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FARMINGTON NORMAL



JUNE, 1916



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CAROLYN A. STONE

FARMINGTON NORMAL

VOL. III.

FARMINGTON, MAINE, JUNE, 1916

No. 2

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EDITORIAL

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Fred Johnson, Julius Caesar was given in pictures at Music Hall on May 26 for the benefit of Farmington Normal paper. His generosity is appreciated by the editors, as is also the patronage of the townspeople.

MEMBERS of the Editorial Staff having the raising of additional funds for the support of the paper wish to express their thanks to all members of the school who in any way helped to make the entertainment on the evening of May 5 a success, especially to Miss Porter who so generously coached those taking part in farce and pantomime, and also to Miss Butz who directed the musical entertainment of the evening.

HONORABLE PAYSON SMITH RESIGNS FROM STATE SUPERINTENDENCY

AFTER nine years of successful work as State Superintendent of Public Schools Honorable Payson Smith, LL. D., has resigned to accept a similar position in Massachusetts where he will be known as Commissioner of Education.

School men and people interested in education throughout the State sincerely regret the departure of one who has been such a

true friend to and promoter of the cause of education.

Some of the movements in which he has led are the standardizing of secondary school education, developing a thorough system of schools in unorganized portions of State, agitating the question of better rural schools, securing a teachers' pension law and also certification of teachers. As a school our more personal interest has been centered in the great work he has done in awakening a demand for trained teachers, at the same time doing all in his power to aid and build up the institutions where teachers may receive suitable training to meet that demand. Not only does our own school meet with a great loss in his going but all of the Maine schools as well, especially the Normal schools to which he has given earnest work and deep interest that through them a more liberal education might be secured for the coming generation. He will be hardly less missed by granges, women's clubs and many other organizations for which he has always been a willing speaker and wise counselor.

While wishing Dr. Smith an ever increasing amount of success we cannot but feel that the schools of Maine of all types and grades are to lose a true friend.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

ON Friday evening, March 10, the Junior, Senior, and Advanced Household Arts students met at the Annex to organize a club. The purpose of such an organization, as stated in the constitution, is for greater coöperation among teachers and students of the Household Arts courses, for self-improvement and sociability. The members voted to adopt the name Home Eco-

nomics Club, and to hold meetings on the first and third Friday of each month. Miss Frances Butler was elected president, Miss Verna Payson, vice-president, Miss Adelaide Merriman, secretary-treasurer, and the executive committee appointed consisted of Misses Grace Savage, Winnifred Bradstreet, and Pearle Ober. The late organization of the club has allowed for but few meetings this year, but these have been both helpful and entertaining.

Mr. Mallett spent one evening with the club, giving an informal talk and discussion on parliamentary rules. Information along these lines is one of the needs felt by each member, and from one so familiar with the correct way of conducting a business meeting such valuable knowledge was gladly received.

A social hour devoted to fancy work, and sewing on articles for the Annex has been a part of each meeting, and light, but dainty refreshments have been served. Though a regular date was chosen for the Home Economics Club meetings, Friday evenings are so popular that postponement to Saturday night has often been necessary.

Saturday, May 20, Mrs. Estelle Allen, matron of Purington Hall, gave a very interesting and helpful talk on the management of a large institution, taking the Dormitory as a specific example. Miss Ricker's description of her visit to the iron mines was given in her usual pleasing way, and accompanied by pictures of the locality gave great pleasure to her audience.

With the club well organized it is the desire of its members to broaden more next year, and to devote some time to a discussion of subjects pertaining to self improvement, and to have articles written by different members. These meetings can not but prove beneficial to the young ladies as they go to different localities to take up their work as instructors of Domestic Science, and to perform the varied duties often imposed upon teachers.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

IN accordance with time-honored custom, commencement week will begin with a reception given to members of the graduating classes by Principal and Mrs. Mallett at their home on High Street.

The next event will be the usual baccalaureate services held in the Old South Church at 4 P. M., Sunday afternoon, June 11, the speaker to be Rev. Herbert E. Tilden.

From this point all exercises pertaining to graduation will be of an entirely different character than those of former years. Because 1916 marks the tercentenary anniversary of Shakespeare's death it was thought by members of the faculty in charge that it would be peculiarly fitting to have given in place of the customary essays, extracts from Shakesperean plays—Henry VIII., As You Like It, and Merchant of Venice being the ones chosen.

On account of the great number of townspeople, as well as guests and friends of the graduates who will be desirous of seeing the production, it has been decided to give it on both Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. On Tuesday evening, admission will be charged and it will be open to the public, while on Wednesday evening it will be given for the entertainment of the graduates' friends.

At noon, Thursday, the Alumni dinner will be served at Purington Hall, followed by a business meeting. Thursday evening a program is to be presented consisting of a cantata, "The Lady of Shallott," given by the Glee Club and other musical numbers, after which the State Superintendent, Honorable Payson Smith, LL. D., will address the class and confer the diplomas. A reception to all guests of the evening immediately after the exercises will be held in Merrill Hall and will conclude the graduation exercises.

MY CAMP FIRE

BY PEARL S. HALLWORTH

*The wind blows cold from the icy north,
And down comes the pattering rain;
The gray clouds skelter across the sky,
But the Storm King beats in vain.*

*He beats in vain at my oaken door—
My cabin is warm and tight.
The storm may battle and rage without—
My fire burns cheery and bright.*

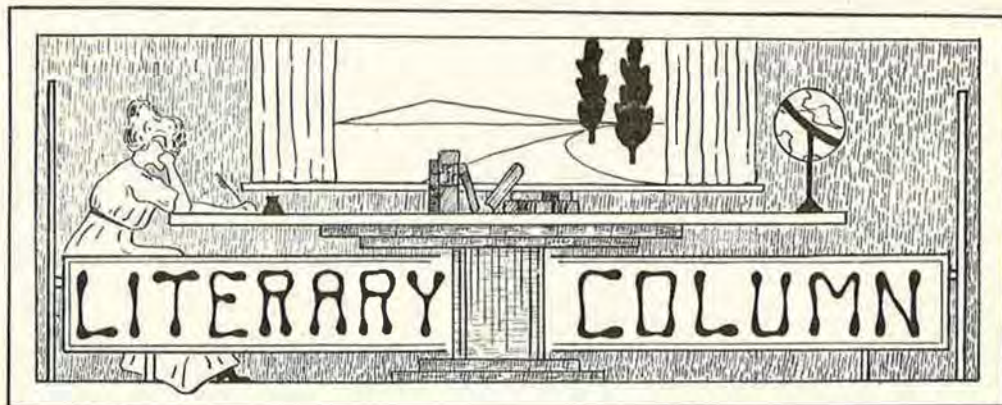
*Oh! what do I care for your rain and your hail,
Your wind that goes blustering by?
The logs are crossed on my open hearth
And the quivering flame leaps high.*

*You cannot enter my cabin strong,
O Storm King mighty and bold!
You cannot smother my leaping flame
With your sleet and your snow and your cold.*

*O Sorrow and Trial as stern as the storm,
You may thunder in vain at my soul!
You never shall quench the warm flame of my
heart*

That quivering leaps to its goal.

*May it burn all the brighter for turbulent winds,
For the need of its flame will be more;
And lend its warm glow to a shivering friend
Who has let the storm open his door.*



THE VALUE OF CURRENT HISTORY IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM

READ AT THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION,
FARMINGTON, APRIL 28, 1916

A FEW months ago an examination was given at New York University, at Bowdoin College, and at a selected university in the Middle West on the European War. The results were widely noticed in the papers under such headlines as these: "College men fail in quiz on the war." "Test in three universities show college men woefully ignorant of current events." "Questions about men named daily in the papers brought forth ludicrous replies."

As is always the case in a test on general information there was cause for amusement in many of the answers. The ruler of England was named as Edward VI. or George III., IV. or VI., and the ruler of Italy as Victor Emmanuel XXIX. Winston Churchill was a popular choice for Premier of England, President Poincaré was thought to be a French artist, and Venizelos a Mexican rebel. Salonica was located in Poland and Montenegro upon nearly every sea in Europe and Western Asia. But the results would have been the same in any school in which students were unprepared for such a test, and I, for my part, have much sympathy for the pupils who are subjected to one. What honors would we older ones bear off

if we were asked without warning to locate Kut-el-Amara or explain why the German Emperor is not the Emperor of Germany?

One writer, in speaking of such examinations, says they are intended to ensnare rather than to inform. There is some truth in the criticism, yet such tests do show, without doubt, that there is a lack of intelligent and systematic reading of periodicals among students, and that such a habit, for the purpose of becoming informed upon matters of current interest, must receive an impetus from without.

A little more than a year ago, stimulated by the interest in foreign affairs that arose with the breaking out of the war, it was decided in one of our classes to devote one of the recitation periods each week to a discussion of current history, and it has seemed worth while to continue the practice since. Such a plan has obtained favor in many schools and has been made the more practicable by the coöperation of the publishers of certain periodicals, like the Outlook, the Independent and the Literary Digest, who offer reduced rates for classroom use. We were aided by a reading-table well supplied with the best papers and magazines, but a little experience soon showed that it was desirable for each pupil to have her own paper as well, that the class might be held responsible for a definite amount of reading,

and we have used the Literary Digest and the Outlook with satisfactory results.

The work has been done under many limitations. The time which can be devoted to it is brief and the demands of a crowded program do not admit of extended study and research. The object has been, not to make a thorough study of the great questions of the day, which would be impossible under the existing conditions, but to awaken an interest in the times in which we live and to realize in some degree how much of history is being made here and now.

With this end in view we have tried to learn something of the great national issues in our own country, to follow the course of the war and trace its causes to past conditions, and to become familiar with the names of men prominent in various spheres of world activity. We have studied with the map of Europe constantly before us and our geographical horizon has been broadened. Incidentally we have added to our vocabulary terms used in modern history such as ultimatum, propaganda, protocol, Pan-American, hyphenated-American, de facto government, pacifist and others, some of which are still too recent to have found their way to the pages of the dictionary.

In the classroom the formality of the usual lesson period has been dispensed with in a measure, and no two recitations follow the same order. Sometimes subjects are assigned to special pupils, and we have had reports upon the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the prison camps of the warring nations, the need of improved aerial service in our army, the system of military service in Switzerland and many others. One pupil expressed an interest in the recent changes of government in China and gave an excellent report upon that subject. Sometimes a list of questions is given on articles assigned for class reading; frequently pupils give three-minute talks upon topics of their own selection, and occasionally a period devoted

to the study of cartoons has met with the approval of the class, which I consider a most effective means for teaching history.

As to results, I cannot claim that all pupils receive equal benefit. Now and then a girl honestly confesses that she is less interested in current topics than in text-book history, but more often one who has known little of what is going on in the world of science, or politics, or education, awakes to the fact that she is living in a wonderfully interesting age. I remember a year ago a girl who said at the beginning of the term, "Oh, no, I never read the papers, I am not interested in the war." But within a week she was asking questions about the great outbreak which marked the beginning of a genuine and increasing interest.

In an examination given last winter I asked the members of the class their estimate of the value of current history to those who expected to become teachers, and among the answers received were these: that it enables the teacher to answer questions that the pupils may ask and to talk intelligently with people; that it keeps her from getting into ruts; that it cultivates sympathy, encourages a taste for good reading, and cultivates the power of expression. One pupil said: "By the study of current history we are broadened intellectually and geographically." "Geographically broadened" I am sure we were.

In giving my own estimate of what seems to me especially worth while in this work, I would like to emphasize three things:

First, that it teaches discrimination in the reading of periodicals. One has only to read the headlines of the newspapers to realize how little they serve as a guide to that which it is worth our while to know. Nevertheless the newspaper is an indispensable factor of our modern life. What we have to do is to get from it what is profitable on the one hand and to avoid a foolish waste of time on the other. To know what

it will profit us to read and what to pass over and to regulate wisely the time thus spent involves a training of judgment that may well begin here.

In the second place it awakens an interest in the time in which we live; in its astonishing progress in science and invention; in the great political issues, the settlement of which will determine the trend of future history; in the social questions that are peculiar to our day. And though these things can only be touched upon superficially, may not such an interest lay the foundation for a wider intelligence and a broader sense of citizenship?

In the third place it shows that all history is one. In magnitude of operations, in the tremendous costs involved, and in its far-reaching results, the present war surpasses any other in the world's history. But its significance cannot be understood without a knowledge of its relation to past events. The Balkan wars, the Franco-Prussian war, the Napoleonic campaigns, the unification of Germany, the development of industries, trade and colonization were all contributing causes. Out of the present conflict a new Europe will arise, and to follow the course of the present war will be to become familiar with a great period that will link past and future history.

Perhaps I should not close without referring to the original form of the subject and laying stress upon the vitalizing influence of current history. The point I would emphasize is this: that what is taking place in the world to-day—not only the wars that are going on, but the manifestations of all the forces that go to the shaping of civilization—is history. We do not need to wait for the record to be bound in books. History is a living, continuous thing. In reality there is no present history for the future is hourly becoming the past and the events of 1914 are already behind us.

If, then, the teacher can make alive that

period of which the pupil feels himself to be a part, may not the interest thus aroused create a desire to learn of the causes that underlie the wonderful development and stirring events of this twentieth century, and serve as one means to vitalize what should be one of the most engrossing subjects of the school curriculum?

Hortense M. Merrill.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

JUNE had come, beautiful, beautiful June! The very best month of the year for a good time—but, O how hateful it was to know at the end of this beautiful month one had to do something which one actually hated. So thought June Cornell as she stood this morning, waiting for the little brown racer that would presently dash around the bend into view.

Jack Lyons had come to this quiet little village about a month before and as any good fellow with common sense would do, had chosen to pay his attentions to the prettiest, most accomplished and most attractive girl in town—June Cornell.

From Jack Lyons' appearance one would judge him to be the "petted only son" for he had all that the only son could wish, although this boy worked for what he got and worked hard.

He had made up his mind to tell all this to June this very afternoon and thus decide his fate. As he whirled along to her in his little car, he thought of how he would tell her and of how happy he would be. Then came dreams of the little cottage that he himself would design. He could even picture her among the flowers and, strange to relate, he never once thought of her refusing him. Jack had always managed to get everything he wished. Would he get June? Well, he would find out anyway.

As he neared the house he saw June waiting for him and wondered who wouldn't adore her. She was dressed in white, but her

motor veil failed to conceal all those curly locks which peeped out from under it as if to be inquisitive and see all the sights.

The usual conventional conversation took place for the first part of the ride, but finally those indescribable pauses came which are so difficult to "fill in."

The plan was to drive in the car to the foot of Mt. Caska and climb to the top, where they would have their lunch which they had brought with them and entertain themselves with the view and books for a couple hours, then return in time for the theatre party that evening.

The lunch was delightful, the view excellent, and the company left nothing to be desired, but, sad to say, the books were entirely forgotten. "O, June, just look at that little nook down there; let's go down." "All right, I'm coming." But as June turned to go her foot slipped and she would have fallen had it not been for Jack who caught her. For the fraction of a moment she lay in his arms and then—the whole story came out—he told her all his plans, all his hopes. Would she come with him to that little home of happiness? As he told her of his love, June's mind rushed back to one other night long, long ago in her childhood when she had promised her father on his deathbed to marry his adviser when she was old enough. O, the horrors of it all! Tomorrow the announcement of her engagement would be made and she would be so unhappy. How could she tell Jack she didn't care when she loved him so much. She couldn't and she wouldn't! But he was waiting; what should she say?

"June, June, are you coming to breakfast? You'll be late for your motor trip." It was her mother's voice calling her. She sat up in bed and laughed. Of course it was all a horrible dream and she was engaged to Jack—as she had been for four whole days.

Ola Fairbanks.

LOBSTER FISHING

"FOUR o'clock! Come, get up, if you want to go lobstering with us!"

Out we jump in the cold, frosty air and hustle into the heavy clothing that has been laid out for us. Indeed, we want to go, for now is our chance to see how real live lobsters are caught.

Breakfast is over and with our friend, whom we will call Captain Wood, and his crew of three men we hasten to the shore. Here by the aid of lantern light we don oil clothes and rubber boots, for it is very rough and it will not do for us to get wet, for we are to be gone all day.

We take our dinner pails and get into the dory which one of the men rows to Captain Wood's sloop, which is anchored in a small harbor.

As the captain and one of the men are below, starting the engines and getting under way, we look around us. Why it is quite a large boat that we are on! There is a large deck, part of which is left open to stand on. The other part is lower and is partitioned off into places for the hoisting engine and to put the lobsters in. There is a small room below, fitted with a small table, tiny stove, and four bunks. Off this is an open space where the engines are, two in number—the men do not run any risks—so if one engine fails to work, the other may be used.

Now let us go up on deck again and watch them hoist the large sail, to make use of the breeze which is blowing.

You ask what those cage things are, piled up at the stern of the boat. Sh! don't let anyone hear you ask that. Why, those are the lobster traps. Let us go over near them and I will explain how they are made.

First, they make a frame just the length of a lath and about two feet wide. On each end of this a piece of hoop-shaped pine is fastened, which gives the rounding shape to the top of the trap. This frame is covered with laths placed their own width apart.

At the top a small door is hinged on with strips of leather, so that the lobsters may be taken out. Each end is fitted with a net left open in the center, by being strung on a hoop. It is through this hoop that the lobster gets into the trap. From the top of the trap there is hung at each end a small bait-bag, filled usually with herring.

So time passes in conversation until we are about twenty miles out from shore, at the place where the day's work of hauling and setting the traps begins. The sail is furled; one man tends the engine, to stop it at the right time; another steers to the buoys, which indicate where the traps are. This is an art which requires much skill, for it is very hard work to steer a boat against tide and wind to just the spot where you want it.

Now they are ready for work. The large engine is stopped, and the little hoisting engine is started. Around goes the wheel that winds up the warp. Up it comes foot on foot and then the trap appears.

Let us gather close and see the lobsters. "Why, they are green!" you say. Of course they are green. Why, did you really expect to see them red? It is only after they are cooked that they change to that color. "Why do they measure them?" Because they are not allowed, by law, to keep any under nine and a half inches in length. Of course this is done, but they do it at the risk of having to pay five dollars apiece for them if caught by the warden.

Thus they haul them in, take out the long ones and put them in the bin, throw the small ones back into the water, bait up the trap and lower it again, for the next day's fishing.

We find that it is very hard to locate the buoys when the tide is running out, because of the undertow which hauls them from sight under the water. But after about eight hours' work we are ready to start for home.

We find a smart wind blowing which

makes it very choppy, and the spray flies high as the boat beats back and forth to get the benefit of the wind.

Here we are again in the little harbor, just as it is getting dark. The sail is furled, the engines are covered for the night, and the sloop is fastened to the mooring, but the work for the day is not over by any means, for the lobsters have to be cared for.

A short distance from the sloop we see moored a large box made of heavy wood, the pieces being far enough apart to allow the water to pass through readily. This is divided into an upper and a lower part and each of these is divided in turn. Each compartment is accessible by a trap door at the top.

Now the lobsters are taken and a tiny wooden wedge is placed in each claw to keep them from biting each other. Then they are placed in the car where they are fed herring and different sea fish until they are either shipped to the city by rail, or sold to a boat called a smack, which comes around gathering them up.

Thus the fishermen go day after day, unless it is very rough, and the rough wind storms are very disastrous to the traps, as so many of them are lost and torn to pieces by being dragged about on the sea bottom. Although the work is hard and the gear very expensive, the lobster fishermen make a great deal of money, and a day's haul yielding thirty or forty dollars is not at all unusual.

Hazel Weston.

"THE IMPORTANT RULE"

"THERE, now, if that isn't the meanest, hatefulest thing that ever happened, I should like to know. Just as I expected though." Thus spoke, or rather scolded Mildred Bordman as she burst into her room, flung her books in all directions and deposited herself in a heap on the window seat. "Oh, Judith, for goodness sake, take your head out of that book and listen to me."

"Yes, dearie, in just a minute," said her roommate, Judith Burleigh, sweetly.

"But it's important and, oh dear! I tell you it is downright hateful, plagued old tests! Judith, listen to me! I don't see why I ever came to such an awful school anyway. Rules, rules, rules! That's all you hear every time you turn around and the very ones that you desire lenient have 'Important' before them in bright red ink. Judith May Burleigh, you unlikable prig, all you care about is studying. You must listen to me."

"Please be quiet just a minute longer, sweetie, until I look up this last word," said the placid Judith. "There, honey, it's done! Now what's this you were chattering about?"

"Well, if you had listened you would have known. I knew you didn't know a word I said; you certainly are dead to the world when you are penetrating a book, even if it is only an old Latin grammar, but now that you are at last back to earth just read this note — no, I'll read it to you."

Dear Milly:

Our team is going to Farnham, Wednesday next. Can't you come down and enjoy the game? Get up a crowd if you can and we will have a little theater party in the evening and then send the girls back in autos. The team will stay in Farnham anyway, Wednesday night.

Let me know how many can come, so that I can put the same number of fellows wise. Of course you had better bring along a chaperon. Remember I like Mrs. Cooly best but Mrs. Hadly will do if you can't get anyone else.

Now, kid, if you can't get the crowd, you must come over anyway, and after the game I will take you to dinner and give you the time of your young life.

The game is called for 2.30, so you had better come out on the 12.15 train that gets into Farnham at about 2.10.

Write to me to-night sure, and don't miss this dandy chance of enjoying life.

Love from

Bill.

"Now what do you think of that? Everything favorable, and just think of our ride home! Why, Judith, there is a full moon Wednesday night."

"Why, Mildred, you aren't thinking of going are you?"

"Thinking of going! Say, child, what have I been talking about for the last half hour?"

"But don't you know that we can't go anywhere except on Friday nights? Why, it's our most strict rule."

"Rules, rules, there you go on rules again. I don't see that it makes any difference when or where we go as long as we get our lessons."

"But it is a rule so we have to keep it, but, anyway, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we have exams, and that means plugging and no fun. Here it is Monday and we haven't done a bit of reviewing yet."

"Oh, piffles with your exams! I wish mother was near enough to telephone. I'd get her to say I could go. She'd let me quick enough as long as Billy boy wanted me. She'd think anything was perfect if that blessed brother of mine thought so."

"Well, your mother isn't here and you know what they are here as regards rules so —"

"There you go harping on rules again."

"So I suppose you might as well call the thing off. Goodness! I mustn't waste any more time but must get at my German. Have you done any yet?"

"Done any? Of course not. I can't waste my time doing that foolish rubbish before I have to. Don't you suppose, Judy dear, that I could go, even if the rest couldn't? You see mother likes to have us see each other just as often as possible."

"But when would you get your reviewing done?"

"Oh, I could take my chances."

"Well, go find out, you never can tell."

For five minutes the room was very quiet.

Judith plugged away at her German and Mildred sat in deep thought watching her roommate. Then after reading her brother's letter again she went to her desk and took out a little rule book. Yes, there it was; the rule was certainly there and before it loomed, in the brightest of red ink, that abominable word "Important." She had not been mistaken, so there would be no use in asking. One more minute Mildred hesitated and then she snatched up a pencil and scribbled the following note:

My own dear, darling, thoughtful brother Billy:

I have been in a perfect storm ever since I got your note, but now the calm has come and the sun is again shining. I can't go Wednesday for this reason — Important: Rule VII.

No pupil is allowed to leave the campus any evening in the week excepting Friday, Saturday or Sunday, and then only after having obtained permission.

You know it is the important things in life that count most and as Wendell Phillips has said, "Common sense does not ask an impossible chessboard, but takes the one before it and plays the game." I guess that fits me and I'd be a poor sport if I did not submit gracefully and console myself with Tyron Edwards' words, "The most we get out of life is its discipline for ourselves."

Here's hoping you beat them all to nothing and don't get knocked out Wednesday.

Lovingly,

Milly.

Doris Shepherd.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1916

ON the afternoon of September 15, 1914, a hot, tired and dusty crowd of girls and boys (emphasis on the boys) arrived at Farmington among whom about one hundred and fifteen were to meet the following morning for the first time as a class at Merrill Hall in the Farmington Normal school.

We arrived a week late because the work on the new dormitory had been delayed and we certainly found the dormitory in a very

unfinished condition, but we were willing to overlook this and looked forward to the time when it would be completed. We were proud to have the honor of being the first class to live in this fine new building.

The next day was bright and sunny, so they say, we didn't think much about the weather, and at nine-thirty we found ourselves seated on our side of Merrill Hall. We were welcomed by Mr. Mallett and were then told to go to Room 5. After much confusion and wandering about we found the room, and after the stray ones had found the way to us the rules of the school were read by Mr. Mallett, special emphasis being placed upon Rule 3. When we came to Normal we thought that thirteen was an unlucky number, but many of us have found that the three is the unlucky part of it.

On Friday evening of the first week a social was given in honor of our class by the Christian Association, the purpose of which was to help us to get acquainted with one another. Every one seemed to enjoy herself and we were certainly made to feel more at home.

Sometime during the term we had a children's party at the dormitory. Each one dressed as a little girl and little girls' games were played which was not a hard task for most of us. Every one had a good time.

At Hallowe'en a candy pull was enjoyed in the laundry and we were allowed to stay up until the unusually late hour of ten-thirty. At the close of the candy pull we came to the conclusion that ours was a "stuck up" class.

On May 15, our class, then the D, gave the D Hop in honor of the graduating class. The affair was informal and was a great success. Mosher's Orchestra furnished the music and refreshments of punch and fancy crackers were served. The committee consisted of Margaret Goulding, Jeannette Lander, Frances Dyer, Jennie Ellsworth,

Clara Bacon, Berneice Barker, Ruby Small, Ethel Asnault and Helen Lawrence.

The two delegates chosen from our class to represent the Christian Association at the Silver Bay Conference, Lake George, N. Y., were Clara Bacon and Helen Gale. As Miss Gale was unable to go, Frieda Knauff was sent in her place. They had a very pleasant and profitable trip.

Commencement week found our class quite large although there were a number of changes, some having left school and new ones having entered. The graduating exercises were held June 17 and we all looked forward to the time when we should receive our O. M. degree.

The next morning all we girls left for our homes, most of our class planning to return the next fall and resume our work at Farmington Normal.

"Farmington, all change" was the cry we heard as the train rolled into the station on September 8, 1915. Back for the second year at Farmington Normal.

On a bright pleasant Tuesday morning (we noticed the weather a little more this time) we took our new places on the south side of Merrill Hall, proud to be known as the upper class girls. We found quite a change in our class; the number was diminished to about one-half. Cupid had captured a few. Jeannette Lander had been one of his victims, the previous B reception having furnished him the opportunity for shooting his darts.

The social life at the dormitory during the fall term consisted of dancing and jolly sings in the living room, but the event of the term was the candy pull given in the laundry by Mrs. Allen. We had not lost any of our arrogance for we were still "stuck up."

The B class met and organized in the winter term. The class officers chosen were Esther Tarr, president; Clara Bacon, vice-president; Peg McQuaide, secretary; Ruby

Fuller, treasurer. The executive committee consisted of Ethel Asnault, Helen Lawrence, Gretchen Merrill and Blanche Fitzhenry.

On Friday night, February 25, the B reception was given by our class. In spite of the stormy weather the hall was well filled with students and guests. The decorations were in green and white and wistaria. A reception and social hour preceded the dancing. Mosher's orchestra furnished the music and a concert was given from eight to nine. We considered it one of the best receptions ever given. There were many guests from out of town. What control of emotions and what strength of will power was shown by our class in letting all the so called men go home *the next morning*.

The Arbor Day exercises were held May 12, and our lively, merry, jovial class, with long faces marched seriously, soberly, slowly down the aisle as if going to its own execution, but for all of that the way in which the exercises were conducted is indeed a credit to the class. The readings and essays were very well given and the musical selections helped to make the afternoon a success. Our class has the honor of being the first to plant a vine at Purington Hall.

For several reasons, the chief one being "I'm broke," a phrase not uncommon among us, our class decided to go to Clearwater on Class Day, instead of going to Rangeley as has been the usual custom.

Since this year is the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare it was decided to observe commencement week with Shakespearean plays instead of the usual exercises. It was not with difficulty that Mrs. Palmer and the faculty found among us kings, queens, dukes, fools, etc. Before this we had not realized our positions, or in what a democratic institution our parents had put us. Can we ever come down to believe that "all men are created equal?" We will hope we can and do for our pupils what our highly respected faculty has done for us

and go in the same road which they have shown us, that the children whom we will teach may find their classes as helpful and inspiring as ours have been.

Agnes L. Gray.

PROPHECY—CLASS OF 1916

Varnum's Pond, June 25, 1926.

DEAR BERTA: I am sitting on the bank at Varnum's—just as near the pond as I can get without tumbling in. It's a mighty cosy spot but rather cramped quarters just here. You'd think old Varnum's would be polite enough to move over and give me more room, wouldn't you? Do you remember those two glorious days the Camp Fire girls had here with Miss Stone and Miss Walker, that first spring at Normal? I've been thinking of that all morning, partly because I am here at Varnum's, I suppose, and partly because I received the Class letter just a few days ago; and so my thoughts keep coming back to the girls of our class.

I am always surprised not to find a letter from you in the "Round Robin," Berta. It does seem as if you should have been in 1916's class. I'll write you what news I can remember from the letter.

You know that Ethel Asnault went through college, didn't you? Well, the next year she was asked to go back to college as a student-teacher. She is now teaching psychology at Cornell University.

Esther Simpson is in New York City, receiving an enormous salary as a model for a 5th Avenue costume shop.

Adelaide Hooker and Helen Walker are running a wonderfully attractive tea-room in Brunswick. Maybe I wrote you that I happened in there once last fall. They're having all kinds of success. Winifred Bradstreet was with them for a while, but she has given that up and is now teaching camp-cookery to a class of Bowdoin men. I don't remember what her sister is doing.

Lucile Walker wrote from some place in South America. She taught in Porto Rico two or three years, didn't she? She is evidently very much interested in South American schools just at present. The men down there are especially good-looking, she writes.

Several more of the girls are sticking to the profession. Hazel Bailey, Mildred Wright, and Isla Mower have started a private school near Augusta. Vannie Oakes has proved a very efficient teacher in Waterville. Clara Bacon is a kindergarten teacher in Hartford, Conn.

You know all that Margaret Welch has been doing, of course. Wouldn't she have been surprised if she had known in Normal days that she was to be Miss Walker's assistant in Manual Training? We never dreamed the Manual Training Department would grow to need an assistant so quickly.

Nina wrote a lovely letter and sent a picture of her little girl. She was the first of our class to be married, wasn't she? Grace is married, too. She is still keeping up her Camp Fire work, as guardian, though. Did you see her name in the last "Wohelo?" She has earned several National Honors. Edith Merrill was visiting her when the Class letter reached Grace, so they wrote together. Edith has just invented some sort of a cooking utensil and she made a good thing on it too.

Say, Berta, have you seen and heard "Chunk" Lawrence? I reckon no other impersonator has ever produced so hilarious an effect on an audience—and the effects are rather lasting too! The day after hearing her I laughed about three million times.

"Rufus" has a splendid position as an accompanist. You know she graduated from the Conservatory after only three years of study there, and since then has become a favorite pianist in Boston. Her roommate, Helen Beane, taught only one year and then married the man who was so faithful in Normal days. I saw her not

long ago and I assure you her old happy expression has increased in happiness. She is an ideal home-maker, I hear.

Do you remember Beatrice Mitchell? This may be just gossip, but it came fairly straight—that she has been engaged no less than *seven* times!

Speaking of engagements, Gladys Cobb has submitted to that state of subjugation. She has traveled and traveled and traveled ever since Normal days till now, but she is soon to settle down in Farmington to oversee her interest in the hardware store.

Stelle Ritchie is doing splendid work as matron of an Orphans' Home. She's making life really worth living for those children.

Marion Clark is a widow with a large income which she is extravagantly spending on gorgeous hats and gowns.

Sadie taught "down home" for a while and then trained for a nurse. She is in Farmington now, but she intends soon to practice "down home."

It didn't take A. Merriman long to reach the top of the ladder. She is Head of H. A. in the state of Vermont. But, before the position was given her she was obliged to sign a pledge of good behavior, which, for one thing, contained a promise to use the stairs on all possible occasions and to avoid the quicker descent by means of banisters.

Gladys Morrill and Bertha White taught for a couple of years, but are now running an embroidery shop in Lewiston.

Guess which one of our class married an English nobleman? Marion Baker! According to her letter he is *noble* in more ways than one, and she evidently is having a *noble* time out of life.

Esther Tarr and Aggie wrote interesting accounts of their "doin's." I saw them not long ago in Auburn. They are living together in a little cottage; Aggie does the housework and Esther teaches music. My first sight of them gave me a confused and

mixed up impression for the faces seemed to go with the wrong persons. Aggie was thin, and Esther was *not*. Overwork had caused Aggie to grow thin. Esther had acquired an enormous appetite and along with it about a hundred pounds gain in weight.

Mattie Dingley is teaching at home at West Farmington. Hazel Colbath is at home too, giving lessons in dancing. Edith Wiggin is married and is sharing her knowledge of cooking, learned at Normal, by teaching cookery to a class of neighbors.

Of course you know "Peg" is a lecturer. She is very popular, especially in girls' colleges, where she lectures on a variety of subjects. Summers she devotes to the management of a girls' camp.

Last winter when I was in Boston I called to see Gretchen in her Bohemian-like studio. When I happened in, there were several people lounging about the room, discussing Gretchen's most recent novel, which is illustrated by sketches of her own. They were also planning a coming festivity which was to be original, non-conventional, and as queer as possible. Such a care-free bunch I never saw before! When you go to Boston, don't miss going into that studio, will you? That is, if Gretchen *happens* to be still there.

Well, Berta, I shall expect a similar donation of news when *your* Class letter comes to you. Shall I receive one, do you think? Where is Adria now, do you know? What are you doing for excitement?

Heaps of love for you,

Doris.

It is a beautiful evening the fifteenth of June, 1921. Just five years since I was graduated from Farmington Normal school! Where are the other members of my class? Scattered far and wide throughout the world.

Loretta is traveling in Europe as companion of a wealthy lady. The lady pays her a good salary and furnishes the money

for expenses, but Loretta has to attend to all the "Bills."

I hear that Lelia Gerry is abroad, too, studying music. I am sure her career as a singer will be successful. She wrote to me that she was much interested in the progress of Ellen Glover in the musical world. Ellen taught for some time but found that music had greater charms for her than teaching. She is somewhere in New Hampshire pursuing her studies under the guidance of a young friend there.

How hard it is to foretell the future of your friends! Ellen Glover, who always so steadily refused to show her musical talent, becoming a musician, while her roommate, Margaret Goulding, is a famous dancing teacher! Who would have thought her to be so inclined, who was always the calm, quiet girl of the blue eyes?

One of our class, Albra Foss, has achieved fame as authoress of the book "Hints to Tall People."

Bessie Higgins is the good-natured wife of a prosperous farmer in Clinton. I wonder if he is one of the many "brothers" whose pictures she used to have in her room at school. She has a boarder now, Mabel Hall, who is teaching in that vicinity.

What a variety of occupations is available to students of the Household Arts Course. Maude Bridges, one of those students, is demonstrator of the Campbell canned goods. Maude Huckins is her assistant. *She* was always fond of that brand.

Helen Kidder, another Household Arts girl, has charge of the course in Domestic Science in the Waterville schools. Katherine Bradstreet is successfully teaching Domestic Science near her home in Aroostook county.

Frieda is the beloved teacher of the little Presque Isle children. She taught in Waterville a while but could not long resist the charms of Aroostook county and its people.

Everyone knows that fine potatoes are

raised in Aroostook; one girl at Normal school used to be more delighted, however, with the brook trout raised there. It must have been this which caused her to go to Aroostook to teach. But sad to tell, the profession has lost another of its best followers for Christine Johnson is now not only delighted with the fish, but also with the fisherman.

Edna Emery—I can never think of her but I hear that boisterous, hearty laugh ringing in my ears. She was a jolly one! She and Alice Hinds were two of Miss Abbott's faithful bird hunters. They are still hunting birds, studying their habits in this land and others, getting material for a set of books which will no doubt be of benefit to all people who possess it.

Hazel Lathe and Beulah Hammond have gone far to teach. Hazel back to the Southland and Beulah back to the West. But so has Bernice Gracie. She is teaching in California—happy, except for one thing—she cannot go sliding in the winter.

Erna Haskell Delano, who was married before graduation, is still living in the West.

Cupid has snatched two others from the teaching force of Maine. We feared five years ago that his darts had pierced the hearts of Maud Marston and Elva Fuller, and now we know it. Maude became the wife of a schoolmaster after teaching for two years. Elva, whose actions ever showed speed, was married immediately after commencement.

No such thing for the hardened man-hater, Helen Gale. No! that girl with the mild and kindly eye is a staunch supporter of the suffragettes and although not one of the extreme ones, yet her eyes snap when she declaims with great vehemence the usurpation of women's rights by men.

Few special courses are offered at Normal school but Ruby Fuller took one in chemistry. She became very much interested in the study of it and later took a more ex-

tended course in it at Bates college. She is now science teacher in a Massachusetts High school.

Asha Lawry has become a professional basketball coach. We might have foreseen that when at school, because of her fine plays.

I hear that a lunch room has been opened by Ethel Gilman near the Normal building for the accommodation of the students. I am sure it will be a success.

Nellie Elden and Pearl Magoon were always interested in agriculture. They took a course in it at the University of Maine and have a fine poultry farm in Harmony.

Ola Fairbanks is teaching in western Maine. She still goes about her work as happy as the birds that "Carol(1)" in the trees and the brook that murmurs over the "Stone(s)."

Blanche Dow has dressmaking rooms at Eastport. Several girls are in her employ and she is doing well. We are sure she must be happy, now that she no longer has the whispering of the pupils in a schoolroom to trouble her.

Blanche Fitzhenry? It was ever hard to keep track of her—she did so flit about from one thing to another, from place to place, from man to man. Now it was a professor, now a student of medicine. His medicine must have been just what she needed to quiet her nerves for she is still under his care.

But her roommate has grown very daring. No sooner had she begun to get prosperous teaching than she bought a Ford and now drives recklessly about, at times, almost breaking the 15-mile speed limit.

Winifred Gould is a dentist's assistant, as we expected she would be, and I am sure she is very happy in her work.

A large fortune fell to Stella Hallowell soon after she left Normal school. She has a fine home in New York where she is active in philanthropic work. She still spends her

summers at Bemis. Doris Lake is with her a great deal for she is doing settlement work in New York and, as always, is very happy in serving others.

Oh, that I might let my thoughts dwell longer on my classmates, but Nature persists in her demands that after a hard day sleep must come. But all are remembered—none forgotten. May they all be happy in the work which they have chosen or which necessity has thrust upon them.

Clara M. Bacon and Doris Lake.

THE EXCITING DREAM

ONCE a little girl, named Alice, was sitting by the fireplace. She saw a little object with sparkling eyes come up to her. It said "Squeak! Squeak! Good-morning! Good-morning! Your cat caught my child. I want you to come to my house." So he touched her with his wand and took her to the hole in the cellar. He told her when she went up to kill the cat and take away all the traps.

Then the girl woke up and found it was a dream. She said, "It is too bad it wasn't true. It was so exciting."

Darold Nickerson.

(Ten years old.) (Training school.)

THE ARITHMETIC BOOK

I AM the Arithmetic book and, if you don't mind, I am coming out to peek around. It seems such a lovely morning, it sometimes makes me wish that I was a little boy and could run about and play too.

I notice that some of the boys and girls don't like me as well as they do my playmate, the Algebra book. Perhaps the Algebra book has newer leaves and is better looking. But, no, I don't think it is that. I think that my pages are full of hard, puzzling questions which sometimes the pupils can't answer.

I have been handled for many years by

different people. Sometimes they are rough boys, who tear my pages and write on my leaves. Later, some teacher comes and takes me and mends me up. Then I am quite happy.

But my work in this room is nearly over, for just the other day I heard a teacher whisper that there were some new Arithmetic books coming for the Second Grammar room. I can't imagine what they will do with me.

Mabel Nottage.

(Fourteen years old.) (Training school.)

THE ICE INDUSTRY ON THE KENNEBEC

IF, perchance, some beautiful summer day you were to take the trip up the Kennebec river, by boat, from Bath to Gardiner or Augusta, one of the numerous things which would demand your attention, would be the huge, homely, wooden ice-houses which line the banks of the river all along the way.

Most of them belong to the American Ice Company. Years ago an extensive industry was carried on, and enormous amounts of ice were yearly taken from the river, and shipped to all parts of the world.

But in these days of artificial ice, the houses stand silent, and for the most part empty, while occasionally one of them catches fire in some mysterious way, and then — what a glorious bonfire it makes!

However, although there is not much foreign trade, considerable ice is still taken yearly from the river for local use, by ice dealers in the different towns and cities along the banks, and it is a very interesting sight to watch a company of men at work.

The ice has to be about eighteen or twenty inches thick before it is ready to cut, and for days before the cutting the men anxiously test it daily.

First, all the snow is scraped off by means of snow scrapers drawn by horses. Sometimes there is a thin coating of snow ice underneath, and this also has to be scraped and planed off. Then the ice is marked off into blocks with "markers," and grooves are cut by means of a plow especially constructed for that purpose. Parallel grooves are cut first nearly through the ice, and then at right angles other grooves are sawed, or the ice is pried apart, one block at a time, the blocks being perhaps three or four feet square.

Then the ice is taken out of the water by means of hooks, grapples, and iron bars, loaded on to long teams and carried off to be put into the local ice-houses.

The blocks of ice are generally hoisted by means of pulleys and an inclined plane, and are tightly and closely packed with sawdust.

Perhaps you would like to know how the ice-houses are constructed. The outer walls generally consist of two or three compartments. Sometimes the outer compartment has just freely circulating air, the middle compartment holds tightly packed sawdust, and the inner compartment is a vacuum. The reason for constructing them like this is to prevent the ice from melting. The building is a wooden structure and is generally well drained, while little window-like openings may be seen along the sides and at the top. These are to insure good ventilation and prevent moisture from gathering.

Edith Chase.



THE FACULTY



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CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

THERE has seemed to be an increasing interest in the work of the Christian Association throughout the year. Nearly two-thirds of the students are members of the Association and nearly half of these are active members, ready and willing to help in every way.

Special music has been provided for nearly every meeting during the spring term. We have tried the plan of having a half hour Sunday vesper service once a month at the dormitory and the result has been very satisfactory.

The delegates who have been chosen to represent our Christian Association at Silver Bay are Helen Mitchell of Litchfield and Florence Cary of Portland. They will attend the Silver Bay luncheon at Orono, May 26, and will start for the Silver Bay conference, June 22.

On Thursday, May 18, the Christian Association was addressed by Miss Christine I. Tinling, who was in town in the interest of the W. C. T. U. Her talk was much appreciated by the students who heard her.

The Christian Association wishes to thank all those who have helped in its prosperity, both by membership and by purchasing chocolate at the weekly sales. May next year show an even greater prosperity in the work accomplished.

SIBOWEYAKA CAMP FIRE

AT the beginning of the fall term many new girls entered school who did not belong to any Camp Fire, but expressed a desire to join. As the two Camps then in school were nearly filled it was thought wise to form a new organization.

Miss Rolfe was selected guardian and seventeen girls formed the Camp. Great interest was shown by both guardian and girls, and soon the required charter was received. Then of course the honors began, and likewise did spring vacation. Every girl had her ceremonial dress to make and a bead or more to earn. O, those beads! It seemed a lot of work, but then they were worth it all, for every one must know what they signify.

The first ceremonial meeting was held at the Teacher's House, April 15. The second was held out of doors around a large fire at the slate quarry. A new member was admitted and enjoyed the bountiful supper prepared by the girls over the fire.

Besides our work we have had time for a little recreation. At the last of the winter term a snow shoeing hike was enjoyed. As the sport was new to some it made it very interesting, especially to those in the party carrying cameras.

Many good times are planned for the spring and summer besides the regular work.

Much credit is due the guardian who has been so enthusiastic and led the girls in so faithful a manner.

ARBOR DAY EXERCISES

ARBOR Day exercises at the Normal school were given in Merrill Hall, Friday afternoon, May 12, under the auspices of the graduating class. The whole class was dressed in white and as they marched in perfect step with their president leading, they presented a beautiful appearance.

Near the close of the program the president gave the class vine into the care of Miss Doris Lake as curator. This and the singing of the school hymn by the school was to have taken place at the dormitory if the weather had been favorable. The program was as follows:

MARCH

READING OF THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION,
Esther H. Tarr, *Class President*

PLANTING A TREE *Richard Watson Gilder*
C. Hazel Lathe

ROBIN'S COME. Soprano, Second Soprano and Alto *Bartlett*
Myrle I. Townsend, Vera I. Catland, Alma M. Wolf, Lelia M. Gerry, Ernestine Strout, Elizabeth A. Scott, Edith C. Chase, Doris C. Shepherd, Priscilla A. Roderick

BIRD-NESTING *Walter Pritchard Eaton*
Maude L. Marston

RING ON YE BELLS. Soprano, Second Soprano and Alto *Abt*
Christine F. Johnson, Verna M. Payson, Clara M. Bacon, U. Florence Duplisea, Doris C. Shepherd, Gretchen Merrill, Lelia M. Gerry, Ernestine Strout, Priscilla A. Roderick

A FOREST WALK *Alfred Billings Street*
Christine F. Johnson

LO, AGAIN 'T IS EVENING. Trio *Veazie*
Lelia M. Gerry, Esther F. Tarr, Clara M. Bacon

OUR FRIENDS THE TREES *Anonymous*
Mildred Wright

A SONG OF SUMMER. Chorus *Gilchrist*
Marion E. Smart, Althine L. Hodgkins, Ernestine Strout, Myrle I. Townsend, Isla M.

Mower, Doris C. Shepherd, Edith C. Chase, Rosa M. Poulin, E. Edna Emery, Drusilla T. Bishop, Lelia M. Gerry, Elizabeth A. Scott, Madeline A. Dalzell, Helen P. Thompson, Alma M. Wolf, M. Fay Dunphy, Vera I. Catland, Ralph G. Oakes, Howard S. Emery
AN ALONQUIN LEGEND *John G. Whittier*
Pearl M. Magoon
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER *Francis Scott Key*
Entire Chorus

THE MASQUERADE SOCIAL

ON the evening of April 14, a very successful masquerade social was held in the Normal hall, under the direction of a committee of which Marian Griffin was chairman. It was a motley crowd that gathered, clowns and farmers, "boys" and girls, desperadoes and Spanish dancers. After all had unmasked and grand marched under the critical eyes of the judges, the prizes were awarded. The beauty prize went to a fair Spanish dancer, Senorita Carolyn A. Stone, by name. The prize for the most ridiculous was presented to a comical clown known as Tommy. The prize for the most original was awarded to the Belgian Widow, Harriet Noyes. After various stunts had been performed, dancing was continued until nearly ten o'clock. The orchestra was very kindly furnished by Mr. Mallett, and came as a great surprise to the gay company.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION

FRIDAY, April 28, the Annual Franklin County Teachers' Convention was held in Merrill Hall, Superintendent Roscoe L. West of Farmington presiding. It opened promptly at 9.30 and continued till noon. In the noon intermission lunch was served by the Soangetaha Camp Fire in Room 8, which was fitted up as a refreshing tea room. Lunch was also served between afternoon and evening sessions of the convention.

Music Farmington High School Orchestra
Devotional Exercises Rev. John S. Pendleton

Address of Welcome Principal W. G. Mallett,
Farmington State Normal School
Response Superintendent R. L. West, Farmington
Business Farmington High School Glee Club
Music "The English Conscience"
Superintendent John A. Cone, Brunswick
"The Victrola in the Public Schools from an Educational Standpoint"
Miss Louise M. Butz,
Farmington State Normal School
"The New Geography Teaching"
Superintendent C. S. Lyman, Hudson, Mass.
Question Box Conducted by State Superintendent Payson Smith

Noon Intermission

Music Normal School Glee Club
"Practical Physics"
E. H. Goodrich, Springfield, Mass.
"How to Vitalize History"
Miss Hortense Merrill, Farmington
Miss Lina C. Weeks, Phillips
Business
"Boys' and Girls' Agricultural Clubs"
Mr. R. P. Mitchell, State Leader of Boys' Clubs
7.30 P. M.

Music Normal School Mandolin Club
Music Normal School Glee Club
"The Human Touch"
Dr. A. S. Phelps, Waterville

BRIEF LOCALS

The class of '06 will hold a reunion on the Thursday of graduation week.

Miss Ricker read a paper at Bethel, May 12, before the convention of Oxford county educators.

Mr. Mallett recently addressed the Parent-Teacher's Association at Rumford. Mrs. Mary Howe Nile of class '95 is president of the association.

The first of April Miss Merrill journeyed to Pittsfield to visit the Maine Central Institute and to study the work of the Normal course of that school.

Friday evening, May 26, George Kleine's presentation of Julius Caesar was given in moving pictures at Music Hall for the benefit of this copy of the Normal school paper.

Friday, May 26, the cooking class of the ninth grade of the Training school gave a successful dinner at 6 o'clock to the mothers of the girls and to Miss Lincoln and Miss Richards.

Friday evening, June 2, Professor J. M. Briscoe of University of Maine gave an illustrated lecture in Merrill hall on "Forest Influences." The slides were exceedingly interesting and through his lecture we learned the value of our forest areas to our general economic welfare.

March 30, Miss Abbott was one of the judges at Kingfield High school of a speaking contest conducted by the North Franklin Interscholastic league. The league consists of Phillips, Kingfield, Strong and Rangeley. Mr. Thomas, on March 23, was a judge at a prize speaking contest at the Livermore Falls High school.

One night at 4.30 all the Camp Fire girls of the school enjoyed a jolly sing of Camp Fire songs in Room 1 under the direction of Mrs. Ingalls. We who are Camp Fire girls not belonging to any local Camp Fire heartily appreciated the privilege of once more joining with sister Camp Fire girls in the singing of those familiar melodies.

The D hop committee, with Harriet Bearce as chairman, arranged a very successful dance which was held in Merrill Hall, Friday evening, May 19. The hall was prettily decorated with evergreens and potted plants, and the reception room was cozy with pillows and comfortable couches. The dancing began about 8.30 and continued, with a short intermission for refreshments, until 11.30.

On Thursday evening, May 18, Miss Christine I. Tinling, formerly of England and now from Virginia, gave a very interesting lecture on teaching temperance and the effects of alcohol and tobacco on the human system. She showed charts which might be used by teachers and opened up a new line

of thought on this subject. Miss Tinling came to us through the efforts of the local W. C. T. U.

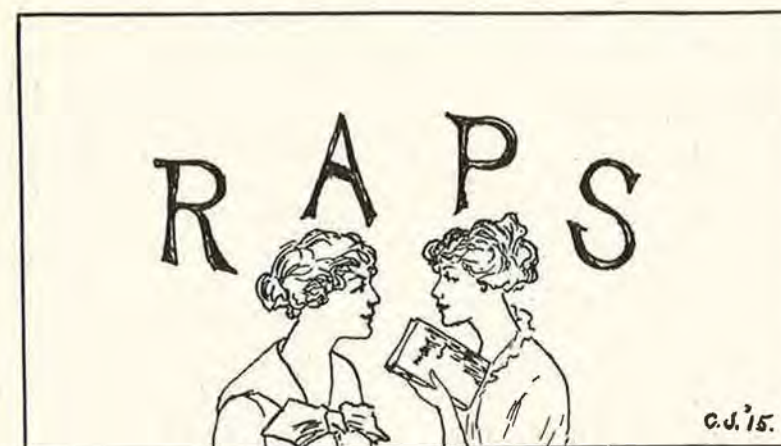
Thursday afternoon, May 25, the members of the A class who elected domestic science as their industrial work, entertained from 4.30 to 5.30 the rest of the class at the Annex. The guests were received by the hostesses and escorted to the dining room where they were served tea, cookies and candy by the girls. The dainties were prepared by the domestic science division under the supervision of Miss Norton.

The A division in Domestic Science gave a delightful "at home" to the Faculty on Thursday, March 9, at the Annex. Tea was served by Miss Vannie Oakes and Miss Edna Emery, while Miss Marion Baker and Miss Beulah Hammond served as waitresses. Each student was responsible for some part of the function and performed her part most creditably. The members of this class are Marion Baker, Edna Emery, Theo Farrington, Beulah Hammond, Hazel Hopkins, Maude Huckins, Annie Mallett, Edith Merrill, Grace Morrill, and Vannie Oakes.



The editorial staff gave an entertainment in Merrill Hall, May 12—the proceeds being used for the benefit of the paper. Several musical numbers and readings were given by members of the school and also a farce entitled, "A Fair Encounter," in which Marian Griffin played the part of a lady and Edith Chase that of her maid. The pantomime, "Wanted—A Wife," acted by Grace Savage, Margaret Nutt, Harriet Noyes, Marian Bryant and Howard Emery caused much laughter in the audience.

The evening before the opening day of the spring term, Prof. W. R. Chapman, with company, gave a delightful concert in Music Hall. The following day he visited the school and upon urgent invitation brought his violinist, Miss Austin, in and she played, while he accompanied her, a selection from Faust. She responded graciously to an enthusiastic encore. The older pupils of the Training school were brought up stairs to enjoy with the school the unusual privilege. Henceforth Farmington Normal school will enthusiastically favor the Maine Music Festival and its great leader.



MISS STONE in U. S. History: "To make the study of history interesting you need to fasten your attention to some man."

In D Cooking: "What is the advantage of using hamburg steak?"

Miss Walker, thoughtfully: "Why, it saves chewing."

Miss Abbott: "Have you found the name of your flower?"

Miss Hazel Smith: "I'm not sure, but I think it answers to this *subscription*."

We wish to inform "Simp" that bees have a proboscis, not a bill.

Miss Merrill: "Who was Browning's greatest contemporary?"

M. Johnson: "His wife."

Miss Hopkins in Botany: "I will analyze this flower and *detect* it."

Mr. Thomas in Physics (drawing the bow across the strings): "Now a *master* violinist can make a tone like this one, while one who isn't so skilled wouldn't be able to get such a tone."

Mr. Mallett in Astronomy: "What things upon the earth does the moon affect?"

Miss G. Merrill: "It affects lovers."

Mr. Mallett: "Just how does it? I'd like to know."

Esther Brown in Domestic Science: "A *small* rag picker goes around and gathers up the waste and sells it to a *big* ragman." We wonder if it is ever the other way about.

Miss Merrill trying to arrange the divisions: "Do you belong in this division, Miss Emery?"

Miss Emery looking around and seeing Mr. Emery: "Well, I guess I don't because Mr. Mallett said that Mr. Emery and Miss Emery would be separated."

Miss Catland in Botany: "I saw a very little bird in an apple tree about as big as a robin."

Miss Porter: "Now can any one tell me what a stanza of four lines is called?"

Pinky with assurance: "A quadruped."

Mr. Thomas in Physics while rubbing a glass rod with silk: "What else am I developing besides positive electricity?"

Miss Emery: "Muscle."

Miss Merrill in Botany: "Mr. Oakes, what is the largest plant you can think of?"

Mr. Oakes after much hesitation and thought: "The sunflower."

Found in E Physiology exam: The special nerve of smell is the *olfactory* nerve. (Miss Porter says that is correct as we would know if we lived near a sardine factory).

Miss Goulding speaking of Shakespeare: "While he was in New York."

Gretchen Merrill: "Next time I go to Boston I am going to Chicago."

Mr. Thomas in Agriculture: "Where do you find springs?"

Miss H. Smith: "In damp places."

G. Merrill: "If the earth stopped rotating the new moon would rise in the west, go over and get full, etc."

Miss Merrill: "It doesn't do any harm to keep a few dates."

Heard quite frequently in the Model school. One of the student teachers: "Please be a little more quieter."

In Gymnasium class. Miss D.: "Take hold of your partner's right hand with your foot."

Edna Emery discussing class invitations: "I should hate to send my people an announcement of my *engagement*."

Miss Butler in sewing: "What is the product called when cotton cloth is treated with an alkali."

Miss Nutt: "Mesmerized (mercerized) cotton."

Miss C. explaining life history of bee: "It first hatches out as a wormless grub."

Miss G. (in mental Arithmetic): "Two-thirds of every thirty girls are boys." (We didn't realize there were so many boys in Normal.)

Heard in Psychology Class: Miss Lincoln: "They say to please the men you should wear blue." (Miss L. in blue dress.)

Mr. T. in Chemistry: "Miss N., what do all acids begin with."

Miss N.: "With A."

Found in E Physiology exam: "The spinal cord is made up of little bony ringlets."

Blanche Smith at the telegraph instrument.

Mr. T.: "How would you send a message?"

Miss S.: "I would take off my switch then send the message."

Miss H. in Modern History: "The Carbonasi excited a resurrection (insurrection.)"

Mr. Thomas, using Miss Shepherd as an atom to illustrate valence: "This is rather a homely illustration but it may help you."

Miss Merrill in Reading: "Planted in damp water."

Miss Asnault: "Name a civil injury."

Miss Walker: "If someone takes a man's horse and rides it without asking him. I mean the man not the horse."

Miss B. in Household Chemistry: "What kind of acid are you using, caustic soda?"

New Versions of Old Texts:

"Many are cold but few are frozen" for "Many are called but few are chosen."

"Don't worry you'll get your quilts all right," in place of "Fear not the comforter cometh."

"Caesar came to a river and he couldn't get across; what did he do?"

"Swam," I suppose."

"No, he used a Ford."

There was recently a duel in Mississippi between a Mr. Knott and a Mr. Shott. The result was Knott was shot and Shott was not. Under the circumstances he would rather have been Shott than Knott.—*Ex.*

Miss Merrill in Literature: "Continue reading, Miss Nelson, standing right where you are on page 180."

Overheard at the D Hop:

Miss G. to Steve: "Oh, yes, I am very confectionery."

Steve: "Do you mean the kind on a stick?"

Miss G., indignantly: "So you think I am a stick. Do you?"

Steve, in confusion: "No, no, I mean a sucker."

Miss Merrill in Botany, explaining the dandelion: "Look at Miss Cobb's. She has a flat head."

THE ALUMNI

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

A MEMBER of the (Second) Class of 1876 of this school was John Arthur Greene, who came here from North Waterford, Maine. Mr. Greene has had a very successful career and is now retiring from a position of high trust and responsibility with the American Book Company.

After graduation Mr. Greene taught two years in the Abbott Family School, and then was for two years principal of the Farmington High school, "In both of which places he was eminently successful," his biographical sketch in the First Quarter Century of the Farmington Normal school reports. He was admitted to the bar in Oxford County in 1880, practised law in Chicago, and then entered the employ of Ivison Blakeman & Co., book publishers.

For about twenty-five years he has been connected with the American Book Company, latterly as a manager. He now retires from active participation with that company.

Dr. Winship of the New England Journal of Education says of him, "In capacity, in comradeship, and in character John Arthur Greene has been second to no one whom we have known."

MARRIAGES

The marriages of the graduates during the past year include:

1894. Bertha F. Hillman—George A. Williston, November 21, 1915.

1900. Bernadine Larrabee Austin—Gaston Collesole, January 1, 1916.

1900. Clara M. Bigelow—Lamont H. Appleby, June 30, 1915.

1900. Helen Roberta Stubbs—Luther W. Chick, January 15, 1916.

1902. Vernie Thomas—Alexander Neily, June 12, 1915.

1902. Arthur D. Ingalls—Franca Camp, July 28, 1915.

1904. Marcia A. Gordon—Frank H. Watson, October 12, 1915.

1905. Lena Schenk—Thaddeus B. Roberts, August 17, 1915.

1906. Esley Bicknell—Newman A. Read, September 28, 1915.

1906. Ethel E. Swazey—Arthur J. Fredland, February 21, 1916.

1907. Grace E. Dearing—Walter Nutter.

1907. Hattie E. Doble—Pitt M. Page, August 31, 1915.

1908. Viola B. Priest—Alton I. Winchenbach, July 29, 1915.

1908. James A. Williams—Alice Blake, June 30, 1915.

1909. Agnes P. Seavey—George A. French, June 16, 1915.

1910. Martha S. Steele—Edward W. Higgins, August 4, 1915.

1910. Emma C. Taylor—Elmer F. Tillson, September 15, 1915.

1910. Emmeline E. Wilson—Frederick D. Rogers, November 20, 1915.

1911. Alice B. Harlow—George D. Goff, July 31, 1915.

1911. B. Marion Harmon—Harold Shaw, July 17, 1915.

1911. Mary L. Jones—Clarence M. Currier, October 29, 1915.

1911. Gladys L. Leighton—Robert M. Hill, August 4, 1915.

1911. Alma M. Robinson—Reginald A. Harford, September 29, 1915.

1911. Mina E. Stevens — Normal H. Worthley, January 1, 1916.

1911. Ella Walker — Burdell Wright, December 17, 1915.

1912. Elsie A. Cushman — Fred M. Cole, July 28, 1915.

1912. Blanche C. Huart — Edward J. McCullough, September 8, 1915.

1912. Mildred Shaw — G. Oscar Clark, September 22, 1915.

1913. Ethel M. Baird — Harold R. Bell, August 15, 1915.

1913. Alice V. Gould — George E. Rowe, June 24, 1915.

1913. Julia E. Hayden — Bernard F. Adams, January 1, 1916.

1913. Maude D. Thompson — Arnold J. Dickinson, June 30, 1915.

1913. Evangeline L. Woodman — Norman C. Dyar, July 26, 1915.

1914. Anna E. Beal — Percy W. Gould, August 28, 1915.

1914. Gladys Buswell — Lyndon Titcomb, June 23, 1915.

1914. Clara M. Shaw — Warren W. Viles, March 7, 1916.

1914. Mabel I. Pennington — Gay S. Twitchell, November 8, 1915.

1915. Annie B. Morris — Harry Spaulding, September 8, 1915.

1915. Rosa C. Skillings — Currier C. Holman, August 4, 1915.

NECROLOGY

1866. George F. Stackpole, October 15, 1915.

1867. Charles A. Boston, July 1, 1915.

1883. Lizzie McLain Kennison, April 15, 1916.

1886. Vina F. Hussey, February 15, 1916.

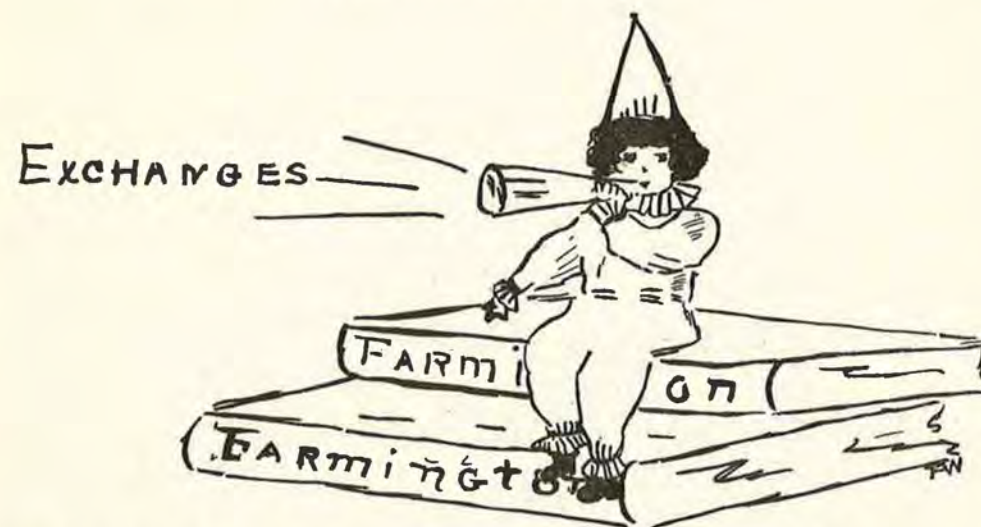
1890. Mina Maxwell Coburn, February 4, 1916.

1899. Mina Noble Chick, April 13, 1914.

1902. Angie Higgins Whitten, December 3, 1915.

1902. Everett M. Burbank, December 30, 1915.

1913. C. Louise Merry Gilbert, April 12, 1916.



WE are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.; The Oracle, Bangor, Me.; Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.; Dean Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; Hebron Semester, Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.; Colbiana, Colby College; Oracle, E. L. H. S., Auburn, Me.; The Breeze, Stonington, Me.

The Oracle. We wish every paper had such loyal supporters back of it as your paper evidently has.

Tripod. We are glad that you have made more of your alumni department in your May issue than you did in the March one.

Coburn Clarion. Your cover is very attractive. Your school notes are few for a school of your size.

Dean Megaphone. Your alumni and exchange departments are splendid. Why do

you insist upon putting your editorials, school notes, and stories all in together? Classify them definitely and you will have an excellent paper.

The Breeze. Welcome to our exchange! Don't go out of existence again as your paper is certainly worthy of living. Next time remember your table of contents.

E. L. H. S. Oracle. Why not have your table of contents in the front of the paper where it will be most convenient? Your poems add much to your literary department.

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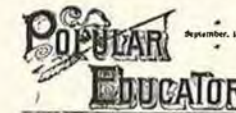
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