun. I can stand it."

He knew many tricks—all the common ones like shaking hands, speaking, jumping, being a dead dog, and many others. One of the little girls wanted to teach him to carry a basket and went about it badly, as was proved by the fact that the boys, later, taught it to him in a minute. She bothered him with the effort to teach him for quite a while one day, and, at last, tired out, he went to a corner, lay down, thrust his nose close to the wall and began to snore. She laughed and gave up the matter for that day. The next time she brought the basket to resume the lesson, he ran post haste to the corner and began the sleeping act immediately.

He had a cunning trick of holding a piece of meat or cake upon his nose while Master slowly counted three, when he might toss it into the air and catch it. When the boys put him through, they were not particular as to his waiting, but Master, who had taught it to him, insisted. So one day when he was trying it, using a half-dollar, since no food was at hand, Jack threw the piece too soon and got a little cuff and a reprimand. Then the money was placed again, Jack sat very erect, with eyes on Master's. One—

two—three—very slowly and impressively the counting was done. Jack threw the money high, caught it skillfully and—swallowed it, and the joke was on Master. Did he do it intentionally? You must answer that question. The money would slip down more easily than some things, yet Jack was intelligent.

Once Mistress found him on the bed, unheard-of liberty to be there by himself, though doubtless the boys could have told you a thing or two. She exclaimed, "What! On my clean spread with your dirty feet!" Jack turned instantly upon his back and struck all four feet into the air. At another time he appeared at a neighbor's house and she said to him, "Of course you'll want to come in with your dirty feet, right over my clean floor that I've just finished washing." He turned about, went to a grass plot near by, scrubbed his feet, and then walked in by the awestruck lady, who declared that he was human and understood English most uncannily. The explanation for this was simple, however. On board ship he was allowed in the cabin, only if his feet were clean, and he had been taken back and his paws rubbed on the rug, until the words "dirty feet" suggested the cleaning process, so he did it as he did any other trick.

He did a few things that seemed remarkable. A small relative of the family used to come often to the house, and when he went home someone always went with him to a particular place. There he was kissed and then he trotted home by himself. Jack usually formed a part of the escort. One day, everyone being busy, the child was allowed to go by himself. He told afterwards that Jack, without being asked, went the regular distance, then rising on his hind legs, he put his paws upon the child's shoulders, kissed him in his doggy way upon the cheek, and then started home. The children saw no reason to believe that he didn't understand as much as they did.

Jack's friendships were not confined to the family. He had a welcome in many homes and made his little round of visits frequently. At one place they saved all the bones for him. At another he was expected doughnut day and always appeared regularly. I don't suppose he knew the days of the week but the smell of doughnuts will travel far, you know.

In one home every time he came they played the piano for him to sing, and sing he did most mournfully. His own family was not musical and music ever seemed to make him loudly sad. The performance seldom lasted long, for no human ear attuned to harmony could stand it for any length of time.

He always remembered his friends and hated his enemies, though the last were few. He disliked peddlers and they never lingered in his vicinity. The steward on the ship was a negro and he was not kind to Jack. All other negroes were enemies in the doggy mind. The family were wont to say that one poor colored man whose shortest path to the cemetery lay past the house, gave up visiting his wife's grave because of Jack's objections, but perhaps he only went another way.

But to his friends the dog was always true. "Is Master coming, Jack?" would send him capering down the street to see, even when Master had been absent months, and when he really came the dog would almost forget his manners and even Mistress was elbowed aside till Jack had had his word of greeting. He claimed it boisterously, leaping shoulder high in eager friendliness.

He never fought save when honor demanded it. He shunned combat to a point where he almost seemed cowardly. He would endure from smaller dogs what appeared really like indignities, but when he was roused, when once he picked up the gauntlet, he fought his way gloriously—to victory. The most of the time he lived peaceably, in dignity and kindness.

Did he do heroic deeds? He had no chance. He did what most of us should be proud to do, lived his life with patience, with kindness, with courtesy, with devoted loyalty, and when he died he was greatly mourned and his friends felt that he went at once to Dog Heaven, wherever that may be.

Lillian I. Lincoln.

EXTRACTS FROM JEREMIAH

OR A REAL DIARY OF A REAL GIRL

Sept. 7, 1915.

Well, Jeremiah, at last I have become a student at Farmington Normal school. You didn't know you were coming but I had to have somebody to tell my interesting—and uninteresting—tales to, and you will be better than nobody. Of course I had to give you a name, and a terrible time I've had trying to think of one. Jeremiah popped into my head and Jeremiah stayed, so Jeremiah you'll have to be. But I'll call you Jerry for short, which isn't quite so homely.

Such a time as I've had to-day! I was so excited I didn't sleep hardly any last night and I was up a whole hour before breakfast this morning. It seemed as though the time fairly flew and before I could realize it I was saying good-bye to mother and Teddy. I felt kind of teary when I left mother, but I didn't break down. All too soon Dad and I reached the station and I had said good-bye to HOME for fourteen long weeks.

After the train had passed through Lewiston and Leeds Junction there were several other girls in the same car with me and I began to wonder who they were and if I would ever know them all. Why, perhaps one of them was my future roommate, and that thought made me feel all shivery inside.

At last we arrived at Farmington, hot, dusty and tired, and tightly holding my pocketbook and umbrella in one hand and tugging my suitcase in the other, I followed

the crowd out of the car with a bold exterior, but with a terrible sinking feeling inside of me.

Such a jam there was at the station, and I thought the confusion in the Tower of Babel must have been nothing, compared to this. Girls, girls, girls, everywhere, talking and laughing, running up to greet some new comer, or making a dive to embrace some old friend. They all seemed to crowd around a man standing near by, and I was told he was my principal, and he would take my trunk check. I eagerly pressed forward, and soon caught a glimpse of him. "Oh dear," I thought, "I wonder how he and I will get along together."

Finally, I gave him my check and, following a girl who came up to me and offered to show me the way, we started for the Dormitory, which we soon reached.

It was only finished a year ago and is a large, red brick building. It has all the modern conveniences, and accomodates about one hundred girls.

My room is on the third floor. It is a fairly large sized room with two large windows, and two large closets. Here is a list of the furniture it contains: Two cot beds, two straight backed chairs, one bureau, one commode, one library table, one study light, one bookcase and one rocking-chair. Do you know, Jerry, I think it would have been just as well to have had two rocking-chairs, and one straight backed chair. But I suppose they think straight backed chairs are more conducive to study.

After I was deposited in my room, I removed my coat and hat, and sat down on the bed. The room looked so bare and lonely, and I felt so hot and tired I was ready to take the next train for home. As I was sitting there, a knock sounded at the door, and a girl entered. She was tall and slender, with dark hair and a beautiful complexion. Her name is Louise, and she is to be my roommate.

We immediately sat down to begin to get

acquainted, and had just discovered a mutual friend when a loud z-z-z-p burst upon our ear drums.

It was the supper bell, so we descended to the dining-room. It is a lovely room, and I know I shall enjoy my meals immensely. It is large, square, and well lighted, with casement windows on two sides. It contains twenty small tables, and we sit six at a table, a host and hostess at each table.

Here, I must tell you, Jerry, of the fine arrangement they have for seating the girls. The matron appoints a host for each table, and she holds this position for a whole term. Each host then chooses a girl to act as her hostess for a month, and the rest of us draw lots for our places.

We change places every month and thus become well acquainted with many girls we otherwise might not come in contact with. But at supper we can sit with our bosom friends, and I'll wager, Jerry, that with the cares and the worries of the day behind us, we make that the most enjoyable meal of all.

After supper our trunks came, and we immediately proceeded to unpack, so the room looks real nice and cosy now. Well, it is nine-thirty and lights have to be out at ten, so I must say good-night. I think I'll take you to bed with me, Jerry, if you don't mind — just for company, you know.

Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1915.

School began in earnest to-day. There are over one hundred and twenty-five F's — the largest entering class. We only received some books and registered to-day, but tomorrow we have our first lessons.

I have explored the Normal building from top to bottom, and I think it will be a very pleasant place in which to spend most of the daylight hours.

I'm learning fast. Here is an outline of my daily schedule for the next thirty-six weeks: Breakfast at seven, chapel at eight-thirty, school from nine to twelve, dinner at



THE NEW ANNEX—THE HOME OF THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSES

twelve-fifteen, afternoon session from two to four-twenty, supper at six, study hours from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, and lights out at ten. I'll be a sister to "Percy, the Mechanism Man," soon.

After school Louise and I made a tour of the town. They actually have a Broadway. The town is very pretty and there are some beautiful dwelling places.

We had a lot of callers this evening—second year girls who were going around getting acquainted with the new girls and trying to make them feel more at home. I wish you could have seen them, Jerry, but of course I couldn't introduce you. It's almost time for "lights out," so I must put you away. But I don't know what I'd do without you, Jerry, you're such an awful comfort. I hope I sleep more than I did last night.

Saturday, Sept. 11, 1915.

Jerry, we have fallen in disgrace! We received a knock on our door last night. It scared me stiff, but I am nothing if not hospitable, so I squeaked in a timid little voice, "Come in." The door was locked!! I surely thought the wrath of Job would descend upon us but we were not very severely lectured. You see Louise and I were excitedly discussing the events of the day just after the last bell had rung, and talking after the lights are out is one of the few little pleasures you're not supposed to indulge in.

Last night the second year girls gave a social for the first year girls in Merrill Hall and we had the best time. Each of us had our names and the name of the place where we lived pinned on us so we could get acquainted more easily. I met so many girls I know I never can get the right name hitched to the right girl. It seemed as though nearly every girl you met knew somebody you knew, and that gave you a real "homey" feeling inside. A number of the faculty were there and they acted real

human and did their share to help us feel at home. We had a most enjoyable time but we had to adjourn a little before ten.

This morning we had a great time cleaning house. "Everybody was doing it," and the dormitory made me think of a monster beehive full of busy, buzzing bees.

That reminds me, Jerry, I have not yet told you anything about the queen bee, who in a motherly way looks after us all and keeps things running smoothly. She seems just the one for such a position and all the girls seem to like her very much.

To-night we were very extravagant and attended the "Movies" to see "The Eternal City." Saturday and Sunday evenings we are allowed to be out until the late hour of nine-thirty.

Mercy! There's the warning bell! I'm improving fast and have already got undressing down to a five-minute process.

Sunday, Sept. 12.

Why is it that Sunday gives you such a depressed feeling when you're away from home? Perhaps it is the church bells, or perhaps it is the hymns we sing, for I think they all produce about the same effect as "Home Sweet Home." Or perhaps it is because Sunday is the one day of the week when the members of the family have time to sit down and enjoy one another. Anyway this day has been far from exciting.

We had chicken and ice cream for dinner. Perhaps that doesn't sound like much of an event, Jerry, but you just wait 'till you've had bread pudding three times a week and jell-o once, then I guess you'll appreciate plain vanilla ice cream, though I think the food is unusually good.

I attended the Congregational church to-day, and enjoyed the service very much, although it's awfully hard for me to sit perfectly still and pay strict attention to the sermon when it is such lovely weather outdoors.

After supper to-night the girls went in the reception room and began to sing hymns. There is a grand old fireplace in there, and the girls say they often sit around the fire and sing in the winter time.

I have written my beloved family the news of the week and have written four other letters, so I have extremely inky fingers, and a big splash of ink on my pug nose.

Just think, I have been here nearly a week. I think I've been pretty brave not to be very homesick, and the continual lump in my throat is fast disappearing. I realize that in a Normal school they try to give you enough to keep you busy, and the dissipations are few, but there seems to be considerable pleasure scattered in with the work, and I've met some lovely girls. Cheer up, Jerry, in just eighty-eight days we will be packing up to take the early morning train for home. *Topsy.*

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT

TO the Alumni, Undergraduates and present Pupils of the Farmington State Normal school:

The year 1911 was of especial interest to the Farmington State Normal school, for it marked the addition of a new course in the school curriculum.

The Normal school trustees were alert to the advance of the more practical branches of school work and had already introduced Manual Training into the Normal schools. They now added cooking and sewing and further provided that in Farmington there should be a special department for the training of girls who might wish to become teachers of those special subjects.

So, if the establishment of these courses had been duly chronicled we would have had something like this:

Born—to the Farmington State Normal school, September 13, 1911, an offspring, which has been duly named "Household Arts Department."

Unlike some reports it could not be said that it was doing well, for it was puny, weak and feeble, and, in the short five years of its existence, has required constant care and close attention to develop it, until now it bids fair to reach its maturity, strong, full of vigor and life, and ready for the demands which the future will make upon it.

As I write, I have visions of many Alumni and Undergraduates who have passed over the threshold of the old Norton house, christened by us, "The Annex."

Do I need to call your attention to the old familiar front hall where wraps and rubbers were left in "cold storage" while you pursued your way to kitchen or sewing room—whichever your schedule called for?

Do you remember the congestion in the sewing room the first year, owing to the number of girls, chimney and stove? This was remedied the second year by the removal of a partition, which gave more floor space, and made better working conditions.

I am sure that most of you have very carefully preserved one specimen, at least, of your early sewing days—your sampler of stitches. Whatever else the making of that sampler may have accomplished, it at least taught patience, or else—made you lose all the patience of which you *were* possessed—this, of course, depending upon you. However, we no longer teach the sampler, but instead get the direct application of the stitch upon the article itself, which is much more interesting and produces equally good results.

The remainder of our sewing course is much the same as when first planned, but the time schedule has been extended and we are introducing more training in handwork, such as crocheting and knitting. The aim now, as at first, is to give sufficient instruction so that any girl ought to be able to do simple sewing for herself and to know some desirable points in the selection of fabrics. Correlation with the drawing class is helping



INTERIOR VIEWS AT THE ANNEX

to develop taste in the choice and suitability of colors and their combinations, and any girl at the completion of the regular two years' course should feel that she is capable of planning and furnishing a home, know how to dress in good taste and be able to plan and cook a proper meal.

Our cooking classes, despite the crowded condition of our kitchen, were popular. It was always a marvel to me that there were not more injured toes to be doctored, but you all soon learned just how far you *could* move without collision with your neighbor — though I really think that your guardian angels were out in full force on our cooking days.

Doubtless most of you, since leaving Farmington State Normal school, have put into practice some of your cooking lore, and probably, even now, most of you could pass a creditable examination on the proper cooking of cereals — you know that was a hobby of mine, and during such lessons the word *starch* was used as often as possible.

This year we are teaching cooking in a different way, and I am sure you would enjoy it, too. We plan what is necessary for a meal, and teach from that standpoint rather than the food principles, though of course that is an underlying problem. It means, too, that lessons in table service come sooner, consequently we get more practice along that line.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

This was especially applicable when table service was taught. Cannot you see yourselves gravely seated at the table, serving and eating imaginary soup, carving the roast across the grain, drinking from the tumbler which needed constant re-filling, discussing the delicacy of the salad, and ending up with finger bowls?

However, there were occasions you know, when we actually *did* have something to eat — that is — after we had entertained our guests.

I can now see some of you who at the final practice meal performed your part perfectly, rush madly into the kitchen at the real dinner and say, "What do I do first? I can't remember a *single thing* I'm to do."

Despite that fact, we generally survived, and served some very successful meals in our little dining-room. I can't remember that any of you spilled soup down a guest's back (though I always expected it *would* happen in our small quarters) and our greatest worries as far as the waitress was concerned, was as to which side to place and remove from, and on which side one should offer food to a guest.

I only wish that I could recall more of our humorous experiences, but one that stands out clearly in my mind is when we came to one examination day. Previous to this we had been carefully considering the anatomy of beef, pork and lamb, so a question on this material was of course suitable, as well as expected.

If it is true that the teacher gets what she gives to her pupils, my measure was full and running over, when on asking for an outline of a cow and the most important cuts, one girl, who had not been able to get *in* all the cuts she desired, put an addition *onto* the cow, and gave it the desired name.

I can only say that if there ever *was* such a cow as portrayed on that paper, its owner would soon revel in wealth if the cow was exhibited at fairs and circuses.

Our old kitchen has seen some good times. The Y. W. C. A. fairs never failed to bring out a large number of you, ready to make candy, and I was always proud of your results in the making of the sweets, which helped to swell the Association's funds.

One year some of the teachers who had an eye to the future, I suppose, desired some instruction in cookery. Once, when a bread lesson was in progress, one of them most carefully prepared it and put it to rise, but when it failed to attain the desired light-

ness, an investigation was in order. It did not take long to discover that the carefully soaked yeast cake was still reposing in its cup. I'm wondering if there are such occurrences now, and if the husband is as considerate as the teacher, who tried to comfort the maker of the unleavened bread.

Twenty of the town ladies, too, formed a most interesting class one winter, and so, as I look back over our few years, I find that I have many happy things to think of, which makes me almost forget some of the things which now seem minor happenings.

Despite my affection for our old quarters, it is a joy to tell you that now we have so grown that the State has purchased a house which has been remodeled until it meets our present needs very nicely indeed.

We had hoped to go into the new quarters at the beginning of the 1915 fall term, but we could not until the winter term. We all feel, though, that the delay was well worth the waiting, and we are now comfortably housed.

I only hope that all who read this little article may sometime have the pleasure of seeing our present annex. It is attractive on the outside, having some roomy verandas which we shall appreciate on the warm days, a pretty setting of concrete walks, and, in the summer time, a beautiful lawn.

Inside we are impressed with the ample room almost everywhere. The main part of the house is much the same as when purchased, most of the changes being small ones. We boast of a library, living-room, office, dining-room, bath-room and house kitchen on the lower floor, the upper consisting of one large and one small sewing-room and a bed-room which we hope sometime to furnish.

Our laboratory kitchens, one of which can be used for either cooking or sewing, have been made of what was formerly the barn. Sometimes, even now, we forget and speak of the kitchen as "the barn," but I tell the

girls we must live down the reputation until it is forgotten from whence we sprung.

We are proud of our laboratories, and it is a pleasure to see good sized rooms with white steel ceilings, walls painted a pretty buff, natural finished cypress wood-work, some attractive tables, plenty of light and sunshine, windows which really ventilate from the top, and attractive white sinks with open plumbing.

I feel that because of our previous lack of equipment, we doubly appreciate what we have at present, though I hope the time will soon come when we can have enough furniture to make our building complete—a happy combination of home and institution.

Before closing, I must mention our graduates who have gone out to teach the special branches of Household Arts. Though not large in number, I feel that the quality is such that whatever work they are doing or attempting will receive their best efforts.

I feel sure that each girl as she goes out realizes that she has a very definite work to perform in the world, and that if she accomplishes all that she is capable of, must be as a bit of leaven which has untold possibilities.

At present we have approximately thirty students pursuing our special Household Arts courses, and as we limit our number, we were obliged to refuse admission to a number of applicants at the opening of the year.

Our growth, then, we feel is assured; we thank you who are interested in our department and its future. My earnest hope is that our ideals may be so high that each girl who comes within our doors may feel when she again goes out into the world that she has her part to play in the world's affairs—that if she is to play it successfully, she must live up to the best within herself. This means that she must forget self, and strive to give of her best to others—realizing that true service spells happiness and contentment.

Marion C. Ricker.

SILVER BAY

IN the State of New York, among the foothills of the Adirondacks and on the shore of Lake George is a beautiful little spot called Silver Bay. With the mountains on the west, Lake George on the east and little "summer towns" dotting the shore of the lake some distance to the north and south, this shady little spot is sequestered, yet widely known.

A large part of Silver Bay is owned by the Silver Bay Association which is organized and conducted "for religious, missionary and educational purposes, and for the moral and mental improvement of men and women by promoting and providing for conferences in religious organizations." It has a large hotel, several cottages for sleeping accommodations, a spacious auditorium, several classrooms and a store.

The grounds owned by the Association are large. In front of the hotel and auditorium is a beautiful lawn. Beyond and across the road is the orchard where there is plenty of room for basketball and baseball; seven tennis courts to one side of this add to the possibilities for recreation. A fine beach and bathhouse are a source of enjoyment for bathers, and a boathouse, too, farther up the shore, fitted out with a number of rowboats, brings pleasure to other guests at Silver Bay. It is from here that launch parties to Fort Ticonderoga, Paradise Bay and other interesting places nearby, start.

Here, where so many things are provided for the people, in a place so uplifting from its nearness to nature, a series of Christian conferences is held during the summer months. The first of this series is the Eastern Student Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations, which is open to the students of the normal schools, colleges and universities of New England, New York and New Jersey. This is followed by a city conference of Young Women's Christian Associations, a Missionary Con-

ference and a Young Men's Christian Association Conference.

To these meetings, hundreds of young people go each summer to study and work and plan together that they may get that spirit of love and fellowship which prevades the place and go back to their school and their work better fitted to fulfill their duties and to work for the uplift of mankind.

Clara M. Bacon.

GETTING COASTWISE

IF you live down around Penobscot Bay you have probably heard of Eagle Island, but I had to get the map to find where it was when I started down there to teach. Most everyone asks if it is n't Admiral Peary's Island. Of course it is n't because his island is down in Casco Bay.

Lest you get the wrong impression I'll tell you to begin with, I like the Islanders. But I still believe I should like them better if I could get them up here and beat them climbing Mt. Blue or driving a Ford.

I don't pretend to be much of a sailor, but you see it wasn't a fair game there with all of them, twenty-five, against one. I have thought ever since that it was the Castine trip that was the final straw against me. It was like this: The boat was going up to Castine. I say "the boat" which means the one J. Quinn owns—the only one which could make the trip in winter. Mrs. Q. was going, and the two girls who had Normal friends there. I had always wanted to see Castine Normal and now was my chance.

J. Q. thought it was a little too rough. Mrs. Q. maintained that it was a perfect day because the wind was sure to go down. It always did and before noon, too, after a twenty day no'th-easter and a change to the south'ard. She was authority on the wind. The girls seemed to favor J. Q. They didn't say much except that they went up to Castine once in the winter when it was rough. There are times when a few words mean a lot. I kept still.

Anyway we went. J. Q. said she could make it all right, but — well — that is — er-r — he didn't like to have women on board when it was any rough.

The boat was a fairly small one, I guess. At any rate, when we got right out off the point and were tossing around in between the big waves with a few buckets full from each extra high one breaking over the deck and one side (I believe Marion said it was the starboard) it looked like a small boat. If I had told you about her size in the beginning when she was at the wharf with the others I should probably have said large.

Mrs. Q. mentioned quite often that it was likely to be rough off the point but would be fine after we passed that. I could see that the wind was rising but no one mentioned it. Mrs. Q. kept speaking of the point. I think it was on her mind for nearly all of that first three or four miles. Finally, I began to look ahead to the point, too.

I have ridden in a sleigh or on a horse sled when it has been pretty cold but it was at least dry. I have decided that cold air is preferable to cold ice on one's face. The Islanders, doubtless, would not admit this.

I could begin to see a change in the speed. We weren't getting ahead a bit now. The little engine was chugging as fast as it could and the big waves were bunting so hard we couldn't get along. I guess we went through a few of them. We all had to cling to the sides till our hands were about frozen. I can feel that frozen mitten now, wiping the little drops of ice off my face. I whispered to Marion and asked her if it was as rough as that the other time she went. I didn't want Mrs. Q. to hear. She was worse than the girls. Marion said it was about the same, but she admitted to me later that it wasn't as bad before, but she didn't want to scare me. When we would get up on top of one of those waves I would begin to wonder whether we would ride the big one ahead or whether we would drive through it.

After we got around the point things calmed down a little and Mrs. Q. and the girls went back to their seats on the box near the engine, but I thought I would stand in the front (excuse me, the bow). Of course I could have sat near the engine, but I was afraid if the ice on me thawed I would be all the colder, then I didn't want to miss all the beautiful scenery. Maybe I didn't think of those things then, but they were the reasons. Marion said she thought I was getting pale, but I guess I felt all right or I wouldn't have felt like asking all about the names of those little islands and the light-houses and things.

After the engine stopped chugging so furiously I could hear J. Q. say to his wife: "Well, I wouldn't have started anyway, if you hadn't been so mighty sure the wind would change."

Just like a man, isn't it?

It was about then that I gained a point on J. Q. I got him to telling me about the fall he went up to Aroostook to dig potatoes. I knew I was sure of making him reveal some of his weaknesses if I could get him started on that subject. He began to tell about the horse episode before he thought, and as I had heard the tale from one of the others, I kept at him till it was all out. This was it: He had had the care of a span up in Aroostook. The others had told me about his asking one of the boys in the family which to put on first, the bridle or the "stern rigging," and which was the "port horse." But he didn't tell me that. What he told was about the halter. He said he went out to the barn one night and found a horse loose. As he didn't know just how to proceed he went in and told the man of the house that one of the horses had "parted his painter," and asked if he should get a new one. The fellow said he guessed so. J. Q. couldn't see why he should look so troubled about such a small thing. (Anyway, I always felt better after one of these

stories, especially when Mrs. Q. and the girls were listening.)

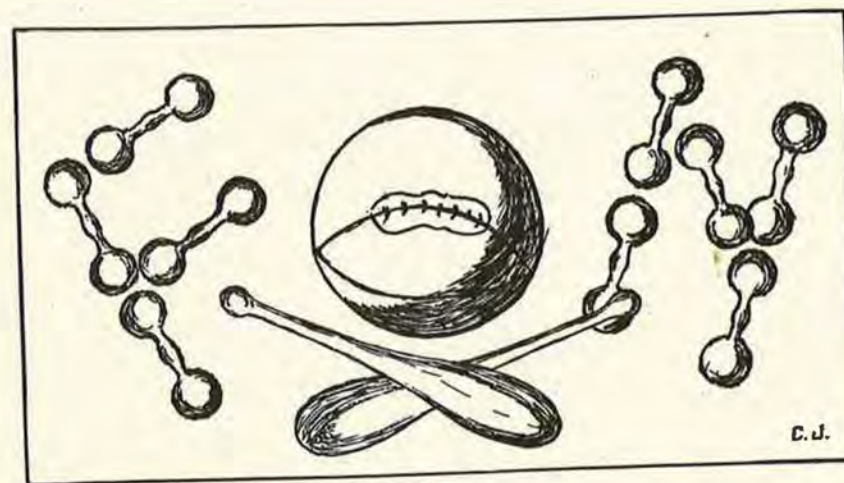
The big water was fairly peaceable now; in fact, I ventured to go and sit by the engine for a few minutes. I suppose some people like the smell of gasoline, but I am quite sure I don't.

It's hard to describe my visit to the Normal. You see the girls had been to school there. Marion said it was the best Normal she ever saw. I found out later that the circle of her acquaintances went no further than Castine.

As I may want to go to Eagle again some time I'll just say that at the present time I haven't the least doubt but the houses in Castine were built straight and square and the floor of their assembly hall is probably level.

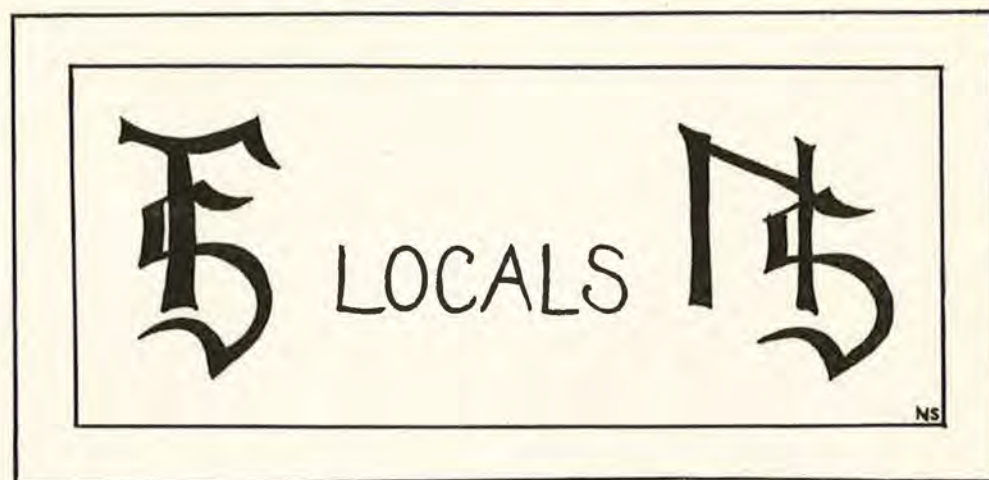
You couldn't have made me believe either of those things then.

When we started back it was a perfect calm, even off the point. Mrs. Q. knew it would be. Marion said I acted as if some of the things along the shore were new to me. Don't you believe it.



THE Athletic column looks pretty slim this term but we have made a good start. There are five basketball teams among the E's, with Grace Small, Helen Thompson, Sigrid Nelson, Hazel Eaton and Marion Bryant as captains. The B's have one team with Ruby Fuller as captain.

Miss Stone intends to arrange for some inter-class playing. Just now the E's are hard at work practicing on Tuesday afternoon and the B's on Wednesday. The girls are enthusiastic and the material is good, which seems to promise some interesting games.



STATE Superintendent Payson Smith, LL. D., Executive Secretary of Board of Normal School trustees, called a conference of the principals of the Maine State Normals, Tuesday, February 15, at this school. All were present — A. F. Richardson of Castine, W. E. Russell of Gorham, S. L. Merriman of Presque Isle, W. L. Powers of Machias.

They met to discuss problems common to different schools, also general educational problems affecting Normal Schools.

During their visit they were members of a party which was entertained at dinner at the Annex by the Senior and Advanced classes under direction of Miss Chase and Miss Norton. The following is the menu:

MENU	
Tomato Soup	Imperial Rings and Sticks
Roast Beef	Mashed Potatoes
	Creamed Carrots en Casserole
	Parker House Rolls
Pickles	Jelly
	Banana and Nut Salad
	Nut Bread Sandwiches
Strawberry Ice Cream	Wafers
Coffee	Cheese Puffs
Mints	Salted Nuts

The dining-room was decorated with primrose and hyacinth. They spent a social evening at the dormitory, where the girls gave them a short entertainment consisting of readings by Miss Duplisea, whistling solos by Miss Glenfield and piano solos by Miss Lord.

THE HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE

SH! Hist! What's that? Shades of the departed? Why those are the ghostly memories of the masquerade given by the Christian Association, on Hallowe'en. This most successful social was in charge of Esther Tarr and her committee.

At the door a sheeted sentinel greeted you with a cold and clammy handshake and directed you up the stairs to second shade, who waved you upwards, ever upwards through the dark and dismal passages of the laboratory to the sloyd room. At each door you were taken in hand by a sheeted member of the ghost committee and required to go through your catechism before you were allowed to pass on.

At last when the sloyd room was reached and you could go no further upward, you were silently motioned down, down, down in the perilous darkness to the festive Assembly hall, decked with cats and witches. Here you were compelled to go through the beauty shop. As the name implies you were supposed to issue forth from this vanity parlor with more beauty than when you went in, but if rouge and charcoal did enhance the charms of Mr. Thomas, they certainly did not the rest of us.

There were three fortune tellers. The first professed to unfold the mysteries of the

future through the medium of the magic tea grounds; the second, by means of candles; the third read your palm.

The first game on the program was a suitcase race, and the contestants were found to be marvels of speed. The second was a hard-tack race, and a young lady who bore great resemblance to Alonzo Tibbetts, won a policeman as a prize. Ruby Fuller distinguished herself by hitting a black cat which hung on the wall, while looking at his reflection in a mirror.

Mr. Thomas presented the prizes of the evening with fitting speeches plentifully supplied with his characteristic humor.

The clock being practically the only member of the gay company unmasked, said nearly ten, and the signal for the breaking up of the ghostly company had come.

Sh! Hist! What's that? Oh, those are only the ghosts going home.

SOANGETAHA CAMP FIRE

THE beginning of the fall term found the Camp Fire greatly reduced in numbers. Eight members had graduated from school, several of whom have become guardians in communities where they now are. However, this number remained small only a short time as four girls expressed their desire to become Camp Fire girls and were initiated at the first ceremonial meeting.

During the fall term recess sales of ice-cream were held, the proceeds of which were given to the Christian Association.

The greater part of the weekly meetings of the fall term were spent in crocheting articles for the fair. At one of the meetings all the Camp Fire girls of the school were present and a great many helpful ideas and suggestions were presented as to what work may be done in Camp Fires.

In spite of the work required there was still time for amusement and recreation. This was quite evident in the number of

corn roasts, outdoor suppers, and various hikes which were so much enjoyed.

Among the things taken up in the meetings this winter are book-binding and the principles of bandaging, both of which are very practical.

At present there are twenty members, three of whom are Fire Makers, thirteen Woodgatherers, and four who are just beginning the work.

Much credit is due the guardian, who has been so faithful in her duties, for the help each one has surely received from the Camp Fire work.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION FAIR

ON the afternoon of November 20, the annual Christian Association fair was held in the assembly room of the Normal. The hall was prettily decorated and much credit is due the committee in charge and its chairman, Clara Bacon.

There was the usual array of fancy work, school banners and pillows, aprons and candy. The Japanese booth was especially attractive. During the afternoon there was a short entertainment:

"Step Lively"	Mandolin Club
Whistling Solo	Miss Charlotte Glenfield
Piano Solo	Miss Ruth Towle
Reading — "How Tom Loved the Farm" from "The County Fair" (Neil Burgess)	Miss Florence Duplisea
Vocal Solo — "A Perfect Day" (Bond)	Miss Pearl Hallworth
Piano Solo — "The Butterfly" (Grieg)	Miss Marion Lord

In the evening came the real entertainment of the day. The program was as follows:

a "Carmena" (Wilson Hilton)	
b "Ol' Mammy Coon" (Jewell Lynes)	
	The Normal School Choral Club
Whistling Solo — "Robin's Return"	Miss Charlotte Glenfield
"Courtship under Difficulties"	
	Miss Asnault, Messrs. Emery and Tibbetts
Vocal Solos — a "Absent" (Metcalf)	
	b "The Sweetest Story Ever Told"
	Miss Sadie Brisk

Monologue Miss Ellen Glover
 a "Hungarian Dance" (*Brahms*)
 b "Melody in F" (*Robenstein*)

Normal School Mandolin Club
 Vocal Solos — a "My Dear Jerushy" (*Gaynor*)
 b "The Little Dutch Garden"
 (*Mawson-Marks*)

Miss Pearl Hallworth
 Piano Solo — Prelude (*Rachmaninof*)

Miss Marion Lord
 Choruses — a "The Sun Worshipers" (*Loomis*)
 b "The Miller's Wooing" (*Eaton Fanning*)

The Normal School Chorus
 Shadow Pantomime — "Driggs and His Double"

Miss Edith Chase, Messrs. Emery and Tibbetts

The musical program was under the direction of Miss Butz, the character sketches were in charge of Miss Porter and Miss Abbott. Both fair and entertainment were well attended and the Association cleared in all nearly \$160.

A WORD ABOUT OUR TEACHER OF MUSIC

MISS BUTZ came to us in September, freighted with a broad experience in professional musical work. She is a versatile musician, being a singer, pianiste, conductor and teacher; and all of these branches of her profession she has carried to a high degree of proficiency, having studied extensively in this country and abroad.

She can quote her musical successes in great numbers, and her conducting of John Philip Sousa's great band and five hundred singers, three seasons ago, won for her musicianship the confidence of the great band master and hosts of musical devotees, who are keenly alive to the meaning of an honor such as Mr. Sousa bestowed on Miss Butz.

As has been said of Miss Butz, "she gives an impetus to music wherever she is." We welcome her. She and her work are a great inspiration to the various choral bodies and music classes under her capable directing, and splendid results are being achieved.

THE PIERPOLE CAMP FIRE

LAST spring, because of interest in the Camp Fire movement, a second Camp Fire was organized with Miss Walker as our guardian. We chose Pierpole as the name of our Camp Fire because it was the name of an old Indian who had been very kind and helped the early white settlers in this vicinity, and had always proved a kind and faithful friend to them.

We were very eager to begin working for our first rank, that of Woodgatherer, and were soon making our ceremonial dresses, which cost much labor to many. We also began at once to earn beads, and many of us found it was not so easy as we had expected.

In the fall the two Camp Fires had a "Wienie roast" up on the old slate quarry. It was something new to many and the "Wienies" tasted good, even if some of them were browned a little. But who cared for that if we were having a good time and being out of doors, which kindled our appetites. Some of the girls were earning a bead by planning the roast and making the necessary preparations. The beads are very precious and the more a girl has on her string the more proud she is, for each one means something to her.

We also had a corn and "Wienie" roast for the whole school at the same place.

At the time of the Christian Association Fair we made for them three dozen tooled leather napkin rings and two dozen purses, also twenty pounds of our famous divinity fudge.

During these two years we have earned a goodly sum to help pay dues and expenses by making and selling divinity fudge, for which we are famous.

We have been practicing self-control and denial by abstaining from candy, ice cream and the like between meals, which has meant a hard struggle for many.

At several of our meetings we have had guests. One evening Miss Porter very

kindly helped us in the writing of business letters, telegrams and making out money orders. Many of us profited much by this exercise and earned the business honor which is granted on the successful completion of above.

At another meeting Captain Blake taught us how to tie several standard knots, thus helping us to earn one of the nature lore honors which are hard to earn.

We have not only enjoyed the work of the Camp Fire, but realize how profitable it has been in helping us to do with a good will, many things which formerly seemed distasteful. Being out of doors has brought us into closer touch with nature and has taught us how essential it is to good health.

And what is more inspiring to the Camp Fire girl than our law:

Seek beauty
 Give service
 Pursue knowledge
 Be trustworthy
 Hold on to health
 Glorify work
 Be happy?

H. K., '16.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON PARTY

ON Monday evening, February 21, a most successful George Washington party was given at Purington Hall.

The reception room was attractive with red, white and blue lights and colored bunting. The guests were gay in their powdered coiffures and colonial costumes.

General Washington, Mr. Mallett, stood in all his dignity of satin and gold braid, waiting to receive the famous company. Beside him was Martha Washington, and Martha herself never looked more beautiful than our Miss Stone.

In the receiving line were also Alexander and Mrs. Hamilton, (Miss Abbott and Miss Butler) and Hepzibah Pyncheon, (Miss Walker).

The company was a notable one, including Gabriel and his Evangeline, John Alden and Priscilla, Aaron and Mrs. Burr, Thomas and Mrs. Jefferson, James and Mrs. Monroe, and an old white-haired colored servant.

After all had been duly presented and the magic cherries had been passed around, seventy-seven couples formed for the grand march. The stately minuet was danced by four of the famous couples, followed by games and the Virginia reel. Following this was a special dance given by Miss Porter, who represented Mrs. John Jay. We will attempt no description of Miss Porter and her skill. Suffice it to say she was greeted with shouts of laughter and great applause. She persuaded Hepzibah to join her in her encore and that demure dame danced as lightly as if she had never known the gloom of the many-gabled house of Salem. Refreshments were served and the gay party came to a close with many adieus and courtesies to General Washington and Martha, after singing the national hymn.

DORMITORY DOINGS

ACCORDING to dormitory girls dormitory doings have been few in number. There has been dancing in the reception room and jolly sings, but the only event of special importance that has occurred was the candy pull which Mrs. Allen gave the girls.

This was held in the laundry and report has it that every species of confection from pop-corn balls to pinuchi was concocted and consumed. After getting untangled from the stickiness of molasses candy they played games and told stories and "jest and youthful jollity" reigned supreme. Marion Lord told a ghostly ghost story and Miss Porter walked a new and peculiar walk which no one, by the way, seems able to imitate exactly.

Friday night, October 22, a social was held in the Normal. Miss Glenfield whistled,

Miss Hallworth sang, Miss Towle entertained with a piano solo, and Miss Harriett Noyes and Miss Sanborn gave readings.

The rest of the evening we played games and not the least amusing feature was a spelling match. Mr. Thomas gave out the words, which were to be spelled backwards. Miss Abbott, I believe, was the first to take her seat.

Friday evening, February 11, the girls of the Dormitory held a candy pull in the laundry. Six girls devoted the last part of the afternoon to making pinuchi and fudge and getting molasses candy ready for pulling. After making away with all the popcorn and confectionary possible, they danced in the reception hall. The party was a great success and all had a jolly good time.

THE B SOCIAL

AT last the long-looked for and much anticipated B reception! It was held in Merrill Hall on the evening of February 25, and in spite of the stormy weather the hall was well filled with students and guests.

The room was festooned in green and white, and wistaria, and an enticing cozy corner in the bay window was heaped with gay pillows.

A reception and social hour preceded the dancing. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Mallett, Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls, Miss Stone, Miss Porter, Miss Walker, Miss Abbott, also Miss Tarr, class president, and Miss Asnault, chairman of the executive committee.

Mosher's orchestra gave a concert from eight to nine, which was followed by an order of dances. All seemed to enjoy the evening whether they danced or not. Many guests from out of town were present, including representatives from Bowdoin, Colby, and U. of M.

BRIEF LOCALS

The morning of December 7, Prof. Brown of Colby College extended his greetings to us.

Later in the term Hon. Carl Milliken from Island Falls in far-off Aroostook County, spoke to us one morning on the value of education and training.

On the evening of the 22nd of January, Helen Lawrence gave a dance in the Normal for the benefit of the B class. The \$3.65 taken in was for class expenses.

Saturday evening, February 12, Clara Bacon and Helen Lawrence conducted a dance at the Normal for students only, the proceeds of which went to the B Class. Several girls kindly furnished music.

The first Saturday night in the New Year a dance was held in the gymnasium. Miss Lord, Miss Poulin, Miss Mallett and Mr. Tibbetts took turns at the piano and, in the language of the newspapers, "a good time was had by all."

At the beginning of the fall term Mr. C. H. Levermore, Secretary of the American Peace Foundation, addressed the school the last period one afternoon. Mr. Levermore's message to us was on the subject of patriotism. He was a fine speaker and held our attention through every minute of the hour.

On Thanksgiving day the faculty held open house from 4 to 6 p. m. for the normals and their friends, at the teachers' house. Mrs. Mallett and Miss Merrill served tea during the afternoon and Miss Frances Porter sang. Miss Annie Mallett also entertained with piano solos and Miss Glenfield whistled.

The school has been given permission to attend two moving picture shows during this school year, "The Eternal City," and "The Birth of a Nation." In this last picture, the splendid renditions of the orchestra added realism to the stirring scenes and made us understand all the more clearly the

horrors of war. However, as Mr. Mallett impressed upon us, we are not to take this picture as portraying the true state of affairs at the Reconstruction period. In the book, "The Clansman," from which the drama was made, facts have been greatly exaggerated for the sake of the story.

On the evening of Nov. 6, Miss Butz gave an opera talk on Faust in the Assembly Hall. Her talk was illustrated with victrola records and for an hour and a half music lovers feasted on the story and wonderful harmonies of Gounod's Faust. All who attended, and there were many, enjoyed it to the full.

Miss Butz has given three opera talks during the school year. Two were given to the school after morning exercises just before the Christmas vacation. The first was given on Rigoletto and the second on Lucia de Lammermoor, both with victrola illustrations. It is safe to say that everybody enjoyed them immensely, and we wish that she would favor us with a few more in the term to come.

The Normal course of entertainments this year consisted of two numbers. The first was a reader, Mrs. Elizabeth Pooler Rice. She was by far the best reader that has been in Farmington for some time and those who attended have not yet ceased to enthuse over her "Hannah Jane." The other entertainment, a negro quartette, the Jubilee Singers, was held in Music Hall. They sang many of the old southern melodies and gave a few negro sketches.

On the evening of September 10, the Christian Association entertained the F's at the Normal. This was the first social of our Normal career and it began our term well. Everybody was tagged with her name and the name of her home town, the F's tags being fastened with pink ribbon to distinguish them from the blue B's. The first part of the evening we spent in getting acquainted and through our tags we discovered that the

world was very small after all. Then we played games and Miss Ricker and Miss Porter entertained with a very amusing little comedy entitled, "Who'll get the Marshmallow first?" After refreshments we sang and danced till the clock said half-past nine.

The Monday Club invited the Normal school to attend a lecture given by Dr. Lincoln Wirt, Friday evening, February 19. Dr. Wirt sailed for Europe in 1915 for the purpose of studying the effects of war upon modern civilization. He gave us a picture of the terrible conflict and some of its horrors. *C'est la guerre* will ring in our ears for some time. We cannot say we enjoyed his lecture, it was far too gruesome to enjoy, but we are very glad we heard Dr. Lincoln Wirt and his plea for peace.

One warm afternoon in our fall term, Miss Porter took one of her geography classes out for a field lesson. We learned much of the physiography of Farmington and how to conduct such a lesson. We noted Beaver Brook and Abbott Pond, and studied the oxbow loops, the cascades and the waterfalls in the Sandy River. We discovered glacial deposits and landslides and learned, for the time being, in what directions were north, south, east and west. We discovered, also, to our consternation that we were to be asked to draw the map of Farmington in the near future.

Saturday afternoon, September 25, the Christian Association held a corn roast at the slate quarry. Each group of girls gathered wood and soon there were fires twinkling on every part of the pile. Besides corn there were hot-dogs galore and plenty of ginger ale as an antidote for burned tongues. It was found by experiment that corn buried in the ashes and roasted in the husks was more tender than that roasted with the husks off, but Miss Abbott, with her eye for color, preferred roasting it over the flame for in that way a much more artistic brown could be obtained.

About the middle of November all the students of the Household Arts department were very pleasantly entertained by Miss Ricker at her place of residence on High street. The first of the evening was spent in sewing and later all engaged in a guessing contest involving the names of the various stitches. Dainty refreshments of candy, popcorn, ice cream and crackers were served, grapes being provided for the girls who were on a Camp Fire stunt. Plans for the forming of a Home Economics club to be open to the students of Household Arts and for the purpose of taking up outside subjects allied to the work were discussed, but it was decided to do nothing definite about it until the new annex should be ready for occupancy.

In our fall term the school was very pleased to receive invitations from the Every Monday Club to attend two lectures. The first was given by Mrs. Morrill Hamlin, on the causes of the war. Mrs. Morrill Hamlin has spent a large part of her life in Washington, D. C., and she has several very fine lectures which she gives throughout Maine. The second lecture was given by Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston, who was the favorite speaker at the girls' conference in Portland. Her subject was "Women of Today" and before the evening was over every Normal, who attended, must have been fired with an ambition to do her allotted task well. With Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston we will always associate, "Faith of our 'mothers,' living still."

Last June when Miss Camp resigned from the faculty of F. S. N. S. she carried with her the sincerest wishes of the student body

for a happy future. The members of the school felt that they had lost not only a very competent musician and efficient teacher but a "good pal," a person whose influence is felt by all who come within her magnetism. They had not dared to hope that she would come back to help us in our work and to inspire us with her frank, modest personality.

On July 28 she was married to Arthur D. Ingalls of this town and later in the summer took up her residence here.

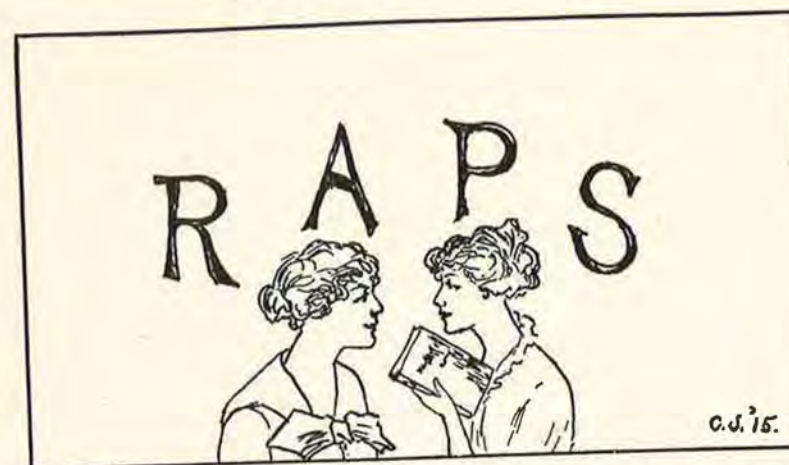
Great and happy was the surprise of the school to see Mrs. Ingalls a member of the faculty at the beginning of the winter term and genuinely sincere was the applause that greeted her.

On the 25th of November, Thanksgiving evening, a children's party was held in the Normal for those who did not go home over the holidays. You would hardly have recognized old friends, so young had they become in a single afternoon. They came with their teddy bears and their toys and played drop the handkerchief and other old favorites of childhood days.

And who was that little girl in apron and sunbonnet? Stoop low and I'll whisper. "That was Miss Ricker."

We had supposed that we had but two young men in our midst, but, lo, on that night we discovered a third. On close observation, however, we recognized his blue eyes and red cheeks and certain familiar traits as belonging to one, Nellie Flint, of our number, and the knickerbockers were easily explained.

The last part of the evening was spent in dancing, and consuming "all-day suckers" and gaily colored pop-corn.



Fiction's bad,
Novel's worse;
Read this paper—
Safety first!

MISS MERRILL in Literature: "Tomorrow we shall take the life of Emerson. Come prepared."

Miss G. Merrill in chemistry speaking of sulphur in water: "It might make a solution but it wouldn't dissolve in it."

Miss H. Hopkins in School Laws: "Teachers in public schools shall spend at least ten minutes a day to teach birds and animals."

In spite of wintry blasts Emery still enjoys Camp-ing.

Overheard in the school yard. Student teacher: "You can't swear out here. Go into the schoolhouse."

Miss Hinds: "Cromwell and some others were taken from their tombs and really executed over again by Charles II."

Found in an E girl's Physics:

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
For though the world would be submerged
This book would still be dry.

Miss Stone: "What is the disease caused by the lack of red blood corpuscles?"

Miss B.: "Enigma."

Mr. Mallett: "Did God create a Devil?"

Miss B.: "Well, er, He created man."

Miss Porter: "Perhaps you heard about that happening twenty years ago."

Miss J.: "No, I don't believe I did."

A motto as taken from dictation. The motto:

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college.

Vesper, vesper, let us toil
In the minds are knowledge,
Nature, wealth and learning spoiled
Win from school and college.

From music class: "A note is a small round head used to denote sound."

From English composition paper: Two qualities which every sentence should contain are obscurity and ambiguity.

Question: "Name a vegetable substance containing sulphur."

Answer: "An egg."

An excuse for tardiness: Monday morning, Nov. 11. Was late this morning as it was unendurable (unavoidable).

M — B —

From English Composition paper: At the left is a small pond made by building dams across the brook.

Mr. Mallett: "How hard would you punish a child, Miss Johnston?"

Miss J.: "Hard enough to make an impression."

Mr. Thomas: "How does a fly eat?"

Normal: "With his two front paws."

Miss Butz: "Is Miss Dunphy here?"

Miss Dunphy, pointing to herself: "What, do you mean this?"

Found in an E girl's grammar exam: A personal pronoun is one which shows the form of the person which it represents.

Miss E. Fuller in B History: "The palace of Louis XIV. was the most beautiful in Europe up to that time. He made himself the center of it."

Miss Merrill: "Which, the palace or the court?"

Miss B—in Household Chemistry: "Amyl acetate is sold as pear oil, isn't it?"

Mr. Thomas: "Hair oil? N-no, I don't think so."

Doing things on a large scale:

Miss Hopkins in Agriculture: "To make a good seed tester take two bushels of grass seed and count the seeds."

A motto: To know that we know what we know and that we do not know what we do not know—that is true knowledge.

One version as handed in: To know that we know what we do not know, and that we don't know what we know—that is true knowledge.

Miss Porter: "What is the plural of mouse-trap?"

Voice from back of room: "Mice-trap."

Miss Merrill: "Who is the German Ambassador to the U. S.?"

Miss G.: "Von Hindenburg."

Miss Merrill: "Why, Miss G.! Who is he, class?"

Class: "Von Bernstorff."

Miss G.: "Oh, yes; von Hindenburg and von Bernstorff sound alike to me."

Miss Merrill: "Explain the next paragraph, Miss M. Robinson."

Miss Robinson: (no response).

Miss Merrill: "Is Miss Robinson present?"

Miss Robinson: "She is, but she cannot explain it."

Miss Merrill: "Suppose *she* rises and tells us so."

For any information in agriculture apply to Miss E. Emery, as she has already informed us that a potato is a bud, and to prevent evaporation you should *melch* apple trees.

Miss Thompson, explaining to the Physics class the wonders of nature: "If you have one liter of water in a dish and then put in another liter—why, you have two liters of water."

Miss Mitchell in Mediæval History: "When Napoleon retreated after the battle of the Nations all the countries in Europe followed him."

Miss Merrill: "Now, Miss Mitchell, I don't agree with you, for I think the countries were firmly fixed."

Mr. Thomas, discussing motion: "Are you in a state of unrest?"

Nervous Normal: "I should say I was."

We have learned a few astonishing facts in Astronomy, as Miss Gray informed us that the sun is a jelly-like vapor, and Miss Huckins declared that she had seen a star rise in the west, move southward, and finally set in the south.

Miss Simpson thinks iodine is taken internally. In arguing for that point: "Well, Miss Stone painted one of the girl's *teeth* with it the other day."

A great amount of bluffing,
Lots of air quite hot,
Makes a recitation
Sound like what it's not.
And so she did not hurry
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have the blues or worry,
But—she failed in her exam.

Miss Porter, in Geography: "What parallel of latitude runs through the central part of Maine?"

Normal: "The Equator."

THE ALUMNI

THE New York Alumni Association of the Farmington State Normal school held its second annual luncheon at The Gregorian Hotel, Saturday, February 5. A snow storm followed by clear cold weather gave an appropriate setting for the event, and the tables were decorated with real Maine pine. There were thirty-two present, representing classes from 1878 to 1912. Between courses, letters were read from Mrs. Purington, Mr. Mallett and Miss Merrill. At the business meeting after the luncheon, three new officers were elected:

Miss Margaret Wilson, '92, President.

Miss Eda Willard, '00, Vice-President.

Miss Ruth Batchelder, '08, Secretary and Treasurer.

A social hour followed, at which reminiscences of old Normal days were given by Miss Hamlin, '78, Mrs. Mathews (Agnes Rounds), '80, Miss Wilson, '92, and others, bringing forth many laughs but also expressing sincere appreciation of the splendid training given at the old school.

The annual reunion and banquet of the Massachusetts Alumni of the Farmington Normal was held at the American House, Boston, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 12. Although a real Maine snowstorm was in progress over one hundred enthusiastic graduates of the school gathered for the event. The faculty was represented by Mr. Mallett and Miss Merrill.

The president this year was Annie Fellows Akers, '86, of Brookline. She conducted the business meeting and presided over the speaking at dinner in a very efficient way.

The meeting was called at two and after two hours of sociability the dinner was served in one of the special dining-rooms, which was beautifully decorated for the

occasion. At the business meeting officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, George C. Erskine, '99, Rutland; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Edith Pratt Russell, '94, Newton, Miss Lucy Luques, '81, Boston, Mrs. Mabel Folsom Hutchinson, '92, Melrose; Treasurer, Mrs. Harriet Young Keith, '81, Brookline; Secretary, Annie A. Reed, '03, Norfolk; Executive Committee, Charles G. Chick, '68, Hyde Park, Mrs. Florence Look Fuller, '99, Walpole, Harriet J. Johnson, '07, Chelsea, Edith H. Gilmore, '10, Malden.

Responses at dinner were made by Prin. W. G. Mallett, Prof. Orion A. Morton, '00, of Amherst, W. Stanwood Field, '97, Boston, Fred H. Cowan, '93, Boston, F. O. Stanley, '71, Newton. Mabel T. Kalloch, '04, Medford, sang and was heartily encored. She was accompanied by Miss Ethel Lindsay, '09, Norwood. The after dinner exercises closed with singing a school song written by the president and sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, followed by America.

The next issue of this paper will give the location of each member of the class of 1915.

1908

James A. Williams, M. D., has located in Readfield for the practice of medicine.

1909

Laura B. Young has charge of the teachers' training course at Hampden Academy.

Bernice W. Woodward is a teacher of Home Economics, Everett, Massachusetts.

Hannah E. Pease is a student in Home Economics in Chicago University.

1910

Harry E. Morrill has removed with his family to Wisconsin.

Ella B. Quinn is matron and manager of the new dormitory at Machias Normal.

Vern E. Howes is a teacher in the Waynflete school, Portland.

Ada I. Hackett, principal of the Hamlin school, Springvale, successfully marshalled her school from the burning schoolhouse a few weeks ago.

1911

Herschel S. Libby is in the Senior class at University of Maine.

Mary E. Philpott is teaching in Spelman seminary, Atlanta, Georgia.

1912

Minnie M. Stinson is a member of the advanced class, F. S. N. S.

Bessie C. Woodward has recently gone to California where she plans to continue the work of teaching.

Iris C. Crosby will graduate from Colby in June.

Frank W. Knowlton is a teacher of Manual Training in Skowhegan and Madison.

1913

Alma Clark is clerk in the Franklin County Savings' Bank.

Mary G. Flint, advanced course, '15, is teacher of Domestic Science at Island Falls.

Margaret L. Holt, advanced course, '15, is teacher of Domestic Science in the town of Windham.

F. Belle Libby attended summer school of music in Northampton last summer.

Charles E. Clark, advanced course in Manual Training at Gorham, '15, is teacher of Manual Training at Livermore Falls.

Orett F. Robinson entered Bowdoin in September.

1914

Marion Gould is taking the advanced course in Household Arts, F. S. N. S.

Frances L. Porter attended the summer school of music at Northampton last summer.

Eva L. Sawtelle is a member of the faculty at Ricker Institute, Houlton, having charge of the Normal Training course.

Roland S. Stockford is teaching at Tariffville, Conn., and pursuing the study of vocal music.



OUR exchange column is not as large as we wish it might be but now that we are publishing our paper twice a year we hope to increase the number of exchanges. The exchange is an important department of every school paper, so let us not neglect it for it is often in this way that we become acquainted with other schools and keep in touch with them. The different school papers, also, by their various good qualities are often an incentive to other schools for raising the standards of their own papers.

The following exchanges we have been very glad to receive: The Caduceus, Norway, Me.; The Oracle, Bangor, Me.; Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.; L. F. H. S. Banner, Livermore Falls, Me.; Hebron Semester, Hebron, Me.; The Laurel, Farmington, Me.; E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me.; Dean Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

The Caduceus. A very attractive and well arranged paper. Your literary department is especially good.

The Oracle. You do well to publish such a paper every month. You have an excellent exchange column.

Tripod. Your locals are very interesting. Why not have a section devoted to school notes? A table of contents would also help.

L. F. H. S. Banner. An excellent paper. Your editorial and literary departments are especially to be commended.

Hebron Semester. A very well balanced paper. Why not have your editorial department first?

The Laurel. Your alumni number is excellent. A section devoted to school notes might seem advisable.

E. L. H. S. Oracle. Your literary department is good. We think an alumni department, also a section devoted to school notes would improve your paper. Can't you find a more attractive cover?

Dean Megaphone. An excellent paper. Couldn't you classify some of your material more definitely?

A PSALM OF LIFE

(WITH APOLOGIES TO H. W. L.)

What the heart of a Normal student said to the psalmist.

Tell me not in mournful numbers

Life is but an empty dream !

For 'tis full to overflowing

And a nightmare doth it seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !

And each Friday night 's our goal ;

Yet to think there 's one spare moment

Is not dared by any soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow

Is our destined end or way,

When we think that a to-morrow

Follows closely on to-day.

Home 's far off ! Vacation 's farther !

And our hearts — some may be brave —

Still like muffled drums are beating

Funeral marches to our grave.

In those teaching exercises,

Training for a school-ma'am's life,

Be not like dumb driven cattle !

Be a hero in the strife !

Lives of great men all remind us,

In our literature sublime,

How they, though oft-times discouraged,

Were victorious in due time.

Let us, then, be gaily hoping

That we may enjoy like fate,

And that one day have all studies

Well prepared and " up to date."

Nellie Flynt.

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