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The Farmington Normal

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1915

## The Farmington Normal: Commencement, 1915

Farmington State Normal School

University of Maine at Farmington

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# FARMINGTON NORMAL

COMMENCEMENT, 1915

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FARMINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FARMINGTON, MAINE

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Farmington, Maine

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J. H. THOMPSON, *Cashier*

*Directors*

JOS. C. HOLMAN                      E. E. RICHARDS                      HANNIBAL RUSSELL  
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# FARMINGTON NORMAL

VOL. II.

FARMINGTON, MAINE, JUNE, 1915.

No. 1

## EDITORIAL BOARD

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## HOUSEHOLD ARTS

A COURSE in Household Arts was introduced into the Farmington State Normal School in 1911. At that time the work was taken up by the students merely as a part of the regular Normal School course, and with no idea of fitting them as special teachers of either cooking or sewing.

The Household Arts work in the public schools of Maine has been growing slowly but steadily during the last few years and with it the demand for special teachers has increased. To meet the demand, it was decided to establish a special course at Farmington where students might receive a practical training in cooking, sewing, and allied subjects from the teacher's standpoint.

One course, known as the *Advanced*, is open to graduates of this or other Normal Schools of the same standing. At present there are few students taking this third year course, but it offers decided advantages to a girl interested in these very practical subjects. The other course in which the students spend two years in the study of the Household Arts branches, together with several subjects from the regular course, has only a comparatively small number of students enrolled at present and to which only a limited number will be admitted. However, the demand for teachers of special subjects is, of course, much less than for grade teachers, as Household Arts may still be regarded as in the pioneer stage in Maine.

As the work grows throughout the state, the number of students will doubtless increase to supply the demand, and with a promise of a new building for the work we may safely predict a prosperous future for Household Arts at Farmington.

## EDITORIAL

### SCHOOL LOYALTY

ONE of the most evident characteristics of our Normal School is the loyalty and affection of both the student body and the Alumni as shown by the many objects with which the building is made more beautiful and the school more useful. The Christian Association maintains a splendidly equipped magazine case for the benefit of all the school. It also supports a medical cabinet equipped with all the common and emergency remedies which may be applied by the Physical Director. It always stands ready with a well-supplied treasury to assist any philanthropy or to bestow some special favor. The Association is heartily supported by all the students irrespective of religious affiliations, though not all are actual members.

The devotion of the Alumni is constantly in evidence. The beautiful castes and pictures, the excellent reflectoscope, the lyric grand piano, the victrola and the handsome new clock at Purington Hall are witnesses. Most costly and enduring of all is the bronze medallion of the late principal, George C. Purington, affectionately bestowed and placed in Merrill Hall. No school anywhere is richer in the quality of a loyal spirit among its friends. A school spirit like a human soul may be safely judged by its desire to bestow. By this judgment we know that we breathe here the atmosphere of a noble school life.



THE FACULTY



## L I T E R A R Y

### PUNCH

**L**OST, strayed, or stolen, a full-blooded Boston Terrier; dark brown with a white spot on the left hip, tip of tail white. Disappeared from home of F. J. Brown, 137 Park St., sometime during Monday, February 12. When last seen was wearing a brass collar. Answers to the name of Punch. Any information will be gladly received. Large reward if returned to the owner."

The above notice was printed in glaring letters, in a conspicuous place in the daily paper. It created much comment because everyone recognized in the description the pet dog of Elizabeth Brown, the most beautiful and attractive girl of the village, and the only child of the richest man in town.

Many opinions were expressed as to the whereabouts of the dog, but wherever he was no one knew. All attempts made for his discovery were in vain.

After a week of searching, the young Miss Brown thought of a dog pound in a village, some distance from the town where she now was, but nevertheless near the dog's former home.

For her to think was to act. It was an easy matter to telephone to the pound keeper, and sure enough a dog answering to the description was there.

Without telling any one where she was going, she started in a roundabout way for the pound. On reaching her destination she was met by the keeper, a young man, who said he was sorry if he had caused her any inconvenience but there had been a mistake. Shortly after he had received the message a young man had called, asking for a dog corresponding identically with her description. When the dog was led forth he appeared as glad to see him as he would have to see his

master. However, the keeper held the dog till she should call. The man was in the yard now. Would she come this way?

Of course she would. On entering the yard her hope was somewhat weakened. A man was on the ground playing with a dog, and the dog was licking his hands. She would not give up, however, until she was sure. They had entered the enclosure, unobserved by man and dog. Suddenly clear and appealing came the cry, "Punch."

The dog turned from the man and ran quickly to the girl. Pleasure at the reunion was clearly manifested by the dog's greeting. The girl smiling turned to the keeper saying, "I leave you to judge whose he is."

"Yours, Miss," was the answer. He was then called away, and she and the man who had claimed the dog were alone.

Just as she was leaving she heard her name, "Beth," pronounced distinctly. Beth was the particular name given to her by one who used to be a very intimate friend, but surely he couldn't be there, and he didn't have a dog. She must have been dreaming. She turned to go when "Beth" was said again.

This time she turned and recognized her old friend.

"Why are you here?" she said reproachfully.

"Because I knew you were coming," was the answer.

"How is that? Did you take my Punch to make me see you again?"

Of course, explanations were necessary. After their final quarrel he had traveled extensively. In some small out of way place he had found a dog almost like hers, which he immediately bought and named Punch. He had been called home by the serious illness of his father and Punch had escaped.

He too, had not forgotten the old pound so called there in search of his dog. Upon seeing the dog he knew it was the original Punch, and had intended to go away but Punch recognized him and he had stopped to pet him. The keeper had told him that the dog's owner was coming and he had stopped to see her. "Was she angry at him?" he wondered.

Her cheeks were very red and she was looking down.

"Did you really buy your Punch because he was like mine?" she asked. "Then you hadn't quite forgotten me?" came next.

"I am so glad," she sighed. "It is getting dark and I am here alone in the machine and——?"

"You are afraid to drive in the dark and I am going with you," supplied a bass voice.

No objection was made and accompanied by Punch, they started home. You can easily imagine the rest.

### CAMP FIRE GIRLS

**A**T the beginning of the spring term twenty of the girls, with Miss Stone as guardian, organized a Camp Fire, known as Soangetaha. This is the first organization of the kind to be formed in the school. The girls have become so interested in the work that another group has organized with Miss Walker as guardian.

The Camp Fire Girls is a national organization formed in 1911 for the purpose of doing for the girls what the Boy Scouts is doing for the boys. It numbers among its supporters and those active in its initial movement such well known people as Mrs. Luther Gulick, Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Geo. C. Riggs, Mrs. Russell Sage, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller. The object of the Camp Fire is not to entertain girls, but to bring them together as an army, to develop the home spirit and make it dominate the entire community. The membership should consist of girls who have ability and

ambition to do and help rather than of those who need help. In a word, the purpose of the Camp Fire is to train girls to a greater efficiency, to help them appreciate the beauties in nature and, in general, to promote social life.

Since the Camp Fire stands for the home and the genuineness of the out-of-doors, fire is the appropriate symbol of the organization, for around it the first homes were built. The symbol of membership is the standing pine, meaning simplicity and strength. Wohelo is the watchword, made up of the first two letters of Work, Health, and Love.

As an outward manifestation of work accomplished, honors are awarded in the form of symbolic beads which are worn with the ceremonial costume. After the required number of beads has been earned, a girl attains first the rank of Wood Gatherer, then Fire Maker, and finally Torch Bearer. Work is classified under the seven divisions—Home Craft, Health Craft, Hand Craft, Nature Lore, Camp Craft, Business and Patriotism, each being represented by characteristic beads. All work of the Camp Fire is made symbolic in some way, the ceremonial meetings taking the form of an Indian Council Fire, at which each girl wears her ceremonial gown and headband. Each Camp Fire, as well as each girl has a symbolic name and emblem.

The law of the Camp Fire is:

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

Girls who aim to follow out this law will surely be trained to lives of greater usefulness and efficiency.

*P. A. W. '16*

## SPRING

THE birds have come. Do you hear them?  
Singing ever so glad a song.  
The flowers are here. 'Tis the spring of the year,  
And days are sunny and long.

There are cowslips down in the meadow,  
And violets on the hill;  
And soft green grass, wherever you pass,  
Peeps up at you shy and still.

The woods are full of sweet blossoms,  
A carpet of moss 'neath you feet;  
And high overhead the maple buds red,  
Blue sky and white clouds seem to meet.

Here Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches,  
Anemones, blushing and fair,  
And fern leaves tall and bellworts small,  
All bow their heads as in prayer.

Wild columbine nods at you from the rocks  
And seems to say, "How do you do?"  
While saxifrage, grown white with age,  
Drops petals in the dew.

'Tis the time of the year the sweetest —  
This beautiful month of May —  
When wild birds sing and lily-bells ring  
Throughout the livelong day.

*Grace L. Hersum.*

Kendal Green, Mass.

## THE STORY OF A SONG

"The night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away."

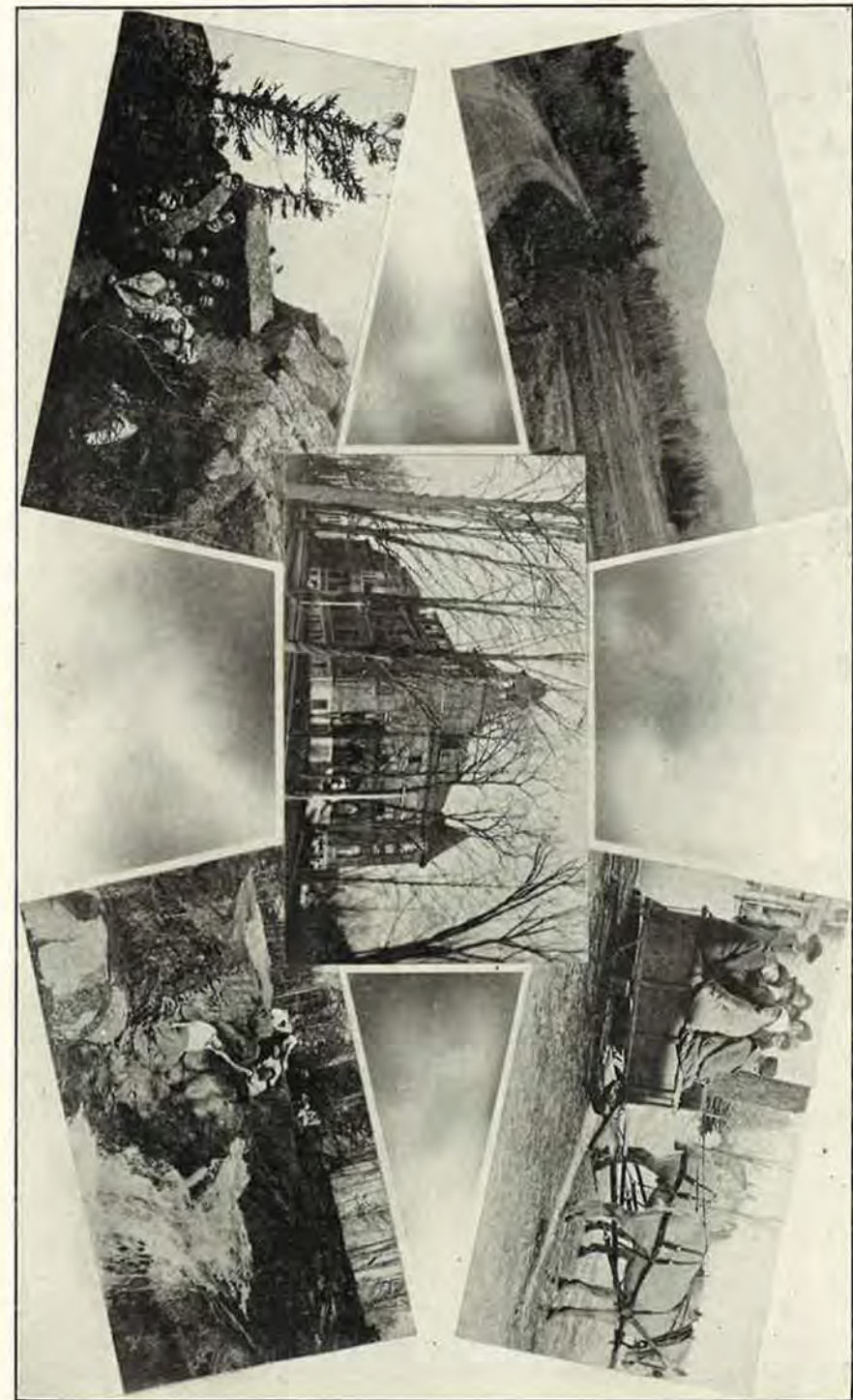
TO the person whose ear is attuned to the beneficial influence and charm of music, there is no greater pleasure than to listen to the harmonious rendition of the masterpieces of the world's composers. It is impossible to trace the links connecting strains of music with the commonplace affairs of life, but there is, nevertheless an undercurrent ever passing from the æsthetic to the practical, so that art is constructive, creative. The music of the people is created in accord with the nature of their desires, it is the voice of their yearnings, their hopes. Character music is language music, music that speaks. It is the voice of human action — the voice that ascends in ever increasing crescendo as the great life of men marches on.

After spending an evening at the opera, we go home feeling that within us some

sub-conscious change has taken place. Our emotions, heart forces have been stirred, and these changes are making vital impressions on our life, yet few of us know what endeavor was responsible for this condition to take place. The story that is entwined around a simple song enhances it; fosters first a shrine of mystery and wonder, then, in due time, understanding and increased appreciation. This tale of despair, doubt, faith and peace proves to us the truth of that assertion.

In a ruined cottage sat an old man, bent and motionless beside his littered bench, his bearded chin heavy in his hand. Outside, a busy city throng went by, but no note of this reached the old man sitting from them, silent and apart. He had turned from them all, from his own labors as well, and was gazing with steady, searching eyes out upon the views of life as they rolled panorama-wise in his mind before him. Day by day for countless years, they had drifted past him, likewise, but always after he had resumed work with renewed hope and vigor. To-day, however, the old familiar thoughts were not encountered, new ones, drab and cheerless, came to occupy his mind. All the past he had thought buried, came to flaunt its dreary scenes before him, old sorrows took new form, and everything seemed leaden dark. It was as if an impenetrable curtain had fallen across the things he loved and shut them from his sight, bringing into prominent view the shadows that had fallen on his life.

He saw the old home of his youth, with its dingy, colorless clothing of the poor; he saw the meager childhood, the endless toil of man. He saw the disappointments, saw the efforts all in vain, the care and strife which had brought him no reward. Now, he saw himself a worn, old man, who after countless years of toil, had gained no heritage to leave the people. Sadly, for a time, he mused thus, then he rose, and



SCHOOL DIVERSIONS

going to the window, watched the great crowds moving slowly past. There were scores upon scores of faces, old faces, worn like his own; young faces, white and hard-set with suffering, faces that seemed never to have known laughter; yet, from them all there came no sound. Instead, the air was heavy like a never-ending sigh. Eagerly he watched them for some sign of recognition, but from that vast multitude, not an answering smile reassured him. Finally he spoke, but in a tone that no one but himself heard:

“You do not know me—not one of all you knows me—yet I—I am he who has seen you tread many a weary journey. I have seen you go through heat, through cold, through poverty. I have been happy in your happiness. I have been sorrowful in your sorrows. I have seen you meet all the pain of the world face to face, and yet, now, you do not know me. To you I am not even suggestive of a name, merely am I one of all those beings whom you’ve met on life’s highway. Yet, day by day, as you passed me, I have tried weaving your lives into my songs, hoping sometime to reach the hearts of those who see not, or seeing, turn away till they shall heed your cries. If I could only make them see and understand, then I would feel that my life had not been quite all useless, or all heartbreak; I would have brought some happiness into the world, touched some lives and brought them out of shadow, set some hearth fires glowing, and given some children the sunshine and flowers that should be theirs. That great desire has not yet been unto me granted though, and all my effort seems to have been in vain.”

Sadly he turned and taking from its case his violin, softly, reverently he began to play. At first the melody was sweet and full of hopefulness. It told of sunshine, bright skies, happiness and calm content; it was promising possibilities that filled one’s heart with anticipation; it carried souls up, up with it,

and seemed to lift earth’s weight of cares. Then it deepened, grew full of pathos, and of yearning, haunting, appealing, passionate, telling of unutterable sorrow. Going on, plaintive now as ever, it was borne to a full cry, wild, shrill, hoarse, with swift chance intervening, as if agony had given force to anguish, and a soul in turmoil was pleading for release. Then softly, slowly, note by note, the wailing sank into a low, tender moan, faltering, tremulous, wondrous with purity and sweetness, swelling out at last as if tears had checked its utterance and peace been now regained by it.

As the old man finished he raised his arms and gazing through the open window, far beyond the gloomy houses to the myriad of stars, cried:

“Guardian Angels, who fill sky spaces  
Unseen helpers and spirit friends,  
Bless all the toilers in humble places  
On whom the comfort of earth depends,  
And waken the heart of the world  
Till it heed their cry of need.”

Arms still upraised, the old man waited in silence a moment, then one last weary look he gave and sank upon the bench beside the pile of manuscripts.

The faces of the passers-by went on and on, the moon and the stars went down in the sky, a slight breeze shivered, and o’er the worn and weary city a dark, yet peaceful mantle fell.

This tale, this indefinable experience was expressed by one of our masters, and it constitutes for us a living drama, a mirror in which we see our race’s own reflections. Let us, then, profit by it, and though what we have neglected to do to-day, although it seems of great importance when we remember that to-day is only a narrow strip, as Byron says, “a star between two worlds,” let us not be much disturbed, but rather, let us use our efforts toward the unfolding of a far more glorious to-morrow.

*Marion Johnson, '15.*

## HERALDS OF SPRING

"There 's something in the air  
That 's new and sweet and rare;  
A scent of summer things,  
A whirl as if of wings—  
There 's something too, that's new  
In the color of the blue  
That 's in the morning sky  
Before the sun is high."

WHO is there to whom this something in the air that 's new and sweet and rare does not suggest the first faint odors of spring? We feel it long before the first venturing crow sends out his challenging "caw-caw." We feel it even before we think of looking for signs of spring.

Come with me, then, and for our first walk we will have our eyes and ears—and hearts as well open for signs of spring. It is a late March morning and Mother Nature's mantle of snow is still with us though the warm noonday sun is doing its work well in many places. Just over there on the edge of the clearing is an evidence of it. Three girls are gathering beechnuts which the red squirrel missed last fall. The beech buds are swelling too, their shiny red-brown tinge attracting our attention more quickly than the somber buds of the neighboring birches. The maples too, bear witness of the spring, not yet by bursting buds but by their overflowing sap-buckets. The poplar's catkins and the willow's pussies, too, will soon dust their pollen in our path and then indeed, we shall know it is the spring.

These friends of ours, the beech, the birch, the maple, are still and silent now. They are waiting, hushed, naked, biding their time, but we know that life is there—know it by the noisy woodland brook, by the overflowing meadow stream. This is the time of full, clear, water-courses. No weeds, no grasses or sedges choke them. They are full to the brim and fuller. The sunlight glances on the water, reflects the sunbeams. By-and-by the grass will be green and trees waving, but now the little, brown brooks give us hope.

Hark! did your ear catch that early note? It is  
"The bluebird shifting his light load of song  
From post to post, the cheerless fence along."

Now we know that April is here and the time of earth's awakening is at hand. There is a stir of preparation everywhere; about the farm, all over the country. The earth is quickened in streaks and spots. Those which have had some mellowing influence grow green and moist. While we were watching and waiting for spring, the homesteads looked cold and bare. The farmhouse was desolate. Now, Mother Nature has seen fit to smile upon it and her genial influence is felt immediately. But it takes the setting sun to bring out the full charm of this landscape. As the faint, four-o'clock shadows come stealing, a certain twilight mellowness falls; over the fields the night shades creep; the horses' heads turn homeward and the day's work is done.

This morning we are most happy for we are going to gather buds. A swelling bud is food for fancy. Some buds, like the beech, begin to glow as they swell; the bud scales change color, becoming a rich, golden brown, where they were red brown. Here, lurking on this swampy hillside we find the flowering elder. Its pale green, opposite buds hold unknown things in their shadows. They are possessed of a spirit which none may destroy without peril to himself. Yet the elder has its virtues. Legend tells us it keeps the house from attack, fends off mosquitoes and guarantees that he who cultivates it shall die in his own house. Near neighbor to the elder, we find the swamp alder. There is a large clump of the bushes by that busy mill. Do you notice the bees around? They are burrowing in the fresh sawdust, probably maple or hickory and although their pollen baskets seem full of the precious flour, yet they stop at the alder catkins for more. The poplars near by are coated with this April myrrh, too, and no spring incense can be more agreeable to us than their

fragrance. Along the roadside we see the fallen bud scales of the poplars and they leave a rich, gummy odor on our hands. The witch-hazel, with her little pink buds is bursting too, and the dull hobblebush. As we stroll homeward across the meadow quite confident that we have discovered the first new things, what is our amazement to behold at our feet a clump of dainty, wee flowers that seem to reflect Heaven's own blue. It is said John Burroughs found a single bluet in blossom one January, near Washington, when the clump of earth on which it grew was frozen solid.

"When April steps aside for May,  
Like diamonds, all the raindrops glisten:  
Fresh violets open every day,  
To some new bird each hour we listen."

This pretty introduction by Lucy Larcom brings us to the May-time and mayflowers. We are starting now for a shallow, wooded ravine through which trickles a tiny brooklet. Bordering either bank are thick clumps of slender, white birches. Among them is a spruce or fir but for the most part we see only the slender white saplings. Darting hither and thither are school-children gathering great handfuls of the pink and white blossoms. What are they? Whittier tells us very prettily.

"Guided by its sweet  
Perfume, I found within a narrow dell  
The trailing spring-flower, tinted like a shell,  
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet."

Next to this spring-time favorite we love the gentle hepatica. See! the children are partial to them, too, and one boy has his hat full. Did you ever think what an individuality these fair little flowers have? No two clusters are alike. The solitary purple ones we hold as a prize, and the fragrant ones, scented like sweet violets, compel us to believe that the hepatica is indeed the gem of the woods.

Just a few steps beyond these is a knoll—

carpeted with waving white stars. They are our spring wind-flowers or anemone. As they toss in the wind, we think with the Greeks of old, that Anemos, the wind, could not have had a better herald of his coming: but the old Romans said they were the tears of Venus, dropped as she wandered through the forest, grief-stricken over the death of her youthful lover.

Our last excursion shall be under the more open blue, for it is Arbor Day and we want to see the tree-planting. It is a glorious May-day. The sun is warm overhead; the road is dusty and hot, but what care we! Our thoughts are higher. As we near the little red schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, a song sparrow salutes us as he tilts on the fence wire. We are just in time. It is not a tree, however, but a small ivy just between the two doorways. A rich, loamy bed has been made for it and bordered with stones for protection. The biggest boy in school, proudly, carefully places it in its new home; a small maiden waters it; the teacher bestows a passing caress upon the slender poplar that has triumphantly withstood the past year's games of tag, and Arbor Day is celebrated once more.

And now come those last, warm days of spring, those perfect days; days when we roam like will-o'-the-wisps, spying out those last exquisite blossoms of Mother Nature, the shell-pink moccasin flower that seems almost too lovely to be outside a millionaire's hothouse, the squirrel-corn with its perfume-like hyacinths, only rarer and more subtle; days when we just drink in the gladness of Nature, the inspiration of green fields and singing birds. It is the month of June; that perfect month for which were the winds of March, the showers of April and the warmth of May.

"Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?  
Who said she had nothing on earth to do  
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?  
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!"

Marian Southwick, 1915.



**T**HE fall term found us entering upon a new school year and we spent our time well in getting acquainted and settling down into the little intimate groups to which we all belong.

The Christian Association gave a social early in the year which introduced us to one another.

The school lecture course furnished us some very pleasant hours, the year's program including five numbers:

November 20, F. O. Harrell, Musical Magician.

January 22, The Pierces, Recital and Dialogue.

January 29, Otterbein Male Quartet.

February 19, The Eastern Girls, Songs and Recital.

Owing to a misunderstanding which arose in the correspondence about the course, Robert Parker Miles, Lecturer, who was to have come March 5, did not come, and in his place Edward Abner Thompson was sent, April 23.

Winter is, of course, the proper time for good times indoors, and we have had them galore this winter.

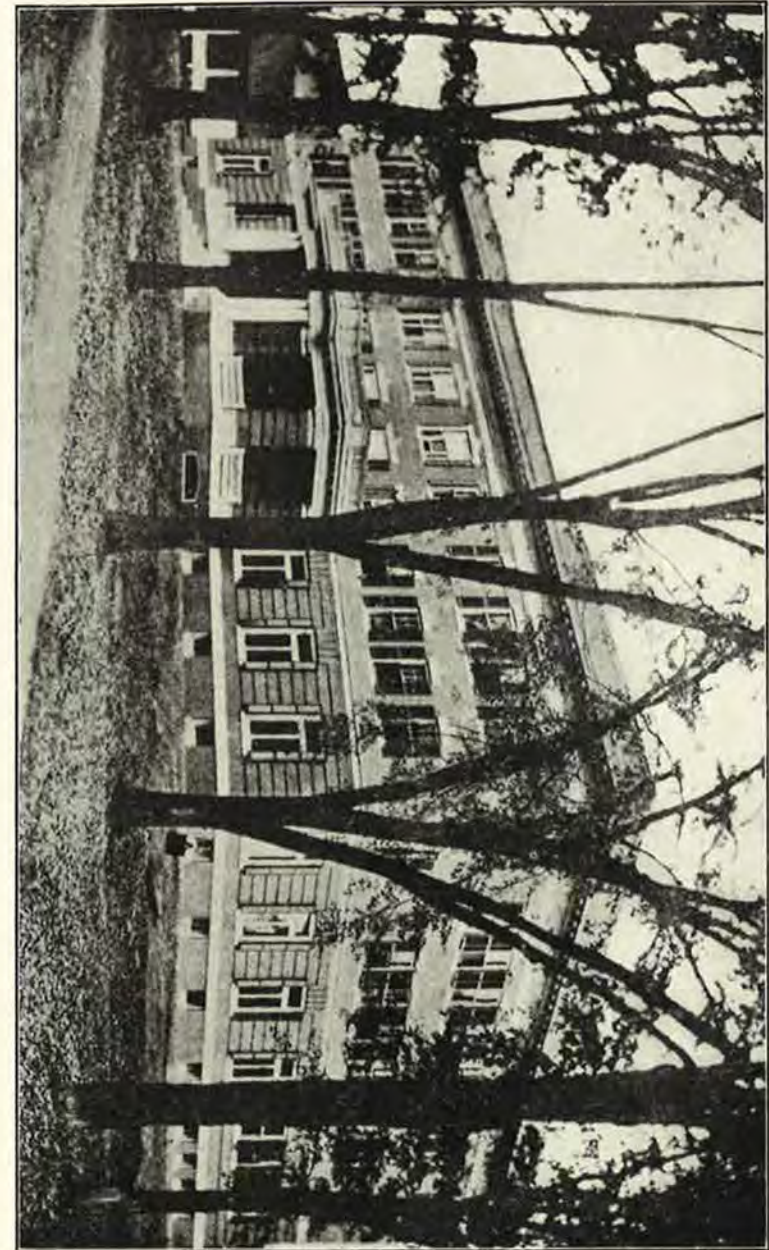
New Year's night, Miss Merrill talked on France, having some fine stereopticon views, which were shown.

Early in the term the E class gave their first social, which we all enjoyed.

Professor McConaughy of Bowdoin was in town a few days, and during his stay gave us a number of pleasant talks. He spoke a few minutes in the morning, gave the C class an illustrated lecture on the history of education in the afternoon, and in the evening gave to the Monday Club a very delightful account of Kipling's life in America, which we were given the privilege of attending.

The B class met and organized in the winter term, the class officers chosen being Charles Varney, president; Agnes Mantor, vice-president; Marion Southwick, secretary; Ruth Avery, treasurer. The executive committee appointed consisted of William Hayden, chairman, Beulah Oldread, Hilda Goodwin, Ruth Austin, Fannie Niles.

The Committee on Education paid the school a visit, Friday, January 15. They attended recitations during the afternoon sessions. The Household Arts class served a dinner at the annex for the gentlemen and in the evening a reception was given in Merrill Hall in their honor. As a result of this visit we have learned that the legislature has passed four resolves in our favor, viz:



THE DORMITORY



trail is comparatively easy. They are looking forward to a very pleasant trip.

On Thursday, June 9, the graduating class will follow a custom of several years' standing, by going to Rangeley for their class day exercises. The trip to the village of Rangeley, the sail down the lakes to the Mountain View house, where a banquet is served and class parts are given, time in which to explore that beautiful place, all promise a delightful day. Mr. and Mrs. Mallett will accompany the class.

The program for Commencement is as follows:

**FRIDAY, JUNE 11**

At 8 P. M., reception to graduating class at the Principal's home.

**SUNDAY, JUNE 13**

Sermon before the graduating class at 4.00 P. M., in the Old South Church, by Rev. A. S. Phelps, D. D., of Waterville. Subject, "Tomorrow."

**MONDAY-WEDNESDAY**

Regular school exercises in Normal and Training Schools.

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16**

Concert at Music Hall at 8 P. M., by the Lotus Quartet of Boston, and Reader.

**THURSDAY, JUNE 17**

Chapel exercises at 8.30 A. M. 9.00-11.20 A. M., regular school work. 11.30 A. M., presentation of Diplomas to graduates of ninth grade, Training School. 4.00 P. M., Alumni Meeting, Merrill Hall. 8 P. M., graduating exercises, Merrill Hall.

**DORMITORY DOINGS**

WE arrived at school a week late, because work on the dormitory had been delayed, and found a rather discouraging state of affairs awaiting us. The dormitory itself was fine, more than up to our expectations, but it was not finished, and the furniture had not all come. We were a good-natured lot, however, willing to take things as they came, and proved to the world that there were at least some one hundred girls who could make a very creditable appearance even without a mirror.

Things came one at a time, until now our rooms are completely furnished. I think we appreciate things more, coming singly as they did, and we were well repaid for our waiting, for our rooms are all that could be desired in comfort, convenience and coziness.

Fire drills have been made an institution, and under Miss Walker's able direction, the system has been well worked up. The fire-chiefs know their work, and succeed in getting all girls down into the reception hall inside of two minutes, even though the alarm is rung after ten and quite unexpectedly.

Our first party in the dormitory was a children's party. We dressed as little girls and played little girls' games. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

Hallowe'en a candy pull was enjoyed in the laundry. It was so much fun that we were allowed to stay up until ten-thirty.

Thanksgiving was a really "home" day at the dormitory in spite of the fact that we were away from home. For dinner the tables were put together forming two long tables, and dinner was, of course, the event of the day. In the evening we gathered around the fireplace in the living-room, built our first fire in it, then listened to the Victrola, which had been brought down from school, and had a good sing ourselves.

Florence Murray, Gladys Ladd, Madeline Wilcox and Mattie Robinson have left us on account of illness. We hope to have them all with us again.

Just as much interest centered about the dormitory, B reception time, as about Merrill Hall. Two or three days before the reception we came in from school and found a beautiful new piano installed in the living-room. It was a surprise to us all, and with the piano and fireplace as foundation, we set about to furnish the room for the entertainment of our guests. A committee was appointed to inspect the rooms and

confiscate any desired articles of furniture. Couches, tables, stands, chairs, couch covers, sofa pillows and plants were appropriated, and the room was made quite cozy and comfortable. The committee was very much pleased with the hearty coöperation of all the girls, in so willingly parting with anything that was wanted.

Since the arrival of the piano we have enjoyed dancing in the living-room and reception hall.

**THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**

UNUSUAL interest has been shown throughout this year in our Christian Association. The Thursday night meetings have been well attended, and we have had good leaders. At almost every meeting we have enjoyed special music or some other feature of interest.

The work of the fall term was the fair which was unusually successful, in fact, the most successful in the history of the association. In the afternoon fancy articles, aprons, banners, school pillows, ice cream and candy were for sale. "The Bachelor's Revery" was so well presented that it was repeated, by request, in the evening, in addition to the farce, "My Cousin Timmy," which was also very ably given. Twenty per cent. of the proceeds of the fair was sent to the Belgian Relief Fund.

During the winter term chocolate was sold at recess and at evening entertainments,

the profits going to swell the same fund. Almost every girl in school made a garment of some kind to send also.

Besides using its money to help the Belgians the Christian Association has kept filled the school medicine chest and has supplied the reading table with nearly all the best magazines.

Twelve girls from school attended the first girls' Conference held at Portland, April 9, 10, and 11. They reported at the meeting following their return, and had much of interest to tell us. The Association helped pay the girls' fares. They were entertained while in the city in the homes of the Portland people.

The delegates chosen to represent us at Silver Bay this year are Clara Bacon and Helen Gale. As Miss Gale will be unable to go as a delegate her place will be filled by Frieda Knauff. We wish for them a very pleasant and profitable trip.

On Friday, May 21, the Association will have the honor of entertaining the Maine college and normal school girls who are to be sent to Silver Bay as delegates from their schools. Luncheon will be served at the dormitory at 6.30, followed by toasts by the visiting girls, and by our own members. In the evening a social will be given for the visitors. We hope to make it a very successful affair, as it is the first time that such an undertaking has been attempted by one of our normal schools.





## RAPS

**R**IP VAN WINKLE slept for twenty years. We wonder if Florence Dyer is going to break Rip's record.

Ruth Ranlett, in A Cal.: "Put your forward foot out."

Mr. Thomas, in Astronomy: "How many elements in the sun?"

Moulton: "400."

Miss Webster, in U. S. History: "It was decided that love of books should be his occupation."

Miss Oliver, in U. S. History: "If he hadn't had a long head of hair he would have had a fractured skull."

Miss A—, in Astronomy: "I have looked at the moon through a microscope and it looks like another planet." Some microscopes are powerful.

Miss Chase: "What care should be taken of the garbage pail?"

Miss Covell: "Great care."

Miss Chase: "Any difference in the time of year?"

Miss Covell: "Yes, in winter the food in the garbage pail will keep sweet much longer."

Miss Avery raised her hand during a spirited discussion about the suction pipe in cooking. After the discussion was ended and something new started, Miss Chase asked: "Did you have something to say, Miss Avery?"

Miss Avery: "Oh, no, I was just going to talk about the suction pipe."

Miss W—, the Astronomy enthusiast: "Oh girls, I saw Aldebaran last night."

Miss S—: "Oh, did you? Is he coming to the D hop?"



Mr. Thomas, dismissing D Physics: "Please pass quietly so as not to disturb those who are sleeping."

Teacher, in E Zoology: "Tell me what you can of a lobster, Miss E—."

(Silence).

"Oh! but you should know a lot about lobsters."

We should like to know why she should.

"Have you ever watched clams?"

We think we have.

"Oh, what a piece of work is man!"

How do we know?

Miss Davis, in A History: "Napoleon went to Egypt to carry off the Pyramids."

Puzzle—Where was Miss Davis' mind?

Teacher, in Agriculture: "What is cross fertilization?"

Student after considerable thought: "Using one kind of fertilizer one year and another kind the next year."

### WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED IN F. S. N. S.

Miss Glover tells us in Physics that a horse moves perpendicular to a pulley.

Miss Mahar knows that the earth was all molten once, and thinks that it is all Moulton now.



THE CHAMPIONS



Miss Haskell gave new knowledge in E Physiology when she declared that peristalsis is a fluid.

Mr. Thomas, in D Chemistry: "Miss Hopkins, give me an example of a chemical change."

Miss Hopkins: "Soap in water forms a chemical change."

Mr. T—. "Why?"

Miss H—. "A new substance is formed."

Mr. T—. "What?"

Miss H.—"Soapsuds."

Miss Merrill: "What is a ballad?"

Miss Ellsworth: "A versified narrative in the form of poetry."

Miss Oakes, teaching music: "We always use the first word of the letter." Will marvels ever cease?

A student in E Cooking asked of the teacher: "Does veal come from a pig?"

Teacher: "Miss O. F.—, from what animal do we get veal?"

Miss O. F.—: "From a lamb."

Teacher asking again received correct answer.

There are many fair maidens  
In F. S. N. S.  
But Hayden can't tell  
Which one he likes best.

F. A. Knauff— Funny, Ambitious Kid.

E. M. Glover— Ever Mischievous Girl.

H. V. Bagley— Hopeful, Virtuous Being.

M. C. Dwelly— Modest, Contented Damsel.

A. B. Morris— All But Married.

G. E. Webber— Good, Earnest Worker?

A. P. Mantor— A Promising Maid.

Miss Grace Thomas' favorite motto:

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper, "Solitude is sweet."

Miss Merrill, in reference to the passages learned from "Paradise Lost:" "I hope you will forget them once in a while."

We learn from Miss H. Wentworth that among the different kinds of bread which the Romans had, was "holy" bread; and

from Miss Richards, that "fried fruits" were a favorite dish.

Mr. Thomas, in D Chemistry: "You cannot even wash your hands without a chemical change taking place. The physical changes are more pronounced in some cases than in others.

Perhaps some jokes are old  
And should be on the shelf,  
But if you know some better ones  
Send in a few yourself.— Ex.

Miss Chase, in Cooking: "How can we tell when food is done?"

Miss Clark: "By pricking it with a needle, or with a toothpick."

Miss Chase: "Test it with a straw or put in a stick of wood."

Miss G. Webber, in General History: "Charlemagne placed the famous 'throne' of the Lombards on his head."

#### GRADUATION

It's a long way to graduation;  
It's been a long way to go.  
It's been hard work and concentration  
By the shortest way we know.  
Then it's good-by to dear old Normal;  
Farewell, classmates, dear,  
It's a long way to graduation,  
But it is now quite near.

ELKINS.

Miss C—p: "Miss F—ll—r, write on the board, five dollars. Have you any cents?"

Answer: "No."

Miss M—rr—ll: "Describe an evening in the New England Homestead, Miss E—."

Miss E—, quickly: "It was usually at night and — er —" (Giggles).

Teacher in U. S. History, addressing Mr. Hayden: "To Secretary Adams much credit must be given for securing the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Adams, you may state the principles of the doctrine."

Giggles in the class. Why?

Mr. Thomas, to pupil: "You seem to have a very hoarse cold this morning, Miss J—."

Miss J.— who lives near the coast: "Oh, no! It's only a slight barnacle trouble."

## EXAMINATION CLIPPINGS

Canterbury Cathedral—a royal graveyard.

The Parthenon—a public bath.

The home of the Pope is called St. Elmo's palace.

A terminal moraine is one that is forever in motion.

England is a kingdom. Holland is a queendom.

Pisa is noted for its leaning tower of Pizarro.

*Gaul* aids in the changing of albumine.

Two motions of the earth are notation and evolution.

Simile :

"Man is like the horse, because the more you pet him the more he will do for you."

The author was married shortly after this was written.

Revised spelling :

Sucksion—suction.

Twolip—tulip.

Spook shave — spoke shave.

Bit stork — bit stock.

Chizzle — chisel.

Orger — auger.

Org

## THE ALUMNI

1892. Isaac A. Smith has resigned his position of superintendent of schools for Sanford and Alfred to accept a position with a new banking concern being organized in Sanford. Mr. Smith received honorary A. B. from Bates College last year.

1893. Fred H. Cowan, who was conducting a party of tourists abroad, was in Italy at the outbreak of the war last summer, but got his party safely home after some delay.

1895. Agnes E. Steward, who married Judson A. Record of Livermore Falls, August 6, 1912, has been bereaved by the death of her husband, May 20, of pneumonia, in the hospital in Springfield, Mass., where he had gone for treatment.

1897. Helen M. King will teach in the summer school at Castine this summer.

1898. Harold D. King, B. S., has been reassigned in lighthouse inspectorship and now has his residence at Baltimore, Maryland.

1899. Ruth Peabody and Fannie Taylor were in Europe at the outbreak of the war last August. Miss Taylor assisted in the American Embassy at Berlin for a few weeks.

1900. Eda G. Willard has received a bachelor's degree from a college in Utah,

and is teaching this year in a normal school in Newark, N. J.

1902. F. W. Bisbee entered the University of Maine in September.

1907. Alice D. Gammon, now Mrs. Charles E. Brooks, by the appointment of Mr. Brooks to the Methodist church at Farmington, has taken up a residence in town.

1907. Elmer H. Webber is superintendent of schools of the Livermore-Wayne district.

1908. James A. Williams, Bowdoin College, '05, Maine Medical School, '14, has had hospital appointment at Lewiston this year.

1909. Rena E. Fowler, Boston University, '14, is on the faculty of the Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Maine.

1909. Hannah E. Pease has entered Simmons College.

1909. Laura B. Young will teach in the summer school at Castine this summer.

1910. Harry E. Morrill has been superintendent of schools in the town of Sebec the past year. He resigned his position in March, has sold his farm and has not yet decided whether to locate in Maine or in the West, but will continue in school work.

1910. Marion Porter is secretary of the

Bangor associated charities, and is engaged in the wider activities of the state associated charities.

1910. Roscoe L. West, Harvard, '14, was elected superintendent of schools for the Farmington-Wilton district a year ago and has been re-elected for another year.

1911. H. S. Libby entered the University of Maine in September.

1912. Iris C. Crosby entered Colby College in September in the class of 1916.

1912. Vera B. Stone, for the past three years teacher of the normal course in Higgins Institute, has resigned.

1913. Mary G. Flint has taken the Household Arts course, F. S. N. S., the past year.

1913. Alice B. Merrill has taken the course at the Boston Sloyd School the past year.

1913. Margarette L. Holt is a Household Arts student at F. S. N. S.

1914. These six graduates of the Household Arts course are employed as follows: Elgiva B. Luce, in the Washington County Normal School; Elsie G. Means in the grade schools at Machias; Flora T. Norton, assistant in Household Arts, Farmington Normal School; Herberta A. Penley, teacher of Domestic Science in Cornish; Eula M. Skinner, teacher of Domestic Science in Livermore Falls; Lucy L. Thompson, teacher of Domestic Science in Wilton Academy.

1914. Members who are pursuing further study this year are F. Esther Goodell, post-graduate work, spring term, F. S. N. S.; Ruth B. Lander, Simmons College; Stella S. Hutchins, Advanced Household Arts, F. S. N. S.; Flora S. Titcomb, Advanced Household Arts, F. S. N. S., one-half year.

## MARRIAGES

The marriages of the graduates during the past year include:

1896. Everett H. Winter, M. D. — Ethel M. Stevens, May 12, 1914.

1898. Amelia J. Bisbee — Forrest A. Young, August 5, 1914.

1899. Una E. Brann — George B. Shattuck, October 3, 1914.

1901. David Corson — Gladys Beauregard.

1904. Charles H. Holman — Lura B. Bennett, September 12, 1914.

1908. Ethel L. Robinson — Ray L. Linnell, September 2, 1914.

1908. Nora F. Stevens — Roy H. Spaulding, September 1, 1914.

1908. Alta B. Torry — James H. Edgar.

1909. Grace E. Ellis — Irving L. Edgcomb, April 12, 1915.

1909. Alice A. Healey — Byron G. Hahn, September 7, 1914.

1909. Mable S. Hutchins — Elmer E. Davis, September 5, 1914.

1909. Amanda B. Severance — Lyle L. Patterson, September 15, 1914.

1909. Victoria M. Tague — George J. Chisholm, December 10, 1914.

1910. Winnifred A. Ball — Percy J. Pinette, September 10, 1914.

1910. Edna Bedell — William H. Hall, September 16, 1914.

1910. Edward N. Deane — Mrs. Selinda Brown, December 23, 1914.

1910. Minnie E. Porter — Arthur Greenleaf Whittier, November 25, 1914.

1911. Emma I. Brown — Herbert L. Sawyer, July 29, 1914.

1911. Carrie M. Paul — Charles E. Merrifield, June 24, 1914.

1911. Sara S. Wiswell — Harold Talbot, April 29, 1914.

1912. Avis E. Parlin — Leland F. Howe, October 24, 1914.

1913. Mina E. Greely — Ralph M. Bacon, June 24, 1914.

1913. Fannie E. Holley — Henry W. Waugh, May 15, 1915.

1913. Ellen E. Kitchin — Walter T. Small, February 21, 1915.

1913. Lillian Robinson — Walter H. Towle, June 24, 1914.

1914. Kathryn R. Wadsworth — Arthur N. Gosline, August 15, 1914.

## NECROLOGY

1877. Sarah A. Smith — Bartlett, September 27, 1914.

1881. Norman Clifford, March 20, 1915.



**F**ARMINGTON NORMAL cordially welcomes her old and new friends. Our list, however, is very short, owing to the fact that many of our exchanges are evidently waiting for their next editions before sending them to us. We regret this delay as we issue only once this year; but next year we expect to edit twice and hope for a longer list. Do be sociable and come again.

We have received copies of the following: The H. C. I. Scroll, Charleston, Me., The Ariel, Bucksport, Me., The Nautilus, Waterville, Me., The Lincolnian, Newcastle, Me., The Academy Echo, Freedom, Me., The Anchor, North Anson, Me., Oracle, Bangor, Me., Washingtonia, Machias Normal, Machias, Me., The M. C. I., Pittsfield, Me., E. L. H. S., Auburn, Me., Olympian, Biddeford, Me.

*The H. C. I. Scroll.* What fine poets you have.

*The Ariel.* Your cuts add a great deal to your paper.

*The Nautilus.* We were very interested

in your paper, especially the Literary Department.

*The Lincolnian.* We see your paper is comparatively new and we wish you success in the future.

*The Academy Echo.* Your Domestic Science and Agriculture departments are very new and interesting.

*The Anchor.* A very neat little paper.

*The Oracle.* Your paper is very well balanced, and the story, "Thesus and the Minotaur" certainly needs recognition.

*Washingtonia.* Your Model School issue surely did "arouse interest here."

*The M. C. I.* We find your March number worth reading. Come again.

*E. L. H. S.* We find yours a very wide-awake paper. Keep it up.

*Olympian.* A very interesting neighbor.

A few general criticisms. We find a Table of Contents a useful addition. Let's not forget the Alumni and Exchange columns. Editorials come first, so let's make them worth while.



**T**HERE are many June events that suggest Portraits, but none more important than Commencement, and, like the memory of the occasion, the pictures grow more precious year by year.

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