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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

OUR GREATEST NEED	9
CHANGES IN THE FACULTY	10
A WINTER SONG	11

LITERARY

MAY DAY AT OXFORD	12
CHANGING ASPECTS OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE	13
WHOSOEVER	15
THE NEW GLOUCESTER SHAKERS	17
THE VALUE OF A DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSE	19
THE MADAWASKA TRAINING SCHOOL	20
A DASH FOR BREAKFAST	21

LOCALS

THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION FAIR	22
CLASS RECEPTION	22
BRIEF LOCALS	23
THE SCHOOL INSPECTED	24
WHO'S WHO IN THE FACULTY ROW	25
RAPS	26
WHO'S WHO IN F. S. N. S.	26
THE ALUMNI	29
EXCHANGES	30



ARTHUR M. THOMAS, A. M.

FARMINGTON NORMAL

VOL. IV

FARMINGTON, MAINE, MARCH, 1917

No. 1

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EDITORIAL

OUR GREATEST NEED

MARY JANE was all excitement and plumped herself down in the middle of the floor, chin in hand, and Turk fashion. To-morrow she was to leave home to attend Farmington State Normal school. Could it really be possible? Had she really graduated from High school only two short months ago, and now the time had actually come when she could prepare herself to teach? Ever since she was in grammar school she had wanted to become a teacher, and now it began to look as though her fond dreams were to become realities. What fun she would have! How hard she would study so that dad and mother —. At the thought of her loving parents her face sobered. Fourteen long weeks away from home! How would she ever live through it? Why, she had never been away from mother more than a month at a time. Would she ever get acquainted with the girls so that she would feel at home? What would her roommate be like? A flight into the realms of fancy concerning the wonders of boarding school life caused her spirits to rise with a bound, and she murmured to herself:

"Oh, I do hope I get into the Dormitory. Frances Leighton told me that was half the school life. If I'd known they were apt to

be overcrowded I would have sent my application in sooner, but I thought any time this summer would be all right."

Then the disordered room and the open trunk reminded her that she wasn't half packed, and her trunk had to go early the next morning, and in a trice she was on her knees beside the open trunk, trying to decide whether to take all her class pictures or just a chosen few.

Two days later a slight girl boarded the morning train at Farmington. Despondency and disappointment breathed from every line of her trim little serge suit, and even the brave little feather on her new fall hat drooped disconsolately, while her eyes were swollen and red and her lower lip quivered pitifully.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" she sobbed, "Whatever shall I do? How did the mistake ever happen that I didn't get the principal's letter stating my application was too late, and I could not be admitted. I can't afford to go to college, and besides I don't want to, and I don't want to go to any other Normal school."

As she sobbed away to herself it seemed to her as though the rails kept clicking, "All-is-lost, all-is-lost, all-is-lost." Two weeks later she entered the employ of a dry goods store in her own town.

This story may seem highly improbable, but at the present time it is only too possible. The Farmington State Normal school is growing by leaps and bounds, and every year witnesses a much larger attendance than the year before.

At the present time the one and only Dormitory is taxed to its limit. Every room is occupied, even the hospital room, while

there is a long list of applicants ready to take possession of the first vacant place. There are about 165 taking their meals at Purington Hall, and this year the private dining room has to be used daily. Every available room in town is taken, and some girls actually had to be refused permission to enter last fall because of no boarding place for them.

What a deplorable state of affairs if Maine is sacrificing her opportunity to secure better teachers, because she cannot afford to give her Normal schools buildings and facilities enough to care for their students! What better way could there be for investing her money, for she will get returns far exceeding the price she pays out, for the teachers who go out from this school and other Normal schools are going to have a great deal to do with the education of our future lawyers, doctors, judges, mayors, and even our governors, while in most communities they have a direct influence on the uplifting of the standards of living existing there. It is needless to add that trained teachers are far more fitted to cope with the present school problems than untrained teachers, and where can a grade teacher get better training than in one of our State Normal schools, and where would she be better trained than at Farmington State Normal school?

Let us all hope that before another year has rolled around the State will have awakened to our needs and we will be well on the road towards securing a new Dormitory, large enough to meet the needs of this growing school of ours for many years to come.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

"THE old order changeth, giving place to new," says Tennyson. So it is with our faculty, for as each year rolls by usually one or more of its members gives up her place of work to be filled by a new-comer.

Our music teacher is Miss Margaret Bakeman, who received her education at Chelsea High school, at Simmons College, and at the New England Conservatory of Music. She has had a very successful experience in teaching music in the public schools of Bath. She not only teaches music in Farmington Normal, but she also teaches music one day each week in the village schools. Miss Bakeman is a very beautiful singer.

Our manual training teacher is Miss Gertrude Knight of South Berwick, Maine. She is a graduate of Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine, and also a graduate of Pratt's Institute, Brooklyn, New York. She substituted as teacher of drawing for a short time at Kent's Hill.

The senior assistant of household arts is Miss Frances H. Butler. Miss Butler is a graduate of Rockland High school, of Farmington Normal in 1906, and of the advanced course in household arts in 1916. She has taught nine successful years in the grades of Rockland.

The junior assistant of household arts is Miss Gladys E. Smith, B. S. Miss Smith received a degree from the Home Economics Courses, College of Agriculture, Cornell University, New York, in 1916.

Mrs. Nina D. Palmer has full charge of reading and expression. She is a graduate of Farmington Normal in 1892, and of the school of English Speech and Expression in Boston in 1912. She has taught the grammar grades in Rockland, Maine, for three years, and in Reading, Mass., for two years. She was assistant teacher for one year in the school of English Speech and Expression, Boston. Mrs. Palmer also teaches in Farmington High school.

The position in the first grade of the training school is also a permanent position, and the resignation of Miss Inez Rolfe was followed by the election of Miss Clara M. Bacon as first grade teacher. Miss Bacon's home is in West Paris. She is a graduate of

South Paris High school, and of Farmington Normal in 1916.

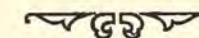
During the fall term Miss Louise Richards, assistant to Miss Lincoln and teacher of the upper grades, was detained at her home in Belfast by the illness and death of her mother. Her place was acceptably filled by Miss Ethel Asnault of Portland. Miss Asnault is a graduate of Portland High school, and of Farmington Normal in 1916. We

are glad to report that Miss Asnault is now teaching in Farmington High school.

The one year positions in the training school were filled by election from the class of 1916, as follows: Miss Loretta Henzie of Pittsfield, Miss Ruth M. Thomas of Farmington Falls and Miss Helen P. Gale of Jackson, N. H.

To these members of our faculty we extend a very hearty welcome to F. S. N. S.

I. J., '17.



A WINTER SONG

BY PEARL S. HALLWORTH

*I come from a place where the northern
lights race,*

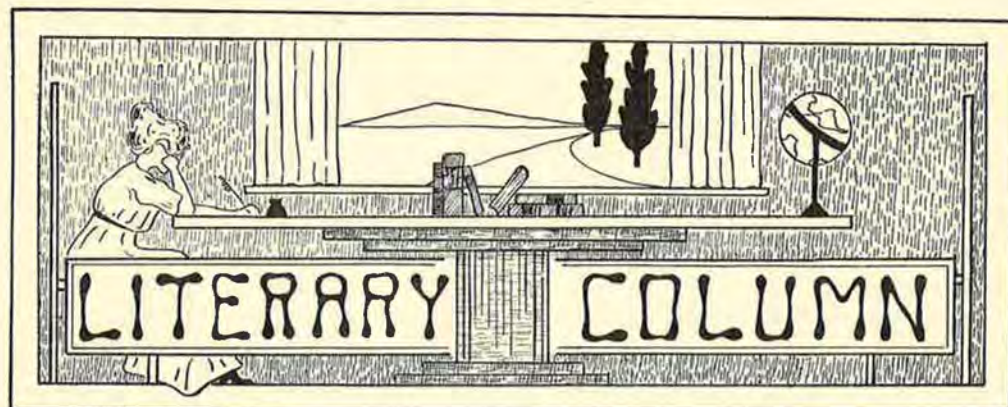
*And the day and the night are one;
From the country of snow and the Eskimo,
The land of the midnight sun.*

*I come in the night, with a mantle of white
I cover the world in a trice.
I whisper a dream to the sleeping stream
While I lock him away in the ice.*

*Above his retreat, with tracery neat,
I fashion a wonderful frieze
Of turrets and towers — of ferns and of
flowers
That bend in a frozen breeze.*

*Then I bluster and blow, and I laugh ho! ho!
As madly I sweep o'er the lea.
And the trees, how they lash, how they splin-
ter and crash!
'Tis the merriest music to me.*

*For I know that I'm bold, and I'm glad
that I'm cold,
And I'm glad that I'm mighty and
strong!
Then here is to you if you're glad of it, too,
And here's to the end of my song!*



MAY-DAY AT OXFORD

AS does the university student of some renown, we drank tea all the afternoon to keep awake all night that we might welcome the dawn of May-day at Oxford. Not as a harbinger of spring did it come; for since early April the daffodils had graced the river walks of Magdalen, and apple blossoms now made gay the quad at Trinity. But it came as a herald of a tradition which can be traced to the Middle Ages — the singing of a Latin hymn at sunrise by the choir boys at Magdalen.

Henry the Seventh, securing a promise from Magdalen College that prayers would be said for the repose of his soul, built that impressive landmark of Oxford, Magdalen Tower. From the parapet of this tower on May-morning, the Te Deum is sung in Latin, commemorating the benefactor.

At an early hour, the crowd begins to gather on Magdalen bridge, a most favorable place from which to hear the singing. People from all walks in life are there; not only the "Don" and the undergraduate, but the green-grocer, and the boy with his wheel and horn.

But the view from the bridge is too alluring, to allow one to study the crowd. How beautiful is Magdalen at the break of day! Standing on the banks of the Cherwell, and at the head of the most classic street in the world, she is the gem of Oxford colleges.

Occasionally, a splash of oars attracts the attention. Would that the Magdalen crew were pulling up the river with their coxswain dressed as at "Eights," in scarlet coat with a large bouquet of lilies in his belt.

But silence falls upon all, as the president of the college and the choir boys take their places. "Old Tom" at Christ Church is striking the hour. A few minutes later, as the first glimpse of the sun is seen, a burst of melody comes wafted through the air. The singing of the Te Deum in mediæval surroundings by some of the best trained voices in England cannot help but awaken adoration. Nature herself is still, save the cawing of the rooks in the trees along the river walks. Every eye is fixed intently upon the vested choir as it stands at such a height, clearly seen against the sky. The time that it takes to sing the Te Deum is comparatively short — less than ten minutes. But what an impression has been made! As the last note is sung, and as the choir boys are about to leave the parapet, one feels that another touch has been given to Oxford life that "lends sweetness to labor and dignity to leisure."

The crowd soon disperses. The small boy is off on his wheel, making good use of his horn. The undergraduate does not return immediately to his college, as it is a morning of parties.

As we are going up the river for a May-day breakfast, we pass through the gates of Magdalen and on through the cloister quad, out to the water walk where we take our boat. Punting leisurely along, we keep close to the banks which are bright with the spring flowers. Soon we see the deer in the paddock; and now we come to the stretch of river walk where Addison composed the hymn that is sung so often, and with so much feeling at the University Church,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love and praise."

The walk is not deserted this May-morning. It is a favorite rendezvous. Group after group of university students pass. Here comes my Oxford tutor. His presence offers no reproof to me, as I was not "ploughed" in "collection," and to work at the university before ten is deemed "unholy." My congenial tutor is not the type portrayed in "Robert Elsmere." He still keeps up his undergraduate's interest in athletics; at "Eights," no one has a keener interest in the success of his college boat than he. Just as my tutor is saying his most polite "Good morning" to us an American Rhodes man comes rushing down the walk. His gesticulations are noticeable. At home he would be considered by many, the busiest man in town; but not so in Oxford. Strained facial expressions, and effervescence of energy are not real indicators of work. They serve rather as a means for classification. They place a man in that ever increasing American family which unconsciously has for its slogan, "I am a hustler. I am too busy to work." (Let us forget this discordant note. It is not Oxonian.)

As we punt along and pass under the rustic bridges, we come to an ideal spot for a May-day breakfast. Here the graceful elms of the water walk have interlaced their branches forming a canopy which is sparkling with dew. A May-day breakfast does not differ

materially from other English breakfasts, but the early hour and the surroundings make it unique. We sit for some time watching the boats go and come on the river. At last "Old Tom" strikes an hour that calls us to our studies. Reluctantly we punt down the Cherwell, and leave beautiful Magdalen behind, as we turn out onto the High.

The morning is spent attending lectures at Christ Church and Baliol, and reading in the Bodleian. In the early afternoon, the play-time of the university day, we stroll along the Isis to Godstow where are the ruins of the historic, ivy covered nunnery. After tea at four, we settle down to strenuous work. I would not have you form such an impression as the tutor in "Punch" gave his pupil whom he was preparing for the university, when he said, "Work well with me for six months, and I promise you a long three years' holiday when you go up to Oxford." No, indeed, the university student does at least six hours of intellectual work each day, vacations included.

After dinner in the quiet of our study on Long Wall, there comes a temptation to see Oxford once more in the gray light on this memorable day. Where shall we go for the view? Shall it be the one from the High, or the more distant view from the tow-path? We choose the latter. In a few minutes we are opposite the college boat-houses. As we look across Christ Church meadows, we see the silhouette of Magdalen against the evening sky; and our May-day ends, as it began, under the beauty and the spell of Henry the Seventh's tower.

Bessie Verder.

CHANGING ASPECTS OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

RAPID and extensive as the growth of the United States has been in territory, wealth and power, the development of one of its most important policies,

the Monroe Doctrine, has been even greater. It would be hard to say with whom the spirit of this principle originated, but we know that over a century ago, Washington and other prominent statesmen were pursuing lines of thought which led in this direction. In his farewell address Washington warned his fellow citizens against "interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe." About a quarter of a century later, when the "Holy Alliance" decided to help Spain subdue some of her rebellious American colonies and when all Europe was looking towards the New World with greedy eyes, it remained for President Monroe to call a halt. Then it was that he enunciated this principle which has almost had the power and influence of an international law.

At that time it was simply a message to Congress. In substance, it declared that the New World was closed to further colonization by European powers; that the United States would not meddle with affairs in Europe and that she would consider as an unfriendly act, any European interference in the politics of the New World. To what proportions has this policy grown since then? Time has proved that the wording of it has allowed a very liberal and expansive interpretation which is largely responsible for the development, through which it has passed. In fact it is impossible to determine just what John Quincy Adams and President Monroe had in mind when the message was being prepared.

Since Monroe's time practically every president of the United States has had occasion to refer to, and to interpret the meaning of this policy. In many instances it has been modified to meet some new situation. At one time President Roosevelt declared that "If we had refused to apply this doctrine to changing conditions it would now be completely worn out." Some of its applications have been unjust and others have been natural developments of the origi-

nal declaration. Owing to wide divergencies of opinion as to its meaning and the tendency of some politicians to juggle with it, critics have called it the "will o' the wisp of American politics." Be that as it may, for the past century it has stood as the cardinal principle in American foreign policy.

Because of this declaration President Polk claimed the right for our country of acquiring more territory, and President Cleveland at the time of the Venezuelan boundary dispute declared, that we had the right to interfere in the internal affairs of our southern neighbors, when our interests were involved.

We all know how under President Roosevelt and under President Taft this doctrine was made to cover the freeing of Cuba, the acquisition of the Philippines and the control of the Panama Canal.

Thus, originating as a simple declaration, it has acquired world-wide significance. It debars foreign nations from the territory of the New World but does not check the United States from expanding. It prohibits foreign interference but sanctions that of the United States in South and Central America. It not only bestows rights, however, but it entails great responsibilities. So much so that many of our statesmen within the past few years have begun to question the wisdom of adhering to it any longer. They fear it will be a millstone around our necks and an obstacle to our progress in the future.

Now that the doctrine has become a problem, what is the best solution? Shall the United States alone continue to bear the responsibilities of it? Shall it be reduced to narrower proportions? Shall it be abandoned? Shall Pan-America support it, or shall it in some way be made international?

A few years ago it was thought that the "Hague" conferences would meet the situation, but now for the time being, the great European war has dispelled all such hopes.

In his recent recommendation to Congress of a "World-wide Peace League," President Wilson has brought matters to such a crisis that we shall hear this question debated throughout the whole country. What the outcome will be Time only can determine. At the present time, however, there is a large and rapidly growing group of statesmen who believe in a new Internationalism. They maintain that just as the states had to relinquish their self-centered ideas and think in terms of the Union, so the Nation must give up its continental ideas and think in terms of the whole world, if it is to take its proper place in the march of the World's progress.

R. G. Oakes, '17.

WHOSOEVER

PETER, the recording angel, was writing busily away, with a frown on his brow. Curiosity, peering over his shoulder, read the following entries:

"Mehitable Anne Timpkins, born May 1, 1870. A shy child full of fancyings, with a great passion for books. She is rather inclined to be selfish, but withal is a bright and promising child."

"As a girl she is honest, good as the average, although her selfish tendencies have grown upon her. She lives more in the world of books than in the world of realities, and is apt to become a narrow, selfish woman. She needs to love and to be loved."

"Now a middle aged woman, a school teacher, unmarried, narrow, selfish, proud and unloving, she has accomplished nothing of worth in the world."

Peter heaved a sigh as he wrote the last sentence and slowly turned the page.

"Miss Timpkins! Miss Timpkins! It's half past seven and breakfast is ready! It's a terrible stormy day, the worst one we've had this winter, I guess."

Miss Timpkins awoke with a start, hopped out of bed, ran and put down the window, and hurriedly began to dress, with chattering teeth and icy fingers.

"What weather!" groaned Miss Timpkins. "What weather! If the school board had any feelings at all they wouldn't require school to keep on such a day as this. But they never think of us poor teachers!"

Having combed her straggling locks straight back into a tight pug, and having donned a half-worn black skirt and an indescribable grey and black flannel shirt-waist, Miss Mehitable scampered out the door of her little bare room and down stairs, entering the dining room of Mrs. Simms' respectable boarding house just as the man who mended shoes was leaving the table.

"Good morning, Miss Mehitable! It's a fine day," he remarked.

"Fine day!" snorted Miss Timpkins. "I should think it was. Isn't fit for decent folks to be out in. I do think winter is the most disagreeable time to be alive in. Any time of year is bad enough but winter is the worst of all. It's either snowing, or the wind blowing a gale, and you can't step out of doors without freezing your nose, or catching a cold."

After this outburst the rest of the boarders remained silent and Miss Timpkins, after swallowing hastily a cup of coffee and some of Mrs. Simms' prize graham muffins, hurried from the table, put on her goloshes, a heavy dark brown coat, a grey stocking cap, and heavy black mittens, and sallied forth.

The schoolhouse was just around the corner and its ugly brown outline soon loomed up in the distance, and after a brief struggle with the storm Miss Timpkins was soon ensconced in the big bare room where she was monarch of all she surveyed. The town of Cranford was not particularly interested in its schools, and considered its teach-

ing force fortunate to have such a large roomy building. As for Miss Timpkins herself she considered it fol-de-rol to bother with pictures and flowers and the like, and thought that children should be able to learn their lessons without the aid of games, exhibits, charts, sand tables, construction tables, and all such trash.

Consequently, the third and fourth grade room was not a particularly inspiring sight. Bare brown walls, streaked and cracked, equally bare blackboards save for a little school work, battered and scarred little desks, all of the same size, so the littlest one could barely touch the floor with her toes and the biggest one had to sit curled up like the letter S, dirty windows, with bare sills, and a raised platform in front on which reposed two chairs, and the teacher's desk, which was adorned with a few text-books, a dollar clock, a box of seized treasures, and a good stout ruler.

Presently the old walls of the building began to resound with the echoes of childish voices, and rosy faces all bundled up so just a pair of bright eyes and cheeks as red as peonies could be seen, would occasionally peek into the room where Miss Timpkins was busily at work, putting the spelling lesson on the board. It required only one glance at her uncompromising back to cause them to turn and scamper away.

At 8.45 A. M. the gong rang and the children all filed in to begin the day's work. From the very beginning everything went wrong. The children were restless and sulky and didn't know their lessons well, while Tommy Reynolds, the ringleader among the boys, seemed possessed to make trouble. He wrote notes, he threw spitballs, he whispered, and to cap the climax he slyly stuck one of Elsie Baxter's beautiful blond curls, which were the pride of her life and the envy of every little girl in school, into his ink-well. Cries of anguish arose and Tommy was relegated to the

dressing room to ponder over his sins.

Thus things dragged along all day and at 5.00 P. M., after sending a teary and still rebellious Thomas home, Miss Timpkins gave a sigh of relief and muttered to herself, "I never saw the like of those children. Every stormy day it's like this and it seems as though every one was worse than the last. I declare I don't see what ails those children."

She didn't think that grey flannel blouses, tight pugs, bare rooms, dry text-books and scowling countenances were not particularly conducive to docility and happiness on the part of little children.

Hurrying home through the early winter twilight, she was suddenly arrested by a sobbing which seemed to come from beneath her very feet. Peering around, she observed a small form huddled on the doorstep of an old disreputable looking house which stood close to the street. After a passing glance, she tramped along, but the childish wail still sounded in her ears after she had turned the corner. Impatiently she turned around, went back to the child, and asked her what was the matter. A tear stained face was lifted and a little voice quivered:

"They've taken my mother away off to heaven, and she's never coming back, and they told me to stay here till somebody came after me, and nobody comes, and I'm cold and hungry, and it's all dark inside and — and —."

"You come along with me," interrupted Miss Timpkins, "and we'll see what can be done."

The child immediately stopped crying and confidently tucking her hand into Miss Mehitable's unresponsive one, she trudged along by her side. As they walked along the little girl confided to Miss Timpkins that her name was Alicia Harmon and she would be six years old next Fourth of July, and then she'd be big enough to go to school.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Miss Timpkins vouchsafed no replies to these remarks and they soon reached the boarding house.

Great was the excitement among the boarders when Miss Timpkins entered the dining room that night with a little child by her side.

After she had related her story, the man who mended shoes spoke up :

"Oh, yes! I know of her. Her mother came here about a month ago and worked in the laundry. She was taken sick with pneumonia a week ago and died Monday. I understand she has no relatives and the child will have to be sent to some asylum. It's too bad, for she seems to be a real bright little thing."

Miss Mehitable did not reply, but near the end of the meal she grimly remarked, "I'll keep the child to-night, Mrs. Simms, if your little boy will go tell the people who looked after her mother, and to-morrow we can send her away."

That night the old alarm clock in Miss Timpkins' room saw strange sights, which caused him to hold up his hands in amazement.

Under the influence of the child's unconscious prattle Miss Timpkins unbent considerably, and even laughed once. But Alicia soon grew sleepy and remarked that she always had to go to bed at half past seven.

It was a strange experience for Miss Mehitable to fumble with unruly buttons and short abbreviated garments. But with Alicia's help she soon had the little girl arrayed in one of her own flannel nightgowns, and ready for bed.

Suddenly, to Miss Timpkins' consternation, Alicia began to cry as though her heart would break. Between her sobs she managed to gasp out that she always said her prayers to mother, and how could she say them when mother was way off in a queer

place called heaven and she was here alone.

Miss Timpkins awkwardly picked up the childish form and holding her tightly, rocked her back and forth, and before she knew it, she was crooning to her and saying, "Don't cry, dear, mother wouldn't want to hear you cry and know her little girl was unhappy. If you like, you shall stay with me and be my little girl."

Finally Alicia, exhausted, fell asleep, but Miss Timpkins sat a long while, looking at the red coals in the Franklin stove, and rocking the sleeping child. Strange new emotions rose in her breast as she sat there, and something new and warm and sweet surged up in her heart.

She imagined coming home every night to be greeted by a childish form and in the long years to come to have some one to care for and to care for her.

The fire had died down and the room was quite chilly when Miss Timpkins arose and tenderly laid the child in bed and awkwardly tucked her in. Then she quickly undressed and went to bed, and as she fell asleep that night with her arms around the sleeping child a great peace entered her soul. While the pale winter moon struggling out from behind the clouds and shining in upon her sleeping countenance, saw that it fairly glowed from some radiance within.

Up in heaven Peter, the recording angel, had his book again open to the page wherein was entered the name of Mehitable Anne Timpkins, and a tender smile, beautiful to behold, was on his countenance as he added the following entry: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me receiveth not me but him that sent me."

THE NEW GLOUCESTER SHAKERS

NESTLED under the hills, and situated beside the calm, peaceful waters of Sabbathday Lake; in the western part of the town of New Gloucester dwells a peculiar

people who style themselves "Shakers." Here they live their pure simple life in the manner which they believe acceptable to God.

The Shaker village at West Gloucester is situated on the eastern side of a small sloping hill, with the beautiful Sabbathday Lake at its base, and surrounded on all sides by picturesque landscapes.

The first Shakers came to New Gloucester in the fall of 1783 and held meetings in the western part of the town, the first meeting being held in an old house just south of where their buildings stand. Many people were attracted by these meetings, and they felt that they could gain more followers if they established a settlement. So in 1794 they settled at New Gloucester.

As they did not have much means with which to construct buildings, they began first by building a church. This church has the "Shaker roof," a roof which is like that on all other Shaker churches, in accordance with the requirements of the society. In a short time a large brick dwelling-house was built on the opposite side of the road. This, as the name implies, was to be the home of the Shaker people.

Gradually the number of Shakers increased, some being led to follow them through the preachings and teachings of their religious meetings, others being small children whose parents oftentimes had died, or else being unable to support them had given them into their care. After these children grew old enough to decide for themselves, they had the privilege of remaining, or they could go away again.

Just a word at this point as to the belief of the Shakers. The name "Shakers" was given them in ridicule, but nevertheless it is passively accepted by them.

The founder of the sect was Ann Lee, an expelled Quaker who came to America in 1774 with seven followers. The first settle-

ment was made near Albany. They believe in the immediate revelations of the Holy Ghost, that God is king and governor; that earth is heaven, now soiled and stained, but ready to be brightened by love and labor into its original state. The societies are divided into smaller communities, called families, each of which has its own male and female head.

The early settlers obtained their living from their large farm and from a saw-mill, managing their work in such a way that they made the settlement a very independent institution.

Their mode of living is interesting to us, as it is so much different from that of other people. The Shaker sister has as much authority in the home as does the brother. If there is an elder, there is an elderess, but these two never live together. When they eat the men sit at one table and the women at another; likewise when attending meeting the women sit on one side of the church and the men on the other. Any departure from this custom is looked upon as a sin, and the offender ceases to be a Shaker and must go out into the world again.

Well might we all copy from them in their simple mode of living, for upon entering the house one is instantly reminded of the customs of his forefathers. Still we must not conclude from this that they are living in the past, for by gazing about the room we see pictures, papers, books and magazines, and by a few moments' conversation one is led to believe that they are well read and up to date in the happenings of the world.

The Shaker women look very old-fashioned, but neat, with their dark blue dresses, hair combed straight back, and the small, white caps or bonnets, which they wear while about the house. When out of doors they wear large blue bonnets, and over their shoulders a garment which resembles an opera cloak. The clothes of the men are the same as those of other men, but they cut their hair

short in front and allow it to grow long in the back.

The men raise potatoes and small fruits on the farm and tomatoes, celery and cabbages in a greenhouse. The women raise large quantities of flowering plants, the flowers of which they sell at the Poland Spring House during the summer.

The women do all kinds of fancy work—and very beautiful it is—making sweaters, capes, toques, pin cushions, novelties for souvenirs, and many baskets.

They realize a great deal of money from their baskets, the material for which is cut only once in two years. It is made from poplar wood, cut and sawed by the men into thin shavings. Then the women take the shavings and cut them into narrow strips. Upon their old-fashioned hand looms various shaped baskets are woven. These baskets are then lined and polished, and when finished are very attractive. These find a ready sale among the Poland Spring guests.

The school is carried on much differently from that of our common schools. The term begins about the first of November and closes in March and the summer term opens in May and closes in August. The children are well supplied with busy work and at an early age are taught to weave baskets and do other useful work. While in school they have frequent recesses. They first recite a few lessons, then have a short recess, then a few more lessons and another recess. Most of their recess time is spent in marching and singing. The children progress rapidly in their school work under the kind and patient teaching of these Shaker people.

One can gain a much better idea of the life and customs and conditions of these people by visiting their little colony than by reading any description of them. Strangers always receive a cordial welcome and find the people always pleased to exhibit their work.

Mae Marston.

THE VALUE OF A DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSE

ALL good business men have for their standard, efficiency. They plan their business so that they may get the best results, with the least amount of energy lost, but they do not work out these methods wholly by themselves. They learn from the experience of others how the work can be carried on with the least friction and the greatest results. For example, in a laboratory where almond cream is manufactured, the overseer instructs the girls, whose work it is to paste small booklets on the bottles, to lay the bottle on the table with the left hand, paste the booklet, and place the bottle in the tray ready to pack, with the right hand. The girls soon get used to this method, and are able to work more efficiently because they know the best and simplest way.

Why should not efficiency be the watchword for the housekeeper and the homemaker as well as for the business man? This question has been asked many times and people are beginning to realize that unless there is method and system the highest efficiency cannot be obtained. Parents are sending their girls to Domestic Science schools where they may learn from experienced teachers the best and most adequate methods of housekeeping.

How often we hear people say, "What's the sense of taking up Domestic Science? A girl can learn more at home than she can by going to any of these new-fangled schools."

Many girls do learn how to cook and sew at home, but when a girl takes a Domestic Science course she learns the best ways; she gets her knowledge from experts who have made a special study of these subjects. For example, she may have learned how to cook a delicious cake at home, but she doesn't know why she used certain ingredients, and she may have used twice the time that was necessary in making the cake. Therefore she is not as efficient in cake making as she might be.

Domestic Science applies the studies a girl has taken in regular school and puts them to some practical use. She learns from her chemistry the composition of foods, the chemical reactions which take place in cooking, and tests of adulterations and impurities; from her biology, the economic value of fruits and vegetables to mankind; from textiles, the way to discover adulterations in cloth. Each subject is taken up in such a way that it has some direct value to the girl.

A great change is taking place in the schools for girls to-day. Educators see the need of introducing courses of Domestic Science into grammar schools and high schools as well as colleges. This branch of school work is becoming more popular every day. People see the commercial world specializing, and realize that the domestic world needs to, also. They know that it is the girls in these schools who are to make the homes of to-morrow. A large majority of girls do not go farther than the grammar and high schools, so it is especially necessary that these subjects should be taught in the grades.

The Domestic Science course gives many openings for girls who wish to earn their living in this line of work. As the courses in cooking and sewing are being introduced into the elementary and secondary schools, there is an increasing demand for qualified teachers.

Extension work is another interesting branch. In this work, the girl demonstrates before granges, fairs or expositions, or gives papers before Women's Clubs.

The tea-room gives a girl who is a good manager and has original ideas, an opportunity to use her talents. In large cities many of these tea-rooms are carried on very successfully. Some girls have a room or two in connection with their apartments where they serve lunches at certain hours. The success of this department depends upon the daintiness with which meals are served, good advertising and efficient management.

Some girls take a special dietitian's course. This enables them to take charge of the preparation of meals for a hospital, a children's home, or a college dormitory. They learn the value of different foods and the kinds and amounts necessary for invalids or children.

There are many other branches of work in which girls engage after taking up a Domestic Science course. Some become managers of cafeterias, some take charge of institutional dormitories, while the great majority become managers of a home, which after all is the most important position to be filled.

Ethel Bryant.

THE MADAWASKA TRAINING SCHOOL

FORT KENT, one of the most beautiful villages of Northern Maine, is situated near the junction of the St. John and Fish rivers. About 70 per cent of its inhabitants are French, descendants of the Arcadians.

During the Aroostook War the town was occupied by Company C, First Regiment U. S. Artillery, under the command of Captain Webster. The old block house, Fort Kent, named after Governor Kent, from which the town takes its name, now belongs to the Maine Historical Society, which keeps it in repair. This, and the barracks are all that are left to remind the inhabitants of what might have resulted in a serious conflict.

The Madawaska Training School was established by the Legislature of 1878. It was at first held alternately in Fort Kent and Van Buren. Later the trustees of the State Normal schools were further authorized by the Legislature to locate permanently in Fort Kent and to maintain for thirty-eight weeks the Madawaska Training School, the school to be under the control and direction of trustees in the same manner as the other State Normal schools. The trustees were also authorized to provide a suitable building for the school.

Money to meet the growing needs has been appropriated by the legislature until the school building and the boarding-house connected with it have been completed. The attendance has been so large for the past few years that it has been necessary to build a new dormitory. This was begun in 1916, but it is not yet completed. The building was to provide rooms for the boys and a dining-room for the girls who did not care to board themselves.

About one hundred seventy-five pupils, one-third of whom are boys, attend the school. The teachers of the Madawaska territory, and the pupils who are sufficiently advanced, make up the attendance. Anyone who wishes to enter the school must be over fourteen years of age and must obtain an average rank of 75 per cent. on entrance examinations. Nearly all the pupils are French.

The aim of the school is to teach those who attend it to speak and write the English language fluently and to enable them to teach it. Conversation in the schoolrooms and in the dormitory must be, as far as possible, in the English language.

A course which covers a period of four years in manual training is given. The girls are given practical instruction in sewing and cooking by means of the four-year course in household science offered by the school. This course is closely connected with the course in agriculture, which has proven very beneficial to the boys and girls of that section of Aroostook County. The course has been made more prominent during the last few years under the management of Mr. Richard C. Croker, teacher of agriculture. Much laboratory work is done. A garden is maintained by the school, whereby the pupils can perform experiments with different kinds of seeds. Much attention has been paid to the cultivation of the potato. The garden produce is used in the dormitory.

The people of the Madawaska territory owe many thanks to Miss Mary P. Nowland, who has been principal of the school for

many years, and under whose careful and wise direction the Madawaska Training School is growing. *E. P.*

A DASH FOR BREAKFAST

"BUZZZZ-ZING" — and we slowly open our sandy eyes to find that after all, instead of being at home before the hearth reading a recent novel, we are only in our cot beds at the Dormitory, dreaming of the folks back home. We rub our eyes, and, forgetting all necessity of arising, continue our pleasant dreams until suddenly we come to the painful realization that we have but six minutes in which to make the necessary preparations for breakfast. My! but six minutes were never made more use of than now. One minute takes us out of the bed and half way into our clothes; the next two minutes find us what we call dressed.

Then we make a mad rush to the wash bowls, where to our terror and disgust we find they are all in use by some of those people who think that it is their indisputable right to hold a place until they are absolutely germless. We do not stop to argue the question or hurry them for we know it is useless, but turn on our heels and, once back in our rooms, run the comb through the hair and stick in a few pins, trusting that they will hold. Buzzzz-z-z-z — zing, and now our six minutes are gone and we are not yet washed! But this must be done, so we once more dash for the bowl, and there, in a way which is best not told, we go through the morning ablutions.

By this time we are quite awake and we hurry through the corridors, and down the stairs, with one eye on the stairs, and the other upon some hook that we have in our extreme haste overlooked. As we enter the dining room, all eyes are leveled on us, for we are l-a-t-e!

Somewhat embarrassed by the reproachful glances of our friends, we slip into the first vacant seat, inwardly declaring that this shall never happen again.

Ruth Greenwood, '18.



THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION FAIR

THE 25th of November was chosen as the date for "The Fair of Nations," conducted by the Christian Association.

The decorations of the booth were characteristic of the different countries and young ladies dressed in the costumes of those countries served their customers.

A dainty lunch room representing Holland, under the direction of Miss Hallworth was one of the most attractive features of the fair.

Ireland was represented by the candy table in charge of Miss Florence Taylor. The Alumni table under the care of Miss Marion Griffin represented Spain. At the cherry blossom booth of Japan, Miss Maloon offered fancy articles. At the Irish booth Miss Shepherd had charge of school banners. A number of Scotch lassies under Miss Bearce's directions offered aprons of all kinds to those who passed by.

A Chinese laundry in charge of Miss Mattie Robinson was well patronized. At Miss Tasker's booth were sold toys "Made in America" in our own Sloyd room.

An excellent entertainment was given both afternoon and evening under the direction of Mrs. Palmer and Miss Bakeman.

Afternoon Program

Piano Duet	Misses Poulin and Hunter
"A Chain of Daisies"	Mandolin Club
Reading, "The Famine"	Miss Noyes
Whistling Solo, "Humoreske"	Miss Glenfield
Vocal Solo, "The Call"	Miss Greenwood
Reading, "A Far Country"	Miss Jordan
Reading, "That Terrible Child"	Miss Hogue
Selection	Mandolin Club

Evening Program

Editha Waltz	Orchestra
Vocal Solo, "A Winter Lullaby"	Miss Hallworth

Trio, "Three Old Maids of Lee"

Misses Townsend, Chase and Thompson
A Playlet, "Courtship of Miles Standish"

Misses Chase and Persis Wentworth
Mr. Oakes and Mr. Emery

Trio, "Little John, Bottle John"

Misses Taylor, Shepherd and Wolf
Tableau, "The Magic Mirror"

"Germanie" Orchestra

"Spring, Mother Normal" School Chorus

CLASS RECEPTION

THE B reception, given February twenty-third under the supervision of the Executive Committee and Miss Katherine Paine as chairman of the decorating committee, proved as usual the most important social function of the year.

Merrill Hall was tastefully decorated with evergreen trees and geraniums. An effective illumination of the letters and numerals, F. S. N. S. 1917 was arranged across the balcony. Room 1 was furnished as a rest room.

The reception opened at half-past seven. Those in the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Mallett, Mrs. C. P. Merrill, Miss Lincoln, Miss Stone, Miss Richards, Miss Smart, Mr. Oakes and Mr. Emery.

The reception was immediately followed by dancing, the music being furnished by Mosher's Orchestra.

Punch was served throughout the evening and ice-cream and fancy crackers at intermission. More than seventy couples participated in the good time.

Among the guests were: William Van Wart, Daniel Roper, Edwin Palmer, Henry Grant, Walter Taft, Emerson Higgins, Glenn Farmer, Harold Sawyer, Benjamin Smethurst, Charles Flynn, Joseph Sandford, Ellsworth

Holbrook, Leland Gorham, Charles Sprague, Andrew Rollins, Frank Noyes, Clyde Stevens and William Lyons, Bowdoin College.

Vernon Tooker, Olin K. Porter, Norman Lattin, Arthur Minister, Fred Hussey, Rollo Fagan, Frederick Gibson, Ellsworth Prince, Wallace Hastings, Newton Nourse and John Everett, Colby College.

John Hickey, Roy Fowler, Leighton Tracy, Carl Lundholm, Ralph Moulton, Conrad Coady and James Shattuck, Bates College; Harold Staples and Robert Stewart, U. of M.; Phil Adams, Tufts Dental College; Wendell T. Smith, Kenneth Ramsey, Frederick Fish and Nathan Clifford, Portland, Me.; Dan Adams, Copeland Merrill, Freeman Dingley, William Gould, Carl Fenderson, Clarence Titcomb and Dean Hiscock, Farmington; Albert Swenson, Medford, Mass.; Lyman Bryant, Worcester, Mass.; Hillary Burke, Boston; Earle Carleton, Wiscasset, Maine; Raleigh Smart, Dexter; Harry Mitchell, Eugene Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. Crandlemire, Livermore Falls; Franklin Moody, Portsmouth, N. H.; Clyde Vining, Brunswick; Harold Paine, Dixfield; Fred Packard, Augusta; Oscar Rollins and John Comins, Wilton; Oliver Newman and Ralph Duffy, East Wilton; Quincy Livermore, Foxcroft; Roscoe Walker, North Jay; John Monroe, Monroe, Maine.

BRIEF LOCALS

The division of the A class which chose Domestic Science this year gave a very enjoyable dinner party to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Allen, and Dr. Downes, one night during the winter term.

The places of host and hostess were filled by Miss Weston and Miss Russell.

MENU

Corn Soup with Pop Corn Garnish	Toasted Croutons
Roast Pork, Brown Gravy	Olives
Spiced Baked Apples	

Hashed Brown Potato	Parker House Rolls
Fruit Salad	Orange Baskets
Lemon Sherbet, Peach Sauce	Sponge Cake
Candied Orange	Coffee

One noon during the fall term Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead from Boston gave a very able and interesting talk concerning "The Peace League."

Thanksgiving Day a sumptuous dinner was served at Purington Hall, through the kindness of Mrs. Allen, to the teachers and pupils who remained in town.

Another Camp Fire, called Toheyaina, has been organized, with Miss Jefferds as guardian. It has a membership of ten girls.

Miss Stone and Mr. Mallett represented the School at the Massachusetts Alumni Reunion held in Boston, January 27.

At the beginning of the winter term a new Victrola, the gift of the class of 1916, was placed in Purington Hall. For this valuable addition, which has been the means of giving much pleasure to the students, we thank the donors.

A children's party was given in Merrill Hall the evening of November 30, for the benefit of the girls who remained over the Thanksgiving recess. Over sixty of the students were present, also a number of guests from out of town. All the young ladies were dressed in children's costumes. The evening was devoted to the playing of children's games and dancing. They all entered freely into the spirit of the affair, and it was pronounced a most enjoyable evening.

Through the kindness of the Every Monday Club, the School received the rare privilege of listening to the famous humorist, John Kendrick Bangs, in his lecture, "Some Salubrities I Have Met."

October 26, the Reverend Leavitt H. Halleck, D. D., of Portland, gave an interesting lecture on the subject, "Why Our Flag Floats Over Oregon."

It has always been the great pleasure of the Christian Association to give a reception of welcome to the F class. This year proved to be no exception to the rule and on the evening of September 15th Merrill Hall was the scene of a pleasant gathering.

Each girl wore a slip bearing her name and that of her home town, and was given a booklet containing subjects for conversation, and the first part of the evening was spent in becoming generally acquainted. An acquaintance march, music and games followed, among which was the old fashioned doughnut race by the boys of the Normal School. Punch and fancy crackers were served and the evening closed with the singing of familiar songs around the piano.

At seven o'clock on Hallowe'en a ghostly crowd assembled at Merrill Hall which was dimly lighted with Jack-o'-lanterns.

The ghosts wandered aimlessly about till they were summoned by the music of a comb band to the dimly lighted basement. Here they sat in a circle on the floor while a witch read their fortunes in rhyme.

Later they again assembled in the hall, the masques were removed, and games and relay races were enjoyed.

One interesting feature of the evening was the straw vote for president. Hughes received a large majority, probably due to the great ability evinced by his campaigners, Miss Ricker and Miss Merrill. The democratic workers were Miss Porter and Miss Bakeman.

Refreshments consisting of doughnuts and "The Witches' Brew" made the social complete.

February 16 and 17 Miss Smith attended the Home Economics Conference of New England for Normal School Teachers, which was held at Simmons College.

The Home Economics Club has been held every two weeks during the year. The topics of interest were :

Parliamentary Law	Mr. Mallett
The Economic Value of Cranks and Faddists	Dr. Croswell
Mining	Miss Ricker
Camp Fire	Miss Stone
Lime Kilns at Rockland	Miss Butler
The War Situation	Miss Merrill
Western Trip	Mr. Thomas
The Art of Story Telling	Mrs. Palmer

Miss Ricker, the head of the State Department of Household Arts, has visited several towns for the purpose of inspecting the courses in household arts, also arranging for the establishment of new courses.

THE SCHOOL INSPECTED

WE had the pleasure of receiving a visit from the Legislative Committee on Education, January 25. There were twelve in number, including State Superintendent Glen W. Starkey.

They arrived on the noon train and spent the afternoon inspecting the school and dormitory.

The senior and advanced classes of the household arts course displayed their culinary attainments by serving a dinner, which was greatly appreciated by the visitors. The menu was as follows :

Tomato Soup	Imperial Sticks and Rings
Swiss Steak	Potato Rosettes
Scalloped Cabbage and Rolls	
Jelly	Spiced Apples
Date and Celery Salad	
Wafers	
Pineapple Lacto	Marguerites
Café Noir	

In the evening a reception was held at Merrill Hall.

The pupils presented a short program, consisting of solos by Misses Bakeman and Greenwood ; a whistling solo by Miss Charlotte Glenfield ; a reading by Miss Duplisea, and a trio by Misses Taylor, Wolf and Shepherd.

Mr. Mallett then introduced Mr. Starkey, who congratulated us upon our opportunities here, and emphasized the need of trained teachers. This was followed by short speeches by members of the committee.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, the music being furnished by Davis' Orchestra.



THE DINING ROOM, PURINGTON HALL

WHO'S WHO IN THE FACULTY ROW?

When each morning at chapel their places they
take

What an august assembly the faculty make!
If you 'll keep quite silent and listen with care,
We 'll tell you who 's who in that solemn row
there.

If there is an optimist up in that row,
It must be the teacher that beams at you so;
Her fine sense of humor pervades every class,
Her cheery, bright face is a help to each lass;
So lessons on pronouns or capital C
Are not half as bad as you thought they would be.

You ask, "Who is this who is just passing by
Who looks as though nothing escapes her keen
eye?"

'T is the one in the schoolroom on whom we de-
pend

In the matter of dress her advice to us lend,
Such as who can wear blue gowns and who can wear
white,

What 's good for a dark girl, and what for a light.

What a dear busy lady this one seems to be,
Bustling round in the cherriest manner to see!
More than one wishes she were a Household Arts
girl,

So she could be caught in her bustle and whirl.

We wander along by the teachers' room door
Where pupils are hovering round by the score.
A bell is now punched and a teacher comes out.
Come nearer, we 'll find what the talk is about.
"Now where are your flannels? No wonder
you 're cold!

Go home, put them on and do as you 're told.
A big dose of physic, a hot bath and then
Go to bed with cold packs 'til you 're all well
again."

Let 's hurry away because I 've a slight cold
And if I should sneeze, 't would be I she would
scold.

But who is this telling of siphons and pumps
In the kindest way to a class in the dumps?

The most patient one in the faculty row —
There isn't a pupil who won't tell you so.

A couple of tots now come shouting with glee;
We wonder which one of the teachers they see,
And soon we behold with great love in her face
The one in whose heart there is such a great place
For all childish forms with their trials and joys,
And we wish we could once more be girlies and
boys.

Though a bushel of fun twinkles right in her eye,
We know after all she can readily cry
When suffering, and sickness, and woe pass her
door:

Which makes us all love her exceedingly more.

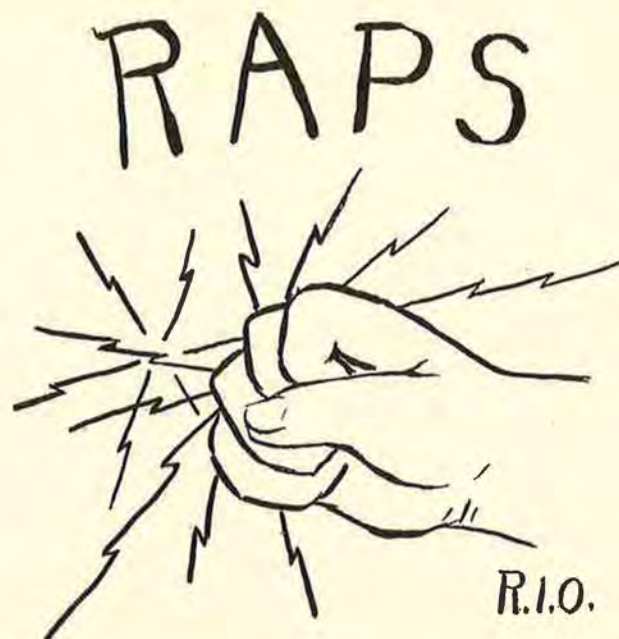
There are five of the members who sit in that row
Who weren't of the number a short year ago,
And though they have sat up there only since fall
You 'll find that each teacher is liked by us all.
The two tall young ladies dressed wholly in white
Are ready to teach how to cook things just right
So you can go home and know just how to feed
Your family right; and this one can read
So well as to cause you to cry at her will,
And this one makes toys with the greatest of skill,
While the other one plays on the 'cello and sings.
You see they all do most unusual things.

And who is this man who is in such demand?
What odd queries greet him on every hand!
Here 's one who is homesick and simply must fly
On the first train to mother, or surely she 'll die.
Here 's one who is yearning to go to a game
Which surely will bring to the Abbotts great fame.
A meek little lass for a book wants to send;
Another must go to a dance with a friend;
And one must confess to a terrible sin —
There 's really no end to the trouble they 're in —
But patiently, kindly, he deals with each case —
The head of the school and well worthy the place.

I hope they won't think I 've been forward or bold
To tell you these things — and not half has been
told;

But now it is noon, and let 's give as we go
Three cheers times three cheers for the faculty row.





WHO'S WHO IN F. S. N. S.

By whom has the subject of Latin been introduced into F. S. N. S.?

What is the point around which the femininity of F. S. N. S. revolves?

Who thought a banner would look well over her transom?

Who is interested in the special grain question?

Who is following fast the trail to *camp*?

Who has had extensive practice in repairing harness?

Portly in size, and lordly in mien
As commanding a figure as ever was seen.

She switches round amidst us, dressed
up in the latest style,
With a fascinating coiffure and a
real coquettish smile.

With eyes that lure and sparkle
and a saucy little nose,
She is worse than any magnet, as our
latest student knows.

Miss Merrill: "What would be a good way to prevent children from reading 'The Fountain' in a sing-song way?" Mr. Millett: "Not to use that poem at all."

Miss Porter learned the other day that it was Oliver *Wizard* Perry who won a victory at Lake Erie, and not Oliver Hazard Perry as she had heretofore believed.

Miss Harrison (after being convinced of her wrong answer): "Well! I suppose it isn't but I always supposed it was."

A definition of a sandwich as given by a member of the faculty: "Two slices of bread with something funny in between."

Miss Fox (giving sentence in grammar): "The horse's ankle which belonged to John is sprained."

Miss Merrill: "What does 'golden cuirassed bee' mean?" Mr. Millett: "Well, I always supposed that it meant that the bee had been in the flower and gotten pollen on the fur of its thorax."

Teacher: "What objection is there to the use of rat-poison?" Miss B.: "Why, I think it is so cruel to the poor rats."

Teacher (to pupil in Model School): "What is an autobiography?" No answer. "Well! What is a biography?" Pupil:

"The story of a life." "Yes, now what is an autobiography?" "The story of an auto."

"Miss Porter: "Name one kind of coal." Miss Higgins: "Pig-iron."

Miss Merrill (in B Literature): "Miss Lawrence, you may give your poem from Keats."

Miss L. — (hesitating): "My heart aches —" (sighs and takes her seat).

Mr. Thomas in Zoölogy, omitting roll-call): "Name the branches thus far studied, Miss Cushman."

Miss C — (absentmindedly): "Present."

Miss Stone (in Physiology): "Nervous impulses travel one hundred feet per second."

Miss Preston (four feet nine inches in height): "Would they not reach the brain of a short person quicker than the brain of a tall person?"

Teacher: "What is snow?"

Miss W: "Snow is powdered hail."

Miss Butler (in Textiles Class, discussing bleaching and dyeing): "When you get to Chemistry, where you dye —" She was not allowed to finish.

Mr. Mallet (in Psychology): "Why do housewives need imagination?"

Miss Marston: "To get the next meal with."

Miss Merrill (reading in Literature): "She stood in ears among the alien corn," instead of "She stood in tears among the alien corn."

Says Miss Griffin: "I just hate to sew on a stitching machine."

Miss Bakeman (very abruptly): "Don't you have any dates, Miss Moody?"

Two of the Model School children playing school. 1st: "Can I be Miss Lincoln?" 2nd: "No, you don't know enough." 1st: "Well, can I be the teacher, then?" 2nd: "No, you don't know enough for that,

either." 1st: "What can I be then?" 2nd: "Why — er — why you can be a Normal."

Miss Merrill: "Explain 'Darkling I listen.' Please don't confuse the word 'darkling' with 'darling,' will you?"

Applicable to F. S. N. S. in general:

"What it is, I cannot ken
That makes us wish the glance o' men."

Miss B. Bryant (reciting in Textiles): "It's much easier for people to dye today than it used to be because —" (bursts of laughter from the class).

Miss Butler: "How would you exterminate rats and mice?" Miss McKeen: "Use insect powder."

Miss Stone: "Explain why you can do the problem that way." Miss Preston: "That is the only way I ever learned it." Miss Stone: "But that doesn't explain it."

Miss Butler: "What is veal." Miss K. Smart: "Veal is a baby cow."

Mr. Thomas: "How large was that lime kiln you saw?" Miss Shepherd (thoughtfully): "Well! It wasn't as large as some things I have seen."

Miss Merrill: "Miss Packard, what was Cromwell's army called?" Miss P.: "Ironheads." In fact, it was "Ironsides."

Pupil (to training teacher): "Is Faneuil Hall still standing?" Teacher (uncertain): "What an interesting question! Let us all look that up for to-morrow's lesson."

Mr. Thomas (in chemistry): "What is hard water, Miss Thompson?" Miss T. (brightening): "Water that you can't make any impression on."

Mr. Mallett (trying hard to get an answer): "Didn't you ever try to pick up a buoy in the fog, Miss R.?" Miss R. (much overcome): "No, indeed."

Miss Bakeman (in music): "Don't leave out the flats. They are very important. Without clam flats we would have no clams."

Doris Lake (reciting in cooking): "A potato is an over grown stem."

Two of our popular boys and their lady friends were enjoying a quiet moonlight sleighride, not long ago, when to their sad surprise the tugs gave way and their fiery steed took advantage of its freedom and began to run for home as fast as he could go, leaving the merry party in the middle of the road. The two braves decided that they must leave their pleasant situations and away to recapture the wicked animal, before excitement arose and inquiries should be made of the victims of the runaway. After they had run nearly a mile, one hero con-

soled the other with his revised issue of some recent mottoes, from a poem by J. G. Holland:

"Feet for the angels, but wings for men,
We might borrow some wings along the way,
We run, we shout, we perspire, we pray
When we only stumble and fall again.

"We run, we shout, we perspire, we pray,
And we think our *steed* mounts the air on wings
Beyond the reach of human things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay."

The Chinaman's definition of a teacher:

"Teachee, teachee,
All ee day teachee,
Night markee papers,
Nerves all creepee.
No one kissee,
No one hugee.
Poor old maidee
No one lovee."



THE ALUMNI

A REUNION of the Massachusetts Alumni Association of Farmington State Normal School was held on February 3, at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston, and was attended by over one hundred and twenty-five graduates. First Vice-President Edith Pratt Russell of the class of '94, presided. Principal Mallett and Miss Stone of the faculty were guests of the Association. Two pleasing features of the meeting were the readings by Edith A. Maxwell, '04, and solos by Hazel D. Wilson, '12.

Iris C. Crosby, '12, received the degree of A. B., at Colby, and is now teaching English in the High school at Danbury, Conn.

Inez M. Rolfe, '12, teacher of Grade I in the training school, F. S. N. S., resigned in June, 1916, and is now teaching Grades I and II in Beverly, Massachusetts.

Flora T. Norton, '13, advanced class, '14, teacher of household arts at F. S. N. S., resigned in June, 1916, and married Ernest A. Odell, a prosperous grocer of this town.

Orett F. Robinson, '13, entered Bowdoin in '16, and is this year teaching to earn money for continuing his work.

Edna M. Havey, '14, at one time substitute teacher of manual training at F. S. N. S., is now manual training assistant and principal's assistant of Chisholm and Bisbee schools in Rumford. At present she is taking an enforced rest at her home in North Sullivan.

Lina C. Weeks, '14, has entered Bates College, where she is taking the A. B. course.

The new graduate catalogue which is now being published, reports graduates of this

school in forty-three of the forty-eight states; also in Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Greece.

Ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for the presidency in the last campaign, has joined the law firm of which Arthur C. Rounds, '80, is a prominent member.

Louis M. Perkins, A. B., '81, has returned to Maine from the West and has settled on a farm in Strong, where he is superintendent of schools and principal of the High school.

Guy G. Fernald, A. M., M. D., '86, resident physician at the Massachusetts Reformatory, Concord Junction, Mass., is the author of several valuable pamphlets bearing on the medical side of criminology.

Arthur J. Chick, A. B., '94, is a member of the Maine Senate from Kennebec County.

George W. Norton, '96, of Portland, and Ashley A. St. Claire, '69, of Calais, are members of Governor Milliken's Council.

Several graduates of this school are teaching in schools for the backward races. Minneola Clough, '98, is teaching in the Lilliuokalani School in Hawaii. Hattie M. Lombard, '08, is in an Indian school in Phoenix, Arizona. Alta M. Reed, '98, is teaching in Hampton Institute, Virginia. Marina A. Everett, '84, and Ethel M. Trippe, '11, are in Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia. Henrietta Johnston Camp is teaching in a United States Indian School at Mount Pleasant, Michigan.

Cards have been received announcing the engagement of Ruth Lander, '14, to Maurice Merrill of Skowhegan.



WE acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: The Hebron Semester, Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.; The Islesboro Argonaut, Islesboro, Me.; The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.; The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; Keene Kronicle, Keene Normal School, Keene, N. H.; Coburn Clarion, Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Me.; The Laurel, Farmington High School, Farmington, Me.; Salmagundi, Aroostook State Normal School, Presque Isle, Me.; The Racquet, Portland High School, Portland, Me.

Hebron Semester. Your papers this year have been very good, the knocks being especially bright. A few pictures would add interest.

Keene Kronicle. A good paper. Why not have a more extensive literary department? Your cuts are interesting.

Coburn Clarion. An excellent paper. It would be better if you would print the name of your school and city. Your cuts are clever.

Salmagundi. Your board has accomplished much. Each department seems complete. A table of contents would be convenient.

Argonaut. You are to be congratulated on the wide range of your exchanges.

Laurel. An interesting paper.

Megaphone. Very good paper. Why not classify your literary and local departments?

The Tripod. Your papers are entertaining. Your alumni department is deserving of praise.



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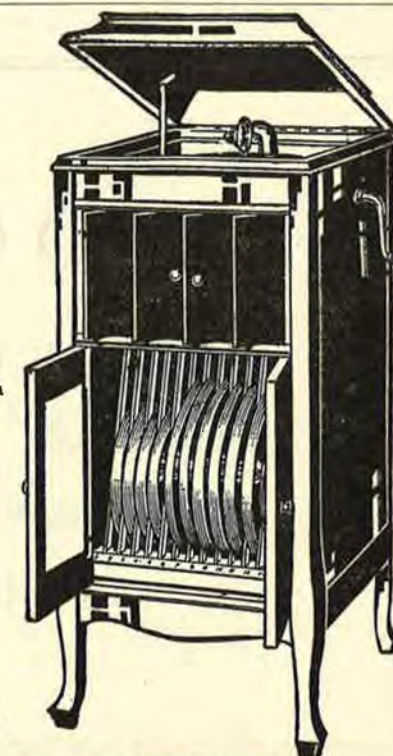
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